

# THE WESTERN LYRE;

NEW SELECTION

OF SACRED MUSIC



FROM THE AUTHORS;  
INCLUDING A NUMBER OF NEW AND ORIGINAL TUNES.

A CONCISE INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF SINGING

BY W. B. SNYDER AND W. L. CHAPPEL.

"Sing unto the Lord,  
Ye men and maidens, old men and children,  
Let them praise the Lord."—Psalm.

1835.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY W. L. CHAPPEL & AND COREY & FAD BANK.

Stereotyped by J. A. James.

K. H. CO. 10M 2-29

# **PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**OF CINCINNATI**

---

**REFERENCE COLLECTION**

Gift of \_\_\_\_\_

Received \_\_\_\_\_











# THE WESTERN LYRE;



A NEW SELECTION

OF SACRED MUSIC,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS;

INCLUDING A NUMBER OF NEW AND ORIGINAL TUNES,

WITH A CONCISE INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF SINGING:

IMPROVED AND ENLARGED WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

BY W. L. CHAPPELL.

"Sing unto the Lord,  
"Young men and maidens, old men and children,  
"Let them praise the Lord."—PSALMS.

NEW EDITION.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY W. L. CHAPPELL AND COREY AND FAIRBANK.

Stereotyped by J. A. James, Cincinnati.

RAM 3.7  
C 46w .

Gift of  
J. H. Fowler

---

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1835,

BY W. L. CHAPPELL,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ohio.

---

# ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

NAMES OF TUNES.	METRES.	NO.	NAMES OF TUNES.	METRES.	NO.	NAMES OF TUNES.	METRES.	NO.	NAMES OF TUNES.	METRES.	NO.			
Accomack,	L. M.	18	Calvary,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7	119	Hosanna, blessed is he that comes,	202	Nativity,	C. M.	61	Spilshy,	S. M.	74	
Affreton,	L. M.	29	Chatham,	C. M.	136			New Trumpet,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8	94	Sharow,	S. M.	76	
Asylum,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6	97	Cardiff,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8	143	Islington,	L. M.	25	Shurland,	C. M.	174	Stanly,	S. M.	81
Alderton,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6	125	Christmas Hymn,	C. M.	16	Irish,	C. M.	54	Narrissus,	7, 7, 7, 7	173	Stanly,	S. M.	85
Absence,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7	128	Crucifixion,	L. M.	19	Initiation,	7, 7, 7, 7	15	Nazareth,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8	176	Purry,	10, 5, 11	96
Alderney,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8	131				Invocation,	L. M.	16	New Parting,	C. M.	191	Sincerity,	7, 7, 7, 7	101
Ashby,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7	132	Desire,	L. M.	12	In God's own house,	182					Spring,	8, 8, 8, 8	109
Amsterdam,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6	141	Devizes,	C. M.	52			Old Hundred,	L. M.	1	Smyrna,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7	121	
Arlington,	C. M.	159	Dedication,	S. M.	89	Job,	L. M.	2	Oterbein,	L. M.	35	Station,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8	133
Arabia,	C. M.	170	Devon,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6	98	Judgment,	L. M.	2	Overton,	C. M.	47	Spring,	8, 8, 8, 8, 7, 7	143
Alma,	7, 7, 7, 7	183	Driffield,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7	130	Jacob's Well,	C. M.	71	Oldham,	C. M.	56	Saving Grace,	L. M.	186
Auburn,	C. M.	49	Dismissal,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7	153	Judea,	C. M.	158	Ormond,	S. M.	83	Shoel,	L. M.	14
Aurora,	S. M.	90	Dundee,	C. M.	204							Sark,	7, 7, 7, 7	189
Adoration,	8, 8, 8, 8	183	Effingham,	L. M.	9	Key Street,	L. M.	3	Piety,	C. M.	171	Sound the Loud Timbrel,		167
Alexandria,	C. M.	188	Edgeware,	C. M.	51	Kinholton,	L. M.	15	Portugal,	L. M.	21			
Attercliff,	7, 7, 7, 7	198	Eythorn,	C. M.	53	Kendall,	C. M.	64	Paradise,	C. M.	40	The happy man,	C. M.	201
			Epiphany,	S. M.	86	Kennington,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8	102	Peckham,	S. M.	79	Tabernacle,	C. M.	38
Bermondsey,	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4	129	Eglon,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7	111	Kingswood,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6	12	Plymouth Dock,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8	107	Triumph,	7, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 7	100
Brewer,	L. M.	24	Eutaw,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8	122	Kershaw,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7	138	Port Jackson,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8	114	Trumpet,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8	108
Belvidere,	C. M.	41	Easter Hymn,	7, 7, 7, 7	135				Pastoral,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8	139	Townhead,	7, 7, 7, 7	134
Brattle Street,	C. M.	D. 46				Luton,	L. M.	32	Petersfield,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7	177	Travelling,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8	146
Brockville,	S. M.	75	Friendship,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8, 6, 8	118	Loyalty,	C. M.	45	Queensborough,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7	126	Templeton,	L. M.	162
Burnham,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8	117	Fountain,	11, 11, 11, 11	184	Lembia,	C. M.	66				Tweed,	C. M.	200
Bens Garden,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8	124	From Greenland's icy mountains,	199	Love Divine,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7	116	Roachdale,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6	95	The land of glory,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8, 8	196	
Berwick,	L. M.	169				Lansing,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8	127	Ruben,	L. M.	5	The saffron tints,	L. M.	D. 151
Bristol,	L. M.	179	Geneva,	C. M.	62		11, 11, 8, 7, 8, 7	155	Romain,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6	112	The voice of free grace,	12, 12, 12, 12	154
Bethelsdorp,	L. M.	190	Grace Triumphant	C. M.	61				Rainhill,	L. M.	13	The saints' sweet home,	11, 11, 11, 11	140
Behold! the Lord is my salvation,	166		Greetland,	C. M.	69	Mear,	L. M.	195	Redemption,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8	106	Vesper Hymn,	8, 7, 8, 7	152
Behold! the Lord is my salvation,	166		Gospel,	S. M.	84	Musican,	C. M.	4	Rest,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7	142			
Blessed be the Lord forever more,	161		Gospel Trumpet,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 4	99	Mathers,	L. M.	6						
			Gratitude,	8, 7, 8, 7	140	Mount Pleasant,	C. M.	50				Warwick,	C. M.	194
Creation,	L. M.	D. 10	Grimsby,	S. M.	D. 148	Melody,	C. M.	60	St. Martins,	C. M.	57	Windham,	C. M.	28
Christian Warfare,	L. M.	17	Giles,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7	149	Missionary,	C. M.	65	St. Stephens,	C. M.	65	Wilton,	L. M.	28
Carmel,	L. M.	22	Granby,	7, 7, 7, 7	156	Mount Clemons,	C. M.	68	St. Thomas,	S. M.	80	Windsor,	C. M.	39
Colehill,	C. M.	36	Gildersome,	C. M.	172	Matthias,	S. M.	75	St. Bernards,	S. M.	88	Walmer,	O. M.	44
Condescension,	C. M.	37	Gratitude,	L. M.	101	Margate,	S. M.	82	St. Simons,	S. M.	92	Watchman,	S. M.	91
Coronation,	C. M.	42				Middleton,	S. M.	87				Worthing,	8, 7, 8, 7	144
Cypress,	C. M.	48	Hallelujah,	L. M.	30	Melchisedec,	165	St. Johns,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6	104	Winter,	C. M.	150	
China,	C. M.	63	Hamilton,	L. M.	31	Nazareth,	C. M.	197	Sabbath,	C. M.	187	Whitby,	S. M.	160
Christianity,	S. M.	72	Harwoods,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6	105	Norland,	L. M.	20	Surrender,	L. M.	7	Wigan,	7, 7, 7, 7	181
Cranbrook,	S. M.	77	Hotham,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7	110	Norway,	L. M.	21	Solemnity,	L. M.	8	Whitehaven,	L. M.	147
Communion,	S. M.	78	Holiness,	7, 7, 7, 7	137	New Sabbath,	L. M.	31	Scutthampton,	L. M.	19	Worthy the Lamb that was slain,	16, 4	
Croydon,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8	93	Hants,	S. M.	180	New Newton,	L. M.	34	Sadlers,	C. M.	53	Woodland,	C. M.	P. 2
Chatham,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6	103	Haydn's Morning Hymn,	L. M.	27	Nehemiah,	C. M.	55	Shrutesbury,	C. M.	59	Zion's Hill,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6	168
Carlisle,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7	113	Hymn for New Year,	L. M.	177				Simplicity,	C. M.	70	Zion Temple,	L. M.	175
Greenhill,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7	114												



# PREFACE.

---

A PROFICIENCY in SACRED MUSIC, is a very desirable accomplishment; and there is no more laudable endeavour than that of cultivating a correct taste for it. It is a fact well known, that at the present time, the people in the Western Country experience great difficulty, on account of the want of a book containing a choice selection of tunes suitable to a religious congregation, printed with the *patent* or square notes, those notes being principally in use in this portion of the Union. It is to remedy this serious inconvenience, that the "*Western Lyre*" has been compiled and published, and is now offered to the public. The compilers of this work are sensible that there is already in the market, a great variety of musical publications, of much merit. But as they are published entirely in the *round* notes, which are not so well adapted to the western community, on account, as is remarked above, of the *patent* notes having been principally in use here, the compilers were induced to undertake the publication of the "*Western Lyre*," exclusively for the benefit of their fellow citizens in the West.

They have endeavoured to embody in their work, the *choicest tunes of the most eminent composers*; and have made their selections principally from the highly esteemed and various works of *Samuel Dyer*, the *Boston Handel and Haydn Society*, *Staughton's Collection*, *Psalmody Evangelica*, *David's Harp*, *Leach*, and *Stodhart* (the two latter, English works.) They have also selected a number of tunes from English manuscripts, never before published in this country; together with other Musical works, and have given several ORIGINAL tunes, composed expressly for

this publication. To those acquainted with the superior merits of the above-mentioned books, no greater inducement for them to patronize the "*Western Lyre*" can be offered, than the fact, that it contains the choicest pieces of these excellent and standard publications; and being here embodied together, and in the patent notes, the compilers hope, with some degree of confidence, to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

The rudiments, or first principles, are briefly laid down: yet they are deemed amply sufficient to assist the learner in procuring a correct knowledge of that part of music denominated VOCAL.

In conclusion, the compilers earnestly solicit *teachers* and all lovers of *chaste and sublime psalmody*, to give the work a thorough and candid examination; and to let the result of such examination influence them in recommending it to public patronage. Publishers of periodicals, into whose hands the "*Western Lyre*" may fall, are respectfully solicited to give it such notice, as, upon examination, they may think proper.

THE COMPILERS.

Cincinnati, Nov. 1, 1831.

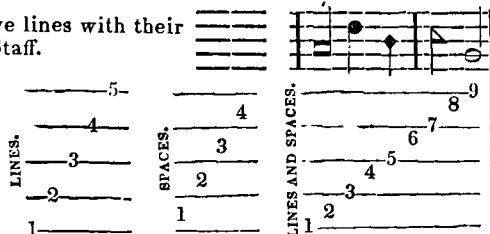
---

Should the work now presented to the singing community, meet with that patronage the compilers anticipate, it is their intention, in due time, to compile a work principally of ANTHEMS, and SET PIECES.

# A CONCISE INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF SINGING.

Music is written on five lines with their spaces called a Stave or Staff.

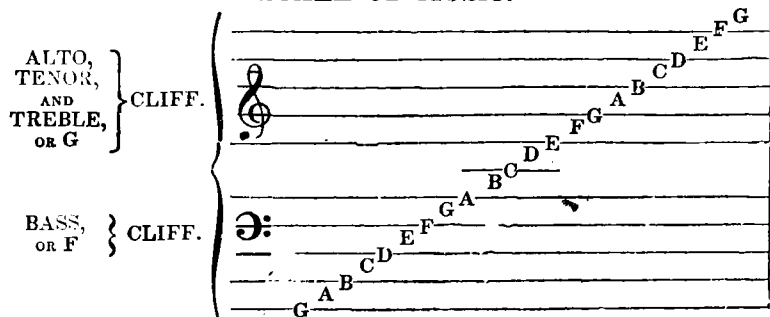
The lowest line is always reckoned the first. The spaces are counted in the same manner. They are also reckoned by the seven first letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.



The situation of these letters on the lines and spaces are known by a Cliff or Cleff prefixed to each Stave. The Cliffs are placed on the letters which they represent, and are called by the names of these letters. The letters on the other lines and spaces of the Stave, are reckoned from their Cliff letters.

There are three kinds of Cliffs, or more; but two only are now in general use for Vocal Music; and these two are all that are used in the present work. They are as follows:

## SCALE OF MUSIC.



## THE SCALE DIVIDED.

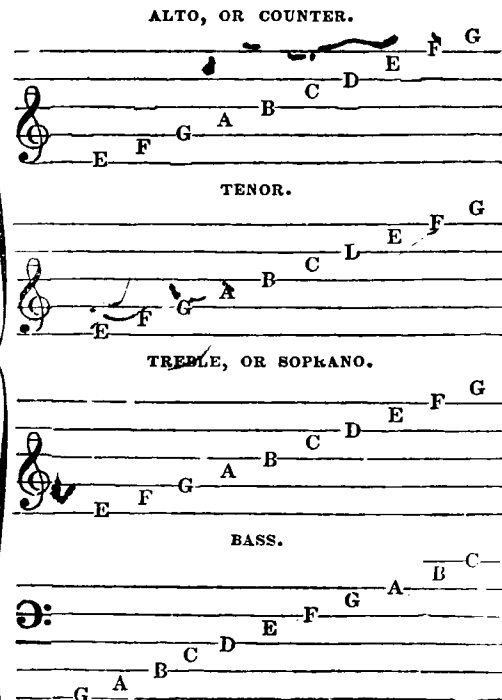
Showing the connexion of the different parts of music, as they are arranged in this work.

**ALTO:**  
Highest male, and lowest female and boy's voices.

**TENOR:**  
Male voices.

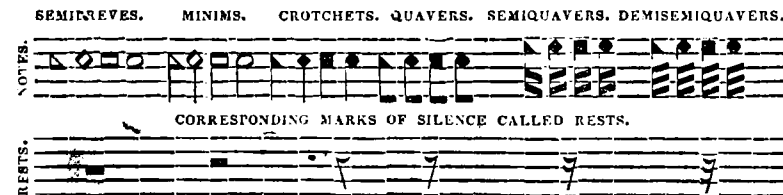
**TREBLE:**  
Highest female voices.

**BASS:**  
Lowest male voices.



## OF NOTES AND RESTS.

There are six kinds of Notes now in use, with their corresponding marks of silence, called Rests, as follows:



THE PROPORTIONS THE NOTES AND RESTS BEAR TO EACH OTHER.

ONE SEMIBREVE IS EQUAL TO

2 MINIMS, OR

4 CROTCHETS, OR

8 QUAVERS, OR

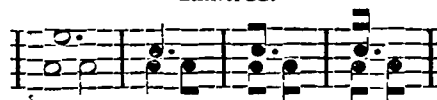
16 SEMIQUAVERS, OR

32 DEMISEMIQUAVERS

The Rests denote a silence equal to the length of the Note they represent, and are called by the same name; viz., Semibreve Rest, Minim Rest, &c. &c. N. B. The Semibreve Rest is used to fill a measure in all the different moods of time. The forms and proportions of the Notes

and Rests should be strongly impressed on the mind. A point or dot placed to the right hand of the Notes or Rests makes that Note or Rest one half longer than without a dot.

EXAMPLE.



A BRACE,

shows how many parts are to be sung together.

A SINGLE BAR,

is used to divide the notes into equal measures; and all the notes contained between two single bars is a measure.

A DOUBLE BAR,

denotes the end of a Strain, or the end of a line of Poetry.

A LEDGER LINE,

is added when notes ascend or descend beyond the stave, and may be continued to any number required.

A HOLD

( $\circ$ )

placed over or under a Note, shows it is to be sounded longer than its usual time.

A FLAT

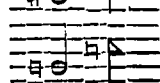
( $b$ )

placed before a Note lowers it half a tone beyond its natural sound

**A SHARP** (#) placed before a Note raises it half a tone higher than its natural sound.



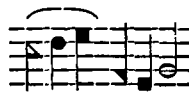
**A NATURAL** (♮) placed before a Note restores it to its original sound; that Note having been previously made flat or sharp.



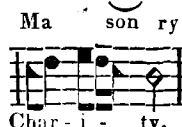
Sharps or Flats placed at the beginning of a tune (called the Signature of the Key,) affect the letters on which they are placed throughout the piece, unless contradicted by the Natural, which replaces the note immediately following in its original state.

Sharps, Flats, and Naturals are termed accidental when occasionally introduced in a piece of music, because they only affect the notes immediately succeeding them.

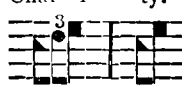
**A SLUR**, ( ) placed over or under any number of notes signifies they are to be sung to one syllable, in a smooth, gliding manner.



When Quavers, Semiquavers, &c. are grouped together, the slur is unnecessary, and is omitted in this work, but the manner of singing such united notes is the same as if the Slur were added.



**THE FIGURE (3)** placed over or under any three notes, signifies that they are to be performed in the time of two of the same kind without the figure; they are called Triplets.



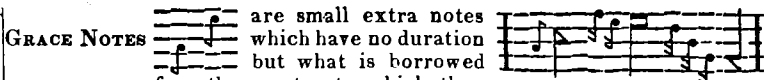
**STACATO MARKS ( ' ' )** are placed over such notes as are to be sung in a short and distinct manner, observing a short cessation of sound immediately after sounding notes marked as above.



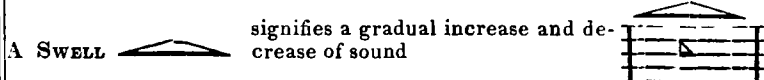
**A REPEAT** ( :: ) shows what part of a tune is to be sung twice, and is placed at the beginning and end of the strain to be repeated.

**A REPEAT of words** :: shows that the last words sung are to be repeated.

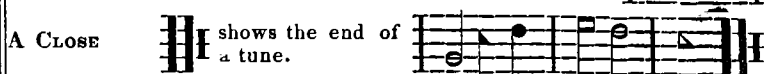
**GRACE NOTES** are small extra notes which have no duration but what is borrowed from those notes to which they are attached. They are used for the purpose of arriving at the note with more taste.



**A SWELL** signifies a gradual increase and decrease of sound



**A CLOSE** shows the end of a tune.



**TIME** is the manner of regulating and measuring sound, with regard to duration.

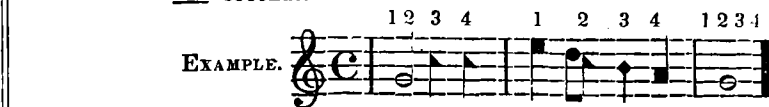
**A MEASURE** is what is contained between two bars.

**TIME**, in music, is quicker or slower according to the nature of the piece, or the design of its author. Each measure of music contains a certain number of notes or rests, the amount of which is specified by a mood or mode of time, placed at the beginning of every tune after the Cliff.

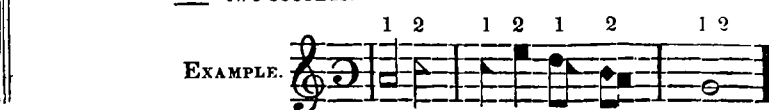
These marks are of three kinds, viz. Common, Triple and Compound.

### COMMON TIME.

**FIRST MOOD** has a Semibreve or its equivalent in a measure, beat with four motions, and sung in the time of about four seconds.



**SECOND MOOD** has the same quantity in its measure, beat with two motions, and is generally sung in the time of about two seconds.



**THIRD MOOD**  $\frac{2}{4}$  has a Minim, or its quantity, in a measure, beat as the second mood, and sung about one third quicker.



### TRIPLE TIME.

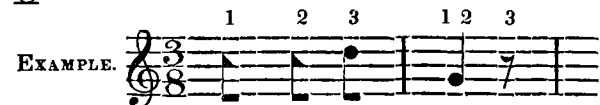
**FIRST MOOD**  $\frac{3}{2}$  has three Minims, or their equivalent, in a measure, beat with three motions, and sung in the time of about three seconds.



**SECOND MOOD**  $\frac{3}{4}$  has three Crotchets in a measure, three beats, time, two seconds.



**THIRD MOOD**  $\frac{3}{8}$  has three Quavers in a measure, three beats, quick movement.



### COMPOUND TIME.

**FIRST MOOD**  $\frac{6}{4}$  has six Crotchets in a measure, beat with two motions, and sung in about the time of two seconds.



**SECOND MOOD**  $\frac{6}{8}$  has six Quavers for a measure, beat as the first mood, and sung a third faster.

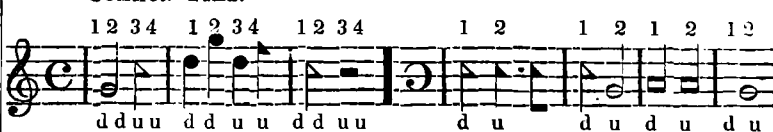


N. B. The above time is varied and regulated faster and slower according to the musical terms written through music.

By beating time is meant a certain motion of the hand or foot, designed to mark the precise movement intended for a piece of music. The mode of doing this is better understood from the instruction and example of a teacher, than from any written directions. One rule is, however, to be invariably observed; namely, that the hand or foot is to be put down at the commencement of every measure, and to rise at the last division of the same.

### EXAMPLES.

#### COMMON TIME.



#### TRIPLE TIME.



#### COMPOUND TIME.





## OF SOLMIZATION, OR MODULATION.

In practising musical lessons, it is customary to apply certain syllables to the diatonic intervals of the octave. The end proposed is, *that the same name invariably applied to the same interval, may naturally suggest its true relation and proper sound.*

The names of intervals or sounds, which generally prevail, in this country, are FA, SOL, LA, MI.\* In this work, (the more readily to designate those names of sounds,) each name has its respective form or shape, viz. the FA, has a triangular; the SOL, round; the LA, square; and the MI, a lozenge form:

	FA	SOL	LA	MI		FA	SOL	LA	MI
SEMIBREVE:					CROTCHET:				
MINIM.					QUAVER:				

The first three being repeated, give names to the seven sounds of the Diatonic Scale.

## EXAMPLE:

TREBLE:	
BASS:	

The MI, or SEVENTH note, occurs but once in the Diatonic scale: it is the LEADING note, and it always regulates the situation of all the other syllables, on whatever letter it may be placed.

\* Pronounced Faw, Sole, Law Me.

The natural place for MI, is on B; but is necessarily transposed into all the other (musical) letters, as occasion requires.

## SCALE OF FLATS AND SHARPS.

The natural place for MI, is on	-	-	-	-	-	B.
But if B be flat MI is on	-	-	-	-	-	E.
If B and E be flat MI is on	-	-	-	-	-	A.
If B, E, and A be flat MI is on	-	-	-	-	-	D.
If B, E, A, and D be flat MI is on	-	-	-	-	-	G.
Or if F be sharp MI is on	-	-	-	-	-	C.
If F and C be sharp MI is on	-	-	-	-	-	F.
If F, C, and G be sharp MI is on	-	-	-	-	-	B.
If F, C, G, and D be sharp MI is on	-	-	-	-	-	E.

[The Italians use for this scale, the syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Mr. Adgate used Faw, Sol, La, Ba, Do, Na, Mi, Fa; and they are applied in this order to the ascending Major scale, Si being the leading note for the former, and Mi for the latter scale. But the English and Americans, generally, have retained only four of these syllables; and as these answer all the purposes designed, our remarks are confined to them. Learners may apply those other syllables at pleasure.]

The Diatonic Scale of Music, is a gradual succession of five tones and two semitones in an octave, or a series of eight notes.

The first note of the Diatonic scale is a principal or Key, called also the Tonic; and the other notes are at natural fixed distances from, and sounded in strict reference to it.

There are two keys in music, and ONLY two, the Major or Sharp Key, and the Minor, or Flat Key.

The first of these is adapted to express the cheerful passions; and the latter is expressive of the mournful and pathetic.

The Key note in the Diatonic scale No. 1., it will be seen is C, and this is called the NATURAL Major Key.

The Key note in the Scale No. 2, is A, and is called the NATURAL Minor Key. They are the only scales in which the semitones are found in their natural fixed order

These Keys differ from each other, with respect to the situation of the Semitones in the Octave; the Major Key having them between the third and fourth, and the seventh and eighth; whereas in the Minor Key they are between the second and third, and the fifth and sixth. See Diatonic Scales, Nos. 1 and 2.

It must be farther observed, that the Minor Scale has this peculiarity, that the ASCENDING scale, (when extending to a whole octave) differs from the DESCENDING; for in ASCENDING, it is necessary to make the sixth and seventh sharp, but in descending to sound them, as in their natural order.

The last note in the Bass is always the Key of the tune; and in speaking of distances or degrees from the Key, we always reckon from the bottom.

So great is the variety in melody and harmony, that the natural scale is insufficient for all the purposes of musical composition; consequently the other letters of the scale may be, and are made use of as a Key Note.

When therefore any of the letters besides C, for a major, and A, for a minor, are employed for this purpose, it will, on examination appear, that the semitones would then be out of their regular and fixed order; and it will, consequently, be found necessary to have recourse to Flats and Sharps to restore them to their proper position. The necessity for doing this, is not always apparent at a first view, to persons who only practice singing; but is perceived immediately by any one who performs on the most simple instrument.

Having thus endeavoured to lead on the attentive learner into a knowledge of the most essential points connected with practical vocal music, we will close our remarks by giving a few general observations.

## DIATONIC SCALES.

No. 1. MAJOR.	No. 2. MINOR.
C — F <sup>A</sup> — 8	A — L <sup>A</sup> — 8
B — M <sup>i</sup> — 7	G — S <sup>o</sup> L — 7
A — L <sup>A</sup> — 6	F — F <sup>A</sup> — 6
G — S <sup>o</sup> L — 5	E — S <sup>o</sup> L — 5
F — F <sup>A</sup> — 4	D — S <sup>o</sup> L — 4
E — M <sup>i</sup> — 3	C — F <sup>A</sup> — 3
D — S <sup>o</sup> L — 2	B — M <sup>i</sup> — 2
C — F <sup>A</sup> — 1	A — L <sup>A</sup> — 1

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

In the arrangement of the parts in the following work, the Air, or principal melody, has invariably been placed next above the Bass, and is always designed for female voices; and the passages marked *ria*, for them *exclusively*. The Tenor is placed next above the Air; and the Alto, or Counter, on the *upper* stave, the more conveniently to find room for the ledger lines, which so frequently occur in this part.

The people of the western country have ever been in error with regard to the arrangement of the voices to the parts; they invariably assign the Tenor to the female voices, or which is improperly denominated the Treble, by all the publishers of music in this country. The Treble very properly belongs to the ladies' voices, but the difficulty is, that the names of the parts have been changed by those publishers.

The Air or principal melody is *unquestionably* the Treble, and should be sung by the ladies. The Air being the principal part of music; so also is the ladies' voices the principal, or superior to men's voices; consequently, the Air should be performed by the ladies' voices. The practice of putting the Treble voices on the Tenor, cannot be defended by any rule of analogy or reason.

Attention is particularly recommended to the terms *ria*., and *for*., which very frequently occur in this volume, and when properly observed, produce a beautiful and pleasing effect. The other directive terms will be found useful in denoting the style of the piece of music.

A person may have acquired a knowledge of all the various characters in psalmody, he may also be able to sing his part in true time, and yet his performance be far from pleasing, if it be devoid of necessary embellishments: his bad expression and manner may conspire to render it disagreeable. A few plain hints may tend to correct these practical errors.

It is by no means necessary to constitute a good singer, that he sing very loud; not only the tone of the voice, but the true sound of the note is destroyed by undue exertions of the voice.

In singing, the mouth should be opened freely, but if too wide it would entirely destroy a good tone. Imitate the elegant expression of the orator rather than the drawl of the clown. Some persons pronounce their words tolerably well in soft singing, but exceedingly bad when they sing louder; which is owing to the false idea, that they cannot make too much noise in the *forte* parts. Expression is one of the greatest beauties of music.

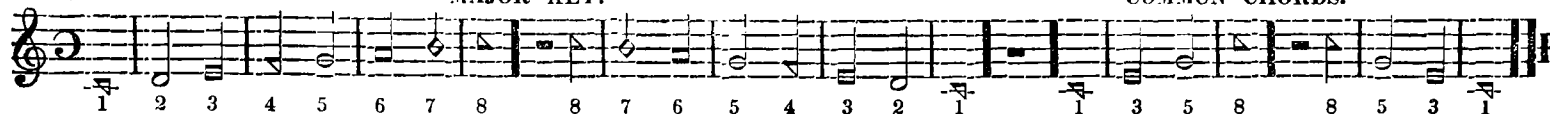
# LESSONS FOR THE EXERCISE OF THE VOICE.

XI

NO. 1.

MAJOR KEY.

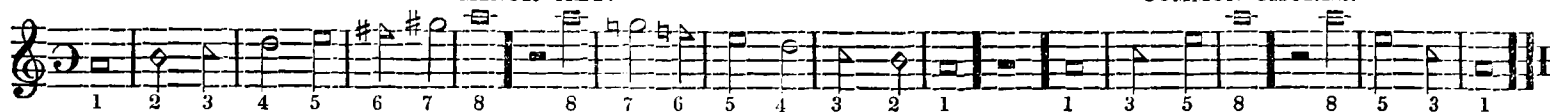
COMMON CHORDS.



NO. 2.

MINOR KEY.

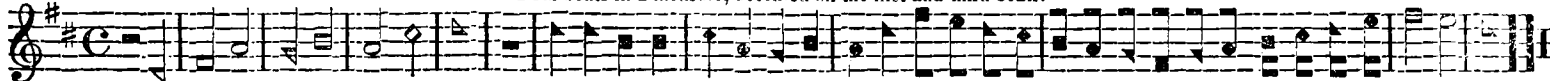
COMMON CHORDS.



NO. 3.

FIRST MODE OF COMMON TIME,

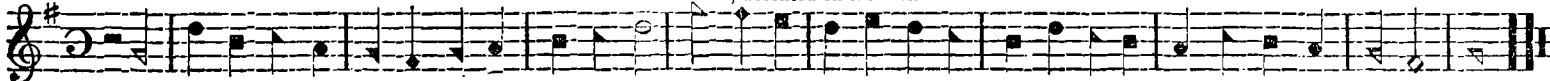
Four beats in a measure, accented on the first and third beats.



NO. 4.

SECOND MODE OF COMMON TIME,

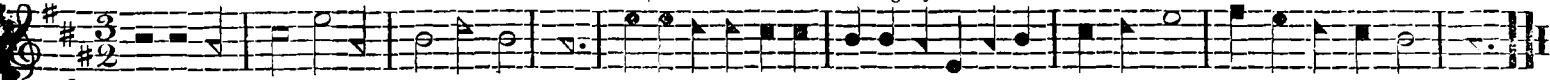
Two beats, accented on the first.



NO. 5.

FIRST MODE OF TRIPPLE TIME,

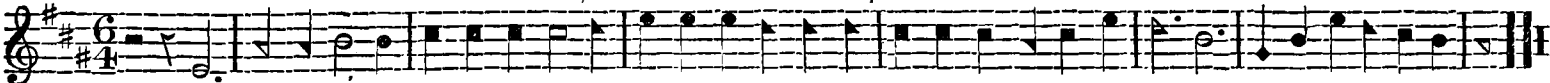
Three beats, accented on the first and slightly on the third.



NO. 6.

FIRST MODE OF COMPOUND TIME,

Two beats, accented on the first and second part of the measure.



ACCENT is of the greatest importance to Musical performance ; without it, Music is entirely lifeless. Accent is the same in Music as in pronouncing a word, or speaking a sentence. It is fixed on that note to which the accented syllable, or emphatic word is sung, that the word, or sentence, may have the same emphasis in singing, as in speaking,

# A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

## A

**Adagio**, slow.  
**Ad Libitum**, at discretion.  
**Affetuoso**, tenderly and affectionately—*performed in moderate time*.  
**Air**, generally means what the ear realizes from a melody or harmony. In a special sense, it is the leading part.  
**Allegro**, brisk, gay.  
**Allegretto**, not so quick as Allegro.  
**Alto**, the Counter.  
**Andante**, distinct, exact and soothing; *sung rather slow when no other word is used with it*.  
**Andantino**, in a similar style, but one degree quicker than Andante.  
**Anthem**, a portion of Scripture set to music.

## B

**Bass**, the lowest part in harmony.

## C

**Cantabile**, in a graceful and melodious style.  
**Chorus**, full, all the voices.  
**Coda**, an additional strain, not absolutely necessary to the piece or tune, but which may be sung or omitted at pleasure.  
**Crescendo**, or **Cres.** to increase the sound.

## D

**Diminuendo**, or **Dim.** to diminish the sound.  
**Doloroso**, in a plaintive or doleful style.  
**Dolce**, sweetly and softly.  
**Duetto**, } a composition written expressly for  
**Duett**, } two voices or instruments.  
**Duo**, }

## F

**Finale**, the last movement of a piece of music.  
**Forte**, **For.** or **F.** loud.  
**Fortissimo**, or **FF.**, loud as possible.  
**Fugue**, or **Fuga**, a composition, in which a subject is successively repeated, or imitated in two or more parts.

## G

**Grave**, or **gravemente**, heavy; these words refer both to the style of the composition and the execution, and are frequently used for the term **Largo**.  
**Grazioso**, gracefully; often used with **Andante**.

## L

**Largo**, **Lentemento**, or **Lento**, the slowest degree in the movements.  
**Larghetto**, not quite so slow as **Largo**.

## M

**Maestoso**, with strength, firmness and majesty.  
**Mezza**, moderate; as **mezza piano**, moderately or rather soft.  
**Mezza Voce**, moderate strength of voice and in a pleasing manner.  
**Moderato**, moderately.

## O

**Organo**, or **Org.** the organ part.

## P

**Piano**, **Pia**, or **P.** soft.  
**Pianissimo**, or **P. P.** very soft.  
**Plaintive**, mournfully.  
**Presto**, quick.  
**Prestissimo**, very quick.

## Q

**Quartetto**, Music for four voices or instruments.

## R

**Recitative**, a kind of musical recitation, between speaking and singing.

## S

**Score**, three or more parts, connected by a brace, are said to be in score.  
**Semi-tone**, the smallest interval used in vocal music.  
**Secondo**, the second voice or instrument.  
**Solo**, a piece of music for one voice or instrument.  
**Soprano**, the Treble, or higher voice part.  
**Spiritoso**, or **con-spirito**, with spirit.  
**Staccato**, very distinct, short and emphatic.  
**Symphony**, or **Sym.** a part for instruments only.

## T

**Tacet**, silent.  
**Tempo**, time; as, **al-tempo**, in true time.  
**Tenor**, the part assigned to men's voices.  
**Treble**, the part assigned to female voices.  
**Trio**, music for three voices or instruments.  
**Tutti**, full, or altogether; when all join after Solo.  
**Unison**, when all parts unite in one sound or succession of sounds.

## V

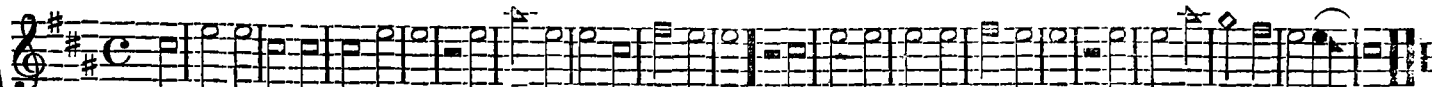
**Verse**, one voice to a part.  
**Vigoroso**, with strength and energy.  
**Vivace**, brisk and animated.

## No. 1.

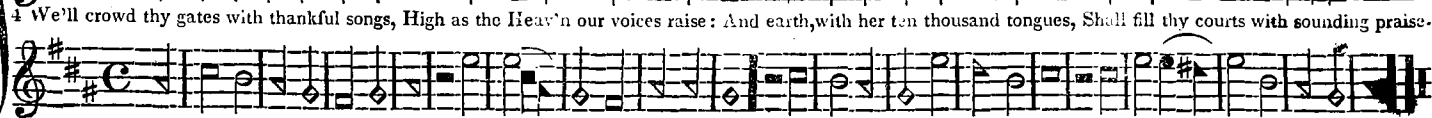
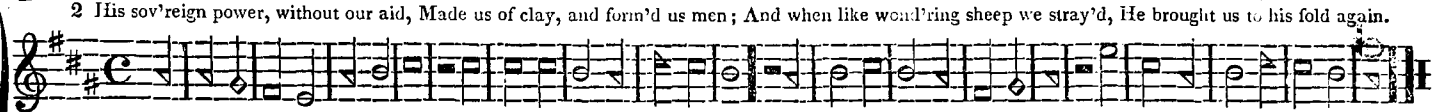
## OLD HUNDRED. L. M. PSALM 100. CHURCH PR. BK.

M. LUTHER.

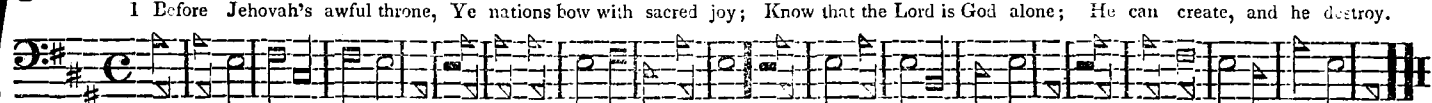
ALTO.



TENOR.

TREBLE,  
OR  
AIR.

BASS.



1 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the Heav'n our voices raise: And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd, He brought us to his fold again.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone; He can create, and he destroy.

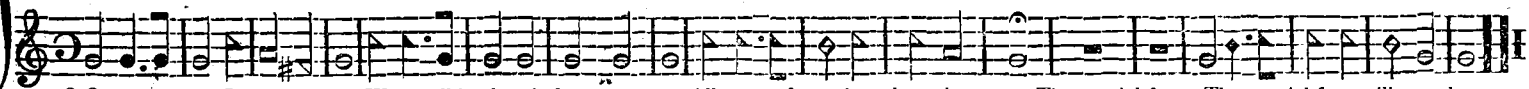
## No. 2.

## JOB. L. M. HYMN 293, M. P. COM.

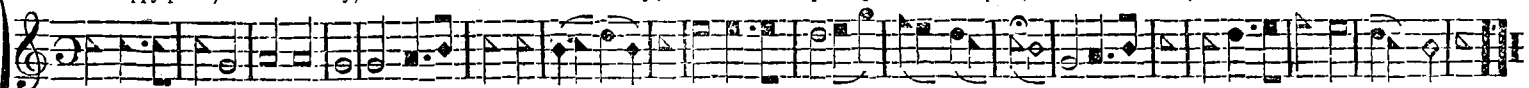
W. ARNOLD.



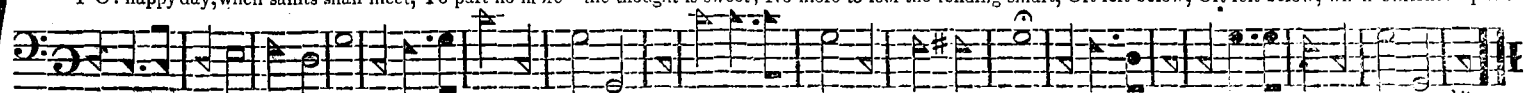
5 The happy season soon will come, When saints shall meet in Heaven their home; Eternally with Christ to dwell, Nor ever hear, Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.



2 O happy place, I still must say, Where all but love is done away; All cause of parting there is past; There social feast, There social feast will ever last.



1 O! happy day, when saints shall meet, To part no more—the thought is sweet; No more to feel the rending smart, Oft felt below, Oft felt below, when Christians part.





## No. 3.

## KEY STREET. L. M. HYMN 211, M. P. COM.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power, Is ever new and ever young, And firm endures, while end - less years Their ever - lasting circles run.

2 'True, 'tis a straight and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they for get the might y God, That feeds the strength of every saint.

1 Awake our souls, a - way our fears; Let every trembling thought be gone; Awake and run the heav'n - ly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

## No. 4.

## MUSICIAN. L. M. HYMN 197, M. P. COM.

GRIMSHAW.

3 The gladness of that happy day, O may it ever, ev - er stay! Nor let our faith forsake its hold, Nor hope decline, Nor love grow cold!

2 Let ev'ry act of worship be, Like our e spousals, Lord, to thee; Like the blest hour, when from above, We first receiv'd the pledge of love.

1 Je sus, thou ever - last - ing King, Accept the ti - bute which we bring! Accept thy well-deserv'd renown, And wear our praises as thy crown.

## No. 5.

## RUBEN. L. M. HYMN 175, M. P. COM.

G. SURR.

ADAGIO. PIA. FOR.

2 Sav'd from the fear of hell and death, With joy we seek the things a - bove, And all thy saints the spir - it breathe, Of pow'r, so - bri - e - ty, and love.

1 Quicken'd with our im - mortal head, Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee, Redeem'd from sin, and free in - deed, We taste our glori - ous lib - er - ty.

## No. 6.

## MATHERS. L. M. HYMN 167, M. P. COM.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright; And Satan trembles, when he sees, The weakest saint upon his knees.

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw; Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above.

1 What various hindrances we meet, In com - ing to a mercy seat! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wishes to be often there?

3 How blest are they who still abide, Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side, Who life and strength from

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be, For ever clos'd to all but thee! Seal thou my breast, and

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood: To dwell with in u.

## No. 8. SOLEMNITY. L. M. HYMN 566, M. E. Com.

thence derive, And by thee move, and in thee live.

let me wear, That pledge of love for - ev - er there.

wounds: then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

3 O that with out a ling'ring groan, I may the

2 Number'd among thy people, I Ex - pect with

LARGO.

1 Shrink - ing from the cold hand of death, I soon shall

# SOLEMNITY.—CONCLUDED.

welcome word receive! My bo dy with my charge lay down, And cease at once to work and live.

joy thy face to see:— Because thou didst for sin - ners die, Je sus, in death re member me!

gath - er up my feet; Shall soon re sign this fleet ing breath, And die my fa - ther's God to meet.

No. 9,

## EFFINGHAM. L. M. HYMN 155, DOBELL'S COL.

PIA. FOR.

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow, And loose my cable from below, But I can only spread my sail; Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

1 At anchor laid, remote from home, Toiling I cry, sweet spirit come; Celestial breeze, no longer stay, But swell my sails and speed my way.

B. ORG.

17

2 What though in sol- emn si- lence, all Move round the dark ter- res- tial ball; What though no re- al

2 Soon as the eve- ning shades pre- vail, The moon takes up the wonder- ous tale, And night- ly to the

1 The spacious fir- ma- ment on high, With all the blue e- the- re- al sky, And spang- led heav'ns a

voice nor sound, A- mid the radiant orbs be found; In reason's ear they all rejoice, And ut- ter forth a

list' ning earth, Re- peats the sto- ry of her birth, While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan- ets

shin- ing frame, Their great O- ri- gin- al pro- claim; Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Doth his Cre- a- tor's



# CREATION.—CONCLUDED.

glorious voice, For ev - er sing - ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di vine."

in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

power dis - play, And pub - lish - es to ev' - ry land, The work of an Al - migh - ty' hand.

No. 11.

NEWRY. L. M. HYMN 131, 2D BK. DR. W.

J. HATTON.

4 How well thy blessed truths a - gree! How wise and holy thy commands. Thy promises how firm they be! How firm our hope and comfort stands.

1 Let ever - last - ing glo - ries crown Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord, Thy hands have bro't salva - tion down, And writ the blessing in thy word.

5 I would; but thou must give the power, My heart from ev'ry sin re - lease; My heart from ev' - ry sin release;

2 Rest for my soul I long to find; Sa - viour of all, if mine thou art. Sa - viour of all, if mine thou art,

1 O that my load of sin were gone; O that I could at last sub - mit, O that I could at last submit;

Bring near, bring near the joy - ful hour, And fill me with thy per - fect peace. And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Give me thy meek and low ly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart. And stamp thine im - age on my heart.

At Je - sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet! To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2D TREBLE.

Blest are the saints, who sit on high, A - round thy throne of Ma - jes ty, Thy bright est

INST.

TENOR.

glo - ries shine a - bove, Thy bright est glo - ries shine a - bove, And all their work is praise and love.

VOICE

MODERATO

3 Sing to the Lord, ex - alt him high, Who spreads his clouds a - round the sky; There he prepares the fruitful

2 He form'd the stars, those heaven - ly flames, He counts their num - bers, calls their names; His wis - dom's vast, and knows no

1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise, Your hearts and voi - ces in his praise; His na - ture and his works in -

## No. 15.

## KIMBOLTON. L. M. HY. 305, MIL. SEL.

SPIRITO

rain, Nor lets the drops de - scend in vain.

bound, A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

vite, To make this du - ty our de - light.

3 God is our sun - he makes our day: God is our shield, he

2 Might I en - joy the mean est place With - in thy house, O

1 Great God! at - tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy

# KIMBOLTON.—CONCLUDED.

guards, our way From all th'assaults of hell and sin, From foes with out, from foes with - out, from foes without and foes within.

God of grace! No tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet, Should tempt my feet, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

pre - sence springs, To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thou- Ex - ceeds a thou - Exceeds a thou sand days of mirth.

No. 16.

INVOCATION. L. M. HYMN 155, DOBELL'S COL.

T. B. HAWKES.

*DOLCE.*

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow, And loose my cable from be low, But I can only spread my sail, Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

1 At anchor laid, re - mote from home, Toiling I cry, sweet Spir - it come; Ce - les - tial breeze, no long - er stay, But swell my sail, and speed my way.

ORG VOICE

*SPRITOSO*

My captain sounds th' a - larm of war, A - wake the pow'r's of hell are near, A - wake the pow'r's of hell are . near; To

*PIA* *FOR*

arms, to arms, I hear him cry, 'Tis yours to con - quer or to die, 'Tis yours to con - quer or to die. To

# CHRISTIAN WARFARE. CONCLUDED.

arms, o arms, I hear him cry, To arms, to arms, I hear him cry, 'Tis yours to con - quer or to die.

ADAGIO

No. 18.

ACCOMACK. L. M. HYMN 40, M. E. COL.

3 But oh! the chief of sinners spare, In honor of my great High Priest, Nor, in thy right - 'ous anger swear I shall not see thy people's rest.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd; Ten thousand times thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

1 Stay, thou in - sulted Spirit, stay! Though I have done thee such despite; Nor cast the sin - ner quite away, Nor take thine ev - er - lasting flight.

ADAGIO

2 He built the earth, he spread the sky, And fix'd the star - ry lights on high. "Wonders of grace to God belong, Re-

*SPIRITOSO*

1 Give to our God im - mor - tal praise, Mer - cy and truth are all his ways, "Wonders of grace to God be - long, Re-

The first system of the musical score is for the song "Wonders of Grace to God belong". It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is marked "SPIRITOSO". The lyrics are: "2 He built the earth, he spread the sky, And fix'd the star - ry lights on high. 'Wonders of grace to God belong, Re-'" and "1 Give to our God im - mor - tal praise, Mer - cy and truth are all his ways, 'Wonders of grace to God be - long, Re-".

peat his mercies, Repeat his mercies, Repeat his mercies in your song." He fills the sun with morning light, He bids the moon di-

peat his mercies, Repeat his mercies, Repeat his mercies in your song." Give to the Lord of Lords re - nown, The king of kings with

The second system of the musical score continues the song. It also consists of four staves. The lyrics are: "peat his mercies, Repeat his mercies, Repeat his mercies in your song." He fills the sun with morning light, He bids the moon di-" and "peat his mercies, Repeat his mercies, Repeat his mercies in your song." Give to the Lord of Lords re - nown, The king of kings with".



# SOUTHAMPTON.—CONCLUDED.

rest the night. His mercies ever, ever shall endure, When sun and moon, When sun and moon, When sun and moon shall shine no more.

PIA FOR PIA FOR

glory crown; His mercy ever, ever shall endure, When lords and kings, When lords and kings, When lords and kings, are known no more.

No. 20.

NORLAND. L. M. HY. 235, M. P. COM.

B. HOLT.

2 Je - sus my only hope thou art, Strength of my failing flesh and heart, O could I catch a smile from thee, And drop in to e - ter - ni - ty.

1 In age and fee - ble - ness extreme, Who shall a helpless worm redeem? 'Tis only Jesus by his blood, Can raise a sink ing soul to God.

**CHEERFUL**

3 The Lord himself will Judge his saints; He treats his servants as his friends; And when he hears their sore complaints, Repents the sorrows that he sends.

2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good, To praise his name is sweet employ, Israel he chose of old, and still, His church is his peculiar joy.

1 Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name, While in his earthly courts ye wait. Ye saints that to his house be-long, Or stand attend-ing at his gate.

3 O that with-out a ling'-ring groan, I may the welcome word receive, My body with my charge lay down, And cease at once to work and live.

2 Number'd among thy people, I Ex-pect with joy thy face to see: Because thou didst for sinners die, Je-sus, in death re-member me!

1 Shrinking from the cold hand of death, I soon shall ga-ther up my feet, Shall soon resign this fleeting breath, And die my Father's God to meet.

**SOLEMN**

3 Behold the aw - ful books display'd, Big with th'im - por - tant fates of men! Each word and deed now public made, Writ -

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust, Aw'd by the judges' high command, Both small and great now quit their dust, And

1 Me - thinks the last great day is come, Me - thinks I hear the trumpet sound, That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb, And

ten by heav'n's un - er - ring pen, Writ - ten by heav'n's un - er - ring pen.

round the dread tri - bu - nal stand, And round the dread tri - bu - nal stand.

wakes the pris'ner un - der ground, And wakes the pris - 'ner un - der ground.

4 Lord when those awful leaves unfold,  
May life's fair book my soul approve;  
Then may I read my name enroll'd,  
And triumph in redeeming love.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price, Of wisdom's cost ly merchandize, Wisdom to silver we pre fer, And gold is

2 Happy be - yond des crip - tion he, Who knows the Sa - viour di'd for me, The gift unspeak - a - ble obtains, And heav'n - ly

1 Happy the man that finds the grace, The blessings of God's chosen race, The wisdom coming from above, The faith that

dross com par'd to her.

un - der stand - ing gains.

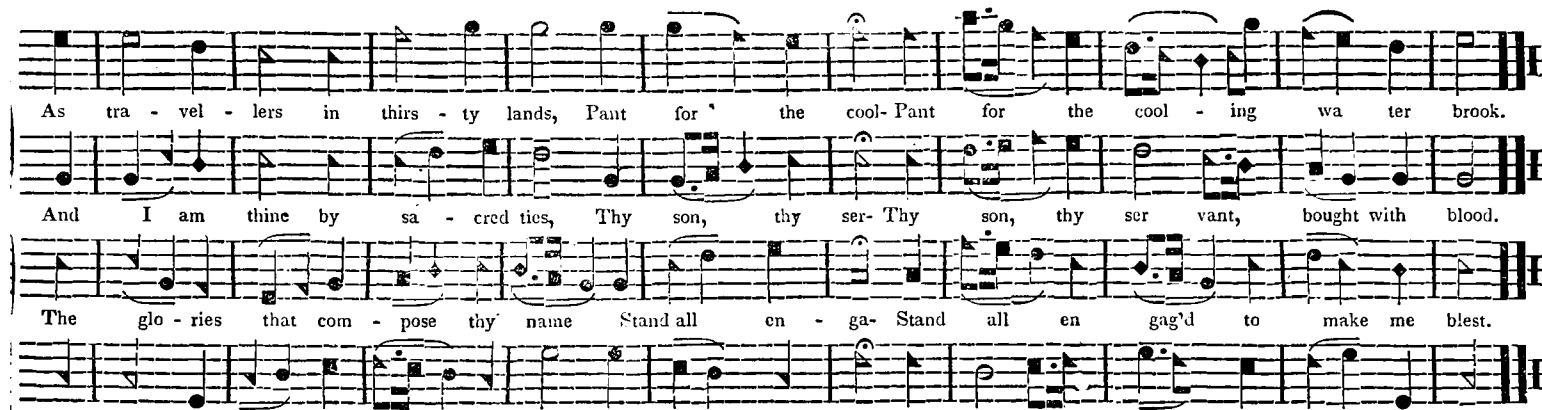
sweet - ly works by love.

With hearts, and eyes, and lift - ed hands, For thee I long, to thee I look,

Thou great and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my Father and my God,

1 Great God in - dulse my (hum - ble claim, Be (thou my hope, my (joy, my rest.

# ISLINGTON. CONCLUDED.



As tra - vel - lers in thirs - ty lands, Pant for the cool - Pant for the cool - ing wa - ter brook.

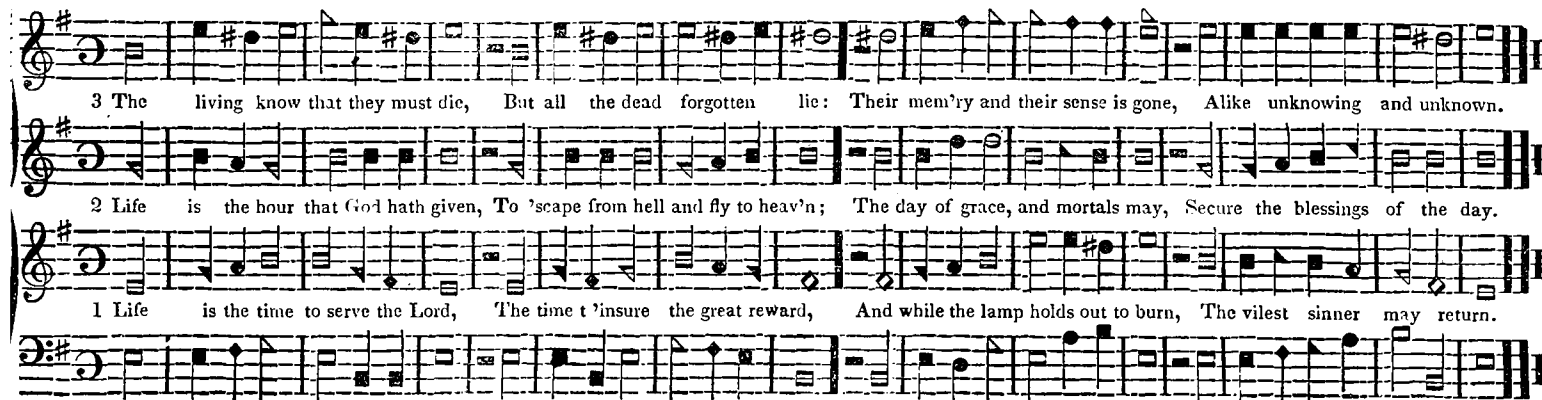
And I am thine by sa - cred ties, Thy son, thy ser - Thy son, thy ser - vant, bought with blood.

The glo - ries that com - pose thy name Stand all en - ga - Stand all en - gag'd to make me blest.

No. 26.

WINDHAM. L. M. HY. 493, MIL. SEL.

READ.



3 The living know that they must die, But all the dead forgotten lie: Their mem'ry and their sense is gone, Alike unknowing and unknown.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given, To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n; The day of grace, and mortals may, Secure the blessings of the day.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'insure the great reward, And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

5 O what a - ma - zing joys they feel, While to their golden harps they sing; And sit on ev - ry heav'n - ly hill, And

3 O for a sight, a pleas - ing sight, Of our Al - migh - ty Fathers throne! There sits our Sa - viour, crown'd with light, Cloth'd

1 Descend from heav'n, im - mor - tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount, and bear us far a - bove, The'

## No. 28. WILTON, L. M. Ps. 136, DR. W. B. CUYENR

spread the triumphs of their king! And spread the triumphs of their king.

in a bo - dy like our own, Cloth'd in a bo - dy like our own.

reach of these in - fe - rior things: The reach of these infe - rior things.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky, And fix'd the starry lights on high,

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown, The King of kings with glory crown.

1 Give to our God im - mor - tal praise, Mercy and truth are all his ways;

# WILTON.—CONCLUDED.

Wonders of grace to God be long, Re - peat his mer cies in your song, Repeat his mercies in your song.

His mercies ev - er shall en - dure, When lords and kings are known no more, When lords and kings are known no more.

Wonders of love to God be long; Repeat his mercies in your song: Repeat his mercies in your song.

No. 29.

ALFRETON. L. M. HY. 191, M. P. COM.

W. BEASTALL.

MODERATO

2 His sov - reign power without our aid, Made us of clay and form'd us men; And when like wond'ring sheep we stray'd, He brought us to his fold again.

1 Before Je ho - vah's awful throne, Ye na - tions bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He oan create and he destroy.

C

**MODERATO**

3 High on a throne his glories dwell, An awful throne of shining bliss; Fly through the world, O sun and tell, How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns! Let ev'ry angel bend the knee! Sing of his love in heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be.

1 Loud hal - le - lujahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell; Let heav'n begin the solemn word, And sound it dreadful down to hell.

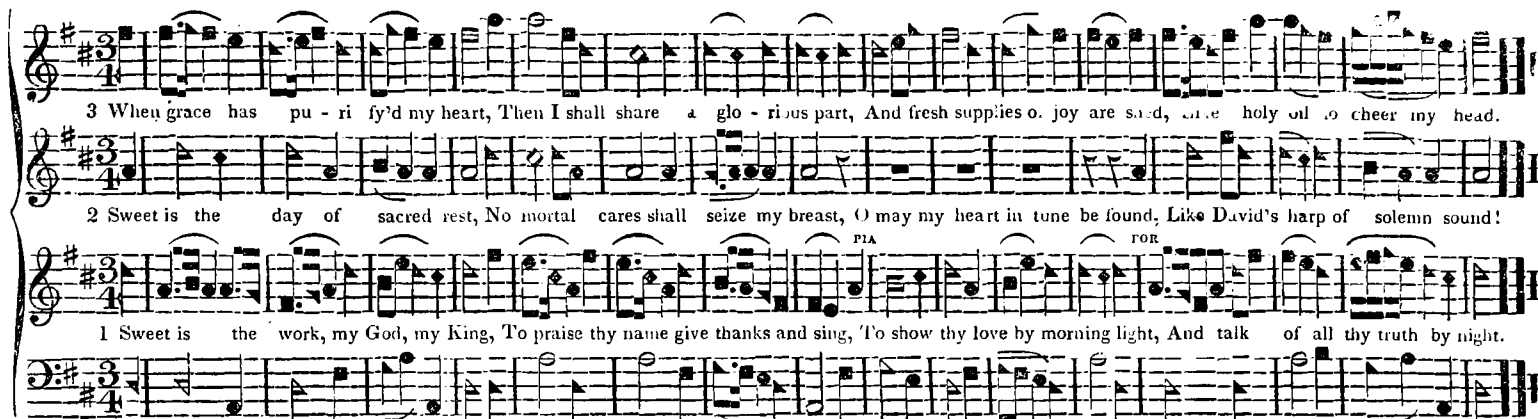
**CODA.**

Hallelu - jah, Halle - lujah, halle lu jah, hal - le - lujah, hal - le - lujah, halle lu - - - jah, Praise the Lord.

**ALLEGRO.** hal - le lu - - - jah, **ADAGIO**

Hallelu - jah, halle - lujah, halle - lu - - jah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle lu - - - jah, Praise the Lord.






3 When grace has pu - ri - fy'd my heart, Then I shall share a glo - rious part, And fresh supplies o' joy are sent, Like holy oil to cheer my head.

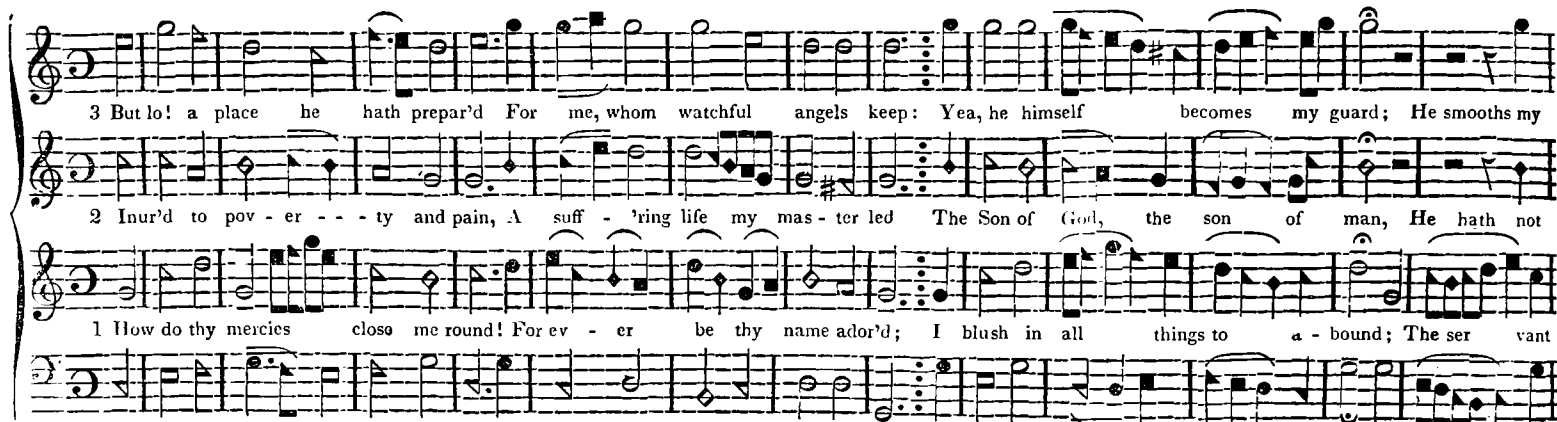
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast, O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound!

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.



3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes; Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs; Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas retire.

1 He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns Praise him in e - van - gel - ic strains, Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And distant islands join their voice.



3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd For me, whom watchful angels keep: Yea, he himself becomes my guard; He smooths my

2 Inur'd to pov - er - - ty and pain, A suff - 'ring life my mas - ter led The Son of God, the son of man, He hath not

1 How do thy mercies close me round! For ev - er be thy name ador'd; I blush in all things to a - bound; The ser - vant

## No. 34. NEWTON. L. M. HY. 14. M. P. COM. CLARK.



bed, and gives me sleep, He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

where to lay his head, He hath not where to lay his head.

is a - bove his Lord! The servant is a - bove his Lord!

4 Ready for you the an - gels wait, To triumph

2 Ready the Fa - ther is to own, And kiss his

1 Sinners, o bey the gospel word, Haste to the

# NEWTON.—CONCLUDED.

PIA FOR

in your blest es - tate. Tu - ning their harps they long to praise, The wonders of redeeming grace, The won - ders of re - deem - ing grace.  
late re - turning son; Rea - dy your loving Saviour stands, And spreads for you his bleeding hands, And spreads for you his bleeding hands.  
sup - per of the Lord, Be wise to know your gracious day, All things are rea - dy, come away! All things are rea - dy come away!

No. 35.

OTTERBEIN. L M. HY. 48, M. E. COL.

REV. J. WELLS.

SOLEMN.

3 Father, if I may call thee so, Re - gard my fear - ful heart's desire, Remove this load of guilt and wo, Nor let me in my sins expire.  
1 Thou man of griefs re - member me, Who never canst thyself for - get; Thy last mysterious ag - o - ny, Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.  
2 When wrestling in the strength of pray'r, Thy spirit sunk beneath its load; Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear, The wrath of an Al - mighty God.

*LARGO.*

3 That God, who darts his light'ning down, Who shakes the world above, What terrors wait his awful frown: How wond'rous is his love.

2 O what is feeble dying man, Or all his sinful race, That God should make it his concern, To visit him with grace!

1 Lord what is man, poor feeble man, Born of the earth at first, His life a shadow light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust.

*AFETTUOSO*

3. Thou hear'st me for salvation pray, Thou see'st my heart's desire, Make ready in thy pow'rful day, Thy fulness, Thy fulness I require.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd, The lib - er - ty from sin, The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd, The kingdom, The kingdom felt within.

1 I ask the gift of righteousness, The sin sub - duing pow'r, Pow'r to be - lieve, and go in peace, And never, And never grieve thee more.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Fa-ther's arms, I would for-get my breath; And lose my lie a -

2 I would re-nounce my all - be-low, If my Cre-a-tor bid, And run, if I were

1 Death can-not make our souls a fraid, If God be with us there, We may walk through the

mong the charms Of so di-vine a death, - - - - - Of so di-vine a death.

call'd to go, And die as Mo-ses did, - - - - - And die as Mo-ses did.

dark-est shade, And never yield to fear, - - - - - And nev-er yield to fear.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay, And bid my heart rejoice; My bounding heart shall own thy sway, And echo to thy voice, And echo to thy voice.

2 With thee conversing we forget All time, and toil, and care: Labor is rest, and pain is sweet, If thou, my God, art here, If thou, my God, art here.

1 Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal, While here o'er earth we rove, Speak to our hearts, and let us feel, The kindlings of thy love, The kindlings of thy love.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alted thus, Worthy the Lamb our hearts re - ply, For he was slain for us.

1 Come let us join our cheer - ful songs, With angels round the throne: Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

3 My feet shall tra - vel all the length, Of the ce - les - tial road: Of the ce - lestial road: And march with courage in thy strength, And

2 Thou art my ev - er - last - ing trust, Thy goodness I a - dore: Thy good - ness I adore: Send down thy grace, O bles - sed Lord, Send

1 My Saviour, my al - migh - ty Friend, When I be - gin thy praise, When I begin thy praise, Where will the grow - ing numbers end, Where

march with cour - age in thy strength, To see the Lord my God. To see the Lord my God. To see - - - - - the Lord my God.

down thy grace O bles - sed Lord, That I may love thee more, That I may love thee more, That I - - - - - may love thee more.

will the grow - ing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace, The numbers of thy grace, The num - - - - - bers of thy grace.

Let saints on earth their an - thems join, Who taste their Sa - viour's grace, Let saints in heav'n proclaim his

praise, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Prince of Peace. Crown him, crown him, crown him Prince of Peace.

PIA. FOR. PIA. FOR.



3 Thee in thy glo - - - rious realm they praise, And bow be - fore thy throne. And bow be - fore thy throne, We in the king-

2 The church trium - - - phant in thy love, Their mighty joys we know: Their mighty joys we know: They sing the Lamb

1 Happy the soul to Jesus join'd, And sav'd by grace alone: And sav'd by grace alone: Walking in all

dom of thy grace: The kingdoms are but one. - - - - - The kingdoms are but one.

in hymns a - bove, And we in hymns be - low, - - - - - And we in hymns below.

his ways, they find, Their heav'n on earth be gun, - - - - - Their heav'n on earth begun.

1 Je sus, thou all re - deem - ing Lord, Thy bless - ings we im - plore, O - pen the door to

2 Gath - er the out - casts in, and save, From sin and Sa - tans pow'r; And let them now ac -

preach thy word, The great ef - fec - tual door, The great ef - fec - tual door, The great ef - fec - tual door.

ceptance have, And know their gracious hour, And know their gra - cious hour, And know their gracious hour.

1 High as the heav'ns a - bove the ground, Reigns the Creator, God, Wide as the whole cre - a - tion's bound, Extends his aw - ful rod.

ANDANTE.

3 A thousand wretched souls are fled, Since the last set - ting sun, And yet thou length'nest out my thread, And yet my moments run.

2 '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.

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.

PIA FOR

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

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

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.

4 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear, The trumpets quick'ning sound; And by my Saviour's And by my Saviour's, And by my Saviour's

2 There shall my disem - bo - died soul, View Jesus and a dore; Be with his likeness, Be with his likeness, Be with his likeness.

1 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope, That when my change shall come, Angels will hover, Angels will hover, Angels will hover

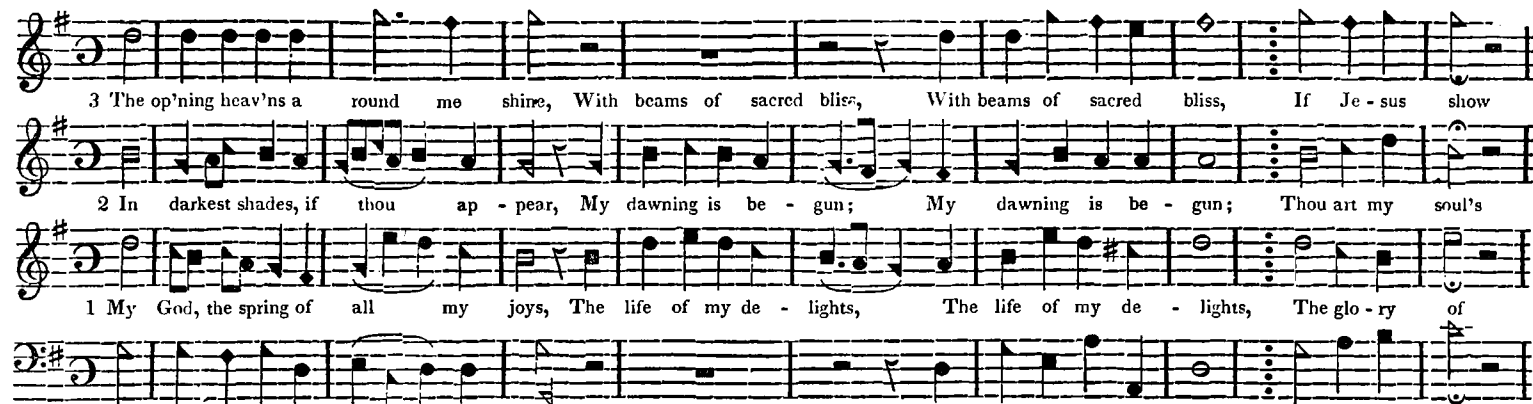
pow'r rebuilt, At his right hand be found, And by my Saviour's pow'r re built, At his - - - right hand be found.

satis fi'd, And grieve and sin no more; Be with his likeness sa - tis - fi'd, And grieve - - - and sin no more.

round my bed, And waft my spir - it home, Angels will hover round my bed, And waft - - - my spirit home.

round my bed, And waft my spir - it home, Angels will hover round my bed, And waft - - - my spirit home.

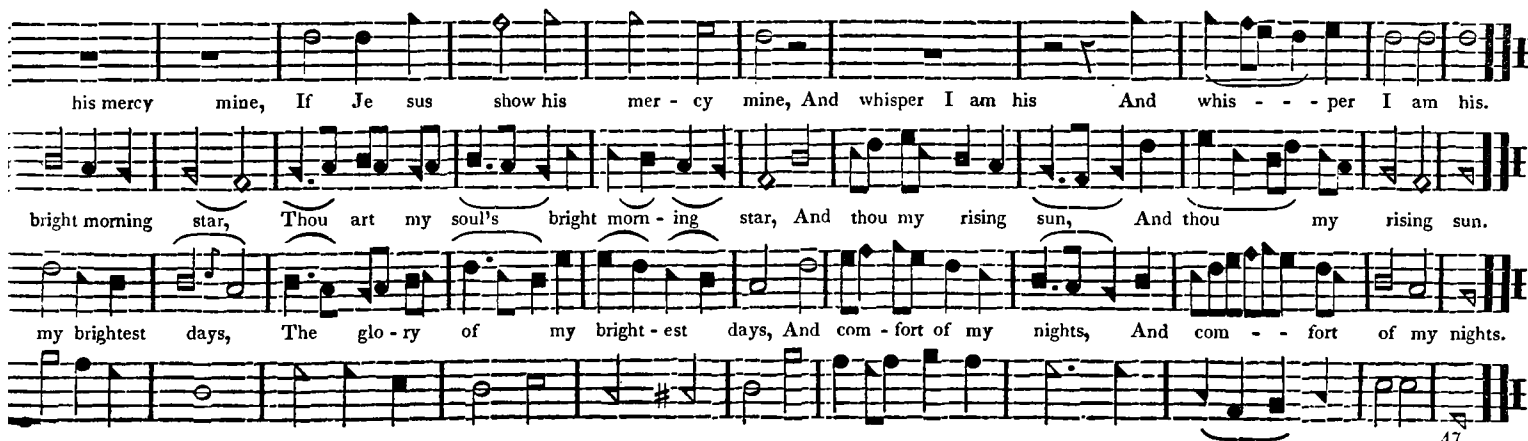
# CYPRESS. C. M. HY. 261, M. E. COLL.



3 The op'ning heav'ns a round me shine, With beams of sacred bliss, With beams of sacred bliss, If Je - sus show

2 In darkest shades, if thou ap - pear, My dawning is be - gun; My dawning is be - gun; Thou art my soul's

1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of



his mercy mine, If Je sus show his mer - cy mine, And whisper I am his And whis - - - per I am his.

bright morning star, Thou art my soul's bright morn - ing star, And thou my rising sun, And thou my rising sun.

my brightest days, The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights, And com - - fort of my nights.

3 O may we ever walk in him, And nothing know beside, And nothing know beside, Nothing desire, no - thing es -

2 Join'd in one spirit to our head, Where he appoints we go, Where he appoints we go, And still in Jesus' foot - steps

1 Blest be the dear u - ni - ting love, That will not let us part, That will not let us part, Our bodies may far off re -

## No. 50. MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

teem, But Jesus crucif'd! But Jesus cruci - fi'd, But Je - sus cruci fi'd.

tread, And show his praise below, And show his praise below, And show his praise below.

move, We still are one in heart, We still are one in heart, We still are one in heart.

3 O for a low - ly contrite heart, Be

2 A heart resign'd, sub - missive, meek, My

1 O for a heart to praise my God, A

# MOUNT PLEASANT. CONCLUDED.

HY. 95, M. P. COM.

lieving true and clean! Which neith - er life nor death can part From him that dwells within, From him that dwells within.

great Redeem - er's throne: Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone: Where Je sus reigns a - lone.

heart from sin set free! A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So freely spilt for me: So free - ly spilt for me.

o. 51.

## EDGWARE. C. M. HYMN 226, M. P. COM.

HOLYOKE.

3 Ye fearful - saints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye so much dread, Are big with mercy, and shall break, In bless - ings on your head.

2 Deep in un - fa - thom - able mines Of never fail - ing skill, He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sov'reign will.

1 God moves in a mys - terious way, His wonders to perform, He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides up on the storm.

3 In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And

2 Look how we grovel here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our souls how heav - ly they go, To

1 Come holy spirit heav'nly dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kindle a flame of sa cred love, In

our devotion dies, And for our de vo - tion dies.

reach e ter - nal joys! To reach e ter - nal joys!

these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.

3 A cloud of wit - nesses a - round, Hold

2 'Tis God's all an - i - ma - ting voice, That

1 A - way my soul, Stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And



SADLER.—CONCLUDED.

thee in full sur - vey For - get the steps al - rea - dy trod, And on - - - ward urge the way  
 calls thee from on high: 'Tis his own hand presents the prize, To thine as - pir - ing eye,  
 press with vig - or on; A heav'nly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.

No. 51.

IRISH. C. M. Hy. 24, M. P. Com.

I. SMITH.

3 O Jesus, could I this believe, I now should feel thy pow'r, Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve, Nor let me wait one hour.  
 2 What did thine on - ly son endure, Before I drew my breath! What pain, what la - bor to se - cure, My soul from endless death.  
 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know; If thou with - draw thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?

**CHEERFUL.**

3 The arms of ev - er - last ing love Be - neath my soul he placed, And on the Rock of ages set

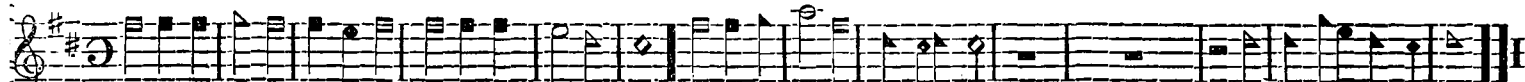
2 He rais'd me from the depths of sin, The gates of gap - ing hell, And fix'd my stand - ing more se -

1 A rise my soul, my joy - ful pow'rs, And tri - umph in my God; A - wake, my voice, and loud pro - claim

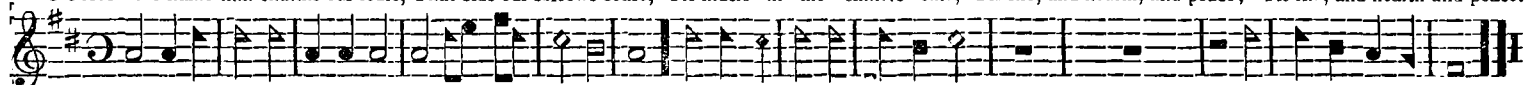
And on the Rock of a ges set My slip - pery foot - steps fast, My slip - pery foot - steps fast.

cure, And fix'd my stand ing more se cure, Than 'twas be - fore I fell, Than 'twas be - fore I fell.

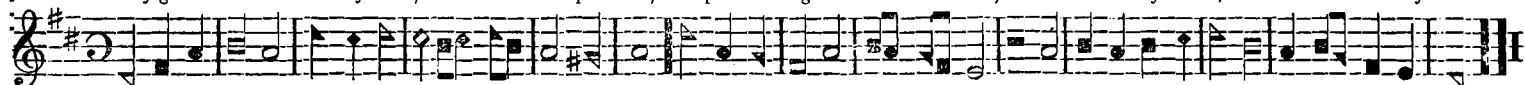
A - wake my voice and loud pro - claim, His glo - rious grace a - broad, His glo - rious grace a broad.



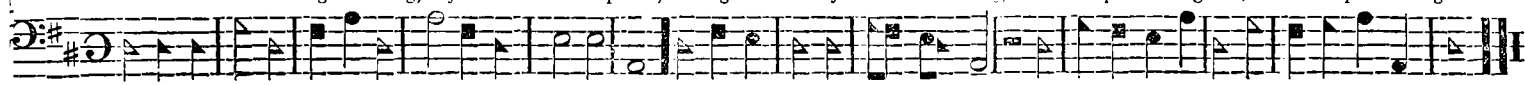
3 Jesus—the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease, 'Tis music in the sinners ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace; 'Tis life, and health and peace.



2 My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name; The honors of thy name.



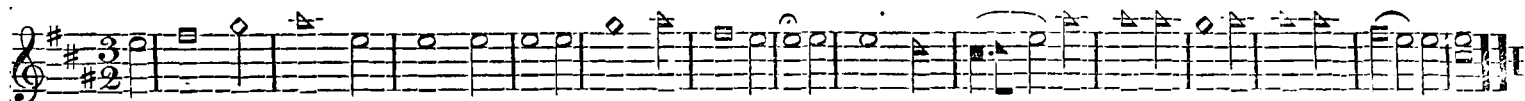
1 O for a thousand tongues to sing, My dear Redeemers praise, The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace; The triumphs of his grace.



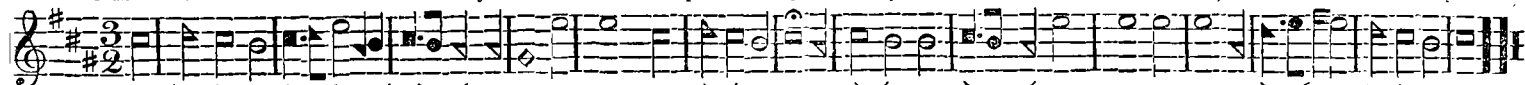
o. 57.

ST. MARTINS. C. M. HY. 265, RIP. SEL.

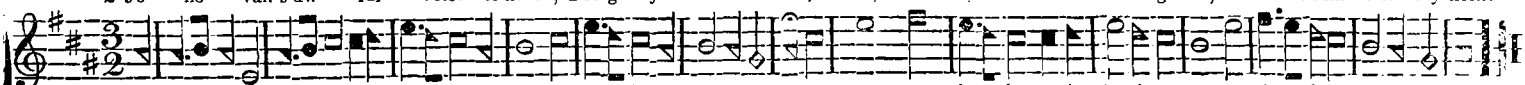
TANSUR.



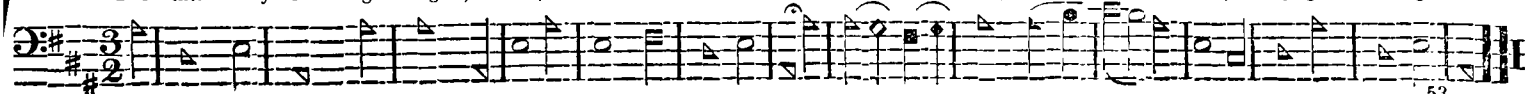
3 Har - mo - nious ac - cents to my soul The sounds of peace convey; The tempest at his word subsides, And wind and seas obey.



2 Je - ho - vah's aw - ful voice is heard, Yet gladly I attend; For lo, the ev - er lasting God, Proclaims him - self my friend.



1 U - nite my ro - v - ing thoughts, u - nite, In si - lence soft and sweet; And thou my soul, sit - gent - ly down, At thy great Sovereign's feet.



MODERATO

2 The glorious crown of righteousness, To me reach'd out I view; To me reach'd out I view; Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my

1 O joyful sound of gospel grace, Christ shall in me appear! Christ shall in me appear. I, even I shall see his face, I shall be holy

## No. 59. SHREWSBURY. C. M. HY. 337, M. P. COM.

PIA. FOR.

due, And wear it as my due, And wear it as my due.

here, I shall be holy here, I shall be holy here.

PIA. FOR.

2 Thus Lord, while we remember thee, We blest and pious grow, We

1 The Lord of Sabbath let us praise, In concert with the blest. In

# SHREWSBURY.—CONCLUDED.

blest and pi - ous grow, By hymns of praise we learn to be, By hymns of praise we learn to be Triumph - ant here below.

con - cert with the blest. Who joy - ful in har - mo - nious lays, Who joyful in har monious lays, Employ an endless rest.

No. 60.

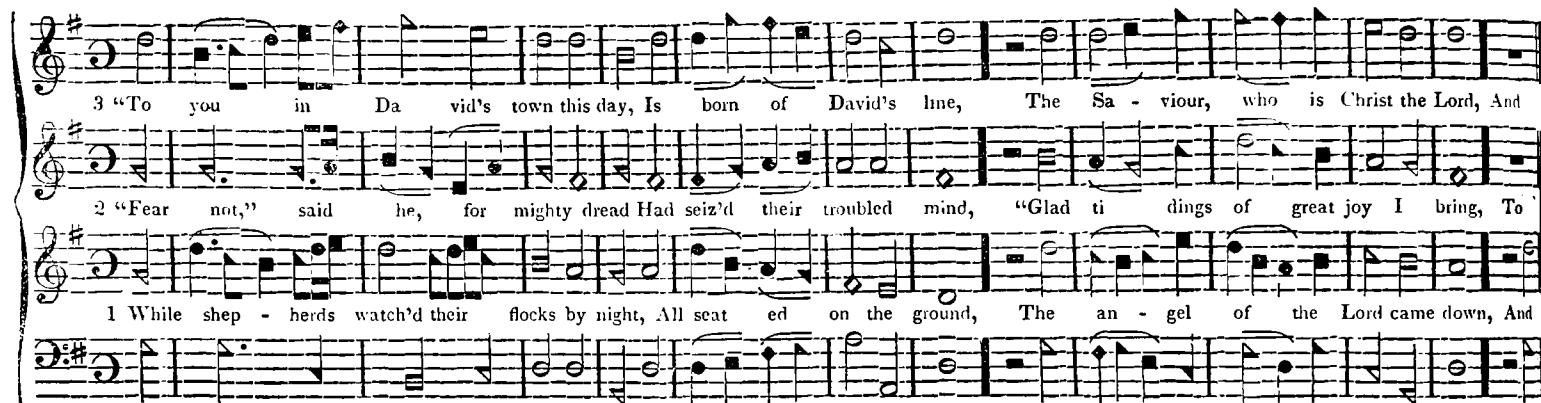
MELODY. C. M. HY. 157, M. P. COM.

LEACH.

3 By him my pray'rs ac - cept - ance gain, Although with sin defil'd; Sa - tan ac - cu ses me in vain, And I am own'd a child.

2 It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And cleans the troubled breast, 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.

1 How sweet the name of Je sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.



3 "To you in Da vid's town this day, Is born of David's line, The Sa - viour, who is Christ the Lord, And

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seiz'd their troubled mind, "Glad ti dings of great joy I bring, To

1 While shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat ed on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And



this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign."

you and all man-kind, To you and all man - kind,

glo - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round.



When all thy mercies O my God, My ris - ing

When all thy mercies, O my God, My

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing

When all. &c.

GENEVA.—CONCLUDED.

HYMN 377, M. E. COL.

soul sur - veys: Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost In wonder, love and praise.

rising soul sur - veys: Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.

soul sur - veys: Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.

soul sur - veys: Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.

No. 63.

CHINA. C. M. HYMN 3, BK. 2D. DR. W.

SWAN.

3 Why should we tremble to con - vey Their bo - dies to the tomb? There once the flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long perfume.

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.

1 Why do we mourn for dying friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

1 Why do we mourn for dying friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

3 When I walk through the shades of death, Thy pre - sence is my stay; One word of thy sup - port - ing

2 He brings my wand'ring spir - it back, When I for - sake his ways, And leads me for his mer - cy's

1 My shepherd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name, In pas - tures fresh he makes me

## No. 65.

## MISSIONARY. C. M.

## T. WALKER.

breath, Drives all my fears a - way.

sake, In paths of truth and grace.

feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

5 He the great Lord, the Sov'reign Judge, That sits enthron'd above. In wisdom rules the

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore, Sound all the earth abroad? And distant nations

1 Shine, mighty God, on Zi - on shine, With beams of heav'nly light; Reveal thy pow'r thar'



# MISSIONARY.—CONCLUDED.

PSALM 67, DR. W.

*PIA* *FOR*

worlds he made, In wisdom rules the worlds he made, In wisdom rules the worlds he made, And bids them taste his love.

know and love, And dis-tant nations know and love, And distant nations know and love, Their Saviour and their God.

all our coasts, Re-veal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts, Re-veal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts, And show thy smil-ing face.

No. 66.

LEMBLA. C. M. HYMN 86, M. P. COM.

B. HOLT.

4 With me I know I feel thou art; But this can-not suf-fice, Un-less thou plant est in my heart A con-stant par-a-dise.

2D TREBLE. TENOR.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness, To me reach'd out I view, Conq'r or thro' him I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.

1 O! joy-ful sound of gospel grace, Christ shall in me ap-pear, I, e-ven I, shall see his face, I shall be ho-ly here.

P.A.

2 A country far from mortal sight, Yet O! by faith I see; The land of rest, the saints de - light, The heav'n prepar'd for me.

1 How happy ev - ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n; This earth he cries is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n.

FOR.

The land of rest, the saints de - light, The heav'n prepar'd for me.

This earth he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n.

3 Hail him, ye heirs of Da - vid's line, Whom Da - vid

2 Crown him ye mar - tyr's of our God, Who from his

1 All hail! the pow'r of Je - sus' name; Let an - gels

# MOUNT CLEMONS. CONCLUDED.

HYMN 472, M. P. COM.

Lord did call; The God in ear - nate! Man Di - vine! The God in - ear - nate! Man Di - vine! And crown him Lord of all.

al - tar call; Ex tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, Extol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.

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

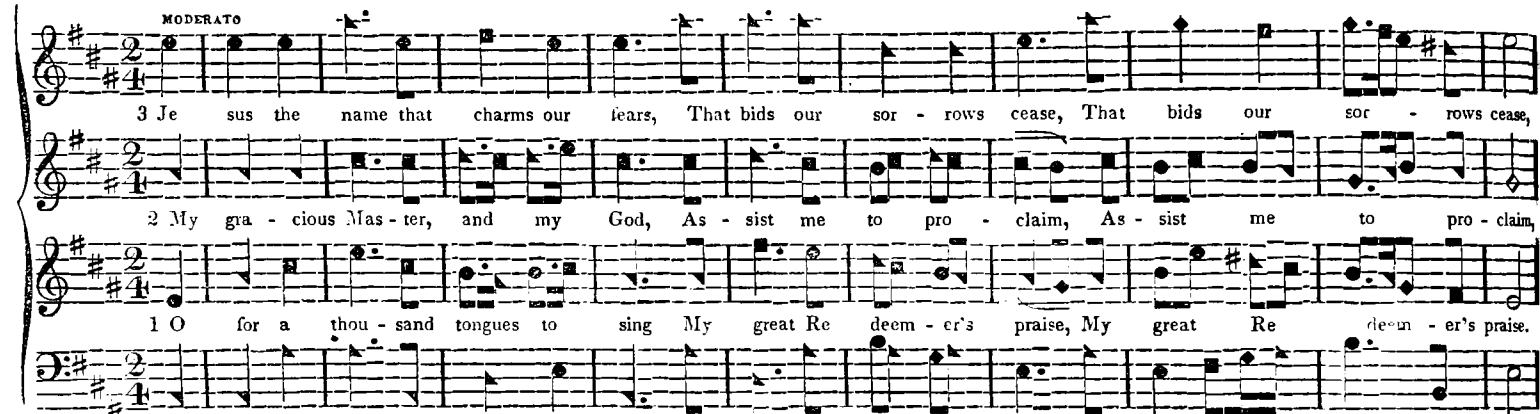
No. 69.

# GREETLAND. C. M. HYMN 147, M. P. COM.

Je - sus I love thy charm - ing name; 'Tis mu - sic to my ear; Fain would I

sound it out so loud That earth and heav'n might hear; That earth and heav'n might hear.

**MODERATO**



3 Je sus the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease, That bids our sor - rows cease,

2 My gra - cious Mas - ter, and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, As - sist me to pro - claim,

1 O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re deem - er's praise, My great Re deem - er's praise.

'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health and peace; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name, The honors of thy name, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name.

The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace, The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

*SPIRITOSO.*

At Ja - cob's well, a stranger sought His drooping frame to cheer, His drooping frame to cheer: Sa - maria's daughter lit - tle

Samaria's daughter little thought,

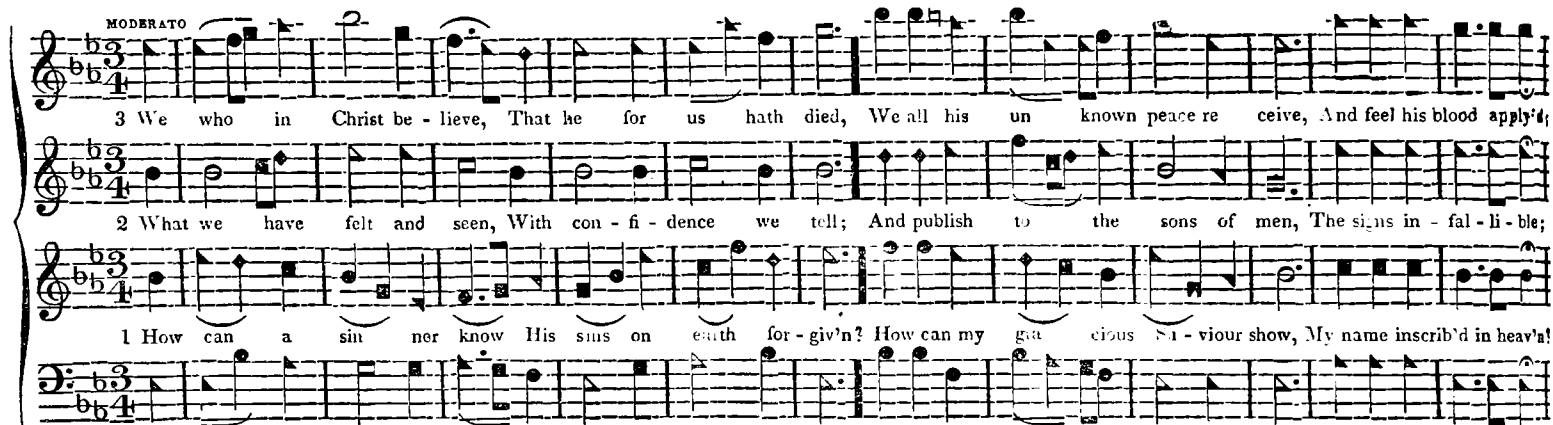
At Ja - cob's well a stranger sought His drooping frame to cheer, His drooping frame to cheer: Sa - maria's daughter little thought

thought, Samaria's daughter little thought, That Ja - cob's God was there.

That Jacob's God was there, Sa - maria's daughter little thought That Ja - cob's God was there.

- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind,  
For richer draughts had sigh'd!  
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
Those richer draughts denied.
- 3 This ancient well, no glass so true,  
Our nature's image shows;  
Here Christ presents himself to view,  
But who the stranger knows?
- 4 Yet sinners must the Saviour know,  
Or soon their loss deplore:  
Come see the living waters flow,  
Come, drink, and thirst no more.

MODERATO



3 We who in Christ be-lieve, That he for us hath died, We all his un-known peace re-ceive, And feel his blood ap-plied;

2 What we have felt and seen, With con-fi-dence we tell; And publish to the sons of men, The signs in-fal-li-ble;

1 How can a sin-ner know His sins on earth for-giv'n? How can my ga-cious Sa-viour show, My name inscrib'd in heav'n!

## No. 73.

## MATTHIAS. S. M.



And feel his blood applied; And feel his blood applied.

The signs in-fal-li-ble; The signs in-fal-li-ble.

My name inscrib'd in heav'n? My name inscrib'd in heav'n?

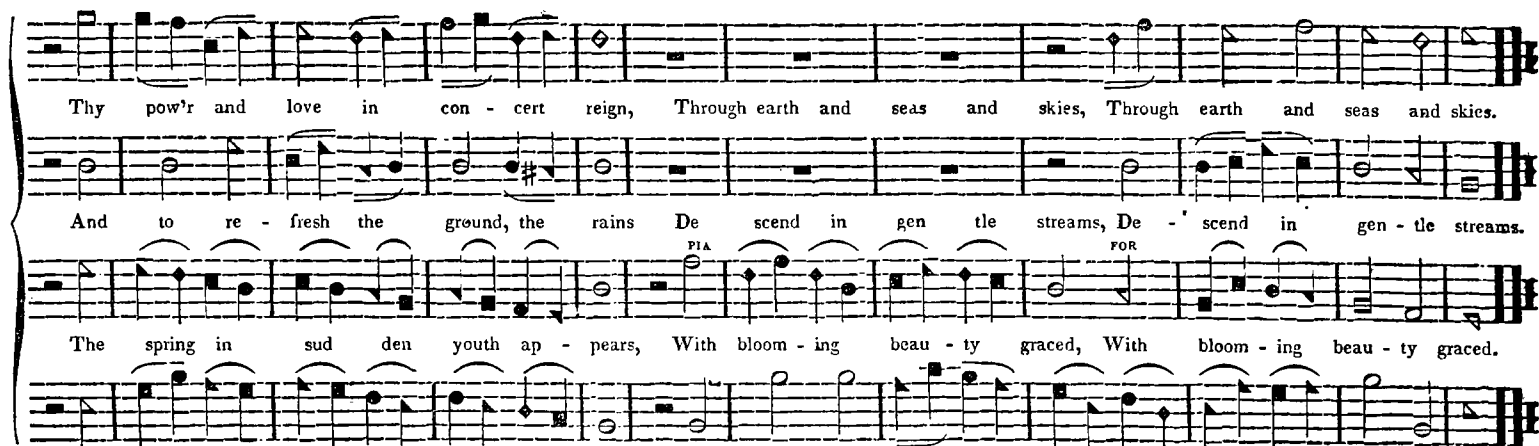
3 Great God, at thy command, Sta sons in order rise;

2 How bal-my is the air, How warm the solar beams!

1 From win-ter's bar-ren clods, From win-ter's joyless waste,

# MATTHIAS. CONCLUDED.

HYMN 499, R.I.P. SEL.



Thy pow'r and love in con - cert reign, Through earth and seas and skies, Through earth and seas and skies.


And to re - fresh the ground, the rains De - scend in gen - tle streams, De - scend in gen - tle streams.

The spring in sud - den youth ap - pears, With bloom - ing beau - ty graced, With bloom - ing beau - ty graced.

No. 74.

SPILSBY. S. M. HY. 470, M. P, COM.

DR. MILLER.



2 O may I tri - umph so, When all my war - fare's past, And dying find my lat - est foe Un - der my feet at last.

1 "I the good fight have fought," O when shall I de - clare? The vict'ry by my Sa - viour got, I long with Paul to share.

3 The food our spirits want, Thy hand a lone can give; Oh! hear the pray'r of faith, and grant, That we may eat and live.

2 Thy word invites us nigh, Or we must starve in - deed; For we no money have to buy, No right - teous - ness to plead.

1 Hun gry and faint, and poor, Behold us Lord a gain, As - sem - ble at thy Mercy's door, Thy boun - - ty to obtain.

2 Call'd from above, I rise, And wash away my sin; The stream to which my spirit flies, :||: Can make the foulest clean, Can make the foulest clean.

1 My Saviour's pierced side Pour'd out a double flood; By water we are purifi'd, By water we are purifi'd, And pardon'd by his blood, And pardon'd by his blood.



**SPRITOSO**

Grace 'tis a charming sound, &c. Heav'n with the echo shall re - sound, Heav'n, &c.  
Heav'n with the echo, &c. the e - cho

1 Grace 'tis a charming sound, Harmo - nious to the ear, Heav'n with the echo shall re - sound, Heav'n with the echo shall re -  
Heav'n with the echo, &c. the e - cho

And all the earth shall hear; And all, &c. And all, &c.  
sound, And all the earth shall hear; And all the earth shall hear; And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heav'nly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

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

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

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

**BOLD**

3 The smi - lings of thy grace, How ania - ble they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace, And no where else but there.

2 Thy shi - ning grace can cheer, This dungeon where I dwell: 'Tis par - a - dise when thou art here, If thou de - part 'tis hell.

1 My God, my life, my love To thee, to thee I call; I can not live if thou re - - move, For thou art all in all.

o. 80.

## ST. THOMAS. S. M. HY. 159, M. E. COLL.

A. WILLIAMS.

3 Arm me with jealous care, As in thy sight to live; And O, thy servant, Lord pre-pare, A strict account to give.

2 To serve the present age, My calling to fulfil: O may it all my powers engage, To do my master's will.

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify, A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

o. 81.

## SHIRLAND. S. M. HY. 109, M. E. COLL.

STANLEY.

3 The smile of thy face, How amiable they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace, And no where else but there.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer, This dungeon where we dwell; 'Tis paradise when thou art here, If thou depart 'tis hell.

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.

3 My soul would rise and sing, 'To her Crea - tor too; Fain would my tongue a - dore my king, And pay the wor - ship due.

2 Na - ture in ev - 'ry dress, Her humble homage pays, And finds a thou - sand ways t' express Thine un - - dissembling praise.

1 Al - migh - ty Maker, God, How wond'rous is thy name, Thy glo - ries how dif - fus'd a - broad, 'Through - out cre a - tion's frame.

3 God my Redeem - er lives, And ev - er from the skies, Looks down and watches all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.

2 Cor - ruption earth and worms Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri - umphant spir - it comes, To put it on afresh.

And must this bo - dy die, This well wrought frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine, Lie mould'ring in the clay.

4 Come, and possess me whole, Nor hence a - gain re move: Set - tle and fix my way 'ring soul, With all thy weight of love.

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more: I sink, by dying love compell'd, And own thee conqueror.

1 And can I yet de - lay, My lit - tle all to give! To tear my soul from earth away, For Je - - - - - sus to receive?

5 O my of - fended Lord, Restore my inward peace, I know thou canst; pronounce the word, I know thou canst; pronounce the word, And bid the tempest cease.

2 Je - sus, thine aid afford, If still the same thou art, To thee I look, to thee my Lord! To thee I look, to thee my Lord! Lift up, a helpless heart.

1 And wilt thou yet be found, And may I still draw near? Then listen to the plaintive sound, Then listen to the plaintive sound, Of a poor sinner's pray'r.

3 How happy are our ears, That hear the joyful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found, Which kings and prophets

2 How charming is their voice, So sweet the tidings are, Zion, behold our Saviour king, He reigns and triumphs here, Zi-on be hold thy

1 How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, Who bring sal-va-tion

## No. 87. MIDDLETON. S. M. HY. 288, M. P. Com

wait ed for, And sought, but nev er found.

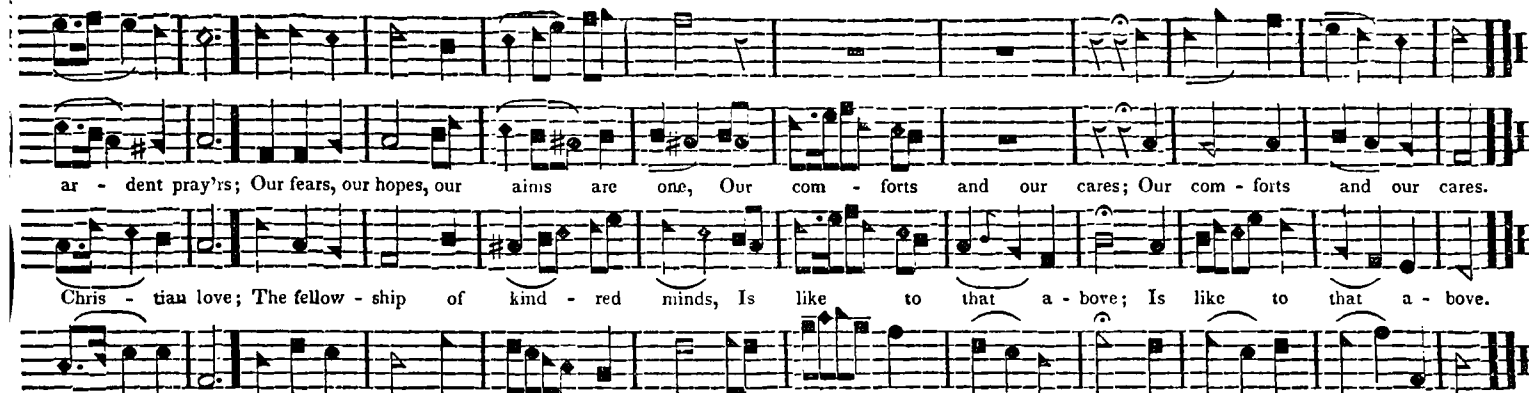
Sa - viour king, He reigns and tri - umphs here.

on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

2 Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We prove our

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in

# MIDDLETON. CONCLUDED.



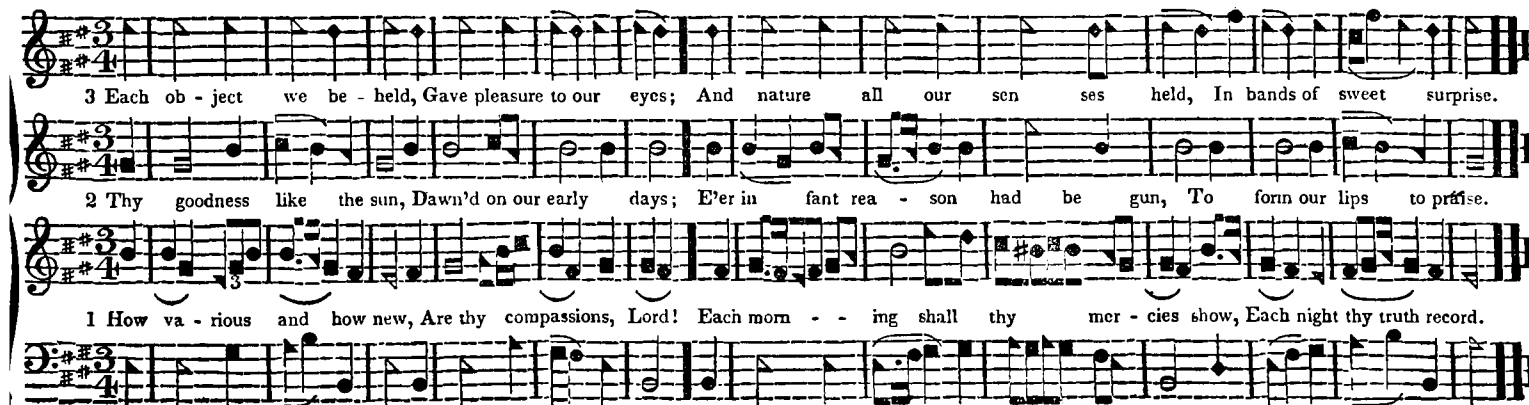
ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares; Our com - forts and our cares.

Chris - tian love; The fellow - ship of kind - red minds, Is like to that a - bove; Is like to that a - bove.

No. 88.

ST. BERNARDS. S. M. HY. 547, RIP. SEL.

BEAUMONT.



3 Each ob - ject we be - held, Gave pleasure to our eyes; And nature all our sen ses held, In bands of sweet surprise.

2 Thy goodness like the sun, Dawn'd on our early days; E'er in fant rea - son had be gun, To form our lips to praise.

1 How va - rious and how new, Are thy compassions, Lord! Each morn - - ing shall thy mer - cies show, Each night thy truth record.

4 For each as - sault prepar'd, And ready may I be, For - ev - er stand - ing on my guard, And looking up to thee, And looking up to thee.

3 Give me on thee to call, Always to watch and pray, Lest I in - to temp - ta - tion fall, And cast my shield away, And cast my shield away.

1 Gracious Redeemer, shake This slumber from my soul! Say to me now, "awake, awake, And Christ shall make thee whole," And Christ shall make thee whole.

3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear: And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thizing tear.

2 Be - fore our father's throne, We pour our ardent prayers, Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our care.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love! The fel - low - ship of christian minds Is like to that a - bove.



3 Serene I laid me down, Beneath his guardian care; I slept and I awoke, and found, My kind preserver near.

2 Thus would my rising soul Its heav'nly parent sing, And to its great o - ri - gin - al The hum - ble tribute bring.

1 See how the mounting sun, Pur - sues his shining way; And wide proclaims his Ma - ker's praise, With ev' - ry bright'ning ray.

3 He brings sal - vation near, For which his blood was paid! How beauteous shall your souls ap - - pear, Thus sumptuously array'd.

2 That meek and lowly Lord, Whom here your souls have known, P'edges the hon - our of his word, T'avow you for his own.

1 Ye humble souls, re - joice, And cheer - ful prais - es sing! Wake all your harmo - ny of voice; For Je - sus is your king.

I'll praise my ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers, My days of praise shall ne'er be

I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers. My days of praise shall ne'er be

past, While life, and thought, While life, and thought, and being last, and being last, Or immor - tali - ty endures.

past, While life, and thought, While life and thought, and being last, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortal - i - ty endures.

While While Or

5 The gospel trump - et hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And saved from earth ap - pear, Before your Saviour's face. The

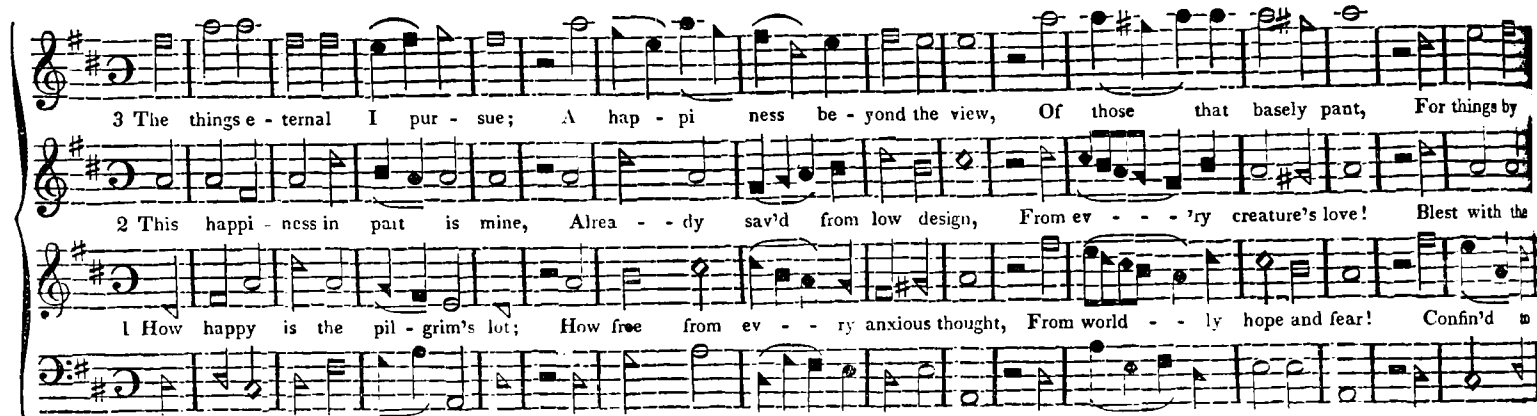
2 Jesus, our great High Priest Hath full a tone - ment made: Ye weary spir - its rest, Ye mourn'ful souls be glad. The

1 Blow ye the trump - et, blow, The glad - ly sol - emn sound; Let all the na - tions know, To earth's remo - test bound. The

year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home, Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sinners, home.

year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

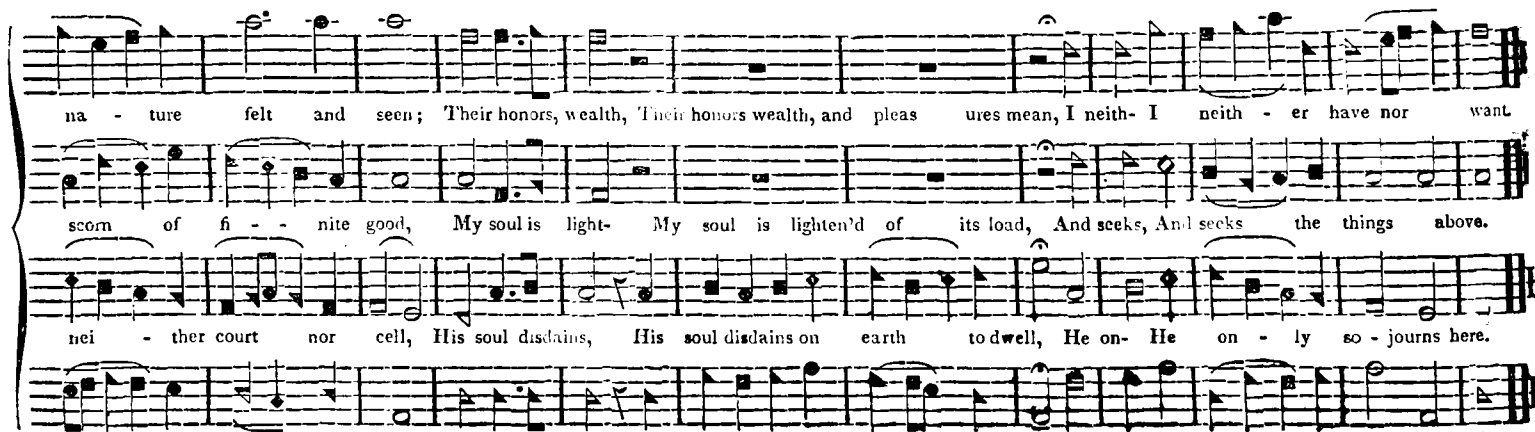
year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.



3 The things e - ternal I pur - sue; A hap - pi - ness be - yond the view, Of those that basely pant, For things by

2 This happi - ness in part is mine, Alrea - - dy sav'd from low design, From ev - - 'ry creature's love! Blest with the

1 How happy is the pil - grim's lot; How free from ev - - ry anxious thought, From world - - ly hope and fear! Confin'd in



na - ture felt and seen; Their honors, wealth, Their honors wealth, and pleas ures mean, I neith - I neith - er have nor want

scorn of fi - - nite good, My soul is light- My soul is lighten'd of its load, And seeks, And seeks the things above.

nei - ther court nor cell, His soul disdains, His soul disdains on earth to dwell, He on - He on - ly so - journs here.

AD LIBITUM.

2 His ado - ra - ble will let us glad - ly ful - - fil, And our tal - ents im - prove, And our talents im -

1 Come let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the

prove, By the patience of hope and By the patience of hope, And the la - - bor of love.

year, And nev - er stand still till And ne - ver stand still till the Mas - - - ter ap - pear.

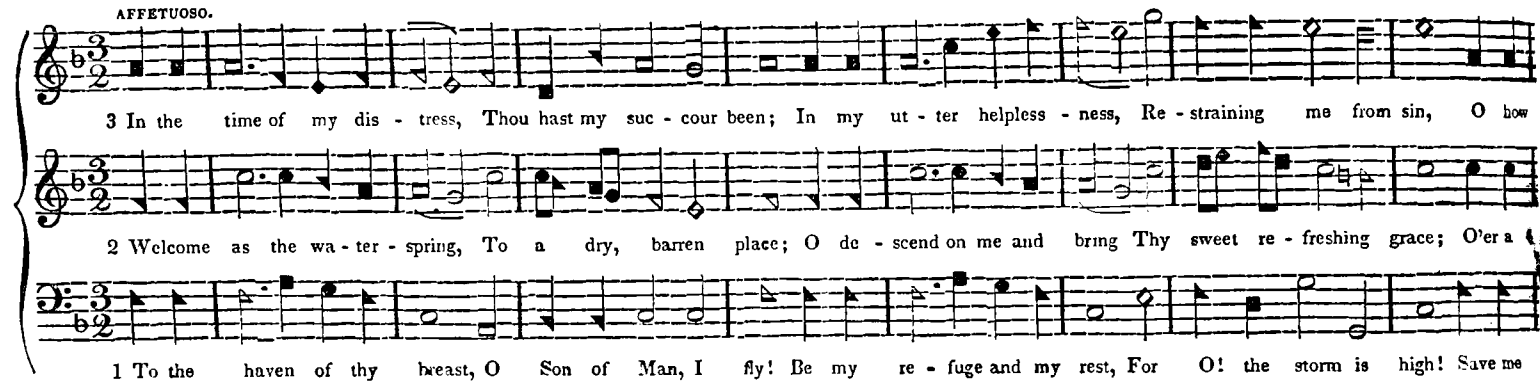
3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone!  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day of His coming may say,  
"I have fought my way through,  
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"

6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,  
"Well and faithfully done!"  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.\*


AFFETUOSO.



3 In the time of my dis - tress, Thou hast my suc - cour been; In my ut - ter helpless - ness, Re - straining me from sin, O how

2 Welcome as the wa - ter - spring, To a dry, barren place; O de - scend on me and bring Thy sweet re - freshing grace; O'er a

1 To the haven of thy breast, O Son of Man, I fly! Be my re - fuge and my rest, For O! the storm is high! Save me



swiftly didst thou move, To save me in the trying hour! Still protect me with thy love, Still protect me with thy love, And shield me with thy pow'r.

parch'd and weary land, As a great rock ex - tends its shade, Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand, Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand, And screen my naked head.

from the furious blast; A covert from the tempest be! Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast, Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast, The storm of sin I see.

AD 18:0

hands exulting In thine almighty favour, The love divine which made us thine Can keep us thine forever.

2 Re-joice-ing now in ear-nest hope, I our hearts and voices With blest anticipation, And cry aloud and give to God, The praise of our salvation.

1 O glorious hope of perfect love,

3 A land of corn, and wine, an'

## SINCERITY. 7, 7, 7, 7. HY. 23, M. P. COM.

G. WALL.

milk and honey rise, And all his grace, Long provok'd him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls, Griev'd him by Griev'd him, by a thousand falls.

ravish'd soul a taste, And can there be, Mercy still reserv'd for me? Can my God his wrath forbear, Me the chief, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare!

Lord our righteousness, his relents are, Me he now delights to spare; "Cries how shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift- Lets the lift-ed thun-der drop.

F

*AFFETUOSO.* *PIA*

3 In the time of my dis - tress, Thou hast my suc - cour been; In my ut - te - dor'd, Who un - dertook for sin - ful man, And

2 Welcome as the wa - ter - spring, To a dry, barren place; O de - scend on me ands, And Je - sus, by re - deem - ing blood, Is

1 To the haven of thy breast, O Son of Man, I fly! Be my re - fuge and my res

PH. 7,7,8,7,7,8,7.

*PIA*

swiftly didst thou move, To save me in the trying hour! Still protect me with thy love, Still protect me with thy the fire, Thy love we praise, which

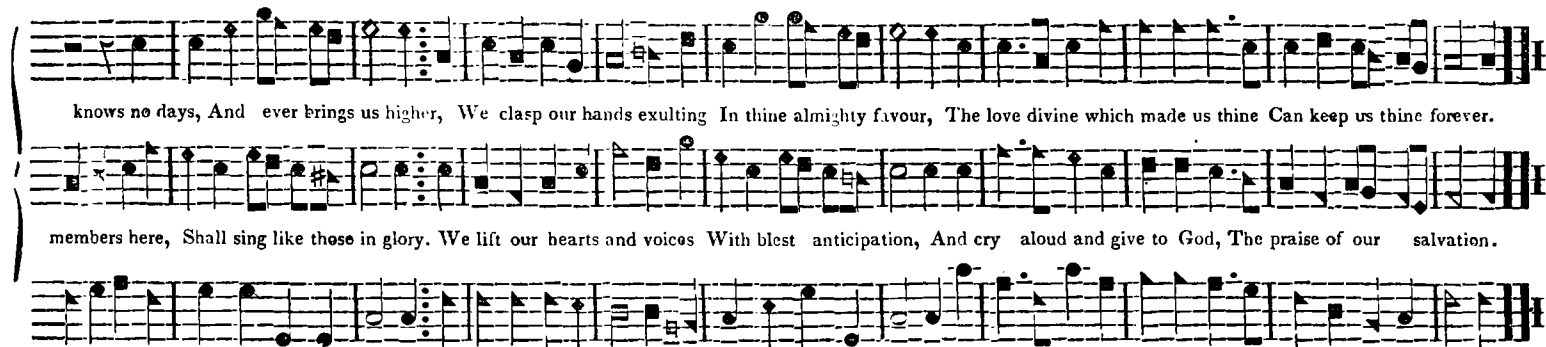
parch'd and weary land, As a great rock ex - tends its shade, Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand, Hide me, Saviour, with thy ha e thee: Till thou appear, thy

from the fusious blast; A covert from the tempest be! Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast, Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast, The st



# TRIUMPH, CONCLUDED.

HY. 275, M. E. COL.



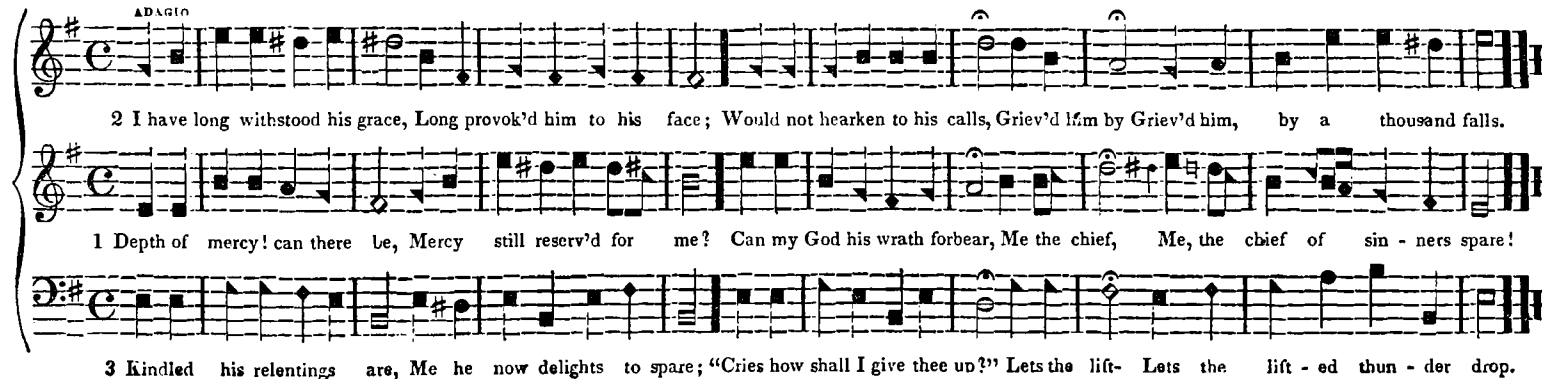
knows no days, And ever brings us higher, We clasp our hands exulting In thine almighty favour, The love divine which made us thine Can keep us thine forever.

members here, Shall sing like those in glory. We lift our hearts and voices With blest anticipation, And cry aloud and give to God, The praise of our salvation.

No. 101.

## SINCERITY. 7, 7, 7, 7. HY. 23, M. P. COM.

G. WALL.



2 I have long withstood his grace, Long provok'd him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls, Griev'd him by Griev'd him, by a thousand falls.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be, Mercy still reserv'd for me? Can my God his wrath forbear, Me the chief, Me, the chief of sin - ners spare!

3 Kindled his relentings are, Me he now delights to spare; "Cries how shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift- Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.

3 God only knows the love of God; O that it now were shed a - broad, In this poor stony heart! For love I

2 Strong - er his love than death or hell, Its riches are un - search - a - ble: The first born sons of light Desire in

1 O Love di vine how sweet thou art, When shall I find my wil - ling heart, All ta - - ken up by thee. I thirst I

sigh, for love I pine; This only portion, Lord be mine! Be mine this bet - - ter part! Be mine this better part.

vain its depths to see; They cannot reach the myste - ry, The length and breadth and height, The length, and breadth, and height.

faint, I die to prove, The greatness of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.

2 His hap - pi ness in part is mine, Al - rea - dy sav'd from low de - sign, From ev - 'ry creature, love! Blest

1 How happy is the pil - grim's lot, How free from anx - ious care and thought, From worldly hope and fear; Con-

with the scorn of fi - - nite good, My soul is lighten'd of its load, And seeks the things a - bove.

fin'd to (neith - er) court nor cell, His soul dis - dains on earth to dwell, He on - ly sojourns here.

7 Then let us gladly bring Our sa - cri - fice of praise: Let us give thanks and sing, And glo - ry in his grace: Rejoice in

6 The word of God is sure, And never can remove; We shall in hearts be pure, And per - fect - ed in love: Rejoice in

1 Ye ransom'd sinners, hear, The pris'ners of the Lord; And wait till Christ ap - pear, Ac - cord - ing to his word: Rejoice in

hope, re - joice with me, We shall from all our sins be free, Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me, We shall from all our sins be free.

hope, re - joice with me, We shall from all our sins be free, Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me, We shall from all our sins be free.

hope, re - joice with me, We shall from all our sins be free, Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me, We shall from all our sins be free.

*MODERATO*

3 O love, how cheer-ing is thy ray! All pain be-fore thy presence flies; Care, anguish, sor-row melt a-way, Where  
2 O grant that no-thing in my soul! May dwell but thy pure love a lone! O may thy love pos-sess me whole, My  
1 Je-sus, thy boundless love to me, No thought can reach, no tongue de-clare; O knit my thankful heart to thee, And

er thy heal-ing beams a-rise. O Jesus, nothing may I see, Nothing de-sire or seek but thee.  
joy, my treas-ure, and my crown! Strange flames far from my heart re-move, My ev'ry act, word, thought be love.  
reign without a ri-val there! Thine, wholly thine, a-lone I am; Be thou a-lone my constant flame.

*SP. RITO*

3 Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all a - ton - ing Lamb; Re - demption in his blood, Re - demption

2 Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a - tonement made; Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest, Ye wea - ry

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, Let all the

in his blood, Throughout the world proclaim, Throughout the world pro - claim; The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re -

spir - its, rest, Ye mournful souls, be glad, Ye mournful souls, be glad, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re -

na - tions know, To earth's re - mo - test bound, To earth's re - moteſt bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re -

*FOR*

# TRUMPET. CONCLUDED.

turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home. The year of ju bi - - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

turn, PIA. FOR.

turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home. The year of ju bi - - lee is come, Re turn, ye ran - som'd sinners, home.

No. 109.

SPRING. 8, 8, 8, 8.

T. CLARK

**GRAZIOSO**

2 Shall ev - e - ry creature around, Their voices in con - cert unite, And I, the most favour'd, be found, In praising to take less de - light?

1 The winter is over and gone; The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and whistles away.

3 Awake, then, my harp and my lute!  
Sweet organs your notes softly swell!  
No longer your lips shall be mute,  
The Saviour's high praises to tell

4 His love in my heart shed abroad,  
My graces shall bloom as the spring;  
This temple, his spirit's abode,  
My joy, as my duty to sing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find, Raise the fall'n, cheer the • ant, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly

2 Other refuge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee; Leave, O leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me, All my trust on

1 Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high, Hide me, O my

is thy name; I am all unrighteousness; False and full of sin I am, Thou art full— Thou art full— Thou art full of truth and grace.

thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring, Cover my de - fenceless head, With the shad- With the shad- With the shad - ow of thy wing.

Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is past, Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive— O re - ceive— O re - ceive my soul at last.



PIA. FOR.

3 Nothing in my hands I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling; Simply to thy cross I cling; Naked come to thee for dress;

2 Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fil the law's de - mands, Can ful - fil the laws demands, Could my zeal no res-pite know,

1 Rock of (a ges shel - ter me, Let me hide my - self in thee, Let me hide myself in thee, Let the wa - ter and the blood,

PIA FOR

Helpless, look to thee for grace, Black, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die! Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

TREBLE TENOR.

Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin - would not a - tone, Thou must save and thou a lone, Thou must save, and thou a lone.

From thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

ORG. VOC.

AD LIBITUM

O Lord how great's the favour, That we such sinners poor, Can thro' thy death's sweet savor, Approach thy mercy's door, And find an open passage Un-

O Lord how great's the favour, That we such sinners poor, Can thro' thy death's sweet savor, Approach thy mercy's door, And find an open passage, Un-

to the throne of grace, There wait the welcome message, That bids us go in peace.

That bids us go in peace.

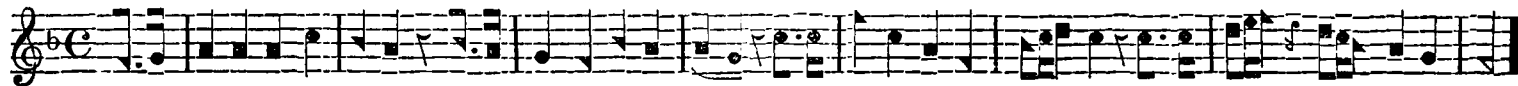
PIA. FOR.

to the throne of grace, There wait the welcome message, That bids us go in peace. There wait the welcome message, That bids us go in peace.

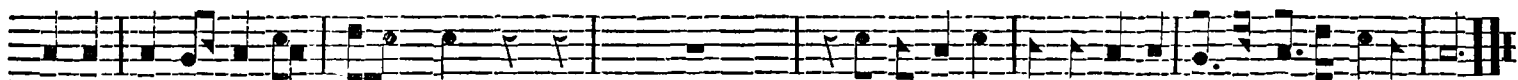
ANDANTE.



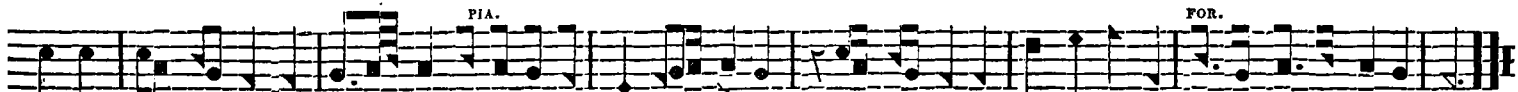
2 Struggle thro' thy greatest passion, To thy great Redeemer's breast, To his uttermost sal - va - tion, To his ev - er last - ing rest.



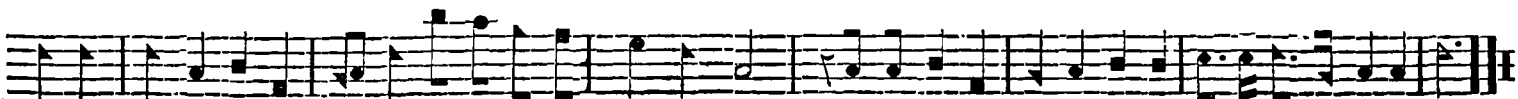
1 Happy soul, thy days are ended, All thy mourning days be - low: Go, by angel guards at - tend - ed, To the sight of Jesus go.



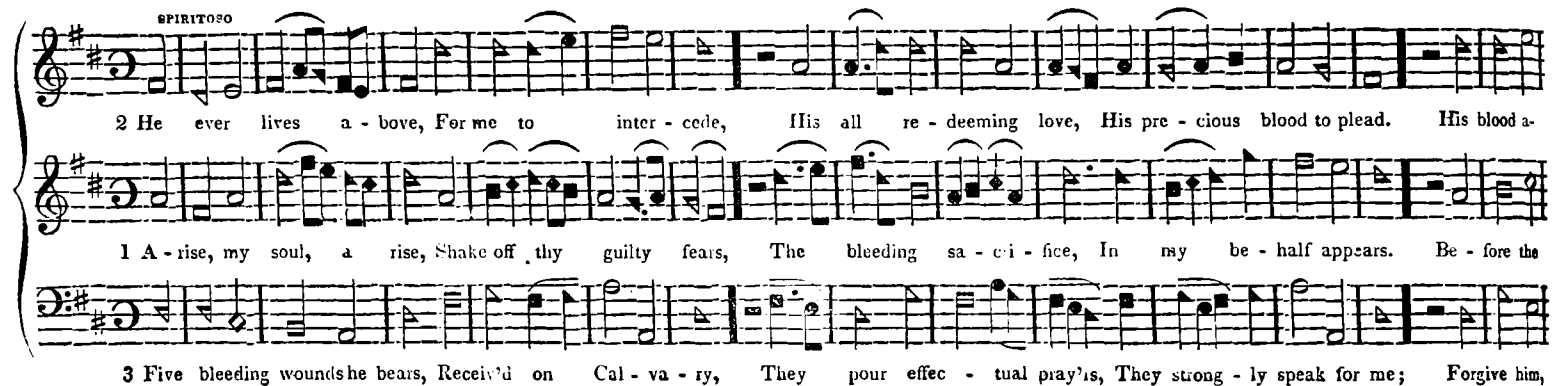
For the joy he sets be - fore thee, Bear a mo - men - tary pain, Die to live a life of glory, Suffer with thy Lord to reign.



Waiting to re - ceive thy spir - - it, Lo! the Saviour stands a - bove; Shows the purchase of his merit, Reaches out the crown of love.



**SPRITOSO**



2 He ever lives a - bove, For me to inter - cede, His all re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead. His blood a -

1 A - rise, my soul, a rise, Shake off thy guilty fears, The bleeding sa - cri - fice, In my be - half appears. Be - fore the

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears, Receiv'd on Cal - va - ry, They pour effec - tual pray'rs, They strong - ly speak for me; Forgive him,

**CODA.**



ton'd for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.

throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands, My name is writ ten, on his hands. Halle - lujah, Amen, Halle -

O for - give, they cry, Nor let the ran - som'd sinner die! Nor let the ran - som'd sinner die.

SPIRITOSO.

3 Go meet him in the sky, Your ev - er - lasting friend; Your head to glo - ri - fy, With all his saints at - tend: Ye pure in

2 He comes, he comes to call, The na - tions to his bar, And raise to glo ry all, Who fit for glo - ry are; Make ready

1 Ye vir - gin souls a rise, With all the dead a - wake; Un - to sal - va - tion wise, Oil in your vessels take: Up starting

heart, ob - tain the grace, Ye pure in heart, ob tain the grace, To see, To see with - out a veil his face.

for your full re - ward, Make rea - dy for your full re - ward, Go forth, Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

at the mid - night cry, Up - start - ing at the mid - night cry, De - hold, De - hold the heav'nly bridegroom nigh.

ALLEGRO.

2 Breathe, O breathe the loving spirit, In - to ev'ry troubled breast! Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find that second rest

1 Love divine all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down, Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faith - ful mercies crown

FIA.

FOR.

Take away our bait of sinn'g, Alpha and O - me - ga be, End of faith as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at liber - ty.

Je - sus, thou art all compas - sion, Pure unbounded love thou art, Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, Enter ev - 'ry trembling heart.

3 It is fin - ish'd! O what pleasure, Do these pre - cious words af - ford! Heav'nly pleas - ures without number Flow to

2 Tune your harps a - new, ye ser - aphs, Join to sing the pleas - ing theme, All on earth and all in heaven, Join to

I Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry, See it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the

us from Christ the Lord: "It is fin - ish'd," "It is fin ish'd," Saints the dy - ing words re - cord.

praise Im man - uel's name, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb.

earth and veils the sky, "It is fin - ish'd," "It is fin - ish'd," Hear the dy - ing Sa - viour cry.

2 Madness and mis - e - ry Ye count our lives be - neath, And nothing great can see, Or glo - rious in our death! As  
MODERATO.

1 Ye simple souls that stray, Far from the paths of peace, That un - fre - quent - ed road, To life and hap - pi - ness, How

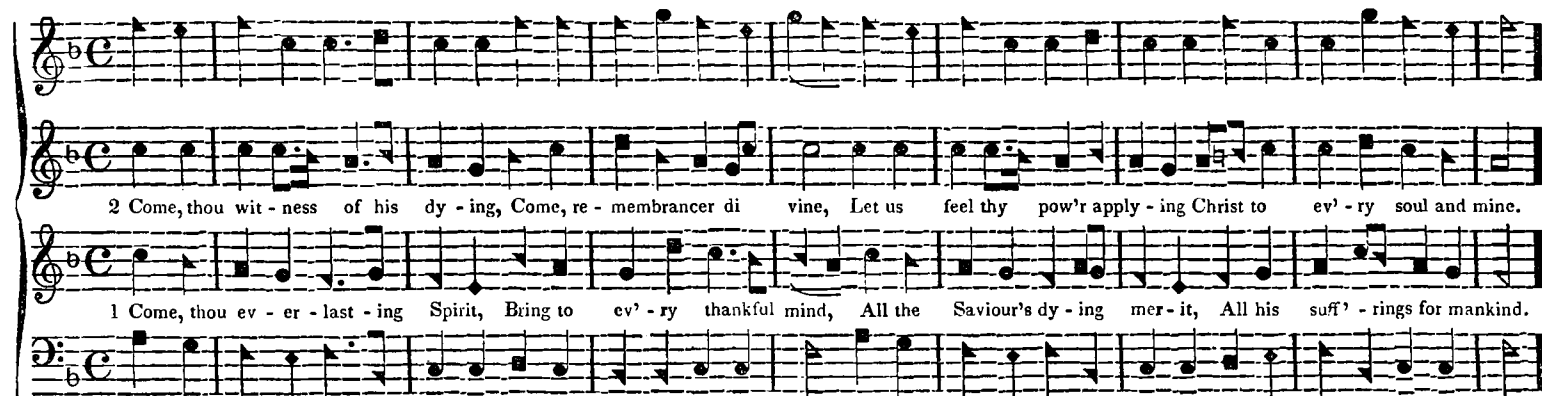
3 Poor pensive so - journers, O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes, Perplex'd with need - less fears, And pleas - ures mor - tal foes. More

born to suf - fer and to grieve, Beneath your feet we lie; And ut - ter - ly con - temn'd we live, And un - la - mented die.

long will ye your fol - ly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wis - dom from a bove, And mock the sons of God!

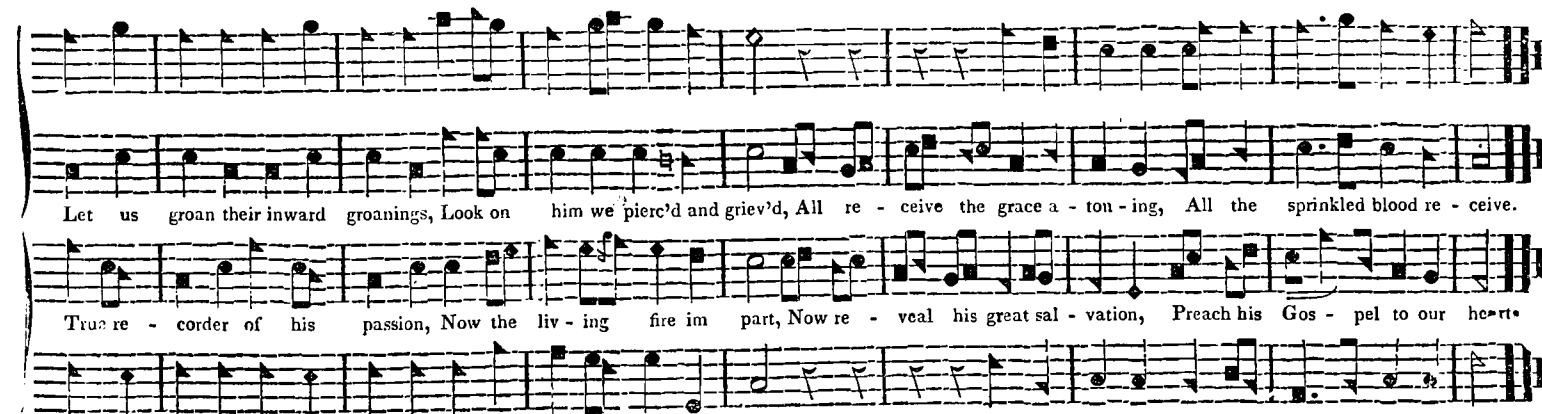
ink some than a gap - ing tomb, Our sight ye can - not bear, Wrapt in the mal - an - cho - ly gloom Of fan - ci - ful des - pair.





2 Come, thou wit - ness of his dy - ing, Come, re - membrance di vine, Let us feel thy pow'r apply - ing Christ to ev' - ry soul and mine.

1 Come, thou ev - er - last - ing Spirit, Bring to ev' - ry thankful mind, All the Saviour's dy - ing mer - it, All his suff' - rings for mankind.



Let us groan their inward groanings, Look on him we pierc'd and griev'd, All re - ceive the grace a - ton - ing, All the sprinkled blood re - ceive.

True re - corder of his passion, Now the liv - ing fire im part, Now re - veal his great sal - vation, Preach his Gos - pel to our heart.

MAESTOSO

Now we'd all with grateful spirits, Join to bless the Prince of Peace, Praise him for imparted favors, Praise him for imparted favors, Praise him for im-

parted favors, Praise him for displays of grace; Love - ly tem - ple, Love - ly tem - ple, Lovely temple When the Saviour's in the place.

Lovely tem - ple, &c.

2 O may I still from sin de - part; A wise and un - der - standing heart, Je - sus to me be given! And

1 Be it my on - ly wis - dom here, To serve the Lord with fil - ial fear, With lov - ing grat - i - tude, Su -

FOR.

let me through thy spir - it know, To glo - ri - fy my God be - low, And find my way to heav'n.

pe - rior sense may I dis - play, By shun - ning ev - ry e - vil way, And walk - ing in the good.

**MODERATO**

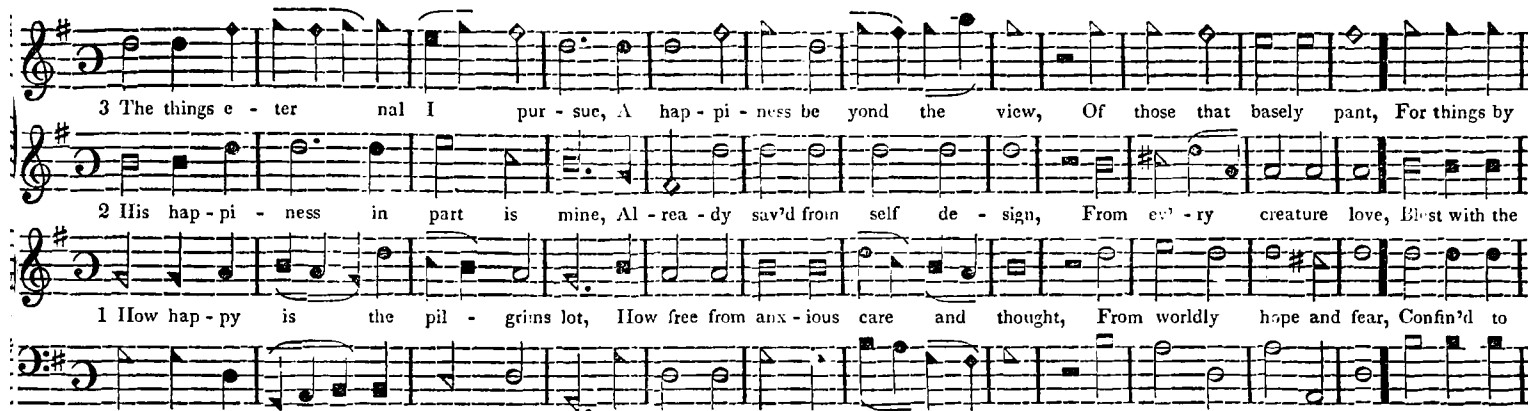
2 Strangers and pilgrim: here below, This earth we know is not our place, But has - tea through the vale of wo, And rest - less to be -

1 Leader of faithful souls, and Guide, Of all that tra - vel to the sky, Come and with us, e'en us a - bide, Who would on thee a -

**PIA** **FOR**

hold thy face, Swift to our heav'nly coun - try move, Our ever - last - ing home above, Our ev - er - last - ing home a - bove.

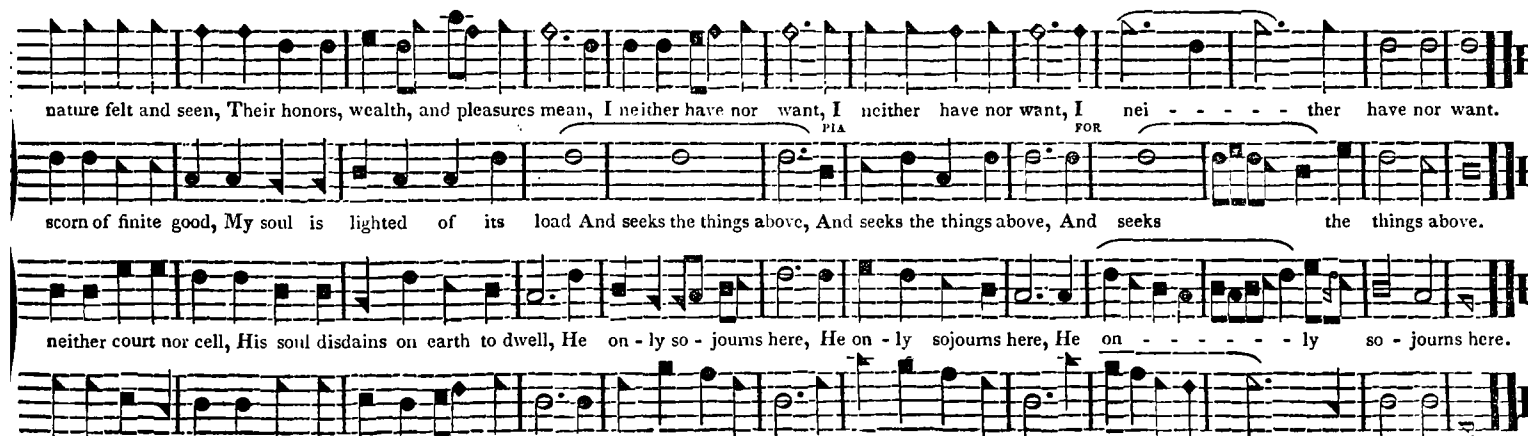
lone re - ly; On thee a - lone our spir - its stay, While held in life's un - e - ven way While held in life's un - e - ven way.



3 The things e - ter nal I pur - sue, A hap - pi - ness be yond the view, Of those that basely pant, For things by

2 His hap - pi - ness in part is mine, Al - rea - dy sav'd from self de - sign, From ev - ry creature love, Blest with the

1 How hap - py is the pil - grims lot, How free from anx - ious care and thought, From worldly hope and fear, Confin'd to



nature felt and seen, Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean, I neither have nor want, I neither have nor want, I nei - - - - ther have nor want.

scorn of finite good, My soul is lighted of its load And seeks the things above, And seeks the things above, And seeks the things above.

neither court nor cell, His soul disdains on earth to dwell, He on - ly so - jouns here, He on - ly sojourns here, He on - - - - - ly so - jouns here.

2 Bar - ren and wither'd trees, We cum - ber'd long the ground, No fruit of ho - li - ness, On our dead souls wa

1 The Lord of earth and sky, The God of a - ges praise! Who reigns en - thron'd on high, An - cient of end - less

PIA FOR

found, Yet doth he us in mer - cy spare, An - oth - er and an - oth - er year, An - oth - er and an - oth - er year.

days! Who lengthens out our tri - als here, And spares us yet an oth er year, And spares us yet an - oth - er year.

MODERATO.

2 I thirst for a life giv- a life giving God, A God that on Calva-ry died, } I gasp for the streams of, the streams of thy love, The  
A fountain of wa-ter, of water and blood, That gush'd from th' Immanuel's blood, }

1 What now is my ob-ject, my object and aim? What now is my hope and desire? } My hope is all center'd, all center'd in thee, I  
To fol-low the heav-en-the heavenly Lamb, And af-ter his image aspie. }

spirit of rapture unknown, And then to re- - drink it, re - drink it above, E - ter - nal - ly fresh from the throne, E - ter - nal - ly fresh from the throne.

trust to re - cover thy love, On earth thy sal - vation, sal - vation to see, And then to en - joy it a - bove, And then to en - joy it a - bove.

3 O! to grace how great a debt - or Daily I'm constrain'd to be, Let thy goodness, like a fet - ter bind my wand'ring soul to thee.

2 Here I'll raise my Eb - e - ne - zer, Hith - er by thy help I'm come, And I hope by thy good pleasure, Safely to ar - rive at home.

1 Come thou fount of ev - ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

Prone to wander, Lord I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, Here's my heart, Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts above.

Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God, He to res- He to res- He to rescue me from danger, In - ter - pos'd his precious blood.

Teach me some melo - dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above, Praise the mount, Praise the mount, Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it, Mount of thy redeeming love.



PIA FOR PIA FOR

2 Join all ye ransom'd race, Our ho - ly Lord to bless, Praise ye his name: In him we will re - joice, And make a joy - ful noise, Shouting with

1 Glory to God on high, Let earth and skies reply, Praise ye his name; His love and grace a - dore, Who all our sor - rows bore, Sing a - loud

joy - ful voice, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Shouting with joy - ful voice, Worthy the Lamb.

ev - er - more, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Wor - thy the Lamb, Sing a - loud ev - ermore, Worthy the Lamb.

ADAGIO

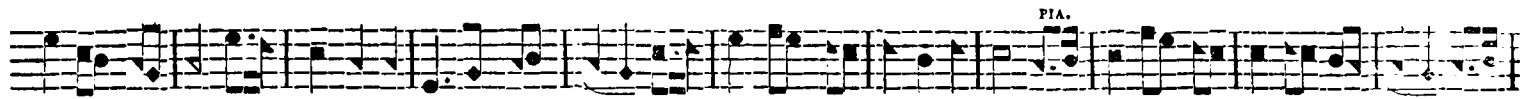
4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing, Thou art worthy to re - ceive; Loudest praises without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give.

1 Hail! thou once despised Je - sus, Hail! thou ev - er - last - ing King, Thou didst suffer to redeem us! Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.

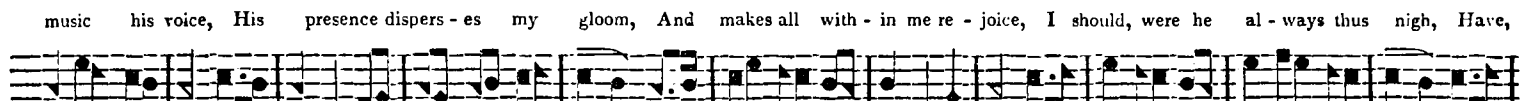
Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its, Bring your sweetest, no - blest lays; Help to sing our Saviour's merits; Help to shout Im - man - uel's praise.

Hail! thou ag - o - niz - ing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame! By thy merits we find fa - vor: Life is giv - en through thy name.

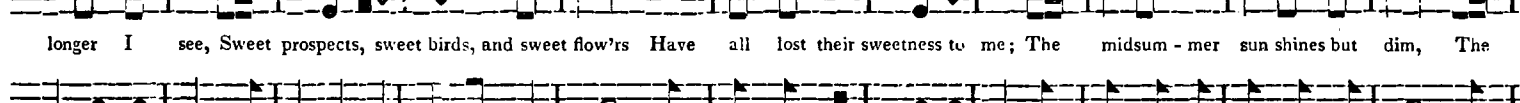
PIA.



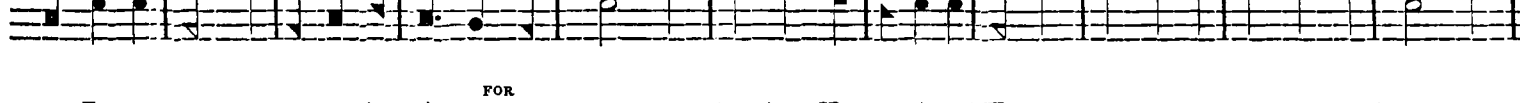
music his voice, His presence dispers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice, I should, were he al - ways thus nigh, Have,



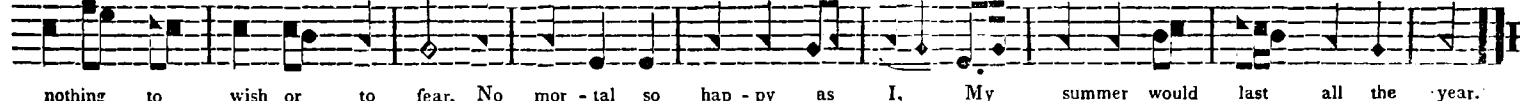
longer I see, Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness to me; The midsum - mer sun shines but dim, The



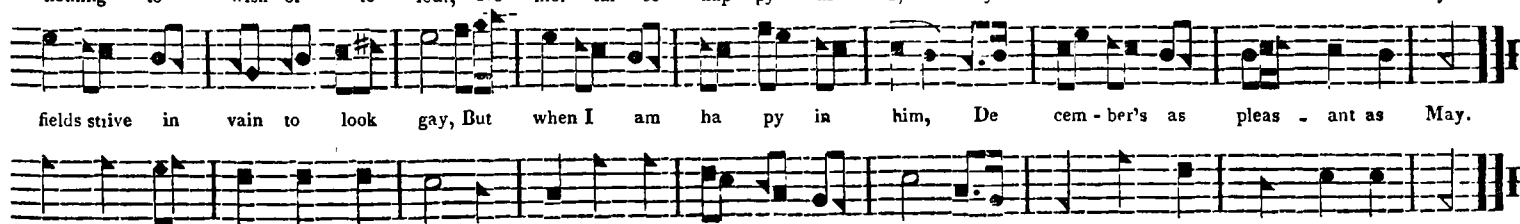
FOR



nothing to wish or to fear, No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My summer would last all the year.



fields strive in vain to look gay, But when I am ha - py in him, De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May.



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 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.

MODERATO.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and pow'r: He is able,


## No. 131. ALDERNEY. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

MODERATO.

2 His name yields the richest per - fume, And sweeter than

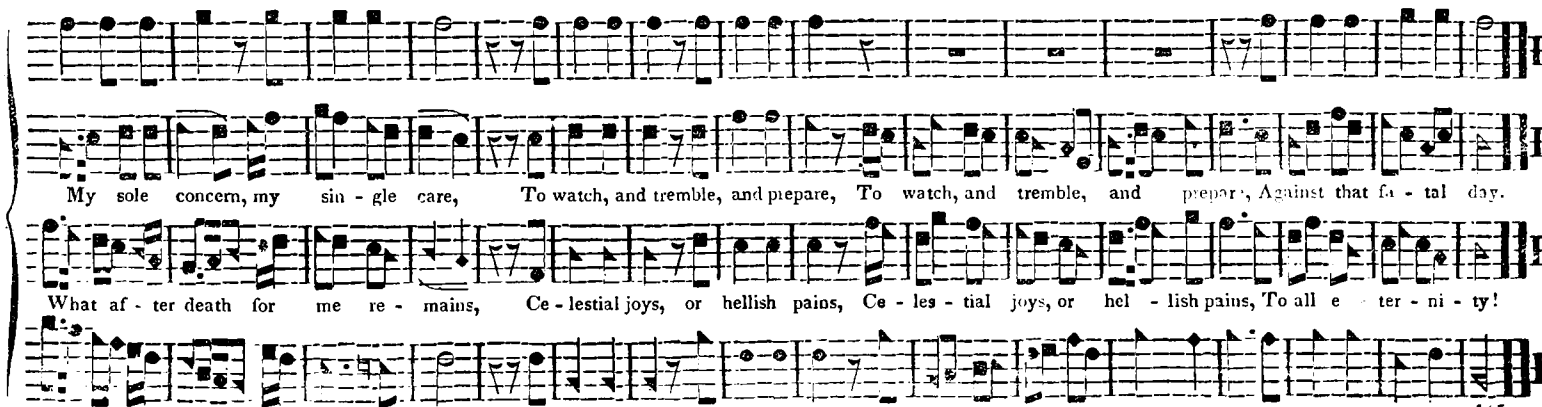
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is wil - ling, doubt no more.

1 How te - dious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no



2 How then ought I on earth to live, While God prolongs the kind re - prieve, And props the house of clay: My sole concern, my single care,

1 And am I on - ly born to die? And must I sud - den - ly comply, With nature's stern decree? What after death for me remains?



My sole concern, my sin - gle care, To watch, and tremble, and prepare, To watch, and tremble, and prepare, Against that fa - tal day.

What af - ter death for me re - mains, Ce - lestial joys, or hellish pains, Ce - les - tial joys, or hel - lish pains, To all e - ter - ni - ty!

SPIRITOSO.

2 Here I'll raise my Eb - e - ne - zer, Hith - er, by thy help, I'm come, And I hope by thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at

1 Come, thou fount of ev' - ry bles - sing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace: Streams of mer - cy never ceas - ing, Call for songs of louder

PIA.

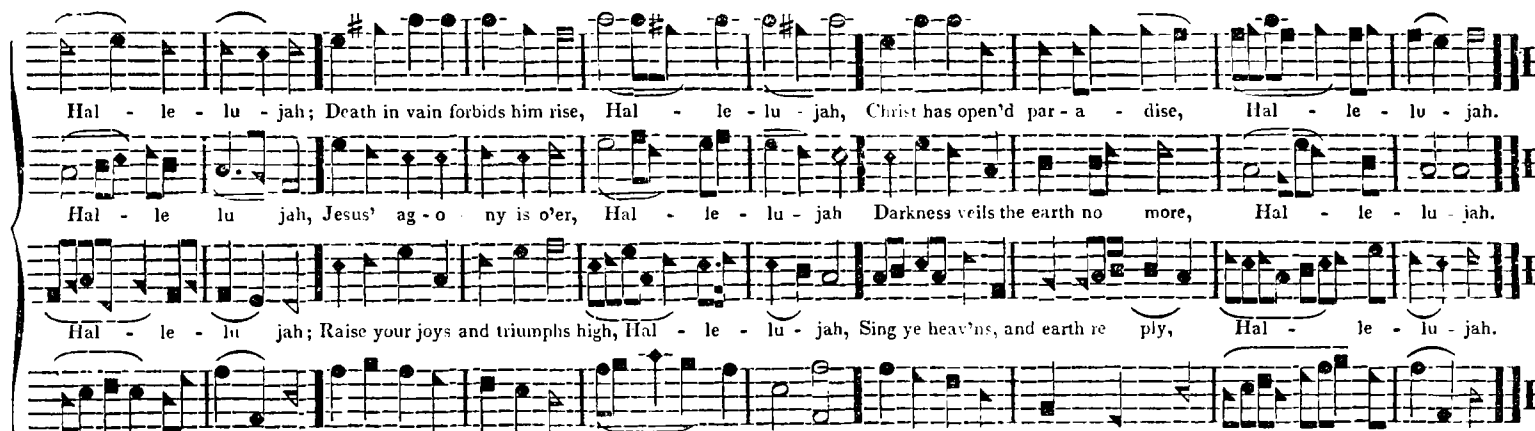
FOR.

home. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - pos'd his pre - cious blood.

praise: Teach me some melo - dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove; Praise the mount, I'm fix'd up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.

# EASTER HYMN.—CONCLUDED.

HYMN 339, M. P. COM.



Hal - le - lu - jah; Death in vain forbids him rise, Hal - le - lu - jah, Christ has open'd par - a - dise, Hal - le - lu - jah.

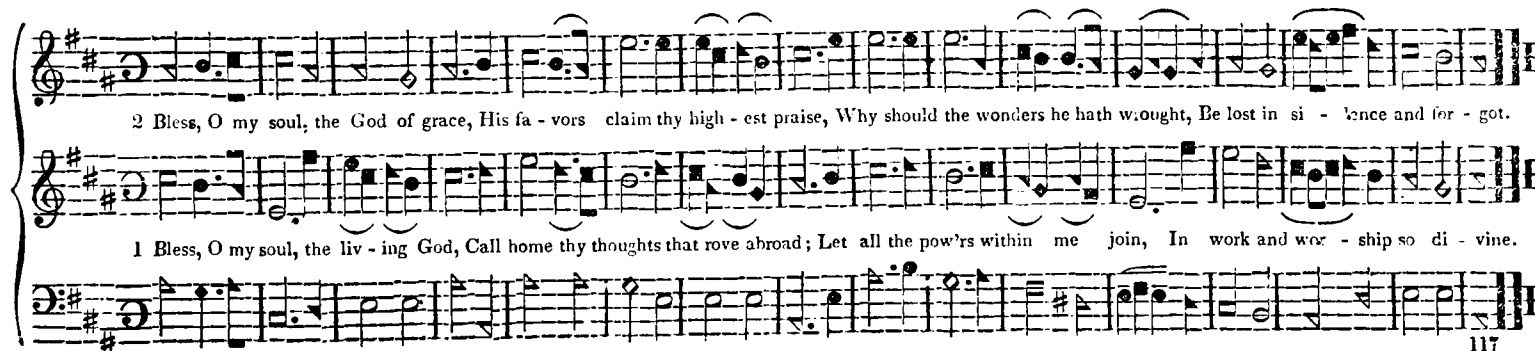
Hal - le lu jah, Jesus' ag - o - ny is o'er, Hal - le - lu - jah Darkness veils the earth no more, Hal - le - lu - jah.

Hal - le - lu jah; Raise your joys and triumphs high, Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply, Hal - le - lu - jah.

No. 136.

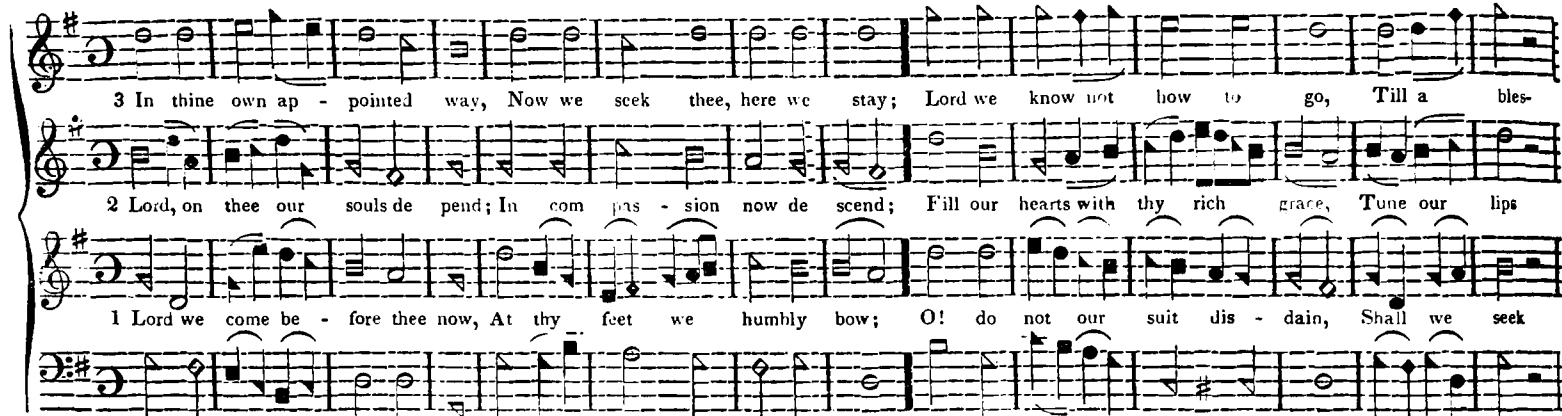
CHATHAM. L. M. PSALM 103, 1ST PART, DR. WATTS.

T. HASTINGS.



2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace, His fa - vors claim thy high - est praise, Why should the wonders he hath wrought, Be lost in si - lence and for - got.

1 Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the pow'rs within me join, In work and wor - ship so di - vine.



3 In thine own ap - pointed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord we know not how to go, Till a bles-

2 Lord, on thee our souls de pend; In com pas - sion now de scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips

1 Lord we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O! do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek

## No. 135.

## EASTER HYMN. 7, 7, 7, 7.



Till a bless ing thou be - stow.

Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

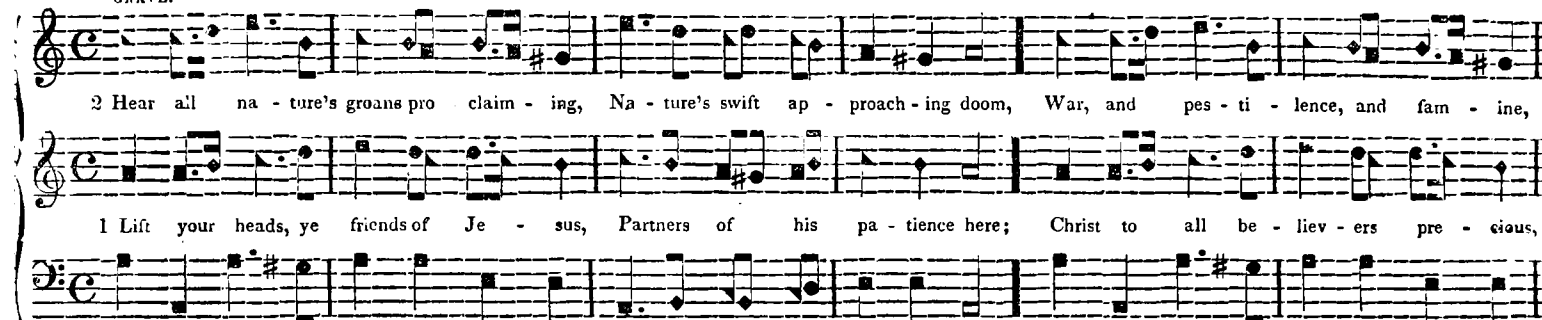
3 Soar we now where Christ has led, Hal - le lu jah, Following our ex - alted Head;

2 Love's redeeming work is done, Hal - le - lu jah; Fought the fight the vict'ry won,

1 Christ the Lord is ris'n to day, Hal - le - lu jah; Sons of men and angels say,

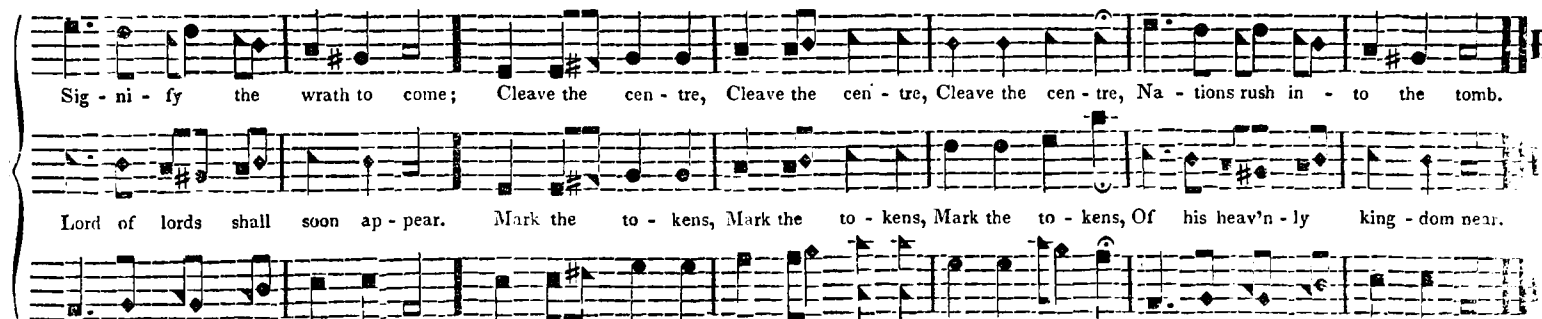


GRAVE.



2 Hear all na - ture's groans pro claim - ing, Na - ture's swift ap - proach - ing doom, War, and pes - ti - lence, and fam - ine,

1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Partners of his pa - tience here; Christ to all be - liev - ers pre - cious,



Sig - ni - fy the wrath to come; Cleave the cen - tre, Cleave the cen - tre, Cleave the cen - tre, Na - tions rush in - to the tomb.

Lord of lords shall soon ap - pear. Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens, Of his heav'n - ly king - dom near.

3 Close behind the tribulation,  
Of these last tremendous days,  
See the flaming Revelation!  
See the universal blaze!  
Earth and heaven  
Melt before the Judge's face!

4 Sun and moon are both confounded,  
Darken'd into endless night,  
When with angel hosts surrounded,  
In his father's glory bright,  
Beams the Saviour,  
Shines the everlasting light.

MODERATO.

3 So I may thy spir - it know, Let him as he list - eth blow, Let the man - ner be un-

2 On ly thee con - tent to know Ig - no - rant of all be - low! On - ly guid - ed by thy

1 Whe - my Sa - viour, shall I be Per - fect ly ro - sigu'd to thee! Poor and vile in my own

known, So I may with thee be one, So I may with thee be one.

light, (On - ly migh - ty in thy might, (On ly migh - ty in thy might.

eves, On - ly in thy wis - dom wise, On ly in thy wis - dom wise.

TRIO. MODERATO.

2 Sweet bonds that u - nite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease; Tho' oft from thy presence, in sadness I

1 'Mid scenes of con - fusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul, is com - munion with saints; To find at the banquet of mercy there's

CODA.

roam, I long to behold thee, in glory, at home; Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re - ceive me dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

room, And feel in the presence of Jesus at home; Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re - ceive me dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

3 I sigh, from this body of sin to be free;  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;  
Tho' 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 conflicts I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as the day;  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!  
The spirit's sure witness, the smiles of thy face;  
Indulge me with patience, to wait till thou come,  
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.

2 Not time, nor na - tu - e's nar - row rounds, Can give his vast do - min - ion bounds; The heav'ns are far below his height, Let no cre -

1 Ye that de - light to serve the Lord, The hon - ors of his name re - cord, His sa - cred name for - ever bless: Where'er the

at - ed greatness dare, With our eter - nal God compare, Arm'd with his un - cre - at - ed might! Arm'd with his un - cre - at - ed might.

PIA FOR

circling sun displays, His rising beams or set - ting rays, Let lands and seas his pow'r con - fess, Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

3 Take my soul and bo - dy's pow'r's, Take my mem' - ry mind and will; All my goods, and all my hours,

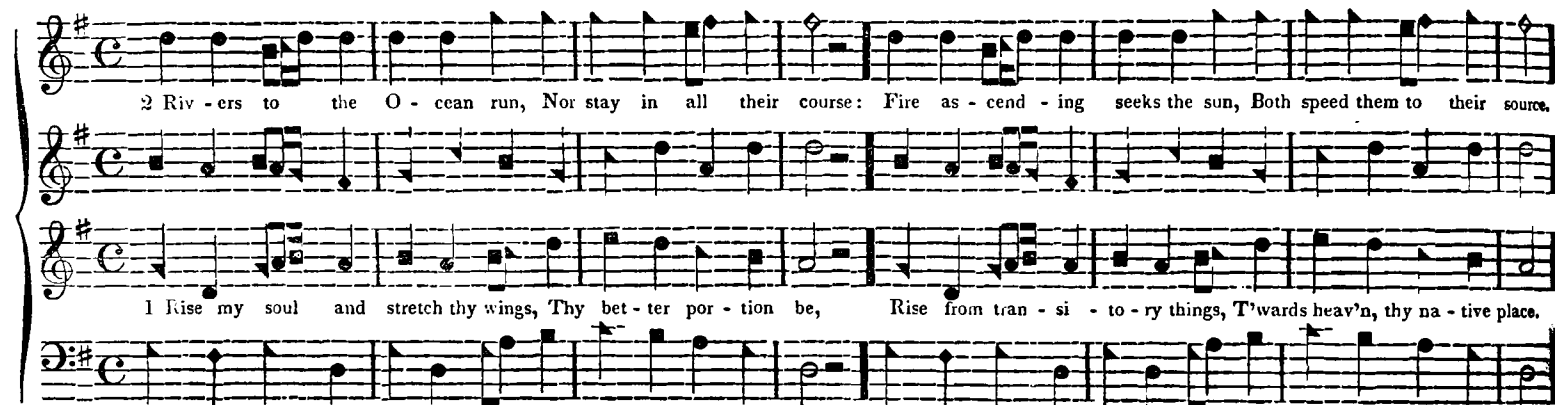
2 If so poor a worm as I, May to thy great glo - ry live, All my ac - tions sanc ti fy,

1 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One in three, and three in one, As by the ce - les - tial host,

All I know, and all I feel: All I think, or speak or do; Take my heart but make it new.

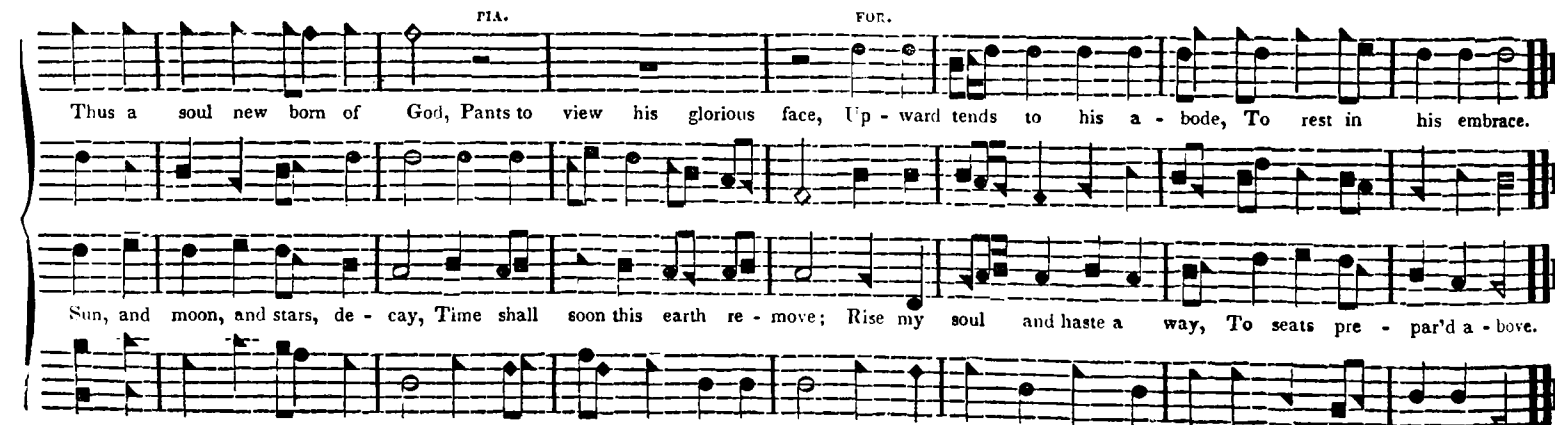
All my words and thoughts re - ceive, Claim me for thy ser - vice, claim, All I have, and all I am.

Let thy will on earth be done; Praise by all to thee be giv'n, Glo - rious Lord of earth and heav'n.



2 Riv - ers to the O - cean run, Nor stay in all their course: Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source.

I Rise my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion be, Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, T'wards heav'n, thy na - tive place.



Thus a soul new born of God, Pants to view his glorious face, Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his embrace.

Sun, and moon, and stars, de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise my soul and haste a way, To seats pre - par'd a - bove.

# SPRING.—CONCLUDED.

**FIA** **CRES** **FOR**

Gent - ly doth he chide my stay, Ri - se my love and come a - way.

Now with sweet - ly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.

Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.

o. 144.

WORTHING. 8, 7, 8, 7. HYMN 418, RIP. SEL.

SCHELZ.

3 See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Spring from e - ter - nal love, Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.

2 On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

1 Glo - rious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! He whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode.

MEZZA.

1 The voice of my be - lov ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain top he bounds, He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the

2 The seat - world clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past, Thy lovely ver - nal flow'r's ap -

MEZZA VOCE.

nills, And all my soul with trans - port fills, Gent - ly doth he chide my stay, Rise, my love, and come a - way.

pear, The warb - ling choir en - chants our ear; Now with sweetly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.

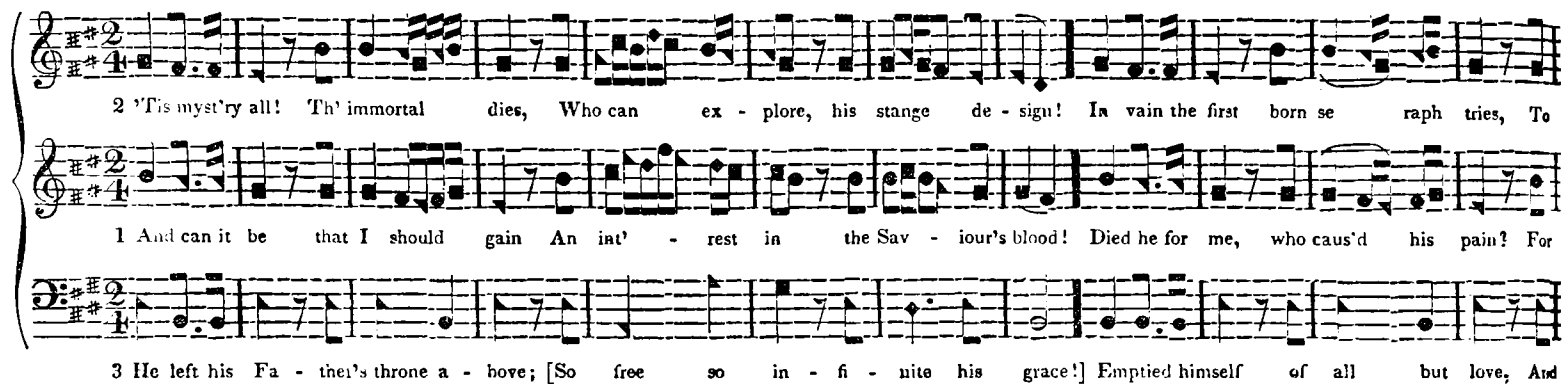


2 In vain thou strug - glest to get free, I never will un - loose my hold; Art thou the man, that died for me? The se - cret

I Come, O thou Tra - vel - ler unknown, Whom still I hold, but can - not see! My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am

of thy love unfold: Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy, Till I thy name, thy, Till I thy name, thy nature know.

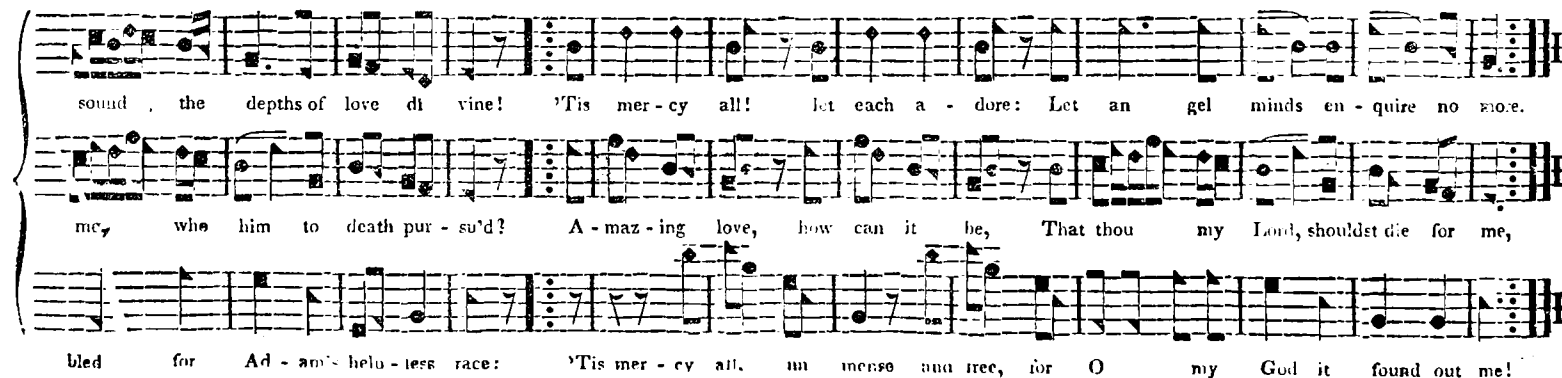
left a - lone with thee, With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the, And wrestle till the, And wrestle till the break of day.



2 'Tis myst'ry all! Th' immortal dies, Who can ex - plore, his stange de - sign! In vain the first born se - raph tries, To

1 And can it be that I should gain An iat' - rest in the Sav - iour's blood! Died he for me, who caus'd his pain! For

3 He left his Fa - ther's throne a - bove; [So free so in - fi - nite his grace!] Emptied himself of all but love, And

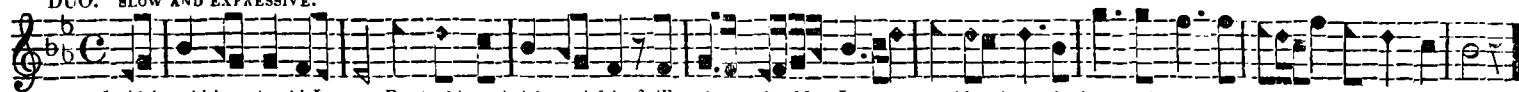


sound, the depths of love di - vine! 'Tis mer - cy all! let each a - dore: Let an - gel minds en - quire no more.

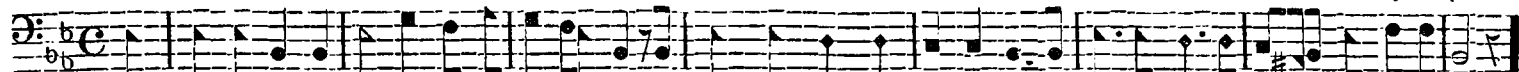
me, who him to death pur - su'd? A - maz - ing love, how can it be, That thou my Land, shouldst die for me,

bled for Ad - am's helo - less race: 'Tis mer - cy all, un - mense and free, for O my God it found out me!

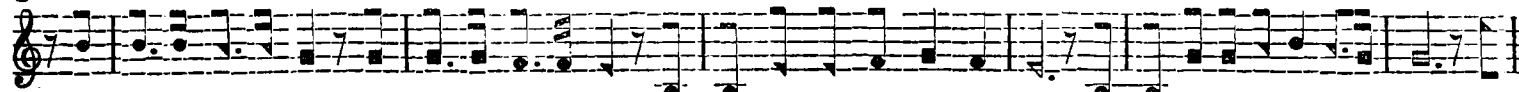
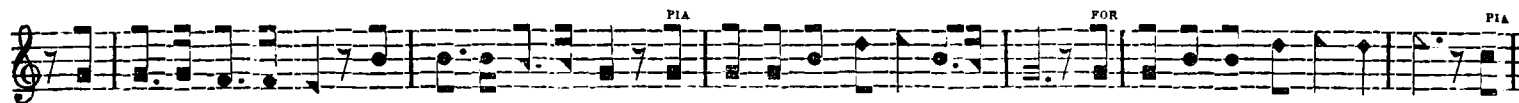
DUO. SLOW AND EXPRESSIVE.



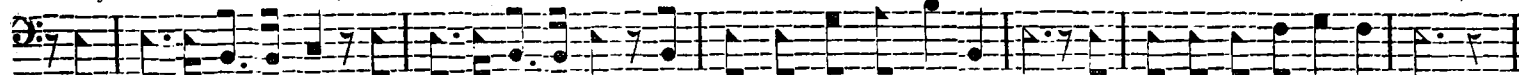
1 Ah! whither should I go, Burden'd, and sick, and faint? To whom should I my troubles show, And pour, And pou, And pour out my complaint?



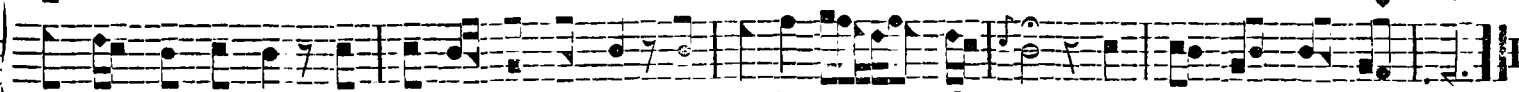
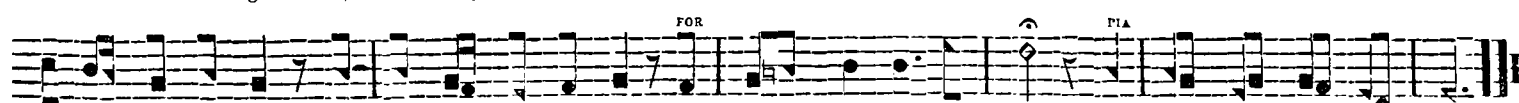
2 What is it keeps me back, From which I cannot part? Which will not let the Saviour take Posses- Pos- ses- Pos- ses- sion of my heart.



My Saviour bids me come, Ah! why do I de-lay? He calls the wea-ry sin-ner home, He calls the weary sin-ner home, And



Some cuis-ed thing unknown, Must surely lurk within; Some i-dol which I will not own, Some i dol which I will not own, Some

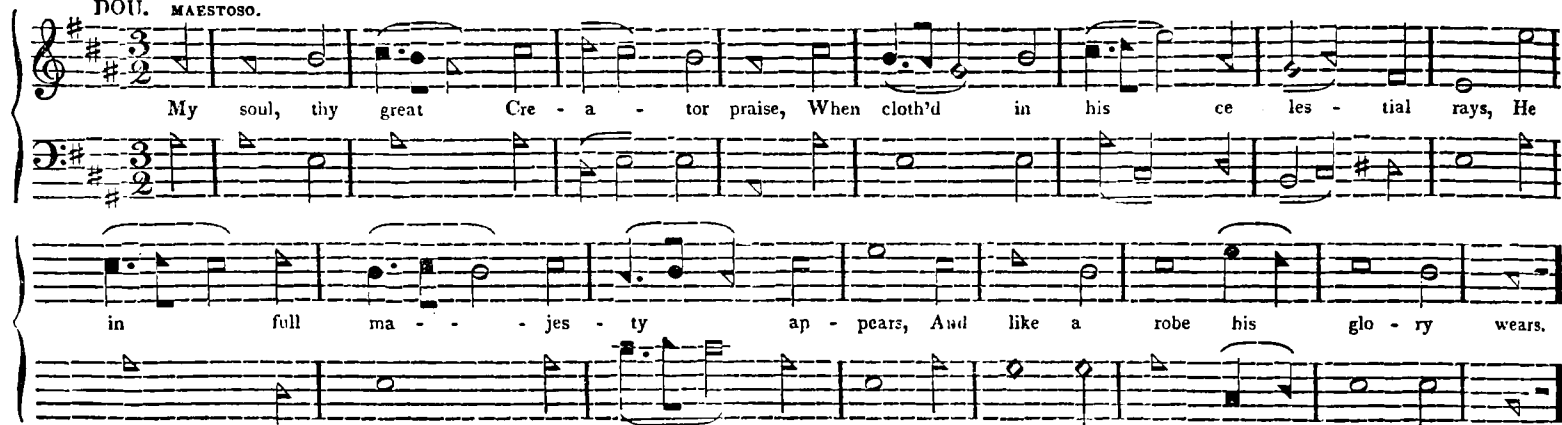


yet from him I stay! And yet from him I stay! And yet from him I stay! And yet from him I stay.



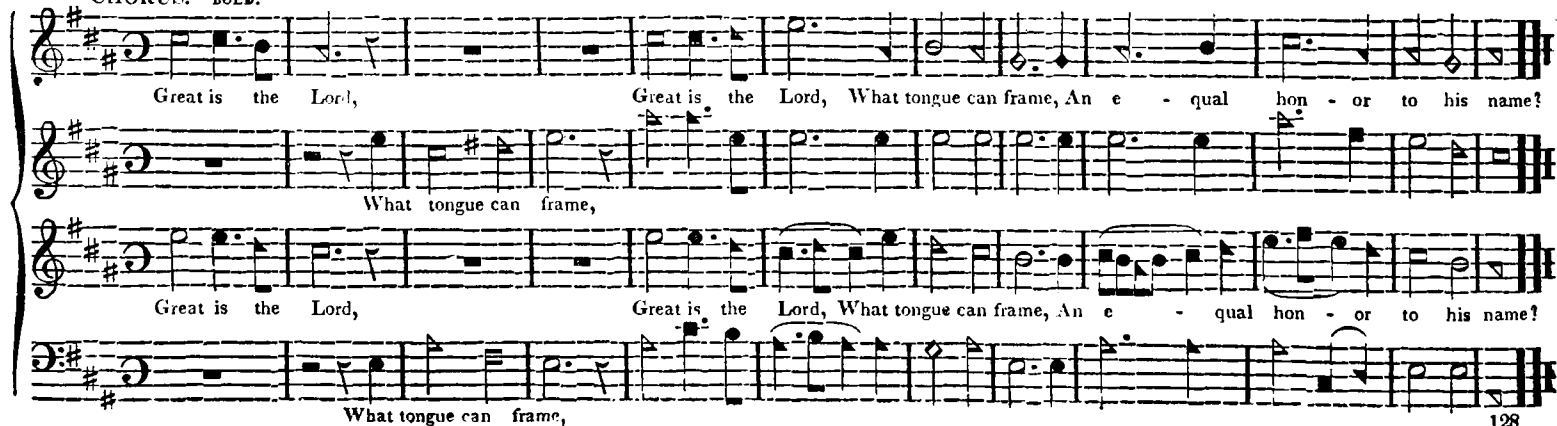
re-cret bo-som sin, Some se-cret bo-som sin, Some se-cret bo-som sin, Some se-cret bo-som sin

## DOU. MAESTOSO.



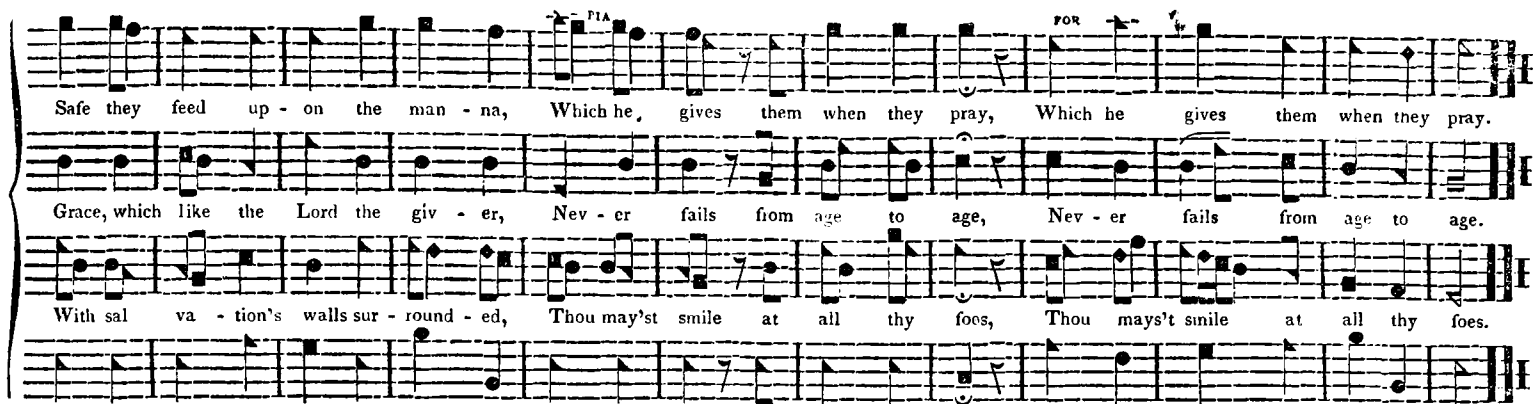
My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise, When cloth'd in his ce les - tial rays, He  
in full ma - - - jes - ty ap - pears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.

## CHORUS. BOLD.



Great is the Lord, Great is the Lord, What tongue can frame, An e - qual hon - or to his name!  
What tongue can frame,  
Great is the Lord, Great is the Lord, What tongue can frame, An e - qual hon - or to his name!  
What tongue can frame,

# GILES.—CONCLUDED.



Safe they feed up - on the man - na, Which he, gives them when they pray, Which he gives them when they pray.

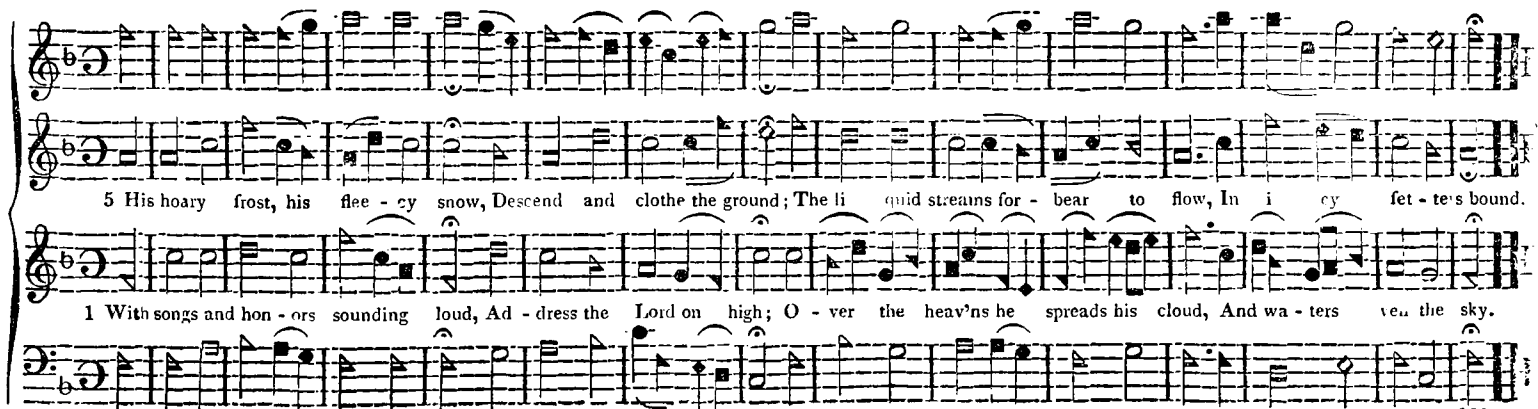
Grace, which like the Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age, Nev - er fails from age to age.

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

No. 150.

WINTER. C. M. PSALM 147, DR. WATTS.

READ.



5 His hoary frost, his flee - cy snow, Descend and clothe the ground; The li - quid streams for - bear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.

1 With songs and hon - ors sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; O - ver the heav'n's he spreads his cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

3 Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov' - ring, See the cloud of fire ap - pear, For a glo - ry and a cov' - ring,

2 See the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, Will sup - ply thy sons and daughters,

1 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God, He whose word can - not be b - o - ken,

Shew - ing that the Lord is near: Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner, Light by night, and shade by day.

And all fear of want re - move, Who can faint while such a riv - er, Ev - er flows 'hy thirst 't as - suage.

Form'd thee for his own a - bode, On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sore re - pose!

ANDANTINO

CRES

FOR

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men. A - men. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te,

2 Now like moonlight waves retreating, To the shore it dies a - long, Now like angry surges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song. Ju - bi - la - te,

PIA

1 Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing, O'er the waters soft and clear; Nearer yet, and nearer pealing, Now it bursts up - on the ear, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te,

ORGAN.

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men. A - men

PIA

FOR

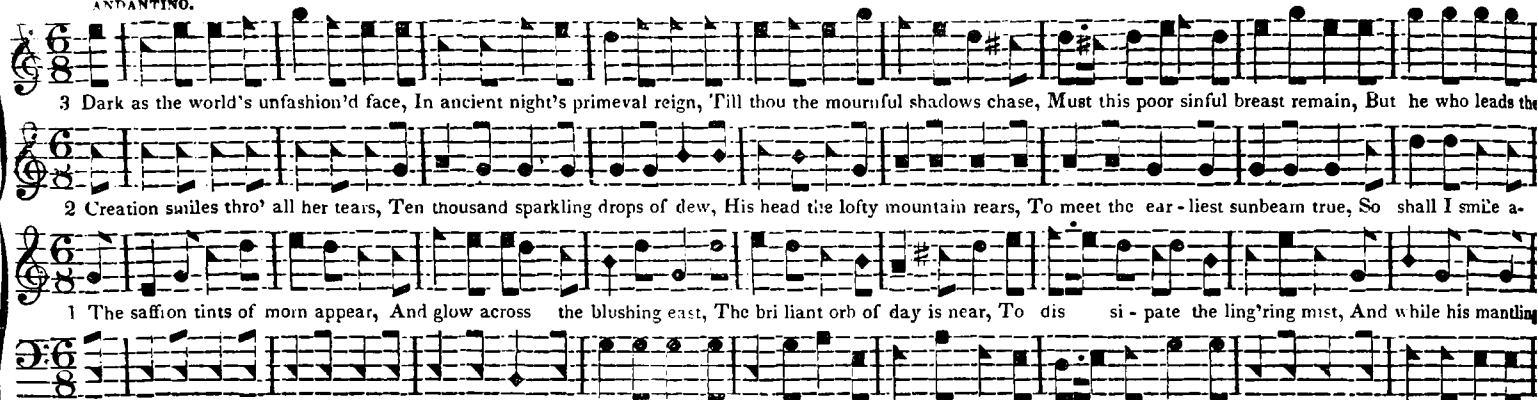
Ju - bi - la - te, A - men. Ju - bi - la - te, A - men. A - men. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

Hush! again, like waves retreating, To the shore it dies along.

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men. Further now, now further stealing, soft it fades upon the ear. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te.

ANDANTE.



3 Dark as the world's unfashion'd face, In ancient night's primeval reign, 'Till thou the mournful shadows chase, Must this poor sinful breast remain, But he who leads the

2 Creation smiles thro' all her tears, Ten thousand sparkling drops of dew, His head the lofty mountain rears, To meet the ear-liest sunbeam true, So shall I smile a-

1 The saffron tints of morn appear, And glow across the blushing east, The brilliant orb of day is near, To dis si-pate the ling'ring mist, And while his manding



FOR PIA - - FOR

morning stars, And kindles up the eastern skies, Himself, to dis-sipate my cares, The day-star of my heart shall rise, shall rise shall rise, shall rise.

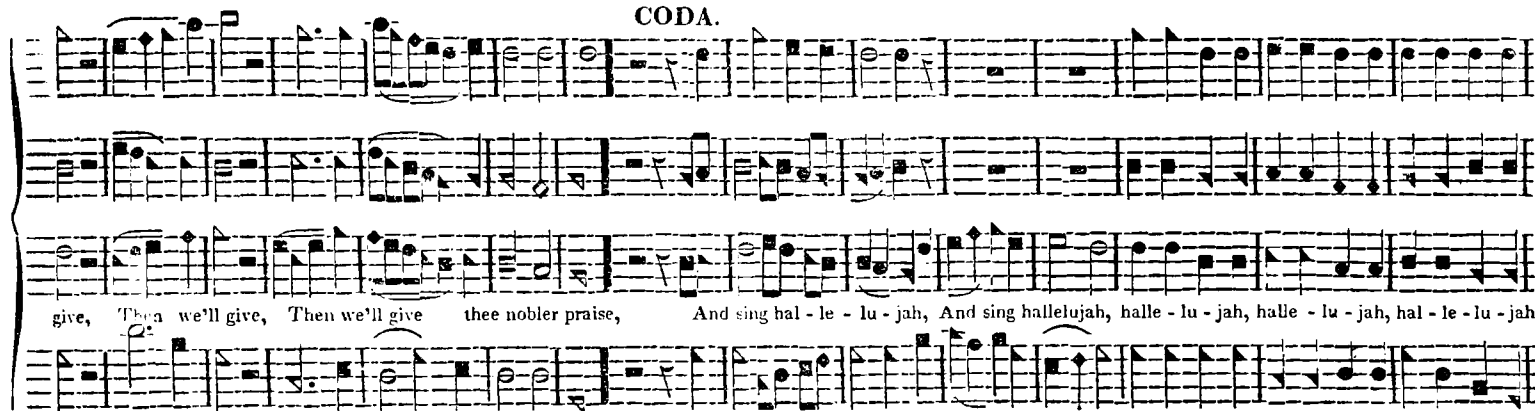
mid my woe, When sorrows drown my weeping eyes, So shall my bosom learn to glow, If thou my glorious sun a rise, a rise, a - rise, a - rise.

splendors dart, Their radiance o'er the kindling skies; To chase the darkness of my heart, Arise, O God of light, a rise! a - rise! a - rise! a - rise!



# DISMISSION.—CONCLUDED.

## CODA.



give, Then we'll give, Then we'll give thee nobler praise, And sing hal - le - lu - jah, And sing hallelujah, halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah



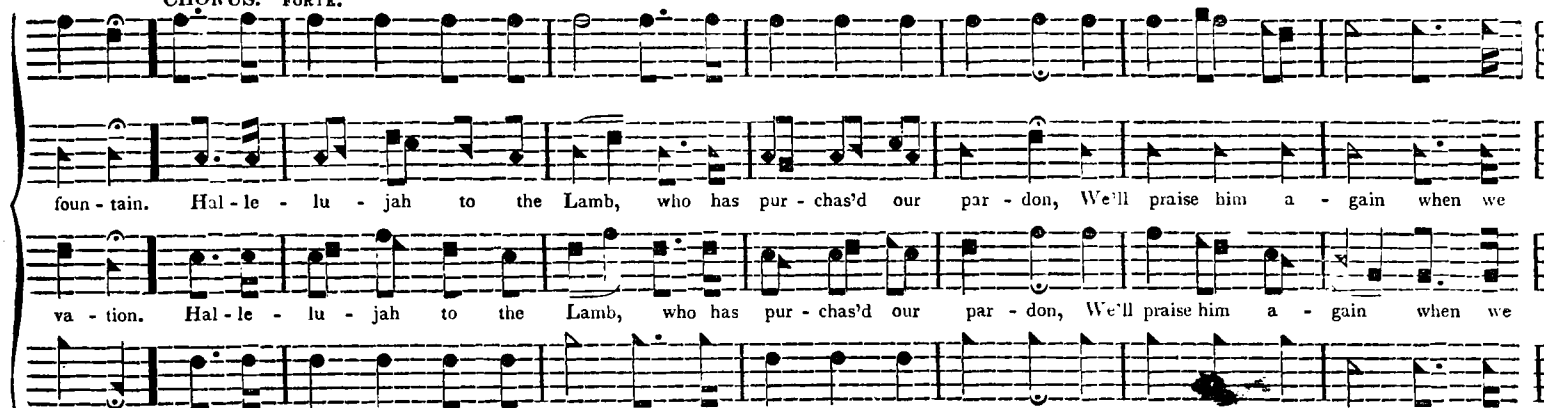
hal - le - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, a - men, hal - le - lu - jah, a men.

Lord, dismiss us with thy bless - sing, Bid us now de - part in peace, Still on heav'nly man - na feed - ing, Let our faith and

love in - crease, Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion; Up to thee, our hearts we raise; When we reach our bliss - ful sta - tion, Then we'll

# 'THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS. FORTE.



foun - tain. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has pur - chas'd our par - don, We'll praise him a - gain when we

va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has pur - chas'd our par - don, We'll praise him a - gain when we



pass o - ver Jor - dan, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

pass o - ver Jor - dan, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

3 Now Jesus our King reigns triumphantly glorious,  
O'er sin, death and hell, he is more than victorious.  
With shouting proclaim it—O trust in his passion,  
He saves us most freely, O glorious salvation.

Hallelujah, &c.

With joy shall we stand, when escap'd to the shore,  
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him ever more  
We'll range the sweet plains, on the banks of the river  
And sing of salvation, for ever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

AFFETUOSO.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Sa-viour re-pair, Now he calls you in mer-cy, and can you for-bear, Tho' your sins are in-

1 The voice of free grace, cries es-cape to the mountain, For all that be-lieve, Christ has o-pen'd a foun-tain, For sin and trans-

creased as high as a mountain, His blood can re-move them, it streams from the fountain, His blood can re-move them, it streams from the

ges-sion, and ev'-ry pol-lu-tion, His blood flows so free-ly, in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows so free-ly, in streams of sal-

# LANSING. CONCLUDED

For grief's be - low can not o'erthrow, The Rock of thy Sal - va - tion.

The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow, The Rock of thy Sal - va - tion, sym.

Serve him, and he will ev - er be, The Rock of thy Sal - va - tion.

- 4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not alarm,  
 Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm;  
 He near thee stands, with mighty hands,  
 To ward off each temptation;  
 To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.
- 5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his blow,  
 For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow;  
 For death shall bring, to thee no sting,  
 The grave no desolation;  
 'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

No. 156.

JUDEA. C. M.

LEACH.

O happy state of in - fan - cy, Stran - gers to guilt - y fears, We live from sin and sor - row free, In these our ten - der years.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not dis-tress, Bet-ter com-

2 If dis-tress be-fal thee, pain-ful though it be, Let not grief

1 If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart, Lest the gift

forts wait thee, Christ will free-ly bless; To Je-sus flee, thy prop he'll be; Thy heav'nly con-so-la-tion.

ap-pal thee, to thy Sa-viour flee, He ev-er near, Thy pray'r will hear, And calm thy per-tur-ba-tion.

en-snare thee, from thy God to part; His fa-vor seek, His praises speak, Fix here thy hopes foun-da-tion.

cate is made: Us to save, our flesh as - sumes, Bro - ther to our Bro - ther to our Bro - ther to our souls be - comes.

fa - ther's trod; They are hap - py now, and we, Soon their hap - pi - Soon their hap - pi - Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

let us sing; Sing our Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his, Glo - rious in his, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

No. 159.

ARLINGTON. C. M. PSALM 119, 9TH PART, DR. WATTS.

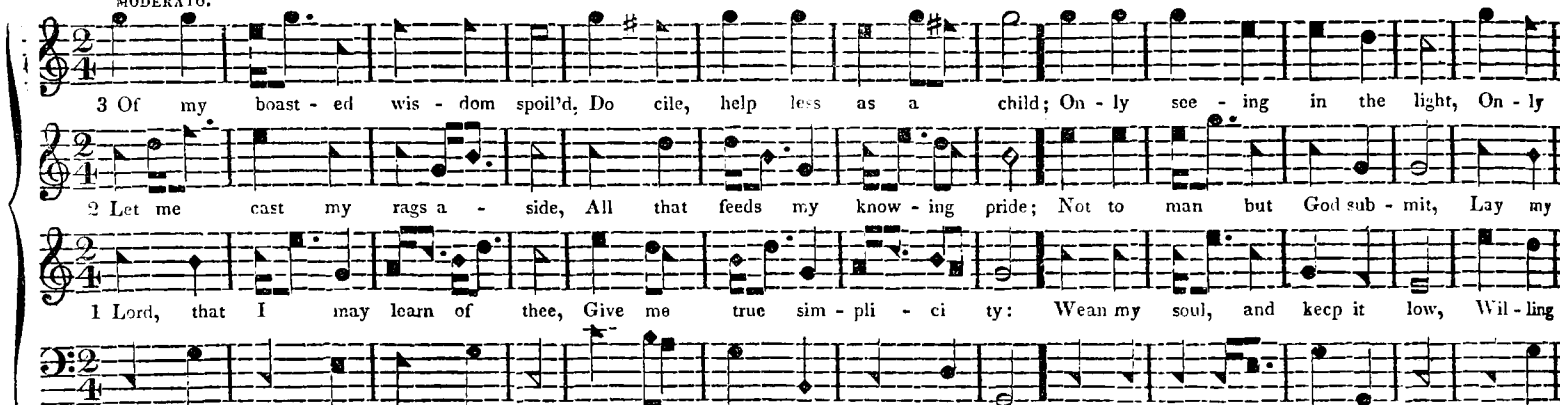
DR. ARNE.

VIGOROSO.

5 If God to me his statutes show, And heav'nly truth im - part, His work for - ev - er I'll pursue, His law shall rule my heart.

1 Thy mer - cies fill the earth, O Lord, How good thy works ap - pear, O - pen mine eyes to read thy word, And see thy wonders there.

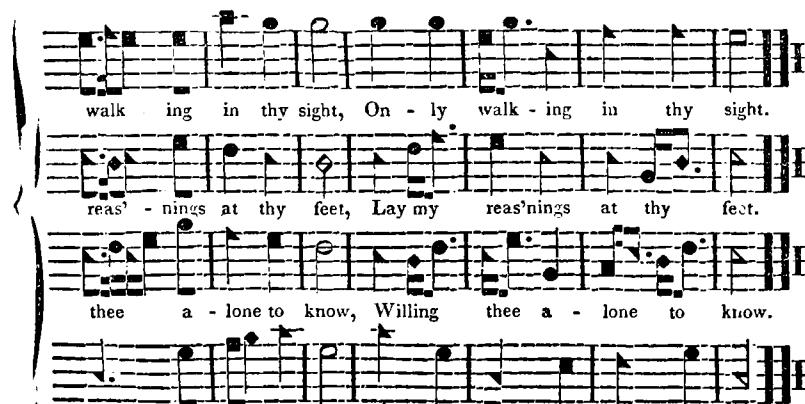
MODERATO.



3 Of my boast-ed wis-dom spoil'd, Do cile, help less as a child; On-ly see-ing in the light, On-ly

2 Let me cast my rags a-side, All that feeds my know-ing pride; Not to man but God sub-mit, Lay my

1 Lord, that I may learn of thee, Give me true sim-ply-ci-ty: Wean my soul, and keep it low, Wil-ling



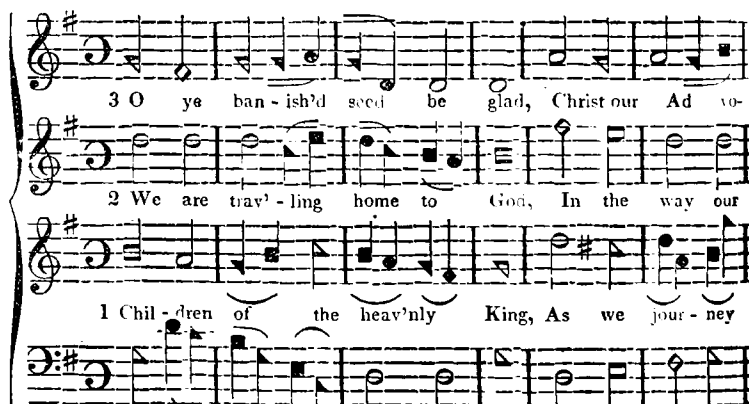
walk-ing in thy sight, On-ly walk-ing in thy sight.

reas'-nings at thy feet, Lay my reas'nings at thy feet.

thee a-lone to know, Willing thee a-lone to know.

No. 158.

GRANBY.



3 O ye ban-ish'd seed be glad, Christ our Ad-vo

2 We are trav'-ling home to God, In the way our

1 Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As we jour-ney



First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "Bles - sed, Blessed, Bles - sed be the Lord for - ev - er - more, Bles - sed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the". The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the lyrics: "Bles - sed, Blessed, Blessed be the Lord, for - ev er more, Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the". The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Above the third staff, the word "PIA." is written.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the lyrics: "Lord for - ev - er more, Bles - sed be the Lord, for - ev - er - more. A - men, and A men, A - men." The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the lyrics: "Lord, for - ev - er - more, Bles - sed be the Lord for - ev - er - more. A - men, and A men, A - men." Above the third staff, the word "FOR" is written. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef.

3 The God that rules on high, That all the earth sur-veys, That rides up-on the stor-my skies, That

2 Let those re-fuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God: But ser-vants of the heav'n-ly King, But

1 Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord. Join

rides up-on the stor-my skies, And calms the roar-ing seas; And calms the roar-ing seas.

ser-vants of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad; May speak their joys a-broad.

in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round the throne, While ye sur-round the throne.

News from the re - gions of the skies, A Sa - - - viour's born to

Shep - herds re - joice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears a - way, News from the re - gions of the skies, A Sav - - - A

News

day; News from the re - - - gions of the skies— A Sa - - - viour's born to - day.

gion's of the skies—

Sa - - - viour's born to - day. News from the regions of the skies—A Saviour's born to - day.

K from the re gions of the skies— A Sa - - - viour's born to day. 145

**BOLD**

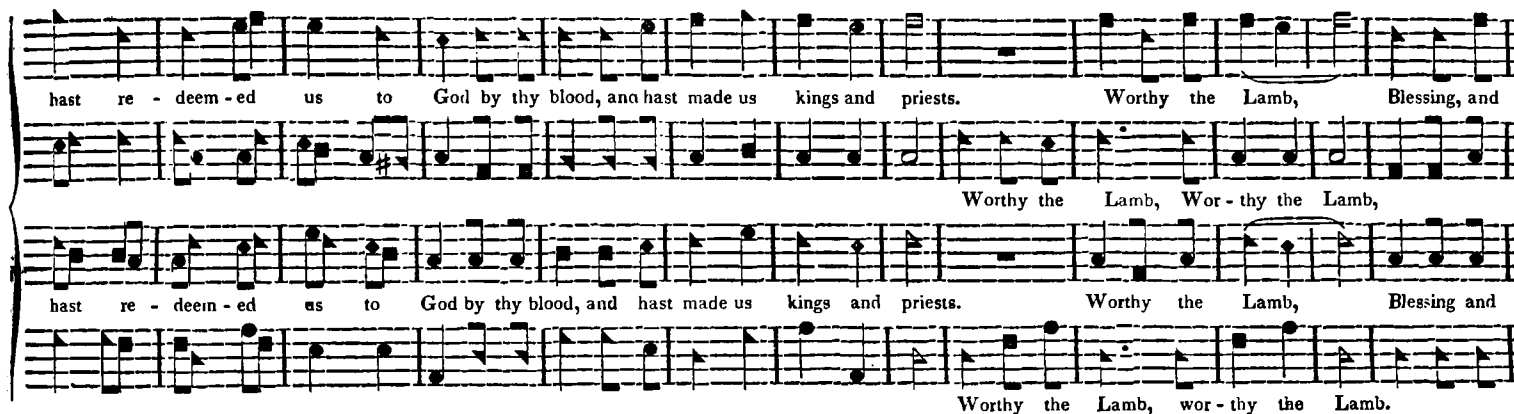
Praise, Praise, ev - er - last - ing praise be paid, To him who earth's foun da - tions laid, Praise to the

Praise, Praise God from whom all bles - sings flow, Praise him all crea tures here be - low; Praise him a -

God whose strong de - crees, Sway the Cre a - tion, Sway the cre a - sion as he please.

bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son and Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

# WORTHY THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.—CONCLUDED.

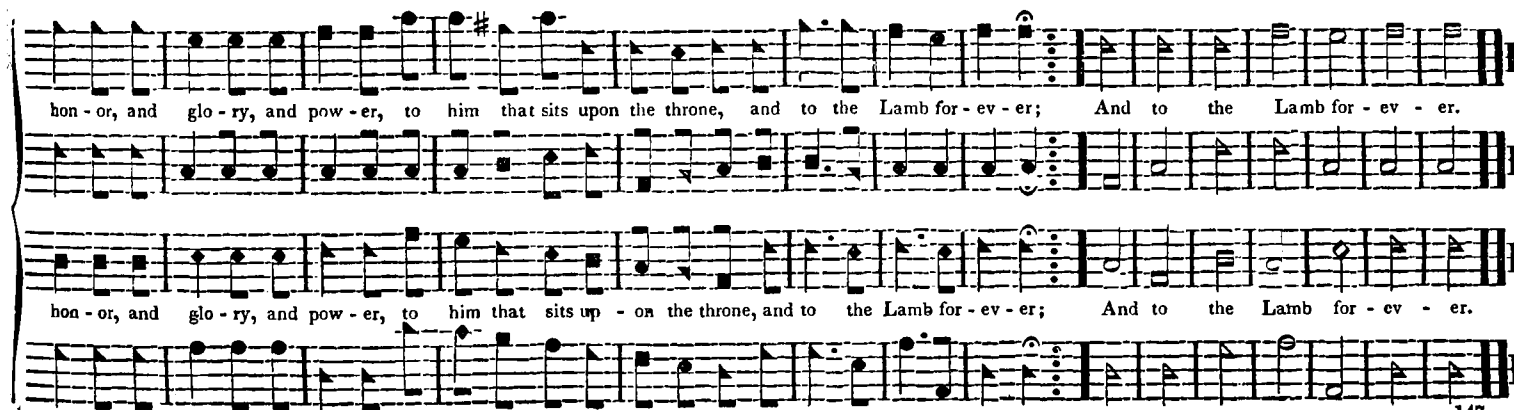


hast re - deem - ed us to God by thy blood, and hast made us kings and priests. Worthy the Lamb, Blessing, and

Worthy the Lamb, Wor - thy the Lamb,

hast re - deem - ed us to God by thy blood, and hast made us kings and priests. Worthy the Lamb, Blessing and

Worthy the Lamb, wor - thy the Lamb.



hon - or, and glo - ry, and pow - er, to him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for - ev - er; And to the Lamb for - ev - er.

hon - or, and glo - ry, and pow - er, to him that sits up - on the throne, and to the Lamb for - ev - er; And to the Lamb for - ev - er.

## WORTHY THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

Worthy the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain, to re - ceive power, and riches and wisdom, and honor, and glory and blessing,

Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

Worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb that was slain, to re - ceive power, and riches, and wisdom, and honor, and glo - ry and blessing,

Worthy the Lamb, wor - thy the Lamb that was slain.

for thou art wor - thy, O Lord, to re - ceive pow - er, and rich - es, and wisdom, and hon - or, and glo - ry, and blessing; for thou wast slain, and

for thou art worthy, O Lord, to re - ceive pow - er and riches, and wisdom, and honor, and glory, and blessing; for thou wast slain, and

# MELCHISEDEC.—CONTINUED.

CHORUS.

O may we ev - er hear thy voice, In mer - cy to us speak, And in our Priest we will re - joice, And in our

ADAGIO. VIVACE.

O may we ev - er hear thy voice, In mer - cy to us speak, And in our Priest we will re - joice, And in our

re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, Thou great Melchise dec.

Thou great,

Priest we will re - joice, we will re - joice, we will re - joice, we will re - joice, Thou great, Thou great, Thou great Mel - chise - dec.

re - joice re - joice, re - joice, re - joice. Thou great,

TRIO. GRAZIOSO.

Thou great Re - deem - er, dy - ing Lamb, We love to hear of thee, We

Thou great Re - deem - er, dy - ing Lamb, We love to hear of thee, We

love to hear of thee, No mu - sic's like thy charm - ing name, Or half so sweet can be.

love to hear of thee, No mu - sic's like thy charm - ing name, Or half so sweet can be.



# MELCHISEDEC.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS. MODERATO.

When we ap - pear in yonder cloud, Then will we sing, Then will we

When we ap - pear in yonder cloud, With all the favor'd throng, Then will we sing, Then will we sing, Then will we

When we ap - pear in yonder cloud, in yonder cloud, Then will we sing, Then will we sing, will we

sing, will we sing, will we sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ, And Christ shall be our song. And Christ, And Christ shall be our song.

ing, will we sing will we sing, more sweet more loud, And Christ, And Christ shall be our song. And Christ, And Christ shall be our song.

# MELCHISEDEC. CONTINUED

TRIO *GRAZIOSO*

Our Je - sus shall be still our theme, While in the world we stay: We'll sing our

Je - sus, love - ly name, When all things else, When all things else de - cay. When all things else, When all things else de - cay.

# BEHOLD! THE LORD IS MY SALVATION.—CONCLUDED.

For great is the Ho - ly, Ho ly, Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

Ho - ly, FOR PIA. FOR.

For great is the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Ho - ly, Ho - ly,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.

PIA FOR

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.

Be - hold! the Lord is my Sal - va - tion, In him will I trust, for the Lord is my strength and my

song; And he is be - come my Sal - va - tion. cry a - loud, and sing un - to the Lord.

Cry a - loud, cry a - loud, cry a - loud, and sing un - to the Lord.

song; And he is be - come my Sal - va - tion. Cry a - - loud, cry a - loud, and sing un - to the Lor.

Cry a - loud, and sing un - to the Lor.

# SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL—CONCLUDED.

PIA FOR

tide. Praise to the con - queror, praise to the Lord, His word was our ar - row, his breath was our sword, Praise to the conquer - or,  
 wave. Sound the loud timbrel o'er E - gypt's dark sea, Je - ho - vah has triumph'd, his peo - ple are free, Sound the loud tim - brel o'er  
 praise to the Lord, His word was our ar - row, His breath was our sword, His breath was our sword, His breath was our sword.  
 E - gypt's dark sea, Je - ho - vah has triumph'd, His peo - ple are free, His peo - ple are free, His peo - ple are free.

## SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

SPIRITOSO.

PIA.

2 Praise to the conqueror, Praise to the Lord, His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword, Who shall return to tell Egypt the story Of

1ST TIME PIA. 2D FOR

1 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Je-ho-vah has triumph'd, his people are free. Sing for the pride of the tyrant is broken, His

those she sent forth in the hour of her pride, The Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory, And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the

CRES. FOR.

char-iots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, How vain was their boasting; the Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the

2 From heav'n an - gel - ic voi - ces sound, See the Al - migh - ty Je - sus crown'd! Girt with om - nip - o - tence and grace, And glo - ry

1 He comes! He comes! the Judge se - vere; The sev - enth trumpet speaks him near; His lightnings flash, His thunders roll; How wel - come

PIA. FOR.

decks the Saviour's face, Girt with om nip - o - tence and grace, And glory decks the Saviour's face.

to the faithful soul; His lightnings flash, His thunders roll; How welcome to the faithful soul.

3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout all the people of the sky;  
And all the saints of the most high;  
Our Lord who now his right obtains,  
Forever and forever reigns.

*PIA.*

2 Thrice ble - sed bliss in - spir - ing hope, It lifts the fainting spirits up; It brings to life the dead! Our conflicts here shall soon be past,

1 Come on, my partners in dis - tress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bodies feed: A - while for - get your griefs and fears

*FOR*

And you and I as - cend at last, Triumphant with our head, Tri - umphant with our head, Tri - umph - - - ant with our head.

And look be - yond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill, To that ce - les - tial hill, To that ce - les - tial hill.

And look be - yond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill, To that ce - les - tial hill, To that ce - les - tial hill.

And look, To that, To that, To that,



rise, In vain we strive to rise, Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - votion dies.

toys; Foud of these earthly toys, Our souls how heav - i ly they go, Our souls how heav - i ly they go, To reach e ternal joys.

pow'ls, With all thy quick'ning pow'ls, Kindle a flame of sa - cred love, Kindle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

No. 172.

GILDERSOME. C. M. HYMN 166, CHURCH PR. BK.

3 If bliss thy provi dence impart, For which, re - sign'd I pray, Give me to feel a cheerful heart, And grateful hom - age pay.

2 This day, thy fav'ring hand be nigh, So oft vouchsaf'd be - fore; Still may it lead, pro - tect, sup - ply, And I that hand a - dore.

1 To thee let my first off'rings rise, Whose sun cre - ates the day, Swift as his glad'ning influence flies, And spot - less as his ray.

3 But lo! the gra-cious Saviour pleads—"The bar-ren fig tree spare," "An-oth-er year in mer-cy wait," "It yet may bloom and bear."

2 From year to year the tree he views, And still no fruit is found, Then "cut it down," the Lord commands, "Why cumberst it the ground."

1 See, in the vin-ard of the Lord, A bar-ren fig tree stands, No fruit it yields, no blos-som bears, Though planted by his hands.

INSTRUMENT.

## No. 171.

## PIETY. C. M.

"An-oth-er year in mer-cy wait, It yet may bloom and bear.

Then "cut it down," the Lord commands, "Why cumberst it the ground."

No fruit it yields, no blossom bears, Though planted by his hand.

3 In vain we tune our bliss-ful song, In vain we strive to

2 See how we grovel here be low, Fond of these earth-ly

1 Come, Ho-ly spir-it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning

AD LIB. TEMPO.

PIA. FOR.

crown it till it close, till it close, Let mer - cy crown it till it close.

2 When sorrows bow the spir - it down, When vir - tue

1 Let ev' - ry tongue thy good - ness speak, Thou sov' - reign

5 My lips shall dwell up - on thy praise, And spread thy

## HYMN 200. M. P. COM.

lies distress'd, Be - neath the proud op - press - or's frown, Thou giv'st the mourner rest, Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

Lord of all, Thy strength - ning hands up - hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall, And raise the poor that fall.

fame a - broad; Let all the sons of Ad - am raise, The hon - ors of their God, The hon - ors of their God.

**MAESTOSO**

3 When death shall in - ter - rupt these songs, And seal in si - lence mor - tal tongues, Our helper, God in whom we trust, In better worlds our

2 In scenes ex - alt - ed or de press'd, Be thou our joy, and thou our rest; Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Ador'd thro' all our

1 Great God we sing thy migh - ty hand, By which support - ed still we stand; The op'ning year thy mercy shows; Let mercy crown it

**FIA**

## CODA.

souls shall boast; In bet - ter worlds our souls shall boast. thy mer - cy shows till it close,

changing days, A - dor'd thro' all our changing days. The op'ning year Let mercy crown it Let mercy

till it close, Let mer - cy crown it till it close.

thy mer - cy shows. till it close.

# NAZARETH.—CONCLUDED.

HYMN 110, M. P. COM.

FOR PIA FOR

strong - ly speak for me; Forgive him, O for - give they cry, Nor let the ran - som'd sin - ner die! Nor let the ran som'd sin - ner die!

pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - ton'd for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

my be - half ap - pears; Before the throne my surety stands, My name is written on his hands, My name is writ ten on his hands.

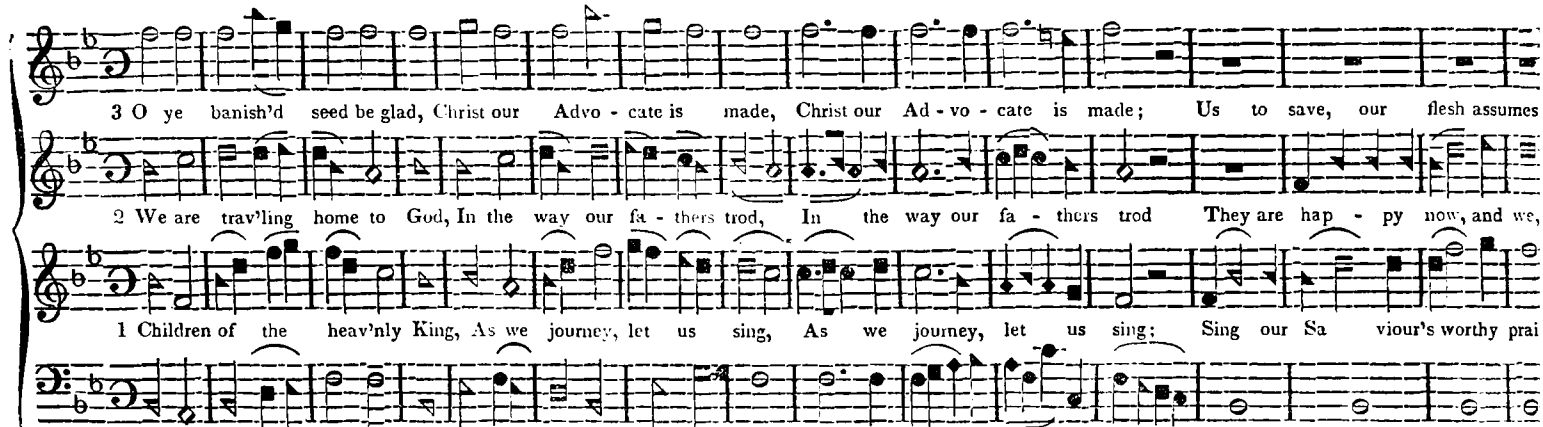
No. 177.

## PETERSFIELD. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. HYMN. 9, M. E. COL.

Weary souls that wan - der wide, From the cen - tral point of bliss, Turn to Je - sus cru - ci - fied, Fly to those dear arms of his.

FOR PIA FOR 3

Sink in - to the pur - ple flood, Sink in to the pur - ple flood, Rise in to the, Rise in - to the life of God.



3 O ye banish'd seed be glad, Christ our Advo - cate is made, Christ our Ad - vo - cate is made; Us to save, our flesh assumes

2 We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod, In the way our fa - thers trod They are hap - py now, and we,

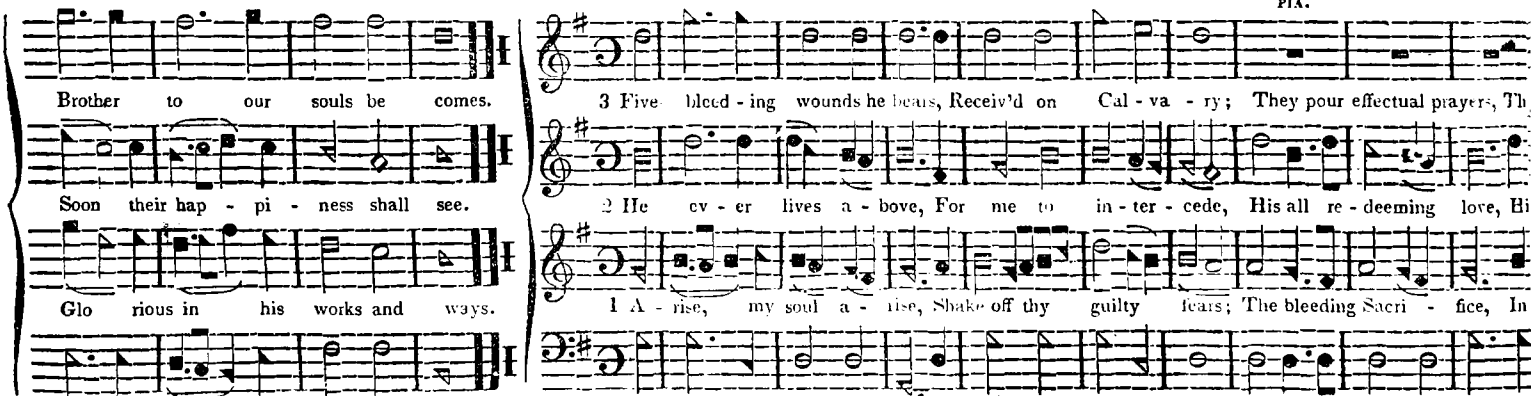
1 Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey, let us sing, As we journey, let us sing: Sing our Sa - viour's worthy prai

## No. 176.

## NAZARETH. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

INSTRUMENT.

PIA.



Brother to our souls be comes.

3 Five bleed - ing wounds he bears, Receiv'd on Cal - va - ry; They pour effectual prayers, Th

Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

2 He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all re - deem - ing love, Hi

Glo - rious in his works and ways.

1 A - rise, my soul a - rise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacri - fice, In

## BRISTOL.—CONCLUDED.

## HYMN 298, M. E. COL.

And night - ly to the list - ning earth, Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth, Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth.

And pub - lish - es to ev - ry land, The work of an Al - migh - ty hand; The work of an Al - migh - ty hand.

And spang - led heav'n's a shin - ing frame, Their great O - ri - gin - al proclaim; Their great O - ri - gin - al pro - claim.

## No. 180.

## HANTS. S. M. HYMN 25, CHURCH PR. BK.

3 Behold the ark of God, Behold the o - pen door; Hasten to gain that dear a - hode, And rove, my soul, no more, And rove, my soul, no more.

2 O cease, my wand'ring soul, On restless wing to roam, All the wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home; Has not for thee a home.

1 Like Noah's weary dove, That soar'd the earth a - round, But not a resting place a - bove, The cheerless waters found, The cheerless wa - ters found.

3 The flow'ry spring at thy command, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The summer rays, The summer rays with vigor shine, Thus all be-

with vigor shine,

No. 179.

BRISTOL. L. M.

speak, Thus all bespeak thy works divine.

thy works divine, Thus all bespeak thy works divine.

3 Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,

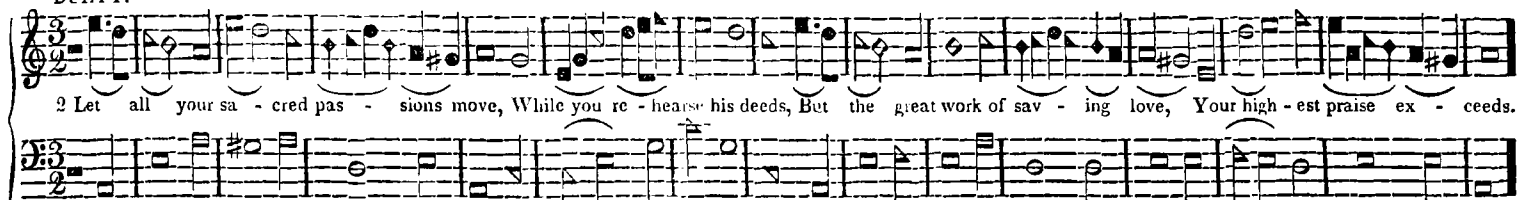
2 The un wearied sun from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r display,

1 The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - rial sky,



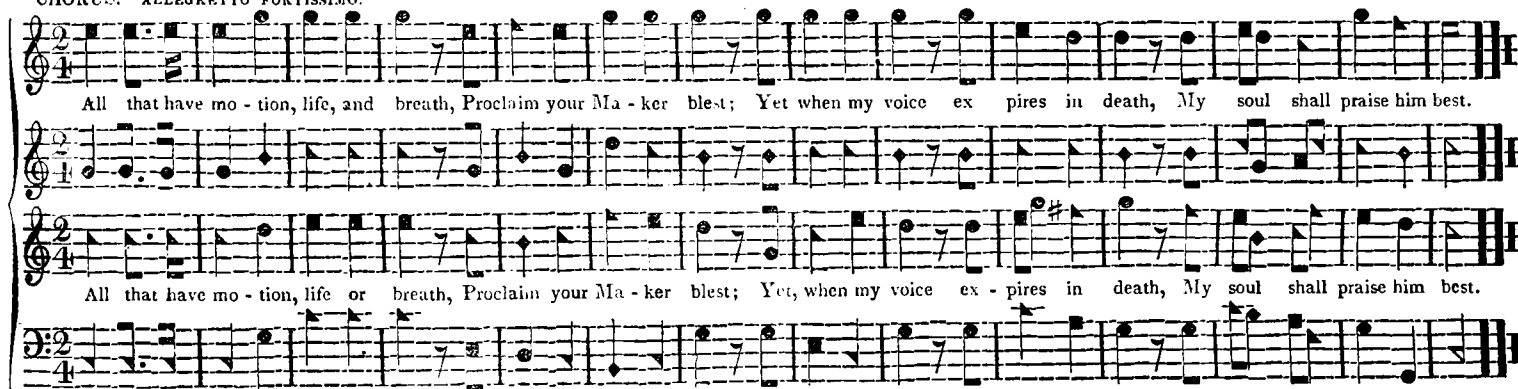
# IN GODS OWN HOUSE.—CONCLUDED.

DUETT.



2 Let all your sa - cred pas - sions move, While you re - hearse his deeds, But the great work of sav - ing love, Your high - est praise ex - ceeds.

CHORUS. ALLEGRETTO FORTISSIMO.

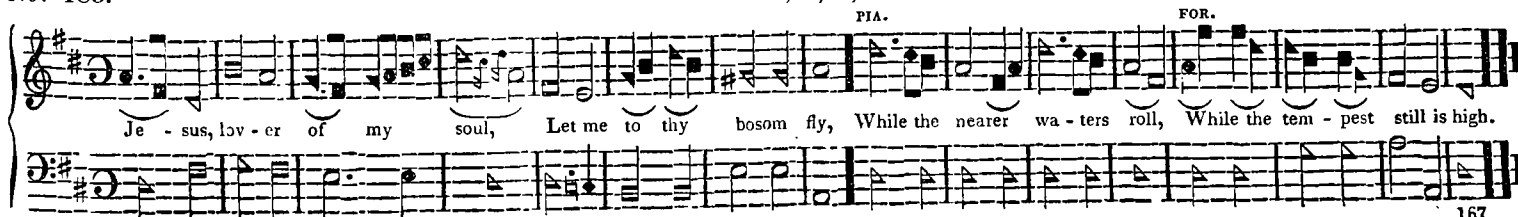


All that have mo - tion, life, and breath, Proclaim your Ma - ker blest; Yet when my voice ex - pires in death, My soul shall praise him best.

All that have mo - tion, life or breath, Proclaim your Ma - ker blest; Yet, when my voice ex - pires in death, My soul shall praise him best.

No. 183.

ALMA. 7, 7, 7, 7.



Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.

## No. 181.

## WIGAN. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey let us sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways, Glorious in his works and ways.

## No. 182

## IN GOD'S OWN HOUSE.

SMITH.

In God's own house, pronounce his praise, His grace he there re - veals; To heav'n your joy and won - der raise, For there his glo - ry dwells.

# ADORATION. CONCLUDED.

DUO.

We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come, We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.

Whose love is as great as his pow'r, And neither knows measure nor end, Whose love is as great as his pow'r, And nei - ther knows measure nor end.

INSTRUMENT. VOICE.

No. 186.

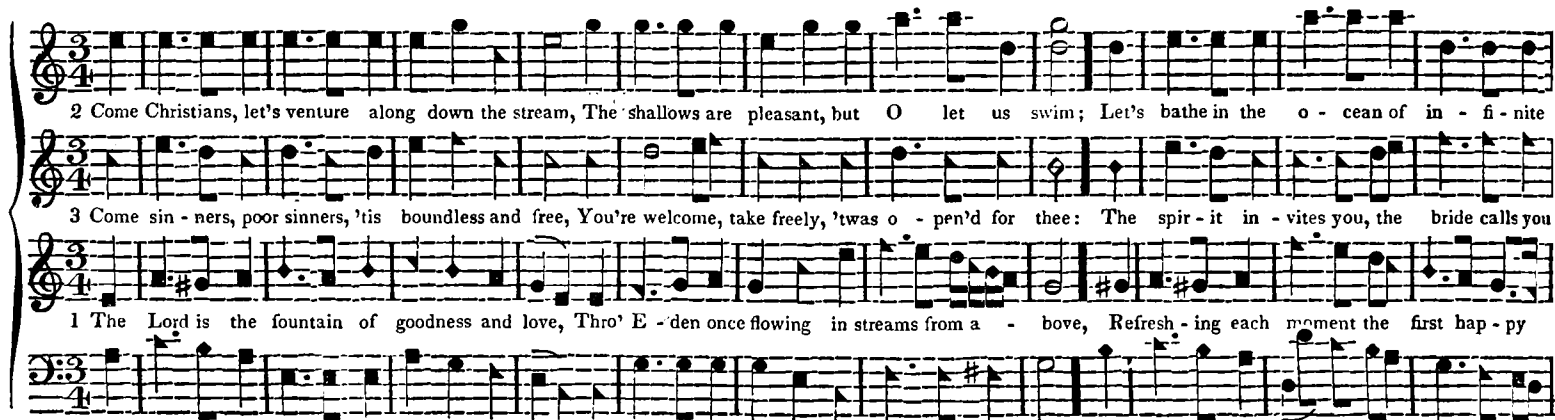
## SAVING GRACE. L. M. HYMN 16, 2D BK. DR. WATTS.

COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK, BY W. NASH.

3 While such a scene of sa - cred joys, Our raptur'd eyes and souls employ, Here we could sit and gaze a - way, A long and ev - er - lasting day.

2 When I can say my God is mine, When I can feel thy glo - ries shine, I tread the world beneath my feet, And all the earth calls good or great.

1 Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace, Shines thro' the beauties of thy face, And lights our passions to a flame, Lord, how we love thy charming name.



2 Come Christians, let's venture along down the stream, The shallows are pleasant, but O let us swim; Let's bathe in the ocean of in-fi-nite

3 Come sin-ners, poor sinners, 'tis boundless and free, You're welcome, take freely, 'twas o-pen'd for thee: The spir-it in-vites you, the bride calls you

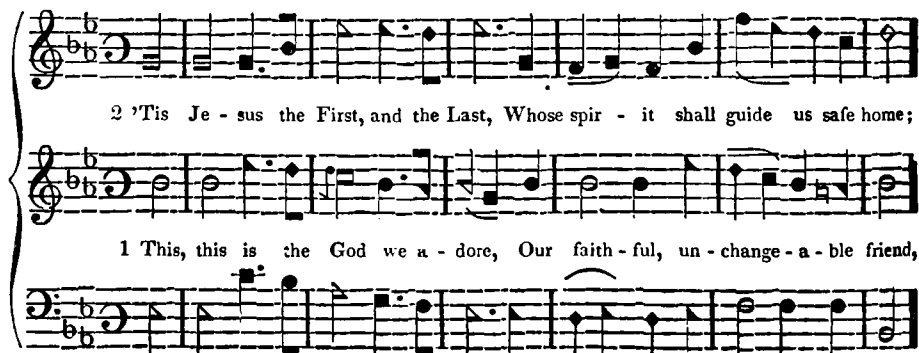
1 The Lord is the fountain of goodness and love, Thro' E-den once flowing in streams from a-bove, Refresh-ing each moment the first hap-py

love, And wash, and be pure as the an-gels a-bove.

## No. 185.

## ADORATION. 8,8,8,8

W. NASH.



2 'Tis Je-sus the First, and the Last, Whose spir-it shall guide us safe home;

1 This, this is the God we a-dore, Our faith-ful, un-change-a-ble friend,

too, Come, call all your neighbors, they're welcome with you.

pair, 'Till sin stopp'd the torrent and brought in des-pair.

## ALEXANDRIA.—CONCLUDED.

Ps. 108, DR. WATTS.

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

harp to sing, Join all my pow'r's the song to raise, And morning incense bring, And morning incense bring, And morning in - cense bring.

No. 189.

SARK. 7, 7, 7, 7. HYMN 490, M. E. COL.

DR. MILLER.

**PIA.** **FOR.**

2 Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; With th'angelic hosts proclaim, Christ is born in Bethle - hem, Christ is born in Bethlehem.

1 Hark! the herald an - gels sing, "Glory to the new born King: Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled," "God and sinners re - conciled."

2 To - day he rose and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell; To - day the saints his triumph spread, To - day the saints his triumph spread, And all his wonders tell, And all his wonders tell.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own, Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, Let heav'n re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround his throne, And praise surround his throne.

INSTRUMENT.

2 Among the people of his care, And through the people of his care, And through the people of his care, And through the people of his care.

1 Awake, my soul, to sound his praise, A - wake my soul, to sound his praise, A - wake my soul, to sound his praise, A - wake my soul, to sound his praise.

Not all the sands, To equal To e - equal To e - equal To e - equal

Not all the sands that spread the shore, To e - equal numbers rise, To e - equal numbers rise, To e - equal numbers rise, To equal numbers ise.

Not all To e - equal To e - equal To equal To equal

No. 192.

## CRUCIFIXION. L. M. HYMN 7, 3RD BK. DR. WATTS.

For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God: All the vain things that

charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

3 Hap - py the na - tion thus en - dow'd, But more di vine - ly blest are those, On whom the all suf -

2 Hap - py the land in cul - ture drest, Whose flocks and corn have large in - crease: Where men se cure - ly

1 Hap - py the ci - ty where their sons, Like pil - lars round a pal - ace set, And daugh - ters bright as

fi - cient God, Himself, with all his grace be - stows.

work to rest, Nor sons of plun - der break their peace.

pol - ish'd stones, Give strength and beau - ty to the state.

## No. 191. NEW PARTING. C. M.

Lord when I count thy mercies oe'r, They strike me with sur - prise.

Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er, They strike me with sur - prise.



*AFFETUOSO* *FIA* *FOR*

3 Those watchful eyes that nev - er sleep, Survey the world a - round; His wis - dom is a boundless deep, Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

1 How shall I praise the e - ter - nal God! That In - fi - nite Un - known? Who can as - cend his high a bode, Or ven - ture near his throne?

2 Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own Almight - y Son; His pow'r the sinking world sustains, And grace sur - rounds his throne.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, ye tribes of ev'ry tongue; His new dis - cov - er'd grace demands, A new and no - bler song.

2 E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word: Thy

1 From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise, Let

praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till sun shall set and rise no more, Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till sun shall set and rise no more.

the Redeemer's name be sung, Through ev'ry land, by ev' - ry tongue, Let the Re - deemer's name be sung, Through ev'ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.



3 Thy pow'r the whole cre - a - tion rules, And on the starry skies, Sits smil - ing at the weak de - signs, 'Thine en - vious foes de - vise.

1 Shout to the Lord, and let our joys, 'Through the whole nation run; Ye wes - tern skies, re - sound the noise, Be - yond the ris - ing sun.

INSTRUMENT. VOICE.



Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord I would commune with thee.

M

COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK, BY J. DOLE.

3 Soon shall, Soon shall our toil be o'er—Our suff'ring and our pain. We'll meet up - on that shore, And nev - er

2 There saints, There saints and an - gels drink, And plunge in seas of love; No bliss of which they think, Shall be with

1 The land, The land of glo - ry lies be - yond old Jor - dan's stream; A re - gion in the skies, Where fields are

part a - gain, And sing the song, re - deem - ing love, While we stand round the throne a - bove, And all the joys of heaven prove.

held a - bove; For all the bles - sings of the throne, Do free - ly flow to ev' - ry one; Se - cur'd to them thro' Christ a - lone.

al - ways green, O hap - py place of sweet re - pose, Where pain and death no en - trance knows, And life's fair tree for - ev - er grows.

# FROM GREENLAND'S IGY MOUNTAINS.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS. VIGOROSO.

PIA.

Sal - va - tion! Oh Sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim; Till earth's re - mot - est

sta - tion, Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name; Till earth's re - mot - est sta - tion, Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.

SYM. 2 What though the spicy bree - zes, Blow soft on Ceylon's isle; Where  
1 From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where

ev'ry prospect pleases, And only man is vile: In vain with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strewn; The heathen in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.  
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.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high?  
Shall we, to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! Oh Salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest station,  
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 ransom'd nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

HYM ALLEGRORETTO

TENOR

TREBLE.

Ho - san - na, Bles - sed is

Ho - san - na, Blessed is he that comes,

he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho sanna, Blessed is he that comes, he that comes in the

Ho - sanna, Ho - san - na, Blessed is he that comes, he that comes in the name of the Lord,

name of the Lord; Ho - san - na Bles - sed is he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - sanna,

Ho sanna, Blessed is he that comes, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna, in the high -

in the highest, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna in the highest, Ho - san - na in the high - est.

est, in the highest, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna in the high - est.

181

1 With joy we med-i-tate the grace, Of our High Priest above, His heart is made of ten-der-ness, His bow-els melt with love.

## No. 201. THE HAPPY MAN. C. M. PSALM 112, DR. WATTS. COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK BY W. B. SNYDER.

*DOLCE*

3 No e-vil ti-dings shall surprise, His well es-tablish'd mind; His soul to God for ref-uge flies, And leaves his fears be-hind.

2 As pi-ty dwells with-in his breast, To all the sons of need; So God, shall an-swer his re-quest With bles-sings on his seed.

1 Hap-py is he that fears the Lord, And fol-lows his commands, Who lends the poor without re-ward, And gives with lib'-ral hands.



# HOSANNA, BLESSED IS HE THAT COMES.—CONCLUDED

he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - san na in the highest, in

he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho sin - na, Ho - san - na in the highest, ff. Ho san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho -

Ho - sanna, Ho - san - na, Ho - sanna in the highest, in the high - est, Ho - san - na,

he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, in the high - est, in the high - est.

san - na, Ho - san - na,

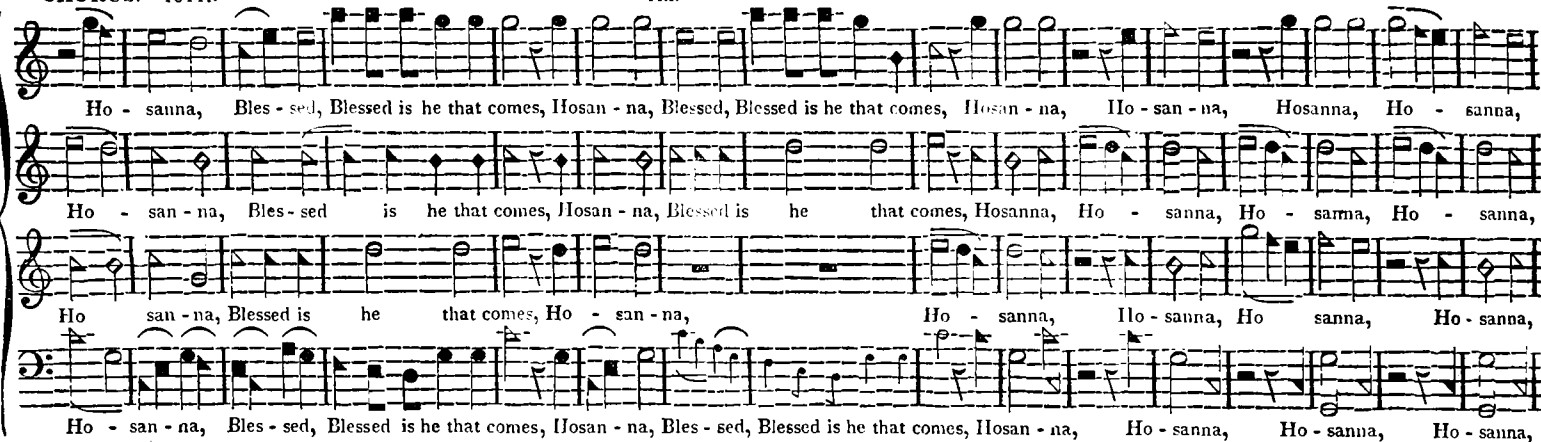
Ho - sanna, in the highest, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - high est.

Hosanna. Blessed, Ho - san - na, in the high est, high est.

# HOSANNA, BLESSED IS HE THAT COMES.—CONTINUED.

CHORUS. TUTTI.

PIA.



Ho - sanna, Bles - sed, Blessed is he that comes, Hosan - na, Blessed, Blessed is he that comes, Hosan - na, Ho - san - na, Hosanna, Ho - sanna,

Ho - san - na, Bles - sed is he that comes, Hosan - na, Blessed is he that comes, Hosanna, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna,

Ho san - na, Blessed is he that comes, Ho - san - na, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna,

Ho - san - na, Bles - sed, Blessed is he that comes, Hosan - na, Bles - sed, Blessed is he that comes, Hosan - na, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna, Ho - sanna,

FOR.



Blessed is he that comes in the name of the Lord, in the name of the Lord, Ho - sanna, Blessed is he that comes, Ho - sanna, Bles - sed is

Blessed is he that comes, he that comes in the name of the Lord, in the name of the Lord, Ho - sanna, Blessed is he that comes,

org. Blessed is he that comes in the name of the Lord, in the name of the Lord,

Ho - san - na Bles - sed is

# SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

# WESTERN LYRE.

CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF ANTHEMS AND SET PIECES.

By W. L. CHAPPELL.

“BEYOND THE GLITTERING STARRY SKIES,” (Poland.)

*J. Husband.*

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on the first staff, with lyrics underneath. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff is marked 'Vigoroso.' and continues the melody. The fourth staff continues the melody. The lyrics are: 'Beyond, Beyond the glitt'ring starry skies, Far as th'e - ter - nal hills, Far as th'e - ter - nal hills,'.

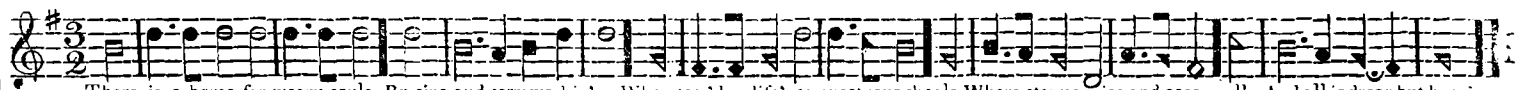
Beyond, Beyond the glitt'ring starry skies, Far as th'e - ter - nal hills, Far as th'e - ter - nal hills,

*Vigoroso.*

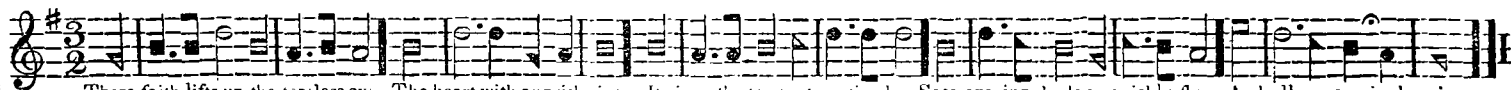
Beyond, Beyond the glitt'ring starry skies, Far as th'e - ter - nal hills, Far as th'e - ter - nal hills,

*In applying a regular C. M. the third line of the words is repeated.*

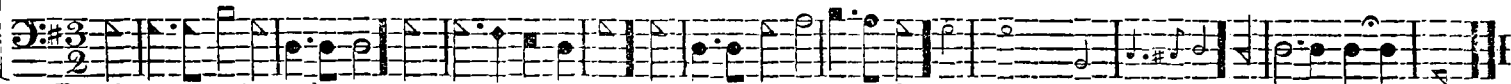
There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heav'n.



There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n; When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.



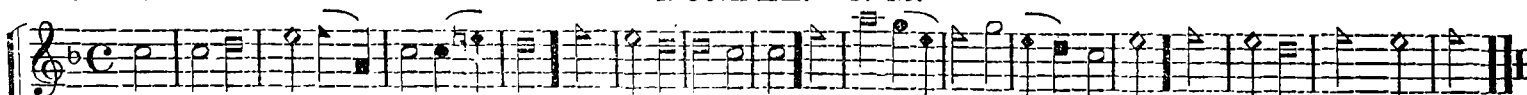
There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart with anguish riven; It views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heav'n.



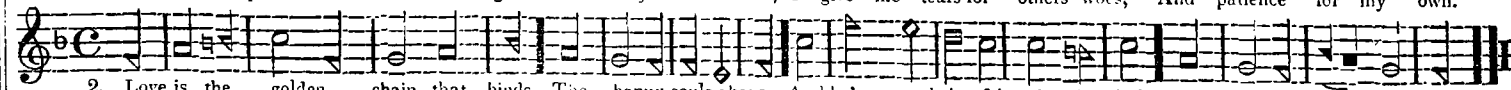
There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; Their rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb, Appears the dawn of heav'n.

## No. 204.

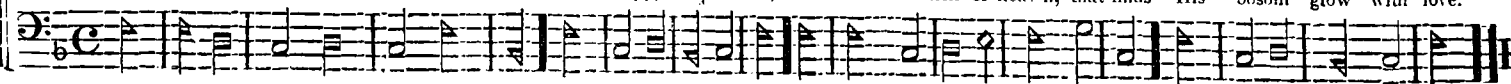
## DUNDEE. C. M.



1. Let not despair nor fell revenge Be to my bosom known; O give me tears for others' woes, And patience for my own.



2. Love is the golden chain that binds The happy souls above; And he's an heir of heav'n, that finds His bosom glow with love.



# POLAND, Concluded.

3

CHORUS. TUTTI

They brought his chariots from a - bove, To bear him to his arms; Clapp'd their tri umphant, clapp'd their tri-

*Spirito.*

They brought his chariots from a - - bove, To bear him to his arms; Clapp'd their tri umphant, clapp'd their tri-

- - umphant wings and cry'd, The glo - rious work is done.

*Ad. Libitum.*

- - umphant wings and cry'd, The glo - - rious work is done.

Behold, behold the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne, ||:  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown. ||:

Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around;  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound;  
With vials &c.

## CHORUS.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, salvation, glory, joy remain  
For ever on his head.

## POLAND, Continued.

There in the boundless realms of light, Our dear Re - deemer dwells, Our dear Re - deemer dwells.

There in the boundless realms of light, Our dear Re - deemer dwells, Our dear Re - deemer dwells.

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for Treble Clef and the bottom two for Bass Clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff has a '6' above it, and the second staff has a '7' above it. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Duetto. Treble and Bass.

Grazioso. Im - mor - tal Angels bright and fair, In countless ar - mies shine; At his right hand with gold - en harps, They

of - - fer songs di - vine, At his right hand with gold - en harps, They of - - fer songs di - - vine.

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for Treble Clef and the bottom two for Bass Clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The first staff has a '3' above it, and the second staff has a '4' above it. The lyrics are written below the staves.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL," Continued.

5

PIA. FOR.

--tain mercy, for they shall ob-tain, shall ob-tain mercy. Re--jice, Rejice, re-

PIA. FOR.

--tain mercy, for they shall ob-tain, ob-tain mercy. Re--jice, rejoice, re-

--jice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heav'n, for great is your re-ward, for great is your re-

--jice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heav'n, for great --- for great ---

for great is your re ward, for great is your re -

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in common time (C) and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two staves, and the second system contains the last two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The tempo/mood markings 'PIA.' and 'FOR.' are placed above the first and second staves of each system, respectively. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

## "BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

*Leach.**With spirit.*

Blessed are the mer - ci - ful, blessed are the mer - ci - ful, blessed are the mer - ci - ful,

Blessed are the mer - ci - ful, blessed are the mer - ci - ful, blessed are the mer - ci - ful; for they shall ob -

for they shall ob - - tain mercy, for they shall ob - - tain - - - for they shall ob -

for they shall ob - - tain, ob - - tain, ob - - tain - - - mercy, for they shall ob -

- - tain, for they shall ob - - - tain - - - shall ob - - tain - - - mercy, for they shall ob -

- - tain, for they shall ob - - - tain mercy, they shall obtain mercy, they shall ob -



"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL," Continued.

7

great is your re - ward in heav'n; Great, great, great is your re - ward in heav'n, Rejoice, re -

great is your re - - ward in heav'n; Great, great, great is your re ward in heav'n, Rejoice, re -

Re - joi — — —

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'great is your re - ward in heav'n; Great, great, great is your re - ward in heav'n, Rejoice, re -'. The piano part features a steady bass line with some chords.

- - joice, rejoice, re - joice and be ex - ceed - ing glad, and be ex - - ceed - ing glad; for

- - joice, re - joice, re joice and he ex - ceed ing glad, and be ex - - ceed - ing glad; for

ce, and ha

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '- - joice, rejoice, re - joice and be ex - ceed - ing glad, and be ex - - ceed - ing glad; for'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

First system of the musical score, consisting of four staves. The lyrics are: "ward, for great is your re - ward, re - ward in heav'n, Re -". The melody is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The rhythm is primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

ward, for great is your re - ward, re - ward in heav'n, Re -

Second system of the musical score, consisting of four staves. The lyrics are: "re - joyce, re - joyce, re - joyce, and be ex - ceeding glad, for". The melody continues in the same treble clef and key signature. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

re - joyce, re - joyce, re - joyce, and be ex - ceeding glad, for

Breath, Can with a dead body com - pare. With solemn delight I survey, The corpse when the spirit is fled; In

love with the beauti - ful clay, And longing to lie in its stead - - - And longing to lie in its stead.

FOR.

FOL.

# "BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL," Concluded.

great is your re - ward, for great is your reward, is your re - ward in heav'n, For great is your reward in heav'n.

Blower.

great is your reward, for great is your reward, is your re - ward in heav'n, For great is your reward in heav'n.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first section of the hymn. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 7/8 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines. A 'Blower' part is indicated on the third staff.

## "AH, LOVELY APPEARANCE OF DEATH."

Ah, love - ly appearance of death; No sight up - on earth is so fair! Not all the gay pageants that

Ah, love - ly appearance of death; No sight up - on earth is so fair! Not all the gay pageants that

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second section of the hymn. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a 6/8 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "Come and welcome, :||; come." The second staff is a vocal line. The third staff is labeled "TREBLE, Affettuoso. CHORUS, TUTTI." and contains the lyrics: "Come to Je - sus come and welcome, come and welcome, come and welcome, come. Come to Jesus". The fourth staff is a bass line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "Come and welcome, :||; :||; Come, come and welcome, sin - ner come." The second staff is a vocal line. The third staff is labeled "CHORUS." and contains the lyrics: "Come and welcome, :||; :||; Come, come and welcome, sin - ner come." The fourth staff is a bass line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

3. Jesus we come at thy command, With faith, and hope, and humble zeal; Resign our spirits to thy hand,

2. They shall find rest that learn of me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea,

1. Come hither all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners come; I'll give you rest for all your toils

To mould and guide us at thy will, Re-sign our spirits to thy hand, To mould &c.

And pride is rest-less as the wind. But passion rages like the sea, And pride &c.

And bring you to my heav'nly home, I'll give you rest from all your toils, And bring &c.

*Affetuoso.*

His sov'reign pow'r, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wand'ring

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is marked 'Affetuoso.' and includes the lyrics: 'His sov'reign pow'r, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wand'ring'.

sheep we stray'd, he brought us to his fold a - - gain, He brought us to his fold a - gain.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. It includes the lyrics: 'sheep we stray'd, he brought us to his fold a - - gain, He brought us to his fold a - gain.'.

Andante Maestoso.

Be - fore Je ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the

PIA. FOR.

Lord is God a - - lone, He can cre - ate and he de - stroy, He can cre - - ate and he de - stroy.



CHORUS. *Con Spirito.*

We'll crowd thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'n's our voi - - ces raise, And earth, and earth with her ten thousand thousand

tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. Shall fill, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

## DENMARK, Continued.

DUETTO.—Andante Affettuoso.

We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls and all our mor - - tal frame: What last - ing

What

last - ing ho - - nors shall we rear, Al - - migh - - ty Ma - - ker, to thy name, What

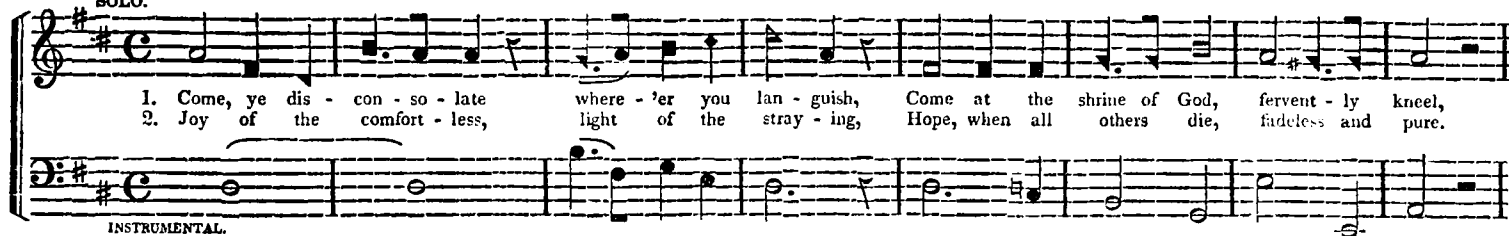
What last - ing ho - - nors shall we rear, Al - migh ty Ma - ker, to thy name.

last - ing

# "COME, YE DISCONSOLATE."

Webbe. 17

## SOLO.



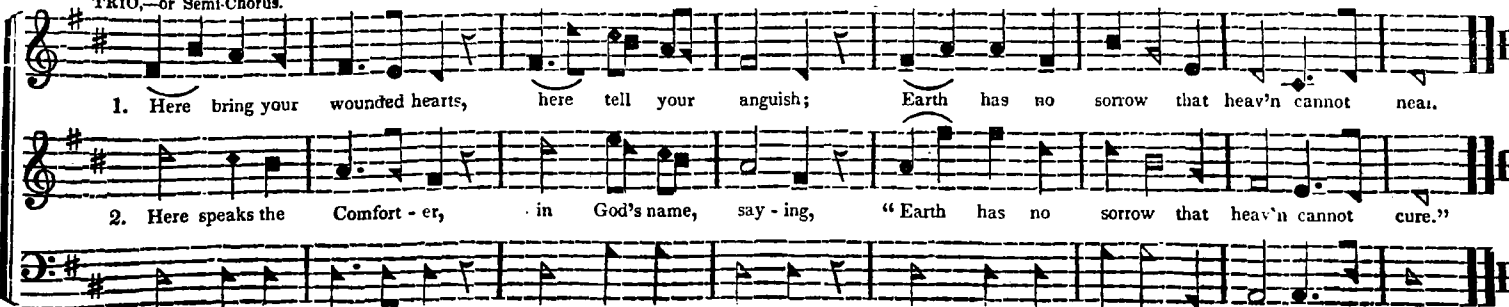
1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late where - 'er you lan - guish, Come at the shrine of God, fervent - ly kneel,  
2. Joy of the comfort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure.

INSTRUMENTAL.



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.  
Here speaks the Comfort - er, in God's name saying, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."

## TRIO,—or Semi-Chorus.



1. Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.  
2. Here speaks the Comfort - er, in God's name, say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."

Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When

*Marcioso.*

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in a grand staff format. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

roll - ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When roll - - ing years shall cease to move.

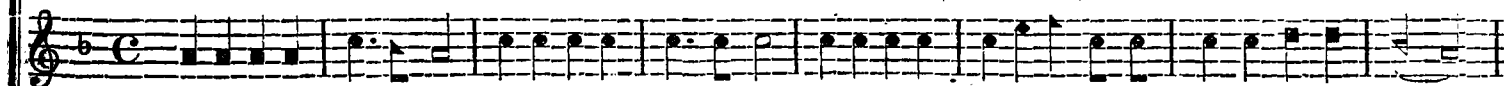
*PIA.* *FOR.*

This musical system also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staves. The musical notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'PIA.' and 'FOR.'.

Andantino.



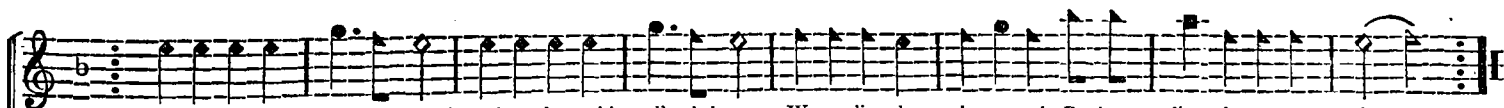
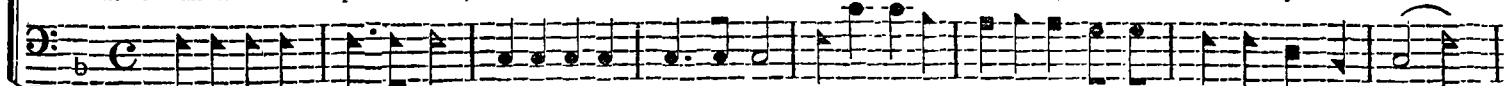
1. While with ceaseless course the sun, Hasted thro' the for - mer year; Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here.



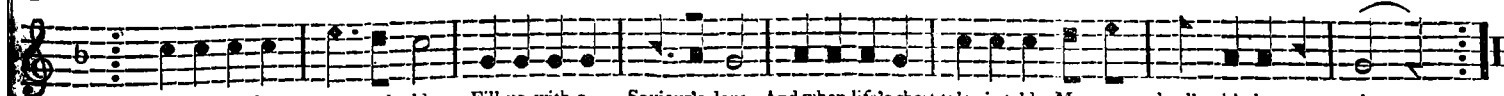
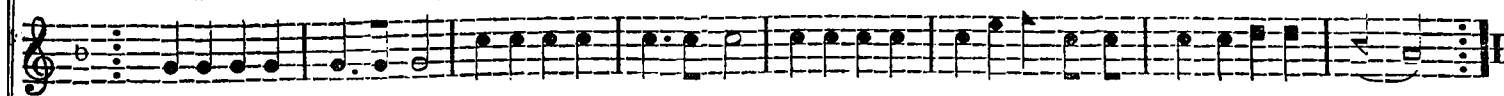
Mezza Voce.



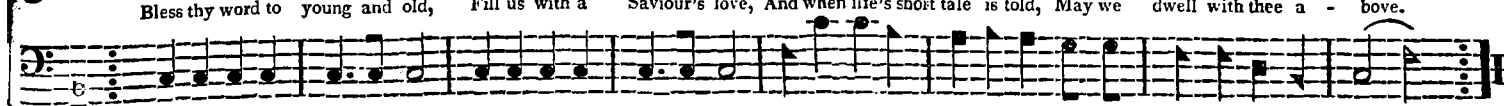
2. Thanks for mercies past re - ceive, Pardon of our sins renew, Teach us henceforth how to live, With e - ter - ni - ty in view.



Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all below, We a lit - tle longer wait, But how lit - tle none can know.



Bless thy word to young and old, Fill us with a Saviour's love, And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with thee a - bove.



The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. A repeat sign with first and second endings is present. Above the second ending of the top staff, the word "FIA." is written.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid! Cold in his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
 Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our Infant Re - deemer is laid.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves in the same key signature and time signature. The melody continues across the staves. Above the second staff, the tempo marking "M. F." is written.

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore him in slumber re - clining, Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine?  
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ampler oblation;  
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

A heart from sin set free! A heart from sin set free!

Trebles. PIA.

O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart from sin set free! A heart that always feels thy blood, So

A heart from sin, A heart

So freely spilt for me.

Tenor. FOR.

freely spilt for me, A heart that always feels thy blood, So free - - - ly spilt for me.

So freely spilt for me.

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne:  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

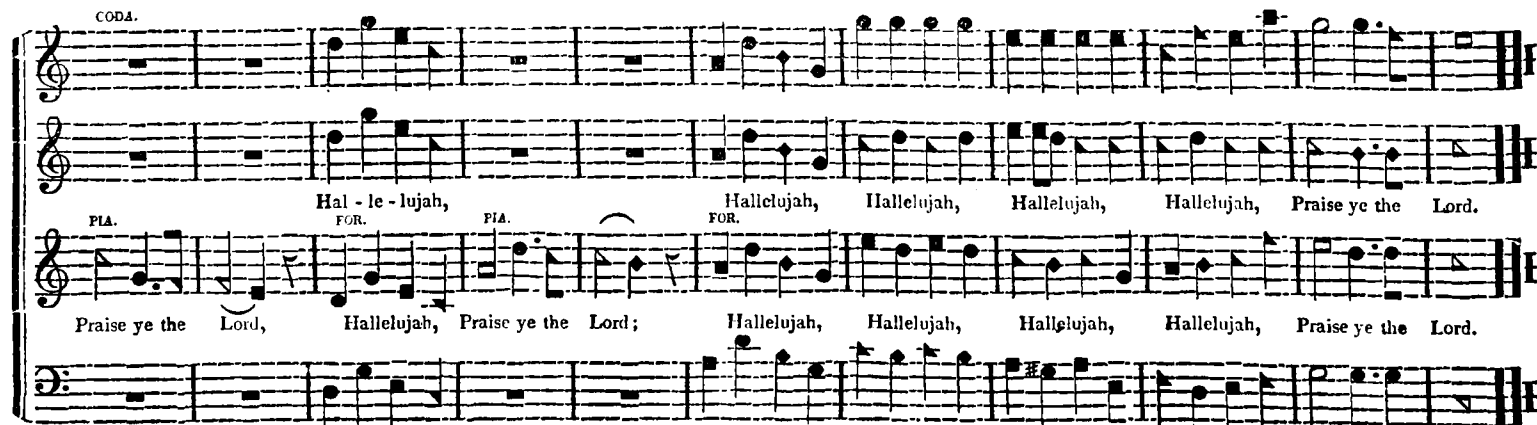
O for a lowly contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean!  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.



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

CODA.



Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lujah, Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lujah, Praise ye the Lord; Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lujah, Praise ye the Lord.



VERSE.

Take, O take me to your care, Take, O take me to your care; Speed to your own courts my flight, Clad in robes of

Take, O take me to your care, Take, O take me to your care; Speed to your own courts my flight, Clad in robes of

vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white,

vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white Take me An - gels

INSTRUMENTAL

## "ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR."

Moderato, Verse.

Take, O take me,  
 ev - er bright and fair, An - gels ev - er bright and fair,  
 An - gels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me, take, O take me to your  
 ev - er bright and fair, INSTRUMENTAL

Take, O take me, Take me, CHORUS. Angels ev - er bright and fair,  
 Take, O take me, take O take me, take, O take me,  
 care take me An - gels ev - er bright and fair,  
 Take, O take me INSTRUMENTAL take, O take me,

VERSE.

Take, O take me to your care, Take, O take me to your care; Speed to your own courts my flight, Clad in robes of

vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white,  
vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white Take me An - gels

INSTRUMENTAL.

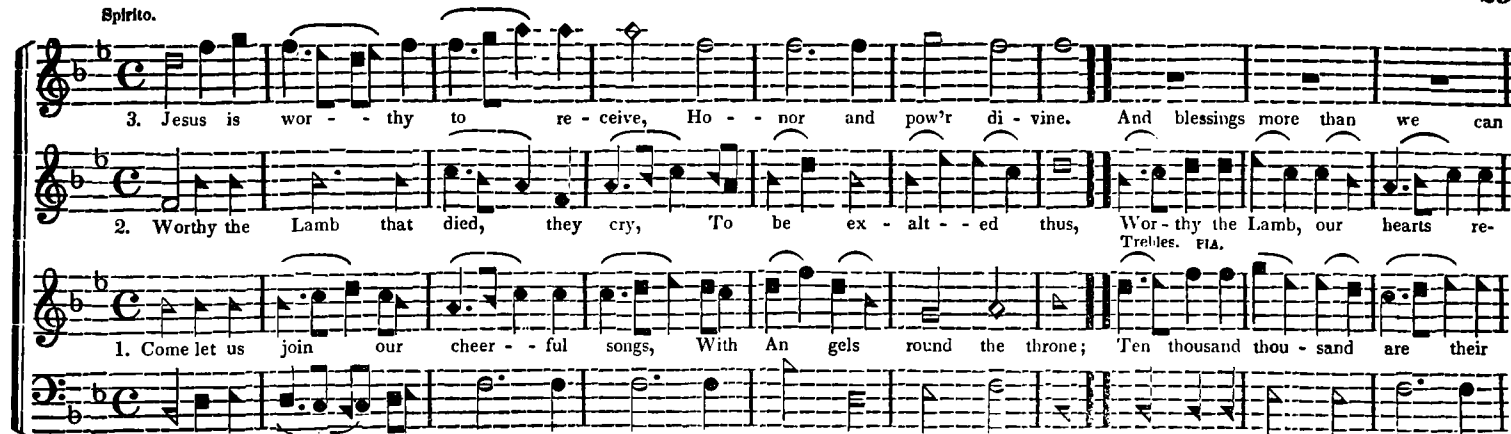
## "ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR."

Moderato, Verse.

Take, O take me,  
 ev - er bright and fair, An - gels ev - er bright and fair,  
 An - gels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me, take, O take me to your  
 ev - er bright and fair, INSTRUMENTAL.

CHORUS.  
 Take, O take me, Take me, Angels ev - er bright and fair,  
 Take, O take me, take O take me, take, O take me,  
 care take me An - gels ev - er bright and fair,  
 Take, O take me INSTRUMENTAL take, O take me,

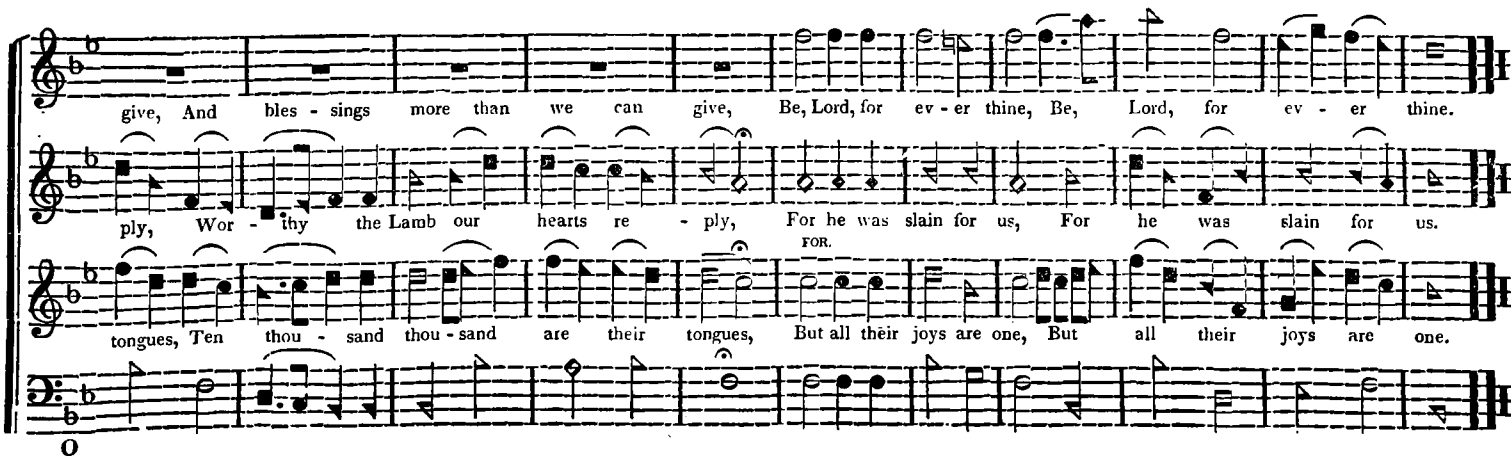
Spirito.



3. Jesus is wor - - thy to re - ceive, Ho - - nor and pow'r di - vine. And blessings more than we can

2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - - ed thus, Wor - thy the Lamb, our hearts re-Trebles. Fia.

1. Come let us join our cheer - - ful songs, With An gels round the throne; Ten thousand thou - sand are their



give, And bles - sings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er thine, Be, Lord, for ev - er thine.

ply, Wor - thy the Lamb our hearts re - ply, For he was slain for us, For he was slain for us.

FOR.

tongues, Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

Take, O take me to your care, Take, O take me, Take, O

Take, O take me Take, O take me, Take, O take me, take me,

ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care Take, O

Take, O take me, Take, O take me, Take me, Take, O

take me, An - gels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care, Take, O take me to your care.

CHORUS.

take me, An - gels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care, Take, O take me to your care.

take me

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a vocal staff with lyrics, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, accessible style with many eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

Fa - - ther let thy love be known, Let me find my all in thee.  
 Friend - less Or - phan poor and mean, By the proud and weal - thy scorn'd  
 But if we on God re - ly, He will prove our con - stant friend.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves: two treble staves and two bass staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody continues from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the second treble staff.

Nev - er let my soul despair, God will hear the Or - phan's pray'r, Nev - er let my soul despair, God will hear the Orphan's pray'r.  
 Still to God did I re - pair, And he heard the Or - phan's pray'r, Still to God did I re - pair, And he heard the Orphan's pray'r.  
 On him I cast ev - 'ry care, He re - gards the Or - phan's pray'r, On him I cast ev'ry care, He re - gards the Orphan's pray'r.  
 FOR. FIA. FOR.

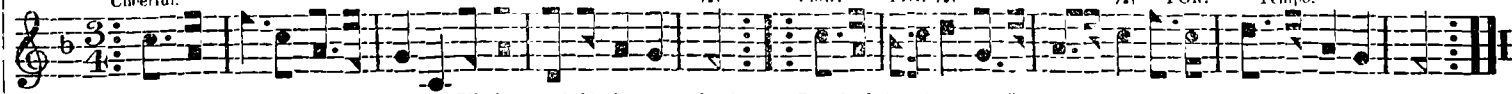
UNISON.



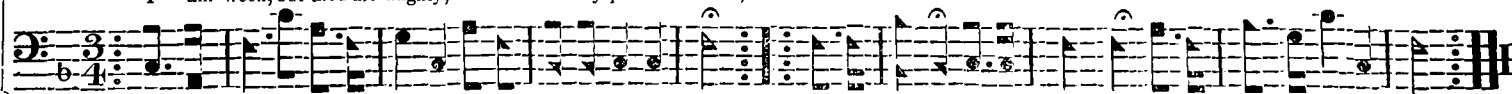
3. When I pass the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside,  
Death of deaths and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side. Songs of praises, :: I will ev - er give to thee



2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow,  
Let the fi - ery cloudy pillar; Lead me all my journey thro', Strong de - liv' - er, :: Be thou still my strength and shield  
Cheerful. Slow. *ITA.* FOR. Tempo.



1. Guide me, O thou great Je - hovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy pow'ful hand; Bread of heav'n, :: Feed me till I want no more.

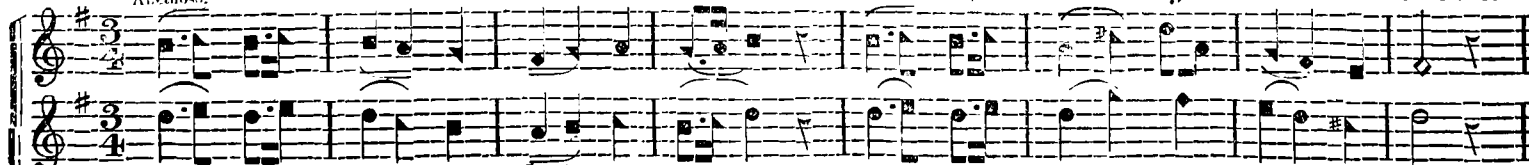


UNISON.

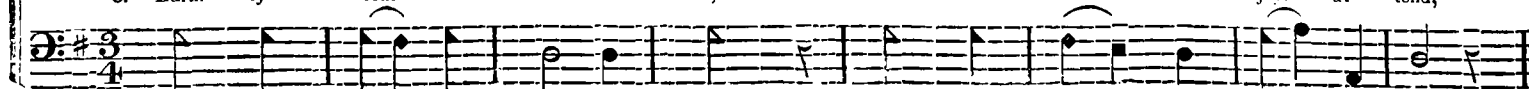
## THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER,

Words by Miss Carter.—J. Cole.

Ad libitum.



1. What though world ly friends may frown, Why should I de - ject - ed be;  
2. Sor - row's child I long have been, Oft - - en for un - kind - ness mourn'd;  
3. Earth - ly com - - forts fade and die, Sor - rows oft our joys at - tend,





CHORUS.

Hosts se - raphic humbly bowing At his foot - - stool pros trate fall, At his foot - stool prostrate fall,

*Allegro.*

Hosts se - raphic humbly bowing At his foot - - stool pros - trate fall, At his foot - stool pros - trate fall,

INSTR.

Saints and Angels all a - vow - ing, God in Christ their all in all.

INSTRUMENTAL

Saints and Angels all a - vow - ing, God in Christ their all in all.

INSTRUMENTAL

"FAR ABOVE YON GLORIOUS CEILING." (Zion.)

*J. Fawcett.*

DUETTO.—Two Trebles.

Far far a - bove, Far far a - bove yon glo - - - rious ceiling, Of the a - - - zure

Far far a - - bove Far far a - - bove Far far a - - bove yon glo - - - rious ceiling, Of the a - - - zure

INSTRUMENTAL

vaulted sky, Je - sus sits his grace re - vealing To the splendid troops on high, To the splendid troops on high.

vaulted sky, Je - sus sits his grace re - - vealing To the splendid troops on high, To the splendid troops on high.

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS

And see Je - sus, grace re - veal - ing, How our souls would long to go

to go, to go, to go,

*Spiritoso.*

And see Je - sus, grace re - veal - ing, How our souls would long to go

to go, to go, to go,

The musical score for the chorus is written for four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "And see Je - sus, grace re - veal - ing, How our souls would long to go". The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo marking "Spiritoso." is placed above the third staff.

And see Je - sus grace re - veal - ing How, How, How our souls would long to go.

And see Je - sus grace re - veal - ing How, How, How our souls would long to go.

The musical score for the final section is written for four staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "And see Je - sus grace re - veal - ing How, How, How our souls would long to go." The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The section concludes with a final chord on all staves.

## "FAR ABOVE YON GLORIOUS CEILING," Continued.

DUETTO.—Two Trebles.

Could we but leave this fool - - ish dreaming, Of a fan - cied heav'n be - - low,

INSTRUMENTAL

INSTRUMENTAL

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a Treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains the vocal melody for the first part of the duet. The middle staff is also a Treble clef with the same key and time signature, containing the vocal melody for the second part of the duet. The bottom staff is a Bass clef with the same key and time signature, containing an instrumental accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

And see Je - sus, grace re - veal - ing, How our souls would long to go, How our souls would long to go.

INSTRUMENTAL

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a Treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains the vocal melody for the first part of the duet. The middle staff is also a Treble clef with the same key and time signature, containing the vocal melody for the second part of the duet. The bottom staff is a Bass clef with the same key and time signature, containing an instrumental accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

say, they whisper, an - gels' say, Hark,

FOR. PIA. FOR.

say, Hark, Hark, they whisper, an - gels say, Sister spirit, come a - way, Sister spirit, come a - way.

Hark, they whisper, an - gels say, Hark

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 7/8 time signature. It contains the melody for the first line of the song. The middle staff is also in treble clef and contains the melody for the second line, with dynamic markings 'FOR.' and 'PIA.' above it. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains the bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned with specific notes.

PIA. CRES. PIA.

What is this ab - sorbs me quite, Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spir - it, draws my

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 7/8 time signature. It contains the melody for the third line of the song. The middle staff is also in treble clef and contains the melody for the fourth line, with dynamic markings 'PIA.', 'CRES.', and 'PIA.' above it. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains the bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned with specific notes.

*Largo.* *MEZ. PIA.*

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame, Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dying.

*Affettuoso.* *ff*

Hark, Hark, they whisper, an - gels

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life. Hark, they whisper, an - gels say, they whisper, an - gels

Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? O

Vivace. FOR.

Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? O

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy

PIA.

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy

## DYING CHRISTIAN, Continued.

breath. Tell me, my soul, can this be death! Tell me my soul, can this be death! The world re cedes, it

dis - - ap - - pears, Heav'n o - - pens on my eyes; my ears With sounds se - raph - ic ring.



"I LOVE THE WINDOWS OF THY GRACE." (Hartland.)

J. Fawcett. 37

Spirito.

I love the win - dows of thy grace, Thro' which thy Lord is seen, And long to meet my Sav - ior's

And long to meet my Savior's

I love the win - dows of thy grace, Thro' which my Lord is seen, And long to meet my Sav - ior's

UNISON. And long to meet my Savior's

PIA.

FOR.

face, Without a glass be - tween, Without a glass be - tween.

face, PIA. FOR.

face, Without a glass be - tween, Without a glass be - tween.

face,

2. O that the happy hour were come,  
To change my faith to sight!  
I shall behold my Lord at home,  
In a diviner light.

3. Haste, my Beloved, and remove  
These interposing days;  
Then shall my passions all be love,  
And all my pow'rs be praise.

## DYING CHRISTIAN, Concluded.

vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting!

Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy vic - tory, thy vic - tory? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

Adagio.

2<sup>nd</sup>. "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd, And own'd the pow'r di - vine, "Great is the work" my heart reply'd, And be the glo - ry thine.

1<sup>st</sup>. When God re - veal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mourn - ful state, My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace ap - pear'd so great.

*Spirito.* First time. PIA. 1<sup>st</sup>. time. 2<sup>nd</sup>. time.

The Lord can clear the dark - est skies, Can give us day for night; Make drops of sacred sorrow rise, To rivers of delight.

First time. PIA.

The world beheld the glor - ious change, And did thy hand confess, My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung sur - prising grace.

✂ In applying the above tune to a Hymn, the first part may be sung separate, and the last part applied only when the spirit of the words require it.

3. O ye banish'd seed, be glad, Christ our ad - vo - cate is made; Us to save our flesh as - sumes, Brother to our souls becomes.

2. Fear not, brethern, joy - ful stand, On the borders of our land; Je - sus Christ our Father's Son, Bids us un - dismay'd go on.

1. Children of the heav'nly king, As we journey let us sing; Sing our Savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

## ANGELS HYMN. L. M.

*Tansur.*

3. Lord, what shall earth and ash - es do? We would a - dore our ma - ker too! From sin and dust to thee we cry, The Great, the Holy, and the High!

2. The while the first arch - an - gels sings, He hides his face be - hind his wings, And ranks his shining thrones around, Fall worshipping and spread the ground.

1. E - ter - nal pow'r, whose high a - bode Becomes the grandeur of a God; In - finite lengths, beyond the bounds, Where stars revolve their lit - tle rounds.



3. This an-cient well, no glass so true, Our nature's image shows; Here Christ presents himself to view, But who the stranger knows?

2. This had she known, her fainting mind For richer draughts had sigh'd! Nor had Mes-siah, ev-er kind, Those rich-er draughts deny'd.

1. At Ja-cob's well a stran-ger sought His drooping frame to cheer, Sa-ma-ria's daughter lit-tle thought That Ja-cob's God was there.

## ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO THE SUPPLEMENT.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Ah lovely appearance of death.	8	Come ye Disconsolate.	17
Angels ever bright and fair.	22	Denmark.	12
Angels Hymn, L. M.	38	Dying Christian.	32
Archdale, C. M.	39	Far above yon glorious ceiling.	28
At Jacob's well a stranger sought, C.M.	40	Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah.	26
Benevento.	19	I love the windows of thy grace.	37
Beyond the glittering starry skies.	1	Orphan's Prayer.	26
Blessed are the merciful.	4	Pleyel's German Hymn.	38
Canterbury New, C. M.	21	Silver Street, S. M.	20
Clifford, C. M.	25	Star of the East.	18
Come hither all ye weary souls.	10		

The design of this supplement is, to furnish a greater number of Anthems and set pieces, than is embraced in the body of the work. Also, to introduce a few additional popular Hymn tunes. With the addition of the supplement, it is confidently believed, that no book ever before published in *patent notes*, can lay claims equal to it, for the richness, and chastity of the style. The book contains the greatest variety of metres in general use, and is particularly well adapted to the western and southern sections of the United States.

The attention of Teachers of music, and Ministers of different denominations, is particularly invited to the work.



