ANTHEM EDITION.

The Cithara

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED MUSIC.

BY ISAAC B. WOODBURY,

AUTHOR OF "THE DULCIMER," "LUTE OF ZION," "LIBER MUSICUS," "CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE," "COTTAGE GLEES," ETC. ETC.

New York:
F. J. HUNTINGTON, 7 BEEKMAN STREET, CORNER NASSAU,
ALSO FOR SALE BY
MASON BROTHERS, 5 & 7 MERCER STREET.
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PREFACE.

This book is not the hasty production of a day. Since the publication of the author's last work, "*The Dulcimer*," more than four years have elapsed; during which interval his best efforts have been devoted to "The Cythara." A personal acquaintance with many of the prominent singers and teachers of music in every section of our country, and the opportunities incidental to lecturing before musical conventions in nearly every State of the Union, have afforded the author more than usual facilities for becoming acquainted with the wants of choirs and churches.

The time has gone by when the suffrages of an intelligent musical public could be obtained for a meagre and ill-digested work, prepared with careless haste. A popular music-book should contain a large amount of matter, both of foreign and native production, judiciously arranged, and practically adapted to the wants of the church and the family circle. These considerations have prompted the author to spare neither labor nor research in the preparation of the present work. A year spent in Europe was chiefly devoted to the rich and classic gems of Southern Italy. Germany has often enough contributed materials for the musical compositions that have issued from the American press; while Italy, the mother of art, the land of song, the home of melody, has scarcely been represented among us. Many of the choicest melodies contained in "The Cythara" are, therefore, arranged from Italian compositions. Others were procured either in the south of France, or at Paris and London; and it is believed that all of them will contribute to enrich the pages of the work. In addition to these, many productions of the most popular American composers are also presented. Of the author's own efforts, the public themselves will judge.

The following principal features of the work are respectfully commended to the reader's attention:

I. INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SINGING-SCHOOL.

The elements are at once simple and comprehensive, interspersed with melodies of the choicest character, and set to words which, though not taken from religious hymns, are yet strictly moral in sentiment; for who can question the propriety of dispensing with the solemn words of the sanctuary in the common singing-school or the elementary class?

II. PSALM AND HYMN TUNES.

These are of the greatest possible variety. So large a number, indeed, can hardly be found in any other work. Ample directions are given over each, in regard to the style of performance, &c.

III. ODD METRES.

It is believed there is not a hymn in any of the popular hymn-books, for which suitable music may not be found in "The Cythara." Music adapted to any odd-metre hymn may be readily found by consulting the Chorister's Index.

IV. ANTHEMS AND SELECT PIECES.

These, which are mostly original, are of easy execution, and pleasing in their character. They are adapted to any public occasion of interest that may occur in Protestant churches.

V. THE ORATORIO.

This Composition was written expressly for "The Cythara," and is now published separately—price 75 cts. per doz. In its place has been substituted 30 pages of choice Anthems, which form a select and valuable addition to that department of the work.

VI. SENTENCES AND HYMN CHANTS.

These are simple, and the music is in the Gregorian style. The bars placed between the words will enable inexperienced choirs to attain proficiency in this delightful part of Divine worship with but little practice.

VII. THE SABBATH-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Is unusually full, and it is believed that no work ever published in this country has so many choice pieces.

VIII. THE SOLO DEPARTMENT.

The instructions given in the introduction to this department are an entirely new feature. The songs for the piano forte, melodeon, or any kindred instrument and accompanying voice, have been composed and selected with unusual care, and many a bereaved heart, we trust, will find here a balm in the tender promises that point to the blessed fold above.

IX. INTERLUDES.

The interludes have all been composed expressly for "The Cythara," and their introduction is a peculiarity, not to be found in any similar work.

X. The large number of Pieces and great variety of Composers.

"The Cythara" contains three hundred and sixty-eight pages, being sixteen more than are contained in "*The Dulcimer*" and most other works of its class. It presents upwards of *one thousand* compositions by more than *three hundred* composers; thus affording to choirs a quantity and variety of matter sufficient for years of practice.

In conclusion, the author respectfully tenders his thanks to the gentlemen who have so kindly assisted him in his labors. To Messrs. T. J. Cook, of New York, and J. E. Gould, of Philadelphia, he begs leave to express his particular obligations.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SINGING SCHOOL.

REMARKS TO THE TEACHER.

In the following "Instructions for the Singing School," we have carefully avoided all technical terms that are not absolutely necessary. Teachers are too apt to think that much talk and little practice constitute good teaching, while quite the reverse is the case. We have heard one of the most popular teachers in this country say that he could teach the whole theory of vocal music to an *intelligent person* in one evening, while the practical part would require months. Be careful to have everything understood theoretically and practically before passing on to another subject. *One thing at a time* should be the motto. The ear needs cultivation, and therefore from the first lesson, tunes or melodies should be sung by rote. This practice tends also to keep up the interest of the class. Be careful when a melody is given out, to sing it over many times in the *very best style*, remembering that beginners are liable to fall into glaring faults, if they have not a correct model to imitate. The capability of giving fine examples, we consider one of the most important requisites a teacher should possess. In the following exercises, it is not necessary that the teacher should confine himself to the regular routine in which they progress, but changes from one subject to another may be made as the interests of the class may require. Above all things, let everything that is learned be put at once to a practical use. For example, we learn that the figure 2 represents double measure. As soon as this is understood, turn to many tunes, and require the pupil to tell which are in that variety of time. So from the very first, require them to distinguish *long* from *short* sounds, *high* from *low* sounds, *loud* from *soft* sounds, &c., the teacher giving examples.

DISTINCTIONS IN MUSIC.

The elements of music may be classed under four heads, or distinctions.

Under the first head, sounds are *long* or *short*. (TIME.)

Under the second, they are *high* or *low*. (MELODY.)

Under the third, they are *loud* or *soft*. (EXPRESSION.)

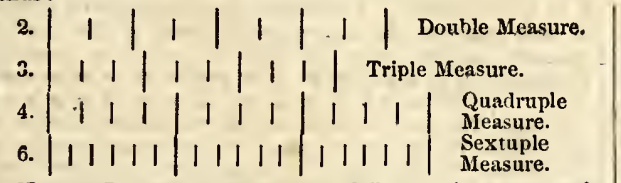
Combination of sounds, or HARMONY, forms the fourth distinction.

REMARK.—These distinctions should be practised separately until each is thoroughly understood, both theoretically and practically, by the beginner.

Perpendicular lines, with the spaces between them, are termed *bars* and *measures*, thus:

bar. | measure. bar. | measure bar. | measure. bar. |

In order to give variety to the time in music, the measures are divided into parts usually denoted by figures thus:*



NOTE.—Let the teacher turn to different pieces of music, and request the pupils to name the kind of time of each piece, until ready answers are obtained.

QUESTIONS.—1. Into how many distinctions do we divide the elements of music?—2. Name the first distinction; the second; the third; the fourth.—3. Name these perpendicular lines (pointing to them in the book or on the blackboard.)—4. What are the spaces between the bars called?—5. How many varieties of measure have we?—6. What figure indicates the first variety? what the second? what the third? the fourth?—7. Give the name of each variety.—8. Into how many parts is double measure divided? triple, &c.?—9 How many bars and measures have we, in each of these examples?

☞ Sing a few tunes by rote from the commencement of the class.

BEATING TIME.

In order to perform music with accuracy, a motion of the hand is necessary, called beating time. Double measure has two beats in a measure, thus:

2. | Down, | Up, | Down, | Up.

Triple measure has three beats, thus:

3. | Down, | Left, | Up, | Down, | Left, | Up.

Quadruple measure has four beats, thus:

4. | Down, | Left, | Right, | Up.

Sextuple measure, six, thus:

6. | Down, | Down, | Down, | Up, | Up, | Up.

Or two, thus:

6. | Down, | Up, | Down, | Up,
1 2 3 | 4 5 6 | 1 2 3 | 4 5 6.

when rapidity in execution is necessary.

NOTE.—The pupil should be careful to move the hand promptly in beating time, as this is indispensable to a correct performance. He should also, from the commencement, make it an *invariable* rule to *beat the time*, notwithstanding the effort which may be required to acquire this *most important* requisite to correct mechanical execution. Some beginners may find it necessary to omit singing for a while, in order to devote all their attention to the manner of beating time.

No teacher can expect to be successful, unless he insists upon the observance of the above instructions. Let the right hand of every pupil be made to move with accuracy and ease, the motion proceeding from the wrist, with the arm immovable, in all the varieties of measure, before attempting the voice.

Exercises, something like the following, should now be practised, pronouncing one word or syllable to each beat.

2. Down, up, | one, two, | loud, soft, | roam - ing, &c.
3. Down, left, up, | one, two, three, | loud, soft, soft, wil - ling - ly, &c.
4. Down, left, right, up, | one, two, three, four, | loud, soft, loud, soft.
6. Down, down, down, up, up, up, | one, two, three, four, five, six.

QUESTIONS—1. What do we mean by "beating time?"—2. What is its use?—3. How many beats has double measure? how many triple? quadruple? sextuple?—4. What distinguishes the different varieties of measure?—5. Should the pupil find difficulty in singing and beating time together, what course should be pursued?—6. What should never be omitted in order to execute music in time?—7. Which hand should be used in beating time?—8. Whence should the motion proceed?—9. A word of how many syllables represents double measure? triple? quadruple? sextuple?

* Some writers designate double measure by the letter C with a bar across, thus ₵; and quadruple by the letter C, thus Ꞓ.

Of Accent, or Loud and Soft Sounds.

(EXPRESSION.)

In order to give more expression to music, certain sounds should be sung louder than others. This is usually termed *accent*, and corresponds to the accent of the words which are set to the music. The accent should be laid on the *first* beat in double measure and triple measures; the first and third in quadruple; and first and fourth in sextuple. All these rules are subject to exceptions, as will be shown hereafter.

Let the pupil practice all the varieties of measure, using the word *loud* on the accented, and *soft* on the unaccented parts of the measure.

Of the Characters used to denote the Length of Sounds.

Long and short sounds are represented by characters called notes, thus:

The whole note (Semibreve,) represented by the figure 1,

is equal to two halves, (Minim,) represented by the figure 2,

four quarters, (Crotchet,) represented by the figure 4,

eight eighths, (Quaver,) represented by the figure 8,

sixteen sixteenths (Semiquaver,) represented by 16.

32 thirty seconds, (Demisemiquaver,) represented by 32.

The pupil should be required to name the following notes.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

The figures thus, $\frac{2}{2}$ are used to denote two half notes in a measure; the upper figure indicating the kind of measure (double measure,) and the lower figure the kind of notes in a measure, (half notes.) Sing the following exercise accenting the down beat, $\frac{2}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ denotes *double* measure, because the upper figure is 2. The lower figure 4 denotes that *quarter* notes are used, thus: $\frac{2}{4}$.

When the figures $\frac{3}{2}$ are used, the upper figure indicates *triple* measure, while the lower figure indicates *half* notes, thus: $\frac{3}{2}$.

If the lower figure had been 4, quarter notes should have been used; if 8, eighth notes, &c. The figures $\frac{4}{4}$ denote quadruple measure, four quarters being used in each measure, thus: $\frac{4}{4}$. If the lower figure be changed to 8, four *eighths* are used; if to 2, four halves. $\frac{6}{8}$ indicates that there are six eighths in each measure, the upper figure denoting the kind of measure, and the lower the kind of note in a measure. Example: $\frac{6}{8}$

NOTE.—The pupils should sing all the above exercises to the syllable *la*, (giving the proper accent,) many times over. The learner will also observe that the upper figure never changes except to give a different variety of time; for example, double measure is always represented by the figure 2, although the lower figure may be 2, 3, 4 or even 8.

Different Notes in the same kind of Time.

Although in the above examples each variety of measure has the same notes throughout the example they may be varied to give variety, thus: $\frac{2}{2}$ In the first measure there is a half note to each beat; in the second two fourth notes to a beat; in the third two beats to the one note, and four eighth notes to a beat in the last measure. As the notes vary in the different measures so the accent should also be changed. For example, in the first measure the accent comes on the first note; in the second measure the first and third notes are accented, while in the third measure there being but one note there is no accent; the fourth measure the first sixteenth note to each beat should be accented.

Example in triple measure of different notes in the different measures.

$\frac{3}{4}$ Accent every other eighth in the third measure.

Example in quadruple measure.

No. 1.

$\frac{4}{4}$

No. 2.

$\frac{4}{2}$

The last note in No. 2, is called a double note, or *Breve*, and is equal to two whole notes.

Examples in sextuple measure.

$\frac{6}{8}$

We can also have different kinds of notes in the same measure, thus:

$\frac{2}{2}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{6}{8}$

Rests, and Dotted Notes.

Characters indicating silence in music are termed rests, and each note has a corresponding rest, thus:

Whole rest, Half, Quarter, Eighth, Sixteenth, Thirty-second

Name the following rests.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Exercises for Rests.

Say rest, instead of la, when the rests occur.

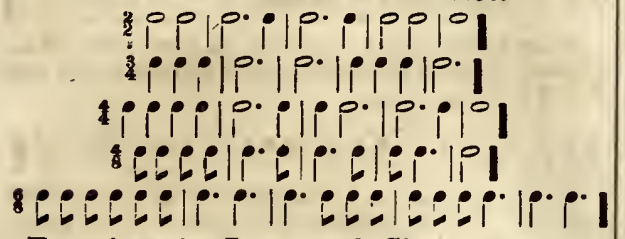
$\frac{2}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{16}{8}$

* When a whole rest *alone* is used in a measure it is called a whole measure rest.

A dot after a note or rest adds one half to its value; thus, a dotted whole note is equal to three halves, a equal to three ; a dotted rest, thus, is equal to three half rests, thus, ; a equal to , &c.

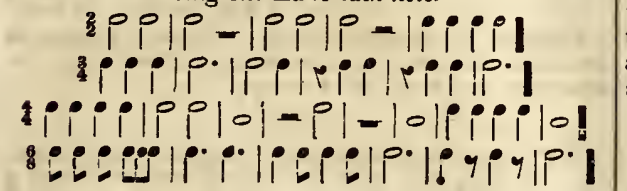
A second dot adds one half to the first dot, thus, is equal to ; is equal to , &c.

Exercises for Dotted Notes.



Exercises in Long and Short Sounds and Rests.

Sing one La to each note.



REMARK.—The stems of notes may turn up or down, and be connected thus, and their value is not changed. A whole rest in a measure alone indicates that it is to be counted in silence; hence the whole rest is also called a whole measure rest.

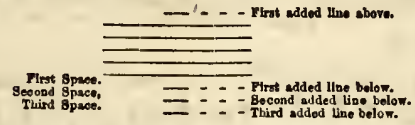
QUESTIONS.—1. What is accent?—2. Which beat is accented in double measure? triple? quadruple? sextuple?—3. What are those characters termed which represent the length of sounds? 4. What name is given to the longest note? the next? the next? the next? &c.—5 How many half notes to a whole? how many quarters? how many eighths? &c.—6. How many quarters to one half? how many eighths? how many sixteenths, &c.—7. How many eighths to one quarter? how many sixteenths? how many thirty-seconds?—8. How many sixteenths to one eighth? how many thirty-seconds?—9. What are characters indicating silence called?—10. On which side of the line is the whole rest? half? &c.—11. Which way does the quarter rest turn? eighth? &c.—12 How much does a dot add to the value of a rest or note?—13. A dotted whole is equal to what three notes? a dotted half? quarter? &c.

NOTE.—The ingenious and careful teacher will vary these, as well as other questions, in many ways, to afford variety and instruction.

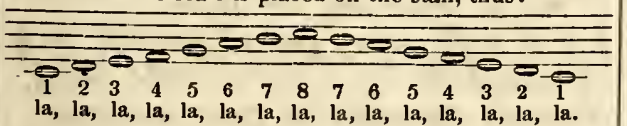
A regular series of eight notes, all differing in pitch, is termed the *diatonic scale.* The numerals, one, two, three, &c., are used to designate these eight sounds. The first seven letters of the alphabet are also used. C, being applied to one, D to two, E to three, F to four, G to five, A to six, B to seven, and C again to eight. There are also seven syllables, thus:

Written, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do,
Pronounced, *Do, Ray, Mee, Fah,* Sole, Lah,* See, Do.*

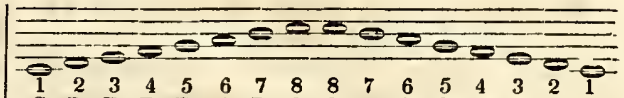
Five lines and four spaces, thus, constitute what is termed the staff, and it determines the pitch of sounds. Each line or space in the staff is called a degree, making nine in all, and as the compass of voices and instruments is much greater than the staff of five lines will allow, added lines below and above are used to any extent which may be necessary, thus:



The diatonic scale is placed on the staff, thus:



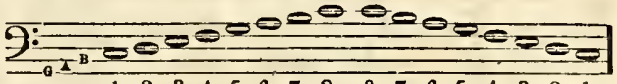
1 being on the first added line below, 2 on the first space below, 3 on the first line, &c. Characters called clefs are used to denote where one of the scale is written, thus: with the G or treble clef, and with the base or F clef, thus: The scale with the G clef, together with numerals, letters, syllables, &c., is written, thus:



Pronounced,
do, ray, mee, fa saul, la* see, do, do, see, la* saul, fa* mee, ray, do*

NOTE.—This scale should be sung in all the varieties of measure, that is, beating two, three, four and six beats to each note. A more difficult exercise will be to sing two notes three notes, four notes, or even the whole scale to one beat. Too much time cannot be spent on this exercise.

The F clef is written thus:



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
C D E F G A B C, C B A G F E D C.
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

Sing the scale with the numerals, letters, and syllables, in all the varieties of measure, being careful to accent correctly.

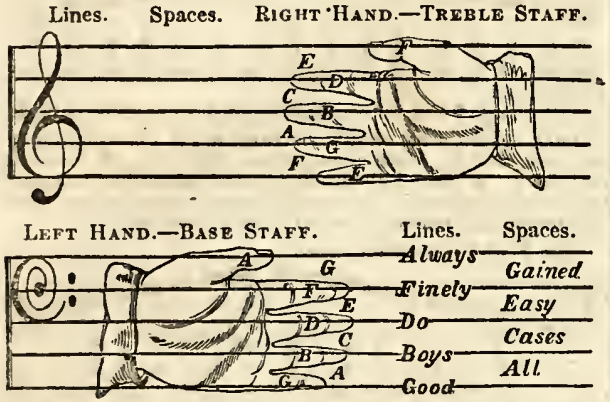
QUESTIONS.—1. What is the second distinction?—2. How many sounds have we in the diatonic scale?—3. What numerals are used to designate the scale? what letters? what syllables? —4. How many lines and spaces has the staff?—5. What is the use of the staff? It determines the pitch of sounds.—6. How many degrees in the staff?—7. How are other ones acquired? —8. What characters are used to determine where *one* is written?—9. Where is *one* written with the G clef? with the base? —10. What letter to the first line, G clef? first space? second line? &c —11. What letter to the first line, base clef? first space? &c.

Question the pupils something like the following, on the succeeding exercises, before singing them.

What is the first character used? A Clef. Which clef? The treble. What do the figures indicate? The kind of measure and notes. What kind of measure in No. 1? Double. No 2? Triple, &c. What are the perpendicular lines called? Bars. The spaces between the bars? Measures. How many beats to a measure in No. 1? Two. No 2? Three, &c. What one note comes to a beat in No. 1? A half. No. 2? A quarter, &c. What are the five lines and spaces called? A Staff. What does the staff indicate? The pitch of sounds. What characters determine where *one* of the scale is written? The clefs. What is the last character to every piece of music? A close, thus:

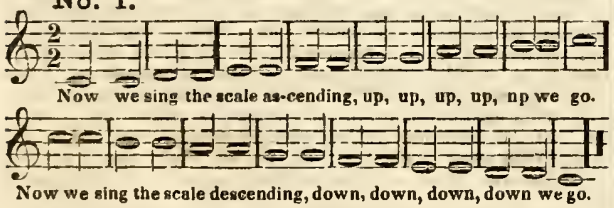
* Pronounce the a as in *car*

Example of the Staff, Illustrated by the Hand.

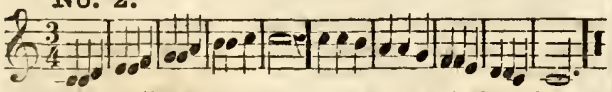


From the above examples, all the letters on both the treble and the base staffs can be committed, in a single lesson, so as to be remembered. The lines and spaces should be read separately.

No. 1.

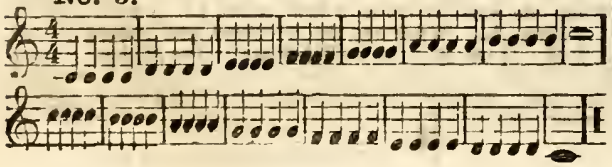


No. 2.



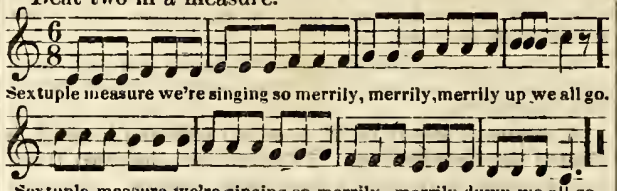
Question all the exercises, as above, and sing the numerals and letters, as well as syllables.

No. 3.



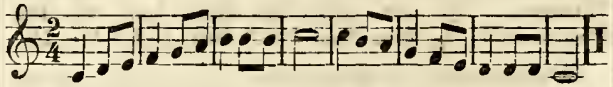
No. 4.

Beat two in a measure.



No. 5.

This exercise is more difficult than the above, and the teacher will first sing it to the class, letting them beat the time.



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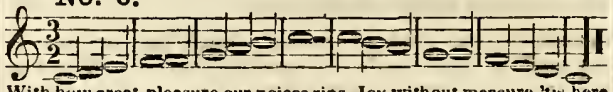

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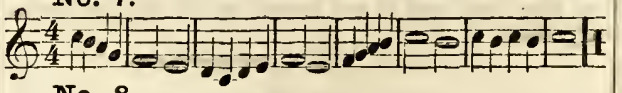

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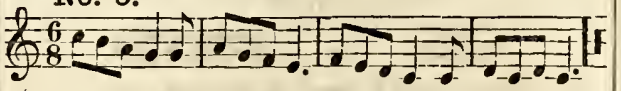
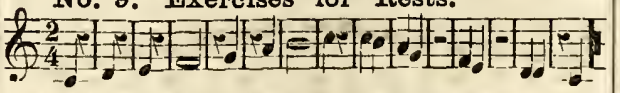
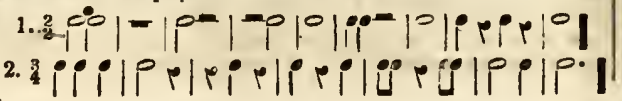


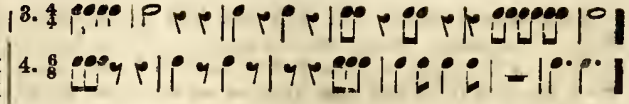
No. 9. Exercises for Rests.



Difficult Exercises in Long and Short Sounds and Rests.

Remark.—Every school or class can spend not merely one evening, but several, on such exercises as the following, and the result will show itself most prominently in the future excellence of the pupils.

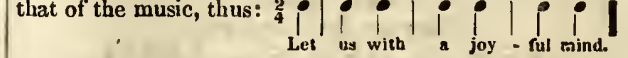




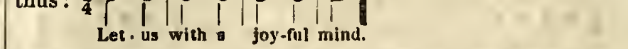
Exercises in which Notes are sung to Half Beats.

When a tie is drawn over two or more notes, thus: it shows the sound is to be continued even over the bar, thus:

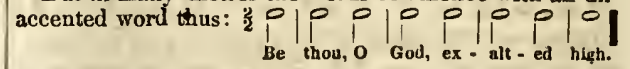
A piece of music may commence on any beat of the measure. This is peculiarly necessary in vocal music, in order that the accent of the poetry may agree with that of the music, thus:



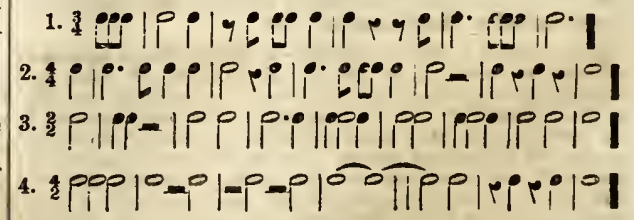
is wrong, as the accented words of the poetry come to the unaccented part of the measure; it should have been thus:



But in many metres the words commence with an unaccented word thus:

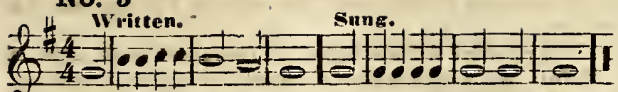


Exercises commencing on different parts of the Measure.



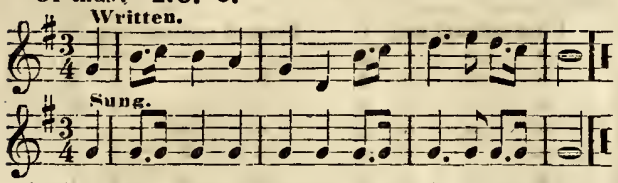
Note.—The pupil may practice tunes, singing them without reference to the key or pitch, *i. e.*, all the notes to a given sound, using the syllable *la*, or words, thus:—

No. 5



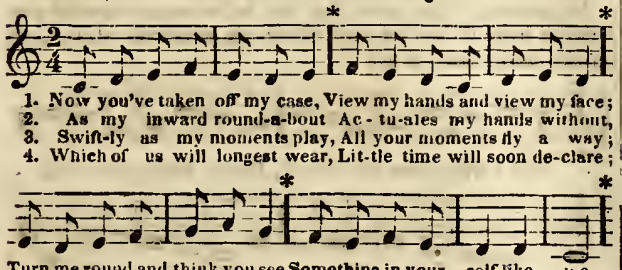
Once more my soul the rising day, Once more my soul the rising day.

Or thus; **No. 6.**



Such exercises will afford great variety in the practice of long and short sounds (Time,) and is certainly one of the most useful exercises for classes. The teacher may with propriety write tunes on the blackboard, as above.

No. 7. The Watch-Melody.

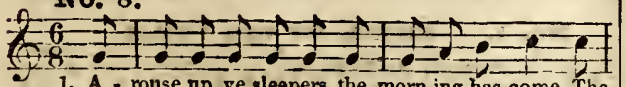


1. Now you've taken off my case, View my hands and view my face;
2. As my inward round-a-bout Ac - tu-ates my hands without,
3. Swift-ly as my moments play, All your moments fly a way;
4. Which of us will longest wear, Lit-tle time will soon de-clare;

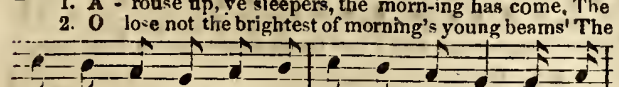
Turn me round and think you see Something in your - self like me.
So from motives hid from sight, Actions may be wrong or right.
You were born but I was made, I shall fail and you shall fade.
Shut me up and hear me say, Ticking, Brother, watch and pray.

Sing these exercises by syllable, afterwards apply the words.

No. 8.

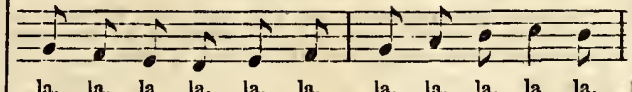


1. A - rouse up, ye sleepers, the morn-ing has come, The
2. O lose not the brightest of morning's young beams! The

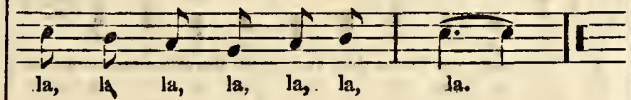


sun has a - wakened the in-sect's soft hum; la, la,
beau-ties of na - ture are sweet-er than dreams; la, la,

* Double bars show the end of a line in poetry

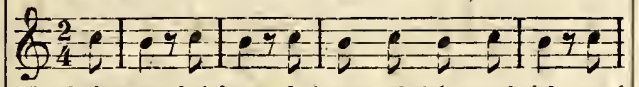


la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

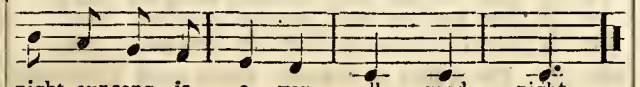


la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

No. 9. Good Night.

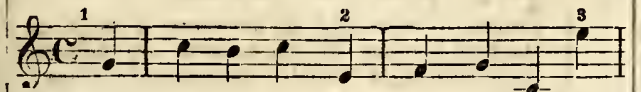


Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good

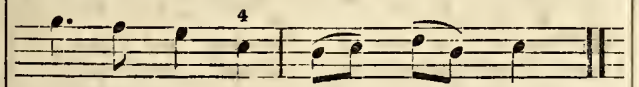


night, our song is o - ver, all good night.

No. 10. Canon for Four Voices.



Sing we with glee, Come fol - low me, And



then shall ye Mu - si - - cians be.

Continuation of High and Low Sounds, or Melody.

In analyzing the diatonic scale, there are seven intervals; viz., five major and two minor seconds.

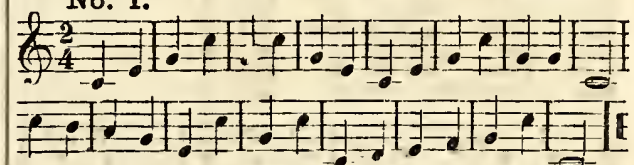
From one to two is a major, two to three major, three to four minor, four to five major, five to six major, six to seven major, seven to eight minor seconds. This order of intervals must be strictly enforced, or false intonation will arise, a habit that every singer should carefully avoid.

Remark.—The terms *whole* and *half tones* are deservedly discontinued by many of our best teachers, ane the more correct terms of *major* and *minor seconds* substituted. A whole tone is a *sound*, and not an *interval* or *distance* from one sound to another. Besides the above-named intervals, we have thirds fourths, fifths, &c. Let the teacher exercise the pupils in the intervals something as follows:—Teacher says, (pointing to them on the blackboard,) Sing one. The pupils sing Do. *Teacher.*—Sing three. *Pupils.*—Mi. *Teacher.*—Sing five. *Pupils.*—Sol, &c. When the pupils have acquired readiness in the intervals of 1, 3, 5, 8, others may be gradually introdueed; the fourth first, then the second and fourth; second, fourth and sixth; second, fourth, sixth and seventh; and finally, all the intervals.

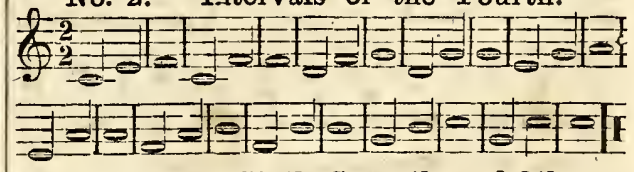
Here we have a series of progressive intervals, from the most simple to the most difficult.

Intervals of the Third, Fifth, and Eighth.

No. 1.

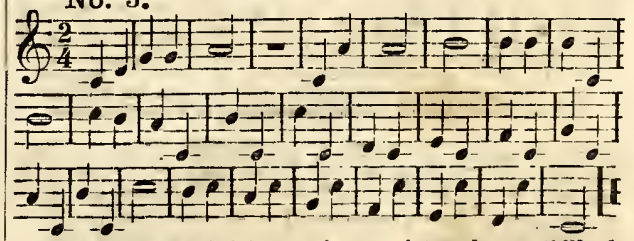


No. 2. Intervals of the Fourth.



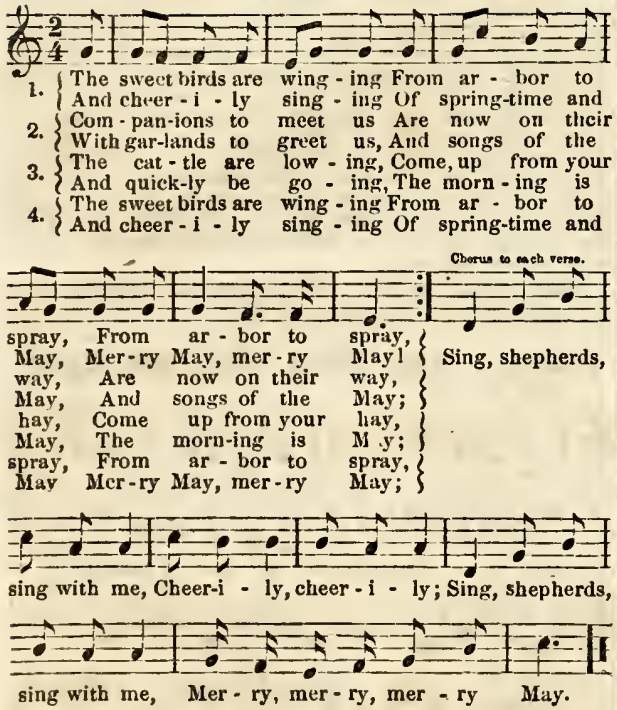
Intervals of the Sixth, Seventh, and Others.*

No. 3.

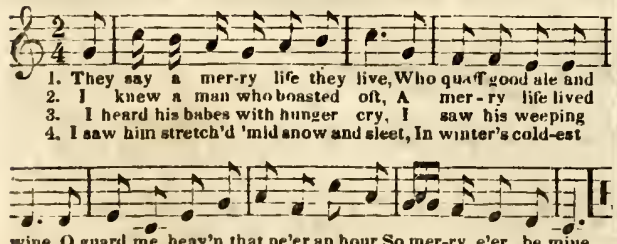


* For more extended instructions on intervals, see "Wood bury's Self-Instructor" in musical composition, published Mason Brothers, No. 23 Park Row, New York.

No. 4. Sing, Shepherds.

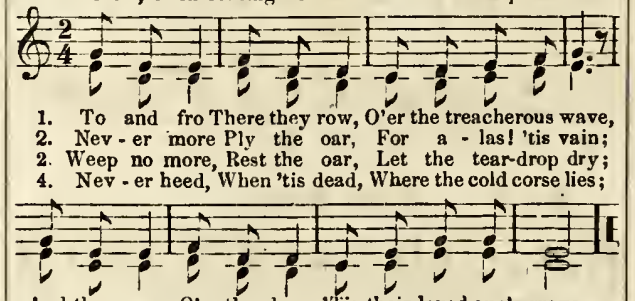


No. 5. Temperance Chorus.

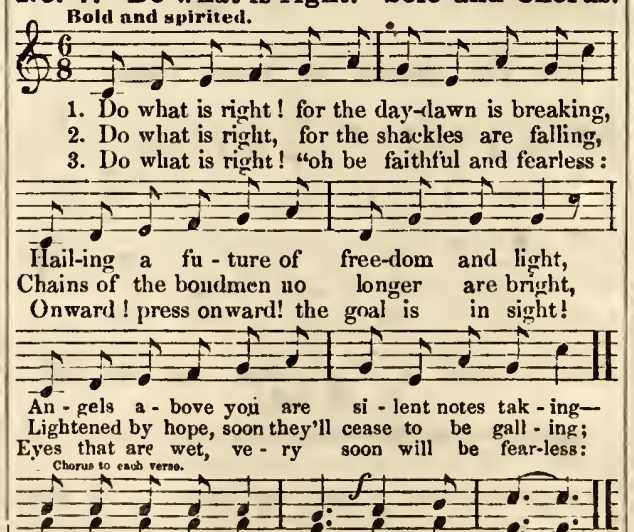


No. 6. The Mourners.

The father and mother of a boy who was lately drowned in the Ohio river, are daily seen in a skiff grappling for the body of their child, often ceasing from their labors to weep.



No. 7. Do what is right. Solo and Chorus.



Certain tunes should now be practised, such, for example, as the soprano in *Richmond*, the same in *Phillips* and *Edmeston*.

Two or more sounds heard at the same time, form a CHORD, and a succession of chords constitutes harmony.

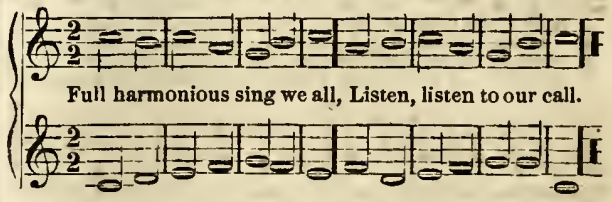
Let the two sections of the school sing the following chords:

First section sing			1,	Second section sing			3.
"	"	"	3,	"	"	"	5.
"	"	"	3,	"	"	"	8.
"	"	"	5,	"	"	"	3.
"	"	"	8,	"	"	"	5.
"	"	"	5,	"	"	"	3.
"	"	"	3,	"	"	"	1.

NOTE.—Divide the school also into three or four sections, and practice together the numerals 1, 3, 5, 8.

This combination of sounds is called the Common Chord.

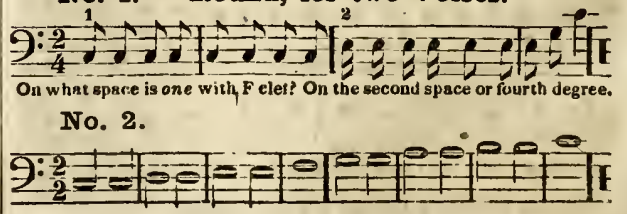
In harmony, the notes that are to be sung together are written over or under each other on separate staves, or on the same staff, thus:



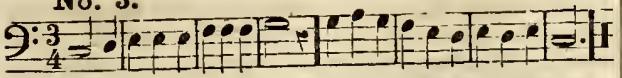
Base Clef.

As has been shown in preceding Exercises, we have an F or base clef, which is used for male voices. One of the scale with this clef is written on the second space.

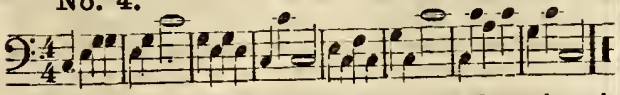
No. 1. Round, for two Voices.



No. 3.

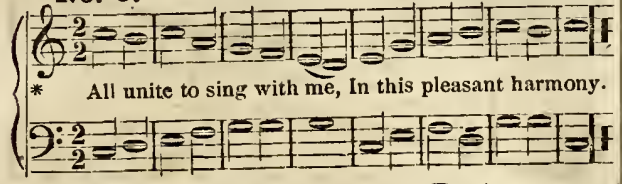


No. 4.

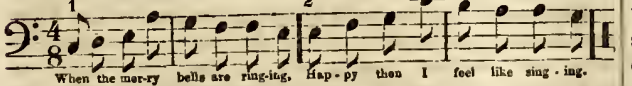


Here we have an exercise in two parts; the male voices will sing the base, and the females the upper staff.

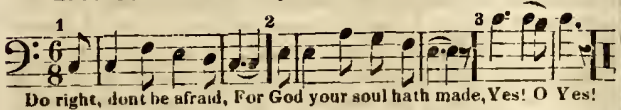
No. 5.



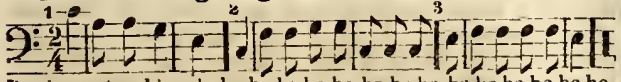
No. 6. Round, in two Parts.



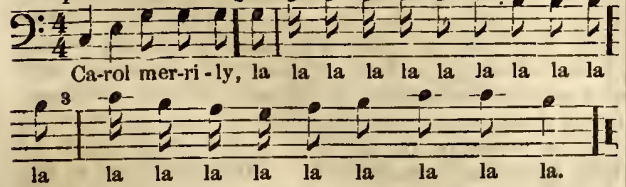
No. 7. Round, in three Parts.



No. 8. Laughing Round, for three Voices.



No. 9. Round, for three Voices.

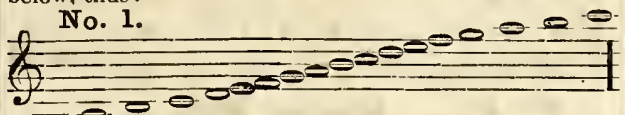


* Called a brace, and denotes the number of parts to be sung together.

EXTENSION OF THE SCALE.

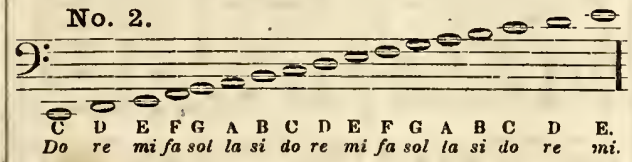
In addition to the scale of eight sounds with which we are now acquainted, we can form other scales above and below, thus:

No. 1.



Or with the base clef, thus:

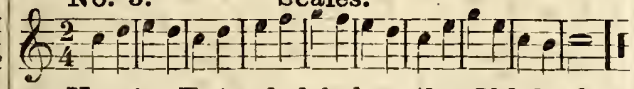
No. 2.



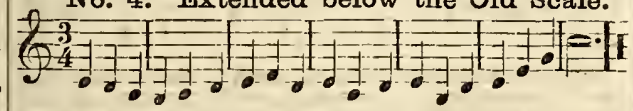
These extended scales are but the repetition of the one we have been using; *i. e.*, the intervals are precisely the same, if we take *eight* of the old scale as *one* of the extended; and the letters and numerals are the same also.

Exercises for the practice of the Extended Scales.

No. 3.

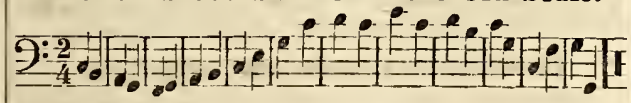


No. 4. Extended below the Old Scale.



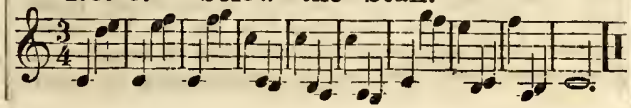
Extension of the Scale in the Base Clef above and below the Old Scale.

No. 5.



Exercise of difficult Intervals above and below the Staff.

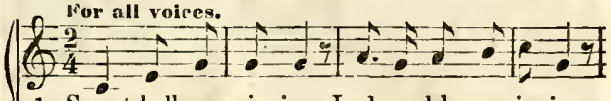
No. 6.



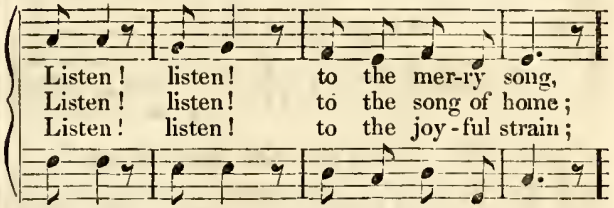
Sing me the songs our Fathers sang of yore.

No. 7.

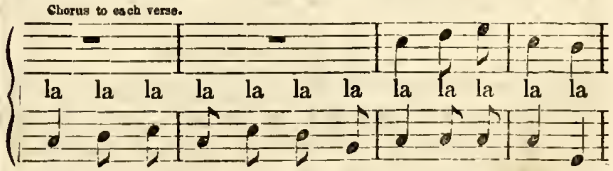
For all voices.

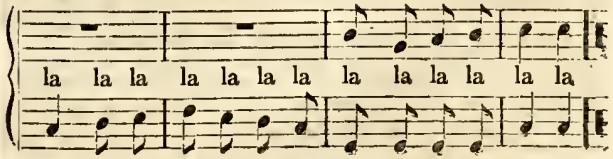


1. Sweet bells are ringing, Lads and lasses singing,
2. All cheer-ly smiling, While time beguiling,
3. Up-on the mountain, Down by the fountain,

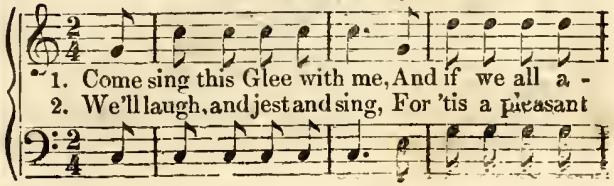


Chorus to each verse.





No. 8. The Laughing Glee.



gree, We'll laugh right merri - ly, Ha, ha,
thing, To hear our voices ring, Ha,

Ha! ha! Ha, la, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, la.
ha, Ha, ha, Ha, la, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, la.

No. 9. Song for the Rail Road.

1. A-way we go, A -
2. O'er hill and dale, O'er
3. How sweet to be, How

p Cres.

Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo,

way we go, A - way we go, Tra la, tra la, tra la.
hill and dale, O'er hill and dale, We're riding on a rail.
sweet to be, How sweet to be So mer-ry, blithe and free.

Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Woo, Tra la, tra la, tra la.

ff

Oh what plea - sure, what de - light,

Rid - ing on a rail-road day and night.

No. 10. Glee for May.

1. Shout, for 'tis May! Shout, for 'tis merry, merry,
2. Sing, for 'tis May! Sing, for 'tis merry, merry,
3. Thanks for the May! Thanks for the merry, merry,

merry, merry May, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! It is

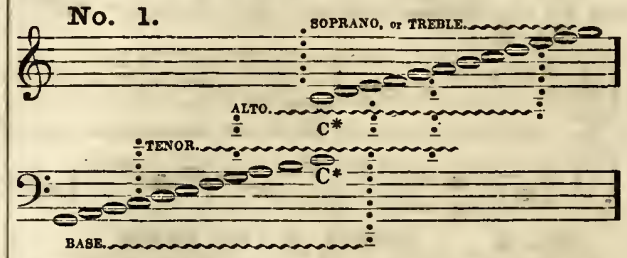
merry, merry, mer-ry, mer-ry, merry, merry May.

NOTE TO THE TEACHER.—All tunes in the key of C that have no accidentals in them may now be practised, and the class should not be allowed to go farther until some readiness has been acquired in reading simple tunes at sight. The Base by male, and the Soprano by female voices, may now be employed together, after having been practised separately.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

Although the male and female voices may be employed together, yet, strictly speaking, they are not in unison. The female voice is eight sounds, or an octave higher than the male voice. To prove this, the teacher should request the female portion of the class to sustain some given sound, while the teacher, commencing an octave lower, should sing up the scale (using the falsetto voice if necessary,) until he is strictly in unison with the female voices. The class will not fail to perceive the difference, a knowledge of which will be of great importance to them as singers and musicians. After this is thoroughly understood, the following scale should be practised, the male voices commencing it, and the females joining when they can reach the pitch, say about G, fourth space base clef.

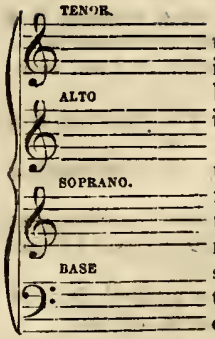
No. 1.



The teacher will remark to the class that as the male and female voices differ in pitch, they cannot sing the same part, without creating what is termed false harmony and faulty progressions; *i. e.*, consecutive octaves, &c. The female voices are divided into high and low, or Soprano and Alto. A good soprano will sing up to A above the staff, and an alto should be able to sing A below. A tenor voice (the highest male voice) should be able to sing F or G above the base clef, and the base voice should sing G, first line base clef. See the Exercise above, in which the voices are illustrated, and about the compass of each is shown. Another rule, which will enable the pupil to decide which is the legitimate part for him or her, is this; if the high notes generally can be sung easier than the low, then tenor for male and soprano for female voices, although they may not be able to reach G above. If, on the contrary, the low notes are sung with greater ease, then base for male and alto for female voices. A faithful teacher will also try each voice separately, and give suitable instructions as to quality of tone, and manner of producing it (for all voices differ in this respect.) Also its formation on the high or low notes should be very particularly attended to. Here we have, at one view, the manner in which the parts are usually arranged.

* Middle C—both the same pitch

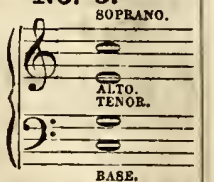
No. 2.



Although the G clef is generally used in this country for the tenor, yet it is not correct, for instead of music being performed where written, it is in reality sung eight notes lower.

The C clef which is in common use in Europe, would remedy this difficulty, but as it requires some time to acquire a knowledge of it, by common consent the G clef has been substituted for it in this country. Sometimes the soprano and alto are written on one staff, and the tenor and base on another, making but two staffs in a brace, instead of four as above. This way of writing music saves room, and other important advantages are derived from it,—Example: thus, ☞

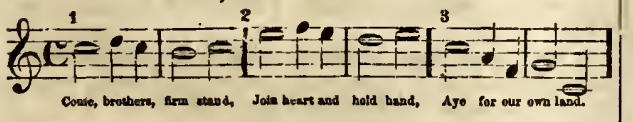
No. 3.



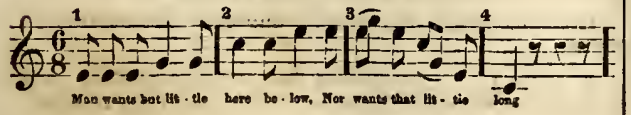
It will be perceived, by turning to any tune that is written on two staffs, that the stems of the notes in the soprano turn up, while those in the alto turn down; the tenor notes turn up and the base down. The highest notes in the G clef are for the soprano, and the highest in the base for the tenor.

☞ Continue to practice tunes as variety and profit require.

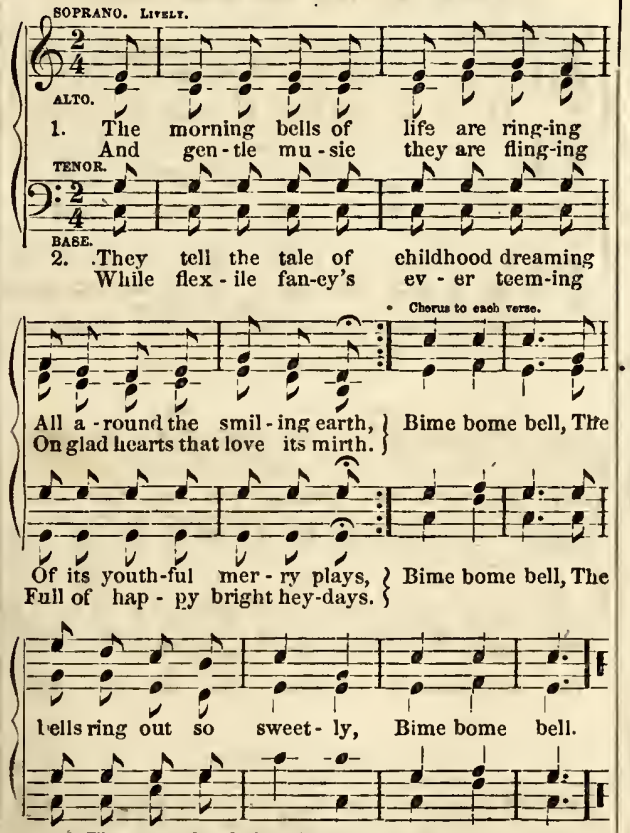
Canon, for Three Parts.



Canon, for Four Parts.



The Bells of Life. Chorus.

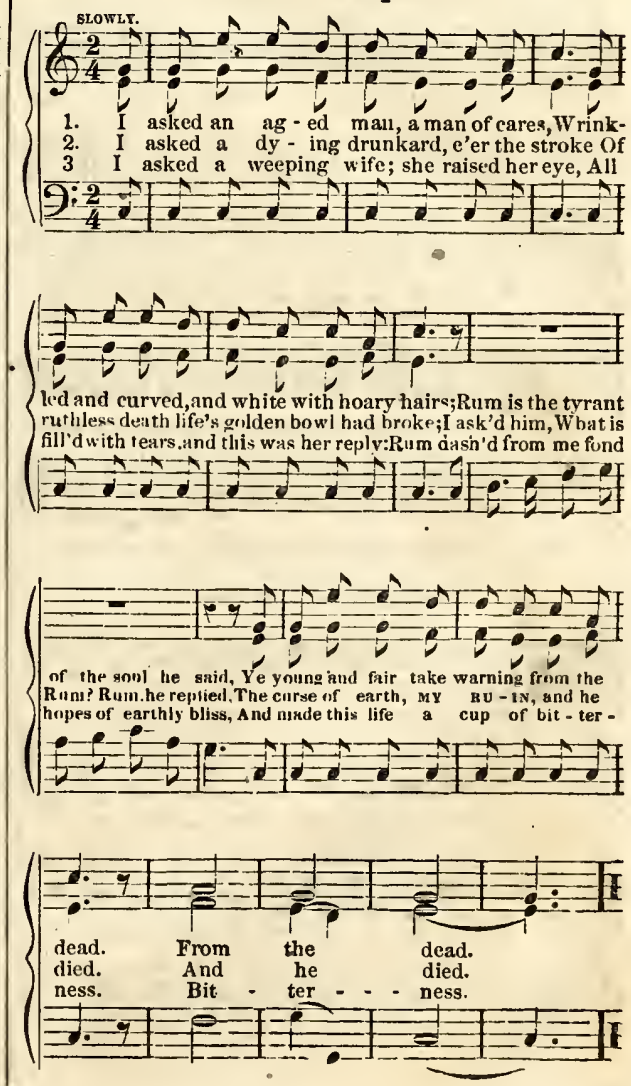


3 The noon-day bells of life are pealing
Round the globe a busy song:
Their stirring, giant notes are stealing,
O'er a care-worn, dusty throng.

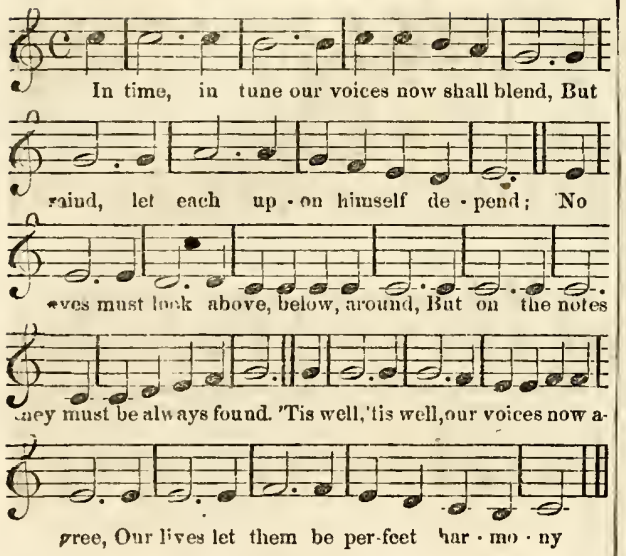
4 They tell of sturdy manhood toiling
On the bustling stage of life,
With thousand fears forever foiling,
Him in all his toil and strife.

5 The evening bells of life are rolling
Round the world their sad refain,
With slow and solemn measure tolling
Human life's departing train.

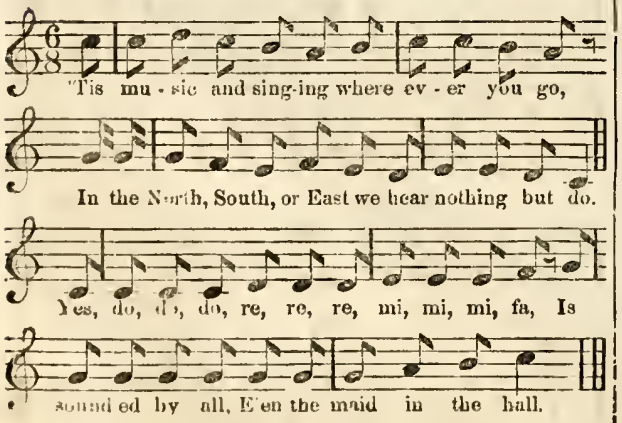
What is Rum? Temperance Glee.



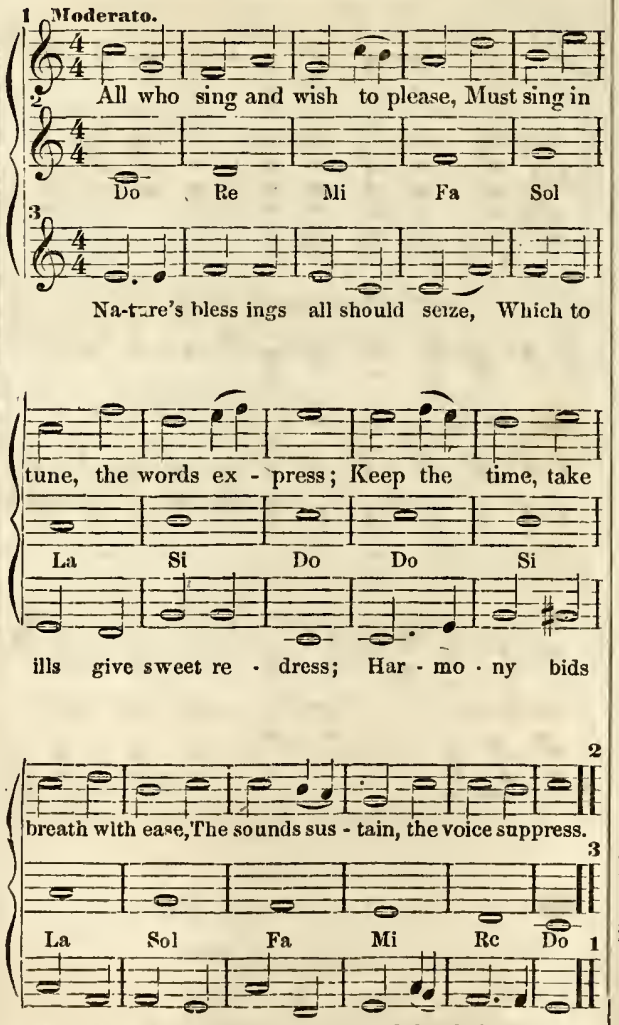
CATCH, for 2 voices.



CATCH, for 3 voices.



Round, on the Diatonic Scale.



Loud and Soft Tones, or Expression.

A TONE produced by no unusual vocal exertion, is a *medium or middle* tone; it is marked *m*; called *mezzo*.

A tone produced by some vocal restraint, is a *soft* tone; it is marked *P*—called *Piano*.

A tone produced by considerable vocal exertion, is a *loud* tone; it is marked *f*, and called *forte*.

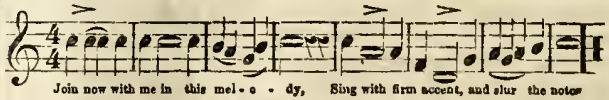
A tone produced by the greatest vocal restraint, is marked *PP*, and called *Pianissimo*.

A tone produced by the greatest vocal exertion, but not so loud as to injure the quality, is marked *ff*, and called *fortissimo*.

A modification of *forte* and *piano*, is marked *fp*. Of *mezzo* and *piano*, *mp*. Of *mezzo* and *forte*, *mf*, &c.

When an *unaccented* note is connected with the following accented note, it is said to be SYNCOPATED.

No. 1.



A TIE (⁀) connects notes on the same degree, which are performed as one. See Exercise above.

A tone begun, continued, and ended with the same power, is called an ORGAN TONE. [═].

A tone begun *soft* and gradually increased in power, is called a CRESCENDO. [*Cres.* or <].

An inversion of the crescendo is called a DIMINUENDO. [*Dim.* or >].

A union of the CRESCENDO and DIMINUENDO, is called a SWELL. [<>].

A sudden SWELL is called a PRESSURE TONE. [<or <>].

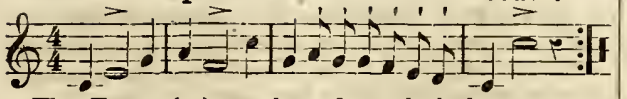
A very short tone, produced with force and immediately diminished, is called an EXPLOSIVE TONE; sometimes FORZANDO, or SFORZANDO. [*sf. fz.* or >].

STACCATO mark thus [! ! ! !] denote that a passage is to be proformed in a short, distinct manner.

LEGATO means smooth and connected, the opposite of STACCATO.

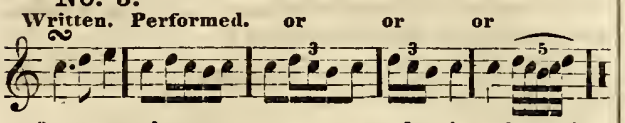
A SLUR (⁀) indicates that certain notes are sung to one syllable.—See Exercise above, and tune *Siloam*.

No. 2. Explosive Tone and Staccato.



The TURN (∾) consists of a principal sound next above and below it. It should be performed with care and neatness, but not too quick, thus:

No. 3.

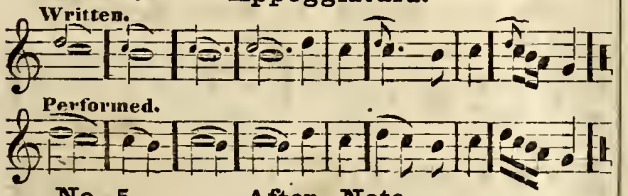


Ornamental, or grace notes, are often introduced into a melody, that do not essentially belong to it; they are commonly written in smaller characters, and are called PASSING NOTES.

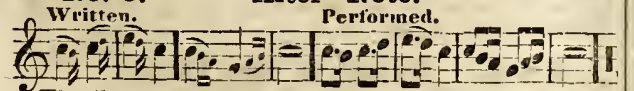
When a passing note precedes an essential note, on an *accented* part of the measure, it is called an APPOGGIATURA.

When a passing note follows an essential note on an *unaccented* part of the measure, it is called an AFTER NOTE.

No. 4. Appoggiatura.



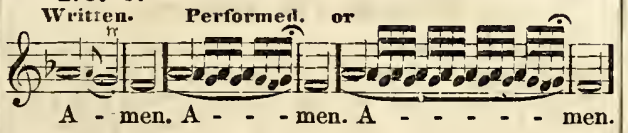
No. 5. After Note.



The SHAKE (*tr*) consists of a rapid alternation of two sounds. It should be much cultivated by those who would acquire smoothness and flexibility of voice. *

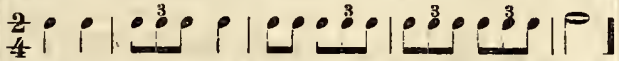
* For more extended instructions on the Graces of Vocal Music, see the "Cultivation of the Voice without a Master," published by F. J. Huntington.

No. 6.



Miscellaneous Characters in Music.

A figure 3 placed over three notes, thus, shows that they are to be sung in the time of two of the same kind—for example, thus:



A double bar, thus, denotes the end of a strain or line in poetry.

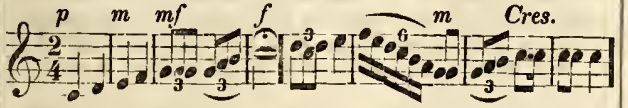
The figure 6, thus, placed over six notes, shows that they are to be sung in the time of four of the same kind.

Dots placed in a piece of music, thus, denote that it is to be repeated, and they are called Repeats.

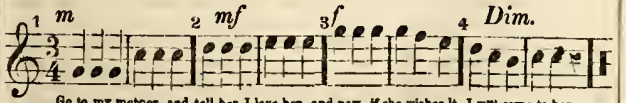
A pause or hold over a note or rest, thus, denotes a suspension of the time, during which the hand should remain stationary.

Exercises on Expression and the above Characters.

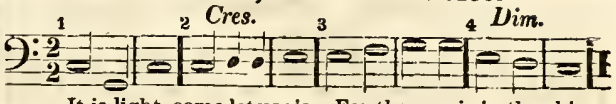
No. 7.



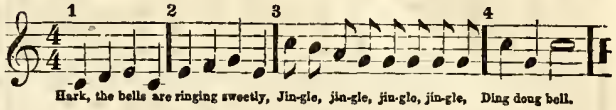
No. 8. Round, for Four Voices.



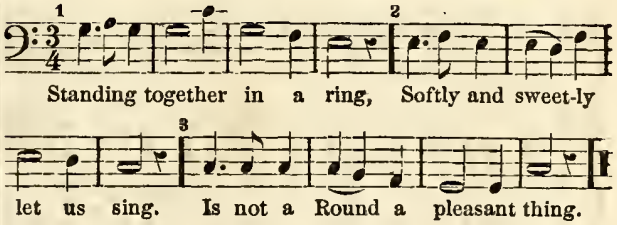
No. 9. Round, for Four Voices.



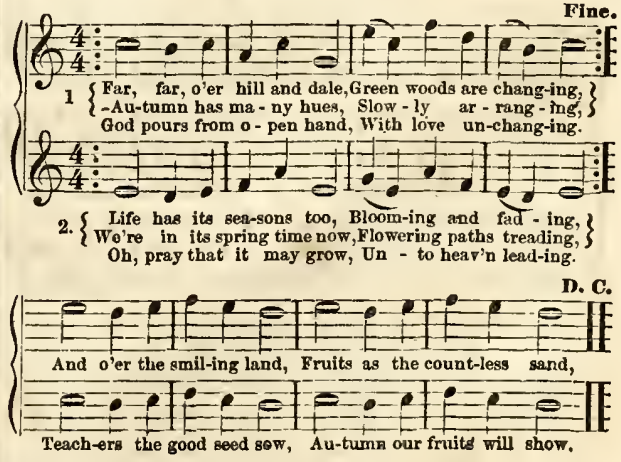
No. 10. Round, for Four Voices.



No. 11. Round, for Three Voices.



No. 12. AUTUMN.



Spring is coming. Chorus of welcome to Spring.
No. 13.

1. Spring is coming, Spring is coming, Thro' the buds the sun-beams gleaming, And the un-fet-tered streams are dan-cing; Welcome, welcome spring-tide home!

2. Spring is coming, Spring is coming, In the wind the peach-bloom fly-ing, Li-lies on the water ly-ing; Welcome, welcome spring-tide home!

Chorus to each verse.

Welcome, welcome, Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome spring-tide home.
Welcome, welcome, Welcome, welcome spring-tide home.
Welcome, welcome, Welcome welcome, welcome, welcome spring-tide home.

3 Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Trees and gentle breezes blowing,
Evening's lovely radiance glowing:
Welcome, welcome, spring-tide home

4 Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Bring the golden cups, preparing,
Welcome for the guests are nearing
Welcome, welcome, welcome home.

CHROMATIC SCALE.

Out of every major second of the diatonic scale, two intervals can be procured by the use of a sharp (♯) or flat (♭). The sharp elevates a sound before which it is placed a *chromatic* interval, and the flat depresses it a *chromatic* interval. A series of twelve intervals is called the *Chromatic* Scale, thus:

The following Letters, Numerals and Syllables,* are applied to the Chromatic Scale.

C. I. M. S. C. I. M. S. M. S. C. I. M. S. C. I. M. S. C. I. M. S. M. S.

C	C♯	D	D♯	E	F	F♯	G	G♯	A	A♯	B	C
1	♯1	2	♯2	3	4	♯4	5	♯5	6	♯6	7	8
Do	*Do*	*Re*	*Re*	*Mi*	*Fa*	*Fa*	*Sol*	*Sol*	*La*	*La*	*Si*	*Do*

M. S. C. I. M. S. C. I. M. S. C. I. M. S. M. S. C. I. M. S. C. I. M. S.

C	B	B♭	A	A♭	G	G♭	F	E	E♭	D	D♭	C
8	7	♭7	6	♭6	5	♭5	4	3	♭3	2	♭2	1
Do	*Si*	*Si*	*La*	*La*	*Sol*	*Sol*	*Fa*	*Mi*	*Mi*	*Re*	*Re*	*Do*

NOTE. When naming the chromatic intervals by numerals, say—sharp one, sharp two, flat six, flat seven, &c.; but when naming them by letters, C sharp, D flat, E flat, &c.

The pupil will observe, that from any letter to the same made flat or sharp, the interval is a chromatic one; and from any letter to the next above or below in the chromatic scale, the interval is a minor second. *Questions:* What is the interval from C to C♯ (sharp?) C♯ to D, &c.? C to B in descending? B to B♭ (flat)? B♭ to A? A to A♭, &c.? Commence the practice of the chromatic scale something in the following manner,—the class sings one, after which the teacher sings sharp one, the class imitating him. Then two, sharp two, &c.

☞ For the future the class should devote a short time, each lesson, to the practice of this scale.

The influence of a sharp or flat extends from measure to measure, until a note intervenes which is on a different degree from that before which it is placed.*

A NATURAL (♮) is used to contradict or take away the power of a flat or a sharp.

No. 1. Example.

After a *sharped* tone the ear naturally expects the next above, but after a *flatted* tone the next below.

No. 2.

No. 3. Round, in Four Parts.

Day is gone, Night is come;
When the day of life has flown, Heaven be our home.

No. 4. Round, in Two Parts.

And now to all good night! Good night, good night, good night.

* The author thinks the European system of not changing the vowel sounds, in the chromatic scale, far preferable to the practice so much in vogue in this country, as many bad habits arise that require much after practice and instruction to eradicate. Those who choose, however, can still use the old plan by simply changing the vowel sound of the syllable, in ascending, to E whenever a sharp occurs—and to A, in descending, whenever a flat is used.

* When a note succeeds one that has been made flat or sharp, *without a note intervening* on another degree of the staff, the effect of the accidental continues, although in another measure.

TENOR. Allegretto.

1. Jin - gle, jin - gle, clear the way! 'Tis the mer - ry, mer - ry sleigh! As it swift - ly scuds a - long, Hear the burst of

SOPRANO & ALTO.

2. Jin - gle, jin - gle, on they go! Caps and bon - nets white with snow; At the fa - ces swim - ming past, Nod - ding thro' the

BASS.

3. Jin - gle, jin - gle, down the hills, O er the meadows, past the mills, Now 'tis slow and now 'tis fast, Win - ter will not

hap - py song, See the gleam of glances bright Flashing o'er the pathway white, Jingle, jin - gle, how it whirls! Crowded full of laughing girls.

flee - cy blast; Not a sin - gle robe they fold, To pro - tect them from the cold; Jingle, jin - gle, 'mid the storm, Fun and frol - ic keep them warm.

al - ways last; Every pleasure has its time, Spring will come and stop the chime! Jingle, jin - gle, clear the way! 'Tis the mer - ry, merry sleigh.

CHORUS.

1st time. 2d time.

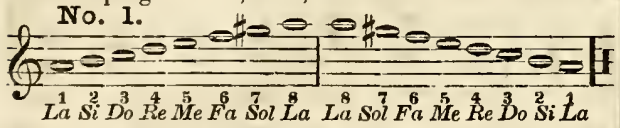
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, clear the way, 'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh, 'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, clear the way, 'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh, 'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh.

MINOR SCALE.

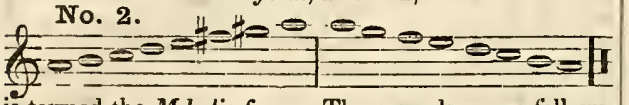
THERE is yet a third scale in music, called the *Minor* or *soft* mode. It consists of seven intervals, and has two forms or progressions; thus,

No. 1.



is called the *Harmonic form*, and thus,

No. 2.



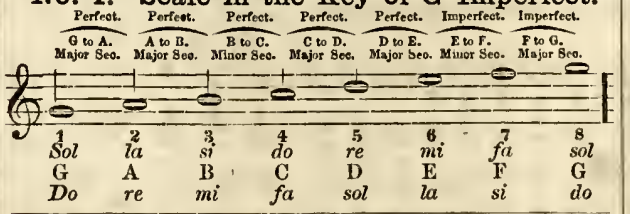
is termed the *Melodic form*. The seconds are as follows, in the *Harmonic* form: from one to two, a major second; from two to three, minor; three to four, and four to five, major seconds; five to six, minor second; six to seven, an extended second, and seven to eight a minor second. The same progression is observed in descending.

In the *Melodic* form of the minor scale, the intervals occur as follows, viz.: from one to two, a major second; two to three, a minor second; three to four, four to five, five to six, and six to seven, all major seconds; and seven to eight, a minor second. The descending scale in the melodic form differs, viz.: eight to seven, and seven to six, major seconds; six to five, a minor second; five to four, and four to three, major seconds three to two, minor second; two to one, major second. Question as follows on the harmonic form: How many major seconds has the harmonic form, and between which numerals do they occur? How many minors? Between which numerals does the extended second occur? Is the form the same descending as ascending, &c.? Question as follows on the melodic form: How many major and minor seconds has the melodic form of the minor scale ascending, and between which numerals do they occur? Name the seconds descending. In what respect does this form of the scale differ from the *Harmonic form*? How does it differ from the major scale, &c.? The scale of A minor has the same signature that C major has, hence some guide is necessary in order to distinguish between the two When the signature is natural, and any part commences on A it is generally in the minor mode. When sharp five occurs often, the piece of music is generally in A minor. After hearing some minor music, the ear will enable one to decide whether it is in the major or minor mode. But as the key or mode is constantly varying in most pieces of music, it is impossible to decide with certainty in relation to the key, without some knowledge of modulation, &c.* See the following minor tunes, viz.: *Meldrum, Russia, Lebanon, Ramoth, &c.*

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

WHEN a scale of eight sounds occurs, founded on any letter, the order of intervals being from one to two and two to three, major seconds; three to four, a minor; four to five, five to six, and six to seven, major seconds; and seven to eight a minor second; it is named after the letter OR which one is written. Thus, if one is written on C, it is called the scale of C; if on D, the scale of D; if on E, the scale of E, &c. When a piece of music commences in the key of C, (although other keys may be introduced in the course of the piece by means of accidentals,) the signature is said to be natural, or, in other words, there are no flats or sharps used at the commencement. But when a piece of music has flats or sharps placed at the commencement, it is said to be transposed. The signature (or number of flats or sharps) placed at the commencement of a piece of music will decide the key. The pupil will take notice in transposing the scale, that the same order of intervals as in the key of C must be preserved, *i. e.*, from three to four and seven to eight must be minor seconds, and all the rest major seconds. In the first regular transposition of the scale by fifths, G becomes one of the new scale, thus:

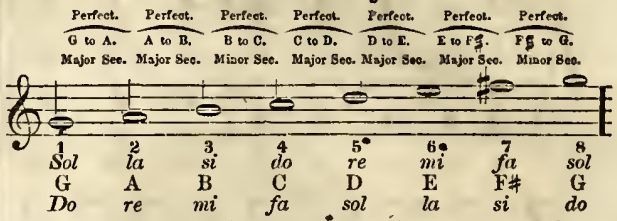
No. 1. Scale in the Key of G Imperfect.



* For extended illustrations and instructions in Modulation, see Woodbury's "*Self Instructor in Musical Composition and Thorough Base.*"

The above example is not, strictly speaking, in the key of G, although we take G as one. When F sharp is introduced, then, *and then only*, the transposition takes place, thus;

No. 2. Scale in the Key of G Perfect.



The same method is followed in all the transpositions by sharps, viz, the fifth above or fourth below is taken as one of a new key, in every succeeding transposition, and an additional sharp will be required also in every succeeding transposition.

REMARK.—In the above example, it will be observed that we have not only placed the syllables *transposed*, but retained their original position as in the scale of C. Eight or ten years' experience has proved to us, that, generally speaking, *more* can be learned by classes, *if the syllables are not changed.**

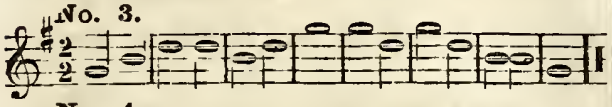
REMARK.—We are aware that this will not meet with the approbation of all our teachers, but those who have given it a fair trial, will fully endorse the above. Here we would also enter our protest against the change of the vowel sounds of the syllables, where an accidential is introduced. It brings a long train of evils that requires months of labor to eradicate. One reason why our choirs, and even select societies, almost always fail on the accidentals, is owing to the habit of changing the syllables and their vowel sounds. The system of changing the syllables is not known in the best schools of Europe; and we predict that, ere many years pass away, the elements

* We think classes in general are too much confined to the syllables. The practice of them to some extent, is desirable and even necessary; but we would not use them one moment longer than is necessary, but substitute the words as soon as the progress of the class will allow. The syllable *La* and the vowels may also be used much more than is customary

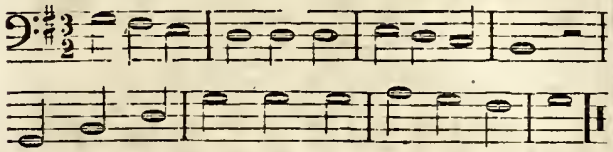
of the art in this country will throw off these trammels, and find itself free to soar on, in its glorious path of love to fallen man.

Question as follows:—What do you understand by the transposition of the scale? *Ans.* When any other letter besides C is taken as one of a new scale, and accidentals are introduced. When is the scale said to be in its natural position? What letter is used to designate the natural key? What is the signature to C? In transposing the scale what order of intervals should always be preserved? What is the first transposition? *Ans.* To G, the fifth of C? What is the signature to G? If F is not sharped how many intervals would be wrong? What would be the interval from six to seven without the F♯? What should it be, &c.?

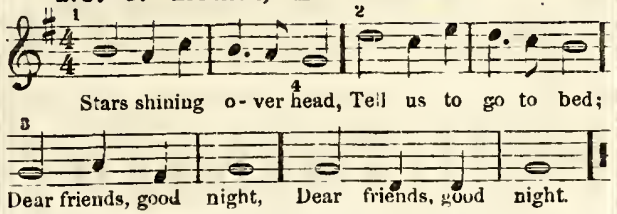
No. 3.



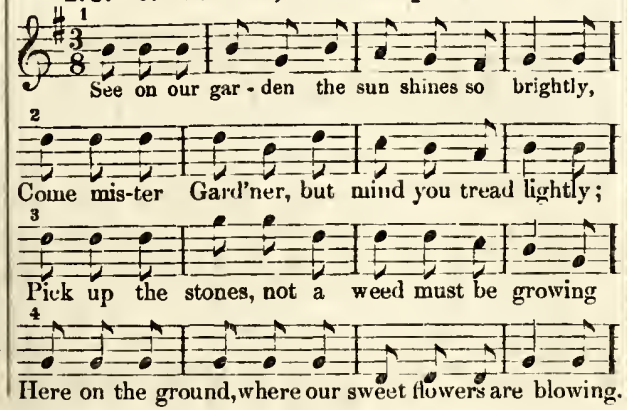
No. 4.



No. 5. Round, in Four Parts.



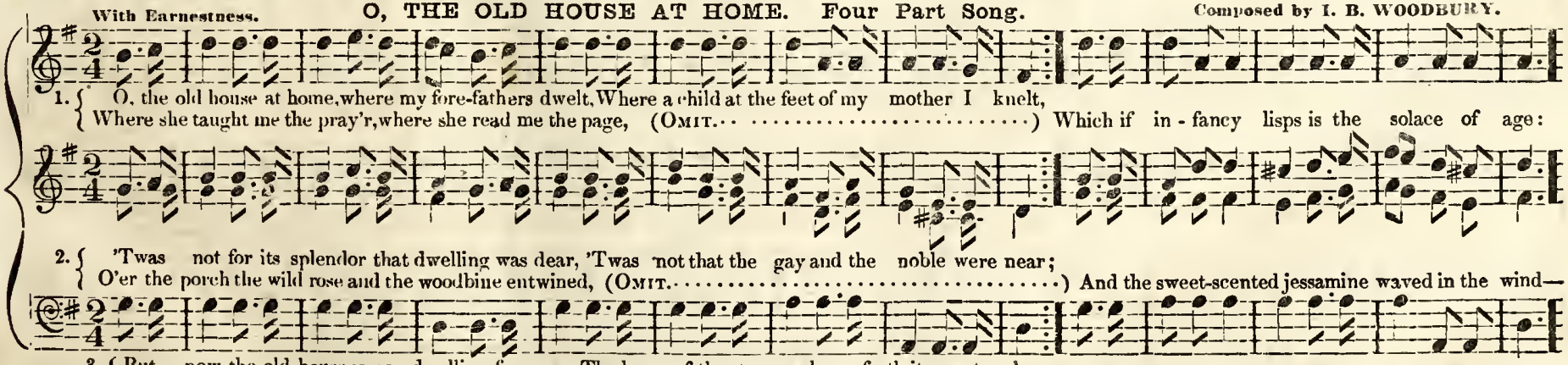
No. 6. Round, in Four parts.



Question on each tune something as follows: What is the signature? *Ans.* One sharp. What letter is sharped? *Ans.* F. Why do we sharp F? To regulate the order of the intervals. What is the order of intervals in all the transpositions? Between three and four, and seven and eight, are minor seconds; all the rest are major seconds. Name the letters to the scale of G. *Ans.* G is one, A is two, B is three, C is four, D is five, E is six, F♯ is seven, and G is eight.

Remark.—Most classes will be able to understand the theory, and, to a certain extent, the practical part of the art that we have been over, in about twelve or thirteen lessons, *if the teacher has been faithful.* Many classes will require twenty-four, or even more lessons, to acquire what we have been over in these few lessons. *There is but little danger of going too slow* in teaching the elements of music. The rest of the transpositions may be taken up as the class may require, but let it be impressed on the mind, that if the first transposition is well understood, all the rest will come easy, and but little time will be required in teaching them.

With Earnestness. **O, THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME. Four Part Song.** Composed by I. B. WOODBURY.



ff Rit.

My heart, 'mid all changes, wher - ev - er I roam,
Ne'er lo - ses its love for the old house at home; The old house at home, The old house at home, My heart never changes for the old house at home.

But dearer to me than proud turret or dome,
Were the halls of my fathers, the old house at home; The old house at home, The old house at home, My heart never changes for the old house at home.

Yet still, in my slumbers, sweet visions will come
Of the days that I passed at that old house at home: The old house at home, The old house at home, My heart never changes for the old house at home.

THE TEMPERANCE CALL. Quartett and Chorus.

m Slowly. Cres. *m* Cres.

1. Flowers with fragrance fill the balmy air, ... As night descends in silence to re - pose; The lake is still, the sky is bright and clear,
2. Come, then, re - joice, my dear companions come! 'Neath temp'rance skies till morn is bright a - bove; And the sweet cho - rus of the mountain wild
3. Come, fa - ther, broth - er, comrade dear, O come, Accept the pledge, the pledge we of - fer now: Re - joice, re - joice, but trust in Prov - i - dence,

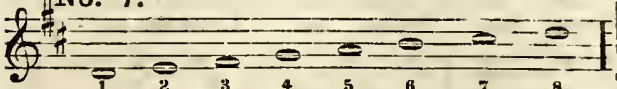
Dim. Chorus. *m* 2d time. *ff*

And now the day in glory seems to close. Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the theme, the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land, loud and long.
Return the notes of Temperance and love, Swell, swell the theme, Swell, swell the song, Swell the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land, loud and long.

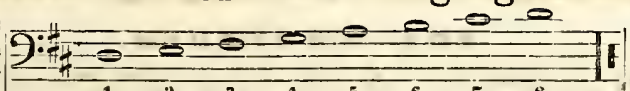
Heav'n keep you safe, thro' all earth's toil and woe. Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the theme, the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land, loud and long.

Second transposition by sharps (Key of D). One is written on D, the fifth to G, and in order to preserve the order of intervals, two sharps are used, viz, C♯ (new sharp) and F♯, thus;

No. 7.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Re	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*	*re*
D	E	F♯	G	A	B	C♯	D
Do	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Re	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*	*re*
D	E	F♯	G	A	B	C♯	D
Do	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*

Questions.—In what key is this scale? *Ans.* D. How do you know it to be in the key of D? By the signature. What is the signature? Two sharps. What letters are sharp? F and C. Why do we sharp F and C? To preserve the order of intervals. What numerals of the new scale are sharped? Three and seven. In order to transpose a scale to its next affinity in sharps, what numerals of it must we sharp? The fourth. What was the fourth to C? *Ans.* F. By sharping F into what key do we modulate, or transpose the scale? *Ans.* G. By sharp ng the fourth to G (which is C), into what key do we modulate? *Ans.* D, &c. Practise tunes in D.

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN. Four Part Song.

Lively.

1. Come, come, come, Come to the sun - set tree; The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done. (Omit.)
* D. C. Come, come, come, Come to the sun - set tree; The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies free, (Omit.) ..... And the

2. Come, come, come, Sweet is the hour of rest, Pleasant the wood's low sigh, And the gleaming of the west, And the turf whereon we lie;
3. Come, come, come, Yes, 'tis the tuneful sound, That dwells in whispering boughs, Welcome the freshness round, And the gale that fans our brows;

4. Come, come, come, There shall no tempests blow, No scorching noontide heat; There shall be no more snow, No wea - ry wander - ing feet;

Fine. D. C.

reaper's work is done. The twilight star to heaven, And the sum- mer dew to flowers, And rest to us is given, By the cool soft even- ing hours;

..... When the burthen and the heat Of la - bor's task are o'er, And kind- ly voi - ces greet The tired one at his door;
..... But rest more sweet and still Than ev - er nightfall gave, Our yearning hearts shall fill In the world beyond the grave:

So we lift our trust- ing eyes, From the hills our fathers trod, To the quiet of the skies, To the Sabbath of our God;

* Close each verse with these words.

THE WANDERER.

Fast.

1. Light and gay, Light and gay, On my way With my wander - staff I stray; Blossoms fair, Balmy air, Greet me eve - ry -

2. Trees o'er-head, Trees o'er - head, Grass to tread, All a - round thy path are spread; Sunshine gay, Forests gray, Cheer thee on thy

Repeat with Tra la, as far as the words, "Move along," &c.

- where! Leaves are green and flow'rs are gay, Whisp'ring low, they seem to say, Move a - long, move a - long To a mer ry song!
Tra la la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la. Move a - long, move a - long To a mer-ry song!

way! Earth is rich, and fair, and wide, Stay not thou for time nor tide; Move a - long, move a - long To a mer-ry song!
Tra la la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la. Move a - long, move a - long To a mer-ry song!

Third transposition by sharps (Key of A). One is written on A, the fifth to D, and in order to preserve the order of intervals, three sharps are found necessary, viz. G♯ (the new sharp), F♯ and C♯, thus:

No. 8.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
La	*si*	*do*	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*
A	B	C♯	D	E	F♯	G♯	A
Do	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
La	*si*	*do*	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*
A	B	C♯	D	E	F♯	G♯	A
Do	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*

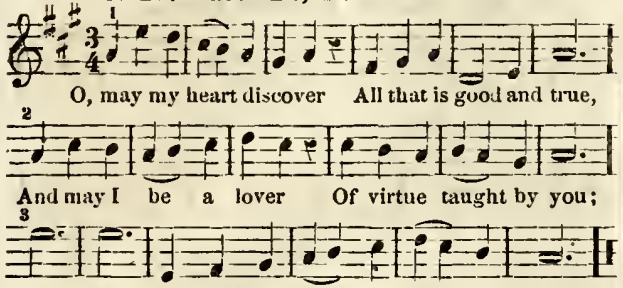
Question as in the Key of D. Sing tunes in the Key of A, and exercises in the Keys of D and A.

No. 9. Round, in Three Parts.

1 Fol-low me in this glee, 2 Plea- sant sing - ing

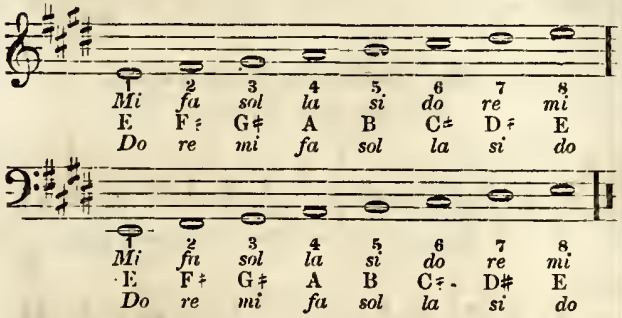
3 will be ring- ing, La la la. Tra la la la la la

No. 10. Round, in Three Parts.



Fourth transposition by sharps (key of E four sharps). One of this key is written on E, the fifth of A, and the new sharp is D♯, making four sharps, viz., F♯ C♯ G♯ and D♯. Thus,

No. 11.

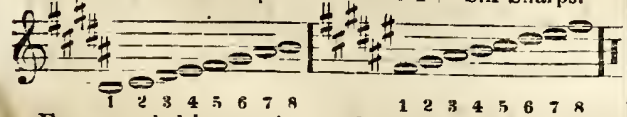


Question as in the other keys, and practise tunes in the key of E.

Fifth and Sixth transpositions by sharps (keys of B and F♯), seldom used. Thus:

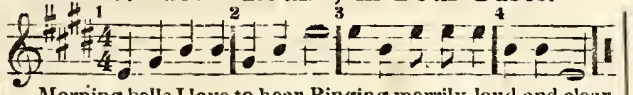
No. 12.

KEY OF B—Five Sharps. KEY OF F♯—Six Sharps.



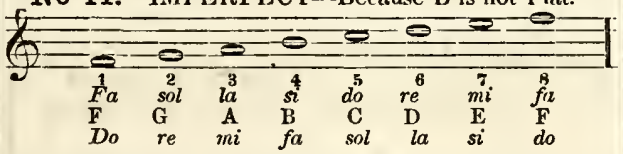
For extended instructions and illustrations in modulation, see "Woodbury's Self Instructor in Musical Composition and Thorough Base."

No. 13. Round, in Four Parts.

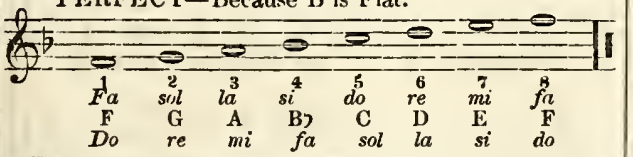


First transposition of the scale by fourths. To transpose the scale by flats we take the fourth (instead of the fifth) of every new scale. F is the fourth of C, hence it is one of the new scale (Key of F), thus,

No 14. IMPERFECT—Because B is not Flat.



PERFECT—Because B is Flat.

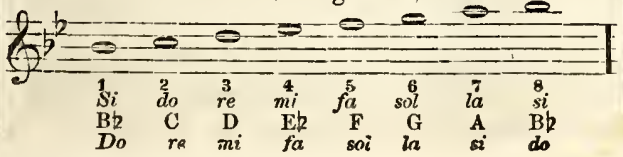


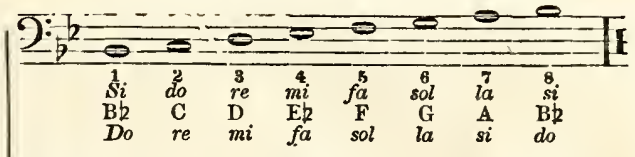
The order of intervals must be the same in the flat keys as in the sharps. By analyzing the perfect example above, we find that from F to G is a major; G to A, a major; A to B♭ (three to four), a minor; B♭ to C, a major; C to D, a major; D to E, a major; E to F, a minor second.

Questions sometimes as follows:—What is the signature to the Key of F? Ans. One flat. What letter is flat? B. Why do we flat B? To regulate the order of intervals. Name the letters as they occur in this scale. The flat keys are transposed a fourth instead of a fifth, and flats are used instead of sharps to regulate the order of intervals—the fourth of each new scale being flatted instead of the seventh being sharped as in the sharp keys, &c.

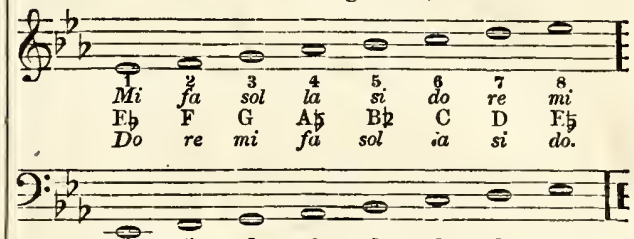
Second, third, and fourth transpositions by flats stand thus:

No. 15. KEY OF B♭—Signature, two Flats.

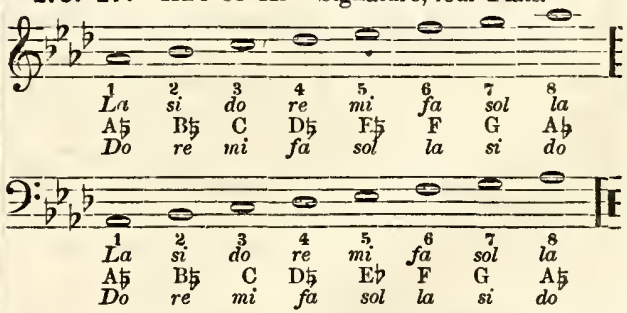




No. 16. KEY OF E♭—Signature, three Flats.



No. 17. KEY OF A♭—Signature, four Flats.



It will be perceived that in each succeeding new scale, the fourth of the old scale is taken as one of the new, and that an additional flat is used to each.

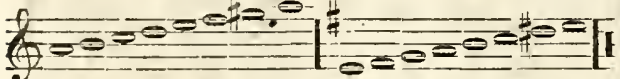
Other modulations may be procured by continuing to use additional flats, but as they would not be of any practical use, we omit them here. Questions should be proposed on all the scales, as in the key of F, and the practice of tunes should be introduced in all these keys, in the order of the transpositions as above.

CONTINUATION OF THE MINOR SCALE.

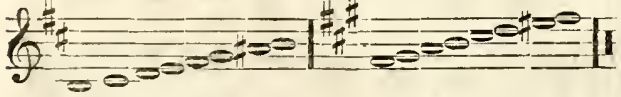
Every major has its relative minor scale, founded on the third letter below, *i. e.* the relative minor to C is A; to D. B. &c. The order of intervals in the minor scale is the same, as shown on page 16, in all cases. Question the class as follows: What is the relative minor scale to G major? *Ans.* E. What is the signature of the relative minor to any major scale? The same as its major. What is the signature to E minor? *Ans.* One sharp. Is it necessary to introduce any accidentals in the minor scale? Yes; the seventh is always sharped both in ascending and descending in the Harmonic form, (for example see page 16); but in the Melodic form only in ascending. Which form of the minor scale is now generally used? The Harmonic. Why? Because every note of the scale is susceptible of natural harmonies. What is the relative minor to A major? F sharp minor. To E major? C sharp minor. To F major? D minor. B flat major? G minor. E flat major? C minor. A flat major? F minor. Here we have all the minor scales at one view.

No. 18.

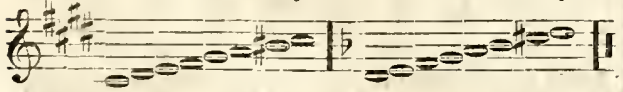
A Minor Relative to C Major. E Minor Relative to G Major.



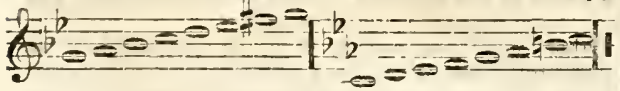
B Minor Relative to D Major. F Sharp Minor Relative to A Major



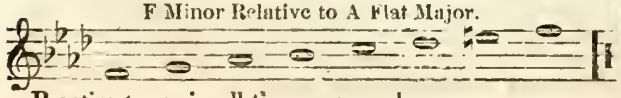
C Sharp Minor Relative to E Major. D Minor Relative to F Major.



G Minor Relative to B Flat Major. C Minor Relative to E Flat Major.

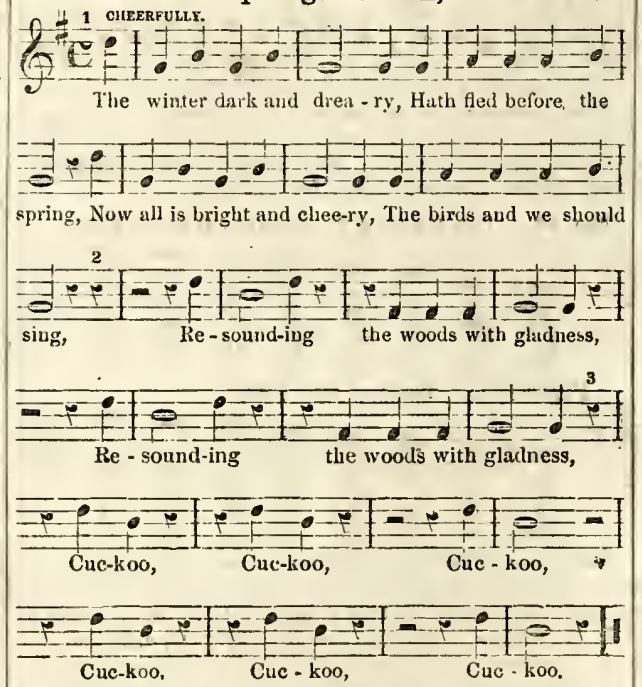


F Minor Relative to A Flat Major.

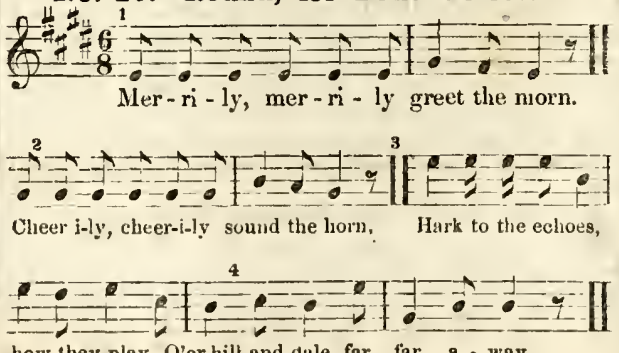


Practise tunes in all the minor scales.

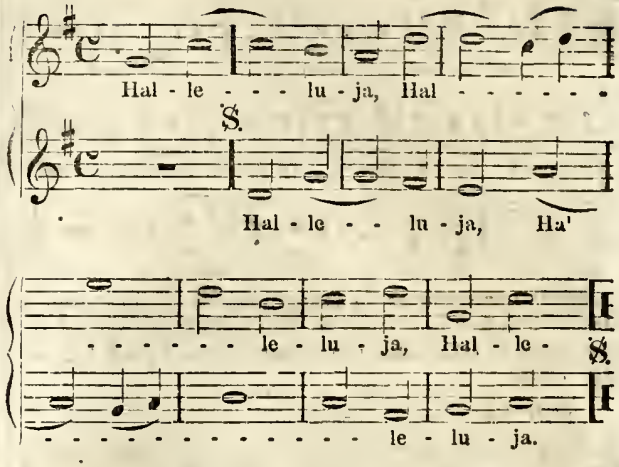
No. 19. The Spring. Canon, for 3 Voices.



No. 20. Round, for Four Voices.

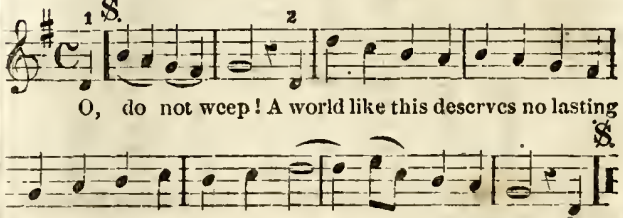


No. 21. Canon, in Two Parts.

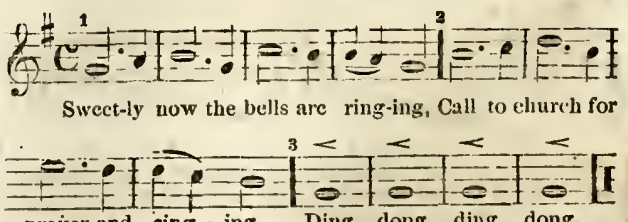


No. 22. Canon, in Two Parts.

"O, DO NOT WEEP."



No. 23. Canon, in Three Parts. The Bells.



O SWIFT WE GO. Sleighing Glee.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Allegretto.

1. O swift we go o'er the flee - cy snow, When moonbeams sparkle round, When hoofs keep time to mu - sic's chime, As mer - rily on we bound;
2. On winter's night when our hearts are light, And breath is on the wind, We loose the rein and sweep the plain, And leave our cares be - hind;
3. With laugh and song we glide a - long A - cross the fleet-ing snow, With friends be-side how swift we'll ride The beau-ti - ful track be - low;
4. The rag - ing sea has the joys for me When gale and tempest roar; But give the speed of the foaming steed, And I'll ask for waves no more;

Chorus.

As mer-ri - ly on, as merri - ly on, as mer-ri - ly on we bound, As merri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we bound.

SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME. Four part Song, or Trio.

Slow.

1. Why, ah! why my heart this sadness? Why, 'mid scenes like these decline? Where all, tho' strange, is joy and gladness, Say, what wish can yet be thine? O say, what wish can yet be thine?
2. All that's dear to me is wanting— Lone and cheerless here I roam; The stranger's joys, howe'er enchanting, To me can never be like home, To me can never be like home.
3. Give me those, I ask no other—Those that bless the humble dome Where dwell my father and my mother—Give O give me back my home, My own, my dear, my native home.

THE RAIL-ROAD CARS ARE COMING. Solo, Duett & Chorus.

Lively. SOLO. DUETT.

1. The great Pacific Railroad For Cal-i-fornia, hail! Bring on the lo-comotive, Lay down the iron rail · Across the rolling prairies By steam we're bound to go;

3. We've gold dust in the mountains, And silver in the ore, And sparkling gems and precious stones, At least a cord or more; We've lakes of salt, and hot springs Heated down below.

Accomp.

Chorus to each verse.

The railroad cars are coming, humming Thro' New Mexi - co, The railroad cars are coming, humming Thro' New Mexi - co.

p Cres. m f Cres. ff

The railroad cars are coming, humming Thro' New Mexi - co, The railroad cars are coming, humming Thro' New Mexi - co.

4 We got a million on the road,
And who will dare bent that;
Just hand in your subscriptions now,
And down we'll lay the track.
Our track's the track you read about,
Forever free from snow:
The railroad cars are coming, humming
Through New Mexico.

5 Then go it "progress," "go it cars,"
And "Young America,"
And rush the "cars of destiny"
To Cal-i-for-nia;
We'll sacrifice our hat, we will—
Four dollar hat, bran new—
The railroad cars are coming, humming
Through New Mexico.

CALL JONATHAN. Round for Three Voices.

1 2 3

Call Jon - a - than, Call him to din - ner; Jon - a - than! Jon - a - than! come! What d'ye want? What d'ye want? Hev

SLEIGHING ROUND, FOR TWO VOICES.

1 2

Hark to the mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry bells; Jin - gle, Jin - gle, Jin - gle, Jin - gle, Ding dong bell.

Lively. **THE SUNBEAMS ARE GLANCING.** Exercise for Syncopated Notes. ROSSINI.

1. The sun - beams are glanc - ing o'er for - est and mountain, The hill-tops are tinged with the last fee - ble ray: Let's

2. Let's go to the peak where the last sun - beam lin - gers, And gaze on the day - god as calm - ly he sinks; The

dip in the stream of the bright flow - ing foun - tain, And steal its sweet vi - olets and li - lies a - way;

lau - rel we'll wreath with our own fai - ry fin - gers, And rob the night - shade of the dew that it drinks;

1st time. 2d time.

The wild rose and myrtle their soft leaves are closing, The cowslip is catching the dew in its bell;
The ring-dove and thrush in their nests are re-posing, And young leaves are sighing to daylight farewell;
To daylight farewell, to daylight farewell.

Let's go to the valley where darkness is wreathing, And mock the cool stream as it murmurs a - long;
Let's count the wild flowers whose odors are breathing, And make hill and valley re - ech-o our song;
Re - echo our song, re-echo our song.

RAILROAD CHORUS.—"Singing through the forests."

I. B. W.

Recitative style. Solo.—Tenor.

1. Singing through the forests, Rattling o - ver ridg - es, Shooting un-der arch-es, Running o - ver bridge - ; Whizzing thro' the mountain, Buzzing o'er the vale—
2. Men of different "stations," In the eye of Fame, Here are ver - y quick-ly Com-ing to the same, High and lowly peo-ple, Birds of eve - ry fea - ther

3. Stranger on the left Closing up his peepers Now he snores a-main, Like the Sev-en Sleep-ers At his feet a volume Gives the expla - na - tion,
4. Ancient maiden la - dy Anxious-ly re - marks That there must be peril 'Mongst so many sparks; Roguish looking fel-low Turn-ing to a stranger,

5. Woman with her ba - by Sitting vis - a - vis, Baby keeps a - squalling, Woman looks at me, Asks a-bout the dis-tance, Says its tiresome talking,
6. Market-woman careful Of the precious casket, Knowing eggs are eggs, Tightly holds her basket, Finding that a smash If it came would surely

Chorus to each verse.

Bless me, this is pleasant, A riding on a rail, Singing through the mountain, Buzzing o'er the vale, Bless me, this is pleasant, A riding on a rail.
On a common lev - el, A travel-ing to-gether.

How the man grew stupid, All from "association." * Woo, woo, woo, woo, &c. - - - - - - - - Bless me, this is pleasant, A riding on a rail.
Says it's his o - pin - ion She is out of danger.

Noi - ses of the cars Are very, very shocking, Woo, woo, woo, woo, &c. - - - - - - - - Bless me, this is pleasant, A riding on a rail.
Send her eggs to pot Ra - ther prema-turely.

* Sing this very connected and with a kind of whizzing sound

NOW TO ALL A KIND GOOD NIGHT. Chorus. This may be used as a Finale to a Concert.

Lively.

m Cres. Dim. *p*

1. Now to all a kind good night, good night, good night, good night; Good night, good night, good night. Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.
Soon will dawn the morning light, good night, good night, good night; Good night, good night, good night, ...good night, good night, good night, ... good night, good night.

1. Now to all a kind good night, good night, good night good night. Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night. good night, good night, good night, good night, good night. good night.
Soon will dawn the morning light, Good night, good night, good night, Good night, good night,

LISTEN TO THE WATCHMAN'S CRY. This may be used as a Finale to a Concert.

Lively and Expressive.

Ten o'clock, Starlight night, Listen to the watchman's cry, All to bed, to bed, to bed; Half past ten, Starlight night;

So'o.

Listen to the watchman's cry, Listen, Listen, Listen to the watchman's cry;..... Listen, Listen, Listen,

Ten o'clock, Starlight night, Listen to the watchman's cry, All to bed, to bed, to bed, Half past ten, Starlight night.

f *m* *mp* *p* *pp*

Listen to the watchman's cry, Go to bed, to bed, to bed, to bed; Good night, good night, good night, Good night, good night, good night, good night

Then kind friends good night, ... good night.

Listen to the watchman's cry;..... Then kind friends good night;..... Good night, good night, good night, good night.

YE SONS OF FREEDOM, WAKE TO GLORY. French National Air.

Animated, yet not too fast.

1 Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise; Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their

2 O lib - er-ty, can man resign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can tyrant's bolts and bars confine thee, And thus thy noble spirit tame And thus thy noble spir - it

cries, Shall lawless tyrants mischief breeding, With hire-ling hosts, a ruffian band, Affright and des-o-late the land, While peace and liber - ty lie bleed-ing?

tame. Too long the world has wept bewailing The blood-stained sword the conquerors wield; But freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing:

Grand Chorus, with Drums and Cymbals.

To arms, to arms, ye brave, } March on, march on, All hearts resolv'd On lib - er - ty or death, March on, March on, All hearts resolved On liber - ty or death.
The patriot's sword unsheath, }

WE'LL EVER SING OF OUR FATHER LAND. Quartette & Chorus. For Independence.

Words and Music by I. B. WOODBURY.

Quartette. Andante. Chorus to each verse. Fast.

1. We'll ever sing of our Father land, Where dwells a noble, noble band, Co - lum-bi - a, he name we love, E'er dear to us where'er we rove! Then sing we on in

2. No tyrant's frown do we ever fear, In our free land to us so dear, We laugh to scorn a Kingly pow'r, For none but slaves to such will come. Then sing we on in

3. Then pledge ye round with a manly brow, To music's clear harmonious flow; And firmer be the glorious stand We take for home and Father land! Then sing we on in

m *f*

3. May Providence ever bless our land, And still supply with plenteous hand; Heav'n watch and keep us in our might, And make us walk in paths aright; Then sing we on in

Cres. *ff*

praise of that noble band who freedom won, In our own dear Father land, In our own dear Father land, who freedom won, In our own dear Father land.

praise of that noble band who freedom won, In our own dear Father land, In our own dear Father land, who freedom won, In our own dear Father land.

praise of that noble band who freedom won, In our own dear Father land, In our own dear Father land, who freedom won, In our own dear Father land.

WHEN THE CORN IS IN THE BARN. The Farmer's Chorus of praise.

Written in ROME, ITALY, Feb. 21, 1852.

Lively. *m* Cres.

1. When the corn is in the barn, and old winter comes so stern, O, then to music's joyous note we'll troll the noble song; As we cluster warm within, round the

2. When the cattle are in shed, and the stars are gleaming red, We haste away to meet the old fa-miliar village choir; Where our fathers met of yore, there are

f Cres.

dear old blazing Pine, We'll merrily, merri-ly sing both loud and long; We'll sing, ... We'll sing both loud and long.

We'll merri-ly sing both loud and long, We'll merri-ly sing both loud and long.

joys for us in store; For merrily, merri ly, there we strike the lyre; For merrily, there we strike the lyre, For merrily there we strike the lyre.

PULL ALL TOGETHER. Song for the Sea.

Fast and Lively.

1. Now hearts and hands their strength and zeal uniting, Braving again the stormy winds, Fresh courage still new obstacles ex - cit - ing, For what's im-pos - si - ble to wil - ling

2. When du-ty calls, whate'er the toil or danger, We'll at our post and firmly stand; On board, ashore, or on the coast a stranger, We'll to our brother lend a helping

3. And when ere time the youthful vigor ceasing, Age creeping on proclaims toil o'er, With honest gains by frugal care increasing, We'll build a cot upon our na - tive

Repeat *pp* and Staccato.

minds; Then mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly row a - way, row a - way, row away, mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly row a - way, O - ver the bright blue sea.

hand; Then mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly row a - way, row a - way, row away, mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly row a - way, O - ver the bright blue sea.

shore; Then mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly row a - way, row a - way, row away, mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly row a - way, O - ver the bright blue sea.

THE SINGING LESSON. TEACHER AND PUPIL.

Teacher.

I am the pri - mo bas - so, And do you pre-tend to sing with me? For I can sing high, I can sing low, I can sing high and low.

Pupil.

Ah! Mister Pri - mo Bas - so, I know you can sing ve - ry well; But I can sing high, And I can low; Yes, quite as high and low as you.

In recitative style ad Lib. Let the base use the Falsetto on the larger notes.

Pupil.

Ha! la la la, Ha ha! la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

A Tempo.

Teacher.

Can you do this la la la, Ha! la la la, la la la, la la la Pretty well done, Pretty well done.

FALSETTO. FALSETTO.

Sva lower.

la la la la, la la la la, Mi mi mi re mi fa mi re do si, &c.

Let us try the low notes la la la la Try a - gain, la la la la Now for your solfeggios, those chromatic braggadocios. Do do do si do re do si la sol, &c.

Mi mi mi, &c. La sol fa, &c. Mi re do do fa fa

Do do do, &c. Bravo! Bravo! Bra - vo! Bravo! Bra - vo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

forte. *ff*

Mi mi re, &c. sol ..... sol fa mi re do si la sol, Do do fa fa, &c. Do fa mi re sol si do.

Bra - vo! Bra - vo! Bravo! child how well you do it Ah! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bra - vo! my child.

THE CYTHARA.

COLUMBIA. L. M.

The style of this tune is gentle, smooth and connected. Every part should be equally sustained, and not a note should be commenced or left abrubtly.

Tenderly.

TENOR.

1. Swect peace of conscience, heavenly guest! Come fix thy mansion in my breast; Dispel my doubts, my fears control; And heal the anguish of my soul.

No. 1. ORGAN OR MELODEON.

ALTO.

2. Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere; Come, make your constant dwelling here; Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin compel you to de - part. *

SOPRANO.

3. Thou God of hope and peace di-vine, Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine! Forgive my sins, my fears remove, And send the tokens of thy love.

No. 2. ORGAN OR MELODEON.

BASS.

ONTARIO. L. M.

Let this tune be sung with great firmness and dignity, not accenting too strong. Particular care should be taken that the sixteenth notes are given their due time.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Bold.

VIOLIN OR CLARIONETT.

1. When to his temple God descends, He holds communion with his friends: His grace and glory there displays, And shines with bright, but friendly rays.

SECOND VIOLIN.

2. While hov'ring o'er the happy place, The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace; To fix our tho'ts, our hearts to raise, And tune our souls to love and praise.

VIOLIN OR FLUTE.

3. 'Tis here we learn the blessed skill To know and do our Maker's will; And while we hear, and sing, and pray, With heavenly joy we soar away.

BASS VIOL.

* An entirely new feature to the "Cythara," is the great number of Interludes composed expressly for this work. It will be perceived that nearly every page has one or more symphonies for the Violin, Flute, Bass Viol, and kindred instruments, used in most country choirs; and two or more interludes for the Organ, Melodeon and Seraphine; the last two instruments have become so generally known and used throughout the land, both in the church and private circles, that this feature of the work will be found peculiarly acceptable. It is hardly necessary to remind the intelligent musician, that most if not all of the organ interludes, may be played by the orchestra, so may the organ play the symphonies

SOCOTRA. L. M.

The music to this tune is easy, but great care should be taken not to "blur" the four sixteenths in the last line.

Bold.

1. Awake, our souls. away, our fears, Let every trembling tho't be gone; Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer - ful courage on.

No. 1.

2. True, 'tis a straight and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God, Who feeds the strength of eve - ry saint.

3. From thee, the overflowing spring, Our souls shall drink a full supply; While those who trust their native strength Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

No. 2.

Unison. 5/3 6 Unison. 7 Unison 5/3 6/4 7

SORATO. L. M.

Animated.

The 3d, 4th and 5th strains should Cres to *ff*.

1. Ah happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God; Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad, And tell its raptures all a-broad.

2. Oh happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill the house, While to his altar now I move, While to his al-tar now I move.

3. High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear; Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear, And bless in death a bond so dear.

6/4 7 6/4 6/4 4/2 6 6/4 4/2 6 6 6 7

SESSIONS. L. M.

Let this music be bold, strong and firm.

L. O. EMERSON.

Earnestly.

1. Sin-ner, O why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dread-ful haste to die? Dar-ing to leap to worlds unknown' Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly!

AJAN. L. M.

Commence about *m* and crescendo to *ff*, the accent in the last two lines being strongly marked.

Fast and Firm.

1. Tri-umph-ant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead! Though humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy ex-cel-lence be known; Decked in the robes of right-eous-ness, Thy glo-ries shall the world confess, Thy glories shall the world con - fess.

3. No more shall foes unclean in - vade, And fill thy hallowed walls with dread! No more shall hell's in - sult - ing host Their vic-tory and thy sor-rows boast, Their victory and thy sor - rows boast.

4. God, from on high, has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ruin shall re-pair: Nor will thy watch-ful Mon-arch cease To guard thee in e - tern-al peace, To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace.

Unison

TUNIS. L. M.

Let the punctuation of these words be strictly attended to, and the accent of the music not too strong.

Slowly.

1. Je - sus de-mands this heart of mine, Demands my love, my joy, my care; But ah! how dead to things di-vine, How cold my best af - fec-tions are!

2. 'Tis sin, a - las! with dreadful power, Divides my Saviour from my sight; Oh! for one hap - py shining hour Of sa - cred freedom, sweet delight.

3. Come, dearest Lord, thy love can raise My cap-tive powers from sin and death, And fill my heart and life with praise, And tune my last ex - pir-ing breath.

MENDON. L. M.

With ardor.

Bold, firm and ardent.

Loud swell the pealing organ's notes; Breathe forth your soul in raptures high; Praise ye the Lord with harp and voice! Join the full chorus of the sky.

With dignity.

ARACAN. L. M.

This tune should be sung quite fast, but not too strongly accented

1. Lord, we a-dore thy vast de-signs, Th' obscure a - byss of pro - vi-dence, Too deep to sound with mortal lines, Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2. When thou dost clothe thine awful face, In angry frowns, without a smile, We, through the cloud, believe thy grace, Secure of thy com-pas-sion still.

3. Thro' seas and storms of deep distress We sail by faith, and not by sight; Faith guides us, in the wil-der-ness, Through all the terrors of the night.

Lively.

HUNTSVILLE. L. M.

Loud, and with strong accent.

1. God of the world! thy glories shine, Tro' earth and heaven, with rays divine; Thy smile gives beauty to the flower, Thine anger to the tempest power. No. 1.

2. God of our lives! the throbbing heart Doth at thy beck its action start, Throbs on, obedient to thy will, Or ceas-es, at thy fa-tal chill.

3. God of e - ter-nal life! thy love Doth eve-ry stain of sin remove; The cross, the cross, its hallowed light Shall drive from earth her cheerless night. No. 2.

Slow.

MUNICH. L. M.*

With great tenderness.

German.

'Tis fin-ished! 'tis fin-ished! so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head and died; 'Tis finished! yes, the race is run, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won.

* When applied to other hymns, omit the second measure, and put two syllables in the first measure, without regard to rests or pauses.

ROSETTA. L. M.

Let the accent be strong, and the whole performance somewhat in the chanting style.

Earnestly.

1. Je - sus, my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way till him I view.

2. The way the ho-ly prophets went, The way that leads from banishment; The King's highway of ho-li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not; My grief a burden long had been, Oppressed with unbelief and sin.

DEVOTION. L. M.

Tune for the "old folks." D. READ.

Spirited.

Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp, Like David's, &c.

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

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

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

PINE HILL. L. M.

In chanting style, but not boisterous

Great care should be taken not to hurry the last two lines. They should be somewhat Ritardando.

No. 1.

How sweet to leave the world a - while, And seek the presence of our Lord! Dear Saviour, on thy people smile, And come according to thy word.

Firm.

FLAVEL. L. M.

Crescendo to the end

E. B. PIKE.

1. Great is the Lord, ex-alt - ed high, A-bove all powers and every throne; Whate'er he please, in earth or sea, Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.

No. 1.

2. At his command the vapours rise, The lightnings flash, the thunders roar! He pours the rain, he brings the wind And tempest from his airy store!

3. 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent, O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land! When all thy first-born, beasts and men, Fell dead by his aveng-ing hand!

No. 2.

Gently.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. B. From the "Psalmodist," by permission.

1. Life and immor - tal joys are given To souls that mourn the sins they've done; Children of wrath, made heirs of heav'n, By faith in God's e - ter - nal Son.

2. Woe to the wretch who nev - er felt The inward pangs of pi - ous grief; But adds to all his cry-ing guilt The stubborn sin of un - be - lief.

3. The law condemns the re - bel dead; Under the wrath of God he lies: He seals the curse on his own head, And with a double vengeance dies.

Spirited.

ARNHEIM. L. M.

A good old tune

S. HOLYOKE.

The Lord is come, the heavens proclaim His birth, the nations learn his name; An unknown star directs the road Of east-ern sa - ges to their God.

Boldly.

SOULE. L. M.

From the Lute of Zion

1. Je - sus thou ev - er - lasting King, Accept the tribute which we bring; Accept the well deserved renown, And wear our praises as thy crown. No. 1.

2. Let eve - ry act of worship be Like our es - pousals, Lord, to thee; Like that blest hour when from above We first received thy pledge of love.

3. The gladness of that hap-py day, Our hearts would wish it long to stay; Nor let our faith forsake its hold, Nor comforts sink, nor love grow cold. No. 2.

Very Spirited.

JOHN STREET. L. M.

From the Lute of Zion.

1. Oh render thanks to God a - bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love; Whose mercy firm, thro' a - ges past, Has stood, and shall forever last. No. 1.

2. Who can his migh - ty deeds express, Not on - ly vast but number - less? What mortal el - oquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise?

3. Extend to me that favor, Lord, Thou to thy cho-sen dost af - ford; When thou return'st to set them free, Let thy sal-va-tion vis-it me. No. 2.

Slowly.

TENDER THOUGHT. L. M.

Southern and Western Melody.

A - rise my tender thoughts, arise, To torrents melt my streaming eyes; And thou my heart, with anguish feel Those evils which thou canst not heal.

Spirited.

WACHUSETT. L. M.

Many of the interludes are so arranged as to lead the singers to the correct pitch by a prelude in the last measure. Such "guides" in choirs the author has found peculiarly useful in all choirs and conventions which he has been called to direct.

1. Shout, for the great Re-deem-er reigns; Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread; Sinners, now freed from Sa - tan's chains, Own him their Sa - viour and their head. No. 1.

2. Oh may his conquests still increase; Let eve - ry foe his power suh - due! While an-gels cel - e - brate his praise, Saints shall his grow-ing glo - ries show.

3. Loud hal - le - lu-jahs to the lamb, From all be - low and all a - bove; In lof - ty songs ex - alt his name, In songs as last - ing as his love. No. 2.

Unison.

Ardent.

EDITH. L. M.

Let the greatest animation pervade the whole performance of this tune. It may be well to omit interludes between the verses.

1. Zi on, awake! thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; Church of our God arise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth divine, 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, All shall admire and love thee too.

Slow.

DOYLE. L. M.

From the "Shawm," by permission. HASTINGS.

1. "Come hither, all ye wea-ry souls, Ye hea - vy la - den sinners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home."

NAMUR. L. M.

Spirited.

The quarter notes in this tune should be strongly accented, and sung quite staccato.

From the French.

1. We bless the Lord, the just and good, Who fills our hearts with joy and food; Who pours his blessings from the skies, And loads our days with rich supplies. No. 1.

2. He sends the sun his circuit round, To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground; He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain, Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3. 'Tis to his care we owe our breath, And all our near escapes from death: Safety and health to God belong: He helps the weak and guards the strong. No. 2.

RAYMOND. L. M.

Animated.

Be careful not to hurry the 3d & 4th strains. We have always observed that singers are inclined to accelerate when the notes look short.

1. God, in his earth-ly temple, lays Foundations for his heavenly praise; He likes the tents of Jacob well; But still in Zi-on loves to dwell, But still in Zi - on loves to dwell.

2. His mercy vis - its every house, That pay their night and morning vows; But makes a more delightful stay, Where churches meet to praise and pray, Where churches meet, &c.

3. What glories were described of old! What wonders are of Zi - on told! Thou city of our God be-low, Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know, Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

STERLING. L. M.

Chanting style.

HARRISON.

O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al-migh - ty King! For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's rock we praise.

LAWN. L. M.

Spirited. Animated and rather staccato, but not too fast.

1. Kind is the speech of Christ our Lord: Af-fec - tion sounds in eve-ry word: Lo, thou art fair, my love he cries: Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

2. Sweet are thy lips; thy pleasing voice Salutes mine ear, with sacred joys; No spice so much delights the smell, Nor milk, nor honey, tastes so well.

3. Thou art all fair, my bride to me; I will be - hold no spot in thee; What mighty wonders love performs, And puts a comeliness on worms!

NELSON. L. M.

Plaintive. Slow and with great expression. Cres. and dim. as the words require.

1. How long, O Lord, shall I complain, Like one who seeks his God in vain? Canst thou thy face forever hide, And I still pray and be denied? No. 1.

2. Shall I for-ev - er be forgot, As one whom thou regardest not? Still shall my soul thine absence mourn, And still despair of thy return?

3. How long shall my poor troubled breast Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed? And Satan, my malicious foe, Rejoice to see me sunk so low. No. 2.

THE CROSS. L. M.

With ardor. Be careful of the Eighths in the last line. Do not hurry.

When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

DECATUR. L. M.

Earnestly.

This tune should be commenced staccato, the last two lines however quite smooth and connected.

1 Come, weary souls, with sin distressed, Come, and accept the promised rest: The Saviour's gracious call o - bey. And cast your gloomy fears a - way. No. 1.

2. Oppressed with sin, a painful load, O, come and spread your woes abroad; Divine compas-sion, mighty love, Will all the painful load remove

3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes; Pardon, and life, and endless peace; How rich the gift! how free the grace. No. 2.

WICKLIFF. L. M.

Lively.

Great care should be taken not to hurry this tune. The accent should be strong, particularly where all the notes are quarters in a measure.

1. We are a gar-den, walled a - round, Chosen and made pe - cu-liar ground; { A lit - tle spot enclosed by grace, / Out of the world's wide wilderness } Out of the world's wide wil - der - ness.

2. Like trees of myrrh and spice we staud, Planted by God the Father's hand. { And all his springs in Zi - on flow, / To make the young plantations grow, } To make the young plan-ta - tions grow.

3. A - wake, O heavenly wind, and come, Blow on this garden of per - fume; { Spir - it divine, descend and breathe / A gracious gale on plants beneath } A gra - cious gale on plants beneath.

LEYDEN. L. M.

Lively.

COSTELLO.

No. 2.

E - ter-nal God, ce-les-tial King, Ex-alt ed be thy glorious name, { Let hosts in heav'n thy praises sing, (*omit*..... } And, saints on earth thy love proclaim, And saints on earth thy love proclaim

In chanting style.

SISTINE CHAPEL. L. M.

This tune is arranged from a chant heard at "Candle Mass," in the Sistine Chapel, when the Pope officiated in person. * Rome, Feb. 2d, 1852.

1. E - ternal source of eve - ry joy! Well may thy praise our lips employ; While in thy temple we appear, To hail the sovereign of the year. No. 1.

2. Wide as the wheels of na-ture roll, Thy hand supports and guides the whole; The sun is taught by thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.

3. The flowery spring, at thy command, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine. No. 2.

* The Pope's choir of the Sistine Chapel is the most celebrated in Europe, By this choir we heard the famous Miserere of Allegro.

Bold.

AVER. L. M. double.

Distinct and strong accent. Suitable for long Hymns. D. C.

1. { Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength, My rock, my tower, my [high defence, 2. Thy mighty arm shall be my trust, For I have found salvation [thence. } { Death, and the terrors of the grave, Stood round me with their dismal [shade:

D. C. While floods of high temptation rose, And made my sinking soul afraid.

Gentle. In chanting style.

ANTON. L. M.

1. Dear Lord, behold thy servants, here, From various parts together meet,
To tell their labors thro' the year, (*omit.*)..... And lay the harvest at thy feet.

2. In thy wide fields and vine-yards, Lord We've toiled and wrought with watchful care;
Thy wheat has flourished by thy word, (*omit.*)..... Thy love consumed the choking tare.

Soft and gentle.

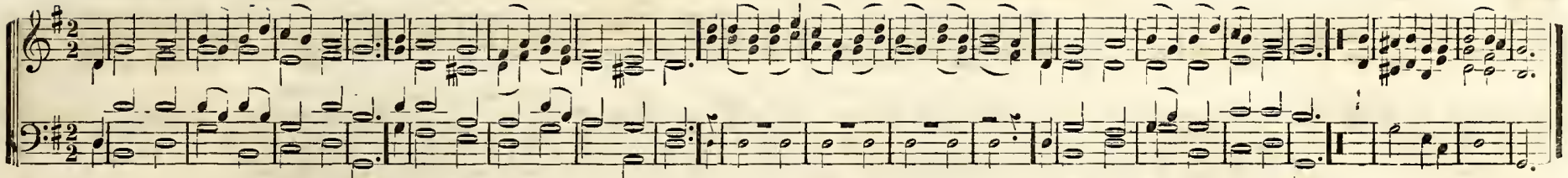
NIHILOTH. L. M.

1. Sweet is the scene when vir - tue dies! When sinks a righteous soul to rest: How mild-ly beam the closing eyes How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

Glowing.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

T. THORLEY.

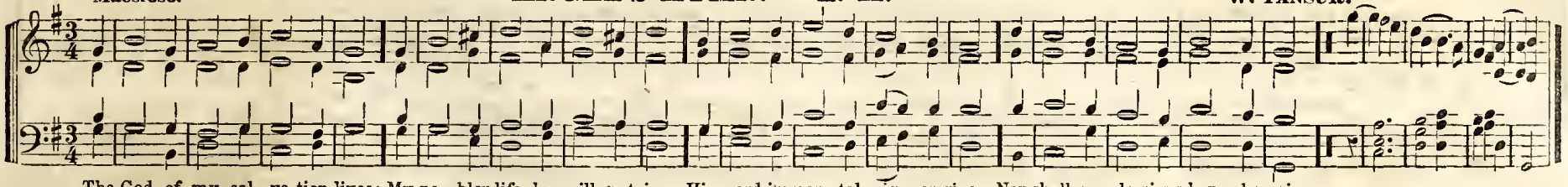


Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, and talk of all thy truth at night.

Maestoso.

ANGEL'S HYMN. L. M.

W. TANSUR.

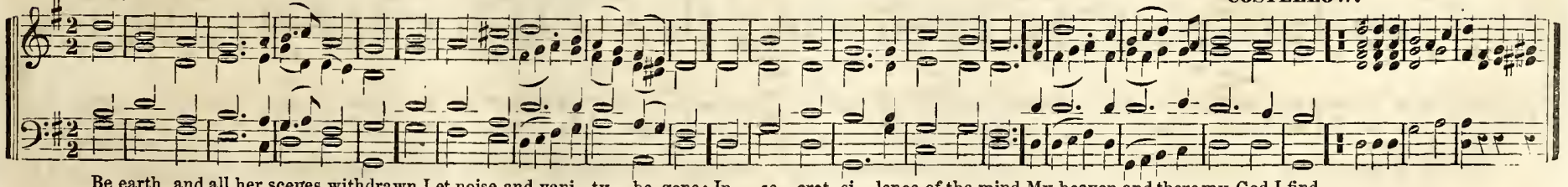


The God of my sal - va-tion lives; My no - bler life he will sustain; His word immor - tal vig - or gives, Nor shall my glo-rious hopes be vain.

Majestic.

COSTELLOW. L. M.

COSTELLOW.

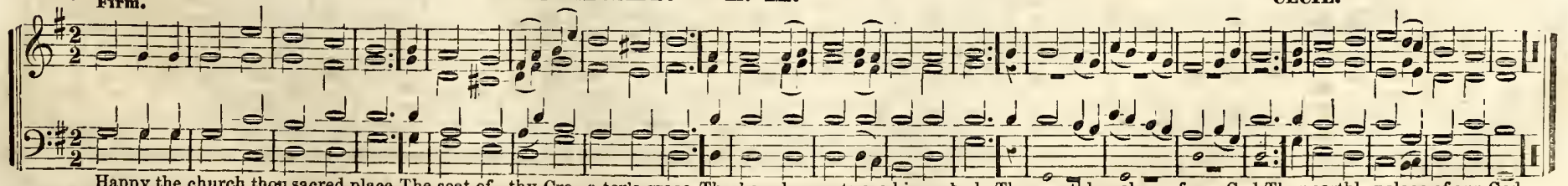


Be earth and all her scenes withdrawn, Let noise and vani - ty be gone; In se - cret si - lence of the mind, My heaven, and there my God, I find

Firm.

POMFRET. L. M.

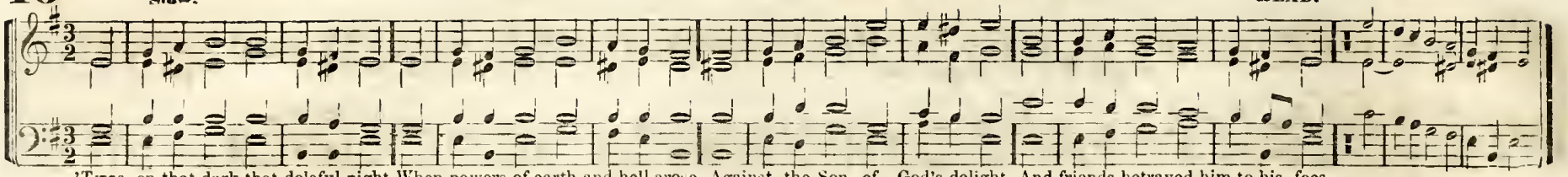
CECIL.



Happy the church, thou sacred place, The seat of thy Cre - a-tor's grace; Thy ho - ly courts are his a bode, Thou earthly palace of our God. Thou earthly palace of our God.

WINDHAM. L. M.

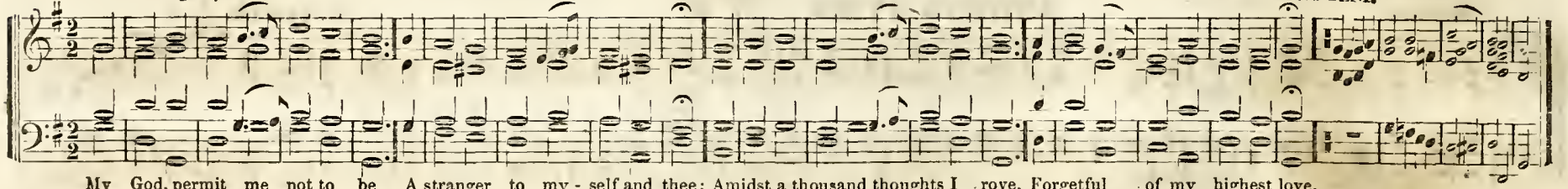
Slow. READ.



'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When powers of earth and hell arose, Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betrayed him to his foes.

MEDWAY. L. M.

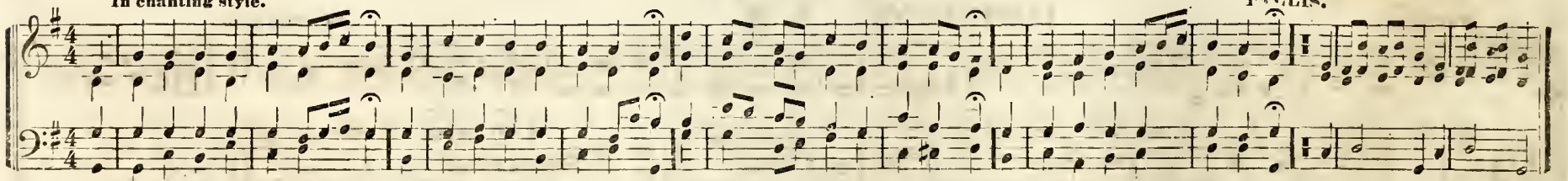
With dignity. PERGOLESI.



My God, permit me not to be A stranger to my - self and thee; Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

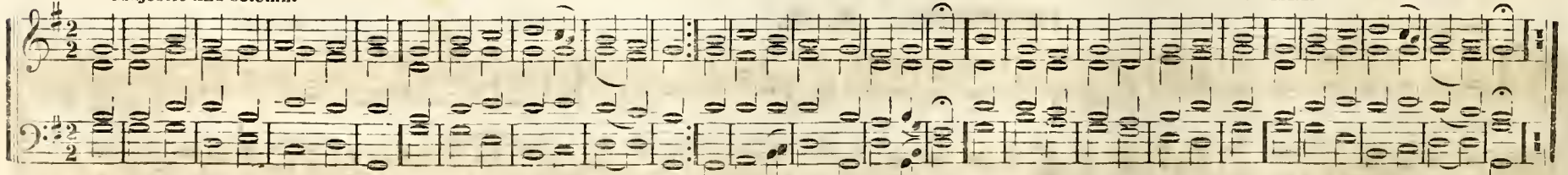
In chanting style. TALLIS.



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

MONMOUTH. L. M. or P. M.

Majestic and solemn. LUTHER.



In robes of judgment, lo, he comes! Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tomb; Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas retire, The mountains, &c.

As P.M. Great God! what do I see and hear! The end of things ere - a - ted! }
The judge of man I see ap-pear, On clouds of glo-ry seat - ed! } Beneath his cross I view the day When heaven and earth shall pass away, And thus prepare to meet him.

MELMORE. L. M.

Slowly. Great care should be taken not to hurry this tune W. MARTIN.

1. Stay, thou in-sulted Spirit, stay, Tho' I have done thee such despite; Cast not a sinner quite a - way, Nor take thine ev-er-last-ing flight. No. 1.

2. Tho' I have most unfaithful been Of all who e'er thy grace received, Ten thousand times thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,—
3. Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare, In hon - or of my great High Priest; Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear I shall not see thy people's rest.

4. My wea - ry soul, O God, release; Uphold me with thy gracious hand; O, guide me in-to perfect peace, And bring me to the promised land. No. 2.

RETIREMENT. L. M.

Firm. In chanting style, words distinct and strong accent. Arranged from W. HORTON.

1. The wondering world inquires to know Why I should love my Jesus so; What are his charms, say they, above The objects of a mor - tal love?

2 Yes, my Belov - ed, to my sight, Shows a sweet mixture red and white; All human beauties all di - vine, In my Be-lov-ed meet and shine.

3. White is his soul, from blemish free: Red with the blood he shed for me: The fairest of ten thousand fairs; A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

OLIVET. L. M.

With great gentleness and delicacy. Inserted by request. W**.

When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died. My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

With gentleness.

PINAO. L. M.

The whole of this truly fine Hymn is susceptible of the greatest expression.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and undisturbed repose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes! No. 1.

2. Asleep in Je - sus! oh! how sweet To be for such a slumber meet: With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3. Asleep in Je sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest, No fear, no wo, shall dim that hour, That man - i - fests the Saviour's power. No. 2.

Fast and Spirited.

CORSO. L. M.

This tune may be used singly or in connection with the one above. It should be sung with great spirit and energy.

4. Asleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a blissful re-fuge be; Securely shall my ashes lie, Waiting the summons from on high, Waiting the summons from on high.

5. Asleep in Jesus! time nor space Debars this precious "hiding place:" On Indian plains, or Lapland snows, Believers find the same repose, Believers find the same repose.

6. Asleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be; But there is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep, From which, &c.

* Or in exact time

Spirited.

TRURO. L. M.

Dr. BURNEY.

Now to the Lord a no ble song; Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue: Ho-san - na to th' Eternal Name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

VATICAN. L. M.

Fast as reading the quarter notes.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk togeth-er there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav - el - ler.

2. De - ny thyself and take thy cross, Is the Redeemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.

3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteemed, almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.

The Author heard the chant from which this piece of music is derived, sung two hours in the Sistine chapel, at Rome. The Pope and a large number of Cardinals were in attendance, and some of the latter, we thought, were quite as impatient as ourselves. Allegri's Miserere, which we heard immediately after, repaid us for waiting.

CHALONS. L. M.

Sustained.

Procured at Aix, the southern part of France, April 23, 1852.

1. He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns: Praise him in e - van-gel - ic strains; Let the whole earth in songs rejoice; And dis - tant is - lands join their voice.

2. Deep are his coun - sels and unknown; But grace and truth support his throne; Though gloomy clouds his way surround, Justice is their e - ter - nal ground.

3. In robes of judgment, lo, he comes! Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs; Before him burns de - vour-ing fire! The mountains melt, the seas re-tire!

RELIANCE. L. M.

Chanting style.

Gentle and smooth, with slight accent. W**.

Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days; And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Loud expression.

PAARAI. L. M. Double.

Let the 1st verse be slow and with great expression, while the last part of the tune should be given with great promptness and energy a slight degree faster.

1. When, as returns this sol-emn day, Man comes to meet his Maker, God, What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread his sovereign name abroad? From marble

2. Vain! sinful man! cre - a - tion's Lord Thy golden offerings well may spare; But give thy heart, and thou shalt find Here dwells a God who heareth prayer. O, grant us,

domes and gild - ed spires Shall curling clouds of incense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck The costly pomp of sac - ri - fice? No. 1.

ff CRES.

in this sol - emn hour, From earth and sin's allurements free, To feel thy love, to own thy power, And raise each raptured thought to thee! No. 2.

With subdued gentleness.

SABBATH EVE. L. M.

Light accent and great delicacy.

God of my life, to thee I call; Af-flict-ed, at thy feet I fall; When the great water-floods prevail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Ardent and firm.

ENO. L. M. Double.

Let the F sharp in the Tenor be sung without fear, for as certain as the singer is timid, so certain he will fail. D. C.

1. { How pleasant, how divine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long desire my spir - it faints To meet th' assemblies of thy saints, } 2. My flesh would rest in thine abode; My panting heart cries out for God;
D. C. My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee?

* Soprano and Alto Duett for every other verse, let Base and Tenor rest.

Smooth and connected.

PROSPECT HILL. L. M.

These words should be given with dignity; Loud, but not boisterous

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. No. 1.

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. En-ter his gates with songs of joy; With praises to his courts repair: And make it your di - vine employ To pay your thanks and honors there. No. 2.

With tenderness.

OPENING. L. M.

With great gentleness, and every part equally sustained.

Thy presence, gracious God, afford; Prepare us to receive thy word: Now let thy voice engage our ear, And faith be mixed with what we hear, And faith be mixed, &c.

Bold and lofty.

AHLAI. L. M. Double.

Accent every other note where the quarter notes fill the measure, and let the whole performance of the tune be in keeping with the lofty sentiment of the words

1. { The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord; In eve - ry star thy wis-dom shines; } 2. The roll - ing sun, the changing light,
{ But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines. } And nights, and days, thy power con - fess;
D. C. But that blest volume thou hast writ Re - veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

Lively.

JADAR. L. M. Double.

The measure at the end of the 2d line is not full, but singers will readily perceive when the repeat is used, the dotted half should be a whole note.

1. { There seems a voice in eve - ry gale, A tongue in eve-ry opening flow'r, } The birds that rise on quivering wing, Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
{ Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale Of thy indulgence, love, and power; }
D. C. And all the mingling sounds of spring To thee a general anthem raise.

With great power and spirit.

WESLEY. L. M.

From the Lute.

Come, let us tune our lof-tiest song, And raise to Christ our joyful strain; Worship and thanks to him belong, Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

RAPHA. L. M.

With strong accent.

Let the words be pronounced with ease and distinctness, not hurried or forced.

1. A - noth-er six days' work is done, Another Sab-bath is begun; Return, my soul, en-joy thy rest, Improve the day that God hath blest.

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. A heavenly calm pervades the breast, The earnest of that glorious rest Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

AHIRA. L. M.

Devoutly.

Let the words be delivered solemnly, and the prayer be offered devoutly.

1. Praise waits in Zi-on, Lord, for thee; Thy saints adore thy ho-ly name; Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee, And humbly, thy pro-tec-tion claim. No. 1.

2. Thy hand has raised us from the dust: The breath of life thy Spirit gave; Where, but in thee, can mortals trust? Who, but our God, has power to save?

3. E - ternal source of truth and light, To thee we look, on thee we call; Lord, we are nothing in thy sight, But thou to us art all in all. No. 2.

GLENVILLE. L. M.

Flowing.

Be careful not to hurry the time, accent also lightly. A. J. RUDD.

No. 1.

From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes; There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

ARTORS. L. M.

Animated.

With great power and volume of tone. accent strong.

1. Behold the King of Zi - on rise To endless glo - ry in the skies! Thy strength and thy salvation, Lord, His joy, his triumph, his reward! No. 1.

2. The Lord his heart's desire completes, From heav'n his pray'r acceptance meets: Tho' bowed to death, intent to save, He lifts him from the cross and grave.

3. He asks, th' eternal Lord bestows, Life from th' unchanging fountain flows! O'er death the victory he gives, Th' exalted Saviour ev - er lives! No. 2.

Unison. 6 6/4 5/3 6 6/4 7 6/4 # 4/3 6 6 7 Unison. 6 6/4 7

LEFFORD. L. M.

Plaintive.

Tunes of this character should be performed with great delicacy, and the cres. and dim. should be used.

1. Now let our mournful songs record The dying sorrows of our Lord, When he complained in tears and blood, Like one forsaken of his God. No. 1.

2 But God, his Father, heard his cry, Raised from the dead, he reigns on high; The nations learn his righteousness, And humble sinners taste his grace. No. 2.

6/4 6 4/2 6 76

QUEENSTOWN. L. M.

In chanting style.

Let this be sung animated, firm and dignified.

O all ye peo - ple, shout and sing Ho-san-nas to your heavenly King; Where'er the sun's bright glories shine, Ye nations, praise his name di - vine

MELRALE. L. M.

This quintette should be sung firm, and every part well balanced
Perhaps solo voice will do better justice than chorus.

Animated.

TENOR

Great God, attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs;..... To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thou - - sand days of mirth.

ALTO.

Great God, attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs,..... Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2ND TREBLE.

Great God, attend while Zi - on sings To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

SOPRANO.

Great God, attend while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

BASS.

BOND STREET. L. M.

This Trio is designed for male voices. To give it variety the Alto may change the counterpoint by singing the 2d tenor up where written.

Slow and gentle.

2ND TENOR.

1. Re - turn, my soul, en-joy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest: An - oth-er six days' work is done; An - oth - er Sabbath is be-gun.

1ST TENOR.

2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grateful incense to the skies: And draw from Christ that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows.
3. This heavenly calm within the breast, Is the dear pledge of heavenly rest, Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

BASS.

TRAPAN. L. M.

Brilliant.

No. 2.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel ar-mor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

Slowly.

BANCO. L. M.

The third strain should be sung rather staccato, but great care should be taken not to hurry the time.

2nd Ending.

1. Up to the fields where angels lie, And liv-ing waters gently roll, Fain would my thoughts ascend on high, But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2. Oh might I once mount up and see The glo-ries of th' e-ternal skies! How vain a thing this world would be! How empty all its fleeting joys! How empty all its fleeting joys!

3. Great All in All! eternal King! Let me but view thy lovely face, And all my powers shall bow and sing (*omit*.....) Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

Ardent.

BOONVILLE. L. M.

One might form an incorrect idea of this tune at the first glance, in supposing it to be rather of a boisterous character, but it should be firm, dignified, not subdued, without any of the noisy effects of many spirited tunes.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our long-ing souls aspire, With cheerful hope and 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 dwell upon immortal tongues;

Imploringly.

DETROIT. L. M. DOUBLE.

Let this tune be performed in a deliberate and solemn manner. At the commencement of the 2d verse, increase the volume of tone; by this, we do not mean a thin, forced quality, but that ringing, sonorous tone that fills the largest churches.

No. 1.

1. Why will ye waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is for-got?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain, And all these pleas unite in vain?

2. Shall God invite you from above? Shall Jesus urge his dying love?

GRATITUDE. L. M

Ardent and glowing.

1. Awake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from thee; His lov-ing kindness, O how free! His lov-ing kind-ness,

2. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail; O may my last ex-pir-ing breath, His lov-ing kindness sing in death, His lov-ing kind-ness

3. Then let me mount and soar a-way To the bright world of end-less day; And sing, with rapture and suprise, His loving kindness in the skies.....

O how free! His loving kindness, O how free!

sing in death, His loving kindness sing in death.

..... His loving kindness in the skies.

INSTRUCTION. L. M.

Slowly.

Smooth and connected, slight accent, and time exact.

1. Teach me, O teach me, Lord, thy way; So to my life's re-mot-est day, My willing feet its paths shall tread.
By thine un-erring precepts led, (*omit*.....)

2. In-formed by thee, with sacred awe, My heart shall med-i-tate thy law, To thee its full obedience yield.
And with ce-les-tial wisdom fill'd, (*omit*.....)

STEEL. L. M.

In Chanting Style.

Distinct, and in chanting style.

No. 1.

From year to year in love we meet, From year to year in peace we part; The tongues of thousands uttering sweet The bosom joy of every heart

Ardent.

ZERESH. L. M.

Be watchful that the 3d line of this tune is not hurried: nothing more common; it should be sung quite as slow as the rest of the tune, and rather staccato.

VIOLIN OR FLUTE.

1. My opening eyes with rapture see The dawn of thy re - turn-ing day; My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee, While thus my early vows I pay. No. 1.

FIRST VIOLIN OR FLUTE.

2. I yield my heart to thee a - lone, Nor would receive a - noth - er guest: E-ter-nal King, erect thy throne, And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3. O, bid this trifling world retire, And drive each car - nal thought away; Nor let me feel one vain desire, One sinful thought through all the day. No. 2.

VIOLIN OR FLUTE.

Firm and unwavering.

ABIDAN. L. M.

The music in the last five measures, should be sung firm and connected in the Base and Tenor, while the Alto and Soprano take up the last line in exact time, and with considerable force, say *f* or *ff*.

1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise. No. 1.

2. To God I cried, when troubles rose; He heard me, and subdued my foes; He did my rising fears control, And strength diffused thro' all my soul.

3. A - mid a thousand snares I stand, Upheld and guarded by thy hand; Thy words my fainting soul revive, And keep my dying faith alive. No. 2.

Firm.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Or 8s & 7s peculiar; by slurs.

LUTHER.

From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a-tor's praise a-rise; Let the Re-deemer's name be sung, Thro' every land, by every tongue.

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 obeyed.

8s & 7s. O, lay not up up - on the earth Your hope, your joy, your treasure; Here sorrow clouds the pilgrim's path, And blights each opening pleasure.

Spirited.

SENNA. L. M.

In the last line, let the Base and Tenor predominate, the first six notes.

1. Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join In work so pleasant, so divine; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last. No. 1.

2. Happy the man, whose hopes rely On Israel's God, he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; And none shall find his promise vain.

3. His truth forever stands secure; He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor, He helps the stranger in distress, The widow and the fatherless. No. 2.

Slowly.

SAMARCAND. L. M.

Subdued, gentle and connected, although the punctuation marks should be strictly attended to.

1. Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will! Tumultuous passions all be still! Nor let a murmuring thought a - rise; His ways are just, his counsels wise. No. 1.

2. He in the thickest darkness dwells, Performs his work, the cause conceals; But tho' his methods are unknown, Judgment and truth support his throne.

3. In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas, He ex - ecutes his firm decrees; And by his saints it stands confessed, That what he does is ev - er best. No. 2.

Spirited.

ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

LINLEY.

Now be my heart inspired to sing The glo-ries of my Saviour King, Je-sus the Lord; how heavenly fair His form! how bright his beauties are.

Firmly; not fast.

COLUMBIA. L. M.

S. B. PHIPPS.

1. O happy day that fix'd my choice, On thee, my Saviour, and my God! Well may this glow-ing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To him, who merits all my love! Let cheerful an - thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

2. 'Tis done: the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine: He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di - vine.

Andante.

BURNETT. L. M.

S. B. PHIPPS.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love, But there's a nobler rest a-bove; Oh that we might that rest at-tain From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.

No. 1.

2. In thy blest kingdom we shall be From every mortal trouble free; 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, eter - nal noon.

No. 2.

Spirited.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.

Hark! how the choral song of heav'n Swells full of peace and joy above; Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise the tuneful notes of love And raise the &c

BINGIN. L. M.

Pastorale.

Let this be sung in a smooth, flowing, Legato style, being careful not to hurry it

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night. No. 1.

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

2. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels! how divine. No. 2.

RACINE. L. M.

Moderate.

Great care should be taken not to hurry this tune. The accent should be very slight. French Theme.

1. Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand In gardens planted by thy hand; Let me within thy courts be seen, Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2. There grow thy saints in faith and love, Blest with thine influence from above; Not Lebanon, with all its trees, Yields such a comely sight as these.

3. The plants of grace shall ev-er live; Nature decays, but grace must thrive; Time, that does all things else impair, Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

CHINA or NATAWAY. L. M.

Spirited.

Animated and strong.

Give thanks to God, he reigns above; Kind are his thoughts; his name is love; His mercy ages past have known, And ages long to come shall own, And ages long to come shall own.

Firm.

CANTON. L. M.

Commence soft, and gradually increase to the end: the Soprano being careful to sing F sharp firm and unwavering.

1. When thickly beat the storms of life, And heavy is the chastening rod, The soul, beyond the waves of strife, Views the e-ter-nal rock, her God. No. 1.

2. What hope dispels the spirit's gloom, When sinking 'neath affliction's shock? Faith, thro' the vista of the tomb, Points to the ever - lasting rock.

3. Is there a man who cannot see That joy and grief are from above? O, let him humbly bend the knee, And own his Father's chastening love. No. 2.

Firm and strong.

BUDA. L. M.

At the first glance the singer may imagine the 2d verse should be commenced loud, but a little reflection on the sentiment of the whole verse will show that it should be soft.

1. God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade: Ere we can of - - - fer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.

2. Loud may the troubled ocean roar; In sacred peace our souls abide, While every na - tion, eve-ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And watering our divine abode.

Animated.

CEPOR. L. M.

Original— Composed in 1840.
Accent strong and words distinct.

No. 1.

Blest is the man, for-ev - er blest, Whose guilt is pardoned by his God, Whose sins with sorrow are confessed, And covered with his Saviour's blood.

Very Bold.

MORNING. L. M.

Accent strong, and the whole performance animated.

FIRST TIME SOPRANO SOLO.

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy daily stage of du-ty run; { Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacri - fice, To pay thy morning sacri-fice.

2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part, { Who all night long unwearied sing, High praises to th' eternal King. High praises to th' eternal King.

4. All praise to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept; { Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of endless life partake. I may of endless life partake.

Sustain the notes.

NUNDA. L. M. Double.

From the "Cantica Laudis," by permission

1. How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient every earthly bliss; { The evening cloud, the morning dew, } How slender all the. fondest ties That bind us to a world like this! { The with'ring grass, the fading flow'r, } Of earthly hopes are emblems true, The glory of a passing hour.

2. But tho' earth's fairest blossoms die, And all beneath the skies is vain, { Then let the hope of joys to come } There is a land whose confines lie Beyond the reach of care and pain, { Dispel our cares, and chase our fears: } If God be ours, we're travelling home, Tho' passing thro' a vale of [tears.

Spirited.

SALVATION. L. M.

"Templi Carmina," by per nission.

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal-va-tion in Imman - uel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.

Not too slow.

HOUSSA. L. M.

First two lines rather subdued, but the last Cres. to the end.

1. Buried in shadows of the night We lie, till Christ restores the light, Till he descends to heal the blind, And chase the darkness of the mind.

2. Our guilty souls are drowned in tears, Till his aton - ing blood appears; Then we a - wake from deep distress, And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

3. Je-sus beholds where Satan reigns, And binds his slaves in heavy chains; He sets the prisoners free, and breaks The i - ron bondage from our necks.

Bold and dignified.

HELENA. L. M.

Time exact, and accent strong, and Cres. to the end.

1. The perfect world by Ad - am trod, Was the first temple, built by God; His fiat laid the corner-stone; He spake, and, lo! the work was done, He spake, &c.

2. He hung its starry roof on high, The broad expanse of a-zure sky; He spread its pavement, green and bright, And curtained it with morning light, And curtained, &c.

3. The mountains in their places stood, The sea, the sky, and all was good; And when its first pure praises rung, The morning stars together sung, The morning stars, &c.

Spirited.

OLD LITCHFIELD. L. M.

Let eve - ry creature rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King, Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud A-men.

TAREA. L. M.

Slow.

Sustain every note firm. Small Choirs should not attempt tunes of this character. S. F. SOPER.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re - pent-ing rebel live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee. No. 1.

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

3. Oh wash my soul from eve - ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here, on my heart, the burden lies, And past of - fences pain mine eyes. No. 2.

DELL OF THE WOODS. L. M.

Gentle.

Do not hurry this tune; It should be sung deliberate, quite smooth and connected.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found before the mercy seat, 'Tis found before the mercy seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat, Around, &c.

APPLETON. L. M. or 9s & 8s.

Dr. BOYCE.

O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al-migh-ty King! For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.
Bread of the world, in mer-cy broken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed; By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead.

Allegretto Con Spirito.

CRUCIFIXION. L. M.

L. O. E.

1. He dies! the friend of sinners, dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around! A solemn darkness veils the skies! A sudden trembling shakes the ground! A sudden trembling, &c.

2. Ye saints, approach, the anguish view, Of him who groans beneath your load; He gives his precious life for you, For you he sheds his precious blood, For you he sheds his, &c.

3. Here's love and grief beyond degree! The Lord of glory dies for men! But lo! what sudden joys we see! Jesus, the dead, revives again! Je - sus, the dead, re - vives a - gain.

Andante con Espressione.

GROVELAND. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

DUET, OR TRIO.

MAY BE SUNG AS QUARTETT.

1. There's nothing bright above, below; From flow'rs that bloom, to stars that glow; But in its light my soul can see Some feature of the Dei - ty, Some feature of the De-i' - ty.

DUET, OR TRIO.

2. There's nothing dark, below, above, But in its gloom I trace his love; And meekly wait that moment when His touch shall turn all bright again, His touch shall turn, &c.

BROOKS. L. M.

KEARNS.

Preserve thy faithful servant. Lord, Who art the refuge of the just, To me thy shelt'ring aid af-ford, For in thine arm a - lone I trust, For in thine arm alone I trust.

ROMA. L. M.

This tune, for the practice of the legato style, will be found useful; the time must be exact, and the accent expert.

Smooth and connected.

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

2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of so - lemn sound!

3. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels! how di - vine!

TIBER. L. M.

This should be sung somewhat in the chanting style, accent strong, and every word distinct.

Animated.

1. For ev - er shall my song re-cord The truth and mercy of the Lord; Mer-cy and truth for ev - er stand, Like heav'n es-ta - - blish'd by his hand. **No. 1.**

2. Thus to his Son he swore, and said, "With thee my cov'nant first is made; In thee shall dy - ing sinners live; Glo-ry and grace are thine to give.

3. "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest; Thy children shall be ever bless'd: Thou art my chosen King; thy throne Shall stand e - ter - nal, like my own." **No. 2.**

STAPER. L. M.

Tenderly.

Earnestly, and not too fast.

A - rise! my tend'rest thoughts, arise! Dis-solve in grief, my streaming eyes! And thou, my heart, with anguish feel Those e - vils which thou canst not heal.

Bold

TRIPOLI. L. M.

The Duet may be sung by single voices. The style of performance should be exceedingly animated and decisive.

1. What sinners value, I re - sign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine; I shall be - hold thy bliss - ful face, And stand complete in righteous - ness, And stand complete in righteous - ness.

2. This life's a dream—an empty show; But that bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sin - cere: When shall I wake, and find me there? When shall I wake, and find me there?

3. O glorious hour! O blest a - bode! I shall be near and like my God, And flesh and sin no more con - trol The sacred pleasures of my soul, The sacred plea - sures of my soul.

4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joyful sound, Then burst the chains, with glad surprise, And in my Saviour's im - age rise, And in my Sa - viour's im - age rise.

Unison.

Gentle.

SOLON. L. M.

Commence gentle, and gradually crescendo to the end of the Hymn.

1. Un-vail thy bo - som, faithful tomb; Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slumber in the silent dust, the si - lent dust.

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear Invades thy bounds; no mor-tal woes Can reach the peace-ful sleep - er here, While angels watch the soft repose, the soft re - pose.

3. So Jesus slept; God's dy-ing Son Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade, and pierce the shade.

Animated.

NAZARETH. L. M.

WEBBE.

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

CHESTER. L. M.

Words and Music by W. BILLINGS.

Very bold and spirited.

1. Let tyrants shake their i - ron rod. And slavery clank her gall - ing chains: We fear them not—we trust in God,—New England's God for ev - er reigns.

2. When God in-spired us for the fight, Their ranks were broke, their lines were forced; Their ships were shat - ter'd in our sight. Or swift - ly dri - ven from our coast.

3. The foe comes on with haugh - ty stride,—Our troops ad - vance with mar - tial noise: Their veterans flee be - fore our youth, And generals yield to heard - less boys.

4. What grateful off - 'ring shall we bring? What shall we ren - der to the Lord? Loud hal - le - lu - jahs let us sing, And praise his name on ev - 'ry chord.

This piece was composed during the Revolutionary War, and was exceedingly popular at that time. We take pleasure in presenting to the posterity of the heroes of Seventy-six, music which once inspired that glorious band of patriots.

LULO. L. M.

Emphatic.

The quarter notes in the first two lines should be rather staccato; but the third line should be legato, and the last slightly ritardo.

1. Why will ye waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares, While, in the va - rious range of thought, The one thing needful is for - got? **No. 1.**

2. Shall God invite you from a - bove? Shall Je - sus urge his dying love? Shall trou - bled conscience give you pain? And all these pleas u - nite in vain?

3. Not so your eyes will always view Those objects which you now pursue; Not so will heaven and hell ap - pear, When death's decisive hour is near. **No. 2.**

TUCAN. L. M.

Connected.

Let this be sung very smooth, and the accidentals given correct and firm.

"Come hith - er, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye hea - vy - la - den sinners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home."

PUEBLA. L. M. D.

This should be sung as fast, or nearly so, as a good reader would read the words.

Distinctly — *f* — Fine.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone; Let my re-ligious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my Saviour see; I wait a visit. Lord, from thee. 2. O, warm my heart with holy fire, And kindle there a pure de - sire: Come, sacred Spirit, from above, And fill my soul with heavenly love.

f — Fine.

3. Blest Saviour, what delicious fare! How sweet thy entertainments are! Ne'er did the angels taste above Redeeming grace and dying love. 4. Hail, great Immanuel, all divine! In thee thy Father's glories shine; Thy glorious name shall be adored, And ev'ry tongue confess thee, Lord.

ANTEBES. L. M.

Smooth and connected.

Let every part move in exact time together, with but little accent. From the French.

1. Lord, I will bless thee all my days: Thy praise shall dwell up - on my tongue; My soul shall glo - ry in thy grace, While saints re - joice to hear the song.

2. Come, mag - ni - fy the Lord with me; Come, let us all ex - alt his name: I sought th'e - ter - nal God, and he Has not ex - posed my hope to shame.

3. I told him all my se - cret grief,—My se - cret groan - ing reach'd his ears: He gave my in - ward pains re - lief, And calm'd the tu - mult of my fears.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Animated.

J. HATTON.

Lord, when thou did's t ascend on high, Ten thousand an - gels fill'd the sky: Those heav'nly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that at - tend thy state.

PISON. L. M.

The quarter notes in the second and fifth measures should be staccato, while all of the last two lines should be legato.

Firm

1. Awake, my tongue—thy tribute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing; Praise him, who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom and of love.

2. How vast his knowledge! how profound! A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd! The stars he numbers—and their names He gives to all those heav'n - ly flames.

3. Thro' each bright world above, behold Ten thousand thousand charms unfold: Earth, air, and migh - ty seas com - bine, To speak his wis - dom all di - vine.

AMA. L. M., or L. M. 6 lines.

The Tenor and Soprano should predominate in tunes where the melody is confined mostly to these two parts.

Graceful.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays At - tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise: { But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame! / What mortal verse can reach the theme! } But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2. Enthroned a - mid the radiant spheres, He glo - ry like a garment wears; { To form a robe of light di - vine, / Ten thousand suns around him shine: } To form a robe of love di - vine, Ten thousand suns a-round him shine.

PILESGROVE. L. M.

MITCHELL.

Firm.

Oh render thanks to God a - bove, The foun-tain of e - ter - nal love; Whose mer - cy firm thro' a - ges past Has stood, and shall for ev - er last.

GERMANY. L. M.

Gently. BEETHOVEN.

Lord, at thy feet I pros-trate fall; Oppress'd with fears, on thee I call: Re-veal thy pard'ning love to me, And set my cap-tive spi-rit free.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

Firm and spirited. (The first four notes may be sung in unison.) ENGLISH.

A-wake the trumpet's lof-ty sound, To spread your sa-cred pleasure round; Awake each voice, and strike each string, And to the sol-emn or-gan sing, And to the sol-emn or-gan sing.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

Firm. ENGLISH.

At an-chor laid, re-mote from home, To thee I cry, "O Spi-rit, come!" Ce-les-tial breeze, no long-er stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.

ALL-SAINTS. L. M.

Smooth. W. KNAPP.

The wond'ring world in-quires to know Why I should love my Sa-viour so; "What are his charms," say they, "above The ob-jects of a mor-tal love?"

MOULTON. L. M.

Be careful not to hurry the 3d and 4th strains of this tune; they should be slower, if anything, than the other strains of the piece.

Animated.

1. How pleasant, how di - vine -ly fair, O Lord of hosts thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints, To meet th' assemblies of thy saints, To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

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

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

ARLES L. M.

This tune was procured in the south of France, 1852.
Firm, lofty and ardent should characterize the performance of this tune.

Ardent.

1. Lo, what a glorious Corner Stone The Jewish builders did re - fuse! But God hath built his church thereon, In spite of en-vy and the Jews. No. 1.

2. Great God, the work is all divine, The joy and wonder of our eyes! This is the day that proves it thine, The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3. Sinners, rejoice, and saints, be glad: Hosanna let his name be blest! A thousand honors on his head, With peace, and light, and glory rest! No. 2.

EFFEN. L. M.

From the "Cantica Laudis," by permission.

Ardent.

Sweet peace of conscience, heav'nly guest, Come, fix thy mansion in my breast; Dis-pel my doubts, my fears control, And heal the anguish of my soul.

WILDINGHANST. L. M.

Gentle. GEO. STOWE

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God! Life, love, and joy still glid-ing thro', And wa-tering our di - vine abode. No. 1.

2. That sacred stream, thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear controls: Sweet peace thy promises af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls. No. 2.

BUCKFIELD. L. M.

Spirited. Music for the Old Folks. G. MAXIM.

1. When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell, Where he is gone, they fain would know, :‖: Where he is gone they fain would know, :‖: That they might seek and love him too.

2. My best Beloved keeps his throne On hills of light, in worlds unknown; But he descends, and shows his face :‖: But he descends, and shows his face :‖: In the young gardens of his grace.

3. In vineyards, planted by his hand, Where fruitful trees in order stand, He feeds among the spicy beds, :‖: He feeds among the spicy beds, :‖: Where lilies show their spotless heads.

MAGGIORE. L. M.

Spirited. Let this be sung in an ardent and glowing manner Composed at Rome.

Behold the Saviour at thy door, He gently knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long, is waiting still, You treat no other friend so ill, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

CHRISTIAN PRAISE. L. M.

With energy. CHORUS. — QUARTETT. SOSTENUTO. — From the Lute, by permission CHORUS.

1. Servants of God in joyful lays, Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise; His glorious Name let all adore, From age to age, for ev - er-more.

2. Blest be that Name, supremely blest, From the sun's rising to its rest; Above the heavens his power is known Thro' all the earth his goodness shown.

DESIRE. L. M.

With earnestness. — By permission.

1. Lord, 'twas a time of wondrous love When thou didst first draw near my soul, And by thy Spirit from above My raging passions didst control! No. 1.

2. Guil-ty and-self-condemn'd I stood, Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near; But he my e - vil heart renew'd, And all his gra - ces planted there.

3. He will complete the work begun, By leading me in all his ways; To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spir-it e - qual praise. No. 2.

WARE. L. M.

In chanting style. — GEO. KINGSLEY.

O for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart away: And thaw with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

MESSECH. L. M.

Gentle and plaintive.

Words composed by Rev. ABDEL MESSECH, in Hindostanee, and sung immediately before his death.

1. Be - lov - ed Sa-viour, let not me, In thy kind heart forgot - ten be: Of all that decks the field or bower, Thou art the fairest, sweetest flower. No. 1.

3 Youth's morn has fled, old age come on, But sin distracts my soul a - lone: Belov - ed Saviour, let not me, In thy kind heart forgotten be No. 2.

SEACE. L. M.

Slowly.

J. M. PELTON.

1. Unveil thy bo-som, faithful tomb, Take this new treasure to thy trust; And give these sacred relics room, To seek a slumber in the dust. No. 1.

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes Can reach the peaceful sleeper here, While angels watch the soft re-pose.

3. So Jesus slept; God's dying Son Passed thro' the grave, and blessed the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade. No. 2.

SURREY. L. M.

Smooth and connected.

COSTELLO.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a nobler rest above To that our longing souls aspire, With cheerful hope and strong desire, With cheerful hope and strong desire

COLONNA. L. M.

Tenderly.

This should be sung with the greatest gentleness throughout. Pure tones, correct intonation and the gradual cres, and dim., are the true criterions to its correct performance.

1. Oft as the bell with solemn toll, Speaks the departure of a soul, Let each from every trifle fly, And ask, "Am I prepared to die?" No. 1.

2. Soon, leaving all I love be - low, To God's tribunal I must go; Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate, And fix my ev - er - last-ing state.

3. O could I bear to hear him say, "Depart, ac-curs-ed, far a-way;" With Satan, midst the flames of hell, "Thou art forever doomed to dwell. No. 1.

Unison.

REDBROOK. L. M.

Mildly.

Commence gently, or cres. to the end, the last strain being *f*.

1. How sweet to leave the world awhile, And seek the presence of our Lord! Dear Saviour, on thy people smile, And come according to thy word, And come according to thy word.

2. From busy scenes we now retreat, That we may here converse with thee; Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet! Let this the "gate of heaven" be, Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3. "Chief of ten thousand," now appear, That we by faith may see thy face! Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear, And let thy presence fill this place, And let thy, &c.

WELLS. L. M.

Slow.

HOLDRAD.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great reward: And while the lamp holds out to burn, Ye sinners, hasten to re - turn.

With gentleness.

ANANI. L. M.

Do not sing this tune loud; but let the last line, particularly, be firm.

1. Lord, thou hast searched and seen me thro'; Thine eye commands, with piercing view, My rising and my resting hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers. No. 1.

2. My thoughts, before they are my own, Are to my God dis - tinctly known; He knows the words I mean to speak, Ere from my opening lips they break.

3. With-in thy circling power I stand: On eve-ry side I find thy hand; Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am sur-round-ed still with God. No. 2.

Earnestly.

ATTAI. L. M.

The third strain should be sung gradual cres, ending *f*; and then dim. last line to *p*.

1. Where can we hide, or whither fly, Lord, to escape thy piercing eye? With thee it is not day and night, But darkness shineth as the light.
But darkness shineth as the light.

2. Where'er we go, whate'er pur - sue, Our ways are o - pen to thy view, Our motives read, our thoughts explored, Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.
Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.

QUITO. L. M.

Who is this stranger in distress, That travels thro' this wilderness? Oppressed with sorrow and with sin, On her beloved Lord she leans, On her beloved Lord she leans

Very Spirited.

BEXAR. L. M.

Great power of tone, together with fullness, should characterize this tune, in its performance.

1. Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring To Him who gave thee power to sing; Praise Him who has all praise above, The source of wisdom and of love.

2. How vast his knowledge! how profound! A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd! The stars he numbers, and their names He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3. Thro' each bright world above, behold Ten thousand thousand charms unfold; Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine To speak his wisdom all di - vine.

Unison 6 3 Unison. 6 3 6 65 43 55 73

Slow and firm.

ARAL. L. M.

This style of tunes should not be accented too strongly, neither should it be too staccato; but dignity and fullness of tone should be combined.

1. Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light, Arrayed with majesty and might; The world, cre - a - ted by his hands, Still on its firm foundation stands.

No. 1.

2. But ere this spacious world was made, Or had its first founda-tion laid, His throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Himself the ev-er - liv-ing God.

3. Like floods the angry nations rise, And aim their rage against the skies; Vain floods, that aim their rage so high; At his rebuke, the billows die.

No. 2.

6 43 3 3 7

Firm.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

How sweet - ly flowed the gos - pel sound From lips of gen-tle - ness and grace, When list-'ning thousands gath - ered round, And joy and gladness filled the place

Gently.

WOODHOME. L. M.

Gentle and smooth style, with no break in the easy flow.

1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord for-give; Let a repenting re - bel live: Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?

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

3. O wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past of - fences pain my eyes.

Firm.

BROOKFIELD. L. M.

BILLINGS.

1. Lord, 'twas a time of wondrous love When thou didst first draw near my soul, And by thy Spir - it from a - bove My rag - ing pas - sions didst control!

2. Guil-ty and-self-condemn'd I stood, Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near; But he my e - vil heart renew'd, And all his gra - ces plant - ed there.

3. He will complete the work be - gun, By lead - ing me in all his ways; To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, And God the Spir - it e - qual praise.

Spirited.

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

With all my powers of heart and tongue I'll praise my Maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.

ATLANTA. L. M.

Plaintive. With mournful tenderness, and quite sostenuto

1. Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies; Hark! his expiring groans arise; See, from his hands, his feet, his side, Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

2. And didst thou bleed? for sinners bleed? And could the sun behold the deed? No; he withdrew his cheering ray, And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3. Can I survey this scene of woe, Where mingling grief and mercy flow, And yet my hears so hard remain.—Unmoved by either love or pain!

STENNETTON. L. M.

Crescendo to the end. None but a well drilled and skilful choir should attempt this tune.

1. "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head and died: 'Tis finished! yes the race is run, The battle fought, the victory won. No. 1.

2. 'Tis finished! this his dying groan Shall sins of deepest hue a-tone, And millions be Redeemed from death By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

3. 'Tis finished! Heaven is reconciled, And all the powers of darkness spoiled; Peace, love, and happiness, again Return, and dwell with sinful men. No. 2.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Slow and gentle. Arranged by L. MASON.

1. { Happy the man whose cautious feet Shun the broad way that sinners go;
   { Who hates the place where atheists meet, [Omit....] And fears to talk as scoffers do.

HORAN. L. M.

Gentle.

1. { Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
   { Thence all her help my soul derives: [Omit.....] There my Almighty refuge lies.

CARMI. L. M. Double.

Gentle.

The Tenor in the Duett may be omitted, ad. lib. the Alto singing the small notes instead.

1. Blest hour, when mortal man retires To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires, And lis-ten to the sacred word.
D. C. While, all around, the calm divine Proclaims the ho - ly day of rest.

2. Blest hour, when earthly cares resign Their empire o'er his anxious breast,

MOZA. L. M. Double.

Lively.

D. C.

No. 1.

1. How pleasant, how di-vine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
D. C. My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee?

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode; My panting heart cries out for God;

No. 2.

MELITA. Quartett. or 8s & 4s.

With gentleness.

From the Dulcimer, by permission. W**.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They soft-ly lie and sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

Bold, and thro line staccato.

BEVERLY. L. M.

From the Timbrel, by permission.

1. Thy presence, ev - er - last-ing God! Wide o'er all na - ture spreads abroad: Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep, In every place thy children keep. No. 1.

2. While near each other we remain, Thou dost our lives and souls sustain; When sep'rate, happy if we share Thy smiles and thy pater - nal care.

3. To thee we all our ways commit, And seek our comforts near thy feet; Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine, And guard and guide us still as thine. No. 2.

In chanting style.

PUBLIC WORSHIP. L. M.

Inserted in this work by permission.

1. Great God, attend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2. Might I enjoy the meanest place With - in thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, or thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3. God is our sun, he makes our day; God is our shield, he guards our way From all assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes within.

Gently.

WEBSTER. L. M.

By permission.

God of my life to thee I call; Afflict - ed, at thy feet I fall: When the great water-floods prevail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Lively and spirited.

STENNETT. L. M.

From the Lute.

Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest: Another six.... days' work is done; A-noth-er Sab - - - bath is be - gun.

Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest: A-nother six days' work is done; * A-nother Sabbath is be - gun.

Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest; Another six.... days' work is done; A-noth-er Sab - - - bath is be - gun.

* In this work, that the lines of the Hymn may be readily applied, the double bars are always inserted without reference to being over each other, but rather at the end of each line in poetry.

Firm.

ROGERS. L. M.

From the "Templi Carmina," by permission.

1. He lives, the ev - er - lasting God, Who built the world, who spread the flood: The heavens with all their host he made, And the dark regions of the dead.

2. He guides our feet; He guards our way: His morning smiles adorn the day; He spreads the evening veil, and keeps The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

3 Long as I live, I'll trust his power; Then in my last de - part-ing hour, Angels, that trace the ai - ry road, Shall bear me homeward to my God.

Unison

In chanting style.

EVENING CHANT. L. M.

W**.

How sweet the hour of closing day, When all is peaceful and se - rene, And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

Chanting style

HENRIETTA. L. M.

Distinct enunciation, and accent marked.

1. When Je - sus for his people died, The ho - ly law was sat-is-fied; Its aw - ful pen-al - ties he bore, It can command, nor curse no more.

2. He hav-ing suffered in their stead, The law in cov'nant form is dead; He rules them with a gentle sway, And they with sweet delight, o - bey.

3. A mazing Love! how rich, how free! That Christ should die for such as we! From hence the holiest duties flow, O saints above, and saints below.

With dignity.

STAMFORD. L. M.

Commence soft and cres. to the end of the 3d strain, then dim.

H. J. RUDD.

See gentle patience smile on pain, See dying hope revive a - gain, Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, While faith points upward to the sky.

No. 1.

1. We all, O Lord, have gone astray, And wandered from thy heavenly way: The wilds of sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee our God.

2. Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep! Our wandering heal, our footsteps keep: We seek thy sheltering fold again; Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

With Expression.

MIDNIGHT. L. M.

H. J. RUDD.

cres.

Now night in silent grandeur reigns, And holds the slumbering world in chains, Pale from the cloud the moonbeam steals, And half creation's face reveal.

ADRA. L. M.

Allegro.

W. B. B.
From the "Shawm," by permission.

1. Thus far my God hath led me on, And made his truth and mercy known: My hopes and fears alternate rise, And comforts min-gle with my sighs.

2. Thro' this wide wilderness I roam, Far distant from my blissful home: Lord, let thy presence be my stay, And guard me in this dangerous way.

TEJUCO. L. M.

Bold.

Let these soul-stirring words be sung with the greatest ardor, filling the sanctuary with the highest strains of sacred praise.

1. Soon may the last, glad song arise, Thro' all the myriads of the skies, That song of triumph which records, That all the earth is now the Lord's, That all the, &c.

2. Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be Obedient, mighty God, to thee; And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign, Now wave the, &c.

3. O, let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell, That not one rebel heart remains, But o - ver all the Saviour reigns, But o-ver all the Saviour reigns.

USBECKS. L. M.

Not too slow.

Graceful and connected characterizes the style of the music in this tune.

O thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from thy book.

ALAH. L. M.

Ardent.

This fine hymn should be sung with great care, the 2d verse somewhat subdued.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

No. 1.

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

3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word: His works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep his counsels, how divine!

No. 2.

PELTON. L. M.

Slowly.

Let this be sung in a devotional and simple manner; be careful not to accent so that the music will become monotonous.

1. This day the Lord hath called his own; O, let us, then, his praise declare, Fix our desires on him a - lone, And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2. Lord, in thy love we would rejoice, Which bids the burdened soul be free, And, with united heart and voice, Devote these sa - cred hours to thee.

3. Now let the world's delusive things No more our grovelling thoughts employ, But Faith be taught to stretch her wings, In search of heaven's unfailing joy.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M. Or L. M. 6 Lines.

Animated.

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

Pastoral.

MERANE. C. M.

This should be performed in a smooth and flowing style.
Arranged from an English tune.

1. My soul for-sakes her vain de-light, And bids the world fare-well; On things of sense why fix my sight? Why on its plea-sures dwell? Why on its plea-sures dwell?

2. There's no-thing round this spa-cious earth That suits my soul's de-sire; To boundless joy and so-lid mirth My no-bler thoughts as-pire, My no-bler thoughts as-pire.

3. No long-er will I ask its love, Nor seek its friend-ship more; The hap-pi-ness that I ap-prove Is not with-in its pow'r, Is not with-in its pow'r.

Slowly.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Slowly and firm, with strong accent.

1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood Drawn from Im-ma-nuel's veins; And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains.

2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

3. Thou dy-ing Lamb! thy precious blood Shall ne-ver lose its pow'r, Till all the ran-som'd church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

Very spirited.

FREE GRACE. C. M.

Bold and with the greatest energy.

Hail, migh-ty Je-sus, how di-vine Is thy vic-to-rious sword! The stout-est re-bel must re-sign, At thy com-mand-ing word.

No. 1.

EQUADOR. C. M.

The first four quarter notes to the first and third lines may be sung quite staccato, to give variety.

Bold and spirited.

1. Ye hum-ble souls, ap-proach your God With songs of sa - cred praise; For he is good, su - preme-ly good, And kind are all his ways. **No. 1.**

2. All na-ture owns his guar-dian care; In him we live and move; But no-bler be-ne-fits de-clare The won-ders of his love.

3. He gave his well-be-lov-ed Son To save our souls from sin; 'Tis here he makes his good-ness known, And proves it all di-vine. **No. 2.**

EASTON. C. M.

This most beautiful hymn of Cowper's should be commenced in the most gentle and subdued manner, and gradually increase in power to the end.

With gentleness.

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

2. Ye fear-ful saints, fresh cour-age take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mer-cy, and shall break With bless-ings on your head.

3. Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense, But trust him for his grace; Be-hind a frown-ing pro-vi-dence He hides a smil-ing face.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

I. SMITH.

Earnestly.

Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears at-tend the cry: Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground, Where you must short-ly lie. **No. 1.**

RAINBOW. C. M.

Spirited. SWAN.

The sea . . . . . grows calm at thy com-mand, And tem-pests cease to - roar, ...

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

The sea . . . . . grows calm at thy com-mand, And tem-pests

The sea . . . . . grows calm at thy com-mand,

. . . . . And tempests cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar.

. . . . . And tempests cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar.

cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar.

And tempests cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar, ... And tempests cease to roar.

PEMBROKE. C. M.

Moderato. With great spirit. DALMER.

Praise ye the Lord, im - mor - tal choir That fill the realms a - bove; Praise him who form'd you of his fire, Praise him who form'd you of his fire, And feeds you with his love

Unison. Soli. Tutti.

THIRTY-FOURTH PSALM. C. M.

Allegro.

Music for the old folks. J. STEPHENSON.

Through all the changing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still, The praises of my God shall still My

Through all the changing scenes of life, In trou-hle and in joy, The praises of my God, The pralses of my God shall still My

Through all the changing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still, The praises of my God shall still My

The praises of my God shall still, ...

heart . . . . . and tongue em-ploy, My heart and tongue em-ploy.

heart . . . . . and tongue em-ploy, My heart and tongue em-ploy.

heart . . . . . and tongue em-ploy, My heart and tongue em-ploy.

PHILLIPS. C. M.

Smooth and connected.

Dim.

Be-hold the west-ern ev'ning light! It melts in deep'ning gloom; So calm-ly Christians sink a-way. *Omit.* . . . . . De-scend-ing to the tomb.

Dim.

MACDONALD C. M.

Flowing.

This tune is adapted to words of a rather more spirited character than those set to it. GEO. STOWE.

I love to steal a-while a-way From ev'-ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer. No. 1.

6 6 7 6 6 6 7 6

Firm

DORCHESTER. C. M.

STANLEY.

Fa-ther of mer-cies, in thy word What end - less glo - ry shines! For ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

Moderate.

HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT.

Lord, hear the voice of my com-plaint; Ac-cept my se - cret prayer; To thee a - lone, my King, my God, Will I for help re - pair.

Spirited.

CONWAY. C. M.

ENGLISH.

Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove, And smile to see our Fa - ther there, And smile to see our Fa-ther there, Up - on a throne of love.

Firm.

LANESBORO'. C. M. Or 8's & 6's.

ENGLISH.

As C. M. Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirs - ty spir - it faints a - way, My thirs - ty spir - it faints a - way, With-out thy cheer-ing grace.
As 8's & 6's. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for eve - ry wound-ed breast; 'Tis found a - lone in heaven

COVENTRY. C. M.

ENGLISH.

1. Oh could our thoughts and wish-es fly A - bove these gloom-y shades, To those bright worlds be-yond the sky, Which sor-row ne'er in - vades—
2. Oh then on faith's sub-lim-est wing, Our ar - dent souls shall rise, To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring, Im - mor - tal in the skies.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

Firmly.

WILLIAMS.

Oh, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say, "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day."

HEBER. C. M.

Firmly.

GEO. KINGSLEY.—By permission.

The Sa-viour calls, let ev'-ry ear At-tend the heavenly sound; Ye doubt-ing souls, dis-miss your fear, Hope smiles re-viv-ing round.

HENRY. C. M.

With energy.

S. B. POND.—By permission.

'Tis by thy strength the moun-tains stand, God of e - ter - nal power; The sea grows calm at thy com - mand, And tem - pests cease to roar.

Joyful.

REGIA. C. M.

Strong accent and time exact. Let the consonants be delivered with force.

1. A - gain our earth-ly cares we leave, And to thy courts re - pair; A-gain, with joy-ful feet, we come To meet our Sa - viour here.

2. May we in faith re - ceive thy word, In faith pre-sent our pray'rs, And in the pre- . . . . . sence of our Lord Un-bo - som all our cares.

3. Show us some to - ken of thy love, Our fainting hope to raise, And pour thy blessing from a - bove, That we may ren - der praise.

Gentle.

IMNAH. C. M.

Commence softly and crescendo to the end, and as the last verse is sung, let the expression become more ardent and glowing.

1. When the worn spi - rit wants re - pose, And sighs her God . . . . . to seek, How sweet to hail the ev'ning's close, That ends the wea - ry week!

2. How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn, That o - pens on the sight, When first that soul - re - viv-ing morn Sheds forth new rays of light! Sheds forth new rays of light!

3. Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease, Yet, while they gent - ly roll, Breathe, heav'nly Spi - rit, source of peace, A Sab-bath o'er my soul, A Sab-bath o'er my soul.

Spirited.

MILES LANE, or MARLBOROUGH. C. M.

A very popular tune. W. SHRUBSALL.

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

MEDAN. C. M.

Both words and music require a gradual crescendo from the beginning. In order to do this, commence mezzo.

Ardently.

1. With sa - cred joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove, That glo - rious tem - ple in the skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal Love. Where dwells e - ternal love.

2. Be - fore the gra-cious throne we bow Of heav'n's al - migh - ty King; Here we pre - sent the so - lemn vow, And hymns of praise we sing. And hymns of praise we sing.

3. O Lord, while in thy house we kneel, With trust and ho - ly fear, Thy mer - cy and thy truth re - veal, And lend a gra-cious ear. And lend a gracious ear.

MIRMA. C. M.

Rather staccato, and accented strongly. Try and feel the inspiring sentiment of the words, and breathe the soul out in fervent piety and praise.

Ardent.

My soul, how love-ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts! 'Tis heav'n to see, 'Tis heav'n to see his smil-ing face, Though in his earth-ly courts, Though in his earth - ly courts.

My soul, how love-ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts! 'Tis heav'n to see his smil-ing face, Though in his earth-ly courts, Though in his earth - ly courts.

My soul, how love-ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts! 'Tis heav'n to see his smil-ing face, Though in his earth - ly courts.

HILLER, or FIELD. C. M.

HILLER.

Firm.

Mor-tals, a - wake, with an - gels join, And chant the so - lemn lay; Joy, love, and gra - ti - tude combine To hail th' au-spi - cious day, To hail th' au-spi - cious day.

Not too slow.

EPERNEY. C. M. Double.

This tune is not only adapted to the choir, but the children in the Sabbath school will find it a useful melody. From the French.

Fine. D. C.

1. How hap - py is the child who hears In-struc-tion's warn-ing voice,
And who ce - les-tial Wis - dom makes *Omit* . . . . . His ear - ly, on - ly choice!
D. C. And her re - wards more pre - cious are *Omit* . . . . . Than all their stores of gold.

2. For she has treasures greater far Than east or west un - fold,

D. C.

Fine. D. C.

CHAMBERG. C. M.

Glowing.

Let the voice glide smoothly and elegantly over the small notes and groups. Theme from a French tune.

1. Now shall my so - lemn vows be paid To that al - migh - ty pow'r, Who heard the long re - quests I made, In my dis-tress-ful hour. **No. 1.**

2. My lips and cheer-ful heart pre-pare To make his mer-cies known; Come, ye who fear my God, and hear The won - ders he has done.

3. When on my head deep sor - rows fell, I sought his heav'n-ly aid; He saved my sink - ing soul from hell, And death's e - ter-nal shade. **No. 2.**

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

The late D. DUTTON, Jr.

I love to steal a - while a - way From ev'-ry cumb'-ring care; And spend the hours of set-ting day, In hum - ble, grate-ful pray'r.

HERTFORD. C. M.

Lively.

Interlude, No. 2, may be played first time right hand alone, adding base second time.

1. Je-sus! I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear. No. 1.

2. Whate'er my no-blest pow'rs can wish, In thee doth richly meet; Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet, Nor friend - ship half so sweet.

3. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds its fragrance there; The no - blest balm of all its wounds, ... The cor - dial of its care. No. 2.

OTIS. C. M.

Slowly.

To give variety, the interlude No. 1 may be varied by playing the music on the G cleff alone, afterwards adding the base part.

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord?—Be-hold my heart and see: And turn each worth-less i - dol out, That dares to ri - val thee. No. 1.

2. Do not I love thee from my soul?—Then let me no-thing love: Dead be my heart to ev' - ry joy, Which thou dost not ap - prove.

3. Is not thy name me-lo-dious still To mine at - ten - tive ear? Doth not each pulse with plea - sure heat My Sa - viour's voice to hear? No. 2.

WOODLAND. C. M.

Distinct and in chanting style.

National Church Harmony.

Lo - vers of plea-sure more than God, For you he suf-fer'd pain; For you the Sa - viour spilt his blood: For you the Sa - viour spilt his blood: And shall he bleed in vain?

LOUVAIN. C. M.

Animated.

In the last strain the tenor may sing the small notes (observing the rests) ad. lib.

1. My ne-ver-ceas-ing songs shall show The mer-cies of the Lord; And make suc-ceed-ing a-ges know How faith-ful is his word, ... How faith- . . . . ful is his word.

2. The sa-cred truths his lips pronounce Shall firm as heav'n en-dure; And if he speaks a pro-mise once, Th' e-ter-nal grace is sure . . . . Th' e-ter- . . . . . nal grace is sure.

3. How long the race of Da-vid held The pro-mised Jew-ish throne! But there's a no-bler cov'-nant seal'd To Da-vid's great-er Son . . . To Da- . . . . . vid's great-er Son.

MECHLIN. C. M. Double.

Spirited.

Animated and loud, and in a manner that bespeaks a knowledge of the sonorous tones of the voice.

Fine. D. C. No. 1.

1. My Saviour, my al-migh-ty Friend, When I be-gin thy praise, . . .
Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace? . . .
D. C. And since I knew thy gra-ces first, I speak thy glo-ries more. . . . .

2. Thou art my ev-er-last-ing trust; Thy good-ness I a-dore . . . . .

Fine. D. C. No. 2.

DEVIZES. C. M.

Joyful.

TUCKER.

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

ELLERS. C. M.

Not too slow.

Theme from a tune in the "Lute of Zion."

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross? A fol-low'r of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, And blush to speak his name? No. 1.

2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'-ry beds of ease? While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? No. 2.

MAZEWELL. C. M.

In chanting style.

Most metrical chants should be sung nearly as fast as a good reader would read—of course excepting the long notes.

1. Now let our lips with ho-ly fear And mourn-ful plea-sure sing, The suff'rings of our great High Priest, The sor-rows of our King. No. 1.

2. He sinks in floods of deep dis-tress; How high the wa-ters rise! While to his Heav'nly Fa-ther's ear He sends per-pe-tual cries.

3. "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son, Nor hide thy shining face; Why should thy fav'rite look like one For-sa-ken of thy grace?" No. 2.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

Moderate.

TANSUR.

O thou to whom all crea-tures bow, With-in this earth-ly frame, Through all the world, how great art thou! How glo-rious is thy name!

Hopefully.

LUSAN. C. M. Or C. M. 6 Lines.

Avoid too much accent, or a monotonous style of accent.

1. How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de-vout-ly say, "In Zi-on let us all ap pear, And keep the so - lemn day!" "In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep the so-lemn day."

2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, a-dorned with grace, Stands like a pa-lace built for God, To show his mild - er face, Stands like a pa-lace built for God, to show his mild-er face.

3. Up to her courts, with joys unknown, The holy tribes re - pair; The Son of Da - vid holds his throne, And sits in judg-ment there, The Son of Da - vid holds his throne, And sits in judg-ment there.

Bold and firm.

BALLARD. C. M.

With animation, and rather staccato.

1. 'Twas in the watch-es of the night I thought up - on thy power; I kept thy love - ly face in sight, A - mid the dark - est hour, A - mid the dark - est hour.

2. While I lay rest-ing on my bed, My soul a - rose on high; My God, my life, my hope, I said, Bring thy sal - va - tion nigh, Bring thy sal - va - tion nigh.

3. I strive to mount thy ho-ly hill, I walk the heaven - ly road; Thy glo - ries all my spi - rit fill, While I com - mune with God, While I com - mune with God.

Gentle and sustained.

GOULD. C. M.

W. ARNOLD.

See, Is-rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stands, With all - eu - gag - ing charms: Hark! how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

No. 1.

Soli. Tutti.

BURNS. C. M

Slowly.

From the "Cantæ Laudus," by permission.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits en - throned On my Re - deem - er's brow: His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

2. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me he bore the shame-ful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.

3. To him I - owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri-umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

QUINCY. C. M.

Gentle.

From "Temple Carmina," by permission.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha-dy rill How fair the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew - y rose!

No. 1.

2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.

3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha-dy rill The li - ly must de - cay; The rose that blooms be - neath the hill, Must short-ly fade a - way.

No. 2.

4. O Thou who giv - est life and breath, We seek thy grace a - lone, In childhood, man - hood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

Not too fast.

Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - ntes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To Him who rules the skies.

In chanting style

ZARAN. C. M.

The accent should be strongly marked in this tune, where the measure is filled with quarter notes alone.

1. Bright was the guid-ing star, that led With mild be - nig - nant ray, The Gen-tiles to the low-ly bed Where our Re-deem' - er lay.

No. 1.

2. But, lo! a brighter, clearer light Now points to his a - bode; It shines thro' sin and sor-row's night, To guide us to our Lord.

3. O, haste to fol-low where it leads; The gra-cious call o - bey, Be rug-ged wilds, or flow'ry meads, The Christian's des - tined way.

No. 2.

Connected.

HOURAM. C. M.

Commence the tune in a gentle and connected style, and make a slight crescendo toward the middle, and decrescendo near the close.

1. A - gain, from calm and sweet re - pose, I rise to hail the dawn; A - gain my wak-ing eyes un - close, To view the smil-ing morn.

2. Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing; For thou hast safe - ly kept My soul be - neath thy guar - dian wing, And watch'd me while I slept.

3. Glo - ry to thee, e - ter - nal Lord; O, teach my heart to pray, And thy blest Spi-rit's help af - ford, To guide me through the day.

Firm and not too slow.

KHIRA. C. M.

Let *hope*, *ardour*, and *love* all combine to swell the glorious theme of this beautiful hymn.

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my Heav'nly King; Let age to age thy righteous-ness In songs of glo - ry sing.

LAUSANNE. C. M.

Fast and lively.

With great cheerfulness and energy, accenting strong, and delivering the words with distinctness.

1. How firm the saint's foundation stands! His hopes can ne'er re-move, Sustain'd by God's al-migh-ty hand, And shel-ter'd in his love.

2. God is the trea-sure of his soul, A source of sa-cred joy, Which no af-flic-tions can con-trol, Nor death it-self de-stroy.

3. Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams, And taste thy saints' repose; We will not mourn the perish'd streams, While such a fountain flows.

CELEBES. C. M.

Spirited.

Smooth, flowing style, speaking the words distinctly.

1. My God, my Father,—bliss-ful name,—O, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet assurance claim, May I with sweet assurance claim, A por-tion so di-vine?

2. This on-ly can my fears con-trol, And bid my sor-rows fly; What harm can ever reach my soul, What harm can ever reach my soul Be-neath my Fa-ther's eye?

3. Whate'er thy ho-ly will de-nies, I calm-ly would re-sign; For thou art good, and just and wise, For thou art good, and just and wise: O, bend my will to thine.

CARLISLE. C. M.

Firm.

There will be no excuse if every word is not understood by those listening to this tune.

To heav'n I lift my wak-ing eyes; There all my hopes are laid; The Lord, who built the earth and skies, Is my per-pe-tual aid.

Animated.

VASSALBOROUGH. C. M.

Firm, voluminous tones and strong accent. E. B. PIKE.

1. With cheerful notes let all the earth To heav'n their voi - ces raise; Let all, in - spired with god - ly mirth, Sing so - lemn hymns of praise. No. 1.

2. God's ten-der mer - cy knows no bound; His truth shall ne'er de - cay; Then let the will - ing na - tions round Their grateful tri - bute pay. No. 2.

In chanting style.

VATICAN. C. M.

Theme from a chant heard at Vespers, in St. Peter's, Rome, February 8, 1852.

1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King! Let ev' - ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing. No. 1.

2. Joy to the world—the Sa - viour reigns, Let men their songs em - ploy; While fields and floods—rocks, hills, and plains Re - peat the sound - ing joy.

3. No more let sins and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make his bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found. No. 2.

Unison. . . . . Unison. . . . . .

Bold and joyous.

SALEM. C. M.

From the Surrey Chapel Music.
(The slurs may be used in the Duet with some hymns.)

Come, hap - py souls, approach your God With new, me - lo - dious songs, Come, ren-der to Al - migh-ty grace The tribute of your tongues, The tribute of your tongues, The tribute of your tongues.

TALLIS. C. M

With dignity.

TALLIS.

Oh all ye na - tions, praise the Lord, Each with a dif - ferent tongue; In eve - ry lan - guage learn his word, And let his name be sung.

CLIFFORD. C. M.

With spirit.

CLARKE.

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

MARLOW. C. M.

Chant.

GREGORIAN.

Let all the lands with shouts of joy, To God their voices raise; Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

GIVE. C. M.

Bold, and not too slow.

J. GRIGGS.

Come, let us join our souls to God In ev - er - last - ing bands, And seize the bless - ings he be - stows With ea - ger hearts and hands.

VALENCE. C. M.

Long Theme.
Time exact and accent strong

With energy.

1. Hosan-na to the roy-al Son, Of David's an - cient line! His na - tures two, his per - son one, Mys - te-rious and di-vine.

No. 1.

2. The Root of David, here we find, And Offspring is the same; E - ter - ni - ty and time are joined In our Emmanuel's name.

3. Blessed He, who comes to wretched men With peaceful news from heaven! Hosan - nas of the high - est strain To Christ the Lord be given!

No. 2.

CORFU. C. M.

Tenderly.

Let this be sung with great fervor, but gentleness must be the point of the performance. Let every singer *feel* the beautiful sentiment—"Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee."

1. Lord I approach thy mercy - seat, Where thon dost an-swer prayer; There humbly fall be-fore thy feet, For none can per - ish there.

2. Thy promise is my on - ly plea: With this I ven-ture nigh; Thou callest burdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly pressed, By wars without, and fears with - in I come to thee for rest.

HOPE. C. M.

Connected.

Be careful not to mistake a drawling for a legato movement.
There is danger of this even in cultivated singers.

To God I cried with mournful voice, I sought his gracious ear, In the sad day when troubles rose, And fill my heart with fear, And fill my heart with fear.

LAKE SIDE. C. M. Or 8s & 6s, or short anthem.

Very spirited.

This piece has become exceedingly popular, and will be found useful set to spirited words.

8s&6s. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast: 'Tis found a - lone in heav'n, 'Tis

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

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown his Lord of all, And crown him Lord of

found alone in heaven, Tis found alone in heaven. No. 1.

heaven, Appears the dawn of heaven.

all, And crown him Lord of all. No. 2.

SWEET. C. M.

Animated.

1. I love to steal awhile a - way From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day (Omit.....) In hum-ble grate-ful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
And all his prom - is - es to plead(.....)Where none but God can hear.

COREA. C. M.

Gentle and sustained.

Very slight accent; and let the sounds flow into each other without interruption, if possible.

1. There is a world of per - fect bliss A-bove the star - ry skies; Oppressed with sorrows and with sins, I thither lift my eyes.

Tenderly.

VELASCO. C. M.

Let this be sung with the greatest gentleness, sustaining the long notes, and dim. to the end.

1. Dear Lord, accept a sin - ful heart, Which of it - self complains; And mourns with much and frequent smart, The evil it con-tains. No, 1.

2. How ea - ger are my thoughts to roam In quest of what they love! But ah! when du-ty calls me home, How heav-i - ly they move!

3. Oh cleanse me in my Saviour's blood, Transform me by thy power, Make me, O Lord, thy blest a - bode, And let me rove no more! No. 2.

Entreatingly.

OSHEA. C. M.

Certain pedantic "would-be Critics" have taken it upon themselves to say that there should be no duetts or solos in our common psalm-tunes; but we have taken the liberty to insert many in this book, even at the risk of offending these great men!!

1. See, in the vineyard of the Lord A bar - ren fig-tree stands; It yields no fruit, no blos - som bears, Though planted by his hands, Though planted by his hands.

2. From year to year he seeks for fruit, And still no fruit is found; It stands, a - mid the liv - ing trees, A cumberer of the ground, A cum - berer of the ground.

3. But, see, an In-ter-cessor pleads, The bar - ren tree to spare; "Let justice still withhold his hand, And grant a - noth - er year, And grant a - noth-er year.

Earnestly.

TIRZAH. C. M.

The simple harmony of this tune requires the notes to be sustained their due length, while the accent should not be too strong.

O, in the morn of life, when youth With vi-tal ar - dor glows, And shines in all the fairest charms That beauty can dis - close, That beauty can dis close.

SHERBURNE. C. M.

Lively. J. REED.

While shepherds watched their flock by night, All seat-ed on the ground. The an-gel of the Lord came down, And

While shepherds watched their flock by night, All seat - ed on the ground. The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry

While shepherds watched their flock by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone around, And

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - - ry shone around,

glo - - - ry shone a - round; The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone around.

shone around, And glo - - - - ry shone a-round; The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a round.

glo - - - ry shone a - round; The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone around.

SILOAM. C. M.

With gentleness. Cres. and Dim. May be sung as a Quartett.

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew - y rose.

Earnestly.

TEFLIS. C. M. Double.

This tune should be sung rather fast, and more animated than one would suppose at first glance.

FINE. D. C.

No. 1.

1. Dear Sa - viour, when my thoughts recall The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall, And hide this wretched face.
By earth's low cares detained, betrayed From Jesus to de-part;

2. Shall love like thine be thus repaid? Ah, vile, un-grate-ful heart!

No. 2.

Gracefully.

PAMPHYLIA. C. M.

Sweet, delicate and voluminous tones are required to this tune.
Italian Melody, procured at Rome, Feb. 24, 1852.

1. Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tend - ing upward, too, As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our Love.

3. Why should we trem - ble to con-vey Their bod - ies to the tomb? 'Twas there the flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long perfume.

Pastorale.

MAURA. C. M.

Be careful not to hurry the time, and the accent should be light.

1. Oh that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still! Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will! Oh that my God would grant, &c.

The third and fourth lines should be cres. ☞ Do not hurry the quarter note at the commencement of the 2d & 3d lines.

ELADAH. C. M.

Rather subdued.

1. God of my life, my morn - ing song To thee I cheerful raise: Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing, And pleas - ant 'tis to praise. No. 1.

2. Pre - served by thy al-migh - ty arm, I passed the shades of night, Se - rene, and safe from ev-ery harm, To see the morn-ing light.

3. While numbers spent the night in sighs, And rest - less pains and woes, In gen - tle sleep I close my eyes, And rose from sweet re - pose. No. 2.

Let the Soprano sing the high notes with firmness, opening the mouth and inhaling full breath.

ZELAH. C. M.

With ardor.

1. My soul, how love - ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts! 'Tis heaven to see his smil - ing face, Though in his earthly courts,

2. There the great Monarch of the skies His sav - ing power displays; And light breaks in up - on our eyes With kind and quickening rays.

3. With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove Descends and fills the place, While Christ reveals his wondrous love, And sheds abroad his grace.

This tune may be sung as a quartette; Indeed but few choirs will be able to do it justice, and it will be therefore better to select one or two good voices for each part.

DELMAR. C. M.

Slow.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.

Spirited.

VALLETTA. C. M.

Sustain the notes, and let each part be heard firm and full.
Procured in Paris, France.

1. Lo, what a glorious sight appears, To our be - lev - ing eyes! The earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies! No. 1.

2. From the third heav'n, where God resides, That ho - ly hap - py place, The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorned with shining grace.

3. At-tend - ing an - gels shout for joy, And the bright ar-mies sing, Mor-tals, be - hold the sa - cred seat Of your descend-ing King. No. 2.

Rather spirited.

SHARON. C. M.

May be used as a quartette; but should not be attempted by an ignorant choir.

1. By cool Si - lo-am's shady rill How fair the li-ly grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sha - - ron's dewy rose.

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod; Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.

3. By cool Si - lo-am's shady rill The li - ly must de-cay; The rose that blooms beneath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.

Tenderly.

WILSON. C. M.

Sustain the notes, and let there be no break in the music.

Earth has engross'd my love too long; 'Tis time I lift mine eyes Upward, dear Father, to thy throne, And to my na tive skies.

Lively.

OPORTO. C. M. Double. or short Anthem For Missionary Meetings.

The chorus should be commenced about *m.*, and cres. to *ff.*
Grand chorus to the 1st and 3d verses.

1. Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains, Let earth his praise resound; Let all the cheerful na - tions join To spread his glo - ry round. 2. Thou city of the Lord! begin The

Thou ci-ty of the Lord! be - gin

3. Till, midst the strains of distant lands, The islands sound his praise; And all, combined, with one accord, Je - ho - vah's glo-ries raise. The

Unison

u - ni - ver-sal song: And let the scattered villages The cheerful notes prolong; The cheerful notes The cheerful notes prolong; No. 1.

And let the scattered vil - la - ges.....

u - ni - ver-sal song; And let the scattered villages The cheerful notes pro-long; The cheerful notes ..... pro - long; No. 2.

Softly.

VALETTA. C. M.

This tune is designed for words of a subdued and gentle character, and should be sung in a connected manner.

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

Spirited.

HORDA. C. M.

This tune should be performed with great animation, and cres. to the end.

ff

1. Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince, Ride with majestic sway; Thy terror shall strike through thy foes, And make the world obey, And make the world obey. No. 1.

2. Thy throne, O God, for-ever stands, Thy word of grace shall prove A peaceful sceptre in thy hands, To rule thy saints by love, To rule thy saints by love.

3. Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince, Ride with majestic sway; Thy terror shall strike thro' thy foes, And make the world obey, And make the world obey. No. 2.

Unison.

Spirited.

KENDELL. C. M.

The three quarter notes in the third line should be sung sforzando in all the parts.

1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And lift your voices high! And lift your voices high! Awake, and praise that sovereign love That shows salvation nigh, That shows, &c.

2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each moment brings it near: Each moment brings it near: Then gladly view each closing day, And each revolving year, And each, &c.

3. Not many years their round shall run, Not many mornings rise, Not many mornings rise, Ere all its glories stand revealed To our admiring eyes, To our ad-mir - ing eyes.

ABBOTSFORD. C. M.

Be careful not to sing this tune in a drawling style, for although most of it should be smooth and connected, yet the execution should be distinct

When verdure clothes the fer-tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray; And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the vernal day! How sweet the ver - nal day.

WALPOLE. C. M.

Slowly.

The music should be sustained its due length, and the accent not too strong, as a gentle effect is to be desired.

1. Lord! at-thy ta - ble we be-hold The wonders of thy grace, But most of all admire that we Should find a welcome place— No. 1. No. 2.

2. We, who were all defiled with sin, And rebels to our God! We, who have cruci - fied thy Son, And trampled on his blood!

3. What strange surprising grace is this, That we, so lost, have room! Je-sus our wea-ry souls invites, And freely bids us come. No. 3. No. 4.

TAMPICO. C. M.

Tenderly and soft.

This should be sung exceedingly gentle and soft, and the music should be much connected.

1. As o'er the past my memory strays, Why heaves the secret sigh?' Tis that I mourn departed days, Still unprepared to die. Still un - prepared to die. No. 1.

2. The world and worldly things beloved My anxious thoughts employed; And time, unhallowed, unimproved, Presents a fearful void, Presents a fearful void.

3. Yet, holy Father, wild dispair Chase from my laboring breast: Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer; That grace can do the rest, That grace can do the rest. No. 2.

SUNDA. C. M.

Bold.

The third strain should be sung in a gentle and sustained manner, while the 4th strain should be staccato and strongly accented, and the last three measures loud and Tenuto.

How large the prom-ise, how di - vine, To Abra'm and his seed! "I'll be a God to thee and thine, Supply-ing all their need, Sup-plying all their need

STAUNTON. C. M. Double.

This piece should be sung as Solo and Chorus— Singing the 1st verse as Solo, then repeat in Chorus, and so on through all the verses, accompany the Solo voice with the harmony.

FINE.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights,

Sym.

3. The op'ning heav'ns around me shine, With beams of sacred bliss; While Je - sus shows his heart is mine, And whispers I am his,

Repeat 3d verse as 1st Solo, and then Chorus. D. C. FINE.

2. In darkest shades if he ap-pear, My dawning is be - gun; He is my soul's bright morning star, And he my rising sun,

Sym.

SIRENO. C. M.

S. B. PHIPPS.

With fervor.

Ye hearts with youth - ful vig - or warm, In smil - ing crowds, draw near; And turn from eve - ry mor - tal charm, A Sa - viour's voice to hear.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

Spirited.

When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to eve - ry fear, And wipe My weeping eyes.

I bid farewell to every fear,

When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes.

I bid farewell to eve ry fear, I bid farewell to eve - ry fear,

PAER. C. M.

Animated.

In the last line in the Tenor the first four syllables of the last line of each verse may be repeated, or use the slur, Ad. Lib.

1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great Deliverer sing: Ye pilgrims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King, Be joyful in.....your King.

2. His hand divine shall lead you on, Through all the blissful road: Till to the sacred mount you rise, And see your gracious God, And see your gra - cious God.

3. Bright gar - lands of immortal joy Shall bloom on eve-ry head; While sor-row, sighing, and dis-tress, Like shadows, all are fled, Like shadows, all are fled.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

Firm.

A. WILLIAMS.

O. for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly shed for me.

ST. ANNS. C. M.

Dr. CROFT.

How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choicest rule im - parts To keep the conscience clean.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Spirited. HANDEL.

A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an immor-tal crown.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

Firm. PLEYEL.

$ FINE. D. C. $

While thee I seek protecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts [would soar:

D. C. Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed; That mercy I adore.

WARWICK. C. M.

Flowing style. STANLEY.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - scend-ing high; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye

BALAR C. M.

The spirit of God only can imbue our singers with a soul to sing this prayerful Hymn. Oh, that all may heed the Apostle's injunction, and "sing with the spirit and understanding also."

Earnestly.

1. Oh! for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame: A light, to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul re - fresh-ing view Of Jes - us and his word? Of Jes - us and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev - er fill, The world can nev - er fill.

HASTONE. C. M.

This movement is apt to become monotonous, if great care is not taken to accent properly.

Lively.

CODA.

1. Father of peace! and God of love! We own thy power to save; That power by which our Saviour rose Victorious o'er the grave. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, A-men.

2. We triumph in that Saviour's name, Still watchful for our good; Who brought th' eternal covenant down, And sealed it with his blood. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen

3. So may the Spirit seal our souls, And mould them to thy will; Our treacherous hearts no more shall rove, But keep thy covenant still. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

JAZER. C. M.

W. B. B.
By permission.

Flowing.

To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord, A grateful song I raise; O let the feeblest of thy flock At - tempt to speak thy praise.

Connected.

CARROLL. C. M.

Sing this smooth, firm, sustaining the short notes as well as the long ones their due length
Theme from Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words."

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our high priest a-bove; His heart is made of ten - der-ness, His bow - els melt with love. No. 1.

2. Touched with a sym-pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee-ble frame; He knows what sore temptations mean, For he has felt the same.

3. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Poured out his cries and tears, And in his measure feels afresh What eve - ry member bears. No. 2.

Spirited.

BURTON. C. M.

Let this be sung with the greatest energy, accenting strong, and the whole piece in the *sfz* or loud style.

1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And lift your voices high; Awake, and praise that sovereign love That shows salva-tion nigh. No. 1.

2. On all the wings of time it flies; Each moment brings it near: Then welcome each declining day; Welcome each clos - ing year.

3. Not many years their rounds shall run, Nor many mornings rise, Ere all its glories stand revealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes. No. 2.

Bold.

MORAVIAN. C. M. Double.

German.

FINE. D.C.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause;
Maintain the hon - or of his word, The glo-ry of his cross. } Je - sus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my trust Nor
D. C. will he put my hope to shame, Nor let my soul be lost.

TURNER. C. M.

Spirited.

Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours,

Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

Come, Ho-ly Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, Come, shed, &c. And that shall kindle ours,
Come, shed abroad a Sa - viour's love, And that shall kindle ours, And that shall kindle ours.

Come, shed abroad a Savionr's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

LOWER BEVERLY. C. M.

Gentle.

1. I love to steal awhile away From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day (Omit.....) In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen i - ten - tial tear,
And all his promises to plead(..... .....)Where none but God can hear.

MEMPHIS. Or CHELMSFORD. C. M.

Western Air.

1 O! how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai-ly my de - light; And thence my med-i ta-ions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.

Animated.

ARNO. C. M. Double.

Let the accent be strong, and the words be enunciated distinctly
Arranged at Rome.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends devout-ly say, "In Zi-on let us all ap- pear, "And keep the solemn day. I love her gates, I love the road,

2. Up to her courts, with joys unknown, The holy tribes re - pair; The Son of Da - vid holds his throne, And sits in judgment there. He hears our praises and complaints:

3. Peace be within this sacred place, And joy a constant guest! With ho-ly gifts and heavenly grace, Be her at - tendance blest. My soul shall pray for Zi-on still,

The church, adorned with grace, Stands like a palace built for God, To show his milder face. No. 1. No. 2.

And while his aw - ful voice Divides the sin-ners from the saints, We tremble, and re - joice!

While life or breath remains; Here my best friends, my kindred dwell, Here God, my Saviour, reigns. No. 3. No. 4.

Earnestly.

SOMERVILLE. C. M.

Time exact, and let the change to triple measure in the 2d line be done, so that each beat have the same time given it as in double.

My son, know thou the Lord thy God, Thy fathers' God obey; Seek his protecting care by night, His guardian hand by day, Seek his protecting care by night, His guardian hand by day

VALELAND. C. M.

Slow and solemnly.

Sing this in a gentle, subdued and pensive style.

1. Through sorrow's night, and danger's path A-mid the deepening gloom, We, soldiers of an in-jured King, Are marching to the tomb. No. 1.

2. There, when the turmoil is no more, And all our powers de-cay, Our cold remains in sol-i-tude Shall sleep the years a-way.

3. Our labours done, se-cure-ly laid In this our last re-treat, Un-heeded, o'er our si-lent dust, The storms of life shall beat. No. 2.

SALARIA. C. M.

Animated.

Procured in Italy, 1852.
Be careful not to hurry the quarter notes.

1. When verdure clothes the fer-tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray; And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the vernal day! How sweet the vernal day!

2. Hark! how the feathered warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheer-ful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice, And woods and fields rejoice.

3. How kind the influence of the skies! The showers, with blessings fraught, Bid virtue, beauty, fragrance rise, And fix the roving thought, And fix the rov - - ing thought.

TAPPAN. C. M. Or P. M., 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Glowing.

GEO. KINGSLEY, by permission.

As P. M. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast; 'Tis found alone in heaven.
As C. M. Behold the love, the gen-er-ous love, That ho-ly Da-vid shows; Behold his kind compassion move, Behold his kind compassion move For his af-flict-ed foes.

Spirited and energetic.

ZIMRI. C. M.

English tune.

1. Awake, ye saints, to praise your King, Your sweetest passions raise; Your pious pleasure, while you sing, Your pious pleasure, &c. Your pious, &c. Increasing with the praise.

2. Great is the Lord, and works unknown Are his divine employ; But still his saints are near his throne. But still his saints are near, &c. But still his saints, &c. His treasure, and his joy

3. Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand; He bids the vapors rise; Lightning and storm, at his command, Lightning and storm, &c. Lightning, &c. Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

FANE. C. M.

Andante Grazioso. Count six moderately for a measure.

Arranged from P. WINTER. Cantica Laudis. By permission

1. Soon as I heard my Father say, "Ye children seek my grace;" My heart replied with-out de - lay, "I'll seek my Father's face, I'll seek my Father's face."

2. Let not thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul a way: God of my life, I fly to thee, In each dis-tressing day, In each distress-ing day.

3. Should friends and kindred near and dear, Leave me to want or die; My God will make my life his care, And all my need sup-ply, And all my need sup - ply.

4. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your courage up; He'll raise your spirit, when it faints, And far ex-ceed your hope, And far exceed your hope.

OLD VICTORY. C. M.

Allegro.

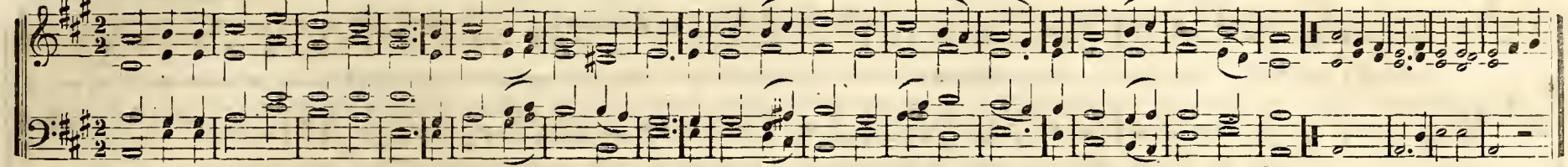
D. READ. Music for the Old Folks.

Solo. CHORUS.

Now shall my head be lift - ed high, A-bove my foes a - round; And songs of joy and vic-to-ry Within thy temple sound. Within thy temple sound Within thy temple sound.

DEDHAM. C. M.

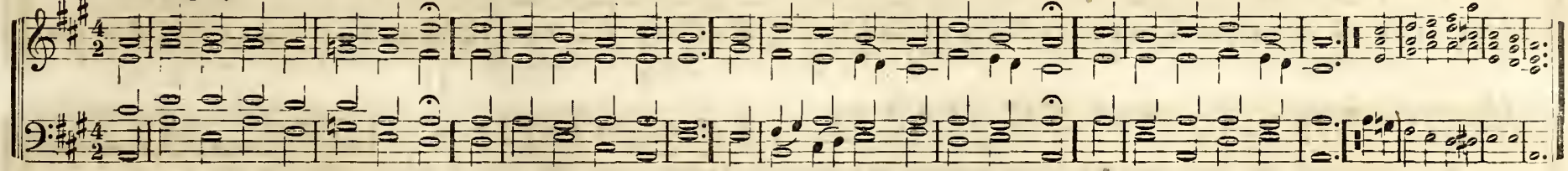
Not too fast. GARDNER.



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.

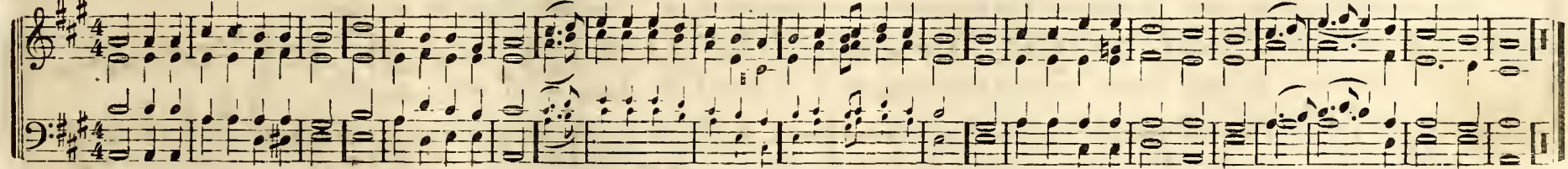
CANTERBURY. C. M.

With dignity. EDW. BLANKS.



With rev'rence let the saints ap-pear, And bow be - fore the Lord: His high commands de - vout-ly hear, And Trem -ble at his word.

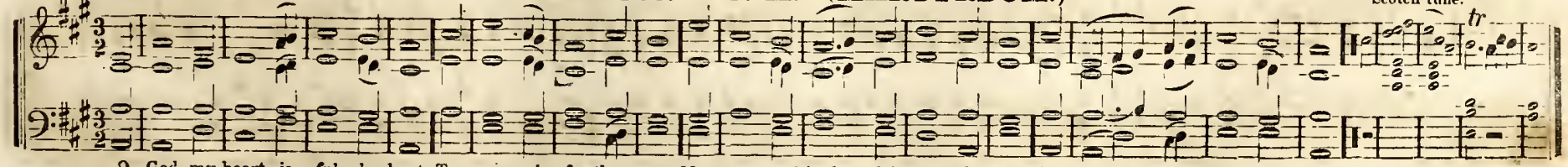
RINDGE. C. M.



Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an inviting voice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an in - vit - ing voice.

INVERNESS. C. M. (MARTYRDOM.)

Firm. (Treble and Tenor may change.) Scotch tune.



O God, my heart is ful - ly bent. To mag - ni - fy thy name; My tongue, with cheer-ful songs of praise, Shall cel - e - brate thy fame.

Ardent.

HOME DALE C. M. Double.

These double tunes, of which there are an unusually large number in this work, will be found useful when there are many verses to a hymn.

1. What shall I ren - der to my God, For all his kindness shown? My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address thy throne. 2. Among the saints who fill thy house,

3. How much is mer - cy thy delight, Thou ev - er bless - ed God! How dear thy servants in thy sight! How precious is their blood! 4. How happy all thy servants are!

5. Now I am thine, forever thine, Nor shall my purpose move; Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain, And bound me with thy love. 6. Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,

My offering shall be paid; There shall my zeal per - form the vows, My soul in anguish made, My soul in anguish made. No. 1.

How great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I de-vote to thee, Lord, I de-vote to thee.

And thy rich grace re - cord; Witness, ye saints, who hear me now, If I forsake the Lord, If I forsake the Lord. No. 2.

Moderato.

COSMER. C. M. Double.

Cantica Laudis, by permission.

1. Awake, ye saints, to praise your King, Your sweetest passions raise, Your pious pleasure, while you sing, Increasing with the praise.

2. Great is the Lord, and works unknown Are his divine employ: But still his saints are near his throne. His treasure [and his joy

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Spirited.

From the Surry Chapel Music.
Arranged from HANDEL.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; And heaven and nature sing..... And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let eve-ry heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and na - ture sing

Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing.

MOUNT HOPE. C. M.

Smooth and gentle.

This should not be boisterous, but gentle fullness should pervade the performance.

1. I wait-ed patient for the Lord; He bowed to hear my cry; He saw me rest - ing on his word, And brought sal - va - tion nigh. No. 1.

2. He raised me from a hor - rid pit, Where mourning long I lay; And from my bonds released my feet, Deep bonds of mi - ry clay.

3. Firm on the rock he made me stand, And taught my cheerful tongue To praise the wonders of his hand, In a new thankful song. No. 2.

LONE DELL. C. M.

Pensive.

Be careful of the accent. Let the words govern the accent rather than the music.

I love to steal a - while a - way From eve-ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In humble, grate-ful prayer.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Ardent. From the "Harp of the South."

1. O happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. No. 1.

2. O happy bond that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love; Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done, The great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice divine. No. 2.

FORUM. C. M.

Brilliant. The time should be exact, and the music animated.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

WAREHAM. C. M.

Allegro. First time Treble and Alto, Second time Tenor and Base. | FIRST TIME | SECOND TIME. | TUTTI. DR. ARNOLD

Oh praise the Lord with one consent, And mag - ni fy his name;
Let all the ser - vants of the Lord His wor-thy praise proclaim. } Let all the servants of the Lord His wor - thy praise proclaim.

MEAR. C. M.

Slow and firm.

O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say, "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day.

CLARENDON. C. M.

TUCKER.

What shall I ren - der to my God, For all his kindness shown! My feet shall vis - it thine a - bode, My songs ad - - dress thy throne.

BRIDGETON. C. M.

With ardor.

LEACH.

My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glo - ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights, And comfort of my nights.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

In chanting style.

Dr. ARNE.

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.

Not too fast.

AMMIEL. C. M.

There should be no interludes in this Hymn, but only barely sufficient to take breath between each verse.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by every foe, That will not tremble on the brink, That will not tremble on the brink Of an - y earthly woe!

2. That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chastening rod, But, in the hour of grief or pain, But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God;

3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt;

Spirited.

LACCUR. C.M.

Accent every other note where the quarter notes fill the measure.

1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high; A - wake and praise that sovereign love, That shows salvation nigh, Awake and praise that sovereign love That shows salvation nigh.

2. On all the wings of time it flies, Each moment brings it near: Then welcome, each declinihg day! Welcome each closing year! Then welcome each declining day! Welcome, each closing year!

3. Not many years their rounds shall run, Nor many morn - ings rise, Ere all its glo-ries stand revealed, To our admiring eyes. Ere all its glories stand revealed To our admir - ing eyes.

In chanting style.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Slow and gentle, and do not hurry the time.

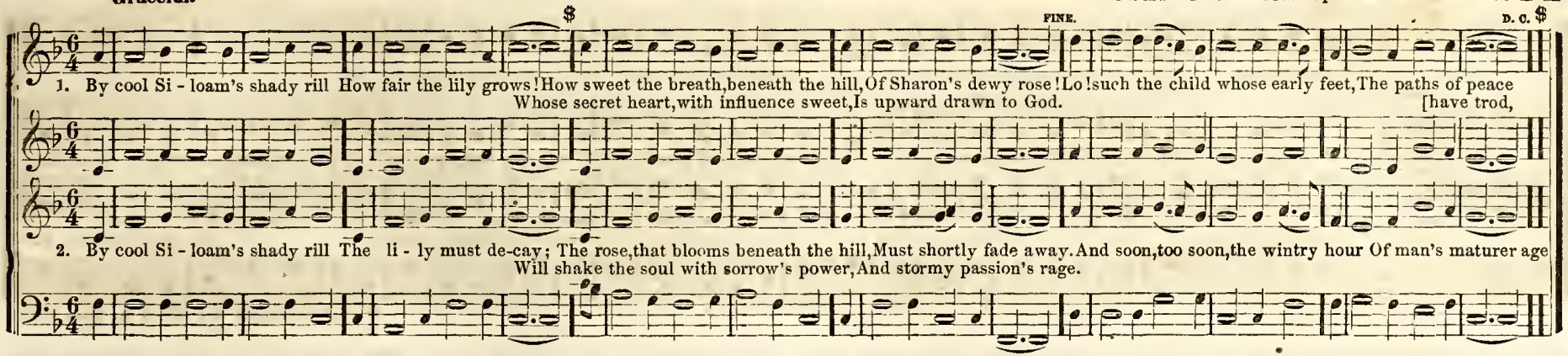
W. MARTIN.

O thou whose mercy guides my way, Tho' now it seem se-vere, Forbid my un - be - lief to say There is no mer-cy here.

Graceful.

CASSEL. C. M. Double.

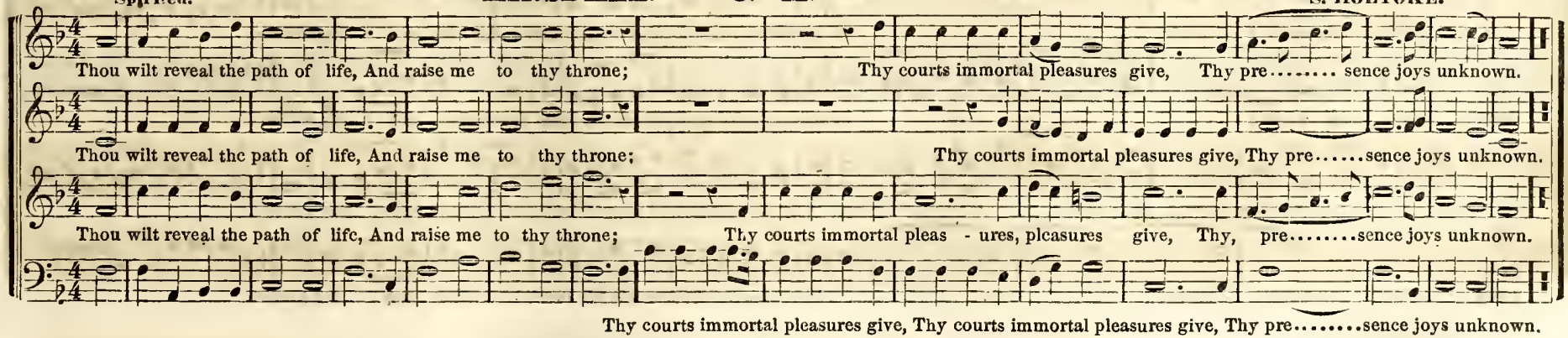
Great care should be taken not to sing too fast when the music is written in sextuple measure.



Spirited.

HINSDALE. C. M.

S. HOLYOKE.



Animated.

DENNACRE. C. M.

Accent lighty, do not hurry the time.
From the French of Provence.

Very fast.

OCEAN. C. M. Double.

Thy works of glo-ry, mighty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea, The sons of courage shall re-cord, Who tempt that dangerous way.

Thy works of glo-ry, mighty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt that dangerous way. At thy command the winds a- rise, And

Thy works of glo-ry, mighty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt that dangerous way. At thy command the

At thy command the winds a - rise, And

At thy command the winds arise, The men, astonished, mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

swell the towering waves;.... The men, astonished, mount the skies, and sink in gap - ing graves.

winds arise, And swell the towering waves: And swell..... the towering waves, The men, astonished, mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

swell the towering waves..... The men, astonished, mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.

Plaintive.

BALLSTON. C. M.

Commence firm, yet not loud, and crescendo to the end of 3d strain, then diminuendo to the end.

1 When ris - ing from the bed of death, O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear, I see my Ma ker face to face, O, how shall I ap - pear!

MAJESTY. C. M. Double.

With vigor.

The Lord de - scend - ed from a bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark.....ness of the sky.

The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark.....ness of the sky.

Full roy-al-ly he rode: And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad. No. 1.

On cherubs, and on cherubim, Full royally he rode; And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad. No. 2.

SPRING HILL. C. M.

Earnestly.

This tune may be used at the Prayer Meeting, but let the air end on F, and Tenor on A.

Dear Saviour. pros - trate at thy feet A guil - ty reb - el lies, And upward to thy mer-cy-seat presumes to lift his eyes, Pre - sumes to lift his eyes.

OPHRAH. C. M.

Firm and spirited.

Time exact and each note firmly sustained.

1. How sweet, upon this sacred day, The best of all the seven, To cast our earthly thoughts away, And think of God and heaven!

2. How sweet to be allowed to pray Our sins may be forgiven! With filial con - fi - dence to say, "Fa - ther,..... who art in heaven"!

3. How sweet the words of peace to hear From him to whom 'tis given To wake the pen - i - ten - tial tear, And lead the way to heaven!

SPRING. C. M.

Animated.

Much connected, and the execution very distinct.

Geo. STOWE.

1. When verdure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray; And fra - grance breathes in eve - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day. No, 1.

2. Hark! how the feathered warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re-joice.

3. How kind the influence of the skies! The showers, with blessings fraught, Bid virtue, beau - ty, fra - grance rise, And fix the rov - ing thonght. No. 2.

CARO. C. M.

Ardent.

Last line of 1st verse end rather soft, and loud the other verses

With joy we hail the sacred day Which God has called his own; With joy the summons we o bey, To worship at his throne, To wor - ship at his throne.

TOULON. C. M

Theme from a French melody.
Let the performance be staccato, and rather distinct in style.

Earnestly.

1. Now shall my sol - emn vows be paid To that al - migh-ty Power, Who heard the long requests I made, In my distressful hour, In my dis - tress - ful hour.

2. My lips and cheer-ful heart pre-pare To make his mer-cies known; Come ye, who fear my God, and hear The wonders he has done, The won-ders he has done.

3. When on my head huge sor-rows fell, I sought his heaven-ly aid; He saved my sink-ing soul from hell, And death's eternal shade, And death's e - ter - nal shade.

MAYANCE. C. M.

Let the tones be sonorous, but mellow and subdued, each part being well sustained.

Gently.

1. May I re - mem-ber, Lord, to thee, Whate'er I have I owe; And back, in grat - i - tude, from me, May all thy boun - ties flow. No. 1.

2. Thy gifts are on - ly then enjoyed, When used as tal - ents lent; Those tal-ents on - ly well employed, When in thy ser vice spent.

3. And though thy wisdom takes a-way, Shall I ar - raign thy will? No, let me bless thy name, and say, "The Lord is gra - cious still." No. 2.

COME. C. M.

With considerable animation and boldness, particularly in the Duett.

Animated.

Ye hearts with youthful vig - or warm, In smiling crowds draw near; And turn from every mortal charm, A Saviour's voice to hear. A Saviour's voice to hear.

Animated.

ATHENS. C. M. Double, or short anthem.

Let the unison passages be sung firm; and if anything, slower than when the parts are in harmony.

1. Come, happy souls, approach your God, With new, melodious songs; Come, render to almighty grace The tribute of your tongues. So strange, so boundless was the love, That pitied dying men, The Father sent his

2. Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed With a revenging rod; No hard commission to perform The vengeance of a God. But all was mercy, all was mild, And wrath forsook the throne, When Christ on mercy's

3. Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds, And wipe your sorrows dry: Trust in the mighty Saviour's name, And you shall never die. See, dearest Lord, our willing souls Accept thine offered grace; We bless the great Re-

Unison

CODA.

equal Son, To give them life again, To give them life, To give them life again. Hal-le - lu - - - jah! No. 1

errand came, And brought salvation down, And brought salvation down. Halle - lu - - - jah, Hal-le - lu - - - jah.

deemer's love, And give the Father praise, And give the Fa - - ther praise. Halle - lu - - - jah, Hal-le - lu - - - jah. No. 2.

Spirited.

DESMOND. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

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

Lively.

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

From the third heaven where God resides, That ho - ly, hap-py place, The new Je - ru - salem comes down, Adorn'd.....

From the third heaven where God resides, That ho - ly, hap-py place, The new Je - ru - sa -

From the third heaven where God resides, That ho - ly, hap-py place, The new Je - ru - sa-lem comes down, Adorn'd..... with

The new Je - ru - salem comes down, A - dorn'd..... with shining grace.

..... with shining grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorn'd with shin - ing grace, A - dorn'd with shining grace.

lem comes down, Adorn'd..... with shin - ing grace, Adorn'd with shin-ing grace, A - dorn'd with shin-ing grace.

shin-ing grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorn'd with shin-ing grace, A - dorn'd with shin-ing grace.

The new Je - ru - sa-lem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace.

Slow.

BANGOR. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears at - tend the cry; Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

Moderato.

MELBOURN. C. M.

English tune.

To thee, my righteous King and Lord, My grateful song I'll raise; From day to day thy works record, From day to day thy works record, From day, &c., And ever sing thy praise.

Gentle.

BYRNE. C. M.

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

Plaintive.

WINDSOR. C. M. or DUNDEE.*

From the Scotch Psalter, of 1615.

O, God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come; Be thou our guard, while troubles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

* "Perhaps DUNDEE'S wild warbling measures rise."—BURNS.

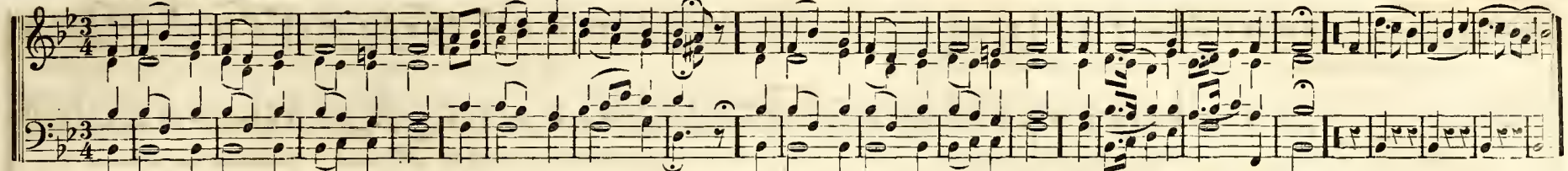
ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

English tune.

Je - sus, with all thy saints a - bove, My tongue would bear her part, Would sound a - loud thy sav - ing love, And sing thy bleed - ing heart.

ROBY. C. M.

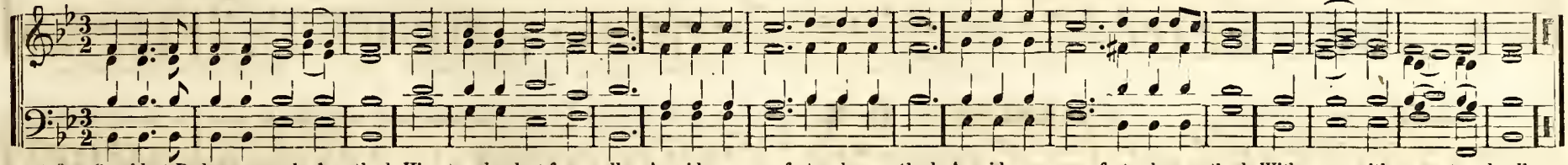
With gentleness. W**.



Re-turn, my soul, un - to thy rest, From God no Lon - ger roam; His hand hath boun-ti- ful - ly blest; His good-ness calls thee home.

UNITY. C. M. Or 8s & 6s. Or 8s, 6s & 4s.

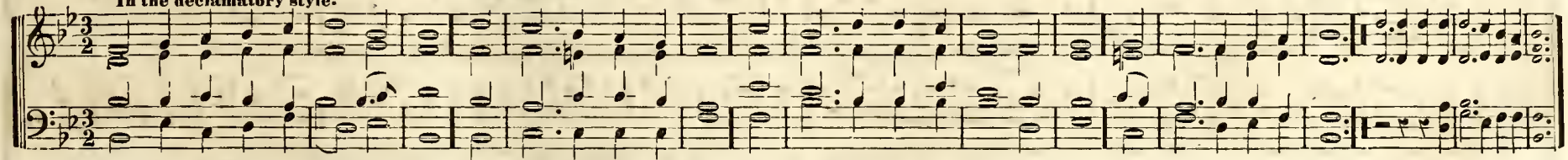
In chanting style. W**.



s,6s&4s. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed, His ten-der, last fare-well, A guide, a comfort-er bequeathed, A guide, a com - forter bequeathed, With us, with us to dwell.
8s&6s. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for eve - ry wounded breast; 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

MERTON. C. M.

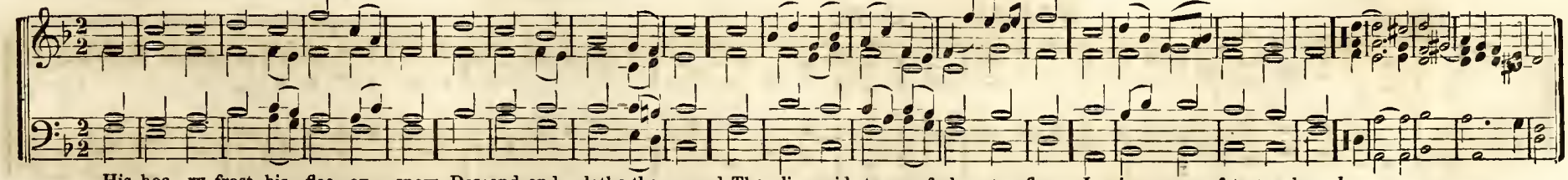
In the declamatory style. H. K. OLIVER.



Ye gol - den lamps of heaven! farewell, With all your fee-ble light; Fare-well, thou ev - er - changing moon, Pale empress of the night.

WINTER. C. M.

Bold and firm. D. READ.



His hoa - ry frost, his flee - cy snow, Descend and clothe the ground; The li - quid streams forbear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.

Lively.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

Music for the Old Folks.
J. INGALLS.

How long, dear Saviour, O, how long Shall this bright hour delay: Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day.

How long, dear Saviour, O, how long Shall this bright hour delay; Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day.

How long, dear Saviour, O, how long Shall this bright hour delay; Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day, And bring the welcome day.

Fly swifter round the wheel of time, Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day.

Ardent.

MANLEY. C. M.

Be careful not to slight the small notes when slured together

1. How wondrous great, how glo - rious bright Must our Cre - a - tor be! Who dwells amidst the dazzling light Of an e - ter - nal day! No. 1.

2. Our soar - ing spir-its up - wards rise To - ward his celestial throne; Fain would we see the blessed Three, And the al - mighty One.

3. Our rea son stretches all its wings, And mounts a - bove the skies: But still how far beneath thy feet Our grovelling reason lies! N. 2.

Spirited.

NARAH. C. M.

Staccato time exact— and cres. last line to *ff*.

Hail, great Crea-tor, wise and good! To thee our songs we raise: Nature, thro' all her various scenes, Invites us to thy praise, Invites us to thy praise.

HEAVEN. C. M. Double.

Ardent and glowing.

Let the words be recited with force and energy.
1840.

1. Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood, Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His praises tuned my tongue:

2. (In vain the tempter spreads his wiles, The world no more could charm; I lived upon my Saviour's smiles, And leaned upon his arm.) In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo - ry shine;

5. But now, when evening shade prevails, My soul in darkness mourns: And when the morn the light reveals, No light to me returns. My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise, For Jesus hides his face;

And when the evening shade prevailed, His love was all my song.

And when I read his ho - ly word, I call each promise mine.

I read, the promise meets my eyes, But will not reach my case.

SABBATH DAY.

Slowly.

1. How gently falls the gospel sound, On this thy ho - ly day, And points us out the way
It spreads a sacred peace around, (Omit .....)

2. The feathered tribes in notes so clear, The lowing herds around, In praising God are found.
The lit - tle in - sects buzzing near, (Omit.....)

JOMELLI. C. M.

Gentle.

I. B. WOODBURY. 1840.

1. See Israel's gen-tle Shepherd stand, With all - en - gag - ing charms: Hark! how he call the tender lambs, And folds them in his arms!

Spirited.

NAHASH. C. M. Double.

Commence Mezzo and cresendo to the end, speaking the words with the greatest distinctness.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights! In darkest shades if he ap - pear,
2. The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, While Je - sus shows his love is mine, And whispers, I am his. My soul would leave this heavy clay,
3. Fearless of hell and ghastly death, I break thro' eve-ry foe: The wings of love and arms of faith Shall bear me conqueror thro'. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,

My dawning is be - gun; He is my soul's bright morning star, And he my ris - ing sun.

No. 1. No. 2.

At that trans-port - ing word, And run with joy the shin-ing way, To meet my gra - cious Lord.

I break thro' eve - ry foe: The wings of love and arms of faith Shall bear me conqueror through.

No. 3. No. 4.

Earnestly.

AVIGNON. C. M.

This tunewas procured in the South of France, 1852.
Speak the words distinctly, and all the music should be rather staccato.

Long have we heard the joy - ful sound Of thy sal - va - tion, Lord; And still how weak our faith is found, And knowledge of thy word!

LEMUEL. C. M.

With great determination and force, speaking the words distinctly, and crescendo to the end.

Spirited.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Must I be car - ried to the skies

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? Sure I must fight, if I would reign;

3. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall con - quer, though they die; They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye. When that illustrious day shall rise,

On flow - ery beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas, And sailed through bloody seas?

In-crease my cour-age, Lord: I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by thy word. Sup - port - ed by thy word.

And all thy ar-mies shine In robes of vic-tory through the skies, The Glo - ry shall be thine, The Glo - ry shall be thine.

CREIL. C. M.

Be careful to give the syncopated notes with a gentle pressure tone, and not a force explosive tone.

Procured in Provence, France

Animated.

Lo, what a glo - rious sight appears, To our be-liev - ing eyes! The earth and seas are passed a-way, And the old roll - ing skies.

Animated.

GRENOBLE. C. M.

First heard in Aix, France.
Let this be sung smooth and connected.

1. A - wake, my heart, a - rise, my tongue, Pre - pare a tune - ful voice; In God, the life of all my joys, A - loud will I re - joice. No. 1.

2. 'Tis he a - dorned my nak - ed soul, And made sal - va - tion mine; Up - on a poor, pol - lu - ted worm, He makes his gra - ces shine.

3. And, lest the shad - ow of a spot Should on my soul be found, He took the robe the Saviour wrought, And cast it all around No. 2.

Spirited.

BALE. C. M.

Accent strong, tones full, and words distinct.
Paris, June 10, 1852.

Shout to the Lord, and let our joys Thro' the whole nation run; Ye western skies, resound the noise Beyond the rising sun, Beyond the rising sun, Beyond the ris - ing sun.

Shout to the Lord, and let our joys Thro' the whole nation run; Ye western skies, resound the noise Beyond the ris-ing sun, Be - yond the ris - ing sun.

Shout to the Lord, and let our joys Thro' the whole nation run; Ye western skies, resound the noise Beyond the rising sun, Beyond the rising sun, Beyond the ris - ing sun.

Dignified.

WANDERER INVITED. C. M.

By permission, from the Lute.

Re-turn, O wan - der - er re - turn, And seek thy fa-ther's face; Those new desires which in thee burn Were kindled by his grace, Were kin -dled by his grace

MONTGOMERY. C. M. Double.

Very spirited.

Early, my God, without de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints a-way, ... Without thy cheering grace. So

Ear-ly, my God, without de-lay, I haste to seek thy face: My thirsty spirit faints away, ... Without thy cheering grace. So pilgrims on the

Early, my God, without de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints a-way, ... Without thy cheering grace. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So pilgrims on the

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

scorch - ing sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream, ... Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling, &c. And they must drink, or die.

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

scorch - ing sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream ..... at hand, Long for a cooling, &c. And they must drink, or die.

ZANTE. C. M.

Animated.

Let the time be exact, and the voices thrown out with power, accenting strong.

Come, hum - ble souls, ye mourn - ers, come, And wipe a - way your tears: A - dieu to all your sad complaints, Your sorrows and your fears.

AZORE. C. M.

The first strain should be performed rather staccato, while the rest of the music should be much connected.

1. There's not a star whose twinkling light Il - lumes the dis - tant earth, And cheers the sol - emn gloom of night, But good-ness gave it birth.

2. There's not a cloud whose dews dis - til Up - on the parch-ing clod, And clothe with ver-dure vale and hill, That is not sent by God.

3. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In o - cean deep, or air, Where skill and wis-dom are not found; For God is eve - ry where.

VERGENNES. C. M.

Connected.

Let this music be performed in a very connected manner, and all the parts should be well sustained. It is one of those tunes in which the melody is to be heard at times in all the parts.

QUARTETT.

1. Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades To those bright worlds beyond the sky, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er in-vades!

2. There, joys unseen by mor-tal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray, In ev - er - blooming pros-pect rise, In ev - er- blooming prospect rise, Ex-posed to no de - cay.

3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine, To Guide our upward aim! With one re - viv-ing look of thine With one re - viv - ing look of thine Our languid hearts in - flame.

LENFEST. C. M.

Plaintive.

With tender sorrow and earnestness, yet withall, softly.

With tears of an - guish I la - ment, Here at thy cross, my God, My pas - sion, pride, and dis - con-tent, And vile in - grat i - tude.

WOODBURN. C. M.

When a Hymn has many verses, a chorister will do well to select double tunes written in chanting style. This beautiful hymn will allow of great expression in the performance.

Spirited.

1. Thou lovely source of true delight, Whom I unseen a - dore; Un-vail thy beauties to my sight, That I may love thee more. Thy glo-ry o'er cre - a-tion shines; But in thy sacred word,

2. 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop, And sins and sorrows rise, Thy love with cheering beams of hope, My fainting heart sup - plies. But ah! too soon the pleasing scene Is cloud-ed o'er with pain;

3 Je-sus, my Lord, my life, my light, Oh come with blissful ray, Break thro' the gloomy shades of night, And chase my fears a - way. Then shall my soul with rapture trace The wonders of thy love.

First Ending. **Second Ending.**

I read, in fair - er, brighter lines, My bleeding, dy - ing Lord, My bleeding, dy - ing Lord, *pp* No. 1.

My gloom-y fears rise dark be-tween; And I a - gain complain, And I a - gain complain,

Then shall I see thy glorious face (Omit.....) In end-less joy a-bove, In endless joy..... a - bove. No. 2.

GOUDAR. C. M.

Firm, and somewhat connected.

Let the last strain be deliberate and not hurried, as is too often the case with singers where the time is broken.

A - maz-ing sight! the Saviour stands And knocks at eve ry door! Ten thousand bless - ings in his hands, To sat - is - fy the poor.

Slowly.

HARLEM. C. M.

Be careful not to accent too strongly, and also not sing too fast

1. "Repent!" the voice ce-les-tial cries; No lon-ger dare de - lay: The soul that scorns the mandate dies, And meets a fiery day.

No. 1.

2. No more the sovereign eye of God O'erlooks the crimes of men, His heralds now are sent abroad To warn the world of sin.

3. O sinners, in his presence bow, And all your guilt confess; Accept the offered Saviour now, Nor trifle with his grace.

No. 2.

Lively.

FLORENCE. C. M.

Time exact, accent strong, and voices loud, should be the desideratum in this tune.

1. Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart, Inspire each life - less tongue: And let the joys of heaven impart Their influence to our song, Their influence to our song.

2. Sor-row and pain, and eve-ry care, And discord there shall cease; And perfect joy, and love sincere, Adorn the realms of peace, A - dorn the realms of peace.

3. The soul, from sin for-ev - er free, Shall mourn its power no more; But, clothed in spotless puri-ty, Redeeming love adore, Re-decm-ing love a - dore.

Animated.

GALENA. C. M.

In tunes when the Rhythm is in the sextuple measure, Great care should be taken not to sing it too fast.

When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

ELLA'S SONG. C. M.

This tune is particularly appropriate for prayer meetings, and the devotions of the domestic altar.

Flowing.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. No. 1.

2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fountain, in his day; O may I there, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its power, Till all the ransom'd church of God Are saved, to sin no more. No. 2.

CHAMPS ELYSEES. C. M.

FRENCH AIR
Strongly accented, and with great animation.

Lively.

D. C. Fine.

No. 1.

1. My God, my portion, and my love, My ev-er-last-ing all, } I've none but thee in heav'n a-bove, Or on this earthly ball } 2. What empty things are all the skies! And this in - fe - rior clod!

D. C. There's nothing here deserves my joys, There's nothing like my God.

No. 2.

DEVOTION. C. M.

1. Fa ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de - nies, Ac-cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.

Maestoso.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

CLARKE.

Sing to the Lord a new made song, Who wond'rous deeds hath done; With his right hand and holy arm, The conquest he hath won, The conquest he hath won, The conquest, &c.

Slowly.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

HASTINGS.

Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow,

Slowly.

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Melody.

O, hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's warn-ing voice, And who ce - les - tial wis-dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice!.....

Slow.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

No. 1. No. 2.

Why do we mourn de - part-ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.

Fast.

YATHER. C. M.

Do not sing this so fast as to make it appear frivolous, but let it be performed with dignity.

1. Oh for a shout of sacred joy To God, the sovereign king! Let every land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing, And hymns of triumph sing, And hymns of triumph sing.

2. Jesus, our God, ascends on high; His heavenly guards around Attend him rising thro' the sky, With trumpet's joyful sound, With trumpet's joyful sound, With trumpet's joyful sound.

3. While angels shout, and praise their king, Let mortals learn their strains; Let all the earth his honors sing; O'er all the earth he reigns, O'er all the earth, &c. O'er all the earth he reigns.

Spirited.

FENARA. C. M.

This tune should be sung with the greatest animation; if in a boisterous manner the effect will not be bad.

1. A - rise, ye peo - ple, and a-dore, Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Confess th' almighty Lord, Confess th' almighty Lord.

2. Glad shouts aloud, wide e - cho - ing round, Th' ascending God proclaim; Th' angelic choir respond the sound, And shake creation's frame, And shake creation's frame.

2. They sing of death and hell o'erthrown In that triumph-ant hour; And God exalts his conquering Son To his right hand of power, To his right hand of power.

Tenderly.

PHUVAH. C. M. Or 7s, 6s & 8s. Or 8s, 6s & 4s.

German choral.

As C. M. I love the Lord: he heard my cries. And pit - ied eve - ry groan; Long as I live when troubles rise, I'll has - ten to his throne.

Earnestly

ENQUIRY C. M.

Rapid and distinct, and accent not too soft.

1. Why is my heart so far from thee, My God, my chief de-light? Why are my thoughts no more by day With thee, no more by night? No. 1.

2. When my for - get - ful soul re-news The saviour of thy grace, My heart presumes I can - not lose The rel - ish all my days.

3. But ere one fleet-ing hour is past, The flattering world employs Some sensual bait to seize my taste, And to pol - lute my joys. No. 3.

Gentle, yet firm.

MAINEGER. C. M.

This beautiful tune should be sung firm, yet gentle

MAINEGER.

1. The Saviour! oh, what endless charms Dwell in the blissful sound! Its Influence eve-ry fear disarms, And spreads sweet peace around. And spreads sweet peace around.

2. Here par-don, life, and joys di - vine, In rich ef - fu - sion flow, For guil - ty rebels, lost in sin, And doom'd to end - less wo, And doom'd to end-less wo.

3 Oh, the rich depths of love di - vine, Of bliss, a boundless store! Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine; I can-not wish for more, I can - not wish for more.

Moderato.

GENEVA. C. M.

JNO. COLE.

When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul surveys, Transport - ed with the view I'm lost In won der, love, and praise.

Lively, and not too slow.

MORNING. C. M.

This should be sung in a most animated style, and cres. to the end.
Furnished for this work.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - cending high; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;— To thee lift up mine eye;—

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

3. Thou art a God before whose sight The wicked shall not stand; Sin-ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

Gentle and subdued.

RETIREMENT. C. M.

The Duett had better be sung by Solo voice, particularly if the choir is not well drilled.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far; From scenes where Satan wages still His most success-ful war. No. 1.

2. The calm re - treat, the si - lent shade, With prayer and praise agree; And seem by thy sweet bounty made For those who follow thee.

3. There, if thy Spir - it touch the soul, And grace her mean a - bode, Oh, with what peace, and joy and love, She communes with her God. No. 2.

Gentle.

HAGNER. C. M. Or 8s & 6s.

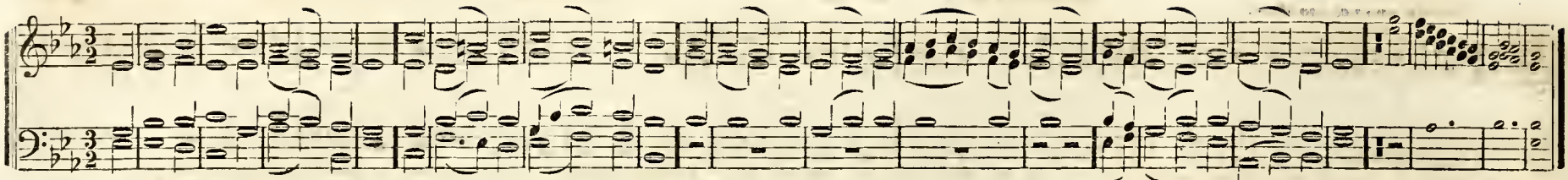
Gentle and sustained should be the style of this tune
GEO. STOWE.

C. M. There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with cares oppressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, When sighs and sorrowing, &c. And all be hushed to rest.

With fervor.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

Dr. WAINWRIGHT.

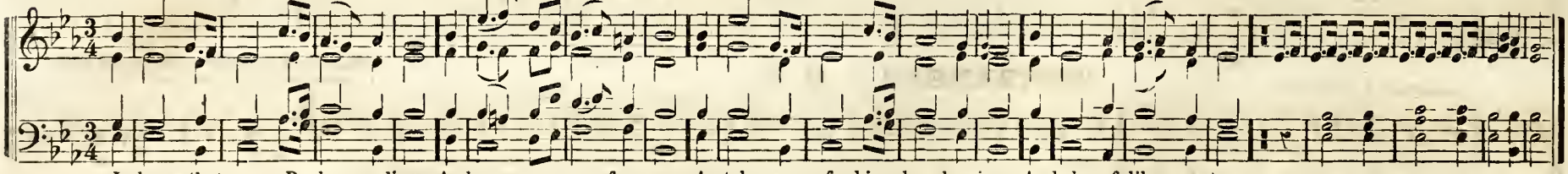


Awake, awake the sa - cred song To our In - car - nate Lord; Let eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue A - dore th' e - ter - nal Word.

Slow.

BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.

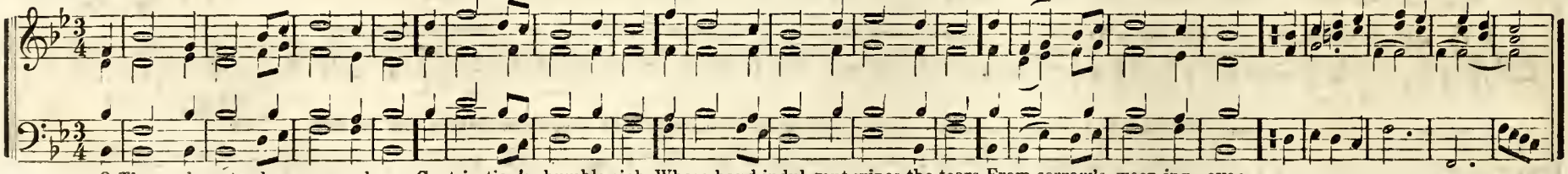


I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me: A tok - en of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.

Slowly.

MARTYRDOM, or AVON. C. M.

Scottish Tune.

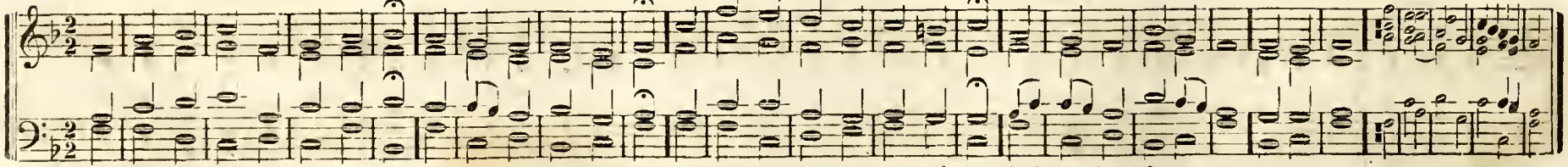


O Thou, whose tender mercy hears Contri - tion's humble sigh; Whose hand indul-gent wipes the tears From sorrow's weep-ing eye:

Choral

DUNDEE. C. M.

Thus: Or thus. Scottish.



Let not des-pair, nor fell revenge, Be to my bosom known; O, give me tears for oth - ers' woes, And pa- tience for my own.

Gentle.

LOUISA. C. M.

Let the time be exact, and music firmly sustained.
E. B. PIKE.

1. Dear Saviour! when my thoughts recall The won - ders of thy grace, Low at thy feet, asha med, I fall, And hide this wretched face. No. 1.

2. Shall love like thine be thus repaid? Ah! vile, ungrate-ful heart! By earth's low cares detained, betrayed From Jesus to..... de - part:—

3. From Je - sus, who a - lone can give True pleas - ure, peace, and rest: When absent from my Lord, I live Un-sat-is - fied, unblest. No. 2.

Gentle.

TIMNATH. C. M.

This should be sung with great gentleness, and in a very subdued and connected style.

1. Lord, teach thy servants how to pray With reverence and with fear: Tho' dust and ashes, yet we may, We must to thee draw near.

DUETT.

2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee; Give broken, contrite hearts; Give, what thine eye delights to see, Truth in the in-ward parts.

3. Give deep hu-mil - i - ty; the sense Of god - ly sor-row give; A strong, desir - ing con-fi - dence To see thy face and live.

With firmness.

IDALAH. C. M.

This beautiful hymn should be sung with great distinctness, and increased power to the end.

What shall I ren-der to my God For all his kindness shown? My feet shall visit thine abode, My feet shall vis - it thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.

Prompt and animated.

CHOPIN. C. M.

This truly noble hymn, imbued with heavenly love, should be sung with the greatest ardor and energy.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! Name ev-er dear to me! When shall my la-bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee, In joy, and peace, and thee?

2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pear-ly gates be-hold! Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold, And streets of shin - ing gold?

3. O, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end, And Sabbaths have no end?

Earnestly.

RAVINA. C. M.

Emphatic, and with great earnestness; the last line cres., and in exact time.

1. Sinner, the voice of God re - gard; His mer cy speaks to-day; He calls you, by his sovereign word, From sin's destruc - tive way. No. 1.

2. Like the rough sea, that can-not rest, Yon live de-void of peace; A thousand stings within your breast Deprive your soul of ease.

3. Why will you in the crooked ways Of sin and fol-ly go? In pain you trav-el all your days, To reap immortal woe. No. 2.

CHURCH. C. M.

Thou dear Re - deem-er, dy - ing Lamb We love to hear of thee; No mu-sic's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

BANKVILLE. S. M.

Spirited.

Animated and ardent, throughout the tune.
H. J. RUDD.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the churches his a - bode, His most delight-ful seat, His most de- light - ful seat.

2. In Zi on God is known, A re - fuge in distress: How bright has his salvation shone, Through all her pala - ces, Through all her pal - a - ces!

3. When kings against her joined, And saw the Lord was there, In wild con-fus-ion of the mind, They fled with hasty fear, They fled with hasty fear.

SACRED EVE. C. M.

Tender and gentle.

This world-renowned Hymn, The sweetest offspring of the American poets, should be sung in the most gentle and soothing manner. W**

1. I love to steal a-while a - way From eve - ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of set-ting day In humble, grate-ful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his prom-is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I a - dore.

RECORD. C. M.

Slowly.

1843. W**

I love the Lord; he heard my cries, And pit - ied eve - ry groan: Long as I live, when troubles rise, I'll hast - en to his throne

MARCELLUS. C. M.

Ardent.

Ardent and energetic, with considerable accent. Do not mistake the sentiment of the 2d verse; it ends *loud* instead of *soft*.

Jes - us, thy blessings are not few, Nor is thy gos - pel weak: Thy grace can melt the stub - born Jew, And bow th' as - pir - ing Greek.

ASMON. C. M.

GLASER.

Come, happy souls, approach your God With new me - lo - dious songs, Come, ren - der to al-migh - ty grace The tri - bute of your tongues.

CORELLI. C. M.

Slow and Gentle.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Frequent the day of God re - turns To shed its quick'ning beams, And yet how slow de - vo - tion burns, How languid are its flames!

DITSON. C. M.

Tenderly.

From the Timbrel.

O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame: A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb

Let each part be fully sustained, the Soprano being particular to sustain the higher notes without fear.

LUNA. S. M.

Majestic.

1. How honored is the place, Where we a - dor - ing stand, Zi - on, the glo - ry of the earth, And beau - ty of the land! No. 1;

2. Bulwarks of grace de - fend The ci - ty where we dwell; While walls, of strong sal - va - tion made, De - fy the assaults of hell.

3. Lift up th'e - ter - nal gates, The doors wide o - pen fling; En - ter, ye na - tions that o - bey The stat-utes of your King. No. 2.

NORWICH. S. M.

Music for the Old Folks
D. READ.

Legato.

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

My sor-rows like a flood, Im - pa-tient of restraint, In - to thy bosom, O, in-to thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.

My sor-rows like a flood, Im - pa-tient of re-straint, In - to thy bosom, O, in - to thy bosom, O my God, Pour ont a long complaint.

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

KELLA. S. M.

Spirited.

Accent strong, and crescendo to the end.

1. My soul, review the time In which my God I sought; I cried aloud for aid divine, And aid divine he brought; I cried a-loud for aid divine, And aid di-vine he brought

THE PROMISE S. M.

From the "Le..." by permission.

Very Spirited.

Je - sus we look to thee, Thy promised presence claim; Thou in the midst of us shalt be, Assembled in thy name, As - sem - - - - bled in thy name.

Js - sus, we look to thee, Thy promised presence claim; Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As-sembled in thy name, Assembled in thy name.

Je - sus, we look to thee, Thy promised presence claim; Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As-sembled in..... thy name, As - sem - - - bled in thy name.

Assembled in thy name, Assembled in..... thy name.

ASHER. S. M.

Loud and fast.

Very spirited, and animated to the end.

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye people of his choice; Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice. With heart, and soul, and voice.

2. Tho' high a - bove all praise, A - bove all blessings high, Who would not fear his holy name, And laud, and magnify? And laud, and mag - ni - fy?

3. Oh for the liv - ing flame From his own altar brought, To touch our lips, our minds inspire, And raise to heav'n our thought! And raise to heav'n our thought!

HENMAN. S. M.

Fast.

The accent should be strong and marked, and the whole tune sung with great energy.

Great God, at thy command Seasons in order rise: Thy power and love in concert reign Thro' earth, and seas, and skies. Thy power and love in concert reign Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

Spirited

Grace!'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, . Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the, &c.

Grace!'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo, &c., And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear. And all the earth, &c.

Grace!'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with, &c., Heav'n with the echo, &c., And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the, &c.

PARA. S. M.

Soft and spirited.

This tune should be sung with dignity and power throughout, and none but the most spirited sentiments should be used.

1. Far as thy name is known The world de-clares thy praise; Thy saints, O Lord, be - fore thy throne, Their songs of hon-or raise, Their songs of hon - or raise.

2. With joy thy peo - ple stand! On Zi - on's chosen hill, Pro-claim the wonders of thy hand, And counsels of thy will, And counsels of thy will.

3. Let strangers walk a - round The ci - ty where we dwell, Compass and view thine ho - ly ground, And mark the building well; And mark the building well.

SILVER STREET. S. M. Or 6s, 8s & 4s, by sluring last strain.

Frim.

S. M. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov' - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

6s, 8s & 4s. { Pro-claim the lof - ty praise Of him who once was slain, But now is risen, thro' end-less days To live..... and reign: He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with his blood, Enthroned a bove the farthest sky, Our Sa - - viour God.

Spirited.

AIN, or LONSDALE. S. M. Or Short Anthem.*

CORELLI.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets. Then let our songs abound, We're

Then let our songs abound, And eve-ry tear be dry;

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry, We'er

THIRDS

RICH. S. M.

F rm.

Let this be sung with strong accent, and the whole performance full and loud.

JOHN E. WALLIS.

marching thro' Emanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.

1. Awake, and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Wake, every heart and every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.

marching thro' Emanuel's ground To fairer worlds on nigh.

2. Sing of his dy - ing love; Sing of his ris - ing power; Sing how he intercedes a-bove, For those whose sins he bore.

* If used as an anthem, the second part may be repeated.

Allegro Spirituoso.

HARAS. S. M.

From the B. M. Ed. Soc. Coll.

The Prince of peace is come! Ye nations; shout and sing; Let men and an-gels join their songs To hail this glorious King, To hail this glo - rious King.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

Firm.

To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice: O, let me not be put to shame: Nor let my foes re-joice.

SANGER. S. M.

Firm.

O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

ST. BRIDES. S. M.

Dr. HOWARD.

And must this bo - dy die, This mor tal frame de - cay; And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?

BEDFORD. S. M.

Spirited.

2. Oh, cease! my wandering soul, On rest - less wing to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home

Spirited.

ALEPPO. S. M.

The time should be exact, and accent sufficiently marked; and the long notes in the last line sustained their length

1. God is the fountain whence Ten thousand blessings flow: To him my life, my health, and friends, And every good, I owe. No. 1

2. The comforts he affords Are neither few nor small; He is the source of fresh delights, My portion and my all.

3. He fills my heart with joy, My lips attunes for praise; And to his glo - - ry I'll devote The remnant of my days. No. 2.

Slow and gentle.

BANKOKE. S. M.

The Tenor of this tune should be sung exceedingly smooth, and the mellow tones of the head-voice alone should be used.

1. The pi - ty of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as ten - der parents feel: He knows our fee - ble frame.

2. He knows we are but dust, Scattered with eve - ry breath; His anger like a ris-ing wind, Can send us swift to death.

3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flower; When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

Slowly.

MARTYN. S. M. Double.

Accent strong and time exact, with full, sonorous tones.
E. B. PIKE.

Ye sinners, fear the Lord, While yet 'tis called to-day: Soon will the awful voice of death Command your souls away. Soon will the harvest close, The summer soon be o'er, And soon your injured, angry God, Will hear your prayers no more

RANEA. S. M.

Slow and tenderly.

This tune requires a smooth and cultivated base, if this requisite does not exist in a choir, they had better not attempt the tune.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down? And must my trembling spir - it fly In - to a world unknown. No. 1.

2. Waked by the trumpet's sound, I from the grave must rise, And see the Judge, with glo - ry crowned, And see the flam - ing skies.

3. How shall I leave my tomb?—With triumph or re - gret?—A fear - ful or a joy - ful doom—A curse, or bless-ing meet? No. 2.

CLAUDE. S. M.

Spirited.

Cres. to the end. Do not play an interlude between the 1st and 2d verse.

1. Welcome sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise: Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes! And these rejoie - ing eyes! No. 1.

2. Je-sus himself comes near, And feasts his saints today: Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray, And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day, a - mid the place Where God my Saviour's been, Is sweeter than ten thousand days, Of pleasure and of sin, Of pleasure and of sin. No. 2.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Spirited.

A. WILLIAMS.

My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.

Slowly.

SOIR. S. M.

This fine old melody is sung throughout our country, and is as well adapted to the Family Devotion as to the Prayer Meeting

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O may I well re-mem - ber now, The night of death draws near.

2. Lord, keep me safe this night, Se - cure from all my fears; May an - gels guard me while I sleep, Till morning light appears.

3. And when I ear - ly rise, To view th' unwearied sun, May I set out to win the prize, And af - ter glo - ry run.

Spirited.

OBERNINTER. S. M.

The time should be exact, and every part sustained firmly. From the French of Oberninter.

1. With willing hearts we tread The path the Saviour trod; We love the example of our Head, The glorious Lamb of God, The glorious Lamb of God.

2. On thee, on thee a-lone, Our hope and faith..... re - ly, O thou who didst for sin atone, Who didst for sinners die, Who didst for sinners die.

3. We trust thy sac-ri-fice; To thy dear cross we flee; O, may we die to sin, and rise To life and bliss in thee, To life and bliss in thee.

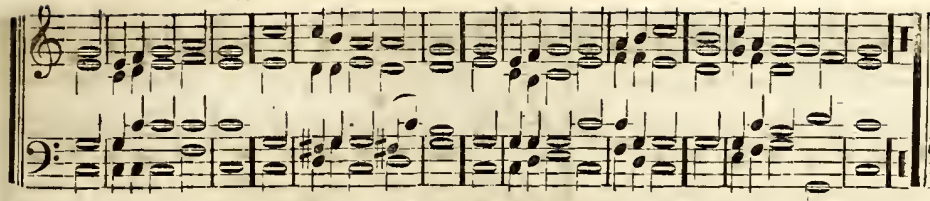
WESTMINSTER. S. M.

Dr. BOYCE.

Not with our mor tal eyes Have we be - held the Lord; Yet we re-joice to hear his name, And love him in his word.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

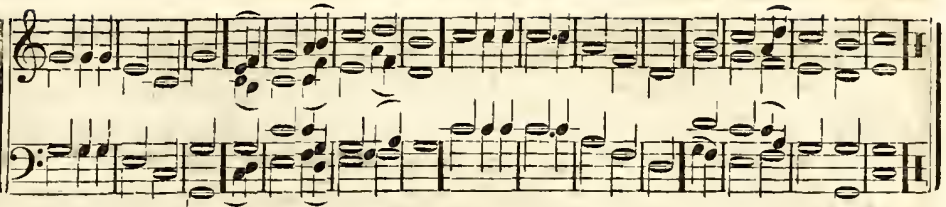
L. MASON.



Our days are as the grass, Or like the r...ing flow'r; When blasting winds sweep o'er the field It withers [in an hour.

CLAPTON. S. M.

JONES.

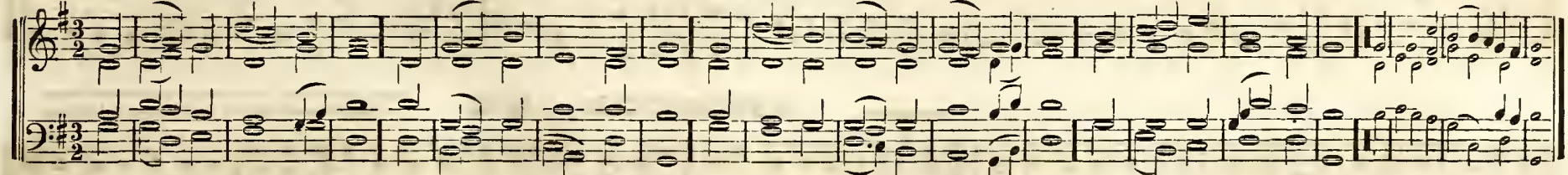


Thy name, Almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands, Great is thy grace, And sure thy word, Thy [truth for ever stands

THACHER. S. M.

Firm.

HANDEL.

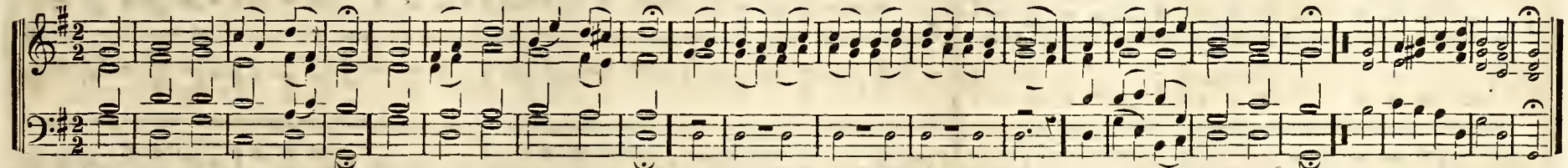


To God, In whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; O, let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Glowing.

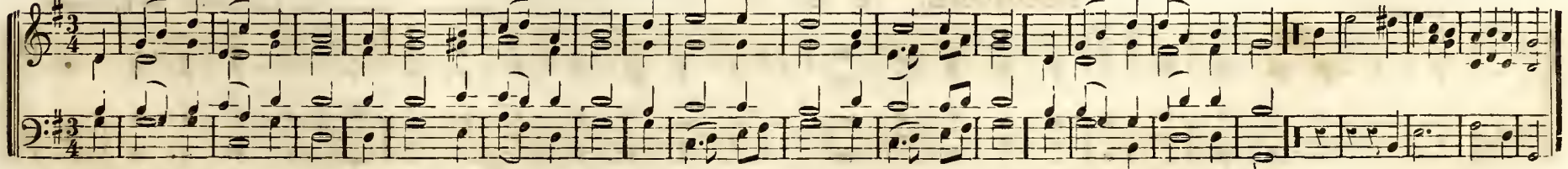
STANLEY



Be - hold! the morn-ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams thro' all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.

HUMBLENESS. S. M.

Connected.



In sor - row I la - ment, Be - fore thy feet, my God, My pas - sion, pride, and dis - con - tent. My vile in - grat - i tude

With gentleness.

WILLABY. S. M.

The greatest care is necessary that the last two lines of this tune may not be hurried. It should be ritando rather than accelerando.

1. The Lord my shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied; 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 a - stray, He doth my soul reclaim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most holy name.

MON. S. M

1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well sup-

2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pasture

2. If e'er I go as-tray, He doth my soul re-

plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?

grows; Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most holy name.

Energetic.

EBBERFIELD. S. M.

Great animation, strong accent and sonorous tones, should characterize the performance of this tune.

1. Who can forbear to sing, Who can refuse to praise, When Zion's high, celestial King His saving power displays?

When sinners at his feet, By mercy conquer'd, fall? When grace, and truth, and justice, meet, And peace unite them all?

Who can forbear to praise Our high, celestial King, When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace Invites our tongues to sing?

Andante.

LEONORE. S. M.

By permission. Arranged from BEETHOVEN. By L. MASON.

The day is past and gone, The even - ing shades ap-pear; Oh, may I ev - er keep in mind, The night of death draws near

Spirited.

HURON. S. M.

This piece will be found useful as a drill tune, to bring out the highest notes in the Soprano. Arranged from a celebrated French melody.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne. No. 1.

2. The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.

3. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, To fairer worlds on high. No. 2.

Tenderly.

BRISTOL. S. M.

Let this be sung in a very gentle manner, gradually cres. as the words and music require. Arranged from an ancient chant.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, No. 2.
The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Re-deem -er saved With his own precious blood, With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God; No. 2.
Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand, And gra - ven on thy hand.

Rather slow, and in exact time.

MAZZAROTH. S. M.

From Carmina Sacra by permission.
From BLANGINI.

Be - hold! the morning sun Begins his glo - rious way; His beams thro' all the na tions run, And life and light con - vey, And life and light con-vey.

Crescendo to the end.

WILMINGTON. S. M.

Bold, energetic, and with great power and accent.

1. He comes! the conqueror comes! Death falls beneath his sword, The joy-ful prisoners burst the tombs, And rise to meet their Lord, And rise to meet their Lord.

2. The trumpet sounds, "Awake! Ye dead, to judgment come!" The pil-lars of cre - a - tion shake, While man receives his doom, While man receives his doom.

3. Thrice hap-py morn for those Who love the ways of peace: No night of sorrow e'er shall close, Or shade their perfect bliss, Or shade their per - fect bliss.

Bold.

MANCHESTER. S. M.

This should be sung with energy, and not too slow. Accent to suit the words.

1. Servant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved em-ploy; The bat - tle fought, the vic-tory won, En - ter thy Master's joy.

2. The voice at midnight came, He started up to hear; A mor - tal ar - row pierced his frame, He fell, but felt no fear.

3. The pains of death are past, Labour and sor - row cease; And, life's long warfare closed at last, His soul is found in peace.

Bold and spirited.

ARDOR. S. M.

From the Dulcimer, by permission.

Our Captain leads us on; He beckons from the skies; He reach-es out a star-ry crown, And bids us take the prize, And bids us takes the prize.

TALLIS.* S. M.

TALLIS, 1560.

O all ye praise the Lord, Each with a different tongue; In every language learn his word, And let his name be sung.

* This tune may be performed with good effect, in a responsive manner; the first and third lines (Treble part) being sung by a single voice, male or female, and the second and fourth lines in chorus.

DOVER. S. M.

Moderate.

Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the churchs

RAHAM. S. M.

English.

his abode, His most delightful seat.

Spirited.

Every part in this piece of music should be fully sustained, and no choir should attempt it if the parts are not well balanced.

How sweet to bless the Lord, And in his prais - - - es join, With saints his goodness to re - cord, And sing his power di - vine!

ELOU. S. M.

Ardently.

There should be no "break" in this tune; and one strain should, as it were, flow into another

Hail to the Sab - bath day! The day di - vine - ly given, When men to God their homage pay, And earth draws near to heaven, And earth draws near to heaven.

SCARBOROUGH HILL. S. M.

The Lord my Shep-h d is; I shall be well sup plied; Since he is mine and I am his What can I want be side!

ALLEGRO.

AURORA. S. M.

Music for the "Old Folks." Morning Hymn. or Short Anthem.
WM. BILLINGS.

A - wake, my soul, a - wake, A - wake, look up and view The glo - rious sun, who has be - gun His dai - ly task a - new,

HYMN FINE.

CODA. ANTHEM.

The glorious sun, who has begun His dai- ly task a - - new, His dai - ly task a - new..... His dai-ly task a - new.

The glorious sun, who has begun His dai - ly task a - new, The glo - rious sun, who has be - gun His dai-ly task a - new.

The glorious sun who has begun, The glorious sun who has be - gun His dai - - - - - - ly task a - new.

The glorious sun who has begun, The glorious sun who has begun His dai - - ly, dai - - ly, dai - - - - - - ly task a - new.

MECHAL. S. M.

With great animation; cres. to the end.

Oh! bless the Lord, my soul, Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose favors are divine, Whose fa - vors are di - vine

WARTON. S. M.

Lively.

Sing with energy, and cres. to the end
Arranged from a French air.

1. How honored is the place Where we a - dor-ing stand ! Zion, the glory of the earth, And beauty of the land. And beauty of the land.

2. Bulwarks of grace de - fend The ci - ty where we dwell, While walls, of strong salvation made, Defy th' assaults of hell. Defy th' assaults of hell.

3. Lift up th' e-ter - nal gates; The doors wide op - en fling; Enter, ye na-tions that o-bey The statutes of your King, The statutes of your King.

HOIMAH. S. M.

Slow and mournfully.

1. How heavy is the night That hangs upon our eyes,

2. Our guilty spirits dread To meet the wrath of Heaven:

3. Unholy and impure Are all our thoughts and ways:

The first two lines subdued, Cres.
3d line, and Dim. fourth.

Till Christ, with his reviving light, O'er our dark souls a-rise, O'er our dark souls a-rise!

But, in his righteousness arrayed, We see our sins forgiven, We see our sins forgiven.

His hands in-fect - ed nature cure With sanc-ti-fy-ing grace, With sancti - fy - ing grace.

EGLAH. S. M.

Calmly.

First, second and fourth lines quite connected,
but the third line bold and accent strong.

1. If on a quiet sea Toward heaven we calmly sail, With greatful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the favoring gale

2. But should the surges rise, And rest delay to come, Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.

3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield at thy control: Thy tender mercies shall illume The midnight of the soul.

ALLEINE. S. M.

Bold.

Firm and energetic, accenting strong.
E. B. PIKE.

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise: The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.

Slow.

CHILDS. S. M.

By permission, from the Cantica Laudis.
Z. ZUNDEL.

1. Oh cease! my wand'ring soul, On restless wing to roam; All this wide world to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Behold the ark of God, Behold the o-pen door; Oh! haste to gain that dear abode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt abide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And every longing sat-is-fied, With full salvation blest.

VIENNA. S. M. Or P. M

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my Guide,

2. To ever-fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows,

P.M. The God of Abram praise, Who reigns enthroned above,

I bid farewell to every fear; My wants are all supplied.

His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet [repose.

Ancient of everlasting days, And God of love.

With fervor.

JUDD. S. M.

W**

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

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

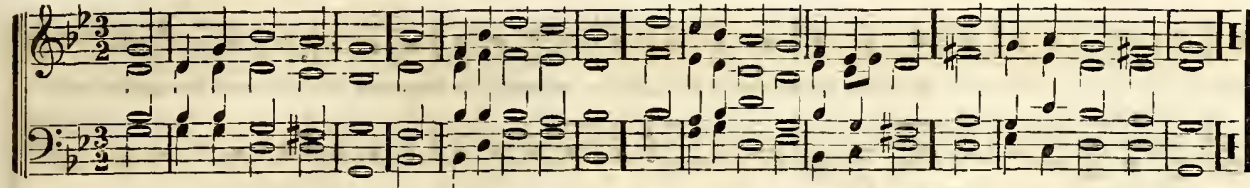
3. The smilings of thy face, How amiable they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace; And nowhere else but there

Spirited.

ORRINGTON. S. M.

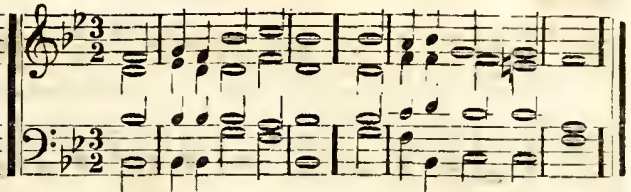
The Spir - it. in our hearts. Is whispering, 'Sin - ner, come:' The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims, To all his chil - dren, 'Come

Plaintive. **ST. BRIDE'S. S. M.** DR. HOWARD. 1670.



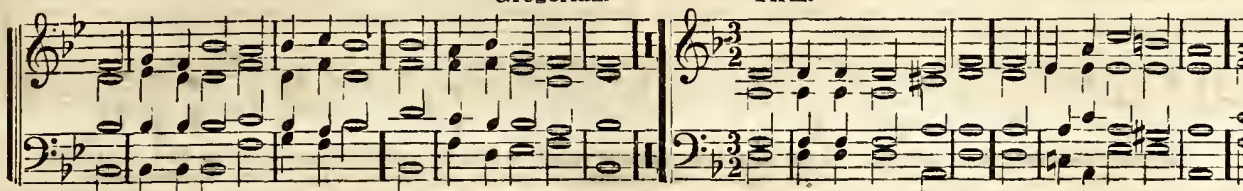
From lowest depths of wo, To God I send my cry; Lord, hear my supplicating voice, And graciously re - ply.

Chant. **OLMUTZ. S. M.**



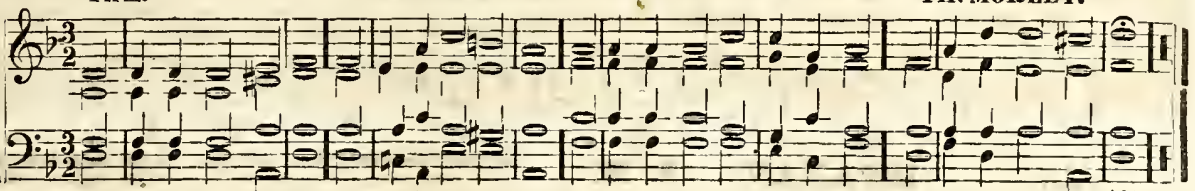
Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take,

Gregorian.



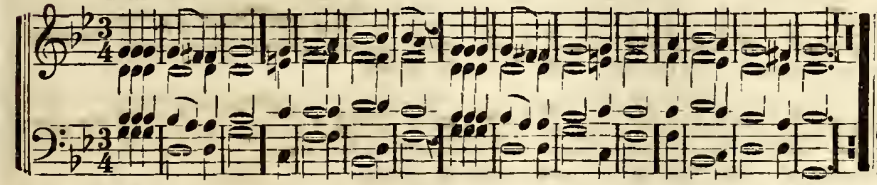
Loud, to the praise of Love divine, Bid every string awake.

Firm. **SUNBURY. S. M.** TH. MORLEY.



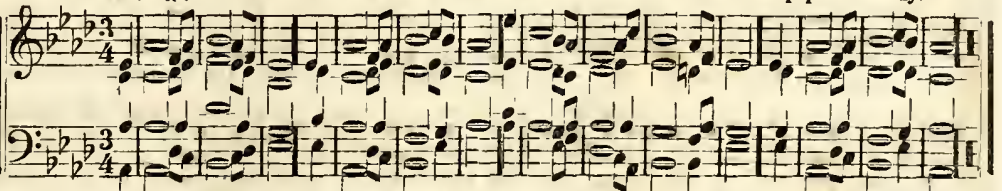
To bless thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord incline; And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

Plaintive. **CORELLI. S. M.** CORELLI.



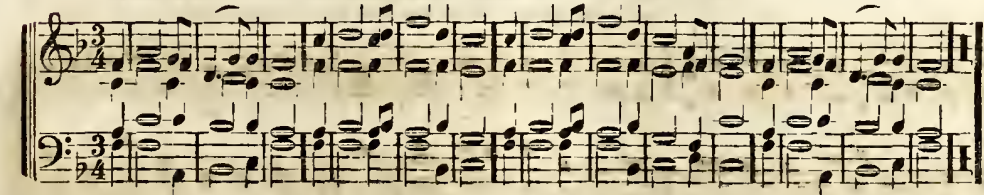
When overwhelmed with grief, My heart within me dies, Helpless and far from all relief, To heaven [I lift my eyes.

slowly. **SANDUSKY. S. M.** Old popular Melody.



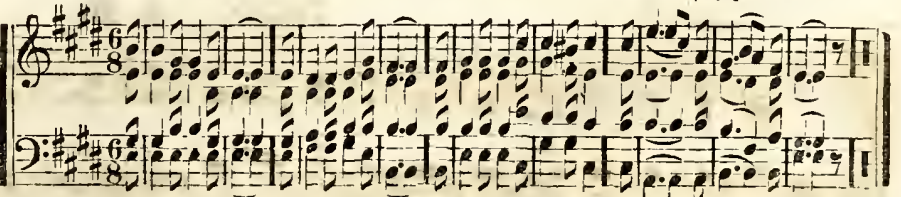
A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy, A never - dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

Slow. **GOLDEN HILL. S. M.** Western Tune.



Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that above

Adagio. **LANDS. S. M.** Cantica Landis, by permission.



How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

CONCORD. S. M.

Music for the "Old Folks."

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sacred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Before we reach the heavenly fields.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sacred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Before we reach the heavenly fields.

Lively.

ISPAHAN. S. M.

Let the voices come out full and firm. Do not resort to the common fault of singing the word "whispering," in the 2d line, 1st verse, soft, but proclaim the *sentiment* in the highest notes of praise, for surely it ought to tell of joy to every benighted heart.

1. The Spir-it, 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 a-bout him, "Come;" Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the fountain come.

3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, O, let him free - ly come, And free-ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.

Gentle.

JEDO. S. M.

In this tune all the parts should be well sustained as a choir tune, but in the Prayer Meeting the Air and Base may be used, alone.

My son, know thou the Lord: Thy Fath-ers' God o - bey: Seek his pro-tect-ing care by night, His guardian hand by day.

ROSA. S. M.

The singers will observe that the second and third words or syllables of the last line of each verse must be repeated, in order to agree with the music

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious name to sing, To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring; And grateful, 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, Still on the, 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, And in thy, in thy name re-joice.

ATLAND. S. M.

Cantica Laudis: by permission.

Firm and Spirited.

1. How honor'd is this place, Where we a - dor - ing stand, Zi - on,.....the glory of the earth, And beau - ty of..... the land!

2. Bulwarks of grace de - fend The ci - ty where we dwell, While walls,.....of strong salvation made, De - fy.... th' assaults..... of hell.

3. Lift up th' e - ter-nal gates, The doors wide o - pen fling, En - ter..... ye nations that o - bey The stat - utes of..... your King.

DORIA. S. M.

If the interludes are wholly omitted in this Hymn, so much the better. The sentiment of many delightful poems are entirely destroyed by long interludes.

Very Spirited.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this re-viv-ing breast And these rejoicing eyes, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

If these two lines are too high for the Tenor, let the Alto sing the small notes

PIETRO. S. M

Crescendo to the end of third line, and then dim.

Careful.

1. Ye trembling captives, hear! The gos-pel trumpet sounds: No mu - sic more can charm the ear, Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trumpt of war, Nor Sinai's aw - ful roar; Sal - va-tion's news it spreads a - far, And vengeance is no more.

3. For - give-ness, love, and peace, Glad heaven aloud proclaims; And earth the Ju - bi - lee's release, With ea - ger rap-ture, claims.

BELVIDERE. S. M.

When there are slurred notes to one word, be careful and execute them distinctly. Cres. the third line.

Gentle, yet earnest.

1. Oh, cease! my wandering soul, On rest - less wing to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, All this wide world, to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door; Oh! haste to gain that dear abode, Oh! hast to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And every longing sat-is - fied, And eve-ry longing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va tion blest.

FOUNDER'S HALL. S. M.

T. WALKER.

Oh bless the Lord my soul! His grace to thee proclaim And all that is with - in me join To bless his ho-ly name, To bless his ho-ly name.

HANTS. S. M.

English Tune.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please, Thro' all their ac-tions run, Thro' all their actions run.

2. Blest is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet, Make their communion sweet.

3. Thus, when on Aaron's head They poured the rich per - fume, The oil down to his raiment spread, And pleasure filled the room, And pleasure filled the room.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

Western Air. From the Presbyterian Psalmodist.

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

2. The God that rules on high, And thunders when He please, That rides upon the stormy sky, And manages [the seas.

2. This awful God is ours, Our Father and our love; He shall send down his heavenly powers To carry us above.

AMBROSE. S. M.

Gentle. From a Gregorian Chant

1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower; When blasting winds sweep o'er the [field, It withers in an hour.

2. But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure, And children's children ever find Thy words [of promise sure.

NAPOLI. S. M.

Spirited.

Very animated, and time prompt. Be careful to sing the four sixteenths, in the last strain of the Soprano, distinct.

Lord, what our ears have heard, Our eyes de - light - ed trace; Thy love in long suc - cession shown To Zi - on's cho-sen race. To Zi - on's cho - sen race

Lively.

WORCESTER. S. M. Double. Or Short Anthem.

WOOD.

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, Who bring salvation, &c., And words, &c. How charming, charming is their voice!

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, Who bring salvation, &c., And words, &c. How charming, charming is their voice!

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, Who bring salvation, &c., And words, &c. How charming, charming is their voice!

How sweet their tidings are! Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here.

Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and triumphs here. Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns, &c.

How sweet their tidings are! Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns, &c.

Zion behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zion behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns &c.

With tenderness.

OZREM. S. M.

How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your burden on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

Lively.

MANSFIELD. S. M.

Sold and sprited; time exact
E. B. PIKE.

1. The Spirit, in our hearts, Is whispering "Sinner," come; The bride, the church of Christ proclaims To all his children, "Come." [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, To, &c.

FARNESWORTH. S. M.

Tenderly.

1. And shall I sit alone, Oppressed with grief and fear?

2. If he my Father be, His pity he will show;

The gradual swell and (cres. and dim.) will have a good effect in this tune. H. J. RUDD.

To God, my Father make my moan, And he refuse to [hear?

From cruel bondage set me free, And inward peace [bestow.

Confidingly.

NIPHON. S. M.

Let the tones be full and sonorous, the high notes being given firm, yet not in a screaming tone.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud, to the praise of love divine, Bid eve-ry string a - wake.

2. Tho' in a for-eign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above We eve-ry moment come.

Allegretto Resoluto.

VERNY. S. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

Re - joice in Je - sus' birth, To us a Son is given; To us a child is born on earth, Who made both earth and heaven, Who made both earth and heaven

Slow and gentle.

LAKE ENON. S. M.

Smooth, connected; Accent slight, and no interludes. W**

1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd, and my guide, I bid farewell to eve-ry fear; My wants are well supplied.

2. To ever fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wandering feet restore; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove no more.

Slow.

CROMFIX ST. S. M.

1. How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are!

2. His bounty will provide, His saints se - cure-ly dwell;

3. Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind:

Be careful not to accent strongly; also, do not hurry the time.

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

That hand which bears creation up Shall guard his children well.

O, seek your Heavenly Father's throne, And peace and comfort find.

Slow and sustained.

HOPPIN. S. M.

Be careful not to hurry the time in the Duett.

1. Oh, cease! my wand'ring soul, On restless wing to roam: All this wide world to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Behold the ark of God, Behold the open door; Oh! haste to gain that dear abode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt abide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And every longing satisfied, With full salvation blest.

* First time, Soprano and Alto; 2d time, Tenor and Base, this Duett.

Glowing.

LISBON. S. M.

READ.

Welcome sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoiceing eyes, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD." S. M. Double.

1. "For-ev - er with the Lord!" Amen, so let it be; Life for the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mortal - i - ty Here in the bo-dy pen., Absent from Him I roam;

2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near! At times, to faith's as-pir-ing eye, Thy gold-en gates ap-pear! Ah, then my spirit faints, To reach the land I love;

3. Yet doubts still in-ter - vene, And all my comfort flies; Like Noah's dove, I flit between Rough seas and stormy skies. A-non the clouds depart, The winds and waters cease;

Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near - er home, near-er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.

The bright in - her i-tance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove, home a - bove, home a - bove, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart, Ex-pands the bow of peace, bow of peace, bow of peace, Ex-pands the bow of peace.

* Sing the small note, if this cannot be given clear and flute-like.

Gentle and soft.

DEPTFORD. S. M.

How gen-tle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord And trust his con-stant care.

Firm and Animated.

LOTAH. L. M. 6 Lines.

Do not hurry the time in the 3d. 4th and 5th lines; singers are too apt to do this when the notes appear short to the eye.

1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but reflections caught from thee; Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

2. When day, with farewell beam, delays Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze, Thro' opening vistas, into heav'n, Those hues that mark the sun's decline, So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3. When night, with wings of starry gloom, O'ershadows all the earth and skies, Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So grand, so connt- [less, Lord, are thine.

Bold.

REED. L. M. 6 Lines.

Time prompt and accent strong.

1st. 2d.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye: } eye: My noonday walks he shall at - tend, And all my midnight hours defend.

2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountains pant, To fer - tile vales and dewy meads, My weary wandering steps he leads, } lead, Where peaceful riv - ers, soft and slow, A-mid the verdant landscapes flow.

Lively.

ALFRETON. L. M.

W. BEASTALL.

The Lord is come; the heavens proclaim His birth; the na-tions learn his name; An unknown star directs the road Of east - ern sa ges to their God

WATERS. 1st P. M. (6 Lines 8s). Or L. M. 6 Lines.

1. Messi-ah, joy of every heart, Thou, thou the King of glory art; The Father's everlasting Son: Thee it delights thy Church to own; For all our hopes on thee depend, Whose glorious

2. When thou hadst rendered up thy breath, And, dying, drawn the sting of death, Thou didst from earth triumphant rise, And ope the portals of the skies; That all who trust in thee a-lone, Might fol - low,

3 Seated at God's right hand again, Thou dost in all thy glo - ry reign; Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine In all the at - tri-butes di-vine; And thou with judgment clad shall come, To seal our

mercies never end.

And partake thy throne

ev - er-lasting doom.

SAUNDERS L. M. 6 Lines. Or 8s & 7s peculiar, by omitting the 1st note to the 5th strain

Earnestly.

O, let my trembling soul be still, While darkness veils this mortal eye, } I can - not, Lord, thy purpose see; Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.
And wait thy wise thy ho - ly will: Wrapped yet in fears and mystery, }

The voice of my Be-loved sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds: } Gently doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come away."
He flies ex - ult-ting o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport fills: }

GOSHEN. L. M. 6 Lines.

Pastorale. Fine. D. C. Fine.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And guard me with a shepherd's care; (Omit.....) His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend, (Omit.....) And all my midnight hours defend.

Energetic.

DEMONTI. L. P. M.

This excellent tune, which is from De Monti's Mass should be sung with the greatest energy

1ST TIME SOPRANO, 2ND TIME TENOR & BASS.

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last, Or Im - mor - tal - i - ty endures.

2. How blest the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God, he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.

Spirited.

RECHAB. L. P. M.

With strong accent and animation.

1. Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing a psalm of lof-ty praise, To sing and bless Jehovah's name; His glo-ry let the heathen know, His wonders to the nations show, And all his saving works proclaim.

2. Oh haste the day, the glorious hour, When earth shall feel his saving power, And barbarous nations fear his name: Then shall the race of man confess The beauty of his holiness, And in his courts his grace proclaim.

UNISON. UNISON.

Animated.

LEWIS. L. P. M.

This style of rhythm is apt to become monotonous, and therefore great care should be taken not to accent too regularly or too strongly.

I love the volume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves afford To souls benighted and distressed! Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest

CREATION, or short Anthem. L. P. M.

From HAYDN'S "Creation."

Spirited.

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my no-bler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last,

2. Happy the man whose hopes re-ly On Is - rael's God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; His truth for ever stands secure; He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,

3. The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind; The Lord supports the faint-ing mind; He sends the lab'ring conscience peace: He helps the stranger in distress, The wid - ow and the fath - er - less,

ORGAN AD. LIB.

Or im-mor-tal - i - ty endures, Or im - mortal - i - ty endures.

And none shall find his promise vain, And none shall find his promise vain.

And grants the pris'ner sweet release, And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

AIX. C. P. M.

Slow.

How happy are the lit-tle flock, Who, safe beneath their guardian rock, In all commotions rest.
When war's and tumult's waves run high, Unmoved, above the storm they lie, They lodge in Jesus' breast.

KIMBALL. L. P. M.

Gentle.

Smooth and flowing; cres. the 4th and 5th lines.

Think, mighty God, on feeble man. How few his hours, how short his span! Short from the cradle to the grave; Who can secure his vital breath,
Against the bold demands of death, With skill to fly, or power to save?

Earnestly.

DELL LAKE. H. M.

Commence in a gentle manner, and gradual cres. to the end.

1. Here, gracious God, do thou In mer-cy now draw nigh; } In copious shower, On all who pray, This ho - ly day, Thy blessings pour, Thy bless - ings pour.
Accept each faith-ful prayer, And mark each suppliant sigh; }

2. Here may we find from heaven The grace which we implore; } Un - til that day When all the blest To end-less rest Are called a-way, Are called a - way.
And may that grace, once given, Be with us ev - er - more, }

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

Slowly.

H. BOND.

1 I'll praise my Maker With my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures.

2. How blest the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God, he made the sky, And earth and seas, with all their train; His truth forever stands secure; He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his [promise vain.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

Not too fast.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. MASON.

I love the volume of thy word · What light and joy those leaves afford To souls benighted and distress'd Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest

AMITY. H. M., C. L. M., S. H. M., or C. H. M.

Allegro

Sing small notes for loud ending.

C. L. M. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb,
Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom! } O weep no more the Sa - viour slain; The Lord is risen—He lives a - gain.

S. H. M. This place is ho - ly ground; World, with its cares, a - way;
A ho - ly, sol - emn stillness round This life - less, mouldering clay; } Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here.

H. M. How beau - ti - ful the sight Of breth - ren who a - gree
In friend-ship to u - nite, And bonds of char - i - ty! } 'Tis like the pre - cious ointment, shed O'er all his robes, from Aa - ron's head.

MIZRAIM. H. M.

Very Spirited.

Ardent and fervent feeling should be poured out in Hymns of this character; "Oh that men would praise the Lord."

1. Sing to the Lord most high; Let eve - ry land adore; With grateful voice make known His goodness and his power; With cheerful songs Declare his ways, And let his praise Inspire your tongues.

2. En - ter his courts with joy; With fear ad - dress the Lord; He formed us with his hand, And quickened by his word; With wide command, He spreads his sway O'er every sea And every land.

3. His hands pro-vide our food, And eve - ry bless - ing give; We feed up - on his care, And in his pastures live: With cheerful songs Declare his ways, And let his praise Inspire your tongues.

STOW. H. M.

Allegro Moderate.

By permission.

1. Yes, the Redeemer rose, The Saviour left the dead, And o'er our hellish foes, High raised his conquering head: In wild dismay The guards around, Fall to the ground, And sink away

Lively.

LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.

Yes, the Redeemer rose; The Saviour left the dead: And o'er his hellish foes, High raised his conquering head; In wild dismay the guards around, Fall to the ground, and sink a-way.

Yes, the Redeemer rose; The Saviour left the dead; And o'er his hellish foes, High raised his conquering head; In wild dismay the guard around Fall to the ground, and sink away.

Yes, the Redeemer rose; The Saviour left the dead. And o'er his hellish foes, High raised his conquering head; In wild dismay the guards around; In wild dismay, &c, Fall to the ground, and sink away.

In wild dismay the guards around, In wild dismay&c. Fall to the ground, and sink a - way.

Animated.

WEBER. H. M.

Time and accent should be exact; and none but choirs who are well drilled in the important requisites should attempt this tune in church

1ST. 2D.

1. { Welcome, delight-ful morn; Sweet day of sa - cred rest, From low delights And mortal toys, I soar to reach im-mor - tal joys.
I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest:

2. { Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Let sinners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know And fear the Lord.
Thy sceptre, Lord, ex-tend, While saints address thy face:

3. { De-scend, ce-les - tial Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Then shall my soul New life obtain, Nor Sab - - - - baths be enjoyed in vain.
Dis-close a Saviour's love, And bless these sa - cred hours:

Animated.

LAURINA. H. M.

This tune requires more than usual skill in the base. It should be sung smooth and rather connected.

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love. (OMIT..... Thine earthly temples are (To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires To see my God

SYMBA. H. M. Or short Anthem.

Commence this beautiful Hymn about *m*, and gradually cres. to *ff*.

Very Spirited.

I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys.

Welcome, delightful morn! Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return; (Omit.....)Lord make these moments blest. From low delights, and mortal toys, I soar..... to reach..... im - mor- tal joys.
I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys,

I soar to reach im-mor -tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor -tal joys.

JANERO. H. M.

In tunes of this character the greatest care should be taken to have the time exact; Where the parts come in a fugueing manner they should usually predominate.

Spirited.

1. O Zion, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high! Tell all the earth thy joys, And boast salvation nigh: Cheerful in God, Arise and shine, While rays divine Stream all abroad.

2. He gilds thy mourning face With beams which cannot fade: His all-resplendent grace He pours around thy head; The nations round Thy form shall view, With lustre new Divinely crowned.

3. In honor to his name, Re -flect that sacred light; And loud that grace proclaim, Which makes thy darkness bright: Pursue his praise, Till sovereign love, In worlds above, The glo - ry raise.

HUREN. H. M.

Spirited.

W**.

Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thy earthly temples are: To thine abode my heart aspires With warm desires, To see my God.

Spirited.

MAYERS. H. M.

Arranged from MALAN.

1. Thou God of truth and love, We seek thy per - fect way,
Ready thy choice to' approve, Thy providence to o-bey; } En-ter in - to thy wise de - sign, And sweetly lose our will in thine, And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2. Why hast thou cast our lot In the same age and place.
And why to - gether brought, To see each oth - er's face; To join with soft - est sym - pa - thy, And mix our friend-ly souls in thee? And mix our friendly souls in thee.

Slow and plaintive.

ROME. H. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Where is the Saviour now, Whose smiles I once possess'd? Till he return I bow, By heavy grief oppress'd: My days of hap-pi-ness are gone, And I am left to weep a - lone.

1. Where can the mourner go, And tell his tale of grief? Ah, who can soothe his wo, Ah, who can give relief? Earth cannot heal the wounded breast, Or give the troubled conscience rest.

Joyful.

SALVATOR. H. M.

Rat ;er staccato and with great energy, Increasing in power through the whole Hymn.

Awake, ye saints, awake, And hail the sacred day; In loftiest songs of praise Your joyful homage pay: Come, bless the day That God hath blest, The type of heaven's Eternal rest

RAPHAEL. H. M

Joyful.

Let the music be sustained with great fullness.

1. Welcome, delightful morn; Sweet day of sacred rest, I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest: From low desires and fleeting toys, I soar to reach immor-tal 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 these sacred hours: Then shall my soul New life obtain, Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

RIALLSIDE. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

With precision.

W**.

Bright suns arise, ... The mild wind blows..... And beauty glows, ... Thro' earth and skies.

{ How pleasing is the voice Of God, our heavenly King,
{ Who bids the frosts retire, (Omit .....) And wakes the lovely spring! Bright suns arise, The mild wind blows. And beauty glows, Thro' earth and skies.

HADDAM. H. M.

English.

The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns; His throne is built on high:
The garments he as-sumes (Omit.....) Are light and ma - jes - ty; His glories shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

Not too slow.

RESTACA. H. M.

Let the accent be strong and ores. in the last two lines.

1. Ye dy - ing sons of men, Immerged in sin and wo!
Now mercy calls a - gain. (OMIT.....) Its message is to you! Ye per - ish-ing and guilty, come! In mercy's arms there yet is room;

2. No lon - ger now de - lay, Nor vain ex - cuses frame;
Christ bids you come to-day, (OMIT.....) Tho' poor, and blind, and lame: All things are rea-dy, sin-ners, come! For every trembling soul there's room.

Slow and gentle.

HUTCHINSON. H. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Hark! what celestial sounds, What music fills the air! Soft warbling to the morn, It strikes the ravished ear; Now all is still, now wild it flows In tuneful notes, loud, sweet and shrill.

2. Th' an-ge-lic hosts descend, With harmony divine; See how from heav'n they bend, And in full chorus join: Fear not, say they, great joy we bring, Jesus, your King is born to-day.

3. He comes your souls to save From death's eternal gloom; To realms of endless light He lifts you from the tomb: Your voices raise, with sons of light: Your songs unite of endless praise.

Lively.

LAWRENCE. H. M.

Welcome, de-light-ful morn! Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind re - turn: (OMIT.....) Lord, make these moments blest, From low delights and mortal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, To reach im - mor - tal joys.

CALL TO PRAISE. C. P. M.

m — Cres. — Staccato

1. Begin my soul, th'exalted lay, Let each enraptured thought obey; And praise the Almighty name; Let heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies, In one melodious concert rise, To swell th' inspiring theme, To swell, &c.

2. Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode, Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God; Ye thunders, speak his pow'r, Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing, In triumph rides th' eternal King; The astonished worlds adore, The, &c.

ANGELO. H. M.

Slowly.

Do not hurry the movement where the time changes, neither should it be accented very strong.

1. Where is my Saviour now, Whose smiles I once possessed? Till he return, I bow, By heaviest grief oppressed: My days of happiness are gone, And I am left to weep alone, And I am left to weep a - lone.

2. Where can the mourner go, And tell his tale of grief? Ah! who can soothe his wo, And give him sweet relief, Earth cannot heal the wounded breast, Or give the troubled sinner rest, Or give the, &c.

3. Je - sus, thy smiles impart; My dearest Lord, return, And ease my wounded heart, And bid me cease to mourn: Then shall this night of sorrow flee, And peace and heaven be found in thee, And peace, &c.

WARSAW. H. M.

Spirited.

T. CLARK.

Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love and power, That ever mortals knew, Or angels ever bore; All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set the Saviour forth

GLORY. C. P. M.

From the Lute

1. Thou God of power, thou God of love, Whose glo - ry fills the realms a - bove; Whose praise arch - an - gels sing, And veil their faces while they cry, Thrice

2. Thee as our God we too would claim, And bless the Saviour's precious name, Thro' whom this grace is given: He bore the curse to sin ners due, He

SOLI.

3. The veil that hides thy glo - ry rend, And here in say - ing power de - scend, And fix thy blest a - bode; Here to our hearts thyself reveal, And

TUTTI.

holy, to their God Most high, Thrice Holy to their King, Thrice Holy to their King; And veil their faces while they cry, Thrice Holy, to their God Most High, Thrice Holy to their King.

forms their ruin'd souls anew, And makes them heirs of heav'n, And makes them, &c. He bore the curse to sinners due, He forms their ruin'd souls anew, And makes them heirs of heav'n.

TUTTI.

let each waiting spirit feel The presence of our God, The presence of our God; Here to our hearts thyself reveal, And let each waiting spirit feel The pres - ence of our God.

MIDDLESEX. C. P. M. or S. C. M.

Plaintive.

When thou, my righteous Judge shall come, To take thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M. or L. C. M.

1. Je - sus, thou soul of all our joys, For whom we now lift up our voice, And all our strength exert, Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim; Compose into a thankful frame, And tune thy people's heart.

2. While in the heavenly work we join, Thy glory be our whole design, Thy glo - ry, not our own; Still let us keep this end in view, And still the pleasing task pursue, To please our God a - lone.

ANTRIM. C. P. M. or S. C. M.

Firm.

1. O glo - rious hope of per - fect love, It lifts me up to things a - bove! It bears on eagles' wings; It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast With Jesus' priests and kings.

1st. 2d.

2. Re - joic - ing now in ear - nest hope, I stand, and from the moun - tain top See all the land below; Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of par - a - dise In endless plenty grow.

Unison.

PIETY. C. P. M. or S. C. M.

With Spirit. T. CARLE.

O could I speak the matchless worth, Oh could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings In notes almost divine.

Energetic.

MELROSE. C. H. M. often marked C. L. M.

1. When I can trust my all with God, In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod, And bless his sparing power, A joy springs up amid distress, A fountain in the wil - der-ness, A fountain in the wil - der - ness.

2. O, to be brought to Jesus' feet, Tho' trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet, For he will hear my prayer; Tho' sighs and tears its language be, The Lord is nigh to answer me, The Lord is nigh to an-swer me.

Gentle, but earnest.

TIGRIS. C. H. M. or C. L. M.

Go watch and pray; thou canst not tell How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not tell how soon the bell (Omit.....) May toll its notes for thee: Death's countless snares beset thy way; Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

He knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed, When but his Father's eye
Looked thro' the lonely garden's shade, (Omit.....) On that dread ag-o - ny; The Lord of all above, beneath, Was bowed with sorrow un-to death.

Firm.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry "Come, let us seek our God today!" Yes, with a cheerful Zeal, We haste to Zion's hill. And there our vows, and honors pay

HOLBROOK. 7s.

Soft and mild.

Let the music be sustained, and sung in a smooth and connected manner.

1. Come, saith Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrims, hith-er come.

2. Hith - er come; for here is found Balm for eve - ry bleed - ing wound, Peace which ever shall endure, Rest, e - ter - nal, sacred, sure.

ROBEND. 7s. Double.

Earnestly.

Accent the music, and even vary the Rhythm to suit the Hymn.

D. C.

No. 1.

1. Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Ma - ker, asks you why;
God, who did your be - ing Give, Made you with him-self to live. } 2. Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Saviour, asks you why:
D. C. Will ye not in him be - lieve? He has died that ye might live.

No. 2.

FENDON. 7s.

Lively.

Arranged from the "Dulcimer."

D. C

Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all with one accord, (OMIT.....) Glo - ry to our common Lord; Hands, and hearts, and voices raise; Sing as in the ancient days.

ELEPH. 7s.

This music should be sung in chanting style, and with strong accent. It hardly need be added, that the words should be pronounced so that every one can understand.

1. To thy temple we re - pair: Lord, we love to worship there; There, within the veil we meet Christ upon the mercy seat. No. 1.

2. While thy glorious name is sung, Tune our lips, in - spire our tongue; Then our joyful souls shall bless Christ, the Lord our Rigbteousness.

3. While to thee our prayers ascend, Let thine ear in love at - tend; Hear us when thy Spirit pleads; Hear, for Jesus in-tercedes. No. 2.

MAHLI. 7s. Double, Or 7s & 5s, by using the slurs in the 2d strain.

Slowly. Fine. D. C. Should be sung in a smooth and flowing style.

Sa - viour, bless thy word to all; Quick and powerful let it prove:
O, may sin - ners bear thy call; Let thy peo - ple grow in love.
Give the gos-pel great suc-cess; Thine the work, the glo - ry thine.
} 2. Thine own gratious message bless; Follow it with power divine.

7s & 5s. Heirs of an im - mor - tal crown, Heed not eve - ry foe - man's frown;
Tread the powers of darkness down, Through Je - ho - vah's might.
He can fill them with sur -prise, From his heavenly height.
} Tho' they oft in wrath a-rise, Like the tempest of the skies,

WARNING. 7s.

Earnestly. W**. 1840.

1. Haste, O sinner, now be wise: Stay not, stay not, for the morrow's sun: Wis-dom if you still de - spise. Harder is it to be won, Harder is it to be won.

WENHAM. 7s, or 6 Lines 7s.

From the "Lute"

Earnestly.

FINE. D. C.

5th P. M. Sov'reign Ru - ler, Lord of all, Prostrate at thy feet I fall; Hear, O hear my ar - dent cry,—Frown not, lest I faint and die.

6th P. M. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure,—Save from wrath and make me pure.

REPHAIAH. 7s.

Arranged from an ancient chant.
Crescendo to the end.

With great Spirit.

1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as migh-ty thun - ders roar, Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore! No. 1.

2. See, Je - ho - vah's banner furled; Sheathed his sword; he speaks, tis done! Now the kingdoms of this world Are the king-dom of his Son.

3. He shall reign from pole to pole With su-preme, un-bound-ed sway; He shall reign, when, like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed away. No. 2.

Unison. 6/4 6 6 6/4 7 Unison. 7 6 6/4 7

NIMES. 7s.

Let this be sung with considerable spirit and firmness.
Arranged from MOZART.

Slowly.

Solo. Solo.

1. Come! said Jesus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrims! hith-er come. Weary pilgrims! hith-er come.

CHRISTMAS EVE. 7s.

Spirited

Chorus to each verse

1. Bright and joyful is the morn, For to us a child is born; From the highest realms of heav'n, Unto us a Son is given. Hal-le-lu - - - jah!

2. On his shoulder he shall bear Power and majesty, and wear On his vesture and his thigh, Names most awful, names most high. Hallelujah! Hal-le-lu - - - - jah!

3. Wonder-ful in counsel He, Christ th' in-car-nate Dei-ty · Sire of a-ges, ne'er to cease; King of kings, and Prince of Peace, Hal-le-lu - - - - jah!

GOOD NEWS. 7s, or short Anthem.

Lively.

This piece should commence quite gently, and increase to the end. The accent should be strong.

TENOR. SOPRANO.

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are, Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry beam-ing star.

2. Watchman! does its beauteous ray, Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Traveller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.

BASS. ALTO.

CHORUS.

Trav-eller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beaming star, See that glo-ry beaming star.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

JOELAH. 7s.

Spirited

Sing this with the greatest ardor, delivering consonants verv firm.

Wake the song of ju-bi-lee; Let it e-cho o'er the sea; Now is come the promised hour: Jesus reigns with sovereign power, Jesus reigns with, &c.

VALDIVIA.

Animated. Accent strong, and speak every word distinctly. Italian Theme.

1. Bread of heaven, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in - deed; Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread.

No. 1.

2. Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice; Lord, thy wounds our healing give; To thy cross we look and live.

3. Day by day with strength supplied, Thro' the life of him who died, Lord of life, O, let us be Root - ed, graft-ed, built on thee.

No. 2.

SEVERA. 7s.

Slow and gentle.

This tune, in the choral style, should be sustained firm.
Procured by the Author while travelling in Europe.

1. When thy mor-tal life is fled, When the death-shades o'er thee spread, When is finished thy ca - reer, Sin-ner, where wilt thou ap - pear?

No. 1.

2. When the world has passed a-way, When draws near the judgment-day, When the aw - ful trump shall sound, Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3. When the Judge descends in light, Clothed in ma - jes - ty and might, When the wick - ed quail with fear, Where, O, where wilt thou ap - pear?

No. 2.

RAYMOND. 7s.

Gentle and Flowing. H. J. RUDD.

Soft - ly fades the twilight ray, Of the ho - ly Sabbath day; Gen-tly as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

Spirited.

BOYRAH. 7s.

May the spirit of all who sing this be "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

1. All ye na - tions praise the Lord; All ye lands, your voic-es raise; Heaven and earth, with loud accord, Praise the Lord, for-ev - er praise.

2. For his truth and mer - cy stand, Past, and pres - ent, and to be, Like the years of his right hand. Like his own e - ter - ni - ty.

3. Praise him, ye who know his love; Praise him from the depths beneath; Praise him in the heights above; Praise your Ma - ker, all that breathe.

With gentleness.

KENAN. 7s.

Although this tune is quite simple, yet it requires great delicacy and even cultivation to bring out its effect. The 2d and 3d verses may be sung slower than the 1st.

RIT. MOLTO.

No. 1.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gen-tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

2. Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth, as daylight fades; All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.

3. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God, Symbol of the peace with-in, When the spir - it rests from sin.

No. 2.

ALBION. 7s.

The tenor may sing the small notes in the duett; but the alto must omit their part.

Slowly.

1. Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all, Prostrate at thy feet I fall; Hear O, hear my ear-nest cry; Frown not, lest I faint and die. Frown not, lest I faint and die

ARAVESTA. 7s. May be sung as a Quartette.

Slow and gentle.

Arranged by N. BROUGHTON, Jr.

1. Gracious Spir-it, Love di-vine! Let thy light with-in me shine; All my guil-ty fears remove; Fill me with thy heavenly love. No. 1.

2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me; Set the burdened sin-ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his precious blood.

3. Life and peace to me impart; Seal, sal-va-tion on my heart; Dwell thyself within my breast, Earnest of im-mor-tal rest. No. 2.

DUBUQUE. 7s.

Firm.

This tune should be sung with great earnestness, and firm even to *f.* in the last line.

1. Haste, O sinner; now be wise; Stay not for the morrow's sun: Wisdom if you still despise, Harder is it to be won.

2. Haste, and mercy now implore; Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy season should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage be run.

3. Haste, O sinner; now re-turn: Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere salvation's work is done.

BERBERA. 7s.

Bold.

Very bold and spirited, commencing the coda mezzo and ending *ff.*

Coda to last verse.

1. Now be-gin the heavenly theme; Sing a-loud in Jesus' name; Ye who his salvation prove, Triumph in redeeming love. Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

HALAH. 7s, Double.

Firm, but not boisterous.

1. Sinner, what has earth to show Like the joys believers know? 2. Doth a skilful, healing friend
Is thy path, of fading flowers Half so bright, so sweet, as ours? On thy dai - ly path attend,
C. D. And, where thorns and stings abound Shed a balm on every wound?

TAPPUA. 7s.

In hymns of this character it is better not to have an interlude. Indeed, organists are too apt to disturb the flow of sentiment in many beautiful hymns, by long, or even short interludes.

Firm.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it causes anxious thought, Do I love the
2. If I love, why am I thus? Why this dull and lifeless frame? Hardly, sure, can
3. When I turn my eyes within, All is dark, and vain, and wild; Filled with unbe-

EDER. 7s.

This world-renowned Hymn should be commenced about mezzo, & gradually increased, until, in the last verse, all the powers of the human voice should be taxed to swell the praise of the most High.

Spirited.

Lord, or no? Am I his, or am I not?
They be worse, Who have never heard his name.
lief and sin, Can I deem myself a child?

1. Hark! the song of ju-bi-lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fulness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore!
2. See, Jehovah's banner furled; Sheathed his sword: he speaks, 'tis done! Now the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdom of his Son.
3. He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway; He shall reign, when, like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed away.

Unison

Unison

MERBY. 7s. 6 Lines.

Let this fine Hymn be given in an ardent and tasteful manner
The 1st verse dim. to the end, the 2d cres.

Slowly.

Fine.

D. C.

From the cross up-lift ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's re - deeming work is done: Come and wel - come, sinner, come.

BANCROFT. 7s, 6 Lines.

Gently. Fine. Tenderly, but the last two lines more joyfully. D. C. C. M. CADY.

1. Wea - ry sin - ner, keep thine eyes On th' aton-ing Sac - ri - fice; View him bleeding on the tree, Pour - ing out his life for thee:
There the dreadful curse he bore; Weeping soul, la-ment no more.

2. Cast thy guil - ty soul on him; Find him mighty to re - deem; At his feet thy bur - den lay; Look thy doubts and care a - way.
Now by faith the Son embrace, Plead his promise, trust his grace.

RUNLEIGH. 7s, 6 Lines.

Spirited.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What me - lo - dious sound we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear, "Love's redeeming work is done, Come, and welcome, sin-ner, come, Come, and welcome, sinner, come!"

2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan!
On my wounded bo - dy laid, Jus-tice owns the ransom paid Bow the knee, and kiss the Son, Come, and welcome, sin-ner, come, Come, and welcome, sinner, come!"

ORON. 7s, 6 Lines.

Earnestly. I. B. WOODBURY. RIT.

By thy birth, and by thy tears; By thy human griefs and fears; Saviour, look with pitying eye;
By thy con-flict in the hour Of the sub-tle tempter's power, Saviour, help me or I die. Saviour, help me, Saviour, help me. Saviour, help me, or I die.

FERN HILL. 7s. May be sung as a Quartette.

FINE. D. C.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with thee. 2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way.

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

ELMIRA. 7s, Double.

Spirited.

FINE. D. C.

Hast - en, Lord, the glo - rious time, When be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway,
Eve - ry na - tion, eve - ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey. 2. Mightiest kings his power shall own, Hea - then tribes his name a - dore:

FINE. D.C.

D. C. Sa - tan and his host o'er-thrown, Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

Unison.

CROSS OF CHRIST. 7s, or 6 Lines 7s.

Spirited.

FINE. D. C.

From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sa - viour deigns to die. What me - lo - dious sounds we hear Burst - ing on the rav-ished ear!—
D. C. Love's re - deem - ing work is done — Come, and wel - come, sin - ner, come!

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

S. WEBBE.

Firm, and accent strong. *f* Fine. D. C. *f*

While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the former year, Ma-ny souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here; Fixed in an e - ter-nal state, They have done with all be - low;
We a lit - tle lon - ger wait; But how little none can know

TURIN. 7s. Or 7s, 6 Lines.

F. GIARDINI.

Gently.

Son of God, thy blessing grant, Still sup - ply my every want; Tree of life, thine influence shed, With thy sap my spir-it feed; Tree of life, thine influence shed, With thy sap my spirit feed

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.

To thy pas - tures, fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd! lead thy charge, And my couch with tendcrest care, Midst the springing grass pre - pare.

NUREMBURG. L. M. Or 7s, by omitting the first note to each line.

GERMAN.

Bold.

As L.M. Let ev - er - last-ing glories crown Thy head, my Sa - viour and my Lord; Thy hands have brought salvation down, And writ the blessings in thy word.
As 7s. Praise to God! im-mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous Source of eve-ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

PLYMOUTH. 8s & 7s.

This should not be hurried, neither should the accent be very strong.

Gentle.

1. See the leaves a - round us fall - ing, Dry and withered, to the ground, Thus to thoughtless mortals calling. In a sad and solemn sound. No. 1.

2. "Youth, on length of days presuming, Who the paths of pleasure tread, View us, late in beauty blooming, Numbered now among the dead.

3. "What though yet no losses grieve you, Gay with health and many a grace; Let not cloudless skies deceive you; Summer gives to autumn place." No. 2.

FRUCTU. 8s & 7s, Double. Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

Gentle. FINE. D. C. D. C.

Accent firm.
Arr. from a celebrated composition of SPOHR'S.

8s & 7s.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself re-vealing, Rise, and chase the clouds beneath. 2. Thou, of life and light Cre-a - tor! In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature. Pour the day up-on our eyes. No. 1.

8s, 7s & 4s.

Sinners, will you scorn the message, Sent in mer-cy from above?
Lis-ten to it, Lis - ten to it, Eve - ry line is full of love. Every sentence, oh how ten - der! Eve-ry line is full of love: No. 2.

HARKER. 8s & 7s, 6 Lines.

Spirited.

Hark, ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above,
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love; See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a - lone, Je-sus rules the world a-lone. Halle - lu-jah, Hal - le-lu - jah, A - men

UZZIA. 8s & 7s Double.

Firm. and not too slow.

This should be sung with great earnestness and dignity, but not too slow.

D. C.

No. 1.

1. Saviour, vis-it thy plan - ta-tion; Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to des - o - la-tion, Un - less thou return again. 2. Keep no longer at a distance; Shine up-on us from on high.
D. C. Lest, for want of thine assistance, Eve-ry plant should droop and die.

No. 2.

3. Let our mutual love be fervent, Make us pre-valent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant Shun the world's bewitching snares. 4. Break the tempter's fatal power; Turn the stony heart to flesh;
D. C. And be - gin from this good hour To revive thy work a - fresh.

TREVI. 8s & 7s.

Gentle.

Do not accent too strongly.
Theme procured in Italy.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the graves of those you love; Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, Enter not the world above. Enter not the world a - bove.

2. While our silent steps are straying, Lonely thro' night's deepening shade, Glory's brightest beams are playing Round the happy Christian's head, Round the happy, &c.

3. Light and peace at once deriv-ing From the hand of God most high, In his glorious presence liv-ing, They shall never, nev-er die, They shall nev - er, never die.

ERONE. 8s & 7s. Double, or 8s, 7s & 4s.

Spirited.

Italian melody.
Accent strong, particularly the syncopated notes.

D. C.

FINE.

D. C.

8s 7s & 4s. On the mountain top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, Welcome news to Zi - on bearing. Zi - on, long in hostile lands: Mourning captive, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands
Mourning captive, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands

Animated.

UMAH. 8s & 7s

This beautiful melody was procured while travelling in the southern part of Italy

1. Lord of life, all praise ex - cell - ing, Thou, in glo - ry, un-confined, Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling, With the poor of humble mind. No. 1.

2. As thy love through all cre - a - tion, Beams like thy dif - fu-sive light, So the scorned and humble station Shrinks before thine e - qual sight.

3. Thus thy care, for all pro - vid - ing, Warmed thy faithful prophet's tongue; Who, the lot of all de-cid-ing, To thy chosen Is - ra - el sung:— No. 2.

Ardent.

DANE STREET. 8s & 7s.

With energy, and strong accent.
S. D. ALLEN.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, ci - ty of our God; He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Chose thee for his own a - bode.

2. Lord! thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight, Judah's tem-ple far ex - cell-ing, Beam - ing with the gos-pel's light.

3. On the rock of A ges founded, What can shake her sure re - pose? With sal - va-tion's wall sur - rounded, She can smile at all her foes.

Slowly.

SIPPAI. 8s & 7s.

Commence this tune gently, and gradually cres. to the end.

Think, O ye who fondly languish O'er the grave of those you love: While your bosoms swell with anguish They are warbling hymns above, They are warbling hymns above.

FERN DELL. 8s & 7s.

Gently.

On the Death of a school-mate.

1. One sweet flower has drooped and faded, One sweet infant voice has fled; One fair brow the grave has shaded, One dear school-mate now is dead.

2. But we feel no thought of sadness, For our friend is happy now; She has knelt in heart-felt gladness, Where the blessed angels bow.

3. She has gone to heaven before us, But she turns and waves her hand, Pointing to the glories o'er us, In that happy spir-it land.

TEMPERANCE. 8s & 7s. Double.

Earnestly.

Speak the Words distinctly, and with expression.
Poetry by Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

1. Parent! who with speechless feeling, O'er thy cradled treasure bent,
Every year new claims revealing, Gifts of the Om-nip-o - tent. Hast thou seen that blossom blighted By a sharp, untimely frost!
D.C. All thy la - bor, un-re - quited? Every glorious promise lost?

2. Wife! with a-go-ny un-spo - ken, Shrinking from affliction's rod,
Is thy prop, thine i-dol broken, Fondly trusted next to God? Husband! o'er thy hopes a mourner, Of thy chosen friend ashamed,
Hast thou to her burial borne her, Un-re-pent-ed, unreclaimed!

3 Child! in tender weakness turning,
To thy heaven-appointed guide,
Doth a lava poison burning,
Mingle with affection's tide?
Still that orphan burden bearing,
Darker than the grave can show,
Dost thou bow thee down despairing,
To a heritage of woe?

4 Country! on thy sons depending,
Strong in manhood, bright in bloom,
Hast thou seen thy pride descending
Shrouded to the unhonored tomb?
Rise on eagle pinion soaring—
Rise! like one of God-like birth,
And Jehovah's aid imploring,
Sweep the spoiler from the earth!

ELAM. 8s & 7s. With Hallelujah.

Very Spirited.

Only hymns of a spirited cast should be sung to this music, as the Hallelujah is to be sung to each verse.

Lord of heaven, and earth and ocean, Hear us from thy bright abode, While our hearts, with true devotion, Own their great and gracious God. Hallelujah, Amen, Amen, Amen.

Earnestly.

MOLUCCA. 8s, 7s & 4s. or 8s & 7s, 6 Lines.

Let the tones come out full and sonorous, being careful to note the punctuation of the Hymn.

1. Hear, O sinner, Mer - cy hails you; Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of justice falls: Trust in Je - sus; Trust in Je - sus; 'Tis the voice of Mercy calls. No. 1.

2. Haste, O sin-ner, to the Saviour; Seek his mer-cy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is o - ver; Soon your life will pass a - way; Haste to Je - sus; Haste to Je sus; You must perish if you stay. No. 2.

Spirited.

LAFARE. 8s & 7s. Double.

Let this be sung with the greatest animation; Every word should be delivered distinctly.

No. 1.

Onward, onward, men of heaven; Bear the gospel banner high.
Rest not till its light is given, (OMIT ....) Star of eve-ry pagan sky; Send it where the pilgrim stranger Faints beneath the torrid ray;
D. C. Bid the hardy forest-ranger Hail it, ere he fades away.

No. 2.

Gentle.

MUSCAT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Do not hurry the time, but let tones that will thrill the hardened heart, arrest attention to these awakening words.

Sin - ners, will ye scorn the message Sent in mer - cy from a - bove?
Eve - ry sen - tence, O, how ten-der' Eve-ry line is full of love: Lis - ten to it; Lis - ten to it; Eve - ry line is full of love.

FLORENZA. 8s & 7s Double.

Spirited. Fine. Animated, and with great energy. D. C. Fine.

1. Saviour, source of eve-ry blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
Fill my soul with sa-cred pleasure, While I sing re-deem-ing love.

2. Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above;

3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from dan-ger, Didst redeem me with thy blood.
Safe, O Lord, when life is en-ded, Bring me to my heavenly home.

4. By thy hand restored, defended, Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;

ENMAN. 8s & 7s.

Spirited. Theme from an old melody.

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

2. Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above:
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing re-(OMIT..) deeming love.

ETERNITY. 8s & 7s. W. MARTIN.

Gentle.

1. May the grace of Christ, our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love.
With the Ho-ly Spirit's favor. (OMIT.....) Rest up-on us from above.

2. Thus may we abide in union With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion, (OMIT.....) Joys which earth cannot afford.

AMI. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Bold and Spirited. M. S.

Look, ye saints: the sight is glorious: See the Man of sor-rows, now;
From the fight returned victo-rious, Every knee to him shall bow;

Crown him, Crown him; Crowns become the Victor's brow, Crowns become the Victor's brow

Earnestly.

PROTECTION. 8s & 7s.

W.

1. Sa - viour, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2. Though des - truc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly, An - gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3. Though the night is dark and drea - ry, Dark - ness can - not hide from thee; Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where thy peo - ple be.

With gentleness and expression.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL. 8s, 7s & 4s. Or 8s & 7s, 6 Lines.

W.

O, my native land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well; Friends, connexions, happy country, Can I bid you all farewell? Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell?

m *f* *dim.*

As 8s & 7s. Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sinners ruined by the fall, Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to cleanse the guilty soul, In a full, per - pet - u - al tide, Opened when the Saviour died.

WESCOTT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

R. JONES.

1ST. 2D.

On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, Mourning captive, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.
Welcome news to Zi - on bearing, Zi - on long in..... hostile lands

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

Bold.

Lo! the Lord Je - ho - vah liv - eth! He's my rock, I bless his name; He, my God, sal - va - tion giv-eth; All ye lands, ex - alt his fame.

MANCHESTER. 8s & 7s.

Soft and Gentle.

Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen-tle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats a - mong the trees.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double. Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1775.

FINE. D. C.

Far from mor - tal cares re - treat - ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires,
Here, our will - ing foot - steps meet - ing, Eve - ry heart to heaven as - pires. } From the fount of glo - ry beaming, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes;
D. C. Mer-cy from a - bove pro - claim - ing, Peace and par - don from the skies.

KEDESH. 8s, 7s & 4.

Andante.

D. C.

Oh! 'tis pleasant, 'tis re - viv - ing To our hearts to hear each day, Joy - ful news from far ar - riv - ing, How the gos - pel wins its way;
Those enlightening, Those enlightening, Who in death and darkness lay.

OWEGO. 8s & 7s, Double

Ardent.

W** D. C.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend: }
Life, and health, and peace pos - sessing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend } Tru - ly blessed in this station, Low be - fore his cross to lie;
D. C. While I see di - vine com - pas - sion Beaming in his gracious eye.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

Slowly. Gently.

- D. E. JONES. By permission

Si - lent - ly the shades of even - ing Gath - er round my lone - ly door; Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s, Double.

Fine.

D. C.

Come, thou Fount of eve - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays; }
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. } Teach me some me - lo - dious son net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a bove
D.C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it Mount of thy re - deem-ing love

LORD DISMISS US. Doxology, or 8s. 7s & 4s.

Solo Voices in Duetts. ✻ ✻Chorus.

No. 1.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all, thy love pos-sess - ing, Triumph in re - deeming grace: O, refresh us, O, re-fresh us, Travelling through this wil-der-ness.

No. 2.

* First time Alto and Soprano; second time Tenor and Bass.

ERIE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Spirited.

The whole Hymn should cres. from the beginning. Let the time be prompt, and all the parts come in with great energy.

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze: See the promises advancing To a glorious day of grace: Bless - ed ju-bi-lee, Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2. Let the dark, benighted pagan, Let the rude barbarian, see That divine and glorious conquest Once obtained on Calvary: Let the gos-pel Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light; Now, from eastern coast to western, May the morning chase the night: Let redemption, freely purchased, win [the da

DOLOR. 8s & 7s, or 8s, 7s & 4s.

Slowly.

Let the words be pronounced distinctly, suiting the accent of the music to that of the words.

Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! th' angelic host rejoices; Heavenly hallelujahs rise. Lo! th' angelic host rejoices, Heavenly, &c

BORNOU. 8s, 7s & 4s. Or 8s & 7s. Double, by repeating first two strains.

The words should be spoken earnestly and distinctly, while the music may be accented quite as much as usual.

Dignified, but not too slow. Fine. D. C.

1. { Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you; Now with sweetest voice she calls; Bids you haste to see the Saviour, Ere the hand of jus-tice falls;
{ Trust in Je-sus; Trust in Jesus; 'Tis the voice of mer-cy calls.

No. 2.

2. { Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour; Seek his mercy while you may; Soon the day of grace is o - ver; Soon your life will pass a - way.
{ Haste to Jesus; Haste to Jesus; You must perish if you stay.

No. 1.

OMICRON. 8s & 7s. Double, or 8s, 7s & 4s, by not repeating.

The accent should be strong, and the whole performance of the tune animated; the duett particularly firm

Spirited. D.C.

1. { One there is a-bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend;
{ His is love beyond a brother's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end. Which of all our friends to save us, Could, or would have shed his blood?

D. C. But this Saviour died to have us Reconciled in him to God.

No. 1.

O'er the gloomy hills of dark-ness, Look, my soul, be still, and gaze; See the prom-is-es ad-vanc-ing To a glorious day of grace!
Blessed ju-bi - lee! Blessed jubi - lee! Let thy glo-rious morning dawn!

N. 2.

CUZCO. 8s, 7s & 4s

This fine Hymn should be given with the greatest ardor and animation; would that every one who sings it may feel the prayer.

Bold and Spirited.

Guide me, O thou great Jeho-vah, Pilgrim through this barren land: I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

HELMSLEY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Lively. Dr. MADAN.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sin - ners slain; }
Thousand thousand saints, at-tending, Swell the triumph of his train; } Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus shall for ev - er reign.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

VERSE. CHORUS. THOS. HASTINGS.

On the mountain's tops appearing, Lo! the sacred her - ald stands!
Welcome new to Zi-on bear - ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands. Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s. Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace: Let us, each thy love possessing, Triumph in re - deeming grace.
O, re - fresh us, O, re-fresh us, Travellers thro' this wil-derness.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s. Or 7s & 8s. Peculiar.

Firm. English.

Peculiar. Jesus will I nev - er leave, He's the God of my sal - vation; }
Thro' his mer-its I re - ceive Pardon, life and con - so - lation; } All the pow-ers of soul and mind, To my Saviour are resigned.
8s & 7s. Glorious things of thee are spoken. Zi-on, ci - ty of our God: He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own abode.

LIFE'S HARVEST. 7s & 6s. Chorus for Missionary and other public services.

Spirited. *f* FINE. D. C. *f*

1. Ho, reapers of Life's Harvest, Why stand with rusted blade, Until the night draws round thee, And day begins to fade? Why stand ye idle, waiting For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing, Why sit ye ¶-dle, dumb?

2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gather in the grain: The night is fast approaching, And soon will come again. Thy Master calls for reapers, And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?

3. Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's ruddy glow, Nor wait until the di-al Points to the noon below, And come with the strong sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold:
And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom, And crush each error low; Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts should know. Be faithful to thy mission, In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet Shall be thy just re-ward.

VOLENS. 7s & 6s.

Lively. D. C. LAST TIME.

Meet and right it is to sing, In every time and place, Join we then with sweet accord,
Glory to our heavenly King, The God of truth and grace: All in one thanksgiving join;
D. C. Holy, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord, E-ter-nal praise be thine.

SALMA. 7s & 6s

Lively. 1ST TIME TENOR & BASS. 2ND TIME ALTO & SOPRANO, D. C.

When shall the voice of singing Flow joyful-ly along? Proclaim the contest ended,
When hill and valley, ringing With one triumphant song, And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended, In righteousness to reign?

MODENA. 7s & 6s, or 6s.

Spirited and Energetic. *f* Fine. D. C.

1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean; And, as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mer-cy To every land below. A-rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the distined shore,
That man may sit in darkness And death's deep shade no more.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. Peculiar. Or 7s, 8s & 6s.

Bold.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace,
Rise from all terrestial things, Towards 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.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

Vivace. *f* Fine. D. C. *f*

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking To pen-i-tential tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar,
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour: Each cry to heaven go-ing, A-bundant answers brings,

Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

L. MASON. 1824.

From Greenland's i-cy moun-tains, From In-dia's co-ral strand, Where Af-ric's sun-ny foun-tains Roll down their gol'd-en sand;

From many an an-cient ri-ver From many a palm-y plain. They call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.

REMON. 8s. Double.

Gently. Fine. D. C. Fine.

How sweet on thy bo - som to rest, When nature's af-flic-tion is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest; (..... .....) Thy smiles bring me freedom from fear. The Lord has in kindness declared
D. C. Shall in the sharp conflict be spared, (..... His mer-cy and love to proclaim. That those who will trust in his name.

COME. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wanderers, come;
2. To-day the Saviour calls: O hear him now.
3. To-day the Saviour calls: For refuge fly;

SEMONE. 8s & 4s. Peculiar.

Animated. 1ST. 2D.

O ye benighted souls, Why lon - ger roam?
Within these sacred walls To Je - sus bow.
The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.

Hark, hark, the gospel trumpet sounds, Thro' earth and heaven the echo bounds; Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood,
Sinners are reconciled to God, By grace di-vine,..... By grace di-vine.
Omit.

ENON'S ISLE. 8s, Double, Or 8s & 9s.

Glowing. FINE. D. C.

O when shall we sweetly remove, O when shall we en-ter our rest,
Return to the Zi - on above, The mother of spirits distressed; } That ci - ty of God the great King, Where sorrow and death are no more
D. C. Where saints our Immanu - el sing. And cherub and seraph a - dore?

Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high;
Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given
O, weep not for him: he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven

MOUNT HOPE. 7s & 4s.

Gentle.

1. Hark! from yonder mount arise Notes of sadness, Jesus dies!
On the cross the Lord of lords Love for guilty man records; Sinner, sinner, Hear your dying Saviour's words.

2. "Mortal, for your guilt I die, Guilt that dared your God defy;
Blood for you I freely give; Death I taste that you may live; Will you, sinner, Free salvation now receive?"

DAISY. 8s.

Lively.

1. How sweetly, along the gay mead, The daisies and cowslips are seen!

2. Shall man, the great master of all, The on-ly in-sen-si-ble prove?

RUSHMAN. 7s & 6s.

Animated.

1ST. 2D. AND LAST TIME. D. C.

The flocks as they carelessly feed, Re-joice in the beautiful green!

cres. *f*

For-bid it, fair gratitude's call, For-bid it, de-votion and love.

To the hills I lift my eyes, The ev-er-last-ing hills; (OMIT.)
Stretching thence in fresh supplies, My soul the Spir-(....) it feels: } Will he not his help afford? Help while yet I ask is given:
God comes down, the God and Lord, Who made both earth and heaven.

BEECHER. 8s, 7s & 6s.

Fast and bold.

Watchman, on-ward to your sta - tions, Blow the trumpet long and loud;
Preach the gos - pel to the na - tions, Speak to eve - ry gath'ring crowd } See! the day is break - ing; See the saints a - wak - ing, No more in sad ness bow'd.

MOMENT. 8s, 3s & 6s

Saviour, while thy flock are feeding, Take these lambs in thine arms, Now for shelter pleading
While the storm of life is lowering, Night and day, Beasts of prey Are lurking and devouring

Shepherd, every grace combining, Keep these lambs in thy arms, On thy breast reclining.

MENATO. 6s & 7s. Or 6s.

Slowly.

{ Saviour, the world's and mine, Was ever grief like thine?
{ Thou my pain, my curse hast took, All my sins were laid on thee; Help me, Lord, to thee I look; Draw me, Saviour, [af - ter thee.

6s & 7s.

6s. Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Redeemer lay;
Sing of our bonds destroyed (.....) Our darkness turned to day.

ENPAR. 6s & 4s.

Tenderly.

1. Low - ly and sol-emn be Thy children's cry to thee, Fa - ther di - vine, A hymn of suppliant breath, Own-ing that life and death A - like are thine.

2. O Fa - ther, in that hour, When earth all help - ing power Shall dis - a - vow, When spear, and shield, and crown, In faintness are cast down, Sus - tain us, thou!

3. By Him who bowed to take The death-cup for our sake, The thorn, the rod, From whom the last dismay Was not to pass a - way, Aid us, O God.

BRETON. 6s & 4s.

Spirited.

Let us awake our joys, Strike up with cheerful voice, Each creature, sings; Angels, begin the song, Mor - tals, the strains prolong, In accent sweet and strong, "Jesus is King."

LUCCA. 11s & 8s.

Spirited.

This should be sung with the greatest energy, the accent being strongly marked.

1. Stand up, O ye heralds, your mission proclaim, And wide be your banners unfurl'd; Declare to the heathen, Im-man-u-el's name, Speak, speak to a per - ish - ing world?
2. Where sin holds in triumph its des-o - late reign, Down the pathway to regions of wo; Where nameless pollutions still follow in train, And wa - ters of bit - ter - ness flow:
3. Speak, speak, that the heathen may quickly receive The message of heaven-ly peace; O speak, till the millions re-pent and be-lieve, And rejoice in the abundance of grace:
4. See millions unnumbered in darkness profound, Still groping their des-o - late way; Unheard the mild accents of mercy's sweet sound, Unseen the bright glimm'rings of day.
5. There publish the news of the cru-ci-fied One, Who suffer'd that sinners might live; Who rising in triumph as-cend-ed his throne, Sal - va-tion im - mor-tal to give.
6. The heathen shall lis - ten, the darkness shall flee, The glo - ri-ous Day-Star a - rise; The earth from its bondage of sin shall be free, And heaven shall descend from the skies.

MILFORD. 12s, 11s & 8s.

Very Animated.

FINE.

The Soprano and Bass may sing the small notes in the FINE. duett, if the Tenor and Alto are not strong enough. D. C.

1. The Prince of salvation in triumph is riding, And glory attends him along his bright way; The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding, And nations are owning his sway.
The tid-ings of grace on the breezes are gliding, And nations are owning, are owning his sway.
2. Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour; Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign, Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor, And follow thy glorious train.
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor, And follow thy glorious, thy glorious train.

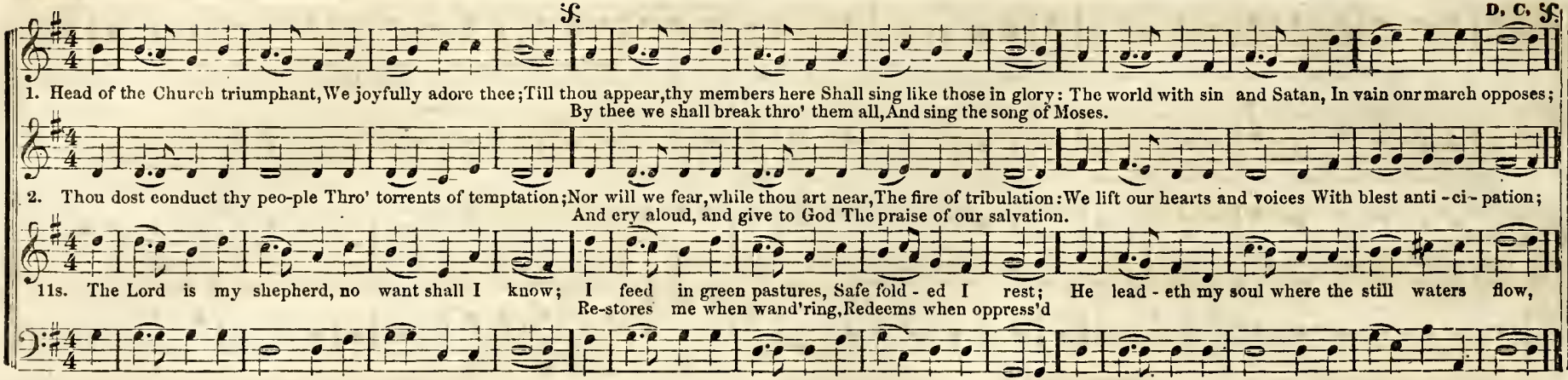
ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

Allegro.

GIARDINI.

Come, thou Almigh-ty King, Help us thy name to sing; Help us to praise! Father all glorious; O'er all vic - to - ri-ous Come and reign over us, Ancient of days

HINTON. P. M. Or 4 lines 11s, by slurs.



1. Head of the Church triumphant, We joyfully adore thee; Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glory: The world with sin and Satan, In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break thro' them all, And sing the song of Moses.

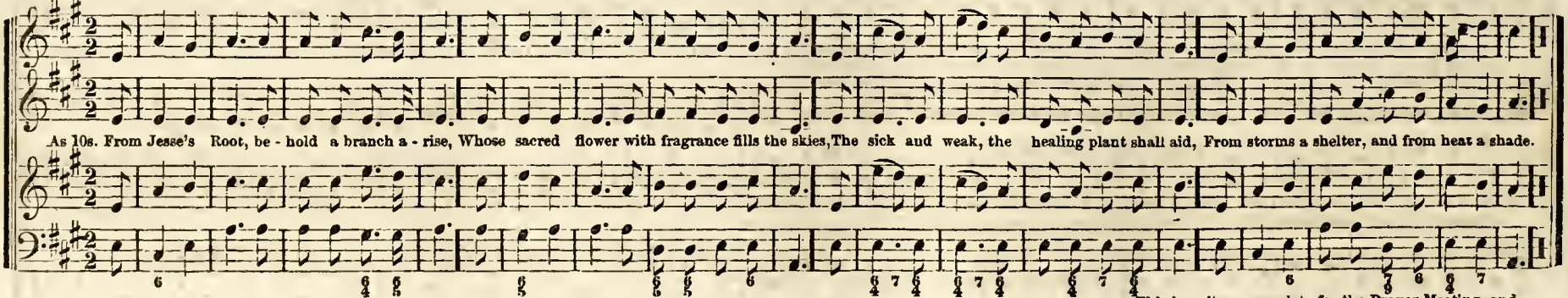
2. Thou dost conduct thy peo-ple Thro' torrents of temptation; Nor will we fear, while thou art near, The fire of tribulation: We lift our hearts and voices With blest anti-ci-pation;
And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our salvation.

11s. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, Safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow,
Re-stores me when wand'ring, Redeems when oppress'd

BARONS. 10s, or 10s, 6 lines, by repeating last two lines

With dignity.

Arranged from Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words.

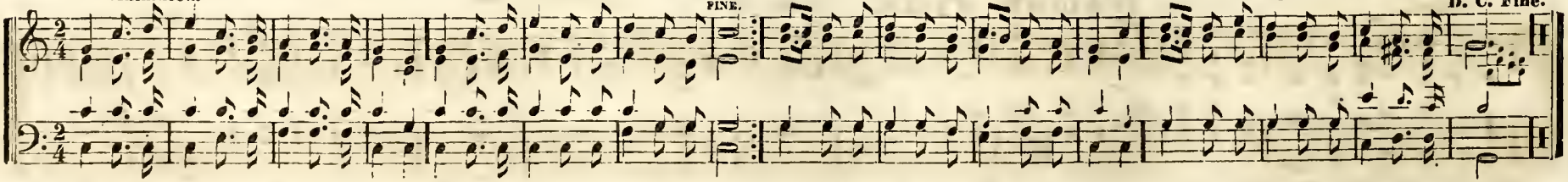


As 10s. From Jesse's Root, be-hold a branch a-rise, Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies, The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

FENNOR. 11s & 10s, Double.

Animated.

This is quite appropriate for the Prayer Meeting, and should be sung with spirited words.

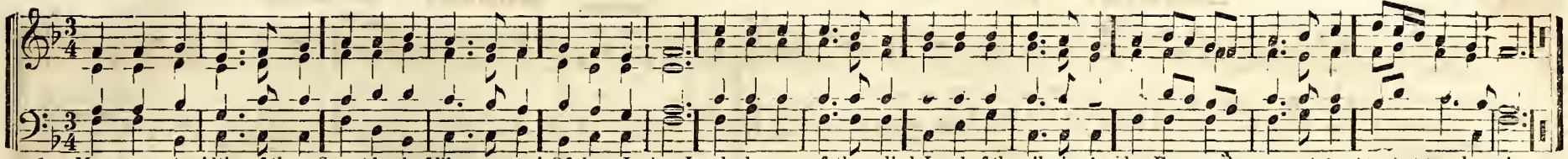


1. { Brighest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
{ Star of the east, the hori-zon adorning, Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid. Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall.
D. C. Angels a-dore him, in slumber reclining, Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. (National Hymn.)

Words by S. F. SMITH.

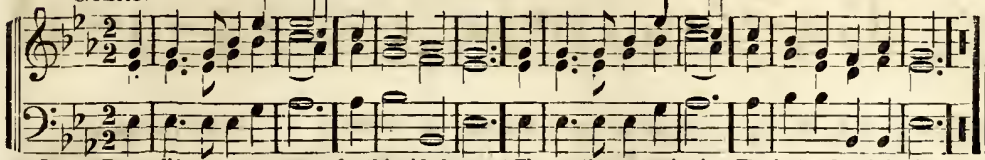
Bold and firm.



1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty! Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrims' pride; From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.
2. My na - tive country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
3. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With feedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

GOOD-BYE. 6 4 6 6.

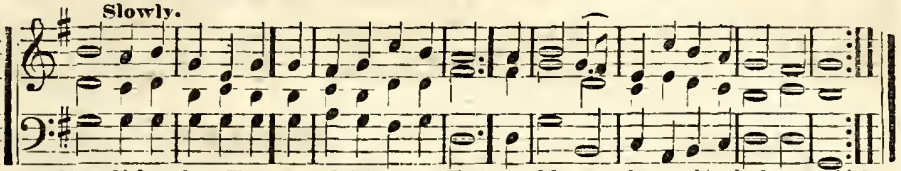
Gentle.



1. Farewell! we meet no more On this side heaven! The parting scene is o'er, The last sad look is given.
2. Farewell! my soul will weep While mem'ry lives: From wounds that sink so deep No earthly hand relieves.
3. Farewell, and shall we meet In heaven above? And there in union sweet, Sing of a Saviour's love.

WOBURN. 6, 6s & 10; 6, 6 & 10.

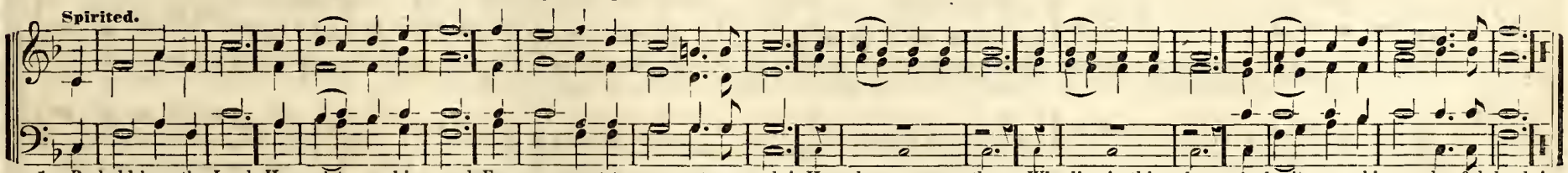
Slowly.



Thy blessed labors done, Thy crown of victory won, Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home on high.
Thou, who didst stoop below, To drain the cup of woe, And wear the form of frail mortali - ty.

NEW MONTH. 5s & 8s.

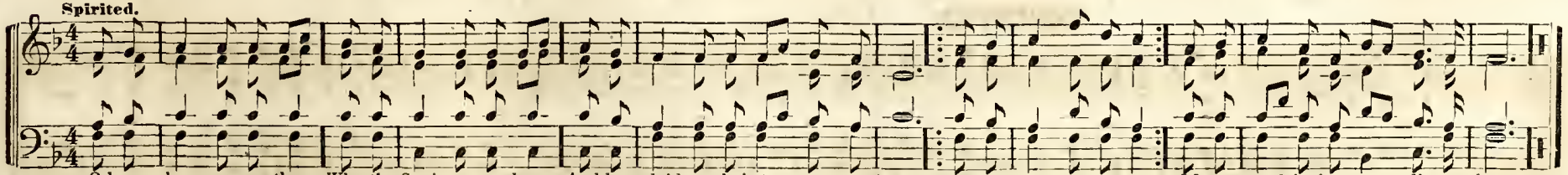
Spirited.



1. Be-hold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From conquest to conquest proceeds! How hap-py are they Who live in this day, And wit - ness his wonder-ful deeds!
2. His word he sends forth From south to the north; From east and from west it is heard: The re - bel is charmed, The foe is disarmed; No day like this has appear-ed.

HAPPY. 6s & 9s.

Spirited.



O how hap py are they. Who the Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasure a - bove: Tongue can never express Of a soul in its ear - li-est love.
The sweet comfort and peace

Carefully.

KEDRON. 11s

FINE. D. C.

Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy sil-ver stream,
Our Saviour would linger in moon-light's soft beam: } And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
D. C. And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

FINE. D. C.

Spirited.

ANCON. 11s & 10s.

FINE. D. C.

Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; } Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning:
D. C. Zi - on in triumph, begins her mild reign.

FINE. D. C

Spirited.

WESLEY. 11s & 9s. Or 11s & 8s. Or 6s & 9s. Or 5s, 6s & 9s.

From the Choral.

11s & 9s. Come let us ascend, My com-pan-ion and friend, To a taste of the banquet above! If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it pine, Come up in-to the chariot of love.

5s, 6s & 9s. How happy are they, Who their Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure above! Tongue cannot express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love;
6s & 9s. Come a - way to the skies, My beloved arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day, Come exulting away, And with singing to Sion re - turn.

11s & 8s. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth; O serve him with gladness and fear; Ex - ult in his presence with music and mirth; With love and devotion draw near.

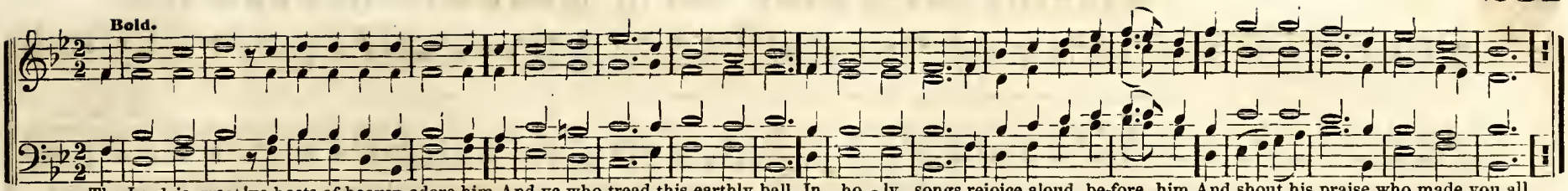
Lively.

DISCIPLE. 10s & 11s.

All praise to the Lamb! accept-ed I am, Thro' faith in the Saviour's ador-a-ble Name: In him I confide, his blood is applied; For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.

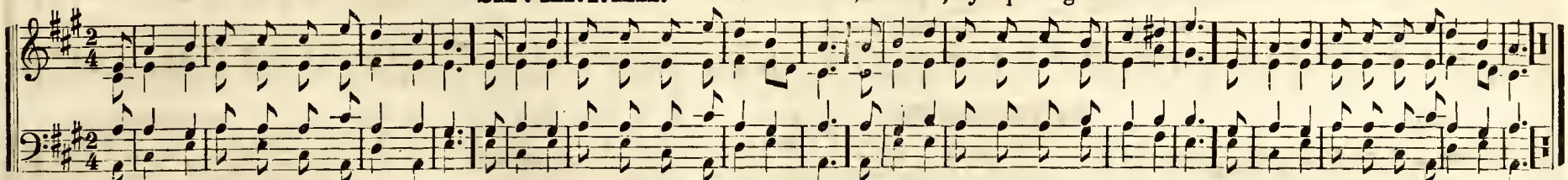
JEWELL. 11s & 8s.

Bold.



The Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven adore him, And ye who tread this earthly ball, In ho - ly songs rejoice aloud be-fore him, And shout his praise who made you all.

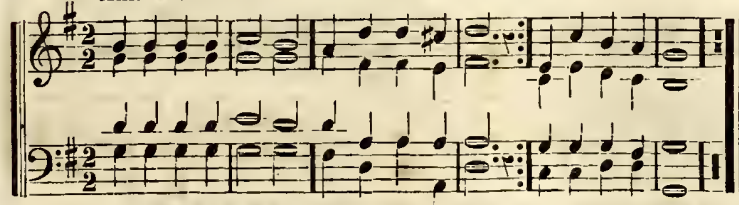
SAVANNAH. 10s. Or 10s, 6 Lines, by repeating the last two lines.



As 10s. From Jesse's root, be - hold a branch a-rise, Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
The Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north; { From east to west the sounding orders spread, Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead;
As 10s, 6 Lines. { No more shall atheists mock his long de - lay, His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day.

ABON. 6s & 5s.

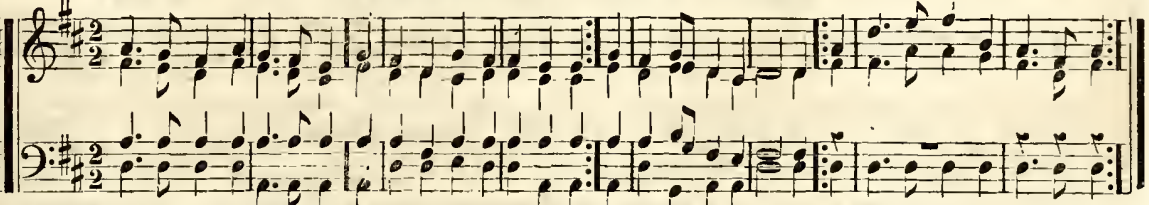
Animated.



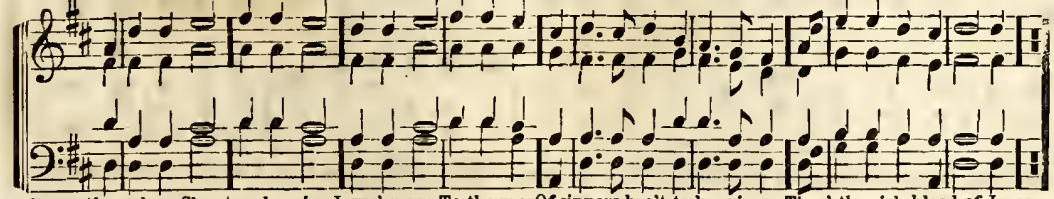
1. Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye?
Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high?

MEMNON. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

Spirited.



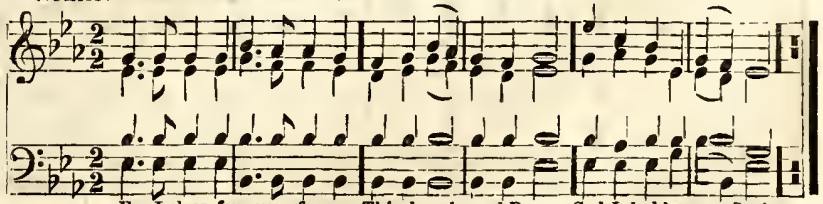
How blest is ev'ry child of grace The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace, { His trespasses are all forgiv'n,
That bears the fruit of righteousness, (OMIT.....) Kept by the power of Jesus: { He antedates the joys of heaven.



In rapt'rous lays Shout and praise. Jesus' grace, To the race Of sinners bro't to happiness, Thro' the rich blood of Jesus.

BLESS. 8s, 3s & 6s.

Gentle.



Ere I sleep, for every fa-vor This day showed By my God, I do bless my Saviour

MARTYR'S DEATH SONG. 12s & 11s. Or 18th P. M. (10,5,11); or 5s & 6s. Or 11s.

16th P.M. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my race, And thee, O my Saviour, I soon shall embrace; They may torture this body, my spirit is free, And the billows of death shall but waft it to thee.

5s & 6s. Come, let us a - new our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still, And never stand still, till the Master appear, And never stand still, till the Master appear.

11s. Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name: Thy kingdom most holy, On earth be the same; O give to us daily, Our portion of bread; It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

BETHLEHEM. 5s & 8s. Or 8s, 6s, 4s & 5s. by using the slurs.

Bold. Dr. MADAN.

5s & 8s Behold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From conquest to conquest, proceeds! From conquest, &c. How happy are they Who live in this day, And witness his wonderful deeds, And witness, &c.

8s, 6s & 4s. Lift up your heads in joyful hope, Salute the happy morn, Salute the happy morn; Each heavenly power Proclaims the glad hour; Lo Jesus the Saviour is born, Lo Jesus the Saviour is born.

7 7 6 6/4 65/43 6/4 5/3 6 7 6/7/4 6/4 7

HARK TO THE SOLEMN BELL. Dirge. Quartett or Chorus. 6s & 5s. Peculiar. Or 6s & 4s.

(Sing small notes first time.)

* W**.

6s & 5s. 1. Hark to the sol - emn bell, Mourn-ful - ly peal-ing! What do its wailings tell, On the ear steal - ing? Seem they not thus to say, Loved ones have passed a - way? Ashes with ashes lay, List to its peal - ing.

As 6s & 4s. When shall I see the day, That ends my woes? When shall I vic - t'ry gain O'er all my foes? When will the trumpet sound, That calls the exile home? The grand sabbatic year, When will it come?

* As 6s & 4s. omit the notes with stars over them.

HEATH. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

Earnestly. Fine. D. C.

Child of sin and sorrow, Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day; { Heav'n bids thee come While yet there's room:
D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

OCEAN. 8s, 7s & 4s. Peculiar. Or 7s & 5s.

Earnestly.

8s,7s&4s. Star of peace to wanderers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary, (OMIT.....) Far, far at sea.
7s&5s. Child of sorrow, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear,
And escape from every snare, (OMIT.....) Trust in God alone.

ELO. 5s & 7s. (Sung twice to each verse.)

Firm.

For - give my fol - ly, O Lord most ho - ly; Cleanse me from every stain;
For thee I languish; Pi - ty my anguish, Nor let my life be in vain.

SCUDDER. 6s & 5s. Or 6s & 4s.

Not too fast. Fine. D. C.

O Thou who hearest prayer, Through His submission { Lead us in thine own way:
Who did our sorrows bear, Hear our pe - ti - tion; { Grant us, we humbly pray,
D. C. For all our sins this day, Holy con - tri - tion.

BELOVED. * 11s & 8s. Or 12s & 9s, by omitting slurs.

Earnestly. Arranged expressly for this work.

11s & 8s. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af - flic - tion I call; My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.
12s & 9s
They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest, Where the bones of the prophets are laid; Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd, And Jehovah his wonders display'd.

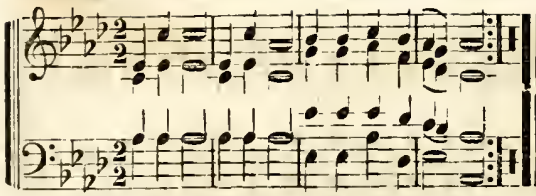
* The great and good Dr. Fisk is said to have been very fond of this tune.

LYONS. 10s & 11s.

HAYDN.

O, praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing; In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

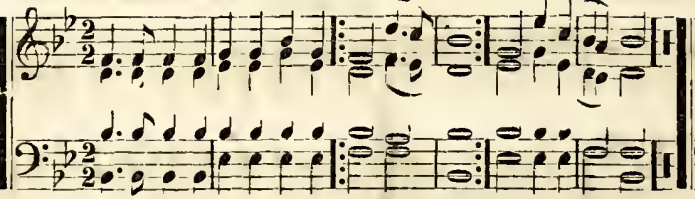
COME. 3s & 6s.



Sinner come, 'Mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing,
Trembling now, Contrite bow, Take the offered blessing.

HARK. 8s, 3s & 6s.

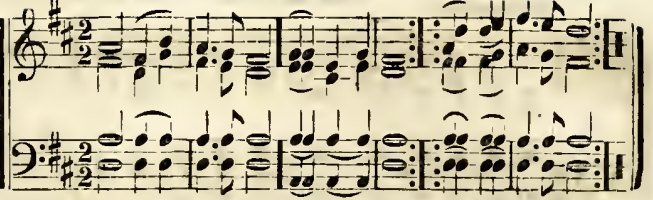
Gently.



Hark! those happy voices, saying, { "Yet there's room; Sin-ner! come, } Heaven's call obeying.

ANGEL. 6s & 4s, Peculiar.

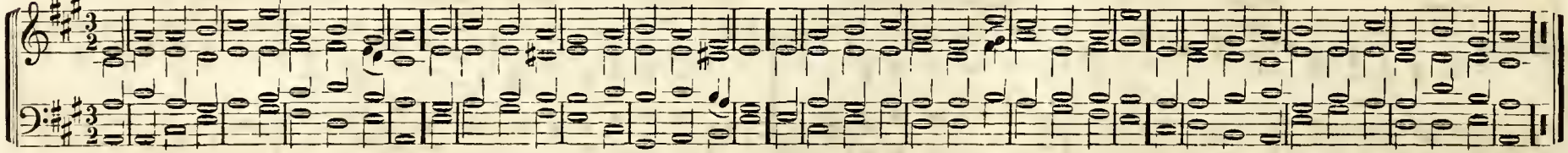
D. C.



Help me to praise thy name While I am young; Let me thy truth proclaim With my infant tongue: When thy praises rise, By in-fants sung. } Angels from the skies Will look down with [gladsome eyes.

ST. MICHAELS. 10s & 11s.

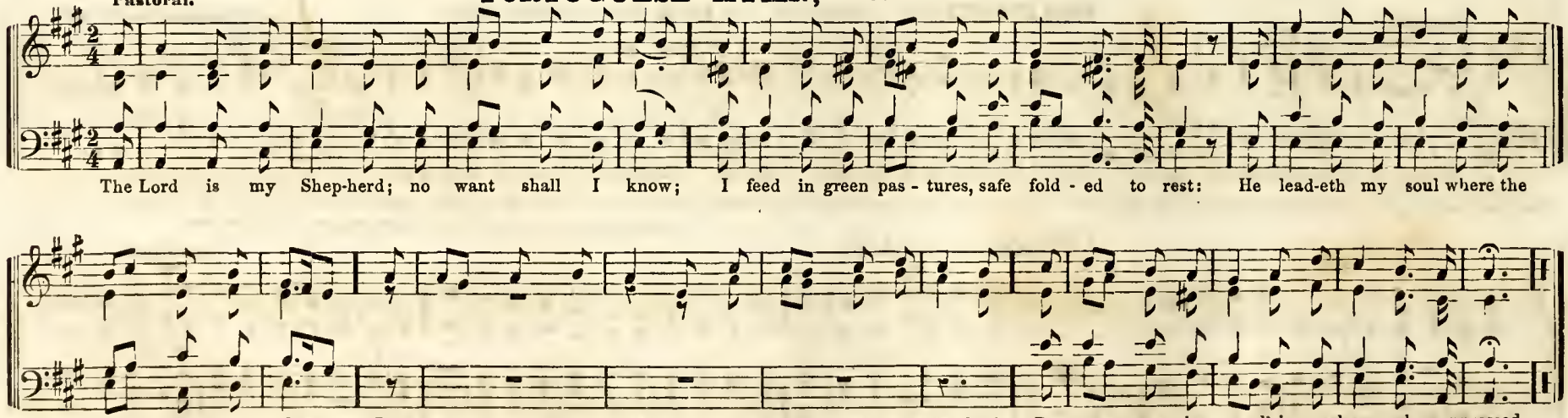
Bold. HANDEL.



Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.

PORTUGUESE HYMN, 11s.

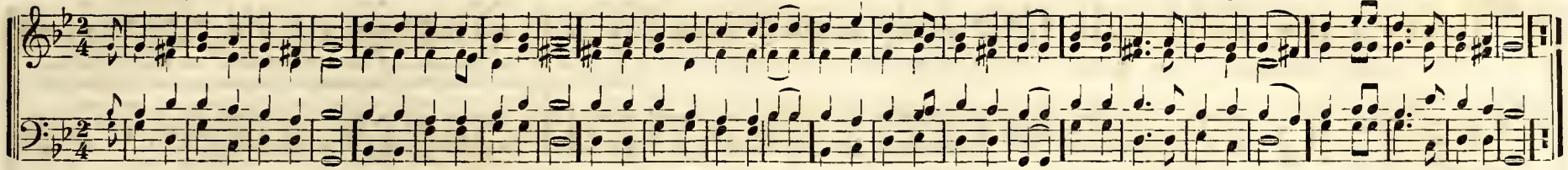
Pastoral.



The Lord is my Shep-herd; no want shall I know; I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed to rest: He lead-eth my soul where the still wa ters flow Re - stores me when wand'ring, Re stores me when wand'ering, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.

MOUNT CALVARY. 7s, 6 Lines.

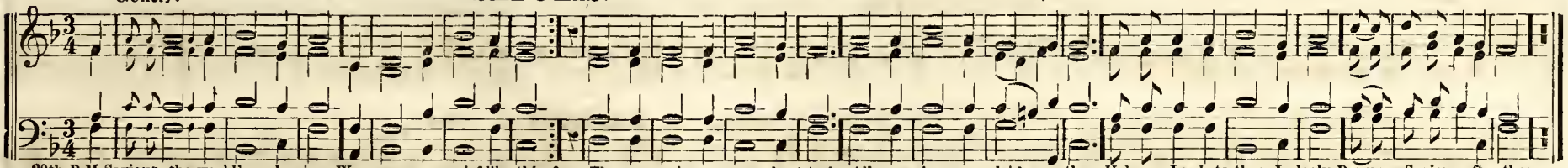
Tenderly. [An old tune of great excellence.]



7s,6lines. Hearts of stone, relent. relent, Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd; See his body mangl'd, rent, Cover'd with his flowing blood; Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Crucified the incarnate Son.
P. M. Vi - tal spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life.

SEPOLIS. 20th P. M. 6s & 6s. Or 7s & 6s, Peculiar. *

Gently.

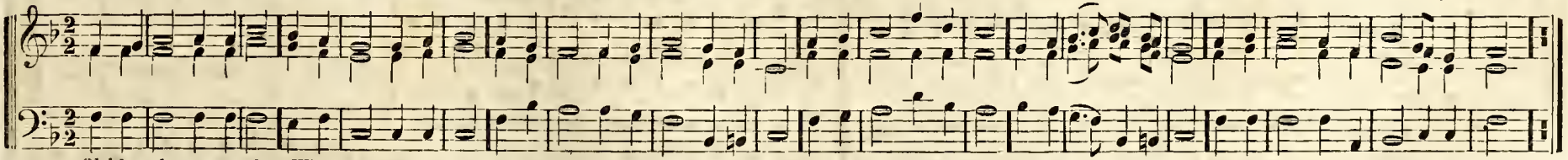


20th P.M. Saviour, the world's and mine, Was ev - er grief like thine? Thou my pain, my curse hast took, All my sins were laid on thee; Help me, Lord, to thee I look; Draw me, Saviour, after thee.
7s&6s, Saviour, I thy word believe; My un-be - lief remove;
Peculiar. Now thy quickening Spirit give, The unction from above; } Show me, Lord, how good thou art; Now thy gracious word fulfil; Send the witness to my heart; The Holy Ghost reveal.

* Small notes and repeat for lower verse.

HAPPINESS. 6s & 9s. or 12s & 9s.

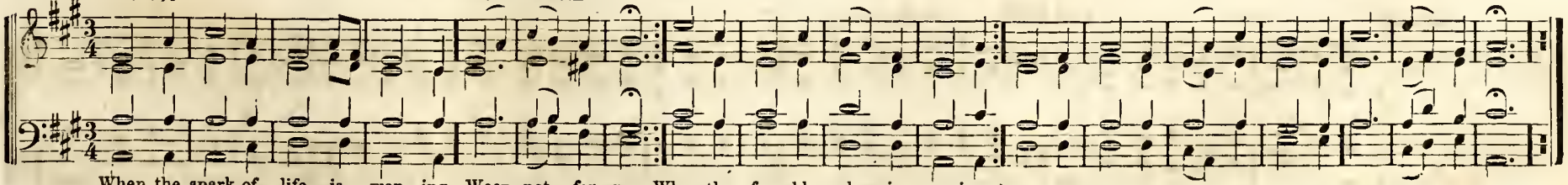
Old Melody.



Oh! how happy are they, Who their Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure above! Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love.

WALSH. 8s & 4s. Peculiar.

Firmly.



When the spark of life is wan - ing, Weep not for me; When the fee - ble pulse is ceasing,
When the lan-guid eye is streaming Weep not for me; Start not at its swift de-creasing, } 'Tis the fettered soul's re - leas-ing, Weep not for me.

SCOTLAND. 12s, or 12s, 13s & 14s

Dr. CLARKE.

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;" For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain, From sin and uncleanness, and every transgression, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation. His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has brought us a pardon; We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan, We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not déplore thee; Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb, The Saviour has passed thro' it portals before thee And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

SAILOR. 12s.

Slowly.

FINE. D. C.

When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman [to cherish,

FINE. D. C.

D. C. We fly to our Maker—Save, Lord, or we perish!

CALIS. 6s & 7s.

Spirited.

Jesus, thou art our King! To me thy succor bring; Christ the mighty one a[illegible]ou Help for all on thee is laid: 'Tis the word; I claim it now; Send me now the promised aid.

TRUMPET. 10s, 11 & 12s.

Very spirited.

FINE.

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die; Vain were the terrors that gathered around him, And short the dominion of death and the grave; He
D. C. Loud was the chorus of angels on high, The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die. [burst from the fetters of

2. Glory to God, in full anthems of joy; The being he gave us death cannot destroy: Sad were the life we may part with tomorrow, If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end; But
D. C. Lift then your voices in triumph on high, For Je-sus hath risen, and man shall not die. [Jesus hath cheered the dark

D. C.

darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:

val - ley of sorrow, And bade us, im-mor-tal, to heaven as-cend:

EXPOSTULATION. 27th P. M. (4 lines 11s.)

1ST. 2D. FINE. D. C.

O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die! { When God in great mercy is com - ing so nigh?
And an-gels are wait-ing, to wel - - - come you home. { Since Je - sus in-vites you, the Spir-it says come.

D. C.

PAYSON. 10s.

E. B. PIKE.

This fine tune should be sung with firmness, yet very gentle.

Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed, While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

TEMPERANCE CALL. Chorus.

Music from the "German."

Spirited. *m* *cres.* *m*

1. When temperance calls, I take my way, And plead the cause to all; In lone - ly cot, or pal - ace gay, Re - sounds my ear - nest

2. Then firm - ly stand, then firm - ly stand; Our bless - ed Fa - ther - land; In temperance' cause be firm, be true, Be with the right, be strong to

cres. *f*

call, They sign the pledge and then are free, Re - joic - ing in the vic - to - ry; They go, they go with me: They go, they go with

do. Oh! hurl the mon - ster from our shore, That sorrowing ones may weep no more, But praise kind Prov - i - dence, But praise kind Prov - i -

m *cres.* *f* *ff*

me. Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice with me; Re - joice, re - joice, for they are free; Re-joice, rejoice, rejoice, for they are free.

dence. Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, with me: Re-joice, re - joice, for they are free; Rejoice, re - joice, rejoice, rejoice, for they are free.

Spirited.

COME AWAY, COME AWAY. Temperance Chorus.

Music arranged from FRANZ ABT.

1. Come a - way, come a - way, Come a - way, ye hopeless ones; Shun the bowl, shun the bowl, shun the bowl be-night - ed ones, Temperance skies are bright and fair

2. Ral - ly firm to the polls, Do your du - ty, freemen there; Speak in tones that will soon send the ty-rant from our land: Temperance skies are bright and fair,

All are hap - py, hap - py there, All are hap - py, hap - py there, All are hap - py, hap - py there, All are hap - - -

All are hap - py, hap - py there, Temperance skies are bright and fair; All are happy, happy there, All are hap - py, hap - py there, All are hap - py,

hap - - - py, All are hap - py, hap - py there, All are hap - py, hap - py there, All are hap - py, hap - py there.

hap - py there, All are hap - py, hap - py there, All are hap - py, hap - py there, All are hap - py, hap - py there.

Spirited.

FRIENDS COME AND JOIN OUR LAY.

Musical Convention Chorus.

TENOR. *m* *cres.* *f*

Friends come and join our lay, On this our natal day, Sweet songs and cheerful glee, Happy, happy we; Happy we, Oh hap-py, hap-py, hap-py

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

Friends come and join our lay, On this our natal day, Sweet songs and cheerful glee, Happy, happy we; Happy we, Happy we; Oh happy, hap-py, hap-py

BASE.

Friends come and join our lay, On this our natal day, Sweet songs and cheerful glee, Happy, happy we; Happy we, happy we; Oh hap-py, hap-py, hap-py

m *cres.* *mp*

we, From the hill and val-ley, we ral-ley, we ral-ley; While the voice of sing-ing, Is ring-ing, Is ring-ing; mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,

we, From the hill and val-ley, we ral-ley, we ral-rey; While the voice of sing-ing, Is ring-ing, is ring-ing; mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,

cres. *f* *cres.* *ff*

O-ver the mountains come, we, come, Cheeri-ly, cheer-i-ly, Sing we the vict'ry won, the vict'ry won, the vict'ry won, The vic - - - t'ry, won.

O-ver the mountains come, we come, Cheeri-ly, cheer-i-ly, Sing we the vic-t'ry won, the vic- t'ry won, the vic-t'ry won, The vic - - - t'ry, won.

Moderato.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor, Blessed is he that considereth the poor, The Lord will deliver him..... in time of trouble, The

Blessed is he that considereth the poor, Blessed is he that considereth the poor, The Lord will de-liv-er him in time of trouble, The

Lord will deliver him in time of trouble, Blessed is he that con-sid-er-eth the poor, The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

Lord will deliver him in time of trouble, Blessed is he that con-sid-er-eth the poor, The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

HYMN. "On the breeze of Evening stealing."

L. O. EMERSON.

1. On the breeze of eve - ning steal - ing, Hark! the sol - emn an - them swells, Wak - ing eve - ry thonght and feel - ing, To the truth re - li gion tells. Wak - ing eve - ry thought and feel - ing, To the truth re - li - gion tells.*

mf

BASE SOLO.

2. Oh, how sweet is that de-votion, When the tho'ts are fix'd above, And man kneels down in pure devotion, To supplicate a God of love, To snp - pli - cate a God of love.

Chorus.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Sing un - to God, For his mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

mf

Praise ye the Lord, Sing prais-es to our God; Praise ye the Lord, Sing prais-es to our God,..... For his mer cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er,

* Sing the Chorus at the close of each verse.

For his mercy en-dur-eth for-ev-er, Hark! hark again it glides a - long, Come, let us join the holy song,

For his mercy en-dur-eth for-ev-er, Hark! hark again it glides a - long, Come, let us join the holy song,

Come, let us join the ho - -

Come, let us join the holy song, Come, let us join the ho-ly song, Come, let us join the ho-ly song, the ho-ly song.

mp *p* Dim. *ppp*

Come, let us join the holy song, Come, let us join the ho-ly song, Come, let us join the ho-ly song, the ho-ly song.

ly song,

SONS OF ZION. Anthem.

LIVELY

Sons of Zi-on, come be-fore him, Bring the cymbal, bring the harp. Bring the cymbal, bring the harp lo, he's seated,

come be - fore him, bring the harp, bring the cymbal, bring the harp. High in glory, lo, he's seated, On his

Sons of Zi-on, come be-fore him, Bring the cymbal, bring the harp, Bring the cymbal, bring the harp. High in glory, lo, he's seated, On his

ma - jes - tic throne, On his bright, majestic throne. Sons of Zi - on, come before him, Sound the lute, and strike the harp, Sound the

bright, ma - jes - tic throne, On his bright, majestic throne. come be-fore him, strike the harp, Sound the

bright, ma - jes - tic throne, On his bright, ma-jestic throne. Sons of Zi - on, come before him, Sound the lute, and strike the harp, Sound the

I LONG, I LONG FOR THE LAND OF THE BLEST. Quartett or Chorus.

Gentle & connected.

m *dim.* *m*

I long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry are at rest, at rest; There the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest. I

lute, strike the harp. Sons of Zi - on, come before him, Sound the lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute and strike the harp, Sound the lute, and strike the harp.

lute, strike the harp. Sons of Zi - on, come before him, Sound the lute and strike the harp. Sound the lute and harp, Sound the lute and harp. Sons of

UNISON . . . .

come be - fore him, strike the harp. Sound the lute and harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

Zi - on, come be - fore him. Sound the lute and strike the harp. Sound the lute and strike the harp, strike the harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

come be - fore him, strike the harp, sound the lute and harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

I LONG, I LONG FOR THE LAND. Concluded.

m *dim. e rit.* *cres.*

long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry are at rest, are at rest.

WHEN THE SOCIAL TIE. Marriage Hymn.

Words and music written for this work.

Animated.

1. When the social tie is woven, And the holy work is done, Then togeth - er on life's journey, Its checkered paths have run, Its checkered paths have run.

2. God in mercy grant the favor, That in heav'n we may find home, Where forev-er and for - ev - er, We'll rest thro' his dear Son, We'll rest thro' his dear Son.

3. Joyous songs and glad ho - sannas, Shall forever there be given, Let the type of earth be ev - er Of that glad life in heav'n, Of that glad life in heav'n

is done,
find home,
be given,

LOOK TO HEAVEN, THERE'S YOUR HOME. Marriage Hymn.

Words written for this work.

Gentle. *m* Cres. *f* *m* Dim.

1. Tho' the scenes of life may try you, And affliction bring the tear, Tho' your hopes so fond and cherished May be blotted many a year, Look to heav'n, Look to heav'n, for there's your home.

2. Joy and sorrow will ye meet with, Joy to cheer you on your way, But remember, oh! re - member, As ye journey day by day, Look to heav'n, Look to heav'n, for there's your home.

m Cres. *f* *m* Dim.

3. Wed the hours then in life's journey, To the good you'll find to do; Then in earnest may you heed this, When life's journey you've passed thro' Look to heav'n, Look to heav'n, for there's your home.

NOW AWAY TO OUR HOMES WILL WE GO. Finale for Musical Conventions.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

Lively. *m* *f* *m*

1. Now a - way to our homes will we go, will we go, Now a - way to our homes will go, will go, Pleasant hours have flown, Since we left our home, Then a - way to our homes will we

2. Now adieu to our friends, who have welcomed us here, Now adieu, now adieu, a - dieu, adieu, In fond mem'ry they are now embalmed, Our dear friends who have welcomed

m *f* *m*

3. May kind heaven look down on our labors and smile, May our meetings continue so blest, so blest, Till we meet above, Till we meet above, In the land, in the land of the

Cres. *mf* *ff*

go, will we go, Happy then we'll be, we'll be, Happy then we'll be, we'll be, Happy then we'll be, we'll be, Happy then we'll be, we'll be.

us here, us here, Happy then we'll be, we'll be, Happy then we'll be, we'll be, Happy then we'll be, we'll be, Happy then we'll be, we'll be.

Cres. *mf* *ff*

blest, of the blest, Happy then we'll be, we'll be, Happy then we'll be, we'll be, Happy then we'll be, we'll be, Happy then we'll be, we'll be.

Happy then we'll be, Happy then we'll be,

UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN.—Quartette & Chorus for Christmas.

From the LUTE OF ZION.

Spirited. QUARTETTE. Cres. f

Unto us a child is born; Unto us a son is given, And the government shall be upon his shoulders; And his name shall be called

Unto us a child is born; Unto us a son is given, And the government shall be upon his shoulders; And his name shall be called

m Cres. f

Unto us a child is born; Unto us a son is given, And the government shall be upon his shoulders; And his name shall be called

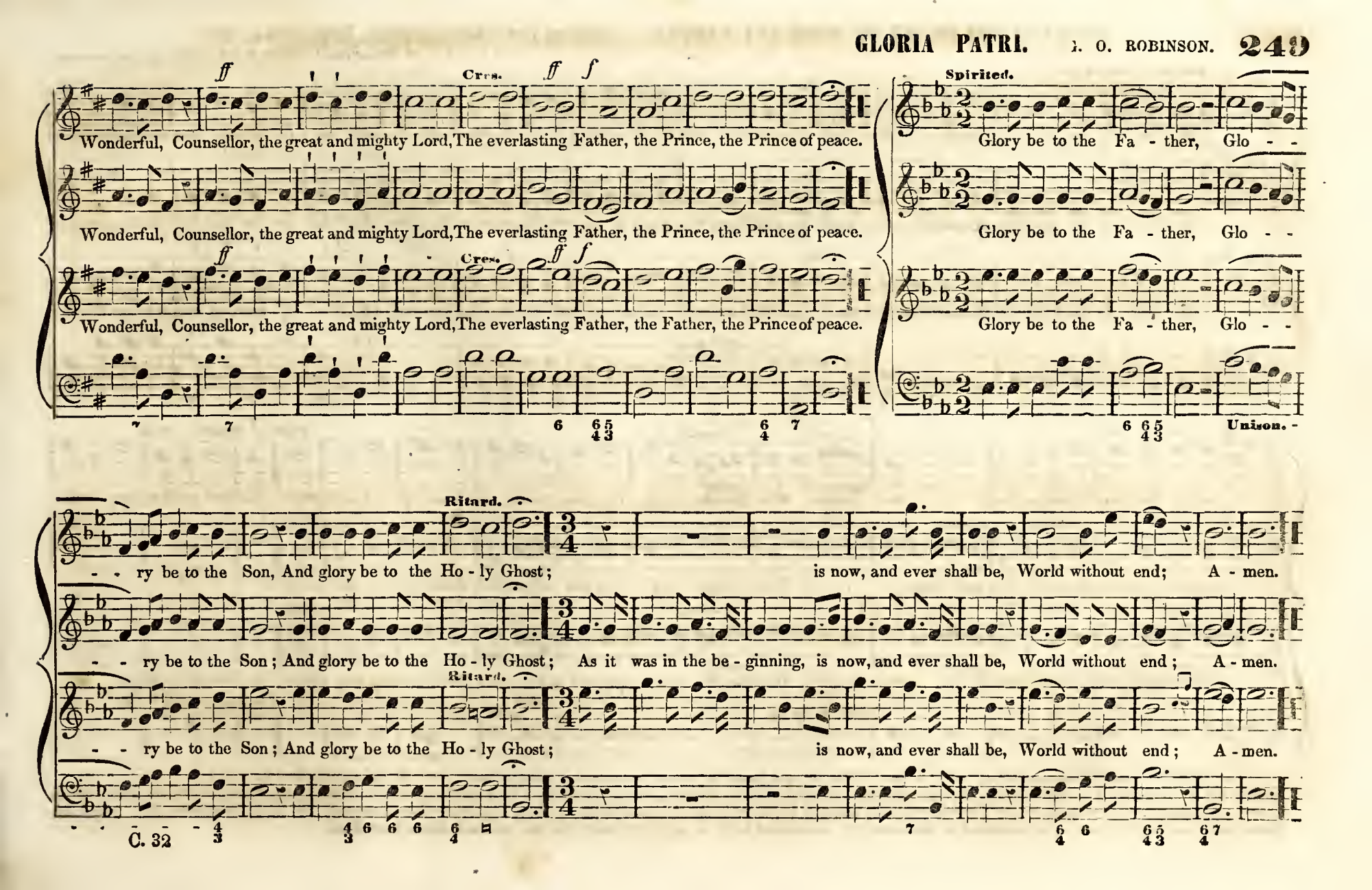
ff CHORUS. m f

Wonder - ful, Counsel - lor, the great and mighty Lord, The ev - er - last-ing Father, the Prince of peace, the Prince of peace, The

Wonder - ful, Counsel - lor, the great and mighty Lord, The ev - er - last-ing Father, The

ff m f

Wonder - ful, Connsel - lor, the great and mighty Lord, The ev - er - last-ing Father, the Prince of peace, the Prince of peace, The


ff
Cres.
ff f
Wonderful, Counsellor, the great and mighty Lord, The everlasting Father, the Prince, the Prince of peace.
Wonderful, Counsellor, the great and mighty Lord, The everlasting Father, the Prince, the Prince of peace.
Wonderful, Counsellor, the great and mighty Lord, The everlasting Father, the Father, the Prince of peace.
Spirited.
Glory be to the Fa - ther, Glo - -
Glory be to the Fa - ther, Glo - -
Glory be to the Fa - ther, Glo - -
Unison. -
Ritard.
- - ry be to the Son, And glory be to the Ho - ly Ghost; is now, and ever shall be, World without end; A - men.
- - ry be to the Son; And glory be to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - ginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end; A - men.
- - ry be to the Son; And glory be to the Ho - ly Ghost; is now, and ever shall be, World without end; A - men.
C. 32

HE HATH NOT DEALT SO WITH ANY PEOPLE.—Anthem for Thanksgiving, Dedication, &c.

* From the LIBER MUSICUS, by permission.

Declamatory style. Cres. *f*

Sing un - to the Lord with thanksgiving, Sing praise upon the harp, with thanksgiving, with thanksgiving unto our God, un - to our God, with thanksgiving un -

Sing un - to the Lord with thanksgiving, Sing praise upon the harp, with thanksgiving, with thanksgiving unto our God, un - to our God, with thanksgiving un -

Cres. *f*

Sing un - to the Lord with thanksgiving, Sing praise upon the harp, with thanksgiving, with thanksgiving unto our God, un - to our God, with thanksgiving un -

f Fine. *f* Duett. Soli.

to our God with thanksgiving, and praise with thanks - giv - ing, and praise, with thanksgiving and praise; He hath not dealt so with

to our God, with thanksgiving and praise, With thanks - giv - ing and praise, with thanksgiving and praise;

f Fine.

to our God, with thanksgiving, and praise, With thanks - giv - ing and praise, with thanksgiving and praise; He hath not dealt so with

f Duett. Soli.

* The LIBER MUSICUS, OR NEW YORK ANTHEM BOOK, is a large collection of set pieces adapted to the use of choirs and select singing societies. In it may be found easy Anthems, and a large number of Choruses from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, and other eminent composers. In addition to these, there are many Songs, Duetts and Quartetts, arranged for the Piano Forte, and adapted to the concert room and social circle. This collection is not only the most extensive and varied Anthem book, but the cheapest ever published in this country. Published by F. J. HUNTINGTON, No. 23 Park Row, New York.

Dim Cres.

an - y na - tion, we have not known them ; Praise the Lord with thanksgiving, praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

Cres.

And as for his judgments, we have not known them ; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord with thanksgiving,

Dim. Cres.

Then praise the Lord,

an - y na - tion, we have not known them ; Praise the Lord with thanksgiving,

Praise the Lord,

7 6 4

ff Duett. Soli. D. C. al Fine.

Praise the Lord with thanksgiving, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord with thanksgiving; He hath not dealt so with an - y nation, He hath not dealt so with an - y nation.

Praise the Lord with thanksgiving, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord with thanksgiving;

ff D. C. al Fine.

Praise the Lord with thanksgiving, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord with thanksgiving; He hath not dealt so with an - y nation, He hath not dealt so with an - y nation.

Duett. Soli.

7 – 6 6 7 4

I WAS GLAD WHEN THEY SAID UNTO ME.—Anthem for Dedication, opening service, &c.

From the LIBER MUSICUS

Spirited and lively DUETT. Soprano and Alto.

I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad when they said un - to me,

Sym.

Accom.

DUETT. Base and Tenor

We will go, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, in - to the house..... of the Lord.

Sym.

CHORUS. *m* Cres. *f* Cres.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, and prosperi - ty, prosper - i - ty with - in thy pal-a - ces;.....

Peace be within thy walls,..... Peace be within thy walls, ... and prosper-i - ty, prosper - i - ty with - in thy palaces; Peace be within thy walls, and pros - palaces; .....

CHORUS. *m* Cres. *f* Cres.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, and prosper-i - ty, prosper - i - ty with - in thy palaces; Peace be within thy walls, and pros -

6 6 6 7 4 3 4 6 3

m *f* CHORUS. Cres. *f*

with-in thy pal-a-ces; Peace be within thy walls, thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, thy walls, pros-

SOLI. SOLI. CHORUS.

- per-i-ty, with-in thy pal-a-ces; Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, thy walls, pros-

m SOLI. *f* CHORUS. SOLI. Cres. *f* CHORUS.

- per-i-ty, with-in thy pal-a-ces; Peace be within thy walls, thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, thy walls, pros-

Cres. *ff*

- per-i-ty, pros-per-i-ty with-in thy pal-aces, with-in thy pal-a-ces, pros-per-i-ty, pros-per-i-ty with-in thy pal - - - a - ces.

- per-i-ty, pros-per-i-ty with-in thy pal-aces, with-in thy pal-a-ces, pros-per-i-ty, pros-per-i-ty with-in thy pal - - - a - ces.

Cres. *ff*

- per-i-ty, pros-per-i-ty with-in thy pal-aces, with-in thy pal-a-ces, pros-per-i-ty, pros-per-i-ty with-in thy pal - - - a - ces.

From the LUTE OF ZION

Fast and energetic.

f *m* Rit.

Awake! awake! awake! put on thy strength, O Zi - on, Thy beau - ti - ful garments, thy

Awake! awake! awake! put on thy strength, O Zi - on, Put on thy beauti - ful gar - ments, Thy beau - ti - ful garments, thy

f *m* Rit.

Awake! awake! awake! put on thy strength, O Zi - on, Thy beau - ti - ful garments, thy

Unison. - - - 5/3 6/4 7 6/4 6

A Tempo. Cres. *f* *ff* Fine.

beau - ti - ful garments, O Zion, O Zi-on, Awake! put on thy strength, Awake! put on thy strength, O Zi - - - - on.

beau - ti - ful garments, O Zion, O Zi-on, Awake! put on thy strength, Awake! put on thy strength, O Zi - - - - on

Cres. *f* *ff* Fine.

beau - ti - ful garments, O Zion, O Zi-on, Awake! put on thy strength, Awake! put on thy strength, put on thy strength, O Zi - on.

6 5/4 3 6/4 Unison. - - - - 5/3 7 5/3 6/5 6 7

m Slower. KEY OF G.

m

And the glo - ry of the Lord, of the Lord, ...

O Je - ru - salem ! O Je - ru - salem ! For thy light is come, For thy light is come ; And the glory of the Lord, And the glo - ry of the Lord is

m *m*

And the glo - ry of the Lord, of the Lord, ...

D. C. *ff*

. . . . . is risen upon thee, And the glo - ry of the Lord is risen upon thee, For the glory of the Lord is risen up - on thee.

Cres.

risen up - on thee, upon thee, ... up - on thee.

Cres. D. C. *ff*

. . . . . is risen upon thee, And the glo - ry of the Lord is risen upon thee, For the glory of the Lord is risen up - on thee.

O GOD MY HEART IS FIXED.—Anthem for almost any public occasion where spirited music is required.

From the LIBER MUSICUS, by permission.

Maestoso. Allegretto.

O God my heart is fixed, My heart is fixed to praise thy holy name, My heart is fixed to praise thy holy name; Then awake, awake the timbrel and the harp, Then awake, awake the timbrel and [the harp,

O God my heart is fixed, My heart is fixed to praise thy holy name, My heart is fixed to praise thy holy name; A -

O God my heart is fixed, My heart is fixed to praise thy holy name, My heart is fixed to praise thy holy name; Then awake, awake the timbrel and the harp, Then awake, awake the timbrel [and the harp, A -

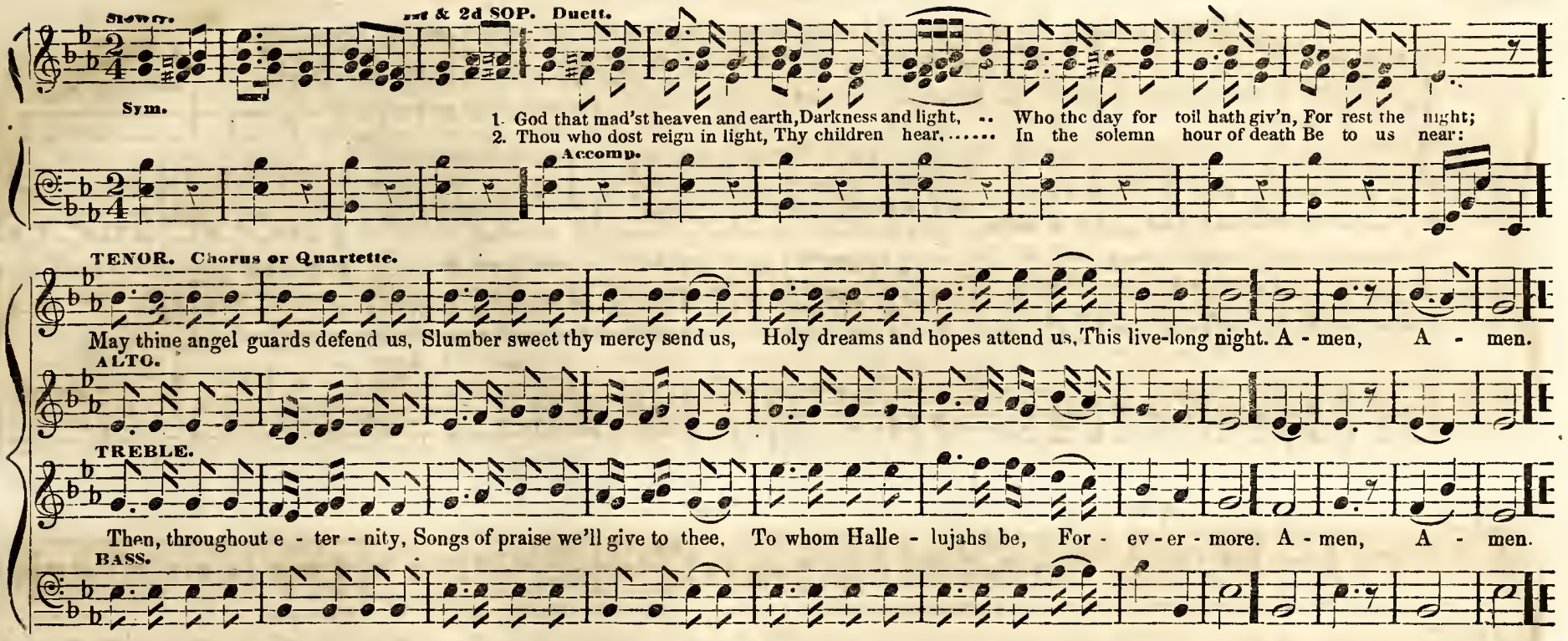
f *ff*

Awake, awake, Then awake, awake the timbrel and the harp, Then awake the timbrel and the harp, Awake the timbrel and the harp; A - wake, A - wake.

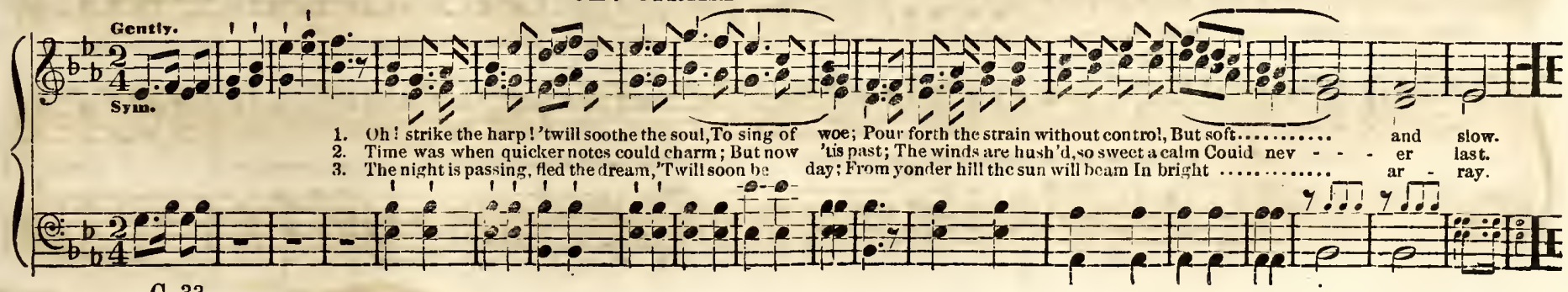
- wake, awake, Then awake, awake the timbrel and the harp, Then awake, awake the timbrel and the harp, Awake the timbrel and the harp, A - wake, A - wake.

f

- wake, awake, awake, Then awake, awake the timbrel and the harp, Then awake, awake the timbrel and the harp, Awake the timbrel and the harp, Awake, A - wake.



OH! STRIKE THE HARP.—Duett.



Anthem to close the services of Installation, Dedication, or other public occasions

m Spirited. Cres.

We have tho't of thy loving kindness O Lord, in the midst of thy temple, We have tho't of thy lov - ing kindness O Lord;

A little faster.

We have tho't of thy loving kindness O Lord, in the midst of thy temple, We have tho't of thy lov - ing kindness, O Lord; Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of

Cres.

We have tho't of thy loving kindness O Lord, in the midst of thy temple, We have tho't of thy lov - ing kindness O Lord;

Cres.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her; Tell her tow'rs thereof; ..... That ye may tell it, that ye may

Ju - dah be glad; Walk about Zion, and go round about her, Tell her tow'rs there - of ..... Tell her tow'rs thereof, That ye may tell it,

Cres.

Walk about Zi - on, and go round about her, Tell her tow'rs there -of, ... That ye may tell it, that ye may

3ds.

mp Cres.

tell it to gen-e-rations following, Then let mount Zion re-joice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, Let mount Zion rejoice, Let mount Zion rejoice in the

that ye may tell it to gene-rations following, Then let mount Zion re-joice, Let the daughters of Judah be glad, ... Let mount Zion re-joice in the

mp Cres.

tell it to gen-e-rations following, Then let mount Zion re-joice, Let the daughters of Judah be glad, Let mount Zion rejoice, Let mount Zion rejoice in the

m *ff* *m* Cres. *ff*

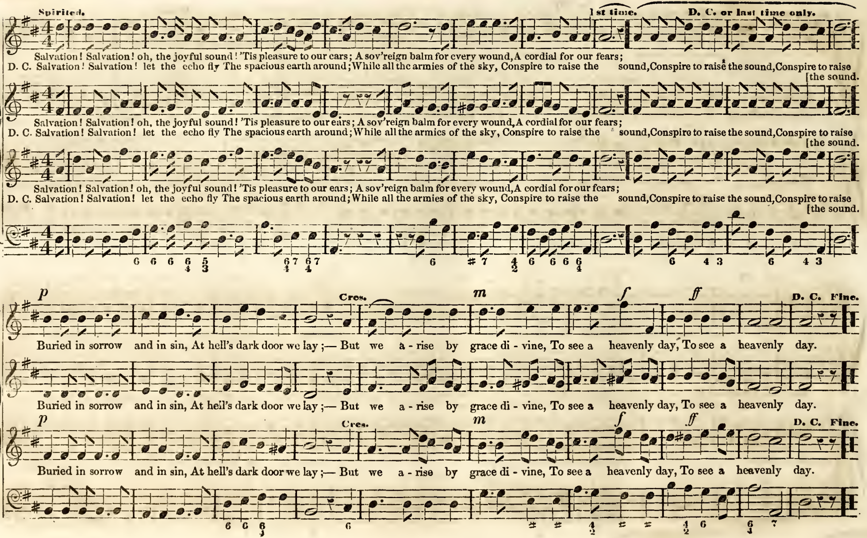
Lord, rejoice, Let mount Zi-on re-joice, Let mount Zi-on re-joice, re-joice, rejoice, rejoice, re-joice.

Lord, ... Let monnt Zi-on re-joice. Let mount Zi-on re-joice, Let monnt Zi-on re-joice, Let mount Zi-on re-joice, re-joice, rejoice, rejoice, re-joice.

m *ff* *m* Cres. *ff*

Lord, re-joice, Let mount Zi-on re-joice, Let mount Zi-on re-joice, re-joice, rejoice, rejoice, re-joice.

SALVATION, SALVATION.—Anthem for opening or close of service.



CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.—For funeral occasions, also opening & close of services.

May be sung as a QUARTETTE

W * *

m With earnest tenderness.

Cres. *f*

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain ..... thee, He will sustain thee, Cast thy

m Cres. *f* *m* *f*

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain ..... thee; ..... Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy

m *m* *f*

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain ..... thee, He will sustain thee, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy

Dim. *m* Cres.

burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain ..... thee.

burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, And he will sustain thee, And he will sustain thee, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain .... thee.

Dim. *m* Cres.

burden on the Lord, And he will sus - tain thee, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee.

O PRAISE YE THE LORD IN HIS HOLINESS.—Anthem of praise.

Fast. *f* — *m* — Cres.

O praise ye the Lord in his holiness, O praise ye the Lord in his holiness; With the sound of the

O praise ye the Lord in his holiness; With the sound of the trumpet, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,

f — *m* — Cres.

O praise ye the Lord in his holi - ness,..... With the sound of the

f — 1st. 2d. *ff*

trumpet, Praise ye the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, O praise..... ye the Lord, Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.

1st. 2d.

Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, O praise..... ye the Lord, Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord

1st. 2d. *ff*

trumpet, Praise ye the Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, O praise..... ye the Lord, Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.

1st. 2d.

* Repeat or brass instruments without the voice. If such instruments are not to be had, omit repeat.

* These small notes Ad Lib.

Slow.

Now the shades of night are gone, Now the morning light is come; Lord, may we be thine to-day; Drive the shades of sin a - way;

Now the shades of night are gone, Now the morning light is come; Lord, may we be thine to-day; Drive the shades of sin a - way, Fill our souls with

Now the shades of night are gone, Now the morning light is come; Lord, may we be thine to-day; Drive the shades of sin a - way, Fill our souls with

In thy service, Lord, to - day, Help us labour, help us pray, Help us labour, help us pray.

heavenly light, Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight; In thy service, Lord, to-day, Help us labour, help us pray, Help us labour, help us pray.

heavenly light, Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight; In thy service, Lord, to-day, Help us la - bour, help us pray, Help us la - bour, Help us pray.

* This may be sung as a 7s metre

WAIT ON THE LORD.—Anthem for opening or closing service.

m Not too fast. Cres. *f* *p* *p*

Wait on the Lord, wait on the Lord; Be of good cour - age; Wait, Wait, wait on the Lord, And he shall strengthen thy heart; Wait, Wait

Wait on the Lord, wait on the Lord; Be of good cour - age, Be of good cour - age, Wait, Wait, wait on the Lord, And he shall strengthen thy heart, Wait, Wait,

m Cres. *f* *p* *p*

Wait on the Lord, wait on the Lord; Be of good cour - age, Be of good courage; Wait, Wait, wait on the Lord, And he shall strengthen thy heart, Wait, Wait

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 4 7 6

f *m* Cres. *f* *f*

Wait on the Lord, And he shall strengthen thy heart; Wait on the Lord, Oh wait on the Lord; A - - - men, A - men.

Wait on the Lord, And he shall strengthen thy heart; Wait..... on the Lord, Wait,..... Oh wait on the Lord; A - - - men, A - men.

f *m* Cres. *f*

Wait on the Lord, And he shall strengthen thy heart; Wait on the Lord, Oh wait on the Lord; A - - - men, A - men.

6 6 7 4 4 3 4 3 7 6 4 4 3 6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3 7

I WILL SING A NEW SONG UNTO THEE, O GOD.

To be sung at the opening or close of services, or when converts unite with the church

Lively and in chanting style.

I will sing a new song unto thee, O God, I will sing a new song unto thee, O God; Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,

I will sing a new song unto thee, O God, I will sing a new song unto thee, O God; Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,

I will sing a new song unto thee, O God, I will sing a new song unto thee, O God; Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,

O LORD HEAR.—For opening or closing service.

A - men, A - men.

A - men, A - men.

A - men, A - men.

m Slowly. Cres. mf Dim.

O Lord hear, O Lord forgive, O Lord, O Lord hearken and do, defer not, defer not, for thine own sake; A - men.

O Lord hear, O Lord forgive, O Lord, O Lord hearken and do, defer not, defer not, for thine own sake; A - men.

m mf Dim.

O Lord hear, O Lord forgive, O Lord, O Lord hearken and do, defer not, defer not, for thine own sake; A - - - men.

A - men

* Let the repeats be sung the first time by Alto and Soprano, 2d time by Tenor and Base

SWEETLY YE BLOW CELESTIAL GALES.*

J. P. KNIGHT.

p SOPRANO Andantino. f

1. Sweetly ye blow, ce - les - tial gales! Our oars let us ply, and ex - pand our sails, Faithful our chart, our compass e - ven, Our anchor is hope, our

p ALTO. f

2. What tho' at times a rough wind blow, And breakers abound, and the tide run low? Think when we gain the wish'd for shore, How sweet to repose, our

p TENOR & BASS f

Rallent. p a tempo. f p tr

harbour heav'n, Our anchor is hope, our harbour heav'n: Sweetly blow on, ce - les - tial gales! Be patience for oars, and be prayer for sails!

Rallent. p a tempo f p tr

labours o'er, On, let us on! to chase our fear, The haven's in view, and the Saviour near, The ha - ven's in view, and the Sa - viour near!

f p

OH! THAT I HAD WINGS.—Trio.

E. L. WHITE.

Andante. Cres.

Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, Had wings like a dove, How swiftly then I'd fly, How

p

Oh! that I had wings, Oh that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, Had wings like a dove! How swiftly then I'd

p Cres.

Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings,..... Had wings like a dove! How

* The Piano Forte Accompaniment to this fine Trio can be had of Mr. Wade the publisher, No. 197 Washington St., Boston

swift - ly then I'd fly..... To.... my palace in..... the sky; Far a - way! far a - way! to the regions of the blest, Far a -

fly, How swiftly then I'd fly.... To my pal - ace in..... the sky; Far a - way! far a - way! to the regions of the blest, Far a -

swift-ly then I'd fly..... To my palace in the sky; Far a - way! far a - way! Far a -

- way! far a - way! to the regions of the blest, Oh! oh! that I had wings, Had wings like a dove..... Oh! that I had wings, Had

- way! far a - way! to the regions of the blest, Oh! oh! that I had wings, Had wings like a dove,..... Oh! that I had wings, Had

way! far a - way! Oh! oh! that I had wings, Had wings like a dove, Oh! that I had wings, Had

Dim. *p* Rall. *pp* Adagio.

wings..... like a dove To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.

Dim. *p* *pp*

wings like a dove To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.

Dim. *p* *pp*

wings..... like a dove To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.—Septette.

ARR FROM HERTZ.

1st & 2d SOPRANO.

1. I would not live al-way, I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm ri - ses dark o'er the way; The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise,

ALTO.

D. C.

1st & 2d TENOR.

2. Who, who would live alway, away from his God, A - way from yon heaven, that blissful a - bode, Where th' rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plain,
Where the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,

BASSO.

D. C.

Fine.

D. C.

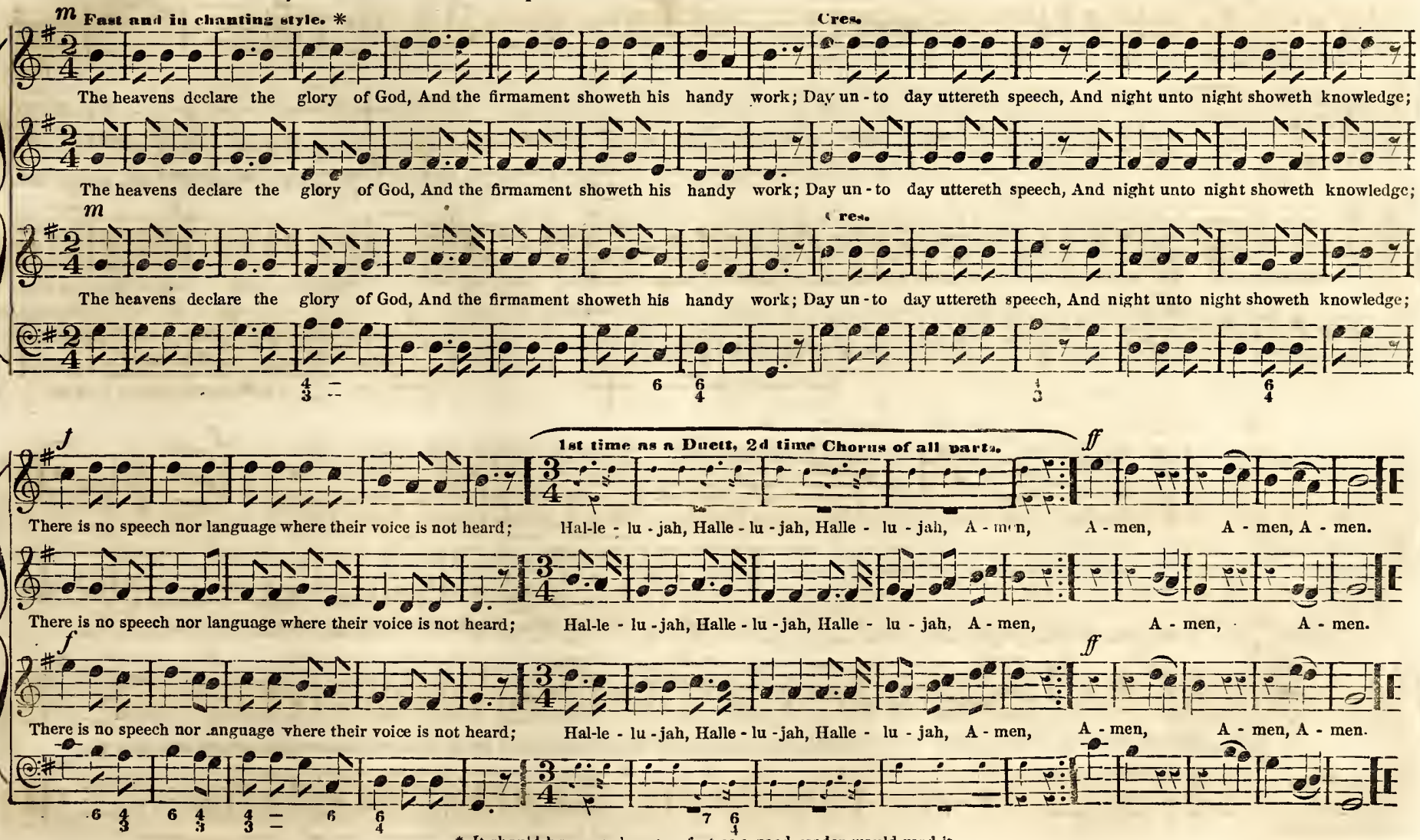
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer; I would not live alway, no, welcome the tomb. Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Fine.

D. C.

And the noontide of glo-ry e - ternal - ly reigns; Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul;

This is suitable for almost any occasion where God is to be praised.



* It should be sung almost as fast as a good reader would read it.

Slow and firm. Cres. *F*

Thoroughly wash me, wash me from all, all mine in - i - quity, cleanse thou me, cleanse thou me, cleanse thou me, cleanse thou me from

p

Thoroughly wash me, wash me from all, all mine iniquity, And cleanse my heart from all my sins, my sins; cleanse thou me, cleanse me, cleanse me,

p

Thoroughly wash me, wash me from all, all mine iniquity, And cleanse my heart from all my sins, my sins; cleanse thou me, cleanse thou me from

p

And cleanse me, cleanse thou me, cleanse me, cleanse me, cleanse thou me,

p *f*

all my sins; cleanse thou my heart from all, from all my sins; cleanse me, cleanse me, cleanse thou me, cleanse thou me, cleanse thou me.

p *f*

cleanse me, cleanse me, cleanse thou me, cleanse me, cleanse thou me, cleanse thou me

p *f*

all my sins; cleanse thou my heart from all, from all my sins; cleanse me, cleanse thou me, cleanse me, cleanse thou me, cleanse thou me.

p *f*

cleanse thou me, cleanse me, cleanse me. cleanse me, cleanse thou me, cleanse thou me, cleanse me, cleanse thou me

THY VOWS ARE UPON ME, O GOD.—Sentence, to be sung when converts are added to the church.

If more than one is added, use the plural "us."

m Slowly. Cres. Dim. Cres. *f*

Thy vows are upon me, upon me, O God, And I will render praises unto thee; Hal-le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Amen, A - men, A - men.

(us,) (us,)

Thy vows are upon me, upon me, O God, And I will render praises unto thee; Hal-le - lu - jah, Amen, A - men, A - men.

(us,) (us,)

m Cres. Dim. Cres. *f*

Thy vows are upon me, upon me, O God, And I will render praises unto thee, Hal-le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Amen, A - men, A - men.

(us,) (us,)

BE THOU EXALTED, O GOD.—Sentence for opening or close of service.

Spirited. *f*

Be thou ex - alt-ed O God, above the heavens, And let thy glory be above all the earth; Halle - lu-jah, Halle - lujah, Hallelujah, A - men, A - men

f

Be thou ex - alt-ed O God, above the heavens, And let thy glory be above all the earth, Halle-lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lujah, A - men, A - men.

f

Be thou ex - alt-ed O God, above the heavens, And let thy glory be above all the earth, Hallelujah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal-le - lujah, A - men, A - men.

Halle - lujah, Hallelujah,

O SING TO JEHOVAH, AND MAGNIFY HIS NAME.—Anthem.

Spirited. *m* Cres. Cres.

O sing to Jehovah, and magni fy his name, O sing to Jehovah, and magnify his name, Exalt his name, Exalt his name, and magni - fy his holy name; Sing to Je -

O sing to Je - hovah, and magnify his name· And magnify his name, Exalt his name, Exalt his name, And magnify his holy name; Sing.....

m Cres. Cres.

O sing to Je - hovah, and magnify his name, O sing to Jeho - vah, and magnify his name; Ex - alt his name. Exalt his name, and magnify his ho-ly name; Sing to Je -

f *ff* *f* Cres.

- hovah, and magni - fy his holy name, Extol him, Ex - tol him, and magni - fy his name; Sing to Jehovah, Extol him, Extol him; Halle -

..... Extol him, Extol him, and mag-ni - fy his name; Sing to Jehovah, Extol him, Extol him, Halle -

f *ff* *f* Cres.

- hovah, and magnify his holy name, Extol him, Extol him, and mag - ni - fy his name; Sing to Jehovah, Extol him. Extol him, Hailelu - -

WHEN THE HEAVENLY DAY.—Chorus & Quartett.

ff

- lujah. Halle - lujah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

- lujah, Halle - lujah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

ff

- - jah, Halle - lu - - - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Moderato.

1. Heavenly day a - waits our way, Here on

2. Heavenly day a - waits our way, Hope be -

3. Heavenly day a - waits our way, What tho'

Cres.

earth as strangers dwelling, Joys we seek beyond decay, Where pure songs to God are swelling, Heav'n's high glory ever telling, Tho' as pilgrims, here w-

- stows her smiles unceasing, Sweet her beams around us play, While our earthly life's decreasing, While we wait our soul's releasing, Tho' as pilgrims here we

Cres.

death the bond dis-sev-er, Which unites thee to thy clay? Dread the gloom, oh, never, never! Light shall rise and shine forever: Tho' as pilgrims here we

C. 35

m Chorus to each verse.

roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home, Tho' as pil - grims here we roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home; When the heavenly day awaits our

roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home, Tho' as pil - grims here we roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home; When the heavenly day awaits our

m Chorus to each verse.

roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home, Tho' as pil - grims here we roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home; When the heavenly day awaits our

Cres. *f*

way, When the heav'nly day awaits our way, Then in heav'n we'll find our home.

way, When the heav'nly day a - waits our way, Then in heav'n we'll find our home; Then in heav'n we'll find our home.

Cres.

way, When the heav'nly day a - waits our way, Then in heav'n we'll find our home, When the heav'nly day awaits our way, Then in heav'n we'll find our home.

LORD I HAVE LOVED THE HABITATION OF THY HOUSE.—Sentence for opening service or Dedication.

In chanting style.

Lord I have loved the hab-i - ta-tion of thy house, And the place where thine hon-or dwelleth, Lord I have loved the hab-i - tation of thy house, Lord I have

Lord I have loved the hab-i - ta-tion of thy house, And the place where thine honor dwelleth, ... Lord I have

Lord I have loved the habi - ta-tion of thy house, And the place where thine hon-or dwelleth, Lord I have loved the hab-i-tation of thy house, Lord I have

loved the hab-i- ta-tion of thy house, Lord I have loved the hab-i - ta-tion of thy house, And the place where thine honor dwell - eth, A - - men.

loved the hab-i- ta-tion of thy house, Lord I have loved the hab-i - ta-tion of thy house, And the place where thine honor dwell - eth, A - - - men

loved the hab-i- ta-tion of thy house, Lord I have loved the hab-i - ta-tion of thy house, And the place where thine honor dwell - eth, A - - - men.

* Repeat as a duett. only Soprano and Alto.

O BE JOYFUL, ALL YE LANDS.—Anthem for Thanksgiving.

Very Spirited. *f* *ff* Fine. *m* Slowly.

O be joy - ful, O be joy - ful, O be joy - ful, all ye lands, Serve the Lord with glad -

O be joy - ful, O be joy - ful, O be joy - ful, all ye lands, Serve the Lord with glad -

f *ff* Fine. *m*

O be joy - ful, O be joy - ful, O be joy - ful, all ye lands, Serve the Lord with glad -

Cres. *m* Cres. D. C. Fine.

- ness, And come before his presence with a song, Be ye sure that the Lord, that the Lord he is God, It is he that hath made us, And not we ourselves.
We are his people, And the sheep of his pasture, It is he that hath made us, And not we ourselves.

- ness, Be ye sure that the Lord, that the Lord he is God, It is he that hath made us, And not we ourselves.
We are his people, And the sheep of his pasture, It is he that hath made us, And not we ourselves

Cres. *m* Cres. D. C. Fine.

- ness, And come before his presence with a song, Be ye sure that the Lord, that the Lord he is God, It is he that hath made us, And not we ourselves.
We are his people, And the sheep of his pasture, It is he that hath made us, And not we ourselves.

D. C. Fine.

Not too slow.

SOLO VOICE.

Who die in the Lord, Who die in the Lord, from henceforth;

SOLO VOICE.

Blessed are the dead, Blessed are the dead Who die in the Lord, Who die in the Lord, from henceforth;

SOLO VOICE.

I heard a voice from heaven, Saying unto me, write! write! From henceforth:

SOLO.

CHORUS.

f

Yea, saith the Spir - it, That they may rest, May rest from their la - bors, And their works, their works do fol - low them.

Yea, saith the Spir - it, That they may rest, May rest from their la - bors, And their works, their works do fol - low them.

CHORUS.

f

Yea, saith the Spir-it, That they may rest, May rest from their la - bors, And their works, their works do fol - low them.

6 4/3 6 6/4 4/3 8/7

Not too slow. *m* Cres. *f* Dim.

Comfort ye my peo - ple, saith your God; Speak ye comforta-bly to Je - ru - salem, And cry un - to her, that her warfare is accomplished, That

Speak ye com-forta-bly to Je - ru - salem, And cry un - to her, that her warfare is accomplished, That

m Cres. *f* Dim.

Comfort ye my peo - ple, saith your God; Speak ye com-forta-bly to Je - ru - salem, And cry un-to her, that her warfare is accomplished, That

her in - i-qui-ty is pardoned; *f* The voice of him that crieth in the

Duett. Soli. *m* Cres.

her in - i-quity is pardoned, For she hath received of the Lord .... double for all..... her sins;

Duett. Soli. *m* Cres.

her in - i-quity is pardoned, For she hath received of the Lord .... double for all..... her sins; The voice of him that crieth in the

Duett. a Tempo.

Unison. - - -

f *m*

wil - der-ness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God;

f *m* Soli.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God; Eve - ry valley shall be ex - alt-ed, And

f *m* Soli.

wil - der - ness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God; Eve - ry valley shall be ex - alt-ed, And

f

Piu.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, And

every mountain and hill shall be made low, And the crooked shall be made straight, And the rough places plain, And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, And

Piu.

every mountain and hill shall be made low, And the crooked shall be made straight, And the rough places plain, And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, And

f Cres. *ff* Tenuto.

all flesh shall see it together, For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it; For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it; Amen, Amen, Amen, A - men.

all flesh shall see it to-gether, For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, ... Amen, Amen, Amen, A - men.

Cres. *ff*

all flesh shall see it to - gether; For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it; For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it; Amen, Amen, Amen, A - men.

6 6

ROUND. — Praise the Lord.

1 Praise the Lord, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah.

2 Praise the Lord, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah.

3 Praise the Lord, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah.

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

ROUND. — Hope in the Lord.

1 Hope in the Lord, be telling of his sal - va - tion.

2 Hope in the Lord, be telling of his sal - va - tion.

3 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - - le lu - jah.

4 A - - - - - - men. .....

Ardent. Cres.

That bringeth glad tidings, That publisheth peace, That bringeth good tidings, good tidings of

m Trio. Quartett.

How beautiful upon the mountains Are the feet..... of him That bringeth glad tidings, That publisheth peace, That bringeth good tidings, good tidings of

m Trio. Quartett.

How beautiful upon the mountains Are the feet.... of him that bringeth glad tidings, That publisheth peace, That bringeth good tidings, good tidings of

m ff CHORUS. m Cres. ff *

good, That saith un - to Zi - on! Thy God reigneth, Thy God reign - eth, Thy God reigneth, O Zi - on, Thy God reigneth, O Zi - on;

good, Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth, O Zi - on, Thy God reigneth, O Zi - on;

Duett. ff CHORUS. Cres. ff

good, That saith un - to Zi - on! Thy God reigneth, Thy God reign - eth,..... Thy God reigneth, O Zi - on;

* This repeat may be omitted ad Lib

Duett. Bold.

f Faster.

The watchmen shall lift up, Shall lift up the voice, With the voice together, With the voice together Shall they sing, shall they sing, shall they sing, Break forth into joy, break

Break forth into joy, break

f

The watchmen shall lift up, Shall lift up the voice, With the voice together, With the voice together Shall they sing, shall they sing, shall they sing, Break forth into joy, break

Dim. Cres.

forth in - to joy. Sing together, ye waste places of Je - ru - sa - lem, For the Lord hath comforted his people, He hath redeemed Je - ru - sa -

forth in - to joy, into joy, ... For the Lord hath comforted his peo - ple,

Dim. Cres.

forth in - to joy, Sing together, ye waste places of Je - ru - sa - lem, ... He hath redeemed Je - ru - sa -

6 7 / 4 5 3ds. - - - - - - - - - 6 5 / 2 3ds. - -

More Animated. Cres to the end.

- lem, ... Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in - to joy, Break forth into joy, break forth, break forth, Break forth into

He hath redeemed Je - ru - sa - lem, Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in - to joy, Break forth into joy, break forth, break forth, Break forth into

More Animated. Cres to the end.

3ds. - - - - - - - - -

- lem, ... Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in - to joy, Break forth into joy, break forth, break forth, Break forth into

Unison. - - - - 5/3 6 1 6/4 4/3 6 4/3 6 6/4

joy, Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in-to joy, break forth, break forth, break forth, Break forth in - to joy.

joy, Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in - to joy, break forth, break forth, Break forth in - to joy.

joy, Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in - to joy, break forth, break forth, Break forth in - to joy.

4/3 6 6 6/4 Unison. 5/3 6 6 6/4 4/3 6 4/3 6 6 6/5 6/4 4/5 3/5 7

m Rapid and in chanting style.

Cres. Dim.

Arise and shine; for thy light is come, And the glory of the Lord is risen up - on thee; For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the peo-

Arise and shine; for thy light is come, And the glory of the Lord is risen up - on thee;

m Cres. Dim.

Arise and shine; for thy light is come, And the glory of the Lord is risen up - on thee; For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the peo-

Cres. *m* *f* *m* Cres.

- ple, But the Lord shall a - rise up - on thee, And his glory shall be seen up - on thee; And Gentiles shall come to the light of thy greatness, And kings to the brightness, to the

But the Lord shall a - rise up - on thee, And his glory shall be seen up - on thee; And Gentiles shall come to the light of thy greatness, And kings to the brightness, to the

Cres. *m* *f* *m* Cres.

- ple, But the Lord shall a - rise up - on thee, And his glory shall be seen up - on thee; And Gentiles shall come to the light of thy greatness, And kings to the brightness, to the

6 — 6 6 6 5 4 3 6 5 3 6 4 — 7 6 5 3

Bold or declamitory. *m* Connected. Accent strong and Cres.

brightness of thy rising; Lift up thine eyes round about, and see; Lift up thine eyes round about and see; All they gather themselves together, They come, they come, they

brightness of thy rising; Lift up thine eyes round about and see; All they gather themselves together, They come, they come, they

m Ten.

brightness of thy rising; Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: Lift up thine eyes round about and see; All ..... to thee; ..... to thee, They come, they come, they

f Cres. *ff* Ten.

come, they come to thee, to thee, They come, They come, They come, They come, they come to thee, They come to thee.

come, they come to thee, to thee, They come, They come, They come, They come, they come to thee, They come to thee.

....

come, they come to thee, to thee, They come, They come, They come, They come, they come to thee, They come to thee.

* If the tenor is not very firm, let the bass sing these small notes.

REJOICE GREATLY, OH DAUGHTER OF ZION.—Anthem.

mf Spirited and energetic.

Re - joice great-ly, Oh! Daughter of Zi - on; Re - joice great - ly, Oh! Daughter of Zi - on; Shout, Oh! daughter of Je - ru - sa-lem,

Re - joice great-ly, Oh! Daughter of Zi - on; Re - joice great - ly, Oh! Daughter of Zi - on; Shout, Oh! daughter of Je - ru - sa-lem,

Re - joice great-ly, Oh! Daughter of Zi - on; Re - joice great - ly, Oh! Daughter of Zi - on; Shout, Oh! daughter of Je - ru - sa-lem,

Dim.

Shout, Oh! daughter of Je - ru - sa- lem; Be - hold! Be - hold! Be - hold thy King! thy King cometh un - to thee; thy King cometh

Dim.

Shout, Oh! daughter of Je - ru - sa-lem; Be - hold! Be - hold! Be - hold thy King! thy King cometh un - to thee; thy King cometh

Dim.

Shout, Oh! daughter of Je - ru - sa-lem; Be - hold! Be - hold! Be - hold thy King! thy King cometh un - to thee; thy King cometh

Dim.

Cres. f

un - to thee, great-ly, Oh daughter of Je - ru - sa - lem; Re - joice .....

Cres. f

un - to thee, Re - joice, Re - joice greatly, Oh daughter of Je - ru - sa - lem; Oh daughter of Je -

Cres. f

un - to thee, Re - joice, Re - joice, Re - joice, Re - joice greatly, Oh daughter of Je - ru - sa- lem; Rejoice .....

Cres. f

Dim. Cres. ff

..... For thy King com-eth. A - men, A -men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A-men, A - men, A - men.

Dim. Cres. ff

ru -salem, For thy King com-eth, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Dim. Cres. ff

..... For thy King com -eth, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Dim. Cres. ff

A - men,... A - men.

Spirited. Cres. f

Sing and re - joice, Oh daughter of Zi-on, Sing and re - joice, Oh daughter of Zi- on, Re-

m Cres. f

Sing and re - joice, Oh daughter of Zi - on, Sing and re - joice, Oh daughter of Zi - on,

m Cres. f

Sing and re - joice, Oh daughter of Zi - on, Sing and re - joice, Oh daughter of Zi - on, Sing and re - joice, Oh daughter of Zi-on, Re-

Cres. f

6 4 5 3 6 6 4 7

joice,..... Oh daughter of Zi - on, Sing and re - joice, Oh daughter of

Re - joice,..... Oh daughter of Zi - on, Sing and re - joice, Oh daughter of

joice,..... Oh daughter of Zi - on, Re - joice,..... Oh daughter of Zi - on, Sing and re - joice, Oh daughter of

3 6

Fine. Pastoral. Slow.

Zi - on, A - men, A - men, A - - men. saith the

Zi - on, A - men, A - men, A - - men. For lo, I come and I will dwell, And I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the

Fine. Pastoral. Slow.

Zi - on, A - men, A - men, A - - men. For lo, I come and I will dwell, And I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the

Cres. Dim. m D. C. Fine.

Lord, saith the Lord, ... saith the Lord, saith the Lord, saith the Lord, Then

Lord, saith the Lord, For lo, I come and will dwell in thee, saith the Lord, saith the Lord, saith the Lord, Then

Lord, saith the Lord, for lo, I come and will dwell in thee, saith the Lord, saith the Lord, saith the Lord, Then

Cres. Dim. D. C. Fine.

C. 37

Lord, ...

O LORD, OPEN THOU MY LIPS.—Anthem for Installation, Dedication and opening service.

Animated and fast.

Cres.

O Lord, open thou my lips: And my mouth shall show forth thy praise, shall show forth, ... Shall show forth thy praise, Shall show forth thy praise;

O Lord, open thou my lips; And my mouth shall show forth thy praise; Shall show forth thy praise, Shall show forth thy praise, Shall show forth thy praise;

O Lord, open thou my lips; And my mouth shall show forth thy praise: Shall show forth thy praise; Shall show forth thy praise, Shall show forth thy praise;

Key of G.

ff

Dim

Build thou the walls of Je - ru - salem; Build thou the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem: Build thou the walls of Je - ru - sa -

Do good in thy good pleasure, Do good in thy good pleasure: Build thou the walls of Je - ru - sa -

ff

Dim.

Build thou the walls of Je - ru - sa-lem; Build thou the walls of Je-ru - sa - lem, Build thou the walls of Je - ru-sa -

f Cres. f m

- lem, Build thou the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem, Build thou the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem; Of Je - ru - sa - lem; Of Je - ru - sa - lem;

- lem, Build thou the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem, Build thou the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem; Of Je - ru - sa - lem; Of Je - ru - sa - lem;

f Cres. f m

- lem,.....

- lem, Build thou the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem;..... Of Je - ru - sa - lem;..... Of Je - ru - sa - lem;.....

Key of D. Cres. f Cres. f f f

Halle - lu - - jah, Halle - lujah, A - men, Hallelu - - - - jah, Hallelujah, Amen, Halle - lujah, Amen, Halle-lujah, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

Halle - lu - - jah, Halle - lujah, A - men, Halle-lu - - jah, Hallelujah, Amen, Halle - lujah, Amen, Halle-lujah, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

Halle - lu - - jah, Halle - lujah, A - men, Halle-lu - - jah, Hallelujah, Amen, Halle - lujah, Amen, Halle-lujah, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

THE GRACE OF OUR LORD.—Sentence for closing service.

m Slow. Cres. *f* Staccato.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, And the love of God, the love of God, And the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, Be with us all, Be with us all for - ev - er,

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, And the love of God, the love of God, And the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, Be with us all, Be with us all for - ev - er,

m Cres. *f* Staccato.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, And the love of God, the love of God, And the fellowship of the Ho-ly Ghost..... Be with us all for - ev - er -

m Cres. *f*

more, be with us all for - ev - - - - - er, ev - er - more; Be with us all for - ev - er - more: A - men, A - - men.

more, be with ns all for - ev - - - er, ev - er - more; Be with us all for - ev - er - more; A men, A - men.

m Cres. *f*

more, be with us all for - ev - - - - er, ev - er - more; Be with ns all for - ev - er - more; Be with us all for - ev - er - more; A - men, A - men.

THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.—Doxology. No. 1.

m Slow. *mf* Cres. *f*

The grace of our Lord, of our Lord Jesus Christ, And the love, the love of God, And the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, Be with us evermore, Be with us ever -

The grace of our Lord, of our Lord Jesus Christ, And the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, Be with us evermore, Be with us ever -

m *mf* Cres. *f*

The grace of our Lord, of our Lord Jesus Christ, And the love, the love of God, And the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, Be with us evermore, Be with us ever -

THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.—Doxology. No. 2.

Slow. DUETT.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, And the love, the love of God, And the fellowship of the Holy Ghost,

Accomp.

- more, Be with us evermore, Amen, Amen.

- more, Be with us evermore, Amen, Amen.

- more, Be with us evermore, Amen, Amen.

CHORUS.

Be with us all ev - er - more, A - men, A - men.

WE WAIT FOR THY LOVING KINDNESS.—Anthem for Thanksgiving or Dedication.

m Not too fast. *m* *m* *f*

We wait for thy loving kind - ness, We wait for thy loving kind - ness, Oh Lord, in the midst of thy tem - ple, Oh Lord! We

f

We wait for thy loving kind - ness, We wait for thy loving kind - ness, Oh Lord, in the midst of thy tem - ple, Oh Lord!

m *m* *m* *f*

We wait for thy loving kind - ness, We wait for thy loving kind - ness, Oh Lord, in the midst of thy temple, Oh Lord! We

f *f*

mf *mf* *m* Key of D. Very fast.

wait for thy lov - ing kind - ness, O Lord..... Oh Lord, in the midst of thy tem - ple; Let the Mount Zi - on re -

Cres.

We wait for thy lov - ing kindness O Lord! Oh Lord in the midst of thy tem - ple; Let the Mount Zi - on re -

mf *mf* Cres. *m*

wait for thy lov - ing kind - ness, O Lord!..... Oh Lord, in the midst of thy tem - ple; Let the Mount Zi - on, re -

Unison.

ff ff m ff

- joice, Let the Mount Zion rejoice, rejoice, Let the Mount Zion rejoice, ... re - joice, ... Let the

- joice, Let the Mount Zion rejoice, rejoice, Let the Mount Zion, the Mount Zion rejoice, ... Let the

ff m ff f

- joice, Let the Mount Zion, rejoice, rejoice, Let the Mount Zion, rejoice, ... re - joice, ... Let the

Unison. 5 3 6 3ds. - - - - -

Cres. ff m ff ff m Cres. Cres. ff

Mount.... ..... Zion rejoice, re - joice, re - joice, A - - - men, A - - - - men.

m

Mount..... Zion rejoice, Let the Mount Zion rejoice, Let the Mount Zion rejoice, A - - - men, A - - - - men.

Cres. ff m ff ff m

Mount .... Zion rejoice, Let the Mount Zion rejoice, Let the Mount Zion rejoice, A - - - - - - - - - men.

7 7 6 4 6 4 6 6 6 7 3 5 4 6 4 6 6 6 7 3 5 4

m Strong and lively. *f* *m* Cres.

I will wash my hands in in - no - cency, So will I compass thine altar, O Lord; That I may publish with the voice of thanks-giv - ing, And tell of

I will wash my hands in in - no - cen-cy, So will I compass thine altar, O Lord; That I may publish with the voice of thanks-giv - ing, And tell of

m *f* *m* Cres.

I will wash my hands in in - no - cen-cy, So will I compass thine altar, O Lord; That I may publish with the voice of thanks-giv - ing, And tell of

Cres. *f*

And I will tell of all thy wondrous works; And I will tell, And I will tell of

all thy won-drous works; And I will tell of all thy wondrous works; And I will tell of

Cres. *f*

And I will tell of all thy wondrous works; And I will tell, And I will tell of

ff Dim. Key of C. m f

all thy wondrous, thy wondrous works; With the

all thy wondrous, thy wondrous works; With the voice of thanksgiving, With the

ff Dim. m f ff

all thy wondrous, thy wondrous works; With the voice of thanksgiving, With the voice of thankgiving, With the

Sym.

6 6/4 7 6 5/4 3 4/2

m ff p f

voice of thanksgiv - ing, and praise, With the voice of thaksgiving, With the voice of thanksgiv - ing and praise, With thanksgiving, With the voice of

voice of thanks - giv - ing, and praise; With the voice of thanks-giv - ing and praise; With thanksgiving, With the voice of

m ff p f

voice of thanksgiv - ing and praise, With the voice of thanksgiving, With the voice of thanksgiving, and praise, With thanksgiving, With thanksgiving. With the voice of

6 #4/#3 6/4 6/1 4 7 C. 38 4/2 6 #6/#4 6/4 7 6/4 7

Cres. ff

thanksgiving, With thanksgiving, With thanksgiving, With the voice of thanks - giv - ing and praise; A - men, Amen, A - men, A - men.

thanksgiving, With thanksgiving, With thanksgiving, With the voice of thanks - giv - ing and praise; A - men, Amen, A - men, A - men.

f Cres. ff ff

thanksgiving, With thanksgiving, With thanksgiving, With the voice of thanks - giv - ing and praise; A - men, Amen, A - men, A - men.

MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING.—Sentence for opening service.

Slowly.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; In the morn - ing will I direct my pray'r, Will I direct my pray'r unto thee; A - men.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; In the morn - ing will I direct my pray'r, Will I direct my pray'r unto thee; A - men.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; In the morn - ing will I direct my pray'r, Will I direct my pray'r unto thee; A - men.

Slow.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease, From earthly cares, in sweet re - lease,

2. Go to thy peaceful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now among the blest, No more by sin and sor - row pressed,

3. Go to thy rest: and while Thy absence we de - plore, One tho't our sor - row shall beguile, For soon, with a ce - les - tial smile,

Thine eye-lids gen - tly close, From earthly cares, in sweet re - lease, Thine eye-lids gently close; gen - tly close.

But hush'd in qui - et sleep, No more by sin and sor - row pressed, But hush'd in qui - et sleep; qui - et sleep.

We meet to part no more, For soon, with a ce - les - tial smile, We meet to part no more; part no more.

O PRAISE THE LORD! ALL YE NATIONS.—Anthem.

J. M. PELTON.

Maestoso.

O praise the Lord! all ye nations; Praise him, praise him, all ye people; For his merciful kindness is great toward

O praise the Lord! all ye nations; Praise him, praise him, all ye people, For his merciful kindness is great toward us, toward us, ...

O praise the Lord! all ye nations; Praise him, praise him all ye people, For his merciful kindness is great toward

us, And the truth, the truth of the Lord endureth forev - er, And the truth, the truth of the Lord endureth for - ev-er; Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.

..... And the truth, the truth of the Lord endureth for - ev - er, And the truth, the truth of the Lord endureth forever; Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.

us, And the truth, the truth of the Lord endureth for-ev - er, And the truth, the truth of the Lord, endureth for-ev-er; Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.

I WILL SING UNTO THE LORD. Anthem.

Spirited—in chanting style

Cres.

I will sing unto the Lord of my salva-------tion, I will sing un-to the Lord of my sal - va - tion, I will sing---------- I will sing---------- will

I will sing, I will sing, I will sing, I will sing. will

I will sing un-to the Lord of my sal - va------tion, I will sing unto the Lord of my sal-va - tion, I will sing---------- I will sing-------- will

Sing a joy - ful song un - to the Lord, will sing a joy - ful song un - to the Lord, will sing a joy - ful song un - to the Lord. A-------men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

sing a joy-ful song un - to the Lord, will sing a joy - ful song un - to the Lord, will sing a joy - ful song un - to the Lord. A - men, A-men, A - men A - men.

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE. Sentence.

Not too slow.

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence, Let all the earth keep si - lence be - - - fore Him.

Earnestly

OH, RESTORE UNTO ME THE JOY OF THY SALVATION. Anthem.

m *cres.* *m* *f*

Oh! re - store un - to me the joy of my sal - va-tion, Oh! restore un - to me the joy of my sal - va - tion, The joy of my sal - va-tion, And

Oh! re - store un - to me the joy of my sal - vation, Oh! restore un - to me the joy of my sal - va - tion, The joy of my sal - va - tion, The joy of my sal - va-tion, And

Tenuto. *m* *cres.* *f*

with thy Ho - ly Spir-it up - hold thou me; Oh! Lord, up - hold, up - hold thou me, And with thy Ho - ly Spir - it, up-hold thou me. A.....men. A.....men.

with thy Ho - ly Spir-it up - hold thou me; Oh! Lord, up - hold, up - hold thou me, And with thy Ho - ly Spir - it, up-hold thou me A.....men. A.....men.

BE KIND TO THE POOR. Quartette or Trio.

Earnestly.

1. O! be kind to the poor—For how do we know But the shadow may change, And the gaunt form of woe Be our fel - low com-pan - ion Thro' the bal-ance of life, And we be made

Spirited.

O SING UNTO THE LORD. Anthem.

O sing unto the Lord, un-to the Lord of hosts, O sing..... O sing unto the Lord, O sing un-to the Lord of hosts, sing, O sing,

O sing unto the Lord, un-to the Lord of hosts, O sing..... O sing un-to the Lord, O sing..... O sing un-to the Lord of hosts, Sing, O sing, O

O sing un-to the Lord, un-to the Lord of hosts O sing..... O sing unto the Lord, O sing un-to the Lord of hosts Sing, O

UNISON. . . . . UNISON. . . . . .

Sing. Ex - tol him, extol him, in lofty s ngs of praise, Sing, O sing, O sing and ex-tol him in loft-y songs, in loft-y songs, in lofty songs of praise, in lofty songs.... of praise. A - men.

sing..... ex-tol him in lofty songs of praise, Sing, O sing, and extol him in loft - y songs, in loft-y songs of praise, in lofty songs of praise, in lofty songs.... of praise. A - men.

sing, ex - tol him, extol him in lofty songs of praise, Sing, O sing, and extol him in loft - y songs, in loft-y songs, in lofty songs of praise, in lofty songs of praise. A - men.

UNISON. . . UNISON. . .

BE KIND TO THE POOR. Concluded.

feel want's keen-edged knife, Be kind to the poor, be kind to the poor, Be kind, be kind to the poor.

2 Then be kind to the poor—
For 'tis pleasant to feel,
As we lie down at night,
And dreams o'er us steal,
That it has been in our power
To lighten the heart
Of one fellow mortal
From want's cankered smart

3 O, be kind to the poor—
For your Saviour was kind,
He healed up the sick,
And gave sight to the blind:
O, will you not pattern
By one full of love,
Whose heart was as humble
And meek as a dove?

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING. Anthem for Christmas.

Allegretto. GEORGE KINGSLEY. By permission.

Hark! Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Hark! the her - ald an - nels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King.....

Hark! Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King,

Glo - ry to the new - born King, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled;

Glo - ry to the new - born King, Glo - ry to the new - born King: Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled;

SING A SWEET, MELODIOUS MEASURE. Quartett & Chorus.

1. Sing a sweet, melodious measure, Waft enchanting lays around: Home, a theme replete with pleasure, Home, a grateful theme resound! Home, sweet home, an am - ple treasure, Home, sweet home, an
2. Leave, my wearied muse thy learning, Leave thy task so hard to bear; Leave thy labor, ease returning; Leave this bosom, O my care. Home, &c.
3. Now the swallow seeks her dwelling. And no longer loves to roam; Her example thus impelling, Let us seek our native home. Home, &c.
4. O, what raptures! O what blisses. When we gain the lovely gate; Mother's arms and mother's kisses, There our blest arrival wait. Home, &c.

Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the triumph of the skies, With th'angel - ic host proclaim,

Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies, With th'an-gel - ic host proclaim,

Joy - ful all ye hosts proclaim, Join the triumph of the skies, With th'angel - ic host proclaim,

ff DUET.—*Andantino. mf*

Christ is born in Beth - le - hem. Christ, by heaven-ly hosts a - dor'd, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Late in time be - hold him come,

ff *mf*

Christ is born in Beth - le - hem. Christ, by heaven-ly hosts a - dor'd, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Late in time be - hold him come,

SING A SWEET, MELODIOUS MEASURE. Concluded.

Home, sweet home.

am -ple trea-sure, Home, perpet - ual source of plea - sure, Home with eve-ry bless-ing crown'd, Home, a no - ble strain re-sound. Home, sweet home,

Home, sweet home.

Home, sweet home

Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the God - head see; Hail th'in - car - nate De - i - ty; Pleased as man with man to dwell,

Off - spring of the Vi - gin's womb;

CHORUS. *f*

Risen with healing on his wings, Risen with healing on his wings, Life and light to all he brings, Life and light to all he brings;

Je - sus now Im - man - u - el; Risen with healing on his wings, Life and light to all he brings;

Risen with healing on his wings, Risen with healing on his wings, Life and light to all he brings, Life and light to all he brings;

LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE. Trio & Quartette.

Gentle, and not too fast.

1. I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary, Thy bright and trusting smile, In the morning of our youth and love, Ere sorrow came, or guile; When your arms were twined about my neck And my
2. But the smile soon left your lips, Mary, And your eye grew dim and sad; For the tempter lured my steps from thee, And the wine-cup drove me mad; From your cheeks the roses quickly fled, And your

Hail! hail! hail! Hail! hail! hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail! hail! hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hark! Hark! the

Hail! hail! hail! The Sun of Righteousness! Hail! hail! hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail! hail! hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing,

Hark! Hark! the

her-ald an-gels sing, Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King. Glo - ry to the new-born King, Glo - ry.

Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King, Glo - ry to the newborn King, Glo - - ry.

her-ald an-gels sing. Hark! the herald an-gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King, Glo - ry to the new-born King, Glo - ry.

LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE. Concluded.

eyes look'd into thine, And the heart that throbb'd for me alone, Was nestling close to thine-
ringing laugh was gone, Yet your heart still fondly clung to me, And still kept trust ing on,

3 'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life—
When I looked upon your sunny face,
And proudly called you wife—
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door;
But the children sleep with thee, Mary—
I ne'er shall see them more!

4 Thou art slumbering in thy peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now—
But the seal of never-dying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow;
And my heart is chill'd as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life are fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead.

REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS. Anthem.

n *f* *m*

Rejoice in the Lord always, A-gain I say rejoice, Rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord, ... always, rejoice in the Lord alaways, A-

Rejoice in the Lord always, Again I say re - joice, ... Rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord, always, rejoice in the Lord, always, A-

Rejoice in the Lord always, A-gain I say rejoice, Rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord, rejoice in the Lord, ... always, rejoice in the Lord, always, A-

unison - - - - - - -

cres *m* *f* *ff*

gain I say re - joice, a - gain I say re-joice in the Lord al-ways, A-gain I say re-joice in the Lord, a-gain I say re-joice in the Lord.

gain I say re - joice, a - gain I say re-joice in the Lord al-ways, A-gain I say re-joice in the Lord, a-gain I say re-joice in the Lord.

gain I say re - joice, a - gain I say re-joice in the Lord al-ways, A-gain I say re-joice in the Lord, a-gain I say re-joice in the Lord.

In Chanting style.

GO YE, THEREFORE, AND TEACH. For the ordination of Missionaries & Concert of Prayer.

Go, ye, therefore, and teach all nations, Baptiz - ing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and the Ho - ly Ghost, Teach-ing them to ob-

Animated.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DWELL IN THY HOUSE. Sentence.

Bless-ed are they that dwell in thy house, They will still be praising thee, They will be still praising thee.

Blessed are they, Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, They will be still praising thee, They will be still praising thee.

Bless-ed are they, Bless - ed are they that dwell in thy house, They will still be praising thee,

f *ff*

They will still be praising, be praising thee, be praising thee, be praising thee, be prais - - - ing thee. A - - - - men.

They will still be praising, be praising thee, be praising thee, be praising thee, be prais - - ing thee, be praising thee. A - - - - men.

They will still be praising, be praising thee, They will still be praising thee, They will still be praising thee, be prais - ing thee, be prais - - - ing thee. A - - - - men.

GE YE, THEREFORE, AND TEACH. Concluded.

serve all things whatsoev - er I have commanded you; For lo! I'm with you, I'm with you always, always, un - to the end of the world. A - men.

WINE IS A MOCKER. Temperance Anthem.

DUETT. 1st & 2d Treble.

J. DUNLAN.

Wine is a mock-er; Strong drink is ra-ging; and who - so - ev - er is de - ceiv - ed there - by is not wise.

ACCOMPANIMENT.—*Andante.*

* May be played as an introductory Symphony, and then repeated as a Duett.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging, Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and who-so - ev - er is de - ceiv - ed there-by is not wise.

f *p Slower* *f a tempo.*

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging, Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and who-so - ev - er is de - ceiv - ed there - by is not wise.

Adagio. Affetuoso. *pia* *cres*

Who hath wo? . . . . Who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? Who hath wounds with - out cause? who hath redness of eyes?

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

TRIO.—ALTO.

They that tarry long at the wine, They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine, They that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. look not

2D TREBLE.

They that tarry long at the wine. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine, They that go to seek mixed wine, Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, look not

TENOR.

thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his col - or in the cup; When it mov - - - eth it-self a-right, when it mov - - - eth it-self a - right. At the

thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his col - or in the cup; when it moveth it - self a-right, when it moveth it - self a - right. At the

thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his col - or in the cup; when it mov - - - eth it - self a-right, when it mov - - - eth it - self a - right. At the

when it moveth it - self aright, when it moveth it - self a - right.

BROTHER, THOU ART SWEETLY SLEEPING. Quartette.

Gentle.

1 Brother, thou art sweetly sleeping, By thy wife so kind and dear, O'er thy grave oft strangers weeping Shed for the the crystal tear. No more weeping, thou art sleeping Brother in thy heav'nly home
2 O'er thy grave the rose is blooming, Sweetly by an evergreen; And with them as if communing, Stands the fragrant pink between. No more weeping, &c.
3 Rest thee, brother, rest thee, sister, Rest thee neath the quiet sod; Rest thee in that better country, In the paradise of God. No more weeping, &c.

last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an ad - der. Look not thou upon the wine, the wine, up-on the wine, up - on the wine, up - on the wine.

last it biteth like a serpent; and stingeth like an ad - der. Look not thou upon the wine, upon the wine, up - on the wine, up - on the wine.

ff

last it bit-eth like a ser-pent, and sting-eth like an adder, it bit-eth like a serpent. Look not thou upon the wine, up - on the wine.

O, HOW LOVELY IS ZION. Anthem.

Slow & Sostenuto.

The Tenor of this Anthem requires a cultivated singer.

O, how love-ly, how lovely is Zi - on, O, how lovely, how lovely is Zi - on, O, how love-ly, how love-ly is Zi - on, is Zi - on, cit - y of our God, is

O, how lovely, how lovely is Zi-on, O, how love-ly, how lovely is Zi - on,

O, how love-ly, how lovely is Zi - on, O, how lovely, how lovely is Zi - on, O, how love-ly, how love-ly is Zi - on, is Zi - on, cit - y of our God, is

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING. Quartette.

Earnestly, with strong accent.

1 Speak gent - ly to the err - ing— Ye know not all the power With which the dark tempta-tion came, In some unguard-ed hour: Ye may not know how
2 Speak gent - ly of the err - ing— Oh! do not thou for - get, How-ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is thy broth-er yet. Heir of the self - same

Zi-on cit - y of our God, Joy and peace shal- dwell in thee, ... Joy and peace, joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and

Zi - on city of our God, Joy and peace shall dwell, ... shall dwell, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, Joy and

Zi-on ci-ty of our God, Joy and peace, joy and peace chall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, Joy and

Joy and peace, ... shall dwell, Joy and peace

peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell, Joy and peace, joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee.

peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell, Joy and peace, joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee.

peace shall dwell in thee, ... Joy and peace, joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell with thee, Joy and peace shall dwell with thee.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING. Concluded.

earnest - ly They struggled, or how well; Un-til the hour of weakness came, And sadly thus they fell.
her - it-age, Child of the self-same God, He hath but stumbled in the path, Thou hast in weakness trod.

3

Speak kindly to the erring—
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone
Without thy censure rough.
It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

4

Speak kindly to the erring—
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words and tears of love
From mis'ry's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal kindly with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

UNFURL YOUR BANNERS, AND FLING THEM TO THE BREEZE. Chorus for the Maine Law.

Spirited.

1. Un-furl your ban - ners, and fling them to the breeze, And shout for the temperance law, the law we know will please. Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hurrah! A

2. Old men and young men sup-port the temperance cause, O drink no more rum and gin, but firm sup-port the laws; Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hurrah! A

3. Mothers and sis - ters, O lend a helping hand, And heav - en will bless your home, your own dear fa - ther - land; Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hurrah! A

shout for the temperance law, For well we know 'twill please, For well we know 'twill please, ... For well we know 'twill please, . . .

shout for the temperance law, For well we know 'twill please, For well we know 'twill please, For well we know 'twill

shout for the temperance law, For well we know 'twill please, For well we know 'twill please, ... For well we know 'twill please, ...

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART. Quartette.

Gentle & sustained.

1 How softly on the bruised heart, A word of kindness fall, And from the dry and parched soul The moistening teardrop calls. O, if they knew who walk the earth 'Mid sorrow, grief and
2 The weakest and the poorest may This simple pittance give, And bid delight to withered hearts Return again and live. O, what is life, if life be lost, If man's un - kind to

. . . A shout for the temperance law, For well we know 'twill please, A shout for the temperance law, For well we know 'twill please, For well we know 'twill please.

please. A shout for the temperance law, For well we know 'twill please, A shout for the temperance law, For well we know 'twill please, For well we know 'twill please.

. . . A shout for the temperance law, For well we know 'twill please, A shout for the temperance law, For well we know 'twill please, For well we know 'twill please.

THY WILL BE DONE. Hymn.

In Chanting Style.

1. "Thy will be done!" In de - vious way The hurry - ing stream of life may run; Yet still our grate-ful hearts shall say, "Thy will be done.

2. "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine A glad - d'ning and a pros-p'rous sun, This prayer will make it more di - vine— "Thy will be done."

3. "Thy will be done!" Tho' shrouded o'er Our path with gloom, one com-fort, one Is ours: to breathe, while we a - dore, "Thy will be done."

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART. Concluded.

pain, The power a word of kindness hath 'Twere para - dise a - gain! Yes! yes! oh, yes! yes! yes! oh! yes! 'Twere par-a- - dise a - gain!
man: O. what the heaven that waits beyond Th-s brief and mortal span. Yes! yes! oh, yes! yes! yes! oh! yes! This brief and mor - tal span.

3

As stars upon the tranquil sea,
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect their source divine.
O, then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall lighten all thy life.
And sweeten even death.

FROM EVERY EARTHLY PLEASURE. Solo & Quartett for Concerts.

Arranged from Donizetti, by GEO. KINGSLEY.

Andante.

From every worldly Pleasure, From every transient joy, From every earthly trea - sure, That soon will fade and die; No longer these desir - ing, Upward our wishes

tend, To nobler joys aspir - ing, To joys that never end, To joys that nev-er end.

Soprano. Key of E Flat.

From every piercing sor - row That heaves our breasts to-day, Or

threat-en us to - mor - row, Hope turns our eyes away, On wings of love returning, We see the land of light, And feel our sorrows ending In infinite delight.

f *cres.* *f*

p

What tho' we are but strangers, And so-journ-ers be - low, And countless snares and dan - gers Surround the path we go: Tho' pain-ful and distress - ing,

p

What tho' we are but strangers, And so-journ-ers be - low, And countless snares and dan - gers Surround the path we go; Tho' pain-ful and distress - ing,

f *p* *pp*

Yet there's a rest a - bove, And onward still we're pressing, To reach that land of love, To reach that land of love, To reach that land of love.

cres. *f* *p* *pp rall.*

Yet there's a rest a - bove, And onward still we're pressing, To reach that land of love, To reach that land of love, To reach that land of love.

Slow & Tenderly.

SHE SLEEPS IN THE VALLEY SO SWEET. Quartette.

1 She sleeps in the valley so sweet, Above her the green willows wave; We planted the rose at her feet, To bloom and decay o'er her grave.
2 She sleeps in the valley so sweet, Not a sound e'er disturbs her repose; In the stillness of this calm retreat She rests secure safe from life's woes.

3

How gently she rested in God:
'To thy arms, my Saviour, I come.
Come quickly, come quickly, O Lord
And welcome thy wanderer home.'

4

She sleeps in the valley so sweet;
But her spirit has taken its flight.
Lo! her form is but dust 'neath our feet,
While she is an angel of light.

IT IS A GOOD THING TO GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD. Anthem.

Animated.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, And to sing praises unto thy name most highest, up

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, And to sing praises unto thy name, most highest, To tell of thy lov - ing kindness, and of thy truth in the night; up

It is a good think to give thanks unto the Lord, And to sing praises unto thy name, most highest, up-

on an instrument of ten strings. And up - on the Lute, Up - on a loud instrument, and up-on the Harp, For thou, O Lord, hast made me glad, hast made me glad,

on an instrument of ten strings, And up - on the Lute, up - on a loud instrument, and upon the Harp, For thou, O Lord, hast made me glad, hast

on an instrument of ten strings, And up - on the Lute, Up-on a loud instrument, and upon the Harp, For thou, O Lord, hast made me glad, hast made me glad,

LOOK ALOFT. Chorus or Quartett.

Strong & animated.

1 In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale Are a-round and a - bove, if thy foot-ing should fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy cau - tion de-

hast made me glad thro' thy words. I will rejoice in giving praise.

made me glad, hast made me glad, hast made me glad thro' thy works, And I will rejoice, And I will rejoice, And I will rejoice in giving praise, ... I will re

hast made me glad thro' thy works. I will re - joice in giving praise

cres *ff* *f* *Tenuto.*

. . . I will re - joice, ... I will rejoice, I will rejoice, I will rejoice in the op - e-rations of thy hands, I will re - joice. . . .

joice, I will rejoice, I will rejoice, I will rejoice, I will rejoice, I will re - joice in the op - e - rations of thy hands, I will re - joice. . . . . .

. . . . I will re - joice . . . . I will re-joice, I will rejoice, in the op - e - rations of thy hands, I will rejoice, I will re - joice. . .

. I will rejoice, . . . I will rejoice, I will rejoice.

LOOK ALOFT. Continued.

ff

part, Look a - loft and be firm and be fearless of heart. Look a-loft and be firm, and be fear-less of heart.

2 Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

3 And oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart.

HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH. Sentence.

Slow, but earnestly.

Ho! every one that thirsteth. ho! eve-ry one that thirsteth, come, come, come, Come ye to the waters,

Ho! every one that thirsteth, ho! every one that thirsteth, come, come, come, come ye to the wa - ters, come ye to the waters,

Ho! eve-ry one that thirsteth, ho! every one that thirsteth, Come ye to the waters; And he that hath no money, come ye and

Tenuto

Come ye and buy. come ye and buy, come ye and buy, come ye and buy, come, oh! come, come, oh! come.

And he that hath no money, Come ye and buy, come ye and buy, come ye and buy, come ye, come ye and buy, come, oh! some, come, oh! come.

buy, ... Come ye and buy, come ye and buy, come ye and buy, come ye and buy. come, oh! come.

In Chanting Style.

HARK! THE CRY OF DEATH IS RINGING. Quartett.

Fine. D. C.

1 Hark! the cry of Death is ringing Wildly from the reeking plain: Guil - ty Glo - ry, too, is flinging Proudly forth her vaunting strain. Wildly mingled, dead and dy-ing, Show the waste of human life. } Thousands on the field are lying, Slaughtered in the useless strife;

2 Listen to the supplications
Of the widowed ones of earth.
Listen to the cry of nations,
Ringing loudly, wildly forth.
Nations bruised, and crushed forever
By the iron heel of War!
God of mercy, wilt thou never
Send deliverance from afar?

3 Yes! a light is faintly gleaming
Thro' the cloud that hovers o'er;
Soon the radiance of its beaming
Full upon our land will pour.
'Tis the light that tells the dawning
Of the bright millenial day,
Heralding its blessed morning
With its peace bestowing ray.

DAUGHTER OF ZION, AWAKE! Duett & Chorus.

Spirited.—Soprano & Alto Duett.

Base & Tenor Duett.

1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness, Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
3 Daughter of Zion, the pow'r that hath saved thee, Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be: Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee; Th'oppressor is vanquished and Zion is free.

CHORUS. Omit this brace to repeat 2d time.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them, And scattered their legions was mightier far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursu'd them, In vain were their steeds and their chario' war.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them, And scattered their legions was mightier far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursu'd them, In vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Zi-on is free! Zion is free! Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee, Th'oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free! Zion is free! Zion is free! . . . . . .

Zi-on is free! Zion is free! Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee, Th'oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free! Zion is free! Zion is free! . . . . . .

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. Solo and Duett.

The duett may be sung by two Sopranos, but it is better as Soprano and Tenor.

Lively.—Soprano Solo.

1 When marshall'd on the night - ly plain, The glitt'ring host be - stud the sky; One star a - lone of all the train Can fix the sin - ner's wandering eye.
2 Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark, The ocean yawned, and rude - ly blow'd The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
3 It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark forebod - ings cease: And thro' the storm and dan - ger's thrall It led me to the port of peace.

SOPRANO.

Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From every host, from eve - ry gem; But one a - lone the Sav - iour speaks, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.
Deep hor - ror then my vi - tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When sudden - ly a Star a - rose, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.
Now safe - ly moored—my per - ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem, For ev - er and for ev - er more, The Star! the Star of Beth - le - hem.

TENOR OF SOPRANO.

ACCOMP.

Cho.—TENOR.

1 It is the Star, it is the Star, it is the Star of Beth - le - hem, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.

2 It was the Star, it was the Star, it was the Star of Beth - le - hem, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.
3 The Star, the Star, the Star, the Star, the Star, the Star of Beth - le - hem, It was the Star, &c.

THE CHILD'S THOUGHTS. Quartett.

Gentle.

1 Oh, I long to lie, dear moth-er, On the cold and fragrant grass, With nought but the sky above my head, And the shadowing clouds that pass. And I want the bright, bright sunshine To

2 Then Christ will send an an - gel To take me up to him, He'll bear me slow and steadi - ly Far thro' the e - ther dim. He'll gently, gently lay me Close

3 And I'll look among the an - gels That stand around the throne, Till I find my sis - ter Ma - ry, For I know she must be one. And when I find her, mother, We'll

play around my bed; I'll close my eyes, and God will think Your little boy is dead, is dead, Your lit - tle boy is dead.

to the Saviour's side, And when I'm sure that we're in Heav'n My eyes I'll open wide, my eyes, My eyes I'll o - pen wide.

go a - way a - lone, And I will tell her how we've mourn'd The while she has been gone, been gone, The while she has been gone.

4
Oh! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again,
Tho' I know she'll ne'er return to us,
To ask her would be vain.
So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember what I say to her,
And all her sweet replies

5
And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you;
He'll bear me slow and steadily
Down through the ether blue.
And you'll only think, dear mother,
That I've been out to play,
And gone to sleep beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

For the rest of the words see opposite page.

When marshalled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky,
One star a - lone of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
But one a - lone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.

Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks From every star, from eve - ry gem; D.C.

O LORD, HOW EXCELLENT. Psalm for Thanksgiving.

In Chanting Style.

From Anthem edition of the Cythern.

m

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name, how excel-lent is thy name in all the earth, who hath set thy glo - ry a - bove the heav'ns, who hast set thy glory a-

m *f* QUARTETT, *ad lib.*

bove the heavens. When I con - sid - er the heav'ns, the work of thy fingers, the moon, the stars, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, Lord, what is

CHORUS *f* *ff*

man that thou art mindful of him, And the son of man that thou vis - it - eth him? How excel-lent is thy name in all the earth, How excellent is thy name in all the earth.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN. The Lord's Prayer.

In Chanting Style.

Composed expressly for the Anthem Edition.

m *m* *cres.* *dim.*

Our Fa-ther, who art in Heav'n, Hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heav'n; Give us this day our dai - ly

Our Fa-ther, who art in Heav'n, Hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heav'n; Give us this day our dai - ly

cres. *dim.* *cres.* *cres.*

bread, And for-give us our tres - pass-es, as we for-give those who tres - pass a - gainst us, And lead us not -in - to tempt-a - tion, But de - liv - er us from

bread, And for-give us our tres - pass-es, as we for-give those who tres - pass a - gainst us, And lead us not in - to tempt-a - tion, But de - liv - er us from

ff *ff* *Tenuto.*

e - vil, For thine is the king - dom, and the pow - er, and the glo - ry, For ev - er and ev - - er. A - - - - - - - men.

e - vil, For thine is the king - dom, and the pow - er, and the glo - ry, For ev - er and ev - - er. A - - - - - - - men.

THE PRODIGAL SON. Quartett.

Solemnly, with feeling.

By permission of Horace Waters, Esq.

Arranged by H. C. WATSON

1 Af - flictions tho' they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent, They stopp'd the prodigals ca - reer, And caused him to repent. I'll not die here for bread, I'll

2 What have I gained by sin, he said, But hunger, shame and fear: My Father's house abounds in bread, While I am starving here. I'll not die here for bread, I'll

3 His fa - ther saw him com - ing back, He saw, he ran, he smiled, And threw his arms around the neck Of his re - bellious child. I'll die no more for bread. I'll

4 Now let the fat - ted calf be slain, And spread the news around, My son was dead, and lives again, Was lost, but now is found. I'll die no more for bread, I'll

not die here for bread, I'll not die here for bread, he cries, Nor starve in foreign lands, My father's house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

not die here for bread, I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down before his face, Un-wor-thy to be called his son, I'll seek a ser - vant's place.

die no more for bread, O fa - ther I have sinned, forgive. Enough the father said: Rejoice my house, my son's a - live, For whom I mourn'd as dead.

die no more for bread, 'Tis thus the Lord his love re-veals, To call poor sinners home; More than a father's love he feels. And welcomes all that come.

COMING HOME. Revival Melody.

Earnestly.

Chorus to each verse.

1 The day has come, the joy - ful day, At length the day has come, When saints and an - gels joy display, O'er sin - ners coming home. They're coming home, they're

1 Broken hearted, weep no more! Hear what comfort he hath spoken, Smoking flax who ne'er hath quench'd, Bruised reed, who ne'er hath broken, Ye who wander here below, Heavy
2 Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock, Brought again from sin and straying, Hear the Shepherd s gentle voice: 'Tis a true and faithful saying: 'Greater love how can there be Than to

3 Broken hearted, weep no more, Far from conso - la - tion fly - ing, He who calls hath felt thy wound, Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing: 'Bring thy broken heart to me; Welcome

la - den as you So; Come with grief and sin oppress'd, Come to me and be at rest, Come to me and be at rest.
yield up life for thee? Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh, Turn and live, why will ye die? Turn and live, why will ye die?

offering it shall be: Streaming tears, and bursting sighs, Mine accepted sacri - fice, Mine accepted sac - ri - fice.

COMING HOME. Concluded.

coming home, Behold them coming home, And saints and angels joy display, O'er sinners coming home.

2 How beautiful on the mountain's top,
The herald's feet appear;
While tidings, blessed tidings drop,
The broken heart to cheer
3 The saints of God fresh courage take,
Are strong in conquering prayer;
The hosts of hell with terror shake,
While God displays his power.
4 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ.
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy

O PUT YOUR TRUST IN GOD. Anthem.

From one of Haydn's Masses.

Now el - e - vate the sign of Ju - dah, Now el - e - vata the ban - ner, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner, Call it forth in

Now el - e - vate the sign of Ju - dah, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner, Call it forth in

Spirited. f

Unison . . . . . *Unison* . .

Zi - on, call it, call it, call it forth in Zi - on. *p* O put your

Quartette.

Zi - on, call it, call it, call it forth in Zi - on. *Sym.* O put your

Unison . . . . . .

IF IN THIS WOLD OF GRIEF AND PAIN. Quartett.

This piece should be sung without accompaniment, and the rhythm varied to suit the words.

Slow & united.

1 If in this world of grief and pain, We from our friends must sever, Tis sweet to look beyond the scene, Where we'll u-nite for ev - er and ev - er, Where we'll unite for

trust in God, He will save us! He is al - way, al - - way gra - cious to his ser - vants! He is

trust in God, He will save us; He is al - - way, gra - cious to . . . his ser - - - - - - - vants!

trust in God, He will save us; He is al - way, al - - way gra - cious to his ser - vants! He - - -

Chorus. f

al - way, al - way gra - cious to his ser - vants. O praise the Lord, the Lord of hosts, [*All parts in unison.*]

al - way, al - way gra - cious to his ser - vants. O praise the Lord, the Lord of hosts, The

f

. . . . He is al - way gra - cious to his ser - - vants. O praise the Lord, the Lord of hosts.

Bass & Sop. sung on Alto part.

IF IN THIS WORLD OF GRIEF AND PAIN. Concluded.

ev - er, For - ev - er, For - ev - er, 'Tis sweet to look beyond the scene Where we'll u - nite for - ev - er.

2 Though time and absence may estrange,
The hearts now joined together,
Yet severed friends will meet again,
To part no more forever and ever!

3 Where separation ne'er shall come—
Where sorrows enter never:
And sin no longer can defile,
Those whom we love, forever and ever

4 Sweet thought! this earth is not our rest,
When troubles crowd together:
But one with Jesus we shall dwell,
And reign with him forever and ever.

Omit 1st time.

Ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name, and glo - ri - fy him, ex-alt and

Lord . . . of hosts Ex - alt his name, . . . ex - alt his name . . and glo - ri - fy him, ex-alt and

Ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name, and glo - ri - fy him, ex - alt and

glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ri - fy him ev - ermore, for ev - er, ev - er more, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ri - fy him ev - ermore, for ev - er, ev - er more, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ri - fy him ev - ermore. for ev - er, ev - er more, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

SAW YE MY SAVIOUR. P. M.

Mournful.

Saw ye my Saviour! Saw ye my Saviour! Saw ye my Sav-iour God! O he died on Calva - ry, To a - tone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

OF CHANTING.

Chants, as now used in this country, consist of what are termed the chanting-note and cadence. The time of the chanting-note is determined by the number of words that are to be sung to it, but the cadences should be in *strict* time, and not drawled out as is too often the case. The single chant has in the first strain one chanting-note, and in the cadence two measures, the first having generally two notes, and the last, one. In the last strain we have one chanting-note and three measures to the cadence. A double chant is simply two single chants. There are besides the single and double chants, peculiar chants, which are so constructed, as to admit of odd metres and words of peculiar rhythm being sung to them.

The Bars, thus: "O praise | God..in his | holiness!" are used to show when the cadence should be introduced, and the dots between *God* and *in*, indicate the manner, as the words should be applied to the different notes of the cadences. ∧ Observe the following rules in chanting: 1. *Recite the words about, as fast as a good reader would read.* REMARK.—Where the words are expressive of great joy more rapid enunciation may be observed. 2. *Be careful to observe the pitch rigidly.* 3. *Be careful to observe the expression of the words by the Cres. and Dim.* REMARK.—The chant will allow of this, quite as well as metrical tunes.

The beautiful simplicity of the chant, its antiquity, and its appropriateness to the church, all conspire to make it desirable as an important auxiliary in the worship of Jehovah.

Hymns of any metre can be chanted. The simple rule for the common hymn chant of four lines is, that the last three words or syllables of the second line should be used at the first cadence (the rest of the first two lines being sung to the chanting-note), and five words or syllables are used to the last cadence, the rest of the words in the last two lines being used to the chanting-note. This rule will hold good in *Long, Common, Short, Sevens, Eights and Sevens*, and many other metres.

CHANT No. 1. Come unto me. — A - - men.

CHANT No. 2. The Lord is my. — TALLIS. — A - - men.

CHANT No. 3. The earth is the Lord's. — DR. CROFT. — A-men.

1 Come unto me all ye that labor,* and are | heavy | laden,
2 And | I will | give you | rest.
3 { Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me;∧
For I am meek and | lowly..in | heart:
4 And ye shall find | rest∧ un- | to your | souls.
5 For my yoke is easy,∧ and my | burden..is | light.
6 For my yoke is | easy,∧ and my | burden is— | light.

1 { I love the LORD, because he hath heard
My voice,∧ and my | sup-pli- | cations.
2 { Because he hath inclined his ear unto me,∧
Therefore will I call up- | on him,..as | long..as I | live.
3 { The sorrows of death encompassed me,∧
And the pains of hell got hold upon me:∧
I found | trouble..and | sorrow.
4 { Then call'd I upon the name of the LORD:∧
O LORD, I beseech thee. de- | liver..de- | liver..my | soul.
5 { Gracious is the Lord, and righteous;∧
Yea, our | God is | merciful.
6 { The Lord preserveth the simple;∧
I was brought | low, and | he— | helped me.
7 { Return unto thy rest, O my soul;∧
For the LORD hath dealt | bounti..fully | with thee.
8 { For thou hast preserved my soul from death,∧
Mine eyes from | tears..and my | feet from | falling.

1 { Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,∧
Whose mind is stayed on thee;∧
Because he | trusteth..in | thee.∧
2 { Trust ye in the LORD forever;
For in the LORD JEHOVAH is | ever- | lasting | strength

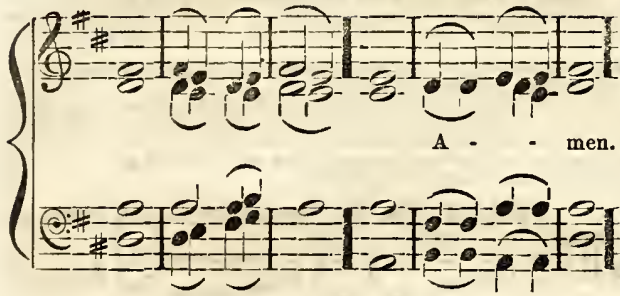
1 { The Lord is my shepherd;∧ I | shall not | want; ‖ he maketh me to lie down in green pastures∧;
2 He leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters.
3 { He restoreth my soul;∧ he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake; ‖
4 { Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,∧ I will fear no evil;∧ for thou art with me;∧ thy | rod..and thy | staff they | comfort | me.
5 { Thou preparest a table before me,∧ in the presence | of mine | enemies: ‖
6 Thou anointest my head with oil;∧ | my cup runneth | over.
7 { Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days ..of my | life; ‖
8 { And I shall dwell in the | house..∧ of the | Lord for- | ever.
Amen.

1 { The wilderness, and the solitary place, shall be glad;
And the desert shall rejoice,∧ and | blossom..as the | rose.
2 { It shall blossom abundantly,∧
And re- | joice..ev'n with | joy and | singing.
3 { The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it,
The excellency of | Carmel..and | Sharon;
4 { They shall see the glory of the LORD,∧
And the | excellency..of | our— | God.
5 { Strengthen ye the weak hands,∧
And confirm the | feeble | knees.
6 { Say to them that are of a fearful heart,∧
Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with a recompense;∧
| He will | come and | save you.

1 { The earth is the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof;∧
The world,∧ and they that | dwell there- | in;
2 { For he hath founded it upon the seas,∧
And es- | tablish'd..it up- | on the | floods.
3 { Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD?
And who shall stand in his | holy | place?
4 { He that hath clean hands,∧ and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,∧
Nor | sworn | de- — | ceitfully.
5 { He shall receive the blessing from the LORD,∧
And righteousness from the God of | his sal- | vation
6 { This is the generation of them that seek him,∧
That | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.
7 { Lift up your heads, O ye gates;∧
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;∧
And the King of Glory | shall come | in.
8 { Who is this King of Glory?∧
The LORD, strong and mighty;∧
The | LORD— | mighty..in | battle.
9 { Lift up your heads, O ye gates;∧
Even lift up, ye everlasting doors;∧
And the King of Glory | shall come | in.
10 { Who is this King of Glory?∧
The LORD of hosts,∧ | He..is the | King of | Glory

* Mark to take breath thus, /

CHANT No. 4. Comfort ye.

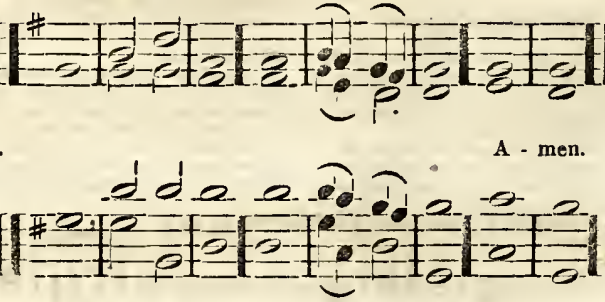


1 Comfort ye, my people, | saith your | God.
2 Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her
That her | warfare is ac- | complished,
3 That her in- | iqui-ty is | pardoned;
4 For she hath received of the LORD's hand double for | all her | sins.
5 The voice of him that cricth in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the | way..of the | LORD,
6 Make straight in the desert a | highway for our— | God.
7 Every valley shall be exalted,
And every mountain and | hill shall..be made— | low:
8 And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the | rough places | plain.
9 And the glory of the LORD shall be revealed,
And all flesh shall | see it..to- | gether,
10 For the mouth of the | LORD hath | spoken it.

---

1 O how I love thy law!
It is my meditation | all the | day.
2 Thou, through thy commandments, hast made me wiser than mine enemies;
For | they are ev-er | with me.
3 I have more understanding than all my teachers;
For thy testimonies are my | med-i- | tation.
4 I understand more than the ancients:
Be- | cause I keep thy | precepts.
5 I have refrained my feet from every evil way,
That I might | keep thy | word.
6 I have not departed from thy judgments,
For | thou hast | taught me.
7 How sweet are thy words unto my taste!
Yea, sweeter than honey | to my | mouth.
8 Through thy precepts I get understanding:
Therefore I hate | every false | way.

CHANT No. 5. Behold how.

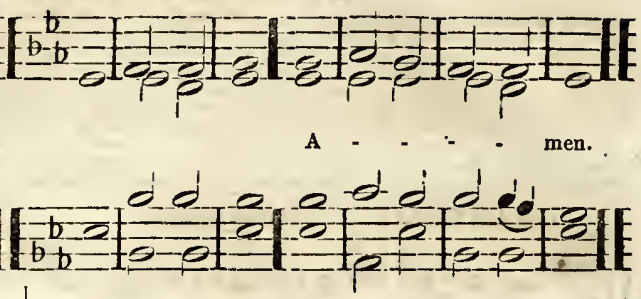


Behold how good and how pleasant it is,
for brethren to dwell to- | gether..in | unity.
2 It is like the precious ointment upon the head,
That ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard;
That went down to the | skirts of his— | garments.
3 As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew
That descended upon the | mountains..of | Zion.
4 For there the Lord commanded the blessing,
Even | life forever- | more.

---

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O | God, in | Zion
2 And unto thee shall the | vow..be per- | formed.
3 O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall | all flesh | come.
4 Iniquities prevail against me:
As for our transgressions, thou shalt | purge..them a- | way.
5 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest,
And causest to approach unto thee,
That he may | dwell..in thy | courts.
6 We shall be satisfied with the goodness
Of thy house, even of thy | holy | temple.
7 By terrible things in righteousness
Wilt thou answer us, O God of | our sal- | vation.
8 Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,
And of them that are afar off up- | on the | sea.
9 Who by his strength setteth fast the mountains;
Being | girded..with | power:
10 Which stilleth the noise of the seas,
The noise of their waves, and the tumult | of the | people.
11 Praise waiteth for thee, O | God, in | Zion:
12 And unto thee shall the | vow..be per- | formed.

CHANT No. 6. Our Father who art.

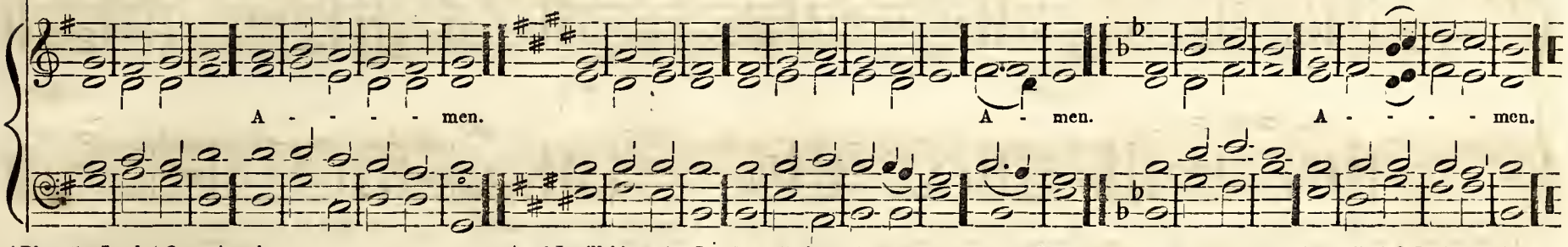


1 Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed | be thy | name:
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on | earth..as it | is in | heaven;
2 Give us this day our | daily | bread: And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those who | trespass,..a- | gainst us:
3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver..us from | evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the Power | and the | glory..for- | ever. Amen.

---

1 From the recesses of a lowly spirit, our humble prayer ascends, O | Father, | hear it;
2 Borne on the | trembling wings of fear and | meekness;.. for- | give its | weakness.
3 We know—we feel, how mean and how unworthy the lowly sacrifice we | pour be | fore thee;
4 What can we offer thee, O thou most | holy!..but | sin and | folly?
5 We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us; we hear thy voice—it | counsels,..and it | courts us;
6 And then we turn away! yet still thy | kindness..for- | gives our | blindness.
7 Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing to every generous thought and | grateful | feeling?
8 O, who can hear the accents of thy | mercy,..and | never | love thee?
9 Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom the | seeds of | holiness,
10 And let them blossom in fragrance, and in beauty bright and | vernal,..and | spring e- | ternal.
11 Then place them in those everlasting gardens where angels walk, and | seraphs..are the | wardens;
12 Where every flower, brought safe through death's dark | portal,..be- | comes im- | mortal. Amen.

HYMN CHANT No. 7. Bless the Lord. **HYMN CHANT No. 8. I will bless.** **HYMN CHANT No. 9. I have set watchmen.**



1 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul,
And all that is within me | bless his | holy | name.
2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul,
And for- | get not | all his | benefits.
3 Who forgiveth | all..thine in- | iquities,
Who | healeth | all..thy dis- | eases;
4 Who redeemeth thy | life..from de- | struction;
Who crowneth thee with loving | kindness..and | tender | mercies;
5 Who satisfieth thy | mouth..with good | things,
So that thy | youth..is re- | newed..like the | eagle's.
6 The Lord executeth | righteousness..and | judgment
For | all that | are op- | pressed.
7 He made known his | ways..unto | Moses,
His acts | unto..the | children..of | Israel. Amen.

---

1 Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens;
Let thy glory be above | all the | earth.
2 My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is | fixed;
I will | sing and give | praise.
3 Awake up, my glory; awake psaltery and harp;
I myself will a- | wake— | early.
4 I will praise thee, O LORD, among the people;
I will sing unto | thee a- | mong the | nations,
5 For thy mercy is great unto the heavens,
And thy truth un- | to the | clouds.
6 Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens;
Let thy glory be a- | bove | all the | earth.

---

1 The people that walked in darkness,
Have | seen a great | light;
2 They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death,
Upon | them..hath the | light— | shined.
3 For unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given;
And the government shall be up- | on his | shoulders;
And his name shall be called Wonderful,
4 Counsellor, The Mighty God,
The Everlasting | Father..The | Prince of | Peace.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times;
His praise shall continually | be in··my | mouth.
2 My soul shall make her boast in the LORD;
The humble shall | hear there- | of··and be | glad.
3 O magnify the LORD with me,
And let us exalt his | name to- | gether.
4 I sought the LORD, and he heard me,
And delivered | me from | all my | fears.
5 They looked unto him and were lightened;
And their faces were | not a- | shamed.
6 This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him,
And saved him | out of | all his | troubles.
7 The angel of the LORD encampeth
Around them that fear him, and de- | livereth | them.
8 O taste and see that the LORD is good:
Blessed is the | man that | trusteth··in | him.

Burial Service.

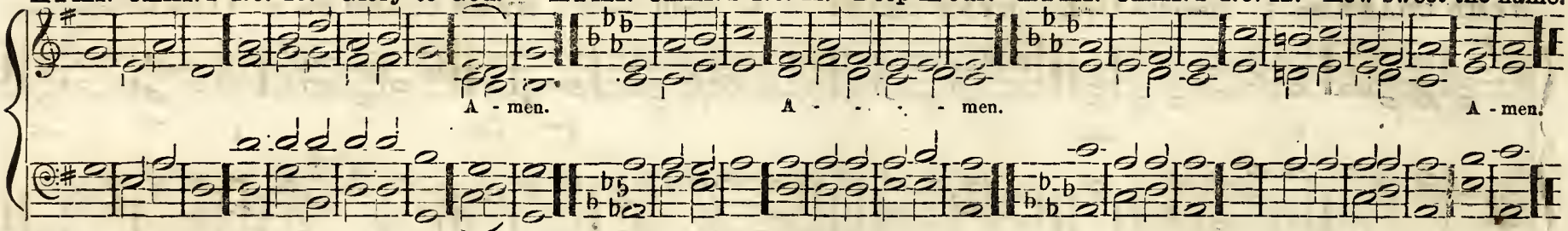
1 Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord from henceforth:
2 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.
3 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death | hath no | power:
4 But they shall be priests of God, and of Christ, and shall reign with | him a | thousand | years.
5 Unto him that loved us, washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God | and his | Father:
6 To him be glory and do- | minion..for | ever..and | ever.
7 Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord from henceforth.
8 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them. Amen.

1 I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Je- | rusa- | lem,
2 Which shall never hold their | peace | day nor | night;
3 Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not | silence;
4 And give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a | praise in | all the | earth.
5 Go through, go through the gates; prepare you the | way..of the | people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out these stones; lift up a | standard,..a | standard for the | people
3 Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy sal- | vation | cometh; behold, his reward is with him, and his | work, his | work be- | fore him.
4 And they shall call them, The holy people, the re- | deemed..of the | Lord: and thou shall be called, Sought out, A | city | not for- | saken.

---

1 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according | to thy | word.
2 With my whole heart have I sought thee. O let me not | wander..from | thy com- | mandments
3 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, That I might not | sin a- | gainst thee.
4 Blessed art thou, O LORD; | Teach me | thy | statutes.
5 With my lips have I declared All the judgments | of thy | mouth.
6 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, As | much as | in all | riches.
7 I will meditate in thy precepts, And have respect | unto..thy | ways
8 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will | not for- | get thy | word.

HYMN CHANT No. 10. Glory to God. **HYMN CHANT No. 11. Deep in our.** **HYMN CHANT No. 12. How sweet the name.**



1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's | pard'ning | blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And | bring me | home to | God!

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises | tun'd my | tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His | love was | all my | song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles;
The world no | more could | charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And | lean'd up- | on his | arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his | glory | shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I | call'd each | promise | mine.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his | love had | done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For | all my | joys are | gone.

6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in | darkness | mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No | light to | me re- | turns.

---

1 Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and | heav'nly | frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That | leads me | to the | Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When I o- | bey'd 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 messen- | ger 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 se- | rene my | frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That | leads me | to the | Lamb.

---

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a be- | liever's | ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And | drives a- | way his | fear.

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

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

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with | sin de- | fil'd:
Satan accuses me in vain,
And | I am | own'd a | child.

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 ev'ry | fleeting | breath;
And may the music of thy name
Re- | fresh my | soul in | death.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music | to my | ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That | earth and | heaven might | hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport | and my | trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And | gold is | sordid | dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth | richly | meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor | frendship | half so | sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its | fragrance | there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The | cordial | of its | care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last | laboring | breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The | anti- | dote of | death.

---

1 Up, haste to Calvary,
My soul; a | journey | take,
To view thy Lord 'twixt earth and sky,
With- | out the | city | gate.

2 Before his bloody cross
I'd bow and | kiss the | ground;
'Twas there my guilt and woe I lost,
And | ready | pardon | found.

3 Lord, tune anew my strings,
Now on the | willow | dry;
Take off my thoughts from worldly things,
Bind | them to | Calva- | ry.

4 For glorious is the plan;
Though 'tis with- | out the | gate,
There, Lord, I'll sing thy grace,
And | for thy | blessing | wait.

1 Deep in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows | of our | Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To over- | whelm his | holy | soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and | powers of | death,
And all the sons of malice join
To exe- | cute their | curst de- | sign.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love,
Has made the curse a | blessing | prove;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for | crimes that | we had | done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of thy | law re- | stor'd:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for | follies | not his | own.

5 Oh! for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning | sinner | live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our | hope be | turn'd to | shame

---

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my | Sovereign | die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For | such a | worm as | I?

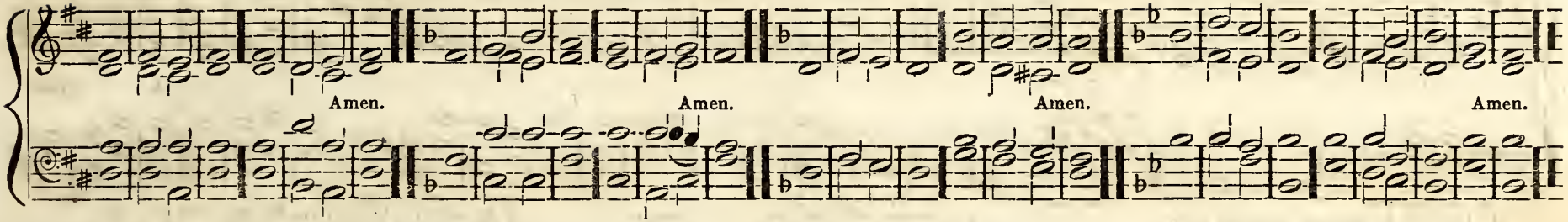
2 Was it for crimes, that I had done,
He groan'd up- | on the | tree.
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And | love be- | yond de- | gree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his | glories | in,
When Christ the mighty Saviour died
For | man, the | creature's | sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear | cross ap- | pears
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And | melt my | eyes to | tears.

Note.—It will be perceived that the music to all three of these chants can be used to all the hymns on this page.

HYMN CHANT No. 13. HYMN CHANT No. 14. HYMN CHANT No. 15. HYMN CHANT No. 16.



1 He comes! he comes! to judge the world,
Aloud the arch- | angel | cries:
While thunders roll from pole to pole;
And lightning | cleaves the | skies.

2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upwards | lift their | eyes;
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground,
In living | armies | rise.

3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
Of hosts di- | vinely | bright,
The judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in | robes of | light.

4 And now, with words divinely sweet,
With rapture | in his | face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence | of his | grace:

5 'Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children | of my | love;
Receive the *sceptres*, | *crowns* and *thrones*
Prepar'd for | you a- | bove.'

---

1 Angels! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy | mighty | prey!
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with im- | mortal | bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour! Angels, raise
Fame's eternal | trump of | praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-in- | spiring | sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory | see him | rise;
Now triumphant, through the sky,
Up to waiting | worlds on | high.

4 Heav'n displays her portals wide;
Angels attend on | ev'ry | side;
King of glory! mount the throne,
Thy great Father's | and thy | own.

1 Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched | sinners | lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of | glimm'ring | day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our | helpless | grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to | our re- | lief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful | haste he | fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt a- | mong the | dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our | iron | chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From ever- | lasting | pains.

---

1 Now living waters flow
To cheer the | humble | soul,
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from | pole to | pole.

2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on | earth a- | gain:
Jesus Jehovah be our King,
And o'er the | nations | reign.

3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall | hear his | word;
By one blest name shall He be known,
The Uni- | versal | Lord.

---

1 How charming is the place,
Where my re- | deemer, | God,
Unveils his beauteous face,
And sheds his | love a- | broad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the | great re- | sort,
Can be compared with this,
Where Jesus | holds his | court

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant | glory | crown'd,
Our eyes behold him sit,
And smile on | all a- | round.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble | soul pre- | sents;
He hears their broken sighs,
And grants them | all their | wants.

---

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair
O Lord of hosts, thy | dwellings | are;
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies | of thy | saints.

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

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne a- | bove the | sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is | praise and | love.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple | of thy | grace;
There they behold thy gentle rays,
And seek thy face, and | learn thy | praise.

---

1 Children of the heavenly King
As ye journey, | sweetly | sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his | works and | ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the | fathers | trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happi- | ness shall | see.

3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad,
Christ our advo- | cate is | made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our | souls be- | comes.

1 Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden | sinners, | come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my | heavenly | home.

2 'They shall find rest, that | learn of | me;
I'm of a meek and | lowly | mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless | as the | wind.

3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it | with de- | light;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the | burden | light

4 Jesus, we come at thy command:
With faith, and hope, and | humble | zeal
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us | at thy | will.

---

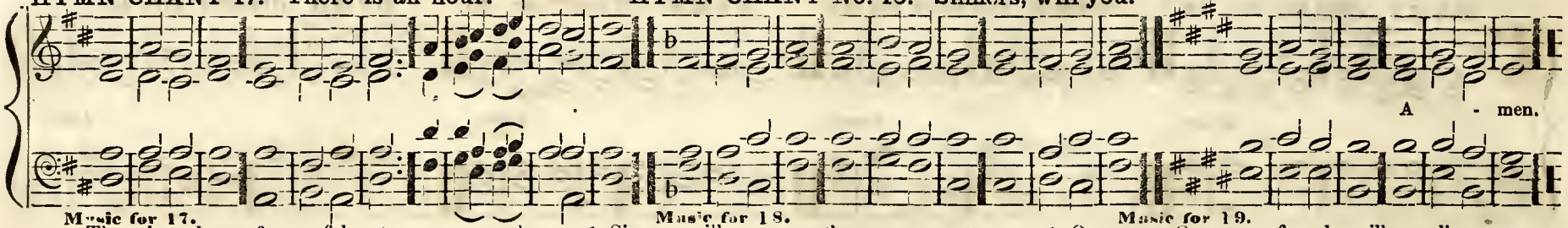
1 With tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy | feet, my | God,
My passion, pride, and disconteut,
And vile in- | grati- | tude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as | mine has | been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to | every | sin.

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, | just and | true:
Tells me whate'er my God demands,
Is his most | righteous | due.

4 Reason I here, her counsels weigh,
And all her | words ap- | proved;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder | yet to | love

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles | in my | breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my | conscience | rest.



Music for 17.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning | wanderers | given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every | wounded | breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as | breath of | even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the | aching | head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys su- | preme are | given:
There joys divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines | of the | tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

---

1 This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's il- | lusion | given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, de- | ceitful | flow;
There's nothing true but heaven!

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading | hues of | even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd | for the | tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to | wave we're | driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the | troubled | way;
There's nothing calm but heaven!

Music for 18.

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy | from a- | bove?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is | full of | love;
Listen to it—
Every line is | full of | love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's | king pro- | claim,
To each rebel sinner—'Pardon,
Free forgiveness | in his | name!'
How important!
Free forgiveness | in his | name!

3 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, | speed your | way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear with- | out de- | lay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message | will o — bey.

---

1 Descend, celestial Dove,
And make thy | presence | known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us | for thine | own!
Unblest by thee, our works are vain;
Nor can we e'er ac- | ceptance | gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign | Prince of | light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the | holy | rite,
In open view thy form come down,
And, dove-like, flew the | King to | crown

Music for 19.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is | coming so | nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come,
And angels are waiting to | welcome you | home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by | staying a- | way,
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are | flowing so | free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if | you will be- | lieve?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he | bids you come | home

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or | banish your | pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of | glory on | high?

---

1 O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in | affliction I | call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my sal- | vation, my | all;
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep
To feed on the | pastures of | love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the | wilderness | rove?

2 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the | desert for | bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the | tears I have | shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on | Israel | shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been.
And where with his | flock he has | gone?

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

SABBATH SCHOOL! 'TIS THERE WE LOVE TO GO.

This piece is intended for the choir or Sabbath school alone, or both together. The first part may be sung either as a quartette, trio or duett—choir, school and teachers responding in the chorus.

Lively. *m* Quartette and Duett. Chorus to each verse.

1. Bells have rung, 'tis time to go, We would not de-lay; Ah, those sounds how well we know, On the Sab-bath day. Sab-bath school! 'tis there we love to go;

Sabbath school! 'tis there we love to go; Yes, yes, yes, yes, 'tis there we love to go.

2

Teachers dear we there shall find,
Guiding us to heaven;
Let us then, with earnest mind,
Heed all instruction given.
Sabbath school! &c.

3

Yes, our Saviour when below,
Bade little children come;
He is just as willing now
To lead us to our home.
Sabbath school! &c.

COME, CHILDREN, COME.

Allegretto.

1. Come, chil-dren, come; God bids you come; Come and learn to sing the sto - ry Of the Lord of life and glo - ry; Come, chil-dren, come.
2. Come, chil-dren, come; Christ bids you come; Ear - ly seek his face and fa - vor, Love and serve your bless - ed Sa-viour; Come, chil-dren, come.
3. Come, chil-dren, come; The spirit says come; Come with Zi - on's sons and daugh-ters, To the spring of liv - ing wa - ters; Come, chil-dren, come.
4. Come, chil-dren, come; All bid you come; Come, u - nite your hearts and voi - ces, List'-ning hea - ven then re - joic - es; Come, chil-dren, come.
5. Come, chil-dren, come; Make heav'n your home; Then, though earth-ly ties may sev - er, You may live with Christ for ev - er; Come, chil-dren, come.

SONG OF PRAISE. 8s and 7s.

Lively.

1. Thanks to God for every bless-ing Which his bounteous hand be-stows;
All on earth that's worth possessing, From that hand in - cessant flows.

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

2. And let gratitude awaken
To the God who rules above,
He hath never yet forsaken,
Nor withheld his tender love.
Hallelujah, &c.

3. To his arms we're yet invited;
'Tis the Saviour bids us come.
Let us, then, with hearts united,
Seek thro' him a heavenly home
Hallelujah, &c.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Words and Music from the Sunday School Advocate.

Duett. Chorus.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, Wor-thy is our Sa-viour King, Loud let his prais-es ring, For ev - er - more.
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubt-ing stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, ye shall hap-py be, When from sin and sor - row free! Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest ev - er - more.
3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams eve - ry eye; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand, Love can-not die; Oh, then to glo - ry run; Be a crown and king-dom won; And bright a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er - more.

WILL YOU COME TO THE SPRING?

For Cold Water Celebrations and Temperance Meetings.

Lively. Chorus. 1st time. 2d time.

1. Will you come to the spring that is sparkling and light, Where the birds carol sweetly, the sunset is bright? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring? come to the spring.
2. Then the cup runneth o'er with the purest of drinks, And as sweet as the flowers that bend from the brinks. Will you, will you, &c.
3. Let it flow, love-ly stream, while it gently imparts, Both the fair glow of beauty and peace to the heart. Will you, will you, &c.

THE CHILD'S REQUEST.

Gently. Fine.

1. Tell me the tale of the friends that you loved, Long, long a go, long a - go! Say were your schoolmates as blithe and as gay, Tell me of those by whose side you have roved, Long, long a - go, long a - go! Joy - ous as those I have been with to day?

D. C. Who were the chil - dren you met in your play? Long, long a - go, long a - go!

2. What were the pleasures you gathered at home, Long, long a - go, long a - go! Moth-er, sweet moth - er, why start - eth that tear? What were the mea - dows en - ticed you to roam? Long, long a - go, long a - go! Tell me the tales you de - light - ed to hear, Told by the friends that to you were so dear, Long, long a go, long a - go!

THE FATHER'S TOMB.

Music — *"The Child's Request."*

1

Come where our father lies low in the grave,
Low in the tomb, low in the tomb;
Come where the willows so mournfully wave
Low o'er his tomb, o'er his tomb;
Think of the days when we stood by his side,
Think how he looked on his children with pride,
Think how he blessed us the day that he died,
Here by his tomb, by his tomb.

2

Think of the lips that so sweetly we pressed,
Pressed by the tomb, pressed by the tomb;
Think of the hours we passed on that breast,
Now in the tomb, now in the tomb;
Pray that we meet him again in the skies,
Far from the region of parting and sighs,
When with rejoicing the good shall arise,
Rise from the tomb from the tomb.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Duett.

1st Voice. 2d Voice.

1. Flow- ers, wherefore do ye bloom? 1. We strew thy path-way to the tomb.
2. Sea, who rules thy swell and fall? 2. His might that rule - eth thee and all.
3. Stars, say, wherefore do ye rise? 3. We light thy spi - rit to the skies.

SABBATH MORN HAS COME.

Lively.

1 Sabbath morn has come once more, Sabbath bells we hear ; Sweet it is again to meet Teachers and schoolmates dear. Birds, with sweetest warblings, Seem to hail the day; O, our voice must echo Their sweet Sabbath lay
2 Then to thee, our Father, First our tune we raise ; Thanks for all the favor With which thou crown'st our days. Grant, O God, thy blessing, While thy children pray, May we here be learning Wisdom's pleasant way
3. Then, when Sabbaths here are done, We in heaven may meet, Never, never wearying Thy praises to repeat. There, with holy angels, Join in hap-py song, Ever and for-ev-er To thee our praise belongs.

THE SHEPHERD BOY. 10s & 11s.

Lively.

1. Come, lit-tle flock, 'tis time to leave the mountain, Shadows are long, the sun is sink-ing fast, Soon will the moon be sparkling in yon fountain ; Haste, little flock, for the day is past.
2. Thus down the vale the shepherd boy is singing, While to the fold he leads his snowy sheep ; Homeward the flocks their weary flight are winging, All nature's children are lulled to sleep
3. Poor shepherd boy! the moss will be his pillow, Verdure his couch ; no bed of down has he, Nightly he lies beneath the spreading willow, Lull'd by the brook and the rustling tree.
4. Pure is his heart ; the stars that shine above him Speak to his soul of beauty and of power ; Glad he adores the father that doth love him, Shedding his smile through the darksome hour.

TEMPERANCE ODE.

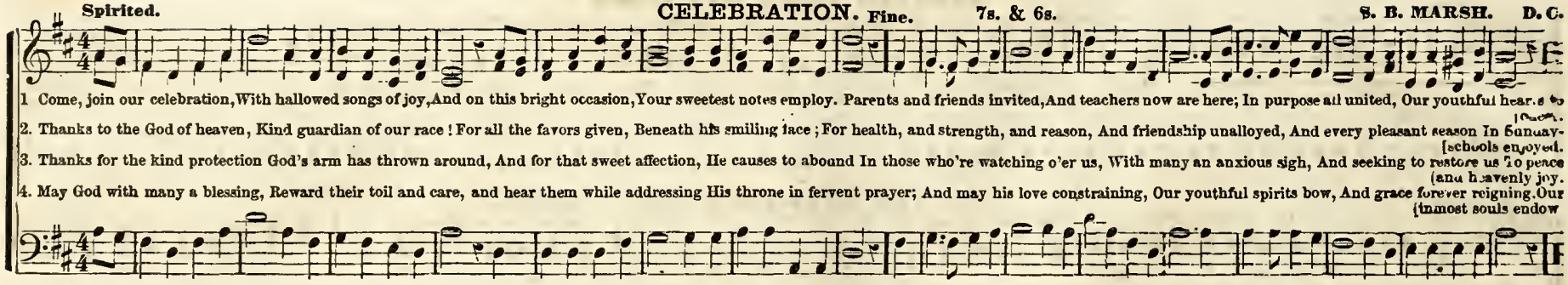
Lively. May be sung by a choir. Arranged from VON WEBER.

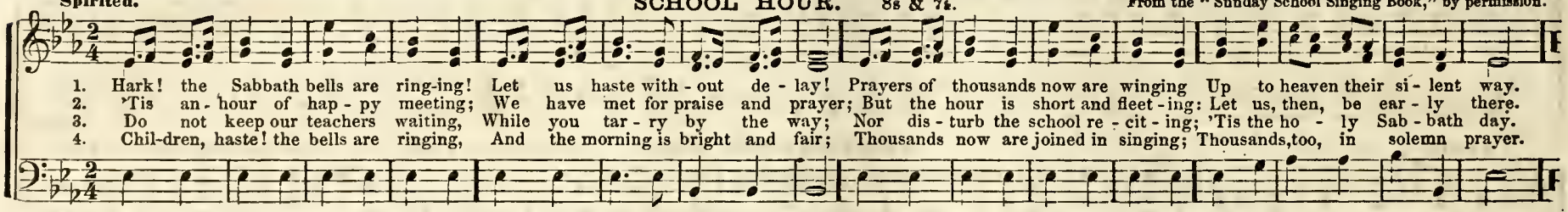
1. Friends of Free-dom, swell the song! Young and old the strain pro - long! Make the Temperance ar - my strong, And on to vic - to - ry!
2. Lift your ban - ners; let them wave! On - ward march, a world to save! Who would fill a drunk-ard's grave, And bear his in - fa - my?
3. Raise the glo - rious watchword high—"Touch not, taste not, 'till you die!" Let the e - cho reach the sky, And earth keep ju - bi - lee!
4. Hast - en, Lord! the hap - py day, When, be-neath thy gen - tle ray, Temperance all the world shall sway, And reign tri - umph-ant - ly.

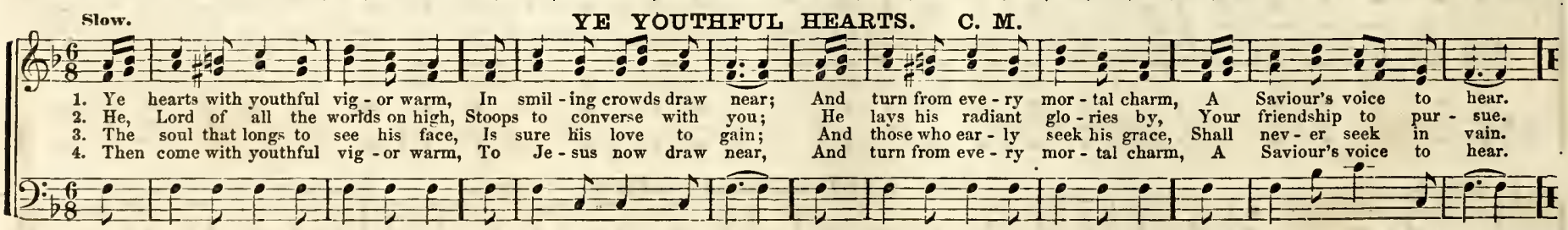
THE ANNIVERSARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

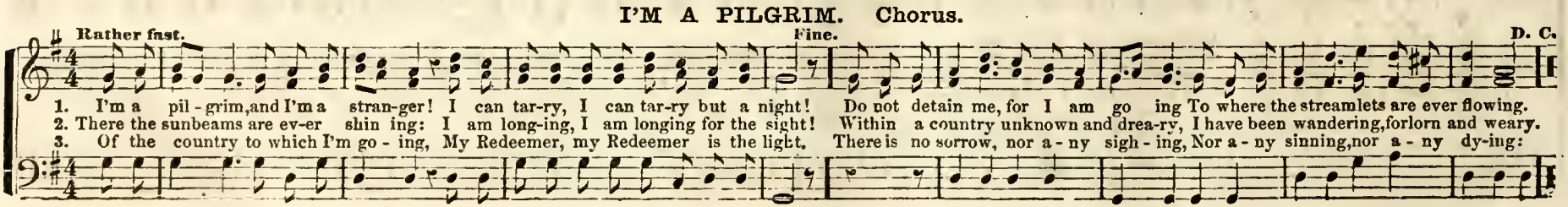
Spirited. From the "Dulcimer," by permission.

1. { We bring no glittering trea - sures, No gems from earth's deep mine, / We come with sim - ple mea - sures, To chant thy love di - vine. } Chil-dren, thy fa - vors shar - ing, Their voice of thanks would raise;
D. C. Fa - ther, ac cept our offering, Our song of grate - ful praise.
2. { The dear - est gift of Heav - en, Love's writ - ten word of truth, / To us is ear - ly giv - en, To guide our steps in youth; } We hear the won - d'rous sto - ry, The tale of Cal - va - ry;
D. C. We read of homes in glo - ry, From sin and sor - row free.


Spirited.
CELEBRATION. Fine. 7s. & 6s.
S. B. MARSH. D. C.
1 Come, join our celebration, With hallowed songs of joy, And on this bright occasion, Your sweetest notes employ. Parents and friends invited, And teachers now are here; In purpose all united, Our youthful hearts to
2. Thanks to the God of heaven, Kind guardian of our race! For all the favors given, Beneath his smiling face; For health, and strength, and reason, And friendship unalloyed, And every pleasant season In Sunday-
3. Thanks for the kind protection God's arm has thrown around, And for that sweet affection, He causes to abound In those who're watching o'er us, With many an anxious sigh, And seeking to restore us To peace
4. May God with many a blessing, Reward their toil and care, and hear them while addressing His throne in fervent prayer; And may his love constraining, Our youthful spirits bow, And grace forever reigning. Our


Spirited.
SCHOOL HOUR. 8s & 7s.
From the "Sunday School Singing Book," by permission.
1. Hark! the Sabbath bells are ring-ing! Let us haste with - out de - lay! Prayers of thousands now are winging Up to heaven their si - lent way.
2. 'Tis an - hour of hap - py meeting; We have met for praise and prayer; But the hour is short and fleet - ing: Let us, then, be ear - ly there.
3. Do not keep our teachers waiting, While you tar - ry by the way; Nor dis - turb the school re - cit - ing; 'Tis the ho - ly Sab - bath day.
4. Chil-dren, haste! the bells are ringing, And the morning is bright and fair; Thousands now are joined in singing; Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.


Slow.
YE YOUTHFUL HEARTS. C. M.
1. Ye hearts with youthful vig - or warm, In smil - ing crowds draw near; And turn from eve - ry mor - tal charm, A Saviour's voice to hear.
2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to converse with you; He lays his radiant glo - ries by, Your friendship to pur - sue.
3. The soul that longs to see his face, Is sure his love to gain; And those who ear - ly seek his grace, Shall nev - er seek in vain.
4. Then come with youthful vig - or warm, To Je - sus now draw near, And turn from eve - ry mor - tal charm, A Saviour's voice to hear.


I'M A PILGRIM. Chorus.
Rather fast.
Fine.
D. C.
1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger! I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night! Do not detain me, for I am go ing To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
2. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin ing: I am long-ing, I am longing for the sight! Within a country unknown and drea-ry, I have been wandering, forlorn and weary.
3. Of the country to which I'm go - ing, My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light. There is no sorrow, nor a - ny sigh - ing, Nor a - ny sinning, nor a - ny dy-ing:

Lively.

HAIL! TO THE MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS!

The base may be sung by the teachers. Arranged.

1. Hark! hark! to the merry Christmas bells, How pleasant-ly they chime! A tone of joy their music swells, For the ho-ly, hallowed time. They tell of the bright and
2. They tell of the manger's low-ly bed, Where the ho-ly Babe was found, Where the straw alone upheld his head From the cold and hoof-trod ground. Humble and mean was the
3. He came to give a world of gloom A radiance for ever bright, Then sank to the dark and shrouding tomb, That sinners might live in light. Then loud let each young and
4. Where he reigns in his e-ter-nal home, The Redeemer soft-ly said, Suffer these little children to come, For of such is my kingdom made." Where he reigns in his e-

glo-rious day When a Saviour sprung to birth, When Bethlehem's star of a sil-very ray, Lit the glad and smiling earth, Lit the glad and smiling earth.
shel-ter there, For our God's anointed Son; But bright as the regions of up-per air Was the glo-rious meed he won, Was the glo-rious meed he won.
grateful voice In this Sabbath school a-rise, And eve-ry heart in his praise rejoice, Till it reaches the vaulted skies, Till it reaches the vaulted skies.
ter-nal home, The Redeem-er softly said, "Suffer these lit-tle children to come, For of such is my kingdom made," For of such is my kingdom made.

"O COME, LET US SING."

German.

1. O come, Let us sing! Our youth-ful hearts now swell-ing, To God a-bove, a God of love, O come, let us sing!
2. O swell, swell the song, His prais-es oft re-peat-ing: His Son he gave our souls to save— O swell, swell the song.
3. All full cho-rus join, To Je-sus con-de-scend-ing To bless our race with heavenly grace, All full cho-rus join!

Our joy-ful spir-its glad and free, With high e-mo-tions rise to thee In heaven-ly mel-o-dy! O come, let us sing!
The hum-ble heart's de-vo-tion bring, Whence gushing streams of love do spring, And make the wel-kin ring With sweet, swell-ing song!
To God whose mer-cy on us smiled, And ho-ly Spi-rit re-con-ciled By Christ the meek and mild, All full cho-rus join.

Lively. **I LOVE THE SABBATH SCHOOL.** C. M. Opening or close. LANE.

1. I love the Sabbath school, the place My youthful feet have trod, Where I have heard of wisdom's ways, That lead to peace and God, That lead to peace and God, That lead to peace and God.
2. I love the Sabbath school, 'tis there The praise of God we sing; 'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer, To God, our heavenly King, To God, our heavenly King, To God, our heavenly King.
3. I love the Sabbath school, where we The ho - ly Bible read, Which tells of Christ, who came to be A Saviour in our need, A Saviour in our need, A Saviour in our need.
4. O that, when life's few cares are past, Our teachers we may meet, Upon the blissful plains, and cast Our crowns at Jesus' feet, Our crowns at Jesus' feet, Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

Firm. **WEEP NOT, O MOTHER.** (MAION. 10s or 10s & 11s.)

From Jesse's root, behold a branch arise Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fill the skies; The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade
1. Weep not, O mother, sounds of lamentation: Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly; Strong is his arm, the bringer of sal - vation; Strong is the word of God to succor thee.
2. Change, then, oh, sad one, grief to exultation, Worship and fall before Messiah's knee; Strong was his arm the bringer of sal - vation; Strong was the word of God to succor thee.

Lively. **I'LL AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.** From the Lute of Zion.

1. When the morn - ing light drives a - way the night, With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a - way to the Sab-bath - school;
2. On the fros - ty dawn of a win - ter's morn, When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the sum - mer breeze plays ronnd the trees, To the Sab - bath-school I go;
3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet, At the time of morn - ing prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise, For 'tis al - ways pleas - ant there;
4. May the dews of grace fill the hal - lowed place, And the sun - shine nev - er fail,
While each bloom-ing rose which in memory grows, Shall a sweet per - fume ex - hale;

For 'tis there we all a - gree, All with
When the ho - ly day has come, And the
In the book of ho - ly truth, Full of
When we min - gle here no more, But have

Girls. Boys. Girls. Boys. Both.

hap-py hearts and free, And I love to ear - ly be At the Sab - bath school; I'll a - way, a - way, I'll a - way, a - way, I'll a - way to Sabbath school.
Sabbath-breakers roam, I de - light to leave my home, For the Sab - bath school. I'll a - way, &c.
counsel and reproof, We be-hold the guide of youth, At the Sab - bath school. I'll a - way, &c.
met on Jordan's shore, We will talk of moments o'er At the Sab - bath school, I'll a - way, &c.

HOW SWEET 'TIS TO MEET.

Earnestly. For opening and close of school.

1. How sweet 'tis to meet with com - pan - ions so dear, And pray to our Sa - viour, who al - ways is near; To pray that in mer-cy there yet may be room In
2. Sweet bonds of this school, that u - nite us in peace; And thrice blessed Je - sus, whose love can-not cease: Tho' oft from thy presence we'er tempted to roam, We
3. Then, Sa - viour; dear Sa - viour, oh, help us to pray, And keep us, oh, keep us from sin's nar - row way; Oh, guide us in mer-cy, and aid us to come; And

Chorus to each verse.

those bless-ed realms, my E - ter - nal sweet home, Home! home! That blessed home; Oh! take us in mer - cy to that blessed home.
long to be - hold thee in glo - ry at home, Home! home! &c.
find e - ven now a sweet fore - taste of home, Home! home! &c.

THE GUSHING RILL. Temperance Chorus.

Lively. By permission, from the "Whip-Poor-Will."*

1. O, if for me the cup you fill, Then fill it from the gush-ing rill, With Wa-ter, wa - ter, sparkling bright, As clear as truth, and free as light.
2. Speak not to me of ro - sy wine, Of nec - tar cups, and draughts di vine: The taste of bit - ter tears is there, Wrung from the hearts most true and dear.

Chorus to each verse.

Then if for me the cup you fill, Fill it from the gushing rill, O fill it from the gushing rill, the gushing rill, the gush-ing rill, the gush - ing rill.
Then if for me, &c.

* The "Whip-Poor-Will" is a new Juvenile Work, just published by F. J. Huntington, New York. It has a Cantata or Juvenile Oratorio, besides a large collection of Miscellaneous Songs and Elementary course, thus constituting one of the most perfect collections for children ever published in this country.

SOLO DEPARTMENT.

SONG and QUARTETTE. Ida on Earth and in Heaven.

Composed expressly for this work. Words by W. B. A.

Gently.

1. Once I had a lit - tle daughter, Smiling through her golden hair, As she knelt to her who taught her, Morn and eve, to say a prayer.
2. While I listen'd to the story Which she told of heaven there, Thought I then an an - gel glory Led her soul from earthly care.
3. A - las! up - on her couch of pain Look'd she where the stars shone bright, And then I saw that smile again Beam from eyes of ho - ly light.
4. Whene'er star-light spreadeth o'er me, And I feel thy presence near, Oh! then my heart doth turn to thee, Smiling from thy heav'uly sphere.

QUARTETTE to each verse.

1. Lit - tle I - da, smiling I - da, I - da made a heaven here, When so meekly 'neath the starlight, Spoke she of a heav'nly sphere, Spoke she of a heav'nly sphere.
2. Gen - tle I - da, heav'nly I - da, I - da lost to earth for aye, Gone to heaven, charm'd by angels, Who have beckoned her a - way, Who have beckoned her a-way.
3. Lov - ing I - da, an - gel I - da, I - da beau - ti - ful in death, Lost to parent, gone to heaven, Pure as fragrant summer's breath, Pure as fragrant summer's breath.
4. Faithful I - da, watchful I - da, I - da of the golden hair, Here thou wert a smiling cherub, Now thou art an angel there! Now thou art an an - gel there!

Andante con Espressivo.

SONG. "Do they miss me at home."

1. Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me? 'Twould be an assurance most dear, To know at this moment some loved one Was saying, "I wish he was here!" To feel that the group at the fireside Were thinking of me as I roam! Oh yes! 'twould be joy beyond measure, To know that they missed me at home, Oh yes! 'twould be joy beyond measure, To know that they missed me at home.
2. When twilight approaches, the season That ever was sacred to song, Does some one repeat my name over, And sigh that I tarry so long? And is there a chord in the music, That's missed when my voice is away? And a chord in each dear heart that maketh Regret at my wearisome stay? And a chord in each dear heart that maketh Regret at my wearisome stay?
3. Do they place me a chair at the ta - ble, When evening's home pleasures are nigh, And lamps are lit bright in the parlor, And stars in the calm azure sky? And when the 'good nights' are repeated, And each lays him down to sweet sleep, Do they think of the absent, and waft me A whispered 'good night' o'er the deep? Do they think of the absent, and waft me A whispered 'good night' o'er the deep?
4. Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me? At morning, at noon, and at night? And lingers one gloomy shade round them, That only my presence can light? Are joys less invitingly welcomed, Are pleasures less hailed than before, Because one is missed from the circle, Because I am with them no more? Because one is missed from the circle, Because I am with them no more?

Andante

SONG. The Old Man's Retrospect.

Original.

1. An old man sat by the window, For the spring was drawing near, And the course of the dead old winter Had
2. The forms of his in - no - cent children She nightly had folded in prayer, And laid on the soft lap of slumber, With

gone to the tomb of the year! He looked on the young buds swelling, And a tear o'er his wrinkles strayed; He thought of the wife of his bosom, Who slept in the valley's green shade;
tender and motherly care, Rose up in the old man's vision—He saw that one tired and slept, Like a lamb by the side of its mother, Where a willow leaned over and wept.

3.

One son had wandered from virtue,
The father in spirit had yearned
To grant him forgiveness and blessing,
But the prodigal never returned;
Another had wedded with mammon,
And worshipped the prince of this world,
And one 'neath the cross had enlisted,
And fought where its banner unfurled.

4.

A daughter, the fairest and dearest,
In loveliness walked by his side,
Nor envied the lot of her sisters,
Who dazzled in beauty and pride;
Her voice was his heart's sweetest music,
When from the blest volume she read,
That brightens the valley of shadow,
And smooths down the path of the dead.

The old man sat by the window,
As the sun dropped low in the sky;
His spirit with silence rejoicing,
Went up to his mansion on high.
Another green hillock in summer,
Received the baptism of dew,
And down in the dust of the valley
He rests by the tender and true.

Gracefully.

BALLAD. Mary's Dream

W.

1. I'll sit by you, my mo - ther, And tell you of a dream, That to your darling Ma-ry, Last night so sweetly came; While sitting by the rose-bush, And
2. And soon there shone around me A pale and ho - ly light, I wondered why I felt so, And why it was so bright, And soon, amid the brightness, I

thinking of its flowers, And how, with lit-tle Em - ma, I've played by it for hours.
saw an an - gel child, Such looks of love she gave me, And beau-ti - ful - ly smiled.

3. And then I knew 'twas Emma,
All clothed in robes of white;
Her words, they were all music,
Her form seemed made of light;
She said, in tones of music,
"Sweet sister, do not fear:
I come to you my Mary,
To comfort and to cheer.

4. "I'm ever round you, Mary,
With these celestial flowers,
I lay them in your pathway,
I hang them on your bowers,
You cannot see their beauty,
But blessings they impart,
And keep all sinful feelings
Away from Mary's heart."

5. "O, it is so delightful
To minister to you;
To weave you crowns immortal
Of blossoms bright and true!
To be the winged bearer
Of blessings from afar,
In good to guide and aid you,
Till you an angel are!"

6. Thus saying, she smiled sweetly,
And faded from my view:
I woke—and found it dreaming;
Yet, O, it must be true!
I'm not alone, my mother—
I know a form of light,
A blessed guardian angel
Is round me day and night.

Gently.

DUETT or TRIO. "Chant a Dirge tearfully.*"

I. B. W.**

1. Chant a dirge tear - ful-ly, For our lost friend; God takes so fear - ful-ly That he doth lend: In chaplets graceful-ly Me - mories weave, She hath so peace - ful-ly Left us to wreathe.
2. Mourn not her youthfulness Per - ish-ing here, For love and truthfulness Cast out her fear; Mourn not, thou mother, The early grave given, For she won, thro' another, The earlier heaven.
3. Death comes scarce welcomely To the young heart, He bears him so gloomily Doing his part. He weaves such dark fearfulness Round our dim sight, We shrink with tearfulness Back to life's light.
4. Bearing us carefully By life's frail way, Oh, may we prayerfully Watch out each day; That when our frames breathlessly To earth are given, We may with her deathlessly Sit too in heaven.

* Sung at the funeral of Miss Underhill, of the Brooklyn Academy.
† In a lucid interval during her last hours, Miss Underhill sent a message to one of her classmates, entreating her to "come and sit with her in heaven"

SONG. "Mother, Home, and Heaven."

Words by IANTHE. Composed expressly for this Work.

Pensively

1. In the ho-ly hush of night, mother, A vision came to me, In floating robes of silvery light, And whispered me of thee; I felt a soft kiss on my brow, Like that which you had given, And heard the dear word in my ear, Of "Mother, Home and Heav'n, Home and Heav'n, of Mother, Home, . . and Heaven."
2. It whispered me of by gone hours, Of your sad eyes, and mild, When last we parted, bathed in tears, For me, your wayward child: And how we talked 'neath the moon's clear light, On that fair, cloudless even, And how I vowed, I'd ne'er forget My "Mother, Home and Heav'n, Home and Heav'n, of Mother, Home, . . and Heaven."

3.

With angel forms we dwelt, mother,
In a far off, shadowy land;
With a golden gleam of light around
The pale, seraphic band;
And, O, it was a bliss divine,
To know my sins forgiven,
That I the glorious goal had won,
Of "Mother, Home, and Heaven"

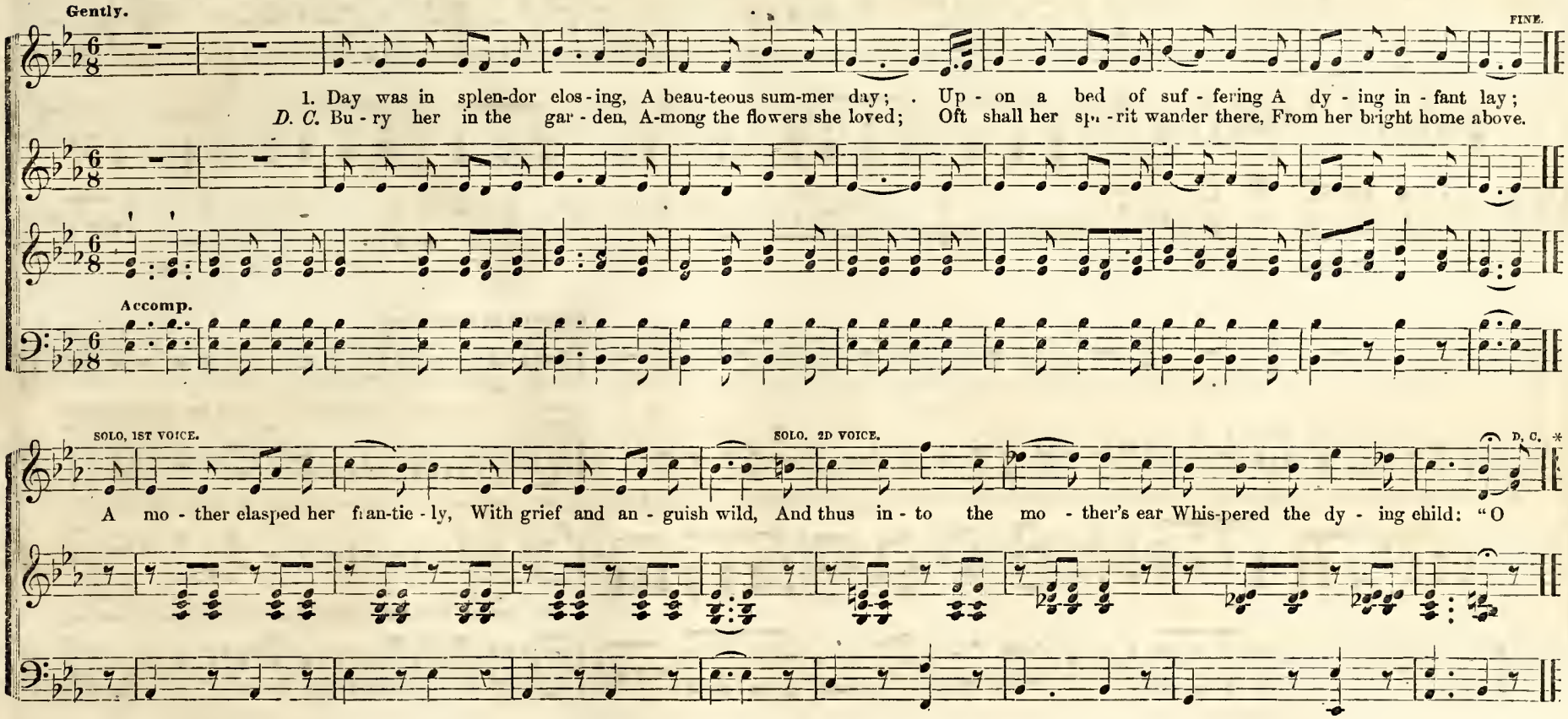
4.

But all too soon I woke, mother,
The radiant shadow fled,
And bitter were the sighs I heaved,
And bitter tears I shed,
That it was all a "baseless dream"—
That from thee I was riven—
And mine was but a vision wild,
Of "Mother, Home, and Heaven."

5.

But I will strive, my mother dear,
To keep my childhood's trust,
And where thy sainted form is laid,
Beneath the hallowed dust,
I'll kneel upon the sacred mound,
And pray to be forgiven,
That I may soar, when death shall come
To "Mother, Home, and Heaven."

"Its soul was on its lips as it whispered again, 'Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the—' and a slight quiver came over its limbs—one feeble struggle, and all was still."



2. "Bury me in the garden,
Where my sisters oft will bring
The flowers we loved to gather,
The first sweet flowers of Spring.
Where the early violets blossom,
Where blooms the fragrant rose,
Where the lily bends its stately head,
And the leafy myrtle grows.

3. "Bury me in the garden,
Where the pale primroses bloom;
The place I loved so dearly,
There make my early tomb.
Beneath the mountain's shady ash,
There let my grave be made;
With its clustering fruits o'erhanging
The spot where I am laid.

4. "Bury me in the garden,
Among the flowers I love;
Oft shall my spirit wander there,
From its bright home above—'
With this last dying, earnest wish,
Has her happy spirit flown;
Her grave is in the garden,
But Heaven has claimed its own.

* D. C. for the last verse only, each verse coming in without an intervening symphony

SOLO and QUARTETTE. "Can you forget, my brother."

Inscribed to my only brother, CHARLES WOODBURY, Esq.

Pensively.

1. Can you forget, my brother dear, Our boyhood's pearly hours? When heaven and earth were beautiful In young life's blooming bowers; When we tho't the world's great wealth was naught, At best but shining toys, In those departed dear old years, When you and I were boys.

CHORUS to each verse.

TENOR, Ah! can you forget, my brother dear, When you and I were boys.

ALTO; Ah! can you forget, my brother dear, When you and I were boys.

TREBLE, Ah! can you forget, my brother dear, When you and I were boys.

BASE, Ah! can you forget, my brother dear, When you and I were boys.

2. How lovely then bloomed all things round—
The streamlet babbling by,
Was music to the ravished ear,
Untended by a sigh!
Alas! for change—how vanished now
Are those sweet, early joys,
That floated past on pleasure's wing,
When you and I were boys.

3. Where are the loved of other years,
Oh! where, where are they all?
The voices sweet that charmed our ears,
Are silent in the hall;
Our father and our brother, where?
Where Alfred's early joys?
Sleeping from worldly hope and care,
Since you and I were boys.

4. Alas! how true—the times are changed,
The world indeed is cold—
The flowers are dead where once we ranged,—
We too, are growing old;
But not so old, while memory brings
Its sadness and its joys,
To cheer the heart that fondly clings
To times when we were boys.

SONG. "We were crowded in the Cabin." (The Tempest.)

Poetry by J. T. FIELDS, Esq

1. We were crowded in the ca - bin, Not a soul would dare to sleep: It was midnight on the wa-ters, And a storm was on the deep, 'Tis a fear - ful thing in win - ter, To be shat-tered in the blast, And to hear the trum - pet thun - der, "Cut a - way the mast!"
2. We shudder - ed there in si - lence, For the stout- est held his breath; While the hun-gry sea was roar - ing, And the breakers talked with death, Sad, thus we sat in si - lence, All bu - sy with their prayers; "We are lost!" the cap - tain shout -ed, As he staggered down the stairs.
3. But his lit - tle daugh - ter whispered, As she took his i - cy hand, "Isn't God up - on the o - cean, Just the same as on the land?" Then we kissed the lit - tle mai - den, And we spake of bet - ter cheer, As we an - chored safe in har - bor, As the sun was shin-ing clear

For the last verse only.

RIT.

And a shout rose wild and joy - ous, As we clasped the friendly hand, "Ah! God is on the o - cean, Just the same as on the land."

Tenderly.

SONG and QUARTETT. "And then she passed away."

1. Long months of pain and sickness Had dimmed her lov-ing eye, And death, the 'king of ter- rors,' Was standing close-ly by. Up - on her brow of mar-ble We saw the clam-my blight, And knew her spi - rit's pinions Were plum-ing for their flight.
2. With smo -thered sobs of an-guish, We heard her gasp for breath, As far - ther yet she wandered, A-down the vale of death, "So cold, so deep," she murmured, To him who held her hand, "The wa - ters swell around me: Oh, for the heavenly land!"

* Chorus to each verse.

RIT.

† Then the feel-ing came o'er us, She's passing a - way, Then the feel - ing come o'er us, She's passing a - way.

‡ Then we knew, O, we knew She had passed a - way, Then we knew, O we knew She had passed a - way.

3. We sang to her of heaven,
Of those elysian plains,
Where holiness and beauty
Forever, ever reigns;
And of that glorious city,
The new Jerusalem,
Where each immortal saint-brow
Receives a diadem.

4. Smiles of exulting beauty
Stole o'er her pallid face,
And we knew that she had conquered
Through Jesus' precious grace.
One farewell kiss she sigh'd for,
One sigh upheaved her breast:
One parting glance to loved ones,
And then she was at rest.

If used as a Solo, end here *ad lib.*

† For the three first verses.

‡ For the last verse only.

SONG. "The old folks I loved long ago."

Gently.

1. Battling with life, 'Mid care and strife, The daily toil in hope I un - der-go. Yet mem'ry will wander, Fonder, O fonder, To the dear old folks I loved long ago, To the dear old folks I loved long ago.

2.

Long years have gone
Since in the morn
Of life, I heard the river's gentle flow;
And oft mem'ry lingers,
As paint time's fingers
The dear old folks I loved long ago.

3.

Dell, hill and tree,
Flower, bird and bee,
All as of yore, make music sweet and low
And, though on earth riven,
I hope to meet in heaven
The dear old folks I loved long ago.

4.

Then up, my soul,
Strive for the goal,
O linger not to weep and wail in woe;
For far in yon azure blue
Methinks I yet may know
The dear old folks I loved long ago.

* By permission of O. Ditson, Esq

The practice of Quartette and Solo singing in the choir, school, and class, is one of great importance, and is deservedly becoming more and more popular throughout the United States. It serves to give confidence to the young singer, without which, let the voice be ever so well tutored, no finished performance can be expected. Attention and emulation are also excited, and we can truly say, that where it is practised, no school will languish for lack of interest. We advise teachers to introduce it even in classes of beginners.

Let the whole class practise the piece together at first, the teacher giving examples in each part separately, requiring the class to imitate him, for it must be remembered that style, taste, and, above all, tone, are taught by imitation. When all the parts can sing it correctly in harmony, select two or three voices on each part, and let them sing the piece before the class. The next lesson, perhaps, select one voice on a part, and thus perfection will gradually be acquired in the quartette. Great care should be taken that the parts should be well balanced. To say that no part should predominate would not convey our meaning, for at times, each part may predominate one over the other: yet when this is done, it should not strike the ear as being far-fetched, but should be done in so natural a manner as to cause only sensations of delight and approbation.

Who has not heard choirs attempt to sing soft, so soft as to degenerate into a mere whisper, which instead of giving pleasure to the hearer, became painfully doubtful for fear of a "break-down." However soft the quartette may sing then, let it be *firm*.

One of the most important requisites to good quartette singing, is a good mellow tone, particularly in the base. It is often the case, that base singers take pride in a ragged, harsh tone on the low notes, when they ought to repudiate it with aversion. A mellow, sonorous, low tone may not sound loud to the performers, but it fills every corner of the largest room, while the hard throat tone is scarcely audible in the remote parts of the house.

The base may be sung more connected than the other parts; and on very low notes, when there are many in succession, the effect may be fine, by using simply the vowel sounds of the words, meaning them, as it were, one into another. The tenor should use a liquid head tone, (*voice di testi*), and on high notes, the feigned voice, as it is termed by some of the best writers on the voice. Care should be taken not to mistake the falsetto for this quality of voice.* The soprano should use tones pure as those produced on a flute by a master. No huskiness or nasal quality should be allowed. One important requisite to the acquisition of the right kind of tone is to husband the breath. Always remember that the less breath used (after a sufficient quantity for the tone is acquired) the better. No quartette can sing in a superior manner, without long practice together. Even inferior singers will appear respectable in a quartette, if they practise much and patiently together. Quartettes and trios should be sung much more *legato* than choruses. This will appear obvious to all when it is considered that in large bodies of singers, the consonants and even the vowels are seldom produced together, if produced at all, while in a quartette they may and indeed should be delivered exactly together. The *Rhythm* should also be varied freely to suit the words, for one of the charms of quartette singing is to hear every word distinctly, and even elegantly pronounced.

Although marks of expression are freely used in the following pieces, yet we caution the singers not to abide by them wholly, but to use and cultivate their own tastes. Simple quartettes should be unaccompanied by any instrument, but when the parts are much broken, as in the opera, a brilliant accompaniment is desirable.

The observations and instructions which we have thus endeavored to embody in a few words are not a vague theory, but the result of fifteen or twenty years' close study and practice. The author, in his youth, was for many years a member of a quartette choir in one of the principal churches in Boston, and the result of this experience, as well as of after practice, he now gives to the public. But we would not be misunderstood in this matter, for, however desirable a quartette may be for practice and the concert-room, for the church, we much, *very* much prefer the large choir.

QUARTETTE. "Rest thee, loved one! we have laid thee."

Slow and Tenderly.

1. Rest thee, loved one! we have laid thee Where the wild wood maketh sighs; Tears perfume the bed we made thee, Where the withered foliage lies. Distant from the native dwelling

2. On the morrow we must leave thee, Lonely in thy woodland grave, Where the vine a tomb shall weave thee, Creeping where the branches wave, All they love! let nature breathe it

CRES. DIM. CRES. DIM.

Where we chant the requiem; Few the hearts with gladness swelling, Few to join the funeral hymn. Then rest thee, loved one! where we lay thee, Rest, rest, rest.

When the vernal hours return—Write thy name with flower, and wreathe it Round the lonely forest urn. Then rest thee, loved one! where we lay thee, Rest, rest, rest.

* For more extended examples and instruction on the cultivation of the voice, see "Cultivation of the Voice," by I. B. Woodbury, published by F. J. Huntington, No. 23 Park Row, N. Y

QUARTETTE or TRIO. "Let me sleep." (For Male Voices.)

Words by Rev. J. M. Hoppin.

SLOW. 1st and 2d Tenor.

1. Let me sleep in mo-ther earth, Lay her sod up-on my breast, From her bo-som I had birth, In her bo - som I would rest, Rest, . . rest. . . .
2. Let no pomp of mar-ble rise, Writ with golden praises o'er, Foes will none the less despise, Friends will none the less deplore. Rest, . rest. . . .
3. If for ill my life has been, Sculptor's toil were vainly spent, If for good,—the hearts of men Build the noblest monument. Rest, . . rest. . . .

QUARTETTE. The rich Man's Choice.

Slow and Gentle.

"And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions."—Mark x, 23

CRES.

1. Oh! had he known that hearts were hushed Amid the angel throng, Or heard the strain that would have gushed These shining chords along; Or seen where waved his crown of
2. That fearful hour—that si - lent kept The ser - aphs of the sky! With wi - ly care the tempter swept His pa - no - rama by; Before him passed broad lands, and

life, The fadeless and the fair, Would he, within that hour of strife, Have stood and pondered there, Have stood and pondered there.

fair, And coffers piled with gold, But for the gorgeous visions there, Perchance a soul was sold, Perchance a soul was sold.

3. How could he stand? how could he pause?
How for one moment weigh
The things that should have been as straws,
With life's long blissful day?
He knew beyond the shining gate,
The proffered "treasure" lay,
Oh, how could mortal hesitate?
He "sadly went away."

4. On Judah's hills, the green and fair,
Is hushed the voice of yore,
But still the tempter spreads his snare,
Just as it spread before;
And ye who earthly riches hold,
And heritages fair,
Oh, barter not for lands and gold,
Your priceless treasures there!

QUARTETTE. "When Mother died." (For Male Voices.)

ADAGIO. Without Accompaniment.

1ST & 2D TENOTS.

1. 'Twas Sabbath evening, calm and still, When nought was heard but whipporwill, Whose plaintiff strain the soul would fill—When mother died, When mother died.
2. A sis - ter dear, with tear-ful eyes, Breathed forth such holy, heartfelt sighs, That seraphs caught them in the skies—When mother died, When mother died.

1ST BASE.

3. A bro - ther held her death like hand, Receiv - ed her gen- tle, last command: "I'm going to a bet - ter land—When mother died, When mother died.
4. But clos - er still a - round her pressed An an-gel band from re-gions blessed, To bear her wea-ry soul to rest, When mother died, When mother died.

2D BASE.

QUARTETTE. "Look up and persevere."

Slowly, and without Accomp.

m — CRES. — f

1. Should sorrow's gate be open wide, And on us pour a flood; Should hopes we cherish, withered lie, E'er they begin to bud; Should clouds upon our pathway loom, And
2. When dark mis-fortune on us throws The shadow of its wing; When hopes all crush'd, unto our souls, Like faded roses cling; Then we should rise with energy, While
3. Re - member, if the night came not To make more bright the morn; We could not hail with untold joy, The advent of the dawn; And if our life was but one scene, Of

m

all seem dark and drear; Our motto in that hour should be, Look up and persevere, persevere, persevere Look up and per-severe.
faith our bark should steer; And gazing in the future's sky, Look up and persevere, persevere, persevere, Look up and persevere.
pure, unceasing bliss; We might forget the world above, Within the joys of this, Joys of this, joys of this, Within the joys of this.

4. Why waste in useless, vain regrets,
Our swiftly passing years?
Why build across the stream of life
A rainbow bridge of tears?
Why calmly sit in mute despair
And cause hope to depart;
Thus making stronger still the links
Which bind each broken heart.

5. Useless indeed repinings are—
They but increase our pain;
The noblest plan is, when we fail,
To rise and try again;
No matter how the storms may rage
Let hope a fabric rear—
And as we gaze, our cry should be,
Look up and persevere.

* Vary the Rhythm to suit the words. In quartette singing much care should be taken to produce voluminous tones.

QUARTETTE, or QUARTETTE and CHORUS. The Christian Pilgrim.

Slowly. *m* *f* Chorus to each verse.

1. Pil-grim! is thy journey drear? Are its lights extinct for - ev - er? Still suppress the ris - ing fear,—God forsakes the righteous nev-er! Never, never, nev - er.
2. Storms may gather o'er thy path, All the ties of life may se - ver; Still, a - mid the fear of death, God forsakes the righteous nev-er! Never, never, nev - er.
3. Pain may rack the wasting frame, Health desert thy couch for ever, Faith still burns with deathless flame, God forsakes the righteous never! Never, never, nev - er.

QUARTETTE. The three Marys.

Slowly and Tenderly. FINE.

1. We should love the name of Ma - ry, For the sake of her who bore Je - sus on her gen - tle bo - som, In the days of yore: Soothed and
2. We should love the name of Ma - ry, For the sake of her who bowed At the Sa-viour's feet in sor - row, And with wail-ings loud, Did la-

D. C. AL FINE.

of - ten - times car - essed him, Blend-ing with his own her breath, Stood beside and fondly blessed him, At his death.

- - ment her lost con - di - tion, All be-fore the face of men;—Thine be glo-ry's full fru - i - tion, Magda - len!

3. We should love the name of Mary,
For the sake of her who cried,
"Lord, had'st thou but been anear us,
Brother had not died!"
Tears of kindly recollection,
Mingling with her bitter sighs,
As they met a like reflection,
In His eyes!

4. We should love the name of Mary,
In that they together stand
'Round the pure white throne in Heaven
Joining hand in hand;
And the while all circumspectly
Jesus, Saviour, praising Thee
Shedding on us indirectly
Blessings free.

QUARTETTE. "Lips I have kissed, ye are faded and cold."

Slow and Sorrowful.

1. Lips I have kissed, ye are faded and cold; Hands I have pressed, ye are covered with mould; Form I have clasped, thou art crumbling away, And soon in your bosom the weeper will lay.
2. Friends of my youth, I have witnessed your bloom; Shades of the dead, I have wept at your tomb; Tombs, I have wreaths, were they worthy of thee: But who will e'er gather a garland for me?
3. Friends of my youth, you are hastening away; Grave, is there room in the cham - ber of clay: Ye who have thither so hasti-ly fled, Say is there room in the green curtained bed?
4. Dreams of my youth, ye are fad - ed and gone; Mists of the vale, ye have clouded the morn; Death will your vapors incessantly roll? And life, must it pass it, the night of the soul.
5. Souls of the blest, from the mansions of day, Look on the pilgrim and lighten his way, Wing your swift flight to his death-prepared bed, With visions of glory to cir-cle his head.
6. Stars, ye are thick in the path-way of light; Vi - sions of bliss, ye are ba - nishing night; Pilgrim arise, for the journey you tread, Is leading to regions whence sorrow has fled.
7. Buds of the spring, ye are blasted and dead, Leaves of the sum - mer, your beauty has fled; Winter of grief, from the night of the tomb, The pole-star, religion, will scatter the gloom.

QUARTETTE. "She wrapped him in a little shroud."*

With great Gentleness, and every note fully sustained.

1. She wrapped him in a lit - tle shroud, Her first born and her last; Her soul with hea-vy grief was bowed, Her tears were fall-ing fast, And ev - er and a - non she prest The icy burden to her breast; As murmuring soft, "In heaven," she cried, "The mother meets her seraph child."
2. His in - fant toys a - long the floor, Lay scat-tered far and wide, Just as he left them there, be-fore He laid him down and died; The mother raised them one by one, The treasures of her little son: As murmuring soft, "In heaven," she cried, "The mother meets her seraph child."
3. Be - low, deep in the flow-ery sod, A lit - tle grave was made; Its ve - ry turf his feet had trod, For there he oft had played; How felt that mother as she gave, His play-ground for her darling's grave! Then murmuring soft, "In heaven," she cried, "The mother meets her seraph child."

VERY SOSTENUTO.

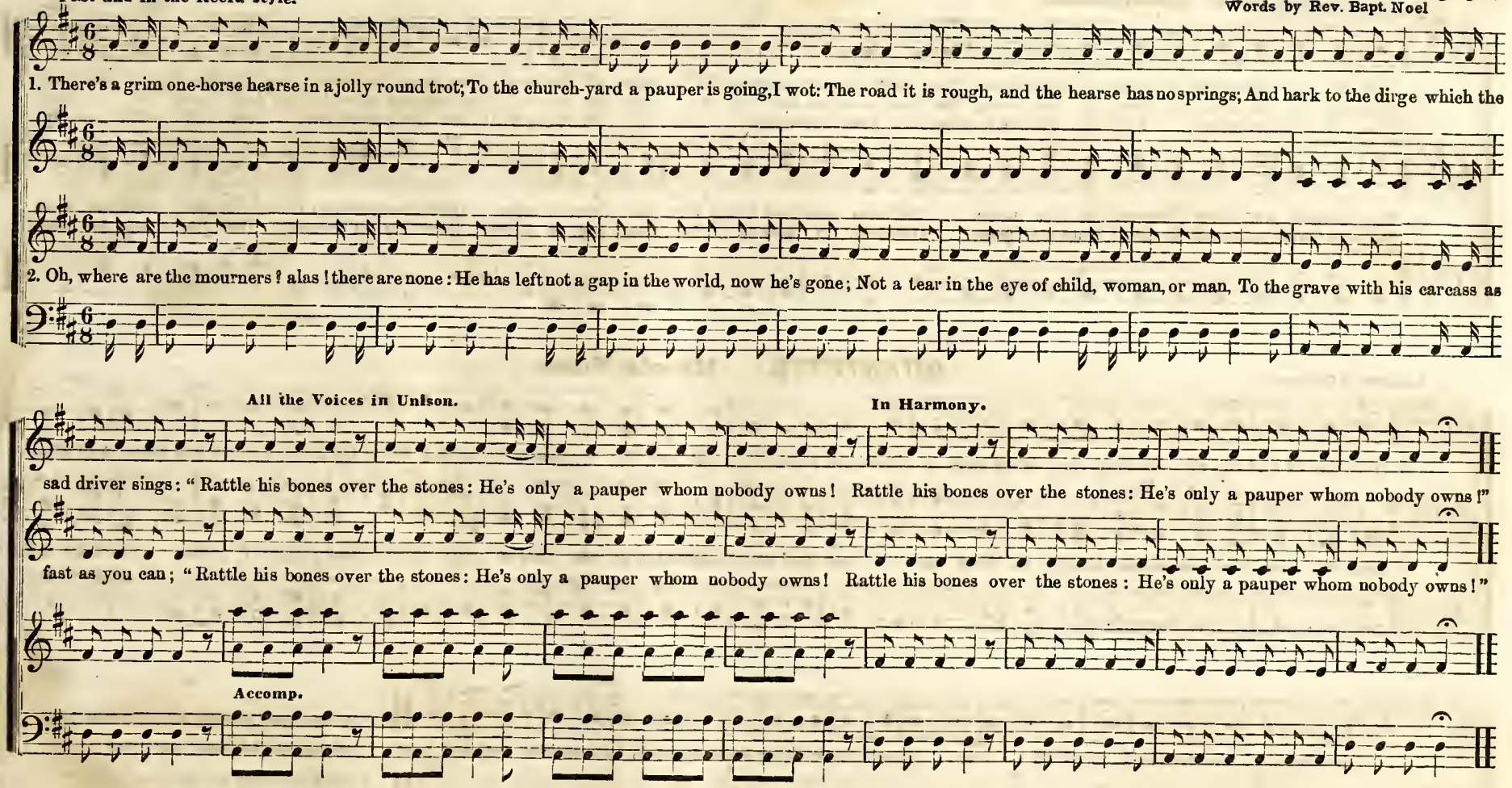
4. Her hand was firm, her cheek was pale
But blanched not with despair:
And sorrow only winged the wail
That rent the troubled air;
For 'twas but dust she gave the sod,
The gem she cherished was with God.
And murmuring soft, "In heaven," she cried,
"The mother meets her seraph child."

5. She scattered rose-buds on the spot,
And lilies pure as snow,
Then turned and sought her childless cot,
But spake not of her wo;
"In heaven," she cried, and sweetly smiled,
"The mother meets her seraph child."
Then murmuring soft, "In heaven," she cried,
"The mother meets her seraph child."

* This piece, which has often been sung and admired, should be performed without accompaniment.

QUARTETTE. The Pauper's Drive *

Words by Rev. Bapt. Noel



3. What a jolting and creaking, and plashing and din;
The whip how it cracks! and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurl'd!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

4. Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

5.† But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad
To think that a heart, in humanity clad,
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light, without leaving a friend!
"Bear soft his bones over the stones;
Tho' a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!"

* As sung at the public concerts with great applause.

† This verse much slower and expressive

QUARTETTE or TRIO. Life's better Moments. (For Male Voices.)

Cres. and Dim., and Slowly. Without Accomp.

1ST BASE or 3D TENOR.

1. Life has its mo-ments Of beau - ty and bloom; They hang like sweet roses On the edge of the tomb, They hang like sweet roses On the edge of the tomb.
2. Blessings they bring us As love - ly as brief; They meet us when hap - py, And leave us in grief, They meet us when happy, And leave us in grief.
3. Hues of the morn-ing, Ting- ing the sky, Come on the sun-beams, And off with them fly, Come on the sunbeams, And off with them fly.

1ST & 2D TENORS.

4. Sha- dows of eve - ning Hang soft on the shore, Darkness en-wraps them, We see them no more, Dark-ness enwraps them, We see them no more.
5. So life's better mo-ments In bril - liance ap - pear, Dawning in beau-ty Our jour - ney to cheer, Dawn-ing in beau-ty Our jour - ney to cheer.

2D BASE.

Andante Affetuoso.

QUARTETTE. My old Nurse.

CRES.

1. Gray haired and ve - ry old was she, With many a wrin - kle where The rose and li - ly once had bloomed, When life's young morn was there. And often
2. And oft her bo - som heaved a sigh, As from the o - pen door She watched the lit - tle ones at play, As she had played of yore. She knew what

DIM.

from her dim old eyes Methought there fell a tear Up-on her knitting work that told Of memories fond and dear.

cankering cares would come To spoil the castles fair Their little hearts were building high, For they were built in air.

3.

She had been young; and children dear,
She called her own, had crept
Behind her chair to "hide and seek."
No wonder that she wept—
For they were dead, and these brought back
The memory of their tone,
And drew those tears to bathe the flowers
In memory's garden sown.

Slow and Gentle.

QUARTETTE. "Gather the beautiful."

RIT.

1. Gather the beau - ti - ful Home to their rest, Strew the pale ros-es Over her breast; Like her in beauty Let them decay, When the most beautiful Passeth away.
2. Bu - ry the fad - ed Under the shade Of the sad window Where they have played; Let a sweet flow'ret Lovingly bloom In the bright green sward Over the tomb.
3. Weep for the beautiful; Hallow with tears Graves which the love Of loved ones endears; Trust to their pillow Beautiful dead, Beings of glory Watch over her head.

Lively.

QUARTETTE or CHORUS. "There's work enough to do."*

1. The blackbird ear-ly leaves its nest To meet the smil - ing morn, And gather fragments for its nest From upland, wood, and lawn. The busy bee that wings its way 'Mid
2. The cows-lip and the spreading vine, The daisy in the grass, The snowdrop and the e - glantine, Preach sermons as we pass. The ant, within its cavern deep, Would
3. The pla - nets, at their Maker's will, Move onward in their cars, For nature's wheel is nev-er still— Progressive as the stars! The leaves that flutter in the air, And
4. Who then can sleep, when all around Is ac - tive, fresh, and free? Shall man—creation's lord—be found Less busy than the bee? Our courts and alleys are the field, If
5. To have a heart for those who weep, The sottish drunkard win; To res - cue all the children, deep In ig - no - rance and sin. To help the poor, the hungry feed, To
6. The time is short—the world is wide, And much has to be done; This wondrous earth, and all its pride, Will vanish with the sun! The moments fly on lightning's wings, And

f *p* *f* 1ST TIME. *ff* 2D TIME.

sweets of varied hue, At every flower would seem to say—"There's work enough to do." At every flower would seem to say—"There's work enough to do, work enough to do."
bid us la - bor too, And writes upon its tiny heap—"There's work enough to do." And writes upon its tiny heap—"There's work enough to do, work enough to do."
summer's breezes woo, One solemn truth to man declare—"There's work enough to do." One solemn truth to man declare—"There's work enough to do, work enough to do."

men would search them through, That best, the sweets of labor yield, And "work enough to do." That best, the sweets of labor yield, And "work enough to do, work enough to do."
give him coat and shoe, To see that all can write and read—Is "work enough to do!" To see that all can write and read—Is "work enough to do! work enough to do."
life's uncertain too; We've none to waste on foolish things—"There's work enough to do!" We've none to waste on foolish things—"There's work enough to do! work enough to do."

Gentle and Sustained.

QUARTETTE. Saturday Evening.

1. How sweet the eve - nings shadows fall, Ad - vancing from the west; . . . As ends the wea - ry week of toil, And comes the day . . . . of rest.
2. Bright o'er the earth the star of eve Her ra-diant beau-ty sheds; . . And my - riad sis - ters calm-ly weave Their flight a - round . . . our heads.

3. Rest, man, from la - bor, rest from sin; The world's hard contest close; . The ho - ly hours with God be-gin; Yield thee to sweet . . . re - pose.
4. Bright o'er the earth the morn-ing ray Its sa - cred light will cast; . . Fair em-blem of the glorious day That ev - er - more . . . shall last.

Gracefully.

QUARTETTE. The Old Church Road.

1. Winding thro' the everglade Where my school-boy scenes were laid, Near the meadows where the bees Tell their thefts to every breeze. Where the woodland flowers bloom, Wasting all their sweet perfume
2. Ambushed in a bower of green, Yonder spire is dim - ly seen, Like a sen - try from on high, Pointing upward to the sky; In that pleasant ambuscade, Checkered with the sun and shade
3. When the modest violets bloom In the shadow of her tomb, Shall the way-worn warrior rest, Deeming death a welcome guest? Life's last sleep were passing sweet, Where his dust with thine shall meet

Chorus to each verse ad Lib.

Passing by a cottage door, Now, alas, my home no more—Yet leading to the house of God, Is the blessed Old Church Road, Yet leading to the House of God, Is the blessed Old Church Road
Stands the church where first I trod In the way that leads to God, Yet leading to the House of God, Is the blessed Old Church Road, Yet leading to the House of God, Is the blessed Old Church Road.

There, beneath the self same sod, Lay him, near the Old Church Road, Yet leading to the House of God, Is the blessed Old Church Road, Yet leading to the House of God, Is the blessed Old Church Road

CHORUS and SEMI-CHORUS. "I see them still—the patriot band." (For Independence.)

Spirited.—With Accomp.—SEMI-CHORUS.

1. I see them still, the patriot band, Their "stars and stripes" float in the breeze; With stern resolve and mighty hand, And silent as the breathless trees; With dauntless eye and
2. I see them still! in dread array, Th' embattled hosts stand face to face: I hear the reckless charger's neigh, But on those brows no paleness trace. Batallions wheeling

3. I see them still! the cannons boom; From muskets leaps the fatal fire, While there, amid the sulphurous gloom, The war King feasts his utmost ire, Together clasp the
4. I see them still—but not as when I saw them first [illegible] gain; Some of those brave, heroic men, Are sleeping, cold, in death's domain, Columbia's daughters

lips compress't, (A fearless soul in every breast,) They scorn the rampant Lion's roar, Whose breath would blight Columbia's shore, And blanch its early bloom; They swear in this e-
to and fro, Like some stopp'd current's eddying flow, Prepare, with a concussive jar, To ope the bloodshot eye of war, In smoke and flaming breath; While, like a band of

glittering steels; The stricken foeman fainting reels, The madden'd shout, the wounded's moan, Commingle with the dying groan In fearful tragedy—The war is closed, the
o'er them bend. And blood, and tear-drops, meeting, blend, As silently, with mournful tread, The living move among the dead Who for their country died: They fell, but long will

- - ventful hour, To make the an - gry monster cower, To break the fetters of his power. Or find a freeman's tomb! Or find a freeman's tomb, Or find a freeman's tomb.
brothers tried, Colum-bia's he - roes, side by side, Undaunted by Britannia's pride, Shout "Liberty or death," Shout "liberty or death," Shout "liberty or death."

vic - tor band. While on the blood-bought field they stand, Triumphant shout,—their purchased land—Columbia—is free, Columbia—is free,—Columbia— is free.
they re - ceive The meed a na - tion's heart will give; That patriot band will ever live Our land's historic pride, Our land's historic pride, Our land's historic pride.

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