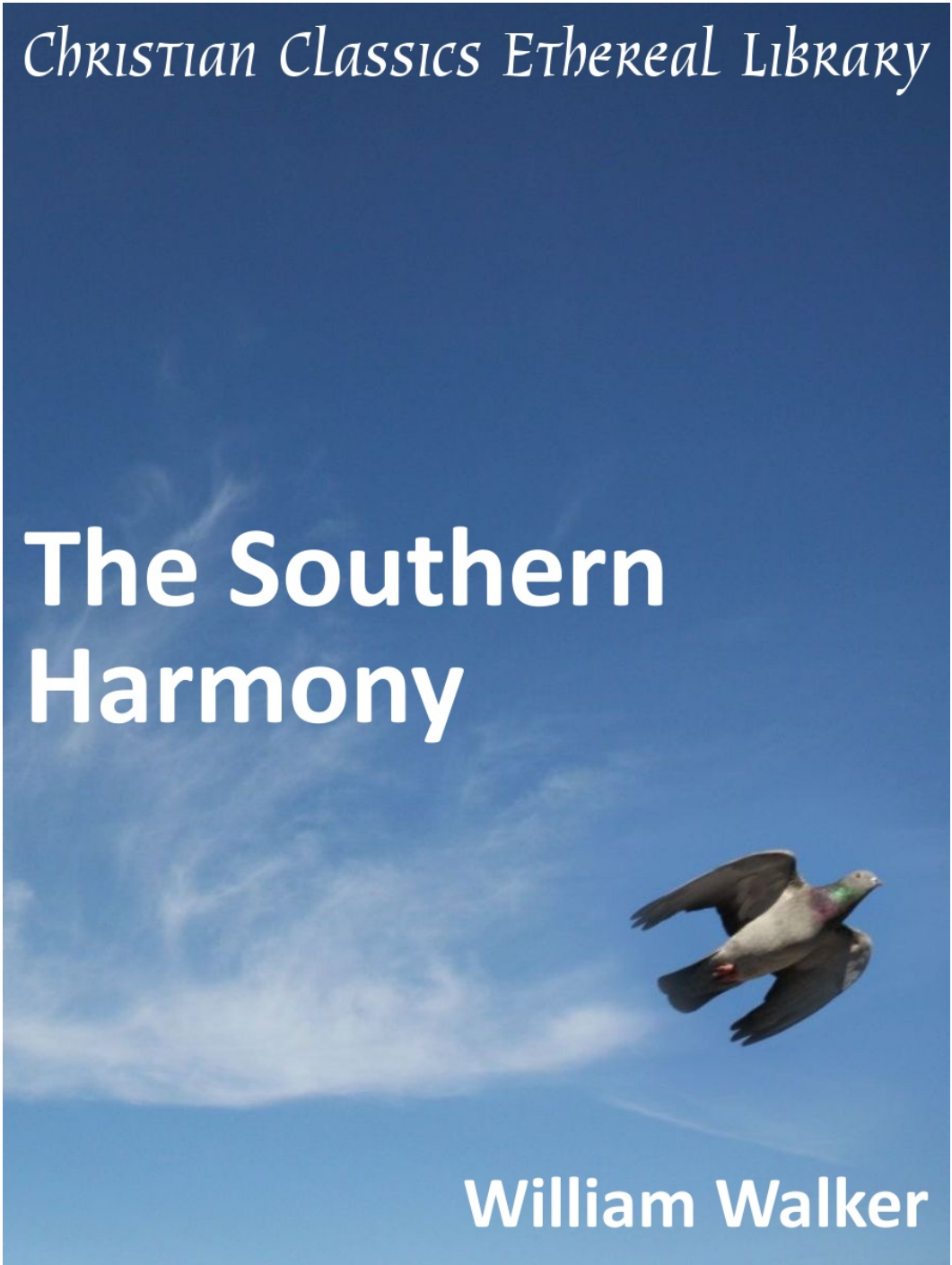


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The Southern Harmony

William Walker





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The Southern Harmony

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Subjects: Music
Vocal music
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25 Most Popular Hymns

New Britain	Long Sought Home	Indian Convert	Happy Land	O Come, Come Away
Rock of Ages	Disciple	Willoughby	Newburgh	Pisgah
Jerusalem	New Haven	Sweet Rivers	Greenland	Green Fields
Thorny Desert	Ionia	Easter Anthem	Wondrous Love	Coronation
Lone Pilgrim	Ortonville	Resignation	Bozrah	Alabama

Big Singing Recordings

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Alabama	Bozrah	Christian's Farewell	Coronation	David's Lamentation
Disciple	Easter Anthem	Farewell Anthem	Green Fields	Greenland
Happy Land	Holy Manna	Indian Convert	Ionia	Jerusalem
King of Peace	Lone Pilgrim	Long Sought Home	New Britain	New Haven
O Come, Come Away	Ortonville	Pisgah	Resignation	Rock of Ages
Rose of Sharon	Sweet Rivers	Thorny Desert	Willoughby	

Sacred Harp Singing Convention Recordings

Recorded by Alan Lomax and George Pullen Jackson
at the 37th annual session of the Alabama Sacred Harp Singing Convention
at Birmingham, Ala., August 1942.

Ballstown	David's Lamentation	Edom	Evening Shade	Heavenly Vision
Mear	Mission	Montgomery	Mount Zion	Northfield
Sherburne	Windham	Wondrous Love		

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BY WILLIAM WALKER

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of th earth: O sing praises unto the Lord.--David.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making
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About the On-line *Southern Harmony*

“William Walker's *The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion* is a remarkable book by virtually any measure. During the nineteenth century, when advertising was mainly by word of mouth . . . *Southern Harmony* sold about six hundred thousand copies. It is perhaps the most popular tunebook ever printed. Its longevity is also remarkable: it is still being used and sung from with loving care over one hundred and fifty years after its first edition. It is virtually unparalleled as a repository of the musical idioms current in the early nineteenth century, as well as of earlier idioms that were already becoming rare at the time of its publication. And it is one of the prime resources for succeeding generations of tunebooks. . . . this must be considered a publication of remarkable import.”—*From the introduction to the University Press of Kentucky edition.*

This electronic edition has been through a number of generations. Current it is a [CCEL](#) ThML edition and also part of the CCEL's [Hymnary](#) project.

Credits:

Peter Irvine, ObjN has recorded the midi files.

Vic Johanson typed in the texts.

Harry Plantinga created this edition.

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

The author, feeling grateful to a generous public for the very liberal patronage which they have given the former editions of the Southern Harmony, has endeavoured to remedy the only deficiency which he has heard mentioned, by adding a large number of good tunes for church use, together with several excellent new pieces never before published, which has enlarged the work about forty pages, and makes it one of the largest Music Books ever offered at the same price. Therefore he hopes to secure that continued and increased patronage which it may merit from those who love the Songs of Zion.

WILLIAM WALKER.

Spartanburg, S.C., January, 1847.

PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION.

Since the Southern Harmony was first published, many of the tunes having gone out of use, the *Author* determined to revise the work, and leave out those pieces, and supply their places with *good new tunes*, which have been selected for their intrinsic worth, and great popularity, and highly devotional character. He has also enlarged the work with thirty-two pages of excellent music, many of the tunes being suitable for revival occasions. All of which he hopes will be found entirely satisfactory to the many friends and patrons of the *Southern Harmony*.

The Author now tenders his grateful thanks to a generous and enlightened public for the very flattering manner in which the former editions of this work have been received, and hopes that this revised edition may be duly appreciated, and the demand for it increase as its merits may deserve.

WILLIAM WALKER.

Spartansburg, S.C., July, 1854.

PREFACE TO THE FORMER EDITION

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

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

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

While those that are fond of fugued tunes have not been neglected, I have endeavoured to make this book a complete Musical Companion for the aged as well as the youth. Those that are partial to ancient music, will find here some good old acquaintances which will



cause them to remember with pleasure the scenes of life that are past and gone; while my youthful companions, who are more fond of modern music, I hope will find a sufficient number of new tunes to satisfy them, as I have spared no pains in trying to select such tunes as would meet the wishes of the public.

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM WALKER.

Spartansburg, S.C., September, 1835.

Introduction

By Harry Eskew

Walker's compilations, like other singing school tunebooks, made substantial contributions in their day to the publication of hymns in the South. Especially during the Antebellum period, a hymnal was a words-only volume, often published in miniature editions that could be carried to church in one's pocket. Congregational singing in the South among such mainline denominations as Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians was commonly unaccompanied. It was often lined-out, as is still practiced by some Primitive Baptist and some African-American congregations. In cases where church-goers could read music, they probably learned it using shape notes in singing schools.

Walker's *Southern Harmony* (1835) and his later *Christian Harmony* (1867) were two tunebooks, among hundreds of singing-school collections published in America since the days of William Billings in the latter 1700s. From about 1800, singing-school tunebooks began to be published in a four-shape system of shaped noteheads corresponding to the then current Elizabethan solfa solmization. The ascending major scale would have shapes to represent the syllables fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa. Although largely rejected in the Northeast, shape notes became very popular in parts of Pennsylvania on through the Shenandoah Valley to the South and Midwest as far as Missouri. In these areas it became practically impossible to get a tunebook published unless it was in shape notes.

Walker's tunebooks, like others of its time, served several purposes. It functioned as a textbook for singing schools, which taught multitudes how to read music. *Southern Harmony*, like other singing-school tunebooks of its day, begins with an introduction to music reading, including the use of shape notes. Indeed, the book's subtitle reads, "an easy introduction to the grounds of music, the rudiments of music, and plain rules for beginners."

In addition to its use as a textbook for singing schools, Walker's tunebook furnished music for congregational singing of hymn texts already published in words-only hymnals. Hymnals listed on the title page of *Southern Harmony* are *Watts Hymns and Psalms*, *Mercer's Cluster*, *Dossey's Choice*, *Dover Selection*, *Methodist Hymn Book*, and *Baptist Harmony*. Most of these hymnals were compiled by southern pastors. One pastor known to Walker was his fellow South Carolinian, Staunton S. Burdett, then pastor of the New Hope Baptist Church near Lancaster. Burdett's *Baptist Harmony* was published only a year prior to Walker's *Southern Harmony*. Burdett's name is listed on the title page of *Southern Harmony*, for he stocked and sold copies of Walker's tunebook. Most of the tunes for congregational use are found in Part I of *Southern Harmony*.

The singing schools and churches were not the only intended users of Walker's tunebooks. They provided a repertory of challenging pieces for more advanced singers. Part II of *Southern Harmony* is described on the title page as "containing some of the more lengthly

and elegant pieces commonly used at concerts, or singing societies.” This section includes most of the fugal tunes and anthems, such as William Billings’ well-known “Easter Anthem.”

Perhaps the most interesting repertory of Walker’s *Southern Harmony* is the folk hymn, and it is in the genre that Walker made his greatest contribution to American music. Walker and other rural-oriented singing-school teacher/compiler drew from the rich oral tradition of Anglo-American folksong to provide melodies for many hymn texts. Sometimes the folk melody and hymn text had already been coupled. In other instances, Walker and others fitted secular folk melodies to already well-known hymn texts. It is likely that Walker and some of his contemporaries had so fully absorbed the Anglo-American folksong idiom that they themselves composed tunes in this style.

The best known of all American folk hymns is “Amazing Grace,” set to the tune New Britain, published together for the first time in the 1835 first edition of *Southern Harmony* (page 8). The text, written by the converted slave-trader who became an Anglican minister, John Newton, contained the same six stanzas found in *Olney Hymns* (1779) and was already well known. The tune New Britain had also been previously published, but with other texts. No earlier wedding of the tune and text has been documented. The melody, as was normal in this era, is in the tenor part, the middle of three voices. Also typical of these folk hymns is the angular line of the melody and the use of gapped scales—in this case pentatonic, omitting the fourth and seventh degrees. In harmonizing these folk melodies, Walker and his contemporaries thought linearly as well as vertically, conceiving each voice part as a melody in itself. This practice sometimes produced chords without thirds, along with parallel perfect fifths, and parallel octaves.

Another type of folk hymnody, a type that came from the camp meeting revivals, was what George Pullen Jackson called the “revival spiritual.” This type, which arose from the need to simplify texts for the unlettered country folk to sing, has been defined by Ellen Jane Lorenz as “informal hymns often with refrain and chorus, taking form in camp and revival meetings.” One of the best known of the revival spirituals, *The Promised Land* (page 51), was first published in 1835 in the first edition of *Southern Harmony*. To the hymn text, “On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand” by the English Baptist pastor, Samuel Stennett, an unknown American added the refrain beginning, “I am bound for the promised land.” Walker credits the tune to “Miss M. Durham,” who has recently been identified as Matilda Durham of the Spartanburg area, who married Andrew Hoy and later lived in Cobb County, Georgia, northwest of Atlanta. The tune was recast in major and reharmonized to accommodate the newer gospel hymn tradition, the form in which it appears in several current hymnals.

There is yet a third widely-sung folk hymn text and tune that Walker, as far as documents show, brought together for the first time. In the second edition of *Southern Harmony*, published by Walker and the yet unidentified “E. King, Esq., Flat Rock, N. C.” listed on the title page, there is an appendix which includes *Wondrous Love* (page 252), credited to Christopher.

The text “What wondrous love is this, O my soul” had been published anonymously in two hymnals in 1811. It was another thirty-nine years before this anonymous text appeared in print together with this beautiful tune. Walker also published Wondrous Love in his 1867 tunebook, *The Christian Harmony*. There he described Wondrous Love as a “very popular old Southern tune” and indicated that it was “arranged by James Christopher of Spartanburg.” The melody had existed for a number of years in oral tradition, and James Christopher wrote it down and harmonized it. In *Southern Harmony* Walker included only the first stanza, an omission he later rectified in his *Christian Harmony* by providing six stanzas. The melody is in the Dorian mode, but is generally sung today with the sixth raised. The text of Wondrous Love is in the same meter as the ballad of Captain Kidd and many other folksongs.

It is clear that Walker was both a folksong collector, arranger, and a composer in the idiom of folksong. In the preface to the first edition of *Southern Harmony* Walker wrote:

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

Walker also published melodies from oral tradition harmonized by others, including Spartanburg area musicians of the singing-school shape-note tradition, such as Matilda Durham Hoy (The Promised Land) and James Christopher (Wondrous Love). It is this indigenous sacred folksong arising out of the hill-country of Upper South Carolina that gave Walker’s tunebooks, especially his *Southern Harmony*, much of its distinctive appeal to the South of his day.

Walker’s Legacy

The music of William Walker’s *Southern Harmony* and *Christian Harmony* may be found today primarily in three contexts. The first context is the traditional shape-note singing. Two of Walker’s four tunebooks are still used today in singings year after year. The only singing which currently makes exclusive use of *Southern Harmony* is the Big Singing Day each fourth Sunday in May at Benton, Kentucky. Walker’s *Christian Harmony*, his post Civil War tunebook in seven-shape notation, is far more widely used in singings than his *Southern Harmony*. A 1994 reprint of the 1872 edition of *Christian Harmony* is used at a number of annual singings in western North Carolina. In Alabama, Mississippi, and north Georgia is in use an edition of *Christian Harmony* extensively revised by Alabamians John Deason and O. A. Parris, which was published in 1958 and revised and reissued again in 1994.

Tunebook singings had completely disappeared from Walker’s home state of South Carolina until 1994, when a singing was established on the campus of Wofford College in Spartanburg. This singing, now known as the South Carolina State Singing in Memory of

William Walker, meets on the Saturday before the third Sunday in March and uses *Christian Harmony* and *The Sacred Harp* (1991 edition). This singing concludes with a short walk to Spartanburg's historic Magnolia Cemetery for a closing song and prayer of thanks with singers gathered around Walker's grave. Growing out of the Wofford singing in recent years is an annual singing at Furman University, on the Saturday before the fourth Sunday in May.

Walker's legacy in traditional shape-note singing is not limited to the present-day use of *Southern Harmony* and *Christian Harmony*. Glenn E. Latimer analyzed the frequency of songs using the minutes of Sacred Harp singing in 2005. Of the 25 top *Sacred Harp* songs in 2005, number one was Walker's Hallelujah and two other songs from *Southern Harmony* were New Britain (number 7) and Wondrous Love (number 20). These same three tunes placed among the top three among songs used for Memorial Lessons at *Sacred Harp* singings. Among the top songs for closing Sacred Harp singings in 2005, number one was Parting Hand (page 113) from *Southern Harmony*, and two others were Hallelujah and New Britain. Thus the popularity of Walker's tunes and those from *Southern Harmony* at present-day Sacred Harp singings are also a significant part of his legacy.

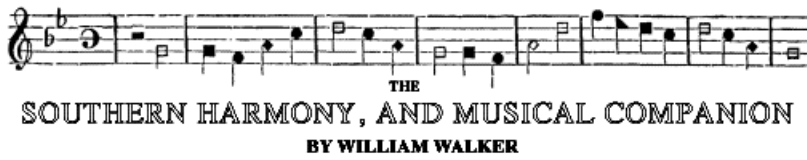
The second context in which the music of Walker's tunebooks is found today is in choral arrangements. Countless arrangements of "Amazing Grace" have been sung by choirs in churches and schools across the English-speaking world. "Wondrous Love" has also appeared in a numerous choral arrangements. Walker's life itself has served as the impetus for an opera. In 1952 Donald Davidson of the English Department of Vanderbilt University and composer Charles F. Bryan of Peabody College collaborated in the production of a light opera, *Singin' Billy*, based on the life of William Walker.

The third context, one which Walker shares with other shape-note composers of his era, constitutes his greatest legacy. This context is that of congregational song, the inclusion of early American folk hymnody in current hymnals of practically every major American denomination. It is notable that some of these folk hymns, such as "Amazing Grace" and "Wondrous Love," have gained ecumenical acceptance, appearing in practically every major new hymnal. While Lowell Mason and his colleagues in the Northwest were composing and arranging hymn tunes based on classical European models, southerners such as William Walker, Benjamin Franklin White, Elisha J. King and others were composing and arranging hymn tunes based on Anglo-American folksong. These folk hymns of the shape-note tradition from this Carolina contributor are a wonderful treasure of early American song that constitutes a continuing gift to singing congregations and the American heritage of sacred music even now in the twenty-first century.¹

1 This introduction is a revised excerpt from "William Walker: Carolina Contributor to American Music" by Harry Eskew, published in the *Journal of the South Carolina Baptist Historical Society* (ISSN 0146-0196), is

Harry Eskew

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About the On-line *Southern Harmony*

"William Walker's *The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion* is a remarkable book by virtually any measure. During the nineteenth century, when advertising was mainly by word of mouth . . . *Southern Harmony* sold about six hundred thousand copies. It is perhaps the most popular tunebook ever printed. Its longevity is also remarkable: it is still being used and sung from with loving care over one hundred and fifty years after its first edition. It is virtually unparalleled as a repository of the musical idioms current in the early nineteenth century, as well as of earlier idioms that were already becoming rare at the time of its publication. And it is one of the prime resources for succeeding generations of tunebooks. . . . this must be considered a publication of remarkable import." -- *From the introduction to the University Press of Kentucky edition*

The first electronic edition was based on an Informix database and LiveWire programs running in conjunction with a Netscape Enterprise server. The hymns and bibliographic information reside in the database and the pages are generated on demand. The pages generated by the database program (except for search results) were then all copied to disk using a Perl program.

The Second CCEL Edition

The *Southern Harmony* has been re-done as a [ThML](#) edition. It can be used as a standard CCEL book or as a part of the new Hymnary.

Credits

Peter Irvine, ObjN has recorded the midi files. See his [web site](#).
Vic Johanson typed in the texts.
Guy-Paul Bédard is creating PDF sheet music.
Harry Plantinga set up the database and programs and scanned page images.

The Gamut, or Rudiments of Music

[Not digitized. See page images.]

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**INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,
FROM THE COLUMBIAN HARMONY.**

ON THE DIFFERENT PLANS OF NOTATION.

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

PART I.

CONTAINING

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

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

Young people all, at - ten - tion give, And hear what I shall say; I wish your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er - last - ing day.

Remember you are hast'ning on To death's dark, gloomy shade; Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.

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

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

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

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

Liverpool

C.M.

M. C. H. Davis

Mercer's Cluster, page 146

1. Young people all, attention give,
And hear what I shall say;
I wish your souls with Christ to live,
In everlasting day.
Remember you are hast'ning on
To death's dark, gloomy shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.
2. Death's iron gate you must pass through,
Ere long, my dear young friends;
With whom then do you think to go,
With saints or fiery fiends?
Pray meditate before too late,
While in a gospel land,
Behold King Jesus at the gate,
Most lovingly doth stand.
3. Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious friend;
Will you pursue your dangerous ways?
O don't you fear the end?

Will you pursue that dangerous road
Which leads to death and hell?
Will you refuse all peace with God,
With devils for to dwell?

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

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

INVITATION 874. *Wm Walker.* Baptist Harmony, p 249

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and pow'r - He is a - ble,

2 Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome, God's free bounty, glo - ri - fy; True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings us nigh, Without money,

He is a - ble, He is willing: Doubt no more.

Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

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

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

5 View him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Saviour lies
On the bloody tree behold him

Hear him cry before he dies—
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice!

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

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

Invitation

8, 7, 4

Wm. Walker

Baptist Harmony, p. 249

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2. Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth

Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

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

5. View him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Savior lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

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

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

PRIMROSE C. M. Chapin. Hymn 88. B. S. Watts 3

1 Sal - vation! O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cor - dial for our fears

2 Buried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay, But we a - rise by grace di - vine, To see a heav'nly day

3 Sal - vation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.



Primrose

C.M.

Chapin
Watts

1. Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
3. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

KEDRON. L. M. *Dare.*

Thou Man of grief, remember me; Thou never canst thyself forget Thy last ex - piring ag - o - ny—Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.

Kedron

L.M.

Dare.

1. Thou Man of grief, remember me,
 Thou never canst thyself forget
 Thy last expiring agony,
 Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat.

4 MEDITATION. L. M Dover Selection, p. 9

To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; Say, will you to Mount Zion go! Say, will you have this Christ, or no!



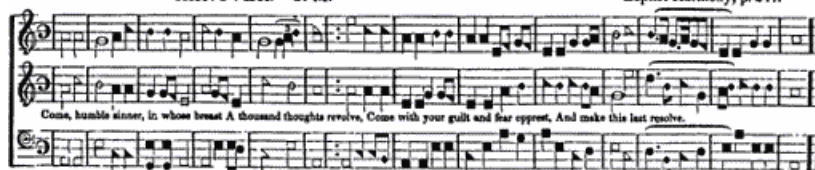
Meditation

L.M.

Dover Selection, p. 9

1. Today, if you will hear his voice,
 Now is the time to make your choice;
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

HANOVER. C. M. Baptist Harmony, p. 247.



Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, Come with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last resolve.

<p>1 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Hath like a mountain rose; I know his courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.</p>	<p>4 I'll to the gracious King approach, Whose scepter pardon gives; Perhaps he may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.</p>	<p>6 I can but perish if I go, I am resolv'd to say; For if I stay away, I know I must for ever die.</p>
<p>3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne, And there my guilt confess, I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone Without his sovereign grace.</p>	<p>5 Perhaps he may admit my plea, Perhaps will hear my prayer; But if I perish, I will pray, And perish only there.</p>	<p>7 But if I die with mercy sought, When I the King have met, 'Tis sure to die (delightful) thought As sinners never get.</p>

Hanover

C.M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 247.

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.
2. I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
3. Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.
4. I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
5. Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6. I can but perish if I go;
 I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
 I must forever die.
7. But if I die with mercy sought,
 When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought)
 As sinner never died.

SUPPLICATION. L. M. 51st Psalm. Watts 5



O thou who hearest when sinners cry Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their mem' - ry from thy book.



Supplication

L.M.

[Psalm 51](#)

Watts

1. O thou who hearest when sinners cry
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their memory from thy book.

RESTORATION. 8, 7.

Mercy, O thou Son of Da-vid! Thus blind Barti - meus pray'd: Others by thy grace are saved, O vouchsafe to me thine aid.

The image shows a musical score for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. The title is 'RESTORATION. 8, 7.' The lyrics are: 'Mercy, O thou Son of Da-vid! Thus blind Barti - meus pray'd: Others by thy grace are saved, O vouchsafe to me thine aid.' The music is written in a common time signature (C) and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Restoration

8, 7

1. Mercy, O thou Son of David!
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed:
Others by thy grace are saved,
O vouchsafe to me thine aid.

6 MARYSVILLE. L. M



Second Bass

Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone—He whom I fix'd my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The nar - row way till him I view.



Marysville

L.M.

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.

KING OF PEACE. 7s. F. Price.

Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthiest praise, Glorious in his works and ways

King of Peace

7s

F. Price

1. Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthiest praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

NINETY-THIRD PSALM. S. M. Chapin. Baptist Harmony, p. 121.

1 Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound: Har-mo-nious to the ear! How'n with the e - cho shall re sound, And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first con-trived the way To save re - bel - lious man; And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the wondrous plan.

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

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

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

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



Ninety-Third Psalm

S.M.

Psalm 93

Chapin

Baptist Harmony, p. 121

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
4. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
5. Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;

'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

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

WEeping SAVIOUR. S.M. E. J. King.

1. Did Christ o'er sinner's weep? And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

2. The Son of God in tears, Angels with won-der see, Be thou as-ton - ish'd, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear, In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there

Weeping Saviour

S.M.

E. J. King

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
2. The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone, no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

8 NEW BRITAIN. C. M. Baptist Harmony, p. 123.

1 Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound) That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved: How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come; 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my shield and portion be, As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease, I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, The sun forbear to shine; But God, who call'd me here below, Will be for ever mine.



New Britain

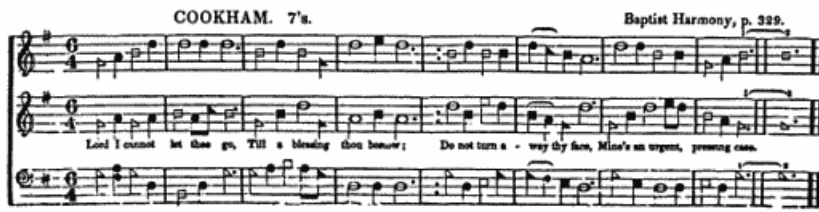
C.M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 123

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
 Will be forever mine.

COOKHAM. 7's. Baptist Harmony, p. 329.



Lord I cannot let thee go, Till a blessing thou bestow; Do not turn away thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

Cookham

7s

Baptist Harmony, p. 329

1. Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

THE CONVERTED THIEF. C. M. D. *More.* Mercer's Cluster, p. 31. 9

As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He pour'd salvation on a wretch, That languish'd at his side. His crimes with inward grief and shame, The Penitent confess'd; Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer address'd:

'Jesus, thou Son and heir of Heav'n! Thou spotless Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And weltering in thy blood. Yet quickly from these scenes of woe In triumph thou shalt rise; Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, And shine above the skies

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

The Converted Thief

C.M.D.

More

Mercer's Cluster, p. 31.

1. 'Twas on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
that languished at his side.
His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The Penitent confessed;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed:

2. Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.
Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
In triumph thou shalt rise;
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies

3. Amid the glories of that world,

Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be.
His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
Today thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise.

10 WEBSTER. S. M.

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne



Webster

S.M.

1. Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? And sailed thro' bloody seas?

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

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

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

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

Ortonville

C.M.

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. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

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

JERUSALEM L. M. *Wm. Walker.* Baptist Harmony, p. 70. 11



I'm on my journey home, to the new Jerusalem.

as I see, I: So fare you well, I: I am going home.

11

Jerusalem

L.M.

Wm. Walker
Baptist Harmony, p. 70

Refrain:

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
2. The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
3. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
4. The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
I am the way;

Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

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

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

I'm on my journey home,
To the new Jerusalem,
So fare you well,
I am going home.

12 SALEM C. M. Dossey's Choice, p. 58.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, In a believer's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spi-rit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

And drives away his fear. It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

And to the weary rest. 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build, 4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend, 5 Weak is the effort of my heart, 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
My shield and hiding-place; My prophet, priest, and king; And eold my warmest thought; With every fleeting breath;
My never-failing treasure, fill'd My Lord, my life, my way, my end, But when I see thee as thou art, And may the music of thy name
With boundless stores of grace. Accept the praise I bring. I'll praise thee as I ought. Refresh my soul in death.

12

Salem [1]

C.M.

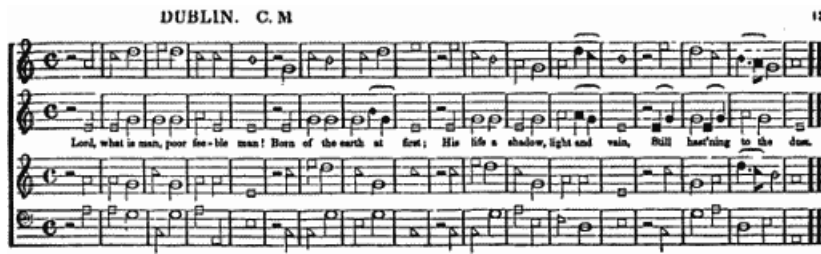
Dossey's Choice, p. 58

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!
4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,

Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
5. Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

DUBLIN. C. M. 13



Lord, what is man, poor fee-ble man! Born of the earth at first; His life a shadow, light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust.



Dublin

C.M.

1. Lord, what is man, poor feeble man!
Born of earth at first;
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening the dust.

DEVOTION. L. M.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast.

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

Devotion

L.M.

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

14 MINISTER'S FAREWELL C M



Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell, Since you and I must part; 2 Your love to me has been most free, How can I bear to journey where
I go away, and here you stay, But still we're join'd in heart; 3 Your conversation sweet; With you I cannot meet!

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

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

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

4 I long to go, then farewell we, My soul will be at rest; No more shall I complain or sigh, But taste the heavenly feast. O may we meet, and be compleas, And long together dwell, And serve the Lord with "no around And so, dear friends, farewell.

Minister's Farewell

C.M.

1. Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell,
Since you and I must part;
I go away, and here you stay,
But still we're joined in heart.
Your love to me has been most free,
Your conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet!
2. Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready then to go.
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harm.
3. I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be

The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done
I hope the Lord will you reward,
With an immortal crown.

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

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

DAVIS. 11, 8. Baptist Harmony, p. 460. 15

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

<p>1 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love! For why in the valley of death should I weep— Alone in the wilderness rove!</p> <p>2 O why should I wander an alien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread! My foes would rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.</p> <p>4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen The Star that on Israel shone; Say if in your tents my Beloved hath been And where with his flock he hath gone.</p>	<p>3 This is my Beloved, his form is divine, His vestments shed odors around; The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine, When autumn with plenty is crown'd.</p> <p>6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow In vales on the banks of the stream; His cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow, His eye all invitingly beams.</p> <p>7 His voice, as the sound of a dulcimer sweet, Is heard through the shadow of death, The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet, The air is perfum'd with his breath.</p>	<p>8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow, That waters the garden of grace, From which their salvation the gentiles shall know And bask in the smiles of his face.</p> <p>9 Love sits on his eyelid and scatters delight, Through all the bright mansions on high; Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight, And tremble with fulness of joy.</p> <p>10 He locks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice, And myriads wait for his word; He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice, He renews the course of her Lord.</p>
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15

Davis

11, 8

Baptist Harmony, p. 460

1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!
2. Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Alone in this wilderness rove?
3. O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
4. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he hath gone.
5. This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

6. The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
 In vales on the banks of the streams;
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
 His eye all invitingly beams.
7. His voice, as the sound of a dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 The air is perfumed with his breath.
8. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the gentiles shall know
 And bask in the smiles of his face.
9. Love sits on his eyelid and scatters delight,
 Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
 And tremble with fulness of joy.
10. He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the her Lord.

16 STAR IN THE EAST 10, 11. Baptist Harmony, p. 35

Hail the blest morn, see the great Mediator,
 Down from the regions of glory descend! } Come.
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger, } Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
 Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend.

Down on our darkness, and lead us thro' aid; Star in the east, the ho - ri - son a - doring, Guide where our infant Re - deemer was led.

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

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

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



Star in the East

10, 11

Baptist Harmony, p. 35

Refrain:

1. Hail the blest morn, see the great Mediator,
 Down from the regions of glory descend!
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
 Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend.
2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
 Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearest to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

MIDDLEBURY. 6, 6, 9 Methodist Hymn Book, p. 357 17

Come away to the skies. My beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day, Come exulting away, And with singing to Zion return.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Middlebury'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The music is in 4/4 time and G major. The lyrics are printed below the piano part.



Middlebury

6, 6, 9

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 357

1. Come away to the skies. My beloved, arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
 On this festival day, come exulting away,
 And with singing to Zion return.

CONSOLATION. C. M. Dean. Hymn 6. B. 2, Watts.

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats, The day renews the sound, Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the seasons round.

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

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

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

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

Consolation

C.M.

Dean
Watts

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salute thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
4. On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand,
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
5. A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

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

18 **COMPLAINER 7. 6.** *Wm. Walker*

1 I am a great complainer, that bears the name of Christ; Come, all ye Zion mourners, and listen to my cries: I've many sore temptations, and sorrows to my soul;

2 O Lord of life and glory, my sins to me reveal, And by thy love and power, my sin-sick soul be heal'd; I thought my warfare over, no trouble I should see; But now I'm like the lonely dove, that mourns on the wavering tree.

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

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

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

18

Complainer

7, 6

Wm. Walker

1. I am a great complainer, that bears the name of Christ;
Come, all ye Zion mourners, and listen to my cries:
I've many sore temptations, and sorrows to my soul;
I feel my faith declining, and my affections cold.
2. O Lord of life and glory, my sins to me reveal,
And by thy love and power, my sin sick soul be healed;
I thought my warfare over, no trouble I should see;
But now I'm like the lonely dove, that mourns on the wavering tree.
3. I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul;
But now I am distressed, and no relief can find,
With a hard deceitful heart, and a wretched wandering mind.
4. It is great pride and passion, beset me on my way,
So I am filled with folly, and so neglect to pray;
While others run rejoicing, and seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

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

HICKS' FAREWELL. C. M. Wm Walker. 19

The time is swiftly rolling on When I must faint and die; My bo - dy to the dust return, And there for - gotten lie.

<p>1 Let persecution rage around, And Antichrist appear; My silent dust beneath the ground; There's no disturbance there.</p> <p>2 Through heats and colds I've often went, And wonder'd in despair, To call poor sinners to repent, And seek the Saviour dear.</p> <p>3 My brother preachers, boldly speak, And stand on Zion's wall,</p>	<p>T' revive the strong, confirm the weak, And after sinners call.</p> <p>4 My brother preachers, fare you well, Your fellowship I love; In time no more I shall you see But soon we'll meet above.</p> <p>5 My little children near my heart, And masses seems to bind, It grieves me sorely to depart, And leave you all behind.</p>	<p>6 O Lord, a father to them be, And keep them from all harm, That they may love and worship thee, And dwell upon thy charms.</p> <p>7 My loving wife, my bosom friend, The object of my love, The time's been sweet I've spent with you, My sweet and harmless dove.</p> <p>8 My loving wife, don't grieve for me, Neither lament nor mourn;</p>	<p>9 For I shall with my Jesus be, When you are left alone.</p> <p>10 How often you have look'd for me, And oftimes seen me come; But now I must depart from thee, And never more return.</p> <p>11 For I can never come to thee; Let this not grieve your heart, For you will shortly come to me, Where we shall never part.*</p>
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Hicks' Farewell

C.M.

Wm. Walker

Rev. B. Hicks

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

1. The time is swiftly rolling on
When I must faint and die;
My body to the dust return,
And there forgotten lie.
2. Let persecution rage around,
And Antichrist appear;
My silent dust beneath the ground;
There's no disturbance there.
3. Through heats and colds I've often went,
And wondered in despair,
To call poor sinners to repent,
And seek the Savior dear.
4. My brother preachers, boldly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall,
T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.
5. My brother preachers, fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more I shall you see
But soon we'll meet above.
6. My little children near my heart,

- And nature seems to bind,
It grieves me sorely to depart,
And leave you all behind.
7. O Lord, a father to them be,
And keep them from all harm,
That they may love and worship thee,
And dwell upon thy charms.
8. My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,
My sweet and harmless dove.
9. My loving wife, don't grieve for me,
Neither lament nor mourn;
For I shall with my Jesus be,
When you are left alone.
10. How often you have looked for me,
And ofttimes seen me come;
But now I must depart from thee,
And never more return.
11. For I can never come to thee;
Let this not grieve your heart,
For you will shortly come to me,
Where we shall never part.

CANON. Four in One. 7's.

Welcome, welcome, ev'ry guest, Welcome to our music feast: Music is our on - ly cheer, Fill both soul and ravish'd ear; Sacred Nine, teach us the mood.
 Sweetest notes to be explored. Softly swell the trembling air, To complete our concert fair.

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

Canon

7s

1. Welcome, welcome, every guest,
 Welcome to our music feast:
 Music is our only cheer,
 Fill both soul and ravished ear;
 Sacred Nine, teach us the mood.
 Sweetest notes to be explored.
 Softly wells the trembling air,
 To complete our concert fair.

20 THE FAMILY BIBLE. 12, 11.

1 How pain - ful - ly pleasing the fond recol - lection Of youthful con - nex - ion and in - nocent joy, While blest with pa - rent - al ad - vice and af - fection. Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high; I still view the chairs of my father and mother, The seats of their offspring, as sweet invo - cation, For mercy by day and for safety by night; O hymns of thanksgiving with harmonious sweetness, As warm'd by the hearts of the family band, Hath raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling, Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

2 The Bible, that volume of God's inspi - ration, At morning and evening could yield us de - light; The prayers of our father, a sweet invo - cation, For mercy by day and for safety by night; O hymns of thanksgiving with harmonious sweetness, As warm'd by the hearts of the family band, Hath raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling, Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of en - joyment, long have we been parted, My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more; In sorrow and sad - ness I live broken hearted, And wander a - lone on a far distant shore; O why should I doubt a Je - su's pro - tection, Far - go - ful of gifts from his heav - enly pa - rent, Hath raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling, Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

The Family Bible

12, 11

1. How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexion and innocent joy,
While blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded by mercy and peace from on high;
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
The seats of their offspring arranged on each hand,
And the richest of books, which excels every other,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.
2. The Bible, that volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening could yield us delight;
The prayers of our father, a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day and for safety by night;
O hymns of thanksgiving with harmonious sweetness,
As warmed by the hearts of the family band,
Hath raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.
3. Ye scenes of enjoyment, long have we been parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,

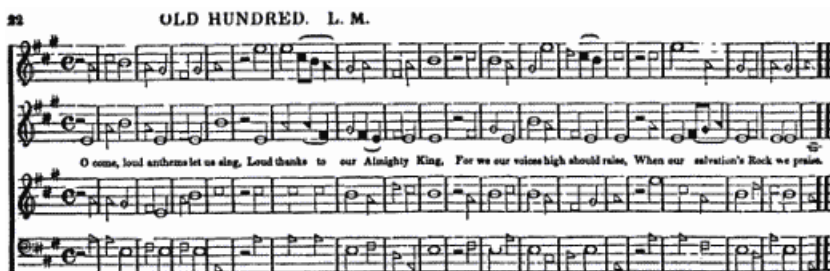
And wander alone on a far distant shore;
O why should I doubt a dear Savior's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

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

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

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

22 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King, For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.



Old Hundred

L.M.

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

DISTRESS. L. M.

So fades the love-ly, blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour, So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

Distress

L.M.

1. So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
 Frail, smiling solace of an hour,
 So soon our transient comforts fly,
 And pleasure only blooms to die.

ALBION. S. M. Boyd. 23



Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus, &c.



Albion

S.M.

Boyd

1. Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

CHARLESTOWN. 8, 7.

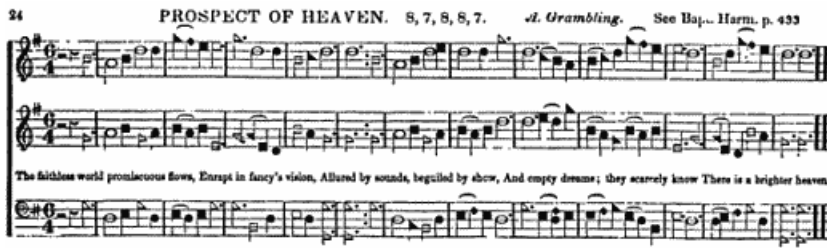
Mercy, O thou Son of David, Thus poor blind Bartimeus pray'd: Others by thy grace are saved, Now to me af - ford thine aid.

Charlestown

8, 7

1. Mercy, O thou Son of David!
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed:
Others by thy grace are saved,
O vouchsafe to me thine aid.

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



The faithless world promiscuous flows, Enrapt in fancy's vision, Allured by sounds, beguiled by show, And empty dreams; they scarcely know There is a brighter heaven.



Prospect of Heaven

8, 7, 8, 8, 7

A. Grambling

See *Baptist Harm.*, p. 433

1. The faithless world promiscuous flows,
Enrapt in fancy's vision,
Allured by sounds, beguiled by show,
And empty dreams; they scarcely know
There is a brighter heaven.

MEAR. C. M.


Will God for ev-er cast us off? His wrath for ev-er smoke Against the peo-ple of his love, His li-tle cho-sen flock?

Mear

C.M.

1. Will God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

CRUCIFIXION. 7's, 9. Baptist Harmony, p. 477 25



Saw ye my Saviour, † Saw ye my Saviour and God! O he died on Calvary, To atone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.



Crucifixion

7s, 9

Baptist Harmony, p. 477

1. Saw ye my Savior,
Saw ye my Savior,
Saw ye my Savior and God?
O he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

INDIAN'S FAREWELL. 6 lines 7's. Wm. Walker.

1 When shall we all meet again? : Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love retire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet again.

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

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

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

Indian's Farewell

6 lines 7s

Wm. Walker

1. When shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.
2. Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we all meet again.
3. When our burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil spent day,
When around the youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
Long may the loved bower remain,
Ere we all shall meet again.
4. When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, fame, and wealth are laid,

Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

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



The Christian

7, 7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6

Zion Songster, p. 78

E. J. King

1. I love my blessed Savior,
I feel I'm in his favor,
And I am his for ever,
If I but faithful prove;
And now I'm bound for Canaan,
I feel my sins forgiven,
And soon shall get to heaven,
To sing redeeming love.
2. Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
But nothing shall divide me
From Jesus, my best friend.
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour
That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.
3. The pleasing time is hastening,

My tottering frame is wasting
While I'm engaged in praising,
Impelled by his love.
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to the Lord there
To praise his name above.

Carnsville

7, 7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6

Zion Songster, p. 78

E. J. King

1. I love my blessed Savior,
I feel I'm in his favor,
And I am his for ever,
If I but faithful prove;
And now I'm bound for Canaan,
I feel my sins forgiven,
And soon shall get to heaven,
To sing redeeming love.

2. Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
But nothing shall divide me
From Jesus, my best friend.
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour
That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.

3. The pleasing time is hastening,
My tottering frame is wasting
While I'm engaged in praising,
Impelled by his love.
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to the Lord there
To praise his name above.

AMERICA. S. M. Whitmore. 27

My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, so ready to abate.



America

S.M.

Wetmore

1. My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M. Colton.

When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear, and wipe my weeping eyes.

Ninety-Fifth

C.M.

Colton

1. When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

28 TENNESSEE. C. M. Baptist Harmony, p. 227.

Afflictions, though they seem severe, Are oft in mercy sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And caused him to repent. } Although he no re - lent - ing felt Till he had spent his store, His stubborn heart be-

gan to melt When famine pinch'd him sore

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

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

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

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

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

8 'Tis thus the Lord himself reveals,
To call poor sinners home,
More than the father's love it's felt,
And bids the sinner come.

Tennessee

C.M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 227

1. Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.
2. Although he no relenting felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.
3. "What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds in bread,
Whilst I am starving here!
4. "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Not worthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place"

5. He saw his son returning back;
 He looked, he ran, he smiled,
 And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child!

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

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

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

SOLEMN THOUGHT. 12, 9, 12, 12, 9. *F. Price.* 29

Re - member, sinful youth, you must die, you must die, Re - member, sinful youth, you must die; Re - member, sinful

youth, who hate the way of truth, And in your pleasure boast, you must die, you must die; And in your pleasure. boast, you must die.



Solemn Thought

12, 9, 12, 12, 9

F. Price

1. Remember, sinful youth, you must die, you must die,
Remember, sinful youth, you must die;
Remember, sinful youth, who hate the way of truth,
And in you pleasures boast, you must die, you must die;
And in you pleasures boast, you must die.

30 SEPARATION. C. M.

Our cheerful voices let us raise, And sing a parting song: Although I'm with you now, my friends, I can't be with you long:

For I must go and leave you all, It fills my heart with pain: Although we part, perhaps, in tears, I hope we'll meet again.



Separation

C.M.

1. Our cheerful voices let us raise,
 And sing a parting song;
 Although I'm with you now, my friends,
 I can't be with you long:
 For I must go and leave you all,
 It fills my heart with pain;
 Although we part, perhaps, in tears,
 I hope we'll meet again.

IDUMEA S. M. Davison. Meth. Hymn Book, p. 231 31

And am I born to die! To lay this body down! And must my trem-ling spi-rit fly, In-to a world un-known!



Idumea

S.M.

Davison
Methodist Hymn Book, p. 231

1. And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown,

SUFFIELD. C M.

Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame, I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Suffield'. It consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in C major, with lyrics written below it. The bottom three staves are the piano accompaniment, including the right hand and left hand. The title 'SUFFIELD. C M.' is printed above the first staff.

Suffield

C.M.

1. Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame,
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

32 THE MIDNIGHT CRY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7 Baptist Harmony, p. 483

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

32

The Midnight Cry

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7

Baptist Harmony, p. 483

1. When the midnight cry began,
O what lamentation,
Thousands sleeping in their sins,
Neglecting their salvation.
Lo the bridegroom is at hand,
Who will kindly treat him?
Surely all the waiting band
Will now go forth to meet him.
2. Some, indeed, did wait awhile,
And shone without a rival;
But they spent their seeming oil
Long since the last revival.
Many souls who thought they'd light,
O, when the scene was closed,
Now against the Bridegroom fight,
And so they stand opposed.
3. While the wise are passing by,
With all their lamps prepared,

Give us of your oil, they cry,
If any can be spared.
Others trimmed their former snuff,
O, is it not amazing!
Those conclude they've light enough,
And think their lamps are blazing.

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Our Bridegroom's a deceiver?
Then may you pass your lives away,
And think to sleep for ever;
But we by faith do see his face,
On whom we have believed;
If there's deception in the case,
'Tis you that are deceived.
5. And now the door is open wide,
And Christians are invited,
And virgins wise compass the bride,
March to the place appointed.
Who do you think is now a guest?
Yea, listen, carnal lovers,
'Tis those in wedding garments dressed;
They cease from sin for ever.
6. The door is shut, and they within,
They're freed from every danger;
They reign with Christ, for sinners slain,
Who once lay in a manger;
They join with saints and angels too
In songs of love and favor;
Glory, honor, praise and power,
To God and Lamb for ever.
7. The foolish virgins are without;
The sentence, Go ye cursed--
For want of oil they're out--away

From Christ they then are forced.
No more on earth with saints to join
In sharing of my favor;
Although you did my children blind,
Mourn with the damned for ever.

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

9. Dying sinners, will you come,
The Savior now invites you;
His bleeding wounds proclaim there's room,
Room for you, and room for me,
And room for coming sinners:
Salvation pours a living stream
For you and all believers.

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

CONFIDENCE. 10, 10, 11, 11. Mercer's Cluster, p. 405 **33**

1 Though trou-ble as - sail, and dan-gers af - fright, Through friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite— Yet one thing se-
cures us, what - ev - er be - tide, The Scrip-ture as - sures us the Lord will pro-vide.

2 The birds with - out barn or storehouse are fed; From them let us learn to trust for our bread; His saints, what is fit-
ting shall ne'er be de - nied, So long as 'tis writ-ten, the Lord will pro-vide.

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

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

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

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

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

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

33

Confidence

10, 10, 11, 11

Mercer's Cluster, p. 405

1. Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

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

4. When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
 The heart cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

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

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

7. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Savior's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

8. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

34 VERNON. L. M. Chapin. Methodist Hymn Book, n. 77.

Come, O thou traveller - her unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see, } With thee all night I mean to stay, and wrestle till the break of day.
My company before is gone, And I am left alone with thee;

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

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

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

4 What though my strinking flesh com-
And scorned to contend so long, [plain,
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my aid of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

34

Vernon

L.M.

Chapin

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 77

1. Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
2. I need not tell thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
3. In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
4. Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5. What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
 When I am weak, than am I strong,
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

IMANDRA NEW. 11's. Dover Selection, p. 196.

Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
When we must be parted from this social band:
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

The image shows a musical score for a band. It consists of three staves: a treble clef staff at the top, a bass clef staff in the middle, and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the middle staff, with lines of music above and below them. The lyrics are: 'Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand, When we must be parted from this social band: Our several engagements now call us away, Our parting is needful, and we must obey.'

Imandra New

11s

Dover Selection, p. 196

1. Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
When we must be parted from this social band:
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

CROSS OF CHRIST. C. M. D. *L. P. Breedlove.* 85

The cross of Christ in-spires my heart, To sing re-deem-ing grace; }
A-wake, my soul, and bear a part in my Re-deemer's praise; } Oh, who can be compared to him Who died up-on the tree?
This is my dear de-lightful theme, That Je-sus died for me.



Cross of Christ

C.M.D.

L. P. Breedlove

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

PARTING FRIENDS. 8, 7

Farewell, my lovely friends, farewell, We must be separated, O let not this our friendship chill, Though mountains rise between us, May truth and justice guide our will, In different regions we must dwell, Distantly situated. And God from evil screen us.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Parting Friends'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The title 'PARTING FRIENDS. 8, 7' is centered above the staves. Below the piano part, the lyrics are written in a small font, with some words in italics. The lyrics are: 'Farewell, my lovely friends, farewell, We must be separated, O let not this our friendship chill, Though mountains rise between us, May truth and justice guide our will, In different regions we must dwell, Distantly situated. And God from evil screen us.'

Parting Friends

8, 7

1. Farewell, my lovely friends, farewell,
We must be separated,
In different regions we must dwell,
Distantly situated.
O let not this our friendship chill,
Though mountains rise between us,
May truth and justice guide our will,
And God from evil screen us.

36 THE SOLDIER'S RETURN. 8, 7.

Bright scenes of glory strike my sense, And all my pas-sions cap-ture; } I live in pleasures deep and full, In
E-ternal beauties round me shine, In-fusing warm-est rap-ture. }

swell-ing waves of glo-ry I feel my Saviour in my soul, And groan to tell my sto-ry

36

The Soldier's Return

8, 7

1. Bright scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture;
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture.
I live in pleasures deep and full,
In swelling waves of glory
I feel my Savior in my soul,
And groan to tell my story.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE. 12, 11, 11, 11, 12, 11. 37

I find myself placed in a state of probation, Which God has commanded us well to improve, } I know I must go through great tribulation,
 And I am resolved to regard all his precepts, And on in the way of obedience to move.

And many sore conflicts on ev-e-ry hand; But grace will support and comfort my spi-rit, And I shall be able for ever to stand.

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

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

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



The Christian Warfare

12, 11, 11, 11, 12, 11

1. I find myself placed in a state of probation,
 Which God has commanded us well to improve,
 And I am resolved to regard all his precepts,
 And on in the way of obedience to move.
 I know I must go through great tribulation,
 And many sore conflicts on every hand;
 But grace will support and comfort my spirit,
 And I shall be able for ever to stand.

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

3. And when I must cross the cold stream of Jordan,
 I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu,
 And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan,

Where, Christians, I hope I shall there meet with you.
That rest into which my soul shall then enter,
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end--
A rest of exemption from warfare and labor,
A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.

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

38 RESIGNATION. C. M.



My Shep-herd will sup-ply my need; Je-ho-vah is his name; } He brings my wand'-ring spi-rit
In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be-side the liv-ing stream.}'

back, When I for-sake his ways, And leads me, for his mer-cy's sake, in paths of truth and grace.

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

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

Resignation

C.M.

1. My Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
2. When I walk through the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
3. The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,

And all my work be praise!
There would I find a settled rest,
 (While others go and come,)
No more a stranger, nor a guest;
 But like a child at home.

BOZRAH 8 lines 7s 39

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Bozrah'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Who is this that comes from far, With his garments dipp'd in blood, I that reign in righteousness,
 Strong, triumphant traveller— Is he man, or is he God? Son of God and man I am; Mighty to redeem your race,
 Jesus is your Saviour's name.



Bozrah

8 lines 7s

1. Who is this that comes from far,
 With his garments dipped in blood,
 Strong, triumphant traveller--
 Is he man, or is he God?
 I that reign in righteousness,
 Son of God and man I am;
 Mighty to redeem your race,
 Jesus is your Savior's name.

UNION. 8's. Billings.

From whence does this union arise, That hatred is conquer'd by love? It fastens our souls with such ties, That distance and time can't remove.

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

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

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

Union

8s

Billings

1. From whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance and time can't remove.
2. It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
3. My friends once so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love:
Where Jesus is gone we shall be
In yonder blest mansions above.
4. With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Singing hallelujahs, Amen,
Amen! even so let it be.

40 DETROIT. C M Bradshaw. Baptist Harmony, p. 139

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord! Behold my heart, and see: And turn each cursed idol out, That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me nothing love; Dead be my heart to every joy, When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still, To mine attentive ear? Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound, My Saviour's voice to hear?

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

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

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

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



Detroit

C.M.

Bradshaw

Baptist Harmony, p. 139

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
 Behold my heart and see:
 And turn each cursed idol out,
 That dares to rival thee.
2. Do not I love thee, O my soul?
 Then let me nothing love;
 Dead be my heart to every joy,
 When Jesus cannot move.
3. Is not thy name melodious still
 To my attentive ear?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
 My Savior's voice to hear?
4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
 I would disdain to feed?
 Hast thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead?
5. Would not mine ardent spirit vie
 With angels round the throne,
 To execute thy sacred will,

And make thy glory known?

6. Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honor of thy name,
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp the immortal flame?

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

HAPPINESS. C. M.



No more beneath th'op-pressive hand Of ty-ran-ny we mourn, He-hold, a smil-ing, hap-py land, That freedom calls her own.

Happiness

C.M.

1. No more beneath the oppressive hand
Of tyranny we mourn,
Behold, a smiling, happy land,
That freedom calls her own.

THE SPIRITUAL SAILOR. 7, 6. I. Neighbours. Dover Selection, p. 133. 41

1 The people called Christians Have many things to tell About the land of Canaan, Where saints and angels dwell; But here a dismal ocean, Enclosing them a

2 Many have been impatient To work their passage through, And with united wisdom Have tried what they could do; But vessels built by human skill Have never sailed

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

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

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

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

41

The Spiritual Sailor

7, 6

I. Neighbours

Dover Selection, p. 133

1. The people called Christians
 Have many things to tell
 About the land of Canaan,
 Where saints and angels dwell;
 But here a dismal ocean,
 Enclosing them around,
 With its tides, still divides
 Them from Canaan's happy ground.

2. Many have been impatient
 To work their passage through,
 And with united wisdom
 Have tried what they could do;
 But vessels built by human skill
 Have never sailed far,
 Till we found them aground
 On some dreadful, sandy bar.

3. The everlasting gospel

Hath launched the deep at last
Behold the sails expanded
 Around the towering mast!
Along the deck in order,
 The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "Ho!"--here we go
 To Immanuel's happy land.

4. We're now on the wide ocean
 We bid the world farewell!
And though where we shall anchor
 No human tongue can tell;
About our future destiny
 There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide,
 With our Captain and his Mate.
5. To those who are spectators
 What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
 Bid them a last adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise
 No more our hearts invite;
We will sail--you may rail,
 We shall soon be out of sight.
6. The passengers united
 In order, peace, and love;--
The wind is in our favor,
 How swiftly do we move!
Though tempests may assail us,
 And raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep,
 Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

42 JEFFERSON. 8. 7.

Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! } With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round - ed,
 He whose word can not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode. }

Thou mayst smile at all thy foes; On the Rock of a - ges found - ed, Who can shake thy sure re - pose!

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Jefferson'. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system includes lyrics: 'Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! } With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round - ed, He whose word can not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode. }'. The second system includes lyrics: 'Thou mayst smile at all thy foes; On the Rock of a - ges found - ed, Who can shake thy sure re - pose!'. The music is in 4/4 time and features a melody line and accompaniment.

42

Jefferson

8, 7

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode;
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
 On the rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?

THE TURTLE DOVE. L. M. Dover Selection, p. 154 43

Hark! don't you hear the turtle dove, The token of redeeming love!
From hill to hill we hear the sound, The neighbor'ing valleys echo round. } O Zion, hear the turtle dove, The token of your Saviour's love! She comes the

desert land to cheer, And welcome in the jubil-year.

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

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

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

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

43

The Turtle Dove

L.M.

Dover Selection, p. 154

1. Hark! don't you hear the turtle dove,
The token of redeeming love?
From hill to hill we hear the sound,
The neighboring valleys echo round.
O Zion, hear the turtle dove,
The token of your Savior's love!
She comes the desert land to cheer,
And welcomes in the jubil-year.

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

3. The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh;
O sinners, turn! why will ye die?
How can you spurn the gospel charms!
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.

How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old:
They longed to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

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

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

44 MORALITY. 10, 11, 11

While beauty and youth are in their full prime, And folly and fashion affect our whole time; O let not the phantom our wishes engage, Let us live so in youth that we



blush not in age.

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

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

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

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

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

Morality

10, 11, 11

1. While beauty and youth are in their full prime,
And folly and fashion affect our whole time;
O let not the phantom our wishes engage,
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.
2. The vain and the young may attend us a while,
But let not their flattery our prudence beguile;
Let us covet those charms that shall never decay
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.
3. I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then richer than kings, and far happier than they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.
4. For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist time shakes his glass at my door,
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.
5. That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given

Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

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

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. C. M. F. Price. Dover Selection, p. 135. 45

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 Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While
others fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?

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

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

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

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



Christian Soldier [1]

C.M.

F. Price

Dover Selection, p. 135

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. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

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

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

46 **EVENING SHADE. S. M.** Baptist Harmony, p. 373.

The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O may we all remember well, O

may we all re-member well, The night of death is near.

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

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

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

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

46

Evening Shade

S.M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 373

1. The day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 O may we all remember well
 The night of death is near.
2. We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we've here possessed.
3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
4. And when we early rise,
 And view the unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.

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

JUDGMENT 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6. *F. Price. Dover Selection, p. 167* 47

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better por - tion trace; Rise from trans - to - ry things, To heav'n, thy na - tive place

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a - bove.



Judgment

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6

F. Price

Dover Selection, p. 167

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 Toward heaven, thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

48 WINDHAM. L. M. *Real.* Hymn 158, Book 2, Watts.



Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a tra - veller.



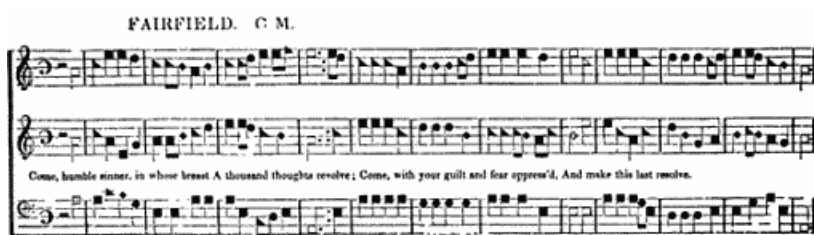
Windham

L.M.

Read
Watts

1. Broad is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveler.

FAIRFIELD. C. M.



Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve ; Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve.

Fairfield

C.M.

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN. 7, 6. Wm. Walker. Dover Selection, p. 38 49

How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole; There is but one Physician Can cure a sin-sick soul. Next door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the grave, To tell to all around me, His wondrous pow'r to save.

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

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

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

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

The Good Physician

7, 6

Wm. Walker

Dover Selection, p. 38

1. How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.
2. The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.
3. From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing aid'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

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

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

50 CAPTAIN KIDD. 6, 6, 6, 3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 3 Mercer's Cluster, p.

Through all the world below, God is seen all around; Search hills and valleys through, There he's found. The growing of the corn, The lily and the thorn, The pleasant and forlorn, All declare God is there, In the meadows drest in green, There he's

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

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

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

50

Captain Kidd

6, 6, 6, 3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 3

Mercer's Cluster p. 498

1. Through all the world below,
God is seen all around;
 Search hills and valleys through,
 There he's found.
The growing of the corn,
The lily and the thorn,
The pleasant and forlorn,
All declare God is there,
In the meadows drest in green,
 There he's seen.

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

His designs.

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

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

THE PROMISED LAND. C. M. Miss M. Durham Meth. H. B. p. 471 51

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. I am

bound for the pro - mised land, I'm bound for the pro - mised land, O, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'The Promised Land'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The title 'THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.' and composer 'Miss M. Durham' are at the top. The source 'Meth. H. B. p. 471' and page number '51' are also present. A small icon with the number '51' is on the right side of the page.

The Promised Land

C.M.

Miss M. Durham
Methodist Hymn Book, p. 471

Refrain:

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie

- I am bound for the promised land,
 I'm bound for the promised land,
 O, who will come and go with me?
 I am bound for the promised land.

52 BABEL'S STREAMS. C M

By Ba - bel's streams we sat and wept, While Zi - on we thought on; A - midst thereof we hung our harps, The willow trees up - on.

With all the pow'r and skill I have, I'll gently touch each string; If I can reach the charming sound, I'll tune my harp a - gain.

The image shows a musical score for 'Babel's Streams' in C major. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.



Babel's Streams

C.M.

1. By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
While Zion we thought on;
Amidst thereof we hung our harps,
The willow trees upon.
With all the power and skill I have,
I'll gently touch each string;
If I can reach the charming sound,
I'll tune my harp again.

MUTUAL LOVE. 7, 6 William Walker 53

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



Mutual Love

7, 6

Wm. Walker

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

SALEM. L. M. Methodist Hymn Book, p. 455.



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

Salem [2]

L.M.

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 455

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

4 EXHILARATION. L. M. Dr. T. W. Carter.

54

Exhilaration

L.M.

Dr. T. W. Carter

Refrain:

1. Oh! may I worthy prove to see
 The saints in full prosperity:
 Then my troubles will be over.
 To see the bride, the glittering bride,
 Close seated by her Savior's side:
 Then my troubles will be over.

- I never shall forget the day
 When Jesus washed my sins away;
 And then my troubles will be over,
 Will be over, will be over,
 And rejoicing,
 And then my troubles will be over..

COLUMBUS C. M. Mercer's Cluster, p. 388 55

1. O, once I had a glorious view Of my redeeming Lord;
He said, I'll be a God to you,
And I believed his word.
But now I have a deeper stroke
Than all my groanings are;
My God has me of late forsook,—
He's gone, I know not where.

2. O what immortal joys I felt,
On that celestial day,
When my hard heart began to melt,
By love dissolved away!
But my complaint is bitter now,
For all my joys are gone;
I've strayed!--I'm left!--I know not how
The light's from the withdrawn.

3. Once I could joy the saints to meet,
To me they were most dear;
I then could stoop to wash their feet,
And shed a joyful tear.
But now I meet them no more,
And with them joyless stray;
My conversation's fruitless,
Or else I've naught to say.

4. Once could mourn o'er dying men,
And long'd their souls to win;
I travel'd for their poor children,
And wam'd them of their sin;
But now my heart's as rags and straw,
Although they're down'd in view,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn—
My tears have left mine eyes.

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

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

Columbus

C.M.

1. O, once I had a glorious view
Of my redeeming Lord;
He said, I'll be a God to you,
And I believed his word.
But now I have a deeper stroke
Than all my groanings are;
My God has me of late forsook,—
He's gone, I know not where.
2. O what immortal joys I felt,
On that celestial day,
When my hard heart began to melt,
By love dissolved away!
But my complaint is bitter now,
For all my joys are gone;
I've strayed!--I'm left!--I know not how
The light's from the withdrawn.
3. Once I could joy the saints to meet,
To me they were most dear;
I then could stoop to wash their feet,
And shed a joyful tear,
But now I meet them no more,
And with them joyless stray,
My conversation's fruitless,
Or else I've naught to say,
4. Once could mourn o'er dying men,
And long'd their souls to win;
I travel'd for their poor children,
And wam'd them of their sin;
But now my heart's as rags and straw,
Although they're down'd in view,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn—
My tears have left mine eyes.

And shed a joyful tear.
But now I meet them as the rest,
And with them joyless stay;
My conversation's spiritless,
Or else I've naught to say.

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

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

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

56 REDEEMING GRACE. 9. 8

Come all, who love my Lord and master, And like old David, I will tell, } Far as the east from west is parted, So far my sins by's dying love, From me by faith
 Tho' chief of sinners, I've found favor, Redeem'd by grace from death and hell. }

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

2 Now I will praise him, he spares me,
 And with his people sing aloud,
 Though oppos'd, and sinners mock me,
 In rapturous songs I'll praise my God.

By faith I view the heavenly concert,
 They sing high strains of Jesus' love
 O! with desire my soul is longing,
 And fain would be with Christ above.

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

are - pa - ried, blest antepast of joys a - bove.



Redeeming Grace

9, 8

1. Come all, who love my Lord and master,
 And like old David, I will tell,
 Though chief of sinners, I've found favor,
 Redeemed by grace from death and hell.
 Far as the east from west is parted,
 So far my sins by's dying love,
 From me by faith are separated,
 blest antepast of joys above.
2. I late estranged from Jesus wandered,
 And thought each dangerous poison good,
 But he in mercy long pursued me,
 With cries of his redeeming blood.
 Though like Bartimeus I was blinded,
 In nature's darkest night concealed,
 But Jesus' love removed my blindness,
 And he his pardoning grace revealed.
3. Now I will praise him, he spares me,
 And with his people sing aloud,
 Though opposed, and sinners mock me,

In rapturous songs I'll praise my God.
By faith I view the heavenly concert,
They sing high strains of Jesus' love
O! with desire my soul is longing,
And fain would be with Christ above.

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

THE TRUMPETERS. C. M. (Music by Rev. Mr. Melancthon.) **301**
(Lyrics by Wm. Walker.)

1. I Hark! he - ten to the trum - pet - ers! They sound the val - le - bers! Their homes white, their garments bright With crowns and Zi - on's bright and show - ry must be - hold the of - f - ces - Their homes white, their garments bright With crowns and I will see my Lord all in a Row: A - mid - die I will be. They want no cowards in their band, (They will their I will see my Lord, and see my Lord, And fight for his - er - ty.

2. The armies now are in parade, How martial they appear! All arm'd and dress'd in uniform, They look like men of war!

They follow their great General, The great Eternal Lamb, His garments stain'd with his own blood, King Jesus is his name.

3. There is a green and show'ry field, Where flowers immortal grow; There, clad in white, the angels bright Our great Redeemer know. We'll shout and sing for evermore In that eternal world; But Satan and his armies too, Must down to hell be hur'd.

4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout, And give the horns of hell; How dreadful is our God in arm! The great Immortal Je - hovah, comes with Jesus Christ The eternal Son of God, And marches with us to Canaan's land, Beyond the swelling flood.

5. Hold up your heads, ye warriors bold, Redeemers' drawing sigh We soon shall hear the trumpet sound 'T will shake both earth and sky: In days chariot there we'll fly And march around the stars to come To raise in' immortal lives



The Trumpet

12s

J. Williams

1. The chariot! the chariot! it's wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire!
Lo! self moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.
2. The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm wreaths of victory wear.
3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone covered charnel are stirred;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
And the vast generations of man are come forth.
4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

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

58 CONSOLATION NEW. 8, 8, 6

Come on, my partners in dis-tress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bo-dies feel; Awhile forget your

griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce-lestial hill. To that ce-lestial hill.



Consolation New

8, 8, 6

1. Come on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears,
 To that celestial hill,
 To that celestial hill.

SWEET HARMONY. 10's Wm. Walker. Mercer's Cluster, p. 236 59

O tell me no more of this world's vain store! The time for such trifles with me is now o'er: A country I've found where true joys abound, To

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

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

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

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

dwelt I'm de-ter-min'd on that happy ground.



Sweet Harmony

10s

Wm. Walker

Mercer's Cluster, p. 236

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er'
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.
2. No mortal doth know what Christ will bestow,
What life strength and comfort! go after him, go!
Lo, onward I move, to see Christ above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.
3. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And still, which is best, I in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.
4. When I am to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.
But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;

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

60 THE ROCK. 11s. Arranged by Wm. Houser

1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair, When my heart is o'erwhelm'd in sor-row and care; From the ends of the earth unto Thee will I cry: "Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I" High-er than I, High-er than I; Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!

2. When Sa-tan, my foe, comes in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, I'll pray to the Sa-rior who kind-ly did cry: "Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I" High-er than I, High-er than I; Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!

3. And when I have ended my pil-grimage here, In Jesus' pure righte-ousness let me ap-pear: From the swellings of Jordan to thee will I cry: "Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I"

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

The Rock

11s

Arranged by Wm. Houser

Wm. Houser

1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed in sorrow and care;
From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I"
2. When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did cry,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I"
3. And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear:
From the swellings of Jordan to thee will I cry:
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I"
4. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise the Great Rock that is higher than I.

THE MARTIAL TRUMPET. 7, 9. Rev. J. G. Landrum & W. Walker Dover Sel. p. 137. 61

1 Brethren, don't you hear the sound?
The martial trumpet now is blowing!
Men in order listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing.
Bounty's offer'd--joy and peace;
To ev'ry

2 They who long in sin have lain,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
Are all released from Satan's chain,
And are endow'd with long possession.
The sick and sore, the blind and lame,
The male

3 The battle is not to the strong,
The buskin's on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged or so young,
But may enlist, and be a soldier!
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
Breath not

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

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

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

The Martial Trumpet

7, 9

Rev. J. G. Landrum

Wm. Walker

Dover Selection p. 137

1. Brethren, don't you hear the sound?
The martial trumpet now is blowing!
Men in order listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing.
Bounty's offered--joy and peace;
To every soldier this is given--
When from toils of war they cease,
A mansion bright prepared in heaven.
2. They who long in sin have lain,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
Are all released from Satan's chain,
And are endowed with long possession.
The sick and sore, the blind and lame,
The maladies of all are healed,
Outlawed rebels, too, may claim,
And find a pardon freely sealed.

3. The battle is not to the strong,
 The burdens on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged or so young,
 But may enlist, and be a soldier:
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
 Beneath the banner find protection;
None who on his arm rely
 Shall be reduced to base subjection.
4. You need not fear;--the cause is good;
 Come! who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
 Or shouted victory in the fire;
In this cause let's follow on,
 And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gained the crown,
 And fought our way to life and glory.
5. The battle, brethren, is begun,
 Behold the armies not in motion!
Some, by faith, behold the crown,
 And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark! the victory's sounding loud!
 Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
 And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

62 LOUISIANA. 8. 7 *William Walker.*

Come, little children, now we may Partake a lit - tle morsel, } A lit - tle drop of Jesus' blood Can make a feast of u - nion: It
For little songs and little ways Adorn'd a great a - postle; }

It is by little steps we move in - to a fu. communion.

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

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

3 The title of the little Lamb
Into our Lord was given;
Such was our Saviour's little name,
The Lord of earth and heaven.

4 A little voice that's small and still
Can rule the whole creation;
A little stone the earth shall fill,
And humble every nation.

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

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

62

Louisiana

8, 7

Wm. Walker

1. Come, little children, now we may
Partake a little morsel,
For little songs and little ways
Adorned a great apostle;
A little drop of Jesus' blood
Can make a feast of union;
It is by little steps we move
Into full communion.
2. A little faith does mighty deeds,
Quite past all my recounting;
Faith, like a little mustard seed,
Can move a lofty mountain.
A little charity and zeal,
A little tribulation,
A little patience makes us feel
Great peace and consolation.
3. A little cross with cheerfulness,
A little self denial,
Will serve to make our troubles less
And bear the greatest trial,
The Spirit like a little dove
On Jesus once descended;
To show his meekness and his love
The emblem was intended.

Will serve to make our troubles less
And bear the greatest trial.
The Spirit like a little dove
On Jesus once descended;
To show his meekness and his love
The emblem was intended.

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

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

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

LAND OF PLEASURE. 7, 8. *Davison & Walker.* Dover Selection, p. 94. 63

There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy for ever roll,
'Tis there I have my treasure, And there I long to rest my soul.

Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray,
But since my Saviour found me,
A lamp has shone along my way.

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

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

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

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

5 Come, then, thou king of terrors,
Thy fatal dart away for ever!
But soon I'll reach those regions
Where exulting pleasures flow:
O sinner, I must leave you,
And join that blest immortal band,
No more to stand beside you,
Till at the judgment-day we stand.

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

63

Land of Pleasure

7, 8

Davison

Walker

Dover Selection, p. 94

1. There is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy for ever roll,
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray,
But since my Savior found me,
A lamp has shone along my way.
2. My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God;
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll march along the heavenly road;
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan
Until I reach the heavenly field.

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3. I'm on the way to Zion,
Still guarded by my Savior's hand;
O, come along, dear sinners,
And view Emmanuel's happy land:
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a sad farewell!
O come! or you'll repent it,
When you shall reach the gates of hell.
4. The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before;
O! how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair?
5. This stream shall not affright me,
Although it take me to the grave;
If Jesus stand beside me,
I'll safely ride on Jordan's wave:
His word can calm the ocean,
His lamp can cheer the gloomy vale:
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail!
6. Come, then, thou king of terrors,
Thy fatal dart may lay me low;
But soon I'll reach those regions
Where everlasting pleasures flow:
O sinners, I must leave you,
And join that blessed immortal band,
No more to stand beside you,
Till at the judgment bar we stand.
7. Soon the archangel's trumpet

Shall shake the globe from pole to pole.
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll.
Then we shall see the Savior,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransomed people home.

64 OLNEY. 8, 7 Chapin.

Come, thou fount of every 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, O fix me on it, Mount of thy unchanging love.

64

Olney

8, 7

Chapin

1. Come, thou Fount of every 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 fixed upon it--
Mount of thy unchanging love

THE WATCHMAN'S CALL. L. M. Wm Walker 65

The watchmen blow the trumpet round, Come, listen to the solemn sound, Your days on earth will soon be o'er, O think thou
And be assured there's danger nigh; How many are prepared to die! And time to you return no more;

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

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

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

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

5 See, a soul to save; What are thy hopes beyond the grave?

7

The Watchman's Call

L.M.

Wm. Walker

1. The watchmen blow the trumpet round,
Come, listen to the solemn sound,
And be assured there's danger nigh;
How many are prepared to die?
Your days on earth will soon be o'er,
And time to you return no more;
O think thou hast a soul to save;
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
2. Come, old and young; come, rich and poor;
You'll all be called to stand before
The God that made the earth and sea,
And there proclaim his majesty.
Will you remain quite unconcerned,
While for your soul the watchmen mourn?
They weep to think how you will stand
With frightful ghosts at God's left hand.
3. O mortals! view the dream of life,
And see how thousands end the strife,

Who, though convinced, do still delay,
Till death ensues and drags away:
Will you for fancied earthly toys
Deprive yourself of heavenly joys?
And will the calls you have today
Be slighted still and pass away?

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

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

66 PLEASANT HILL C. M. Baptist Harmony, p. 273.

1 Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below; } 2 More needful this than glittering wealth, Nor reputation, food, or health, Can give us such repose.
 May I its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtue know; } Or aught the world bestows;

3 Religion should our thoughts engage } 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love } 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
 Amidst our youthful bloom; } Be join'd with godly fear; } Let warm affections rise;
 'Twill fit us for declining age, } And all my conversation prove } And may I wait, with strong desire
 And for the awful tomb. } My heart to be sincere. } To mount above the skies.

4 O, may my heart, by a } 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin }
 Be my Redeemer's throne } Through my remaining days, }
 And be my stubborn will subdued, } And in me let each virtue shine }
 His government to own } To our Redeemer's name.

Pleasant Hill

C.M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 273

1. Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!
2. More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
3. Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
4. O, may my heart, by grace renew'd
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

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

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

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

WASHINGTON. L. M. Monday. 67

Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive, And let thy truth within us live. } Though we are guilty, thou art good, Wash all our works in Jesus' blood!

Give every fet-ter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace. Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.



Washington

L.M.

Monday

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

68 LIBERTY. C. M.

No more beneath th' oppressive hand Of tyrann - ny we mourn, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, That

free - dom calls her own. That free - dom calls her own.



Liberty

C.M.

1. No more beneath the oppressive hand
Of tyranny we mourn,
Behold the smiling, happy land,
That freedom calls her own.
That freedom calls her own.

SOLICITUDE. 11's Smith 69

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



Solicitude

11s

Smith

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

70 BOWER OF PRAYER. 11s. Richerson & Walker.

1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart, Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day From that bless'd retreat where I've chosen to pray, I've chosen to pray.

2. Dear bow'r where the pine and the poplar have spread, And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my head, How oft have I knelt on the ever-green there, And pour'd out my soul to my Sa-voir in prayer, my Sa-voir in prayer.

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

4. How sweet were the azyths perfum'd by the pine The ivy, the laurel, and wild agastine; But sweeter, oh! sweeter, supernatural was The joys I have tasted: in answer to prayer.

5. For Jesus, my Sa-voir, oft dign'd there to meet, And bless'd with his presence my humble retreat Oh! how I was with rapture and blissfulness there, In-iding, in heaven's: own language, my prayer.

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



Bower of Prayer

11s

Richerson
Walker

1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart,
Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray,
I've chosen to pray.
2. Dear bower where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my head,
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Savior in prayer,
My Savior in prayer.
3. The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sing anthems of praises, as I went to prayer,
As I went to prayer.

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

5. For Jesus, my Savior, oft deigned there to meet,
 And blessed with his presence my humble retreat
 Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
 Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer,
 Own language my prayer.

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

GREEN FIELDS. S's. Baptist Harmony, p. 193 71

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Have all lost their sweetness to me; } The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay, But

when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

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

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind

While bleas'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

71

Green Fields

8s

Baptist Harmony, p. 193

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

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

151

3. Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

71 GEORGIA. U. M.

Return, O God of love, return, Earth is a tiresome place; How long shall we, thy children, mourn Our absence from thy face?



Georgia

C.M.

1. Return, O God of love, return,
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

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

Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace, Sun, and moon, and stars decay. Rise, my soul, and haste away.
 Rise from transitory things. To heav'n, thy native place. Time shall soon this earth remove. To seats prepared above.

Invocation [1]

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6

1. Return, O God of love, return,
 Earth is a tiresome place;
 How long shall we, thy children, mourn
 Our absence from thy face?

2. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 Toward heaven, thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

LEGACY. 8. 10 73

When in death I shall calm recline, O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here. } Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow, To sul-ly a

heart so bril-liant and light; but balmy drops of the red grape borrow, To bathe the re-lic from morn to night.



Legacy

8, 9, 10

1. When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it lingered here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn to night.

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

1 A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and friend, And praise his name on high:
 2 Then, O my soul, despond no more: The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore Of ever-lasting rest.

No more to sigh nor shed a tear, No more to suf-fer pain or fear; But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear, Unto the raptur'd eye.
 O hap-py day! O joyful hour! When, freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r, To be for e-ver blest

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

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
 And death's dark billows roll before,
 Yet still by faith I see the shore,
 Beyond the rolling flood:
 The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
 Before my raptur'd eyes appear:
 It makes me think I'm almost there.
 No wonder bright should

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

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
 And all this region less below,
 Where's naught but disappointment's gloom
 A better world's in view.
 My Saviour calls! I haste away,
 I would not here for ever stay:
 Had I ye secret realms of endless day
 Yea world, come haste away!

74

The Christian's Hope

8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

Wm. Walker

Dover Selection, p. 173

1. A few more days on earth to spend,
 And all my toils and cares shall end,
 And I shall see my God and friend,
 And praise his name on high:
 No more to sigh nor shed a tear,
 No more to suffer pain or fear;
 But God, and Christ, and heaven appear,
 Unto the raptur'd eye.
2. Then, O my soul, despond no more;
 The storm of life will soon be o'er,
 And I shall find the peaceful shore
 Of everlasting rest.
 O happy day! O joyful hour!
 When, freed from earth, my soul shall tower
 Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
 To be for ever blest.
3. My soul anticipates the day,

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

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

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

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

MILLENNIUM. 12, 12, 12, 13 Wm. Walker. Zion Songster, p. 53 75

The time is soon com-ing, By the pro-phets fore-told, When Zi-on in pu-ri-ty, The world shall be-hold.

When Je-sus' pure tes-ti-mo-ny will gain the day, De-no-mi-nations, sel-fish-ness, will va-nish a-way.



Millennium

12, 12, 12, 13

Wm. Walker
Zion Songster, p. 53

1. The time is soon coming, by the prophets foretold,
 When Zion in purity, the world shall behold.
 When Jesus' pure testimony will gain the day,
 Denominations, selfishness, will vanish away.

76 NEW ORLEANS. C. M. Boyd.

Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends! Or shake at death's a - larms! 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms. Are we not tending upwards too, As fast as time can move! Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.



New Orleans

C.M.

Boyd

1. Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

LENOX. P. M. Edson. Baptist Harmony, p. 355. 77

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bounds.

The year of jubi-lee is come, The year of jubi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home.



Lenox

P.M.

Edson

Baptist Harmony, p. 355.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
 The gladly solemn sound
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come!
 The year of jubilee is come!
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

78 THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM. 8, 7 Wm. Walker

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

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

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

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

6 When this was said, straightway was made a glorious sound from heaven
Each flaming tongue no seldom sung, "To save a Saviour's given,
In Jesus' name, the glorious throne, we elevate our voice,
At Jesus' birth be peace on earth, meanwhile all heaven rejoices."

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

8 The shepherds then return'd again to their own habitations,
With joy of heart they did depart, now they have found salvation
Glory, they cry, to God on high, who sent his Son to save us
This glorious morn' the Saviour's born, has never it is Christ Jesus'



The Babe of Bethlehem

8, 7

Wm. Walker

1. Ye nations all, on you I call, come, hear this declaration.
And don't refuse this glorious news of Jesus and salvation.
To royal Jews came first the news of Christ the great Messiah,
As was foretold by prophets old, Isaiah, Jeremiah.
2. To Abraham the promise came, and to his seed for ever,
A light to shine in Isaac's line, by scripture we discover;
Hail, promised morn! the Savior's born, the glorious Mediator--
God's blessed Word made flesh and blood, assumed the human nature.
3. His parents poor in earthly store, to entertain the stranger
They found no bed to lay his head, but in the ox's manger:
No royal things, as used by kings, were seen by those that found him,
But in the hay the stranger lay, with swaddling bands around him.
4. On the same night a glorious light to shepherds there appeared,
Bright angels said, "Be not afraid, although we much alarm you,"
The angels said, "Be not afraid, although we much alarm you,
We do appear good news to bear, as now we will inform you.

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

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

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

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

THE TRAVELLER. 7, 6. J. C. Lowry 79

Come, all you weary travellers; Come, let us join and sing. The everlasting praises Of Jesus Christ, our King; We've had a tedious journey, And tiresome, it is true; But see how many dangers The Lord has brought us through.

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

2 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness

Where we might soon have falst,al,
In that enchanted ground,
But Jesus interposed,
And pleasant fruits were found.

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



The Traveller

7, 6

Lowry

1. Come, all you weary travellers;
Come, let us join and sing,
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ, our King;
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, it is true;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.
2. At first when Jesus found us,
He called us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin;
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do resist them,
By faith and fervent prayer.
3. But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,

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

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

80 PISGAH. C. M. Lowry. Baptist Harmony, p. 250.

Second Violin

Je - sus, thou art the sinner's friend, As such I look to thee; Now in the bowels of thy love, O Lord, remember me.

O Lord, &c. O Lord, &c. Now in, &c.



Pisgah

C.M.

Lowry

Baptist Harmony, p. 250

1. Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend,
 As such I look to thee;
 Now in the bowels of thy love,
 O Lord, remember me.

FAREWELL. 12, 11. More. 81

1 Come, Christians, be valiant, our Jesus is near us,
We'll conquer the powers of darkness and sin;
Through grace and the Spirit we'll glory inherit,
And peace, like a river, give comfort within.

2 We have trials, and cares, and hardships, and losses,
But heaven will pay us for all that we bear;
We'll soon end in pleasures and glory for ever,
And bright crowns of glory for ever we'll wear.

3 Young converts, be humble, the prospect is blooming,
The wings of kind angels around you are spread;
While some are oppressed with sin and are mourning,
The spirit of joy upon you is shed.

4 Live near to our Captain, and always obey him,
This world, flesh, and Satan must all be denied;
Both care and diligence, and prayer without ceasing,
Will safe land young converts to riches on high.

5 O mourners, God bless you, don't faint in the spirit,
Believe, and the Spirit our pardon he'll give;
He's now interceding and pleading his merit,
Give up, and your souls he will quickly receive.

6 If truly a mourner, he's promised you comfort,
His good promises stand in his sacred word;
O hearken and hear them, all glory, all glory,
The mourners are fill'd with the presence of God.

7 O sinners, my bowels do move with desire;
Why stand you gazing on the works of the Lord?
O fly from the flames of devouring fire,
And wash your pollution in Jesus's blood.

8 Brethren, in sweet gales we are all breathing,
My soul feels the mighty, the heavenly flame;
I'm now on my journey, my faith is increasing,
All glory and praise to God and the Lamb.

M. C. H. DAVIS' EXPERIENCE.

9 Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,
When he was a sinner, and quite reprobate,
That I was forsaken, and quite reprobate,
And there was no mercy at all for poor me.

10 But glory to Jesus, his love's not confined
To princes, nor men of a nobler degree;
His love it flows bounteous to all human creatures,
He died for poor sinners, when nail'd to the tree.

11 And when I was groaning in sad lamentation,
My soul overbore'd in sorrow and in sin,
He drew near me in mercy, and look'd on me with pity,
He pardon'd my sin, and he gave me relief.

12 And now I've found favour in Jesus my Saviour,
And all his commandments I'm bound to obey;
I trust he will keep me from all Satan's power,
Till he shall think proper to call me away.

13 So farewell, young people, if I can't persuade you
To leave off your follies and go with a friend,
I'll follow my Saviour, in whom I've found favour,
My days to his glory I'm bound for to spend.

Farewell [1]

12, 11

More

1. Come, Christians, be valiant, our Jesus is near us,
We'll conquer the powers of darkness and sin;
Through grace and the Spirit we'll glory inherit,
And peace, like a river, give comfort within.
2. We have trials and cares, and hardships and losses,
But heaven will pay us for all that we bear;
We'll soon end in pleasures and glory for ever,
And bright crowns of glory for ever we'll wear.
3. Young converts, be humble, the prospect is blooming,
The wings of kind angels around you are spread;
While some are oppressed with sin and are mourning,
The spirits of joy upon you is shed.
4. Live near to our Captain, and always obey him,
This world, flesh, and Satan must all be denied;
Both care and diligence, and prayer without ceasing,
Will safe land young converts to riches on high.

5. O mourners, God bless you, don't faint in the spirit,
Believe, and the Spirit our pardon he'll give;
He's now interceding and pleading his merit,
Give up, and your souls he will quickly receive.

6. If truly a mourner, he's promised you comfort,
His good promises stand in his sacred word;
O hearken and hear them, all glory, all glory,
The mourners are filled with the presence of God.

7. O sinners, my bowels do move with desire;
Why stand you gazing on the works of the Lord?
O fly from the flames of devouring fire,
And wash your pollution in Jesus's blood.

8. Brethren, in sweet gales we are all breezing,
My soul feels the mighty, the heavenly flame;
I'm now on my journey, my faith is increasing,
All glory and praise to God and the Lamb.

Farewell [2]

12, 11

More

1. Come, all ye young people of every relation,
 Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell
How I was first called to seek for salvation,
 Redemption in Jesus who saved me from hell.

2. I was not yet sixteen when Jesus first called me,
 To think of my soul, and the state I was in;
I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus,
 Between me and him was a mountain of sin.

3. The devil perceived that I was convinced,
 He strove to persuade me that I was too young,
That I would get weary before my ascension,
 And wish that I had not so early begun.

4. Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,
 When he was a setting of poor sinners free,
That I was forsaken, and quite reprobated,
 And there was no mercy at all for poor me.

5. But glory to Jesus, his love's not confined
 To princes, nor men of a nobler degree;
His love it flows bounteous to all human creatures,
 He died for poor sinners, when nailed to the tree.

6. And when I was groaning in sad lamentation,
 My soul overwhelmed in sorrow and in sin,
He drew near me in mercy, and looked on me in pity,
 He pardoned my sins, and he gave me relief.

7. And now I've found favor in Jesus my Savior,
 And all his commandments I'm bound to obey;
I trust he will keep me from all Satan's power,

Till he shall think proper to call me away.

8. So farewell, young people, if I can't persuade you
 To leave off your follies and go with a friend,
 I'll follow my Savior, in whom I've found favor
 My days to his glory I'm bound for to spend.

82 THE ROMISH LADY. 7. 6.

There was a Romish lady brought up in popery, Her mother always taught her the priest she must obey: O pardon me, dear mother, I humbly pray thee now

3 I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God unseen,
I'll live by faith for ever, the works of men are vain;
I cannot worship angels, nor pictures made by men;
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon if you can.

4 With grief and great vexation, her mother straight did go
To inform the Roman clergy the cause of all her woe:
The priests were soon assembled, and for the maid did call,
And forced her in the dungeon, to fright her soul withal.

5 The more they strove to fright her, the more she did endure,
Although her age was tender, her faith was strong and sure.
The chains of gold so costly they from this lady took,
And she with all her spirits, the pride of life forsook.

6 Before the pope they brought her, in hopes of her return,
And there she was condemned in herid flames to burn.
Before the place of torment they brought her speedily,
With lifted hands to heaven, she then agreed to die.

7 There being many ladies assembled at the place,
She raised her eyes to heaven, and begg'd supplying
Weep not, ye tender ladies, shed not a tear for me—
While my poor body's burning, my soul the Lord
shall see.

8 You'reless you need to pity, and Zion's deep decay;
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make delay.
In comes her saving mother, her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her pictures deck'd with
gold.

9 O take from me these idols, remove them from my
sight!
Bring to me my Bible, wherein I take delight.
Alas, my aged mother, why on my ruin bent!
'Twas you that did betray me, but I am innocent.

10 Take, take, use your pleasure, and do as you think
best—
I hope my blessed Jesus will take my soul to rest.
Soon as these words were spoken, up steps the man
of death,
And kindled up the fire to snuff her mortal breath.

11 Instead of golden lacelets, with chains they bound
her fast:
She cried, "My God give power now must I die
here!"
With Jesus and his angels for ever I shall dwell,
And thus I'll greet and thank you so I bid farewell!

The Romish Lady

7, 6

1. There was a Romish lady brought up in popery,
Her mother always taught her that the priest she must obey;
O pardon me dear mother, I humbly pray thee now
For unto these false idols I can no longer bow.
2. Assisted by her handmaid, a Bible she concealed,
And there she gained instruction, till God his love revealed;
No more she prostrates herself to pictures deck'd with gold,
But soon she was betrayed, and her Bible from her stole.
3. I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God unseen,
I'll live by faith for ever, the works of men are vain;
I cannot worship angels, nor pictures made my men;
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon if you can.
4. With grief and great vexation, her mother straight did go
To inform the Roman clergy the cause of all her woe:
The priests were soon assembled, and for the maid did call,
And forced her in the dungeon, to fright her soul withal.
5. The more they strove to fright her, the more she did endure,
Although her age was tender, her faith was strong and sure.
The chains of gold so costly they from this lady took,
And she with all her spirits, the pride of life forsook.
6. Before the pope they brought her, in hopes of her return,
And there she was condemned in herid flames to burn,
Before the place of torment they brought her speedily,
With lifted hands to heaven, she then agreed to die.

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

THORNY DESERT. S. 7

Wm. Walker. Dover Sel. p. 127 83

Dark and thorny is the desert, Through which pilgrims make their way; Fiends, loud howling through the desert, And the fiery darts of Satan
But beyond this vale of sorrows Lie the fields of endless day. Make them tremble as they go;

Often bring their courage low.

- | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|
| <p>1 O, young soldiers, are you weary
Of the troubles of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.</p> | <p>2 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole,
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are always hovering round you,
'Till you reach the heav'nly land.</p> | <p>3 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your love—
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
Where the golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky!</p> | <p>4 Millions there of flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory! glory! is their strain:
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing.</p> | <p>5 See the heavenly host, in rapture,
Gaze upon this shining band;
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hand!
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along,
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song.</p> | <p>6 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
Such as monarchs never wear:
They are gone to heav'nly pastures—
Jesus is their Shepherd there,
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blessed place!—
Glory, honour, and salvation!
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign</p> |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|

Thorny Desert

8, 7

Wm. Walker

Dover Selection p. 127

1. Dark and thorny is the desert,
Through which pilgrims make their way;
But beyond this vale of sorrows
Lie the fields of endless day.
Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go;
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

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

3. He whose thunder shakes creation,
 He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole.
Round him are ten thousand angels,
 Ready to obey command;
They are always hovering round you,
 Till you reach the heavenly land.
4. There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
 In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
 Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
 Where the ransomed dwell on high?
Where the golden harps for ever
 Sound redemption through the sky?
5. Millions there of flaming seraphs
 Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praise--
 Glory! glory! is their strain:
But methinks a sweeter concert
 Makes the heavenly arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
 Which the angels cannot sing.
6. See the heavenly host, in rapture,
 Gaze upon this shining band;
Wondering at their costly garments,
 And the laurels in their hand!
There, upon the golden pavement,
 See the ransomed march along,
While the splendid courts of glory
 Sweetly echo to their song.
7. O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!

Such as monarchs never wear;
They are gone to heavenly pastures--
Jesus is their Shepherd there.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to this blissful plain!--
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

84 SALVATION. C. M. 8



Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, I'll go to Jesus, though my sin I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppress, And make this last resolve: Hath like a mountain rose; Whatever may oppose.

84

Salvation

C.M.

Boyd

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve.
2. I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

DAY OF JUDGMENT. 11, 11, 6, 6, 7, 6. Mercer's Cluster, p. 495.

The day of the Lord--the day of sal - vation, }
The day of his wrath and dire indig - nation, } Is swiftly coming on; It surely will appear; And you and I must meet it With ecstasy or fear

The image shows a musical score for three parts: soprano, alto, and bass. The title is 'DAY OF JUDGMENT. 11, 11, 6, 6, 7, 6.' and it is attributed to 'Mercer's Cluster, p. 495.' The score is in G major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: 'The day of the Lord--the day of sal - vation, } The day of his wrath and dire indig - nation, } Is swiftly coming on; It surely will appear; And you and I must meet it With ecstasy or fear'.

Day of Judgment

11, 11, 6, 6, 7, 6

Mercer's Cluster, p. 495

1. The day of the Lord--the day of salvation,
The day of his wrath and dire indignation
Is swiftly coming on;
It surely will appear;
And you and I must meet it
With ecstasy or fear.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 88 Wm. Walker. 85

A story most lovely I'll tell, Of Jesus (O wondrous surprise!)
 He suffered the torments of hell, That sinners, vile sinners might rise!
 He left his exalted abode, When
 man by transgression was lost; Ap-peasing the wrath of a God, He shed forth his blood as the cost.

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

2. O, was it for crimes I had done,
 The Savior was hailed with a kiss!
 My Judge the tenderest sinner,
 Was your compassion like this!
 The millions all join'd in a band,
 Chanted him and led him away,
 The cords were wrung by sweet hands,
 O sinners! look at him, I pray.

3. To Pilate's stone pillar where led,
 His body was laden with a load;
 In sorrow for sin was laid,
 A nail was driven from his side;
 They made him a crown out of thorns;
 They mock'd him and did him abuse;
 They crucified him with sinners, in scorn,
 And laid him, the King of the Jews.

4. They bound the hard hands, and were
 The cross, and gave a most cruel
 O Christians! look forward and run,
 In hope that his baptism shall be;
 When he in the clouds shall appear,
 With angels all in his train,
 And thousands of Christians be there,
 All singing with hearts in a band.

5. How pleasant and happy the view!
 Enjoying each other in delight!
 He looks to Christians he'll love,
 O Jesus, I long for the night!
 I long to come up to the skies,
 In Paradise make my home,
 And sing of salvation on high,
 And run with a wounded Lord.



The Sufferings of Christ

8s

Wm. Walker

1. A story most lovely I'll tell,
 Of Jesus (O wondrous surprise!)
 He suffered the torments of hell,
 That sinners, vile sinners might rise:
 He left his exalted abode,
 When man by transgression was lost;
 Appeasing the wrath of a God,
 He shed forth his blood as the cost.

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

3. O, was it for crimes I had done,
 The Savior was hailed with a kiss!
 My Judge the tenderest sinner,
 Was your compassion like this!
 The millions all join'd in a band,
 Chanted him and led him away,
 The cords were wrung by sweet hands,
 O sinners! look at him, I pray.

By Judas the traitor alone;
Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all joined in a band,
Confined him and led him away,
The cords wrapped around his sweet hands,
O sinner! look at him I pray.

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

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

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

7. He fought the hard battle, and won
The victory, and gives it most free:
O Christians! look forward and run,

In hopes that his kingdom you'll see;
When he in the clouds shall appear,
With angels all at his command,
And thousands of Christians be there,
All singing with harps in a band.

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

86 ISLES OF THE SOUTH.* 11s. Wm. Houser.

1. Wake, Isles of the South! your re - demp - tion is near, No lon - ger re - pose in the bor - ders of gloom; The strength of his cho - sen in love shall ap - pear, And light shall a - rise on the verge of the tomb, And light shall a - rise on the verge of the tomb.

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

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

4. The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
The images forbids that was hallow'd with blood;
The priest of Melchisedek there shall alone,
And the shrine of Atool be sacred to God.

5. The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The day-pring, the prophet in vision once saw,
When the horns of Menahem will thence each clime,
And the Isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

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

Isles of the South

11s

Wm. Houser

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

1. Wake, Isles of the South! your redemption is near,
No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen in love shall appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb,
(Repeat previous line).
2. The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play where the ocean storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.
(Repeat previous line).
3. On the islands that sit in the regions of night,

The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and light,
The glad Star of Bethlehem brighten to day.
(Repeat previous line).

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

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

THE MOULDERING VINE. 8. 7. Carrell. 87

Hail! ye sighing sons of sorrow, Learn from me your certain doom;
Learn from me your fate tomorrow, Dead--per- haps laid in your tomb!
See all nature fading, dying! Si- lent all things seem to pine;
Life from vege- tation fly- ing, Brings to mind "the mould'ring vine."

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

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

87

The Mouldering Vine

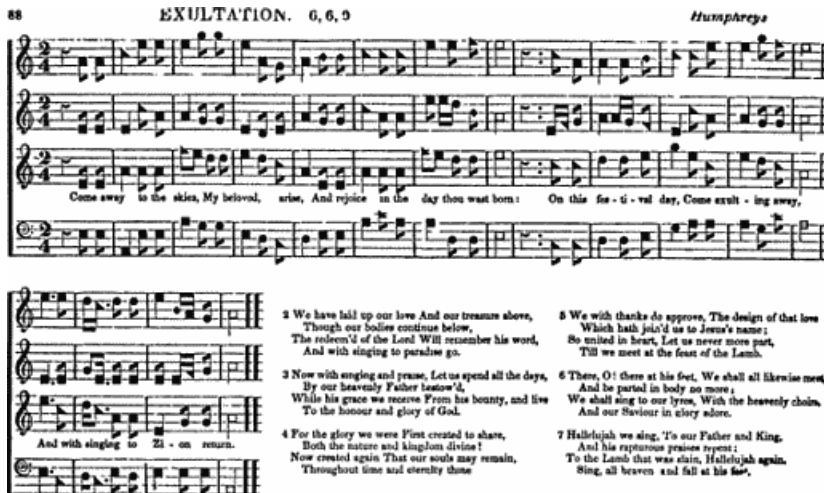
8, 7

Carrell

1. Hail! ye sighing sons of sorrow,
Learn from me your certain doom;
Learn from me your fate tomorrow,
Dead--perhaps laid in your tomb!
See all nature fading, dying!
Silent all things seem to pine;
Life from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind "the mouldering vine."
2. See! in yonder forest standing,
Lofty cedars, how they nod!
Scenes of nature how surprising,
Read in nature nature's God.
Whilst the annual frosts are cropping,
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are early drooping,
We are like to one of these.
3. Hollow winds about me roaring,

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

88 EXULTATION. 6, 6, 9 *Humphreys*



Come away to the skies, My beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born: On this fes-ti-val day, Come exult-ing away,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Exultation

6, 6, 9

Humphreys

1. Come away to the skies. My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day, come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.
2. We have laid up our love and our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below,
The redeemed of the Lord will remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.
3. Now with singing and praise, let us spend all the days,
By our heavenly Father bestowed,
While his grace we receive from his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.
4. For the glory we were first created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine!
Now created again that our souls may remain,
Throughout time and eternity thine.

5. We with thanks to approve, the design of that love
Which hath joined us to Jesus's name;
So united in heart, let us never more part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
6. There, O! there at his feet, we shall all likewise meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly choirs,
And our Savior in glory adore.
7. Hallelujah we sing, to our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
Sing, all heaven and fall at his feet.

DOVE OF PEACE. C. M. Treble by Wm. Houser. 89



1. O tell me where the Dove has flown To build her downy nest, And I will rove this world all o'er, To win her to my breast, To win her to my breast.

2. I sought her in the groves of love, I knew her tender heart; but she had flown--the Dove of Peace Had felt a traitor's dart, Had felt a traitor's dart.

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

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

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

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

Dove of Peace

C.M.

Treble by Wm. Houser

Wm. Houser

1. O tell me where the Dove has flown
To build her downy nest,
And I will rove this world all o'er,
To win her to my breast,
(Repeat previous line).
2. I sought her in the groves of love,
I knew her tender heart;
But she had flown--the Dove of Peace
Had felt a traitor's dart,
(Repeat previous line).
3. I sought her on the flowery lawn,
Where pleasure holds her train;
But fancy flies from flower to flower,
So there I sought in vain,
(Repeat previous line).
4. 'Twas on Ambition's craggy hill,
The Bird of Peace might stray;
I sought her there, though vainly still,
She never flew that way,
(Repeat previous line).

5. Faith smiled, and shed a silent tear,
To see my search around,
Then whispered "I will tell you where
The Dove may yet be found,
(Repeat previous line)."

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

HAPPY LAND. 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4. Leonard P. Breedlove.

Cheerful and uplifting

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way; } O how they sweetly sing, Wor-thy is our Sa-viour King; Loud, let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day.

2. Come to the hap-py land, Come, come a-way! } O we shall hap-py be, When from sin and sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
Why will you doubt-ing stand? Why yet de-lay?

3. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-ery eye; } Then shall his king-dom come, Sal-ute shall share a glo-rious home, And bright a-bove the sun, We'll reign for aye.
Kept by a Fa-ther's hand, Love can-not die.

Happy Land

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 7, 6, 4

Leonard P. Breedlove

1. There is a happy land
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 O how they sweetly sing:
 Worthy is our Savior King!
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

2. Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will you doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 O we shall happy be
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Then shall his kingdom come,
 Be a crown and kingdom won,
 Saints shall share a glorious home,
 And bright above the sun

We'll reign for aye.

90 GARDEN HYMN. 8, 8, 6

The Lord in - to his garden comes, The spices yield a rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive, The lilies grow and thrive; Re-

freshing showers of grace divine, From Je - sus flow to eve - ry vine, And make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.



Garden Hymn

8, 8, 6

1. The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive,
(Repeat previous line);
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive,
(Repeat previous line).

CHEERFUL. 11s 91

O how I have long'd for the com-ing of God, And sought him by pray-ing, and searching his word; With

watching and fast-ing my soul was op-press, Nor would I give o-ver, till Je-sus had bless'd.



Cheerful

11s

1. O how I have longed for the coming of God,
 And sought him by praying, and searching his word;
 With watching and fasting my soul was opprest,
 Nor would I give over, till Jesus had blessed.

92 FIDUCIA. C. M. Robison

Father, I long, I faint to see
 I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee
 The place of thine abode, 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
 Up to thy courts, my God. 5 And 'tis a pleasing sight,
 But to abide in thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.



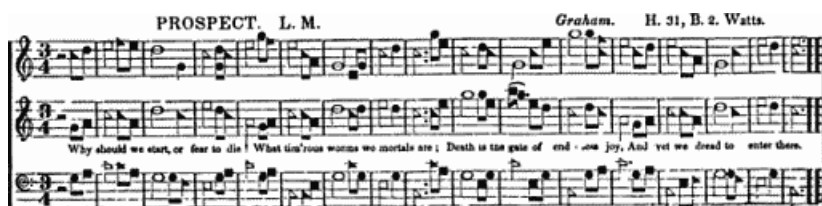
Fiducia

C.M.

Robison

1. Father, I long, I faint to see
 The place of thy abode,
 I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee
 Up to thy courts, my God.
 Here I behold thy distant face,
 And 'tis a pleasing sight,
 But to abide in thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.

PROSPECT. L. M. *Graham.* H. 31, B. 2. Watts.



Why should we start, or fear to die! What timorous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of end - less joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

Prospect

L.M.

Graham

Watts

1. Why should we start or fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

HEAVENLY ARMOUR Wm. Walker. Baptist Harmony, p. 463. 93

And if you meet with troubles And trials on the way, Gird on the heavenly armor
Then cast your care on Jesus, And don't forget to pray. Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love; And when the combat's ended, He'll take you up above.



Heavenly Armour

Wm. Walker
Baptist Harmony, p. 463

1. And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on the way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love;
 And when the combat's ended,
 He'll take you up above.

94 WARRENTON. 8, 7

Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. } I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me! Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

WAR DEPARTMENT. 11's. Mercer's Cluster, p. 125.

No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard, The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground, And peace and good-will to the nations around.

94

Warrenton

8, 7

Refrain:

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

- I am bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

WAR DEPARTMENT. 11's. Mercer's Cluster, p. 125.

The musical score is written for three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be feared.
The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground,
And peace and good-will to the nations abound.

War Department

11s

Mercer's Cluster, p. 125

1. No more shall the sound of the war whoop be heard,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be feared.
The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground,
And peace and good will to the nations abound.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8. Dover Sel p. 134 95



Soldiers, go, but not to claim Mouldering spoils of earthborn treasure, Dream not that the way is smooth, Turn no wishful eye of youth,
 Not to build a vaunting name, Not to dwell in tents of pleasure, Hope not that the thorns are roses, Where the
 sunny beam reposes. Thou hast sterner work to do, Hast to cut thy passage through; Close behind the gulfs are burning: Forward then, there's no returning.



Christian Soldier [2]

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 8

Dover Selection p. 134

1. Soldiers, go, but not to claim
 Mouldering spoils of earthborn treasure,
 Not to build a vaunting name,
 Not to dwell in tents of pleasure,
 Dream not that the way is smooth,
 Hope not that the thorns are roses,
 Turn no wishful eye of youth,
 Where the sunny beam reposes.
 Thou hast sterner work to do,
 Hast to cut thy passage through;
 Close behind the gulfs are burning:
 Forward then, there's no returning.

96 MISSION. L. M. A. Grambling Baptist Harmony, p. 266.

1 Young people all, attention give, While I address you in God's name; I've sought for bliss in glittering toys, But never
You who in sin and folly live, Come hear the counsel of a friend. And ranged the luring scenes of vice;

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

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

4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapours roll
In solemn darkness round your head.

5 Your friends will pass the lone some place,
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

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

knew substantial joys, Un - til I heard my Saviour's voice.



Mission

L.M.

A. Grambling

Baptist Harmony, p. 266

1. Young people all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.
I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged the luring scenes of vice;
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Savior's voice.
2. He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And washed my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
3. Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone
By fleeting time or conquering death,
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blossoming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

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

4. Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.
5. Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in endless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.
6. Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life and Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God
But with the gospel now comply
And heaven shall be your great reward.

MESSIAH. C. M. Carreil 97

He comes! he comes! to judge the world, Aloud th' archangel cries; } Th' affrighted nations hear the sound, }
While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies; } And upward lift their eyes;

The slumb'ring tenants of the ground in living armies rise.

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

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

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

5 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:
"Well done, my good and faithful ones,
The children of my love,
Receive the sceptre, crown a new throne,
I'vepard for you above."

Messiah

C.M.

Carreil

1. He comes! he comes! to judge the world,
Aloud the archangel cries;
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightning cleaves the skies;
The affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes;
The slumbering tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.
2. Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Arrayed in robes of light;
His head and hair are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.
3. Writ on his thigh his name appears,

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

4. Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dared his grace reject,
And they who dared presume.
"Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injured Jesus cries,
While the long kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.
5. And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:
"Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love,
Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones
Prepared for you above."

98 KINGWOOD 8, 8, 6. *Humphreys.*

My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the whirling spheres, Around the steady pole; Time, like the tide, its motion keeps, And I must launch thro' endless deeps, Where endless ages roll.

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

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



Kingwood

8, 8, 6

Humphreys

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.
2. The grave is near, the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly;
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die.
3. My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do.
Or sink in endless night.

AN ADDRESS FOR ALL. C.M. Wm. Walker. 99

I sing a song which doth be-long to all the hu-man race,
Con-cern-ing death, which steals the breath, and blasts the come-ly face; } Come lis- ten all un- to my call, which I do make to-

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

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

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

An Address for All

C.M.

Wm. Walker

1. I sing a song which doth belong to all the human race,
Concerning death, which steals the breath, and blasts the comely face;
Come listen all unto my call, which I do make today
For you must die as well as I, and pass from hence away.
2. No human power can stop the hour, wherein a mortal dies;
A Caesar may be great today, yet death will close his eyes:
Though some do strive and do arrive to riches and renown,
Enjoying health and swim in wealth, yet death will bring them down.
3. Though beauty grace your comely face, with roses white and red,
A dying fall will spoil it all, for Absalom is dead:
Though you acquire the best attire, appearing fine and fair,
Yet death will come into the room, and strip you naked there.
4. The princes high and beggars die, and mingle with dust,
The rich, the brave, the negro slave, the wicked and the just:
Therefore prepare to meet thy God, before it be too late.
Or else you'll weep, lament and cry, lost in a ruined state.

100 ELYSIAN. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7. Baptist Harmony, p. 471

Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision
All th'ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian. } Lo, we lift our longing eyes, Burst, ye intervening skies, Sun of

righteousness, arise, Ope the gates of para - dise.

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

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station:
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation!

Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory give to God alone!
"Holy, holy, holy One!"

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

100

Elysian

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7

Baptist Harmony, p. 471

1. Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian.
Lo, we lift our longing eyes,
Burst, ye intervening skies,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Open the gates of paradise.
2. Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumpets resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing with the theme.
3. Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station:

Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory give to God alone;
'Holy, holy, holy One!'

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

SINCERITY. 11's Baptist Harmony, p. 178. 101

Treble by William Walker.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word; What more can he say than to you he hath said, You

who unto Jesus for refuge have fled!

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

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

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

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

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

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

101

Sincerity

11s

Treble by Wm. Walker
Baptist Harmony, p. 178
Wm. Walker

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled
2. In every condition--in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea--
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
4. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of water shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
For flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
6. "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
7. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

102

DELIGHT. 7, 6.

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 325.

Vain, de-lusive world, adieu, With all of crea-ture good; } All thy pleasures I fore-go, I trample on thy wealth and pride; Only Jesus
On-ly Jesus I pursue, Who bought us with his blood. }

102

will I know, And Jesus cru-ci-fied

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

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

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

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

Delight [1]

7, 6

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 325

1. Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
2. Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me:
Me to save from endless woe
The sin atoning Victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3. Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
 Shall nevermore depart;
Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
4. Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
5. O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

HOLY MANNA. 8, 7 More. Baptist Harmony, p. 1 103

Brethren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God; } All is vain, unless the Spirit Of the Holy One come down; Brethren, pray, and
Will you pray with all your power, While we try to preach the word. }

ho - ly man - na Will be shower'd all around

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

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

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

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

103

Holy Manna

8, 7

More

Baptist Harmony, p. 1

1. Brethren, we have met to worship,
And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word.
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One come down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

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

3. Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sisters aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Savior,
Tell him that he will be found;
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.
4. Is there here a trembling jailer,
Seeking grace, and filled with fears.
Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Brethren, join your cries to help them
Sisters, let your prayers abound;
Pray, O! pray, that holy manna
May be scattered all around.
5. Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down.
Christ will gird himself and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

104 THE SAINTS' DELIGHT. F. Price. 65th hymn, 2d b. Watts.

When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. I feel like, I feel like I'm

on my journey home. I feel like, I feel like I'm on my journey home.

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

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

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

The Saints' Delight

F. Price
Watts

1. When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

COME AND TASTE WITH ME. 7,7,7,7,7,9,6. Wm. Walker. 105

Come and taste, a - long with me, Con - so - la - tion run - ning free, Con - so - la - tion running free, And I will give him glo - ry.

'Tis re - li - gion we be - lieve, O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Soon it will land our souls up yon - der; Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

1. From our Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honeycomb, ♯
And I will give, &c.

2. Wherefore should I feast alone?
Two are better far than one, ♯
And I will give, &c.

3. All that come with free good will
Make the banquet sweeter still, ♯
And I will give, &c.

4. Now I go to mercy's door,
Asking for a little more, ♯
And I will give, &c.

5. Jesus gives a double share,
Calling us his chosen heir, ♯
And I will give, &c.

6. Goodness, running like a stream
Through the New Jerusalem, ♯
And I will give, &c.

7. By a constant breathing forth,
Sweeten souls and heaven's air, ♯
And I will give, &c.

8. Saints and angels sing aloud,
To behind the shining cloud, ♯
And I will give, &c.

9. Coming to at yonny's door,
Making still the number more, ♯
And I will give, &c.

10. Heaven's host, and heaven's throne,
O'erflowing everywhere, ♯
And I will give, &c.

11. And I boldly do profess
That my soul hath got a taste, ♯
And I will give, &c.

12. Now I'll go joining home
From the banquet of perfume, ♯
And I will give, &c.

13. Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the throne of God, ♯
And I will give, &c.

14. O, return, ye sons of grace,
There and no time's counting here, ♯
And I will give, &c.

15. Hark! he calls backscatter home,
Then soon live no longer dead, ♯
And I will give, &c.

Come and Taste With Me

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 9, 6

Wm. Walker

Refrain:

1. Come and taste, along with me,
Consolation running free,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
2. From our Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honeycomb,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
3. Wherefore should I feast alone?
Two are better far than one,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory
4. All that come with free good will
Make the banquet sweeter still,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
5. Now I go to mercy's door,
Asking for a little more,
(Repeat previous line)

- And I will give him glory.
6. Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
7. Goodness, running like a stream
Through the new Jerusalem,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
8. By a constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
9. Saints and angels sing aloud,
To behold the shining crowd,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
10. Coming in at mercy's door,
Making still the number more,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
11. Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Comfort flowing everywhere,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
12. And I boldly do profess
That my soul hath got a taste,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
13. Now I'll go rejoicing home
From the banquet of perfume,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

14. Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the throne of God,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

15. O, return, ye sons of grace,
Turn and see God's smiling face,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

16. Hark! he calls backsliders home,
Then from him no longer roam,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

'Tis religion we believe,
O, glory, hallelujah!
Soon it will land our souls up yonder;
Glory, hallelujah!

106 THE PILGRIM'S SONG L. M.

1. I am a stran-ger here be-low, And what I am 'tis hard to know; I am so vile, so prone to sin, I fear that I'm not born a-gain.

2. When I ex - pe-ri-ence call to mind, My un - der-stand - ing is so blind-- All feeling sense seems to be gone, Which makes me think that I am wrong.



The Pilgrim's Song

L.M.

1. I am a stranger here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know;
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again.

2. When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind--
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me think that I am wrong.

PACOLET. 7, 6. *Wm. Golightly, jun.* Dover Selection, p. 7.



Shall men pretend to pleasure, Who never knew the Lord? They may obtain this jewel, In what their hearts desire,
Can all the worldling's treasure True peace of mind afford? When they, by adding fuel, Can quench the flame of fire.

Pacolet

7, 6

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

1. Shall men pretend to pleasure,
Who never knew the Lord?
Can all the worldling's treasure
True peace of mind afford?
They may obtain this jewel,
In what their hearts desire,
When they, by adding fuel,
Can quench the flame of fire.

HALLELUJAH. C. M. Wm. Walker. Dover Selection, p. 169. 107

And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let our souls die; }
My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high. } And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And

you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, When we ar - rive at home.

107

Hallelujah [1]

C.M.

Wm. Walker
Dover Selection, p. 169

Refrain:

1. And let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint and die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high;

And I'll sing hallelujah,
 And you'll sing hallelujah,
 And we'll all sing hallelujah,
 When we arrive at home.

108 REDEMPTION. L. M. 2 verses. A. Benham, sen.

Earth spreads, &c.

Hark! hark! glad tidings charm our ears, Angelic music fills the spheres; Earth spreads the sound with decent mirth, A God, a God is born

the hills reply; A God, a God on earth is born!

on earth! A God is born! the valleys cry; A God is born! Evening repeats to wondering morn,

108

Redemption

L.M.

A. Benham, Sr.

1. Hark! hark! glad tidings charm our ears,
 Angelic music fills the spheres;
 Earth spreads the sound with decent mirth,
 A God, a God is born on earth!
2. A God is born! the valleys cry;
 A God is born! the hills reply;
 Evening repeats to wondering morn,
 A God, a God on earth is born!

WELCH. 8, 4. 109

There's a friend above all others, O, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's, O, how he loves! } Earthly friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, the next bereave us; But this friend will
ne'er deceive us, O, how he loves!

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

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

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O, how he loves!
Backward all thy feet be driven,
O, how he loves

Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er befall thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O, how he loves!
5 Praise, my soul! adore and wonder,
O, how he loves!
Naught can cleave this love asunder,
O, how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation;
O, how he loves!

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

109

Welch

8, 4

1. There's a friend above all others,
O how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's
O how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
O how he loves!
2. Blessed Jesus, wouldst thou know him?
O how he loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
O how he loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O how he loves!
3. Love this friend who longs to save thee,
O how he loves!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,
O how he loves!

O how he loves!
Think no more then of tomorrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O how he loves!

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

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

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

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

This world's not all a fleet-ing show, For man's il-lu-sion giv'n; He that hath sooth'd a widow's wo, Or
wiped an or-phan's tear, doth know There's something here of heav'n.

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

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

110

Woodland

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

1. This world's not all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.
2. And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day
With virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.
3. He that the Christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted heaven.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6. Baptist Harmony, p. 338. 111

Treb. & 2^d James Langston.

From Greenland's icy mountains, Where Afric's sunny fountains From many an ancient river, They
From India's coral strand; Roll down their golden sand; From many a palmy plain,

1 call us to de - liver Their land from error's chain.

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

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

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

4 Wash, wash, ye winds, his story,
And ye, ye waters, roll
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole
Till o'er our rascals' nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator
In him returns to reign.



Missionary Hymn

7, 6

Trebles by James Langston
Baptist Harmony, p. 338.
James Langston

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand:
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

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

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

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

112 SOCIAL BAND. L. M.

1. Say now, ye love-ly so-cial band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land; } Have you just ventured to the field, Well arm'd with helmet,
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, would you now re - turn a-gain! }

2. Be - ware of plea-sure's si - ren song; A - las! It can-not soothe you long; } O let your thoughts delight to soar Where earth and time shall
It can-not qui - et Jordan's wave, Nor cheer the dark and si - lent grave. }

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

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

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

112

Social Band

L.M.

1. Say now, ye lovely social band,
Who walk the way to Canaan's land;
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain,
Say, would you now return again?
Have you just ventured to the field,
Well armed with helmet, sword and shield,
And shall the world, with dread alarms,
Compel you now to ground your arms?
2. Beware of pleasure's siren song;
Alas! it cannot soothe you long;
It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
Nor cheer the dark and silent grave.
O let your thoughts delight to soar
Where earth and time shall be no more;
Explore by faith the heavenly fields,
And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.
3. There see the glorious hosts on wing,
And hear the heavenly seraphs sing!
The shining ranks in order stand,

Or move like lightning at command.
Jehovah there reigns not alone,
The Savior shares his Father's throne,
While angels circle round his seat,
And worship prostrate at his feet.

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

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

PARTING HAND L. M. Wm. Walker · Baptist Harm p. 447 113

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

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

- 2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
- 3 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.
- 4 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.
- 5 My youthful friends, in Christian times,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.
- 6 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to burn,
Which make me hope we'll meet again.
- 7 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his arm—in Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand!
- 8 And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
We may meet on Canaan's shore.
- 9 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your progress I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
- 10 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When, on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.
- 11 But with our loved, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell
So, loving Christians, fare you well.

14

Parting Hand

L.M.

Wm. Walker

Baptist Harmony p. 447

1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union join,
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.
2. Your company's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear,
Yet when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.
3. How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
4. O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand,
5. And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, as all one,

6. We'll say, our Father's will be done.
My youthful friends, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.
7. How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
8. Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace--in Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.
9. And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
10. I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
11. O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When, on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.
12. But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell
So, loving Christians, fare you well.

114 WESLEY. C. M. *Alto.*

With inward pain my heart-strings sound, My soul dissolves a - way; Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round, Dear

Sovereign, whirl the seasons round, And bring And bring the pro - mised day, And bring the promised day.

114

Wesley

C.M.

More

1. With inward pain my hear strings sound,
My soul dissolves away;
Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round,
(Repeat previous line)
And bring and bring the promised day,
And bring the promised day.

MORNING STAR. 8, 8, 7, 5, 8, 7, 7, 9, 8 Lowry 115

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

115

Morning Star

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, 9, 8

Lowry

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

116 ALABAMA. C M

Counter by William Walker

Those happy
Angels in shining order stand, Around the Saviour's throne; They bow with reverence at his feet, and make his glorie known. Those happy spirits sing his

116

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

2 When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place,
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness

Three emblems bring my Lord to view,
Upon the bloody tree,
My soul believes and feels it's true,
That Jesus died for me.

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

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

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

Alabama

C.M.

Counter by William Walker
William Walker

1. The cross of Christ inspires my heart,
To sing redeeming grace;
Awake, my soul, and bear a part
In my Redeemer's praise.
Oh, how can be compared to him
Who died upon the tree?
This is my dear delightful theme,
That Jesus died for me.
2. When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place,
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness.
These emblems bring my Lord to view,
Upon the bloody tree,
My soul believes and feels it's true,
That Jesus died for me.

117

3. His body broken, nailed, and torn,
And stained with streams of blood,
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of his God.
'Twas then his Father gave the stroke
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful stroke,
When Jesus died for me.
4. Eli lama sabachthani,
My God, my God, he cried,
Why hast thou thus forsaken me!
And thus my Savior died.
But why did God forsake his Son,
When bleeding on the tree?
He died for sins, but not his own,
For Jesus died for me.
5. My guilt was on my Surety laid
And therefore he must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I
Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.
6. He took his meritorious blood,
And rose above the skies,
And in the presence of his God,
Presents his sacrifice.
His intercession must prevail
With such a glorious plea
My cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus died for me.
7. Angels in shining order sit

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

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

118 JUBILEE. P. M. *Unknown.*

Hark! the jubilee is sounding, O the joyful news is come; Free salvation is proclaimed In and through God's only Son; Now we have an in - vi - tation, To the meek and lowly Lamb, Glory, honour, and sal-

1 Hark! the jubilee is sounding, O the joyful news is come; Free salvation is proclaimed In and through God's only Son; Now we have an invitation, To the meek and lowly Lamb, Glory, honor, and salvation; Christ the Lord, is come to reign.

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

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

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

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

118

Jubilee

P.M.

Unknown

1. Hark! the jubilee is sounding,
O the joyful news is come;
Free salvation is proclaimed
In and through God's only Son:
Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly Lamb,
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Christ the Lord is come to reign.
2. Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time;
Now the Savior is beginning
To revive his work again.
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Christ the Lord is come to reign.
3. Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the way;

We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray;
Golden moments we've neglected,
Yet the Lord invites again!
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

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

5. Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore.
May his great love now constrain us,
His great name for to adore.
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain!
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

PART II

CONTAINING

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

TRIBULATION. C. M. Chapin. Hymn 55, Book 2, Watts.

Death, 'tis a melan - choly day, To those who have no God, When the poor soul is forced a - way, To seek her last abode.

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

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

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

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

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

119

Tribulation

C.M.

Chapin

Watts

1. Death, 'tis a melancholy day,
To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away,
To seek her last abode.
2. In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.
3. Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.
4. See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.
5. He is a God of sovereign love,
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,

Where happy spirits be.

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

120 FLORIDA S. M. *Wetmore.*

Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the wor - ship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly

breath, I'll spend my daily breath, But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly breath.

120

Florida

S.M.

Wetmore

1. Let sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death;
 But in the worship of my God,
 I'll spend my daily breath,
 I'll spend my daily breath,
 But in the worship of my God,
 I'll spend my daily breath.

GREENFIELD. L. P. M. 121

God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press; In him undaunted we'll confide, Though earth were from her centre toss'd, And

mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide.

121

Greenfield

L.P.M.

1. God is our refuge in distress,
 A present help when dangers press;
 In him undaunted we'll confide,
 Though earth were from her center tossed,
 And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide,
 (Repeat previous line).

122 FAITHFUL SOLDIER. 7, 6 Wm. Walker. Dover Selection, p. 129.

O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above? }
 And from the flowing fountain, drink everlasting love! } When shall I be de- liver'd From this vain world of sin? And with my blessed

122

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

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

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

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

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

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

Faithful Soldier

7, 6

Wm. Walker

Dover Selection, p. 129

1. O when shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell reign with him above,
 And drink the from the flowing fountain
 Drink everlasting love?
 When shall I be delivered,
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?
2. But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before;
 He's given me my orders,
 And bids me ne'er give o'er;
 His promises are faithful--
 A righteous crown he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternally shall live.
3. Through grace I am determined

242

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

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

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

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

7. Our eyes shall then with rapture,
 The Savior's face behold;

Our feet, no more diverted,
 Shall walk the streets of gold
Our ears shall hear with transport
 The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glories
 Of our immortal King.

DISCIPLE. 8s & 7s. D. Treble by Wm Houser. From Christian Lyre. 123

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee: Naked, poor, despised, for - saken, Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Per - ish ev - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
And whilst thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show thy face and all is bright.

2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Sa - viour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not like them, un - true;
Per - ish ev - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
And whilst thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show thy face and all is bright.

4. Oh, them, earthy foes and tempters,
Come, stand, seize, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy Father how to gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Shame may hurt, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

5. How my trials and distresses,
I will not drive me to thy breast;
Lift with trials hard may grow me,
Thine will bring me sweetest rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not to joy to charm me,
Were that joy omitted with thee.

6. Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Hie thee, and fear, and care;
Joy to God, in every station,
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's eyes are there;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, cease thou weep!

7. Hate thee on from green to glory,
Arise by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall thou thy earthly enemies,
Soon shall pass thy glorious days;
None shall change to God's friends,
Faith to right, and prayer to pray.

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

Disciple

8s & 7s D.

Treble by Wm. Houser

From *Christian Lyre*

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

Wm. Houser

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;

Show thy face, and all is bright.

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

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

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

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

124 SHARON P. M.

How pleasant 'tis to see, Kindred and friends agree, Each in his proper station move, Each in his proper station move,

move, And each fulfil his part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.

124

Sharon

P.M.

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

NEW JERUSALEM. 8's 125

My gra-cious Redeem-er I love, His praises a-loud I'll pro-claim, } To gaze on the glories di-vine, Shall be my e-ter-nal em- }
 And join with the armies above, To shout his a-do-ra-ble name.

pley. And feel them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My boundless, in-effa-ble joy.



New Jerusalem

8s

1. My gracious Redeemer I love,
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name.
 To gaze on the glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.

126 SARDINA C. M.



How did his flow - ing tears con - dole, As for a bro - ther dead, And fasting, mortified his soul, While for their lives he pray'd.

They groan'd and curs'd him on their beds, Yet still he pleads and mourns; And double blessings on his head, The righteous Lord re - turns.

126

Sardina

C.M.

1. How did his flowing tears condole,
 As for a brother dead,
 And fasting, mortified his soul,
 While for their lives he prayed.
 They groaned and cursed him on their beds,
 Yet still he pleads and mourns;
 And double blessings on his head,
 The righteous Lord returns.

TRUE HAPPINESS. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9 *Wm. Walker.* Dover Sel. p. 39 127

O, how happy are they, Who their Saviour obey, And whose treasure is laid up above; Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace, Of a soul in its earliest love.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

127

True Happiness

6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9

Wm. Walker

Dover Selection p. 39

1. O how happy are they,
Who the Savior obey,
And whose treasure is laid up above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
2. That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
O what joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
3. 'Twas a heaven below
The Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,

And the story repeat,
And the Savior of sinners adore.

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

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

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

7. O the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life giving blood!
 Of my Savior possessed,
 I was perfectly blest,
Overwhelmed with the fulness of God.

8. What a mercy is this!
 What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favored am I!
 Gathered into the fold,
 With believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die!

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

128 LEANDER. C. M. Austin.

My soul forsakes her vain delight, And bids the world farewell, Base as the dirt beneath thy feet, And mischievous as hell. No longer will I

ask your love, Nor seek your friendship more; The hap - pi - ness that I approve, Is not with - in your pow'r.

128

Leander

C.M.

Austin

1. My soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath thy feet,
And mischievous as hell.
No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve,
Is not within your power.

CHRISTIAN SONG 129

11

129

Christian Song

1. Mine eyes are now closing to rest,
 My body must soon be removed,
 And mould'ring, lie buried in dust,
 No more to be envied or loved,
 (Repeat previous line).
 Ah! what is this drawing my breath,
 And stealing my senses away
 O tell me, O tell me, O tell me,
 O tell me, my soul, is it death,
 Releasing me kindly from clay?
 Now mourning, my soul shall descry
 The regions of pleasure and love,
 My spirit triumphant shall fly,
 And dwell with my Savior above.

130

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICTS. 7, 6. Wm. Walker Dover Sol. p. 198 131

Very Slow.

See how the wicked kingdom is falling every day, And still our blessed Jesus is winning souls a way; But

O how I am tempted, No mortal tongue can tell, So often I'm sur-round-ed With enemies from hell.

131

The Christian's Conflicts

7, 6

Wm. Walker
Dover Selection p. 198

1. See how the wicked kingdom
Is falling every day,
And still our blessed Jesus
Is winning souls away;
But O how I am tempted,
No mortal tongue can tell,
So often I'm surrounded
With enemies from hell.

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

Soldiers of the cross, arise, Lo, your Captain from the skies, Holding forth the glist'ring prize,
Calls to victory. Fear not, though the battle lower,
Firmly stand the trying hour, Stand the tempter's utmost power,
Spurn his slavery.

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

2 By the mercies of our God,
By Emmanuel's streaming blood,
When alone for us he stood,
Ne'er give up the strife:

Ever at the latest breath,
Hark to what your Captain saith--
"Be thou faithful unto death;
Take the crown of life."

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

132

Bruce's Address

7, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5

Wm. Walker

Dover Selection p. 152

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise,
Lo, your Captain from the skies,
Holding forth the glittering prize,
Calls to victory.
Fear not, though the battle lower,
Firmly stand the trying hour,
Stand the tempter's utmost power,
Spurn his slavery.
2. Who the cause of Christ would yield!
Who would leave the battlefield?
Who would cast away his shield?--
Let him basely go:
Who for Zion's King will stand?
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.
3. By the mercies of our God,

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

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

INDIAN CONVERT, (OR NASHVILLE). 8,8,6. Johnson 133

* 1. In de dark woods, no Indian high, Den me look Heb'n, and send up cry, Den me look Heb'n, and send up cry, Up - on my knee so low; But

2. God send he an - gel, take um care, He cum in self and hear um prayer, He cum he self and hear um prayer, (If In - dian heart do pray.) He

God on high, in shiny place, See me at night, wid teary face-- See me at night, wid teary face-- De preacher tell me so,

see me now, he know me here; He say, Poor In - dian, ne - ver fear, He say, Poor In - dian, ne - ver fear, He wid you night and day.

3. No me ish God, wid inside heart,
He right for me, he take um part,
He save um life before;
God hear poor Indians in de wood;
No me ish him, and dat he good,
Me give him evintion.

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

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

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

133

Indian Convert

8, 8, 6

Johnson

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

1. In de dark woods, no Indian high,
Den me look Heb'n, and send up cry,
(Repeat previous line),
Upon my knee so low;
But God on high, in shiny place,
See me at night, wid teary face--
(Repeat previous line),
De preacher tell me so.
2. God send he angel, take um care,
He cum he self and hear um prayer,
(Repeat previous line),
(If Indian heart do pray,)
He see me now, he know me here;
He say, Poor Indian, never fear,

(Repeat previous line),
Me wid you night and day.

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

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

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

134 **IMANDRA.** 11's. *A. Davison.*

I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my Lord,
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word;

With tender emotion I love sinners too, Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

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

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

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

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

5 I love thee, my Saviour, &c.

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

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

134

Imandra

11s

Davison

1. O Jesus, my Savior, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.
2. Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me, and bid me not fear.
3. In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name.
4. I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

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5. I love thee, my Savior, I love thee, my Lord,
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word;
With tender emotion I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

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

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

WHITESTOWN. L. M. Ward 135

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

135

Whitestown

L.M.

Ward

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

136 PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M

Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet: To you this day is born a Prince and

Savior: O come and let us worship, O come and let us wor-ship, O come and let us wor-ship at his feet.

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

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



Portuguese Hymn

P.M.

Refrain:

1. Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet:
To you this day is born a Prince and Savior;
2. O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praises and reverence are an offering meet,
Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us.
3. Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest,

O come and let us worship,
(Repeat previous line),
O come and let us worship at his feet.

SWEET PROSPECT. C. M. Wm. Walker Dover Sel p. 171 137

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. } O the trans- port - ing, rapturous scene, That
rises to my sight, Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight!

137

Sweet Prospect

C.M.

Wm. Walker
Dover Selection p. 171

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie
2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

138 THE PILGRIM'S LOT. 8, 8, 6. A. Grambling. Mercer's Cluster, p. 224.

How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from anxious care and thought, How free from anxious care and thought, From worldly hope and fear; Con-

fined to neither court nor cell, His soul disdains on earth to dwell, His soul disdains on earth to dwell, He on-ly sojourns here.

138

The Pilgrim's Lot

8, 8, 6

A. Grambling

Mercer's Cluster, p. 224

1. How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and thought,
(Repeat previous line)
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
(Repeat previous line for tune 2--Happy Pilgrim)
He only sojourns here.

HALLELUJAH. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 7. Dr. Harrison. 139

He comes! he comes! the Judge severe! halle, hal - le - lu - jah! His lightning flash and thunder roll
The seventh trum - pet speaks him near! halle, hal - le - lu - jah!

halle, hal - ve lu - jah! How welcome to the faith - ful soul, O hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah!

139

Hallelujah [2]

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 7

Dr. Harrison

1. He comes, he comes, the Judge severe! halle, hallelujah!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near; halle, hallelujah!
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll; halle, hallelujah!
How welcome to the faithful soul! O halle, hallelujah!

140 KNOXVILLE. 8, 8, 8, 8, 7 *R. Monday* Dover Sel. p. 74.

Re-joice, my friends, the Lord is King,
Let all pre- pare to take him in, } Let Jacob rise, and Zi on sing, And all the earth with praises

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

140

Knoxville

8, 8, 8, 8, 7

R. Monday

Dover Selection p. 74.

1. Rejoice, my friends, the Lord is King,
Let all prepare to take him in,
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the earth with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.
2. O! may the desert land rejoice,
And mourners hear the Savior's voice;
While praise their every tongue employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory.
3. O! may the saints of every name
Unite to praise the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Savior's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAIL, COLUMBIA? 141

Hail, Columbia! happy land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause.

And when the storm of war is gone, Enjoy the peace your valour won; Let independence be your boast, Ever mindful what it cost; Ever grateful

141

Hail, Columbia

1. Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause.
And when the storm of war is gone,
Enjoy the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty.
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

142

SALUTATION. 7, 6, 8, 7, 7, 6, 7, 6. Mercer's Cluster, p. 230 143

Good morning, brother pilgrim,
What, bound for Canaan's coast?
March you towards Jerusalem,
To join the heavenly host!
Pray, wherefore are you smiling,
While tears run down your face?
We soon shall cease from toiling,
And reach that heavenly place;
And reach that heavenly place;
We soon shall cease from toiling,
And reach that heavenly place.

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

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

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

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

Salutation

7, 6, 8, 7, 7, 6, 7, 6

Mercer's Cluster, p. 230

1. Good morning, brother pilgrim,
What, bound for Canaan's coast?
March you toward Jerusalem,
To join the heavenly host?
Pray, wherefore are you smiling,
While tears run down your face?
We soon shall cease from toiling,
And reach that heavenly place,
And reach that heavenly place;
We soon shall cease from toiling,
And reach that heavenly place.
2. To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
To join the heavenly throng,
Hark! from the banks of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrims' song!
Their Jesus they are viewing,
By faith we see him too,
We smile, and weep, and praise him,

We smile, and weep, and praise him;
And on our way pursue,
We smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on our way pursue.

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

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

5. With streams of consolation,
 We're filled as with new wine,
We die to transient pleasures,
 And live to things divine.
We sink in holy raptures
 While viewing things above
Why glory to my Savior,
 Why glory to my Savior;

My soul is full of love,
 Why glory to my Savior,
My soul is full of love.

144 **O COME, COME AWAY** *Treble by W. Houser.*

1. O come, come a - way! the Sab-bath morn is pass-ing; Let's hast-en to the Sabbath school; O come, come a - way! The Sabbath bells are ring-ing clear, Their joy-ous peals as-salute my ear, I love their voice to hear; O come, come a - way!

2. My com-rades in-vite to join their hap-py num-ber, And glad-ly will I meet them there; O come, come a - way! 'Tis there we meet to sing and pray, To read God's word on his glad day, With joy let's haste a-way, O come, come a - way!

3. While oth-ers may seek for vain and fool-ish plea-sures, The Sab-bath-school shall be my choice; O come, come a - way! How dear the plaintive strain, From youthful voi-ces rise a-main, With sweet-est tones a-gain! O come, come a - way!

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

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

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

144

O Come, Come Away

Treble by W. Houser

W. Houser

1. O come, come away! the Sabbath morn is passing;
Let's hasten to the Sabbath school; O come, come away!
The Sabbath bells are ringing clear,
Their joyous peals salute my ear,
I love their voice to hear; O come, come away!
2. My comrades invite to join their happy number,
And gladly will I meet them there; O come, come away!
How there we meet to sing and pray,
To read God's word on his glad day,
With joy let's haste away, O come, come away!
3. While others may seek for vain and foolish pleasures,
The Sabbath school shall be my choice; O come, come away!
How dear the plaintive strain,
From youthful voices rise a-main,
With sweetest tones again! O come, come away!
4. 'Tis there I may learn the ways of heavenly wisdom,
To guide my feeble steps on high; O come, come away!

The flowery paths of peace to tread,
Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,
My wandering steps to lead: O come, come away!

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

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

RHODE ISLAND. 8 8, 6 Meth. Hymn Book, p. 107. 145

Thou great, mys - te - rious God unknown, Whose love hath gen - tly led me on, E'en from my in - fant days.

My in - most soul ex - pose to view, And tell me if I e - ver knew Thy jus - ti - fy - ing grace.

12

145

Rhode Island

8, 8, 6

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 107

1. Thou great mysterious God unknown,
 Whose love hath gently led me on,
 E'en from my infant days,
 Mine inmost soul expose to view,
 And tell me if I ever knew
 Thy justifying grace,

146 ROYAL PROCLAMATION. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 3 Dover Sel. p. 18

Hear the royal procla - nation, The glad tidings of sal - vation, Publish - ing to every creature, To the ruin'd sons of nature; Jesus

reigns, he reigns victorious, O - ver heav'n and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns.

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

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

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

146

Royal Proclamation

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 3

Dover Selection p. 18

Refrain:

1. Hear the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature;
2. See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Savior."
3. Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.
4. Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever,
O! now turn to God the Savior.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns.

PASTORAL ELEGY. 8^{va} 147

What sorrowful sounds do I hear Move slowly along in the gale! How solemn they fall on my ear, As softly they pass through the vale. Sweet

Corydon's notes are all o'er, Now lonely he sleeps in the clay, His cheeks bloom with roses no more, Since death call'd his spirit away.

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

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

3 Ye shepherds so lithe and young,
Refrain from your sports on the green,
Since Corydon's deaf to my song,
The voices near the lambs on the plain;
Each again round the forest will stray
And sorrowing hang down his head,
His pipe then in sympathy play,
Some sleep in sweet Corydon's shade.

4 And when the still night has unroll'd
Her robes o'er the hamlet around,
Grey twilight veils from the world,
And darkness encumbers the ground,
I'll leave my own gloomy shade,
To Corydon's urn with I strive,
Those kneeling will bless the just God
Who dwells in heaven's mansions on high.

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Pastoral Elegy

8s

1. What sorrowful sounds do I hear
Move slowly along in the gale?
How solemn they fall on my ear,
As softly they pass through the vale.
Sweet Corydon's notes are all o'er,
Now lonely he sleeps in the clay,
His cheeks bloom with roses no more,
Since death called his spirit away.
2. Sweet woodbines will rise round his feet,
And willows their sorrowing wave;
Young hyacinths freshen and bloom,
While hawthorns encircle his grave,
Each morn when the sun gilds the east,
(The green grass bespangled with dew,
He'll cast his bright beams on the west,
To charm the sad Caroline's view.
3. O Corydon! hear the sad cries
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;
O spirit! look down from the skies,
O pity thy mourner below,
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,
Which Philomel hears on the plain;
Then striving the mourner to soothe,
With tremulous notes in her strain.

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And pity the mourner below;
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,
Which Philomel hears on the plain;
Then striving the mourner to soothe,
With sympathy joins in her strain.

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

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

148 MISSISSIPPI. 8, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 3, 3, 3, 3, 8. *Bradshaw.*

When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound, And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
And give to time her ut - most bound, Ye dead, arise to judgment; See lightnings
flash and thunders roll, See earth wrapt up like parchment scroll; Dread amaze, The guilty sons of Adam's race, Unsaved from sin by Jesus.
Comets blaze, Sinners raise, Horrors seize

The Christian fill'd with rapturous joy, Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high, To meet the Saviour in the sky, And see the face of Jesus;
The soul and body reunite, And filled with glory infinity, Blessed day, Christians see! Will you see, That we may All join the happy company, To praise the name of Jesus.

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Mississippi

8, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 3, 3, 3, 3, 8

Bradshaw

1. When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
And give to time her utmost bound,
Ye dead, arise to judgment;
See lightnings flash and thunders roll,
See earth wrapped up like parchment scroll;
Comets blaze,
Sinners raise,
Dread amaze,
Horrors seize
The guilty sons of Adam's race,
Unsaved from sin by Jesus.
2. The Christian filled with rapturous joy,
Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high,
To meet the Savior in the sky,
And see the face of Jesus;
The soul and body reunite,
And filled with glory infinity,
Blessed day,

Christians say!
Will you pray,
That we may
All join the happy company,
To praise the name of Jesus.

LENA. 8, 7 149



See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping! hear him crying! See his burden'd bosom heave!

Look ye sinners, ye that hung him; Look, how deep your sins have stung him; Dy - ing sin ners, look and live.

149

Lena

8, 7

1. See the Lord of glory dying!
 See him gasping! hear him crying!
 See his burdened bosom heave!
 Look ye sinners, ye that hung him;
 Look, how deep your sins have stung him;
 Dying sinners, look and live.

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

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

2 The pleasant fields of paradise,
So glorious to behold,
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold;
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand.

Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
To Canaan's happy land.
4 Sweet rivers of salvation all
Through Canaan's land do roll,
The beams of day bring glittering scenes
Illuminate my soul;
There's ponderous clouds of glory,
All set in diamonds bright;
And there's my smiling Jesus,
Who is my heart's delight.
5 Always to my repeated sight,
The blissful fields arise,
And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
Inviting to my eyes.

O sweet abode of endless rest,
I soon shall travel there,
Nor earth nor all her empty joys
Shall long detain me here.

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

Pilgrim

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

1. Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear,
Who're bound for Canaan's land,
Take courage and fight valiantly,
Stand fast with sword in hand;
Our Captain's gone before us,
Our Father's only Son,
Then, pilgrims dear, pray, do not fear,
But let us follow on.
2. We have a howling wilderness,
To Canaan's happy shore,
A land of dearth, and pits, and snares,
Where chilling winds do roar.
But Jesus will be with us,
And guard us by the way;
Though enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.
3. The pleasant fields of paradise,
So glorious to behold,
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold,
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand.

The mountains paved with gold:
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
To Canaan's happy land.

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

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

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

REPOSE. 8 7 151

The Lamb appears to wipe our tears, And to complete our glory; Then shall we rest with all the blest, And tell the lovely story. To
sit and tell Christ loved us well, And that when we were sin - ners; Heaven will ring, while saints do sing, "Glory to the Redem - er."



Repose

8, 7

1. The Lamb appears to wipe our tears,
 And to complete our glory;
 Then shall we rest with all the blest,
 And tell the lovely story.
 To sit and tell Christ loved us well,
 And that when we were sinners;
 Heaven will ring, while saints do sing,
 "Glory to the Redeemer."

152 TRANSPORT. 12, 11 *White and Davison*



Ye children of Jesus, who're bound for the kingdom, Attune all your voices, and help me to sing
Sweet anthems of praises to my loving Jesus, For he is my prophet, my priest, and my king; } When Jesus first found me astray I was going, His
love did surround me, and saved me from ruin. He kindly embraced me, and freely he bless'd me, And taught me aloud his sweet praises to sing.

1 Why should you go mourning from such a physician,
Come to him believing, though bad your condition,
My soul he hath healed, my heart he rejoices,
I'll serve him, and praise him, and always adore him

2 Who's able and willing your sickness to cure
His Father has promised your case to ensure:
He brought me to Zion, to hear the glad voices,
Till we meet in heaven where parting's no more.

152

Transport

12, 11

White
Davison

1. Ye children of Jesus, who're bound for the kingdom,
Attune all your voices, and help me to sing
Sweet anthems of praises to my loving Jesus,
For he is my prophet, my priest, and my king;
When Jesus first found me astray I was going,
His love did surround me, and saved me from ruin,
He kindly embraced me, and freely he blessed me,
And taught me aloud his sweet praises to sing.

2. Why should you go mourning from such a physician,
Come to him believing, though bad your condition,
My soul he hath healed, my heart he rejoices,
I'll serve him, and praise him, and always adore him
Who's able and willing your sickness to cure
His Father has promised your case to ensure:
He brought me to Zion, to hear the glad voices,
Till we meet in heaven where parting's no more.

UPTON. L. M. 153

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

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

3. Let the whole earth his pow'r confess, Let the whole earth adore his grace; The Gentile with the Jew shall join In work and worship so di - vine.



Upton

L.M.

1. Bless, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
 His favors claim the highest praise:
 Why should the wonders he has wrought
 Be lost in silence and forgot!
3. Let the whole earth his power confess,
 Let the whole earth adore his grace;
 The Gentile with the Jew shall join
 In work and worship so divine.

WELTON. L. M. Theme by Malan.

1 Thou great In-structor, lest I stray, Oh! teach my err-ing feet thy way: Thy truth, with ever fresh delight, Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.

2 How oft my heart's affections yield, And wander o'er the world's wide field, My roving passions, Lord, reclaim, Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue, With all their pow'rs, shall raise the song: On earth thy glories I'll de-clare, Till heav'n th' immortal notes shall hear.

Welton

L.M.

Theme by Malan
Malan

1. Thou great Instructor, lest I stray,
 Oh! teach my erring feet thy way:
 Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
 Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.

2. How oft my heart's affections yield,
 And wander o'er the world's wide field,
 My roving passions, Lord, reclaim,
 Unite them all to fear thy name.

3. Then, to my God, my heart and tongue,
 With all their power, shall raise the song:
 On earth thy glories I'll declare,
 Till heaven the immortal notes shall hear.

154 KAMBIA. S. M.

1. Lord, what a fee-ble piece Is this our mor-tal frame! Our life, how poor a tri-ble 'tis, That scarce de- serves the name!

2. A- las! 'twas brit- tle clay That built our bo- dy first! And ev- ry month and ev- ry day 'Tis moul'd'ring back to dust.

3. Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4. Yet if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,
And let them speed their flight.

5. They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore,
Of blest eternity.

154

Kambia

S.M.

1. Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!
2. Alas! 'twas brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
3. Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
4. Yet if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,
And let them speed their flight.
5. They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore,
Of blest eternity.

LISBON. S. M. Theme by Read.

1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to this re - vi - ving breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

2. The king him-self comes near, To feast his saints to - day; Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day a - mid the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet - er than ten thou - sand days Of plea - sur - a - ble sin.

4 My will - ing soul would stay in such a frame as this, And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss

Lisbon

S.M.

Theme by Read

Read

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints today;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
3. One day amid the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
to everlasting bliss.

SWEET SOLITUDE. L. M. 155

Hail, solitude! thou gentle queen, Of modest air and brow serene, 'Tis thou inspires the poet's theme, Wrapp'd in sweet vision's airy dream; Wrapp'd

Parent of virtue, muse of thought,
By thee are saints and patriots taught
Wisdom to thee her treasures owe,
And in thy lap fair science grow.

Whate'er's in thee, refines and charms,
Excites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, firm and good,
We owe to thee, sweet solitude.

With thee the charms of life shall last,
E'en when the rosy bloom is past;
When slowly pacing time shall spread
Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.

No more with this vain world peopled,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next
The spring of life shall gladly cease,
And angels wait my soul to receive.

in sweet vision's airy dream, Wrapp'd in sweet vision's airy dream.



Sweet Solitude

L.M.

1. Hail, solitude! thou gentle queen,
Of modest air and brow serene,
'Tis thou inspires the poet's theme,
Wrapp'd in sweet vision's airy dream;
(Repeat previous line twice).
2. Parent of virtue, muse of thought,
By thee are saints and patriots taught
Wisdom to thee her treasures owe,
And in thy lap fair science grow.
(Repeat previous line twice).
3. Whate'er's in thee, refines and charms,
Excites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, firm and good,
We owe to thee, sweet solitude.
(Repeat previous line twice).
4. With thee the charms of life shall last,
E'en when the rosy bloom is past;
When slowly pacing time shall spread

Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.
(Repeat previous line twice).

5. No more with this vain world perplexed,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next
The spring of life shall gently cease,
And angels waft my soul to peace.
(Repeat previous line twice).

156 THE GOOD OLD WAY. L. M. Wm. Walker. Dover Sel. p. 56

Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends, O halle, halle - lu - jah, }
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends, O halle, halle - lu - jah. } Let nothing cause you to delay, O halle, halle - lu - jah.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory,
 If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.
 And I'll sing hallelujah,
 And glory be to God on high;
 And I'll sing hallelujah,
 There's glory beaming from the sky.

3 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
 May none of us from thee depart,
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching on the good old way.
 And I'll sing, &c.

4 Though Satan may his power employ,
 Our peace and comfort to destroy,
 Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
 And triumph in the good old way
 And I'll sing, &c.

5 And when on Pugh's top we stand,
 And view by faith the promised land,
 Then we may sing, and shout, and pray
 And march along the good old way.
 And I'll sing, &c.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend;
 Remember glory's at the end;
 Our God will wipe all tears away,
 When we have run the good old way.
 And I'll sing, &c.

7 Then far beyond this mortal show,
 We'll meet with those who've gone before,
 And him we'll praise in endless day,
 Who brought us on the good old way
 And I'll sing, &c.



The Good Old Way

L.M.

Wm. Walker

Dover Selection p. 56

Repeat after each line:

Refrain:

1. Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends,
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way
2. Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory,
 If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.
3. O good old way, how sweet thou art!
 May none of us from thee depart,
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching on the good old way.
4. Though Satan may his power employ,
 Our peace and comfort to destroy,

Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And triumph in the good old way.

5. And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promised land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray
And march along the good old way.

6. Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend;
Remember glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7. Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who're gone before
And him we'll praise in endless day,
Who brought us on the good old way.

O halle, hallelujah.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And glory be to God on high;
And I'll sing hallelujah,
There's glory beaming from the sky.

WORCESTER. S. M. Hy. 10. B. I. Watts. 157

And words of peace reveal, Who, &c. And, &c. How, &c.

How beautiful are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal. How charming is their voice.

Zion He Zion

How sweet the tidings are, Zion, behold thy Saviour king, He reigns and triumphs here. Zion He Zion



Worcester

S.M.

Watts

1. How beautiful are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
2. How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Savior King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

158 PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. 12's 8's. Dover Sel. p. 195



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

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

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

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

3 Farewell, &c. ye blessing sons of God,
None conflicts yet remains for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road
Till Canaan's happy land you view
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, farewell, farewell my loving friends,
farewell.

158

Pilgrim's Farewell

12s, 8s

Dover Selection p. 195

1. Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone,
I have no home or stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.
I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end, and troubles come no more.
Farewell, farewell, farewell my loving friends, farewell.
2. Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss,
I'll leave you here and travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end, and troubles come no more.
Farewell, farewell, farewell my loving friends, farewell.
3. Farewell, farewell, farewell, dear brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love
But we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above,

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

4. Farewell, farewell, farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road
Till Canaan's happy land you view
I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end, and troubles come no more.
Farewell, farewell, farewell my loving friends, farewell.

LUTHER. S. M. Hastings. 159

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

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

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

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

159

Luther

S.M.

Hastings

1. My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
2. O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
The arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got the crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his rest above.

NEW HAVEN. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. *Hastings.*

1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - rious, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.

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

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

4. To the great One and Three, The highest praises be, How-evermore! His ever-living society May we in glory see, And in country Love and adore.

New Haven

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Hastings

1. Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!
2. Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!
3. Come Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!
4. To the great One and Three,
The highest praises be

Hence, evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore

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

Stately and tenderly.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee; Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb; The Saviour has

pass'd thro' its portals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his life is thy guide thro' the gloom.



Hymn

13, 12, 11

Dr. John Clarke

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
 The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom,
 (Repeat previous line).

REPENTANCE. C. M. 161

13



Repentance

C.M.

1. O, if my soul was formed for woe,
 How would I vent my sighs!
 Repentance should like rivers flow,
 From both my streaming eyes.
 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on that cursed tree,
 (Repeat previous line),
 And groaned away his dying life,
 (Repeat previous line),
 For thee, my soul, for thee,
 (Repeat previous line).

162 BALLSTOWN. L. M.

Great God, at - tend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand

days of mirth. To spend, &c. To spend, &c.

162

Ballstown

L.M.

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

NEW TOPIA. P. M. Monday 163

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

163

New Topia

C.M.

Monday

1. Young people all, attention give
 And hear what I shall say;
 I want your souls with Christ to live,
 In everlasting day.
 Remember you are hastening on
 To death's dark, gloomy shade;
 Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
 Your flesh in dust be laid.

164 BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY. P.M. Dare

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



Babylonian Captivity

P.M.

- Dare (?)
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.

IONIA. 7s. J. W. Belcher. 165

1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

2. Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fathers trod; They are hap-py now, and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.



Ionia

7s

J. W. Belcher

1. Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
2. Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

WILMOT. 7a.

Slow. With tenderness and delicacy.

1. Sin-ner, art thou still se-cure? Wilt thou still re-fuse to pray? Can thy heart or hand en-dure, In the Lord's a-ven-ging day.

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

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

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

Wilmot

7s

Slow. With tenderness and delicacy.

1. Sinner, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day.
2. At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?
3. Who his coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapped in flame?
4. Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

166 SWEET RIVERS. C. M. More. Bapt. Harmony, p. 468

Sweet ri vers of re deem - ing love, Lie just be - fore mine eyes,
Had I the pi - nions of a dove, I'd to those ri - vers fly, I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain.

With joy out - strip the wind, I'd cross o'er Jordan's storm - y waves, And leave the world be - hind.



Sweet Rivers

C.M.

More

Baptist Harmony, p. 468

1. Sweet rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before mine eyes,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly;
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross o'er Jordan's stormy waves,
And leave the world behind.

DELIGHT P. M. Coan, Guilford, Ct. 167

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



Delight [2]

P.M.

Simeon Coan
Watts

1. No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there.
 Thou art my sun
 And thou my shade,
 To guard my head
 By night or noon.

168 ROCKINGHAM. L. M. Lowell Mason.

1. Thy praise, O Lord, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joy - ful songs in-spire; To thee our cordial thanks be paid, Our sure defence, our constant aid.

2. Why then cast down, and why distress'd! And whence the grief that fills our breast! In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise Our songs of gra-ti-tude and praise.



Rockingham [1]

L.M.

Lowell Mason

1. Thy praise, O Lord, shall tune the lyre,
 Thy love our joyful songs inspire;
 To thee our cordial thanks be paid,
 Our sure defense, our constant aid.

2. 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.

LINDAN. L. M.

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

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

3. Be all my heart and all my days De - vo - ted to my Saviour's praise; And let my glad o - bedience prove How much I owe, how much I love.

Lindan

L.M.

1. Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.
2. Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart;
O may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere.
3. Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Savior's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

HUNTINGTON. L. M. 169

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and re-pine; To see the wicked placed on high, In

pride and robes of honour shine. But O their end! their dreadful end! Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

169

Huntington

L.M.

1. Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine;
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine.
But O their end! their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

MONTGOMERY. C. M. *More.*

Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face, My thirsty spirit faints away, Without thy cheering grace; So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.



Montgomery

C.M.

Justin Morgan

1. Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face,
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace;
So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

172 HUMBLE PENITENT. L. M. Wm. Walker.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, for - give; O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour! }
 Let a re - pent - ing re - bel live; O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour! } Is there a - ny mer - cy here, O

2. Are not thy mer - cies large and free? O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour! }
 May not a sin - ner trust in thee? O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour! } Is there a - ny mer - cy here, &c.

3. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour,
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour, &c.

4. Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour,
 So let thy pard'ning love be found,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour, &c.

5. O! wash my soul from every sin,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour,
 And make my guilty conscience clean!
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour, &c.

6. Here on my heart the burden lies,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour,
 And past offenses pain my eyes,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour, &c.

7. My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour, &c.

8. Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour, &c.

9. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour,
 I must pronounce thee just, in death,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour, &c.

10. And if my soul were sent to hell,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour,
 Thy sin, how 's law aggressive it walk,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour, &c.

11. Yet even a trembling sinner, Lord,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour,
 Whose lips, still hovering round thy word,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour, &c.

12. Wouldst light on some sweet promise there,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour,
 Some sure support against despair,
 O pi - ty me, dear Sa - viour, &c.

172

Humble Penitent

8, 7 (with refrain)

Wm. Walker

Repeat after each line:

Refrain:

1. Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live;
2. Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
3. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
4. Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.
5. O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean!
6. Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offenses pain my eyes.
7. My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
8. Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.
9. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just, in death;

10. And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
11. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
12. Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

O pity me, dear Savior!

Is there any mercy here,
 O pity me, dear Lord, and I'll
Sing halle hallelujah!

UXBRIDGE. L. M. 173

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

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

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



Uxbridge

L.M.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

MOUNT ZION. S. M. Zion. 175

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Then let your songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.



Mount Zion

S.M.

Brown

1. The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
 Then let your songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

EDOM. C. M. Sharp Key on F 177

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

Edom

C.M.

Sharp Key on F

1. With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high,
 Over the heavens he spreads his clouds,
 And waters veil the sky,
 (Repeat previous line).
 He sends his shows of blessings down
 To cheer the plains below;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.
 (Repeat previous 2 lines).

SCHENECTADY. L. M. Shumway.



From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - ator's praise arise; Let the Redeem - er's name be sung, Through ev'ry land by ev'ry

178

Schenectady

L.M.

Shumway

1. From all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

180 OCFAN Swan.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rulest the boisterous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dangerous way. At thy command the winds arise, And

swell the tower'ing waves, The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gap'ing graves.

180

Ocean

Swan

1. Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rulest the boisterous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt the dangerous way;
At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves,
The men astonished mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

AZMON. C. M. Arranged from Glaser. 181

181

Azmon

C.M.

Arranged from Glaser

Coda.—Do not sing th coda to the 1st and 3d verses.

Glaser

Refrain (For verses 2,4, and 5)

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he sped fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
4. O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Savior's praises speak!
5. Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;

But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.

ETON. 7s. (Double.)

Eton

7s. (Double)

Firm and distinct.

Refrain:

1. Wide, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
 Closed no more by death and sin:
 Lo! the conquering Lord behold,
 Let the King of glory in.
 Hark! the angelic host inquire,
 Who is he the almighty King?
 Hark, again, the answering choir,
 Thus in songs of triumph sing.

2. He, whose powerful arm alone,
 On his foes destruction hurled;
 He who hath the victory won,
 He who saved a ruined world;—
 He, who God's pure law fulfilled,
 Jesus, the incarnate Word;
 He, whose truth with blood was sealed;
 He is heaven's all glorious Lord.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

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

1. When for eter-nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear, } The soul, for joy then claps her wings, And loud her
And faith in live-ly ex-er-cise, And dis-tant hills of Canaan rise. }

2. With cheer-ful hope, his eyes ex-plore Each land-mark on the dis-tant shore; } A-gain for joy she plumes her wings, And loud her
The trees of life—the pas-ture green, The crys-tal stream, de-light-ful scene: }

3. The near-or still she draws to land, More eag-er all her pow'r ex-pands; } And now for joy she folds her wings, And her co-
With stead-y helm, and free boat sail, Her an-chor drops with-in the wall: }

love-ly son-net sings, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, And loud her love-ly son-net sings, I'm go-ing home.
love-ly son-net sings, I'm al-most home, I'm al-most home, And loud her love-ly son-net sings, I'm al-most home.
les-tist son-net sings, I'm home at last, I'm home at last, And her ce-lestial son-net sings, I'm home at last

4. She meets with them who are gone before,
On heaven's high and great shore. Around the dear Redeemer's feet,
And loud they shout, Our God and King. And countless halcyons sing
"We're safe at last, we're safe at last." And countless angels take me
"We're safe at last."

182

The Sailor's Home

L.M.

Wm. M. Caudill

Wm. Walker

1. When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise.
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home, I'm going home,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.
2. With cheerful hope, his eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life—the pasture green,
The crystal stream, delightful scene:
Again for joy she plumes her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm almost home, I'm almost home,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm almost home.

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand;
 With steady helm, and free bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the vail:
 And now for joy she folds her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 I'm home at last, I'm home at last,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 I'm home at last.
4. She meets with those who are gone before,
 On heaven's high and genial shore,
 Around the dear Redeemer's feet,
 And loud they shout, Our God and King,
 And ceaseless hallelujahs sing,
 We're safe at last, we're safe at last,
 And ceaseless hallelujahs sing
 We're safe at last.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. Baptist Harmony, p. 2. 183

1. Approach, my soul, the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer; There humbly fall be-fore his feet, For none can per-ish there.

2. Thy promise is my on-ly plea, With this I ven-ture nigh; Thou callest the bur-den'd soul to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

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

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

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

6. 'Poor tempest-toss'd soul, be still; My promised grace receive!—'Tis Jesus speaks—I trust, I will, I am, I do believe.

Peterborough

C.M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 2

1. Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
2. Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
4. Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.
5. O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!
6. "Poor tempest tossed soul, be still;

My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

CLAREMONT.

Vital spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, flying, fly - ing, O! the pain, the bliss of dying.

Claremont

1. Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering,
 Flying flying flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life;
 And let me languish into life.
 Hark! hark! hark!
 Hark they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away;
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite—
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath,
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
 Tell me my soul can this be death?
 The world recedes, it disappears,
 Heaven opens on my eyes,
 My ears with sounds seraphic ring,
 My ears with sounds seraphic ring,
 My ears with sounds seraphic ring.
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount,
 I fly! I mount! I fly!
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 Thy victory? O grave!
 Where is thy victory? Thy victory?
 O death, where is thy sting?

184

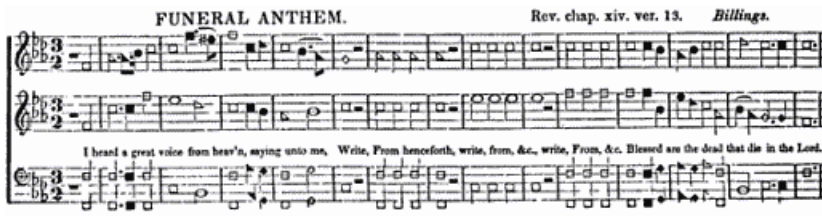
185

186

Lend, lend your wings!
I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly!
I mount! I fly, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?
I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?



FUNERAL ANTHEM. Rev. chap. xiv. ver. 13. Billings.



I heard a great voice from heav'n, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth, write, from, &c., write, From, &c. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

Funeral Anthem

Rev. 14:13

Billings

1. I heard a great voice from heaven,
Saying unto me, write,
From henceforth, write,
From henceforth, write,
From henceforth, write,
Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.
Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest,
For they rest, for they rest, for they rest
For they rest from their labors,
From their labors and their works, which do follow,
Follow, follow, which do follow them.
Which do follow them.



EASTER ANTHEM Young's Night Thoughts : 4th Night. Billings. 189

189

Easter Anthem

Billings

Young's Night Thoughts; 4th Night

1. The Lord is risen indeed! Hallelujah!
 (Repeat previous line!)
 Now is Christ risen from the dead,
 And become the first fruit of them that slept.
 (Repeat previous 2 lines).
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.
 And did he rise? And did he rise? Did he rise?
 Hear it, ye nations! hear it O ye dead!
 He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose,
 He burst the bars of death,
 (Repeat previous line twice).
 And triumphed o'er the grave.
 Then, then, then I rose,
 Then I rose, then I rose,
 Then first humanity triumphant
 Past the crystal ports of light,
 And seized eternal youth.
 Men all immortal hail, hail, heaven,
 All lavish of strange gifts to man,
 Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

190

191

HARWELL. 8,7,7.

See he sits, &c.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices sound the note of praise above!
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love;
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

192

Harwell

8, 7, 7

1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above!
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love;
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Amen!

BOUND FOR CANAAN. 7,6. Mercer's Cluster, p. 356. E. J. King. 193



Oh when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above?
And from the flowing fountain, Drink ever-lasting love?
I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, To the New Jerusalem.



Bound for Canaan

7, 6

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

Refrain:

1. O when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from the flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?

I'm on my way to Canaan,
(Repeat previous line twice)
To the New Jerusalem.

INVOCATION. 8,7.

1. Je-sus, grant us all a blessing, Send it down, Lord, from a-bove; Farewell, brethren; farewell sis-ters, Till we all shall meet a-gain.
May we all re-torn home pray-ing, And re-joic-ing in thy love;

2. Je-sus, pardon all our follies, Since together we have been; Make us humble, make us holy, Cleanse us all from every sin; Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters, Till we all shall meet above.

3. May thy blessing, Lord, go with us To each one's respective home; And the presence of our Je-sus Rest upon us every one; Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters, Till we all shall meet at home.

15

Invocation [2]

8,7

1. Jesus, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all return home praying,
And rejoicing in thy love:
Farewell, brethren; farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.
2. Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin:
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.
3. May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
To each one's respective home;
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one:
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

194 IN THAT MORNING. L. M. Wm. Walker.

194

In That Morning

L.M.

Wm. Walker

Repeat after each line:

Refrain:

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
2. His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
3. The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
4. The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
5. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
6. My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
7. The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
8. Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
9. Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;

10. Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

11. Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;

12. I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

And we'll all shout together in that morning.

In that morning, In that morning,
And we'll all shout together in that morning.

THE MORNING TRUMPET. 7,6. B. F. White. 195

195

The Morning Trumpet

7, 6

B. F. White

Repeat after each line:

Refrain 2:

1. O when shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 And from the flowing fountain
 Drink everlasting love?
 When shall I be delivered,
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?

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

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

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

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

And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

Shout, O glory! for I shall mount above the skies,
When I hear the trumpet sound in the morning.

196 Rev. Samuel Wakefield.
Words by Rev. Wm. Hunter. **DRUMMOND. 11s.** "Tell my brethren that I died at my post."—Last words of Rev. Thomas Drummond. *Treble by Wm. Houser.*

1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hast - ed, the her - ald of mer - cy and truth, For the love of his
 2. The stran - ger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom One gift - ed so high - ly should sink to the tomb; For in or - der he
 3. He wept not him - self that his war - fare was done; The bat - tle was fought, and the vic - to - ry won; But he whisper'd of
 4. He ask'd not a stone to be sculptured with verse; He ask'd not that fame should his me - rit's rehearse; But he ask'd, as a
 Lord, and to seek for the lost; Soon, a - las! was his fall—but he died at his post, Soon, a - las! was his fall—but he died at his post
 led in the van of the host, And he fell like a sol - dier—he died at his post, And he fell like a sol - dier—he died at his post.
 those whom his heart cling to most, "Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post." "Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post"
 boon, when he gave up the ghost, That his brethren might know that he died at his post, That his brethren might know that he died at his post.
 8. Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell!
 With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
 He has pass'd o'er the stream, and has reach'd the bright coast,
 For as fall like a martyr—he died at his post
 4. And can we the words of his exit forget?
 Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
 An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
 We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

196

Drummond

11s

Rev. Samuel Wakefield

Rev. Wm. Hunter

Treble by Wm. Houser. "Tell my brethren that I died at my post."—Last words of Rev. Thomas Drummond.

1. Away from his home and the friends of his youth,
 He hastened, the herald of mercy and truth,
 For the love of the Lord, and to seek for the lost;
 Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at his post,
 (Repeat previous line).
2. The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom
 One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
 For in order he led in the van of the host,
 And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post,
 (Repeat previous line).
3. He wept not himself that his warfare was done;
 The battle was fought, and the victory won:
 But he whispered of those whom his heart clung to most,
 "Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post,"
 (Repeat previous line).

4. He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked, as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post,
(Repeat previous line).

5. Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post,
(Repeat previous line).

6. And can we the words of his exit forget?
Oh no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
And example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post,
(Repeat previous line).

MISSIONARY SONG. 8,7,4. S. B. Pond, principally. 197



Missionary Song

8, 7, 4

S. B. Pond
Principally

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul! be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee! blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
2. Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel, let the gospel,
Loud resound from pole to pole.
3. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night:
And redemption, and redemption,

Freely purchased, win the day.

4. May the glorious day approaching,
 On the grossest darkness dawn;
 And the everlasting gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name—
 All the borders, all the borders,
 Of the great Emmanuel's land.

5. Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway the sceptre, sway the sceptre,
 Savior, all the world around.

198 NEVER PART AGAIN. C. M.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, Oh how I long for thee! We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground; When will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see? We soon shall hear the welcome trumpet sound.— Oh, there we shall with Jesus dwell, And never part a - gain!

2. Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone; Him will I go and see; And all my brethren, here below, Will soon come after me. We're marching, &c.

3. Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace, And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths never end. We're marching, &c.

Refrain:
 ne - er part a - gain! What, never part a - gain! No, never part a - gain, No, never part a - gain. Oh, there we shall with Jesus dwell, And ne - er part a - gain.

198

Never Part Again

C.M.

Refrain:

1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Oh how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?
2. Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone;
 Him will I go and see;
 And all my brethren, here below,
 Will soon come after me.
3. Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end.

We're marching through Emmanuel's ground;
 We soon shall hear the welcome trumpet sound,—
 Oh, there we shall with Jesus dwell,
 And never part again:
 What, never part again?

No, never part again,
(Repeat previous line twice):
Oh, there we shall with Jesus dwell,
And never part again.

Christmas Hymn. DERRICK. C.M.D. 199

1. Hark! the glad sound, the Sa- viour comes, The Sa- viour prom-ised long! On him the Spl- rit large- ly
Let ev- ry heart pre- pare a throne, And ev- ry voice a song.

2. He comes, the pris- ners to re- lease, In Sa- tan's bond- age held; He comes, from thick- est films of
The gates of brass be- fore him burst, The i- ron fet- ters yield.

3. He comes, the bro- ken heart to bind, The bleed- ing soul to cure, Our glad ho- san- nah, Prince of
And with the tes- sores of his grace, I'en- rich the hum- ble poor. Our glad ho- san- nah, Prince of
pour'd, Ex- erts his sa- cred fire; Wis- dom and might, and zeal and love His ho- ly breast in- spire.

vize, To clear the men- tal ray; And on the eyes oppres'd with night To pour ce- les- tial day.

seans, Thy wel come shall pro- claim, And heav'n's e- ter- nal arch- es ring With thy be- lov- ed name.

199

Derrick

C.M.D.

Christmas Hymn

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
On him, the Spirit largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.
2. He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
to pour celestial day.
3. He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded bleeding soul to cure,

And, with the treasures of his grace,
 To enrich the humble poor.
Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

200 SWEET GLIDING KEDRON. 11s. Wm. Houser.

1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
Shone bright on thy 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 follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3. O garden of Olivet, dear honour'd spot!
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4. Come, saints and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.




Sweet Gliding Kedron

11s

Wm. Houser

1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
Shone bright on thy 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. O garden of Olivet, dear honored spot!
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.
4. Come, saints and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

ROSE OF SHARON. Sol. Song ii. Billings.



I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley; I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley.

Rose of Sharon

Song 2

Billings

1. I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley;
 (Repeat previous line),
 As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters;
 As the apple tree, the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
 So is my beloved among the sons,
 (Repeat previous line).
 I sat down under his shadow with great delight.
 And his fruit was sweet to my taste;
 And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
 He brought me to the banqueting house,
 His banner over me was love,
 (Repeat previous 2 lines).
 Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples,
 For I am sick, for I am sick, for I am sick of love:
 I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
 By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
 That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up,
 Nor awake, awake, awake, awake, my love, till he please.
 The voice of my beloved, Behold! he cometh,
 Leaping upon the mountains, skipping,
 (Repeat previous line twice),
 Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
 My beloved spake, and said unto me,
 Rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
 For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
 (Repeat previous line).



The rain is over, the rain is over, the rain is over and gone.
For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

HEAVENLY VISION. Taken from Rev. v. 11. *Billings.*

I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, thousands, &c.

206

Heavenly Vision

Rev. 5:11

Jacob French

1. I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number,
 Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands,
 (Repeat previous line twice).
 Stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands,
 And they cease not day nor night, saying,
 Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
 Which was, and is, and is to come,
 (Repeat previous line).
 And I heard a mighty angel flying through the midst of heaven,
 Crying with a loud voice, woe, woe, woe, woe,
 Be unto the earth by reason of the trumpet which is yet to sound.
 And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles,
 Rich men and poor, bond and free, gathered themselves together,
 And cried to the rocks and mountains to fall upon them,
 And hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne,
 For the great day of the Lord is come, and who shall be able to stand?
 And who shall be able to stand?

207

208

209

ODE ON SCIENCE. Sharp Key on G.

The morn - ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west, All na - tions with his beams are

210

Ode on Science

Sharp Key on G.

1. The morning sun shines from the east,
And spreads his glories to the west,
All nations with his beams are blest,
Where'er the radiant light appears.
So science spreads her lucid ray
O'er lands which long in darkness lay
She visits fair Columbia,
And sets her sons among the stars.
Fair freedom her attendant waits,
To bless the portals of her gates,
To crown the young and rising states
With laurels of immortal day:
The British yoke, the Gallic chain,
Was urged upon our necks in vain,
All haughty tyrants we disdain,
And shout, Long live America.

211

212

DAVID'S LAMENTATION. 2 Sam. xviii. 33. Billings 213

David the king was grieved and moved, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,

O my son! Would to God I had died, For thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!



David's Lamentation

2 Sam. 18:33

Billings

1. David the king was grieved and moved,
 He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept;
 And as he went he wept and said,
 O my son! O my son!
 Would to God I had died,
 (Repeat previous line twice)
 For thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

214 FAREWELL ANTHEM.

My friends, I am going, I am going a long and
 My friends, I am going a long and tedious jour - ney, Never to return; I am going a long journey, never to return. I am
 tedious journey, Never to return. I am going a long journey, Never to re - turn. Never to re - turn. Never to re - turn. Never to re -
 going a long journey, Never to return. I am going a long journey, Never to re - turn. Never to return.

214

Farewell Anthem

1. My friends, I am going a long and tedious journey,
 Never to return; I am going a long journey, never to return.
 I am going a long journey, Never to return.
 (Repeat previous line).
 Never to return, never to return, never to return;
 Never, never never, never, to return;
 Fare you well, my friends.
 (Repeat previous line twice),
 And God grant we may meet together in that world above,
 Where trouble shall cease and harmony shall abound,
 Hark! hark! my dear friends, for death hath called me,
 And I must go, and lie down in the cold and silent grave,
 Where the mourners cease from mourning, and the prisoner is set free;
 Where the rich and poor are both alike;
 Fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well,
 Fare you well, my friends.

215

216

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

SEVERAL TUNES ENTIRELY NEW.

INTERROGATION. 7's. Christopher. Baptist Harmony, 141.

Hark! my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word; Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee— Say, poor sinner, say, poor sinner, say, poor sinner, lov'at thou me!

249



Interrogation

7s

Christopher
Baptist Harmony, 141

1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
 Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
 "Say, poor sinner,
 (Repeat previous line twice),
 Lovest thou me?"

250 DUDLEY. C. M. Wm. Walker

When I can read my ti - tle clear to man - sions in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to ev - ry

far, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. I'll bid fare - well to ev - ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to ev - ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

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

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

3 There shall I beth me weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Dudley

C.M.

Wm. Walker

1. When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

May I but safely reach my home,
 May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

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

SWEET HOME. 11, 11, 11, 5, 11. Baptist Harmony, p. 431 251

presence of Jesus, at home, Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

Chorus.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace!
And thine precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.
Home, home, etc.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, etc.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day!
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, etc.

5 What'er thou desirest, O give me thy grace,
Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smile of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy mercy,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, etc.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy bosom to shine,
No more, as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home.
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.



Sweet Home

11, 11, 11, 5, 11

Baptist Harmony, p. 431

Refrain:

1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious, Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.
3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day!
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5. Whate'er thou deniest, O give my thy grace!
 The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
 Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
 And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6. I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
 And in thy fair image, arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

 Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

(For last verse substitute:

 Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home.)

252 WONDROUS LOVE. 12, 9, 6, 6, 12, 9 Christopher.

What wondrous love is this, oh! my soul! oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this, oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this! That

caused the Lord of bliss, To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dreadful curse for my sou-



Wondrous Love

12, 9, 6, 6, 12, 9

Christopher

1. What wondrous love is this, oh! my soul! oh! my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, oh! my soul!
 What wondrous love is this!
 That caused the Lord of bliss,
 To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
 To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

THE HEAVENLY MARCH. C. M. Wm. Walker. Baptist Harmony, p. 422. 253

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. To see the righteous marching home and the

angels bid them come, And Jesus stands a waiting, to welcome trav'lers home, to welcome trav'lers home. And Jesus stands a waiting, to welcome trav'lers home.



The Heavenly March

C.M.

Wm. Walker
Baptist Harmony, p. 422

Refrain:

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie

To see the righteous marching home and the angels bid them come,
And Jesus stands awaiting, to welcome travelers home,
To welcome travelers home, to welcome travelers home.
And Jesus stands awaiting, to welcome travelers home.

254 **SOMETHING NEW. C. M.**

1 Since man by sin has lost his God, He seeks cre - a - tion through; And vain-ly strives for so - lid bliss, In try - ing some - thing new, In

try - ing some - thing new, And vain - ly strives for so - lid bliss, In try - ing some - thing new.

2 The new possessed like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue:
The bubble now no longer stays,
The soul wants something new

3 Now could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru;
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel the power of Christ,
All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes her vain pursuits,
In Christ finds something new.

5 The joy the dear Redeemer gives,
Will bear a strict review.
No need we ever change again
For Christ is always new

6 Come, sinners, then and seek the joys
Which Christ bids you pursue;
And keep the glorious throne in view,
In Christ seek something new

7 But soon a change awaits us all,
Before the great review;
And at his feet with rapture fall,
And Heaven brings something new

254

Something New

C.M.

1. Since man by sin has lost his God,
 He seeks creation through;
 And vainly strives for solid bliss,
 In trying something new,
 In trying something new,
 And vainly tries for solid bliss,
 In trying something new.

2. The new possessed like fading flowers,
 Soon loses its gay hue:
 The bubble now no longer stays,
 The soul wants something new,
 The soul wants something new,
 The bubble now no longer stays,
 The soul wants something new.

3. Now could we call all Europe ours,
 With India and Peru;
 The mind would feel an aching void,
 And still want something new.
 And still want something new.

The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4. But when we feel the power of Christ,
All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes her vain pursuits,
In Christ finds something new.
In Christ finds something new.
The soul forsakes her vain pursuits,
In Christ finds something new.

5. The joy the dear Redeemer gives,
Will bear a strict review
Nor need we ever change again
For Christ is always new.
For Christ is always new.
Nor need we ever change again
For Christ is always new.

6. Come, sinners, then and seek the joys
Which Christ bids you pursue;
And keep the glorious theme in view,
In Christ seek something new.
In Christ seek something new.
And keep the glorious theme in view,
In Christ seek something new.

7. But soon a change awaits us all,
Before the great review;
And at his feet with rapture fall,
And heaven brings something new.
And heaven brings something new.
And at his feet with rapture fall,
And heaven brings something new.

ESSAY 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6. By A. C. Clark Baptist Harmony, 455 255

1 See how the wick-ed king-dom is fall-ing ev'-ry day! And still our bless-ed Je-sus is win-ning souls a - way: But O how I am
 2 With weep-ing and with pray-ing, My Je-sus I have found, To cru-ci-ty old na-ture, And make his grace a-bound. Dear chil-dren, don't be
 3 If sin-ners will serve Sa-tan, And join with one ac-comb, Dear bre-thren, as for my part, I'm bound to serve the Lord; And if you will go
 4 Through trou-bles and dis-tress-es, We'll make our way to God; I hope the Lord you'll find,
 Though earth and hell op-pose us, Our Je-sus went be-fore us, And many suc-cesses have,
 We'll keep the heav-enly road. I love you dear-ly well;
 5 Those dear to me, my bre-thren, Each one of you I find, My duty now com-pels me
 To leave you all be-hind: To leave you all be-hind:
 But while the part-ing grieves us, I hum-bly ask your pray-ers,
 To bear me up in trou-ble, And com-quer all my fears.
 6 And now, my lov-ing bre-thren, I bid you all fare-well!
 With you my lov-ing sis-ters, I can no longer dwell.
 Fare-well to every mourner!
 To ease you of your bur-den,
 And give you peace of mind
 7 Fare-well, poor care-less sin-ners!
 I've lab-or'd much to bring you
 With Je-sus Christ to dwell,
 I now am bound to leave you—
 O tell me, will you go?
 But if you won't de-cide it,
 I'll bid you all adieu!
 8 We'll bid fare-well to sor-row,
 To sick-ness, care, and pain,
 And as-cend aloft with Je-sus
 For ever-more to reign;
 We'll join to sing his praise
 Above the eth-er-nal blue,
 And then, poor care-less sin-ners,
 What will be-come of you?



Essay

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

A. C. Clark
 Baptist Harmony, 455

1. See how the wicked kingdom
 Is falling every day,
 And still our blessed Jesus
 Is winning souls away;
 But O how I am tempted,
 No mortal tongue can tell,
 So often I'm surrounded
 With enemies from hell.
2. With weeping and with praying,
 My Jesus I have found,
 To crucify old nature,
 And make his grace abound.
 Dear children, don't be weary,
 But march on in the way;
 For Jesus will stand by you,
 And be your guard and stay.
3. If sinners will serve Satan,

And join with one accord,
Dear brethren, as for my part,
I'm bound to serve the Lord;
And if you will go with me,
Pray give to me your hand,
And we'll march on together,
Unto the promised land.

4. Through troubles and distresses,
We'll make our way to God;
Though earth and hell oppose us,
We'll keep the heavenly road.
Our Jesus went before us,
And many sorrows bore,
And we who follow after,
Can never meet with more.

5. Thou dear to me, my brethren,
Each one of you I find.
My duty now compels me
To leave you all behind;
But while the parting grieves us,
I humbly ask your prayers,
To bear me up in trouble,
And conquer all my fears.

6. And now, my loving brothers,
I bid you all farewell!
With you my loving sisters,
I can no longer dwell.
Farewell to every mourner!
I hope the Lord you'll find,
To ease you of your burden,
And give you peace of mind.

7. Farewell, poor careless sinners!
I love you dearly well;

I've labored much to bring you
With Jesus Christ to dwell,
I now am bound to leave you—
O tell me, will you go?
But if you won't decide it,
I'll bid you all adieu!

8. We'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care, and pain,
And mount aloft with Jesus
For evermore to reign;
We'll join to sing his praises
Above the ethereal blue,
And then, poor careless sinners
What will become of you?

256 THE LONE PILGRIM. 11,8,11,8. Wm. Walker.

1. I came to the place where the lone pil-grim lay, And pen-sive-ly stood by the tomb, When in a low whis-per I heard some-thing say. How sweet-ly I sleep here a-lone!

2. The tempest may howl, and the loud thunder roar, And gathering storms may arise, Yet calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul, The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3. The cause of my Master compell'd me from home, I bade my companions farewell; I blest my dear children, who now for me mourn-- In far distant regions they dwell.

4. I wander'd an exile and stranger from home, No kindred or relative nigh; I met the contagion, and sank to the tomb, My soul flew to mansions on high.

5. Oh soft my companions and children most dear, To weep out for me now I'm gone; The same hand that led me through scenes most severe, Has kindly assisted me home.

6. And there is a crown that dash glitter and shine, That I shall for evermore wear; Then turn to the Saviour, his love's all divine Ah you that would dwell with me there.

* The sixth verse was composed by J. J. Hicks, of North Carolina

The Lone Pilgrim

11, 8, 11, 8

Wm. Walker

The sixth verse was composed by J. J. Hicks, of North Carolina

1. I came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by the tomb,
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone!
2. The tempest may howl, and the loud thunder roar,
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.
3. The cause of my Master compelled me from home,
I bade my companions farewell;
I blest my dear children, who now for me mourn—
In far distant regions they dwell.
4. I wandered an exile and stranger from home,
No kindred or relative nigh;
I met the contagion, and sank to the tomb,
My soul flew to mansions on high.

5. O tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not for me now I'm gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes most severe,
Has kindly assisted me home.
6. And there is a crown that doth glitter and shine,
That I shall for evermore wear:
Then turn to the Savior, his love's all divine
All you that would dwell with me there.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. 12, 11 *On the Death of an Infant. By Caldwell.* 257

Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee, Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb; The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

1 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsaken,
With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide,
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

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Funeral Thought

13, 12, 11

Caldwell

On the Death of an Infant

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom,
(Repeat previous line).
2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee
And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died.
3. Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsaken.
With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.
4. Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide.
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,

Where death hath no sting, since the Savior hath died.

258 THE SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN. 12, 9. *by J. King and W. Walker*

1 Our bondage it shall end, by and by, by and by, Our bondage it shall end, by and by; From Egypt's yoke set free; Hail the glorious jubilee, And to Canaan we'll return, by and by, by and by, And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

2 Our deliverer he shall come, by and by, And our sorrows have an end, With our threescore years and ten, And vast glory crown the day, by and by

3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, Though our hearts dissolve with fear, Lo, Sinai's God is near, While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

4 Though Marsh has limed streams, we'll go on; Though Baca's vale be dry, And the fount yield no supply; To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come, Jehovah rules the tide, And the waters he'll divide, And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come.

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have loved, Our embraces shall be sweet At the dear Redeemer's feet, When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7 Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice Showing glory to our King, Till the vaults of heav'n ring, And through all eternity we'll rejoice

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The Saints Bound for Heaven

12, 9

J. King
W. Walker

1. Our bondage it shall end, by and by, by and by,
Our bondage it shall end, by and by;
From Egypt's yoke set free;
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return, by and by, by and by,
And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.
2. Our deliverer he shall come, by and by, by and by,
Our deliverer he shall come, by and by;
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by, by and by,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by.
3. Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on,
Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on;
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo, Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, we'll go on,

While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

4. Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on, we'll go on,
 Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on;
 Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply;
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on, we'll go on,
 To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5. And when to Jordan's floods, we are come, we are come,
 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come;
 Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come, we are come,
 And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come.

6. Then friends shall meet again, who have loved, ho have loved,
 Then friends shall meet again, who have loved;
 Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved, who have loved,
 When we meet to part no more, who have love.

7. Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
 Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice;
 Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
 And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

SWEET AFFLICTION. 8, 7 Rippon's Hymns, 54.. 259

I, the floods of tribu - la-tion, While the bil-lows o'er me roll, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, Hal-le - lu-jah,
 Je-sus whis-pers con-so-la-tion, And sup-ports my faint - ing soul,

3 Mid the gloom the vivid lightning,
 With increasing brightness play
 Mid the thorn bright beauteous flowrets
 Look more beautiful and gay.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

4 So in darkest dispensations
 Dost my faithful Lord appear,
 With his richest consolations
 To reanimate and cheer.
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Thus to bring my Saviour near. Sweet, &c.

5 Floods of tribulations brighten,
 Billows still around me roar;
 Those that know not Christ ye frighten,
 But my soul defies your power.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

6 In the sacred page recorded;
 Thus the word securely stands,
 Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
 Nought shall pluck thee from my hands.
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Every word my love demands. Sweet, &c.

7 All I meet I find assist me,
 In my path to heavenly joy;
 Where the trials now attend me,
 Trials never more annoy.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

8 Wearing there a weight of glory,
 Still the path I'll near forge,
 But exulting cry I led me
 To my blessed Saviour's feet.
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Which has brought to Jesus' feet. Sweet, &c.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey
 From the eater food is given,
 Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,
 Singing as I wade to heaven:
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 And my sins are all forgiven. Sweet, &c.

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Sweet Affliction

8, 7

Rippon's Hymns

1. In the floods of tribulation,
 While the billows o'er me roll,
 Jesus whispers consolation,
 And supports my fainting soul,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord,
 (Repeat previous line).
2. Thus the lion yields me honey
 from the eater food is given,
 Strengthened thus, I still press forward,
 Singing as I wade to heaven:
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction, and my sins are all forgiven,
 (Repeat previous line).
3. Mid the gloom the vivid lightning,
 With increasing brightness play
 Mid the thorn bright beauteous flowrets
 Look more beautiful and gay.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord,
 (Repeat previous line).

4. So in darkest dispensations
 Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations
 To reanimate and cheer,
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction, thus to bring my Savior near,
 (Repeat previous line).
5. Floods of tribulation brighten,
 Billows still around me roar;
Those that know not Christ ye frighten,
 But my soul defies your power.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord,
 (Repeat previous line).
6. In the sacred page recorded;
 Thus the word securely stands,
Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
 Nought shall pluck thee from my hands.
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction, every word my love demands,
 (Repeat previous line).
7. All I meet I find assist me,
 In my path to heavenly joy;
Where the trials now attend me,
 Trials never more annoy.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord,
 (Repeat previous line).
8. Wearing there a weight of glory,
 Still the path I'll near forget
But exulting cry it led me
 To my blessed Savior's feet.
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction, which has brought to Jesus' feet.
 (Repeat previous line).

STAR OF COLUMBIA. *Concluded.*

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fruit ful thy soil, most in - viting thy clime; Let crimes of the east ne'er en - crim - son thy name, Be free - dom, and sci - ence, and vir - tue thy fame.

large as thy empire, and just as thy cause; On free - dom's broad ba - sis that em - pire shall rise, Ex - tend with the main, and dis - solve with the skies.

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3 Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn' hide the beams of her star;
New harb' and new seas unrivall'd shall see
To issue navigatib'l, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly 'em all nations, the best of mankind,
There, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

4 No less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire;
Their sweetnesses unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image stamp'd on the mind;
With peace and sweet raptures shall teach life to glow
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo

5 Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold,
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall show,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Hark anarch's away, and give peace to the world.

6 Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the town I pensively stray'd,
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retir'd,
The wind ceas'd to murmur, the thunders expir'd
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

Star of Columbia

11s

Miss M. T. Durham
Dr. Dwight

1. Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies,
Thy genius commands thee, with raptures behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold:
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.
2. To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood, or wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them and glory attend.
A world is thy realm, for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thy empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.
3. Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,

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And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind,
There, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

4. Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamped on the mind;
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.
5. Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold,
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendors shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurled,
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.
6. Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the town I pensively strayed,
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expired
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

262 PLENARY. C. M. *By A. Clark*

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, Mine ears, attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie, Where you must shortly

1. Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie, Where you must shortly lie.

2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours "

3. Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4. Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

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Plenary

C.M.

A. Clark

1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears, attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie,
(Repeat previous line twice).
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie,
(Repeat previous line).
2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall the wise the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."
(Repeat previous line twice).
"The tall the wise the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."
(Repeat previous line).
3. Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?

Still walking downward to the tomb,

And yet prepare no more!

(Repeat previous line twice).

Still walking downward to the tomb,

And yet prepare no more!

(Repeat previous line).

4. Grant us the power of quickening grace,

To fit our souls to fly;

Then, when we drop this dying flesh,

We'll rise above the sky.

(Repeat previous line twice).

Then, when we drop this dying flesh,

We'll rise above the sky.

(Repeat previous line).

OH! TURN, SINNER. L. M. 263

1. To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; }
 Say, will you to Mount Zi-on go? Say, will you have this Christ, or no? } Oh! turn, sinner, turn, may the Lord help you turn—

Chorus

2. Say, will you be for ever blest,
 And with this glorious Jesus rest?
 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
 Will you with Christ for ever reign?
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

3. Make now your choice, and halt no more;
 He now is waiting for the poor:
 Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

4. Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,
 Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound,
 Come, go with us, and seek to prove
 The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

5. Your spoils, and all your glittering toys,
 Compared with our celestial joys,
 Like momentary dreams appear:—
 Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

6. Young women, now we look to you,
 Are you resolved to perish too?
 To rush in carnal pleasures on,
 And seek in flaming ruin down?
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

7. Then, dear young friends, a long farewell,
 We're bound to leave's, but you to hell.
 Still God may hear us, while we pray,
 And change you ere that burning day.
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

8. Once more I ask you, in his name;
 (I know his love remains the same)
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

9. Come, you that love th' incarnate God,
 And feel redemption in his blood,
 Let's watch and pray, and onward move,
 Till we shall meet in realms above.
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.



Oh Turn, Sinner

L.M.

Refrain:

1. Today, if you will hear his voice,
 Now is the time to make your choice;
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
2. Say, will you be for ever blest,
 And with this glorious Jesus rest?
 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
 Will you with Christ for ever reign?
3. Make now your choice, and halt no more;
 He now is waiting for the poor:
 Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
4. Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,
 Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound,
 Come, go with us, and seek to prove
 The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

5. Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear:—
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.

6. Young women, now we look to you,
Are you resolved to perish too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?

7. The, dear young friends, a long farewell,
We're bound to heaven, but you to hell.
Still God may hear us, while we pray,
And change you ere that burning day.

8. Once more I ask you, in his name;
(I knew his love remains the same)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

9. Come, you that love the incarnate God,
And feel redemption in his blood,
Let's watch and pray, and onward move,
Till we shall meet in realms above.

Oh! turn, sinner, turn, may the Lord help you turn—
Oh! turn, sinner, turn, why will you die?

1. Sometimes a light sur - prise The Christian while he sings It is the Lord who rises With healing in his wings: When comforts are de -

2. In ho - ly con tem - plation, We sweetly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - vation, And find it ever new: Set free from present



3. It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed,
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Its wanted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall raise my voice,
For while in him confiding
I never need repent

3. It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed,
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Its wanted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall raise my voice,
For while in him confiding
I never need repent

The Singing Christian

7, 6

1. Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
2. In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown tomorrow
Bring with it what it may.
3. It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people through;

Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4. Though vine nor fig tree neither
 Their wonted fruits should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

FRENCH BROAD. L. M. Wm. Walker. 265

1. High o'er the hills the mountains rise, Their summits tower toward the skies; But far above them I must dwell,
Or sink beneath the flames of hell.

2. Oh, God! forbid that I should fall And lose my ever-lasting all; But may I rise on wings of love,
And soar to the blest world above.

3. Although I walk the mountains high,
Ere long my body low must lie,
And in some lonesome place must rot,
And by the living be forgot.

4. There it must lie till that great day,
When Gabriel's awful trump shall say,
Arise, the judgment day is come,
When all must hear their final doom.

5. If not prepared, then I must go
Down to eternal pain and woe,
With devils there I must remain,
And never more return again.

6. But if prepared, oh, blessed thought!
I'll rise above the mountains' top,
And there remain for evermore
On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore.

7. Oh! when I think of that blest world,
Where all God's people dwell in love,
I all-time long wish them to be
And dwell in heaven eternally.

8. Then will I sing God's praises there,
Who brought me through my troubles here
I'll sing, and be forever blest,
Fond sweet and everlasting rest.

* The song was composed by the Author, in the fall of 1831, while travelling over the mountains, on French Broad River, in North Carolina and Tennessee.

265

French Broad

L.M.

Wm. Walker

This song was composed by Author, in the fall of 1831, while travelling over the mountains, on French Broad River, in North Carolina and Tennessee

1. High o'er the hills the mountains rise,
Their summits tower toward the skies;
But far above them I must dwell,
Or sink beneath the flames of hell.
2. Oh, God! forbid that I should fall
And lose my everlasting all;
But may I rise on wings of love,
And soar to the blest world above.
3. Although I walk the mountains high,
Ere long my body low must lie,
And in some lonesome place must rot,
And by the living be forgot.
4. There it must lie till that great day,
When Gabriel's awful trump shall say,
Arise, the judgment day is come,
When all must hear their final doom.

When all must hear their final doom.

5. If not prepared, then I must go
Down to eternal pain and woe,
With devils there I must remain,
And never more return again.
6. But if prepared, Oh, blessed thought!
I'll rise above the mountain's top,
And there remain for evermore
On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore.
7. Oh! when I think of that blest world,
Where all God's people dwell in love,
I oft times long with them to be
And dwell in heaven eternally.
8. Then will I sing God's praises there,
Who brought me through my troubles here
I'll sing, and be forever blest,
Find sweet and everlasting rest.

266 HEBREW CHILDREN * 7,6,8,8,8,6 David Walker

1. Where are the Hebrew children? Where are the Hebrew children? Where are the Hebrew children? Safe in the promised land; Tho' the furnace flamed around them,
God while in their trouble found them; He with love and mercy bound them, Safe in the promised land.

2. Where are the twelve apostles? Where are the twelve apostles? Where are the twelve apostles? Safe in the promised land; They went thro' the flaming fire,
Trusting in the great Messiah, Holy grace did raise them higher, Safe in the promised land.

3. Where are the holy martyrs? Where are the holy martyrs? Where are the holy martyrs? Safe in the promised land; Those who wash'd their robes, and made them
white and spotless pure, and laid them Where no earthly stain could fade them, Safe in the promised land.

4. Where are the holy Christians? Safe in the promised land;
There our souls will join the choir, Saints and angels sing before us,
While all heaven is hallowing o'er us, Safe in the promised land.

5. By and by we'll go and meet them, Safe in the promised land;
There we'll sing and shout together, There we'll sing and shout together,
There we'll sing and shout forever, Safe in the promised land.

6. Glory to God Almighty, Who called us unto him,
Who are blind by sinful nature, Who have sinned against our Maker,
Who did send his son to save us, Safe in the promised land.

7. Where is our blessed Saviour? Safe in the promised land;
He was wounded and crucified, He by Roman was derided,
Thus the Lord of glory died, To raise our souls above.

* This tune was set to music by David Walker, in 1841; also the last two verses of the song are his composition.



Hebrew Children

7, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6

David Walker

This tune was set to music by David Walker, in 1841: also the last two verses of the song are his composition

1. Where are the Hebrew children?
(Repeat previous line twice)
Safe in the promised land:
Though the furnace flamed around them,
God while in their trouble found them;
He with love and mercy bound them,
Safe in the promised land.
2. Where are the twelve apostles?
(Repeat previous line twice)
Safe in the promised land:
They went through the flaming fire,
Trusting in the great Messiah,
Holy grace did raise them higher,
Safe in the promised land.
3. Where are the holy martyrs?
(Repeat previous line twice)

Safe in the promised land:
Those who washed their robes, and made them
White and spotless pure, and laid them
Where no earthly stain could fade them,
Safe in the promised land.

4. Where are the holy Christians?
 (Repeat previous line twice)
 Safe in the promised land:
 There our souls will join the chorus,
 Saints and angels sing before us,
 While all heaven is beaming o'er us,
 Safe in the promised land.

5. By and by we'll go and meet them,
 (Repeat previous line twice)
 Safe in the promised land:
 There we'll sing and shout together,
 There we'll sing and shout hosanna,
 There we'll sing and shout forever,
 Safe in the promised land.

6. Glory to God Almighty,
 (Repeat previous line twice)
 Who called us unto him,
 Who are blind by sinful nature.
 Who have sinned against our Maker,
 Who did send his son to save us,
 Safe in the promised land.

7. Where is our blessed Savior?
 (Repeat previous line twice)
 Safe in the promised land:
 He was scourged and crucified,
 He by Romans was derided,
 Thus the Lord of glory died,
 To raise our souls above.

BALLERMA. C. M. 267

1. If God is mine, then present things, And things to come, are mine; Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too, And glory all divine.

2. If he is mine, then from his love, He every trouble sends; All things are working for my good, And bliss his rod attends.

3. If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4. If he is mine, let friends forsake,—
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he, who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.

5. If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

6. Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.



Ballerma

C.M.

1. If God is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.
2. If he is mine, then from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends
3. If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.
4. If he is mine, let friends forsake,—
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he, who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.
5. If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.
6. Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;

What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

SHEPHERD. S. M.

1. Let party names no more The Christian world o'erspread; Gen-tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ their Head.
 2. Among the saints on earth, Let mutual love be found; Heirs of the same in-her-ritance, With mutual blessings crown'd.
 3. Let en-vy, child of hell! Be banish'd far a-way; Those should in strictest friendship dwell Who the same Lord obey.
 4. Thus will the church be-low Re-semble that a-bove; Where streams of pleasure ever flow, And every heart is love.

Shepherd

S.M.

1. Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.
2. Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the same inheritance
With mutual blessings crowned.
3. Let envy, child of hell!
Be banished far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.
4. Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

268 PARDONING LOVE. C. M. Wm. Walker.

1. In - ev - il long I took de - light, Unaw'd by shame or fear, } I saw one hanging on a tree In a - go - nies and blood,
Till a new object struck my sight, And stopp'd my wild career. }

2. Sure never to my latest breath Can I for - get that look; } My conscience felt and own'd the guilt, And plunged me in despair;
It seem'd to charge me with his death, Though not a word he spoke. }

3. Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I'll do that thou may'st live."

4. Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
(Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.)
With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.



Pardoning Love

C.M.

Wm. Walker

1. In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
2. Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
3. Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:

Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!
A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely shall forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayest live."

4. Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.
With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

THE INDIAN'S PETITION. 12,12,12,12,11 269

1. Let me go to my home in the far distant west, To the scenes of my childhood, in innocence blest, Where the tall cedars wave, and the bright waters flow, Where my fathers repose, let me go, let me go, . . . Where my fathers repose, oh! there let me go.

2. Let me go to the spot where the cataracts play, Where I often have sported in boyhood's bright day, And there greet my fond mother whose heart will o'erflow At the sight of her child, let me go, let me go, . . . At the sight of her child, oh! there let me go.

3. Let me go to my sire, by whose battle scarred side I have sported so oft in the noon of new pride, And exulted to conquer the insolent foe; To my Father the chief, let me go, let me go, To my father, the chief, oh! there let me go.

* This song, it is said, was composed by the son of a chief of one of the western tribes, who was sent to the City of Washington to make a treaty with the United States, which treaty was delayed for a while by some unavoidable circumstances.

269

The Indian's Petition

12, 12, 12, 12, 11

This song, it is said, was composed by the son of a chief of one of the western tribes, who was sent to the City of Washington to make a treaty with the United States, which treaty was delayed for a while by some unavoidable circumstances.

1. Let me go to my home in the far distant west,
To the scenes of my childhood, in innocence blest,
Where the tall cedars wave, and the bright waters flow,
Where my fathers repose, let me go, let me go,
Where my fathers repose, oh! there let me go.
2. Let me go to the spot where the cataracts play,
Where I often have sported in boyhood's bright day,
And there greet my fond mother whose heart will o'erflow
At the sight of her child, let me go, let me go,
At the sight of her child, oh! there let me go.
3. Let me go to my sire, by whose battle scarred side
I have sported so oft in the noon of new pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe;
To my Father the chief, let me go, let me go,
To my father, the chief, oh! there let me go.

4. And oh! do let me go to my flashing eyed maid,
 Who hath taught me to love 'neath the green willow's shade;
 Whose heart like the fawn leaps, and is pure as the snow:
 To the bosom I love, let me go, let me go,
 To the bosom I love, oh! there let me go.

5. And, oh! do let me go to my wild forest home,
 No more from its life cheering fond pleasures to roam
 'Neath the grove of the glen let my ashes lie low,
 To my home in the wood let me go, let me go
 To my home in the wood, oh! there let me go.

270 ZION'S LIGHT. 7,6. Chorus

1. The glorious light of Zion is spreading all around, And sinners now are heark'ning Unto the gospel sound: To see the saints in glo - ry, And the angels

2. The standard of King Jesus Triumphant doth arise, And mourners crowd around it, With bitter groans and cries. To see the saints in glory, &c.

3. And of that favored number,
I hope that I am one;
And Christ, I trust, will finish
The work he has begun;
To see the saints in glory, &c.

4. And while the glorious message
Was circulating round,
Some souls, exposed to ruin,
Redeeming love have found.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

5. I have received my bounty,
Likewise my mortal sin;
A ring of love and favour,
A robe of righteousness,
To see the saints in glory, &c.

6. Now down into the water
Will we young converts all;
There meet our Lord and Master
When he was low below.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

7. I am but a young convert,
Who lately did believe;
A sinner under Jesus,
My Prophet, King, and Friend:
To see the saints in glory, &c.

8. I have received my bounty,
Likewise my mortal sin;
A ring of love and favour,
A robe of righteousness,
To see the saints in glory, &c.

9. Now down into the water
Will we young converts all;
There meet our Lord and Master
When he was low below.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

10. We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
As emblems of the Saviour,
When he lay on the grave,
To see the saints in glory, &c.

11. Poor sinners, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me!
Behold his marred body
Being hurt on the tree!
To see the saints in glory, &c.

12. His hands, his feet, his bleeding side
To you he hath displayed —
Oh! tell the sinner's world,
How can you stay away?
To see the saints in glory, &c.

13. Come, all you dear brethren
Ye soldiers of the cross:
Who, for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things loss,
To see the saints in glory, &c.

14. Come away for us, young converts,
That we may leave on,
And meet you all in glory
When our Redeemer's gone.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

15. The suffering, bleeding Saviour,
Who died on Calvary,
Is now proclaimed to sinners
To set the guilty free:
To see the saints in glory, &c.

16. And while the glorious message
Was circulating round,
Some souls, exposed to ruin,
Redeeming love have found.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

17. And of that favored number,
I hope that I am one;
And Christ, I trust, will finish
The work he has begun;
To see the saints in glory, &c.

18. Now down into the water
Will we young converts all;
There meet our Lord and Master
When he was low below.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

19. We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
As emblems of the Saviour,
When he lay on the grave,
To see the saints in glory, &c.

20. Poor sinners, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me!
Behold his marred body
Being hurt on the tree!
To see the saints in glory, &c.



Zion's Light

7, 6

Refrain:

1. The glorious light of Zion
Is spreading all around,
And sinners now are hearkening
Unto the gospel sound:
2. The standard of King Jesus
Triumphant doth arise,
And mourners crowd around it,
With bitter groans and cries.
3. The suffering, bleeding Savior,
Who died on Calvary,
Is now proclaimed to sinners
To set the guilty free;
4. And while the glorious message
Was circulating round,
Some souls, exposed to ruin,
Redeeming love have found.
5. And of that favored number,
I hope that I am one;
And Christ, I trust, will finish
The work he has begun;

6. He'll perfect it in righteousness,
And I shall ever be
A monument of mercy,
To all eternity.
7. I am but a young convert,
Who lately did enlist
A soldier under Jesus,
My Prophet, King, and Priest;
8. I have received my bounty,
Likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favor,
A robe of righteousness.
9. Now down into the water
Will we young converts go;
There went our Lord and Master
When he was here below;
10. We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of the Savior,
When he lay in the grave.
11. Poor sinners, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me:
Behold his mangled body
Hung tortured on the tree!
12. His hands, his feet, his bleeding side
To you he doth display;—
Oh! tell me, brother sinner,
How can you stay away?
13. Come, all you elder brethren
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Who, for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things loss.

14. Come pray for us, young converts
 That we may travel on,
 And meet you all in glory
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

 To see the saints in glory,
 And the angels stand inviting
 The angels stand inviting,
 To welcome pilgrims home.

GOSPEL TRUMPET, (OR WOODSTOCK). C. M. 271

1. Let ev'ry mor-tal ear attend, And ev'ry heart re-joice, The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With an in-vi-ting voice.
 2. Ho, all ye hun-gry starv-ing souls, That feed up-on the wind, And vain-ly strive with earth-ly toys To fill an emp-ty mind;
 3. E-ter-nal wis-dom hath prepared A soul-re-vi-ving feast, And bids your long-ing ap-pe-tites The rich pro-vi-sion taste.
 4. Ho, ye that pant for liv-ing streams, And pine a-way and die, Here you may quench your ra-ging thirst With springs that ne-ver dry.
 5. Riv-ers of love and mer-cy here In a rich o-cean join; Sal-va-tion in a-bun-dance flows, Like floods of milk and wine.
 6. Ye per-ish-ing and na-ked poor, Who work with nigh-ty pain To weave a gar-ment of your own That will not hide your sin;
 7. Come, naked, and a-dress your souls In robes pre-pared by God, Wrought by the la-bors of his Son, And dyed in his own blood.
 8. Dear God, the treas-ure of thy love Am a-ter-rat-ing mine, Deep as our help-less mis-er-ies are, And boundless as our sin.
 9. The hap-py gates of gos-pel grace Stand o-pen night and day, Lord, we are come to seek sup-plies, And drive our want a-way.

271

Gospel Trumpet

C.M.

1. Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:
3. Eternal Wisdom hath 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.

6. Ye perishing and naked poor,
 Who work with mighty pain
 To weave a garment of your own
 That will not hide your sin;
7. Come, naked, and adorn your souls
 In robes prepared by God,
 Wrought by the labors of his Son,
 And dyed in his own blood.
8. Dear God, the treasures of thy love
 Are everlasting mines,
 Deep as our helpless miseries are,
 And boundless as our sins.
9. The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day:
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

NASHVILLE. L. M. 6 lines.

1. I love the volume of thy word;
 What light and joy these leaves afford,
 To souls benighted and distressed,
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering 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 and large reward.

Nashville

L.M. 6 lines

1. I love the volume of thy word;
 What light and joy these leaves afford,
 To souls benighted and distressed,
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering 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 and large reward.

272 HOPE. S. M.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call. I cannot live if thou remove, For thou art all in all: I cannot live if
 thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell; 'Tis paradise when thou art here, If thou depart, 'tis hell: 'Tis pa - ra - dise when
 thou art here, If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.

4. To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

5. Not all the harps above
 Can make a heavenly place,
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky
 Can one delight afford,
 No, not a drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll,
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.

8. To thee my spirit fly
 With infinite desire,
 And yet how far from thee I lie!
 Dear Jesus raise me higher.

272

Hope

S.M.

1. My God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call;
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.
2. Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell;
 'Tis paradise when thou art here;
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
3. The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.
4. To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.
5. Not all the harps above

Could make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

GOSPEL TIDINGS. S. M. 273

Spiritoso.

1. How beautiful are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal! How charming is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! 'Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here.

2. How happy are our ears That hear this joyful sound Which kings and prophets wanted for, And sought, but never found! How blessed are our eyes That see this heavenly light! Prophets and kings desired it long, But died without the sight.

3. The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ; Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy. The Lord makes bare his arm Through all the earth abroad Let every nation now bless Their Saviour and their God.

1A

273

Gospel Tidings

S.M.

1. How beautiful are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.
2. How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are your eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
3. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,

And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

274 STANTON. 6 lines. 7's.

1. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in three, and three in one, As by the ce-lestial host, Let thy will on earth be done; Praise by all to thee be given, Gracious Lord of earth and heaven!

2. Vilest of the sinful race, Lo! I an-swer to thy call; Mean-est vessel of thy grace, Grace di-vinely free for all; Lo! I come to do thy will, All thy counsel to ful-fill.

3. If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4. Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new!

5. Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame
Consecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

6. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done.
Praise by all to thee be given,
Gracious Lord of earth and heaven.

274

Stanton

7s. 6 lines

1. Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One in Three and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Gracious Lord of earth and heaven.
2. Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call;
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.
3. If so poor a worm as I
My to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4. Take my soul and body's powers;
 Take my memory, mind and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
 All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

5. Now, O my God, thine own I am;
 Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends and health and fame,
 Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

6. Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

ROCK OF AGES. 6 lines, 7 s 275

1. Rock of A - ges, shel - ter me! Let me hide myself in thee! Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which
flow'd. Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for - ev - er
flow All for sin could not at - one; Thou must save, and thou a - lone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne.
Rock of Ages, meet me here!
Let me hide myself in thee!

275

Rock of Ages

7s. 6 lines

1. Rock of ages, shelter me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace,
 Black, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyestrings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of ages, shelter me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

276 **DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.** *F. Lewis.*

1 My God, my por-tion, and my love, My ever-last-ing All, I've none but thee in heav-en a-bove, Or on this earth-ly ball.
2 What emp-ty things are all the skies, And this in-fe-rior clod! There's nothing here de-serves my joys, There's nothing like my God.
3 In vain the bright, the burn-ing sun scat-ter'd his fee-ble light; 'Tis thy sweet beams cre-ate my noon; If thou with-draw 'tis night.
4 And whilst up-on my rest-less bed, Amongst the shades I roll, If my Re-deem-er shows his head, 'Tis morn-ing with my soul.
5 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends, And health, and safe a-bode: Thanks to thy name for meaner things: But they are not my God.
6 How vain a toy is glit-ter-ing wealth, If once com-pared to thee; Or what's my wealth, or my health, Or all my riches to me?
7 Were I possessor of the earth, And call'd the stars my crew, With-out thy grace and thyself I were a wretch un-done.
8 Let others stretch their arms like seas, And grasp on all the shore, Great are the waves of thy face, And I desire no more.

276

Dunlap's Creek

C.M.

F. Lewis

1. My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
2. What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
3. In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw 'tis night.
4. And whilst upon my restless bed,
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
5. To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things:
But they are not my God.
6. How vain a toy is glittering wealth,

If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7. Were I possessor of the earth,
 And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone.
8. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
 And I desire no more.

CHINA. C. M. Swan.

1. Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends? Or shake at death's a-larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je-sus sends To call them to his arms.
 2. Are we not tending up-ward too As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow To keep us from our love.
 3. Why should we tremble to con-vey Their bo-dies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Je-sus lay, And left a long per-fume.
 4. The graves of all his saints he blest, And softened ev'ry bed: Where should the dying members rest, But with their dy-ing Head?
 5. Thence he arose, as-cend-ed high, And show'd our feet the way; Up to the Lord our souls shall fly At the great ris-ing day.
 6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And let our souls be raised to see our Lord, And stand the while.

China

C.M.

Swan

1. Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
2. Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.
3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
4. The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
5. Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
At the great rising day.
6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,

And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

WILLOUGHBY. 8,8,6. 277

SLOW AND DISTINCT.

1. How pre - cious, Lord, thy sa - cred word, What light and joy these leaves af - ford, To souls in deep dis - tress;

2. Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes, And warn us where our dan - ger lies, But 'tis thy gos - pel, Lord,

Thy pre - cepts guide our doubt - ful way, Thy fear for - bids our feet to stray, Thy pro - mise leads to rest.

That makes the guilt - ty con - science clean, Con - verts the soul and con - quers sin, And gives a free re - ward.



Willoughby

8, 8, 6

1. How precious, Lord, thy sacred word;
 What light and joy these leaves afford,
 To souls in deep distress,
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads to rest.

2. Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,
 And warn me us where our danger lies;
 But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,
 That makes the guilty conscience clean,
 Converts the soul, and conquers sin,
 And gives a free reward.

278 WELLS L. M. *Holdroyd.*

1. Ye nations of the earth, re-joice Be-fore the Lord, your sov'reign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God; 'tis he a-lone Doth life, and breath, and being give; We are his work, and not our own, The sheep that on his pastures, live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy, With praises to his courts repair, And make it your di-vine em-ploy To pay your thanks and honors there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is his grace, his mercy sure; And the whole race of man shall find His truth from age to age en-dure.

278

Wells

L.M.

Holdroyd

1. Ye nations of the earth rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues his glory sing.
2. The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
 Doth life, and breath, and being give;
 We are his work, and not our own,
 The sheep that on his pastures live.
3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair,
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honors there.
4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

ZION. 8,7,4. Thos. Hastings.

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile lands: Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, (Repeat previous 2 lines)

2. Lo! thy sun is risen in glory, God himself appears thy Friend; All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end: Great deliverance Zion's King vouchsafes to send; (Repeat previous 2 lines)

3. Enemies no more shall trouble, All thy wrongs shall be redressed, For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor blest; All thy conflicts End in an eternal rest (Repeat previous 2 lines)

Zion

8, 7, 4

Thos. Hastings

1. On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands,
(Repeat previous 2 lines)
2. Lo! thy sun is risen in glory,
God himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send,
(Repeat previous 2 lines)
3. Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed,
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest;
All thy conflicts
End in an eternal rest
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

ROCHESTER. C. M. 279

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints in mor - tal reign, In - finite day excludes the night, And pleasure has no pain.

2. There ever - last - ing spring a - bides, And no - where withering flowers; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Resound downy with living grass; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

4. But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross the narrow sea, And linger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch away.

5. Oh! could we make our doubts retire, Those glossy doubts that run, And see the Canaan that we love, With unobscured eyes.

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er; Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.



Rochester

C.M.

1. Ye trembling captives hear!
 The gospel trumpet sounds,
 No music more can charm the ear,
 Or heal thy heartfelt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war,
 Nor Sinai's awful roar,
 Salvation's news it spreads afar,
 And vengeance is no more.

STONINGTON. S. M.

1. Ye trembling captives hear! The gos-pel trum-pet sounds, No mu-sic more can charm the ear, Or heal thy heart-fil wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war, Nor Si-nai's aw-ful roar, Sal-va-tion's news it spreads a-far, And vengeance is no more.

Stonington

S.M.

1. Ye trembling captives hear!
The gospel trumpet sounds,
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal thy heartfelt wounds.
2. 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar,
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

280 SILVER STREET. S. M. J. Street.



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

2. He form'd the deeps unknown: He gave the seas their bound; The wat' - ry worlds are all his own, And all the so - lid ground.

3. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow before the Lord; We are his works and not our own; He form'd us by his word.

4. To-day attend his voice, Nor dare provoke his rod; Come, like the people of his choice, And own your gracious God.

5. But if your ears refuse The language of his grace, And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews, That unbelieving race;

6. The Lord, in vengeance drest, Will lift his hand and swear, - You that despise my person and shall have no portion there."



Silver Street

S.M.

J. Street

1. Come, sound his name abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
2. He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
3. Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.
4. Today attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
5. But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;
6. The Lord, in vengeance drest,

Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promised rest
shall have no portion there."

SHERBURNE. L. M.

1. To God our voices let us raise, And loudly chant the joy - ful strain; That rock of strength oh let us praise! Whence free salva - tion we ob - tain.

2. Let all who now his goodness feel, Come near and worship at his throne Be - fore the Lord, their Maker, kneel, And bow in a - do - ra - tion down.

Sherburne

L.M.

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. 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.

AYLESBURY. S. M. Chetham. 281

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bo - dy down? And must my trembling spi - rit fly In - to a world un - known?
 2. A land of deep - est shade, Un - pierced by hu - man thought; The dre - ary re - gions of the dead, Where all things are for - got!

3. Soon as from earth I go, What will be - come of me? E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness or woe Must then my por - tion be:
 4. Waked by the trumpet's sound, I from my grave shall rise! And see the Judge with glo - ry crown'd, And see the flaming skies!

5. How shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful, or a joyful doom,
 A curse, or blessing meet?

6. Will angel hands em - brace
 Their brother on the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its execution there?

7. Who can remove the doubt
 That scars my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the dam - n'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the blas - phem'ers?

8. I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heav'n,
 Or else - depart to hell.

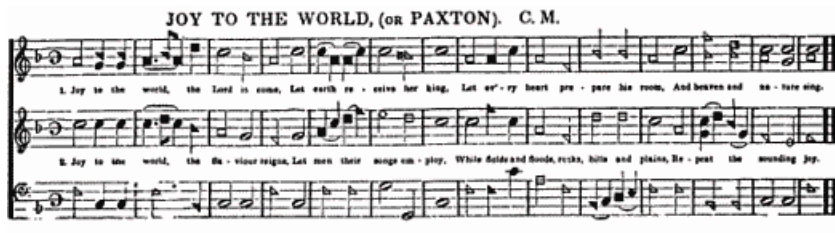
Aylesbury

S.M.

Chetham

1. And am I born to die?
 To lay this body down?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown,
2. A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierced by human thought,
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot?
3. Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be:
4. Waked by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
 And see the flaming skies!
5. How shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet?

6. Will angel bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there?
7. Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
 Or numbered with the blest?
8. I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Savior dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else—depart to hell!



Joy to the World

C.M.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

282 AMITY. 6,6,8,6,6,8

Yes

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

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, &c.

with a cheerful zeal, &c.

Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay, And there our vows and honours pay.

And there our vows, &c.

4. Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

5. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne:
He sits for grace and judgment there
He bids the sinner sit,
He makes the sinner sit,
And humble souls rejoice with fear

6. My tongue repeats her vow,
-Praise to the sacred name!
For long my frame and kindred dwell
And now my glorious God
Makes thee his least abode.
No more shall ever be thou wast

282

Amity [1]

6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8

1. How pleased and blessed was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God today;"
Yes with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay,
(Repeat previous line).
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,
(Repeat previous line).
3. There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne:
He sits for grace and judgment there

He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear,
(Repeat previous line).

4. May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest,
(Repeat previous line)!

5. My tongue repeats her vows,
 "Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well,
(Repeat previous line).

NORTHFIELD. C. M. Ingalls. 283

How long, dear Je - sus, oh! how long Shall that bright hour de - lay; Fly swiftly round, ye
Fly swift - ly round, ye wheels of time, Fly
Fly swift - ly round, &c. And bring, &c.
wheels of time, And bring the pro - mised day, And bring the pro - - mised day.
swift - ly round, ye wheels of time. And bring, &c.

283

Northfield

C.M.

Ingalls

1. How long, dear Jesus, oh! how long
Shall that bright hour delay;
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the promised day,
(Repeat previous line).

284 WATCHMAN. S. M.

1. Shall wisdom cry a - loud, And not her speech be heard? The voice of God's e - ter - nal Word, De - serves it no re - gard?

2. I was his chief de - light, His ev - er - last - ing Son, Be - fore the first of all his works, Cre - a - tion was be - gun.

3. Be - fore the fly - ing clouds, Be - fore the so - lid land, Be - fore the fields, be - fore the floods, I dwell at his rig - hand.

4. When he a - dorn'd the skies, And built them, I was there To or - der when the sun should rise, And mar - shal ev' - ry star

5. When he pour'd out the sea, And spread the flowing deep, I gave the flood a firm decree In its own bounds to keep.

6. Upon the empty air The earth was balanced well; With joy I saw the mountains where The mob of men should dwell.

7. My busy thoughts at first On their salvation ran, Ere man was born, or Adam's dust Was fashion'd in a man.

8. Then come, receive my grace, Ye children, and be wise! Happy the man that loves my ways; The man that shows them close.

284

Watchman

S.M.

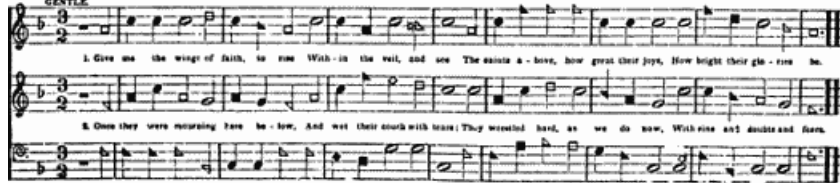
1. Shall wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard?
2. "I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation was begun.
3. "Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields before the floods
I dwelt at his right hand.
4. "When he adorned the skies,
And built them, I was there
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star
5. "When he poured out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.
6. "Upon the empty air

The earth was balanced well;
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.

7. "My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashioned to a man.
8. "Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies."

SPRAGUE. C. M. *Arranged from J. Smith.*

GENTLE



1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise Within the veil, and see The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.

2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And wet their couch with tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins and doubt and fears.

Sprague

C.M.

Arranged from J. Smith

J. Smith

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be,
2. Once they were mourners here below,
 And wet the couch with tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears,

ARLINGTON. C. M. Dr. Arne. 285

1. And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day, For ev'ry vain and i-dle thought, And ev'ry word I say?

2. Yes, ev'ry se-cret of my heart shall shortly be made known, And I re-ceive my just de-sert For all that I have done.

3. How careful then must I be live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here!

4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5. If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

285

Arlington

C.M.

Dr. Arne

1. And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?
2. Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
3. How careful, then, ought I to live,
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.
4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.
5. If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at the thy bar appear.

MORNING WORSHIP, (OR NATCHEZ), S. M.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'SLOW'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment, with the second staff using a treble clef and the third staff using a bass clef. The lyrics are repeated under each staff.

1. How sweet the melting lay Which breaks up on the ear, When, at the hour of rising day, Christians unite in prayer.
2. The breezes waft their cries Up to Je-ho-vah's throne; He lis-tens to their heaving sighs, And sends his bless-ing down.
3. So Je-sus rose to pray Be-fore the morn-ing light, Or on the chill-ing mount did stay, And wrestle all the night.
4. Glo-ry to God on high, Who sends his messen-ger down, To re-scue souls condemn'd to die, And make his peo-ple one.

Morning Worship

S.M.

1. How sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer.
2. The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessing down.
3. So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light,
Or on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
4. Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down,
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

286 SHIRLAND. S. M.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call. I can - not live if thou re -
 2. Thy shi - ning grace can cheer This dun - geon where I dwell; 'Tis pa - ra - dise when thou art
 here If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.

4. To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

5. Not all the harps above
 Can make a heavenly place,
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky
 Can one delight afford,
 No, not a drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll,
 The circle where my passions move
 And centre of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly
 With infinite desire,
 And yet how far from thee I lie
 Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

Shirland

S.M.

1. My God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call;
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.
2. Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell;
 'Tis paradise when thou art here;
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
3. The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.
4. To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.
5. Not all the bliss harps above

Could make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

PORTUGAL. L. M. 287

1. How pleasant, how di-vine-ly fair, Oh! Lord of hosts, thy dwell-ings are! With long de-sire my

2. My flesh would rest in thine a-bode, My pant-ing heart cries out for God; My God! my King! why

3. The spar-row chooses where to rest, And for her young pro-vides her nest; But will my God to

4. Blest are the saints who sit on high, Around thy throne of majesty; Thy bright-est glories shine above, And all their work is praise and love.

5. Blest are the souls that find a place Within the temple of thy grace; There they behold thy counte-nance, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6. Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zion's gate; God is their strength, and through the rows They lean upon their helper, God.

7. Cheerful they walk with growing strength, Till all shall meet in heaven at length, Till all before thy face appear, And join in nobler worship thee!

Portugal

L.M.

1. How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
2. My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!
3. The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?
4. Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
5. Blest are the souls that find a place

Within the temple of thy grace:
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6. Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate
 God is their strength, and through the road
 They lean upon their helper, God.

7. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

568 HEBRON. L. M.



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

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But he forgives my follies past, And gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep, Peace is the pillow for my head, While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

4. In vain the sons of earth or hell Tell me a thousand frightful things; My God in safety makes me dwell Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5. Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground, And wait thy voice to rouse the tomb, With sweet salvation in the sound.

288

Hebron

L.M.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
3. I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
4. In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
5. Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my the tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M. Chapin.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to ensure the great re-ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi-let sin-ner may re-torn.

2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and mortals may be-ware the blessings of the day.

3. The Strong know that they must die, But all the dead forget to lie, Their memory and their sense is gone, Alike unknown and unknown.

4. Their lustred and their love is lost, Their envy faded as the dust; They have no share in all that's done Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5. Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands with all your might pursue, Rise up, arise, our work is found, Nor faith, nor love, beneath the ground.

6. There are no airs of pardon past In the cold grave in which we lie, Not dark some, death, and long despair, Hence in mortal sinners there.

Rockbridge

L.M.

Chapin

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
3. I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
4. In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
5. Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my the tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

THE NARROW WAY. L. M. Rev. Andrew Grambling. 289

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The Narrow Way

L.M.

Rev. Andrew Grambling

1. Come ye who know the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God
And walk the narrow happy road.
2. Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
3. That awful day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth yea down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.
4. To see the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet louder here proclaims,
"The world shall hear and know her doom,
The separation now is come."

5. Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
While Christ, the judge, with joy proclaims,
"Here come my saints, I'll own their names."

6. Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
Ye trumpets of heaven proclaim abroad,
"Here comes the purchase of my blood."

7. In grandeur see the royal line
In glittering robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one
And march in splendor to the throne

8. They stand and wonder, and look on—
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures set their souls on fire.

290 THE PENITENT'S PRAYER, (OR AVON). C. M. *Scottish.*

1. Oh! thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weeping eye.

2. See, low be - fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wan - derer mourns; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said—re - turn?

3. And shall my guilty fears prevail To drive me from thy feet? Oh! let not this dear refuge fail, This only safe retreat.

4. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light, Without one cheering ray; Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night, How desolate my way!

5. Oh! shine on this benighted heart, With beams of mercy shine! And let thy healing voice impart A taste of joys divine.



The Penitent's Prayer

C.M.

Scottish

1. Oh! thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.
2. See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—return?
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
4. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
5. Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

MISSIONARY'S ADIEU. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Missionary's Adieu'. 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 4/4. The music is in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are written below the piano accompaniment line.

My dearest, lovely, native land, Where peace and pleasure grow, Thy Sabbath's laws, and happy shores, And looking o'er those richest stores,
Where joy, with fairest softest hand, Wipes off the tear of woe; And name I love them well, How can I say farewell?

Missionary's Adieu

C.M.

1. My dearest, lovely, native land,
Where peace and pleasure grow,
Where joy, with fairest softest hand,
Wipes off the tears of woe;
Thy Sabbath's laws, and happy shores,
And name I love them well,
And looking o'er those richest stores,
How can I say farewell?

DUKE STREET. L. M. Hutton. 291

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk through deserts dark as night, Till we arrive at heaven our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
 2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gates appear; Far into distant worlds she pries, And brings eternal glories near.
 3. Cheerful we tread the desert through, While faith inspires a heavenly ray, Though lions roar and tempests blow And rocks and dangers fill the way.
 4. So Abraham, by divine command, Left his own house to walk with God; Hid faith beheld the promised land, And fired his zeal along the road.



Duke Street

L.M.

Hutton

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night,
 Till we arrive at heaven our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
2. The want of sight she well supplies;
 She makes the pearly gates appear;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
3. Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar and tempests blow
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
4. So Abraham, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God;
 Hid faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

WARWICK. C. M. J. Stanley.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice a - mend - ing high: To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
 2. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight The wicked shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.
 3. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer - cies there; I will fre - quent thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in thy fear.
 4. O may thy spi - rit guide my feet in ways of righteous - ness: Make every path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face.

Warwick

C.M.

J. Stanley

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high:
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye:
2. Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
3. But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.
4. O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness;
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

292 RIPLEY. 8,7. Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol - low thee; } Let the world ne - glect and leave me, They have left my
Naked, poor, despised, for - saken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

2
Perish earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding 'love I see:
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me

Saviour too; Hu - man hopes have oft deceived me, Thou art faithful, thou art true.



Ripley

8, 7

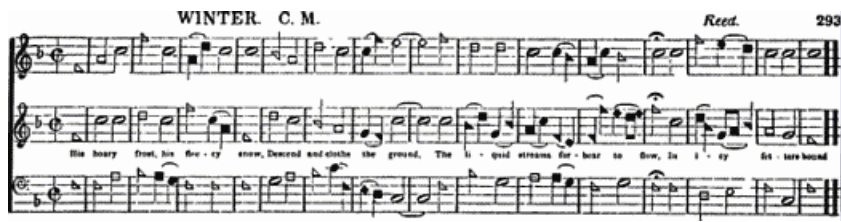
Arranged by L. Mason

From Gregorian Chant

L. Mason

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Let the world neglect and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hopes have oft deceived me;
Thou art faithful, thou art true;
2. Perish earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see,
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

WINTER. C. M. *Reed.* 293



His hoary frost, his fleecy snow, Descend and clothe the ground, The liquid streams forbear to flow, In icy fetters bound.



Winter

C.M.

Reed

1. His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground,
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME. C. M. *As sung by Rev. Mr. Gamewell.*

1. When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, and wipe my weeping eyes.

Chorus. — This world is not my home, This world is not my home, This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, But heav - ven is my home.

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

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

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

5. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We're no less happy in our God's praise, Than when we first began.

*The star is only used in singing the chorus: in singing the verses, sing as if there was no star.

This World Is Not My Home

C.M.

Rev. Mr. Gamewell

As sung by

Refrain:

1. When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world's a wilderness of woe,

But heaven is my home.

Come, Ye Disconsolate [1]

11, 10



1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

GLASGOW. L. M. Dare. 295

This life's a dream, an empty show, But the bright world to which I go Hath

joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake, when shall I wake and find me there.



Glasgow

L.M.

Dare

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

296 NEWBURGH. S. M. Manson.

296

Newburgh

S.M.

Manson

1. Let every creature join
 To praise the eternal God;
 Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
 (Repeat previous line),
 And sound his name abroad.
 Thou sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays,
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine on your maker's praise
 (Repeat previous 2 lines).

2. He built those worlds above
 And fixed their wondrous frame;
 By his command they stand or move,
 (Repeat previous line),
 And ever speak his name.
 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
 Or fall in showers or snow,
 Ye thunders murmuring round the skies,
 His power and glory show.

297

(Repeat previous 2 lines).

3. Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
 (Repeat previous line),
To execute his word.
 By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
 But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.
 (Repeat previous 2 lines).

4. Let earth and ocean know
 They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
 (Repeat previous line),
And monsters of the seas.
 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
 From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.
 (Repeat previous 2 lines).

5. Ye lions of the wood,
 And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
 (Repeat previous line),
And he expects your praise.
 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
 Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.
 (Repeat previous 2 lines).

6. Ye creeping ants and worms,
 His various wisdom show,

And flies, in all your shining swarms,
 (Repeat previous line),
Praise him that dressed you so.
 By all the earth born race
His honors be expressed:
 But saints that know his heavenly grace
Should learn to praise him best.
 (Repeat previous 2 lines).

7. Monarchs of wide command,
 Praise ye the eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand
 (Repeat previous line),
Whence all your honors spring.
 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
 While growing babes, and withering age,
their feebler voices try.
 (Repeat previous 2 lines).

8. United zeal be shown
 His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord: his name alone
 (Repeat previous line),
Deserves our endless praise.
 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
 But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.
 (Repeat previous 2 lines).

298 THE WEARY PILGRIM'S CONSOLATION. 12,11,12,11,12,12,11. C. H. Parr

1. How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me In yon blissful region, the haven of rest, Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest; En - circled in light, and with glory en - shrouded,

My hap - piness per - fect, my mind's sky unclouded, I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded, And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial, Harmoniously join in the concert of praise, The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial, In loud hallelujah their voices will raise; Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven, My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given All glory, all honour, all might and dominion, Who brought us, through grace to the Eden of love.

3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory! Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above, And join your full choir in rehearsing the story, Released from sorrow through Jesus' love; Though prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation Already my soul feels a sweet gratification Of joys that await me when freed from probation My Spirit's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

Weary Pilgrim's Consolation

12, 11, 12, 11, 12, 12, 11

C. H. Parr

1. How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me
 In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
 Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight through the Eden of love.
2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujah their voices will raise;
 Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us, through grace to the Eden of love.
3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!

Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love.
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation
My heart's now in heaven the Eden of love.

CORONATION.* C. M. Holden. 299

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Bring
All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; And crown him Lord of all. Bring

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go— spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5. Behold, men, and sirens, who know his Love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7. Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

*This tune was a great favourite with the late Dr. Dwight. It was often sung by the College Choir, while he, "catching, as it were, the inspiration of the heavenly world, would join them and lead them with the most ardent devotion."—Incidents in the Life of President Dwight, p. 38

Coronation

C.M.

Holden

This tune was a great favourite with the late Dr. Dwight. It was often sung by the College Choir, while he, "catching, as it were, the inspiration of the heavenly world, would join them and lead them with the most ardent devotion."—Incidents in the Life of President Dwight, p. 26.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all,
(Repeat last 2 lines)
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
(Repeat last 2 lines)
3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,

Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

(Repeat last 2 lines)

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet
And crown him Lord of all.
(Repeat last 2 lines)

5. Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
(Repeat last 2 lines)

6. Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
(Repeat last 2 lines)

7. O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.
(Repeat last 2 lines)

300 MILLEDGEVILLE. C. M. *Original parts from Rev. A. Grambling*

1. Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the blessed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4. Return, oh holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
No purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

300

Milledgeville

C.M.

Original parts from Rev. A. Grambling
Rev. A. Grambling

1. O 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 enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

ROCKINGHAM. C. M. Chapin.

Rockingham [2]

C.M.

Chapin

1. Come, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to Almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.
2. So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give him 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, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Savior's name,
And you shall never die.

6. See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace,
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

THE TRUMPETERS. C. M. (Music by Rev. Mr. McCloud.) **301**
(Parts by Wm. Walker.)

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum - pet - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers! Their horses white, their garments bright With crown and
On Zi - on's bright and flow - ry mount be - hold the of - f - ic - ers—

2. It sets my heart all in a flame; A soldier I will be, They want no cowards in their band, (They will their
I will en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.

3. The armies now are in parade, How martial they appear! All arm'd and shod in warlike, They look like men of war!
They follow their great General, The great Eternal Lamb, His garments stain'd with his own blood, King Jesus is his name.

4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout, And give the horns of hell! How dreadful is our God in arm! The great Immortal Je - hovah, arises with Jesus Christ The eternal Son of God, And marches with us to Canaan's land, Beyond the swelling flood.

5. There is a green and flow'ry field, Where flocks immortal grow; These, clad in white, the angels bright Our great Redeemer know. We'll shout and sing for evermore In that eternal world; But Hallelu and his armies too, Wash down to him be hallow'd.

6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold, Redeemers' drawing nigh We soon shall hear the trumpet sound 'T will shake both earth and sky: In glory shall we go to die And meet around the stars to shine To raise in immortal life—

301

The Trumpeters

C.M.

Parts by Rev. McCloud, Parts by W. Walker

Rev. Mr. McCloud

Wm. Walker

1. Hark! listen to the trumpeters!
They sound for volunteers!
On Zion's bright and flowery mount
Behold the officers—
Their horses white, their garments bright
With crown and bow they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march for Canaan's land.

2. It sets my heart all in a flame;
A soldier I will be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
They want no cowards in their band,
(They will their colors fly,)
But call for valiant hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3. The armies now are in parade,
 How martial they appear!
All armed and dressed in uniform,
 They look like men of war.
They follow their great General,
 The great Eternal Lamb
His garments stained with his own blood,
 King Jesus is his name.
4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
 And drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms!
 The great Immanuel!—
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ
 The eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
 Beyond the swelling flood.
5. there is a green and flowery field,
 Where fruits immortal grow;
There, clothed in white, the angels bright
 Our great Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore
 In that eternal world;
But Satan and his armies too,
 Shall down to hell be hurled.
6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
 Redemption's drawing nigh
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
 'Twill shake both earth and sky;
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
 And leave the world on fire
And meet around the starry throne
 To tune the immortal lyre.

302 LONG SOUGHT HOME. C. M. *Wilham Bobo.*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, Oh! how I long for thee! When will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most glorious to be-hold! Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.



Chorus

Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heav'n a - bove.

Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heav'n a - bove.

3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
Home, sweet home, &c.

4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence:
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5. Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And abbatis never end.

6. Jesu, my love, to glory's gone;
How will I go and see!
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7. My friends, I bid you all adieu!
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on,—I'll meet you there.
Home, sweet home, &c.

8. There we shall meet and no more part,
And heav'n shall ring with praise;
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song *five* grace.

9. And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When found the throne we meet!

10. Millions of years around may run—
Our songs shall still go on,
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit,—*Three in One.*
Home, sweet home, &c.

Long Sought Home

C.M.

Wilham Bobo

Refrain:

1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
Oh how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence:
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!
5. Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,

- And Sabbaths never end.
6. Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren, here below,
Will soon come after me.
7. My friends, I bid you all adieu!
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on,—I'll meet you there.
8. There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise;
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song free grace.
9. And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round the throne we meet!
10. Millions of years around may run—
Our songs shall still go on,
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, Three in One.
- Home, sweet home, my long sought home,
My home in heaven above.

INVITATION. 8,7,4. (New.) 303

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretch - ed, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; } He is a - ble, He is a -
 Je - sus read - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and pow'r; }

2. Ho! ye thirst - y, come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy; } With - out mo - ney, With - out mo -
 True be - lief and true re - pent - ances, Ev' - ry grace that brings us nigh, }

3. Let not con - science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream; } This he gives you, This he gives
 All the fit - ness he re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of him; }

ble, He is will - ing. Doubt no more. He is a - ble, He is a - - ble, He is will - ing, Doubt no more
 ney, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy. With - out mo - ney, With - out mo - ney, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.

you; 'Tis the Spi - rit's ris - ing beam. This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spi - rit's ris - ing beam.

<p>4. Come, ye weary, hasty, sad, and Lost and迷'ring the path; If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all! Not the righteous - Business does not so call.</p>	<p>5. Near his pasture in the garden; On the ground your feet find On the bloody tree behold him; Hear him cry, before he die, "It is finished!" Strive, will not the effort!</p>	<p>6. Let th' Incarnate God, ascending, Praise the merit of his blood; Venture on him, venture wholly, Let no other trust intrude; None but Jesus Can so help our sinners mend.</p>	<p>7. Saints and angels, join'd in concert, Sing the praises of the Lamb; With the choicest songs of heaven Praise him who with his name, Hallelujah! Strive, but may sing the name.</p>
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303

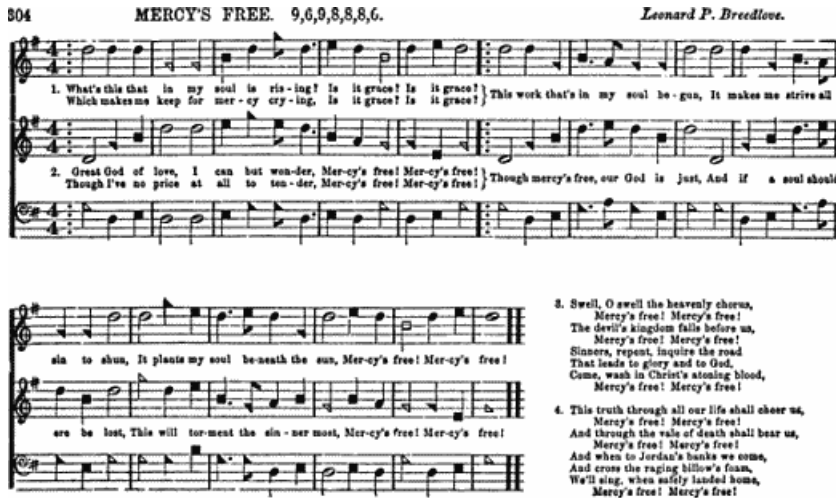
Invitation New

8, 7, 4

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.
2. Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
3. Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4. Come, ye weary heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
5. View him prostrate in the garden,
 On the ground your Savior lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?
6. Lo! the incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
7. Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

304 **MERCY'S FREE.** 9,6,9,8,8,8,6. *Leonard P. Breedlove.*



304

Mercy's Free

9, 6, 9, 8, 8, 8, 6

Leonard P. Breedlove

1. What is this that in my soul is rising?
 Is it grace? Is it grace?
 Which makes me keep for mercy crying,
 Is it grace? Is it grace?
 This work that's in my soul begun,
 It makes me strive all sin to shun,
 It plants my soul beneath the sun,
 Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

2. Great God of love, I can but wonder,
 Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
 Though I've no price at all to tender,
 Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
 Though mercy's free, our God is just,
 And if a soul should ere be lost,
 This will torment the sinner most,
 Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

3. Swell, O swell the heavenly chorus,

Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
The devil's kingdom falls before us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
Sinners, repent, inquire the road
That leads to glory and to God,
Come, wash in Christ's atoning blood,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

4. This truth through all our life shall cheer us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And through the vale of death shall bear us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And when to Jordan's banks we come,
And cross the raging billow's foam,
We'll sing, when safely landed home,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

WHEN I AM GONE. 10s & 8s. M. H. Turner. 305

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, when I am gone: Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear, When I am gone, when I am gone: Weep not for me as you stand round my grave, Think who has died his beloved to save, Think of the crown all the ransomed shall wear, When I am gone, I am gone.

2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in prayer, When I am gone, when I am gone: Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see, When I am gone, when I am gone: Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain, Sing to the Lamb who in heaven doth reign, Sing till the earth shall be filled with his name, When I am gone, I am gone.

3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave, When I am gone, when I am gone: Sing a sweet song, such as an-gels may have, When I am gone, when I am gone: Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care, Pray ye the Lord that my joys you shall share, Look up on high and be-lieve that I'm there, When I am gone, I am gone.

When I Am Gone

10s & 8s

M. H. Turner

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Weep not for me as you stand round my grave,
Think who has died his beloved to save,
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall wear,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in prayer,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain,
Sing to the Lamb who in heaven doth reign,
Sing till the earth shall be filled with his name,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave,
When I am gone, when I am gone:

Sing a sweet song, such as angels may have,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,
Pray ye the Lord that my joys you shall share,
Look up on high and believe that I'm there,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

106 ALL IS WELL. P.M. J. T. White.



1. What's this that steals, that steals up - on my frame! Is it death? is it death? That soon will quench, will quench this mor - tal flame. Is it death? is it death? If this be death, I

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me, All is well! All is well! My sins for - giv'n, for - giv'n, and I am free, All is well! All is well! There's not a cloud that

soon shall be From ev' - ry pain and sor - row free, I shall the King of glo - ry see. All is well! All is well!

doth a - rise, To hide my Je - sus from my eyes, I soon shall mount the up - per skies. All is well! All is well!

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints on high, All is well, All is well! I too will strike my harp, a - long with you, All is well, All is well! Bright angels are here, glory bring, They're round my bed, they're in my room, They walk to walk, my spirit home, All is well, All is well!

4. Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice, Call away, Call away! I soon shall see - enjoy my happy choice, Why delay, Why delay! Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu, I see no longer stay with you, My glimmering crown appears in view, All is well, All is well!

5. Hail! hail! all hail! all hail! ye blood-wash'd throng, Hail'd by grace, Hail'd by grace! I come to join, to join your righteous song, Hail'd by grace, Hail'd by grace! All, all is peace and joy divine, And heaven and glory now are mine, Lord! hallelujah to thee I sing! All is well, All is well!

All Is Well

P.M.

J. T. White

1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame!
Is it death? is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this mortal flame.
Is it death? is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see.
All is well! All is well!
2. Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me,
All is well! All is well!
My sins forgiven, forgiven, and I am free,
All is well! All is well!
There's not a cloud that soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see.
All is well! All is well!
3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints on high,
All is well! All is well!

I too will strike my harp with equal joy,
All is well! All is well!
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well! All is well!

4. Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice,
Calls away, Calls away!
I soon shall see—enjoy my happy choice,
Why delay, Why delay!
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view,
All is well! All is well!

5. Hail! hail! all hail! all hail! ye blood washed throng,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace—
I come to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb!
All is well! All is well!

ELTHAM. 7s. (Double.) L. Mason. From the Carmina Sacra. 307

1. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Messiah's sway, Every nation, every clime,
D.C. Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be banished grief and pain; Righteousness and joy and peace,
D.C. All his mighty acts record, All his wondrous love proclaim.

Shall the gospel call obey. Mightiest kings his power shall own, Heathen tribes his name adore;
Undisturbed shall ever reign. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord, Ever praise his glorious name.

307

Eltham

7s. (Double)

L. Mason

From the *Carmina Sacra*

1. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
2. Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

308 THE YOUNG CONVERT. L. M. S. Hill.

1. When con-verts first be-gin to sing, Won-der, won-der, won-der, } Their theme is all re-deem-ing love—
 Their hap-py souls are on the wing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah. }

2. They won-der why old saints don't sing, Won-der, won-der, won-der; } They view them-selves up-on the shore—
 And make God's earth-ly tem-ples ring, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! }

3. The Bi-ble now ap-pears so plain, Won-der, won-der, won-der, } The air is all per-fum'd with love,
 They won-der they should read in vain, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! }

Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Fain would they be with Christ a-bove, Sing glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! And think the bat-tle all is o'er, Sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! And earth ap-pears like heav'n a-bove, Sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

308

The Young Convert

L.M.

S. Hill

1. When converts first begin to sing,
 Wonder, wonder, wonder,
 Their happy souls are on the wing,
 Glory, hallelujah.
 Their theme is all redeeming love—
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Fain would they be with Christ above,
 Sing glory, hallelujah!
2. They wonder why old saints don't sing,
 Wonder, wonder, wonder;
 And make God's earthly temples ring,
 Glory, hallelujah!
 They view themselves upon the shore—
 Glory, hallelujah!
 And think the battle all is o'er,
 Sing, glory, hallelujah!
3. The Bible now appears so plain,
 Wonder, wonder wonder,

They wonder they should read in vain,
 Glory, hallelujah!
The air is all perfumed with love,
 Glory hallelujah!
And earth appears like heaven above.
 Sing, glory, hallelujah!

EDEN OF LOVE. 12,11,12,11,12,12,11. 309

1. How sweet to re - flect on those joys that a - wait me, In yon bliss - ful re - gion, the ha - ven of rest; En - cir - cled in light, and with glo - ry en -
Where glo - ri - fied spi - rits with wel - come shall greet me, And lead me to man - sions pre - pared for the blest;

2. While an - gel - ic le - gions, with harps tuned ce - les - tial, Har - mo - ni - ously join in the con - cert of praise; The saints, as the flock from the re - gions ter - res - trial,
In loud hal - le - lu - jah their voices will raise; Then songs to the Lamb shall re - echo through heaven,

3. Then hail, blest state! hail, ye song - sters of glo - ry! Ye har - pers of bliss, soon I'll meet you a - bove; Through heav - en, yet by an - ti - ci -
And join your full choir in re - hearse - ing the sto - ry, In re - gions from a - bove, through Je - su's sanc - tified grace.

about - ed. My hap - pi - ness perfect, my mind's sky un - cloud - ed, I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure un - bound - ed, And range with delight thro' the E - den of love.
hon - ous, My soul will re - spond, to Im - man - uel be - given All glo - ry, all hon - our, all might and do - min - ion, Who brought us thro' grace to the E - den of love.
In - him. Al - ready my soul feels a sweet pro - fit - be - lieve Of joys that a - wait me, when freed from prob - lems: My heart's now in heav - en, the E - den of love.

Eden of Love

12, 11, 12, 11, 12, 12, 11

1. How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love.
2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujah their voices will raise;
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us, through grace to the Eden of love.
3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,

Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love.
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation
My heart's now in heaven the Eden of love.

310 THE SHEPHERD'S STAR. 11,10.

1. Hail the blest morn! see the great Me - di - a - tor Down from the re - gions of glo - ry de - scend! Shepherds, go wor - ship the
 2. Cold on his cra - dle, the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him, in
 3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dours of E - den, and off - rings di - vine, Gems from the moun - tain, and
 4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation.
 Vainly with gold we his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Low at his feet we in humble prostration,
 Lose all our sorrow and trouble and strife;
 There we receive his divine consolation,
 Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

6. He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
 Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail;
 Rock of our refuge, and hope of salvation,
 Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale.

7. Star of the morning, thy brightness, declining,
 Shortly must fade when the sun hath arisen;
 Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal
 Shines on the children of love in the skies.

babe in the man - ger, Lo! for his guard, the bright an - gels at - tend.
 slum - bers re - clin - ing, Wise men and shepherds be - fore him do fall.
 pearls from the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?



The Shepherd's Star

11, 10

1. Hail the blest morn, see the great Mediator,
 Down from the regions of glory descend!
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
 Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend.
2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
 Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Low at his feet we in humble prostration,
 Lose all our sorrow and trouble and strife;
 There we receive his divine consolation,
 Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

6. He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
 Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail;
 Rock of our refuge, and hope of salvation,
 Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale.

7. Star of the morning, thy brightness, declining,
 Shortly must fade when the sun doth arise:
 Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal
 Shines on the children of love in the skies.

PRECIOUS BIBLE. 8,7,8,7,7,7. 311

1. Pre-cious Bi-ble, what a trea-sure, Does the word of God af-ford! Let the world ac-count me poor, Hav-ing this, I want no more.
All I want for life or pleasure, Food or med-i-cine, shield or sword.

2. Food to which the world's a stran-ger, Here my hun-gry soul en-joys; On a dy-ing Christ I feed, He is meat and drink in-deed.
Of ex-cess there is no dan-ger, Though it fills, it nev-er cloy-s.



Precious Bible

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

1. Precious Bible, what a treasure,
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food or medicine, shield or sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I want no more.
2. Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloy-s.
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

AMITY. 7s. (Double.) (Or 6 lines, by omitting the repeat.)

Peo-ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round, } Now to you my spir - it turns, Turns a fa - gi - wie un - blest;
 Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com - fort now - here found; }

D. C. Brethren, where your al - tar burns, Oh! re - ceive me in - to rest.

Amity [2]

7s. (Double)

1. People of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found;
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 Oh! receive me into rest.

512 CONDESCENSION. C. M.

1. How con-descending and how kind Was God's eter-nal Son! Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind, And pi-ty brought him down.

2. When justice, by our sins provoked, Drew forth its dreadful sword, He gave his soul up to the stroke, With-out a mur-m'ring word.



Condescension

C.M.

1. How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
2. When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.

SWEET HEAVEN. L. M.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till him I view. Chorus—O heav'n, sweet heav'n, I long for thee! O when shall I get there!

2. The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from ban - ishment,
The King's high-way of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace. O heav'n, sweet heav'n, I long for thee! O when shall I get there!

Sweet Heaven

L.M.

Refrain:

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
2. The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

O heaven, sweet heaven, I long for thee! O when shall I get there?

TRAVELLING PILGRIM. L. M. 2 lines 313

1. Farewell! vain world, I'm going home, Where there's no more stormy clouds arising;
My Savior smiles, and bids me come, Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.

2. Sweet angels beckon me away, Where there's no more stormy clouds arising;
To sing God's praise in endless day, Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.

To the land, to the land, to the land I am bound, Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.



Travelling Pilgrim

L.M. 2 lines

Refrain:

1. Farewell! vain world, I'm going home,
Where there's no more stormy clouds arising;
My Savior smiles, and bids me come
Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.
 2. Sweet angels beckon me away,
Where there's no more stormy clouds arising;
To sing God's praise in endless day,
Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.
- To the land, to the land, to the land I am bound,
Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.

LONG TIME AGO. 8s & 4s.

1. Je - sus died on Cal - vary's moun - tain, Long time a - go, And sal - va - tion's roll - ing foun - tain, Now free - ly flows!

2. Once his voice in tones of pi - ty, Melt - ed in woe, And he wept o'er Ju - dah's cit - y, Long time a - go.

3. On his head the dew - s of mid - night,
Fell, long ago,
Now a crown of daz - zling sun - light
Sits on his brow.

4. Je - sus died—yet lives fore - ver,
No more to die—
Bleed - ing Je - sus, bless - ed Sa - vior,
Now reigns on high!

5. Now in heav - en he's in - ter - ced - ing
For dy - ing men,
Soon he'll finish all his plead - ing,
And come again.

6. Bud - ding fig - trees tell that sum - mer
Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Je - sus' com - ing,
Is near at hand.

7. Chil - dren, let your lights be burn - ing,
In hope of heav - en,
Wait - ing for our Lord's re - turn - ing,
At dawn or even.

8. When he comes a voice from heav - en
Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come, ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther,
Chil - dren, come home."

Long Time Ago

8s & 4s

1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,
Long time ago,
And salvation's rolling fountain,
Now freely flows!
2. Once his voice in tones of pity,
Melted in woe,
And he wept o'er Judah's city,
Long time ago.
3. On his head the dew's of midnight,
Fell, long ago,
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight
Sits on his brow.
4. Jesus died—yet lives forever,
No more to die—
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Savior,
Now reigns on high!
5. Now in heaven he's interceding
For dying men,
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
And come again.
6. Budding fig trees tell that summer
Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus' coming,
Is near at hand.

Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus' coming,
Is near at hand.

7. Children, let your lights be burning,
In hope of heaven.
Waiting for our Lord's returning
At dawn or even.

8. When he comes a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Children, come home."

314 CONTENTED SOLDIER. L. M. Wm. Walker.

314

Contented Soldier

L.M.

Wm. Walker

Refrain:

1. I've listed in the holy war,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Content to suffer soldier's fare,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
2. The banner o'er my head is love,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
I draw my rations from above,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
3. I've fought through many a battle sore,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And I must fight through many more,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
4. I take my breastplate, sword, and shield,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And boldly march into the field,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
5. The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Unite and strive what they can do;

6. Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
On thee, O Lord, I humbly call,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Uphold me or my soul must fall,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
7. I've listed, and I mean to fight
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Till all my foes are put to flight;
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
8. And when the victory I have won,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
I'll give the praise to God alone,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
9. Come, fellow Christians, join with me,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Come, face the foe, and never flee,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
10. The heavenly battle is begun,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Come, take the field, and win the crown,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
11. With listing orders I have come;
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Come rich, come poor, come old or young,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
12. Here's grace's bounty, Christ hath given,
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven:
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
13. Our General he is gone before.
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And you may draw on grace's store.
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

14. But, if you will not list and fight,
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
 You'll sink into eternal night;
 Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

Crying amen, shout on till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

DAYSPRING. 8,7. 315

1. Chris-tian, see the o-rient morn-ing Breaks a-long the hea-then sky; Lo! th'ex-pect-ed day is dawn-ing.

2. Heath-ens at the sight are sing-ing. Morn-ing wakes their tune-ful lays; Pre-cious off-ings they are bring-ing.

3. Zi-on's sun, sal-va-tion beam-ing. Gild-ing now the ra-diant hills, Rise and shine till bright-er gleam-ing.

Glo-rious day-spring from on high. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hail the day-spring from on high!

First fruits of more per-fect days. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hail the day-spring from on high!

All the world thy glo-ry fills. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hail the day-spring from on high!

4. Then the valleys and the mountains,
Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;
Then the living crystal fountain
From the thirsty ground shall spring.
Hallelujah! Hail, &c.

5. While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer;
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.
Hallelujah! Hail, &c.

6. Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation
Till it shines on every soul.
Hallelujah! Hail, &c.

315

Dayspring

8,7

Refrain:

1. Christian, see the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious dayspring from on high
2. Heathens at the sight are singing,
Morning wakes their tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing,
Firstfruits of more perfect days.
3. Zion's sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine till brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills.
4. Then the valleys and the mountains,
Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;
Then the living crystal fountain
From the thirsty ground shall spring.

5. While the wilderness rejoices,
 Roses shall the desert cheer;
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
 Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.

6. Lord of every tribe and nation,
 Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation
 Till it shines on every soul.

Hallelujah! Hail the dayspring from on high!

316 ANTIOCH. C. M. Arranged from Handel. From the Carmina Sacra.

Joy to the world, &c. Let, &c.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare him room,
 And heav'n and na-ture sing. And heav'n and na-ture sing. Far as the curse is found.
 And heav'n and nature sing. And heav'n and na-ture sing. And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing. Far as the curse is found.
 And heav'n and na-ture sing. And heav'n and na-ture sing. And heav'n, &c. Far, &c.

2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
Strand Ending.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

316

Antioch

C.M.

Arranged from Handle
 From the *Carmina Sacra*
 Handle

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
 (Repeat previous line)
 And heaven, And heaven and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
 (Repeat previous line)
 Repeat, Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

(Repeat previous line)

Far as, Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.
(Repeat previous line)
And wonders, And wonders of his love.

BENEVENTO. 7s. (Double.) S. Webbe. 317



While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast-ed thro' the fir-mer year, Man-y souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here:

Fix'd in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low; We a lit-tle long-er wait, But how lit-tle none can know.

317

Benevento

7s. (Double)

S. Webbe

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Nevermore to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

318 JORDAN'S SHORE. C. M. J. T. White, Psalmist, Hymn 1173.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah!
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie, On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah!

2. Oh! the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That ri-ses to my sight! On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah!
Sweet fields, ar-ray'd in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light, On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah!

3. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day, On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah!
There God the Son fore-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way, On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah!

Chorus
On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah, On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, hal-le-lu-jah!

4. No chill-ing winds, nor poi-sonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death
Are felt and fear'd no more.

5. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6. Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll
I'd fearless launch away.

318

Jordan's Shore

C.M.

J. T. White

Psalmist, Hymn 1173

Repeat after each line:

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie
2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
3. O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
4. No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

Are felt and feared no more.

5. When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?

6. Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 I'd fearless launch away.

On the other side of Jordan, Hallelujah!

IMMENSITY. L. M. Caldwell. 319

1. There is a world we have not seen, That time shall nev - er dare de - stroy, } There is a re - gion love - lier
Where mor - tal foot - step hath not been, Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy; }

2. There is a world, and oh! how blest, Fair - er than proph - ets ev - er told, } It is all ho - ly and se -
And nev - er did an an - gel guest One half its bless - ed - ness un - fold; }

far Than an - gels tell or po - ets sing, Bright - er than sum - mer's beau - ties are, And soft - er than the tints of spring.
rene, The land of glo - ry and re - pose; And there, to dim the ra - diant scene, The tear of sor - row nev - er flows.

3. It is not fann'd by summer gale;
'Tis not refresh'd by vernal show'rs;
It never needs the zephyrus pale,
For there are known no evening hours;
No, for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The stream of uncreated light
Flows round it from the eternal throne.

4. There forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And shad in perisus majesty,
Move with unutterable grace;
In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or sit in the curtain'd sky;
It is the dwelling - place of God.

319

Immensity

L.M.

Caldwell

1. There is a world we have not seen,
 That time shall never dare destroy,
 Where mortal footstep hath not been,
 Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy:
 There is a region lovelier far
 Than angels tell or people sing,
 Brighter than summer's beauties are,
 And softer than the tints of spring.
2. There is a world, and oh! how blest,
 Fairer than prophets ever told,
 And never did an angel guest
 One half its blessedness unfold:
 It is all holy and serene,
 The land of glory and repose;
 And there, to dim the radiant scene,
 The tear of sorrow never flows.
3. It is not fanned by summer gale;
 'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;

It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours:
No, for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The stream of uncreated light
Flows round it from the eternal throne.

4. There forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace:
In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky:
It is the dwelling place of God.

320 BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD. 5 lines, L. M., and Chorus. All as sung by Mr. T. K. Collins. Arr'd by Wm. Houser.

1. Behold! be-hold the Lamb of God! On the cross, on the cross! } Oh! hear his all-im-portant cry, "E-li, la-ma sa-bach-tha-ni;"
He sheds for you his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross! }
D. C. Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross!

2. Behold his arms extended wide, On the cross, &c.
Behold his bleeding hands and side, On the, &c.
The sun withhold his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight, On the, &c.

3. Come, sinners, see him lifted up, On the, &c.
For you he drinks the bitter cup, On the, &c.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake, On the, &c.

4. And now the mighty deed is done, On the, &c.
The battle's fought, the victory's won, On the, &c.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies, On the, &c.

5. Where'er I go I'll tell the story, Of the, &c.
Of nothing else my soul shall glory, Save the, &c.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity
That Jesus tasted death for me, On the, &c.

6. Let every mourner rise and cling, To the, &c.
Let every Christian come and sing, Hallelu, &c.
There let the preacher take his stand,
And, with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumph through the land, Of the, &c.

Behold the Lamb of God

5 lines, L.M., and Chorus

T. K. Collins

As sung by Mr. T. K. Collins, Arr'd by Wm. Houser

Wm. Houser

1. Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross!
He sheds for you his precious blood
On the cross, on the cross!
O hear his all important cry,
"Eli, lama sabachthani;"
Draw near and see your Savior die
On the cross, on the cross!
2. Behold his arms extended wide
On the cross, on the cross!
Behold his bleeding hands and side
On the cross, on the cross!
The sun withhold his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight
On the cross, on the cross!

3. Come, sinners, see him lifted up
 On the cross, on the cross!
For you he drinks the bitter cup
 On the cross, on the cross!
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
 While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake
 On the cross, on the cross!
4. And now the mighty deed is done
 On the cross, on the cross!
The battle's fought, the victory's won
 On the cross, on the cross!
To heaven he turns his dying eyes;
 'Tis finished! now the Conqueror cries;
Then bows his sacred head and dies
 On the cross, on the cross!
5. Where'er I go I'll tell the story
 Of the cross, of the cross!
Of nothing else my soul shall glory
 Save the cross, save the cross!
Yea, this my constant theme shall be
 Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me
 On the cross, on the cross!
6. Let every mourner rise and cling,
 To the cross, to the cross!
Let every Christian come and sing,
 Round the cross, round the cross!
There let the preacher take his stand,
 And, with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumphs through the land,
 Of the cross, of the cross!

CONCORD. 11,8 Caldwell. 321

1. Ye ob-jects of sense, And en-joy-ments of time, Which oft have de-light-ed my heart,
I soon shall ex-change you for views more sub-lime, For joys that shall ne-ver de-part.

2. Thou Lord of the day, and thou Queen of the night, To me ye no ling-er are known,
I soon shall be-hold with in-crease-ing de-light, A sun that shall nev-er go down.

3. Ye wonderful orbs that astonish my eyes
Your glories recede from my sight,
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more resplendently bright.

4. Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers and plains,
Thou earth and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5. My loved habitation and gardens adieu,
No longer my footsteps ye greet,
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

321

Concord

11, 8

1. Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart,
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
For joys that shall never depart.
2. Thou Lord of the day, and thou Queen of the night,
To me ye no longer are known,
I soon shall behold with increasing delight,
A sun that shall never go down.
3. Ye wonderful orbs that astonish my eyes
Your glories recede from my sight,
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more resplendently bright.
4. Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers and plains,
Thou earth and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.
5. My loved habitation and gardens adieu,

No longer my footsteps ye greet,
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

322 SAMANTHRA. 11,8.

1. His voice as the sound of the dul-ci-mer sweet, Is heard thro' the sha-dows of death; } His lips as the foun-tain of
The ce-dars of Le-ba-non bow at his feet, The air is perfumed with his breath. }

2. O! thou in whose pre-sence my soul takes de-light, On whom, in af-flic-tion, I call; } Where dost thou at noon-tide re-
My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all— }

righteousness flow, That wa-ters the gar-den of grace; From which their sal-va-tion the Gen-tiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.

sort with thy sheep, To feed on the pas-tures of love? Say why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in th' wilder-ness rove?

3. "Of who should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy face will rejoice a day, my sorrow they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, here you see
The face that on David shined:
Say it in your hearts my beloved has been,
And where, with his flock, he is gone?"

4. "What is thy beloved, thou dignified girl?
What excellent beauty has he?
His charms and perfections be pleased to declare,
That we may enshrine him with thee."
This is my beloved, his form is divine;
His reclining shed odour around:
The hicks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
Whose perfume with odour is crown'd.

5. The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the field, on the banks of the stream,
On his cheeks in the beauty of avonion blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of bow.
His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

Samanthra

11, 8

1. His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
His lips as the fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
2. O! thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom, in affliction, I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all—
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
3. O! why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?

Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where, with his flock, he is gone?

4. "What is thy Beloved, thou dignified fair?
What excellent beauties has he?
His charms and perfections be pleased to declare,
That we may embrace him with thee."
This is my Beloved, his form is divine;
His vestments shed odor around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

5. The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
His voice as the sound of the dulcimer, sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

CHRISTIAN PROSPECT. L. M. Wm. Walker. 323




Christian Prospect

L.M.

Wm. Walker

1. We have our trials here below;
O, glory, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous 2 lines).
There's a better day coming, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous line).
2. A few more beating winds and rains,
O, glory, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous 2 lines).
And winter will be over, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous line).
3. A few more rising and setting suns,
O, glory, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous 2 lines).
And we'll all cross over Jordan, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous line).
4. I feel no ways like getting tired,
O, glory, hallelujah!

(Repeat previous 2 lines).
I am making for the harbor, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous line).

5. I hope to get there by and by,
O, glory, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous 2 lines).
For my home is over Jordan, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous line).

6. I have some friends before me gone,
O, glory, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous 2 lines).
By and by I'll go and meet them, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous line).

7. I'll meet them round our Father's throne,
O, glory, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous 2 lines).
And we'll live with God forever, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous line).

8. O! how it lifts my soul to think,
O, glory, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous 2 lines).
Of soon meeting in the kingdom, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous line).

9. Our God will wipe all tears away,
O, glory, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous 2 lines).
When we all arrive at Canaan, hallelujah!
(Repeat previous line).

324 REMEMBER ME. C. M. L. J. Jones.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I? } Re-mem-ber, Lord, thy dy-ing groans, And then re-mem-ber me.



Remember Me

C.M.

L. J. Jones

Refrain:

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

 Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.

INTERCESSION. S. M. T. C. Moffett.

1. The Lord is ris'n in-deed, And are the ti-dings true? Yes, we be-held the Saviour bleed, And saw him liv-ing too.

2. The Lord is risen indeed,
Then hell has lost his prey,
With him is risen the ransom seed,
To reign in endless day.

3. The Lord is risen indeed,
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
The joy-ful tidings bear.

4. Then make your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Intercession

S.M.

T. C. Moffett

1. The Lord is risen indeed,
 And are the tidings true?
 Yes, we beheld the Savior bleed,
 And saw him living too.
2. The Lord is risen indeed,
 Then hell has lost his prey,
 With him is risen the ransom seed,
 To reign in endless day.
3. The Lord is risen indeed,
 Attending angels hear;
 Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.
4. Then make your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord;
 Join all ye bright, celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

FOUNT OF GLORY. 8s & 7s. R. W. Thompson. 325

1. Far from mor - tal cares re - treat - ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires, } From the fount of glo - ry beam -
Here our will - ing foot - steps meet - ing, Ev' - ry heart to heav'n as -pires. }

2. Who shall share this great sal - va - tion? Ev' - ry pure and hum - ble mind, } Bless - ings all a - round be - stow -
Ev' - ry kind - red, tongue, and na - tion, From the stains of guilt re - fined. }

ing, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes, Mer - cy from a - bove pro - claim - ing, Peace and par - don from the skies.
ing, God with - holds his care from none, Grace and mer - cy ev - er flow - ing From the foun - tain of his throne.

325

Fount of Glory

8s & 7s

R. W. Thompson

1. Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.
2. Who shall share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

326 HOPEWELL. L. M. L. J. Jones.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way, till him I view.} Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! I love the Lord: This note a - bove all oth - ers raise, My Je - sus has done all things well.

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

3. The more I strove against its power
I felt its weight and guilt the more
Till late I heard the Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.
Hallelujah, &c.

326

Hopewell

L.M.

L. J. Jones

Refrain:

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
2. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
3. The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! I love the Lord:
This note above all others raise,

My Jesus hath done all things well.

OUR JOURNEY HOME. 8s & 7s. L. J. Jones 327

1. Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, no- ver ceas-ing. Call for songs of loud-est praise;

2. Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm come! And I hope, by thy good plea-sure, Safe-ly to ar- rive at home

3. O! to grace how great a debt - or Dal-ly I'm constrain'd to be! Let that grace, Lord, like a fet - ter Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!

Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove; Praise the mount—O, fix me on it! Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.

Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to save my soul from dan- ger, In - ter-posed his pre-cious blood.

Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love—Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts a - bove.
 Thro'—Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! We are on our journey home: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - lah! Je - sus smiles and bids us come

Our Journey Home

8s & 7s

L. J. Jones

Refrain:

1. Come, thou Fount of every 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 fixed upon it—
 Mount of thy unchanging love
2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
3. O to grace how great a debtor

Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering 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.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We are on our journey home;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Jesus smiles and bids us come.

328 MISSIONARY FAREWELL. 8,7,4. Wm. Walker.

1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee, All thy scenes I love them well; Can, I leave you, Can I leave you, Far
Friends, con - nex - ions, hap - py coun - try; Can I bid you all fare - well; Far in heath - en lands to dwell.

2. Home! thy joys are pass - ing love - ly! Joys no stran - ger heart can tell; Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far
Hap - py home! 'tis sure I love thee! Can I, can I say fare - well; Far in heath - en lands to dwell.

3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure, Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure! Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you— Far in heath - en lands to dwell! :||

4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly, From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye hills, hear me: Loveliest, native land, farewell!
Farewell I leave thee— Far in heath - en lands to dwell! :||

5. In the deserts let me labour, On the mountains let me toil
How I'd die!—the blessed Saviour— To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten— Far in heath - en lands to dwell! :||

6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean: Let the winds my canvas swell—
Heave my heart with warm emotion, While I go for hence to dwell.
Glad I leave thee, Native land—Farewell—Farewell! :||

328

Missionary Farewell

8, 7, 4

Wm. Walker

1. Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country;
Can I bid you all farewell;
Can I leave you, Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell;
(Repeat previous 2 lines)
2. Home! thy joys are passing lovely!
Joys no stranger heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I, can I say farewell?
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell;
(Repeat previous 2 lines)
3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell.
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!

Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you, Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell;
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee, Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell;
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

5. In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten, Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell;
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence do dwell.
Glad I leave thee, Glad I leave thee,
Native land, Farewell! Farewell!
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

THOU ART PASSING AWAY. 11s. Arranged by Rev. George Coles, 329
From Russell's "Mind of the Winter Night."

1. Thou art passing a - way, thou art passing a - way, Thy life has been brief as a mid-summer day; Thy forehead is pale, and thy pulses are low, And thy once blooming cheek wears the o-mi-nous glow.

2. Thou art passing a - way from the beau-ti-ful earth, Thy much lov'd a - bode, and the land of thy birth; From its forests and fields—from its murmur-ing rills, From its beau-ti-ful plains and its herbage-crown'd hills.

3. Thou art passing a - way from thy kindred and friends, And the last chain that bound thee, the spoiler now rends; And thy last tones are falling on loves listening ear, And now in thine eye shines the fond, parting tear.

4. Thou art passing away, as the first summer rose, That awaits not the time when the Winter wind blows, But hasteth away on the Autumn's quick gale, And scatters its odors o'er mountain and dale.

5. The light of thy beauty has faded and gone, For the withering chills have already come on; Thy chorus have departed—thy glory is dead; And thou soon wilt be laid in the house of the dead.

6. Thou shalt soon be assigned to the cold, dreary tomb, The lot of all living—mortality's doom; Thou shalt there peacefully rest in the calmest repose, Undisturbed by life's cares, and inspired by its woes.

7. "Who, who would live always away from his God? Away from yon heaven, the blissful abode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the multitude of glory eternally reign?"

329

Thou Art Passing Away

11s

Arranged by Rev. George Coles

From Russell's *Mind of the Winter Night*

Rev. George Coles

1. Thou art passing away, thou art passing away,
Thy life has been brief as a midsummer day;
Thy forehead is pale, and thy pulses are low,
And thy once blooming cheek wears the ominous glow.
2. Thou art passing away from the beautiful earth,
Thy much loved abode, and the land of thy birth;
From its forests and fields—from its murmuring rills,
From its beautiful plains and its herbage crowned hills.
3. Thou art passing away from thy kindred and friends,
And the last chain that bound thee, the spoiler now rends;
And thy last tones are falling on loves listening ear,
And now in thine eye shines the fond, parting tear.
4. Thou art passing away, as the first summer rose,
That awaits not the time when the winter wind blows,
But hasteth away on the autumn's quick gale,

And scatters its odors o'er mountain and dale.

5. The light of thy beauty has faded and gone,
For the withering chills have already come on;
Thy charms have departed—thy glory is fled;
And thou soon wilt be laid in the house of the dead.
6. Thou shalt soon be consigned to the cold, dreary tomb,
The lot of all living—mortality's doom:
Thou shalt there sweetly rest in the calmest repose,
Undisturbed by life's cares, and unpierced by its ills.
7. "Who, who would live always away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, the blissful abode,
where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?"

350 **OLIVE SHADE.** 8,6,8,4. *Col. Daniel Smith.*

1. Fa-ther, who in the o-live shade, When the dark hour came on, Didst with a breath of heav'n-ly aid, Strengthen thy son;

2. Oh, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief,
Or to the chastened let thy might
Hallow this grief.

3. And thou that, when the starry sky,
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
Thy will be done.

4. By thy meek spirit, then of all,
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Blest Saviour, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief.

330

Olive Shade

8, 6, 8, 4

Col. Daniel Smith

1. Father, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy son;
2. Oh, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief,
Or to the chastened let thy might
Hallow this grief.
3. And thou that, when the starry sky,
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
Thy will be done.
4. By thy meek spirit, then of all,
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Blest Savior, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief.

AMHERST. H. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8. Billings.

1. Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are; To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.

2. The sparrow for her young, With pleasure seeks her nest; And wandering swallows long To find their wonted rest; My spirit faints with equal zeal, To rise and dwell Among thy saints.

3. Oh happy souls, that pray Where God appoints to hear! Oh happy men, that pay Their constant service there! They praise thee still; And happy they, That love the way To Zion's hill.

Amherst

H.M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Billings

1. Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are;
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires, to see my God.
2. The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks her nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints with equal zeal,
To rise and dwell among thy saints.
3. O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they,
That love the way to Zion's hill.

Come, Ye Disconsolate [2]

11, 10



Swan

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
 Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

TENDER CARE, or SODA. C. M. P. M. Atchley.

Smooth and cheerful.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise. Unnumbered comforts to my soul, Thy tender care bestowed, Before my infant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.

Tender Care

C.M.

P. M. Atchley

1. When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Unnumbered comforts to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

332 GREENLAND. 7.6. Swan.

With Rehearsal

1. Why should I be af-fright-ed At pes-ti-lence and war, The fierce-er be the tem-pest, The soon-er it is o'er, The soon-er it is o'er, The soon-er it is o'er, The fierce-er be the tem-pest, The soon-er it is o'er.

2. With Je-sus in the ves-sel, The bil-lows rise in vain, They on-ly will con-vey me To yon E-ly-sian plains, To yon E-ly-sian plains, To yon E-ly-sian plains, They on-ly will con-vey me To yon E-ly-sian plains.

3. This world is full of dan-gers, And foes that press me hard; But Je-sus he has prom-ised That he will be my guard. That he will be my guard, That he will be my guard, But Je-sus he has prom-ised That he will be my guard

4. Here I shall not be tempt-ed Above what I can bear, When fight-ings are ex-er-cised, His king-dom for to share.

5. From him I have my or-ders, And while I do ob-ey, I find his holy spir-it Il-lu-minates my way.

6. The way is so del-ight-ful, I wish to travel on, Till I ar-rive at heav-en, 'T receive a star-ry crown.

332

Greenland

7, 6

Swan

1. Why should I be affrighted
At pestilence and war,
The fiercer be the tempest,
The sooner it is o'er
(Repeat previous line twice)
(Repeat previous 2 lines)
2. With Jesus in the vessel,
The billows rise in vain,
They only will convey me
To yon Elysian plains,
(Repeat previous line twice)
(Repeat previous 2 lines)
3. This world is full of dangers,
And foes that press me hard;
But Jesus he has promised
That he will be my guard.

525

(Repeat previous line twice)

(Repeat previous 2 lines)

4. Here I shall not be tempted
 Above what I can bear,
When fightings are exerted,
 His kingdom for to share.
(Repeat previous line twice)
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

5. From him I have my orders,
 And while I do obey,
I find his Holy Spirit
 Illuminates my way.
(Repeat previous line twice)
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

6. The way is so delightful,
 I wish to travel on,
Till I arrive at heaven,
 To receive a starry crown.
(Repeat previous line twice)
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

Cheerful, sword song RAPTURE. 6, 6, 9 M. L. Swan. 333

* For the balance of this song, see page 55.

333

Rapture

6, 6, 9

M. L. Swan

1. Come away to the skies. My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day, come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

NEW YEAR. S. M. P. M. Atchley.

New Treble by Wm. Walker, A. S. M.

E - ter - ni - ty draw nigh, Life's pe - ri - od rolls on, An - oth - er leaf from time's thin scroll, is swift - ly rush - ing by.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'New Year'. It consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one flat) and 3/2 time. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, also in G major and 3/2 time. The third staff is a 'New Treble' part by Wm. Walker, and the fourth staff is the piano accompaniment for that part. The lyrics are: 'E - ter - ni - ty draw nigh, Life's pe - ri - od rolls on, An - oth - er leaf from time's thin scroll, is swift - ly rush - ing by.'

New Year

S.M.

P. M. Atchley
New Treble by Wm. Walker
Wm. Walker

1. Come away to the skies. My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day, come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

334 THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL. 11s

1. Fare - well, my dear breth - ren, the time is at hand That we must be part - ed from this so - cial band;

2. Fare - well, faith - ful sol - diers, you'll soon be dis - charged, The war will be end - ed, your boun - ty en - larged,

3. Fare - well, young - er breth - ren, just list - ed for war, Sore tri - als a - wait you, but Je - sus is near;

Our sev - ral en - gage - ments now call us a - way, Our part - ing is need - ful, and we must o - bey.

With shout - ing and sing - ing, though Jor - dan may roar, You'll en - ter fair Ca - naan, and rest on the shore.

Al - though you must tra - vel the dark wil - der - ness, Your Cap - tain's be - fore you, he'll lead you to peace.

4. Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part!
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

5. Farewell, careless sinners, for you I must mourn,
To think of your danger, if still unconcern'd;
I read of the judgment, where all must appear,
How will you stand trembling with tormenting fear!

6. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to grace in a pure social band

334

The Christian's Farewell

11s

1. Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
When That we must be parted from this social band:
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.
2. Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your bounty enlarged,
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
You'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.
3. Farewell, younger brethren, just listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.
4. Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part!
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

5. Farewell, careless sinners, for you I must mourn,
To think of your danger, if still unconcerned;
I read of the judgment, where all must appear,
How will you stand trembling with tormenting fear!

6. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound
to meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Savior to praise in a pure social band.



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