THE

NEW YORK CHORALIST:

A NEW AND COPIOUS COLLECTION OF

PSALM AND HYMN TUNES,

ADAPTED TO ALL THE VARIOUS METRES IN GENERAL USE.

WITH A LARGE VARIETY OF

ANTHEMS AND SET PIECES.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS AND WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

The time has gone by, we suppose, when any apology can be expected for the presentation of a new book. The great mass of singers who can read music, are ever anxious to have something new for perusal and practice before them; and those of us who would continue to benefit them by our labor, must endeavor to meet this demand.

The volume here presented has a greater amount and variety of new music than was contained in its predecessor, "The Psalmodist:" at the same time it embraces a small portion of the music already in use. This last feature of the work was intended not to save materials, but to meet the views of those who, after all their desire for novelty, do not wish everything changed at once in the selection of pieces for public worship.

The character of the music of the present work is as varied as are the talents of different choirs, and the characteristics of the psalms and hymns in reference to poetic and religious sentiment.

In reference to musical adaptation, our plan has been to arrange the music to words so specifically appropriate, that the manner of performance will readily suggest itself to the singer whose sensibilities are properly alive to the subject. Without these sensibilities, no artistical acquirements can secure the great end of Christian edification. Dynamic distinctions, useful as they are in some cases to illustrate the meaning of the composer, should never be made the chief objects of attention. The words should be studied and be made the subject of serious contemplation, if we would ever learn to sing with true expression. The orator is guided in his style of delivery, not chiefly by marks and pauses, but by a consideration of the subject matter of what he is uttering; and the vocalist should in sacred music be governed in a similar manner. The style of secular music is perpetually changing, because it is governed by fashion rather than by taste: but the true principles of taste as applied to the subject of devotional music, it should be remembered, are fundamentally always the same. The one grand object with the composer and performer of church music, should be to preserve at all times such an unvarnished style of fervent, chaste simplicity, as shall secure in the congregation of worshipers the great ends contemplated by the All-wise Founder of the institution.

Many thanks to the several individuals who have kindly contributed to the pages of this volume. Their interesting productions, we trust, will be duly appreciated.

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ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC,

AS PRESENTED BY MR. BRADBURY.

CHAPTER I.

§ I. In Music, certain CHARACTERS or SIGNS are used to represent and regulate sounds. They may be embraced in THREE general classes, viz:

1. Such as represent the LENGTH of sounds
2. Such as represent the PITCH of sounds.
3. Such as represent the POWER of sounds.

The department which relates to the FIRST of these is called RHYTHM.
That which relates to the SECOND is called - - - MELODY.
That which relates to the THIRD is called - - - DYNAMICS.

§ II. Thus, under the three heads, RHYTHM, MELODY, and DYNAMICS, are embraced all characters relating to *Length*, *Pitch* and *Power*.

QUESTIONS.—What are used to represent and regulate sounds in Music? These Characters or SIGNS may be embraced in how many classes? Name them. What is that department called which relates to the FIRST? That which relates to the SECOND? That which relates to the THIRD? What then is meant by the term Rhythm? Melody? Dynamics? What do the three heads RHYTHM, MELODY and DYNAMICS embrace?

CHAPTER II.

RHYTHM.

RHYTHMICAL CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

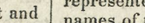
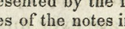
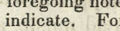
§ III. The Characters or Signs used to represent the LENGTH OF SOUNDS, are called

NOTES.

§ IV. *Six kinds of Notes are generally used, viz:

Semibreve, or Whole Note.	Minim or Half Note	Crotchet, or Quarter Note.	Quaver, or Eighth Note.	Semiquaver, or Sixteenth Note.	Demisemiquaver, or Thirty-second Note.
1	1/2	1/4	1/8	1/16	1/32
Open head	Open head, and Stem.	Closed head, and Stem.	Head, Stem, and one Hook.	Head, Stem, and two Hooks.	Head, Stem, and three Hooks.

*A Character twice the length of the Whole Note, called a Breve or Double Note.  is sometimes used. It is, however, so seldom required, that the Semibreve is denominated the WHOLE NOTE.

§ V. Each note represents a distinct Musical Sound. The sounds represented by the foregoing notes are to be of different LENGTHS, as the names of the notes indicate. For example, the WHOLE NOTE  represents a long sound. The HALF NOTE  a sound half as long as the Whole Note. The QUARTER NOTE  a sound one quarter as long as the Whole Note, &c.

§ VI. Characters indicating *Silence*, are called

RESTS,

Whole Rest.	Half Rest.	Quarter Rest.	Eighth Rest.	Sixteenth Rest.	Thirty-second Rest
					
Under a line.	Over a line.	Turned to the right.	Turned to the left.	Two hooks.	Three hooks.

§ VII. The time given to a REST, should correspond with the note whose name it bears.

QUESTIONS.—What are those Rhythmical Characters called which are used to represent the LENGTH of sounds? How many kinds of Notes are commonly used? Name and describe each note. What does each note represent? Are the sounds of the notes to be of equal lengths? How many half notes should be performed in the time of one whole note? How many quarters? *How many eighths? How many sixteenths? How many thirty-seconds? How many quarter* notes should be performed in the time of one half note? How many eighths? How many sixteenths? How many thirty-seconds? How many eighth notes should be performed in the time of one quarter note? How many sixteenths? How many thirty-seconds? How many sixteenth notes should be performed in the time of one eighth note? How many thirty-seconds? How many thirty-second notes should be performed in the time of one sixteenth note? What are those characters called which denote silence? Name and describe each rest.

CHAPTER III.

RHYTHM, CONTINUED.

BEATING TIME, ACCENT, &C.

§ VIII. In the performance of music, some *practical guide* is necessary by which each note may receive its just proportion of time. This guide we have in the act of BEATING TIME.

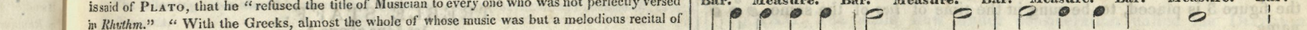
Among the ancients "a violation of Rhythm, or time, was an unpardonable offence." And it is said of PLATO, that he "refused the title of Musician to every one who was not perfectly versed in *Rhythm*." "With the Greeks, almost the whole of whose music was but a melodious recital of poetry, *Rhythm* was the first object of attention."

BEATING TIME with the hand is the only correct method of measuring it while singing.

§ IX. All music is divided into small equal portions called MEASURES, by perpendicular lines called BARS.

EXAMPLE OF MUSIC DIVIDED INTO MEASURES.

Bar. Measure. Bar. Measure. Bar. Measure. Bar. Measure. Bar.



QUESTIONS ON THE ABOVE EXAMPLE.—How many measures in the above example? How many Bars? What is the distance from one Bar to another called? What are the names of the characters used to divide music into Measures? What kind of notes are contained in the first of the above measures? What in the second? How many quarter notes must be sung in the time of one half note? What notes are in the third measure? What in the fourth? How many quarter notes are equal to one whole note? How many half notes are equal to one whole note?

§ X. FOUR kinds of time or measure are necessary to be thoroughly studied and practiced, viz: *Double, Triple, Quadruple, and Sextuple.*

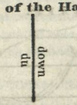
ILLUSTRATION OF THE VARIETIES OF TIME, AND OF THE MOTIONS OF THE HAND IN BEATING.

DOUBLE MEASURE.
Two Beats.

THE UPPER FIGURE IS 2.

Varieties. 2 2 2 / 1 2 4

Motions of the Hand.



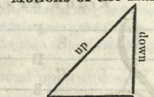
Accented on the First Part.

TRIPLE MEASURE.
Three Beats.

THE UPPER FIGURE IS 3.

Varieties. 3 3 3 / 2 4 8

Motions of the Hand.



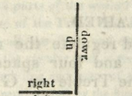
Accented on the First Part.

QUADRUPLE MEASURE.
Four Beats.

THE UPPER FIGURE IS 4.

Varieties. 4 4 4 / 2 4 8

Motions of the Hand.



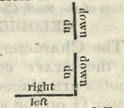
Accented on the First and Third Parts.

SEXTUPLE MEASURE.*
Six Beats.

THE UPPER FIGURE IS 6

Varieties. 6 6 6 / 2 4 8

Motions of the Hand.



Accented on the First and Fourth Parts.

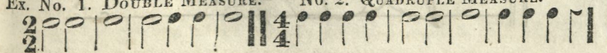
PRACTICAL EXERCISES IN RHYTHM.

QUESTIONS.—If you give one beat to each quarter note, how much time, or how many beats must you give to each half note? To each whole note? To eighth notes? What kind of notes in the first measure of exercise No. 1? In the second? Third? Fourth? What kind of notes in the first measure of exercise No. 2? In the second measure? Third measure? Fourth measure? What beat must be given to the first note of the first measure? Ans. The down beat? What beat to the second note? To the third note? To the fourth note? What beat or beats to the first note of the second measure? To the second note? To the note in the third measure? &c

NOTE.—The teacher will ask similar questions in relation to all the following exercises, previous to singing them.

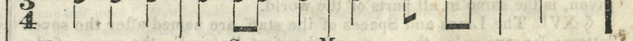
Beat time, and sing the following examples to the syllable *La.*

Ex. No. 1. DOUBLE MEASURE. No. 2. QUADRUPLE MEASURE.

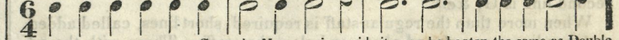


§ XI. A dot [·] adds one half to the length of any note; for example, a dotted half note is equal to three quarters; a dotted quarter is equal to three eighths, &c.

No. 3. TRIPLE MEASURE.



No. 4. SEXTUPLE MEASURE.



*When the movement in Sextuple Measure is rapid, it may be beaten the same as Double Measure. When it is slow, beating may also be performed with three motions repeated, when this method is preferred

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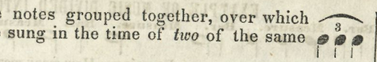
§ XII. A *Triplet* is three notes grouped together, over which the figure 3 is placed, to be sung in the time of *two* of the same name



No. 5. QUADRUPLE MEASURE.



QUESTIONS.—What is necessary in order to give each note its just proportion of time? What is the guide for measuring time while singing? How many kinds of time are necessary to be studied and practised? Name them. How many beats has Double Measure? What is the upper figure? How many varieties? What are the motions of the hand? How is Double Measure Accented?

☞ NOTE TO THE TEACHER.—Ask similar questions upon Triple, Quadruple, and Sextuple measure.

CHAPTER IV.

MELODY.

TO THE TEACHER.—The Scale may here be introduced and practiced if desirable, previous to the full explanation of the Staff, Clefs, Letters, &c.

MELODIC CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

§ XIII. The Characters used to represent and regulate the PITCH of sounds are the STAFF consisting of five lines and four spaces, upon which the notes are placed, and the CLEFS. The Treble or G Clef fixes the letter G on the second line of the staff.

§ XIV. The F or Base Clef [𝄢:] fixes the letter F on the fourth line of the staff.

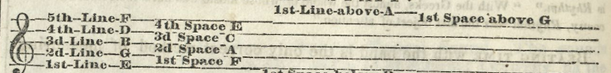
§ XV. The first seven letters of the Alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, are the only letters employed for Musical purposes. Each one of these letters stands for a certain sound; for example, the sound of A, correctly given, is the same in all parts of the world.

§ XVI. The Lines and Spaces of the staff are named after the seven letters: for example, the *name* of the first line is E; the name of the second line is G, &c.

When more than the regular staff is required, short lines, called added, or leger lines, are placed above or below the staff. These with the additional spaces, are numbered and lettered in a similar manner.

Example of Treble and Base Staves.

TREBLE STAFF.



BASE STAFF.



§ XVII. Each line and space of the staff is called a degree.

§ XVIII. The letters of the Staff may also be represented by the hands, as seen in the following cut.

N. B. Name the fingers after the lines, and the distances between the fingers after the spaces.

RIGHT HAND.—TREBLE STAFF.



LEFT HAND.—BASE STAFF.



The following table should be committed to memory. Repeat several times *backwards*, as well as forwards.

TREBLE STAFF.		BASE STAFF.	
First, or lowest line is E.	First space is - - - F.	First or lowest line is G.	First space is A.
Second line is - - - G.	Second space is - - A.	Second line is - - B.	Second space is C.
Third line is - - - B.	Third Space is - - C.	Third line is - - - D.	Third space is E.
Fourth line is - - - D.	Fourth space is - - E.	Fourth line is - - F.	Fourth space is G.
Fifth line is - - - F.		Fifth line is - - - A.	
LEGER LINES.		**LEGER LINES.**	
First line below is - C.	First space below is D.	First line below is - E.	First space below is F.
Second line below is A.	Second space below is B.	Second line below is C.	Second space below is D.
First line above is - A.	First space above is G.	First line above is - C.	First space above is B.
Second line above is C.	Second space above is B.	Second line above is E.	Second space above is D.

§ XIX. NOTES, though RHYTHMICAL CHARACTERS, when placed upon the staff, show by their *position*, the PITCH of the sounds.

For example, a whole note placed on C, shows that C is the particular sound required; a half note placed on D shows that the sound of D is next required; a quarter note on E, shows that E is the next sound required; the *length* of these sounds to be governed wholly by the kind of notes thus placed upon the staff—the first sound in this instance, (represented by the whole note) to be twice as long as that represented by the half note, and four times as long as the sound designated by the position of the quarter note, and so on through the whole scale; the form or shape of the note shows the length,—the position of the note desiguates the pitch of any sound required.

§ XX. A succession of eight notes placed upon the staff form what is called THE SCALE, which is the foundation of all melody, and from which all musical compositions are derived. The syllables generally used in the practice of the scale are,

Written.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.
Pronounced.	*Doe,*	*Ray,*	*Mee,*	*Fah,*	*Sole,*	*Lah,*	*See,*	*Doe.*
The numerals are	1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8.

§ XXI. The distances which the voice observes in ascending and descending the scale, are called INTERVALS or steps

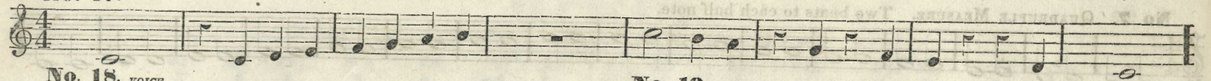
§ XXII. The scale now under consideration called the DIATONIC (Major) SCALE, commences with C.

§ XXIII. The Intervals or Steps in the scale are as follows, viz. From 1 to 2, is a tone. 2 to 3, a tone. 3 to 4, a *half tone.* 4 to 5, a tone. 5 to 6, a tone. 6 to 7, a tone. 7 to 8, a *half tone:* Five tones and two half or semitones.

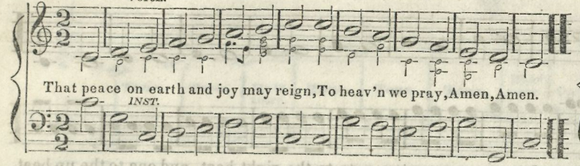
§ XXIV. The order of Intervals must be the same in every Diatonic Major Scale as represented in § XXIII, and in the following example. Otherwise the scale will be imperfect.

QUESTIONS.—What characters are used to represent and regulate the pitch of sounds? What is the use of the staff? Of the Treble Clef? Of the Base Clef? What letters are used for the Musical Alphabet? For what does each letter stand? Does the same letter represent the same sound in all parts of the world? How are the degrees of the staff named? What is the name of the first line of the Treble Staff? Second line? &c. First space? &c. Note:—Question the pupils on all the lines and spaces, both above and below the staves, Base and Treble. When more than the regular staff is required what is to be done? How are they numbered and lettered? What is each line and space of the Staff called? How many degrees are there? How may the Staves be represented by the hands? What does the first or little finger of the right hand represent? (Continue similar questions.) The first or little finger of the left hand? &c. &c. What are Notes? When placed upon the Staff what do they also show? How do they show the pitch of sounds? How is the Scale formed? What is the foundation of all Melody? What are the syllables generally used in the practice of the Scale? Numerals? Letters of the present Scale? Where does this Scale commence in the Treble Staff? Where on the Base Staff? What are the steps or distances called? What is the name of the Scale now under consideration? In what Key is it? Name the intervals of the Diatonic (Major) Scale? How many whole tones in this Scale? How many half tones? Must the order of intervals be the same in Diatonic (Major) Scales? What will be the consequence if they are otherwise?

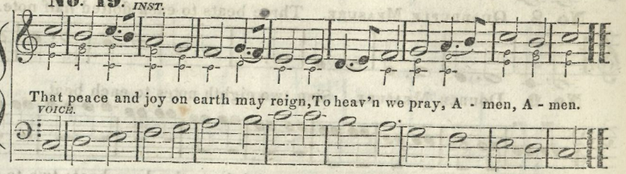
No. 17.



No. 18. *VOICE.*



No. 19. *INST.*

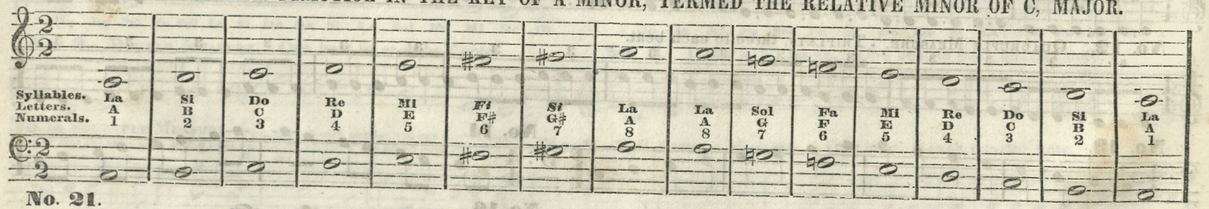


MINOR SCALE.

§ XXV. In addition to the DIATONIC MAJOR SCALE, there is another, called the MINOR SCALE. This differs from the Major Scale in the situation of tones and semitones; the semitones occurring between *two* and *three*, and *seven* and *eight* ASCENDING, and between *five* and *six*, and *two* and *three* DESCENDING. NOTE.—The Teacher will here explain the use of the Sharp, Flat and Natural, (as on page 16,) by means of which all changes of the Intervals are effected.

The first syllable to every MINOR SCALE is La, instead of Do, as in the Major Scales. For example, ONE in the Minor Scale, is La,—TWO is Si; THREE is Do,—FOUR is Re, &c. &c. The Minor Scale commences on the numeral SIX, and syllable La of its Relative Major.

No. 20. SCALES FOR PRACTICE IN THE KEY OF A MINOR, TERMED THE RELATIVE MINOR OF C, MAJOR.



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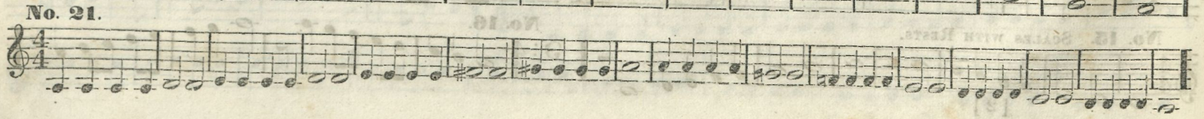

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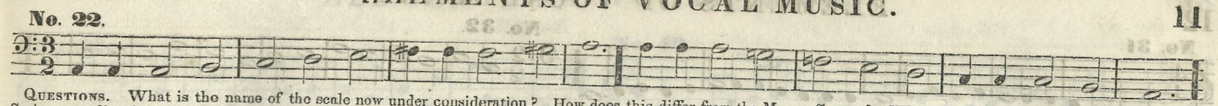


QUESTIONS. What is the name of the scale now under consideration? How does this differ from the MAJOR SCALE? Where do the semitones occur in the Minor Scale, ascending? Where descending? What is the first syllable to every Minor Scale? Repeat the syllables of the Minor Scale, ascending. Descending. Where does the Minor Scale always commence? In what Key is the Minor Scale now under consideration? Of what Major Key is this the relative Minor? What, then, is the RELATIVE MAJOR of the Key of A Minor?

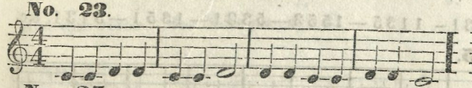
EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF C, MAJOR.

Sing with the Syllables the following numerals. 1, 2,—2, 1,—1, 1, 2, 2,—2, 2, 1, 1,—2, 1, 2,—1, 2, 1,—1, 2, 3,—3, 2, 1, &c. &c.

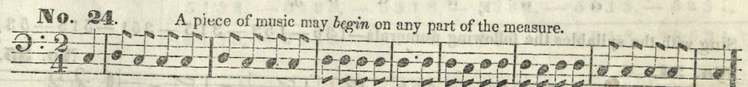
The following exercises should all be read or recited by the syllables, numerals, letters and notes previous to their being sung; Thus:—

QUESTIONS. How many measures in exercise No. 23? (Pupils answer, FOUR.) In what kind of time or measure is this Example? (Ans. Quadruple measure.) What variety of Quadruple measure? Ans. Four-four. How many beats in Quadruple measure? (Pupils Answer.) What is the motion of the hand? How many, and what kind of notes in the first measure of this Example? In the second measure? Third? Fourth? How much time must be given to each quarter note in this Example? Ans. ONE BEAT. To each half note? To each whole note? Name the syllables of this exercise. Name the numerals. The letters.

No. 23.



No. 24. A piece of music may *begin* on any part of the measure.



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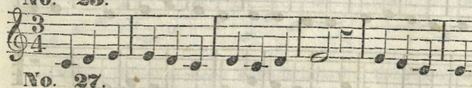
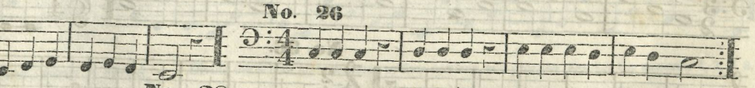
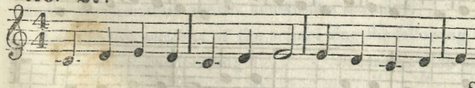


No. 26



No. 27.



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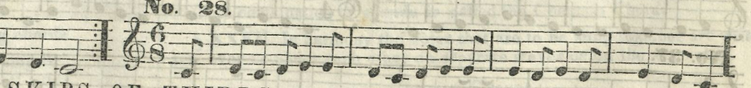
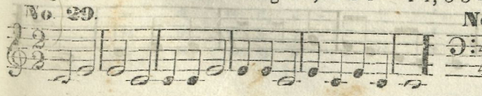


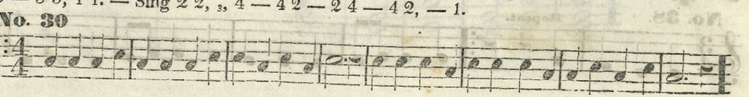
SKIPS OF THIRDS.

Sing 1, ,, 3, Dwell on 3. Sing 1 3, — 3 1 — 1 1, 3 3 — 3 3, 1 1. — Sing 2 2, ,, 4 — 4 2 — 2 4 — 4 2, — 1.

No. 29.



No. 30



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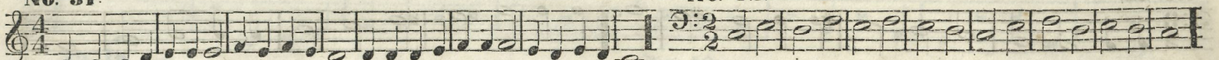
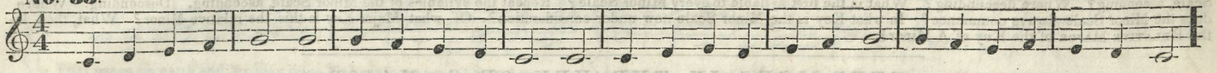


No. 32.

No. 33.



Sing in the following manner, viz.

Teacher sing 1, and scholars sing 5.
" " 3, " " " 5.
" " 5, " " " 5.
" " 2, " " " 5.
" " 4, " " " 5.
" " 3, " " " 5.
" " 1, " " " 5.

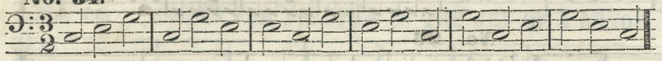
Then vice versa, viz:

Teacher sing 5, and scholars sing 1.
" " 5, " " " 3, &c. &c.

NOTE. — After this let the school be divided into two sections, — the first section sing the part here assigned to the teacher, the second section the part assigned to the scholars, and vice versa.

Sing with the syllables the following numerals—1 3 5 — 1 5 3 — 3 1 5 — 3 5 1 — 5 1 3 — 5 3 1 — 1 1 3 5 — 1 5 5 3 — 5 3 3 1 — 1 3 5 1 — 5 1 3 1, &c.

No. 34.



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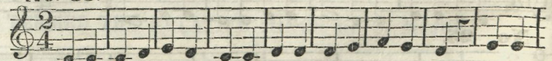

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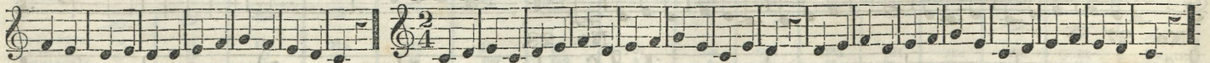

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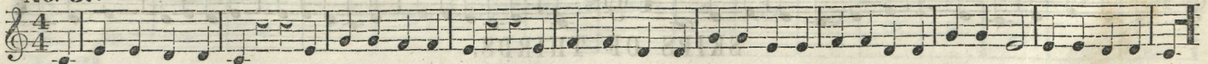
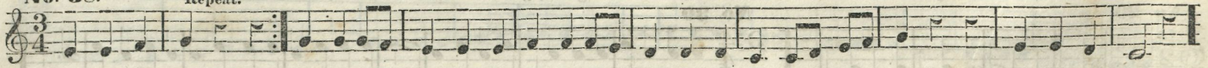
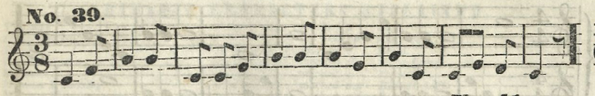


No. 38. Repeat.



No. 39.



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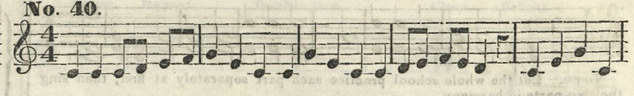

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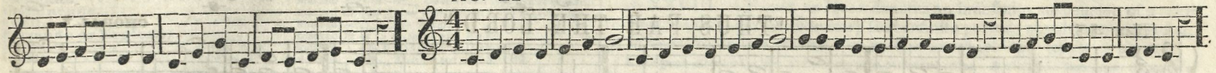


Teacher sing 1, Scholars sing 8.
" " 3, " " 8.
" " 5, " " 8.
" " 3, " " 8.
" " 1, " " 8.

And vice versa. See Note on page 12.

Sing with the Syllables, (and also with the syllable Ah,) the following Numerals.

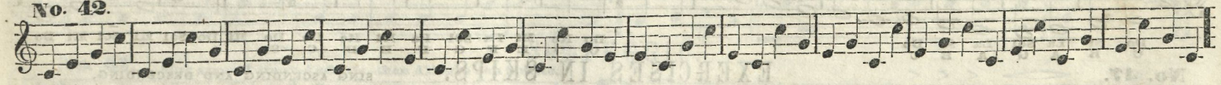
1 3 5 8, — 1 3 8 5, — 1 5 3 8, — 1 5 8 3, — 1 8 3 5, — 1 8 5 3,

3 1 5 8, — 3 1 8 5, — 3 5 1 8, — 3 5 8 1, — 3 8 1 5, — 3 8 5 1,

5 1 3 8, — 5 1 8 3, — 5 3 1 8, — 5 3 8 1, — 5 8 1 3, — 5 8 3 1,

8 1 3 5, — 8 1 5 3, — 8 3 1 5, — 8 3 5 1, — 8 5 1 3, — 8 5 3 1.

No. 42.



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

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

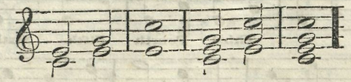
First Section sing 1, - - - Second Section sing 3,
" " " 3, - - - " " " 5,
" " " 3, - - - " " " 8,
" " " 5, - - - " " " 8,
" " " 8, - - - " " " 5,
" " " 5, - - - " " " 3,
" " " 3 - - " " " 1.

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

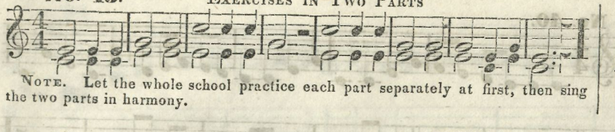
This combination of sounds is called the Common Chord.

§ XXVII. In harmony the notes that are to be sung together are written over or under each other on separate staves or on the same staff.

COMMON CHORDS.

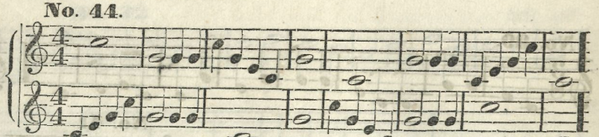


No. 43. EXERCISES IN TWO PARTS

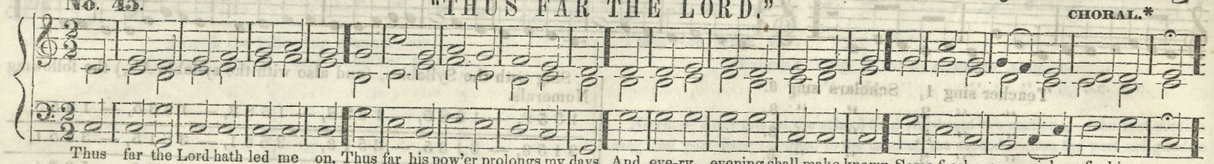


NOTE. Let the whole school practice each part separately at first, then sing the two parts in harmony.

No. 44.

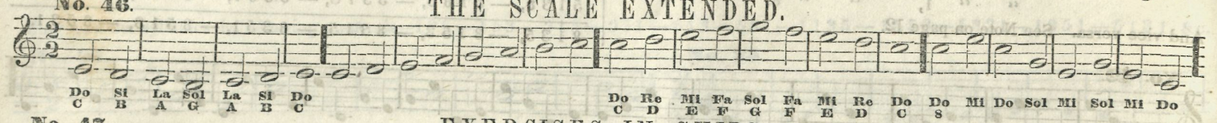


No. 45. "THUS FAR THE LORD." CHORAL.*

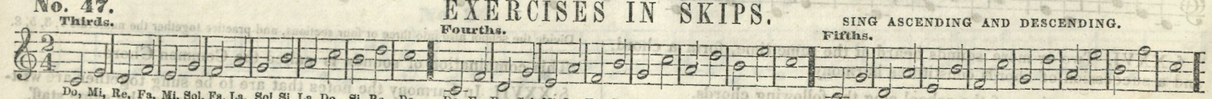


Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'er prolongs my days, And eve-ry evening shall make known Some fresh memo - rial of his grace.

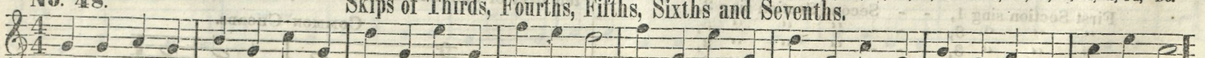
No. 46. THE SCALE EXTENDED.



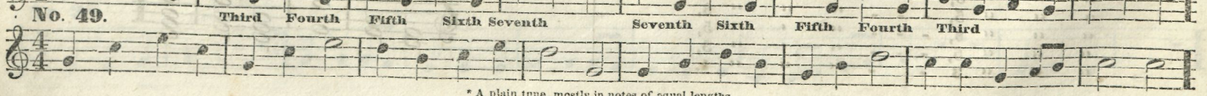
No. 47. EXERCISES IN SKIPS. SING ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.



No. 48. Skips of Thirds, Fourths, Fifths, Sixths and Sevenths.



No. 49.



* A plain tune, mostly in notes of equal lengths.

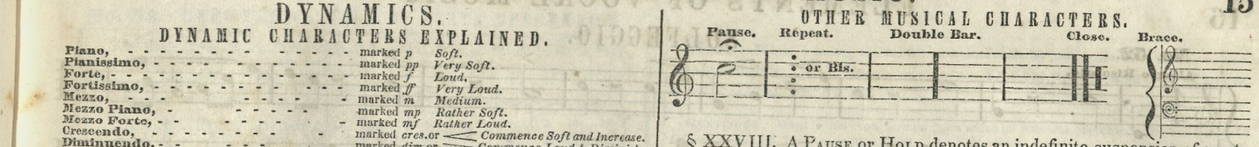
DYNAMICS.

DYNAMIC CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

Piano,	marked *p*	*Soft.*
Pianissimo,	marked *pp*	*Very Soft.*
Forte,	marked *f*	*Loud.*
Fortissimo,	marked *ff*	*Very Loud.*
Mezzo,	marked *m*	*Medium.*
Mezzo Piano,	marked *mp*	*Rather Soft.*
Mezzo Forte,	marked *mf*	*Rather Loud.*
Crescendo,	marked *cres.* or <	*Commence Soft and Increase.*
Diminuendo,	marked *dim.* or >	*Commence Loud & Diminish.*
Swell,	marked < >	*Swell.*
Forzando or Explosive,	marked *fz* or >	*Sudden and Full.*
Staccato,	marked • • or ! !	*Short and Distinct.*
Legato,	marked ⌒	*Connected and Smooth.*

NOTE.—Practice the scale, and exercises, (at various intervals,) in all the above Dynamic degrees

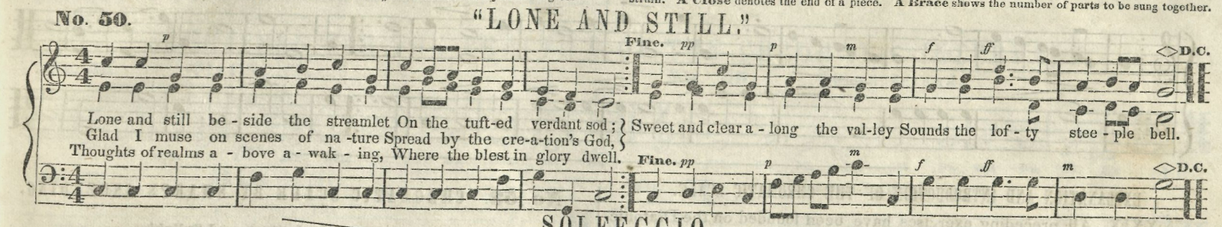
OTHER MUSICAL CHARACTERS.



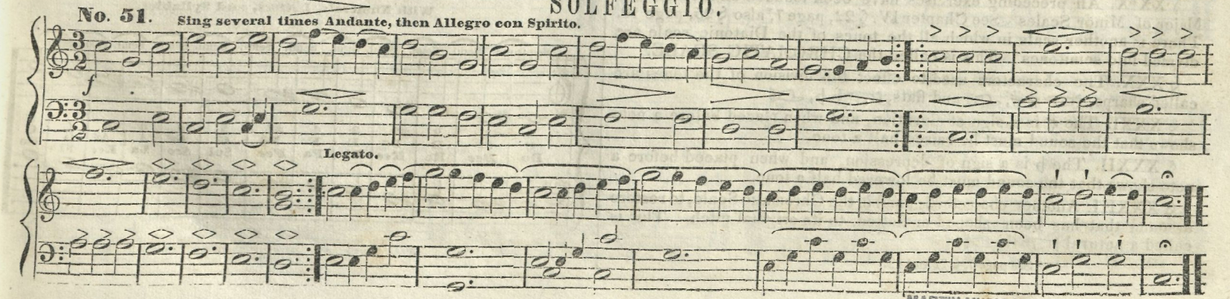
§ XXVIII. A PAUSE or HOLD denotes an indefinite suspension of a note or rest; but where it is necessary that definite periods should be understood, it is usual to double the note or rest, over which the pause is placed.

A Repeat shows what part of a piece is to be performed twice. **A Double Bar** shows the end of a strain. **A Close** denotes the end of a piece. **A Brace** shows the number of parts to be sung together.

No. 50. "LONE AND STILL."



No. 51. SOLFEGGIO. Sing several times Andante, then Allegro con Spirito.



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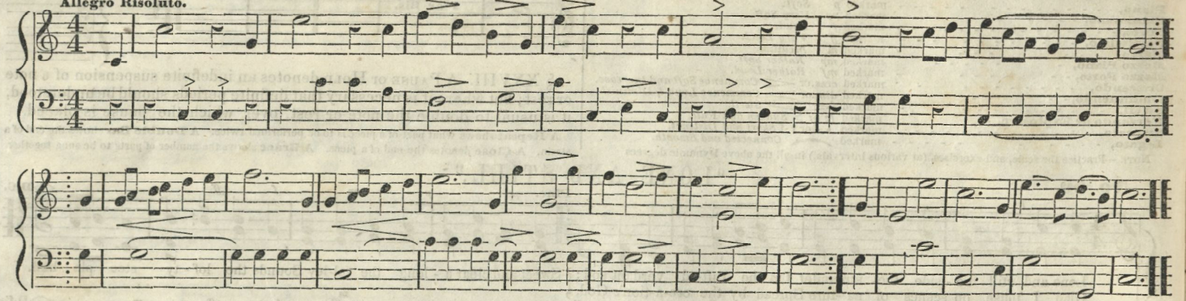
New Orleans, Louisiana

SOLFEGGIO.

No. 52.

Allegro Risoluto.



EXPLANATION AND INTRODUCTION OF THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

§ XXIX. All preceding exercises have been founded on the Diatonic Major of Minor Scales See Chapter IV. § 22, page 7,* also § 25, page 10. There is another scale in which all the tones of the Diatonic scale are divided into semitones This is called the CHROMATIC SCALE.

§ XXX. The characters used to effect this division of the tones are called sharps, ♯ and flats, ♭.

§ XXXI. The ♯ is a sign of elevation, and when placed before a note shows that the sound must be raised half a tone.

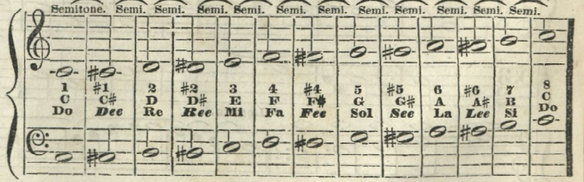
§ XXXII. The ♭ is a sign of depression, and when placed before a note shows that the sound must be lowered half a tone.

§ XXXIII. Another character is used in the Chromatic Scale, to restore a sound that has been shaped or flatted. to its original pitch This is called a natural ♮.

* See page 7, § 22 and 23.

No. 53. CHROMATIC SCALE BY SHARPS ASCENDING.

With Numerals, Letters, and Syllables.



No. 54. CHROMATIC SCALE BY FLATS DESCENDING.

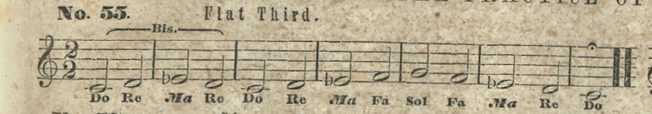


NOTE. When naming the chromatic intervals by numerals, it is proper to say, Sharp one, Sharp two, Flat six, Flat seven, &c.; but when naming them by letters, C sharp, D Flat, E Flat, &c.

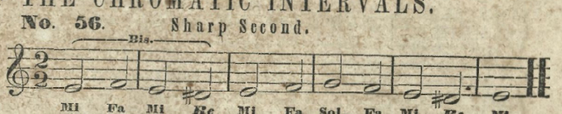
QUESTIONS. What is that scale termed upon which all previous exercises have been founded? Of what does the DIATONIC MAJOR SCALE consist? Between what numerals of the scale do the semitones occur? What are all the other intervals? How is the CHROMATIC SCALE formed? What are the characters used to effect this division called? What is the use of a Sharp? ♯ What is the use of a Flat? ♭ What is the use of a Natural? ♮

EXERCISES FOR THE PRACTICE OF THE CHROMATIC INTERVALS.

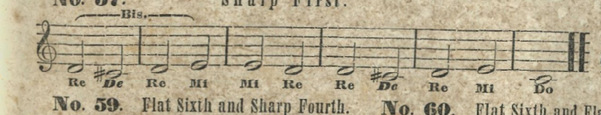
No. 55. Flat Third.



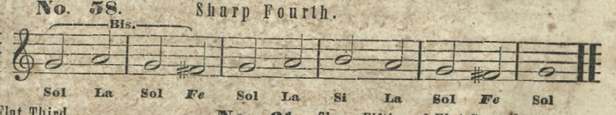
No. 56. Sharp Second.



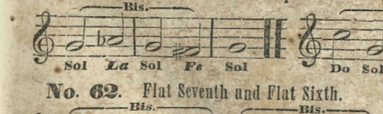
No. 57. Sharp First.



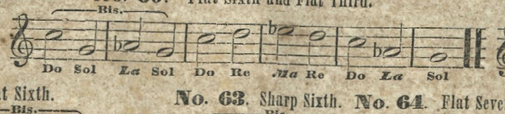
No. 58. Sharp Fourth.



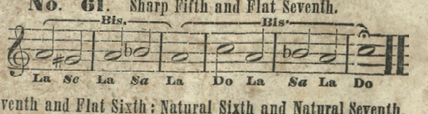
No. 59. Flat Sixth and Sharp Fourth.



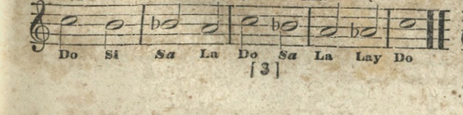
No. 60. Flat Sixth and Flat Third.



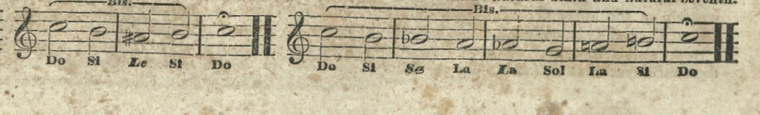
No. 61. Sharp Fifth and Flat Seventh.



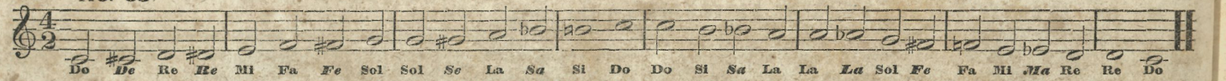
No. 62. Flat Seventh and Flat Sixth.



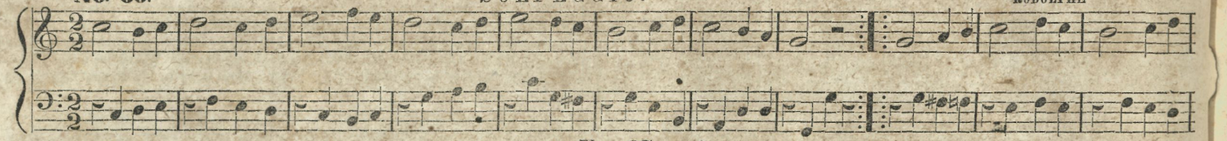
No. 63. Sharp Sixth. **No. 64.** Flat Seventh and Flat Sixth; Natural Sixth and Natural Seventh.



No. 65.



No. 66. SOLFEGGIO. RODOLPHE



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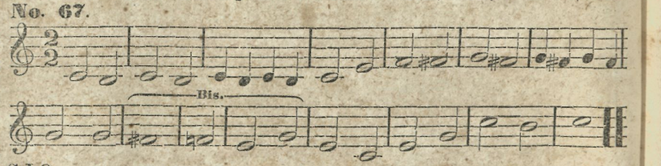
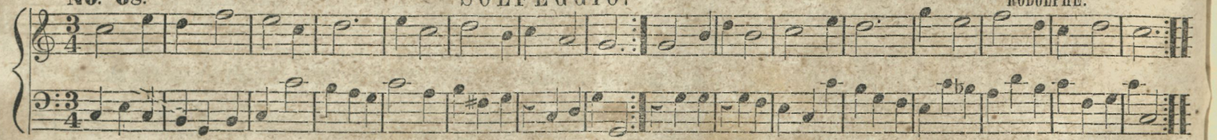


No. 68. SOLFEGGIO. RODOLPHE.



THE SCALE TRANSPOSED.

§ XXXIV. In all the exercises heretofore, the syllable *Do* has been written on the letter **C**; hence all such exercises are said to be in the key of **C**, and **C** is called the *key-note*.* For the sake of variety, and "to prevent monotony," different pieces of music require to be written in *different* keys: that is, (*Do*,) may be placed on **G** or **D**, or any other letter of the staff. Removing the *Key-note* from **C** to any other letter is called TRANSPOSITION.

§ XXXV. In transposing, or removing the key-note, we change the position of the whole scale. Great care must therefore be taken to preserve the order of intervals; from one sound to another, the same as they were in the key of **C**, viz: From 1 to 2, (*Do* to *Re*,) must be a whole tone; from 2 to 3, (*Re* to *Mi*,) a whole tone; from 3 to 4, (*Mi* to *Fa*,) must be a half tone; from 4 to 5, (*Fa* to *Sol*) must be a whole tone; from 5 to 6, (*Sol* to *La*,) must be a whole tone; from 6 to 7, (*La* to *Si*,) must be a whole tone; from 7 to 8, (*Si* to *Do*,) must be a half tone.

§ XXXVI. As the letters are situated upon the staff, from **C** to **D** is a whole tone; from **D** to **E** is a whole tone; from **E** to **F** is a *half-tone;* from **F** to **G** is a whole tone; from **G** to **A** is a whole tone; from **A** to **B** is a whole tone; from **B** to **C** is a *half-tone.*

§ XXXVII. As the intervals from 3 to 4, and 7 to 8, in the diatonic scale are, and must be semi-tones, or half tones, it will be seen that when the scale is written in the key of **C**, these semitones exactly correspond with the letters **E** and **F**, and **B** and **C**, which are semitones. Hence, the key of **C**, is called the *Natural* key.

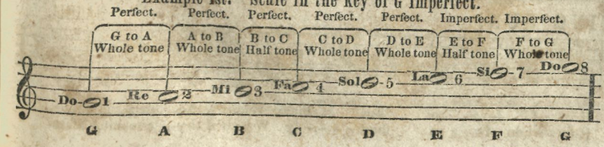
§ XXXVIII. The first regular transposition of the scale, is from **C** to **G**, a fifth above. **G** which is *Five*, (*Sol*,) becomes *One*, (*Do*) of the new scale; **A** is *Two*, (*Re*,) **B** is *Three*, (*Mi*,) &c. In this transposition it will be observed, that all the tones and semitones of the scale will correspond with the letters upon the staff, with the exception of the 6th and 7th, and 7th and 8th, which are now **E** and **F**, and **F** and **G**. The distance or interval from 6 to 7 *should be* a whole tone, but from **E** to **F**, which now becomes 6 and 7, it *is* only a half tone. Also, from 7 to 8, *should be a half tone*, but from **F** to **G**, which has now become 7 and 8, the distance is a *whole tone*. Here is an imperfection or discrepancy in the scale. It will be seen that from 6 to 7 is only a half tone, (See Ex. 1st.) whereas, it should be a whole tone; and from 7 to 8 is a *whole tone*, (See Ex. 1st.) whereas it should be only a *half tone*.

§ XXXIX This imperfection is remedied by placing the sign of *elevation* (a sharp ♯,) before **F**, which removes it a half tone further from **E**, and consequently a half tone nearer to **G**.

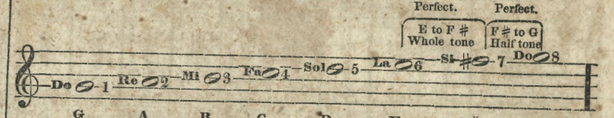
* With the exception of the Key of A Minor (relative of C), in which case A is the key-note.

ILLUSTRATION.

Example 1st. Scale in the key of G Imperfect.



Example 2d. Scale in the key of G Perfect



§ XL. The sharps and flats, which are used to regulate the Diatonic Intervals of the scale, are placed at the beginning of the piece of music, and are called the signature. For example, the signature to the key of **G**, is one sharp, F♯.

§ XLI. The same method is followed in all the transpositions by sharps; viz: ascending a fifth, or descending a fourth, (from *Do* to *Sol*,) 5 (*Sol*) will become 1 (*Do*), or the key note of the next succeeding key in the regular order of transposition by sharps. And in every succeeding transposition, an additional sharp will be required between the sixth and seventh, for reasons shown in the transposition from **C** to **G**.

In transposing by flats, we ascend a fourth, or descend a fifth; (from *Do* to *Fa*.) 4 (*Fa*), will become 1 (*Do*), or the key note, of the next succeeding key, and in every succeeding transposition an additional flat will be required.*

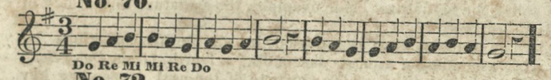
QUESTIONS. When *Do*, (1) is on C, what is C called? What reasons are assigned for writing music in different keys? What is transposition? Do the other notes of the scale change their position? When the scale is transposed, must the order of intervals be the same as in the key of C? What must be the interval or distance from one to two? From two to three? Three to four? Four to five? Five to six? Six to seven? Seven to eight? What is the interval from C to D? From D to E? From E to F? From F to G? From G to A? From A to B? From B to C? Between what numerals should the semitones occur? Between what syllables? In the key of C between what letters do the semitones occur? What then is the key of C called? What is the first regular transposition? What does G then become? What A? What B and C? In this transposition do all the tones and semitones of the scale correspond with the letters upon the staff? What ones do not? What should the interval from 6 to 7 be? Is it a whole tone? What should the interval from 7 to 8 be? Is it a half tone? What then do you observe in this transposition of the scale? How is the imperfection remedied? For what are sharps or flats placed at the beginning of a piece of music? What are they then called? What is the method of transposition by sharps? What is the method of transposition by flats? What will every succeeding transposition require?

* If, in transposing by flats, the pupils cannot readily detect the imperfection and point out the letter that should be flatted, questions similar to the following should be proposed, viz.: "What is the rule for transposing by flats? What then will be the first transposition from C?" (Pupils name the letter.) "What *should be* the interval from 1 to 2? What *is* the interval from F to G?" &c., &c., dwelling upon 3 and 4 (A and B), and upon 4 and 5 (B and C), until they can see the imperfection and suggest the remedy.

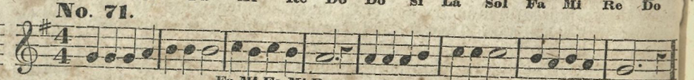
No. 69. SCALE AND EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF G. First Transposition by Sharps. Signature, one Sharp. (F♯)



No. 70.



No. 71.



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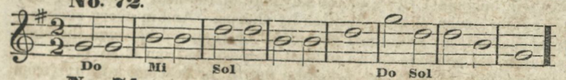

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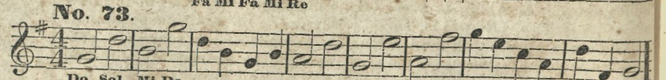
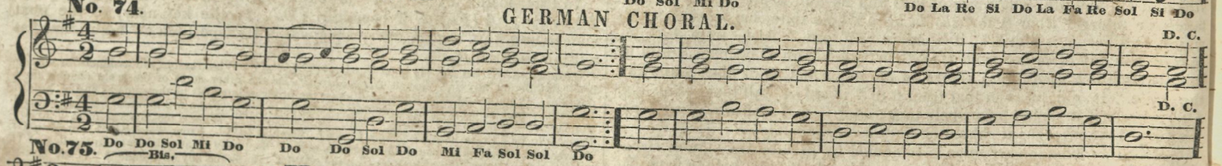


No. 74. GERMAN CHORAL.



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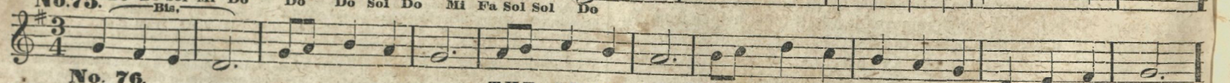
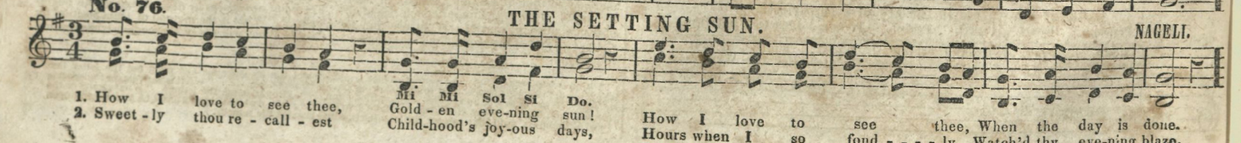
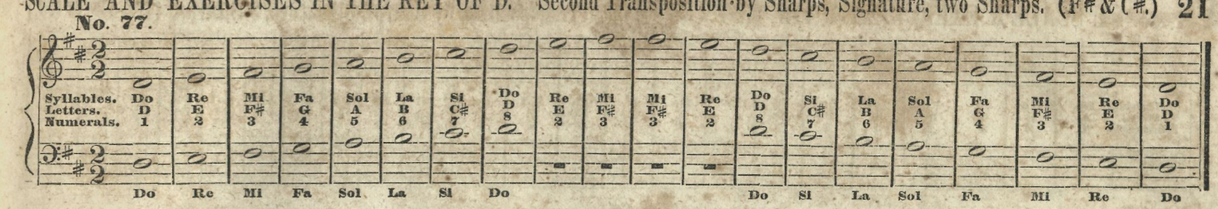


No. 76. THE SETTING SUN. NAGELI.



SCALE AND EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF D. Second Transposition by Sharps, Signature, two Sharps. (F♯ & C♯.)

No. 77.



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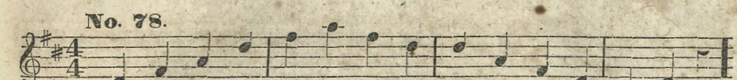
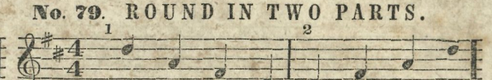
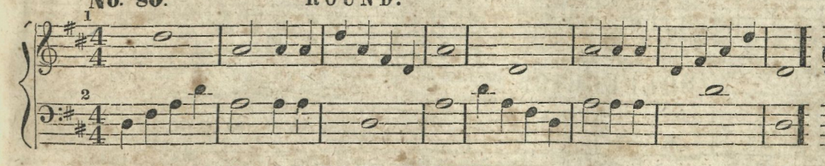


No. 79. ROUND IN TWO PARTS.



No. 80. ROUND.



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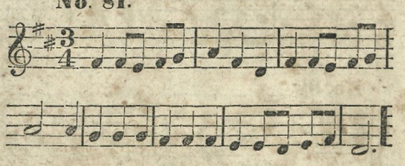
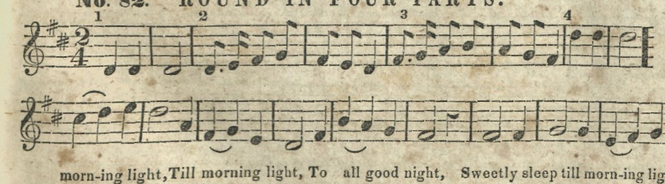
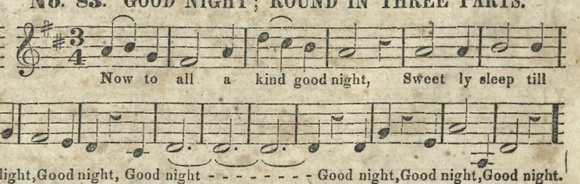


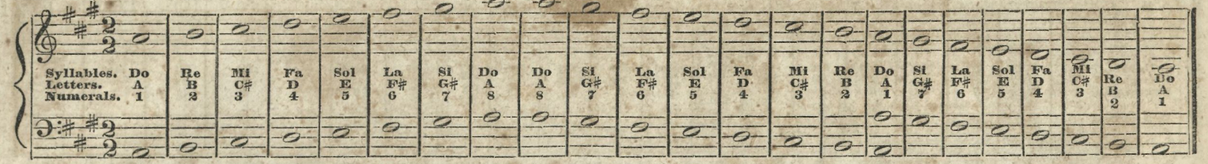
No. 82. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.



No. 83. GOOD NIGHT; ROUND IN THREE PARTS.



No. 84. SCALE & EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF A. Third Transposition by Sharps, Signature, 3 Sharps. (F♯, C♯, & G♯.)



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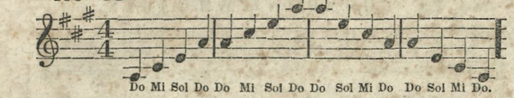

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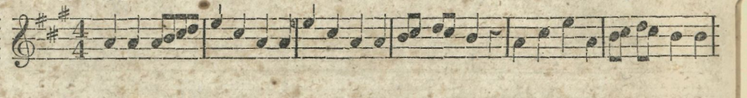
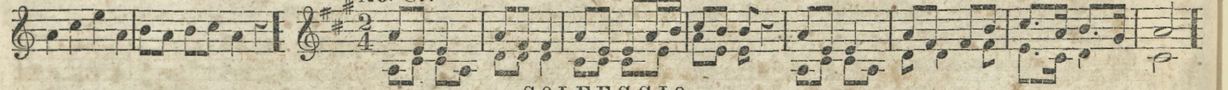
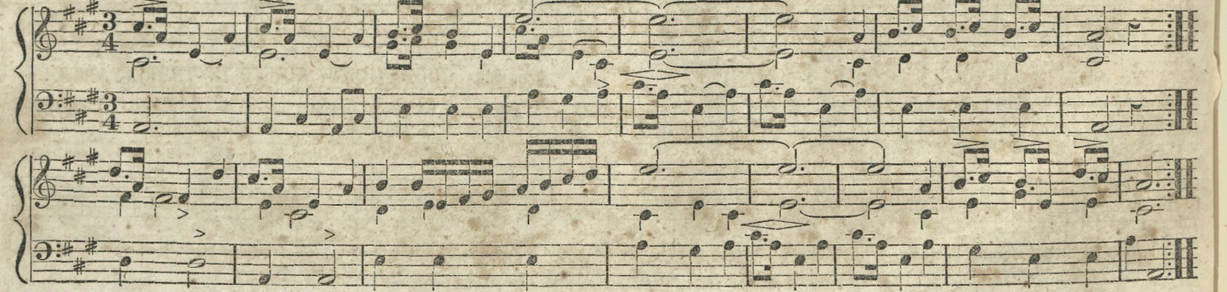


No. 87.



No. 88. SOLFEGGIO.



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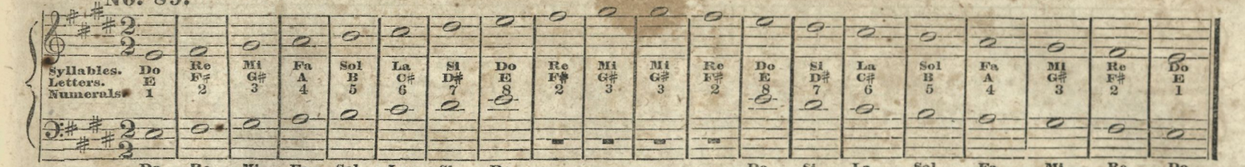
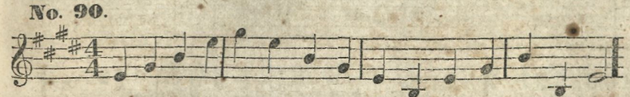
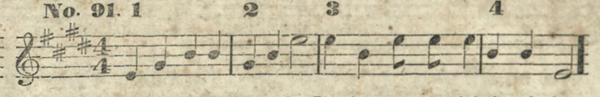


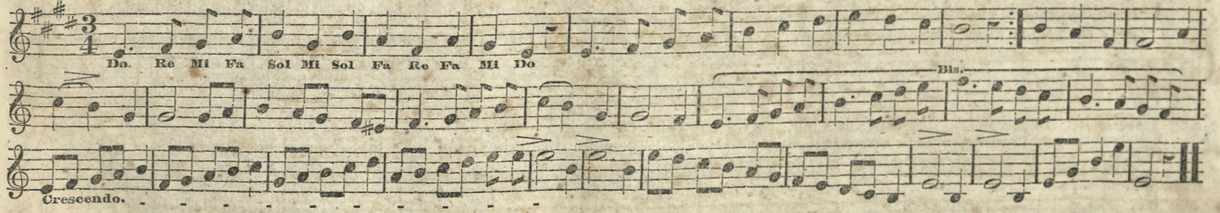
No. 90.



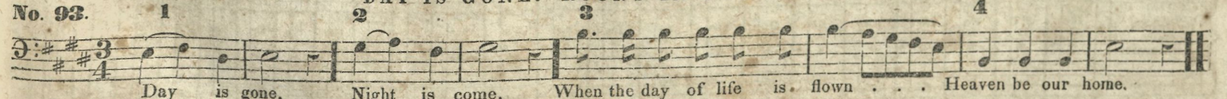
No. 91. ROUND. 1 2 3 4



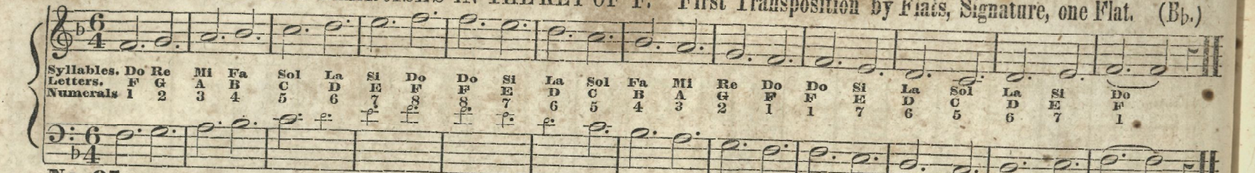
No. 92. SOLFEGGIO.



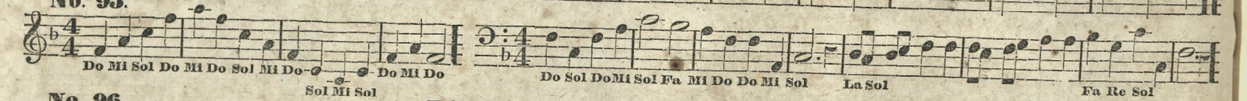
No. 93. DAY IS GONE. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. 1 2 3 4



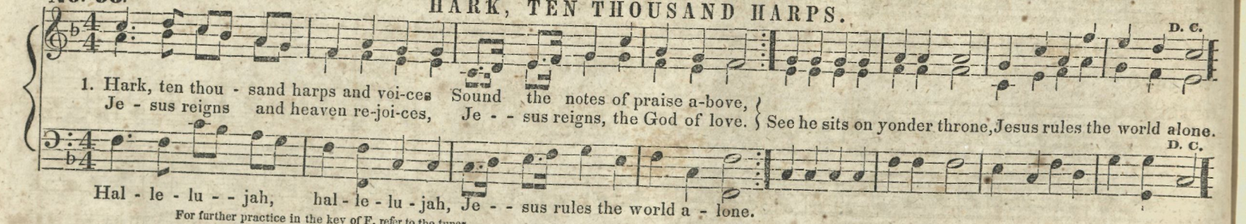
No. 94. SCALE AND EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF F. First Transposition by Flats, Signature, one Flat. (B♭.)



No. 95.

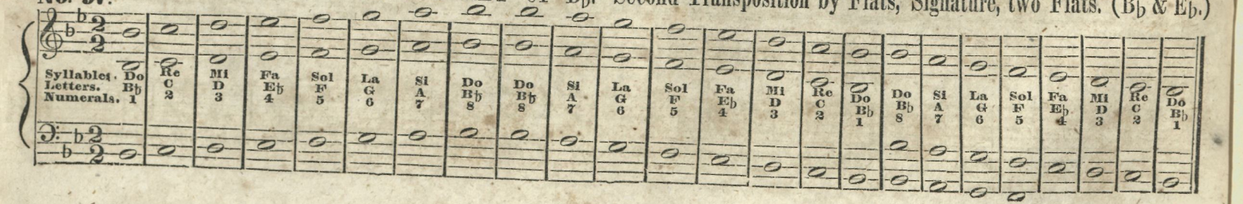


No. 96. HARK, TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

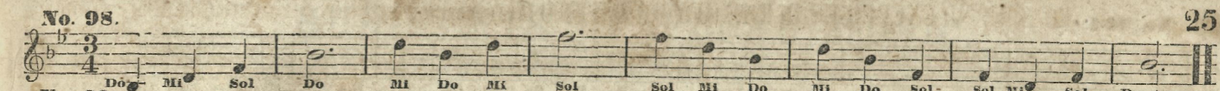


For further practice in the key of F, refer to the tunes.

No. 97. SCALE & EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF B♭. Second Transposition by Flats, Signature, two Flats. (B♭ & E♭.)

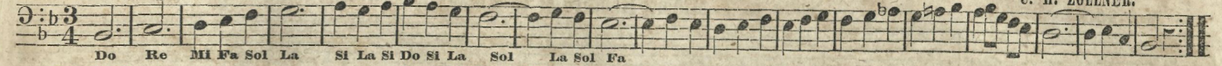


No. 98.



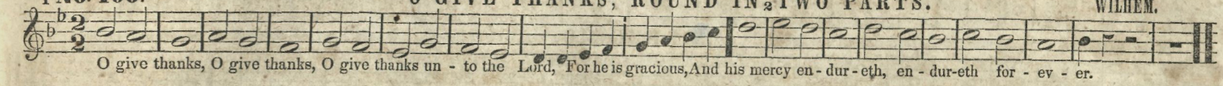
No. 99. Allegro.

C. H. ZOLLNER.

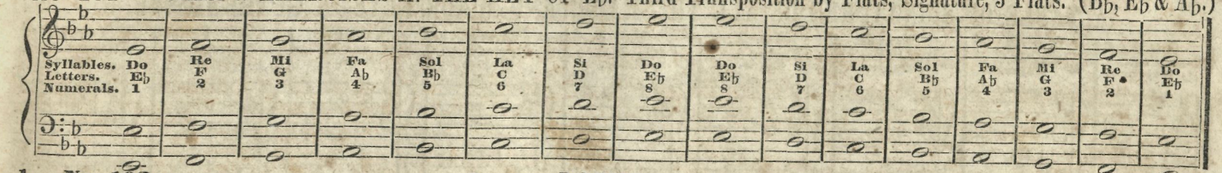


No. 100. O GIVE THANKS; ROUND IN TWO PARTS.

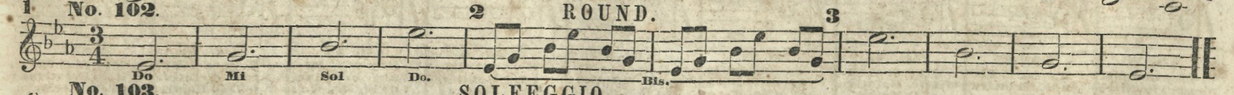
WILHEM.



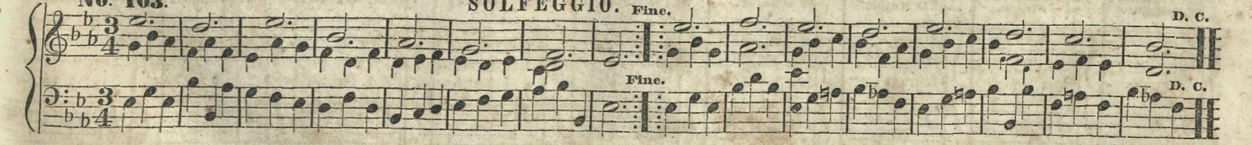
No. 101. SCALE & EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF E♭. Third Transposition by Flats, Signature, 3 Flats. (B♭, E♭ & A♭.)



No. 102. ROUND.

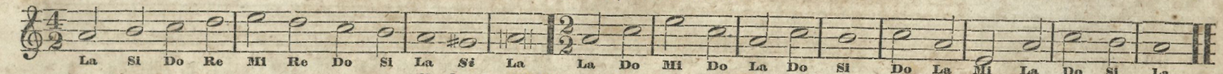


No. 103. SOLFEGGIO.

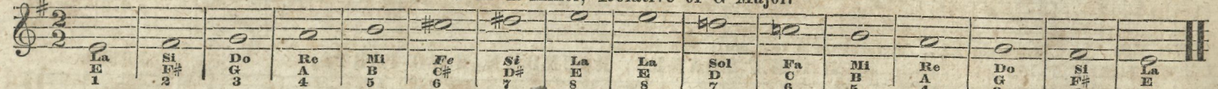


Key of A♭. Fourth transposition by Flats. Signature, Four flats, (B♭ E♭ A♭ & D♭.) NOTE.—The situation of the syllables in this key, being the same as in the key of A, (three sharps,) the same exercises may be practised.

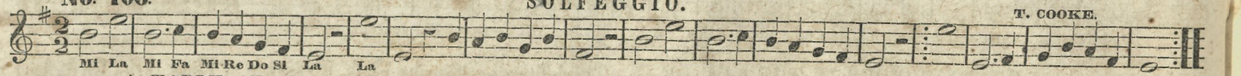
No. 104. KEY OF A, MINOR.



No. 105. Scale in E Minor, Relative of G Major.



No. 106. SOLFEGGIO. T. COOKE.



A TABLE OF SIGNATURES OF ALL THE MAJOR AND MINOR KEYS IN GENERAL USE.

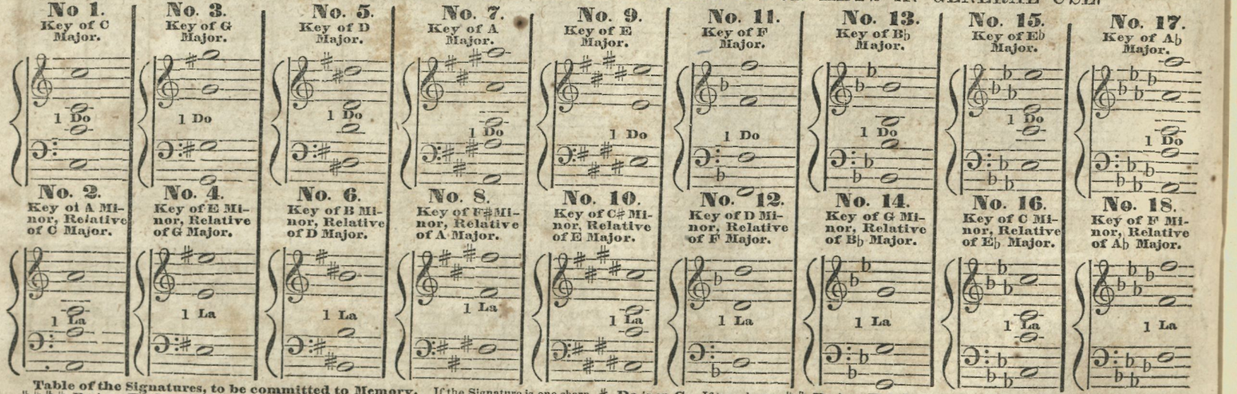


Table of the Signatures, to be committed to Memory. If the Signature is one sharp, ♯, Do is on G, If two sharps, ♯♯, Do is on D. If three sharps, ♯♯♯, Do is on A. If four sharps, ♯♯♯♯, Do is on E. If the Signature is one flat, ♭, Do is on F. If two flats, ♭ ♭, Do is on B♭. If three flats, ♭ ♭ ♭, Do is on E♭. If four flats, ♭ ♭ ♭ ♭, Do is on A♭.

AS PRESENTED BY MR. HASTINGS.

In the early process of an English education, we learn to speak and to read before we are made acquainted with the higher principles of language. Why should not we pursue a corresponding course in the study of Vocal Music? Multitudes who now neglect the art, might in this way be readily taught to read, as well as perform plain music to acceptance, and thus be in a favorable position for making further acquirements. There is indeed such a thing as being too laboriously minute and systematic, in the very process of simplification; but the method here presented is short, as well as simple; and the compiler is happy to say that he has pursued it for years with an increasing conviction of its utility. He would not be understood, however, as disapproving of other methods. He only asks what he cheerfully accords to others, the privilege of *thinking* and acting for himself; and giving to the public the result of his experiments and observations. What he has here to offer will be presented briefly under two distinct heads.

I. THE ART OF READING MUSIC.
II. STYLE IN EXECUTION.

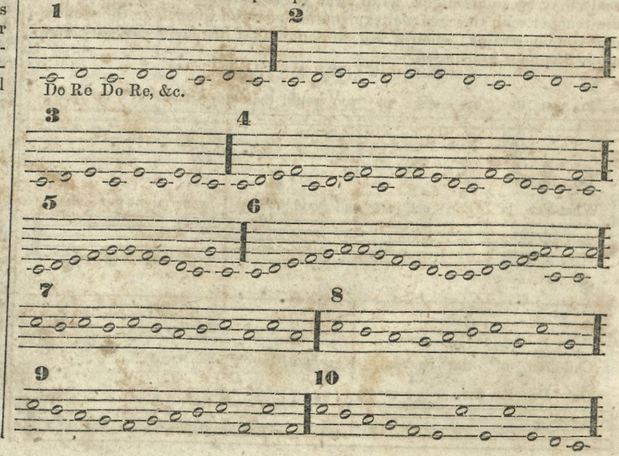
PART I.

THE ART OF READING MUSIC.

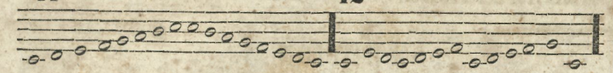
By the art of reading music is here to be understood that practical acquaintance with musical characters which will enable the pupils to sing plain music *at sight*. This, we shall endeavor to show, is not a difficult matter, in cases where the voice has been partially tuned. See Part II., article, *Intonation*. The leading principles of style as detailed in Part II., should occasionally be taken in hand, in connection with the reading exercises in Part I.

SECTION I.

1. The first step in gaining the knowledge here proposed, is to practice without the aid of written characters, fragments of the scale in connection with the syllables, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, or some other series of syllables, such as the teacher may chance to prefer, ultimately introducing the entire octave. The books may then be opened, when the pupils will be able to read such exercises as the following, almost without the aid of a prompter.

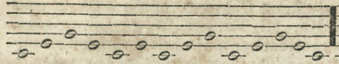


11 Entire Octave.

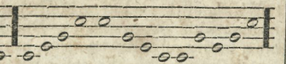


12 Promiscuous.

13



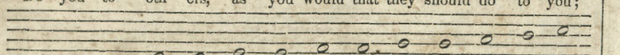
14



2. The second step in the process is to show that fragments of the scale may be so arranged, as to form regular tunes or melodies. Let the teacher with this general explanation proceed to analyze the following simple strains, when it will be found that his pupils can sing them almost without assistance.

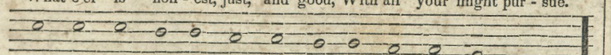
1

Do you to oth - ers, as you would that they should do to you;

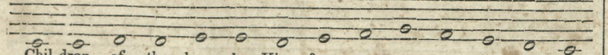


Do Do, &c.

What-e'er is hon - est, just, and good, With all your might pur - sue.

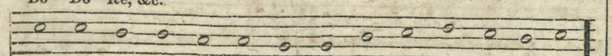


2

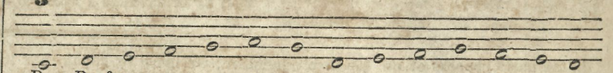


Chil-dren of the heavenly King, &c.

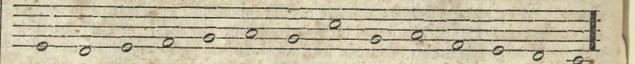
Do Do Re, &c.



3



Do Re, &c.

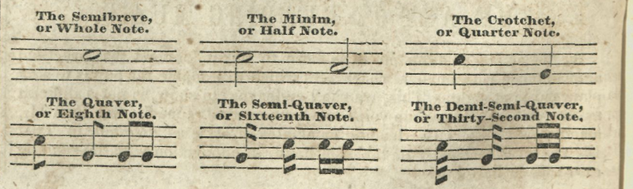


3. A third step in the process is to apply numerals to the syllables of the octave; thus:—Do is 1, Re is 2, Mi is 3, &c. Let the pupils, for example, be told to sing 1 & 2, alternately, which of course will be *Do* & *Re*. Sing successively—1, 2 3—3, 2 1: 1, 3, 5; 5, 3, 1, &c. The teacher can multiply and vary these and all other exercises upon the black-board at his pleasure.

SECTION II.

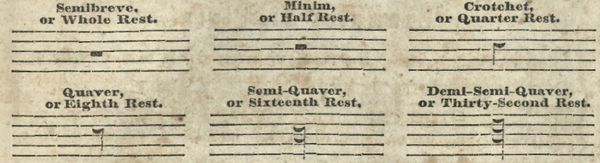
OF NOTES AND RESTS.

4. The next subject of attention is the relative or proportional length of sounds. This is signified by the six following characters called notes.



The proportional length or duration, is that of one to two in the order just mentioned; that is, one whole note is equal to two half-notes; one half-note is equal to two quarter-notes, &c.

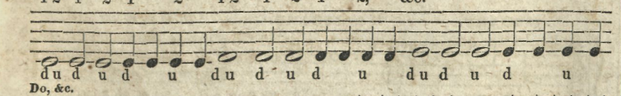
5. Times of silence must also be measured like those of sound: and for this purpose, there is an equal number of characters bearing the same proportions and names. These are called Rests.



Time is measured by equal motions of the hand in beating, and by counting, &c., as in the following exercises, where the letters *d* and *u* in connection with the numbers 1, 2, indicate the downward and upward motions of the hand.

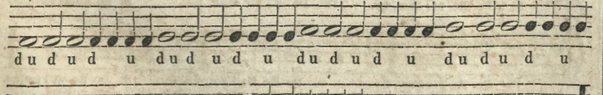
1 Notes.

12 1 2 1 2 12 1 2 1 2, &c.

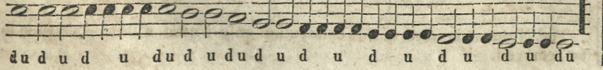


d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u

Do, &c.

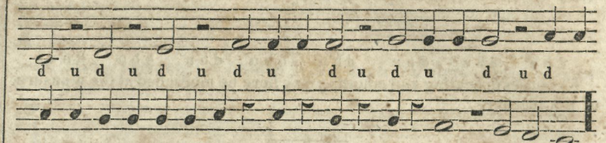


d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u



d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u

2 Notes and Rests.



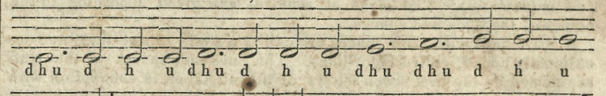
d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u

u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u d u

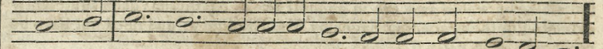
6. A dot affixed to a note or rest, adds one half to its value:* thus a dotted 𝅝. equals 𝅗𝅥𝅗𝅥𝅗𝅥, a dotted 𝅗𝅥. equals 𝅘𝅥𝅘𝅥𝅘𝅥, &c. In the following exercises the letters *d*, *h*, *u*, refer to the *downward*, *hither* and *upward* motions of the hand.

1 Dotted Notes, &c.

12 3 12 3 12 3, &c.



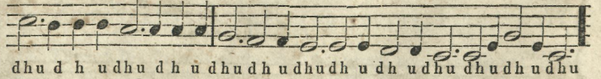
dhu d h u dhu d h u dhu dhu d h u



dh u dhu dhu d h u dhu d h u dh u dhu

2 Dotted half Notes.

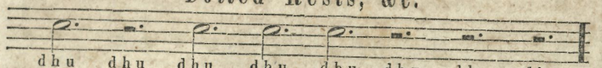
123 1 2 3, &c.



dhu d h u dhu d h u dhu dh u dhu dhu dhu dhu

* The dot itself is sometimes dotted, which adds half to its power thus a 𝅝.. equals 𝅗𝅥𝅗𝅥𝅗𝅥. &c.

3 Dotted Rests, &c.



Exercises in beating and counting may here be multiplied at the pleasure of the teacher.

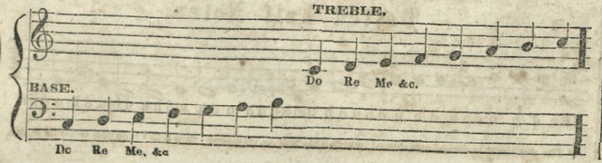
SECTION III.

OF THE NATURAL SCALE AND OF TRANSPOSITIONS.

7. The octave with its syllables does not always commence as in the preceding examples. It may be removed to any part of the staff if the signs of removal are properly given. These are *flats* (♭), *sharps* (♯) and *naturals* (♮). The signs of removal are given according to the names of the lines and spaces.

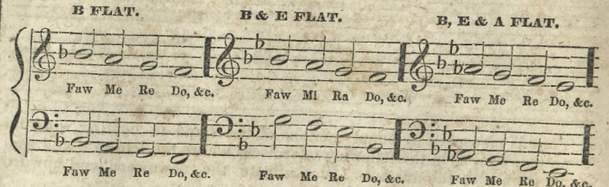
8. Five lines with their spaces are called a staff. Short lines are occasionally added, called leger-lines. The lines and spaces of the staff are named by the first seven letters of the alphabet, in connection with the clefs, of which two are in general use. All this has been sufficiently exhibited in the preceding pages by Mr. Bradbury; and need not here be repeated. See page 6.

9. When the octave commences on C, as in the following example, the scale is said to be natural.

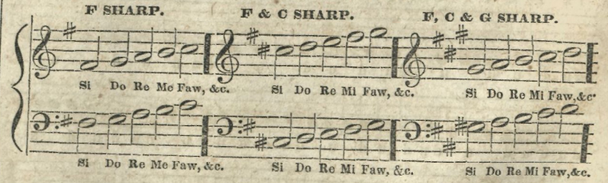


10. When the octave commences on any other letter or degree of the staff, the scale is said to be transposed. The introduction of a flat at the clef marks in every case, a new situation for the syllable *faw;* while the introduction of a sharp in like manner, marks a new situation for the syllable *si*. The other syllables are so governed as to preserve everywhere, the same relation.

Examples of Flats.

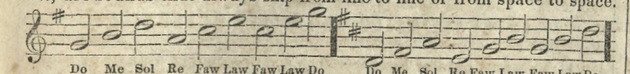


Examples of Sharps.

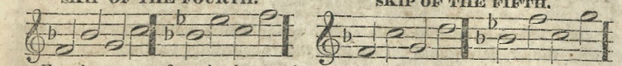


The Natural is used in this connection only where a flat or sharp is to be removed.

11. The pupils may now be referred to tunes in the book for purposes of illustration and practice. In all transpositions, relatively speaking, the syllables have the same uniform power; the distance from *do* to *re, re* to *mi*, &c., being always the same. To prevent embarrassment in reading, the pupil should consider the syllables chiefly in their relation to each other. Do, re, mi, for instance, occupy in all the changes, three successive degrees of the staff; while do, mi, sol—re, faw, law, faw, law, do, &c., are sounds that always skip from line to line or from space to space.



The ascending fourth as *do, faw—re, sol, &c.*, skips over an additional degree; while the ascending fifth skips always to the second line or space, &c.



For the want of such observations as these, the pupil is often embarrassed in his calculations, to a degree which is quite unnecessary. Performers on instruments seldom think of this, as they are governed by different principles and habits.

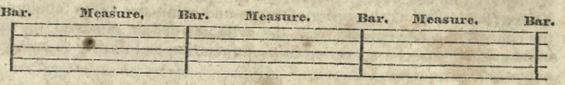
12. The practice of *accidentals*, as explained in section 5, on the following page, may be here introduced, chiefly with reference to the power of syllables as guides to the voice.

SECTION IV.

OF TIME, ACCENT, &c.

13. In section II., we considered the *relative* length of sounds as indicated by the different forms of the notes, &c.; but the time of a movement may be slower or faster, without interfering with relative proportions. When, for example, we apply four beats to the whole note, we must allow two beats to the half-note and one to the quarter-note; but when we apply only two beats to the whole note we must allow but one beat to the half-note, &c.*

14. Every movement is divided by the *single bar* into equal portions of time called *measures.*



The time of a movement is further indicated by large figures placed at the beginning, which denote fractional portions of the semi-breve or whole-note, as applied to to the measures: thus—$\frac{4}{4}$ designate the value of four crotchets or quarter-notes; $\frac{2}{2}$ the value of two minims or half notes. The upper figure gives also in general the number of beats in a measure; while the lower figure shows what note is taken to a beat. See examples on the fifth page. See also exercises for practice, pages 9, 10, 11, 12, &c.

15. The hand in beating always falls over the bar, and the principal accent generally corresponds with the downward motion of the hand. Where several notes are taken to a beat, there is an accent of a subordinate character which is reckoned in pairs or triplets. Let these things be explained and illustrated by the teacher; and practice, industriously pursued, will accomplish the rest.

SECTION V.

TONES, SEMITONES AND ACCIDENTALS.

16. Though the degrees of the staff represent equal distances to the eye, the voice in passing gradually over them, proceeds by unequal dis

* The motions of the hand also, may be slower in some movements than in others,

tances called tones and semitones. These are governed by syllables.* The distance between *mi* and *faw*, and between *si* and *do*, is that of a semitone. Between the other syllables the distance is a tone.

17. The voice by practice, acquires the habit of so regulating sounds by syllables, that the right syllable suggests the right sound, and the wrong syllable the wrong sound, after the *pitch* of the tune or lesson has been given. But as the order of tones and semitones often changes in the course of a movement, while the syllables are not removed, the latter must in such case be so varied in pronunciation as to bring to mind the new sounds required.

18. The changes just mentioned are indicated by flats, sharps and naturals which thus occurring in the course of the movement are called *accidentals*. The flat thus marks the depression of a semitone; and the sharp, a corresponding elevation, while the natural merely restores to a note previously altered, its primitive sound.

19. When the pitch of a note is to be depressed, the pronunciation of the syllables should be so altered, as to rhyme with the sound of long A, thus *do* will become *day*, *sol* will become *say*, &c. When the pitch of a note is to be elevated, the syllable should be so modified as to rhyme with *E* long, when *do* will become *di*, (pronounced *dee*,) *sol* will become *si*, &c. Such altered notes are called *chromatic*. For exercises in chromatic intervals, see pages 17 and 18.

SECTION VI.

REMAINING MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

20. The remaining musical characters are the *Brace, Double-bar, Close, Repeat, Pause, Figure-three, Choosing-note, Mark of distinction, Slur, Crescendo, Diminuendo and Swell, Apoggiatures, After-notes* and *Graces*. These the teacher may define at his leisure, as found in the preceding pages of Mr. B. The order of introducing them is not very material, provided the demands of practice are sufficiently regarded.

* That is, in vocal music. The instruments have appropriate touches for every tone and semitone, independent of syllables

SECTION VII.

OF KEYS, MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES, &c.

21. The first note of the ascending and descending octave or scale of sounds is called a *key*. The scale which commences with *do* is called *major*. The intervals of the major scale, as will appear from what was said in relation to syllables in section V, will run thus:

Tone, tone, semitone, tone, tone, tone, semitone.

22. There is another scale called minor which commences and ends with the syllable *law*. The intervals according to this arrangement would stand thus:

Tone, semitone, tone, tone, semitone, tone, tone;

which series taken inversely, is indeed, the established *descending* order But as the sixth and seventh notes of the *ascending* minor are elevated, each a semitone by accidentals; the upper notes of this *ascending* scale are tuned like the upper notes of the *major* scale; the syllables *mi, fi, sol, la*, having in the one case the same power, as *sol, law, si, do*, in the other.

For a more detailed account of this subject the pupil may be ultimately referred to Mr B's. remarks and illustrations in the preceding pages.

We might here proceed to speak of chords and of modulation did our limits permit; but we have finished all we intended to offer in the present connection; and must proceed very briefly with the second division of our subject.

PART II.

STYLE IN EXECUTION.

Persons may excel in the art of reading and yet be very deficient in their style of execution. The leading properties of style, therefore, should be early and sedulously inculcated. They should be taken in hand at the very commencement of a course of elementary instructions.

Style in devotional music is a very different thing from style in the secular department of the art. Professional men are prone to forget this distinction; and some will even deny its existence. But it needs no argument to show that music intended for religious edification ought to have a style of its own. The same leading principles which govern the eloquence of the pulpit are here in point. The mere novice in oratory, has difficulties to overcome, habits to acquire, and a reputation to establish; and ultimately, he may have excellences to shine in display. All this, in schools and public exhibitions is a matter of course; but surely the pulpit is no place for things of this nature. Here, the orator must be lost sight of in the greatness of his subject. He has an appeal to make to rational and sentient beings, which is too momentous in its nature to admit of such comparative trifling.

And thus in the eloquence of music, there must of course be professional practice, and there will be amusement and display. This should be allowed in its proper place, but not in immediate connection with the office of religious song. The affections of the mind are here to be very differently employed. The man who would be exhibiting himself, while pretending to worship his Maker, is committing a capital offence. He may have a reputation to support, and talents which are worthy of commendation, but he has chosen the wrong time and place for display; and is virtually endeavoring to rob the Master of Assemblies of that homage which is exclusively due to Him.

Talent indeed has its importance; and hence the necessity of assiduous cultivation. But the lessons in song like those in pulpit oratory, should be so mastered in preparatory rehearsals as to prevent labor, embarrassment and seeming affectation in the time of worship. Then the mind needs to break loose from every entanglement, that it may employ itself in holy contemplations.

In secular music the words are comparatively of little moment, and will often be sacrificed to sound, In religious music the words are momentous; and the office of the singer is to illustrate them and enforce their meaning. In the one case the music is the sole object of attraction; in the other it is to be made the specific instrument of religious edification. Objects so different, demand of course, corresponding differences in style.

Laying aside then the specific maxims of the secular department; let us inquire how the meaning and spirit of the words we utter, can be best set forth in the eloquence of song.

I. The singer needs a pleasant tone of voice. This is not wholly the gift of nature; for the worst voice is susceptible of much improvement. The process of cultivation is first upon the open vowels and afterwards upon the broad, and slender, and short ones. Let all these be habitually formed in the best possible manner, and the work is nearly accomplished. The voice however should not be forced in any way, but be suffered to improve gradually by intelligent practice and imitation. Voices will not always be alike. Some will be reedy and powerful, and others soft and mellifluous.

II. There must be good intonation, for jargon is of course intolerable. To be able to sing in tune is always an acquired faculty. Hence the practice of scales and of harmonic combinations, which are more or less simple in their structure, form the most certain means of improvement. Every voice is found to need more or less tuning; and some of the more obstinate ones demand an amount of practice far greater than the pupil has time and patience to bestow. This process of tuning, too, needs often to be repeated, especially after a season of great negligence in practice. Teachers, as well as pupils, are liable from various causes, occasionally to sing out of tune. The best time to commence this process is early childhood, when every voice is regulated with comparative ease.

III. The art of keeping time is also one of the essentials of style. Skill in this respect is acquired not by genius or imitation, but by industrious habits of computation. System with untiring industry is all that the case demands.

IV. There must be a distinct and pleasant utterance of the words. For the purpose of securing this, not only stanzas, lines and phrases and syllables, and letters, are to be taken in hand; but the elements or powers of the consonants must be accurately described, as separate from the vowels used in pronouncing them; thus the element of *aytch* is heard in the simple act of puffing; that of *ef* in the act of blowing; and that of *vé* in the act of vibrating the under lip, &c. The first stage in the process is to secure great accuracy and force; the second to form the right distinction between words and syllables, and the third to secure an easy flowing enunciation. All this requires time, especially where the notions and habits of singers have been sophisticated by wrong instruction and practice.

V. There must be appropriate accent and emphasis. The importance of these properties in language need not here be insisted upon. Language would be powerless and often unintelligible without them. But in musical performances, they are too generally neglected There is some excuse for this in the secular department where the words are of little moment: but not so in religious music where the meaning and power of the words are to be enforced by the eloquence of song. Here, these properties are indispensable. If language is to be the instrument of conveying ideas and sentiments and producing definite emotions, then surely, it ought not to be deprived of its essential properties in song. Musical notation as we have seen, makes some general provision for accent and emphasis: but the principles of good reading, must ultimately be resorted to, as furnishing the best hints for practice.

VI. There should be just expression. A performance which is destitute of this property, however faultless it may be, in other respects, will fail to exert an appropriate influence. This crowning excellence however, is more easily *felt* than described. It will never be acquired without a careful training of the emotions. Appropriate feeling, will lead the singer, unbiased by wrong instruction, to become expressive in his style. He will soon learn by imitation, to suit the voice and manner to the subject; making gentle variations as to slowness and rapidity, loudness and softness, heaviness and lightness of movement, &c.; and he will learn the importance of swells, crescendos and diminuendos, &c. These things are not to be employed mechanically as if the singer were a mere automaton. They will be sure to savor of affectation, unless rendered habitual under the guidance of specific emotions. The extensive neglect of this subject among teachers of church music is more than sufficient to account for the general want of expression in church music. Such neglect admits of no apology. Sentiment is the great thing to be insisted upon, throughout every stage of cultivation.

VII. It is an obvious principle in every department of religious worship, that emotions should be unfeigned. They should not be suffered to arise merely through gratified taste, but be made to spring up in the mind while it is employed in the contemplation of holy things. This important distinction will not be preserved in the hours of devotion, where it has been neglected in seasons of practice. It requires specific religious training in schools and family circles; and will not be maintained in any other way. Habit has its influence in devotion, as in other things. The deportment of singers and teachers during the hours of practice, therefore becomes a matter of great moment. To cultivate the praises of the highest God is a solemn work, and should ever be so regarded. Volumes would fail to show the importance of this principle. How then can any teacher of devotional music, dare to treat it with neglect? Yet this neglect seems to be almost universal. No wonder that the friends and cultivators of the art have so many difficulties to encounter. Let their efforts be fully Christianized, and the difficulties will be seen to vanish.

Is the owner of this volume associated with those who lead in the songs of Zion? A precious privilege! Delightful employment! It is the occupation of angels and of glorified spirits in the temple above. Prayer and the ministrations of the word will cease with the termination of earthly things; but praise shall endure forever. The blessed ones on high are never weary, never negligent. Their golden harps are always strung, and their voices forever in tune. The soft echoes of their minstrelsy have come down to us, that we may learn to emulate their strains and begin on earth the everlasting song.

But do we enter into the *true spirit* of praise? The *manner* of song has indeed its claims. There must, as we have seen, be melody, and harmony, and time, as well as verbal utterance, which is distinct and impressive; yet if there is nothing more than this, the office of praise will be deprived of its choicest influences.

But the reader of these pages goes a step farther. He *delights in the exercise*, and his feelings are often deeply interested. This is well. There is much in the commingling of harmonious voices, which is adapted to call forth the sweet sympathies of our nature. The pleasures of taste are very properly allowed to mingle with the fervors of devotion: but the danger is, that the former will have a preponderating influence.

You advance, then, an additional step. You carefully notice *the sentiments* of the psalm or hymn you are singing; and endeavor at all times to give them an effective utterance. This also is well. Strictly speaking, there can be no good singing without it. So much as this is expected of the vocalist at the oratorio, and the secular concert. Unless he rightly conceives of his subject, and appears to enter into the spirit of it, with becoming emotion, he is considered a dull performer. And shall the hallowed theme of the gospel be less appreciated by the singer, and be uttered with less emotion?

But the most important point yet remains to be considered. Do you enter into the spirit of religious song as a mere sentimentalist; or do you *make the hallowed sentiments of the Psalm or Hymn your own*, as in the immediate presence of the heart-searching God? To do the former is comparately easy. Even the infidel may become a successful personator of devotion. He can assume the sentimentalist in a religion which he despises, just as he may give the appearance of reality to the fictions of the drama. Emotions of this class are easily excited; and they are sometimes so delightful that their real nature is liable to be misunderstood.

The true worship of God is a much higher exercise. You are *speaking* in the eloquence of song, in the midst of *a worshipping assembly*. We love to listen to your language, and to gather heavenly fragrance from your breathing accents: but do you intend to be individually responsible for what you are uttering? When the hymn is didactic, do you feel any thing of the responsibilities of a religious teacher? When it is horiatory, do you really desire that there may be among the listeners an increase of practical godliness? When you say "*have mercy upon me*," are you personally engaged in supplication? When you say "*Praise God in his holiness*," do you take delight in that attribute of the Divine Nature? When you say "*Lord search my heart and try my ways*," do you really desire that he may search and try you? When you utter the language of contrition, faith, hope, love, joy, do you really repent of sin, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, hope in God, exercise supreme love to him and rejoice in his government? If you can truly answer such questions as these in the affirmative, your lot is among the favored ones: You know the blessed privilege of those who have commenced the undying song. Sing on through your earthly pilgrimage with holy delight. The sweetest notes you here can raise, will prove but a faint prelude to the raptures which remain to be revealed — But if on the contrary, truth compels you continually to reply in the negative to such questions; then is it not too painfully manifest, that, with all your pleasing sentimentalities, you are a mere personator of devotion, and know nothing of the peculiar privileges which appertain to the holy office of praise? Continuing thus a mere formalist in religion, your songs however delightful to yourself and to others, must at last give place to interminable wailings!

Full well we know that even the Christian is not *always* on the mount of privilege. He is often in darkness and doubt — troubled with conflicting emotions, while his affections seem languid and his sensible comforts are few and feeble. He scarcely knows at such times, 'what he should pray for,' or how he should give thanks. Still there is a wide difference between him and the mere sentimentalist. The one has at least, the willing mind — He *desires* to exercise right affections; and will sometimes be graciously accepted when he knows it not. The other is but the ingenious mechanist who operates upon the human sympathies, the mimic painter who portrays the influences which surround him, or the studied orator who moves for the time being, in an assumed character.

Under this distinction we recognize two very different classes of singers. To which of them does the reader belong? Do not presume for a moment, that any sacrifice of praise will be accepted of God which springs not from the deep seated affections of the heart. Secular music may admit of feigned emotion: not so, the music which is devotional. Here every man is bound to become an actual, conscientious, spiritual worshipper. The bible plainly teaches this one method, and approves of no other.

The object of this article is, not to undervalue musical cultivation, for there is need of unceasing efforts and accumulating numbers. But why amidst the enjoyment of sweet sounds, should the affections of the heart be withholden? Why should any one persist in offering to God, that same species of heartless homage which he himself would disdain to receive from a fellow worm? Oh there is guilt in this! "Offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee or accept thy person?" Is it not a shame to be offering from sabbath to sabbath, a professed oblation of gratitude and praise which one knows in his conscience ought never to be accepted!

Why should we not worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness? What has the Saviour done that he should be greeted with the mockings of heartless praise! What is there in the tender mercies of our Heavenly Father, in the love and condescension of the Holy Spirit, — O what is there in the ineffable glories of the Godhead, that can ever excuse us from rendering the full homage of our affections! It is through his infinite condescension that we are ever permitted to tune the notes of praise. And shall we abuse such a privilege as this? Shall the very offerings of gratitude become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal? And yet how *prevalent* is this heartless worship! To say nothing of the multitudes who are deficient in manner, — who bring, in this aspect, the lame and the blind in sacrifice — how many, even in the midst of cultivation and refinement have fallen into this sin. We see in many places a zeal for elementary drilling which sufficiently absorbs the attention of the pupils; and an increasing thirst for musical novelties, which is well nigh insatiable: but where, O where is the genuine spirit of praise! It never springs up unbidden, like the tares of the field. It comes not in the winning forms of pleasure to the careless heart. It withers and dies, even in the heart of the Christian, whose mind is engrossed by the details of art or enchanted with the pleasures of taste. Such a spirit will be connected only with holy living in other walks of duty; and be found in our songs of praise only as the result of Christian vigilance and private, persevering prayer.

Singers, like other men, are under the strong influences of *habit*: and if the spirit of praise is not assiduously cultivated during the hours of practise, it will doubtless be wanting in the solemn assembly. This we know both from reason and from painful experience. Singers and teachers should think of this, and act accordingly. Let it never be forgotten, that, the precise influences which habitually prevail at the rehearsals, will inevitably characterize the offerings at the sanctuary.

How holy, how glorious is the God we worship! How wonderful are his perfections! "It is good to sing praises unto his name," from the affections of an overflowing heart. What can be more delightful than the songs of joy issuing from lips that taste the love of God! Such were the psalms of David; and such the songs of the primitive Christians the martyrs and reformers. Such are the songs we should cultivate. They will prove a rich foretaste of joys unseen and eternal.

A,—signifies in, for, at, with, &c
Adagio,—a slow movement.
Ad libitum, or *ad lib.*,—at pleasure
Affetuoso,—in a style of execution adapted to express affection, tenderness, supplication, or deep emotion.
Air,—the leading part, or melody
Allegro,—a brisk and sprightly movement.
Allegretto,—less quick than Allegro.
Alto,—Counter, or high Tenor.
Andante,——with distinctness, As a mark of time, it implies a medium between the Adagio and Allegro.
Andantino,—quicker than Andante. [movements.
Animato, or *Con Anima*. With Animation.
Anthem,—a composition set to the language of the [sacred Scriptures.
A Tempo,—in time.
Baritone,—a voice whose register is between the base and tenor.
Base,—the lowest part in harmony.
Bis.—this term denotes a repetition of a passage in music.
Calando,—a diminution of time and sound.
Cantabile,—a term applied to such movements as require an elegant, graceful style of performance.
Chorus,—a composition or passage designed for all the voices and instruments.
Chorals,—old melodies in notes chiefly of equal length.
Chromatic,—a term given to accidental semitones.
Coda,—the close of a composition, or an additional [close.
Contralto,—the lowest female voice.
Crescendo, or *Cres.*, or <,—with an increasing volume of sound.
Da Capo., or *D. C.*,—close with the first strain.
Del.—by. *Del Segno*,—repeat from the sign.
Diminuendo, or *Dim.*, or >,—with a decreasing volume of sound.
Divoto,—in a solemn and devout manner.
Duetto, or *Duett*,—music consisting of two parts.
E,—and, as *Moderato e Pianissimo*.
Expression,—that union of qualities in a composition, from which we derive a sentimental appeal to our [feelings.
Expressivo,—with expression.
Forte, or *For.*, or *F.*, or *f.*,—strong and full.
tissimo, or *FF.*, or *ff.*,—very loud.

Forzando, or *fz.*,—the notes over which this term is placed, are to be boldly struck and continued.
Fugue, or *Fuge*,—a piece in which one of the parts leads, and the rest follow in different intervals of time, and in the same or similar melody.
Grave, or *Gravemente*,—slow and solemn.
Grazioso,—graceful; a smooth and gentle style of execution, approaching to Piano.
Guisto,—in equal, steady, just time.
Harmony,—an agreeable combination of musical sounds, or different melodies, performed at the same time.
Interlude,—an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages.
Interval,—a musical sound. Also the distance between any two sounds, either in harmony or melody.
Largo,—a slow movement. A quaver in Largo equals a minim in Presto.
Larghetto,—quicker than Largo.
Legato,—signifies that the notes of the passage are to be performed in a close, smooth, and gliding manner.
Lentando, or *Lent*,—gradually retarding the time.
Lento,— } slow, smooth and gliding.
Lentemente,— }
Maestoso,—with grandeur of expression. *Ma*,—but.
Melody,—an agreeable succession of sounds.
Mezza voce,*—with a medium fullness of tone.
Mezzo,—half, middle, mean.
Moderato,—between Andante and Allegro.
Non,—not.
Oratorio,—a species of Musical Drama, consisting of airs, recitatives, duetts, trios, choruses, &c.
Orchestra,—the place or band of *secular* musical performances.
Overture,—in dramatic music, is an instrumental strain, which serves as an introduction.
Piano, or *Pia.*, or *P.*, or *p.*,—soft.
Pianissimo, or *PP.*, or *pp.*,—very soft.
Pizzicato,—snapping the violin strings instead of em- [ploying the bow.
Poco,—little, somewhat.
Pomposo,—grand and dignified *Presto*,—quick.
Prestissimo,—very quick.

* Marked in this Work by an m.

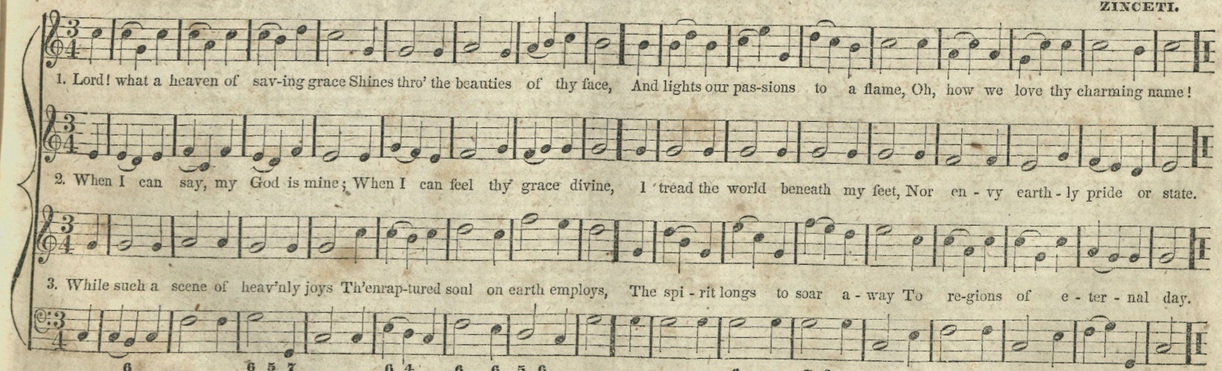
Primo,—the first or leading part.
Quartetto,—a composition consisting of four parts, each of which occasionally takes the leading melody
Recitative,—a sort of style resembling speaking.
Repieno,—applied to such parts as are intended to fill up the chorus.
Ritornello,—a short intermediate symphony.
Secondo,—the second part.
Semi-Chorus,—half the choir of voices.
Sempre,—throughout; as, *Sempre Piano*,soft through- [out.
Semplice,—chaste and simple.
Senza,—without; as, *Senza Organo*,—without the [organ
Soave,—agreeable, pleasing.
Soli,—*plural of Solo*,—but denoting only one voice to each of the several parts.
Solo,—a composition designed for a single voice or instrument. Vocal solos, duetts, &c. in modern music, are usually accompanied with instruments.
Soprano,—the Treble, or higher voice part.
Sostenuto,—sustaining the sounds to the utmost of their nominal value in time.
Spirituoso,—with spirit.
Staccato,—the opposite to Legato; requiring a short, articulate, and distinct style of performance. See *Marks of Distinction* in the rudiments.
Subito,—quick.
Symphony or *Sym.*,—a passage to be executed by instruments, while the vocal performers are silent Also a species of musical composition.
Tasto Solo, or *T. S.*,—denotes that the passage should be performed with no other chords than unisons and [octaves
Tacit,—be silent.
Ten, *Tenuto*,—sustained after the style of legato.
Tenor,—a high male voice.
Treble,—the female voice.
Trio,—a composition for three voices.
Tutti,—all together. *Veloce*,—quick.
Verse,—one voice to a part.
Vigoroso,—with energy.
Vivace,—in a brisk and lively manner.
Volti.—turn over. *Voce di Tetto*,—the head voice
Voce ai Petto,—the chest voice.

THE

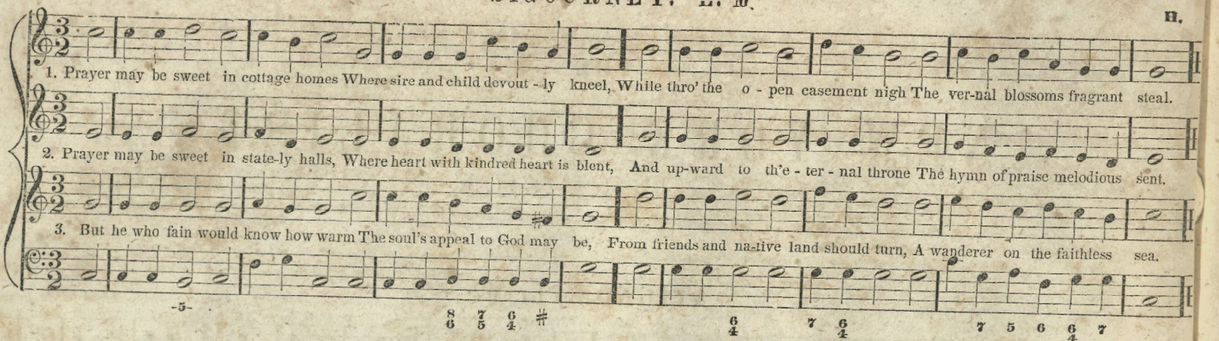
NEW YORK CHORALIST.

AVIGNON. L. M.

ZINCETI.

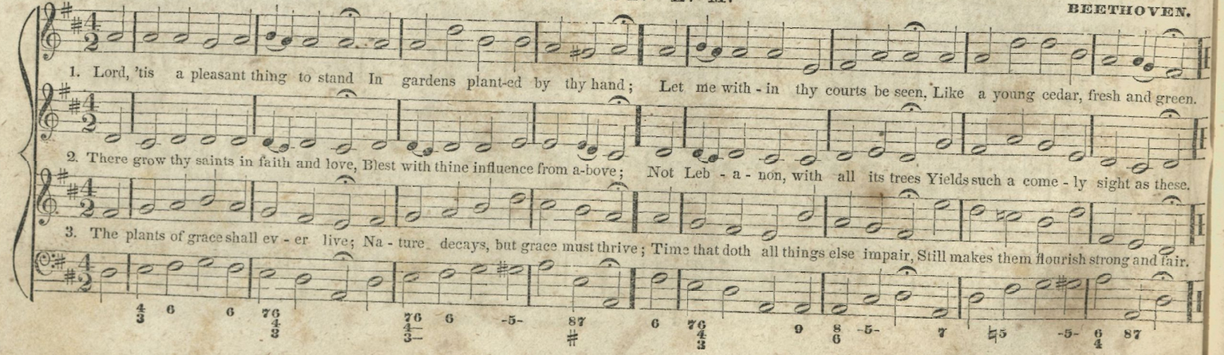


SIGOURNEY. L. M.

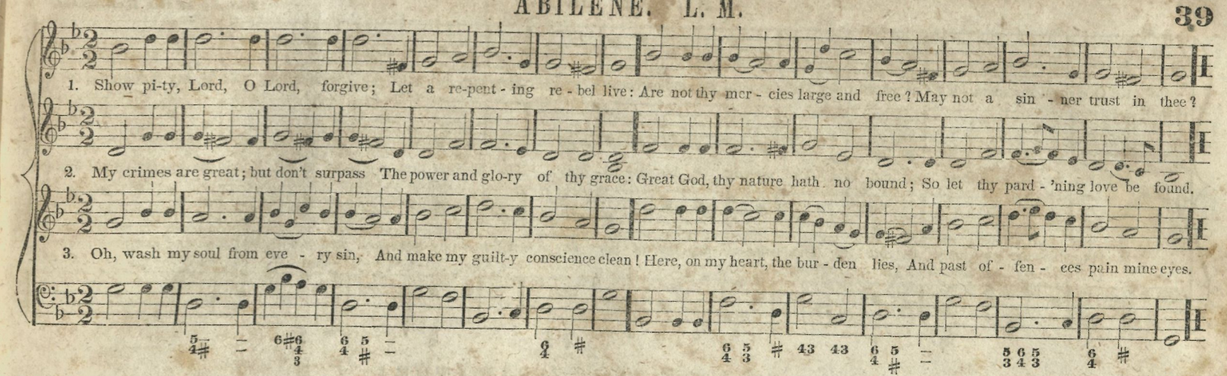


ANHALT. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

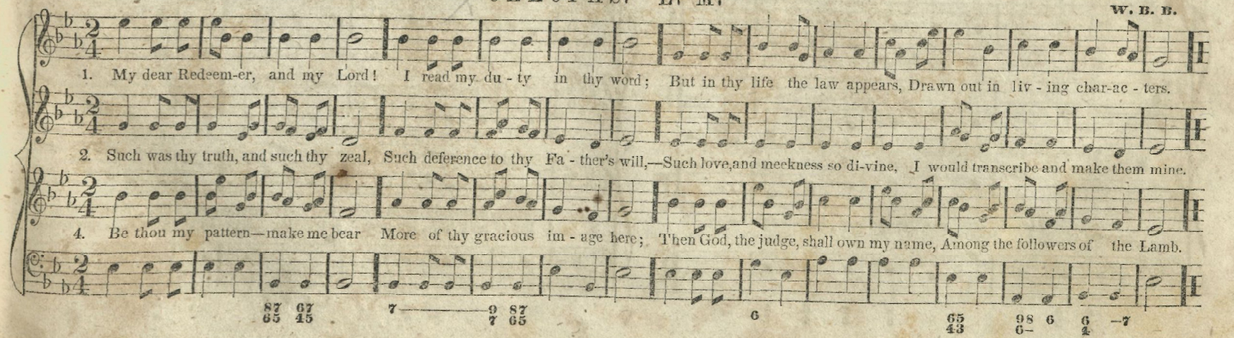


ABILENE. L. M.



CLEOPAS. L. M.

W. B. B.



ANCONA. L. M.

Melody of the Reformers.

1. God of the morn - ing, at whose voice The cheer-ful sun makes haste to rise, Now bid my wak - ing powers rejoice, And lift my thoughts above the
2. From the fair chambers of the east The cir-cuit of his race be - gins; He nev - er tires, nor stops to rest: Round the whole earth he flies and
3. Oh, like the sun, may I ful - fil Th'appoint-ed du - ties of the day; With rea-dy mind, and active will, March on and keep my heavenly

ARIMATHEA. L. M.

skies, And lift my thoughts a - bove the skies.
shines, Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
way, March on and keep my heaven-ly way.

1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sabbath
2. Oh! that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grate-ful in - cense
3. This heavenly calm with - in the breast, Is the dear pledge of
4. In ho - ly du-ties let the day— In ho - ly plea-sures

is be - gun; Return, my soul! en - joy thy rest, Improve the day thy God hath blest, Im - prove the day thy God hath blest.
to the skies; And draw, from heav'n, that sweet re - pose Which none but he that feels it knows, Which none but he that feels it knows.
glo - rious rest, Which for the church of God re - mains, The end of cares, the end of pains, The end of cares, the end of pains.
pass a - way; How sweet a Sab-bath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end, In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

DURA. L. M. With a Coda.

CODA. P. H.

1. Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me thro'; Thine eye commands with piercing view My ri - sing and my rest-ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
3. With-in thy circling power I stand, On eve - ry side I find thy hand: A-wake, a - sleep, at home, a-broad, I am surrounded still with God.
4. A-maz - ing knowledge, vast and great! What large extent! what lofty height! My soul, with all the powers I boast, Is in the boundless prospect lost.
5. Oh may these thoughts possess my breast, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest; Nor let my weak - er passions dare Con-sent to sin, for God is there, for God is there.

REPOSE. L. M. or L. M. 6 lines.

W. B. B.

1. From eve - ry stor-my wind that blows, From eve - ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads— A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-
3. There is a place where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer - cy-
4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy-

seat, There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy - seat.
seat, A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
seat, Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
seat, And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mer - cy - seat.

SUMMER. L. M.

1. At God's command the morn-ing ray Smiles in the east and
2. 'Tis from his wa-tery stores on high He gives the thirsty
3. The de - sert grows a fruit - ful field, A - bundant food the
4. Thy works pronounce thy power divine, O'er eve-ry field thy

leads the day; Sea - sons and times o - bey his voice, The eve-ning and the morn rejoice, The eve-ning and the morn re - joice.
ground sup - ply; The yield-ing earth, made soft with showers Dresses her-self with plants and flowers, Dresses herself with plants and flowers.
val - leys yield; The plains lift up their cheer-ful voice, The hills re - peat the echoing joys, The hills re-peat the echo - ing joys.
glo - ries shine; Thro' eve-ry month thy gifts ap - pear; Great God, thy goodness crowns the year, Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

ATALIA. L. M.

Moderato.

BANISTER.

1. I send the joys of earth a - way, Away ye tempt - ers of the mind! False as the smooth, deceit-ful sea, And emp-ty as the whistling wind.
2. Your streams were floating me along, Down to the gulf of black des-pair: And while I lis - tened to your song The floods well nigh conveyed me there.
3. Lord, I a - dore thy matchless grace, That warn'd me of that dark a - byss; That drew me from those treach'rous seas, And bade me seek su - pe - rior bliss.

ESHCOL. L. M.

1. A bro - ken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac-ri-fice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er despise A bro-ken heart for sac - ri - fice.

2. My soul is humbled in the dust, And owns thy dreadful sentence just; Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, And save the soul con - demned to die.

3. Then will I teach the world thy ways; Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace; I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood, And they shall praise a pardon - ing God.

ADRA. L. M.

MS. of A. F. W.

1. Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve, And soft the sunbeams lingering there; For this blest hour the world I leave, Waft-ed on wings of fer - vent prayer.

2. Sea - son of rest! the tran - quil soul Feels thy soft calm, and melts to love; And while these sacred mo-ments roll Faith sees a smil - ing heav'n a - bove.

Chanting style.

DAYTON. L. M.

H.

1. The tempter to my soul hath said, "There is no help in God for thee:" Lord! lift thou up thy serv - ant's head; My glo-ry, shield, and sol - ace be.

2. Thus to the Lord I raised my cry, He heard me from his ho-ly hill; At his command the waves rolled by; He beckoned, and the winds were still.

3. I slept in qui-et, and a-woke; Thou, Lord! my spirit did'st sustain;
4. I will not fear, though armed throngs Compass my steps in all their wrath; Bright from the east the mor-ning broke, Thy comforts rose on me a - gain. Sal - va - tion to the Lord be-longs; His presence guards his peo-ple's path.

MORLEY HOUSE. L. M.

Rev. C. Wesley.

1. Blest is the man, for ev - er blest, Whose guilt is pardoned by his God; Whose sins with sor - row are con-fessed, And cov-ered with his Saviour's blood.

2. Blest is the man to whom the Lord "Im - pu-teth not in - i - qui - ties:" He pleads no mer - it of re - ward, And not on works, but grace re - lies.

3. From guile his lips and heart are free; His hum-ble joy, his ho - ly fear, With deep re - pen- tance well a - gree, And join to prove his faith sin - cere.

Slow.

FRIBURG. L. M.

W. B, B.

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

2. Such is the Christian's parting hour; So peaceful - ly he sinks to rest; When faith, endued from heaven with power, Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

TORRINGFORD. L. M.

1. O happy saints that dwell in light, And walk with Jesus, cloth'd in white; Safe landed on that peaceful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more, Where pilgrims, &c.
3. They gaze upon his beauteous face, And tell the wonders of his grace, Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet, Sink down adoring at his feet, Sink down adoring at his feet.

Spirited.

MENDON. L. M.

Loud swell the peal-ing organ's notes, Breathe forth your souls in raptures high; Praise ye the Lord, with harp and voice, Join the full cho - rus of the sky.

Mod.

BOHEMIA. L. M.

H.

1. Friend of the friendless and the faint, Where can I lodge my deep complaint, Where, but in thee, whose o-pen door Invites the help - less and the poor.

2. Did ev - er mourner plead with thee, And thou re - fuse that mourner's plea? Does not the word still fixed re - main, That none shall seek thy face in vain?

3. That were a grief I could not bear Didst thou not hear and answer prayer; O thou prayer-hearing, answering God, Take from my heart this painful load!

Slow.

BETHABARA. L. M.

Arranged from RINK.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord, for-give—Let a re - pent-ing re - bel live: Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great; but don't surpass The power and glory of thy grace: Great God, thy na-ture hath no bound; So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. Oh wash my soul from eve - ry sin, And make my guil-ty conscience clean! Here, on my heart, the bur - den lies, And past offen - ces pain mine eyes.

ESHEL. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. Hap - py the man whose cautious feet Shun the broad way where sinners go; Who hates the place where atheists meet, And fears to talk as scoff - ers do.

2. He loves t'employ his morning light Among the statutes of the Lord; And spends the wakeful hours of night, Pleased with the wonders of his word.

3. He, like a plant by gen - tle streams, Shall flourish in immor - tal green; And heav'n will shine with mildest beams, On every work his hands begin.

ALEXANDRIA. L. M.

ENGLISH.

1. The King of saints, how fair his face, Adorned with ma - jes - ty and grace! He comes with blessings from a - bove, And wins the na - tions with his love.

2. At his right hand our eyes be - hold The queen, array'd in pur - est gold! The world admires her heaven-ly dress, Her robes of joy and right-eous-ness.

3. He forms her beauties like his own; He calls and seats her near his throne; Fair stranger, let thy heart for - get The i - dols of thy na - tive state.

ALTENBURG. L. M.

MADAN.

1. Ho! eve-ry one that thirsts! draw nigh; 'Tis God in-vites the fall-en race; Mer-cy and free sal - va-tion buy, Buy wine, and milk, and gos-pel-grace.

2. Ye nothing in exchange can give, Leave all ye have and are be-hind; Free - ly the gift of God receive, Par - don and peace in Je - sus find.

3. Come to the liv-ing waters, come; Sinners! o - bey your Maker's voice; Re-turn, ye wea - ry wanderers! home, And in redeem - ing love rejoice.

BETHANY. L. M.

H.

1. Blest is the man whose heart can move, And melt with pity to the poor; Whose soul, by sympathizing love, Feels what his fellow-saints endure, Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

3. His soul shall live secure on earth, With secret blessings on his head, When drought, and pestilence, and dearth Around him multiply their dead, Around him multiply their dead.

4. Or, if he languish on his couch, God will pronounce his sins forgiven; Will save him with a healing touch, Or take his willing soul to heaven, Or take his willing soul to heaven.

ZETHAR. L. M.

From the Crystal Fount.

1. Why on the bend - ing wil - lows hung, O Is - rael sleeps thy tuneful lyre? Why still re - frain thy nobler tongue? Can no high theme thy soul in - spire?

2. Awake! thy sweet - est rap - tures raise, Let harp and voice unite their strains; Thy promised King his sceptre sways; Jesus thine own Mes - si - ah reigns!

3. No taunting foes the song re - quire; No strangers mock thy captive chain; But friends provoke the si - lent lyre, And brethren ask the ho - ly strain.

PHILIPPIA. L. M.

HALLENDAAL.

1. My God, ac - cept my ear - ly vows, Like morning in - cense in thine house; And let my nightly wor - ship rise, Sweet as the eve-ning sac - ri - fice.

2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord, From every rash and heed-less word; Nor let my feet in - cline to tread The guil - ty path where sinners lead.

3. Oh may the righteous, when I stray, Smite and re - prove my wan-d'ring way! Their gen - tle words, like oint-ment shed, Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

ARGAZ. L. M.

1. Let me but hear my Sa-viour say, "Strength shall be equal to thy day," Then I re-joice in deep dis - tress, Up - held by all - suf - fi - cient grace.

2. I can do all things, or can bear All suffering, if my Lord Be there; Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains, While he my sink-ing head sus - tains.

3. I glory in in - firm - i - ty, That Christ's own power may rest on me; When I am weak, then am I strong; Grace is my shield and Christ my song.

DUNFIELD. L. M.

H.

1. Lord, what a heaven of sav-ing grace Shines in the beau-ties of thy face, And lights our passions to a flame! Oh how we love thy charm-ing name!

2. When I can say my God is mine, When I can feel thy grace di - vine; I tread the world beneath my feet, Nor en - vy earth-ly pride or state.

3. While such a scene of heavenly joys Th'enraptured soul on earth employs, The spir-it longs to soar a - way To regions of e - ter - nal day.

4. And we shall soon pass through the night, To the fair coasts of perfect light; Nev-er a-gain from Christ to rove, The ob - ject of our bound-less love.

CHATHAM. L. M With a Chorus.

An early composition revised. H.

Chorus.

1. Bless, O my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the powers within me join, In work and wor-ship so di- vine. Praise ye the

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

3. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done; He owns the ransom, and forgives The hourly fol - lies of our lives. Praise ye the Lord, -

Lord, O praise - - the Lord, for ev - er, en - dureth for ev - - - - er.

Praise ye the Lord, O praise the Lord, for his mer-cy en-dureth for ev - - er, en - du-reth for ev - - - - ver.

- - - - - - O praise ye the Lord, for ev - - - er, en - du-reth for ev - - - - er,

BOULTON. L. M.

R. ANDREWS, of England.

1. Great God, at-tend, while Zion sings The

2. Might I enjoy the meanest place, With-

3. God is our sun, he makes our day; God

joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

in thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

is our shield—he guards our way From all th'as - saults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes with - in, From foes with - out and foes with - in.

HART. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. Come, weary souls, with sin distressed, Come, and accept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloom-y fears a-way.

3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes; Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4. Lord! we ac - cept with thankful heart, The hope thy gracious words impart; We come, with trembling; yet rejoice, And bless the kind, in - vit - ing voice.

Slow and Pathetic.

CINNERETH. L. M. Double.

W. B. B.

1. Why will ye waste on tri-fling cares That life which God's compassion spares, While, in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is for - got?

Ritard.

3. Not so your eyes will al-ways view Those objects which you now pursue; Not so will heav'n and hell ap - pear, When death's decisive hour is near.

Ritard.

2. Shall God in-vite you from a - bove? Shall Je-sus urge his dy - ing love? Shall troubled conscience give you pain? And all these pleas u - nite in vain?

4. Almigh - ty God, thy grace im - part; Fix deep con-vic - tion on each heart; Nor let us waste on trifling cares That life which thy com - pas-sion spares.

NEW YEAR. L. M.

1. Our help - er, God! we bless thy name, Whose love for ev - er is the same; The to-kens of thy gra-cious care O-pen, and crown, and close the year.

2. A - mid ten thousand snares we stand, Sup-port-ed by thy guardian hand; And see, when we re-view our ways, Ten thousand mon - u-ments of praise.

3. Thus far thine arm has led us on; Thus far we make thy mer-cy known; And while we tread this desert land, New mercies shall new songs demand.

AYERTON. L. M.

H.

1. An-oth-er week of toil is done, An-other Sabbath is be - gun; Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day that God has blest, Improve the day that God has blest.

2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to weary minds; Provides an antepast of heaven, And gives this day the food of seven, And gives this day the food of seven.

3. Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from heaven that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows, Which none but he that feels it knows.

Tenderly.

SPAULDING. L. M

Theme by FAWCET.

P Ritard.

1. So fades the love - ly, blooming flower, Frail, smiling so - lace of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure on - ly blooms to die.

P Ritard.

2. Is there no kind, no heal-ing art, To soothe the anguish of the heart? Spi - rit of grace, be ev - er nigh: Thy comforts are not made to die.

P Ritard.

3. Let gen-tle pa-tience smile on pain, Till dy - ing hope revives a - gain; Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, And faith points upward to the sky.

P Ritard.

Maestoso.

ACRA. L. M.

H.

1. Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are captive led, Dragged to the portals of the sky, Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay—Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates, Ye everlasting doors, give way! Ye everlasting doors give way!

3. "Who is the King of Glory—who?" The Lord that all his foes o'ercame, The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew; And Jesus is the conq'ror's name, And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.

T. S. T. S.

Slow.

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

1. When we, our wea-ried limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu-phrates' stream, We wept—with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Zion was our mournful theme.

2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si - lent strings, neglect - ed hung, On wil - low - trees that withered there.

3. How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skilful hands? Shall hymns of joy, to God our King, Be sung by slaves in for - eign lands?

In Chanting style.

HARP OF JUDAH. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. Sweet harp of Ju - dah, shall thy sound No more be heard on earthly ground? No mor - tal raise the lay a - gain, That rung through Judah's sainted reign?

2. No—for to higher worlds be - long The won-ders of thy sa - cred song; Thy proph-et-bards might sweep thy chords, Thy glorious burthen was the Lord's.

3. Yet, harp of Ju-dah! rung thy strain, And woke thy glories not in vain; Yet, though in dust thy frame be hurled, Thy spirit rules a wid - er world.

4. Through worlds remote—the old, the new, Through realms nor Rome nor Israel knew, The Christian hears, and by thy tone, Sweet harp of Ju - dah, tunes his own.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. O, if my Lord would come and meet My soul should stretch her wings in haste, Fly, fear - less, through death's iron gate, Nor feel the ter - rors as she passed.

2. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

MEDITATION. L. M.

German.

1. He that hath made his re - fuge God, Shall find a most se - cure a - bode; Shall walk all day beneath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head.
2. Then will I say, "My God, thy power Shall be my for - tress and my tower; I that am formed of fee-ble dust, Make thine almighty arm my trust."

BETHAVEN. L. M.

Tenderly.

H.

1. Come hith-er, all ye wea-ry souls, ye hea - vy la - den sin-ners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heaven-ly home.

ZELTER. L. M.

Slow.

1. Je - sus, thy bound-less love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare; Unite my thankful heart to thee, And reign with - out a ri - val there.

2. Thy love, how cheer - ing is its ray! All pain be - fore its pres - ence flies; Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away Where'er its heal - ing beams a - rise.

3. O, let thy love my soul in - flame, And to thy ser - vice sweet - ly bind; Transfuse it through my inmost frame, And mould me whol - ly to thy mind.
4. Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace; Thy love, in weakness, make me strong; And, when the storms of life shall cease, Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

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

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

3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand: So when thy truth began its race, It touched and glanced on every land, It touched, &c.

Tenderly.

ST EDMUND'S L. M.

Theme by HAYDN.

cres. *dim.*

1. The hour of my de-par-ture's come, I hear the voice that calls me home: Now, O my God, let trou - ble cease, And let thy ser-vant die in peace.
2. The race appoint - ed I have run; The conflict's o'er, the prize is won; And now my wit-ness is on high, My re-cord is be - yond the sky.

Tenderly—Softly.

REST. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. Asleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep— A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un - broken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Je - sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With ho-ly con - fi - dence to sing That Death has lost his venomed sting.
3. Asleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supreme-ly blest; No fear, no wo, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Saviour's power.
4. Asleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss - ful refuge be: Secure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from the sky.

OLDFORD. L. M.

H.

1. As showers on meadows new-ly mown, Our God shall send his Spi-rit down; E - ter - nal Source of grace di - vine, What soul-re - freshing drops are thine!
2. That heavenly influence let us find In ho - ly si-lence of the mind; While eve-ry grace maintains its bloom, Dif - fus - ing wide its rich perfume.

Quick. P.

BENTLEY. L. M.

1. Descend from heaven, immortal Dove! Stoop down, and take us on thy wings, And mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fe - rior things.
2. Beyond— be - yond this low - er sky, Up where e - ter - nal a - ges roll, Where sol - id plea - sures nev - er die, And fruits im-mor - tal feast the soul.
3. Oh! for a sight, a bliss - ful sight Of our al - migh-ty Fath - er's throne! There sits the Sa-viour, crowned with light, Clothed in a body like our own.

STOUGHTON. L. M.

1. Give to our God immortal praise, Mercy and truth are all his ways: Wonders of grace, to God belong, Repeat his mercies in your song, Re-peat his mercies in your song.
2. Give to the Lord of lords renown, The King of kings, with glory crown: His mercies ever shall endure, When lords and kings are known no more, When lords, &c.
3. He built the earth, he spread the sky, And fixed the starry gems on high; Wonders of grace to God belong, Repeat his mercies in your song, Repeat, &c.

Maestoso.

ELISON. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on; March to the gates of
2. Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course; But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
3. Then let my soul march bold - ly on,—Press forward to the heaven - ly gate;
4. There shall I wear a star - ry crown, And triumph in al - migh - ty grace,

Thy Saviour nailed them
There peace and joy e-
While all the ar - mies

Allegro.

BELGRAVE. L. M.

Theme by I. SMITH.

1. A - wake our souls, a - way our fears, Let eve - ry trembling
2. True 'tis a strait and thorn - y road, And mor - tal spi - rits
3. The migh - ty God, whose matchless power Is ev - er new and
4. From thee, the ev - er flow - ing Spring, Our souls shall drink a

thought be gone; Awake and run the heav'n - - - ly race, And put a cheer-ful cour-age on, And put a cheer-ful cour-age on.
tire and faint; But they for-get the migh - - - - - ty God, Who feeds the strength of eve - ry saint;
ev - er young, Shall firm endure, while end - - - - less years Their ev - - - er - last - ing cir - cles run, Their ev - er - last - ing cir-cles run.
fresh sup - ply; While such as trust their na - - - - - tive strength Shall melt a - way, and droop and die, Shall melt a - way, and droop and die.

ZARA. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. How sweet - ly flowed the gos - pel's sound From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace, While listening thousands gathered round, And joy and gladness filled the place!
2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke, To heaven he led his followers' way; Dark clouds of gloom-y night he broke, Unveiling an im - mor - tal day.
3. "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home; Come, all ye wea - ry ones, and rest;" Yes, sa - cred Teach-er, we will come, O-bey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Gently.

WILLIAMSVILLE. L. M.

1. The Lord is gracious to for-give, And slow to let his an-ger move; The Lord is good to all that live, And all his ten-der mer - cy prove.
2. Glo - rious in majes - ty art thou; Thy throne for ever shall en - dure; An - gels be - fore thy foot - stool bow, Yet dost thou not despise the poor.
3. The Lord upholds the men that fall; He rais-es men of low de-gree: O God, our health, the eyes of all, Of all the living, wait on thee.

Choral.

VIRGINIA. L. M.

HANDEL.*

Then let the peal-ing or - gan blow, And let the full-voiced choir be-low, In ser-vice high and anthem clear, Dis-play the heavenly glo - ries near.

HESHBON. L. M.

1. Go, messen-ger of peace and love, To peo-ple plunged in shades of night, Like angels sent from fields a - bove, Be thine to shed ce - les - tial light.
2. On bar-ren rock and des - ert isle, Go, bid the rose of Shar - on bloom; Till a-rid wastes around thee smile, And bear to heaven a sweet per - fume.

* Words as well as music derived from the original.

ALABAMA. L. M.

1. My dear Redeem - er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word; But in thy life thy law ap - pears Drawn out in liv - ing cha - rac-ters.
2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such def'rence to thy Fa-ther's will, Such love, and meekness so di - vine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witness'd the fer - vor of thy prayer; The desert thy temp - ta - tion knew, Thy con - flict and thy vic - tory too.
4. Be thou my pat - tern; make me bear More of thy gra - cious im-age here; Then God the Judge shall own my name Among the follow-ers of the Lamb.

Affetuoso.

ZURICH. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. The God of love will sure indulge The flow - ing tear, the heav-ing sigh, When his own children fall around, When tender friends and kin - dred die.
2. Yet not one anxious, murm'ring thought Should with our mourning passions blend, Nor would our bleeding hearts forget Th'almighty, ev - er - liv - ing Friend.
3. Our Fa - ther-God! to thee we look, Our Rock, our Portion and our Friend; And on thy covenant-love and truth, Our sink-ing souls shall still de - pend.

BRENTFORD. L. M.

1. Bur-ied in sha - dows of the night, We lie till Christ re-stores the light; Wis - dom de-scends to heal the blind, And chase the dark-ness of the mind.
2. Our guil-ty souls are drowned in tears, Till his a - ton - ing blood ap-pears: Then we a - wake from deep dis - tress, And sing "the Lord our righteous-ness."

Choral.

EUSEBIUS. L. M.

1. Now I re - solve with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord; Nor from his ways will I de-part, Whose serv - ice is a rich re - ward.
2. Oh! be his serv - ice all my joy! A - round let my ex - am-ple shine, Till oth - ers love the blest em-ploy, And join in la - bors so di - vine.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. Ye na-tions round the earth re - joice, Be-fore the Lord, your sovereign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

Moderato.

MOUNT ZION. L. M.

1. Another six days' work is done, Another Sabbath is begun; Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day thy God hath blest, Im-prove the day thy God hath blest.
2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from heaven that sweet repose Which none but he that feels it knows, Which none but, &c.
3. A heavenly calm pervades the breast, The earnest of that glorious rest Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

Gently.

"AS IN SOFT SILENCE." L. M.

H.

1. As in soft si - lence ver-nal showers Descend and cheer the fainting flowers, So, in the se - cre - sy of love Falls the sweet influence from a - bove.
2. May we this heavenly influence find, In ho - ly si - lence of the mind, And eve - ry grace maintain its bloom, Diffus - ing wide the rich per - fume;
3. And lands beneath the bur - ning sky, Which now are des - o - late and dry, Ere long the blest af - fusions share, And sudden greens and her - bage wear.

Mod. P. Affet.

ARMSTRONG. L. M

H.

1. Go, spir-it of the sainted dead, Go to thy longed-for, hap-py home: The tears of man are o'er thee shed; The voice of an-gels bids thee come.

2. If life be not in length of days, In silvered locks and fur-rowed brow, But living to the Saviour's praise, How few have lived so long as thou!

3. Though earth may boast one gem the less, May not e'en heaven the richer be? And myriads on thy footsteps press, To share thy blest e-ter-ni-ty.

OWASSO. L. M.

Arranged from a MS. of C. H.

1. There is a stream whose gen-tle flow, Sup-plies the ci-ty of our God; Life, love, and joy, still gli-ding through, And wat'ring our di-vine a-bode.

2. That sacred stream, thy ho-ly word, Sup-ports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy prom-i-ses af-ford, And give new strength to faint-ing souls.

3. Zi-on en-joys her monarch's love, Se-cure a-gainst a threatening hour; Nor can her firm foundations move, Built on his truth, and armed with power.

WATERBURY. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. God of my life, through all my days, I'll tune the grate-ful notes of praise; The song shall wake with open-ing light, And war-ble

2. When anx-ious care would break my rest, And grief would tear my throb-bing breast, The notes of praise, as-cend-ing high, Shall check the

to the si--lent night, And war-ble to the si-lent night.

mur-mur and the sigh, Shall check the mur-mur and the sigh.

III.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

IV.

But oh! when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies.

V.

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

Moderato.

BOWDOIN. L. M

H.

1. My dear Redeem - er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word; But in thy life thy law appears Drawn out in liv-ing cha - rac-ters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such def'rence to thy Father's will, Such love, and meek - ness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.

Moderato.

ROLLAND. L. M.

W. B. B.

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

Didactic. Quick, but Gentle.

ZIDON. L. M.

H.

1. Blest are the hum-ble souls that see Their emp-ti-ness and pov - er - ty; Treasures of grace to them are given, And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
2. Blest are the men of broken heart, Mourners who from their sins depart; The blood of Christ di-vine - ly flows, A heal-ing balm for all their woes.

MYCONIUS. L. M

W. B. B.

1. I send the joys of earth a - way; A-way, ye temp-ters of the mind, False as the smooth, de-ceit-ful sea, And emp - ty as the whis-tling wind.

2. Lord, I a-dore thy match - less grace, That warned me of that dark a - byss, That drew me from those treacher-ous seas, And bade me seek su - pe - rior bliss.

3. Now to the shin-ing realms a - bove I stretch my hands and glance my eyes: Oh for the pin-ions of a dove, To bear me to the up - per skies!

MINORCA. L. M.

H.

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

2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mor-tal care shall seize my breast; Oh let my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol-emn sound.

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

Bold—Majestic.

MOUNT MORIAH. L. M

W. B. B.

1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake, a-wake! Put on thy strength, the na - tions shake, And let the earth a - dor - ing see Triumphs of mercy wrought by

2. Say to the hea-then from thy throne, I am Je - ho - vah, God a - lone! Thy voice their i - dols shall confound, And cast their altars to the

3. No more let hu-man blood be spilt, Vain sac - ri - fice for hu - man guilt! But to the conscience be ap-plied The blood that flowed from Jesus'

4. Al - migh-ty God, thy grace proclaim In eve - ry land, of eve - ry name; Let Zi - on's time of fa - vor come, And bring the tribes of Is - rael

T. S.

thee, Tri-umphs of mer - cy wrought by thee.

ground, And cast their al - tars to the ground.

side, The blood that flowed from Je - sus' side.

home, And bring the tribes of Is - rael home.

FRANKE. L. M. DOUBLE.*

German.

1. Go, mes-sen - ger of peace and love, To peo-ple plunged in shades of night, Like an - gels sent from fields above, Be thine to shed ce - les - tial light. } On barren

4. Go, bid the bright and morning star From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine, And, piercing thro' the gloom a - far, Shed heavenly light and love di-vine. } O, faint not

* Or L. M. 6 lines, by omitting the repeat.

rock and de - sert isle, Go, bid the rose of Sha - ron bloom; Till a - rid wastes around thee smile, And bear to heaven a sweet per - fume.

in the day of toil, When har-vest waits the reap - er's hand; Go, gath-er in the glorious spoil, And joy - ous in his pre-sence stand.

Spirited.

MOUNT OLIVET. L. M.

GLASER.

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je-sus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are cap-tive led, Dragg'd to the por-tals of the sky.

2. Lo! his tri - umph-al cha-riot waits, And angels chant the sol-emn lay— Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates, Ye ev - er - lasting doors give way.

3. Loose all your bars of mas - sy light, And wide unfold th'e-the-rial scene: He claims those mansions as his right; Receive the King of Glo-ry in.

BURNHAM. L. M.

1. Far from thy fold, O God! my feet Once moved in er-ror's de-vious maze; Nor found re-ligious du-ties sweet, Nor sought thy face, nor loved thy ways.

2. With tenderest voice thou bad'st me flee The paths which thou could'st ne'er approve; And gently drew my soul to thee, With cords of sweet, e-ter-nal love.

3. Now to thy foot-stool, Lord, I fly, And low in self-a-base-ment fall; A vile, a help-less worm am I, And thou, my God, art all in all.

MUNICH. L. M.*

Slow.

German.

1. "'Tis finished!" "'Tis fin-ished!"—so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head and died: 'Tis finished! yes, the race is run, The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

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

3. 'Tis fin-ished! 'Tis fin-ished! Heaven is reconciled, And all the powers of darkness spoiled; Peace, love, and happiness, again Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4. 'Tis fin-ished! 'Tis fin-ished! let the joyful sound Be heard through all the na-tions round: 'Tis finished! let the triumph rise, And swell the chorus of the skies.

* Adapted, also, to the hymn "'Tis midnight." When applied to other hymns, omit the second measure and put two syllables in the first measure, without regard to rests or pauses.

CAPPEL. L. M.

Moderato.

1. Great God whose u-ni-ver-sal sway The known and un-known worlds o-bey, Now give the king-dom to thy Son; Ex-tend his power, ex-alt his throne.

2. Thy scep-tre well be-comes his hand, All heaven sub-mits to his com-mand; His jus-tice shall a-venge the poor, And pride and rage pre-vail no more.

3. As rain on mea-dows new-ly mown, So shall he send his in-fluence down; His grace on faint-ing souls dis-tils, Like hea-venly dew on thirs-ty hills.

CALDWELL. L. M.

H.

1. The God of love will sure in-dulge The flow-ing tear, the heav-ing sigh, When his own chil-dren fall a-round, Or ten-der friends and kin-dred die.

2. Yet not one mur-m'ring wish or thought Should with our mourn-ing pas-sions blend; Nor should our bleed-ing hearts for-get Th' al-migh-ty, ev-er-liv-ing Friend.

3. Be-neath a num'-rous train of ills, Our fee-ble flesh must short-ly fail; Yet shall our hope in thee our God, O'er ev-ery gloom-y fear pre-vail.

4. Our Fath-er God, to thee we look, Our Rock, our Por-tion, and our All; Fix'd on thy cov-'nant love and truth, Our sink-ing souls shall nev-er fall.

WHATELY L. M.

G.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be— A mor-tal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di - vine, O'er this be-night - ed soul of mine.

CECIL. L. M.

Arranged from CECIL.

1. My God, how end - less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev-ery evening new; And morn-ing mer-cies from a - bove Gent - ly dis - til like ear - ly dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours! Thy sovereign word re-stores the light, And quick-ens all my drowsy powers.
3. I yield my powers to thy command, To thee I con-se-crate my days; Per - pet - ual blessings from thy hand, Demand per - pet- ual songs of praise.

Chanting style.

SELMA. L. M.

1. My God, permit me not to be A stran-ger to my-self and thee; A-midst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get - ful of my high - est love.
2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And not on thee my thoughts be-stow?
3. Call me away from earth and sense, One sovereign word can draw me thence; I would o-bey the voice di - vine, And all in - fe - rior joys re - sign.

HOBAH. L. M.

H. T. LEVI.

1. Soft be the gent - ly breath - ing notes That sing the Sa-viour's dy-ing love; Soft as the eve - ning ze - phyr floats, And soft as tune - ful - lyres a - bove;
2. Soft as the morn-ing dews de-scend, While warb-ling birds ex-ult-ing soar, So soft to our al - migh - ty Friend Be eve-ry sigh our bo - soms pour.
3. Pure as the sun's en - liv - ning ray, That seat-ters life and joy a - broad; Pure as the lu - cid orb of day That wide pro-claims its Mak - er, God;
4. Pure as the breath of ver - nal skies, So pure let our con-tri - tion be; And pure-ly let our sor - rows rise To Him who bled up - on the tree.

Legato, Softly, with

MENDELSOHN. L. M.

W. B. B.

Cho. Duet or Trio. Duet or Trio. Cho.

1. Why sinks my weak, desponding mind, Why heaves my heart with anxious care; Can sovereign good - ness be un - kind, Am I not safe if God is nigh?
2. He holds all na - ture in his hand; That gra-cious hand on which I live, Doth life and time, and death com - mand, And has im - mor - tal joys to give.
3. 'Tis He sup - ports this faint-ing frame, On him a - lone my hopes re - cline, The won-drous glo - ries of his name, How wide they spread, how bright they shine.
4. For - give my doubts, O gra-cious Lord, And ease the sor - rows of my breast; Speak to my heart the heal - ing word, That thou art mine, and I am blest.

ALPHA. L. M.

2d time.

1. He that hath made his refuge God, Shall find a most se-cure a-bode; Shall walk all day beneath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head. rest his head.

1st time Quartett. 2d time Chorus.

2d time.

2. Then will I say, "My God, thy power Shall be my fortress and my tower; I, that am form'd of fee-ble dust, Make thine almigh-ty arm my trust." arm my trust.

2d time.

BOSWELL. L. M.

1. Blest hour, when mortal man retires To hold com-mun-ion with his God; To send to heaven his warm desires, And lis-ten to the sa-cred word.
2. Blest hour, when earthly cares resign Their empire o'er his anxious breast; While all around, the calm divine, Pro-claims the ho-ly day of rest.

With subdued expression.

BERNE. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. When in the hours of lone-ly wo, I give my sorrows leave to flow; And anxious fear, and dark distrust Weigh down my spirit to the dust;
2. When not e'en friendship's gentle aid Can heal the wounds the world has made, O, this shall check each rising sigh, That Je-sus is for-ev-er nigh.

SOUTHPORT. L. M.*

1. Who shall the Lord's elect condemn? 'Tis God that justifies their souls; And mercy, like a mighty stream, O'er all their sins divinely rolls, O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
2. Who shall adjudge the saints to hell? 'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead; And, the salvation to fulfil, Behold him rising from the dead! Behold him rising from the dead!
3. He lives, he lives, and sits above, For-ev-er in-ter-ce-ding there: Who shall divide us from his love? Or what shall tempt us to despair? Or what shall tempt us to despair?

Choral.

MARAH. L. M.

MS. of Rev. J. A. S.

1. Bu-ried in shad-ows of the night, We lie till Christ re-stores the light; Wis-dom de-scends to heal the blind, And chase the dark-ness of the mind.
2. Our guil-ty souls are drown'd in tears, Till his a-to-ning blood ap-pears: Then we a-wake from deep dis-tress, And sing "the Lord our righ-teous-ness."
3. Je-sus be-holds where Sa-tan reigns, Bind-ing his slaves in hea-vy chains; He sets the pris-'ners free, and breaks The i-ron bon-dage from their necks.
4. Poor help-less worms in thee pos-sess, Grace, wisdom, power, and righ-teous-ness: Thou art our All in All, and we Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

* The duet may be sung occasionally by male voices.

SIDNEY. L. M.

1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-

2. There is a stream whose gen - tle flow Sup-plies the cit - y of our God; Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing through, And

3. That sa - cred stream, thy ho - ly word, Supports our faith, our fear con - trols; Sweet peace thy prom - is - es af - ford, And

hold him pre-sent with his aid, Be - hold him pre-sent with his aid.

watering our di - vine a-bode, And watering our di - vine a - bode.

give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls.

With varied expression.*

LYSTRA. L. M. H.

1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In sweet com-

Legato.

2. To each the soul of each how dear! What ten - der

Legato.

3. Nor shall the glow - ing flame ex - pire, When dim - ly

* Adapted to hymns where the third line of the several stanzas is a quick one.

Legato.

mun - ion, kindred minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

love, what ho - ly fear! How doth the generous flame within Re-fine from earth, and cleanse from sin, Re - fine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Staccato. Legato.

burns frail na - ture's fire; Then shall they meet in realms above, A heaven of joy, a heaven of love, A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

Mod. Legato.

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

Theme by BEETHOVEN.

Now night in si - lent grandeur reigns, And holds the slumb'ring world in chains, Pale from the clouds the moonbeam steals, And half cre-a-tion's face reveals.

Chanting Style. Mod.

DOXOLOGY. NO. 2. L. M.

MS. of Rev. J. A. S.

To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spir-it, three in one, Be hon-or, praise, and glo-ry given, By all on earth and all in heaven.

To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spir-it, three in one, Be hon-or, praise, and glo-ry given, By all on earth and all in heaven.

To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spir-it, three in one, Be hon-or, praise, and glo-ry given, By all on earth and all in heaven.

Bold and Declamatory.

STANWIX. L. M.

H.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos-pel ar-mor on; March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je-sus, thy great Cap-tain's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins re-sist thy course, But vanquish'd are those threat'ning foes, Thy Sa-viour nail'd them to the cross, And sung the tri-umph when he rose.

3. What though the prince of dark-ness rage, And waste the fu-ry of his spite;
4. What though thine in-ward lusts re-bel; 'Tis but a strug-gling gasp for life;

E-ter-nal chains con-fine him down To fi-ery deeps and end-less night.
The weap-ons of vic-to-rious grace Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

T. S.

Allegro.

WHITELAND. L. M. Double.

1. How beau-ti-ful those rays ap-pear, Re-flec-tions of the gos-pel light, That make the path of vir-tue clear, To the be-wil-dered wan-d'rer's sight;

2. To temp'rance, in-dus-try and peace, To com-fort and to health they lead; They bid earth's crimes and sorrows cease, And love and hap-pi-ness suc-ceed.

They warn the guilty, check the proud, Ar-rest the thoughtless and the gay, Disperse the midnight, boist'rous crowd, And take the mad'ning bowl a-way.

Then let the beams resplendent shine, Its brightest rays the gos-pel pour, Till, by an in-fluence all di-vine, The reign of vice shall be no more.

3ds.

Tenderly.

DARLINGTON. C. M.

H.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart, and see; And cast each worthless i - dol out, That dares to ri - val thee.

2. Is not thy name me - lo - dious still To my at - ten - tive ear? Doth not each pulse with pleas - ure bound My Sa-viour's voice to hear?

3. Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me noth - ing love; Dead be my heart to eve - ry joy, Which thou dost not ap - prove.

With subdued expression.

RESTING-PLACE. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far; From scenes where Sa - tan wa - ges still His most suc - cess - ful war.

2. The calm re-treat, the qui - et shade, With prayer and praise a - gree; And seem by thy sweet boun - ty made, For those who fol - low thee.

3. There, if thy spir - it touch the soul, And grace her mean a - bode, Oh, with what joy, and peace, and love, She com-munes with her God.

4. There like the night-in - gale she pours Her sol - i - ta - ry lays, Nor asks a list - 'ner to her song, Nor thirsts for hu - man praise.

Lively.

CARMONA. C. M.

Theme by S. MATHER.

1. When I with pleas - ing won - der stand, And all my frame sur - vey; I see thy work, and own thy hand That built my hum - ble clay.

2. And when I count thy mer - cies o'er, They fill me with sur - prise; Not sands up - on the o - cean's shore To e - qual num - bers rise.

3. These on my heart by night I keep, My Lord, how dear to me! Oh may the hour that ends my sleep, Still find my thoughts with thee.

Moderato.

OSWALD. C. M.

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweet - ly cheers our droop-ing hearts In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and joy, it still imparts, And quells our ris - ing fears.

3. This lamp, through all the te - dious night Of life, shall guide our way, Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

Spirited, but not too loud.

MELANCTHON. C. M. Double

W. B. B.

1. Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly A - bove these gloom - y shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Where sor - row ne'er in - vades.

3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine To guide our up - ward aim, With one re - viv-ing look of thine, Our lan-guid hearts in - flame.

2. There joys un - seen by mor-tal eyes, Or rea - son's fee - ble ray, In ev - er-blooming pros-pect rise, Ex - posed to no de - cay.

4. Oh, then on faith's sub-lim-est wing Our ar - dent souls shall rise, To those bright scenes where pleasures spring Immor - tal, in the skies.

WELLINGFORD. C. M.

II. 91

1. How long wilt thou con - ceal thy face, My God, how long de - lay? When shall I feel those heavenly rays That chase my fears a - way?

2. How long shall my poor la-b'ring soul, Wres-tle and toil in vain? Thy word can all my fears con - trol, And ease my rag - ing pain.

3. Be thou my sun and thou my shield, My soul in safe - ty keep; Make haste, be - fore mine eyes are sealed In death's e - ter - nal sleep.

DANA. C. M.

Arranged from a MS. of C. B. C.

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

2. O the transport - ing, rapturous scene, That ri - ses to my sight! — Sweet fields, ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.

3. O'er all those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God the Son for ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.

Slow.

DAWN. C. M.

H.

1. A - gain, from calm and sweet re - pose, I rise to hail the dawn; A - gain my wak-ing eyes un - close, To view the smil - ing morn.
2. Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing; For thou hast safe - ly kept My soul be-neath thy guar-dian wing, And watched me while I slept.
3. Glo - ry to thee, e - ter-nal Lord; O, teach my heart to pray, And thy blest Spir - it's help af - ford, To guide me through the day.

Didactic. Mod.

MIDIAN. C. M.

Mel. Ref.

1. Not all the out-ward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has given, Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heaven.
2. The sov-ereign will of God a - lone Cre - ates us heirs of grace, Born in the im - age of his Son, A new, pe - cu - liar race.
3. The Spir-it, like some heav-enly wind, Breathes on the sons of flesh, Cre - ates a - new the car - nal mind, And forms the man a - fresh.

HARAH. C. M.

1. Sweet is the mem - ory of thy grace, My God, my heav - enly King; Let age to age thy righ-teous-ness In songs of glo - ry sing.
2. God reigns on high, but ne'er con - fines His good-ness to the skies; Through all the earth his boun - ty shines, And ev - ery want sup - plies.
3. How kind are thy com-pas - sions, Lord! How slow thine an - ger moves! But soon he sends his par-doning word, To cheer the souls he loves.

NEWMAN. C. M.

1. The Lord himself, the mighty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide; My wants are all supplied, The shepherd by whose constant care,
The shepherd by whose constant care, My wants are all supplied.
2. In tender grass he makes me feed, And gently there repose, Refreshing water flows, Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Then leads me to cool shades, and where Refreshing water flows.

Didactic.

HUNTERSVILLE. C. M.

H.

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given! Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
2. It sweet - ly cheers our droop-ing hearts In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and joy, it still im - parts, And quells our ris - ing fears.
3. This lamp, through all the te - dious night Of life shall guide our way, Till we be - hold the clear - er light of an e - ter - nal day.

ST. GEORGES. C. M.

Old Melody

1. See Is - rael's gen - tle shep - herd stands, With all en - gag - ing charms; Hark! how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.
2. "Permit them to ap - proach," he cries, "Nor scorn their hum - ble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these The Lord of an - gels came."

MIZPEH. C. M.

Didactic style. Mel. Ref.

1. Let all the heathen writers join To form one per - fect book; Great God, if once compared with thine, How mean their wri-tings look:
2. Not the most perfect rules they gave Could show one sin for - given, Nor lead a step be - yond the grave; But thine conduct to heaven.

CHINA. C. M.*

SWAN. Second ending.

1. Why do we mourn de - part-ing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms. to his arms.
2. Why should we tremble to con - vey Their bod - ies to the tomb? 'Twas there the sleeping Sa - viour lay, And left a rich perfume.

* Extensively sung, in former times, at funerals. The original harmony was, of course, inadmissible.

Gently.

WIRTH. C. M.

1. How sweet and heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord In one an - oth-er's peace de - light, And thus ful - fill his word.
2. Oh! may we feel each brother's sigh, And with him bear a part: May sor - rows flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
3. Let love, in one de-light-ful stream, Through every bo - som flow; Let u - nion sweet, and dear es-teem, In eve - ry ac - tion glow.
4. Love is the golden chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove; And he's an heir of heaven, who finds His bo - som glow with love.

DEXTER. C. M.

H.

1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic-est rules im-parts To keep the con-science clean.
2. When once it en - ters to the mind, It spreads such light a - broad, The mean-est souls in - struc-tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.
3. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light, That guides us all the day; And through the dan - gers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.
4. The men that keep thy law with care, And med - i - tate thy word, Grow wis - er than their teach-ers are, And bet - ter know the Lord.

Slow.

AURELIUS. C. M.

MATHIEU.

1. When blooming youth is snatched a - way By death's re-sist - less hand, Our hearts the mourn-ful trib - ute pay, Which pity must de - mand.
2. And while we raise the tear - ful eye, With mourn-ful thoughts impressed, Oh, may this truth—"I too must die!"—Sink deep in ev - ery breast.
3. Let this vain world en - gage no more; Be - hold the gap - ing tomb! It bids us seize the pres - ent hour; To - mor-row death may come.

BETHER. C. M.

English.

1. Great God, I own thy sen - tence just, And na - ture must de - cay; I yield my bod - y to the dust, To dwell with fel - low clay.
2. Yet faith may tri - umph o'er the grave, Ex - ult a - mid the tombs; For Je - sus my Re - deem-er lives, My God, my Sa - viour comes.
3. The migh-ty conq' - ror shall ap - pear High on a roy - al seat; And death, the last of all his foes, Lie van-quished at his feet.
4. Then shall I see his love - ly face In realms be - yond the skies; And feast up - on his boundless grace, Where heaven's high glo-ries rise.

Not too slow.

AURA. C. M.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy word What endless glo - ry shines! For ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.
2. Here the Re-deem-er's wel - come voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and ev - er - last - ing joys At-tend the blissful sound.
3. Oh may these heavenly pa - ges be My ev - er dear de - light: And still new beau-ties may I see, And still in-creas-ing light.

ARBURG. C. M.

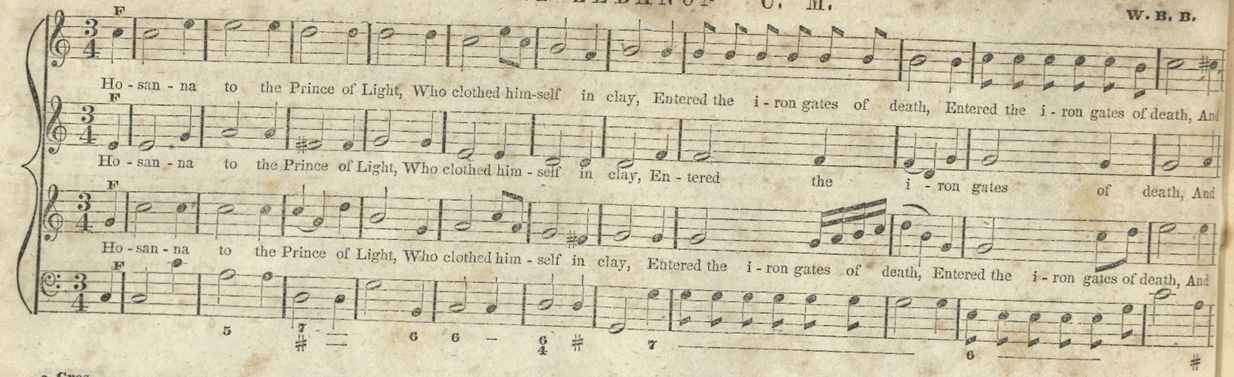
Dim. German.

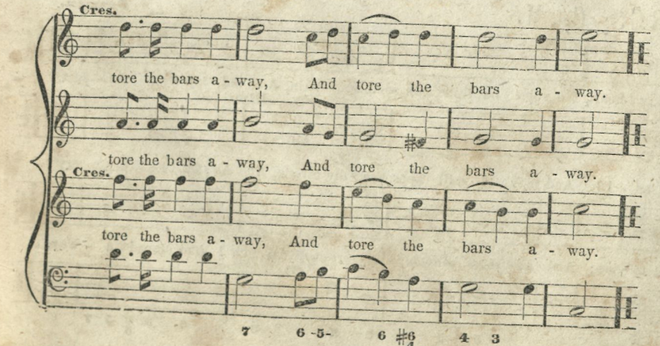
1. Oh speak that gra-cious word a - gain, And cheer my droop-ing heart, No voice but thine can soothe my pain, And bid my fears de - part.
2. And wilt thou still vouchsafe to own A worm so vile as I? And may I still approach thy throne, And Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry?
3. My Saviour, by his power-ful word, Hath turned my night to day; And all those heavenly joys restored Which I had sinned a - way.

Maestoso.

MOUNT LEBANON C. M.

W. B. B.





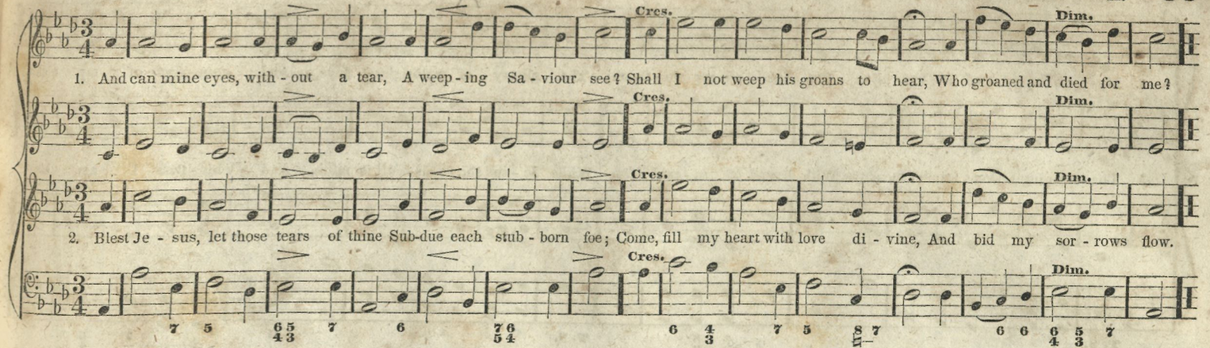
2. Death is no more the King of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

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

4. Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Mod. Tenderly.

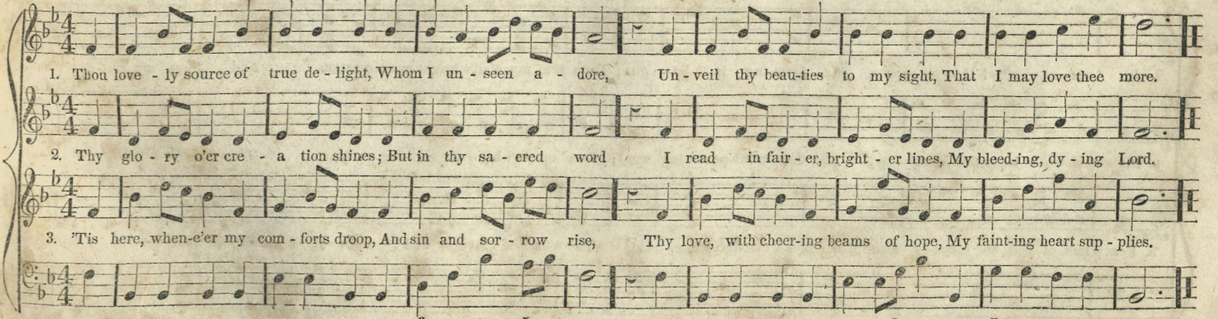
ROMBERG. C. M.



Tenderly.

FAIRPORT. C. M.

From a MS. of A. F. W.



With energy.

LINSLEY. C. M. Double.

W. B. B.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights; The glo - ry of my brightest days, And com - fort of my nights.

3. The ope-ning heavens around me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss, While Je - sus shows his heart is mine, And whis - pers I am his.

T. S. T. S.

2. In dark - est shades if thou ap - pear, My dawn-ing is be - gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning-star, And thou my ris - ing sun.

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay, At that trans-port - ing word; Run up with joy the shin-ing way, T'em - brace my dear - est Lord.

5. Fear - less of hell and ghast-ly death, I'd break through eve-ry foe; The wings of love and arms of faith, Would bear me con - q'ror through.

MORAVIAN HYMN. C. M. Double.

German.

D. C.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause, Maintain the hon - or of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.

Je - sus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my trust, Nor

D. C.

D. C. will he put my hope to shame, Nor let my soul be lost.

Gently.

LATHROP. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. Spi - rit of peace, ce - les - tial Dove, How ex - cel-lent thy praise! No rich - er gift than Chris - tian love Thy gracious power displays.

2. Sweet as the dew on herb and flower, That si - lent - ly dis - tils, At eve - ning's soft and balm - y hour, On Zi - on's fruit-ful hills,—

3. So, with mild influence from a - bove, Shall promised grace de - scend, Till u - ni - ver - sal peace and love O'er all the earth de - scend.

MEAR. C. M.

1. Oh 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say, "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day."

2. At Sa - lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled powers, In strong and beauteous or - der ranged, Like her u - nit - ed towers.

Gently.

HELENA. C. M.

H.

1. My shep - herd will sup-ply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.
2. He brings my wan-dering spir-it back When I for-sake his ways, And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.
3. When I walk through the shades of death, Thy pres-ence is my stay; A word of thy sup-port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.

BURGEN. C. M.

MALAN.

1. Re - turn, O wan - d'rer, now re - turn, And seek thy Fa-ther's face; Those strong de - sires which in thee burn, Were kin - dled by his grace.
2. Re - turn, O wan - d'rer, now re - turn, Thy Sa - viour bids thee live; Go to his feet, and grate - ful learn How free - ly he'll for - give.
3. Re - turn, O wan - d'rer, now re - turn, And wipe the fall - ing tear; Thy Fa-ther calls, no lon - ger mourn, 'Tis love in - vites thee near.

Spirited.

PLATER. C. M.

Not too fast.

1. The Lord of glo-ry is my light, And my salva - tion too; God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do, What all my foes can do.
2. One blessing, Lord, my heart desires, O, grant me mine abode A-mong the churches of thy saints, The temples of my God, The temples of my God.
3. There shall I offer my re - quests, And see thy glo - ry still; Shall hear thy messages of love, And learn thy holy will, And learn thy ho - ly will.
4. Now shall my head be lifted high A - bove my foes a - round, And songs of joy and victory Within thy temple sound, With-in thy tem - ple sound.

T. S.

LAKE PLEASANT. C. M.

1. Again, from calm and sweet repose, I rise to hail the dawn; A - gain my waking eyes unclose, To view the smil - ing morn, To view the smiling morn.
2. Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing; For thou hast safely kept My soul beneath thy guardian wing, And watched me while I slept, And watched me while I slept.
3. Glo-ry to thee, e - ternal Lord; O, teach my heart to pray, And thy blest Spirit's help afford, To guide me through the day, To guide me through the day.

CANTON. C. M.

From a MS. of F. A. W.

1. I love to steal a-while a - way From eve - ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sor - rows cast On him whom I a - dore.

CHELSEA. C. M.

A.

1. Al-migh-ty Father, gracious Lord, Kind Guardian of my days; Thy mercies let my heart record In songs of grateful praise, In songs of grateful praise.
2. In life's first dawn, my tender frame Was thy indulgent care; Long ere I could pronounce thy name, Or breathe the infant prayer, Or breathe the infant prayer.
3. When reason with my stature grew, How weak her brightest ray! How lit-tle of my God I knew! How prone from thee to stray, How prone from thee to stray!

MARIETTA. C. M.

Gently

W. B. B.

1. When mus-ing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres - ent pain; 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.
2. 'Tis not that mur-m'ring thoughts a - rise, And dread a Fa - ther's will; 'Tis not that meek sub - mis - sion flies, And would not suf - fer still:—
3. It is that heaven-born Faith sur - veys The path that leads to light; And longs her ea - gle plumes to raise, And lose her - self in sight.

REFUGE. C. M.

Slow.

H.

1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On thee, when sor-rows rise— On thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.
2. To thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For thou a - lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief, For ev - ery pain I feel.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

S. Songs.

1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

With animation.

WOODVILLE. C. M. Double.

H.

1. Be - gin the high, ce - les - - tial strain, My rap - tured soul, and sing
A sa - cred hymn of grate - ful praise, To Heaven's al - migh - ty King.
2. Ye curl - ing fount - ains, as ye
3. Bear it, ye breez - es, on your wings, To dis - tant climes a - way,
And round the wide - ex - tend - ed world The lof - ty theme con - vey.
4. Take up the bur - den of his
5. Long let it war - ble round the spheres, And ec - ho through the sky;
Let an - gels, with im - mor - tal skill, Im - prove the har - mo - ny;
6. While we, with sa - cred rap - ture
roll Your sil - ver waves a - long, Re - peat to all your ver - - dant shores The subject of your song.
name, Ye clouds, as ye a - rise, To deck with gold the ope - ning morn, Or shade the eve - ning skies.
fired, The blest Cre - a - tor sing, And chant our con - se - cra - - ted lays To heaven's e - ter - nal King.

GALESBURG. C. M.

Theme by RINK. 107

1. On thee, each morn-ing, O my God, My wak-ing thoughts attend, In whom are found - ed all my hopes, In whom my wish - es end.
2. My soul, in pleasing won - der lost, Thy boundless love sur-veys, And, fired with grate - ful zeal, prepares The sac - ri - fice of praise.
3. When evening slum-bers press my eyes, With thy pro - tec - tion blest, In peace and safe - ty I com - mit My wea - ry limbs to rest.
4. My spi - rit, in thy hands se-cure, Fears no ap-proach-ing ill; For, wheth-er wak - ing or a - sleep, Thou, Lord, art with me still.

ZWINGLE. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. I love the Lord: he heard my cries, And pit-ied eve - ry groan: Long as I live, when trou - bles rise, I'll hast - en to his throne.
2. I love the Lord: he bowed his ear, And chased my grief a - way: O let my heart no more de - spair, While I have breath to pray.
3. The Lord be - held me sore distressed; He bade my pains re - move; Re - turn, my soul, to God, thy rest, For thou hast known his love.

With animation.

WOODVILLE. C. M. Double.

H.

1. Be - gin the high, ce - les - - tial strain, My rap - tured soul, and sing
A sa - cred hymn of grate - ful praise, To Heaven's al - migh - ty King.

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And round the wide - ex - tend - ed world The lof - ty theme con - vey.

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3. The Lord be - held me sore distressed; He bade my pains re - move; Re - turn, my soul, to God, thy rest, For thou hast known his love.

Quick, but gentle.

IDUMEA. C. M.

1. As by the light of op'ning day The stars are all concealed; So earth-ly pleasures fade a-way When Je-sus is revealed, When Jesus is revealed.

2. Creatures no more di - vide my choice, I bid them all de - part; His name, his love, his gracious voice, Have fix'd my roving heart, Have fix'd my rov-ing heart.

3. And may I hope that thou wilt own A worthless worm like me? Dear Lord, I would be thine a - lone, And whol-ly live to thee, And whol-ly live to thee.

Maestoso.

HARBOROUGH. C. M. Special.*

SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who form'd this floating ball: Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

3. Ye chosen seed of sin - ful race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

* Appropriate also to the hymn, "Let saints on earth their anthems raise."

BRUNSWICK. C. M. Double.

Arranged from Dr. ARNOLD.

1. Oh Thou whose ten-der mer - cy hears Contri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand in - dul-gent wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye;

2. See, low be - fore thy throne of grace A wretch-ed wan - d'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Re - turn."

3. Ab - sent from thee, my Guide, my Light, Without one cheer-ing ray, Through dan-gers, fears, and gloo - my night, How des-o - late my way!

4. Oh shine on this be - night - ed heart, With beams of mer - cy shine! And let thy heal-ing voice im - part A taste of joys di - vine.

Moderato.

BURNEY. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. Sweet is the prayer whose ho - ly stream In earnest plead-ing flows; De - vo - tion dwells upon the theme, And warm and warmer glows, And warm and warmer glows.

2. Faith grasps the bless-ing she de - sires; Hope points the upward gaze; And Love, ce - les-tial Love, in - spires The el-o-quence of praise, The el- o- quence of praise.

3. But sweet - er far the still small voice, Un - heard by hu-man ear, When God has made the heart re - joice, And dried the bit - ter tear, And dried the bit-ter tear.

Bold.

DELACOURT. C. M.

STEVENS.

1. Ye that o - bey th' im-mor - tal King, At - tend his ho - ly place; Bow to the glories of his name, And sing his won-drous grace, And sing his won-drous grace.

2. Lift up your hands by morn - ing light, And raise your thanks on high; Send your admiring thoughts by night Above the starry sky, A - bove the star - ry sky.

3. The God of Zion cheers your hearts With rays of quick'ning grace: 'Tis he that spreads the heavens abroad, Whose presence fills the place, Whose presence fills the place.

T. S.

Rather Slow.

ASTORIA. C. M.

1. Lord, when my raptured thought surveys Creation's beauties o'er; All nature joins to teach thy praise, And bid my soul a - dore, And bid my soul a - dore.

2. Where'er I turn my gazing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine; Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise, And speak their source divine, And speak their source divine.

3. On me thy prov - i-dence has shone With gentle, smiling rays: Oh let my lips and life make known Thy goodness and thy praise, Thy goodness and thy praise.

Spirited.

ANDREA. C. M.

Melody of the Reformers.

1. Blest morning, whose first op'ning rays Be - held our ris - ing God, That saw him triumph o'er the dust, And leave his dark a - bode.

2. In the cold pris-on of a tomb The dear Re - deem - er lay; Till the revolv - ing-skies had brought The third, th'-appoint - ed day.

3. Hell and the grave tried all their powers To hold our God, in vain; The sleeping Con-quer - or a - rose, And burst their fee - ble chain.

4. To thy great name, Almighty Lord, These sa - cred hours we pay, And lond ho - san-nas shall proclaim The tri-umphs of the day.

T. S. T. S.

Slow.

BURMAH. C. M.

FRANCK.

1. God, my sup - port - er and my hope, My help for ev - er near; Thine arm of mer - cy held me up When sink-ing in de - spair.
2. Thy coun-sels, Lord, shall guide my feet Through life's dark wil-der - ness; Thy hand con - duct me near thy seat, To dwell be - fore thy face.

Animated.

ANN ARBOR. C. M.

From a MS. of Rev. E. P. I.

1. The Sa - viour! Oh what end-less charms Dwell in the bliss - ful sound! Its in-fluence eve - ry fear dis-arms, And spreads sweet peace around.
2. Here par - don, life, and joys di - vine, In rich ef - fu - sion flow, For guil - ty reb - els, lost in sin, And doomed to end - less wo.

Lively.

DORSET. C. M.

MALAN.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sa-viour's pard'-ning blood Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
2. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo - ry shine; And when I read his ho - ly word, I called each prom-ise mine.
3. Now, when the eve - ning shade pre - vails, My soul in dark-ness mourns; And when the morn the light re - veals, No light to me re - turns.

HAGUE. C. M.

Anon.

1. To God I cried with mourn-ful voice, I sought his gra - cious ear, In the sad hour when trou - bles rose, And fill'd my heart with fear.
2. Sad were my days, and dark my nights, My soul re - fused re - lief; I thought on God, the just and wise, But thoughts in-creased my grief.
3. Will he for - ev - er cast me off? His prom - ise ev - er fail? Has he for - got his ten - der love? Shall an - ger still pre - vail?
4. But I for - bid this hope-less thought, This dark, de-spair - ing frame, Re - mem-b'ring what thy hand hath wrought— Thy hand is still the same.

Gently.

RETIREMENT. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. O that I knew the se - cret place, Where I might find my God! I'd spread my wants be - fore his face, And pour my woes a - broad.
2. I'd tell him how my sins a - rise; What sor-rows I sus - tain; How grace de - cays, and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
3. He knows what ar - gu - ments I'd take, To wres - tle with my God; I'd plead for his own mer - cy's sake, And for my Sa - viour's blood.

WELDON. C. M.

H.

1. O how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de-light;
2. My wak - ing eyes pre - vent the day, To med - i - tate thy word;

And thence my med - i - ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night
My soul with long - ing melts a - way, To hear thy gos - pel, Lord.

HOLON. C. M.

Old Melody.

1. O God of mer - cy, hear my call, My load of guilt re-move; Break down this sep - a - rat - ing wall That bars me from thy love.
2. Give me the pres-ence of thy grace; Then my re - joic - ing tongue Shall speak a - loud thy right - eous - ness, And make thy praise my song.

Choral.

HELVETIA. C. M.

Mel. Ref.

1. Dear - est of all the names a - bove, My Je - sus and my God,
2. 'Tis by the mer - its of thy death The Fa - ther smiles a - gain;

Who can re - sist thy heavenly love, Or tri - fle with thy blood;
'Tis by thine in - ter - ced - ing breath The Spi - rit dwells with men.

SABBATH MORN. C. M.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear, My voice as - cend - ing high: To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;
2. Up to the hills, where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints, Pre - sent - ing at his Fa - ther's throne, Our songs and our com-plaints.
3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight, The wick - ed shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.
4. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer - cies there; I will fre - quent thy ho - ly court, And wor-ship in thy fear.

TAYLOR. C. M.

MS. of Rev. Mr. H.

1. There is a glo - rious world of light, A - bove the star - ry sky, Where saints de - part - ed, clothed in white, A - dore the Lord most high.
2. And hark, a - mid the sa-cred songs, Those heav-enly voi-ces raise, Ten thou-sand thou-sand in - fant tongues U - nite in per - fect praise.
3. Those are the hymns that we shall know, If Je - sus we o - bey; That is the place where we shall go, If found in wis-dom's way.

GRANTLEY. C. M.

H.

1. My God! my Fa-ther! bliss-ful name! Oh, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as-su-rance claim A por-tion so di-vine?

2. This on-ly can my fears con-trol, And bid my sor-rows fly: What harm can ev-er reach my soul Be-neath my Fa-ther's eye?

3. Whate'er thy prov-i-dence de-nies, I calm-ly would re-sign; For thou art good, and just, and wise; Oh! bend my will to thine.
4. Whate'er thy sa-cred will or-dains, Oh! give me strength to bear; Let me but know my Fa-ther reigns, And trust his ten-der care.

ACTON. C. M.

Theme by GILDON.

1. And now, my soul, an-oth-er year Of thy short life is past; I can-not long con-tin-ue here, And this may be my last.

2. A-wake, my soul; with ut-most care Thy true con-di-tion learn: What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair? What is thy great con-cern?

3. Be-hold, an-oth-er year be-gins; Set out a-fresh for heaven; Seek par-don for thy for-mer sins, In Christ so free-ly given.

SUPPLICATION. C. M.

May be sung as a Quartett.

W. B. B.

Cantabile, con espr.

1. How long wilt thou con-ceal thy face, My God, how long de-lay? When shall I feel those heav'n-ly rays That chase my fears a-way, That chase my fears a-way.

2. How long shall my af-flict-ed soul Con-tend and toil in vain? Thy word can all my fears con-trol, And ease my raging pain, And ease my raging pain.

3. Be thou my sun, and thou my shield, My soul in safe-ty keep; Make haste, be-fore mine eyes are sealed In death's e-ter-nal sleep, In death's e-ter-nal sleep.

Semplice. Ritard. ad lib. pp

BROOKLYN. C. M.

Slow. Dim.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights!

2. In darkest shades, if thou appear, My dawning is be-gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my rising sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, While Jesus shows his love is mine, And whispers I am his.

Not too Slow.

CAMILLUS. C. M.

H.

1. Now con-de-scend, Al - migh - ty King To bless this lit - tle throng; And kind - ly lis - ten while we sing Our pleasant eve - ning song.

2. Brothers and sis - ters, hand in hand, Our lips to - geth - er move: Oh, smile up - on this lit - tle band, U-nite our hearts in love.

3. We come to own the Power di - vine, That watch - es o'er our days: For this our fee - ble voi - ces join; To God we give the praise.

4. May we in safe - ty sleep to - night, From eve - ry dan - ger free; For, Lord, the dark - ness and the light Are both a - like to thee.

INDIANA. C. M.

Subject from GIARDINI.

1. Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King! Let age to age thy righteous-ness In sounds of glory sing, In sounds of glo-ry sing.

2. God reigns on high, but not con-fines His good-ness to the skies; Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines, And every want supplies, And every want supplies.

3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait On thee for daily food; Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat, And fills their mouth with good, And fills their mouth with good.

HARPER'S FIELD. C. M. Double.

1. I sing th'almigh - ty power of God, That made the mountains rise, That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the lof - ty skies.

2. I sing the wis-dom that ordained The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o - bey, And all the stars o - bey.

3. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food; He formed the crea-tures with his word, And then pronounced them good.

4. Lord! how thy wonders are displayed, Where'er I turn mine eye! If I sur-vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up-on the sky! Or gaze up - on the sky!

5. There's not a plant nor flower below, But makes thy glo - ries known; And clouds a - rise, and tem-pests blow, By or - der from thy throne.

6. Creatures that borrow life from thee, Are subject to thy care; There's not a place where we can flee But God is present there, But God is pres-ent there.

Slow.

PSALM 39. C. M.

Arranged from a MS. of Rev. Mr. H.

1. God of my life, look gent-ly down, Be - hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be-fore thy throne, Sub - mis-sive to thy will.
2. Yet I may plead with humble cries, Re - move thy sharp re - bukes; My strength consumes, my spirit dies, Through thy re - peat - ed strokes.
3. But if my lips be spared a - while, Be - fore my last re - move, I'll sing thy ten - der mer-cies still, And cel - e - brate thy love.

INDUS. C. M.

H.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me; When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee?
2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold? Thy bul - warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
3. Oh when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con-gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths nev - er end.
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still pants for thee; There shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

LAIGHT STREET. C. M.

H.

1. Lord, when my raptured thought surveys, Cre - a tion's beau-ties o'er, All na-ture joins to teach thy praise, And bid my soul a - dore, And bid my soul a - dore.
2. Wher-e'er I turn my gaz - ing eyes, Thy ra-diant foot-steps shine; Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise, And speak their Source divine, And speak their Source divine.

Mod.

GALENA. C. M.

MS. of A. F. W.

1. Thou blest Re - deem - er, dy - ing Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No mu - sic's like thy charm - ing name, Nor half so sweet can be.
2. O let us hear thy par - d'ning voice, In mer - cy to us speak; And in our Priest we will re - joice, Thou great Mel-chiz - e - dec.

Slow and Meditative.

ST. ANNS. C. M.

DR. CROFT.

1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of crea - tures bow And ren - der praise to thee.
2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made; Thou art the ev - er - liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead.

Vivace.

FAIRFIELD. C. M. Double.

H.

D. C.

1. To thee, be - fore the dawn - ing light, My gracious God, I pray; I med - i - tate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day. } My spir - it pants to see thy grace, Thy prom-ise bears me up;

And while sal - va - tion long de - lays, Thy word sup-ports my hope.

GREENWICH. C. M.

1. The Sa-viour bids us watch and pray Through life's brief, fleeting hour; And gives the spir - it's quickening ray To those who seek its power.

2. The Sa-viour bids us watch and pray, Main-tain a war - rior's strife; Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to - day, O - be-dience is our life.

3. The Sa-viour bids us watch and pray, For soon the hour will come That calls us from the earth a - way To our e - ter - nal home.

LANSING. C. M.

Arranged from a MS. of C. H. P. Rifard.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your soul a - bove; Let eve - ry heart and voice ac - cord, To sing that—God is love.

2. This precious truth his word declares, And all his mer-cies prove; While Christ, th'aton - ing Lamb, ap - pears, To show that—God is love.

3. Be - hold his lov - ing - kind-ness waits, For those who from him rove, And calls of mer - cy reach their hearts, To teach them—God is love.
4. The work be - gun is car - ried on, By power from heaven a-bove; And eve - ry step, from first to last, Proclaims that—God is love.

ALFORD. C. M.

Mod. H.

1. Thee we adore, e - ter-nal Name, And humbly own to thee How fee-ble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we, What dying worms are we.

2. The year rolls round, and steals away The breath at first it gave; Whate'er we do, where'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave, We're trav'ling to the grave.

3. Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground Wherever we may roam; And fierce diseases wait a - round, To urge us to the tomb, To urge us to the tomb.

ZEALAND. C. M. Double.

KIMBALL.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come; Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame; From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less years the same.

2. Be-neath the shad - ow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
4. Thy word com-mands our flesh to dust—"Re - turn, ye sons of men;" All na - tions rose from earth at first, And turn to earth a - gain.

FRANKLIN. C. M.

With energy.

S. B. POND.

Dim.

1. Thy words the rag-ing winds con - trol, And rule the bois-terous deep; Thou mak'st the sleep - ing bil - lows roll, The roll - ing bil - lows sleep.

Dim.

2. Jus-tice and judg - ment are thy throne, Yet wondrous is thy grace; While truth and mer - cy, joined in one, In - vite us near thy face.

Dim.

ABINGTON. C. M. Or L. M. by omitting the slurs.

Spirited.

1. To our Al - migh - ty Ma-ker, God, New hon - ors be addressed: His great sal - va - tion shines a-broad And makes the na-tions blest.

2. He spake the word to A-bra'm first, His truth ful - fils his grace; The Gentiles make his name their trust, And learn his right-eous - ness.

3. Let the whole earth his love proclaim With all her diff'rent tongues; And spread the hon-ors of his name, In rich, me - lodious songs.

PENTON. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. To whom, my Saviour, shall I go, If I de - part from thee— My guide thro' all this vale of wo, And more than all to me? And more than all to me?

2. The world reject thy gentle reign, And pay thy death with scorn; Oh they could plat thy crown again, And sharpen eve-ry thorn, And sharpen eve - ry thorn.

3. But I have felt thy dy-ing love Breathe gently thro' my heart, To whis-per hope of joys above; And can we ev - er part? And can we ev - er part?
4. Ah no! with thee I'll walk be-low, My jour-ney to the grave: To whom, my Saviour, shall I go, When only thou canst save? When only thou canst save?

Tenderly.

VELAIS. C. M.

Suggested by a passage from HANDEL.

1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with-in the doors; While ev - er - last - ing love dis-plays The choic - est of her stores.
2. While all our hearts, with joy - ful song, Join to ad - mire the feast,
3. "Why was I made to hear thy voice, And en - ter while there's room? While thousands make a wretched choice, And rath - er starve than come!"

Each of us cries, with thank-ful tongue, "Lord, why was I a guest?

Choral.

GEDNEY. C. M.

"Chants Chorals."

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for ev - er thine; I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.
2. And while I rest my wea - ry head, From care and business free, 'Tis sweet con - vers - ing on my bed With my own heart and thee.

HARWICH. C. M.

Arranged from the German.

1. Lord, in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high: To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye:
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints, Pre - sent-ing at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.

KNOXVILLE. C. M.

P. M. Cres. Dim.

1. To thee, be - fore the dawn ing light, My gra - cious God, I pray; I med - i - tate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.
2. My spir - it pants to see thy grace, Thy prom-ise bears me up; And while sal - va - tion long de - lays, Thy word sup-ports my hope.
3. Seven times a day I lift my hands, And pay my thanks to thee; Thy right-eous prov - i - dence de - mands Re-peat-ed praise from me.
4. When mid-night dark-ness veils the skies, I call thy works to mind; My thoughts in warm de - vo - tion rise, And sweet ac-cept-ance find.

HARVEST. C. M.

Theme by SHIELD.

1. Foun-tain of mer - cy, God of love, How rich thy boun - ties are; The chang-ing sea - sons, as they move, Pro-claim thy con - stant care.
2. When, in the bo - som of the earth, The sow - er hid the grain, Thy good - ness marked its se - cret birth, And sent the ear - ly rain.
3. The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine, The plants in beau - ty grew; Thou gav'st re - ful - gent suns to shine, And soft, re - fresh - ing dew.
4. These va - ried mer-cies from a - bove, Ma - tured the swell - ing grain; A kind - ly har-vest crowns thy love, And plen - ty fills the plain.

LOWLAND. C. M.

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Behold my heart and see, And cast each worth-less i - dol out That dares to ri - val thee.
2. Is not thy name me - lo - dious still To my at - ten - tive ear? Doth not each pulse with plea-sure bound, My Saviour's voice to hear?
3. Thou know'st I love thee, dear - est Lord; But O, I long to soar Far from the sphere of mor - tal joys, And learn to love thee more.

LAWTON. C. M.

H.

Several times. P. Final.

1. O Lord, I would de - light in thee, And on thy care de - pend; To thee in eve - ry trou-ble flee, My best, my on - ly Friend.

P. ritard.

2. When all cre - at - ed streams are dried, Thy fullness is the same; May I with this be sat - is - fied, And glo - ry in thy name.

P. ritard.

3. No good in crea-tures can be found, But may be found in thee; I must have all things, and a-bound, While God is God to me.
4. O Lord, I cast my care on thee, I tri-umph and a - dore; My great concern shall ev - er be To love and please thee more.

P. ritard.

LIMA. C. M.

ZINCETI. 129

1. In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace he there reveals; To heaven your joy and wonder raise, For there his glory dwells, For there his glory dwells.
2. Let all your sa - cred passions move, While you rehearse his deeds; But the great work of saving love, Your highest praise exceeds, Your highest praise exceeds.
3. All that have motion, life, and breath, Proclaim your Maker blest: Yet, when my voice expires in death, My soul shall praise him best, My soul shall praise him best.

HARAN. C. M.

With animation.

W. B. B.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own hand pre-sents the prize To thine up - lift - ed eye.
3. A cloud of witness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey! For - get the steps al-rea - dy trod, And on - ward urge thy way.
4. Blest Saviour, introdu-ced by thee, Our race we have be - gun: And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet We'll lay our tro-phies down.

Moderate.

EDGEWORTH. C. M.

H.

1. Great God, to thee my evening song With gratitude I'll raise: Let mercy now attune my tongue, And fill my heart with praise, And fill my heart with praise.
2. My days, unclouded as they pass, And ev-ery cir-cling hour, Are monuments of wondrous grace, That show thy love and power, That show thy love and power.
3. While thou that love and power afford, I'm safe from every harm; Can danger reach me while the Lord Extends his gracious arm? Ex-tends his gra-cious arm?
4. Let this blest hope my eyelids close, And sleep refresh my frame; Safe in thy care may I re-pose, And wake to praise thy name, And wake to praise thy name.

Dim.

MURRAY STREET. C. M.

HALLENDAAL.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for-ev-er thine; I fear be-fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.
2. And while I rest my wea-ry head, From care and busi-ness free, 'Tis sweet con-ver-sing on my bed, With my own heart and thee.
3. I pay this eve-ning sac-ri-fice; And when my work is done, Great God, my faith, my hope re-lies Up-on thy grace a-lone.

PARADISE. C. M. Double.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with'-ring flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jordan rolled be-tween.
4. But tim'-rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea; And lin-ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And view the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes:
6. Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er, Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Slow and Solemn.

CRUCIFIXION. C. M.

MS. of B. A. R.

1. A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree? A - ma - zing pi - ty! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!

3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ, the migh - ty Ma - ker, died, For man the crea - ture's sin.

Chanting Style.

PENNINGTON. C. M.

H.

1. Blest are the undefiled in heart, Whose ways are right and clean; Who ne - ver from thy law de - part, But flee from ev - ery sin, But flee from ev - ery sin.

2. Blest are the men that keep thy word, And practise thy commands; With their whole heart they seek the Lord, And serve thee with their hands, And serve thee with their hands.

3. Great is their peace who love thy law, How firm their souls a-bide! Nor can a bold temp - ta-tion draw, Their stea-dy feet a - side, Their stea-dy feet a - side.

4. Then shall my heart have inward joy, And keep my face from shame, When all thy statutes I o - bey, And glo - ri - fy thy name, And glo - ri - fy thy name.

Tenderly.

BERWICK. C. M.

English.

1. Ye gold-en lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your fee - ble light; Farewell, thou ev-er changing moon, Pale empress of the night, Pale empress of the night.

2. And thou, re - ful - gent orb of day, In bright-er flames ar - rayed, My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thy aid, No more demands thy aid.

3. Ye stars are but the shi-ning dust Of my di - vine a - bode, The pavement of those heavenly courts, Where I shall see my God, Where I shall see my God.

FOURTH STREET. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. How sweet and heaven - ly is the sight, When those that fear the Lord In mu - tual love and peace u - nite, And thus ful - fil his word:

2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

3. When love in one de-light-ful stream, Through ev-ery bo - som flows, And u - nion sweet, with fond es - teem, In ev - ery ac - tion glows!

Slow and gentle.

RETROSPECT. C. M.

H.

1. As o'er the past my memory strays, Why heaves the secret sigh? Tis that I mourn de - part - ed days, Still un - pre - pared to die.
2. The world and world-ly things beloved My anx-ious thoughts employed; And time, un - hallowed, un - improved, Presents a fear - ful void.
3. Yet, ho - ly Fa - ther, wild des-pair Chase from my laboring breast: Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer, That grace can do the rest.

PERKINS. C. M.

Arranged from FESCA.

1. My God, my Father, blissful name, O, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet assurance claim A portion so divine? A portion so divine?
2. This on - ly can my fears control, And bid my sorrows fly; What harm can ev - er reach my soul Beneath my Father's eye? Beneath my Father's eye?
3. Whate'er thy ho - ly will denies, I calm-ly would re - sign; For thou art good, and just, and wise; O, bend my will to thine, O, bend my will to thine.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as-cend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
2. O may thy Spir - it guide my feet In ways of right-eous-ness, Make eve - ry path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face.

HAVEN. C. M.

Final.

1. Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er, The raging wind shall cease; The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's eternal peace.
2. E'en now the dis-tant rays ap-pear, To chase the gloom of night; The Sun of Righteousness is near, And terrors take their flight, And terrors take their flight.

TORBAY. C. M.

Slow. Legato.

English.

1. Out of the depths of long dis-tress, The borders of de-spair, I've sent my cries to seek thy grace, My groans to move thine ear, My groans to move thine ear.
2. Great God, should thy severer eye, And thine impartial hand, Mark and revenge in - i - qui - ty, No mor-tal flesh could stand, No mortal flesh could stand.

KETON. S. M.

NEUKOMM.

Ye an - gels round the throne, And saints that dwell be - low, Wor-ship the Fa - ther, praise the Son, And bless the Spir - it too.

DETROIT. S. M.

Affetuoso. E. P. H.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten tial grief Burst forth from eve - ry eye.
2. The Son of God in tears— The wondering an - gels see! Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept, that we might weep—Each sin demands a tear; In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

GRANBY. S. M.

H.

1. My soul, re-peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate, So rea-dy to a - bate.
2. High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the rich-es of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed, Our highest thoughts exceed.
3. His power subdues our sins; And his for-giv - ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove, Doth all our guilt re-move.

slow to rise - - - - - - - -

COMPASSION. S. M.

1. The pit - y of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.
2. He knows we are but dust, Scattered with eve - ry breath; His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.
3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flower; When blast - ing winds sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.
4. But thy com - pas-sions, Lord, To end-less years en - dure; And child - ren's child - ren ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure.

RENWICK. S. M.

1. My soul, re-peat his praise Whose mercies are so great, Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate, So rea - dy to a - bate.
2. High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the rich - es of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed, Our highest thoughts ex-ceed.
3. His power subdues our sins; And his for giv - ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move, Doth all our guilt remove.

MILNOR. S. M.

Anon.

1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord; I love to plead his prom - is - es, And rest up - on his word.

2. Turn, turn thee to my soul, Bring thy sal - va - tion near; When will thy hand re - lease my feet Out of the dead - ly snare?

3. When shall the sov-ereign grace Of my for - giv - ing God, Re-store me from those dan - g'rous ways My wan - d'ring feet have trod?

HUTTON. S. M.

H.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

2. The men of grace have found, Glo - ry be - gun be - low! Ce-les - - tial fruits on earth - ly ground From faith and hope may grow.

3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heaven - ly fields Or walk the gold - en streets.

4. Then let our songs a - bound, And eve - ry tear be dry: We're march - ing through Im-man - uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Tenderly.

HOYT. S. M.

1. The pi - ty of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.

2. He knows we are but dust, Scat-tered with eve - ry breath; His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.

3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flower; When blast-ing winds sweep o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.

4. But thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To end - less years en - dure; And chil-dren's chil - dren ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure.

GRANT. S. M.

H.

1. The swift-de - clin - ing day, How fast its mo-ments fly; While eve-ning's broad and gloom - y shade Gains on the west - ern sky.

2. Ye mor-tals, mark its pace, And use the hours of light; For know, its Ma - ker can com - mand An in - stant, endless night!

3. Give glo - ry to the Lord, Who rules the roll - ing sphere; Sub - mis - sive, at his foot - stool bow, And seek sal - va - tion there.

ELBERFIELD. S. M.

PERRY.

1. My Father's house on high! Home of my soul! how near, At times, to faith's fore-see-ing eye Thy gold - en gates appear! Thy golden gates appear!

2. I hear, at morn and even, At noon and midnight hour, The cho-ral har - mo - nies of heaven Se - raph - ic mu - sic pour, Seraphic mu-sic pour.

3. O, then my spir - it faints To reach the land I love— The bright in - her - it-ance of saints, My glorious home above, My glorious home a-bove.

NILE. S. M.

Adagio.

GRATZ.

1. When sorrows round us roll, And com - forts we have none, Dear Sa - viour, say that thou art ours, And all our griefs are gone.

2. Is there no friend to cheer In times of deep dis - tress,— A smile from thee will help to bear, Or make the bur - den less.

3. Though in the gloom - y vale Of death, we fear no harm, Sup - port - ed by thy power - ful grace, Re - clin - ing on thine arm.

4. This is our ut - most wish, O Lord,—that thou wouldst be, For ev - er, ev - er near to us, And keep us near to thee.

FLOWERFIELD. S. M.

H. 141

1. How charm - ing is the place Where my Re-deem-er, God, Un - veils the beauties of his face, And sheds his love a - broad.

2. Not the fair pal - a - ces To which the great re - sort, Are once to be com-pared with this, Where Je - sus holds his court.

3. Here, on the mer-cy - seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crowned, Our joy - ful eyes be-hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.

EST. S. M.

W. B. B.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is; I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?

2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pas - ture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

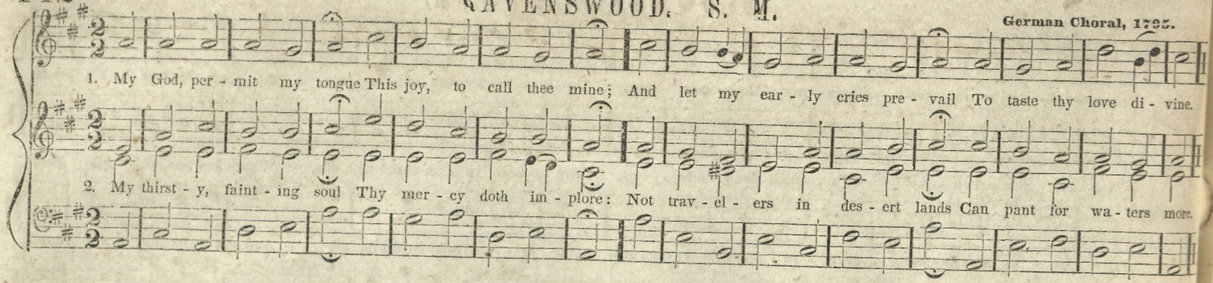
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.

4. While he af - fords his aid, I can - not yield to fear; Though I should walk through death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there.

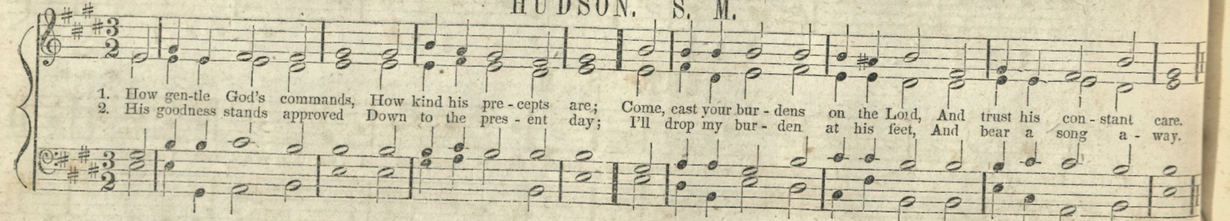
3ds.

RAVENSWOOD. S. M.

German Choral, 1765.

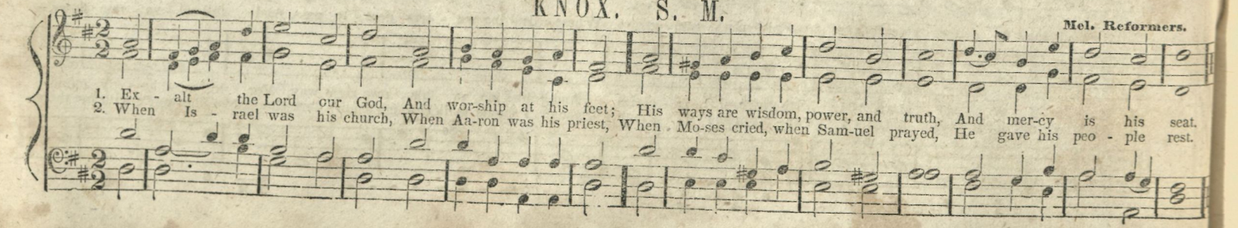


HUDSON. S. M.

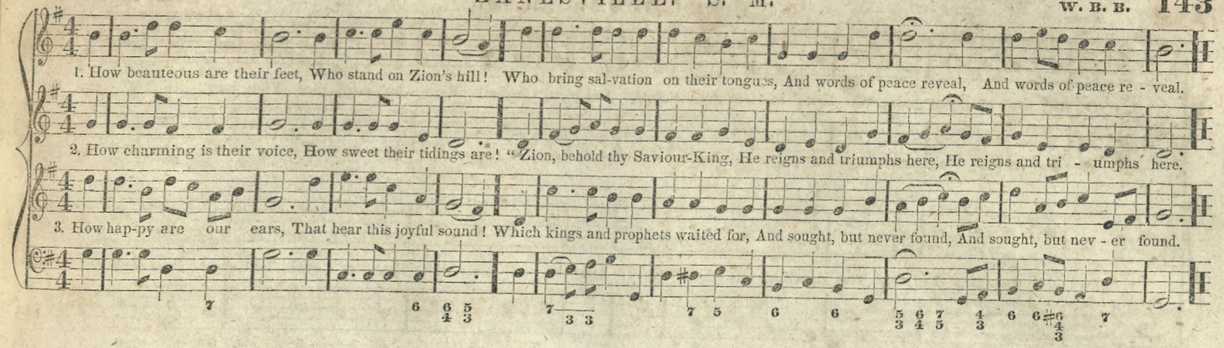


KNOX. S. M.

Mel. Reformers.

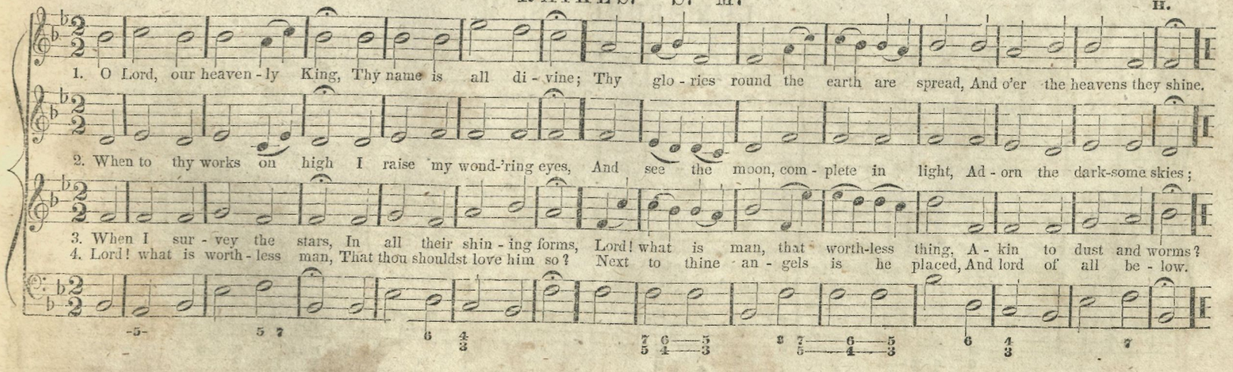


ZANESVILLE. S. M.



RAIKES. S. M.

H.



Slow.

ANDERSON. S. M.

MS. of Rev. Mr. H.

1. O God of sovereign grace, We bow be - fore thy throne, And plead for all the hu - man race The mer - its of thy Son.

2. Spread thro' the earth, O Lord, The knowledge of thy ways: And let all lands with joy re - cord The great Re - deem - er's praise.

Tenderly. Mod.

LUNEBURG. S. M.

English.

1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.

2. If e'er to bless thy sons My voice or hands de - ny, These hands let use - ful skill for-sake, This voice in si - lence die.

3. If e'er my heart for - get Her wel - fare or her wo, Let eve - ry joy this heart for-sake, And eve - ry grief o'er - flow.
4. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To her my toils and cares be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

Choral.

CORUNNA. S. M.

MS. of C. H.

1. Je - sus! I come to thee, A sin - ner doomed to die; My on - ly ref - uge is thy cross,—Here at thy feet I lie.

2. Can mer - cy reach my case, And all my sins re - move? Break, O my God! this heart of stone, And melt it by thy love.

3. Too long my soul has gone, Far from my God a - stray; I've sport - ed on the brink of hell, In sin's de - lu - sive way.
4. But, Lord! my heart is fixed,—I hope in thee a - lone; Break off the chains of sin and death, And bind me to thy throne.

Maestoso.

NORWALK. S. M.

1. "The Lord is risen indeed;" He lives to die no more; He lives the sinner's cause to plead, He lives the sinner's cause to plead, Whose shame and curse he bore.

2. "The Lord is risen indeed;" Then hell has lost his prey; With him is risen the ransomed seed, With him is risen the ransomed seed, To reign in end-less day.

3. "The Lord is risen indeed;" At-tend - ing angels hear; Up to the courts of heaven, with speed, Up to the courts of heaven, with speed, The joyful tidings bear.
4. Then wake your golden lyres, And strike each cheerful chord; Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs, Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs, To sing our ris - en Lord.

P. Mod.

EVARTS. S. M.

H.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise, Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark-ness from our eyes.
2. Con - vince us of our sin, Then lead to Je - sus' blood: And to our wond'-ring view re - veal The se - cret love of God.
3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul, To pour fresh light in eve - ry part, And new cre - ate the whole.

ENTREATY. S. M.

1. My son, know thou the Lord, Thy fa - ther's God o - bey; Seek his pro - tect-ing care by night, His guard-ian hand by day.
2. If thou wilt seek his face, His ear will hear thy cry; Then shalt thou find his mer - cy sure, His grace for - ev - er nigh.

CLAYTONVILLE. S. M.

P. M. P. M. P. M.

W. B. B.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it come, With en - er - gy di - vine, And on this poor, be - night-ed soul With beams of mer - cy shine.
2. Melt, melt this fro - zen heart, This stub-born will sub - due; Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver-come, And form me all a - new.

P. M. P. M.

PLACENTIA. S. M.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.
2. Blest is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their com-mu-nion sweet.
3. As when on Aa - ron's head They pour'd the rich per - fume, So shall the in - cense rise and spread To fill the cheer-ful room.
4. Thus on the heavenly hills The saints are blest a - bove; Where joys like morn-ing dew dis-tils, And all the air is love.

6 6/4 5/3 6 6 5 6/4 2/7 3

HARWELL. S. M.

English.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; His grace aloud pro-claim; And all that is with - in me join, And all that is with - in me join To bless his ho - ly name.
2. O bless the Lord, my soul, His mercies bear in mind; For - get not all his ben-e - fits, For - get not all his ben-e - fits, The Lord to thee is kind.
3. He will not al - ways chide, He will with patience wait; His wrath is ev - er slow to rise, His wrath is ev - er slow to rise, And rea-dy to a - pace.

9 8 6/4 7 6 7 6/4/3 6 4/2 6 7 6/5/3 4/3 5/2/3 7 6 5 6 6/4

ELDRIDGE. S. M. Double.

Prelude.*

1. My soul, re-peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a-bate.

Hal-le-lujah, praise the Lord.

3. The pi-ty of the Lord To those who fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel; He knows our feeble frame.

5. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower: If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

Final.

2. High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the rich-es of his grace Our highest thoughts ex-ceed.

4. He knows we are but dust, Scattered by eve-ry breath; His an-ger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death.

6. * But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure; And children's child-ren ever find Thy words of prom-ise sure, Thy words of prom-ise sure.

* Hallelujahs were sometimes used after this manner, in the days of the Reformers.

HAMILTON. S. M.

Moderato. STANLEY. Arranged.

1. To bless thy cho-sen race, In mer-cy, Lord, in-cline, And cause the bright-ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine:

2. That so thy wond'rous way May through the world be known; While dis-tant lands their homage pay, And thy sal-va-tion own.

3. Oh, let them shout and sing To thee in pi-ous mirth; For thou, the righteous Judge and King, Shalt govern all the earth.

YOUNG. S. M.

W. B. B.

1. Be-hold the throne of grace! The promise calls me near; There Je-sus shows a smi-ling face, And waits to an-swer prayer.

2. Thine im-age, Lord, be-stow, Thy pres-ence and thy love; I ask to serve thee here be-low, And reign with thee a-bove.

3. Teach me to live by faith, Con-form my will to thine; Let me vic-to-rious be in death, And then in glo-ry shine.

3. If thou these bles-sings give, And wilt my por-tion be, All world-ly joys I'll cheer-ful leave, And find my heaven in thee.

150 Moderate and Gentle.

NOEL. S. M.

H.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And of - ten for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz - ing tear.
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

DANUBE. S. M.

GUIL. FRANCK.

1. My God! per - mit my tongue This joy, to call thee mine; And let my earth - ly cries pre - vail To taste thy love di - vine.
2. My thirs - ty, faint - ing soul Thy mer - cy doth im - plore; Not tra - vel - ers in des - ert lands Can pant for wa - ter more.
3. Within thy churches, Lord, I long to find a place, Thy power and glo - ry to be - hold, And feel thy quick'ning grace.

KOLB. S. M.

JONES, of Nayland, Eng.

151

1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.
2. The King him - self draws near. To feast his saints to - day; Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
3. One day a - mid the place Where Christ my Lord hath been, Is bet - ter than a thou - sand days A - mid the tents of sin.
4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, Till called to rise and soar a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

REVIVAL. S. M.

1. O Lord, thy work re - vive In Zi - on's gloom - y hour, And let our dy - ing grac - es live By thy re - stor - ing power.
2. Oh let thy cho - sen few A - wake to earn - est prayer; Their cov - e - nant a - gain re - new, And walk in fil - ial fear.
3. Thy Spir - it then will speak Thro' lips of hum - ble clay, Till hearts of ad - a - mant shall break, Till reb - els shall o - bey.

Gently, with expression.

COMFORT. S. M.

W. R. B.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd and my guide, I'll bid farewell to eve-ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to eve - ry fear, My wants are all supplied.

2. To ev - er fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand in - dulgent leads, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet re - store, And guard me with a watchful eye, And guard me with a watchful eye, And let me rove no more.

DOYLESTON. S. M.

Theme by FAWCET.

1. How sweet the melt-ing lay Which breaks upon the ear, When at the hour of ris - ing day Christians u - nite in prayer!

2. The breez-es waft their cries Up to Je - hovah's throne; He lis - tens to their heav - ing sighs, And sends his bless-ings down.

3. So Je - sus rose to pray Be-fore the morn-ing light; Once on the chill - ing mount did stay, And wres - tle all the night.

4. Glo - ry to God on high, Who sends his blessings down To res - cue souls con - demned to die, And make his peo - ple one.

Mod. Affet.

FREEPORT. S. M.

1. Oh, bless-ed souls are they, Whose sins are cov - er'd o'er; Di-vine - ly blest, to whom the Lord Im - putes their guilt no more.

2. They mourn their fol - lies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their lips and lives with-out de - ceit, Shall prove their faith sin - cere.

3. While I con-cealed my guilt, I felt the fes - t'ring wound; Till I con - fess'd my sins to thee, And read - y par - don found.

T. S.

Quick, but tenderly.

ERWIN. S. M.*

Scottish.

1. Is this the kind re - turn, Are these the thanks we owe, Thus to ab-use e - ter - nal love, Whence all our bless - ings flow?

2. To what a stub - born frame Has sin re - duced our mind! What strange, rebel - lious crea-tures we, And God as strangely kind!

3. Turn, turn us, migh-ty God, And mould our souls a - fresh; Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.

4. Let past in - gra - ti - tude Pro - voke our weeping eyes, And hour - ly, as new mer - cies fall, Let hour - ly thanks a - rise.

* This tune may occasionally be sung in G major, when the character of the words is varied.

154 Gently.

JONESVILLE. S. M.

B.

1. Come to the house of prayer, O thou af - flict - ed, come; The God of peace shall meet thee there; He makes that house his home.
2. Come to the house of praise, Ye who are hap - py now; In sweet ac - cord your voic - es raise, In kin-dred hom - age bow.
3. Ye a - ged, hith - er come, For ye have felt his love; Soon shall your trem - bling tongues be dumb, Your lips for - get to move.

PAVIA. S. M.

W. B. B.

1. How gen - tle God's com- mands, How kind his pre - cepts are; Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
2. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

DANSVILLE. S. M.

Melody of the Reformers.

1. To God, the on - ly wise, Our Sa-viour and our King, Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.
2. He will pre - sent our souls, Un - blemished and com - plete, Be - fore the glo - ry of his face, With joys di - vine - ly great.

155

WESTHAMPTON. S. M. Double.

Arranged from NEUKOMM.

Vivace.

1. If, on a qui - et sea Toward heaven we calm - ly sail, With grate - ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav-'ring gale.
2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor-row, kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home.
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield at thy con - trol; Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il-lume The mid-night of the soul.
4. Teach us, in eve - ry state, To make thy will our own, And, when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

Plaintive.

OSWEGO. S. M.*

H.

1. O bless - ed souls are they, Whose sins are cov-ered o'er; Di - vine-ly blest, to whom the Lord, Imputes their guilt no more, Imputes their guilt no more.

2. They mourn their fol - lies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their lips and lives, without deceit, Shall prove their faith sincere, Shall prove their faith sincere.

3. While I con-cealed my guilt, I felt the fes-tering wound, Till I con-fessed my sins to thee, And rea-dy par-don found, And rea - dy par - don found.

3ds.

* The male and female voices may occasionally exchange duets.

GOTTINGEN. S. M.

Anon.

1. Now let our voi - ces join, To form a sa - cred song; Ye pil - grims in Je - ho vah's ways, With mu - sic pass a - long.

2. There flow-ers of par - a - dise In rich pro - fu - sion spring; The Sun of glo - ry gilds the path, And dear com - pan - ions sing.

3. There Sa-lem's gold - en spires, In beau-teous pros-pect rise; And bright - er crowns than mor - tals wear, Which spar-kle through the skies.

T. S.

Moderate.

ROCHELLE. S. M. Double.

H.

1. O bless - ed souls are they Whose sins are cov-er'd o'er; Di - vine - ly blest, to whom the Lord Im - putes their guilt no more.

2. They mourn their fol - lies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their lips and lives, without de - ceit, Shall prove their faith sin - cere.

3. While I concealed my guilt, I felt the festering wound, Till I confessed my sins to thee, And read - y par - don found.

4. Let sin - ners learn to pray; Let saints keep near the throne; Our help in times of deep dis - tress Is found in God a - lone.

Slow and solemn.

TIOGA. S. M.

H.

1. O where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
3. Be-yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove, Un - meas - ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
4. There is a death whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath: O, what e - ter - nal ter - rors - hang A - round the sec - ond death!

SCHNEIDER. S. M.

W. B. B.

1. O cease, my wandering soul, On rest - less wings to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.
2. Be - hold the ark of God; Be - hold the o - pen door; O, haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And eve - ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

With animation.

LEONI. S. M. Double,* or 6's, 8's & 4's.

Arranged from a Jewish Chant.

1. Yes, God him - self hath sworn, I on his word de - pend— I shall on ea - gle's wings up - borne, To heaven as - cend:
2. Though na - ture's strength de - cay, And hell and death with - stand, To Ca - naan's bounds I urge my way, At his com - mand:

I shall be - hold his face, I shall his power a - dore, And sing the won - ders of his grace For - ev - er - more.
The wa - t'ry deep I pass, With Je - sus in my view, And through the howl-ing wil - der - ness My way pur - sue.

* By omitting the slurs at the end of each strain.

BARON. S. M.

W. B. B.

1. How sweet to bless the Lord, And in his praises join, With saints his goodness to record, And sing his power divine, With saints his goodness to record, And sing his power divine.
2. These seasons of delight The dawn of glory seem, Like rays of pure celestial light, Which on our spirits beam, Like rays of pure, celestial light, Which on our spirits beam.

WILBRAHAM. S. M.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Through all their ac - tions run.
2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friend - ship meet; Their songs of praise, their min-gled vows, Make their com-mu - nion sweet.
3. As when on Aar - on's head They poured the rich per - fume, So shall the in - cense rise and spread To fill the cheer - ful room.
4. Thus, on the heaven-ly hills, The saints are blest a - bove; Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tils, And all the air is love.

TRENTON. S. M.

English.

1. Ye trem - bling cap - tives, hear; The gos - pel trum - pet sounds; No mu - sic more can charm the ear, Or heal your heart - felt wounds.
2. 'Tis not the trump of war, Nor Si - nai's aw - ful roar; Sal - va - tion's news it spreads a - far, And ven-geance is no more.
3. For - give-ness, love, and peace, Glad heaven a - loud pro-claims; And earth the ju - bi - lee's re - lease With ea - ger rap - ture claims.

PENITENCE. S. M.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from every eye, Burst forth from every eye.
2. The Son of God in tears The wondering angels see; Be thou as - ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee, He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear; In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there, And there's no weeping there.

ERVING. S. M.

H.

1. A - wake, and sing the song, Of Mo - ses and the Lamb; Wake every heart and every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Sa - viour's name.
2. Sing of his dy-ing love; Sing of his ris - ing power; Sing how he in - ter - cedes above, For us, whose sins he bore, For us, whose sins he bore.
3. Sing, till we feel our heart, Ascending with our tongue; Sing, till the love of sin depart, And grace inspire our song, And grace in - spire our song.
4. Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransomed sinners sing; Sing on, re-joic-ing ev-ery day, In Christ, th' e-ter-nal King, In Christ, th' e-ter - nal King.

DELOS. S. M.

H.

Final.

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid farewell to eve-ry fear; My wants are all sup - plied.

2. To ev - er - fra - grant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand in-dul-gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet re - store; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove no more, And let me rove no more.

AMITY STREET. S. M.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Re - deem-er saved With his own pre - cious blood.

2. If e'er to bless thy sons My voice or hands de - ny, These hands let use - ful skill for-sake, This voice in si - lence die.

3. If e'er my heart for - get Her wel - fare or her wo, Let ev'-ry joy this heart for-sake, And ev'-ry grief o'er - flow.
4. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

WAVERLY. S. M.

Time—less than one accent.

The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O, may we ev - er keep in mind The night of death draws near, The night of death draws near.

The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O, may we ev - er keep in mind The night of death draws near, The night of death draws near.

PROBATION. S. M.

W. B. B.

1. Now is the day of grace; Now to the Saviour come; The Lord is calling, "Seek my face, And I will guide you home."

2. A Fa - ther bids you speed; O, wherefore then de - lay? He calls in love; he sees your need; He bids you come to - day.

3. To - day the prize is won; The prom-ise is to save; Then, O, be wise; to - morrow's sun May shine up - on your grave.

GREEN STREET. S. M.

ANDREWS.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov - ereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2. Come, wor-ship at his throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his work, and not our own; He formed us by his word.

3. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

WOOSTER. S. M.

ZINCETI.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints! Down from the willows take: Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid ev-ery string a - wake, Bid ev - ery string a - wake.

2. Though in a for-eign land, We are not far from home; And near-er to our house a-bove, We ev-ery mo-ment come, We ev - ery mo - ment come.

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

4. When we in dark-ness walk, Nor feel the heavenly flame, Then will we trust our gracious God, And rest up - on his name, And rest up - on his name.

RESURRECTION. H. M.

1. Yes, the Re-deem-er rose; The Sa-viour left the dead, And o'er our hel - lish foes, High raised his con-quering head: In wild dis-

2. Be - hold th'an-gel - ic bands, In full as - sem - bly meet, To wait his high com-mands, And wor-ship at his feet: With joy they

may, The guards a - round, Fall to the ground, And sink a - way.

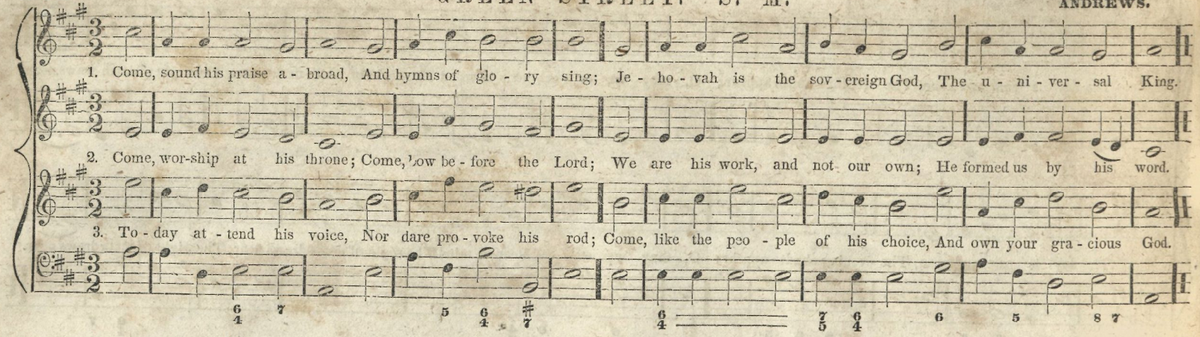
come, And wing their way, From realms of day, to Je - sus' tomb.

3. Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"The Lord who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day."

4. Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry,
"The Lord, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

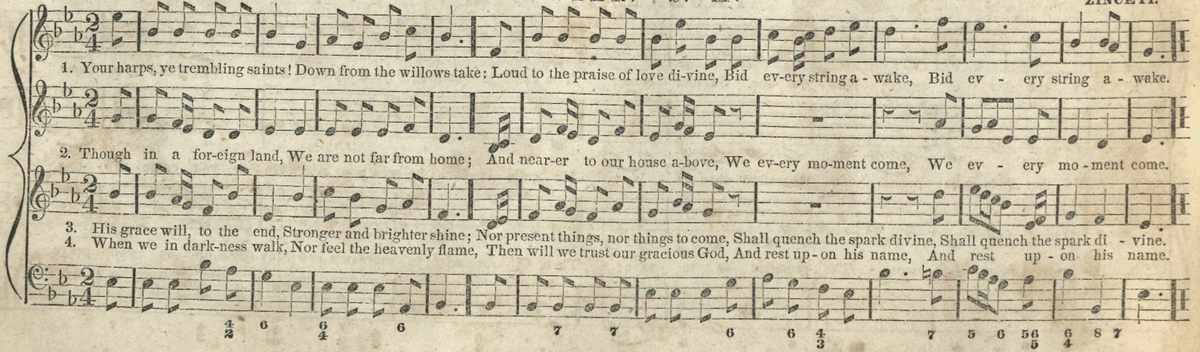
GREEN STREET. S. M.

ANDREWS.

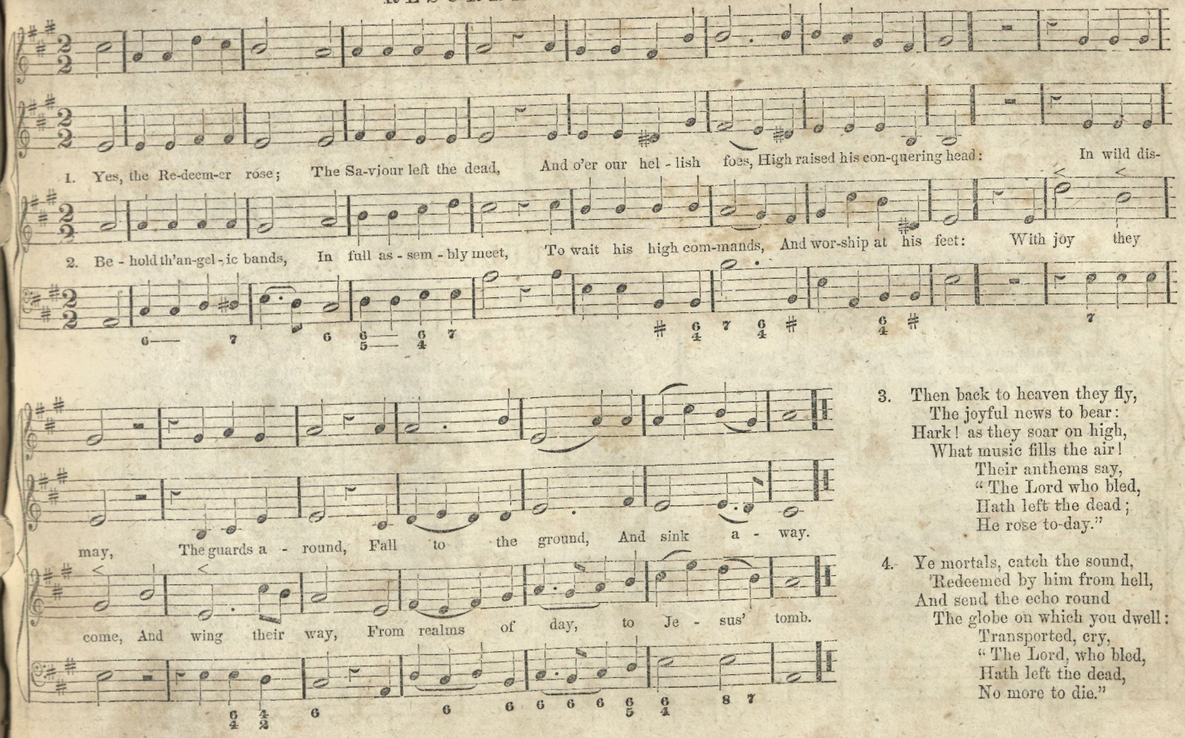


WOOSTER. S. M.

ZINCETI.



RESURRECTION. H. M.



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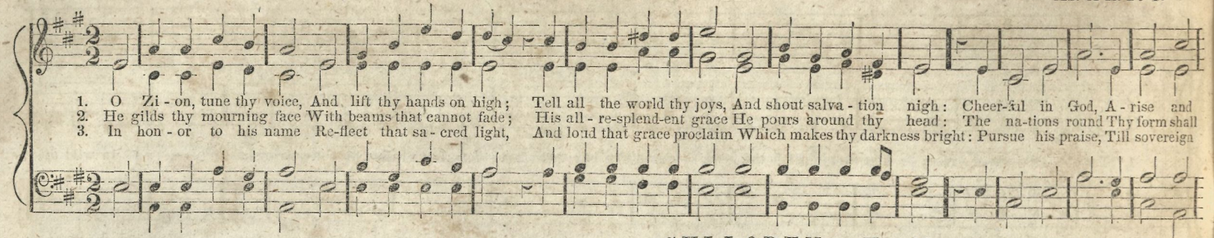
No more to die."

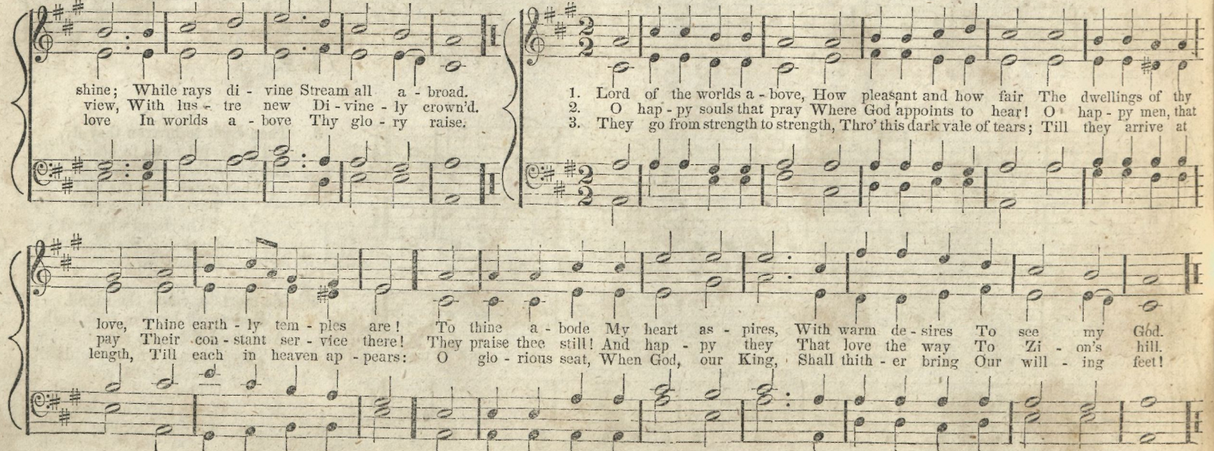
WESTFORD. H. M.

MS. of E. P. I.

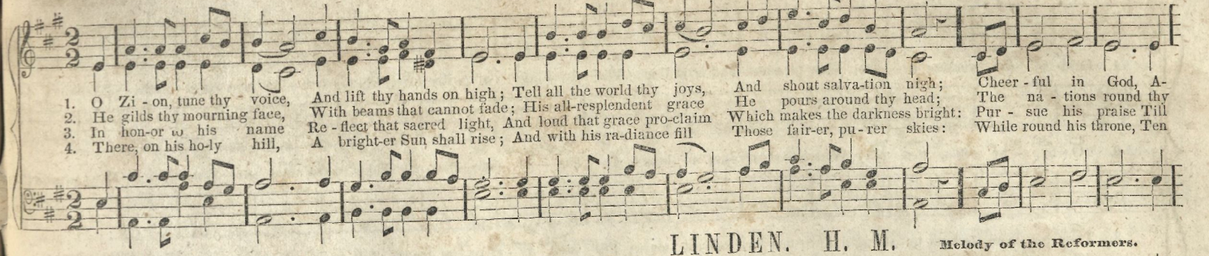


CULLODEN. H. M.

English Melody.

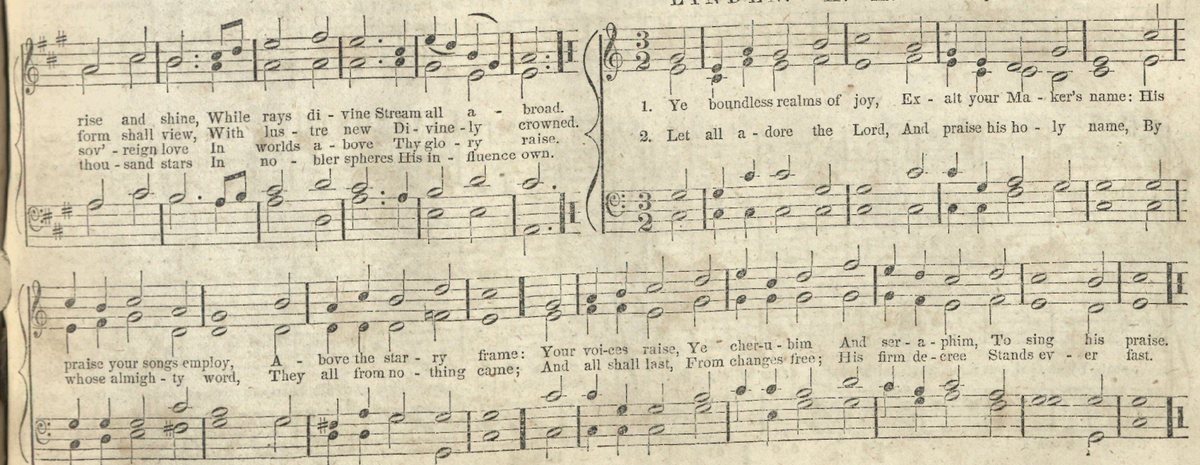


GRATIOT. H. M.



LINDEN. H. M.

Melody of the Reformers.



KNOWLTON. H. M

Old Melody.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples are! To thine a-

2. O hap - py souls, that pray Where God appoints to hear! O hap - py men, that pay Their con - stant ser - vice there! They praise thee

3. They go from strength to strength Thro' this dark vale of tears; Till each ar - rives at length, Till each in heaven ap - pears: O glo - rious

bode My heart aspires, With warm de - sires To see my God.

still; And hap - py they That love the way To Zion's hill.

seat, When God, our King, Shall thither bring Our willing feet!

LIVINGSTON. H. M.

Semi-chorus. H.

1. God is gone up on high, With a triumphant noise; The clarions of the

2. All power to our great Lord Is by the Father given; By angel-hosts a-

3. High on his ho - ly seat He bears the righteous sway; His foes beneath his

T. S. T. S.

Soli. Cho. Soli. Cho.

sky Pro-claim th'an - gel - ic joys: Join, all on earth! rejoice and sing, Glo - ry as-cribe to glo - ry's King.

ALTO.

dored, He reigns su-preme in heaven: Join all on earth! re-joice and sing, rejoice and sing, Glo-ry as-cribe to glo - ry's King.

feet Shall sink and die a - way Join, all on earth! re-joice and sing, Glo-ry as - cribe to glo - ry's King.

3d BASE.

QUEENSBURG. H. M.

Arranged from NEUKOMM.

1. Hail, everlasting Spring! Celestial Fountain, hail! Thy streams salvation bring; The waters never fail; Still they endure, And still they flow, For all our wo A sovereign cure.

2. Blest be his wounded side, And blest his bleeding heart, Who all in anguish died, Such favors to impart; His sacred blood Shall make us clean From every sin, And fit for God.

3. To that dear source of love, Our souls this day would come; And thither, from above, Lord, call the nations home; That Jew and Greek, With rapturous songs On all their tongues Thy praise may speak.

CAMFIELD. H. M.

E. HOWE, Jr.

1. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, And make thy pres-ence known: Re-veal our Sa - viour's love, And seal us for thine own: Un - blest by

2. When our in - car - nate God, The sov' - reign Prince of light, In Jor - dan's swell - ing flood Re - ceived the ho - ly rite, In o - - pen

3. Con-tin - ue still to shine, And fill us with thy fire: This or - di - nance is thine; Do thou our souls in-spire: Thou wilt at-

STAFFORD. H. M.

Mus. Sacra.

thee Our works are vain; Nor can we e'er Ac - cept - ance gain.

view Thy form came down, And, dove-like, flew The King to crown.

tend On all thy sons; "Till time shall end," Thy pro - mise runs.

1. Up-ward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid— The

2. My feet shall ne - ver slide, Nor fall in fa - tal snares; Since

3. No burn-ing heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall

God that built the skies, And earth and na-ture made; God is the tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In eve - ry hour.

God, my guard and guide, De-fends me from my fears: Those wake-ful eyes That nev - er sleep, Shall Is - rael keep When dan - gers rise.

take my health a - way, If God be with me there: Thou art my sun, And thou my shade, To guard my head By night or noon.

BENGAL. H. M.

H.

Slow.

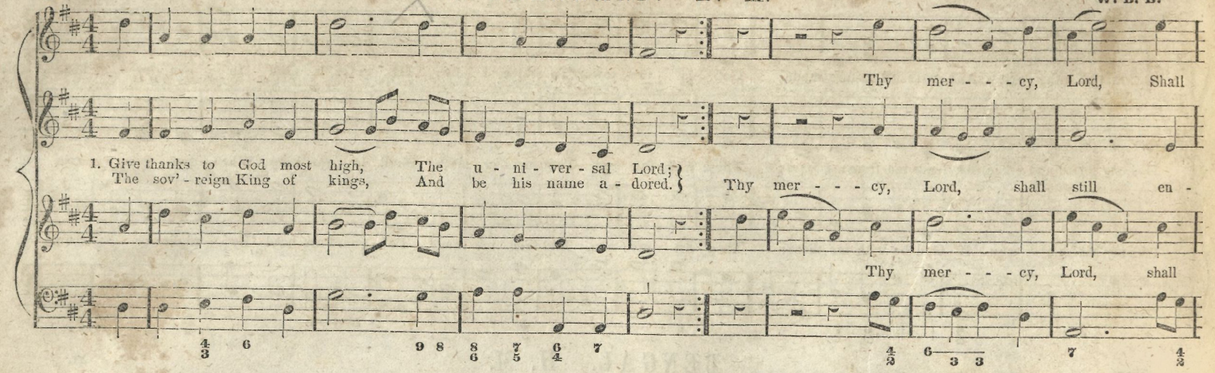
1. Ye dy - ing sons of men, Immerg'd in sin and wo, Ye per - ish - ing and guil - ty, come; In mer - cy's arms there yet is room.
The gos-pel calls a - gain, Its message is to you:

2. No lon-ger now de - lay, Nor vain ex-cu-ses frame, All things are rea - dy—sin - ners, come; In mer - cy's arms there yet is room.
Christ bids you come to-day, The poor, and blind, and lame:

172 Allegro.

SUTHERLAND. H. M.

W. B. B.



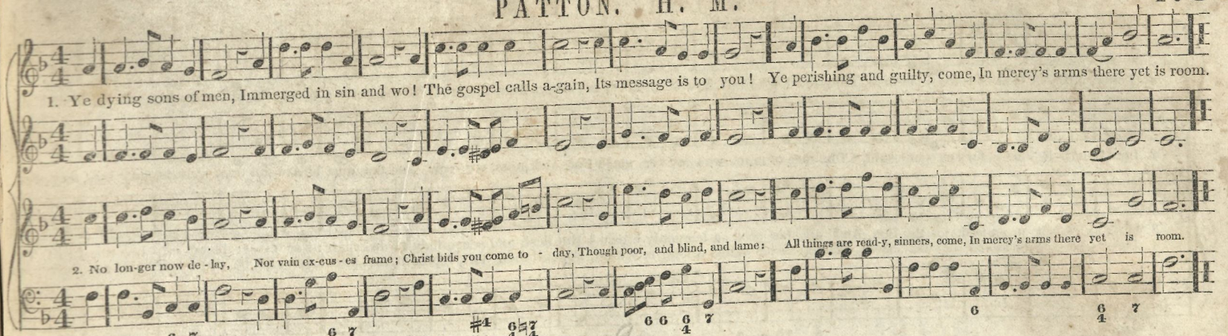
II.

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone:
His power and grace Are still the same;
And let his name Have endless praise.

III.

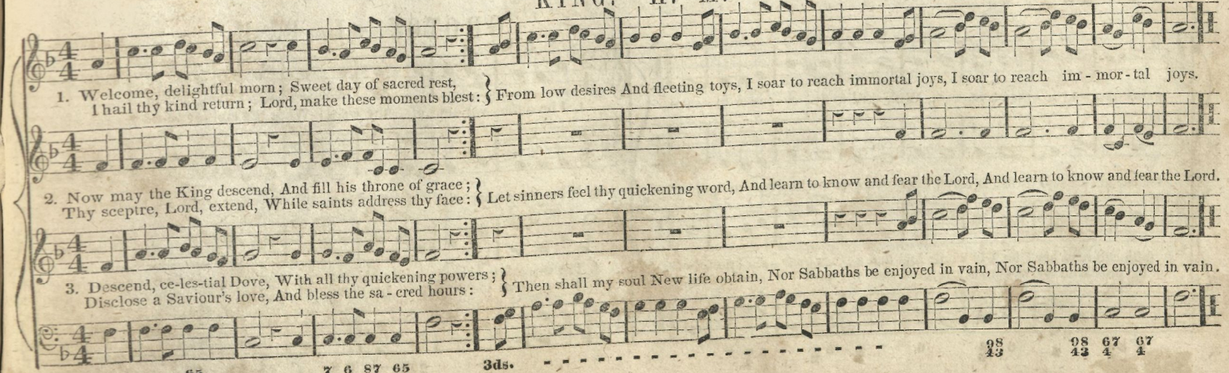
He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe:
His power and grace Are still the same;
And let his name Have endless praise.

PATTON. H. M.



KING. H. M.

W. B. B.



WILNA. L. P. M.

H.

1. Think, migh-ty God, on fee - ble man, How few his hours! how short his span! Short from the cradle to the grave; Who can se - cure his vi-tal breath, A
2. Lord! shall it be for-ev-er said, "The race of man was ev-er made For sick-ness, sor-row, and the dust?" Are not thy servants, day by day, Sent
3. Hast thou not prom-ised to thy Son, And all his seed a heavenly crown? But flesh and sense indulge de-spair: For ev-er bless-ed be the Lord, That
4. For-ev-er bless-ed be the Lord, Who gives his saints a long re-ward, For all their toil, reproach, and pain: Let all be-low and all a-bove, Join

T. S. T. S.

GROTON. L. P. M.

English.

gainst the bold de-mands of death, With skill to fly or power to save.
to their graves and turned to clay? Lord! where's thy kindness to the just?
faith can read his ho-ly word, And find a re-sur-rec-tion there.
to pro-claim thy wondrous love, And each re-peat his loud A-men.

1. I love the vol-ume of thy word; What life and joy those leaves afford To
2. From the discov'-ries of thy law The per-fect rules of life I draw: These
3. Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my danger lies, But
4. Who knows the error of his thoughts? My God, forgive my secret faults, And

souls benight-ed and distressed! Thy pre-cepts guide my doubt-ful way, Thy fear for-bids my feet to stray, Thy prom-ise leads my heart to rest.
are my stud-y and de-light: Not hon-ey so in-vites the taste: Nor gold that hath the fur-nace passed, Ap-pears so pleasing to the sight.
'tis thy bless-ed gos-pel, Lord, That makes my guil-ty con-science clean, Converts my soul, sub-dues my sin, And gives a free, but large re-ward.
from pre-sump-tuous sins re-strain; Ac-cept my poor at-tempts to praise, That I have read thy book of grace, And book of na-ture, not in vain.

SEDGWICK. L. P. M.

W. B. B.

First time. Second time.

1. { I love the volume of thy word: / What light and joy those leaves af-ford } To souls be-night-ed and distressed! { Thy precepts guide my doubtful way, / Thy fear forbids my feet to stray, } Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
2. { Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes, / And warn me where my dan-ger lies: } But 'tis thy bles-sed gospel, Lord, { That makes my guilty conscience clean, / Converts my soul, subdues my sin, } And gives a free, but large reward.

GALEN. L. P. M.

H.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers; My days of
2. Hap-py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God, who made the sky, And earth and sea, with all their train; His truth for-
3. He loves his saints, he knows them well; But turns the wick - ed down to hell: Thy God, O Zi - on, ev - er reigns; Let eve - ry

praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im-mor-tal - i - ty en - dures, Or im - mor-tal - i - ty en - dures.
ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain, And none shall find his prom - ise vain.
tongue, let eve - ry age, In this ex - alt - ed work en - gage, Praise him in ev - er - last - ing strains, Praise him in ev - er - last - ing strains.

XEDEMOTH. L. P. M.

From the German. 177

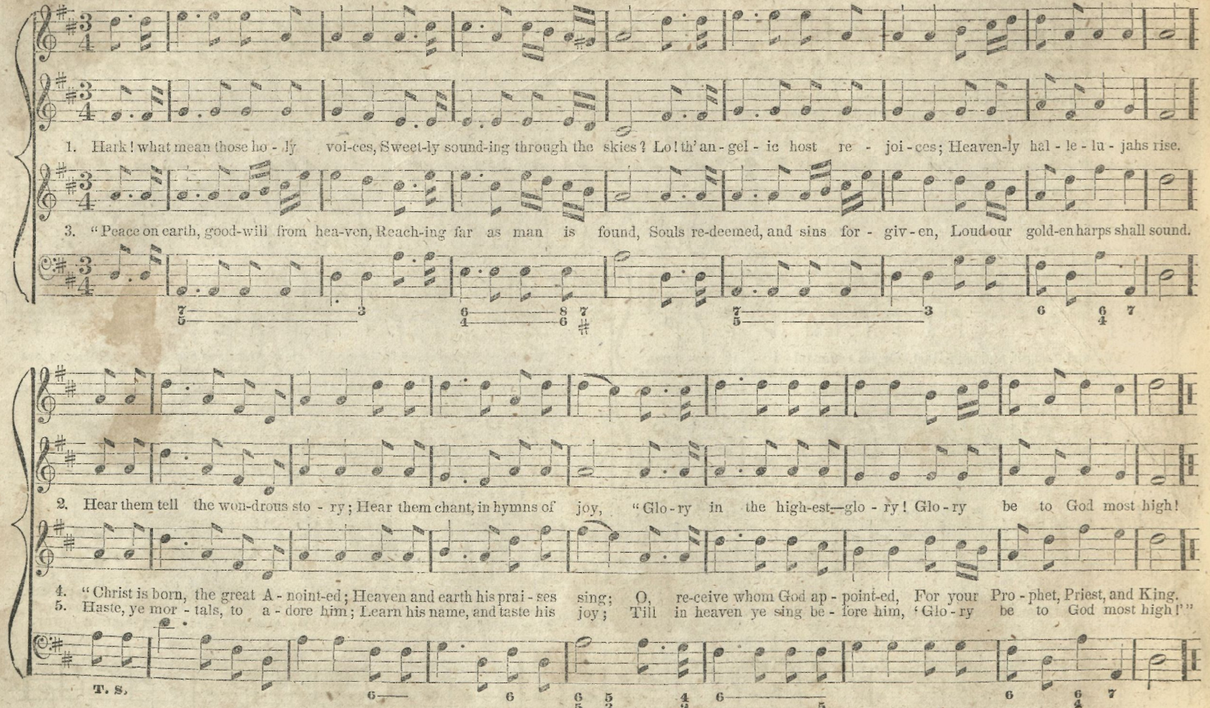
1. I'll praise my Ma-ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my no - bler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mor-tal - i - ty en - dures.
2. Hap-py the man whose hopes rely On Is-rael's God, who made the sky, And earth, and sea, with all their train; His truth for ev - er stands se-cure; He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.
3. He loves his saints, he knows them well, But turns the wicked down to hell: Thy God, O Zi - on, ev - er reigns; Let eve - ry tongue, Let eve-ry age, in this ex - alt - ed work en-gage; Praise him in ev-er - last - ing strains.

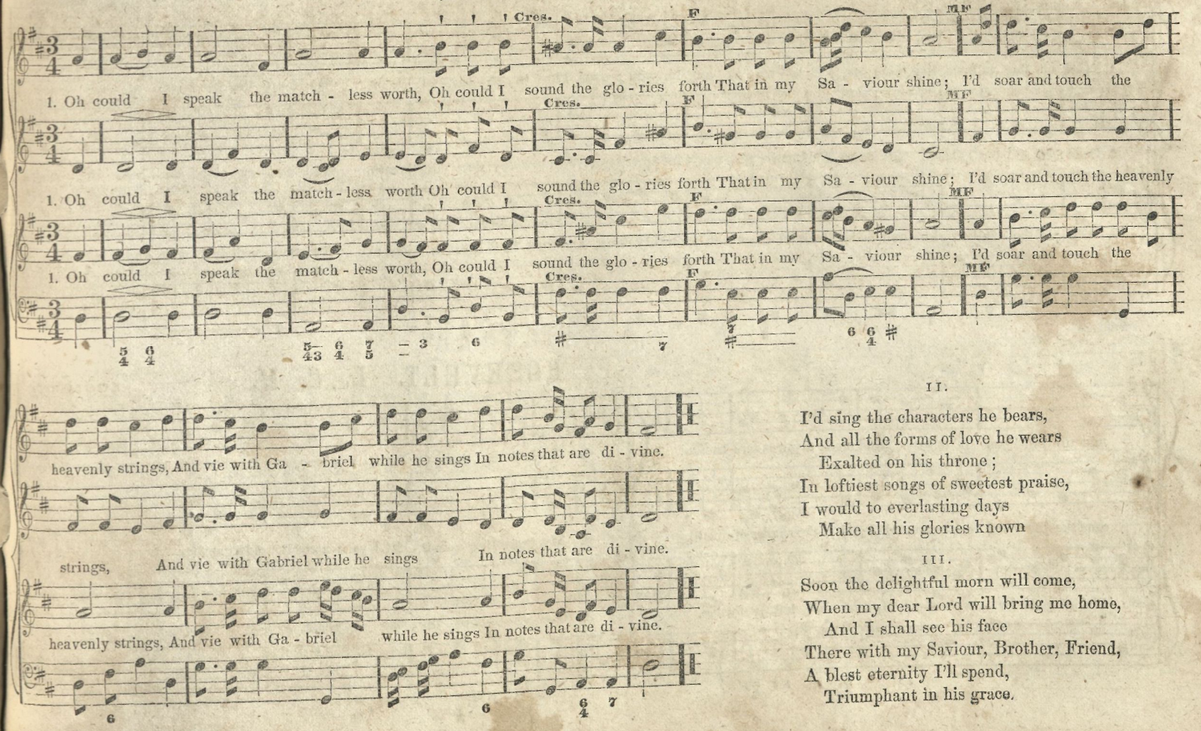
WHEN GATH'RING CLOUDS. L. M. 6 lines.*

H.

1. When gath'ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex - pe - rienced ev'ry hu - man pain: He feels my grief, he sees my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.
2. When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which covers all that was a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a lit - tle while; Thou, Sa-viour, seest the tears I shed, For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.
3. And oh! when I have safe - ly past, Through every con-flict but the last; Still, still un-changing watch be - side My bed of death; for thou hast died: Then point to realms of end - less day, And wipe the lat - est tear a - way.

* See also for this metre, *Repose*, page 42, and *Franke*, page 74.





II.

I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known

III.

Soon the delightful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face
There with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Allegro.

HEREFORD. L. C. M.

English.

1. God of the nations, bow thine ear, And lis - ten to our fer-vent prayer, Thro' thy be - lov - ed Son: Build up the king-dom of his grace A-

2. Send forth the her - alds in his name, Bid them a Sa - vior's love proclaim With eve - ry fleet - ing breath, Till eve - ry land shall hear the sound, And

3. Oh let the nations rise and bring Their off'rings to th'Almighty King, And trust in him a - lone: Re - nounce their i - dols, and a - dore The

ROSEVELT. L. C. M.

LOGIERE.

mid the mil-lions of our race, And make thy wonders known.

send the joy - ful ech-oes round, Amid the shades of death.

God of gods for - ev - ermore, Up - on his loft - y throne.

1. I look to thee, O Lord, a - lone, And low beneath thy gra-cious throne Pour

2. My trembling spir-it, fill'd with awe, Beholds the ter - rors of thy law, And

3. Guilty, be-fore thy bar I plead, Guil-ty in thought, in word, and deed, Whol-

out my ar - dent prayer: Par - don my sin, my soul reprieve, No hand but thine can now re - lieve, Or save me from des - pair.

bows it - self in dust: Thou, Lord, art righteous, just, and good, My on - ly re-fuge is thy blood: Thou art my on - ly trust.

ly de - filed by sin: O heal the lep - ro - sy of soul! One pard'ning word can make me whole, And bid my heart be clean.

HAMPDEN. L. C. M.

English.

1. O Lord, in sor - row I re - sign, And bow to that dear hand of thine, While yet the rod ap - pears;

That hand can wipe these stream - ing eyes, Or in - to smiles of glad sur - prise Trans - form these fall - ing tears.

IRWIN. C. L. M.

H.

1. Ah! who shall stand be - fore thy throne, A - mid the ran - somed race, When all thy glo - ries are made known, And
2. No glit - t'ring gems, no mines of gold, That bliss can e'er se - cure; The pre - cious pearl, of price un - told, Is
3. The lof - ty spir - it tries in vain To reach the heights of heaven None but the hum - ble can ob - tain, Whose
4. None of a sel - fish, car - nal mind, Or en - vi - ous, or vile, Vain, or de - ceit - ful, or un - kind, Can
5. Lord, search and try my in - most soul, Re - move each guil - ty stain; Win ev' - ry thought to thy con - trol, Let

T. S.

sing re - cov' - ring grace? The pure in heart, O Lord, shall see Thy face, and ev - er dwell with thee.
giv - en to the pure: The pure in heart a - lone shall prove The rich - es of e - - ter - nal love.
sins are all for - given: The pure in heart a - lone shall rise, To scenes of bliss be - yond the skies.
meet thy gra - cious smile: The pure in heart, and on - ly they, Are trav'l - ing in the heav'n-ly way.
ev' - ry sin be slain: O bring me to the heal - ing flood, And cleanse me by thy pre - cious blood.

PSALM 116. C. L. M.

KING.

Mod. Legato.

1. I love the Lord, whose gra-cious ear Was o - pen to my cry; He bade me, in the time of fear, Up - on his grace re - ly:
2. Death's sorrows had en - com - passed me, I felt the pains of hell; On eve - ry side was mis - e - ry, My woes no tongue could tell:
3. Ten - der and gra-cious is his name; Our God is ev' - er kind; The meek shall his pro - tec - tion claim, The hum-ble, mer - cy find:

THE LORD IS RISEN. C. L. M.

Tenderly. Slow.

Long as I live I'll trust his care, To him ad-dress my fer - vent prayer.
Then I broke forth with - out con - trol, "Lord, I be - seech thee, save my soul!"
Un - to thy rest, my soul, re - turn, The bounties of thy God discern.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the opening
2. Ye mourning saints, dry eve-ry tear For your de-part - ed
3. Now cheer-ful to the house of prayer Your ear-ly footsteps

tomb; Where once the cru - ci - fied was borne, And veil'd in midnight gloom.
Lord, "Be - hold the place—he is not here," The tomb is all unbarr'd:
bend, The Saviour will him-self be there, Your ad - vo - cate and friend:

O weep no more, the Saviour slain! The Lord is ris'n—he lives a - gain.
The gates of death were closed in vain: The Lord is ris'n—he lives a - gain.
Once by the law your hopes were slain But now in Christ ye live a - gain.

LANDAFF. C. P. M.

English.

1. Go, tune thy voice to sa - cred song: Ex - ert thy no - blest powers! Go, min - gle with the cho - ral throng, The Sa - viour's

2. Oh, hast thou felt a Sa - viour's love, That flame of heaven-ly birth? Then let thy strains me - lo - dious prove, With rap - tures

3. Hast found the pearl of price un - known, That cost a Sa - viour's blood? Heir of a bright ce - les - tial crown, That spar - kles

ILLYRIA. C. P. M.

Theme by RINK.

prais - es to pro - long, A - mid life's fleet - ing hours.

soar - ing far a - bove The tri - fling toys of earth.

near th'e - ter - nal throne, Oh sing the praise of God.

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest To mourn-ing

2. There is a home for wea - ry souls, By sin and

3. There faith lifts up her tear - ful eye To bright - er

wand - 'rers given: There is a joy for souls dis - tress'd, A balm for ev - ery wound - ed breast, 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

sor - row driven: When toss'd on life's tem-pes-tuous shoals, Where storms a - rise and o - cean rolls, And all is drear—'tis heaven.

pros - pects given: And views the tem - pest pass-ing by, The eve - ning shad - ows quick - ly fly, And all se - rene in heaven.

TEMPLETON. S. P. M. Or 6's & 10's.*

H.

1. Thou, who didst stoop be - low, To drain the cup of woe, And wear the form of frail mor - tal - i - ty,—Thy bles - sed la - bors done, Thy

crown of vic-tory won,—Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

II.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

* By omitting the principal slurs, as will be required by the hymn here inserted.

MARBURG. S. P. M.

German.

1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our Lord to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal We haste to Zi-on's
2. Zi-on, thrice hap-py place, Adorned with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round; In thee our tribes ap-pear To pray, and praise, and
3. There David's greater Son Has fixed his roy-al throne; He sits for grace and judg-ment there: He bids the saints be glad, He makes the sin-ner

Yes, with a cheer-ful zeal We haste to

Gently, with emotion.

JAFFNA. S. L. M.

hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay.
hear The sa-cred Gos-pel's joy-ful sound.
sad, And hum-ble souls re-joice with fear.
Zi-on's hill.

1. One smile, one gracious smile Up-on this drooping heart, Can eve-ry wea-ry
2. O Sa-viour, let me hear Thy sym-pa-thiz-ing voice, The ac-cents of thy
3. Bid thy en-livening rays A-mid the darkness shine, That I may tune the

thought be-guile, And bid my gloom de-part:
love can cheer, And fill with heavenly joys—
song in praise Of mer-cy so di-vine:

One smile of Heav'n up-on the soul Can eve-ry strug-gling fear con-trol.
This bo-som fill, with care oppressed, And charm the wea-ry soul to rest.
Thy smile, thy voice, thy light, thy love, Can eve-ry thought of gloom re-move.

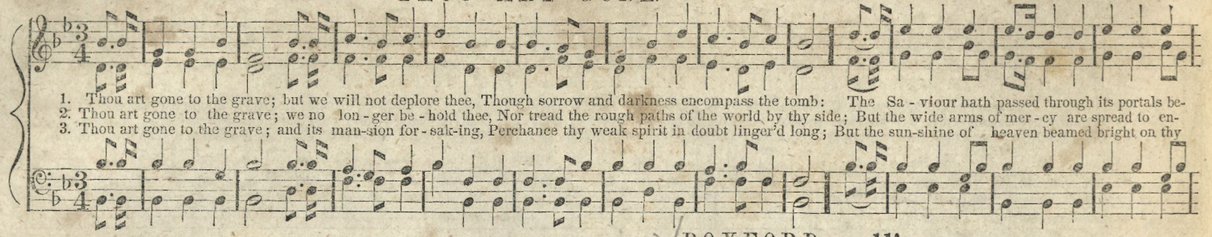
1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain: For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a foun-tain; For sin and un-cleanness, and eve-ry trans-
2. Ye souls that are wound-ed, to th' Sa-viour re-pair; He calls you in mer-cy, and can you for-bear? Tho' your sins are in-creas-ed, as high as a
3. Now Je-sus, our King, reigns triumphant-ly glo-rious; O'er sin, death, and hell he is more than vic-to-rious; With shouting pro-claim it, oh trust in his

Chorus to the last Stanza.

gres-sion, His blood flows most free-ly, in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most freely, in streams of sal-va-tion."
mountain, His blood can re-move them, it flows from the fountain, His blood can re-move them, it flows from the fountain.
pas-sion, He saves us most free-ly, oh pre-cious sal-va-tion, He saves us most free-ly, oh pre-cious sal-va-tion! Hal-le-lu-jah to the

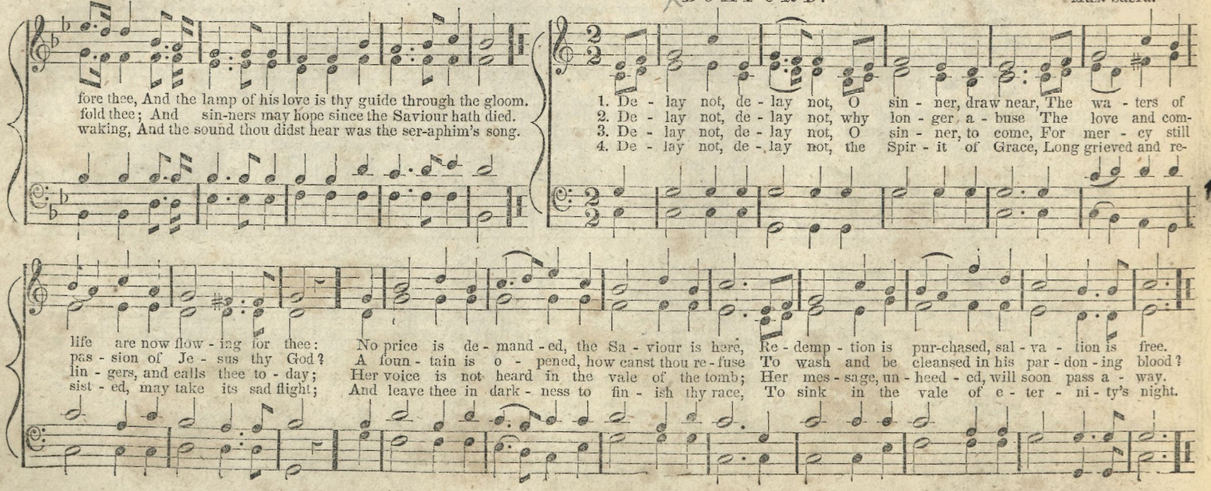
Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We'll praise him a-gain when we pass o-ver Jordan, We'll praise him a-gain, When we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

"THOU ART GONE." 12's. & 11's.

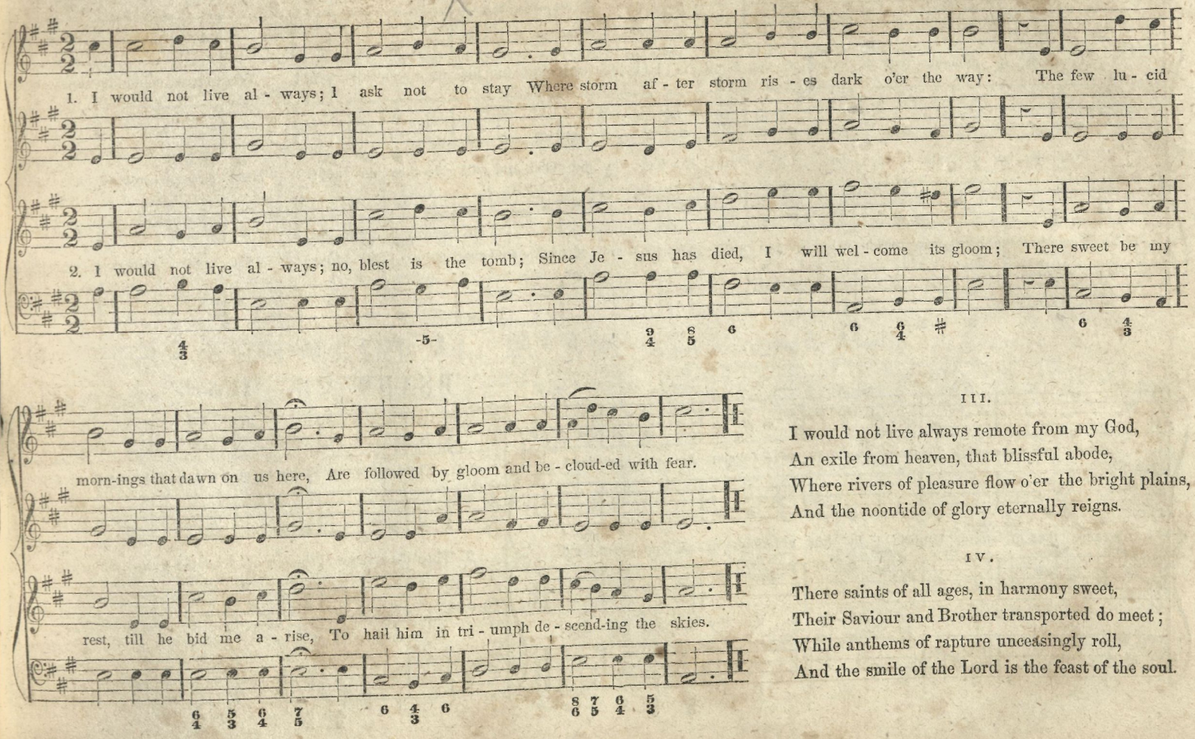


BOXFORD. 11's.

Mus. Sacra.



ILSLEY. 11's.



III.

I would not live always remote from my God,
An exile from heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

IV.

There saints of all ages, in harmony sweet,
Their Saviour and Brother transported do meet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

HERKEMER. 11's.

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more could his mer - cy and

2. Fear not, he is with thee, oh be not a - fraid; For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid: He'll strength-en thee, help thee, and

3. When thro' the deep wa-ters he calls thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall ne'er o - ver - flow; His pres - ence shall guide thee, his

good - ness have said, To those who for re - fuge to Je - sus have fled?

cause thee to stand, Up-held by his gra-cious om - ni - po - tent hand.

mer - cy shall bless And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis - tress.

PSALM 23. 11's. MS. of E. P. I.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green

2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my

3. In the midst of af - flic-tion my table is spread; With blessings un-

pas-tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op - press'd.

guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my com - for - ter near.

mea-sured my cup run-neth o'er, With per - fume and oil thou an - oint-est my head, Oh what shall I ask of thy pro - vi - dence more?

HOWLAND. L. M. 6 lines. Or, by omitting the repeat, L. M. H.

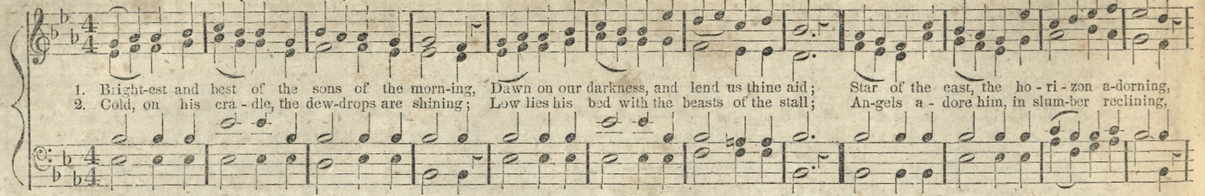
1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, God of love, Oh hear an hum-ble suppliant's cry! Bend from thy lof - ty seat a - bove, Thy throne of glo - rious ma - jes - ty: } Oh deign to hear my mournful voice, And bid my drooping heart re - joice.

2. I urge no mer - it of my own, No worth to claim thy gracious smile; No—when I come be - fore thy throne, Dare to con-verse with God a - while, } Thy name, blest Je-sus, is my plea, Dear-est and sweet-est name to me.

Quick, but gentle.

DELABORDE. 11's & 10's.

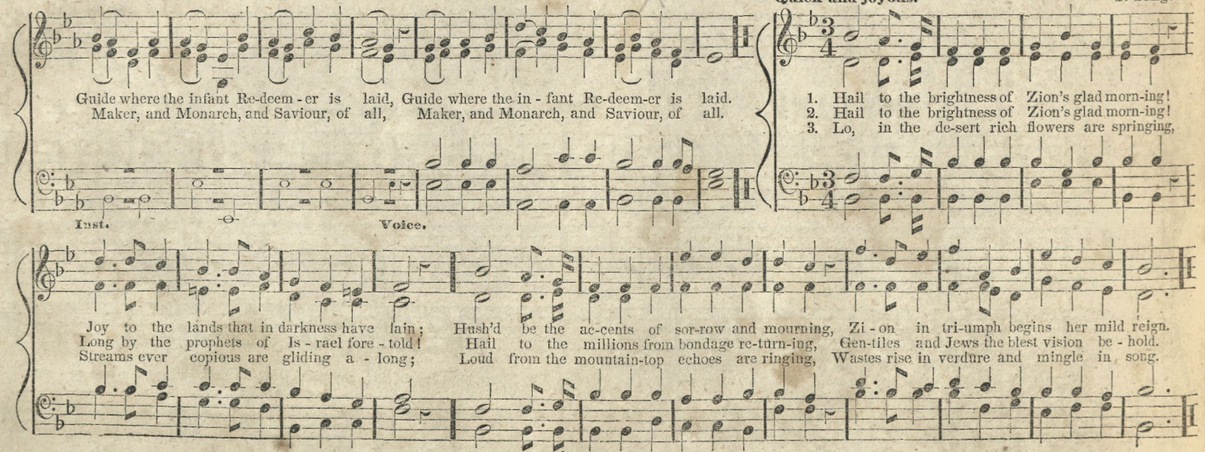
DELABORDE.



HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11's & 10's.

Quick and joyous.*

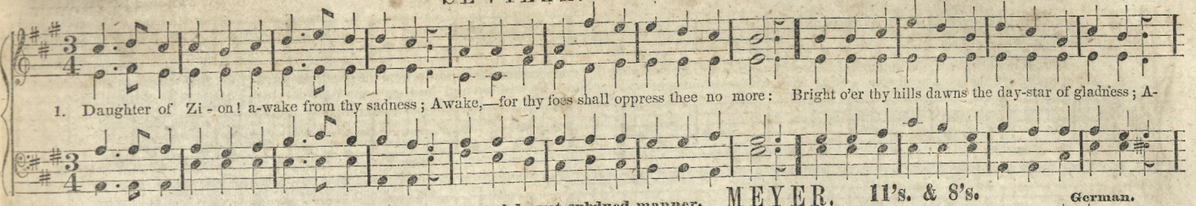
S. Songs.



* *i. e.* when applied to hymns of this character: but *slow* and *tender*, when set to such hymns as "Come, ye disconsolate."

SEVILLE. 11's & 10's.

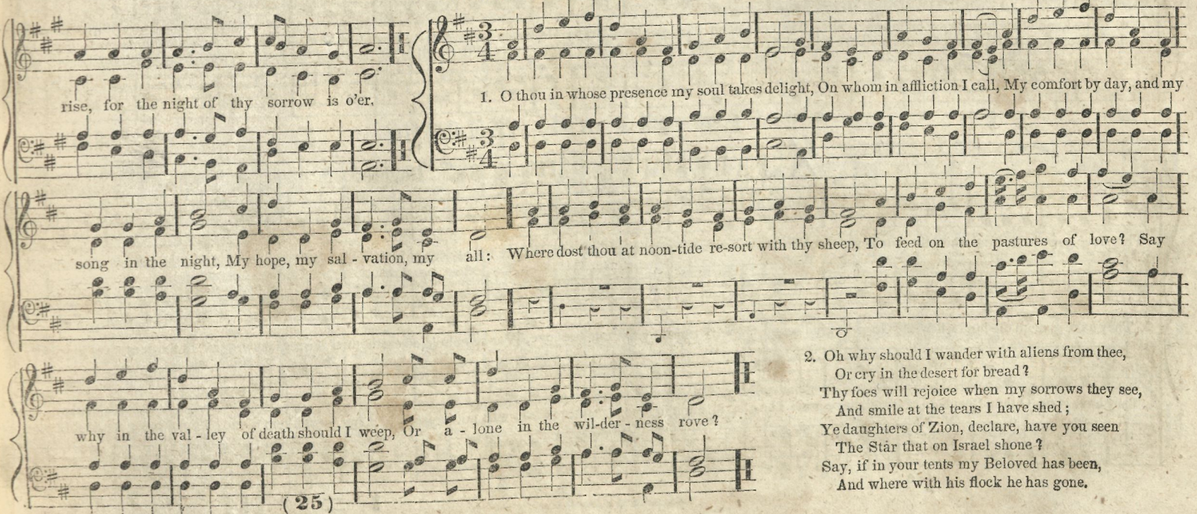
Arranged from the "Vesper Book."



In a quick, yet subdued manner.

MEYER. 11's. & 8's.

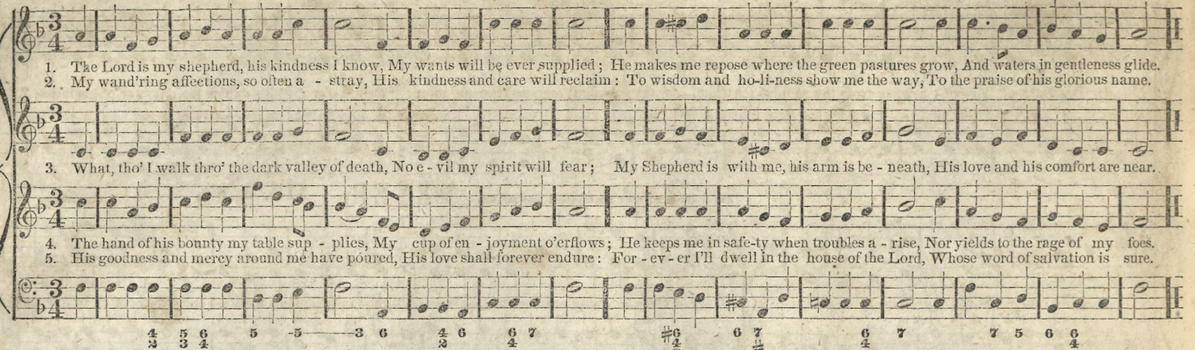
German.



2. Oh why should I wander with aliens from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed;
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.

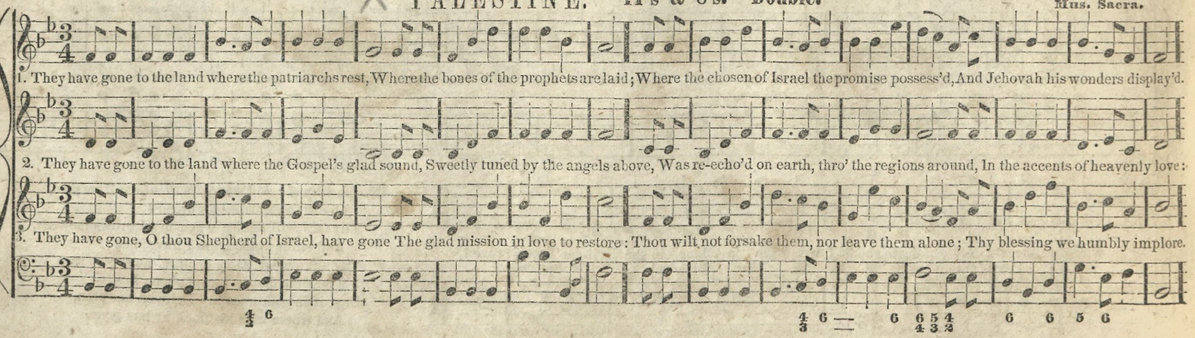
GLASGOW. 11's & 8's Single.

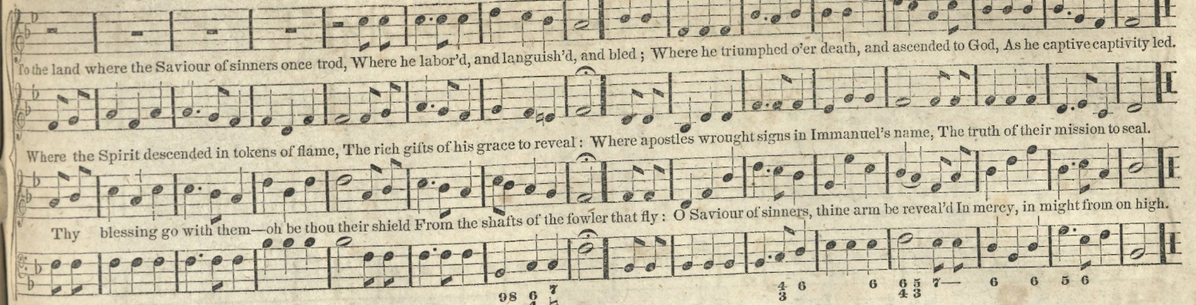
Theme by BURKIT.



PALESTINE. 11's & 8s. Double.

Mus. Sacra.

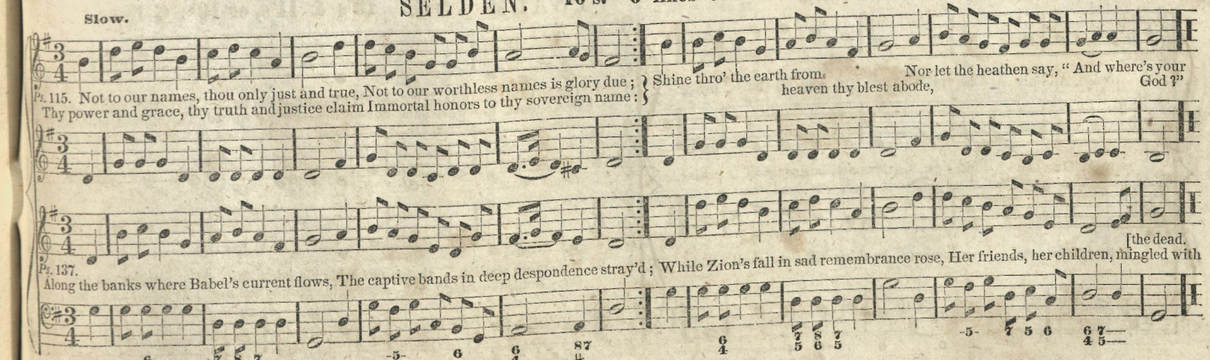




SELDEN. 10's. 6 lines or 4 lines.*

H.

Slow.



* By omitting the repeat.

SILLIMAN. 10's. 4 lines.

MS. of Rev. E. P. I.

1. A - gain the day re - turns of ho - ly rest, Which, when he made the world Je - ho - vah blest; When, like his own, he bade our la - bors

2. Let us de - vote this con - se - crat-ed day To learn his will, and all we learn o - bey; So shall he hear, when fer-vent - ly we

3. Fa - ther in heaven, in whom our hopes con - fide, Whose power de - fends us, and whose precepts guide, In life our Guard - ian, and in death our

PSALM 50. 10's & 11's, or 10's 6 lines.* H.

cease, And all be pi - - e - ty, and all be peace.

raise Our sup - pli - ca - tions and our songs of praise.

Friend, Glo - ry su - preme be thine 'till time shall end.

1. The God of glo - ry sends his sum-mons forth, Calls the south na - tions, From east to west his sov-ereign or - ders spread, Through distant worlds and

2. No more shall a - theists mock his long de - lay, His ven-geance sleeps no Be - hold, the Judge de - scends; his guards are nigh: Tempest and fire at -

* Simply by transferring the last slur to the first three quarter notes of the previous measure.

and a - wakes the north; / re-gions of the dead: / The trum-pet sounds, hell trem - bles, heaven re - joic - es, Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voi - - ces.

more: behold the day; / tend him down the sky. / When God ap-pears, all na - ture shall a - dore him; While sin-ners trem - ble, saints re-joice be - fore him.

LINCOLN. 8's. Peculiar.

1. Bles-sed be thy name for - ev - er, Thou of life the glo-rious Giv - er; Thou canst guard thy creatures, sleeping, Heal the heart long broke with weeping.

2. Thou who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest, Blest are they thou kindly keep- est; Thou of eve- ry good the Giv - er, Bles- sed be thy name for - ev - er.

In a flowing style.—*Time, three seconds in a measure.*

ROMFORD. 8's. Double.

1. O Je-sus, delight of my soul, My Saviour, my Shepherd divine;
I yield to thy blessed con-trol; My bo-dy and spirit are thine;
Thy love I can nev-er de-serve, That bids me be hap-py in thee; My

2. How can I thy goodness re-pay, By na-ture so weak and de-filed?
My-self I have given a-way, Oh call me thine own little child:
And art thou my Father a-bove? Will Je-sus a-bide in my heart? Oh

MEDINA. 8's. Double.

CARL F. ZELTER.

God and my King I will serve. Whose fa-vor is heav-en to me.
bind me so fast with thy love, That I never from thee shall de-part.

1. Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine, I long to reside where thou art;

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

The pas-ture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd o-bey, Are fed, on thy bo-som re-clined, And screened from the heat of the day.
'Tis there I would al-ways a-bide, And nev-er a mo-ment de-part: Con-cealed in the cleft of thy side, E-ter-nal-ly held in thy heart.

AXMINSTER. 8's & 4's. Or L. C. M.*

1. A-las! how poor and lit-tle worth Are all those glit-ter-ring toys of earth, That lure us here! Dreams of - - a sleep that
death must break: A-las! - - be-fore it bids us wake, They dis - - ap-pear.

II.

Where is the strength that spurns decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and wo
When age comes on.

* By removing a slur at the end of each short line.

CONFIDENCE. 8's. Double.

S. B. POND. Manhattan Collection.

1. In - spi - rer and hear-er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine! My all to thy cov-en-ant care, I sleep - ing or wak-ing re - sign;
2. Thy min - is-tering spir-its de-scend, To watch while thy saints are a - sleep; By day and by night they at-tend, The heirs of sal - va-tion to keep;
3. Thy wor - ship no in - ter - val knows; Their fervor is still on the wing; And while they pro-tect my re - pose, They chant to the praise of my King.

If thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no dark - ness to me; And fast as my mo-ments roll on, They bring me but near-er to thee.
Bright ser-aphs, dispatched from the throne, Re-pair to their sta-tions as-signed; And an-gels e - lect are sent down, To guard the re - deemed of mankind.
I, too, at the sea-son or-dained, Their cho-rus for ev - er shall join; And love and a - dore, without end, Their faith - ful Cre - a - tor, and mine.

WHITE. 8's. Single.

E. HOWE, Jr.

1. O Je - sus, my Lord and my God! Je - ho - vah, al-migh - ty to save! I faint at the stroke of thy rod, 'Mid darkness, despair, and the grave:
2. One touch of thy mer - cy can heal, One look from thine eye can re-lieve, One whis-per thy love can re - veal, And bid me sal - va-tion re - ceive.
3. I own thy chas - tise-ment is just, Nor ut - ter one mur-mur-ing word; And should I de-scend to the dust, Still righteousness dwells with the Lord.
4. My fol - ly and sin I de - plore, The guilt of my soul I con - fess; The law that con-demns I ad - ore; Yet plead for thy par - don - ing grace.

MAYSVILLE. 8's & 7's. Double.

Subject from CHERUBINI.

Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.
Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe·
Still in faith and hope a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death.

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8's & 7's. Particular.*

1. Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of
2. The dead in Christ shall first a - rise, At the last
   The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of
   Caught up to meet him in the skies, With joy their

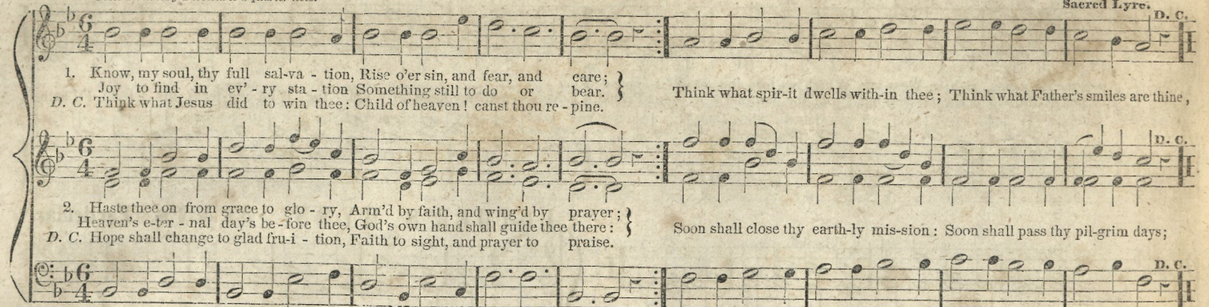
things cre - a - ted:
glo - ry seat - ed:
trum - pet's sound - ing,
Lord sur - round - ing:
The trum-pet sounds, the graves re - store The dead which they con - tained be - fore: Pre-pare, my soul, to meet him.
No gloo - my fears their souls dis - may; His pres - ence sheds e - ter - nal day, On those pre-pared to meet him.

* Or L. M., simply by omitting the repeat and the slurs which are at the end of each strain.

ABERDEEN. 8's & 7's. Double. Or, do. 6 lines.*

Time about half a second to a quarter note.

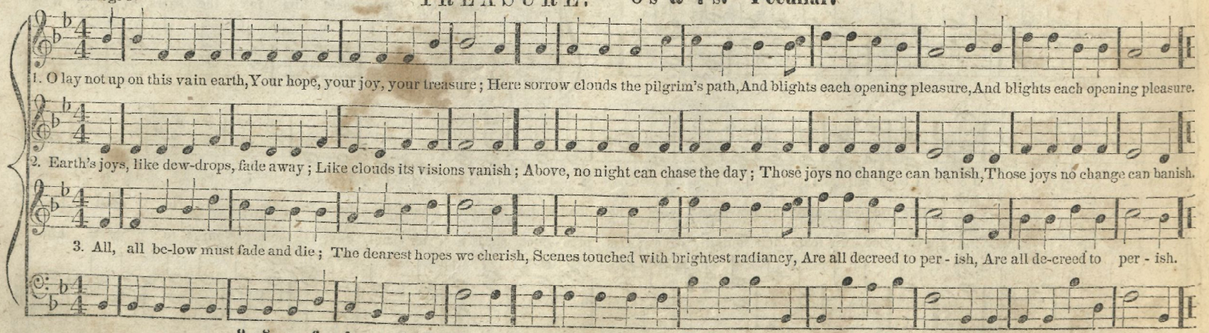
Sacred Lyre.



* By omitting the repeat.

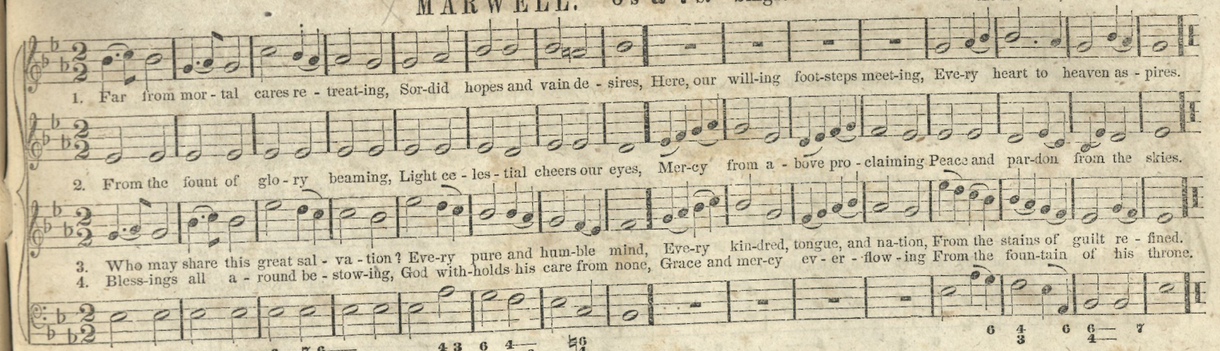
TREASURE. 8's & 7's. Peculiar.

Allegro.



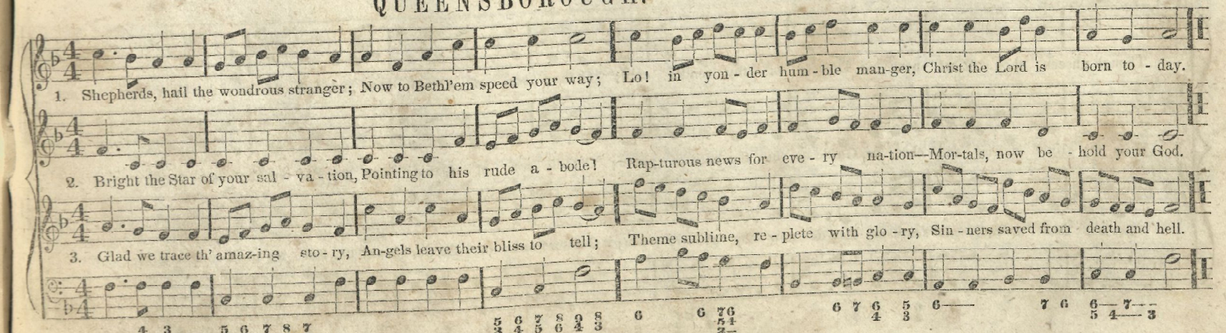
MARWELL. 8's & 7's. Single.

E. HOWE, Jr.



QUEENSBOROUGH. 8's & 7's. Single.

Arranged from HAYDN.



VEVAY. 8's & 7's. Double.

H.

1. Will the Lord, in lov - ing kindness, Lis - ten to our ar - dent cry, And remove each film of blindness From the soul's becloud - ed eye:

2. Waves of sor - row roll a - round us, Dangers fill us with dis - may, Threat'ning foes deceive and wound us, Urge our footsteps far as - tray;

3. Strong the arm of thy sal - va - tion, Rich the treasures of thy love, Lis - ten to our sup - pli - ca - tion From thy loft - y throne a - bove;

Though unseen, thou still art near us, Objects of thy tender care; O thou son of David, hear us, Let us now thy bless - ing share.

With thy light defend and cheer us, Guide us in the path of peace; O thou son of David, hear us, Bid our fears and wand'rings cease.

Let our foes no more en - snare us, Let us now thy glo - ry see; O thou son of David, hear us, For we trust a - lone in thee.

WALES. 8's & 7's. Double.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down; Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mer - cies crown:

2. Breathe, O breathe thy Ho - ly Spir - it In - to eve - ry troub - led breast; Let us all thy grace in - her - it; Let us find thy promis-ed rest:

3. Car - ry on thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and ho - ly may we be; Let us see our whole sal - va-tion Per-fect - ly se - cured by thee;

Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion; En - ter eve - ry trembling heart.

Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Take our load of guilt a - way; End the work of thy be - gin - ning; Bring us to e - ter - nal day.

Change from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place, Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

WARE. 8's & 7's. 6 lines. Or 4 lines.

Von Cruger.

1. What is life? 'tis but a va-por; Soon it van - ish - es a - way;
Life is but a dy-ing ta-per; Oh, my soul, why wish to stay? Why not spread thy wings and fly, Straight to yonder world of joy? Straight to yonder world of joy?

2. See what glory! how resplendent! Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent, Jesus reigns, the King of saints: Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly, Straight to yonder world of joy, Straight to yonder world of joy.

FORD. 8's, 7's & 4's.

W. B. B.

1. Look ye saints:—the sight is glorious;— See the Man of sor - rows now;
From the fight re-turned vic - to - rious, Ev-ery knee to him shall bow; Crown him, Crown him; Crowns be-come the Vic - tor's brow.

2. Crown the Sa-viour, an-gels, crown him; Rich the tro- phies Je - sus brings;
In the seat of power en-throne him, While the heav-enly con-cave rings: Crown him, Crown him; Crown the Sa-viour King of kings.

3. Hark! those bursts of ac - cla-ma-tion! Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Je - sus takes the high - est sta-tion; O, what joy the sight af - fords! Crown him, Crown him, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

ZIMMERMAN. 8's, 7's & 4's.

Slow.

1. An-gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now proclaim Mes-si - ah's birth: Come and worship, Come and worship,— Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yonder shines the heavenly light: Come and worship, Come and worship,— Worship Christ, the new-born King.

T. S.

SALZBURGH. 8's & 7's 6 lines, or 8's, 7's & 4's, or 8's & 7's Single.*

German.

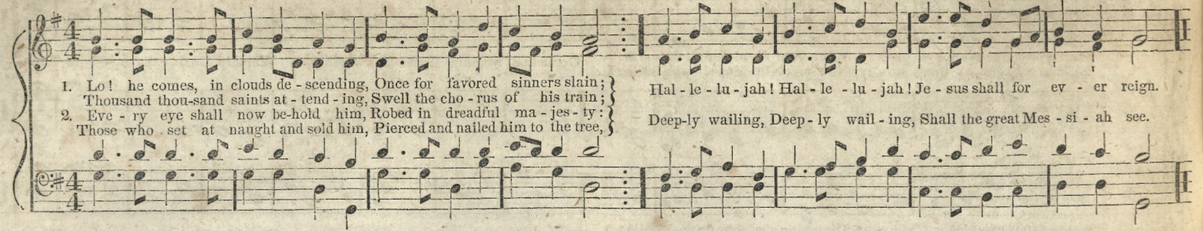
1. Come to Cal-v'ry's ho - ly mountain, Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and heal-ing foun - tain Flows for eve-ry guilt - y soul, In a full per - pet - ual tide, Opened when the Sav - iour died.

2. Come in sor - row and con - tri - tion, Wounded, impo - tent, and blind;
Here the guil - ty seek re - mis - sion, Here the lost a re - fuge find: Health, this fount - ain will re - store, He that drinks will thirst no more.

* That is, by using the small notes in the second case, and by omitting the repeat in the third case, still using the small notes.

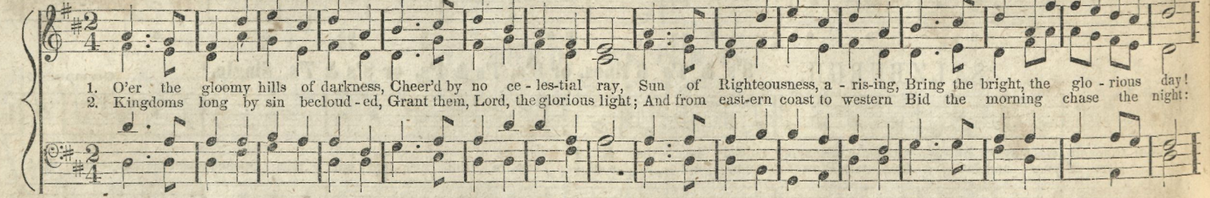
LO! HE COMES 8's, 7's & 4's.

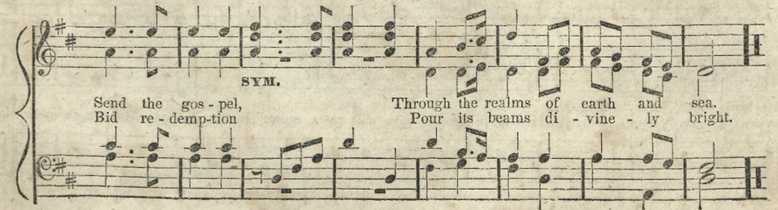
S. Songs.



HERALD. 8's, 7's & 4's.

S. B. POND.



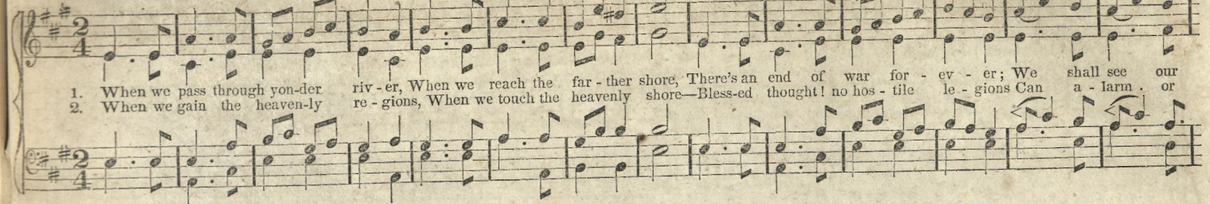


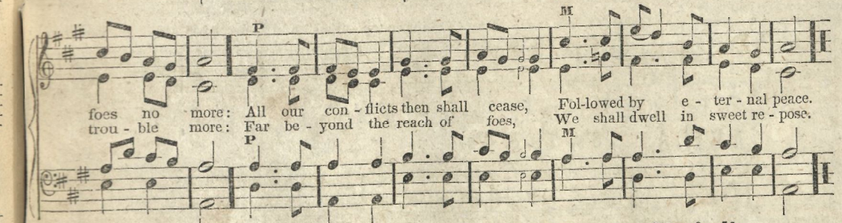
III.

Bid the everlasting gospel
Win and conquer, never cease;
Bid the Saviour's wide dominions
Multiply and still increase,
Till his sceptre
Fills the world with life and peace.

TORRINGTON. 8's & 7's. 6 lines. Or 8's, 7's & 4's.

MS. of Rev. E. [illegible]



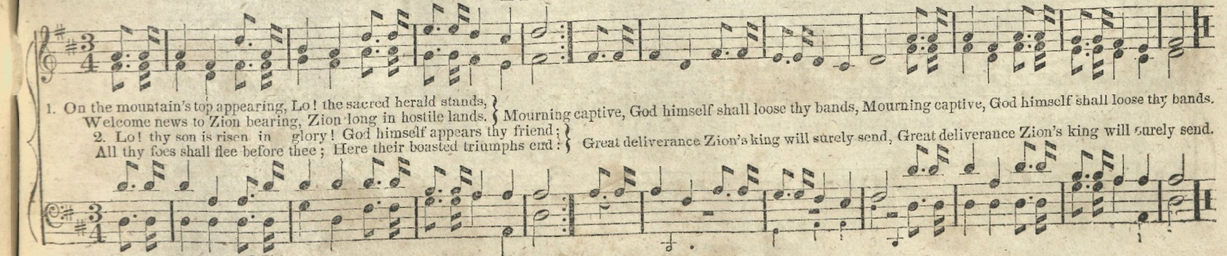


III.

Oh, that hope! how bright how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

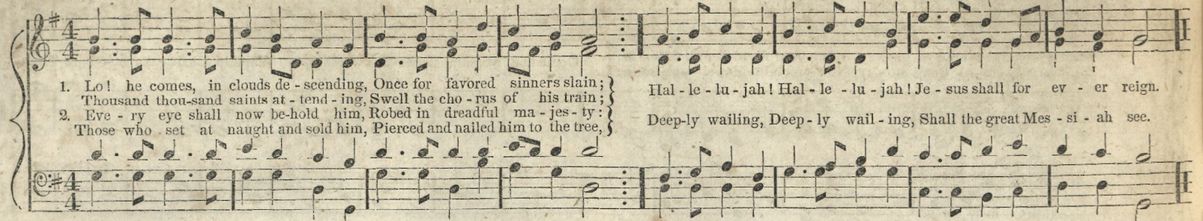
ZION. 8's, 7's & 4's.

H.



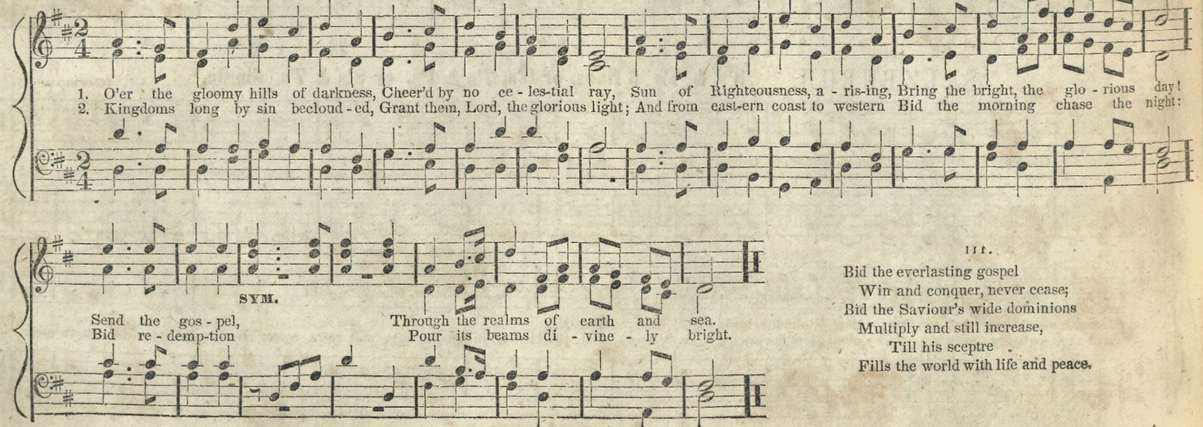
LO! HE COMES 8's, 7's & 4's.

S. Songs.



HERALD. 8's, 7's & 4's.

S. B. POND.



III.

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Bid the Saviour's wide dominions
Multiply and still increase,
Till his sceptre
Fills the world with life and peace.

TORRINGTON. 8's & 7's. 6 lines. Or 8's, 7's & 4's.

MS. of Rev. E. P. I.

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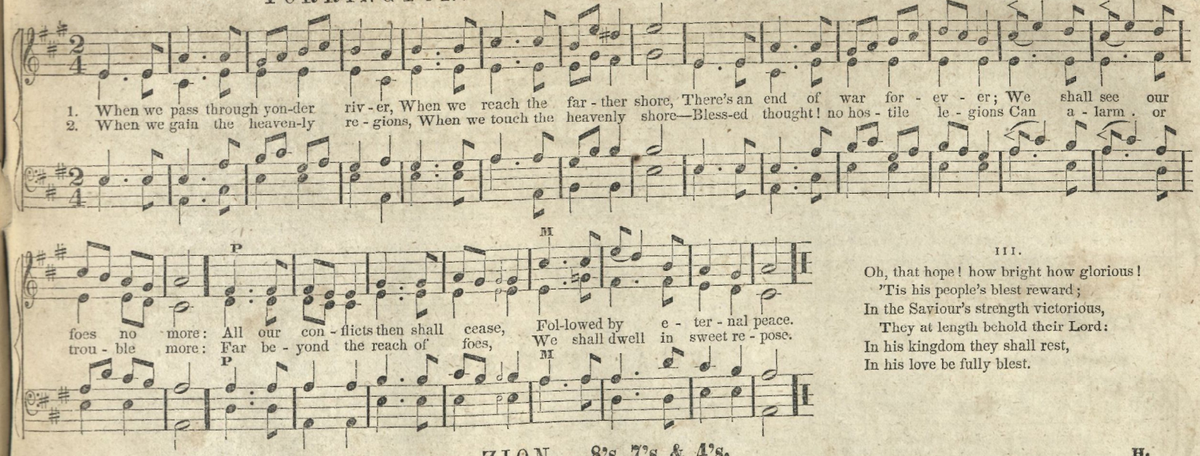

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They at length behold their Lord:
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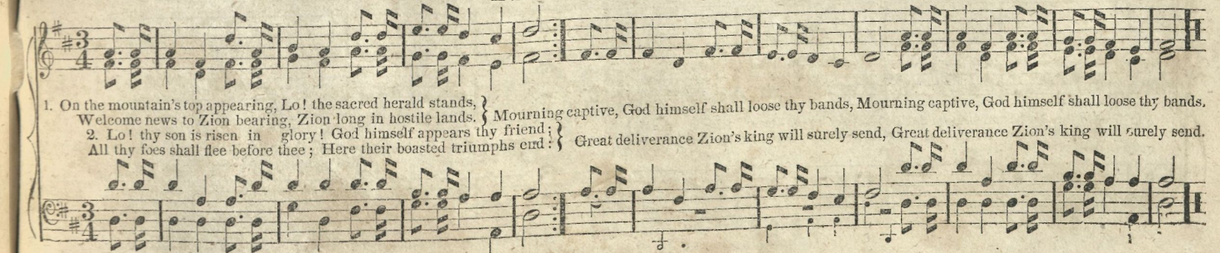
In his love be fully blest.

ZION. 8's, 7's & 4's.

H.



With tender emotion.

HILDRETH. 8's, 7's & 4's.

W. B. B.

1. Hear, O sinner! Mercy hails you, Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Sa-viour, Ere the hand of jus - tice falls: Hear, O sin - ner; Hear, O sin - ner; 'Tis the voice of Mer - cy calls.

2. Haste, O sin-ner, to the Sa - viour, Seek his mer-cy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is o - ver; Soon your life will pass a - way; Haste, O sin - ner; Haste, O sin - ner; You must per - ish if you stay.

Majestic, cheerful.

ABILA. 8's, 7's & 4's.

W. B. B.

1. Yes, we trust the day is breaking, Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking By his word in eve - ry land: When he choos-es, When he chooses, Darkness flies, Darkness flies at his com-mand.

2. While the foe becomes more daring, While he en - ters like a flood,
God, the Sa-viour is pre-par - ing Means to spread his truth a-broad: Eve-ry lan-guage, Eve - ry language Soon shall tell, Soon shall tell the love of God.

T. S.

PAMPHYLIA. 8's & 7's. Single, or 8's, 7's & 4's.*

1. Zi - on, dreary and in anguish, In the de - sert hast thou strayed! Oh, thou wea-ry, cease to languish; Je - sus shall lift up thy head.
2. Still lament - ing and bemoaning, Mid thy fol-lies and thy woes! Soon, re - penting and re - turn-ing, All thy sol - i - tude shall close.
3. Though benighted and for - sak-en, Tho' af - flict - ed and distressed; His al-migh-ty arm shall waken; Zi - on's King shall give thee rest.
4. Cease thy sadness, un - believ - ing; Soon his glo - ry shalt thou see— Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving, And the voice of mel - o - dy.

MISSION SONG. 8's, 7's & 6's.

Arranged from S. Songs.

1. Watchmen, on-ward, to your stations, Blow the trum - pet long and loud;
Preach the gos - pel to the na - tions, Speak to eve - ry gath' - ring crowd: See! the day is break-ing; See the saints a - wak - ing, No more in sadness bow'd, No more in sad-ness bow'd.

II.

Watchmen, hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign;
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
Tell it to the listening train:
See his love revealing;
See the Spirit sealing;
'Tis life among the slain!

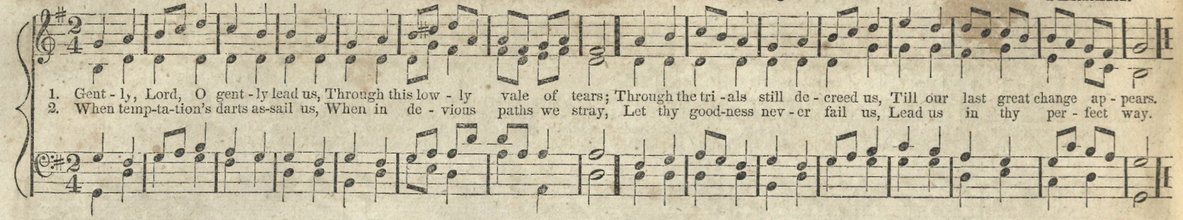
III.

Watchmen, as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ his love to learn:
All their sighs and sadness,
Turn to joy and gladness,
When they his grace discern.

* By repeating the first strain of the music, and the fifth line of each stanza.

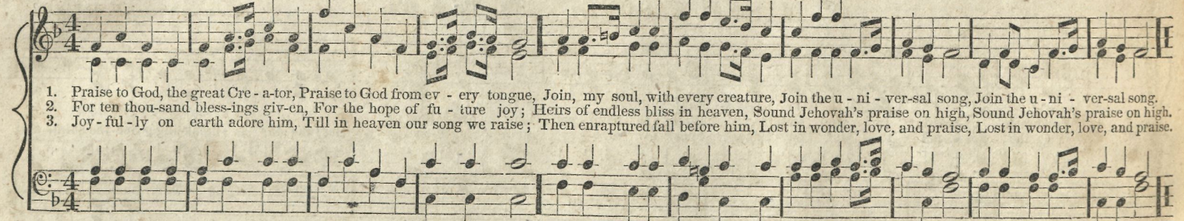
ROSEFIELD. 8's & 7's. Single.

FERRARI.



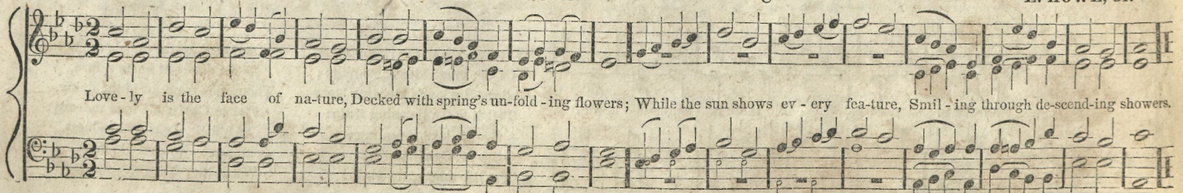
ZELL. 8's & 7's. Single.

BOST.



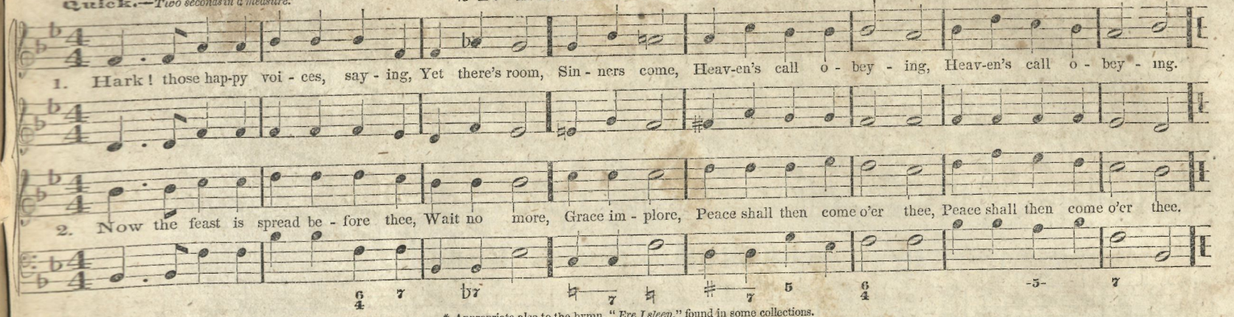
SLESWICK. 8's & 7's. Single.

E. HOWE, Jr.



ST. ALBANS. 8, 3, 3, 6.*

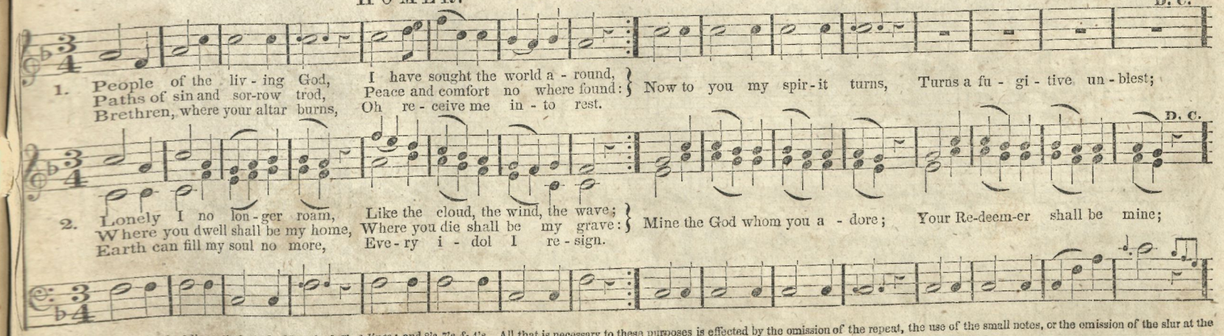
Quick.—*Two seconds in a measure.*



* Appropriate also to the hymn, "*Ere I sleep,*" found in some collections.

HOMER. 7's. Double. And four other metres.†

German. D. C.



† Which are—7's, *6 lines*; 8's & 7's *double*; 8's & 7's *6 lines*; and 8's, 7's & 4's. All that is necessary to these purposes is effected by the omission of the repeat, the use of the small notes, or the omission of the slur at the end of the line, as occasion will obviously demand.

CINCINNATI. 8's, 6's & 4's.

Dim. *m*

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His ten - der, last fare - well, A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be-queathed, With us to dwell.
2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con - vince, sub - due; All power-ful as the wind he came, As view - less too.
3. He came sweet influence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing guest, While he can find one hum - ble heart Where- in to rest.
4. He breathes that gentle voice we hear, Soft as the breeze of even, That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.

m

URWICK. 8's & 6's. Peculiar.

With spirit.

1. Sing hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord, Sing with a cheer- ful voice; Ex - alt our God with one ac-cord, And in his name re - joice!
2. There we to all e - ter - ni - ty Shall join th'an - gel - ic lays, And sing in per - fect har - mo - ny, To God our Sa - viour's praise:

m *m*

Ne'er cease to sing, ye ransomed host, To Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, 'Till, in the realms of endless light, Your praises shall unite.
He hath re-deemed us by his blood, And made us kings and priests to God: For us, for us the Lamb was slain, Praise ye the Lord, Amen.

WELLSBURG. 7's. Double.

D. C.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow;
   O, do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee yet in vain?
   Lord, on thee our souls de - pend; In com-pas-sion now de - scend;
D. C. Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

D. C.

3. In thy own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay;
   Lord, we know not how to go, Till a - bles - sing thou be - stow.
   Send some mes-sage from thy word, That may peace and joy af - ford;
D. C. Let thy Spir - it now im - part, Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

D. C.

ULM. 7's. Double.

German.

D. C.

When my cries as - cend to thee, Hear, Je - ho - vah, from a - far;
Let thy ten - der mer - cies be, Still pro - pi - tious to my prayer.
When thou bad'st me seek thy face, Quick - ly did my heart re - ply,
D. C. Rest - ing on thy word of grace, "Thee I'll seek, O Lord most high."

D. C.

Mod.

KEMPTON. 7's. Single.

URHAN

1. Sove - reign Ru - ler of the skies, Ev - er gra-cious, ev - er wise, All my times are in thy hand, All e-vents at thy command.
2. Times of sickness, times of health; Times of pen - u - ry and wealth; Times of tri - al and of grief; Times of triumph and re - lief;
3. Times the tempter's power to prove; Times to taste a Saviour's love: All that come, must last and end, As shall please my heavenly Friend.

Slow.

FULTON. 7's. Single.

W. B. B.

1. Broth - er, though from yon - der sky, Com - eth nei - ther voice nor cry, Yet we know for thee to-day, Eve - ry pain hath passed a - way.
2. Well we know thy liv - ing faith, Had the power to conquer death, As a liv - ing rose may bloom, By the bor - der of the tomb.
3. Broth - er, in that sol - emn trust, We commend thee, dust to dust: In that faith we wait, till risen, Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7's. Single.

PLEYEL.

1. An-gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up thy migh - ty prey! See, he ris - es from the tomb—Ris - es with im-mor - tal bloom.
2. 'Tis the Saviour: ser - aphs, raise Your triumph - ant shouts of praise; Let the earth's re-mot - est bound Hear the joy - in-spir - ing sound!
3. Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes; Now to glo - ry see him rise; Hosts of an - gels on the road, Hail and sing th'incar - nate God!

Very Slow.

SABBATH EVENING. 7's. Single.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gent-ly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
2. Night her sol-emn man - tle spreads O'er the earth as day-light fades; All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sab-bath's close.
3. Sa-viour, may our Sab-baths be Days of peace and joy in thee, 'Till in heaven our souls re - pose Where the Sab-bath ne'er shall close.

SNOWFIELD. 7's. Single.

ROMBERG.

1. Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King! Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin-ners rec - on - ciled.
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umphs of the skies; With th'an-gelic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
3. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace, Hail the Sun of Right - eous-nesss! Light and life to all he brings, Risen with healing in his wings.

Vivace.

BENTON. 7's. Single.

H.

1. On thy church, O Power di - vine, Cause thy glo-rious face to shine; 'Till the na - tions from a - far Hail her as their guiding star.

2. Then shall God, with lav - ish hand, Scat - ter bles-sings o'er the land; And the world's re - mot - est bound With the voice of praise re-sound.

CUVIER. 7's. Single.

MOZART.

1. Now be - fore thy throne we bend, Now to thee our prayers as-cend, Serv - ants at the Mas - ter's feet, Lord, for mer - cy here we wait.

2. Leave us not be - neath the power Of temp-ta - tion's dark-est hour; Help - less to thy throne we fly: Ab - ba, Fa - ther, hear our cry.

3. Sore dis-tressed, yet pa - tient still, Here we wait thy ho - ly will; Prone to earth, and filled with fear, 'Till our Sa - viour, God, appear.

4. See, our foes in - sult-ing come, Swift to read their captives' doom; Je - sus, Sa-viour, yet be nigh, Lord of life and vic - to - ry.

ULAI. 7's. Single.

BANISTER.

1. Come, my soul! thy suit prepare, Je-sus loves to answer prayer; He himself has bid thee pray; Rise, and ask without de - lay.

2. With my burden I be - gin; Lord! remove this load of sin; Let thy blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

3. Lord! I come to thee for rest, Take pos - ses-sion of my breast; There, thy sovereign right maintain, And, with-out a ri - val, reign.

4. While I am a pilgrim here, Let thy love my spir-it cheer; Be my guide, my guard, my friend; Lead me to my journey's end.

JUBILEE. 7's. 6 lines.

W. B. B.

Moderately quick.

FINE.

D. C.

1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea! Now is come the promised hour; Je - sus reigns with sovereign power.

D. C. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea!

FINE.

D. C.

2. All ye nations! join and sing, "Christ, of lords and kings, is King!" Let it sound from shore to shore, "Je - sus reigns for ev - ermore!"

D. C. All ye nations! join and sing, "Christ, of lords and kings, is King!"

3. Now the des - ert lands re-joice, And the islands join their voice; Yea, the whole cre - a - tion sings, "Je - sus is the King of kings!"

D. C. Now the des - ert lands re-joice, And the islands join their voice.

FINE.

D. C.

SURREY CHAPEL. 7's Double, or 8's & 7's Double.

BREILLAT.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high: } Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide,

2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me: } All my trust on thee is stay'd,

3. Plen-teous grace with thee is found,— Grace to par - don all my sin;
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in. } Thou of life the foun - tain art,

Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last.

All my help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head, With the shad - ow of thy wing.

Free - ly let me take of thee; Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - - ni - ty

Voice or Inst.

* Using the small notes and omitting a slur at the end of some of the lines.

BAMPTON. 7's & 6's.

W. B. B.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rd heaven, thy na - tive place: } Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;

2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
Fire as cend - ing, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source: } So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glo-rious face:

T. S.

ENDERSON. 7's & 6's. Or 8's & 6's. Peculiar.*

H.

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove.

Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.

1. Sing—hal - le - lu-jah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer - ful voice;
Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in his name re - joice:

2. There we to all e - ter - ni - ty, Shall join th' an-gel - ic lays,
And sing, in per - fect har - mo-ny, To God our Sa-viour's praise;

* By using the small notes, which in the other metre are to be omitted. The movement here is rather quick; in most other cases it should be moderate.

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ran-somed host! To Fath-er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Till in the realms of end-less light, Your prai-ses shall u - nite.

He hath re-deemed us by his blood, And made us kings and priests to God: For us—for us the Lamb was slain,—Praise ye the Lord!—A - men.

PEMBROKE. 7's. 6 lines. Or 4 lines without the repeat.

Tenderly. H.

1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a - ne, Ye who feel the temp-ters power,
Your Re-deem - er's con - flict see; Watch with him one bit - ter hour;
Turn not from his griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.

2. Fol - low to the judg-ment hall, View the Lord of life ar - raign'd:
Oh, the worm-wood and the gall! Oh, the pangs his soul sus - tain'd!
Shun not suff'-ring, shame, or loss; Learn of him to bear the cross.

1. God is my strong sal - va - tion, What foe have I to fear? In darkness and temp - ta - tion, My light, my help is near:

2. Place on the Lord re - li - ance, My soul, with cour - age wait; His truth be thine af - fi - ance, When faint and des - o - late;

Though hosts en-camp a-round me, Firm to the fight I stand; What ter - ror can con-found me, With God at my right hand?

His might thy heart shall strengthen, His love thy joy increase; Mer - cy thy days shall lengthen; The Lord will give thee peace.

T. S.

Spirited—flowing.

MOUNT PLEASANT 7's & 6's. Peculiar.

W. B. B.

1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully along? When hill and valley, ringing With one triumphant song, Proclaim the contest ended, And Him who once was

2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly, And shady vales and fountains Shall echo the reply: High tower and lowly dwelling Shall send the chorus

CASCO. 7's & 6's.*

H.

slain, A - gain to earth descended, In righteousness to reign?

round, The hal-le-lu - jah swell-ing In one e - ter - nal sound.

1. Time is winging us a - way To our e - ter-nal home, Life is but a

2. Time is winging us a - way To our e - ter-nal home, Life is but a

Duet in thirds.

* The duets may be alternately exchanged by male and female voices.

winter's day, A journey to the tomb; Youth and vigor soon will flee, Blooming beauty loose its charms; All that's mortal soon will be Enclosed in death's cold arms.

winter's day, A journey to the tomb: But the Christian shall enjoy Health and beauty soon above; Far beyond the world's alloy, Secure in Jesus' love.

LÖWENSTEIN. 7's. With a Hallelujah.

Hebrew Melody.

Chorus.

1. Christ, the Lord is risen to-day, Halle - lu - jah! } Raise your songs of triumph high; Sing, ye heavens; and, earth reply—Hallelu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah.
Sons of men and an - gels say, Halle - lu - jah! }

2. Love's redeeming work is done, Halle - lu - jah! }
Fought the fight, the battle won; Halle - lu - jah! } Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more—Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Hallelu-jah! }
Christ has burst the gates of hell; Hallelu - jah! } Death in vain for-bids his rise; Christ hath opened Pa-ra - dise—Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

T. S.

MILLENNIUM SONG. 7's & 6's. Peculiar.

Greek Melody.

1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean! And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy To every land below. } Arise, ye gales! and waft them Safe to their destined shore, That man may sit in darkness, And death's black shade no [more.

2. O thou eternal Ruler! Who hold'st in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean, Protect them from all harm! } Thy presence e'er be with them, Wherever they may be, Tho' far from us who love them, Still let them be with thee!

ITURIA.* 7's & 6's. Peculiar.

Time—*Two seconds in a measure.*

H.

1. The ro - sy light is dawning Up - on the mountain's brow; It is the Sabbath morning— A - rise and pay thy vow: Lift up thy voice to heaven In sacred praise and prayer, While unto thee is giv - en The light of life to share.

* The duet alternately by male and female voices.

II.

The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day:
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

III.

Oh see those waters, streaming
In crystal purity;
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye!
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

FAYETTEVILLE. 7's & 6's. Peculiar.

Not too slow.

German theme.

1. Why sinks my soul, desponding, Why fill my eyes with tears?
While nature all surrounding The smile of beauty wears: } Why burdened still with sorrow, Is every lab'ring thought? Each vision that I borrow With gloom and sadness
2. The pleasures that deceived me, My soul no more can charm;
Of rest they have bereaved me, And filled me with alarm. } The objects I have cherished, Are empty as the wind; My earthly joys are perished, What comfort shall I find? [fraught?

"ONWARD SPEED." 7's & 5's.

Allegro.

H.

1. On-ward speed thy conq'ring flight; Angel, on-ward speed; Cast a - broad thy ra-diant light, Bid the shades re - cede; Tread the i - dols in the dust,
2. On-ward speed thy conq'ring flight, Angel, on-ward haste; Quick-ly on each mountain's height Be thy standard placed; Let thy bliss - ful tid-ings float

Heath-en fanes de - stroy, Spread the gospel's ho - ly trust, Spread the gos-pel's joy.
Far o'er vale and hill, 'Till the sweet-ly ec-hoing note Eve - ry bo - som thrill.

III.

Onward speed thy conq'ring flight;
Angel, onward fly:
Long has been the reign of night,
Bring the morning nigh:
'Tis to thee the heathen lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them heaven's holy gift,
Ere their courage fail.

GREENPORT. 7's & 5's.*

1. Child of sor - row, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es - cape from eve - ry snare? Trust in God a - lone.

2. Know'st thou in this vale of tears, Gloo - my doubts, dis - trac - ting fears, Pain - ful months and sor-rowing years? To the Sa - viour fly.

Hu - man strength is weak and vain; Sin will oft its power re - gain; Hum - bly ask, and help ob - tain, From thy Fath - er's throne.

He that drank the bit - ter cup, Bids thee in his mer - cy hope; Let thy prayer be lift - ed up, To his throne on high.

ce," in the Psalmodist; and to the 136th of the "Additional Hymns" of the Ref. Prot. Dutch Church, "Heirs of an immortal crown."

ORIENT. 8's & 4's. Special.*

Not too slow.

1. God of even-ing and of morn-ing, Great source of all! While our hearts with love are burning, Prostrate we fall; } Now thy sa-cred throne ad-dress-ing, } And our fol - lies all con-fess - ing, } We en-treat a Fa-ther's bless-ing, Lord, hear our call

2. Ob - ject of our soul's de - vo - tion, Thee we a - dore; Thee we praise with sweet e-mo-tion, This fa-vored hour. } Je - sus, Mas-ter, thou art wor - thy, } All the heav-enly hosts a - dore thee, } Saints shall cast their crowns before thee, Now and evermore.

FORGIVENESS. 5's & 7's.

Slow and supplicatory.

1. For-give my fol - ly, O Lord, most ho-ly, Cleanse me from ev - e - ry stain: For thee I lan-guish; Pi - ty my an - guish, Nor let my sigh-ing be vain.

2. Deep-ly re - pent-ing, Sore - ly la - ment-ing All my de-par-tures from thee: And now re - turn-ing, Thine absence mourning, Lord, show thy mercy to me.

3. Sin - ful, un - wor-thy, Trembling be-fore thee, Here at thy cross will I kneel; Thy love once bleed-ing, Now in-ter - ced - ing, Shall with the Father prevail.

Voice or instrument.

* Adapted also to Heber's hymn, "Thou that rulest earth and heaven."

Slow and expressive

WRENTHAM. 8's & 4's. Special.*

H.

P ritard.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pil - grim's found; They softly lie, and sweet-ly sleep, Low - in the ground.

P ritard.

2. The storm that sweeps the win - try sky No more dis-turbs their deep re - pose, Than summer even-ing's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose.

P ritard.

3. Then trav'-ler in the vale of tears, To realms of ev - er - last - ing light, Through time's dark wilderness of years, Pur - sue thy flight.
4. Thy soul, re - new'd by grace di - vine, In God's own im-age, freed from clay, In heaven's e-ter - nal sphere shall shine, A star of day.

P ritard.

* We do not recollect any other hymn of this metre.

With energy.

OLDHAM. 6's & 4's.

English theme.

1. Glory to God on high! Let earth to heaven reply, Praise ye his name! His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Sing aloud evermore, "Worthy the Lamb."

2. Ye who surround the throne Cheerfully join in one, Praising his name; We who have felt his blood Sealing our peace with God, Sound his dear name abroad, Worthy the Lamb.

T. S.

Time—*Two seconds in a measure.*

HARRINGTON. 6's, 7's & 8's. Special.

1. Hark! hark! a shout of joy! The world, the world is calling; In east and west, in north and south, See Sa - tan's kingdom fall - ing
2. Trust, trust the faith - ful God; His promise is un - fail - ing; The prayer of faith can pierce the skies; Its breath is all - pre - vail - ing.

Wake, wake the church of God, And dis - sipate thy slumbers; Shake off thy dead - ly ap - a - thy, And marshal all thy num-bers.
Look! look, the fields are white; And stay thy hand no long - er; Though Sa - tan's migh - ty le - gions fight, The arm of God is strong - er.

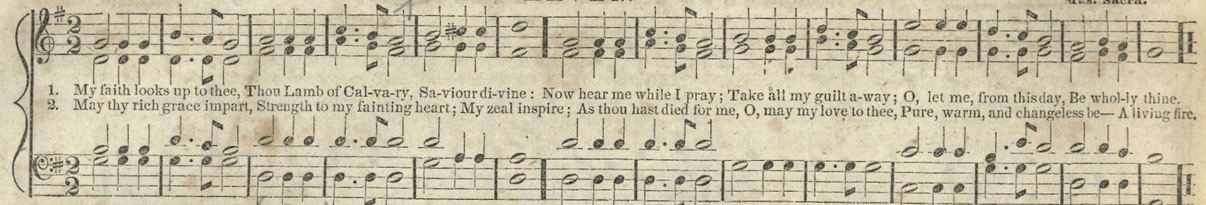
SPANISH HYMN. 6's & 5's. Peculiar.

1. Thro' thy protecting care, Kept till the dawning;
Taught to draw near in pray'r, Heed we the warning:
2. God of our sleeping hours, Watch o'er us wak-ing,
All our imperfect powers In thine hands taking:

O thou great One in three, Gladly our souls would be Evermore praising thee, God of the morning
In us thy work fulfil, Be with thy children still, Those who obey thy will Nev - er for - sak-ing.

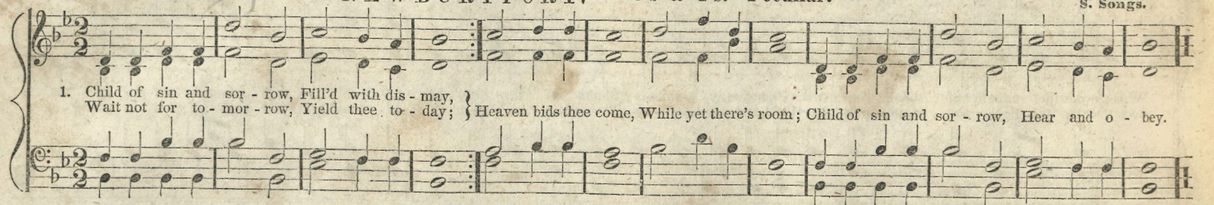
NEW HAVEN. 6's & 4's.

Mus. Sacra.



NEWBURYPORT. 6's & 4's. Peculiar.*

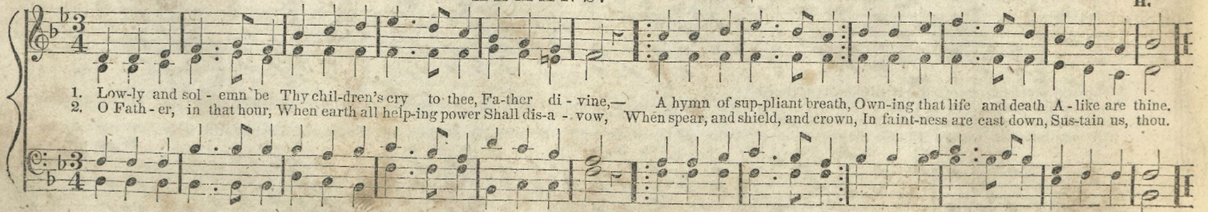
S. Songs.



* Appropriate also to the hymn, "Why that soul's commotion."

HEMANS. 6's & 4's.†

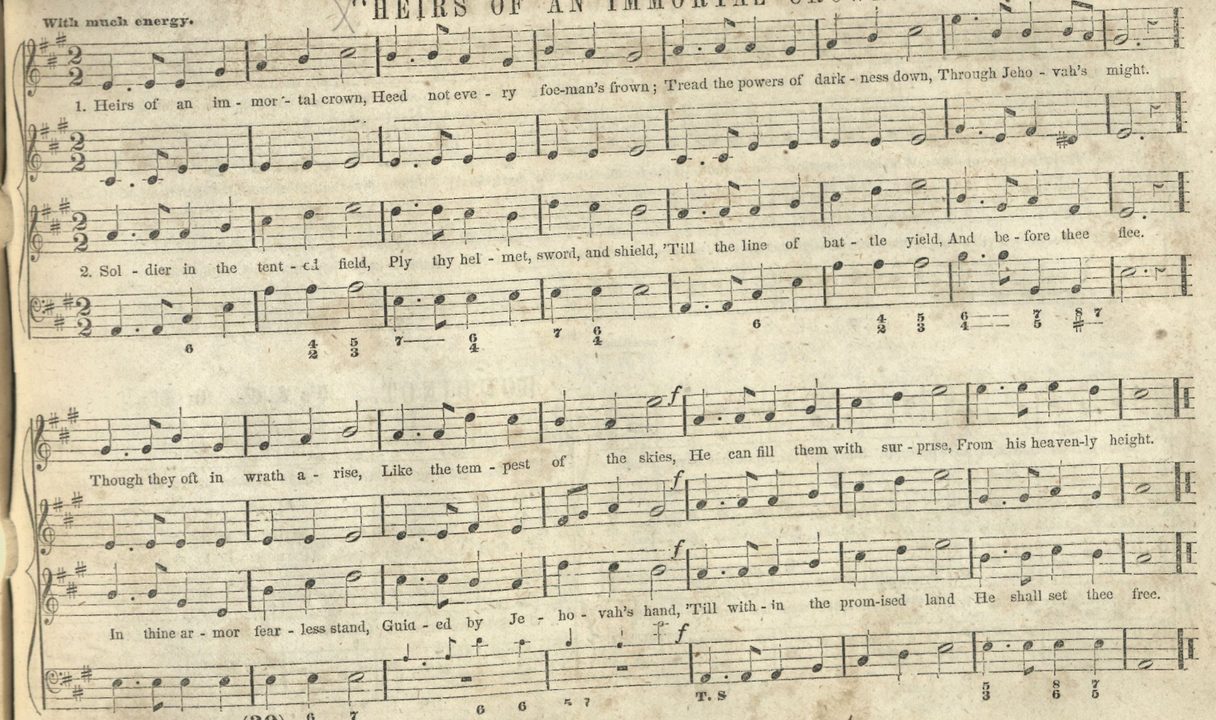
H.



† *i. e.* of the ordinary kind by using the repeat, which in this hymn should be omitted.

"HEIRS OF AN IMMORTAL CROWN."

With much energy.



CLARKSON. 5's & 8's.

Manhattan Collection.

1. Re - joice in the Lord, Be - lieve in his word, Con - fide in his mer - cy and grace; His throne shall en-dure, His prom-ise is sure, In

2. Thrice hap-py are they, Who his pre-cepts o - bey, Who de-light in the law of their God; Their joys shall in-crease, And their tri-als shall cease, As they

3. What scenes will a-rise, As they pass through the skies! What rap-tures their bos-oms will fill, As their harps they em - ploy In the ful-ness of joy, On the

him shall the righ-teous have peace, In him shall the righ-teous have peace.

en - ter the heav-enly a - bode, As they en-ter the heav-enly a - bode.

height of some heav-en - ly hill! On the height of some heav-en - ly hill!

* By permission.

BOUDINOT. 5's & 6's. Or 11's.† H.

1. Ye ser - vants of God, Your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-

2. God ru - leth on high, Al - migh - ty to save; Yet still he is

3. Sal - va - tion to God, Who sits on his throne; Let all cry a-

† By the removal of a slur in the second and sixth measures. See also Elevens for the use of this metre.

broad His won - der - ful name: The name all vic - to - rious Of Je - sus ex - tol; His king - dom is glo-rious, And rules o - ver all.

nigh, His pres - ence we have: The great con - gre - ga - tion his tri - umph shall sing, As - cri - bing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.

loud, and hon - or the Son: Im - man - u - el's prai - ses The an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fa - ces and wor - ship the Lamb.

LANSINGBURGH. 6's & 5's.

German.

1. Why that look of sad - ness? Why that down-cast eye? Can no thought of glad - ness Lift thy soul on high? O thou heir of heav - en,

Think of Je - sus' love, While to thee is giv - en All his grace to prove.

II.

Is thy burden'd spirit
Agonized for sin?
Think of Jesus' merit;
He can make thee clean:
Think of Calv'ry's mountain,
Where his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain,
Wash away thy guilt.

SOUTH HARTFORD. 7's & 6's.

H.

Slow. *p* *m* Tenderly.

1. Hark! from yonder mount arise Notes of sadness, Jesus dies! On the cross the Lord of lords Love for guilty man records; Sinner, sinner, Hear your dying Saviour's words.
2. "Mortal, for your guilt I die, Guilt that dared your God defy; Blood for you I freely give; Death I taste that you may live; Will you, sinner, Free salvation now receive?"

"FAR, FAR AT SEA."

Arranged from a MS. of G. E. P.

1. Star of peace to wanderers wea - ry, Bright the beams that smile on me, Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drea - ry, Far, far at sea, Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drea - ry, Far, far at sea.
2. Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sai - lor's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea, Bless the sai - lor's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea.

3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea,
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4. Star Divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea,
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

SOUTHFIELD. "Soft and holy."

Soft. *p*

1. Soft and ho - ly is the place Where the light that beams from heaven Shows the Sa - viour's smil - ing face, With the
2. There, with one ac - cord, we meet, All the words of life to hear; Bend - ing low at Je - - sus' feet, Wor-ship-
3. Let the world and all its cares, Now re - tire from eve - ry breast; Let the temp - ter and his snares Cease to

Tutti. *p* First & Second times. Third time. Chorus. *m*

joy of sins for - given, With the joy of sins for-given.
ing with god - ly fear, Wor - ship - ing with god - ly fear.
hin - - der or mo - lest, Cease to hin - der or mo - lest.

4. Pre-cious Sab - bath of the Lord,
4. Pre-cious Sab - bath of the Lord,
4. Pre-cious Sab - bath of the Lord,

Sym.

Fair - est type of heaven a - bove, Pur - est joys thy scenes af - ford To the heart that's tuned to love, To the heart that's tuned to love.

Fair - est type of heaven a - bove, Pur - est joys thy scenes af - ford To the heart that's tuned to love, To the heart that's tuned to love.

Fair - est type of heaven a - bove, Pur - est joys thy scenes af - ford To the heart that's tuned to love, To the heart that's tuned to love.

"PEACEFUL REST."

Arranged from MARTINI.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourn-ing wand'rers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in

2. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye, To bright - er pros-pects given, And sees the tem- pest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all se - rene in

heaven. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sin and sor-row driven, By sin and sor - row driven, When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where

heaven. There fragrant flowers immor-tal bloom, And joys supreme are given, And joys su-preme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom, Be-

First time. Second time.

storms a - rise and o - cean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.

First time. Second time.

yond the con-fines of the tomb, Appears the dawn of heaven, Ap - pears the dawn of heaven Ap - pears the dawn of heaven.

DOXOLOGY. NO. 1.

Dr. ARNOLD.

To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore, Be glo - ry as it was, is now, And

To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore, Be glo - ry as it was, is now, And

To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore, Be glo - ry as it was, is now, And

shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - - - er - - - more.

shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - - - er - - - more.

shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - - - er - - - more.

Soli.

1. Our souls by love to - ge - ther drawn, Cemented, mix'd in one; One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth begun: Our

Soli.

2. A cloud of mer - cy ri - ses still, The heavens are big with rain; Lord, has - ten the ce - les - tial shower, Nor let us plead in vain: Now

Soli.

3. And when thou mak'st thy jew-els up, To form thy star - ry crown, When all thy spark-ling gems are set, Proclaim'd by thee thine own— May

Soli.

Tutti.

hearts have felt the spir - it's power, And glowed with sacred fire, When Jesus spake, and fed, and blest, And filled th' enlarged desire. Our hearts have felt the

Tutti.

while the gentle drops descend, Pour down a migh - ty flood; Del-uge the na - tions, shake the earth, Till all proclaim thee God. Now while the gen-tle

Tutti.

we, a lit - tle band of love, We sinners saved by grace, From glo-ry un - to glo-ry changed, Behold thee face to face. May we, a lit - tle

Tutti.

spir-it's power, And glowed with sacred fire; When Je-sus spoke, and fed, and blest, And filled th' enlarged desire, And filled th' en-larged de-sire.

drops de-scend, Pour down a mighty flood; Del-uge the na-tions, shake the earth, Till all proclaim thee God, Till all pro-claim thee God.

band of love, We sin-ners saved by grace, From glo-ry un-to glo-ry changed, Behold thee face to face, Be-hold thee face to face.

"THOU SOFT FLOWING KEDRON."

Words by DE FLEURY.
Music by H.

Gently.

TRIO.—Alto. *p*

1. Thou soft-flowing Kedron, by thy limpid stream, The Savior by night, when the moon's silver beam Shone bright on thy waters, would oftentimes stray, And lose in their murmurs the

1st Tenor. *p*

2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head, How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed! The an-gels be-hold-ing, amazed at the sight, Attended their Maker with
3. O gar-den of Ol-i-vet! dear, honored spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be for-got; The theme most transporting to seraphs above, The triumph of sorrow, the

2d Tenor. *p*

* The Alto, if sung by men, must be in falsetto.

Chorus.—Tenor. *m*

toils of the day, And lose in their murmurs the toils of the day. Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet, O give him the glory, the praise that is meet: Let

Chorus.—2d Treble. *m*

solemn delight, At-tended their Maker with solemn delight. Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet, O give him the glory, the praise that is meet: Let

Chorus.—Air. *m*

triumph of love, The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love. Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet, O give him the glory, the praise that is meet: Let

Chorus.—Base. *m*

Cres. *f*

joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies.

Cres. *f*

joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies.

Cres. *f*

joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies.

Cres. *f*

T. S.

Moderato.

ANTHEM. "Arise, O Lord."

A - rise, O Lord, in - to thy rest - ing place, thou, and the ark of thy strength. A - rise, O Lord, in - to thy rest - ing place, thy

A - rise, O Lord, in - to thy rest - ing place, thou, and the ark of thy strength. A - rise, O Lord, in - to thy rest - ing place, thy

A - rise, O Lord, in - to thy rest - ing-place, thou, and the ark of thy strength. A - rise, O Lord, in - to thy rest-ing - place, thy

T. S. T. S.

cres.

rest - ing place, thou, and the ark of thy strength, thou, and the ark of thy strength.

Vivace.

and let thy saints shout with

cres.

rest - ing place, thou, and the ark of thy strength, thou, and the ark of thy strength.

Vivace.

Let thy priest be cloth'd in righteousness,

cres.

rest - ing place, thou, and the ark of thy strength, thou, and the ark of thy strength.

Vivace.

and let thy saints shout with

T. S. 3ds

joy-ful-ness, and let thy saints shout with joyful-ness, and let thy saints shout with joy-ful-ness,

let thy saints be cloth'd in righteousness, and let thy saints shout with joy-ful-ness, and let thy

joy-ful-ness, and let thy saints shout with joyfulness, and let thy saints shout with joy-fulness,

3ds

and let thy saints sing with joy - ful-ness, with joy - ful - ness. ness. And let thy saints sing with joy - ful - ness, with joy - ful - ness.

sai - - - - - nts sing with joy - ful - ness. ness. And let thy saints sing with joy - ful - ness, with joy - ful - ness.

and let thy saints sing with joy-ful-ness, with joy - ful-ness. ness. And let thy saints sing with joy - ful - ness, with joy - ful - ness.

T. S.

GLORIA PATRI. NO. 1.

Arranged from DR. ARNOLD.

Allegro.

To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God whom heaven and earth a-dore, Be glo-ry, Be glo-ry, as it was of old, Is

To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God whom heaven and earth a-dore, Be glo-ry, Be glo-ry, as it was of old, Is

To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God whom heaven and earth a-dore, Be glo-ry, Be glory, as it was, it was of old, Is

Be glo-ry, Be glo-ry,

now, and shall be ev-er-more, Is no - - - - - - - - - - w, and shall be ev-er-more, ev-er-more, ev-er-

now, and shall be ev-er-more, and shall be ev-er-more, Is no - - - - - - - - - - w, ev-er-more, ev-er-

now, and shall be ev-er-more, and shall be ev-er-more, and shall be ev-er-more, ev-er-more, ev-er-

more. Be glo-ry as it was of old, and shall be ev-er-more, and

more. Be glo-ry, as it was of old, and shall be ev-er-more, and shall be, shall be

more. Be glo-ry as it was of old, Is now, and shall be ev-

more. Be glo-ry as it was, is now, and shall be, shall be ev-er-more, Is now, and shall be

shall be ev-er-more, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, hal - - - - - - - - le-lu-jah, A - - - - - - - men.

ev-er-more, A-men, A-men, hal - - - - - - - le - - lu-jah, A - - - - - - - men.

- - - - er-more, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, hal - - - - - - - - le - - lu-jah, A - - - - - - - men.

A-men, A-men.

Soli.

1. Pil - grim, is thy jour - ney drear? Are its lights ex - tinct for - ev - er? Still re - press thy ris - ing fear, God for-

Soli.

2. Storms may gath - er o'er thy path, All the ties of life may sev - er, Still a - mid the fear - ful scathe, God for-

Soli.

3. Pains may rack thy wast - ing frame, Health de - sert thy couch for - ev - er, Forth still beams with death-less flame, God for-

Soli.

Tutti. *f*

sakes the righ-teous nev - er. Nev - er, nev - er, God for - sakes the righ-teous nev - er, nev - er.

Tutti. *f*

sakes the righ-teous nev - er. Nev - er, nev - er, God for - sakes the righ-teous nev - er, nev - er.

Tutti. *f*

sakes the righ-teous nev - er. Nev - er, nev - er, God for - sakes the righ-teous nev - er, nev - er.

Tutti. *f*

Coda. Mod.

We seek a rest be - yond the skies, In ev - er - last - ing day, - - In ev - er last - ing day; Through floods and

We seek a rest be - yond the skies, In ev - er - last - ing day, - - In ev - er - last - ing day;

We seek a rest be - yond the skies, In ev - er - last - ing day, - - In ev - er - last - ing day;

T. S. T. S.

flames the pas - sage lies, But Je - sus guards the way; - Through floods and flames the pas - sage lies, Through floods and flames the

But Je - sus guards the way; - Through floods and flames the pas - sage lies, Through floods and flames the

But Je - sus guards the way; - Through floods and flames the pas - sage lies, Through floods and flames the

pas - sage lies, But Je - sus guards the way. - In - ev - er - last - - ing day, -

pas - sage lies, But Je - sus guards the way. - We seek a rest be - yond the skies, In ev - er - last - - ing day, -

pas - sage lies, But Je - sus guards the way. - We seek a rest be - yond the skies, In ev - er - last - - ing day, -

Through floods and flames the pas - sage lies, But Je - sus guards the way, But Je - sus guards the way.

Through floods and flames the pas - sage lies, But Je - sus guards the way, But Je - sus guards the way.

Through floods and flames the pas - sage lies, But Je - sus guards the way, But Je - sus guards the way.

FULL CHORUS.*

1st Treble. The swell - ing flood, the rag - ing flame, Hear, and o - bey his word, and o - bey his word; Then let us tri - umph in his

2d Treble. The swell - ing flood, the rag - ing flame, Hear, and o - bey his word, and o - bey his word; Then let us tri - umph in his

Alto. Tenor. The swell - ing flood, the rag - ing flame, Hear, and o - bey his word, and o - bey his word; Then let us tri - umph in his

1st Base. 2d Base.

name, Our Je - sus is the Lord, Our Je - sus is the Lord, Then let us tri-umph in his name, Our Jesus is the Lord, Our Je - sus is the Lord.

name, Our Je - sus is the Lord, Our Je - sus is the Lord, Then let us tri-umph in his name, Our Jesus is the Lord, Our Je - sus is the Lord.

* It is essential, here, to preserve the right balance of voice in the several parts of the score.

Mod. Affettuoso.

"THE FRIEND OF SINNERS."*

H.

He dies, the Friend of sin - ners dies, A sol - emn dark - ness veils the skies,

He dies, He dies, the Friend of sin - ners dies, Lo, Sa-lem's daugh-ters weep a - round; A sol - emn dark - ness veils the skies,

He dies, the Friend of sin - ners dies, Lo, Sa-lem's daugh-ters weep a - round; A sol - emn dark - ness veils the skies, A

T. S.

A sud-den trem - bling shakes the ground. Ye saints, the migh - ty sor - rows view, Of him who groaned be - neath your load;

A sud-den trem - bling shakes the ground.

He felt the

sud - den trem - bling shakes the ground. Ye saints, the migh - ty sor - rows view, Of him who groaned be - neath your load; He felt the

3ds.

* This tune can be abridged in performance, when necessary, by omitting the second strain.

Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree,

pangs of death for you, For you he shed his pre - cious blood. Here's love, Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree, The Lord of glo - ry

pangs of death for you, For you he shed his pre - cious blood. Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree, The Lord of glo - ry

Allegro.

But lo, what sud-den joys we see! Je-sus the dead re - vives a - gain: The ris - ing God for - sakes his

dies for men. But lo, what sud - den joys we see! Je - sus the dead re - vives a - gain: The ris - ing God for - sakes his

dies for men. But lo, what sud - den joys we see! Je - sus the dead re - vives a - gain: The ris - ing God for - sakes his

T. S.

tomb; In vain the tomb for - bids his rise; Che - ru - bic le - gions guard him home, And shout him wel - come to the skies, And shout him

tomb; In vain the tomb for - bids his rise; Che - ru - bic le - gions guard him home, And shout him wel - come to the skies, And shout him

tomb; In vain the tomb for - bids his rise; Che - ru - bic le - gions guard him home, And shout him wel - come to the skies, And shout him

SOLI. Affet.

wel - come to the skies. Now dry your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great De - liv - 'rer reigns; Sing how he spoiled the hosts of

SOLI. Affet.

wel - come to the skies. Now dry your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great De - liv - 'rer reigns; Sing how he spoiled the hosts of

SOLI. Affet.

wel - come to the skies. Now dry your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great De - liv - 'rer reigns; Sing how he spoiled the hosts of

SOLI. Affet.

TUTTI. Allegro. *f*

hell, And led the mon - ster, death, in chains. Say, live for - ev - er, won - drous King, Born to re - deem, and strong to

TUTTI. Allegro. *f*

hell, And led the mon - ster, death, in chains. Say, live for - ev - er, won - drous King, Born to re - deem, and strong to

TUTTI. Allegro. *f*

hell, And led the mon - ster, death, in chains. Say, live for - ev - er, won - drous King, Born to re - deem, and strong to

TUTTI. Allegro. *f*

T. S.

save; Then ask the mon - ster, where's thy sting? And where's thy vic - t'ry, boast - ing grave? boast - ing grave?

save; Then ask the mon - ster, where's thy sting? And where's thy vic - t'ry, boast - ing grave? boast - ing grave?

save; Then ask the mon - ster, where's thy sting? And where's thy vic - t'ry, boast - ing grave? boast - ing grave?

T. S.

Slow.

MOTET. Psalm 42 : 11.

E. HOWE, Jr.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul! Why art thou cast down, O my soul! And why art thou disqui - eted, why art thou disqui - eted with - in me?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul! Why art thou cast down, O my soul! And why art thou disqui - eted, why art thou disqui - eted with - in me?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul! Why art thou cast down, O my soul! And why art thou disqui - eted, why art thou disqui - eted with - in me?

T. S.

Why art thou cast down, cast down, cast down, O my soul! And why art thou disqui - et - ed with - in me?

Why art thou cast down, Why art thou cast down, Why art thou cast down, O my soul! And why art thou disqui - et - ed with - in me?

Why art thou cast down, Why art thou cast down, Why art thou cast down, O my soul! And why art thou disqui - et - ed with - in me?

Faster.

Hope thou in God, Hope thou in God, in God, hope thou in God, For I shall yet

Hope thou in God, hope thou in God, hope thou in God, hope thou in God, hope thou in God, For I shall yet

Hope thou in God, hope thou in God, hope thou in God, hope thou in God, hope thou in God, For I shall yet

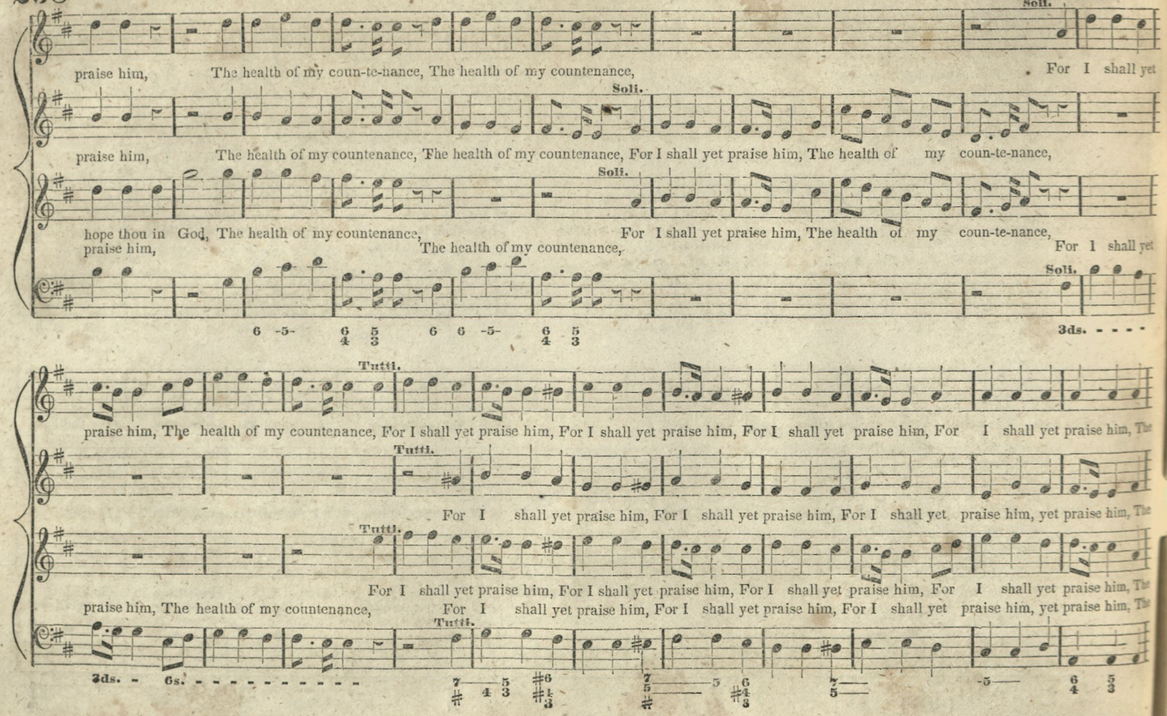
Hope thou in God, in God, in God,

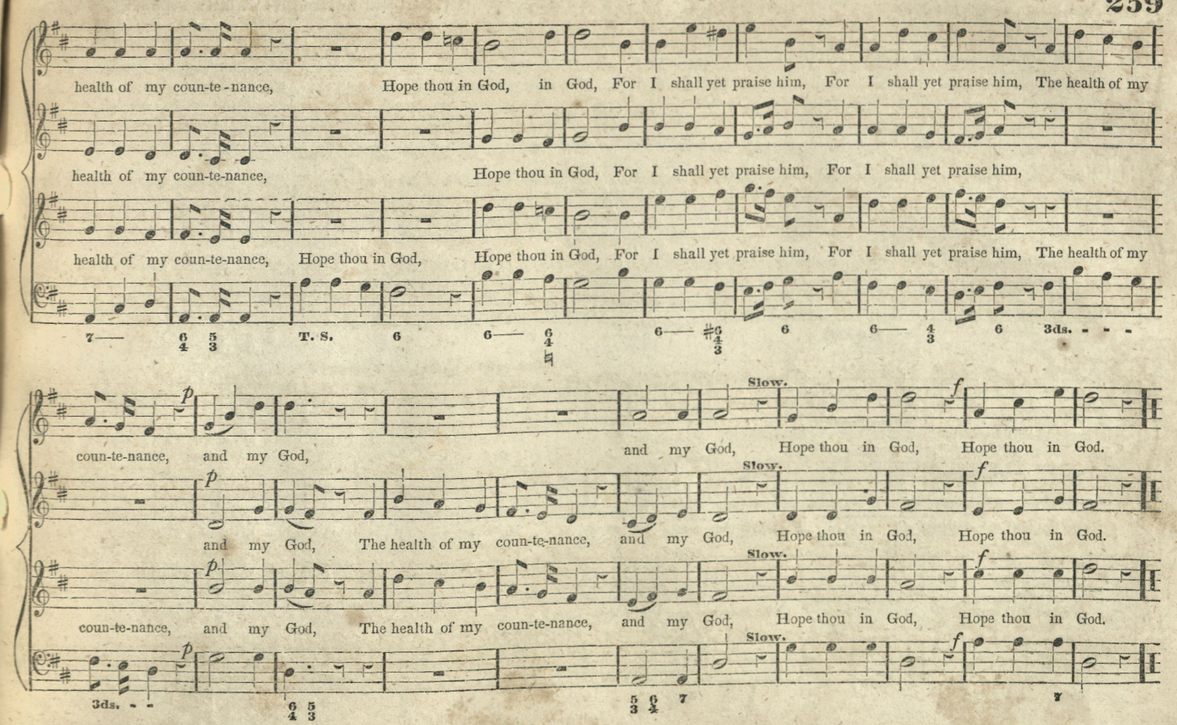
praise him, The health of my coun-te - nance and my God, I shall yet praise him, I shall yet praise him, I shall yet

praise him, The health of my coun-te - nance, and my God, I shall yet praise him, I shall yet praise him, I shall yet

praise him, The health of my coun-te - nance, and my God, Hope thou in God, Hope thou in God, Hope thou in God,
I shall yet praise him, I shall yet praise him, I shall yet

T. S.


Soli.
praise him, The health of my coun-te-nance, The health of my countenance, For I shall yet
Soli.
praise him, The health of my countenance, The health of my countenance, For I shall yet praise him, The health of my coun-te-nance,
Soli.
hope thou in God, The health of my countenance, For I shall yet praise him, The health of my coun-te-nance,
praise him, The health of my countenance, For I shall yet
Soli.
3ds.
Tutti.
praise him, The health of my countenance, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, The
Tutti.
For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, yet praise him, The
Tutti.
For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, The
praise him, The health of my countenance, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, yet praise him, The
Tutti.
3ds.
6s.


health of my coun-te-nance, Hope thou in God, in God, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, The health of my
health of my coun-te-nance, Hope thou in God, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him,
health of my coun-te-nance, Hope thou in God, Hope thou in God, For I shall yet praise him, For I shall yet praise him, The health of my
T. S.
3ds.
Slow.
coun-te-nance, and my God, and my God, Hope thou in God, Hope thou in God.
Slow.
and my God, The health of my coun-te-nance, and my God, Hope thou in God, Hope thou in God.
Slow.
coun-te-nance, and my God, The health of my coun-te-nance, and my God, Hope thou in God, Hope thou in God.
Slow.
3ds.

Slow, soft, and expressive.

SABBATH MORNING. "When the worn spirit wants repose."

W. B. B.

When the worn spir - it wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the weary week; How

When the worn spir - it wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the weary week; How

When the worn spir - it wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the weary week; How

Moderately quick, with energy.

sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the wea - ry week. How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn, That o - pens on the

sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the wea - ry week. How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn, That o - pens on the

sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the wea - ry week. How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn, That o - pens on the

sight, When first that soul - re - viv - ing morn Sheds forth new rays of li - - - - ght, Sheds forth new rays of light.

sight, When first that soul - re - viv - ing morn Sheds forth new rays of light, Sheds forth new rays of light.

sight, When first that soul - re - viv - ing morn Sheds forth new rays of li - - - - ght, Sheds forth new rays of light.

SEMI-CHORUS or QUARTET. Slow & gentle.

DUET.

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heav'nly Spirit, source of peace, A Sabbath to my soul. Sweet day, thine hours too

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heav'nly Spirit, source of peace, A Sabbath to my soul. Sweet day, thine hours too

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heav'nly Spirit, source of peace, A Sabbath to my soul. Sweet day, thine hours too

CHORUS. Tempo primo.

soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heav'nly Spirit, source of peace, A Sabbath to my soul. When will my pil-grim-age be done, The

When will my pil-grim-age be done, The

soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heav'nly Spirit, source of peace, A Sabbath to my soul. When will my pil-grim-age be done, The

3ds

Ritard.

world's long week be o'er, That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun, That day, which fades no more, That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun, That day, which fades no more!

Ritard.

world's long week be o'er, That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun, That day, which fades no more, That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun, That day, which fades no more!

Ritard.

world's long week be o'er, That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun, That day, which fades no more, That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun, That day, which fades no more!

Ritard.

Bless-ed be the name, the name of the Lord; bless - ed be the name of the Lord, bless - ed, bless - ed, bless-ed be the

Bless-ed be the name, the name of the Lord; bless - ed be the name of the Lord, bless - ed, bless - ed, bless-ed be the

Bless-ed be the name, the name of the Lord; bless - ed be the name of the Lord, bless - ed, bless - ed, bless-ed be the

First time. Second time. Mod.

name of the Lord, name of the Lord, the name of the Lord, From this time forth, and for ev - er - more, and for ev - er - more.

First time. Second time. Mod.

name of the Lord, name of the Lord, the name of the Lord, From this time forth, and for ev - er - more, and for ev - er - more.

First time. Second time. Mod.

name of the Lord, name of the Lord, the name of the Lord, From this time forth, and for ev - er - more, and for ev - er - more.

First time. Second time. Mod.

MOTET. "Great is the Lord."

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, in the cit-y of our God, in the cit-y of our God, in the

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, in the cit-y of our God, in the cit-y of our God, in the

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and greatly to be praised, in the cit-y of our God, in the cit-y of our God, in the

T. S.

mountain of his ho-li-ness, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and greatly to be

mountain of his ho-li-ness, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and greatly to be

mountain of his ho-li-ness, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and greatly to be

T. S.

prais-ed, in the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be

prais-ed, in the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be

prais-ed, in the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be

T. S.

prais-ed, in the cit-y of our God, in the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-liness, his ho-li-ness.

Mod.

prais-ed, in the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-liness, his ho-li-ness.

Mod.

prais-ed, in the cit-y of our God, in the cit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-liness, his ho-li-ness.

Mod.

(34)

With energy.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN!"

H.

Much in sor - row, oft in woe, Onward, Christian, on - ward go! Fight the fight, and, worn with strife, Steep with tears the bread of life, Fight the fight, and,

Much in sor - row, oft in woe, Onward, Christian, on - ward go! Fight the fight, and, worn with strife, Steep with tears the bread of life, Fight the fight, and,

Much in sor - row, oft in woe, Onward, Christian, on - ward go! Fight the fight, and, worn with strife, Steep with tears the bread of life, Fight the fight, and,

worn with strife, Steep with tears the bread of life, Steep with tears the bread of life. On-ward, Christian, on-ward go, Join the war, and face the foe;

worn with strife, Steep with tears the bread of life, Steep with tears the bread of life. On-ward, Christian, onward go, Join the war and face the foe;

worn with strife, Steep with tears the bread of life, Steep with tears the bread of life. On-ward, Christian, onward go, Join the war, and face the foe;

Faint not, much doth yet re - main, Drear-y is the long cam-paign, Dreary is the long cam - paign. Shrink not, Christian, wilt thou yield,

Faint not, much doth yet re - main, Drear-y is the long cam-paign, Drear-y is the long cam - paign. Shrink not, Christian, wilt thou yield,

Faint not, much doth yet re - main, Drear-y is the long cam-paign, Drear-y is the long cam - paign. Shrink not, Chris-tian, wilt thou yield,

Wilt thou quit the pain-ful field? On-ward, 'till thy feet shall stand Firm with - in the prom-ised land, Firm within the prom - ised land.

Wilt thou quit the pain-ful field? On-ward, 'till thy feet shall stand Firm with - in the prom-ised land, Firm within the prom-ised land.

Wilt thou quit the pain-ful field? On-ward, 'till thy feet shall stand Firm with - in the prom-ised land, Firm within the prom - ised land.

Andante.

"CALM ON THE LIST'NING EAR."

The Advent.

W. B. B.

Calm on the list-'ning ear of night Come heaven's me-lo-dious strains, Where wild Jude-a stretches far, Her sil-ver-man-tled plains.

Calm on the list-'ning ear of night Come heaven's me-lo-dious strains, Where wild Ju-de-a stretches far, Her sil-ver-man-tled plains.

Calm on the list-'ning ear of night Come heaven's me-lo-dious strains, Where wild Ju-de-a stretches far, Her sil-ver-man-tled plains.

Allegro. Con Spirito.

Ce-les-tial choirs from courts a-bove, Shed sa-cred glo-ries there, While an-gels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make

Ce-les-tial choirs from courts above, Shed sa--cred glo--ries, sa-cred glo-ries there, While an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make

Ce-les-tial choirs from courts above, Shed sa--cred glo--ries there, While an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make

Ce-les-tial choirs from courts a-bove, Shed sa-cred glo-ries there, While an-gels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make

mu-sic on the air, While an-gels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make music on the air, While angels, with their sparkling lyres, Make

mu-sic, Make mu-sic, An-gels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make music on the air, While angels, with their sparkling lyres, Make

mu-sic, While an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air, While angels, with their sparkling lyres, Make

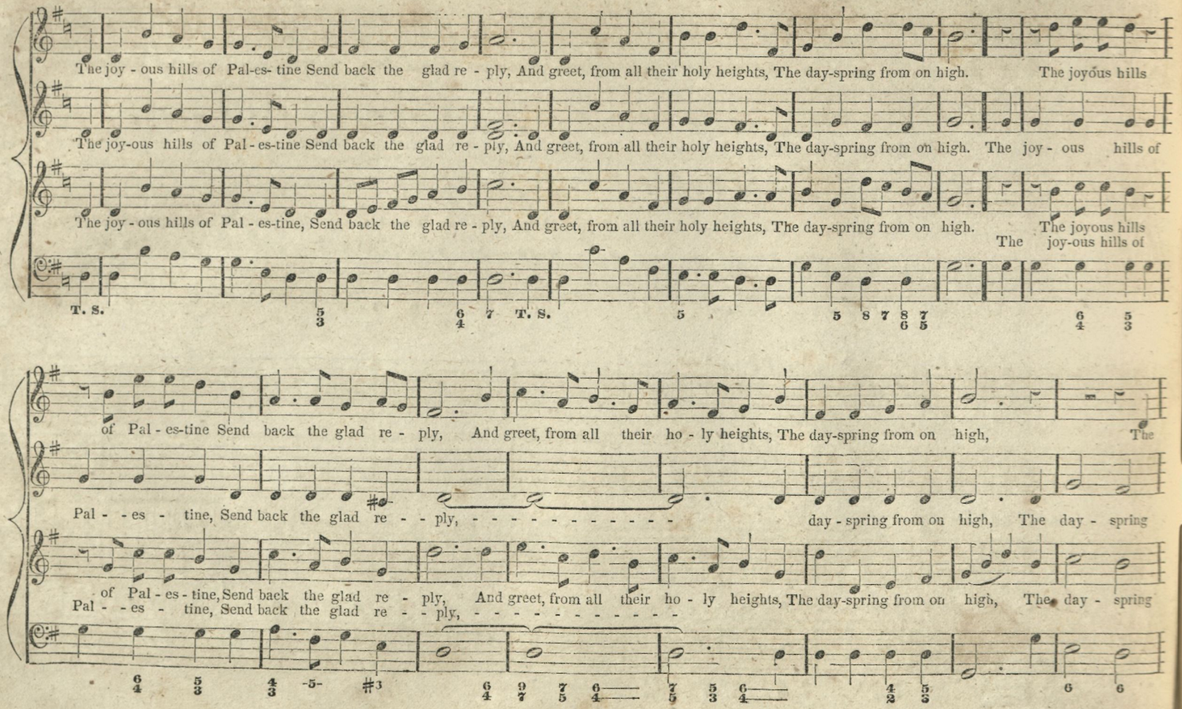
Make mu-sic, an-gels,

mu-sic on the air, make music, make mu-sic, make mu-sic on the air.

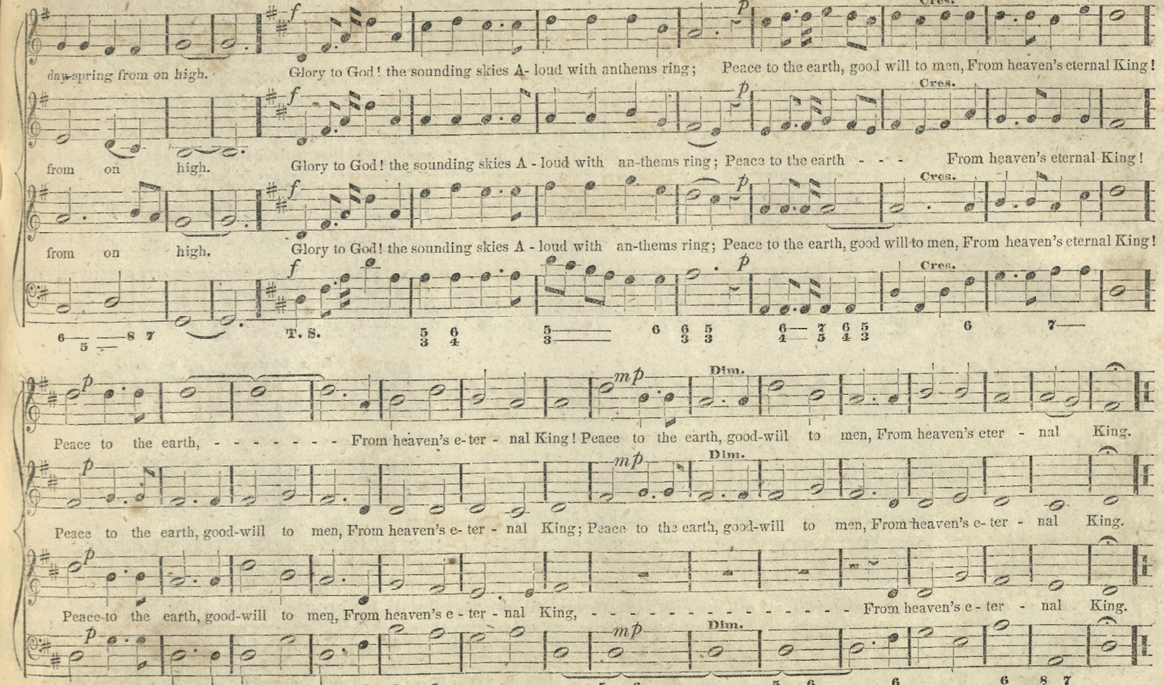
mu-sic on the air

mu-sic on the air, *f Dim.*

SEMI-CHORUS or CHORUS.



FULL CHORUS. A little slower—Majestic.



DIRGE. "Go to thy Rest."

Moderate. Arranged for Men's Voices.

1st Tenor. *p*

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy trou - bles cease, From earthly cares, in sweet re-lease, Thine

2d Tenor. *p*

2. Go to thy peace - ful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now a - mong the blest, No more by sin and sor - row press'd, But

Alto. *p*

3. Go to thy rest: and while Thy ab - sence we de - plore, One thought our sor - row shall be - guile, For soon, with a ce - les - tial smile, We

Bass. *p*

eye - lids gent-ly close, From earthly cares, in sweet release, Thine eye-lids gent - ly close. gent - ly close.

1st & 2d times. 3d time.

pp Mod. *m*

hush'd in qui - et sleep, No more by sin and sor - row press'd, But hush'd in qui - et sleep. qui - et sleep.

pp Mod. *m*

meet to part no more, For soon, with a ce - les - tial smile, We meet to part no more. We meet to part no more.

pp Mod. *m*

* The Alto, of course, must be sung in falsetto.

RETURN.

Tenderly.

1. Re - turn, O wan - d'rer, to thy home; Thy Fa - ther calls for thee; No lon - ger now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - e -

2. Re - turn, O wan - d'rer, to thy home; 'Tis Je - sus calls for thee; The Spir - it and the Bride say come, O now for ref - uge

3. Re - turn, O wan - d'rer, to thy home; 'Tis mad-ness to de - lay; There are no par - dons in the tomb, And brief is mer - cy"

T. S.

ry, No lon - ger now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - e - ry; Re - turn, re - turn.

p *pp*

flee; The Spir - it and the Bride say come, O now for ref - uge flee; Re - turn, re - turn.

p *pp*

day; There are no par - dons in the tomb, And brief is mer - cy's day; Re - turn, re - turn.

p *pp*

"AND YE SHALL SEEK ME."*

And ye shall seek me, And ye shall seek me, And ye shall seek me, And ye shall

And ye shall seek me, And ye shall seek me, And ye shall seek me, And ye shall

And ye shall seek me, And ye shall seek me, And ye shall seek me, And ye shall

T. S.

seek me, shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, shall search for me with all your heart. And ye shall

seek me, shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, shall search for me with all your heart. And ye shall

seek me, and find - - - - me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, shall search for me with all your heart. And ye shall

* The first strain may be repeated, if the piece seems too short.

seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, with all your heart, saith the Lord.

seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, with all your heart, saith the Lord.

seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, with all your heart, saith the Lord.

"O, PRAISE THE LORD."

SMITH, of Edinburgh.

O, praise the Lord, all ye na - tions, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple; O praise the Lord, all ye na - tions, Praise him

O, praise the Lord, all ye na - tions, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple; O praise the Lord, all ye na - tions, Praise him

O, praise the Lord, all ye na - tions, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple; O praise the Lord, all ye na - tions, Praise him

praise him, all ye peo - ple. O, praise the Lord; O, praise the Lord, - all ye na-tions, praise ye the Lord; praise ye the Lord. Mod.

praise him, all ye peo - ple. O, praise the Lord; O, praise the Lord, all ye na-tions, praise ye the Lord; praise ye the Lord. Mod.

praise him, all ye peo - ple. O, praise the Lord; O, praise the Lord, all ye na-tions, praise ye the Lord; praise ye the Lord. Mod.

Mod.

ANTHEM. "Blessed are the People."

Vivace. H.

Bles-sed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound, Bles-sed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound, Bles-sed, bles-sed, bles-sed are the peo-ple that

Bles-sed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound, Bles-sed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound, Bles-sed, bles-sed, bles-sed are the peo-ple that

Bles-sed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound, Bles-sed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound, Bles-sed, bles-sed, bles-sed are the peo-ple that

know the joyful sound; Bles-sed, bles-sed, bles - sed, bles-sed are the people that know the joyful

know the joyful sound; They shall walk, O Lord, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy coun-te-nance; Bles-sed are the people that know the joyful

know the joyful sound; They shall walk, O Lord, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy coun-te-nance; Bles-sed are the people that know the joyful

Bles-sed, bles-sed, bles - sed,

sound, And in thy name shall they rejoice, all the day. Bles-sed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound, Bles-sed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound.

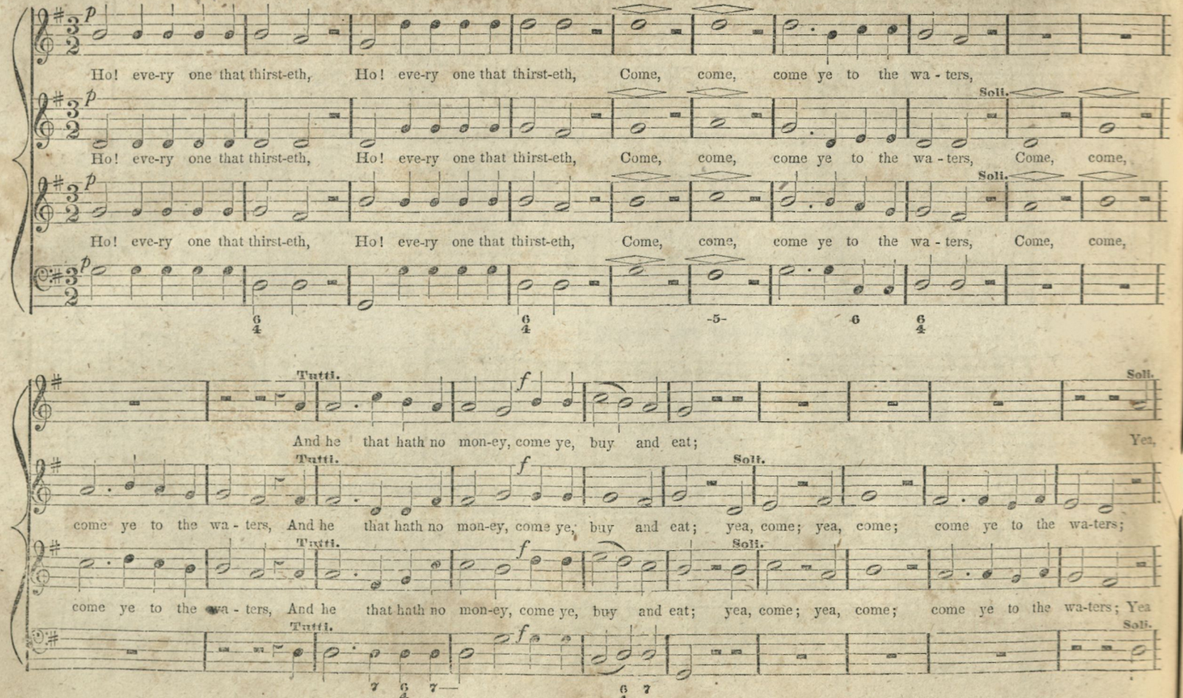
sound; Bles-sed, bles-sed are the peo - ple, Bles-sed are the people that know the joyful sound, Bles-sed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound.

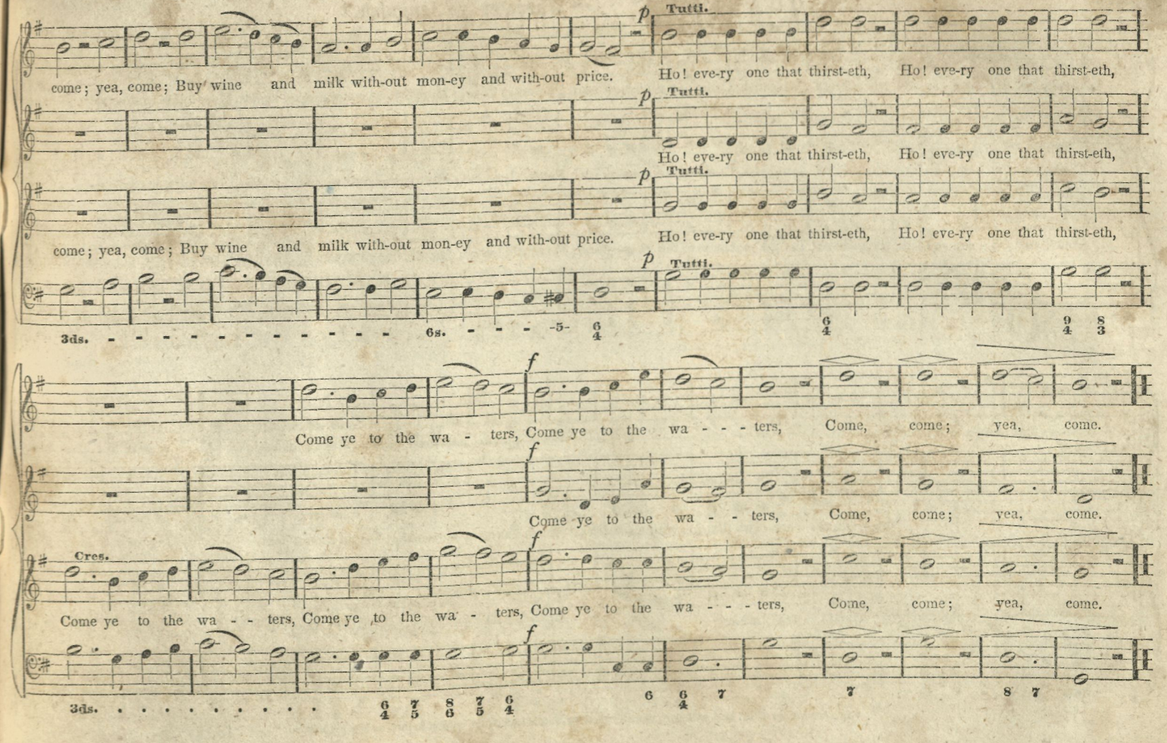
sound. Bles-sed, bles-sed are the peo - ple, Bles-sed are the people that know the joyful sound, Bles-sed are the peo-ple that know the joy-ful sound.

And in thy name shall they re - joice all the day,

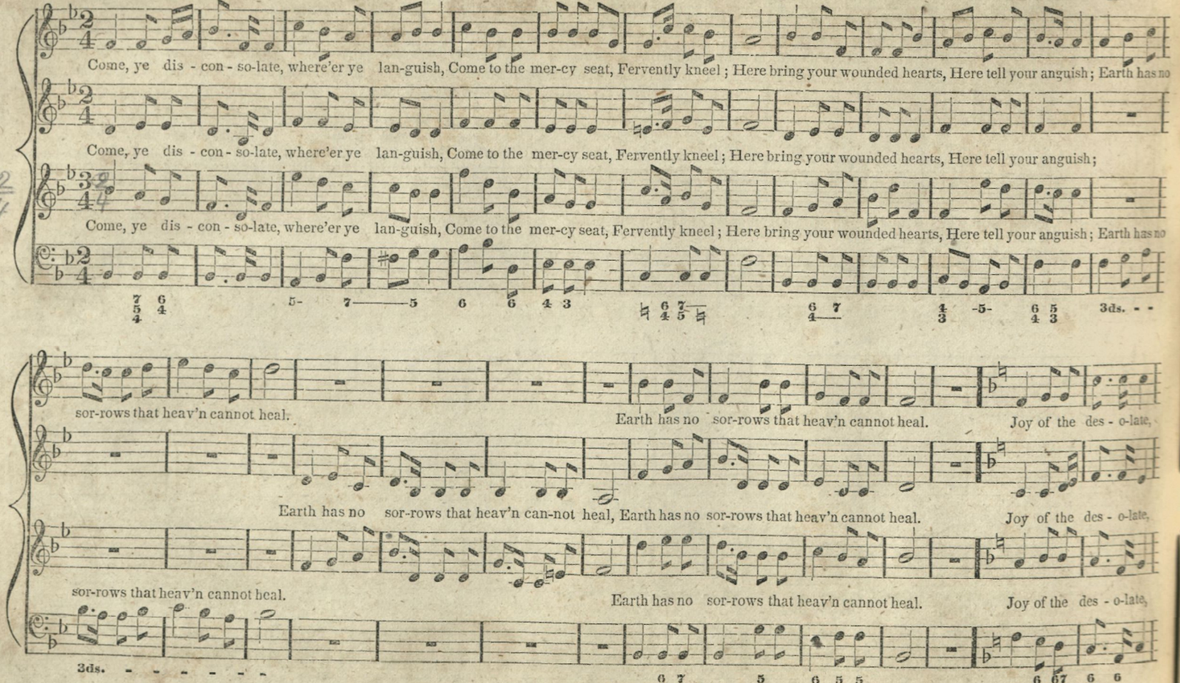
"HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH." Isaiah 55: 1.

E. HOWE, Jr.

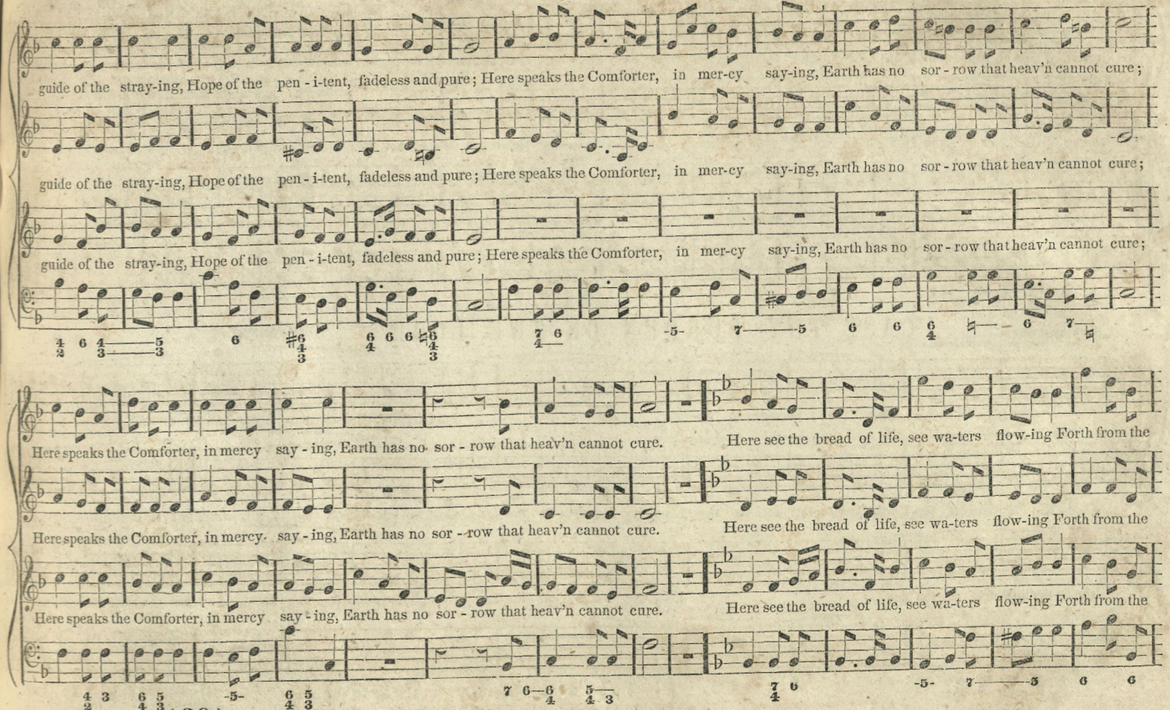




QUARTETT.* "Where'er ye languish."



* In compositions of this kind, each part, properly speaking, should lead off the subject in turn, as here exemplified.



throne of God, boundless in love; Come to the feast prepared, come, ever know-ing, Earth has its sor-rows, but heaven can remove, but heaven can re - move.

throne of God, boundless in love; Come to the feast prepared, come, ever know-ing, Earth has its sor-rows, but heaven can remove, but heaven can re - move.

throne of God, boundless in love; Come to the feast prepared, come, ever know-ing, Earth has its sor-rows, but heaven can remove, but heaven can re - move.

Soft and slow.
May be sung as a Semi-chorus or Quartett.

"CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD." Sentence.

W. B. B.

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, - - - - - - Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And He will sus-tain thee, and

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And He will sus-tain thee, and

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And He will sus-tain thee, and

strengthen thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee,

strengthen thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee,

strengthen thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee and com - fort thee,

Second time sing PP.

He will sus - tain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

Repeat PP.

He will sus - tain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

Repeat PP.

He will sus - tain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

Repeat PP.

Cres.

Summer's mildest breeze is blowing Thro' the meadow and the grove, And its purest fragrance flowing, To inspire the heart with love. All creation wakes to gladness,

Summer's mildest breeze is blowing Thro' the meadow and the grove, And its purest fragrance flowing, To inspire the heart with love. All creation wakes to gladness, Bids us

Summer's mildest breeze is blowing Thro' the meadow and the grove, And its purest fragrance flowing, To inspire the heart with love. All creation wakes to gladness, Bids us

But the heart is filled with sadness, And disturbed by anxious care, And disturbed by anxious care. Why, my soul, this sad commotion? Why this

in her music share;

Why, my soul, this sad commotion? Why this

in her music share; But the heart is filled with sadness, And disturbed by anxious care, And disturbed by anxious care. Why, my soul, this sad commotion? Why this

Cres.

self-tormenting pain? Light the fires of pure de - vo - tion, And thy wonted peace regain. If thy wanderings are forgiv - en, Be not anxious for the rest, Leave thy

self-tormenting pain? Light the fires of pure de - vo - tion, And thy wonted peace regain. If thy wanderings are forgiv - en, Be not anxious for the rest, Leave thy

self-tormenting pain? Light the fires of pure de - vo - tion, And thy wonted peace regain. If thy wanderings are forgiv - en, Be not anxious for the rest, Leave thy

cause alone with heaven, And in Christ be ev-er blest, Leave thy cause alone with heaven, And in Christ be ev - er blest, And in Christ be ev - er blest.

cause alone with heaven, And in Christ be ev-er blest, Leave thy cause alone with heaven, And in Christ be ev - er blest, And in Christ be ev - er blest.

cause alone with heaven, And in Christ be ev-er blest, Leave thy cause alone with heaven, And in Christ be ev - er blest, And in Christ be ev - er blest.

"FROM ALL THAT DWELL." Psalm 117.

Theme by MOZART.

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Re - deemer's name be sung Through every land, by eve - ry

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name - - - - be sung, Through eve - ry land, by eve - ry

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through every land by eve - ry

tongue, Through every land, by eve - ry tongue. Soli. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth attends thy

tongue, Through eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue. Soli. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth attends thy

tongue, Through every land, by eve - ry tongue. Soli. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth attends thy

Chorus.

word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more. 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Chorus.

word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more, 'Till suns shall rise - - - shall rise and set no more.

Chorus.

word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE PARTING SCENE. 6's & 4's. Special.*

Slow and mournful.

1. Fare - well! Could we but meet On earth a - gain, One thought of joys so sweet Might heal the present pain: Fare-well! fare - well!

2. Fare - well! though oceans wide Between us roll, They never can di - vide This u-nion of the soul. Fare-well! fare - well!

3. Fare - well! when life is o'er, To us be given To meet on that blest shore, A - mid the bliss of heaven. Fare-well! fare - well!

* Adapted, also, to the hymn "Farewell, we meet no more." Time rather more than one second to a half note. Such pieces may serve as pleasant remembrancers of past scenes. For real occasions of parting they may prove too deeply sentimental.

Allegretto.

"BLESSED IS HE." Psalm 32: 1, 2.

W. B. B.

Bles - sed is he whose transgression is for - giv- en, And whose sin is cov - - - ered. - - - Bles - sed is he,

Bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed is he, Bles - sed is he whose trans-

Bles - sed, bles-sed, bles - sed is he,

Bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed is he; Bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed is he.

gres - sion is for - giv - en, And whose sin is cov - ered. Bles - sed, bles - sed is he, Bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed is he.

Bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed is he, Bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed is he.

Bles - sed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not in - i - qui-ty, Bles - sed is the man to whom the Lord im - pu-teth not in - i - qui - ty, And in whose spir-it there

Bles - sed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not in - i - qui-ty,

And in whose spir-it there

Bles - sed is the man to whom the Lord im - pu-teth not in - i - qui-ty, And in whose spir-it there

FULL CHORUS.

is no guile, And in whose spir - it there is no guile. Bles-sed is the man, Bles-sed is the man, - - -

is no guile, And in whose spir - it there is no guile. Bles-sed is the man, Bles-sed is the man, - - -

Bles - sed is the man, Bles - sed is the man, Bles - sed is the

is no guile, And in whose spir - it there is no guile. Bles-sed is the man, Bles-sed is the man, - - -

(37)

- - to whom the Lord im-put-eth not in - i - qui - ty, And in whose spir-it there is no guile, And in whose spir-it there is no guile.

man, to whom the Lord im-put-eth not in - i - qui - ty, And in whose spir-it there is no guile, And in whose spir-it there is no guile.

man, to whom the Lord im-put-eth not in - i - qui - ty, And in whose spir-it there is no guile, - - - - - - there is no guile.

SWISS MORNING HYMN.

FRANZ ABT, 1842.

Vivace.

1. Morn a - wakes in si - lence, Still, in the vault - ed sky, Stars with fad-ing lus - tre, Gem its can-o - py; Hail, fair morning's

2. Morn a-wakes to glad - ness, Brighter the day ap - pears, Earth with dew - drops glist' - ning, gent-ly dries her tears; Birds be - gin their

Sym.

gleam! Praise to him who kindleth Eve-ry sunny beam; Swell your grateful voi - ces, Bend in ado - ration, Praise the Lord of light; - Bend in a - do-

song, Na-ture all is vo - cal, Eve-ry human tongue Now should join in cho - rus: Radiance bright and healing, From the gospel sun, Radiance bright and

Cres.

ra - tion, Praise the Lord of light—Lord of eve - ry land and na - tion, Throned in boundless might, Throned in boundless might, in boundless might.

Cres.

heal - ing, From the gos - pel sun— Calls for pur - er, deep-er feel - ing, Low be - fore the throne, Low before the throne, be - fore the throne.

might, - - Throned in

Slow, with tender emotion.

DIRGE. "Brother, thou art gone."

Arranged from GELINECK.

1. Broth - er, thou art gone be - fore us, And thy saint-ly soul is flown Where tears are wiped from eve-ry eye, And sor - row is un - known.

2. The toil-some way thou 'st traveled o'er, And borne the heav - y load; But Christ hath taught thy languid feet To reach his blest a - bode.

3. Sin can nev - er taint thee now, Nor doubt thy faith as - sail; Nor thy meek trust in Je - sus Christ And the Ho - ly Spir - it, fail.

From the bur - den of the flesh, And from care and sin re-leased, Where the wick-ed cease from troub - ling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Laz - a - rus Up - on his Fa-ther's breast, Where the wick-ed cease from troub - ling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good Whom on earth thou lovedst best, Where the wick-ed cease from troub - ling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

ANTHEM. From Psalm 84 : 4.

From the Psalmodist.

Bles - sed are they that dwell in thy house, Bles - sed are they that dwell in thy house, Blessed, blessed, blessed are

Bles - sed are they that dwell in thy house, Bles - sed are they that dwell in thy house, Blessed, blessed, blessed are

Bles - sed are they that dwell in thy house, Bles - sed are they that dwell in thy house, Blessed, blessed, blessed are

they that dwell in thy house, blessed, blessed, bles - sed are they that dwell, that dwell in thy house; bles - sed

they that dwell in thy house, blessed, blessed, bles - sed are they that dwell, that dwell in thy house; bles - sed

they that dwell in thy house, blessed, blessed, bles - sed are they that dwell, that dwell in thy house; bles - sed

Fugue.

bles - sed, bles - sed are they, they will be still prais - ing, prais - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing

they will be still praising thee, they will be still praising thee, still prais - ing thee,

bles - sed, bles - sed are they, they will be still prais - ing prais - ing thee,

they will be still

T. S.

thee, still prais - - - ing, prais - ing thee, still prais - ing, prais - ing thee,

will be still prais - ing, prais - ing

they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing, prais - ing

they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing thee,

will be still prais - ing, prais - ing

prais - ing thee, still prais - ing thee,

will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing, prais - ing

thee,

they will be still prais - - ing thee, still prais - - ing, prais - - ing thee, they will be still

thee, they will be still prais - - ing thee, still prais - ing, prais - ing, prais - ing thee, they will be still

thee, they will be still prais - - ing thee, still prais - ing thee,

they will be still

they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - - ing thee,

prais - ing, they will be still prais - ing, prais - - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee.

prais-ing thee, they will be still praising thee, still prais - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee.

prais - ing, they will be still prais - ing, prais - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee.

MOTET. A Meditation.

Arranged from a Credo of BALDI.

In the mul-ti-tude of my thoughts within me, thy com-forts de-light my soul,

In the mul-ti-tude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts de-light my soul,

In the mul-ti-tude of my thoughts within me, thy com-forts de-light my soul,

In the mul-ti-tude of my thoughts within me, thy com-forts de-light my soul,

com-forts de-light my soul, de-light my soul - - - - de-light, de-light my soul, thy com-forts de-light, delight my soul.

com-forts delight my soul, thy com-forts, thy com-forts de-light, de-light my soul, thy comforts de-light, de-light my soul.

com-forts delight my soul, thy com-forts, thy com-forts de-light, de-light my soul, thy comforts de-light, de-light my soul.

Come to the place of prayer, Ye band of kindred hearts, O come, and raise, With one consent, the grateful song of praise To Him who blest you

Come to the place of prayer, Ye band of kindred hearts, O come, and raise, With one consent, the grateful song of praise To Him who blest you

Come to the place of prayer, Ye band of kindred hearts, O come, and raise, With one consent, the grateful song of praise To Him who blest you

with a lot so fair, To him who blest you with a lot so fair. Come in the morning hour, For who hath raised you from the dream of night? Whose

with a lot so fair, To him who blest you with a lot so fair. Come in the morning hour, For who hath raised you from the dream of night? Whose

with a lot so fair, To him who blest you with a lot so fair. Come in the morning hour, For who hath raised you from the dream of night? Whose

hand hath poured a - round the shin-ing light? O, come, a - dore that kind and heav'nly Pow'r, O, come, a - dore that kind and heav'n - ly Power.

hand hath poured a - round the shin-ing light? O, come, a - dore that kind and heav'nly Pow'r, O, come, a - dore that kind and heav'n - ly Power.

hand hath poured a - round the shin-ing light? O, come, a - dore that kind and heav'nly Pow'r, O, come, a - dore that kind and heav'n - ly Power.

Come at the close of day, Ere wea - ried nature sinks in gen - tle rest, O, come, and let your sins be here con - fessed:

Come at the close of day, Ere wea - ried nature sinks in gen - tle rest, O, come, and let your sins be here con - fessed:

Come at the close of day, Ere wea - ried nature sinks in gen - tle rest, O, come, and let your sins be here con - fessed:

Come, and for his pro-tect - ing mer-cy pray, for his pro-tect-ing mer - cy pray, Come to the place of prayer, Come to the place of prayer.

Come, and for his pro-tect - ing mer-cy pray, for his pro-tect-ing mer - cy pray, Come to the place of prayer, Come to the place of prayer.

Come, and for his pro-tect - ing mer-cy pray, for his pro-tect-ing mer - cy pray, Come to the place of prayer, Come to the place of prayer.

"TO-DAY, THE SAVIOUR CALLS."

1. To - day, the Sav - iour calls, Ye wand'rers, come; O ye benight-ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?

2. To - day, the Sav - iour calls, O lis - ten now: With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.

3. To-day, the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls, to-day,
Yield to his power:
O, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Moderato.

"THERE IS AN HOUR OF HALLOWED PEACE."

W. B. B.

There is an hour of hal - lowed peace, To those with care op-pressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hush'd to rest, be hush'd, be

There is an hour of hal - lowed peace, To those with care op-pressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hush'd to rest, be hush'd,

There is an hour of hal - lowed peace, To those with care op-pressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hush'd to rest, be hush'd, be

Allegretto.

hush'd, 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts

to rest. - - 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts, and

hush'd to rest. - - Sym. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts, and doubts

and doubts that here an - noy, Then they who oft have sown, Shall reap again in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy, Then they who

that here an - noy, Then they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap again in joy, Shall reap a - gain in joy, Then they who

doubts, that here an - noy, Then they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap again in joy, - Shall reap a - gain in joy, Then they who

and doubts that

Andante.

oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy. There is an hour of

oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy. There is an hour of

oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy, - - Shall reap a-gain in joy. - - - - - - - - - - There is an hour

sweet re - - pose, Where storms as - sail no more; The stream of end - less plea - sure flows, On that ce - les - tial

sweet re - - pose, Where storms as - sail no more; The stream of end - less plea - sure flows, On that ce - les - tial

of sweet re - pose, Where storms as - sail no more; Sym. The stream of end - less plea - sure flows, On that ce - les - tial

Allegretto.

shore. - There pu - ri - ty with love ap - pears, And bliss,

shore. - There pu - ri - ty with love ap - pears, And bliss,

Allegretto. Sym.

shore. - There pu - - - ri - ty - with love ap - pears, And bliss, and bliss, and

and bliss without al - loy, Then they who oft have sown, Shall reap again in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy, Then they who

with - out al - loy, Then they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap again in joy, Shall reap a - gain in joy, Then they who

bliss with - out and bliss al - loy, Then they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap again in joy, - Shall reap a - gain in joy, Then they who

oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy, Shall reap a - gain in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy, Shall reap a - gain in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy, - - Shall reap a - gain in joy, - - - - - - - - - - Shall reap a - gain in joy.

Expressive.

DIES IRÆ.

Translation by WALTER SCOTT.

That day of wrath! that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away! What power shall be the sinner's stay! How shall he meet that

That day of wrath! that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away! What power shall be the sin - ner's stay! How shall he meet that

That day of wrath! that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away! What power shall be the sin - ner's stay! How shall he meet that

T. S. T. S.

dreadful day— How shall he meet that dreadful day, When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll; And louder yet—and yet more

dreadful day— How shall he meet that dreadful day, When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll; And louder yet—and yet more

dreadful day— How shall he meet that dreadful day, When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll; And louder yet—and yet more

dread—Swells the high trump that wakes the dead! Swells the high trump that wakes the dead, that wakes the dead. Oh! on that day—that wrathful

dread—Swells the high trump that wakes the dead! Swells the high trump that wakes the dead, that wakes the dead. Oh! on that day—that wrathful

dread—Swells the high trump that wakes the dead! Swells the high trump that wakes the dead, that wakes the dead. Oh! on that day—that wrathful

trump - - - - - - that

T. S.

day—When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

day—When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

day—When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

"THRICE HAPPY MAN, WHO FEARS THE LORD."

W. B. B.

SUITABLE FOR CHARITABLE AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

Moderato Maestoso.

Mezzo.

Thrice hap - py man, who fears the Lord, Loves his com-mands, and trusts his word; Hon - or and peace his days at - tend, And bles-sings to his

Mezzo.

Thrice hap - py man, who fears the Lord, Loves his com-mands, and trusts his word;

Mezzo.

Thrice hap - py man, who fears the Lord, Loves his com-mands, and trusts his word; Hon - or and peace his days at - tend, And bles-sings to his

Mezzo.

seed de - scend, his days at - tend, And bles-sings to his seed de - scend. Thrice hap-py man, Thrice hap-py man.

mp

Solo.

Hon-or and peace his days at - tend, And bles-sings to his seed de - scend. Thrice hap-py man, Thrice hap-py man, Thrice hap-py

mp

seed de - scend, Hon-or and peace his days at - tend, And bles-sings to his seed de - scend. Thrice hap-py man, Thrice hap-py man.

mp f

Chorus. Chorus.

Thrice hap-py man. Thrice hap-py man.

Compassion dwells upon his mind, To works of mercy

Chorus. mp ff Chorus.

Thrice hap-py man. Thrice hap-py man.

Compassion dwells upon his mind, To works of mercy

Solo. ff Chorus. Dolce e Piano, con Espressione.

Thrice hap-py man. Thrice hap-py man.

Compassion dwells upon his mind, To works of mercy

mp Chorus. ff Chorus.

Thrice hap-py man. Thrice hap-py man.

still in-clined, He lends the poor some present aid, Or gives them not to be re - paid, Or gives them not to be re - paid, Or gives them

still in-clined, He lends the poor some present aid, Or gives them not to be re - paid, Or gives them not to be re - paid, Or gives them

still in-clined, He lends the poor some present aid, Or gives them not to be re - paid, Or gives them not to be re - paid, Or gives them

not to be re - paid. Thrice hap - py man, who fears the Lord, Loves his com-mands, and trusts his word; his

not to be re - paid. Thrice hap - py man, who fears the Lord, Loves his com-mands, and trusts his word; Hon - or and peace his

not to be re - paid. Thrice hap - py man, who fears the Lord, Loves his com-mands, and trusts his word; Hon - or and peace his

days at - tend, And bles-sings to his seed de - scend. Thrice hap-py man, Thrice hap-py man.

Chorus. Thrice happy man. Chorus. Thrice happy man.

days at - tend, And bles-sings to his seed de - scend. Thrice hap-py man, Thrice happy man, Thrice happy man, Thrice happy man.

Solo. Chorus. Solo. Chorus.

days at - tend, And bles-sings to his seed de - scend. Thrice hap-py man, Thrice hap-py man.

Thrice hap-py man. Thrice happy man,

Thrice hap-py man. Thrice hap-py man.

Solo. Chorus. Chorus.

Tremuloso.

When times grow dark! And ti - dings spread, That fill his neigh-bors round with dread;

When times grow dark! And ti - dings spread, That fill his neigh-bors round with dread;

When times grow dark! And ti - dings spread, That fill his neigh-bors round with dread, That fill his neigh-bors round with dread;

That fill his neigh-bors

T. S.

With spirit and energy.

His heart is arm'd a - gainst a fear, His heart is arm'd a - gainst a fear, His heart is

Cres.

His heart is arm'd a - gainst a fear, His heart is arm'd a - gainst a fear, His heart is arm'd a - gainst a fear,

Cres.

His heart is arm'd a - gainst a fear, a - gainst a fear, His heart is arm'd a - gainst a fear, His heart is

Cres.

T. S.

arm'd a - gainst a fear, His heart is arm'd a - gainst a fear, For God with all his power is there, there.

His heart is arm'd, For God with all his power is there, there.

His heart is arm'd a - gainst a fear, For God with all his power is there, there.

arm'd a - gainst a fear

Cres. 1st Time. 2d Time.

"HOLINESS BECOMETH THINE HOUSE."

H.

Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be-com-eth thine house, O Lord, for - ev - er; Ho - li - ness be-com-eth thine house, O

Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be-com-eth thine house, O Lord, for - ev - er; Ho - li - ness be-com-eth thine house, O

Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be-com-eth thine house, O Lord, for - ev - er; Ho - li - ness be-com-eth thine house, O

Lord, for ev - er; Ho - li - ness be - com-eth thine house, O Lord, O Lord, for - ev - er; Ho - li - ness be-

Lord, for - ev - er; Ho - li - ness be - com-eth thine house, O Lord, O Lord, for - ev - er; Ho - li - ness be-

Lord, for - ev - er; Ho - li - ness be - com-eth thine house, O Lord, O Lord, for - ev - er;

Cres. Dim.

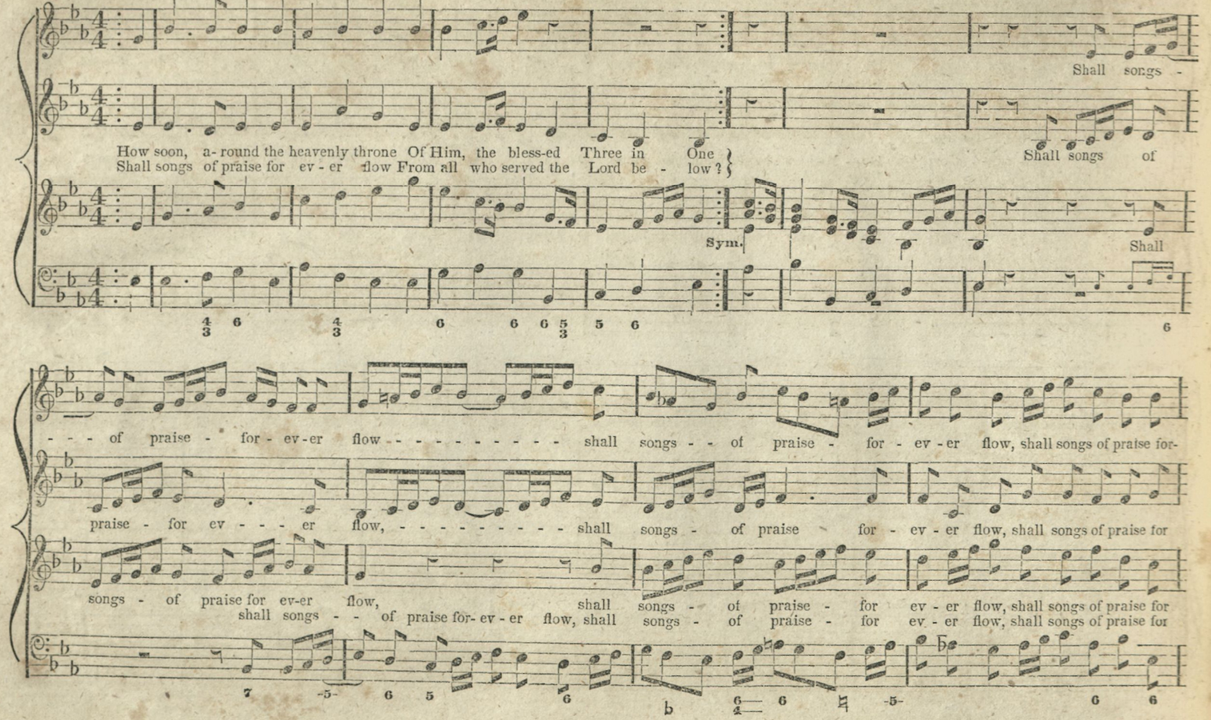
com-eth thine house, ho - - - li-ness be-com-eth thine house for - ev - er, O Lord, for - ev - er, for ev - - - - er.

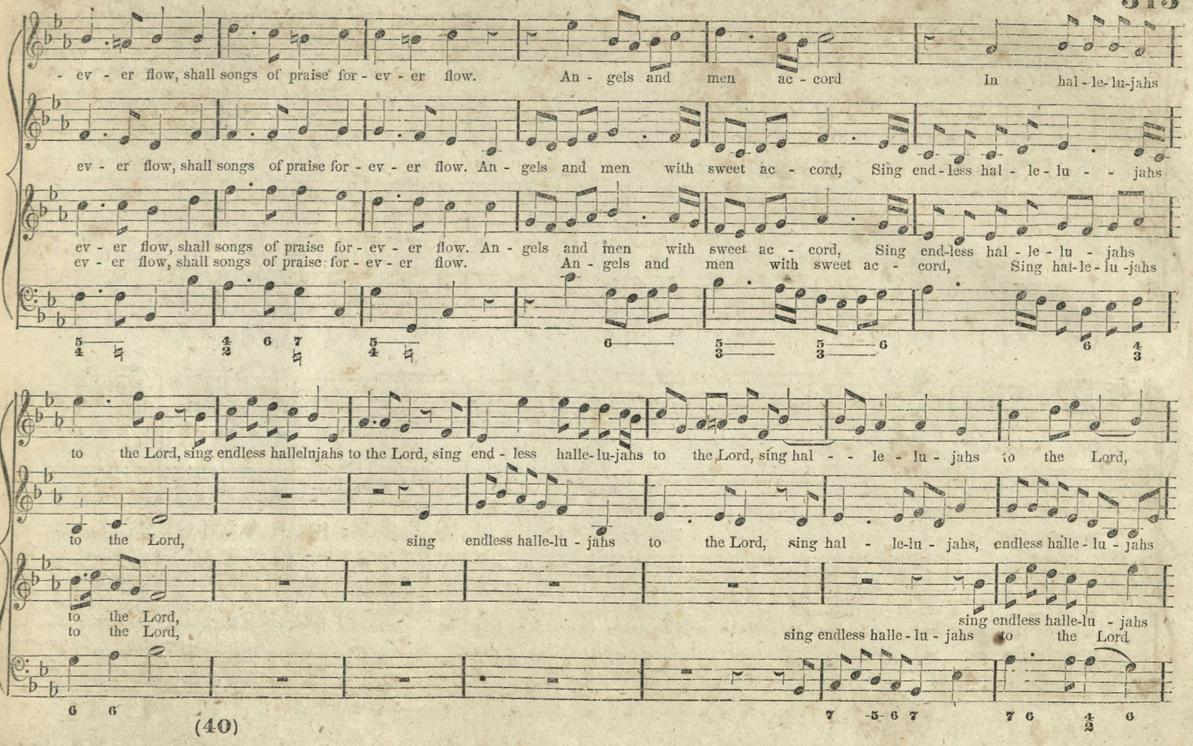
com-eth thine house, ho - li-ness, ho - li - ness be-com-eth thine house for - ev - er, O Lord, for ev - - er, for - ev - - er.

O Lord, for - ev - er, for - ev - - er.

"HOW SOON, AROUND THE HEAVENLY THRONE."

Arranged from HANDEL.





to the Lord, An-gels and men with sweet ac - cord, An - gels and men with sweet ac - cord, Sing hal - le - lu - - jahs

to the Lord, An-gels and men with sweet ac - cord, Sing hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lord, Sing hal le - lu - jahs

to the Lord, An - gels and men with sweet ac - cord, Sing hal-le-lu - - - jahs

to the Lord, An-gels and men with sweet ac - cord, Sing end - less hal - le - - lu - - jahs to the Lord, sing hal - le - lu - jahs

to the Lord, sing endless hallelu-jahs to the Lord, sing end-less halle - lu - - - - - jahs to the Lord, hal - le - lu - jahs

to the Lord, sing endless hallelu - - jahs, hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lord, sing hal - le - lu-jahs

to the Lord, sing endless hal-le-lu - - jahs, sing end-less halle-lu - jahs to the Lord, sing end-less halle-lu - jahs

to the Lord, sing end - - - less hal - le - lu-jahs hal - le - lu - jahs hal - le-lu - jahs to the Lord, hal - - - le - lu - -

Sing to the Lord, sing halle - lu - jahs, hal - le - lu - jahs, sing hal - le-lu - jahs, to the Lord, sing to the Lord.

to the Lord, sing to the Lord, hal - le - lu - jahs, hal - le - lu - jahs, sing hal - le-lu-jahs to the Lord, sing to the Lord.

to the Lord, sing hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lord, sing hal - le-lu - jahs to the Lord, sing to the Lord.

- - - - - - - - - jahs to the Lord, sing hal-le - lu - jahs, hal - le - lu - jahs, sing hal - le-lu-jahs to the Lord, sing to the Lord.

"REMEMBER ME"

Soli or Semi-chorus. Chorus. H.

1. Je- sus, thou art the sinner's Friend, I look a - lone to thee; Now, in the full-ness of thy love, O Lord, re - mem-ber me: Remember me, Remember me.
2. Thou wondrous Advocate with God, I yield myself to thee; While thou art sitting on thy throne, Dear Lord, remember me: Remember me, Remember me.
3. Lord, I am guilt-y, weak, and vile, But thy salvation's free; And in thine all-abounding grace, Dear Lord, remember me: Remember me, Remember me.
4. And when I close my eyes in death, When creature helpers flee; Then, O my great Redeemer God, I pray, remember me: Remember me, Remember me.

p ritard.

THE NATIVITY.

W. B. B.

Soli.

When Jordan hushed his waters still, And silence slept on Zion's hill, When Bethlehem's shepherds thro' the night, Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light, Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light:

Soli.

When Jordan hush'd his waters still - - - - - - - - - - - - When Bethlehem's shepherds thro' the night, Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light, Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light:

Soli.

When Jordan hushed his waters still, And silence slept on Zion's hill, When Bethlehem's shepherds thro' the night, Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light: Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light,

Soli.

Hark! from the midnight hills around, A voice of more than earthly sound, In distant hal-le-lujahs stole, o'er th'enraptured soul, Wild murm'ring

Hark! from the midnight hills around, from the midnight hills around, - - - - - - - - - In distant hal-le-lu-jahs stole, Wild murm'ring o'er th'enraptured soul, Wild murm'ring

Hark! from the midnight hills around, A voice of more than earthly sound, In distant hal-le-lu-jahs stole, Wild murm'ring o'er th'enraptured soul, Wild murm'ring

Hark! from the midnight hills around, A voice of more than earthly sound - - - - - - -

FULL CHORUS.

o'er th'enrap-tured soul. 5. O Zi-on, lift thy raptured eye, The long expected hour is nigh, The joys of na-ture rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign, The Prince of Salem

o'er th'enrap-tured soul. 5. O Zi-on, lift thy raptured eye, The long expected hour is nigh, The joys of na-ture rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign, The Prince of Salem

FULL CHORUS.

o'er th'enrap-tured soul. 5. O Zi-on, lift thy raptured eye, The long expected hour is nigh, The joys of na-ture rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign, The Prince of Salem

T. S.

MP

comes to reign. 6. See Mercy from her gold-en urn, Pours a rich stream to those that mourn; Behold she binds with tender care The bleeding bosom of des-pair, The bleed-ing bo-som

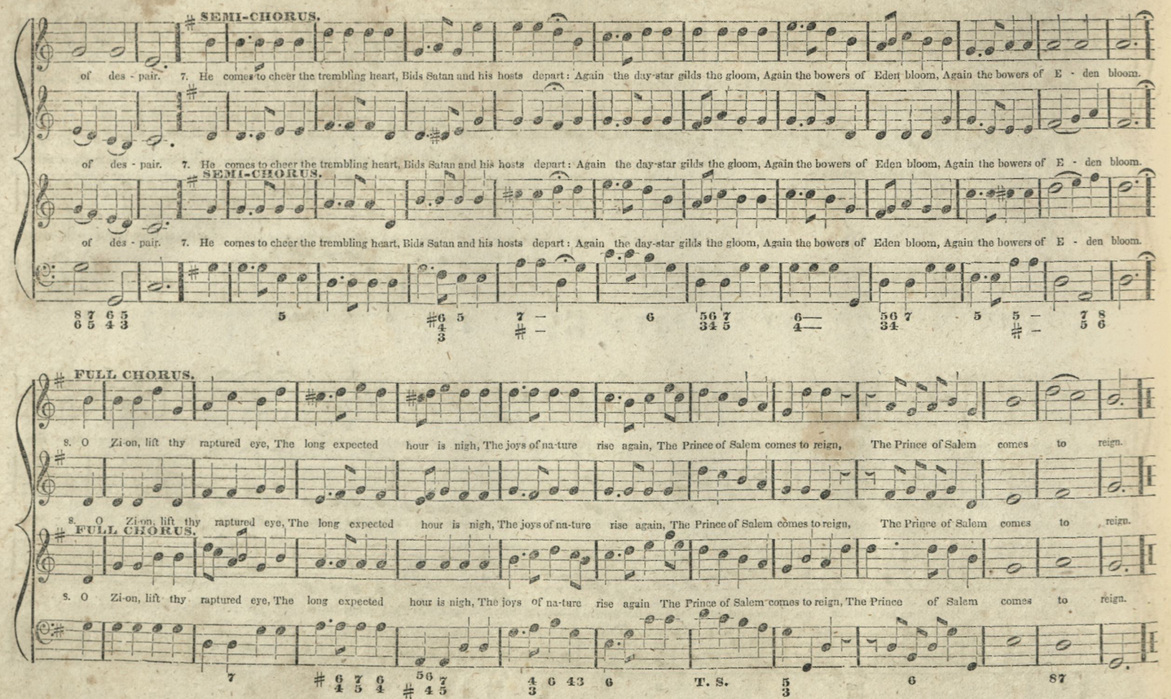
MP

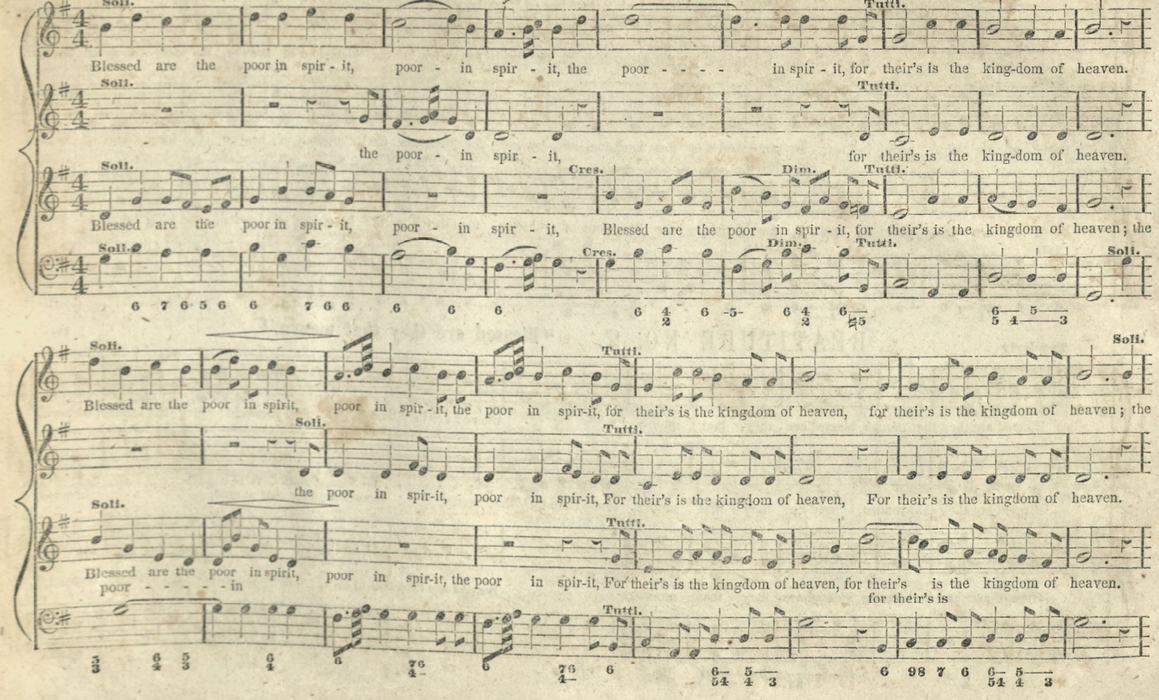
comes to reign. 6. See Mercy from her gold-en urn, Pours a rich stream to those that mourn; Behold she binds with tender care The bleeding bosom of des-pair, The bleed-ing bo-som

MP

comes to reign. 6. See Mercy from her gold-en urn, Pours a rich stream to those that mourn; Behold she binds with tender care The bleeding bosom of des-pair, The bleed-ing bo-som

MP


SEMI-CHORUS.
of des - pair. 7. He comes to cheer the trembling heart, Bids Satan and his hosts depart: Again the day-star gilds the gloom, Again the bowers of Eden bloom, Again the bowers of E - den bloom.
of des - pair. 7. He comes to cheer the trembling heart, Bids Satan and his hosts depart: Again the day-star gilds the gloom, Again the bowers of Eden bloom, Again the bowers of E - den bloom.
SEMI-CHORUS.
of des - pair. 7. He comes to cheer the trembling heart, Bids Satan and his hosts depart: Again the day-star gilds the gloom, Again the bowers of Eden bloom, Again the bowers of E - den bloom.
FULL CHORUS.
s. O Zi-on, lift thy raptured eye, The long expected hour is nigh, The joys of na-ture rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign, The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
s. O Zi-on, lift thy raptured eye, The long expected hour is nigh, The joys of na-ture rise again, The Prince of Salem comes to reign, The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
FULL CHORUS.
s. O Zi-on, lift thy raptured eye, The long expected hour is nigh, The joys of na-ture rise again The Prince of Salem comes to reign, The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
T. S.


Soli. Tutti.
Blessed are the poor in spir - it, poor - in spir - it, the poor - - - - in spir - it, for their's is the king-dom of heaven.
Soli. Tutti.
the poor - in spir - it, for their's is the king-dom of heaven.
Soli. Cres. Dim. Tutti.
Blessed are the poor in spir - it, poor - in spir - it, Blessed are the poor in spir - it, for their's is the kingdom of heaven; the
Soli. Cres. Dim. Tutti. Soli.
Soli. Tutti. Soli.
Blessed are the poor in spirit, poor in spir - it, the poor in spir-it, for their's is the kingdom of heaven, for their's is the kingdom of heaven; the
Soli. Tutti.
the poor in spir-it, poor in spir-it, For their's is the kingdom of heaven, For their's is the kingdom of heaven.
Soli. Tutti.
Blessed are the poor in spirit, poor in spir-it, the poor in spir-it, For their's is the kingdom of heaven, for their's is the kingdom of heaven.
poor - - - - in for their's is
Tutti.

Tutti.

poor - - - - in spir - it, for their's is the king - dom of heaven, for their's is the king-dom of heaven, the king - dom of heaven.

Soli. Tutti.

Bless - ed are the poor in spir - it, for their's is the king-dom of heaven, for their's is the king-dom of heaven, the king - dom of heaven.

Tutti.

Bless - ed are the poor in spir - it, for their's is the king-dom of heaven, for their's is the king-dom of heaven, the king - dom of heaven.

Soli. Tutti.

BEATITUDE NO. 2. "Blessed are they that mourn."

Tenderly. H.

Blessed are they that mourn, blessed are they that mourn, Blessed are they that mourn, Blessed are they that mourn, blessed,

Blessed are they that mourn, blessed are they that mourn, blessed are they that mourn, blessed are they that mourn, blessed,

Blessed are they that mourn, blessed are they that mourn, Blessed are they that mourn, Blessed are they that mourn, blessed,

1st Time. 2d Time.

blessed, blessed, for they shall be comforted, be com-fort-ed, for they shall be com - fort - ed,

blessed, blessed are they that mourn, mourn, for they shall be comforted, be com-fort-ed, for they shall be com - fort - ed, blessed are they that

blessed, blessed are they that mourn, mourn, for they shall be comforted, be com-fort-ed, for they shall be com - fort - ed,

bles - sed are they that mourn, bles - sed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted, they shall be com - fort - ed, for they shall be com-fort - ed.

mourn, blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be com - - - - - - - fort - ed, for they shall be com-fort - ed.

bles - sed are they that mourn, bles - sed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted, they shall be com - fort - ed, for they shall be com-fort - ed.

Not too slow.

BEATITUDE NO. 3. "Blessed are the Meek."

H

Bles - sed are the meek, bles - sed are the meek, bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed are the meek, for they, for

Bles - sed are the meek, bles - sed are the meek, bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed are the meek, - - - for

Bles - sed are the meek, bles - sed are the meek, bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed are the meek, for they, for

they shall in - her - it the earth, for they shall in - her - it the earth, bles - sed are the meek, bles - sed are the

they shall in - her - it the earth, for they shall in - her - it the earth, bles - sed are the meek, bles - sed are the

they shall in - her - it the earth, for they shall in - her - it the earth, bles - sed are the meek, bles - sed are the

meek, Bles - sed are the meek, for they, for they shall in - her - it the earth, for they shall in - her - it the earth.

meek, Bles - sed are the meek, for they shall in - her - it the earth, for they shall in - her - it the earth.

meek, Bles - sed are the meek, for they, for they shall in - her - it the earth, for they shall in - her - it the earth.

BEATITUDE NO. 4. "Blessed are they who Hunger and Thirst."

H

Bles - sed are they who hun - ger and thirst for righ-teous-ness, who hun-ger and thirst for righ-teous - ness, who hun-ger and

Bles - sed are they who hun - ger and thirst for righ-teous-ness, who hun-ger and thirst for righ-teous - ness, Bles - sed are they who hun-ger and

Bles - sed are they who hun - ger and thirst for righ-teous-ness, who hun-ger and thirst for righ-teous - ness, Bles - sed are they who hun-ger and

CHANT AND CHORUS "It is a Heavenly Theme."

With varied expression.

1. It is a - - - - - - - - heaven - ly theme!
   Reverberating when the - - - day is bright,
2. It comes with - - - - - - ac - cent clear,
   Or comes with trembling accent, sad and low,
3. And I must - - - - - - - an - swer: true,
   But no: a bleeding Saviour's - love hath found me;

I hear a voice di- - - - - vine: no i - dle dream,
Soft whispering in the - - gen - tle hush of night,
Like heavenly music - - - to the list - 'ning ear,
Like distant echoes - - - from a world of woe,
Full many an - - - - - obstacle will rise in view,
His everlasting - - - - arms have swect - ly bound me,

(Sing Chorus to each Stanza.)

Calling to duty and to - - - - - self de- nial,
Chiding when earthly pleasures - round me rise,
With sweetest emphasis of - - - love, ap- pealing
Of millions perishing through - - lack of vision,
Affection's voice will tempt me - - to for- bear,
I'll gladly follow where he - - - leads the way,

In face of many a - - - stern and bit - - ter trial:
Soothing when sorrows - - fill my weep - ing eyes,
To conscious duty - - - - and to Chris - tian feeling;
Chiding my unbe- - - - - lief and in - - de- cision.
And softer labors - - - - to my hand pre- pare.
Nor think of danger - - - while I hear him say:

CHORUS. "It is a Heavenly Theme."

Chorus to each Stanza.

Close.

Go preach the gos - pel! fly to ev - ery land, O - bey the ris - en Sa-viour's last com - mand, the Sa-viour's last com - mand.

O - bey the

Close. (For last Stanza only.)

RECTOR. 7's.

Moderato. W. B. B.

1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest man-sions soar? Who, an ev - er - wel - come guest, In thy ho - ly place shall rest?
2. He whose heart thy love has warmed; He whose will to thine con - formed, Bids his life un - sul - lied run; He whose words and thoughts are one;—
3. He who shuns the sin-ner's road, Lov-ing those who love their God; Who, with hope and faith un-feigned, Treads the path by thee or-dained;—
4. He who trusts in Christ a - lone; Not in aught him - self has done;— He, great God, shall be thy care, And thy choi - cest bles-sings share.

tribe of the earth, eve-ry king-dom and na-tion Shall dwell in its beams and par-take of its bliss; A-men, A-men, A-men.

Adagio.

tribe of the earth, eve-ry king-dom and na-tion Shall dwell in its beams and par-take of its bliss; A-men, A-men, A-men.

Adagio.

tribe of the earth, eve-ry king-dom and na-tion Shall dwell in its beams and par-take of its bliss; A-men, A-men, A-men.

"SONGS OF JOY."

Soli. MF. P. M. Cres. Dim. Tutti. M.

1. Songs of joy Je-ho-vah giv-eth In the night of sor-rows drear, To the pil-grim that be-liev-eth, Meekly bowed in fil-ial fear: Songs of

Soli. MF. P. M. Cres. Dim. Tutti. M.

2. Songs of joy Je-ho-vah giv-eth In the night of toil and pain; When the eye of faith per-ceiv-eth All that toil is heavenly gain: Songs of

Soli. MF. P. M. Cres. Dim. Tutti. M.

3. Songs of joy Je-ho-vah giv-eth When temp-ta-tions' night appears, He that in the conflict liv-eth, Still the pre-cious prom-ise hears: Songs of
4. Songs of joy Je-ho-vah giv-eth When the night of death has come; When the hand that ne'er repriveth Leads the pil-grim to the tomb: Songs of

Soli. MF. P. M. Cres. Dim. Tutti. M.

joy, songs of joy. While the heart is in-ly mourning, Still the heaven-di-rected eye, Straight beholds sweet bliss re-turn-ing From the treasures of the

Soli.

joy, songs of joy. Thus the bur-den groweth light-er, And the anguish will remove; While the thoughts of heaven are brighter, And the heart is filled with

Soli.

joy, songs of joy. Though the temp-ter oft may grieve thee, In a dark and trying hour; Grace di-vine shall never leave thee, Heaven shall all thy peace re-
joy, songs of joy. An-gels then are hovering o'er him, And the soul within hath peace; Heaven is opening wide be-fore him, And its joys will nev-er

Tutti. F. Dim. Final. P. MF.

sky. Songs of joy, songs of joy Je-ho-vah giv-eth In the night of sor-rows drear.

Tutti. F. Dim. Final. P. MF.

love. Songs of joy, songs of joy Je-ho-vah giv-eth In the night of toil and pain. Songs of joy, songs of joy.

Tutti. F. Dim. Final. P. MF.

store. Songs of joy, songs of joy Je-ho-vah giv-eth When temp-ta-tion's night ap-pears.
cease. Songs of joy, songs of joy Je-ho-vah giv-eth When the night of death has come.

Tutti. F. Dim. Final. P. MF.

wak-ing, While murmurs of sad- ness, while murmurs of sad-ness are ceas - ing to flow. And soon in its fullness the light of salvation Shall

wak-ing, While murmurs of sad- ness, while murmurs of sad-ness are ceas - ing to flow. And soon in its fullness the light of salvation Shall

wak-ing, While murmurs of sad- ness, while murmurs of sad-ness are ceas - ing to flow. And soon in its fullness the light of salvation Shall

rise o'er the millions and guide them to peace. Each tribe of the earth, every kingdom and nation Shall dwell in its beams and par-take of its bliss; And

rise o'er the millions and guide them to peace. Each tribe of the earth, every kingdom and nation Shall dwell in its beams and par - take of its bliss; And

rise o'er the millions and guide them to peace. Each tribe of the earth, every kingdom and nation Shall dwell in its beams and par-take of its bliss; And

soon in its full - ness the light of sal - va-tion Shall rise o'er the millions and guide them to peace, Shall rise o'er the mill - ions and

soon in its full - ness the light of sal - va-tion Shall rise o'er the millions and guide them to peace, Shall rise o'er the mill - ions and

soon in its full - ness the light of sal - va-tion Shall rise o'er the millions and guide them to peace, Shall rise o'er the mill - ions and

guide them to peace, And soon in its full - ness the light of sal - va - tion Shall rise o'er the mill - ions and guide them to peace, Each

guide them to peace, And soon in its full - ness the light of sal - va - tion Shall rise o'er the mill - ions and guide them to peace, Each

guide them to peace, the light of sal - va - tion and guide them to peace, Each

guide them to peace,

336 Moderate.

"STAR OF REDEMPTION."

Arranged from a Dublin Paternoster.

Star of Redemp - tion! a - rise in thy glo - ry, Chas - ing the shades of thick dark - ness be- neath; Then shall the distant isles learn the glad

Star of Redemp - tion! a - rise in thy glo - ry, Chas - ing the shades of thick dark- ness be- neath; Then shall the distant isles learn the glad

Star of Redemp - tion! a - rise in thy glo - ry, Chas - ing the shades of thick dark - ness be-neath; Then shall the distant isles learn the glad

sto - ry Of Him that once suf - fered to save us from death. E'en now the heavenly rays faint - ly are break-ing o'er - -

sto - ry Of Him that once suf - fered to save us from death. E'en now the heavenly rays, faint - ly are break-ing, o'er - -

sto - ry Of Him that once suf - fered to save us from death. E'en now the heavenly rays, faint - ly are break-ing, On re - gions

shad-owed and woe, At the sight of those beams see the na - tions a - wak- ing, While murmurs of sad - ness are ceas - ing to

shad-owed and woe, At the sight of those beams see the na - tions a - wak- ing, While murmurs of sad - ness are ceas - ing to

with ru - in At the sight of those beams see the na - tions a - wak- ing, While murmurs of sad - ness are ceas - ing to

flow, While mur-murs of sad - ness are ceas - ing to flow. At the sight of those beams see the na - tions a -

flow, While mur-murs of sad - ness are ceas - ing to flow. At the sight of those beams see the na - tions a -

flow, While mur-murs of sad - ness are ceas - ing to flow. At the sight, at the sight of those beams see the na - tions a -

and plenteousness, and plenteousness with-in thy pal - a - ces, with - in thy pal - a - ces, peace, peace be with - in thy walls.

walls, and plenteousness, and plenteousness with-in thy pal - a - ces, with - in thy pal - a - ces, peace, peace be with - in thy walls.

walls, and plenteousness, and plenteousness with-in thy pal - a - ces, with - in thy pal - a - ces, peace, peace be with - in thy walls.

FULL ANTHEM. "The Earth is the Lord's."

Tenor.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness there - of, The world, and they that dwell there - in, for he hath founded it up - on the sea, and es-

Alto.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness there - of, The world, and they that dwell there - in, for he hath founded it up - on the sea, and es-

Air & 2d Trebles.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness there - of, The world, and they that dwell there - in, for he hath founded it up - on the sea, and es-

1st & 2d Bases.

tab-lished it up - on the floods; and the ful-ness there - of, The earth is the

tab-lished it up - on the floods. The earth is the Lord's, The world, and they that dwell there - in. The earth is the

tab-lished it up - on the floods. And the ful-ness there - of, The earth is the

Lord's, and the fulness there - of, the world, and they that dwell there - in; For he hath founded it up - on the seas and established it up - on the floods.

Lord's, and the fulness there - of, the world, and they that dwell there - in; For he hath founded it up - on the seas and established it up - on the floods.

Lord's, and the fulness there - of, the world, and they that dwell there - in; For he hath founded it up - on the seas and established it up - on the floods.

ANTHEM. Psalm 122.

Soli. Tutti.

we will go in - to the house of the Lord, we will go, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the

Tutti.

we will go, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the

Tutti.

I was glad when they said un - to me - - - - - we will go, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the

Soli. Tutti.

T. S.

Lord, we will go, - - - we will go - - - - to the house of the Lord, we will go, we will go in - to the

Lord, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, we will go - - - - we will go - - - - to the

Lord, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, we will go, we will go in - to the

house of the Lord, we will go, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, in - to the house

house of the Lord, we will go - - - - we will go - - - - we will go - - - in - to the house of the Lord, in - to the house

house of the Lord, we will go, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, in - to the house

p

of the Lord. - - Peace, peace, peace, peace be with-in thy walls, peace be with-in thy walls,

p

of the Lord. Peace, peace, peace, peace be with-in thy walls, peace be with-in thy

p

of the Lord. Peace, peace, peace, peace be with-in thy walls, peace be with-in thy

p

Cres.

char - iots of war Vain were their steeds, vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war. Daughter of

Cres.

Vain were their steeds, Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war. Daughter of

Cres.

char - iots of war, Vain were their steeds, Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war. Sym. Daugh - ter of

Cres. T. S.

SOLI. Dolce. *p* F. CHORUS.

Zi - on, the power that hath saved thee Ex-tolled with the harp and the tim-brel should be; Shout, for the foe is de-stroyed that enslaved thee, Th'op-

F.

Zi - on, the power that hath saved thee Ex-tolled with the harp and the tim-brel should be; Shout, for the foe is de-stroyed that en-slaved thee, Th'op-

SOLI. Dolce. *p* CHORUS. F.

Zi - on, the power that hath saved thee, Ex-tolled with the harp and the tim - brel should be; Shout for the foe is de-stroyed that enslaved thee, Th'op-

SOLI. Dolce. *p*

In repeating, omit the tie.

Repeat FF.

pres-sor is van-quished, and Zion is free, Zi - on is free, Zi - on is free Th'oppres - sor is vanquished, and Zi - on is free, Th'op-

Repeat FF.

pres-sor is van-quished, and Zion is free, Zi - on is free Th'oppres - sor is vanquished, and Zi - on is free, Th'op-

Repeat FF.

pres-sor is van-quished, and Zion is free, Zi - on is free, Zi - on is free Th'oppres - sor is vanquished, and Zi - on is free, - -

Repeat FF.

f

pres - sor is vanquished, and Zi - on is free, Zi - on is free! Zi - on is free! Zi - on is free, - - - Zi - on is free.

f

pres - sor is vanquished, and Zi - on is free, - - - - - - - - Zi - on is free, - - - - - - - - Zi - on is free.

f

Zi - on is free, Zi - on is free, Zi - on is free, - - - Zi - on is free.

f

Allegro, Con Spirito.

"DAUGHTER OF ZION."

Chorus.

W. E. H.

Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of

Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of

Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills - - - - - - - -

T. S. T. S.

Dolce.

gladness, A - wake, for the night of thy sor-row is o'er, A - wake, for the night of thy so' row is o'er; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of

Dolce.

gladness, A - wake, for the night of thy sor-row is o'er, A - wake, for the night of thy sor - row is o'er; Bright o'er thy hills - - - - - - - -

Dolce.

gladness, A - wake, for the night of thy sor-row is o'er, A - wake, for the night of thy sor - row is o'er; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of

Dolce.

gladness, A - wake, for the night of thy sor-row is o'er. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-

- - A - wake, for the night of thy sor-row is o'er. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-

gladness, A - wake, for the night of thy sor-row is o'er. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-

dued them, And scattered their legions was mighti - er far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pur - sued them, Vain were their steeds and their

dued them, And scattered their legions was mighti - er far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pur - sued them, Vain were their steeds - -

dued them, And scattered their legions was mighti - er far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pur - sued them, Vain were their steeds and their

BEATITUDE NO. 6. "Blessed are the pure in heart."

H.

Blessed are the pure in heart, Blessed are the pure in heart, Bles - sed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, for they shall see God, for they shall

Blessed are the pure in heart, Blessed are the pure in heart, Bles - sed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, for they shall see God, for they shall

Blessed are the pure in heart, Blessed are the pure in heart, Bles - sed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, for they shall see God, for they shall

T. S.

see God. Bles-sed are the pure in heart, Blessed are the pure in heart, Bles-sed are the pure in heart, for they shall see - - God.

see God. Bles-sed are the pure in heart, Blessed are the pure in heart, Bles-sed are the pure in heart, for they shall see - - God,

see God. Bles-sed are the pure in heart, Blessed are the pure in heart, Bles-sed are the pure in heart, for they shall see - - God.

Chanting style.

BEATITUDE NO. 7. "Blessed are the peace-makers."

SOLI. Legato. TUTTI. Staccato.

Bles-sed are the peace-makers, Bles-sed are the peace-mak-ers, bles - sed, Bles - sed are the peace-makers, for they shall be call-ed the chil-dren of God.

Bles-sed are the peace-makers, Bles-sed are the peace-mak-ers, bles - sed, Bles - sed are the peace-makers, for they shall be call-ed the chil-dren of God.

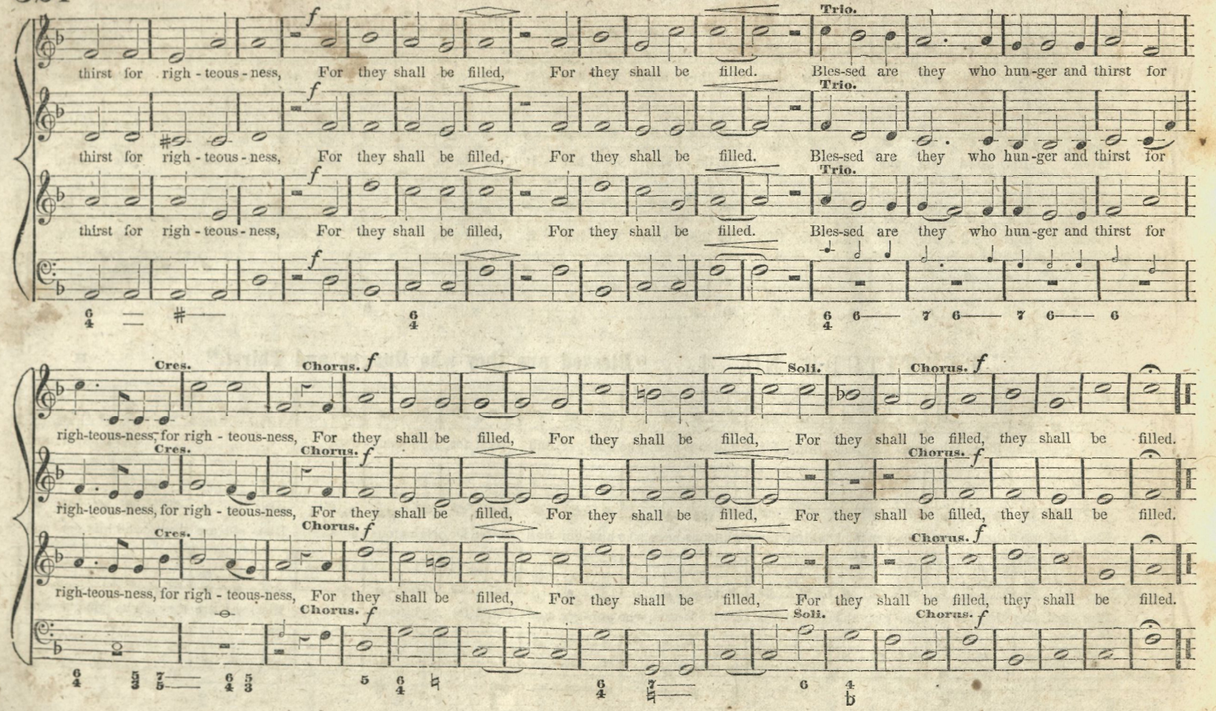
Bles-sed are the peace-makers, Bles-sed are the peace-mak-ers, bles - sed, Bles - sed are the peace-makers, for they shall be call-ed the chil-dren of God.

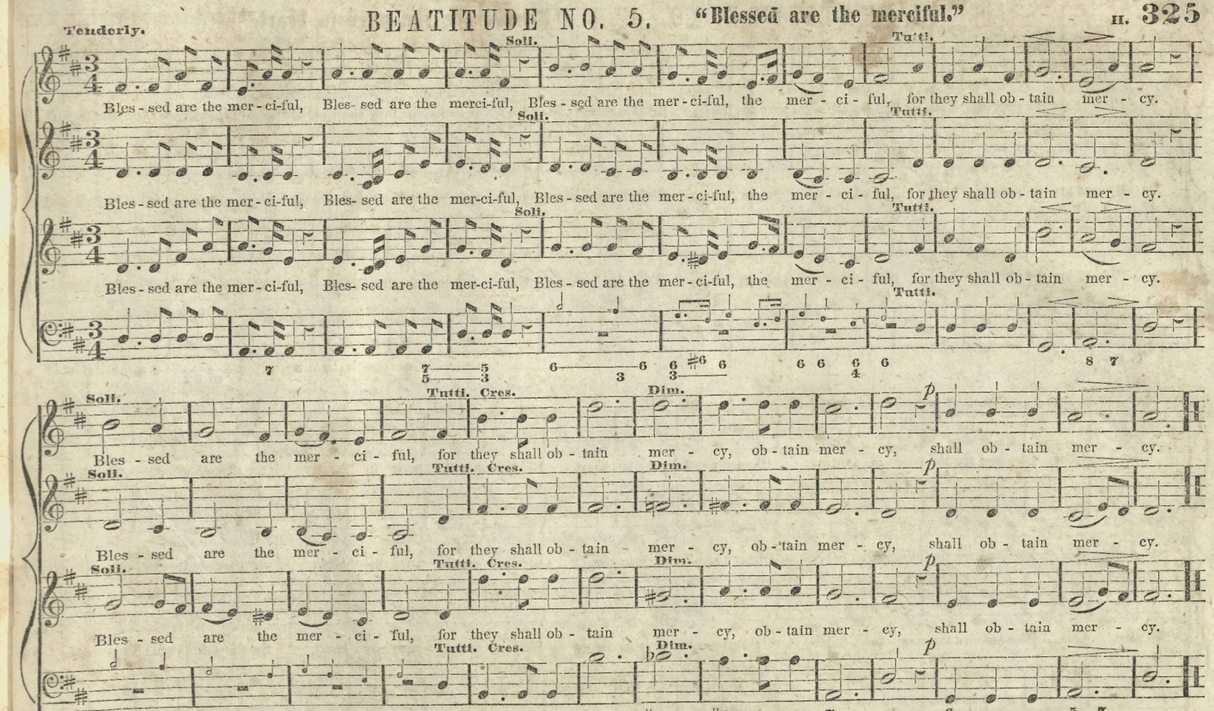
SOLI. Legato. TUTTI. Staccato.

bles - sed, Bles - sed are the peace-mak - ers, for they shall be call - ed the chil-dren of God, for they shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God.

bles - sed, Bles - sed are the peace-mak - ers, for they shall be call - ed the chil-dren of God, for they shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God.

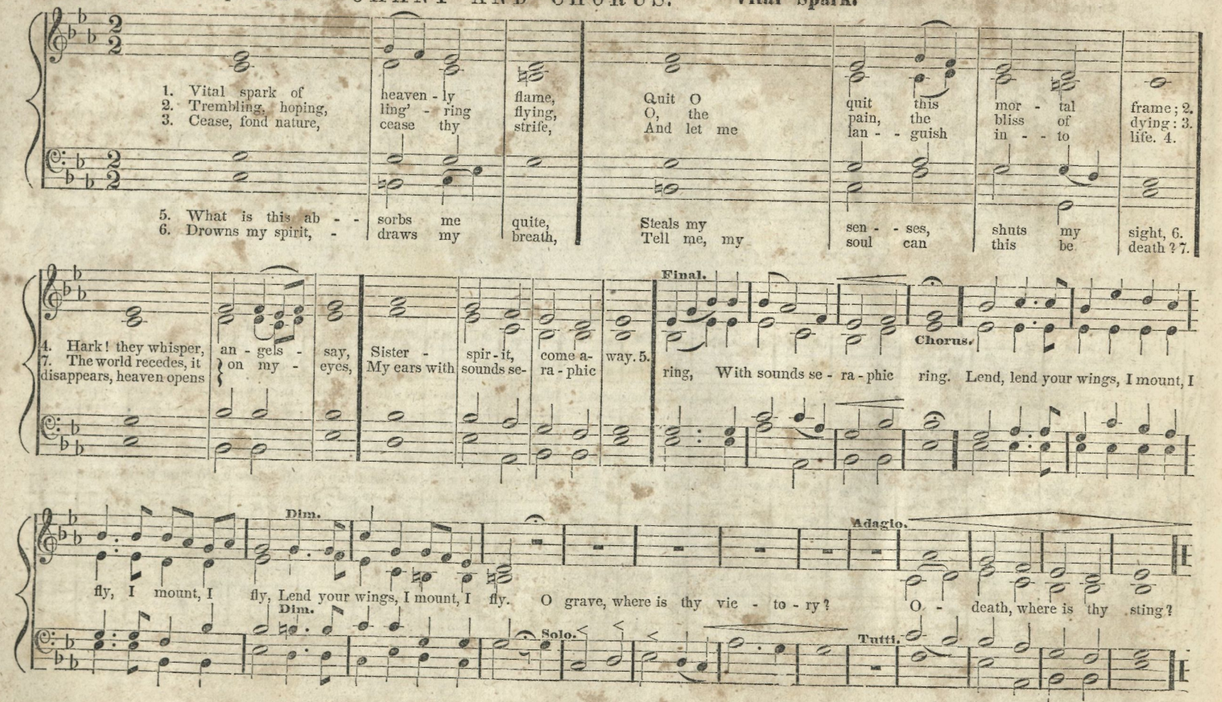
bles - sed, Bles - sed are the peace-mak - ers, for they shall be call - ed the chil-dren of God, for they shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God.


Trio.
thirst for righ - teous - ness, For they shall be filled, For they shall be filled. Bles-sed are they who hun-ger and thirst for
Cres. Chorus. Soli.
righ-teous-ness, for righ - teous-ness, For they shall be filled, For they shall be filled, For they shall be filled, they shall be filled.

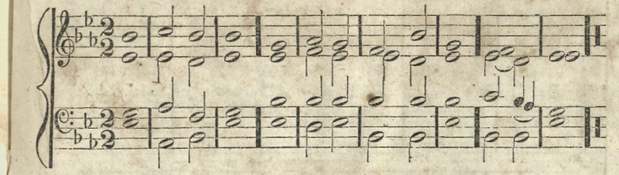

Tenderly.
Soli. Tutti.
Bles - sed are the mer - ci-ful, Bles- sed are the merci-ful, Bles - sed are the mer - ci-ful, the mer - ci - ful, for they shall ob - tain mer - cy.
Tutti. Cres. Dim.
Bles - sed are the mer - ci - ful, for they shall ob - tain mer - cy, ob - tain mer - cy, shall ob - tain mer - cy.

With varied expression.

CHANT AND CHORUS. "Vital Spark."



CHANT NO. 1. "How amiable."



PSALM 84th.

1. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O | Lord of | Hosts,
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth | out·· for the | living | God.

2. Blessed are they that | dwell·· in thy | house,
They will be | still— | praising | thee.

3. They go from | strength to | strength,
Every one of them in | Zi·· on ap- | peareth be·· fore | God.

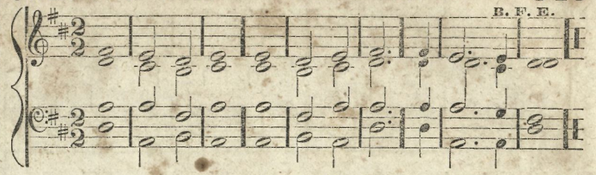
4. O Lord, God of Hosts, hear our prayer,
Give ear, O | God of | Jacob; [ointed.
Behold, O Lord, our shield, and look upon the | face of | thine an- |

5. For a day in thy courts is | better·· than a | thousand,
I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God,
Than to | dwell·· in the | tents of | wickedness.

6. For the Lord is a sun and a shield, the Lord will give | grace and | glory; |
No good thing will he withhold from | them that | walk up- | rightly.

7. O | Lord of | Hosts,
Blessed is the | man that | trusteth·· in | thee. | Amen.

CHANT NO. 2. "From the recesses."



HUMBLE DEVOTION. BOWRING.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit,—
Our humble prayer ascends,—O | Fa··ther, | hear it;—
Borne on the trembling wings of | fear·· and | meekness;—
For- | give·· its | weakness.

We know—we feel, how mean, and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice we | pour·· be- | fore thee;—
What can we offer thee,—O | thou·· most—holy!—
But | sin·· and | folly?

We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us;—
We hear thy voice—it | counsels, ·· and it | courts us;—
And then we turn away!—yet | still·· thy | kindness
For- | gives·· our | blindness

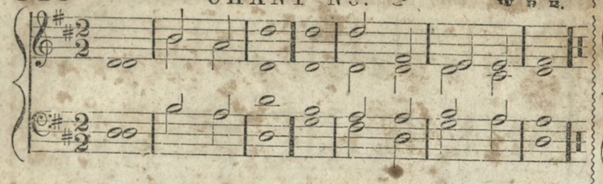
Who can resist thy gentle call,—appealing
To every generous thought, and | grate·· ful | feeling?— |
O, who can hear the accents | of·· thy | mercy,—
And | nev·· er | love thee?

Kind Benefactor!—plant within this bosom
The seeds·· of | holiness,— | and let them blossom
In fragrance,—and in beauty | bright·· and | vernal,—
And | spring·· e- | ternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk,—and | seraphs·· are the | wardens;— |
Where every flower,—brought safe through | death's·· dark | portal,—
Be- | comes·· im- | mortal.

CHANT NO. 3

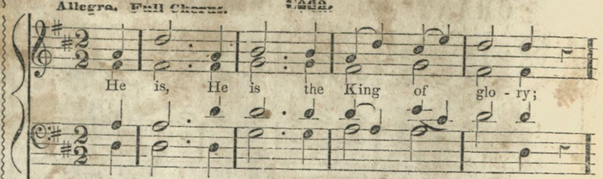
W. B. B.

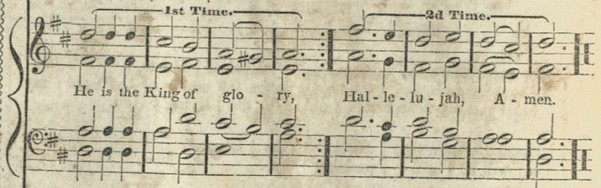


PSALM 24th.

1. { The earth is the Lord's, and the | fulness··there- | of; |
   { The world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
2. { For he hath founded it up- | on the | seas,
   { And es- | tablished··it up- | on the | floods.
3. { Who shall ascend into the | hill··of the | Lord,
   { And who shall | stand··in his | holy|place.
4. { He that hath clean hands, and a | pure | heart,
   { Who hath not lifted up his soul unto|vanity··nor|sworn de-|ceitfully.
5. { He shall receive the | blessing··from the | Lord,
   { And righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.
6. { This is the generation of | them that | seek him,
   { That seek thy | face, O | God of|Jacob.
7. { Lift up your heads, | O ye | gates,
   { And be ye lift up ye everlasting doors; and the King of | glory |
   { shall come | in.
8. { Who is this | King of | glory?
   { The Lord, strong and | mighty··the | Lord··mighty in | battle.
9. { Lift up your heads, | O ye | gates!
   { Even lift them up ye everlasting doors, and the King of | glory |
   { shall come | in.
10. { Who is this | King of | glory?
    { The Lord of Hosts, the Lord of | Hosts, he | is the··King of | glory.

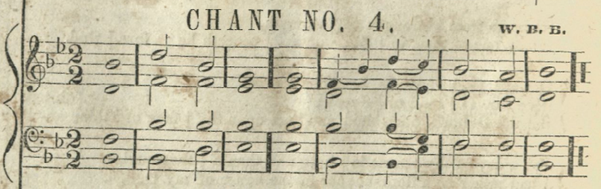
Allegro. Full Chorus. Coda.





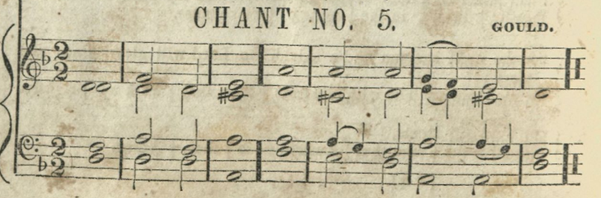
CHANT NO. 4.

W. B. B.

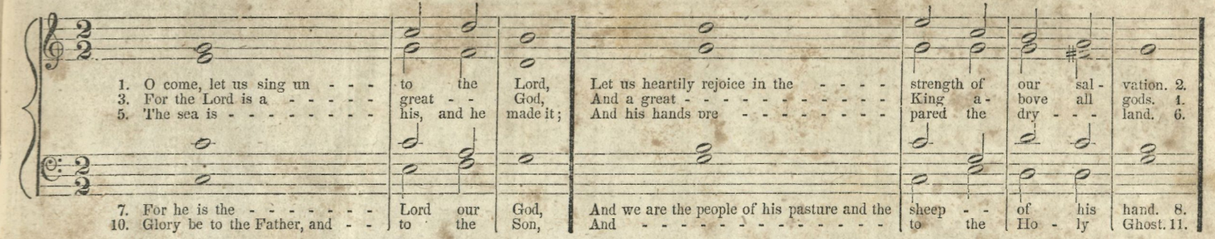


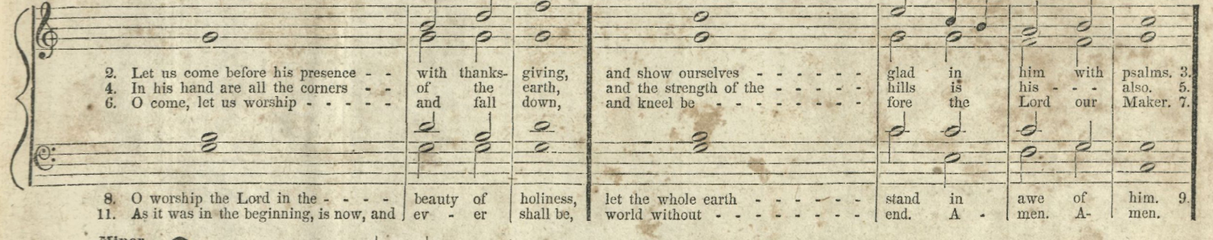
CHANT NO. 5.

GOULD.

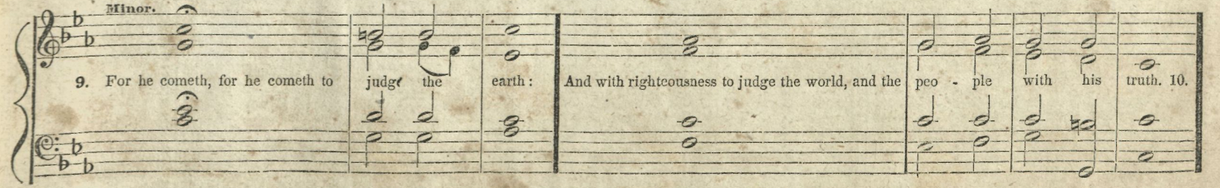


CHANT NO. 6. "Venite exultemus Domino."





Minor.



Aaronsburgh - - 51
Abelia - - - - 89
Aberdeen - - - 202
Abila - - - - 210
Abilene - - - - 39
Abington - - - 125
Acra - - - - 58
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N. B. The few remaining varieties of measure which might be gleaned from hymn-books that have a limited circulation, may, by the use of an occasional slur, or rest, or repeat, be easily accommodated to some of the above metres. See the remarks in connection with the tune Homer.

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