

THE
VESTRY SINGING BOOK,

BEING A SELECTION OF THE MOST
POPULAR AND APPROVED TUNES AND HYMNS NOW EXTANT,
DESIGNED FOR SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS MEETINGS, FAMILY
DEVOTION, SINGING SCHOOLS, &c.

COMPILED BY
ASA FITZ AND E. B. DEARBORN.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY SAXTON AND PEIRCE,
AND D. S. KING.

NEW YORK: DAYTON AND SAXTON.
1841.

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P R E F A C E .



THE design of this collection of Tunes and Hymns is to render that part of divine service, to which they are adapted, more attractive and edifying, and to place it within the reach of all to unite in these important services.

The tunes have been selected from the finest Church Melodies, most of which are familiar to every individual, who has any acquaintance with music. Those tunes, which have been sung for ages in the Christian Church, should continue to be sung by the worshipers in Zion, so long as the church endures. They should, like the Bible, remain unaltered by the too common practice of mutilating and defacing. So far as possible, we have in this work endeavored to give the original or most approved copy of the tunes.

The principal design of the Editors in preparing the work has been to furnish a book, suitable for social and religious meetings in a form as cheap and compact as possible. For this purpose, they have adapted three or more hymns to each tune, which will be found to afford a sufficient variety for all occasions and all circumstances.

The size and general arrangement of the book will render it a valuable aid to social worship, evening meetings, &c. The hymns have been selected from Watts and other authors, and will be found to embrace a large portion of the best that have ever been published. The music is written in four parts, with the two trebles on the same staff. The elementary principles at the beginning of the volume are intended for such schools or classes, as may adopt this as their text book.

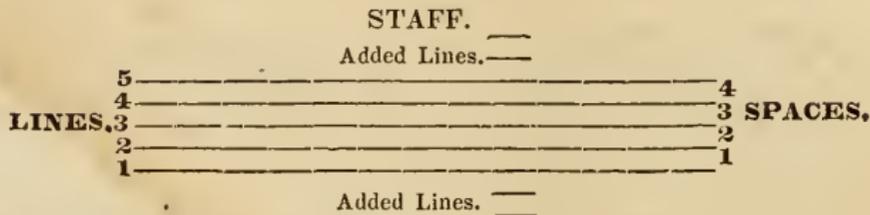
It is hoped that the time is not far distant, when all, who assemble at Zion's Altars, will be qualified to unite in singing praises to the God of Israel. The too common exclusiveness of this part of Divine Worship is much to be deprecated. The influence is most fatal on the interest of the church. If by this work we have been enabled to contribute somewhat to advance the cause of Sacred Music, we shall feel ourselves fully rewarded.

EDITORS.

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.



MUSICAL CHARACTERS.



The staff consists of five lines and four intermediate spaces. The use of the staff is to represent degrees in musical sounds, or the different pitches of the voice, as being high or low. The staff may consist of any number of lines and spaces, but experience has taught us that five is the most convenient. Sometimes we have need of more, and then we make use of added lines, on which we place the notes.

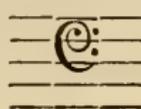
CLEF.

The Clef shows the position of the letters on the staff.

Treble Clef,



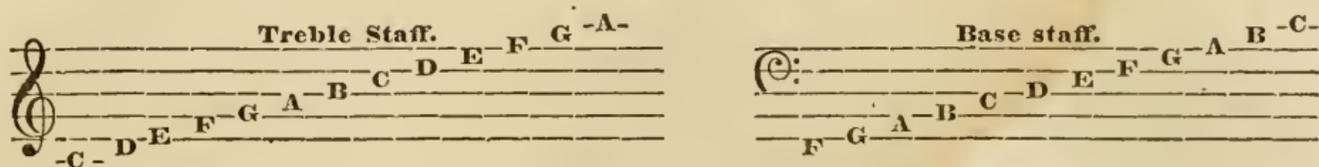
Base Clef.



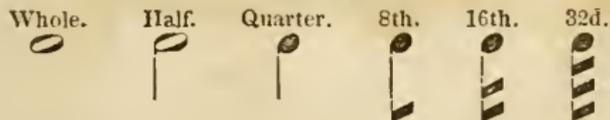
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

There are two kind of staffs in common use, on one of which we write the notes which are sung by the highest male voices, and all female voices; and on the other we place the notes which are sung by the lowest voices of men. The first is called the Treble staff, the other, Base staff.

Letters applied to the Staff.



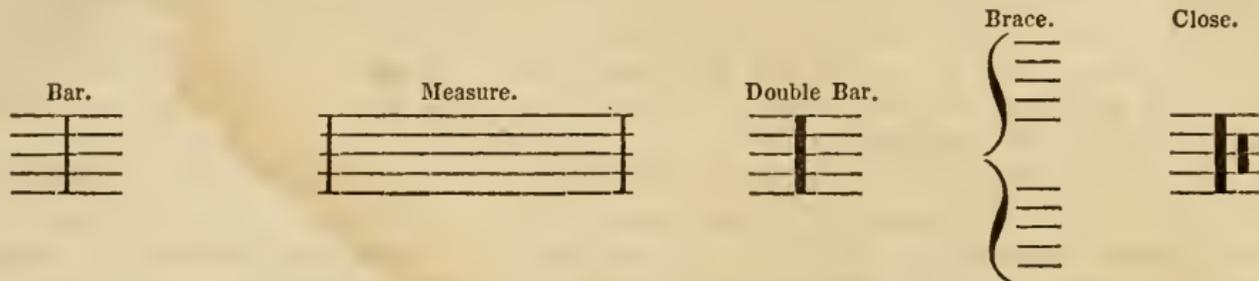
Each line and space of the staffs are known by certain letters of the alphabet; the first seven letters of the alphabet are used for that purpose, and they are applied to the different staffs, as we see in the foregoing examples.

NOTES.**RESTS.**

Characters called notes are used to represent musical sounds. Notes by their form represent the comparative length of sounds, and by their situation on the staff, the different pitch of sounds. The first of these departments is called Rhythm, the second Melody. Rests are used as marks of silence, where the composer wishes the performer of any part,

to remain for a length of time silent. They may be termed silent notes in the first department, or Rhythm, as they represent length of time and not pitch of sound.

The characters which represent the first department in music are Notes, which we have already considered, Bars, Double Bars, Brace, and Close. See example.



The Bar is used to divide the staff into equal measures.

The Measure is the space between two bars.

The Double bar shows the end of a line in poetry, which line is sometimes called a strain.

The Brace shows how many parts are to be sung together.

The Close shows the end of a tune.

There are other characters such as the Sharp (\sharp) Flat (\flat) Natural (\natural) Hold ($\textcircled{\cdot}$) Dot of addition ($\textcircled{\circ}$) Tie ($\textcircled{\text{---}}$) Marks of diminution ($\textcircled{\text{---}}^3$) and distinction ($\textcircled{\cdot}$) and Marks of expression; Explosive, Increase, Diminish, Swell, and the Repeat.



The Sharp is used to signify that the note, before which it is placed, is to be sung a half tone higher.

The Flat is used to signify that the note, before which it is placed, is to be sung a half tone lower.

Flats and Sharps are used also, when placed at the commencement of the staff, to determine the key note, or the letter on which the tune is pitched.

The Natural is used to restore the note made flat or sharp to its original sound.

The Hold signifies that the sound of the note, over which it is placed, may be continued at the pleasure of the performer.

The Dot of addition adds to the note, after which it is placed, one half its original length.

The Tie is used to connect two or more notes to one syllable.

The Mark of diminution or fig. 3, placed over any three notes signifies that the notes, over which it is placed, are to be sung in the time of two of the same kind.

The Mark of distinction signifies that the note, over which it is placed, is to be sung in a short and distinct manner. The Marks of expression are used to give more effect to the music when it is sung. The Repeat shows the passage should be repeated.

QUESTIONS.

What is a staff? Of what use is the staff? When more lines and spaces are wanted than there are in the staff, what do we do? How many kind of staves are there in common use?

What is the difference between them? By what characters do we distinguish them?

Of what use is the clef? How are the lines and spaces on the staff distinguished from each other?

How are the letters placed on the Treble staff? How are they placed on the Base? What are notes?

What do notes represent by their shape? How do they represent the different pitch of sounds? What is the first of these departments called? What is the second called? What are rests?

How many kind of notes and rests are there used in music?

What are some of the other characters used in music? What is a bar? What is a measure?

What is a double bar? What is a strain? What is a brace? What is a close?

What is the use of a sharp? What is the use of a flat? What is the use of a natural?

What is the use of a hold? What is the use of a dot of addition? What is the use of a tie?

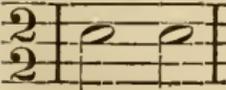
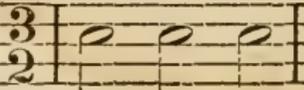
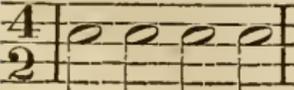
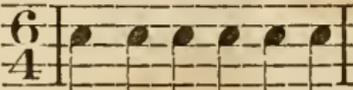
What is the use of a mark of diminution? What is the use of a mark of distinction?

What is the use of the marks of expression? What is the use of a Repeat?

MEASURES.

The staff is divided into measures in order more easily to keep correct time.

There are several kind of measures, which are distinguished by certain figures on the commencement of the staff.

Double Measure.	Double Measure.	Triple Measure.	Triple Measure.	Triple Measure.
				
Quadruple Measure.	Quadruple Measure.	Sextuple Measure.	Sextuple Measure.	
				

$\frac{2}{2}$ and $\frac{2}{4}$ measures are called double measures and have two half or two quarter notes in a measure. The figures denote the measure to be divided into two equal parts.

$\frac{3}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{8}$ measures are called Triple measures, and have three half, three quarter, or three eighth notes or their equals in a measure, just as the figures represent.

$\frac{4}{4}$ and $\frac{4}{2}$ measures are called Quadruple measures, and have four quarter or four half notes or their equals in a measure. The figures $\frac{4}{4}$ and $\frac{4}{2}$ represent the measure to be divided into four equal parts.

$\frac{6}{4}$ and $\frac{6}{8}$ measures are called Sextuple measures and have six quarter or six eighth notes in a measure as the figures represent.

In order more easily to keep the time in the performance of a piece of music, the motion of the hand has generally been used to describe the different parts of the measure.

In Quadruple measure there are four motions of the hand, down, left, right, up. Down on the first part of the measure, left on the second part of the measure, right on the third, and up on the last part of the measure.

In Double measure there are but two motions, down and up. Down on the first and up on the last part of the measure.

In Triple Measure, there are three motions, down, left, up, down on the first, left on the second, and up on the last part of the measure.

In Sextuple measure, there are six motions of the hand, down, down, left, right, up, up, down on the first, &c.

Time is sometimes described mentally by counting the different parts of the measure in the mind. It is much better to learn to do this, for when once acquired, it is as easily done as by describing with the hand, and does not present any of that ungraceful appearance which we sometimes see in our schools and choirs.

QUESTIONS.

Into what is the staff divided? How many kind of measures are there? How are measures distinguished? What is $\frac{4}{4}$ measure called? What do the figures $\frac{4}{4}$ represent? What are $\frac{3}{2}$ and $\frac{2}{4}$ measures called?

What are $\frac{3}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{8}$ measures called? What notes fill a measure in $\frac{3}{2}$ measure? What in $\frac{3}{4}$ measure? What in $\frac{3}{8}$ measure? What are $\frac{6}{4}$ and $\frac{6}{8}$ measures called? What notes fill a measure in $\frac{6}{4}$ measure? What in $\frac{6}{8}$ measure? What is done in order more easily to keep the time? What is the motion of the hand in quadruple measure? What is the motion of the hand in double measure? What is the motion of the hand in triple measure? What is the motion of the hand in Sextuple Measure? How is time sometimes described?

THE SCALE.

THE SCALE APPLIED TO THE TREBLE STAFF BEGINNING WITH C.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

THE SCALE APPLIED TO THE BASE STAFF BEGINNING WITH C.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

The scale consists of eight successive sounds rising in regular intervals of tones and semitones from 1 to 8, embracing a series of five whole, and two half tones, the half tones coming between three and four, and seven and eight.

QUESTION. Of what does the scale consist?

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

TRANSPOSITION.

Transposition means change of place. When we speak of transposition in music, we mean the changing of the key note or first note in the scale, from one letter to another letter on the staff.

THE SCALE IN ITS NATURAL POSITION, COMMENCING ON C.

Musical notation for the natural C major scale on a grand staff. The treble clef staff begins with a C-clef on the first line. The bass clef staff begins with a C-clef on the second line. The scale is written in whole notes, ascending and then descending. The notes are labeled with solfège syllables and numbers 1 through 8 for both directions.

× Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do	Do	Si	La	Sol	Fa	Mi	Re	Do
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

FIRST TRANSPOSITION BY SHARPS TO G, 1 SHARP.

Musical notation for the G major scale on a grand staff. The treble clef staff begins with a C-clef on the first line and a sharp sign (#) on the F line. The bass clef staff begins with a C-clef on the second line and a sharp sign (#) on the F line. The scale is written in whole notes, ascending and then descending. The notes are labeled with solfège syllables and numbers 1 through 8 for both directions.

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do	Do	Si	La	Sol	Fa	Mi	Re	Do
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

SECOND TRANSPOSITION TO D, 2 SHARPS.

Musical notation for the second transposition of a scale to D major (2 sharps). The notation consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clefs, with a brace on the left. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The notes are: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do. Below the notes are the numbers 1 through 15, with the 8th and 9th notes both labeled '8'. The notes are written as half notes on a five-line staff.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

THIRD TRANSPOSITION TO A, 3 SHARPS.

Musical notation for the third transposition of a scale to A major (3 sharps). The notation consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clefs, with a brace on the left. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, and G#). The notes are: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do. Below the notes are the numbers 1 through 15, with the 8th and 9th notes both labeled '8'. The notes are written as half notes on a five-line staff.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

FOURTH TRANSPOSITION TO E, 4 SHARPS.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

FIRST TRANSPOSITION BY FLATS TO F, 1 FLAT.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

SECOND TRANSPOSITION TO Bb, 2 FLATS.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

THIRD TRANSPOSITION OF $e\flat$, 3 FLATS.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

FOURTH TRANSPOSITION TO $A\flat$, 4 FLATS.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 - 4 3 2 1

Adagio. Very slow.

Air. The leading part.

Allegretto. A little brisk.

Allegro. Brisk.

Alto. Part between the Treble and Tenor.

Base. The lowest part in the harmony.

Canto. The Treble.

Con. With, as eon *Spirito*, with spirit.

Crescendo, (or *Cres.*) To increase the sound.

Da Capo, (or *D. C.*) To return, and end with the first strain.

Dim. To diminish the sound.

Dolce. Sweet and soft.

Forte, (or *F.*) Loud.

Fortissimo. Very loud.

M. Mezzo. With the middle voice.

Pia, or *P.* Soft.

P. P. Very soft.

Solo. A single voice.

Spirituoso. With spirit.

Symphony. A passage for instruments.

Trio. Three voices or instruments.

Tutti. All.

Verse. One voice to a part.

Vivace. In a brisk and animated style.

THE

VESTRY SINGING BOOK.

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

2. O God! my heart is fixed—'tis bent, Its thank - ful trib - ute to pre - sent;

3. Thy praises, Lord, I will re - sound To all the listening na - tions round,

The first system of the musical score for 'Old Hundred'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment lines (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: 1. Be thou, O God! ex - - alt - ed high; And as thy . . glo - ry fills the sky, 2. O God! my heart is fixed—'tis bent, Its thank - ful trib - ute to pre - sent; 3. Thy praises, Lord, I will re - sound To all the listening na - tions round,

So let it be on earth dis - played, Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

And, with my heart, my voice, I'll raise To thee, my God! in songs of praise.

Thy mer - cy high - est heaven tran - scends, Thy truth be - yond the clouds extends.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the three-staff format. The lyrics are: So let it be on earth dis - played, Till thou art here, as there, obeyed. And, with my heart, my voice, I'll raise To thee, my God! in songs of praise. Thy mer - cy high - est heaven tran - scends, Thy truth be - yond the clouds extends.

God the Son equal with the Father.

- 1 Bright King of glory—dreadful God,
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee ?
- 3 Yet there is one, of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 4 Now let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own him Lord.

Doxology.

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

Praise to the great Jehovah.

- 1 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 2 My heart is fixed—my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue—the glory of my frame.
- 3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

Doxology.

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

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' in - sure the great re - ward ;

2. Life is the hour that God hath given T' escape from hell, and fly to heaven ;

3. Then, what my thoughts de - sign to do My hands, with all your might, pur - sue ;

And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.

The day of grace — and mor - tals may Se - cure the blessings of the day.

Since no de - vice, nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground

Not ashamed of Christ crucified.

- 1 At thy command, O gracious Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 What tho' the world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause?
We come to boast our Savior's name,
And make our triumph in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
'He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives, above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.'

Vital Union to Christ.

- 1 When sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?—
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Savior lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build—and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

MEAR. C. M.

1. Oh 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say,

2. At Sa - lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled powers.

3. Oh pray we then for Sa - lem's peace, For they shall pros - perous be,
4. May peace with - in thy sa - cred walls A con - stant guest be found.

'Up, Is - rael, to the tem - - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day.

In strong and beau-teous or - der ranged, Like her u - ni - ted towers.

Thou ho - ly ci - ty of our God, Who bear true love to thee.
With plen - ty and pros - per - i - ty Thy pal - a - ces be crowned.

Preservation by Day and Night.

- 1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 He will sustain our weakest powers,
With his Almighty arm;
And watch our most unguarded hours,
Against surprising harm.
- 3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power,
For thine eternal guard.
- 4 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.
- 5 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

The aged Saint's Reflections and Hope.

- 1 My God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glories shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then, in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line, thy praise.

1. All hail, the great Immanuel's name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his al-tar call; Praise him who shed for you his blood, And

3. Ye cho-sen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And
 5. Let every kindred—every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all ma-jes-ty ascribe, And

crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

crown him Lord of all. Praise him who shed for you his blood, And crown him Lord . . . of all.

crown him Lord of all. Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 crown him Lord of all. To him all ma-jes - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

The Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind,—
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Kingdom of Christ among Men.

- 1 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 2 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
'Of your descending King.
- 3 'The God of glory, down to men,
'Removes his bless'd abode;
'Men, the dear objects of his grace,
'And he their loving God.
- 4 'His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die.'
- 5 How long, dear Savior, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

DEDHAM. C. M.

1. Sweet was the time, When first I felt The Sa - vior's pardoning blood,

1. Soon as the morn the light re - vealed, His prai - ses tuned my tongue;

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo - ry shine.

5. Rise, Lord, and help me to pre - vail— Oh make my soul thy care!

Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

And when the eve-ning shades pre - vailed, His love was all my song.

And when I read his ho - ly word, I called each prom - ise mine.
I know thy mer - cy can - not fail; Let me that mer - cy share.

Joys of Saints.

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow,
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found—and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Savior seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Gives joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine,
Arc springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

Walking with God.

- 1 Oh ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,—
Calm and serene my frame;
And purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers, Kin - dle a -

2. Look! how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys! Our souls can

3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Come shed a -

flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.

nei - ther fly nor go, To reach e - ter - nal joys. To reach e - ter - nal joys.

lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies, And our de - vo - tion dies.
- - broad a Sa - vior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours, And that shall kindle ours.

Filial Obedience.

- 1 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.
- 2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.
- 3 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.
- 4 Oh happy souls!—oh glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.
- 5 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

Safe trusting in God.

- 1 O Lord! my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No—rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!
- 5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Will drive these thoughts away.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land ;

2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow.

3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side ;

I am weak—but thou art migh - ty ; Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

Let the fie - ry clou - dy pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through.
Strong De - liv - erer, Strong De - liv - erer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Bear me through the swell - ing eur - rent, Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of prai - ses, Songs of prai - ses I will ev - er give to thee.

Grateful Recollection.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise, the mount,—I'm fix'd upon it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.
- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—

Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

The Church the Dwelling Place of God.

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.
- 2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.
- 3 On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
- 4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

1. Up to the fields where an - gels lie, And liv - ing wa - - - - ters gent - ly roll,

2. Oh might I once mount up and see The glories of th'e - ter - nal skies!

3. Great All in All! e - ter - nal King! Let me but view thy love - ly face,

Fain would my thoughts as - cend on high, But sin hangs hea - vy on my soul.

How vain a thing this world would be! How emp - ty all its fleet - ing joys!

And all my powers shall bow and sing Thine end - less grandeur and thy grace.

Joining the Church of Christ.

- 1 Oh happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 Oh happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.
- 3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.
- 4 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 5 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

The Heavenly Race.

- 1 Awake, our souls—away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away—and droop—and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

1. Be - hold the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way ;

2. But where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vi - ner light,

3. How per - feet is thy word ! And all thy judg - ments just !

4. My gra - cious God, how plain Are thy di - rec - tions given !

His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.

It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

For - ev - er sure thy prom - ise, Lord, And we se - cure - ly trust.
Oh ! may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

The Glory of God in his Works and in his Word.

- 1 Behold, the lofty sky
Declares it maker God;
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day—and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 5 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

Jehovah, the Shepherd of his People.

- 1 The Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark
My shepherd's with me there. [shade,
- 4 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 5 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

1. Dear Je - sus—when—when shall it be, That I no more shall break with thee ?

2. Here I re - pent, and sin a - gain ; Some - times re - vive—Some - times am slain ;

3. When, gracious Lord—when shall it be, That I shall find my all in thee.

When will this war of pas - sion cease, And I en - joy a last - ing peace ?

Slain with the same ma - lig - nant dart, Which, oh ! too of - ten wounds thy heart.

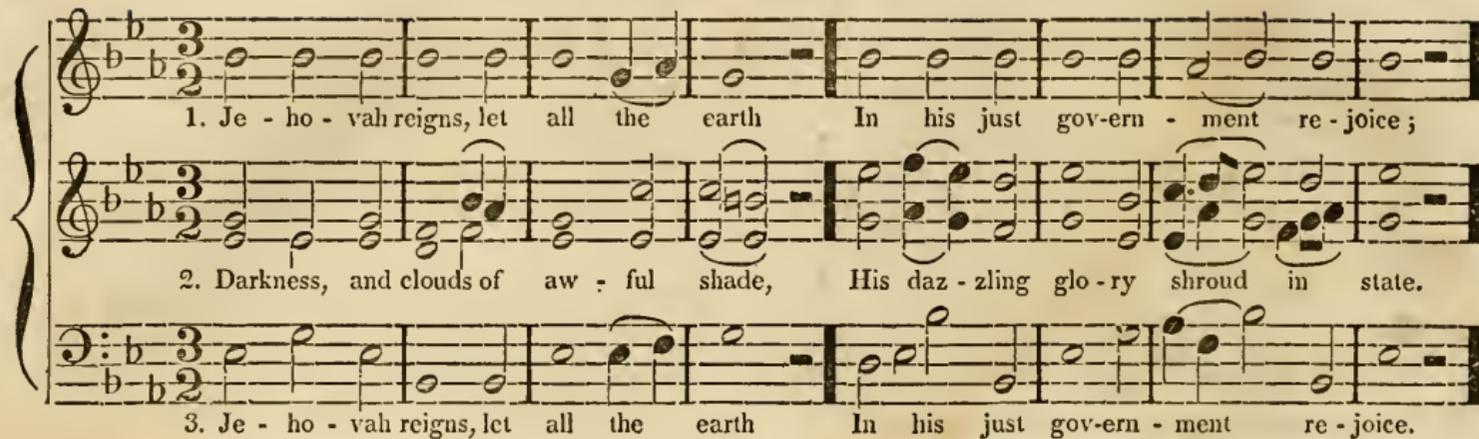
The ful - ness of thy prom - ise prove, And feast on thine e - ter - nal love.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie, that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
What tender love !—what holy fear !
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth—and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt, and human wo ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his smiling face ;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy—a heaven of love.

A Welcome to Christian Fellowship.

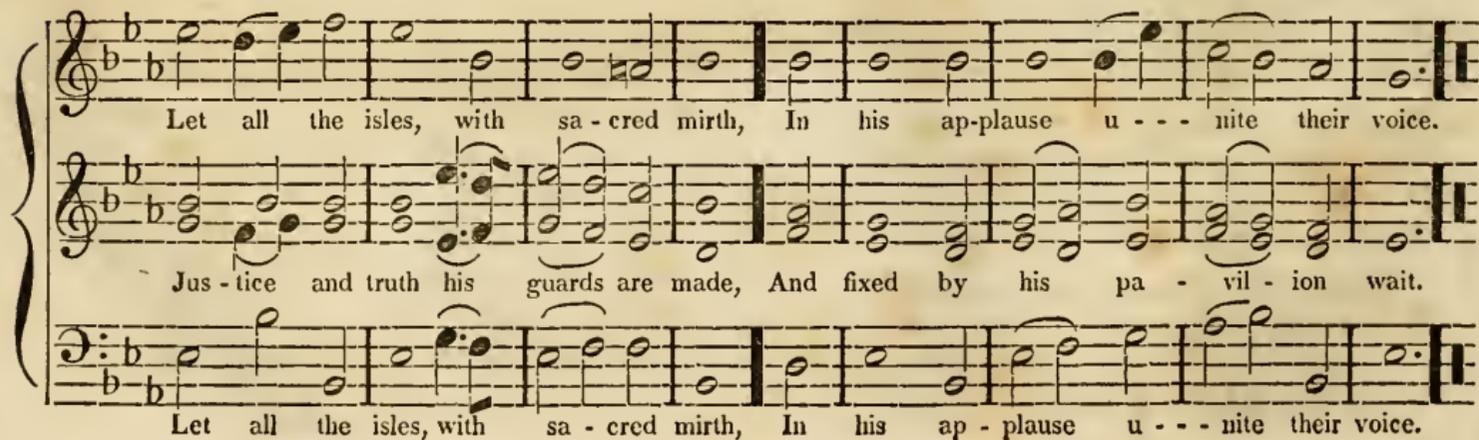
- 1 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Oh come in Jesus' precious name ;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Savior does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known ;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat ;
Receive assurance of our love ;
Oh may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above !



1. Je - ho - vah reigns, let all the earth In his just gov - ern - ment re - joi - ce ;

2. Dark - ness, and clouds of aw - ful shade, His daz - zling glo - ry shroud in state.

3. Je - ho - vah reigns, let all the earth In his just gov - ern - ment re - joi - ce.



Let all the isles, with sa - cred mirth, In his ap - plause u - - - nite their voice.

Jus - tice and truth his guards are made, And fixed by his pa - vil - ion wait.

Let all the isles, with sa - cred mirth, In his ap - plause u - - - nite their voice.

Christ, the Believer's Ark.

- 1 The deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.
- 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry—
Of millions in the last despair—
Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky.
- 5 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him through.
- 5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall;
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

Temptation; or, Safety in the Storm.

- 1 The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm!
Defend me from each threat'ning ill;
Control the waves—say, 'Peace—be still!'
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Savior through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds, nor stormy rain,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;

2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God;

3. The hill of Zi - - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets,

4. Then let our songs a - - - - bound, And ev' - ry tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet ac - - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.

But chil - dren of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.

Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
We're march - ing through Im - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high

Adoption.

- 1 Behold ! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made :
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

Trust in God.

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

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 Father of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son! incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

Hosanna to the Son of David.

- 1 What are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?
- 2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings;
The Savior comes!—and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.
- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their righteousness.
- 4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven!

1. Life is a span—a fleet - ing hour— How soon the va - por flies!

2. The once loved form, now cold and dead, Each mourn - ful thought em - ploys;

3. Hope looks be - yond the bounds of time, When what we now de - plore

4. Cease then, fond na - ture, cease thy tears, Thy Sav - ior dwells on high;

Detailed description: This system contains the first four stanzas of the hymn. It features three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/2 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in treble and bass clefs. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many whole and half notes. Brackets above the vocal line group the lyrics for each stanza. The first two stanzas are complete, while the third and fourth are partially shown.

Man is a ten - der, tran - sient flower, That ev'n in bloom - ing dies.

And na - ture weeps, her com - forts fled, And with - ers all her joys.

Shall rise in full im - mor - tal prime, And bloom to fade no more.

There ev - er - last - ing spring ap - pears, There joys shall nev - er die.

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth stanzas of the hymn. It features three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/2 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in treble and bass clefs. The music continues from the previous system. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it in the second staff of this system. The lyrics are aligned with the notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Admonition to prepare for Death.

- 1 When youth and age are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
And bow at God's command.
- 2 While love still prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impressed,
Let this dread truth, "I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast!
- 3 May this vain world o'ercome no more!
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us use the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene
Let every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Lord! let us to our refuge fly!
Thine arm alone can save;
Give us, through Christ, the victory,
To triumph o'er the grave!

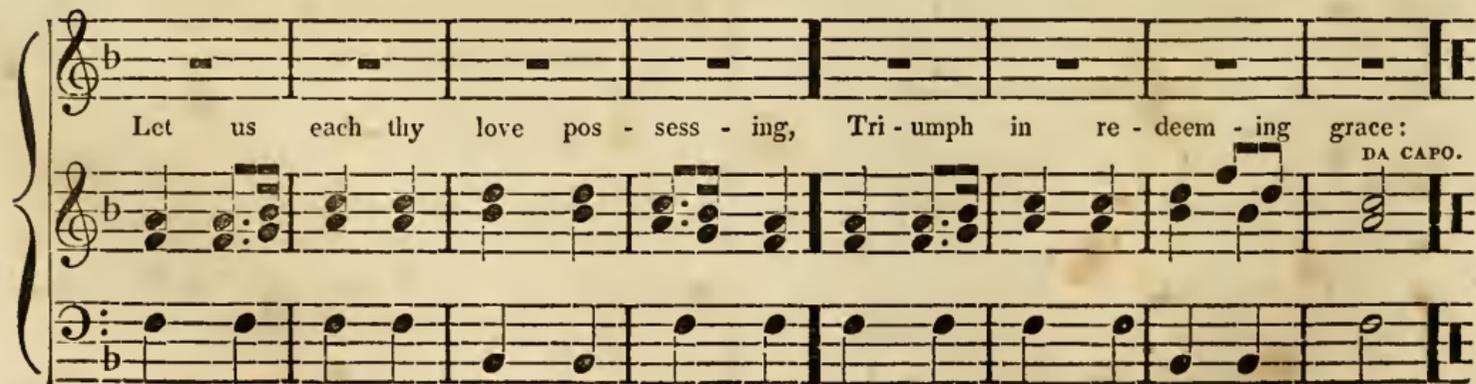
Preparation for Death.

- 1 If I must die, oh! let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.
- 2 If I must die, oh! let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.
- 3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks
I'll boldly venture through.



1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace!

Oh re - fresh us, Oh re - fresh us, Traveling through this wil - der - ness.



Let us each thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: DA CAPO.

Trusting in God.

- 1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
 Through this lowly vale of tears;
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.
 O refresh us—
 Oh refresh us with thy grace.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
 From without and from within,
 Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
 But will save from every sin.
 Therefore praise him—
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road,
 His right hand shall still defend thee;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
 Therefore praise him—
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 O that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who for ever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love.
 Happy songsters,
 When shall I your chorus join?

In Darkness.

- 1 Where is now our boasted Savior,
 Where our rapture of delight?
 Thou hast, Lord, withdrawn thy favor,
 Thou art vanish'd from our sight,
 Once thy blissful love we tasted,
 Cheer'd by thee with living bread;
 Oh, how short a time it lasted,
 Oh, how soon the joy is fled!
- 2 Yet thou hast the cause unfolded,
 Could we but the truth receive;
 Thou in humbling love hast told it,
 Needful 'tis for us to grieve—
 Son of God, for thee we languish,
 Still thy presence we bemoan,
 Overwhelm'd with grief and anguish,
 Poor, forsaken, and alone.
- 3 Stript of that excessive pleasure,
 Fondly we the loss deplore,
 Till we find again our treasure,
 Find, and never lose thee more.
 Oh, cut short the night of mourning;
 May we glory in thy grace—
 Triumph in thy full returning—
 See again thy smiling face.

1. High on a hill of dazzling light The King of glo-ry spreads his seat, And hosts of angels

2. Are they not all thy ser-vants Lord? At thy command they go and come; With cheerful haste o - stretched for flight, Stand waiting round his aw-ful feet, Stand waiting round his aw-ful feet. - - bey thy word, And guard thy children to their home, And guard thy children to their home.

Perfections of God combined in his Government.

- 1 Jehovah reigns—his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

Deity, Humiliation, and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!
- 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive prisoner lay;
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains!

1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice ;

2. Thy mer - cies, and thy love, O Lord re - call to mind ;

3. Let all my youth - ful crimes, Be blot - ted out by thee ;

4. His mer - cy and his truth, The right - eous Lord dis - plays,

Oh ! let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re - joice.

And gra - cious - ly con - tin - ue still, As thou wert ev - er, kind.

And, for thy won - drous good - ness' sake, In mer - cy think on me.
In bring - ing wan - dering sin - - ners home, And teach - ing them his ways.

Delight in God and his Worship.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Folly of envying the Prosperity of Sinners.

- 1 Sure there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.
- 3 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.
- 4 Thy word with light and power
Does my mistake amend;
I viewed the sinner's life before,
But here I learn his end.
- 5 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And oh! that dreadful, fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose

2. His power sub - dues our sins, And his for - giv - ing love, Far

3. High as the heavens are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So

an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.

as . . . the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.

far the rich - es of his grace Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

- 1 See what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 3 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice—and sing—and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 4 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints—he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 5 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

Excellence of Christian Unanimity and Love.

- 1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise—their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

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

3. Why should we trem - ble to con - vey Their bod - - - ies to the tomb.

5. Thence he a - rose, as - cend - ing high, And showed our feet the way ;

6. Then let the last loud trum - pet sound, And bid our kin-dred rise ;

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

'Twas there the Sa - vior's bod - y lay. And left a long per - fume.

Up to the Lord his saints shall fly At the great ri - sing day.
A - wake, ye na - tions un - der ground ! Ye saints as - cend the skies.

Death and Judgment appointed to all.

- 1 Heaven has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!
- 3 Once you must die—and once for all,
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day!
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word—and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 Oh may I in the Judge behold
My Savior and my Friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death
With all his saints ascend.

Meditation on Death.

- 1 Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
- 2 But oh, the soul!—that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.
- 4 And must my body faint and die?
And must my soul remove?
Oh! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!
- 4 Jesus, to thine almighty hand
My naked soul I trust;
And waits my flesh for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

1. O thou, to whom all crea - tures bow, With - in this earth - ly frame,
 2. When heaven, thy glo - rious works on high, Em - ploys my wondering sight ;
 3. Lord, what is man ! that thou shouldst choose To keep him in thy mind !
 4. O thou to whom all crea - tures bow, With - in this earth - ly frame ;

Through all the world, how great art thou ! How glo - rious is thy name !
 The moon that night - ly rules the sky, With stars of fee - bler light.

Or what his race ! that thou shouldst prove To them so wondrous kind !
 Through all the world, how great art thou ! How glo - rious is thy name !

Strength and Protection from Jehovah.

- 1 No change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defence to me.
- 2 Thou our deliverer art, O God;
Our trust is in thy power;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard, and our tower.
- 3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
So shall we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.
- 4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend.

God resorted to in Trouble and Desertion.

- 1 Soon as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace;"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee,
In each distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear
Leave me to want, or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit, when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

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

2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mor-tal care shall seize my breast;

3. Sure I shall share a glo-rious part, When grace hath well re-fined my heart;
 4. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I de-sired, or wished be-low;

To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

Oh! may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol-emn sound.

And fresh sup-plies of joy are shed, Like ho-ly oil, to cheer my head.
 And ev'-ry power find sweet em-ploy, In that e-ter-nal world of joy.

The Church rejoicing in her King.

- 1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like that blest hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comforts sink—nor love grow cold.
- 4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise—improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
And taste the supper of the Lamb.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest, who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to the neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

1. Hail, gracious Source of ev' - ry good, Our Sa - vior and de - fence,

2. When anx - ious fears dis - turb the breast, When threat - ening foes are nigh,

3. Je - sus, our Lord, our on - - - ly hope, Be - fore thy throne we bow;

Thou art our glo - ry, and our shield, Our help and con - fi - dence.

To thee we pour our deep com - plaint, To thee for suc - cor fly.

Thou art our strength, and thou the Rock, Whence liv - - ing wa - ters flow.

The Faithfulness of God Celebrated.

- 1 Give thanks to God—invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.
- 2 His covenant, which he kept in mind,
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.
- 3 He swore to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.
- 4 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel shall live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

Praise for Redemption.

- 1 Now shall my solemn vows be paid,
To that almighty power,
Who heard the long request I made
In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye who fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.
- 3 When on my head deep sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God—his name be ever blest—
Has set my spirit free;
He ne'er rejected my request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

1. Let death dis - solve my bo - dy now And bear my spir - it home ;

2. God has laid up in heaven for me A crown which can - not fade ;

3. Je - sus, the Lord, shall guard me safe From ev' - ry ill de - sign,

4. God is my ev - er - last - ing aid, My por - tion, and my friend ;

Why do my days move on so slow, Nor my sal - va - tion come ?

The right - eous Judge, at that great day, Shall place it on my head.

And to his heav - enly king - dom take This fee - ble soul of mine.

To him be high - est glo - ry paid, Through a - ges with - out end.

Hope of Heaven by Christ.

- 1 Blest be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky;
He gave our souls a joyful hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 What though his uncontrolled decree
Command our flesh to dust?
Yet, as the Lord, our Savior, rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 To an inheritance divine,
He taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading, in the skies.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till his salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

Contemplation of Death and Glory.

- 1 My soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 Oh! could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 3 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 4 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

1. Chil - dren of the heaven - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly

2. Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fa - thers

3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest; You on Je - sus' throne shall

4. Lord, sub - mis - sive make us go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be -

sing; Sing your Sa - vior's wor - thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

trod; They are hap - py now—and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

. . . rest; low; There your seat is now pre - pared; There your kingdom and re - ward.
On - ly thou our lead - er be, And we still will fol - low thee.

Burdened Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 Come, ye weary souls oppress'd,
Find in Christ the promis'd rest;
On him all your burdens roll;
He can wound, and he make whole.
- 2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come, and wash in Jesus' blood;
To the Son of David cry;
In his word he's passing by.
- 3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 Morning breaks upon the tomb!
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Savior rise!
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres,
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

1. To our Al - migh - ty Ma - ker, God, New hon - ors be ad - dressed ;

2. He spake the word to Abraham first, His truth ful - fils the grace ;

3. Let all the earth his love pro - claim, With all her different tongues,

Detailed description: This system contains the first three lines of the hymn. Each line has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The first line of music is for the first verse, the second for the second, and the third for the third. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff.

His great sal - va - tion shines a - broad, And makes the na - tions blest.

The Gen - tiles make his name their trust, And learn his right - eous - ness.

And spread the hon - or of his name, In mel - o - dy and songs.

Detailed description: This system contains the fourth and fifth lines of the hymn. It continues the musical notation from the first system. The first line of music is for the continuation of the first verse, the second for the second, and the third for the third. The piano accompaniment continues with two staves: a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Glories of God in Redemption.

- 1 Father—how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms;
- 3 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Emmanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 5 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Converting Grace.

- 1 Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And when thy vict'ries are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet
To sing thy conquering grace.
- 5 Oh may my humble soul be found,
Among that favored band;
And I with them thy praise will sound,
Throughout Emmanuel's land.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now; At thy feet we hum - bly bow;

2. Lord, on thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend;

3. In thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek thee - here we stay;

4. Send some mes - sage from thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;

Oh! do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

Fill our hearts with thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless - ing thou be - stow.
Let thy spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

Prayer for a Blessing on public Worship.

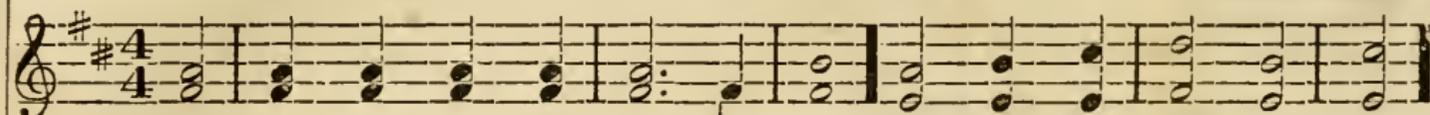
- 1 To thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear—for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening, we may say,
'We have walked with God to-day.

Enlargement and Glory of the Church.

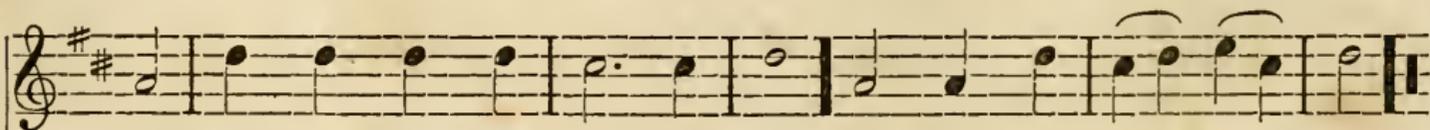
- 1 "Give us room, that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud;
See their numbers—how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!
- 2 Oh how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night;
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.
- 3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light;
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.
- 4 Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo! thy light from heaven is come!
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.



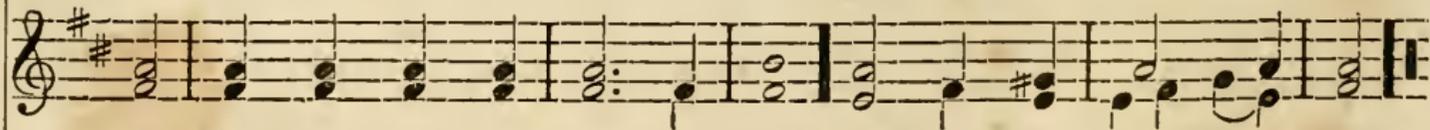
1. O all ye na - tions, praise the Lord, Each with a dif - ferent tongue;



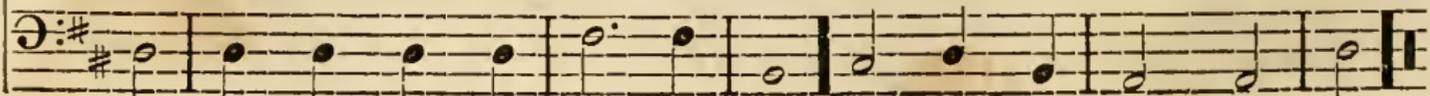
2. His mer - cy reigns through ev' - ry land, Pro - claim his grace a - broad;



In ev' - ry lan - guage learn his word, And let his name be sung.



For - ev - er firm his truth shall stand; Praise ye the faith - ful God.



Exhortation to universal Praise.

- 1 With cheerful notes, let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound;
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

- 1 O all ye nations, praise the Lord!
His glorious acts proclaim;
The fulness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.

- 2 His love is great—his mercy sure,
And faithful is his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord!

Christ the Author of Salvation.

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

- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The wonder of our eyes!
This is the day, that proves it thine,
This day did Jesus rise.

- 3 Sinners, rejoice—and saints, be glad;
The Savior's name be blest;
Let endless honors on his head,
With joy and glory, rest.

- 4 In God's own name, he comes to bring
Salvation to our race;
Oh let the church address her King,
With holy songs of praise.

1. The bil-lows swell, the winds are high, Clouds o-ver-cast my wint-ry sky;

2. O Lord, the pi-lot's part per-form, And guide and guard me through the storm!

3. A-midst the roar-ing of the sea, My soul still hangs her hopes on thee;

4. Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck, My Sa-vior through the floods I seek;

Out of the depths to thee I call; My fears are great, my strength is small.

De-fend me from each threat'ning ill; Con-trol the waves—say, 'Peace—be still!'

Thy constant love, thy faith-ful care, Is all that saves me from des-pair.

Let nei-ther winds, nor stor-my rain, Force back my shat-ter'd bark a-gain.

Jehovah-Jesus.

- 1 My song shall bless the Lord of all;
My praise shall climb to his abode.
Thee, Savior, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning, or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw Him shine—
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky;
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worship him who died for me.

Assurance in Christ, our Righteousness.

- 1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
'Jesus hath liv'd—and dy'd for me.'
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through thee, absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
'Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.'

1. The Lord ap - pears my help - er now, Nor is my faith a - fraid

2. 'Tis sa - fer, Lord, to trust in thee, And have my God my friend,

3. 'Tis through the Lord, my heart is strong, In him my lips re - joice ;

4. Joy to the saints, and peace be - longs, The Lord pro - tects their days ;

Of what the sons of earth can do, Since he af - fords me aid.

Than trust in men of nigh de - gree, And on their truth de - pend.

While his sal - va - tion is my song, How cheer - ful, is my voice !

Let Zi - on tune im - mor - tal songs To his al - migh - ty grace.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 Hosanna to the Prince of light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay!
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Emmanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes!
- 4 There our exalted Savior reigns,
And scatters blessings down,
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings;
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.

Triumph over spiritual Enemies.

- 1 Arise, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd;
And on the rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Savior and my King.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul, the ri - sing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;

2. Night un - to night his name re - peats; The day re - news the sound

3. How ma - ny wretch - ed souls have fled Since the last set - ting sun!

4. Great God, let all my hours be thine, While I en - joy the light;

Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To him who rules the skies.

Wide as the heavens on which he sits To turn the sea - sons round.

And yet thou lengthenest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.
Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a peace - ful night.

Salvation approaching.

- 1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high!
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then gladly view each closing day,
And each revolving year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day

Sins and Sorrows laid before God.

- 1 Oh, could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

1. How large the prom - ise, how di - vine, To A - bra'm and his seed ;

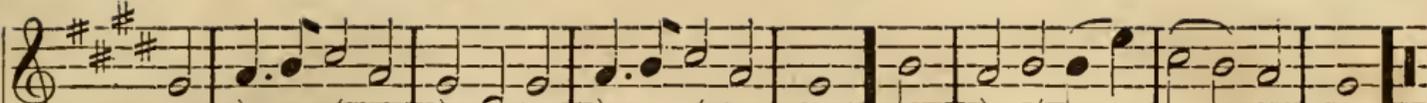
2. The words of his ex - ten - sive love From age to age en - dure ;

3. Je - sus the an - cient faith con - firms, To our great Fa - - - - - ther given ;
 4. Our God, how faith - ful are his ways ! His love en - dures the same ;

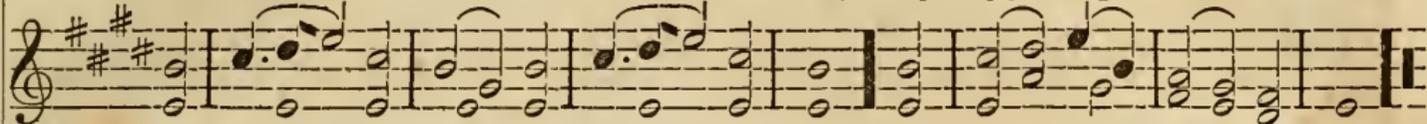
I'll be a God to thee and thine, 'Sup - ply - ing all their need !'

The An - - - - - gel of the cov' - nant proves, And seals the bless - ing sure,

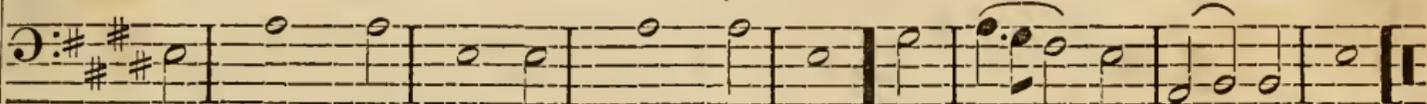
He takes young chil - dren to his arms, And calls them heirs of heaven,
 Nor from the prom - ise of his grace Blots out the chil - dren's name,



I'll be a God to thee and thine, 'Sup - ply - ing all their need!'



The An - gel of the cov' - nant proves, And seals the bless - ing sure.



He takes young chil - dren to his arms, And calls them heirs of heaven.
Nor from the prom - ise of his grace Blots out the chil - dren's name.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Come, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.</p> | <p>3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform,
The vengeance of a God.</p> |
| <p>2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.</p> | <p>4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.</p> |
| <p>5 Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds;
Come, wipe your sorrows dry;
Come trust the mighty Savior's name,
And you shall never die.</p> | |

1. Hail, hap - py day ! thou day of ho - ly rest, What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast !

2. Let earth and all its van - i - ties be gone, Move from my sight, and leave my soul a - lone ;

3. Fain would I mount and pen - e - trate the skies, And on my Savior's glo - ries fix my eyes.

When Christ the God of grace, in love de - scends, And kind - ly holds com - mun - ion with his friends.

Its flattering, fa - ding glo - ries I de - spise, And to im - mor - tal glo - ries turn my eyes.

Oh ! meet my ri - sing soul, thou God of love, And waft it to the bliss - ful realms a - bove.

The Rest of the Sabbath.

- 1 Again the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah
blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety—and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.
- 3 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes con-
fide,
Whose power defends us, and whose pre-
cepts guide;
In life our Guardian—and in death our
Friend;
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

Lamenting the Desolations of Zion.

- 1 Along the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.
- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence—on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.
- 3 Our hard oppressors, to increase our wo,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow;
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?—
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory—sacred mount of praise;
- 5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

1. Son of God, thy bless - ing grant, Still sup - ply my ev' - ry want, Tree of life, thine influence shed,

2. Tenderest branch, a - las! am I; With - out thee, I droop and die; Weaker than a bruised reed,

3. All my hopes on thee de - pend; Love me, save me, to the end! Give me thy sup - port - ing grace,

With thy fruit my spir - it feed, Tree of life, thine influence shed, With thy fruit my spir - it feed.

Help I ev' - ry moment need, Weaker than a bruised reed, Help I ev' - ry moment need.

Take the ev - er - last - ing praise, Give me thy sup - port - ing grace, Take the ev - er - last - ing praise.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 Sweet the time—exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Savior is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world—and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature, and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our wretched hearts he strove;
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Savior near.
- 5 Sweet the place—exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Savior's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 Thou that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.
- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
'Twas thy hand restored the light.
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.
- 4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
Oh! preserve me through the day.
Dangers every where abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.
- 5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

1. O praise ye the Lord! pre-pare your glad voice, His praise in the great as - sem - bly to sing ;

2. Let them his great name de - vout - ly a - dore ; In loud swell - ing strains his prai - ses express,

3. With glo - ry adorned, his peo - ple shall sing To God who de - fence and plen - ty sup - plies ;

4. Ye an - gels a - bove, his glo - ries who've sung, In lof - ti - est notes, now pub - lish his praise ;

In their great Cre - a - tor let all men re - joice, And heirs of sal - va - tion be glad in their King.

Who gra - cious - ly o - pens his boun - ti - ful store, Their wants to re - lieve, and his chil - dren to bless.

Their loud ac - cla - ma - tions to him their great King, Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.
We mortals de - light ed, would borrow your tongue ; Would join in your numbers, and chime to your lays.

Rejoicing and Praise.

- 1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall dawn on their faces, and worship the
Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right;
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above;
And thanks never-ceasing, for infinite love.

Adoring Praise.

- 1 Oh praise ye the Lord, his greatness proclaim;
Jehovah, our God, how awful thy name!
How vast is thy power, thy glory how great;
Lo, myriads of spirits thy mandates await!
- 2 Thy canopy's heaven, in splendor so bright;
Thy chariot the clouds, thy garment the light;
The works of creation thy bidding perform;
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.
- 3 What wisdom is shown, what power displayed
In all that thy hand hath fashioned and made!
The earth full of riches, in beauty complete;
The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.
- 4 O thou, our great God, Redeemer and King;
With hearts full of love, to thee will we sing,
To life's latest moment our voices we'll raise,
And join the full chorus of blessing and praise.

1. Begin, my soul th'ex-alt - ed lay, Let each enraptured thought o - bey, And praise th'Almighty's name;

2. Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast a - bode, Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God; Ye thunders speak his power;

3. Let man, by no - bler passions swayed, Let man, in God's own image made, His breath in praise employ;

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/2 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with lines 1, 2, and 3 corresponding to the vocal line.

Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies, In one me-lodious concert rise, To swell th'inspiring theme.

Lo! on the lightning's fie - - ry wing, In triumph walks th'eternal King; Th'astonished worlds adore.

Spread wide . . . his Maker's name . . . around, Till heav'n shall echo back the sound, In songs of ho - ly joy.

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score with three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, which has several measures of rests before the lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with the first line corresponding to the vocal line and the second line corresponding to the piano accompaniment.

Delight in the Sabbath and Temple of God.

- 1 The festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.
- 2 With holy joy I hail the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away;
What transports fill my breast!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!
- 3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

Excellency of Christ.

- 1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Savior, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

1. The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian, and guide; What - ev - er we want he will

2. The Lord is our shepherd, what then shall we fear? What danger can move us, while

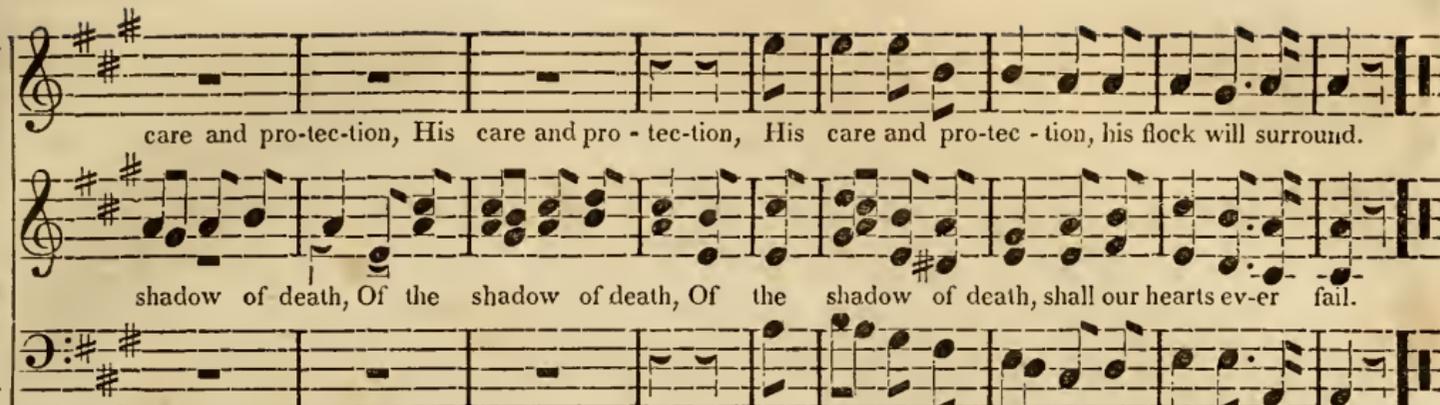
3. Though afraid of ourselves, to pur - sue the dark way, Thy rod and thy staff be our

4. The Lord has be - come our sal - va - tion and song, His blessings have fol - lowed us

kind - ly pro - vide, To sheep of his pas - ture his mer - cies a - bound, His

Je - sus is near? Not when the time calls us to walk through the vale Of the

com - fort and stay, For we know by thy gui - dance, when once its past, To a
all our life long; His name we will praise while he lends us our breath, Be



care and pro-tection, His care and pro-tection, His care and pro-tection, his flock will surround.

shadow of death, Of the shadow of death, Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ev-er fail.

fountain of life, To a fountain of life, To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.
cheerful in life, Be cheer-ful in life, Be cheerful in life and be hap-py in death.

1

The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow ;
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
oppressed.

2

Through the valley and shadow of death though
I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3

In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more ?

4

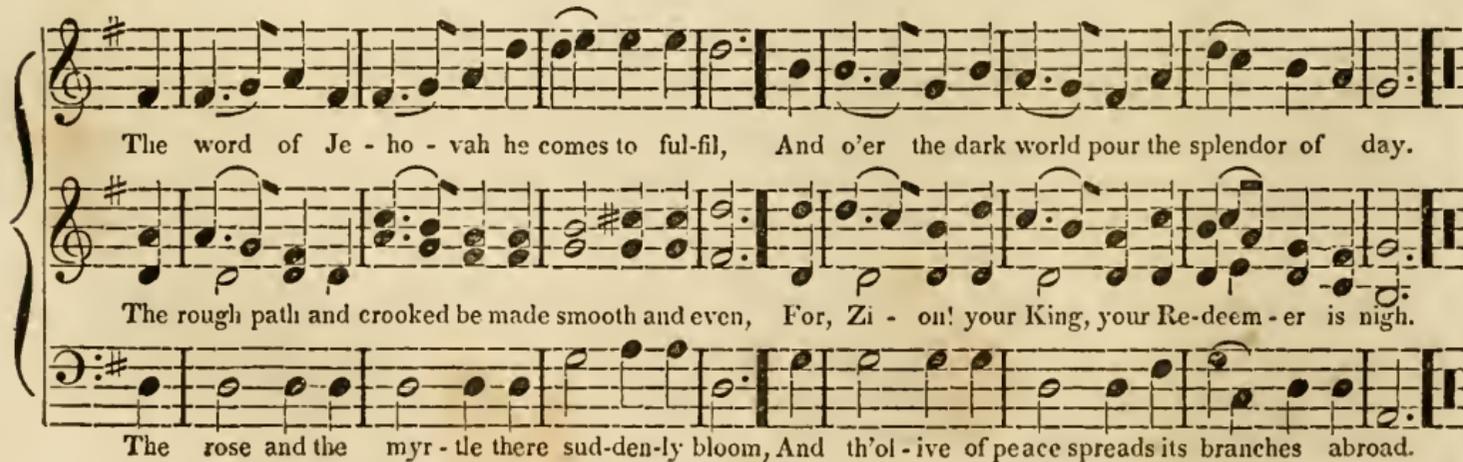
Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom
of love.



1. A voice from the des - ert comes aw - ful and shrill ; The Lord is ad - vanc - ing ! pre - pare ye the way !

2. Bring down the proud mountain, tho' towering to heaven, And be the low val - ley ex - alt - ed on high ;

3. The beams of sal - va - tion his progress illumine ; The lone dreary wil - der - ness sings of her Lord ;



The word of Je - ho - vah he comes to ful - fil, And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even, For, Zi - on! your King, your Re - deem - er is nigh.

The rose and the myr - tle there sud - den - ly bloom, And th'ol - ive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

Church in Affliction.

- 1 O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 'O fearful ! O faithless !' in mercy he cries;
'My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
'Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
'Thro' tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
- 4 'Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure,
'My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
'In love I correct thee thy soul to refine,
'To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.'

The Savior's Sorrows.

- 1 Thou sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale
beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head;
How hard was his pillow,—how humble his bed;
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.
- 3 Oh garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!
- 4 Come saints and adore him; come bow at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

1. Lord, I will bless thee all my days; Thy praise shall dwell up - on my tongue; My soul shall glo - ry

2. Come, magni - fy the Lord with me; Let ev' - ry heart ex - alt his name; I sought th'e - ter - nal

3. I told him all my si - lent grief, My se - cret groaning reached his ears; He gave my in - ward
 4. His ho - ly an - gels pitch their tents Around the men who serve the Lord; Oh! fear and love him

in thy grace. While saints re - joi - ce to hear the song. While saints re - joi - ce to hear the song.

God, and he Has not ex - posed my hope to shame, Has not ex - posed my hope to shame.

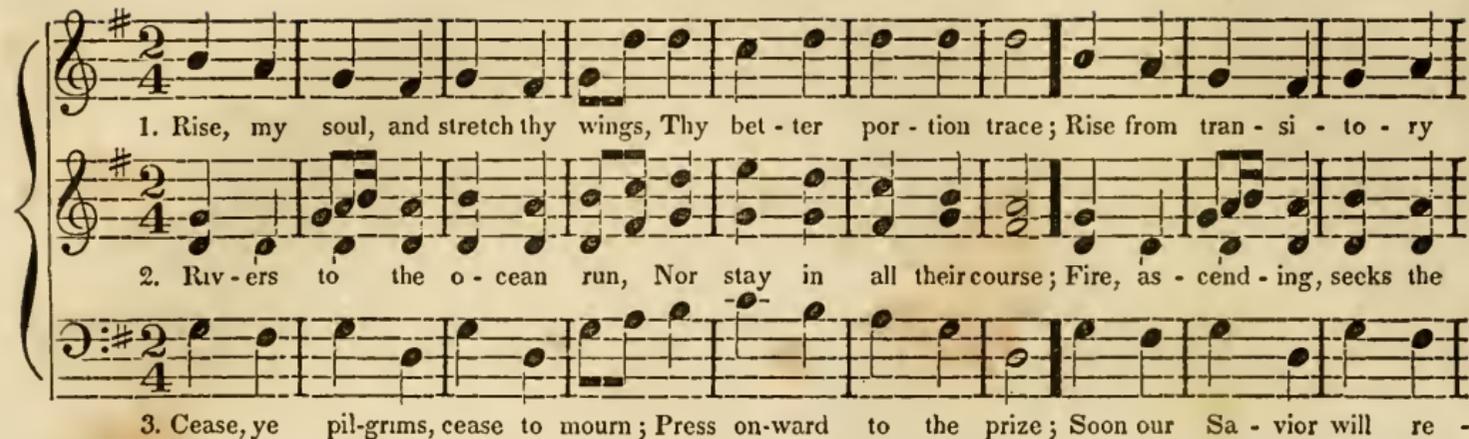
pains re - lief, And calmed the tu - mult of my fears, And calmed the tu - mult of my fears.
 all his saints, Ac - cept his grace, and trust his word, Ac - cept his grace, and trust his word.

Jehovah, the Universal King.

- 1 Sons of the mighty! rise, and bring
Your offerings to th' eternal King;
Own 'tis Jehovah, while you rise,
Your glory and your strength supplies.
- 2 His word, all powerful to fulfil
Th' eternal counsels of his will,
With awful majesty arrayed,
Subdues the world his hand has made.
- 3 The mountains bow—the cedars rend,
Lo! at his high command they bend!
So through the world his gospel ran,
And bowed the rebel heart of man.
- 4 His word, like lightning from the skies,
Strikes deep—and quick conviction flies;
The nations tremble and adore,
Through earth, to its remotest shore.
- 5 Jesus is king!—enthroned on high,
He reigns through all eternity!
His glory shall his church increase,
With strength divine and endless peace!

Immutable Perfections and Glory of God.

- 1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils thy just and wise designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 O God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 4 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.



1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; Rise from tran-si-to-ry

2. Riv-ers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, as-cend-ing, seeks the

3. Cease, ye pil-grims, cease to mourn; Press on-ward to the prize; Soon our Sa-vior will re -



things, Tow'rd's heaven thy na-tive place; Sun and moon, and stars de-cay; Time shall soon this

sun; Both speed them to their source; So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his

- turn, Tri-um-phant in the skies. Yet a sea-son, and you know, Hap-py en-trance

earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove.
 glo - rious face,— Up-ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his embrace.
 will be given; All our sor-rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heaven.

1
 'Write to Sardis' saith the Lord,
 And write what he declares,—
 He, whose Spirit, and whose Word,
 Upholds the seven stars;
 All thy works and ways I search,
 Find thy zeal and love decay'd;
 Thou art call'd a living church,
 But thou art cold and dead.

2
 'Watch—remember—seek, and strive,
 Exert thy former pains;
 Let thy timely care revive,
 And strengthen what remains.
 Cleanse thy heart, thy works amend,
 Former times to mind recall;
 Lest my sudden stroke descend,
 And smite thee once for all.

3
 'Yet I number now in thee,
 A few who are upright;
 These my Father's face shall see,
 And walk with me in white:
 When in judgment I appear,
 They for mine shall stand confess'd;
 Let my faithful servants hear,
 And wo be to the rest.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on ;

2. Hell and thy sins re sist thy course? But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ?

3. Then let my soul march bold - ly on, — Press for - ward to the heavenly gate ;

4. There shall I wear a star - ry crown, And tri - umph in Al - migh - ty grace ;

March to the gates of end - less joy, Where thy great Captain Sa - vior's gone.

Thy Je - sus nail'd them to the cross, And sung the triumph — when he rose.

There peace and joy e - - ter - nal reign, And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

While all the ar - mies of the skies Join in my glo - rious Lea - der's praise.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories, from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.
- 4 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!
- 5 Oh, may I reach the happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold;
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Effusions of the Spirit; Success of the Gospel.

- 1 Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to give, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
'Go—and assert your Savior's cause;
'Go—spread the myst'ry of his cross.'
- 4 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by those heavenly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 5 Great King of grace, my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

1. Oh! where is now that glow-ing love, That marked our un - ion with the Lord?

2. Where is the zeal that led us then To make our Sa - vior's glo - ry known?

3. Where are the hap - py sea - sons spent In fel - low - ship with him we loved?

4. Be - hold, a - gain, we turn to thee; Oh! cast us not a - way, though vile!

Our hearts were fixed on things a - bove, Nor could the world a joy af - ford.

That freed us from the fear of men, And kept our eyes on him a - lone?

The sa - cred joy, the sweet con - tent, The bless - ed - ness that then we proved?

No peace we have, no joy we see, O Lord our God but in thy smile.

The Rest of the Sabbath.

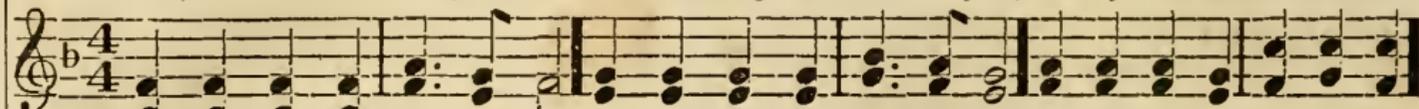
- 1 Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.
Return, my soul—enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast!
The dearest pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares—the end of pains.
- 4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 5 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away.
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Safety of the Church.

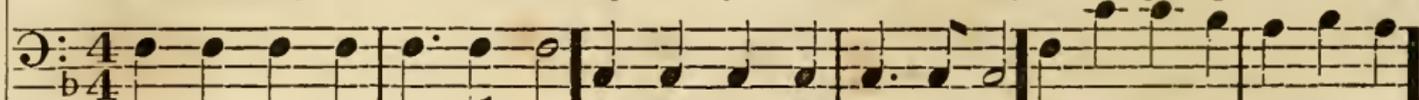
- 1 Happy the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That break and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

Andantino.

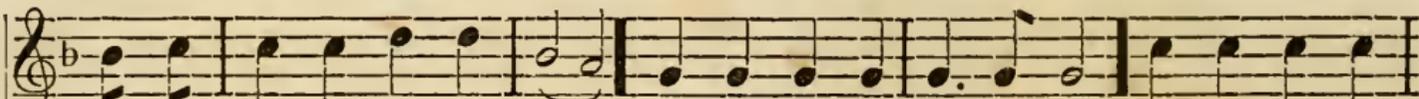
1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast-ed through the for-mer year, Ma-ny souls their race have run,



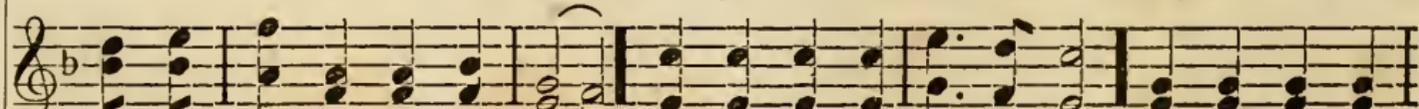
2. As the wing-ed ar-row flies Spee-di-ly the mark to find; As the lightning from the skies



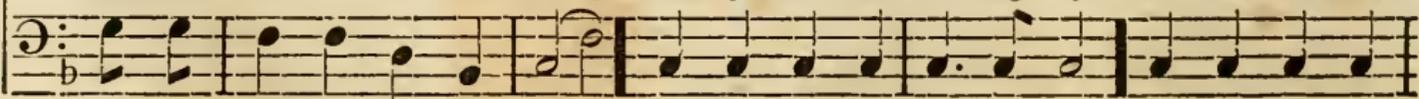
3. Thanks for mer-cies past re-ceive, Par-don of our sins re-new; Teach us henceforth how to live,



Nev-er more to meet us here! Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with



Darts, and leaves no trace be-hind; Swift-ly thus our fleet-ing days Bear us down life's



With e-ter-ni-ty in view. Bless thy word to young and old; Fill us with a

all be - low ; We a lit - tle long - er wait ; But how lit - tle, none can know.

rap - id stream ; Up - ward, Lord, our spir - its raise ; All be - low is but a dream.

Sa - vior's love ; And, when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with thee a - bove.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh !
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

1. If, through un - ruf - fled seas, Tow'rd heaven we calm - ly sail,

2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come,

3. Soon shall our doubts and fears state, All yield to thy con - trol ;

4. Teach us, in ev' - ry state, To make thy will our own

With grate - ful hearts, O, God, to thee, We'll own the fost - ering gale.

Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.

Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.

And when the joys of sense de - part To live by faith a - lone.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 Once more, before we part,
Oh bless the Savior's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.
- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

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

2. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord ;

3. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod ;

Je - - - ho - vah is the sov' - reign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.

We are his work, and not our own ; He formed us by his word.

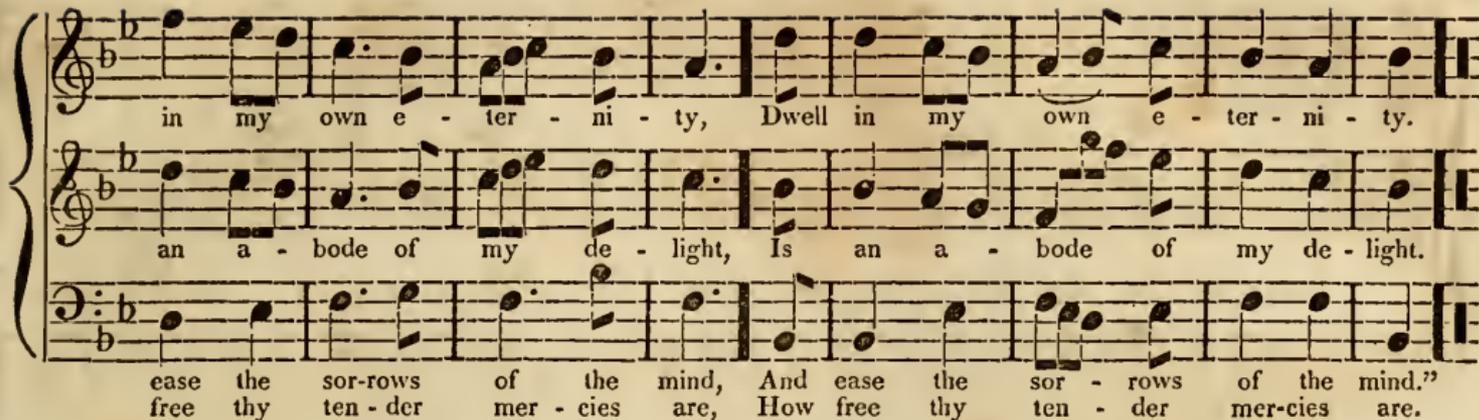
Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

Rejoicing in View of God's universal Reign.

- 1 Sing praises to our God,
And bless his sacred name ;
His great salvation, all abroad,
From day to day proclaim.
- 2 Midst heathen nations place
The glories of his throne ;
And let the wonders of his grace
Through all the earth be known.
- 3 The gods, the heathen boasts,
Nor hear—nor see—nor move.
Jehovah is the Lord of hosts,
Who spread the heavens above!
- 4 Then let our songs arise,
In new exalted strains ;
Let earth repeat it to the skies!
The Lord, the Savior reigns!

The Majesty and Grace of Jehovah.

- 1 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet ;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried—when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.



in my own e - ter - ni - ty, Dwell in my own e - ter - ni - ty.
 an a - bode of my de - light, Is an a - bode of my de - light.
 ease the sor - rows of the mind, And ease the sor - rows of the mind.
 free thy ten - der mer - cies are, How free thy ten - der mer - cies are.

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

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

3 Oh let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there;
 Down on our knees, devoutly, all
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.

1 To God our voices let us raise,
 And loudly chant the joyful strain;
 That rock of strength, oh let us praise,
 Whence free salvation we obtain.

2 The Lord is great, with glory crowned,
 O'er all the gods of earth he reigns;
 His hand supports the deeps profound,
 His power alone the hills sustains.

3 Let all who now his goodness feel,
 Come near, and worship at his throne;
 Before the Lord, their Maker, kneel,
 And bow in adoration down.

1. A - rise, my soul! on wings sub - lime, A - bove the van - i - ties of time ;

2. Born by a new, ce - les - tial birth, Why should I grov - el here on earth ?

3. Shall aught be - guile me on the road, While I am walk - ing back to God ?

4. To dwell with God! - to taste his love, Is the full heaven en - joyed, a - bove ;

Re - move the part - ing vail, and see The glo - ries of e - ter - ni - ty.

Why grasp at vain and fleet - ing toys, So near to heaven's e - ter - nal joys ?

Or can I love this earth so well As not to long with God to dwell.

The glo - rious ex - pec - ta - tion now Is heavenly bliss be - gun be - low.

Prospect of the Righteous and Wicked contrasted.

- 1 Lord, I am thine—but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword—the hand is thine.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 3 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;—
When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 4 O glorious hour!—O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

False Religions supplanted by Christianity.

- 1 Arise! arise!—with joy survey
The glory of the latter day;
Already is the dawn begun,
Which marks at hand a rising sun!
- 2 'Behold the way!' ye heralds, cry;
Spare not—but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
'Glad tidings,' to the captive soul.
- 3 'Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell!
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.'
- 4 The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
- 5 Auspicious dawn!—thy rising ray
With joy we view—and hail the day;
Great Son of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

1. The Lord is come, the heavens pro - claim His birth, the na - tions learn his name;

2. All ye bright ar - mies of the skies, Go, wor - ship where the Sa - vior lies.

3. Let i - dols tot - ter to the ground, And their own wor - ship - pers con - found,

An un - known star di - rects the road Of eas - tern sa - ges to their God.

An - gels and kings be - fore him bow, Those gods on high, and gods be - low.

Zi - on shall still his glo - ries sing, And earth con - fess her sov - ereign king.

The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.

- 1 High o'er the heavens—supreme—alone,
Th' eternal Lord prepares his throne;
O'er all his kingdom he'll extend,
Beyond a limit or an end.
- 2 Bless ye the Lord—his glories tell,
Ye angels who in might excel,
Who do his will—who hear his voice,
And in his high commands rejoice.
- 3 Bless ye the Lord—proclaim his state,
Ye heavenly hosts, who round him wait,
Quick to perform his acts of might,
His pleasure your supreme delight.
- 4 Bless ye the Lord, his works around!
Creation, with his praise resound!
My soul, the general chorus join,
And bless the Lord in songs divine.

The Majesty and Dominion of God.

- 1 Jehovah reigns—he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods—that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 Forever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

1. In - dul - gent Sovereign of the skies, And wilt thou bow thy gra - cious ear?

2. How shall thy ser - vants give thee rest, Till Zi - on's mouldering walls thou raise;

3. Look down, O God, with pit - ying eye, And view the des - o - la - tions round;

4. Loud let the gos - pel trum - pet blow, And call the na - tions from a - far;

While fee - ble mor - tals raise their cries, Wilt thou, the great Je - ho - vah hear.

Till thy own power shall stand con - fess'd, And make Je - ru - sa - lem a praise.

See what wide realms in dark - ness lie, And hurl their i - dols to the ground.
Let all the isles their Sa - vior know, And earth's re - mo - test ends draw near.

Prayer for a sick Minister.

- 1 O thou, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirit down;
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 With power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
- 3 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.
- 4 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannt prevail;
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

- 1 Let God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.
- 2 He comes, array'd in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names.
Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.
- 3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high.
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
- 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge most just, a father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels, who dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

1. Let Zi-on in her King re-joice, Though ty-rants rage, and king-doms rise;

2. Be still, and learn that he is God; He reigns ex-alt-ed o'er the lands;

3. O Lord of hosts, al-migh-ty King, While we so near thy pres-ence dwell,

He ut-ters his al-migh-ty voice, The na-tions melt, the tu-mult dies.

He will be known and feared a-broad, But still his throne in Zi-on stands.

Our faith shall sit se-secure, and sing, Nor fear the ra-ging powers of hell,

God the Refuge and Portion of his People.

- 1 The Lord in Zion ever reigns,
And o'er her holds his guardian hand;
Her worship and her laws maintains,
Which, like himself, unmoved shall stand
- 2 Oh come, behold what he has done,
Whom we delight to call our Lord;
The vict'ries, which his arm has won;
And faithfully his deeds record.
- 3 He maketh war on earth to cease;
He breaks the bow—he cuts the dart,
The chariot burns—and sheds his peace
O'er every nation—every heart.
- 4 Be still—and hear the Lord proclaim—
“I will above the heathen rise;
“O'er all the earth exalt my name, [skies.”
“And spread my triumphs through the

Praise to the exalted Redeemer.

- 1 Jesus, the Lord, ascends on high!
He reigns in glory o'er the sky!
Let all the earth its offerings bring,
Exalt his name—proclaim him king
- 2 Wide—thro' the world—he spreads his sway,
And bids the heathen lands obey,
His church with willing offerings greet,
And bend submissive at her feet.
- 3 His reign the heathen lands shall own;
His holiness secures his throne;
And earthly princes gather round,
Where Christ—the mighty God, is found.
- 4 Princes by him their power extend,
Earth's mightiest kings to Jesus bend;
He bids them rule—he bids them die,
Himself o'er all exalted high!

1. Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long; Crown him, ye na - tions, in your song;

2. He rides and thun - ders through the sky, His name, Je - ho - vah, sounds on high;

3. God is our shield, our joy, our rest; God is our King, pro - claim him blest

His wondrous name and power re - hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.

Praise him a - loud ye sons of grace; Ye saints, re - joice be - fore his face.

When ter - rors rise, when na - tions faint, He is the strength of ev' - ry saint.

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

- 1 On God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day.
- 2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The morn and evening both rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
- 3 The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The plains shall shout with cheerful voice,
And neighboring hills repeat their joys.
- 4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

Pardon implored.

- 1 To thee, great God, I make my prayer,
Do thou my supplications hear;
Let me not sink, o'erwhelmed in grief,
But kindly send my soul relief.

- 2 Oh let me now thy goodness prove,
Thy tender mercies, and thy love;
Turn not away, O Lord, thy face,
But hear, and heal me with thy grace.
- 3 So shall my song to thee arise,
Thy praise shall echo through the skies;
Through all the earth will I proclaim
The greatness of Jehovah's name.

Pardon through the Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 Deep in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.
- 3 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled; And may this conse -

3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy ru - ling hand I see! Each blessing to my

5. When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned, when storms of

- cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. 2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To

soul most dear, Be - cause con - ferred by thee. 4. In every joy that crowns my days, In

sorrow lower, My soul shall meet thy will. 6. My lift - ed eye with - out a tear, The

thee my thoughts would soar, Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mer-cy I a-dore.
 every pain I bear, My heart shall find de-light in praise, Or seek re-lief in prayer.
 gathering storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on thee.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Perpetual Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name;
Through ev'ry year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same. | 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways. |
| 2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
Sure as the heaven's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the showers. | 5 Arm'd with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move;
And with increasing transports press
On to thy courts above. |
| 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew;
False as the morning's scatt'rin cloud,
And transient as the dew. | 6 So by thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way;
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day. |

I. Praise to God!—im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days ;

2. All that spring, with boun-teous hand, Scat - ters o'er the smi - ling land ;

3. These, to that dear Source we owe, Whence our sweet - est com - forts flow ;

4. Lord, to thee my soul should raise Grate - ful, nev - er - end - ing praise ;

Bounteous Source of ev' - ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

All that lib' - ral au - tumn pours From her rich, o'er - flow - ing stores,—

These, through all my hap - py days, Claim my cheer - ful songs of praise.

And when ev' - ry bless - ing's flown, Love thee for thy - self a lone.

When four lines, omit the repeat.

In darkness.

- 1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fix'd no more to move;
 Then my Savior was my song,
 Then my soul was fill'd with love;
 Those were happy, golden days,
 Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.
- 2 Little then myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
 Now I feel my sins anew;
 Now I feel the stormy hour!
 Sin has put my joys to flight;
 Sin has turn'd my day to night.
- 3 Savior, shine and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive;
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive;
 Speak the word and set me free,
 Let me live alone to thee.

The Christian Pilgrim.

- 1 Pilgrim, burden'd with thy sin,
 Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
 There, till mercy let thee in,
 Knock, and weep, and watch and pray.
- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;
 Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;
 Watch—till heavenly light appear;
 Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee
 In this world can now remain?
 Seek that world from which shall flee
 Sorrow, shame and tears and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall forever fly;
 Shame shall never enter there;
 Tears be wip'd from every eye;
 Pain in endless bliss expire.

1. Je - ho - vah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and ma - jes - ty;

2. His ter - rors keep the world in awe; His jus - tice guards his ho - ly law;

3. Through all his works his wis - dom shines, And baf - fles Sa - tan's deep de - signs;

4. And will this glo - rious Lord de - scend, To be my fa - ther and my friend?

His glo - ry shines with beams so bright, No mor - tal can sus - tain the sight.

His love re - veals a smi - ling face, His truth and prom - ise seal the grace.

His power is sovereign to - ful - fil The no - blest coun - sels of his will.
Then let my songs with an - gels join; Heaven is se - cure, if God be mine.

Nativity of the Savior.

- 1 Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Savior's born;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!
- 2 Hark! what sweet music—what a song
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
- 3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

Peace and Hope through Christ's Intercession.

- 1 He lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Savior's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace!

- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

Christ a living and almighty Savior.

- 1 The Savior lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save!
- 2 He lives, to still his servants' fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there!
- 3 His saints he loves—and never leaves;
The contrite sinner he receives;
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord!

1. Once on the ra-ging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 2. Deep hor-ror then my vi-tals froze, Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem
 3. It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark fore-bo-ding cease;
 4. Now safe-ly moor'd, my per-ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di-a-dem,

The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark, The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
 When sudden-ly a star a-rose, It was the star of Bethlehem, It was the star of Beth-le-hem.
 And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace. It led me to the port of peace.
 For ev-er and for-ev-er-more, The Star, the Star of Bethle-hem, The Star, the Star of Beth-le-hem.

Incomprehensibility of God.

- 1 What finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal mind?
Or who th' almighty Three in One,
By searching to perfection find?
- 2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious their adoring songs;
Their laboring thoughts sink down oppressed
And praises die upon their tongues.
- 3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

Prayer for the presence of Christ.

- 1 Happy the saints whose lot is cast,
Where oft is heard the gospel sound;
The word is pleasant to their taste,
A healing balm for ev'ry wound.
- 2 With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Savior oft have met,
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

- 3 This favor'd lot, my friends, is ours;
May we the privilege improve,
And find those consecrated hours,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

The heavenly prospect.

- 1 Soft be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Savior's dying love;
Soft as the ev'ning Zephyr floats,
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.
- 2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars;
So soft to your Almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours;
- 3 Pure as the sun's enliv'ning ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.
- 4 True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be;
So true let all your sorrows roll,
To Him who bled upon the tree.

Maestoso.

1. Great God, we to thy hon - or raise These walls to ech - o forth thy praise;

2. Here let the great Re - deem - er reign, With all the gra - ces of his train,

3. And, in the great de - ci - sive day, When God the na - tions shall sur - vey,

Do thou, de - scend - ing, fill the place With choicest tokens of thy grace, With choicest tokens of thy grace.

While pow'r di - vine his word attends, To conquer foes and cheer his friends, To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

May it be - fore the world appear, That crowds were born to glory here, That crowds were born to glory here.

Prayer for the success of the gospel.

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
“I am Jehovah—God alone;”
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be apply'd
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In ev'ry land, of ev'ry name;
Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Savior—Lord of all.

Longing for Spiritual Light and Comfort.

- 1 My righteous Judge—my gracious God,
Hear, when I spread my hands abroad;
I cry for succor from thy throne,
Oh! make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 For thee I pray—for thee I mourn;
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
Wilt thou forever hide thy love?
- 3 I lift my hands to thee again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain;
Oh! let me hear thy gracious voice;
So shall my weary soul rejoice.
- 4 My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace;
Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirit up.
- 5 Teach me O Lord, thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Oh! let the Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

1. A - wake, my soul, to sound his praise, A - wake, my harp, to sing;

2. A - mong the peo - ple of his care, And through the na - tions round,

3. Be thou ex - alt - ed, O my God, A - bove the star - - - - - ry frame;

4. So shall thy cho - sen sons re - joice, And thron'g thy courts a - bove;

Join all my powers the song to raise, And morn - ing in - - - - - cense bring.

Glad songs of praise will I pre - pare, And there his name re - sound.

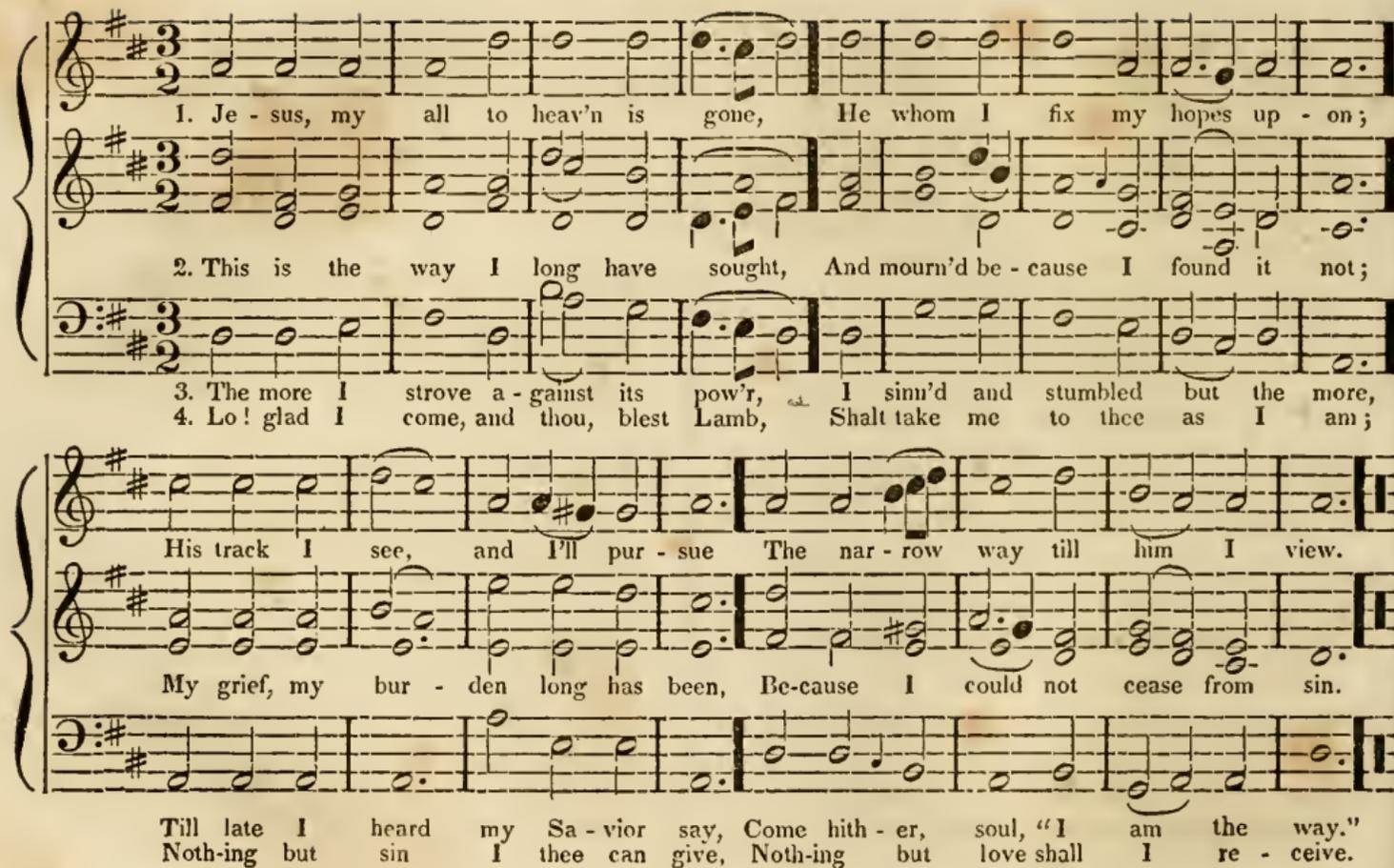
Dif - fuse thy heavenly grace a - broad, And teach the world thy name.
While sin - ners hear thy pard' - ning voice, And taste re - deem - ing love.

Human Frailty and Divine Immutability.

- 1 Let Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.
- 2 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 3 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 4 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
- 5 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise, and trust the Lord.

Christ exalted as a King and Savior.

- 1 Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.
- 3 Jesus, our priest, forever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our king, forever gives
The blessings of his love.
- 4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.



1. Je - sus, my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;

2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd be - cause I found it not;

3. The more I strove a - gainst its pow'r, I sim'd and stumbled but the more,
4. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee as I am;

His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till him I view.

My grief, my bur - den long has been, Be - cause I could not cease from sin.

Till late I heard my Sa - vior say, Come hith - er, soul, "I am the way."
Noth - ing but sin I thee can give, Noth - ing but love shall I re - ceive.

Thy kingdom come.

- 1 Ascend thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thy own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known, the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat;
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.
- 3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name;
Be thou thro' heav'n and earth ador'd.

-
- 1 Bright as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control;
 - 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come—
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

For Missionary Associations.

- 1 Behold th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow,
The exil'd captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 3 Come, let us with a grateful heart
In the blest labor share a part;
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 4 Invite the world to come and prove
A Savior's condescending love;
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assur'd they shall acceptance meet.

Maestoso.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev' - ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;

2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - ma - ting voice, That calls thee from on high;

3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey;

4. Blest Sa - vior, in - tro - duced by thee, Have we our race be - gun;

A heavenly race de - mands thy zeal, A bright im - mor - tal crown, A bright im - mor - tal crown.

'Tis his own hand pre - sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.

For - get the steps al - rea - dy trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet We'll lay our lau - rels down, We'll lay our laurels down.

Christian Courage and Self-denial.

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

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiv'n;
Anticipate our heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

1. And must I part with all I have, My dear - est Lord, for thee?

2. Yes, let it go, one look from thee Will more than make a - mends,

3. Ten thou - sand worlds, ten thou - sand lives, How worth - less they ap - pear,
 4. Sa - vior of souls, could I from thee A sin - gle smile ob - tain,

It is but right, since thou hast done Much more than this for me.

For all the loss - es I sus - tain Of cred - it, rich - es, friends.

Com - par'd with thee, su - preme - ly good, Di - vine - ly bright and fair.
 Tho' des - ti - tute of all things else, I'd glo - ry in my gain.

Resignation.

- 1 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and num'rous ties,
And every sorrow breaks a string,
And urges us to rise.
- 2 When heav'n would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.
- 3 Resign—and all the load of life
That moment you remove;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above.

Sincerity and Truth.

- 1 Let those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil;
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honor still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak;
For God and angels hear.

- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Thro' every false disguise.
- 4 From all deceit they swiftly fly,
Whatever shape it wears,
They love the truth—and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

In-dwelling sin lamented.

- 1 With tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 How long, Dear Savior, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?
- 3 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

1. Hap - py the heart where gra - - ces reign, Where love in - spires the breast ;

2. This is the grace that lives and sings, When faith and hope shall cease ;

3. Be - fore we quite for - sake our clay, Or leave this dark a - bode,

Love is the bright - est of the train, And strength - ens all the rest

'Tis this shall strike our joy - ful strings In the sweet realms of bliss.

The wings of love bear us a - way To see our smi - ling God.

Hoping, yet trembling.

- 1 My soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heavenly shore;
And when I drop this dying flesh,
That I shall sin no more.
- 2 I hope to hear, and join the song,
That saints and angels raise;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.
- 3 But Oh—this dreadful heart of sin!
It may deceive me still;
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.
- 4 The scene must then forever close,
Probation at an end;
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.
- 5 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy Spirit give;
Shine thro' a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

Christian love.

- 1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word;
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Thro' every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds
His bosom glow with love.

1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels filled the sky ;

2. Not Si - nai's moun-tain could ap - pear More glo-rious, when the Lord was there ;

3. How bright the tri - umph none can tell, When the re - bell - ious powers of hell,

4. Raised by his Fa - ther to the throne, He sent his prom-ised Spir - it down,

Those heavenly guards a - round thee wait, Like cha - riots, that at - tend thy state.

While he pro - nounced his ho - ly law, And struck the cho - sen tribes with awe.

That thousand souls had cap - tive made, Were all in chains, like cap-tives, led.

With gifts and grace for reb - el men, That God might dwell earth a - gain.

Returning to Zion.

- 1 My soul, with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And every mental power combine,
To bless his attributes divine.
- 2 Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace
His acts of mercy and of grace;
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Sav'd me when sinking in despair;
- 3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
Pour'd balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

In darkness.

- 1 Like Israel, safe upon the shore,
Who thought the conflict all was o'er;
Young converts view the frightful train
Of all their foes forever slain.
- 2 But soon, with sick'ning heart, survey
The perils of the desert way;
The pow'r of sin revives again,
And all their hopes seem false and vain.

- 3 The morning sun that shone so bright
Is shrouded in the gloom of night;
Hopeless the victor's crown to win,
They yield ere they the fight begin.
- 4 But Jesus calls them to the field;
"Come, gird on harness, sword and shield;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
My grace shall strength and vict'ry bring."

The Desert.

- 1 Nature will raise up all her strife,
Foe to the flesh-abasing life,
Loth in a Savior's death to share,
Her daily cross compell'd to bear.
- 2 But grace omnipotent at length
Shall arm the saint with saving strength;
Thro' the sharp war with aid attend,
And the dire conflict safely end.
- 3 Act but the infant's gentle part;
Give up to love thy willing heart;
And grace will then the vict'ry claim,
And light it with a purer flame.

1. Be - gin, my soul, th'ex-alt-ed lay, Let each en-raptured thought o-bey; And praise th'Almighty's name;

2. Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise, To join the thunders of the skies, Praise him who bids you roll;

3. Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing, Ye cheerful warblers of the spring; Har-mo-nious anthems raise

4. Let man by nobler passions sway'd, The feeling heart, the judging head, In heavenly praise em - ploy;

Lo! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies, In one me - lodious concert rise To swell th'inspir - ing theme.

His praise in soft-er notes declare, Each whispering breeze of yielding air, And breathe it to the soul.

To him who shaped your finer mould, Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold, And tuned your voice to praise.
Spread the Creator's name around, Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the sound, The general burst of joy.

Reunion of Friends in Heaven.

- 1 If death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress,
For them that rest in thee.
- 2 I feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain-load;
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again,
Within the arms of God.
- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore,
Which death hath snatched away;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day.

The great I AM.

- 1 We sing of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all things depend;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commence, and reign, and end.
- 2 The world, the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade;
Dale, plain, and grove and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where nature joys in secret bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.
- 3 Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART!

1. Thy pres-ence, ev-er-last-ing God, Wide o'er all na-ture spreads a-broad;

2. While near each oth-er we re-main, Thou dost our lives and souls sus-tain;

3. To thee we all our ways com-mit, And seek our com-forts near thy feet;

4. Give us, O Lord, with-in thy house, Again to pay our thank-ful vows;

Thy watch-ful eyes, which can-not sleep, In ev'-ry place thy chil-dren keep.

When ab-sent, thou dost make us share Thy smiles, thy coun-sels, and thy care,

Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine, And guard and guide us still as thine.
Or, if that joy no more be known, Oh! may we meet a-round thy throne.

Delight in Worship.

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

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

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

- 4 Oh! dearest hours of all I know,
Oh! sweetest joys of all below;
Here would I choose my fixed abode,
And dwell forever near my God.

The Ministry of divine Appointment.

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy house,
We pay our homage, and our vows,
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Savior's care.

- 2 The Savior, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on man below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

- 3 Hence sprung th' apostle's honored name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise

- 4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

1. My God, how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev'-ry evening new;

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours;

3. I yield my powers to thy com-mand, To thee I con-se-crate my days;

And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove, Gent-ly dis-til like ear-ly dew.

Thy sov'-rein word re-stores the light, And quick-ens all my drow-sy powers.

Per-pet-ual bless-ings from thine hand De-mand per-pet-ual songs of praise.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son;
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep,
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.
- 4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

- 5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth—'tis heaven above!
To see thy face, and sing thy love.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rest and Peace in God. Evening.

- 1 Thy favor, gracious Lord, impart,
With sacred joy to cheer my heart;
How'er the corn and wine increase,
Earth ne'er can yield such heavenly peace.
- 2 With thy protection kindly blest,
I'll lay me down in peace to rest;
Safe in thy care—from danger free,
To wake on earth—or wake with thee.

1. Broad - is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there ;

2. " De - ny thy - self, and take the cross," Is the Re - deem - er's great command ;

3. The fear - ful soul, that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,

4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new ;

But wis - dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.

Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav - enly land.

Is but es - teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own de - struc - tion sure.

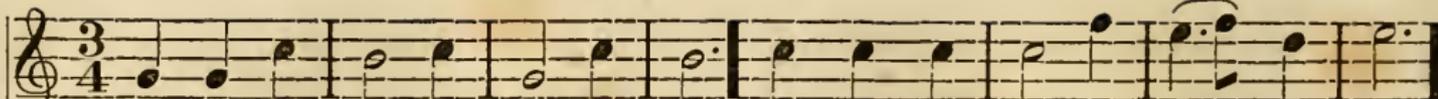
Which hy - po - - crites could ne'er at - tain ; Which false a - pos - tates nev - er new.

Hope in Christ a Support in Death.

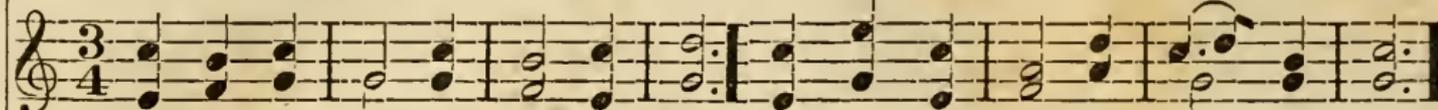
- 1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison, and our clay.
- 3 Oh! if the Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Eternity anticipated.

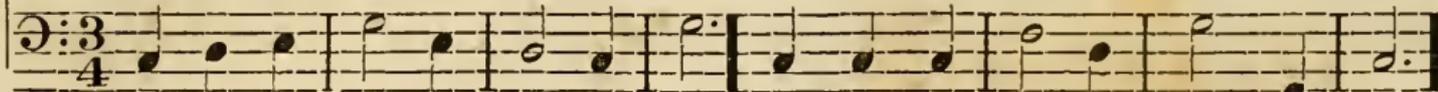
- 1 Eternity is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents!, how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Savior's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain;
The rising doubts how sharp their pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to the love.
- 5 Search, Lord—oh search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me, safe to heaven and thee.



1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Ol - ive's brow, The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone ;

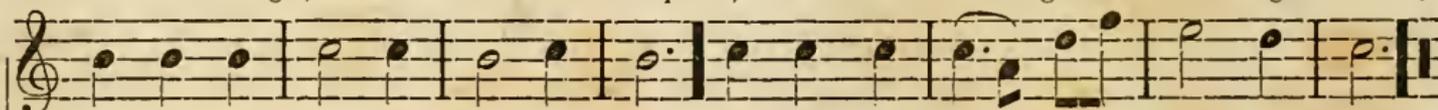


2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re - mov'd, Im - man - uel wrestles lone, with fears ;

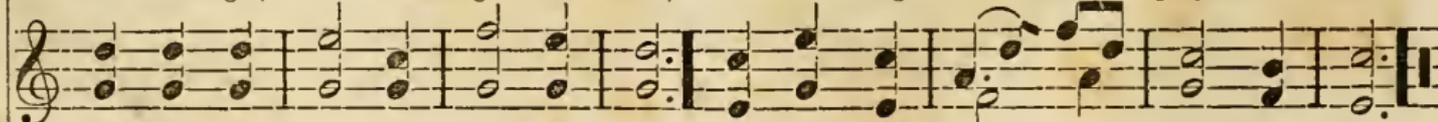


3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth - ers' guilt The man of sor - rows weeps in blood ;

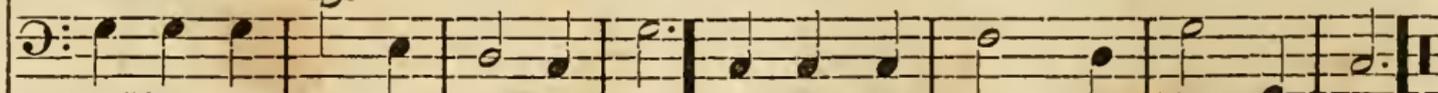
4. 'Tis mid-night, and from e - ther plains, Is borne the song that an - gels know ;



'Tis mid-night, in the gar - den now, The suff' - ring Sa - vior prays a - lone.



E'en the dis - ci - ple that he lov'd Heeds not his Mas - ter's grief and tears.



Yet he that hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for - sa - ken by his God.
Un - heard by mor - tals are the strains, That sweet - ly sooth the Sa - vior's wo.

Transfiguration.

- 1 On Tabor's top the Savior stands,
His alter'd face resplendent shines;
And, while he elevates his hands,
Lo! glory marks its gentle lines!
- 2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below;
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching wo.
- 3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes;
And, with submission, all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.
- 4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all his beaming glories shine;
And, gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.
- 5 Oh, that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Savior stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distills,
I too may elevate my hands.

Ascension.

- 1 The mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise,
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heav'nly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love;
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans;
The prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of glory bows to death!
- 5 But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

1. Rise, O my soul, pur - sue the path, By an - cient wor - thies trod ;

2. Though dead, they speak in rea - son's ear, And in ex - am - ple live ;

3. 'Twas through the Lamb's most pre - cious blood, They con - quer'd ev' - ry foe ;

4. Lord, may I ev - er keep in view The pat - terns thou hast given,

As - pir - ing, view those ho - ly men, Who liv'd and walk'd with God

Their faith, and hope, and migh - ty deeds, Still fresh in - struc - tion give.

And to his power and match - less grace, Their crowns of life they owe.

And ne'er for - sake the bless - ed road, That led them safe to heaven.

The Church the Dwelling-Place of God.

- 1 Arise! O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

Exhortation to praise God.

- 1 Awake, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapors rise!
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All power that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods shall ne'er be named,
Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with holy fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honors there.

1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a nobler rest a

2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin, nor death shall reach the

3. No rude a-larms of ra-ging foes, Nor cares to break the long re-

4. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a nobler rest a -

-bove; To that our long-ing souls as-pire, With cheer-ful hope, and

place; No groans shall min-gle with the songs, Which war-ble from im-

-pose; No mid-night shade, no cloud-ed sun, But sa-cred high, e-

-bove; To that our long-ing souls as-pire, With cheer-ful hope, and

strong de - sire, With cheer - ful hope, and strong de - sire.
 - mor - - tal tongues, Which war - ble from im - mor - tal tongues.
 - ter - nal noon, But sa - - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.
 strong de - sire, With cheer - ful hope, and strong de - sire.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
 Let my religious hours alone;
 Fain would my eyes my Savior see;
 I wait a visit, Lord from thee.

2 Oh! warm my heart with holy fire,
 And kindle there a pure desire;
 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thy entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
 In thee thy Father's glories shine;
 Thy glorious name shall be adored,
 And every tongue confess thee Lord.

1 Great God, our strength, to thee we cry,
 Oh let us not forgotten lie;
 Oppressed with sorrows and with care,
 To thy protection we repair.

2 Oh let thy light attend our way,
 Thy truth afford its steady ray;
 To Zion's hill direct our feet,
 To worship at thy sacred seat.

3 Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre,
 Thy love our joyful song inspire;
 To thee our cordial thanks be paid,
 Our sure defence, our constant aid.

4 Why, then, cast down, and why distressed?
 And whence the grief, that fills our breast?
 In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise
 Our songs of gratitude and praise.

1. Come, wea - ry souls, with sins dis - trest, Come, and ac - cept the prom - is'd

2. Oppress'd with guilt a pain - ful load, Oh, come, and spread your woes a -

3. Here, mer - cy's bound - less o - cean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your

4. Lord, we ac - cept with thank - ful heart, The hope thy gra - cious words im -

rest; The Sa - vior's gra - cious call o - bey, And cast your

- broad; Di - vine com - pas - sion, migh - ty love, Will all the

woes; Par - don and with life, and end - less peace; How rich the

- part; We come with tremb - ling, yet re - joice, And bless the

gloo - my fears a - way, And cast your gloo - my fears a - way.
 pain - ful load re - move, Will all the pain - ful load re - move.
 gift, how free the grace, How rich the gift, how free the grace!
 kind in - vi - ting voice, And bless the kind in - vi - ting voice.

1 Lo! what a rapt'rous joy possesst
 The tender parent's throbbing breast,
 To see his spendthrift son return,
 And all his former follies mourn!

2 So Jesus never will despise
 The contrite heart for sacrifice;
 The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan
 Will rise accepted to the throne.

3 He meets with tokens of his grace,
 The trembling lip, the blushing face;
 His bowels yearn when sinners pray,
 And mercy bears their sins away.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
 'Tis God invites the fallen race;
 Mercy and free salvation buy,
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Ye nothing in exchange can give,
 Leave all ye have and are behind;
 Freely the gift of God receive,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 Come to the living waters, come!
 Sinners, obey your Maker's voice;
 Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
 And in redeeming love rejoice.

1. Bright Source of ev - er - last - ing love, To thee our souls we raise;

2. Thy mer - cy gilds the path of life With ev' - ry cheer - ing ray,

3. When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached The bor - ders of de - spair;

4. What shall we ren - der, boun - teous Lord! For all the grace we see?

And to thy sov' - reign boun - ty rear A mon - u - ment of praise.

And still re - strains the ri - sing tear, Or wipes the tear a - way.

Thy grace, through Je - sus' blood, pro - claimed A free sal - va - tion near.
A - las! the good - ness we can yield Ex - tend - eth not to thee.

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

- 1 On thee, each morning, O my God,
 My waking thoughts attend;
 In thee are founded all my hopes,
 In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 Thy boundless love surveys;
 And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
 A sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
 With his protection blest,
 In peace and safety I commit
 My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit, in his hand secure,
 Fears no approaching ill;
 For, whether waking or asleep,
 Thou, Lord, art with me still.

Blessedness of worshiping God in his Temple.

- 1 My soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts!
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
 Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
 His saving power displays;
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,
 With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
 Descends and fills the place;
 While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
 And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
 The secrets of thy will;
 And still we seek thy mercies there,
 And sing thy praises still.

1. O all ye peo-ple, shout and sing Ho - san - nas to your heav-enly King ;

2. High on his ev - er - last - ing throne, He reigns al - migh-ty and a - lone ;

3. Re - joice, ye ser - vants of the Lord, Spread wide Je - ho - vah's name a - broad ;

Where' - er the sun's bright glo - ries shine, Ye na - tions, praise his name di-vine.

Yet we, on earth, with an - gels share His kind re - gard, his ten - der care.

Oh praise our God, his power a - dore, From age to age, from shore to shore.

Exaltation of the divine Savior.

- 1 All power and grace to God belong;
He is my strength—and he my song;
He comes, my Savior—from his throne,
He comes to bring salvation down.
- 2 Lo! rising from the tents of men,
The voice of joy resounds again;
His saints with him the triumph claim,
And shout salvation to his name.
- 3 His own right hand its strength displays,
In acts of valor and of grace;
The cross, the tomb, the throne, declare
How vast his power and glory are.
- 4 For us he conquers, though he dies;
Behold the mighty Savior rise!
His saints with him the triumph claim,
And shout salvation to his name.

God's guardian Care of his People.

- 1 He lives, the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood;
The heavens, with their host, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 2 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day;
His spreads the evening veil—and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.
- 3 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.
- 4 Long as I live, I'll trust his power;
Then in my last, departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear me homeward to my God.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ri-sing soul sur-veys,

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ri-sing soul sur-veys,
When all thy, &c.

When all thy mercies O my God, My ri-sing soul sur-veys,

Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.

Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
In wonder, &c.

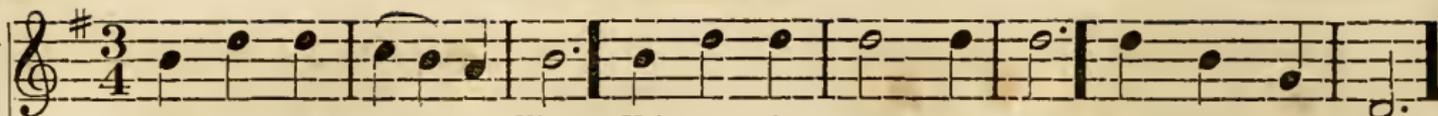
Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.

God our Creator and Benefactor.

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

God our Creator and Benefactor.

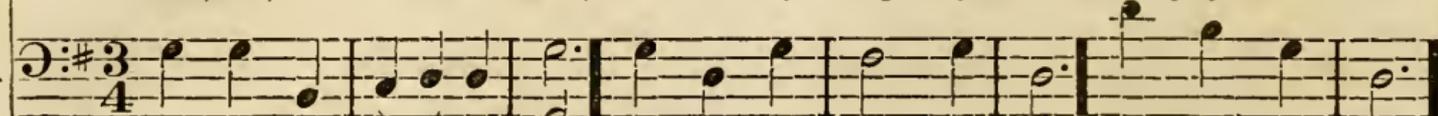
- 1 Eternal Power, almighty God!
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To angel eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye
The heavens no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.
- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and wo?
- 4 How strange! how wondrous is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.
- 5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and speak thy praise.



1. Come, thou al - migh - ty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!

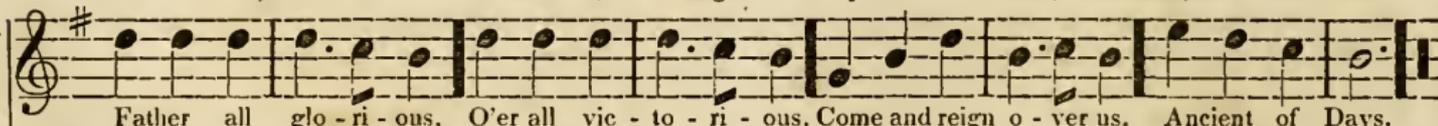


2. Come, thou, in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy migh - ty sword; Our prayer at - tend!

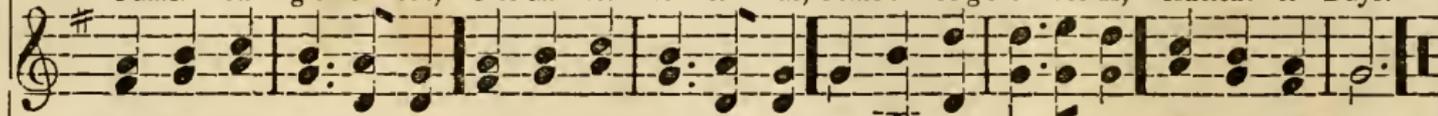


3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour!

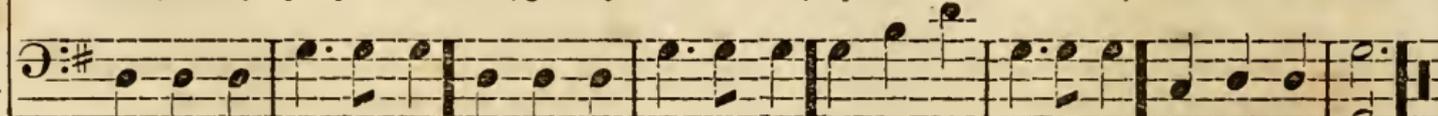
4. To thee, Great One in Three, The high - est prai - ses be, Hence, ev - er - more!



Father all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days.



Come, and thy peo - ple bless, Come, give thy word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!



Thou, who al - migh - ty art; Now rule in ev' - ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.
Thy sovereign ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 Glory to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 Angels, his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Saints, sing for evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Ye, who surround the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name;
 Ye, who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound through the earth abroad,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Join all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless;
 Praise ye his name.
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 Come, all ye saints of God!
 Wide through the earth abroad,
 Spread Jesus' fame;
 Tell what his love has done;
 Trust in his name alone;
 Shout to his lofty throne,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
 Dry up your mournful tears;
 Swell the glad theme,
 Praise ye our gracious King,
 Strike each melodious string,
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Hark—how the choirs above,
 Filled with the Savior's love,
 Dwell on his name!
 There, too may we be found,
 With light and glory crowned,
 While all the heavens resound,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

1. How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends a-gree, Each in his prop-er sta-tion move;

2. Like fruit-ful show'rs of rain, That wa-ter all the plain, De-scend-ing from the neighboring hills;

And each ful-fil his part, With sym-pa-thi-zing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

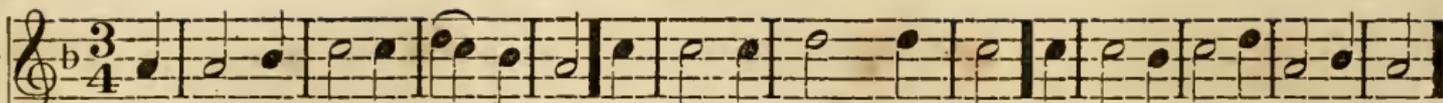
Such streams of pleasure roll Through every friendly soul, Where love, like heavenly dew, dis-tils.

Delight in the Sabbath and Temple of God.

- 1 How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
‘Come, let us seek our God to-day!’
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion’s hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion—thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel’s joyful sound.
- 3 Here David’s greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

The Majesty and Dominion of God.

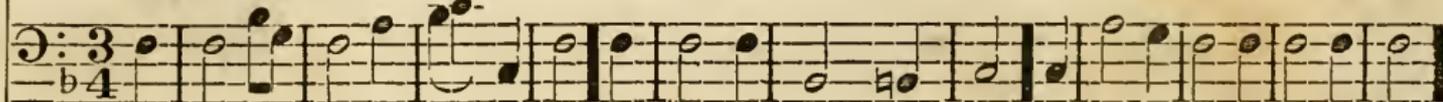
- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.
- 4 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne’er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.



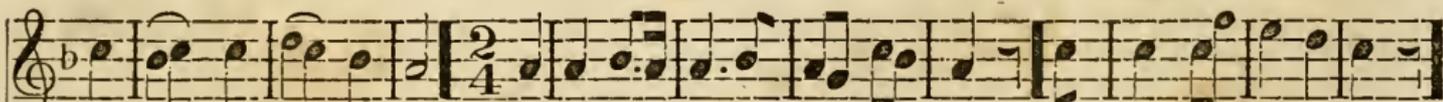
1. When God reveal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mourn - ful state, My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,



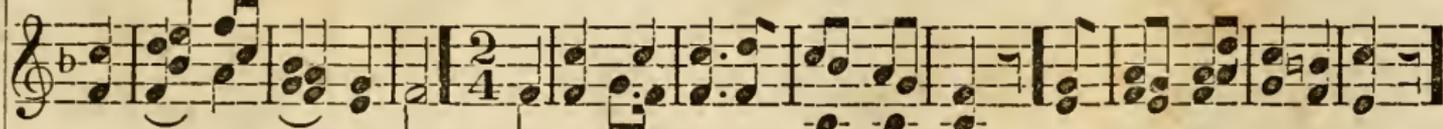
3. 'Great is the work!' my neighbors cry'd, And own'd thy power di - vine; 'Great is the work!' my heart reply'd,



5. Let those, that sow in sadness, wait Till the fair har-vest come; They shall confess their sheaves are great,



The grace appear'd so great. 2. The world be - held the glo - rious change, And did thy hand confess ;



'And be the glo - ry thine.' 4. The Lord can clear the dark - est skies, Can give us day for night ;



And shout the bless-ings home. 6. Tho' seed lie bur-ied long in dust, It sha'n't deceive their hope ;

My tongue broke out in un-known strains, And sung sur - pri - sing grace,

Make drops of sa - cred sor-row rise To riv - ers of de - light.

The precious grain can ne'er be lost, For grace en - sures the crop.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
'And keep the solemn day!' | 4 He hears our praises, and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble, and rejoice! |
| 2 I Love her gates, I love the road!
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To shew his milder face. | 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest. |
| 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there. | 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God, my Savior, reigns. |

1. Thou love - ly source of true de - light, Whom I un - seen a - dore ;

3. 'Tis here, when-e'er my com - forts droop, And sins and sor - rows rise,

5. Je - sus, my Lord, my life, my light, Oh ! come with bliss - ful ray ;

Un - vail thy beauties to my sight, That I may love thee more. 2. Thy glo - ry o'er cre - a - tion shines ;

Thy love with cheering beams of hope, My fainting heart supplies. 4. But ah ! too soon the pleasing scene

Break thro' the gloomy shades of night, And chase my fears away. 6. Then shall my soul with rapture trace

But in thy sa-cred word, I read, in fair-er, brighter lines, My bleeding, dy-ing Lord.
 Is clouded o'er with pain; My gloomy fears rise dark be-tween, And I a-gain complain.
 The wonders of thy love; Then shall I see thy glorious face In end-less joy a-bove.

1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great deliverer sing;
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd,
 How holy and how plain!
 Nor shall the simplest travelers err,
 Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
 Nor lurking serpent wound;
 Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
 Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
 Through all the blissful road,
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And see your Father, God.

5 There, garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head;
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
 Pursue his footsteps still;
 And let the prospect cheer your eye,
 While laboring up the hill.

1. Oh that men their songs would raise, All his good-ness to de - clare;

2. Where his ho - ly al - tars rise, Let his saints a - dore his name;

All Je - ho - vah's won - ders praise, Won - ders which their chil - dren share.

There pre - sent their sac - ri - fice, There with joy his works pro-claim.

It is good to be here. Sacramental.

- 1 Let me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep, and love my life away!
While I see him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me!
- 2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt;
Ah, my soul, behold the load!
Hast thou slain the Lamb of God!
- 3 Hark! his dying word, 'Forgive
'Father, let the sinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
'I thy ransom freely pay.
- 4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.
- 5 He has dearly bought my soul;
Lord, accept, and claim the whole;
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

Prayer for young Persons.

- 1 Now may fervent prayer arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent prayer will bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.
- 2 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.
- 3 Show them what their ways have been;
Show them the desert of sin;
Then thy dying love reveal;
This shall melt a heart of steel.
- 4 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, clouds, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 5 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a - dore him; Praise him, an - gels in the height.

2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spo-ken; Worlds his migh-ty voice o-beyed;

3. Praise the Lord, for he is glo-rious; Nev - er shall his prom - ise fail;

4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion, Hosts on high his power pro-claim;

Sun and moon re - joice be - fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light!

Laws which nev - er can be bro-ken, For their guidance he hath made.

God hath made his saints vic - to - rious, Sin and death shall not pre - vail.

Heaven and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Praise and mag - ni - fy his name.

The Believer's Trust.

- 1 Savior, richest source of pleasure,
Fountain whence our comfort flows,
More to be desired than treasure,
Treasure which this world bestows;
- 2 Dearest source of consolation,
Refuge to the poor distressed,
Thou canst calm our perturbation,
Thou canst give the weary rest.
- 3 Bid the billows, loudly raging,
Calmly at thy voice subside;
Bid the clouds, that storms presaging,
Soon to distant quarters glide.
- 4 As the evening sun declining,
Sheds around a softer ray,
May thy milder radiance shining,
Calmly gild our closing day.
- 5 Soon this path, so dark and dreary,
Shall in fairer scenes expand;
Soon the traveler faint and weary,
Shall behold the promised land.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
Thou didst free salvation bring;
By thy death thou didst release us
From the tyrant's deadly sting.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
Great High Priest, by God anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
- 3 Contrite sinners are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for man with God.
- 4 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory;
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
- 5 There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in heaven we appear.

1. When the vale of death ap - pears, Faint and cold this mor - tal clay,

2. Start - ing from this dy - ing state, Up - ward bid my soul aspire;

3. From the sparkling tur - - rets there, Oft I'll trace my pil - grim way,

Kind forerunner, soothe my fears, Light me thro' this darksome way, Light me through this dark - some way;

O - pen thou the crys - tal gate, To thy praise attune my lyre, To thy praise at - tune my lyre;

Often bless thy guardian care, Fire by night, and cloud by day, Fire by night, and cloud by day;

Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Ush - er in e - ter - nal day.

Dwell for - ev - er, Dwell for - ev - er, Dwell on each im - mor - tal wire.

While my tri - umphs, While my tri - umphs At my Lea - der's feet I lay.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Oh my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.</p> | <p>3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.</p> |
| <p>2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee, day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.</p> | <p>4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.</p> |

1. Songs a - new of hon - or fra - ming, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone ; }
 All his won - drous works pro - claim - ing, Je - sus won - drous works hath done ! }

3. Shout a - loud, and hail the Sa - vior, Je - sus, Lord of all pro - claim ! }
 As ye tri - umph in his fa - vor, All ye lands de - clare his fame ; }

Glo - rious vic - tory, Glo - rious vic - tory, His right hand and arm hath won.

Loud re - joic - ing, Loud re - joic - ing, Shout the hon - ors of his name.

Christ's Second Coming.

- 1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes—and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
“Come to Judgment!
Come to judgment! come away.”
- 4 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Oh come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

Christ coming to Judgment.

- 1 Lo, he comes, the King of glory!
With his chosen tribes to reign;
Countless hosts of saints and angels
Swell the mighty conqu'ror's train;
Now in triumph,
Sin and death are captive led.
- 2 See the rocks and mountains rending,
All the nations fill'd with dread!
Hark! the trump of God, proclaiming
Through the mansions of the dead,
‘Come to Judgment,
‘Stand before the Son of Man!’
- 3 Now awake, ye slumbering virgins,
Trim your lamps; the bridegroom's near;
Let your loins with truth be girded,
Signs proclaim, he'll soon appear;
Mark! the fig tree,
Budding, shows the summer's near.
- 4 Jesus save a trembling sinner,
Though thy wrath o'er sinners roll;
In this general wreck of nature,
Be the refuge of my soul;
Jesus, save me! when the lightnings
Blaze around from pole to pole.

1. How still and peace-ful is the grave, Where life's vain tu-mults past,

2. The wick-ed there from troub-ling cease, Their pas-sions rage no more;

3. All, lev-eled by the hand of death, Lie sleep-ing in the tomb,

Th'ap-point-ed house, by heaven's de-cree, Re-ceives us all at last.

And there the wea-ry pil-grim rests From all the toils he bore.

Till God in judgment call them forth, To meet their fi-nal doom.

A Warning from the Grave.

- 1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Turn, mortal, turn!—thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
- 4 Turn, Christian, turn!—thy soul apply!
To truths which hourly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven—or hell!

Admonition to prepare for Death.

- 1 Life is a span—a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming, dies.
- 2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Thy Savior dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die.

1. Un - vail thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb, Take this new treas - ure to thy trust;

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear In - vade thy bounds, No mor - tal woes,

3. So Je - sus slept; God's dy - ing Son Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed;

4. Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; At - tend, O earth! his sov' - reign word;

And give these sa - cred rel - iques room, To slum - ber in the si - lent dust,

Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here While an - gels watch the soft re - pose.

Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morn - ing break, and pierce the shade,
Re - store thy trust, a glo - rious form, Called to as - cend and meet the Lord,

And give these sa - cred rel - ics room, To slum - ber in the si - lent dust.

Can reach the peace - ful sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re - pose.

Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.
Re - store thy trust, a glo - rious form, Called to - as - cend and meet the Lord.

1 From his low bed of mortal dust,
Escaped the prison of his clay,
The new inhabitant of bliss,
To heav'n directs his wond'rous way.

2 Ye fields, that witness'd once his tears,
Ye winds, that wafted off his sighs,
Ye mountains, where he breath'd his pray'rs
When sorrow's shadows veil'd his eyes.

3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
No more affliction wrings his heart;
Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns,
Forever he and anguish part!

4 Receive, O earth, his faded form,
In thy cold bosom let it lie;
Safe let it rest from ev'ry storm,
Soon must it rise no more to die.

1. When o - ver-welmed with grief, My heart with - in me dies,

2. Oh! lead me to the rock That's high a - bove my head,

3. With - in thy pres - ence, Lord, For - ev - er I'll a - bide;

Help - less and far from all re - lief, To heaven I lift mine eyes.

And make the cov - ert of thy wings My shel - ter and my shade.

Thou art the tower of my de - fence, The ref - uge where I hide.

The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.

- 1 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Penitential.

- 1 O that I could repent,
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart:
- 2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having griev'd my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

1. Be - neath the pois' - nous dart Of Sa - tan's rage I fell,
 2. Dark - ness, and shame, and grief, Op - press'd my gloo - my mind;
 3. At length, to God I cry'd; He heard my plain - tive sigh;
 4. Oh, may I ne'er for - get The mer - cy of my God!

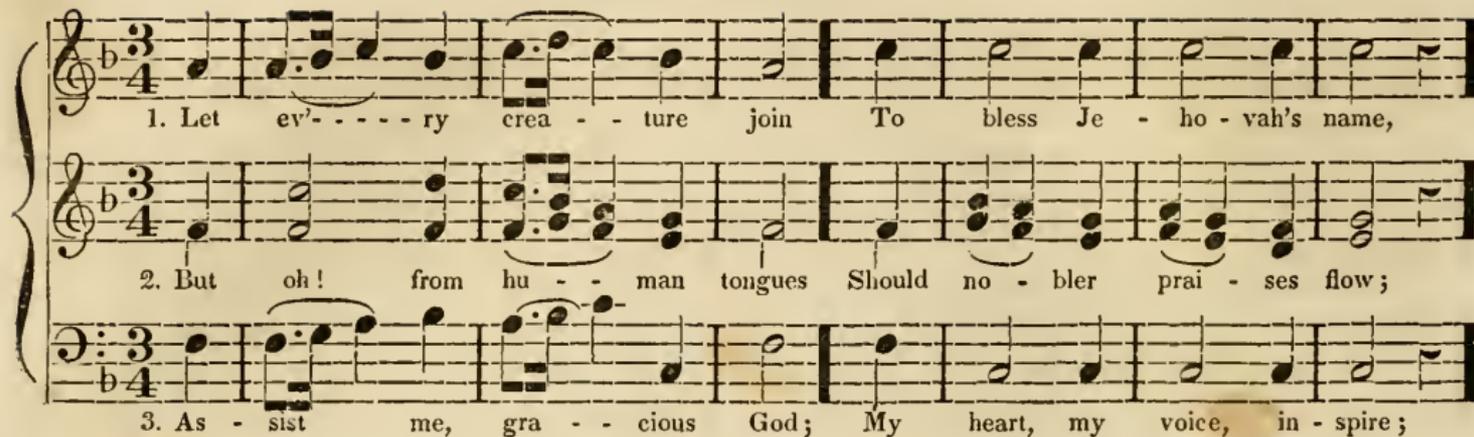
How nar - row - ly my feet es - cap'd The snares of death and hell!
 I look'd a - round me for re - lief, But no re - lief could find.
 He heard, and in - stant - ly he sent Sal - va - tion from on high.
 Nor ev - er wait a tongue to spread His loud - est praise a - broad.

Sick bed reflections.

- 1 Just o'er the grave I hung,
No pardon met my eyes,
As blessings never greet the slain,
And hope shall never rise.
- 2 Sweet mercy to my soul
Reveal'd no charming ray;
Before me rose a long, dark night,
With no succeeding day.
- 3 Then, oh, how vain appear'd
The joys beneath the sky!
Like visions past, like flow'rs that blow
When wint'ry storms are nigh.
- 4 How mourn'd my sinking soul
The Sabbath's hours divine,
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consum'd in sense and sin.
- 5 The work, the mighty work
Of life, so long delay'd;
Repentance yet to be begun
Upon a dying bed.

Death and Heaven.

- 1 Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul!
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.
- 2 Lord, God of truth and grace
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.



1. Let ev' - - - ry crea - - - ture join To bless Je - ho - vah's name,

2. But oh! from hu - - man tongues Should no - bler prai - ses flow;

3. As - sist me, gra - - cious God; My heart, my voice, in - spire;



And ev' - ry power u - - nite To swell th'ex - alt - - ed theme;

And ev' - ry thank - ful heart With warm de - vo - tion glow;

Then shall I hum - bly join The u - - ni - ver - sal choir;



Let na - ture raise, From ev' - ry tongue, A gen' - ral song Of grate - ful praise.

Your voi - ces raise, Ye high - ly blest, A - bove the rest De - clare his praise

Thy grace can raise My heart and tongue, And tune my song To live - ly praise.

1 Awake, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand;
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined;
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And midst their shouts the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings?
"Worthy art thou, who once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war;
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry!

2. "It is finished!"—oh, what pleas - ure Do these charm - ing words af - ford!

3. Tune your harps a - new, ye ser - aphs, Join to sing the pleas - ing theme;

See! it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

Heavenly bless - ings, with - out measure, Flow to us through Christ the Lord!

All in earth and heaven u - ni - ting, Join to praise Im - man uel's name;

"It is fin - ished," "It is fin - ished!" Hear the dy - ing Sa - vior cry!
 "It is fin - ished," "It is fin - ished!" Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb.

1 See th' Eternal Judge descending,
 View him seated on his throne!
 Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom,
 Trumpets call thee!
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
 Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;
 While in anguish thus lamenting,
 That he ne'er was born again,
 Greatly mourning,
 That he ne'er was born again.

3 Yonder sits my slighted Savior,
 With the marks of dying love;
 Oh, that I had sought his favor,
 When I felt his Spirit move,
 Golden moments,
 When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
 Hope and sinners here must part,
 Louder than a peal of thunder,
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
 Lost forever,
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart."

1. Great God, the heaven's well or - dered frame De - clares the glo - ries of thy name;

2. From night to day, from day to night, The dawning and the dy - ing light,

3. Yet their di - vine in - struc - tions run, Far as the jour - neys of the sun;

4. Where'er he spreads his beams a - broad, He smiles and speaks his Ma - ker God;

There thy rich works of won - der shine; A thou - sand star - ry beau - ties there,

Lec - tures of heav'nly wis - dom read; With si - lent el - o - quence they raise

And ev' - ry na - tion knows their voice; The sun, like some young bride - groom dress'd,

All na - ture joins to show thy praise; Thus God in ev' - - ry crea - ture shines;

A thou-sand ra - diant marks ap - pear, Of boundless power and skill di - vine.
 Our thoughts to our Cre - a - tor's praise, And nei - ther sound nor lan - guage need.
 Breaks from the cham-bers of the east; Rolls round and makes the earth re - joice.
 Fair is the book of na - ture's lines; But fair - er is the book of grace.

- 1 I love the volumes of thy word;
 What light and joy these leaves afford,
 To souls benighted and distress'd!
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 From the discov'ries of thy law,
 The perfect rules of life I draw;
 These are my study and delight;
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd,
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward.
- 4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature not in vain.

1. Let all the earth their voi - ces raise, To sing a psalm of lof - ty praise,

2. Oh! haste the day, the glo - rious hour, When earth shall feel his sa - ving power,

The first system of the musical score is written in 3/4 time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are: "1. Let all the earth their voi - ces raise, To sing a psalm of lof - ty praise," and "2. Oh! haste the day, the glo - rious hour, When earth shall feel his sa - ving power,". The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands, with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name; His glo - ry let the hea - then know,

And bar - barous na - tions fear his name; Then shall the race of man con - fess

The second system of the musical score continues the composition in 3/4 time. It also consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are: "To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name; His glo - ry let the hea - then know," and "And bar - barous na - tions fear his name; Then shall the race of man con - fess". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands, maintaining the key signature of one sharp (F#).

His won-ders to the na - tions show, And all his sa - ving works pro - claim.
The beau-ty of his ho - li - ness, And in his courts his grace pro - claim.

- 1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

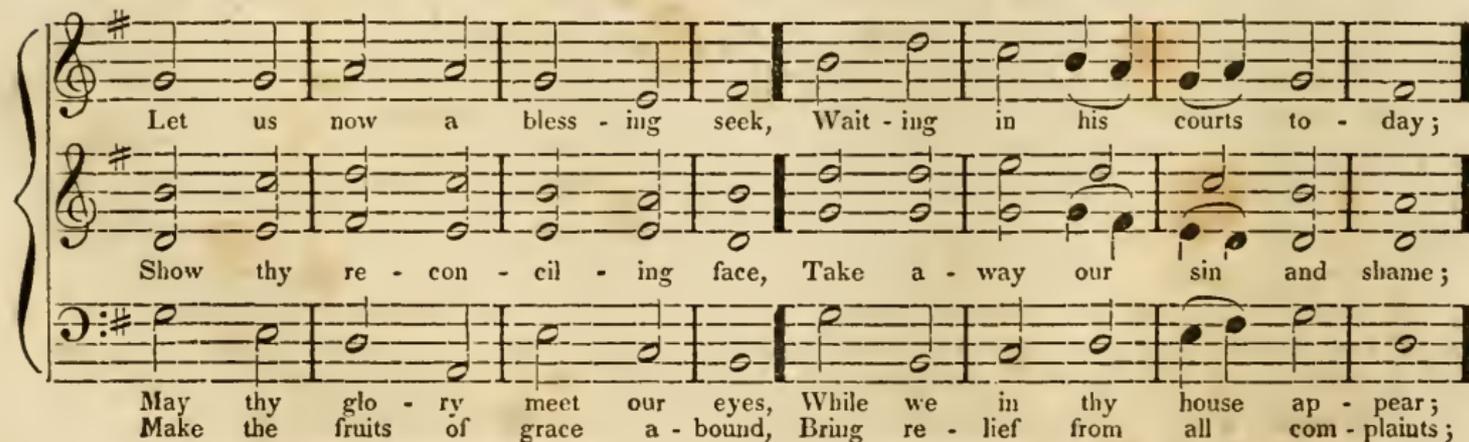


1. Safe - ly through a - noth - er week, God has brought us on our way;

2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Through the dear Re - deem - er's name;

3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy pres - ence near;

4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day;

Show thy re - con - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;

May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear;

Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief from all com - plaints;

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
 From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the church a-bove.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Blessed are the sons of God;
 They are bought with Christ's own blood,
 They are ransom'd from the grave;
 Life eternal they shall have;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.</p> | <p>3 They are justified by grace;
 They enjoy a solid peace;
 All their sins are washed away;
 They shall stand in God's great day;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.</p> |
| <p>2 God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the world begun;
 They the seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.</p> | <p>4 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heavenly birth;
 One with God, with Jesus one;
 Glory is in them begun;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.</p> |

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - mo - nious to the ear!

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - mo - nious to the ear!

Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound,

Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, . . . Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound,
Heav'n with the ech - o shall resound, with the ech - o shall re - sound,

Heav'n with the ech - o shall resound, with the ech - o shall re - sound,

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth, And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

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

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

1 Faith—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed,
It boasts a high celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

1. King - doms wide, that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord the glo - rious light ; }
 Now from eas - tern coast to wes - tern May the morn - ing chase the night ; }

2. Fly a - broad, thou migh - ty gos - pel ; Win and con - quer, nev - er cease ! }
 May thy last - ing, wide do - min - ions Mul - ti - ply and still in - crease ; }

Let re - demp - tion, Let re - demp - tion, Free - ly pur - chased, win the day !

Sway thy scep - tre, Sway thy scep - tre, Sa - vior, all the world a - round !

It is finished! Sacramental.

- 1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 'It is finish'd!'
 Hear the Savior, dying, cry.
- 2 It is finish'd! Oh what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 It is finish'd!
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Ransom'd ones, approach the table;
 Taste the soul-reviving food;
 Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant,
 As the Savior's flesh and blood.
 It is finish'd,
 Christ has borne the heavy load.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Emmanuel's name;
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 Hail, thou happy morn so glorious!
 Come, ye saints, your griefs give o'er;
 Sing, how Jesus rose victorious,
 By his own almighty power.
 Hallelujah,
 To the glorious Son of God.
- 2 Tell us, seraphs, ye that wander,
 When ye saw the Lord arise,
 When ye saw him soaring yonder,
 What were then your heavenly joys?
 Then, 'twas "Glory
 To the conquering King of kings."
- 3 Countless bands of angels glorious,
 Clothed in bright, ethereal blue;
 Straight the sound of Christ victorious,
 From their silver trumpets flew.
 Christ triumphant
 Rises conqueror o'er the tomb.
- 4 Tremble, ye who him rejected,
 Lo! he breaks through yonder cloud;
 Rise, ye saints, and shout triumphant,
 Victory! through Jesus' blood.
 Hark! the trumpet
 Sounds the resurrection morn!

1. I'm not a - shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause ; }
 Main - tain the hon - or of his word, The glo - ry of his cross. }

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

The first system of the musical score for 'Westmoreland'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first line of lyrics is enclosed in large curly braces. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2. Je - sus, my God!— I know his name, His name is all my trust ;
 D. C.

D. C.

D. C.

The second system of the musical score. It also consists of three staves: vocal (treble clef), piano (treble clef), and bass (bass clef). The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The second line of lyrics is followed by 'D. C.' (Da Capo). The piano and bass lines also have 'D. C.' markings. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Indebtedness to Christ.

- 1 To thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 But how shall mortal tongue express
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?
- 3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 5 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there,

Christ, the Lamb, enthroned and worshiped.

- 1 He, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.
- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.
- 3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.
- 4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.
- 4 How glorious he, how happy they,
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

1. When the win - ter's tem - pest low - ers, O'er a bleak and clou - dy sky,

2. So my bo - som com - forts lan - guish, Like a li - ly o - ver - blown,

Na - ture's fa - ding fruits and flow - ers, Hang their droop - ing heads and die.

And my heart is filled with an - guish, When I see my Sa - vior frown.

Panting for Christ.

- 1 Ye angels, who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known,
 Tune all your sweet harps to his praise.
 He formed you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good;
 When others sunk down in despair,
 Confirmed by his power, ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat;
 He snatched you from hell and the grave,
 He ransomed from death and despair;
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear
 When I shall unite in your song?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Savior belong!
 I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
 I struggle and pant to be free;
 I long to be soaring away
 My God and my Savior to see!

Longing to be with Christ.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone;
 O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And wait me away to his throne.
 My Savior, whom absent I love;
 Whom, not having seen, I adore;
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power;
- 2 Dissolve from these bands that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee,
 Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.
 When that happy era begins,
 When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline.
- 3 O then, shall the veil be removed,
 And round me thy brightness be poured;
 I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
 I shall see, whom unseen, I adored.
 And then, never more shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose.

1. The win - ter is o - ver and gone, The thrush whis - tles sweet on the spray,

2. Shall ev - e - ry crea - ture a - round Their voi - ces in con - cert u - nite,

3. A - wake, then, my harp, and my lute! Sweet or - gans, your notes soft - ly swell.

4. His love in my heart shed a - broad, My gra - ces shall bloom as the spring;

The tur - tle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and war - bles a - way.

And I, the most fa - vored, be found, In praising, to take less de - light.

No long - er my lips shall be mute, The Sa - vior's high prai - ses to tell!

This tem - ple, his Spir - it's a - bode, My joy, as my du ty, to sing.

Redeeming Love.

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

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

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

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

All Creatures invoked to praise God.

- 1 Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name!

1. See the leaves a-round us fall-ing, Dry and with-ered to the ground; Thus to thoughtless
 3. Youth, on length of days pre-sum-ing, Who the paths of pleasure tread; View us, late in
 5. Yearly in our course re-turn-ing, Mes-sen-gers of short-est stay, Thus we preach this

mor-tals call-ing, In a sad and solemn sound; 2. Sons of Ad-am, (once in E-den, Where, like
 beauty bloom-ing, Numbered now a-mong the dead; 4. What tho' yet no loss-es grieve you, Gay with
 truth con-cern-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a-way.' 6. On the tree of life e-ter-nal, O let



us, he blighted fell,) Hear the les - son we are reading; Mark the aw - ful truth we tell.
 health and many a grace, Let not eloud-less skies de - ceive you; Summer gives to au-tumn place.
 all our hopes be laid; This a - lone, for - ev - er ver-nal, Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken;
 Fair abodes I build for you;
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow;
 Still in undisturbed possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me;
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

1. And must this bo - dy die? This mor - tal frame de - cay?

2. God, my Re - deem - er, lives, And fre - quent from the skies,

3. Ar - rayed in glo - rious grace Shall these vile bod - ies shine,
 4. These live - ly hopes we owe To Je - sus' dy - ing love;

And must these ac - tive limbs of mine, Lie mouldering in the clay.

Looks down and watch - es all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.

And ev' - ry shape, and ev' - ry face Look heav - en - ly and di - vine.
 We would a - dore his grace be - low, And sing his power a - bove.

Resurrection and Judgment.

- 1 And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
- 2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom
A curse, or blessing meet?
- 4 O thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;
- 5 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

Reward and Punishment.

- 1 Oh where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole!
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around 'the second death!'
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
Forevermore undone.

1. Hap - py the man to whom his God No more im - putes his sin ;

2. While I my in - ward guilt sup - press'd, No qui - et could I find ;

3. Then I con - fess'd my troub - led thoughts, My se - cret sins re - veal'd ;

4. This shall in - vite thy saints to pray ; When like a ra - ging flood,

But, washed in his Re - deem - er's blood, Hath made his gar - ments clean.

Thy wrath lay burn - ing in my breast, And rack'd my tor - tur'd mind.

Thy pard' - ning grace for - gave my faults, Thy grace my par - don sealed.

Tempt - a - tions rise, our strength and stay Is a for - giv - ing God.

Family Blessings.

- 1 O happy man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honors yield,
His life adorns the law.
- 2 A careful providence will stand,
And ever guard thy head;
Will on the labors of thy hand
Its kindly blessing shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honor shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord will thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Will send the blessings home.
- 5 This is the man, whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

The heavenly Mansion.

- 1 There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved, and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove,

2. Come, let us bow be - - fore his feet, And ven - ture near the Lord;

3. The peace - ful gates of heaven - ly bliss Are o - pened by the Son;

4. To thee ten thou - sand thanks we bring, Great Ad - vo - cate on high;

And smile to see our Fa - ther there Up - on a throne of love.

No fie - - ry cher - ub guards his seat, Nor dou - ble fla - ming sword.

High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th'al - migh - ty throne.
And glo - ry to th'e - ter - nal King, Who lays his an - ger by.

Object of Christ's Advent.

- 1 Come, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform,
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds;
Come, wipe your sorrows dry;
Come, trust the mighty Savior's name,
And you shall never die,

Design of Christ's Advent.

- 1 Hark ! the glad sound ! the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs, With an - gels round the throne;

2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died" — they cry, "To be ex - - alt - ed thus;"

3. Je - sus is wor - - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and power di - vine;
 4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
Pia. *For.* *Dim.*

Ten thou - sand, thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

"Wor - - thy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, "For he was slain for us."

Voice.

And bless - ing, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine.
 Con - spire to lift thy glo - - ries high, And speak thy end - less praise.

*By permission of the Author.

Supreme love to Christ.

- 1 Blest Jesus ! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,
In wonder, joy, and love!
- 2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?
- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast ?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.
- 5 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

Indebtedness to Christ.

- 1 To thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh ! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 But how shall mortal tongue express
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine.
- 3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 5 Lead on, dear Shepherd !—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul, be still, and gaze, See the promis - es ad - vancing

2. Let the dark, be-nighted pagan, Let the rude bar - barian, see That di - vine and glorious conquest,

3. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light; Now from eastern coast to western,
4. Fly a-broad, thou mighty gospel; Win and conquer, never cease! May thy lasting, wide do-min-ions

To a glo - rious day of grace! Blessed jubilee, Blessed jubilee! Let thy glorious morning dawn!

Once obtain'd on Cal - va - ry; Let the gospel, Let the gos-pel Loud resound, from pole to pole.

May the morn-ing chase the night; Let re-demption, Let redemp-tion (Free-ly purchased, win the day!
Mul-ti - ply, and still increase; Sway thy sceptre, Sway thy sceptre, Sa - vior, all the world around!

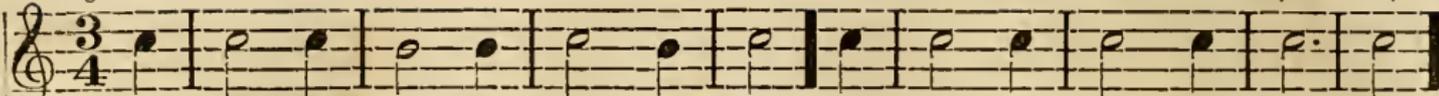
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The Light to lighten the Gentiles.

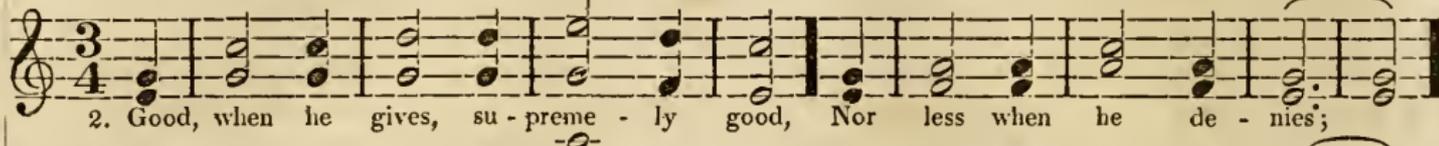
- 1 O'er the realms of pagan darkness,
 Let the eye of pity gaze;
 See the kindreds of the people
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
 Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
 Rise with healing in thy wing;
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshiping before him,
 Serve the living God alone;
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word;—at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land;
 Lord, be with them
 Always to the end of time.

Praise to the Redeemer.

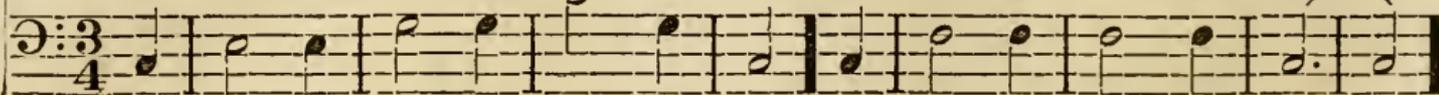
- 1 Mighty God, while angels bless thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name?
 Lord of man, as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation,
 Be thy just, exalted praise.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.
- 3 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
 Sing the Lord, who came to die.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.
- 4 Go, return, immortal Savior;
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
 Thence return, and reign for ever;
 Be the kingdom all thine own.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.

*Legato.**Dim.*

1. Since all the va-rying scenes of time God's watch-ful eye sur-veys . . .

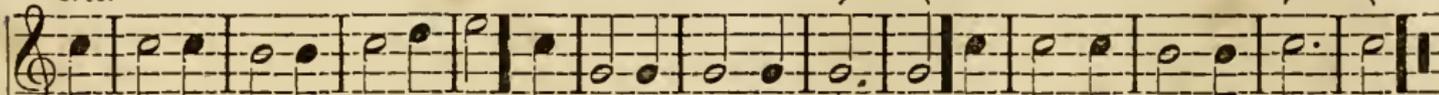


2. Good, when he gives, su-preme-ly good, Nor less when he de-nies;

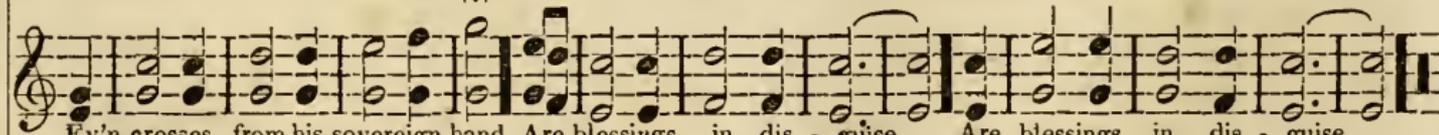


3. Why should we doubt a Fa-ther's love, So con-stant and so kind;

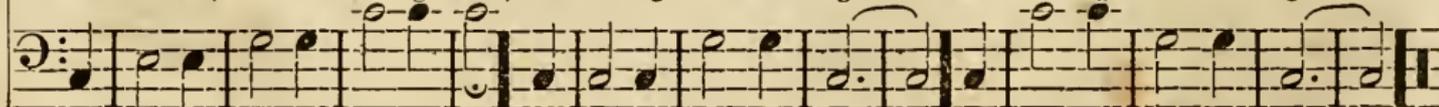
4. In thy fair book of life di-vine, My God, in-scribe my name;

Cres.

Oh, who so wise to choose our lot, Or to appoint our ways, Or to appoint our ways!



Ev'n crosses, from his sovereign hand, Are blessings in dis-guise, Are blessings in dis-guise.



To his un-err-ing gracious will Be every wish re-signed, Be ev-ery wish re-signed.
There let it fill some humble place Be-neath my Lord the Lamb, Be-neath my Lord the Lamb.

Faith prevailing in Trouble.

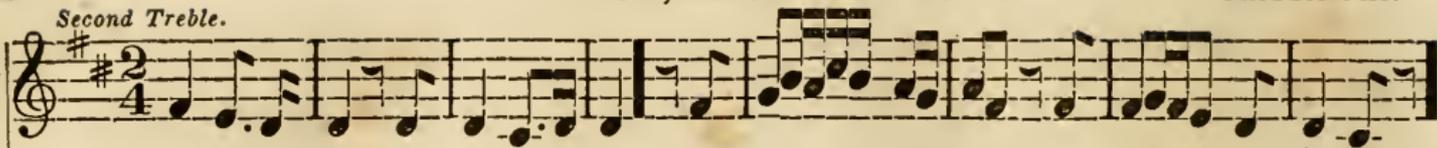
- 1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away;
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;
- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
O Lord, direct from thee!

Filial Submission.

- 1 My God, my Father—blissful name!
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I cheerfully resign;
Lord, thou art good, and just, and wise;
Oh! bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns;
And trust his tender care.

PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

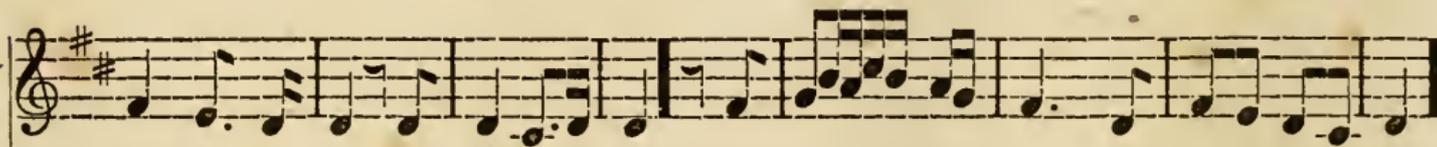
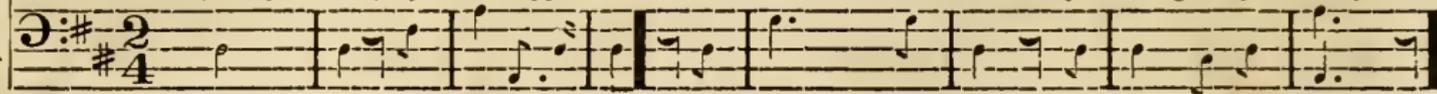
MAZZINGHI.

Second Treble.

1. Peace troubled soul, whose plain-tive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo;

First Treble.

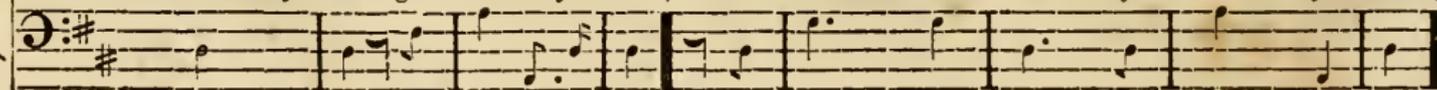
2. Come, freely Come, by sin oppressed, Un - bur - then here thy weigh - ty load;



Cease thy complaint, sup-press thy groan, And let thy tears for - get to flow.



Here find thy ref - uge and thy rest, And trust the mer - cy of thy God;



Tenor.

Be - hold the pre - cious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

Thy . God's thy Sa - vior, Glo - rious word ! For - ev - er love and praise the Lord.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Let all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.</p> | <p>3 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temples, how divinely fair.</p> |
| <p>2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read thy word;
Among us is Jehovah known;
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.</p> | <p>4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.</p> |

NAZARETH. C. M.

1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stand, With all en - ga - ging charms ;

2. ' Per - mit them to ap - proach,' he cries, ' Nor scorn their hum - ble name ;

3. We bring them, Lord, in thank - ful hands, And yield them up to thee ;

4. Ye lit - tle flock, with pleas - ure hear ; Ye chil - dren seek his face ;

Hark, how he calls the ten - der Lambs, And folds them in his arms.

' For, 'twas to bless such souls as these, ' The Lord of an - gels came.'

Joy - ful that we our - selves are thine, Thine, let our off - spring be.

And fly with trans - ports to re - ceive The bless - ings of his grace.

*God praised for his merciful * Protection.*

- 1 In thee, O Lord, I place my trust,
Preserve my soul from shame;
Thou art the refuge of the just,
And righteous is thy name.
- 2 Of grace, how boundless is the store
Thy children shall receive,
Who love thy word, thy name adore,
And in thy service live!
- 3 To God, the Lord, who dwells above,
Let songs of praise resound;
Who with his never-failing love
Has fenced my city round.
- 4 Oh! love the Lord, ye pure in heart;
He shall your prayers regard;
But ye, who from his ways depart,
Shall meet your just reward.
- 5 All ye who on the Lord rely,
And rest your hopes above,
He shall with strength your hearts supply,
And bless you with his love.

Rejoicing in God.

- 1 Let all the just to God with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crowned.
- 3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand forever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.
- 4 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
- 5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our dark-ness and

2. Cold on his cra-dle the dew-drops are shi-ning, Low lies his head with the

3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of E-dom, and
 4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion; Vain-ly with gifts would his

lend us thine aid, Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon a-dorning, Guide where our

beasts of the stall, An-gels a-dore him in slum-ber re-cli-ning, Ma-ker, and

offerings di-vine? Gems of the moun-tain, and pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the
 fa-vors se-cure! Rich-er by far is the heart's a-do-ra-tion; Dear-er to

* By permission.



in - fant Re - deem - er is laid, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
 Monarch, and Sa - vior of all, Ma - ker, and Monarch, and Sa - vior of all.
 for - est, or gold from the mine? Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
 God are the prayers of the poor, Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.

1

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning !
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain ;
 Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
 Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2

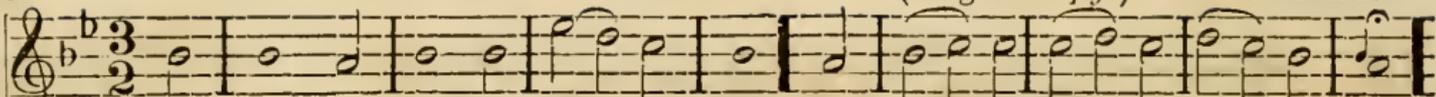
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold ;
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3

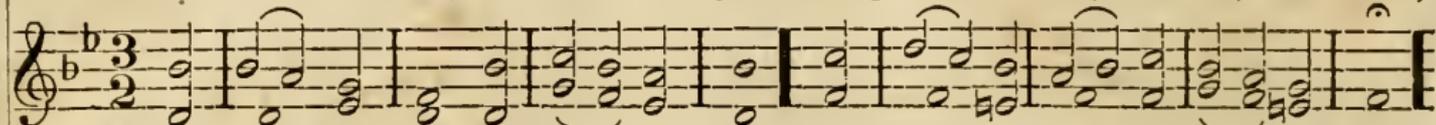
Lo in the desert, rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
 Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4

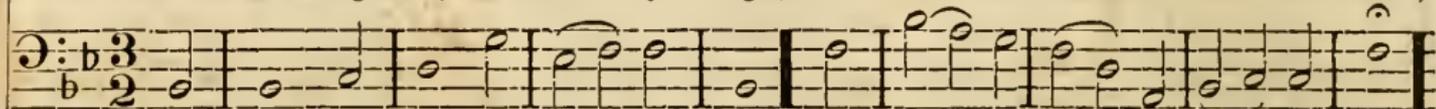
See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;
 Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



1. There is a God, all na - ture speaks, Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies ;

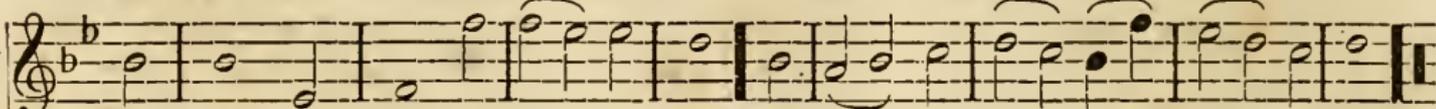


2. The ri - sing sun, se - rene - ly bright, O'er the wide world's ex - tend - ed frame,

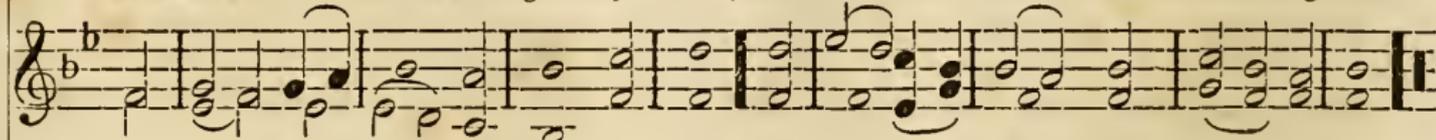


3. The flow - 'ry tribes all bloom - ing rise, A - bove the weak at - tempts of art ;

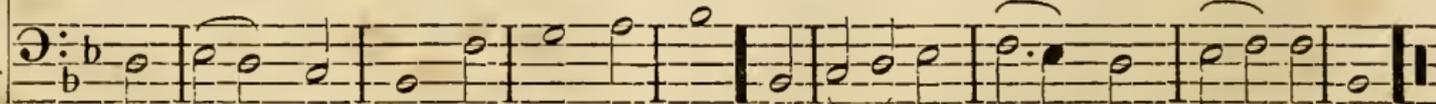
4. Ye cu - rious minds, who roam a - broad, And trace cre - a - tion's won - ders o'er,



See from the clouds his glo - ry breaks, When the first beams of morn - ing rise.



In - scribes, in char - ac - ters of light, His migh - ty Ma - ker's glo - rious name.



The small - est worms, the mean - est flies, Speak sweet con - vic - tion him, to the heart.
Con - fess the foot - steps of the God ; Bow down be - fore him, and a - dore.

Christ's Example.

- 1 And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Savior's name,
By his example let us move.

It is Finished.

- 1 'Tis finish'd; so the Savior cried;
And meekly bow'd his head, and died!
'Tis finish'd; yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vic'try won.
- 2 'Tis finished; all that Heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Savior of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd; Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred vail is rent in twain;
The Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd; this my dying groan
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last, expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd; let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finish'd; let the echo fly,
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Now night in si - lent gran - deur reigns, And holds the slumb - ring

world . in chains; Pale from the cloud the moon - beam steals,

Aud half cre - a - tion's face re - veals, And half cre - a - - tion's face re - veals.

1 Arise in all thy splendor, Lord;
 Let power attend thy gracious word;
 Unveil the beauties of thy face,
 . And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
 And be thou known, Almighty God;
 Make bare thine arm, thy power display,
 While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

3 Send forth thy messengers of peace;
 Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
 Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
 That all the world thy power may own.

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

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

3 O let that glorious anthem swell,
 Let host to host the triumph tell,
 That not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Savior reigns!

1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - - pear;

2. Lord keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears;

3. And when we ear - ly are rise, To view the unwearied sun,
4. Lord, when our days are past, And we from time re - - move,

O may we all re - - mem - ber well, The night of death draws near,
May an - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears

May we set out to win the prize rest, And af - ter glo - ry run.
O may we in thy bo - som rest, The bo - som of thy love.

Christ's Second Coming.

- 1 In expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes!—the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace!
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

The Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

- 1 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies, in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Savior they adore,
And reign with him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.
- 5 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

1. Great God, we fall be - fore thy throne; Thee hum - bly we a - dore;

2. We are all thine; thy migh - ty hand Hath wrought our mor - tal frame;

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/2. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace on the left and represent a piano accompaniment, with the top staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/2. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff, with the first line corresponding to the first system and the second line corresponding to the second system.

Thou art our God, to thee a - bove Be - long all praise and power.

Let ev - ery tongue, through ev - ery land, Give glo - ry to thy name.

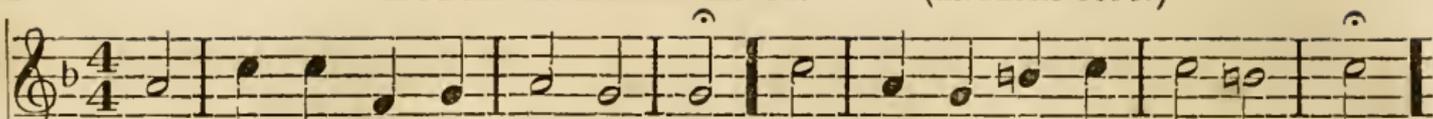
The second system of the musical score continues with three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/2. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace on the left and represent a piano accompaniment, with the top staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/2. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff, with the first line corresponding to the first system and the second line corresponding to the second system.

All Praise due to God.

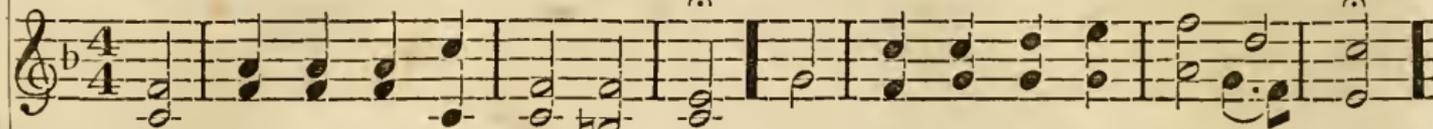
- 1 Great is the Lord! our souls adore!
We wonder while we praise;
Thy power, O God, who can explore,
Or equal honor raise?
- 2 How large thy tender mercies are!
How wide thy grace extends!
On thy beneficence and care
The universe depends.
- 3 Thy praise shall be my constant theme;
How wondrous is thy power!
I'll speak the honors of thy name,
And bid the world adore.
- 4 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise;
And tune my everlasting song
In realms beyond the skies.

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

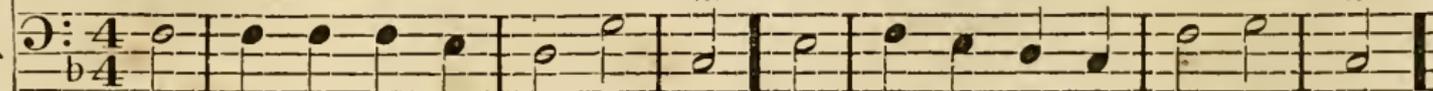
- 1 Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be;
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That ev'ry saint surround.
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God;
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.



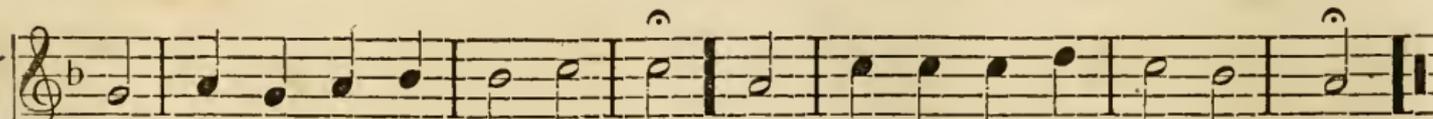
1. My gra - cious God, I own thy right To ev' - ry ser - vice I can pay;



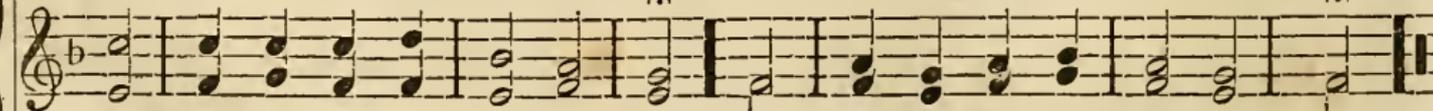
2. What is my be - ing but for thee, Its sure sup - port, its no - blest end?



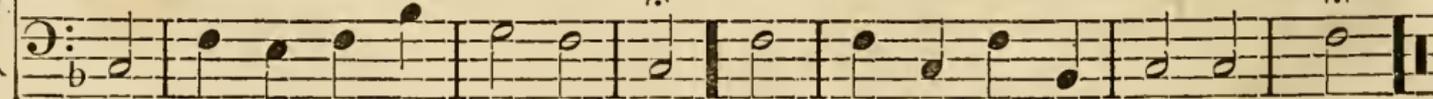
3. Thy work my ho - ary age shall bless, When youth - ful vi - gor is no more;



And call it my su - preme de - light To hear thy dic - tates, and o - - bey.



Thy ev - er - smi - ling face to see, And serve the cause of such a friend?



And my last hour of life con - fess Thy love hath an - i - mat - ing power.

Communing with our Hearts.

- 1 Return my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

The Soul Returning to God.

- 1 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils and snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest; with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest; with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, and it contains the lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes.

Fath - er of all whose ten - der care Does ev' - - ry want sup - ply;

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The notation and key signature remain consistent.

To thee I pour the fil - ial prayer, And raise the fer - - vent eye.

* Author of Coronation.

In Behalf of the Poor.

- 1 Father of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.
- 3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Savior flew,
To raise us from the ground,
For us he shed his precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

Judgments for National Sins deprecated.

- 1 Almighty Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 4 Oh turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! }
 Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown; }

2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spi - rit In - to ev' - ry troubled breast; }
 Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find thy promised rest. }

Fath - er! thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art;

Come, al - migh - ty to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - - ceive,

Vi - sit us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev' - ry long - ing heart.
 Gra - cious - ly come down, and nev - er, Nev - er more thy tem - ples leave.

1

Peace be to this habitation;
 Peace to all that dwell therein;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation;
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
 Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
 Peace divine, that lasts forever;
 Peace, that comes from God alone.

2

Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us;
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come;
 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favored souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

1. A - rise in all thy splen - dor, Lord; Let power at - tend thy gra - cious word;

2. Dif - fuse thy light and truth a - broad, And be thou known, Al - migh - ty God;

3. Send forth thy mes - sen - gers of peace; Make Sa - tan's reign and em - pire cease;

Un - veil the beau - ties of thy face, And show the glo - ries of thy grace.

Make bare thine arm, thy power dis - play, While truth and grace thy scep - tre sway.

Let thy sal - va - tion, Lord, be known, That all the world thy power may own.

Praise for Success of Missions.

- 1 Hark! from the desert hear the strain
Of joy and praise ascending high;
The song of Zion cheers the plain,
The pagan breathes the contrite's sigh.
- 2 The islands of the sea rejoice,
And sing the great Immanuel's praise;
With joyful heart, and rapturous voice,
They shout aloud his welcome grace.
- 3 Then let *us* shout hosannas, too,
To God the Father, God the Son;
Then let *us* to the nations show
The mighty wonders he has done.
- 4 Raise your glad songs, ye choirs, on high;
Salvation to the heathen flows;
Let anthems roll along the sky,
The desert blossom like the rose.

Praise for Success of Missions.

- 1 Great God of glory, show thy face,
And crown our efforts with thy grace;
In heathen lands thy Gospel bless,
And here secure its large increase.
- 2 Millions behold, on heathen ground,
Who never heard the Gospel sound;
O, send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.
- 3 Remember those who stand to tell
The way that leads from death and hell;
Guide thou their lips, their hearts unite;
Teach them to act as in thy sight.
- 4 To those who give, do thou impart
A generous, wise, and tender heart;
Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share.

1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay, Where storm af-ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way;

2. I would not live al-way, no, welcome the tomb, Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;

3. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God; A - way from yon heaven that bliss-ful a - bode,

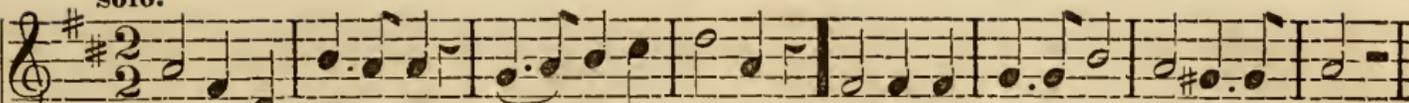
4. Where saints of all a - ges in har-mo-ny meet, Their Savior and brethren, trans-port-ed to greet;

The few lur-id moments that dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph de-scend-ing the skies.

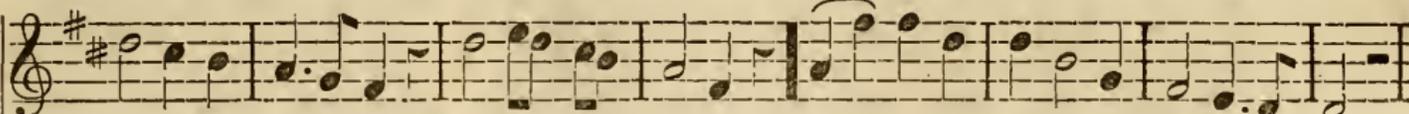
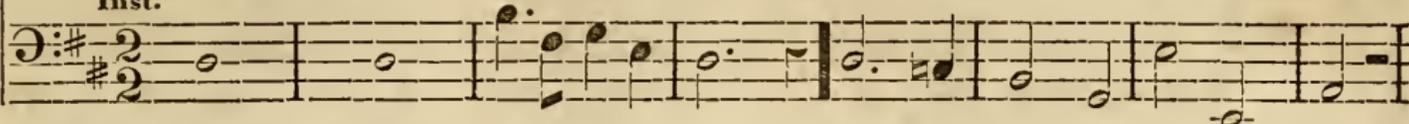
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noon-tide of glo - ry e - ter-nal - ly reigns.
While the anthems of rap-ture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Solo.

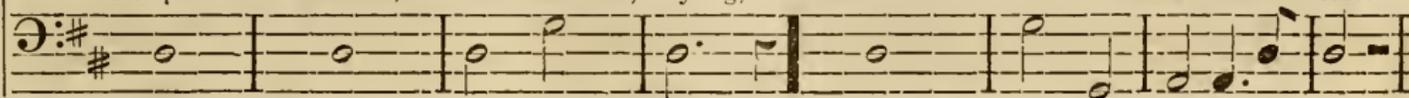


1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er you lan - guish, Come, at the shrine of God, fer - vent - ly kneel,
 2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope, when all oth - ers die, fade - less and pure.

Inst.



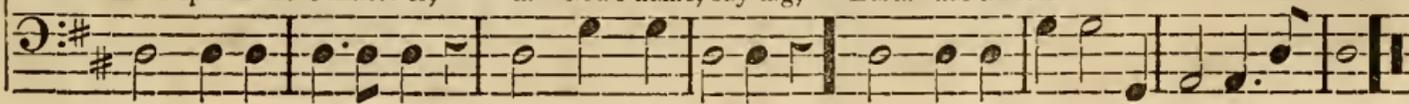
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth hath no sor - row that Heaven cannot heal.
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name, say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heaven cannot cure."



Trio or Chorus.



1. Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
 2. Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name, say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."



1. From Green - land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand;

2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle?

3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry; And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;

Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?

Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an an - cient ri - ver, From many a palm - y plain,

In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;

Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

Till earth's re - mo - test na - tion Has learned mes - si - ah's name.
Re - - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, Re - turns in bliss to reign.

Andante.

A - way with our fears, the glad morn - ing ap - pears, When an heir of sal -

Solo.

His glo - ry I am,
 - - - va - tion was born.
 From Je - ho - vah I came, *Inst.*

Solo.

And to him I with sing - ing re - turn. From Je - ho - vah I

Voice.

came, his glo - ry I am, And to him I with sing - ing re - turn.

Lord dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Bid us all de-part in peace, Still on gos-pel

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, written in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains the lyrics: "Lord dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Bid us all de-part in peace, Still on gos-pel". The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music features a variety of note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings.

man-na feed-ing, Pure ser-aph-ic love in-crease; Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion,

The second system of the musical score continues the piece with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) begins with a rest for two measures before entering with the lyrics: "man-na feed-ing, Pure ser-aph-ic love in-crease; Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion,". The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) provides harmonic support throughout. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and articulations, consistent with the first system.

Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er, for -

Hal - le - lu - jah, for - ev - - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for -
Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er, for -

Hal - le - lu - jah, for - ev - - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for -

- - ev - er and ev - er, A - men Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men, A - men, A - men.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff of each system is for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er, for -'. The second system continues with: 'Hal - le - lu - jah, for - ev - - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er, for -'. The third system concludes with: 'Hal - le - lu - jah, for - ev - - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - - - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - - - ev - er and ev - er, A - men Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - men, A - men, A - men.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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RECOMMENDATIONS.

From Rev. Mr. Fairchild, Pastor of Congregational Church, South Boston.

MESSRS. FITZ & D. ARBORN.—I have examined with some care The Vestry Singing Book, compiled by you; and I have no hesitation in saying that, in my judgment, it is well calculated to accomplish the object you had in view in preparing the work. Most of the tunes are familiar to the Churches, having long been sung in our Vestry Meetings. The hymns selected by you merit my entire approbation. They are strictly evangelical in sentiment, and such as the truly pious of every name will delight to use in singing praises to their Heavenly Father. May your labors be duly appreciated by the Christian public, and a divine blessing attend them.

Boston, May 18, 1841.

J. H. FAIRCHILD.

From the Christian Watchman, (Baptist)

The title page expresses very fully the nature and design of the book, which we think must be approved by all. The tunes are of long and tried merit, and the lyrics such as have proved highly acceptable to all classes of pious persons. Being prepared in a portable and very convenient form, and well printed, the book can hardly fail to be highly acceptable as a Vestry Singing Book, and as a Devotional Parlor Companion.

From the Zion's Herald, (Methodist.)

THE VESTRY SINGING BOOK: *Boston, Sarton & Pierce & King.* This book is compiled by Fitz & Dearborn. The tunes are nearly all old standards, in their most popular form, without any of the late innovations, which it should be a high recommendation. It is in a portable form, and therefore convenient for social meetings. There are three or four hymns to each tune. The paper and printing work are first rate.

We earnestly commend to Clergymen now in this city this collection of sacred tunes and hymns, arranged in a very compact and convenient form, suitable for the pocket. It consists chiefly of the most noted, popular, and admired airs, such as have, for many years, been, and will continue to be, in great constant use among our Christian churches for many years past. The music is set to four parts, the soprano being on the staff. Three or more hymns for each tune have been selected from Watts and other sacred poets, and are so arranged, so as to have the notes and words of all the hymns *unitedly together*; thereby saving the trouble and inconvenience of having two books, and keeping the mind wandering between two objects. For social and religious meetings, whether in the church, vestry or at home, this collection is of the greatest value.—*Bay State Democrat.*

From Rev. Prof. Briggs.

I highly approve of the plan and execution of your work, which furnishes a selection of choice hymns and tunes, so arranged in the same book, and visible to the performers at the same time. This I consider an improvement of great value, as it will be seen in the manner of singing some of the old and justly approved tunes, many of which, on account of the numerous alterations made by different compilers of music, have now almost entirely gone out of use in our vestry meetings.

Andover, May 29, 1841.

Yours truly,

A. BRIGGS.