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J. FRANK GILES, Music Stereotypier & Electrotypier,
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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The plan of this work is unique. No such collection has before been undertaken, or would have been possible under less favoring circumstances. The attempt is made to collect in one volume, all the tunes, from any and every source, which are widely popular in America. No new tunes are admitted; the purpose has been to give place to none but thoroughly tested tunes, which have proved popular, and to include, if possible, all of these.

Of the hundreds of tune-books which have been published in the last fifty years, there is, perhaps, not more than one which has presented to the public as many as twenty-five new tunes which have proved widely and permanently popular, and have continued to be extensively used. Many of these books have contained not one single new tune which has acquired more than transient popularity. Others have presented one, five, ten, or, possibly, in rare cases, twenty such tunes; which are, indeed, taking the music books as a whole, about as plenty as pearls among oyster shells.

Now, if a volume can be published containing all these popular tunes—tried and proved popular—and no others, it must be a treasure; the cream of all the music books; the pearls from an enormous mass of shells.

It is believed that the American Tune Book is such a volume.

There were two difficulties in the way of its preparation; first, to determine which these really popular tunes were; and, second, to obtain the right to print them. It would not do to trust to any one, or even several editors, however experienced, to make the selection. The judgment, experience, and taste of the musical public must, somehow, be made available. Then, the tunes are, very many of them, copyright property, and cannot be used without the consent of those who control the right to print. The latter difficulty was not practically so great to the publishers of this work, because, as the most prominent publishers of sacred music books in this country, for nearly twenty years, and successors of those who had been the prominent publishers of this class of books before them, they have accumulated the rights to print most of the popular tunes from a variety of sources.

The following was the plan adopted and carried out in the selection of the tunes: the public can judge whether its results are reliable, and so whether the American Tune Book is in reality, a complete collection of tunes which are widely popular in America.

A selection of one thousand experienced teachers of music and leaders of choirs, in all parts of the country, generally but one in a place, was made. By correspondence the plan of the proposed work was submitted to each one of these, and five hundred were induced to assist in its preparation. Each one prepared a list of tunes, from every source, which, in his section and experience, had proved permanently pleasing and useful, and so could be recommended for insertion in such a book. When these lists were all collected, they were carefully compared and collated, tables being prepared which showed all the tunes called for, and by just how many each particular tune was judged worthy. By this means it is believed that a perfectly reliable selection of the tunes which are popular in any considerable section
or sections of the country, was obtained, and that the degree of popularity of each tune was fairly measured. Of course a vast number of tunes were called for; enough to fill many volumes; but of these the great majority had a quite small number of votes—most of them but one or two, showing that their popularity was only local, and so they could by no means be regarded as widely popular tunes. On the other hand, a tune called for by hundreds, or even fifty of the five hundred (it being remembered that they were scattered all over the country, and had no consultation one with another), could be relied on as widely popular. The labor of carrying out this plan has been very much greater than anticipated when it was commenced, or than can be readily realized, and has consumed more time than was supposed to be necessary. But it has been faithfully and successfully carried out. This work is, therefore, presented as a collection, not of tunes merely supposed to be popular, but of those, and nearly all of those which are actually so—the facts respecting them being obtained by a process which must give accurate results.

Of course no individual can be held responsible for the contents of a volume so prepared. It is indeed a book with five hundred editors.

The variety of meters is complete, including all in the various hymn books in common use. The description of meters used in the Methodist Hymn Book is inserted, as well as those used in other books.

While none of the tunes in this book are new, unquestionably every individual and every choir will find in it many tunes which are new to them, while they have the satisfactory knowledge that every one of them has proved widely popular with others: The Anthems and Set Pieces have been selected upon the same principles, and so far as possible by the same method.

The Singing School Department is the only one which can be announced as new. This has been prepared and revised by Dr. Lowell Mason. The instruction is in catechetical form. It is believed this will be found the most attractive book for Singing Schools ever issued.

It was remarked that perhaps only one book of all that have been published in this country contained more than twenty-five new tunes which had proved lastingly popular. This book is the Carmina Sacra, by Dr. Lowell Mason, which has proved an exception to all other music books. First published in 1831, it has enjoyed a continued currency and sale for more than a quarter of a century; upwards of half a million copies having been sold—an average of nearly twenty thousand copies per annum for all that time. A considerable portion of the many tunes and arrangements which have given its author such eminence as a writer and compiler of church music, were first given to the public in Carmina Sacra. Any book which undertakes to collect the popular American tunes is compelled to make large use of that book. So many of the tunes in the American Tune Book are originally from Carmina Sacra, that it is deemed warrantable and fit that, in addition to its distinctive title, acknowledgement should be made on its title page itself of the large amount of matter derived from Carmina Sacra.

The publishers have been so fortunate as to obtain the right to print all the tunes inserted, except less than twenty, and those among the less desirable ones.

This work was projected and carried to completion, even to the printing of this announcement by Mason Brothers. Within a few days of its publication this house is, by the death of one of its partners, brought to the conclusion to retire from the publishing business. They have therefore disposed of their entire list of musical publications to Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, by whom, consequently, the American Tune Book will be published.
THE
ELEMENTS OF MUSIC AND ITS NOTATION,
AFTER THE INTERROGATORY MANNER.

CHAPTER I.
INTRODUCTORY.

This elementary text has been prepared after the old Socratic or interrogatory manner, which, in other school-books, has proved so popular and useful. It will be found equally adapted to those who adopt the method first suggested by Pestalozzi, in reference to the common-school branches of education, or to those who adhere more closely to the older and more common preceptive method of teaching.

1. How many essential distinctions or differences exist in the nature of musical sounds or tones? — Three.
2. What is the first? — They are long or short.
3. What is the second? — They are low or high.
4. What is the third? — They are soft or loud.
5. How many properties or conditions are consequently necessary to the existence of a tone? — Three.∗
6. What property or condition, necessary to the existence of a tone, is consequent upon the first distinction named? — Length.
7. What upon the second? — Pitch.
9. How many departments, therefore, will be convenient in treating of music? — Three.
10. What is the department called which treats of the length of tones? — Rhythmics.
11. What is the department called which treats of pitch? — Melodies.
12. What is the department called which treats of force? — Dynamics.

∗ Note — Another characteristic of tones necessary, not to their existence, but to their power to afford pleasure, is that of a good quality or timbre. Any sound, possessing the three qualities of length, pitch, and force, is a musical sound, or tone, whatever its quality; a sound wanting any one of these three distinctions, is not a tone.

CHAPTER II.
RHYTHMICS.

13. By what names are tones distinguished in the department of Rhythmics? — By the name of whole or integer, or of its fractional parts as may be required; as, Whole, Half, Quarter, Eighth, Sixteenth, etc.

Note. — Sometimes called Semibreve, Minim, Crotchet, Quaver, Semiquaver, etc.

14. What do these names indicate? — Comparative or relative duration or length.
15. May a tone be seen, or must it be heard? — It must be heard.
16. What are those characters called by which the relative length of tones is indicated to the eye? — Notes.
17. How many kinds of notes are required? — As many as there are tone-lengths to represent.
18. From what are the notes named? — From the names of the tones which they represent, viz. Whole, Half, Quarter, etc.

ILLUSTRATION.

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

19. May notes be heard, or must they be seen? — They must be seen.
20. What is occasional silence called in music? — Resting.
21. What are the characters named which indicate silence? — Rests; as, Whole, Half, Quarter, etc.

ILLUSTRATION.

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

22. What character is that which adds to the significance of a note or rest one-half of its length? — A dot, or point of addition.

ILLUSTRATION.

\[ \text{\begin{tabular}{c}
\bullet \text{ Same as } \\
\text{ and } \\
\bullet \text{ Same as }
\end{tabular}} \]

23. By what character may three-fourths be added to the significance of a note or rest? — Double dot, or double point of addition.

ILLUSTRATION.

\[ \text{\begin{tabular}{c}
\bullet \text{ Same as } \\
\text{ and } \\
\bullet \text{ Same as }
\end{tabular}} \]

24. What character is used to indicate the diminution of the joint length of any three notes one-third, or to that of two without the character? — The figure 3, called a mark of diminution.

ILLUSTRATION.

\[ \text{\begin{tabular}{c}
\begin{align*}
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\text{\textbullet} & \text{\textbullet} \text{\textbullet} & \text{\textbullet}
\end{align*}
\end{tabular}} \]

The last three notes are played or sung in the same time as two.

Note. — Other figures are sometimes used for a similar purpose, indicating diminution of length, in accordance with the figure employed; as 5, 6, 7, etc.

CHAPTER III.

MEASUREMENT OF TONES.

25. How is the relative length of tones compared or measured? — By a division of time into equal portions.

26. What are such portions of time called? — Measures and parts of measures.

27. How may measures' or parts of measures be made manifest to the ear? — By equal counting, called counting time.

28. How may they be manifested to the eye? — By equal motions, as of the hand or fore-arm, called beating time.

29. How are written measures (signs or notations of measures) indicated? — By vertical lines, called bars.

30. What is a written measure? — The space between two bars.

31. What sign is used to show the end of a strain, or line of poetry, or close of a piece of music? — A double bar, or a close.

KINDS OF MEASURES.

32. How many kinds of measures are there in common use? — Four.*

33. Upon what does the kind of measure depend? — The number of its parts.

34. If a measure has two parts, what is it called? — Double measure.

35. Which is the strong or accented part in Double measure? — The first.

36. What figure is used as a sign of Double measure? — The figure two (2).

37. If a measure has three parts, what is it called? — Triple measure.

38. Which is the accented part in Triple measure? — The first.

39. What is the sign of Triple measure? — The figure three (3).

40. If a measure has four parts, what is it called? — Quadruple measure.

41. Which parts are accented? — Principally the first, slightly the third.

42. By what figure designated? — By the figure four (4).

43. If a measure has six parts, what is it called? — Sextuple measure.

44. Which parts are accented? — Principally the first, slightly the fourth.

45. How designated? — By the figure six (6).

46. When a tone commences on an unaccented part of a measure, and is continued on an accented part of a measure, thereby changing the accent, what is such a change or tone called? — A Syncope, or syncopated tone.

*Measures are sometimes used of five, nine, and twelve parts.
47. How many varieties may there be in each kind of measure? — As 
many as there are kinds of notes.
48. What determines the variety of measure? — The kind of note used on 
each part of the measure.
49. What determines the kind of measure? — The number of its parts.
50. What are used as signs of variety of measure? — Figures, represent- 
ing comparative tone-length; as, 2, 4, 8, etc.
51. When figures are used to designate both the kind and the variety of 
measure, in what form are they written? — In the same form as when used 
to represent fractions.
52. What is indicated by the numerator? — The kind of measure.
53. What is indicated by the denominator? — The variety of measure.

CHAPTER IV.

MELODICS — THE SCALE — INTERVALS — STAFF.

54. What is that department called which treats of the pitch of tones? — 
Melodies.
55. What is that series of tones, in which they are disposed or arranged 
with reference to the relation of pitch, called? — The scale.
56. From whence is this name derived? — From the Italian, Scala; meaning 
a ladder.
57. How many tones constitute the scale? — Eight.
58. How are the scale tones named? — From the names of numbers; as, 
one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight.
59. In what consists the difference between the scale tones? — In pitch.
60. What is the difference of pitch between two tones called? — An in- 
terval.
61. What is an interval? — The difference or relation of pitch between 
two tones.
62. How many tones must be heard, in order to make manifest an interval? 
— Two.
63. How many intervals are there in the regularly progressive scale? — 
Seven.
64. Are the scale intervals alike, or do they differ? — They differ.
65. How many kinds of intervals are there in the scale? — Two.
66. In what do they differ? — In magnitude.
67. How many of the larger intervals are there in the scale? — Five.
68. How many of the smaller? — Two.

69. What are the larger scale intervals called? — Steps.
70. What are the smaller scale intervals called? — Half-steps.

SYLLABLES:

71. What syllables in singing are usually applied to the scale tones? — 
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.
72. In what order are the syllables applied to the scale? — Do to one, 
Re to two, Mi to Three, Fa to Four, Sol to Five, La to Six, Si to Seven, 
Do to Eight.
73. Of what use are syllables in learning to sing? — They familiarize 
relative pitch, and thus lead to the practical knowledge of intervals.

Note. — The principle is that of mental association; after a little practice, each syllable 
becomes so strongly associated with the pitch of the tone to which it is applied, as to 
recall it or bring it up quickly to the mind, and thus the pupil is enabled to produce the 
tone with ease and accuracy. This use of the syllables has been peculiar to England and 
America, though it has been introduced in Germany, where the one syllable, La, principal- 
ly prevails. In Italy and in France, the same syllables are used for a very different 
purpose, or for the same purpose for which letters are used in Germany, England, and 
America, viz.: to indicate absolute pitch. But this is utterly destructive of that for which 
they were originally intended by Guido Aretino, who first made use of them in the 
eleventh century. He applied them not to designate absolute, but relative or scale pitch, 
as Ut to the tone One, Re to the tone Two, Mi to Three, etc., in whatever key the music 
may be written. This is the only way in which they can be applied, so as to be useful in 
class-teaching: but in this, their proper use after the manner of Guido, they may afford 
esential help to the pupil in taking the tones, whatever may be the interval, independ- 
ently of instrumental aid. The use of the syllables in singing, is called solfazing, or 
singing by solfa, or solmization. Singing to single syllable or open vowel, is called vocal- 
zizing. The word Scala (Italian for scale) has long been in use for vocalizing purposes.

THE STAFF.

74. By what character is relative pitch, or the scale, indicated? — By the 
staff.
75. Of what may the staff be regarded as a sign or picture? — Of the 
scale.
76. What constitutes the character called the staff? — Five parallel hori- 
zontal lines with their intermediate spaces.
77. What is each line and each space of the staff called? — A Degree.
78. How many degrees are there in the staff? — Nine.
79. If more than nine degrees are wanted, how can they be supplied? — 
By additional lines and spaces.
80. If the first line of the staff be supposed to represent the tone One, by 
what degree will Two be represented? — By the next degree above.
81. Is each tone of the scale necessarily represented by some one particular degree of the staff, or may any degree be taken to represent any one of the tones of the scale? — *Any degree may be taken.*

82. By what characters is the order of succession of tones indicated? — *By notes, placed upon the staff.*

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**CHAPTER V.**

**Absolute Pitch — Model Scale — Clefs.**

83. What is that pitch called which is in itself independent of scale relationship? — *Absolute pitch.*

84. From what is absolute pitch named? — *From the name of letters.*

85. What characters (signs) are used to designate absolute pitch? — *Letters themselves, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.*

86. Must the pitch of the scale be always the same, or may it be changed, and any pitch be taken as One? — *Any pitch may be taken, as one.*

87. What is the name of that pitch which is taken as One in the first or model scale? — *C.*

88. What are the component tones (absolute pitch) of the model scale, or Scale of C? — *C, D, E, F, G, A, B.*

89. In what way may the absolute pitch of tones be represented in connection with their scale-relationship? — *By connecting the signs of absolute pitch with the staff.*

90. Will this require that all the letters be written upon the staff, or is a single one sufficient? — *One is sufficient.*

91. What is the letter called which is used for this purpose? — *A Clef.*

92. What is a Clef? — *A letter applied to the staff, to indicate absolute pitch.*

93. What are the most common clef-letters? — *F and G.*

94. What other letter is sometimes used for a clef? — *C.*

95. Upon what degree of the staff is the F-clef usually placed? — *Fourth line.*

96. Upon what degree of the staff is the G-clef usually placed? — *Second line.*

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**CHAPTER VI.**

**Scale Extended — Classification of Voices.**

97. In the use of the F-clef, what degree of the staff will represent One of the model scale of C? — *Fourth degree.*

98. In the use of the G-clef, what degree of the staff will represent One of the model scale of C? — *Added line below.*

**Model Scale of C, Illustrated.**

---

99. What is the order or classification of such tones as are higher in pitch than eight of the scale? — *The same series of tones (or the scale) is repeated at the higher pitch of an octave.*

100. What is the order or classification of such tones as are lower in pitch than one of the scale? — *The same series of tones (or the scale) is repeated at the lower pitch of an octave.*

101. Are the tones of the higher and the lower scales just alike, or do they in any respect differ? — *They differ in respect to pitch.*

102. In what respect are they alike? — *In their relations to each other.*

103. By what signs or names may the different octaves be distinguished? — *By different sized or marked letters.*
The great scale of sounds, including the whole compass of tones appreciable by the human ear, consists of about nine octaves, about one-third of which, from G to g, are within the range of the human voice.

The system of noting or designating the tones of the great scale, is as follows:

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</table>

- **G** to **g**
- **C** to **c**
- **F** to **f**
- **B** to **b**

**ILLUSTRATION.**

The twelfth added line above the Staff, G (Treble) clef.

A note to represent the lowest C in the above-described great Scale of Sounds, or C must be written on the ninth added line below the Staff, F-clef, and a note to represent the highest C, or C, must be written on the space above the twelfth added line above the Staff, F (Treble) clef.

**EXPLANATION.**

1. C — This is the lowest sound produced by an Organ, and it can be obtained from no other instrument. It requires a pipe thirty-two feet long.

2. C — This is the lowest C on the Piano-forte. It requires an organ-pipe sixteen feet long.

3. C — This is called the great C. It is the lowest sound on the Violon-cello, and it requires an organ-pipe eight feet long.

4. c — Called small c. Written on the second space, Bass clef, and requires an organ-pipe of four feet.

5. c — Middle c. Added line above, F clef, and added line below, G (Treble) clef. It requires a pipe of two feet.

6. c — This is the c represented on the third space, G (Treble) clef. It requires an organ-pipe one foot long.

7. c — Second added line above, Treble clef. Produced by an organ-pipe one-half of a foot long.

8. c — Written on the space above the fifth added line above. Produced by an organ-pipe, one-fourth of a foot long.

9. c — Highest c on the Piano-forte. Produced by an organ-pipe of one-eighth of a foot long.

10. What is the most common distinction of pitch in the human voice? — That of men's voices and women's voices.

105. What is the usual compass of men's voices? — About two octaves.

106. At what pitch? — From capital G, to once marked small g.

107. What are the lower voices of men called? — Bass.

108. What is the average compass of Bass voices? — From capital G to the once marked small c.

109. What are the higher voices of men called? — Tenor.

110. What is the average compass of Tenor voices? — From small c to once marked small g.

111. What is the average compass of women's voices? — About two octaves. From small g to twice marked small g.

112. What are the lower voices of women called? — Alto.

113. What is the average compass of Alto voices? — From small g to twice marked small c.

114. What are the higher voices of women called? — Treble or Soprano.

115. What is the average compass of the Treble voice? — From once marked small c, to twice marked small g.

*The compass of the different classes of voices is only very generally described here. There are many voices whose compass is less, and others whose compass is greater than that here given. Both men's and women's voices are often classed more minutely, each being divided into three classes: as, men's voices into Bass, Baritone, and Tenor, and women's voices into Alto, Mezzo-soprano, and Soprano; but for all the usual purposes of song, the above is sufficient.*
116. Which F is indicated by the F-clef? — Small f.
117. Which G is indicated by the G-clef? — The once marked small g.
118. For what voices is the F-clef mostly used? — Bass.
119. When is the F-clef used for Tenor voices? — When the Tenor is written upon the same staff with the Bass.
120. For what voices is the G-clef properly used? — Treble and Alto.
121. For what other voices is it sometimes used? — Tenor.
122. When the G-clef is used for men's voices (Tenor), which G is indicated by it? — The small g, being an octave lower than its legitimate use for women's voices.

CHAPTER VII.

INTERVALS.

123. What is an interval? — The relation of pitch between two tones.
124. What is the sign of an interval? — The degrees of the staff by which its boundaries are indicated.
125. How many kinds of intervals are there in the regularly progressive scale? — Two.
126. By what names are the scale-intervals distinguished? — Steps and Half-steps.
127. From whence do they derive these names? — From the word scale (scala), signifying a ladder; as this word is used as a name for the series of tones so called, so the intervals also derive their names (steps) from the same figure.
128. What other intervals are there, occasioned by skipping, or deviating from the regular scale succession? — Seconds, thirds, fourths, fifths, sixths, sevenths, eighths, or octaves, etc.

Note. — Steps are intervals of the same magnitude as seconds, and the one term will be exchanged for the other, in part, as the student advances.

129. Are intervals reckoned from the higher to the lower, or from the lower to the higher of the tones between which they occur? — From the lower to the higher.
130. When two tones are precisely of the same pitch, what are they called? — Unison.
131. What is the interval between any tone and that which is next above it, in the regular scale series called? — A Second.
132. How many kinds of seconds are there? — Two.
133. What are they called? — Major (large), and Minor (small).*
134. What is the interval between one and two? — Major second.
137. Between four and five? — Major second.
139. Between six and seven? — Major second.
140. Between seven and eight? — Minor second.

THIRDS.

141. What is the interval between one and three called? — A Major third.
142. Between two and four? — Minor third.
143. Between three and five? — Minor third.
144. Between four and six? — Major third.
145. Between five and seven? — Major third.
146. Between six and eight? — Minor third.
147. Between seven and nine (or two of the scale above)? — Minor third.
148. What is the magnitude of a Minor third? — A step and a half-step.
149. What is the magnitude of a Major third? — Two steps.

FOURTHS.

150. What is the interval between one and four called? — A perfect fourth.
151. What is the interval between two and five? — A perfect fourth.
152. Between three and six? — A perfect fourth.
154. Between five and eight? — A perfect fourth.
156. What is the magnitude of a perfect fourth? — Two steps and a half-step.
157. What is the magnitude of an augmented fourth? — Three steps.

* Corresponding to steps and half-steps.
The terms steps and half-steps are more intelligible in first describing the intervals, than those of Major and Minor seconds (which belong, rather, to the study of harmony) since they naturally arise out of the idea of the musical scale or ladder; they are also at all times afterwards convenient in defining the magnitude of intervals. The scale intervals are often called tones and half-tones, but the inconvenience of using the same names, both for tones themselves and also for the difference of pitch between them, is obvious.
ELEMENTS OF MUSIC AND OF ITS NOTATION.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTERMEDIATE TONES — CHROMATIC SCALE.

158. What is the interval between one and five called? — A perfect fifth.
159. Between two and six? — A perfect fifth.
161. Between four and eight? — A perfect fifth.
162. Between five and nine? — A perfect fifth.
163. Between six and ten (three above)? — A perfect fifth.
164. Between seven and eleven (four above)? — A diminished fifth.
165. What is the magnitude of a perfect fifth? — Three steps and a half-step.
166. What is the magnitude of a diminished fifth? — Two steps and two half-steps.

SIXTHS.

167. What is the interval between one and six called? — A Major sixth.
169. Between three and eight? — A Minor sixth.
170. What is the magnitude of a Major sixth? — Four steps and a half-step.
171. What is the magnitude of a Minor sixth? — Three steps and two half-steps.

SEVENTHS.

172. What is the interval between one and seven called? — A Major seventh.
174. What is the magnitude of a Major seventh? — Five steps and a half-step.
175. What is the magnitude of a Minor seventh? — Four steps and two half-steps.

OCTAVE.

176. What is the interval between one and eight? — An octave.
177. What is the magnitude of an octave? — Five steps and two half-steps.

178. What is the meaning of the word sharp when used? — Higher.
179. When the intermediate tone between one and two is named from the former of these, what is it called? — Sharp-one.
180. What is the meaning of the word flat when used? — Lower.
181. When the intermediate tone between one and two is named from the latter of these, what is it called? — Flat-two.
182. Is it possible or impossible to sharpen the tone one, that is, raise or elevate it in pitch? — Impossible.
183. Is it possible or impossible to depress the tone two, that is, to lower or depress it in pitch? — Impossible.
184. Is it possible or impossible to elevate or raise the pitch of any tone by a sharp, or to depress or lower the pitch of any tone by a flat? — Impossible.
185. Is it proper or improper, then, to speak of elevating or depressing a tone? — Improper.
186. Do the tones, named sharp-one and flat-two, differ in pitch, or are both practically the same pitch? — Both are practically the same pitch.
187. Why, then, are they called by different names? — Because they differ in their relation to other tones.

Note.—The various keys, as will be seen in the chapters on Transposition, render a twofold representation or notation, and consequently a twofold nomenclature, often needful.
195. What is the name of C-sharp as related to the scale of C? — Sharp-one.

196. What is the pitch of sharp-one, if occurring in the scale of C? — C-sharp.

197. What is the name of D-flat as related to the scale of C? — Flat-two.

198. What is the pitch of flat-two, if occurring in the scale of C? — D-flat.

199. How are the tones named, flat or sharp (intermediate tones), noted or indicated by the staff? — By characters designed for that purpose.

200. What character is used to indicate a tone named sharp? — A character called a sharp, thus ♭.

201. What character is used to indicate a tone named flat? — A character called a flat, thus ♮.

202. What is the signification of the word sharp, as technically used in music? — Higher.

203. What is the signification of the word flat, as technically used in music? — Lower.

204. How far does the significance of a sharp or flat extend? — Through the written measure in which it occurs.

Note. — This usage is not universal; and the safest way is so to mark the degree of the staff, as that it shall, without any uncertainty, represent the tone required.

205. What character is used to terminate the significance of a sharp or a flat? — A Natural.

206. How many intermediate tones may be readily distinguished between the regular tones of the scale? — Five.

207. What is that scale called which consists of thirteen tones, including the eight scale tones and the five intermediate tones? — The Chromatic Scale.

208. How many intervals are there in the chromatic scale? — Twelve.

209. Are the intervals in the chromatic scale all practically alike, or do they differ? — They are all practically alike.

210. What is their magnitude? — Half a step.

The Chromatic Scale Represented. — Ascending Scale.

Descending Scale.

Names. Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four, Three, Two, One.

Pitch. C B♭ A ♭ G F E ♭ D ♭ C.

Syl. Do Si Se La Le Sol Se Fa Mi Me Re Ra Do.

*In pronouncing give the sound of φ in may.

Note. — Besides the intervals to which reference has already been made, there are others derived from the Chromatic scale, and differently named by different authors; as, Diminished, Augmented, Superfluous, Extreme, etc. But as they belong, rather, to the study of harmony than that of singing, any further notice of them is here omitted.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MINOR SCALE.

211. What is the model or C-scale, consisting of eight tones, called, to distinguish it from the chromatic scale? — The Diatonic Scale.

212. Is there more than one kind of the Diatonic scale? — There are two, Major and Minor.

213. In what respect do they differ? — In the order of their intervals.

214. How many forms has the minor scale? — Several, but principally three.


216. What are the constituent tones in the natural model minor scale? — A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

217. What are the constituent tones of the model harmonic minor scale? — A, B, C, D, E, F, G♯.

218. What are the constituent tones of the model melodic minor scale? — A, B, C, D, E, F♯, G♯.

219. When the melodic minor scale is used in ascending, what form is most commonly employed in descending? — The Natural.

220. When is the minor scale said to be parallel, or relative to the major scale? — When it is based upon, or commences with six of the major.

221. When is the major scale said to be parallel or relative to the minor scale? — When it is based upon, or commences with three of the minor.

222. What is the parallel minor to C-major? — A.
CHAPTER X.

TRANPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

224. In what consists the transposition of the scale? — In the change of its pitch.

225. What is the pitch taken as one called? — The key, or the key-tone.

226. In what key is the model scale? — In the key of C.

227. How many tones are required to constitute a key? — Seven.

228. What tones constitute the key of C? — C, D, E, F, G, A, and B.

229. What is the meaning of the word key when thus used? — The relationship of the tones thus brought together, or figuratively, a tone-family.

230. In transposing the scale, is the relation or the pitch of the tones changed? — The pitch.

231. What must remain unchanged? — The relation of tones, or the order of intervals.

232. How may the order of the scale intervals, or the relation of its tones be preserved, if its pitch be changed? — By the discase of such tones as may not be required, and the use of such intermediate tones, as may be necessary to constitute the new key.

233. How are the different keys noted or designated? — By sharps or flats at the beginning of a piece of music.

234. What are such flats or sharps, at the beginning of a piece called? — The signature.

235. What is indicated by the signature of any particular key? — The component tones of that key.

236. What is the signature to the key of C? — The absence of all flats and sharps.

237. Why are neither flats nor sharps required in the signature of the key of C? — Because this is the model key includes no intermediate tone.

238. What is the most natural order of transposition from any key? — To that to which it is most nearly related.


240. Which are those keys which are nearest related? — Those which have all but one of their tones in common.

241. By what intervals must transposition proceed, so as to preserve this nearest relation? — By fifths or by fourths.

TRANPOSITION BY FIFTHS — C. TO G.

242. What is the pitch of the model scale? — C.

243. What is the pitch (in this key) of sharp-four? — F♯.

244. What is the pitch of five? — G.

245. What is the interval between C and G? — A fifth.

246. If, then, the scale be transposed from C a fifth, what will be its pitch? — G.

247. What pitch is one in the key of G? — G.

248. If G be one, what will be two? — A.

249. What will be three? — B.

250. What will be four? — C.

251. What will be five? — D.

252. What will be six? — E.


254. Why is F♯ required as seven in the key of G? — That the proper scale-order of intervals may be preserved.

255. What is F♯ in its relation to the key of C? — Sharp-four.

256. What is F♯ in the key of G? — Seven.

257. What tone is that (as related to the key of C), on which transposition to the key of G depends? — Sharp-four.

258. What is that tone, on which transposition from any key to its fifth depends? — Sharp-four.

260. What tone has the key of C which does not belong to the key of G? — F.

261. What tone has the key of G which does not belong to the key of C? — F♯.

262. What tones have the two keys, C and G, in common? — G, A, B, C, D, E.

263. What is six in the key of G? — E.

264. What key is the parallel minor to the key of G? — E minor.

265. What is the signature to the key of G? — F♯.

266. What is the signature to the key of E-minor? — F♯.

267. Why is the same signature used for the two parallel keys? — Because F♯ is required in both.

**Transposition by Fourthss.**

268. What is the pitch of the model scale? — C.

269. What is the pitch of its flat-seven? — B-flat.

270. What is the pitch of four in the key of C? — F.

271. What is the interval between C and F? — A fourth.

272. If the scale be transposed from C a fourth, what will be its pitch? — F.

273. What pitch is one in the key of F? — F.

274. What is two? — G.

275. What is three? — A.

276. What is four? — B♭.

277. What is five? — C.

278. What is six? — D.

279. What is seven? — E.

280. Why is B♭ required as four in the key of F? — That the proper scale-order of intervals be preserved.

281. What intervals would be wrong, if B should be taken as four instead of B♭? — That between three and four, and that between four and five.

282. What would be the interval between three and four, if B be taken as four? — A step.

283. What must be the interval between three and four? — Half-step.

284. What would be the interval between four and five, if B be taken as four? — Half-step.

285. What must be the interval between four and five? — A step.

286. What is the relation of B♭ to the key of C? — Flat-seven.

287. What is B♭ in the key of F? — Four.

288. What tone is that as related to the key of C, on which transposition to the key of F depends? — Flat-seven.

289. What tone is that upon which transposition from any key to its fourth depends? — Flat-seven.

290. What tones constitute the key of F? — F, G, A, B♭, C, D, E.

291. What tone has the key of C, which does not belong to the key of F? — B.

292. What tone has the key of F, which does not belong to the key of C? — B♭.

293. What tones have the two keys in common? — C, D, E, F, G, A.

294. What is six in the key of F? — D.

295. What key is the parallel minor to the key of F? — D.

296. What is the signature to these two parallel keys? — B♭.

Diagram furnishing an illustration of the transposition by fifths or by fourths through the whole circle of keys.

**Explanation.** — Commencing with the key of C; we pass to the right by fifths, as follows: G, D, A, E, B, F♯, D♭, A♭, E♭, B♭, F, back again to C; or, commencing with C, we pass to the left by fourths, thus: F, B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, B, E, A, D, G, back again to C. It will be understood that the key of F♯ is the same as the key of G♭; as represented, and also as named, there appear to be two keys, but this view is confined to the mere names and signs; in reality, there is but one key.
CHAPTER XI.

297. What are those tones called which are often introduced on the unaccented part of the measure for graceful or tasteful purposes?—Passing Tones.

298. When a passing tone precedes an essential tone on an accented tone of the measure, what is it called?—Appoggiatura.

Note. From Appoggire, an Italian word, which signifies to lean, or to rest upon. An appoggiatura is a tone on which the voice leans or rests in its passage of intervals, or from one tone to another. The appoggiatura is generally considered a tone of embellishment, but it should rather be regarded as a tone of expression, since it is designed to give tenderness or pathos to a performance.

299. What is meant by an essential tone?—One which necessarily belongs to the chord in which it is found.

ILLUSTRATION.

Written. 

Performed.

300. When a passing tone follows an essential tone on an unaccented part of a measure, what is it called?—After-tone.

ILLUSTRATION.

Written. 

Performed.

301. What is the rapid alternation of a tone with the next tone in regular succession above it called?—Shake or Trill.

ILLUSTRATION.

Written. 

Performed. Or.

302. When a tone is sung in rapid succession with the conjoint tones above and below, what is it called?—A Turn.

ILLUSTRATION.

Written. 

Performed.

Note. There are many forms of turns to which it is not necessary here to allude.

303. When successive tones are produced in a closely connected manner, or interwoven, what is the style of singing called?—Legato.

304. Is legato the rule, or is it the exception, in song?—The rule.

305. When tones are produced in a very short, pointed, or articulate manner, what is the style of singing called?—Staccato.

306. Is staccato the rule in ordinary singing, or the exception?—The exception.

307. What is that style of singing called which is intermediate between legato and staccato?—Martellata.

308. When the voice is rapidly conducted from one tone to another by an almost imperceptible glide, what is the style of singing called?—Portamento.

309. What is the prolongation of a tone beyond its indicated length called?—A pause, or hold, written thus, o.

310. When are pauses most effectively introduced?—At a climax or culminating point.

CHAPTER XII.

DYNAMICS—FORCE OF TONES.

311. What is a tone of medium force called?—Mezzo.

312. What is a tone somewhat softer than mezzo called?—Piano.

313. What is a tone somewhat louder than mezzo called?—Forte.

314. What is a tone softer than piano called?—Pianissimo.

315. What is a tone louder than forte called?—Fortissimo.

316. How many principal degrees of tones are there?—Five.

317. What others may be employed?—Mezzo piano, Mezzo forte, etc.
CHAPTER XIII.

FORMS OF TONES.

318. What is a tone called when it begins, continues, and ends with the same degree of force? — Organ tone.
319. How may the organ tone be indicated? — By parallel lines —.
320. What is a tone called which, commencing forte, gradually increases to forte? — Crescendo.
321. How may the crescendo be noted? — By divergent lines —.
322. What is a tone called which, commencing piano, gradually increases to piano? — Diminuendo or decrescendo.
323. How may the diminuendo be noted? — By convergent lines —.
324. What is the union of the crescendo and the diminuendo called? — Swell.

325. How may the swell be noted? — By the union of divergent and convergent lines —.

Note. — The swell is also called the drawn tone. "To draw the tones well," says the distinguished teacher, Garcia, "is to be a good singer."

326. What is a very sudden or instantaneous crescendo called? — Pressure Tone.
327. How may the pressure tone be noted? — By abrupt divergent lines <.
328. What is a very sudden or instantaneous diminuendo of a tone from loud to soft called? — Sforzando or fortzando. In elocution, the same is called the Explosive Tone.
329. How is the sforzando noted? — By short abrupt convergent lines >.

PARALLEL MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES.

Scale of C represented.

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MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES.

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MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES.

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Scale of A♭ represented.

Scale of D♭ represented.

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Minor of C represented.

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Minor of B♭ represented.
ELEMENTARY EXERCISES.

The following Exercises should be sung sometimes slower, and sometimes quicker; sometimes louder, and sometimes softer; sometimes to La, sometimes to syllables, and sometimes to Poetry.

No. 1.

Let us now be up and doing, With a heart for any fate! Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor, and to wait.

No. 2.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble, Honor but an empty bubble! Who made the sun with beams so bright? Who made the moon to shine at night?

No. 3.

Lo, the bright, the rosy morning, Calls me forth to take the air, Cheerful spring with smiles returning, Ushers in the new-born year.

No. 4.

Now rejoice, Now rejoice, Sing aloud with cheerful voice. Now rejoice, Now rejoice, Sing aloud with cheerful voice.

No. 5.

Hal le lu jah, Amen, hal le lu jah, Amen. Hal le lu jah, Amen, hal le lu jah, Amen.
No. 7. This may be sung in two parts, or as a Round.

No. 8. I know a flower, most fair to be-hold. It is dear-er to me, than are sil-ver and gold; Friendship's its name, then, oh! let it a-bound, We shall all bless the sea-son in which it was found.

No. 9. Sweet is the smile of the pur-ple-eyed morning, Shed soft on the dew-span-gled blossoms of May,

No. 10. Sweet is the smile of the pur-ple-eyed morn-ing, Shed soft on the dew-span-gled blossoms of May,

Note. Exercises 9 and 10 may be sung together; let the class be divided, and while the first division sings 9, let the second division sing 10; then change, and let the first division sing 10, and the second division sing 9. The division may be made according to sex, or otherwise.

*Note. By a Round is meant a piece of music, in which one part commences after another, and each follows round in a regular order. In the above round for two parts, the second voice or voices should commence when the first voice or voices arrive at the figure 2.
No. 11.

Be to others kind and true, As you'd have them be to you. Never do, nor say to men That which you'd not wish from them.

No. 12.

1. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the pleasant land.
2. Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make our earth an Eden, Like the heaven above.

No. 13.

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, yes, yes, yes, yes, I come.

No. 14.

Go, go, go, go, go. No, no, no, no, no, no, I'll not go.

No. 15.

Stay, O stay, O stay, O stay, O stay, No, No, No, No, I'll away.

Nos. 13, 14, 15 may be sung in two parts, or as Rounds.

No. 16.

Life is like a ship in motion, Sometimes high and sometimes low; Where every one must brave the ocean, Whatsoever wind may blow.

While we're safe from storm or shower, Wafted by the gentle gales, We'll seize the present, passing hour, And to the breeze unfurl our sail.
No. 17.

See the stream so smoothly gushing, O'er the rocky ledge is rushing, Swift as shaft from battle bow;

Hark, the hills and woods resounding, To its roar, as foaming, bounding, Rage its angry waves below.

No. 18.

See the stream so smoothly gushing, O'er the rocky ledge is rushing, Swift as shaft from battle bow;

Hark, the hills and woods resounding, To its roar, as foaming, bounding, Rage its angry waves below.

Note. Exercises 17 and 18 may be sung together.

No. 19.

The tallest pine must feel the pow'r of winter's blast, The loftiest tow'r comes heaviest to the ground.

The bolts that spare the mountain's side, His cloud-capt eminence divide, And spread the ruin round.

No. 20.

The tallest pines must feel the pow'r of winter's blast, The loftiest tow'r comes heaviest to the ground,

The bolts that spare the mountain's side, His cloud-capt eminence divide, And spread the ruin round.

Note. Exercises 19 and 20 may be sung together.
No. 21.

'Tis winter, 'tis winter, the morning is gray, A cold-look-ing sky is above us today.

No. 22.

Come, come, O, haste ye, nor make no more delay, Come, come, O, haste ye, seek wisdom while you may.

NOTE. A strong accent should be given to the notes marked >

No. 23.

Smiling May comes this way, Making all things fresh and gay, Music floats, Softest notes, Hear from sweetest warblers' throats.

No. 24.

Come, follow, follow, follow, follow me, Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me.

We follow, follow, follow thee.

No. 25.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do.

NOTE. The scale, as here represented, should be daily sung, in long, sustained tones, and with great attention to steadiness, firmness, and to an open, full, sonorous quality of voice-
No. 26.—In two parts.


No. 27.

O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, why? No, no, no, no, no, no.

No. 28.


No. 29.

O haste, O haste, O haste, Do not de-lay! Yes, I will, I will, I will, I will a-way.

No. 30.

Yes, yes, no, no, yes, no, yes, no, yes, No, no, yes, yes, no, yes, no, yes, no, no.

No. 31.

Hear the trumpet's lofty sound, Echo through the courts around— Echo through the courts around.

Note. 31 and 32 may be sung together.

No. 32.

Hear the trumpet's lofty sound, Echo through the courts around— Echo through the courts around.

*In solfæing this passage, but one syllable should be used for two tied notes.*
No. 33. In two parts.

O blithe new com-er, I have heard, I hear thee and re-joice; O tell me, shall I call thee bird? Or but a wandering voice? Cuckoo.

No. 34.

Can you tell what I have heard? Sure, it was a singing bird. Can you tell what I have heard? Sure, it was a singing bird.

No. 35.

Come to the moun-tain, And sit by the foun-tain, Where sweet bloom-ing flow-ers so fra-grant are found; Join we our voic-es, While na-ture re-joices, And swell the full cho-rus A-round and a-Omit.-round.

No. 36.

Come, come quick-ly a-way. Haste ye, haste ye come while you may.
*These notes should receive a strong accent.

No. 37.

Sing we re-joic-ing the boun-teous, heavenly hand, Scatter-ing ev-ery bless-ing o'er our hap-py land.

No. 38.

Hail, cheer-ful morn, In thee we re-joice, Shout-ing, ex-ult-ing, in loud, cheer-ful voice.
No. 39.

Hail, all hail, hail, re-viv-ing spring, We re-joice, we re-joice, and loud-ly sing.

Observe a strong accent for this mark >.

No. 40.

Come, come, Oh, come, come, come, Oh, come a-way, a-way; Come, come, come, oh, come, come, come while yet 'tis day.

No. 41. TUNE.

1. Sweet is the dawn of day, When light first streaks the sky, When shades and darkness pass a-way, And morning beams are nigh.
2. But sweet-er far the dawn Of ho-ly love in youth; When doubt and darkness are with-drawn, Be-fore the light of truth.

No. 42. TUNE.

1. The morn of spring sheds mild its beams, The waste be-gins to bloom, And flowers and plants, with vig-or new, Break from their win-try tomb
2. 'Twas thus the day-spring from on high Beamed on our win-try waste; The des-ert blossomed as the rose, The wil-der-ness was blest.

No. 43. TUNE.

1. How hap-py he who loves to hear In-struc-tion's warning voice; And who ce-les-tial wis-dom makes His ear-ly, on-ly choice.
2. She guides the young with in-no-cence, In pleas-ant paths to tread; A crown of glo-ry she be-stows Up-on the hoar-y head.

No. 44.

Hear us sing-ing, Mu-sic bring-ing, Vo-ices ring-ing round; Vo-ices ring-ing, Music bring-ing, Hear the cheer-ful sound.
No. 45. Round in two Parts.

Ev'er faithful, firm, and sure, Friend from friend, what want we more?

No. 46.

Cheerful and happy, in friendship with all men, Forgiving, rejoicing, exulting we sing.

No. 47. Round in two Parts.

Gather roses while they blow, I-dly let no moment flow.

No. 48. Round in two Parts.

While we meet in peace again, Sing with joy, the grateful strain.

No. 49.

Brightly freedom's gifts are strown O'er the land we call our own; Grateful off' rings ev - er bring, Songs of sa - cred prais - es sing.

No. 50.

What delight, in morning bright, To cher - ish ho - ly love; Right maintain, And wisdom gain, To guide our way a - bove.

No. 51.

Now the win - try winds a - rise; See the dark and cloud - y skies.

No. 52.

Cull the flowers 'Mong the bowers, Sweetest po-sies, pinks and roses, While the thrushes, In the bush-es, Sing to-geth-er, This warm weather.

No. 53.

While the thrushes, in the bush-es, Sing to-geth-er, This warm weather, Cull the flowers 'Mong the bowers, Sweetest po-sies, Pinks and roses.

Note. Exercises 52 and 53 may be sung together.
No. 54.

Haste thee, winter, haste a-way, Far too long has been thy stay; Far too long thy winds have roared, Snows have beat and rains have poured.

No. 55.

Haste thee, winter, haste a-way, Far too long has been thy stay; Far too long thy winds have roared, Snows have beat, and rains have poured.

Exercises 54 and 55 may be sung together.

No. 56.

Life's a ship in constant motion, Whether high or low, Ev'ry one must brave the o-cean, Though the winds may blow.

No. 57.

Life's a ship in constant motion, Whether high or low, Ev'ry one must brave the o-cean, Though the winds may blow.

Exercises 56 and 57 may be sung together.

No. 58. TUNE.

Sweet sum-mer crowns the smiling earth, With beauty, light, and love; O'er all our hearts she breathes her breath Of joy like that a-bove.

No. 59. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.

Morn is waking, Day is breaking, Bells are ring-ing, Birds are sing-ing, Join the song . . . And the mer-ry strains pro-long.

No. 60.

O, well I love my na-tive land, Its fair and verdant hills, My na-tive land full well I love, Which peace and plenty fills.
No. 61.

Sing we aloud, The chorus we raise, We join in the song of thanksgiving and praise.

No. 62.

All the day I'm singing lively, Though the day is long, And from morning dawn to evening Sounds my happy song.

No. 63.

Dark and deep the waters flowing, While our boat is swiftly rowing, And the distant thunder roaring, Bids us quickly seek the shore; Now the boisterous winds are blowing, And on waves we high are soaring, Yet we safely reach the mooring, And our cares and fears are o'er.

No. 64. FOUR PART SONG. — "Green the Grass is Springing.

Green the grass is springing, While the birds are singing, Each his mate to cheer; Fragrant flowers are blooming, Summer bright is coming, Fled is winter drear.

No. 65.

If wishes were efforts, most men would be great. For most are desirous of wealth and estate;

But they only prosper, who choose to work hard, And sluggards by wishes can gain no reward.
No. 66. FOUR PART SONG. — "THE FADING LEAF."

(The Four Parts written on Two Staves.)

Six in a Measure.

1. I am a falling leaf, The chilly winds have found me, I fade with all around me. All murm'ring life is brief.
2. I saw the sky so blue, The birds were singing o'er me, The flowers sprung up before me, Of every changing hue.
3. We fade, as all else must; No more the birds are calling, The flow'rs and leaves are falling; To-morrow we are dust.

No. 67. Two beats to a measure.

Sing we now of happy home, happy home; Yes, with heart and voice untiring.

We will join the strain inspir'ing, Singing now of happy home, happy home.

No. 68.

Cold the wind is blowing, And the storm is loud; Now the rain is pouring, From the blackened cloud.

No. 69.

The wind is loudly roaring, And wint'ry is the blast, The rain around us pouring, From gloomy clouds falls fast.

No. 70.

Like a ship in constant motion, Sometimes high and sometimes low, Every one must brave the ocean, Whatever winds may blow.
No. 71. — THE AFFLICTED MOTHER.

1. O softly sleep, my bonnie bairn, Rock'd on this breast o' mine, child
   The heart that beats sae sair within Will not awaken thine.
2. Dry up, Dry up, ye brawny tears, Lest on my bairn ye dreep; Oh, break in silence, waeful heart, And let my baby sleep.

No. 72. — Exercises in compound forms of measure; eighth notes.

No. 73.

No. 74.

No. 75.

No. 76.

No. 77.

No. 78.
NOTE. Nos. 86 and 87 may be sung together.
No. 88.


No. 89.—In two parts.

Fruit-ful fields are wav-ing, With the yel-low grain, Peace-ful herds are graz-ing On the ver-dant plain.

No. 90.—In two parts.

Note. Exercises 89 and 90 are given as speci mens of different varieties of measure. They are the same to the ear, and only differ in the noting, or in the characters by which they are represented.

No. 91.

Fine.

No. 92.

Fine.

Note. Exercises 91 and 92 may be sung together.

No. 93.
No. 94.

No. 95.

No. 96.

No. 97.

No. 98.

No. 99.
ELEMTARY EXERCISES.

No. 100.
Sharp-two. Three will serve as a guide to this tone.

No. 101.
Sharp-one and Flat-three. Two will serve as a guide to either of these tones.

No. 102.
Sharp-five and Flat-seven. Six will serve as a guide to either of these tones.

No. 103.
Sharp-five and Flat-seven.

No. 104.
Sharp-four, and Flat seven.

No. 105.
Sharp-four, and Flat-seven.

No. 106.
Sharp-two, Sharp-four, Sharp-five, and Flat-seven.

No. 107.
Sharp-eight, Sharp-six, Sharp-four, and Sharp-two.

No. 108.
Sharp-four, and Flat-seven.
No. 109. — Chromatic Scale.

Note. The following lessons (110 to 115) may be sung responsively by two divisions, the first division singing the first two notes, and the second division the last two notes of each measure. They should be sung both with and without slurs.

No. 110.

No. 111.

No. 112.
No. 113.

No. 114.

No. 115.

No. 116.

No. 117. — Scale. G Major.

No. 118.
No. 119.—Scale. E Minor.

No. 120.

No. 121.

No. 122.

No. 123.

No. 124.

No. 125.

No. 126.
Elementary Exercises.


Come, O come a-way! This is a very fine summer's day, Come, O come a-way.

No. 128. — Round in Three Parts. "O Music."

O music, sweet music, thy praises we will sing. We will tell of the pleasure and happiness you bring.

Music, Music, let the chorus sing.

No. 129. — Round in Four Parts. "Hail to the Month."

Hail to the month, to the cheering month of May,

Now to the woods, to the woods away!

Hear the merry warblers on the spray, We will all be as happy, as happy as they.

No. 130. — Round in Three Parts. "Would you be loved."

Would you be loved by others, Others you first must love.

True must your words be and gentle, Not those that wrath will move,

Ever wise...... as the serpent, and mild as the dove.

No. 131. — Round in Three Parts. "What you've to do."

What you've to do, get done today!

And do not till tomorrow stay!

There's always danger in delay!
ELEME NTARY EXERCISES.

No. 132. — ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "Echo."

No. 133.

Note. This Lesson may be sung at first slowly, and afterwards gradually increased to very quick. It will afford a good exercise on the rapid articulation of words.

No. 134.
No. 135.

No. 136.

No. 137.

No. 138.

No. 139.

No. 140.—IN TWO PARTS,

No. 141.

No. 142.—Two beats to a measure.

No. 143.—Two beats.
No. 144.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "Morning Bells."

Morning bells I love to hear, Ringing merrily, loud and clear.

No. 145.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "Come, Come, Come."

Come, come, come, the summer now is here,

out among the bowers, and cull some pretty flowers.

No. 146.—ROUND IN FIVE PARTS. "Good Night."

Now to all Good-night, Now to all Good-night, Good-night.

No. 147.—ROUND IN TWO PARTS. "Warble for us."

Warble for us, ech-o sweet, ech-o sweet, Softly now, our

No. 148.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "Now we will sing."

Now we will sing our parting lay, And then we'll quickly haste away, And

then we'll quickly haste, haste away, we will sing our parting lay, And

then we'll haste away, we will sing our parting, parting lay.

So

No. 149.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "Hark, the distant clock."

Hark, the distant clock reminds us, That another hour has fled,

Night is come, our work is ended, So good-night, 'tis time for bed.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.
No. 150. ROUND IN TWO PARTS. — "Whether you whisper."

Wheth-er you whis-per low, or loud-ly call, Distinct-ly dis-tinct-ly speak, or do not speak at all.

No. 151.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "Village Bells."

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, The vil-lage bells. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Hark.

Hark, hark, the dis-tant vil-lage bells. Hark, hark, the dis-tant vil-lage bells.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Along the vale their mu-sio swells.

Along the vale their mu-sio swells, their mu-sio swells.

No. 152.—Scale in A Major.

No. 153. — Scale in F# Minor.
No. 154.

No. 155.

No. 156.

No. 157.

No. 158.

No. 159.

Note. 156 and 157 may be sung together.

Note. This lesson may be sung by two divisions, as indicated by the figures.
No. 160.

No. 161.—ROUND IN TWO PARTS,

No. 162.


No. 163.—SENTENCE. "Hallelujah."

No. 164.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "The Cheerful Day."

The cheerful day is dawning, I hear the cuckoo sing;

To usher in the morning, And welcome gentle spring.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

I hear the cuckoo, And welcome gentle spring.
No. 165. — ROUND IN THREE PARTS. “The Pastures.”

The pastures are clothed with docks,

The valleys are covered with corn;

They shout and sing aloud for joy.

No. 166. — ROUND IN THREE PARTS. “To the Praise of Truth.”

To the praise of truth, to the praise of truth we sing,

To the praise of truth, to the praise of truth we sing.

For the truth is a noble thing.

No. 167. — MARCH SONG. “Come and March the Rounds.”

Come and march the rounds with me, Come and march the rounds with me.
No. 171.

No. 172.

No. 173.

No. 174.

No. 175.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "Now the day is gone."

Now the day is gone, And the night is come, When the day of life is flown, May heaven be our home.

No. 176.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "Come and sing a merry song."

1. Come and sing a merry song, Wake the cheerful glee, Now the joyous tones prolong, Happy, happy we.

2. Envy, anger hence away, Evil passions flee; Why should we indulge them, say? Why should you or me?

3. O! happy we, O happy we, O happy, happy we, happy happy we.
No. 177.—SENTENCE. "Hard things before us."

Hard things before us, all gloomily rise, Yet we still press forward, with joy in our eyes.

No. 178.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "How sweet to be roaming."

How sweet to be roaming, When summer is blooming, Thro' woodland and grove, Thro' woodland and grove.

How sweet to be roaming, When summer is blooming, Thro' woodland and grove, Thro' woodland and grove.

Sweet, sweet, sweet to be roaming, Through woodland, woodland and grove.

No. 179.—Scale in F Major.

No. 180.—Scale in D Minor.

No. 181.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "Join we all to swell the song."

Join we all to swell the song, Young and old the strain prolong, Music now employ each tongue.
No. 182.—SENTENCE. "The Morning Flowers."

The morning flowers display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold, As care-less of the noon-day heats, As fear-less of the evening cold.

No. 183.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "The Merry Month."

The merry month begins to-day, That drives the wintry cold away, The merry, merry, merry, merry, month of May.

No. 184.

The merry month begins to-day, That drives the wintry cold away, The merry, merry, merry, merry, month of May.

Note. 183 and 184 may be sung together—each in three parts, and 185 may be added as a bass.

No. 185.

The merry merry month, the month of May, The merry, merry month, the month of May, The merry, merry, merry, merry, month of May.

No. 186.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "Now the sun sinks in the West."

Now the sun sinks in the west; After labor cometh rest.

Now the sun sinks in the west; After labor cometh rest. Now the sun sinks in the west; After labor cometh rest.
No. 187.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "IN THE FIELD."

No. 188.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "LIKE A MAY-DAY."

No. 189.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "NOW ABIDETH FAITH."

No. 179.—Scale in B² Major.
No. 191. — Scale in G Minor.

No. 192. — ROUND IN TWO PARTS. "HALLELUJAH."

No. 193.

No. 194.  

No. 195.
No. 196.

No. 197.

No. 198.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "How shall I count?"

How shall I count this six-eight time, So... that our voices all may chime?

Shall I count it by six, or shall I count it by three, by six, or by three?

No, no; don't you see, you must count it by two?

One, two, one, two, one, two, one, two, one, two, one, two, one, two.
No. 199.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "The noblest hero of them all."

The noblest hero of the whole is he who can himself control, Who can himself control.

No. 200.—SONG. "Home."

How can I forget thee, Dearly loved home? No, I still will love thee, Tho' far from thee I roam; Home, home, dearest, happy home.

No. 201.—SENTENCE. "Haste, O haste away."

Haste, O haste away, O haste away, O haste away, O haste away, O haste away, O haste away, O haste away, O haste away, O haste away, While yet 'tis day, while yet 'tis day.

No. 202.—Scale in E major.
No. 203.—Scale in C Minor.

No. 204.

No. 205.

Fine. D. C.

Note. 205 and 206 may be sung together.

No. 206.

No. 207.

Fine. D. C.  

Note. 205 and 206 may be sung together.

No. 208.

No. 209.

No. 211.

Maestoso.

No. 212.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "JUNE, LOVELY JUNE."

No. 213.—ROUND, FOR THREE VOICES. "BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON."
No. 215.—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. "Good Night."

1. Good night! Good night!
2. Time sounds its warning call, Sweet rest descend on all.
3. Time sounds its warning call, Sweet rest descend on all.
4. Good night, Good night.

No. 216.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS. "Ever blooming."

1. Ever blooming, ever gay, Ever welcome, lovely May.

No. 217.—ROUND IN TWO PARTS. "Gather rosebuds."

1. Gather rose-buds while you may, For time will quickly pass away. Then gather

No. 218.—Scale in A minor.

No. 219.—Scale in F minor.

No. 220.

No. 221.

No. 222.

No. 223.
1. Fairy like, Fairy like, o-er my spir-it, Stealeh re-mem-brance of hap-pi-er hours; Ten-der-ly, Ten-der-ly, Fairy like, fairy like,

2. Grace-ful-ly, grace-ful-ly down in yon mea-dow, Bend-eth the wil-low bough o-ver each grave; Blight-ed and with-ered lie e'en as the frag-rance, Of sweet scented, fa-ded, au-tum-nal flowers; Beau-ti-ful, Beau-ti-ful, all were my loved ones, Pur-er than all the fair flowers, All that I most cher-ished, but could not save; Des-o-late, des-o-late, now is the hearth-stone, Drear are the lil-ies, my blos-soms now sleep; Si-lent-ly, Si-lent-ly, like fall-ing snow-flakes, They left me in sor-row a-lone to weep.

halls which re-ech-oed with glee, Wea-ri-ly, Wea-ri-ly, pass-eth the lone hours Of wait-ing, be-lov-ed, to come to thee.
BRIGHTLY BEAMING.

Allegro. mp

1. Brightly beam-ing, Clearly gleaming, Thro' the ha-zy distance streaming, Full of splendors, Sun-light renders, Eve-ry hight, Pure and bright, How full of

joy the smiling earth, How full of joy the smil-ing earth, How full of joy the smil-ing earth, How full of joy the smil-ing earth.

Climb-ing yon-der, Let us wan-der, Up-ward lead-eth the way No lon-ger

earth, How full of joy the smil-ing earth, Climb-ing yon-der, Let us wan-der, Up-ward lead-eth the way No lon-ger

2. Horns are ringing, Warblers singing, Mu-sic to the breez-es fling-ing, Brooklets meet us, Laugh and greet us, Then they low Far be-low, How full of

joy the smiling earth, How full of joy the smil-ing earth, How full of joy the smil-ing earth, How full of joy the smil-ing earth.

Climb-ing yon-der, Let us wan-der, Up-ward lead-eth the way No lon-ger

earth, How full of joy the smil-ing earth, Climb-ing yon-der, Let us wan-der, Up-ward lead-eth the way No lon-ger
BRIGHTLY BEAMING. Concluded.

THE RIDE. 59

Moderato.

1. Walking now with steady gait, We start, but lest we stay, a-way, a-way, No longer stay, a-way, a-way,

stay, a-way, a-way, No longer stay, a-way, a-way.

2. Now, again, we homeward start, And of our journey should be late, We now will try a faster pace, And with old Time will run a race, While galloping, galloping over the plain, And walk a part, Then once again with whip and spur, The mettle of our steed we stir, And galloping, galloping over the plain, And

galloping on without drawing a rein, Till we're tired, and then we slower go, And then at last we stop.

galloping on without drawing a rein, Till we're home, and then we slower go, And then at last we stop.
LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

1. Land of our fathers, where-so-e'er we roam, Land of our birth! to us thou still art home; Peace and prosperity

2. Though other climes may brighter hopes fulfil, Land of our birth! we ever love thee still! Heaven shield our happy home

on thy sons attend, Down to posterity their influence descend; All then uniting, hearts and voices

from each hostile band, Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land; All then uniting, hearts and voices

join ing, Sing we in harmony, our native land, our native land, our native land, our native land, our native land.
THE LAND WE LOVE. Chorus for the 4th of July.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE W. BIRDSEYE.

T. F. SEWARD.

D.C. 1. To thee be glory in the coming years, Land we love, Land we love! By father's blood, and by our mother's tears, We'll

2. Low unto thee shall all the nations bow, Land we love, Land we love! Columbia's sons shall truly keep their vow, All

stand by thee, Oh, land we love! When we shattered the sword of England's might, Freedom called this dear

lands shall praise thee, Land we love! Oh, land we love! Now the Heav'ns kindly bend to thy embrace, While the starr'd skies thy

land her own; And the darkness gave place to golden light, For through the clouds, oh, land we love! The stars of glory shine.

banners are; May the God of our nation show His grace, And spread His all-protecting arm Above each State and Star.
1. On the stormy ocean, 'Mid its wild commotion, Helpless sea-man! Heav'n attend thee! God befriend thee! God befriend thee!

2. O'er life's ocean dreary Faint, forlorn, and weary, Helpless mortal! Heav'n attend thee! God befriend thee! God befriend thee!

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1. Our boat is off, our boat is off, See how she floats the wave, As if on wing, the fairy thing, Skims o'er the waters brave; With laugh and song, we

2. We'll speed away through dashing spray, O'er waves of every hue, And bound along with current strong, Upon the waters blue; With laugh and song, we

3. As safe are we as proudly free, As birds that cleave the air; On wings as white, as swift our flight As sea-gulls darting there;

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glide a-long Up-on the rip-pling sea; All faces bright with pure delight, Oh, who is so mer-ry as we, as we, Oh, who is so mer-ry as we?

---

glide a-long Up-on the rip-pling sea; All faces bright with pure delight, Oh, who is so mer-ry as we, as we, Oh, who is so mer-ry as we?
SPARKLING WATER. Temperance Glee.

1. Come, let us sing of fount and spring, Of brook-let, stream and river, And tune our praise to Him always, The great and gracious Giver. What drink with water can compare, That nature loves so dearly? The sweetest draught that can be quaffed, water.

2. Down fall the showers to feed the flowers, And in the summer night-ly, The blossoms sip with rosy lip The dew-drops gleaming brightly. What drink with water can compare, That nature loves so dearly? The sweetest draught that can be quaffed, Is water, water, water, water, water that sparkles so clearly.

3. Each little bird, whose song is heard Thro' grove and meadow ring-Ing, At streamlet's brink will blithely drink, To tune its voice to singing. The sweetest draught that can be quaffed, water, water, water, water, water that sparkles so clearly.
STRAYING AND MAYING.

1. The mer - ry girls a May - ing went, One morning bright and ear - ly; The flow'rs were blooming, grass was green, The dew was bright and pearly,

2. The love - ly maids now here and there, With baskets, crowned with blossoms, They call'd the flow'rs of white and blue, To deck their heads and bosoms;

3. With cheer - ful glee and cho - rus song, The hours were winged with pleasure, Some found a pebble, some a flow'r, Each tri - fle seem'd a treasure.

The wind was gen - tle, soft and sweet, And all were fill'd with joy to meet, For stray - ing and May - ing, For stray - ing, and

And sang with air of sweet con - tent, As through the wind - ing paths they went, Still stray - ing and May - ing, Still stray - ing, and

For tri - fles, light as air can please The guile - less heart, in hours of ease, While stray - ing and May - ing, While stray - ing, and

May - ing, A - mid the ear - ly bloom - ing flow'rs, A - mid the ear - ly bloom - ing flow'rs.

May - ing, A - mid the ear - ly bloom - ing flow'rs, A - mid the ear - ly bloom - ing flow'rs.

May - ing.
ONCE MORE A SONG, GOOD NIGHT.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Once more a song, a song, a song, The day is past and gone, Soon parts our happy throng, our throng, When evening's coming on, coming on, When evening's coming on, And thus around us far, Drops all her curtains down, curtains down, Jewelled with many a star;

2. Sound now the merry strain, the strain, Let all our voices swell, For now we part, we part, again, again, All happy, gay and well, Let none of us be sad, be sad, Let parting cause no pain, But let us all be glad, For we shall meet again;

3. So a good night to all, to all, Good night, good night, good night, To all, both large and small, and small, Good night, good night to all, We part, but not in pain, Good night, good night, good night, We hope to meet again.
OCEAN LULLABY.

Larghetto e piano

Gently swelling, sleeping ocean, Never still your waters be,

Gently swelling, gently swelling, sleeping ocean, Never still your waters be, Never

Flowing flowing on with ceaseless motion,

Flowing, flowing on with ceaseless motion, Flowing on with ceaseless motion,

Sweetly singing lullaby, lullaby, Sweetly singing lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
CANON. "Soft the Evening falls."

Soften the evening falls, The bird of twilight calls. Our foot-steps home.

Soften the evening falls, The bird of twilight calls. Our foot-steps home.

No longer roam, For soften the evening falls, The bird of twilight calls. Our foot-steps home.

No longer roam, For soften the evening falls, The bird of twilight calls. Our foot-steps home.

No longer roam, For soften the evening falls, The bird of twilight calls. Our foot-steps home.

No longer roam, For soften the evening falls, The bird of twilight calls. Our foot-steps home.

*When about to close, pass from the first asterisk to the second, omitting two measures.
MOTET. "Deep be thy sleep."

1. Deep be thy sleep! Rest thee within thy grave, Thou lovely form, whose breath From cold relentless death No bloom of youth could save; Deep be thy sleep, In peace within thy grave.

2. Deep be thy sleep; How brief thy fleeting day! The morning's rosy light To shades of silent night, Too soon hath passed away. Deep be thy sleep! How brief thy fleeting day.

3. Deep be thy sleep! Thy spirit goes before; Through bitter, falling tears Our faith the message hears: "Ye all shall meet once more." Deep be thy sleep! Thy spirit goes before.

WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES.

1. When the green leaves come again, my love, When the green leaves come again, Why put on a dark and

2. Ah, the spring will still be like the last, Of its promise false and vain; And the summer die in
WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES. Concluded.

1. Ring, merry, merry bells, The Christmas morn! Ring out a joyous peal! The Saviour comes, The Christ is born! He comes to save and heal, The Saviour comes, The Christ is born! He comes to save and heal.

2. Ring, merry, merry bells, O'er all the land, By hall and cottage fires— Let every home And household band Hear music from your spires; Let every home And household band Hear music from your spires.

3. Ring merry, merry bells! There cometh hero The wondrous Truth, at last, By ancient king And kingly seer, So longed for, ages past! Ring merry, merry bells! There cometh hero The wondrous Truth, at last, By ancient king And kingly seer, So longed for, ages past!

4. Ring, merry, merry bells! Let hill and vale, Through all the festal day— In notes of joy Repeat the tale Of Christ, the Living Way! Ring, merry, merry bells! Let hill and vale, Through all the festal day— In notes of joy Repeat the tale Of Christ, the Living Way!

5. Ring merry, merry bells! Our heavy load We lay, rejoicing, down; For by His cross We gain the road To our eternal crown.

6. Ring, merry, merry bells, Your carols pour— Nor let your gladness cease! The Wonderful! The Counsellor! The mighty Prince of Peace!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

—Dr. Lowell Mason.
BEHOLD THE DARKNESS FLIES.

1. Behold the darkness flies! The night has passed away; From drowsy sleep arise, And welcome in the day! With vigor new awake! And greet the blushing morn; Behold the morning break! Another day is born. The fields and woods around, With

2. Awake from idle sleep, The day for toil was made; And he who hopes to reap, Must sow in time the seed; The ox within his stall is lowing to his mate; The plowman's cheerful call They patiently await; The plow again must move, And
BEHOLD THE DARKNESS. Concluded.

music loud are ringing, The hills and groves resound, The merry birds are singing! A-wake, a-wake, a-wake and welcome, welcome the day!

in the heavy furrow; No sluggard must he prove, Who would not come to sorrow. A-wake, a-wake, a-wake and welcome the day!

NIGHT SONG. "Murmur, gentle Lyre." GERMAN. TRANSLATED BY S. F. SMITH.

Andante.

1. Murmur, gentle lyre, Through the lonely night, Let thy trembling wire Wakeen dear delight.

2. Though the tones of sorrow Mingle in thy strain, Yet my heart can borrow Pleasure from the pain.

3. Hark! the quivering breezes List thy silver sound, Every tumult ceases, Silence reigns around.

4. Earth below is sleeping, Meadow, hill, and grove; Angel stars are keeping Silence watch above.

Dim. Cres.

Murmur gentle lyre, Through the lonely night, Let thy trembling wire Wakeen dear delight.

Dim. Cres.

Murmur, gentle lyre, Through the lonely night, Let thy trembling wire Wakeen dear delight.
HOME, SWEET HOME.

1. Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to.

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again, The birds singing gayly, that

hal-low us there, Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere, Home, home, sweet home, There's no place like home.

come at my call, Give me that sweet peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, home, sweet home, There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

ON THE OCEAN.

FRENCH SONG.

1. On the ocean, on the ocean, sails unfurl'd and anchor weigh'd, Breezes blowing, breezes blowing, on her course our good ship speed.

2. On the ocean, on the ocean, gallantly the waves we plow, And the waters, and the waters wildly rush around our bow,

3. If a storm come, if a storm come, yet our hearts shall know no fear, Though in mountains, though in mountains, higher yet the waves appear;
ON THE OCEAN. Concluded.

Blows rolling, blows rolling, bear us far from friends and home,
Far behind us, far behind us, lingers yet our path of foam,
And the billows, and the billows, still in wild commotion come.

Wildly roaring, wildly roaring, though the winds do madly rave,
On the ocean, on the ocean, trust we Him whose power can save.

WINTER'S GOING.

1. Winter's going, almost gone! Streams are flowing, Glows the sun—Spring is coming,
2. Modest daisies sprinkle o'er Grass y meadows, By the shore Of the river
3. Buds are bursting On the trees, Fragrance filling Every breeze Bees are winging
4. Birds are singing Loud and clear; Echoes ringing Through the air. Joyous praises

Soft the air! Flowers are springing, Everywhere, Flowers are springing Everywhere.
Rippling by—Singing ever Lullaby, Singing ever Lullaby.

All the day, Ever humming Busy ly, Ever humming Busy ly.
We should give—And adoring Ever live, And adoring, Ever live.
WE PARTED.

1. We parted, we who loved so well, When early morning glimmered gray, And in the west, the moon's pale shell faded before the coming day; We parted, when the autumn leaf fell softly.

2. But, when beneath the sky of May, The hawthorn blossom'd far and near, There dawned for us a brighter day, And fate proved kinder than our fear: For then, beneath the linden's shade, Once more I

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

1. Night winds are mournfully sweeping, Where your loved ashes are sleeping, Whispering oak branches wave, Forms of the true and the brave!

2. Sweet and serene be your slumber! Millions, whom no man can number, Hearts for whose freedom you bled, Tears of sad gratitude shall.
Silence reigns breathless around you, All your stern conflicts are o'er.

Deep is the sleep that hath bound you, Trumpet shall rouse you no more.

Never shall morn brightly breaking En-ter your chambers of gloom,

Till the last trumpet a-waking Sound thro' the depths of the tomb.

COME, JOIN WITH MERRY ROUNDELAY.

Come, join with mer-ry rounde-lay, Thy voice let Har-mo-ny o-bey; Each heart with gladness Let music in-spire. Join all, join mer-ri-ly the strain, Fly grief and never come again; Hence, gloomy sadness; Hope bids thee re-tire. Harmony, Harmony, hope still re-new-ing, And care, old hon-es-ty never sub-duing.

Come, join with mer-ry rounde-lay, Thy voice let Har-mo-ny o-bey; Each heart with gladness Let music in-spire. Join all, join mer-ri-ly the strain, Fly grief, and never come again; Hence, gloomy sadness; Hope bids thee re-tire. Harmony, Harmony, hope still re-new-ing, And care, old hon-es-ty never sub-duing.
1. May every year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, And truth and love all hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now

When the might with the right, And the truth shall be, And come what there may, to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

2. Let good men ne'er of truth despair, Though humble efforts fail; Oh, give not o'er until once more The righteous cause prevail; In

When the might with the right, And the truth shall be, And come what there may, to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.
1. Hark! how the rain is falling, And loudly roars the blast; What torrents pour! Shut to the door, And close the shutters fast.

2. Oh! pity now the sailor, And all that cross the seas, What fears are theirs! What toils and cares! While here we sit at ease.

On such a rough and bitter night, How pleasant 'tis to know, We have nought here to fear, We have nought here to fear, We have nought here to fear.

May they in safety reach their port, Nor wreck nor danger know, And on shore, fear no more, And on shore, fear no more, And on shore, fear no more.

When the stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do blow When the stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do blow, blow.

When the stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do blow When the stormy winds do blow, When the stormy winds do blow, blow.
When winter comes and freezes o'er, Our crystal lakes from shore to shore, We vote theingle-side a bore, And all go out a

And when the biting northern wind, Its way to muffled ears will find, We don't a continental mind, But all go out a

And if perchance the ice is thin, Some reckless chap will tumble in, And there arises quite a din, When we go out a

And then we have such jolly fun, And such fantastic tricks are done Up-on the ice, that every one thinks skating; And, mayhap, if the ice be all Aglares, and bumps of caution small, A gent may cut an awkward sprawl, Or skating; The ladies scream and faint with fright, And comrades work with all their might, To save their chum from drowning quite, While

Nothing like it 'neath the sun, Frosty whiskers, icy nose, Chattering teeth, and frozen toes All for pleasure, 

Lady lose her waterfall, Urchins laugh to see the plight Frosty whiskers, icy nose, Chattering teeth, and frozen toes, All for pleasure,
SKATING GLEE. Concluded.

so it goes, When we go out a skating,
When we go out a skating, Oh!

so it goes, When we go out a skating,
When we go out a skating, Oh!

THE FISHER BOY.

With feeling.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Poor little fisher boy, out on the sea,
Poor little fisher boy, out on the sea,
The moon gives no light, And

2. Poor little fisher boy, out on the sea,
Poor little fisher boy, out on the sea,
The winds wildly roar, The

3. Think of the fisher boy, out on the sea,
Think of the fisher boy, out on the sea,
His mother doth wake—Looks

dark is the night, And dark is the night,
On in the old boat now sailing is he; Poor little fisher boy out on the sea.

rain-torrents pour, The rain-torrents pour. Drear y and woeful now there it must be; Poor little fisher boy out on the sea.

up for his sake, Looks up for his sake—Out in the fearful boat Sailing is he; Poor little fisher boy out on the sea.
OH! HOW SWEET THE MORN.

WORDS BY AGNES BURNEY.

1. Oh, how sweet the morn, At the early dawn, When the sun breaks forth so bright, When so pure the air, Fragrance of flowers and birds, Wakes to life then one by one. Welcome, then, bright morn, Welcome, early dawn, With your bird-songs fill the air; And the sparkling dew, All the flowers renewed, Lovely morn so fresh and fair.

D.C. Oh, how sweet, &c.

2. Sounds of bee and bird Everywhere are heard, At the first beam of the sun; Every living thing, On the earth or wing, Wakes to life then one by one. Welcome, then, bright morn, Welcome, early dawn, With your treasures fresh and free, Odors sweet abound, Blossoms all around, Oh, how sweet the morn to me.

D.C. Oh, how sweet, &c.

FINE.

1. Oh, how sweet the morn, At the early dawn, When the sun breaks forth so bright, When so pure the air, Fragrance of flowers and birds, Wakes to life then one by one. Welcome, then, bright morn, Welcome, early dawn, With your bird-songs fill the air; And the sparkling dew, All the flowers renewed, Lovely morn so fresh and fair.

D.C. Oh, how sweet, &c.

2. Sounds of bee and bird Everywhere are heard, At the first beam of the sun; Every living thing, On the earth or wing, Wakes to life then one by one. Welcome, then, bright morn, Welcome, early dawn, With your treasures fresh and free, Odors sweet abound, Blossoms all around, Oh, how sweet the morn to me.

D.C. Oh, how sweet, &c.
Andante legato.

1. 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.

2. No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place; No groan shall mingle with the songs, Which warble from immortal tongues.

AUGUSTA. L. M. 

FROM THE CHOIR.

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 who learn of me: I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.
Spirited.

1. Triumphant Zion, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy excellence be known; Decked in the robes of righteousness, Thy glories shall the world confess.

Moderato.

1. Blest are the men of peaceful life, Who quench the coals of growing strife; They shall be called the heirs of bliss, The sons of God, the God of peace.

2. Blest are the faithful, who partake Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake; Their souls shall triumph in the Lord; Eternal life is their reward.
1. Bless, O my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove a-broad; Let all the powers within me join.

2. Let every land his power confess, Let all the earth adore his grace: My heart and tongue with rapture join.

In work and worship so divine, Let all the powers within me join, In work and worship so divine.

In work and worship so divine, My heart and tongue with rapture join, In work and worship so divine.

Poco Adagio.

1. God in his earthly temple, lays Foundation for his heavenly praise; He likes the tents of Jacob well, But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2. His mercy visits ev’ry house That pay their night and morning vows; But makes a more delightful stay Where churches meet to praise and pray.

Dr. Lowell Mason.
1. The flowery spring at God's command, Pervades the air, and paints the land: The summer rays with vig-or shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

2. His hand in autumn rich-ly pours, Thro' all her coasts, re-dun-dant stores; And winters, softened by his care, No more the face of hor-ror wear.

**AERION. L. M. Double.**

*Andante.*

1. Lord I am thine, but thou wilt prove My faith, my patience, and my love; When men of spite against me join, They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2. Their hope and portion lie be-low; 'Tis all the hap-pi-ness they know; 'Tis all they seek, they take their share, And leave the rest a-mong their heirs.

3. What sinners val-ue, I re-sign; Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine; I shall be-hold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.

4. This life's a dream an em-py show; But that bright world to which I go, Hath joys sub-stan-tial and sin-cere; When shall I wake, and find me there.
1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise: But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears; To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.

ATTICA. L. M.

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

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

AULD. L. M.

1. We bless the Lord, the just, the good, Who fills our hearts with joy and food, Who pours his blessings from the skies, And loads our days with rich supplies, And loads our days with rich supplies.

2. He sends his sun the circuit round To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground: He bids the clouds with plenteous rain Refresh the thirsty earth again, Refresh the thirsty earth again.
1. As when the weary traveller gains The height of some o'er-look-ing hill, His heart revives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' distant still.

2. So when the Christian pilgrim views, By faith, his mansion in the skies, The sight his fainting strength renews, And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3. "Tis there," he says, "I am to dwell With Jesus in the realms of day; Then shall I bid my cares farewell, And he will wipe my tears a-way."

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**ASHWELL. L. M.**

1. When we our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream. We wept with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Zl-on was our mournful theme.

2. Our harps, that when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si-lent strings, neglected hung, On wil-low trees that withered there.
1. Who shall ascend thy heavenly place, Great God, and dwell before thy face? The man that loves religion now, And humbly walks with God below.

2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean; Whose lips still speak the thing they mean; No slanders dwell upon his tongue; He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

ANVERN. L. M.

1. Triumphant Zion! lift thy head From dust and darkness, and the dead! Thou humblest long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Savior's strength, And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

2. Put on thy beauteous garments on, And let thy excellence be known: Deck'd in the robes of righteousness, Thy glory shall the world confess, Thy glory shall the world confess.

APPLETON. L. M.

1. Oh come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud praise to our almighty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's rock we praise.

2. Into his presence let us haste, To thank him for his favors past; To him address, in joyful song, Praises which to his name belong.
ASTORIA. L. M.

Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join In work so pleasant so divine; My days of praise shall never be past,

ASNER. L. M.

While life and thought and being last, While life and thought and being last.

1. O all ye people clap your hands,

2. The trumpet swells along the sky,

And shout with triumph while you sing Of God, who all the earth commands—Of God the dreadful mighty King.

We hear the joyful solemn sound; The righteous God ascends on high, And shouts of gladness echo round.
AZZAH. L. M.

1. The trumpet swells along the sky; We hear the joyful, solemn sound; The righteous God ascends on high, And shouts of gladness echo round.

2. The Lord, who o'er the earth bears sway, Sits on his throne of holiness; The heathen now his laws obey; Let all the earth his praise express.

BACA. L. M.

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, Far from the paths of thee, &c.

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

BECKER. L. M.

1. Bright King of glory! dreadful God! Our spirits bow before thy seat; To thee we lift an humble thought, And worship at thy awful feet!

2. A thousand seraphs, strong and bright, Stand round the glorious Deity; But who among the sons of light, Pretends comparison with thee?
BELVILLE.  L. M.  Double or 6 lines.  DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. (The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;)
   My noon-day walks he shall attend,
   And all my midnight hours defend. My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

2. (When in the sultry globe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant,)
   Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
   A mid the verdant landscape flow. Where peaceful rivers soft and slow, A mid the verdant landscape flow.

BERNE.  L. M.

1. Father of heaven! whose love profound A ransom for our souls hath found, Before thy throne we sinners bend: To us thy pardoning love extend,

2. Almighty Son! incarnate Word! Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord! Before thy throne we sinners bend: To us thy saving grace extend.
BLENDON. L. M.
F. GIARDINI.

1. Father of all, whose love profound A ransom for our souls hath found, Before thy throne we sinners bend, To us thy pardon ing love extend.

2. Father of all, whose love profound A ransom for our souls hath found, Before thy throne we sinners bend, To us thy pardon ing love extend.

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.
WM. B. BRADBURY.

Staccato.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim Salvation in Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there, And plant the rose, &c.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With holy zeal your hearts inspire; Bid raging winds their fury cease, And calm the savage breast to peace, And calm, &c.
BRENT. L. M.

1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be merciful to me!

2. I smile upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and his cross my only plea: O God be merciful to me!

BRENTFORD. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

1. Lord, when my tho’ts delighted rove Amid the wonders of thy love, Sweet hope revives my drooping heart, And bids intruding fears depart.

2. Repentant sorrow fills my heart, But mingling joy always the smart; Oh! may my future life declare The sorrow and the joy sincere.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

EDSON.

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

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

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth, Exceeds, &c.
CAIRO.  L. M.

1. I love the Lord who died for me; I love his grace divine and free; I love his word for there I read That he loved me, and for me bled.

2. I love to hear that he was slain; I love his every grief and pain; I love to think on him by faith, And muse upon his cruel death.

CHRISTAIN'S SLEEP.  L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Dear is the spot where Christains sleep, And sweet the strain which angels pour; O, why should we in anguish weep? They are not lost—but gone before.

2. Say, why should friendship grieve for those Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore? Released from all their hurtful foes, They are not lost—but gone before.

CAPTIVITY.  L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates stream, We wept, with dolcful thoughts oppressed, And Zl-on was our mournful theme,
CEPHAS. L. M. Double.

1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heavens a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim.

3. Soon as the evening shades prevail The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly, to the listening earth, Repeats the story of her birth.

2. Th'un-wearyed sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display, And publish-es to every land The work of an almighty hand.

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

CLARENS. L. M.

1. Lord, I will bless thee all my days, Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue; My soul shall glory in thy grace, While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2. Come, magnify the Lord with me, Let every heart exalt his name: I sought th' eternal God, and he Has not exposed my hope to shame.
CLINTON. L. M.

1. Salvation is forever nigh The souls who fear and trust the Lord; And grace descending from on high, Fresh hopes of glory still afford.

2. His righteousness is gone before, To us give free access to God; Our wandering feet shall stray no more, But mark his steps, and keep the road.

DANFORTH. L. M. Double.

1. Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims His various and his saving names; Or may they not be heard alone, But by our sure experience known.

2. Thro' every age his gracious ear is open to his servant's pray'r;

Cres.

D.C.

D.C.

D.C.

D.C.

D.C.

D.C.

D.C.

D.C.

DANVERS. L. M.

1. That man is blest, who stands in awe Of God, and loves his sacred law; His seed on earth shall be renowned And with successive honors crown'd.

2. The soul that's filled with virtue's light, Shines brightest in affliction's night; His conscience bears his courage up, He sees in darkness beams of hope.

DR. LOWELL MASON.
High on the bending willows hung, Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string; Still mute remains the sullen tongue, And Zion's song denies to sing.

1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness fills the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2. 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!

DRESDEN, L. M. Double.

DUKE STREET, L. M.
DUNFIELD. L. M. Double.

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

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

3. Blest are the saints who sit on high, Around thy throne above the sky,
   Thy brightest glories shine above, And all their work is praise and love.

4. Blest are the souls, who find a place Within the temple of thy grace;

DUANE STREET. L. M. Double.

1. A poor, way-faring man of grief Hath often cross'd me on my way,
   There they behold thy gentler rays, And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

CLOSE.

D.S.

Who sued so humbly for re-lief, That I could nev-er answer nay.
Yet there was something in his eye, That won my love, I know not why.

2. I had not pow'r to ask his name, Whither he went, or whence he came,
1. O Christ! with each returning morn Thine image to our heart be borne; And may we ever clearly see Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee!

2. All hallowed be our walk this day; May meekness form our early ray, And faithful love our noontide light, And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

EFFEN. L. M. [Verse 1: Sweet 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.

EFFINGHAM. L. M. [Verse 1: The Lord proclaims his power aloud Through every ocean, every land; His voice divides the watery cloud. And lightnings blaze at his command.

2. The Lord sits sovereign on the flood, O'er earth he reigns for ever king; But makes his church his blest abode, Where we his awful glories sing.
1. Zion, 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! 2. Soon shall thy radiance stream afar.

ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

Now be my heart inspired to sing The glories of my Saviour King, Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair His form! how bright his beauties are!
1. Jesus! and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee whom angels praise, Whose glory shines through endless days?

4. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

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Legato. Gentle.

ELIDA. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How blest the sacred tie that binds, In sweet communion kindred minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2. To each the soul of each how dear! What tender love, what holy fear! How doth the generous flame within Re-fine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

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ELPARAN. L. M. Arranged from F. A. SCHULTZ.

1. Another six days' work is done, Another Sabbath is begun: Return my soul, en-joy thy rest; Improve the day thy God has blest.

2. Oh that our tho'ts and thanks may rise, As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from heav'n that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows.
1. **ELWELL. L. M.**

Come, Holy Spirit calm each mind, And fit us to approach our God; Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead us to thy blest abode.

2. Hast thou imparted to our souls A living spark of holy fire? Oh! kindle now the sacred flame; Make us to burn with pure desire.

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1. **ERFURT. L. M.**

Bless, O my soul! the living God; Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad: Let all the powers within me join In work and worship so divine.

2. Bless, O my soul! the God of grace, His favors claim thy highest praise; Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in silence and forgot?

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1. **ERNAN. L. M.**

Breathe, Holy Spirit, from above, Until our hearts with fervor glow: Oh, kindle there a Saviour's love, True sympathy with human woe.

2. Bid our conflicting passions cease, And terror from each conscience flee; Oh, speak to every bosom peace, Unknown to all who know not thee.
1. My God, how endless is thy love, Thy gifts are ever evening new; And morning mercies from above Gently distil, like early dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours! Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.

FARNSWORTH. L. M.

1. My heart is fixed on thee, my God, Thy sacred truth I'll spread abroad; My soul shall rest on thee alone, And make thy loving kindness known.

2. Awake my glory, wake my lyre, To songs of praise my tongue inspire; With morning's earliest dawn arise, And swell your music to the skies.

FAVORITE CHANT. L. M. CH. ZEUNER.

1. Before the heavens were spread abroad, From everlasting was the word; With God he was, the Word was God, And must divinely be adored.
FEDERAL STREET. L. M.  

Moderato.

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

FLORENCe. L. M.  

Legato, Piano.

1. Spirit of peace! immortal Dove! Here let thy gentle influence reign: Come, fill my soul with heavenly love, And all the graces of thy train.

2. Not all the sweets beneath the sky, Nor corn, nor oil, nor richest wine, Could raise my tuneful song so high, Or yield me pleasure so divine.

FOREST. L. M.  

Chapin.

1. Come hither all 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 who learn of me: I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.
GERMANY. L. M.

Adagio e sempre piano.

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the city of God, Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro', And watering our divine abode.

2. That sacred stream, thine holy word, Our grief always, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

GILEAD. L. M.

Maestoso.

1. Zion 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.

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.

BEETHOVEN.

WILLIAM MASON.
GRATITUDE. L. M.

Slowly. Softly.

1. Go to his grave, but not to weep, Nor bathe with tears his early tomb; That precious seed will angels keep, 'Till thence th'immortal flow'r shall bloom.

2. Go to his grave, but not to mourn, That he was once so fair, so bright; A form far lovelier shall be borne From that low bed, to bless thy sight.

GLEASON. L. M.

Arr. From Schubert.

Moderato.

1. Wait, 0 my soul, thy Maker's will; Tumultuous passions all be still! Nor let a murm'ring tho' t a rise— His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2. No in the thickest darkness dwells, Performs his work—the cause con-ceals; But, tho' his methods are un-known, Judgment and truth support his throne.
O praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness largely flows; Praise him in heaven, where he his face, Unveiled, in perfect glory shows.

O praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness largely flows; Praise him in heaven, where he his face, Unveiled, in perfect glory shows.

**HAPPY DAY. L. M.**

O 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. Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away, And live rejoicing every day.

**HINGHAM. L. M.**

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. And talk of all thy, &c.
HAMBURG. L.M.  

ARR. BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him ye nations in your song; His wondrous name and pow'r rehearse; His honors shall en-rich your verse.

HARTEL. L.M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Be-hold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before, Has waited long, is wait-ing still,—You treat no other friend so ill.

HARMONY GROVE. L.M.

H. E. OLIVER.

See, the good shepherd gently leads His wand'ring flocks to verdant meads; Where winding rivers, soft and slow, A-mid the flow'ry landscape flow.
1. Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve, And soft the sunbeams lingering there,
   For these blest hours the world I leave, Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2. The time how lovely, and how still! Peace shines and smiles on all below,
   The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill, All fair with evening's setting glow.

**Herald. L. M.**

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Salvation in Immanuel's name;
   To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2. Triumphant Zion! lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
   Thou'rt humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

**Hebron. L. M.**

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

2. I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head;
   While well appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
1. Jehovah reigns! He dwells in light, Girded with majesty and might; The world created by his hands, Still on its firm foundation stands.

2. But ere this spacious world was made, Or had its first foundation laid, Thy throne eternal ages stood, Thyself the ever-living God.

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ILLA. L. M.

1. He who hath made his refuge, God, Shall find a most secure abode; Shall walk all day beneath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head.

2. Now may we say, Our God, thy power Shall be our fortress, and our tower! We, that are formed of feeble dust, Make thine almighty arm our trust.

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INGHAM. L. M.

1. Thy name be hallowed evermore; O God! thy kingdom come with power! Thy will be done, and day by day, Give us our daily bread, we pray.

2. Lord, evermore to us be given The living bread that came from heaven; Water of life on us bestow; Thou art the Source, the Fountain, thou!
Iosco. L. M.  

1. May not the sovereign Lord on high Dispense his favors as he will; Choose some to life, while others die, And yet be just and gracious still?

2. Shall man reply against his Lord, And call his Maker's ways unjust, The thunder of whose dreadful word Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

Judah. L. M.  

In strict time.

1. What sinners value I resign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine; I shall behold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.

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

Kelwer. L. M.  

Arranged from the German.

1. Sov'reign of worlds! display thy power, Be this thy Zion's favored hour; Oh, bid the morning star arise, Oh, point the heathen to the skies.

2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns, In western wilds and heathen plains, Far let the gospel's sound be known; Make thou the universe thine own.
KINLOCK. L. M.

1. Go worship at Immanuel's feet; See in his face what wonders meet; Earth is too narrow to express His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2. Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars, Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears; His beauties we can never trace, Till we behold him face to face.

LEE. L. M.

1. Deep in our hearts, let us record The deeper sorrows of our Lord; Be-hold the rising billows roll To overwhelm his holy soul.

2. Yet, gracious God, thy power and love Have made the curse a blessing prove; Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son Atoned for sins that we had done.

LEYDEN. L. M.

Quickened with our immortal Head, Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee; Redeemed from sin, and free indeed, (Omit — — — — — —) We taste our glorious liberty, We taste our glorious liberty.
LENA.  L. M.

1. How sweetly flow'd the gospel sound, From lips of gentleness and grace, When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and reverence fill'd the place, And joy, &c.

LOWELL.  L. M.

FROM A RUSSIAN MELODY.

1. Awake the trumpet's lofty sound, To spread your sacred pleasure round; Awake each voice, and strike each string, And to the solemn organ sing.

LUTON.  L. M.

BURDER.

2. Let all whom life and breath inspire, Attend, and join the blissful choir; But chiefly ye, who know his word, Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

3. 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.
LISLE. L. M.

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel sound From lips of gentleness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place!

2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke, To heaven he led his followers' way; Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke, Unvailing an immortal day.

LOW. L. M.

Allegro. Bold and Spirited.

1. Bless, O my soul! the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad, Let all thy pow'rs within me join In work and worship so divine.

2. Bless, O my soul! the God of grace; His favors claim thy highest praise; Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in silence and forgot?

LUCE R. E. L. M.

Adagio e Piano.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, calm each mind, And fit us to approach our God; Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead us to thy blest abode.

2. Hast thou imparted to our souls A living spark of holy fire? Oh! kindle now the sacred flame, Make us to burn with pure desire.
My God! permit me not to be a stranger to myself and thee; amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth, and thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cling to things below, and let my God, my Savior, go?

Louvain. L. M.

Now let my soul, eternal King, to thee its grateful tribute bring; my knee, with humble homage bow; my tongue perform its solemn vow.

All nature sings thy boundless love, in worlds below, and worlds above; but in thy blessed word I trace divine wonders of thy grace.

Lyte. L. M. 6 Lines. 1st P. M.

Forth from the dark and stormy sky, Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly; weary and weak, thy grace we pray; turn not, O Lord! thy guests a-way.
LOVING-KINDNESS.

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays. And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me: His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

MEDEBA. L. M. ARR. FROM ROMBERG.

Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

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

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

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

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

1. Arise! Arise! with joy survey The glory of the latter day: At-read-y has the dawn be-gun, Which marks at hand a rising sun, Which marks at hand, &c.

2. Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray With joy we view, and hail the day: Great sun of Righteousness! arise, And fill the world with glad surprise, And fill the world, &c.

MALVERN. L. M.

In a gentle, subdued manner.

God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade; E'er we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.

MERCER. L. M.

1. The Lord is judge—before his throne All nations shall his justice own; Oh may my soul be found sincere, And stand approved with courage there.

2. My God, my Shield! around me place The shelter of the Saviour's grace; Then, when mine arms the just shall save, My life shall triumph o'er the grave.
1. Jesus, and shall it ever be—A mortal man ashamed of thee! Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days!

2. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.

MENDON. L. M.

1. 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.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, pro-claim, Sal - va - tion in Im - manuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.
MINTON. L. M.

As when the weary traveller gains, The height of some o'er-looking hill, His heart revives, if o'er the plain, He sees his home, though distant still.

MORNING. L. M.

Very bold.

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise, To pay thy morning sacrifice.

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.

MONTGOMERY. L. M.

1. Sweet is the scene when Christians die; When holy souls retire to rest; How mildly beams the closing eye! How gently heaves th' expiring breast,

2. So fades the summer cloud a-way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore.
MIGDOL.  L. M.  

1. Soon may the last glad song arise Through all the millions of the skies, That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2. Let thrones, and pow'rs, and kingdoms be Obedient, mighty God to thee! And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!

MORIAH.  L. M.

Ye mighty rulers of the land, Give praise and glory to the Lord; And while before his throne ye stand, His great and powerful acts record, His great and powerful &c.

MELMORE.  L. M.  

1. Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay, Tho' I have done thee such despite; Cast not a sinner quite a way, Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2. My weary soul, O God, release; Uphold me with thy gracious hand; O, guide me into perfect peace, And bring me to the promised land.
1. God of my life, to thee belong
   The grateful heart, the joyful song;
   Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
   Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2. Thou hast preserved my fleeting-breath,
   And chased the gloomy shades of death;
   The venomed arrows vainly fly,
   While God, our great deliverer's light.

3. Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
   Why does thy hand so kindly rear
   A useless cumberer of the ground,
   On which so little fruit is found.

4. Still let the barren fig-tree stand,
   Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
   And let its fruit and verdure be
   A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

5. So shall thy praise employ my breath
   Through life, and in the arms of death,
   My soul, the pleasant theme prolong;
   Then rise to aid the angelic song.

NAZARETH. L. M.
WEBBE.

When at this distance, Lord, we trace,
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest.
NILO. L. M.

1. Behold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long, is waiting still: You treat no other friend so ill.

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

NUNDA. L. M Double.

1. How valn is all beneath the skies! How transient every earthly bliss? The evening cloud, the morning dew,

2. But though earth's fairest blossoms die, And all beneath the skies is valn, Then let the hope of joys to come

Tho withering grass, the fading flow'r, Of earthly hopes are emblems true—The glory of a passing hour.

Dispel our cares, and chase our fears; If God be ours, we're travelling home, Though passing through a vale of tears.
1. When hope is low, and faith is weak, And earthly comforts fail to move, How good to hear a Father speak, How sweet to feel a Saviour's love.

2. Oh let me sit beneath the cross; Here lay my sins and sorrows down; And think how light each earthly loss, Compared with an eternal crown.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone; 'Tis midnight in the garden now, The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2. 'Tis midnight, and, from all removed, Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears; Even the disciple that he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
OLDEN.  L. M.

'Tis midnight, and, on Olive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone; 'Tis midnight; in the garden now The suffering Saviour prays a lone.

OLA.  L. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

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.

2. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, 'Round one common mercy seat.

ORIEL.  L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

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

2. Then traveler in the vale of tears, To realms of everlasting light, Through time's dark wilderness of years, Pursue thy flight, Pursue thy flight.
1. Shall man, O God of light and life, For-ev-er moulder in the grave? Canst thou forget thy glo-rious work, Thy promise, and thy pow’r to save?

2. In those dark, si-lent realms of night Shall peace and hope no more a-rise! No fu-ture morning light the tomb, Nor day-star gild the darksome skies!

OBERLIN. L. M.

Oh Jesus, full of truth and grace! Oh all-a-ton-ing Lamb of God! I wait to see thy glorious face; I seek redemption in thy blood.

ORFORD. L. M.

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.
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.  WM. FRANC.  125

1. Be thou, O God, ex-alt-ed high; And as thy glo-ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.

2. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, your heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ORLAND. L. M.  DR. ARNOLD.

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

2. Behold the nations with their kings; There Europe her best tribute brings; From north to south the princes meet, To pay their hom-age at his feet.

OVERBERG. L. M.  CH. H. RINCK

1. Though dark and stormy is the day, The closing scene shall yet be bright; These gloomy clouds shall pass away, At even-tide there shall be light.

2. What, tho' in tears of grief you sow, The work is good, the seed is right; Soon you shall reap in joy, and lo! At even-tide there shall be light.
Why should I fear the darkest hour, Or tremble at the tempest's power? 
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower. Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?

Why should I either flee or yield, Since Jesus is my mighty Shield?

1. Why should I fear the darkest hour, Or tremble at the tempest's power? 
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower. Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?

2. Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead, My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread. I know not what may soon be tide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied; But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Con Spirito.

Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For unto us a Saviour's born; See how the angels wing their way, To usher in the glorious day! To usher in the glorious day!

2. Hark! what sweet music, what a song, Sounds from the bright, celestial throng! Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured, listening heart, Joy to, &c.

PADAN. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Why, on the bending willows hung, Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string? Still mute remains thy sullen tongue, And Zion's song denies to sing.

2. By foreign streams no longer roam. Nor weeping, think of Jordan's flood; In every clime behold a home, In every temple see thy God.
PRENTISS. L. M.

1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found, and peace is given; But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2. While God invites, how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound! Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

PISIDIA. L. M.

1. Where shall we go to seek and find A habitation for our God? A dwelling for th' eternal mind, Among the sons of flesh and blood.

2. The God of Jacob chose the hill Of Zion for his ancient rest; And Zion is his dwelling still, His church is with his presence blest.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

1. The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice, O earth and all ye heavens rejoice! From world to world the joy shall ring: "The Lord omnipotent is King!"

2. The Lord is King! Who then shall dare Resist his will, distrust his care? Holy and true are all his ways: Let every creature speak his praise.
And art thou, gracious Master, gone, A mansion to prepare for me? Shall I behold thee on thy throne, And there forever sit with thee? Then let the world approve or blame, I'll triumph in thy glorious name!

Should I, to gain the world's applause, Or to escape its harmless frown, Refuse to love and plead thy cause, And make thy people's lot my own, What shame would fill me in that day, When thou thy glory wilt display!

O render thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love; Whose mercy firm, thro' ages past has stood, and shall forever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express, Not only vast but numberless? What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise.

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above: Be thou our guardian and our guide! Over every thought and step preside.

To us the light of truth display, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant holy fear in every heart, That we from God may never depart.
1. Who can describe the joys that rise Thro' all the courts of par-a-disc, To see a prod-i-gal re-turn, To see an heir of glo-ry born?

2. With joy the Fa- ther doth approve The fruit of His e-ter-nal love; The Son with joy looks down and sees The pur-chase of his ag-o-nics.

RETREAT. L. M.

1. Je-sus is gone a-bove the skies, Where our weak senses reach Him not; And car-nal objects court our eyes, To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2. He knows what wandering hearts we have, Apt to for-get his glo-rious face; And to refresh our minds He gave These kind mem-orials of His grace.

ROSEDALE. L. M.

1. Great God! to thee my even-ing song With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise; Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

2. My days, uncloud-ed as they pass, And eve-ry gently roll-ing hour. Are monu-ments of wondrous grace, And wit-ness to thy love and power.
1. Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Un-broken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Jesus, oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing That death has lost its venomed sting.

ROLLAND. L. M.

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, To meet th' assemblies, &c.

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? So far from all my joys, &c.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord; In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines, We read thy name in, &c.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power confess; But the best volume thou hast writ Reveals thy justice and thy grace, Reveals thy justice, &c.
SALINA. L. M.

Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For unto us a Saviour's born; See how the angels wing their way, To usher in the glorious day.

SALVON. L. M.

1. Exalted Prince of Life! we own The royal honors of thy throne; 'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand, And seraphs bow at thy command.

2. Exalted Saviour! we confess The sovereign triumphs of thy grace; Wide may thy cross thy virtues prove, And conquer thousands with thy love.

SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.

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 who learn of me; I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.
SEASONS.  L. M.

1. The flowery spring, at God's command, Perfumes the air, and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

2. The changing seasons, months, and days Demand successive songs of praise; And be the cheerful hommage paid, With morning light, and evening shade.

SEYMOUR.  L. M.

1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God be merciful to me!

2. I smile upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and his cross my only plea; O God, be merciful to me!

SHOEL.  L. M.

Now shall the trembling mourner come, And bind his sheaves and bear them home; The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing, Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.
SURREY. L. M.

1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,—But there's a no-bler rest a-bove: To that our long-ing souls as-pire, With cheer-ful

2. No more fat-iue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place; No groans shall ming-le with the songs Which war-

hope and strong de-sire, With cheer-ful hope and strong de-sire.

STONEFIELD. L. M. STANLEY.


2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,

From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace, When listen-ing thousands gath-ered round, And joy and gladness filled the place.

To heaven he led his follow-ers' way; Dark clouds of storm-y night he broke, Un-veil-ing an im-mor-tal day.
ST. LOUIS. L. M.

1. 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.

2. He feeds and clothes us all the way; He guides our footsteps when we stray; He guards us with a powerful hand, And brings us to the heavenly land.

STERLING. L. M.

Chanting Style.

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

2. Into his presence let us haste, To thank him for his favors past; To him address in joyful songs The praise that to his name belongs.

SYLVAN. L. M.

1. He dies! The Friend of sinner dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness vails the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree; The Lord of glory dies for men! But, lo! what sudden joy we see, Jesus, the dead revives again!
Let every creature rise and bring Glory and honor to our King: While angels strike their lyres again, Earth shall respond the joyful strain, Earth shall respond the joyful strain.

**TROY. L. M.**

Larghetto Legato.

1. The Lord in Zion ever reigns, And o'er her holds his guardian hand; Her worship and her laws maintains, Which, like himself unmoved shall stand.

2. Oh come, behold what he has done, Whom we delight to call our Lord; The vict'ries which his arm has won; And faithfully his deeds record.

**TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.**

TALLIS.

1. Glory to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light! Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath thine own almighty wings.

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

1. Eternal God, celestial King, Exalted be thy glorious Name; Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing, And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

ULM. L. M.

1. Behold the path that angels tread, Down to the regions of the dead! Nor will the fleeting moments stay, Nor can we measure back our days!

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And night, and day, thy power confess; But the blest volume thou hast writ, Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
UPHAM. L. M.

1. Flow fast, my tears! the cause is great; This tribute claims an injured Friend—One whom I long pursued with hate, And yet he loved me to the end.

2. Fast flow my tears—yet faster flow! Stream copious as yon purple tide; 'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow; I urged the hand that pierced his side.

VALENZ. L. M. ARRANGED FROM R. GLUCK.

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

2. From guile his heart and lips are free; His humble joy, his holy fear, With deep repentance well agree, And join to prove his faith sincere.

VERONA. L. M.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For unto us a Saviour's born; See, how the angels wing their way, To usher in the glorious day.

2. Hark! what sweet music, what a song Sounds from the bright, celestial throng! Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
WARD. L. M.

1. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And wafting our divine abode.

2. That sacred stream, thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

WARE. L. M.

1. 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.

2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake; Of feeling, all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.

WARDLA W. L. M.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone; Let my religious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my Saviour see, I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2. Oh! warm my heart with holy fire, And kindle there a pure desire; Come, sacred Spirit, from above, And fill my soul with heavenly love.
WATTS. L. M.
DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, let our voices join to raise A sacred song of solemn praise; God is a sovereign King; rehearse His honors in exalted verse.

2. Come, let our souls address the Lord, Who framed our natures with His word; He is our Shepherd, we the sheep His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

WELTON. L. M.
FROM DR. MADAN.

1. Happy the meek, whose gentle breast, Clear as the summer's evening ray, Calm as the regions of the blest, Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2. His heart no broken friendships sting; No jars his peaceful tent invade; He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing, Hostile to none—of none afraid.

WELLS. L. M.
ISRAEL HOLDRAYD.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to ensure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

2. Life is the hour that God has given To escape from hell and fly to heaven; The day of grace and mortals may secure the blessings of the day.
1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveler.

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

**WHITELAND. L. M.**

Larghetto.

1. Great God to thee my evening song With humble gratitude I raise; Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue And fill my heart with lively praise.

2. My days unclouded as they pass, And every gently rolling hour, Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and power.

**WILBRAHAM. L. M.**

With Energy, but not too quick.

1. 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.

2. He feeds and clothes us all the way; He guides our footsteps, lest we stray; He guards us with a powerful hand, And brings us to the heavenly land.
1. Dear is the spot where Christians sleep, And sweet the strains their spirits pour; Oh, why should we in anguish weep?—They are not lost, but gone before.

2. Secure from every mortal care, By sin and sorrow vexed no more, Eternal happiness they share Who are not lost, but gone before.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

Moderato.

1. My soul, thy great Creator praise; When clothed in his celestial rays, He in full majesty appears, And like a robe his glory wears.

2. How strange thy works, how great thy skill, While every land thy riches fill; Thy wisdom round the world we see, This spacious earth is full of thee.

WOODWELL. L. M.

In Choral Style.

1. Now be my heart inspir’d to sing The glories of my Saviour King; He comes with blessings from above, And wins the nations to his love.

2. Thy throne, O God, forever stands; Grace is the sceptre in thy hands; Thy laws and works are just and right, But truth and mercy thy delight.
WORTH. L. M. (6 Lines), 1st P. M.

1. {O love divine, what hast thou done! The Lord of Life hath died for me!} {The Father's co-herent Son bore all my sins upon the tree:} Th'incarnate God for me hath died; The Lord, my Love, was cru-ci-fied.

2. {Sinners, behold, as ye pass by, The bleeding Prince of life and peace,} {Come, sinners, see your Saviour die, And say, was ev'ry grief like his!} Come, feel with me his blood applied; The Lord, my Love, was cru-ci-fied.

WOODWORTH. L. M. 1st P. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh, When his own children fall around, When tender friends and kindred die.

2. Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought Should with our mourning passions blend, Nor should our bleeding hearts forget Th'almighty, ever-living Friend.

YOAKLEY. L. M. (6 Lines).

1. {Thou art the ev-er-last-ing Son, O Christ! and high upon thy throne,} {Thou art at the right hand of God, And hast redeemed us by thy blood;} And heaven and earth are full of thee, The glory of thy Ma-jes-ty!

2. {When all the sharpness of our death Was overcome by thy last breath,} {Then didst thou open wide heaven's door To all believers ev'er-more;} O Lamb of God! and thou wilt come, To be our Judge, and take us home.
ZEPHON. L. M.

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

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course; But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross, And sung the triumph when he rose, And sung the triumph when he rose.

ZUMA. L. M.

Moderato.

1. At anchor laid, remote from home, Toiling, I cry, "Sweet spirit, come! Celestial breeze, no longer stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2. Fain would I mount, fain would I glow, And loose my cable from below; But I can only spread my sail, "Tis thou must breathe th'auspicious gale."
1. Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as down-y pillows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

2. Soft be the gently breathing notes That sing the Saviour's dying love; Soft as the evening zephyr floats, And soft as tuneful lyres above.

1. Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King; Let age to age thy righteousness In sounds of glory sing.

2. God reigns on high; but ne'er confines His goodness to the skies; Through the whole earth his bounty shines, And every want supplies.

1. No change of time shall ever shock My trust, O Lord, in thee; For thou hast always been my rock, A sure defense to me.

2. Thou, my deliverer art, O God; My trust is in thy power: Thou art my shield from foes abroad, My safeguard and my tower.
ALDEN. C. M.

1. Un-shak-en as the sa-cred hill, And firm as moun-tains stand, Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, That trust th’al-might-y hand.

2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well, Fair Sa-lem’s hap-py ground, As those e-ter-nal arms of love, That eve-ry saint surround.

ALEXANDER. C. M.

1. O why should gloomy thoughts a-rise, And dark-ness fill the mind? Why should that bosom heave with sighs, And yet no re-fuge find?

2. Hast thou not heard of Gilead’s balm,—The great Phy-si-cian there, Who can thine ev’ry fear dis-arm, And save thee from de-spair?

ALENA. C. M.

1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spired; Loud and more loud the anthems raise, With grate-ful ar-dor fired.

2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose goodness, passing thought, Loads eve-ry mo-ment, as it flies, With ben-e-fits un-sought.
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 revealed, His praises tuned my tongue; And when the evening shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

ALPHEUS. C. M.

FROM MAY EBBERWEIN, BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Come to the ark, come to the ark: To Jesus come away; The pestilence walks forth by night, The arrow flies by day.

2. Come to the ark; the waters rise, The seas their billows rear; While darkness gathers o'er the skies, Behold a refuge near!

ANTHON. C. M.

1. Go where I may, from home remote, The Lord is ever near; No secret thought but he can note, No word but he can hear,

2. When all around are lost in sleep, His presence still I find, To me he ever walks the deep, Or speaketh in the wind.
ANTIOCH.  C. M.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;
Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;

And heaven and nature sing.

ARCADIA.  C. M.

In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to Thine abode; The' helpers fall, and foes prevail, I'll put my trust in God, I'll put my trust in God.
APHEKA. C. M. Double.

1. To our Redeemer's glorious name Awake the sacred song; Oh, may his love—immortal flame!—Tune every heart and tongue.

2. Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay Our humble thanks to thee, May every heart with rapture say, "The Saviour died for me."

His love, what mortal thought can reach! What mortal tongue display! Imagination's utmost stretch In wonder dies away. In wonder dies away.

Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill every heart and tongue! Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sacred song.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

1. When grief and anguish press me down, And hope and comfort flee, I cling, O Father, to thy throne, And stay my heart on thee.

2. When death invades my peaceful home, The sundered ties shall be A closer bond, in time to come, To bind my heart to thee.
ARCHDALE. C. M.

When God revealed his gracious name, And changed my mournful state, My rapture seemed a pleasing dream, The grace appeared so great.

The world beheld the glorious change, And did thy hand confess; My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung surprising grace.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

1. O, all ye lands, rejoice in God! Sing praises to his name; Let all the earth with one accord, His wondrous acts proclaim.

2. And let his faithful servants tell How, by redeeming love, Their souls are saved from death and hell, To share the joys above.
AVENIA. C. M.

1. The answering hills of Palestine Send back the glad reply; And greet, from all their holy heights, The daypring from on high.

2. O'er the blue depths of Galilee There comes a holier calm, And Sharon waves, in solemn praise, Her silent groves of palm.

AVON. C. M.

SCOTTISH TUNE.

1. O Thou, whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh; Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye.

2. See, Lord, before thy throne of grace, A wretched wanderer mourn: Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said — "Return!"

AXEL. C. M.

WILLIAM MASON.

1. Come, O my soul, with all thy care, And cast it on thy God; He knows thy weakness and thy fear, And will sustain the load.

2. His gracious word invites thee nigh, With all thy weighty grief; He will attend thy mournful cry, And send thee sure relief.
AZMON. C. M.
ARR. FROM GLASER, BY DR. L. MASON.

1. Come, let us lift our joyful eyes Up to the courts above, And smile to see our Father there, Up on a throne of love.

2. Come, let us bow before his feet, And venture near the Lord: No fiery cherubs guard his seat, Nor double flaming sword.

BARTOW. C. M.

1. Jerusalem! my happy home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my labors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?

2. Oh, when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend. Where evermore the angels sing, Where Sabbaths have no end.

BEMERTON. C. M.

Lord, let me know my term of days, How soon my life will end; The numerous train of ills disclose, Which this frail state attend.
1. When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in every gale,

How sweet the vernal day! Hark! how the feathered warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Spring blooming in my heart. Inspired to praise, I then shall join Glad nature's cheerful song;

Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice, And woods and fields rejoice.

And love and gratitude divine Attune my joyful tongue, Attune my joyful tongue.
BADEN.  C. M.

1. Now let me make the Lord my trust, And practice all that's good: So shall I dwell among the just, And he'll provide me food, Solo.

2. Mine innocence shalt thou display, And make thy judgments known, Fair as the light of dawning day, And glorious as the noon; solo.

BRECK.  C. M.

Chorus.

1. What glory gilds the sacred page, Majestie, like the sun?
With energy.

2. The pow'rf that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat:
Unison.

It gives a light to every age, It gives a light to every age; It give, but borrows none, It gives, but borrows none.
Dolce.

Its truths upon the nations rise, Its truths upon the nations rise, They rise, but never set, They rise, but never set.
BALERMA. C. M.

1. Oh! happy is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.

2. For she hath treasures greater far Than east and west unfold; And her rewards more precious are Than all their stores of gold.

BAYTON. C. M.

1. Dear Jesus, ever at my side, How loving must thou be To leave thy home in heaven to guard A little child like me.

2. I cannot feel thee touch my hand, With pressure light and mild, To check me as my mother did, When I was but a child.

BARBY. C. M.

1. O God, my heart is fully bent To magnify thy name; My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise, Shall celebrate thy fame.

2. Awake, my lute, nor thou, my harp, Thy warbling notes delay; While I, with early hymns of joy, Prevent the dawning day.
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, Mine ears attend the cry! Ye living men, come, view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.

1. Oh render thanks, and bless the Lord, Invoke his sacred name; Acquaint the nations with his deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim, His matchless deeds proclaim.

2. Sing to his praise in lofty hymns, His wondrous works rehearse; Make them the theme of your discourse, The subject of your verse. The subject of your verse.

1. 'Twas in the watch-ers of the night, I thought upon thy power; I kept thy lovely face in sight, Amid the darkest hour.

2. While I lay resting on my bed, My soul arose on high; My God, my life, my hope, I said, Bring thy salvation nigh.
BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M. ARRANGED FROM Vogler, BY S. HILL.

Larghetto.

1. Happy is he who fears the Lord, And follows his commands; Who lends the poor without reward, Or gives with liberal hands.

2. As pity dwells within his breast To all the sons of need, So God shall answer his request With blessings on his seed.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double. ARR. FROM PLEYEL.

Andante Cantabile.

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power! Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be filled.

2. In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see! Each blessing to my soul most dear, Because conferred by thee.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, That mercy I adore.

In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.
1. Behold thy waiting servant, Lord, devoted to thy fear; Remember and confirm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

2. Hast thou not sent salvation down, And promised quickening grace? Doth not my heart address thy throne? And yet thy love delays.

BUTLER. C. M. Double.

1. Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Behold a royal feast! Where mercy spreads her bounteous store For every humble guest. See, Jesus stands with open arms; He calls, he bids you come; Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms; But see, there yet is room.

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. I love to steal a while away From every cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day, In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love, in solitude to shed The penitential tear; And all his promises to plead, Where none but God can hear.
BYRD. C. M. Double.

1. Father of mercies! God of love! My Father and my God! And spread thy praise abroad.
   I'll sing the honors of thy name, In every period of my life Thy thought of love appear;
   Thy mercies gild each transient scene, And crown each passing year.

BURLINGTON. C. M.

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly fall before his feet, For none can perish there.

CADDY. C. M.

1. My soul, how lovely is the place To which thy God ressorts! 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face, Though in his earthly courts.

2. There the great monarch of the skies His saving power displays; And light breaks in upon our eyes, With kind and quickening eyes.
CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

1. Sing to the Lord a new-made song, Who wondrous deeds hath done; With his right hand and holy arm, The conquest he hath

CHRISTMAS. C. M. Double.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; An angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.

Saviour's born today, A Saviour's born today.

not as monarchs do, But not as monarchs do.

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

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

The heavenly Babe you there shall find, To human view displayed, All meanly wrapped in swathing bands: And in a manger laid."

OLD ENGLISH CAROL.
1. My God, the steps of pious men Are ordered by thy will; Tho' they should fall, they rise again, Thy hand supports them still.

2. The Lord delights to see their ways, Their virtues he approves; He'll never deprive them of his grace, Nor leave the men he loves.

Canterbury. C. M.

The Lord is only my support, And he that doth me feed; How can I then lack anything, Whereof I stand in need.

Christmas. C. M.

1. Shepherds, rejoice! Lift up your eyes, And send your fears away; News from the regions of the skies—A Saviour's born to-day, A Saviour's born to-day.

2. Jesus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you; To-day he makes his entrance here, But not as monarchs do, But not as monarchs do.
CHIMES. C. M.

1. With joy we hail the sacred day, Which God has call’d his own; With joy the summons we obey, To worship at his throne.

2. Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair! Where willing votaries throng To breathe the humble, fervent prayer, And pour the choral song.

CHINA. C. M.

1. Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death’s alarms? ’Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not treading upward, too, As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the hours more slow To keep us from our love.

CLARKESVILLE. C. M.

1. Blest are the unfiled in heart, Whose ways are right and clean; Who never from thy law depart, But fly from every sin.

2. Blest are the men that keep thy word, And practice thy commands; With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord, And serve thee with their hands.
CLIFFORD.  C. M.

1. Sing to the Lord in joyful strains, Let earth his praise resound; Let all the cheerful nations join—

2. Till, midst the strains of distant lands, The islands sound his praise; And all, combined, with one accord—

join—Let all the cheerful nations join To spread his glories round—To spread his glories round.

cord—And all combined with one accord, Jehovah's glories raise—Jehovah's glories raise.

CLARENDON.  C. M.  ISAAC TUCKER.

1. What shall I render 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, My offering shall be paid; There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in anguish made.
CORINTH. C. M.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way, From every cumb'ring care; And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore; And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I adore.

COVINGTON. C. M.

1. Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray: Dis-pels the darkness of the night, And pours increasing day.

2. Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt a sinful world in gloom; Oh! what a Sun, which broke, this day, Triumphant from the tomb.

COVENTRY. C. M.

1. Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er invades.

2. There, joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray, In ever blooming prospect rise, Exposed to no decay.
WILLIAMS.

1. Oh, 'twas a joy-ful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout-ly say, "Up, Israel, to the tem-ple haste, And keep your fes-tal day!"

2. At Sa-lem's courts we must ap-pear, With our as-sem-bled powers, In strong and beauteous or-der ranged, Like her uni-ted towers.

CONWAY. C. M.

1. Come, let us lift our joy-ful eyes Up to the courts a-bove, And smile to see our Father there, And smile to see our Father there Upon a throne of love.

2. Come, let us bow before his feet, And venture near the Lord: No fier-y cherubs guard his seat, No fiery cherubs guard his seat, Nor double-flaming sword.

CORBET. C. M.

1. The Lord is King, His praise I'll sing; My heart is all his own; My high-est powers, My choic-est hours, I yield to him a-lone.

2. My voice a-wake, Thy part to take, My soul, the con-cert join; Till all a-round, In heart and sound, U-nite their hymns with mine.
CROYDON. C. M.

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear, And

2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.

And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name Let angels prostrate fall;

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call;

Bring forth the royal diadem And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

Exalt the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown him Lord of all; Exalt the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone And all the world go free! No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.

COWPER. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain, filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way.

DENFIELD. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM GLAZER.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high; To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;

2. Up to the hills, where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.
1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights! 2. In darkest shades, if thou appear,

3. The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, While Je-sus shows his mercy mine, And whispers, I am his! 4. My soul would leave this heavy clay

My dawning is begun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my rising sun, And thou my rising sun.

At that transporting word, And run with joy the shining way, To meet my dearest Lord, And run with joy the shining way, To meet my dearest Lord.
1. Thou art the Way, to thee alone From sin and death we flee: And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord! in thee.

2. Thou art the Truth, thy word alone True wisdom can impart; Thou only can instruct the mind, And purify the heart.

**DOWNS. C. M.**

1. Thou art my portion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste to obey thy word, And suffers no delay.

1. I choose the path of heavenly truth, And glory in my choice; Not all the riches of the earth, Could make me so rejoice.

**DUNFERMLINE. C. M.**

1. Thro' sorrow's night, and danger's path, Amid the deepening gloom, We, followers of our suffering Lord, Are marching to the tomb.

2. There, when the turmoil is no more, And all our powers decay, Our cold remains in solitude Shall sleep the years away.
DEVIZES. C. M.

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

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be exalted thus!" "Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply, "For he was slain for us, For he was slain for us."

DOUGLASS. C. M.

1. To thee, my righteous King and Lord, My grateful soul I'll raise; From day to day thy works record, And ever sing thy praise

2. Throughout all ages shall endure, Thine everlasting reign; Thine high dominion, firm and sure, Forever shall remain.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

1. How still and peaceful is the grave, Where life's vain tumults past, Th'appointed house, by heaven's decree, Receives us all at last.

2. The wicked there from troubling cease, Their passions rage no more; And there the weary pilgrim rests From all the toils he bore.
1. Father of mercies, in thy word What endless glory shines! For ever be thy name adored For these celestial lines.

2. Here my Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.

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DUNDEE. C. M. (Called also FRENCH). SCOTCH PSALTER.

1. Is there ambition in my heart? Search, gracious God, and see; Or do I act a haughty part? Lord, I appeal to thee.

2. Whate'er thine all-discerning eye Sees for thy creature fit, I'll bless the good, and to the ill Contentedly submit.

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ELIM. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.

2. Of his deliverance I will boast, Till all that are distressed, From my example comfort take And charm their griefs to rest.
ELLEYER.  C. M.

1. My shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Beside the living stream.

2. He brings my wand’ring spirit back When I forsake his ways, And leads me for his mercy sake, In paths of truth and grace.

ELIZABETHTOWN.  C. M.

1. O! 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 first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word?

ELON.  C. M.

1. 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.

2. And let them say—how dreadful, Lord, In all thy works art thou! To thy great power thy stub-born foes Shall all be forced to bow.
EDGETON. C. M.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known: The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim, And bow before his throne, And bow before his throne.

2. When in his earthly courts we view The glories of our King, We long to love as angels do, And wish like them to sing, And wish like them to sing.

EDMESTON. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY, FROM THE TIMBEL.

With Gentleness and Precision.

When the worn spirit wants repose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening close, That ends the weary week, That ends the weary week.

EVAH. No. 1. C. M.

HAVERGAL, ORIGINAL FORM.*

1. In mercy, Lord, remember me, Thro' all the hours of night, And grant to me most graciously The safeguard of thy might.

2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not remove; Oh, in the morning let me rise, Rejoicing in thy love.

*See this tune in different time, page 173. Another popular form is 2-4 time, with half notes for first and last notes of each line of hymn.
ENFIELD. C. M. Double.

1. Now shall my inward joys arise, And burst into a song; Almighty love inspires my heart, And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2. God on his thirsty Sion hill Some mercy drops has thrown, And solemn oaths have bound his love, To shower salvation down.

3. Why do we then indulge our fears, Suspicious and complaints? Is He a God, and shall His grace Grow weary of his saints?

4. Can a kind woman e'er forget The infant of her womb, And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts, Her suckling have no room.

EVAN. C. M. No. 2.

1. In mercy, Lord, remember me, Through all the hours of night; And grant to me most graciously, The safeguard of thy might.

2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not remove, Oh, in the morning let me rise, rejoicing in thy love!
EXNOR. C. M. Double.

1. Come, 0 ye saints, your voices raise To God, in grateful songs; And let the memory of his grace Inspire your hearts and tongues.

3. To thee, my God, oppressed with grief, I breathed my humble cry, Thy mercy brought divine relief, And wiped my weeping eye.

2. Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads, And light and hope depart, His face celestial morning sheds, And joy revives the heart.

4. Thy mercy chased the shades of death, And snatched me from the grave: Oh may thy praise employ that breath, Which mercy deigns to save, Which mercy deigns to save.

FAIRPORT. C. M.

1. Come, 0 thou King of all thy saints, Our humble tribute own, While with our praises and complaints, We bow before thy throne, We bow before thy throne.

2. How should our songs, like those above, With warm devotion rise! How should our souls, on wings of love, Mount upward to the skies, Mount upward to the skies.
1. Soon as I heard my Father say, "Ye children, seek my grace," My heart replied without delay,  

3. Should friends and kindred, near and dear, Leave me to want and die; My God will make my life his care,  

FARNHAM. C. M. Double.

"I'll seek my Father's face. I'll seek my Father's face."  

1. Dear refuge of my weary soul, On thee, when waves of trouble roll, My  

3. Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? And shall I seek in vain?  

Dr. Lowell Mason.

And all my need supply; And all my need supply.  

...
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!

2. Oh send thy Spirit down, to write Thy law upon my heart; Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.

FIELD. C. M.

Allegro Maestoso.

1. To God, our strength, your voice aloud, In strains of glory raise; The great Jehovah, Jacob's God, Exalt in notes of praise, Exalt in notes of praise.

2. Now let the gospel trumpet blow On each appointed feast, And teach his waiting church to know The Sabbath's sacred rest, The Sabbath's sacred rest.

FLEMMING. C. M.

Allegretto.

1. To God, our strength, your voice aloud, In strains of glory raise; The great Jehovah, Jacob's God, Exalt in notes of praise, Exalt in notes of praise.

2. Now let the gospel trumpet blow On each appointed feast, And teach his waiting church to know The Sabbath's sacred rest, The Sabbath's sacred rest.
FRANKLIN. C. M.

1. I love the Lord, he heard my cries And pitied every groan: Long as I live, when troubles rise,

2. I love the Lord, he bowed his ear, And chased my grief away: O, let my heart no more despair,

GENEVA. C. M. JOHN COLE.

I'll hasten to his throne, I'll hasten to his throne.

When all thy mercies, 0 my God,

While I have breath to pray While I have breath to pray.

When all thy mercies, 0 my God,

My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

When all thy mercies, 0 my God,

My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

When all thy mercies, 0 my God,
GEER. C. M.

1. To Thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord, A grateful song I'll raise; Oh let the humblest of thy flock Attempt to speak thy praise.

2. My life, my joy, my hope, I owe To thine amazing love; Ten thousand thousand comforts here, And nobler bliss above.

GIVE. C. M.

Bold, and not to slow.

1. Come, let us join our souls to God In ever-lasting bands, And seize the blessings he bestows With eager hearts and hands.

2. Come, let us to his temple haste, And seek his favor there; Before his foot-stool humbly bow, And offer fervent prayer.

GRAFTON. C. M.

1. How oft, alas! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord; How oft my roving thoughts depart, Forgetful of his word.

2. Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return," Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile ingratitude I mourn; Oh, take the wanderer home.
Great God, attend my humble call, Nor hear my cries in vain; Oh let thy grace prevent my fall, And still my hope sustain.

1. Jesus! immortal King, arise! Assert thy rightful sway, Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings, And distant lands obey.

2. Ride forth, victorious Conq'ror, ride, Till all thy foes submit, And all the powers of hell resign Their trophies at thy feet.

1. Loud roars the wind, and wild the tide, The ship her course delayed; When to their help he came, who cried, "'Tis I; be not afraid!"

2. Who walks the waves in wondrous guise, By nature's laws unstained? A well-known voice in love replies, "'Tis I, be not afraid!"
GLEN. C. M. Double.

1. Oh, where is he that trod the sea? Oh, where is he that spake, And lep-ers from their pains are free, And slaves their fet-ters break? And on the darkened, blinded eyes, Glad beams of morning spring.

2. Oh, where is he that trod the sea? Oh, where is he that spake, And de-mons from their vic-tims flee, The dead from slumber wake? And let thy heal-ing, quickening word, Our ru-ined souls re-store.

HADLEIGH. C. M.

The lame and pal-sied free-ly rise, With joy the dumb do sing;

1. Ear-ly my God, with-out de-lay,

Here, here art thou, al-mighty Lord! Oh, speak to us once more,

2. So, pil-grims on the scorch-ing sand,

I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spir-it faints a-way, Without thy cheer-ing grace, With-out thy cheer-ing grace.

De-neath a burn-ing sky, Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, And they must drink, or die, And they must drink or die.
1. With reverence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands with reverence hear, And tremble at his word, And tremble at his word.

2. Great God! how high thy glories rise! How bright thine armies shine! Where is the power that with thee vies, Or truth compared to thine, Or truth compared to thine.

HARDY. C. M. 36th P. M.

1. Dear Refuge of my weary soul, On thee when sorrows rise, On thee when waves of trouble roll, On thee when waves of trouble roll, My fainting hope relies.

2. To thee I tell each rising grief, For thou alone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet relief, Thy word can bring a sweet relief For every pain I feel.
1. I love to steal awhile away From every cumbr'ing care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer, In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in soli-tude to shed The pen-i-tent-tial tear, And all his prom-is-es to plead Where none but God can hear, Where none but God can hear.

HALE. C. M.

1. Oh, hap-py is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who ce-les-tial wis-dom makes His ear-ly, on-ly choice.

2. For she hath treasures greater far Than east and west un-fold; And her re-wards more pre-cious are Than all their stores of gold.

HERMON. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, praise the Lord, for he is good; In him we rest ob-tain: His mer-cy has through ages stood, And ev-er shall re-main.

2. Let all the peo-ple of the Lord His praises spread a-round; Let them his grace and love re-cord, Who have sal-va-tion found.
1. Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, Bridal of earth and sky; The dew shall weep thy fall to-night, For thou, alas! must die, For thou, alas! must die.

2. Sweet rose! In air whose odors wave, And col-or charms the eye; Thy root is even in the ground, And thou, alas! must die, And thou, alas! must die.

HENRY. C. M.

With energy.

1. Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal power! The sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests cease to roar.

2. Thy morning light and evening shade Successive efforts bring; Thy plentiful fruits make harvest glad; Thy flowers adorn the spring.

HEATH. C. M.

1. The Lord himself, the mighty Lord! Vouchsafes to be my guide; The Shepherd, by whose constant care My wants are all supplied.

2. In tender grass he makes me feed, And gently there repose; Then leads me to cool shades, and where Refreshing water flows.
1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known, The sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow before the throne.

2. Behold your King, your Saviour crowned With glories all divine; And tell the wondering nations round, How bright these glories shine.

HOLBEIN. C. M.

1. O God of hosts, the mighty Lord, How lovely is the place, Where, in thy glory, we behold The brightness of thy face!

2. My longing soul faints with desire To view thy blest abode; My panting heart and flesh cry out For thee, the living God.

HOLLAND. L. M.

1. O gift of gifts! O Grace of faith! My God, how can it be That thou, who hast discerning love, Shouldst give that gift to me!

2. How many hearts thou might'st have had More innocent than mine! How many souls more worthy far Of that pure touch of thine!
HOLTHAM. C. M.

1. He who on earth as man was known, And bore our sins and pains, Now, seated on the eternal throne, The God of glory reigns.

2. His hands the wheels of nature guide With an unerring skill, And countless worlds, extended wide, Obey his sovereign will.

HOWARD. C. M. MRS. CUTHBERT.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own: Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

2. Today he rose, and left the dead, And Satan’s empire fell; Today the saints his triumph spread, And all his wonders tell.

INEVEH. C. M.

1. Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but thee, And whom on earth beside? Where else for succor can we flee, Or in whose strength confide?

2. Thou art my portion here below, Our promised bliss above; Ne’er may our souls an object know So precious as thy love.
1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight When those that love the Lord, In one another's peace delight, And thus fulfill his word.

2. When, free from envy, scorn and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love.

3. Each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart, And joy from heart to heart.

4. Love, in one delightful stream Thro' every bosom flows; And union sweet, and dear esteem, In every action glows, In every action glows.

HUMMEL. C. M.

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 employment: But still his saints are near his throne, His treasure and his joy.
JASPER.  C. M. Double.

1. There is a city fair and bright, That eye hath never seen, Where ever dwell-eth pure delight, And heavenly peace serene.

2. High walls of precious gems and gold Secure from every ill.... Unheard of bliss and joys untold Within its borders dwell:

3. Where ev - er dwell - eth pure delight, And heavenly peace serene.

4. Nor sun by day, nor moon by night, This heavenly city needs.... But glory sheds a crystal light That never wanes nor fades.

JORDAN.  C. M. Double.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In - finite day excludes the night, [Oarr.............] And pleasures banish pain. 2. There ever-last-ing spring abides, And nev-er-failing flowers; This heavenly land from ours.

Death, like a narrow sea, divides
KEOKUK. C. M.

1. Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears, Be mercy all your theme; Mercy, which like a river, flows in one perpetual stream.

2. Fear not the powers of earth and hell, Those powers will God restrain; His arm shall all their rage repel, And make their efforts vain.

KENDALL. C. M.

1. Father, how wide thy glory shines!

2. Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,

How high thy wonders rise! Known through the earth by thousand signs, By thousands through the skies.

Their motions speak thy skill; And on the wings of every hour We read thy patience still.
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!

2. Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write Thy law upon my heart; Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.

LA MIRA. C. M.  
W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill his word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part! When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

LEAF. C. M.  
ARR. BY W. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is an hour of hallowed peace, For those with cares oppressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest, And all be hushed to rest.

2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts, which here annoy; Then they, who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap again in joy, Shall reap again in joy.
LANSING.  C. M. Double.

1. {How did my heart re-joice to hear My friends de-vout-ly say: }
2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, adorned with grace,

3. 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. 

4. He hears our pra-ises and complaints, And, while his aw-ful voice

LANESBORO. C. M. ENGLISH.

Stands like a pal-ace, built for God, To show his mild-er face.

1. Early, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face;

2. So pilgrims on the burn-ing sand, Be-neath a burn-ing sky.

My thir-ty spir-it faints a-way, My thir-ty spir-it faints a-way, With-out thy cheer-ing grace.

Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.
LEMNOS.  C. M.

1. Oh, all ye lands, in God re-joice, To him your thanks belong; To him your thanks belong; In strains of glad-ness, raise your

2. Oh, en-ter ye his courts with praise, His love to all proclaim; His love to all pro-claim; To God the song of tri-umph

LINDENVILLE.  C. M.

1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
raise, And mag-ni-fy his name, And mag-ni-fy his name, And mag-ni-fy his name.

2. See the fair way his hand hath made,
Your great De-liverer sing: Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.

How peaceful and how plain! The sim-plest trav-\l'er need not err, Nor seek the path in vain, Nor seek the path in vain.
LITCHFIELD. C. M.

1. Ye youth-ful hearts, with vigor warm, In smiling crowds draw near; And turn from ev'-ry mor-tal charm, A Sai-vour's voice to hear.

2. 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.

LONDON. C. M.

scotch salter, 1635.

1. Let eve-ry tongue thy good-ness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all; Thy power-ful hands up-hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.

2. With long-ing eyes thy crea-tures wait On thee for dai-ly food; Thy lib-eral hand pro-vides their meat, And fills their mouth with good.

LYNN. C. M.

ch. zeuner.

1. E-ter-nal wisdom, thee we praise, Thee all thy creatures sing; While with thy name rocks, hills, and seas, And heaven's high palace rings, And heaven's &c.

2. Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky! How glorious to behold! Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye, And starred with sparkling gold, And starred with sparkling gold.
MAJESTY.  C. M. Double.

The Lord descended from above, And bowed the heav'ns most high; And underneath his feet he cast

The darkness of the sky.  Full roy - al - ly he rode:

The darkness of the sky.  On cher - u - bs, and on cher - u - bim, Full roy - al - ly he rode:

And on the wings of mighty winds, Came fly - ing all a - broad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came fly - ing all a - broad.
MANOAH. C. M.

FROM ROSSINI.

Oh, gracious God, in whom I live, My feeble efforts aid; Help me to watch, and pray and strive, Though trembling and afraid.

Oh, gracious God, in whom I live, My feeble efforts aid; Help me to watch, and pray and strive, Though trembling and afraid.

MASON'S CHANT. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing, My dear Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name.

MELODY. C. M.

1. Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise; Thee the creation sings: With thy loved name, rocks, hills and seas, And heaven's high palace rings.

2. Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky! How glorious to behold! Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye, And starred with sparkling gold.
MARTYRS. C. M.

1. Thee we adore, Eternal Name! And humbly own to thee How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we!

2. The year rolls round and steals away The breath that first it gave; Whate'er we do, wher' e'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.

MARLOW. C. M.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of every tongue; His new discovered grace demands A new and noble song.

2. Say to the nations—Jesus reigns, God's own almighty son His power the sinking world sustains, And grace surrounds his throne.
1. Oh, 'twas a joyful sound to hear Our tribes devoutly say: "Up, Israel, to the temple haste, And keep your festal day."

2. At Salem's courts we must appear, With our assembled powers, In strong and beauteous order ranged, Like her united towers.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

Wm. Mather.

1. Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor Behold a royal feast! Where mercy spreads her bounteous store, For every humble guest.

2. There Jesus stands with open arms, He calls, he bids you come; Tho' guilt restrains, and fear alarms, Behold there yet is room.

MERTON. C. M.

H. K. Oliver.

1. Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your feeble light; Farewell, thou ever changing moon, Pale mistress of the night.

2. And thou, regent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed, My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.
MOUNT NEBO. C. M.

Solemn.

1. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame; I would survey life’s narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

2. Now I forbid my carnal hope, My fond desires recall; I give my mortal interest up, And make my Lord my all.

MOREH. C. M. Double.

DR. LOWELL MASON

Steady and equal time.

1. We love thy holy temple, Lord, For there thou deignst to dwell; And there the heralds of thy word Of all thy mercies tell.

2. There in thy pure and cleansing fount, Washed from each guilty stain, Our souls on wings of faith shall mount, To heaven’s eternal fame.

3. Around thine altar will we kneel In penitence sincere, A Saviour’s mercy deeply feel, And words of pardon hear.

4. Or, mingling with the choral throng, Our joyful voices raise, And pour the full, melodious song, In notes of grateful praise.
1. Searcher of hearts, from mine erase all thoughts that should not be; And in its deep recesses trace, And in its deep recesses trace My gratitude to thee.

2. Hearer of prayer! O guide a-right Each word and deed of mine; Life's battle teach me how to fight, Life's battle teach me how to fight, And be the vict'ry thine.

NAOMI. C. M.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will denieth, Accepted at the throne of grace, Let this petition rise.

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free, The blessings of thy grace impart, And let me live to thee.

NARO. C. M.

1. Happy the home, when God is there, And love fills every breast; Where one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heavenly rest.

2. Happy the home, where Jesus' name is sweet to every ear; Where children early lisp his fame, And parents hold him dear.

3. Happy the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise; Where parents love his sacred word, And live but for the skiles.
NAWN. C. M.

1. O happy land! O happy land! Where saints and angels dwell; We long to join that glorious band, And all their anthems swell.

2. But every voice in yon-der throng On earth has breathed a prayer; No lips untaught may join that song, Or learn the mu-sic there.

NEW PATMOS. C. M.  

Sing to the Lord, ye dis-tant lands, Ye tribes of eve-ry tongue; His new dis-co-ver-ed grace de-mands A new and no-bler song.

NEW YORK TUNE.

1. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls con-fess; Thy goodness we a-dore: A spring, whose blessings never fail; A sea with-out a shore.

2. Sun, moon, and stars, thy love at-test In eve-ry gold-en ray; Love draws the curtains of the night, And love brings back the day.
NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

1. From the third heaven where God resides, That holy happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down, adorned with shining grace.

2. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
   With shining grace, The new Jerusalem comes down,
   Adorned with shining grace.

3. Your great Deliverer sing, Ye pilgrims now for Zion bound,
   Be joyful in your King, Be joyful in your King.

4. Through all the blissful road; Till to the sacred mount you rise,
   And see your gracious God, And see your gracious God.
1. My shepherd will supply my need; Jehovah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Beside the living stream.

2. He brings my wandering spirit back When I for sake his ways; And leads me, for his mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

1. Father of mercies, in thy word, What endless glory shines! Forever be thy name adored For these celestial lines.

2. Here my Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.

1. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess, Thy goodness we adore; A spring, whose blessings never fail— A sea without a shore.

2. Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare In every golden ray; Love draws the curtains of the night, And love brings back the day.
How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour delay?

How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour delay?

Fly, fly, swift as the wind, The wheel of time shall pass, And bring thee, Saviour, near, To worship thy dear face.

Fly, fly, swift as the wind, The wheel of time shall pass, And bring thee, Saviour, near, To worship thy dear face.

1. O for a closer walk with God, Where I was garments so white, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon, the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the blessedness I knew, Where I was garments so white, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word, Of Jesus and his word.
OCEAN. C. M. Double.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea, The sons of courage shall record,

Who tempt that dangerous way, At thy command the winds arise, And swell the towering waves,

The men, astonished, mount the skies, And sink in gaping graves.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea, The sons of courage shall record,

Who tempt that dangerous way. At thy command the winds arise, And swell the towering waves.

Who tempt that dangerous way.

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At thy command the winds arise, And swell the towering waves.

The men, astonished, mount the skies, And sink in gaping graves.
OAKSVILLE. C. M.

1. Eternal Spirit! God of truth! Our contrite hearts inspire; Kindle a flame of holy love—The pure, celestial fire.

2. 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing, With guilt and fear oppressed; 'Tis thine to bid the dying live, And give the weary rest.

OORAL. C. M.

1. How calm the evening falls around, Each breath of air is still; Save where are waft'd with gentle sound, The leaves on yonder hill.

2. The stars from out their tent of blue, Look down with quiet eyes, Till bursts, in splendor on the view, The empress of the skies.

OTTO. C. M.

1. I love to steal awhile, away, From every cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love, in solitude to shed, The penitential tear; And all his promises to plead, Where none but God can hear.
PALESTRINA. C. M.

1. No change of time shall ever shock My trust, O Lord, in thee; For thou hast always been my rock, A sure defence to me.

2. Thou our deliverer art, O God; Our trust is in thy power; Thou art our shield from foes abroad, Our safeguard and our tower.

PALMER. C. M.

1. Blest morning! whose young dawning rays Beheld our rising God! That saw him triumph o’er the dust, And leave his dark abode.

2. In the cold prison of a tomb The great Redeemer lay, Till the revolving skies had brought The third, th’appointed day.

PATMOS. C. M.

1. Oh, for an overcoming faith To cheer my dying hours! To triumph o’er the monster, Death, And all his frightful powers.

2. Joyful, with all the strength I have, My quivering lips should sing, Where is thy boasted victory, grave? And where the monster’s sting?
PARMEO. C. M. 36th P. M.

1. I waited patient for the Lord: He bowed to hear my cry; He saw me resting on his word, He saw me resting on his word, And brought salvation night.

2. He raised me from a horrid pit, Where, mourning, long I lay, And from my bonds released my feet, And from my bonds released my feet—Deep bonds of misery clay.

PEORIA. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His praises tuned my tongue; And when the evening shades prevailed, His love was all my song.
PETEUBORO. C. M.

1. Lord, at thy table I behold The wonders of thy grace; But most of all admire that I Should find a welcome place—

2. I, who am all defiled with sin, A rebel to my God! I, who have crucified thy Son, And trampled on his blood.

PHUVAH. C. M.

1. To him who loved the souls of men, And washed us in his blood, To royal honors raised our head, And made us priests to God;

2. To him let every tongue be praise, And every heart be love; All grateful honors paid on earth, And nobler songs above!

PRAYER. C. M.  T. J. COOK

1. Hear, gracious God, my humble moan, To thee I breathe my sighs; When will the mournful night be gone? When shall my joys arise?

2. Yet, tho' my soul in darkness mourns, Thy promise is my stay; Here would I rest till light returns—Thy presence makes my day.
1. Be - hold the west - ern even - ning light! It melts in deep - ning gloom; } De - scend - ing to the tomb.

2. The winds breathe low, the quiver - ing leaf Scarcely whis - pers from the tree: } When good men cease to be.

PINCKNEY. C. M.

1. 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.

2. I love the Lord, he bowed his ear, And chased my grief a - way: Oh let my heart no more de-spair, While I have breath to pray.

PRESTON. C. M.

1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm: Let thine out-stretched wing Be like the shade of E - lim's palm, Be - side her des - e rt spring.

2. Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet,— Calm in the clos - et's sol - i - tude, Calm in the bus - tling street.
RAYFORD.  C. M.  Double.

First time:  Second time:

1. My Saviour! my al-might-y Friend! When I be-gin thy praise, 2. Thou art my ev-er-last-ing trust; Where will the grow-ing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace? And since I knew thy gra-ces first,

My feet shall trav-el all the length Of the ce-les-tial road; And see my Fath-er, God. I'll plead thy per-fect right-eous-

And march, with courage in thy strength, To 2. Thy goodness I a-dore: speak thy glo-ries more. And march, with courage in thy strength, To

1. With joy we med-i-tate the grace Of our High Priest a-bove;

His heart is made of ten-der-ness, His heart is made of ten-der-ness, His bow-els melt with love.

He knows what sore temp-ta-tions mean, He knows what sore temp-ta-tions mean, For he has felt the same.

REO. C. M.  DR. LOWELL MASON.
1. Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice,

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

ROCKWELL. C. M.

The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice.

1. All hail, the great Immanuel's name, Let angels prostrate

And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind.

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar

fall Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all, And crown... him Lord of all.

call; Praise him who shed for you his blood And crown him Lord of all, And crown... him Lord of all.
RIVERBANK. C. M.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my labors have an end, In joy and peace, in thee?

2. O, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?

ROCHESTER. C. M.

1. God, my sup-port - er and my hope, My help for - ev - er near, Thine arm of mercy held me up, When sink - ing in de - spar.

2. Thy coun-sels, Lord, shall guide my feet Through this dark wil - der - ness; Thy hand con - duct me near thy seat, To dwell be - fore thy face.

ROCKVILLE. C. M.

Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of eve - ry tongue; His new dis - cov - ered grace demands A new and no - ble song.
1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
To Caanan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green,

3. Over all those wide extended plains, Shines one - ter - nal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns, And scatters night a-way.
No chilling winds, no poisonous breath, Can reach that healthful shore; Sickness and sorrow, pain and

ROXBURY. C. M.

And rivers of delight.
Oh render thanks and bless the Lord, Invoke his sacred name, Invoke his sacred name!

Are felt and feared no more.
Acquaint the nation with his deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim, His matchless deeds proclaim.
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ROGERS. C. M.

1. Yes, there are joys that can-not die, With God laid up in store! Treasures, beyond the chang-ing sky, More bright than gold-en ore.

2. To that bright world my soul aspires, With rap-tur-ous de-light; Oh for the Spirit's quickening powers, To speed me in my flight.

SHERBURNE. C. M.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, An an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a-round.

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And

glo-ry shone around, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And

shone around, And glo-ry shone around, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around,

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And
SAYBROOK. C. M. Double. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. To our Redeemer's glorious name, A-wake the sacred song! O may his love, immortal flame! Tune every heart and tongue.

2. His love, what mortal thought can reach? What mortal tongue display!

3. Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay Our humble thanks to thee, May every heart with rapture say, "The Saviour died for me."

4. Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill every heart and tongue.

SHENLEY. C. M. Double.

1. Oh 'twas a joyous sound to hear Our tribes devoutly say, "Up, Israel, to the temple haste, And keep your festal (omiss) day!"

2. At Salem's courts we must appear, With our assembled powers, In strong and beautiful order ranged, Like her united tow'rs.

3. Oh pray we then for Salem's peace, For they shall prosperous be, Thou holy city of our God, Who bear true love to (omiss) thee.

4. May peace within thy sacred walls A constant guest be found; With plenty and prosperity Thy palaces be crowned.
SIDDIM. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM HANDEL.

1. My God, my Father, blissful name! Oh, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet assurance claim A

2. This only can my fears control, And bid my sorrows fly: What harm can ever reach my soul, Be-

SWANWICK. C. M. LUCAS.

Coda.

portion so divine! Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,

neath my my Father's eye.

While here o'er earth we rove, Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kindling of thy love, The kindling of thy love.
Siloam. C. M.

I. The God of peace, who from the dead Brought up again our Lord, And, through the covenant in his blood, Our souls to peace restored.

2. Confirm our hearts, in each good work, To do his perfect will; That, made well pleasing in his sight, Our course with joy we fill.

Sparta. C. M.

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

2. One privilege my heart desires, Oh! grant we mine abode Among the churches of thy saints, The temples of my God.

Spring. C. M. Geo. Stowe

1. When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray; And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the vernal day.

2. How sweet the feathered warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the air of spring, And woods and fields rejoice.
1. My never-ceasing song shall show The mercies of the Lord; And make succeeding a-ges know How faith-ful is his word. Choral.

2. Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways Are sung by saints a-bove; And saints on earth their honors raise To thy un-chang-ing love.

STEARNs. C. M. Double. ARR. FROM GLUCK, BY DR. lowELL mASON.

1. And now an-oth-er week begins, This day we call the Lord's; Hark! how the an-gels sweet-ly sing, Their voi-ces fill the sky: This day he rose, who bore our sins, For so his word re-cords. 5

3. We'll catch the notes of loft-y praise, Their joys O may we feel: Our thank-ful songs with them we'll raise, And em-u-late their zeal.

4. Come, then, ye saints, and grateful sing Of Christ, our ris-en Lord, They hail their great vic-to-rious King, And wel-come him on high. They hail their great vic-to-rious King, And welcome him on high.

Of Christ, the ev-er-last-ing King, Of Christ, th'in-car-nate Word, Of Christ, the ev-er-last-ing King, Of Christ, th'incarnate Word.
1. O thou, to whom all creatures bow Within this earthly frame, Through all the word, how great art thou! How glorious is thy name!

2. When heaven thy beautiful work on high, Employs my wondering sight; The moon that nightly rules the sky, With stars of feebler light.

STEPHENS. C. M.

To our Almighty Maker, God, New honors be addressed; His great salvation shines abroad, And makes the nations blessed.

ST. JOHNS. C. M.

1. Now shall my solemn vows be paid To that almighty power, Who heard the long request I made, In my distressful hour.

2. My lips and cheerful heart prepare To make his mercies known; Come, ye who fear my God and hear The wonders he has done.
1. O all ye nations, praise the Lord, Each with a different tongue; In every language learn his word, And let his name be sung

2. His mercy reigns through every land—Proclaim his grace abroad: For ever firm his truth shall stand, Praise ye the faithful God.

**TAPPAN. C. M. 36th P. M.**

George Kingsley.

Behold the love, the generous love, That holy David shows; Behold his kind compassion move, Behold his kind compassion move, For his afflicted foes.

**TYRONE. C. M.**

Come, happy souls, approach your God, With new melodious songs; Come, render to almighty grace The tribute of your tongues.
1. Salvation! oh, the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound,

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we arise by grace divine,

TURNER. C. M.  
Spirited.

A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers,

To see a heavenly day, To see a heavenly day.

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours. Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.
UR. C. M. Double.

1. Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice.

2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed upon the wind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill th'immortal mind.

3. Eternal wisdom has prepared A soul reviving feast, And bids your long-ing appetites The rich provision taste.

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

WOODSTOCK C. M.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way, From every cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I adore.
VARINA. C. M. Double.  

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood; Stand d’ed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

4. But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea; And linger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch away.

WILMINGTON. C. M.  

1. See, Israel’s gentle Shepherd stands With engaging charms; Hark, how he calls the tender lambs, And folds them in his arms!

2. "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of angels came."
Oh praise the Lord with one consent, And magnify his name; Let all the servants of the Lord His mighty praise proclaim.

Oh praise the Lord with one consent, And magnify his name; Let all the servants of the Lord His mighty praise proclaim.

Let all the servants of the Lord His mighty praise proclaim.

Let all the servants of the Lord His mighty praise proclaim.

And to eternity prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise. Thy praise refineth my earthly bliss, And doubles all my joy.

Thy praise shall mingle with my tears, And lull each pain to rest, My life; with all its active powers, Shall spread thy praise abroad.
1. Ring on, ye bells, with joy-ful tale, Far o-ver lake and lea; Make glad my love-ly na-tive vale, As it was wont to be.

2. Sweet is your tune-ful, changeful play, As on the gale it swells, Or soft-ly floats and dies a-way, A-down the dis-tant dells.

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WETZEL. C. M. Double.

1. Those heav-enly songs, O sing them still, Those sweet and ho-ly songs, And let the psalms of Zi-on’s hill Be heard from joy-ful tongues.

2. Re-peat them oft, for many a saint Those ho-ly strains has sung; And hill and vale have echoed them From many a joy-ful tongue.

Sing them a-loud at break-ing day, The ris-ing morn to cheer, And sing when day-light fades a-way, And stars on high appear.

O sing them in this land of ours, Where pil-grim steps have roved, Ne’er cease to sing the psalms and hymns Our sainted fa-thers loved.
WARWICK. C. M.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high; To thee will I direct my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.

2. Thou art a God, before whose sight The wicked shall not stand; Sinners shall never be thy delight, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

WINTER. C. M.

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.

2. Oh send thy Spirit down, to write, Thy law upon my heart; Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.

WIRTH. C. M.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill his word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part! When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
WILLOW-DALE. C. M. Double.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er, The raging wind shall cease;
The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's eternal peace.

2. E'en now the distant rays appear, To chase the gloom of night;
The Sun of Righteousness is near, And terrors take their flight.

D. C. The Sun of Righteousness is near, And terrors take their flight.

WINDSOR. C. M.

FROM THE "SCOTCH PSALTER," 1615.

1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.

2. Beneath the shadow of thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.

WOODSIDE. C. M.

L. O. EMERSON

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that always feels thy blood So freely spilt for me.

1. A heart resigned, submissive, meek; My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
WOODLAND. C. M.

Lovers of pleasure more than God, For you he suffer'd pain; For you the Saviour spilt his blood, For you the Saviour spilt his blood; And shall he bled in vain?

XAVIER. C. M.

1. Ye earthly vanities depart; Forever hence remove; Jesus alone deserves my heart, And every thought of love.

2. His heart, where love and pity dwell In all their softest forms, Sustained the heavy load of guilt For lost, rebellious worms.

YORK. C. M.

1. Blest is the man who shuns the place Where sinners love to meet; Who fears to tread their wicked ways, And hates the scoffer's seat:

2. But in the statutes of the Lord Has placed his chief delight; By day he reads or hears the word, And meditates by night.

JOHN MILTON, FATHER OF THE POET.
1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is given: Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n, Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, Forevermore adored, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord.

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3. Thy glory beams in every star, Which gilds the gloom of night; And decks the smiling face of morn With rays of cheerful light.

4. The lofty hill, the humble lawn, With countless beauties shine; The silent grove, the awful shade, Proclaims thy power divine.

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1. Hail, great Creator, wise and good! To thee our songs we raise; Nature, thro' all her various scenes, Invites us to thy praise (omit.)

2. At morning, noon, and evening mild, Fresh wonders strike our view; And while we gaze, our hearts exult, With transports ever new...

(The second ending is for the fourth stanza.)

3. Thy glory beams in every star, Which gilds the gloom of night; And decks the smiling face of morn With rays of cheerful light.

4. The lofty hill, the humble lawn, With countless beauties shine; The silent grove, the awful shade, Proclaims thy power divine.
All hail, the great Immanuel's name! Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

We at his feet may fall; And join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

ZANESVILLE. C. M.

1. Again the Lord of life and light A-wakes the kindling ray; Dispels the darkness of the night, And pours increasing day.

2. Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt A sinful world in gloom! Oh! what a Sun, which broke this day, Triumphant from the tomb.
1. Our heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow, To thee all nations bow.

2. Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim full-fill
Thy perfect law above, Thy perfect law above.

AHAVA. S. M. Double.

1. How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3. How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4. How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
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.

2. Let those refuse to sing, Who never knew our God: But children of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.

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

4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

A. RISE, and bless the Lord, Ye people of his choice; A. RISE, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
1. How honored is the place, Where we adoring stand, Zion, the glory of the earth, And beauty of the land!

2. Bulwarks of grace defend The city where we dwell, While walls of strong salvation made, Defy th'assaults of hell.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

1. Ah, how shall fallen man Be just before his God! If he contend in righteousness, We fall beneath his rod.

2. If he our ways should mark, With strict, enquiring eyes, Could we for one of thousand faults A just excuse devise?

BADEA. S. M.

1. Oh! blessed souls are they, Whose sins are covered o'er; Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord imputes their guilt no more.

2. They mourn their follies past, And keep their hearts with care, Their lips and lives, without deceit, Shall prove their faith sincere.
BEALOTH. S. M. Double.

1. I love thy Kingdom, Lord, The house of thine abode, The church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

BREMEM. S. M. Double.

1. Still with thee, O my God, I would desire to be; By day, by night, at home, abroad, I would be still with thee: 2. With thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care; Each day returning to begin With thee, my God, in prayer.

3. With thee, amid the crowd That throngs the busy mart, To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud, Speak softly to my heart: 4. With thee, when day is done, And evening calms the mind: The setting as the rising sun With thee my heart would find.
BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. The pity of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel—He knows our feeble frame.

2. He knows we are but dust, Scattered with every breath; His anger, like an rising wind, Can send us swift to death.

BRADEN. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

The swift declining day, How fast its moments fly, While evening's broad and gloomy shade Gains on the western sky.

BRALTON. S. M.

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

2. From early dawning light Till evening shades arise, For thy salvation, Lord, I wait, With ever longing eyes.
1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing: Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.

2. He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own, And all the solid ground.

CRANBROOK. S. M. 

THOMAS CLARK.
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest, A-sleep with-in the tomb.

2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock-y shore, And we shall be where tem-pests cease, And sur-ges swell no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a-way.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that calm day; Oh, wash me in thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a-way.

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CLAPTON. S. M.

1. Thy name, Al-might-y Lord, Shall sound through dis-tant lands: Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth for-ev-er stands.

2. Far be thine hon-or spread, And long thy praise en-dure; Till morning light and eve-ning shade Shall be ex-changed no more.
The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields.

O cease! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And roam my soul no more.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
Dennis. S. M.

ARR. FROM H. G. NAGELI.

1. How gentle God’s commands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2. His bounty will provide! His saints securely dwell; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well.

Dover. S. M.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the churches his abode, His most delightful seat.

2. In Zion God is known, A refuge in distress; How bright has his salvation shone! How fair his heavenly grace!

Durer. S. M.

1. Our heavenly Father hear The prayer we offer now: Thy name be hallowed far and near; To thee all nations bow!

2. Thy kingdom come, thy will On earth be done in love, As saint and seraphim fulfill Thy perfect law above.
DOWNIEVILLE. S. M.

1. O where shall rest be found—Rest for the weary soul? 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.

2. This world can never give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

EWER. S. M.

1. How charming is the place..... Where my Redeemer God..... Unveils the glories of his face, And sheds his love abroad.

2. Here on the mercy seat..... With radiant glory crowned..... Our joyful eyes behold him sit, And smile on all around.

ELL. S. M.

1. The Church has waited long, Her absent Lord to see; And still in loneliness she waits, A friendless stranger she.

2. How long, O Lord, our God, Holy and true and good, Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church, Her sighs and tears and blood?
1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears The wondering angels see! Be thou astonished O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

EL KADER. S. M.

1. My Maker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy sovereign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow, Thy sovereign bounty is the spring Whence all my, &c.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee alone I live; My God, thy benefits demand More praise than I can give, My God, thy benefits demand More praise than I can give.

FIELD. S. M.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious acts to sing, To praise thy name, and hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.

2. Sweet, at the dawning light, Thy boundless love to tell: And when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.
1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please Through all their actions run.

2. Thus on the heavenly hills The saints are blest above; Where joy, like morning dew distills, And all the air is love.

Blest are the sons of peace. Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please Through all their actions run.

Thus on the heavenly hills The saints are blest above; Where joy, like morning dew distills, And all the air is love.

Lord, a place Within thy blest abode: Among the children of thy grace, The servants of my God, The servants of my God.

GERAR. S. M.
1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine abode, The church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O

3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Be beyond my highest

GAVIN, or IOWA. S. M.

1. Thy name, almighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth forever stands.

2. Far be thy honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more
GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

1. Oh, cease, my wandering soul, On restless wings 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 roam, my soul, no more.

GORTON. S. M.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my guide, I bid farewell to every fear; My wants are all supplied.

2. To ever fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads And guards my sweet repose.

HAVERHILL. S. M.

1. How gentle God's commands; How kind his precepts are; Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2. His bounty will provide: His saints securely dwell; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well.
HEREFORD. S. M.  
DR. LOWELL-MASON.

1. Sure, there's a dreadful God, Though men renounce his fear; His justice, hid behind the cloud, Shall one great day appear.

2. His truth transcends the sky, In heaven his mercies dwell; Deep as the sea his judgments lie, His anger burns to hell.

HUDSON. S. M.  
R. HARRISON.

1. Let songs of endless praise From every nation rise; Let all the lands their tribute raise, To God, who rules the skies.

2. His mercy and his love Are boundless as his name; And all eternity shall prove His truth remains the same.

INVERNESS. S. M.

1. Thou seest my feebleness, Jesus, be thou my power,— My help and refuge in distress, My fortress and my tower.

2. Give me to trust in thee; Be thou my sure abode: My horn, and rock, and buckler be, My Saviour and my God.
1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate, So ready to abate.

2. His pow'r subdues our sins, And his forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove, Doth all our guilt remove.

KELSO. S. M.

1. The Saviour's glorious name For ever shall endure; Long as the sun, his matchless fame Shall ever stand secure.

2. Wonders of grace and power To thee alone belong; Thy church those wonders shall adore, In everlasting song.

KEPNER. S. M.

1. The Saviour's glorious name For ever shall endure; Long as the sun, his matchless fame Shall ever stand secure.

2. Wonders of grace and power To thee alone belong; Thy church those wonders shall adore, In everlasting song.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

1. Have mercy, Lord, on me, As thou wert overkind; Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt, Thy wonted mercy find.

J. P. SCHMIDT.

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GREATOREX, BY PERMISSION.
Landon. S. M.

1. Behold, the lofty sky, Declares its maker God; And all the starry works on high, Proclaim his power abroad.

2. The darkness and the light Still keep their course the same; While night to day, and day to night, Divinely teach his name.

Lathrop. S. M.

1. How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2. His bounty will provide, His saints securely dwell; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well.

Letto. S. M.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please, Thro' all their actions run.

2. Blest is the pious house, Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet.
LABAN. S. M.

Lebanon. S. M. Double.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are struggling hard To draw thee from the skies.

2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray: The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.

LEBANON. S. M. Double.

J. Zundel.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled.

2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The father sought His child; They followed o'er valley and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild:

I was a wayward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved afar to roam.

They found me night to death, Faintened, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.
LINSTEAD. S. M.

1. Mine eyes and my desire Are ever to the Lord; I love to plead his promised grace, And rest upon his word.

2. When shall the sovereign grace Of my forgiving God Restore me from those dangerous ways, My wandering feet have trod.

LISBON. S. M. ALTERED FROM D. READ.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

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

LOTTIE. S. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How gentle God's commands, How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2. His bounty will provide, His saints securely dwell; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well.
LUIS. S. M.

1. To keep the lamp a-live, With oil we fill the bowl; Tis wa-ter makes the willow thrive, And grace that fills the soul, And grace that fills the soul.

2. The Lord's un-sparing hand, Supplies the liv-ing stream; It is not at our own command, But still derived from him, But still de-vided from him.

LUMAN. S. M.

ARR. FROM J. A. T. SCHULTZ.

1. Ye trembling captives, hear! The gospel trumpet sounds: No mu-sic more can charm the ear, Or heal your heartfelt wounds, Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war, Nor Sinai's awful roar; Sal - va-tion's news it spreads a-far, And vengeance is no more, And ven - geance is no more.

LUTHER. S. M.

DR T. HASTINGS, BY PERMISSION.

1. My soul be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; And hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - ery day, And help di-vine implore, And help di - vine im - plore.
MAGDALA. S. M.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd and my guide, I bid farewell to every fear; I bid farewell to every fear, My wants are all supplied.

2. To ever fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

MENT. S. M.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.

2. How charming is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! - "Zi-on, behold thy Saviour King! He reigns and triumphs here."

MORNINGTON. S. M.

1. I hear thy word with love, And I would fain obey; Lord, send thy Spirit from above, To guide me lest I stray.

2. Oh! who can ever find The errors of his ways? Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind, I would not dare transgress.
NORWELL. S. M.

1. Let songs of endless praise From every nation rise; Let all the lands their tribute raise, To God,...... who rules the skies.

2. His mercy and his love Are boundless as his name; And all eternity shall prove His truth...... remains the same.

NORTHPORT. S. M.  

1. My soul, repeat his praise,Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate, So ready to abate.

2. God will not always chide; And when his wrath is felt. Its strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt, And lighter than our guilt.

OHIO. S. M.

1. Behold the morning sun Begins his glorious way; His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

2. But where the gospel comes, It spreads diviner light; It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.
OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take: Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake.

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

OLNEY. S. M.

1. The Spirit in our hearts, Is whispering, "Sinner, come!" The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims, To all his children, "Come!"

2. Let him that heareth, say To all about him, "Come!" Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the fountain come.

OTWELL. S. M.

1. My Saviour, and my King, Thy honors are divine; Thy lips with blessings overflow, And every grace is thine, And every grace is thine.

2. Thy laws, O God, are right, Thy throne shall ever stand; And thy victorious gospel prove, A sceptre in thy hand, A sceptre in thy hand.
JUNIATA. S. M.

1. Sing to the Lord most high; Let every land adore; With grateful heart and voice make known His goodness and his power.

2. Enter his courts with joy; With fear address the Lord; 'Twas he, who formed us with his hand, And quickened by his word.

PARAH. S. M.

1. With humble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray: Oh! bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the living way.

2. Make an unguarded youth The object of thy care; Help me to choose the way of truth, And fly from every snare.

PAULOS. S. M.

1. How charming is the place Where my Redeemer God Unvails the glories of his face; And sheds his love abroad.

2. Here on the mercy-seat, With radiant glory crowned, Our joyful eyes be-hold him sit, And smile on all around.
PEKIN. S. M.

1. How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2. Beneath his watchful eye His saints securely dwell; That hand which bears all nature up, Shall guard his children well.

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

1. To bless thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, incline; And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

2. That so thy wondrous way May through the world be known; While distant lands their homage pay, And thy salvation own.

PRATT. S. M.

1. Oh thou, my truth, my way, My sure, unerring light, On thee my feeble soul I stay, Which thou wilt lead a-right.

2. My wisdom and my guide, My counselor thou art; Oh, never let me leave thy side, Or from thy paths depart.
PYTHNER. S. M.

Allegro. Moderato.

1. Sing praises to our God, And bless his sacred name; His great salvation all abroad, From day to day proclaim, From day to day proclaim.

2. Midst heathen nations place The glories of his throne; And let the wonders of his grace Thro' all the earth be known, Thro' all the earth be known.

RAFFLES. S: M.

1. We close the sacred day, The hallowed day of rest; Impart thy spirit, Lord we pray, To make it truly blest.

2. The truth our ears have heard, Impress on every heart, Nor from our memory let thy word Like fruitless seed depart.

RUSHTON. S. M.

1. Ye trembling captives hear! The gospel trumpet sounds: No music more can charm the ear, Or heal your heartfelt wounds, Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2. 'Ts not the trump of war, Nor Sinai's awful roar; Salvation's news it spreads afar, And vengeance is no more, And vengeance is no more.
1. Once more, before we part, We bend the suppliant knee, And lift our souls in prayer and praise, Eternal God, to thee.

2. Where'er we travel, go; Where'er we rest, abide; Do thou our path on earth surround, And all our foot-steps guide.

**SEIR. S. M.**

**Moderato. Semi-Chorus.**

1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside.

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows; Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

**SELVIN. S. M.**

**Andante.**

1. If through unruffled seas Toward heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fostering gale, With grateful hearts, O God to thee, We'll own, &c.

2. But should the surges rise, And rest de-lay to come, Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home, Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives, &c.
SHAWMUT. S. M.

1. Thy name, almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth forever stands.

2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

1. How perfect is thy word! And all thy judgments just! Forever sure thy promise, Lord, And we surely trust.

2. My gracious God, how plain Are thy directions given! Oh! may I never read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.

2. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow before the Lord; We are his work, and not our own; He formed us by his word.
1. Another day is past, The hours forever fled; And time is bearing us away, To mingle with the dead.

2. My mind in perfect peace My Father's care shall keep; I yield to gentle slumber now, For thou canst never sleep.

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope on, be not dismayed: God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

2. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gently clears thy way; Wait thou his time: the darkest night Shall end in brightest day.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2. His pow'r subdues our sins, And his forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove.
STRAND. S. M.

1. Mine eyes and my desire Are ever to the Lord.... I love to plead his promises, And rest upon his word.

2. When shall the sovereign grace Of my forgiving God.... Restore me from those dangerous ways My wandering feet have trod?

THATCHER. S. M.

1. The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well supplied: Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside.

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows: Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

THEON. S. M.

1. The people of the Lord Are on their way to heaven; There they obtain their great reward, The prize will there be given.

2. 'Tis conflict here below; 'Tis triumph there, and peace: On earth we wrestle with the foe; In heaven our conflicts cease.
UNDERWOOD. S. M.

1. Come, holy Spirit, come! Let thy bright beams arise; Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

2. Convince us of our sin; Then lead to Jesus' blood, And to our wondering view reveal The secret love of God.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

1. My soul with patience waits, For thee the living God; My hopes are on thy promise built, Thy never-failing word.

2. Let Israel trust in God, No bounds his mercy knows; The plentiful source and spring from whence Eternal succor flows.

ZEUNER'S. S. M.

1. Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul? 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.

2. The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
1. Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing the choicest psalm of praise, To sing and bless Jehovah's name:

2. The heathen know thy glory, Lord, The wondering nations read thy word; But here Jehovah's name is known;

His glory let the heathen know, His wonders to the nations show, And all his saving works proclaim.

Nor shall our worship e'er be paid To gods which mortal hands have made; Our Maker is our God alone.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M. 2d P. M. FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT.

1. 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 promise leads my heart to rest.

2. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my danger lies; But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord, (Thy fear bids my feet to stray.)

That makes my guilty conscience clean, And gives a free but large reward.

Converts my soul, subdues my sin.
NEWCOURT. L. P. M. 2d P. M.  

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,  

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,  

RIDGE. L. P. M. 2d P. M.  

With dignity and cheerfulness.  

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,  

2. How blest the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God! he made the sky,  

Praise shall employ my no-bler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures.  

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.  

H. BOND.
1. O thou that hearest the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts itself on thee? And suffered once for me.

2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead, And his availing blood: And bring me near to God.

AITHLONE. C. P. M. 4th P. M.

ARIEL. C. P. M. 4th P. M.
1. O glorious hope of perfect love, It lifts me up to things above; It bears on eagles' wings; It gives my ravished soul a taste, And makes me for some moments feast With Jesus' priests and kings

2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope, I stand, and from the mountain top See all the land below: { Rivers of milk and honey rise, } In endless plenty grow.

CARPATHUS. C. P. M. 4th P. M.

1. O thou that hears the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts itself on thee? I have no refuge of my own,

2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead, And his a-vail-ing blood That righteousness my robe shall be.

But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffered once for me, And suffered once for me.

That merit shall atone for me, And bring me near to God, And bring me near to God.
Oh, 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,

Eternal Source of truth and love, And Lord of all below, With reverence and religious fear, Permit thy suppliants to draw near, And at thy feet to bow.
MERIBAH. C. P. M. 4th P. M.

1. When thou my righteous Judge shall come To take thy ransomed sinners 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.

2. I love to meet thy people now, Before thy feet with them to bow, Though vilest of them all; {But can I bear the piercing thought? {What if my name should be left out? When thou for them shalt call!

RAPTURE. C. P. M. 4th P. M. HARWOOD.

1. Begin, my soul, the exalted lay, Let each enraptured thought obey, And praise th'Almighty's name.

2. Thou heaven of heaven's his vast abode, Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God; Ye thunders, speak his power.

Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies, In one melodious concert rise, To swell th'inspiring theme.

Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing, In triumph walks the eternal king; Th'astonished worlds adore.
CALM. C. H. M. 38th P. M. DR. T. HASTINGS, BY PERMISSION.

How calm and beautiful the morn That gilds the sacred tomb, Where once the Crucified was borne, And vailed in midnight gloom.

STEPNEY. C. H. M. 38th P. M.

1. Oh, what is life! 'tis like a flow'r That blossoms and is gone;

2. Oh, what is life! 'tis like the bow That glists in the sky;

It flourishes its little hour, With all its beauty on: Death comes, and like a wintry day, It cuts the lovely flow'r away.

We love to see its colors glow; But while we look they die. Life fails as soon: today 'tis here, To-morrow it may disappear.
1. Friend after friend de-parts: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts That hath not here an end:

2. "Be-yond the flight of time, Be-yond the vale of death, There surely is some blessed clime Where life is not a breath,

DALSTON. S. P. M. (6, 6, 8; 6, 6, 8.)

Allegro Moderate.

1. The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns, And royal state maintains,

2. Upheld by thy commands, The world securely stands,

A. WILLIAMS.

His head with awful glo ries crowned; Arrayed in robes of light, Begirt with sove reign might, And rays of majesty around.

And skies and stars obey thy word; Thy throne was fixed on high Ere stars adorned the sky; Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
1. How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree;—Each in his proper station move, And each fulfill his part, With sympathizing heart,

2. Like fruitful showers of rain, That water all the plain, Descending from the neighboring hills, Such streams of pleasure roll Through every friendly soul,

PETERS. S. P. M. (6, 6, 8; 6, 6, 8.)

Allegro

In all the cares of life and love, In all the cares of life and love.

Where love, like heavenly dew distills, Where love, like heavenly dew distills.

1. How pleased and blessed was I, To hear the people cry,

2. Zion, thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace,

Unison.

"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.

And walls of strength embrace thee round: In thee our tribes appear, To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyfull sound.
1. How pleasing is the voice Of God, our heavenly king, Who bids the frosts retire, And wakes the lovely spring; Bright suns arise, The mild wind blows, And beauty glows Through earth and skies.

2. The morn with glory crowned, His hand arrays in smiles; He bids the eve decline, Rejoicing o'er the hills; The evening breeze His breath perfumes; His beauty blooms In flowers and trees.

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CLAREMONT. H. M. 3d P. M.

Not too fast.

1. Let every creature join To bless Jehovah's name, And every power unite To swell the exalted theme; Let nature raise From every tongue, A general song Of grateful praise.

2. But oh! from human tongues Should nobler praises flow, And every thankful heart With warm devotion glow: Your voices raise, Ye highly blest, Above the rest Declare his praise.
CLARKSVILLE. H. M. 3d P. M.  W. B. BRADBURY.

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

2. Oh! happy souls who pray Where God appoints to hear; Oh happy men who pay There constant service there; They praise thee still, And

ERK. H. M. 3d P. M.  WM. MASON.

1. Angels, assist to sing The honors of your God; happy they, Who love the way To Zion's hill.

2. And ye of meaner birth, Your joyful voices raise; Touch every tuneful string, And sound his name abroad: Come, pour the trembling notes along, And swell the grand, immortal song.

All ye who dwell on earth, Your great Creator praise; Let loud hosannas joyful rise, Roll round the earth and pierce the skies.
GUYON. H. M. 3d P. M.

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 a-

2. Lo! the angelic bands In full assembly meet, To wait his high commands, And worship at his feet; Joyful they come, And wing their

round Fall to the ground, And sink away.

HADDAW. H. M. 3d P. M. DR. L. MASON.

1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high.

way From realms of day To Jesus' tomb.

2. The thunders of his hand Still keep the world in awe;

The garments he assumes Are light and majesty; His glories shine With beams so bright, No mortal eye Can bear the sight.

His wrath and justice stand To guard his holy law; And where his love Resolves to bless, His truth confirms And seals the grace.
1. Give thanks to God most high, The universal Lord, The sovereign King of kings; And be his name adored;

2. How mighty is his hand! What wonders hath he done! He formed the earth and seas, And spread the heavens alone;

Chorus.

Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure, And ever sure abides thy word.

His power and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise.

The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are!

To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.
1. Welcome, delightful morn! Thou day of sacred rest; { I hail thy kind return; Lord make these moments blest. } From low delights, and mortal toys, I soar to reach immortal joys.

2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord, extend, While saints address thy face. Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

**Menton. H. M. 3d P. M.**

1. Let every creature join To bless Jehovah's name, And every power unite To swell the exalted theme: Let nature raise, From every tongue, A general song Of grateful praise.

2. But oh! from human tongues Should nobler praises flow, And every thankful heart With warm devotion glow; Your voices raise, Ye highly blest, Above the rest Declare his praise.
1. Welcome, delightful morn! Thou day of sacred rest; I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest.

2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord, extend, While saints address thy face;

NEWBURY. H. M. 3d P. M.

From low delights and mortal toys, I soar to reach immortal joys.

Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

1. O Zion, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high!

2. He gilds thy mourning face With beams that cannot fade;

FROM M. HADYN.

Tell all the earth thy joys, And boast salvation nigh; Cheerful in God, Arise and shine, While rays divine Stream all around.

His all-resplendent grace He pours around thy head; The nations round Thy form shall view, With luster new Divinely pour.

*This tie to be used when the small note at the beginning is sung.*
NEWMAN. H. M. 3d P. M.

1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's name: His praise your songs employ Above the starry frame: Your voices raise, Ye cherubim, And seraphim, To sing his praise.

2. Let all adore the Lord, And praise his holy name, By whose almighty word They all from nothing came; And all shall last, From changes free His firm decree Stands ever fast.

PELDON. H. M. 3d P. M.

1. Let all the people join, To swell the solemn chord; Your grateful notes combine To magnify the Lord.

2. In rich luxuriance dress'd, Behold the spacious plain; His bounty stands confessed, In fields of yellow grain.

In lofty songs your voices raise, The God of harvest claims your praise, The God of harvest claims your praise.
PICKERING. H. M. 3d P. M.

Allegro Assai.

Let ev'-ry creature join, To bless Jehovah's name, And every pow'r unite, To swell th' ex-alt-ed theme; Let nature raise from ev'-ry tongue

Second Treble.

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PURVIS. H. M. 3d P. M.

A general song of grateful praise, Let nature raise from every tongue, A general song of grateful praise.

1. The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns, The garments he assumes

2. The thun-ders of his hand His wrath and jus-tice stand

First time. Second time.

His throne is built on high; His glo-ries shine With beams so bright, No mortal eye Can bear the sight.

(Omit) Are light and ma-jes-ty; (Omit) To guard his ho-ly law; And where his love

Still keep the world in awe; (Omit) Resolves to bless, His truth con-firms And seals the grace.
STOW H. M. 3d P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Yes, the Redeemer rose, The Saviour left the dead, And over our hellish foes High raised his conqu'ring head;

2. Behold th'angelic bands In full assembly meet, To wait his high commands, And worship at his feet.

SUTHERLAND. H. M. 3d P. M.

In wild dismay The guards around Fall to the ground, And sink away.

1. Give thanks to God most high, The sovereign King of kings,

2. How mighty is his hand! He formed the earth and seas!

Joyful they come, And wing their way From realms of day To Jesus' tomb.

1. Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure And ever sure Abides thy word.

2. His power and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise.

The universal Lord; And be his name adored.
TRIUMPH. H. M. 3d P. M.

Allegrö.

1. Awake, our drowsy souls, And burst the slothful band; The wonders of this day, Our no-biest songs demand:

2. At thy approaching dawn, Reluctant death resigned The glorious Prince of life In dark domains confined:

ULEA. H. M. 3d P. M.

Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

Th'angelic host around him bends, And midst their shouts the God ascends,

1. Hail! everlasting Spring, Thy streams salvation bring,

2. To that dear source of love And thither from above,

Celestial fountain hail! Thy waters never (Omit.) fail. Still they endure, And still they flow, A sov'reign cure For all our woe.

Our souls this day would come, Lord, call the nations (Omit.) home. That Jew and Greek, With rapt'rous songs, Thy praise may speak, On all their tongues.
WEYMOUTH. H. M. 3d P. M.

Moderato.

1. Awake, our drowsy souls, And burst the slothful band; The wonders of this day Our no-blest songs demand: Au-

spicious morn! thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise, Au-spicious morn! thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

gel-ic host around him bends, And midst their shouts the God ascends, Th’an-gel-ic host a-round him bends, And midst their shouts, the God ascends.

WHATELY. H. M. 3d P. M.

Andante.

1. 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 immortal joys.

Cres.

2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy scepter, Lord, extend, Omit

While saints address thy face; Let sinners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know And fear the Lord.

Unison.
ZEBULON. H. M. 3d P. M.

Rather slow.

1. Ye dying sons of men, Immerged in sin and wo! Now mercy calls again, Its message is to you! Ye perishing and guilty, come! In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2. No longer now delay, Nor vain excuses frame; Christ bids you come to-day, Tho' poor, and blind, and lame: All things are ready, sinners, come! For every trembling soul there's room.

ALETTA. 7s. 6 Lines. 6th P. M.

Legato e piano.

1. Weary sinner, keep thine eyes On th' a ton-ing sacri-fice; View him bleeding on the tree, Pour-ing out his life for thee; There the dreadful curse he bore; Weeping soul, lament no more.

2. Cast thy guilty soul on him; Find him mighty to re-deem; At his feet thy burden lay; Look thy doubts and cares a-way; Now by faith the Son embrace: Plead his promise, trust his grace.

AMBOY. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

Joyful, Animated.

1. Wake the song of Ju-bil- lee, Let it ech-o o'er the seal! Now is com' the promised hour; Jo-sus reigns with sov'reign power! 2. All yo' nations join and sing, 'Christ, of lords and kings is King.'
BENEVENTO. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted thro' the for-mer year, Many souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here.

2. Spared to see an-oth-er year, Let thy blessing meet us here, Come, thy dy-ing work re-vive, Bid thy droop-ing gar-den thrive.

Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low; We a lit-tle long-er wait, But how lit-tle, none can know.

Sun of righteousness, a-rise! Warm our hearts and bless our eyes: Let our prayer thy pi-ty move; Make this year a time of love.

DALLAS. 7s. 5th P. M.

Keep me, Saviour by thy side, Let thy coun-sel be my guide; Nev-er let me from thee rove, Sweet-ly draw me by thy love.

Keep me, Saviour by thy side, Let thy coun-sel be my guide; Nev-er let me from thee rove, Sweet-ly draw me by thy love.
EDYFIELD. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar; Who, an ev-er wel-come guest, In thy ho-ly place shall rest?

2. He, whose heart thy love has warmed; He, whose will to thine conformed, Bids his life un-sul-lied run; He, whose words and thoughts are one.

ELNOR. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

1. Sleep not, sol-dier of the cross! Foes are lurking all a-round;
Look not here to find re-pose; This is but thy but-tle-ground. Up! and take thy shield and sword; Up, it is the call of heaven!

Shrink not faith-less from thy Lord; No-bly strive as he hath striven.

ELTHAM. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

1. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Mes-si-ah's sway,
Eve-ry na-tion, eve-ry clime, Shall the gos-pel call o-bey.

2. Migh-tiest kings his power shall own, Heathen tribes his name a-dore;
Sa-tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
ELYRIA. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Gracious Spirit, Love divine! Let thy light within me shine, All my guilty fears remove, Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me, Set the burdened sinner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his precious blood.

ESHTEMOA, 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away; Free from care, from labor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for ever pass away; Then from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

ST. NICOLAI. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

1. Let us with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind: For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

2. He, with all-commanding might, Filled the new-made world with light;
Brother, though from yonder sky Cometh neither voice nor cry, Yet we know for thee to-day, Every pain hath passed away.

Go where duty guides thy feet, Heavenly aid thou there shall meet: Angels pure thou canst not see, Watch thy steps and wait on thee.

1. Gently fall the dews of eve, Raising still the languid flowers: Sweetly flow the tears that grieve O'er a mourner's stricken hours.

2. Blessed tears and dews that yet Lift us nearer unto heaven; Let us still his praise repeat, Who in mercy all hath given.
1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge: And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass prepare, Midst the springing grass prepare,

2. When I faint with summer’s heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet To the streams, that, still and slow, Thro’ the verdant meadows flow, Thro’ the verdant meadows flow.

HERKIMER. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.  

1. Christ, the Lord is risen to-day, Our triumph, holy day; He endured the cross and grave, Sinners to redeem and save. Lo! he claims his native sky! Grave, where is thy victory?

HERKIM. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.  

1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away; Free from care; from labor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

HOLLEY. 7s. 5th P. M.  

1. Soon for me the light of day Shall forever pass away; Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me Lord, to dwell with thee.
1. Come! said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrims! hither come.

2. Hither come, for here is found Balm for every bleeding wound, Peace, which ever shall endure—Rest, eternal—sacred—sure.

HULLAH. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

1. Search my heart, my actions prove, Try my thoughts, as they arise; For thy kindness and thy love Ev’ry before my eyes. 2. I have loved the hallowed place, Where thine honor doth abide, To the temple of thy grace, Lord, my erring foot-steps guide.

KOZELUCK. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon our sight away; Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon for us the light of day Shall forever pass away: Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.
IVES. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

1. Who are these in bright array, This exulting, happy throng, Round the altar, bright and fair, Hymning one triumphant song?

2. These through fiery trials trod; These from great afflictions came: Now, before the throne of God, Sealed with his mighty name! Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor palms in either hand: Thro' their great Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand.

IRENIUS. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Angels, roll the rock away! Death, yield up thy mighty prey! See! he rises from the tomb, Rises with immortal bloom.

2. 'Tis the Saviour! seraphs, raise Your triumphant shouts of praise; Let the earth's remotest bound Hear the joy inspir-ing sound.
LORRAINE. 7s. 6 Lines. 6th P. M.

1. Bread of heaven! on 'thee I feed For thy flesh is meat, in-deed;
   Ever may my soul be fed With this true and living Bread;
   Day by day with strength supplied Thro' the strength of him who died.

2. Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies This blest cup of sacrifice;
   'Tis thy wounds my healing give; To thy cross I look, and live;
   Thou, my Life, oh, let me be Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

MARTYN. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

1. Mary to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the early dawn,
   Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone.
   For a while she lingering stood, Filled with sorrow and surprise,
   Trembling, while a crystal flood is shed from her weeping eyes.

2. Sons of sainted pilgrim sires, Guardian of their altar fires,
   Hold the truth that made them free, Hold their faith and purity.

MERTON. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. They were sent to free the mind—Heavy burdens to unbind,
   Nobly they discharged their trust; Peace and honor to their dust!
MORNING. 7s Double. 7th P. M.

1. Swell the anthem, raise the song; Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join and sing; Praises to the heavenly King;
Blessings from his liberal hand Flow round this happy land:
Kept by him, no tears annoy; Peace and freedom we enjoy.

NORWICH. 7s. 5th P. M.  
DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Gently now the stream of life, Oft along the flowery vale, Or impetuous down the cliff, Rushing roars when storm assail.

2. Tis an ever varied flood, Always rolling to its sea; Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude, Tending to eternity.

NUREMBERG. 7s. 5th P. M.

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

2. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours, From her rich o'er flowing stores.
OGLAND. 7s. 5th P. M.

Zi-on, ci-ty of the blest, Hap-py seat of heavenly rest! God's a-bode, where is no night, God its glo-ry, Christ its night.

ONIDO. 7s. Double. 7th P. M. ARR. FROM PLEYEL BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Bless-ed are the sons of God! They are bought with Je-sus' blood; They are ransomed from the grave, Life e-ter-nal they shall have.

2. God did love them in his Son Long be-fore the world be-gun; All their sins are washed a-way: They shall stand in God's great day:

With them numbered may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty, With them numbered may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty.
OPORTO. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Lord of hosts, how love-ly fair, Ev'n on earth, thy tem-ples are! Here thy waiting peo-ple see Much of heaven, and much of thee.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. To thy pas-tures, fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass pre pare.

PRAYER. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Glo-ry be to God on high, God, whose glo-ry fills the sky; Peace on earth to man for-given. Man, the well-be-loved of heaven.

2. Sov'reign Fa-ther, heavenly King, Thee we now pre-sume to sing; Glad thine at- tri-butes con-fess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.
RHINE. 7s. 5th P. M.

ARR. FROM SCHUBERT.

1. Lord of hosts, how lovely, fair, E'en on earth thy temples are! Here thy waiting people see Much of heaven and much of thee.

2. From thy gracious presence flows Bliss that softens all our woes; While thy spirit's holy fire Warms our heart with pure desire.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 Lines. 6th P. M.

1. From the cross up-lifted high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, What melo-dious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear, "Love's re-deeming work is done—Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan? On my pierced body laid, Justice owns the ransom paid; Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—Come, and welcome, sinner, come!

SEARS. 7s. 5th P. M.

FROM NAGELI.

1. Come! said Jesus sacred voice; Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2. Hither come, for here is found Balm for every bleeding wound, Peace which ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.
1. Safely through another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day; Day of

2. While we seek supplies of grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy reconciling face, Take away our sin and shame: From our

all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.

worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Jesus loves to answer prayer; He himself invites thee near, Bids thee ask him, wants to hear.
SOLITUDE. 7s. 5th P. M.
L. T. Downs, by permission,

1. Stealing from the world away, We are come to seek thy face; Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray, Grant us thy reviving grace.

2. Yonder stars that gild the sky, Shine but with a borrowed light; We, unless thy light be nigh, Wandering, wrapt in gloomy night.

SOUTHAMPTON. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Christ, the Lord is risen today, Sons of men, and angels, say! Raise your songs of triumph high; Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2. Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight—the battle won: Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er—Lo! he sets in blood no more.

TELEMANN'S. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Christ, the Lord is ris'n to-day, Our triumphant, holy day; He endured the cross and grave, Sinners to redeem and save.

2. Lo! he rises—mighty King! Where, O death, is now thy sting? Lo! he claims his native sky! Grave! where is thy victory?
TOPLADY. 7s. 6 Lines. 6th P. M. 

1. Rock of ages, e'ert for me, Let me hide my self in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labor of my hands Can fill the law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow, All for sin could not a tone—Thou must save, and thou alone.

VERNON. 7s. Double. 7th P. M.

1. Fount of ever lasting love! Rich thy streams of mercy are, Flowing pure from above, Beauty marks their course afar. Lo! thy church, thy garden, now, Bloom beneath thy heavenly shower.

2. Formed by thy creative hand, Let the nations round thee stand; Prostrate at thy throne confess, And adore the Saviour's grace.

WANSTED. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Thou Jebo-vah, God o'er all! Idol Gods to thee shall fall: None thy wondrous works can share; None with thee in might compare.

2. Formed by thy creative hand, Let the nations round thee stand; Prostrate at thy throne confess, And adore the Saviour's grace.
WESLEY. 7s. 5th P. M.

1. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet, When the saints together meet, When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.

2. Sing we then eternal love, Such as did the Father move: He beheld the world undone, Loved the world, and gave his Son.

WILMOT. 7s, or 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

1. Lo! the Lord Jehovah liveth! He's my rock, I bless his name; He, my God, salvation giveth; All ye lands, exalt his fame.

2. God, Messiah's cause maintaining, Shall his righteous throne extend, O'er the world the Saviour reigning, Earth shall at his footstool bend.

ANLEY. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirit's seal: Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal. 2. Thou destruction walk around us, Thou the arrow near us fly, Angel-guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.
ABBA. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! th' angelic host rejoices, Heavenly hallelujahs rise. 2. Hear them tell the wondrous story, Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glory in the highest glory, Glory be to God most high."

Peace on earth, good will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found, "Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven," Loud our golden harps shall sound. 4. Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heaven and earth his praises sing! Oh receive whom God appointed, For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

ANCONA. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

1. Let thy grace, Lord, make me lowly, Humble all my swelling pride; Fallen, guilty, and unholy, Greatness from mine eyes I'll hide; 2. I'll forbid my vain aspiring, Nor at earthly honors aim; No ambitious heights desiring, Far above my earthly claim.
JAYNES, or AUTUMN. Ss & 7s. Double. 9th. P. M.

Gently, Lord! Gently lead us Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears; Thro' the chang-es thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great change appears.

When tempta-tion's darts as-sail us, When in de-vious paths we stray, Let thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.

BAVARIA. Ss & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

Meek and low-ly, pure and ho-ly, Chief a-mong the bless-ed three; 
Turn-ing sad-ness in-to glad-ness, Heaven-born art thou, Char-i-ty! 
Pity dwelleth in thy bo-som, Kind-ness reign-eth o'er thy heart.
Gen-tle thoughts alone can sway thee—Judgment hath in thee no part.

Hoping ev-er, fail-ing nev-er, Though deceived, be-liev-ing still; 
Long a-bi-ding, all-con-fi-ding To thy heavenly Father's will; 
Nev-er wea-ry of well-do-ing, Nev-er fear-ful of the end.
Claiming all man-kind as brothers, Thou dost all a-like be-friend.
1. Jesus, full of all compassion, Hear thy humble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great salvation: See, I languish, faint, and die.

2. Guilty, but with heart relenting, Overwhelmed with helpless grief, Prostrate at thy feet repenting, Send, O! send me quick relief.

BARTIMEUS. Ss & 7s. 9th P. M. (OLD FORM).

BARTIMEUS. Ss & 7s. 9th P. M. (IMPROVED FORM).

BETAH. Ss & 7s. 9th P. M. C. VON WEBER.

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

2. Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above; Fill my soul with heavenly pleasure, While I sing redeeming love.
On the tree of life eternal, Oh let all our hopes be laid; This a-alone, for-ev-er ver-nal, Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Sweet the mo-ments, rich the bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner’s dy-ing Friend.
Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie.

While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Beam-ing in his mild blue eye.

Gentle harp! thy sil-very meas-ures Oft have cheered the hour of woe, Ho-ly mu-sic! pur-est pleasures From thy foun-tains ev-er flow.

Thou canst banish clouds of sor-row, Gild the dark and gloom-y night; Thou canst bid a new-born mor-row Wake the heart to new de-light.
SAVIOUR, source of every blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
Teach me some melodious measure.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger, Didst redeem me with thy blood.
By thy hand restored, defended,
Sung by raptured saints above; Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing redeeming love.
Safe through life thus far I'm come, Safe, O Lord, when life is ended, Bring me to my heavenly home.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

Far from mortal cares retreating, Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting, Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the fount of glory beam-ling, Light celestial cheers our eyes.

Mercy from above proclaiming Peace and pardon from the skies.
HARWELL. Ss & 7s. 9th P. M.

Fine.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the notes of praise above; Je-sus reigns, and heaven rejoices, Je-sus reigns, the God of love. See, he sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone. Hal-le-lujah, hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lujah, A-men.

KELVIN. Ss & 7s. 9th P. M.

1. Al-ways with us; al-ways with us—Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the ris-en Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place a-bove.

2. With us when we toil in sadness, Sow-ing much and reap-ing none; Tell-ing us that in the fu-ture Golden har-vests shall be won.

MOUNT VERNON. Ss & 7s. 9th P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the summer breeze, Plea-sant as the air of eve-ning, When it floats among the breeze.

2. Peace-ful be thy si-lent slum-ber, Peace-ful in the grave so low; Thou no more will join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dear-est sis-ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we dee-ply feel; But 'tis God that hath be-reft us, He can all our sor-row's heal.

4. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then in heaven we hope to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

NOTE.—This tune may be sung in two parts by Treble voices.
NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double 9th P. M.

{ Come, thou fount of every blessing! Tune my heart to grateful lays; } Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for loudest songs of praise; Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above; Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing redeeming love.

OTTO. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend: Truly blessed is this station, Low before his cross to bow, While I see divine compassion Beaming in his gracious eye.

OVIO. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

1. I would love thee, God and Father! My Redeemer and my King! I would love thee; for without thee, Life is but a bitter thing.

2. I would love thee; every blessing Flows to me from out thy throne: I would love thee—he who loves thee Never feels himself alone.
Perez. Ss & 7s. 9th P. M.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him; Praise him, angels in the height; Sun and moon rejoice before him;

2. Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken; Worlds his mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never can be broken,


For their guidance he hath made.

Hallelujah, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

Rathbun. Ss & 7s. 9th P. M. I. Conkey, by permission.

1. God is love; his mercy brightens All the path thro' which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woc he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.

2. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will his changeless goodness prove; From the gloom his brightness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.
RIPLEY. Ss & 7s. Double. 9th P. M. FROM A GREGORIAM CHANT.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose this for his own abode.
Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling, Beam-ing with the gospel's light.

SELMA. Ss & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

When the world my heart is reading With its heaviest storm of care;
My glad thoughts to God ascending, Find a refuge from despair.
There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.

SHIMMIN. Ss & 7s. 9th P. M.

Allegretto, ma non troppo. Tenor ad lib.

Cease here longer to detain me, Kindest mother, drowned in woe,
Now thy kind caress - es pain me: Morn advances, let me go.
1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace.

2. Thanks we give an adoration, For thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound.

**SICILY. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.**

**STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.**

D. E. JONES.

1. Silent the shades of evening Gather round my lonely door; Silently they bring before me Faces I shall see no more.

2. Oh, the lost, the forgotten, Tho' the world be oft forgot; Oh, the shrouded and the lonely! In our hearts they perish not.

**REUNION. 7s. 5th P. M.**

S. P. TUCKERMAN.

Though we here shall meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore; There released from toil and pain, We that loved shall meet again.
WATCHMAN. 8s & 7s. Double. 9th P. M.

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zion's glory dawn? Have the signs that mark his coming Yet upon thy pathway shine? Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee;

2. Watchman, see, the light is beaming, Brighter still upon the way; Signs through all the earth are gleaming, Omens of the coming day; When the Jubal trumpet sounding,

Light is breaking in the skies; Gird thy bridal robes around thee, Morning dawns, arise, arise! Shall awake from earth and sea, All the saints of earth now sleeping, Clad in immortality.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s. 9th P. M.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God; He whose word can never be broken, Chose thee for his own abode.

2. Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight; Judah's temple far excelling, Beaming with the gospel's light.
ISADORE. 8s, 7s & 7s. 35th P. M.

First time. Second time.

1. I will love thee, all my treasure; I will love thee, all my strength; (Omit...) length: And without a stain at length:
   I will love thee without measure, And without a stain at length:

2. I will praise thee, Sun of glory! For the bliss thy beams have brought; (Omit...) sought, For the light I long have sought:
   I will praise thee, will adore thee, For the light I long have sought:

I will love thee Light Divine, Till I die and find thee mine, Till I die and make thee mine.

Praise thee that thy words so blest, Soothed my troubled soul to rest, Soothed my troubled soul to rest.

ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Lead us, heavenly Father! lead us, O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing, If our God our Father be.
1. Day of judgment, day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, Louder than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round! How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound! Day of judgment, day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, Louder than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round! How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound?

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

FENWICK. Ss, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

1. Tossed no more on life's rough bil-low, All the storms of sorrow fled; Peace-ful slumbers Guarding o'er his low-ly bed. 

2. Oh may we be re-united, To the spirits of the just; Hear us, Je-sus, Thou our Lord, our life, our trust.

HAMDEN. Ss, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim through this barren land: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with a powerful hand:
HANWELL. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

Lo! the Lord, the mighty Saviour, Quits the grave, his throne to claim;
Object of his endless favor, God o'er all exalts his name;
Those who hate him—Clothed with everlasting shame.

HELMSLEY. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel; Win and conquer—never cease!
May thy lasting, wide dominions Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre, Sway thy sceptre, Saviour, all the world around.

KEDESH. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

Andante.

1. 'Tis pleasant, 'tis reviving To our hearts to hear, each day, Joyful news from far arriving, How the gospel wins its way; Those enlightening, those enlightening, Who in death and darkness lay.

2. God of Jacob, high and glorious, Let thy people see thy hand; Let the gospel reign victorious, Through the world, in every land. Then shall idols, then shall idols Perish, Lord, at thy command.
WESTBOROUGH. Ss, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

1. Lo! he com-eth-count-less trum-pets Wake to life the slumbering dead; Mid ten thou-sand saints and an-gels,

See their great, ex-alt-ed Head; Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Wel-come, wel-come, Son of God.


MARTON. Ss, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands; 
Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands.

Moderato.
NEWTON. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

Slowly and tenderly.

{ Yes, 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, Far in heathen lands to dwell?

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy

powerful hand: Bread of heaven! Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open thou the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pillar Lead me all my

journey through: Strong Deliverer! Be thou still my strength and shield. Be thou still my strength and shield.
OSGOOD. Ss, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

ARR. FROM RITTER.

1. Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you, Now with swifter voice she calls; 
   Bids you haste to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of justice falls; 
   Hear, O sinner, Hear, O sinner, 'Tis the voice of mercy calls; 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

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 away; 
   Haste, O sinner, Haste, O sinner, You must perish—if you stay, You must perish—if you stay.

SIBERIA. Ss, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

S. B. POND.

1. O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Look my soul-be still and gaze; See the prom-is-es ad-vanc-ing

2. Let the dark, be-night-ed pa-gan, Let the rude bar-bar-ian see That di-vine and glo-rious con-quest

Slow.

To a glo-rious day of grace! Bless-ed Ju-bilee! Bless-ed Ju-bilee! Let thy glo-rious morn-ing dawn!

Once ob-tained on Cal-va-ry; Let the gos-peiL Let the gos- peptide Loud re-sound from pole to pole.
PERON. Ss, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

When the vale of death appears, Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Blest Redeem-er, soothe my fears, Light me thro' the darksome way;
Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Usher in eternal day.

TAMWORTH. Ss, 7s, & 4s. 8th P. M.

Maestoso.

{ Songs a-new, of honor framing, Sing ye to the Lord a-lone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming, Jesus wondrous works hath done!}
Glorious vio-tory, Glorious vio-tory, His right hand and arm hath won.

UNAM. Ss, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

Rather slow.

{ On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands!}
Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands, God himself shall loose thy bands.
ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. 8th P. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. BY PERMISSION.

On the mountain's top appearing, Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself shall, &c.

AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s & 7s. 11th P. M.

DR. NARES.

Rise, my soul, stretch out thy wings, Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things, To 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.
MERDIN. 7s, 6s & 7s. 11th P. M.

1. Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring, To my raptured vision, All thestatic joys that spring Round the bright Elysian:

2. Hark! the thrilling symphonies, Seem, me thinks, to seize us; Join we too the holy lays, Sing of him who saves us.

Lo! we lift our longing eyes, Break, ye intervening skies, Sons of righteousness arise, Open the gates of paradise.

Sweetest sound in seraph’s song, Sweetest sound on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung, Let its echoes flow along.

ENEVA. 7s, 6s & 7s. 11th P. M.

{Time is winging us away To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter’s day, A journey to the tomb; Youth and vigor soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms, All that’s mortal soon shall be Embraced in death’s cold arms.
ZOPHIM. 7s, 6s & 7s. 11th P. M.

Moderato.

1. Praise the Lord, who reigns above, And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love, And all his greatness show;
Him, from whom all good proceeds, Let earth and heaven adore.
Praise him for his noble deeds, Praise him for his matchless power;

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s. 12th P. M.

W. H. Oakley.

Jesus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wandering sheep; False to thee, like Peter,

Turn and look upon me, Lord,

Would fain like Peter weep; Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long suffering shown.
1. Jesus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wandering sheep; False to thee, like Peter, I Would fain like Peter weep, Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long-suffering shown; Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Repentance to impart, Give me, thro' thy dying love, The humble contrite heart, Give what I have long implored, A portion of thy grief unknown. Turn, and look on me, O Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Oh that the Lord's salvation Were out of Zion come, To heal his ancient nation, To lead his outcasts home!

How long the holy city Shall heathen feet profane? Return, O Lord, in pity; Rebuild her walls again.
GOODWIN, or WEBB. 7s & 6s. 26th P. M.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears, The sons of earth are waking, To penitential tears.

2. Rich news of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from afar, Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

Each cry to heaven going, Abundant answers brings, And heavenly winds are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

ABVILLE. 7s & 6s. (7, 6; 7, 7, 6.)

1. No, no, it is not dying, To go unto our God; This gloomy earth forsaking, Our journey homeward taking, Along the starry road.

2. No, no, it is not dying, The Shepherd's voice to know; His sheep he ever leadeth, His peaceful flock he feedeth, Where living pastures grow.
1. The gloomy night of sadness, Begins to see a way, The glowing tinge of morning Proclaims the rising day, That welcome day of promise, When Christ shall claim his own.

2. Now truth unveil'd is shining, With beams of sacred light, The mourning pilgrims wonder, And leave the paths of night; Their glowing hearts in rapture, Are filled with joy divinest.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. 26th P. M.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Whose Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

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

DR. LOWELL MASON.
TULLY. 7s & 6s. 26th P. M.

1. In heaven-ly love abiding, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such confiding, For nothing changes here: The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round about me, And can I be dismayed?

2. Wherever he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is beside me, And nothing can I lack: His wisdom ever waketh, His sight is never dim: He knows the way he taketh, And I will walk with him.

YARMOUTH. 7 & 6s. 26th P. M.

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joy-fu-ly a-long? When hill and val-ley ringing With one triump-hant song, Proclaim the con-test end-ed, 

2. Then from the craggy mountains The sac-red shout shall fly; And sa-cred vales and fountains Shall echo the re-ply, High tower and low-ly dwelling

And Him who once was slain, A-gain to earth de-scend-ed — A-gain to earth de-scend-ed A-gain to earth de-scend-ed, In righteousness to reign.

Shall send the chorus round, All hal-le-lu-jahs swelling — All hal-le-lu-jahs swelling — All hal-le-lu-jahs swelling, In one e-ter-nal sound.
AMERICA. 6s & 4s. 19th P. M.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty—Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims pride; From every mountain-side Let freedom ring.
2. My native country! thee—Land of the noble 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. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
4. Our father's God! to thee—Author of liberty! To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light—Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

AVA. 6s & 4s. (6, 4, 6, 4; 4, 4, 6, 4.) DR. HASTINGS. BETHANY. 6s & 4s. (6, 4, 6, 4; 6, 6, 4.)

Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dismay, Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day; If heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room; Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

1. Near-er my God, to thee, Nearer to thee,
2. Tho' like a wanderer, Daylight all gone,

Even tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er my God to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer my God to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

DR. LOWELL MASON.
1. God bless our native land, Firm may she ev-er stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave! Do thou our country save By thy great might.

2. For her our prayer shall rise, To God above the skies; On him we wait; 'Thou who hast heard each sigh, Watching each weeping eye, Be thou forever nigh; God save the state.

**DORT. 6s & 4s. 19th P. M.**

**ELAND. 6s & 4s. (6, 4; 6, 4.)**

1. On earth was dark-ness spread—One bound-less night; "Let there be light," God said—And there was light.

2. There hung a deep-er gloom O'er quick and dead, But Je-sus burst the tomb, And dark-ness fled.

**ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. 19th P. M.**

1. Come, thou almig-hy King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all glorious, O'er all vic-torious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

2. Jesus, our Lord, de-scend; From all thy foes defend, Nor let us fall; Let thine almighty aid Our sure defence be made, Our souls on thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call.
KEATING. 6s & 4s. (6, 6, 4; 6, 6, 4.)

1. Lowly and solemn be Thy children's cry to thee, Father divine, A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death A-like are thine.

2. O Father, in that hour, When earth all helping power Shall disavow; When spear, and shield and crown In faintness are cast down, Sustain us thou.

LYNCH. 6s & 4s. (6, 4, 6, 6, 4.)

1. Father, oh, hear me now! Father divine! Thou, only thou, canst see The heart's deep agony; Help me to say to thee, "Thy will not mine."

2. O God! be thou my stay, In this dark hour; Kindly each sorrow hear, Hush every troubled fear, Thee let me still revere, Still own thy power.

MANT. 6s & 4s. (6, 6, 4.)

1. Jesus Immanuel, Thou shalt our leader be; Guide thine own Israel, O'er life's rough sea.

2. When we are full of grief, Victims of anxious care, Give thou our hearts relief, Ever be near.
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O, let me from this day, Be wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee, Pure, warm and changeless be— A living fire.

OAK. 6s & 4s. (6, 4, 6, 4; 6, 6, 6, 4.)

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home; Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand, Heaven is my father-land—Heaven is my home.

2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heaven is my home? Short is my pilgrim-age, Heaven is my home; Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be over past; I shall reach home at last—Heaven is my home.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. 19th P. M.

1. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrows tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul
WELT. 5s, 7s, 8s & 6s. (5, 5; 7, 8; 7 7 6.)

1. There was joy in heaven! There was joy in heaven! When this goodly world to frame The Lord of might and mercy came; Shouts of joy were heard on high, And the stars sang from the sky—

"Glory to God in heaven."

2. There was joy in heaven! There was joy in heaven! When of love the midnight beam Dawned on the tower of Bethlehem; And along the echoing hill Angels sung— "On earth good will, Glory to God in heaven."

BETHLEHEM. 5s & 8s. (5, 5, 8; 5, 5, 8.) FROM DR. MALAN.

Moderato.

1. Behold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From conquest to conquest proceeds! How happy are they

2. His word he sends forth From south to the north; From east and from west it is heard: The rebel is charmed;

Who live in this day, And witness his wonderful deeds, And witness his wonderful deeds.

The foe is disarmed; No day like this day has appeared, No day like this day has appeared.
1. Jesus, still lead on, Till our rest be won: And although the way be cheerless, We will follow calm and fearless; Guide us by thy hand To our Fatherland!

2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faithless foes o'ertake us; Let not faith nor hope forsake us; For, thro' many foes, To our home we go.

LUCAS. 5s & 11s. 18th P. M.

1. Come, let us anew Our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still, till the Master appear, His adorable

2. Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream, Glides swiftly away! And the fugitive moment refuses to stay. The arrow is

will, Let us gladly fulfill, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope, and the labor of love, By the patience of hope, and the labor of love,

flown, The moment is gone, The moment is gone; The millennial year Rushes on to my view, And eternity here, And eternity's here.
CRANE. 6s. 33d P. M.

1. Flung to the heedless winds, Or on the waters cast;
Their ashes shall be watched, And gathered to the last;
And from that scattered dust, Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed Of witnesses to God.

GLYN. 6s & 5s. (6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5.)

1. I close my heavy eye, Saviour ev-er near!
I lift my soul on high, Thro' the darkness drear:
Be thou my light, I cry, Saviour, ev-er dear.

2. I feel thine arms around, Saviour ev-er near!
With thee if I am found, Never can I fear,
What-ev-er ills a-bound;—Saviour, ev-er dear.

LANSINGBURG. 6s & 5s. (6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5.)

1. O, let him whose sorrow No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow Ease for heart and mind:
Where the mourner, weeping, Sheds the sacred tear,
God his watch is keeping, Tho' none else is near

God will never leave us; All our wants he knows;
Fools the pains that grieve us, Soothes our cares and woes;
When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear Who his children anguish Soothes with succor near.
1. My soul go boldly forth, Forsake this sinful earth; What hath it been to thee But pain and sorrow? And think'st thou it will be Better to-morrow?

2. Why wilt thou still delay? Thou cam'st not here to stay; What tak'st thou for thy part But heavenly pleasure! Where then should be thy heart, But where's thy treasure?

SEVERN. 6s & 5s. (6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5.)

1. Pur-er yet and pur-er I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and dear-er eve-ry du-ty find; Hoping still and trusting God without a fear, Patient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear.

2. Quicker yet and quicker Ever on-ward press, Firmer yet and firmer Step as I pro-gress; Oft these earnest longings Swell within thy breast, Yet their inner meaning Ne'er can be expressed.

UNITY. 6s & 5s. (6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 6; 6, 5.)

When shall we meet again? Meet no'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Bound us forever? Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, [Never, no, never.]
MAMRE. 6s & 7s. 20th P. M.

Will that not joyful be? When we walk by faith no more,
When the Lord we loved before, As Brother-man we see; When he welcomes us above, When we share his smile of love, Will that not joyful be?

PARR. 6s & 7s. 20th P. M.

1. Jesus, thou art our King! To me thy succor bring; Christ, the mighty One art thou, Help for all on thee is laid: This the word. I claim it now, Send me now the promised aid.

2. High on thy Father's throne, O look with pity down! Help, O help! attend my call. Captive load captivity, King of glory, Lord of all, Christ, be Lord, be King to me.

ALMO. 6s & 8s. 24th P. M.

Ye simple souls that stray, Far from the paths of peace, How long will ye your folly love, And throng the downward road,
That unfrequented way To life and happiness; And hate the wisdom from above, (Omit.............) And mock the Son of God.
1. The God of Abra'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a-bove; Ancient of ev-er-last-ing days, And God of love! Je-ho-va'h! great I am!

2. The God of Abra'm praise, At whose supreme command From earth we rise, and seek the joys At his right hand, We all on earth forsake

By earth and heaven confess'd, We bow and bless his sacred Name, For-ev-er bless'd.

Its wis-dom, fame, and power, And him our on-ly portion make, Our shield and tow'r.

And re-joice in the day thou wilt born; On this fes-ti-val day, Come exulting a-way, And with singing, to Zi-on return, And with singing, to Zi-on re-turn.

Tho' our bod-ies con-tin-ue be-low; The redeemed of the Lord, We remember his word, And with singing, to par-a-dise go, And with singing, to par-a-dise go.
1. Head of the church triumphant, We joyfully adore thee; Till thou appear, Thy members here, Shall sing in love and glory, We lift our hearts and voices,

2. While in affliction's furnace, And passing through the fire, Thy love we praise, That knows our days, And ever bring us nigher, We lift our hands exulting,

In blest anticipation, And cry aloud—And give to God The praise of our salvation.

In thine almighty favor, The love divine, That makes us thine, Shall keep us thine forever.

Follow Jesus, and be led To victory! See your foemen take the ground, While the signal trumpets sound, Hear his accents pour around Cheer ing melody.

Your reward before you see, Sparkling from on high! Boldly take the glorious field; You may fall—but must not yield; You shall write upon your shield, Victory, tho' you die!
ROCKVALE. 7s & 5s. (7, 5; 7, 5; 7, 5; 7, 5.)

1. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; Angel, onward speed; Cast abroad thy radiant light, Bid thy shades recede;

2. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; Angel, onward haste; Quickly on each mountain height Be thy standard placed.

Tread the idols in the dust, Heathen-fanes destroy, Spread the gospel's holy trust, spread the gospel's joy.

Let the blissful tidings float Far o'er vale and hill, Till the sweetly echoing note Ev'ry bosom thrill.

ZETA. 7s & 5s. 34th P.M.

1. Lord of mercy and of might, Of mankind the life and light, Maker, Teacher, Infinite Jesus, hear and save!

2. Strong Creator, Saviour mild, Humbled to a little child, Captive, beaten, bound, reviled Jesus, hear and save!
1. Lift not thou the wailing voice; Weep not, 'tis a Christian death; 
   High in heav'n's own light she dwelleth; 
   Full the song of triumph swelling; 
   Freed from earth and earthly failing, Lift for her no voice of wailing.

2. They who die in Christ are blest: Ours be, then, no thought of grieving; 
   So be ours the faith that saith, 
   Sweetly with their God they rest, All their toils and troubles leaving; 
   Hope that ev'ry trial braves; 
   Love that to the end endureth, And, thro' Christ, the crown secureth.

BERKLEY. Ss. 10th P. M.

O come let us sing to the Lord, In God our salvation rejoice; In psalms of thanksgiving record His praise, with one spirit and voice!

TIMNA. Ss. 10th P. M.

My gracious Redeemer I love, His praises aloud I'll proclaim, And join with the armies above, To shout his adorable name.
MADISON. Ss. 10th P. M.

1. To Je-sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; O bear me, ye cher-ub-im, up, And waft me a-way to his throne.

2. Dissolve thou these bonds that detain My soul from her portion in thee; O strike off this ad-a-mant chain, And make me e-ter-nal-ly free.

My Saviour, whom absent, I love, Whom, not having seen, I a-dore; Whose name is ex-alt-ed a-bove All glo-ry, do-min-ion and power.

When that hap-py e-ra be-gins, Ar-rayed in thy glo-ries, I'll shine, Nor grieve a-ny more, by my sins, The bosom on which I re-cline.

EFFIELD. Ss & 4s. 31st P. M.

1. Our blest re-deem-er, ere he breathed His last fare-well, A Guide, a Com-fort-er be-queathed, With us to dwell.

2. He breathes that gen-tle voice we hear As breeze of ev-en; That checks each fault, that calms each fear, That speaks of heaven.
A-la-s! how poor and lit-tle worth Are all those glit-tering toys of earth That lure us here! Dream of a sleep that death must break: A-la-s! beefore it bids us wake, They dis-ap-pear.

1. Hark, how the gos-pel trump-ets sounds, Through all the world the ech-o hounds! And Je-sus, by re-

2. Fight on, ye con-quering souls, fight on, And when the con-quest you have won, Then palms of vic-tory

deem-ing blood, Is bring-ing sin-ners back to God, And guides them safe-ly by his word, To end-less day.

you shall hear, And in his king-dom have a share, And crowns of glo-ry ev-er wear, In end-less day.
1. I cannot always trace the way, Where thou, almighty One, dost move, But I can always, always say, That God is love.

2. When fear her chilling mantle flings, O'er earth, my soul to heaven above, As to her native home, upsprings; For God is love.

WALES. Ss & 4s. (8, 4; 8, 4; 8, 8; 8, 4.)

Through the love of God our Saviour, All will be well: Free and changeless is his flavor; (Omit.............) All, all is well; Precious is the blood that healed us; Perfect is the grace that sealed us; Strong the hand outstretched to shield us; (Omit.............)

ELLIOIT. Ss & 6. (8, 8; 8, 6.)

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
With tender and varied expression. Affettuoso.

**GETHSEMANE. Ss & 6s. (8, 8, 6; 8, 8.)**

1. Beyond where Cedron’s waters flow, Behold the suffering Saviour go To sad Geth-se-ma-ne; His countenance is all di-vine, Yet grief ap-pears in ev’ry line.

2. He bows beneath the sins of men; He cries to God, and cries again, In sad Geth-se-ma-ne; He lifts his mournful eyes a-bove, “My Father can this cup re-move.”

**MONMOUTH. Ss & 7s. 39th P. M.**

LUTHER.

1. God is our refuge ev-er near, Our help in tribu-la-tion; Therefore his people shall not fear, Amid a wrecked creation; Tho’ mountains from their base be hurled, And ocean shake the solid world, The Lord is our salva-tion.

2. The stream that flows from Zion’s hill Shall yet serenely gliding; With joy the holy city fill, His presence there a-bi-ding; The Lord, her glory and defence, Will guard his chosen residence, His timely aid pro-viding.

**KINSMAN. Ss, 7s & 7s. 35th P. M.**

E. ROBERTS.

1. Come to Calvary’s ho-ly mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall; Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to you, to me, to all, In a full per-pet-u-al tide, Open’d when our Sa-viour died.

*Original form, as composed by Luther.*
1. Oh, show me not my Saviour dying, As on the cross he bled; Nor in the grave a captive lying, For he has left the dead. Then bid me not that form extended For my Redeemer own Who, to the highest heaven ascended, In glory fills the throne. Gains. Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeling, Amid the scenes he trod; Look up and see him interceding At the right hand of God.

2. Weep not for him at Calvary's station, Weep only for thy sins; View where he lay with exultation; 'Tis there our hope begins. Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding, Amid the scenes he trod; Look up and see him interceding At the right hand of God.

ENON. 10s. 17th P. M. REV. E. S. WIDDEMAN.

1. Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime, In full activity of zeal and power; A Christian cannot die before his time, The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2. Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease; Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done; Come from the heat of battle and of peace, Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3. Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay In death's embraces, ere he rose on high; And all the ransomed by that narrow way, Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
1. Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondency stray'd, While Zion's fall in deep remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2. The tuneful harp that once with joy we strung, When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay, In mournful silence, on the willows hung, And glowing grief prolonged the tedious day.

SAVANNAH. 10s. 17th P. M. Arranged from Pleyel, by Dr. L. Mason, Savannah, Ga., 1820.

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise, Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid.

LYONS. 10s & 11s. 13th or 14th P. M.

O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song; And let all his saints in full chorus join; With voices united, the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises in music divine.
1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain:" For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain; For sin and pollution—for every transgression,

2. Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair, Now he calls you in mercy—and can you forbear? Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain.

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.

His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain. Hallelujah, &c.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s., 16th or 27th P. M.

O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? And angels are waiting, to welcome you home. When God in great mercy is coming so nigh, Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come.
With strong expression.

1. I would not live alway, I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,

2. I would not live alway, no—welcome the tomb; Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom; There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a rise.

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**GOSHEN. 11s. 16th or 27th P.M.**

Are followed by gloom, or be-clouded by fear.

1. The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide; Whatever we want, He will kindly provide; To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound, His care and protection his flock will surround.

To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide; Whatever we want, He will kindly provide; To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound, His care and protection his flock will surround.
The Lord is our Shepherd, our guardian and guide, What - ev - er we want he will kindly provide; To sheep of his past - ture his mer - cies a - bound,

His care and protection, His care and protection, His care and protection his flock will surround.

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid, Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - leem - er is laid.

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - clin - ing, Ma - ker, and Mon - arh, and Sa - viour of all.
HALE. 11s & 10s. 30th P. M.

1. Hall to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2. Hall to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Long by the prophets of Israel foretold; Hall to the millions from bondage returning, Gentiles and Jews now their Saviour behold.

RODMAN. 11s & 10s. 30th P. M.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore him in slumber reclining, Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
Slowly and tenderly.

1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee; Tho’ sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb, The Saviour has passed thro’ its portals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom. spread to en-fold thee, And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died, And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer deplore thee, Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mercy soon will restore thee, Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died, Where death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions for-saking, Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long; But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking, And the song that thou hearest was the seraphim’s song, And the song that thou hearest was the seraphim’s song.

4. Thou art gone to the grave—but ’twere wrong to deplore thee. When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide; He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee, Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died, Where death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

SCOTLAND. 12s. 29th P. M.

BURLINGTON. 12s, 11s & 8s. (12, 11; 12, 8.)

1. The prince of salvation in triumph is riding, And glory attends him along his bright way—The news of his grace on the breezes arogingling, And nations are owning his sway.

2. Ride on, in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior, Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign; Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor, And follow thy glorious train.
1. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,... Je-ho-vah hath triumphed, his people are free. Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken, His chariots and horsemen all splendid and brave, How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

2. Praise for the vict'ry, all praise to the Lord,... His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword, Who shall return to tell Egypt the story, Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride, The Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory, and all her vain thousands are dashed in the tide.

Sound the loud trum-pet o'er Egypt's dark sea,... Je-ho-vah hath triumphed, his people are free, His people are free, his peo-ple are free.

Sound the loud tim-brel o'er Egypt's dark sea,... Je-ho-vah hath triumphed, his people are free, His people are free, his peo-ple are free.
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 swiftly then I'd fly,

Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, Oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove!

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, To my palace in the sky; Far away! far away! to the regions of the blest, Far away!

How swiftly then I'd fly, To my palace in the sky; Far away! far away! to the regions of the blest, Far away!

How swiftly then I'd fly, To my palace in the sky; Far away! far away!

How swiftly then I'd fly, To my palace in the sky; Far away! far away! to the regions of the blest, Oh! oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, Oh! oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, Oh! oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, Oh! oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, Oh! oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, Oh! oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, Oh! oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove, Oh! oh! that I had wings, had wings like a dove.
ÖH! THAT I HAD WINGS. Concluded.

wings.... like a dove To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest, To be at rest.

PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

1. Peace humbled soul, whose plain-tive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,

2. Come, free-ly come, by sin op-pressed, Un-bur-then here thy weigh-ty load, Here find thy re-fuge and thy rest,

And let thy tears for-get to flow; Be-hold the pre-cious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

And trust the mer-cy of thy God; Thy God's thy Sav-viour, glo-rious word! For-ev-er love and praise the Lord.
SWEET LAND OF REST.

1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at home? Home, home,

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering home—This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home? Home, home,

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done

2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sunny noon, Fill brightest hours with labor, Labor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give every flying minute Something to keep in store, Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; Fill brightest hours with

Cres.

la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give every flying minute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
1. O, how my spirit longs for thee, Beautiful home above, Where I may rest from sorrow free, Beautiful home above;

2. To reach thee safe I daily pray, Beautiful home above, And travel in the toilsome way, Beautiful home above;

Within the golden gates of light, Arrayed in garments pure and white, I'll walk with angels fair and bright, In my home above.

My weary feet are bruised and sore, But Jesus's feet were bruised before, To bring me to the open door, Of my beautiful home.

Chorus.
Beauti-ful home a-bove! Beautiful home a-bove! O, come and take me, Saviour, come, To my beautiful home a-bove.

Beauti-ful home a-bove! Beautiful home a-bove! O, come and take me, Saviour, come, To my beautiful home a-bove.
1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crystal tide for ever Flowing by the throne of God?
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down; Grace our spirit it will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.

4. At the smiling of the river, Mirror of the Saviour's face, Saints whom death will never see, Lift their songs of saving grace,
5. Soon we'll reach the silver river, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease; Soon our happy hearts will quiver; With the melody of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river—Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.

And must this body die, This mortal frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine, Lie mouldering in the clay.
1. Go and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole; Look up to Him, He only can forgive, Believe on Him, and

2. Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes; His blood was spilt, His precious life he gave, That mercy, peace, and

3. Go and tell Jesus, He'll dispel thy fears, Will calm thy painful doubts and dry thy tears; He'll take thee in His arms and on His breast, Thou may'st be happy,

CHORUS.

Go and tell Jesus, He on-ly can for-give, par-don you might have. Go and tell Jesus, O, turn to Him and live. Go and tell Jesus, Go and tell Jesus, Go and tell Jesus, He on-ly can forgive, and for ev-er rest. Go and tell Jesus, Go and tell Jesus, Go and tell Jesus, Go and tell Jesus, He on-ly can forgive.

SLADE. L. M.

From Handel & Haydn Coll.

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.


The dripp - ing cloud is chased a - way, The sun breaks forth in end - less day, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there will nev - er know, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

And when we tread thy love - ly shore, We'll sing the song we've sung be - fore, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

CHORUS.


SOON AND FOREVER.

1. Soon and forever the breaking of day Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow away; Soon and forever we'll see as we're seen, And know the deep meaning of things that have been Where fightings without and where conflicts within Shall

2. Soon and forever the work shall be done, The warfare accomplished, the victory won; Soon and forever the soldier lay down, The sword for a harp, and the cross for a crown, Then sink not in sorrow, despise not in fear, A

soon and forever

weary no more in the warfare of sin, Where tears and where fears and where death shall be never, For Christians with Christ shall be, soon and forever.

glorious to-morrow is brightening and near, Oh, blessed reward for each faithful endeavor, When Christians with Christ shall be, soon and forever.

OH! STRIKE THE HARP.

1. Oh! strike the harp! 'twill soothe the soul, To sing of woe: Pour forth the strain without control, But soft and slow, But soft and slow.

2. Time was, when quicker notes could charm; But now 'tis past; The winds were hush'd, so sweet a calm Could never last, Could never last.

slow.

Dim.
My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly. Those hours of toil and danger:
Our absent king the watch word gave, "Let every lamp be burning," We look afar, across the wave, Our distant home discerning:
Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sorrow, For hope will sing, with courage bold, "There's glory on the morrow!"
Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise, Each cord on earth to sever, There—bright and joyous in the skies—There—is our home for ever:

REFRAIN.
For now we stand On Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And, just before, The shining shore We may almost discover.

UPTON. L. M.
Bless O my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the powers within me join In work and worship so divine.
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my petition bear To him whose truth and faithfulness, Engage the waiting soul to bless.

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation share: Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight.

In seasons of distress and grief My soul has often found relief; And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace, I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee sweet hour of prayer.

This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the everlasting prize; And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wanderers, come! Oh, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls: Oh! listen now! Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls: For refuge fly! The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.

4. The spirit calls to-day: Yield to his power; Oh, grieve him not away! 'Tis mercy's hour.
1. Tho' oft here we're weary, There is sweet rest above, A rest that is eternal, Where all is peace and love; Oh! let us then press forward, That glorious rest to gain: We'll soon be free from sorrow, From toil, and care and pain.

2. Loved ones have gone before us, They beckon us away, O'er aerial plains they're soaring, Blessed in eternal day; But we are in the army, And dare not leave our post; We'll fight until we conquer The foe's most mighty host.

Come, ye Disconsolate.  
S. WEBBE.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye stray; Come at the mercy-seat fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish: Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the languish; Hope of the penitent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Comforter tenderly saying, Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
WATCHMAN, TELL US.

SOLO. Treble.

Tenor.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.359

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are,—Traveller, o'er yon mountains height, See that glorious beam-ing star.
2. Watchman! tell us of the night, High-er yet that star ascends,—Traveller! bless-ed-ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends!
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn,—Traveller! dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.

Treble.

Tenor.

Watchman! does its beau-tious ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell; Traveller! yes, it brings the day—Promised day of Is-ra-el.
Watchman! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth; Traveller! ages are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et home; Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

Chorus, for 1st and 2d stanzas.

Chorus to 3d stanza.

1. Trav-eller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el. 3. Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come.
2. Trav-eller! a-ages are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

1. Trav-eller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el. 3. Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come.
2. Trav-eller! a-ages are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
HEAVENLY REST. Quartette.

J. M. PELTON

1. Mortal, weary with thy toiling, As thro' earth's gay scenes we rove; List! those voices, gently calling To the
rest that waits above, Gently calling To the toiling, Faithful now, thou'lt rest above, Faithful now thou'lt rest above.

2. Loved ones long lost, gone before thee To the regions of the blest, Smiling now, are whispering o'er thee; Soon thou'lt
find thy look for rest; Whispering o'er thee, Gone before thee! Brave toil, in heaven thou'lt rest, Brave toil, in heaven thou'lt rest.

3. Loved ones, yes, we hope to meet you After life's last work is o'er; Hope in peace and joy to greet you, Where peace
reigns for ever more: Hope to greet you, Joyful meet you, And in heaven, rest ever more, And in heaven rest ever more.

THERE'S REST IN THE GRAVE.

Words by REV. C. BEECHER.

1. There's rest in the grave, Life's toils are all past, Night cometh at last: How calmly I rest In the sleep of the blest, Nor hear life's storm rave o'er my green grassy grave.

2. No rest in the grave—Heaven's dawn purples fast, Morn's splendours are cast, Like shafts thro' the gloom of the dark silent tomb; Heaven's fair bowers wave—No rest in the grave!

3. Arise from the grave! Heaven's bright, burning throne Come rushing along; They gird me about, And triumph shout, As myriad palms wave, Ascend from the grave,
1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free; Showers the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me.

2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let thy mercy light on me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour Let me live and cling to thee: Fain I'm longing for thy favor; Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me— Even me, &c.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit, Thou canst make the blind to see, Witnesses of Jesus' merit, Speak the word of power to me— Even me, &c.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so rich and boundless, Magnify it all in me— Even me, &c.

6. Pass me not, thy lost one bringing; Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee; Whilst the streams of life are springing; Blessing others, oh, bless me— Even me, &c.

EMMONS. C. M. Arranged from BURGMULLER.

1. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No music's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. When we appear in yonder cloud, With all the favored throng, Then will we sing more sweet more loud, And Christ shall be our song, And Christ shall be our song.
1. As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean, Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see; So, deep in my heart, the still pray'r of devotion, Un-

2. As still to the star of its worship, tho' clouded, The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea; So, dark as I roam, thro' this wintry world shrouded, The

IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.
Words by HANNAH E. BRADBURY.
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Brother, on the troubled deep When the wild winds round you

2. When the storm has died away, And the sun with cheering

3. Brother, far away from home, Restless as the wave's light foam, When temptations round you come, Pray for strength to Him who said —

4. Brother, when death draweth near, And your spirits shrink in fear, From its portals damp and drear, Trust your soul to Him who said —

"It is I, be not afraid."
Rev. E. A. Washburn, D.D.

CHRIST HATH ARisen.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Christ hath a - ris - en! Death is no more! Lo! the white-rob-ed ones Sit by the door. Dawn, gold-en morn-ing! Seat - ter the night! Haste, ye dis - 

2. Break forth in sing-ing; O world new-born! Chaunt the great Eastertide, Christ's ho-ly morn. Chaunt him, young sunbeams, Dancing in mirth! Chaunt, all ye 

3. Chaunt Him, ye laughing flowers, Fresh from the sod: Chaunt him, wild leaping streams, Praising your God! Break from thy win - ter, Sad heart, and sing! Bud with thy 

4. Come, where the Lord hath lain, Past is the gloom: See the full eye of day Smile through the tomb. Hark! an - gel voie - es Fall from the skies! Christ hath a - 

"IT IS WELL."

1. "It is well!" "It is well!

2. "It is well!"

3. "It is well!"

4. "It is well!"

Though deep and sure the smart,
The hand that wounds knows how to bind
The bleeding heart.

Though sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill only make the joy more dear
That welcomes day

The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough, and strait, and dark it be,
Leads home to God.
1. I journey forth rejoicing From this dark vale of tears, To heavenly joy and freedom, From earthly bonds and fears:
2. I go to see this glory, Whom we have loved below; I go, the blessed angels, The holy saints to know;
3. Why thus so sadly weeping, Beloved ones of my heart? The Lord is good and gracious, Though now he bids us part;
4. I hear the Saviour calling—The joyful hour is come; The angel guards are ready To guide me to our home,

Where Christ our Lord shall gather All his redeemed again, His kingdom to inherit; Good night, till then!
Our lovely ones departed I go to find again, And wait for you to join us; Good night, till then!
Oft have we met in gladness, And we shall meet again, All sorrow left behind us; Good night, till then!
Where Christ our Lord shall gather All his redeemed again, His kingdom to inherit; Good night, till then!

SAVOY. C. M.
1. Silent night! shadowy night! Purple dome, starry light! Pouring splendor of centuries down; Gold and purple, a

2. Silent night! mystical night! Kings and seers sought thy light! Where the watch of the shepherd is kept, Heavenly hosts through the

3. Holy night! heralding dawn! Far and near breaks the morn! Breaks the day when the Saviour of men, Bringing pardon and healing again—

Holy, harmless, and undefiled—Cometh, a little child!

Marie Mason.

DUNSTAN. L. M.

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

2. For him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown his head;—His name like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
HASTE, O SINNER, NOW BE WISE.

1. Haste, O sinner, now be wise; Stay not, 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, stay not for the morrow's sun: Lest thy season should be o'er, Ere the evening's stage be run.
3. Haste, O sinner, now return; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun: Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere sal-va-tion's work is done.
4. Haste, O sinner, now be blest; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun: Lest per-di-tion thee arrest, Ere the morrow is begun.

BROTHER, THOU ART GONE TO REST.

1. Brother, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spir-it long'd to be.
2. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thine is an earthly tomb; But Je-sus sum-moned thee a-way; Thy Sa-viour call'd thee home.
3. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o'er; And sor-row, pain and suf-ring, now Shall ne'er dis-tress thee more.
4. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thy sins are all for-giv'n; And saints in light, have wel-come thee To share the joys of heav'n.
5. Brother, thou art gone to rest; And this shall be our pray'r: That, when we reach our jour-ney's end, Thy glo-ry we may share.

THERE IS A LAND, A HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a Land, a hap-py land, Where tears are wiped a-way From every eye, by God's own hand, And night is turned to day, And night is turned to day.
2. There is a Home, a hap-py home, Where weary mariners re-sort, When life's rough voyage is o'er, When life's rough voyage is o'er.
3. There is a Port, a peaceful port, A safe and qui- et shore, Where weary mariners re-sort, When life's rough voyage is o'er, When life's rough voyage is o'er.
4. There is a Clime, a glorious clime, A re-gion fair and calm; Where all around are scenes sublime, And all the air is bal-m, And all the air is bal-m.
5. There is a Crown, a dazzling crown, Bedecked with jewels fair, And priests and kings of high renown That crown of glory wear, That crown of glory wear.
6. That land be mine, that calm retreat, That crown of glo-ry bright; Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet, And every burden light, And every burden light.
SOFTLY THEY REST THERE.

1. Soft-ly they rest there, Ev-er so hap-pi-ly; Down their dark dwell-ings, Glide my still tho’ts to them, Soft-ly they rest there,
2. Weep they no long-er, Here where their sorrows were, Nor are their plea-sures, Where earth-ly pleasures are, Lone-ly the cy-press,
3. Soon shall we al-so, Rest by them gent-ly there, Sure as the rose leaves Fade, with-er, droop and die, Dust un-to dust then,

REST there in safe-ty, Nought of earth’s tumult Dis-turbs their slumber. Deep-er-shades them, Murmuring breezes Are chant-ing dir-ges.

We too must mingle, Till angels’ voices Call us from slumber.

JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

1. Sweet ’tis to sing of thee, Jesus, our friend; Of thy great love so free, Jesus, our friend;
2. When thou wert here below, Jesus, our friend; Thou didst our sorrows know, Jesus, our friend;
3. Tender and patient, thou, Jesus our friend; To thy dear love we bow, Jesus our friend; Oh, in thy spirit pure, May we our ills endure, Jesus our friend.
4. By thy redeeming grace, Jesus our friend; We hope to see thy face, Jesus our friend; Then will we joyful praise, Throughout etern-al days, Jesus our friend.

Jes-sus, our friend; Oh, for a heart to praise, Thro’ all our ear-ly days, Thy won-drous works and ways, Jesus our friend.

Jes-sus, our friend; Grant to each heart to feel, That thou hast power to heal, And oh, thyself re-veal, Je-sus our friend.

Jes-sus, our friend;
COME, BROTHERS, LET US ONWARD.

1. Come, brothers, let us on-ward—The night will not de-lay; And in the howl-ing de-sert, It is not good to stay. Take
2. The pilgrim's path of tri-al, We do not fear to view; His voice we know who calls us, We know him to be true. What
3. Then, glad-ly let us on-ward, As hand in hand we go; Each help-ing one an-oth-er Through all the way be-low. And
4. O brothers! soon is end-ed The jour-ney we've be-gun; En-dure a lit-tle long-er, The race will soon be won. Wo

Cour-age, and be strong, For we are hast-ning on to heav'n, And strength for war-fare will be given, And glo-ry won ere long. though the world con-temn, We trust in his al-might-y grace, And still press on with stead-fast face To our Je-ru-sa-lom.

O! that all might share Our joys, and sing the ho-ly song Of heaven, and all the hap-py throng That now a-wait us there. hear the heavenly call, We fol-low him who went be-fore; We fol-low to the-e-ter-nal shore Our Sa-viour and our all.

GRANBY. 7's.

Keep me, Saviour, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Ne-er let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me—Sweetly draw me—Sweetly draw me by thy love.
Child of sin and sorrow, Fill'd with dismay, Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day; Heav'n bids thee come,

Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die? Come, while thou canst borrow Help from on high: Grieve not that love,

While yet there's room; Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

Which from above, Child of sin and sorrow, Would bring thee nigh.
"Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the Earth."

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with gladness and fear; Exult in his presence with music and mirth,

3. Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in his temple proclaim; His praise with melodious accordance prolong.

With love and devotion draw near. 2. The Lord he is God; and Jehovah alone, Creator, and ruler o'er all;

And bless his adorable name. 4. For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, And we are the work of his hand,

And we are his people, his sceptre we own: His sheep, and we follow his call—We follow his call—We follow his call.

His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to eternity stand—To eternity stand—To eternity stand.

The small notes are for the last stanza.
GO TO THY REST.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re-pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease, From earthy cares, in sweet release, From earthy cares, in sweet release.

2. Go to thy peace-ful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now among the blest, No more by sin and sorrow pressed, But hush'd in quiet sleep; No more by sin and sorrow pressed, But hush'd in quiet sleep.

3. Go to thy rest; and while Thy ab-sence we de-plore, One thought our sor-row shall be-guile, For soon, with a celestial smile, We meet to part no more; For soon, with a celestial smile, We meet to part no more, part no more.

EXHORTATION. C. M.


On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my, &c.
Dear comrade Pilgrims of the Cross:

1. Dear comrade pilgrims of the cross, Although the way be dreary, Yet faint not, fail not, onward press, Tho' wounded, worn and weary.

2. Tho' sore beset, not overcome, Cast down, but not despairing, We're travelling toward a heavenly home, Our master's standard bearing.

3. We'll one another's burdens bear, The toil-some journey cheer ing; Our joys and all our sorrows share, Each day our home we're nearing.

4. Our Lord is God; his promise sure, His help shall fail us never; And they who to the end endure Shall reign with him forever.

SENTENCE. "The Lord is in his holy temple."

The Lord is in his holy temple, The Lord is in his holy temple, Let all the earth keep silence.
LET ME GO.

1. Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest; Let me go where my Redeemer Has prepared his people's rest.

2. Let me go where none are weary, Where is raised no note of woe; Let me go and bathe my spirit In the rapture angels know.

3. Let me go, why should I tarry? What has earth to bind me here? What but cares, and toils, and sorrows? What but death, and pain, and fear?

Chorus—Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day; Bear me o'er, angel pinions, Longs my soul to be away.

I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell forevermore; I would join the friends that wait me, O'er on the other shore.

Let me go, for bliss eternal Lures my soul away, away, And the victor's song triumphant, Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

Let me go, for hopes most cherished, Blasted round me often lie; O! I've gathered brightest flow'rs But to see them fade and die.

"The Lord is in his holy Temple." Concluded.

Let all the earth keep silence, Let all the earth keep silence before him, Let all the earth keep silence before him, keep silence before him.

-solo.

silence, Let all the earth keep silence, silence before him.
IF HUMAN KINDNESS MEETS RETURN.

1. If human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie, If tender tho'ts within us burn, To feel a friend is nigh. 2. Oh! shall not warmer accents

tell The gratitude we owe To him who died, our fears to quell, And save from death and woe! 3. While yet in anguish he surveyed Those pangs he would not

tell The gratitude we owe To him who died, our fears to quell, And save from death and woe! 3. While yet in anguish he surveyed Those pangs he would not

flee, What love his latest words displayed, "Meet and remem-ber me!" "Meet and re-member me!" 4. Re-men-ber thee! thy death, thy

flee, What love his latest words displayed, "Meet and re-member me!" "Meet and re-member me!" 4. Re-men-ber thee! thy death, thy
375

IF HUMAN KINDNESS MEETS RETURN.  Concluded.

shame, Our sin - ful hearts to share,  O mem - ry! leave no oth - er name, But his...... re - cord - ed there!

shame, Our sin - ful hearts to share,  O mem - ry! leave no oth - er name, But his...... re - cord - ed there!

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.  W. B. B.

Soft and slow.

Cast thy burden on the Lord. Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee, He

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee, He

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.  W. B. B.

will sustain thee, and comfort thee. He will sustain thee. He will comfort thee. Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord.
HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal!

2. How charming is their voice! How sweet their tidings are! Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumph here—

3. How happy are our ears, That hear this joyful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found!

4. How blessed are our eyes, That see this heavenly light! (Ending for this stanza below.)

5. The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ; Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm, Through all the earth abroad, Let every nation now behold Their Saviour and their God—

Ending for the fourth stanza.

...reigns—He reigns and triumphs here.” Prophets and kings desired it long, But died without—the sight.

...hold their Saviour and their God.

In this stanza sing the small notes, in full chorus.
SENTENCE. "Blessed be the Lord forevermore."  From Dr. THOMPSON. 377

Blessed, blessed, blessed be the Lord forevermore, forevermore, the Lord forevermore.


WEEP NOT.

1. Weep not—Je-sus lives on high, O sad and wea-ried one! If thou with the bur-den sigh, Of grief thou canst not shun, Trust him still, Soon there will Ros-ses in the thicket stand, Goshen smile in Egypt's land.

2. Weep not—Je-sus com-forts thee, He yet shall come to save, And each sor-row thou shalt see Lie bu-ried in the grave, Sin shall die, Grief shall fly, Thou hast wept thy lat-est tears, When the Lord of life ap-ears.
And ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall
search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall
search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall
search for me with all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall

FOUNT OF BLESSING.

1. Fount of blessing, Now in parting, Oh refresh each fainting soul! Flowing o'er with joy supernal, Springing up to life eternal!
2. Living waters freely give us, Wells within of blessing full, Flowing o'er with joy supernal, Springing up to life eternal!
Bless-ed Saviour keep us ever Thro' the night and thro' the day; Thro' the night do thou protect us, All the day do thou direct us.
Let us never From thee ever, Be our guardian, guide and stay. Thro' the night do thou protect us, All the day do thou direct us.
D. C. Lord in mercy keep us safe, All in thine appointed way. D. C. Fount of blessing.
And ye shall seek me, shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall seek for me with all your heart, And ye shall seek me, shall seek me, and find me,

COME UNTO ME.

1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distrest,

when ye shall seek for me with all your heart, saith the Lord.

When ye have mourned when the spring-flowers were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,

1. Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,

Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father, Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,

When the loved slept, in brighter homes to awaken, When their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crowned.

Glad are the homes that sorrow never dim;

4. There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,

Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,

Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;

Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,

Come unto me, and I will give you rest,
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; For I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." His yoke is easy, and his burden is light.
SENTENCE. "I will arise, and go to my Father.

Father, I have sinned—I have sinned against heav'n and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son—and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

"He ever Guides with care Divine."

1. He ever guides with care divine Who dost the world enlighten; The mighty star, The waves afar, He leads along their courses, And all their laws enforce.

2. He ever guides with care divine; His blessings ev-er flow-ing, With pleasure fill my pilgrim path, Like pearls the desert sowing; I love the light That beams so bright, And leads my footsteps near him; Oh, may I ever fear him!
Let children hear the mighty deeds, Which God performed of old, Which in our younger years we saw, And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known, His works of power and grace; And we'll convey his wonders down, Thro' ev'ry rising race.
PRAYER FOR PEACE.

1. God, the all-ter-ri-ble, Thou, who or-dain-est, Thunder thy clar-ion, and lightning thy sword; Show forth thy pity on

2. God, the om-nip-o-tent! migh-ty a-ven-ger, Watch-ing in-vis-i-ble, judging unheard; Save us in mercy, O

3. God, the all-mer-ci-ful! Earth hath for-sak-en Thy ways all ho-ly, and slighted thy word; Bid not thy wrath in its

4. So will thy peo-ple with thank-ful de-vo-tion, Praise him who saved them from per-il and sword; Shouting in cho-rus, from

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SANCTUS. No. 2.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Al-might-y, Heaven and

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Al-might-y, Heaven and

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Al-might-y, Heaven and

---

earth are full of thy glo-ry: Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, O God most high, O God most high.

---

earth are full of thy glo-ry: Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, O God most high, O God most high.

---

earth are full of thy glo-ry: Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, O God most high, O God most high.
Salvation! oh, the joyful sound. 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we arise by grace divine, To see a heavenly day. Salvation, salvation,
LET EVERY HEART REJOICE AND SING. GEORGE JAS. WEBB. 385

Allegro Maestoso.

1. Let every heart rejoice and sing; Let choral anthems rise; For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his

VERSE.

2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his pow'r is known; For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his

CHORUS.

With songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Jehovah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A

ways; With songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Jehovah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A

glorious anthem raise: Let each prolong the grateful song, And the God of our fathers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.

glorious anthem raise: Let each prolong the grateful song, And the God of our fathers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.
LIFT UP YOUR STATELY HEADS, YE DOORS.

SOLO. Treble or Tenor.

1. Lift up your state-ly heads, ye doors, With

2. Swift from your gol-den hin-ges leap, Your

has-ty reve-rence rise, Ye ev-er-last-ing doors that guard The pas-sage to the skies. For see—For see the King of glo-ry

bar-riers roll a-way, And throw your blaz-ing por-tals wide, And burst the gates of day.

comes—the King of glory comes A-long the e-ter-nal road— For see the King—the King of glory comes—the King of glory comes Along the e-ter-nal road.

Instruments may repeat 9 measures for a conclud-ing symphony.
"When as returns this solemn day."

1. When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet in God, What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad? 2. From marble domes and gilded spires Shall clouds of incense rise, And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The costly sacrifice? 3. Vain sinful man! Vain sinful man! cro-
cres.  

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1. Heavenly day, Heavenly day, Heavenly day awaits our way, Here on earth as strangers dwelling, Joys we seek beyond de-cay, Where pure songs to God are swelling, Heaven's high glory ever telling, Though as pilgrims here we roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home; Heavenly day, nev-er, Light shall rise and shine for-ev-er: Though as pilgrims here we roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home; Heavenly day, Heavenly day, Heavenly day awaits our way.

2. Heavenly day, Heavenly day, Heavenly day awaits our way, Hope bestows her smiles unceasing, Sweet her beams around us play, While our earthly life's deceasing, While we wait our soul's releasing, Though as pilgrims here we roam, Yet in heav'n we'll find a home; Heavenly day, Heavenly day, Heavenly day, Heavenly day awaits our way, Heavenly day awaits our way, Heavenly day awaits our way.

3. Heavenly day, Heavenly day, Heavenly day awaits our way, What tho' death the bond disjoin, Which unites thee to the clay? Dread the gloom, oh, never, Joy we seek beyond de-cay, Where pure songs to God are heavenly day, heavenly day, heavenly day, awaits our way, awaits our way, awaits our way.
SENTENCE. "Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth."

Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth, Heav'n and earth are full of the majesty of thy great glory,

Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of the majesty of thy great glory, Glory be to the thee,

Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, O Lord, O Lord most high.
O praise God in his holiness, Praise him in his firmament—in the firmament of his power;

Praise him according to his excellent greatness; Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, in the sound of the trumpet, Praise him upon the lute and harp;

Praise him in the cymbals—in the cymbals and dances, Praise him on strings—on strings and pipes—

Praise him in the cymbals—in the cymbals and dances, Praise him on strings—on strings and pipes—Let every thing that hath breath, let every thing that hath
ANTHEM. O Praise God in His Holiness. Concluded.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

From the Oratorio of Joshua, by Handel.

1. All ye people, lift the voice, Raise the high victorious song; Lo! he comes! let

2. Blessings numberless he brings, Full supplies for every need; Joy before his

3. Passion’s clamor now be still, Pride be hushed, and tumult cease; Love shall reign, and

See, the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, and laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.
See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums.

The last two lines should be sung at the D.C.
Maestoso.

Holy! Holy! Holy is the Lord! Heaven and earth are full of his glory—Heaven and earth are full of his glory,

Holy! Holy! Holy is the Lord of Sabo-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glory—Heaven and earth are full of his glory,

Holy, Holy is the Lord of Sabo-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glory—Heaven and earth are full of his glory,

* If the Alto is weak, the Tenor may sing the small notes in this passage.

There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest.

From J. A. Naumann.

1. 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.
2. There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear—'tis heav'n.
3. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye, The heart no longer riven; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heav'n.
4. 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 heav'n.
Holy is the Lord. Concluded.

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna,

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna,

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna,

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna, Blessed is he that cometh in the

name of the Lord, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

SENTENCE. Benediction.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.
"UNVAIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB."

From HANDEL'S "Dead March in Saul."

1. Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb; Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sacred relics room To slumber in the silent dust.

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 repose.

"BLESSING, AND GLORY, AND WISDOM."

From F. MULLER, by L. M.
3. So Jesus slept; God's dying Son Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn! Attend, O earth, his sovereign word; Restore thy trust, a glorious form Shall then arise to meet the Lord.
When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear, shall appear in his glory, in his glory, He shall appear.

When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in his glory, in his glory, He shall appear in his glory.

When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in his glory, He shall appear in his glory.

When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in his glory.

**THE GUIDING STAR.**

1. Star of peace to wand’rs weary, Bright the beams that smile on me, Cheer the pi-lo’ta vi-sion dreary, Far, far at sea. Far, far at sea.
2. Star of hope, gleam on the billow, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail’or’s lone-ly pil-low, Far, far at sea. Far, far at sea.
3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the billows rocking, Far, far at sea. Far, far at sea.
4. Star di-vine, O safely guide him, Bring the wand’rer home to thee; Sore temptations long have tried him, Far, far at sea. Far, far at sea.
When the Lord shall build up Zion.

CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.—Lively, loud.

and plenteousness within thy palaces, and plenteousness within thy palaces. Peace be within thy walls,

and plenteousness within thy palaces, and plenteousness within thy palaces. Peace be within thy walls,

Peace be within thy walls,

Peace be within thy walls,

Peace be within thy walls,

Peace be within thy walls,

Peace, and plenteousness within thy palaces, and plenteousness within thy palaces.

Peace, and plenteousness within thy palaces, and plenteousness within thy palaces. Amen. Amen.

Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces, and plenteousness within thy palaces. Amen. Amen.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace,
ANTHEM. "Lord of all power and might."

Lord of all power and might, Lord of all power and might; Thou that art the au-thor, Thou that art the au-thor, Thou that art the au-thor, Thou that art the au-thor.

au-thor of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of thy name, the love of thy name; In-crease in us true re-

au-thor of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of thy name, the love of thy name; In-crease in us true re-

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

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.
LORD OF ALL POWER AND MIGHT. [Concluded.]

Chorus.

Lord of all power and might, nourish us in all goodness, Lord of all power and might, And of thy great mercy, And

li-gion, Lord of all power and might, nourish us in all goodness, Lord of all power and might, And of thy great mercy, And

li-gion, Lord of all power and might, nourish us in all goodness, Lord of all power and might, And of thy great mercy, And

of the great mercy, Keep us, Keep us in the same through Jesus Christ our Lord, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

of the great mercy, Keep us, Keep us in the same through Jesus Christ our Lord, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ANTHEM. "The Lord bless thee."

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee, The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give the peace.
ANTHEM. "Jerusalem, my glorious home."

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1840

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When! When shall my la - bors have an end,

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When! When shall my la - bors have an end,

In joy and peace,

In joy and peace,

In joy and peace, In joy and peace, In joy and peace.

2. Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend?

In joy and peace, In joy and peace, In joy and peace.

2. Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend?

In joy and peace, In joy and peace, In joy and peace.

2. Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend?

Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend?

Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend?

Oh, when shall I thy courts, thy courts ascend?

Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?

Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?

Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?

Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?

3. There happier bowers than E - den's bloom,

3. There happier bowers than E - den's bloom,

3. There happier bowers than E - den's bloom,

3. There happier bowers than E - den's bloom,
nor sorrow know: Blest seats I thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I onward press to you, I onward press to you, Je-

ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! Name ev - er dear to me..... 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis-

may! I've Ca - naan's good - ly land.... in view, And realms of end - less day. 5. Je - ru - sa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for
I am weary.

1. Here I find no rest; While by pain oppressed, And by sin distress, I am weary, am weary.

2. Though this world be fair, Sin is ever there, And its guilt I share: I am weary, am weary.

3. Yet, from heaven on high, Christ hath heard my sigh, Mark'd my mournful cry; I am weary, am weary.

4. Dawn, thou heavenly light, On my vanished sight; Heav'n is pure and bright! I am weary, am weary.
"O praise the Lord, all ye nations.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us, And the truth of the

Lord endurcth for ever, And the truth of the Lord endurcth for ever, ever, Praise ye the Lord.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised.
GREAT IS THE LORD.  Concluded.

CHORUS.

mountain of his holiness. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, In the

mountain of his holiness. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, In the

CHORUS.

city of our God, In the city of our God,

in the mountain of his holiness. Great is the Lord, and

city of our God, In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness, in the mountain of his holiness. Great is the Lord, and

greatly to be praised, In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Amen, Amen.

greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Amen, Amen.
Maestoso.

ANTHEM. "The Lord is King."

The Lord is King, The Lord is King, The Lord is King, And hath put on glorious apparel, The Lord hath put on glorious apparel, and

The Lord is King, The Lord is King, The Lord is King, The Lord is King, and hath put on a glorious apparel, The Lord hath put on a glorious apparel, and

girded himself with strength, and girded himself with strength, The Lord is King, The Lord is King, The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel, The Lord hath

girded himself with strength, and girded himself with strength, The Lord is King, The Lord is King, The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel, The Lord hath

put on glorious apparel, and girded himself with strength. He hath made the round world so sure, He hath made the wide world so

put on glorious apparel, and girded himself with strength. He hath made the round world so sure, He hath
"The Lord is King." Concluded.

Recollect, Recitative. TENOR.

Thy testimonies, O Lord, are sure, very sure.

He hath made the round world so sure that it cannot be moved.

Note.—This part of the Anthem may be sung separately, as a short opening piece, if desirable.
ANTHEM. Sons of Zion.

Praise ye the Lord, Glorify him for ever;

Praise ye the Lord, Glorify him for ever.

Zion come before him, bring the cymbal, bring the harp, bring the cymbal, bring the harp.

Zion come before him, bring the cymbal, bring the harp, bring the cymbal, bring the harp.

High in glory, lo! he's seated, in the

he sits in state, See the King he sits in state.

Sons of Zion come before him, sound the lute and strike the harp, sound the

King he sits in state, see the King he sits in state.
SONS OF ZION. Concluded.

Sons of Zion come before him, Sound the lute, strike the harp.

Lute, strike the harp. Sons of Zion come before him, Sound the lute, strike the harp.

Symphony. Voice.

Lute and strike the harp. Sound the lute and harp, Strike the harp.

Lute and strike the harp. Sound the lute and harp, Strike the harp.
1. Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy:  
   Know that the Lord is God alone; He can create— and
   destroy, He can create— and He destroy.

2. His sovereign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
   He destroy, He can create— and He destroy.

3. We are his people,
   And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He brought us to his fold again.

Andantino.

And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He brought us to his fold again.

3. We are his people,

we his care, Our souls, and all our mortal frame: What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to thy name?

Allegro Maestoso.

4. We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs, High as the heav'n, our voices raise; And earth, And earth, with all her thousand, thousand tongues,

Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. 5. Wide, wide as the world is

Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Before Jehovah's awful Throne. Concluded.

thy command, Vast as e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty, thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When roll-ing years shall cease to move, shall

cease to move, When roll-ing years shall cease to move, When roll- ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, cease to move.

cease to move, When roll-ing years shall cease to move, When roll- ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, cease to move.

MIDDLETOWN. Ss & 7s. 9th P. M.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal:

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us, Though the ar-row near us fly,

P. c. An-gel guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.

D. c.
ANTHEM. "O praise ye the Lord."

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.

2. Let them his great name devoutly adore; In

This passage may be sung in solo or in chorus.

loud swelling strains his praises express, Who graciously opens his bountiful store, Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless, Who graciously opens his bountiful store, Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

Their wants to relieve, their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.
"O praise ye the Lord."

Continued.

3. With glory adorned, his people shall sing To God who defence and plenty supplies:
   Their loud acclamations to him their great king, Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

4. Ye angels above, his glories who've sung, In lofiest
   notes now publish his praise; We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue; Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue; Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.
How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
The midsummer sun shines but dim. The fields strive in vain to look gay.

How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
The midsummer sun shines but dim. The fields strive in vain to look gay.

We mortals, would borrow your tongue, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.
We mortals, delight-ed, would bor-row your
We mortals, would borrow your tongue, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.
We mortals, delight-ed, would bor-row your

We mortals, would borrow your tongue, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.
We mortals, delight-ed, would bor-row your
We mortals, would borrow your tongue, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.
We mortals, delight-ed, would bor-row your
EASTER ANTHEM.

Hal-le-lu-jah! The Lord is risen indeed, Hal-le-lu-jah!

The Lord is risen indeed, Hal-le-lu-jah! The Lord is risen indeed, Hal-le-lu-jah! Now in Christ

Now is Christ the first fruits of them that slept, Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hallelujah! Halle-lu-jah!

And did he rise? And did he rise? And did he rise? And did he rise? Hear, O ye nations; hear it, O ye dead! he rose! he rose! he rose! he rose! And did he rise! And did he rise! And did he rise! And did he rise!
Then I rose! he burst the bars of death! He burst the bars of death, he burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave! Then, then, then I rose! then I rose! then first humanity, triumphant, passed the crystal ports of light, and seized eternal youth.

Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

Hail! Hail! Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man,
ANTHEM. "But in the last days it shall come to pass."

But in the last days it shall come to pass, That the mountain of the house of the Lord, shall be established in the top of the mountains, And be exalted above the hills, and all people shall flow unto it.

Come, let us go up to the mountain of the hills. And many nations shall come, and say:

Lord. Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the mountain of the Lord, to the mountain of the Lord.
"But in the last days it shall come to pass."

Concluded.

Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; And he will teach us, will teach us of his ways, And we will walk in his paths:

Paths: For the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord, from Jerusalem, For the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem:

Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem: And he will teach us, will teach us of his ways, And we will walk in his paths:
ANTHEM. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."  

Allegro Moderato. SEMI-CHORUS.

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; The world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, Nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." Continued.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation. This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O God of Jacob. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in, the King of glory shall come in, the King of glory shall come in, the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory?
Who is this King of glory? The Lord, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates,

Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, And the King of glory shall come in, the King of glory shall come in, the King of glory,

Who is this King of glory? Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory,
Concluded.

He is the King of glory, He is the King, the King of glory, He is the King, the King of glory, the King of glory.

MOTET. "Where now are they."

Slowly.

1. Where now are they, the cherished friends of childhood, When, free from care, unclouded days were ours, With whom we oft have roamed, have roamed the forest wild-wood, In childish glee, careless of passing hours. passing hours!

2. How like a dream, from sleep when one awaketh. Sear now those years, forever passed away; Or like a mist, that fades, that fades when morning breaketh! Time swiftly flies; fleeting is life's short day.

3. There is a land where time shall flow no longer. Fair land of rest, where partings never come; Where friends remain, and love, and love grows ever stronger, O heavenly land! happy eternal home.
ANTHEM. "Strike the Cymbal."

Strike the cymbal, roll the tym-bal, Let the trump………… of triumph sound.

Powerful sling-ing, head-long bring-ing, Proud Go-li-ath to the ground.
"Strike the Cymbal." CONTINUED.

Sym.

From the river, rejecting quiver, Judah's hero takes the stone.

Piano-Forte.

CHORUS.

Spread your banners, Shout Hosannas, Battle is the Lord's alone.
God of thunder, rend a - sun - der, all the power Phi - lis - tia boasts; What are na-tions, what their sta-tions?

Israel's God is Lord of hosts. What are haughty monarchs now? Low be-fore Je - ho - vah bow. Pride of princes, strength of kings,
"Strike the Cymbal." Concluded.

Praise him, praise him, exulting nations, praise; Praise him, praise him, exulting nations, praise.

To the dust Jehovah brings. Praise him, praise him, exulting nations, praise; Praise him, praise him, exulting nations, praise.

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna.
A HYMN OF PEACE.

Written for the National Peace Festival, by Dr. O. W. HOLMES, to the Music of Keller’s American Hymn.

Sing 1st verse, f. 2d verse, pp, 3d verse, ff.

1. An-gel of Peace, thou hast wan-dered too long! Spread thy white wings to the sun-shine of love! Come while our voi-ces are

2. Broth-ers we meet, on this al-tar of thine, Ming-ling the gifts we have gath-ered for thee, Sweet with the o-dors of

3. An-gels of Beth-le-hem, an-swer the strain! Hark! a new birth song is fill-ing the sky!— Loud as the storm-wind that

blen-ded in song,— Fly to our ark like the storm-beat-en dove! Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—

myr-tle and pine, Breeze of the prai-rie and breath of the sea, Meadow and moun-tain and for-est and sea!

tum-bles the main, Did the full breath of the or-gan re-ply, Let the loud tem-pest of voi-ces re-ply,
A HYMN OF PEACE. Concluded.

Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song, Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,— Angel of peace thou hast waited too long.

Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine, Sweet-er the incense we offer to thee, Brothers once more round this altar of thine.

Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main! Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky! Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain.

MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials are near? Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that can come, But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

2. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow, I would not lie down upon roses below; I ask for no portion, seek not to be blest, Till I find in my Saviour my joy and my rest.

3. Afflictions may grieve me, but cannot destroy, One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy: And bitterest tears, if he smile but on them, Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

4. A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand, I march on in haste through an enemy's land; The road may be rough, but it cannot be long, I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.
CHANT No. 1.

Selection, No. 1.

Psalm i.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, That bringeth forth his fruit in his season;
4 His leaf also shall not wither; And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
5 The ungodly are not so:
   But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
6 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous:
7 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
   But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Selection, No. 2.

From Psalm xiii.

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 not be moved:
   I will sing and give praise.
3 Awake, my glory; awake, my harp and my psaltery:
   I will awake early:
4 I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people:
   I will sing unto thee among the nations.
5 For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, And thy truth unto the clouds.
6 Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; Let thy glory be above all the earth.

CHANT No. 2.

Selection, No. 3.

Psalm xiv.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.
   There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.
3 Their line is gone out through all the earth, And their words to the end of the world.
4 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
5 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it:
   And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
6 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:
   The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
7 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
   The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous together.
8 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:
   The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
9 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
   Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
10 Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
   And in keeping of them there is great reward.
11 Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.
12 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me.
   Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
13 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight,
   O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.
CHANT, No. 3.

Selection, No. 4.

Psalm xxiv.

1. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof is of;
The world, and they that dwell there-in.
2. For he hath founded it upon the seas, And established it upon the floods.
3. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or 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 deceitfully.
5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
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 lifted 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 them 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.

Selection, No. 5.

Psalm cxvi.

1. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.
2. Know ye 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.
3. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise, Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
4. For the Lord is good; his mercy is foreverlasting; And his truth endureth to all generations.

CHANT, No. 4.

Selection, No. 6.

Psalm viii.

1. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
2. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength before thine enemies,
That thou mightest still the enemy, and the avenger.
3. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou hast ordained;
4. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
5. For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
6. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet.
7. All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field.
8. The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
9. O Lord our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Selection, No. 7.

Psalm xcvii.

1. O sing unto the Lord a new song;
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
2. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name;
Shew forth his salvation from day to day.
3. Declare his glory among the heathen, His wonders among all peoples.
4. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised;
He is to be feared above all gods.
5. For all the gods of the nations are idols:
But the Lord made the heavens.

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, and washed us from our sins in | his own | blood,
6 And hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father; to him be glory and do- | minion: for- | ever and | ever.

Selection, No. 11.  Psalm ciii. 15-18.

1 As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, | so he | flourisheth:
2 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place there- | of shall | know it | no | more.
3 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto | chil-dren's | children;
4 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that re- | member | his com- | mand- ments | to | do them.

Gloria Patri.

1 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
2 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall | be,
World | without | end.  A- | men.


1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us;
And cause his | face to | shine upon | us.
2 That thy way may be | known up-on | earth,
Thy saving | health a | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.
4 Oh, let the nations be glad and | sing for joy:
For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.
6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase:
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
7 God | shall— | bless us;
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— | him.

Selection, No. 13.

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 | them that | 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. | A- men.
1 The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside 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, Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Selection, No. 15. Ps. exxiii.
1 Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.
2 It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that runneth down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that descending 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 everlasting.

Selection, No. 16. Ps. exxii.
1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh from the Lord, which maketh heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4 Behold he that keepeth Israel, shall not slumber nor sleep.
5 The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thee going out, and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forever more.

Selection, No. 17. Ps. exii.
1 Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.
2 His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the generation of the upright shall be blessed.
3 Wealth and riches shall be in his house, and his righteousness endureth for ever.
4 Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness; he is gracious, and full of compassion and righteousness.

Selection, No. 18.
"Thy will be done!" In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosp'rous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine—
"Thy will be done."

"Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort—Ours
Is ours, to breathe, while we adore;
"Thy will be done."—Bowring.

Close by repeating the first two measures, "Thy will be done."

Selection, No. 19. Rev. iv & v
1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty,
Which was, and is, and is to come.
2 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power.
For thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were and are to come.
3 Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,
To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.
4 Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power,
Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.
SONG OF PRAISE IN THE NIGHT.

In the night, our hearts requite the Lord, in the night.

In the night, let our hearts requite the Lord. For grace free abounding, earth surrounding. His stars light affording, thro' the night.

Oh how fair
Smiles does nature bear
To God!
She glows with his praises,
Glory raises:
In his bright abode,
All is fair.

Mid the spheres
Praise through circling years
Is sung:
To God the Creator
King of nature:
O praise him my tongue
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