THE

SOUTHERN HARMONY, AND MUSICAL COMPANION:

CONTAINING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

TUNES, HYMNS, PSALMS, ODES, AND ANTHEMS;

SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS IN THE UNITED STATES:

TOGETHER WITH

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED NEW TUNES, WHICH HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED;

SUITED TO MOST OF THE METRES CONTAINED IN WATTS'S HYMNS AND PSALMS, MERCER'S CLUSTER, DOSTER'S CHOICE, DOVER SELECTION, METHODIST HYMN BOOK, AND BAPTIST HARMONY;

AND ALL ADAPTED TO

CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF EVERY DENOMINATION, SINGING SCHOOLS, AND PRIVATE SOCIETIES:

ALSO, AN EASY INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSIC, THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC, AND PLAIN RULES FOR BEGINNERS

BY WILLIAM WALKER.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth: O sing praises unto the Lord.—DAVID.
Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.—PAUL.

NEW EDITION, THOROUGHLY REVISED AND MUCH ENLARGED.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY MILLER & BURLOCK, 702 AND 1104 SANSOM STREET,

AND FOR SALE BY

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. AND BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

WALKER, WM.

The undersigned (late of the firm of MILLER & BURLOCK) will conduct the business on his own account at the Old Stand, Nos. 1102 and 1104 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. He will continue the manufacture and sale of **THE SOUTHERN HARMONY, POCKET BIBLES** and **POCKET TESTAMENTS.**

Also, **PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS** in great variety, at less than the average prices, made of the very best material; equal, if not superior in style and finish to any in the market.

He is prepared to execute orders for Printing and Binding, or for Binding only, all kinds of Printed Books in editions, at the shortest notice and on the most favorable terms.

The reputation of the late firm, of which he was the senior partner, and an experience of 34 years in the Book-Binding and Publishing business, is a guarantee for the satisfactory performance of any contract that his friends and patrons may favor him with.

EDWARD W. MILLER,
Nos. 1102 and 1104 Sansom Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Walker, William. The Southern Harmony. Philadelphia: E

43

Walker, William. The Southern Harmony. Philadelphia: Miller and Burlock, [n.d.]. [1854 edition]
[missing: t-p rtv; 151-156; many pages loose, with edges torn; much foxing; has been much use]
Ad. for Ed. W. Mellen
10/vt/1973 Fulton-Rotary 0105

FACE TO FORMER EDITION.

---

olicited for several years by his brother teachers, pupils, and other friends, to publish a their solicitations.

I have endeavoured to lead the pupil on step by step, from A, B, C, in the gamut, to the , having inserted the gamut as it should be learned, in a pleasing conversation between

hems, I have endeavoured to gratify the taste of all, and supply the churches with a rious metres contained in their different Hymn Books.

have not been neglected, I have endeavoured to make this book a complete Musical Those that are partial to ancient music, will here find some good old acquaintances asure the scenes of life that are past and gone; while my youthful companions, who nd a sufficient number of new tunes to satisfy them, as I have spared no pains in trying s of the public.

new Songs, and printed them under the tunes, which I hope will be found satisfactory. because the compilers alter the tunes. I have endeavoured to select the tunes from one, and the tune having six or seven basses and trebles, I have selected those I thought .

good airs, (which I could not find in any publication, nor in manuscript,) and assigned ed several tunes wholly, and inserted them in this work, which also bear my name.

to the public, praying God that it may be a means of advancing this important and pilgrim on his way to the celestial city above.

WILLIAM WALKER

PREFACE TO FORMER EDITION.

THE compiler of this work, having been solicited for several years by his brother teachers, pupils, and other friends, to publish a work of this kind, has consented to yield to their solicitations.

In treating upon the rudiments of Music, I have endeavoured to lead the pupil on step by step, from A, B, C, in the gamut, to the more abstruse parts of this delightful science, having inserted the gamut as it should be learned, in a pleasing conversation between the pupil and his teacher.

In selecting the Tunes, Hymns, and Anthems, I have endeavoured to gratify the taste of all, and supply the churches with a number of good, plain tunes, suited to the various metres contained in their different Hymn Books.

While those that are fond of fuged tunes have not been neglected, I have endeavoured to make this book a complete Musical Companion for the aged as well as the youth. Those that are partial to ancient music, will here find some good old acquaintances which will cause them to remember with pleasure the scenes of life that are past and gone; while my youthful companions, who are more fond of modern music, I hope will find a sufficient number of new tunes to satisfy them, as I have spared no pains in trying to select such tunes as would meet the wishes of the public.

I have also selected a number of excellent new Songs, and printed them under the tunes, which I hope will be found satisfactory.

Some object to new publications of music, because the compilers alter the tunes. I have endeavoured to select the tunes from original authors. Where this could not be done, and the tune having six or seven basses and trebles, I have selected those I thought most consistent with the rules of composition.

I have composed the parts to a great many good airs, (which I could not find in any publication, nor in manuscript,) and assigned my name as the author. I have also composed several tunes wholly, and inserted them in this work, which also bear my name.

The compiler now commends this work to the public, praying God that it may be a means of advancing this important and delightful science, and of cheering the weary pilgrim on his way to the celestial city above.

WILLIAM WALKER

Spartanburg. S. C., September 1835

Mrs. Maria Tyndrum

THE GAMUT, OR RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

PART FIRST.

OF MUSIC.

Pupil. What is Music?

Teacher. Music is a succession of pleasing sounds.

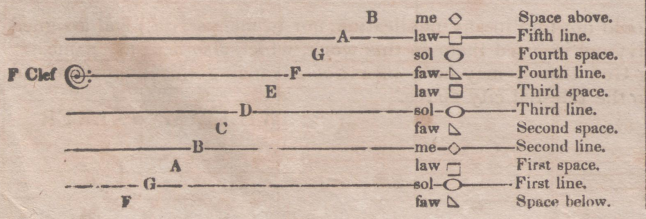
P. On what is music written?

T. On five parallel lines including the spaces between them, which is called a stave; and those lines and spaces are represented by the first seven letters in the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. These letters also represent the seven sounds that belong to each key-note in music: when eight letters are used, the first is repeated.

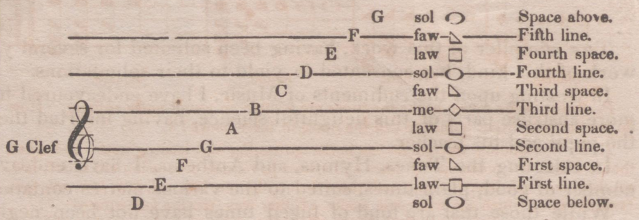
P. How many parts are there used in vocal music?

T. Commonly only four; viz. Bass, Tenor, Counter, and Treble; and the letters are placed on the staves for the several parts in the following order, commencing at the space below the first line in each stave.

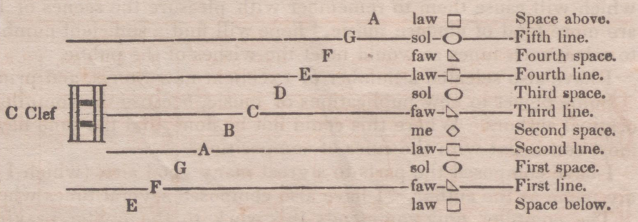
BASS STAVE NATURAL.



TENOR OR TREBLE STAVE NATURAL.



COUNTER STAVE NATURAL.

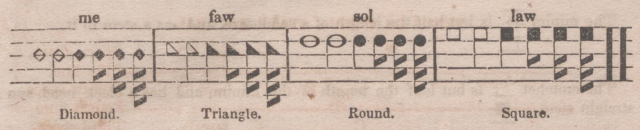


You may observe that the letters are named or called by the names of the four notes used in music. You see in the above staves that F is named faw, C sol, A law, B me, C faw, D sol, E law, and F faw again; every eighth letter being the first repeated, which is an octave; for every eighth is an octave.

P. How many notes are there used in music, what are their names, and how are they made?

T All notes of music which represent sounds are called by four names, and each note is known by its shape, viz.; the me is a diamond, faw is triangle, sol is round, and law is square. See the example.

EXAMPLE.

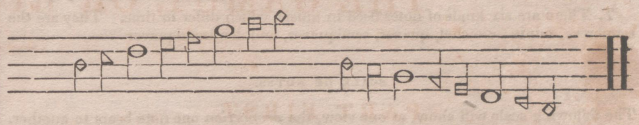


P. But in some music books the tunes are written in round notes entirely. How do we know by what names to call the notes in these books? *

T. By first finding the me for me is the governing and leading note; and when that is found, the notes on the lines and spaces in regular succession are called, faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, (twice,) and those below the me, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw, (twice;) after which me will come again. Either way, see the following—

* For singing Doe, Rae, See, seven syllables and numerals, see p. xxxi.

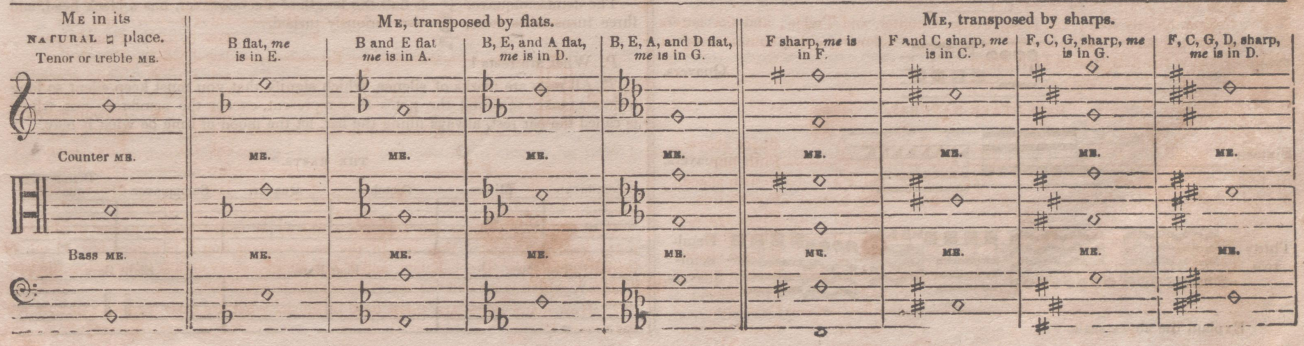
EXAMPLE.



This is the rule for singing round notes. You must therefore observe that the natural place for the me in parts of music is on that line or space represented by B.

But if B be flat, ♭ *me* is on.....E
B ♭ and E ♭ it is on.....A
B ♭ E ♭ and A ♭ it is on.....D
B ♭ E ♭ A ♭ and D ♭ it is on.....G
If F be sharp, ♯ *me* is on.....F
F ♯ and C ♯ it is on.....C
F ♯ C ♯ and G ♯ it is on.....G
F ♯ C ♯ G ♯ and D ♯ it is on.....D

As in the following example, viz.:



P. How many marks of sound or kinds of notes are there used in music?

T. There are six kinds of notes used in music, which differ in time. They are the semibreve, minim, crotchet, quaver, semiquaver, and demisemiquaver

SCALE OF NOTES.

The following scale will show, at one view, the *proportion* one note bears to another.

One Semibreve  is equal in time to

Two  Minims,

Four  Crotchets,

Eight  Quavers,

Sixteen  Semiquavers,

Thirty two  Demi-semi-quavers.

Explain the above scale.

T. The semibreve is now the longest note used; it is white, without a stem, and is the measure  note, and guideth all the others

The minim  is but half the length of a semibreve, and has a stem to it.

The crotchet  is but half the length of the minim, and has a black head and straight stem.

The quaver  is but half the length of the crotchet, has a black head, and one turn to the stem, sometimes one way, and sometimes another.

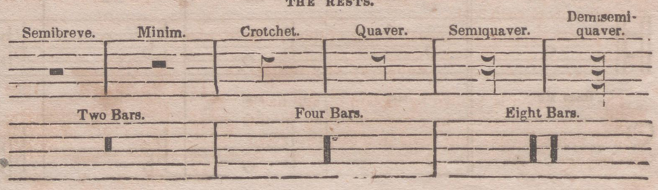
The semiquaver  is but half the length of the quaver, has also a black head and two turns to the stem, which are likewise various.

The demisemiquaver  is half the length of a semiquaver, has a black head, and three turns to its stem, also variously turned.

P. What are rests?

T. All rests are marks of silence, which signify that you must keep silent so long a time as takes to sound the notes they represent, except the semibreve rest, which is called the bar rest, always filling the bar, let the mood of time be what it may.

THE RESTS.



P. Explain the rests.

T. The semibreve, or bar rest, is a black square underneath the third line.
The minim rest is the same mark above the third line.
The crotchet rest is something like an inverted figure seven.
The quaver rest resembles a right figure of seven.
The semiquaver rest resembles the figure seven with an additional mark to the left.
The demisemiquaver rest is like the last described, with a third mark to the left.
The two bar rest is a strong bar reaching only across the third space.
The four bar rest is a strong bar crossing the second and third space and third line.
The eight bar rest is two strong bars like the last described.

NOTE.—These notes are sounded sometimes quicker, and sometimes slower, according to the several moods of time. The notes of themselves always bear the same proportion to each other, whatever the mood of time may be.

OF THE SEVERAL MOODS OF TIME.

P. Please tell me how many moods of time there are in music.

T. There are nine moods of time used; four of common, three of triple, and two of compound.

P. Why are the first four moods called common time moods?

T. Because they are measured by even numbers, as 2, 4, 8, &c.

P. Why are the next three called triple moods?

T. Because they are measured by odd numbers, having either three minims, three crotchets, or three quavers, in each bar.

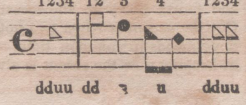
P. Why are the last two called compound time moods?

T. Because they are compounded of common and triple; of common, as the bar is divided equal, the fall being equal to the rise in keeping time; and of triple, as each half of the bar is three fold; having either three crotchets, three quavers, or notes to that amount, to each beat.

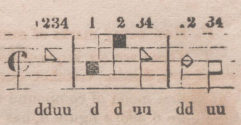
P. Please explain the several moods of time in their order.

MOODS OF COMMON TIME

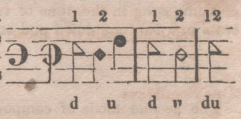
The first mood is known by a plain C, and has a semibreve or its quantity in a measure, sung in the time of four seconds—four beats in a bar, two down and two up.



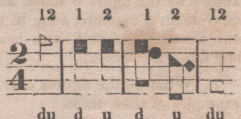
The second mood is known by a C with a bar through it, has the same measure, sung in the time of three seconds—four beats in a bar, two down and two up.



The third mood is known by a C inverted, sometimes with a bar through it, has the same measure as the first two, sung in the time of two seconds—two beats in a bar. This mood is sometimes marked with the figure 4 above 4, thus, $\frac{4}{4}$

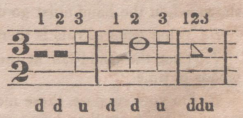


The fourth mood is known by a figure 2 over a figure 4, has a minim for a measure note, sung in the time of one second—two beats in a bar, one down and the other up.

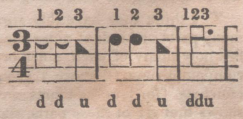


MOODS OF TRIPLE TIME.

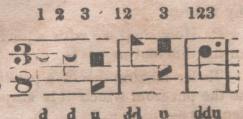
The first mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 2, has a pointed semibreve, or three minims in a measure, sung in the time of three seconds—three beats, two down and one up.



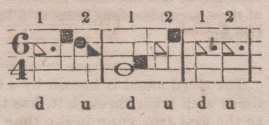
The second mood is known by a figure 3 over a 4, has a pointed minim or three crotchets in a measure, and sung in 2 seconds—three beats in a bar, two down and one up.



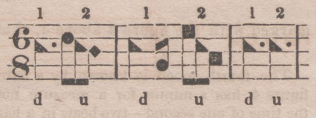
The third mood is known by the figure 3 above figure 8, has three quavers in a measure, and sung in the time of one second—three beats in a bar, two down and one up



MOODS OF COMPOUND TIME



The first mood of compound time is known by the figure 6 above figure 4, has six crotchets in a measure, sung in the time of two seconds—two beats in a bar, one down and one up.



The second mode of compound time is known by the figure 6 above an 8, has six quavers in a measure, sung in the time of one second and a half—two beats in a bar, one down and one up.

P. What do the figures over the bar, and the letters *d* and *u* under it, in the above examples of time, mean?

T. The figures show how many beats there are in each bar and the letter *a* shows when the hand must go down, and the *u* when up.

P. What *general* rule is there for beating time?

T. That the hand fall at the beginning, and rise at the end of each bar, in all moods of time.

P. Do you suppose those moods, when expressed by figures, have any particular signification, more than being mere arbitrary characters?

T. I think they have this *significant* meaning, that the lower figure shows how many parts or kinds of notes the semibreve is divided into, and the upper figure signifies how many of such notes or parts will fill a bar—for example, the first mood of compound time, (6 above 4,) shows the semibreve is divided into four parts—*i. e.* into crotchets, (for four crotchets are equal to one semibreve;) and the upper figure 6 shows that six of these parts, viz. crotchets, fill a bar. So of any other time expressed by figures.

P. How shall we with sufficient exactness ascertain the proper time of each beat in the different moods?

T. By making use of a pendulum, the cord of which, from the centre of the ball to the pin from which it is suspended, to be, for the several moods, of the following lengths:—

For the first and third moods of common time, the first of triple and first of compound, [all requiring second beats.]..... 39 2-10 inches
For the second mood of common, second of triple, and first of compound,..... 22 1 10
For the fourth of common 12 4 10
For the third of triple time, ... 5 1-2

Then for every swing or vibration of the ball, count one beat, accompanying the motion with the hand, till something of a habit is formed, for the several moods of time, according to the different lengths of the cord, as expressed above.

NOTE.—If teachers would fall upon this or some other method, for ascertaining and keeping the true time, there would not be so much difficulty among singers, taught at different schools, about timing music together; for it matters not how well individual singers may perform, if, when several of them perform together, they do not keep time well, they disgust, instead of pleasing their hearers.

OF ACCENT

P. What is meant by accent?

T. Accent is a particular empnasis or swell of voice on a certain part of the measure which is according to the subdivision of it, and is essential to a skilful performance of music, as the chief intention of accent is to mark emphatical words more sensibly, and express the passions more feelingly. If the poetry be good, and the music skilfully adapted, the important words will fall upon the accented parts of the bar. Should emphatical words happen on the unaccented part, the music should always bend to the words.

P. What part of the measure is accented in the several moods of time?

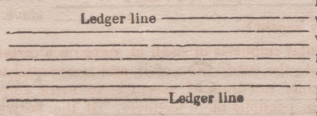
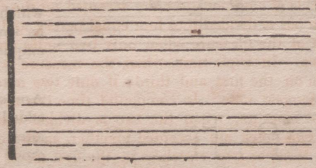
T. The first three moods of common time are accented on the first and third notes in the measure when the bar is divided into four equal parts; and the fourth mood is accented on the first part of the measure when only two notes are in a bar; if four, accent as in the first three. In triple time, when the measure is divided into three equal parts, the accent is on the first and third; if only two notes are in a bar, the accent is always on the longest note. In compound time the accent is on the first and fourth notes in the measure, when the bar is divided into six equal parts. Couplet accent is when two notes are accented together, as two quavers in the first three moods in common time, or two crotchets in the first mood of triple time. &c. In keeping time the accent is always strongest with the down beats.

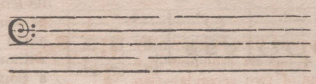
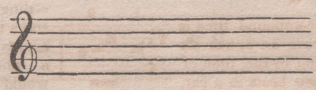
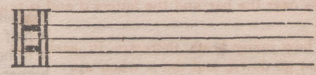
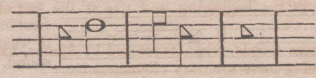
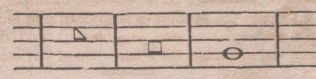
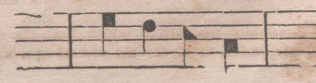
DIRECTIONS FOR BEATING TIME.

P. How must I beat time?

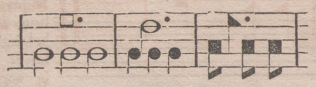
T. In the first two moods of common time, for the first beat, lightly strike the end of your finger on whatever you beat upon; second, bring down the heel of your hand; third, raise your hand a little and shut it partly up; fourth beat, raise it up even with your shoulder, and throw it open at the same time, which completes the bar. The third and fourth moods, for the first beat let the hand fall; second, raise it up. The first two beats in triple time are the same as in the first of common time; third beat, raise the hand up. Compound time is beat in the same manner as in the third of common. Be careful that the motion of the hand should be always gentle, graceful, and regular, and never raise it much above a level with your shoulder.

CHARACTERS USED IN MUSIC.

NAMES.	EXAMPLES.	EXPLANATION.
A Stave Ledger line		Is five parallel lines with their spaces, on which notes and other musical characters are written, and the ledger line is added when notes ascend or descend beyond the stave.
A Brace		Is drawn across the first end of the staves, and shows how many parts are sung together. If it include four parts, the order of them are as follows. The lowest and first part is the bass, the second is tenor, the third counter, and the fourth and upper part is treble; if only three parts, the third is treble.

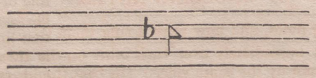
NAMES.	EXAMPLES	EXPLANATION.
The F Clef		Is placed on the fourth line of the stave, and belongs to the bass or lower part in music; it is sometimes used in counter.
The G Clef		Stands on G, second line of the tenor or treble stave, and crosses that line four times. It is always used in tenor and treble, and sometimes in counter.
The C Clef		Stands on C, middle line; is used only in counter.
A single bar		Is a plain line or mark across the stave, and divides the time into equal parts according to the mood of time and measure note.
A measure note		Is a note that fills a measure; i. e. from one bar to another, without any other note or rest.
Bars,		Any quantity of music written between two of these marks or bars, is called a bar of music.

A dot, o point of addition,



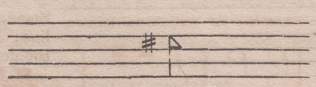
Set at the right hand of any note, adds to it half its length, or causes it to be sounded half as long again as it would be without the dot; thus, a pointed semibreve is sung as long as three minims, &c.

A Flat,*



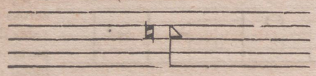
Set immediately preceding or before a note, sinks it half a tone; i. e. causes it to be sung half a tone lower than it would be without the flat.

A Sharp,



Set before a note, raises it half a tone; i. e. causes it to be sung half a tone higher than it would be without the sharp.

A Natural



Restores a note from flat or sharp to its natural sound.

A Slur

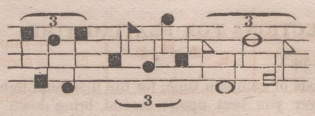


To raise

Over or under any number of notes, shows that they must be sung to one syllable, gliding softly from one sound to the other. The tails of the notes are often joined together, which answers the same purpose as a slur.

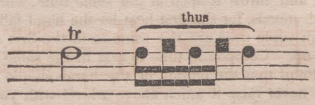
* We recommend singers to omit accidental flats and sharps, unless they understand them properly

Figure 3,



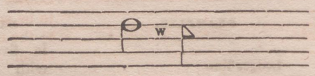
Over or under three notes, is a mark of diminution, and shows that they must be sung in the time of two of the same kind without a figure.

A Trill



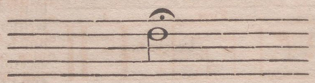
Shows that the note over which it is placed should be warbled with a soft roll.

A Direct



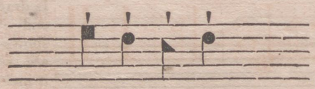
Shows the place of the succeeding note on the stave.

A Hold:



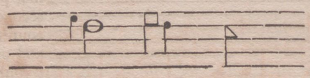
Notes thus marked are sounded one fourth longer than their usual time.

A Staccato



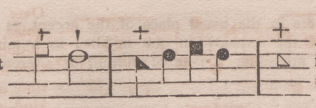
Is seldom used in vocal music. The notes over which it is placed should be sounded distinct and emphatical.

Appogiatura, or grace notes,



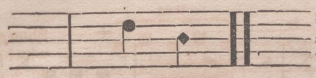
Are small extra notes, added and set before or after regular notes, to guide the voice more gracefully into the sound of the succeeding n.

Mark of accent and half accent



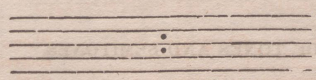
+ Shows the place which is accented in each measure.
! Shows the half accent.

Double Bar



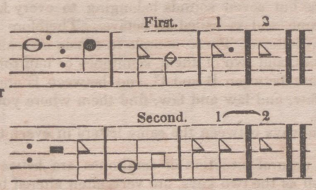
Shows the end of a strain; it also shows when to repeat.

Repeat



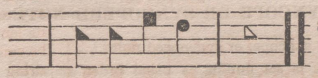
Shows that the tune is to be sung twice from it to the next double bar or close.

Figure 1, 2, or double ending.



At the end of a strain, or at the end of a tune, shows that the note or notes under 1 are to be sung before you repeat, and those under 2 after omitting those under 1; but if the notes are tied together with a slur, both are sung the second time, as in the second example.

A Close



Shows the end of a tune or anthem.

A Prisma :‖:

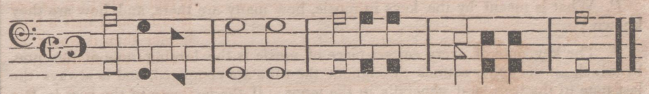
Denotes a repetition of preceding words

OF CHOOSING NOTES.

P. What are choosing notes, and how must I sing them?

T. They are notes set immediately over each other on the same stave; either of which may be sung, but not by the same voice; (in bass the lower notes are termed ground bass.) If two persons are singing the same part, one may sing the upper notes, and the other the lower notes. See the example on the bass stave.

EXAMPLE OF CHOOSING NOTES.

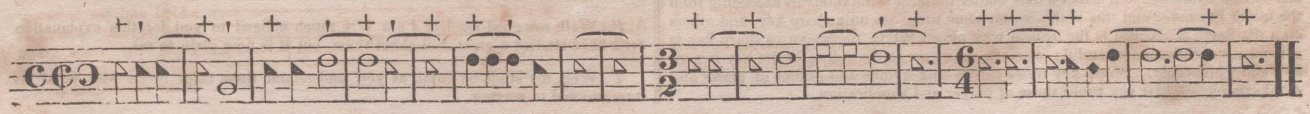


OF SYNCOPATION.

P. What is meant by syncopation, or syncopated notes?

T. Syncopation is any number of notes set on the same line or space included by a slur; sometimes driven across or through the bar, and sometimes in the middle; one of such notes only are to be named, but sound the time of all the notes, whether driven across the bar or not, swelling the voice a little at the usual place of the accent.

EXAMPLES OF SYNCOPATION.

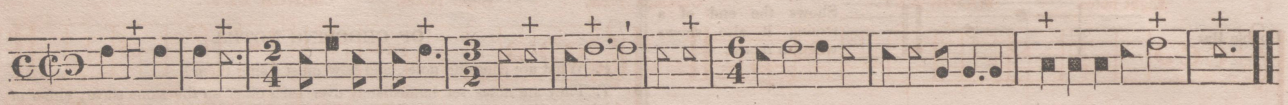


OF SYNCOPE OR SYNCOPEED NOTES.

P. What is meant by syncope, or syncopeed notes?

T. It is when a note is set out of its usual order, requiring the accent to be upon it, as though it were in the usual place of the accent, as in common time having half the time of the measure in the middle; as a minim between two crotchets, or a crotchet preceding a pointed minim, or a crotchet between two quavers, &c.

EXAMPLES OF SYNCOPEED NOTES.



OF THE KEYS OR KEY NOTES.

P. What is meant by the keys in music, how many are there, and how are they known?

T. The key note of every correct piece of music is the leading note of the tune, by which all the other sounds throughout the tune are compared, and is always the last note in the bass, and generally in the tenor. If the last note in the bass be faw immediately above me, the tune is on a sharp or major key; but if law immediately below me, it is a flat or minor key.

There are but two natural places for the keys, A and C. A is the natural place of the flat key, and C the natural place of the sharp key. Without the aid of the flats and sharps at the beginning of the stave, no tune can rightly be set to any other than these two natural keys; but by the help of these, me, the centre, leading and governing note, and of course the keys, are removed at pleasure, and form what are called artificial keys, producing the same effect as the two natural keys; i. e. by fixing the two semi or half tones equally distant from the key notes. The difference between the major and minor keys is as follows; the major key note has its 3d, 6th, and 7th intervals, ascending half a tone higher than the same intervals ascending from the minor key note; and this is the reason some tunes are on a sharp key, and others on a flat key. This also is the reason why music set to the major or sharp key is generally sprightly and cheerful; whereas music set to the minor or flat key is pensive and melancholy. Sharp key tunes suit to sing hymns and psalms of praise and thanksgiving, and flat key tunes those of prayer and supplication.

OF TONES AND SEMITONES.

P. What is meant by tones and semi or half tones?

T. There are said to be but seven sounds belonging to every key note in music, every eighth being the same, and is called an octave. Therefore these sounds are represented by only seven letters. These sounds in music are called tones; five of them are called whole tones, and two of them semitones or half tones. The natural places for the semitones are between B and C, and between E and F, and they are always between me and faw, and law and faw, find them where you may.

P. Are the semitones always between the same letters in every tune?

T. No; although the natural situation of semitones are between B C and E F, yet their situations, as well as the two keys, are very often altered by flats and sharps set at the beginning of the tune. You therefore remember that the natural place for the me is on B, but if B be flat, me is on E, &c.; and if F be sharp, me is on F, &c. Of course, if the me is removed, the semitones are as the semitones are always, between me and faw, and law and faw.

P. Well, my good teacher, I am very much obliged to you for this explanation for I have studied a great deal about them, but it is now plain to me.

T. Well, my studious pupil, as you understand these rules pretty well, you may now proceed to singing.

OF SOUNDING THE EIGHT NOTES.

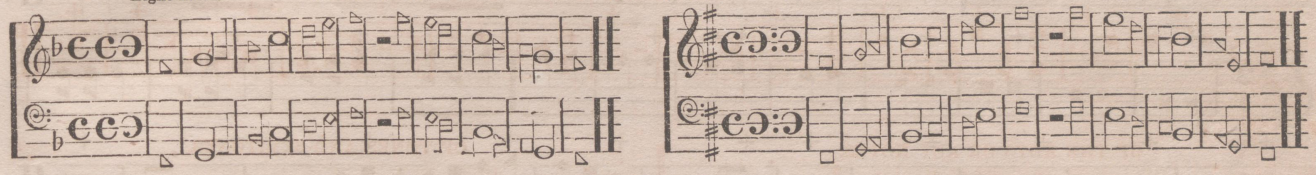
P. Please tell me how to sound the eight notes, and where I must commence?

T. Commence first on faw, the major or sharp key note on the tenor and treble stave; then ascend softly from one sound to another till you sing the eighth note on the fifth line, which is an octave; then descend, falling softly from one sound to the other till you end at the close. Then commence on law, the minor or flat key note, ascend and descend in the same manner till you come to the close. By this you learn the difference between the major and minor moods or keys.

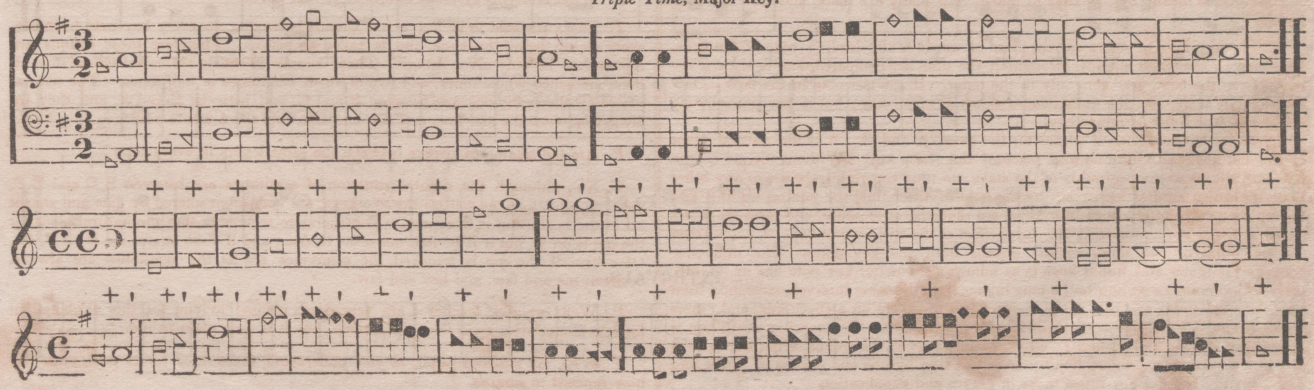
After having sounded the eight notes several times, you may go on to sing the other lessons for tuning the voice, and then some plain tunes.

LESSONS FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

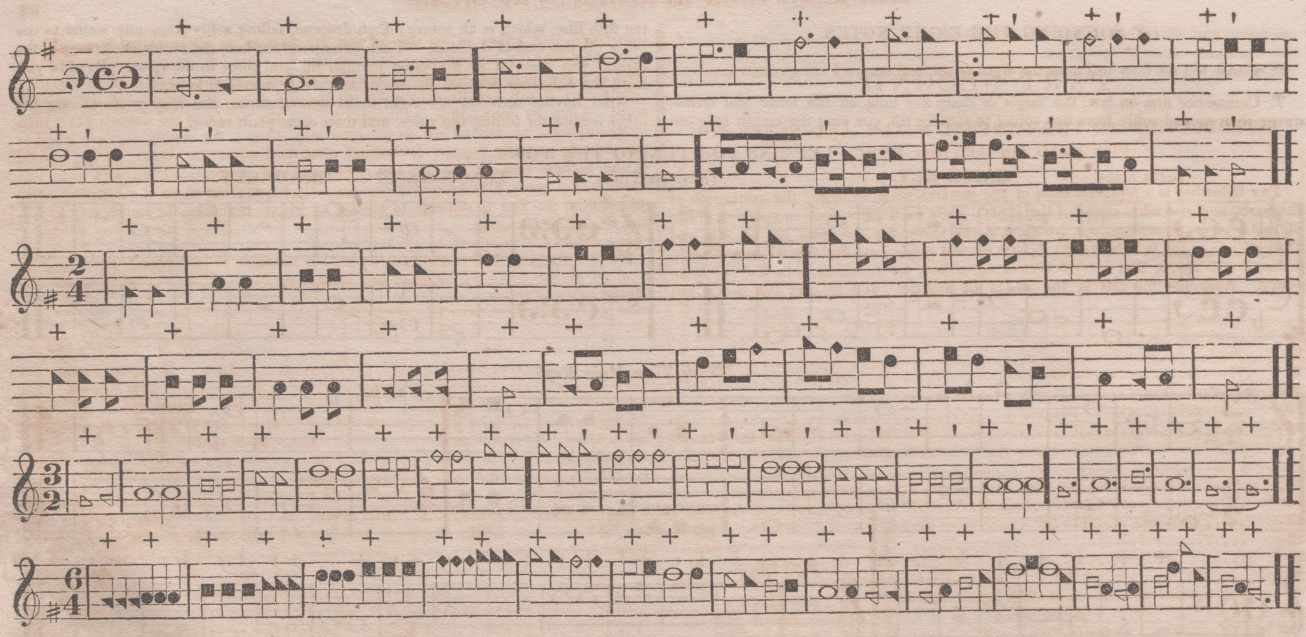
Eight notes. MAJOR KEY. *Common Time.* Eight Notes. MINOR KEY.



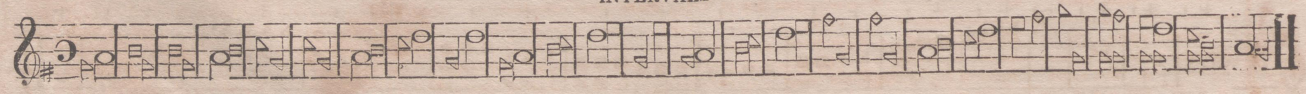
Triple Time, Major Key.



THE GAMUT OR RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.



INTERVALS

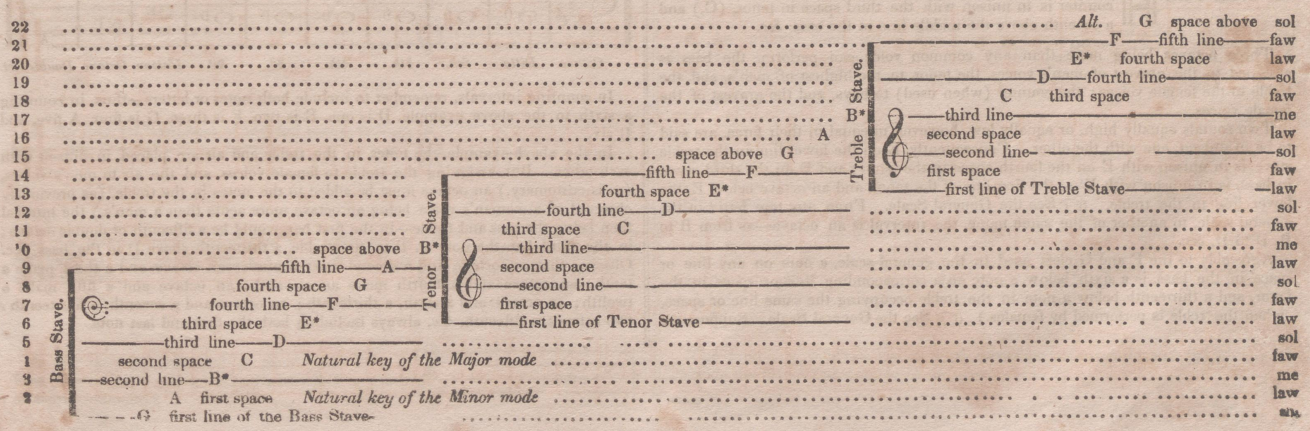


PART SECOND.

INTRODUCTION TO THE GENERAL SCALE, AND RULES FOR PITCHING OR KEYING MUSIC.

The following is a representation of the general scale, showing the connexion of the parts, and also what sound of the general scale each letter, line, or space in either of the octaves represents: for instance, A the minor key, occupies the 2d, 9th, and 16th sounds of the general scale: C, the natural major key, the 4th, 11th, and 18th. Thus, it will appear that every octave being unison, are considered one and the same sound. Although the last in the bass is the key note, and in case the me is not transposed, will either be on the 2d and 4th degrees as above stated, yet with the same propriety we may suppose them on the 9th, 11th. &c. degrees; for when we refer to a pitchpipe for the sound of either of the foregoing keys, if it be properly constructed, it will exactly correspond to the 9th, 11th, &c. sounds of the general scale. Then by descending the octave, we get the sound of the natural key; then by ascending a 3d, 4th, or 5th, as the tune may require, we readily discover whether the piece be properly keyed. If we find, after descending the octave, we can ascend to the highest note in the tenor or treble, and can pronounce them with ease and freedom, the piece may be said to be properly keyed; but if, on the contrary, after descending, we find it difficult to ascend as above, the piece is improperly keyed, and should be set lower.

Note.—This method of proving the keys is infallible to individuals, and will hold good in choirs, when we suppose the teacher or leader capable of judging for the commonality of voices.



The foregoing scale comprises three octaves, or twenty-two sounds.

The F clef,  used on the fourth line in the bass, shows that that line is the 7th sound in the general scale.

The G clef,  used on the second line in the tenor and treble, shows that that line, in the tenor, is the eighth sound in the general scale, and in the treble, (when performed by a female voice,) the fifteenth sound; for if the treble, as well as the tenor, were performed entirely by men, the general scale would comprise only fifteen sounds: hence, the treble stave is only raised an octave above that of tenor, in consequence that female voices are naturally an octave above men's, and to females the treble is usually assigned. The stars (*) show the natural places of the semitones.

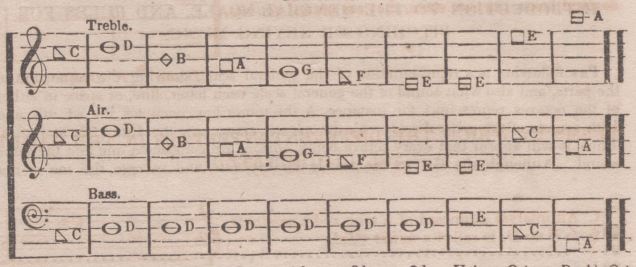
When the C clef  is used, (though it has now become very common to write counter on either the G or F clefs,) the middle line in the counter is in unison with the third space in tenor, (C,) and a seventh above the middle line in the bass, &c.

Three octaves being more than any common voice can perform, the bass is assigned to the gravest of men's voices, the tenor to the highest of men's, and the treble to the female voices: the counter (when used) to boys, and the gravest of the female voices.

Two sounds equally high, or equally low, however unequal in their force, are said to be in unison, one with the other. Consequently, E on the lower line in the treble stave, is in unison with E on the fourth space in the tenor; and E on the third space in bass, is in unison with E on the first line of the tenor, and an octave below E, the lower line in the treble. ☞ See the General Scale. From any one letter in the general scale, to another of the same name, the interval is an octave—as from B to B, D to D, &c.

Agreeably to the F and G clefs used in the general scale, a note on any line or space in the bass, is a sixth below a note on a corresponding line or space in the tenor, and a thirteenth below a note in the treble occupying the same line or space, (when the treble is performed by females.) ☞ See the General Scale. Suppose we place a note on D, middle line of the bass, another on B, the middle line of the tenor or treble, the interval will appear as just stated; and to find any other interval, count either ascending or descending, as the case may be.

EXAMPLE.

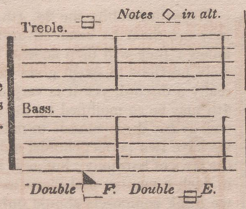


Octave. Ditto. 6th. 5th. 4th. 3d. 2d. Unison. Octave. Double Oct.

In counting intervals, remember to include both notes or letters—thus, in counting a sixth in the above example, D is one, E is two, F is three, G is four, A five, and B six.

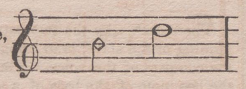
In the above example, the notes in the treble and air are placed in unison with each other. But assigning the treble to female voices, and the air to men's voices, (as is customary,) an octave must be added to the notes in the treble, (as previously observed of a woman's voice being an octave more acute than a man's,) the interval then being the bass and treble—in the first bar, would be a fifteenth or double octave, in the third bar, the note on B in the treble, a thirteenth above D in the bass, &c. Observe that an octave and a second make a ninth; an octave and a third make a tenth; an octave and a fourth make an eleventh; an octave and a fifth make a twelfth; an octave and a sixth, a thirteenth; an octave and a seventh, a fourteenth. two octaves, a fifteenth, &c. always including both the first and last note.

When a ledger line is added to a treble stave, a note occupying it is said to be in *alt*; and when the notes descend below the bass stave, they are termed *doubles*.

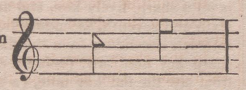


TERMS BY WHICH THE DIFFERENT INTERVALS IN THE GAMUT ARE DENOMINATED.

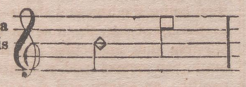
1. An interval composed of a tone and a semitone, as from B to D, is called a minor third.



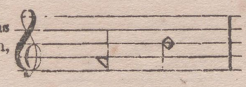
2. An interval composed of two full tones, as from faw to law, is called a third major.



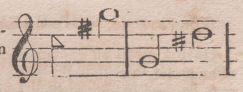
3. An interval composed of two full tones and a semitone, as from me to law; i. e. from B to E, is called a fourth.



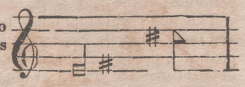
4. An interval composed of three full tones, as from faw to me, i. e. from F to B, is called a triton, or fourth redundant.



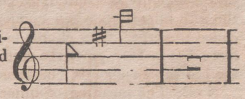
5. An interval composed of three tones and a semitone, as from faw to sol, i. e. from C to G, or from G to D, is called a fifth.



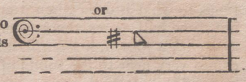
6. An interval composed of three tones and two semitones, as from law to faw, i. e. from E to C, is called a sixth minor.



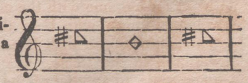
7. An interval composed of four tones and a semitone, as from faw to law, i. e. from C to A, is called a sixth major.



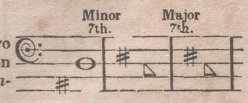
8. An interval composed of four tones and two semitones, as from sol to faw, i. e. from D to C, is called a 7th minor. [*See next example.*]



9. An interval composed of five tones and a semitone, as from faw to me, i. e. from C to B, is called a seventh major.



10. An interval composed of five tones and two semitones, is called an octave, (as has already been observed.) ☞ *See examples of the three last mentioned intervals.*



The preceding intervals are counted ascending, or upwards, and the sharps (♯) indicate the places and number of the semitones in each.

NOTE.—The semitones always lie between me and law and law and faw

OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION

Having given an explanation of the different intervals contained in the octave, and the manner in which the parts of music are connected, I proceed to show how they may be used in composition to produce harmony.

Harmony consists in the proportion of the distance of two, three, or four sounds, performed at the same time, and mingling in a most pleasing manner to the ear.

The notes which produce harmony, when sounded together, are called *concords*, and their intervals, *consonant intervals*. The notes which, when sounded together, produce a disagreeable sound to the ear, are called *discords*, and their intervals, *dissonant intervals*. There are but four concords in music—viz.: *unison*, *third*, *fifth*, and *sixth*; (then eighths or octaves are also meant.) The unison is called a perfect chord, and commonly the fifth is so called; if the composer please, however, he may make the fifth imperfect, when composing more than two parts. The third and sixth are called imperfect, their chords being not so full, nor so agreeable to the ear, as the perfect: but in four parts the sixth is often used instead of the fifth so in effect there are but three concords, employed together, in composition.

N B. The meaning of imperfect, signifies that it wants a semitone of its perfections, to what it does when it is perfect: for as the lesser or imperfect third includes but three half tones, the greater or major third includes four, &c. The discords are a *second*, a *fourth*, a *seventh*, and their octaves; though the greater fourth sometimes comes very near to the sound of an imperfect chord, it being the same in ratio as the minor fifth. Indeed some composers (the writer of these extracts is one of them) seem very partial to the greater fourth, and frequently admit it in composition. The following is an example of the several concords and discords, and their octaves under them:

	CONCORDS.				DISCORDS.		
Single Chords.	1	3	5	6	2	4	7
Their Octaves.	8	10	12	13	9	11	14
	15	17	19	20	16	18	21
	22	24	26	27	23	25	28

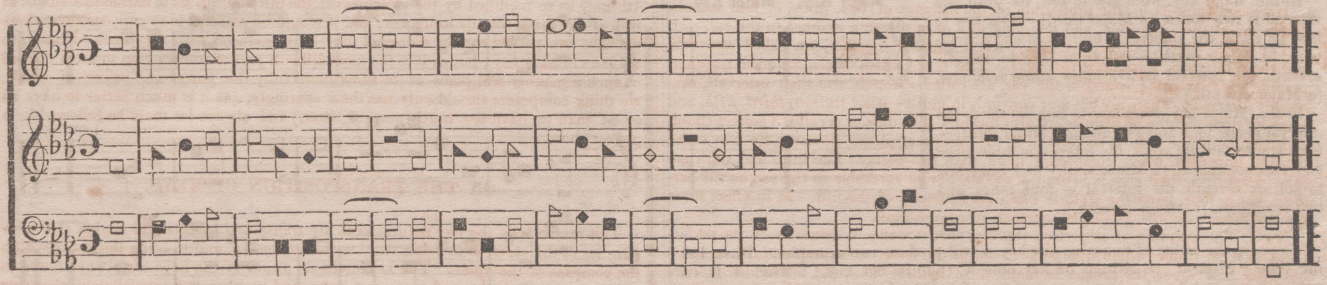
Notwithstanding the 2d, 4th, 7th, &c., are properly discords, yet a skilful composer may use them to some advantage, provided a full chord of all the parts immediately follow: they will then answer a similar purpose to acid, which being tasted immediately previous to sweet gives the latter a more pleasing flavour. Although the 4th is really a discord, yet it is very often used in composition. The rough sound of the 4th may be so mollified by the sweetness of the 5th and 8th as to harmonize almost as well as any three sounds in nature; and it would be reasonable to suppose that where we have two perfect chords, a discord may be introduced with very little violation to the laws of harmony; but as it is the most difficult part of composition to use a discord in such a manner and place as to show more fully the power and beauty of music, we think composers should only use them sparingly, (as it is much better to have all sweet than to have too much sour or bitter,) and always let them be followed by a perfect chord.

ON THE TRANSPOSITION OF KEYS.

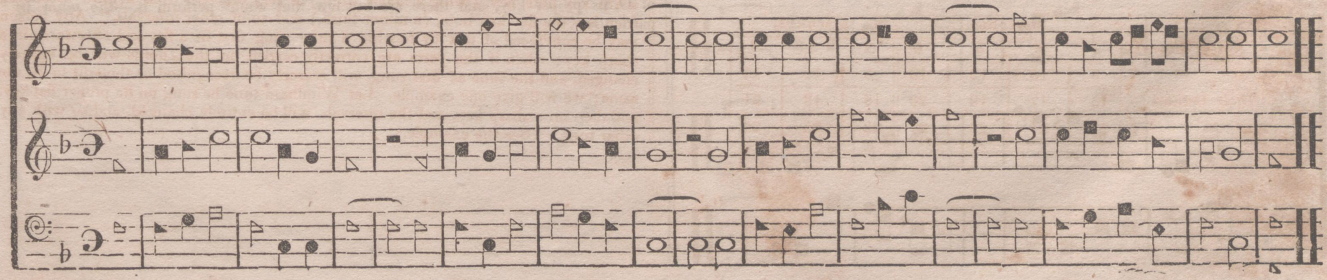
The reason why the two natural keys are transposed by flats and sharps at the beginning of the stave, is to bring them within the stave, and to bring the music within the compass of the voice. The key notes or places of the keys are always found in the last note of the bass of a correct tune, and is either faw immediately above me the sharp key—or law immediately below me the flat key. The reason why one tune is on a sharp, lively key, and another on a flat, melancholy key, is, that every third, sixth and seventh, ascending from the sharp key, are half a tone higher than the same intervals ascending from the flat key note. For instance, a third ascending from the sharp key note faw, (being a major third,) is very different from a third ascending from law the flat key note, (a minor third,) and so of other intervals. Any person may be convinced of this by hearing a tune sung first in a flat and afterwards in a sharp key; when if the parts are correctly carried on, the chords will be entirely changed, and the tune as first sung, will scarcely be recognised or thought to be the same; we will give one example. Let Windham tune be sung on its proper flat key, and then on a sharp key, and the intervals will be entirely changed, and so with any other tune. (See the example.)

EXAMPLE

WINDHAM—on the flat key law, its proper key.



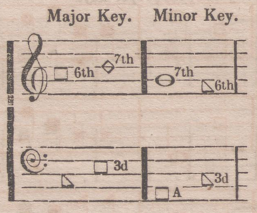
WINDHAM—on the sharp key faw.



EXAMPLES OF THE KEYS.

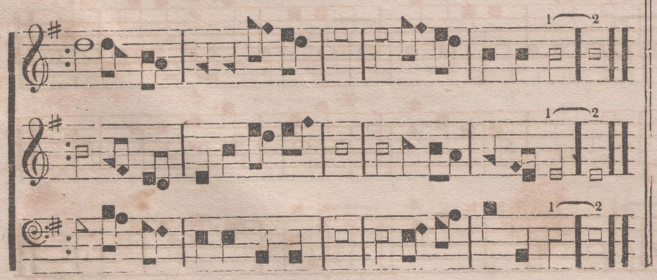
In the Major key, from law to faw, its third, the interval is two tones, [a Major third]—from faw to law, its sixth, the interval is four tones and a semitone, [a Major sixth]—and from faw to me, its seventh, the interval is five tones and a semitone, [a Major seventh.]

In the Minor key, from law to faw, its third, the interval is one tone and a semitone, [Minor third]—from law to faw, its sixth, the interval is three tones and two semitones, [a Minor sixth] and from law to sol, its seventh, the interval is four tones and two semitones, [a Minor seventh.]

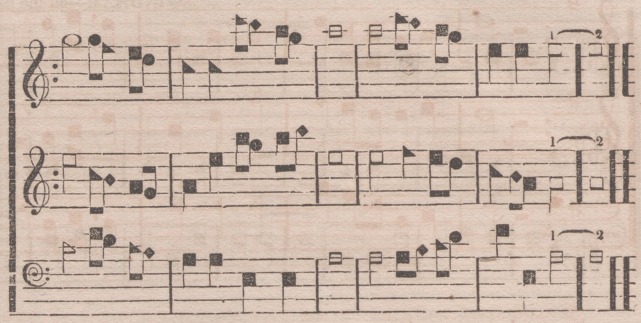


To prove the utility of removing the key, I will produce two examples. First, Let the tune "*Suffield*" be written on key note A, (natural flat key,) instead of E, its proper key—and, besides the inconvenience of multiplying ledger lines, few voices would be able to perform it—the treble in particular.

SUFFIELD—on E, its proper key, from the repeat.

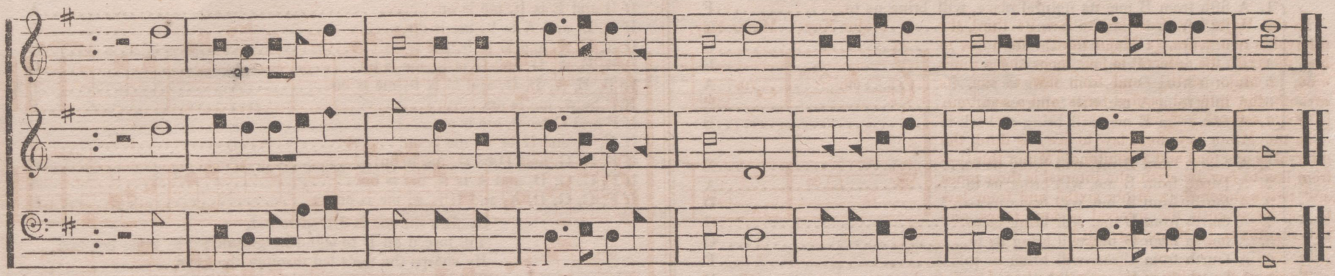


The same on A, the assumed, or natural key A.

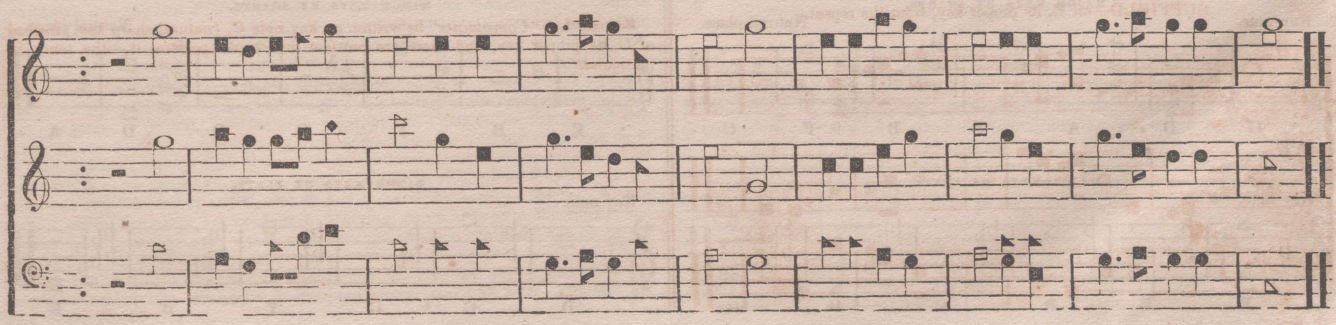


Second, Let "*Complainer*" be written on key note C, (natural sharp key,) instead of G, its proper key, and there are but few that could perform it,—the tenor in particular.

COMPLAINER—on G, its proper key, from the repeat.



The same on the assumed, or natural key C.



The *me*, and consequently the *keys*, is removed either by sharping its fifth or flatting its fourth thus

BY SHARPS.

1. A fifth from B me, its natural place, will bring us to.....F
2. A fifth from F me, will bring us to.....C
3. A fifth from C me, will bring us to.....G
4. A fifth from G me, will bring us to.....D
5. A fifth from D me, will bring us to.....A
6. A fifth from A me, will bring us to.....E
7. A fifth from E me, will bring us back to.....B

BY FLATS.

1. A fourth from B me, will bring us to.....E
2. A fourth from E me, will bring us to.....A
3. A fourth from A me, will bring us to .....D
4. A fourth from D me, will bring us to.....G
5. A fourth from G me, will bring us to.....C
6. A fourth from C me, will bring us to.....F
7. A fourth from F me, will bring us home to.....B

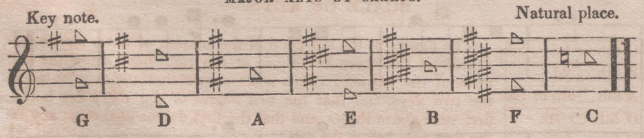
This accounts for the customary rules of transposition, viz.

The natural place for me is.....B
If B is ♭, me is on.....E
If B and E is ♭, me is on.....A
If B, E, and A is ♭, me is on.....D
If B, E, A, and D is ♭, me is on.....G
If B, E, A, D, and G is ♭, me is on.....C
If B, E, A, D, G, and C is ♭, me is on.....F
If F be ♯, me is on.....F
If F and C be ♯, me is on.....C
If F, C, and G be ♯, me is on.....G
If F, C, G, and D be ♯, me is on.....D
If F, C, G, D, and A is ♯, me is on.....A
If F, C, G, D, A, and E is ♯, me is on.....E

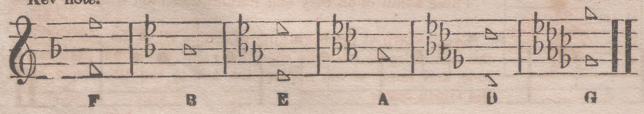
"By flats the me is driven round,
Till forced on B to stand its ground;
By sharps the me's led through the keys,
Till brought to B its native place."

A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF BOTH KEYS IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE ME BY SHARPS AND FLATS.

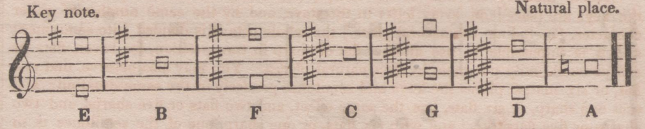
MAJOR KEYS BY SHARPS.



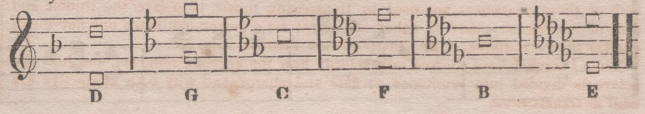
MAJOR KEYS BY FLATS.



MINOR KEYS BY SHARPS.



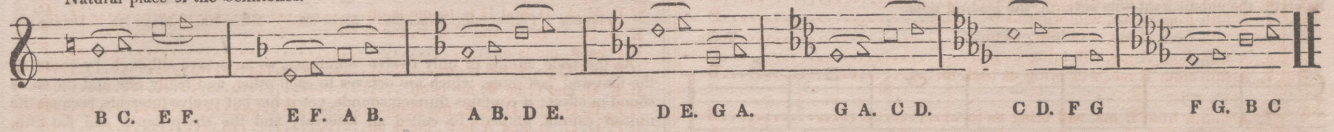
MINOR KEYS BY FLATS.



A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE SEMITONES IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE ME BY FLATS AND SHARPS

BY FLATS

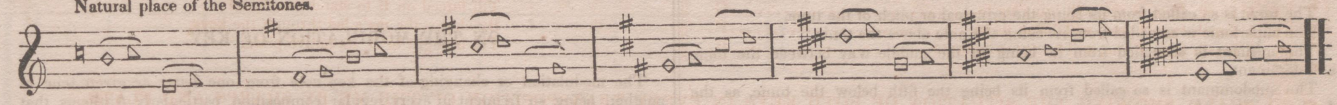
Natural place of the Semitones.



B C. E F. E F. A B. A B. D E. D E. G A. G A. C D. C D. F G F G. B C

BY SHARPS.

Natural place of the Semitones.



Observe that, by six flats or six sharps, (including the natural place,) both of the keys are placed on every letter in the stave, and by the same number of either character, (including the natural place,) the whole octave is divided into semitones; and it is impossible to use another flat or sharp in transposition, for seven flats or sharps would only put them in their natural places. You may also observe, that one flat, or six sharps, places the keys and semitones precisely in the same situation; and that one sharp, or six flats, has the same effect, and two flats or five sharps, and two sharps or five flats, &c.; and with six flats, or one sharp, one of the semitones is in its natural place; i. e. between B and C. Also with six sharps, or one flat, one of the semitones is in its natural place, i. e. between E and F, as the natural places of the semitones are between B and C, and E and F; and we suppose the reason why both of these characters are used in transposing music, is to save the trouble and time of making so many of either character; for a person can make one flat much quicker than six sharps, or one sharp quicker than six flats, &c.

Thus I think I have showed satisfactorily how the keys are removed, and how the octave is divided into semitones by flats and sharps, and why both characters are used in transposition.

C	8th or 1st △ 3d
B	7th ◇ 2d
A	6th □ 8th or 1st
G	5th ○ 7th
F	4th △ 6th
E	3d □ 5th
D	2d ○ 4th
C	1st △ 3d
B	◇ 2d
A	□ 1st

SCALE OF KEYS

The figures at the left hand of the column of notes shows the degrees of the sharp key, those at the right hand show the degrees of the flat key. This scale shows that the ◇ is between the two keys, and that the first degree of the sharp key is the first note above the ◇, and that the first degree of the flat key is the first note below the ◇

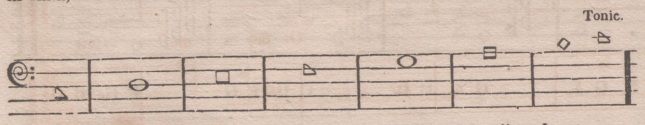
Every sharp key has its relative flat key a third below; and every flat key has its relative sharp key a third above.

These admit of an easy and natural transition from one to the other.

Every sharp at the beginning of a tune takes the place of me, the fourth degree from the sharp key, and raises that note half a tone, and removes the me and the key to the fifth above or to the fourth below

Every flat at the beginning of a tune takes the place of the me, sinks that note half a tone, and removes the me and the key to the fourth above, or to the fifth below.

The seven sounds have also distinct names from their situation and effect in the scale. The key note is called the tonic; the next above, or its second, the supertonic—its third, the mediant—its fourth, the subdominant—its fifth, the dominant—its sixth, the submediant—its seventh, the leading note.



The tonic is so called from its being the principal or pitch of the tune.

The supertonic is so called from its being the note above the tonic.

The mediant is so called from its being in the middle way between the tonic and dominant.

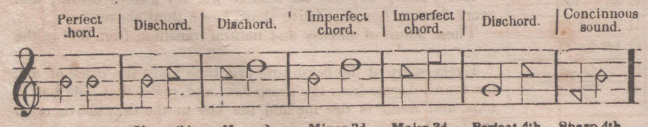
The subdominant is so called from its being the fifth below the tonic, as the dominant is the fifth above.

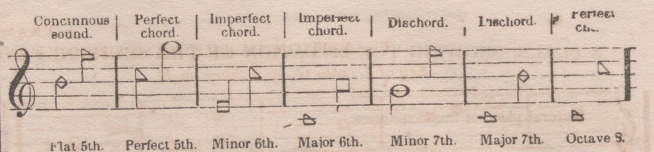
The dominant is so called from its being a principal note, and requires the tonic generally to be heard after it, especially at a close, and is therefore said to govern it.

The submediant is so called from its being in the middle way between the tonic and its fifth below.

The leading note is so called from its leading to the tonic, and is the sharp seventh of the scale, and therefore in the minor mode is necessarily sharpened in ascending.

There are also fourteen intervals in the scale bearing distinct names, viz.; Unison, Minor second, Major second, Minor third, Major third, Perfect fifth, Minor sixth, Major sixth, Minor seventh, Major seventh, Octave.





As the scale admits of only twelve semitones, so an octave although by counting the first and last note, which are octaves to each other, and really one and the same sound in effect; it contains thirteen sounds, yet it has but twelve intervals, because the unison cannot properly be called an interval; and the sharp fourth and flat fifth, although necessarily distinguished in harmony, are performed on keyed instruments with the same keys, and make but one interval.

ON THE MODULATION OF KEY.

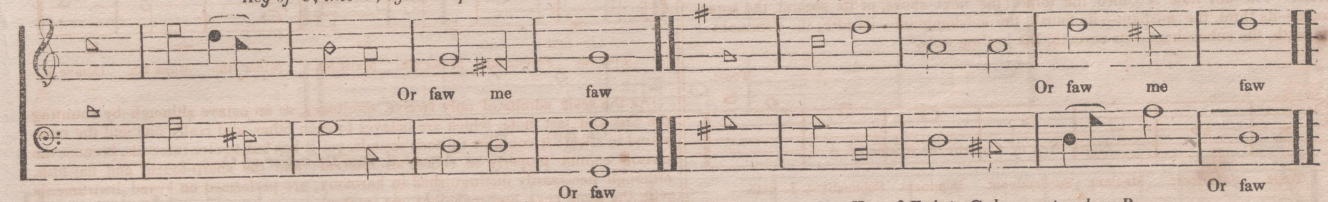
The modulation or changing of the key note from one letter or given tone to another, being so frequent in every regular composition, particularly Anthems, that the performers will be very often embarrassed, unless they endeavour to acquire a knowledge or habit of discerning those changes.

The transition from one letter or key is sometimes effected by gradual preparation, as by accidental flats, sharps, or naturals. When the change is gradual, the new key is announced by flats, sharps, or naturals. When the change is sudden, the usual signs or signature at the beginning of the stave are either altered or removed, as in the tune called the Christian's Song, or the Judgment Anthem.

EXAMPLE.

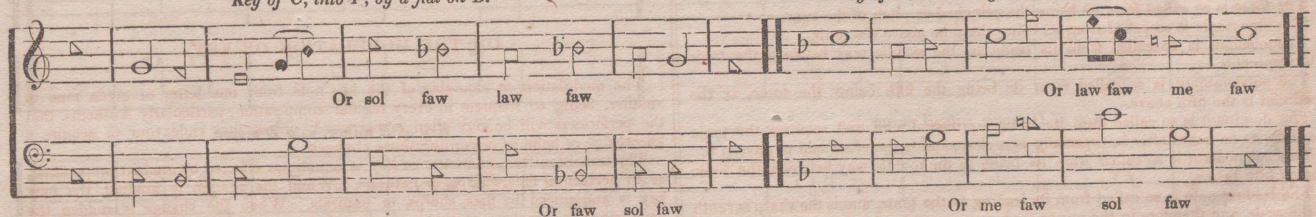
TRANSITION IN THE MAJOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

Key of C, into G, by a sharp on F.



Key of G, into D, by an additional sharp on C

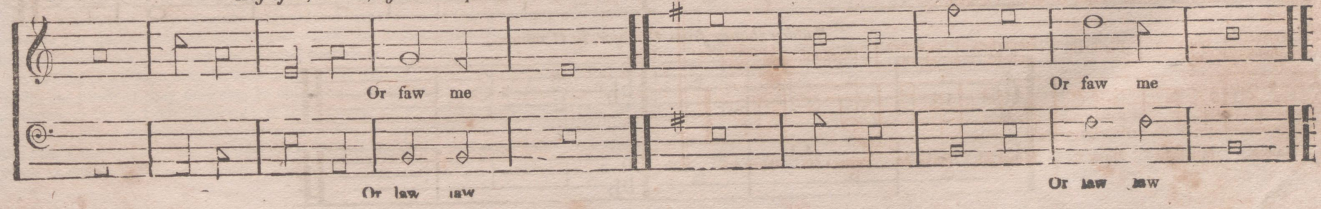
Key of C, into F, by a flat on B.



Key of F, into C, by a natural on B.

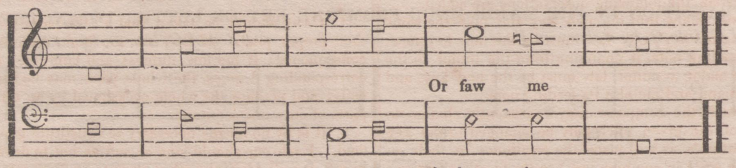
TRANSITION IN THE MINOR MODE, FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

Key of A, into E, by one sharp



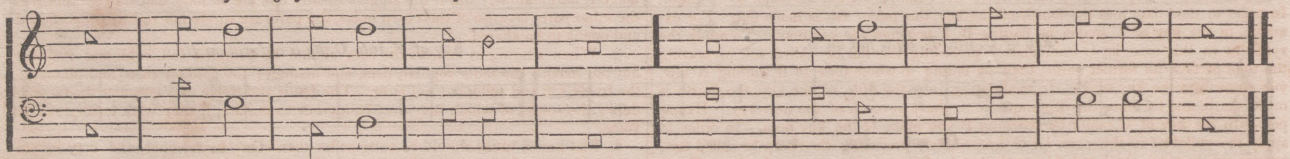
Key of E, into B, by an additional sharp on C.

Key of D, into A, by a natural on B



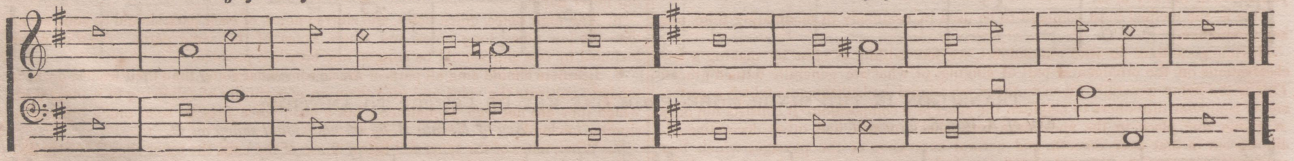
Major Key of C, into the minor of A

Minor Key of A, into the major of C.

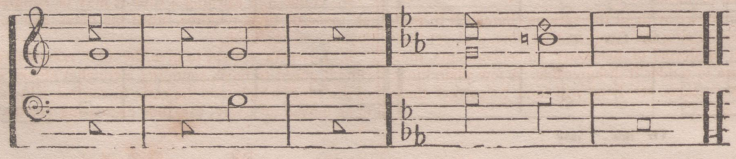


Key of D major, into B minor

Key of B minor, into D major.



Sudden change from C major, to C minor.



To aid those who wish further information with respect to the best method of modulation by retaining the sol fawing system, the following observations are added.

In order to do this, the syllables must follow into the new key and take the same place there which they held in the original key; i. e. faw must be the new key note, sol its dominant or fifth, and me its leading note, if changing from the minor to the major mode or key. If changing from major to minor, law must be the new key, and law mediant to the major key its dominant, and me also its leading note.

There are four different pitches which the composer may consistently change to form any given pitch; viz. the fifth of the given pitch may be changed to the key note by adding such flats, sharps, or naturals, as will place the semitones in their regular degrees in the diatonic scale, (the scale in common use,) to the fourth, observing the same order of semitones, or to the sixth, its relative minor key, or change itself into a minor key if previously major, (see the example,) from C major to C minor. In order to modulate into the fourth of the key, the major 7th is made flat. For example, in the key of C major, by flatting B, F becomes the key note. To apply the syllables in this case, let C immediately preceding the flat be called sol, preserving the tone of faw, its former name, then by falling a whole tone to B, calling it faw, you come into the key of F. In modulating into the fifth of the key, the fourth is made sharp, and becomes the leading note or sharp seventh of the new key. Example:—In the key of C major by sharping F you make G the key note. In order to apply the syllables in this case, let G immediately preceding the sharp be called faw, preserving the tone which it held as sol, then by falling half a tone, and calling F me, you arrive at the key of G.

This is the method most common to be used in psalmody in modulating from one key to another.

Having gone thus far with our subject, we feel willing to close by making a few observations on the ornamental part of singing, or what are generally termed graces. This is the name generally given to those occasional embellishments which a performer or composer introduces to heighten the effect of a composition. It consists not only in giving due place to the apogiatura turn, shake, or trill, and other decorative additions, but in that easy, smooth, and natural expression of the passages which best conveys the native beauties and elegancies of the composition, and forms one of the first attributes of a cultivated and refined performer

A person or persons may be well acquainted with all the various characters in psalmody, (or music;) they may also be able to sing their part in true time, and yet their performance be far from pleasing; if it is devoid of necessary embellishments, their manner and bad expression may conspire to render it disagreeable. A few plain hints, and also a few general and friendly observations, we hope will tend to correct these errors in practising of vocal music.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. Care should be taken that all the parts (when singing together) begin upon their proper pitch. If they are too high, difficulty and perhaps discords will be the consequence; if too low, dulness and languor. If the parts are not united by their corresponding degrees, the whole piece may be run into confusion and jargon before it ends; and perhaps the whole occasioned by an error in the pitch of one or more of the parts of only one semitone.

2. It is by no means necessary to constitute good singers that they should sing very loud. Each one should sing so soft as not to drown the teacher's voice, and each part so soft as will admit the other parts to be distinctly heard. If the teacher's voice cannot be heard it cannot be imitated, (as that is the best way to modulate the voice and make it harmonious,) and if the singers of any one are so loud that they cannot hear the other parts because of their own noise, the parts are surely not rightly proportioned, and ought to be altered.

3. When singing in concert the bass should be sounded full, bold, and majestic, but not harsh; the tenor regular, firm, and distinct; the counter clear and plain, and the treble soft and mild, but not faint. The tenor and treble may consider the German flute; the sound of which they may endeavour to imitate, if they wish to improve the voice.

4. Flat keyed tunes should be sung softer than sharp keyed ones, and may be proportioned with a lighter bass; but for sharp keyed tunes let the bass be full and strong, but never harsh.

5. The high notes, quick notes, and slurred notes, of each part, should be sung softer than the low notes, long notes, and single notes, of the same parts. All the notes included by one slur should be sung at one breath if possible.

6. Learners should sing all parts of music somewhat softer than their leaders do, as it tends to cultivate the voice and give them an opportunity of following in a piece with which they are not well acquainted; but a good voice may be soon much injured by singing too loud.

7. When notes of the tenor fall below those of the bass, the tenor should be sounded strong, and the bass soft.

8. While first learning a tune it may be sung somewhat slower than the true time or mood of time requires, until the notes can be named and truly sounded without looking on the book.

9. Learners are apt to give the first note where a fuge begins nearly double the time it ought to have, sounding a crotchet almost as long as a minim in any other part of the tune, which puts the parts in confusion by losing time: whereas the fuges ought to be moved off lively, the time decreasing (or the notes sung quicker) and the sound

of the engaged part or parts increasing in sound as the others fall in. All solos or fuges should be sung somewhat faster than when all the parts are moving together.

10. There are but few long notes in any tune but what might be swelled with propriety. The swell is one of the greatest ornaments to vocal music if rightly performed. All long notes of the bass should be swelled if the other parts are singing short or quick notes at the same time. The swell should be struck plain upon the first part of the note, increase to the middle, and then decrease softly like an echo, or die away like the sound of a bell.

11. All notes (except some in syncopation) should be called plain by their proper names, and fairly articulated; and in applying the words great care should be taken that they be properly pronounced and not torn to pieces between the teeth, nor forced through the nose. Let the mouth be freely opened, but not too wide, the teeth a little asunder, and let the sound come from the lungs and be entirely formed where they should be only distinguished, viz. on the end of the tongue. The superiority of vocal to instrumental music, is that while one only pleases the ear, the other informs the understanding.

12. When notes occur one directly above another, (called choosing notes,) and there are several singers on the part where they are, let two sing the lower note while one does the upper note, and in the same proportion to any other number.

13. Your singers should not join in concert until each class can sing their own part correctly.

14. Learners should beat time by a pendulum, or with their teacher, until they can beat regular time, before they attempt to beat and sing both at once, because it perplexes them to beat, name time, and sound the notes at the same time, until they have acquired a knowledge of each by itself.

15. Too long singing at a time injures the lungs.*

16. Some teachers are in the habit of singing too long at a time with their pupils. It is better to sing but only eight or ten tunes at a lesson, or at one time, and inform the learners the nature of the pieces and the manner in which they should be performed, and continue at them until they are understood, than to shun over forty or fifty in one evening, and at the end of a quarter of schooling perhaps few beside the teacher know a flat keyed tune from a sharp keyed one, what part of the anthem, &c. requires emphasis, or how to give the pitch of any tune which they have been learning unless some one inform them. It is easy to name the notes of a tune, but it requires attention and practice to sing them correctly.

17. Learners should not be confined too long to the parts that suit their voices best, but should try occasionally the different parts, as it tends greatly to improve the voice and give them a knowledge of the connexion of the parts and of harmony as well as melody.* The gentlemen can change from bass to tenor, or from tenor to bass, and the ladies from treble to tenor, &c.

18. Learners should understand the tunes well by note before they attempt to sing them to verses of poetry.

19. If different verses are applied to a piece of music while learning, it will give the learners a more complete knowledge of the tune than they can have by confining it always to the same words. Likewise applying different tunes to the same words will have a great tendency to remove the embarrassment created by considering every short tune as a set piece to certain words or hymns.

20. When the key is transposed, there are flats or sharps placed on the stave, and when the mood of time is changed, the requisite characters are placed upon the stave.

21. There should not be any noise indulged while singing, (except the music,) as it destroys entirely the beauty of harmony, and renders the performance very difficult, (especially to new beginners;) and if it is designedly promoted is nothing less than a proof of disrespect in the singers to the exercise, to themselves who occasion it, and to the Author of our existence.

22. The apogiatura is placed in some tunes which may be used with propriety by a good voice; also the trill over some notes; but neither should be attempted by any one until he can perform the tune well by plain notes, (as they add nothing to the time.) Indeed no one can add much to the beauty of a piece by using what are generally termed graces, unless they are in a manner natural to their voice.

23. When learning to sing, we should endeavour to cultivate the voice so as to make it soft, smooth, and round, so that when numbers are performing in concert, there may on each part (as near as possible) appear to be but one uniform voice. Then, instead of confused jargon, it will be more like the smooth vibrations of the violin, or the soft breathings of the German flute. Yet how hard it is to make some be-

* A cold or cough, all kind of spirituous liquors, violent exercise, too much bile on the stomach, long fasting, the veins overcharged with impure blood, &c. &c. are destructive to the voice of one who is much in the habit of singing. An excessive use of ardent spirits will speedily ruin the best voice. A frequent use of some acid drink, such as purified cider, vinegar, and water mixed and sweetened a little with honey, or sugar with a little black or cayenne pepper, wine, and loaf sugar, &c. if used sparingly, are very strengthening to the lungs

* Melody is the agreeable effect which arises from the performance of a single part of music only. Harmony is the pleasing union of several sounds, or the performance of the several parts of music together.

deve soft singing is the most melodious, when at the same time loud singing is more like the hootings of the midnight bird than refined music.

24. The most important ornament in singing is strict decorum, with a heart deeply impressed with the great truth we utter while singing the lines, aiming at the glory of God and the edification of one another.

25. All affectation should be banished, for it is disgusting in the performance of sacred music, and contrary to that solemnity which should accompany an exercise so near akin to that which will through all eternity engage the attention of those who walk in climes of bliss.

26. The nearest perfection in singing we arrive at, is to pronounce the words* and make the sounds as feeling as if the sentiments and sounds were our own If singers when performing a piece of music could be as much captivated with the words and sounds as the author of the music is when composing it, the foregoing directions would be almost useless; they would pronounce, accent, swell, sing loud and soft where the words require it, make suitable gestures, and add every other necessary grace.

27. The great Jehovah, who implanted in our nature the noble faculty of vocal performance, is jealous of the use to which we apply our talents in that particular, lest we use them in a way which does not tend to glorify his name. We should therefore endeavour to improve the talent given us, and try to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in our hearts to the Lord.

* In singing there are a few words which should vary a little from common pronunciation, such as end in i and y; and these should vary two ways. The following method has been generally recommended: In singing it is right to pronounce majesty, mighty, lofty, &c. something like majestee, mightee, loftee, &c.; but the sense of some other words will be destroyed by this mode of expressing them; such as sanctify, justify, glorify, &c. These should partake of the vowel O, rather than EE, and be sounded somewhat like sanctifay, justifay, glorifay, &c. It would indeed be difficult to describe this exactly; however, the extreme should be avoided on both sides.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

FROM THE COLUMBIAN HARMONY.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast,
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair:
That power is music.

Armstrong.

So great is the empire of music over all the faculties of human nature, and so loud have been the ingenious in celebrating its power and praises, that they have left nothing in heaven, not at all in the air, sea, or on the earth, but what in excess of fancy or merit they have subjected to its dominion for the better. Its harmony ravishes the soul and carries it beyond itself; helps, elevates, and extends it. It exterminates fear and fury, abates cruelty, alleviates sorrow and heaviness, and utterly destroys spleen and hatred. In short, music cures disease, sweetens the labourer's toil, and adds new courage to the soldier.

Divine music must be allowed by all who practise it to be an emanation from the Deity; it is admirably calculated to raise the mind above the sublunary enjoyments of this life, in gratitude to our beneficent Benefactor and Creator. When I consider upon the divine nature and power of music on the affections, I am wrapped up in admiration, love, and praise, and cannot but adore the Almighty Giver of so good and glorious a gift; and that it has pleased him to bestow upon me and my fellow beings faculties to sing his praise. It is in the performance of sacred music that we assimilate ourselves to the angelic choirs of glory, more nearly than in any other employment upon earth besides. Most of the arts and employments of this life will accompany us no farther than the grave: but this will continue an employment with the redeemed of God while eternal ages roll. It had its origin in God, and from God it was communicated to angels and men. Long before this world's foundations were laid, angels and archangels sang their grateful praises to the eternal Jehovah, encircling his throne and infinitely exulting. When God had created this lower world and all its appendages, the angelic hosts and seraphim above, like bright morning stars shining with the most serene brilliancy, sang together: and the archangels, the chief cherubim,

heaven, and sons of God, shouted for joy, to behold the new creation so well accomplished.

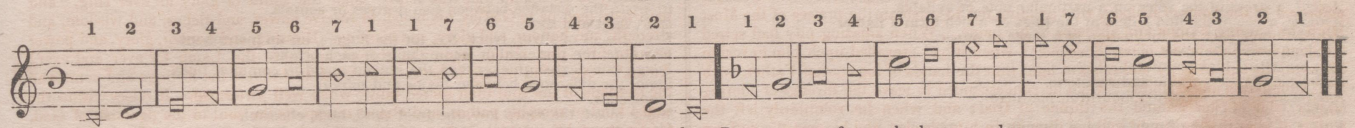
Since then the cherubim and seraphim of heaven sing their ceaseless lays to their Creator, and consider music as one of the most noble and grand vehicles for conveying their love to him, shall man, mortal man, presume to look with haughty scorn, derision, and contempt upon that science which dignifies those exalted beings above? Ungrateful to God, and unmindful of his transcendent privilege, must he be that is possessed of the voice of melody, who delights not to celebrate the praises of the Most High, by singing hymns and anthems to his name. When amazing pity had seized the compassionate breast of our Redeemer; when it had prevailed upon him to resign his royal diadem of glory and robes of light into the hands of his eternal Father, with filial submission and humility; when he condescended to leave the throngs of adoring angels who cluster around the throne of God; and when he voluntarily left the realms of bliss that he might veil his divinity in humble clay, and become the sufferer for all sin against an incensed God, to appease his flaming wrath for a wretched world of men; I say well might shining legions of angels descend through the portals of the skies at his nativity, at so amazing condescension, and proclaim the joyful news to man, that a God on earth was born, and sing while hovering over the Redeemer's humble manger, and around the vigilant shepherd, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will towards men." Before his unparalleled sufferings, while in humble state, he rode upon the foal of an ass towards Jerusalem, well might his followers strew the way with their clothes and branches of palm trees, and shout. "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!" After he had administered his memorable supper to his disciples he sang with them a hymn, as the last consolation to them till he should have passed through the gloomy vale of death and all its horrors.

Soon after his agonizing passion, while the infernal powers roared their loud acclamations through the gloom of hell, and black despair triumphing at the bloody horrid deed, he breaks the bands of death asunder, and rose triumphant, and was escorted by myriads of hymning angels to the bosom of his Father God, from whose paternal hands he again received his diadem of glory and robes of eternal effulgence, there to be our Advocate, Mediator, and Redeemer, until he shall come the second time from heaven, not as before in humility, but with all the grandeur of heaven, with the shout of the archangel and with the trump of God, to judge the world; and till then, and eternally after, the choirs of glory will ever worship him with songs of endless praises, and sing, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords! Hallelujah!" "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," shall the saints of glory for ever sing, "and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, and honour, glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever! Amen." No art in nature is better calculated to interest the feelings and command the passions of the soul than sacred music when well performed. It raises within the soul a kind of seraphic pathos, and almost transports the soul to the paradise of God, far, far beyond the contaminations of this gross sphere of nature, to a sphere of elevated glory. Were the soul to expand her wings, and take her flight to the realms of bliss, what would she behold among those celestial choirs less than ten thousand times ten thousand saints and angels, clad in robes of purest white, and interstreaked with shining gold, and exulting in the all-glorious praises of God. What would be her raptures to hear the chief cherubim of heaven sweeping the cerulean strings of their golden lyres symphoniously, and then the whole chorus of heaven, both vocal and instrumental, to fall in with them in one full burst of heavenly harmony! she would not behold a single being in so august a throng as millions, indifferent in the praises of God, nor hear one languid tone from the meanest seraph's tongue; if such be the harmony of heaven, let it raise the flame of emulation in every bosom to imitate the blest above. Let each singer perform in church properly, enchoired, and in the manner that it ought to be done, and grand effects will be the unavoidable result, if the music itself be good. By hearing good music well performed, we are ready to say, "O! ye enchanting, ecstatic, and delightful sons and daughters of harmony! O! that I could take the wings of the morning, and soar aloft with your sublime strains to the mansions of glory."

ON THE DIFFERENT PLANS OF NOTATION.

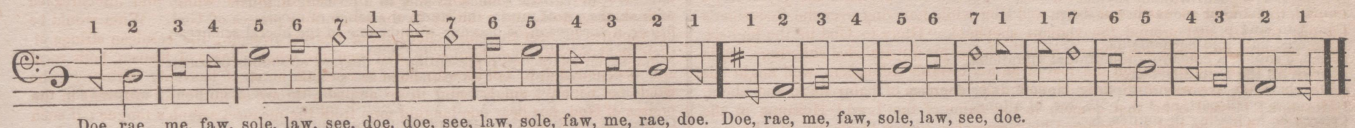
There are seven plans of notation used now in various parts of the world, which are to some extent national. The *English*, faw, sole, law, faw, sole, law, me. *Italian*, doe, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see. *French*, ut, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see. *Sweeds and Danes*, Dae, rae, nae, faw, sole, law, tee. In Germany, (among the peasantry,) and in some parts of the United States, the numerical 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. *Spanish*, perhaps, faw, sole, law, bae, doe, naw, me.—All repeating the first name, to make the eighth or octave sound. A very respectable number of my patrons being rather partial to the *Italian*, and also to the *numerical* system of seven syllables, I introduce a few examples, to make them plain to those who may wish to use them in learning to sing.

EXAMPLES.



Doe, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see, doe, doe, see, law, sole, faw, me, rae, doe. Doe, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see, doe.

C D E F G A B C C B A G F E D C F G A B C D E F



Doe, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see, doe, doe, see, law, sole, faw, me, rae, doe. Doe, rae, me, faw, sole, law, see, doe.

C D E F G A B C C B A G F E D C G A B C D E F G G F E D C B A G

I suppose the above will be sufficient, always observing the same order in other transpositions, remembering that the major or sharp key-note faw, is called doe; sing the scale thus, doe, rae, me, &c., ascending; and doe, see, law, &c. descending: *numerical* sing 1, 2, 3, &c. ascending; and 1, 7, 6, &c. descending. For singing seven syllables *Italian* and the *numerical*, the transposition tables are generally written thus:

The natural place for doe or 1 is on.....C
But if B be flat, the place for doe or 1 is on.....F
If B and E be flat, the place for doe or 1 is on.....B
If B, E, and A be flat, the place for doe or 1 is on.....E
If B, E, A, and D be flat, the place for doe or 1 is on.....A
If F be sharp, the place for doe or 1 is on.....G
If F and C be sharp, the place for doe or 1 is on.....D
If F, C, and G be sharp, the place for doe or 1 is on.....A
If F, C, G, and D be sharp, the place for doe or 1 is on.....E

In singing the seven syllables in our patent-note books, no regard is had to the shape of the notes, but name them as laid down in the rule and examples; and in singing numerals, call the major key doe, or faw, 1, and the other notes by the numerical distance they are from the major key; and if you wish to use the other plans, sing as herein directed.

Some contend that no one can learn to sing correctly without using the seven syllables. Although I have no objections to the seven syllable plan, I differ a little with such in opinion, for I have taught the four syllables patent notes, the Italian seven syllables, and the numerals also, and in twenty-five years' experience, have always found my patent note pupils to learn as fast, and sing as correct as any. Consequently I think that the main thing is to get *good teachers*, who understand the science of music well, and teach it faithfully, and who always keep good order in their schools; and that the various plans of notation or solmization may be considered more a matter of taste than necessity

THE AUTHOR.

July, 1854.

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Adagio, very slow, the first mood in common time C.
Allegro, lively, quick, the third mood in common time C.
Accent, a stress of the voice on a particular note or syllable.
Acrostic, a poem, the first letters of the lines of which form a name.
Air, the tenor part, the inclination of a piece of music.
Alt, high above the stave.
Alto, or *Altus*, high counter.
Appetone, between a tone and semitone.
Affettuoso, tender, affecting, mournful, plaintive.
Andante, moderate.
Bass, the lowest part of music, grave, solemn.
Bassoon, a kind of wind instrument for bass.
Bass Viol, a large or bass fiddle.
Breve, an ancient note **II**, equal to two semibreves.
Blank verse, a poem without rhyme.
Canticles, divine or pious poems, songs.
Chant, to sing praises.
Conorous, loud and harmonious.
Chord, a sound, a concord, proportional vibrations.
Chorus, all the parts together.
Clefs, characters representing particular sounds or degrees.
Comma, a small part, as 1 4, 1-5th, &c. of a tone.
Crescendo, increasing in sounds, &c.
Compose, to make tunes or set notes for music.
Concert, many singers or instruments together.
Counter, is high treble performed in a female voice.
Diagram, the gamut or rudiments of music.
Diapason an octave, an eighth degree.
Dissonance, discord, disagreement.
Drama, a tragical piece for the stage to be acted.
Duet, two parts only moving together.
Diminuendo, diminishing in sound, becoming louder.
Forte, or *For*, full, loud, or strong.
Fuge, or *Fugha*, the parts of music following each other in succession.
Gamut, the scale or rudiments of music.
Grand, full, great, complete, pleasing.
Grave, slow, solemn, mournful, most slow.
Guido, a direct.
Harmony, a pleasing union of sounds.
Harmonist, a writer of harmony, a musician.
Hexameter, having six feet to a verse.
Hautboy, or *Hoboy*, a kind of wind instrument.

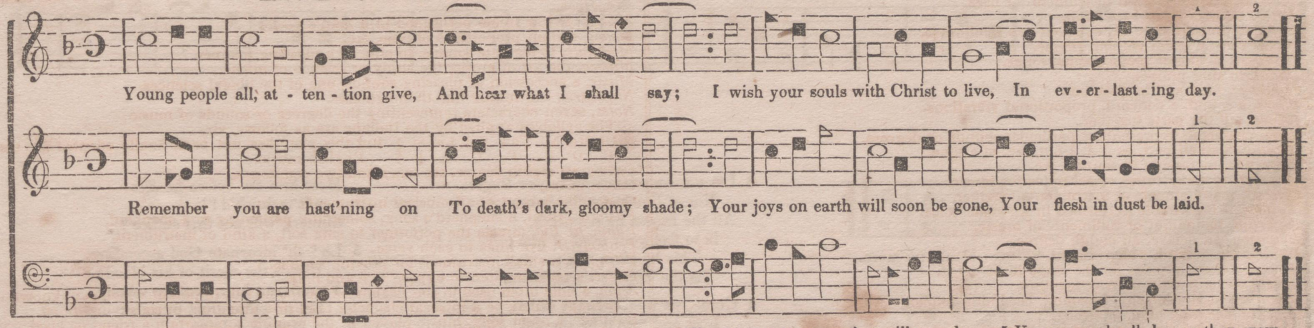
Inno, a hymn or song.
Intonation, giving the pitch or key of a tune.
Interval, the distance between two degrees or sounds.
Ionic, light and sott.
Keys, pieces of silver, ivory, &c. for the fingers, on an instrument.
Key note, the principal or leading note of each octave.
Largo, one degree quicker than the second mood in common time.
Lima, the difference between major and minor.
Lirlo, slow.
Major mood, the sharp key, the great third, high, cheerful.
Major chord, an interval having more semitones than a minor chord of the same degrees.
Medius, is low treble performed in a man's voice.
Moods, certain proportions of time, &c.
Modulate, to regulate sounds, to sing in a pleasing manner.
Musica, the art of music, the study or science of music.
Music, a succession of pleasing sounds, one of the liberal sciences.
Necessario, continuing like thorough-bass.
Notes, seven characters representing the degrees or sounds of music
The syllables applied by the Italians are as follows, viz.
Ut Re Mi Faw Sol La Si } But this plan has not been finally adopted for the
C D E F G A B } English music.
Octave, an eighth degree, six tones and two semitones.
Ode, a poem.
Organ, the largest of all musical instruments.
Pastoral, rural, a shepherd's song, something pertaining to a shepherd.
Piano, or *Pia*, directs the performer to sing soft, a kind of instrument.
Pentemeter, five lines to each verse.
Pitchpipe, a small instrument for proving sounds.
Satire, a poem written to expose vice and folly.
Selah, a note often used in the Psalms of David, the true import of which is unknown; perhaps it may be a musical character requiring attention, or signifying *amen*.
Serenade, a night song, music played in the evening to entertain a friend or lover
Solo, one part alone.
Symphony, a piece of music without words, which the instrument plays while the voices rest.
Syncope, cut off, disjointed, out of the usual order.
Syncopation, notes joined in the same degree in one position.
Trill, or *Tr.*, a tune like a shake or roll.
Transposition, the changing the place of the key note.
Trio, a tune in three parts.
Violoncello, a tenor viol, 8th above a bass viol

PART I.

CONTAINING

MOST OF THE PLAIN AND EASY TUNES COMMONLY USED IN TIME OF DIVINE WORSHIP.

LIVERPOOL. C. M. *M. C. H. Davis.* Merser's Cluster, page 146



2 Death's iron gate you must pass through,
Ere long, my dear young friends;
With whom then do you think to go,
With saints or fiery fiends?
Pray meditate before too late,
While in a gospel land,
Behold King Jesus at the gate,
Most lovingly doth stand!

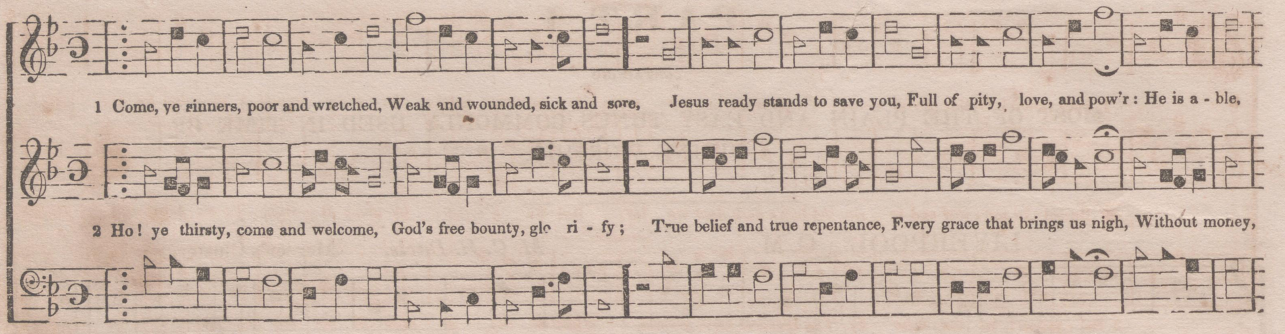
3 Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious friend;
Will you pursue your dang'rous ways?
O don't you fear the end?
Will you pursue that dang'rous road
Which leads to death and hell?
Will you refuse all peace with God,
With devils for to dwell?

4 Young women too, what will you do,
If out of Christ you die?
From all God's people you must go,
To weep, lament, and cry:
Where you the least relief can't find,
To mitigate your pain;
Your good things all be left behind,
Your souls in death remain

5 Young people all, I pray then view
The fountain open'd wide;
The spring of life open'd for sin,
Which flow'd from Jesus' side;
There you may drink in endless joy,
And reign with Christ your king,
In his glad notes your souls employ,
And hallelujahs sing

INVITATION 8 7 4.

Wm Walker. Baptist Harmony, p 249



2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

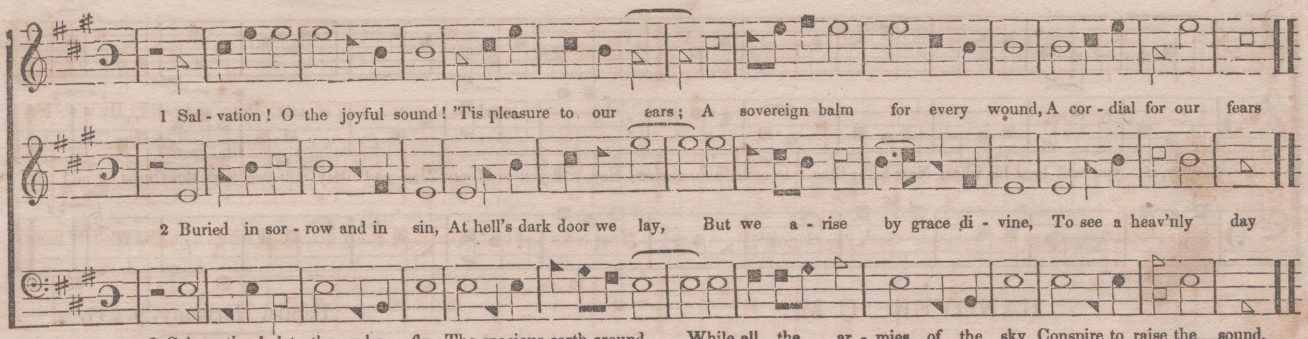
5 View him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Saviour lies'
On the bloody tree behold him
Hear him cry before he dies—
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same

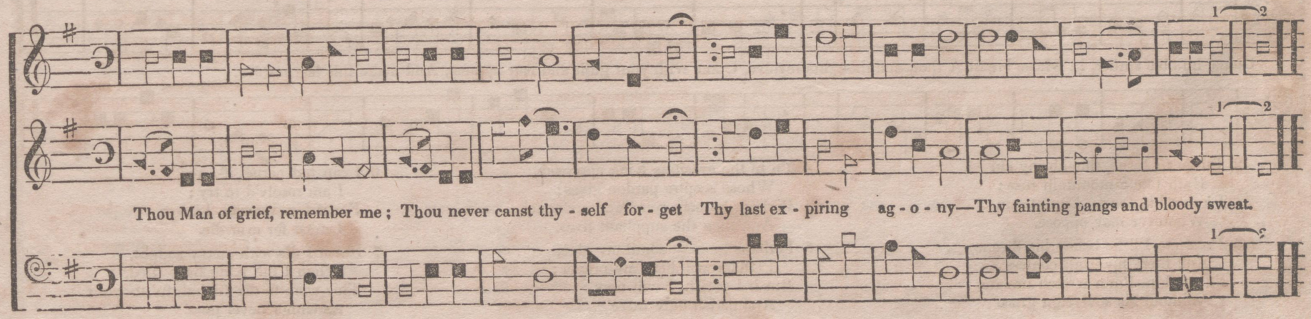
PRIMROSE C. M.

Chapin. Hymn 88. B 2. Watts



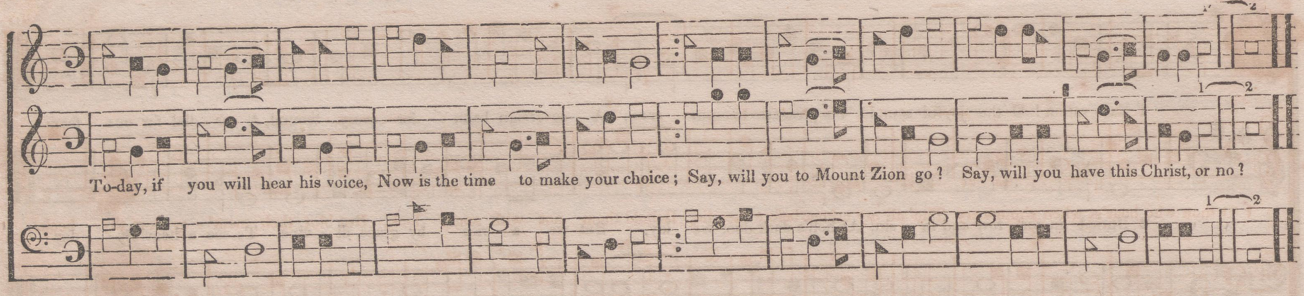
KEDRON. L. M.

Dare.



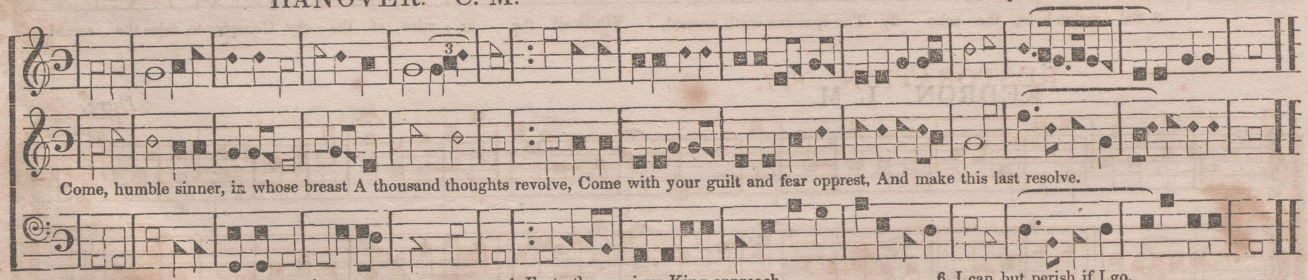
MEDITATION. L. M

Dover Selection, p. 8



HANOVER. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 247.



2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess,
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace

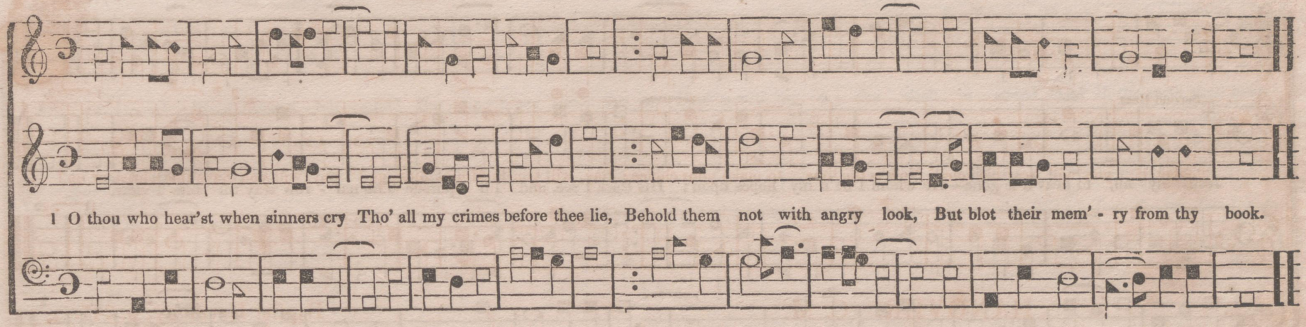
4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there

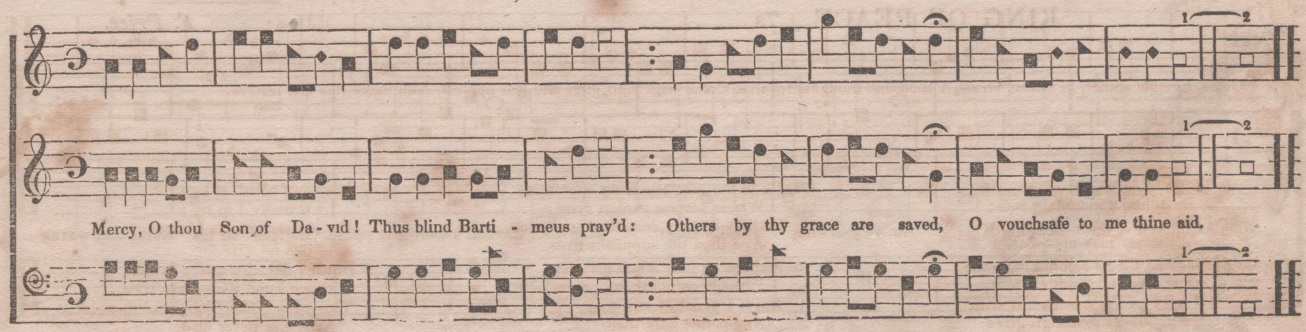
6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought)
As sinner never died.

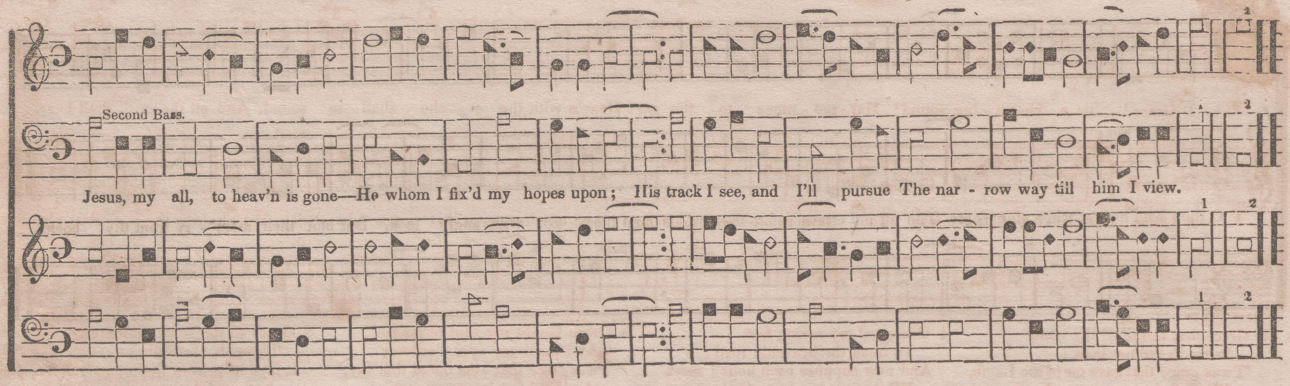
SUPPLICATION. L. M.



RESTORATION. 8, 7.

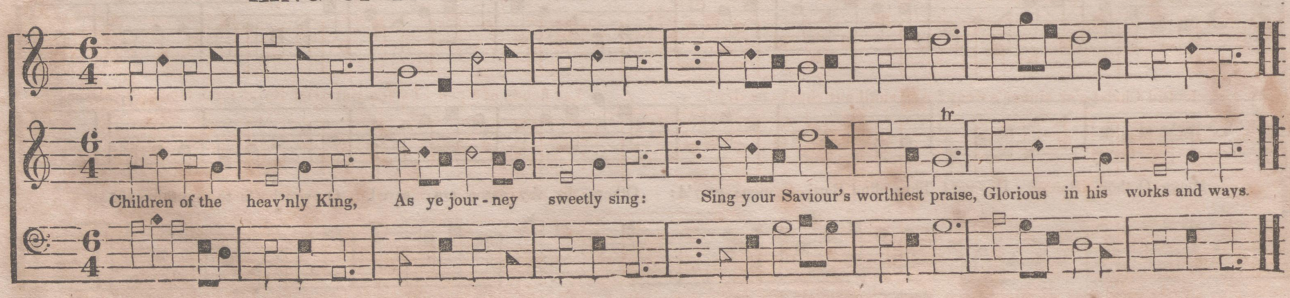


MARYSVILLE. L. M.



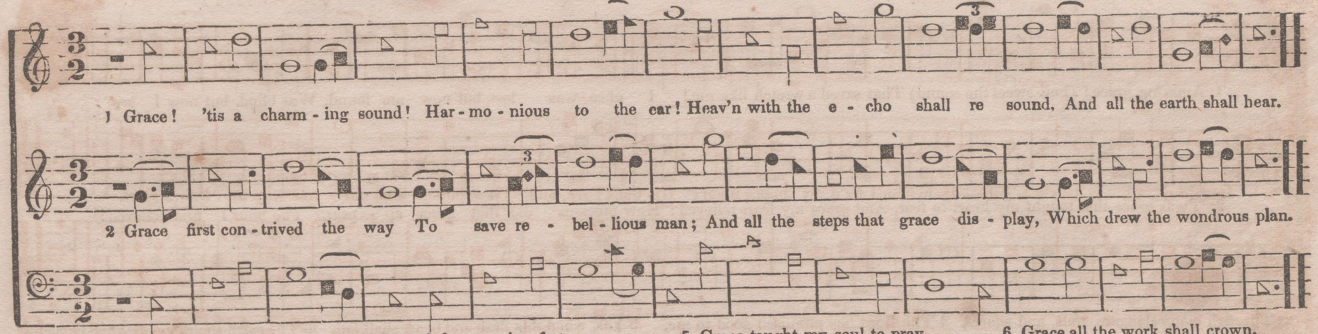
KING OF PEACE. 7s.

F. Price.



NINETY-THIRD PSALM. S. M.

Chapin. Baptist Harmony, p. 121.



3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

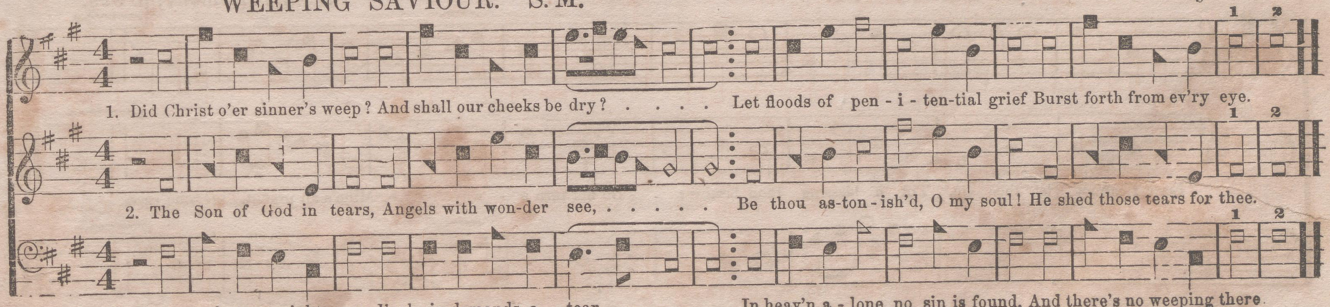
4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise

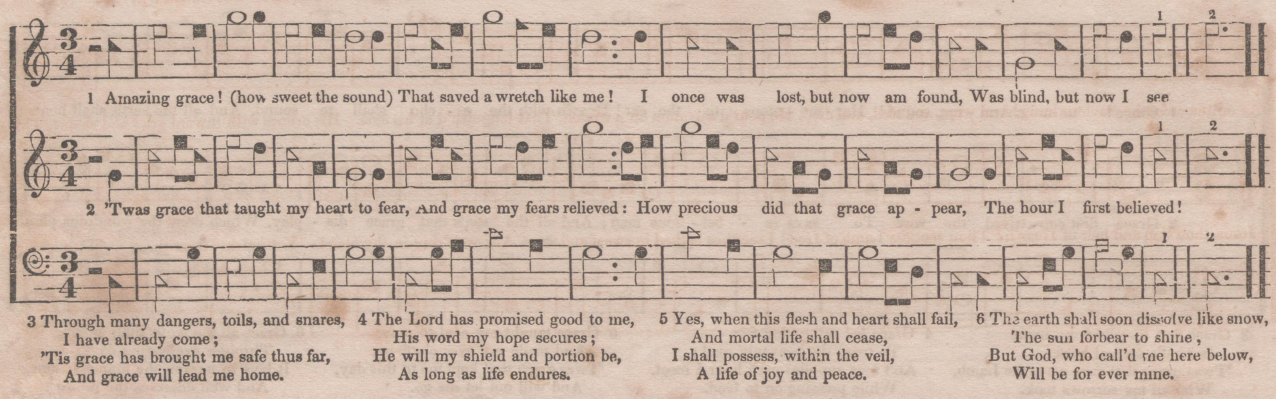
WEEPING SAVIOUR. S. M.

E. J. King.



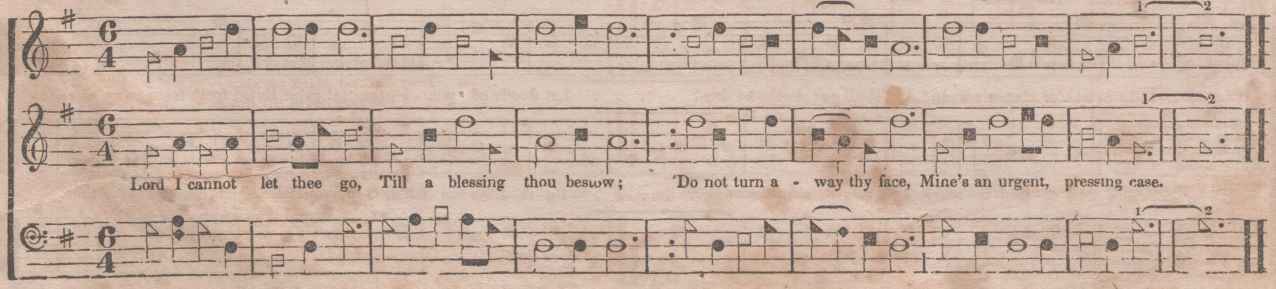
NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

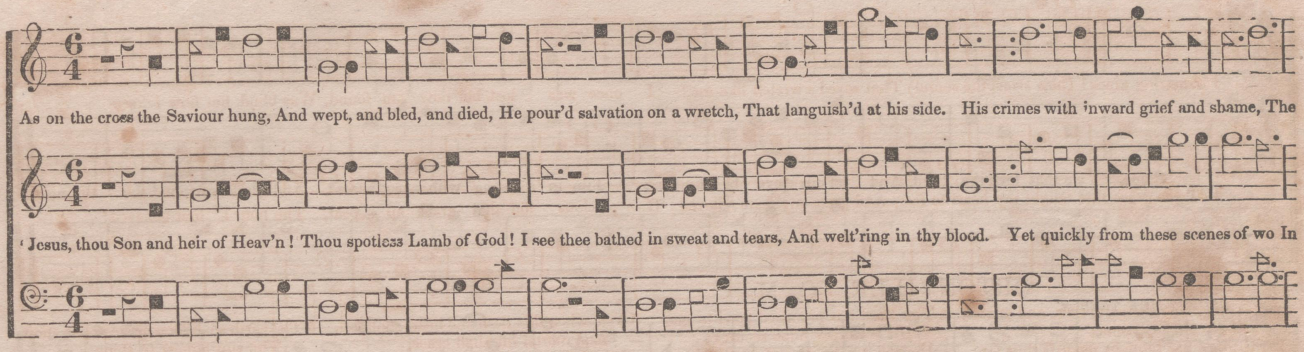
Baptist Harmony, p. 123.

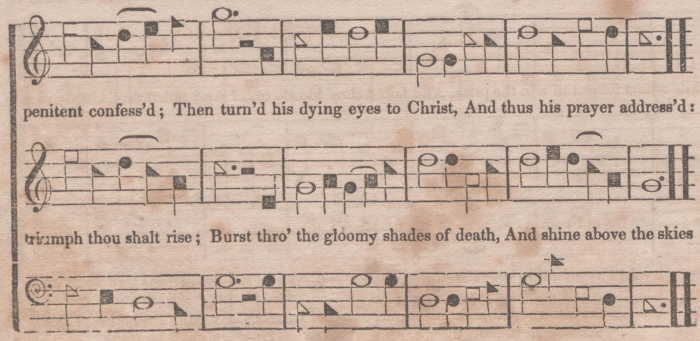


COOKHAM. 7's.

Baptist Harmony, p. 329.

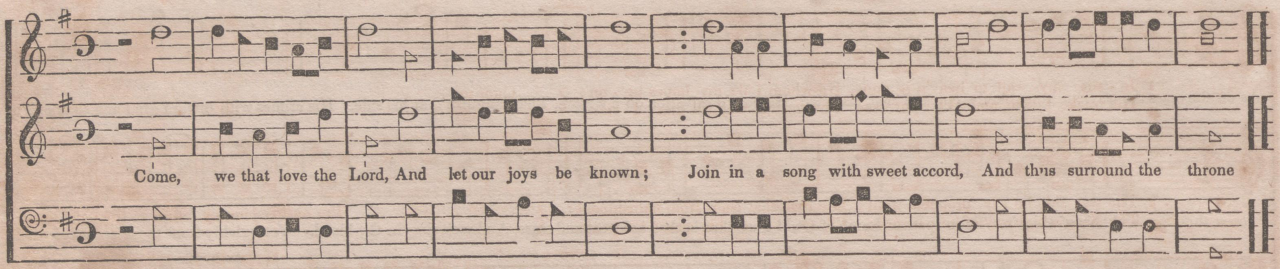




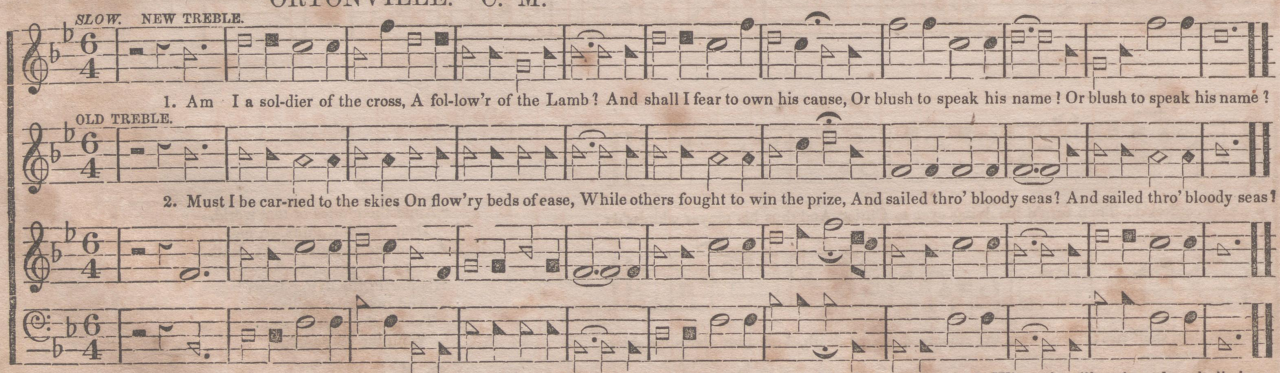


"Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."
His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise.'

WEBSTER. S. M.



ORTONVILLE. C. M.

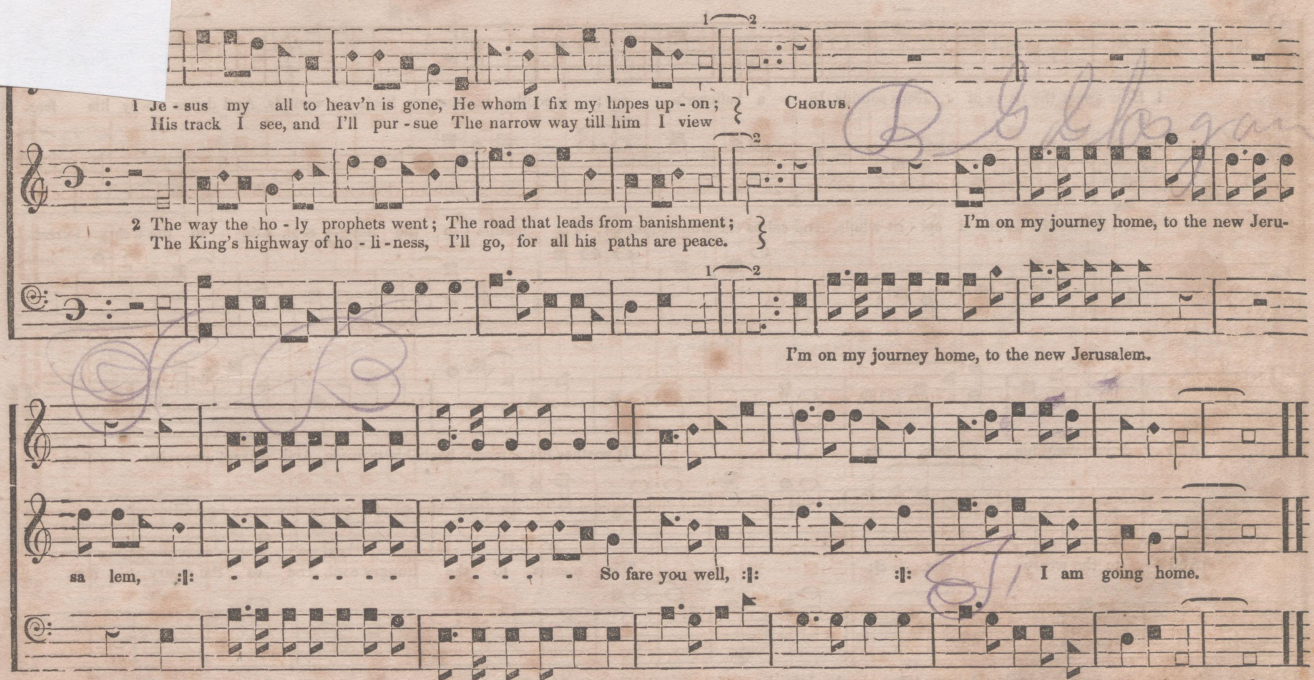


3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

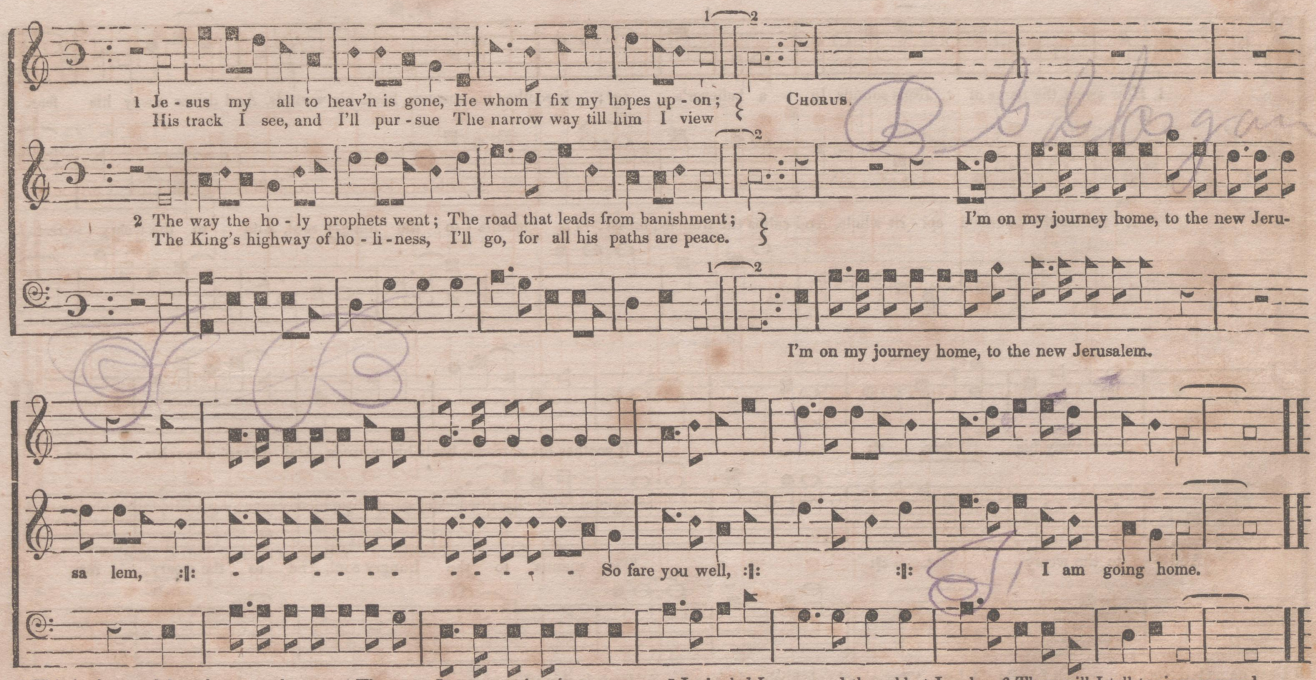


3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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



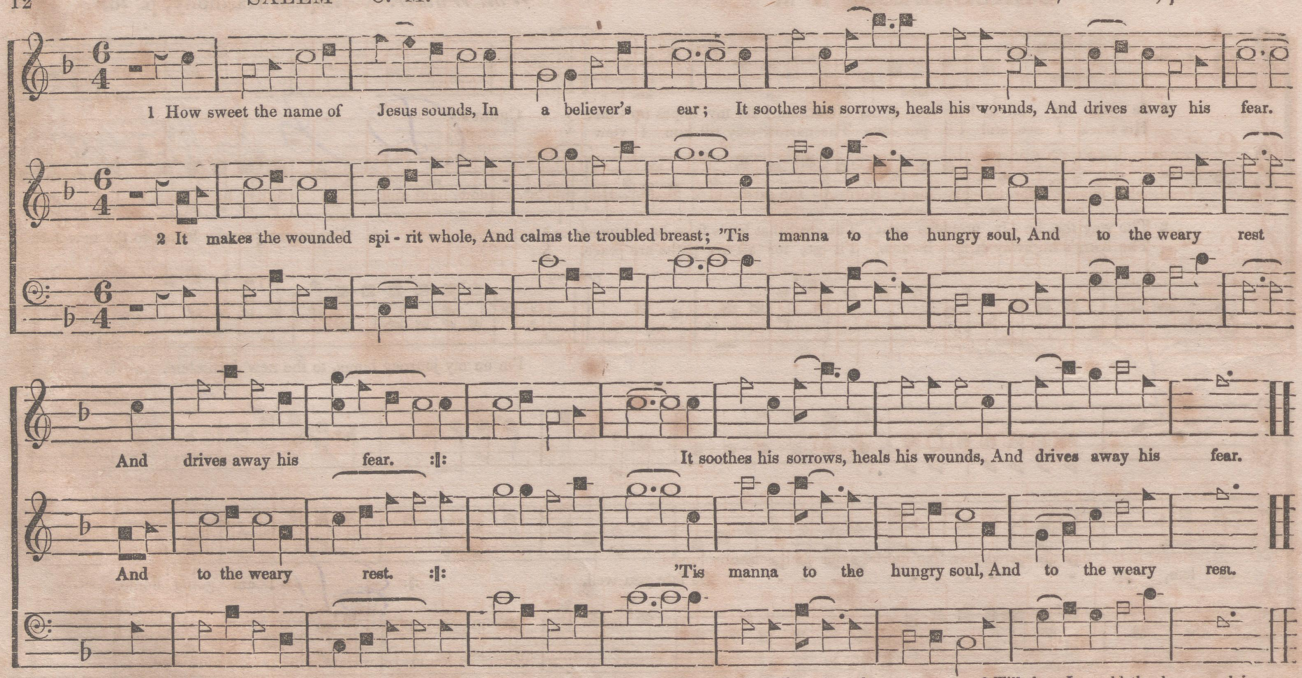
3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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

SALEM C. M.



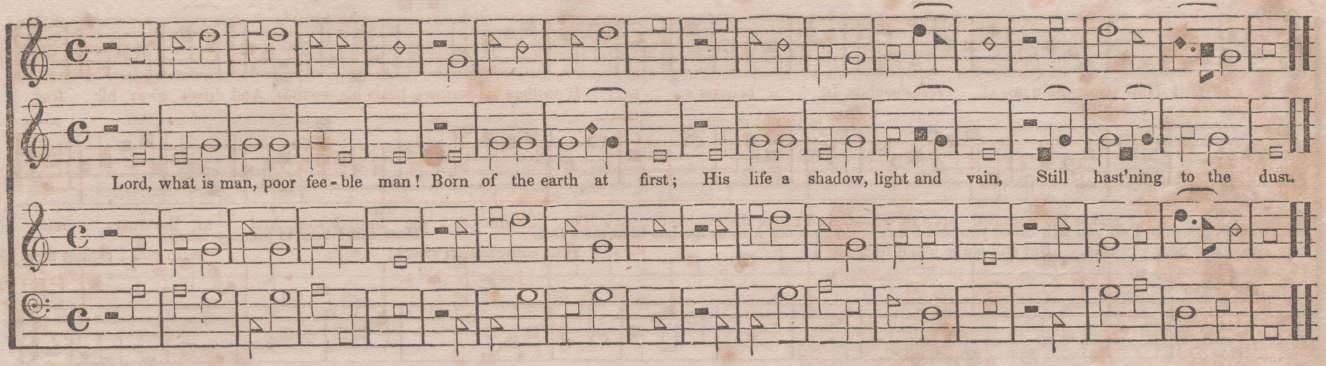
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

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

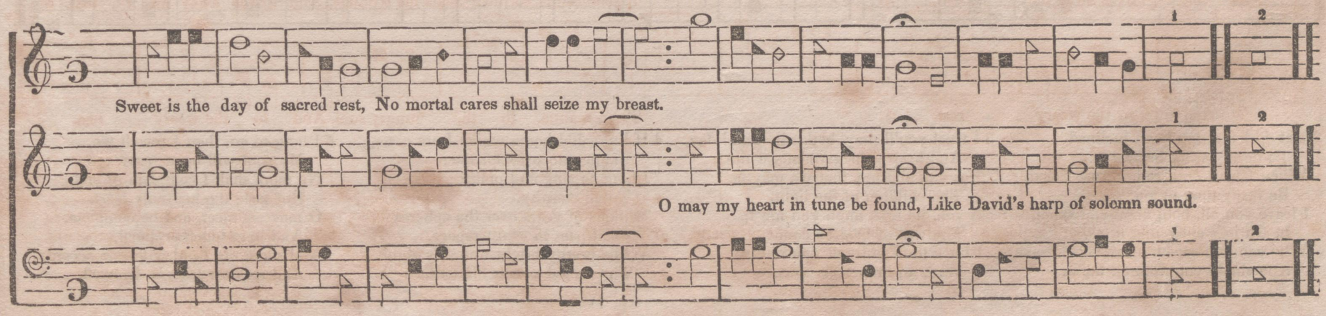
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

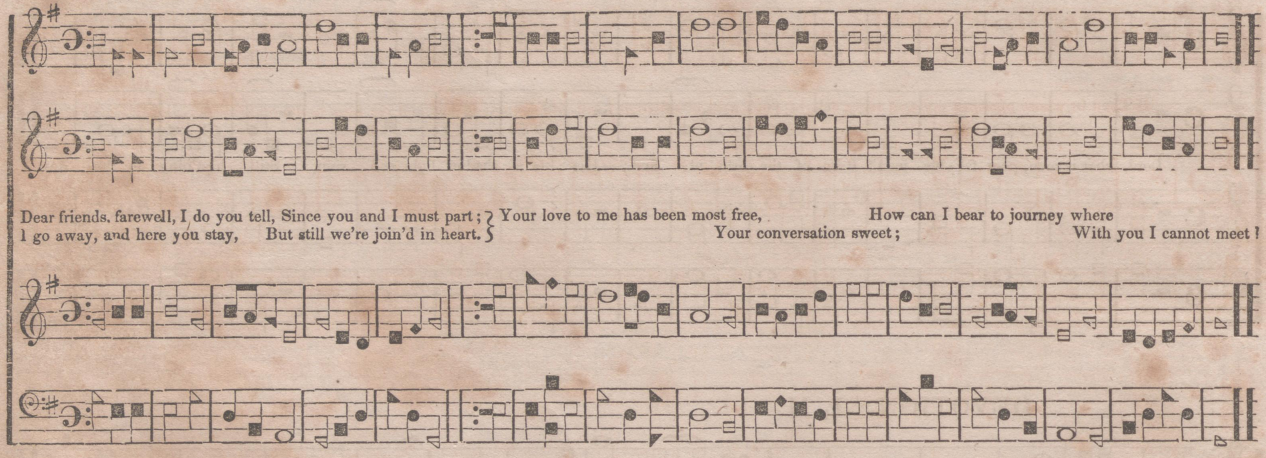
DUBLIN. C. M



DEVOTION. L. M.



MINISTER'S FAREWELL C M

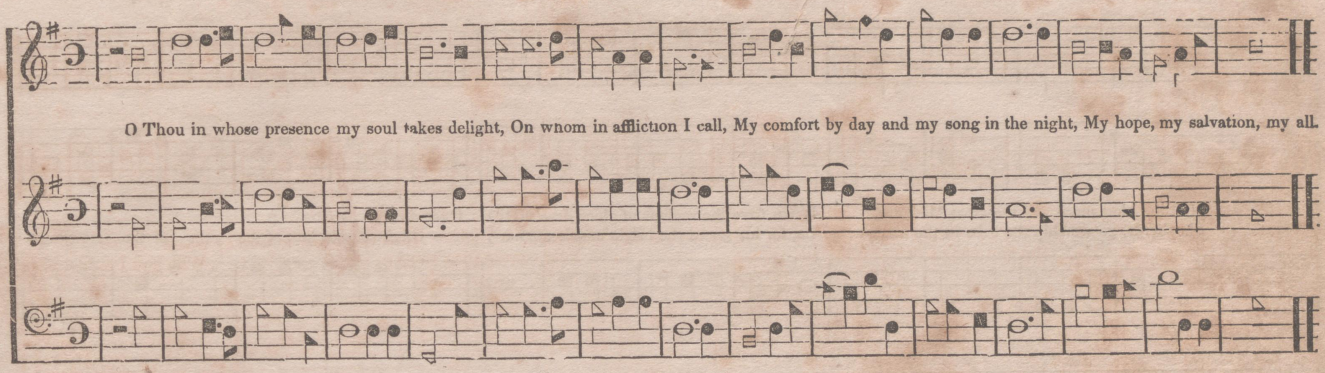


2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready then to go.
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harm.

3 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done
I hope the Lord will you reward,
With an immortal crown.

4 If I'm call'd home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King,
To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Thy sacred sweets disclose.

5 I long to go, then farewell wo,
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.
O may we meet, and be complete,
And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord:
And so, dear friends, farewell.



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

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep—
Alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
My foes would rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed,

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone;
Say if in your tents my Beloved hath been
And where with his flock he hath gone.

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

6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In vales on the banks of the streams;
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
His eye all invitingly beams.

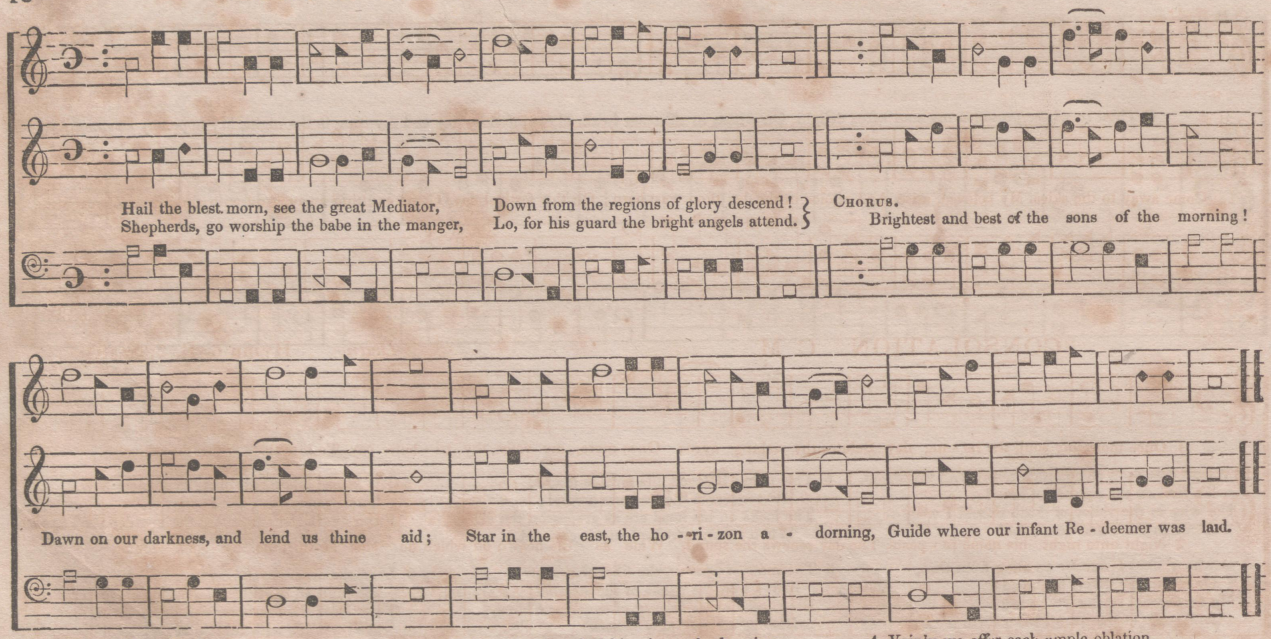
7 His voice, as the sound of a dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

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

9 Love sits on his eyelid and scatters delight,
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

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

STAR IN THE EAST. 10, 11.



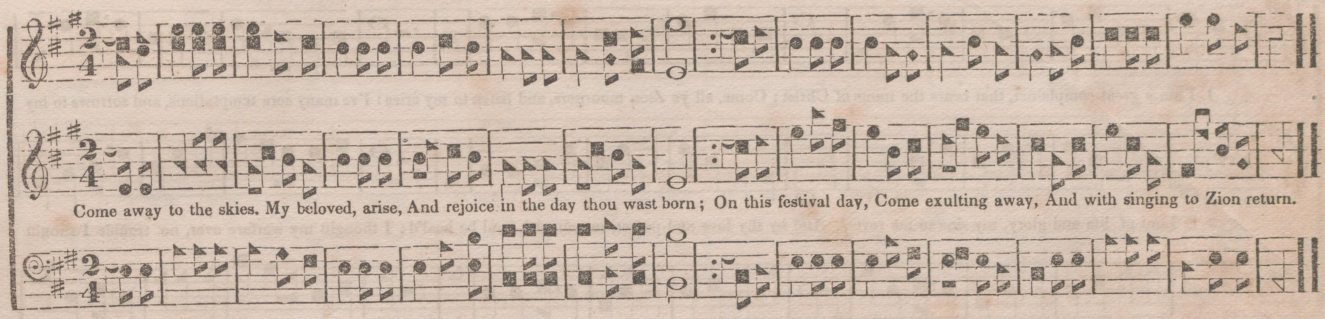
2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
Brightest and best. &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best. &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favour secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration:
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor
Brightest and best. &c.

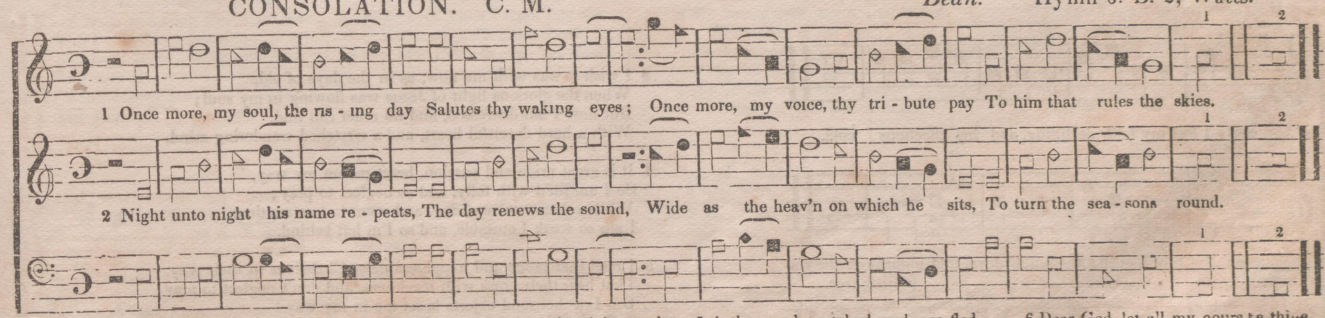
MIDDLEBURY. 6, 6, 9

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 357



CONSOLATION. C. M.

Dean. Hymn 6. B. 2, Watts.



3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

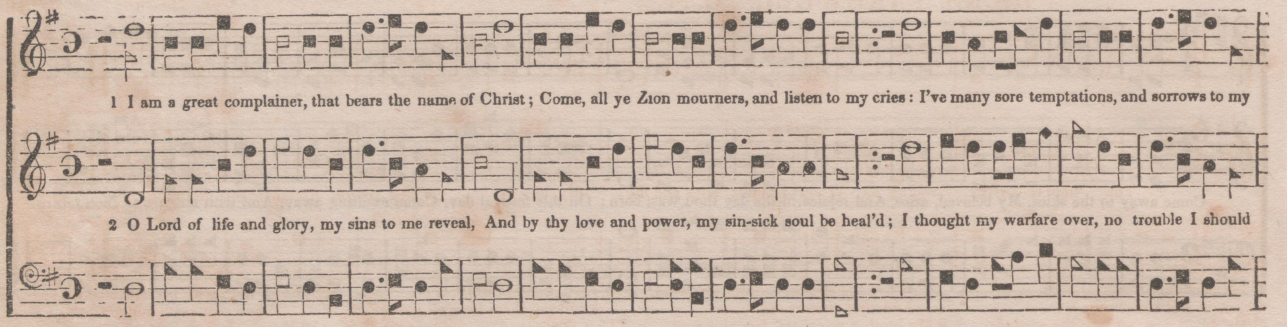
4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand,
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

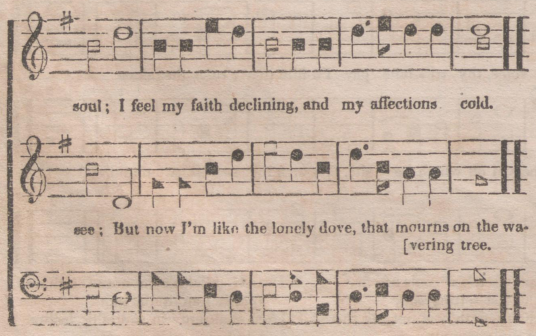
5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline
And bring a pleasant night.

COMPLAINER 7. 6

Wm. Walker



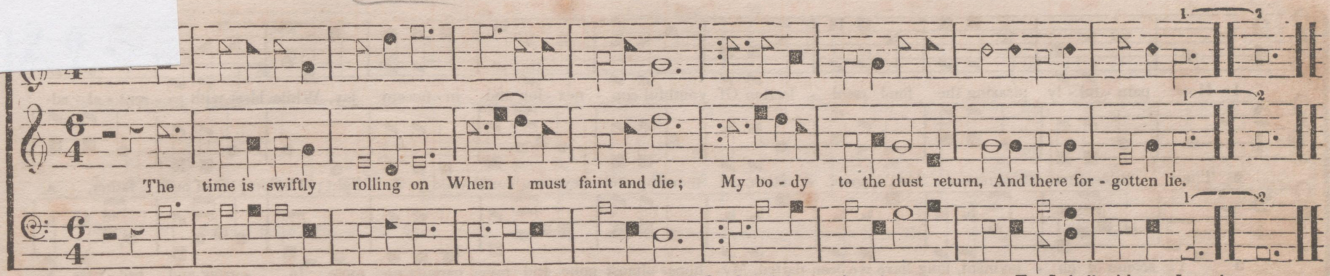


3 I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul;
But now I am distressed, and no relief can find,
With a hard deceitful heart, and a wretched wandering mind.

4 It is great pride and passion, beset me on my way,
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray;
While others run rejoicing, and seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

5 I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way,
That bear their cross with meekness, and don't neglect to pray
But I, a thousand objects beset me in my way
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray

HICKS' FAREWELL. C. M



2 Let persecution rage around,
And Antichrist appear;
My silent dust beneath the ground;
There's no disturbance there.

3 Thro' heats and colds I've often went,
And wander'd in despair,
To call poor sinners to repent,
And seek the Saviour dear.

4 My brother preachers, boldly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall,
T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.

5 My brother preachers, fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more I shall you see
But soon we'll meet above.

6 My little children near my heart,
And nature seems to bind,
It grieves me sorely to depart,
And leave you all behind.

7 O Lord, a father to them be,
And keep them from all harm,
That they may love and worship thee,
And dwell upon thy charms.

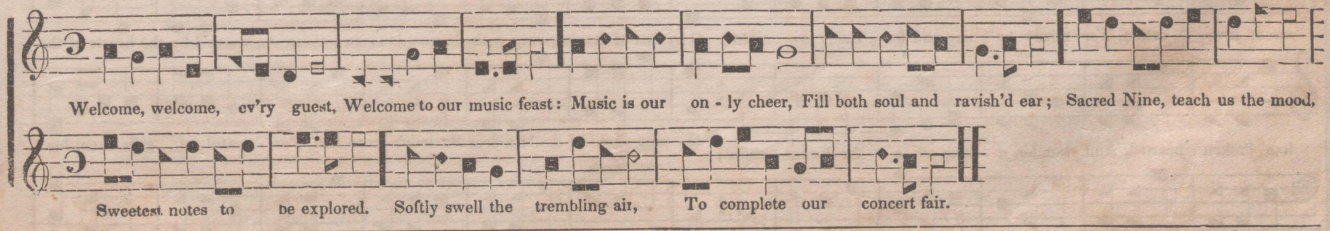
8 My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,
My sweet and harmless dove.

9 My loving wife, don't grieve for me,
Neither lament nor mourn;
For I shall with my Jesus be,
When you are left alone.

10 How often you have look'd for me,
And ofttimes seen me come;
But now I must depart from thee,
And never more return.

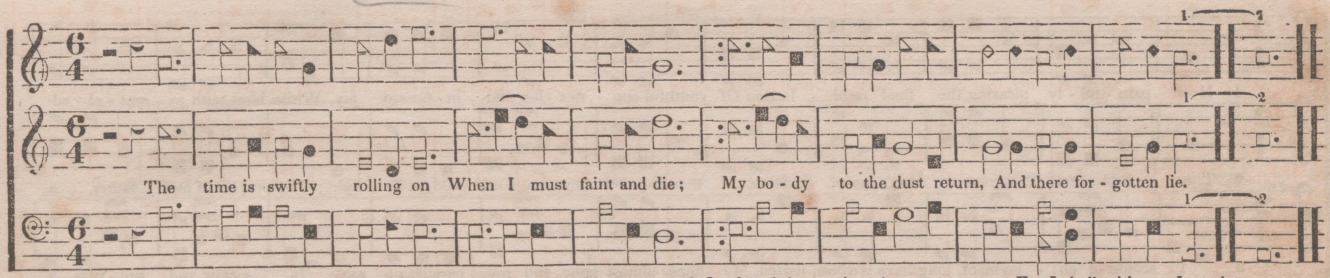
11 For I can never come to thee;
Let this not grieve your heart,
For you will shortly come to me,
Where we shall never part.*

CANON. Four in One. 7's.



* This song was composed by the Rev. B. Hicks, (a Baptist minister of South Carolina,) and sent to his wife while he was confined in Tennessee by a fev , of which he afterwards recovered.

HICKS' FAREWELL. C. M



2 Let persecution rage around,
And Antichrist appear;
My silent dust beneath the ground;
There's no disturbance there.

3 Thro' heats and colds I've often went,
And wander'd in despair,
To call poor sinners to repent,
And seek the Saviour dear.

4 My brother preachers, boldly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall,
T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.

5 My brother preachers, fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more I shall you see
But soon we'll meet above.

6 My little children near my heart,
And nature seems to bind,
It grieves me sorely to depart,
And leave you all behind.

7 O Lord, a father to them be,
And keep them from all harm,
That they may love and worship thee,
And dwell upon thy charms.

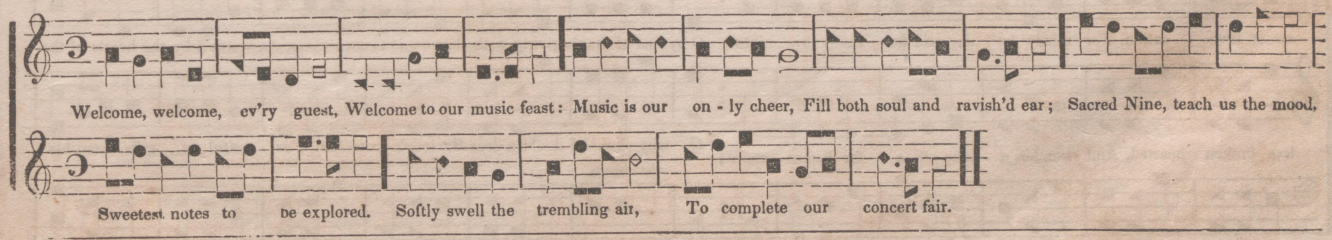
8 My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,
My sweet and harmless dove.

9 My loving wife, don't grieve for me,
Neither lament nor mourn;
For I shall with my Jesus be,
When you are left alone.

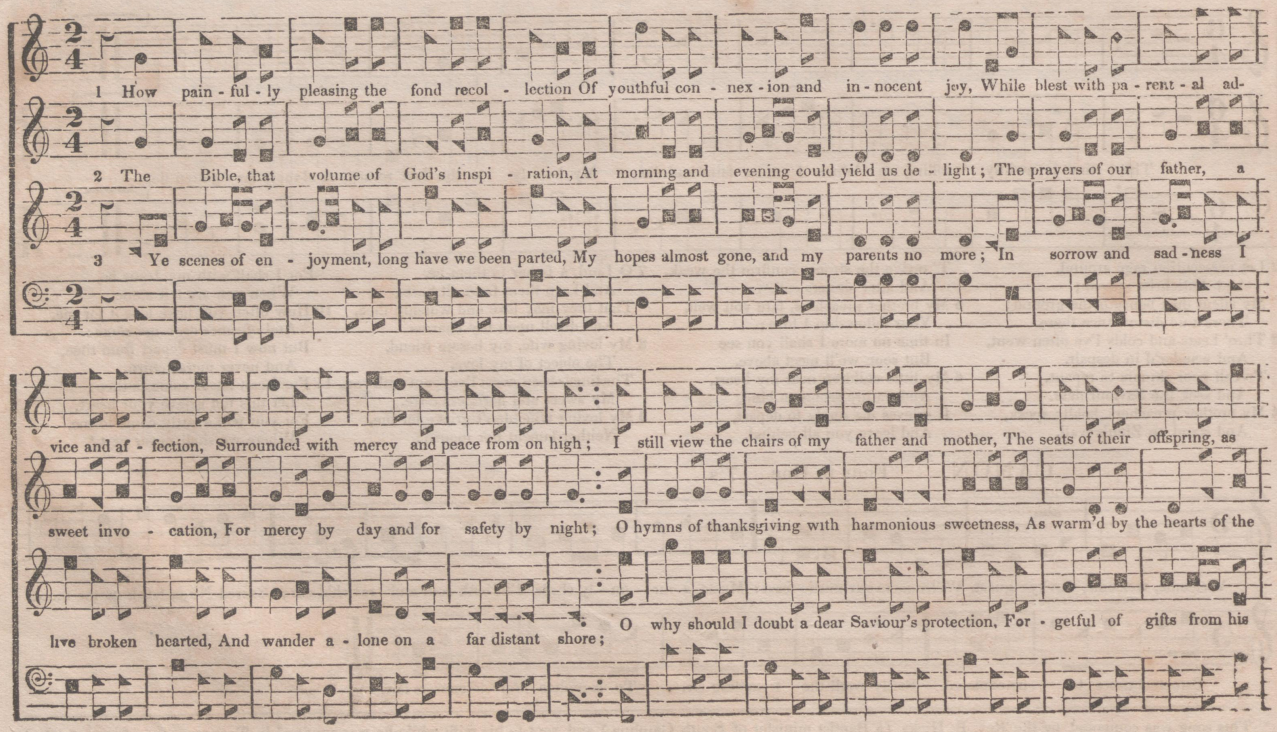
10 How often you have look'd for me,
And ofttimes seen me come;
But now I must depart from thee,
And never more return.

11 For I can never come to thee;
Let this not grieve your heart,
For you will shortly come to me,
Where we shall never part.*

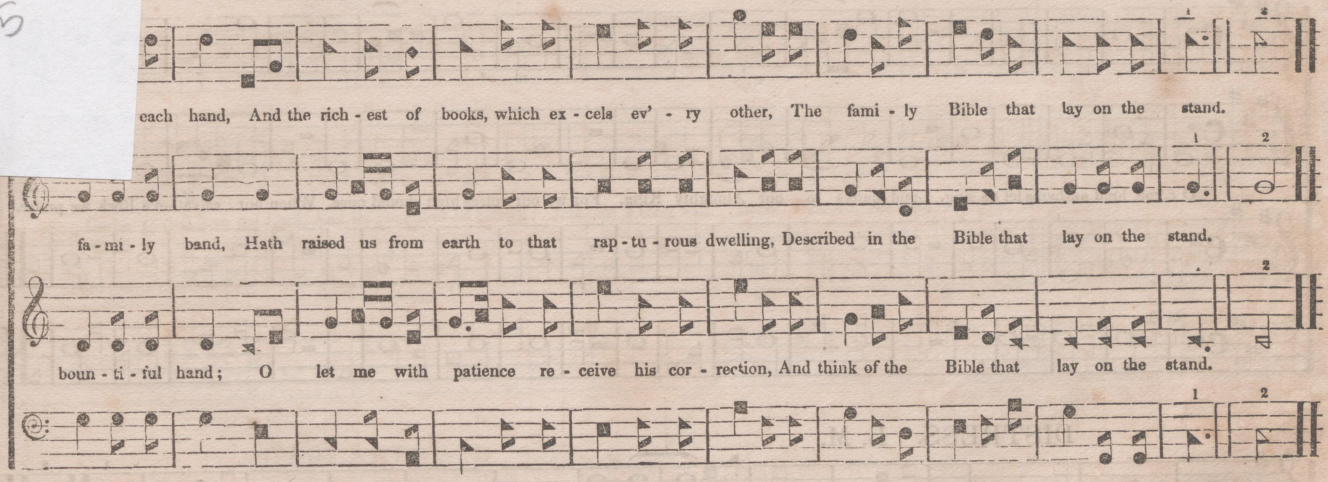
CANON. Four in One. 7's.



* This song was composed by the Rev. B. Hicks, (a Baptist minister of South Carolina,) and sent to his wife while he was confined in Tennessee by a few, of which he afterwards recovered


1 How pain - ful - ly pleasing the fond recol - lection Of youthful con - nex - ion and in - nocent joy, While blest with pa - rent - al ad-
2 The Bible, that volume of God's inspi - ration, At morning and evening could yield us de - light; The prayers of our father, a
3 Ye scenes of en - joyment, long have we been parted, My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more; In sorrow and sad - ness I
vice and af - fection, Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high; I still view the chairs of my father and mother, The seats of their offspring, as
sweet invo - cation, For mercy by day and for safety by night; O hymns of thanksgiving with harmonious sweetness, As warm'd by the hearts of the
live broken hearted, And wander a - lone on a far distant shore;
O why should I doubt a dear Saviour's protection, For - getful of gifts from his

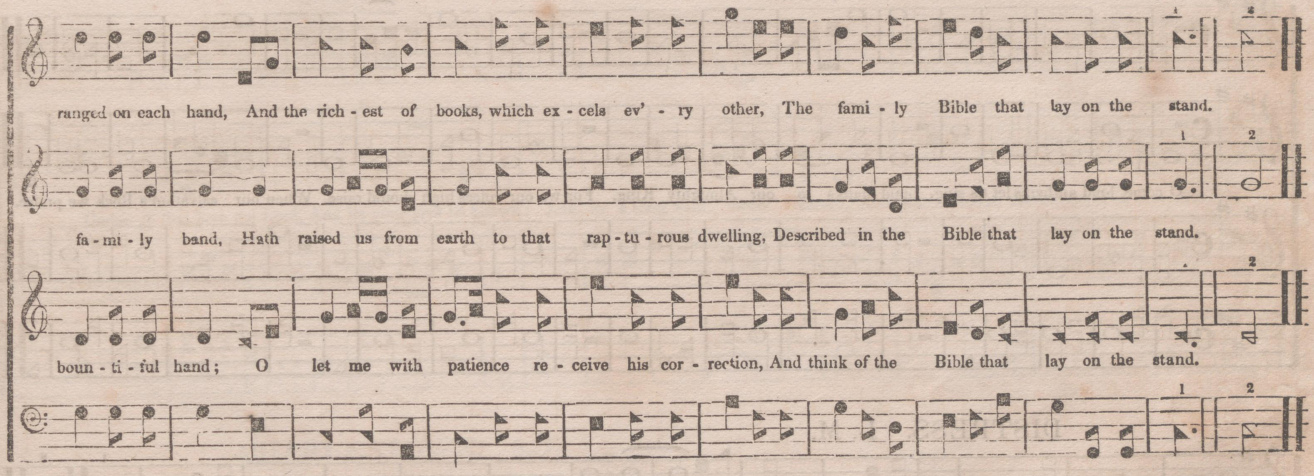
52-
55



4 Blest Bible! the light and the guide of the stranger,
With it I seem circled with parents and friends;
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger;
On thee my last lingering hope then depends.
Hope wakens to vigour and rises to glory;
I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
Reveal'd in the Bible that lay on the stand.

5 Hail, rising the brightest and best of the morning,
The star which has guided my parents safe home;
The beam of thy glory, my pathway adorning,
Shall scatter the darkness, and brighten the gloom.
As the old Eastern sages to worship the stranger
Did hasten with ecstasy to Canaan's land,
I'll bow to adore him, not in a low manger,—
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

6 Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,
I'll flee to the Bible, and trust in the Lord;
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,
My soul is still cheer'd by his heavenly word.
And now from things earthly my soul is removing
I soon shall glory with heaven's bright bands,
And in rapture of joy be forever adoring
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

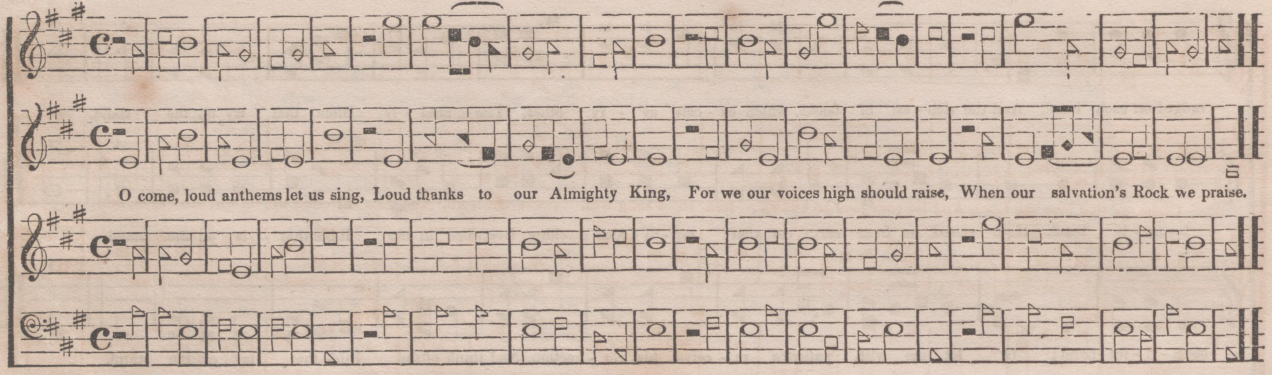


4 Blest Bible! the light and the guide of the stranger,
With it I seem circled with parents and friends;
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger;
On thee my last lingering hope then depends.
Hope wakens to vigour and rises to glory;
I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
Reveal'd in the Bible that lay on the stand.

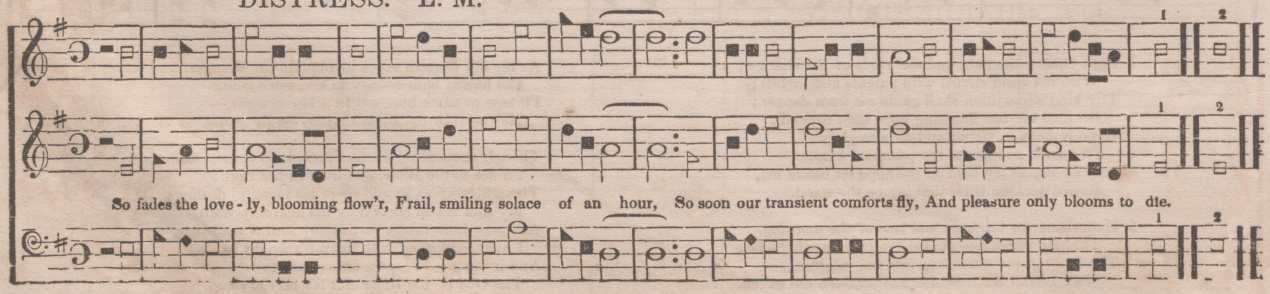
5 Hail, rising the brightest and best of the morning,
The star which has guided my parents safe home;
The beam of thy glory, my pathway adorning,
Shall scatter the darkness, and brighten the gloom.
As the old Eastern sages to worship the stranger
Did hasten with ecstasy to Canaan's land,
I'll bow to adore him, not in a low manger,—
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

6 Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,
I'll flee to the Bible, and trust in the Lord;
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,
My soul is still cheer'd by his heavenly word.
And now from things earthly my soul is removing
I soon shall glory with heaven's bright bands,
And in rapture of joy be forever adoring
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

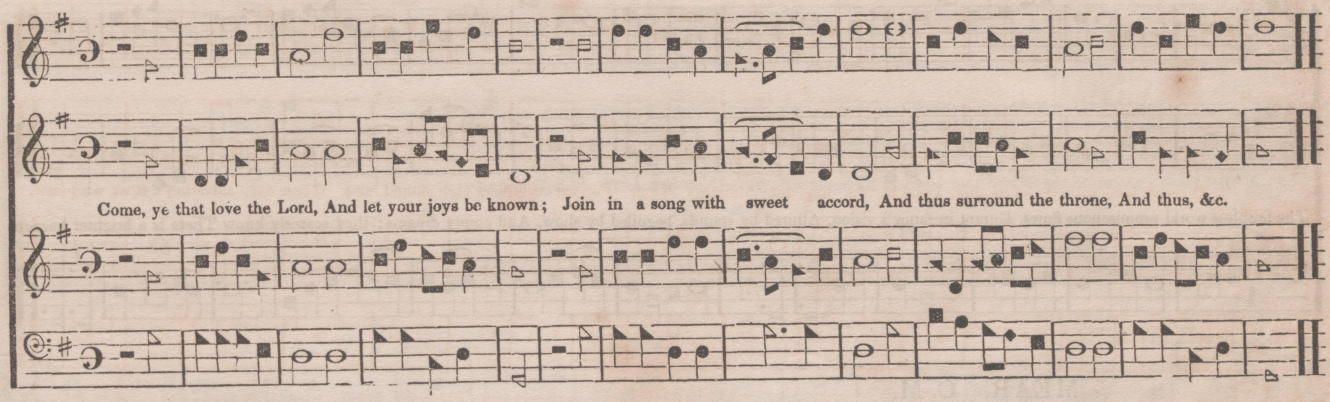
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



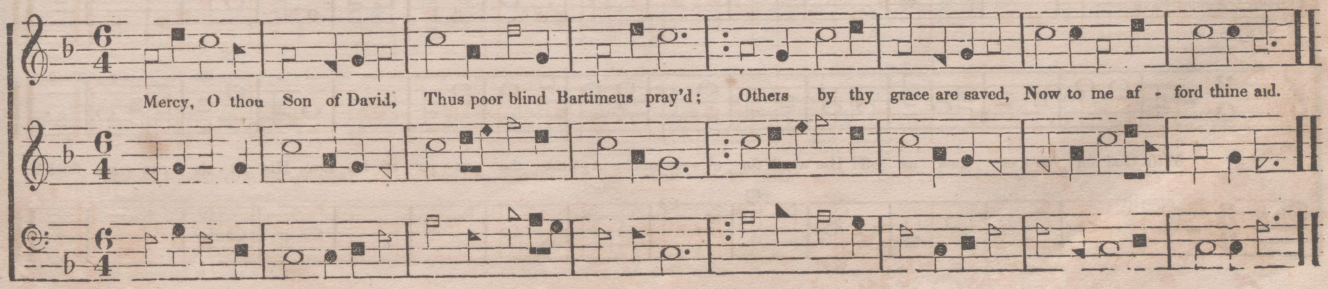
DISTRESS. L. M.



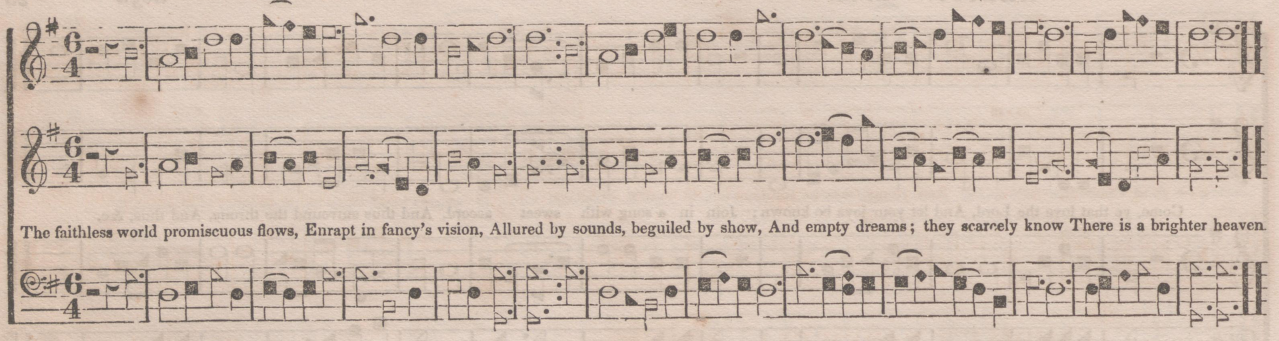
ALBION. S. M.



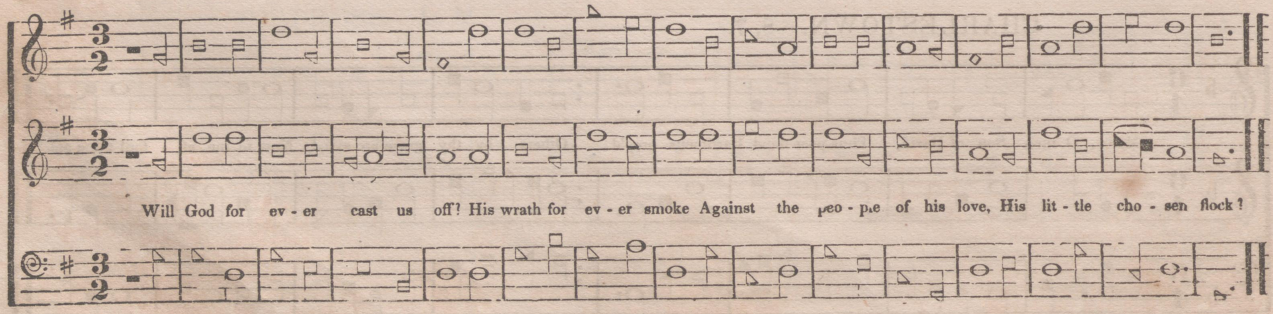
CHARLESTOWN. 8, 7.



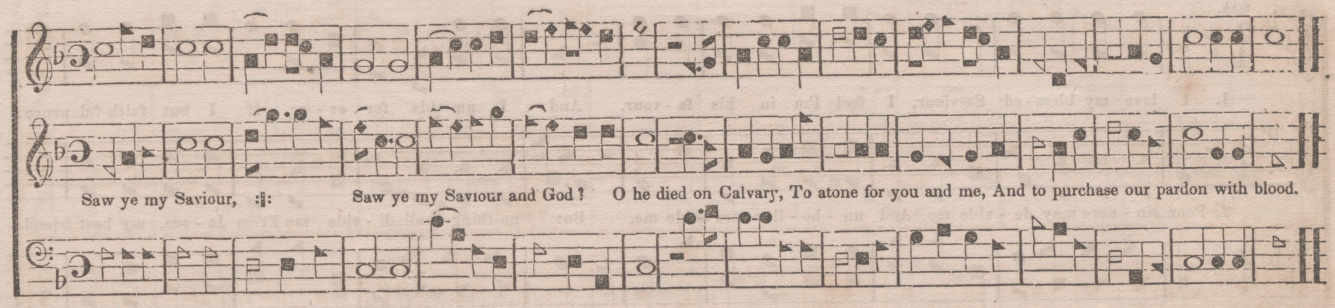
PROSPECT OF HEAVEN. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7. *A. Grambling.* See Bap. Harm. p. 433



MEAR. C. M.

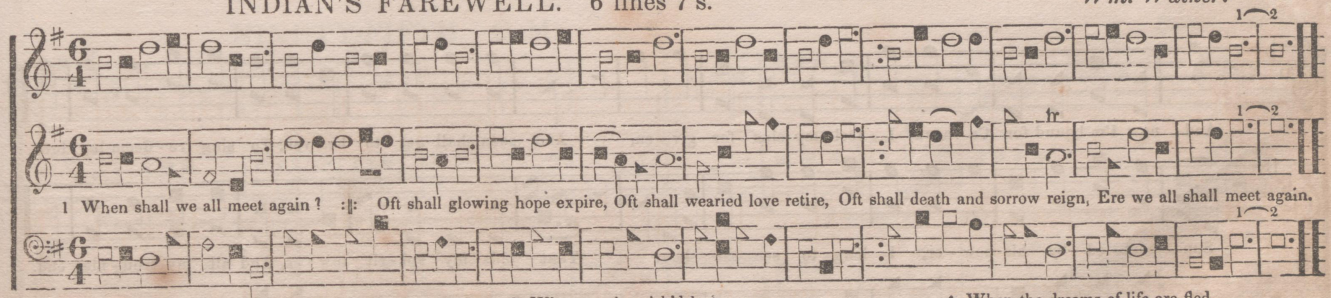


CRUCIFIXION. 7's, 9.



INDIAN'S FAREWELL. 6 lines 7's.

Wm. Walker.

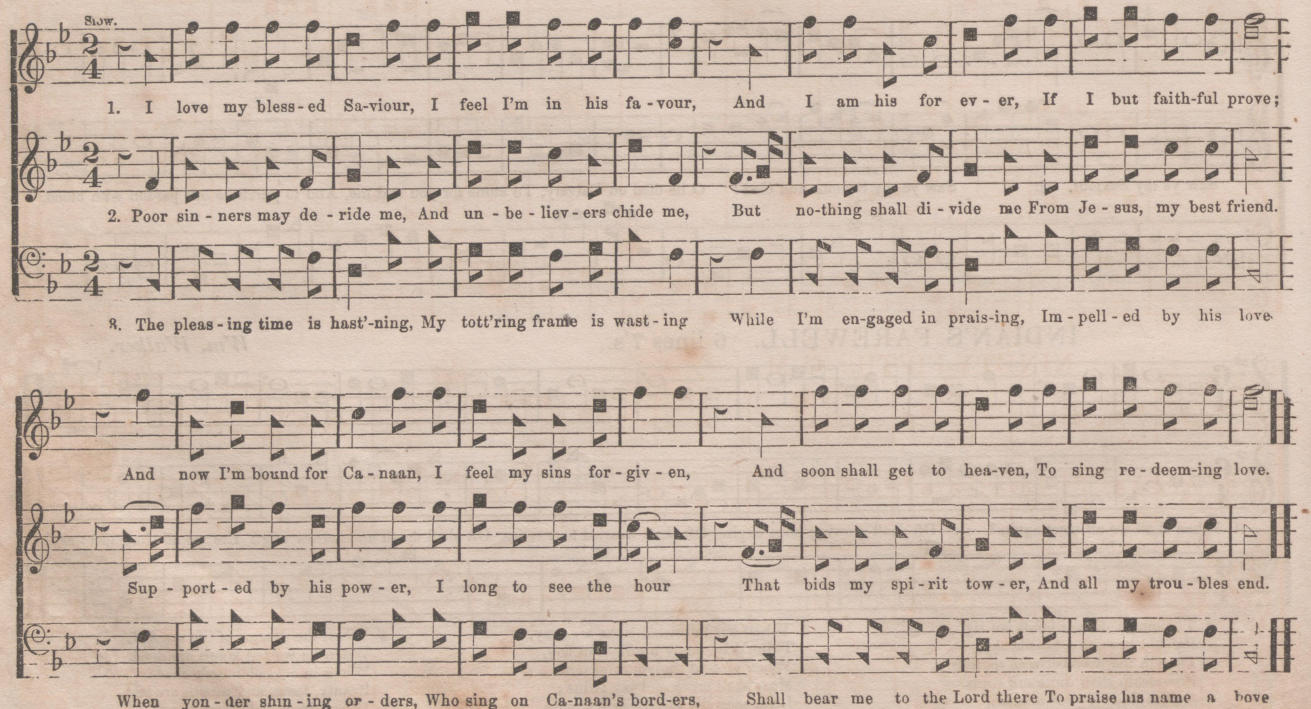


2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,
When around the youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
Long may the loved bow'r remain,
Ere we all shall meet again.

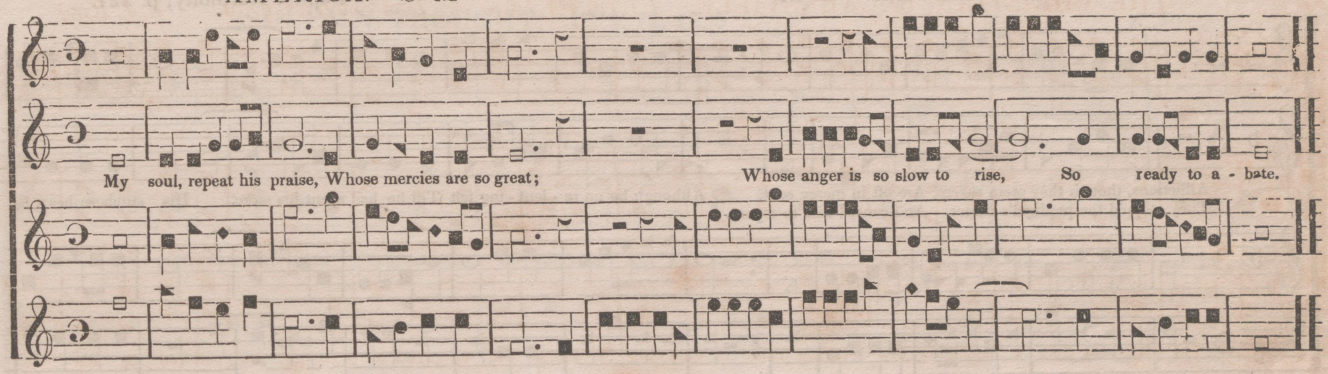
4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, fame, and wealth are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

THE CHRISTIAN. or CARNSVILLE. 7,7,7,6,7,7,7,6. Zion Songster, p. 78. *E. J. King*



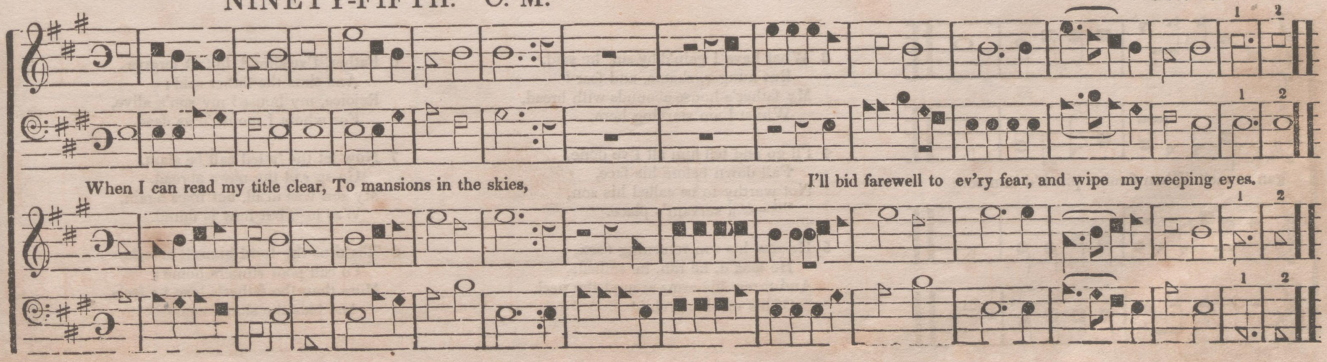
AMERICA. S. M.

Whitmore.



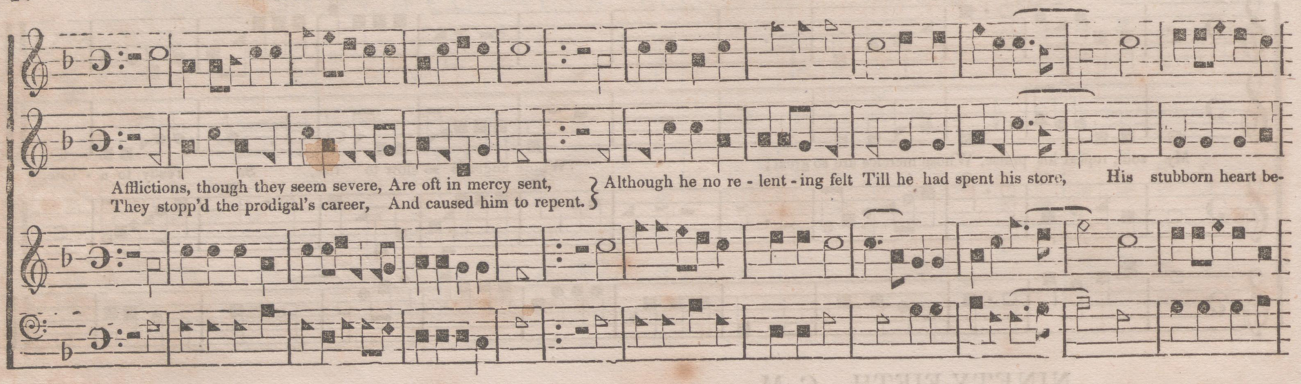
NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

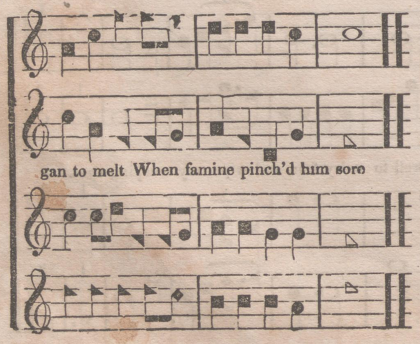
Colton.



TENNESSEE. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 227.





3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
Whilst I am starving here.

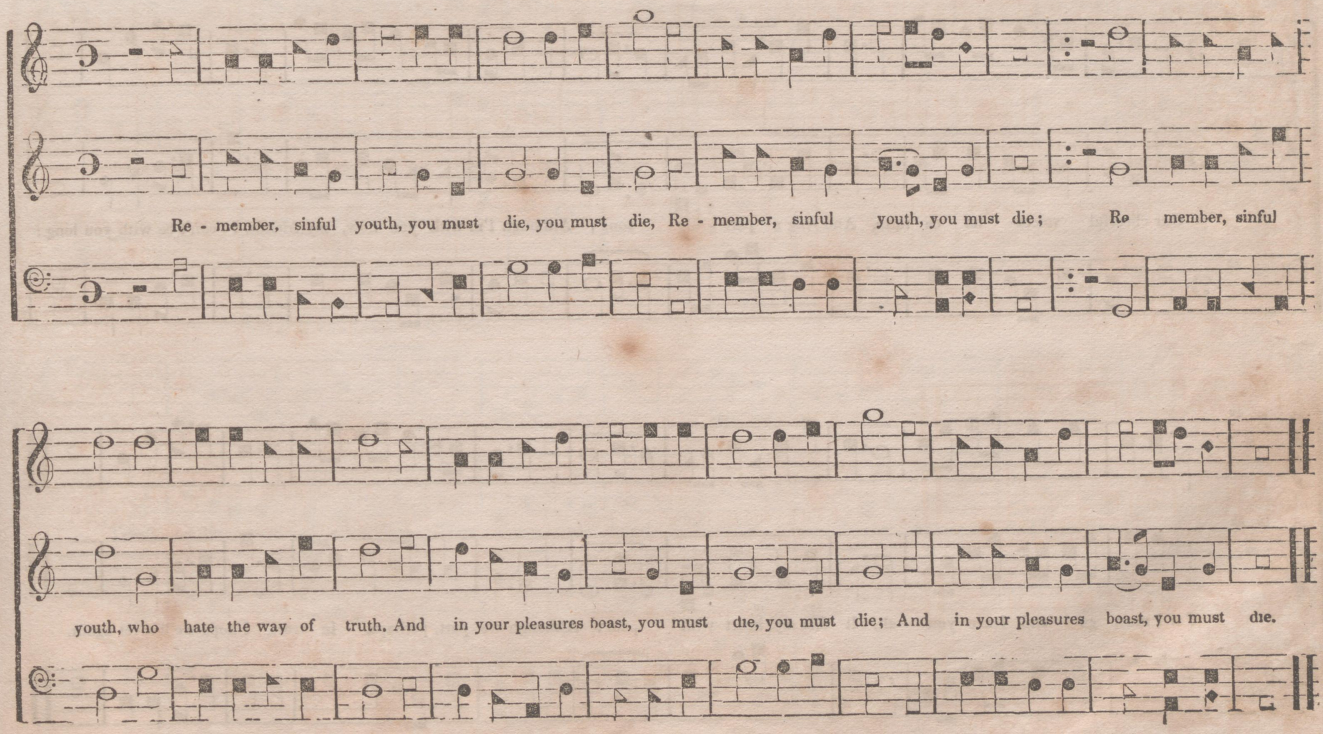
4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Not worthy to be called his son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

5 He saw his son returning back,
He look'd, he ran, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child

6 Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive.
And thus the father said;
Rejoice, my house! my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

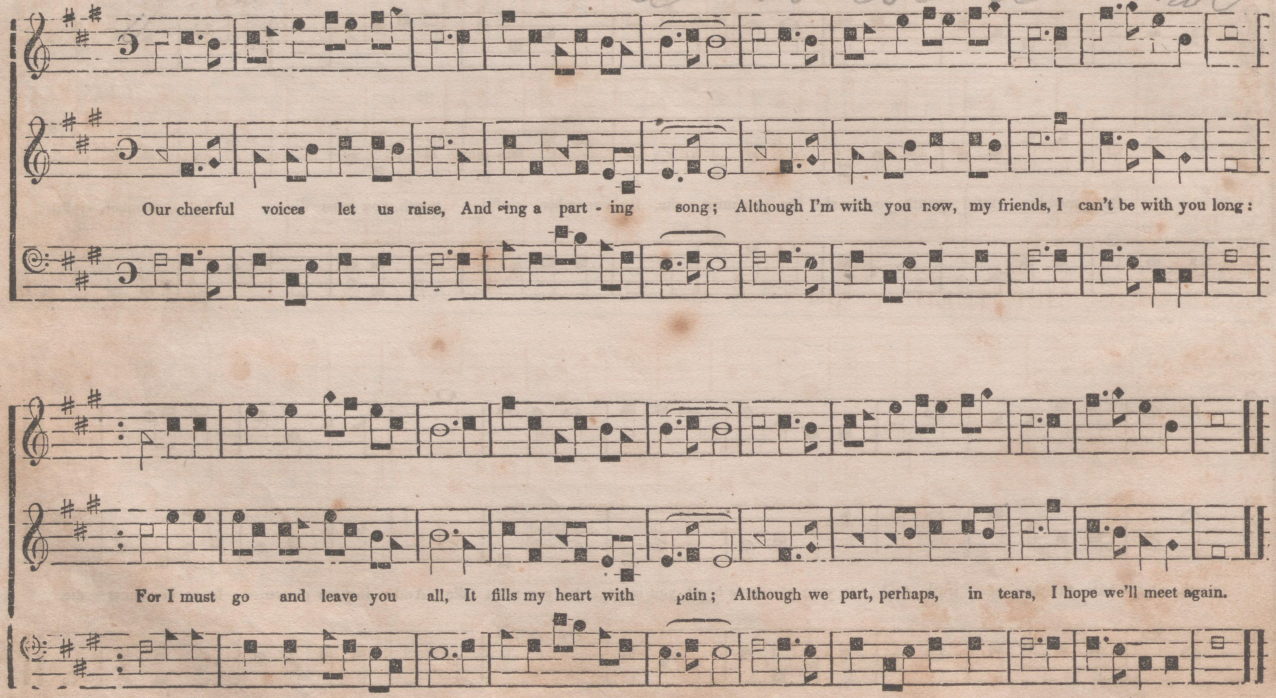
7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news abroad,
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.

8 'Tis thus the Lord himself reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than the father's love he feels,
And bids the sinner come


Re - member, sinful youth, you must die, you must die, Re - member, sinful youth, you must die; Re member, sinful
youth, who hate the way of truth. And in your pleasures boast, you must die, you must die; And in your pleasures boast, you must die.

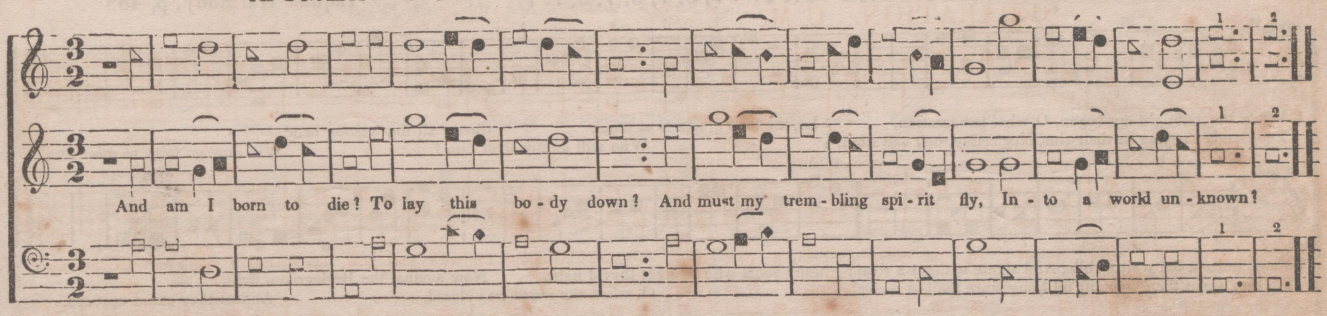
SEPARATION. C. M.

Will soon be at hand

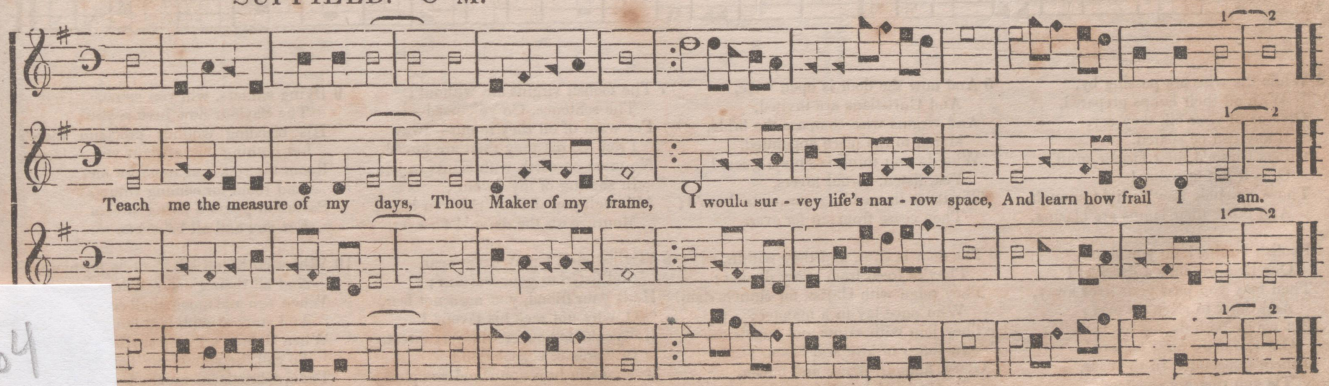


IDUMEA S. M.

Davison. Meth. Hymn Book p. 231 31



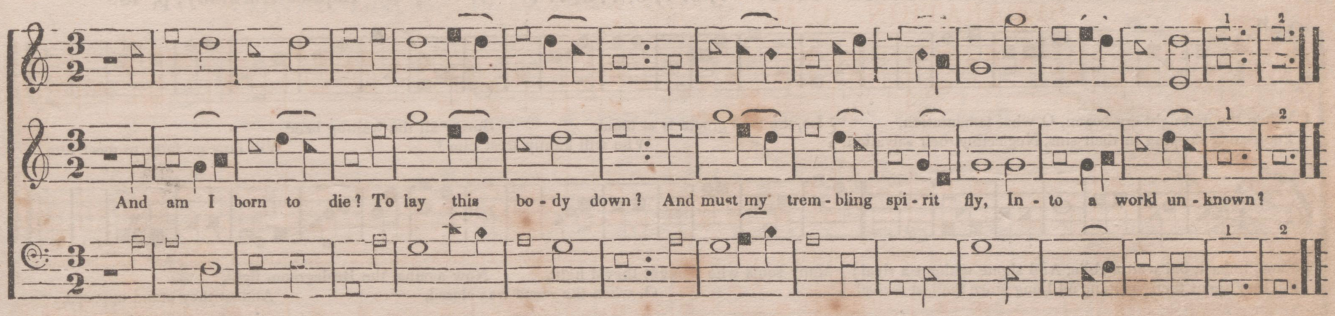
SUFFIELD. C M.



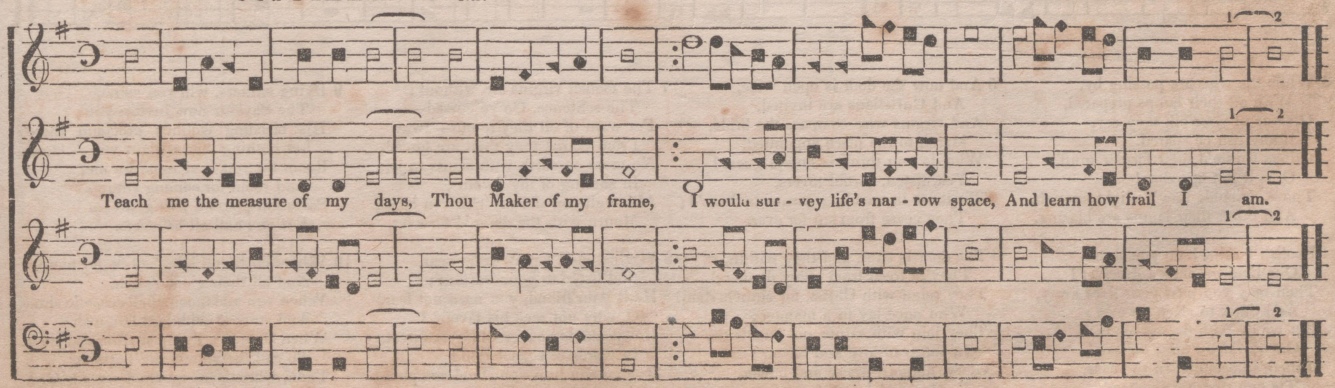
64

IDUMEA S. M.

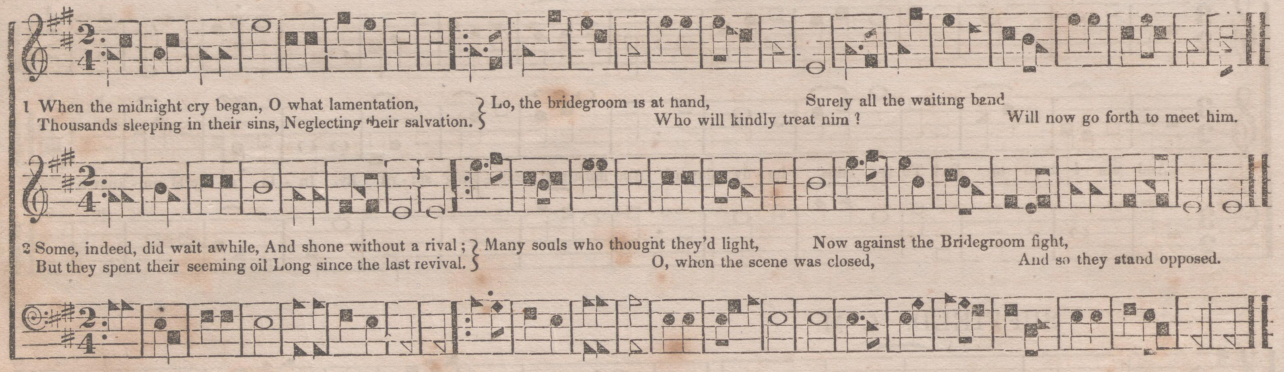
Davison. Meth. Hymn Book p. 231 31



SUFFIELD. C M.



THE MIDNIGHT CRY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7. 7



1 When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation,
Thousands sleeping in their sins, Neglecting their salvation.
Lo, the bridegroom is at hand, Who will kindly treat him?
Surely all the waiting band Will now go forth to meet him.

2 Some, indeed, did wait awhile, And shone without a rival;
But they spent their seeming oil Long since the last revival.
Many souls who thought they'd light, O, when the scene was closed,
Now against the Bridegroom fight, And so they stand opposed.

3 While the wise are passing by,
With all their lamps prepared,
Give us of your oil, they cry,
If any can be spared.
Others trimm'd their former snuff,
O, is it not amazing!
Those conclude they've light enough,
And think their lamps are blazing.

4 Foolish virgins! do you think
Our Bridegroom's a deceiver?
Then may you pass your lives away,
And think to sleep for ever;
But we by faith do see his face,
On whom we have believed;
If there's deception in the case,
'Tis you that are deceived.

5 And now the door is open wide,
And Christians are invited,
And virgins wise compass the bride,
March to the place appointed.
Who do you think is now a guest?
Yea, listen, carnal lovers,
'Tis those in wedding garments dress'd;
They cease from sin for ever.

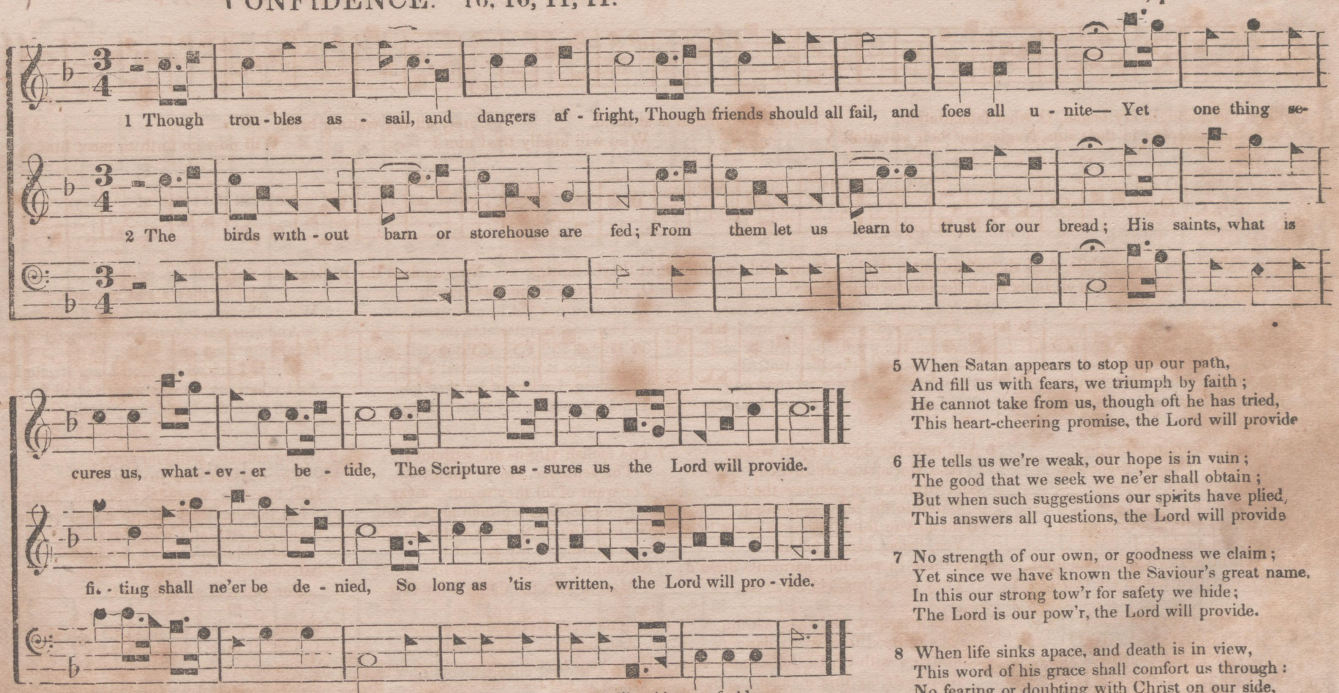
6 The door is shut, and they within,
They're freed from every danger;
They reign with Christ, for sinners slain,
Who once lay in a manger;
They join with saints and angels too
In songs of love and favour;
Glory, honour, praise and power,
To God and Lamb for ever.

7 The foolish virgins are without;
The sentence, Go ye cursed—
For want of oil they're out—away
From Christ they then are forced.
No more on earth with saints to join
In sharing of my favour;
Although you did my children blind,
Mourn with the damn'd for ever.

8 Virgins wise, I pray draw near,
And listen to your Saviour;
He is your friend, you need not fear,
O, why not seek his favour?
He speaks to you in whispers sweet,
In words of consolation:
By grace in him you stand complete,
He is your great salvation.

9 Dying sinners, will you come,
The Saviour now invites you;
His bleeding wounds proclaim there's room,
Let nothing then affright you—
Room for you, and room for me,
And room for coming sinners:
Salvation pours a living stream
For you and all believers.

10 When earth and sea shall be no more,
And all their glory perish,
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars at midnight languish:
When Gabriel's trump shall sound aloud,
To call the slumb'ring nations,
Then, Christians, we shall see our God
The God of our salvation.



3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be toss'd
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide
The promise engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide

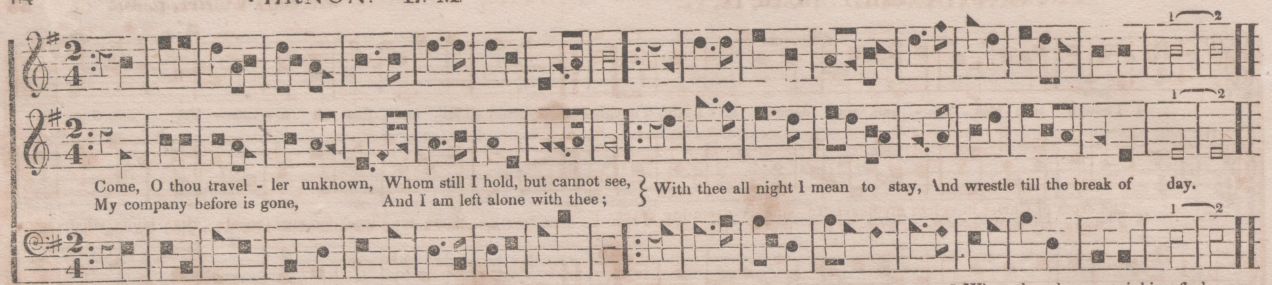
6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide;
The Lord is our pow'r, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide

VERNON. L. M.

Chapin. Methodist Hymn Book. p. 77.



2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

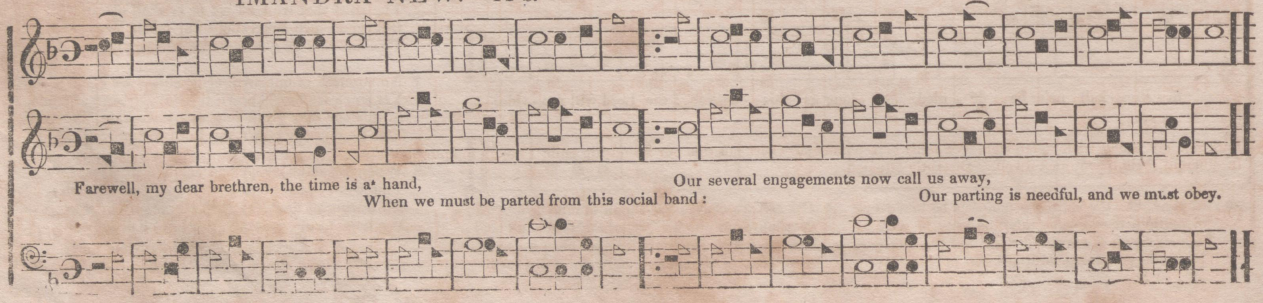
3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man who died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh com-
plain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

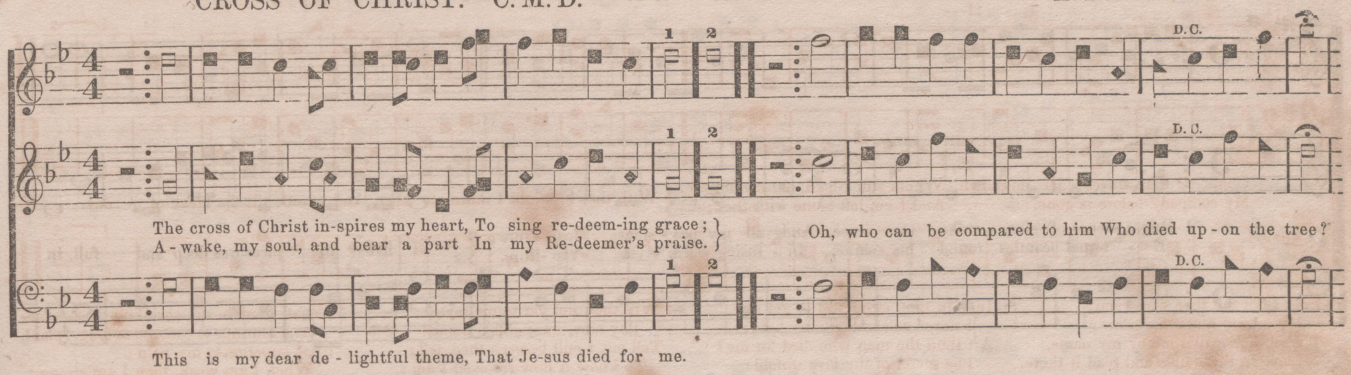
IMANDRA NEW. 11's.

Dover Selection, p. 196.

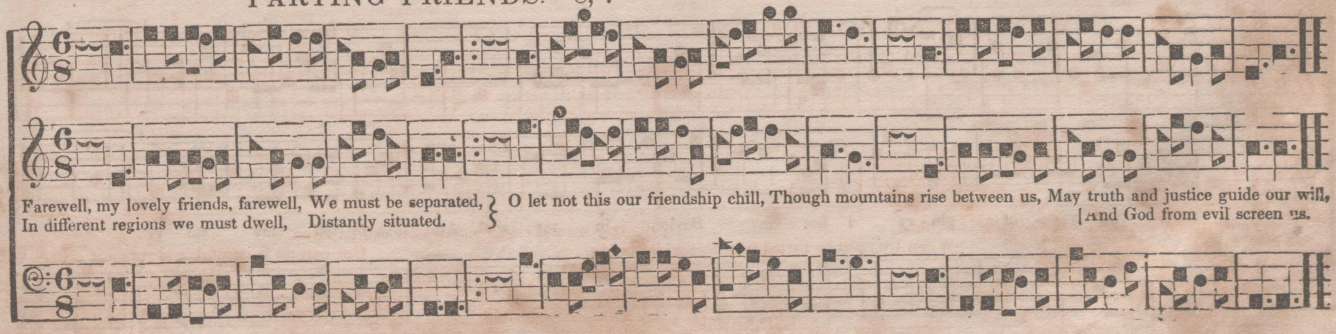


CROSS OF CHRIST. C. M. D.

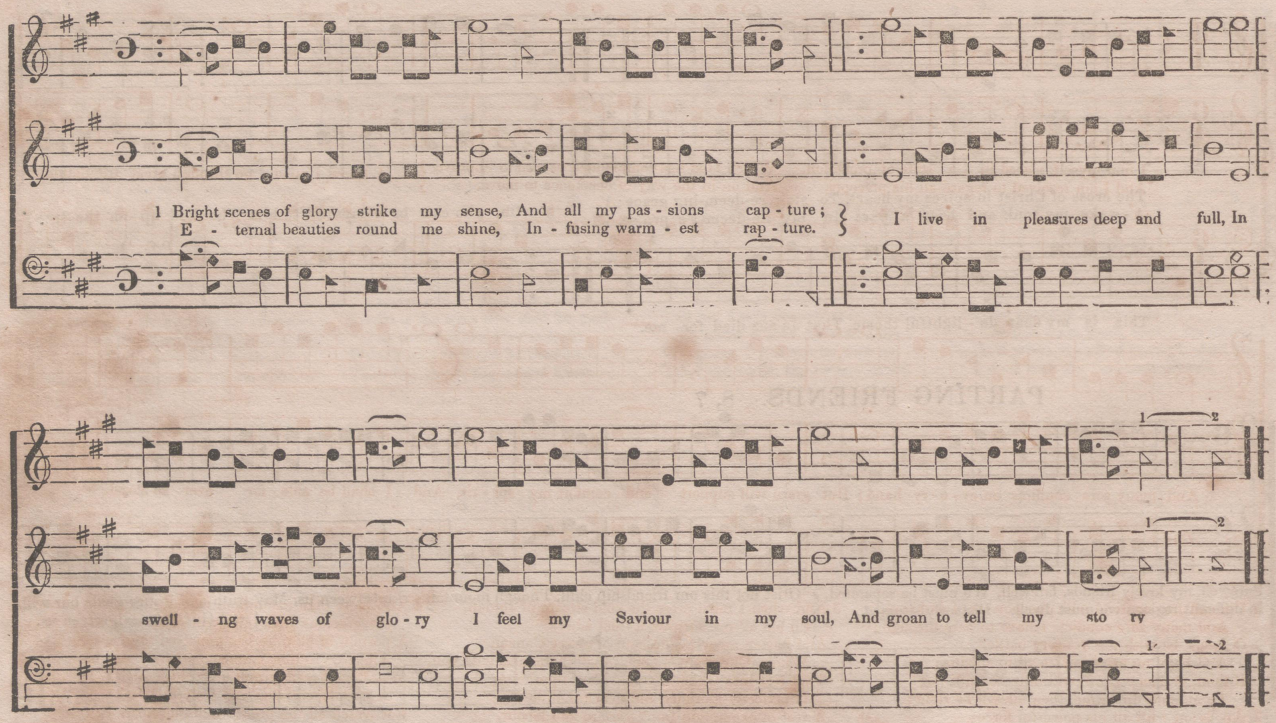
L. P. Breedlove.

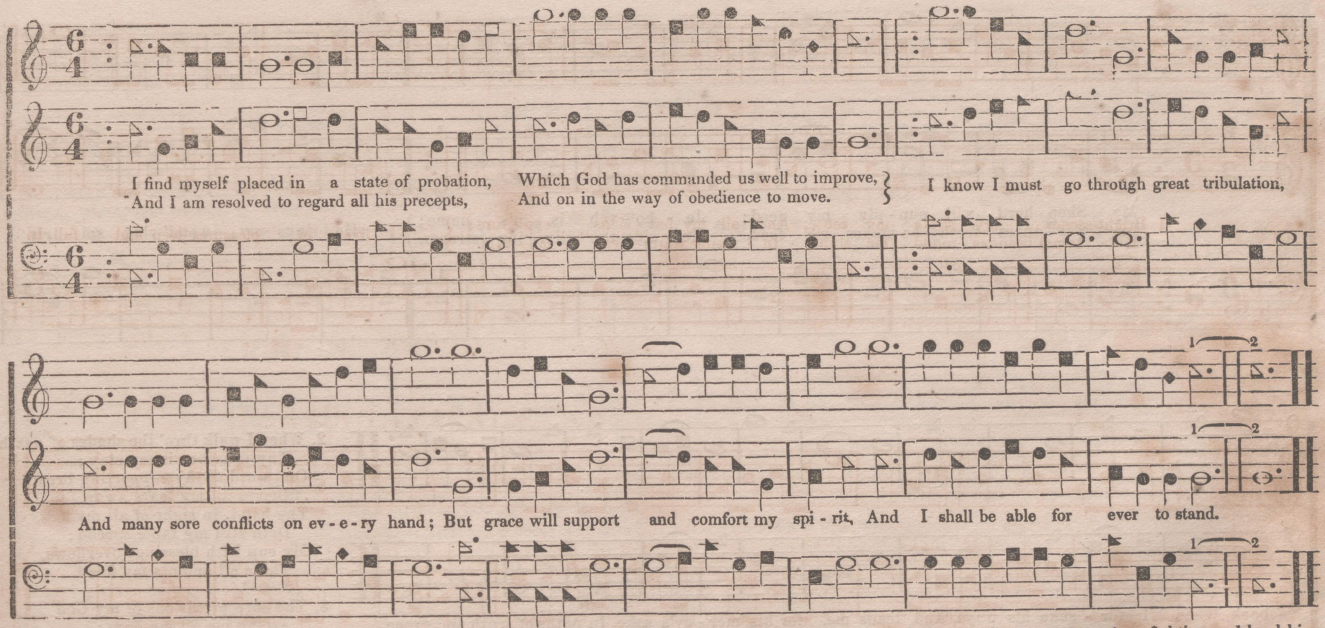


PARTING FRIENDS. 8, 7



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN 8. 7.



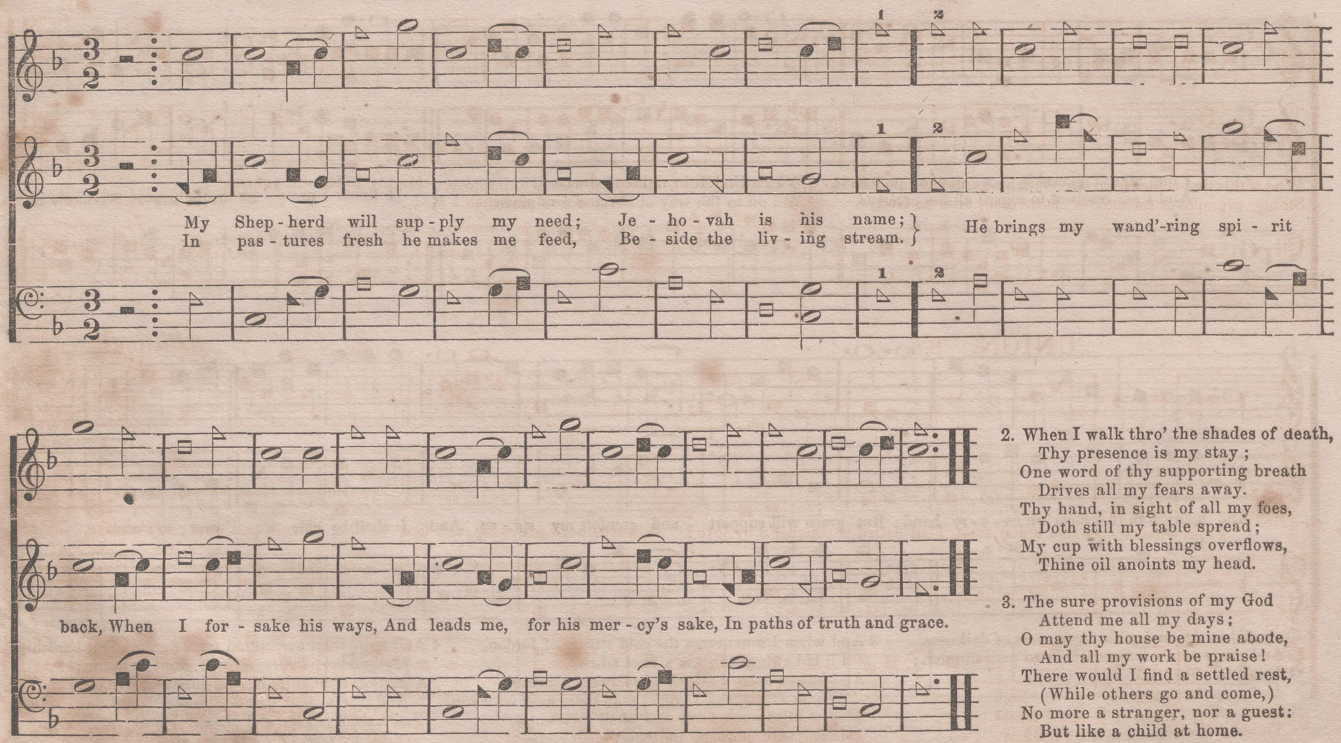


2 I'm call'd to contend with the powers of darkness,
And many sore conflicts I have to pass through;
O Jesus, be with me in every battle,
And help me my enemies all to subdue;
If thou, gracious Lord, will only be with me,
To aid and direct me, then all will be right;
Apollyon, with all his powerful forces,
In thy name and thy strength I shall soon put to flight.

3 And when I must cross the cold stream of Jordan,
I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu,
And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan,
Where, Christians, I hope I shall there meet with you.
That rest into which my soul shall then enter,
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end—
A rest of exemption from warfare and labour,
A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.

4 And more than exemption from fighting and hardship
My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me;
A portion of bliss he has promised to give me,
And true to that promise he surely will be.
Yes, I shall receive and always inherit
A happy reception and truly divine.
For which all the praises and glory, my Saviour
Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.

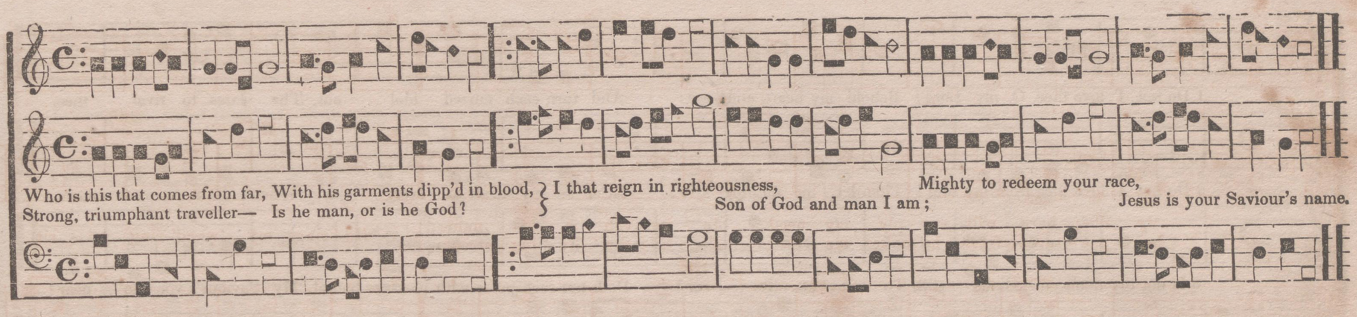
RESIGNATION. C. M.



2. When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

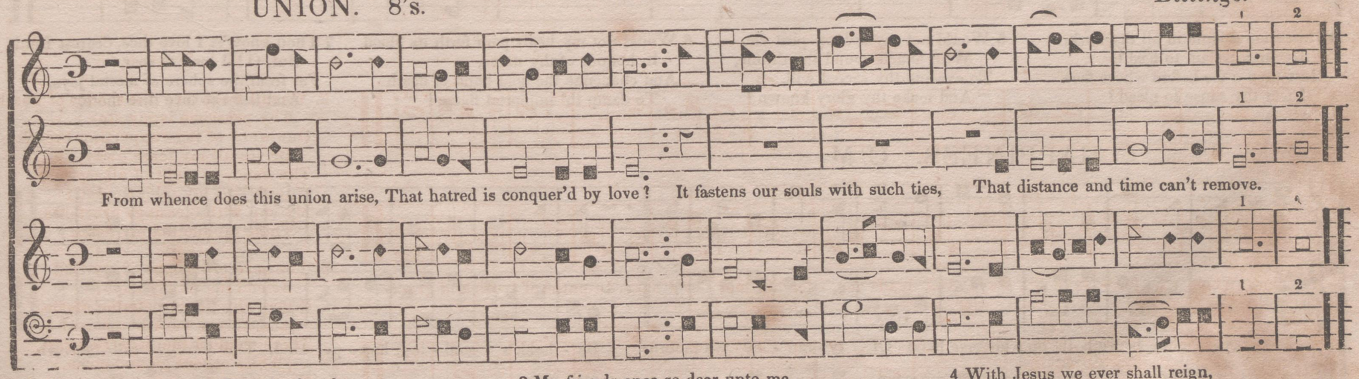
3. The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come,)
No more a stranger, nor a guest:
But like a child at home.

BOZRAH. 8 lines



UNION. 8's.

Billings.



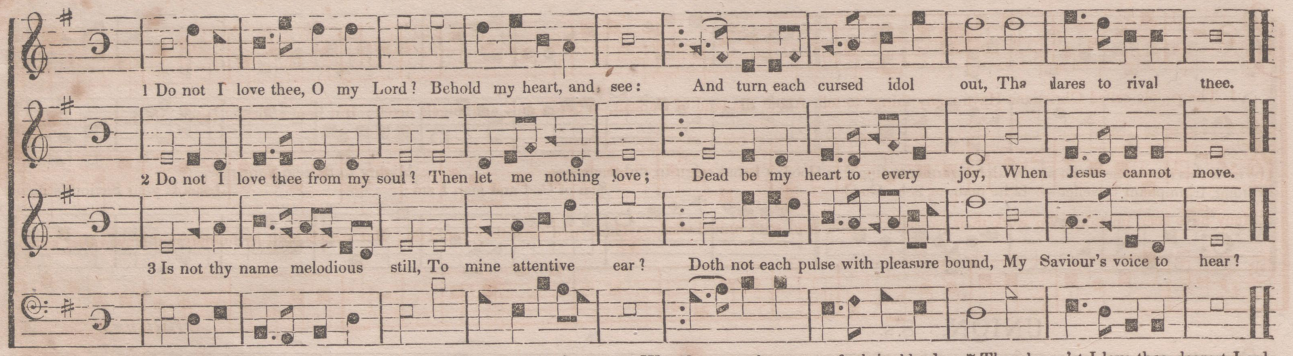
2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in Paradise lost,
grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends once so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love:
Where Jesus is gone we shall be
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Singing hallelujahs. Amen
Amen! even so let it be

DETROIT. C M

Bradshaw. Baptist Harmony, p. 139



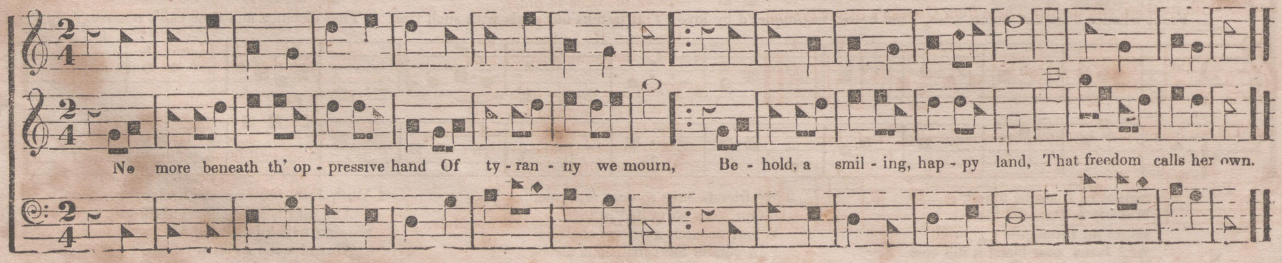
4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

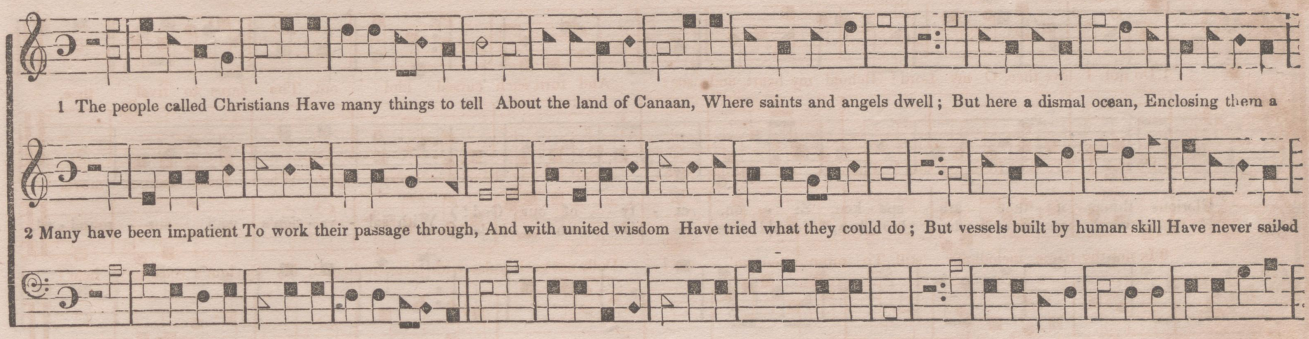
5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

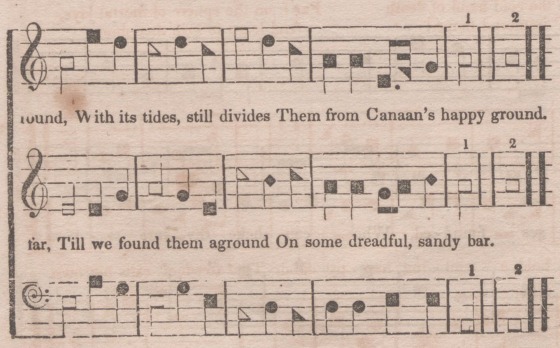
6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame!

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But, O! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

HAPPINESS. C. M







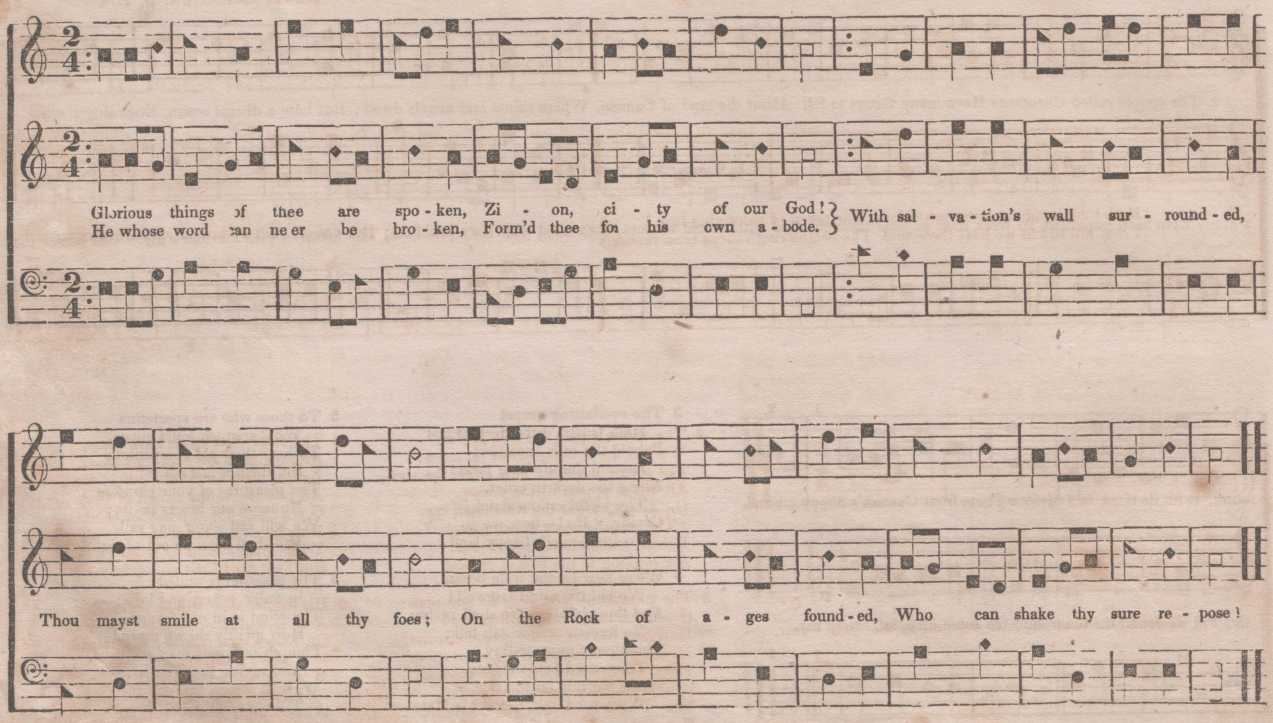
3 The everlasting gospel
Hath launch'd the deep at last
Behold the sails expanded
Around the tow'ring mast!
Along the deck in order,
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "Ho!—here we go
To Immanuel's happy land

4 We're now on the wide ocean
We bid the world farewell!
And though where we shall anchor
No human tongue can tell;
About our future destiny
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide,
With our Captain and his Mate.

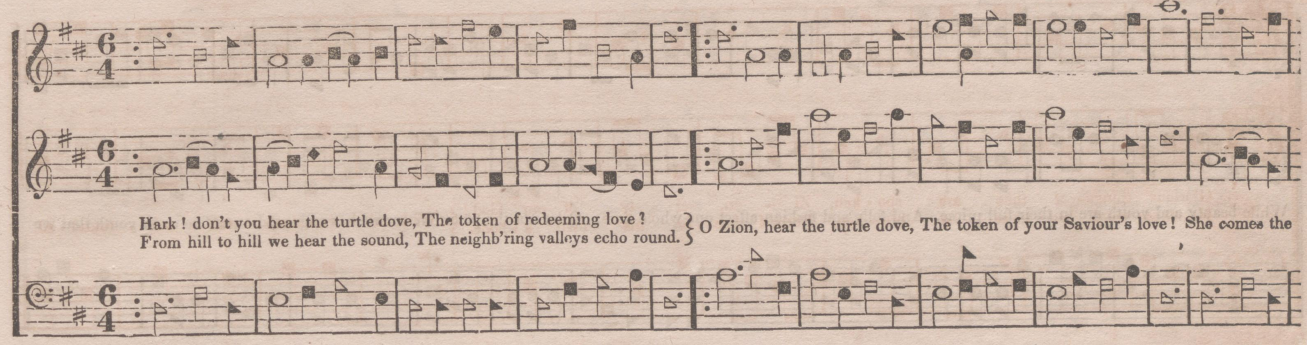
5 To those who are spectators
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a last adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invite;
We will sail—you may rail,
We shall soon be out of sight.

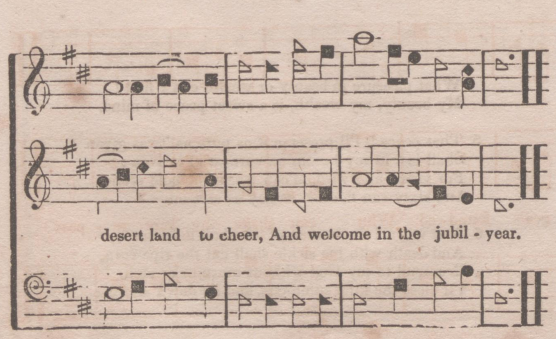
6 The passengers united
In order, peace, and love;—
The wind is in our favour,
How swiftly do we move!
Though tempests may assail us,
And raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep,
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

JEFFERSON. 8. 7



THE TURTLE DOVE. L. M.



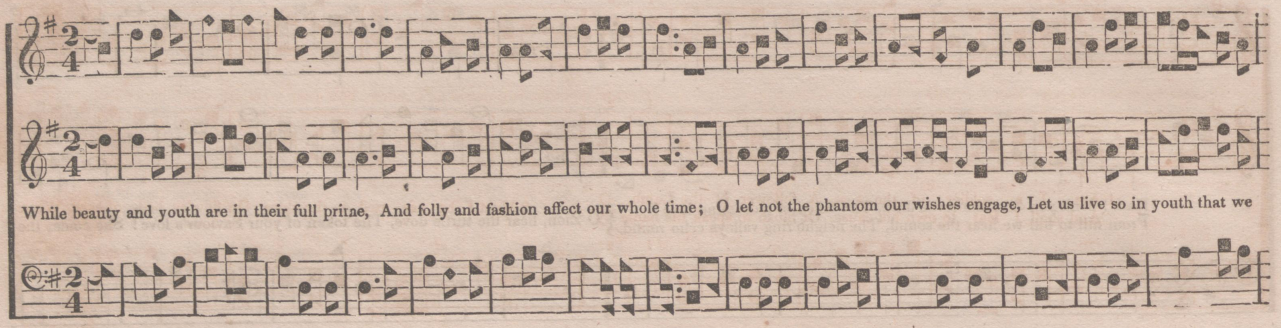


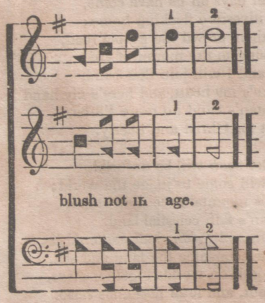
2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
The spring is come; how sweet the view,
All things appear divinely new.
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
"The resurrection's drawing nigh:"
Behold, the nations from abroad,
Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh;
O sinners, turn! why will ye die?
How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old:
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4 The latter days on us have come,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing to the mount of God.
O yes! and I will join that band,
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
With Satan's band no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
In Canaan's fair, celestial land.
When sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea,
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.





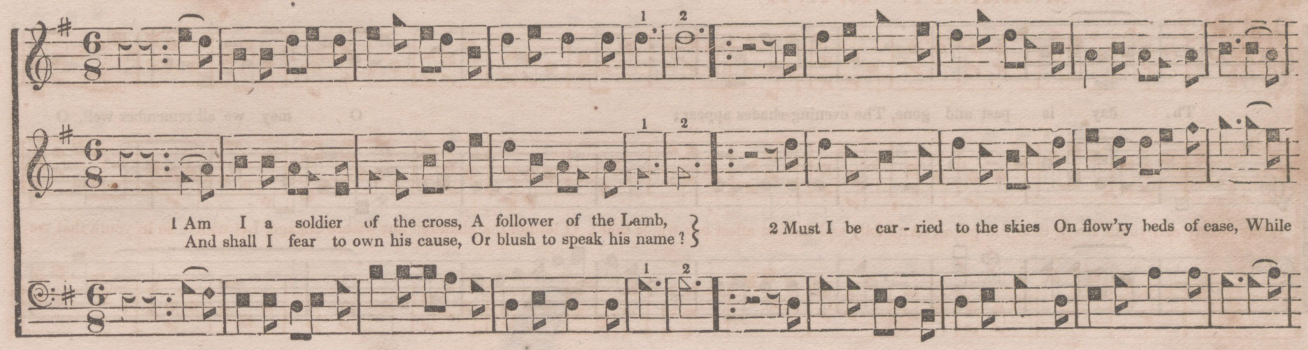
2 The vain and the young may attend us a while,
But let not their flatt'ry our prudence beguile;
Let us covet those charms that shall never decay
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.

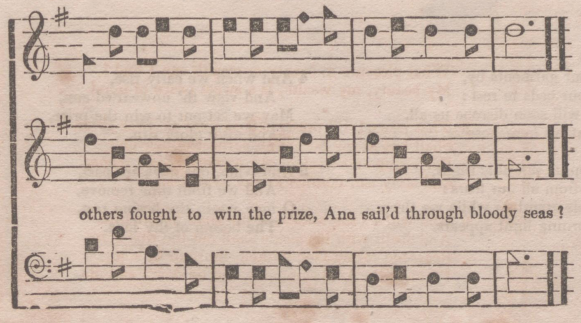
3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then richer than kings, and far happier than they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist time shakes his glass at my door,
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5 That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

6 And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.





3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

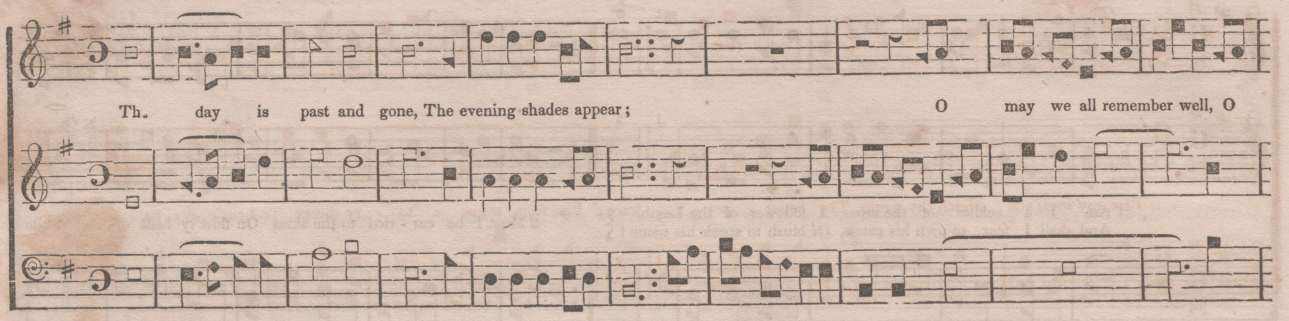
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;—
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

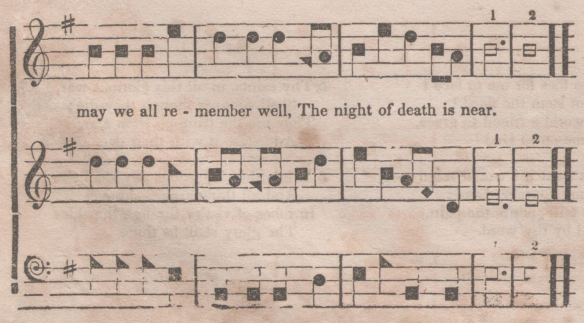
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine

EVENING SHADE. S. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 373.





2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.

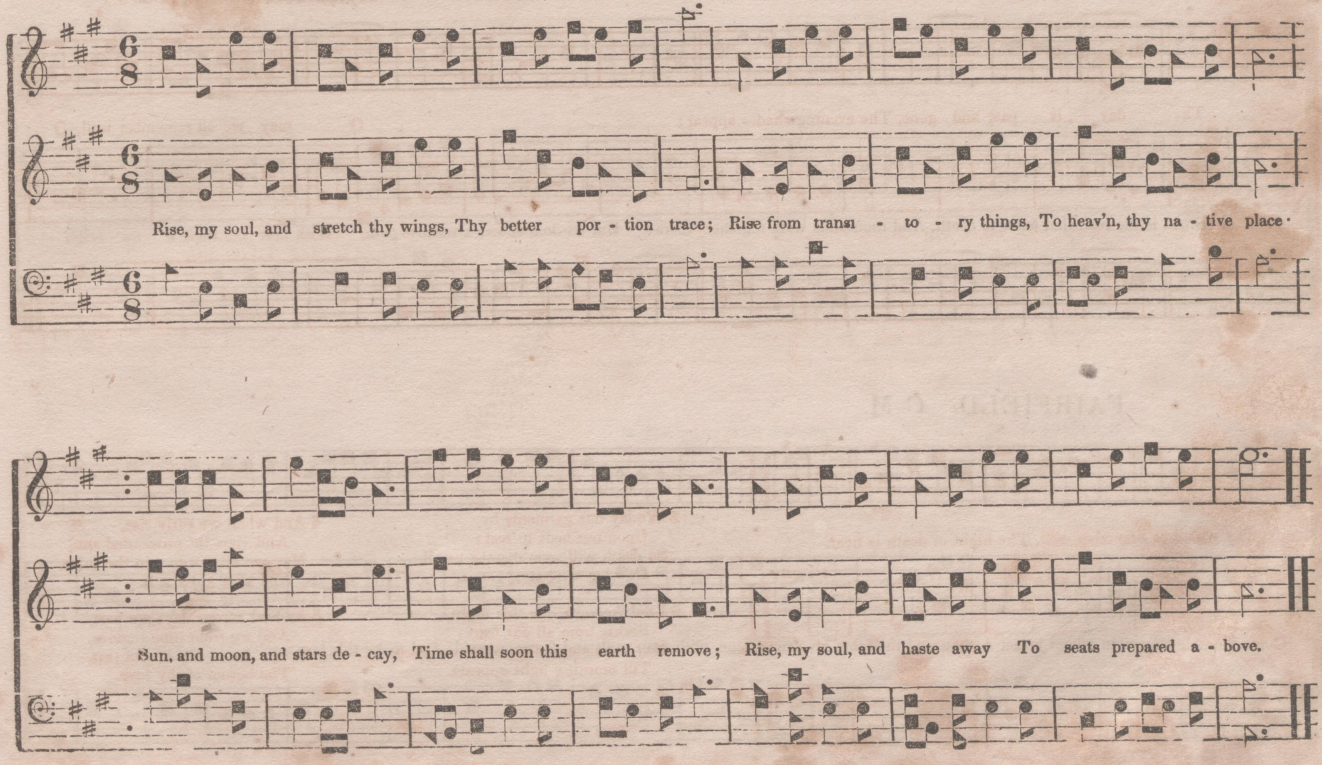
3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears:
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And wher. our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

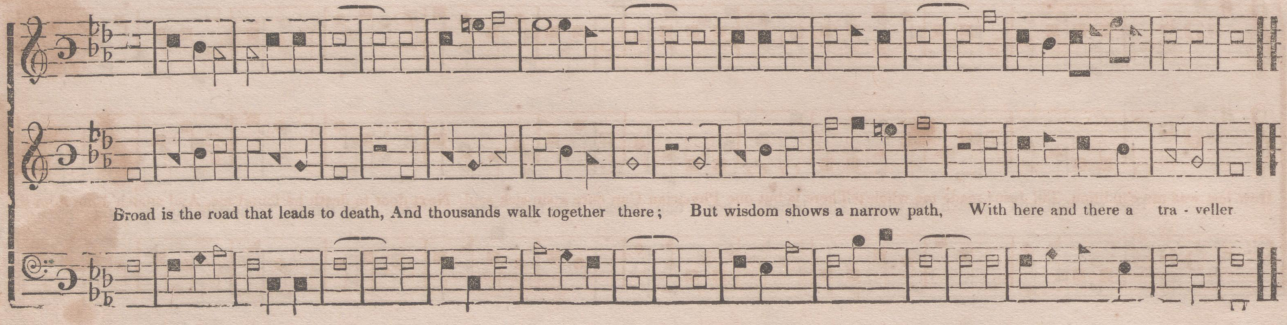
JUDGMENT 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

F. Price. Dover Selection, p. 167

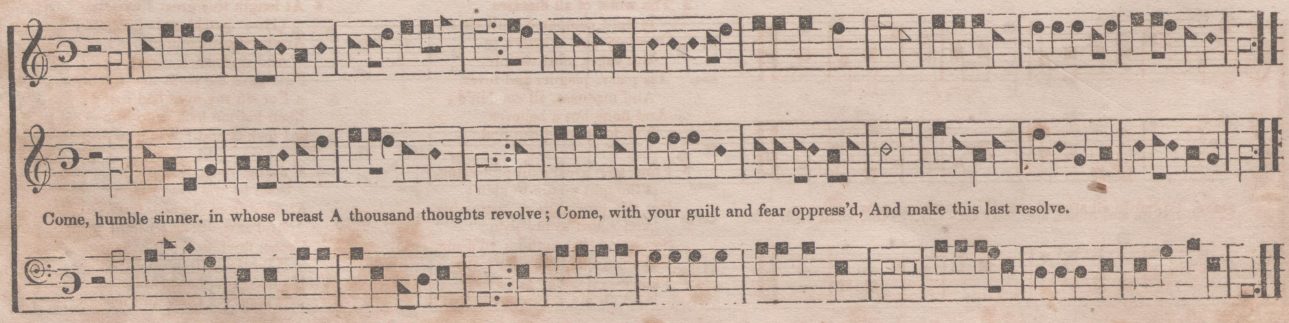


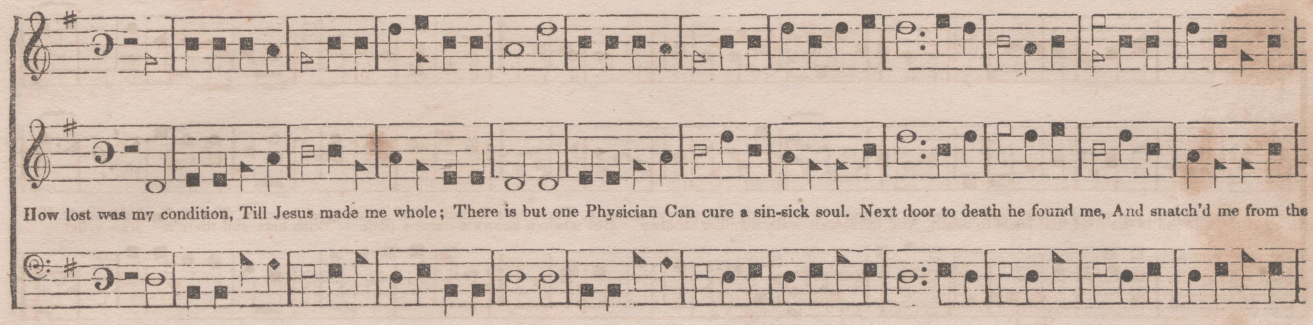
WINDHAM. L M.

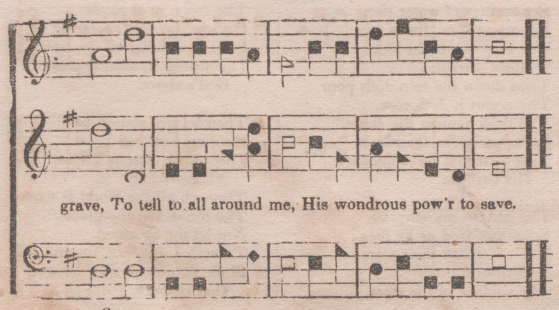
Read. Hymn 158, Book 2, Watts



FAIRFIELD. C M.







6

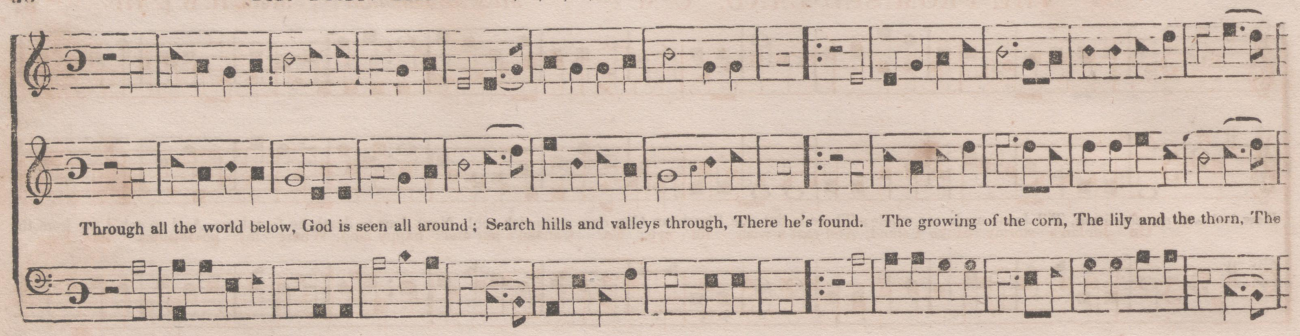
2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combin'd;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

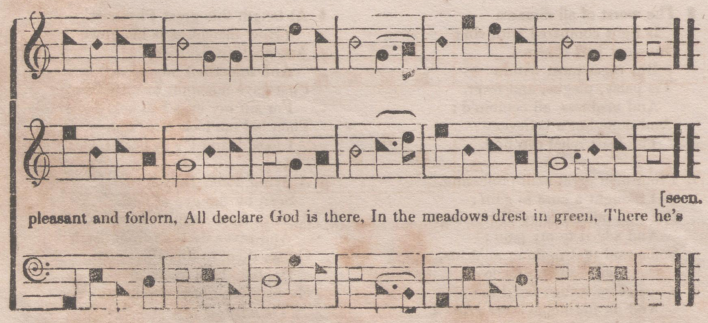
3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician
(How matchless is his grace.)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bid me look unto him—
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus.
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only Look and live.

CAPTAIN KIDD. 6, 6, 6, 3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 3.





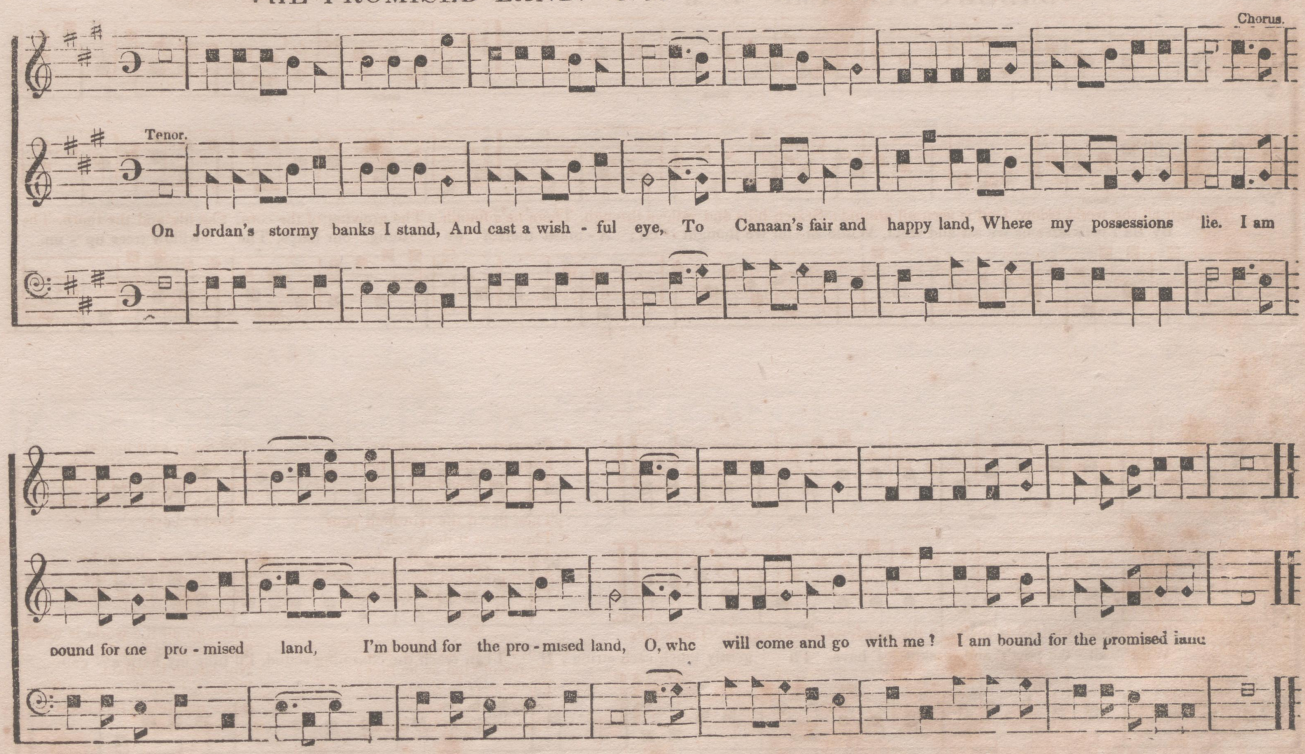
2 See springs of water rise,
Fountains flow, rivers run;
The mist below the skies
Hides the sun;
Then down the rain doth pour
The ocean it doth roar,
And dash against the shore,
All to praise, in their lays,
That God that ne'er declines
His designs.

3 The sun, to my surprise,
Speaks of God as he flies:
The comets in their blaze
Give him praise;
The shining of the stars
The moon as it appears,
His sacred name declares;
See them shine, all divine!
The shades in silence prove
God's above.

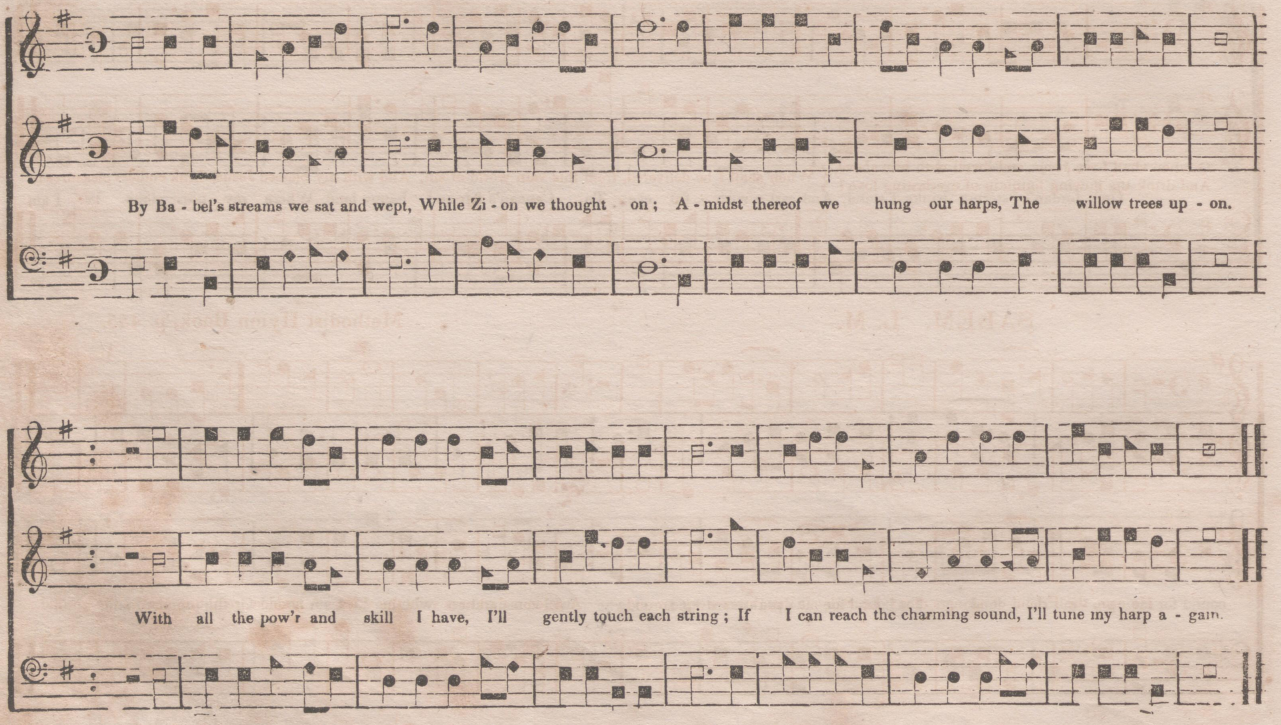
4 Then let my station be
Here on earth, as I see
The sacred One in Three
All agree;
Through all the world is made
The forest and the glade:
Nor let me be afraid,
Though I dwell on the hill,
Since nature's works declare
God is there

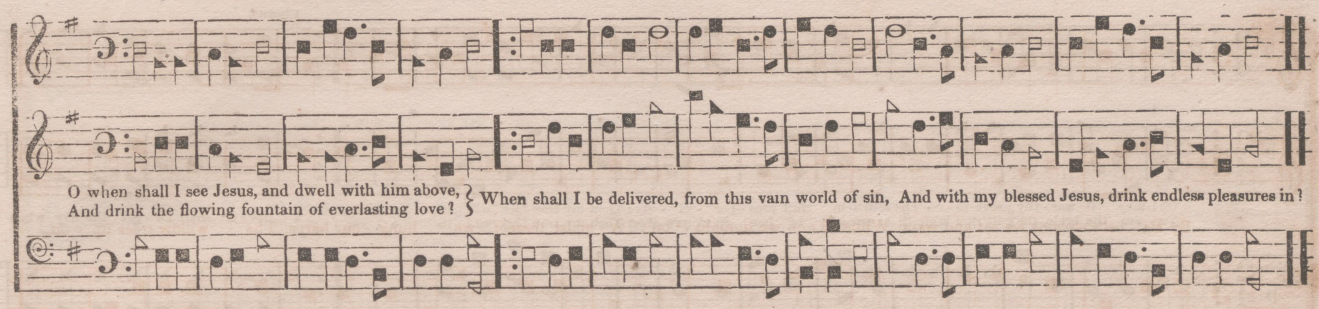
THE PROMISED LAND. C. M

Miss M. Durham Meth. H. B. p. 471



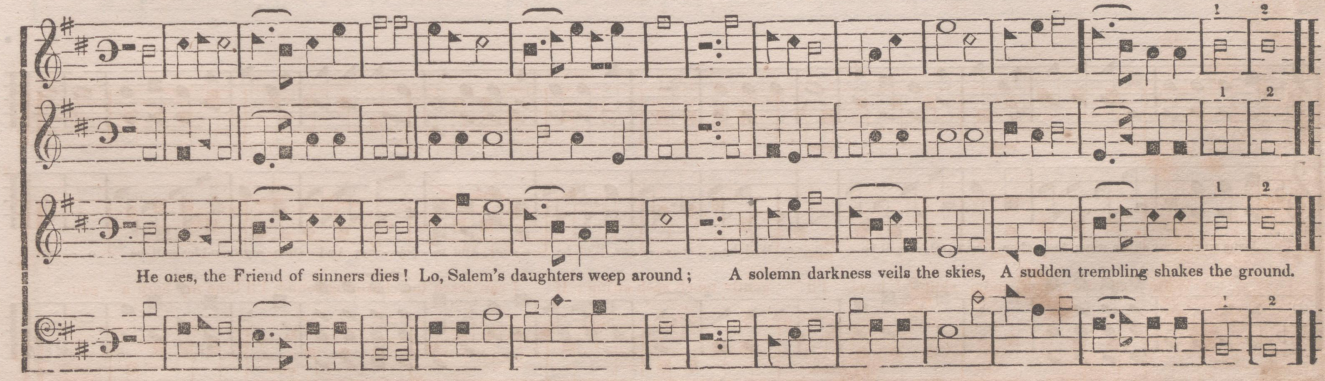
BABEL'S STREAMS. C M




O when shall I see Jesus, and dwell with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered, from this vain world of sin, And with my blessed Jesus, drink endless pleasures in?

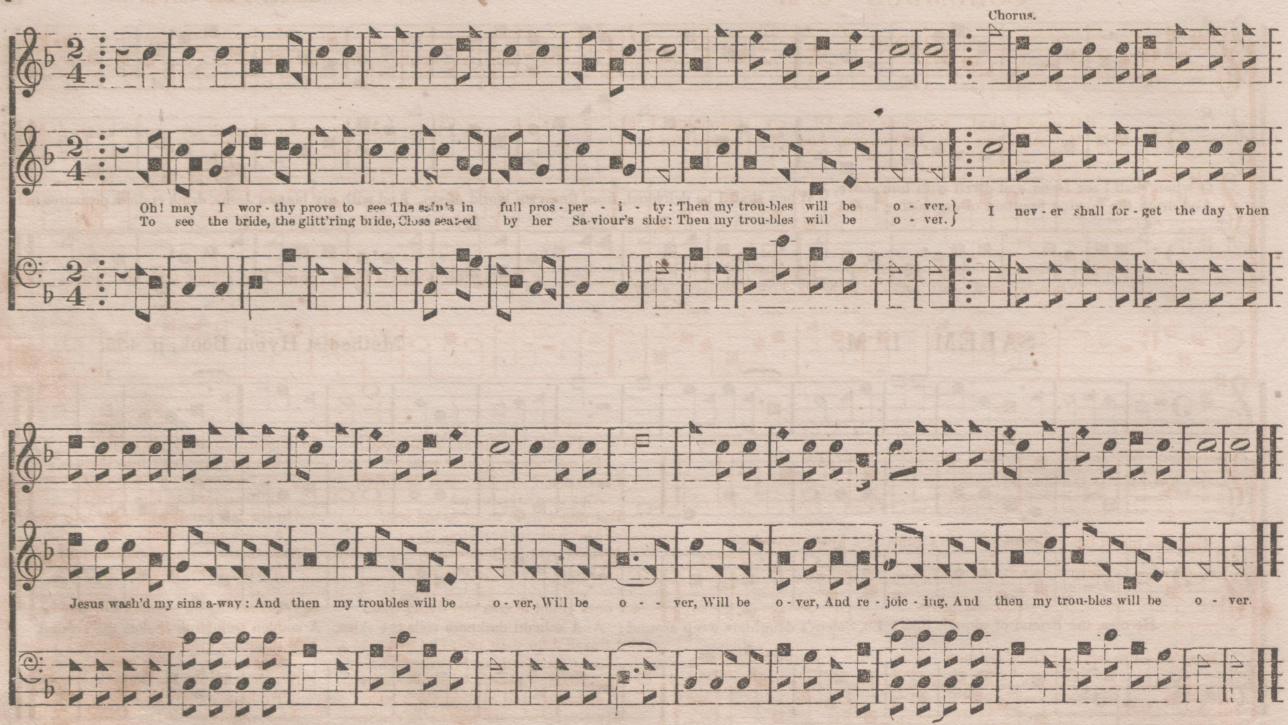
SALEM. L. M.

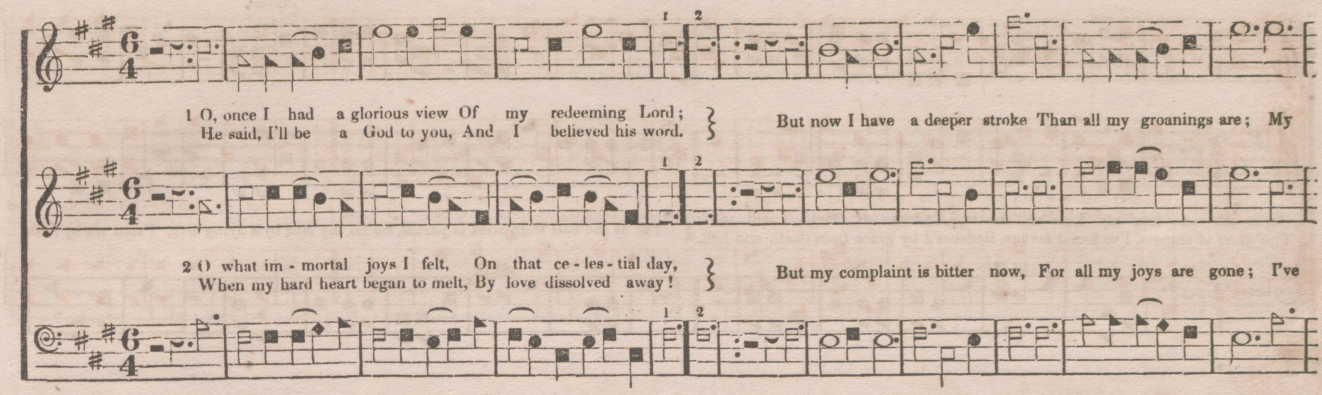
Methodist Hymn Book, p. 455.

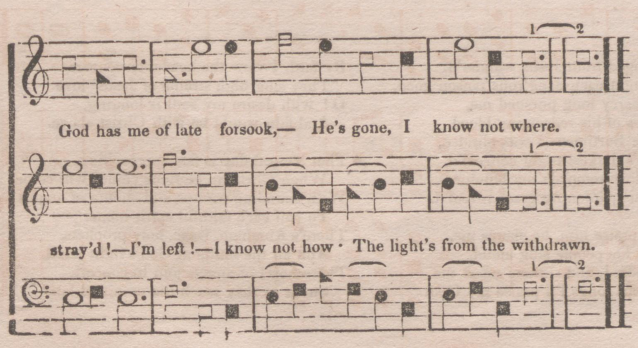

He dies, the Friend of sinners dies! Lo, Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

EXHILARATION. L. M.

Dr. T. W. Carter.





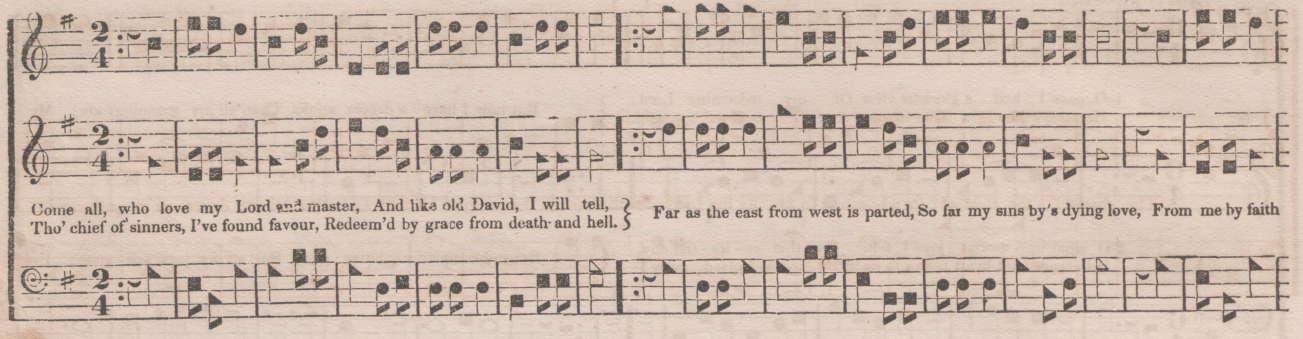


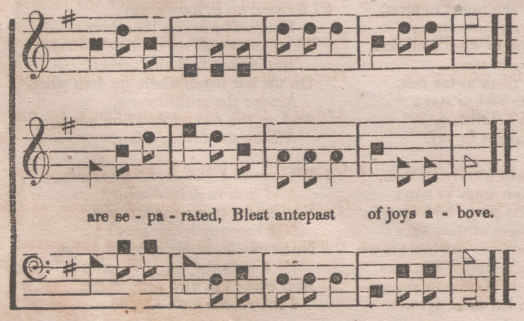
3 Once I could joy the saints to meet,
To me they were most dear;
I then could stoop to wash their feet,
And shed a joyful tea
But now I meet them as the rest,
And with them joyless stay;
My conversation's spiritless,
Or else I've naught to say.

4 I once could mourn o'er dying men,
And long'd their souls to win;
I travail'd for their poor children,
And warn'd them of their sin:
But now my heart's so careless grown,
Although they're drown'd in vice,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn—
My tears have left mine eyes.

5 I forward go in duty's way,
But can't perceive him there;
Then backwards on the road I stray,
But cannot find him there:
On the left hand, where he doth work,
Among the wicked crew,
And on the right, I find him not,
Among the favour'd few.

6 What shall I do?—shall I lie down,
And sink in deep despair?
Will he for ever wear a frown,
Nor hear my feeble pray'r?
No: he will put his strength in me,
He knows the way I've stroll'd
And when I'm tried sufficiently,
I shall come forth as gold.



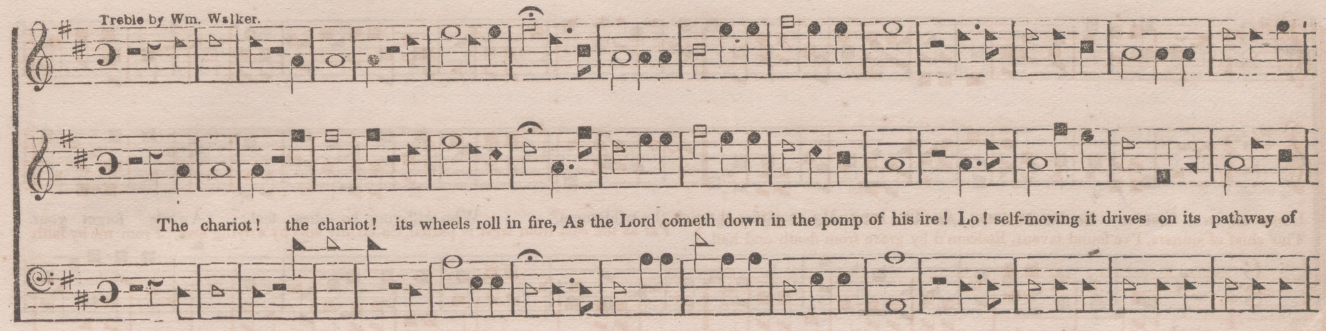


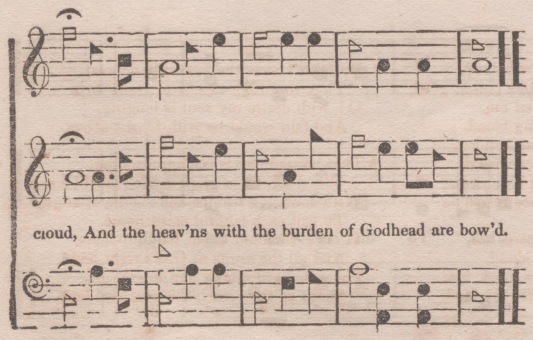
2 I late estranged from Jesus wander'd,
And thought each dang'rous poison good,
But he in mercy long pursued me,
With cries of his redeeming blood.
Though like Bartimeus I was blinded,
In nature's darkest night conceal'd,
But Jesus' love removed my blindness,
And he his pardoning grace reveal'd.

3 Now I will praise him, he spares me,
And with his people sing aloud,
Though opposed, and sinners mock me,
In rapturous songs I'll praise my God.
By faith I view the heavenly concert,
They sing high strains of Jesus' love
O! with desire my soul is longing,
And fain would be with Christ above.

4 That blessed day is fast approaching,
When Christ in glorious clouds will come,
With sounding trumps and shouts of angels
To call each faithful spirit home.
There's Abraham. Isaac, holy prophets,
And all the saints at God's right hand,
There hosts of angels join in concert,
Shout as they reach the promised land.

THE TRUMPET. 12's





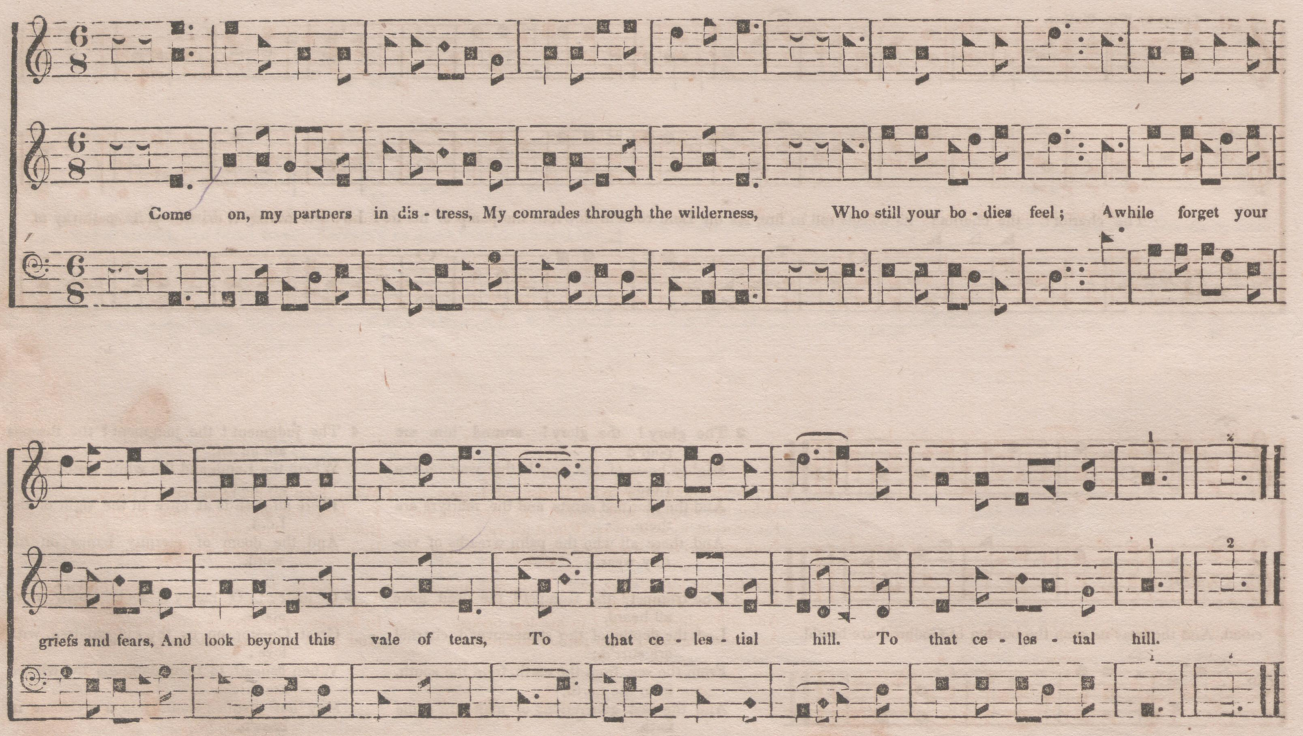
2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm wreaths of victory wear.

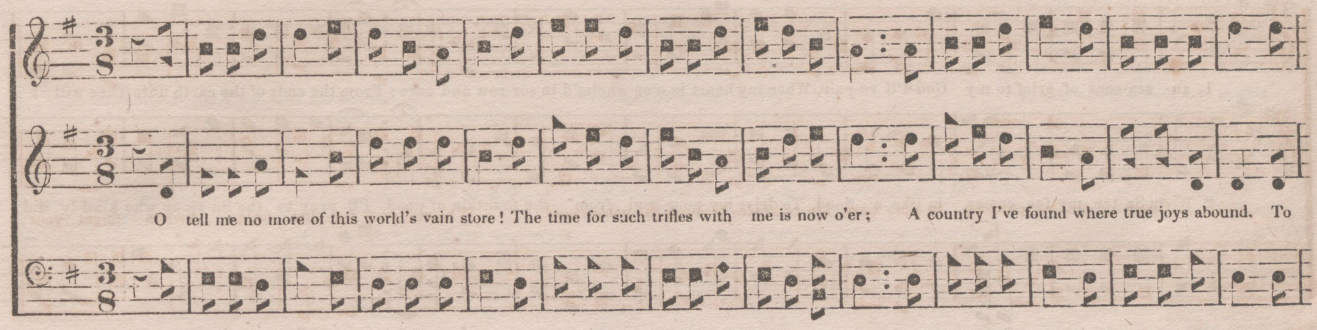
3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
And the vast generations of man are come forth.

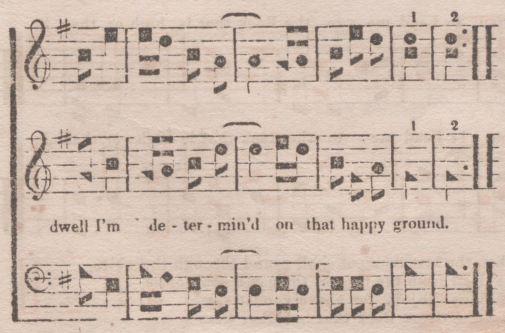
4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above.
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n.
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n.

CONSOLATION NEW. 8. 8. 6







2 No mortal doth know what Christ will bestow,
What life, strength and comfort! go after him, go!
Lo, onward I move, to see Christ above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

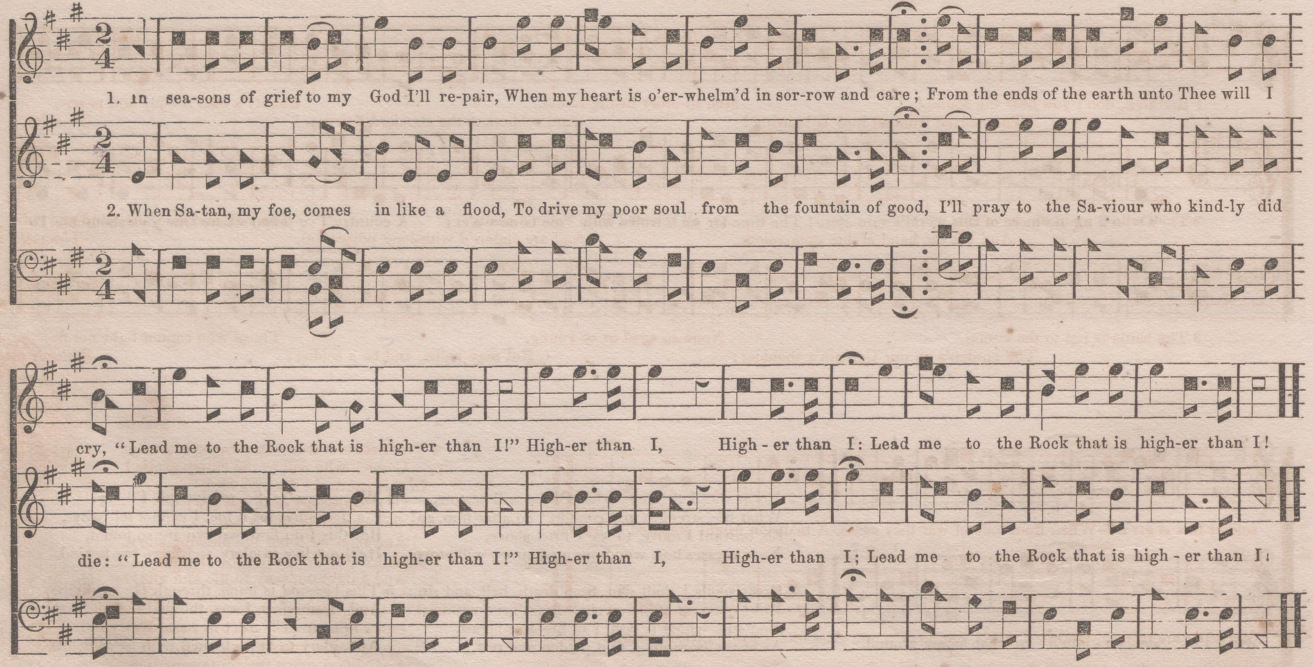
3 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin;
Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And still, which is best, I in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

4 When I am to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why;
But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

5 This blessing is mine, through favour divine,
And O, my dear Jesus, the praise shall be thine
In heaven we'll meet in harmony sweet,
And, glory to Jesus! we'll then be complete.

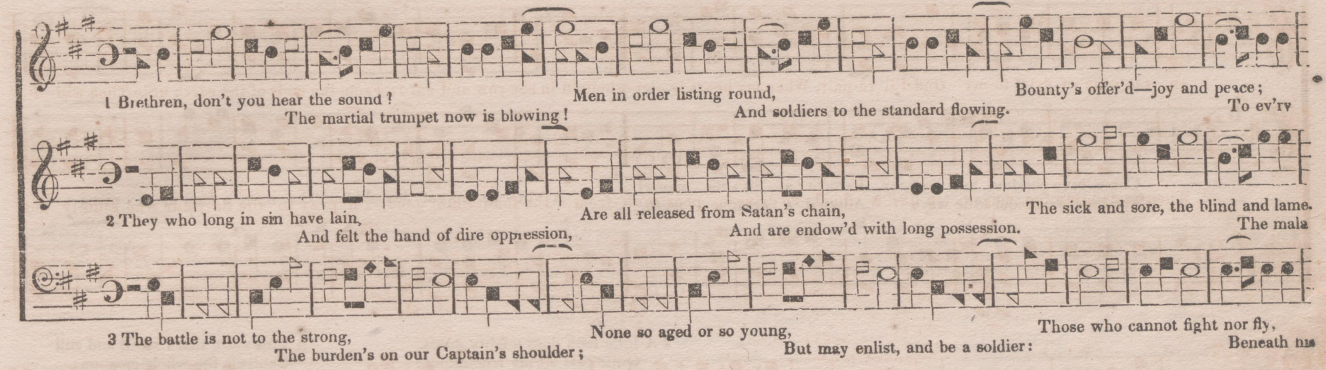
THE ROCK. 11s.

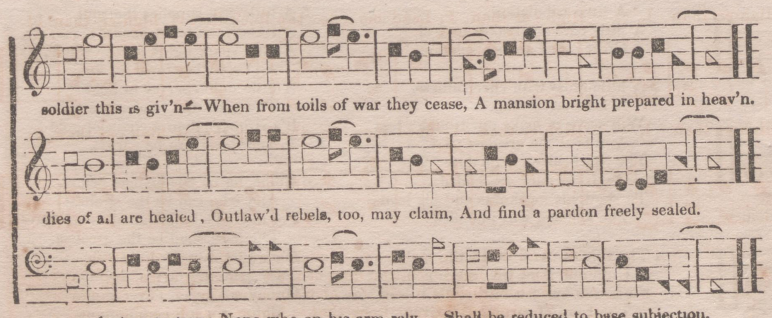
Arranged by Wm. Houser



3. And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear:
From the swellings of Jordan to thee will I cry:
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

4. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise the Great Rock that is higher than I



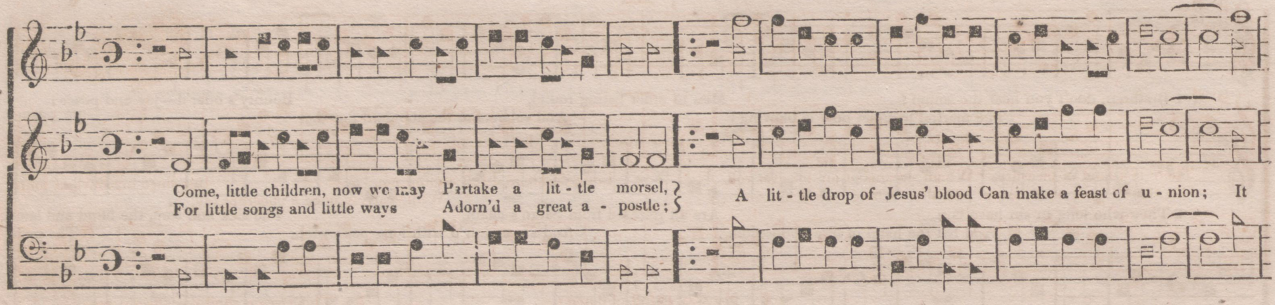


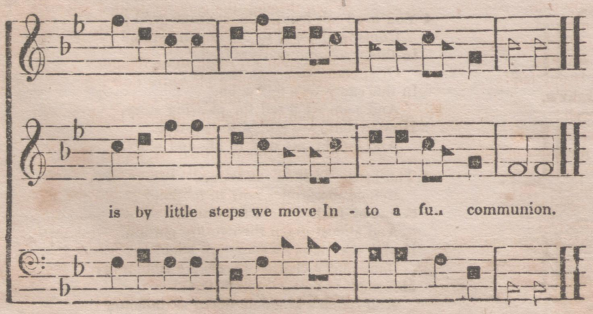
4 You need not fear ;—the cause is good ;
Come ! who will to the crown aspire ?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
Or shouted vict'ry in the fire ;
In this cause let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gain'd the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the armies now in motion !
Some, by faith, behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark ! the victory's sounding loud !
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling

LOUISIANA. 8, 7

William Walker.





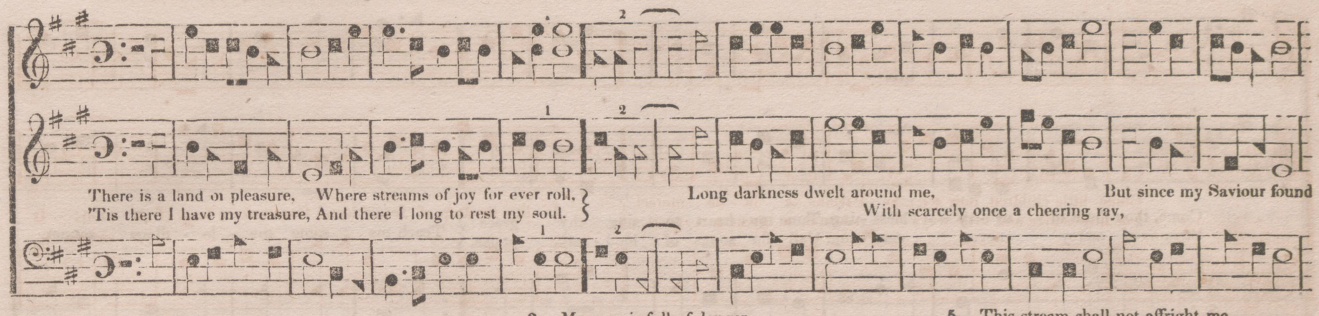
2 A little faith does mighty deeds,
Quite past all my recounting;
Faith, like a little mustard seed,
Can move a lofty mountain.
A little charity and zeal,
A little tribulation,
A little patience makes us feel
Great peace and consolation.

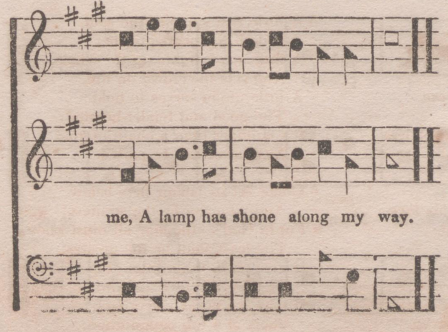
3 A little cross with cheerfulness,
A little self-denial,
Will serve to make our troubles less
And bear the greatest trial.
The Spirit like a little dove
On Jesus once descended;
To show his meekness and his love
The emblem was intended.

4 The title of the little Lamb
Unto our Lord was given;
Such was our Saviour's little name,
The Lord of earth and heaven.
A little voice that's small and still
Can rule the whole creation;
A little stone the earth shall fill,
And humble every nation.

5 A little zeal supplies the soul,
It doth the heart inspire;
A little spark lights up the whole,
And sets the crowd on fire.
A little union serves to hold
The good and tender-hearted;
It's stronger than a chain of gold
And never can be parted.

6 Come, let us labour here below,
And who can be the straitest;
For in God's kingdom, all must know
The least shall be the greatest.
O give us, Lord, a little drop
Of heavenly love and union
O may we never, never stop
Short of a full communion.





2 My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God;
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll march along the heavenly road;
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan
Until I reach the heavenly field.

3 I'm on the way to Zion,
Still guarded by my Saviour's hand;
O, come along, dear sinners,
And view Emmanuel's happy land:
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a sad farewell!
O come! or you'll repent it,
When you shall reach the gates of hell

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before;
O! how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair!

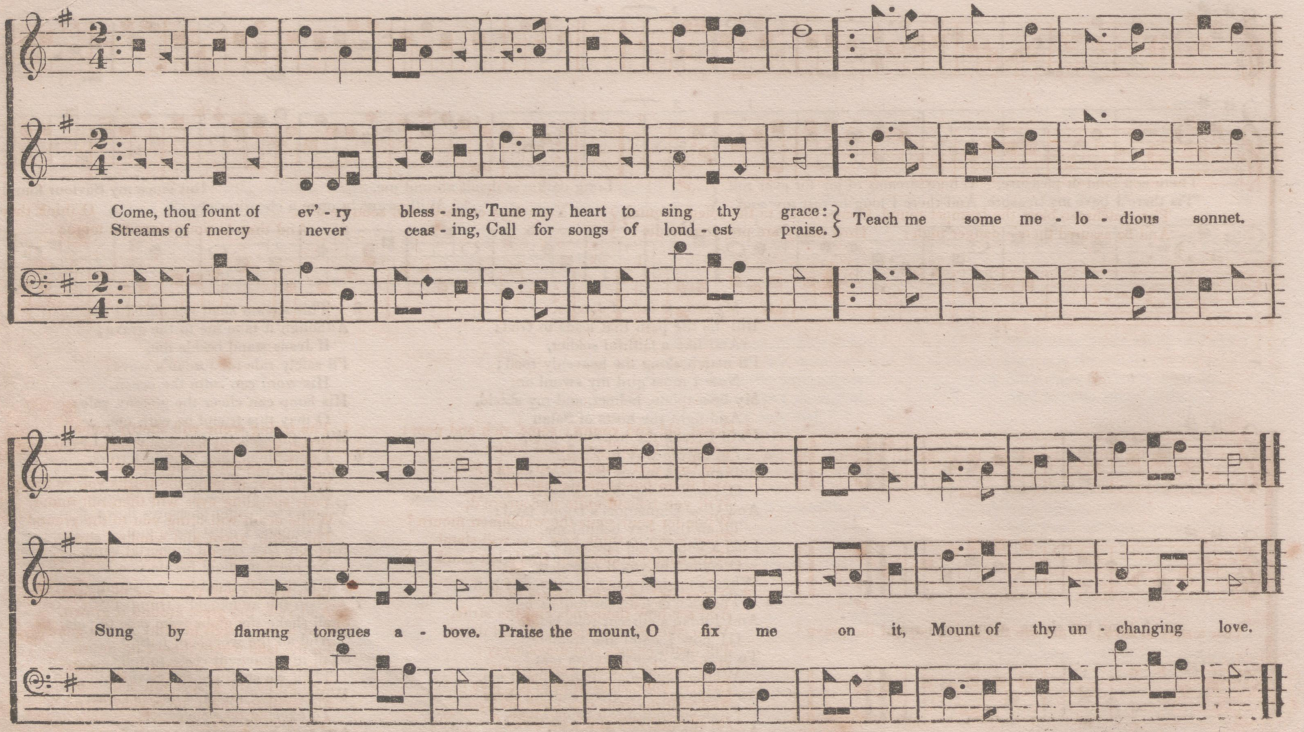
5 This stream shall not affright me,
Although it take me to the grave;
If Jesus stand beside me,
I'll safely ride on Jordan's wave:
His word can calm the ocean,
His lamp can cheer the gloomy vale:
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail!

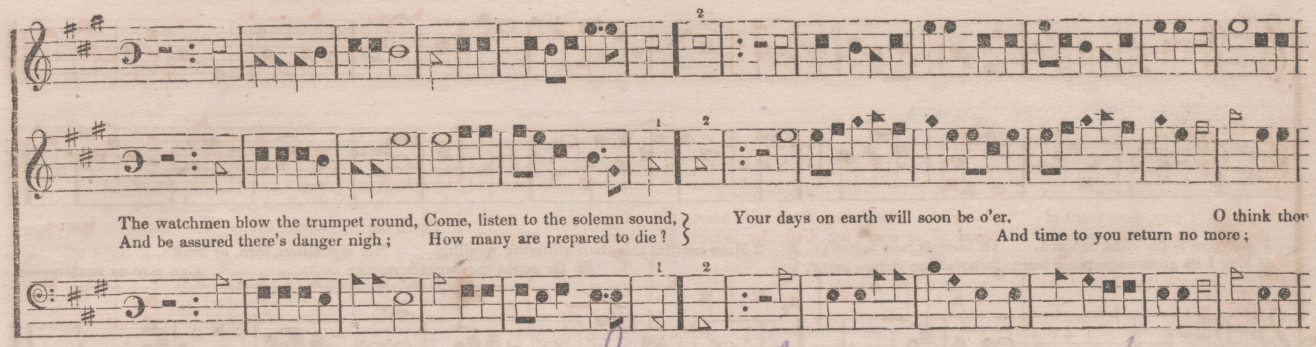
6 Come, then, thou king of terrors,
Thy fatal dart may lay me low;
But soon I'll reach those regions
Where everlasting pleasures flow:
O sinners, I must leave you,
And join that bless'd immortal band,
No more to stand beside you,
Till at the judgment-bar we stand.

7 Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll:
Then we shall see the Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransom'd people home

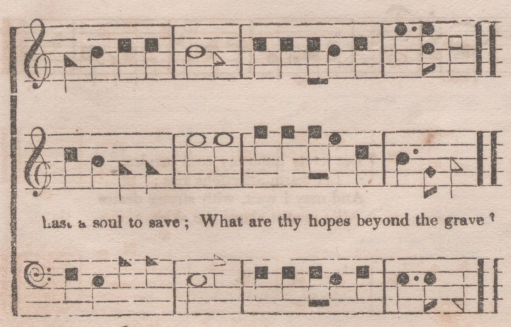
OLNEY. 8, 7

Chapin.





Come old and young / come rich and poor



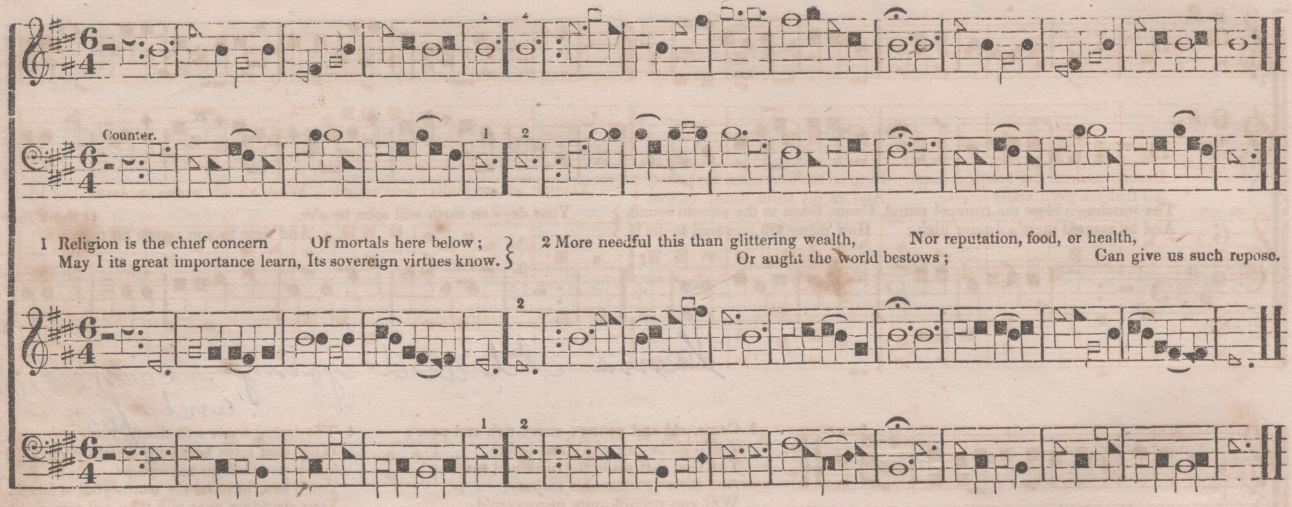
2 Come. old and young ; come, rich and poor ;
You'll all be call'd to stand before
The God that made the earth and sea,
And there proclaim his majesty.
Will you remain quite unconcern'd,
While for your souls the watchmen mourn ?
They weep to think how you will stand
With frightful ghosts at God's left hand.

3 O mortals ! view the dream of life,
And see how thousands end the strife,
Who, though convinced, do still delay,
Till death ensues and drags away :
Will you for fancied earthly toys
Deprive yourselves of heav'nly joys ?
And will the calls you have to-day
Be slighted still and pass away ?

4 The trying scene will shortly come,
When you must hear your certain doom ;
And if you then go unprepared,
You'll bear in mind the truths you've heard,
Your sparkling eyes will then roll round,
While death will bring you to the ground
The coffin, grave, and winding sheet,
Will hold your lifeless frame complete.

5 Your friends will then pass by your tomb,
And view the grass around it grown,
And heave a sigh to think you're gone
To the land where there's no return.
O mortals ! now improve your time,
And while the gospel sun doth shine
Fly swift to Christ, he is your friend,
And then in heav'n your soul will end.

PLEASANT HILL. C. M



1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtues know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Or aught the world bestows;
Can give us such repose.

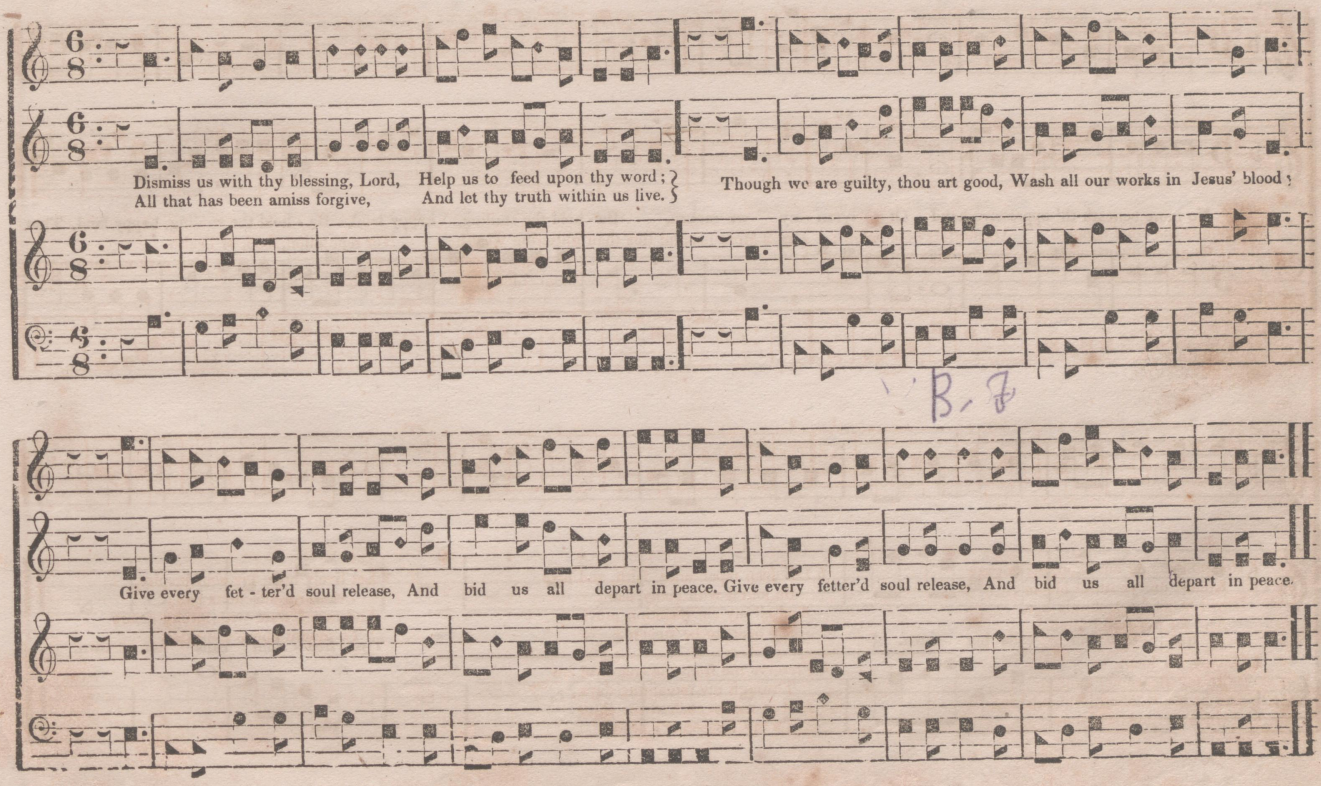
3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O, may my heart, by
Be my Redeemer's throu
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own

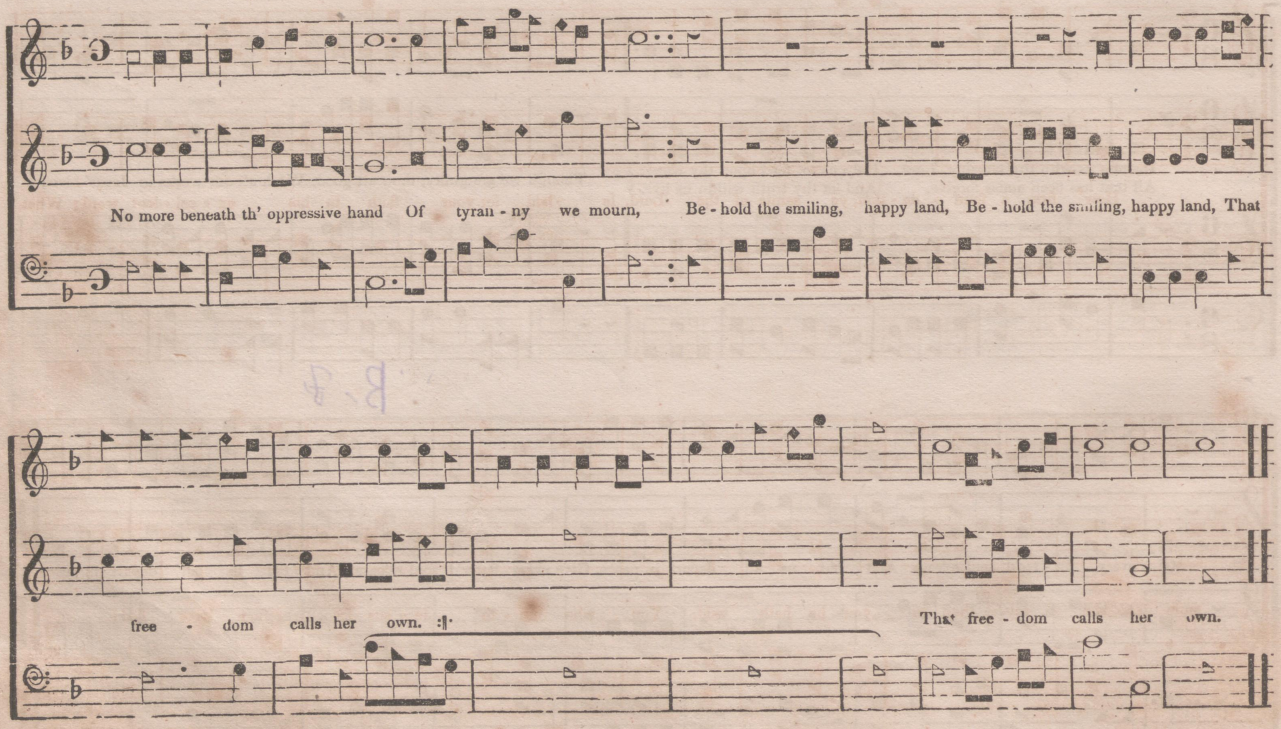
5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

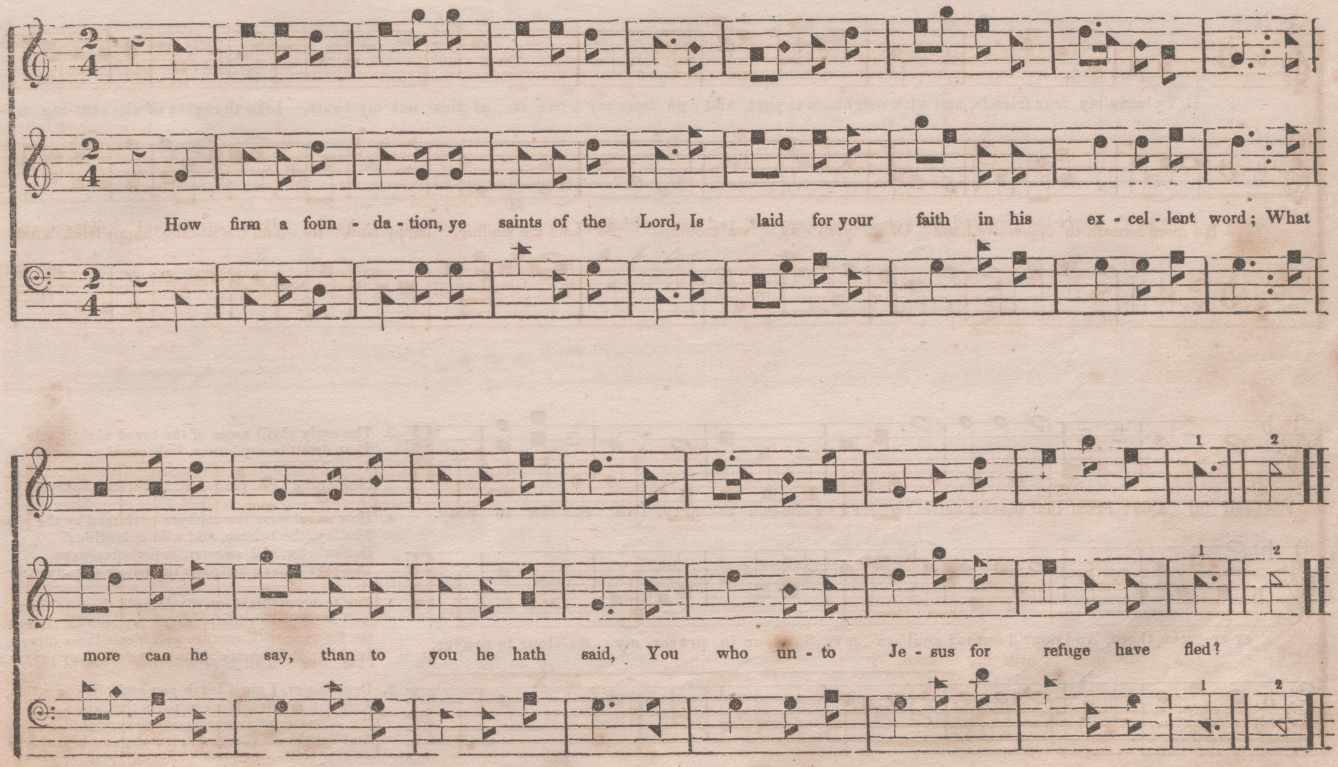
6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait, with strong desire
To mount above the skies.


Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, All that has been amiss forgive,
Help us to feed upon thy word; And let thy truth within us live.
Though we are guilty, thou art good, Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fet - ter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.
Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.

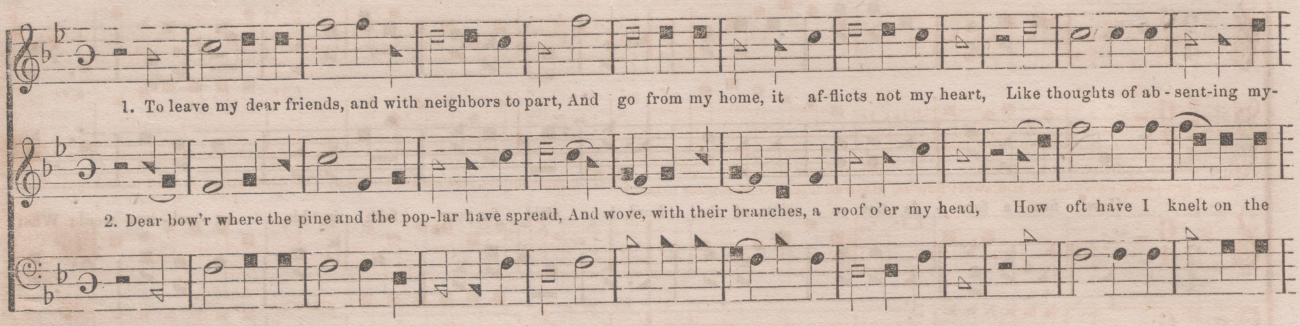
LIBERTY. C. M

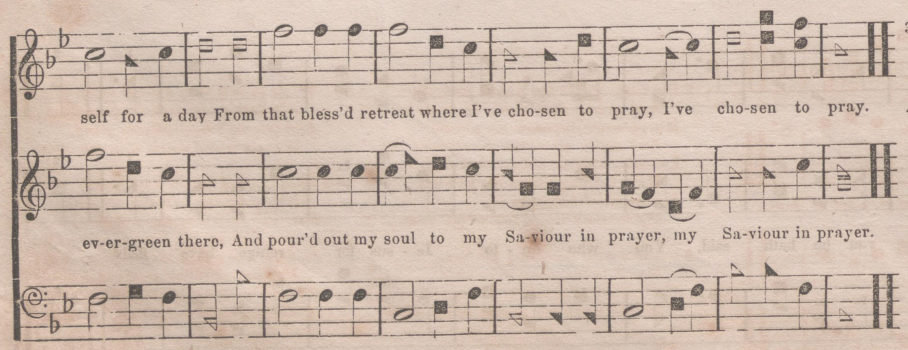

No more beneath th' oppressive hand Of tyran - ny we mourn, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, That
free - dom calls her own. :‖
That free - dom calls her own.


How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What
more can he say, than to you he hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for refuge have fled?

BOWER OF PRAYER. 11s.

Richerson & Walker.





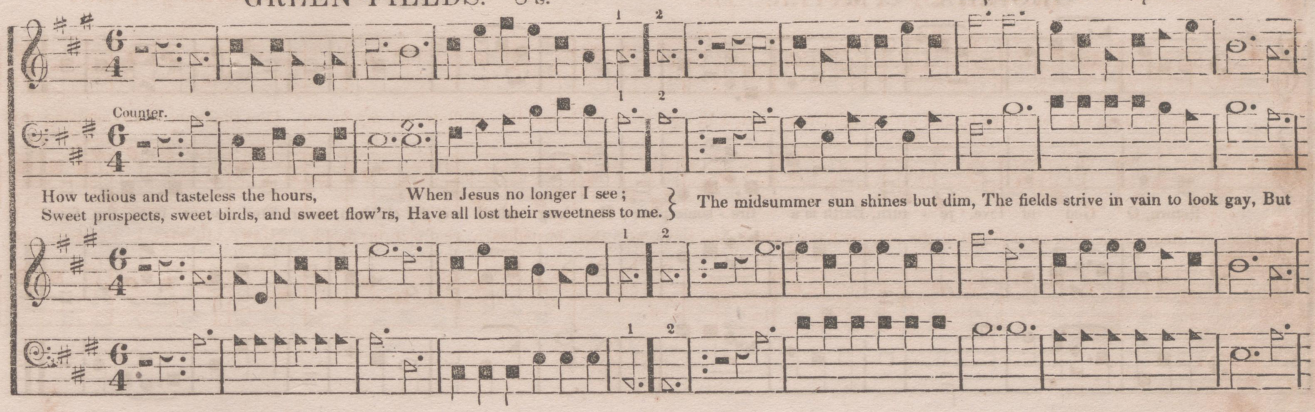
3. The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sing anthems of praises :‖: as I went to prayer,:‖:

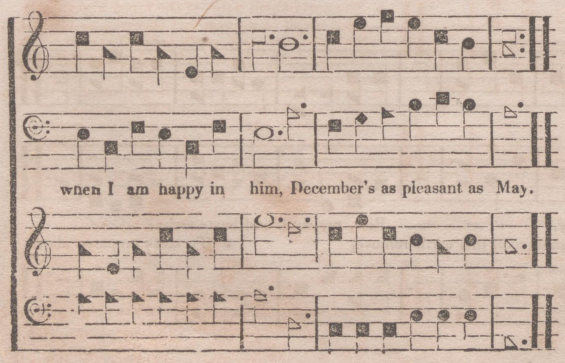
4. How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were
The joys I have tasted :‖: in answer to prayer.:‖:

5. For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless'd with his presence my humble retreat
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's :‖: own language, my prayer.:‖:

6. Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
For Jesus, my Saviour, resides everywhere,
And can, in all places :‖: give answer to prayer.:‖:

GREEN FIELDS. 8's.



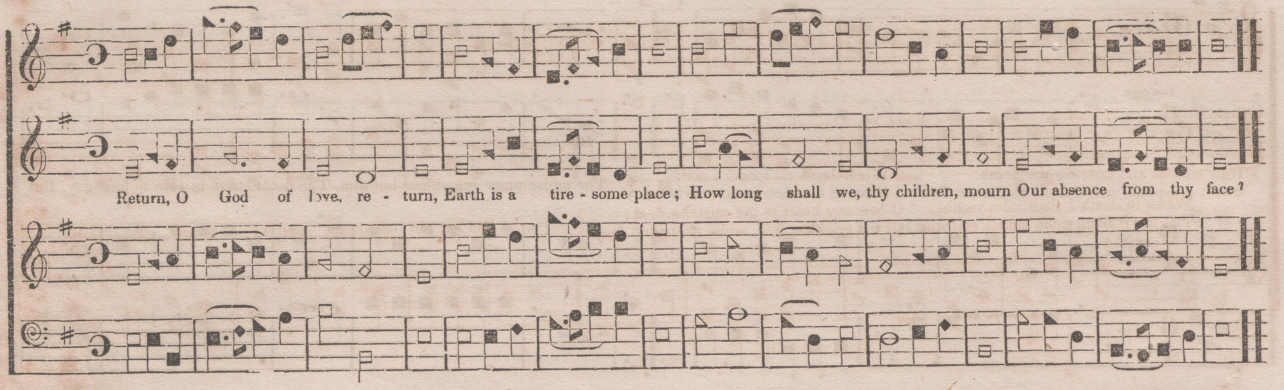


2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

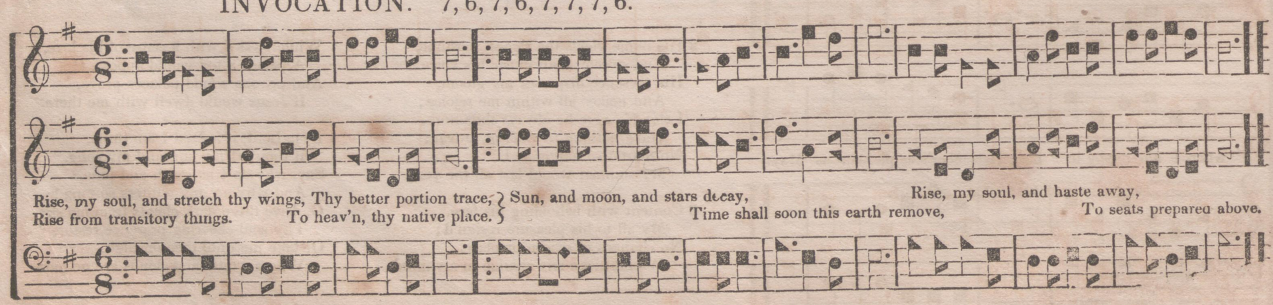
3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

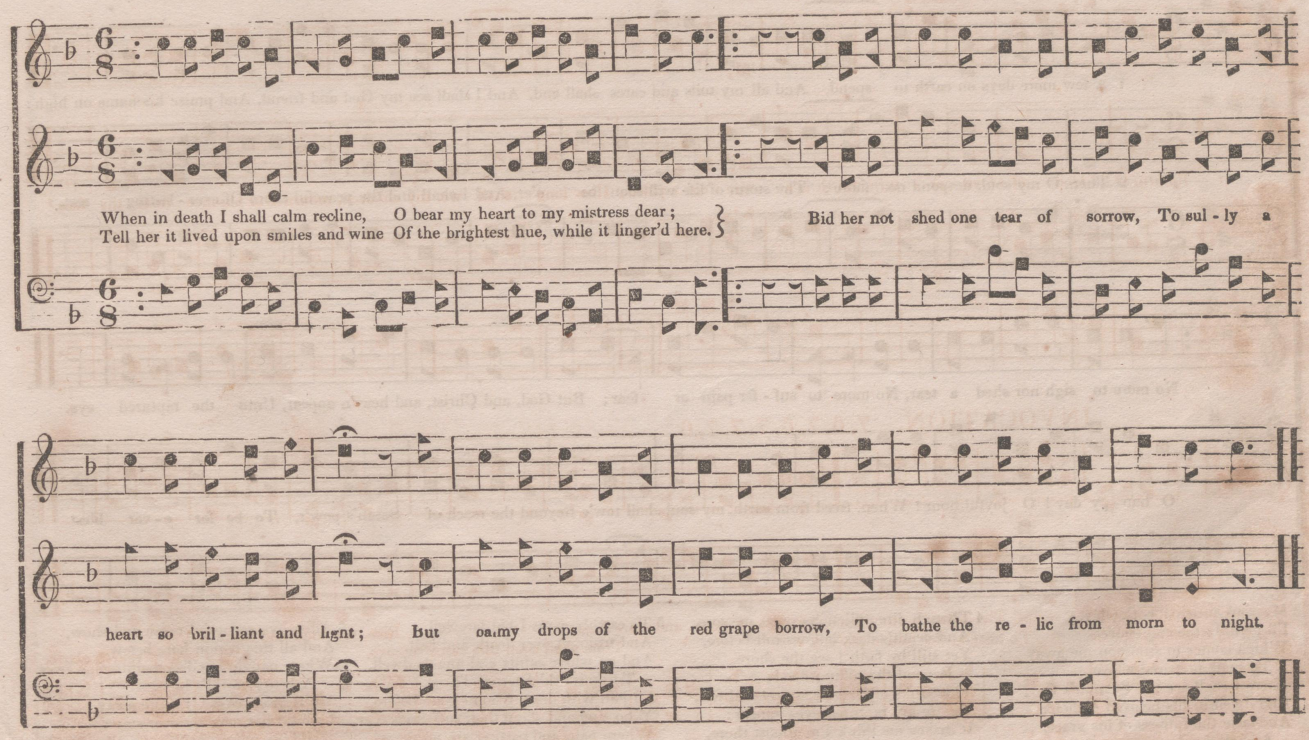
4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long!
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more

GEORGIA. C. M.

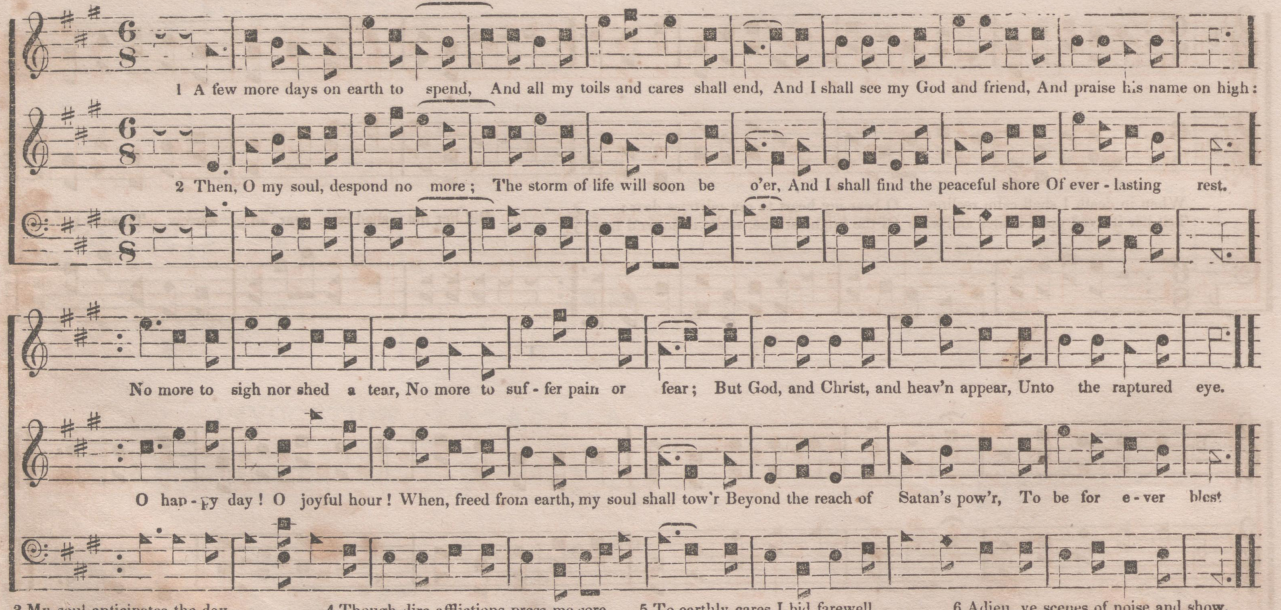


INVOCATION. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.




When in death I shall calm recline, O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow, To sul - ly a
heart so bril - liant and light; But balmy drops of the red grape borrow, To bathe the re - lic from morn to night.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE. 8, 8, 8, 6, 8 8, 8, 6. *Wm Walker* Dover Sel. p. 173

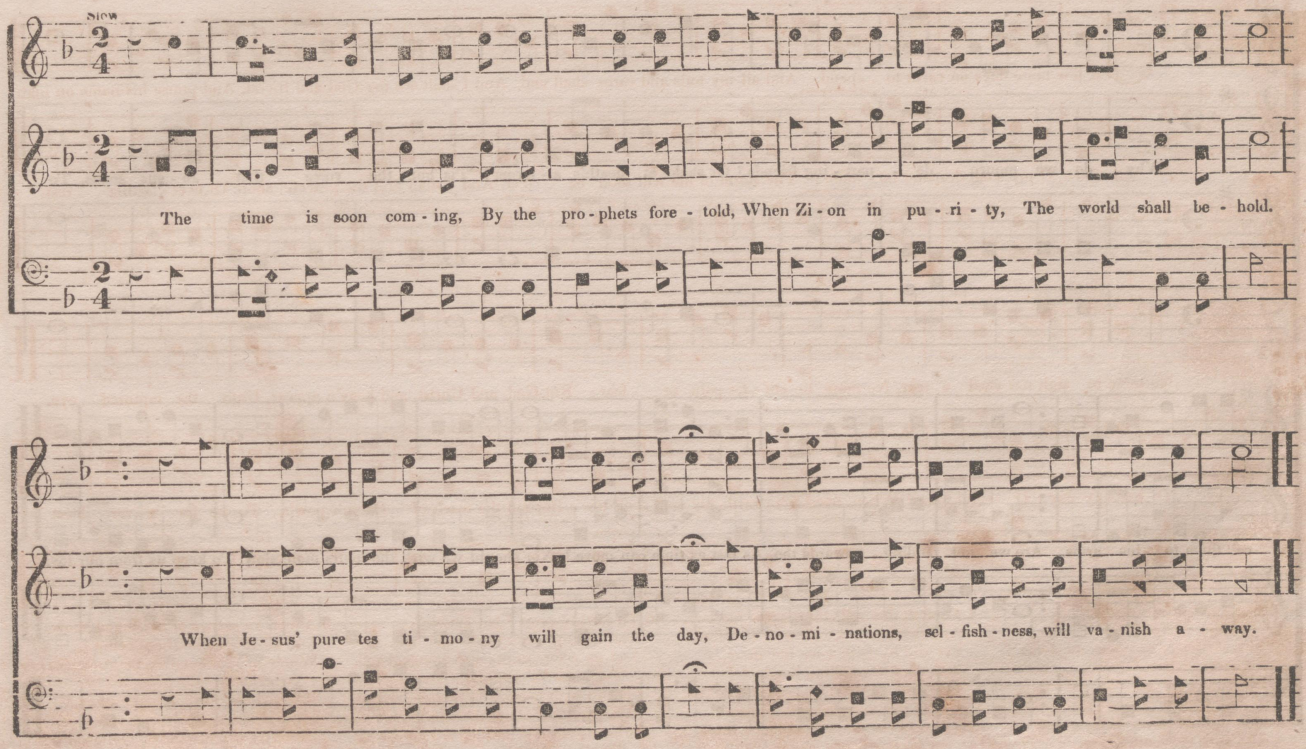


3 My soul anticipates the day,
I'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace
And taste the fulness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood:
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptured eyes appear:
It makes me think I'm almost there,
To yonder bright abode.

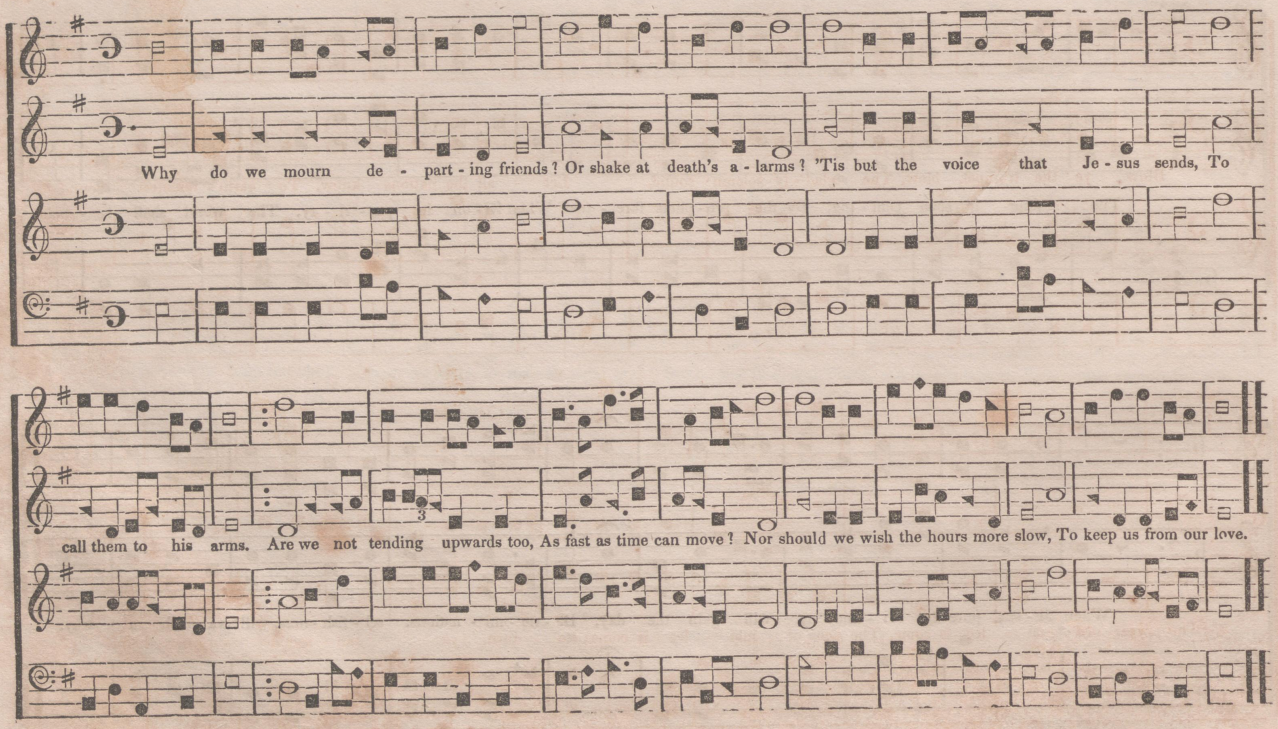
5 To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise th' Eternal Three.
I'll join with those who're gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

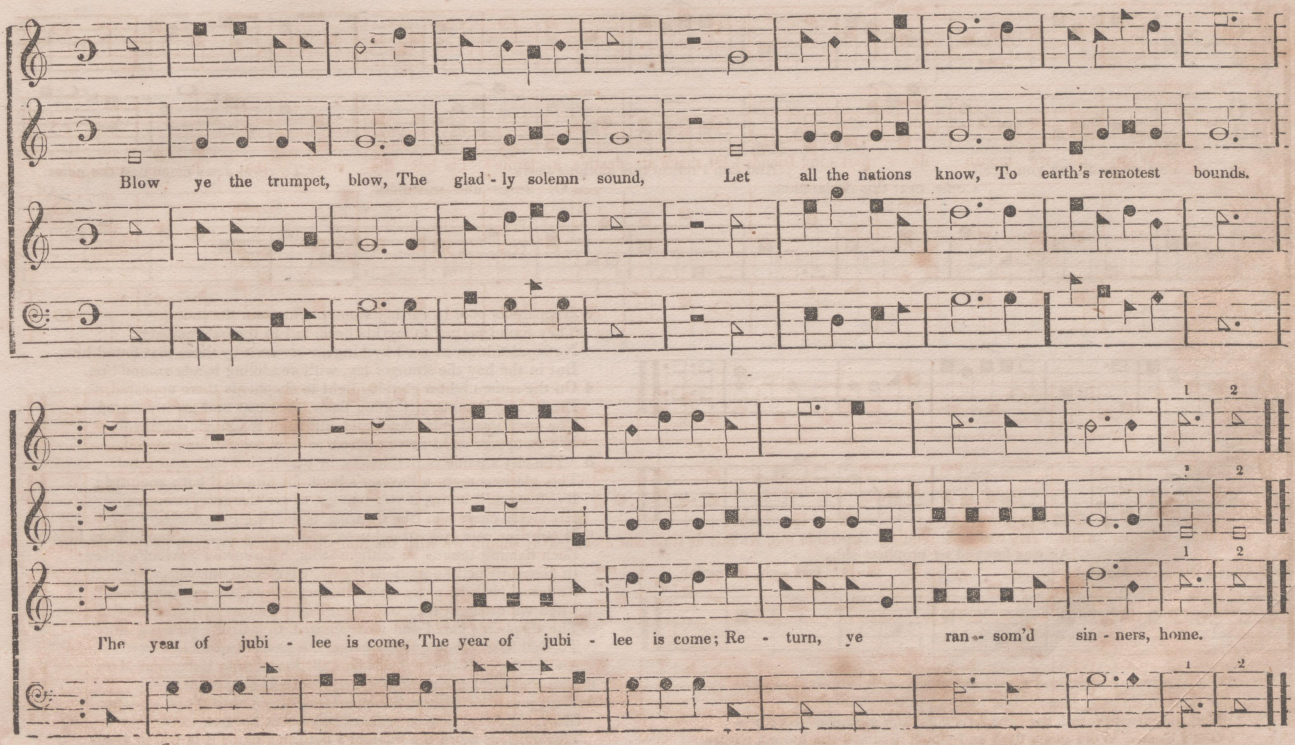
6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow
A better world's in view.
My Saviour calls! I haste away,
I would not here for ever stay:
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day
Vain world, once more adieu!


Slow
The time is soon com - ing, By the pro - phets fore - told, When Zi - on in pu - ri - ty, The world shall be - hold.
When Je - sus' pure tes ti - mo - ny will gain the day, De - no - mi - nations, sel - fish - ness, will va - nish a - way.

NEW ORLEANS. C. M

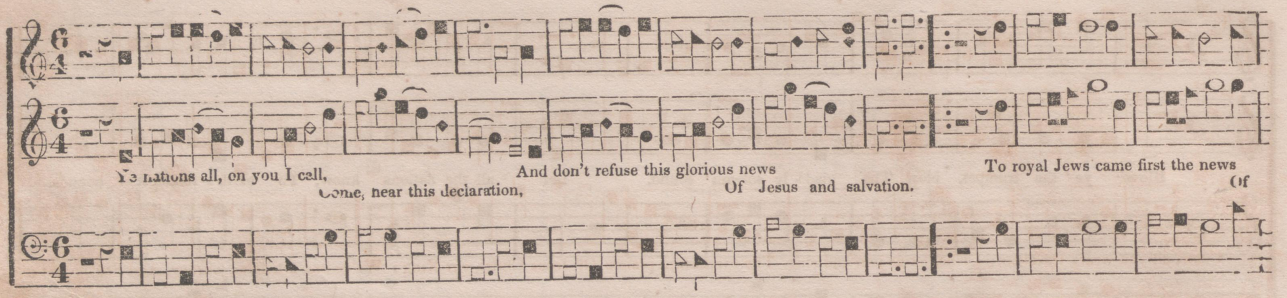
Boyd.

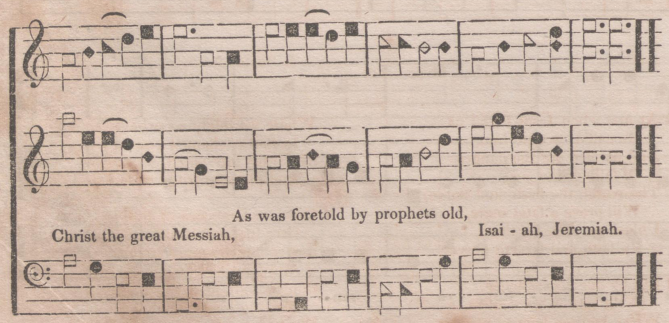



Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bounds.
The year of jubi - lee is come, The year of jubi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM. 8, 7

Wm. Walker





2 To Abraham the promise came, and to his seed for ever,
A light to shine in Isaac's line, by Scripture we discover;
Hail, promised morn! the Saviour's born, the glorious Mediator—
God's blessed Word made flesh and blood, assumed the human nature.

3 His parents poor in earthly store, to entertain the stranger
They found no bed to lay his head, but in the ox's manger:
No royal things, as used by kings, were seen by those that found him,
But in the hay the stranger lay, with swaddling bands around him.

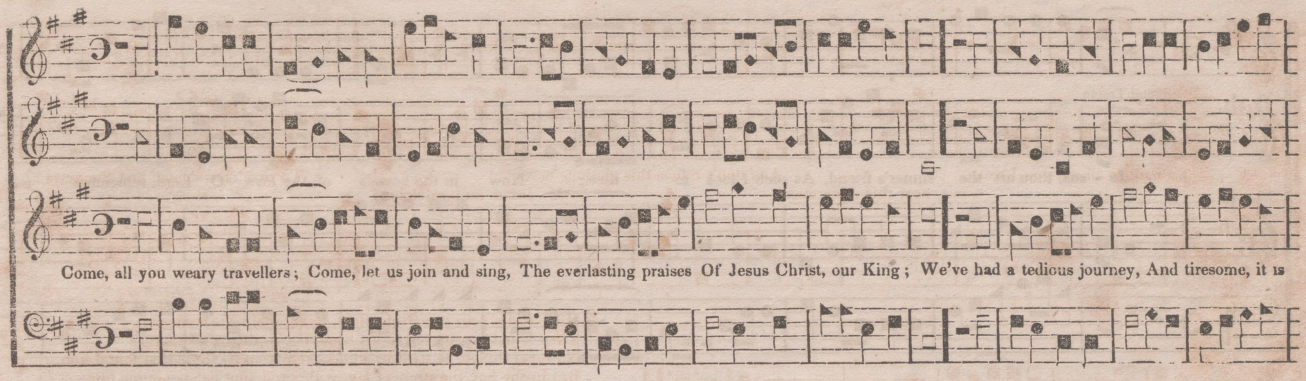
4 On the same night a glorious light to shepherds there appeared,
Bright angels came in shining flame, they saw and greatly feared
The angels said, "Be not afraid, although we much alarm you,
We do appear good news to bear, as now we will inform you.

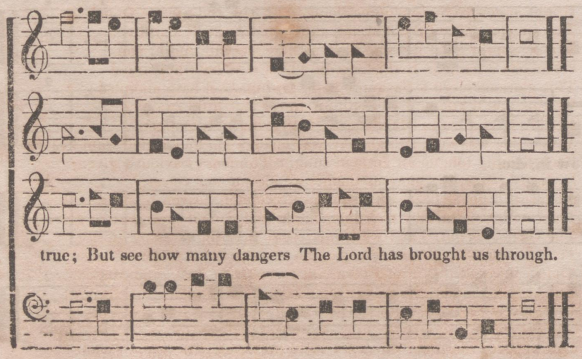
5 "The city's name is Bethlehem, in which God hath appointed,
This glorious morn a Saviour's born, for him God hath anointed;
By this you'll know, if you will go, to see this little stranger,
His lovely charms in Mary's arms, both lying in a manger."

6 When this was said, straightway was made a glorious sound from heaven
Each flaming tongue an anthem sung, "To men a Saviour's given,
In Jesus' name, the glorious theme, we elevate our voices,
At Jesus' birth be peace on earth, meanwhile all heaven rejoices."

7 Then with delight they took their flight, and wing'd their way to glory,
The shepherds gazed and were amazed, to hear the pleasing story;
To Bethlehem they quickly came, the glorious news to carry,
And in the stall they found them all, Joseph, the Babe, and Mary

8 The shepherds then return'd again to their own habitation,
With joy of heart they did depart, now they have found salvation
Glory, they cry, to God on high, who sent his Son to save us
This glorious morn the Saviour's born, his name it is Christ Jesus





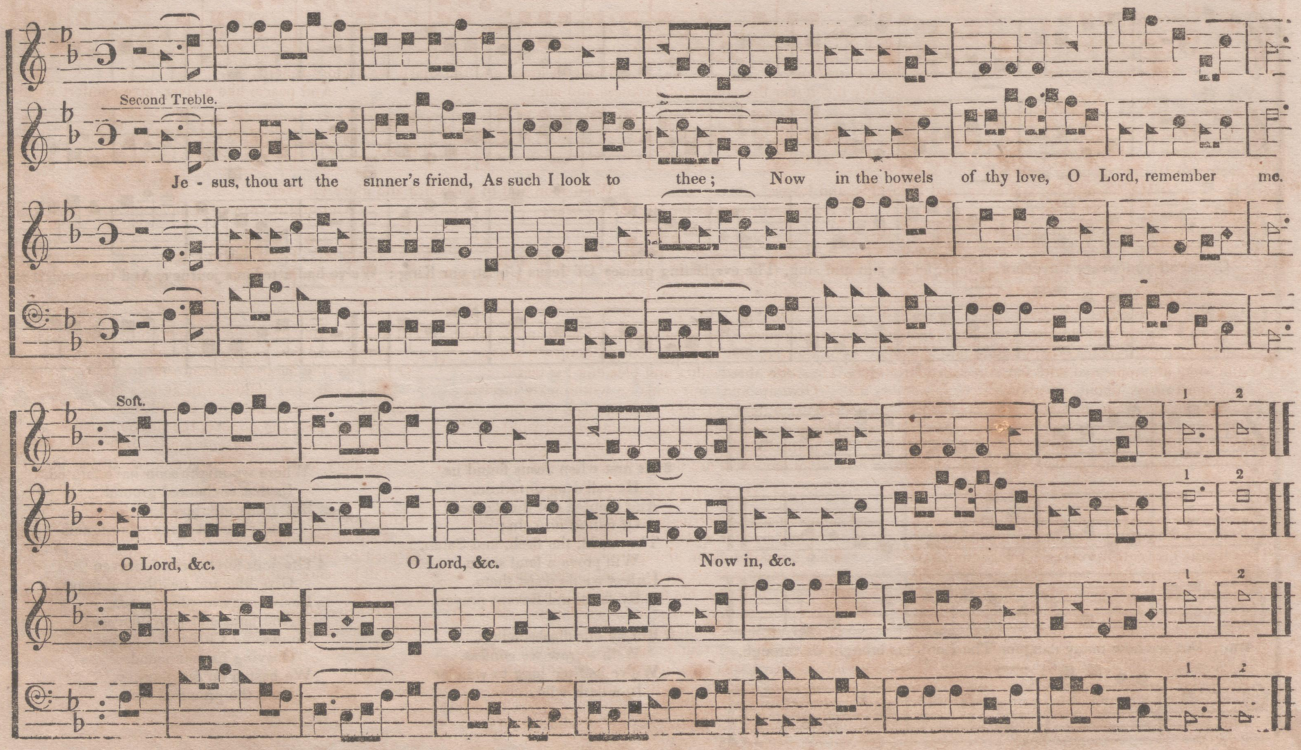
2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin;
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do resist them,
By faith and fervent prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness
Where we might soon have fainted,
In that enchanted ground,
But Jesus interposed,
And pleasant fruits were found.

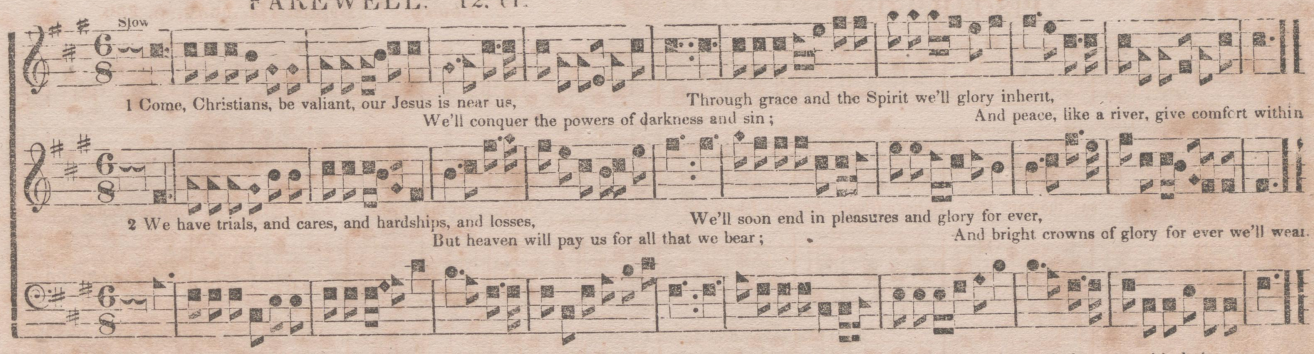
4 Gracious foretastes of heaven
Give life, and health, and peace,
Revive our drooping spirits,
And faith and love increase;
Confessing Christ, our master,
Obeying his command,
We hasten on our journey,
Unto the promised land.

PISGAH. C. M

Lowry. Baptist Harmony, p. 250.



FAREWELL. 12. 11.



3 Young converts, be humble, the prospect is blooming,
The wings of kind angels around you are spread;
While some are oppressed with sin and are mourning,
The spirit of joy upon you is shed.
4 Live near to our Captain, and always obey him,
This world, flesh, and Satan must all be denied;
Both care and diligence, and prayer without ceasing,
Will safe land young converts to riches on high.

1 Come, all ye young people of every relation,
Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell
How I was first called to seek for salvation,
Redemption in Jesus who saved me from hell.
2 I was not yet sixteen when Jesus first call'd me,
To think of my soul, and the state I was in;
I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus,
Between me and him was a mountain of sin.
3 The devil perceived that I was convinced,
He strove to persuade me that I was too young,
That I would get weary before my ascension,
And wish that I had not so early begun.

5 O mourners, God bless you, don't faint in the spirit,
Believe, and the Spirit our pardon he'll give;
He's now interceding and pleading his merit,
Give up, and your souls he will quickly receive.
6 If truly a mourner, he's promised you comfort,
His good promises stand in his sacred word;
O hearken and hear them, all glory, all glory,
The mourners are fill'd with the presence of God.

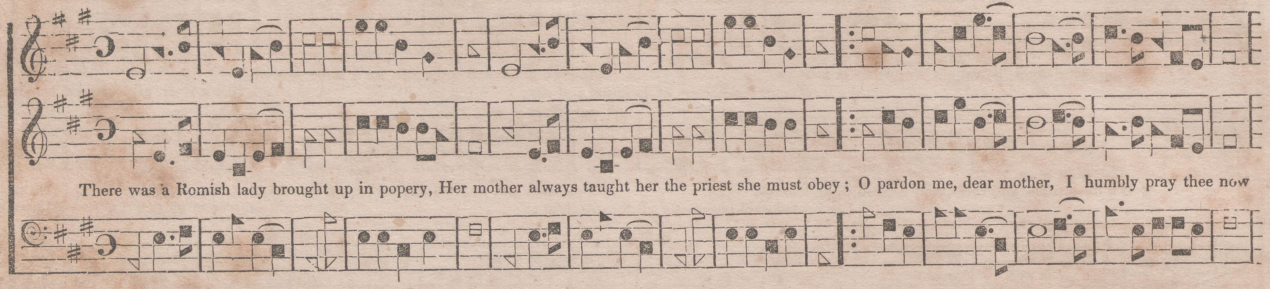
M. C. H. DAVIS' EXPERIENCE.

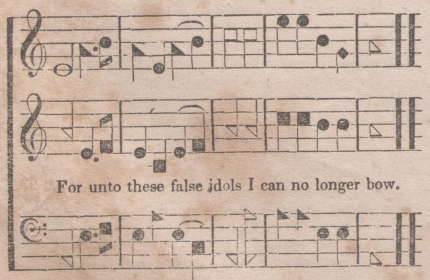
4 Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,
When he was a setting of poor sinners free,
That I was forsaken, and quite reprobated,
And there was no mercy at all for poor me.
5 But glory to Jesus, his love's not confined
To princes, nor men of a nobler degree;
His love it flows bounteous to all human creatures,
He died for poor sinners, when nail'd to the tree
6 And when I was groaning in sad lamentation,
My soul overwhelm'd in sorrow and in sin,
He drew near me in mercy, and look'd on me with pity,
He pardon'd my sins, and he gave me relief

7 O sinners, my bowels do move with desire;
Why stand you gazing on the works of the Lord?
O fly from the flames of devouring fire,
And wash your pollution in Jesus's blood
8 Brethren, in sweet gales we are all breezing,
My soul feels the mighty, the heavenly flame;
I'm now on my journey, my faith is increasing,
All glory and praise to God and the Lamb.

7 And now I've found favour in Jesus my Saviour,
And all his commandments I'm bound to obey;
I trust he will keep me from all Satan's power,
Till he shall think proper to call me away.
8 So farewell, young people, if I can't persuade you
To leave off your follies and go with a friend,
I'll follow my Saviour, in whom I've found favour
My days to his glory I'm bound for to spend.

THE ROMISH LADY. 7, 6.

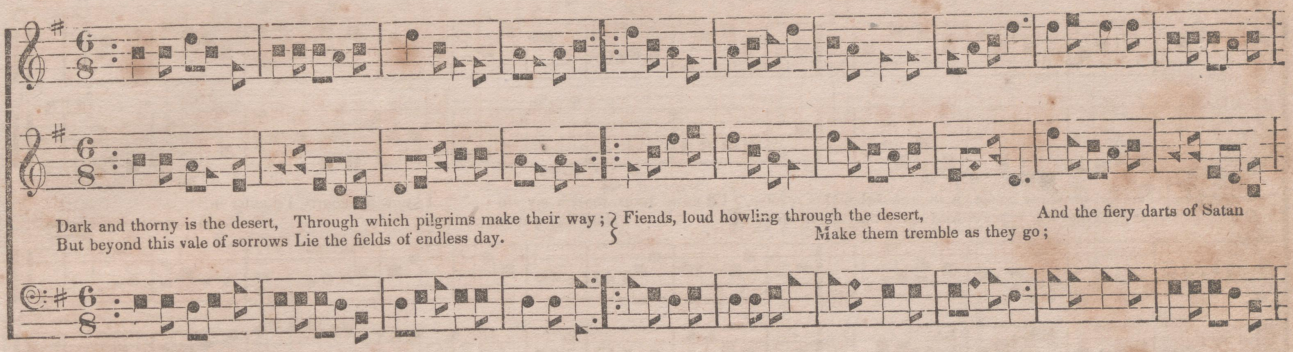


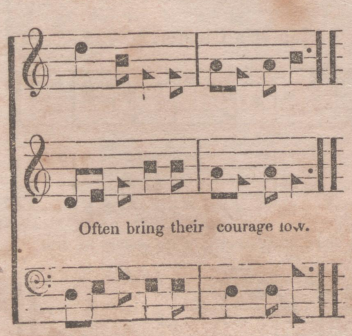


2 Assisted by her handmaid, a Bible she conceal'd,
And there she gain'd instruction, till God his love reveal'd ;
No more she prostrates herself to pictures deck'd with gold,
But soon she was betray'd, and her Bible from her sto

3 I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God unseen,
I'll live by faith for ever, the works of men are vain ;
I cannot worship angels, nor pictures made by men ;
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon if you can.
4 With grief and great vexation, her mother straight did go
T' inform the Roman clergy the cause of all her wo :
The priests were soon assembled, and for the maid did call,
And forced her in the dungeon, to fright her soul withal.
5 The more they strove to fright her, the more she did endure,
Although her age was tender, her faith was strong and sure.
The chains of gold so costly they from this lady took,
And she with all her spirits, the pride of life forsook.
6 Before the pope they brought her, in hopes of her return,
And there she was condemned in horrid flames to burn.
Before the place of torment they brought her speedily,
With lifted hands to heaven, she then agreed to die.
7 There being many ladies assembled at the place,
She raised her eyes to heaven, and begg'd supplying grace

Weep not, ye tender ladies, shed not a tear for me—
While my poor body's burning, my soul the Lord shall see.
8 Yourselves you need to pity, and Zion's deep decay ;
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make delay.
In comes her raving mother, her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her pictures deck'd with gold.
9 O take from me these idols, remove them from my sight ;
Restore to me my Bible, wherein I take delight.
Alas, my aged mother, why on my ruin bent ?
'Twas you that did betray me, but I am innocent.
10 Tormentors, use your pleasure, and do as you think best—
I hope my blessed Jesus will take my soul to rest.
Soon as these words were spoken, up steps the man of death,
And kindled up the fire to stop her mortal breath.
11 Instead of golden bracelets, with chains they bound her fast ;
She cried, "My God give power now must I die at last ?
With Jesus and his angels for ever I shall dwell.
God pardon priest and people, and so I bid farewell."





2 O, young soldiers, are you weary
Of the troubles of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you.
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole.
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command:
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heav'nly land.

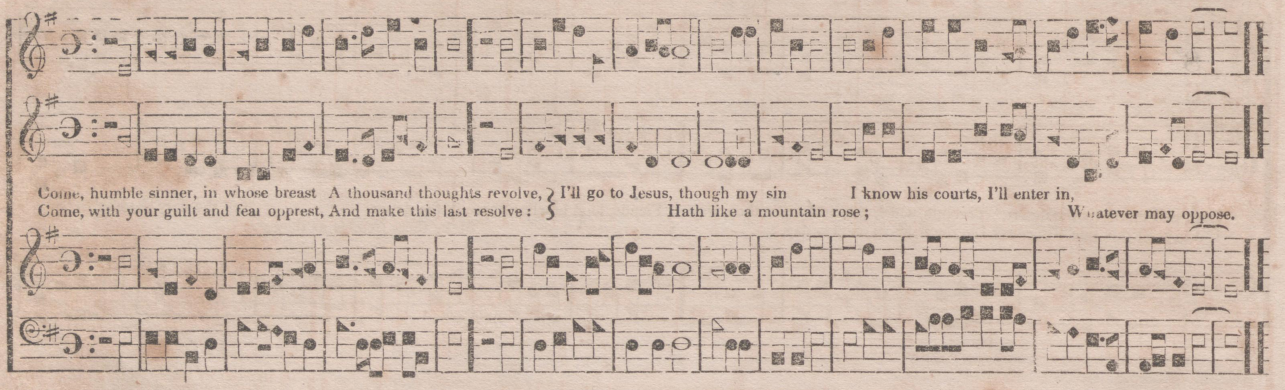
4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
Where the golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky?

5 Millions there of flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory! glory! is their strain:
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 See the heavenly host, in rapture,
Gaze upon this shining band;
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hand!
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along,
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song.

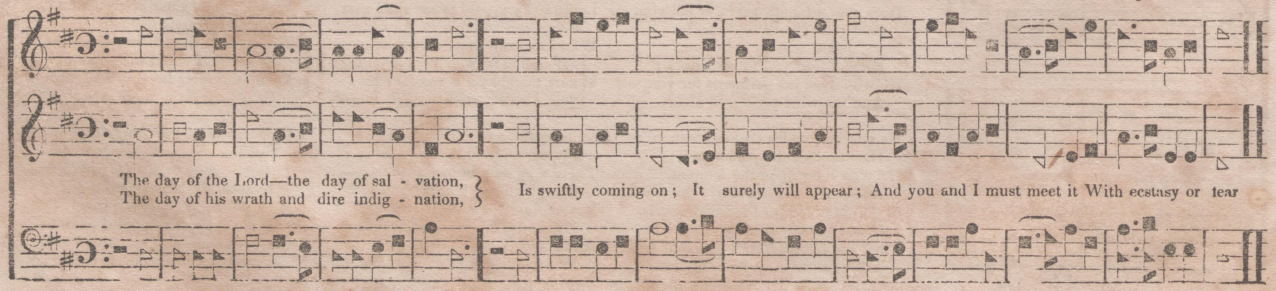
7 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
Such as monarchs never wear:
They are gone to heav'nly pastures—
Jesus is their Shepherd there.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain!—
Glory, honour, and salvation!
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign

SALVATION. C. M.



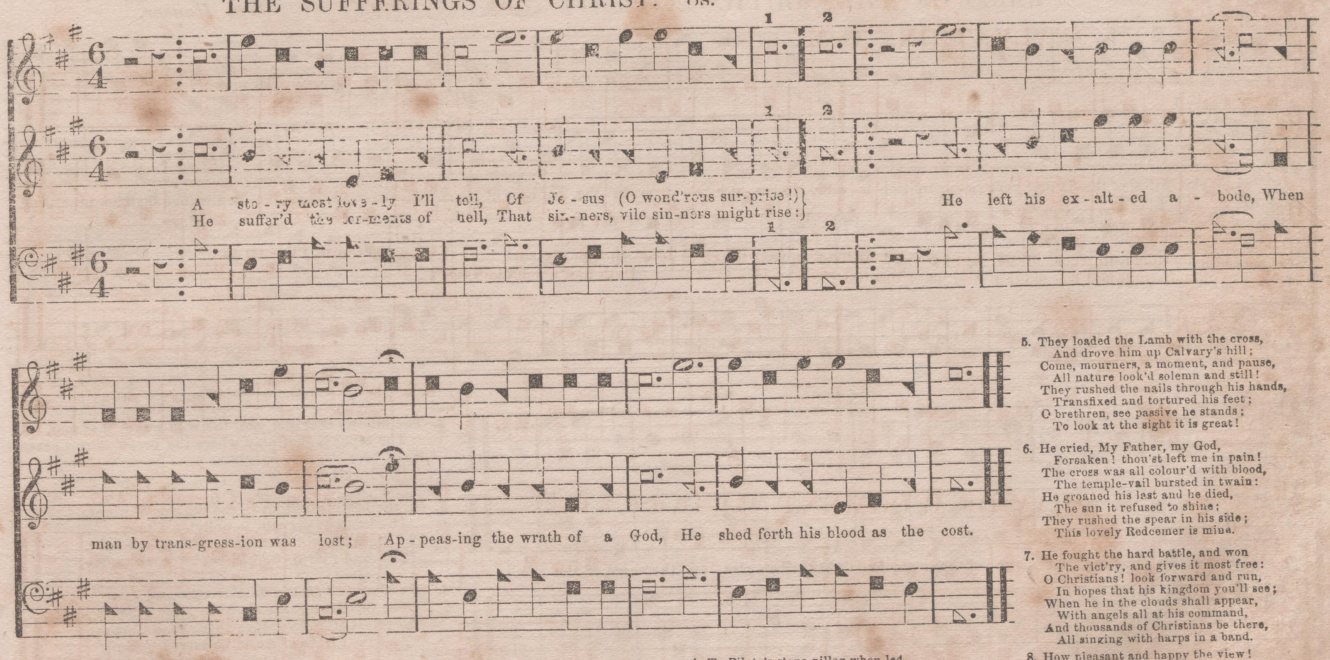
DAY OF JUDGMENT. 11, 11, 6, 6, 7, 6.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 495.



THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 8s.

Wm. Walker.



2. O, did my dear Jesus thus bleed,
And pity a ruin'd lost race!
O, whence did such mercy proceed,
Such boundless compassion and grace!
His body bore anguish and pain,
His spirit 'most sunk with the load;
A short time before he was slain,
His sweat was as great drops of blood

3. O, was it for crimes I had done,
The Saviour was hail'd with a kiss!
By Judas the traitor alone:
Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all join'd in a band,
Confined him and led him away,
The cords wrapt around his sweet hands,
O sinners! look at him, I pray.

4. To Pilate's stone pillar when led,
His body was lashed with whips:
It never by any was said,
A railing word dropt from his lips:
They made him a crown out of thorns;
They smote him and did him abuse;
They clothed him with crimson, in scorn,
And hail'd him, the King of the Jews.

5. They loaded the Lamb with the cross,
And drove him up Calvary's hill;
Come, mourners, a moment, and pause,
All nature look'd solemn and still!
They rushed the nails through his hands,
Transfixed and tortured his feet;
O brethren, see passive he stands;
To look at the sight it is great!

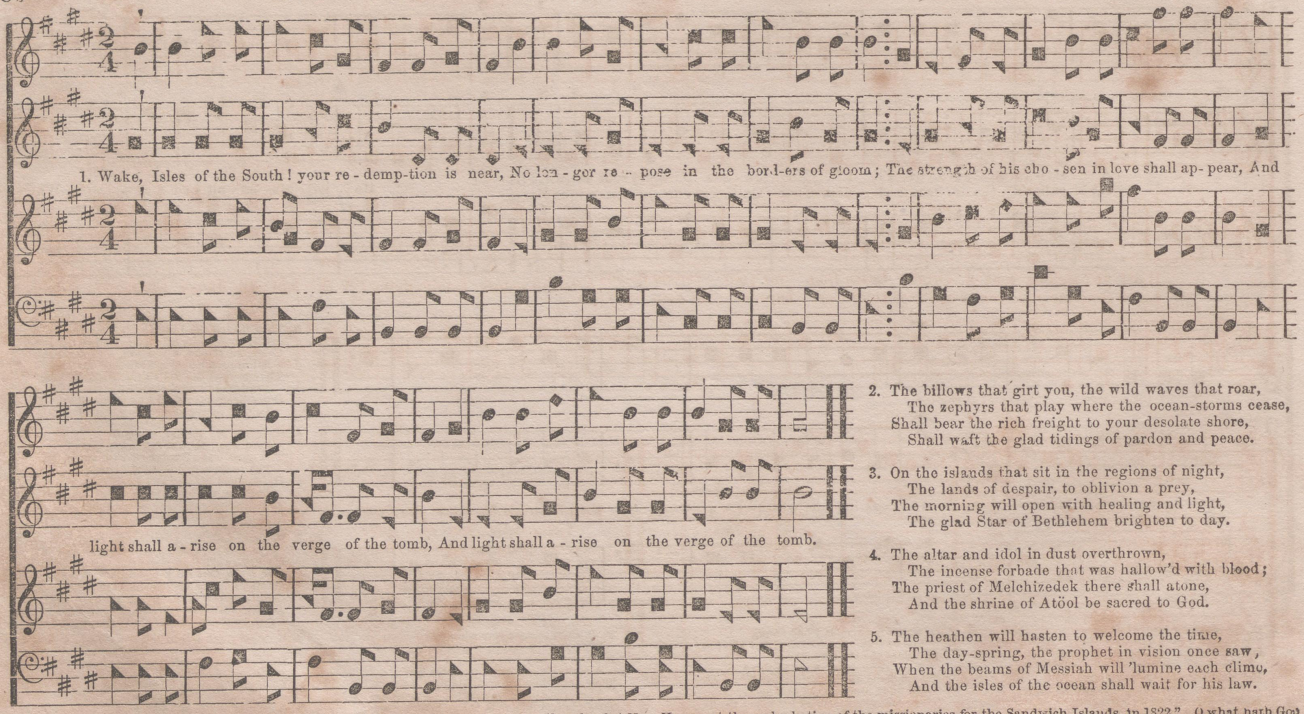
6. He cried, My Father, my God,
Forsaken! thou'st left me in pain!
The cross was all colour'd with blood,
The temple-vail bursted in twain:
He groaned his last and he died,
The sun it refused to shine;
They rushed the spear in his side;
This lovely Redeemer is mine.

7. He fought the hard battle, and won
The vict'ry, and gives it most free:
O Christians! look forward and run,
In hopes that his kingdom you'll see;
When he in the clouds shall appear,
With angels all at his command,
And thousands of Christians be there,
All singing with harps in a band.

8. How pleasant and happy the view!
Enjoying such beams of delight!
His beauty to Christians he'll show,
O Jesus, I long for the sight!
I long to mount up in the skies,
In Paradise make my abode,
And sing of salvation on high,
And rest with a pierced God

ISLES OF THE SOUTH.* 11s.

Wm. Houser.



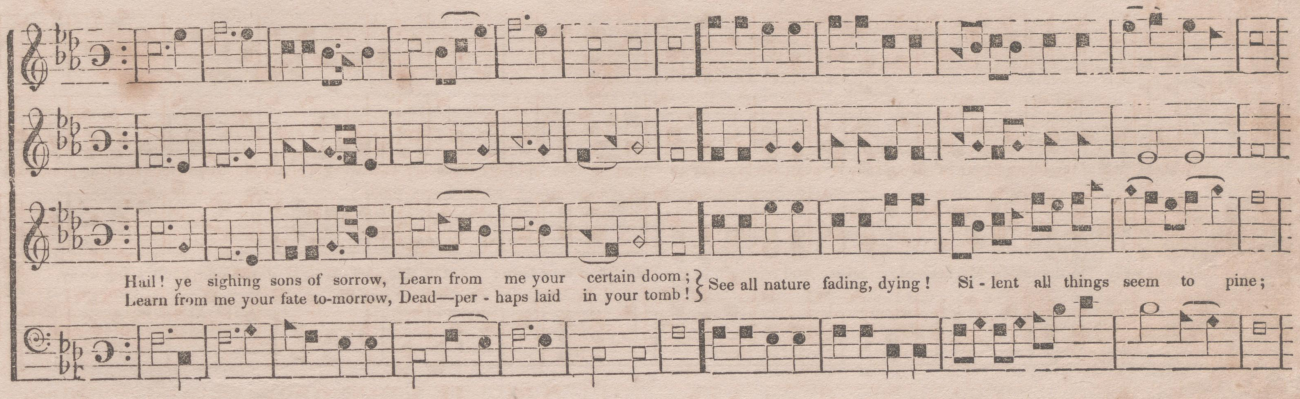
2. The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play where the ocean-storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

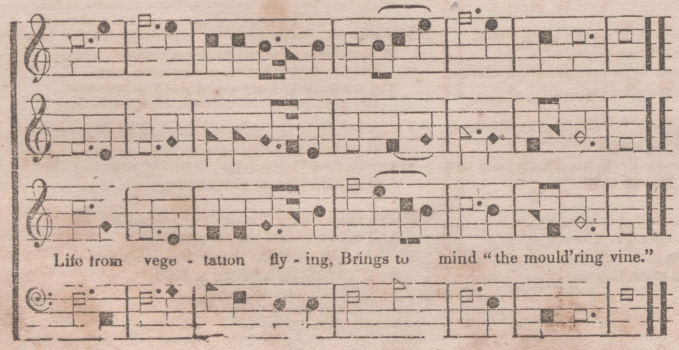
3. On the islands that sit in the regions of night,
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and light,
The glad Star of Bethlehem brighten to day.

4. The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
The incense forbade that was hallow'd with blood;
The priest of Melchizedek there shall atone,
And the shrine of Atöol be sacred to God.

5. The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The day-spring, the prophet in vision once saw,
When the beams of Messiah will 'lumine each clime,
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

* The words of this piece were "composed by Wm. B. Tappan, Esq., and sung on the wharf at New Haven, at the embarkation of the missionaries for the Sandwich Islands, in 1822." O what hath God wrought in those islands since that time! "The parched ground has become a pool"—"The shrines of Atöol" have, indeed, become "sacred to God." The largest church on earth is there; those poor heathens have been given to Jesus for his "inheritance"—those "uttermost parts of the earth, for his possession!" "Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"—W. B



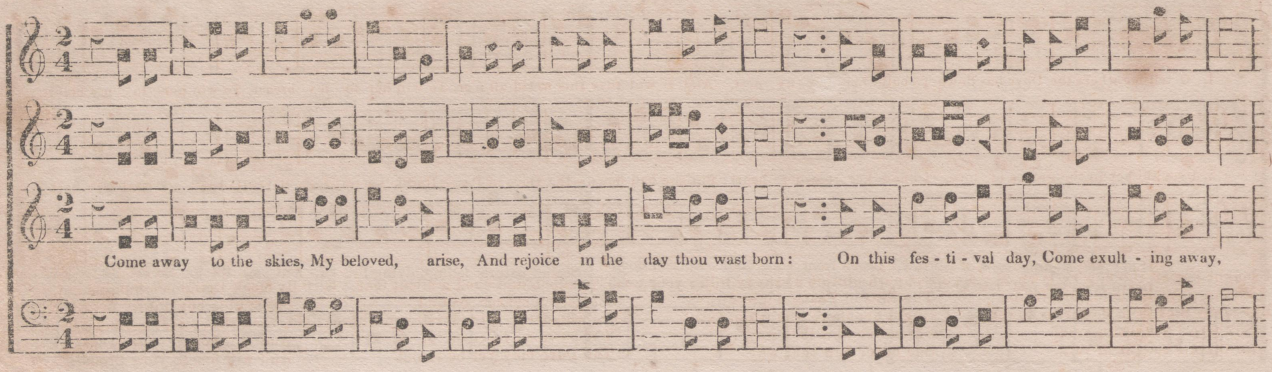


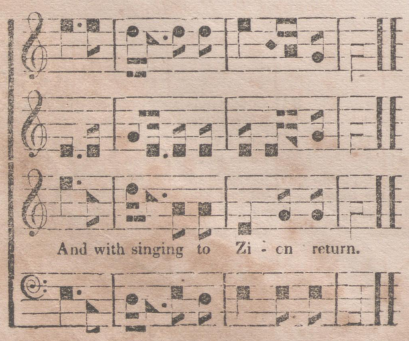
2 See! in yonder forest standing,
Lofty cedars, how they nod!
Scenes of nature how surprising,
Read in nature nature's God.
Whilst the annual frosts are cropping,
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are early drooping,
We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise;
Whilst I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes
What to me is autumn's treasure
Since I know no earthly joy,
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
Time must youth and health destroy

EXULTATION. 6, 6, 9

Humphreys





2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below,
The redeem'd of the Lord Will remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 Now with singing and praise, Let us spend all the days,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd.
While his grace we receive From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For the glory we were First created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine!
Now created again That our souls may remain,
Throughout time and eternity thine

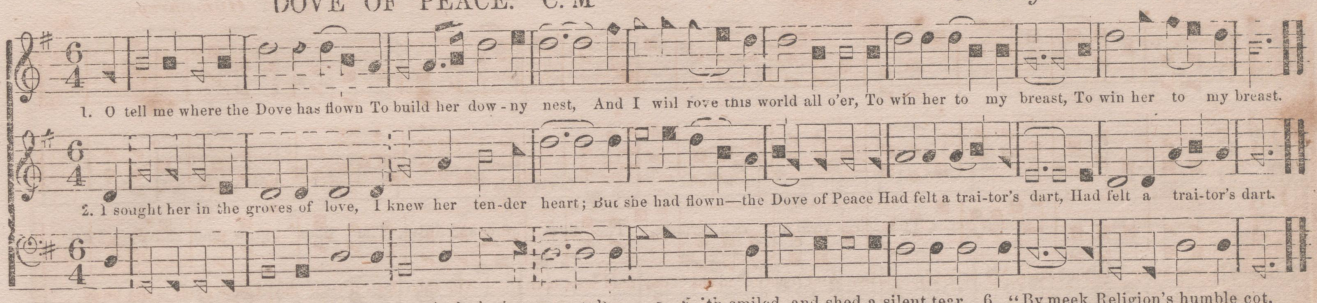
5 We with thanks do approve, The design of that love
Which hath join'd us to Jesus's name;
So united in heart, Let us never more part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, O! there at his feet, We shall all likewise meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
Sing, all heaven and fall at his feet.

DOVE OF PEACE. C. M.

Treble by Wm. House.



3. I sought her on the flow'ry lawn,
Where pleasure holds her train;
But fancy flies from flower to flower,
So there I sought in vain,
So there I sought in vain.

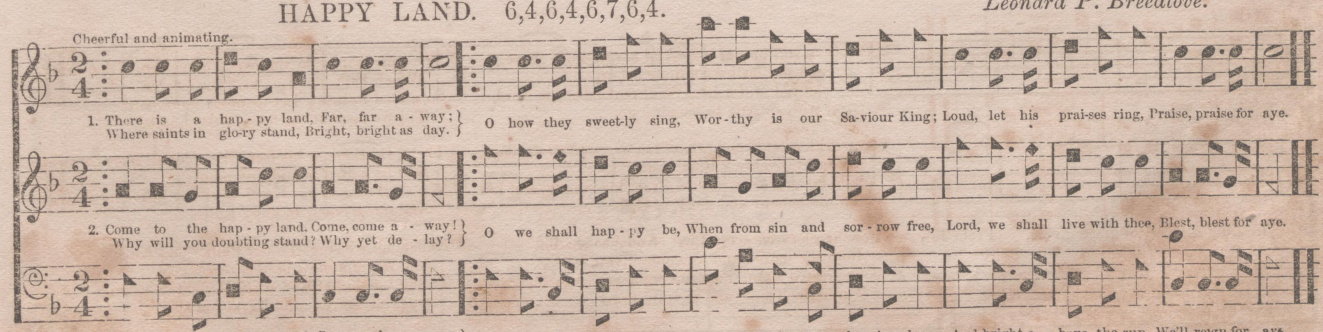
4. 'Twas on Ambition's craggy hill,
The Bird of Peace might stray;
I sought her there, tho' vainly still,
She never flew that way,
She never flew that way.

5. Faith smiled, and shed a silent tear,
To see my search around,
Then whisper'd, "I will tell you where
The Dove may yet be found,
The Dove may yet be found.

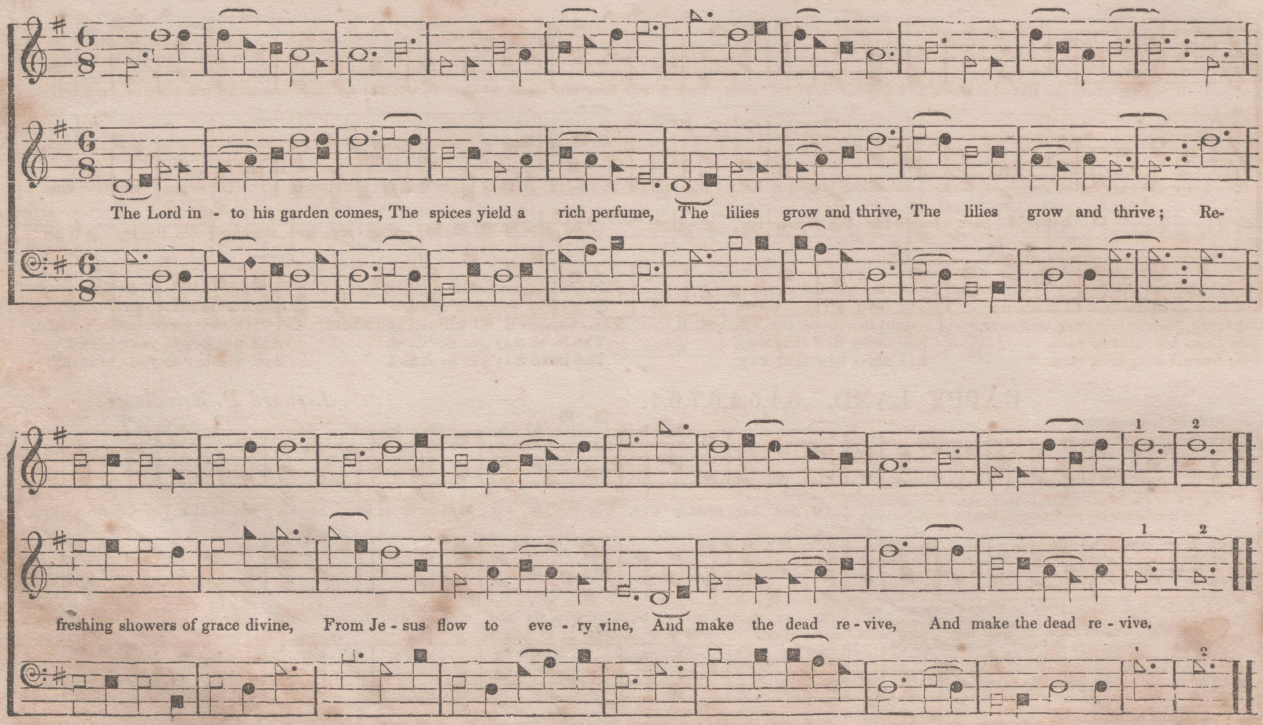
6. "By meek Religion's humble cot,
She builds her downy nest;
Go, seek that sweet secluded spot,
And win her to your breast,
And win her to your breast."

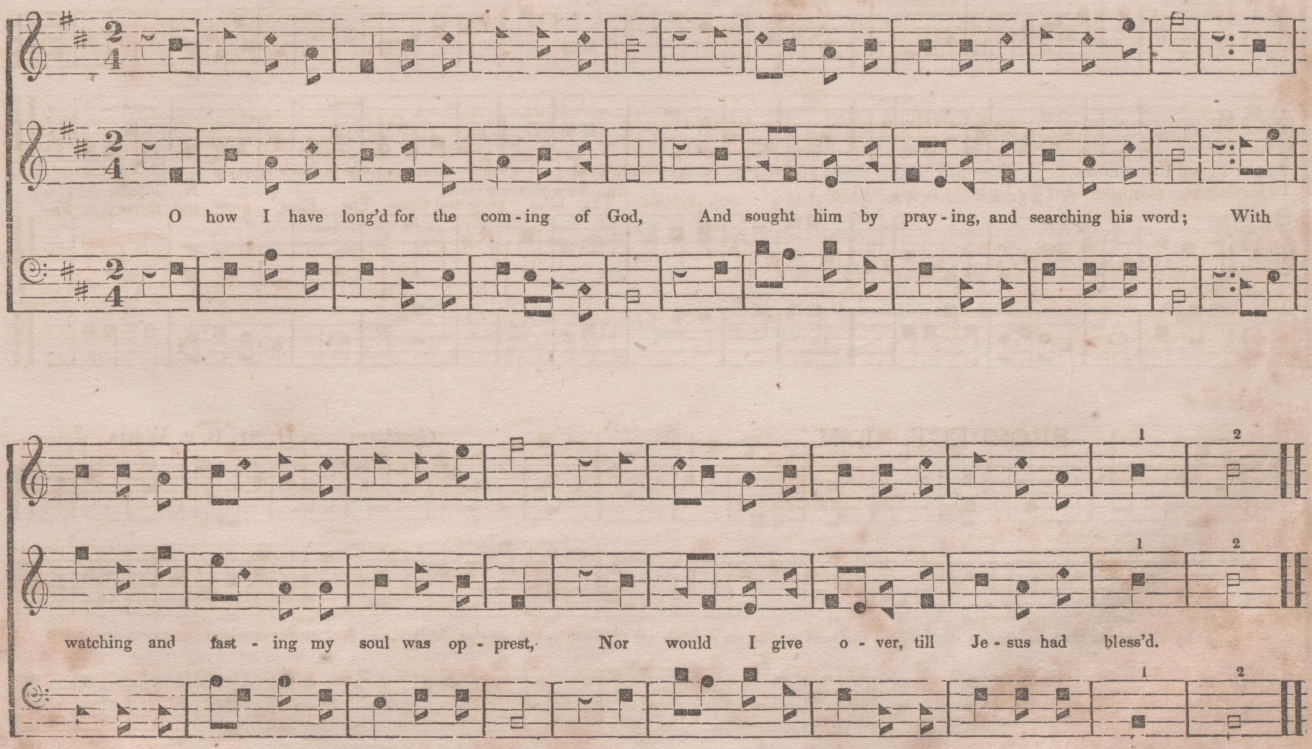
HAPPY LAND. 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4.

Leonard P. Breedlove.



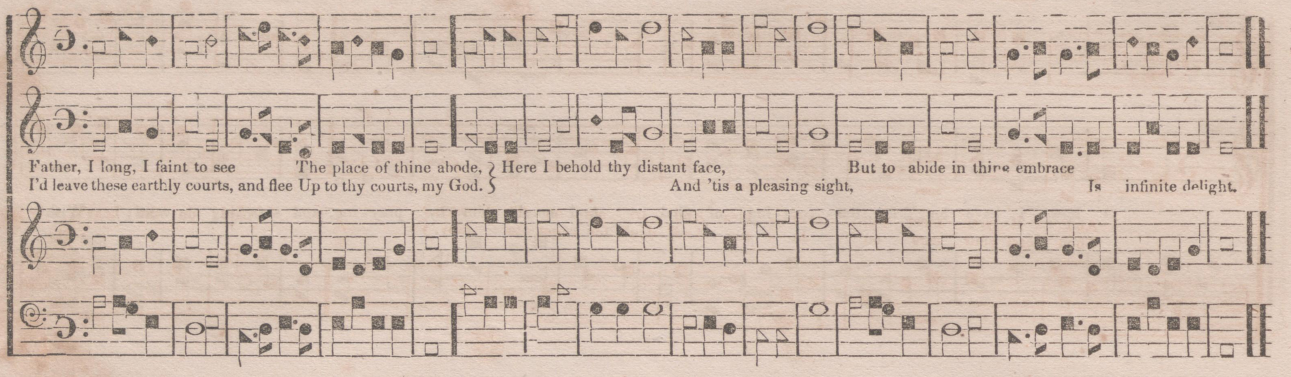
GARDEN HYMN. 8, 8, 6




O how I have long'd for the com - ing of God, And sought him by pray - ing, and searching his word; With
watching and fast - ing my soul was op - prest, Nor would I give o - ver, till Je - sus had bless'd.
1
2

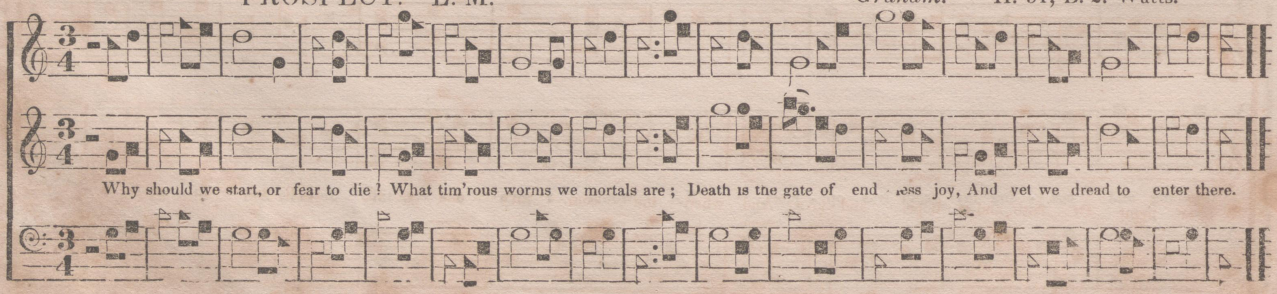
FIDUCIA. C. M.

Robison



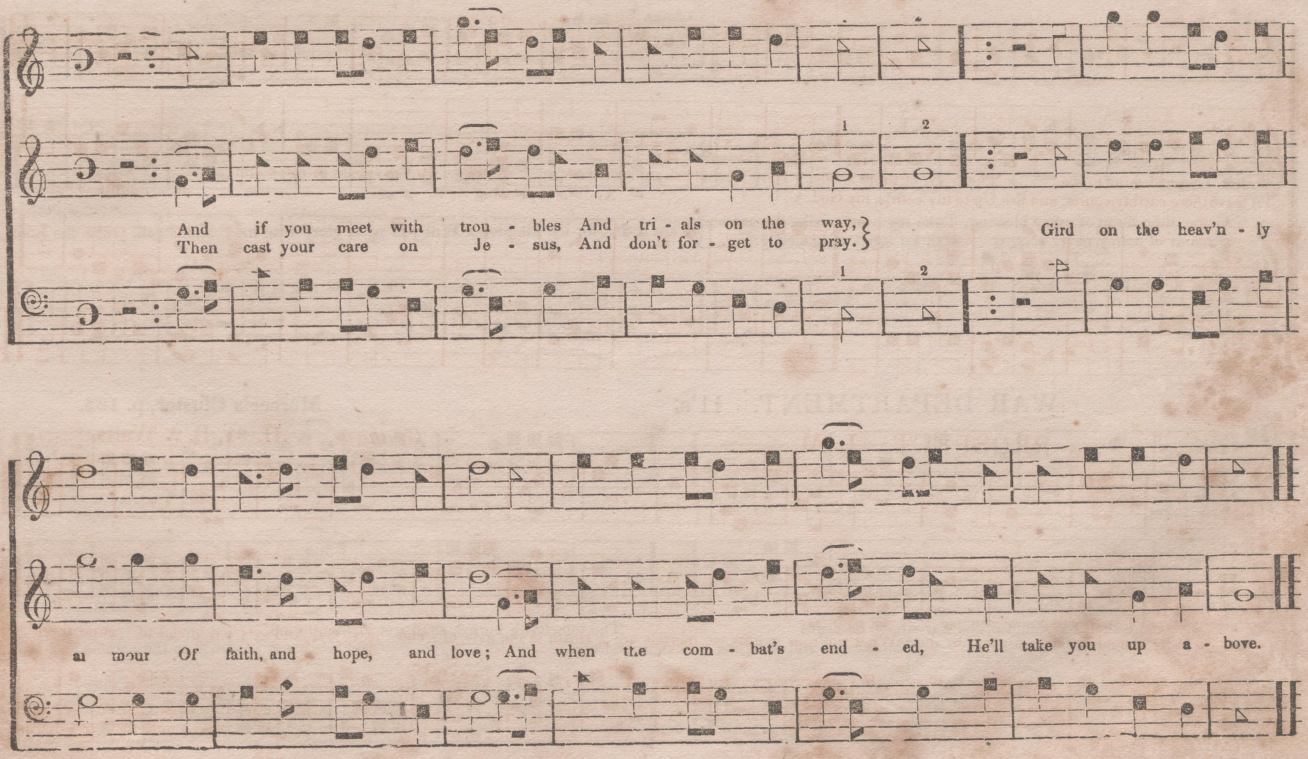
PROSPECT. L. M.

Graham. H. 31, B. 2. Watts.

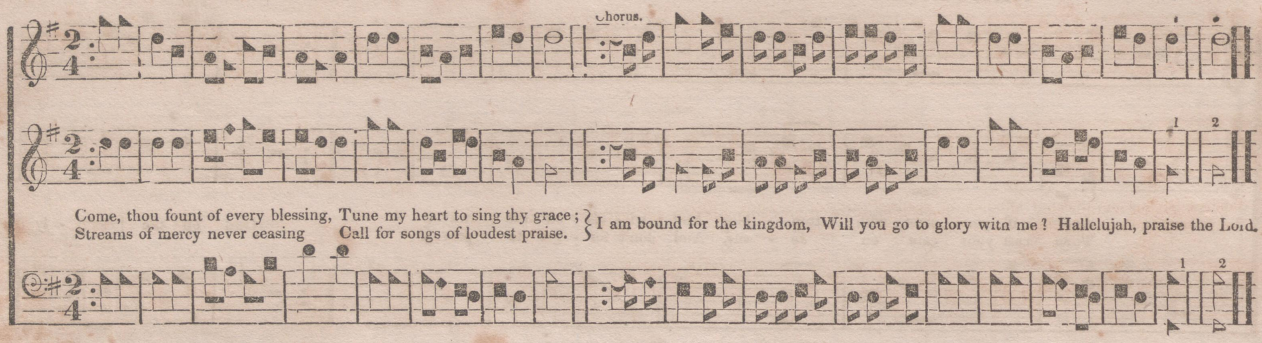


HEAVENLY ARMOUR

Wm. Walker. Baptist Harmony, p. 463.

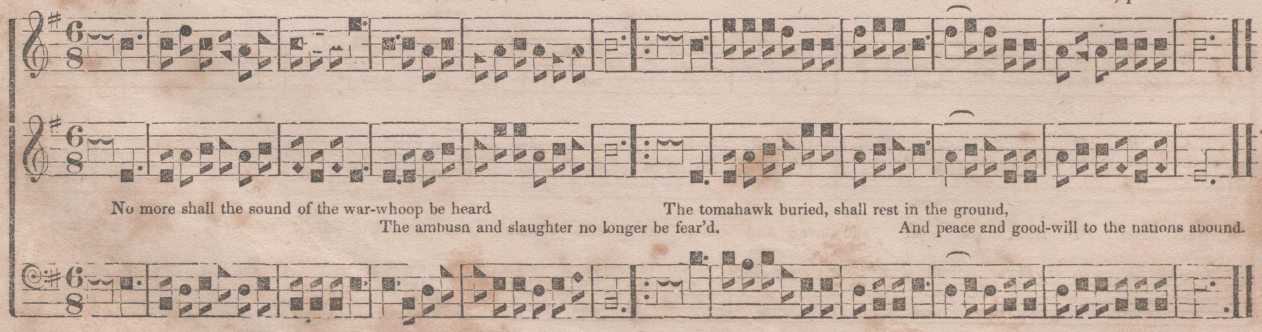


WARRENTON 8, 7

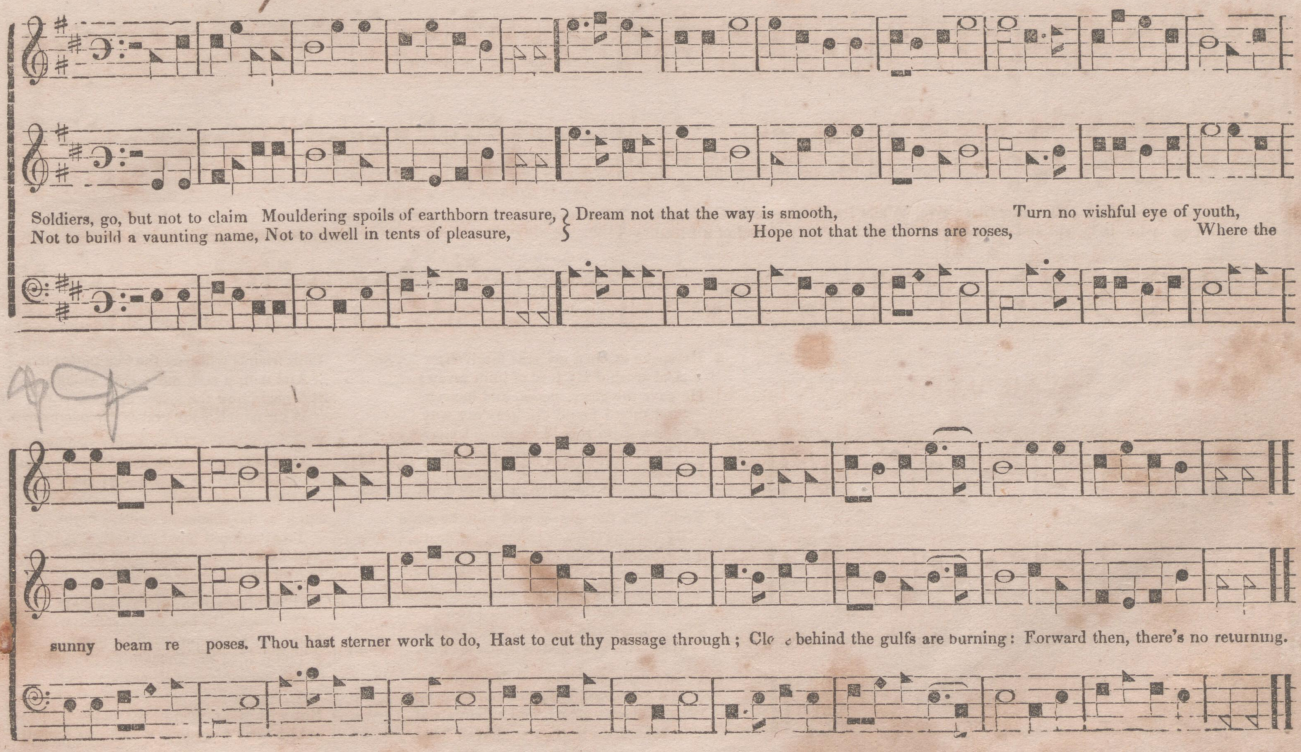


WAR DEPARTMENT. 11's.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 125.

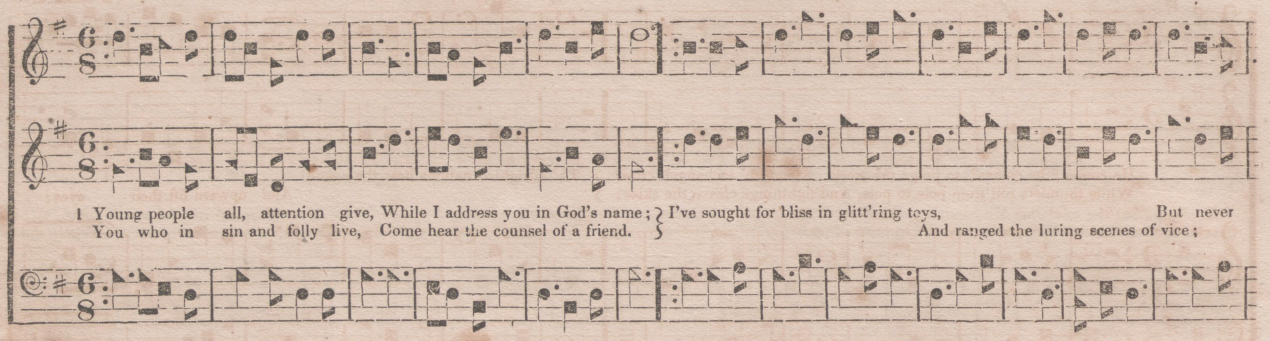


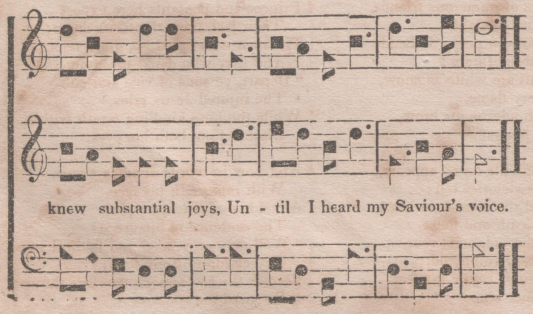
CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 8.



MISSION. L. M.

A. Grambling Baptist Harmony, p. 266.





2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heav'nly way
And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth

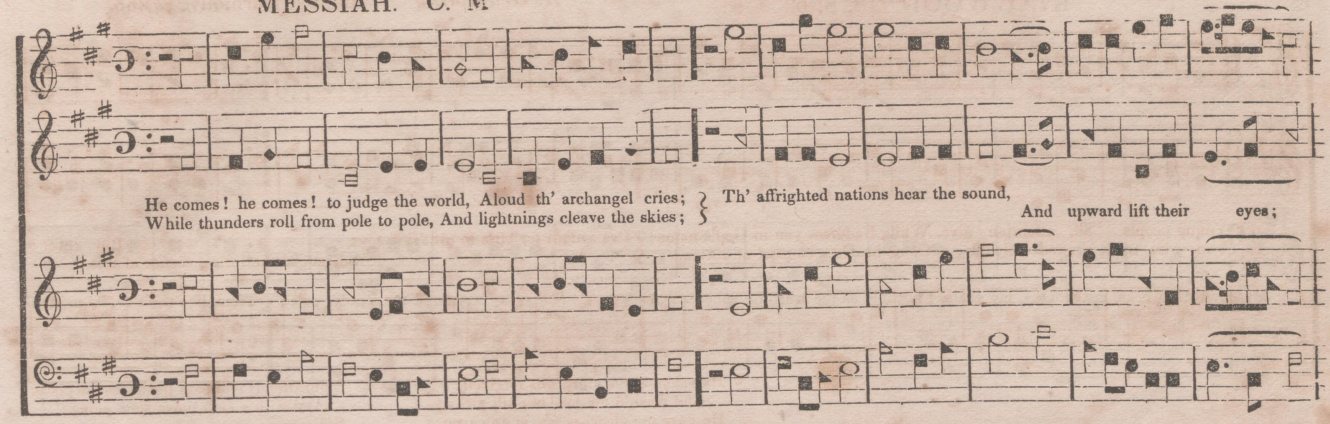
3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone
By fleeting time or conquering death,
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

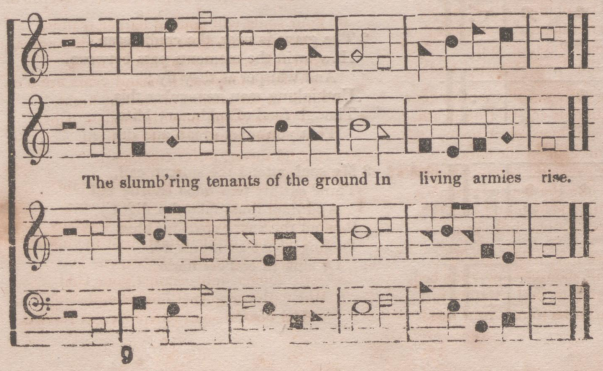
4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapours roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in endless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse:
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life and Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God
But with the gospel now comply
And heav'n shall be your great reward.

MESSIAH. C. M





2 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light;
His head and hair are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

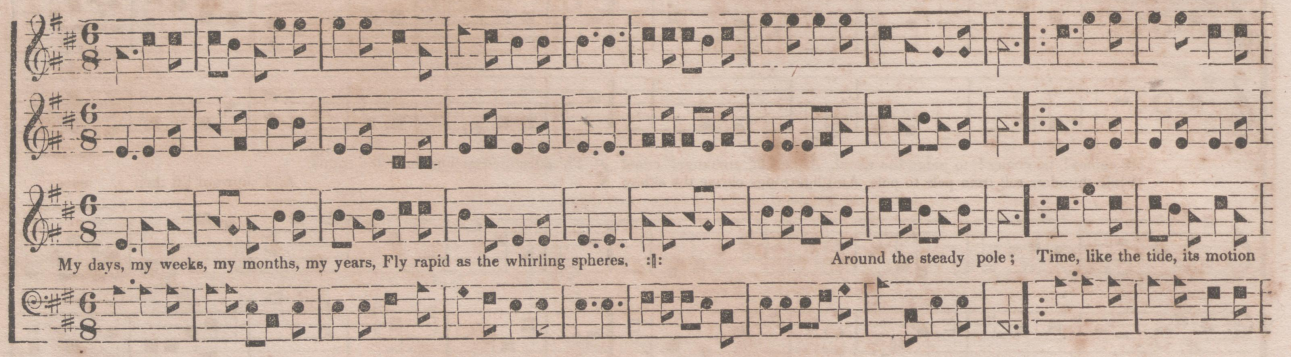
3 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his victories tell;
Lo! in his hand the conqueror bears
The keys of death and hell:
So he ascends the judgment-seat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.

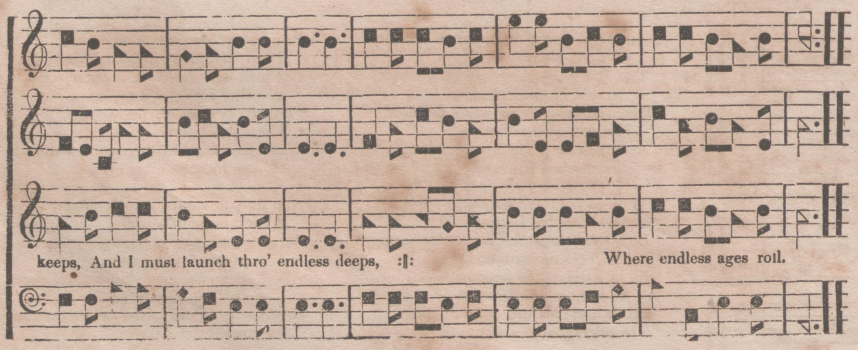
4 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dared his grace reject,
And they who dared presume.
"Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injured Jesus cries,
While the long kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.

5 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:
"Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love,
Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones
Prepared for you above."

KINGWOOD 8, 8, 6.

Humphreys.





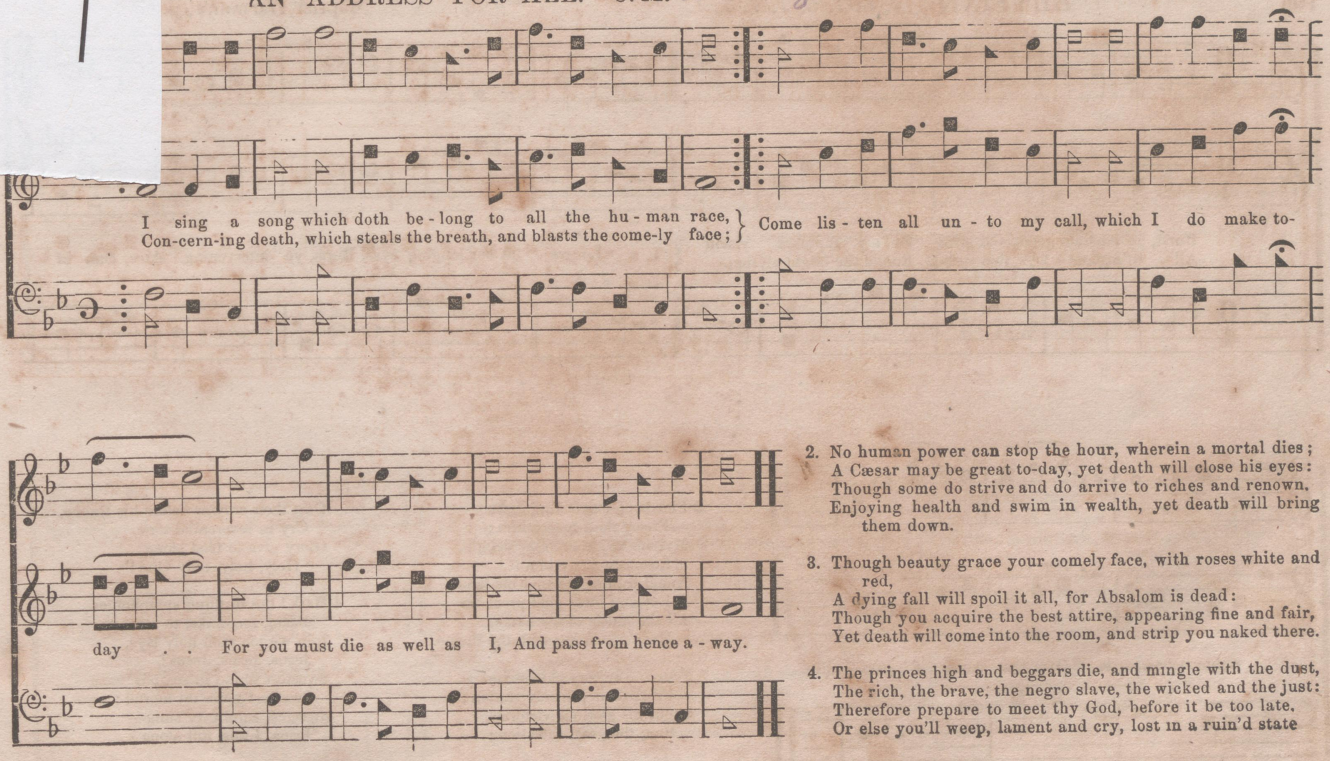
2 The grave is near, the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between.
And whisper as they fly;
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

133

AN ADDRESS FOR ALL. C. M.

will you love me



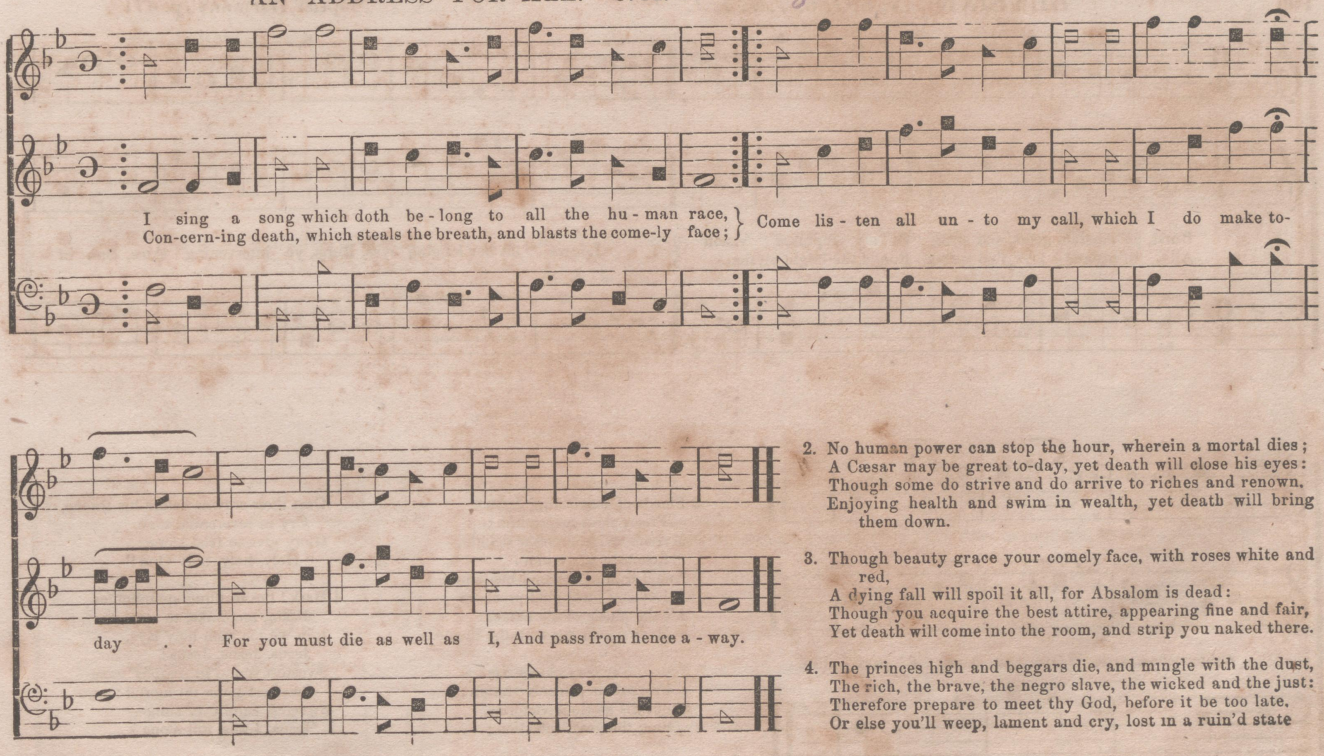
2. No human power can stop the hour, wherein a mortal dies;
A Cæsar may be great to-day, yet death will close his eyes:
Though some do strive and do arrive to riches and renown,
Enjoying health and swim in wealth, yet death will bring them down.

3. Though beauty grace your comely face, with roses white and red,
A dying fall will spoil it all, for Absalom is dead:
Though you acquire the best attire, appearing fine and fair,
Yet death will come into the room, and strip you naked there.

4. The princes high and beggars die, and mingle with the dust,
The rich, the brave, the negro slave, the wicked and the just:
Therefore prepare to meet thy God, before it be too late,
Or else you'll weep, lament and cry, lost in a ruin'd state

AN ADDRESS FOR ALL. C. M.

Wm. Walker.



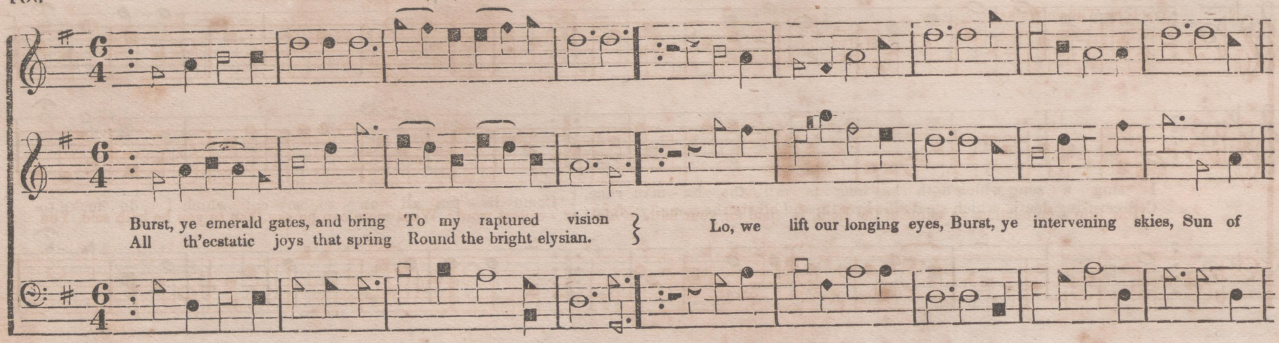
2. No human power can stop the hour, wherein a mortal dies;
A Cæsar may be great to-day, yet death will close his eyes:
Though some do strive and do arrive to riches and renown,
Enjoying health and swim in wealth, yet death will bring them down.

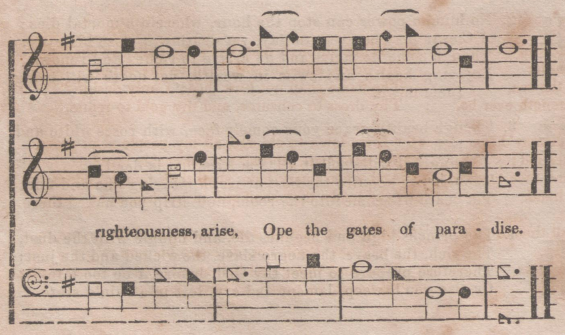
3. Though beauty grace your comely face, with roses white and red,
A dying fall will spoil it all, for Absalom is dead:
Though you acquire the best attire, appearing fine and fair,
Yet death will come into the room, and strip you naked there.

4. The princes high and beggars die, and mingle with the dust,
The rich, the brave, the negro slave, the wicked and the just:
Therefore prepare to meet thy God, before it be too late,
Or else you'll weep, lament and cry, lost in a ruin'd state

ELYSIAN. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Baptist Harmony, p. 471

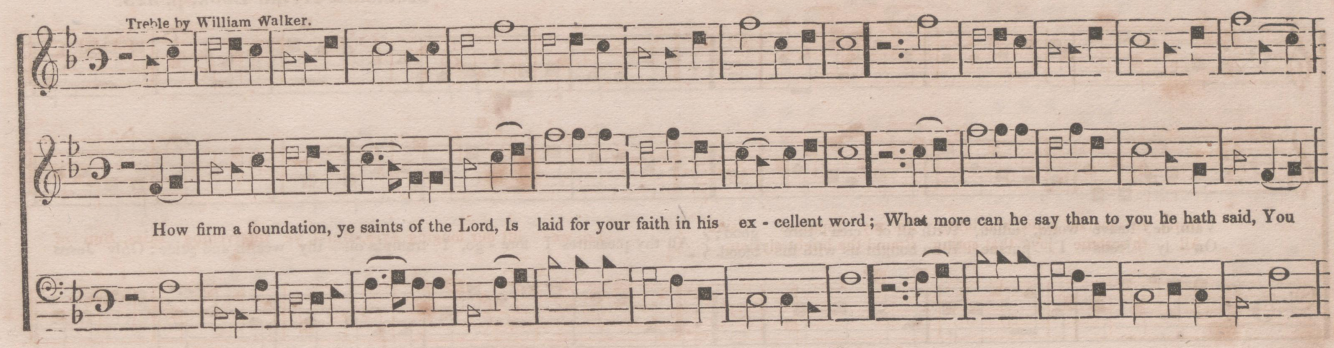


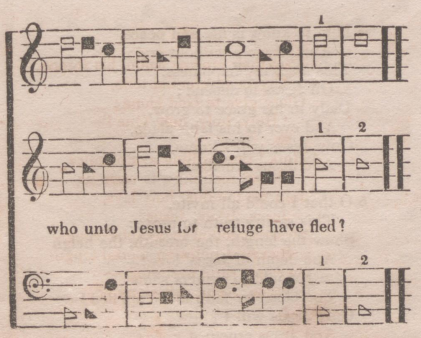


2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heav'n echoing with the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory give to God alone;
'Holy, holy, holy One!'

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us
Join we too their holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraphs' song—
Sweetest notes on mortal tongue
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, roll along





2 In every condition—in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

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

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of water shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

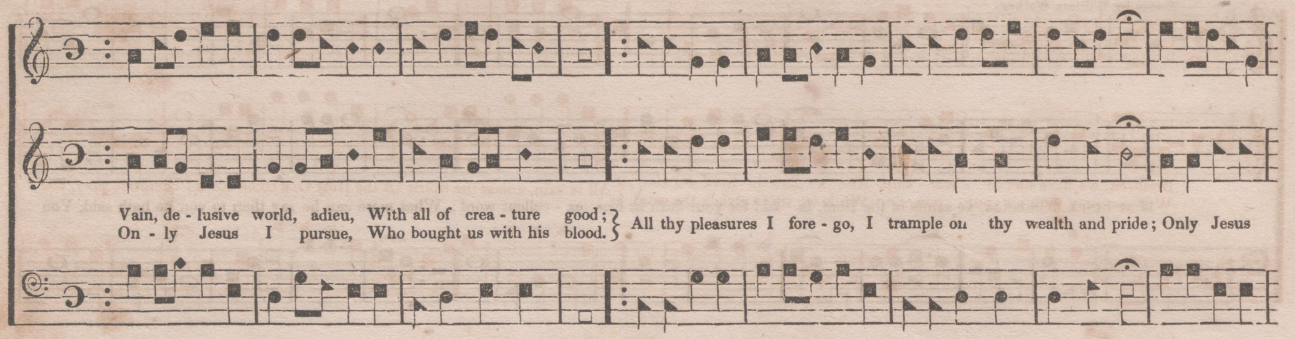
5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

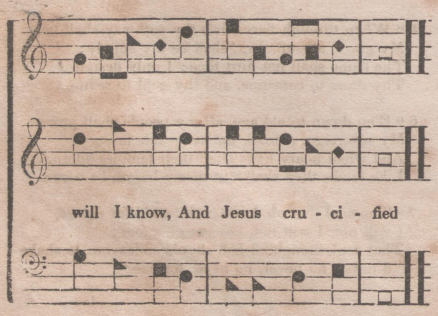
6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake
I'll never, no never, no never forsake"

DELIGHT. 7, 6.

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 325.



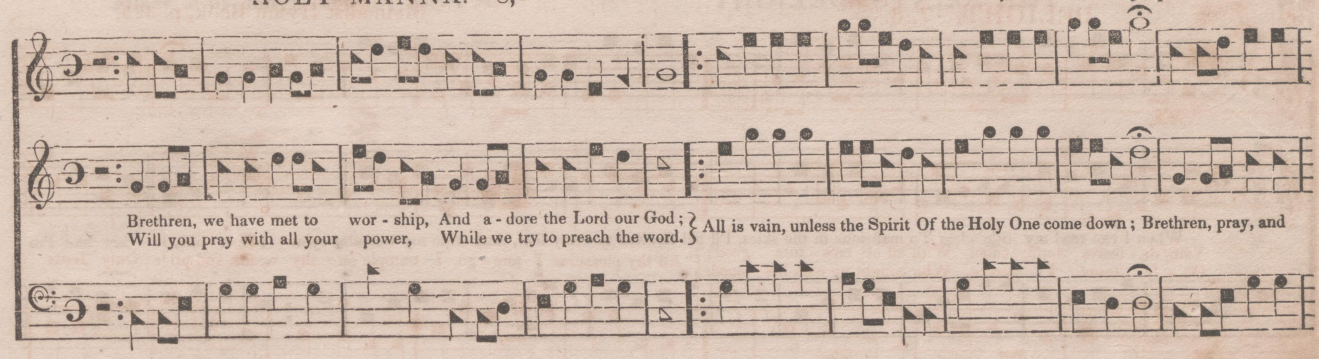


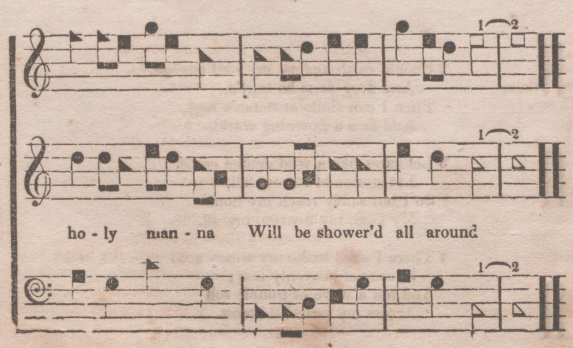
2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless wo,
The sin-atoning victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know
And Jesus crucified

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove:
Show the length, the breadth, the heigh
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied!
Only Jesus will I know
And Jesus crucified





2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
Trembling on the brink of wo;
Death is coming, hell is moving;
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers—see our mothers,
And our children sinking down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

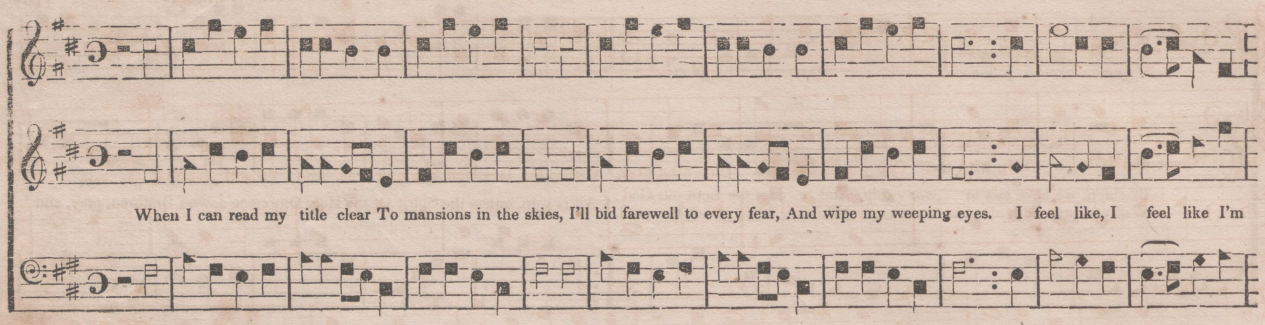
3 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sisters aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found;
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

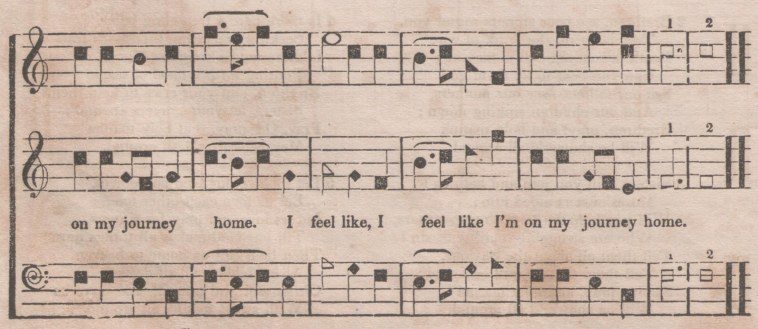
4 Is there here a trembling jailer,
Seeking grace, and fill'd with fears.
Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Brethren, join your cries to help them
Sisters, let your prayers abound;
Pray, O! pray, that holy manna
May be scatter'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down.
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

THE SAINTS' DELIGHT.

F. Price. 65th hymn. 2d b. Watts.



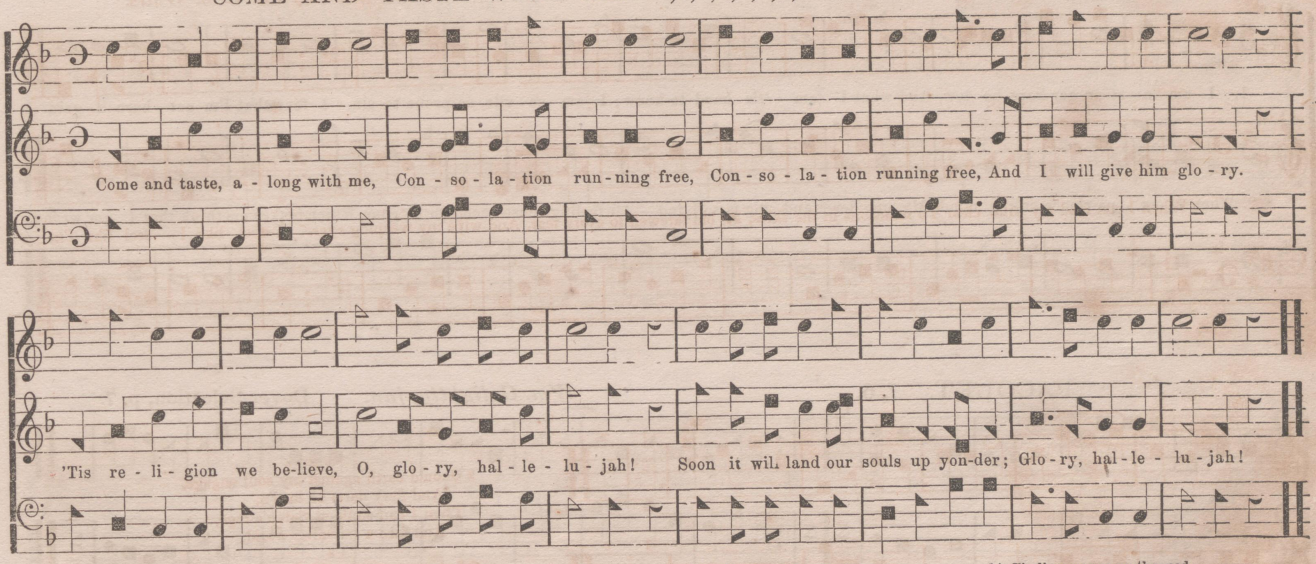


2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

COME AND TASTE WITH ME. 7,7,7,7,7,7,9,6. *Wm. Walker.*



2. From our Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey-comb. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

3. Wherefore should I feast alone?
Two are better far than one. :‖:
And I will give, &c

4. All that come with free good-will,
Make the banquet sweeter still. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

5. Now I go to mercy s door.
Asking for a little more. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

6. Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

7. Goodness, running like a stream
Through the New Jerusalem, :‖:
And I will give, &c.

8. By a constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

9. Saints and angels sing aloud,
To behold the shining crowd, :‖:
And I will give, &c.

10. Coming in at mercy's door,
Making still the number more. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

11. Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Comfort flowing everywhere, :‖:
And I will give, &c.

12. And I boldly do profess
That my soul hath got a taste. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

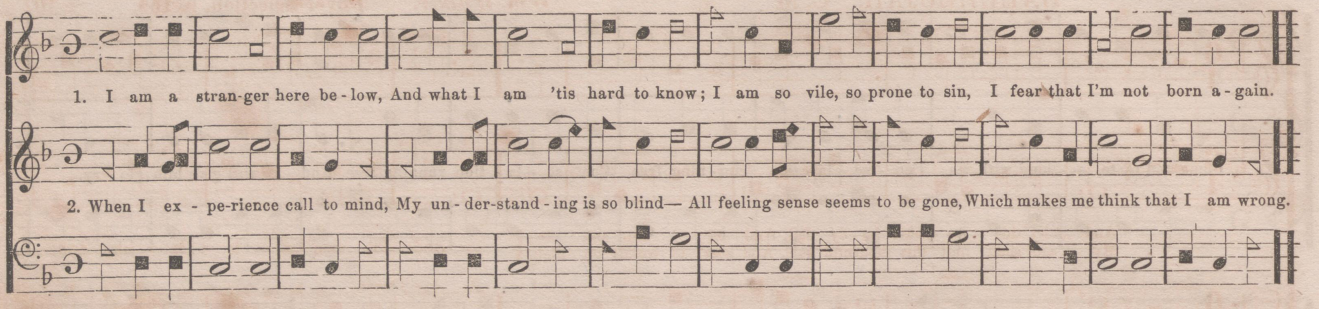
13. Now I'll go rejoicing home
From the banquet of perfume. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

14. Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the throne of God. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

15. O, return, ye sons of grace,
Turn and see God's smiling face. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

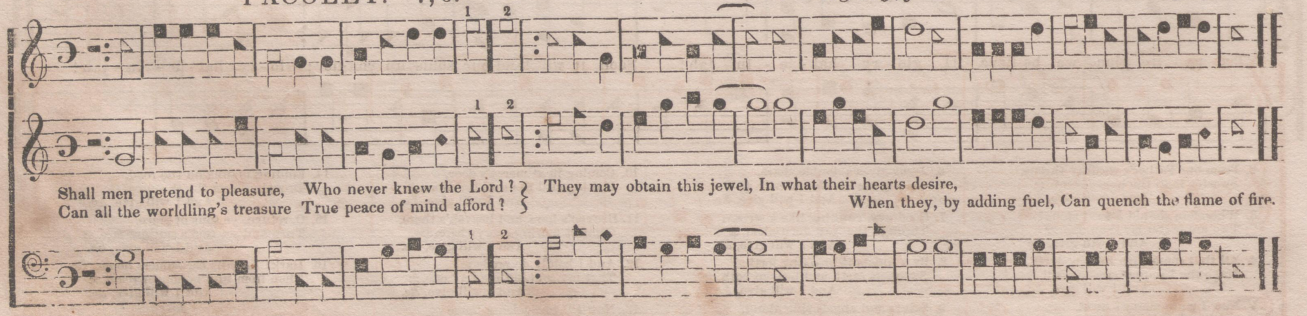
16. Hark! he calls backsliders home,
Then from him no longer roam. :‖:
And I will give, &c.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG L. M.



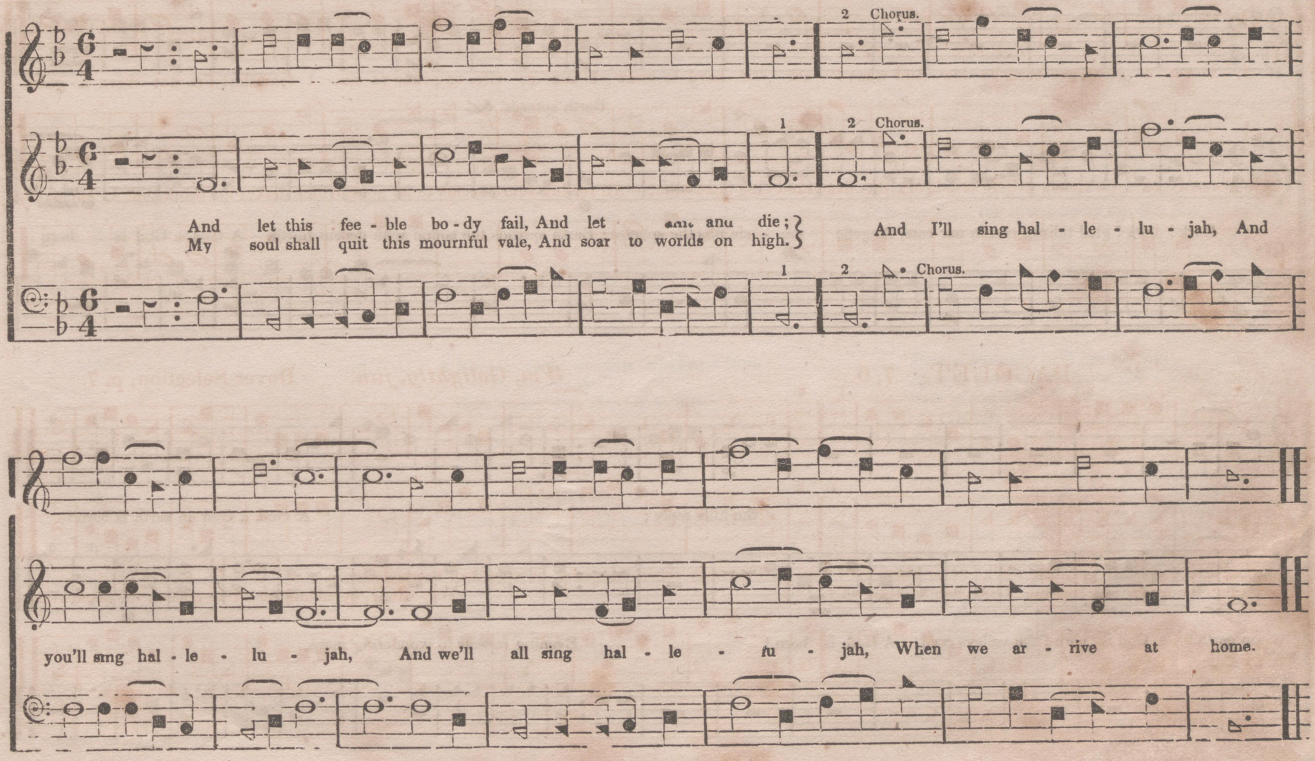
PACOLET. 7, 6.

Wm. Golightly, jun. Dover Selection, p. 7.



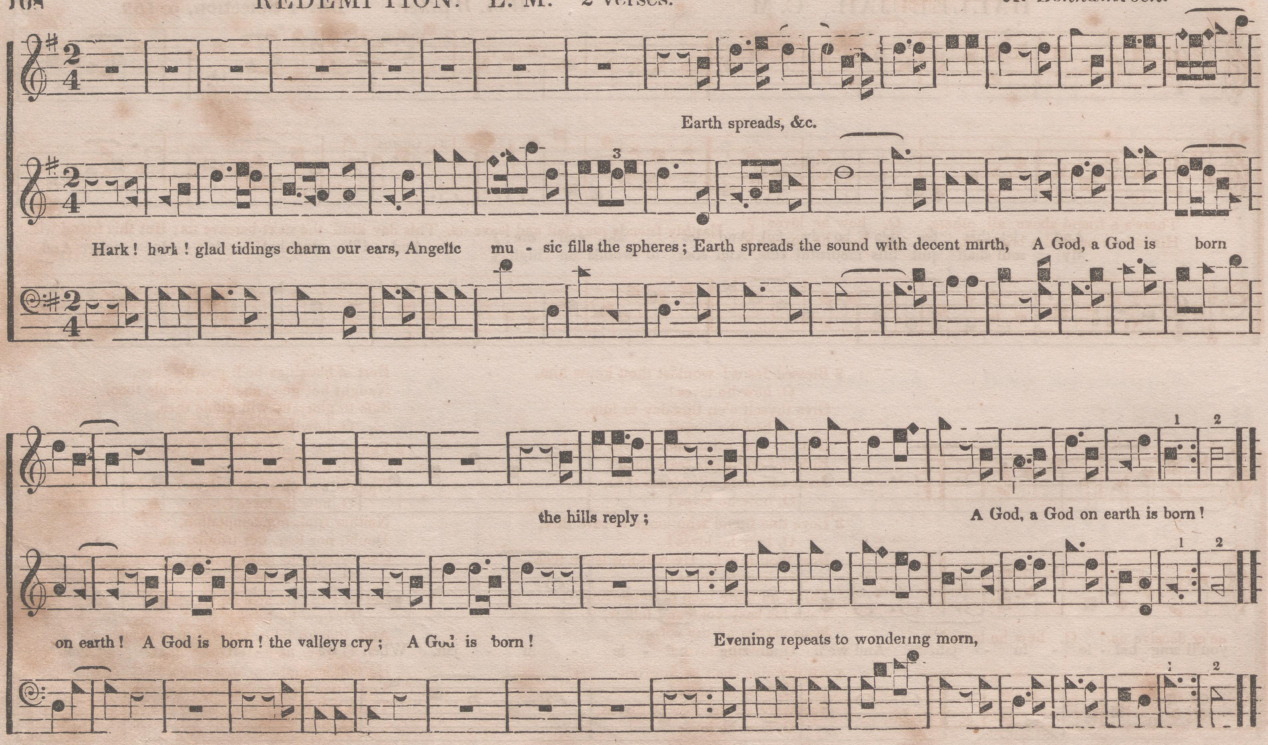
HALLELUJAH. C. M

Wm. Walker. Dover Selection, p. 169.

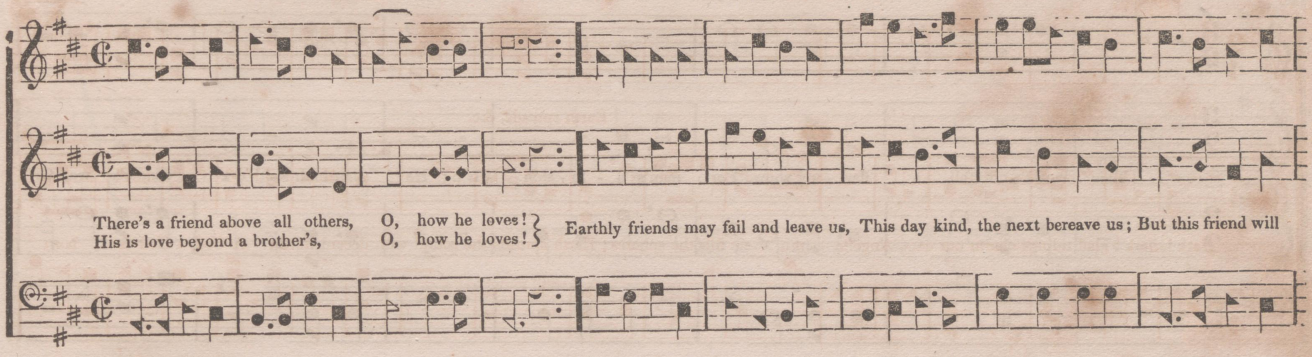


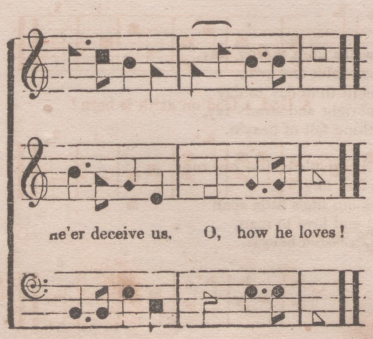
REDEMPTION. L. M. 2 verses.

A. Benham. sen.



WELCH. 8. 4.





2 Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him,
O, how he loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
O, how he loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O, how he loves!

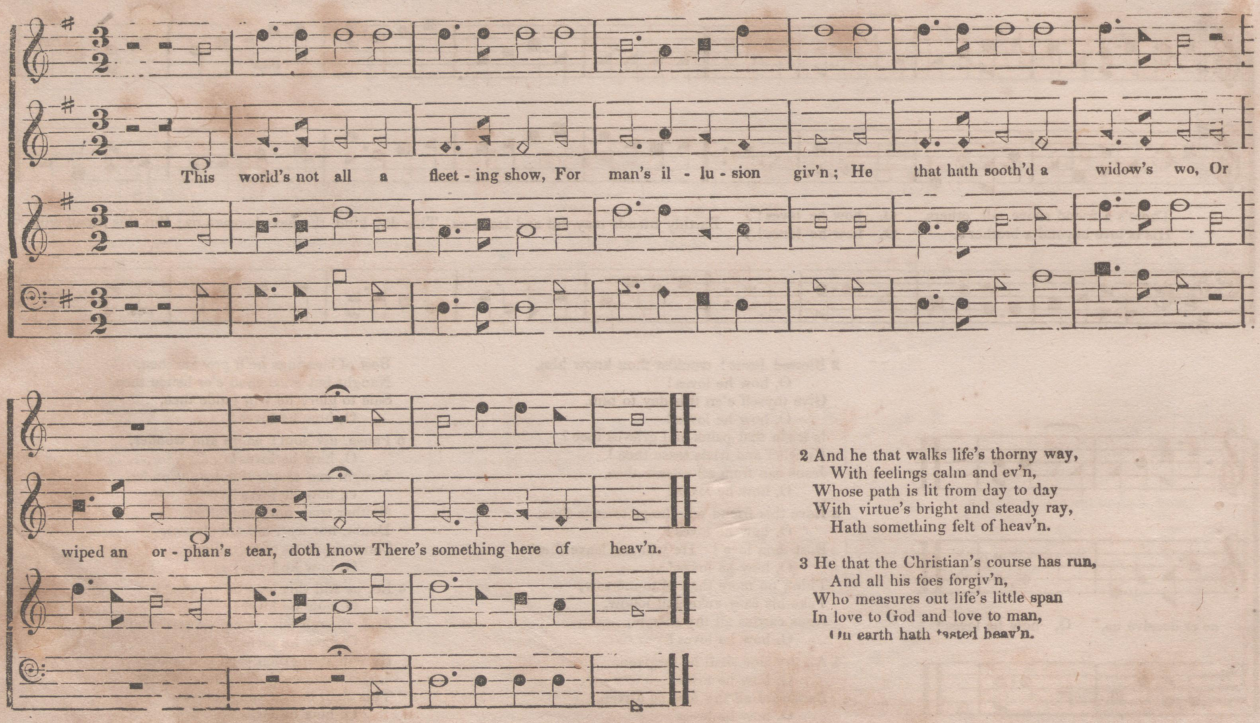
3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,
O, how he loves!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee
O, how he loves!
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
O, how he loves.
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O, how he loves!

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
O, how he loves!
Naught can cleave this love asunder,
O, how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation;
O, how he loves!

6 Let us still this love be viewing:
O, how he loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing
O, how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavour,
And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river
This shall be our song for ever
O, how he loves!

WOODLAND. C. M. or 8, 6, 8, 8, 6



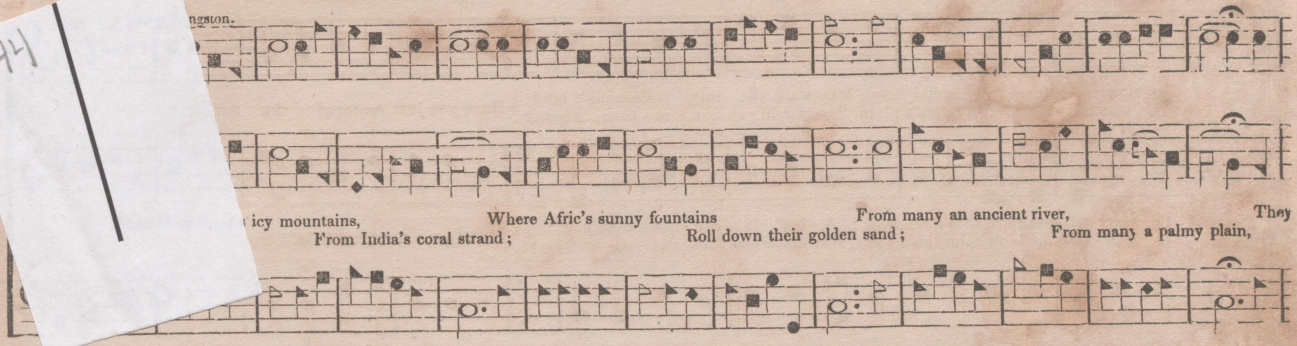
2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and ev'n,
Whose path is lit from day to day
With virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heav'n.

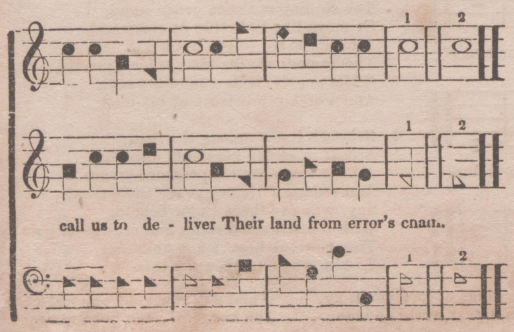
3 He that the Christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiv'n,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted heav'n.

144

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6

Baptist Harmony, p. 338. 311





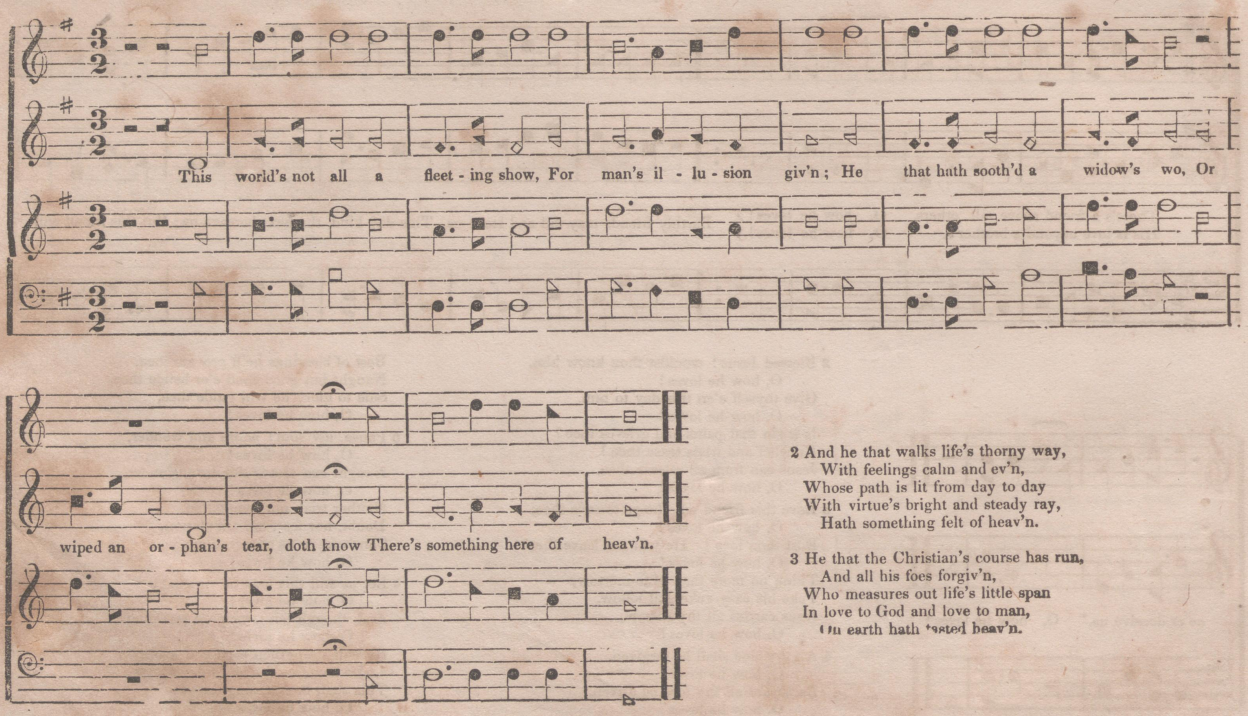
2 What though the spicy breeze
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation!—O salvation.
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

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

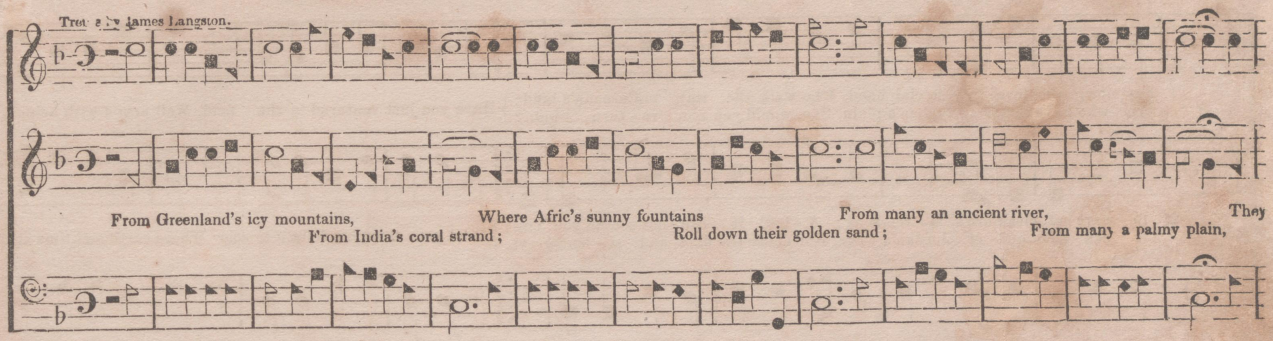
WOODLAND. C. M. or 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

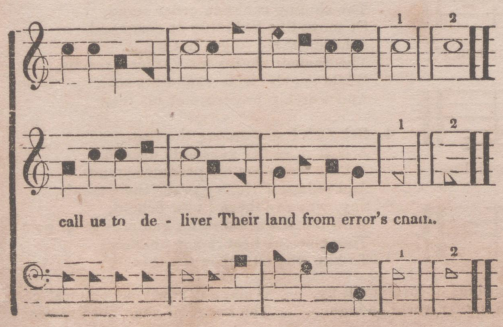


2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and ev'n,
Whose path is lit from day to day
With virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heav'n.

3 He that the Christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiv'n,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted heav'n.

Tune by James Langston.



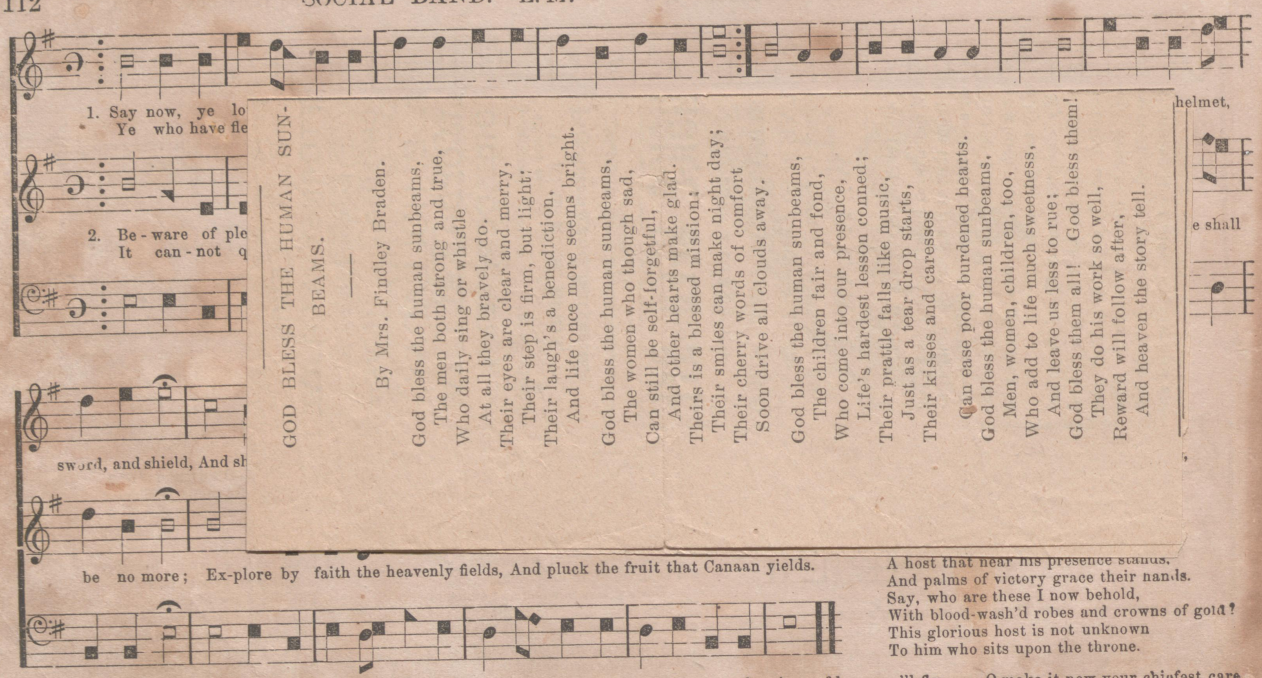


2 What though the spicy breeze
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation!—O salvation.
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

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



1. Say now, ye lo
Ye who have fle
helmet,
2. Be-ware of ple
It can-not q
e shall
sword, and shield, And sh
be no more; Ex-plore by faith the heavenly fields, And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.

GOD BLESS THE HUMAN SUNBEAMS.

By Mrs. Findley Braden.

God bless the human sunbeams,
The men both strong and true,
Who daily sing or whistle
At all they bravely do.
Their eyes are clear and merry,
Their step is firm, but light;
Their laugh's a benediction.
And life once more seems bright.

God bless the human sunbeams,
The women who though sad,
Can still be self-forgetful,
And other hearts make glad.
Theirs is a blessed mission;
Their smiles can make night day;
Their cherry words of comfort
Soon drive all clouds away.

God bless the human sunbeams,
The children fair and fond,
Who come into our presence,
Life's hardest lesson conned;
Their prattle falls like music,
Just as a tear drop starts,
Their kisses and caresses
Can ease poor burdened hearts.

God bless the human sunbeams,
Men, women, children, too,
Who add to life much sweetness,
And leave us less to rue;
God bless them all! God bless them!
They do his work so well,
Reward will follow after,
And heaven the story tell.

A host that near his presence stands,
And palms of victory grace their hands.
Say, who are these I now behold,
With blood-wash'd robes and crowns of gold?
This glorious host is not unknown
To him who sits upon the throne.

5. These are the followers of the Lamb;
From tribulation great they came;
And on the hill of sweet repose
They bid adieu to all their woes
Soon on the wings of love you'll fly,
To join them in that world on high;—
O make it now your chiefest care
The image of your Lord to bear

113

PARTING HAND. L. M.

Wm. Walker

The Christian Railroad.

1 The road to Heaven by Crist was made,
Of gospel truths the rails are laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal where it ends.

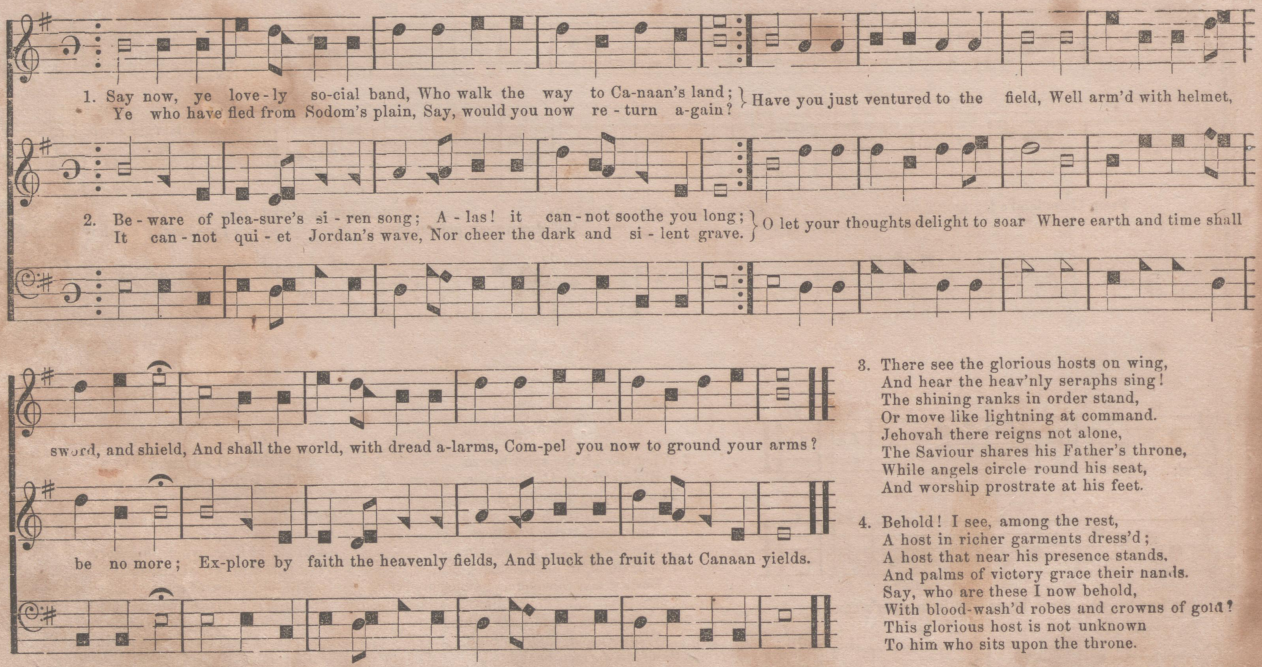
Cho.

We're travling home — We're travling home
We're travling home to heaven above
We're travling home to heaven above
To sing a Saviour's dying love.

2 The Bible is the Engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear
Through tunnels dark & dreary here,
It doth the way to glory steer

opriate location)
149

SOCIAL BAND. L. M.



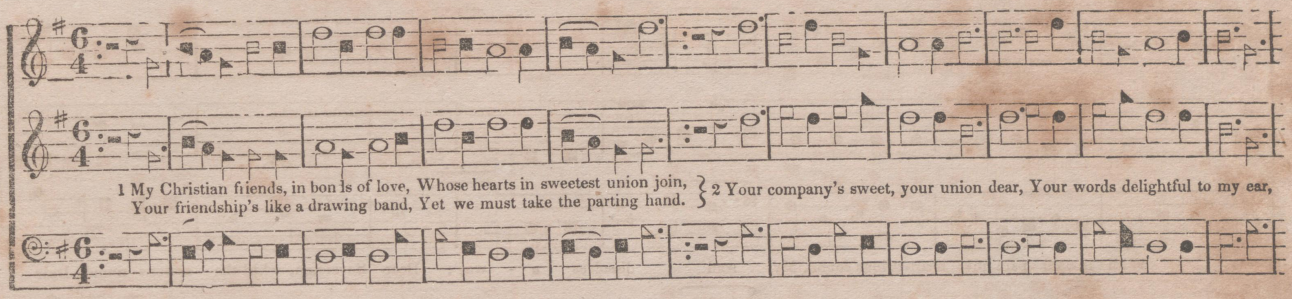
3. There see the glorious hosts on wing,
And hear the heav'nly seraphs sing!
The shining ranks in order stand,
Or move like lightning at command.
Jehovah there reigns not alone,
The Saviour shares his Father's throne,
While angels circle round his seat,
And worship prostrate at his feet.

4. Behold! I see, among the rest,
A host in richer garments dress'd;
A host that near his presence stands,
And palms of victory grace their hands.
Say, who are these I now behold,
With blood-wash'd robes and crowns of gold?
This glorious host is not unknown
To him who sits upon the throne.

5. These are the followers of the Lamb;
From tribulation great they came;
And on the hill of sweet repose
They bid adieu to all their woes
Soon on the wings of love you'll fly,
To join them in that world on high;—
O make it now your chiefest care
The image of your Lord to bear

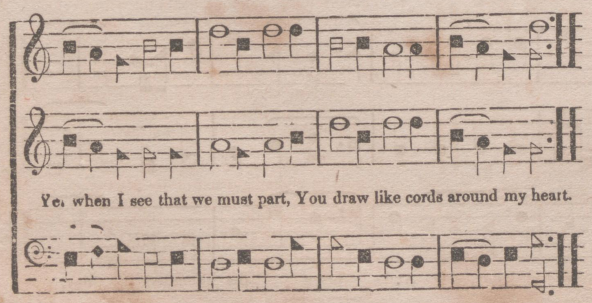
PARTING HAND L. M.

Wm. Walker. Baptist Harm p. 447



1 My Christian friends, in bon ls of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union join,
Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your company's sweet, your union dear, Your words delightful to my ear,



Ye. when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How leath we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand,

5 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we ll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace—in Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

9 And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

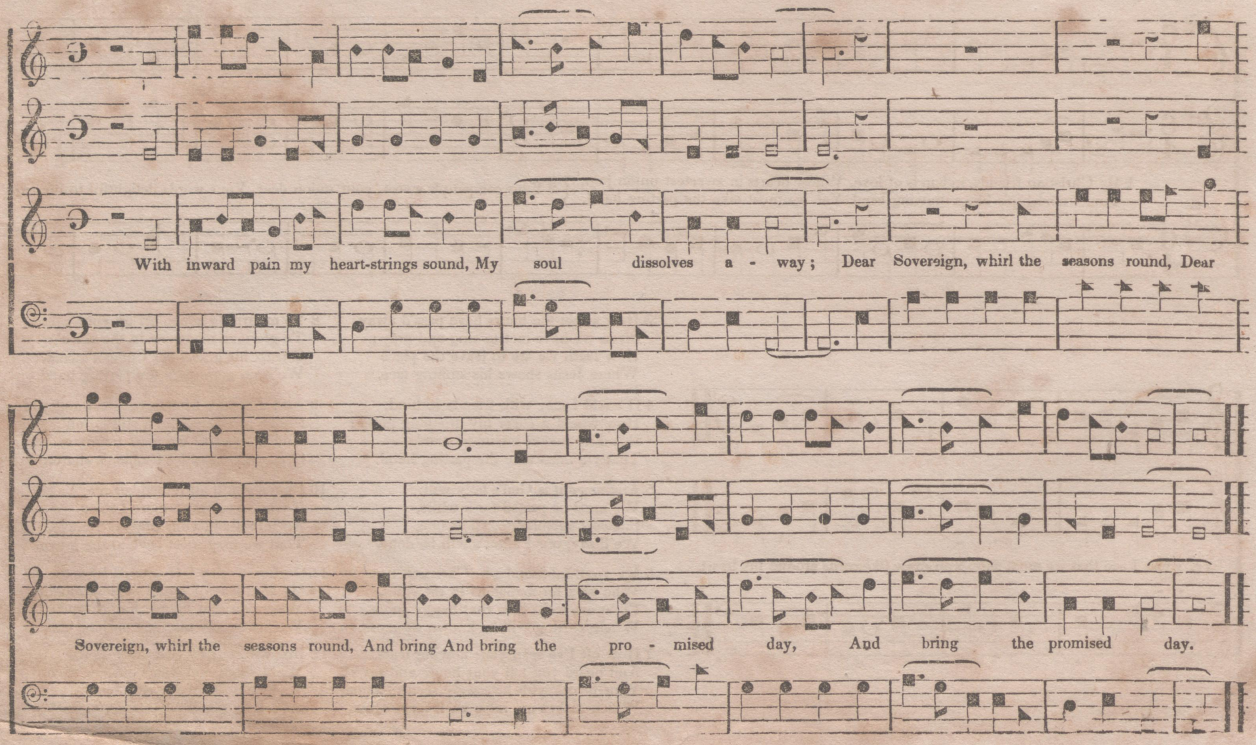
10 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

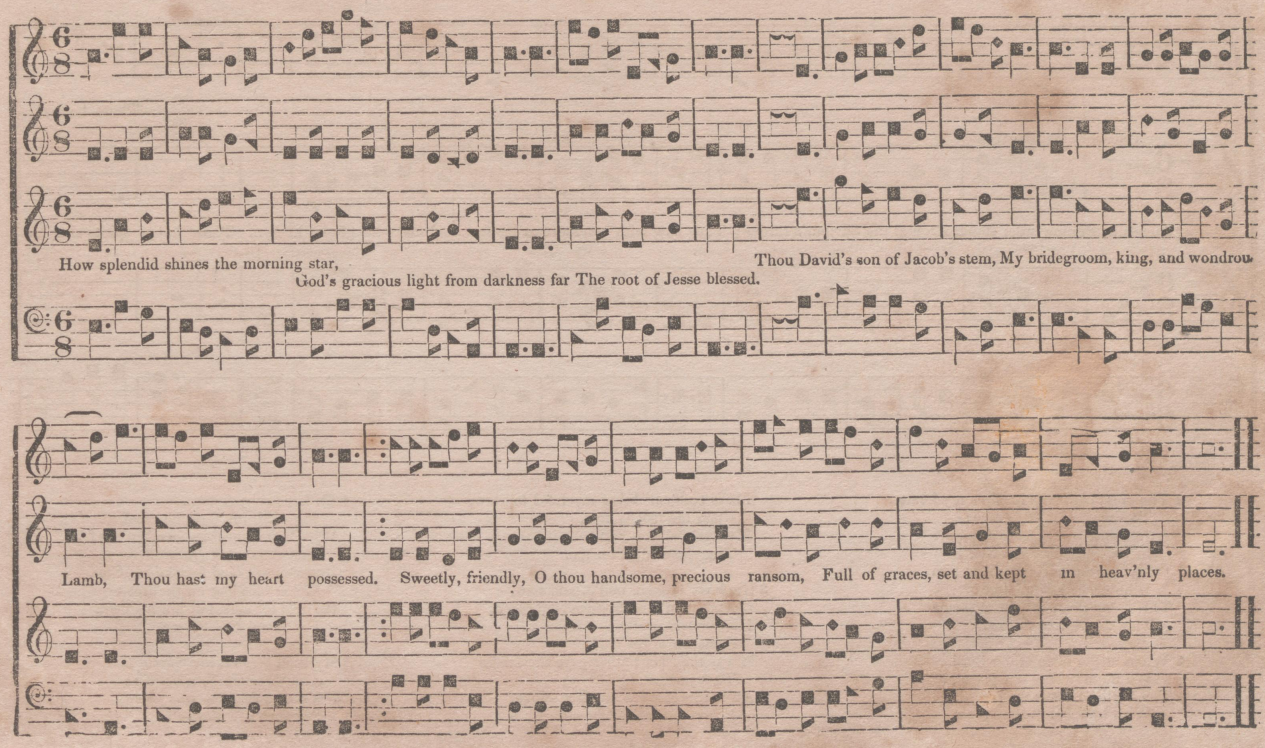
11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When, on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

12 But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell
So, loving Christians, fare you well.

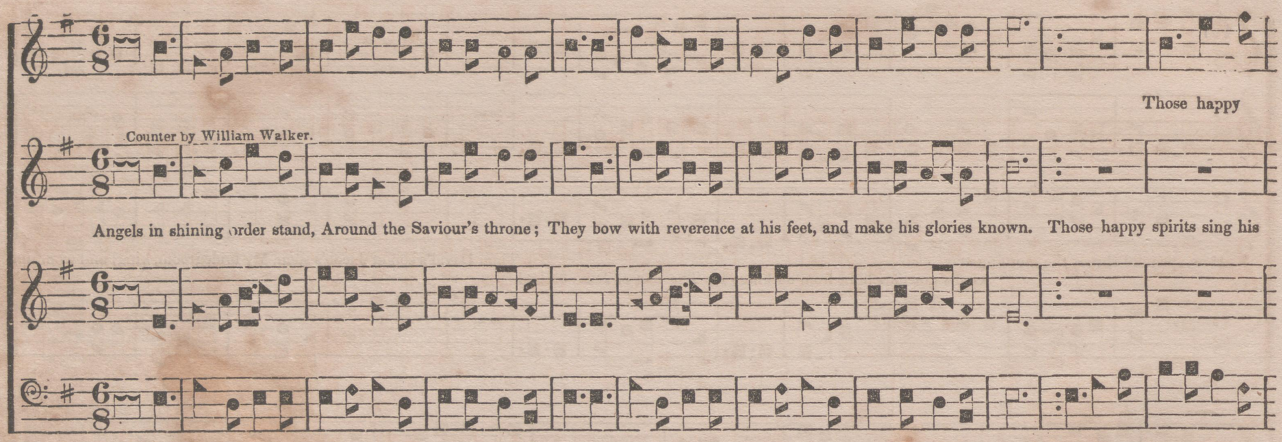
WESLEY. C. M

More.




How splendid shines the morning star,
God's gracious light from darkness far
Thou David's son of Jacob's stem, My bridegroom, king, and wondrou
The root of Jesse blessed.
Lamb, Thou hast my heart possessed. Sweetly, friendly, O thou handsome, precious ransom, Full of graces, set and kept in heav'nly places.

ALABAMA. C M



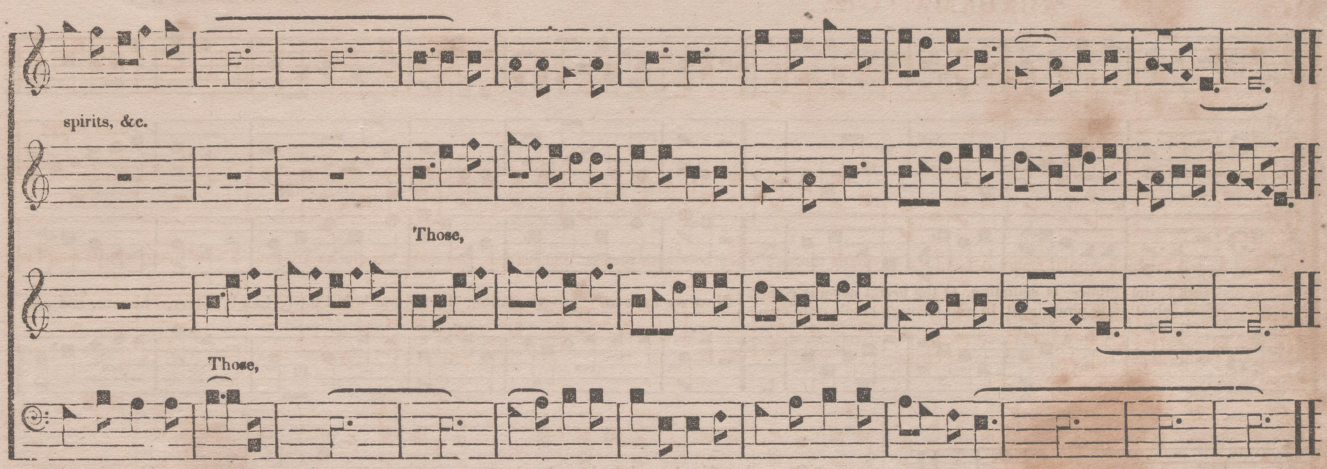
1 The cross of Christ inspires my heart
To sing redeeming grace;
Awake, my soul, and bear a part
In my Redeemer's praise.
O! what can be compar'd to him
Who died upon the tree!
This is my dear, delightful theme
That Jesus died for me.

2 When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place,
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness
These emblems bring my Lord to view,
Upon the bloody tree,
My soul believes and feels it's true,
That Jesus died for me.

3 His body broken, nail'd, and torn,
And stain'd with streams of blood,
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of his God.
'Twas then his Father gave the stroke
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful stroke,
When Jesus died for me.

4 Eli lama sabachthani,
My God, my God, he cried,
Why hast thou thus forsaken me!
And thus my Saviour died.
But why did God forsake his Son,
When bleeding on the tree?
He died for sins, but not his own,
For Jesus died for me

5 My guilt was on my Surety laid
And therefore he must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I



Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.

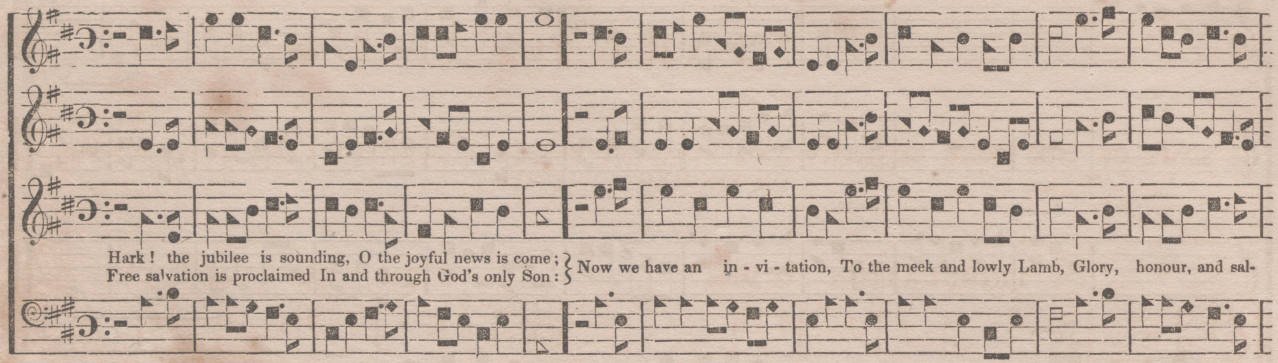
6 He took his meritorious blood,
And rose above the skies,
And in the presence of his God,
Presents his sacrifice.
His intercession must prevail
With such a glorious plea
My cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus died for me

7 Angels in shining order sit
Around my Saviour's throne;
They bow with reverence at his feet
And make his glories known.
Those happy spirits sing his praise
To all eternity;
But I can sing redeeming grace
For Jesus died for me.

8 O! had I but an angel's voice
To bear my heart along,
My flowing numbers soon would raise
To an immortal song.
I'd charm their harps and golden lyres
In sweetest harmony,
And tell to all the heavenly choirs
That Jesus died for me.

JUBILEE. P. M.

Unknown.



2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again.
Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray;
Golden moments we've neglected,
Yet the Lord invites again!
Glory, honour, &c

4 Come, let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted king,
Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore,
May his great love now constrain us,
His great name for to adore·
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain!
Glory, honour, &c.

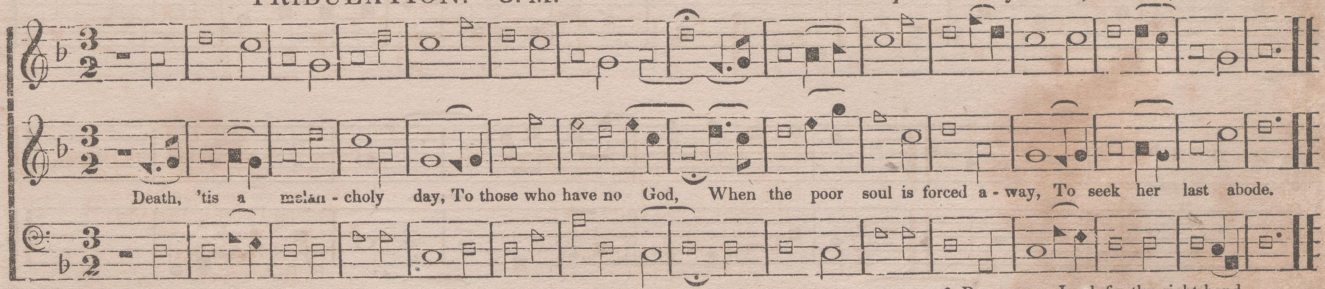
PART II.

CONTAINING

SOME OF THE MORE LENGTHY AND ELEGANT PIECES, COMMONLY USED AT CONCERTS, OR SINGING SOCIETIES.

TRIBULATION. C. M.

Chapin. Hymn 55, Book 2, Watts.



2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

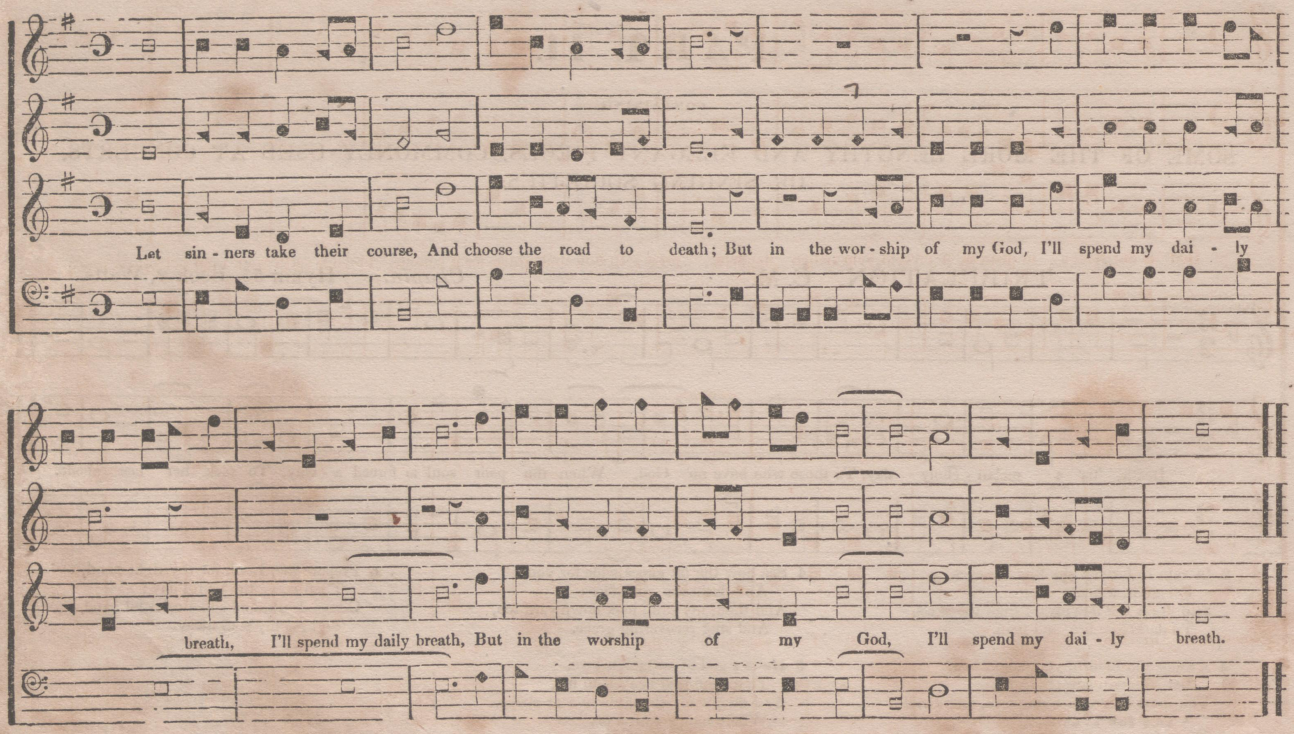
4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a god of sovereign love,
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

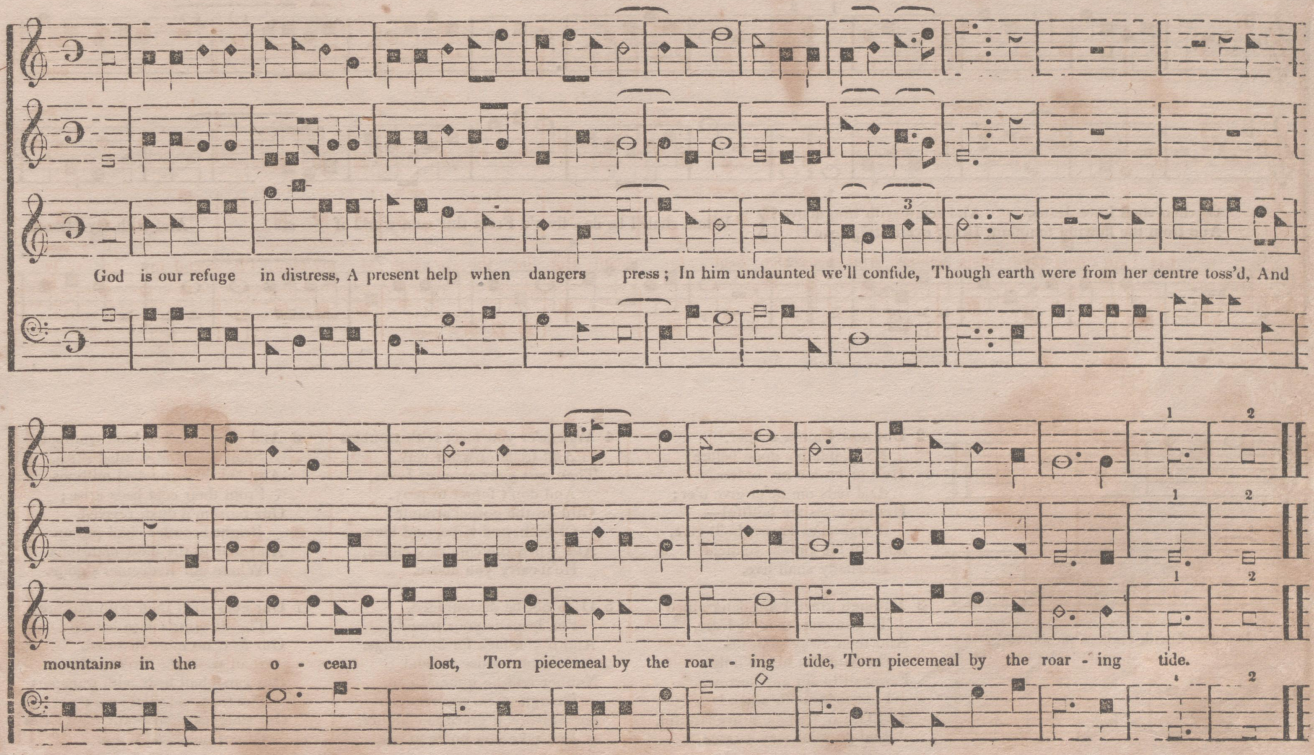
6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

FLORIDA S. M.

Wilmore.

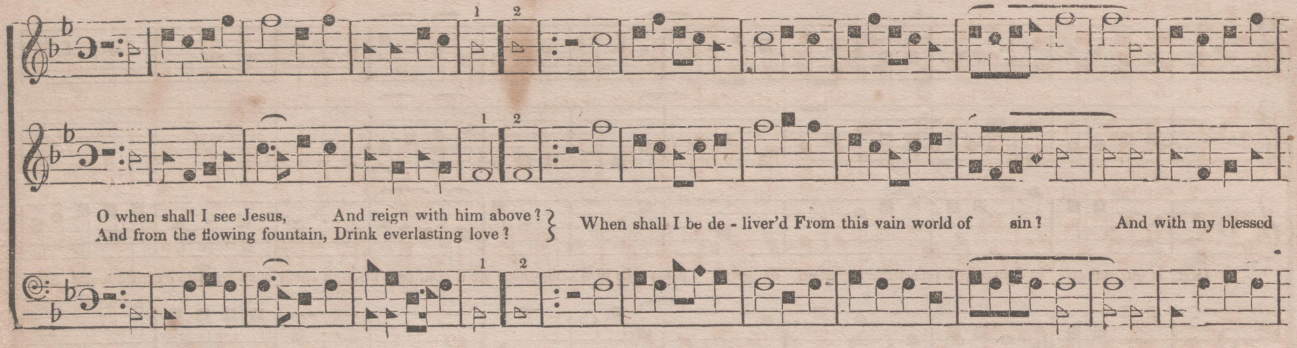


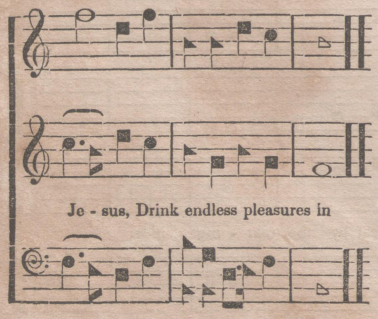
GREENFIELD. L. P. M.



FAITHFUL SOLDIER. 7, 6

Wm. Walker. Dover Selection, p. 129





2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

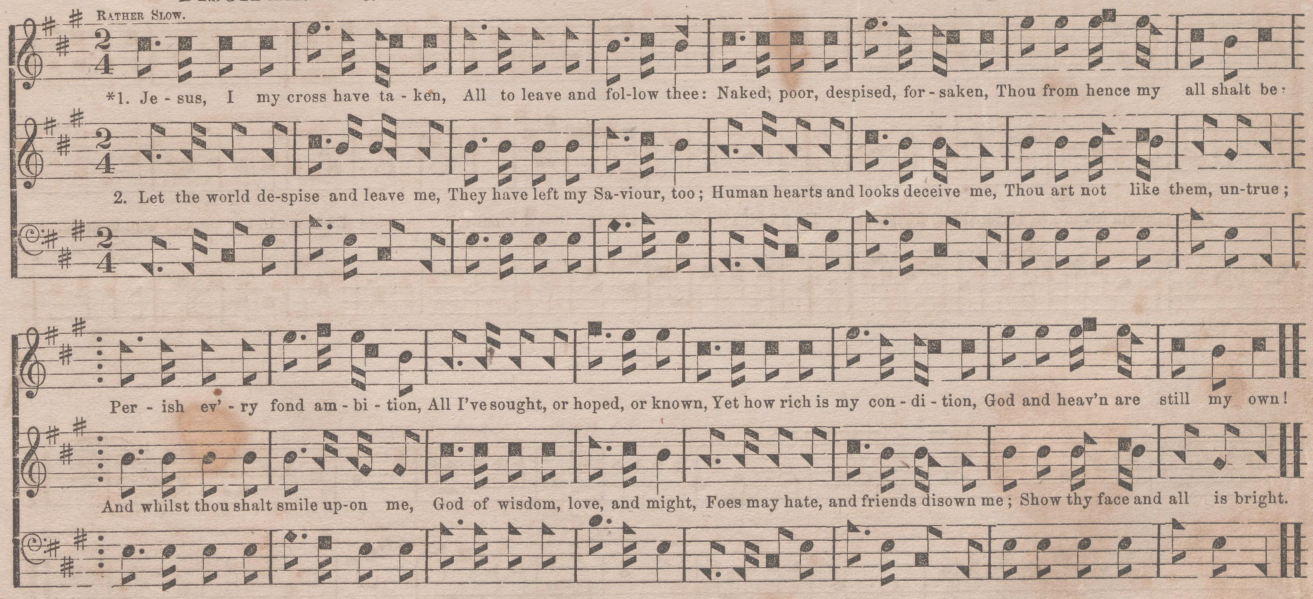
3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

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

6 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid th' entombed millions
From their cold beds arise;
Our ransom'd dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer's gone.

7 Our eyes shall then with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glories
Of our immortal King.



3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

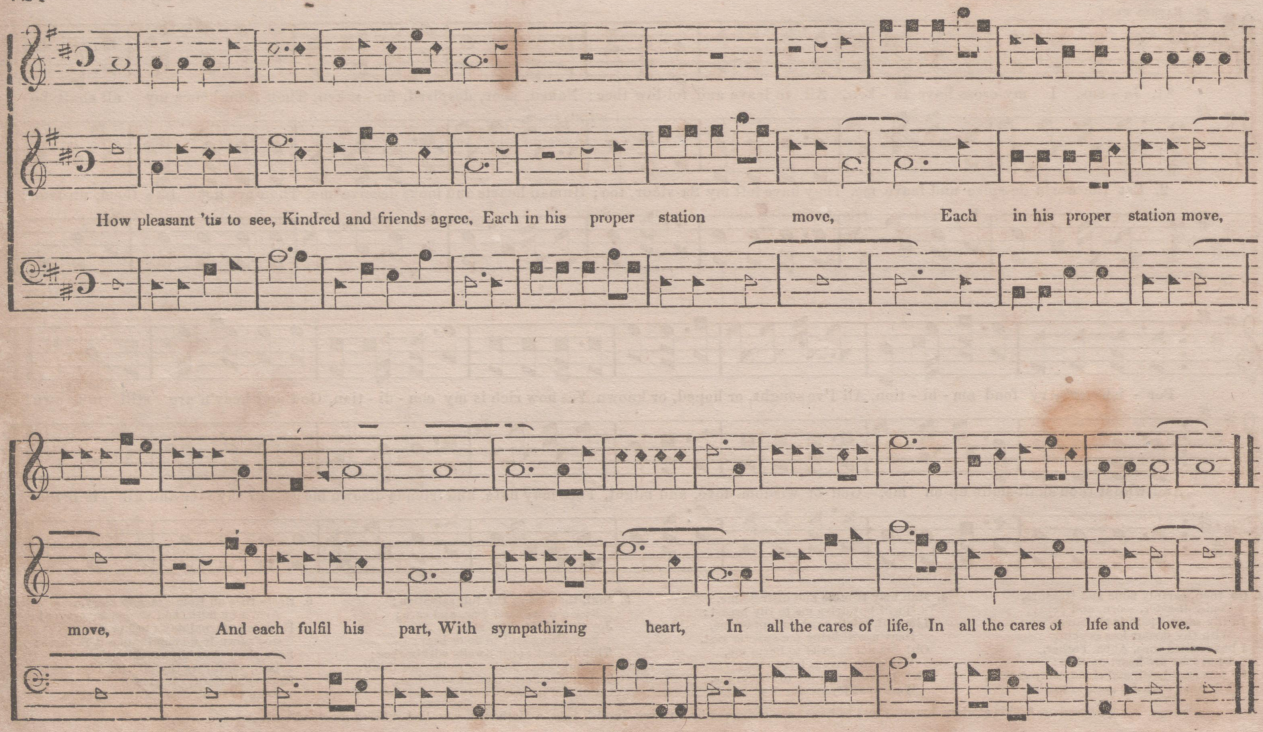
4. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

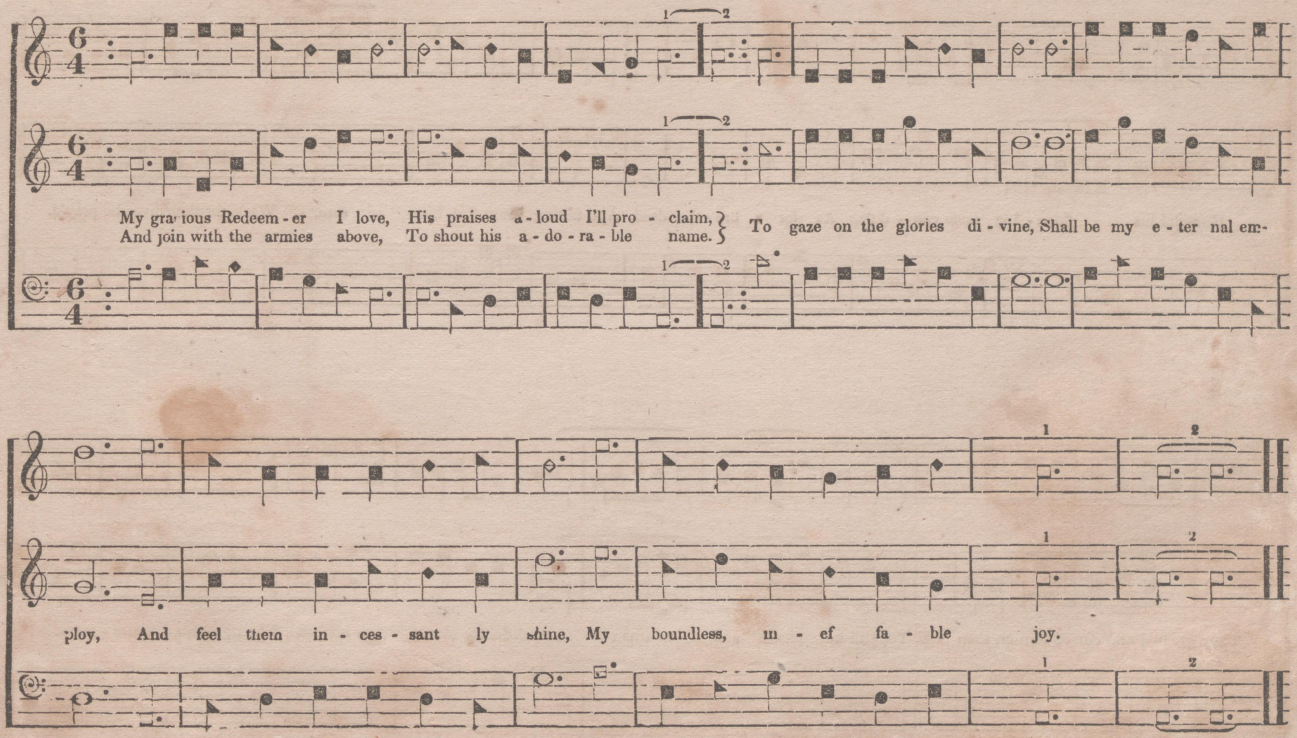
5. Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in ev'ry station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee.
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

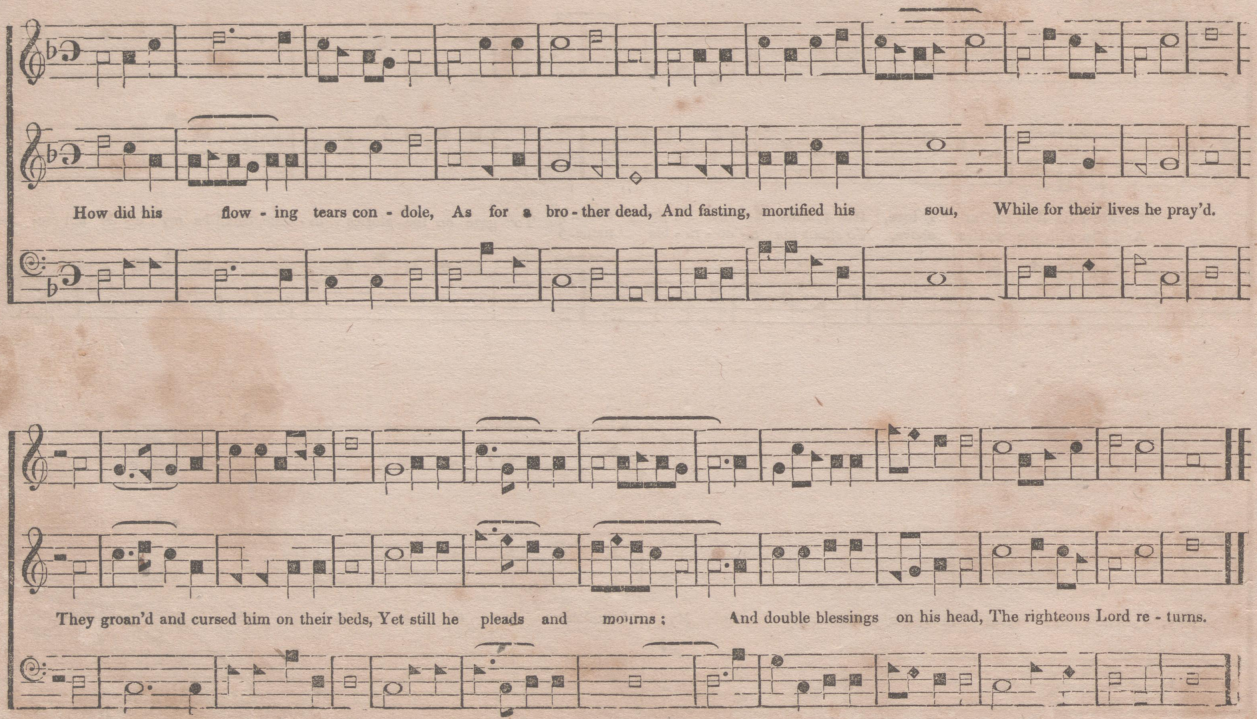
* This glorious hymn is said to have been composed by a young English lady, a Methodist, who had suffered much affliction.

SHARON P. M.


How pleasant 'tis to see, Kindred and friends agree, Each in his proper station move, Each in his proper station move,
move, And each fulfil his part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.

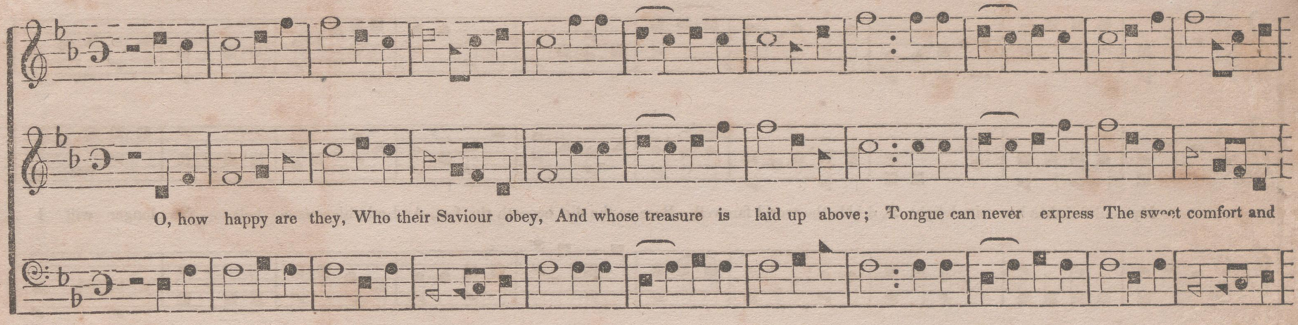

My gra ious Redeem - er I love, His praises a - loud I'll pro - claim,
And join with the armies above, To shout his a - do - ra - ble name.
To gaze on the glories di - vine, Shall be my e - ter nal em-
ploy, And feel them in - ces - sant ly shine, My boundless, in - ef fa - ble joy.

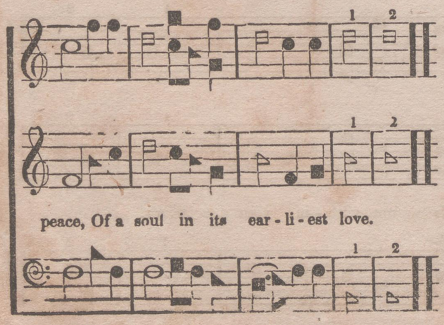
SARDINA C. M


How did his flow - ing tears con - dole, As for a bro - ther dead, And fasting, mortified his soul, While for their lives he pray'd.
They groan'd and cursed him on their beds, Yet still he pleads and mourns; And double blessings on his head, The righteous Lord re - turns.

TRUE HAPPINESS. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9

Wm. Walker. Dover Sel. p 39.





2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine.
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
O! what joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus's name.

3 'Twas a heaven below,
The Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O! that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin and temptation, and pain.
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was put under my feet.

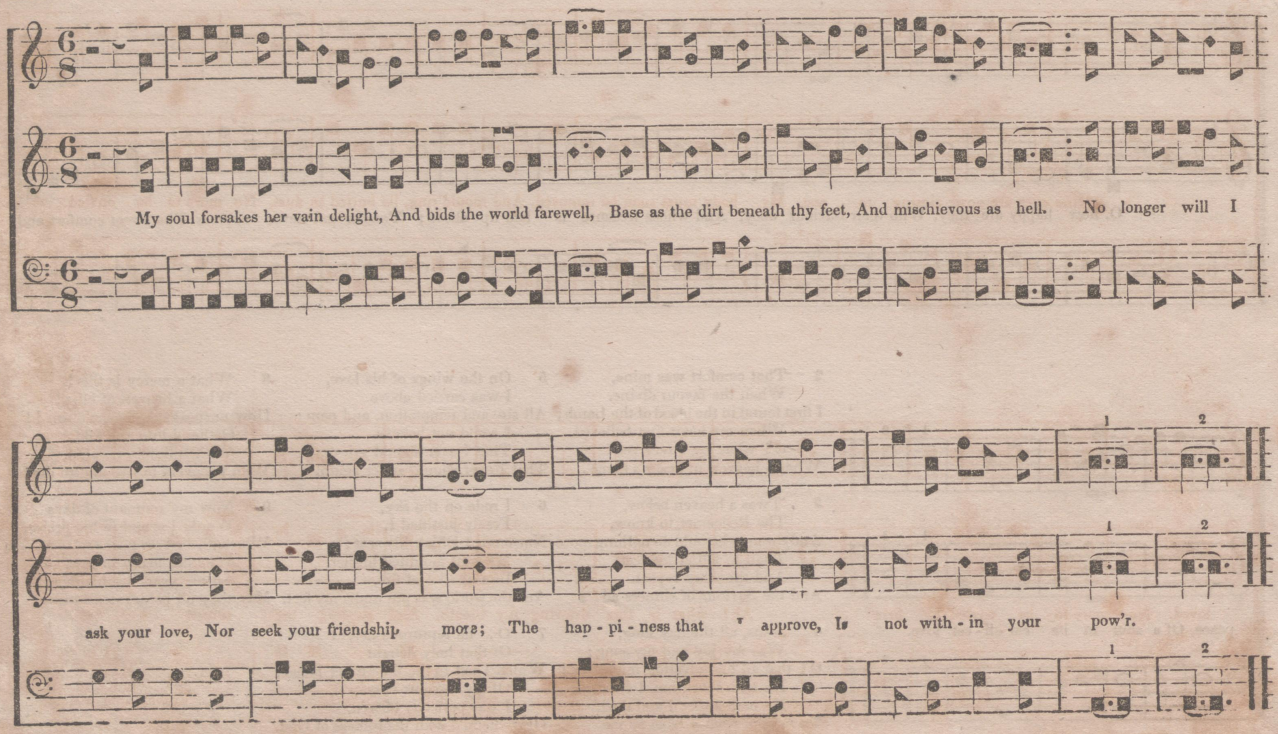
7 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
Overwhelm'd with the fulness of God.

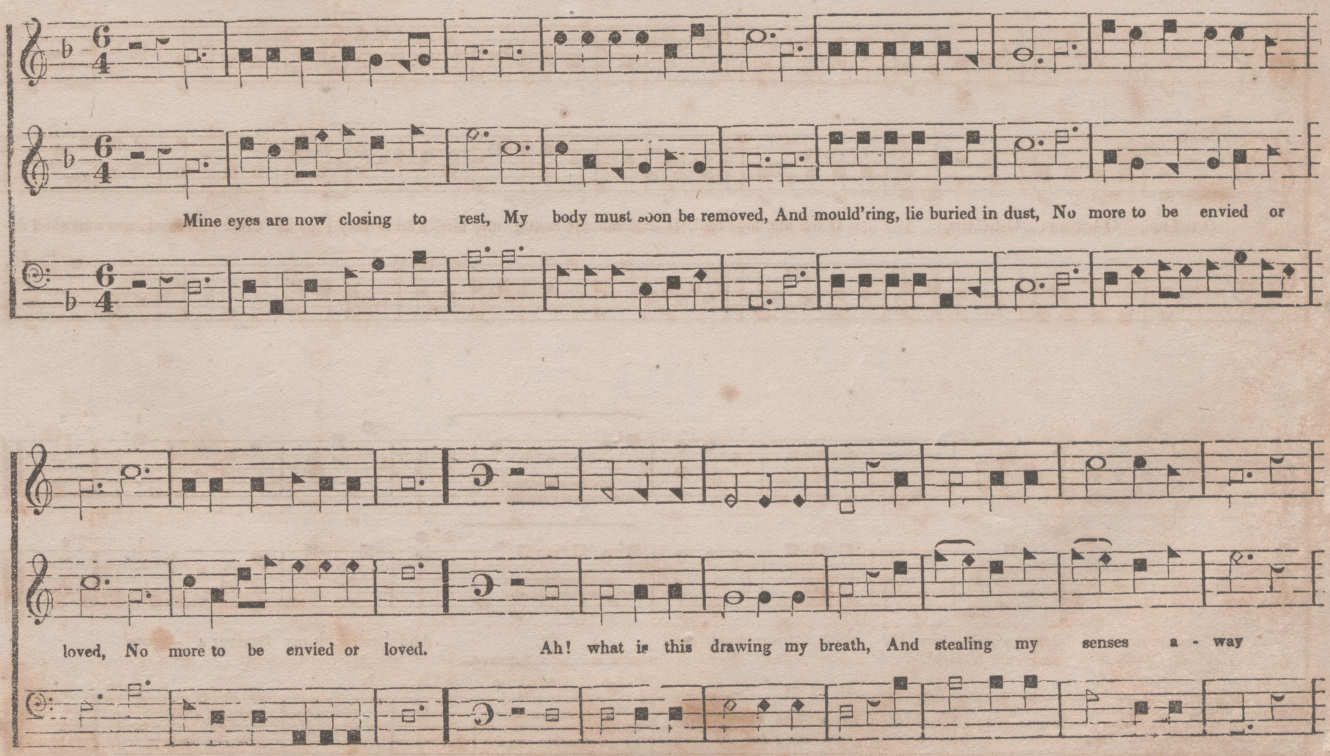
8 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favour'd am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!

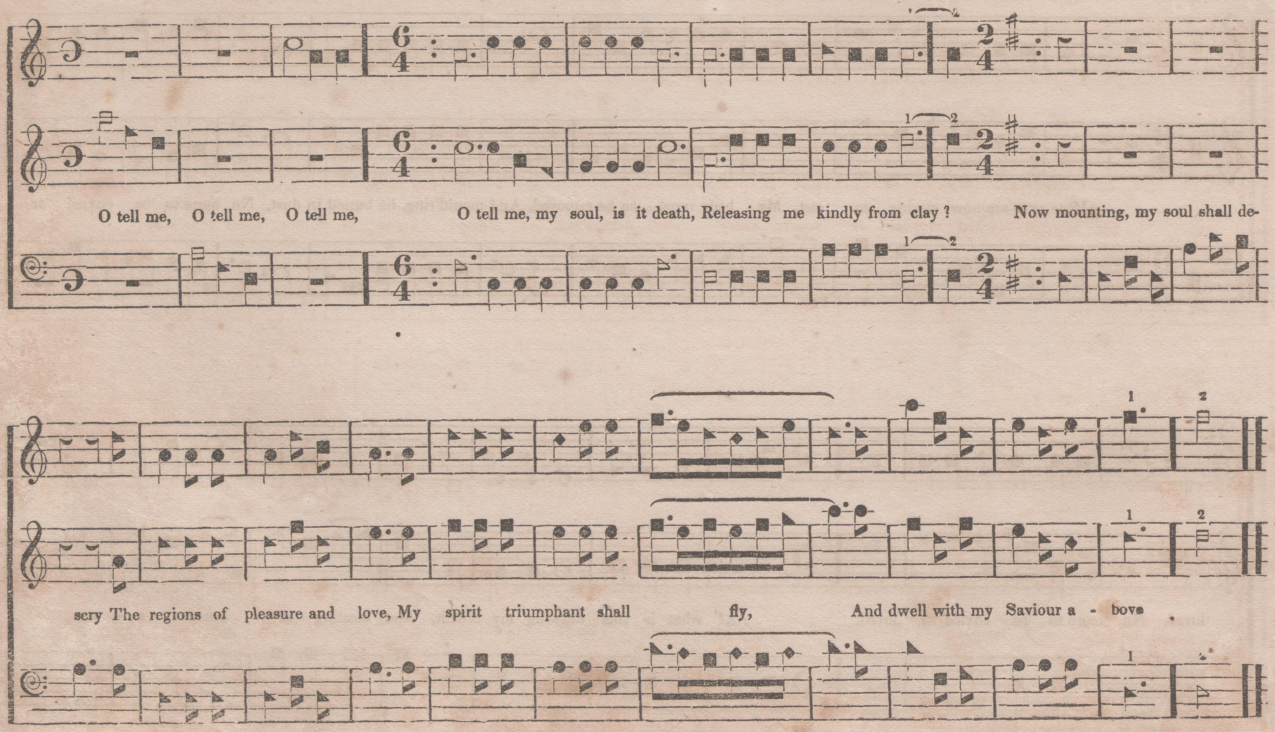
9 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem.
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;
May they all be devoted to him.

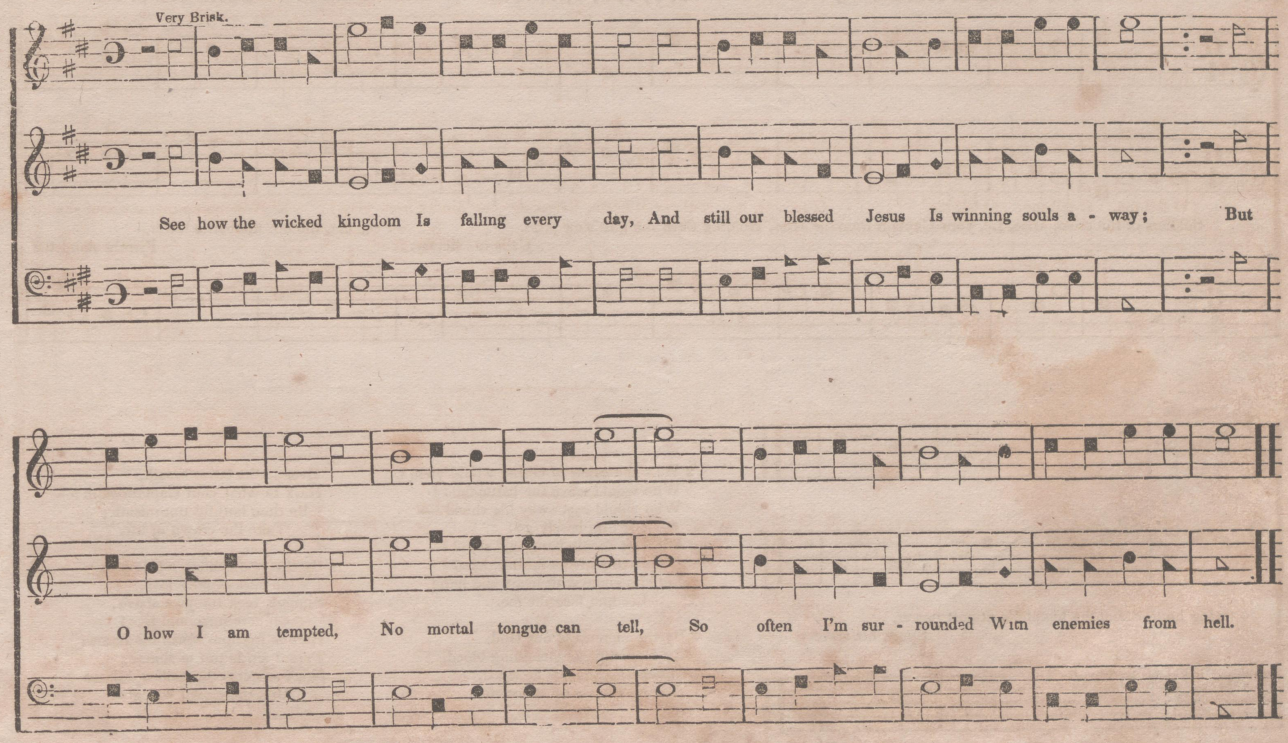
LEANDER. C. M.

Austin.

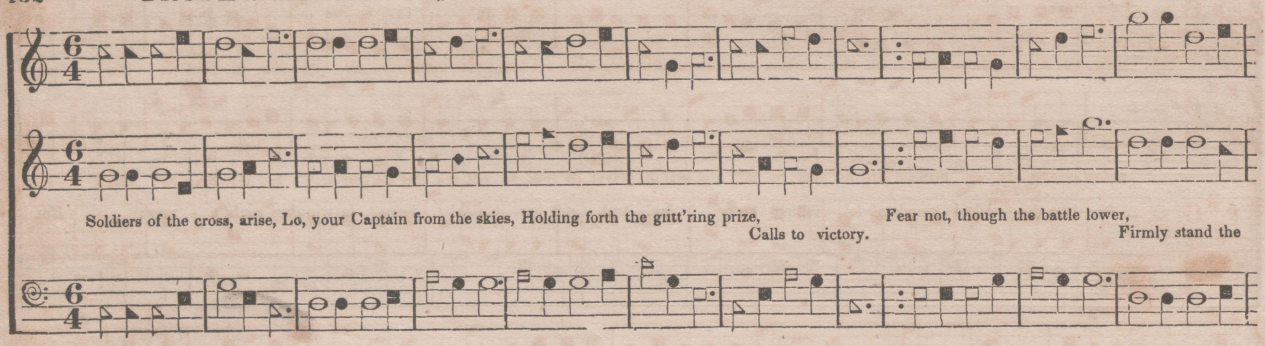


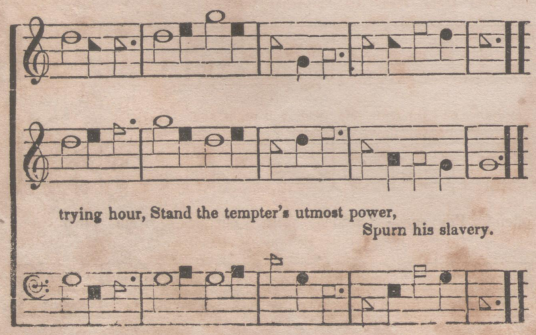

Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My body must soon be removed, And mould'ring, lie buried in dust, No more to be envied or
loved, No more to be envied or loved. Ah! what is this drawing my breath, And stealing my senses a - way


O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay? Now mounting, my soul shall de-
scry The regions of pleasure and love, My spirit triumphant shall fly, And dwell with my Saviour a - bove


Very Brisk.
See how the wicked kingdom Is falling every day, And still our blessed Jesus Is winning souls a - way; But
O how I am tempted, No mortal tongue can tell, So often I'm sur - rounded Wim enemies from hell.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS *Spiritualized.* 7, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5. *Wm. Walker.* Dover Sel. p. 152





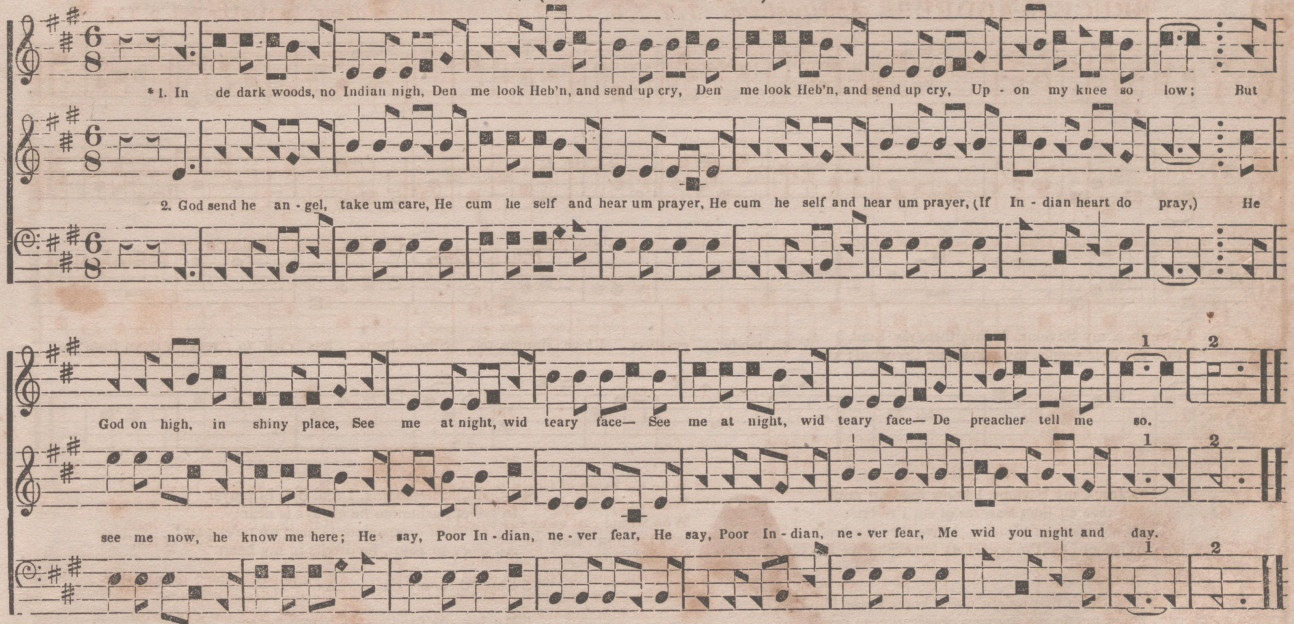
2 Who the cause of Christ would yield!
Who would leave the battle-field!
Who would cast away his shield?—
Let him basely go:
Who for Zion's King will stand?
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

3 By the mercies of our God,
By Emmanuel's streaming blood,
When alone for us he stood,
Ne'er give up the strife:
Ever to the latest breath,
Hark to what your Captain saith;—
"Be thou faithful unto death;
Take the crown of life."

4 By the woes which rebels prove,
By the bliss of holy love,
Sinners, seek the joys above,
Sinners turn, and live!
Here is freedom worth the name;
Tyrant sin is put to shame;
Grace inspires the hallow'd flame
God the crown will give.

INDIAN CONVERT, (OR NASHVILLE). 8,8,6.

Johnson



3. So me lub God, wid inside heart,
He fight for me, he take um part,
He save um life before;
God hear poor Indian in de wood;
So me lub him, and dat be good;
Me prize him evermore.

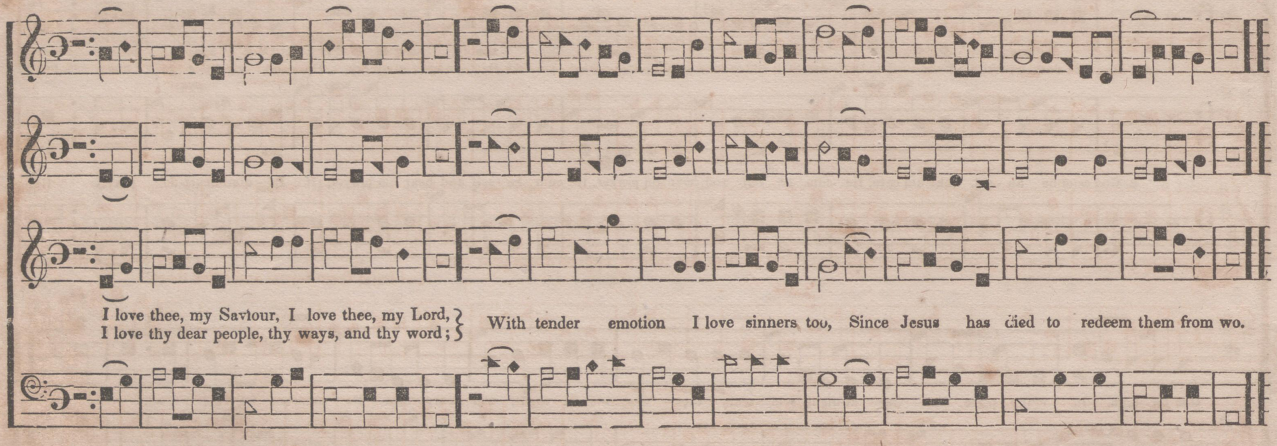
4. De joy I felt I cannot tell,
To tink dat I was saved from hell,
Through Jesus' streaming blood;
Dat I am saved by grace divine,
Who am de worst of all mankind,
O glory be to God;

5. Now I be here baptized to be,
Dat in de water you may see
De way my Jesus go;
Dis is de way I do believe
Dat Jesus here for us did leave,
To follow here below

The first three verses of this song were taken almost verbatim, by a Missionary, from an Indian's experience, while he was relating it; the last two verses were composed by DAVID WALKER the Author's brother.

IMANDRA. 11's.

A. Davison.



1 O Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find:
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me, and bid me not fear.

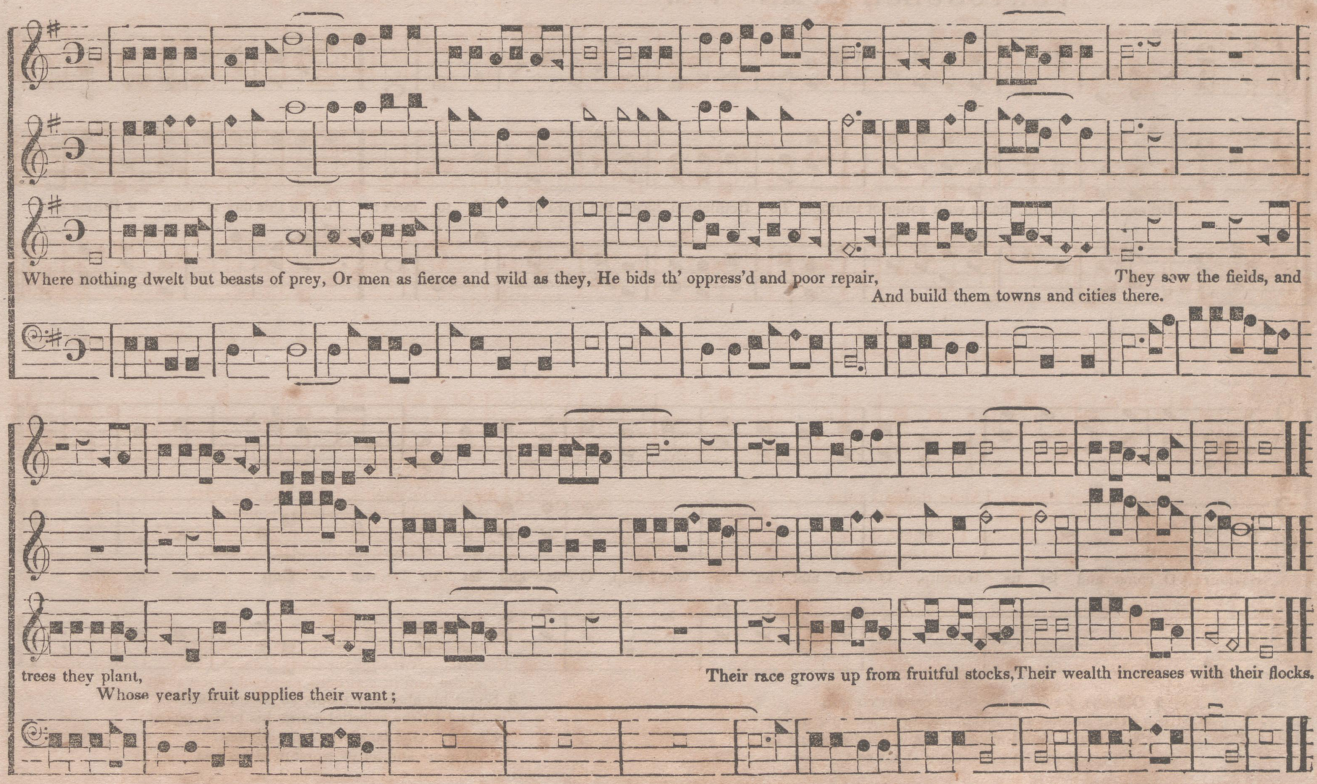
3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

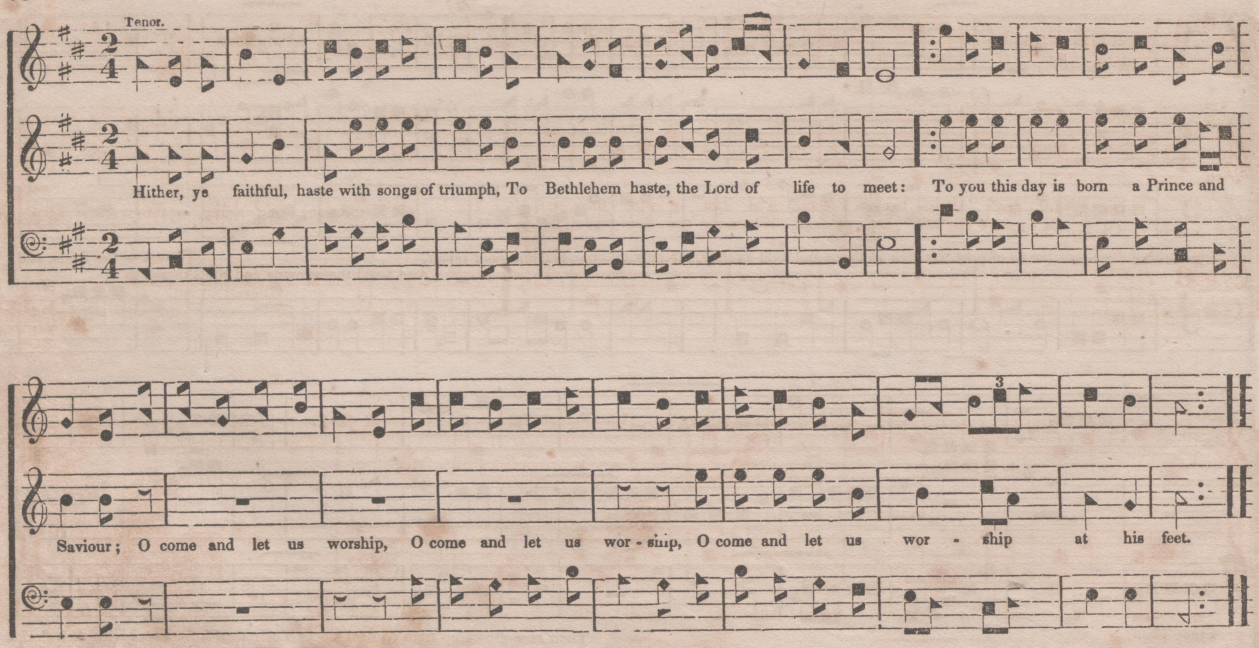
5 I love thee, my Saviour, &c.

6 My Jesus is precious—I cannot forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;
His love overwhelms me; had I wings I'd fly
To praise him in mansions prepared in the sky.

7 Then millions of ages my soul would employ
In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy
Without interruption, when all the glad throng
With pleasures unceasing unite in the song.


Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
They sow the fields, and
And build them towns and cities there.
trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks, Their wealth increases with their flocks.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M

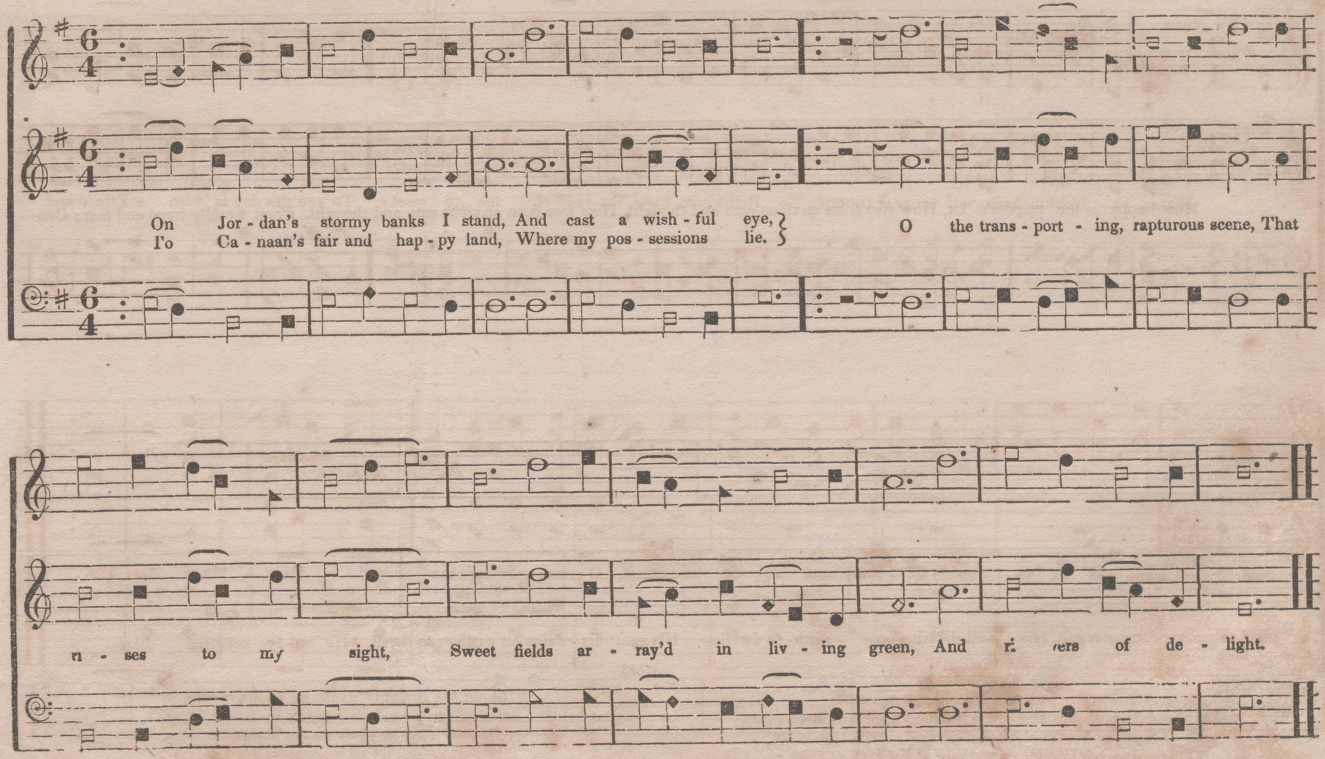


2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praises and reverence are an offering meet,
Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us
O come and let us worship at his feet.

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

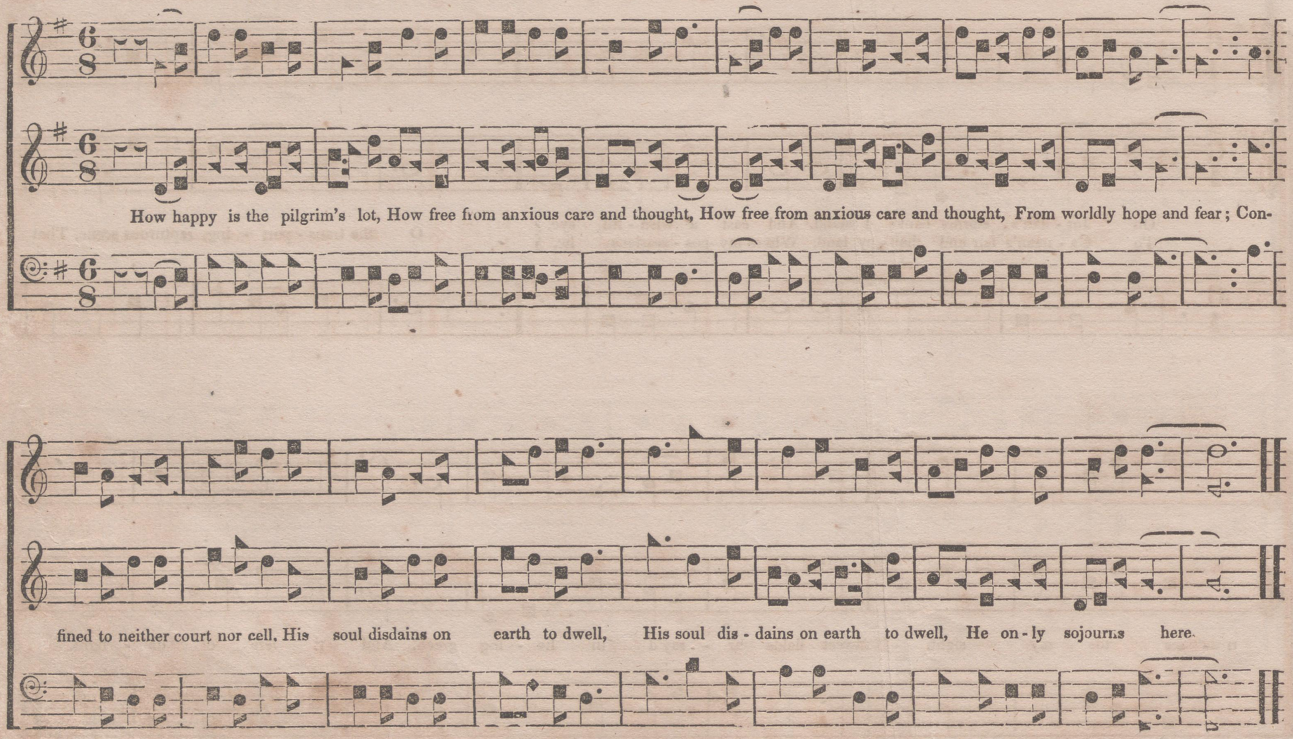
SWEET PROSPECT. C. M.

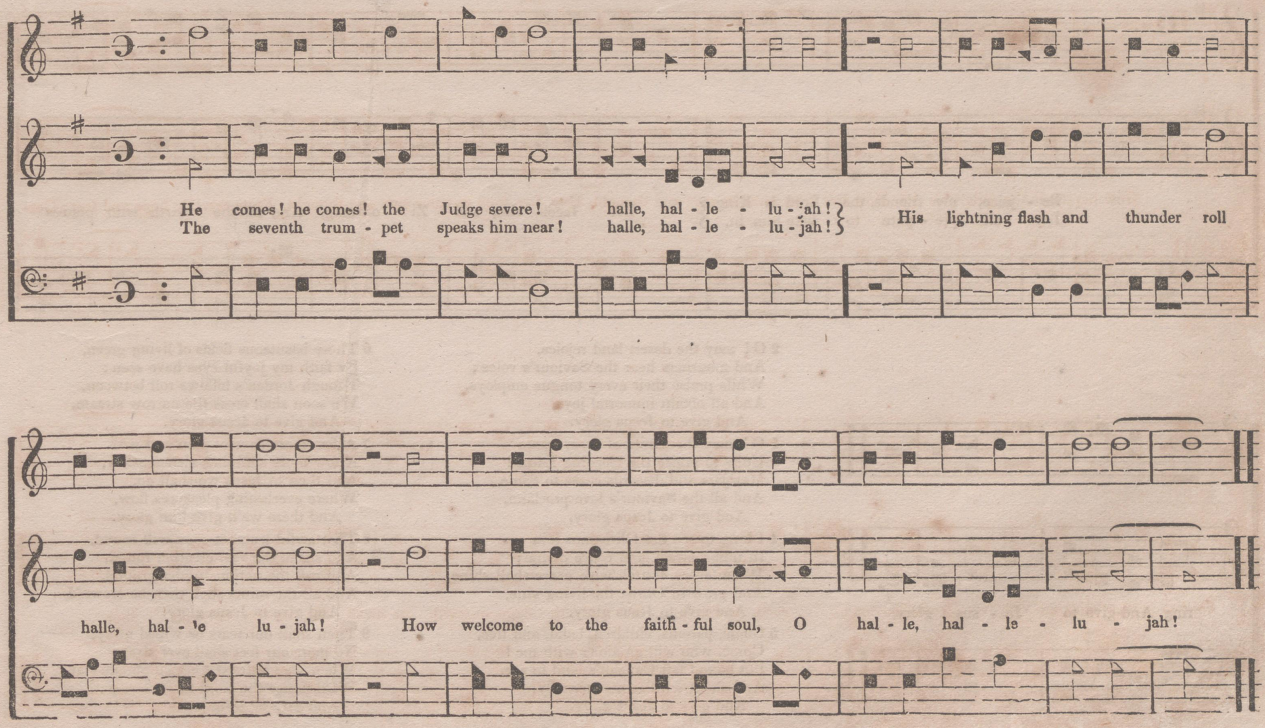
Wm. Walker Dover Sel p. 171



THE PILGRIM'S LOT. 8. 8. 6.

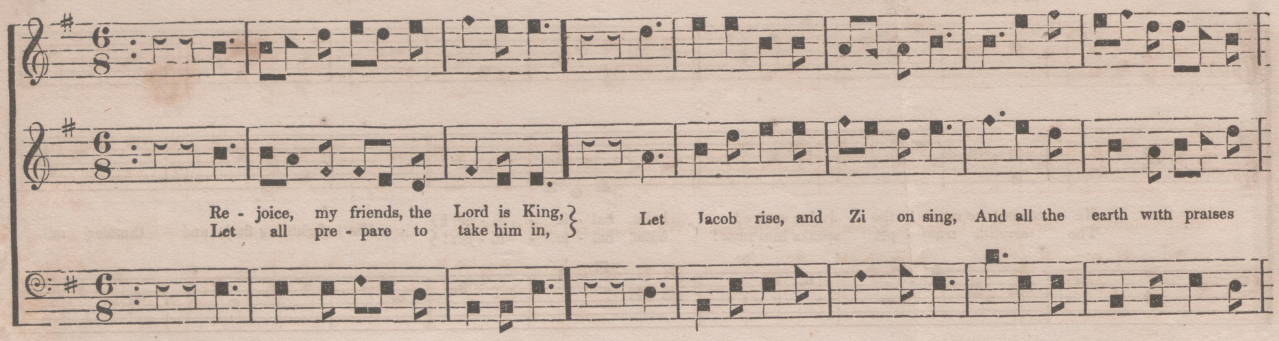
A. Gramblin. Mercer's Cluster, p. 224.

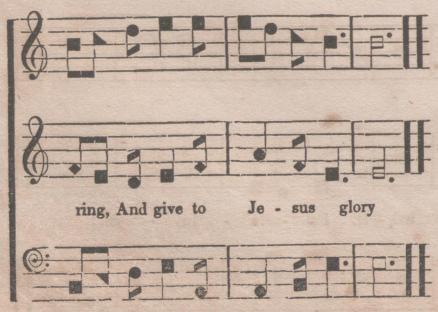



He comes! he comes! the Judge severe! halle, hal - le - lu - jah!
The seventh trum - pet speaks him near! halle, hal - le - lu - jah!
His lightning flash and thunder roll
halle, hal - le lu - jah! How welcome to the faith - ful soul, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!

KNOXVILLE. 8, 8, 8, 8. 7

R. Mondav Dover Sel. n. 74.





2 O! may the desert land rejoice,
And mourners hear the Saviour's voice;
While praise their every tongue employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory.

3 O! may the saints of every name
Unite to praise the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.

4 I long to see the Christians join
In union sweet, and peace divine;
When every church with grace shall shine,
And grow in Christ the living vine,
And give to Jesus glory.

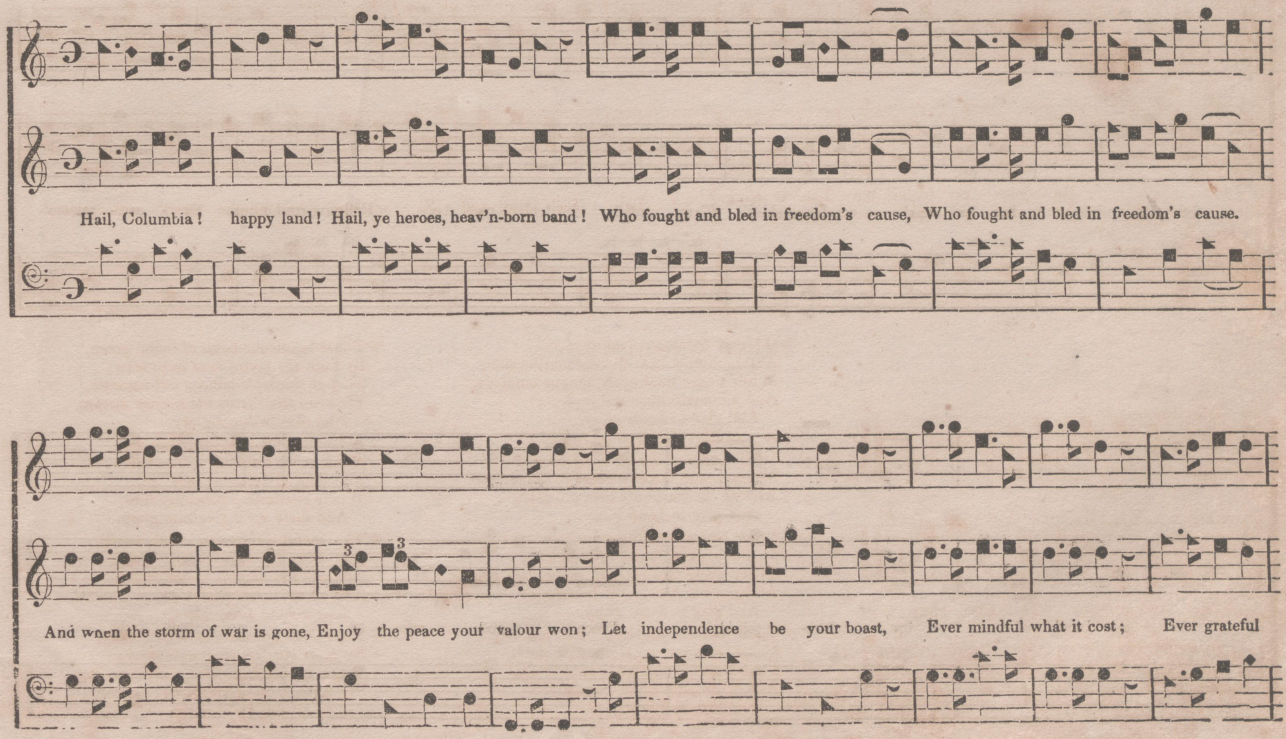
5 Come, parents, children, bond, and free,
Come, who will go along with me?
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,
And shout with saints eternally,
And give to Jesus glory.

6 Those beauteous fields of living green,
By faith my joyful eyes have seen;
Though Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And give to Jesus glory.

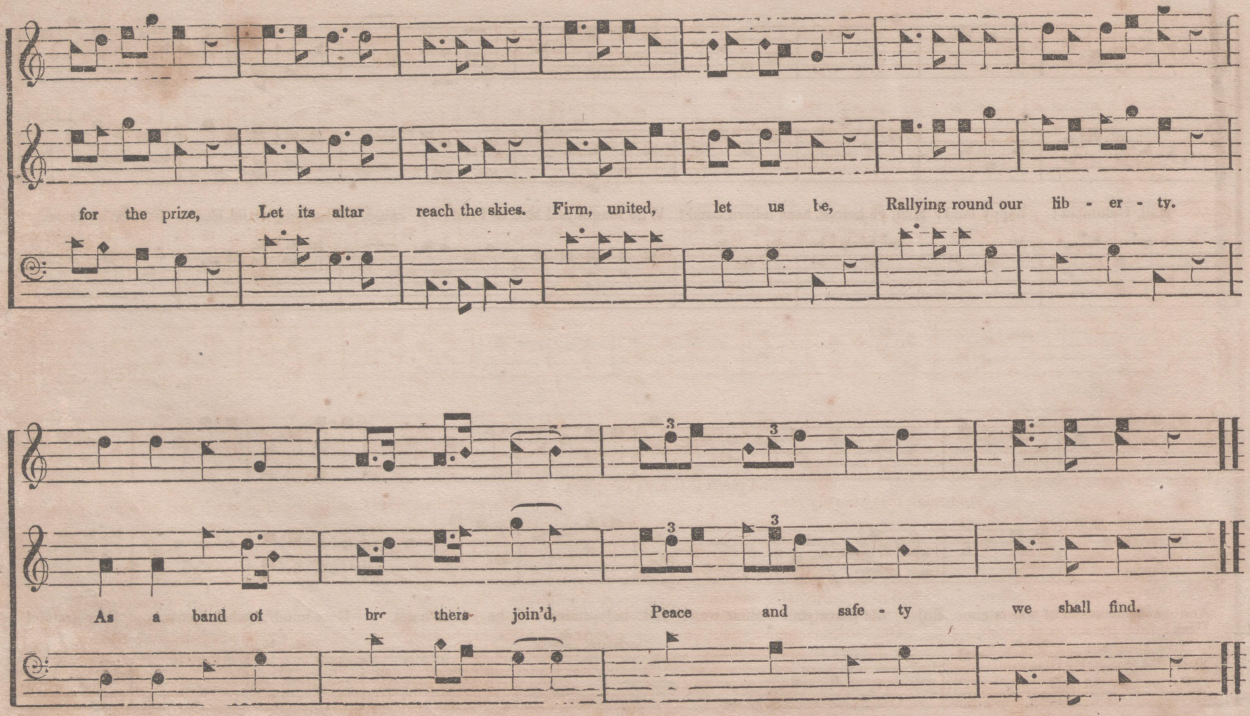
7 A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suffering scenes below,
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And there we'll give him glory.

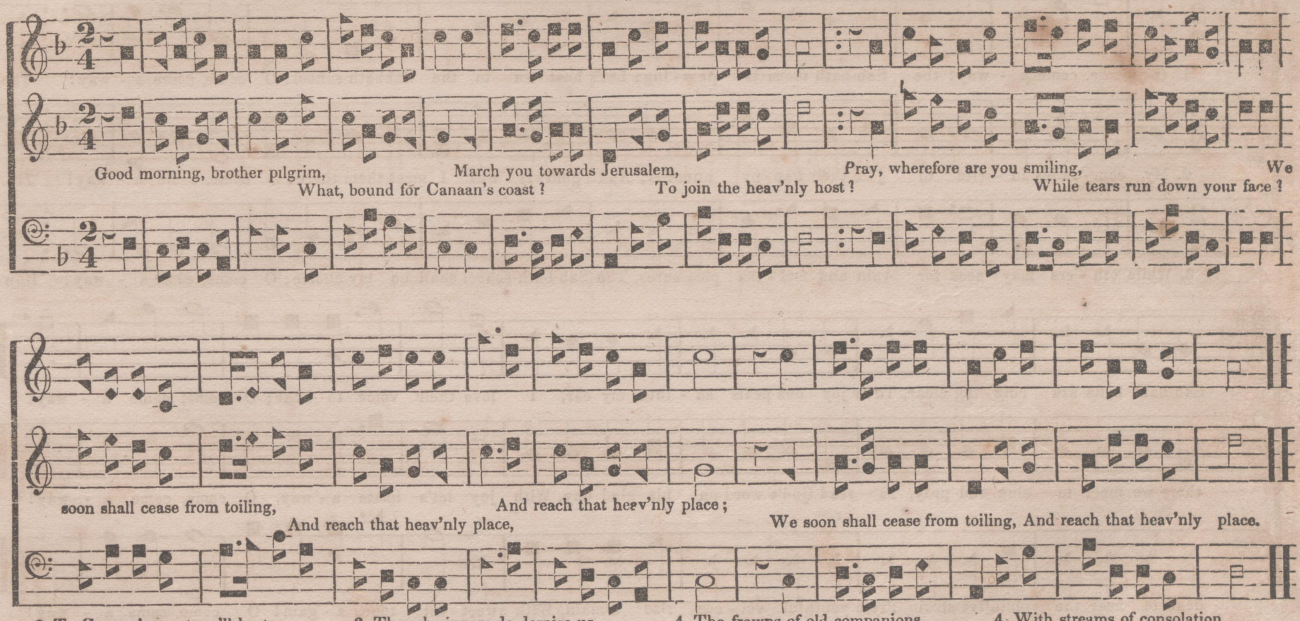
8 That awful trumpet soon will sound,
And shake the vast creation round,
And call the nations under ground,
And all the saints shall then be crown'd,
And give to Jesus glory.

9 Then shall our tears be wiped away,
No more our feet shall ever stray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay
We'll praise the Lord in endless day
And give to Jesus glory


Hail, Columbia! happy land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause.
And when the storm of war is gone, Enjoy the peace your valour won; Let independence be your boast, Ever mindful what it cost; Ever grateful

HAIL, COLUMBIA! *Continued.*





2 To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
To join the heavenly throng,
Hark ! from the banks of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrims' song !
Their Jesus they are viewing,
By faith we see him too,
We smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on our way pursue

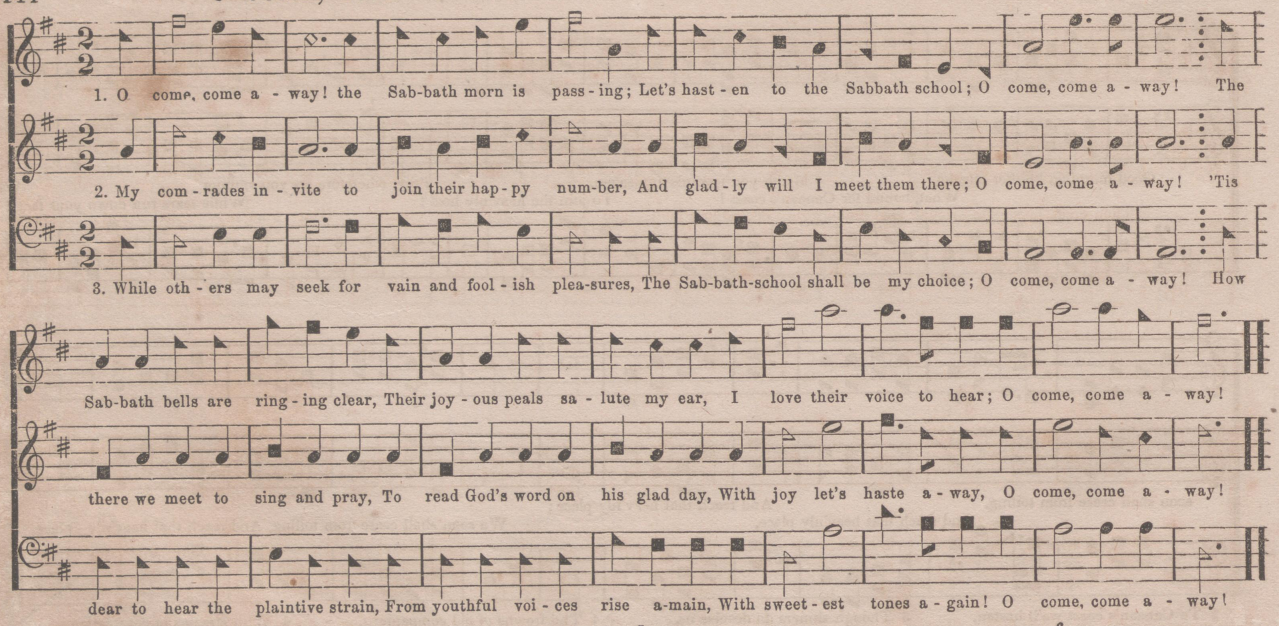
3 Though sinners do despise us,
And treat us with disdain,
Our former comrades slight us
Esteem us low and mean
No earthly joy shall charm us,
While marching on our way,
Our Jesus will defend us,
In the distressing day.

4 The frowns of old companions,
We're willing to sustain,
And in divine compassion,
To pray for them again ;
For Christ, our loving Saviour,
Our Comforter and Friend,
Will bless us with his favour,
And guide us to the end.

4 With streams of consolation,
We're filled as with new wine ·
We die to transient pleasures,
And live to things divine ·
We sink in holy raptures
While viewing things above
Why glory to my Saviour
My soul is full of love

O COME, COME AWAY.

Treble by W. Houser.



4.

'Tis there I may learn the ways of heavenly wisdom,
To guide my feeble steps on high; O come, &c.
The flow'ry paths of peace to tread,
Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,
My wand'ring steps to lead: O come. &c.

5.

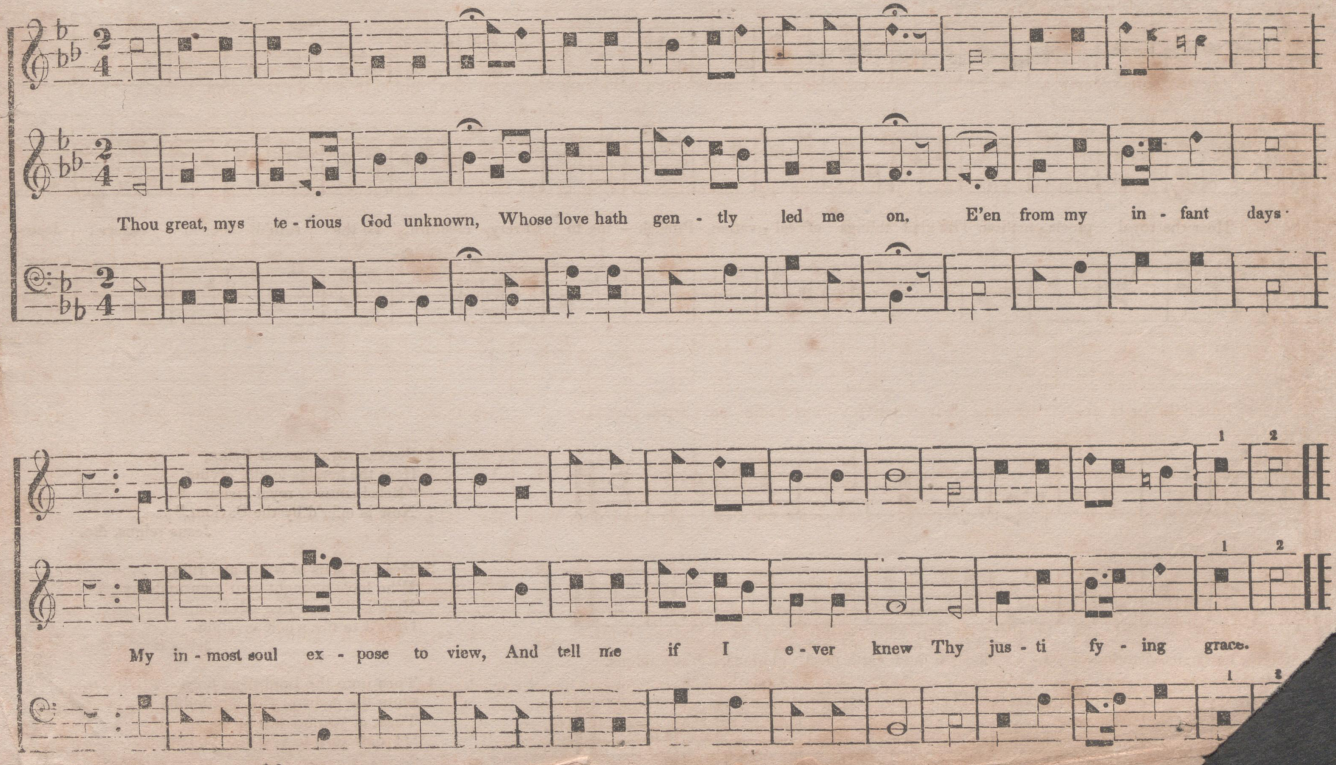
I there hear the voice in heavenly accents speaking,
"Let little children come to me; O come, &c.
Forbid them not their hearts to give,
Let them on me in youth believe,
And I will them receive:" O come, &c.

6.

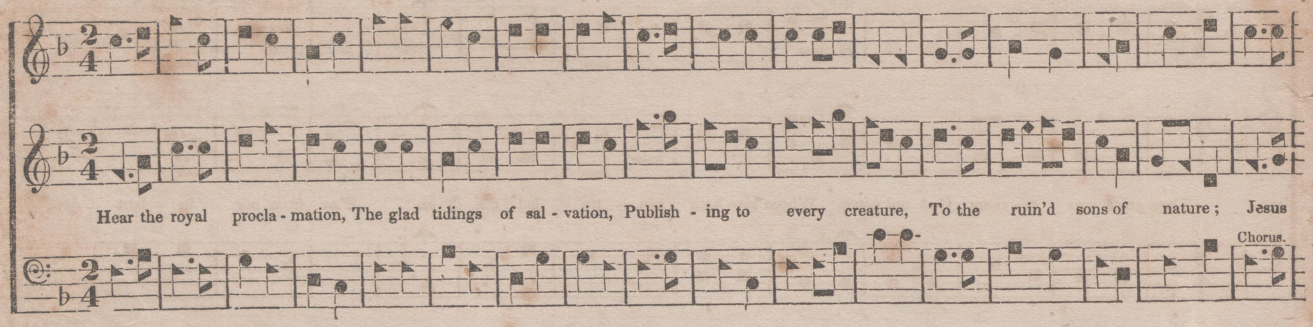
With joy I accept the gracious invitation;
My heart exults with rapturous hope; O come, &c
My deathless spirit, when I die.
Shall, on the wings of angels, fly
To mansions in the sky: O come. &c.

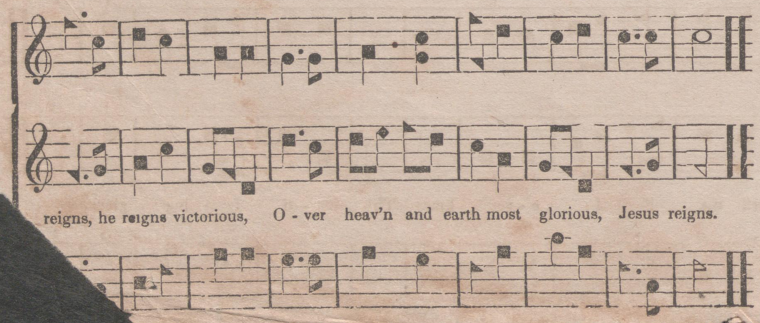
RHODE ISLAND. 8 8.6

Meth. Hymn Book, p. 107. 145



ROYAL PROCLAMATION. 8.8,8,8,8,3



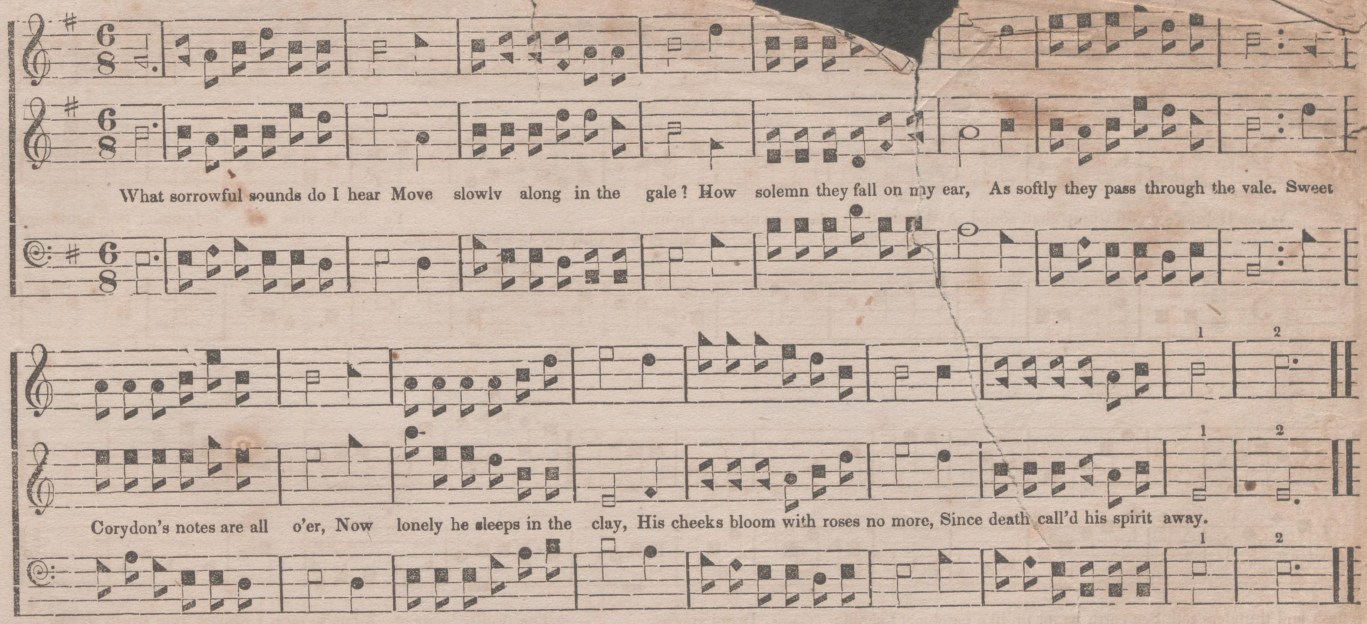


2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."
Jesus reigns, &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever,
O! now turn to God the Saviour.
Jesus reigns, &c.

PASTORAL ELEGY. 8's.



4 Sweet woodbines will rise round his feet,
And willows their sorrowing wave;
Young hyacinths freshen and bloom,
While hawthorns encircle his grave.
Each morn when the sun gilds the east,
(The green grass bespangled with dew,)
He'll cast his bright beams on the west,
To charm the sad Caroline's view.

3 O Corydon! hear the sad cries
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;
O spirit! look down from the skies,
And pity thy mourner below;
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,
Which Philomel hears on the plain;
Then striving the mourner to soothe,
With sympathy joins in her strain.

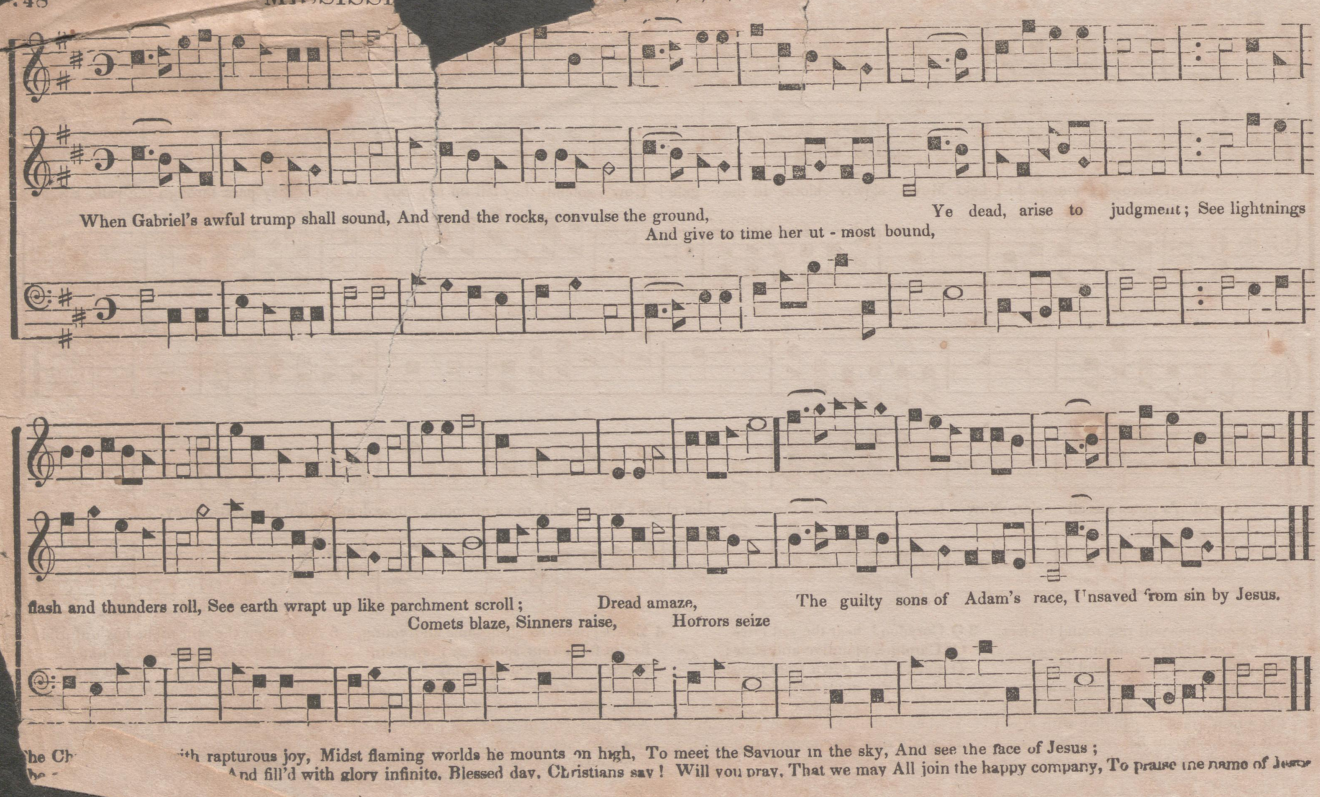
4 Ye shepherds so blithesome and young,
Retire from your sports on the green,
Since Corydon's deaf to my song,
The wolves tear the lambs on the plain;
Each swain round the forest will stray
And sorrowing hang down his head,
His pipe then in symphony play,
Some dirge to sweet Corydon's shade.

5 And when the still night has unfurl'd
Her robes o'er the hamlet around,
Gray twilight retires from the world,
And darkness encumbers the ground,—
I'll leave my own gloomy abode,
To Corydon's urn will I fly,
There kneeling will bless the just God
Who dwells [illegible] mansions on high.

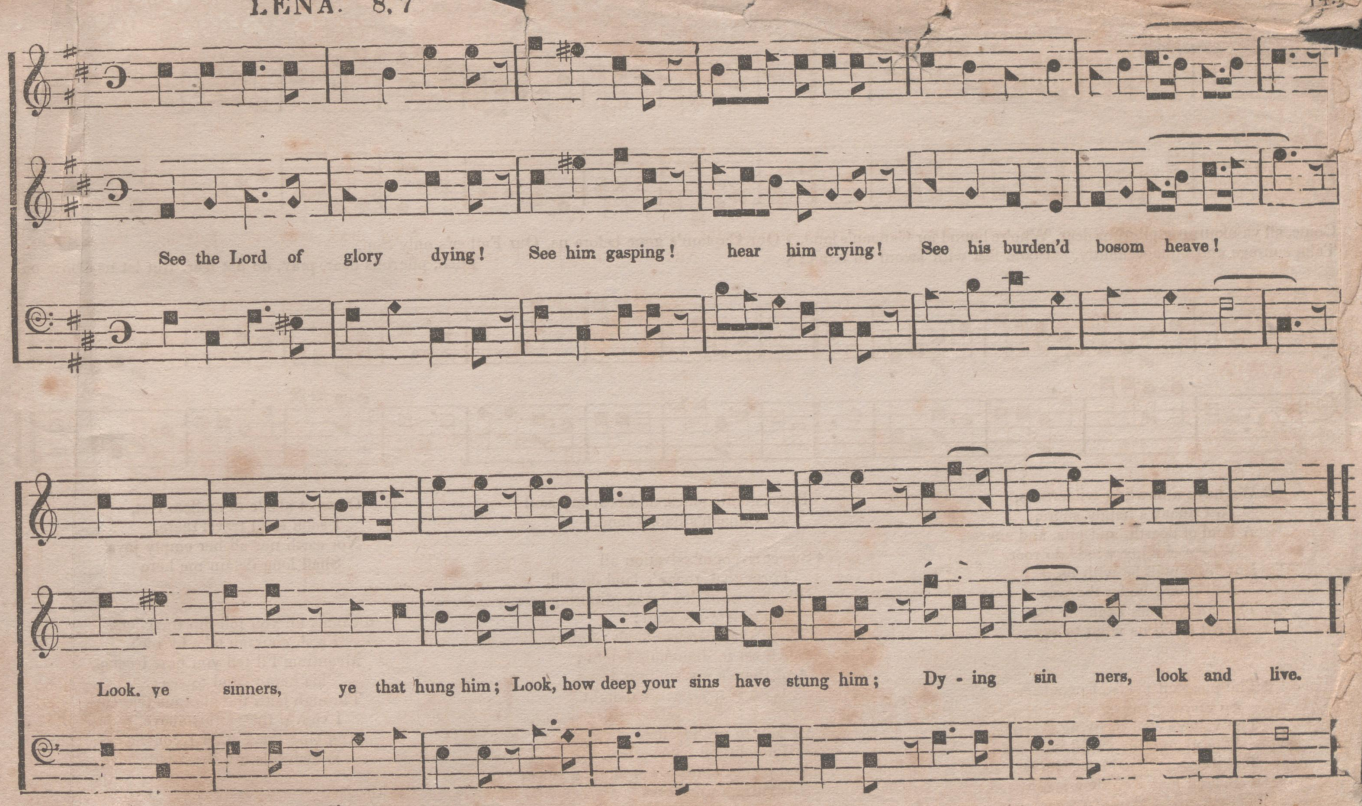
When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound, And rend the rocks, convulse the ground, Ye dead, arise to judgment; See lightnings
And give to time her ut - most bound,

flash and thunders roll, See earth wrapt up like parchment scroll; Dread amaze, The guilty sons of Adam's race, Unsaved from sin by Jesus.
Comets blaze, Sinners raise, Horrors seize

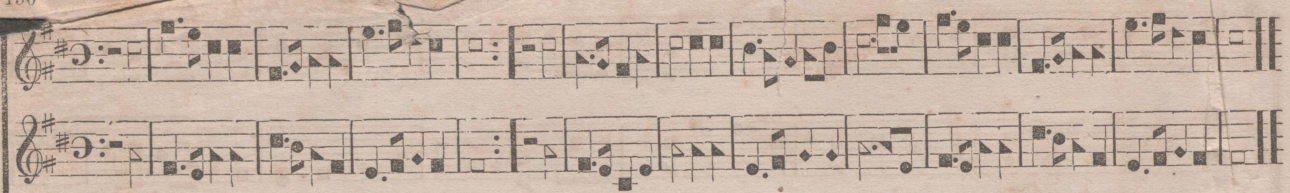
The Ch[illegible] with rapturous joy, Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high, To meet the Saviour in the sky, And see the face of Jesus;
[illegible] And fill'd with glory infinite, Blessed day, Christians say! Will you pray, That we may All join the happy company, To praise the name of Jesus



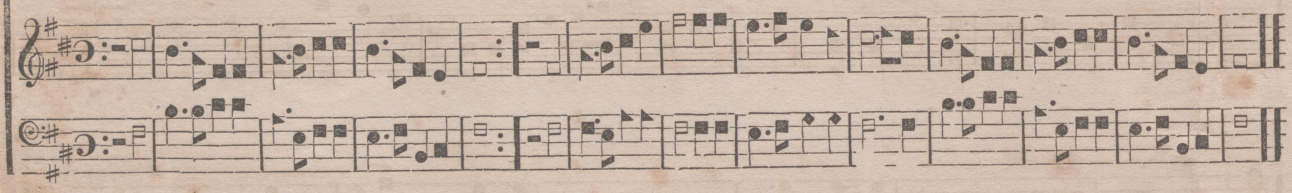
LENA. 8, 7


See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping! hear him crying! See his burden'd bosom heave!
Look. ye sinners, ye that hung him; Look, how deep your sins have stung him; Dy - ing sin ners, look and live.

PILGRIM. 8, 8, 6, 8, 6. C. M.



Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who're bound for Canaan's land, } Our Captain's gone before us, Our Father's only Son,
Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand; } Then, pilgrims dear, pray, do not fear, But let us follow on.



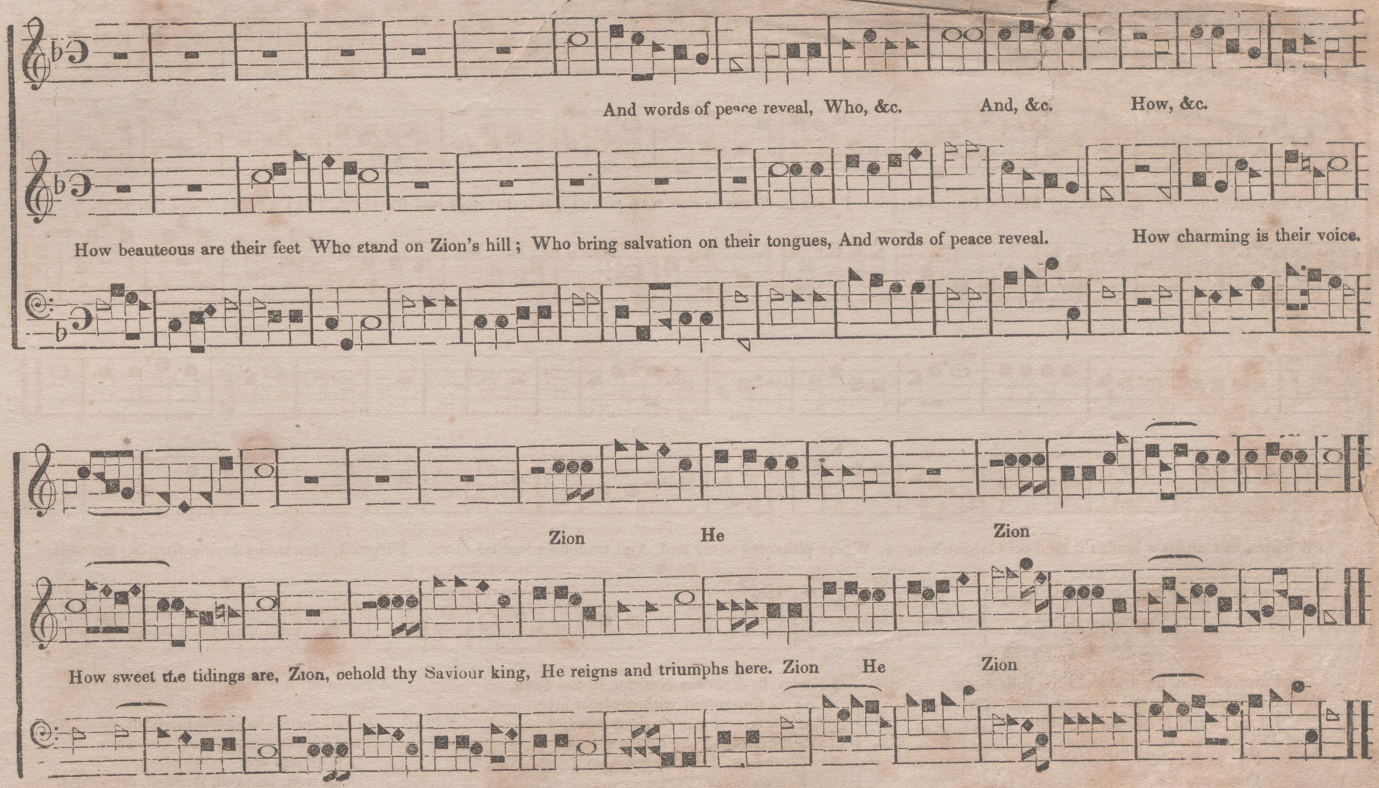
2 We have a howling wilderness,
To Canaan's happy shore,
A land of dearth, and pits, and snares,
Where chilling winds do roar.
But Jesus will be with us,
And guard us by the way;
Though enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say

3 The pleasant fields of paradise,
So glorious to behold,
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold:
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
To Canaan's happy land.

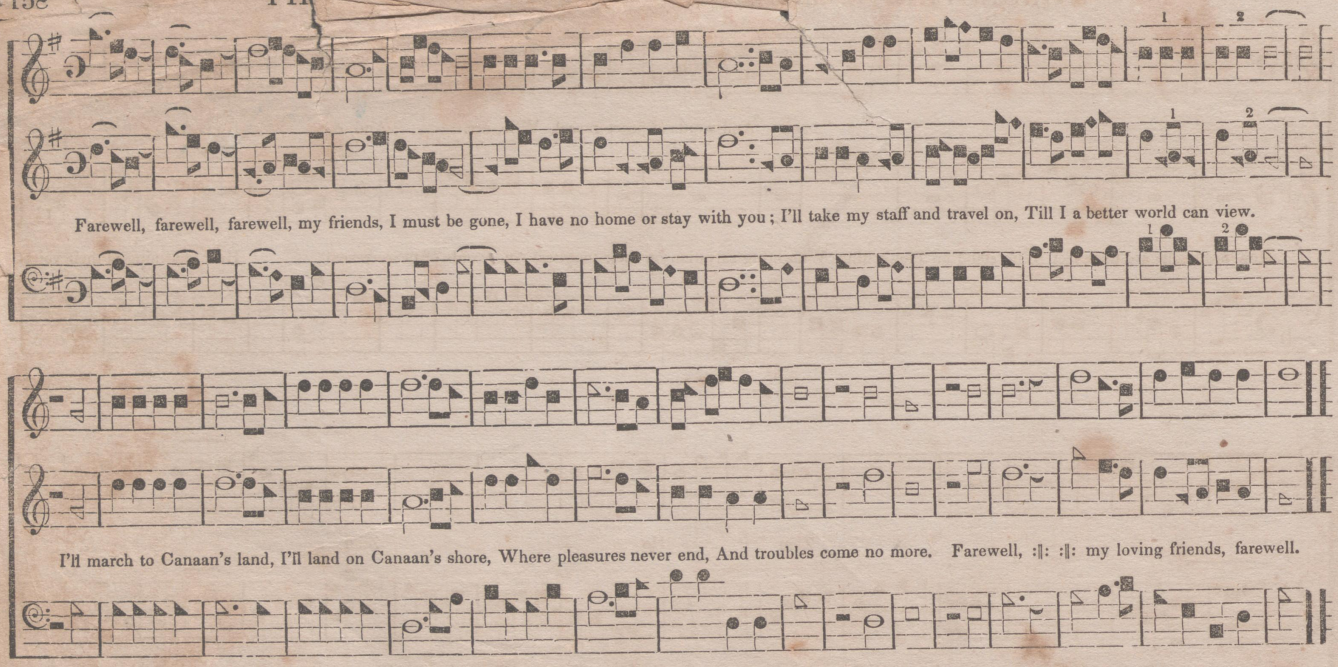
4 Sweet rivers of salvation all
Through Canaan's land do roll,
The beams of day bring glittering scenes
Illuminate my soul;
There's ponderous clouds of glory,
All set in diamonds bright;
And there's my smiling Jesus,
Who is my heart's delight.

5 Already to my raptured sight,
The blissful fields arise,
And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
Inviting to my eyes.
O sweet abode of endless rest,
I soon shall travel there,
Nor earth nor all her empty joys
Shall long detain me here

6 Come, all you pilgrim travellers,
Fresh courage take by me;
Meantime I'll tell you how I came,
This happy land to see;
Through faith the glorious telescope
I view'd the worlds above,
And God the Father reconciled,
Which fills my heart with love


And words of peace reveal, Who, &c. And, &c. How, &c.
How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal. How charming is their voice.
Zion He Zion
How sweet the tidings are, Zion, behold thy Saviour king, He reigns and triumphs here. Zion He Zion

Dover Sel. p 195



Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on, Till I a better world can view.

I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more. Farewell, :‖: :‖: my loving friends, farewell.

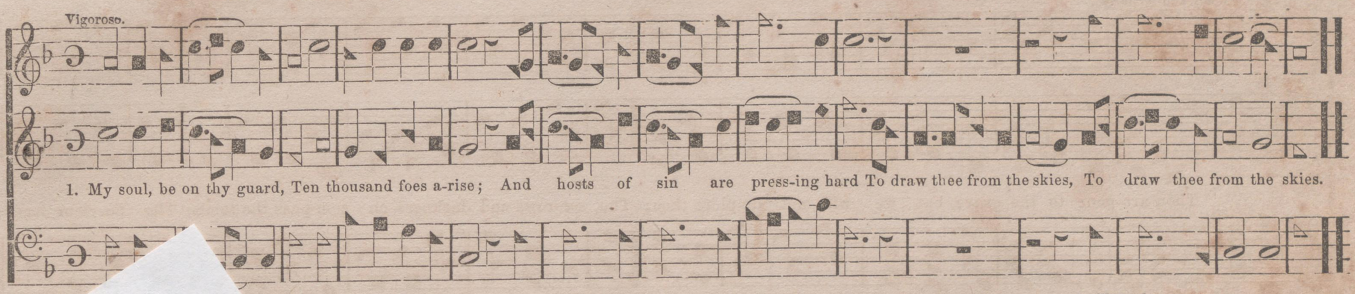
2 Farewell, &c. my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss,
I'll leave you here, and travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is
I'll march. &c.
Farewell. &c

3 Farewell, &c. dear brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love
But we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above,
I'll march, &c.
Farewell. &c

4 Farewell, &c. ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road
Till Canaan's happy land you view
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving

LUTHER. S. M.

Hastings.



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.

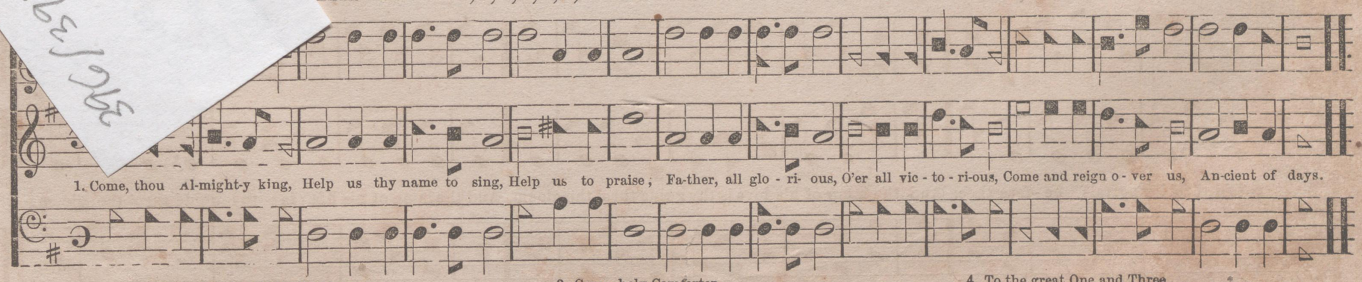
...ht, and pray,
...r give o'er;
...ery day,
...mplore. :||:

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown. :||:

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his rest above. :||:

HAVEN. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

Hastings.



1. Come, thou Al-might-y king, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther, all glo - ri- ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days.

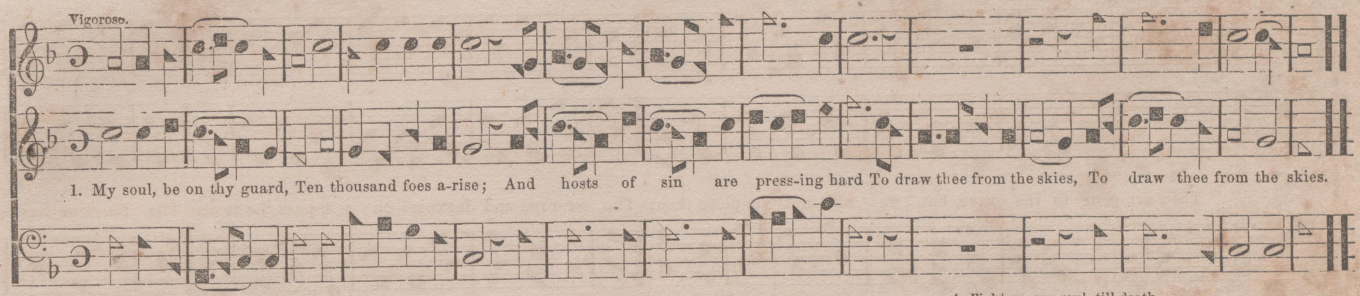
2. Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart
Spirit of power.

4. To the great One and Three
The highest praises be,
Hence—evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

LUTHER. S. M.

Hastings.



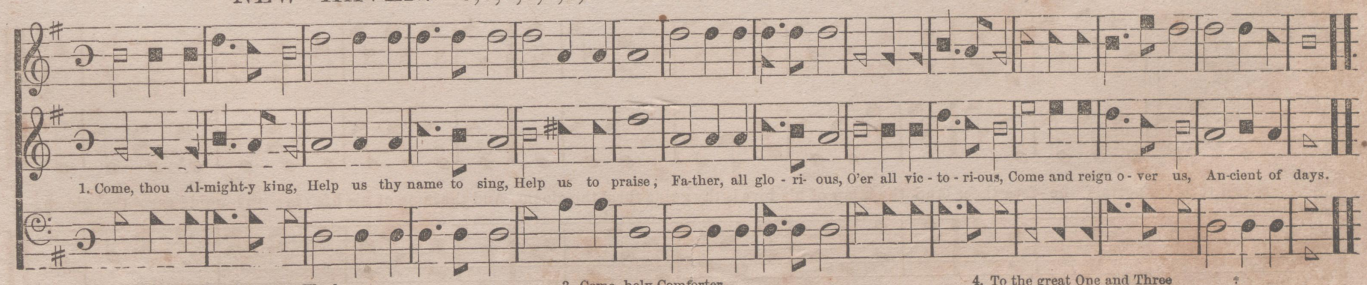
2. O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it loudly every day,
And help divine implore. :‖:

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown. :‖:

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his rest above. :‖:

NEW HAVEN. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

Hastings.

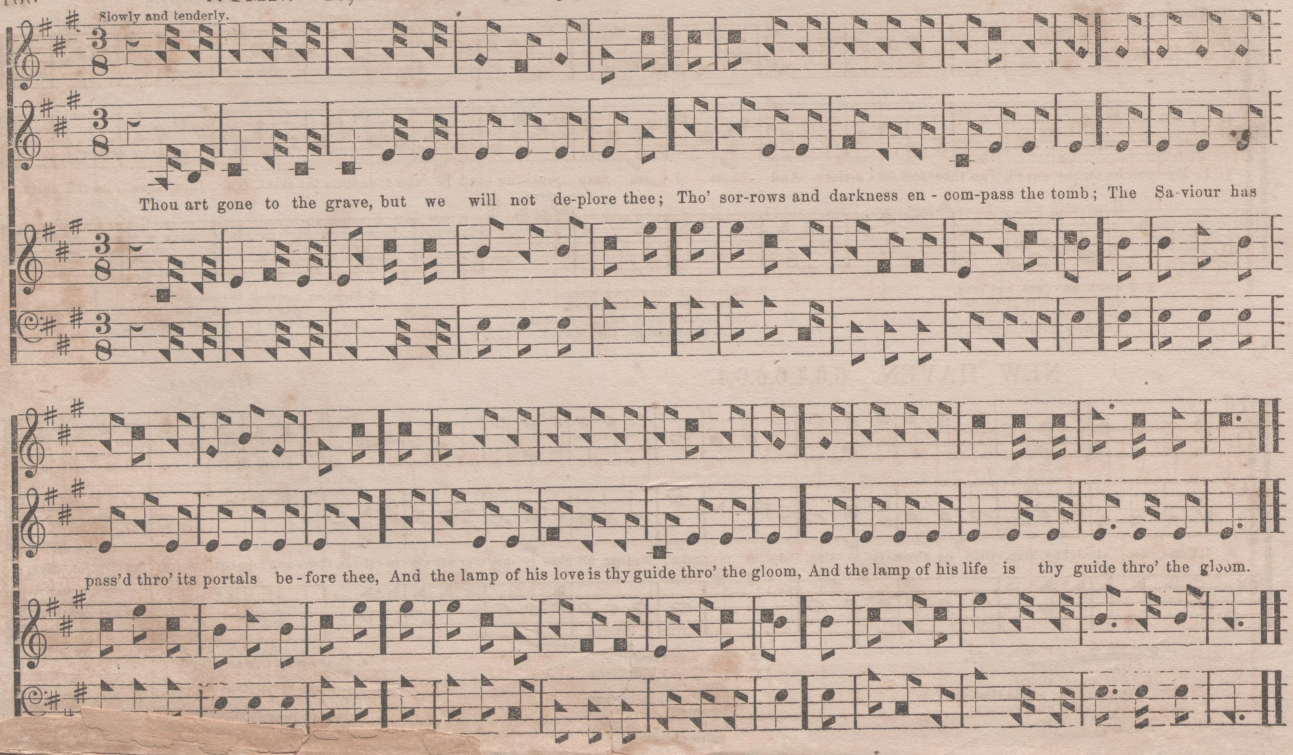


2. Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

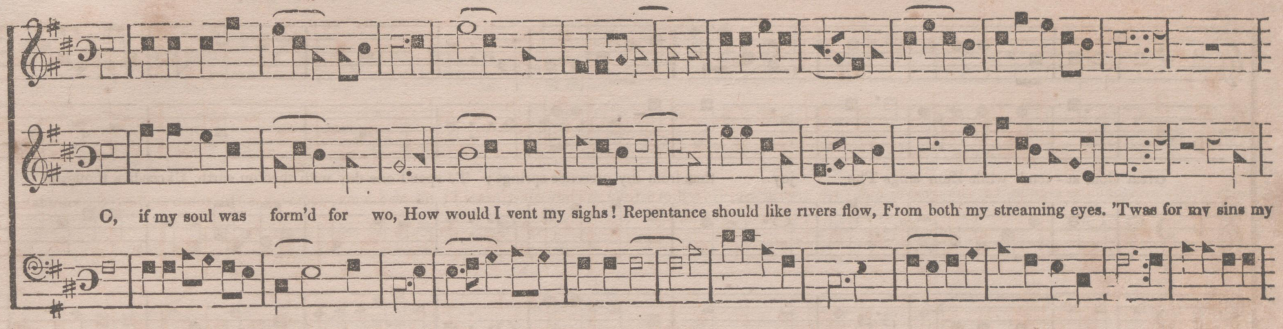
3. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

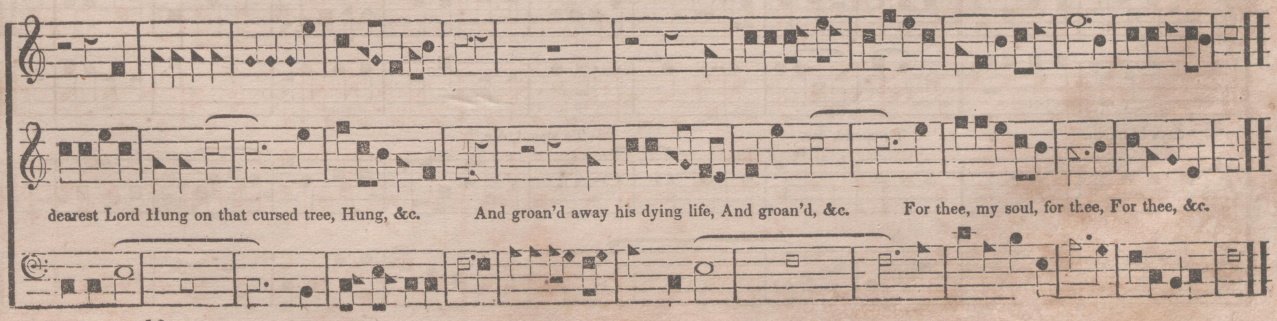
4. To the great One and Three
The highest praises be,
Hence—evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

HYMN. 13,11. *Thou art gone to the grave.* (Scotland.) *Dr. John Clarke.*

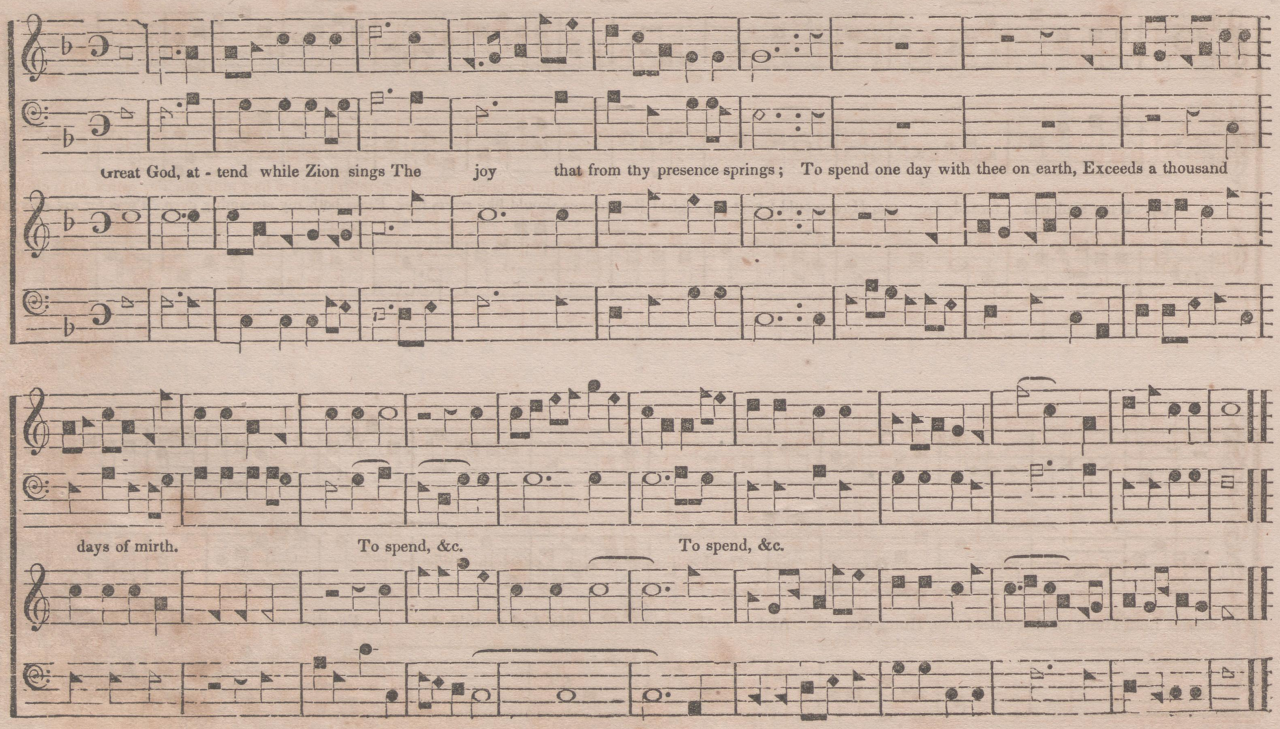


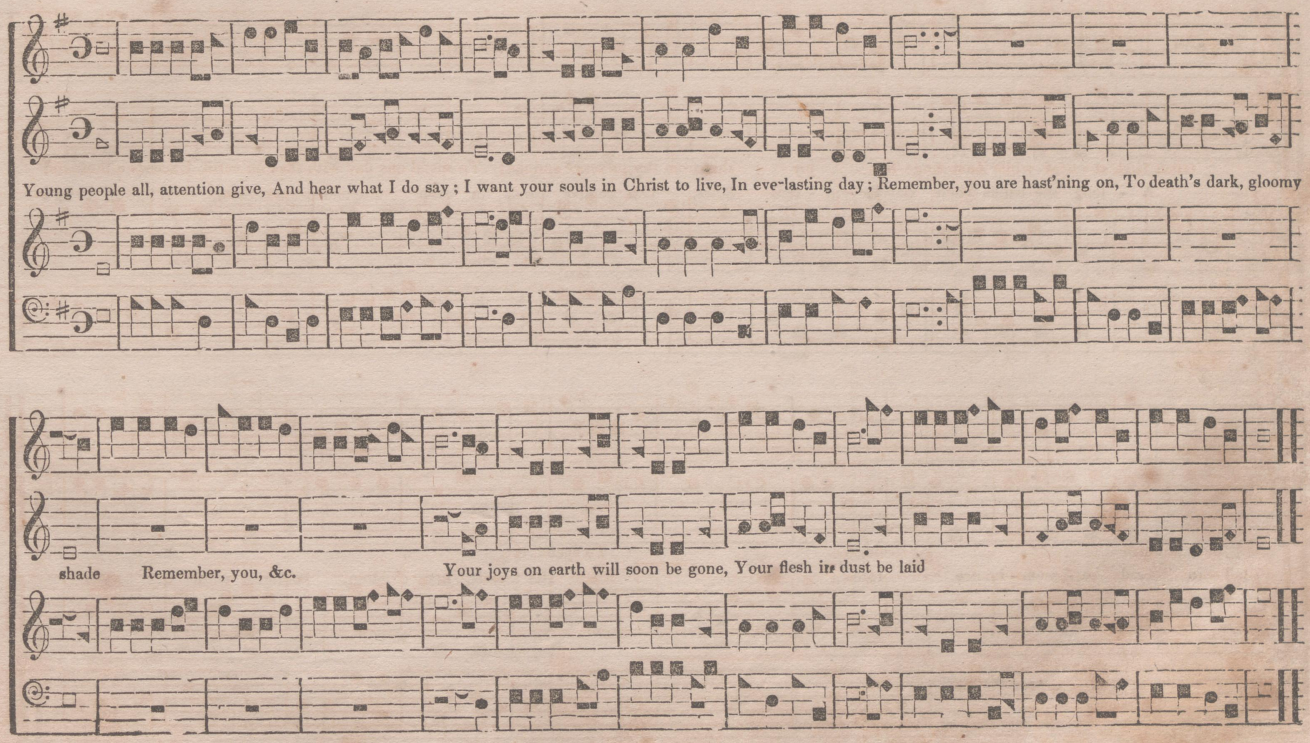
251

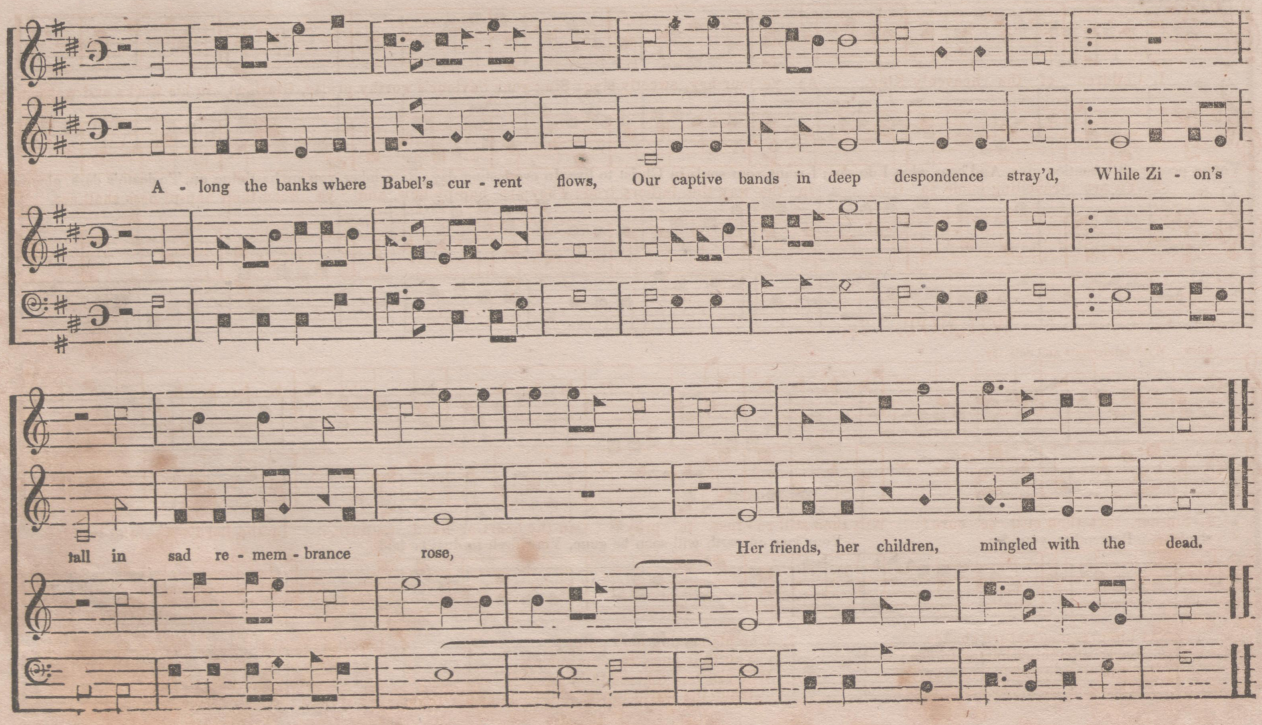

O, if my soul was form'd for wo, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like rivers flow, From both my streaming eyes. 'Twas for my sins my


dearest Lord Hung on that cursed tree, Hung, &c. And groan'd away his dying life, And groan'd, &c. For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, &c.

BALLSTOWN. L. M



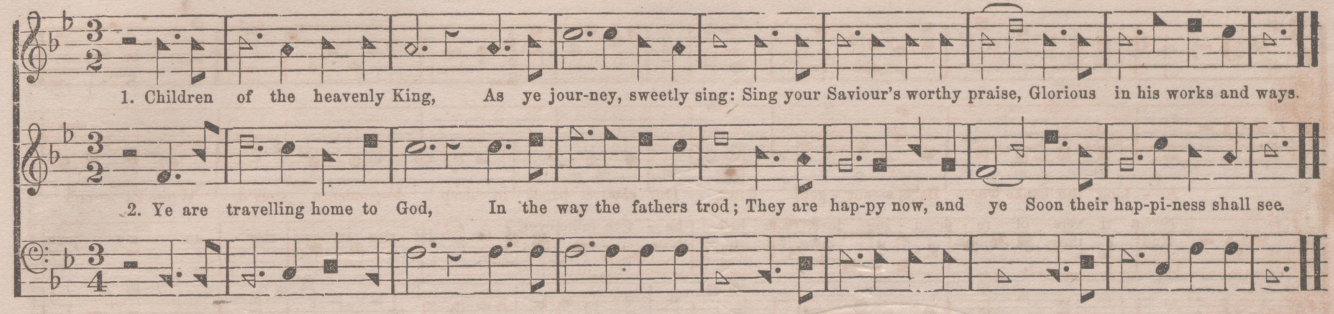

Young people all, attention give, And hear what I do say ; I want your souls in Christ to live, In eve-lasting day ; Remember, you are hast'ning on, To death's dark, gloomy
shade Remember, you, &c. Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid


A - long the banks where Babel's cur - rent flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zi - on's
tall in sad re - mem - brance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

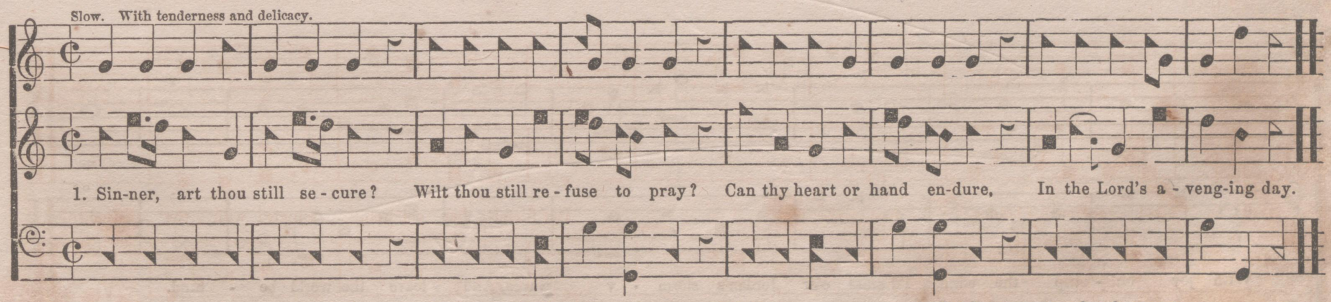
251

IONIA. 7s.

J W. Belcher. 165



WILMOT. 7s.



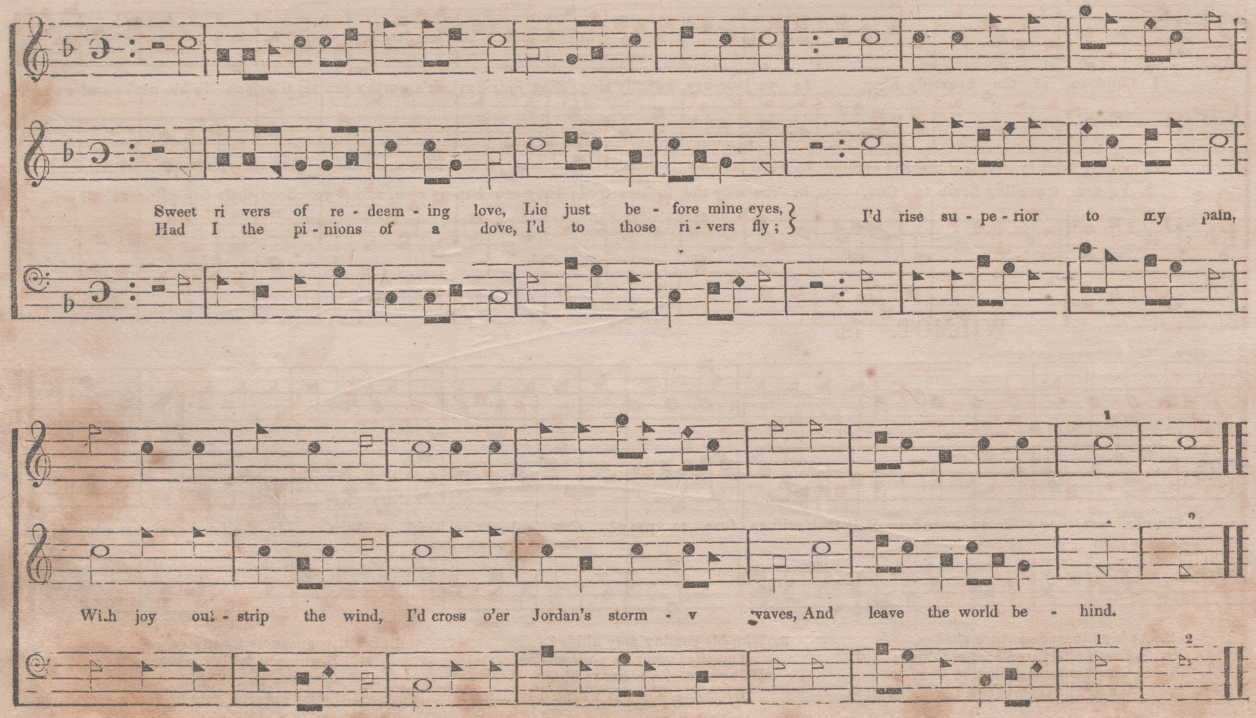
2. At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

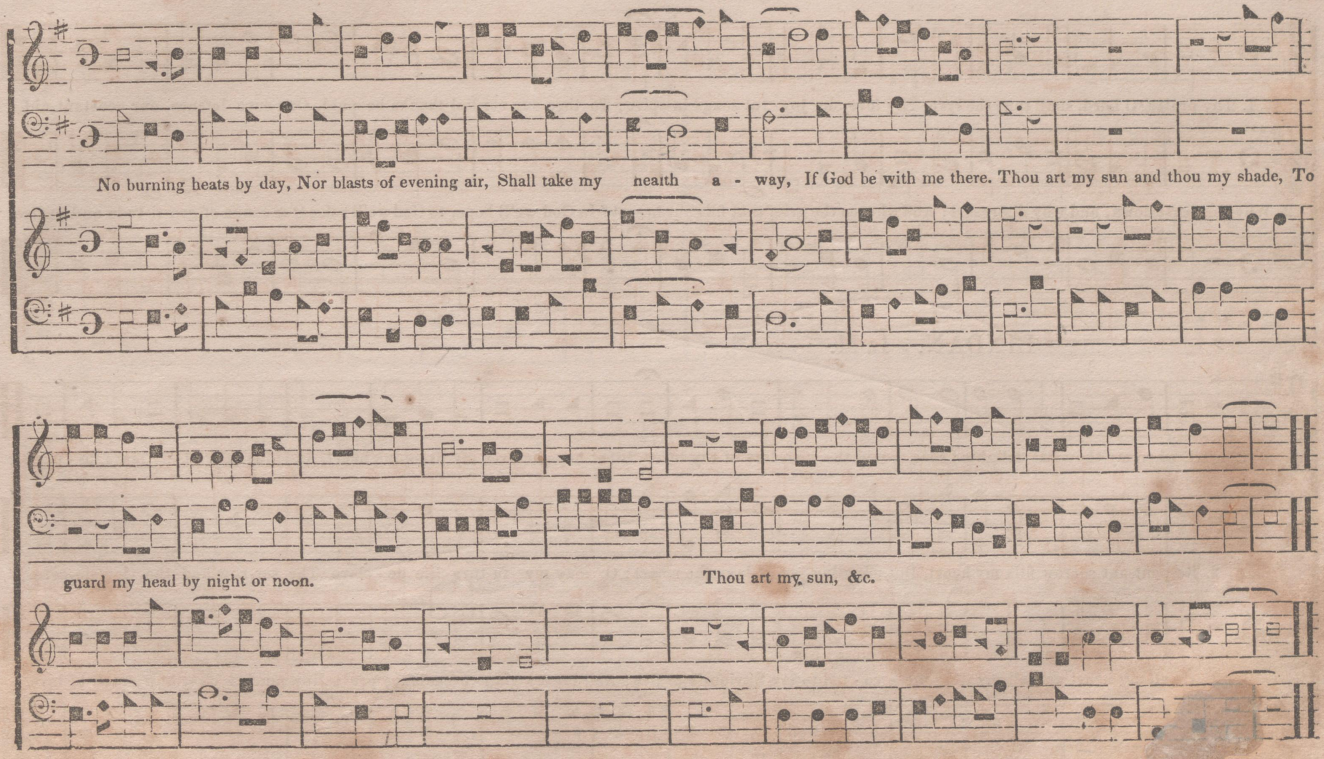
3. Who his coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

4. Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

SWEET RIVERS. C. M.

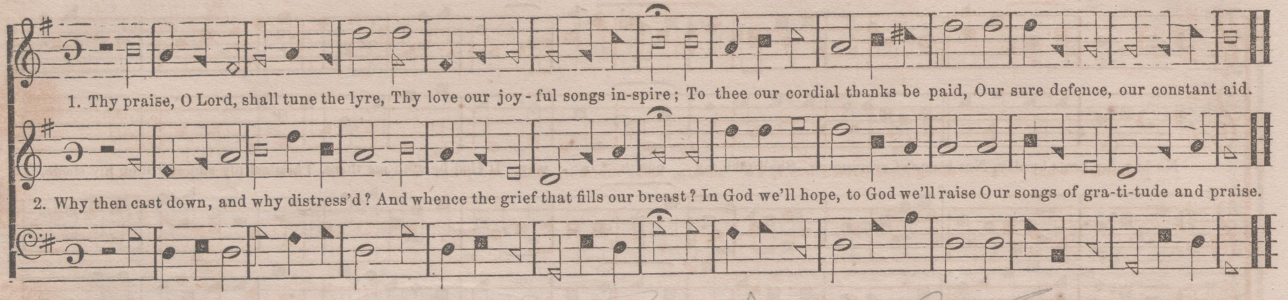
More. Bapt. Harmony, p. 468



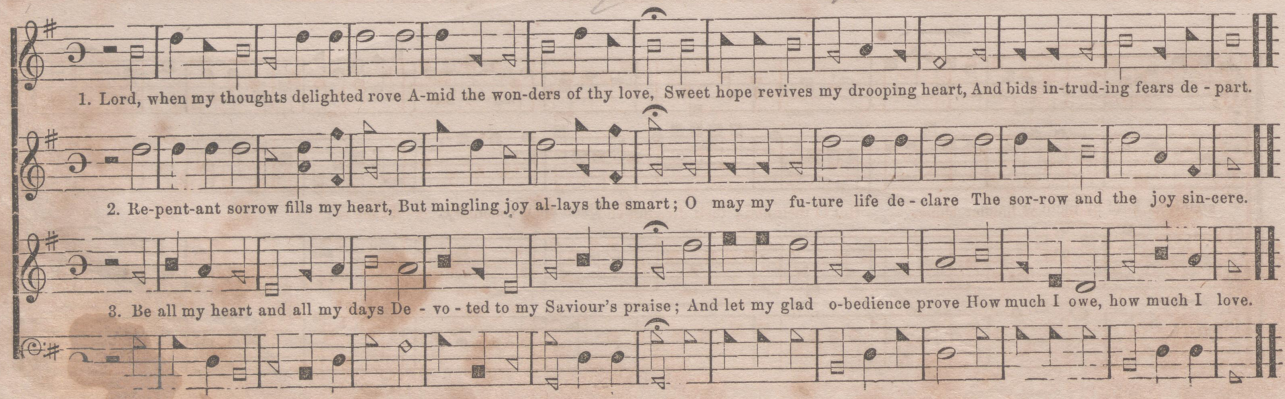

No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my neaith a - way, If God be with me there. Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To
guard my head by night or noon.
Thou art my sun, &c.

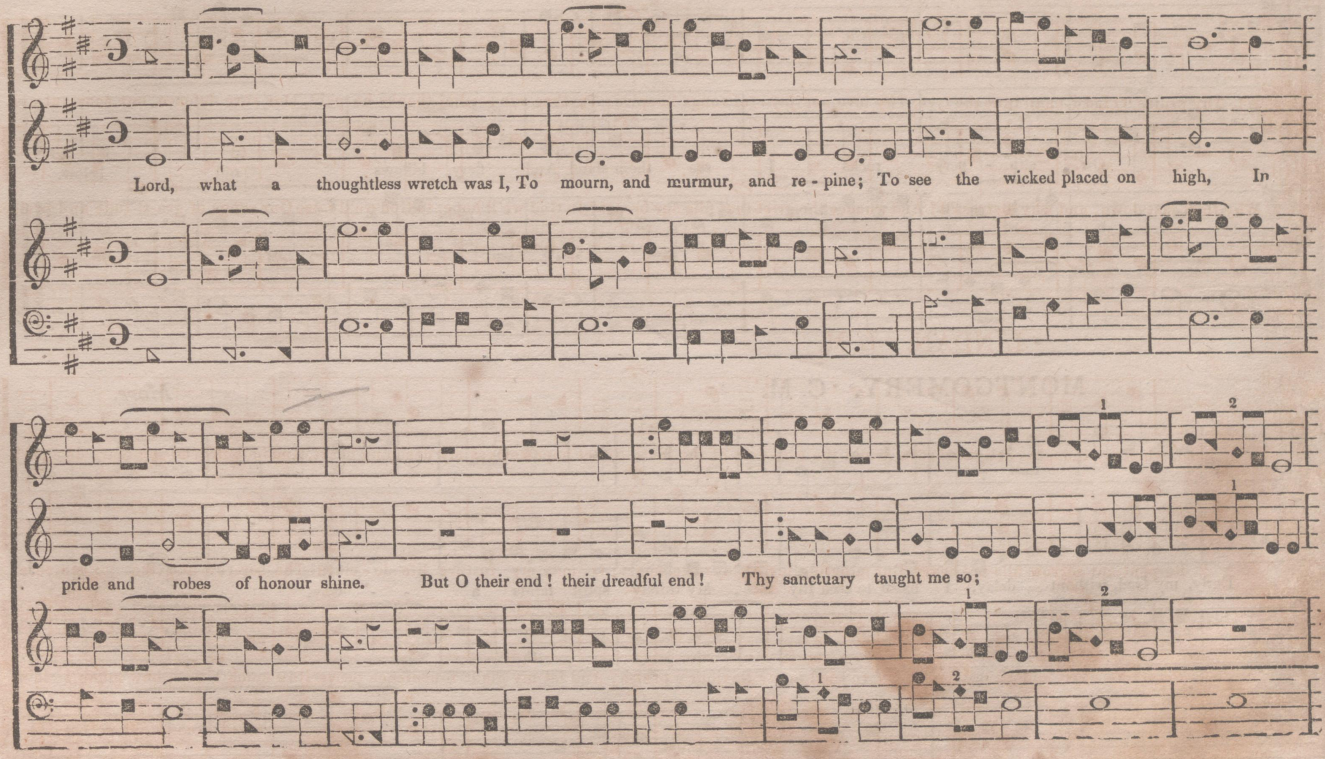
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Lowell Mason.

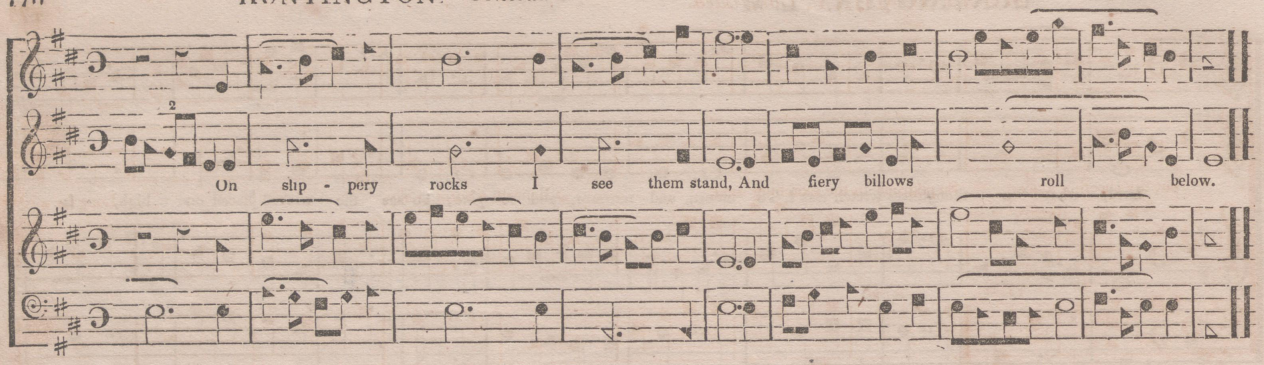


LINDAN. L. M.



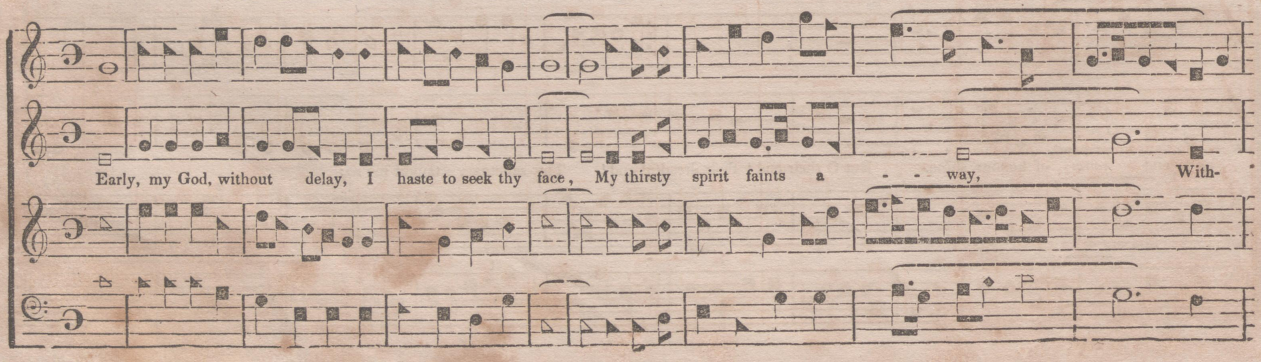

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and re - pine; To see the wicked placed on high, In
pride and robes of honour shine. But O their end! their dreadful end! Thy sanctuary taught me so;

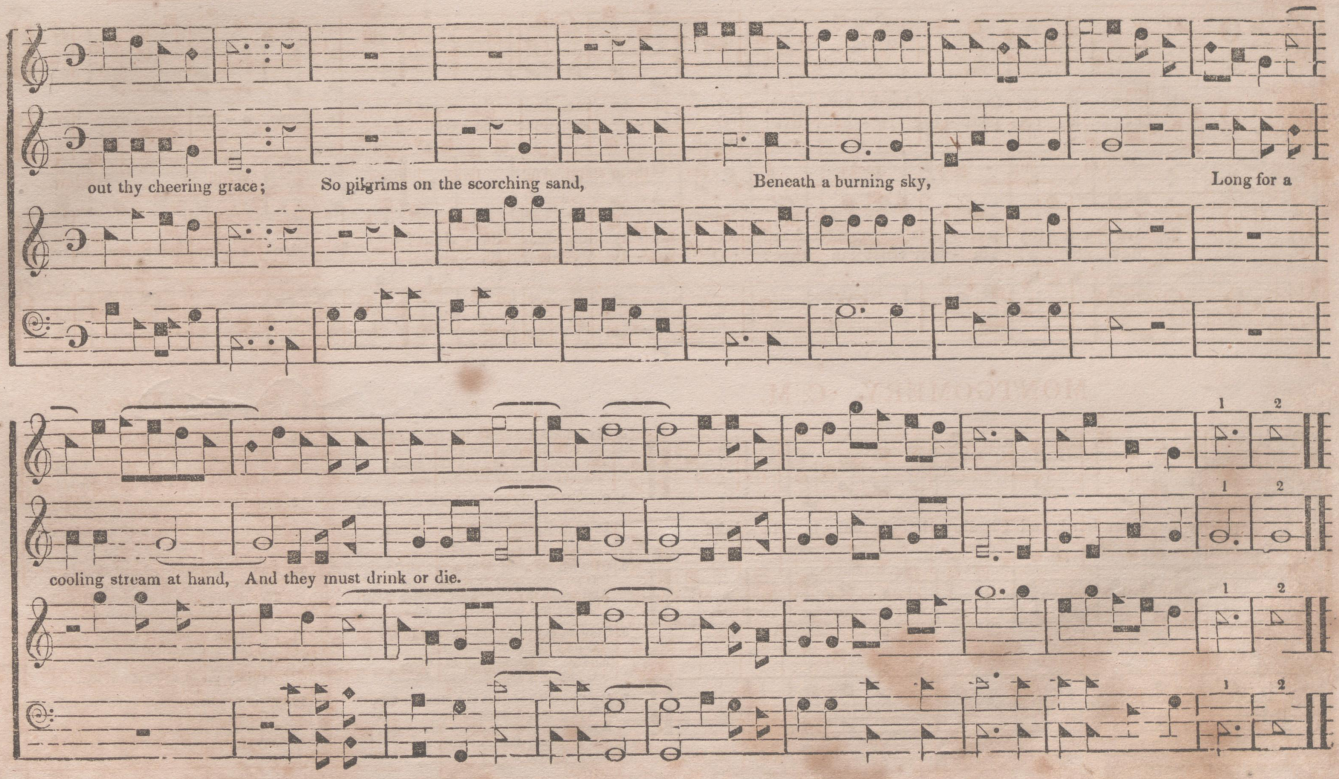
HUNTINGTON. *Concluded*



MONTGOMERY. C. M.

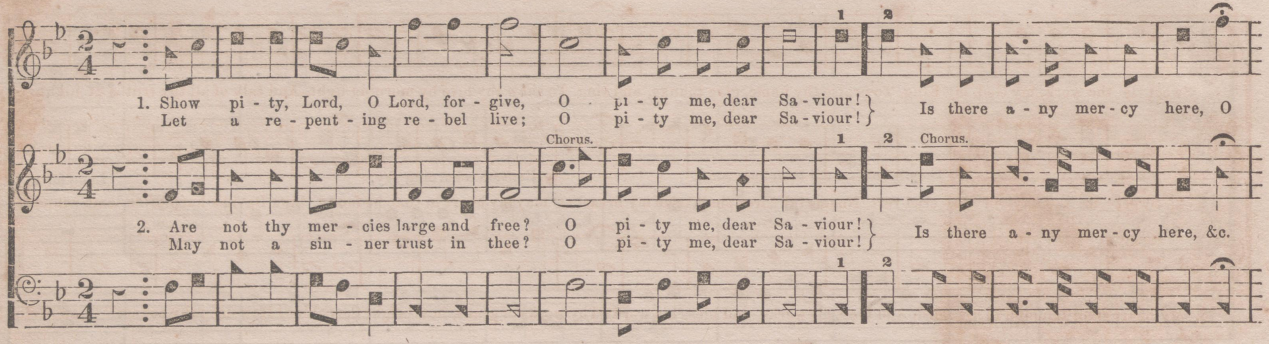
More.




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

HUMBLE PENITENT. L. M.

Wm. Walker.



3. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
O pity me, dear Saviour,
The power and glory of thy grace;
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

4. Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
So let thy pard'ning love be found,
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

5. O! wash my soul from every sin!
O pity me, dear Saviour,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

6. Here on my heart the burden lies,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
And past offences pain my eyes,
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

7. My lips with shame my sins confess,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

8. Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

9. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
I must pronounce thee just in death
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

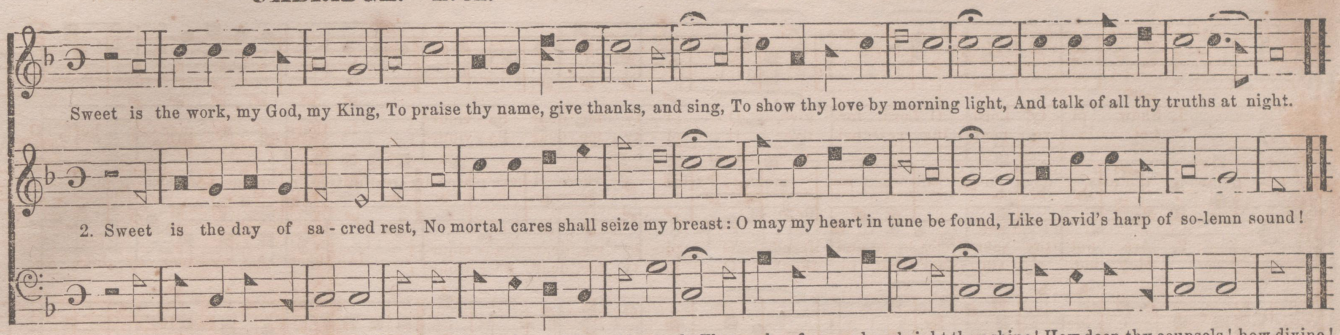
10. And if my soul were sent to hell,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

11. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

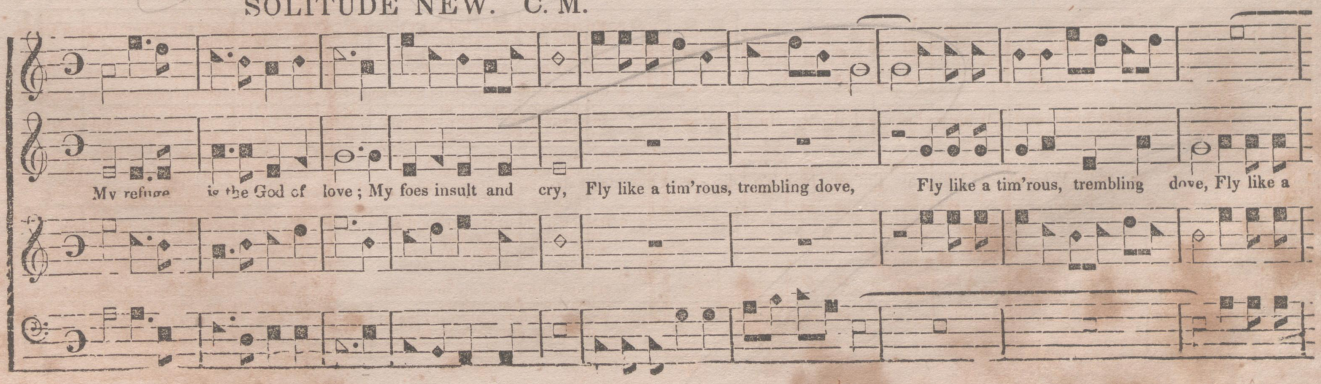
12. Would light on some sweet promise there,
O pity me, dear Saviour,
Some sure support against despair,
O pity me, dear Saviour, &c.

251

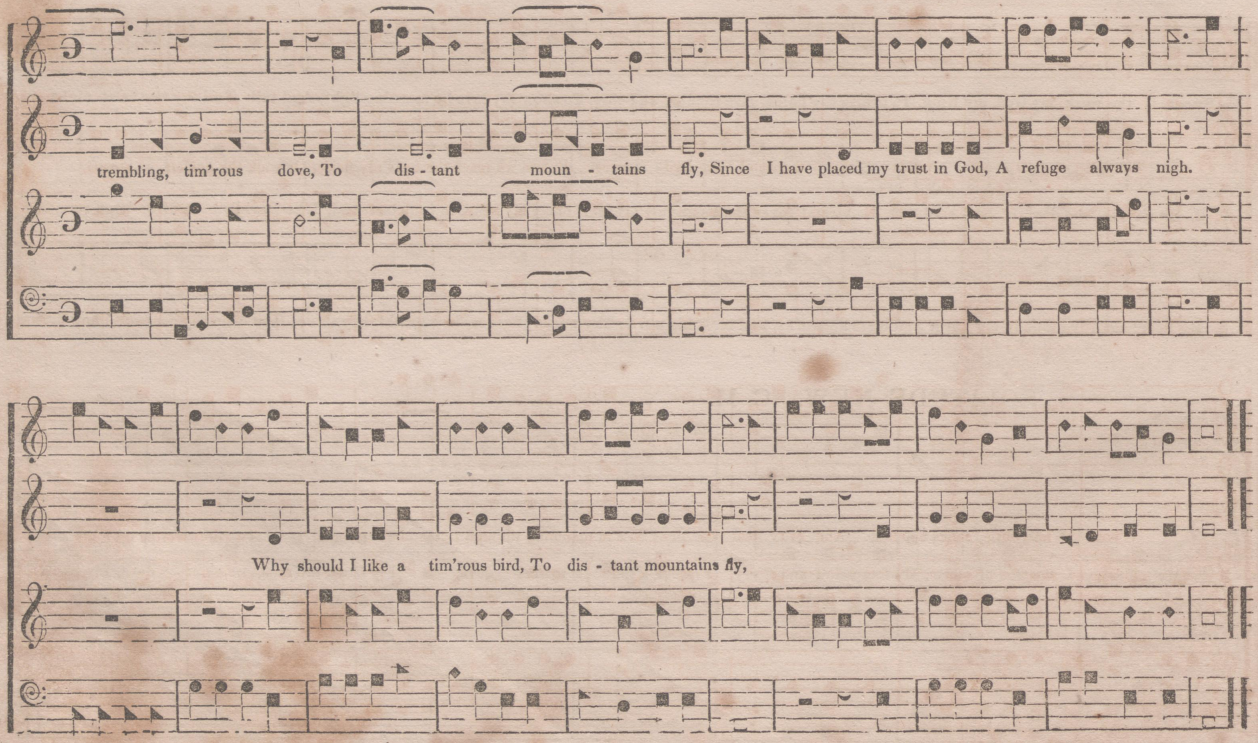
UXBRIDGE. L. M.



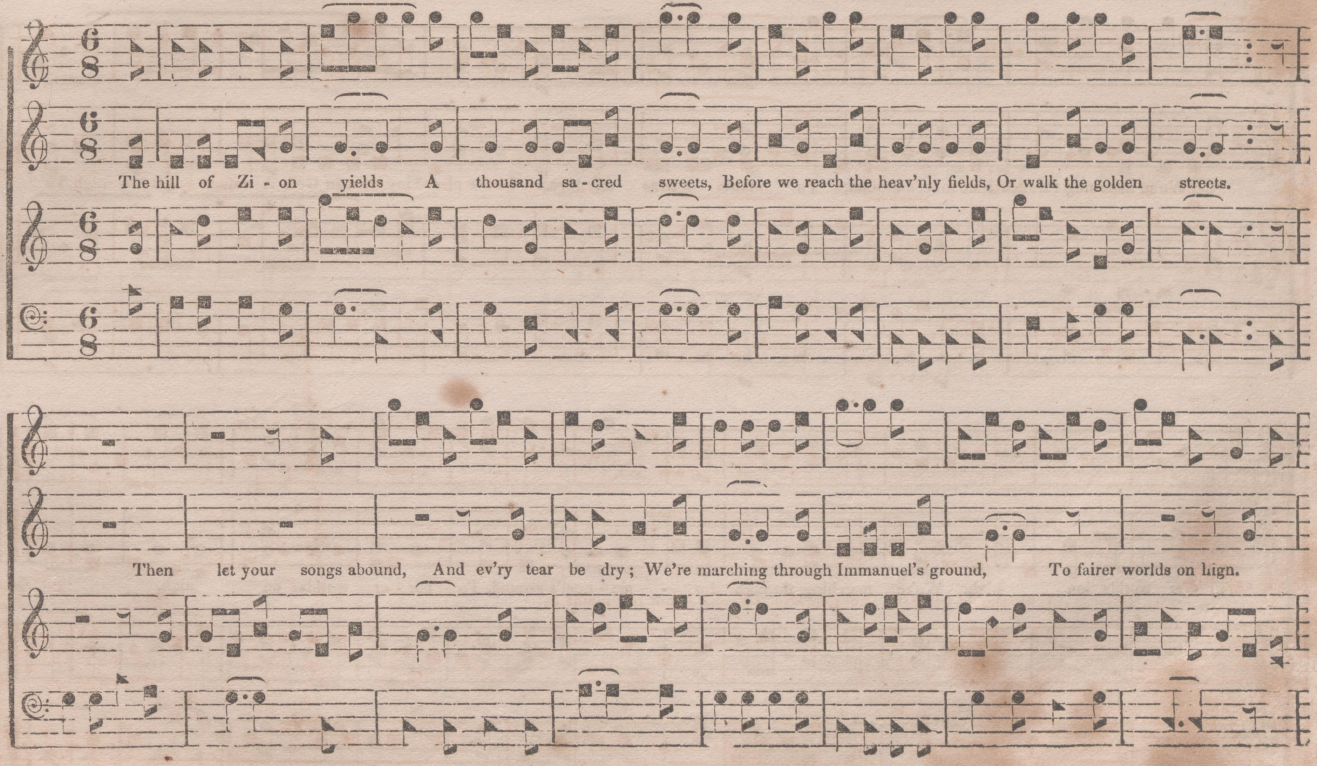
SOLITUDE NEW. C. M.



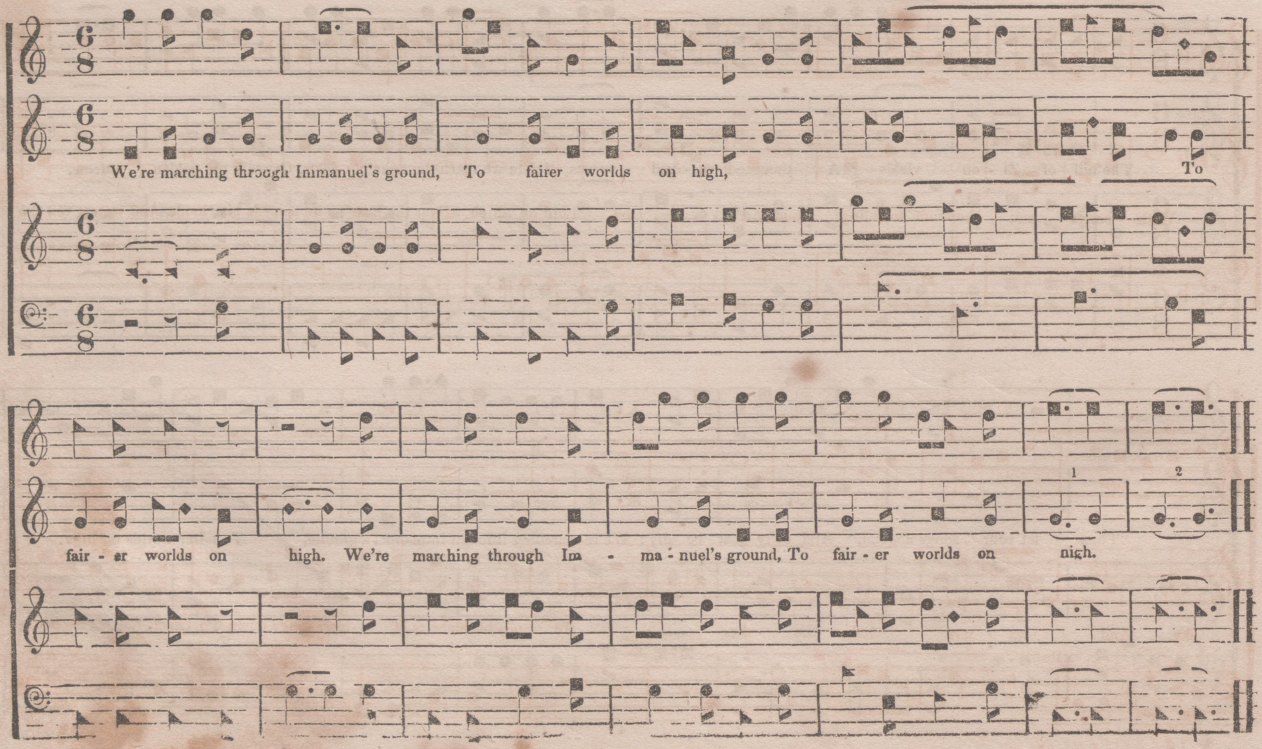
SOLITUDE NEW. *Concluded*



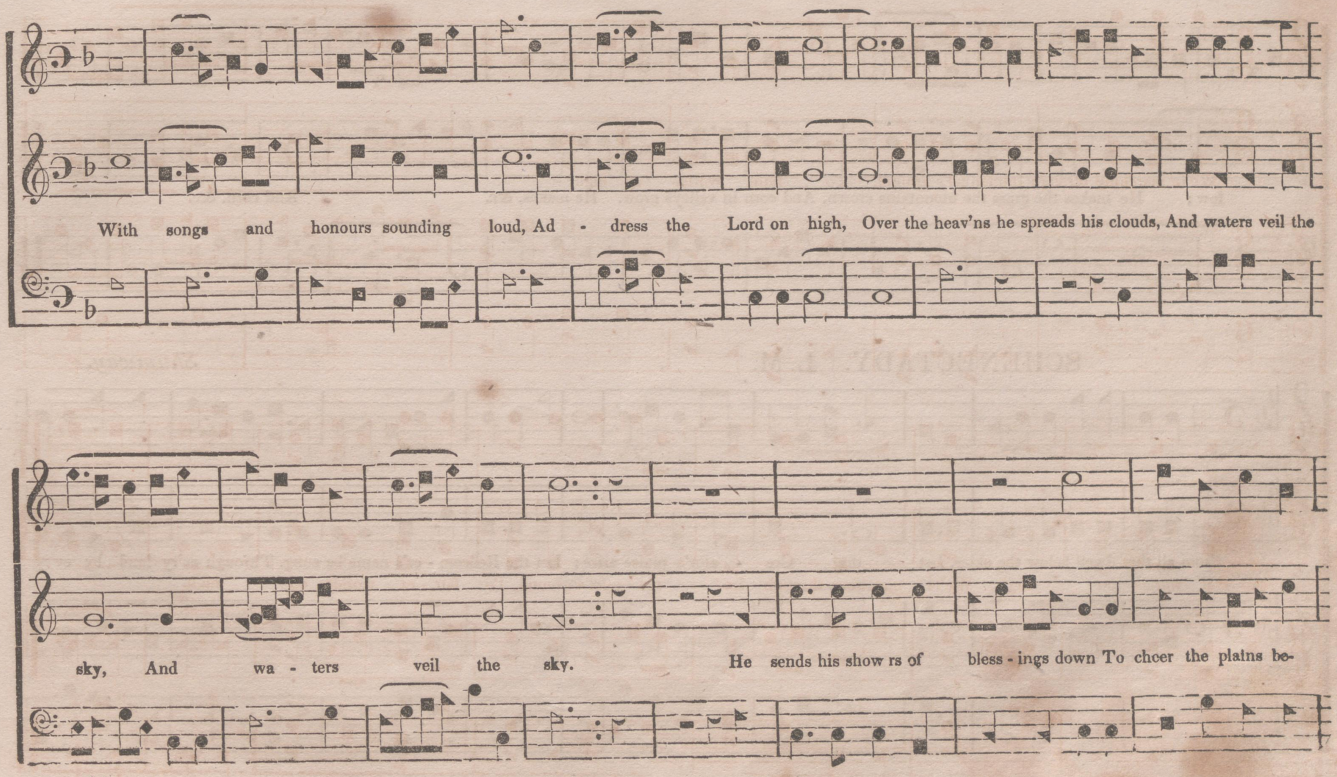
251


The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.
Then let your songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

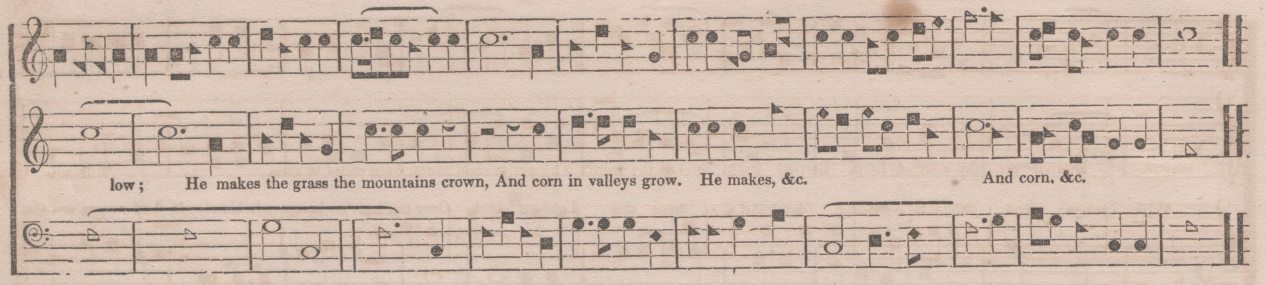
MOUNT ZION. S M. *Concluded*



251

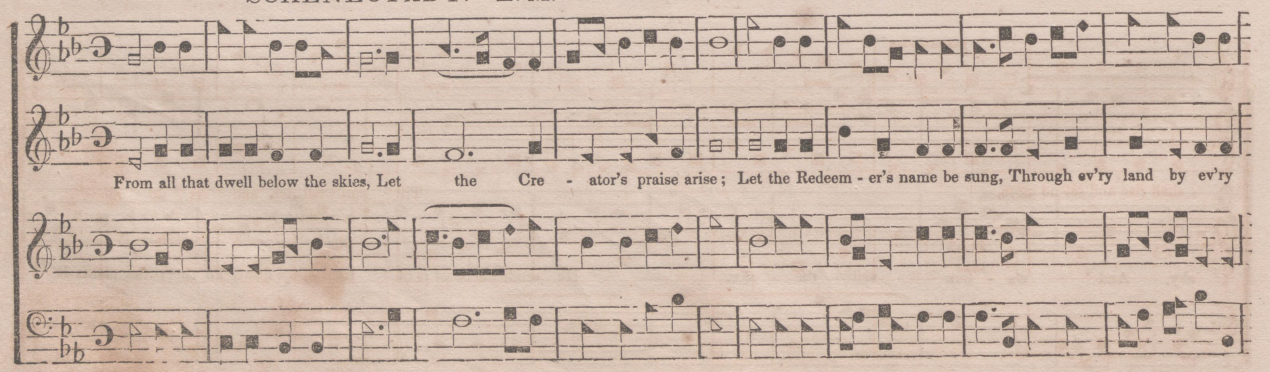

With songs and honours sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high, Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds, And waters veil the
sky, And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends his show rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be-

EDOM *Concluded.*

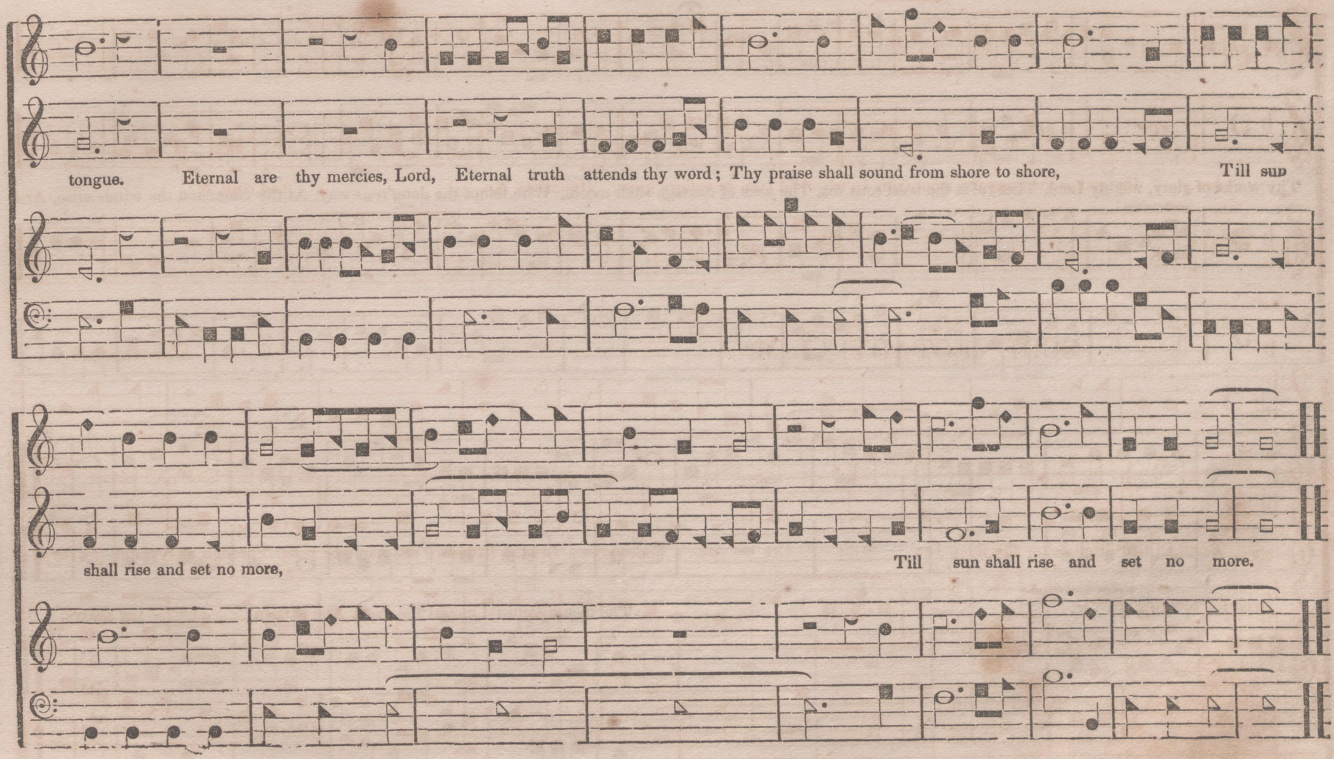


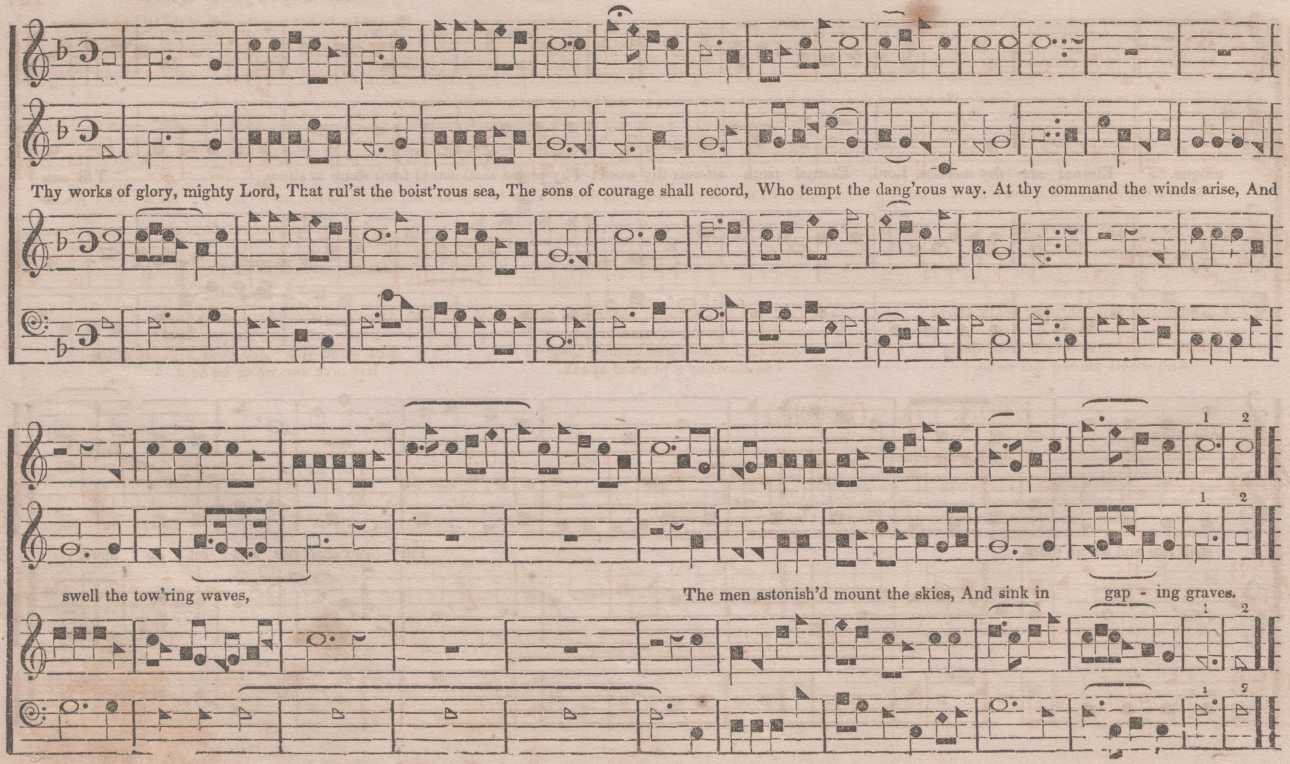
SCHENECTADY. L. M.

Shumway.



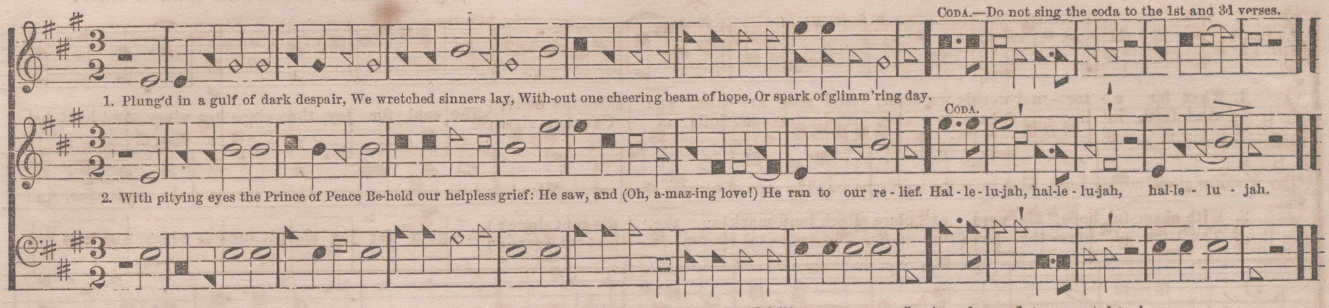
251


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


Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rul'st the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dang'rous way. At thy command the winds arise, And
swell the tow'ring waves,
The men astonish'd mount the skies, And sink in
gap - ing graves.

AZMON. C. M.

Arranged from Glaser.

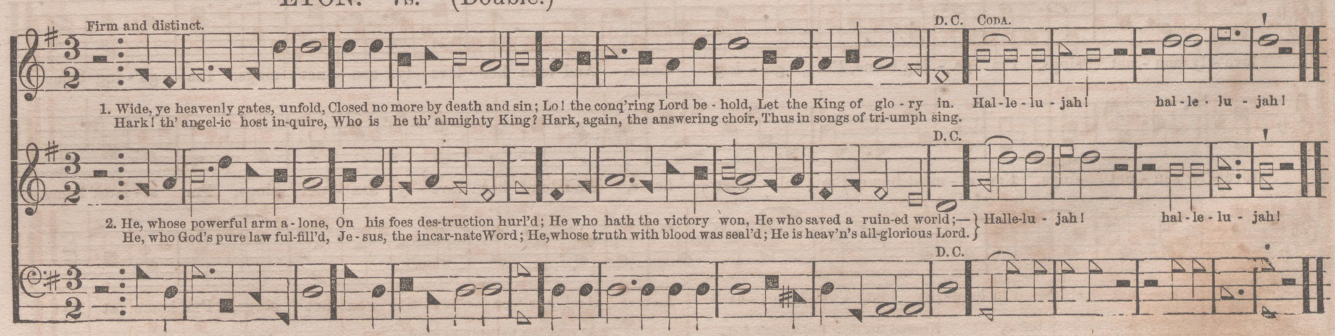


3. Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

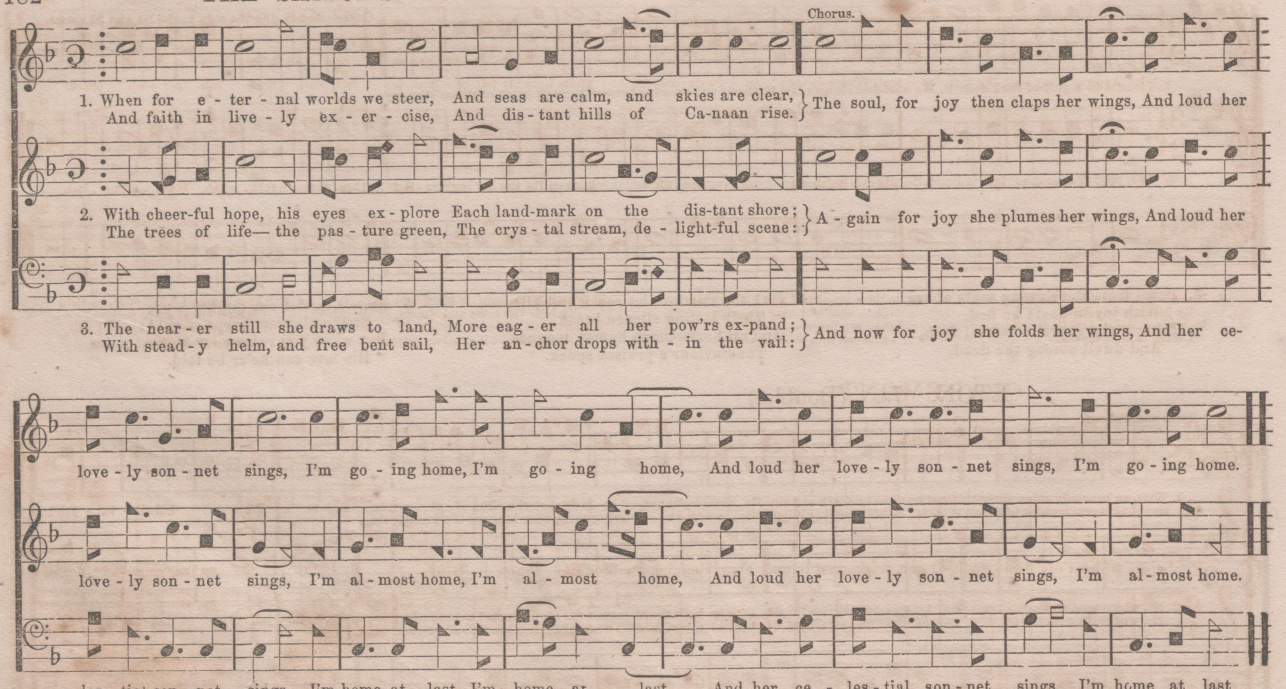
4. Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5. Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

ETON. 7s. (Double.)



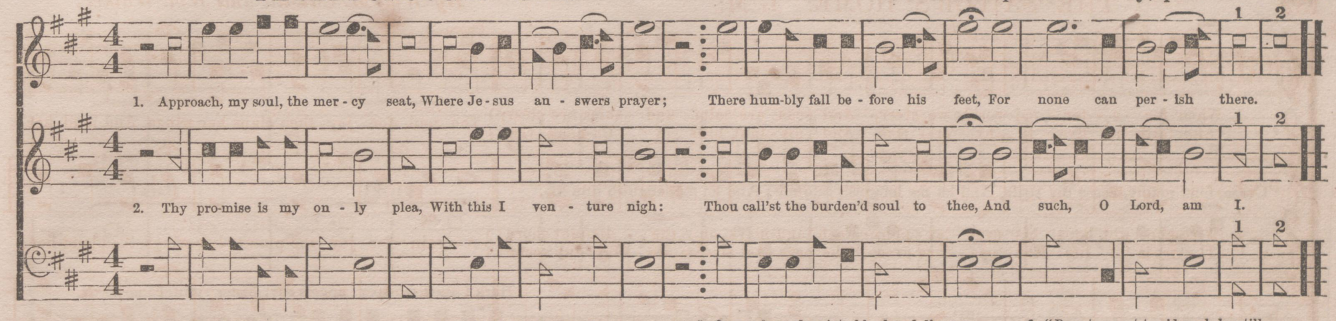
182 THE SAILOR'S HOME. L. M. *By Wm. M. Caudill and Wm. Walker.*



4. She meets with those who are gone before,
On heaven's high and genial shore.
Around the dear Redeemer's feet,
And loud they shout, Our God and King,
And ceaseless hallelujahs sing,
We're safe at last, we're safe at last,
And ceaseless hallelujahs sing
We're safe at last.

251

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



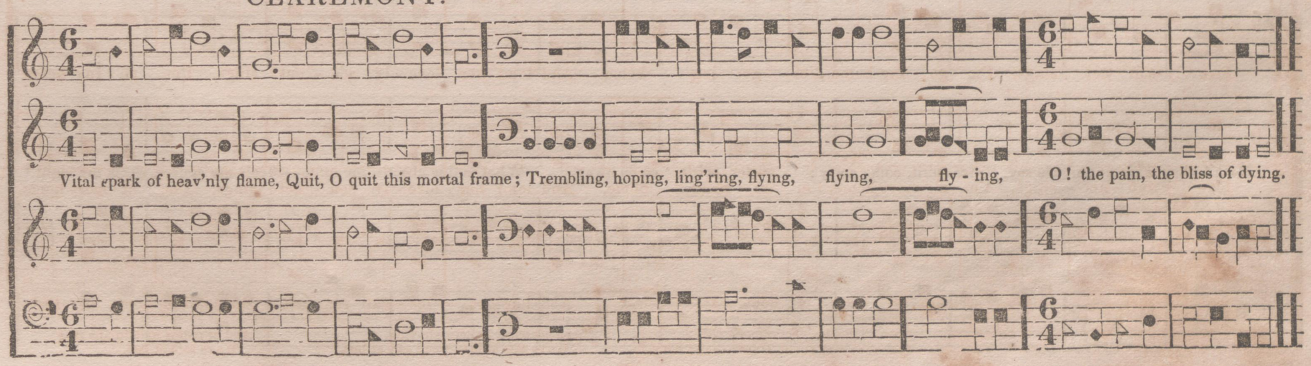
3. Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4. Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

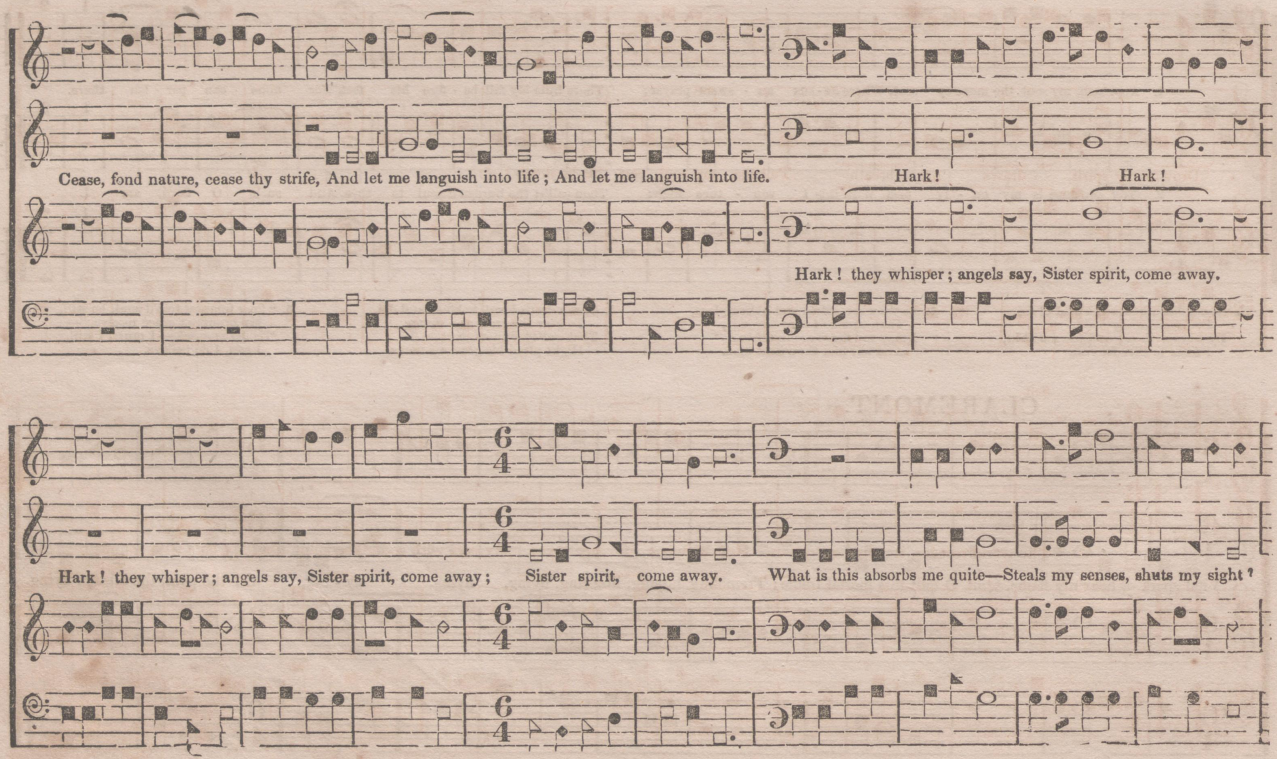
5. O, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name.

6. "Poor tempest-toss'd soul, be still,
My promised grace receive:"—
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

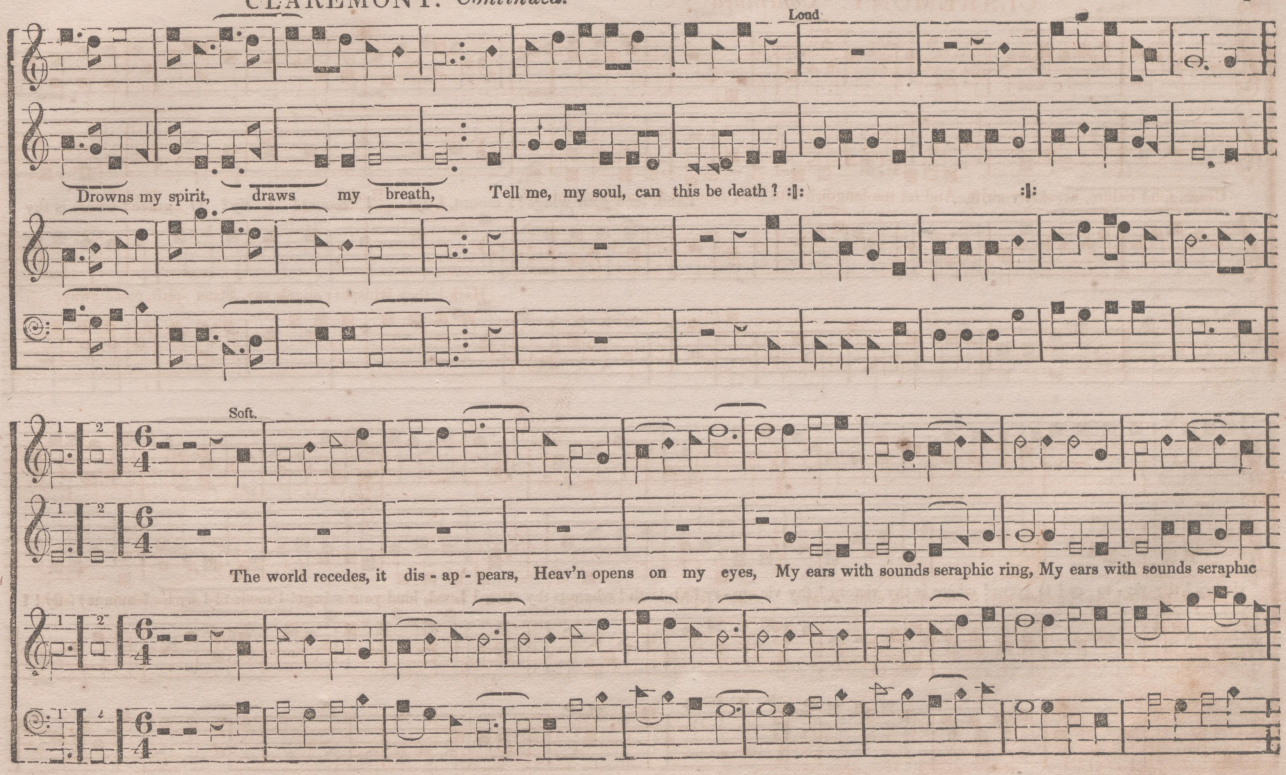
CLAREMONT.



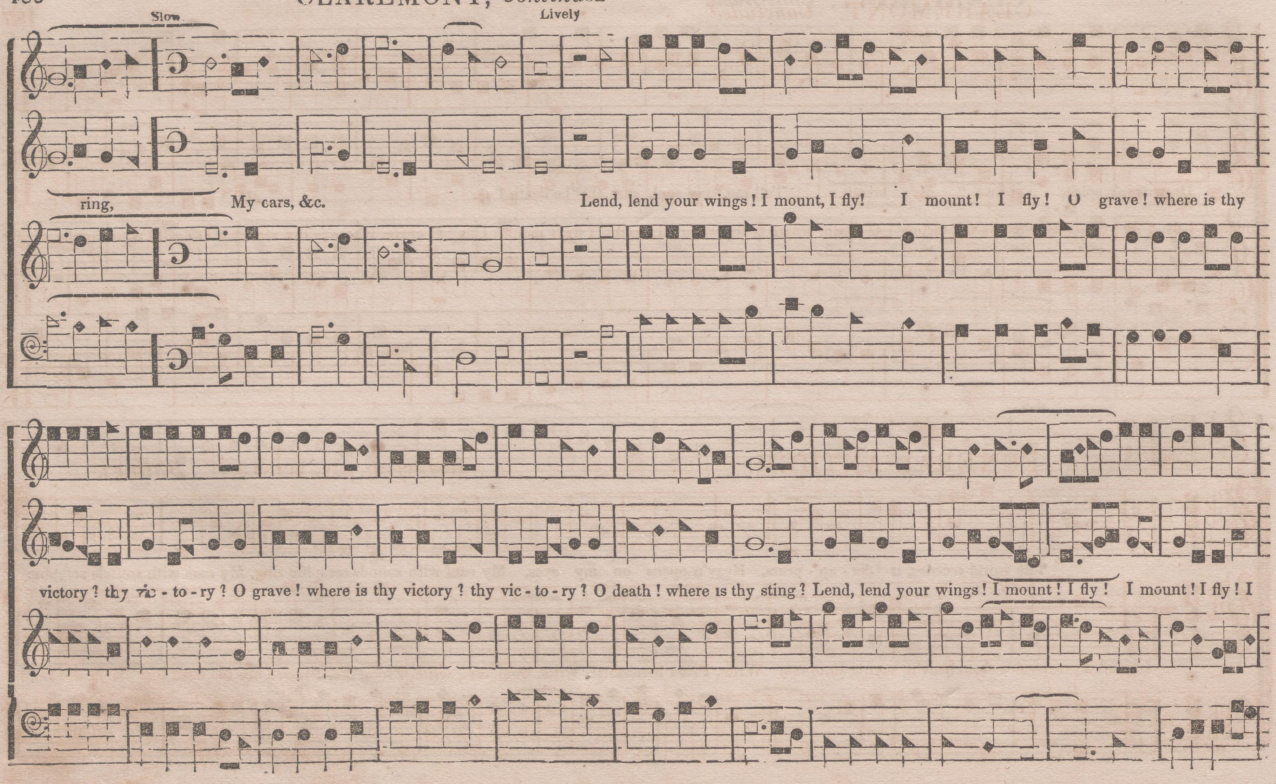
CLAREMONT. *Continued*



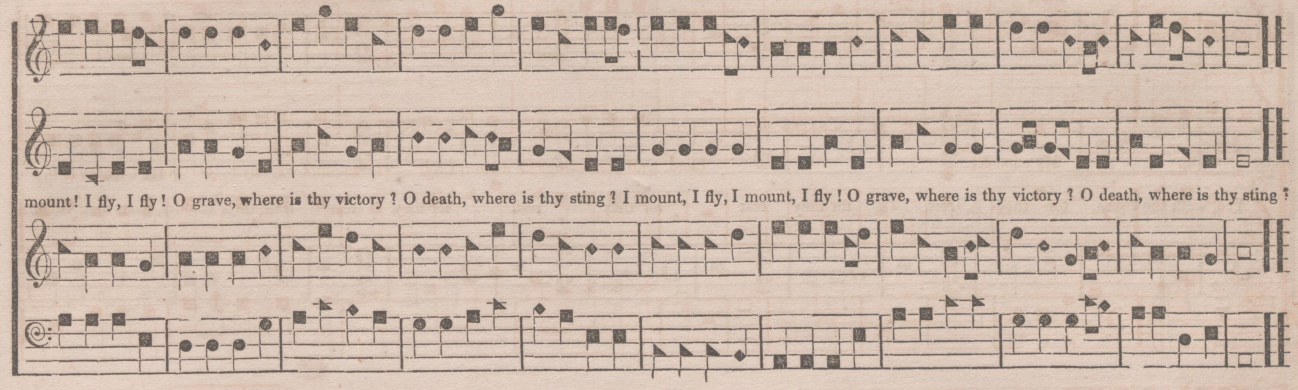
251


Loud
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath, Tell me, my soul, can this be death? :‖: :‖:
Soft.
The world recedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n opens on my eyes, My ears with sounds seraphic ring, My ears with sounds seraphic

CLAREMONT, *Continued*

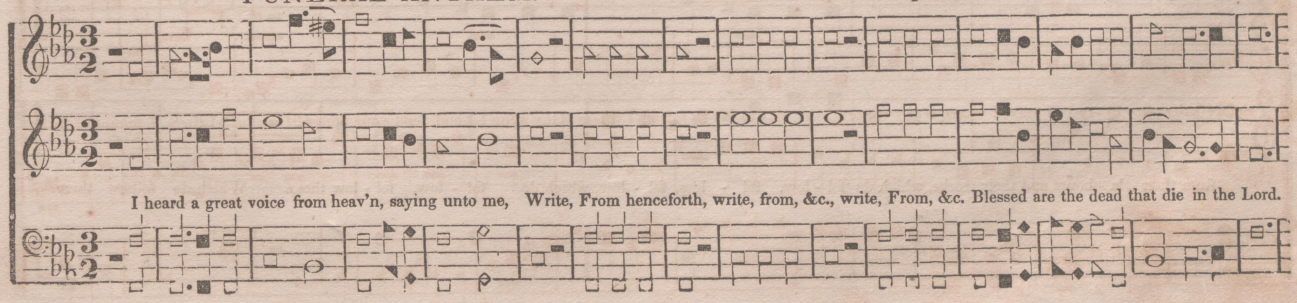


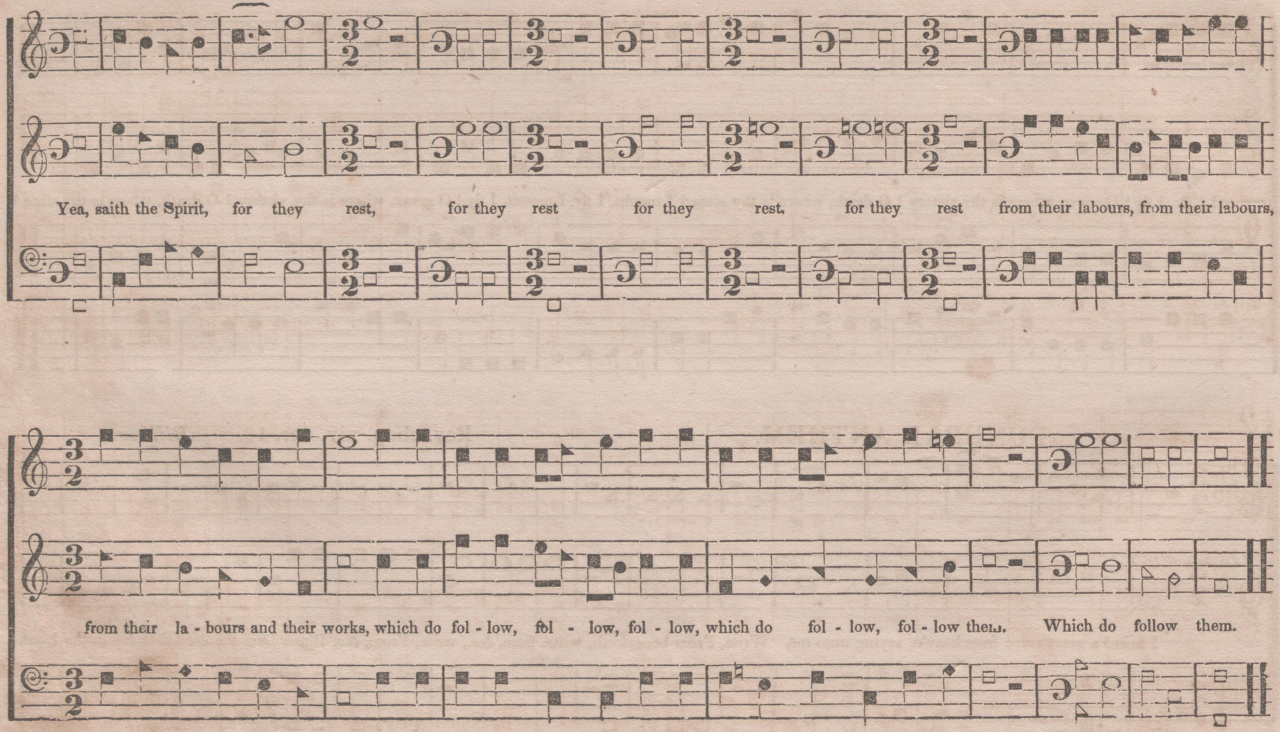
251



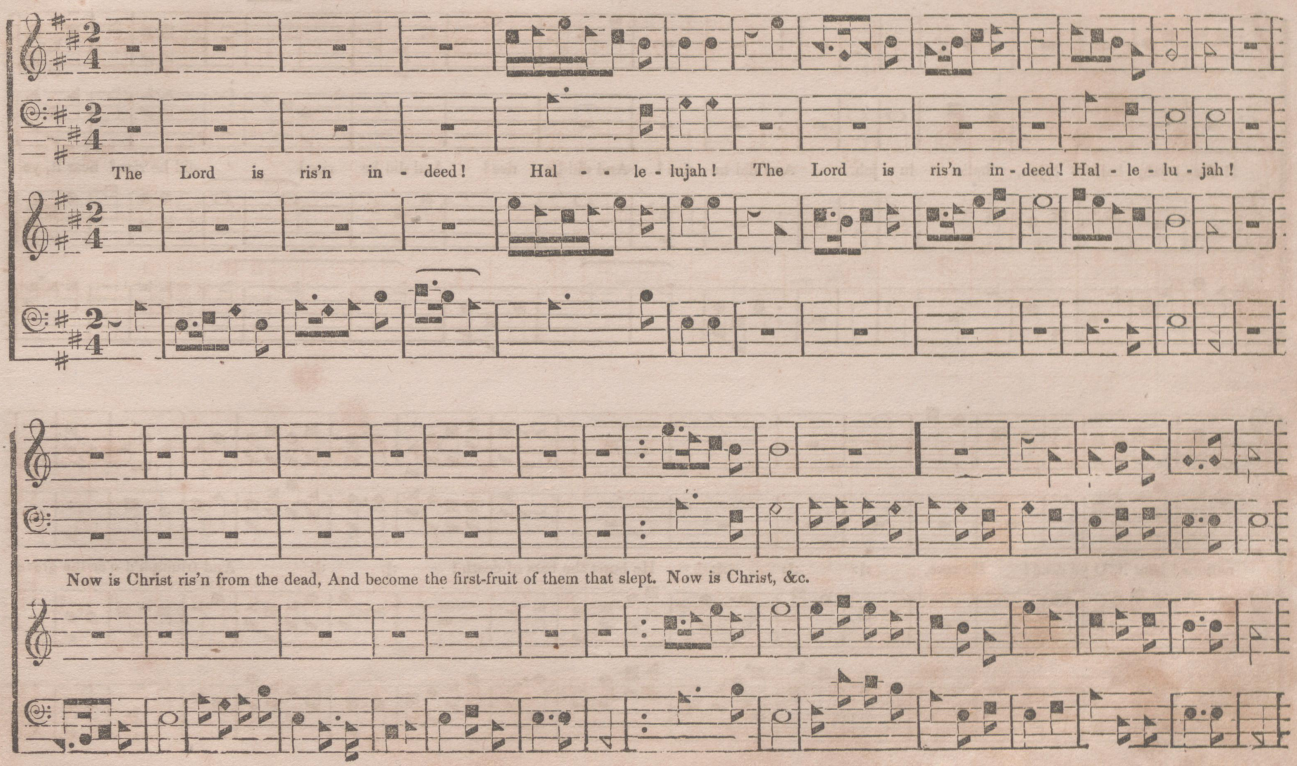
FUNERAL ANTHEM.

Rev. chap. xiv. ver. 13. *Billings.*

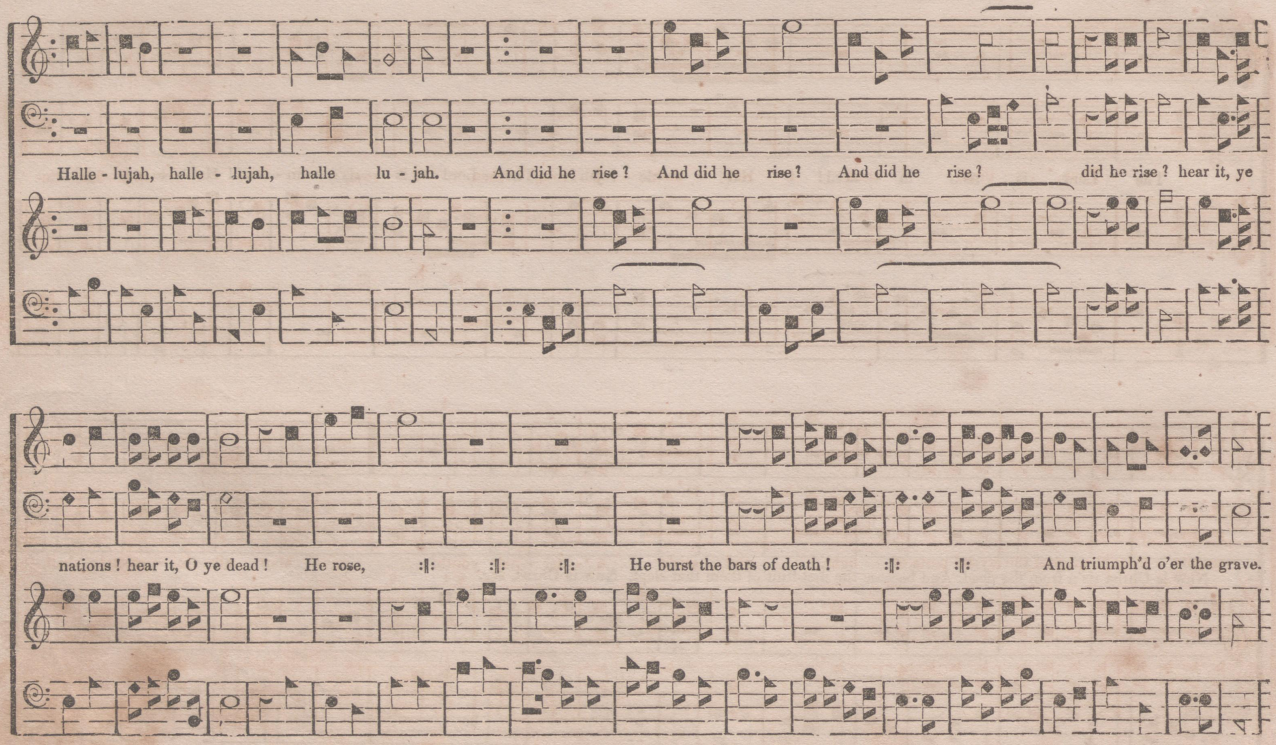



Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest, for they rest for they rest. for they rest from their labours, from their labours,
from their la - bours and their works, which do fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, which do fol - low, fol - low them. Which do follow them.

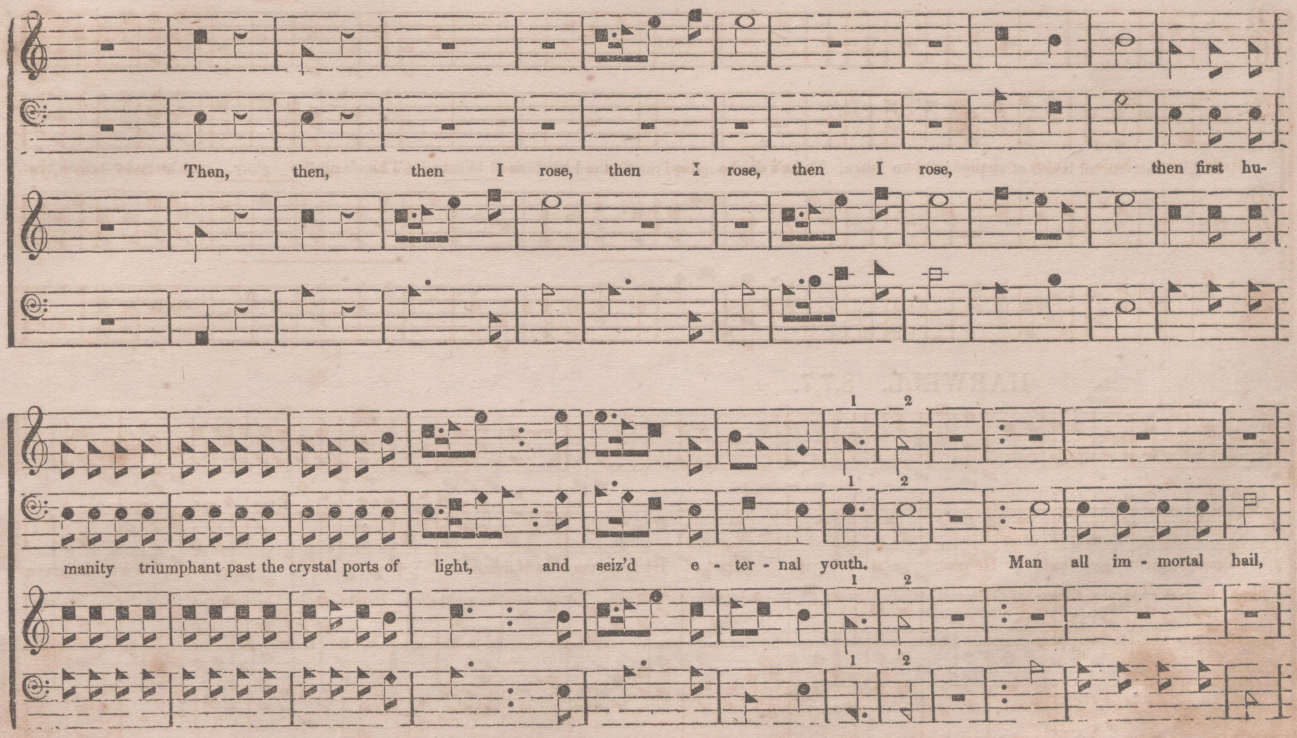
251


The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - - le - lujah! The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruit of them that slept. Now is Christ, &c.

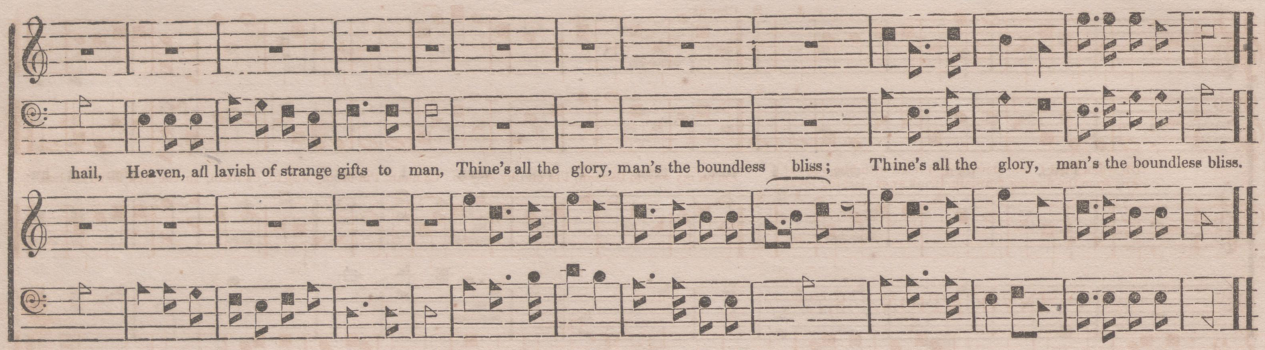
EASTER ANTHEM. *Continued*



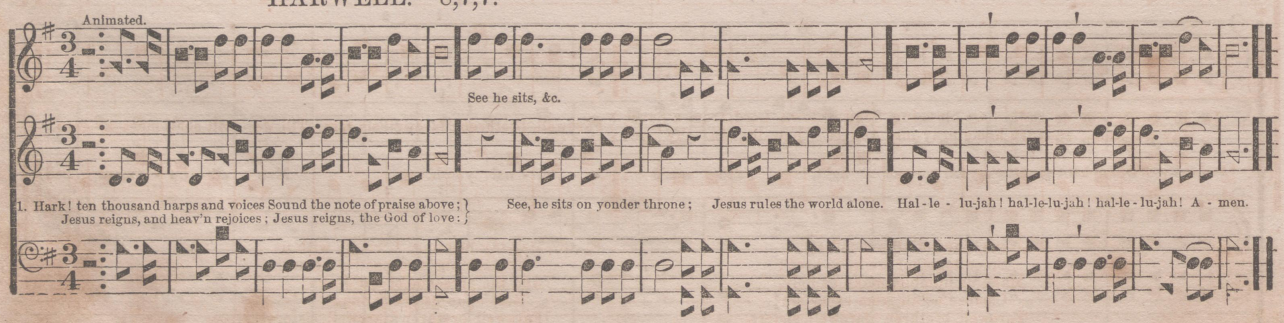
251


Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then first hu-
manity triumphant past the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd e - ter - nal youth. Man all im - mortal hail,

EASTER ANTHEM, *Concluded.*



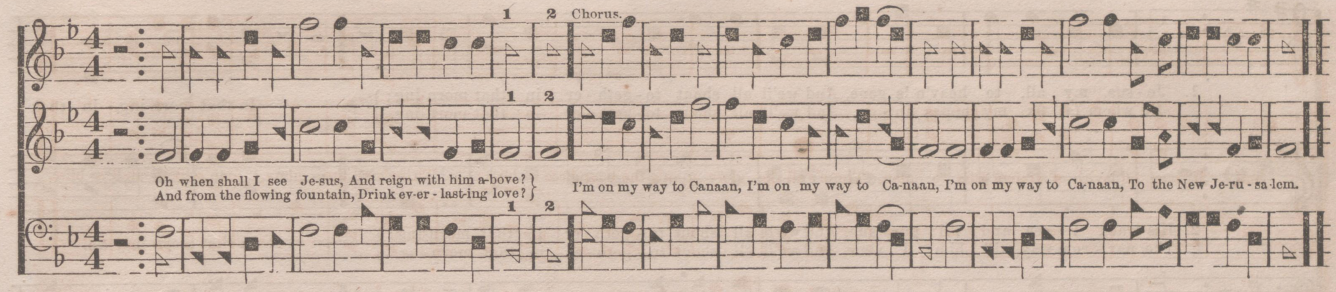
HARWELL. 8,7,7.



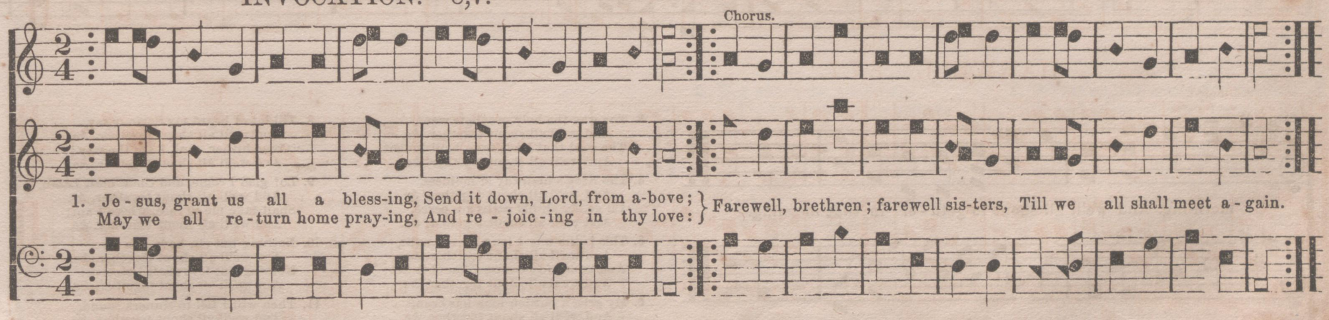
251

BOUND FOR CANAAN. 7.6.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 356. *E. J. King.* 193



INVOCATION. 8,7.

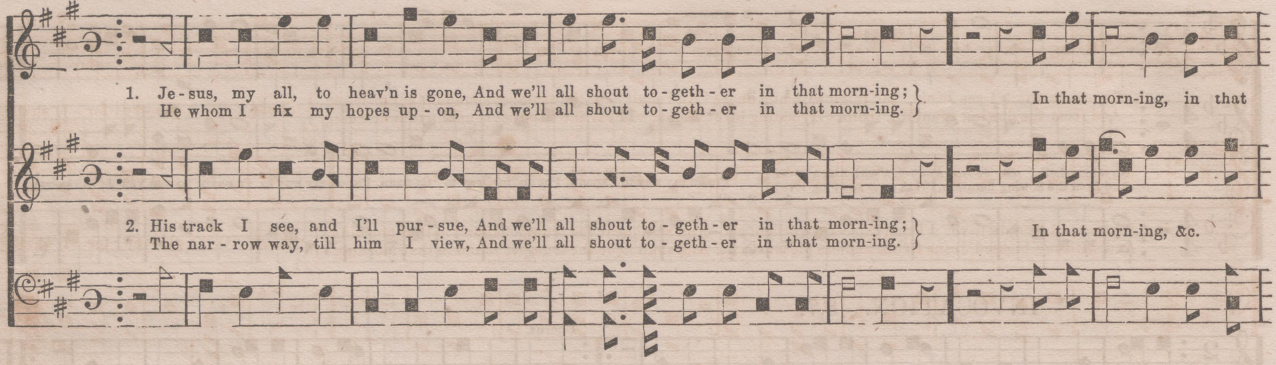


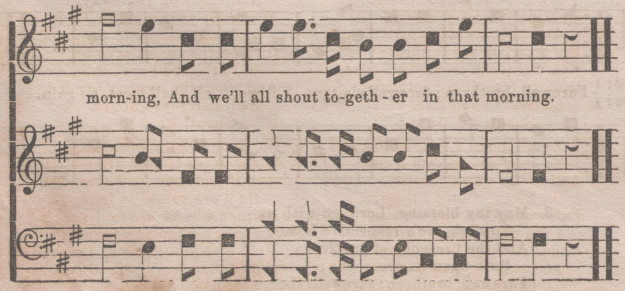
2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin:
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.

3. May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
To each one's respective home;
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one:
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

IN THAT MORNING. L. M.

Wm. Walker.





3. The way the holy prophets went,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
The road that leads from banishment,
And we'll all shout together, &c.

4. The King's highway of holiness,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
I'll go, for all his paths are peace,
And we'll all shout together, &c.

5. This is the way I long have sought,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
And mourn'd because I found it not;
And we'll all shout together, &c

6. My grief a burden long has been,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
Because I was not saved from sin;
And we'll all shout together, &c.

7. The more I strove against its power,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
And we'll all shout together. &c.

8. Till late I heard my Saviour say,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
"Come hither, soul, I am the way,"
And we'll all shout together, &c.

9. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
And we'll all shout together, &c.

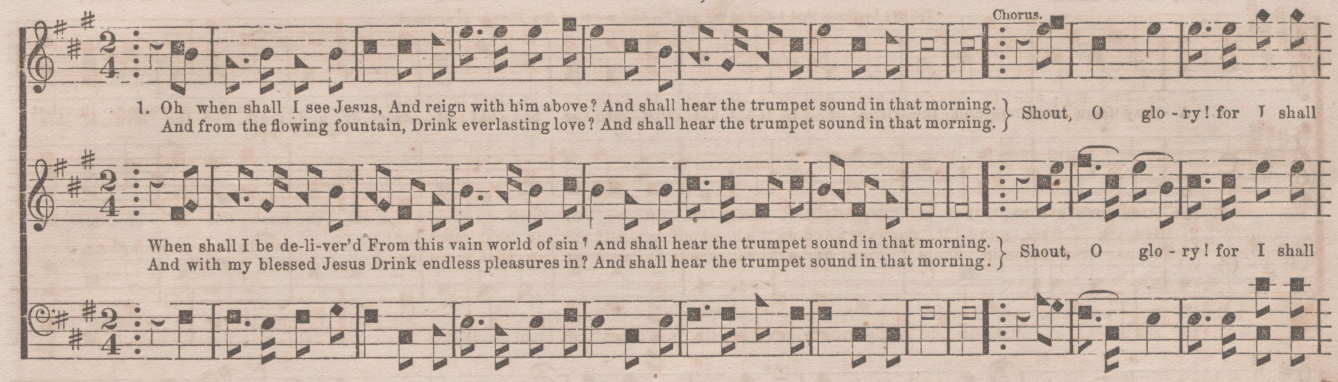
10. Nothing but sin have I to give,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
Nothing but love shall I receive:
And we'll all shout together, &c.

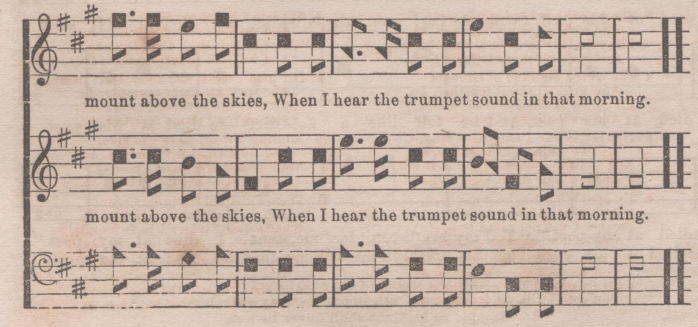
11. Then will I tell to sinners round,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
What a dear Saviour I have found;
And we'll all shout together, &c

12. I'll point to thy redeeming love,
And we'll all shout together, &c.
And say, "Be hold the way to God!
And we'll all shout together. &c.

THE MORNING TRUMPET. 7,6.

B F. White. 195





2. But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.
Shout, &c.

3. Through grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
Shout, &c.

4. Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.
Shout, &c.

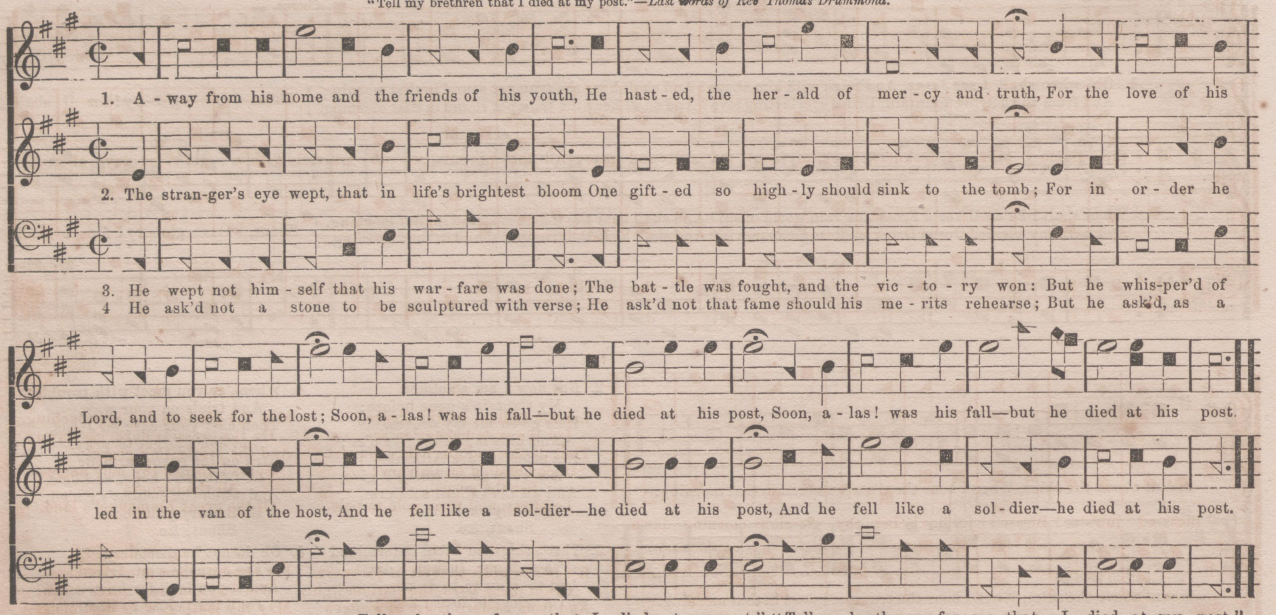
5. Oh do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
Shout, &c

Rev. Samuel Wakefield.
Words by Rev. Wm. Hunter.

DRUMMOND. 11s.

Treble by Wm Houser.

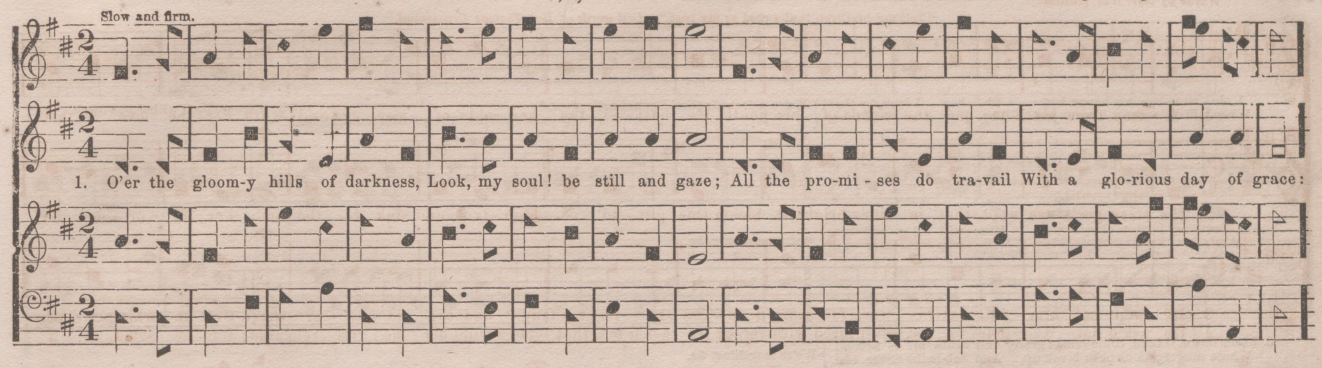
"Tell my brethren that I died at my post."—*Last words of Rev Thomas Drummond.*

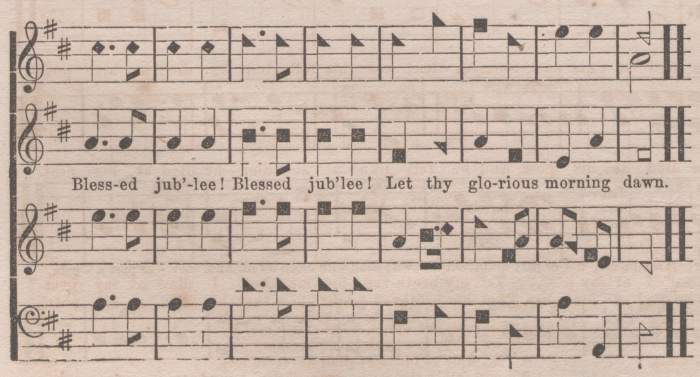


5. Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has pass'd o'er the stream, and has reach'd the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6. And can we the words of his exit forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so brilliant shall never be lost.
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

251





2.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel,
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3.

Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night:
And redemption
Freely purchased, win the day.

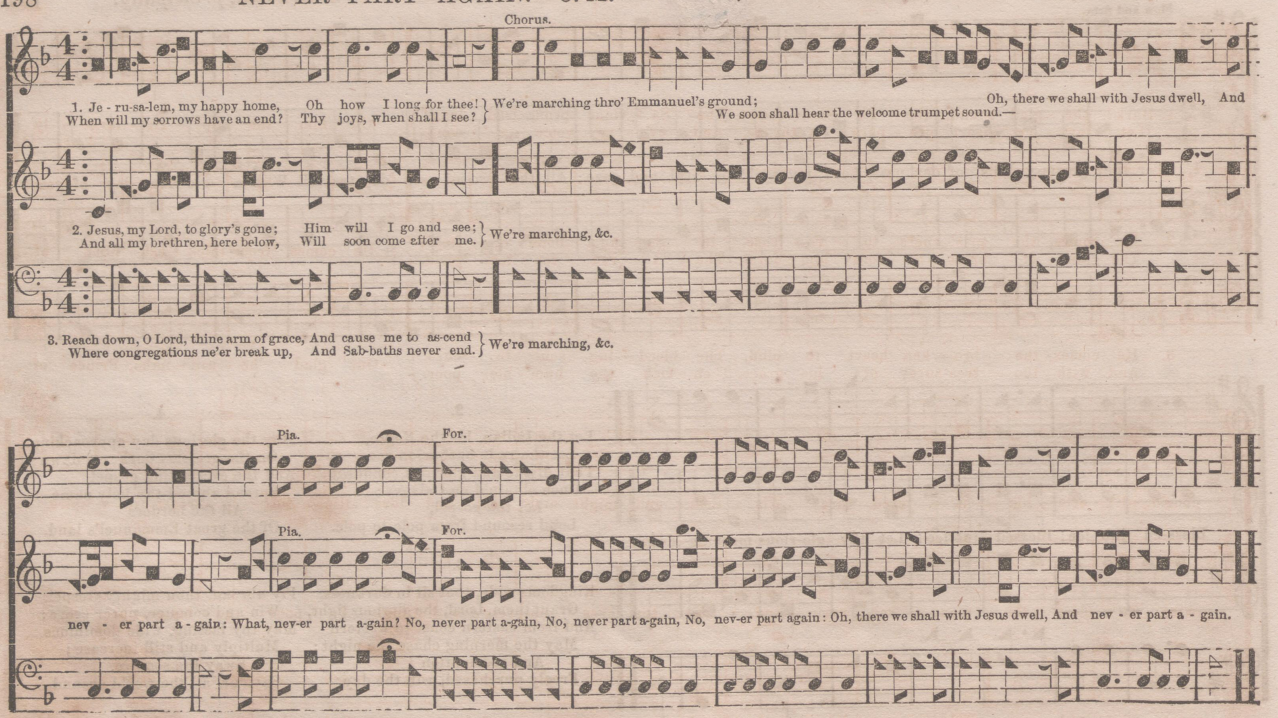
4.

May the glorious day approaching,
On the grossest darkness dawn;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name—
All the borders
Of the great Emmanuel's land.

5.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway the sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

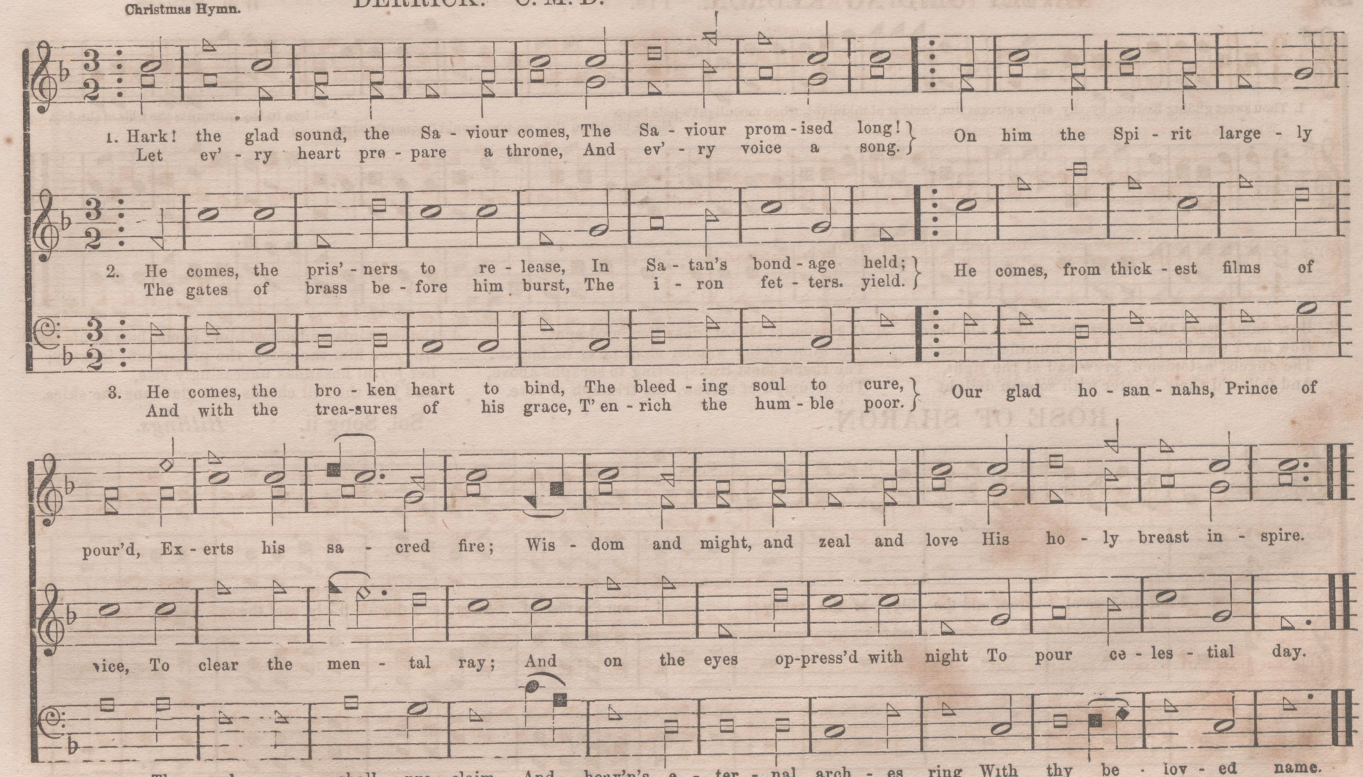
NEVER PART AGAIN. C. M.



251

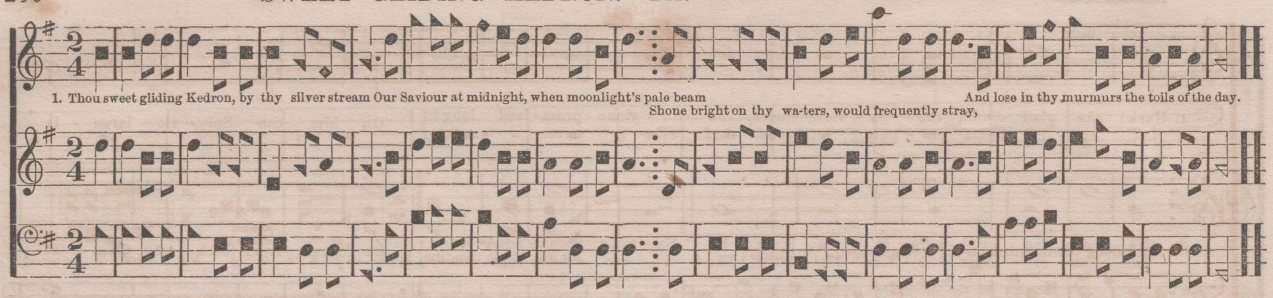
Christmas Hymn.

DERRICK. C. M. D.



SWEET GLIDING KEDRON. 11s.

Wm. Houser.



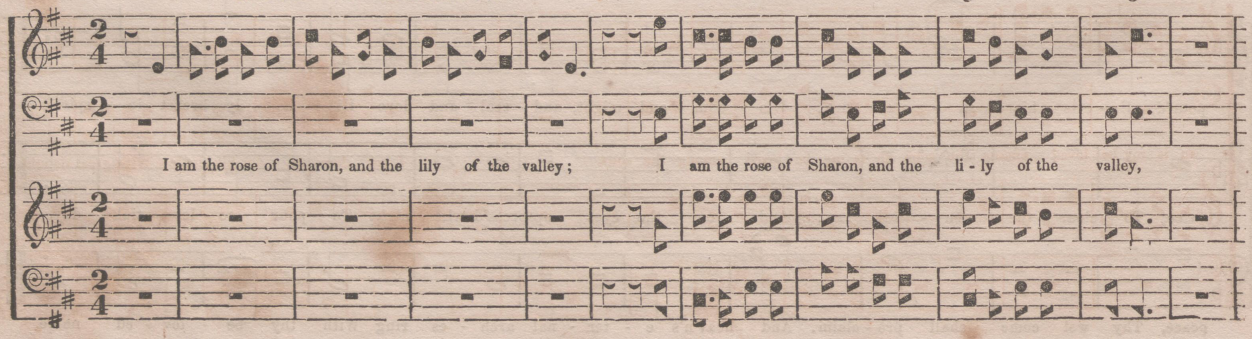
2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow! how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3. O garden of Olivet, dear honour'd spot!
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

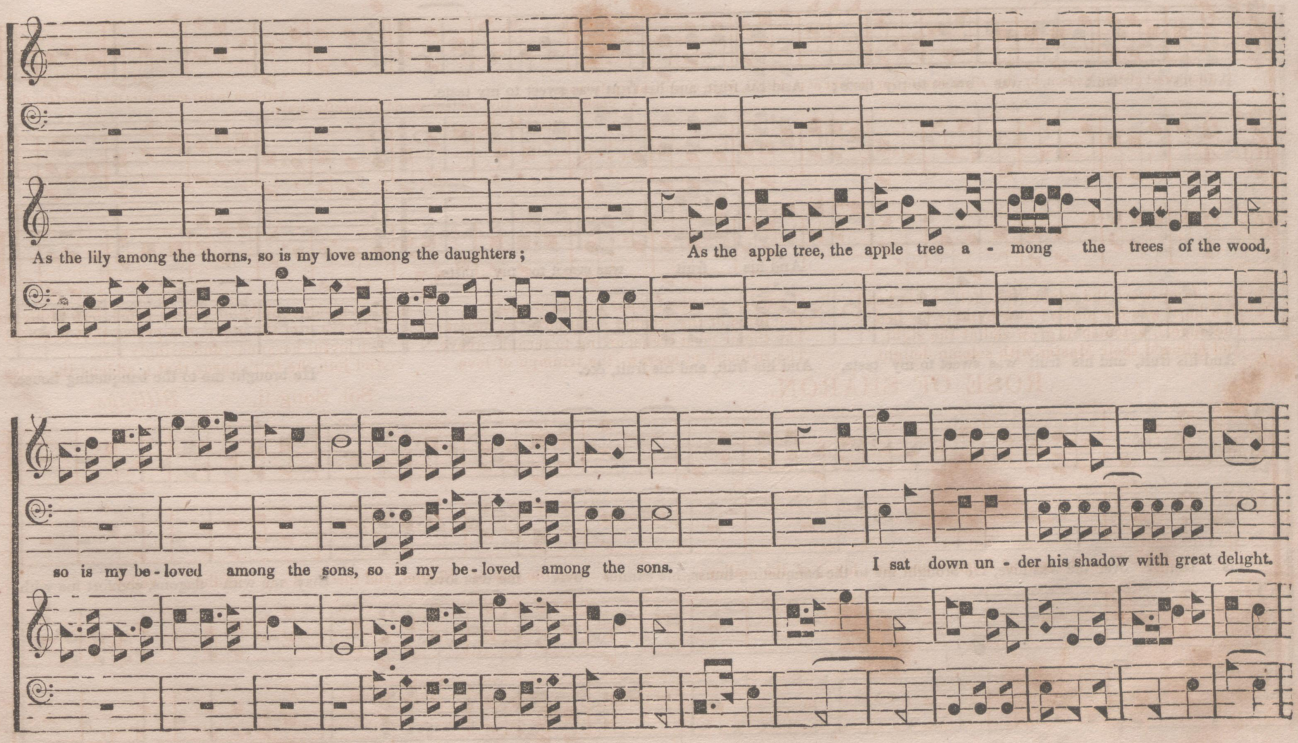
4. Come, saints and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

ROSE OF SHARON.

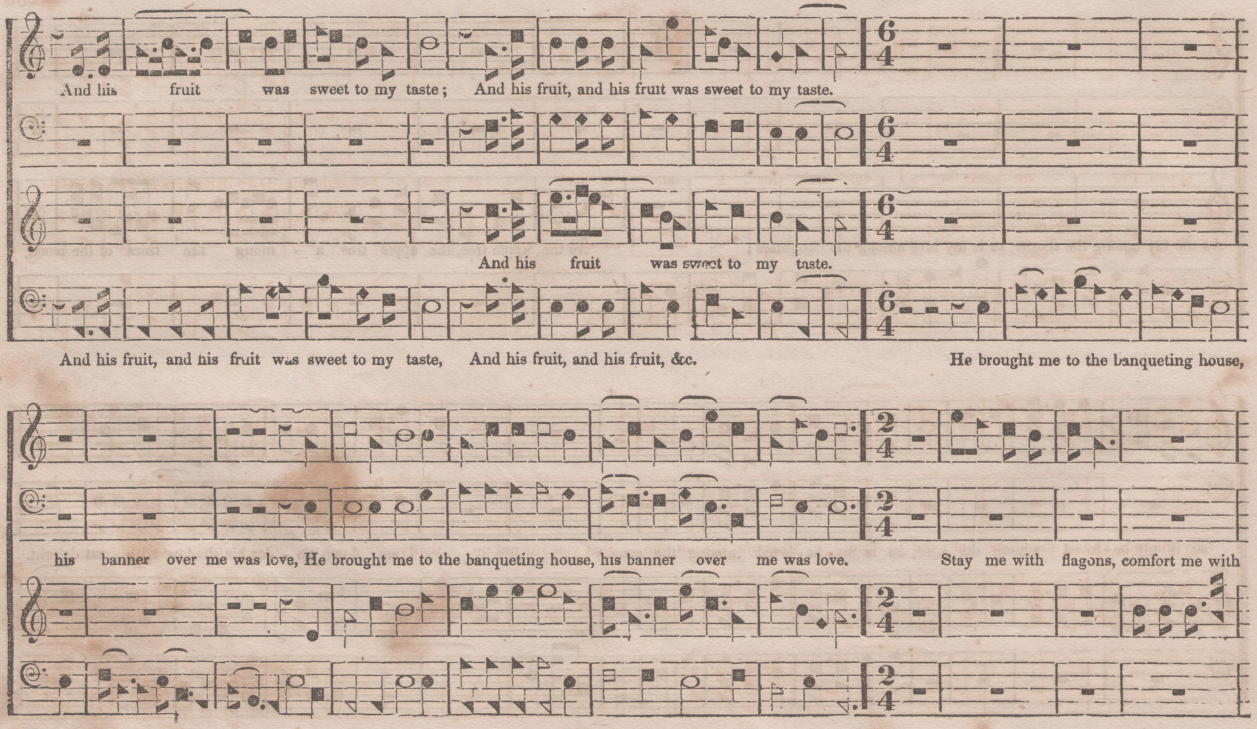
Sol. Song ii. *Billings.*



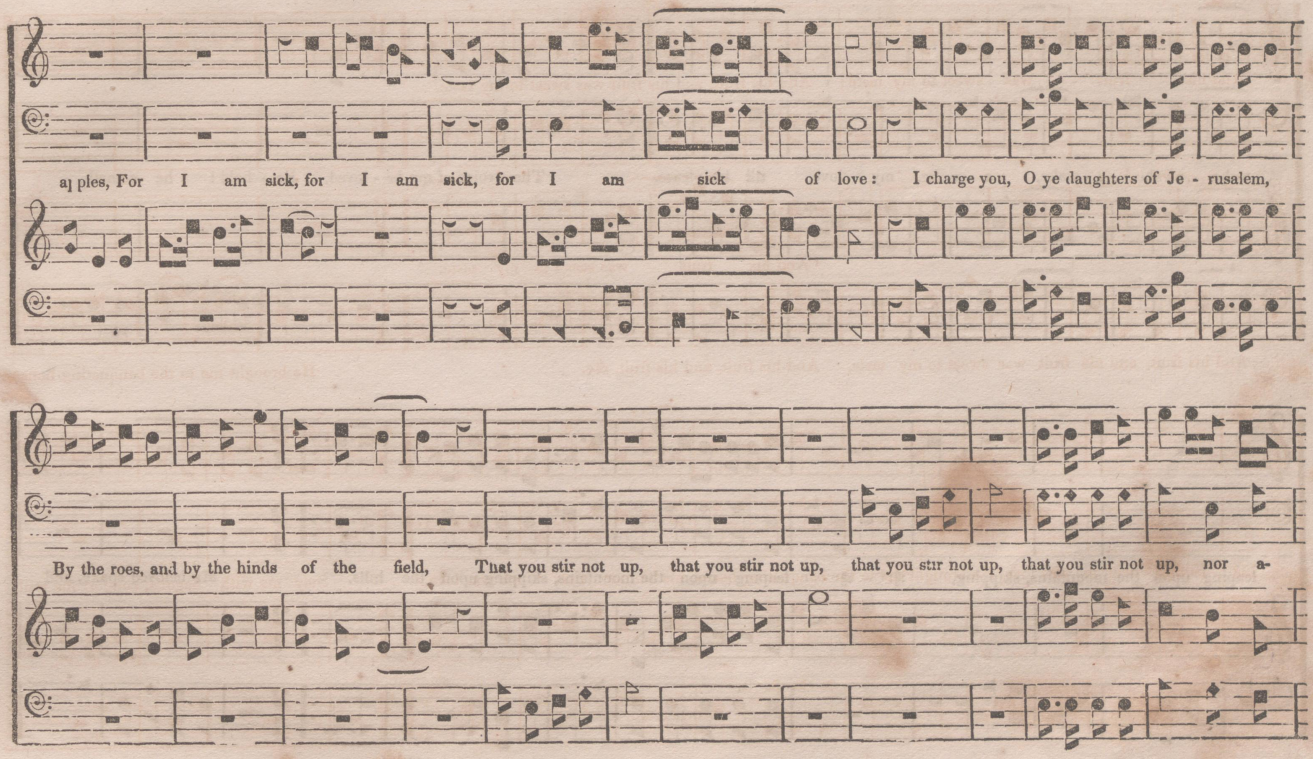
251

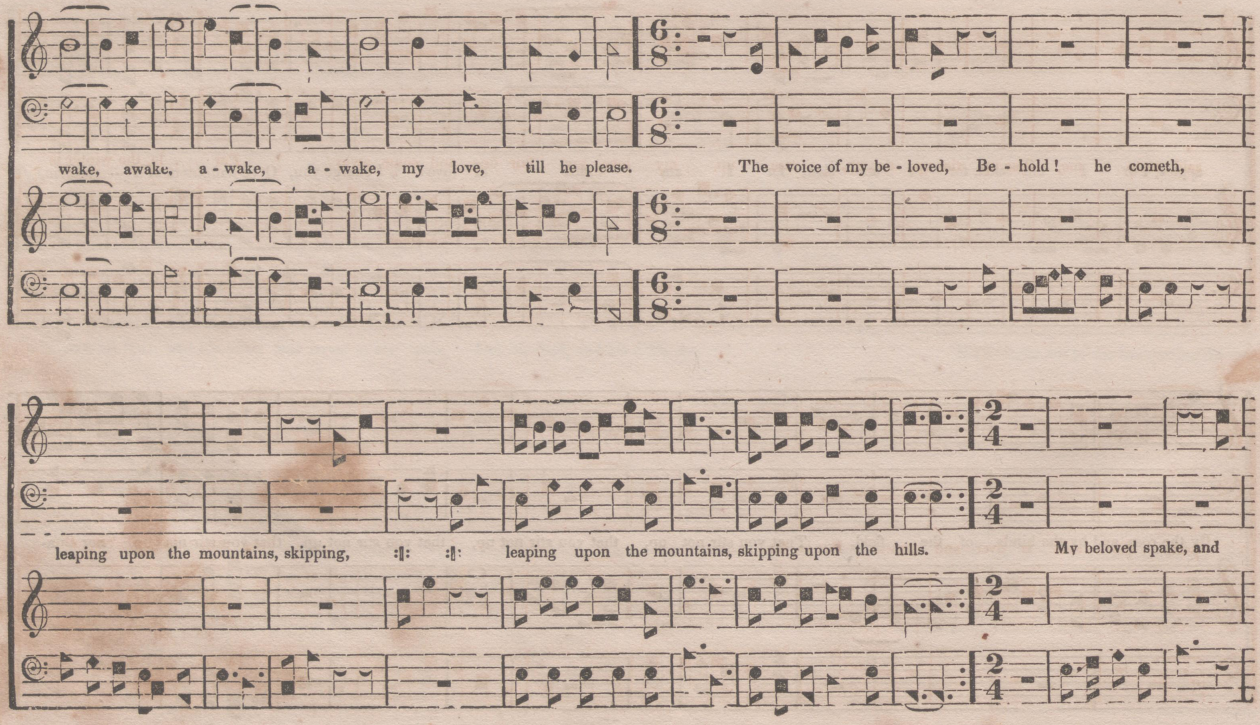

As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters;
As the apple tree, the apple tree a - mong the trees of the wood,
so is my be - loved among the sons, so is my be - loved among the sons.
I sat down un - der his shadow with great delight.

ROSE OF SHARON. *Continued.*

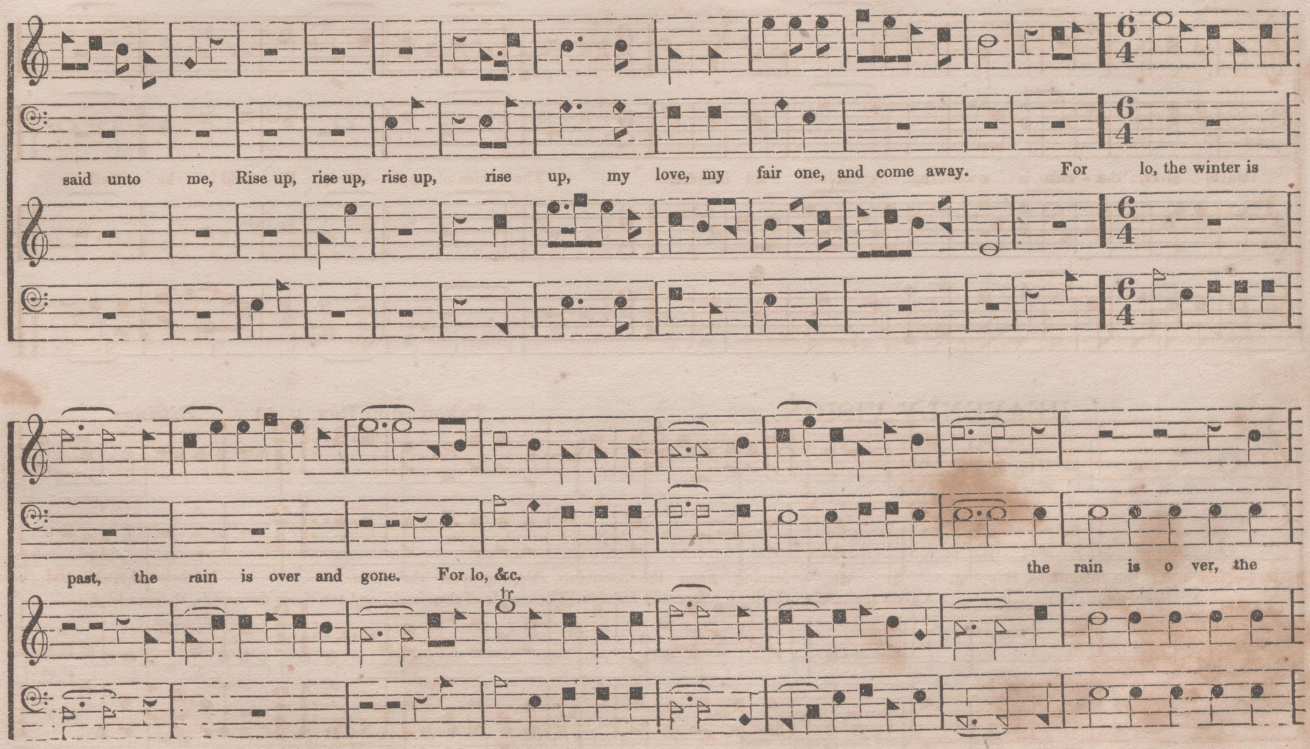


251

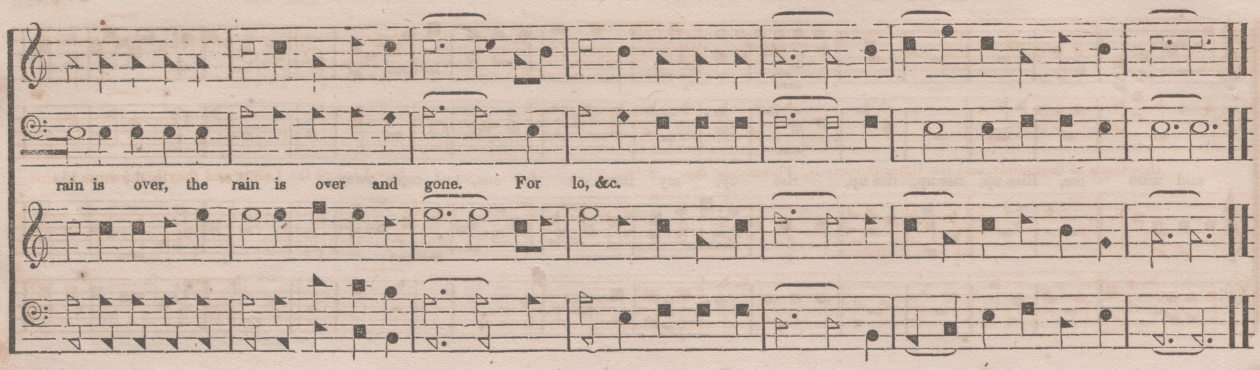

ap ples, For I am sick, for I am sick, for I am sick of love: I charge you, O ye daughters of Je - rusalem,
By the roes, and by the hinds of the field, That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, nor a-


wake, awake, a - wake, a - wake, my love, till he please. The voice of my be - loved, Be - hold! he cometh,
leaping upon the mountains, skipping, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved spake, and

251

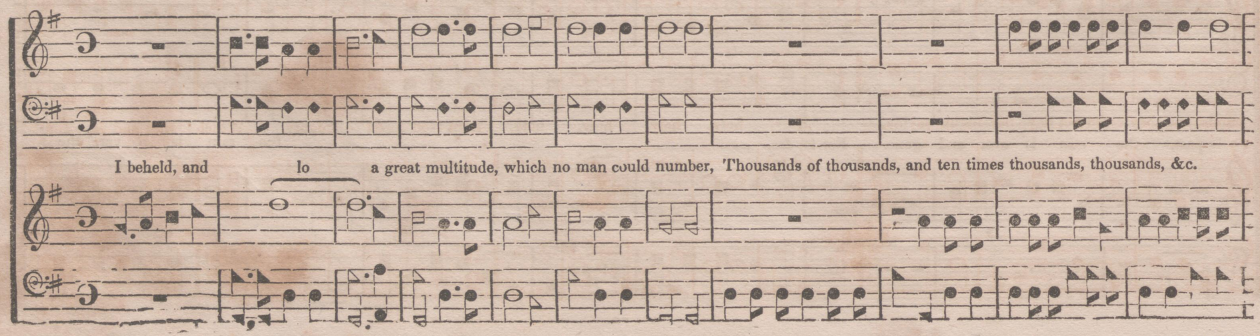

said unto me, Rise up, rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is
past, the rain is over and gone. For lo, &c.
the rain is o ver, the

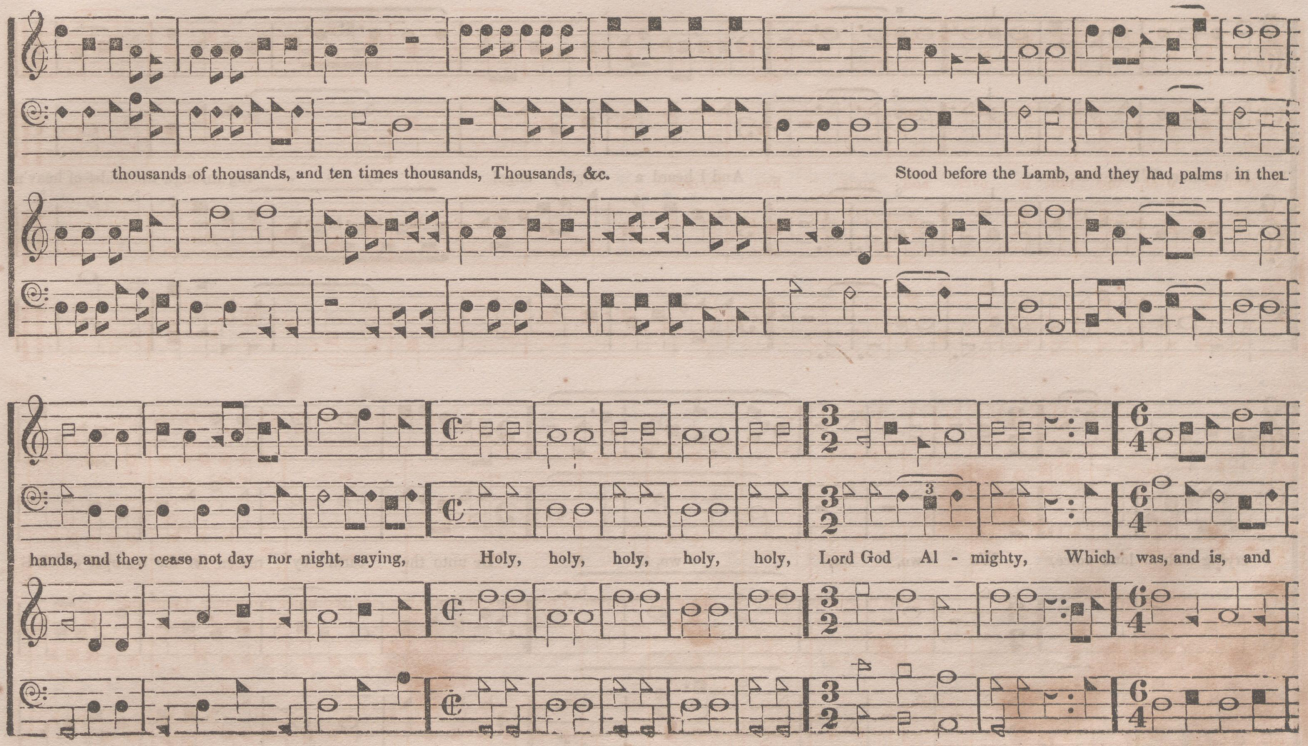
ROSE OF SHARON. *Concluded.*

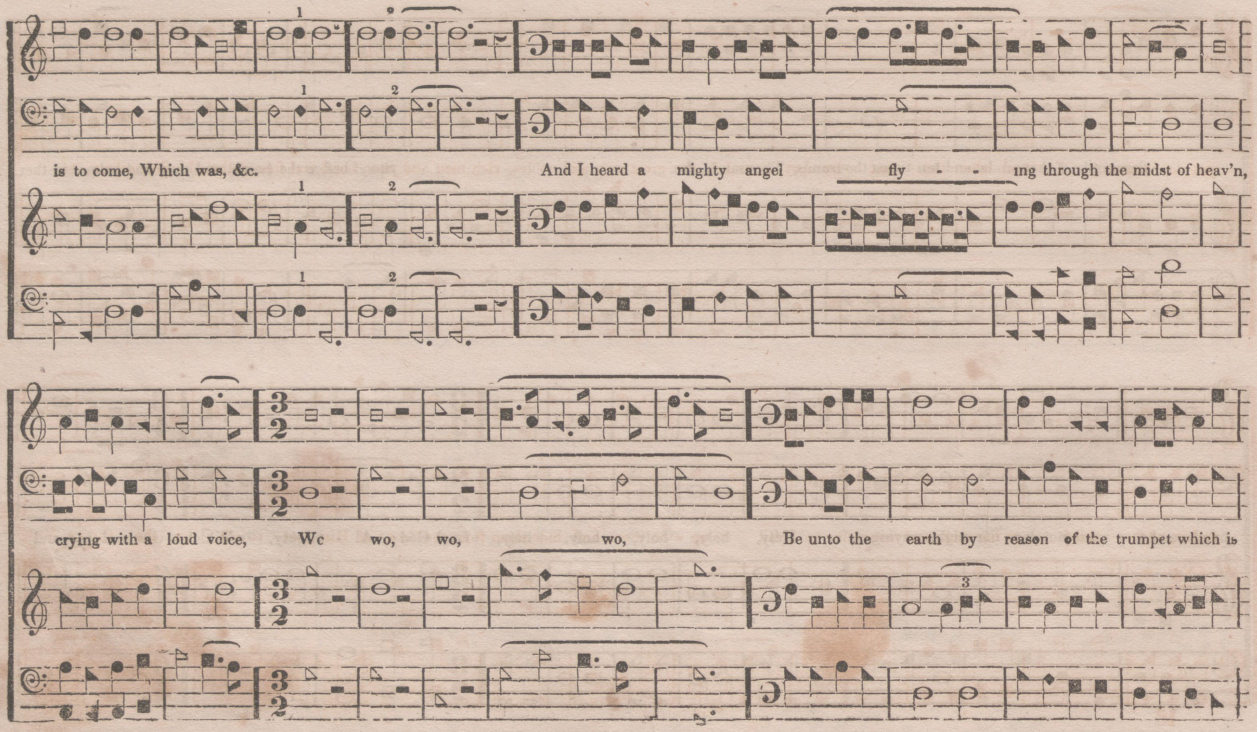


HEAVENLY VISION.

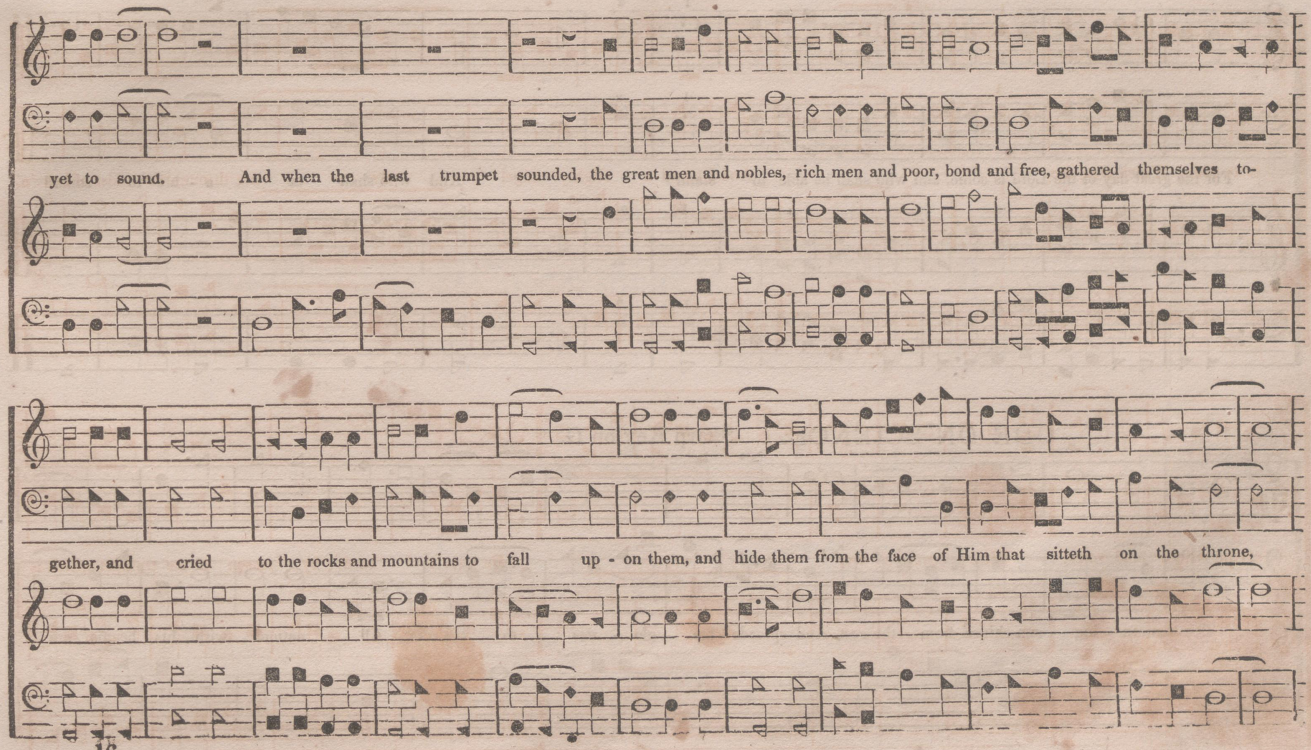
Taken from Rev. v. 11. *Billings.*



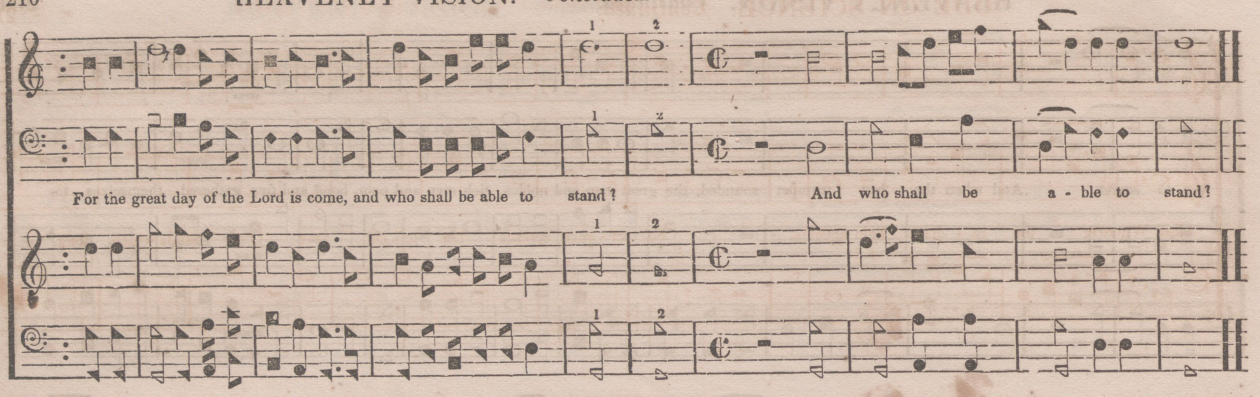

thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands, &c.
Stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their
hands, and they cease not day nor night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Al - mighty, Which was, and is, and


is to come, Which was, &c.
And I heard a mighty angel fly - - ing through the midst of heav'n,
crying with a loud voice, Wo wo, wo, wo, Be unto the earth by reason of the trumpet which is

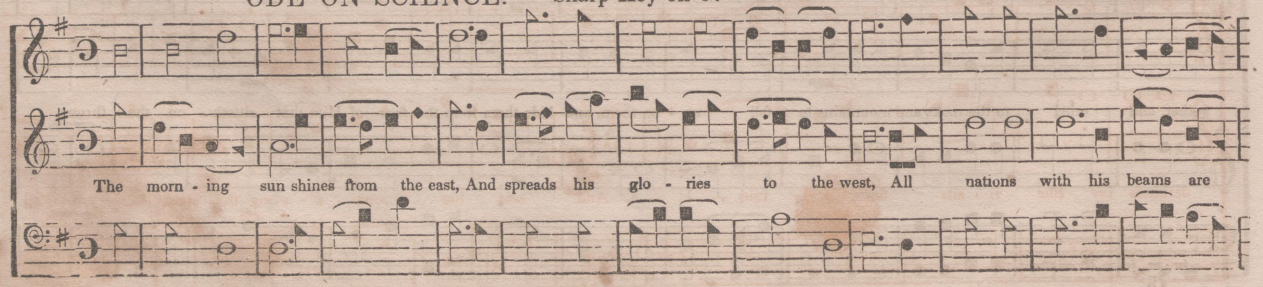
251

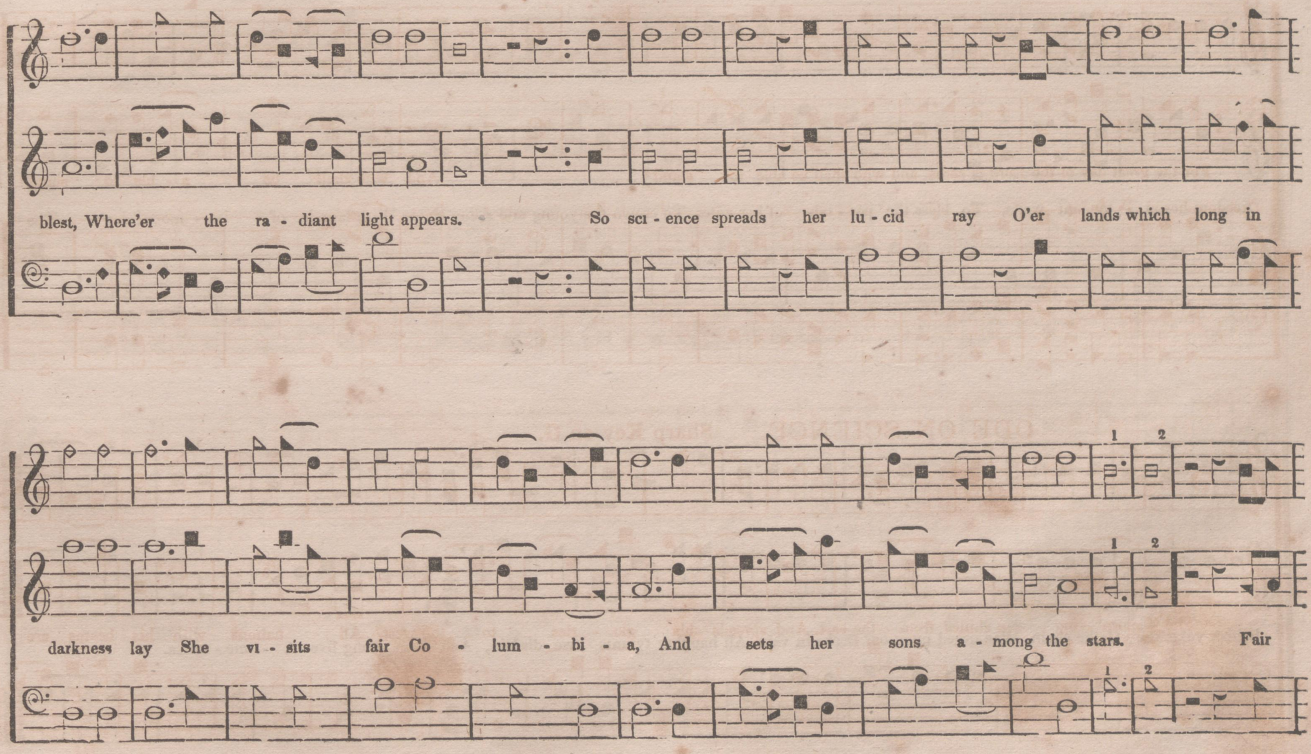

yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gathered themselves to-
gether, and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne,

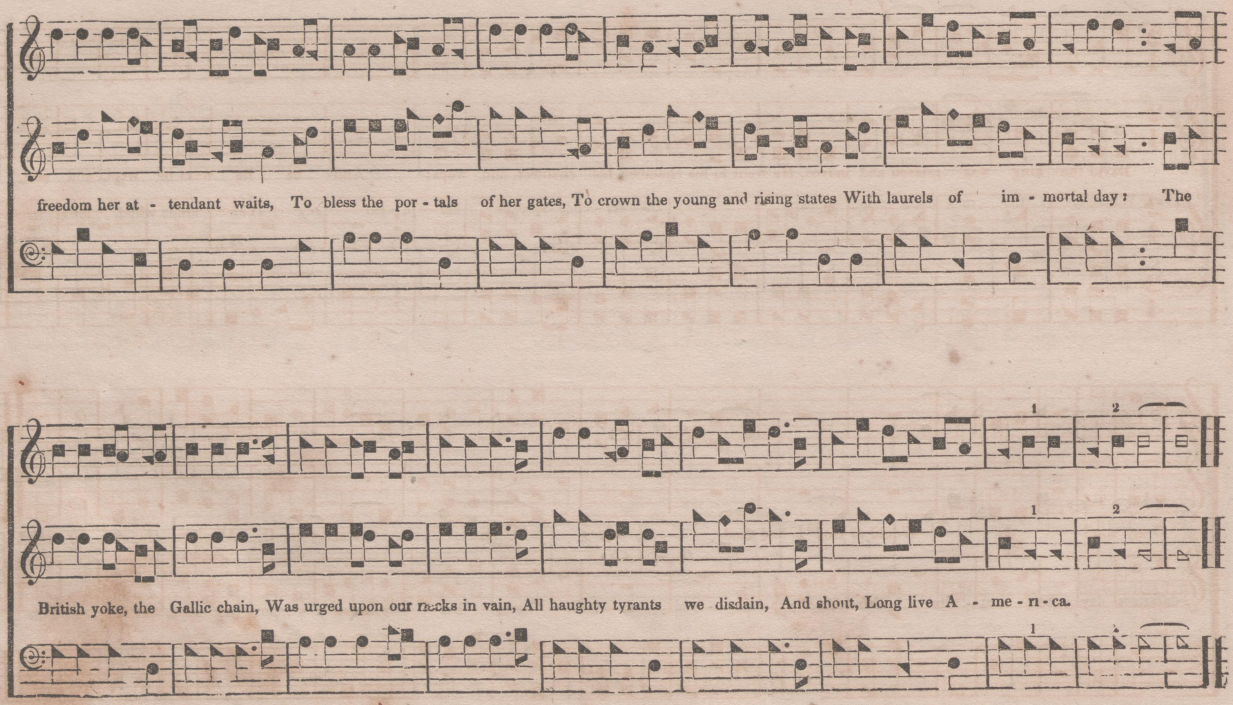
HEAVENLY VISION. *Concluded.*



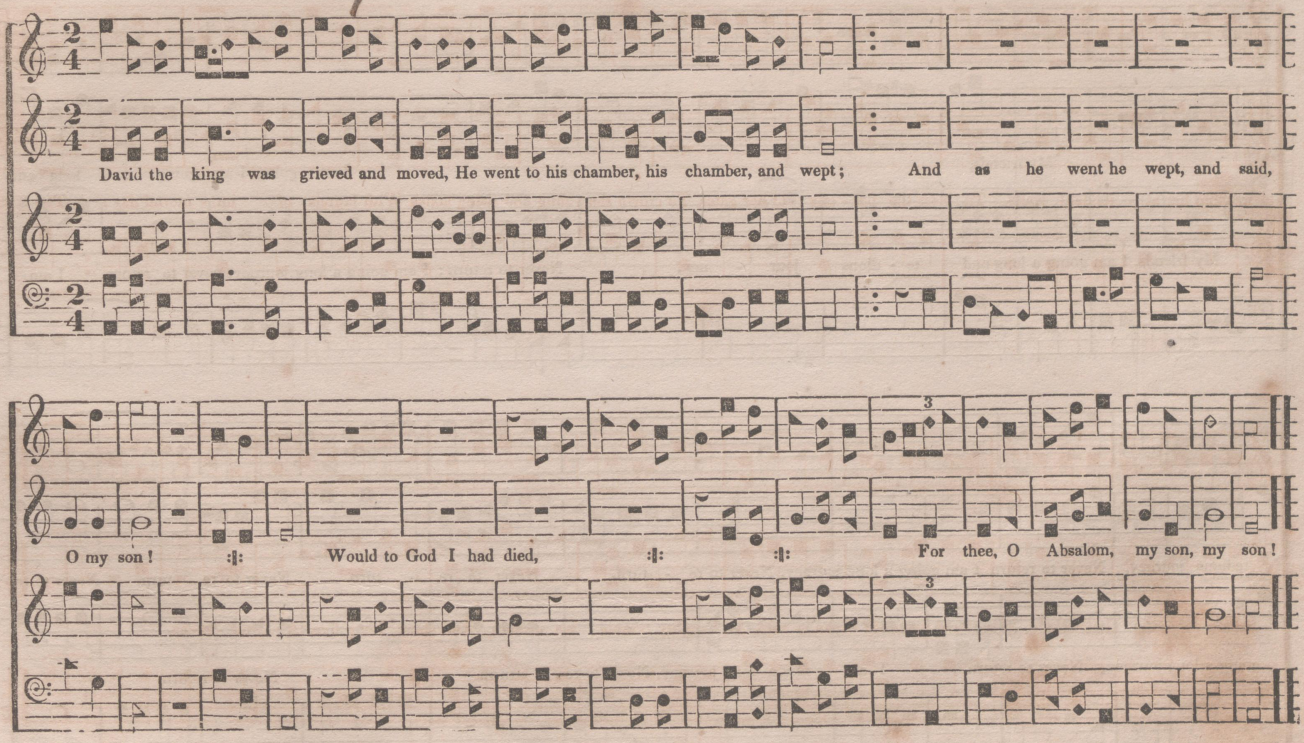
ODE ON SCIENCE. Sharp Key on G.



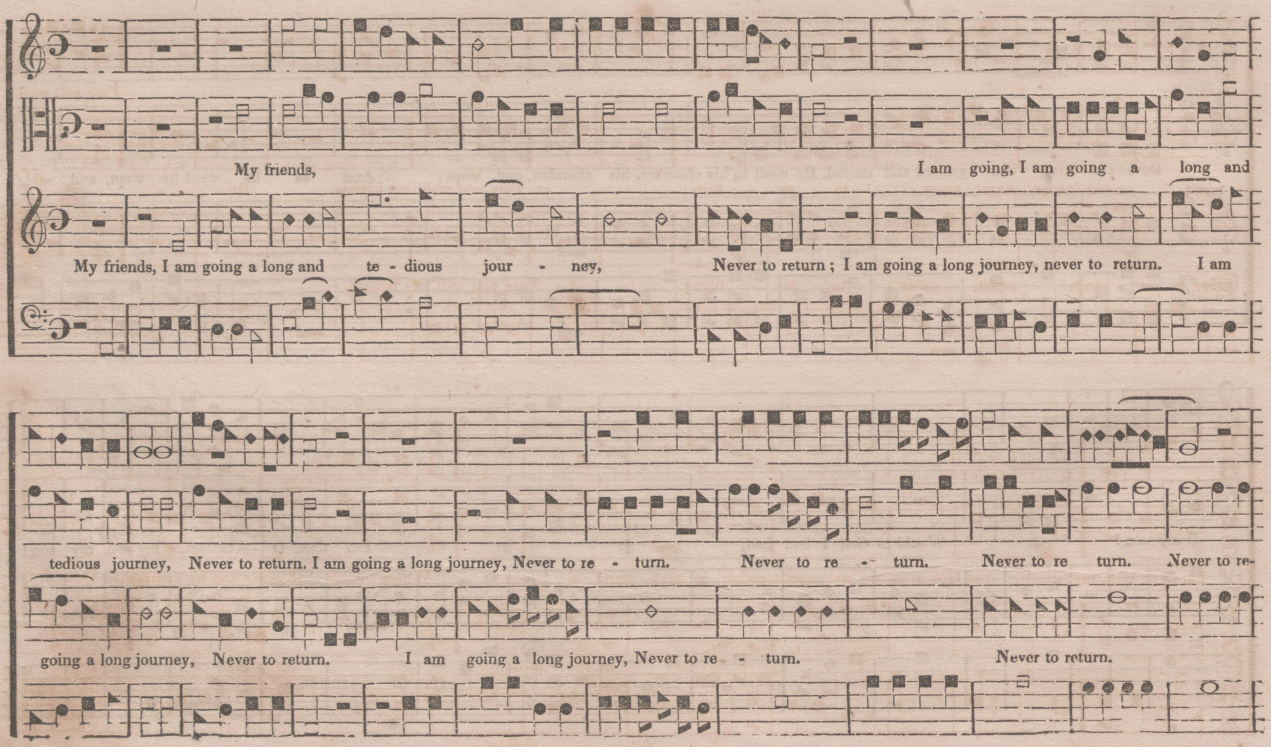

blest, Where'er the ra - diant light appears. So sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands which long in
darkness lay She vi - sits fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars. Fair

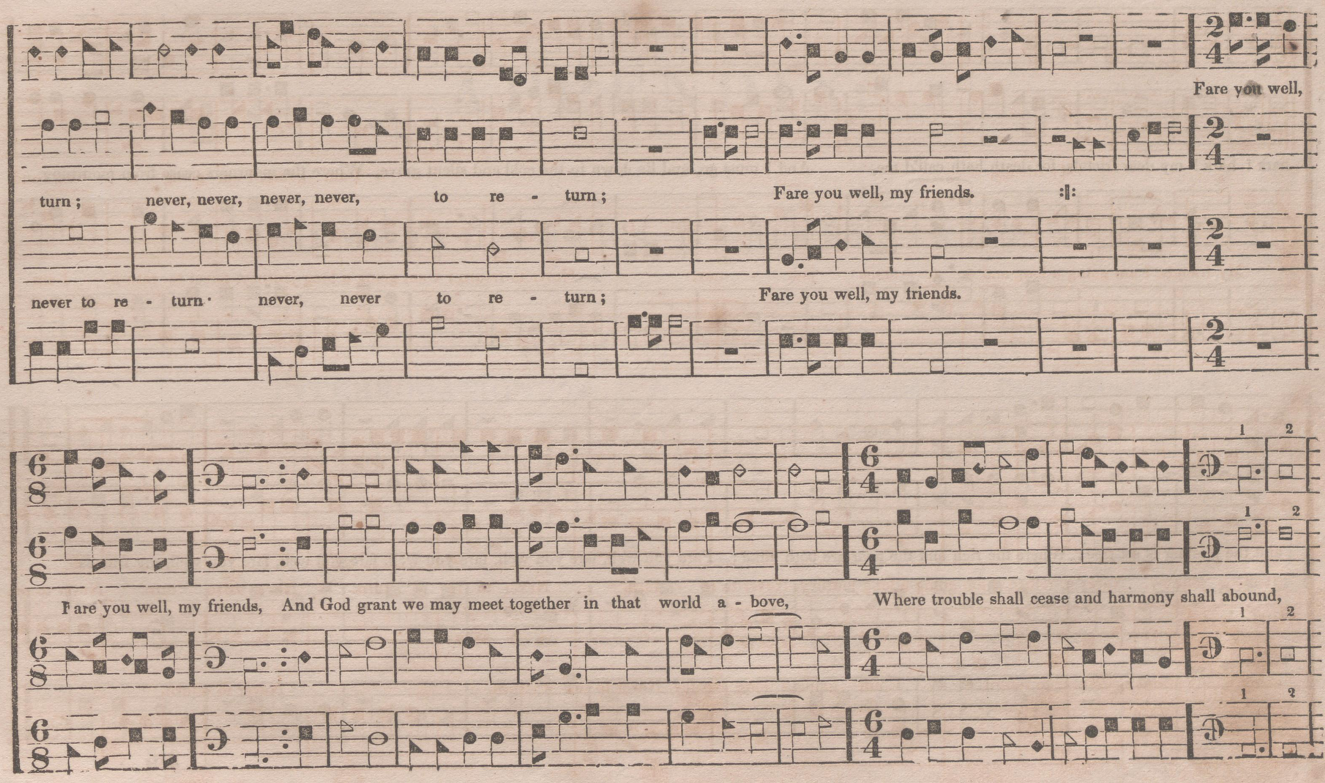

freedom her at - tendant waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates, To crown the young and rising states With laurels of im - mortal day: The
British yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urged upon our necks in vain, All haughty tyrants we disdain, And shout, Long live A - me - ri - ca.

251


David the king was grieved and moved, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,
O my son! Would to God I had died, For thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

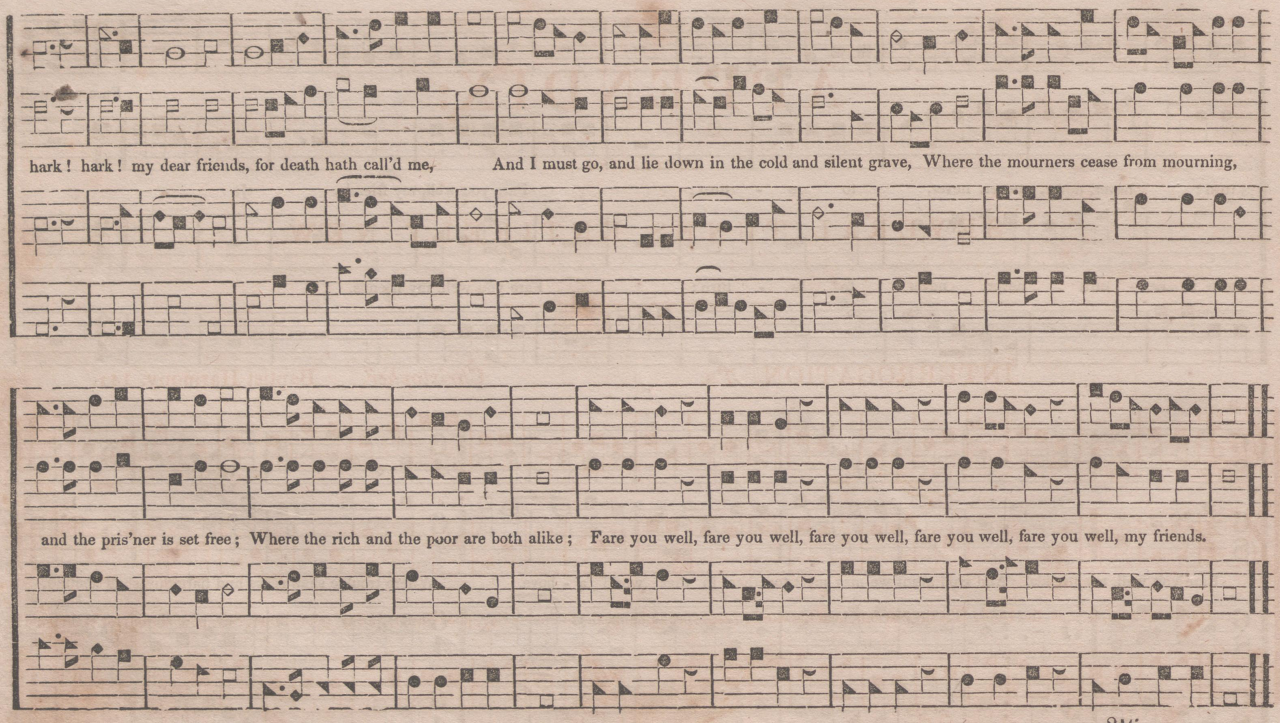
FAREWELL ANTHEM.




Fare you well,
turn; never, never, never, never, to re - turn; Fare you well, my friends. :‖:
never to re - turn· never, never to re - turn; Fare you well, my friends.

Fare you well, my friends, And God grant we may meet together in that world a - bove, Where trouble shall cease and harmony shall abound,

FAREWELL ANTHEM. *Concluded*



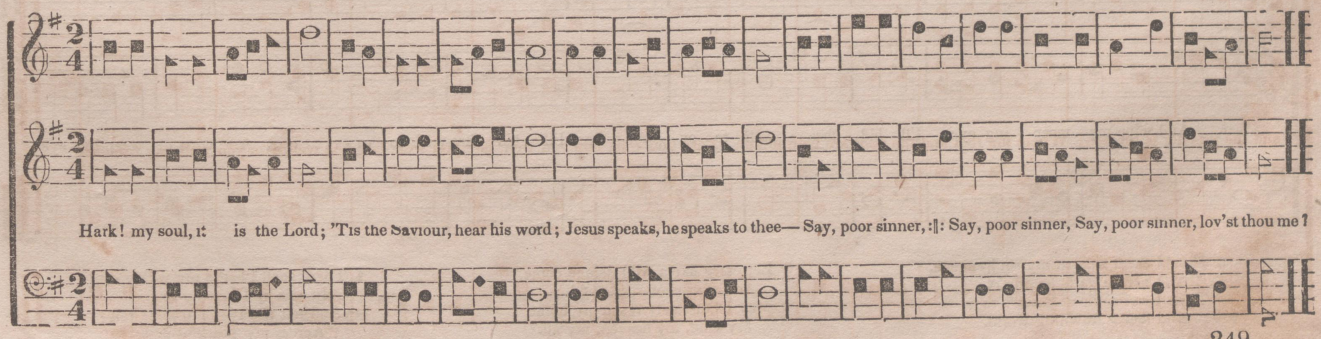
251

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

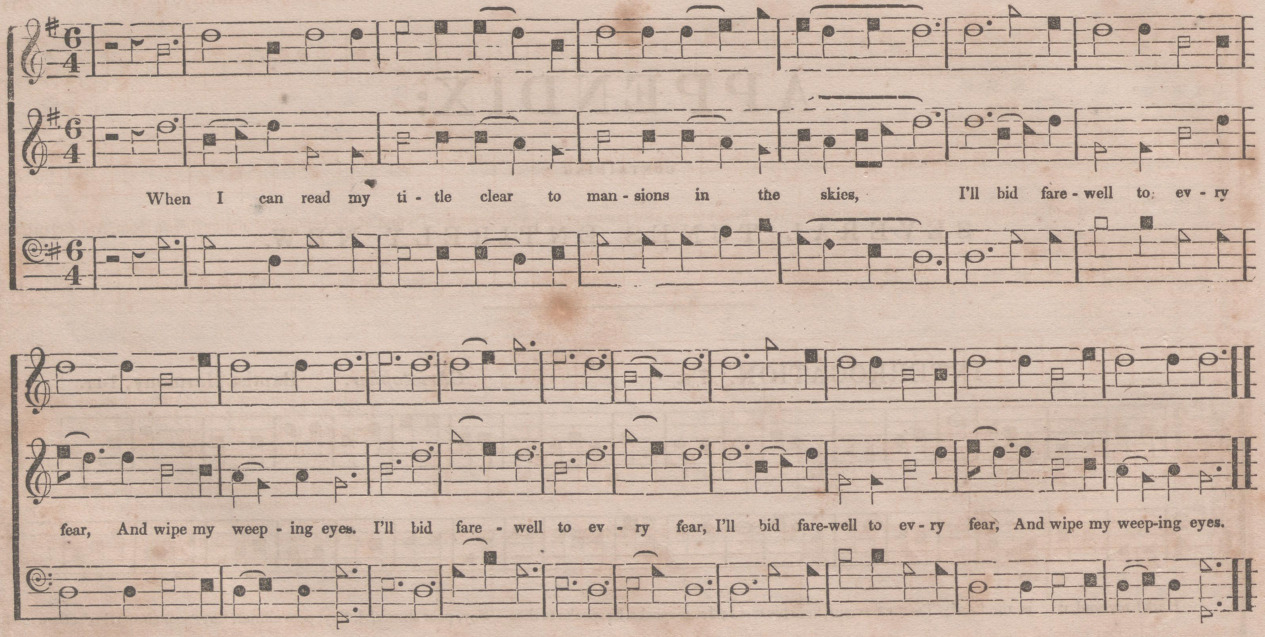
SEVERAL TUNES ENTIRELY NEW.

INTERROGATION. 7's. *Christopher.* Baptist Harmony, 141.



DUDLEY. C. M.

Wm. Walker



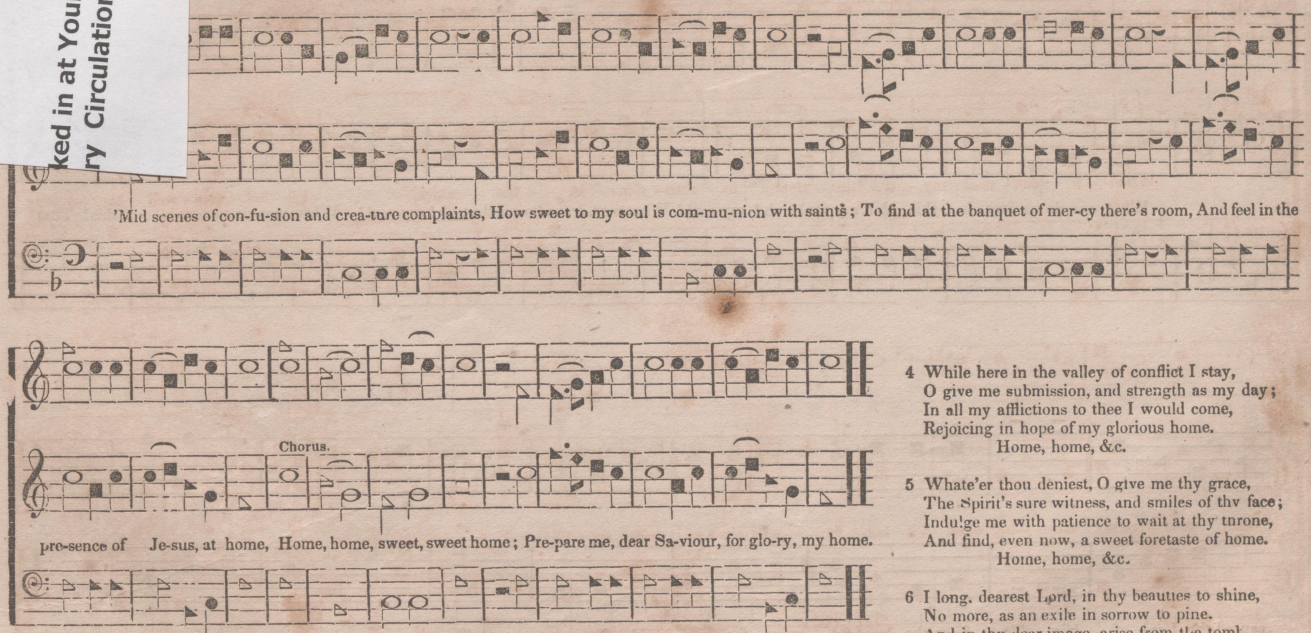
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest.
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

251

ked in at Young
ry Circulation on:



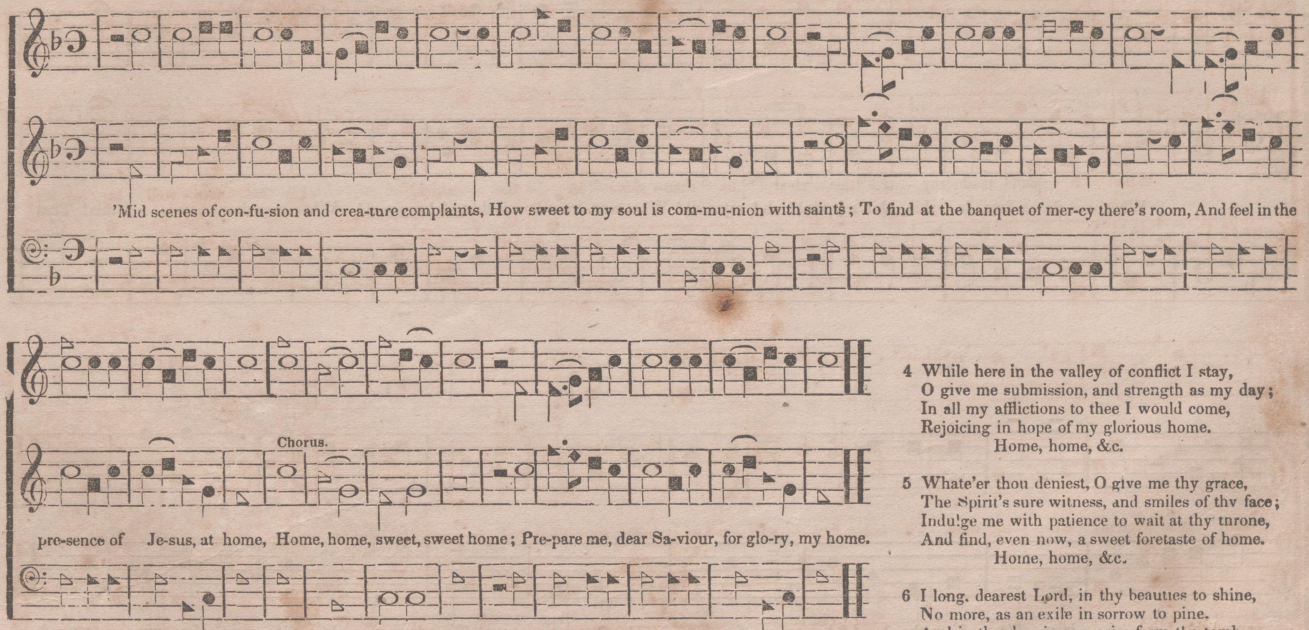
2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.
Home, home, &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, &c.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more, as an exile in sorrow to pine.
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home.
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home



2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.
Home, home, &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, &c.

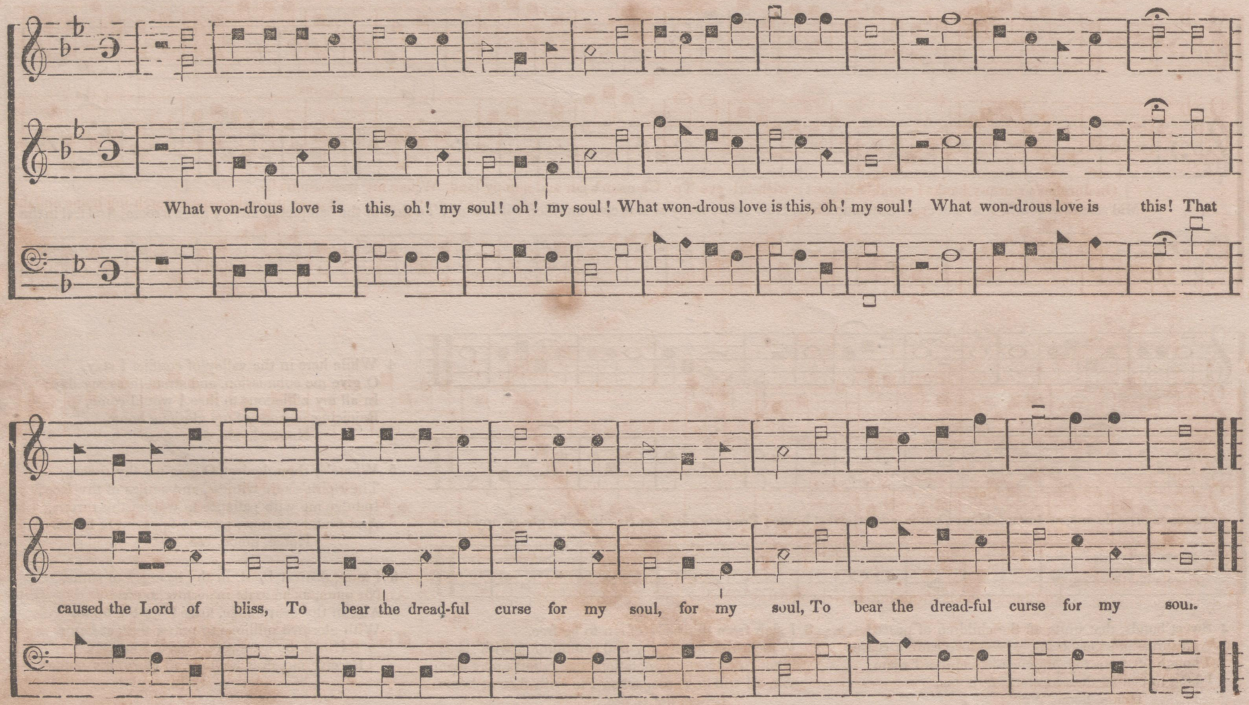
4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, &c.

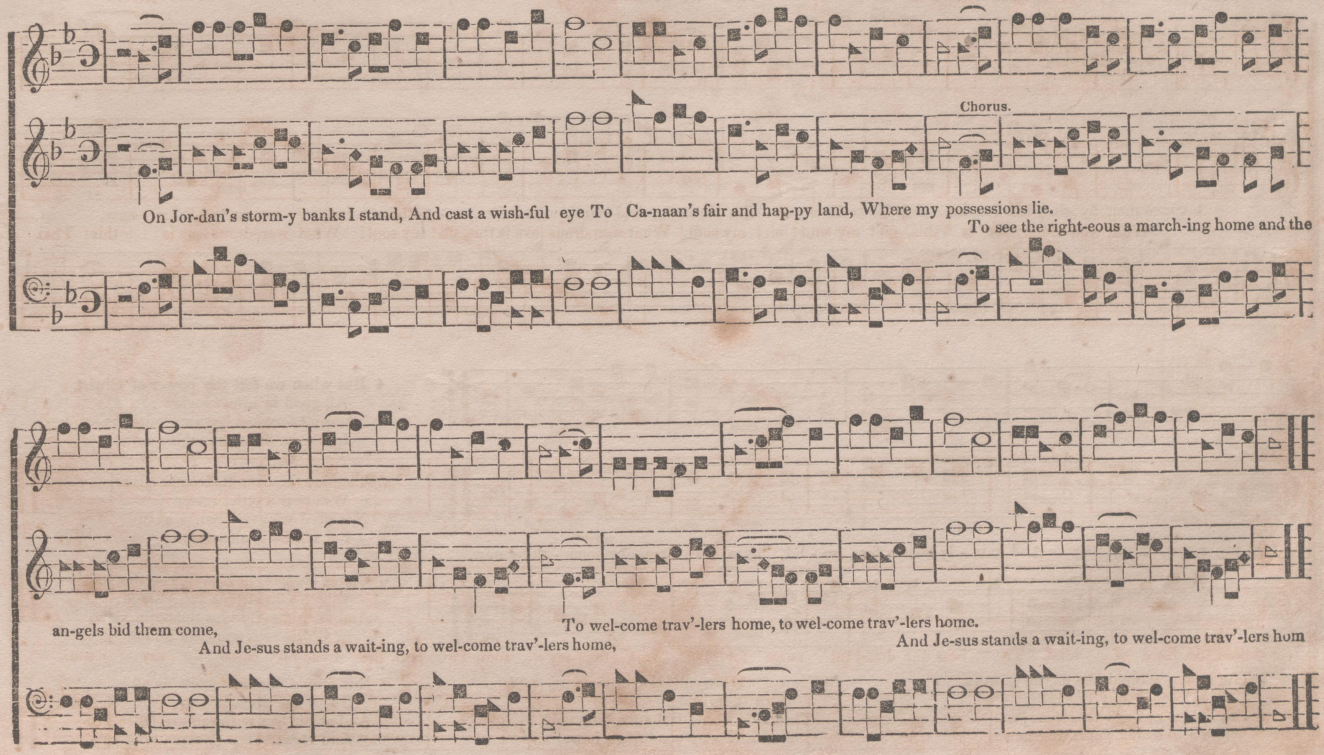
6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more, as an exile in sorrow to pine.
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home.
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home

WONDROUS LOVE. 12. 9. 6. 6. 12. 9

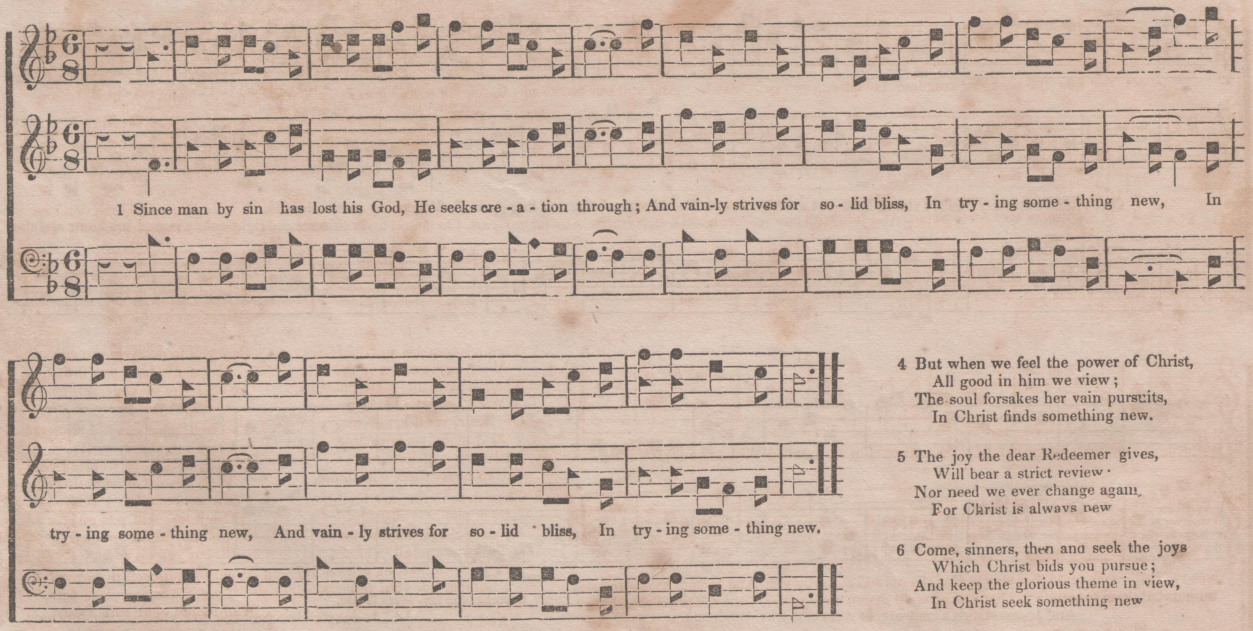
Christopher.



THE HEAVENLY MARCH. C. M. *Wm. Walker.* Baptist Harmony, p. 422.



SOMETHING NEW. C. M



2 The new possessed like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue:
The bubble now no longer stays,
The soul wants something new

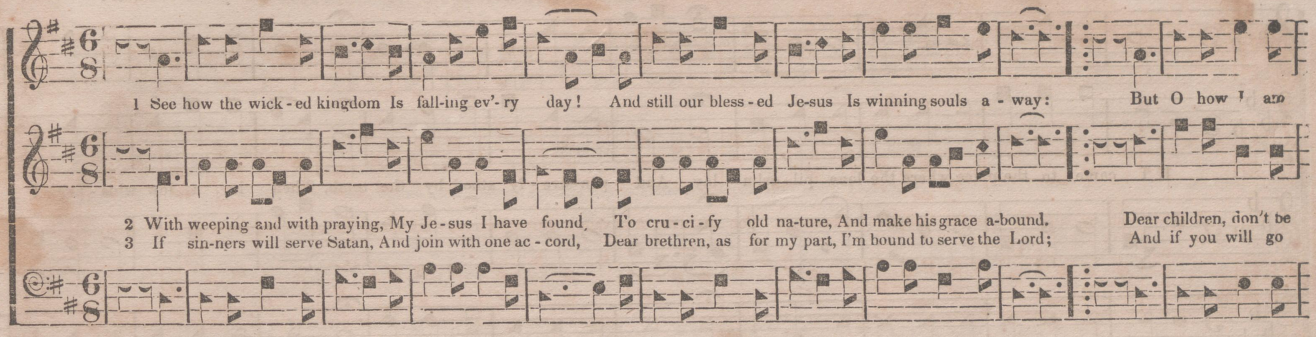
3 Now could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru;
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

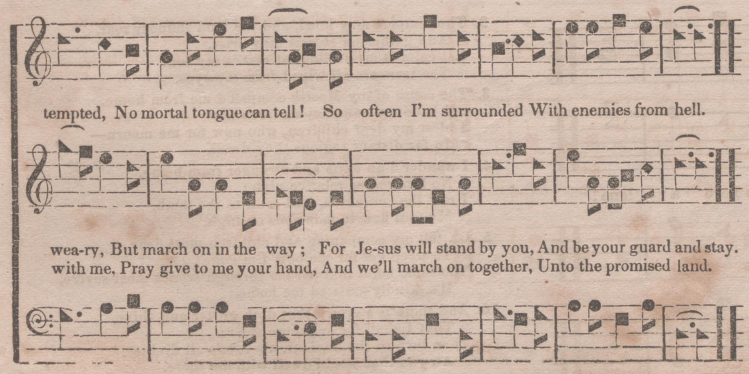
4 But when we feel the power of Christ,
All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes her vain pursuits,
In Christ finds something new.

5 The joy the dear Redeemer gives,
Will bear a strict review·
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new

6 Come, sinners, then and seek the joys
Which Christ bids you pursue;
And keep the glorious theme in view,
In Christ seek something new

7 But soon a change awaits us all,
Before the great review;
And at his feet with rapture fall.
And Heaven brings something new





4 Through troubles and distresses,
We'll make our way to God;
Though earth and hell oppose us,
We'll keep the heavenly road.
Our Jesus went before us,
And many sorrows bore,
And we who follow after,
Can never meet with more.

5 Thou dear to me, my brethren,
Each one of you I find.
My duty now compels me
To leave you all behind:
But while the parting grieves us,
I humbly ask your prayers,
To bear me up in trouble.
And conquer all my fears.

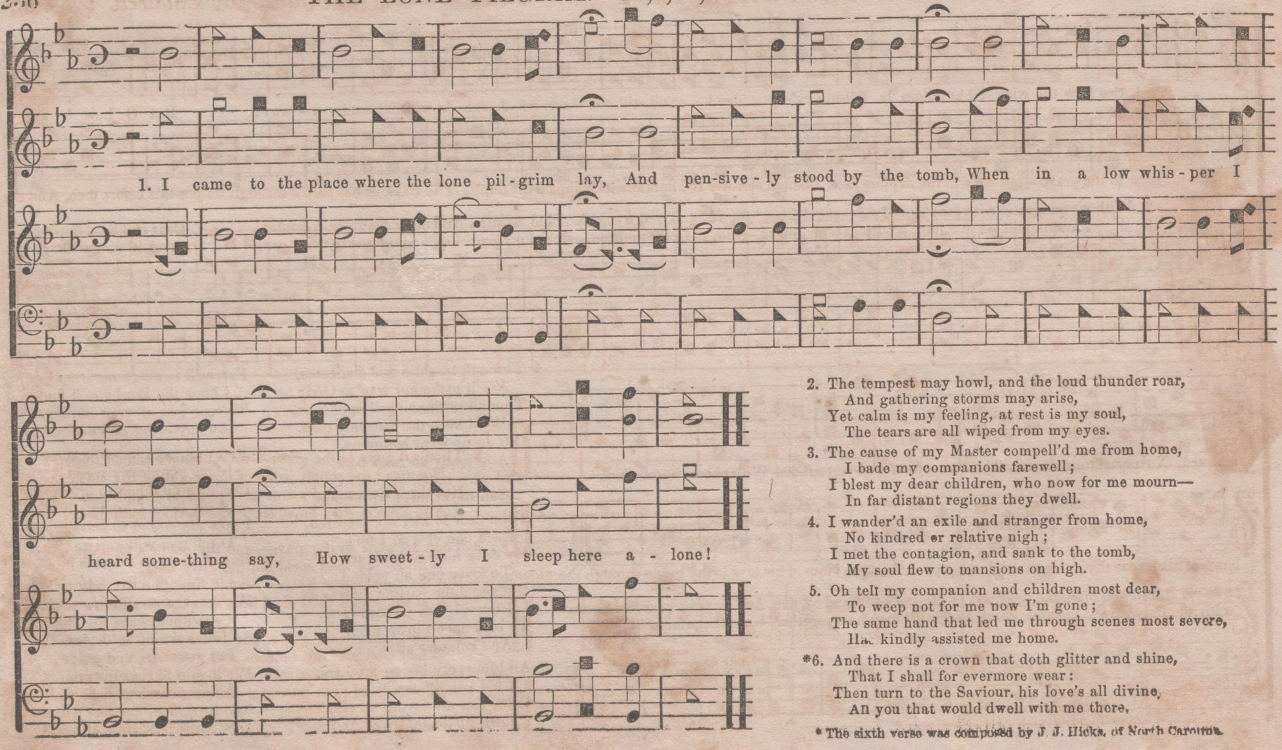
6 And now, my loving brothers,
I bid you all farewell!
With you my loving sisters,
I can no longer dwell.
Farewell to every mourner!
I hope the Lord you'll find,
To ease you of your burden,
And give you peace of mind

7 Farewell, poor careless sinners!
I love you dearly well;
I've labour'd much to bring you
With Jesus Christ to dwell,
I now am bound to leave you—
O tell me, will you go?
But if you won't decide it,
I'll bid you all adieu!

8 We'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care, and pain,
And mount aloft with Jesus
For evermore to reign;
We'll join to sing his praises,
Above the ethereal blue,
And then, poor careless sinners
What will become of you?

THE LONE PILGRIM. 11,8,11,8.

Wm. Walker.



2. The tempest may howl, and the loud thunder roar,
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

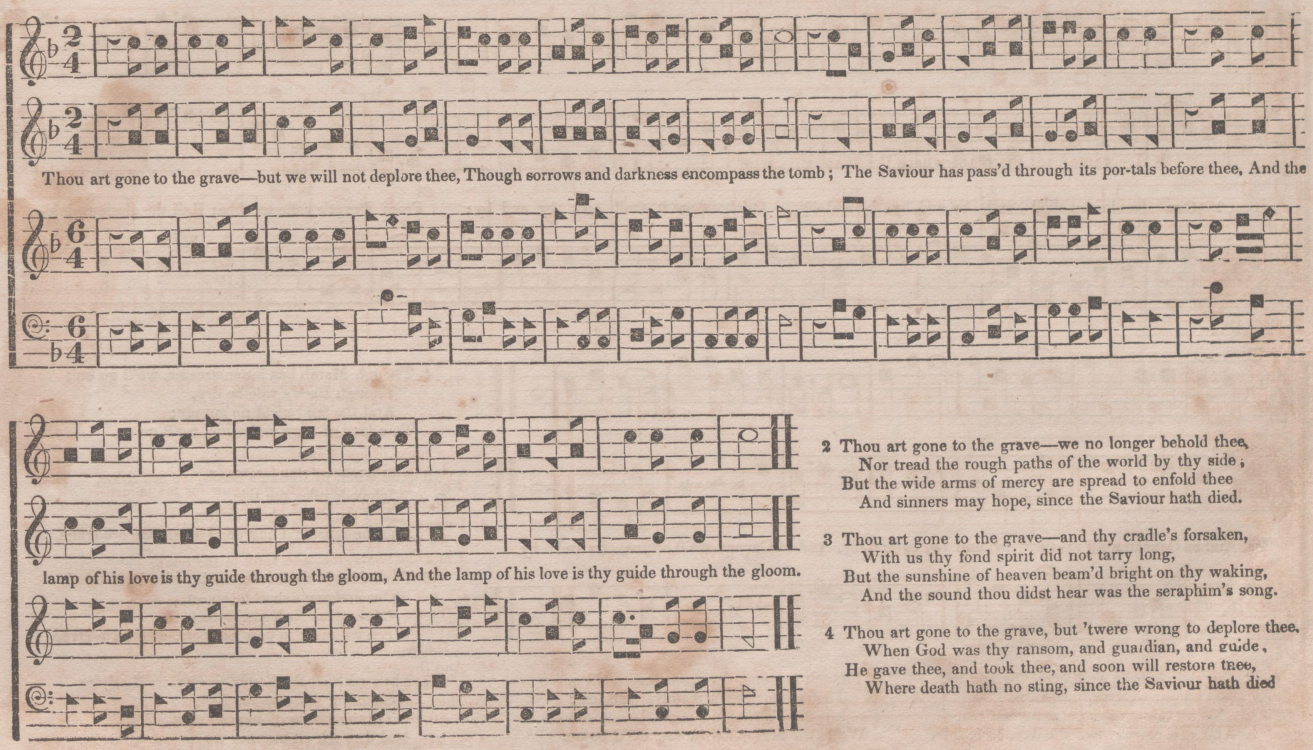
3. The cause of my Master compell'd me from home,
I bade my companions farewell;
I blest my dear children, who now for me mourn—
In far distant regions they dwell.

4. I wander'd an exile and stranger from home,
No kindred or relative nigh;
I met the contagion, and sank to the tomb,
My soul flew to mansions on high.

5. Oh tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not for me now I'm gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes most severe,
Has kindly assisted me home.

*6. And there is a crown that doth glitter and shine,
That I shall for evermore wear:
Then turn to the Saviour, his love's all divine,
All you that would dwell with me there.

* The sixth verse was composed by J. J. Hicks, of North Carolina.



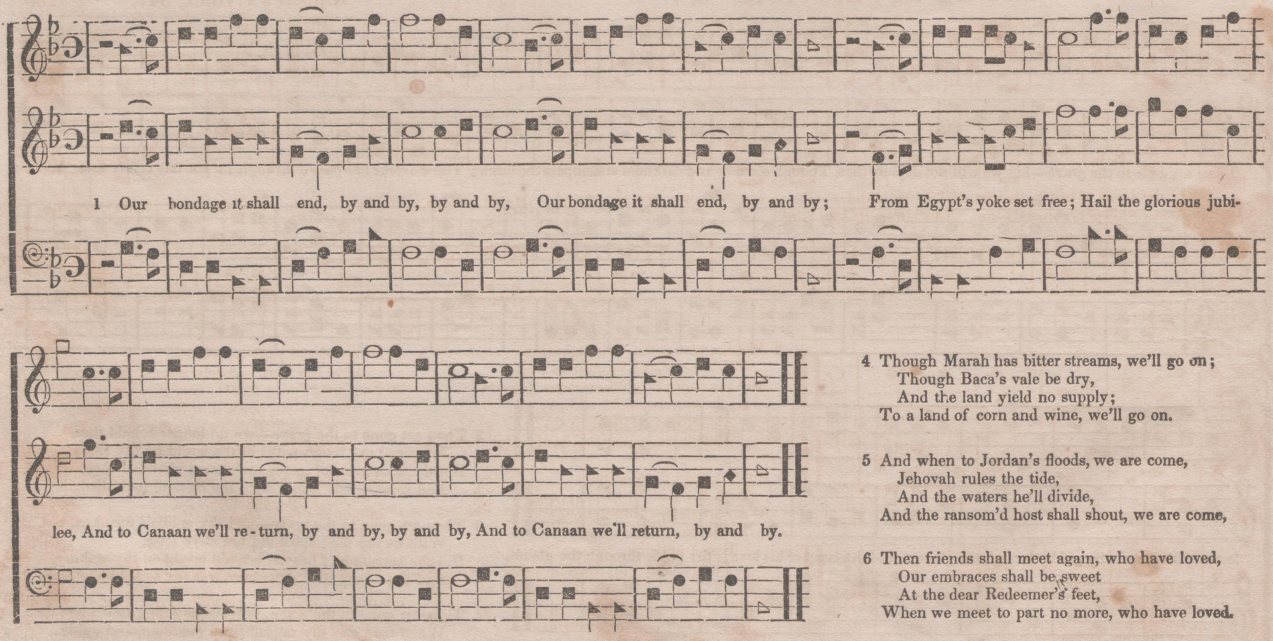
2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsaken,
With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide,
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died

THE SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN. 12, 9.

by J. King and W. Walker



2 Our deliverer he shall come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by

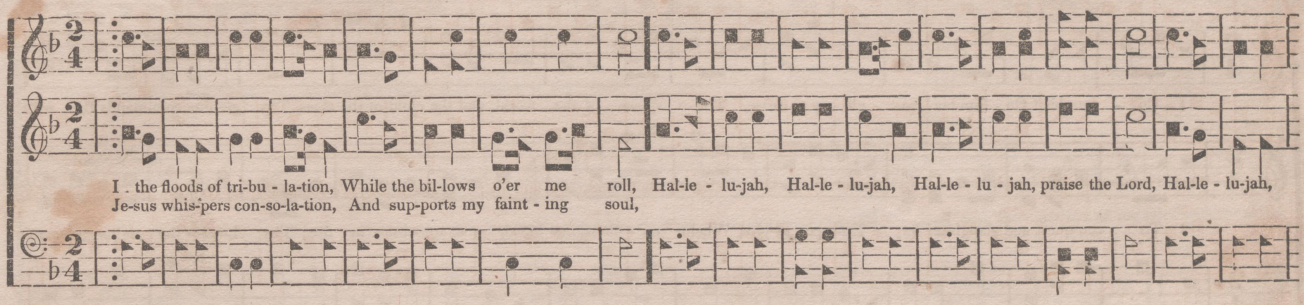
3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo, Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

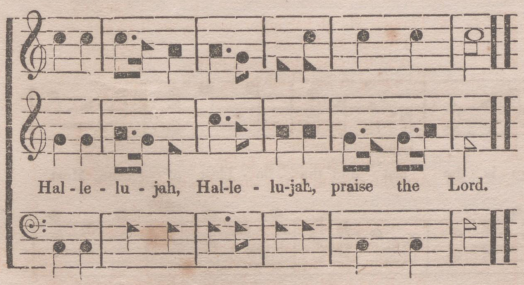
4 Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply;
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come,

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have loved,
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7 Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice





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

3 Mid the gloom the vivid lightning,
With increasing brightness play:
Mid the thorn bright beauteous flowrets
Look more beautiful and gay.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

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

5 Floods of tribulations brighten,
Billows still around me roar;
Those that know not Christ ye frighten,
But my soul defies your power.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

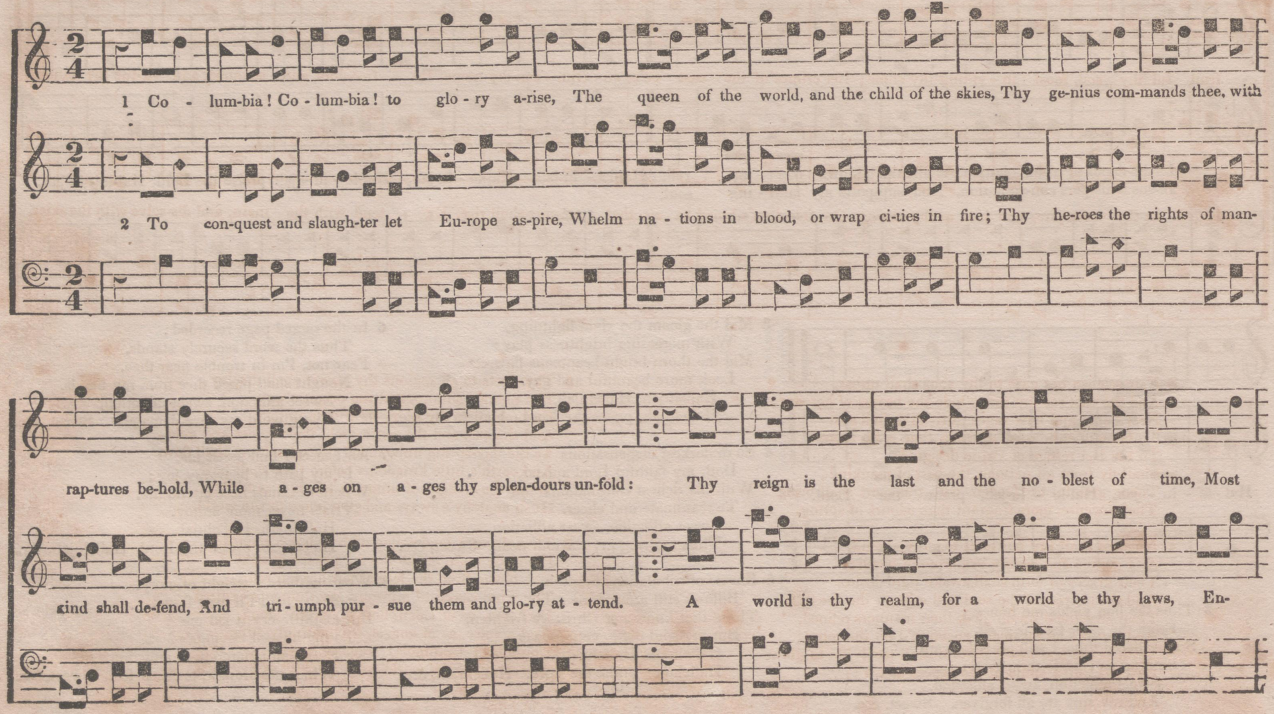
6 In the sacred page recorded;
Thus the word securely stands,
Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck thee from my hands.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands. Sweet, &c.

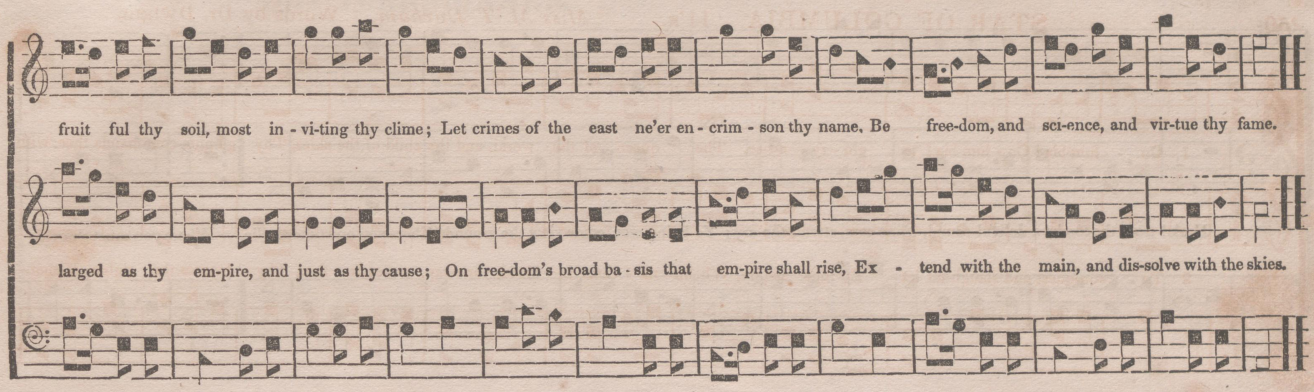
7 All I meet I find assist me,
In my path to heavenly joy;
Where the trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

8 Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll near forget
But exulting cry it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet. Sweet, &c.

STAR OF COLUMBIA. 11's.

Miss M. T. Durham. Words by Dr. Dwight.





3 Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivall'd shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind,
There, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

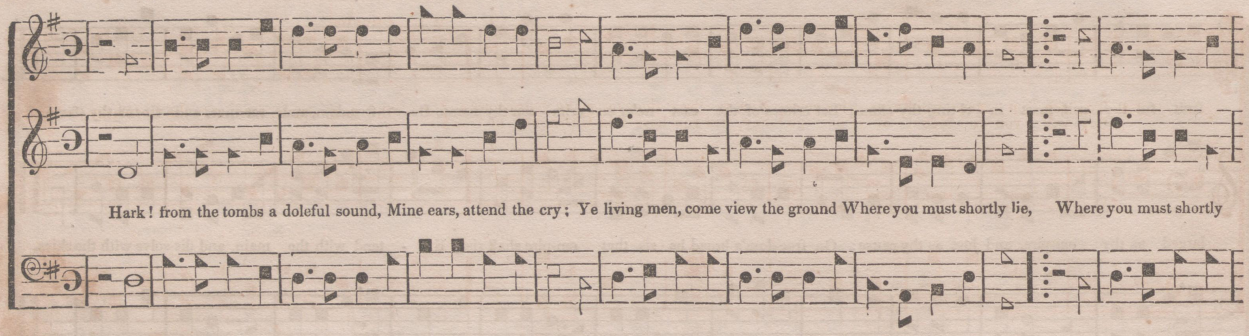
4 Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind;
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo

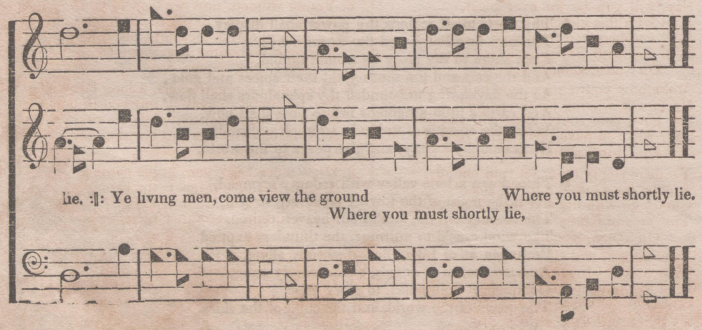
5 Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold,
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

6 Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the town I pensively stray'd,
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired.
The wind ceas'd to murmur, the thunders expired
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world. and the child of the skies.

PLENARY. C. M.

By A. Clark.



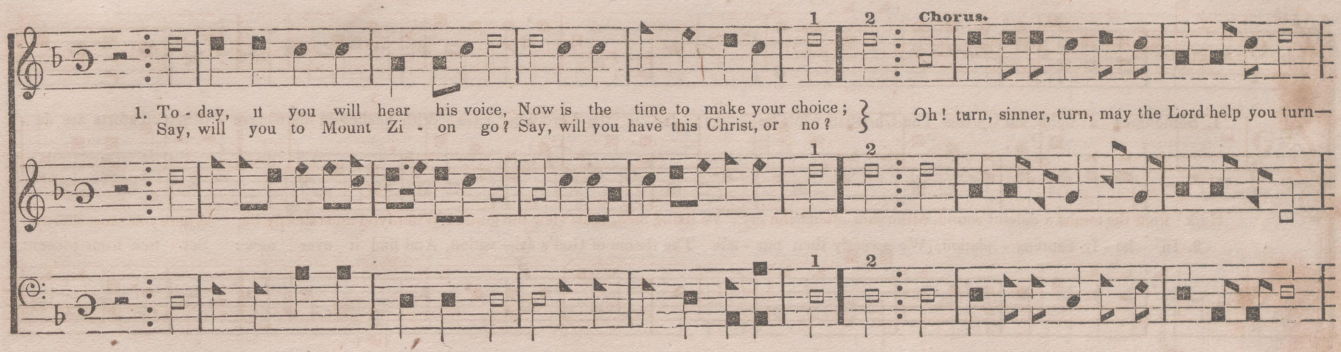


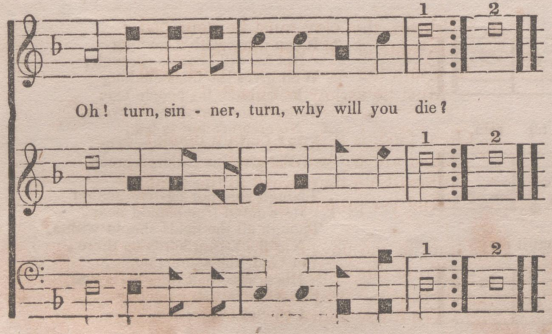
2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours"

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

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

OH! TURN, SINNER. L. M.





2. Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?
Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

3. Make now your choice, and halt no more;
He now is waiting for the poor:
Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

4. Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,
Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

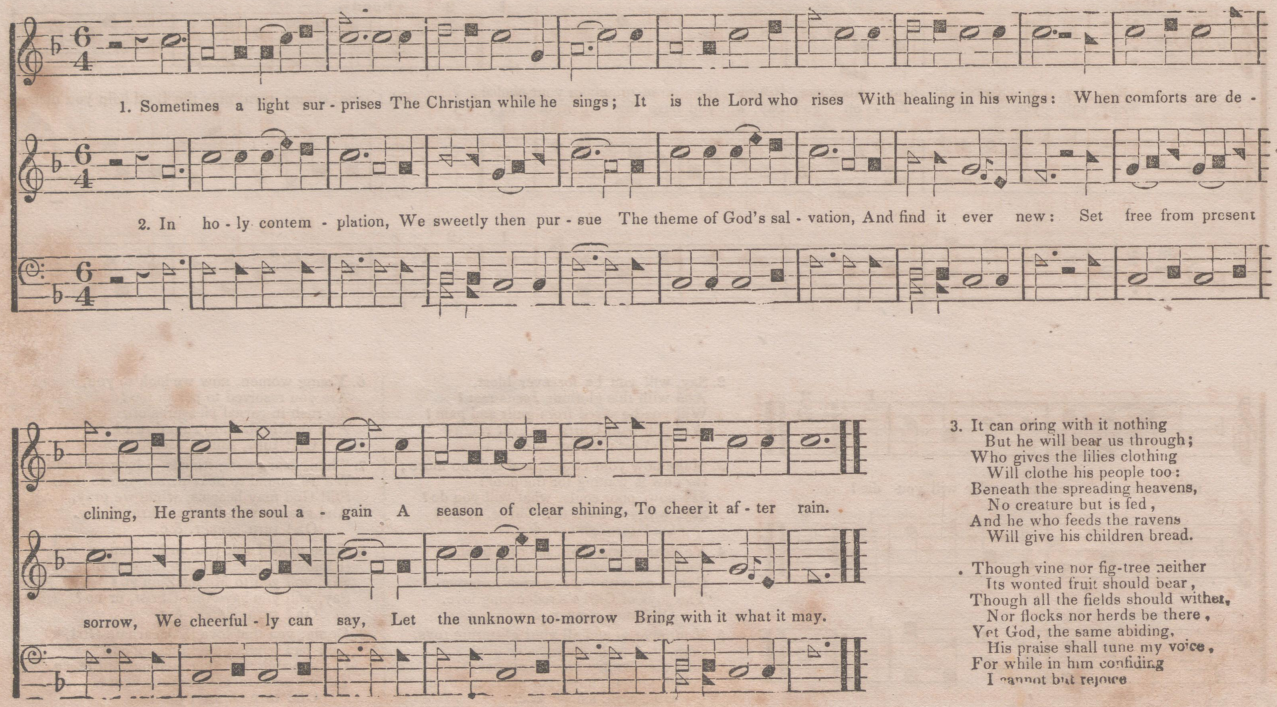
5. Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear:—
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

6. Young women, now we look to you,
Are you resolved to perish too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?
Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

7. Then, dear young friends, a long farewell,
We 're bound to heav'n, but you to hell.
Still God may hear us, while we pray,
And change you ere that burning day.
Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

8. Once more I ask you, in his name;
(I know his love remains the same)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

9. Come, you that love th' incarnate God,
And feel redemption in his blood,
Let 's watch and pray, and onward move,
Till we shall meet in realms above.
Oh! turn sinner. &c

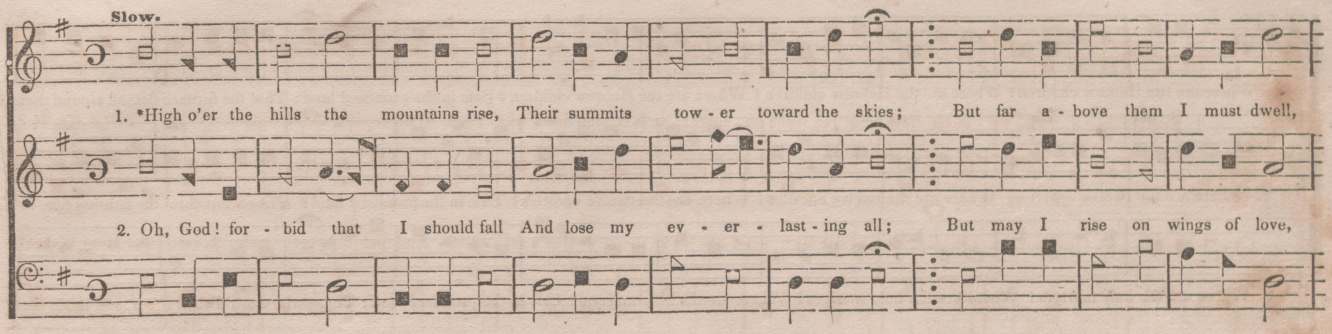


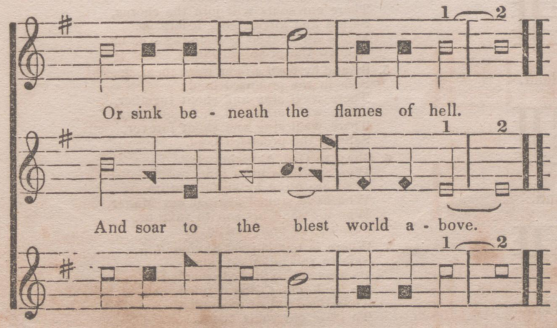
3. It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed,
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4. Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Its wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding
I cannot but rejoice

FRENCH BROAD. L. M.

Wm. Walker.





3. Although I walk the mountains high,
Ere long my body low must lie,
And in some lonesome place must rot,
And by the living be forgot.

4. There it must lie till that great day,
When Gabriel's awful trump shall say,
Arise, the judgment day is come,
When all must hear their final doom.

5. If not prepared, then I must go
Down to eternal pain and wo,
With devils there I must remain,
And never more return again.

6. But if prepared, oh, blessed thought!
I'll rise above the mountain's top,
And there remain for evermore
On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore.

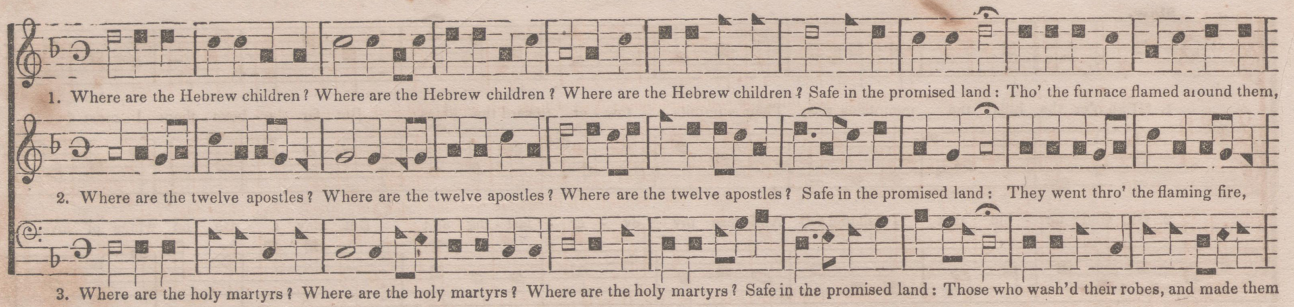
7. Oh! when I think of that blest world,
Where all God's people dwell in love,
I oft-times long with them to be
And dwell in heaven eternally.

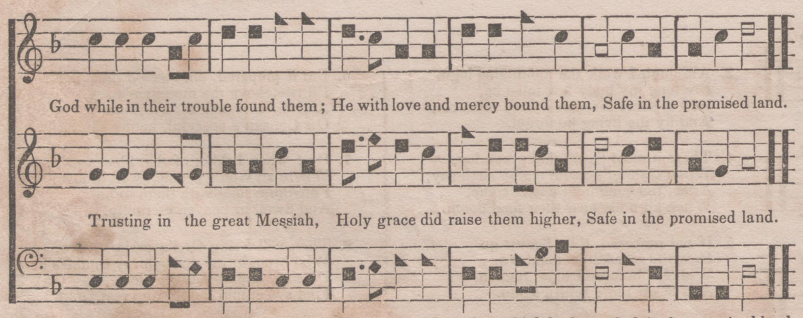
8. Then will I sing God's praises there,
Who brought me through my troubles here
I'll sing, and be forever blest,
Find sweet and everlasting rest.

* This song was composed by the AUTHOR, in the fall of 1831, while travelling over the mountains, on French Broad River, in North Carolina and Tennessee.

HEBREW CHILDREN * 7,6,8,8,8.6

David Walker





4. Where are the holy Christians? :‖:
Safe in the promised land:
There our souls will join the chorus,
Saints and angels sing before us,
While all heaven is beaming o'er us,
Safe in the promised land.

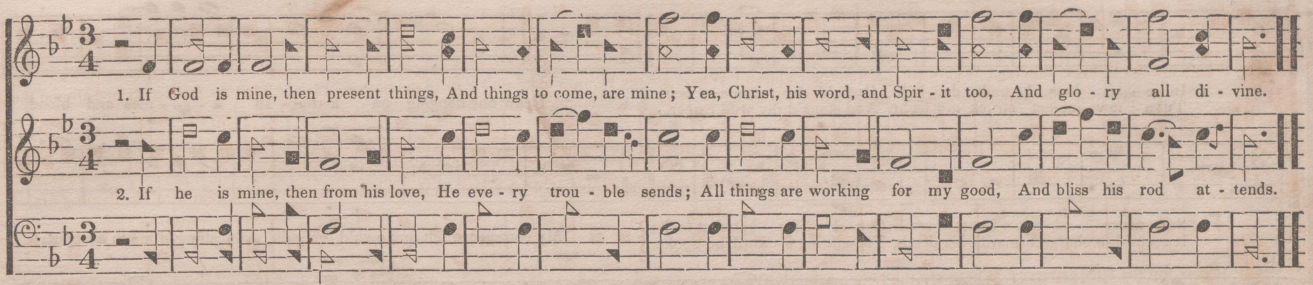
5. By and by we'll go and meet them, :‖:
Safe in the promised land;
There we'll sing and shout together,
There we'll sing and shout hosanna,
There we'll sing and shout forever,
Safe in the promised land.

6. Glory to God Almighty, :‖:
Who called us unto him,
Who are blind by sinful nature,
Who have sinned against our MAKER,
Who did send his son to save us,
Safe in the promised land.

7. Where is our blessed Saviour? :‖:
Safe in the promised land:
He was scourged and crucified
He by Romans was derided,
Thus the Lord of glory died,
To raise our souls above.

* This tune was set to music by DAVID WALKER, in 1841; also the last two verses of the song are his composition

BALLERMA. C. M.



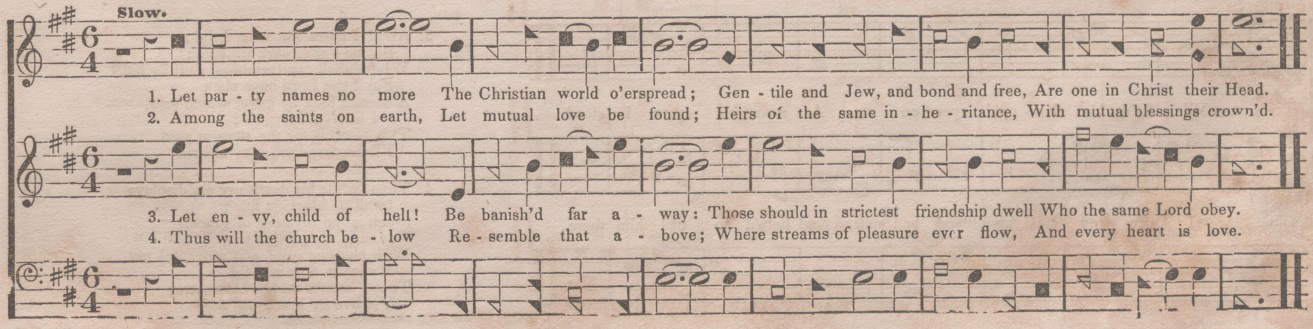
3. If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4. If he is mine, let friends forsake,—
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he, who giveth me *himself*,
Is more than these to me.

5. If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

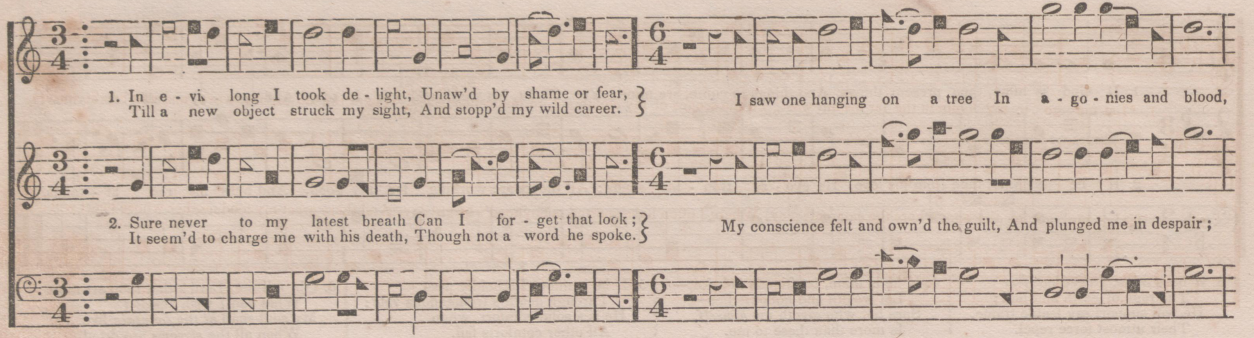
6. Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the *fountain* live,
When all the *streams* are dried.

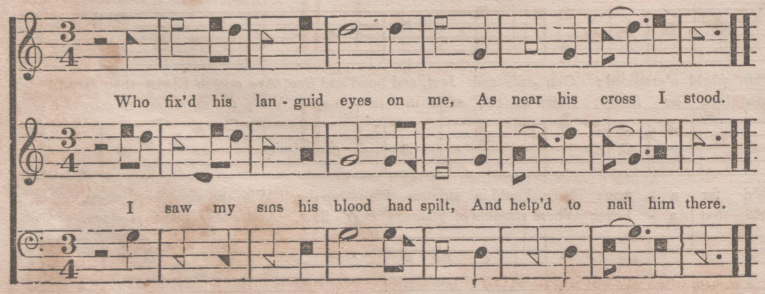
SHEPHERD. S. M.



PARDONING LOVE. C. M.

Wm. Walker.

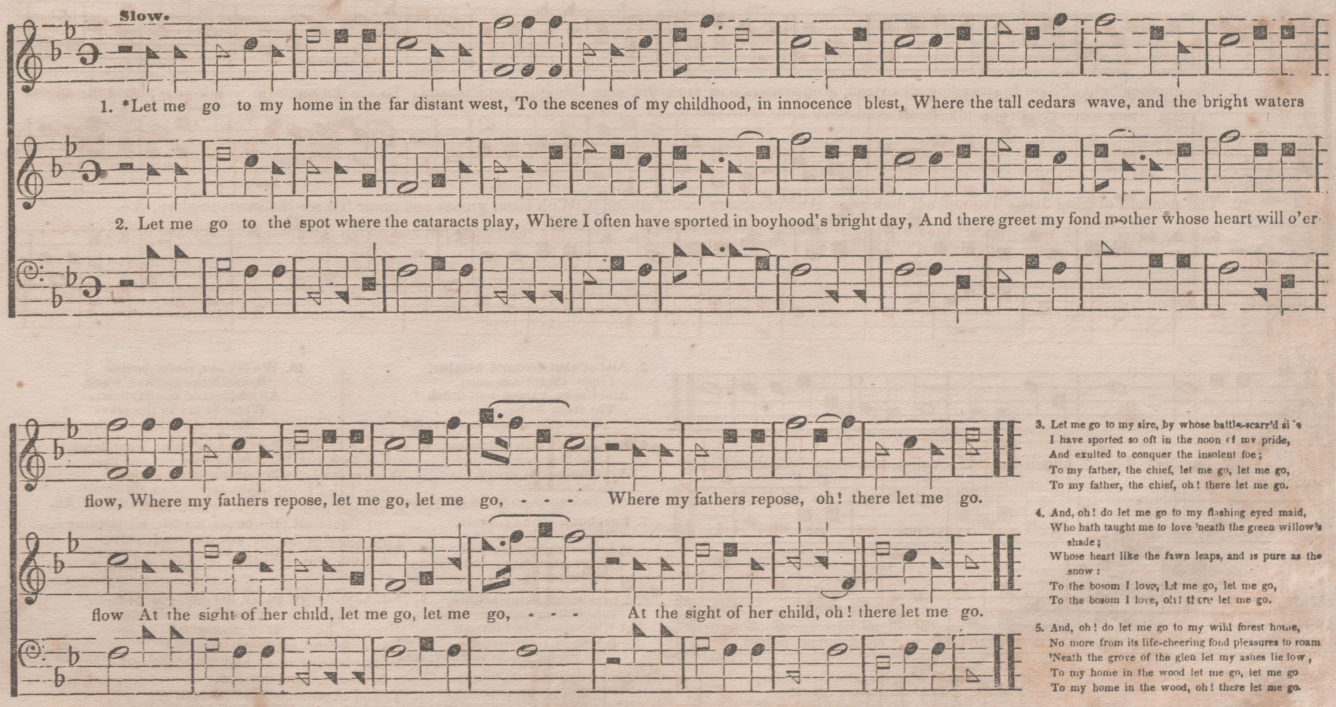




3. Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I'll die that thou may'st live."

4. Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.
With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

THE INDIAN'S PETITION. 12,12,12,12,11



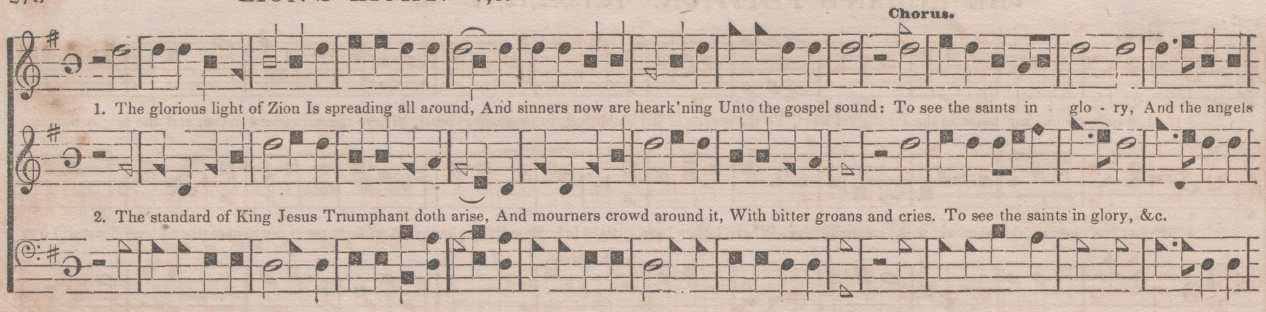
3. Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scarr'd side
I have sported so oft in the noon of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe;
To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go,
To my father, the chief, oh! there let me go.

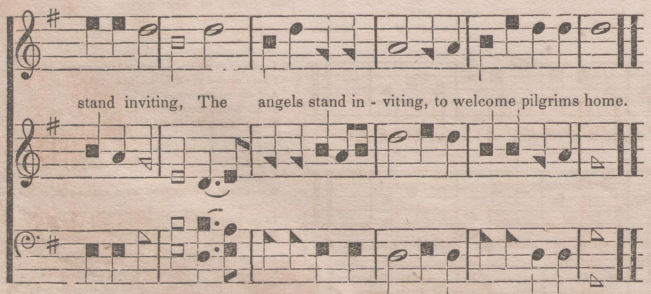
4. And, oh! do let me go to my flashing eyed maid,
Who hath taught me to love 'neath the green willow's shade;
Whose heart like the fawn leaps, and is pure as the snow:
To the bosom I love, Let me go, let me go,
To the bosom I love, oh! there let me go.

5. And, oh! do let me go to my wild forest home,
No more from its life-cheering food pleasures to roam
'Neath the grove of the glen let my ashes lie low,
To my home in the wood let me go, let me go
To my home in the wood, oh! there let me go.

* This song, it is said, was composed by the son of a chief of one of the western tribes, who was sent to the City of Washington to make a treaty with the United States, which treaty was delayed for a while by some unavoidable circumstances.

ZION'S LIGHT. 7,6.





3 The suffering, bleeding Saviour,
Who died on Calvary
Is now proclaim'd to sinners
To set the guilty free;
To see the saints in glory, &c.

4. And while the glorious message
Was circulating round,
Some souls, exposed to ruin,
Redeeming love have found.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

5. And of that favour'd number,
I hope that I am one;
And Christ, I trust, will finish
The work he has begun;
To see the saints in glory, &c.

6. He'll perfect it in righteousness,
And I shall ever be
A monument of mercy,
To all eternity.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

7. I am but a young convert,
Who lately did enlist
A soldier under Jesus,
My Prophet, King, and Priest;
To see the saints in glory, &c.

8. I have received my bounty,
Likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favour,
A robe of righteousness.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

9. Now down into the water
Will we young converts go;
There went our Lord and Master,
When he was here below;
To see the saints in glory. &c.

10. We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of the Saviour,
When he lay in the grave.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

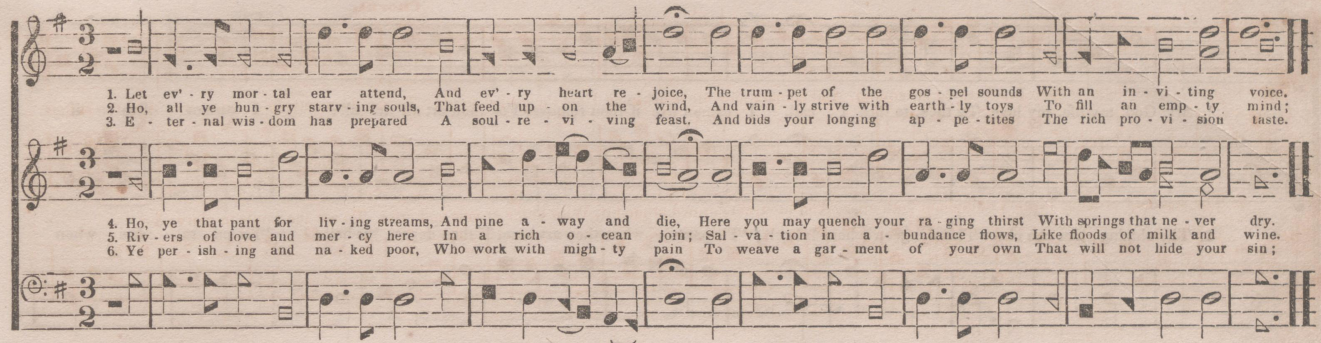
11. Poor sinners, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me:
Behold his mangled body
Hung tortured on the tree!
To see the saints in glory, &c.

12. His hands, his feet, his bleeding side
To you he doth display;—
Oh! tell me, brother sinner,
How can you stay away?
To see the saints in glory, &c

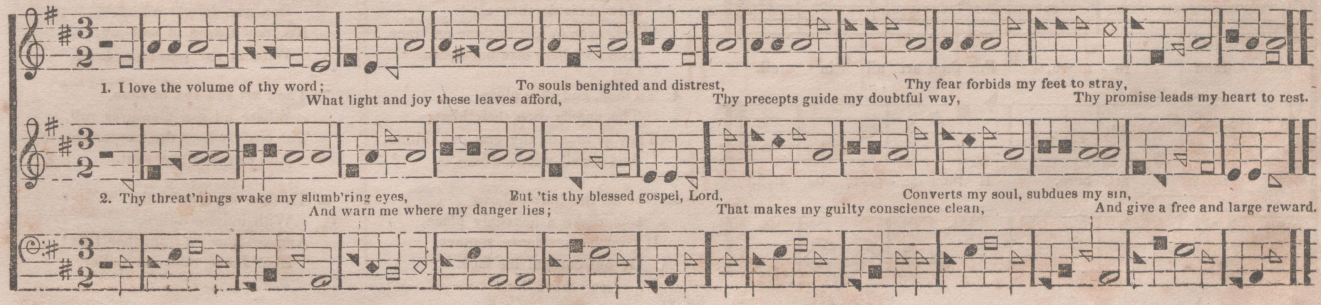
13 Come, all you elder brethren,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Who, for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things loss.—
To see the saints in glory, &c

14. Come, pray for us, young converts,
That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory
Where our Redeemer's gone.
To see the saints in glory, &c

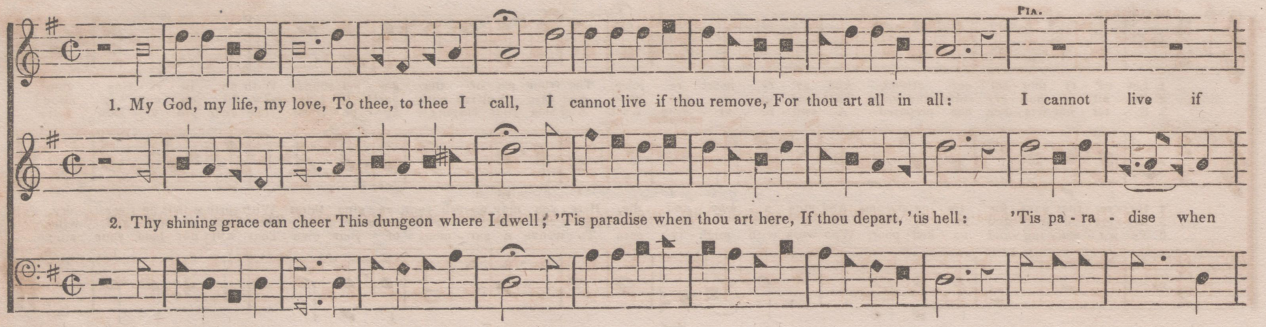
GOSPEL TRUMPET, (OR WOODSTOCK). C. M.

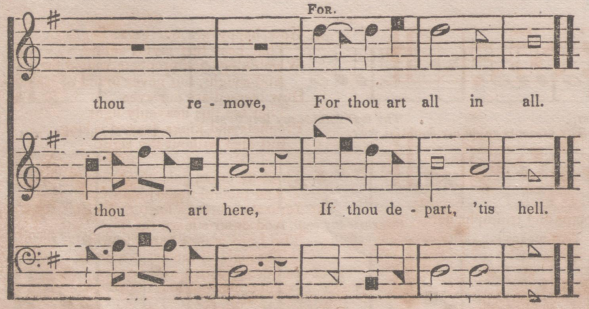


NASHVILLE. L. M. 6 lines.



HOPE. S. M.





3. The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

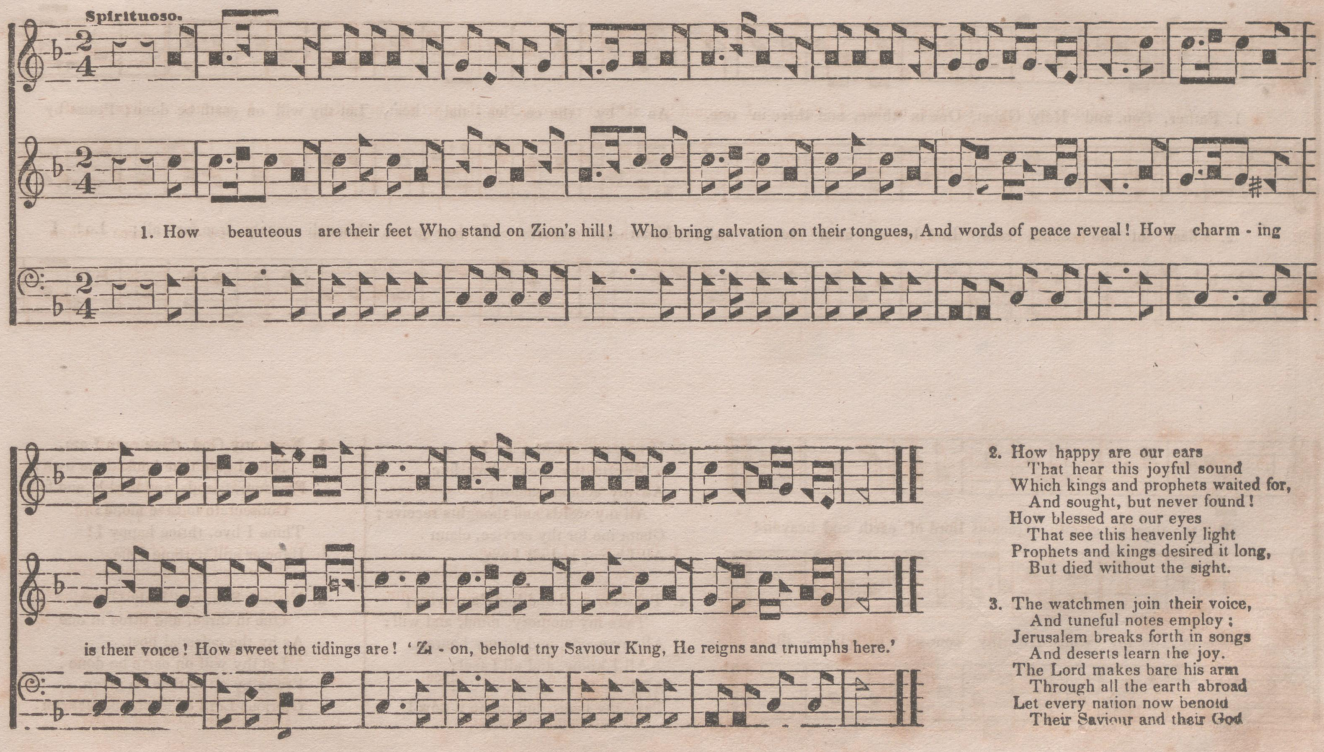
4. To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

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

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

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

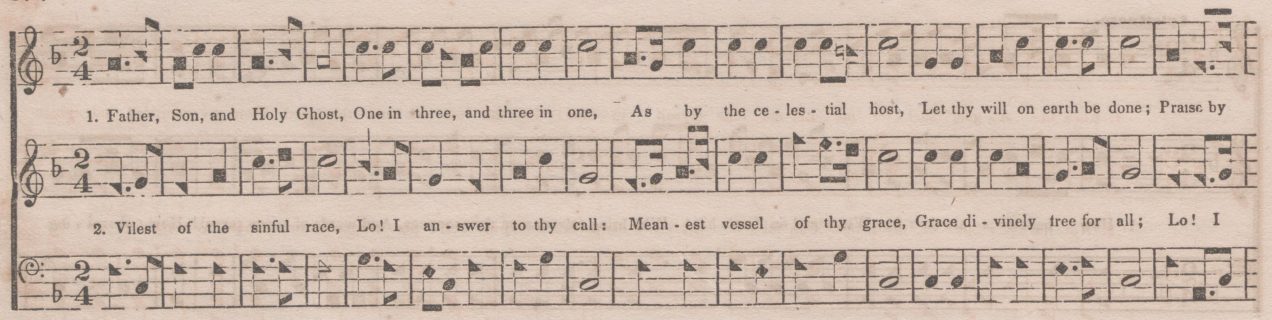
8. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus raise me nigher.

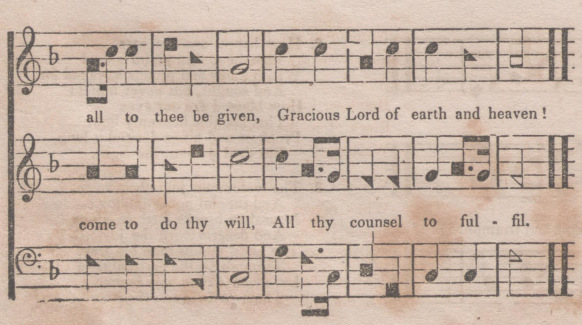


2. How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God

STANTON. 6 lines. 7's.



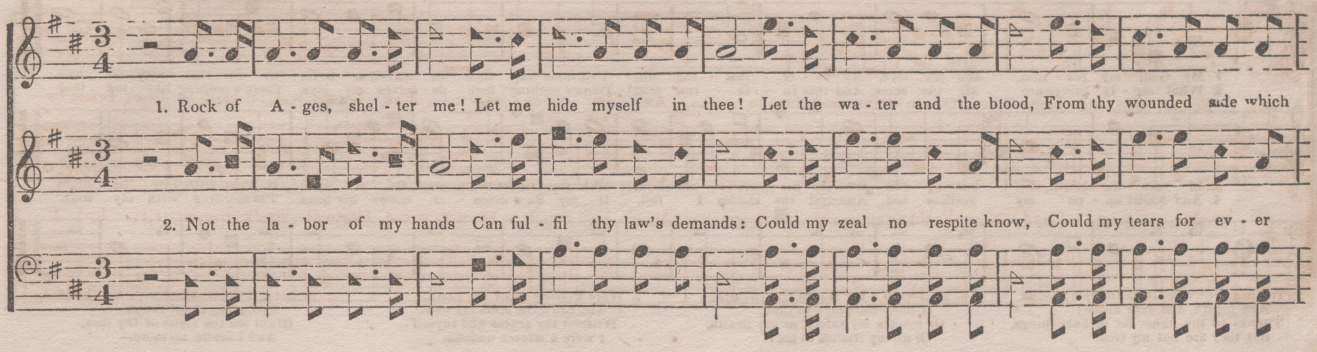


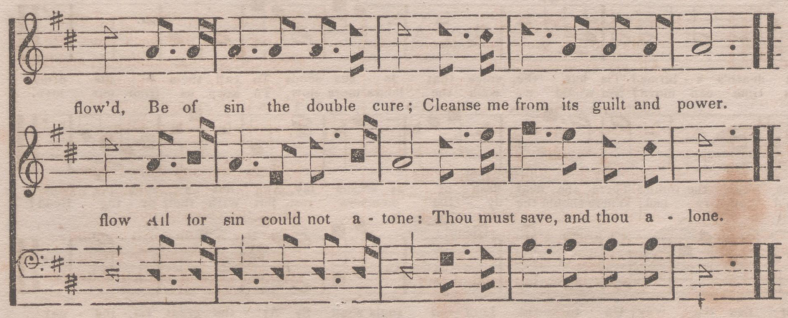
3. If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4. Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will:
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new!

5. Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

6. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done.
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.



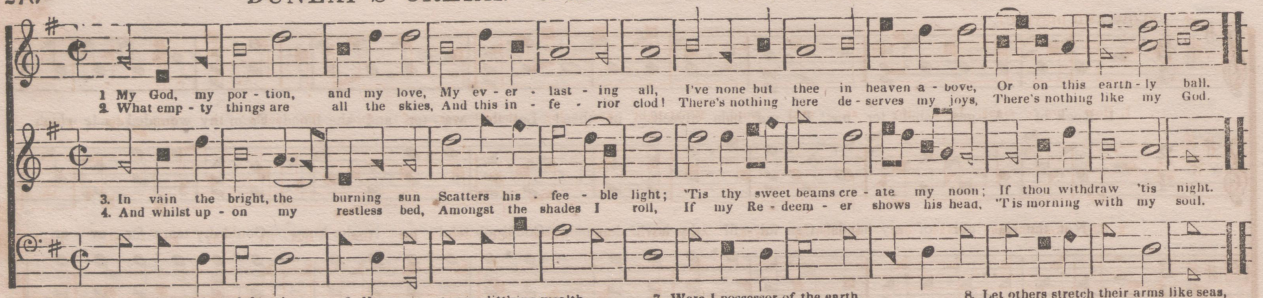


3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, shelter me:
Let me hide myself in thee!

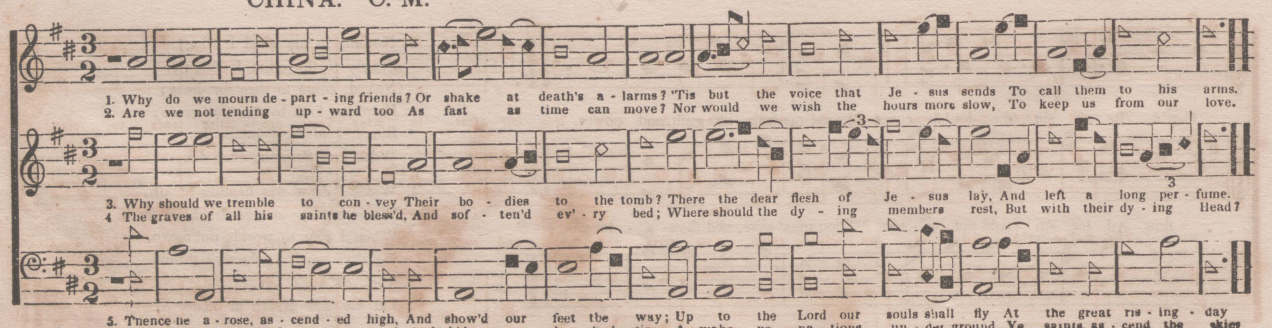
DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

F. Lewis.

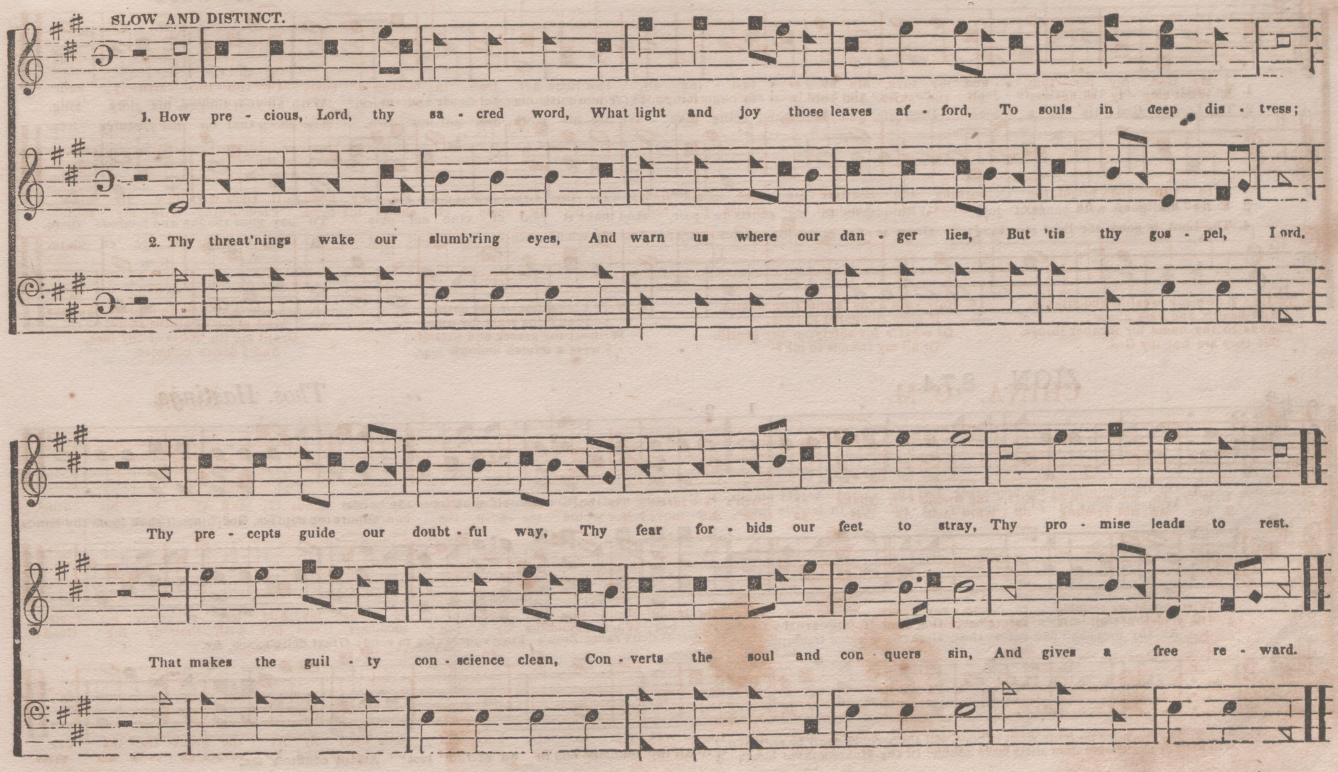


CHINA. C. M.

Swan.



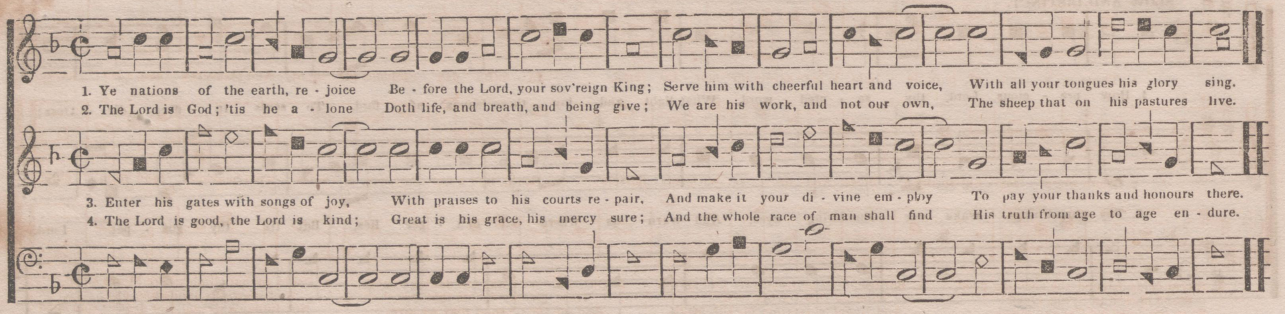
WILLOUGHBY. 8,8,6.



278

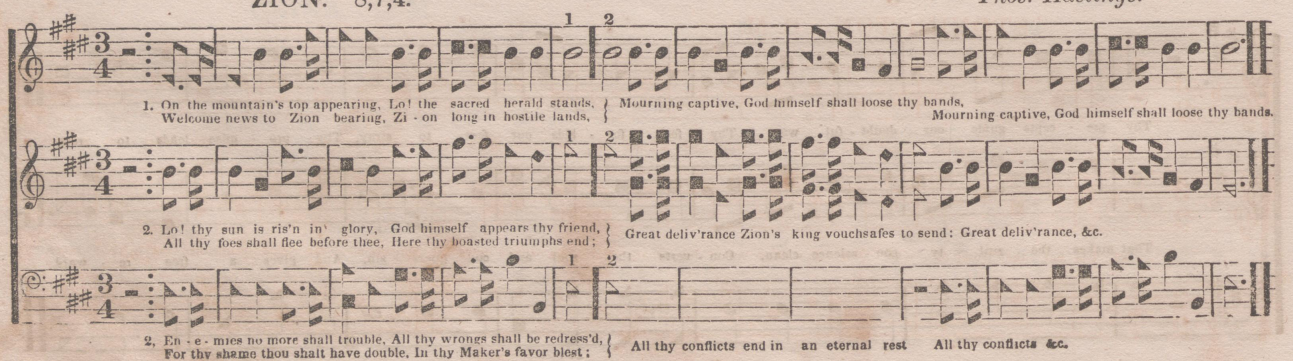
WELLS L. M.

Holdroyd.

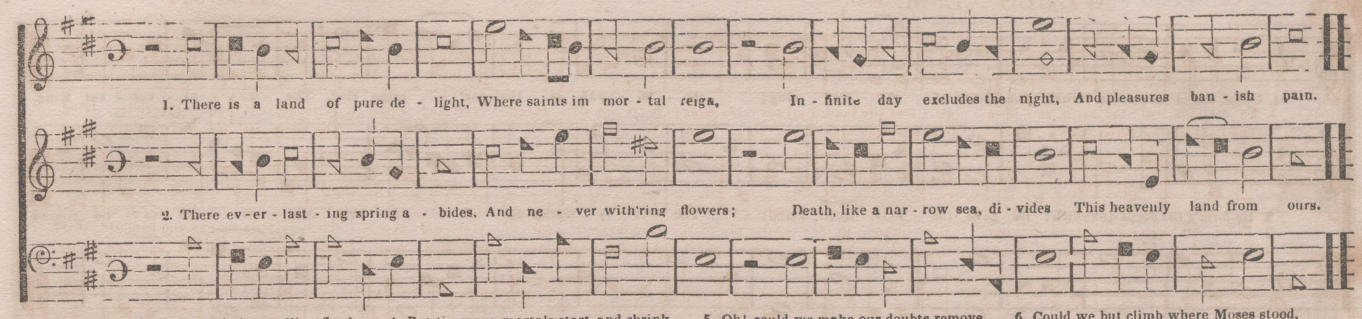


ZION. 8,7,4.

Thos. Hastings.



ROCHESTER. C. M.



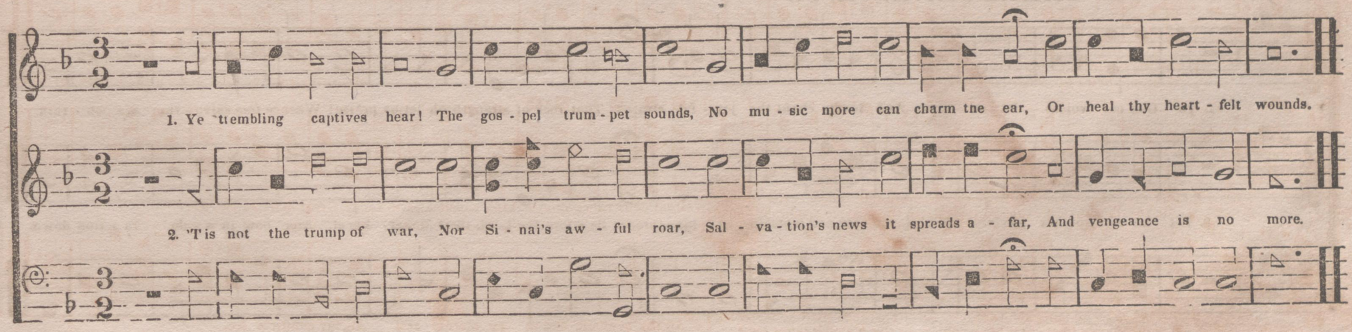
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4. But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.

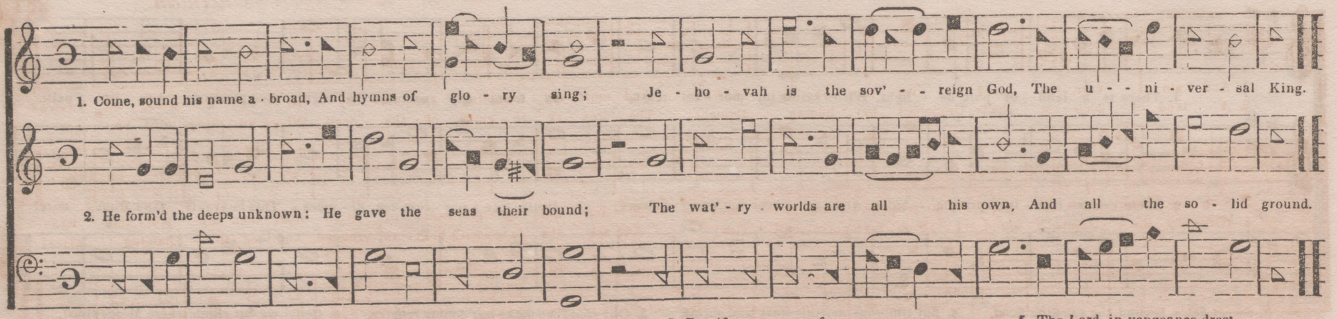
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

STONINGTON. S. M.



SILVER STREET. S. M.

J. Street.



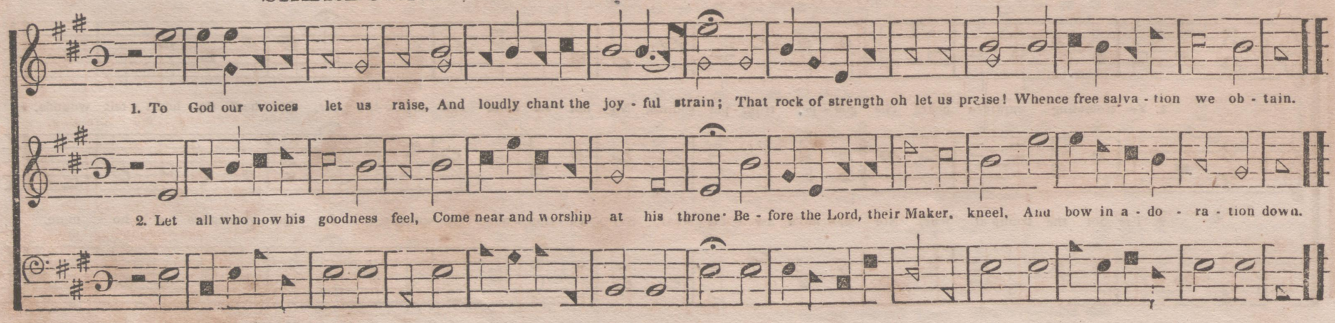
3. Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

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

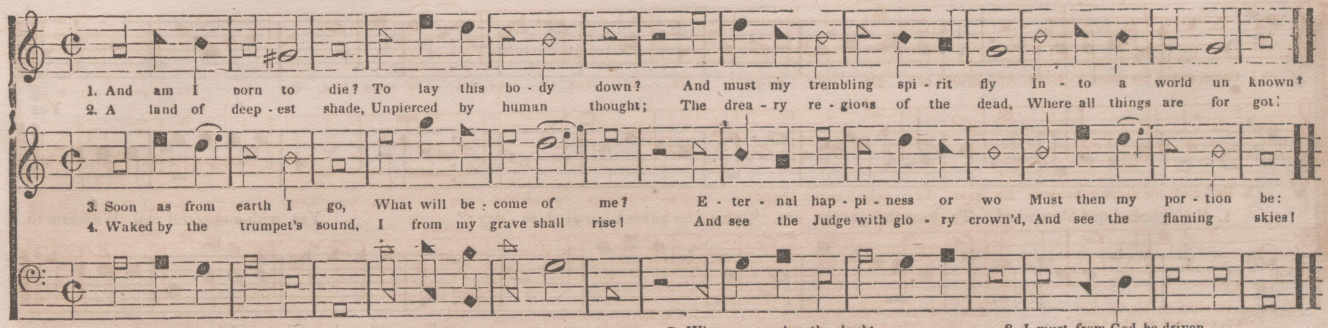
5. But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

5. The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promised rest
Shall have no portion there."

SHERBURNE. L. M.



AYLESBURY. S. M



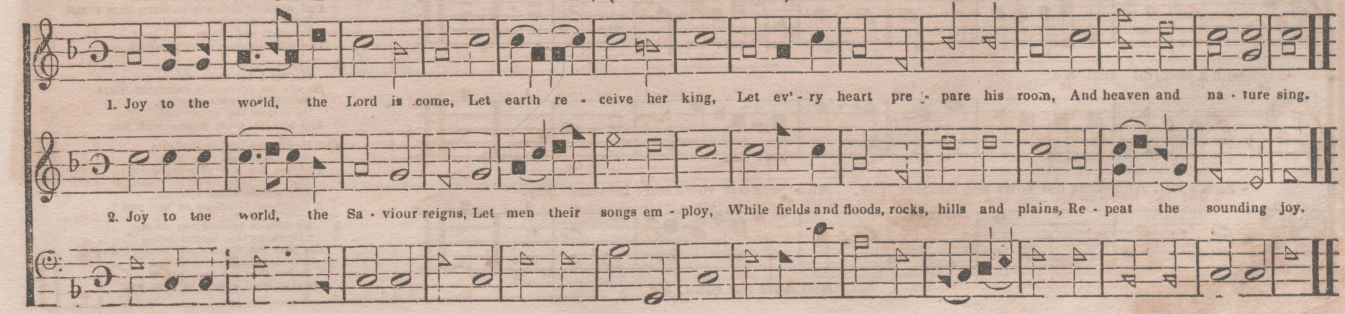
5. How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curse, or blessing meet?

6. Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

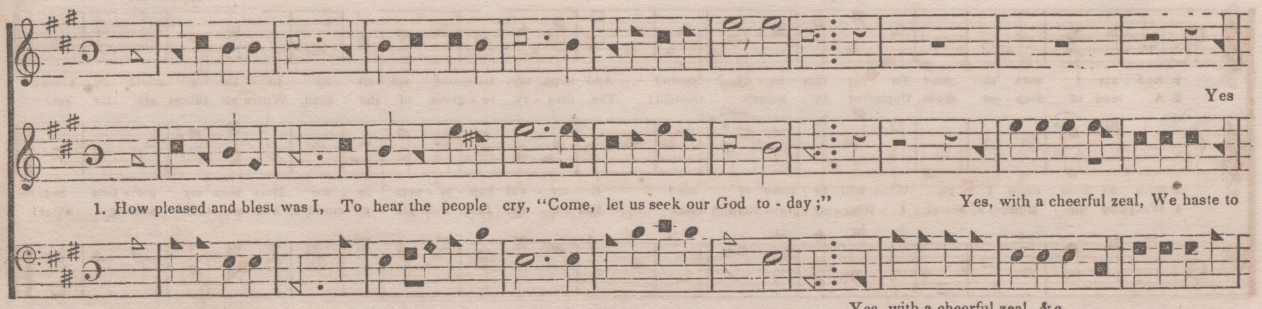
7. Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the bless'd?

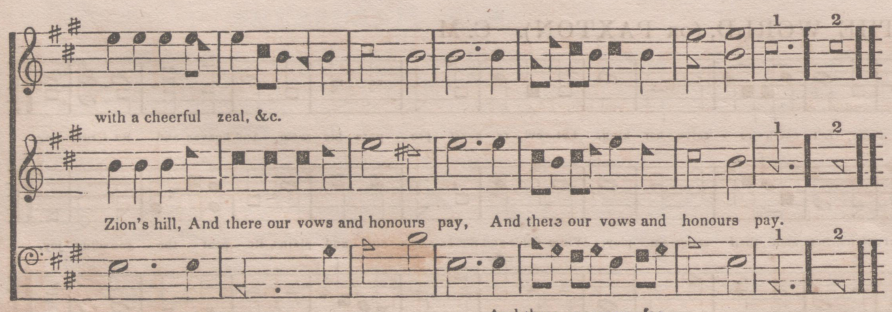
8. I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

JOY TO THE WORLD, (OR PAXTON). C. M.



AMITY. 6,6,8,6,6,8





4. Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

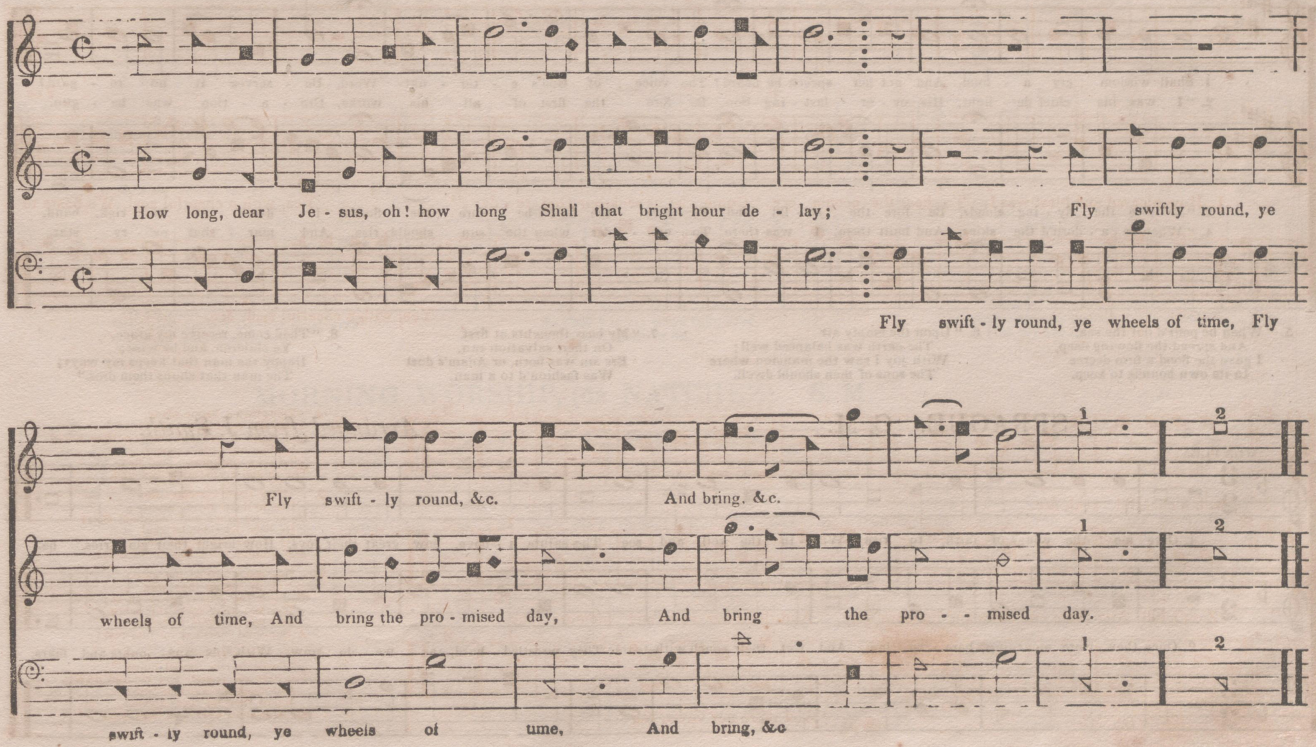
3. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne:
He sits for grace and judgment there
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

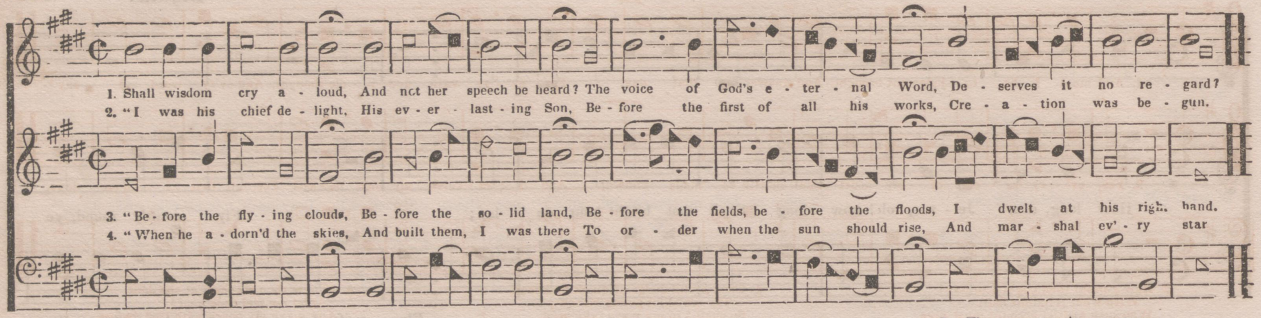
5. My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever wish thee well.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

Ingalls.



WATCHMAN. S. M.



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

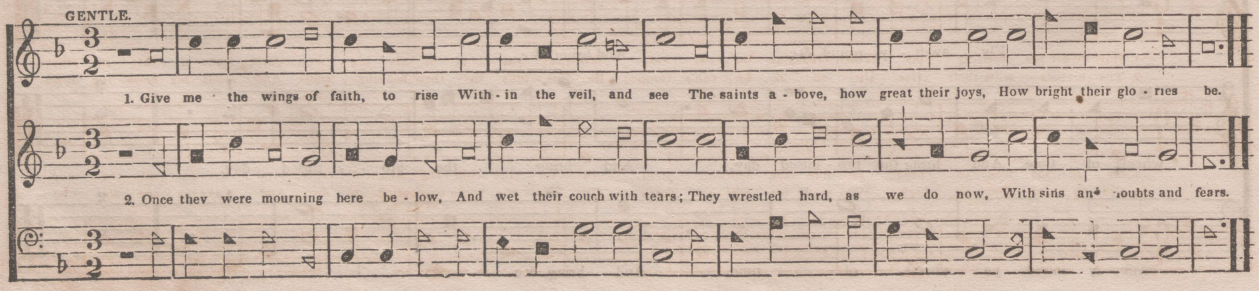
6. "Upon the empty air
The earth was balanced well;
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.

7. "My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.

8. "Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies."

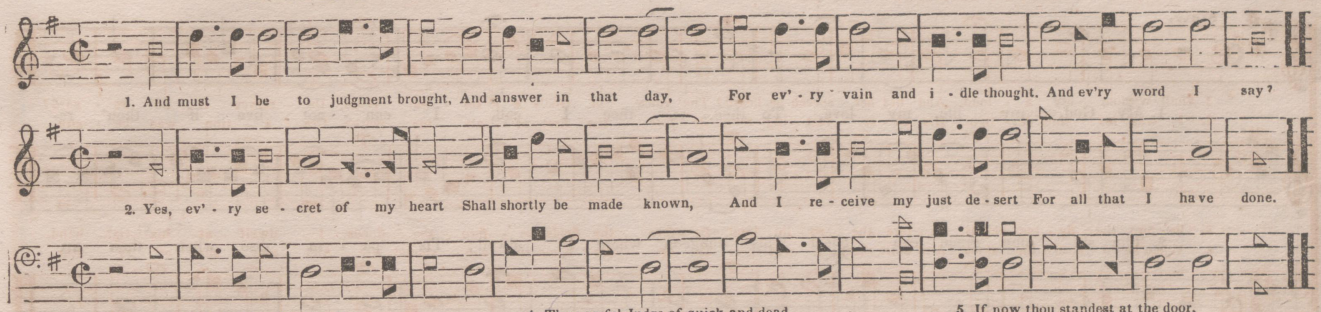
SPRAGUE. C. M.

Arranged from J. Smith.



ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. Arne.

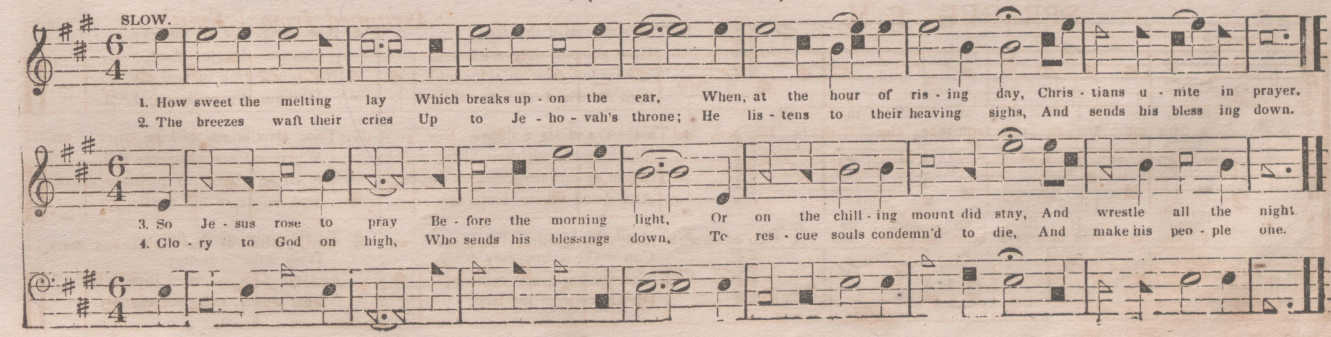


3. How careful then ought I to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here!

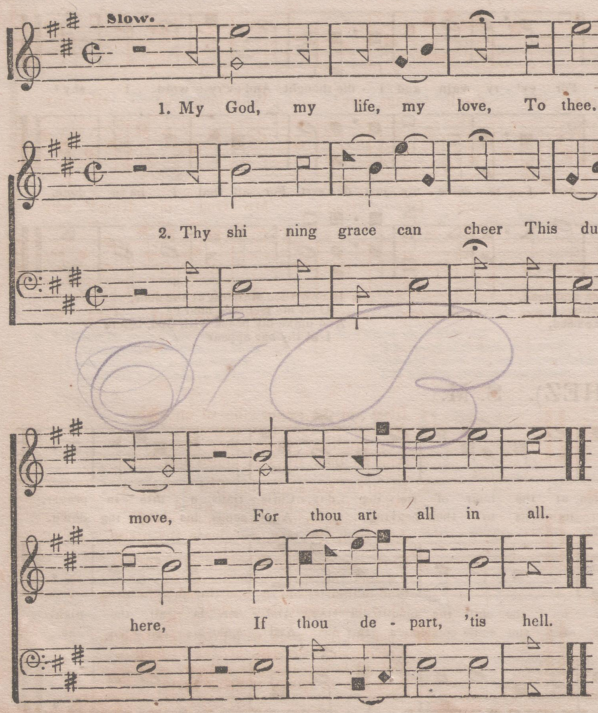
4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5. If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear

MORNING WORSHIP, (OR NATCHEZ). S. M.



SHIRLAND. S. M



3. The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

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

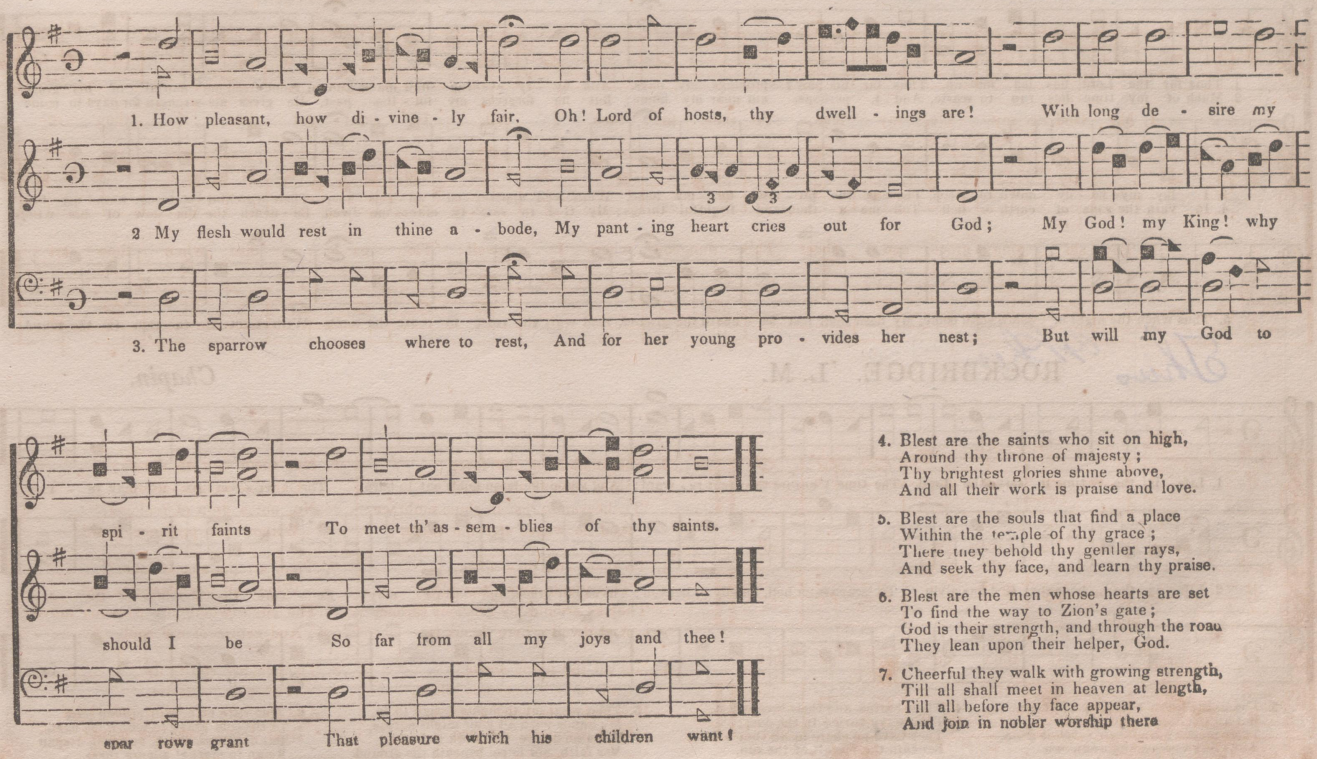
5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

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

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

8. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie.
Dear Jesus, raise me nigher.

PORTUGAL. L. M



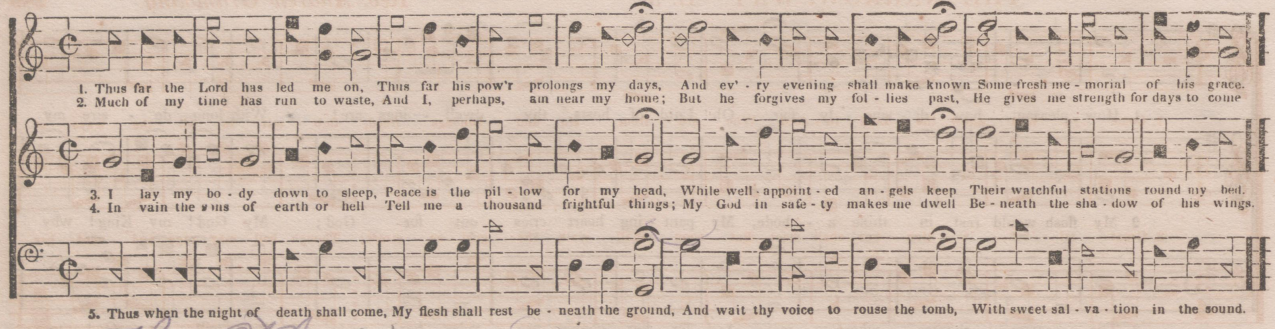
4. Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5. Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

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

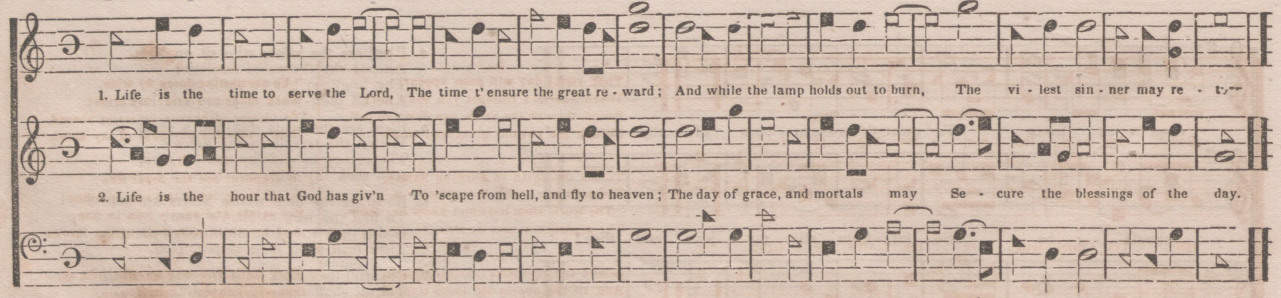
7. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there

HEBRON. L. M.



ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

Chapin.

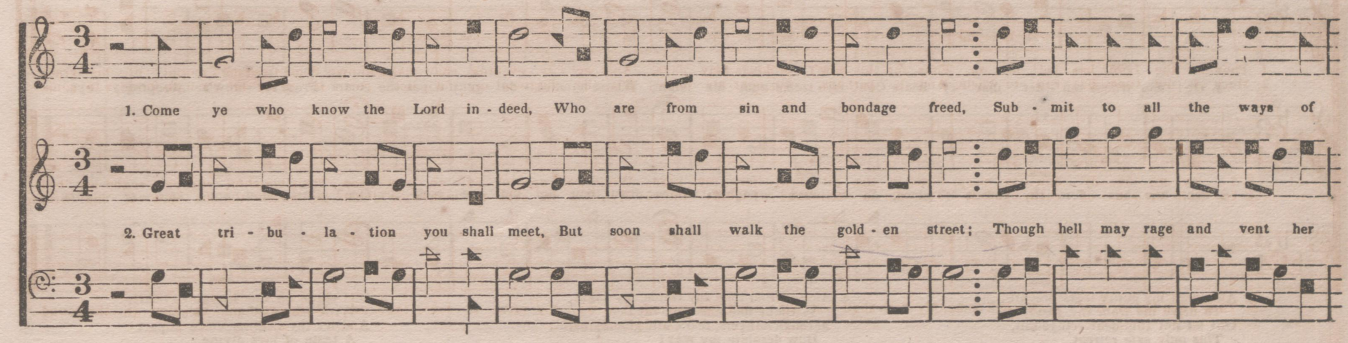


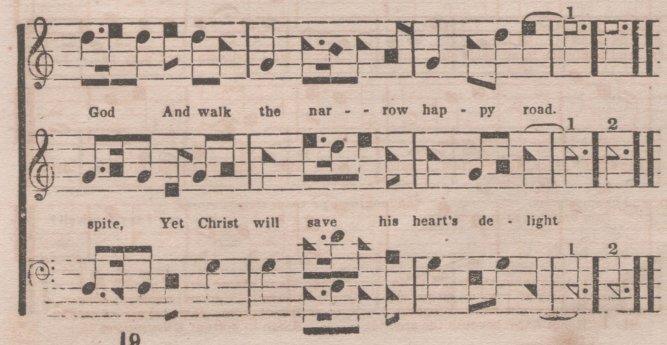
3. The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown

4. Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5. Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6. There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there





19

3.
That awful day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth, yea down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.

4.
To see the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet louder here proclaims,
"The world shall hear and know her doom,
The separation now is come."

5.
Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
Where Christ, the judge, with joy proclaims,
"Here come my saints, I'll own their names

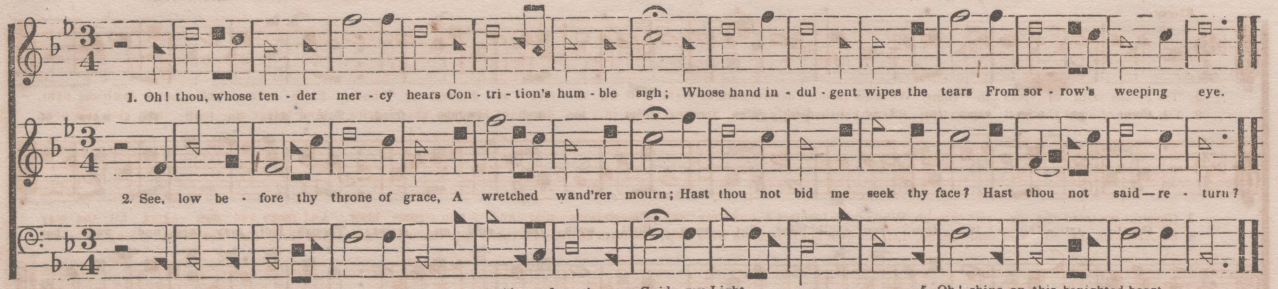
6.
"Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
Ye trumps of heaven proclaim abroad,
Here comes the purchase of my blood."

7.
In grandeur see the royal line
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one
And march in splendour to the throne

8.
They stand and wonder, and look on—
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures set the souls on fire

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER, (OR AVON). C. M.

Scottish.

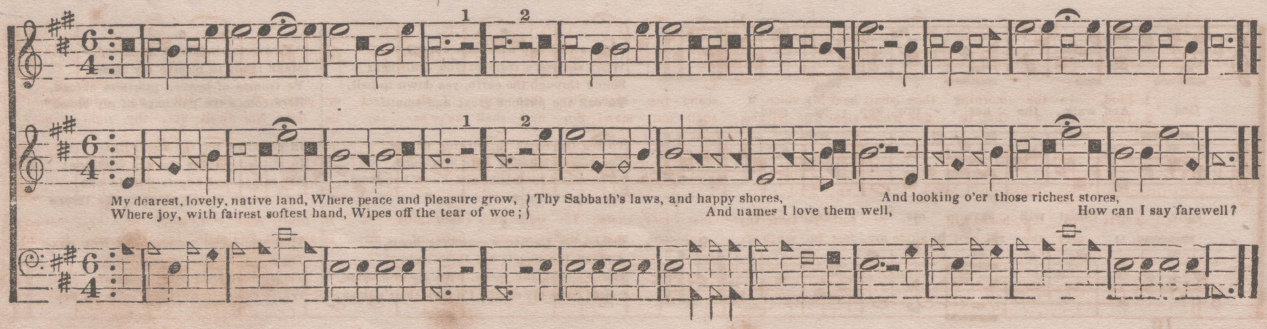


3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

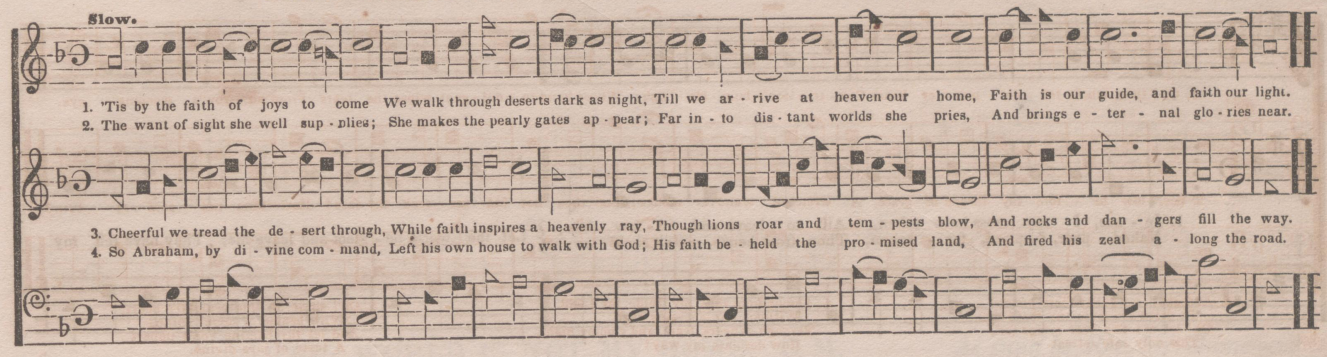
5. Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

MISSIONARY'S ADIEU. C. M.



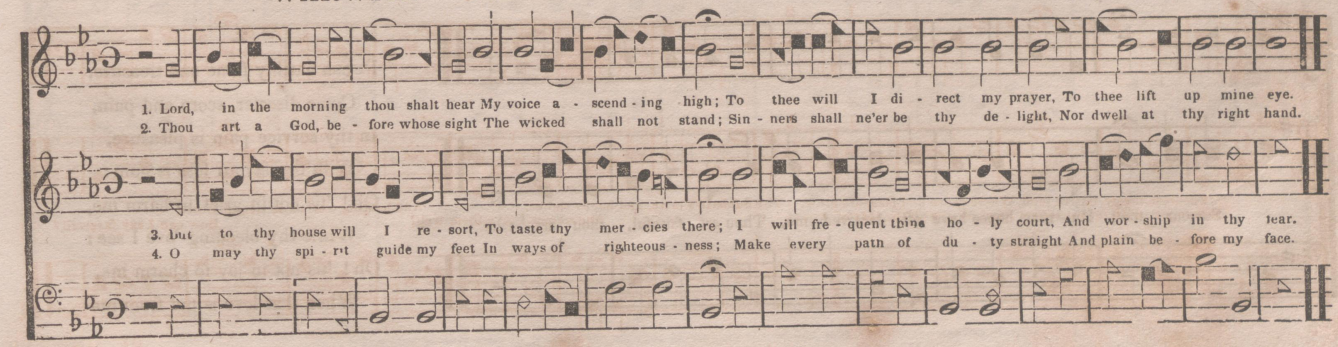
DUKE STREET. L. M.

Hutton.



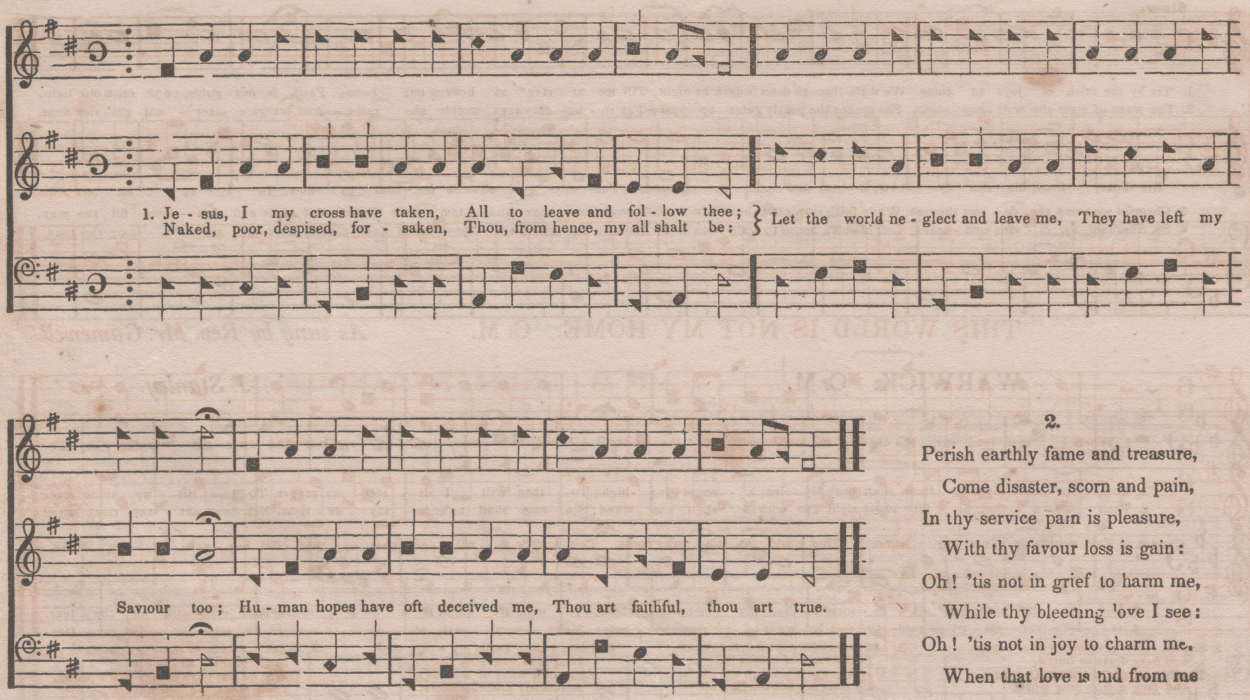
WARWICK. C. M.

J. Stanley.



RIPLEY. 8,7.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason

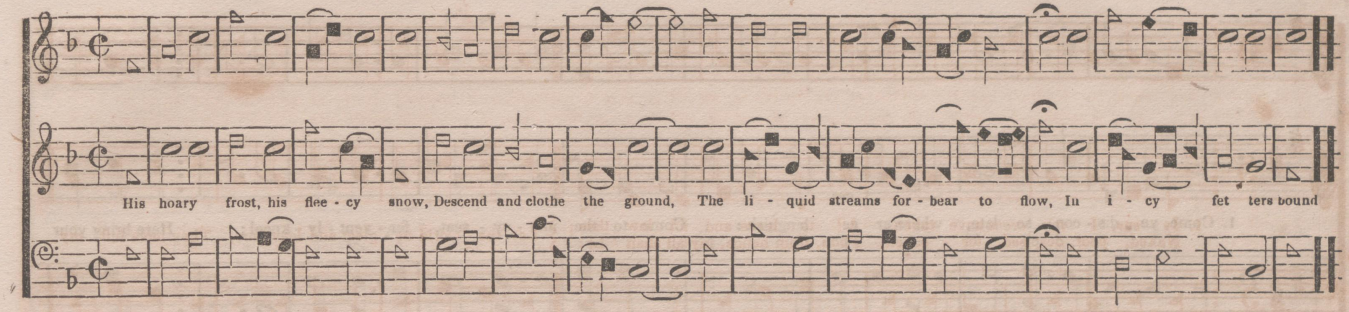


2.

Perish earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see:
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me

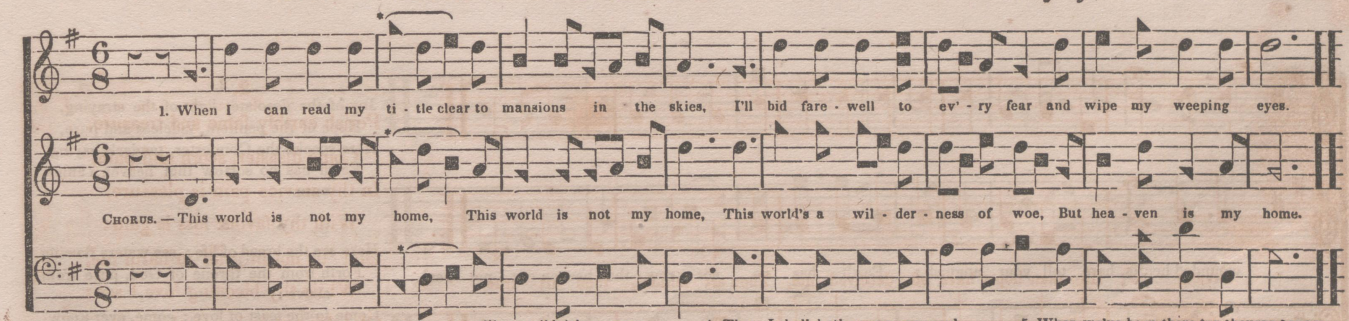
WINTER. C. M.

Reed.



THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME. C. M.

As sung by Rev. Mr. Gamewell.



2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world

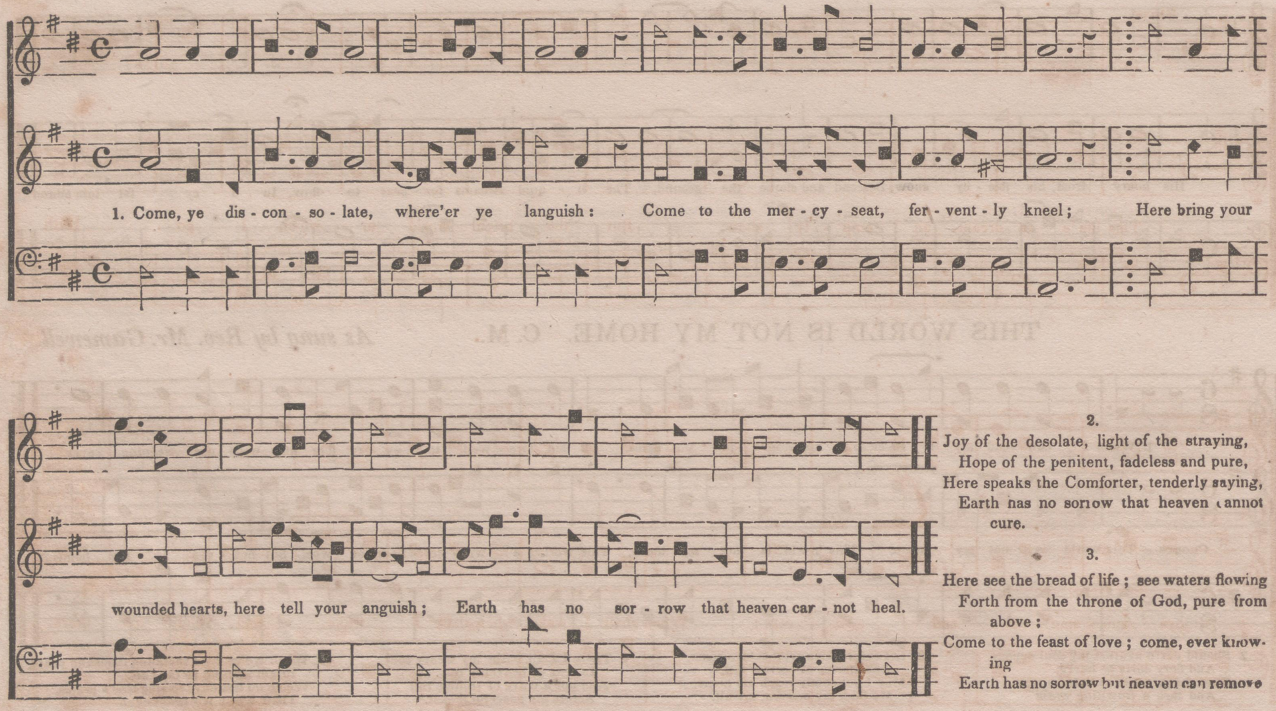
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

5. When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun.
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

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

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11,10.



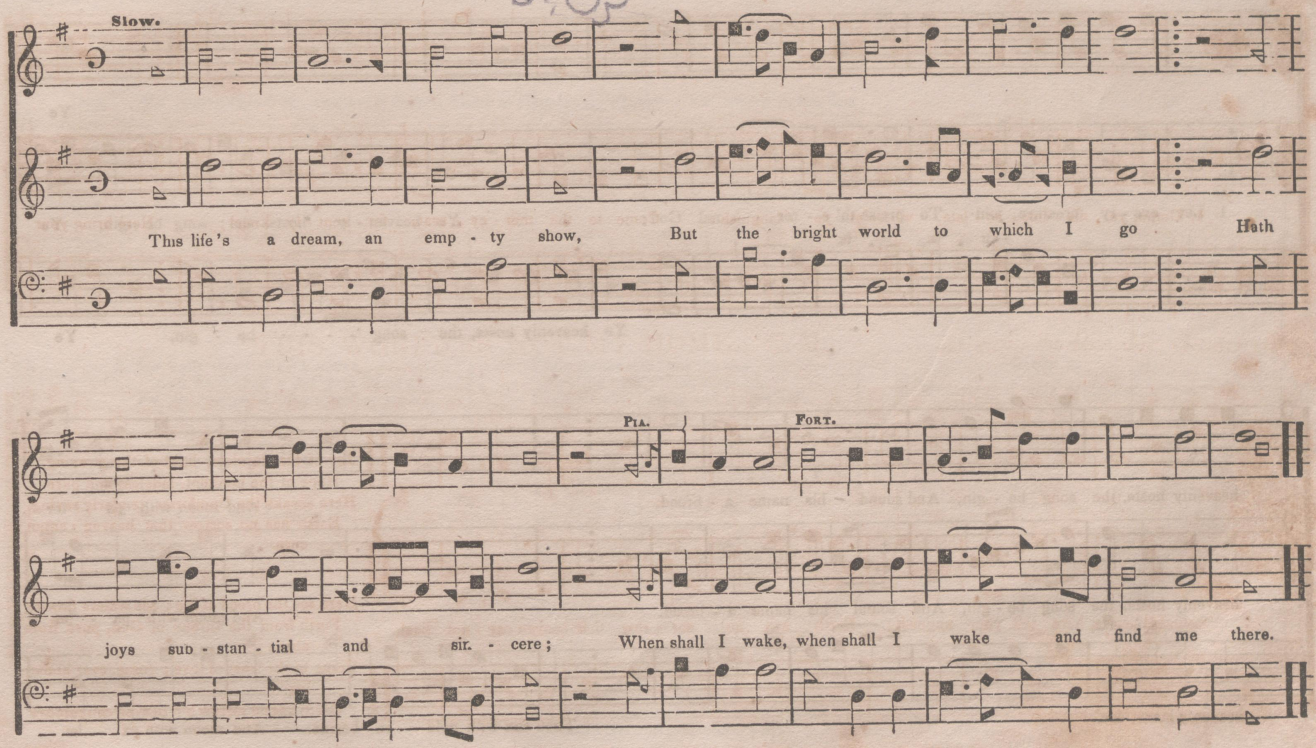
2.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3.

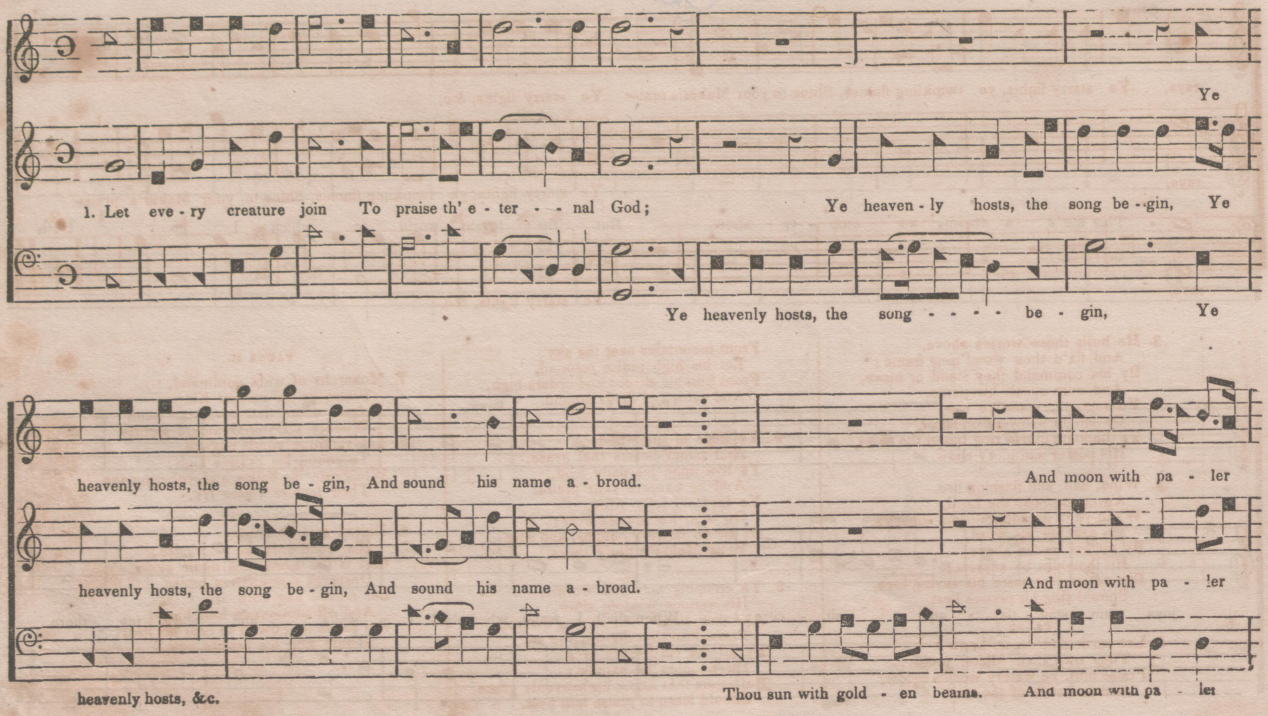
Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove

GLASGOW. L. M.

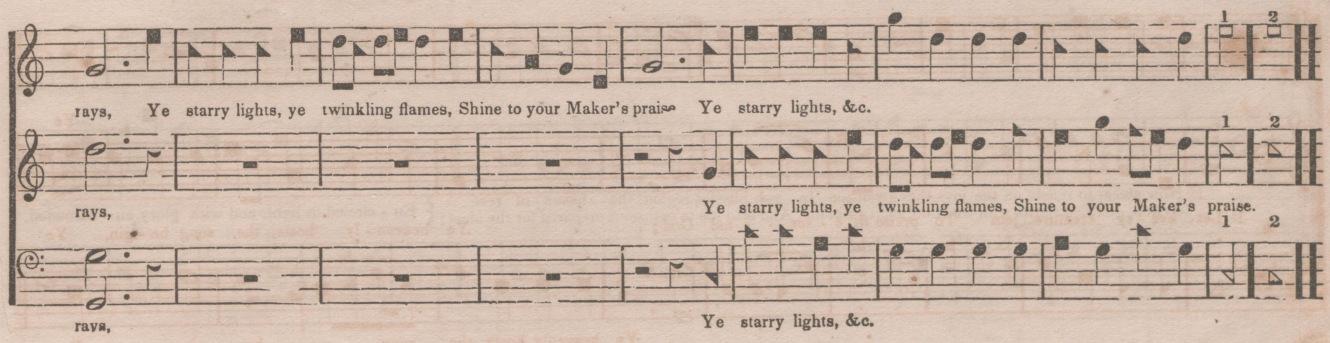

Slow.
This life's a dream, an emp - ty show, But the bright world to which I go Hath
Pia.
Fort.
joys sub - stan - tial and sin. - cere; When shall I wake, when shall I wake and find me there.

NEWBURGH. S. M.

Manson.



NEWBURGH. (*Concluded.*)



2. He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

3. Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

4. Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

5. Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

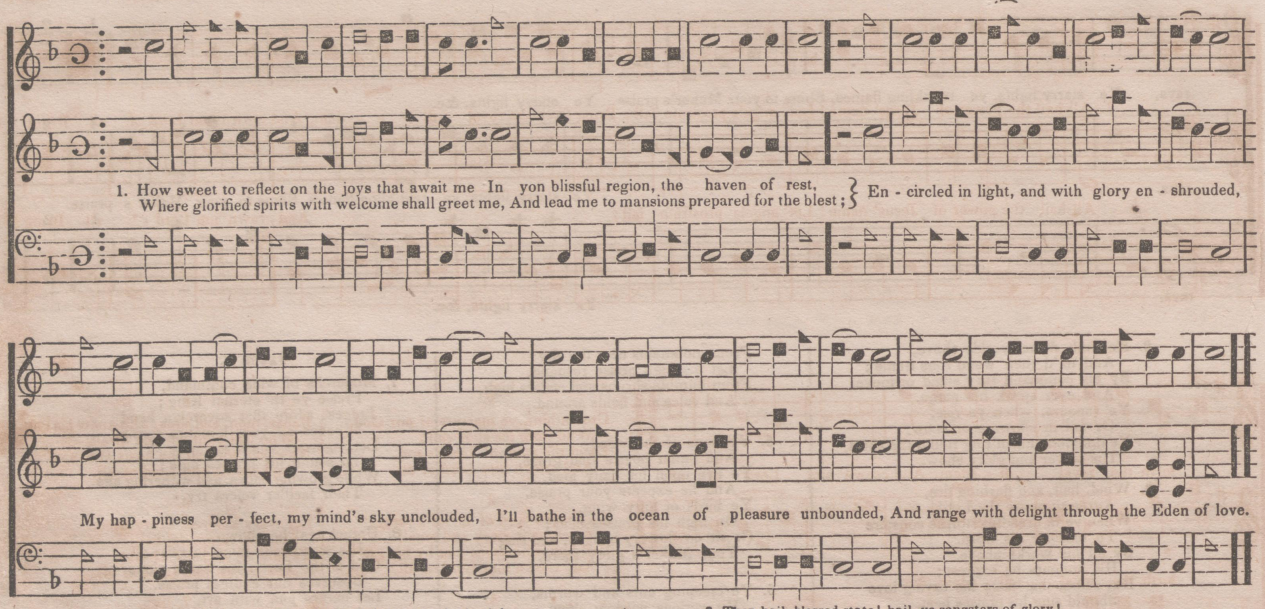
6. Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.
By all the earth-born race
His honours be exprest:
But saints that know his heavenly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

7. Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand
Whence all your honours spring.
Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feebler voices try.

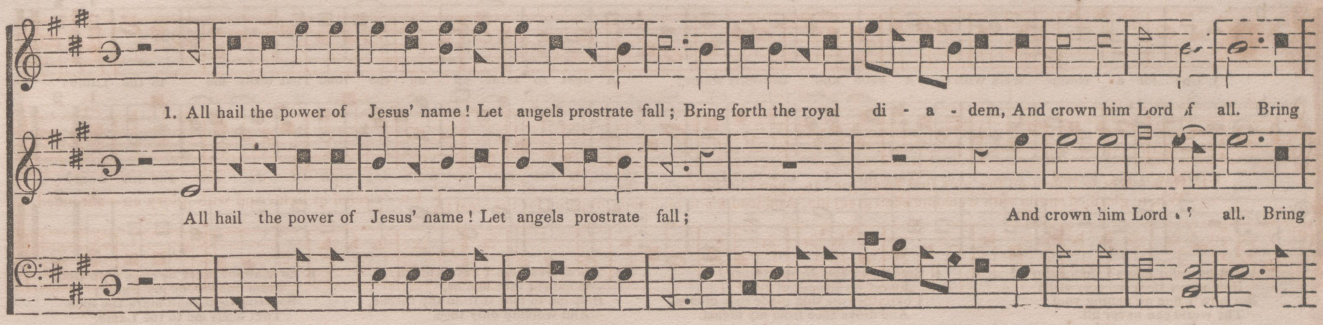
8. United zeal be shown
His wond'rous fame to raise;
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

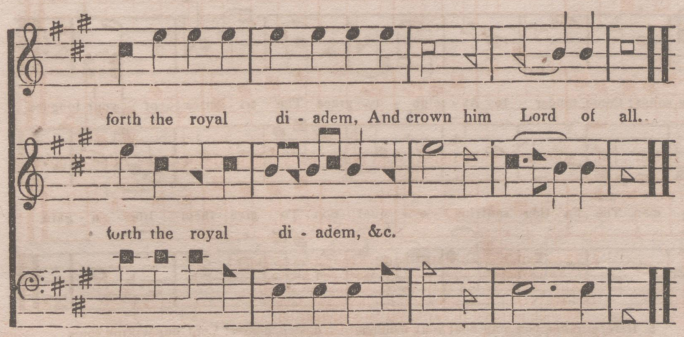
THE WEARY PILGRIM'S CONSOLATION. 12,11,12,11,12,12,12,11. *C. H. Parr*



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

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





2.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small.
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go— spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5.

Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6.

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

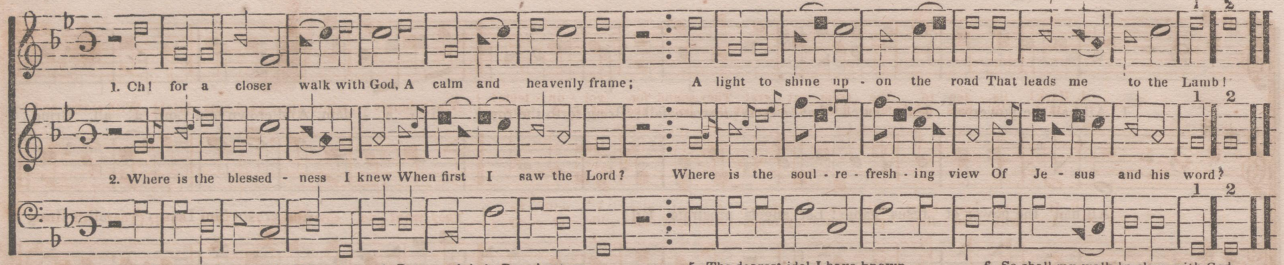
7.

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

* This tune was a great favourite with the late Dr. Dwight. It was often sung by the College Choir, while he, "catching, as it were, the inspiration of the heavenly world, would join them and lead them with the most ardent devotion."—*Incidents in the Life of President Dwight*, p. 36

MILLEDGEVILLE. C. M.

Original parts from Rev. A. Grambling



3. What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd?
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

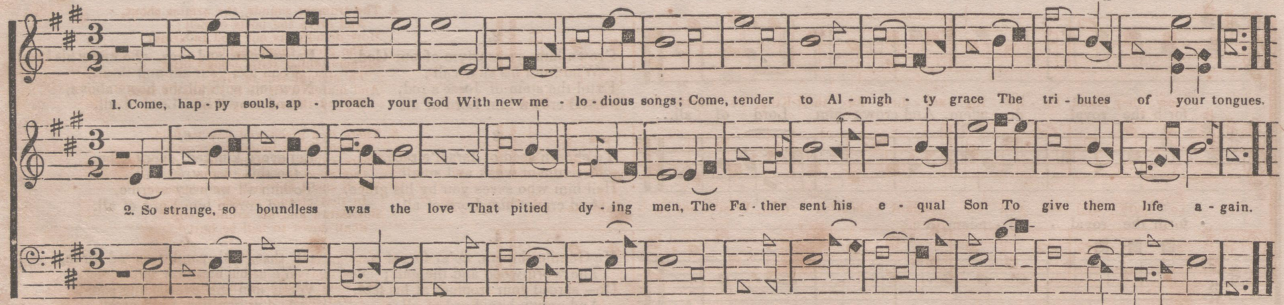
4. Return, oh holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

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

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

ROCKINGHAM. C. M.

Chapin.



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

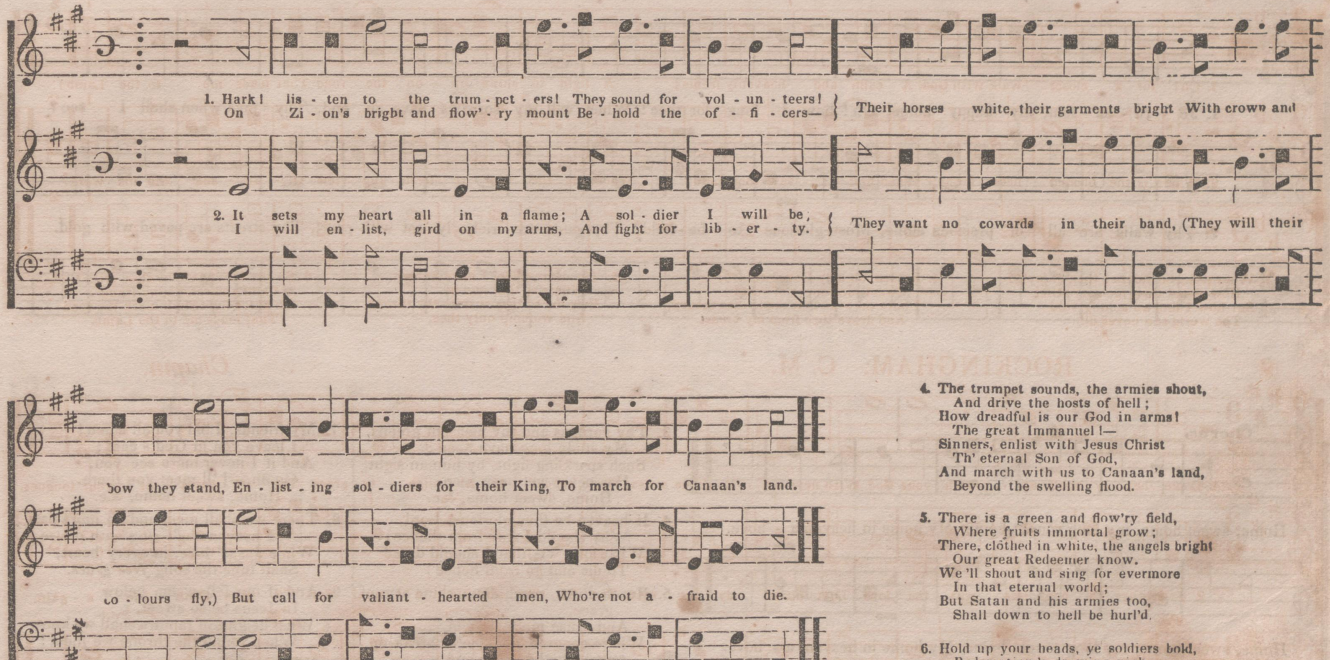
4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

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

6. See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace:
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise

THE TRUMPETERS. C. M.

(Melody by Rev. Mr. McLeod. Parts by Wm. Walker.)



3. The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear!
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war:
They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb
His garments stain'd with his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

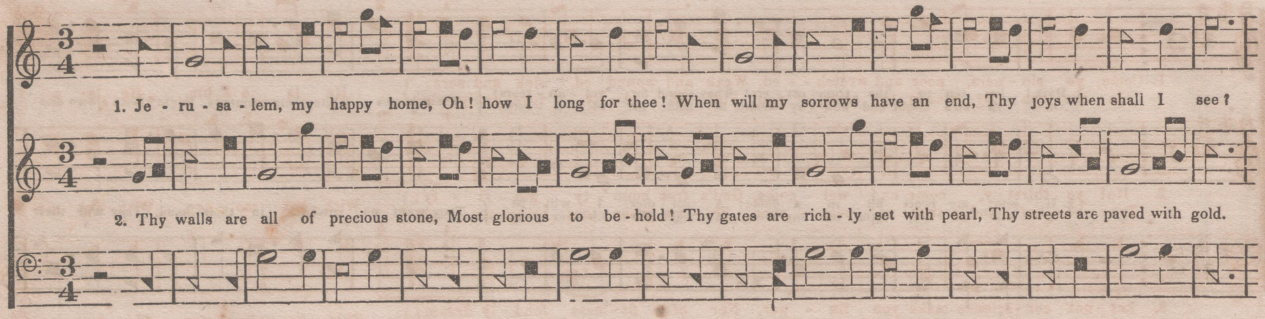
4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms!
The great Immanuel!—
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ
Th' eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

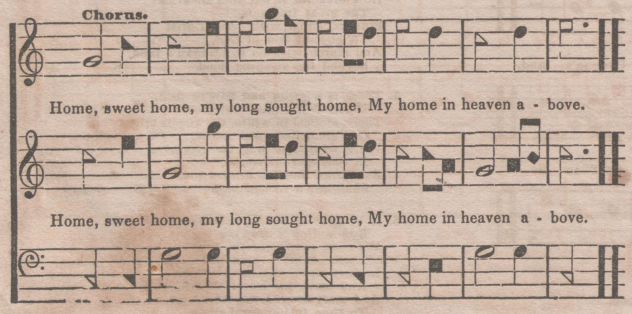
5. There is a green and flow'ry field,
Where fruits immortal grow;
There, clothed in white, the angels bright
Our great Redeemer know.
We 'll shout and sing for evermore
In that eternal world;
But Satan and his armies too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption 's drawing nigh
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
'T will shake both earth and sky;
In fiery chariots then we 'll fly.
And leave the world on fire.
And meet around the starry throne
To tune th' immortal lyre.

LONG SOUGHT HOME. C. M.

William Robo.





3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
Home, sweet home, &c.

4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence:
What folly 't is that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5. Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6. Jesus, my love, to glory 's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

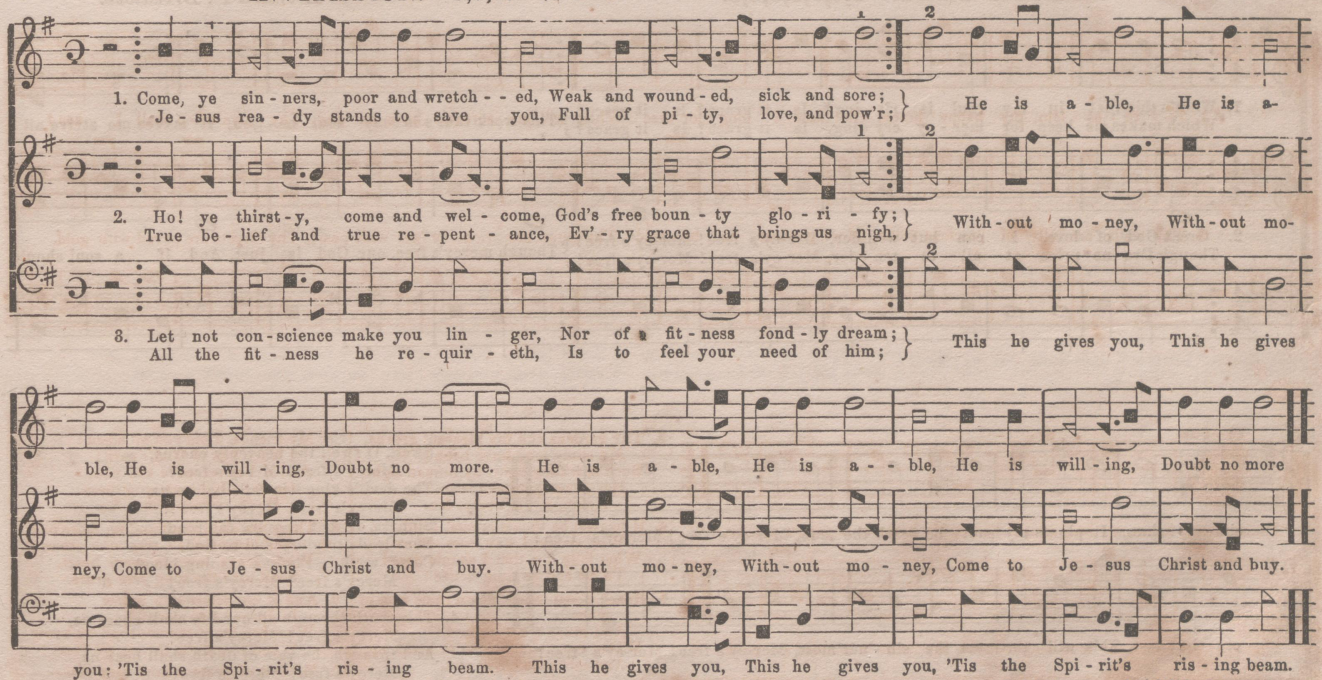
7. My friends, I bid you all adieu!
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on,—I 'll meet you there.
Home, sweet home, &c.

8. There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise;
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song *free grace.*

9. And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round the throne we meet!

10. Millions of years around may run—
Our songs shall still go on,
To praise the *Father* and the *Son*,
And *Spirit*,—*Three* in *One*.
Home, sweet home, &c.

INVITATION. 8,7,4. (New.)



4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

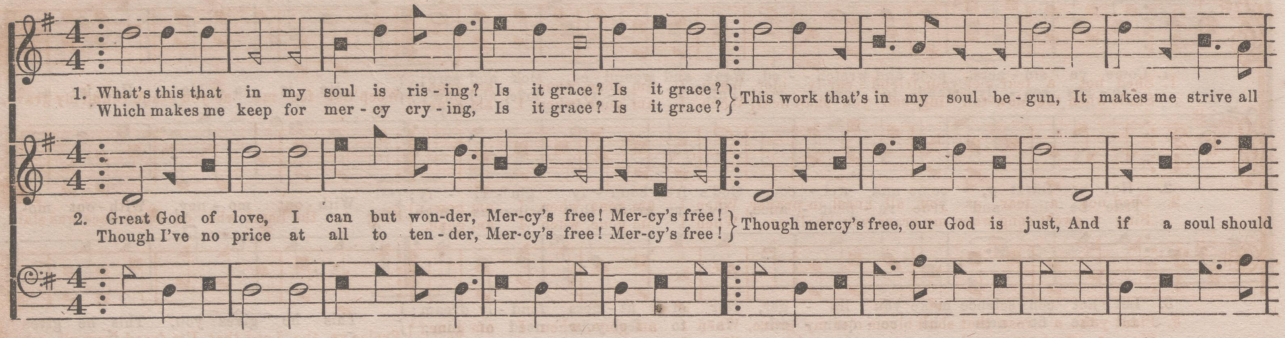
5. View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Saviour lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

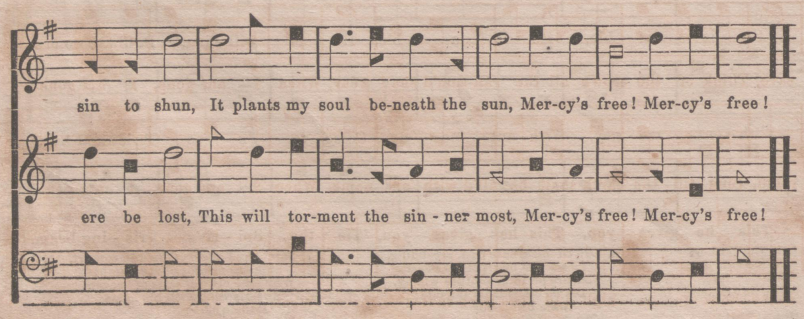
6. Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

MERCY'S FREE. 9,6,9,8,8,8,6.

Leonard P. Breedlove.



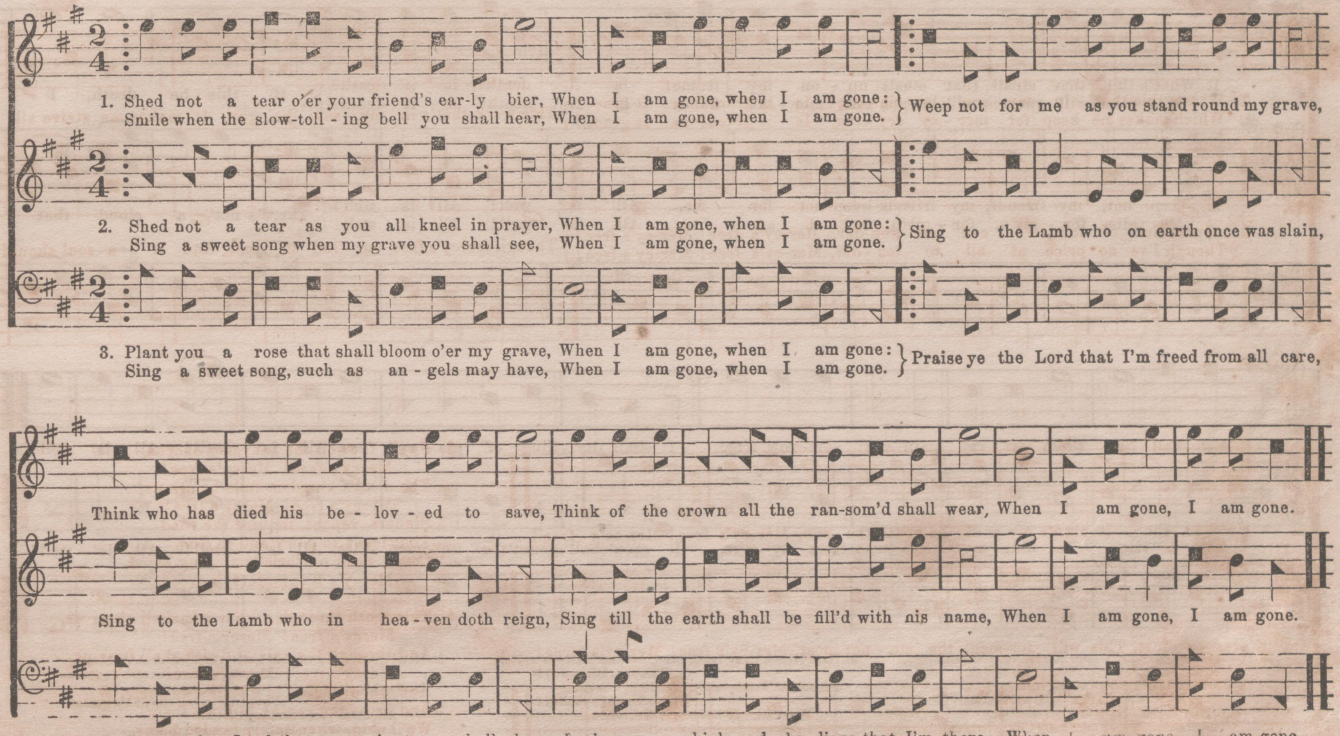


3. Swell, O swell the heavenly chorus,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
The devil's kingdom falls before us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
Sinners, repent, inquire the road
That leads to glory and to God,
Come, wash in Christ's atoning blood,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

4. This truth through all our life shall cheer us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And through the vale of death shall bear us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And when to Jordan's banks we come,
And cross the raging billow's foam,
We'll sing, when safely landed home,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

WHEN I AM GONE. 10s & 8s.

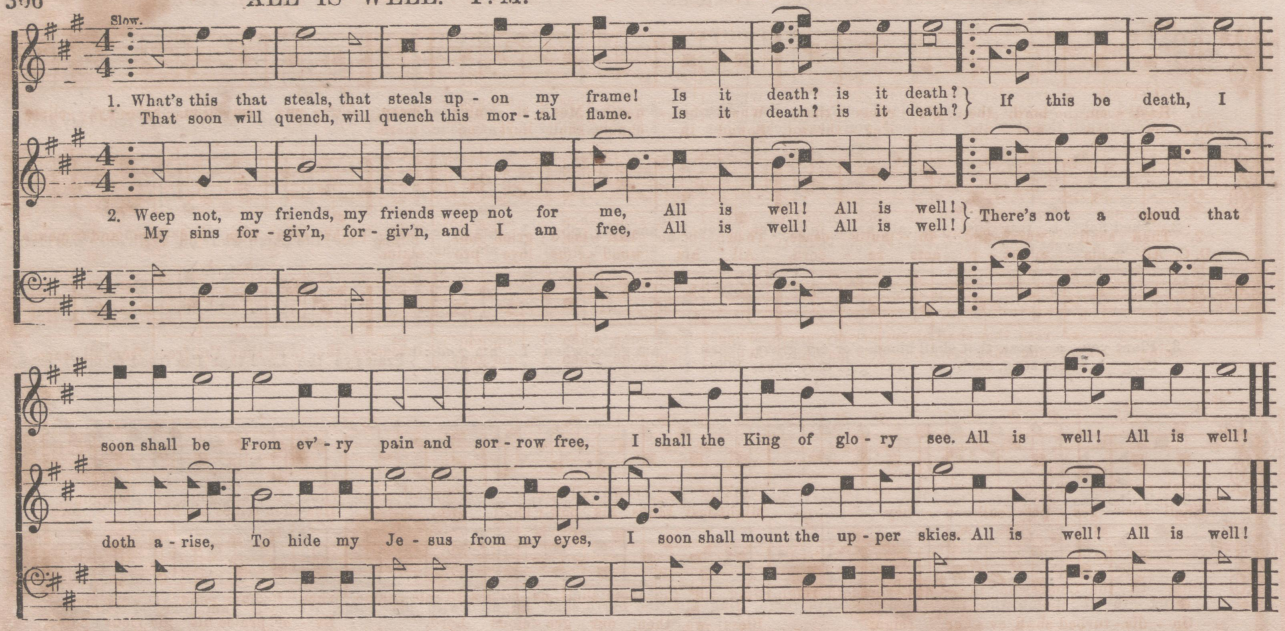
M. H. Turner.



306

ALL IS WELL. P. M.

J. T. White.



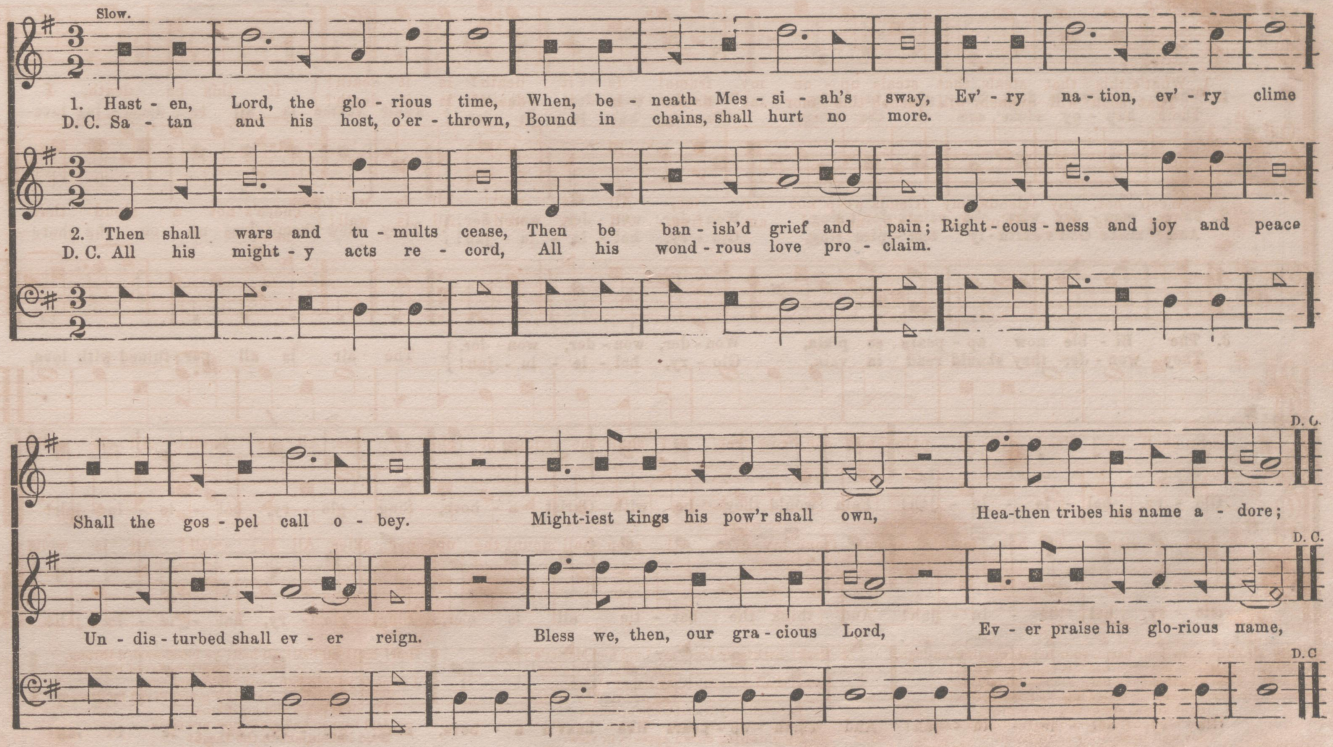
3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints on high,
All is well, All is well!
I too will strike my harp with equal joy,
All is well, All is well!
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well, All is well!

4. Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice,
Calls away, Calls away!
I soon shall see—enjoy my happy choice,
Why delay, Why delay!
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well, All is well

5. Hail! hail! all hail! all hail! ye blood-wash'd throng,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace—
I come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb!
All is well, All is well

ELTHAM. 7s. (Double.)

L. Mason. From the Carmina Sacra.



THE YOUNG CONVERT. L. M.

S. Hill.

Lively.

1. When con-verts first be-gin to sing, Won-der, won-der, won-der, } Their theme is all re-deem-ing love—
Their hap-py souls are on the wing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu jah. }

2. They won-der why old saints don't sing, Won-der, won-der, won-der; } They view them-selves up-on the shore—
And make God's earth-ly tem-ples ring, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! }

3. The Bi-ble now ap-pears so plain, Won-der, won-der, won-der, } The air is all per-fumed with love,
They won-der they should read in vain, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! }

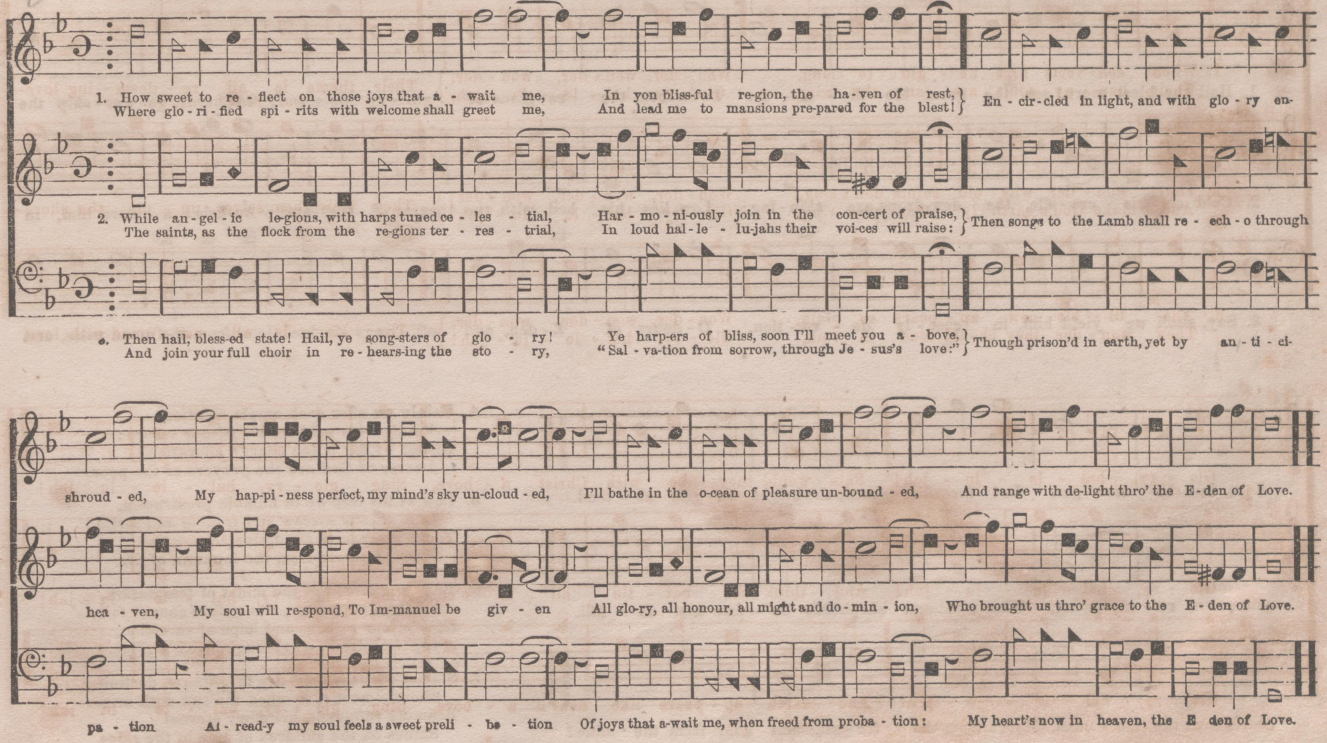
Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Fain would they be with Christ a-bove, Sing glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! And think the bat-tle all is o'er, Sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

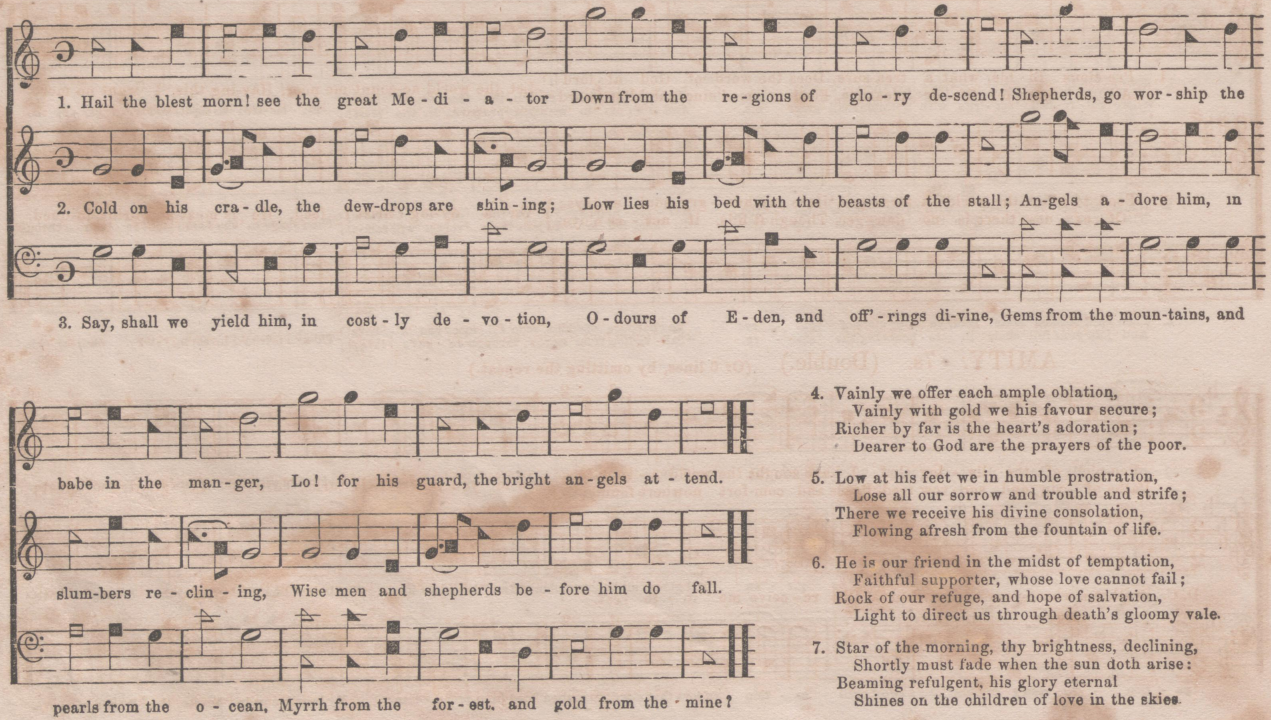
Glo ry, hal-le-lu-jah! And earth ap-pears like heav'n a-bove, Sing, glo-ry, hal-le lu jah.

gin to sing

EDEN OF LOVE. 12,11,12,11,12,12,12,11.



THE SHEPHERD'S STAR. 11,10.



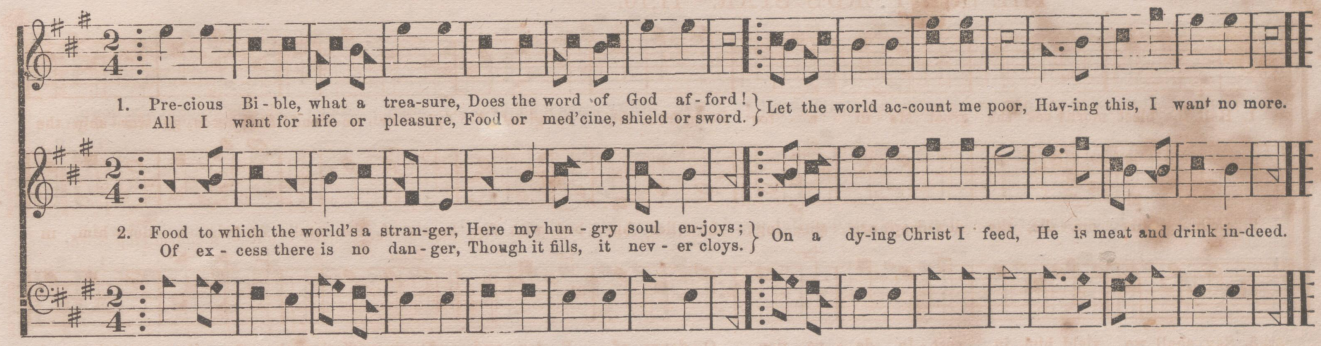
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Low at his feet we in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow and trouble and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

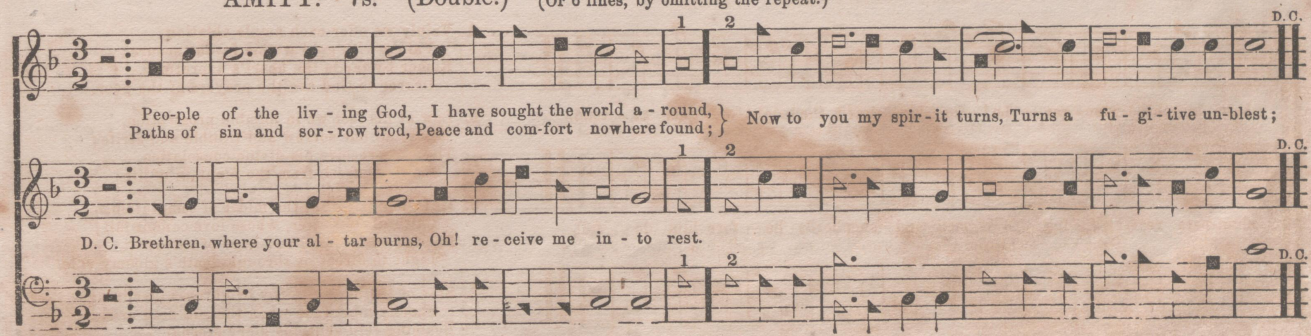
6. He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail;
Rock of our refuge, and hope of salvation,
Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale.

7. Star of the morning, thy brightness, declining,
Shortly must fade when the sun doth arise:
Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal
Shines on the children of love in the skies.

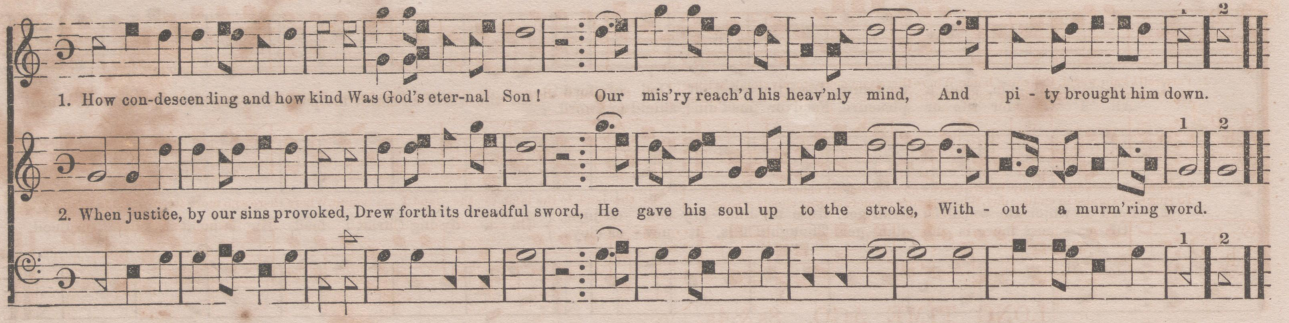
PRECIOUS BIBLE. 8,7,8,7,7,7.



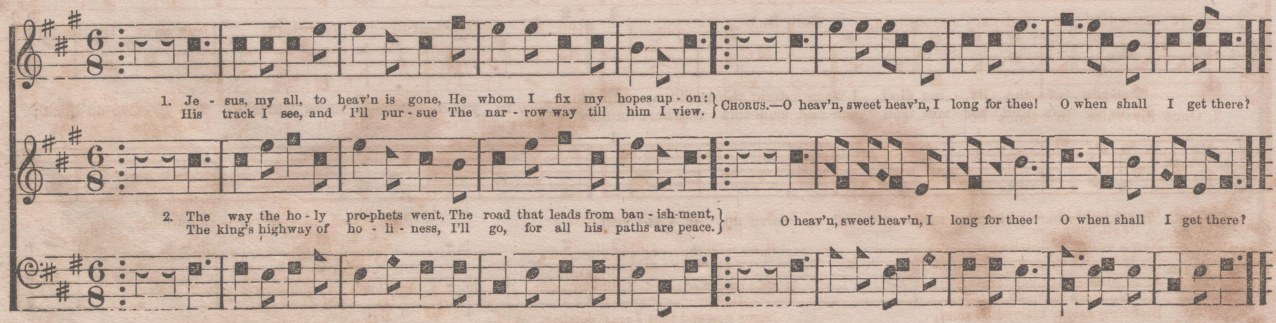
AMITY. 7s. (Double.) (Or 6 lines, by omitting the repeat.)



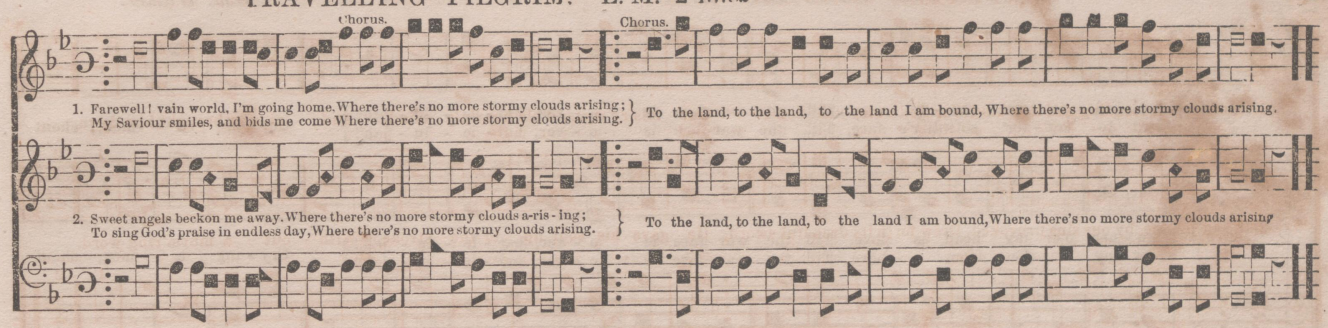
CONDESCENSION. C. M.



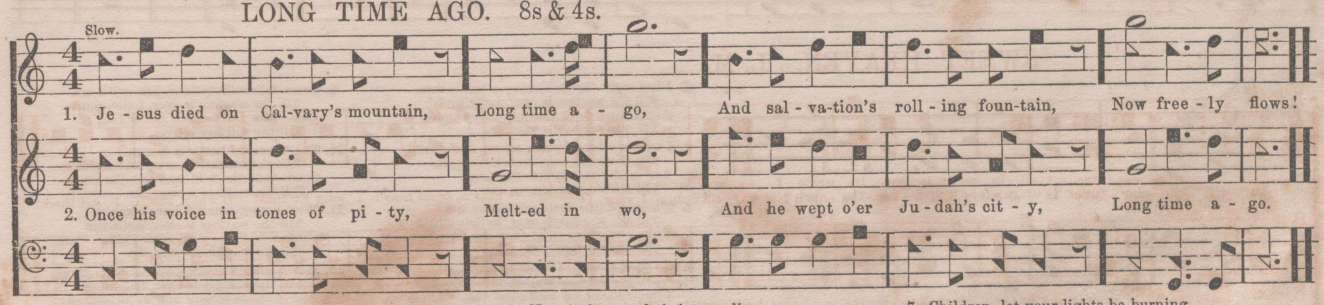
SWEET HEAVEN. L. M.



TRAVELLING PILGRIM. L. M. 2 lines



LONG TIME AGO. 8s & 4s.



3. On his head the dews of midnight,
Fell, long ago,
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight
Sits on his brow.

4. Jesus died—yet lives forever,
No more to die—
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Now reigns on high!

5. Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying men,
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.

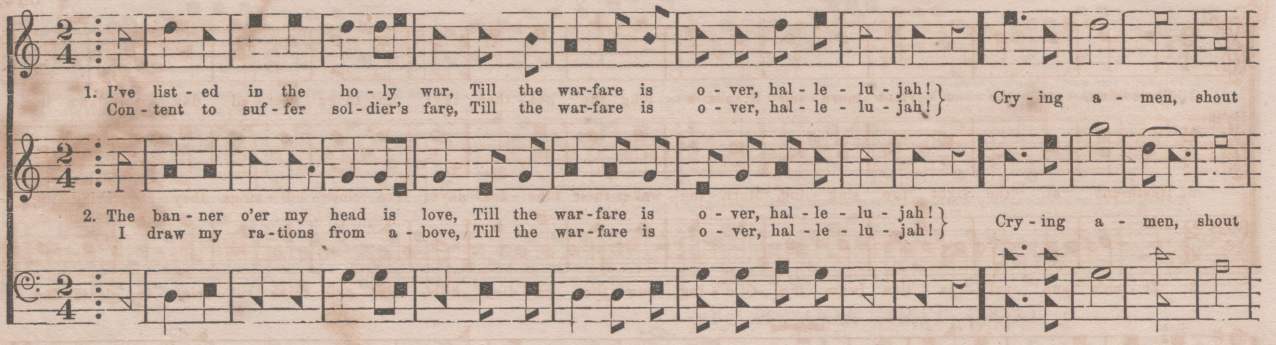
6. Budding fig-trees tell that summer
Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus' coming,
Is near at hand.

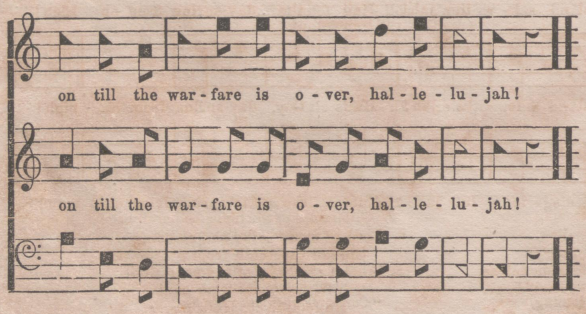
7. Children, let your lights be burning,
In hope of heaven.
Waiting for our Lord's returning
At dawn or even.

8. When he comes a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Children, come home."

CONTENTED SOLDIER. L. M.

Wm. Walker.





3. I've fought through many a battle sore,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And I must fight through many more,
Till the warfare is over, &c.

4. I take my breast-plate, sword, and shield,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And boldly march into the field,
Till the warfare is over, &c.

5. The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Unite and strive what they can do;
Till the warfare is over, &c.

6. On thee, O Lord, I humbly call,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Uphold me or my soul must fall,
Till the warfare is over, &c.

7. I've listed, and I mean to fight
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Till all my foes are put to flight;
Till the warfare is over, &c.

8. And when the victory I have won,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah.
I'll give the praise to God alone,
Till the warfare is over, &c.

9. Come, fellow-Christians, join with me,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Come, face the foe, and never flee,
Till the warfare is over, &c.

10. The heavenly battle is begun,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Come, take the field, and win the crown
Till the warfare is over, &c.

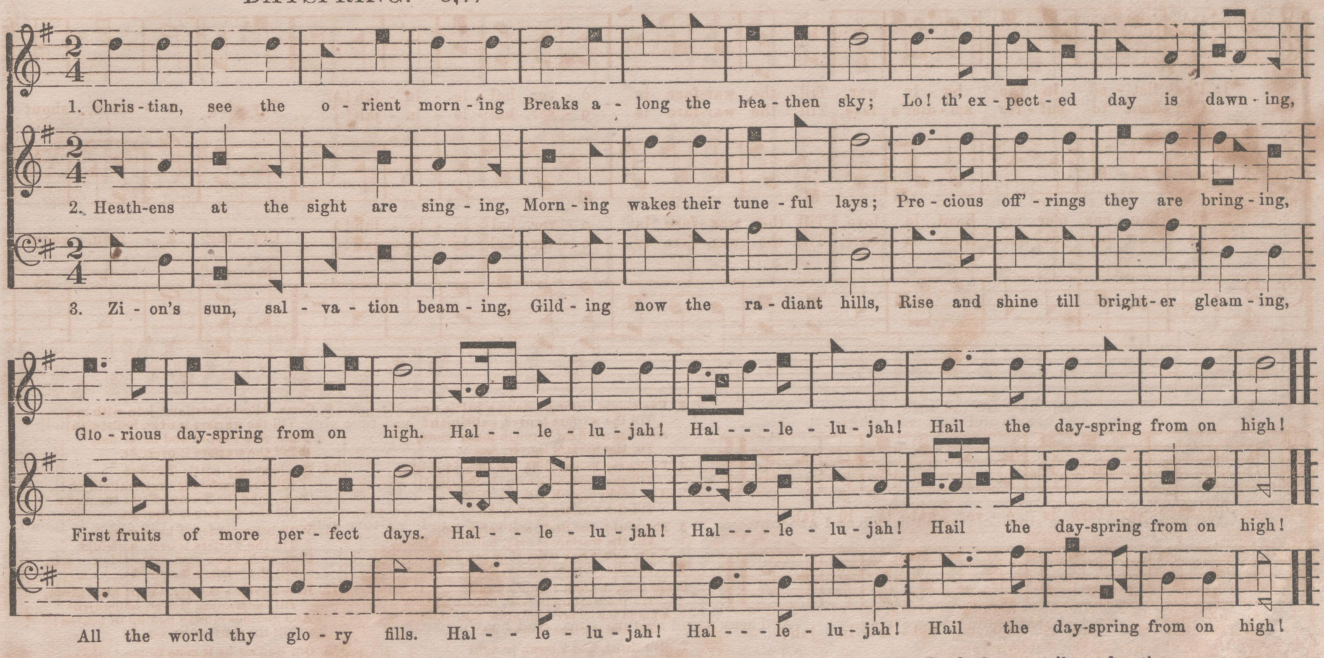
11. With listing orders I have come;
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Come rich, come poor, come old or young,
Till the warfare is over, &c.

12. Here's grace's bounty, Christ has given,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven:
Till the warfare is over, &c.

13. Our Gen'ral he is gone before,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And you may draw on grace's store,
Till the warfare is over, &c.

14. But, if you will not list and fight,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
You'll sink into eternal night;
Till the warfare 's over, &c.

DAYSPRING. 8,7.



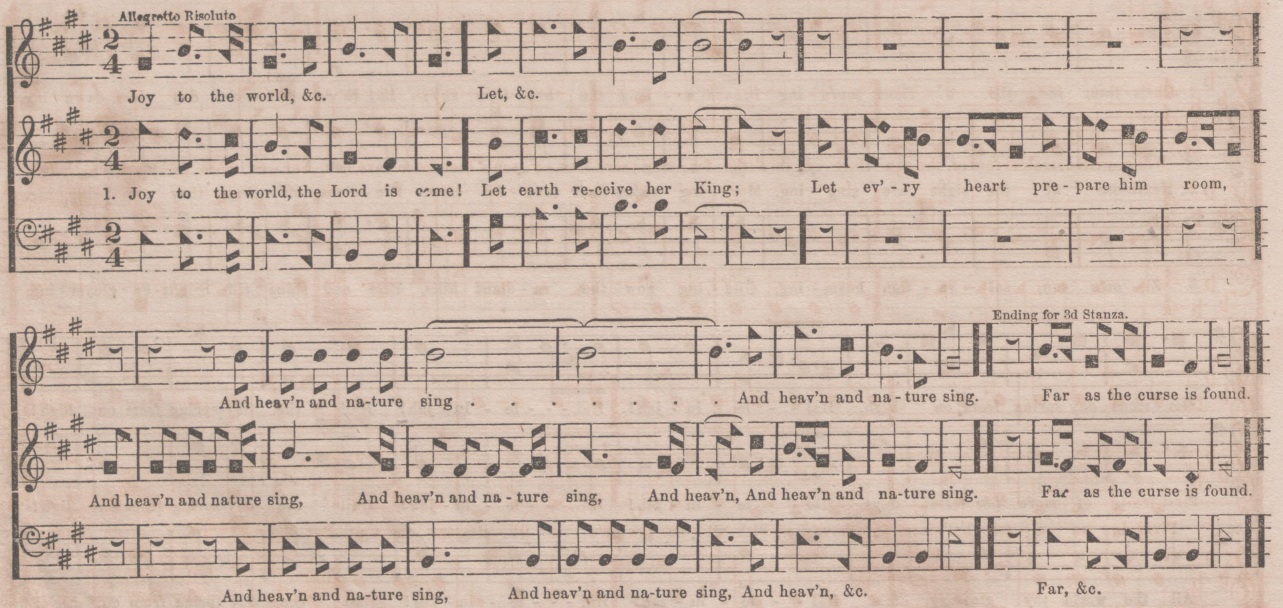
4. Then the valleys and the mountains,
Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;
Then the living crystal fountain
From the thirsty ground shall spring.
Hallelujah :‖: Hail, &c.

5. While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer;
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.
Hallelujah :‖: Hail, &c.

6. Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation
Till it shines on every soul.
Hallelujah :‖: Hail, &c.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arranged from Handel. From the Carmina Sacra.



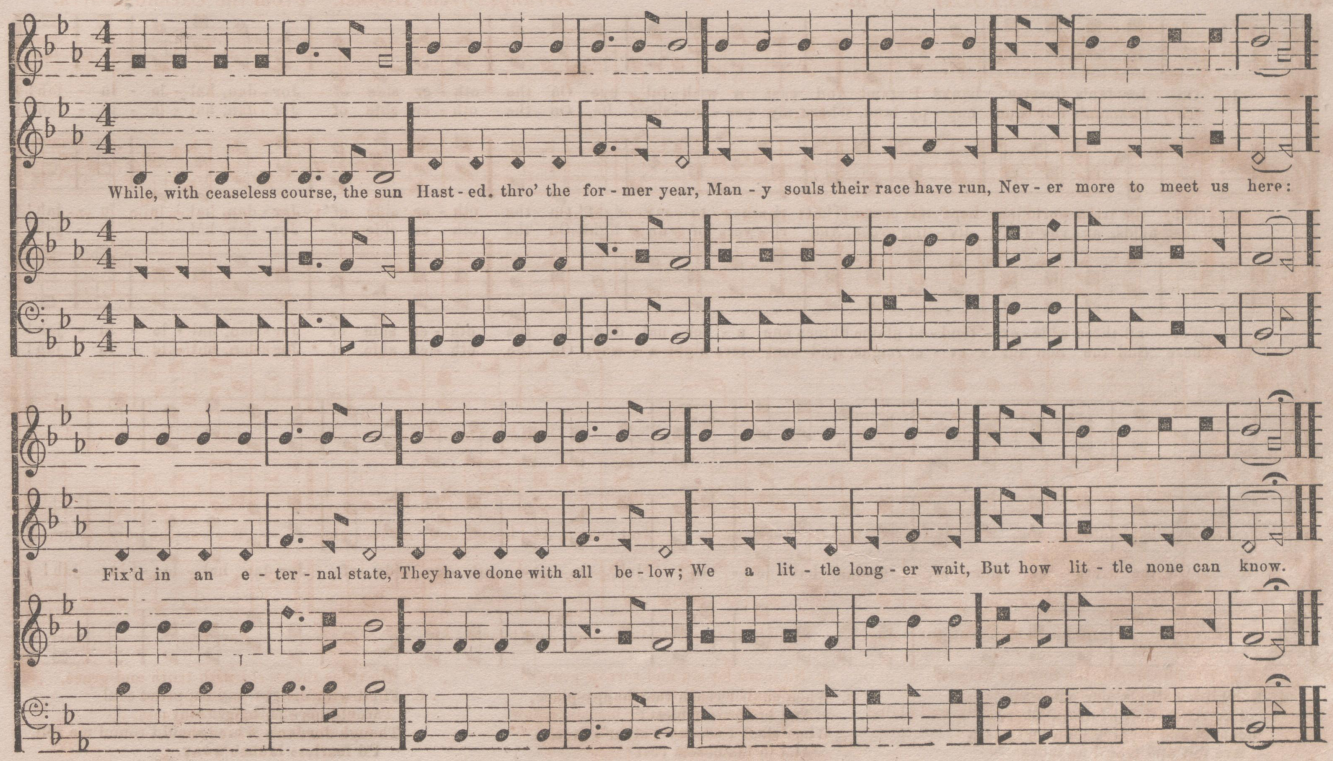
2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
{ Far as the curse is found
{ *Second Ending.*

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

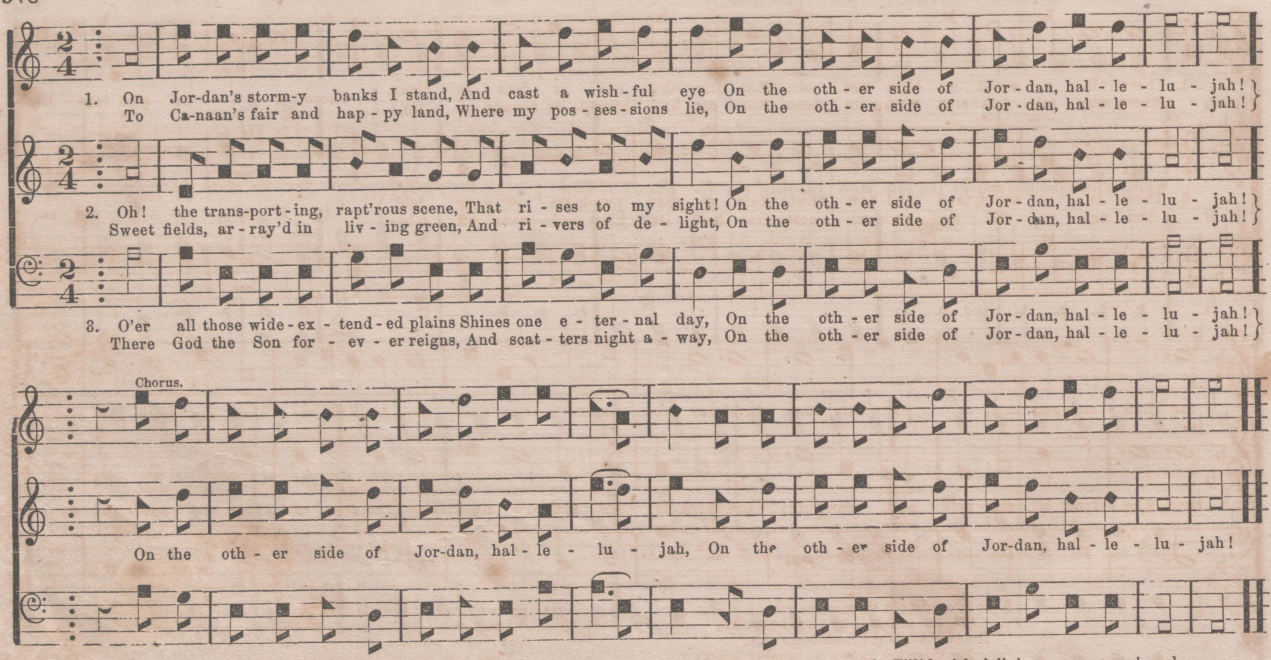
BENEVENTO. 7s. (Double.)

S. Webbe.



JORDAN'S SHORE. C. M.

J. T. White. Psalmist, Hymn 1173.



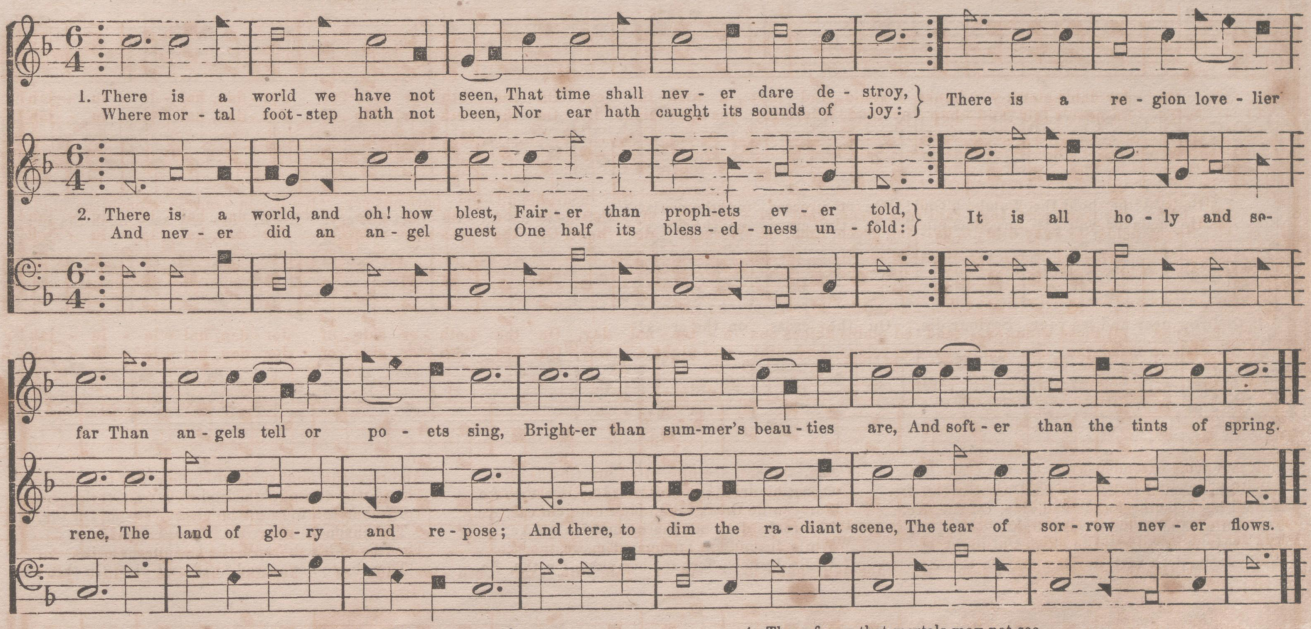
4. No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and fear'd no more.

5. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6. Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

IMMENSITY. L. M.

Caldwell.



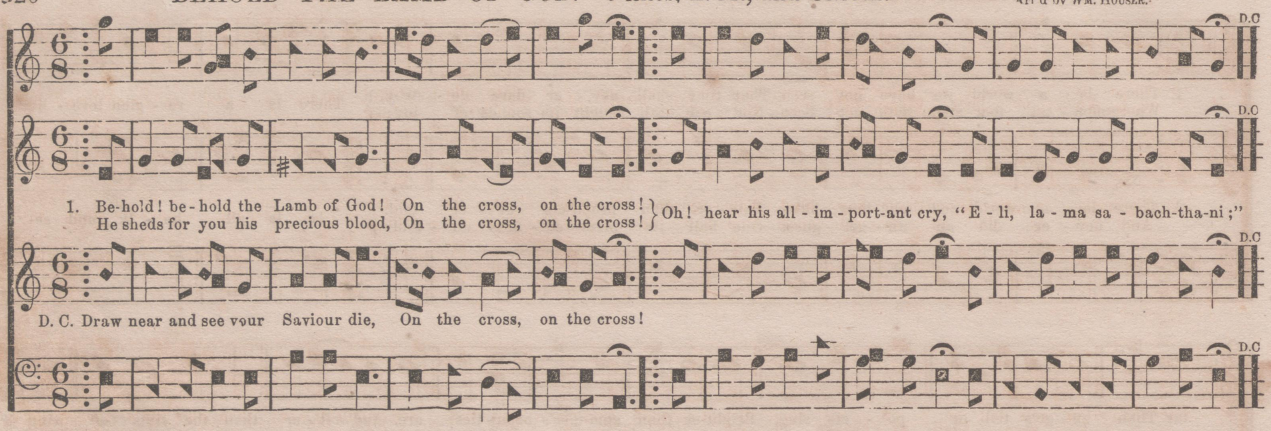
3. It is not fann'd by summer gale;
'Tis not refresh'd by vernal show'rs;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours:
No, for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The stream of uncreated light
Flows round it from th' eternal throne.

4. There forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace:
In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtain'd sky:
It is the dwelling-place of God.

320 BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD. 5 lines, L. M., and Chorus.

Behold the Lamb

As sung by Mr. T. K. Collins.
Arr'd by Wm. Houser.



2.

Behold his arms extended wide, On the cross, &c.
Behold his bleeding hands and side, On the, &c.
The sun withholds his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight, On the, &c.

3.

Come, sinners, see him lifted up, On the, &c.
For you he drinks the bitter cup, On the, &c.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake, On the, &c.

4.

And now the mighty deed is done, On the, &c.
The battle's fought, the victory's won, On the, &c.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies, On the, &c

5.

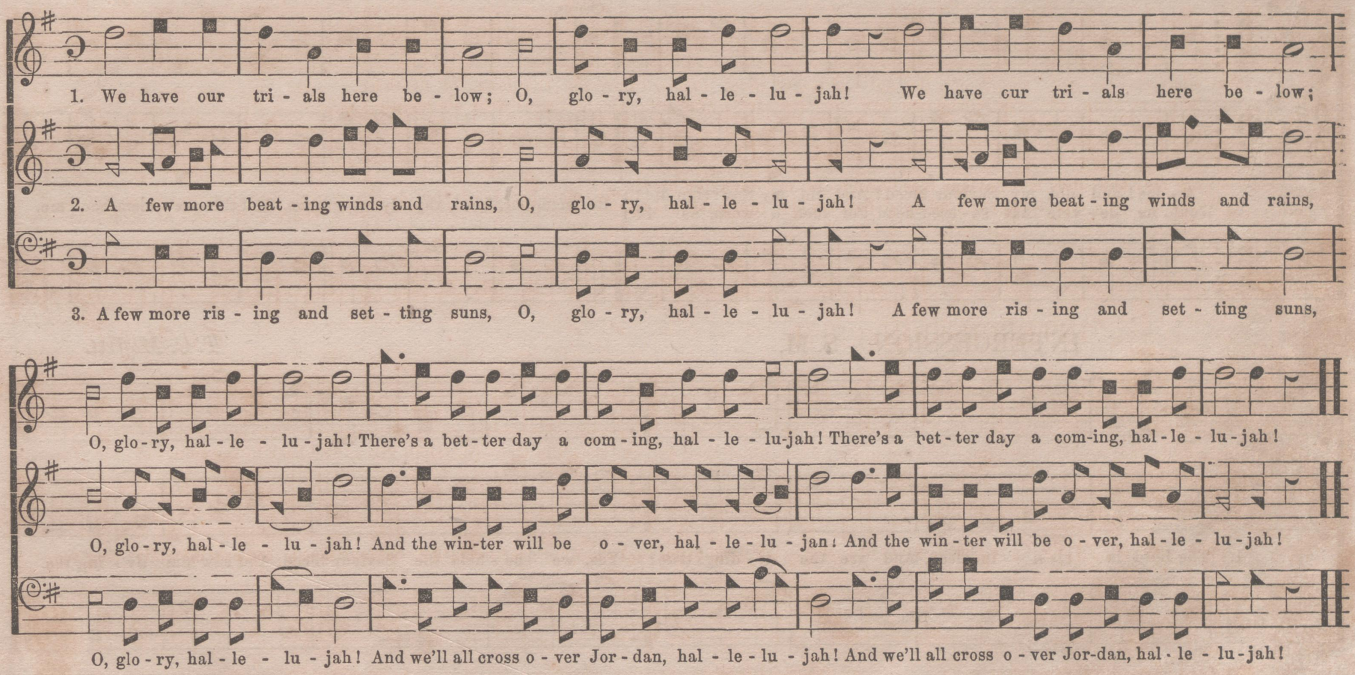
Where'er I go I'll tell the story, Of the, &c.
Of nothing else my soul shall glory, Save the, &c.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity
That Jesus tasted death for me, On the, &c.

6.

Let every mourner rise and cling, To the, &c.
Let every Christian come and sing, Round the, &c.
There let the preacher take his stand,
And, with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumphs through the land, Of the, &c.

CHRISTIAN PROSPECT. L. M.

Wm. Walker.



4. I feel no ways like getting tired, O, glory, hallelujah!
I am making for the harbour—Hallelujah!

5. I hope to get there by and by, O, glory, hallelujah!
For my home is over Jordan—Hallelujah!

6. I have some friends before me gone, O, glory, hallelujah!
By and by I'll go and meet them—Hallelujah!

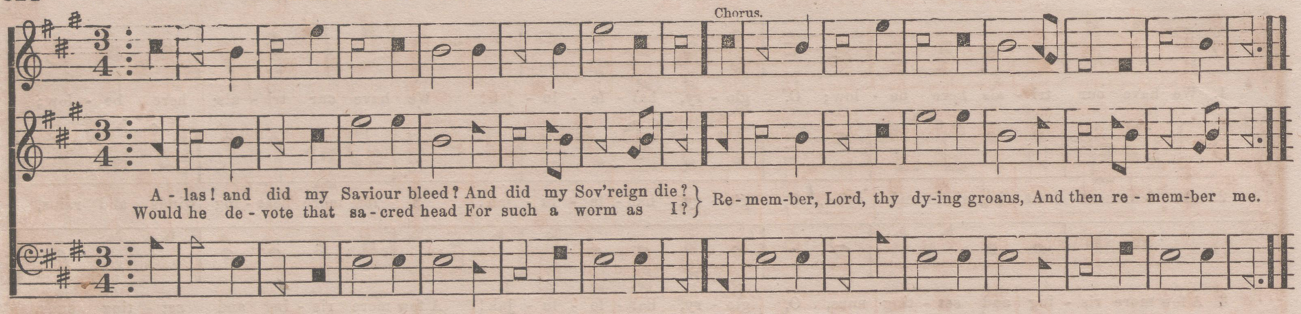
7. I'll meet them round our Father's throne, O, glory, hallelujah!
And we'll live with God forever—Hallelujah!

8. O! how it lifts my soul to think, O, glory, hallelujah!
Of soon meeting in the kingdom—Hallelujah!

9. Our God will wipe all tears away, O, glory, hallelujah.
When we all arrive at Canaan—Hallelujah.

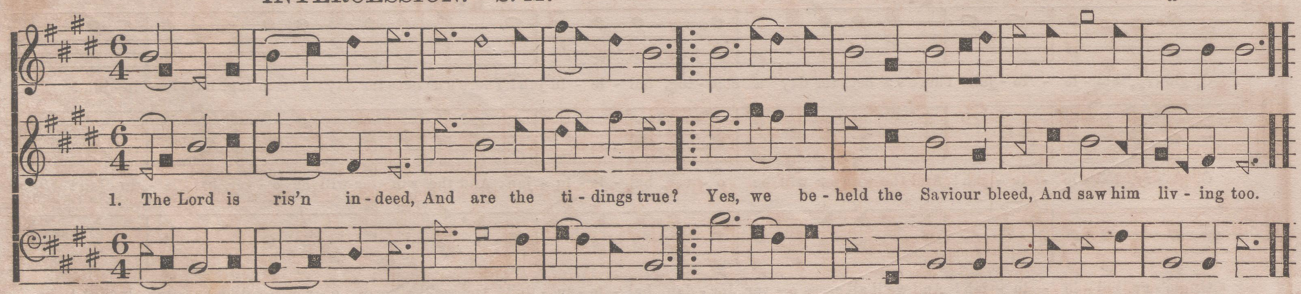
REMEMBER ME. C. M.

L. J. Jones.



INTERCESSION. S. M.

T. C. Moffett.



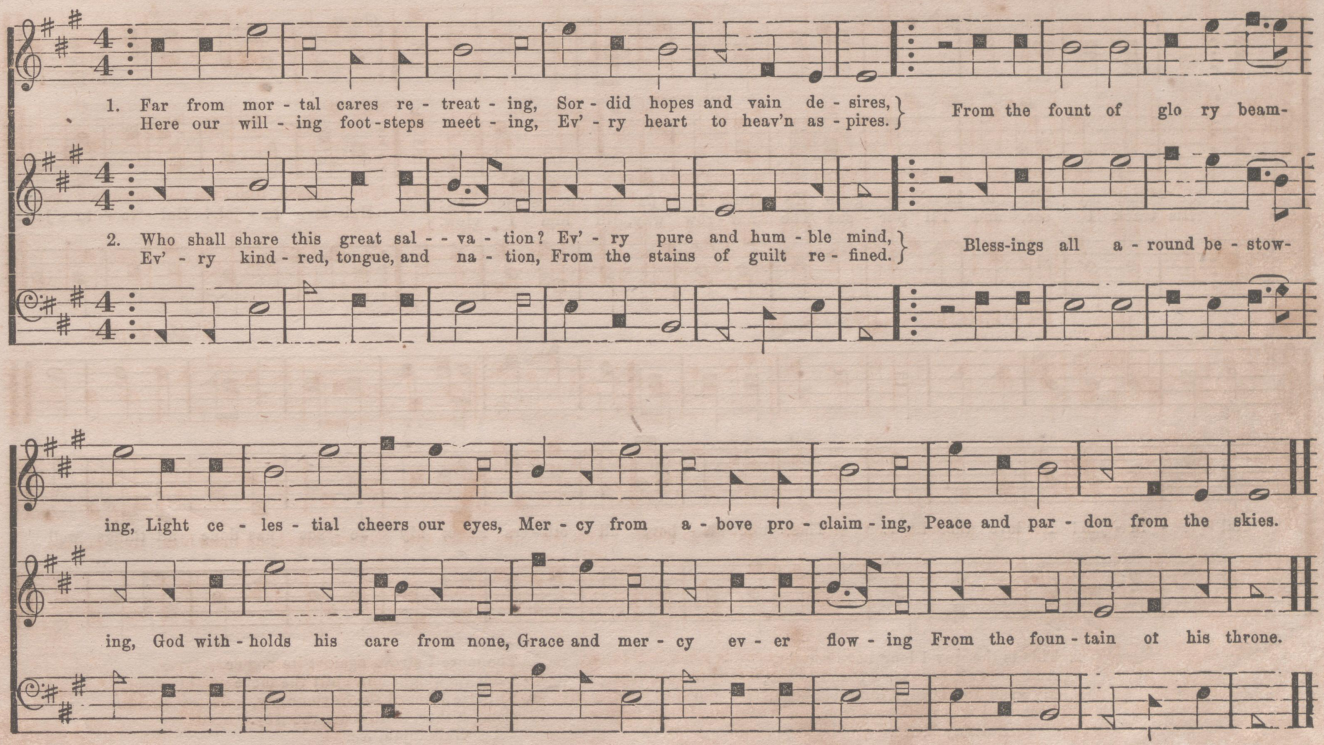
2. The Lord is risen indeed,
Then hell has lost his prey,
With him is risen the ransom seed,
To reign in endless day.

3. The Lord is risen indeed,
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
The joyful tidings bear

4. Then make your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

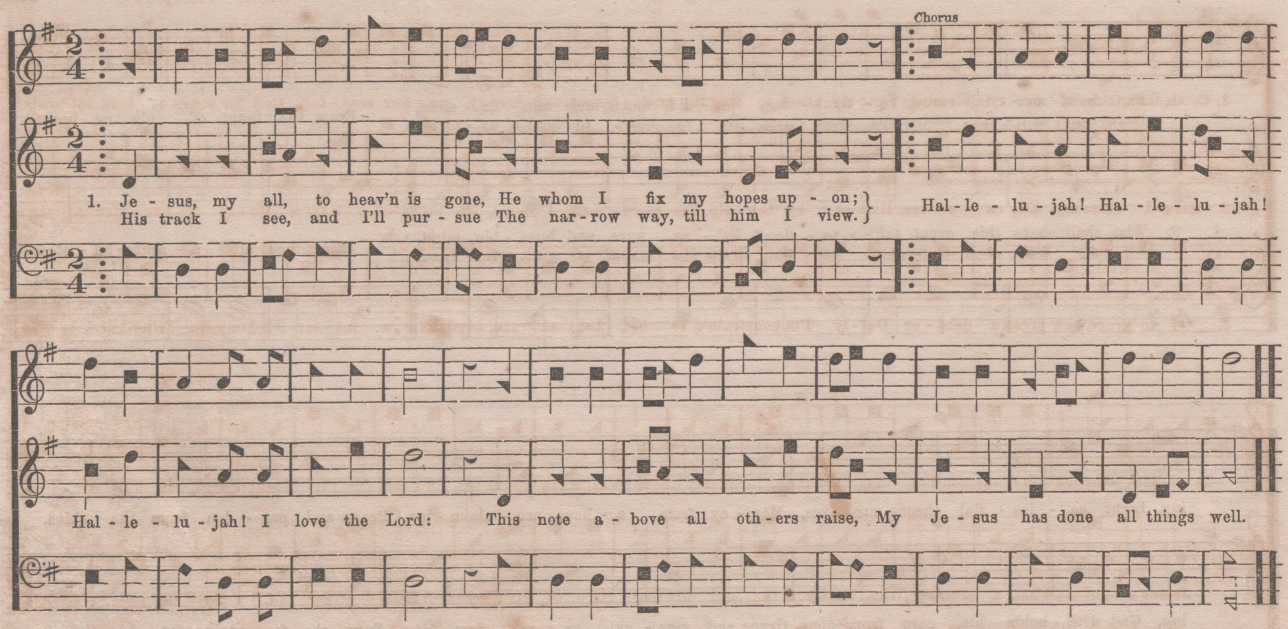
FOUNT OF GLORY. 8s & 7s.

R. W. Thompson.



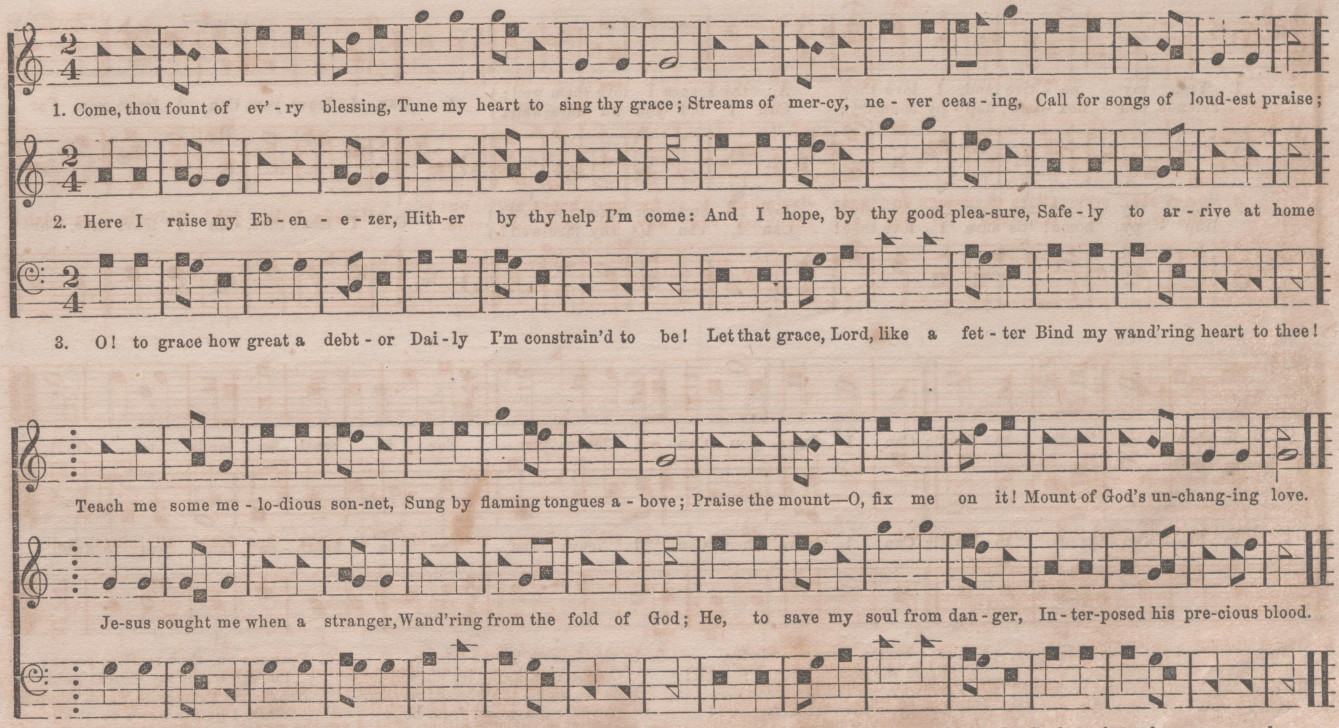
HOPEWELL. L. M.

L. J. Jones.



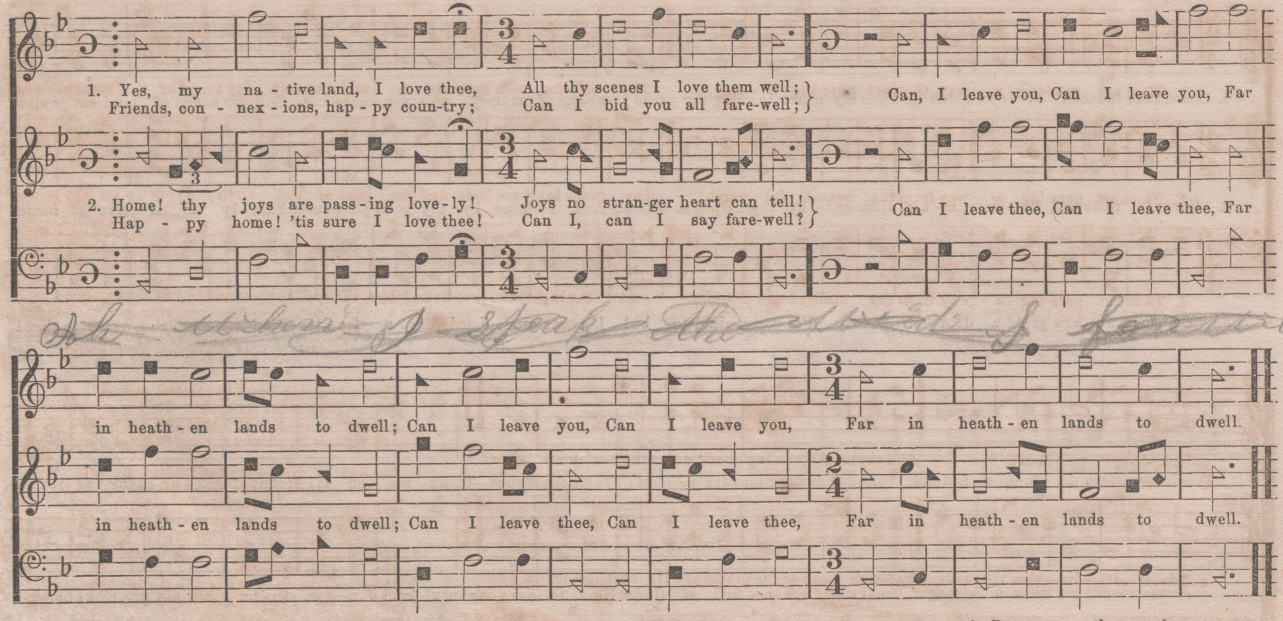
2. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
Hallelujah, &c.

3. The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard the Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.
Hallelujah, &c.


1. Come, thou fount of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer-cy, ne-ver ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm come: And I hope, by thy good plea-sure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home
3. O! to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrain'd to be! Let that grace, Lord, like a fet-ter Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove; Praise the mount—O, fix me on it! Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to save my soul from dan-ger, In-ter-posed his pre-cious blood.
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love—Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts a-bove.
Chorus—Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! We are on our journey home; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus smiles and bids us come

MISSIONARY FAREWELL. 8,7,4.

Wm. Walker.



3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell? :‖:

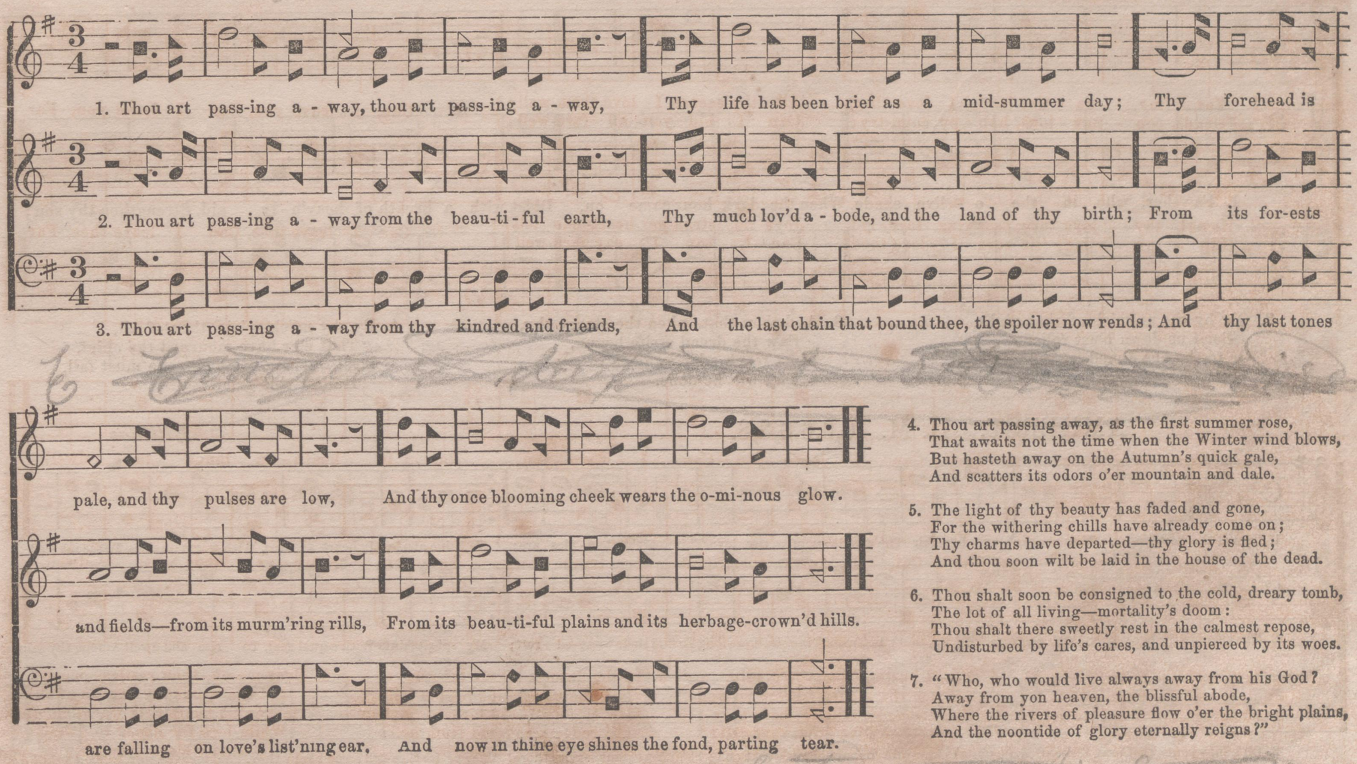
4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee–
Far in heathen lands to dwell. :‖:

5. In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell
How He died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten—
Far in heathen lands to dwell. :‖:

6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion.
While I go far hence to dwell
Glad I leave thee,
Native land—Farewell—Farewell! :‖

THOU ART PASSING AWAY. 11s.

Arranged by Rev. GEORGE COLES,
From Russell's "Mind of the Winter Night."



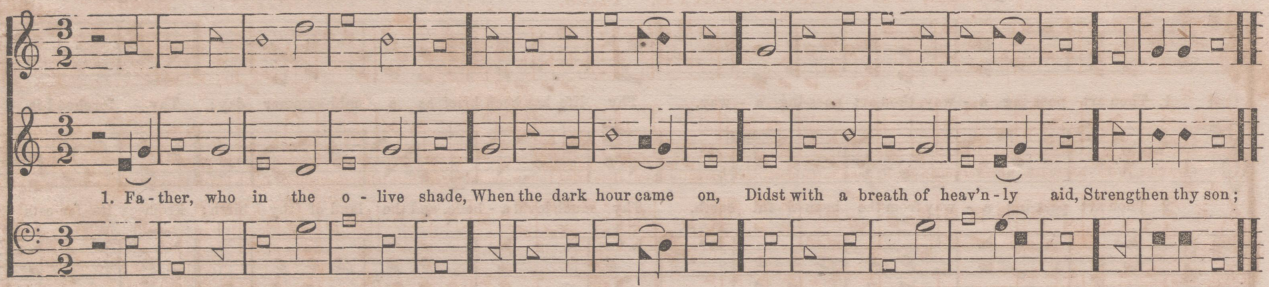
4. Thou art passing away, as the first summer rose,
That awaits not the time when the Winter wind blows,
But hasteth away on the Autumn's quick gale,
And scatters its odors o'er mountain and dale.

5. The light of thy beauty has faded and gone,
For the withering chills have already come on;
Thy charms have departed—thy glory is fled;
And thou soon wilt be laid in the house of the dead.

6. Thou shalt soon be consigned to the cold, dreary tomb,
The lot of all living—mortality's doom:
Thou shalt there sweetly rest in the calmest repose,
Undisturbed by life's cares, and unpierced by its woes.

7. "Who, who would live always away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, the blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?"

330 OLIVE SHADE. 8,6,8,4. *Col. Daniel Smith.*

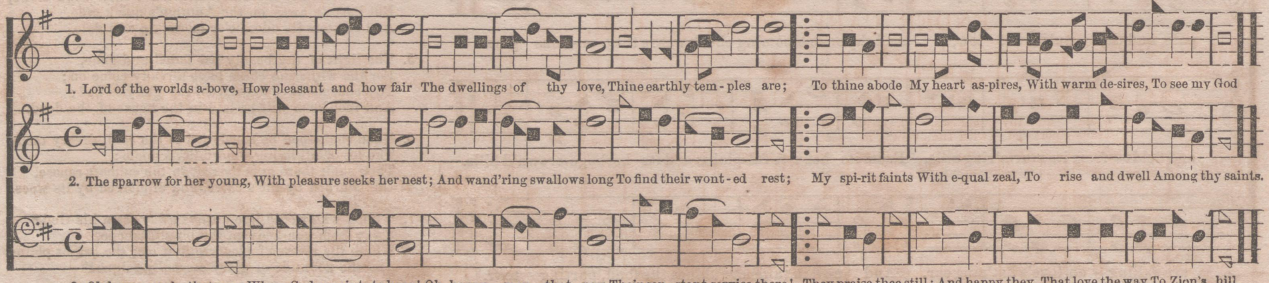


2. Oh, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief,
Or to the chastened let thy might
Hallow this grief.

3. And thou that, when the starry sky,
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
Thy will be done.

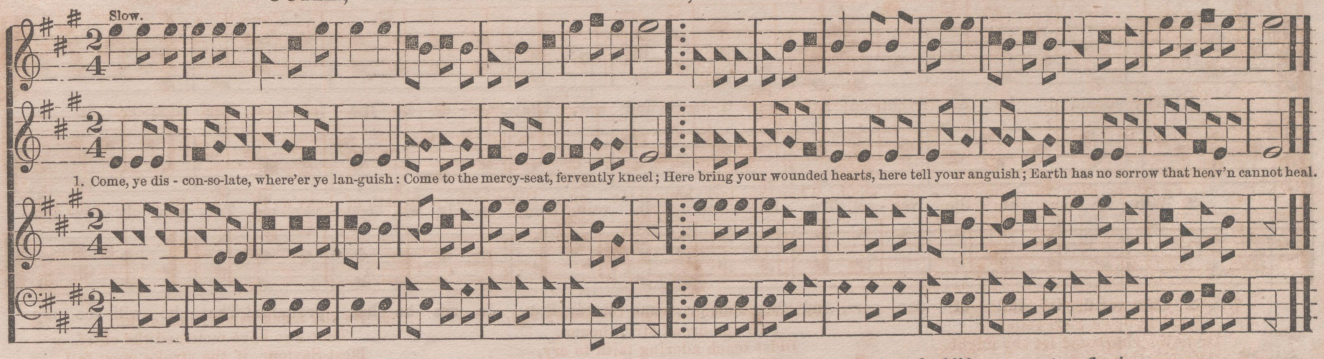
4. By thy meek spirit, then of all,
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Blest Saviour, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief.

AMHERST. H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8. *Billings.*



COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11,10.

Swan.

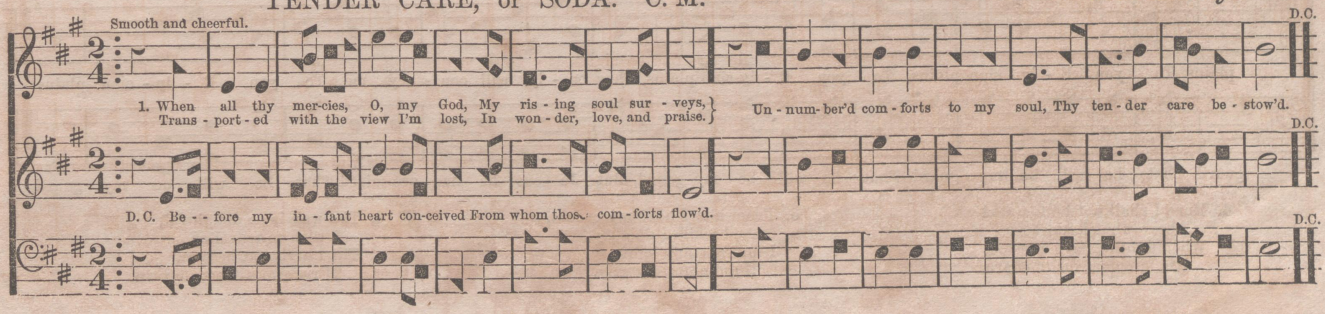


2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless, and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove

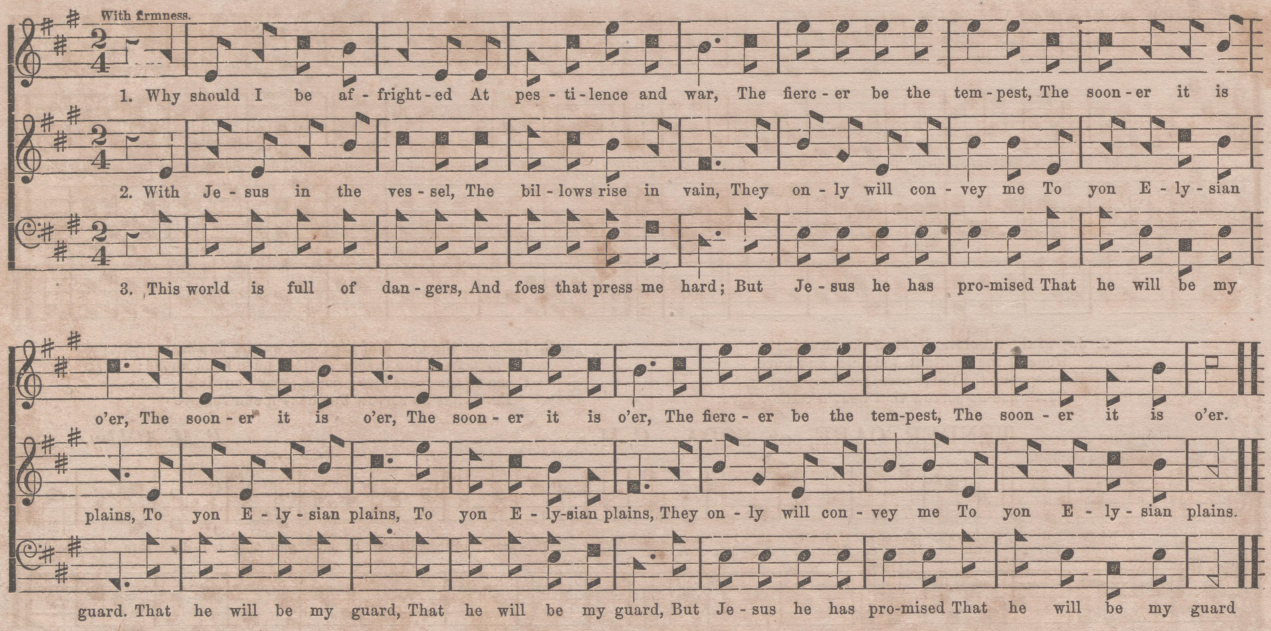
TENDER CARE, or SODA. C. M.

P. M. Atchley.



GREENLAND. 7.6.

Swan.



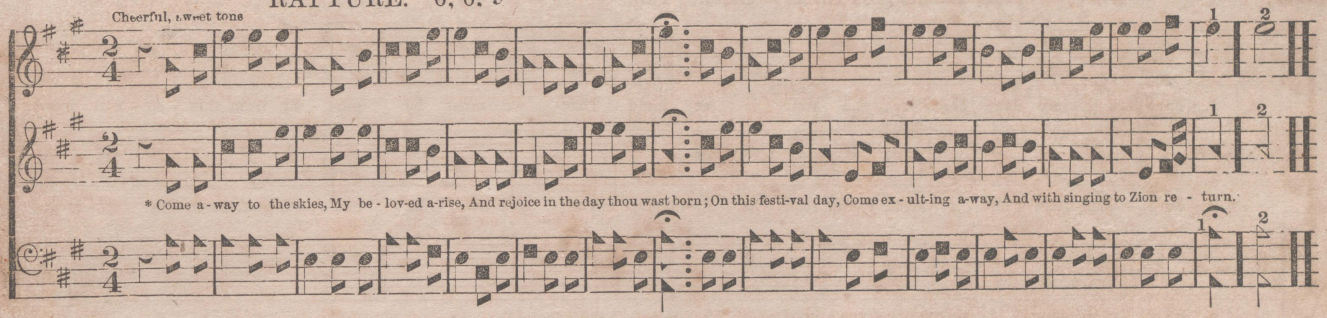
4. Here I shall not be tempted
Above what I can bear,
When fightings are exerted,
His kingdom for to share.

5. From him I have my orders,
And while I do obey,
I find his holy spirit
Illuminates my way.

6. The way is so delightful,
I wish to travel on,
Till I arrive at heaven,
T' receive a starry crown.

RAPTURE. 6, 6. 9

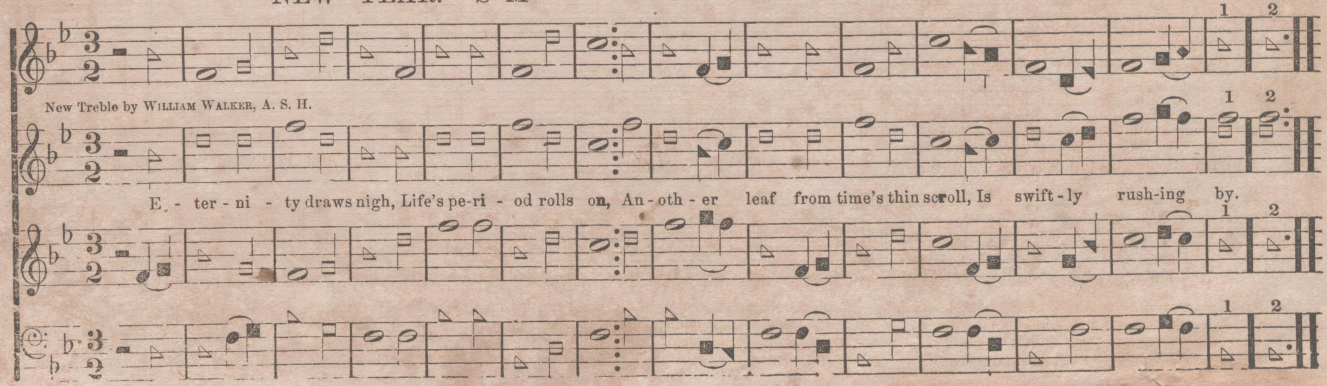
M. L. Swan.



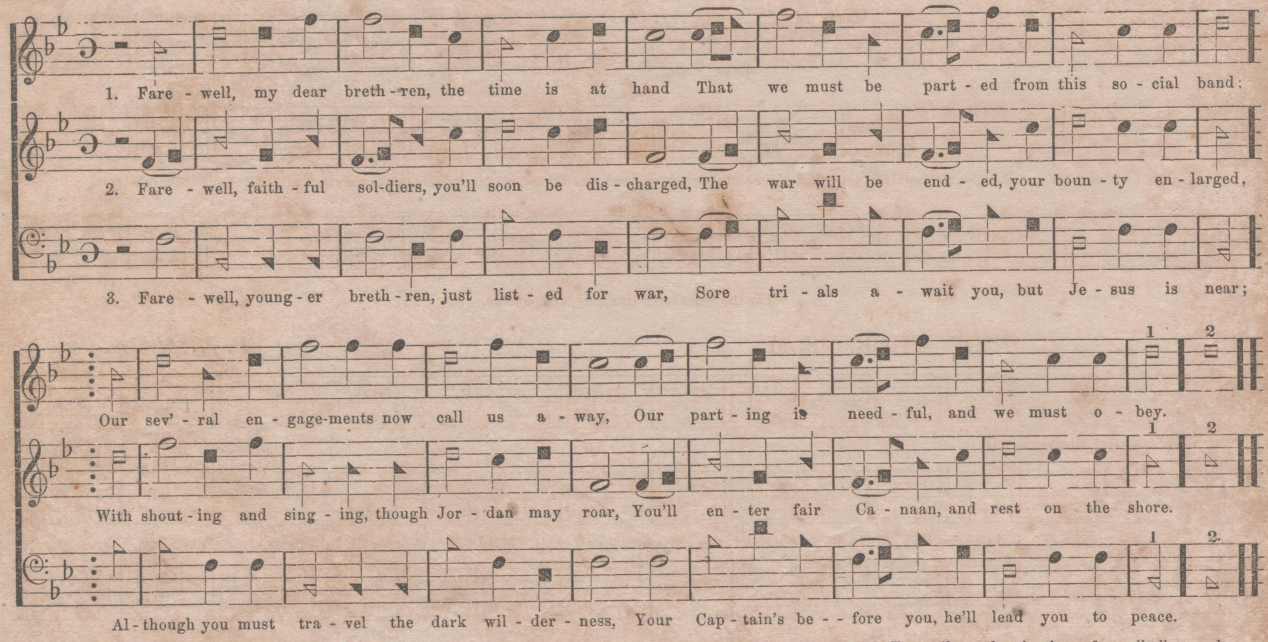
* For the balance of this song, see page 88.

NEW YEAR. S. M.

P. M. Atchley.



THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL. 11s.



4. Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part!
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

5. Farewell, careless sinners, for you I must mourn,
To think of your danger, if still unconcern'd;
I read of the judgment, where all must appear,
How will you stand trembling with tormenting fear!

6. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band

GENERAL INDEX.

A.

Alabama ..... Page..116
Albion 23
All is well 306
America 27
America 630
Amherst 282
Amity 311
Amity 311
An Address for all 99
Antioch 316
Arlington 285
Aylesbury 281
Azmon 181

B.

Babe of Bethlehem 78
Babel Streams 52
Babylonian Captivity 164
Ballerma 267
Ballstown 162
Behold the Lamb of God 320
Benevento 317
Bound for Canaan 193
Bower of Prayer 70
Bozrah 39
Bruce's Address 132

C.

Canon 19
Captain Kidd 50
Charlestown 23
Cheerful 91
China 276
Christian, or Carnsville. 26
Christian Song 129
Christian Conflicts 131
Christian Prospect 323
Christian Soldier, C. M.. 45
Christian Soldier 95
Christian Warfare 37
Christian's Farewell 334
Christian's Hope 74
Claremont 183
Columbus 55
Come and taste with me. 105
Come ye Discon 294, 331
Communion 10
Complainer 18
Confidence 33
Concord 321
Condescension 312
Consolation 17
Consolation new 58
Contented Soldier 314
Converted Thief 9
Coronation 299
Cookham 8
Cross of Christ 35
Crucifixion 25

D.

Day of Judgment 84
Davis 15
David's Lamentation 213
Dayspring 315
Delight 102
Delight 167
Derrick 199
Detroit 40
Devotion 13
Disciple 123
Distress 22
Dove of Peace 89
Drummond 196
Dublin 13
Dudley 250
Duke Street 291
Dunlap's Creek 276

E.

Easter Anthem 190
Eden of Love 309
Edom 177
Eltham 307
Elysian 100
Essay 255
Eton 181
Evening Shade 46
Exhilaration 54
Exultation 88

F.

Fairfield 48
Faithful Soldier 122
Family Bible 20
Farewell 81
Farewell Anthem 214
Female Convict 160
Fiducia 92
Florida 120
Fount of Glory 325
French Broad 265
Funeral Anthem 187
Funeral Thought 257

G.

Garden Hymn 90
Georgia 72
Glasgow 295
Good Physician 49
Good old Way 156
Gospel Tiding 273
Gospel Trump 271
Greenfield 121
Greenland 332
Green Fields 71

H.

Hail Columbia 141
Hallelujah 139
Hallelujah, C.M. 107
Happiness 38
Hanover 4
Happy Land 89
Harwell 192
Heavenly Armour 93
Heavenly March 253
Heavenly Vision 206
Hebron 288
Hebrew Children 266
Hick's Farewell 19
Holy Manna 103
Hope 272
Hopewell 326
Humble Penitent 172
Huntington 169

I.

Idumea 31
Imandra 134
Imandra new 34
Immensity 319
Indian Convert 133
Indian's Farewell 25
Indian's Petition 269
Intercession 324
Interrogation 49
In that morning 94
Invitation 2
Invitation new 93
Invocation 2
Ionia 16
Isles of the South 88

J.

Jefferson 42
Jerusalem 11
Jordan's Shore 318
Joy to the world 281
Jubilee 115
Judgment 47

K.

Kambia 154
Kedron 3
King of Peace 6
Kingwood 98
Knoxville 140

L.

Land of Pleasure 63
Legacy 73
Leander 128
Lena 149
Lenox 77
Liberty 68
Lindan 168
Lisbon 154
Liverpool 1
Lone Pilgrim 256
Long sought Home 302
Long Time Ago 313
Louisiana 62
Luther 159

M.

Martial Trumpet 61
Marysville 6
Mear 24
Meditation 4
Mercy's Free 304
Messiah 97
Middlebury 17
Midnight Cry 32
Milledgeville 300
Millennium 75
Minister's Farewell 14
Mission 96
Missionary Farewell 328
Missionary Hymn 111
Missionary Song 197
Missionary's Adieu 200
Mississippi 148
Montgomery 170
Mount Zion 175
Morality 44
Morning Star 115
Morning Trumpet 195
Morning Worship 285
Mouldering Vine 87
Mutual Love 53

N.

Nashvile 271
Never part again 198
New Britain 8
Newburgh 296
New Year 333
New Haven 159
New Orleans 76
New Topia 163
New Jerusalem 125
Ninety-third Psalm 7
Ninety-fifth Psalm 27
Northfield 283

O.

Ocean 180
O come, come Away 144
Ode on Science 210
Oh! turn, Sinner 263
Old Hundred 22
Olive Shade 330
Olney 64
Ortonville 10
Our Journey Home 327

P.

Pacolet 106
Pardoning Love 268
Parting Friends 35
Parting Hand 113
Pastoral Elegy 147
Penitent's Prayer 290
Pilgrim 150
Pilgrim's Song 106
Pilgrim's Farewell 158
Pilgrim's Lot 138
Pisgah 80
Pleasant Hill 66
Plenary 262
Portugal 287
Portuguese Hymn 136
Precious Bible 311
Primrose 3
Promised Land 51
Prospect 92
Prospect of Heaven 24
Peterborough 183

R.

Rapture 333
Redeeming Grace 56
Redemption 108
Remember me 324
Repentance 161
Repose 151
Resignation 26
Restoration 5
Rhode Island 145
Ripley 292
Rochester 279
Rockbridge 288
Rockingham 168
Rockingham 300
Rock of Ages 275
Romish Lady 82
Rose of Sharon 206
Royal Proclamation 146

S.

Sailor's Home 182
Saints bound for Heaven. 258
Saint's Delight 104
Salem, C. M 12
Salem, L. M 53
Salvation 84
Samanthra 222
Sardina 126
Salutation 143
Schenectady 178
Separation 30
Sharon 124
Shepherd 235
Shepherd's Star 310
Sherburne 280
Shirland 286
Silver Street 280
Sincerity 101
Singing Christian 264
Social Band 112
Solicitude 69
Solitude new 173
Soldier's Return 36
Solemn Thought 29
Something New 254
Spiritual Sailor 41
Sprague 284
Stanton 274
Star in the East 10
Star of Columbia 269
Stonington 279
Supplication 5
Sufferings of Christ 85
Suffield 31
Sweet Affliction 259
Sweet gliding Kedron 200
Sweet Harmony 59
Sweet Heaven 312
Sweet Home 251
Sweet Solitude 155
Sweet Prospect 157
Sweet Rivers 166

T.

Tender Care, or Soda 331
Tennessee 28
The good old Way 156
The Narrow Way 289
The Rock 60
The Trumpeters 301
This world is not my home 293
Thorny Desert 83
Thou art passing away 329
Thou art gone to the Grave 160
Traveller 79
Travelling Pilgrim 313
Transport 152
Tribulation 119
True Happiness 127
Trumpet 57
Turtle Dove 43

U.

Union 39
Upton 153
Uxbridge 173

V.

Vernon 34

W.

Warrenton 94
Washington 67
Watchman 284
Watchman's Call 65
War Department 94
Warwick 291
Weary Pilgrim's Consolation 298
Webster 10
Weeping Saviour 7
Welch 109
Wells 278
Welton 153
Wesley 114
When I am Gone 305
Whitestown 135
Willoughby 277
Wilmot 165
Windham 48
Winter 293
Wondrous Love 252
Woodland 110
Worcester 157

Y.

Young Convert 308

Z.

Zion 9
Zion's Light 9

METRICAL INDEX.

L. M.

Ballstown.....Page..162
Behold the Lamb of God..320
Christian Prospect.....323
Contented Soldier.....314
Devotion 13
Distress..... 22
Duke Street.....291
Exhilaration..... 54
French Broad.....265
Glasgow.....295
Hebron.....288
Hopewell.....326
Humble Penitent.....172
Huntington.....169
Immensity 319
In that morning.....194
Jerusalem..... 11
Kedron..... 3
Lindan.....168
Marysville..... 6
Meditation..... 4
Mission..... 96
Nashville.....271
...al turn, Sinner.....263
...d Hundred..... 22
...ting Hand.....113
Pilgrim's Song.....106
Portugal 287
Prospect..... 92
Redemption.....108
Rockbridge.....288
Rockingham.....168
Sailor's Home.....182
Salem..... 53
Schenectady.....178
Sherburne.....280
Social Band.....112
Supplication..... 5
Sweet Heaven.....312
Sweet Solitude.....155
The good old Way.....156
The Narrow Way.....289
Travelling Pilgrim.....313
Turtle Dove..... 43
Upton.....153
Uxbridge.....173
Vernon..... 34
Washington..... 67
Watchman's Call..... 65
Wells.....278
Welton..... 153
Whitestown.....135
Windham..... 48
Young Convert.....23

C. M.

Alabama 116
An Address for all..... 99
Antioch.....316
Arlington.....285
Azmon.....181
Babel Streams..... 52
Ballerma.....267
China.....276
Christian Soldier..... 45
Columbus..... 55
Condescension 312
Consolation 17
Coronation 299
Detroit..... 40
Dove of Peace..... 89
Dublin..... 13
Dudley.....250
Dunlap's Creek.....276
Edom.....177
Fairfield..... 48
Fiducia..... 92
Georgia..... 72
Gospel Trumpet 271
Hallelujah.....107
Hanover..... 4
Happiness..... 33
Heavenly March.....253
Hick's Farewell..... 19
Joy to the world.....281
Jordan's Shore.....318
Leander.....128
Liberty..... 68
Liverpool..... 1
Long sought Home.....302
Mear..... 24
Messiah..... 97
Milledgeville.....300
Minister's Farewell..... 14
Missionary's Adieu.....290
Montgomery.....170
Never part again.....198
New Britain..... 8
New Orleans..... 76
Ninety-fifth Psalm..... 27
Northfield.....283
Ortonville..... 10
Pardoning Love.....268
Penitent's Prayer.....290
Pilgrim 150
Pisgah..... 80
Pleasant Hill..... 66
Pleuary.....202
Primrose..... 3
Promised Land..... 51
Remember me 324
Repentance.....161
Resignation 38
Rochester 279
Rockingham 300
Salem 12
Salvation 84
Sardina 126
Separation 30
Solitude new 173
Something New.....254
Sprague 284
Suffield 31
Sweet Prospect.....137
Sweet Rivers.....166
Tender Care, or Soda....331
Tennessee 28
The Trumpeters.....301
This world is not my home 293
Tribulation.....119
Warwick.....291
Wesley.....114
Winter 293
Woodland 110

S. M.

Albion 23
America 27
Aylesbury 281
Evening Shade..... 46
Florida.....273
Gospel Tidings 128
Hope 272
Idumea 31
Intercession 324
Kambia 154
Lisbon 154
Luther.....159
Mount Zion 175
Morning Worship.....285
Newburgh 296
New Year 333
Ninety-third Psalm..... 7
Shepherd.....235
Shirland 286
Silver Street 280
Stonington.....279
Watchman 284
Webster 10
Weeping Saviour..... 7
Worcester 157

H. M.

Amherst 330
Delight 167
Lenox 177

L. P. M.

Greenfield 121

P. M.

All is well 306
Babylonian Captivity...164
Jubilee 118
New Topia 163
Portuguese Hymn 136
Sharon.....124

C. M. D.

Converted Thief..... 9
Cross of Christ..... 35
Derrick 199

11s.

Bower of Prayer..... 70
Cheerful..... 91
Christian's Farewell.....334
Drummond.....196
Imandra new..... 34
Imandra 134
Isles of the South..... 86
Sincerity.....101
Solicitude 69
Star of Columbia 260
Sweet gliding Kedron...200
The Rock..... 60
Thou art passing away..329
War Department..... 94

12s.

Trumpet 57

10s.

Sweet Harmony..... 59

7,6.

Bound for Canaan 193
Christian Conflicts 131
Complainer 18
Delight 102
Essay 255
Faithful Soldier.....122
Good Physician..... 49
Greenland 332
Holy Manna 103
Missionary Hymn.....111
Morning Trumpet 195
Mutual Love 53
Romish Lady.....264
Singing Christian.....279
Spiritual Sailor..... 41
Traveller..... 79
Zion's Light 270

8 line 7s.

Bozrah..... 39

8.4.

Long Time Ago.....313
Welch 109

8.

Land of Pleure 63

7.

Babe of Bethlehem..... 78
Charlestow..... 23
Dayspring.....315
Disciple 123
Fount of Cry 325
Harwell 192
Invocatio.....193
Jefferson..... 42
Lena.....149
Louisian..... 62
Moulding Vine 87
Olney 64
Our Journey Home.....327
Parting friends..... 35
Repose.....151
Restordon 5
Ripley.....292
Soldier's Return 36
Sweet affliction.....259
Thorn Desert 83
Warraton 94

11,8.

Concord 321
Davis..... 15
Samathra 322

6,6,9.

Exultation 88
Middlebury 17
Rapure 333

10,11.

Star in the East..... 16

8s.

Gren Fields..... 71
New Jerusalem.....125
Pastoral Elegy.....147
Sufferings of Christ..... 85
Union 39

7s.

Amity 311
Benevento.....317
Ganon 19
Cookham..... 8
Eltham 307
Eton.....181
Interrogation 249
Ionia 165
King of Peace..... 6
Wilmot 165

12,9,6.

Wondrous Love.....252

8,10.

Legacy 73

12,11.

Family Bible..... 20
Farewell 81
Funeral Thought..... 257
Transport 152

6 line 7s.

Indian's Farewell..... 25
Rock of Ages.....275
Stanton 274

7,9.

Crucifixion..... 25
Martial Trumpet..... 61

11,10.

Come ye Discon.....294,331
Shepherd's Star.....310

9.8.

Redeeming Grace..... 56

12,8.

Pilgrim's Farewell 158

12,9.

Saints bound for Heaven.258
Thou art gone to the Grave 160

8,8,6.

Consolation new..... 58
Garden Hymn 90
Indian Convert.....133
Kingwood 98
Pilgrim's Lot 138
Rhode Island.....145
Willoughby 277

8,7,4.

Invitation 2
Invitation new.....303
Missionary Farewell.....328
Missionary Song 197
Zion.....278

10,10,11,11.

Confidence..... 33

6,6,8,6,6,8.

Amity.....282

6,6,9,6,6,9.

True Happiness 127

0,8.

When I am Gone 305

10,11,11.

Morality 44

11,11,11,5,11.

Sweet Home 251

11,8,11,8.

Lone Pilgrim..... 256

12,9,12,12,9.

Solemn Thought 29

12,12,12,13.

Millennium 75

12,12,12,12,11.

Indian's Petition.....269

12,11,12,11,12,12,12,11.

Eden of Love.....309
Weary Pilgrim's Consolation 298

8,8,8,8,7.

Knoxville 140

8,7 8,8,7.

Prospect of Heaven 24

8,8,8,8,8,3.

Royal Proclamation.....146

11,11,6,6,7,6.

Day of Judgment..... 84

8,6,8,4.

Olive Shade 330

8,6,8,6,8,6,8,7.

Hallelujah 139

12,11,11,11,12,11.

Christian Warfare 37

7,7,7,5,7,7,7,5.

Bruce's Address.....132

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

Christian, or Carnsville. 26

8,8,8,6,8,8,8,6.

Christian's Hope 74

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

Elysian 100

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

Invocation 72

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

Midnight Cry..... 32

7,6,8,8,8,6.

Hebrew Children 266

6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4.

Happy Land 89

6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

New Haven 159

7,6,8,7,7,6,7,6

Salutation 143

8,8,7,8,8,3,3,3,3,8.

Mississippi 148

8,8,7,8,8,7,7,9,8.

Morning Star.....115

6,6,6,3,6,6,6,6,6,3.

Captain Kidd 50

7,8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7,7,8,8.

Christian Soldier 95

7,7,7,7,7,7,9,6.

Come and taste with me.108

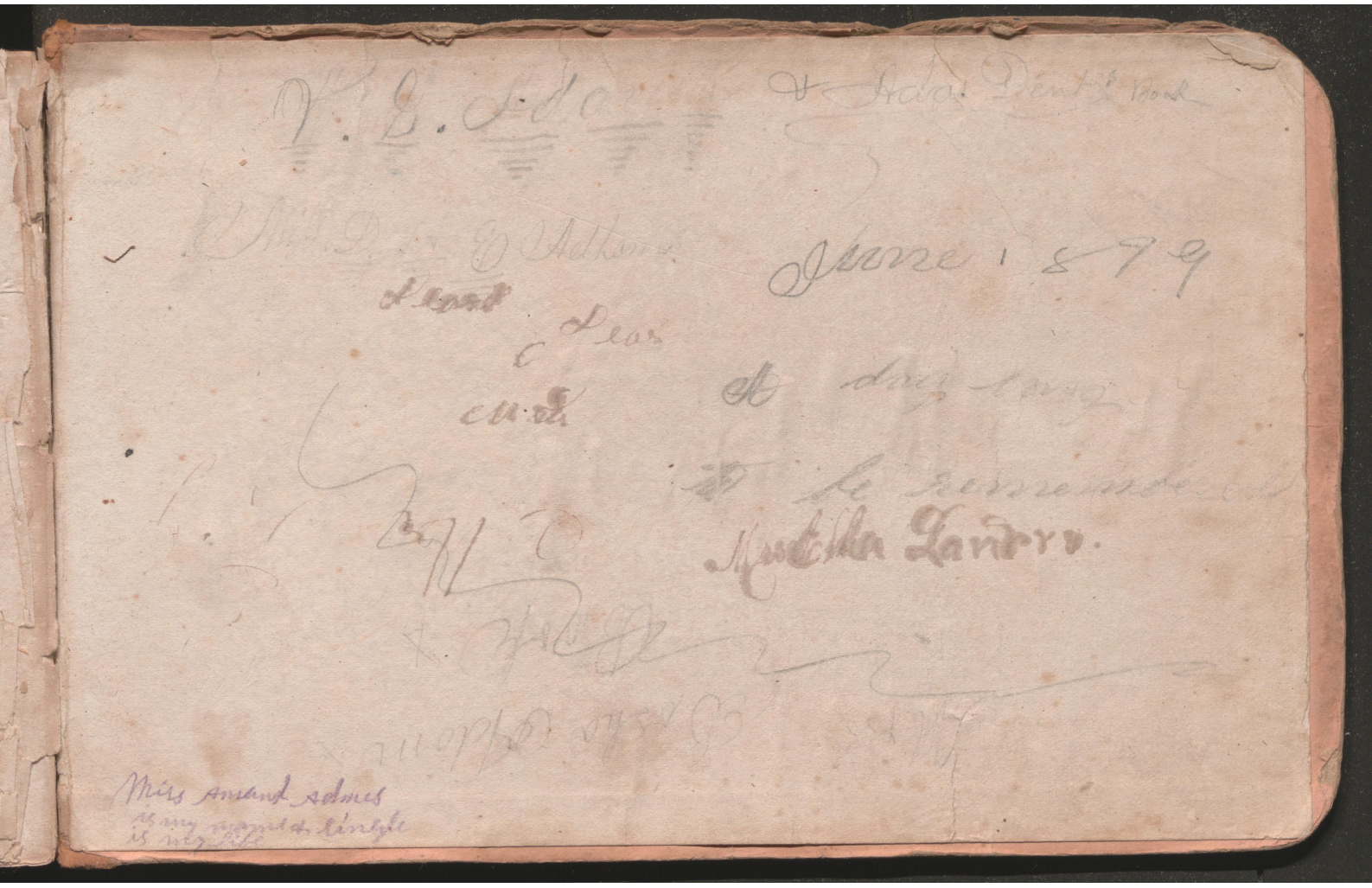
9,6,9,8,8,8,6.

Mercy's Free 304

8,7,8,7,7,7

Precious Bible 311

Stereotyped by L. Johnson & Co. Phi.



MILLER & BURLOCK,

BOOKBINDERS, AND MANUFACTURERS

OF

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

AND

POCKET BIBLES,

1102 & 1104 Sansom Street, Philadelphia,

Have now ready of their own manufacture a complete and extensive assortment of Photograph Albums made of the very best material, and equal, if not superior, in style and finish, to any in the market, while they are offered at lower prices than any others, from which a Liberal discount will be made to Wholesale Dealers; also, their superior and well-known Pocket Bible, in various styles of Binding, which they offer to the Trade and the Public on liberal terms.