

A  
SUPPLEMENT,

TO THE

Kentucky Harmony.

BY

ANANIAS DAVISSON.

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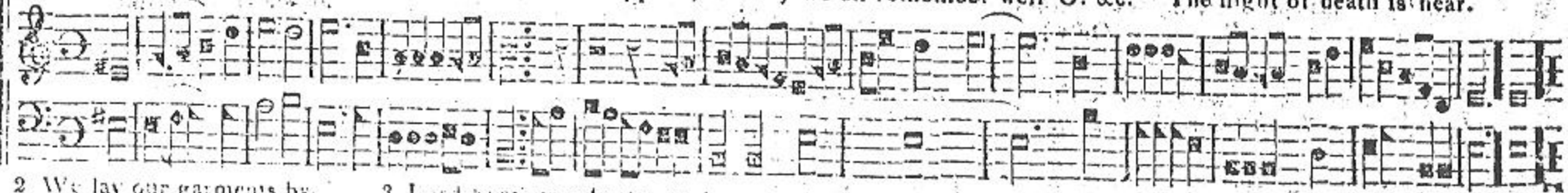
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1825.

EVENING SHADE. S. M.



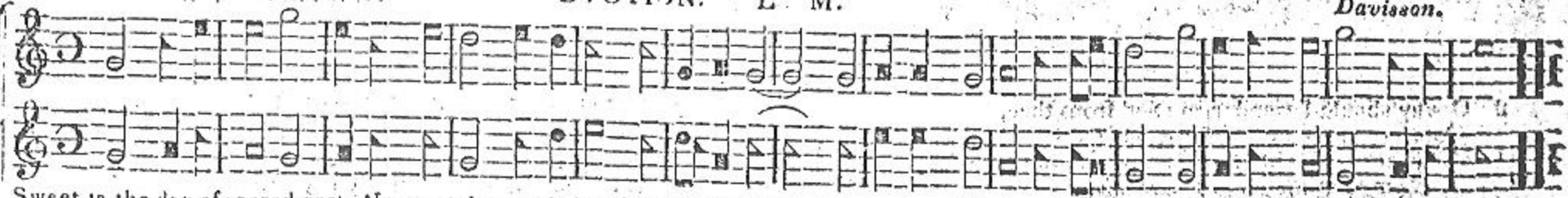
The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O! may we all remember well O! &c. The night of death is near.



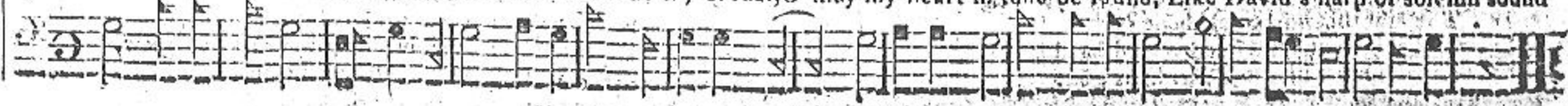
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears,  
Beneath the pinions of thy love,  
Till morning light appears
- 4 And when we early rise,  
And view the unclouded sun;  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run,
- 5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove;  
O! may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

DEVOTION. L. M.

*Davison.*



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





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



Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love? For why in the valley of death shall I weep: Or  
alone in the wilderness rove.

2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,  
And cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.  
Ye daughters of Zion declare, have ye seen,  
The star that on Israel shone?  
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,  
And where with his flocks he is gone.

3 This is my beloved, his form is divine,  
His vestments shed odors around:  
The locks on his head, are as grapes on the vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.  
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow  
In the vales on the banks of the streams,  
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,  
And his eyes all invitingly beams.



When we our wear'd limbs to rest, sat down by proud euphrates streams, we wept with doleful thro'ts opprest, & zion was our mournful theme.



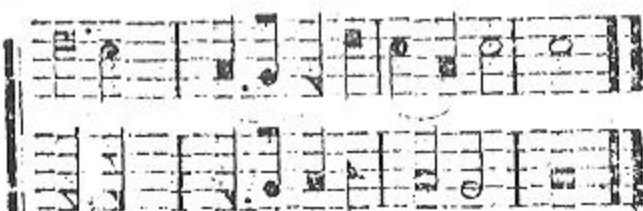
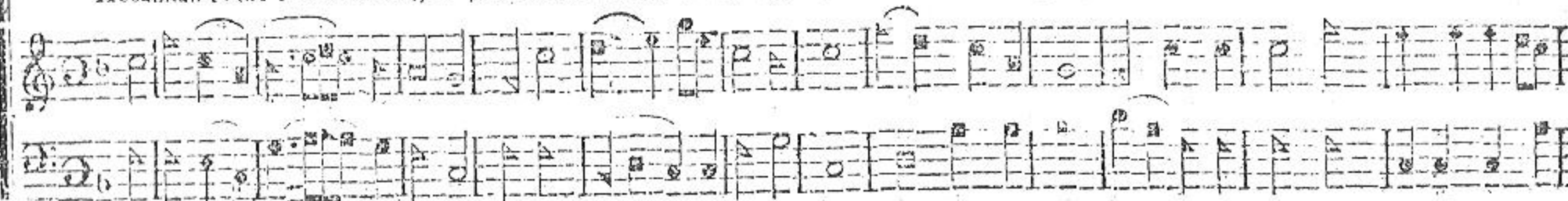
Our harps that, when with joy we sung, were want their tuneful parts to bear, with silent strings neglected hung, on willow trees that wither'd are.



O God, my sun, thy blissful rays Can warm, rejoice, & guide my heart: How dark, how mournful are my days, If thy enlivening beams depart! Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day appears to these desiring eyes! But shall my drooping spirit say, The cheerful morn will never rise?



Hosannah to the Prince of Light, That cloth'd himself in clay; Enter'd the iron gates of death, And tore the bars a-



2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose:  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns  
And scatters blessings down;  
Our Jesus fits the middle seat  
Of the celestial throne.

way And to re the bars away.



3 See how the conq'ror mounts aloft,  
And to his father flies;  
With scars of honour in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.

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



Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ; Awake before the dreadful morning rise : Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works an end.



Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend ; Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.





Stay, thou insulted spirit, stay ! Tho' I have done thee such despite, Cast not a sinner quite away, Nor take thine everlasting flight.

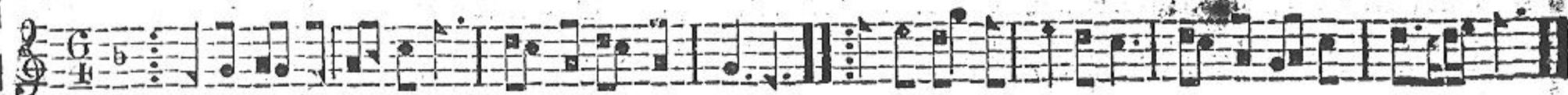
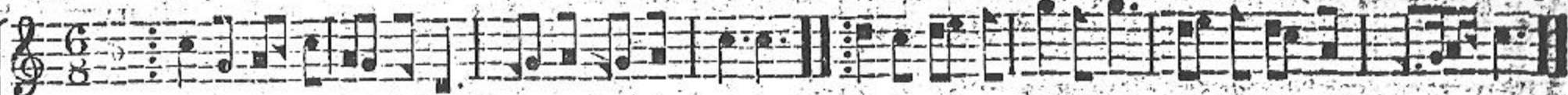


2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 But O ! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great high priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
I shall not see thy peoples rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
E'en now, O Lord ! relieve my woes;  
Into thy rest of love receive,  
And bless me with the calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,  
And raise me by thy gracious hand;  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promis'd land.



Children of the heavenly King, Halle hallelujah,  
As we journey let us sing Glory hallelujah,

Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Halle hallelujah,  
Glorious in his works and ways, Glory hallelujah.



2 We are travelling home to God  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye bannish'd seed, be glad!  
Christ our advocate is made;—  
Us to save our flesh assumes—  
Brother to our souls he comes.

4 Shout ye little flock, and blest,  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepar'd,  
There your kingdom and reward;

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Christ your Father's darling Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord! submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee



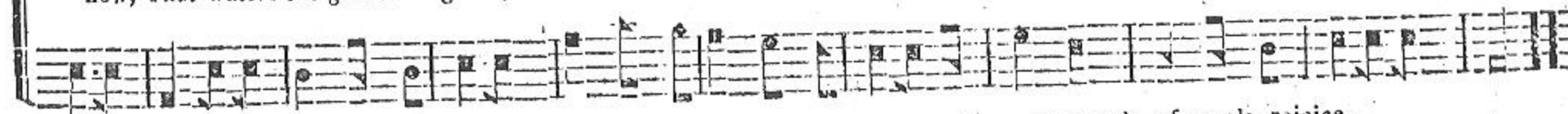


His voice as the sound of a dulcimer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death,  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet, The air is perfum'd with his breath.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness



flow, That waters the garden of grace, From which their salvation the gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.



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

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

Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound, my soul in guilt & thrall I found, And knew not where to go; | O'erwhelm'd in sin with anguish slain, The sinner must be born

again, Or sink in endless woe.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell  
Which way to shun the gates of hell  
For death and hell drew near;  
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,  
The sinner must be born again  
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When on the law I trembling fled,  
It pour'd its curses on my head,  
I no relief could find;  
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
A vast unwieldy load;

Alas, I read, and saw it plain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
Or drink the wrath of God.

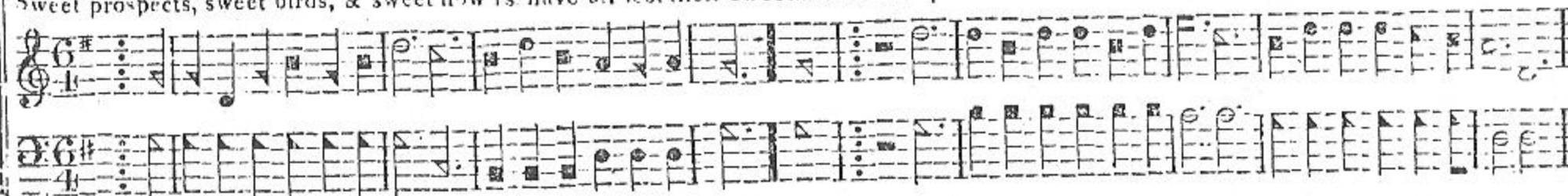
5 The saints I heard with wrapture tell  
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell  
And broke the fowler's snare;  
Yet when I found this truth remain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
Jesus of Nazereth pass'd that way.  
And felt his pity move;  
The sinner by his justice slain,  
Now by h's grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.



How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, & sweet flow'rs have all lost their sweetness to me

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive  
in vain to look gay; But



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



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

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

3 While blest with a sense of his love,  
A pittance a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there,

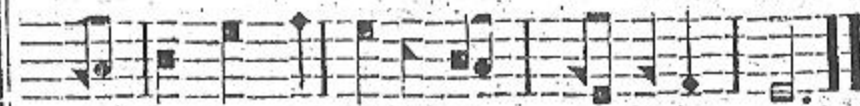
4 Dear Lord if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song;  
Say, why do I languish and pine?  
And why are my winters so long?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul cheering presence restore.  
Or take me to thee up on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more,



When winter is over & spring is begun, When nature is warm'd by the rays of the sun; Our prospects are rais'd by the opening year,



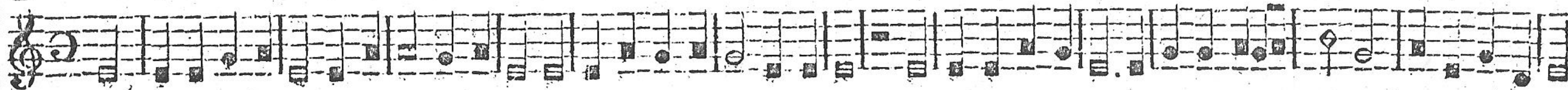
And fruits are expected when blossoms appear.



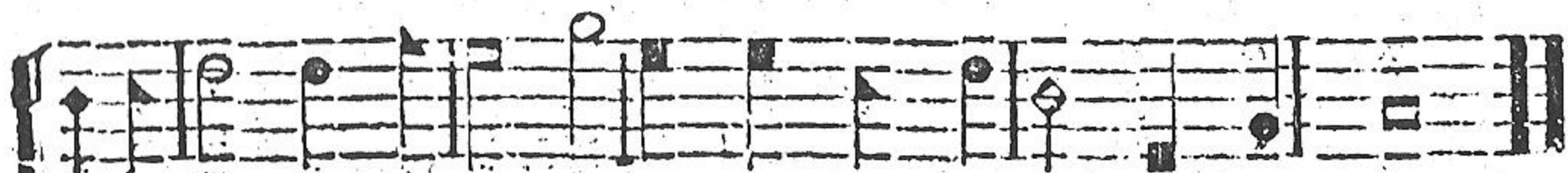
2 Our fond expectations thus bears us away,  
While beautiful prospects our eye still survey;  
But sudden, a dreadful, and untimely frost  
Restores winter's gloom and our hopes are all lost.

3 Just so in a season when conscience awakes,  
Calls loudly to sinners their crimes to forsake;  
'Tis then, that with pleasing emotion we trace  
The tears of the mourner adorning each face.

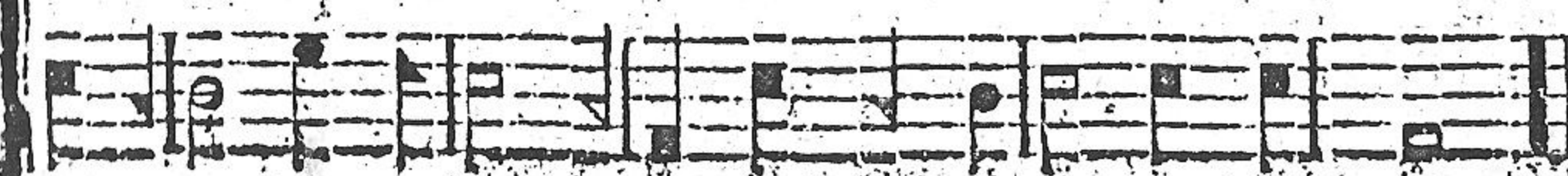
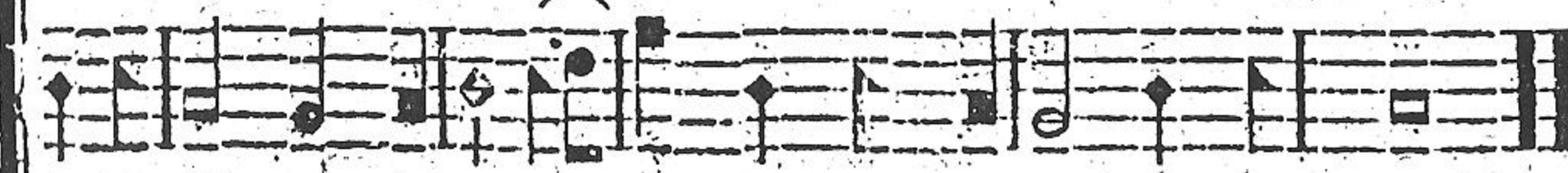
4 But O! in the midst of this pleasing delight,  
We look for the fruit, but its snatch'd from the sight;  
Some fatal temptation, conviction destroys,  
And cut off the hope which had promis'd us joy.



Thro' all this world below God is seen all around, search hills and valleys thro' there he's found: The growing of the corn, the lilly and the thorn, the pleasant & forlorn.



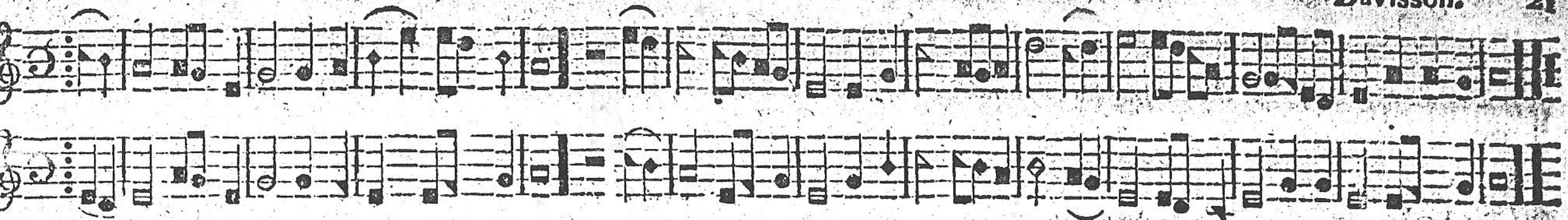
All declare God is there, In medows drest in green there he's seen



2 See springing waters rise, fountains flow, rivers run  
The mist that veils the sky, hides the sun; [shore,  
Then down the rain doth pour, the ocean it doth roar, & beat upon the  
All to praise in their ways, the God who ne'er declines his designs

3 The sun with all his rays, speaks of God as he flies:  
The comet in her blaze, God she cries.  
The shining of the stars, and moon, when she appears  
His awful name declares; see them fly thro' the sky, & join the  
solemn sound all around

Not India's hills of gold, Where the wonders are told,  
Nor zephyrs strong and bold, can unfold the mountain Calvary,  
Where Christ the Lord did die, hark! hear the Saviour cry:  
Mountains quake, heav'n's shake, Christ call'd to heav'n's host  
Left their cost.



I love thee my Saviour, I love thee my Lord; }  
 I love thy dear people, thy ways & thy word, } With tender emotion I love sinners too Since Jesus has di'd to redeem them from woe.



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

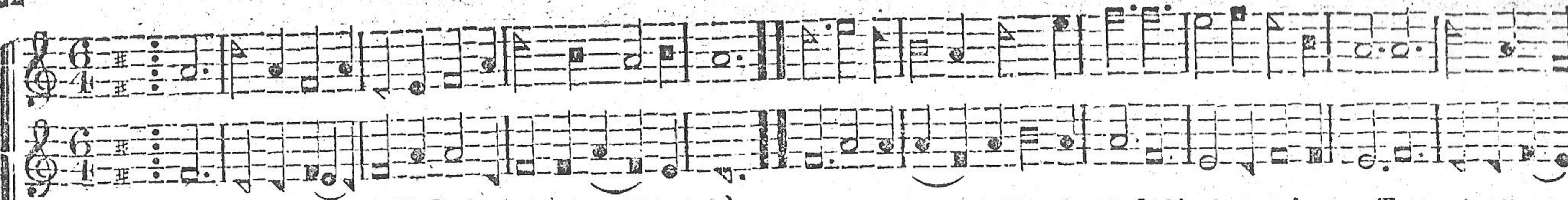
2 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind,  
 Then taught me the way of salvation to find,  
 And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,  
 Thy mercy reliev'd me, and bid me not fear.

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

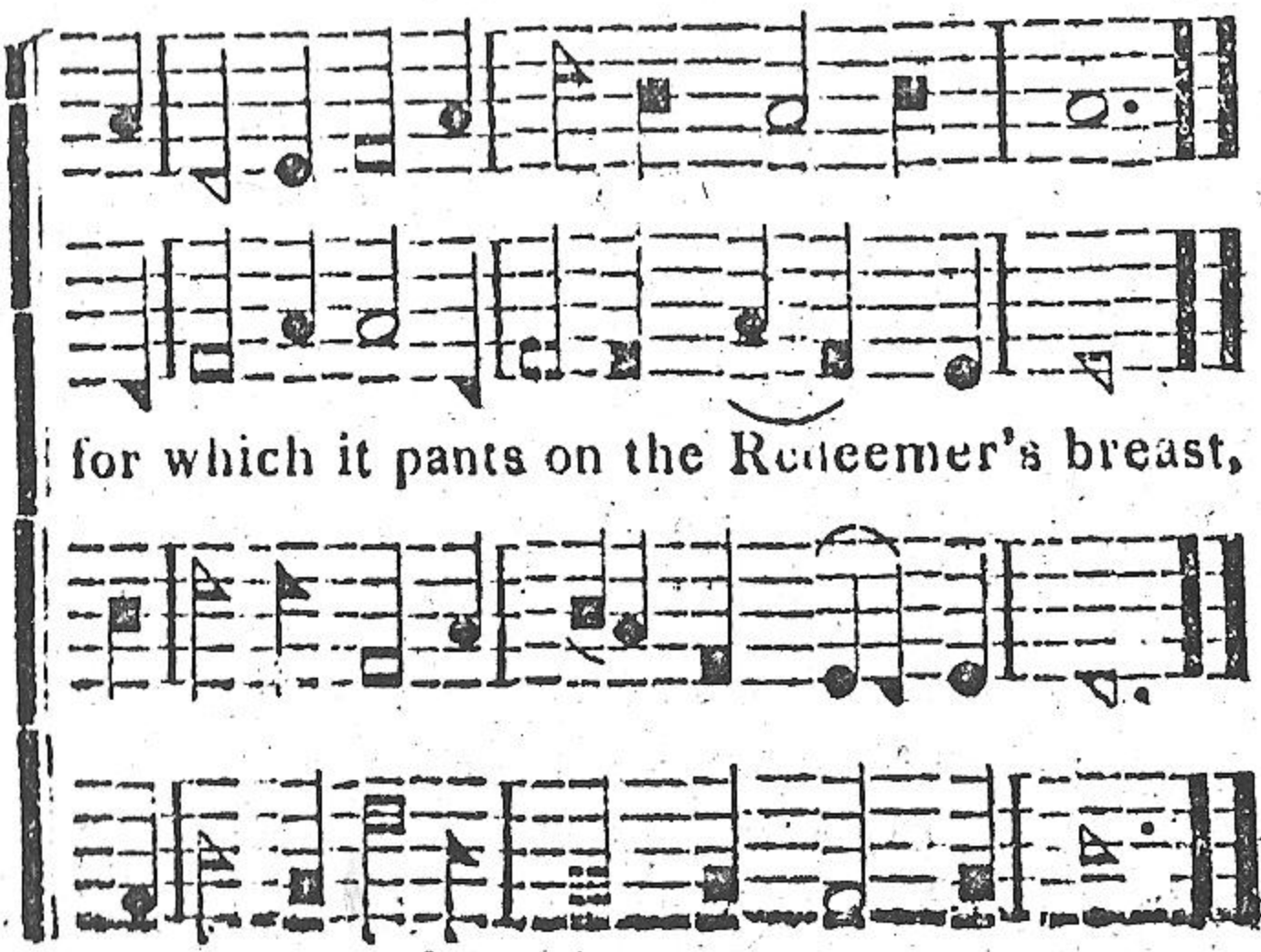
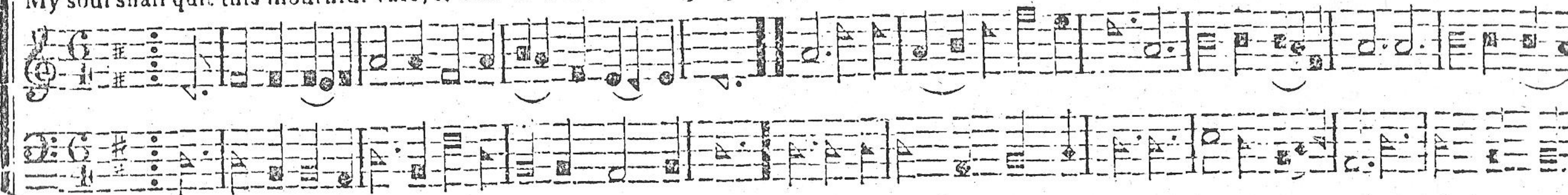
I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,  
 In sweet meditation, he always is near;  
 My constant companion, O may we ne'er part,  
 All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

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

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



And let this feeble body fail! Or let it taint on die; } Shall join the disembodi'd saints & find its long so't rest; That only bliss  
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale, & soar to worlds on high.

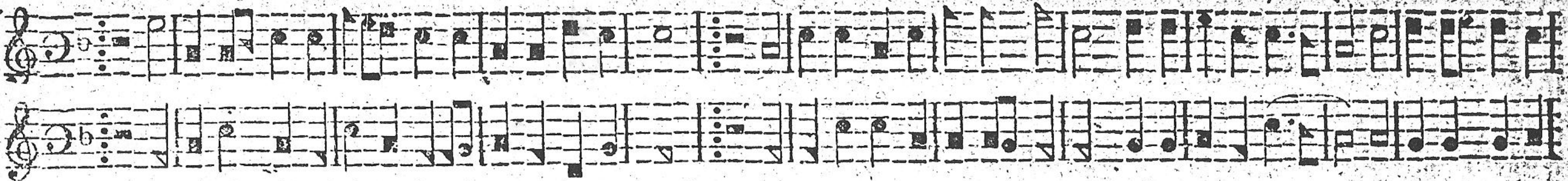


2 in hopes of that immortal crown,  
 I now the cross sustain;  
 And gladly wonder up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain:  
 I'll suffer on my threescore years,  
 Till my deliv'rer comes,  
 And wipe away his servant's tears;  
 And take his exile home.

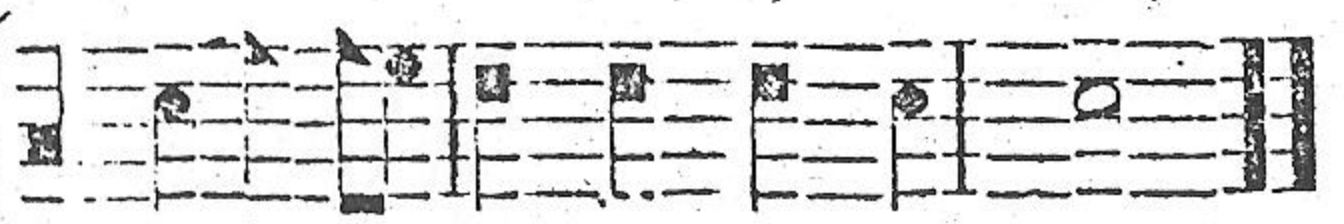
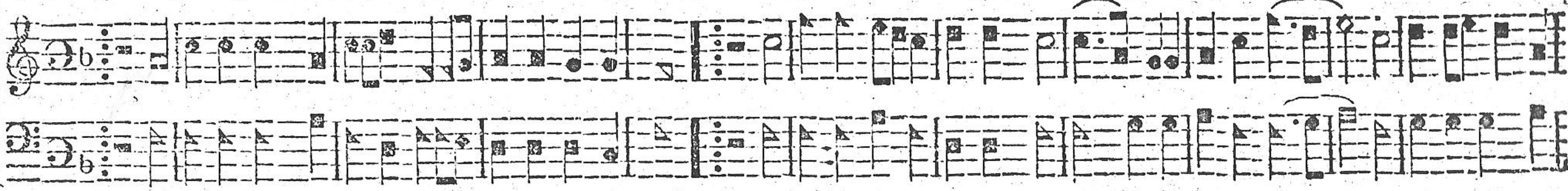
3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!  
 Before my ravish'd eyes  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of paradise!

I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there!  
 They are all reb'd in spotless white,  
 And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,  
 If Lord, thou count me meet,  
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear!  
 And worship at thy feet!  
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
 Take life or friends away;  
 But let me find them all again,  
 In that eternal day!

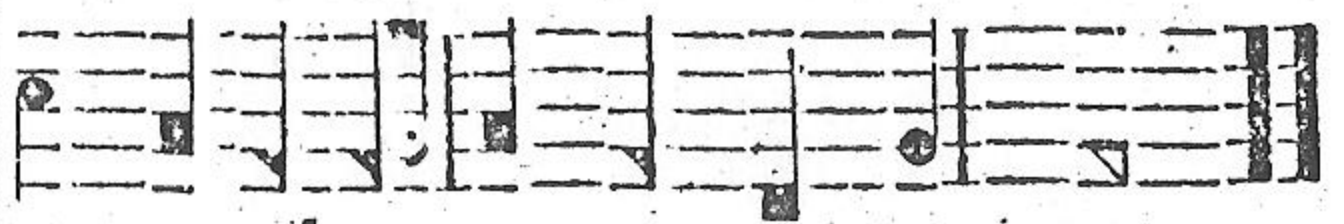


Afflictions though they seem severe, Are oft in mercy sent; } Altho' he no relenting felt till he had spent his store; his stubborn hear be-  
 They stopt the prodigal's career, and caus'd him to repent: }



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

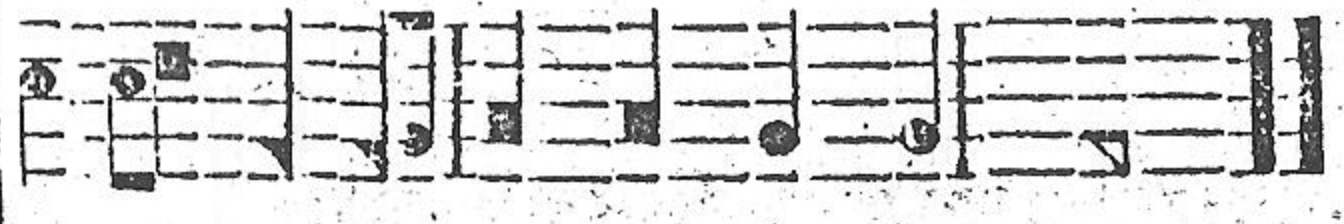
6 Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive  
 And thus the father said;  
 Rejoice my house, my son's alive;  
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.



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

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

gan to melt, When famine pincht him sore.



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

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





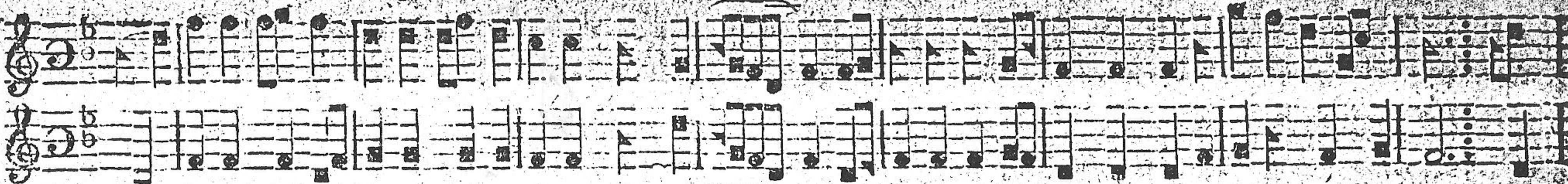
# FLORILLA.

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

Sinners hear the Saviour's call, He now is passing by; He has seen thy grievous thrall, & heard thy mournful cry H. has pardon to impart,

Grace to save thee from thy fears, see the love that fills his heart & wipes away all tears.

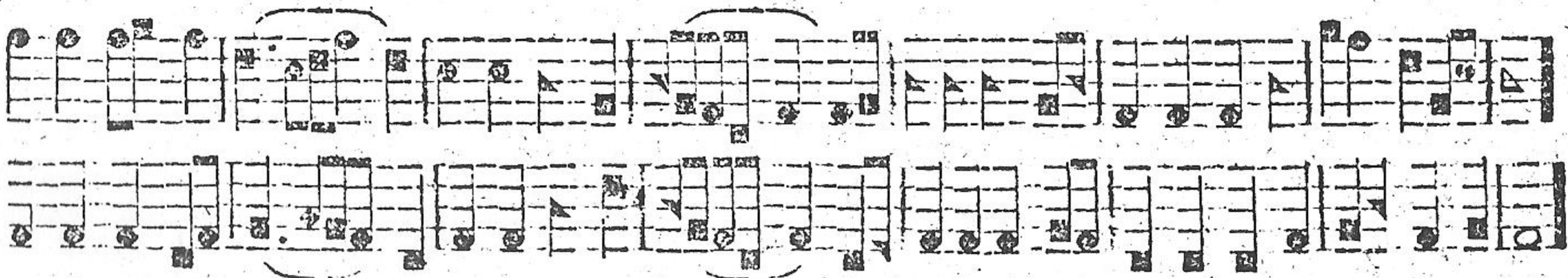
- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,  
And tell him all thy case?  
He will not pronounce thy doom,  
Nor frown thee from his face:  
Wilt thou fear Immanuel!  
Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God,  
Who to save thy soul from pain  
Has shed his precious blood?
3. Rais thy downcast eyes and see  
What throngs his throne surround,  
These, though sinners once like thee,  
Have full salvation found:  
Yield not then to unbelief,  
While he says there yet is room;  
Though of sinners thou art chief,  
Since Jesus calls thee, come,



When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies : I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, And



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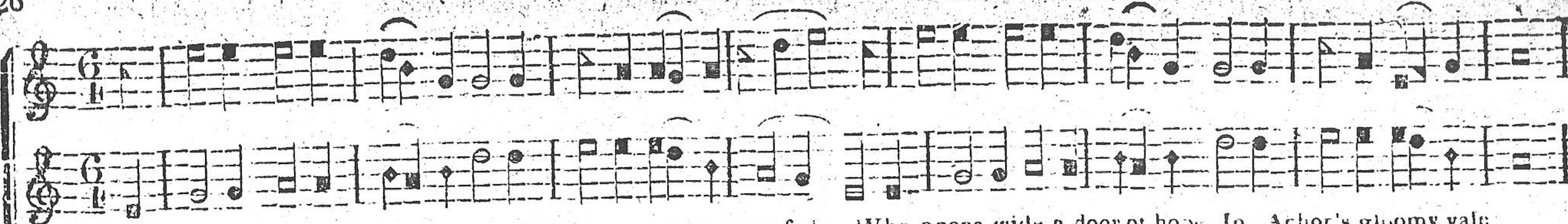
wipe &c And wipe &c I'll bid &c



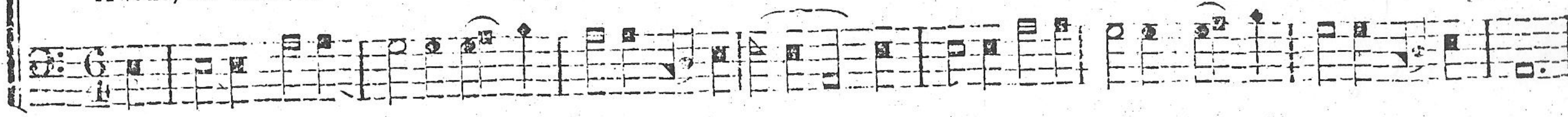
2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God my heav'n my all.

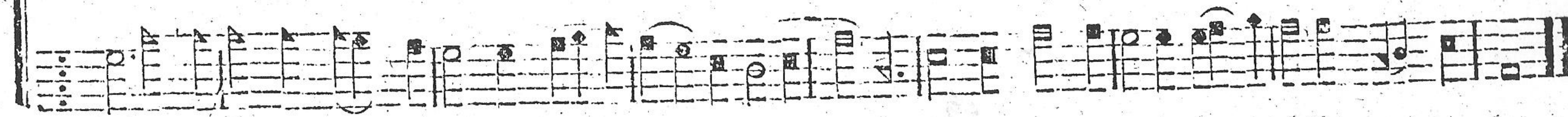
4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of heav'nly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.



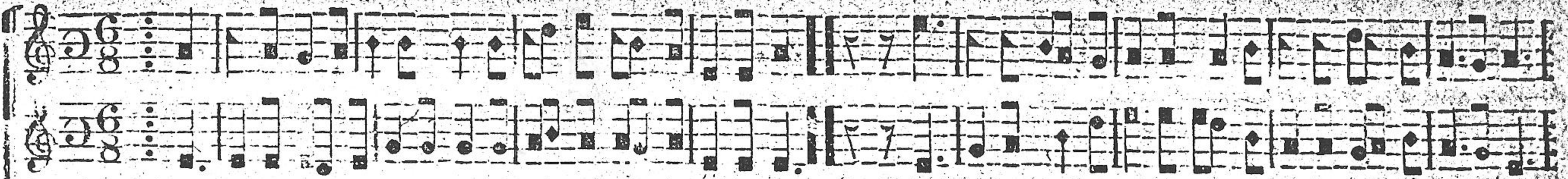
Awake, our souls, and bless his name, Whose mercies never fail; Who opens wide a door of hope In Achor's gloomy vale



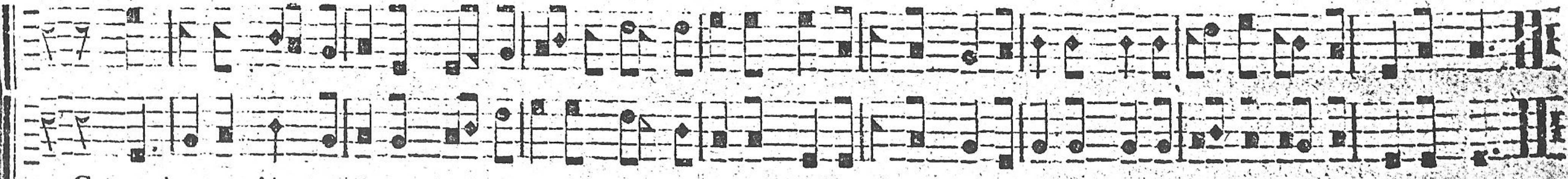
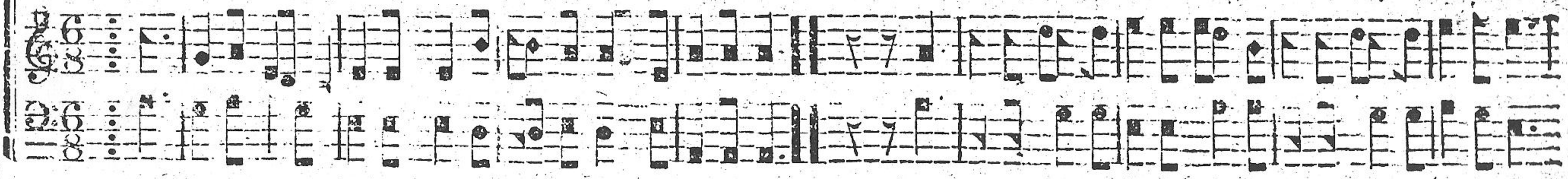
Behold the portal wide display'd, The building's strong and fair; Within are pastures fresh & green, And livingstreams are there;



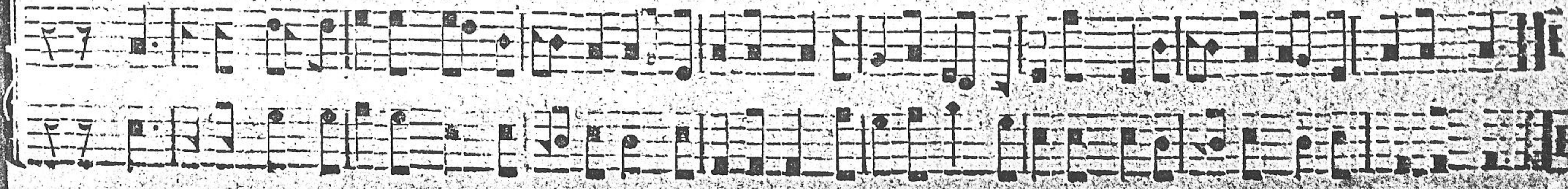
Enter my soul with cheerful haste, For Jesus is the door: Nor fear the serpent's wily darts, Nor fear the lion's roar.  
O, may thy grace the nations lead, And Jews and Gentiles come, All trav'ling thro' the beautiful gate, To one eternal home.

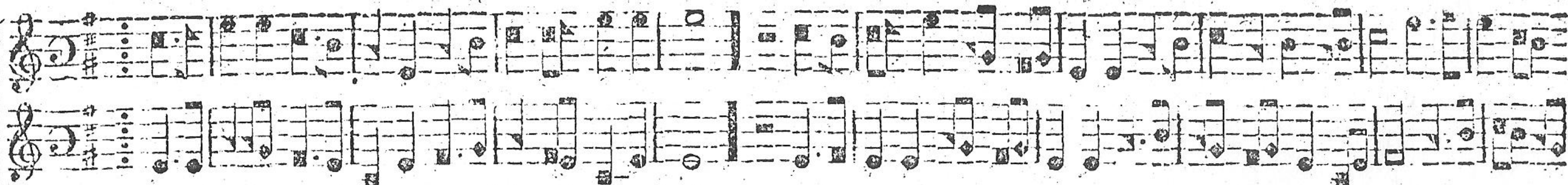


Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, help us to feed upon thy word; } Tho' we are guilty, thou art good, Wash all our works in Jesu' blood  
All that has been aross forgive. And let thy truth within us live



Give ev'ry letter'd soul release: And bid us all depart in peace. Give ev'ry letter'd, &c.





Hark! the jubilee is sounding, O the joyful news is come,  
Free salvation is proclaimed, In and thro' Gods only son;

Now we have an invitation To the meek and lowly Lamb, Glory, honour,



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

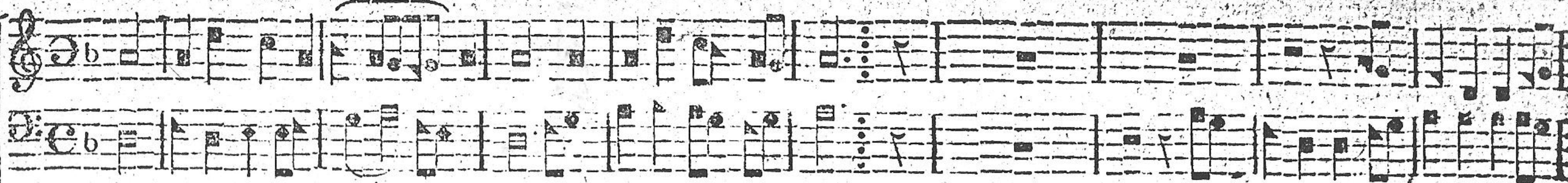
4 Come let's run our race with patience,  
Looking unto Christ the Lord,  
Who both live and reign forever  
With his Father and our God;  
He is worthy to be praised,  
He is our exalted king.  
Glory, honor, &c.

& salvation, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

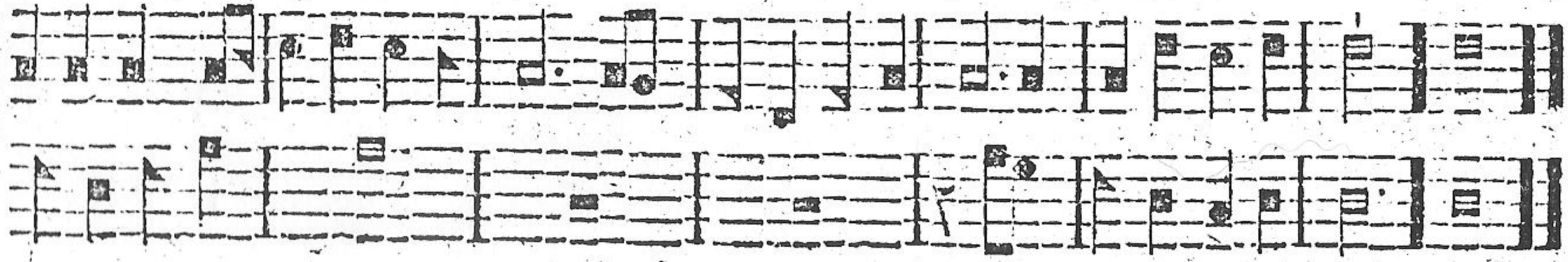
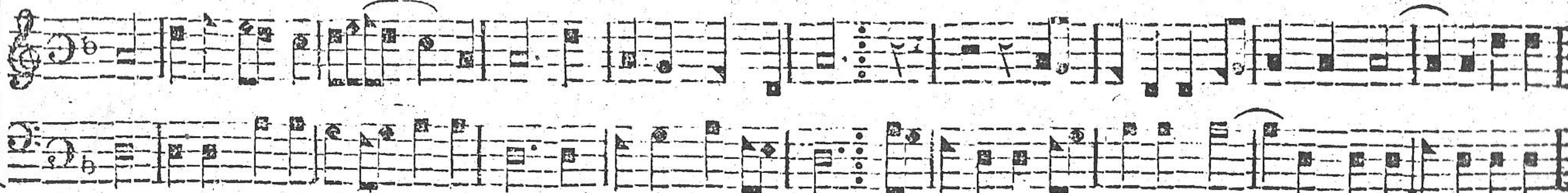


3 Now, let each one cease from sinning,  
Come and follow Christ the way;  
We shall all receive a blessing,  
If from him we do not stray.  
Golden moments we've neglected,  
Yet the Lord invites again  
Glory, honor, &c

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



Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come; Our shelter from the stormy blast, Our &c. And our eternal home.



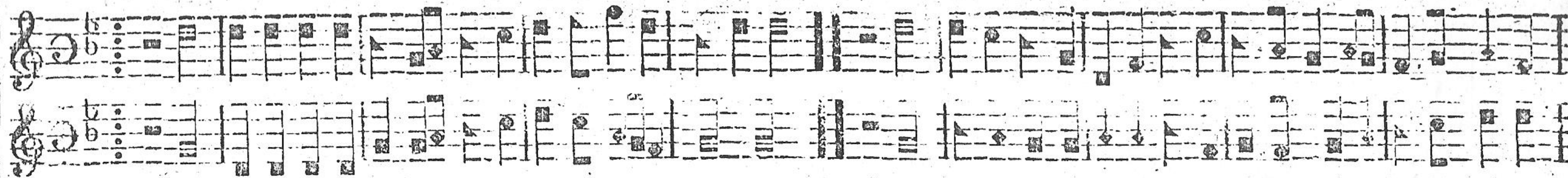
home And our eternal home And our &c.



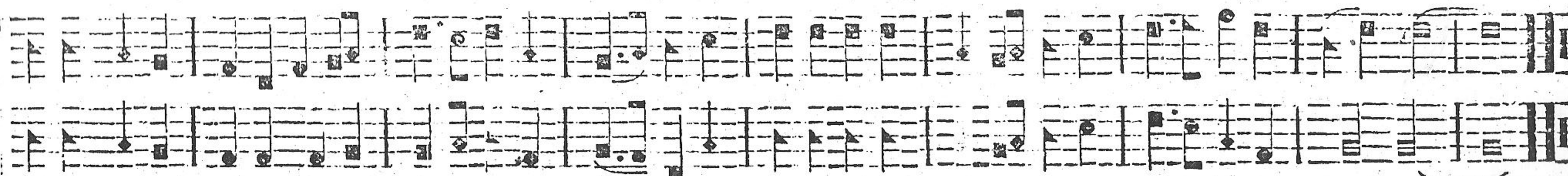
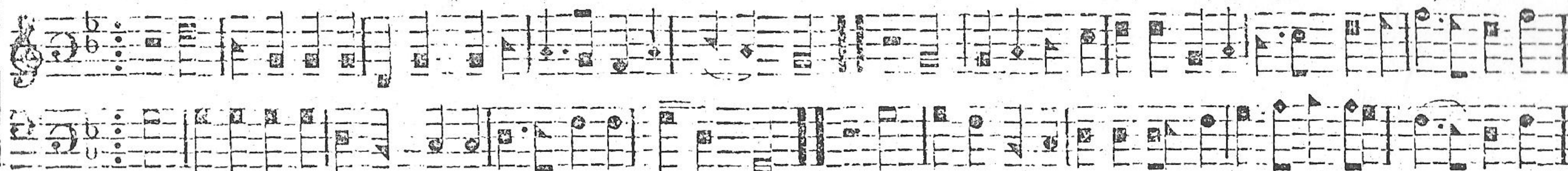
2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And my defence is sure.

A thousand ages in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising dawn:

Time like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten as a dream,  
Dies at the opening day.



Bright scenes of glory strike my sense, And all my passions capture } I live in pleasures deep and full. In swelling waves of glory; And  
 Eternal beauties round me shine, Infusing warmest rapture

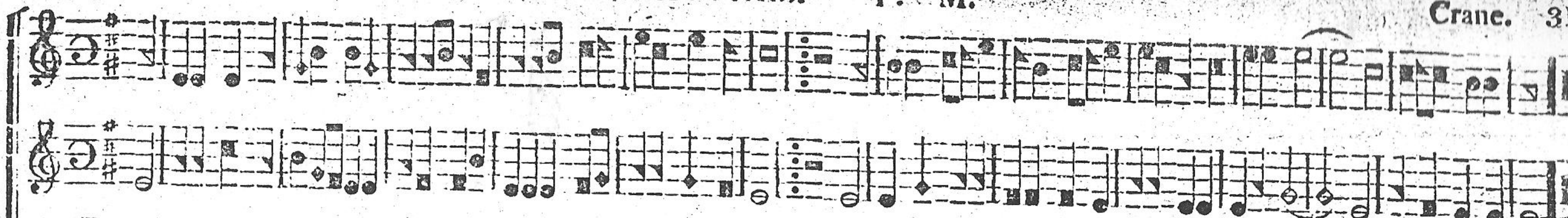


feel my Saviour in my soul And groan to tell my story. And feel

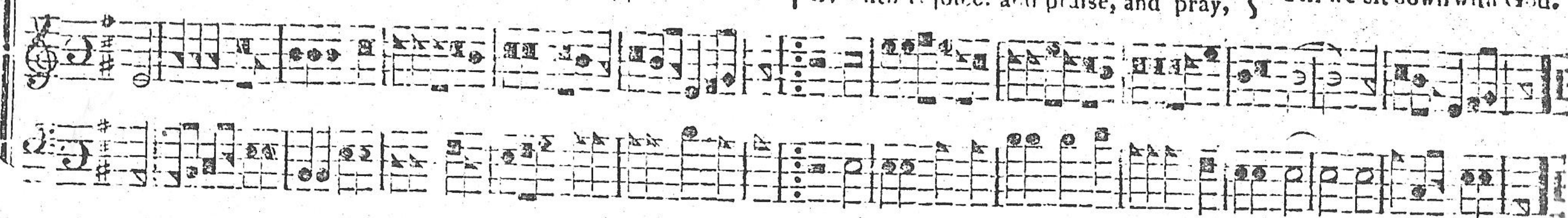


FEW HAPPY MATCHES. P. M.

Crane. 31



There is no path to heav'nly bliss, Or solid joy, or lasting peace, | O may we tread the sacred way!  
 But Christ th' appointed road | By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray, } Till we sit down with God.



As he above forever lives, And life to dying sinners gives, Eetnal & divine; O may his spirit in me dwell Then sav'd from sin, & death & bell.  
 Eternal life is mine.

WORDS FOR MECKLINGBURGH.

3 I feast on honey, milk and wine,  
 I drink perpetual sweetness;  
 Mount zion's odours through me st'ne,  
 While Christ unfolds his glory  
 No mortal tongue can lisp, no joys,  
 Nor can an angel tell them;  
 Ten thousand times surpassing all,  
 Terrestrial worlds or emblems,

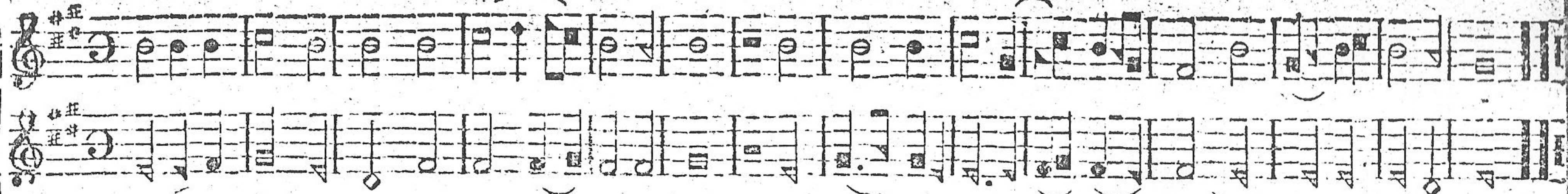
3 My captivate'd spirit flies,  
 Through shining worlds of beauty;  
 Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry,  
 In praises loud and mighty,  
 And here I'll sing and swell the strains,  
 Of harmony delighted,  
 And with the millions learn the notes,  
 Of saints in Christ united.

4 The bliss that rolls thro' heav'n above,  
 Thro' those in glory seated,  
 Which causes them loud song to sing,  
 Ten thousand times repeated.  
 Goes through my soul in radiant flames,  
 Constraining loudest praises,  
 O'erwhelming all my pow'rs with joys,  
 While all within me blazes.



# WATCHMAN, S. M.

Leach.

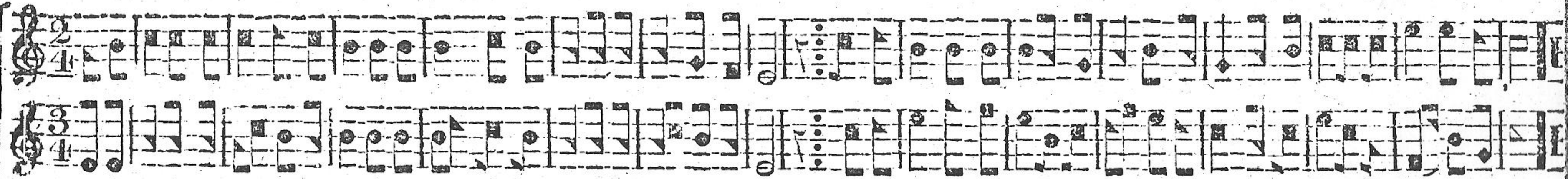


Come holy spirit, come! With energy divine      And on this poor benighted soul      With beams of mercy shine.



# MIDDLEBERRY. P. M.

Humphreys.

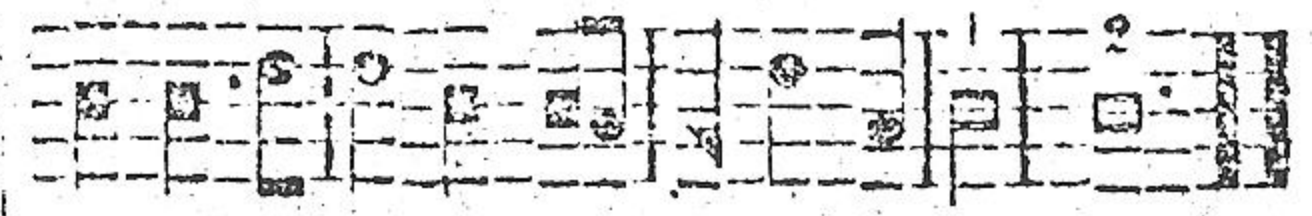


Come away to the skies! My beloved, arise,  
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;      On this festival day      Come exulting away, And with singing to Zion return!

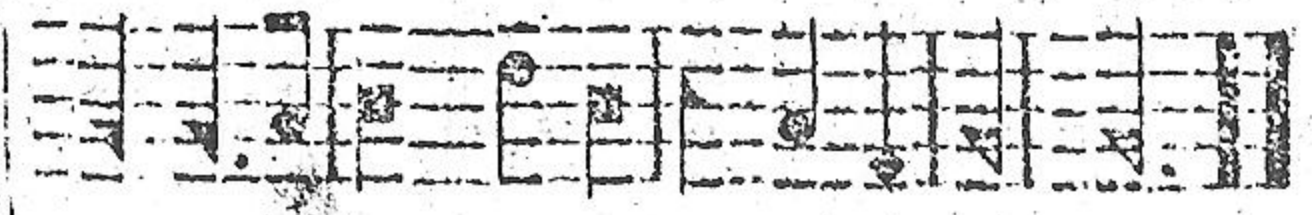




O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er, A cuntry I've found, where true joys abound, To



dwel I'm determin'd on that happy ground.



2 The souls that believe, in paradise live.  
And me in that number will Jesus receive:  
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,  
Rise, follw thy saviour & bless the glad day,

3 No mortle doth know what he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort—go after  
him, go;  
Lo—onward I move to a city above,  
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will  
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell & sin, In bondage, O why' in death will you lie,  
'Mist outward afflictions shall feel Christ  
within!

And when I'm to die, Receive me ! I'll cry  
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind;  
So this is the race I'm running through grace;  
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's  
face,

6 And now I'm in care my neighbours may share  
These blessings; to seek them will none of you  
dare?

When one here assures you true grace is so  
right!

MISSISSIPPI. 8 8 8 7 8 8 3 3 3 8.

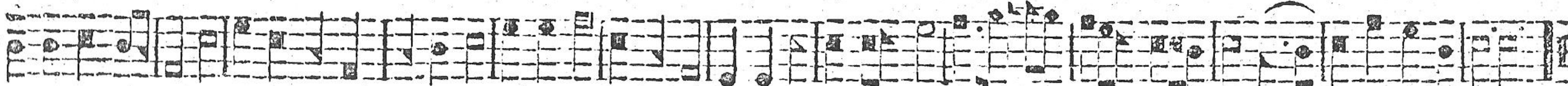
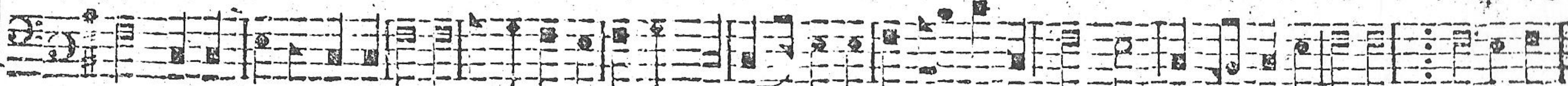
Bradshaw.



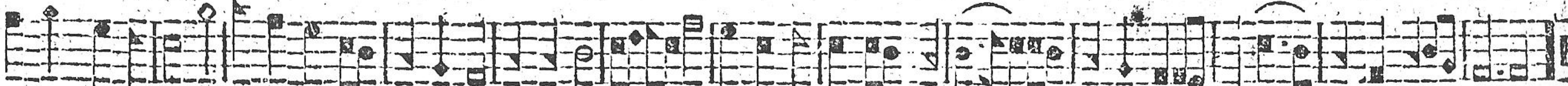
When gabriel's awful trump shall sound, & rend the rocks, convulse the ground, & give to time her utmost bound, Ye dead arise to jud-



meet See lightnings



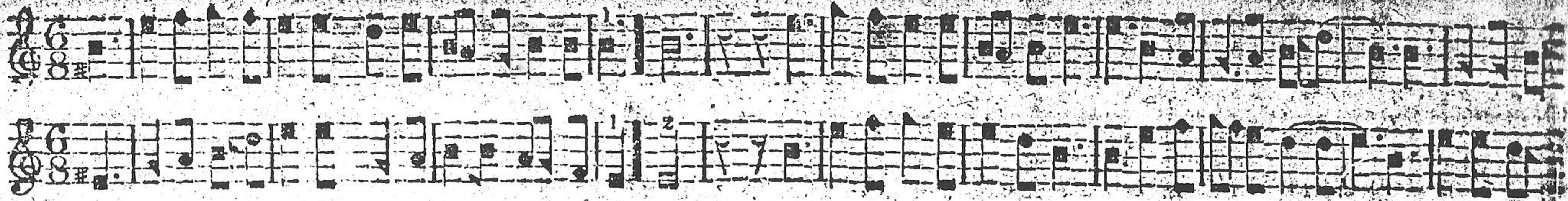
flash & thunders roll, See earth wrapt up like parchment scroll, Comets blaze, Sinners raise, Dread amaze, Horrors seize, The guilty sons of



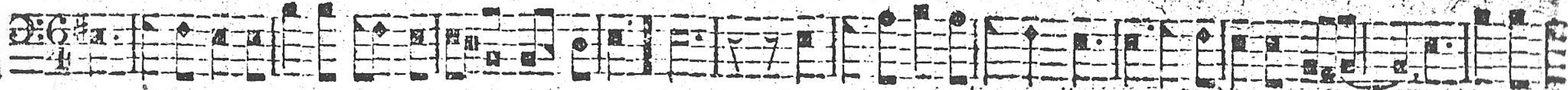
Adam's race Unsaved from sin by Jesus



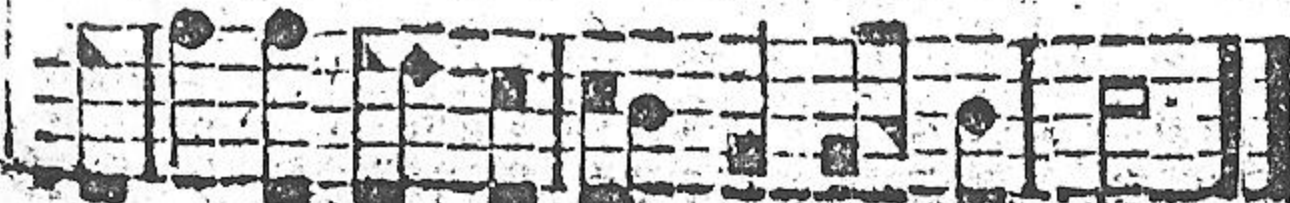
The christian, fill'd with rapturous joy, Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high, To meet his Saviour in the sky, And see the face of Jesus,  
 The soul & body reunite, And fill'd with glory infinite, Blessed day Christians say! Will you pray, That we may All join that happy company,  
 To praise the name of Jesus.



Afflictions tho' they seem severe, are oft in mercy sent ;  
 They stopt the prodigal's career, And caus'd him to repent. } Altho' he no relenting felt Till he had spent his store; His stubborn heart



began to melt when famine pinch'd him sore



2 What have I gain'd by sin he said,  
 But hunger' shame and fear!  
 My father's house abounds with bread,  
 While I am starving here,  
 I'll go, and tell him all I've done,  
 Fall down before his face ;  
 Unworthy to be call'd his son,  
 I'll seek a servants place.

3 The father saw him coming back,  
 He look'd, he ran, he smil'd ;  
 He throws his arms around the neck,  
 Of his rebellious child.

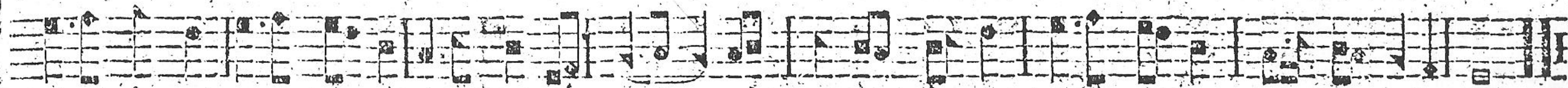
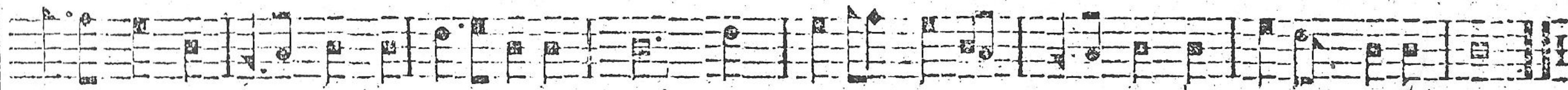
Father I've sin'b, but oh forgive,  
 Enough the father said ;  
 Rejoice my house, my son's alive  
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.

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

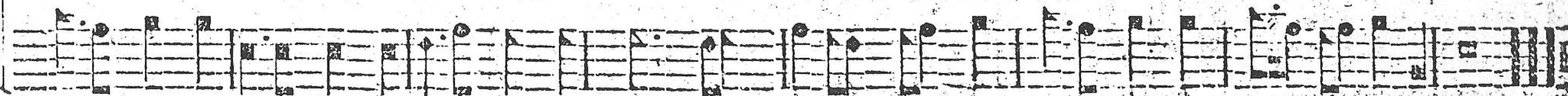
'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,  
 To call poor sinners home ;  
 More than a Father's love he feels,  
 And welcomes all that comes.



Ye weary heavy laden'd souls; Who are oppressed sore ; Ye travellers through the wilderness To canaan's peaceful sho - re. Through



chilling winds and beating rains, The waters deep and cold, And enemies surrounding me, Take courage and be bold



Though stormes and hurricanes arise, The desert all around, And fi'ry serpents oft appear, Thro, the enchanting ground,  
 Dark nights and clouds and gloomy tears, And dragons often roar, But while the gospel trump we hear, We'll press for canaan's shoar.  
 We're often like the lonesome dove, Who mourns her absent mate, From hill to hill, from vale to vale, Her sorrow's to relate  
 But Canaan's land is just before, Sweet spring is coming on. A few more winds and beating rains, And winter will be gone,

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

Ingalls.



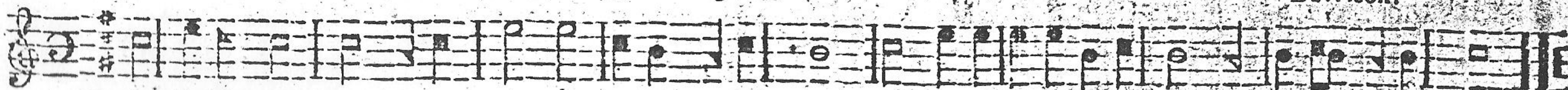
How long dear Sa- iour, () how long Shall this bright hour delay; Fly swift around ye wheels of time, And bring the promis'd day.



1. Lo, what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes! The earth and seas are pass'd away, And the old rolling skies:
2. From the third heav'n, where God resides, That holy, happy place, The New Jerusalem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace
3. Attending angels shant for joy, And the bright armies sing, mortals behold the sacred seat, Of our descending King!
4. The God of Glory down to men, Removes he blest above; Men, the dear object of his grace And he the loving God.
5. His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From ev'ry weeping eye; And paines, and groans, and grieves and fears, And death itself, shall die,

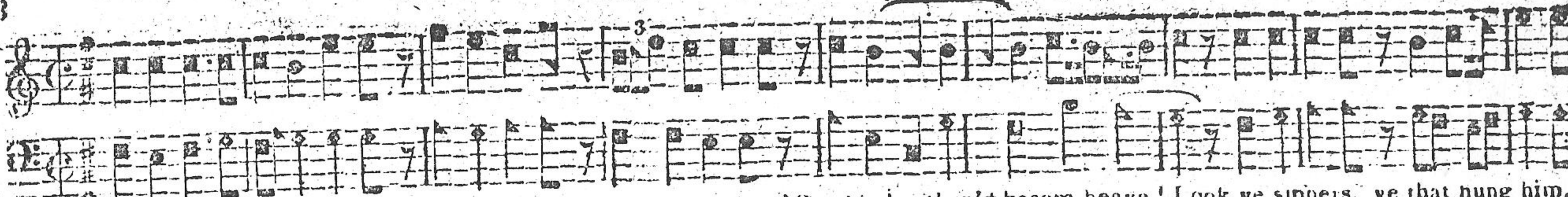
FINDLEY C. M.

Davison.

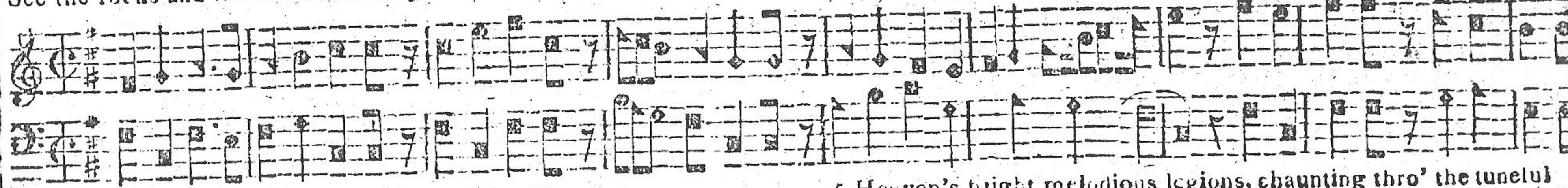


The God of Glory down to men, Removes his blest above; men the dear objects of his grace And he the loving God.





See the Lord of Glory dying ! See him gasping ! here him crying ! See his burthen'd bosom heave ! Look ye sinners, ye that hung him,  
See the rocks and mountains shaking, Earth unto her centre quaking, Natur's groans awake the dead, Look on phoebe struck with wonder,



Look how deep your sins have stung him, Dying sinners, look and live.  
Whilst the peals of legal thunder ; Smote the dear Redeemer's head.

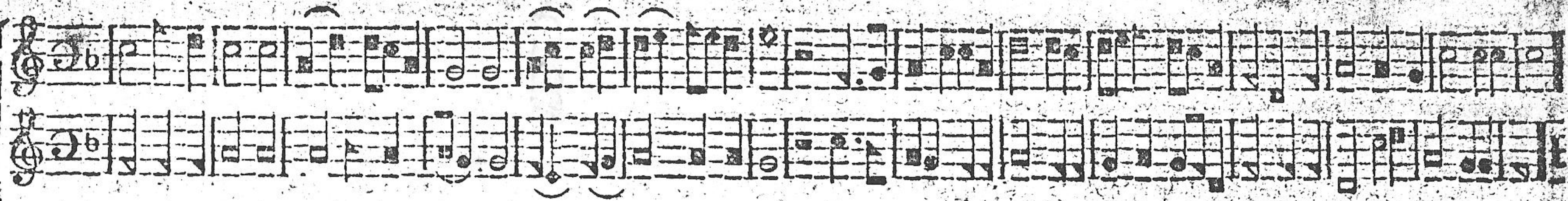


5 Heaven's bright melodious legions, chaunting thro' the tuneful  
regions,  
Cease to trill the quiv'ring string ; Songs seraphic all suspended,  
Till the mighty war is ended, By the all victorious King.

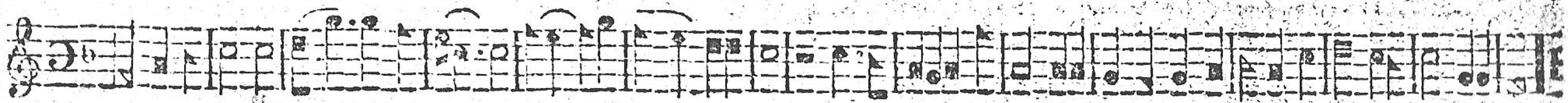
4 Hell and all the pow's infernal Vanquish'd by the King eternal,  
When he pourd the vital flood, by his groans which shock creation  
Lo ! we found a proclamation, Peace and Pardon by his blood.

5 Shout ye saints with adoration, Fill with songs the wide creation  
Since he's risen from the grave, Shout with joyful-acclamation,  
To the Rock of our Salvation, Who alone has power to save.

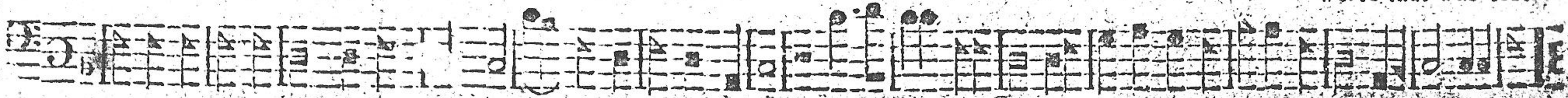
6 Bear with patience tribulation, Overcoming all temptation,  
Till the glorious Jubilee Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder,  
Then shall we adore and wonder, Singing on the highest key.



Saw ye my Saviour,   :|:   Saw ye my Saviour and God; Oh! he di'd on calvary, To atone for you & me And to purchase our pardon  
 He was extended,   :|:   Painfully nail'd to the cross: Then He bow'd his head & di'd, Thus my Lord was crucifi'd, To atone for a



with blood.  
 world that was lost.



<p>3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,                  Three dreadful hours in pain;                  Whilst the sun refus'd to shine                  When his Majesty divine,                  Was derided, insulted, and slain,</p>	<p>5 When it was finish'd when it was finish'd,                  And the atonement was made;                  He was taken by the great,                  And embalm'd in spices sweet,                  And was in a new sepulchre laid.</p>	<p>7 Now interceding, now interceding,                  Pleading that sinners might live;                  Saying, Father I have di'd,                  (Oh behold my hands and side!)                  To redeem them, I pray thee forgive.</p>
<p>4 Darkness prevail'd darkness prevail'd,                  Darkness prevail'd thro' the land;                  O! the solid rocks were rent,                  Thro' creation's vast extent,                  When the Jews crucifi'd the God-Man,</p>	<p>6 Hail mighty Saviour! hail mighty Saviour!                  Prince, and the Author of Peace;                  Oh! He burst the bars of death,                  And triumphing left the earth,                  He ascended to mansions of bliss.</p>	<p>8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,                  When they repent and believe;                  Let them now return to thee,                  And be reconcil'd to me,                  And salvation they all shall receive.</p>

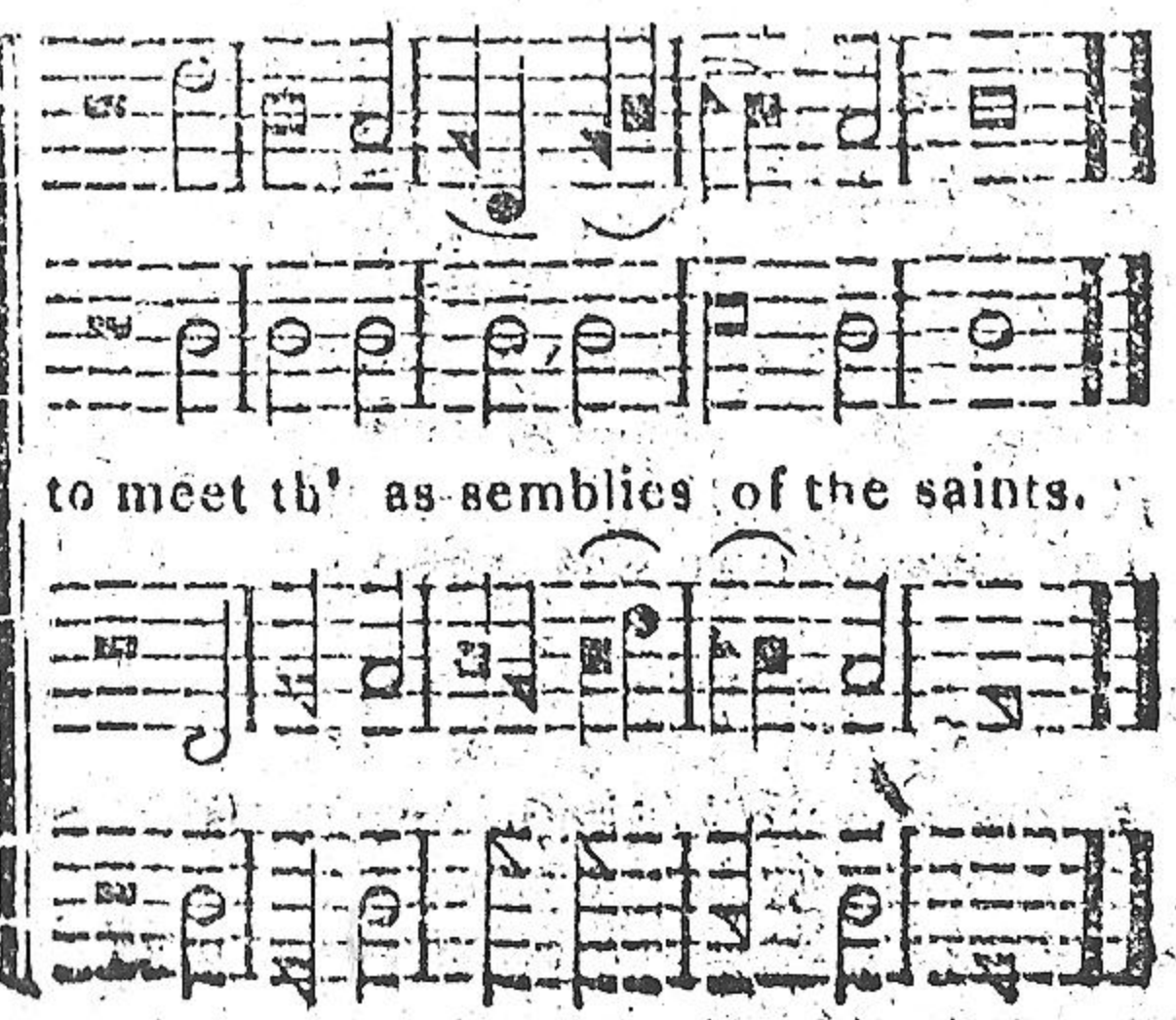


PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.



How pleasant, How di-vine ly fair O Lord of hosts, thy dwell-ings are ! With long de-sire my spir-it faints;



2 My flesh would rest in thine above,  
 my panting heart cries out for God,  
 my God, my King, why should I be;  
 So fare from all my joys and thee ?

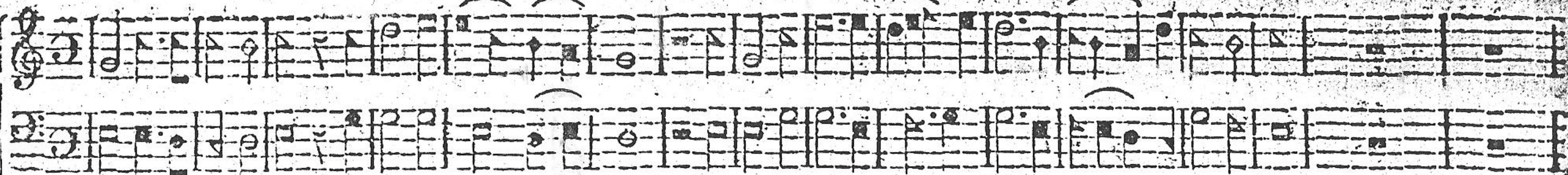
3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,  
 And for her young provides her nest,  
 But will my God to sparrows grant  
 That pleasure which his children want?

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
 Around thy throne of majesty;  
 The brightest glories shine above,  
 And all their walks is praise and love,

5 Blest are the souls that find a place,  
 Within the temple of thy grace;  
 There they behold thy gentler rays,  
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise,

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set,  
 To find the way to Zion's gate:  
 God is their strength; and through the road,  
 They lean upon their helper God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
 'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,  
 'Till all before thy face appear,  
 And join in nobler worship there,



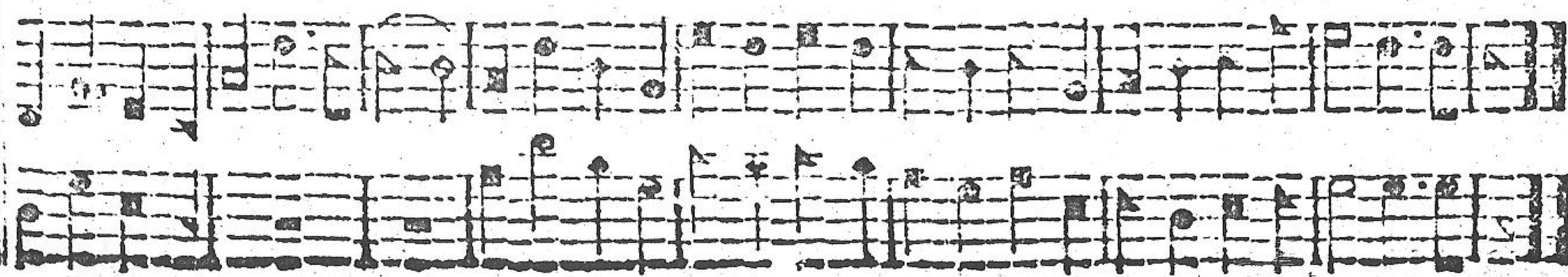
Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God; Ye heav'nly host the song begin, And sound his name abroad. Praise ye the Lord.



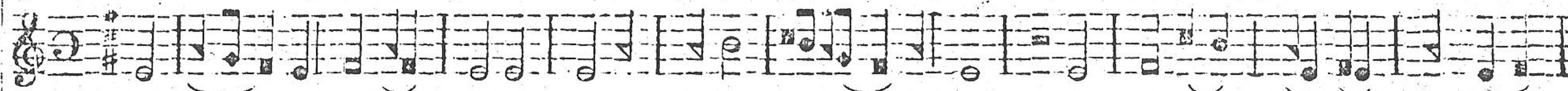
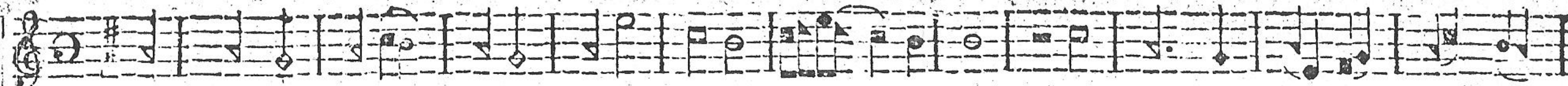
Thou sun with golden beams,  
And moon with paler rays,  
Ye starry lights ye twinkling flames:  
Shine to your makers praise.

Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord hallelujah :::: Praise ye the Lord.

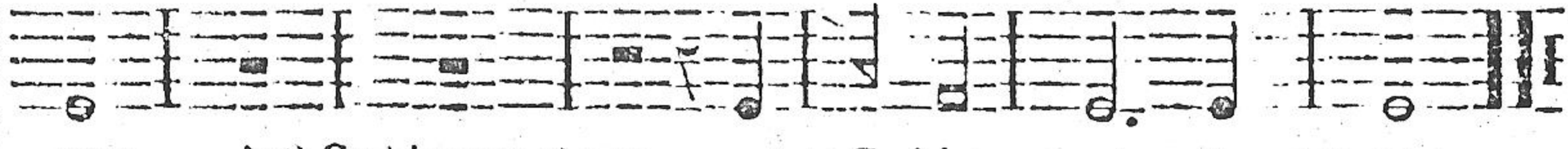
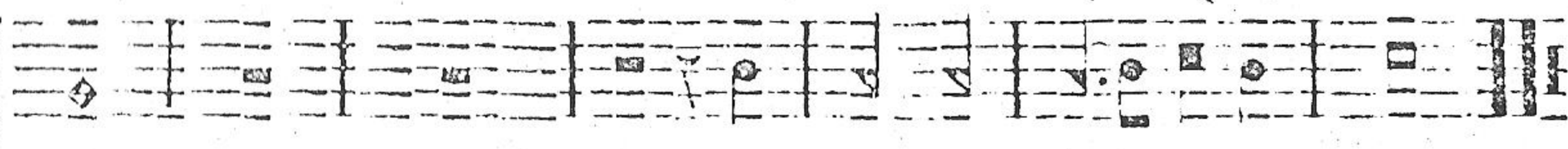
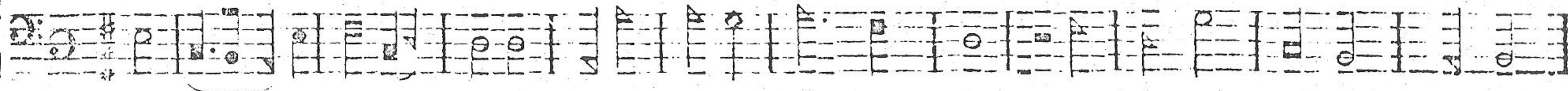
He built those worlds above,  
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;  
By his command they stand, or move,  
And ever speak his name.



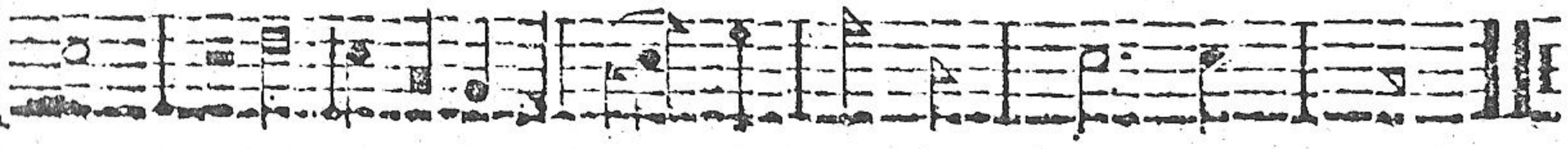
By all his works above,  
His honours be exprest;  
But saints that taste his saving love  
Sould sing his praises best.



Praise ye the Lord with joyful tongues; Ye powers that guard his throne; Je - sus the man shall lead the



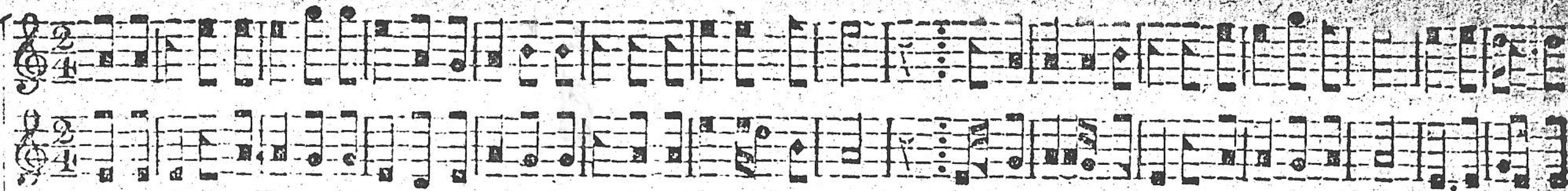
song. And God inspire the tongue And God in - spire the tongue.



Ga'riel, and all th'immortal choir  
That fill the realms above,  
Sing for he form'd you of his fire,  
And feeds you with his love.

Shine to his praise ye crystal skies,  
The floor of his abode;  
Or veil your little twinkling eyes,  
Before a brighter God.

Thou restless globe of golden light,  
Whose beams create our days;  
Join with the silver queen of night,  
To own your borrowed rays.



Come away, to the skies my beloved arise and rejoice in the day thou wast born: On this festival day Come exulting away, And with singing



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



Now with singing & praise, let us spend all the days  
By our heavenly Father bestowed;  
While his grace we receive, from his bounty we'll live.  
To the honour, and glory of God.



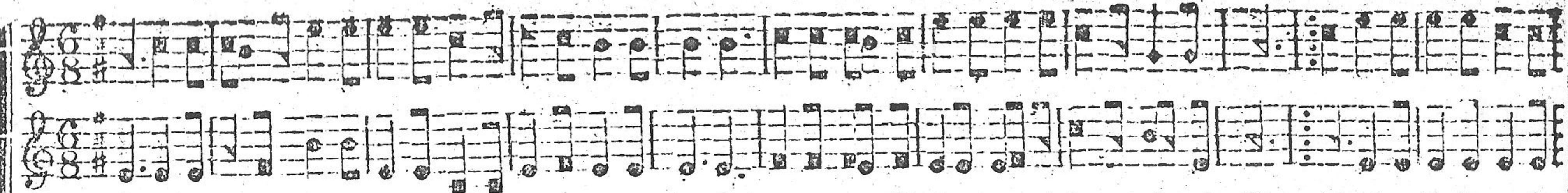
For thy glory we were first created, to share  
Both the nature, and kingdom divine;  
Now created again, that our souls may remain  
Throughout time and eternity thine.



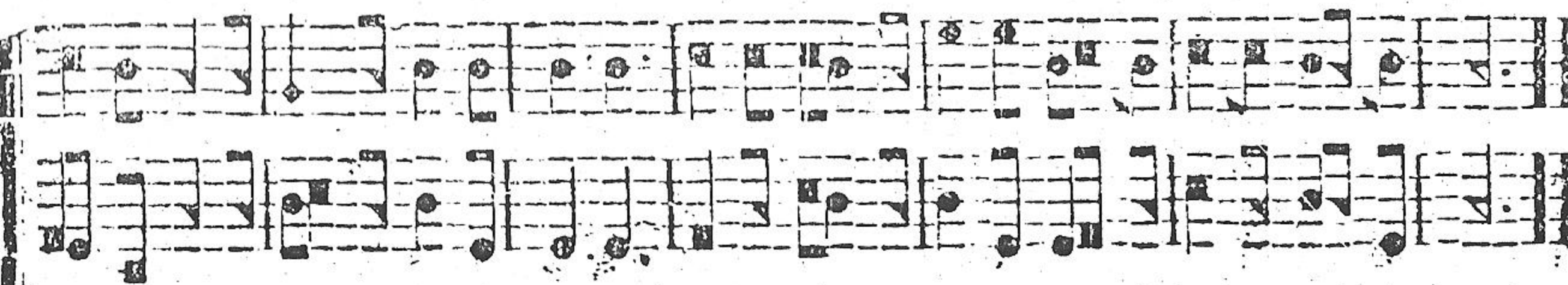
We with thanks do approve the design of thy love,  
Which hath join'd us to Jesus's name,  
So united in heart, let us never more part,  
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

There, O! there at his feet, let us all likewise meet,  
And be parted in body no more;  
We shall sing to our lires, with the heav'ly choirs,  
And our Saviour in glory adore.

Hallelujah, we'll sing, to our Father, and King,  
And his rapturous praises repeat;  
To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah again,  
Sing all near'd and fall at his feet.



My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the whirling spheres. Fly & Around the steady pole. Time, like the tide its motion



keeps and I must launch through endless deep, And I &c Where endless ages roll.

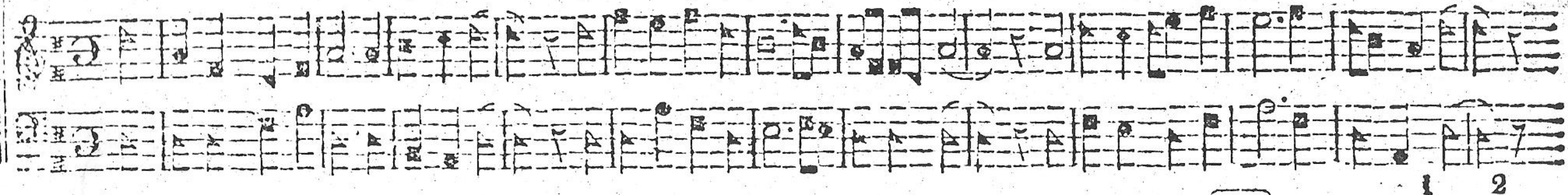


The grave is near the cradle seen,  
How swift the moments pass between,  
And whisper as they fly;  
Unthinking man remember this,  
Though fond of sublunary bliss;  
That you must groan and die.

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

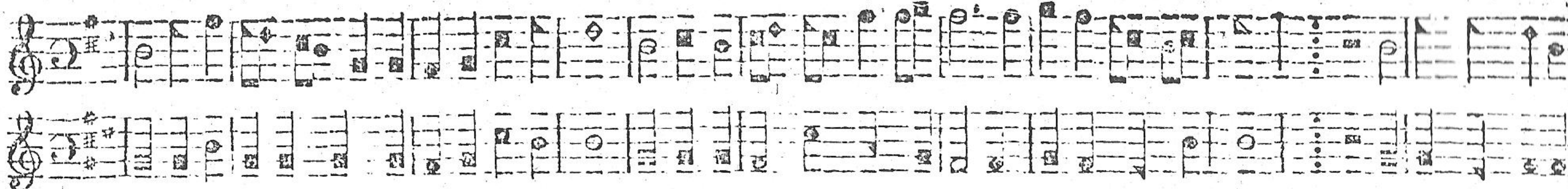


The Lord the sov'reign sends his summons forth Calls the south nations & awakes the north; From east to west the sov'reign orders spread

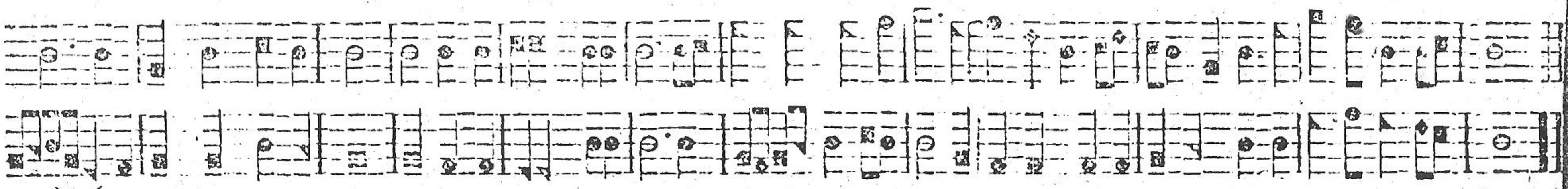
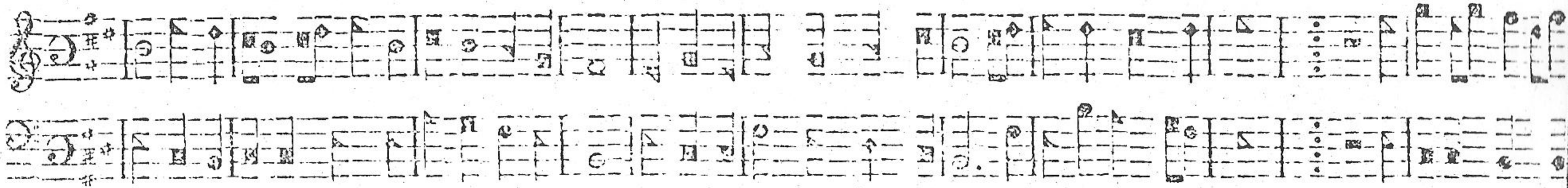


Th.o' distant lands and regions of the dead, No more shall atheists mock his long delay, His vengeance sleeps no more behold the day.

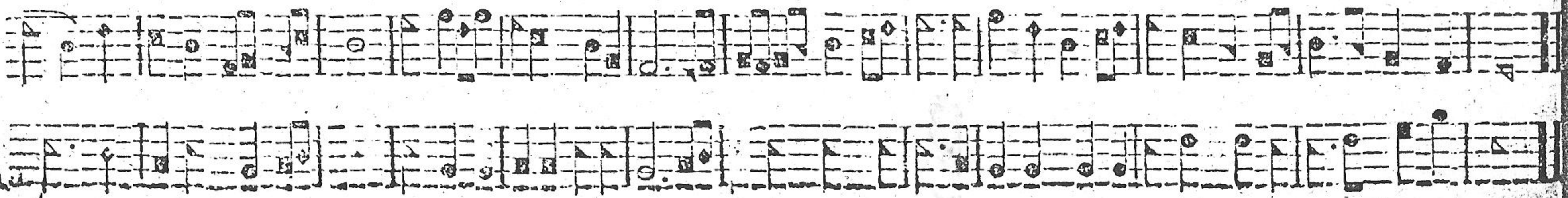


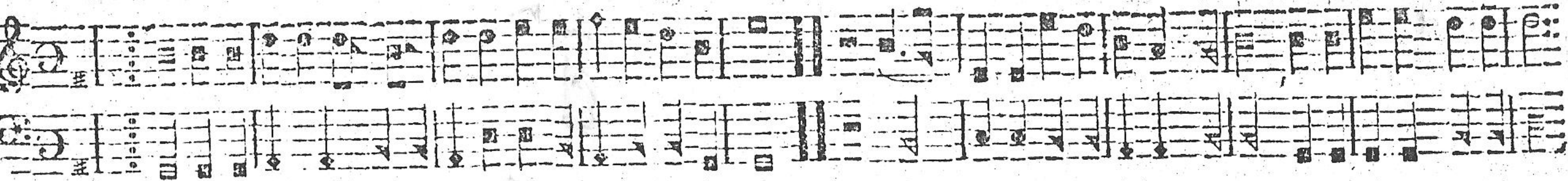


Come ye that love the Lor<sup>d</sup>, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord And thus surround the throne: The sorrows of

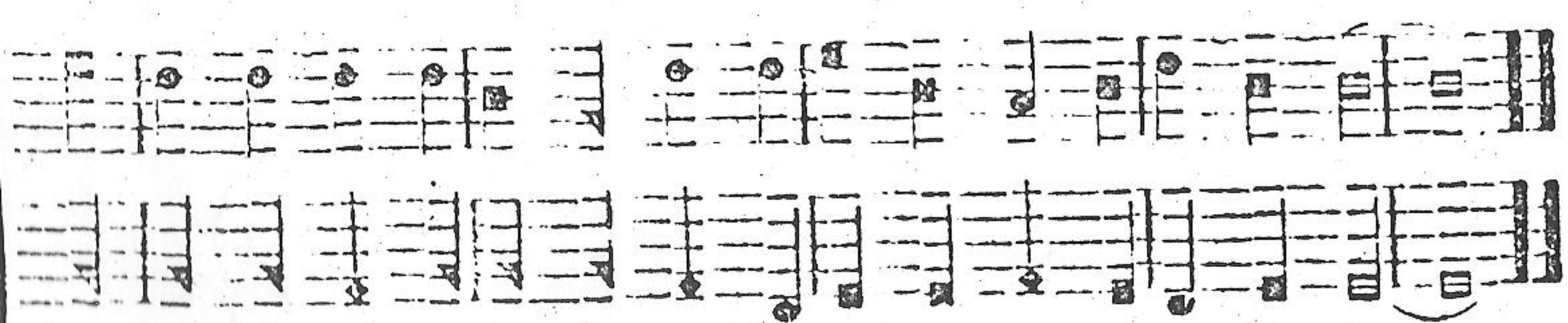
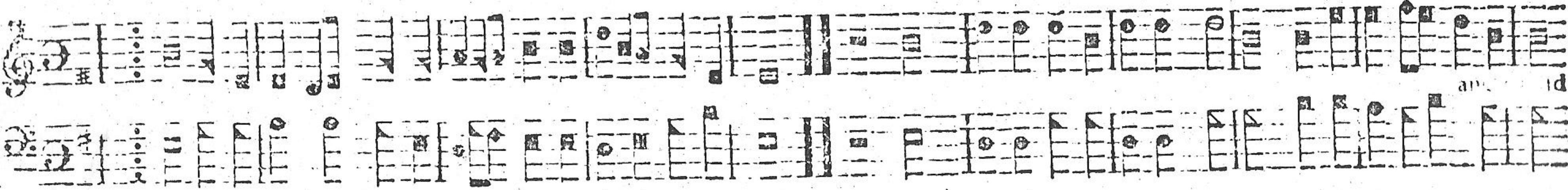


the mind Be bannish'd from the place, Religion never was design'd, To make our pleasures less. Religion never &c.

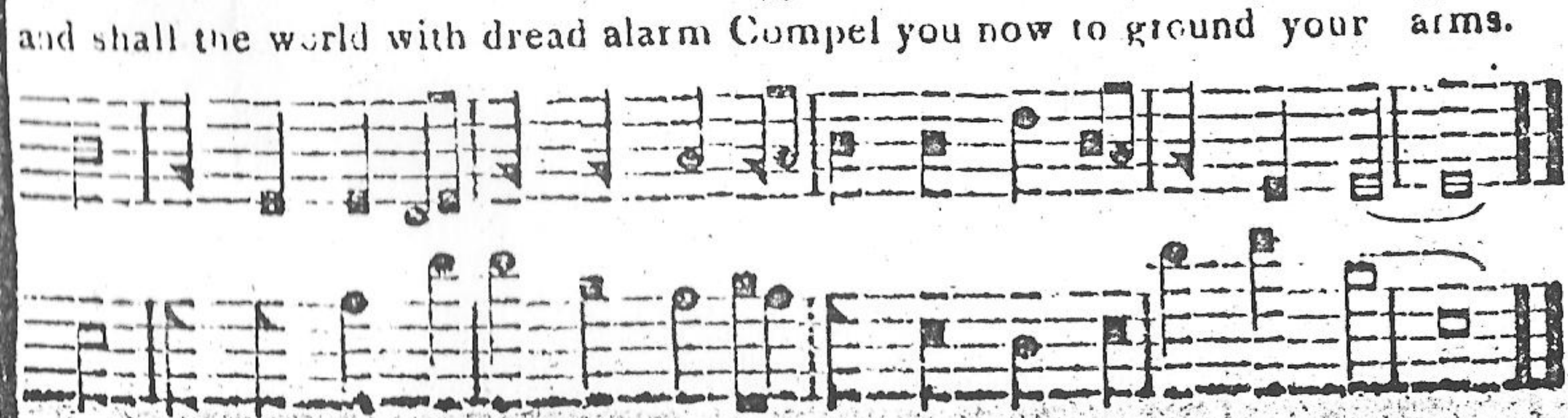




Say now ye merry social band, who walk the way to canaan's land; } O, have you ventur'd to the field. Well arm'd with helmit, sword  
 Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain. Say, do you wish to turn again? }

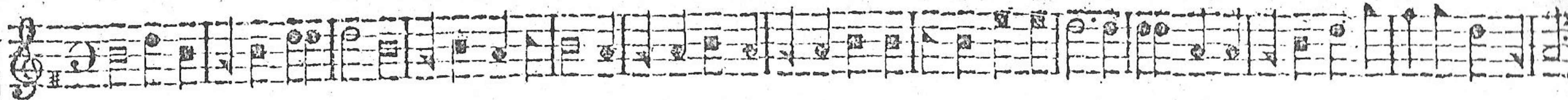


2 O come young soldiers count the cost  
 And see what pleasures you have lost,  
 O what misfortune does it bring? To have Jehovah for  
 Shall sin entice you back again, [your king  
 And bind you with its heavy chain;  
 Has vice to you such lovely charms  
 That you must die within her arms.

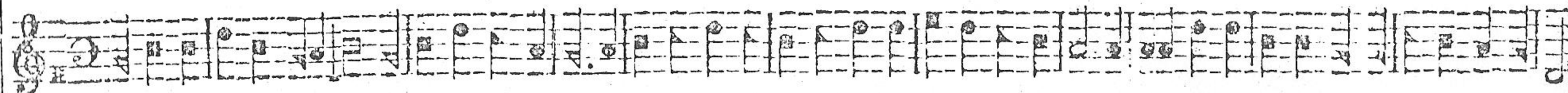


and shall the world with dread alarm Compel you now to ground your arms.  
 4 Beware of pleasures siren song,  
 Alas! it cannot soothe thee long,  
 It canot quiet jordan's wave; Nor cheer the dark & silent  
 O, what contentment did you find, (grave  
 While love of plaesure rul'd your mind;  
 No sweet reflection lull'd your rest,  
 Nor concious virtue calm'd your breast.

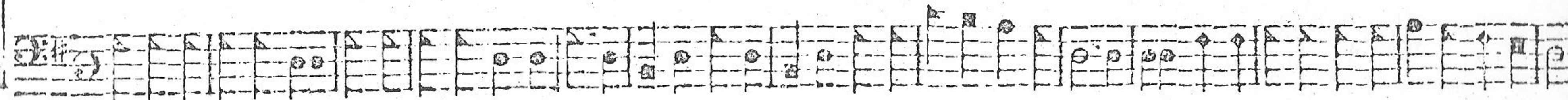




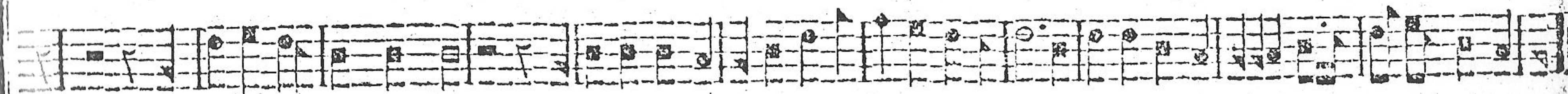
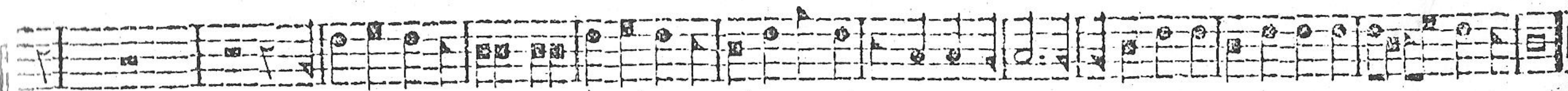
A blooming paradise of joy In this wild desert springs ;



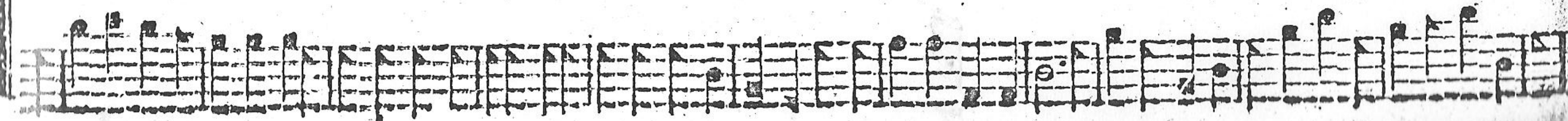
And ev'ry sense finds strait employ On sweet celestial things.



White lillies all around appear. And each his glory shows ;

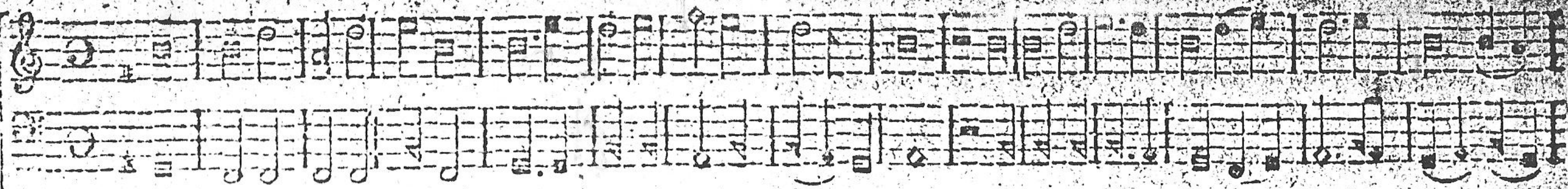


The rose of sharon blossoms here, The rose &c. The fairest flow'r that blows The rose &c.

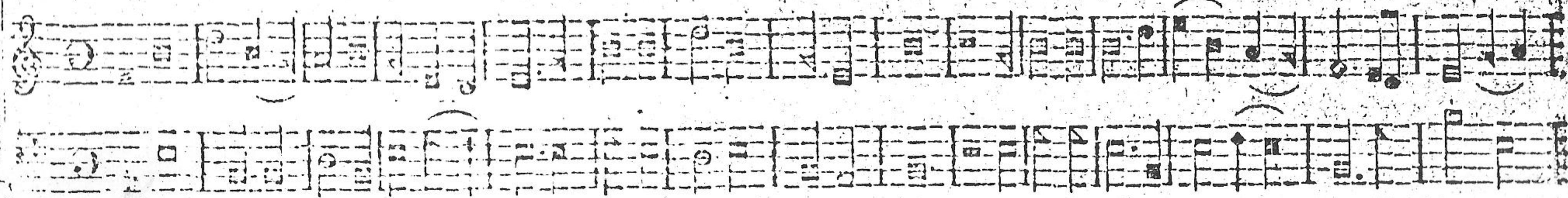


# HUMILITY. L. M.

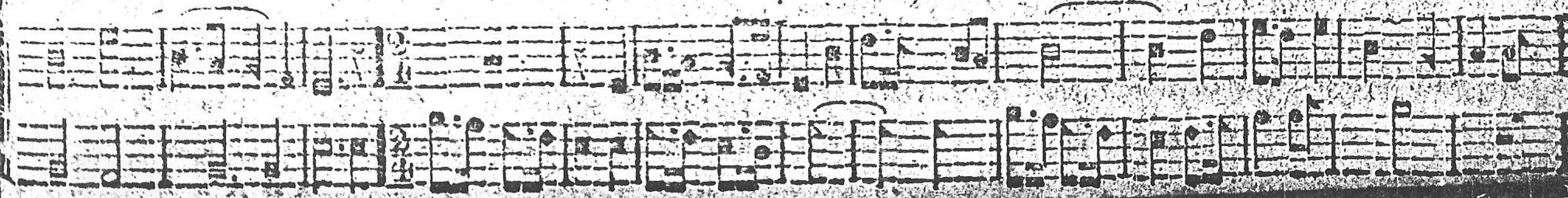
Pe. k.



Behold I fall before thy face, My only refuge is thy grace; No outward form can make me clean, The lepro-



sy lies deep within No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,



# HUMILITY. Continued.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff contains a melody with various note values and rests. The bottom staff contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century hymnals.

Nor running back, nor fly, Can wipe the dismal stain away. Can

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It features similar rhythmic patterns and note values.

## NEW JORDAN. C. M. Showway

The first system of musical notation for 'NEW JORDAN' features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a single staff, and the bass line is on a second staff. The music is in common time (C.M.).

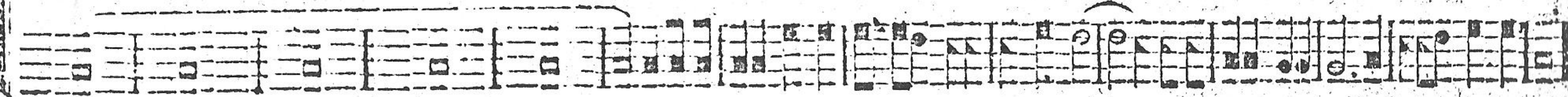
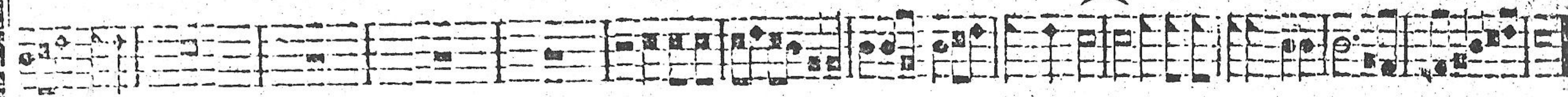
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye  
T' Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line for 'NEW JORDAN'. It maintains the same treble clef and key signature as the first system.

Now Jordan Continued.



O the transporting rapturous scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight!



There generous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks, and hills, & brooks, & vales,  
With milk and honey flow

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness, and sorrow, pain, and death,  
Are felt and fear'd no more.

Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul  
Can here no longer stay:  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

All o'er those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns  
And scatters night away,

When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest  
When shall I see my father's face,  
And in his bosom rest

Soon will the Lord my soul prepare  
For joys beyond the skies.  
Where never ceasing pleasures roll,  
And praises never dies.

KNOXVILLE. 8, 8, 8, 8, 7.

Rejoice my friends the Lord is King; } Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing, And all the world in praises ring, And give to Jesus glory.  
 Let's all prepare to take him in;

O may the saints of ev'ry name,  
 Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb;  
 May jars, and discord cease to flame,  
 And all the Saviours love proclaim,  
 And give to Jesus glory

Come parents, children, bond and free,  
 O come, and go to heav'n with me:  
 That glorious land of rest to see,  
 And shout with God eternally, &c.

Through faith, the telescope, is seen  
 Though Jordans billows roll between;  
 We soon shall cross the narrow main,  
 To beauteous fields of living green &c.

I long to see all christians join  
 In union sweet' and love divine,  
 Then ev'ry church with grace shall shine,  
 And grow in Christ the living vine &c.

Come, who will march to win the prize,  
 And take the kingdom in the skies,  
 Where love and union never dies,  
 But always flows through Paradise, &c.

A few more days of pain and woe,  
 A few more suffering scenes below,  
 And then to Jesus we will go  
 Where everlasting pleasures flow &c.

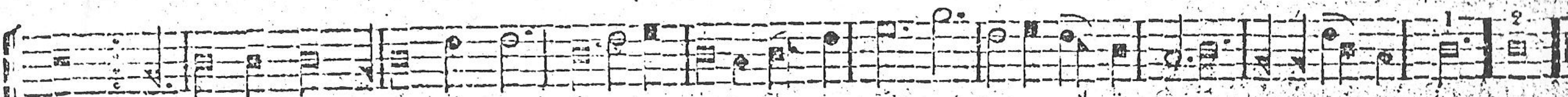
On Zion's brilliant mount I stand,  
 And view the holy heav'nly land,  
 With palms of victory in our hands,  
 We'll shout with heav'n's triumphant band,  
 And give to Jesus glory.

There all the souls shall join in one,  
 And sing with Moses round the throne,  
 There troubles are forever gone,  
 They'll shout through Gods eternal son,  
 And give &c.

The rose and lilly there shall stand.  
 In holy bloom, at God's right hand  
 O, how I long for canaan's land,  
 Where I may join the heav'ly band,  
 And give &c.



Lord I am vile!--what shall I say? I live to see another day, O let me live to thee! O let my live thee!  
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, What Jesus hath for his prepared; Nor can the heart conceive.



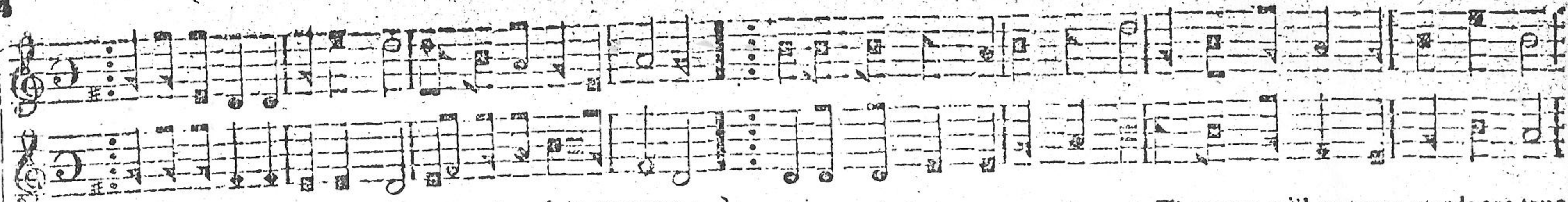
A thousand years to hope for this Should be unutterable bliss; What must fruition be! What must fruition be.  
 Thou hast commanded me to-day, To live by faith and I'll obey; Lord, help me to believe.



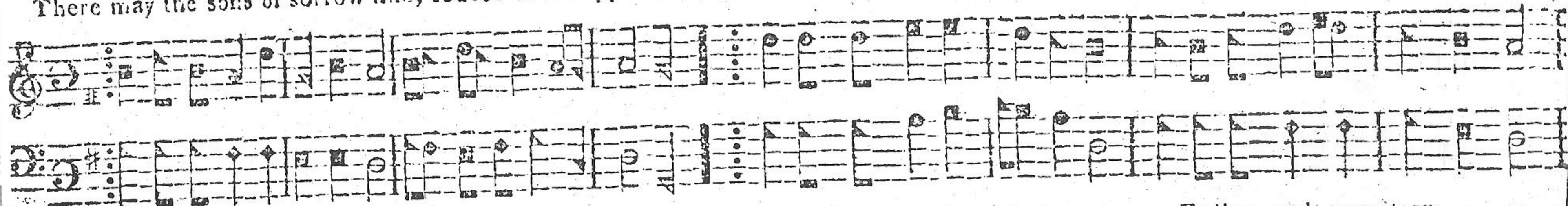
FRIENDSHIP.

8 7 8 7 8, 8 8, 7.

COOK,



Friendship to evry willing mind, opens a heav'nly treasure;  
 There may the sons of sorrow find, sources of real pleasure. } See what employment men pursue, Then you will own my words are true



2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem, Fading and transitory.  
 Mirth, is as fleeting as a dream, Or a delusive story  
 Luxury leaves a sting behind, Wounding the body and the mind;  
 Only in friendship can we find, Sources of real pleasure



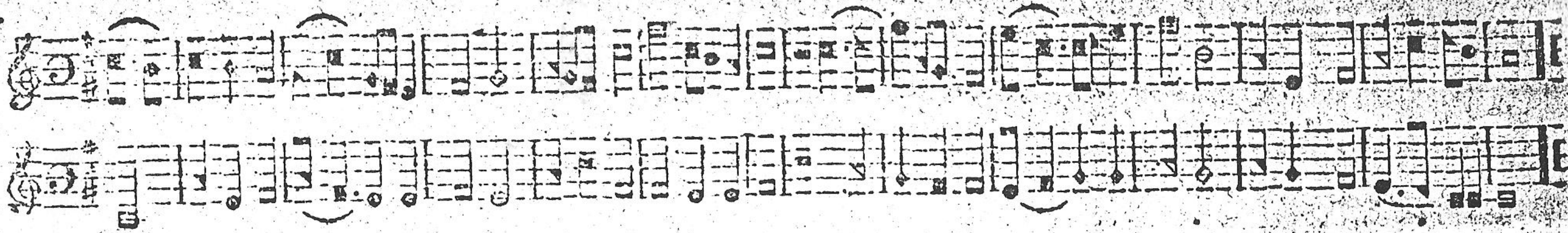
Friendship above unfolds to view, sources of real pleasure.

3 Learning, that boasting, glitt'ring thing, Is but just worth possessing  
 Riches forever on the wing Scarce can be call'd a blessing;  
 Fame, like a shadow, flies away, Titles and dignity decay,  
 Nothing but friendship can display Joys that are freed from trouble.



4 Beauty, with all its gaudy show, Is but a painted bubble;  
 Short is the triumph wit bestows, Full of deceit and trouble;  
 Sensual pleasures swell desire, Just as the fuel feeds the fire,  
 Friendship can real bliss inspire, Bliss that is worth possessing.





Jesus! & shall it ever be, A mortal man asham'd of thee! Asham'd of thee, whom angels' praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!



2 Asham'd of Jesus sooner far,  
 Let evening blush to own her star;  
 He sheds the beams of love divine,  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon  
 Let midnigt be asham'd of noon;  
 'Tis midnigt with my soul till he,  
 Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

6 Asham'd of Jesus, that dear friend  
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
 No, when I blush—be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tear to wipe, no god to grave,  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a saviour slain!  
 And O may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not asham'd of me!

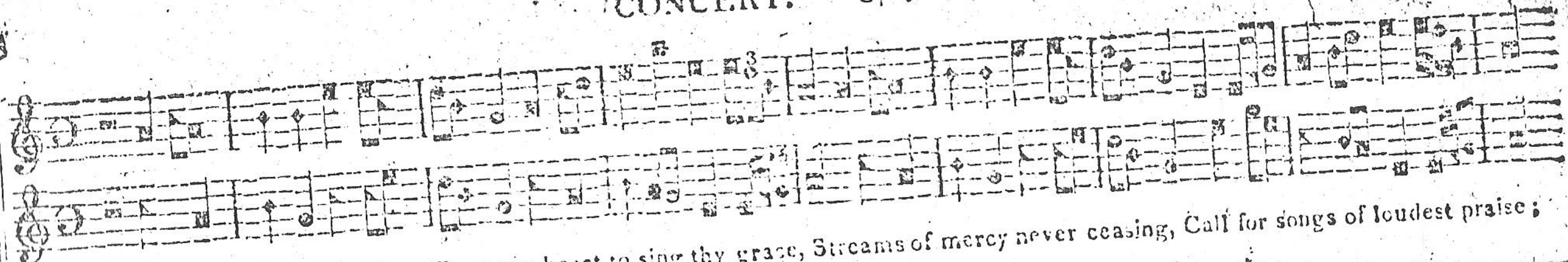
7 His institutions would I prize,  
 Take up my cross, the shame dispise;  
 Dare to defend his noble cause,  
 And yield obedience to his laws.



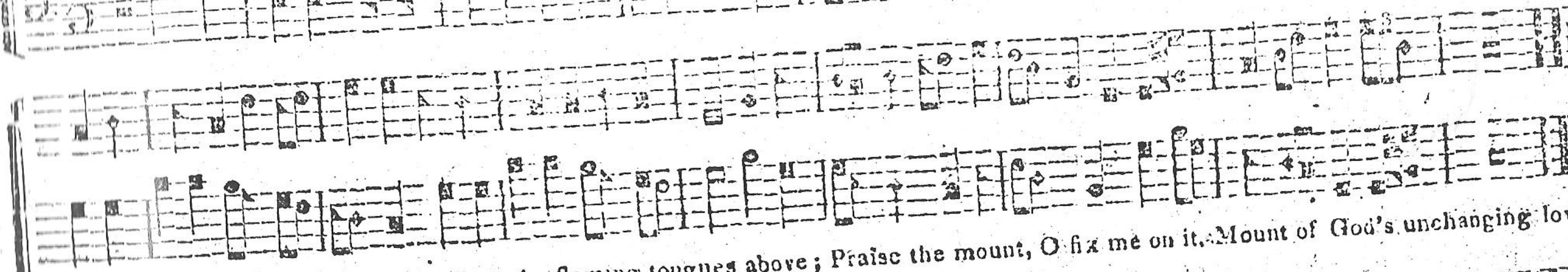
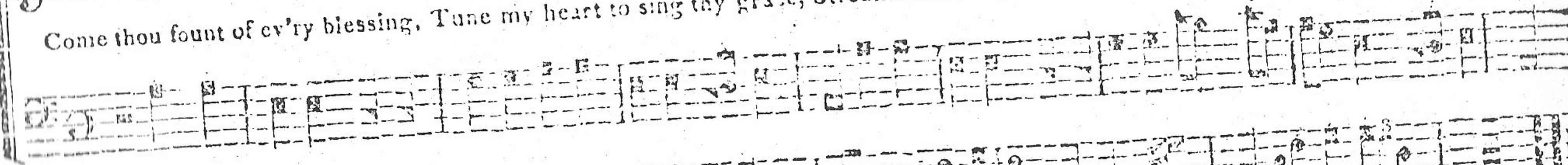
CONCERT.

8. 7.

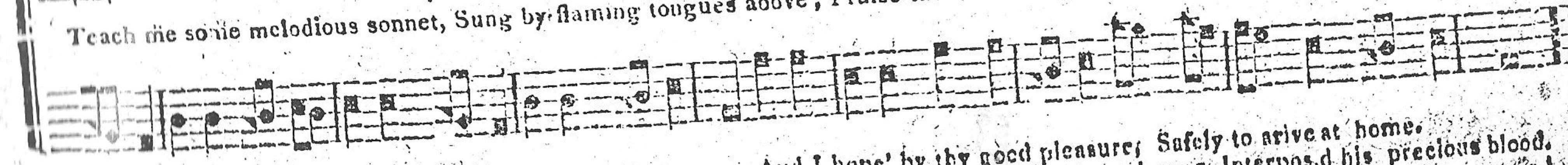
White & Davison



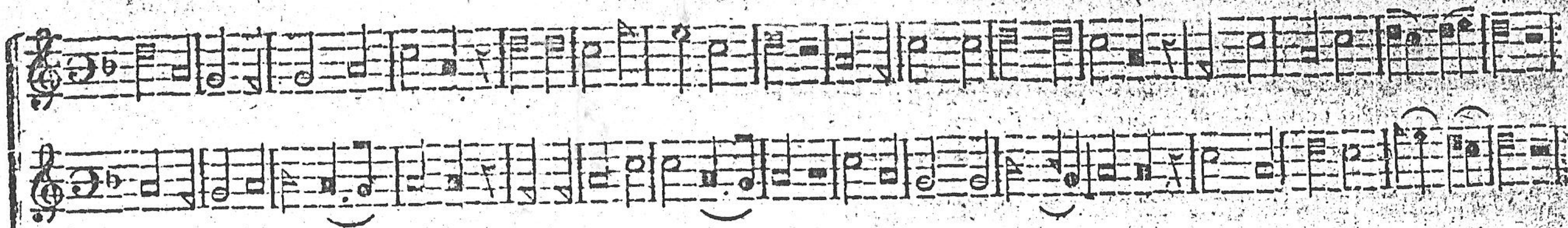
Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace, Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;



Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love



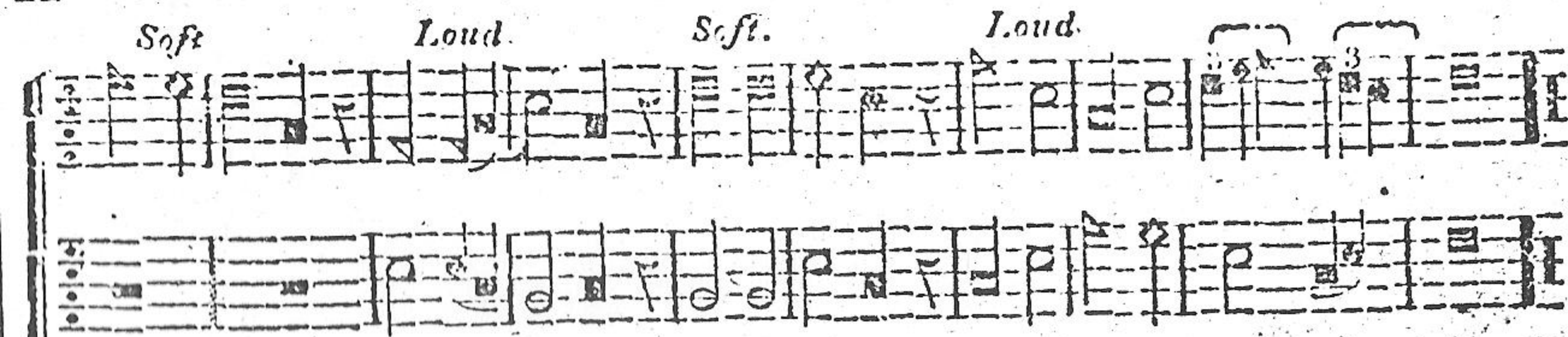
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer Hither by thy help I'm come; And I hope' by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interpos'd his precious blood.  
3 O! to grace how great a debtor, Daily I'm constrain'd to be; Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart, to thee!  
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love, Here's my heart, Lord take & seal it, Seal it from thy courts above.



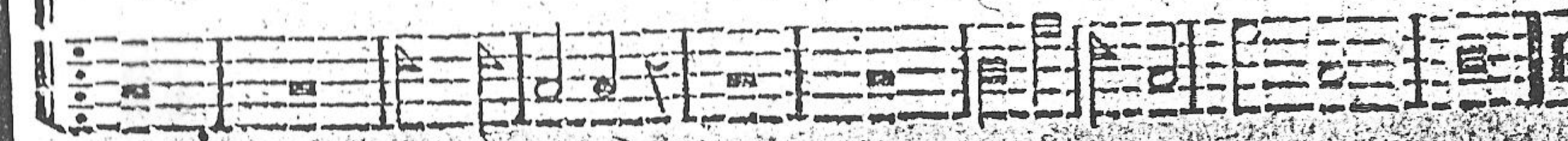
Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace.



II



O refresh us, O refresh us, O refresh us, Trav'ling through this wilderness,



2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives be found;  
May thy presence, may &c.  
With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heav'n  
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay.  
May we ready, May we &c.  
Kneel, and reign in endless day.

# CONSOLATION.

8s, 5, 8s.

White & Davison.

Come on my partners in distress My comrades thro' the wilderness Who still you, bodies feel A while forget your griefs & fears & look beyond

Beyond the bounds of time & space, Look forward to that heav'nly place, The saints secure abode On faiths strong eagles pinions rise, & force

this vale of tears, To that celestial hill. To that celestial hill

your passage to the skies And scale the mount of God And &c

3 Who suffer with our master here, Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise  
 We shall before his face appear, And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
 And by his side sit down. Of everlasting light.

To patient faith the prize is sure, 6 The Father shining on his throne,  
 And all that to the end endure The glorious coeternal Son,  
 The cross, shall wear the crown. The spirit one and sev'n.

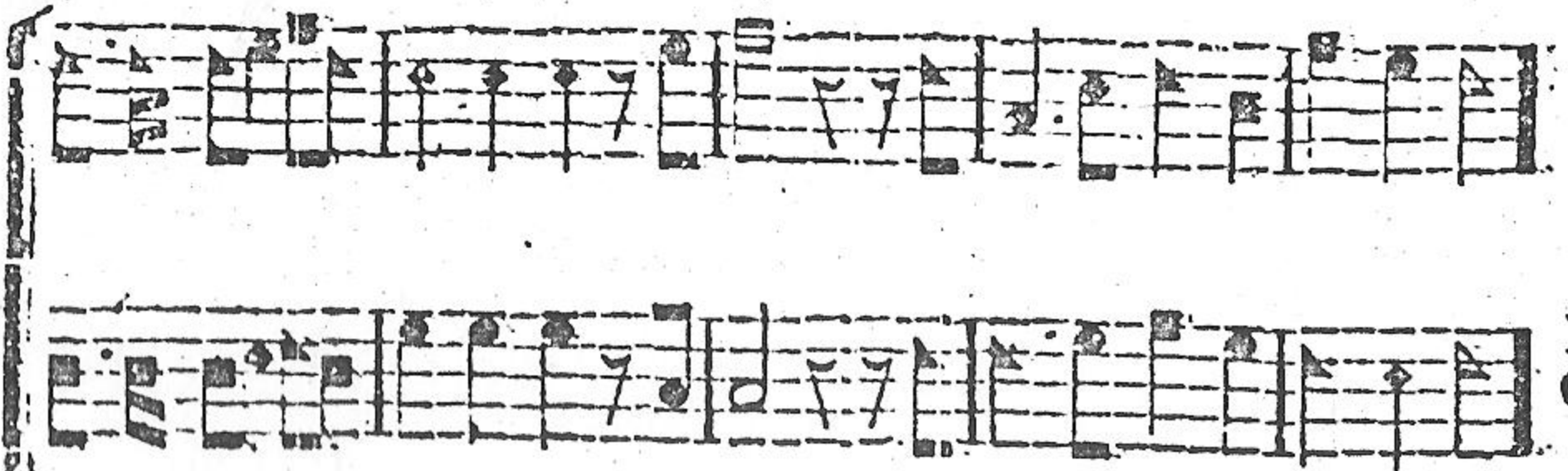
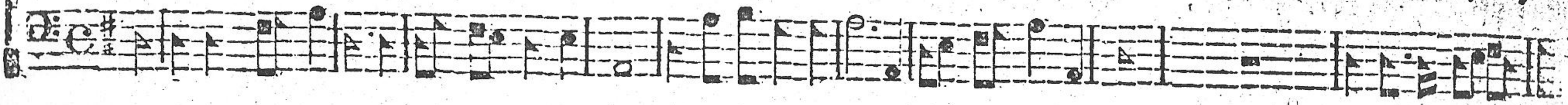
4 Thrice blessed bliss inspiring hope Conspire our raptures to complete,  
 It lifts the fainting spirits up, And to we fall before thy feet,  
 It brings to life the dead. And silence lightens heav'n.

Our conflicts here will soon be past, 7 In hopes of that ecstatic praise,  
 And you and I ascend at last Jesus we now sustain the cross,  
 Triumphant with our head. And a thy footstool fall.

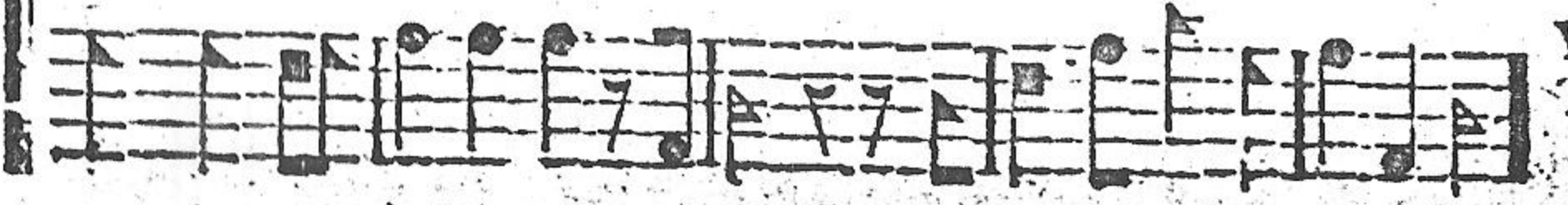
5 That great mysterious Deity, Till thou our hidden life reveal,  
 We soon with open face shall see, Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,  
 The beatific sight. And God is all in all.



Ye virgin souls arise! With all the dead awake, Unto salvation wise. Oil in your vessels take. Upstarting, at the midnight cry. Up



starting &c. Behold, Behold the heav'nly bridegroom's night.



2 He comes, he comes to call  
The nations to his bar,  
And take to glory all  
Who meet for glory are:  
Make ready for your free reward;  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord:

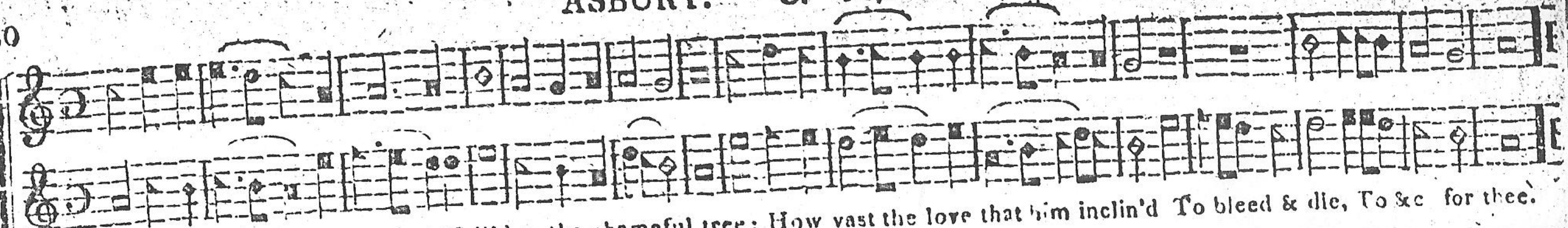
3 Go meet him in the sky,  
Your everlasting friend;  
Your head to glorify,  
With all his saints ascend.  
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace  
To see, without a veil his face.

4 Ye That have here receiv'd  
The unction from above,  
And in his spirit liv'd,  
And thirsted for his love.  
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;  
Rejoice with all the sanctif'd.

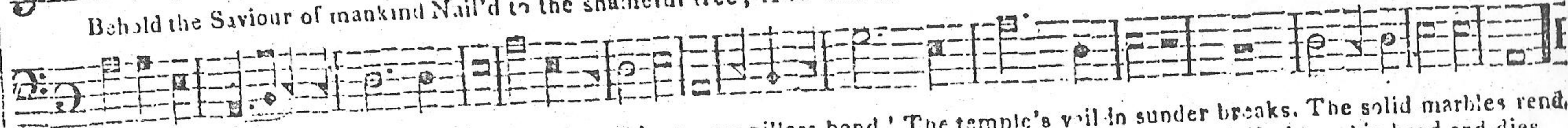
5 Re-joice in glorious hope  
Of that great day unknown,  
When you shall be caught up  
To stand before his throne;  
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,  
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

ASBURY. C. M.

*Col.*



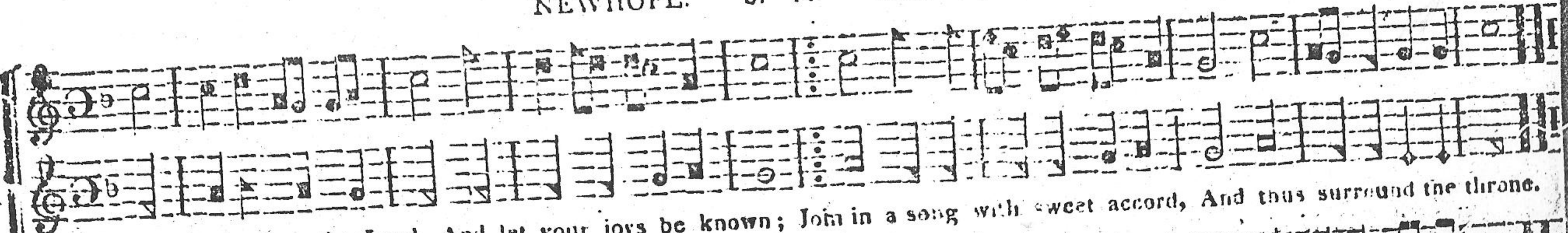
Behold the Saviour of mankind Nail'd to the shameful tree; How vast the love that him inclin'd To bleed & die, To &c for thee.



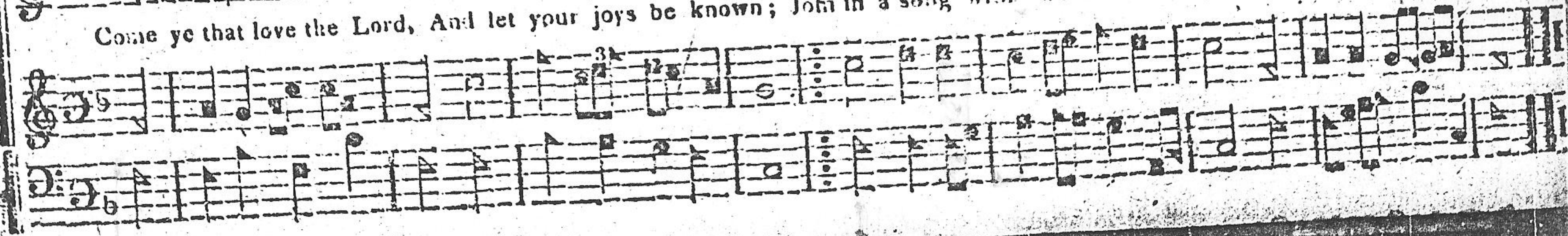
Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend! The temple's veil in sunder breaks. The solid marbles rend,  
'Tis done! the gracious ransom's paid, "Receive my soul!" he cries. See where he bows his sacred head! He bows his head and dies.  
But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory shine; O Lamb of God! was ever pain, Was ever love like thine.

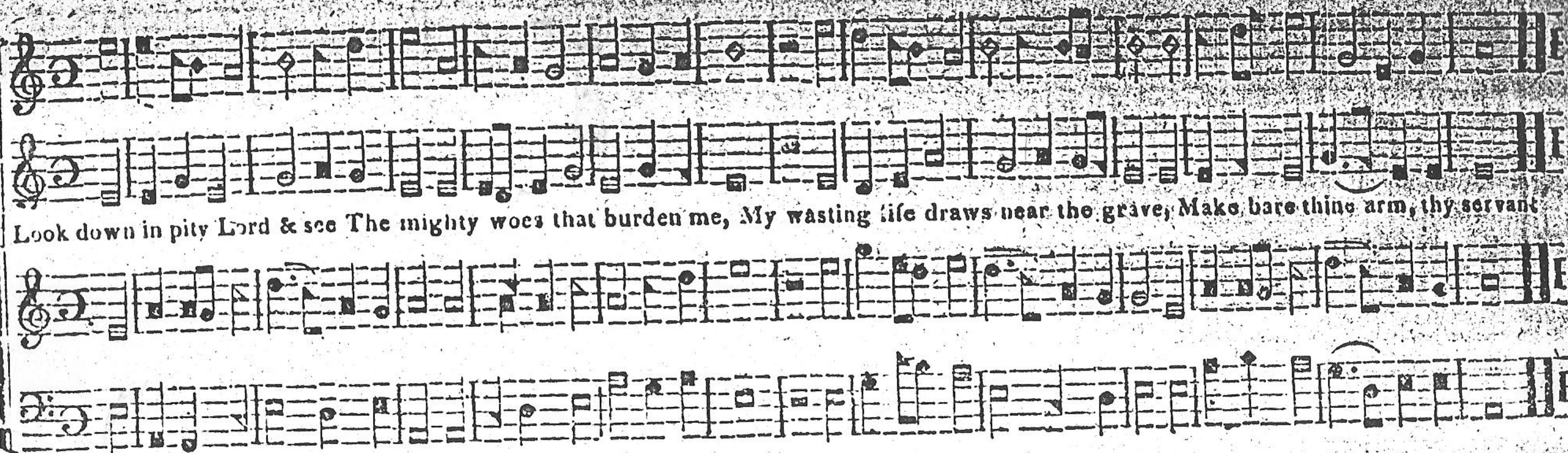
*Davison.*

NEWHOPE. S. M. 30th. Hymn D. W.



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





*The following verses are sung to the tune on page 78*

- 2 And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee my dearest,  
The pangs of thy desolate mother to see:  
Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chains thou hearest,  
And none but the guilty should weep over me.  
And yet I must wake thee, and whilst thou art weeping,  
To calm thee I'll stifle my tears for a while;  
Thou smil'st in thy dreams whilst thus placidly sleeping,  
And O! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smiles.
- 3 Alas my sweet babe, with what pride I had prest thee,  
To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,  
If the pure tie of virtue's affection had blest thee,  
And hail'd thee the heir of thy father's high name.

But now with remorse that avails not I mourn thee,  
Forsaken, and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,  
In a world, if they cannot betray, that will scorn thee,  
Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee.

- 4 And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken,  
The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;  
When by all but the God of the orphan forsaken,  
A home, and a father in vain thou wilt seek.  
I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,  
With falsehood like that which thy mother beguil'd;  
Deserted, and helpless, with whom can I leave thee  
O God! of the fatherless pity my child!

MONROE. L. M.

Smith.

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

The way the holy prophets went The road that leads from bannishment;

This is the way I long have sought & mourn'd because I found it not  
My grief a burthen long has been, Because I was not sav'd from sin

The more I strove against his pow'r I felt its weight & guilt the more  
Till late I heard my Saviour say Come hither soul, I am the way.

The King's high way of holiness I'll go for all his paths are peace.

Lo glad I come & thou blest lamb Shall take me to thee whose I am  
Nothing but sin I thee can give, Nothing but love I shall receive.

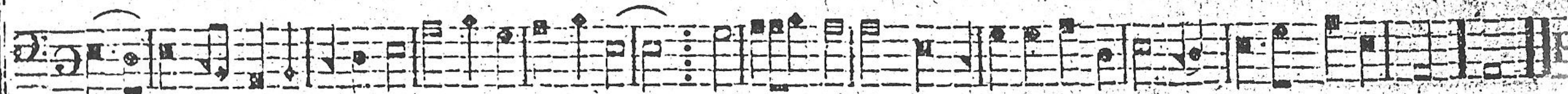
Then will I tell to sinners round What a dear Saviour I have found  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, behold the way to God.

CINCINATI C. M.

Bradshaw, 63



Father, how wide thy glories shine! How high thy wonders rise! Known thro' the earth by thousand signs; By thousands thro' the skies.



Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r, Their motions speak thy skill: And on the wings of ev'ry hour, We read thy patience still. Here the whole deity is known, Nor dares a creature guess Which of the glories brightest shone, The justice, or the grace. Now the full glories of the Lamb Adorn the heav'nly planes; Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name, And try their choicest strains.

PALMIRA. 8 & 7.

Bradshaw.



Come thou long expected Jesus, Born to set thy people free; } Israel's strength & consolation, Hope of all the saints thou art, Dear desire  
From our fears & sins release us. Let us find our rest in thee } of ev'ry nation, Joy of ev'ry longing heart.



Born thy people to deliver, Born a child, and yet a king; } merit, Raise us to thy glorious throne.  
Born to reign in us forever, Now thy gracious kingdom bring; } By thine own eternal spirit Rule in all our hearts alone; by thine all-sufficient

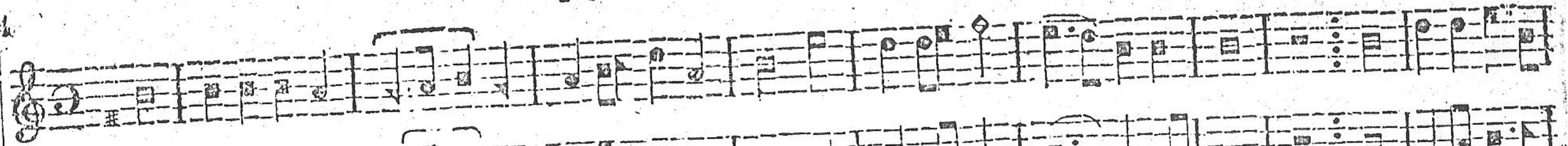


# PORTROYAL.

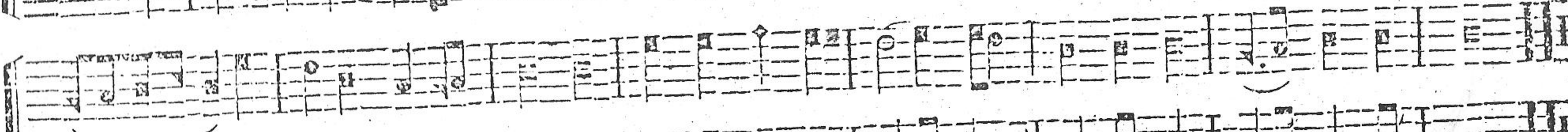
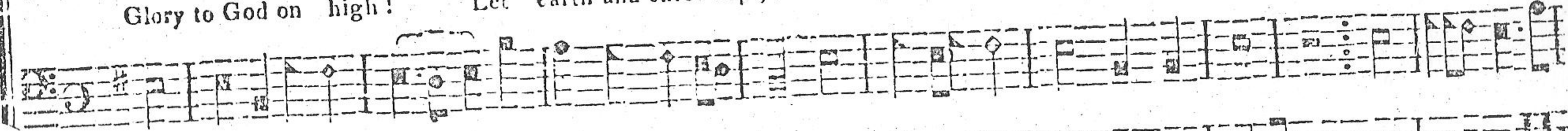
8, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

Reed.

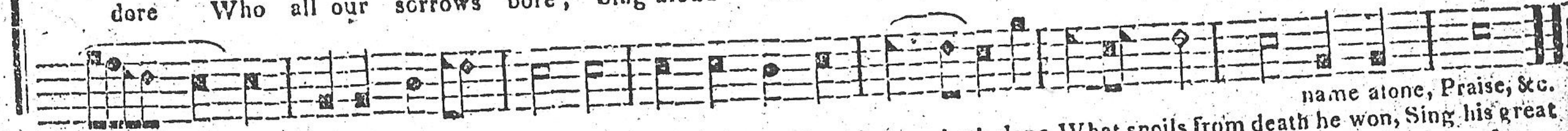
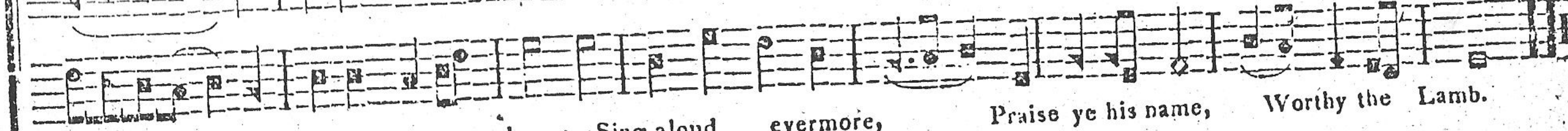
64



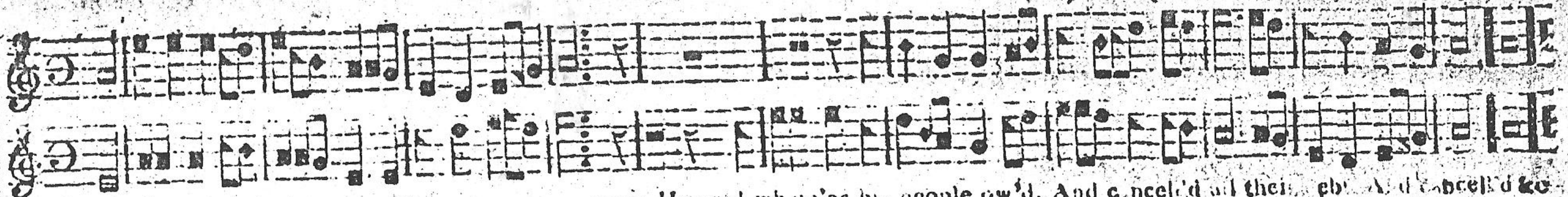
Glory to God on high! Let earth and skies reply, Praise ye his name Worthy the Lamb, His love and grace a-



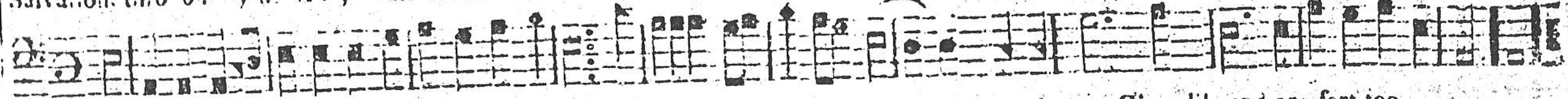
dore Who all our sorrows bore; Sing aloud evermore, Praise ye his name, Worthy the Lamb.



Jesus, our sov'reign Lord, Bore sin's tremendous load, Praise, &c. Tell what his arm hath done What spoils from death he won, Sing his great name alone, Praise, &c. his name abroad, Praising &c. While they around the throne Cheerfully Join in one, Praising &c. Those who have felt his blood Sealing their peace with God They sound Join all ye ransom'd race our holy Lord to bless, &c. In him we will rejoice & make a joyful noise Shouting with heart & voice Worthy &c. What tho' we change our place, yet we shall never cease &c. To him our songs we bring, Hail him our blessed king & without ceasing sing. &c.



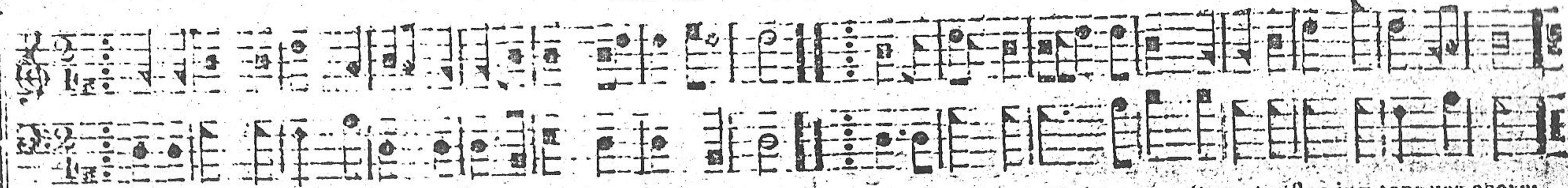
Salvation thro' our sinners, all surely shall receive; He paid what'er his people ow'd. And cancell'd all their debt. And cancell'd ke-



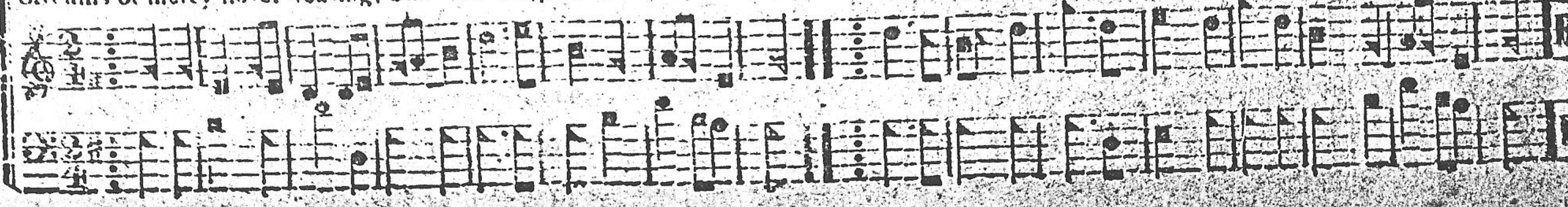
8 He sendeth us not empty; Our nature to renew; Displays his bow'r reveals his love, Gives life and comfort too.  
3 He heals our wounds, sustains our toes, And shows our sins forgiv'n; Conducts us thro' the wilderness And brings us safe to heav'n.  
4 Salvation shall be my stay: A sinner sav'd I'll say. Gladly quit this mortal clay, For brighter joys on high.

OLNEY 8 7

Boyd.

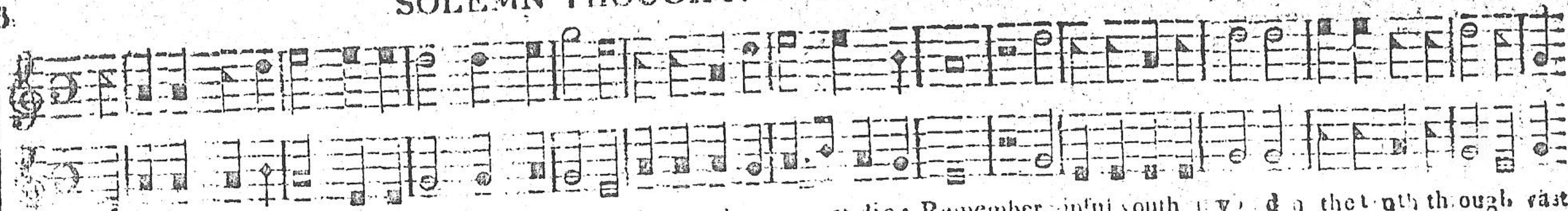


Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace, Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

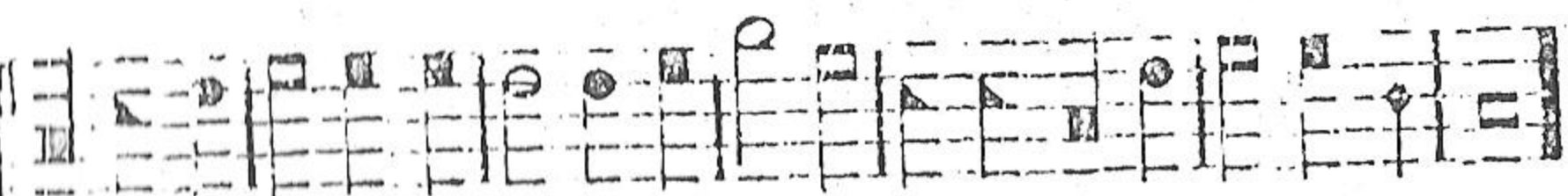


SOLEMN THOUGHT. P. M.

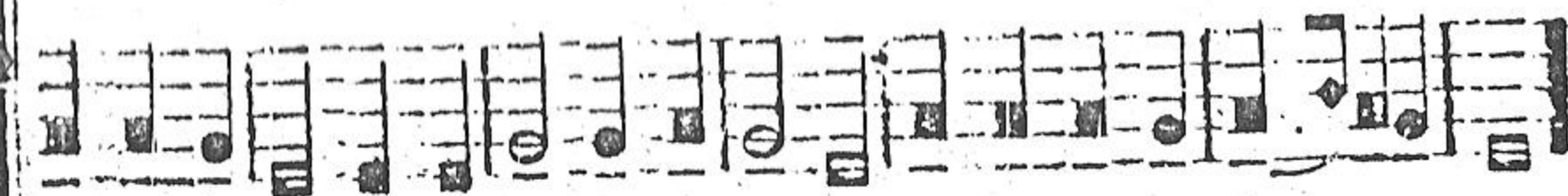
Carrell & Davison.



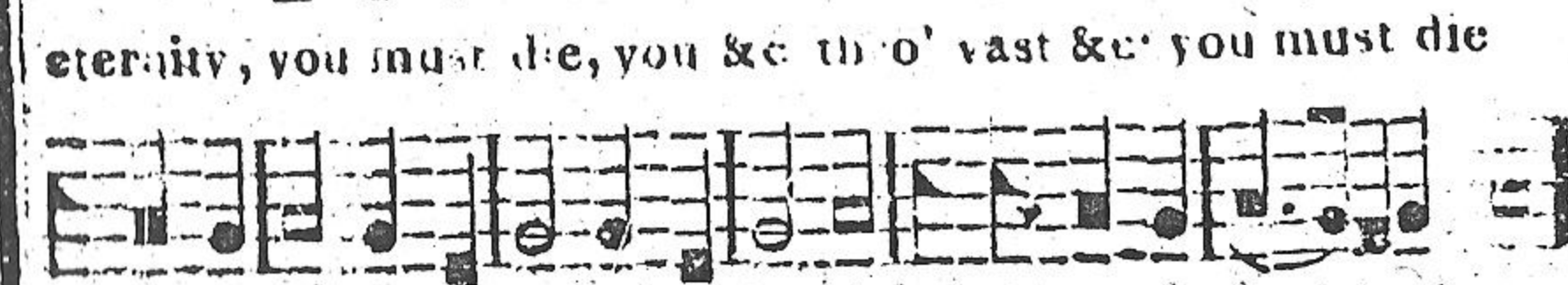
om m e sin u' youth, you must die. ||: Remember sinful youth you must die; Remember sinful youth you must die, and the death through vast



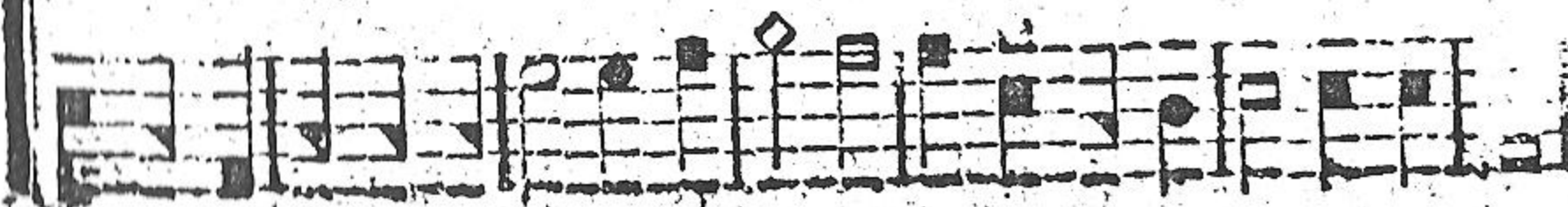
2 Uncertain are your days here below, here below, Uncertain are &c.  
Uncertain are your days, for God hath many ways  
To bring you to your graves here below, here below, To bring &c



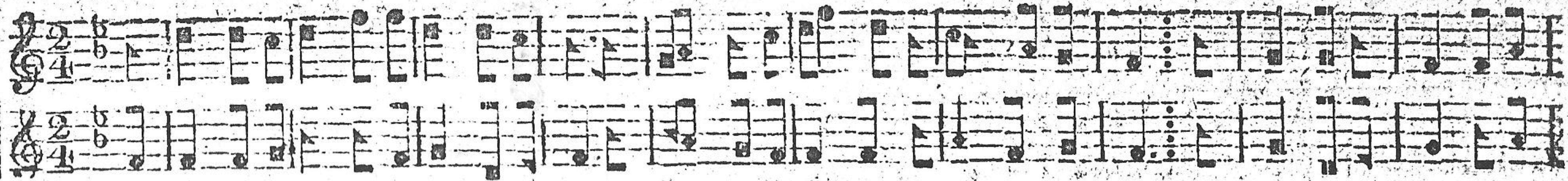
3 The God that built the sky, great I Am, great I Am. The God &c.  
The God that built the sky hath said, and cannot lie,  
Impenitents shall die, and be damn'd, and be damn'd Impenitents shall &c



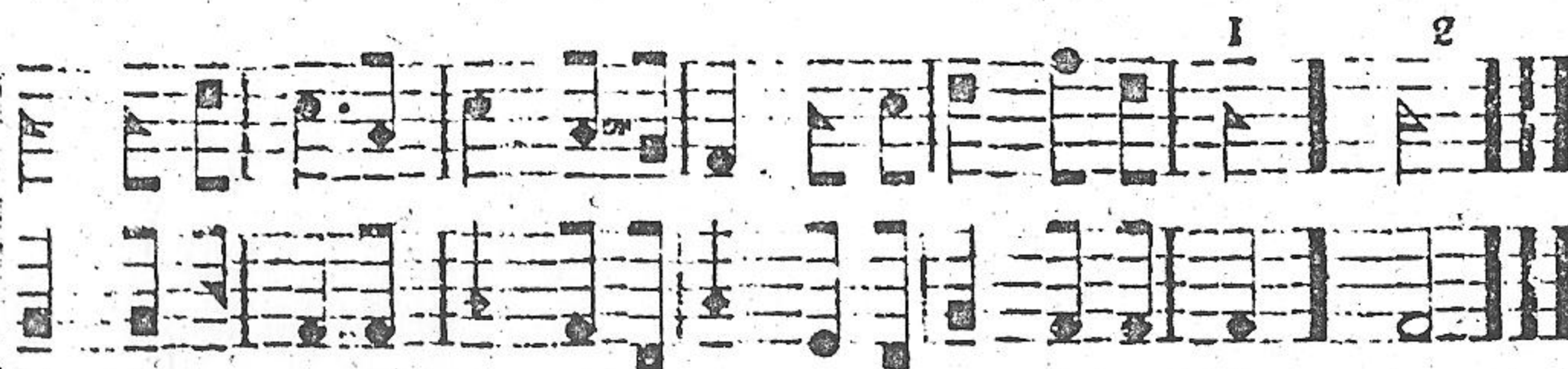
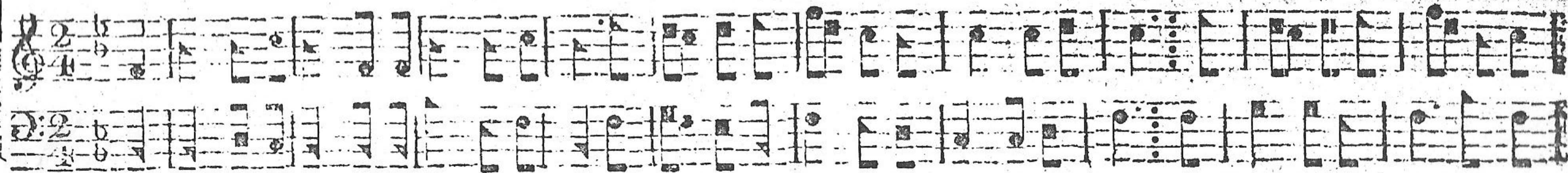
4 Come then my friends, don't you. I entreat, I entreat, Come then &c  
Come then my friends don't you. Your sinful ways pursue,  
Your precious souls undo, I entreat, I entreat. Your precious &c-



5 But to the Saviour flee, 'Scape for life, 'Scape for life, But &c  
But to the Saviour flee, lest death eternally will be your destiny  
'Scape for life, 'scape for life, Shall be your destiny. scape for life



Oh how I have long'd for the coming of God, And sought him by praying, and searching his word; With watching and fasting my



soul was oppress'd Nor would I give over till Jesus had blest.



2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,  
According to promise he answer'd my prayer;  
And glory has open'd in floods on my soul;  
Salvation from zion's beginning to roll.

3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,  
And sinners come mourning and weeping to God;  
Their crying and praying is heard very loud,  
And many find labour through Jesus' blood.

4 Here's more my dear Saviour who fall at thy feet;  
Opprest by a burthen enormously great;  
O raise them my Jesus, to tell of thy love;  
And sing hallelujahs with angels above.

HARMONY 8, 8, 6.

When thou my righteous Judge, shalt come To fetch thy vipers people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall Such a worthless

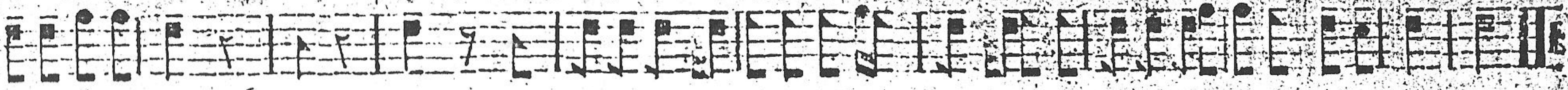
worm as I, wh &c. Shall such a worthless worm as I who sometimes am afraid to die, Be thou - nd be out at thy gb hand Be

at thy right hand

Harmony. Continued.



found. Be so . . . und at thy right hand. thy right hand be found at thy right hand.



found at thy right hand, found, found, Shall such a worthless worm as I, who sometimes am afraid to die Be found at thy right hand.



hand, found, found, found, found be found at thy right hand Be found at thy right hand



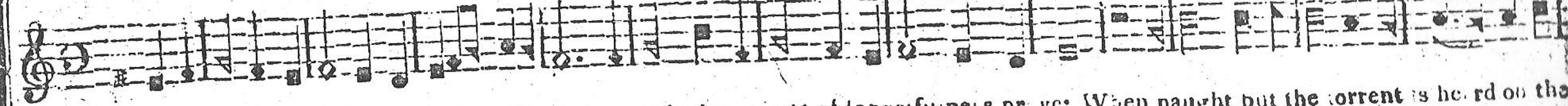
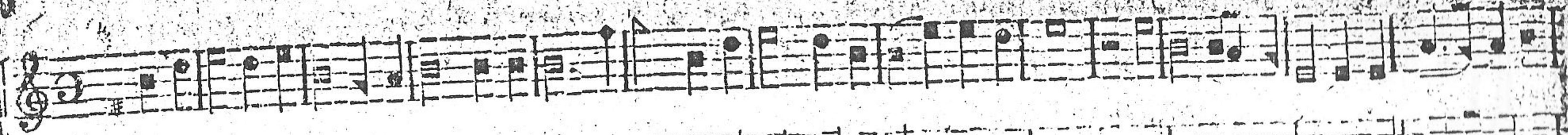
Shall such a worthless worm as I, Be found at thy right hand, thy right hand, Be found at thy right hand.

2 I love to meet among them now, Before thy gracious feet to bow, Though vilest of them all.  
 But can I bear the piercing thought! What, if my name should be left out When thou for them shalt call.

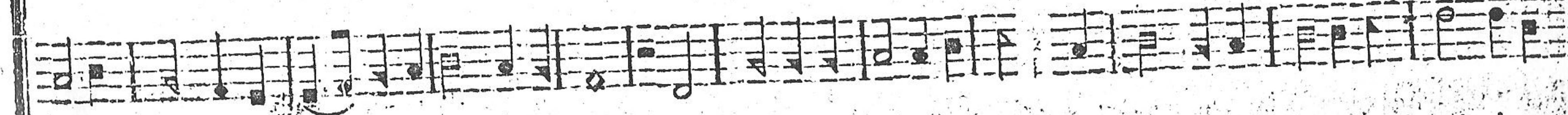
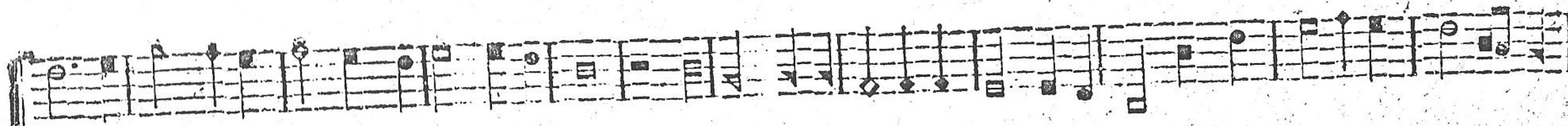
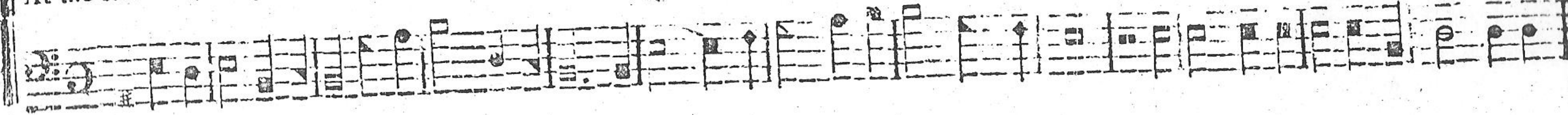
3 Prevent, prevent, it by thy grace; Be thou dear Lord my hiding place, In the accepted day;  
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear, To still my unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall I pray.

4 Let me among the saints be found. Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound, To see thy smiling face  
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing, While heav'n's resounding mansions ring, With shouts of sov'reign grace

70



At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still, And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove; When naught but the torrent is heard on the



hill, And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove: 'Twas thus by the cave of a mountain afar, When his harp rung Symphonious a



# Hermit Continued.



Hermit b. gar;

No more with himself or with nature at war, He though as a sage though he felt as a man.



1 Ah? why all abandon'd to darkness and woe; Who, lone philomela, that languishing fall?  
 2 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow, And sorrow no longer thy bosom inhale,  
 3 But, if pity inspire thee renew the sad lay Mourn sweetest complainer, man call thee to mourn;  
 4 O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away: Full quickly they pass—but they never return.  
 5 Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky, the moon, half extinguish'd her crescent display:  
 6 But lately I mark'd when majestic on high She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
 7 Roll on thou fair orb and with gladness pursue The path that conducts thee to splendour again:  
 8 But man's faded glory what change shall renew! Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!  
 9 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
 10 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore, Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew,  
 11 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn! Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:  
 12 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn; O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave,  
 13 " 'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd, That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind;  
 14 My thoughts went to roam, from shade onward to shade, Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
 15 O pity great Father of light then I cry'd, thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;  
 16 Lo, humble'd in dust, I relinquish my pride; From doubt and from darkness, thou only canst free.  
 17 And darkness and doubt are now flying away; No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:  
 18 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astrait the bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 19 See truth love and mercy in triumph descending, And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!  
 20 On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending, And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb. **BRATT.**



FEMALE CONVICT. TO HER INFANT.

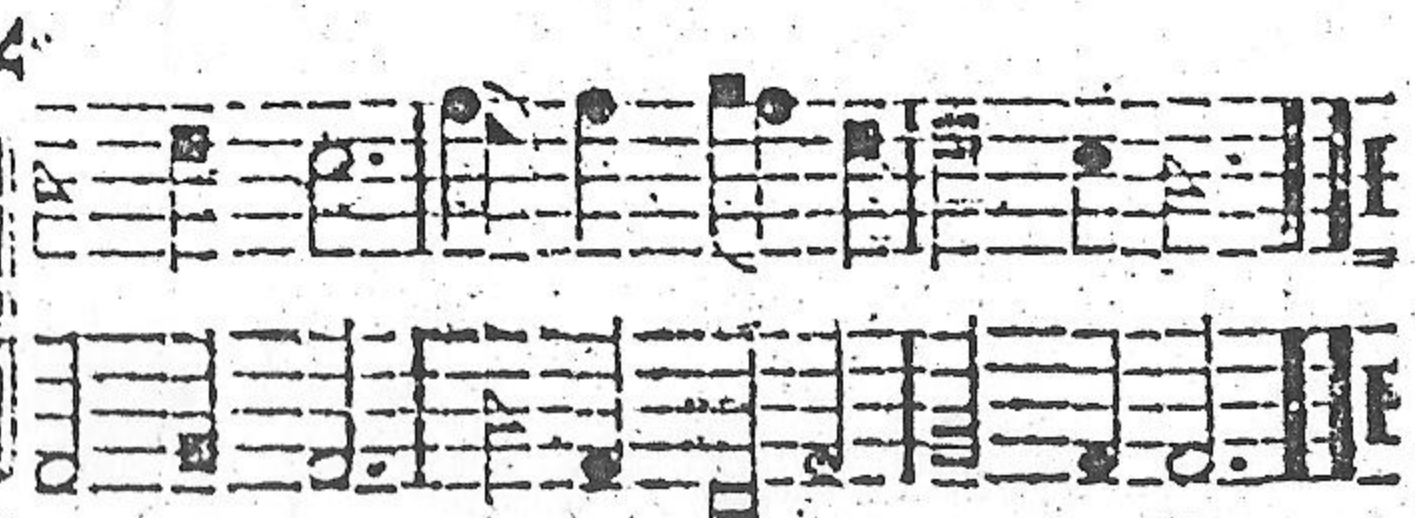
1 2

O Sleep not my babe for the morn of tomorrow. Shall sooth me to sumber more tranquil than thine;  
 The dark grave shall shield me from shame & from sorrow, tho' the deed & the doom of the guilty are mine: { Not long shall the arms of affec-

tion hold thee, Not long shall thou hang on thy mother's fond breast, And who with the ease of delight shall behold thee, & watch thee & guard thee, when I am at rest.  
*The other verses on page 61*



Burst ye em'rald gates and bring To my raptur'd vi-sion, } Lo we lift our longing eyes, Break ye intervening skies, Son of right'ous-  
 All th' extatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian. }



ness arise, Open the gates of paradise.

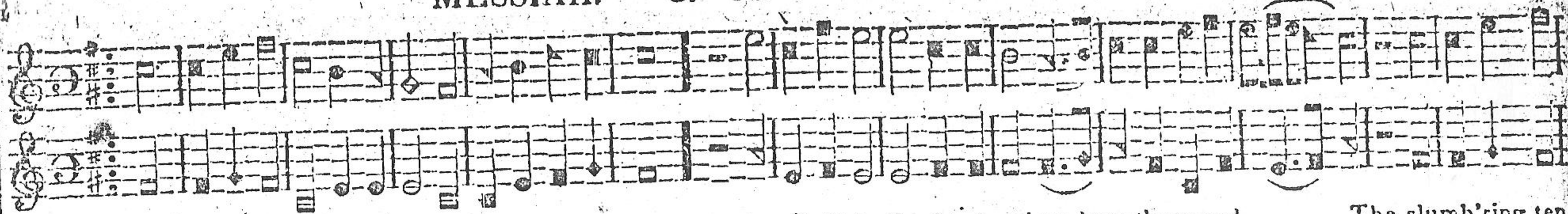


2 Floods of everlasting light,  
 Freely flash before him;  
 Myriads with supreme delight,  
 Instantly adore him;  
 Trumps angelic sound his fame,  
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,  
 All the music of his name,  
 Hey'n shall echo with the theme.

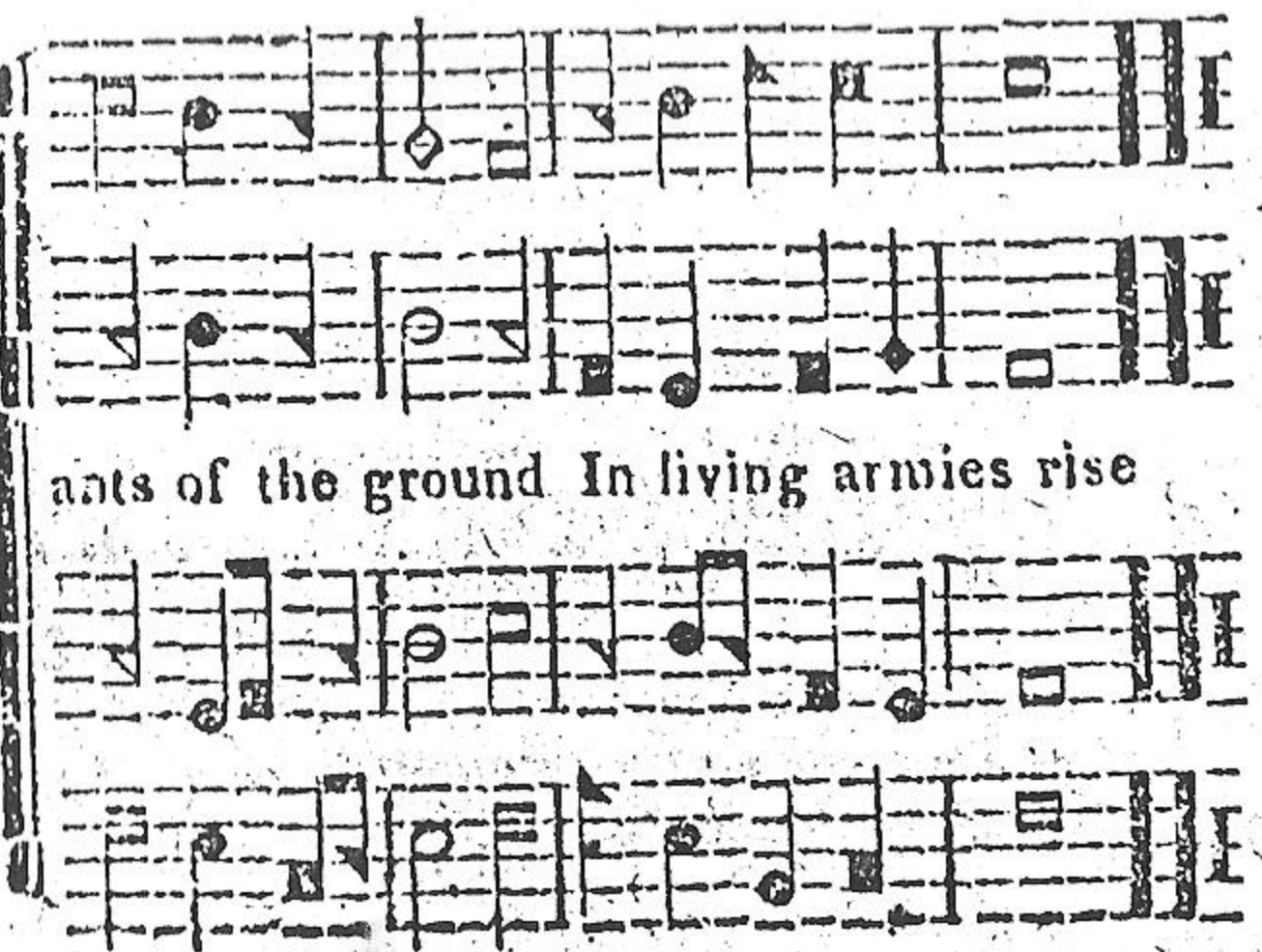
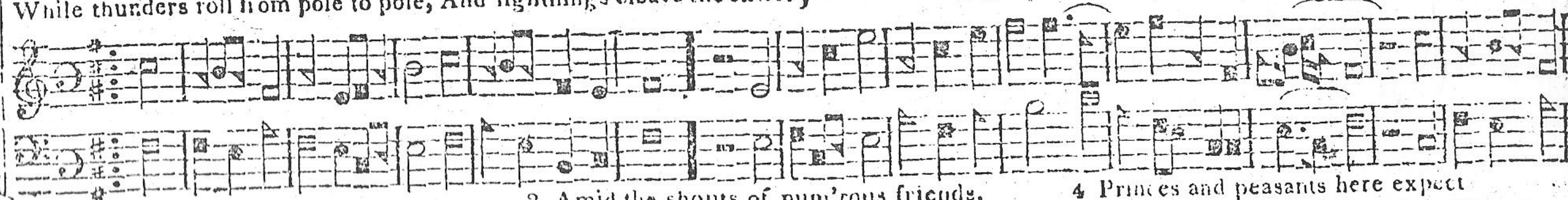
3 Four and twenty elders rise,  
 From their princely station;  
 Shout his glorious victories,  
 Sing the great salvation;

Cast their crowns before his throne,  
 Cry in reverential tone,  
 Glory be to God alone,  
 Holy! Holy! Holy! One.

4 Hark, the thrilling symphonies,  
 Seem methinks, to seize us:  
 Join we to the holy lays—  
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!  
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,  
 Sweetest notes on mortal's tongue,  
 Sweetest carol ever sung—  
 Jesus—Jesus flows along.



He comes! he comes to judge the world Aloud th' archangel cries; } Th' affrighted nations hear the sound, The slumb'ring ten  
 While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies: } And upwards lift their eyes;

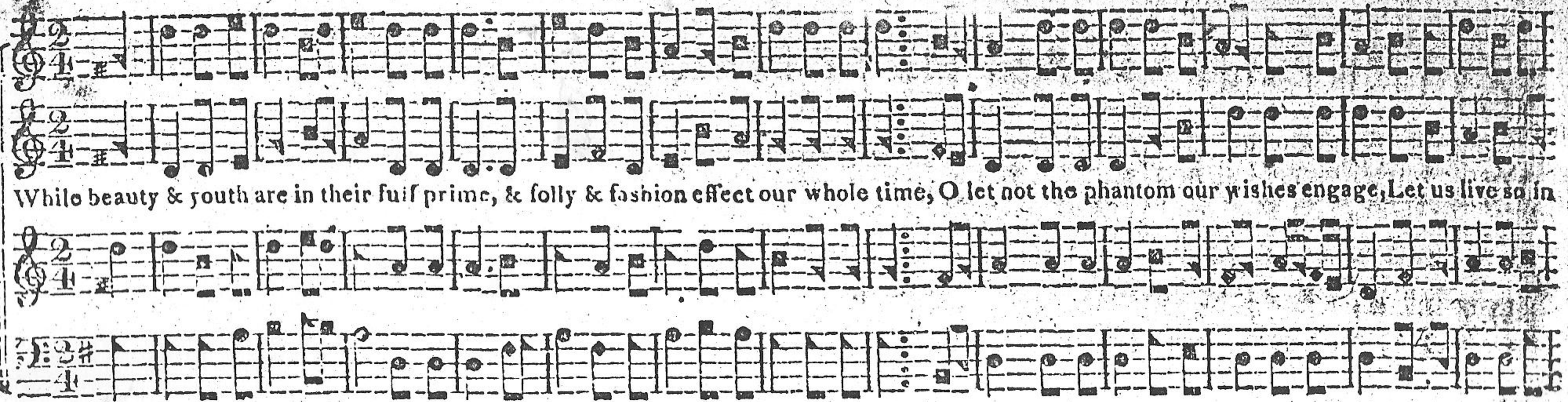


2 Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,  
 Of hosts divinely bright,  
 The Judge in solemn pomp descends  
 Array'd in robes of light;  
 His head and hairs are white as snow,  
 His eyes a fiery flame,  
 A radiant crown adorns his brow,  
 And Jesus is his name.

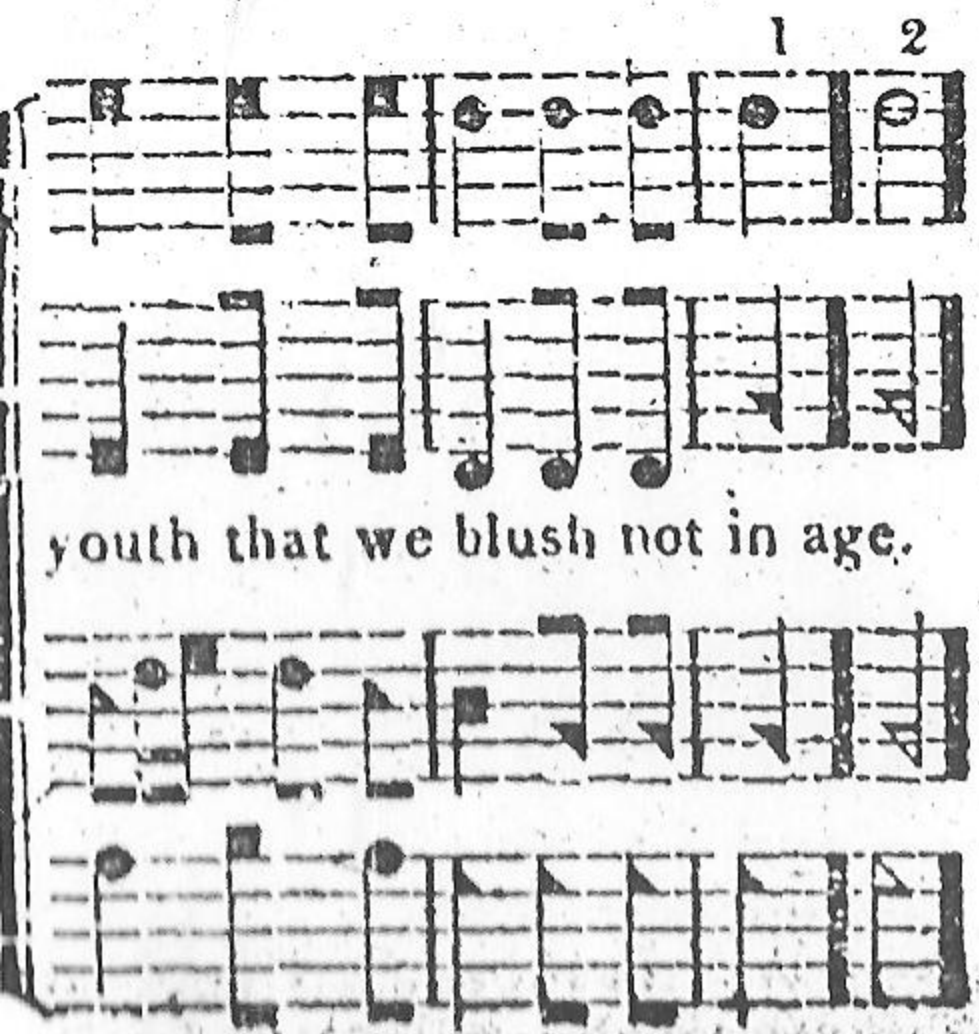
3 Writ on his thigh Lis name appears,  
 And scars his vict'ries tell;  
 Lo! on his hand the conqueror bears  
 The keys of death and hell:  
 So he ascends the judgment-seat,  
 And at his dread command  
 Myriads of creatures round his feet,  
 In solemn silence stand.

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

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



While beauty & youth are in their full prime, & folly & fashion effect our whole time, O let not the phantom our wishes engage, Let us live so in



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

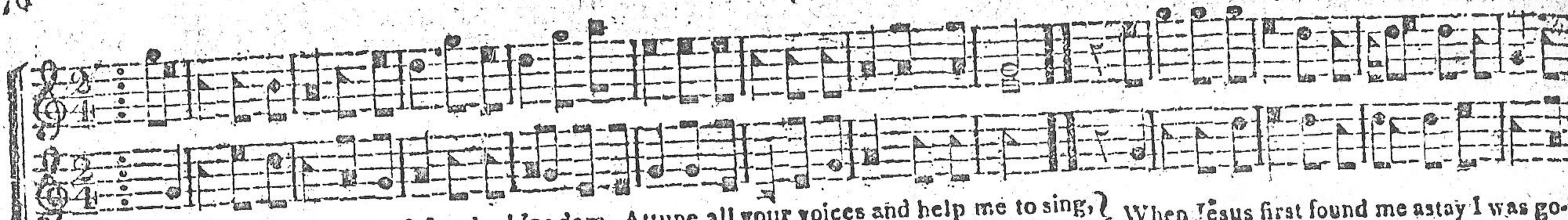
3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,  
 But grant me kind providence virtue and health;  
 Then richer than kings and far happier than they,  
 My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,  
 And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my  
 [door;

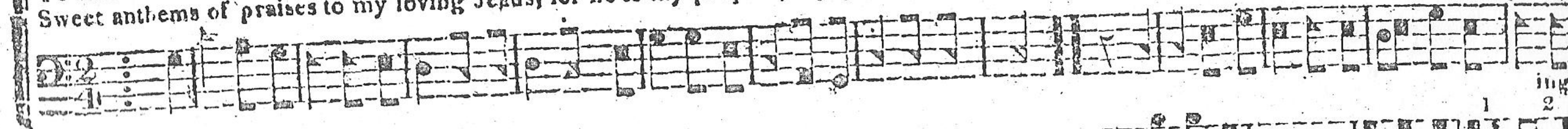
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?  
 My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

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

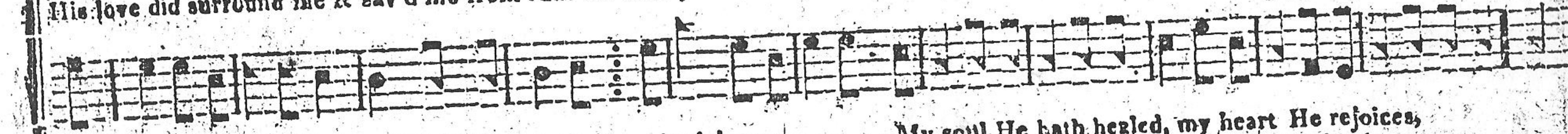
6 And when I the burden of life shall have borne,  
 And death with his scythe shall cut the ripe corn,  
 Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,  
 I'll bless the kind summons and lie down and die.



Ye children of Jesus who're bound for the kingdom, Attune all your voices and help me to sing, } When Jesus first found me a stray I was go-  
Sweet anthems of praises to my loving Jesus, for he is my prophet, my priest and my king ; }



His love did surround me & sav'd me from ruin He kindly embrac'd me & freely he bless'd me & taught me aloud his sweet praises to sing



Why should you go mourning from such a physician,  
Who's able and willing your sickness to cure,  
Come to him believing, thou bad your condition  
His father has promis'd your case to ensure ;

My soul He hath healed, my heart He rejoices,  
He brought me to Zion to hear the glad voices,  
I'll serve Him, and praise Him, and always adore Him  
Till we meet in heaven where parting's no more.

VERNON.

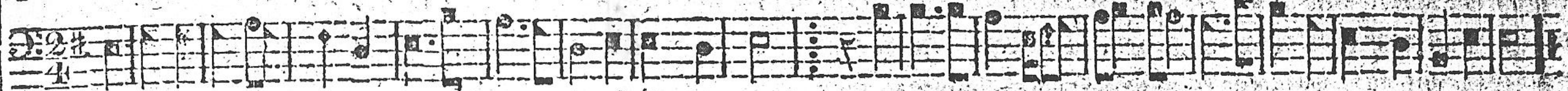
L. M.

16th Hymn

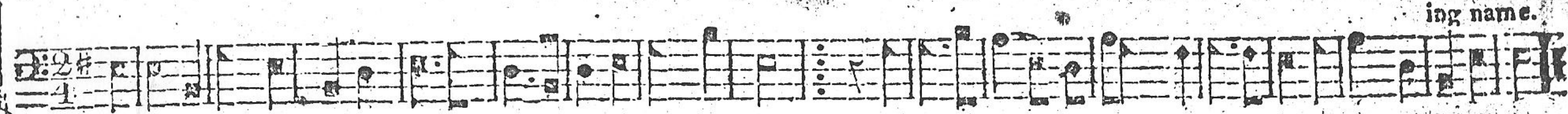
2nd B.

D. Watts

Chapin. 79



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 charm-

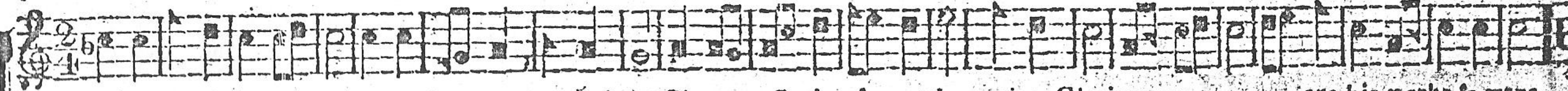


ing name.

HAYWOOD.

7s.

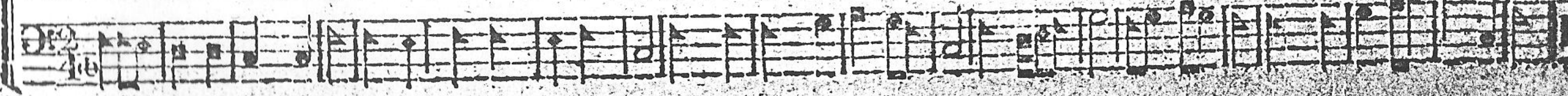
Davisson.



Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey let us sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious are, are his works & ways.



Lord! submissive make us go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our leader be, And we still, and we still, and we still will follow thee.



PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11, 11, 11, 10.

Webb.

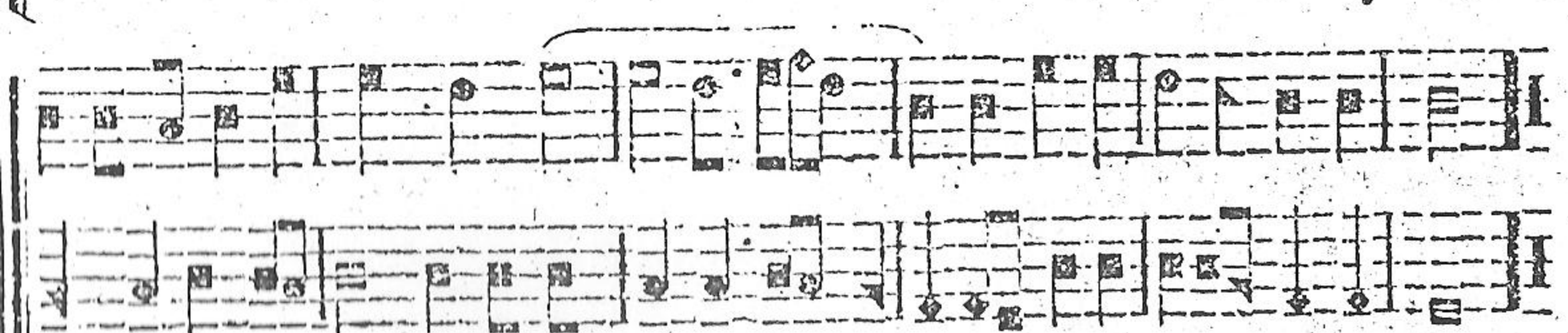
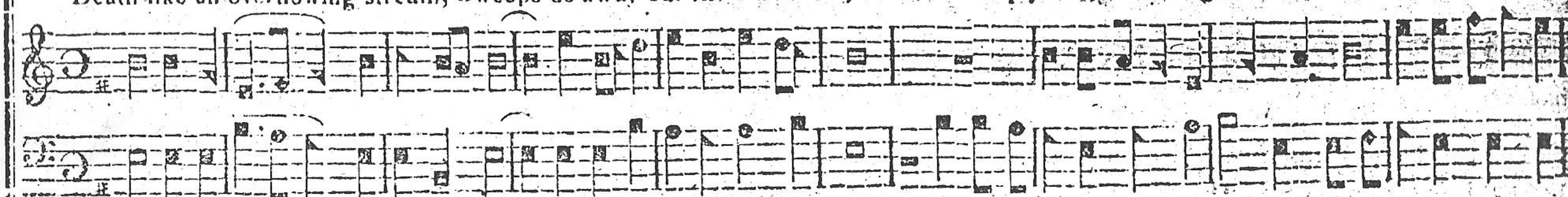
Hither ye faithful haste with songs of triumph, to Bethlehem go the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is borne a prince & saviour, O come & let

us worship O come and let us worship O come &c. at his feet.

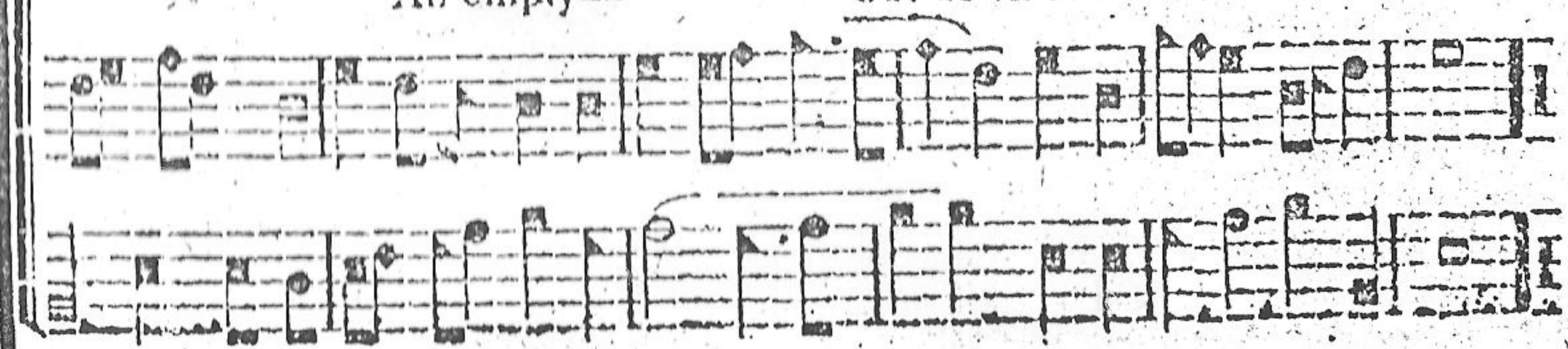
- 2 O Jesus for such wond'rous condescension,  
Our praises and rev'ence are not off'rings meet;  
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us,  
O come and let us worship at his feet.
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,  
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;  
Unto our God be glory in the highest,  
O come and let us worship at his feet.



Death like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flower, An empty—



An empty— Cut down and wither'd in an hour.



*The first pause of the 90th Psalm by Dr. Watts.*

- 5 Our age to seventy years is set;  
How short the time! how frail the state!  
And if to eighty we arrive,  
We rather sigh and groan, than live.
- 7 But oh how oft thy wrath appears,  
And cuts off our expected years,  
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread:  
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.
- 8 Teach us, O Lord how frail is man;  
And kindly lengthen out the span,  
'Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.



PROTECTION. L. M.

God, my supporter, & my hope, My help forever near; Thine arm of mercy held me up, Thine arm of mercy held me up, When sinking

in despair. When sinking in despair.

- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through life's bewilder'd race,  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
'T would be no joy to me;  
And whilst this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life should break,  
And flesh and heart should faint,  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of every saint.

- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence die;  
Not all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

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

2. It cannot in Eden be found, Nor yet in a Paradise lost; It grows on Immanuel's ground, And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.  
 3. My friends once so dear unto me, Our souls so united in love: Where Jesus is gone we shall be, In yonder bright mansions above.  
 6. With Jesus we ever shall reign, And all his bright glory shall see; Singing hallelujahs Amen; Amen! even so let it be.

## BATH CHAPEL. C. M.

*Milgrouc.*

Unite, my roving thoughts, unite, In silence soft and sweet; And thou my soul sit gently down At thy great sov'reign's feet.

PASTORAL ELEGY.

8s.

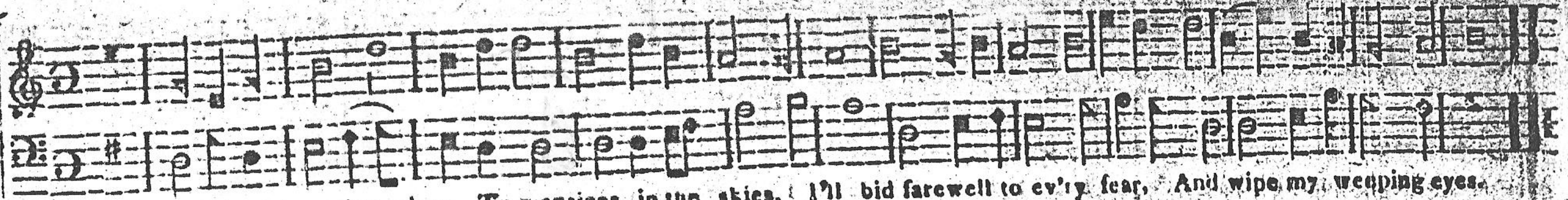
By Knapp & Nicholson.

What sorrowful sounds do I hear, Move slowly along in the gale! How solemn they fall on my ear, As softly they pass through the vale

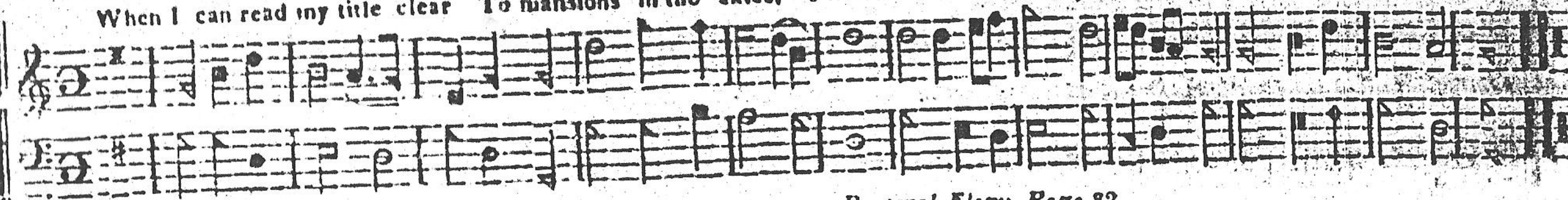
Sweet Corydon's notes are all e'er, Now lonely he sleeps in the clay; His cheeks bloom with roses no more, Since Death call'd his spirit away

Sweet Corydon's notes are all e'er, Now lonely he sleeps in the clay; His cheeks bloom with roses no more, Since Death call'd his spirit away

Sweet Corydon's notes are all e'er, Now lonely he sleeps in the clay; His cheeks bloom with roses no more, Since Death call'd his spirit away



When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.



*The following Verses are sung to Pastoral Elegy, Page 82.*

2 Sweet woodhines will rise round his tomb,  
And willows their sorrowing wave;  
Young hyacinths freshen and bloom,  
While hawthorns encircle his grave  
Each morn when the sun glides the East,  
(The green grass bespangled with dew.)  
Will cast his bright beams on the west,  
To charm the sad Caroline's view.

3 O. Corydon! hear the sad cries  
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;  
O, Spirit! look down from the skies,  
And pity thy mourner below.  
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,  
Which Philomel hears on the plain,

Then striving the mourner to soothe,  
With sympathy joins in her strain.

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

5. And when the still night has unfurl'd  
Her robes o'er the hamlet around,  
Gray twilight retires from the world,

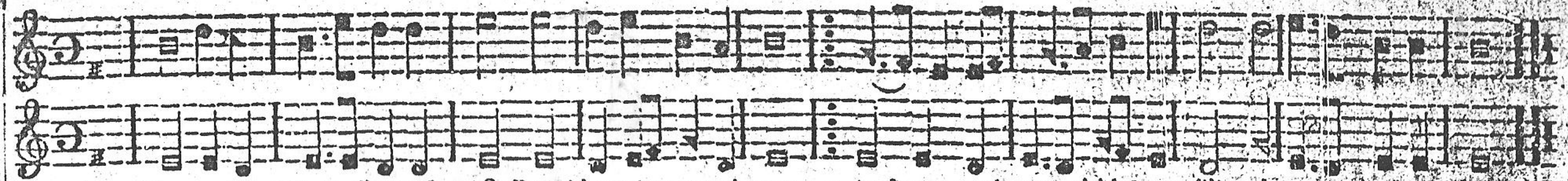
And darkness encumbers the ground,  
I'll leave my lone gloomy abode,  
To Corydon's urn will I fly;  
There, kneeling, will bless the just God,  
Who dwells in bright mansions on high.

6 Since Corydon hears me no more,  
In gloom let the woodlands appear,  
Ye oceans be still of your roar,  
Let autumn extend round the year,  
I'll lie me through meadows and lawns,  
There cull the bright flow'rets of May  
Then rise on the wings of the morn,  
And waft my young spirit away.

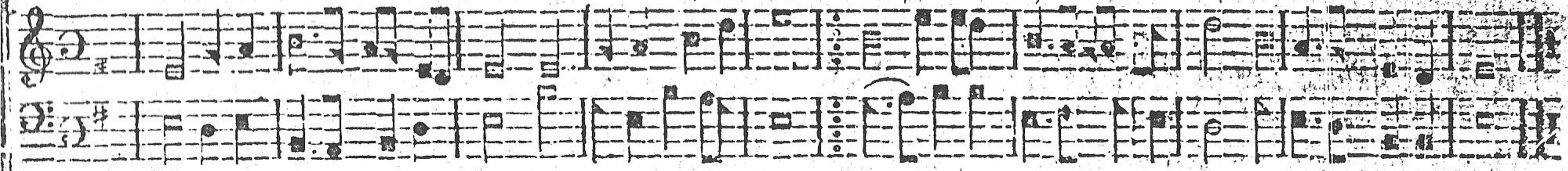
Come friends and relations let's join heart & hand, The voice of the turtle is heard in our land; Come let's join together and follow the

sound, And march to the place where redemption is found

2. The place it is hidden the place it is seal'd,  
The place it is hidden till it is reveal'd;  
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,  
And there find redemption from sorrow and woe.
3. That place it is hidden by reason of sin,  
Alas! you can't see the sad state you are in,  
You'r blind and polluted in prison and pain,  
O how can such rebels redemption obtain.
4. But if you are wounded and bruis'd by the fall,  
Then up and be doing, for you he doth call,  
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair;  
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.



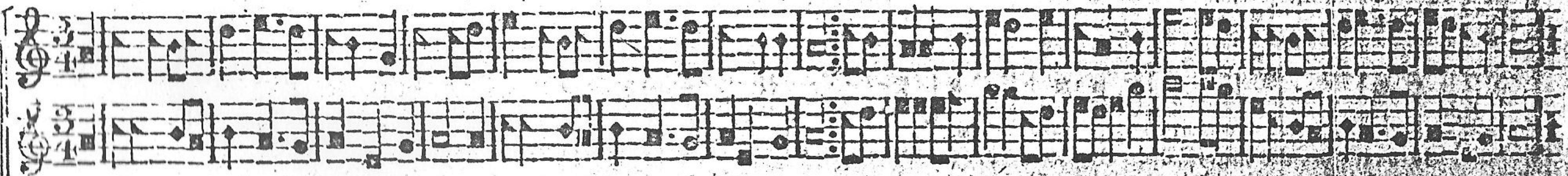
Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Behold my heart and see; And turn each cursed idol out 'That dares to rival thee.



Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me nothing love—Dead be my heart to every joy, When Jesus cannot move.  
Is not thy name melodious still, To mine attentive ear? Both not each pulse with pleasure bound My Saviour's voice to hear.  
Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord, But O! I long to soar far from the sphere of mortal joys, And learn to love thee more.

REDEMPTION, 11s.

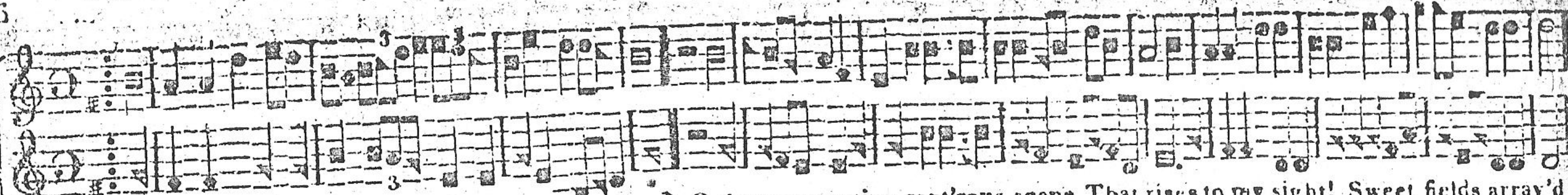
By Smith.



Come friends & relations lets join heart and hand The voice of the turtle is heard, Let's all join together & follow the sound, & march to the place where redemption is found. (See Page 86)



# JORDAN. C. M.

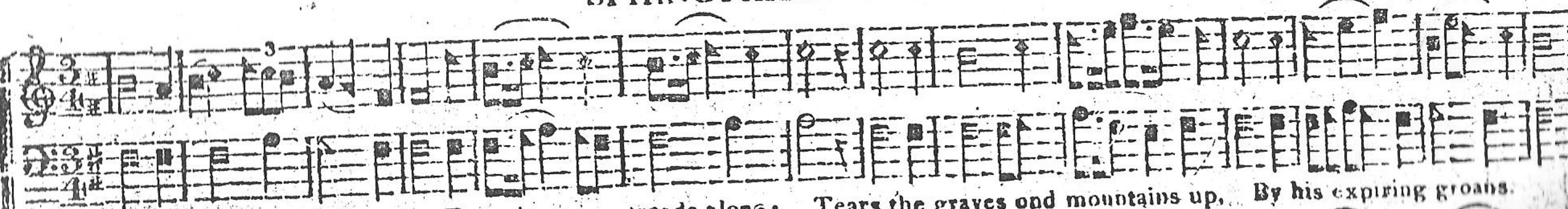


On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye } O the transporting rapt'rous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields array'd  
 To canaan's fair & happy land, Where my possessions lie } For the whole of the hymn look page 51. living green, And rivers of deligh,

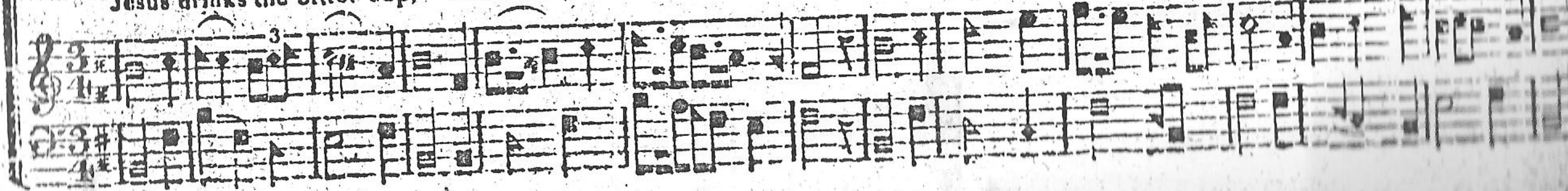


# SPRINGFIELD. 7. 6.

Babcock.



Jesus drinks the bitter cup, The wine press treads along; Tears the graves and mountains up, By his expiring groans.





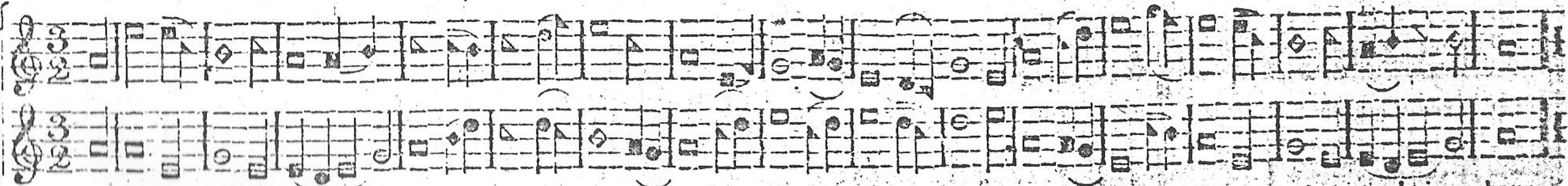
Lo the powers of heav'n he shakes, Nature all in ruin lies, the earth's profoundest centre quakes, The great Jehovah dies,



3. O my God; he dies for me, I feel the mortal smart! See him hanging on the tree, A sight that breaks my heart!  
O that all to thee might turn! Sinners ye may love him too, Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourne For one who bled for you.  
4 Weep o'er your desine and hope, With tears of humblest love; Sing, for Jesus is gone up, And reigns enthron'd above  
Lives our head to die no more, Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n, Worship'd as he was before, Th' immortal King of heav'n.

LAMENTATION L. M.

Bradshaw.



Death like an overflowing stream. Sweeps us away, our life's a dream; An empty tale, a morning flow'r Cut down & wither'd in an hour.





HOLY CITY. 7 & 6.



There is a holy city, A happy world above, Beyond the starry regions, Built by the God of love; An everlasting temple & saints array'd in white



They serve the great redeemer and dwell with him in light.



2. This is no world of trouble  
The God of peace is there;  
He wipes away their sorrows,  
He banishes their care;  
Their joys are still increasing;  
Their sons are ever new;  
They praise the 'ternal Father,  
The Son and Spirit too.

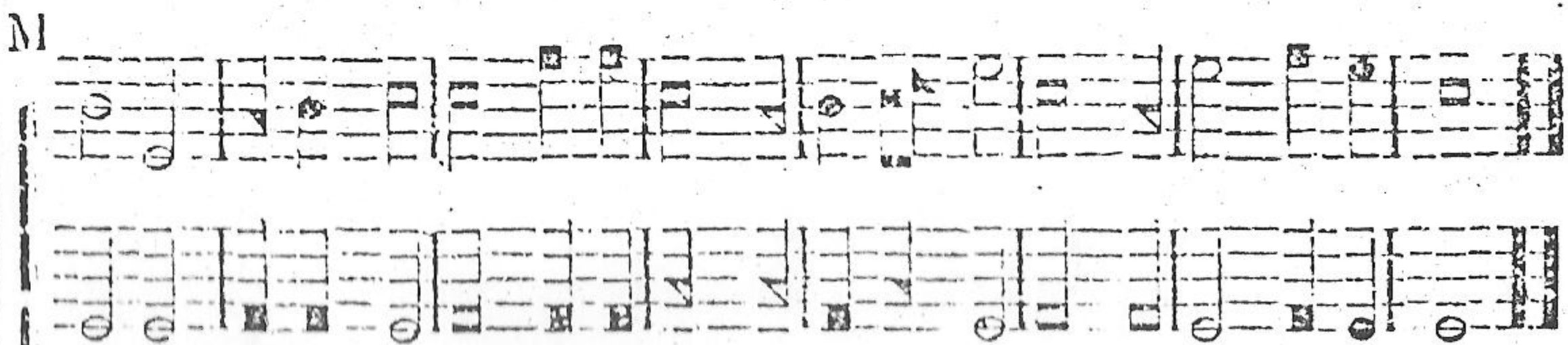
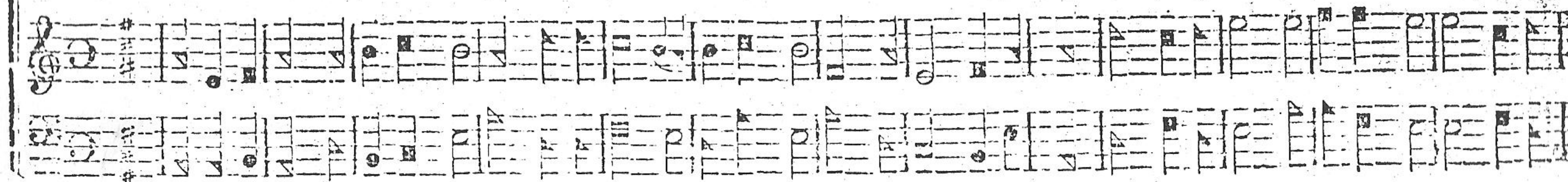
3 The meanest child of glory  
Out shines the radiant sun;  
But who can speak the splendor  
Of that eternal throne,

Where Jesus sits exalted,  
In God-like majesty;  
The elders fall before him;  
The angels bend the knee.

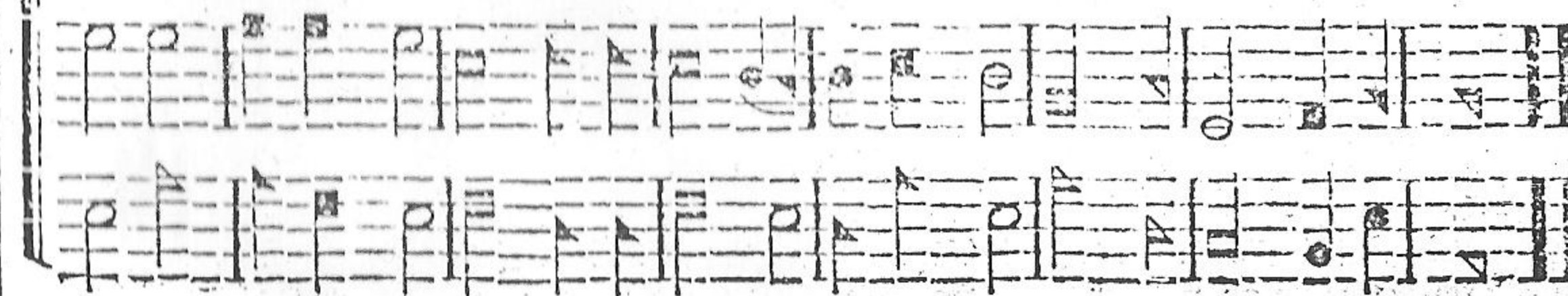
4 'Is this the man of sorrows,  
Who stood at Pilate's bar,  
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,  
And by his men of war?  
He seems a mighty conqueror  
Who spoil'd the powers below,  
And ransom'd many captives  
From everlasting woe.



I'm tir'd of visits, modes, & forms, And flatteries paid to fellow worms. Their conversation cloy. Their vain amurs & emyty stuff, but I can



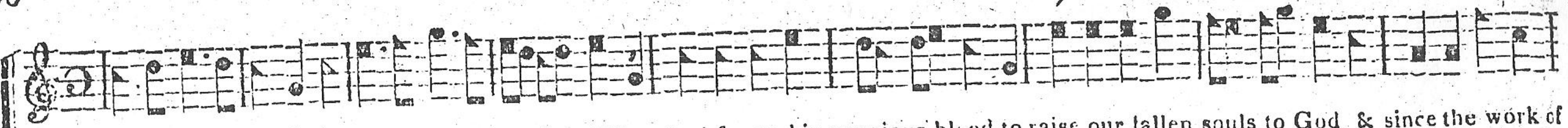
ne'er enjoy enough Of thy best company my Lord Thou life of all my joys.



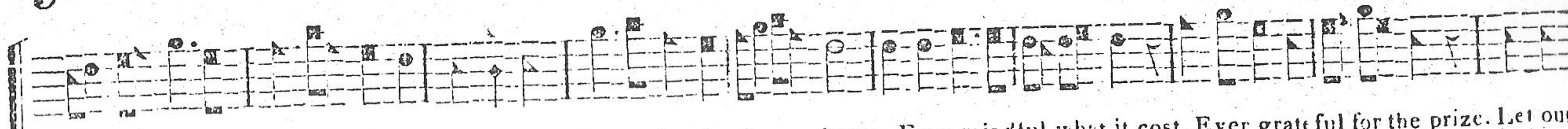
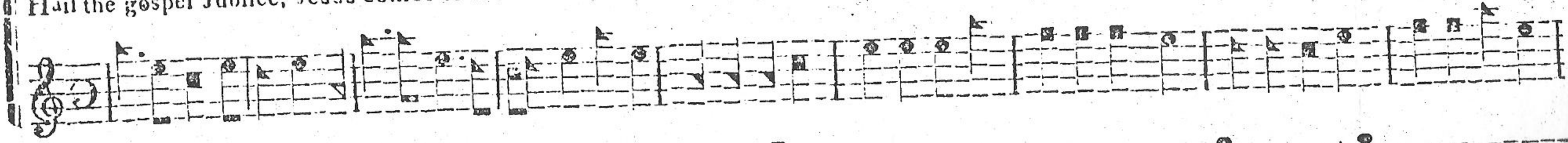
When he begins to tell his love,  
Through ev'ry vein my passions move.  
The captives of his tongue;  
In midnight shades, on frosty ground.  
I could attend the pleasing sound.  
Nor should I feel December cold,  
Nor think the seasons long.

There while I hear my Saviour God,  
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load,)  
He bore upon the tree,  
Inward blush with secret shame,  
And weep, and blush, and bless the name  
That knew not guilt nor grief his own.  
But bore it all for me.

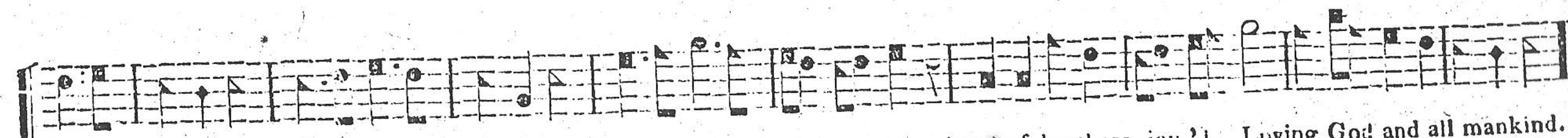
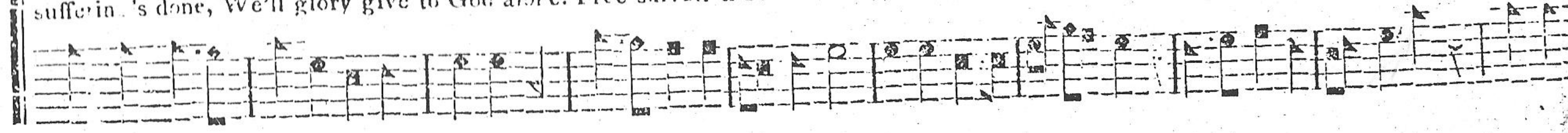
JUBILEE. P. M.



Hail the gospel Jubilee, Jesus comes to set us free Who shed for us his precious blood to raise our fallen souls to God & since the work of



sufferin' 's done, We'll glory give to God alone. Free salvation be our boast, Ever mindful what it cost, Ever grateful for the prize. Let our

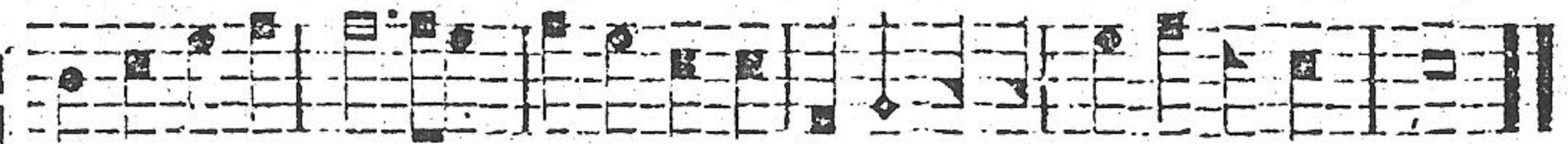
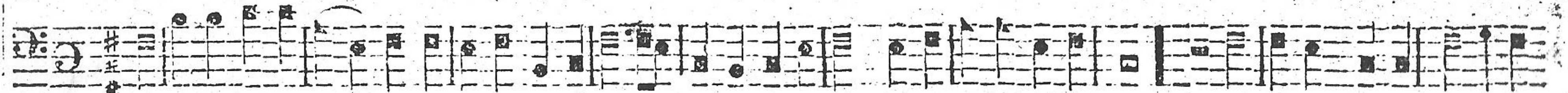
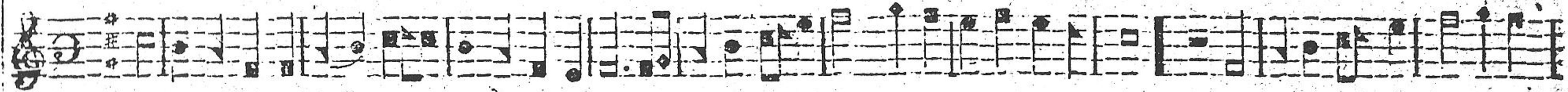


praises reach the skies. Firm united let us be, In the bonds of charity; As a band of brothers join'd, Loving God and all mankind.

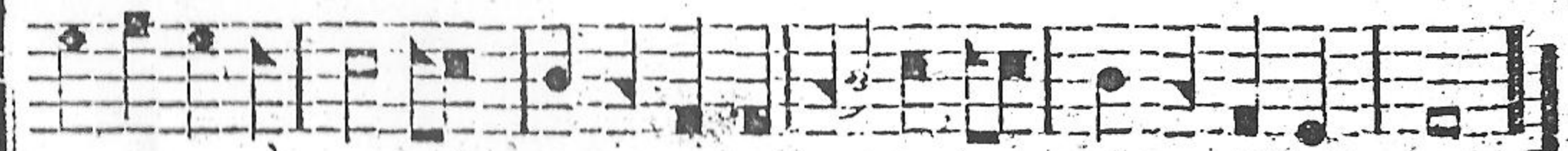




Come all you weary travellers Come let us join and sing, The everlasting praises of our exalted King; We've had a tedious journey, And



tiresome it is true, but see how many dangers the Lord has bro't us through



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

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

Gracious foretastes to heaven, Gives life, and health, and peace  
Revives our drooping spirits, Our faith and love increase,  
Confessing Christ our master, Obeying his command,  
We hasten on our journey; Unto the promis'd land;

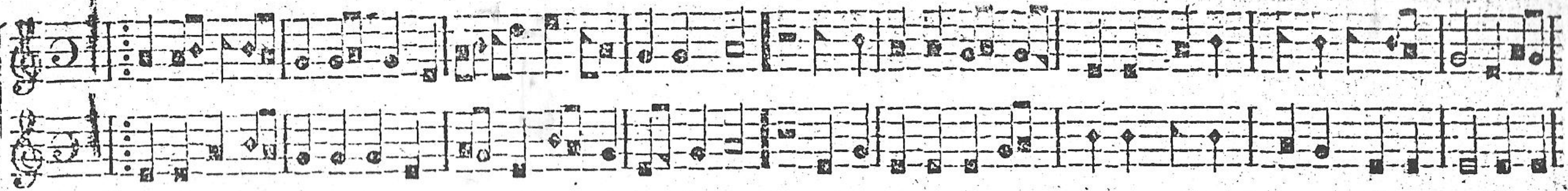
PLEASANT FOREST.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed! And did my sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?

BOTEFOURT. S. M.

Lowry

Is this the kind return, And these the thanks we owe? Thus to abuse eternal love Whence all our blessings flow?



Death he is the king of terrors, And a terror to all kings; } Land of darkness, shades of silence, Gloomy vaults where pris'ners lie; Many  
 Oh he fills our minds with horror, telling us of frightful things }



thousands have been conquer'd You, alas must shortly die



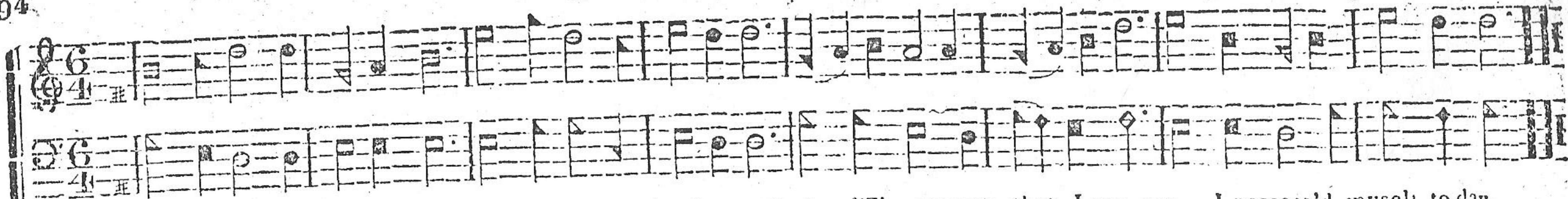
2 See them lie without distinction;  
 Thus I boast my thousands slain;  
 Nor can they, without permission,  
 Ever hope to rise again.

Stop O death, don't boast of victory,  
 Hark, and hear what faith can say  
 About one Jesus, who on Calvary  
 Died, and in the grave did lay.

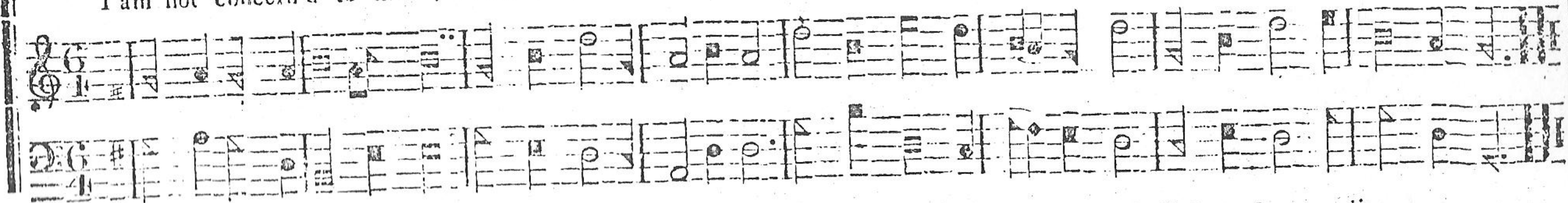
5 See him rising, hear him crying,  
 I, O death, have conquer'd you,  
 Though your looks are so dismaying,  
 Yet my saints I will bring through.

Thus the souls that are believing  
 May rejoice in Christ their King;  
 Death's no more than a black curtain,  
 Drawn to let the saints go in.

6. There the wicked cease from trou-  
 And the weary are at rest. [bling,  
 There the saints shall cease from pray-  
 There they are divinely blest. [ing  
 Free from sickness free from sorrow  
 Free from anguish, fear and pain;  
 No dread thoughts of gloomy horror  
 E'er shall frighten them again;



I am not concern'd to know, What tomorrow's fate will do; 'Tis enough that I can say I possess'd myself today.



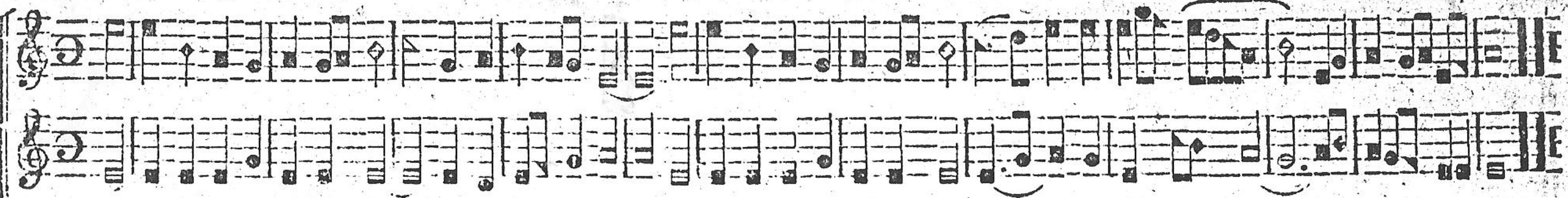
Then unhappily midnight death Seize my flesh, and stop my breath, Then tomorrow I shall be Heir to Immortality.  
Glitt'ring stones and golden things Wealth and honour that have wings, Ever fluttering to be gone, I could never call my own.  
Riches that the world bestows, She can take, and I can loose; But the treasures that are mine, Lie afar beyond her line.

### WORDS FOR MORNING STAR.

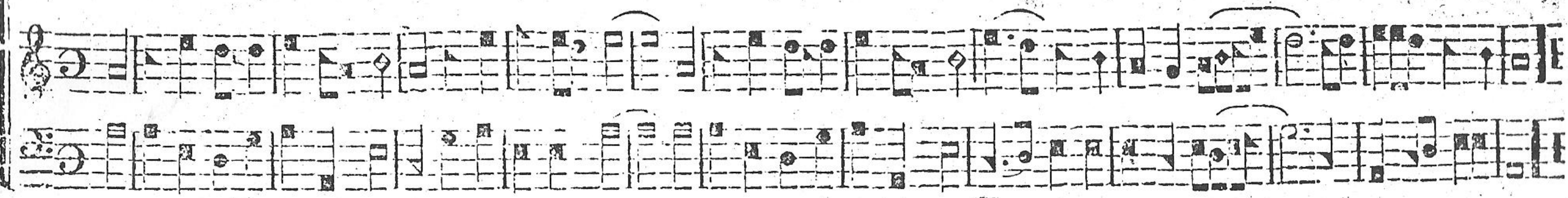
4 The streams of living waters run,  
When thou but shew'st thy quick'ning son,  
My bride groom; King, and comfort;  
Thou art my best and dearest good,  
Thy power, thy word, thy flesh and blood,  
Is light and life and comfort;  
Let me kindly see thy face,  
And feel thy graces in thy chamber,  
For I am thy lovely member.

6 Accord the string of Cithara,  
And let your pleasant musica,  
Most heartily be tuned;  
That in the love of Jesus may,  
My soul and heart all night and day,  
Continually be moved  
Sing ye! spring ye! be rejoicing—  
Be triumphing—praise ye early  
God our King who loves us dearly.

7. How great a joy to me is this;  
That Alpha and Omega is  
My dear beloved brother;  
I hope he will for lasting praise  
Soon take me up to paradise,  
To see my heavenly mother  
Amen—Amen—come thou handsome  
Crown of ransom, stay no longer,  
Come and fill my thirst and hunger,



Jerusalem my happy home, O how I long for thee; When shall my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see. Thy &c.



- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most glorious to behold! Thy gates are richly set with pearl Thy streets are pav'd with gold
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green. My study long has been; Such sparkling light by human sight Has never yet been seen.
- 4 O when, thou city of my God, shall I thy courts ascend, Where congregations ne'er break up, And sabbath's have no end.

*Words to Gethsemane.*

Come, behold your Jesus bleeding,  
Streams of mercy from him flow,  
Whilst before the Father pleading  
For those men who wrought his woe.  
Lo, he cry'd, "Father forgive them!  
Tho' they do my life pursue,  
I am willing to receive them,  
For thy know not what they do."

Come thou everlasting Spirit,  
Bring to every thankful mind  
All the Saviour's dying merit,  
All his sufferings for mankind:  
True recorder of his passion,  
Now the living fire impart;  
Now reveal his great salvation,  
Preach his Gospel to our heart.

Come, thou Witness of his dying,  
Come, Remembrancer divine;  
Let us feel thy powers applying  
Christ to every soul and mine:  
Let us groan thine inward groaning,  
Look on him we pier'ced, and grieve,  
All receive the grace atoning,  
All the sprinkled blood receive.

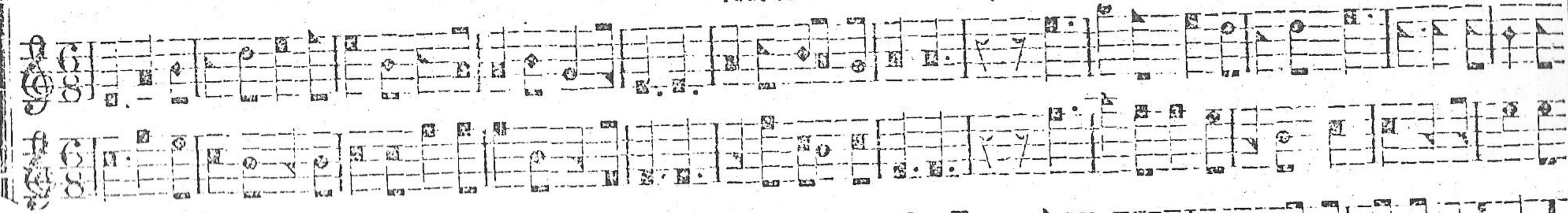


MORNING STAR 88 7. 88, 77. 9, 8.

Lowry.



How splended shines the morning star, God's gracious light from darkness far, the  
root of Jesse blessed | Thou David's son o' Jacob's stem, My bridgroom  
king &



wound'rous Lamb, Thou hast my heart possesed, sweetly, friendly, O thou handsome, precious ransome Full of graces, set & kept in heav'n  
ly places



# GETHSEMANE. 8, 7.

Wood.

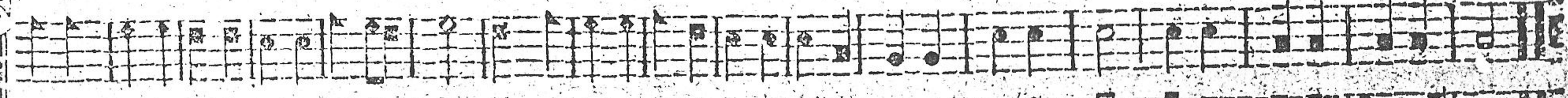
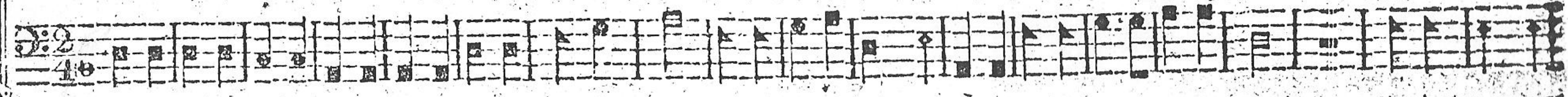


Great high priest we view thee stooping With our names upon thy breast,

Weeping, angels



In the garden groaning, drooping, To the ground with sorrow prest.

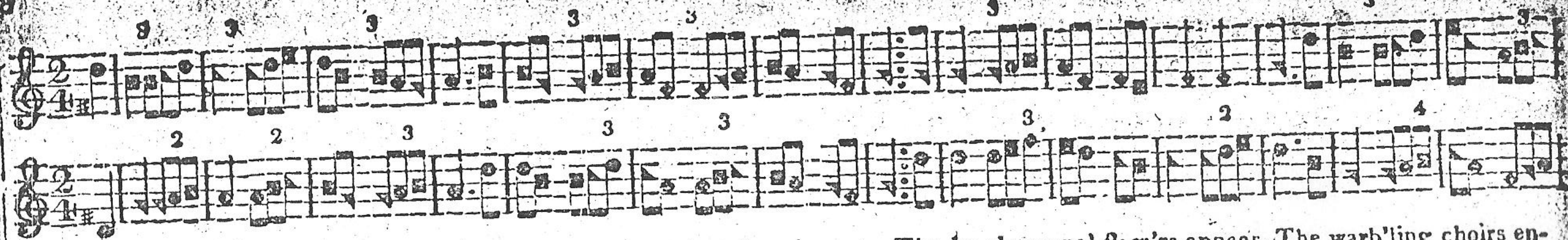


stood confounded, To behold their maker thus, And shall we remain unwounded, When we know 'twas all for us.

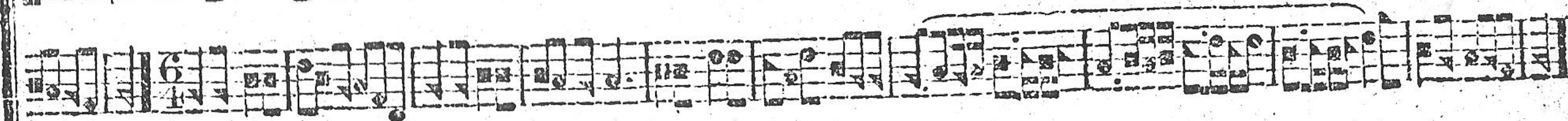
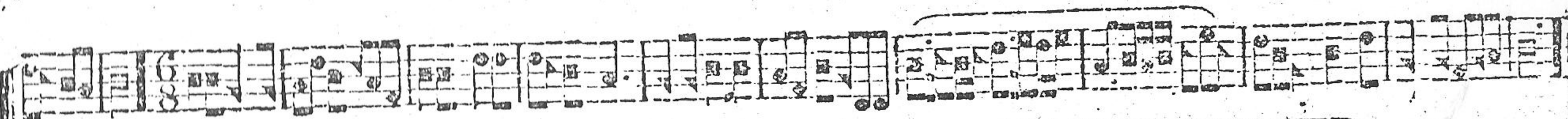
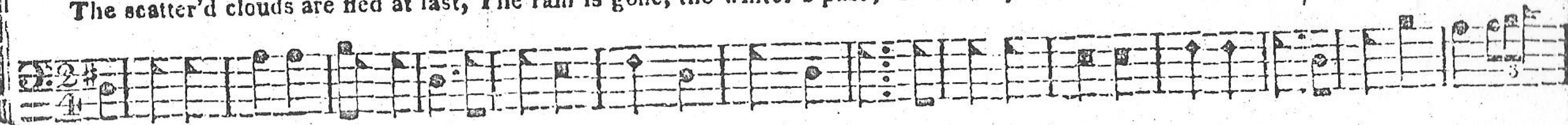


SPRING. P. M.

Unkown.

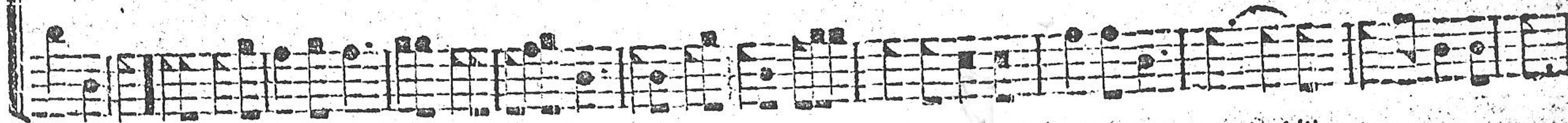


The scatter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the winter's past; The lovely vernal flow'rs appear, The warb'ling choirs en-



chant our ear. Now with sweetly pensive moan, Coos the turtledove alone :

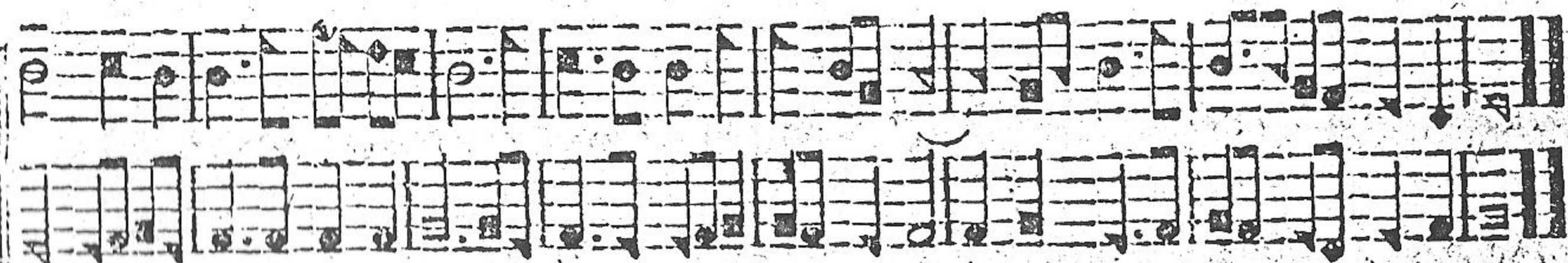
Coo: the &c.



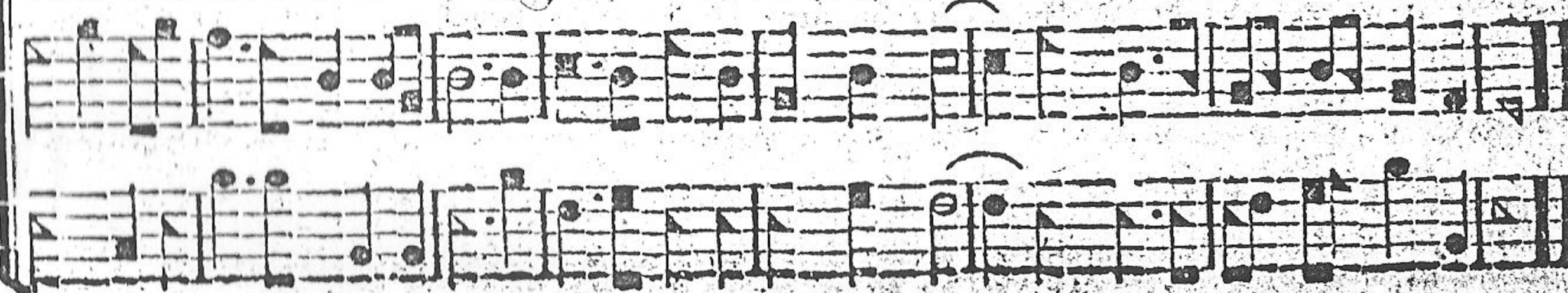
The voice of my beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain tops he bounds, He flies exulting o'er the hills,  
And all my soul with transport fills, Gently doth he chide my stay, Kiss my soul and come away.



Great God the heav'ns well order'd frame, declares the glories of thy name; there thy rich works of glory shine, A thousand starry beauties



A thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine. Of



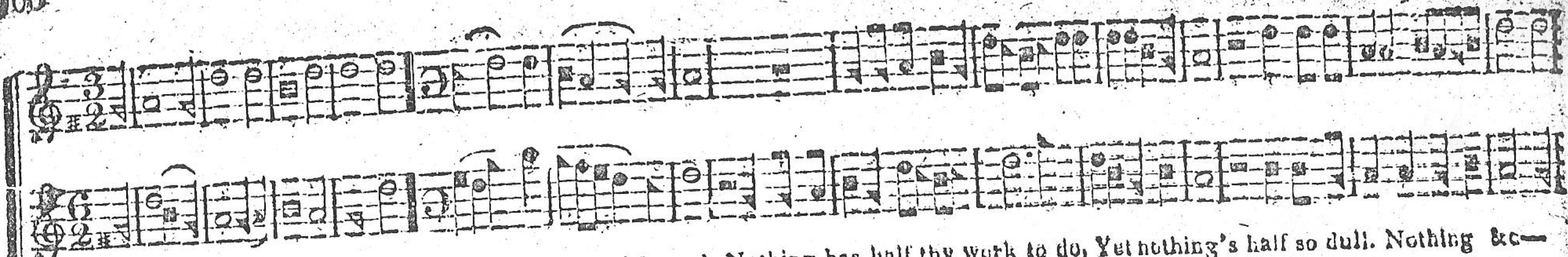
from night to day from day to night,  
The dawning and the dying light,  
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read  
With silent eloquence they raise  
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
And neither sound nor language need

Yet their divine instructions run  
Far as the journies of the sun  
And ev'ry nation knows their voice  
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,  
Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice

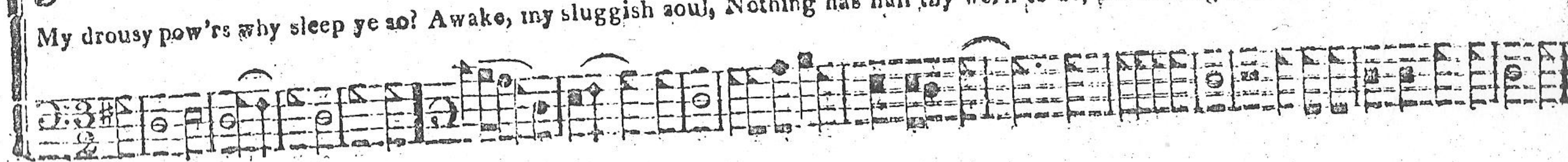
# ANIMATION.

Sherman,

100

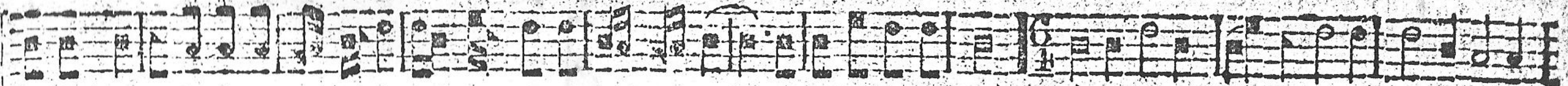


My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so? Awake, my sluggish soul, Nothing has half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull. Nothing &c—



Rise my soul and stretch thy wings; Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things, Towards heav'n thy native place  
Sun & moon &c



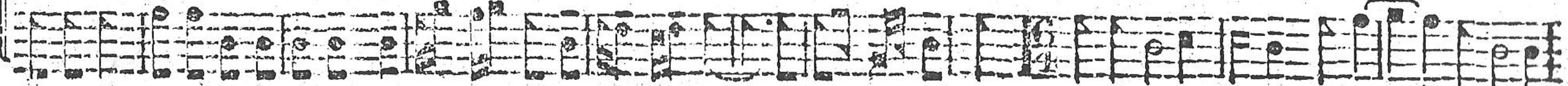


Rise my soul and haste away To seats prepared above,

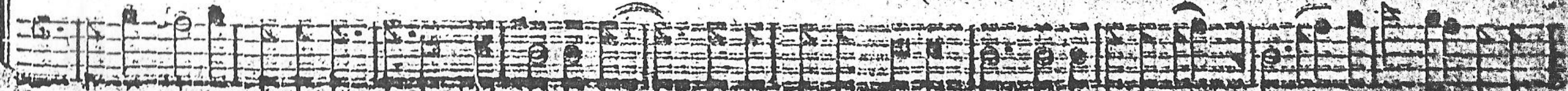


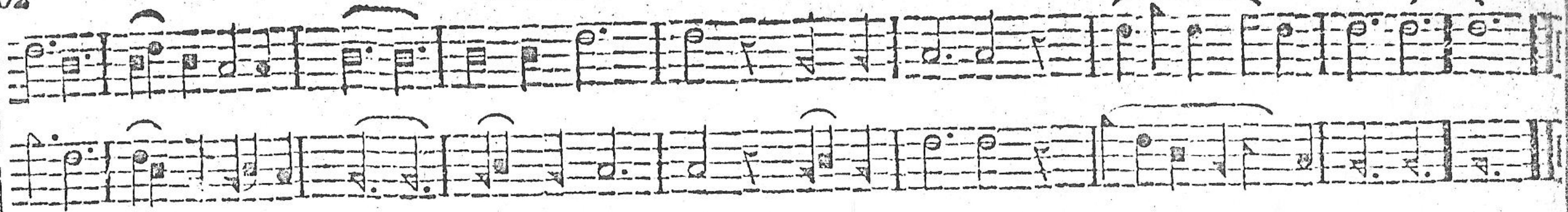
stars decay Time shall soon this earth remove;

Rivers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their



course; Fire ascending seeks the sun. Both speed them to its source. So a soul that's born of God pants to view his Saviour's face Up-wards tends to his a-





bode, To rest in his embrace

Hallelujah,

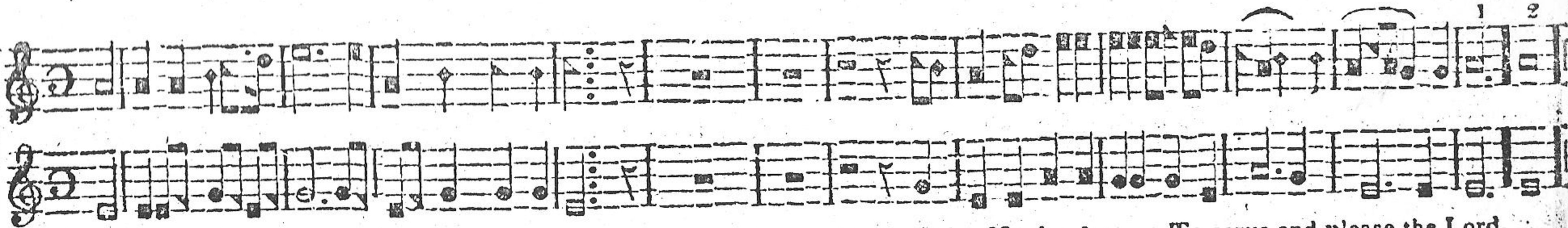
Hallelujah,

Hallelujah

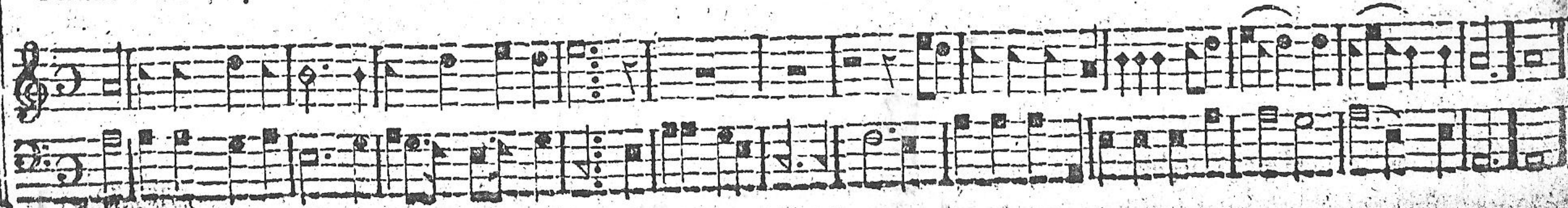


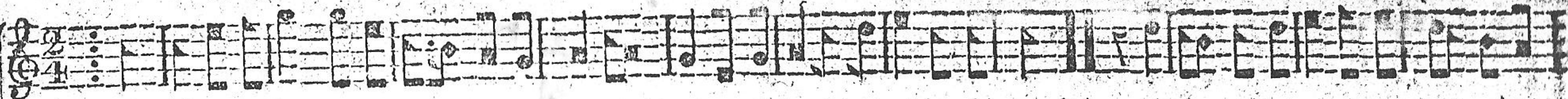
DAUPHIN. S M.

B'lings.

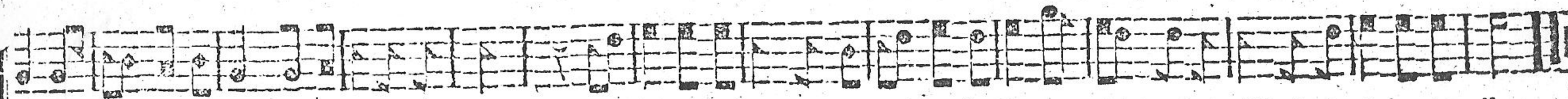
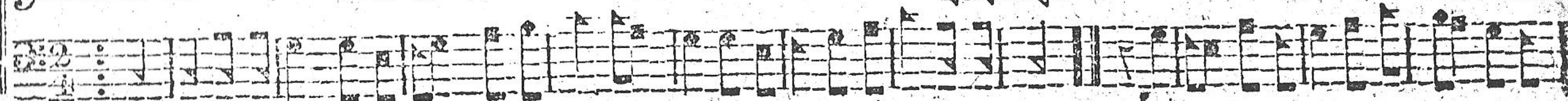
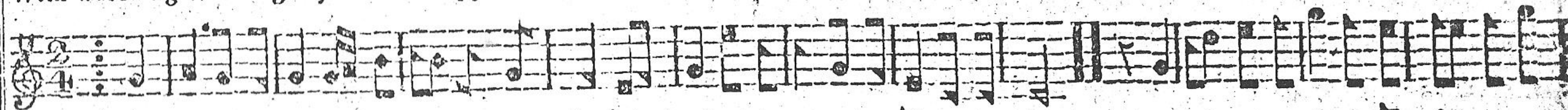


For life without thy love' No relish can afford; No joy can be compr'd with this, No joy &c. To serve and please the Lord.





O how I have long'd for the coming of God, And sought him by praying & searching his word, | The tokens of mercy at length did appear  
With watching & fasting my soul was opprest, Nor would I give over till Jesus had blest



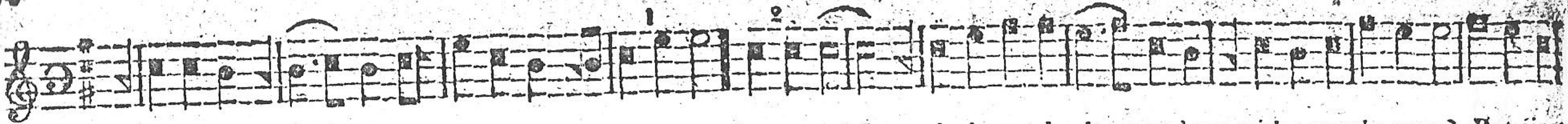
According to promise he answerd my prayer; And glory is open'd in floods on my soul, Salvation from Zion's begining to roll.



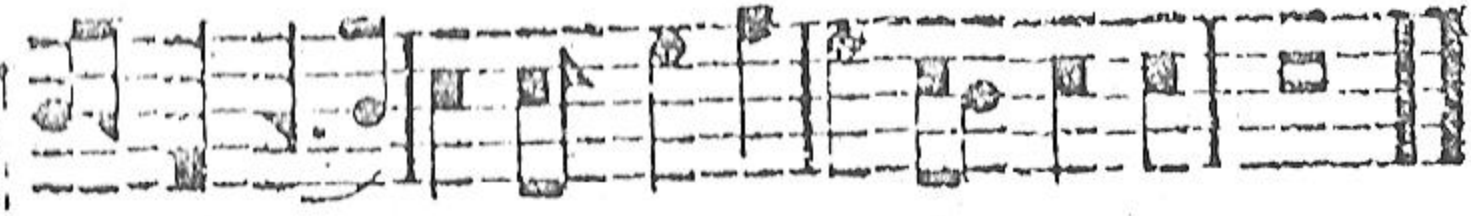
3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,  
And sinners come praying and weeping to God;  
Their mourning, and crying, is heard very loud,  
And many found favour in Jesus's blood.

4 Here's more, my dear Saviour, who fall at thy feet,  
Oppress'd by a burden, enormously great,  
O! raise them my Jesus, to tell of thy love,  
And shout hallelujah like angels above.

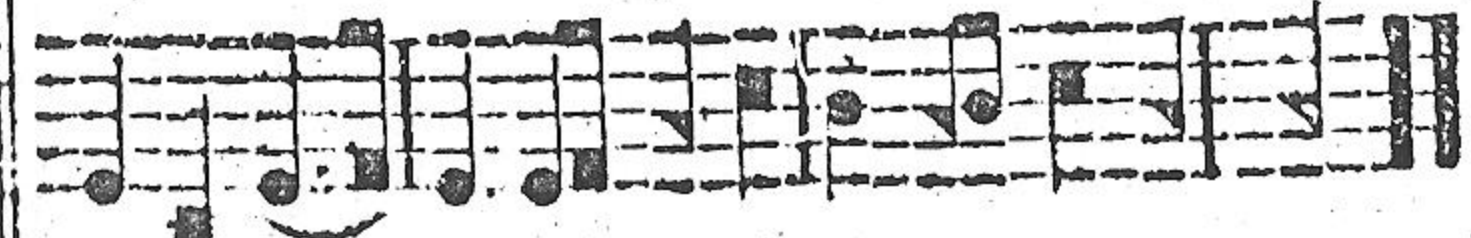




There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy forever roll; } Long darkness dwelt around me with scarcely once } But since  
 'Tis there I have my treasure, And there I long to rest my soul; } a cheering ray, } my



Saviour found me, a lamp has shone along my way;

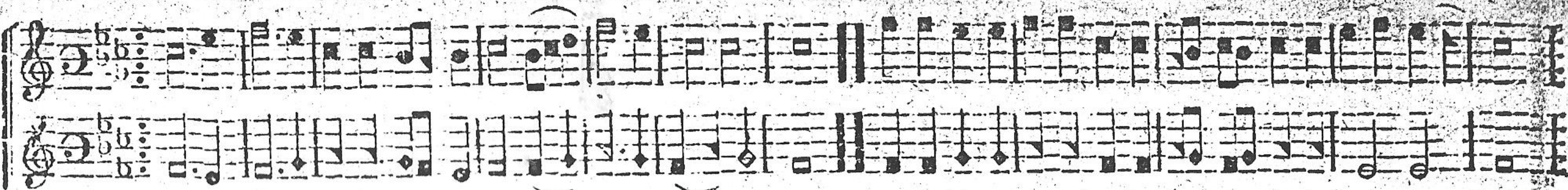


2. My way is full of danger,  
 But 'tis the path that leads to God  
 And like a faithful soldier,  
 I'll march along the heav'n'y roads  
 Now I must gird my sword on,  
 My breast-plate, helmet and my shield,  
 And fight the host of satan,  
 Until I reach the heav'nly field.

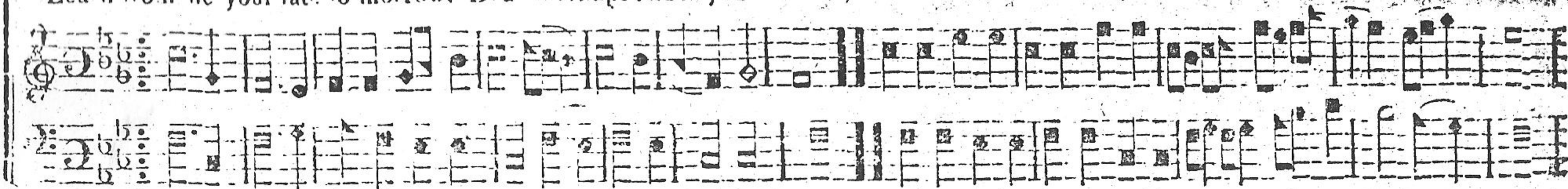
2. I'm on the way to Zion,  
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand,  
 O come along dear sinners  
 And see Emmanuel's happy land.

To all that stay behind me,  
 I bid a long; a sad farewell,  
 Come now, or you'll repent it  
 When you do reach the gates of hell,

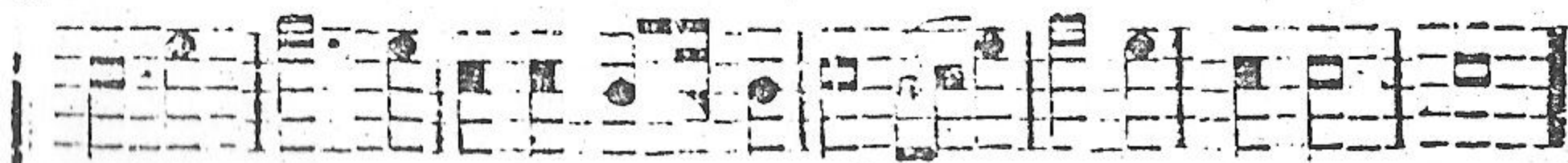
4. The veil of tears around me;  
 And Jordans current rolls before  
 O how I stand and tremble  
 To hear the distant waters roar  
 Whose hand shall then support me,  
 And keep my soul from sin kingdome  
 From sinking down to darkness,  
 And to the regions of despair,



Hail! ye sighing sons of sorrow, Learn from me your certain doom;  
 Learn from me your fate to-morrow, Death perhaps laid in your tomb! } See all nature fading, dying! Silent all things seem to pine



O



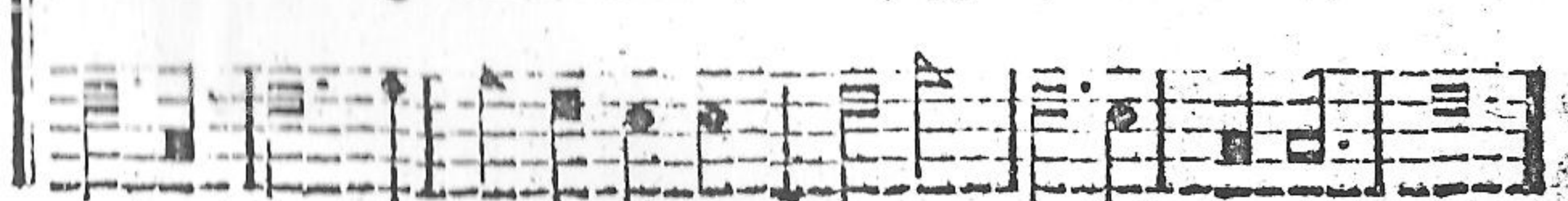
2 See! in yonder forest standing lofty cedars, how they nod!  
 Scenes of nature how surprising, read in nature, nature's God.  
 Whilst the an'el frosts are cropping leaves & tendrils from the trees;  
 So, our friends are early dropping, we are like to one of these.

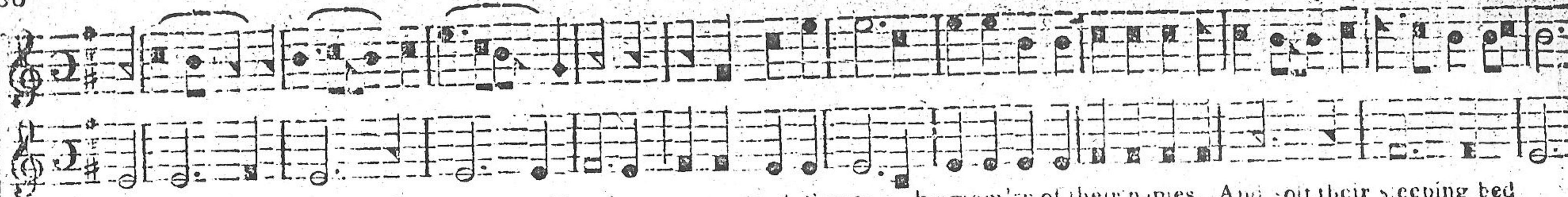


life from vegetation, fly. B in s o mind the mouldering vine

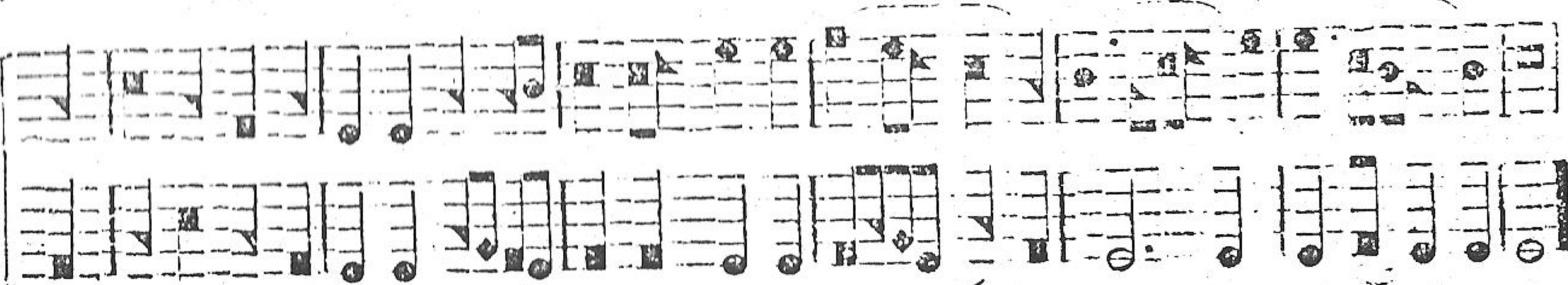
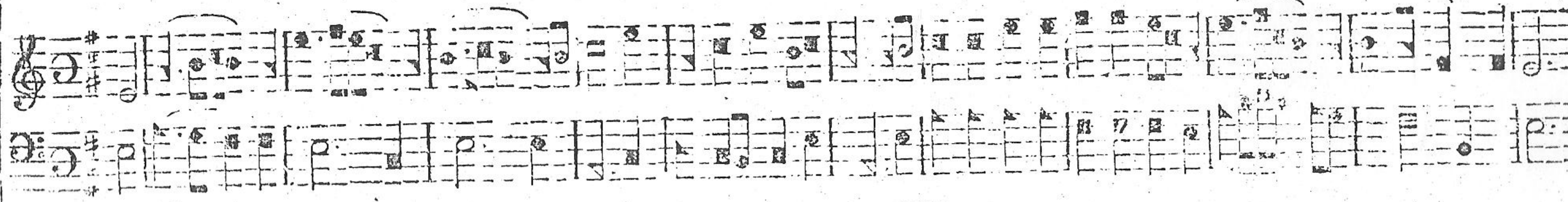


3 Hollow winds about me roaring, noisy waters round me rise:  
 Whilst I sit my fate deploring, tears fast streaming from my eyes,  
 What to me is autumn's treasure, since I know no earthly joy,  
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasure, time must youth & health destroy





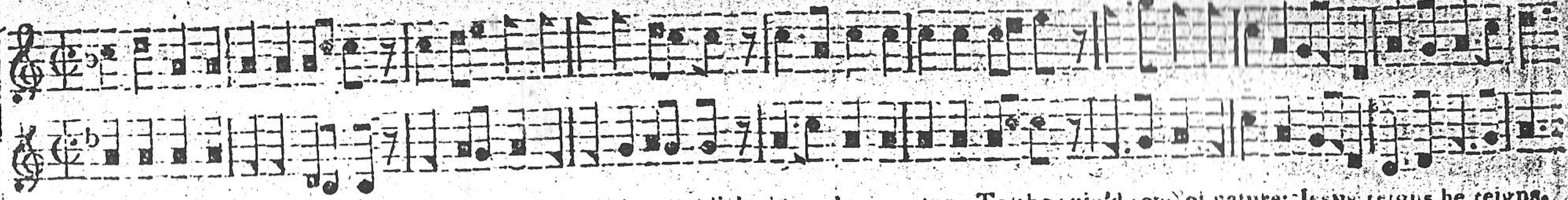
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims, For all the pious dead; Sweet is the mem'ry of their names, And 'neath their sleeping bed



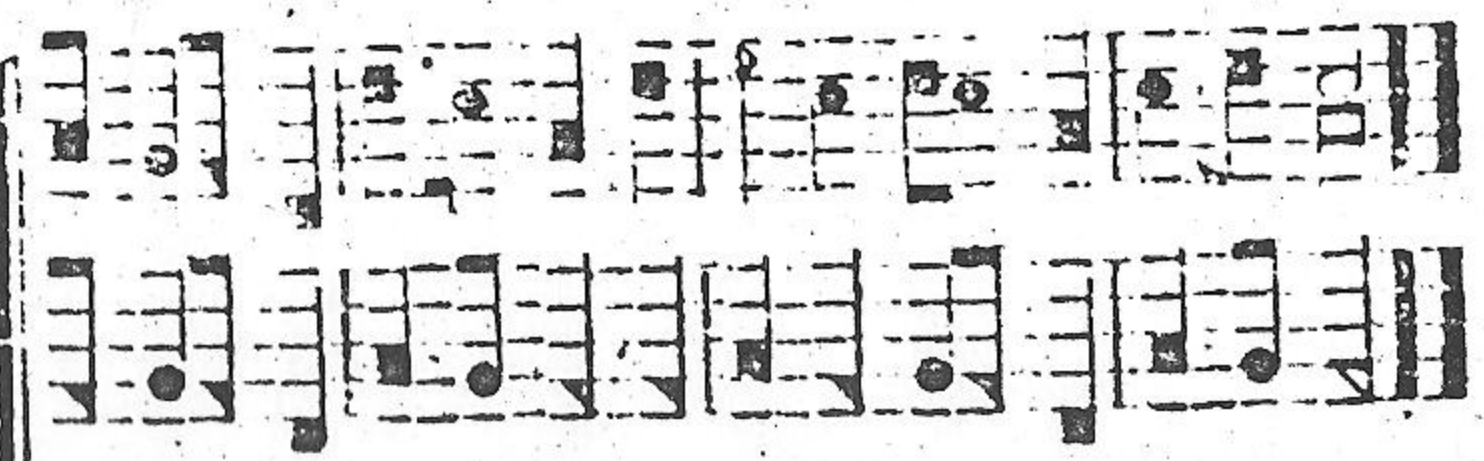
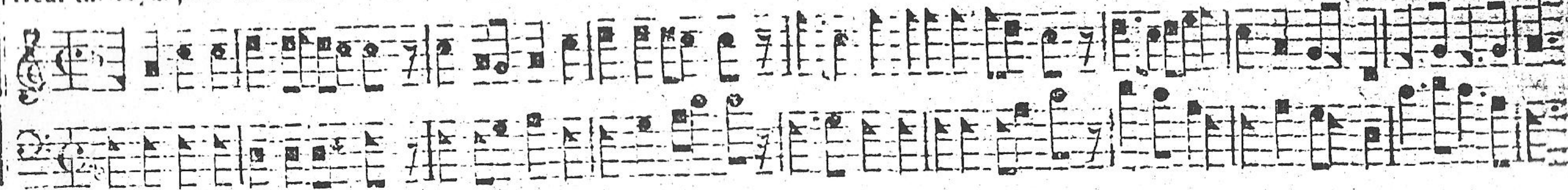
Sweet is the mem'ry of &c And soft &c And soft &c



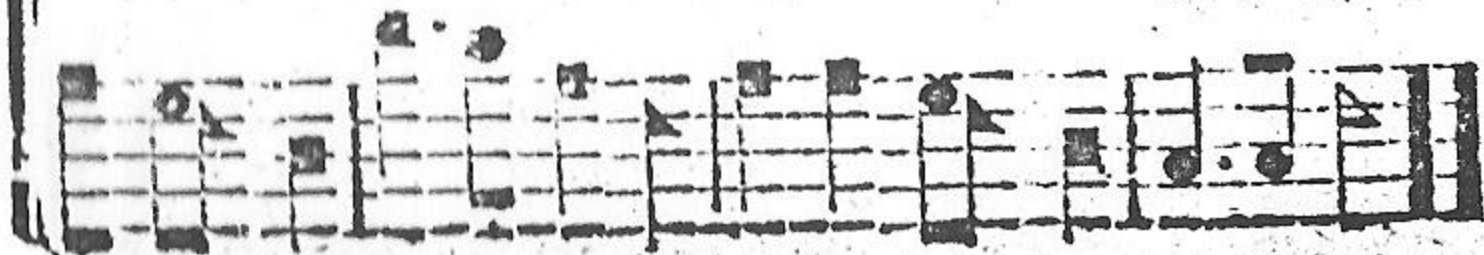
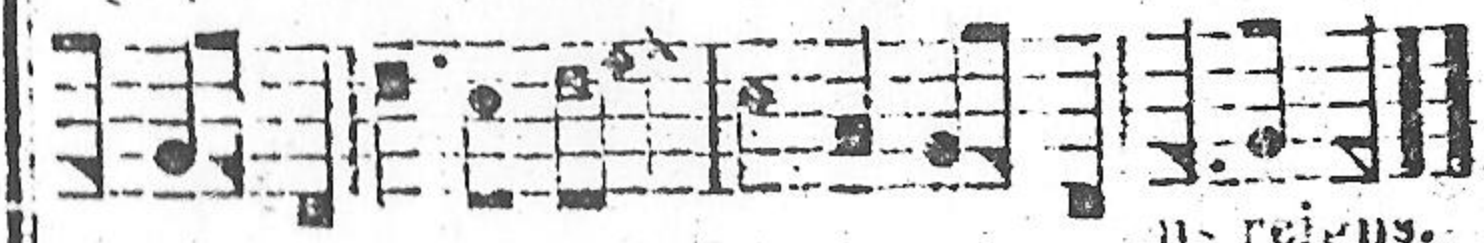
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;  
How sweet their slumbers are!  
From suffering and from pain releas'd,  
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
Now present with the Lord;  
The labours of their mortal life,  
End in a large reward
- 4 The glory of their heav'nly crown,  
Unfading still remains;  
And life eternal, now their own,  
Their Saviour still maintains.



Hear the royal proclamation the glad tidings of salvation, published to ev'ry creature, To the ruin'd sons of nature; Jesus reigns he reigns,



victorious thro' heav'n & earth most glorious Je



2 See the royal banner flying,  
Hear the herald's loudly crying,  
Rebel sinners, royal favour,  
Now is offer'd by the Saviour; Jesus &c,  
3 There ye son's of wrath, and ruin,  
Who have wrought your own undoing,  
There is life and free salvation,  
Offer'd to the whole creation;  
4 'Twas for you that Jesus died,  
For you he was crucified,  
Conquer'd death, and rose to heav'n  
Life eternal thro' him's given;  
5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,  
Shun the path of vice and folly,  
Turn, or you are lost forever,  
O now turn to Christ your Saviour;

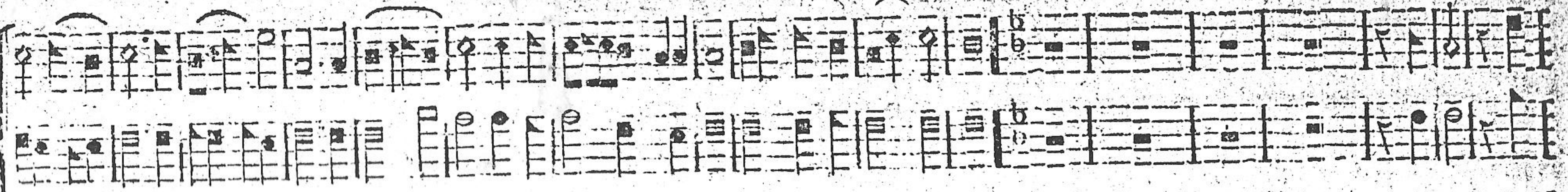
6 There is wine, and milk, and honey,  
Come and purchase without money  
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,  
Streaming from the holy mountain;  
7 For this love let rocks and mountains,  
Purling streams and flowing fountains  
Roaring thunder, lightnings blazes,  
Shout the great Messiah' praises'  
8 Shout ye saints of ev'ry nation'  
To the bounds of the creation,  
Shout the praise of Judah's lion  
The almighty King of Zion,  
9 Shout ye saints, make joyful mention,  
Christ has purchas'd your redemption  
Angels tell the pleasing story,  
Thro' the brightest worlds of glory,

ANTHEM from Revelations 5th. Ch.

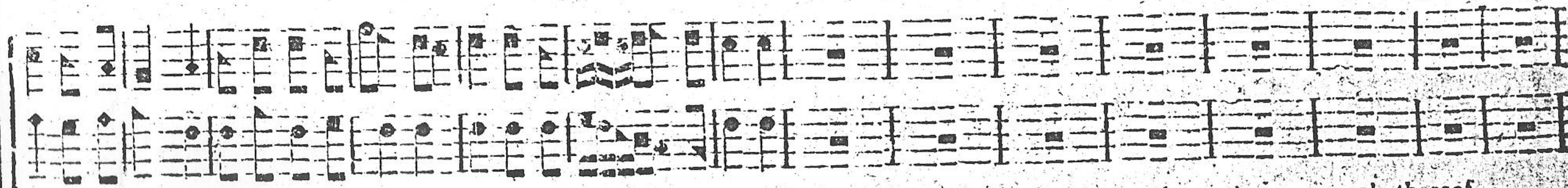
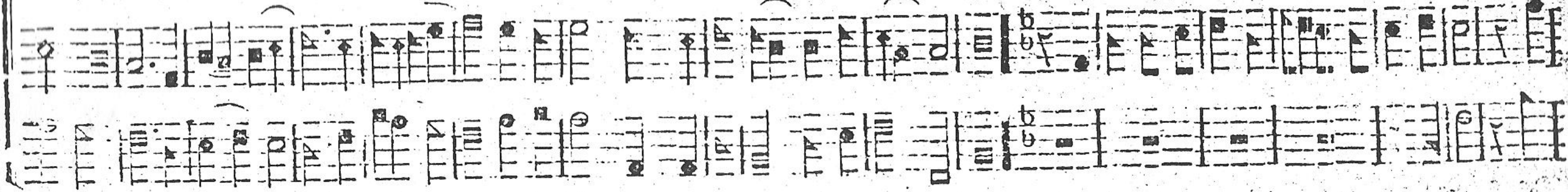
Guardini

And I saw a mighty angel proclaiming, who is worthy, who is worthy, who is worthy to open the book, And to

...seal the seals thereof & no man in heaven or earth, was able to open the book neither to look the book; And I wept



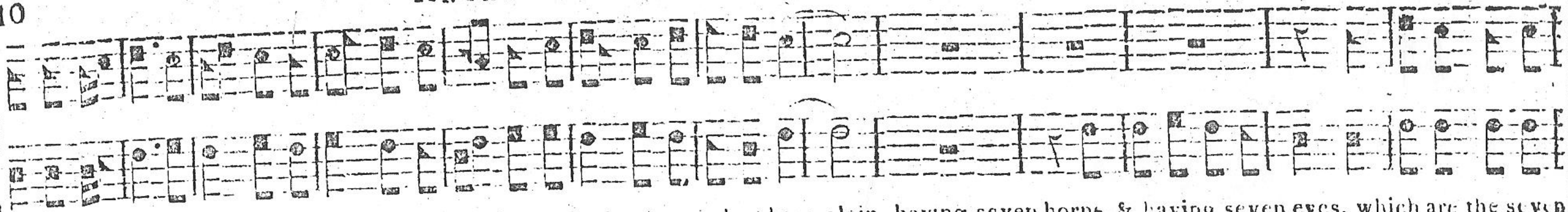
& I wept, because no man was found worthy to open the book, neither to look thereon. And one of the elders said unto me, weep not, weep



not, for behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, & to loose the seven seals thereof



ANTHEM FROM REVELATION CONTINUED.



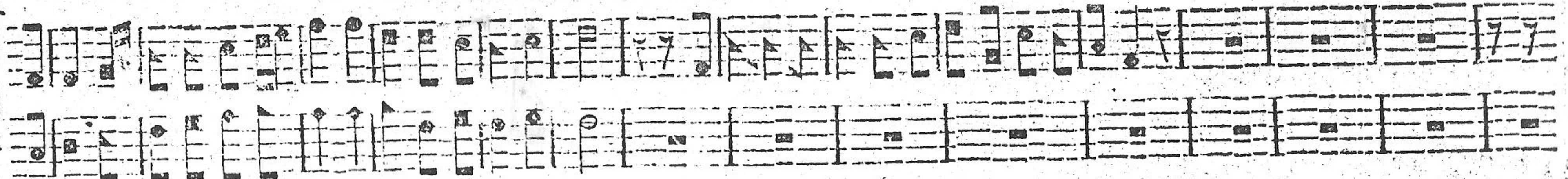
And I beheld, & lo in the midst of the throne stood a lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns, & having seven eyes, which are the seven



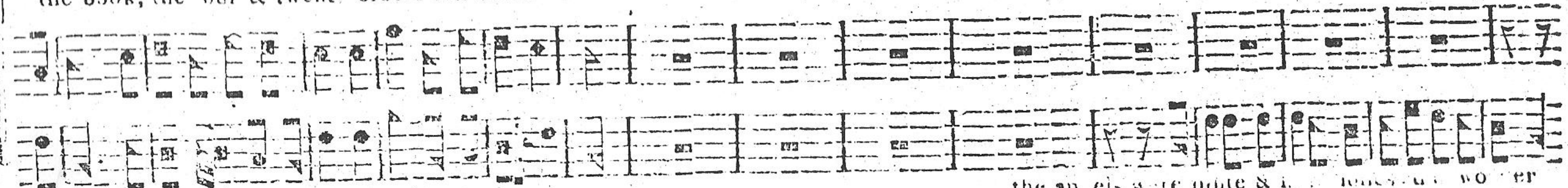
spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. And he came & took the book out of the hand of him that sat upon the throne & when he had taken



Anthem from Revelation Continued,



the book, the four & twenty elders fell down before the Lamb The angels were mute & they listened with wonder,



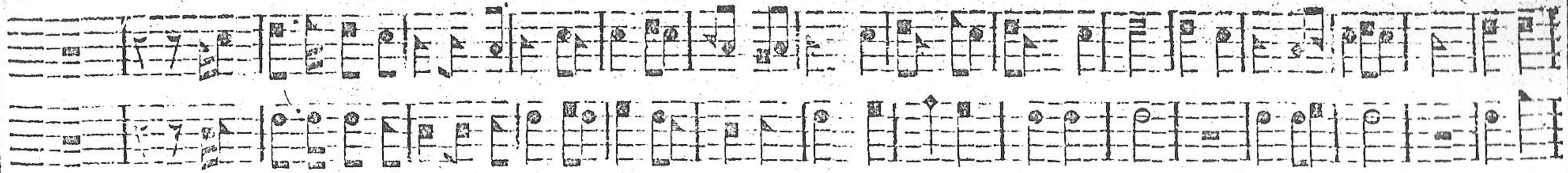
the an els were mute & they listened with wonder



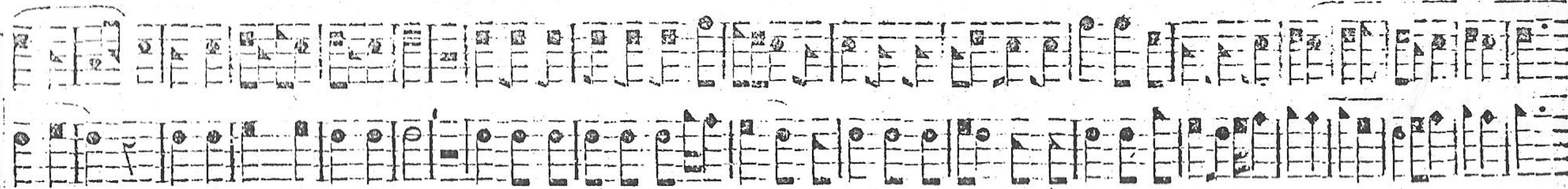
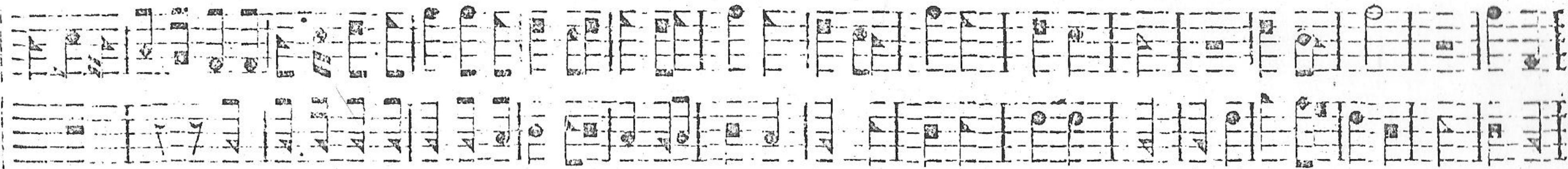
the angels were mute, & he saith the did shout did shout did shout & sing worthy the lamb ||; the lam that was slain for he hath redeemed us



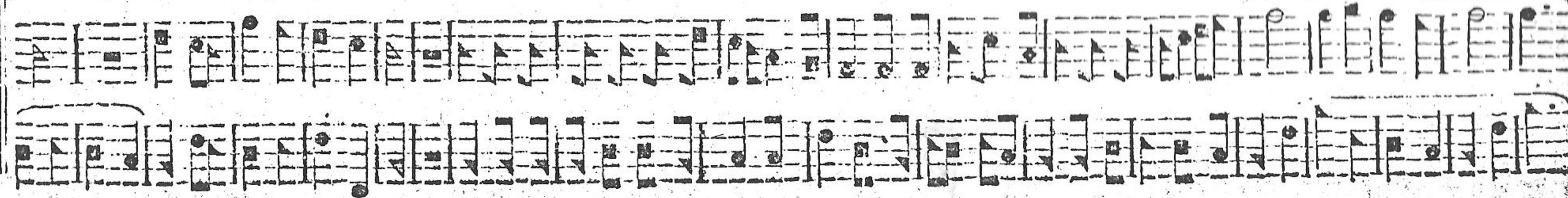




he hath redeemed us redeemed us to God, & hath made us kings, & priests, & we shall reign upon the earth, we shall reign, upon the earth



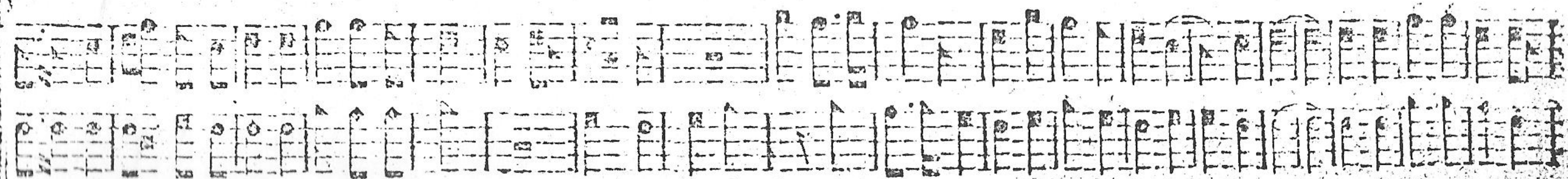
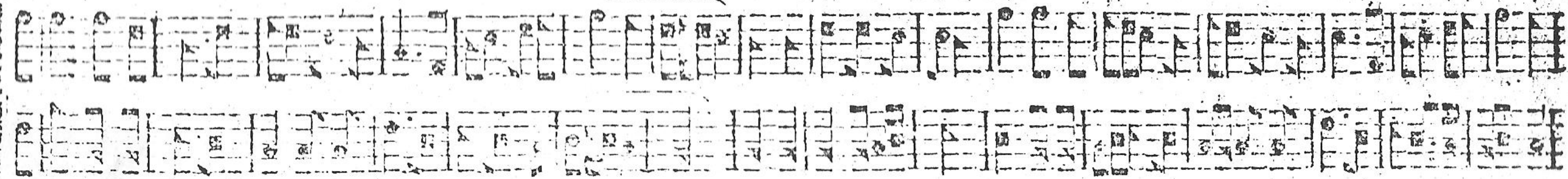
we shall reign upon the earth, Then the whole multitude of saints & angels united their voices & sang with a shout



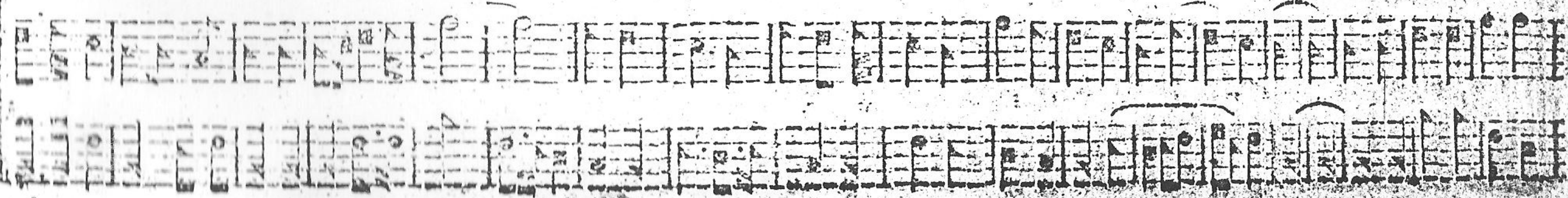
ANTHEM FROM REVELATION CONTINUED.



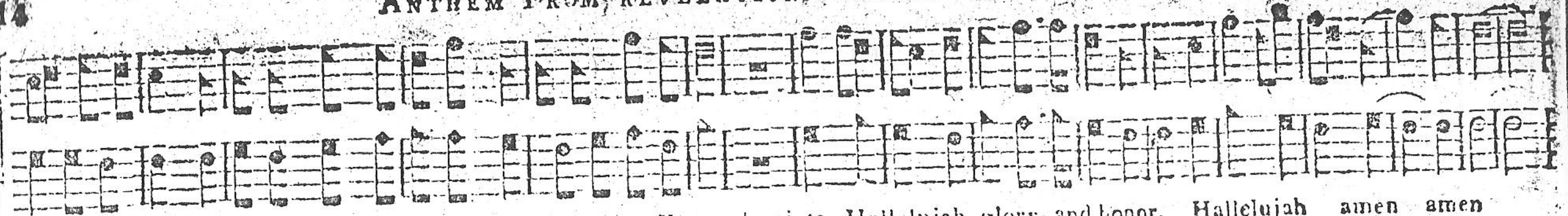
they sang with a shout, they &c. they sang with a shout saying worthy the Lamb: the Lamb that was slain, for he is worthy



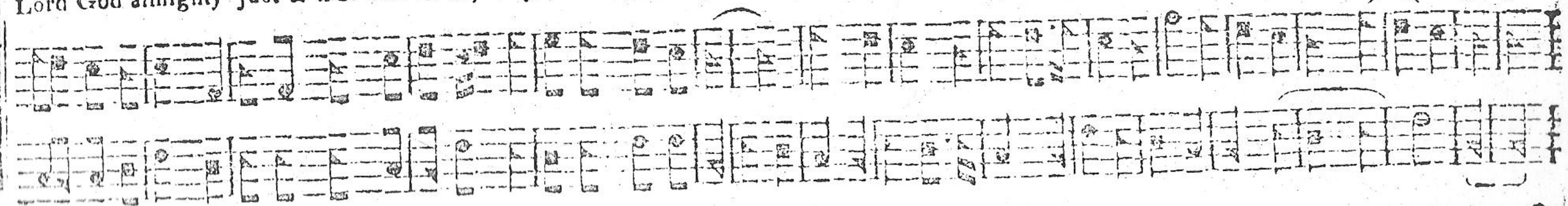
To receive glory, & honour, wisdom, & power, Hallelujah, glory, and honour, Hal - le - lu - jah, amen, amen, holy, holy, holy,



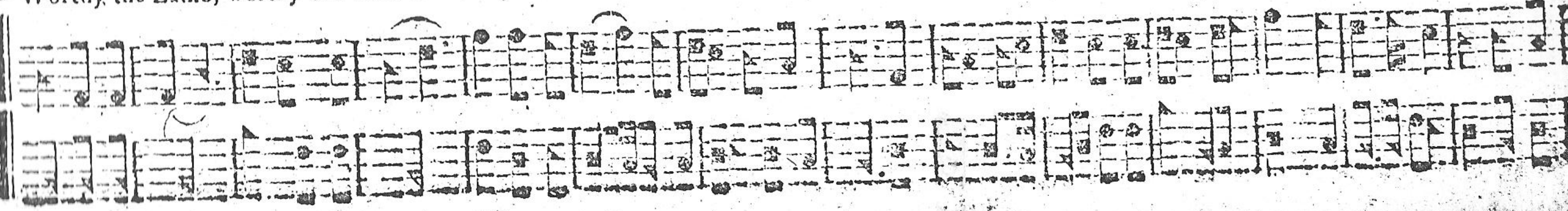
ANTHEM FROM REVELATION: Continued.



Lord God almighty just & true are all thy ways, O thou King of saints Hallelujah, glory, and honor, Hallelujah amen amen



Worthy, the Lamb, worthy the Lamb. worthy the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain; for He is worthy for He is worthy to receive glory and



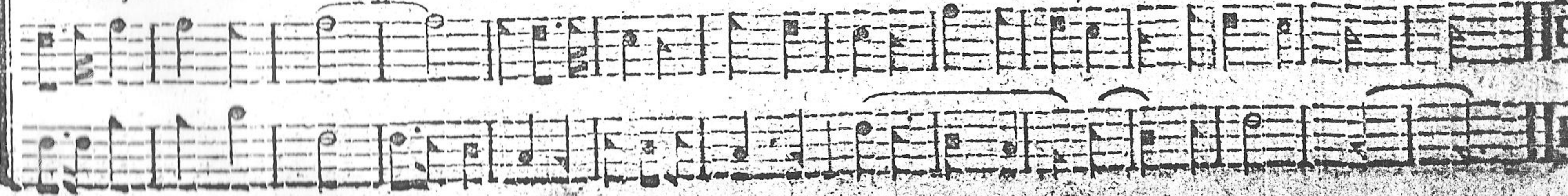
ANTHEM FROM REVELATION CONTINUED.



honor, wisdom, and power, Hal - le - lujah, glory, and honour, hallelujah amen aud amen. And again they said Hal - le - lu - jah,



hallelujah a - men Hal - le - lu - jah, glory and honor Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men - and a - men.



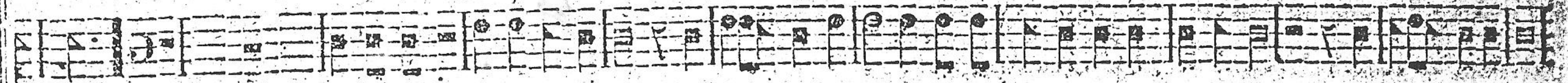
# AN ODE FOR CHRISTMAS.

Unknown.

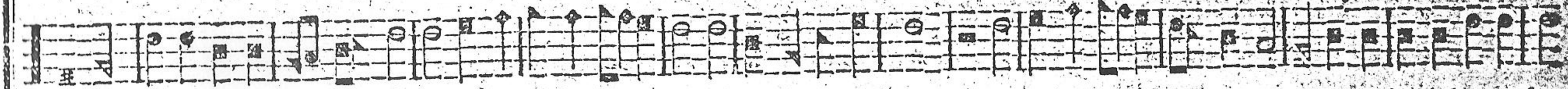
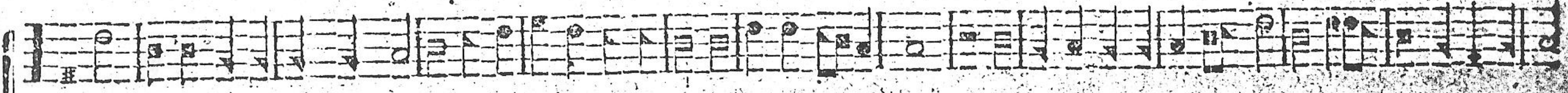
At this unwanted hour behold What strikes my wand'ring soul with fear, How all yon east is streak'd with gold, As in the op'ning morn

was near I mark it; now the streams unite, One pillar now of moving light, My soul too shaks, it shrinks, it dies; See thro' the air the vis-

ODE ON CHRISTMAS CONTINUED.



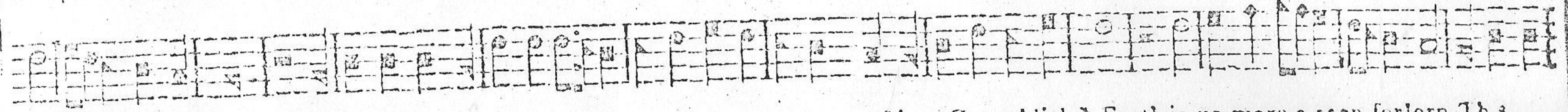
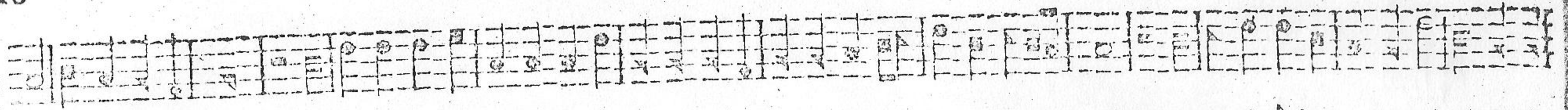
ion flies Heav'n shield us! || Lo 'tis just at hand. Some strange event impends Over our heads direct it seems to stand; And now the blaze descends



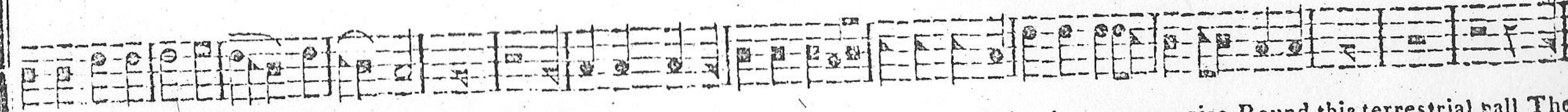
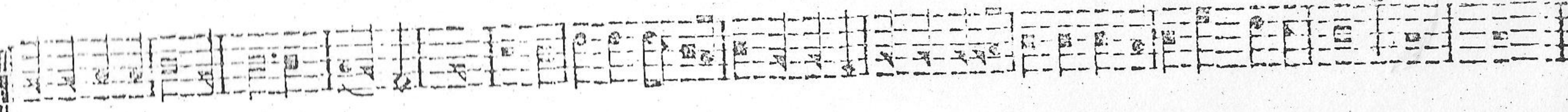
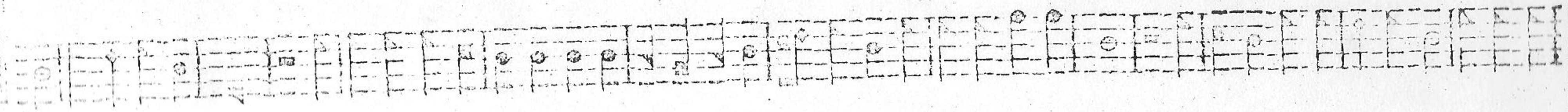
O shepherds now your fears resign I come not arm'd with wrath divine. | But fraught with heav'nly love. | The news the welcome news I bring Sounds high on ev'ry sacred string



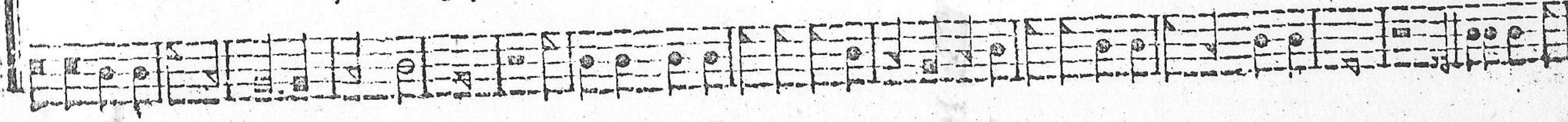
ODE ON CHRISTMAS CONTINUED.



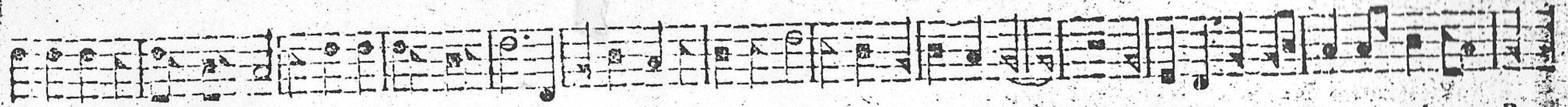
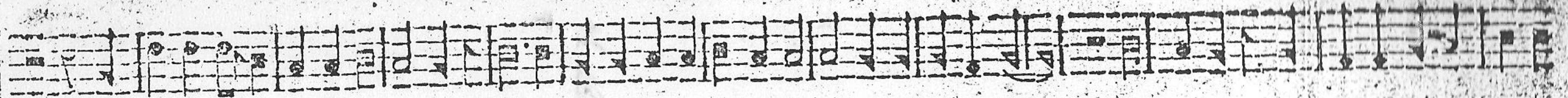
thro' all the realms above I come & 'tis a blest employ. I come the messenger of joy. Go publish } Earth is no more a scen forlorn Th s  
what I sing } night the



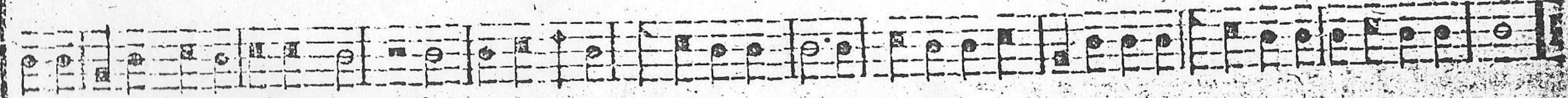
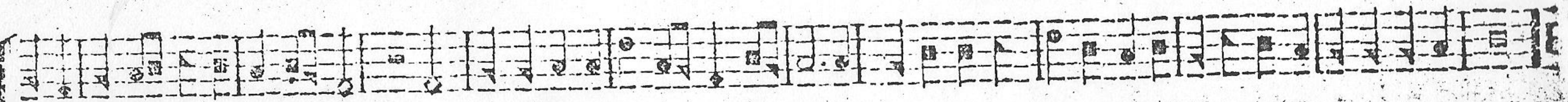
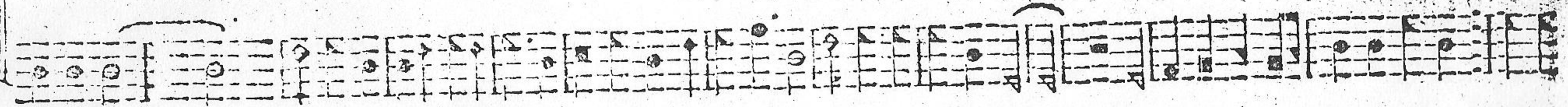
promist Christ is born, your Saviour & | At Bethle'm in a manger lies The swadling babe, let raptures rise Round this terrestrial ball The  
your King | raptures catch



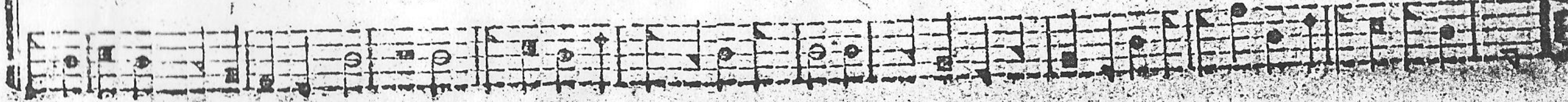
ODE ON CHRISTMAS CONTINUED.



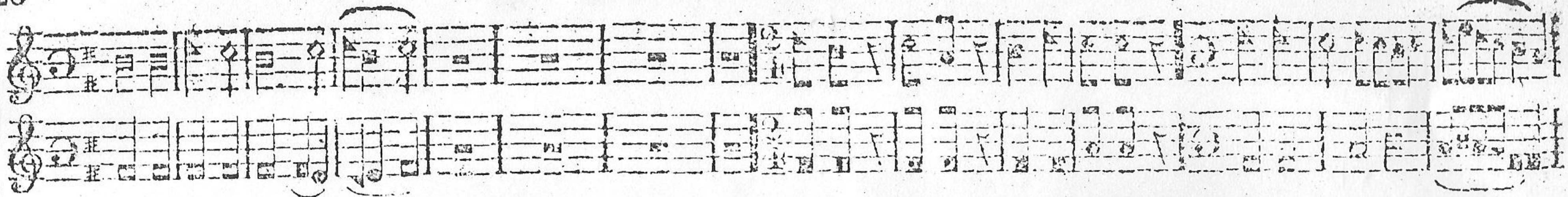
heart to heart, The &c. Till all shall feel, yet all impart For Christ was born for all. Glory to god in strains till now unknown By



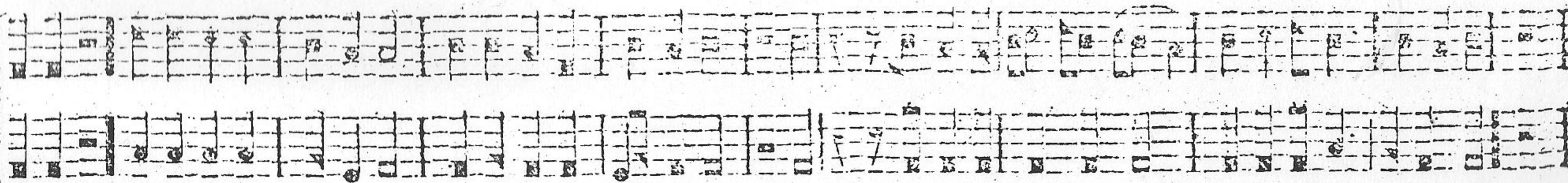
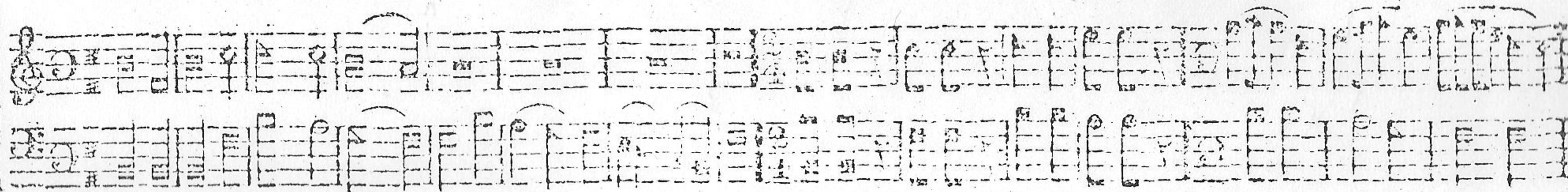
ev'ry glowing seraph round the throne. Peace to this earth all world is admire the plan Of heav'ns free vast ::::: benevolence to man.



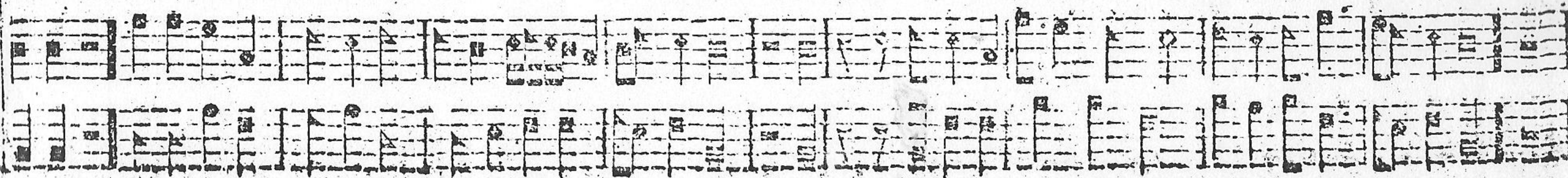




Vital spark of heavenly flame! Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, O the pain, the bliss of



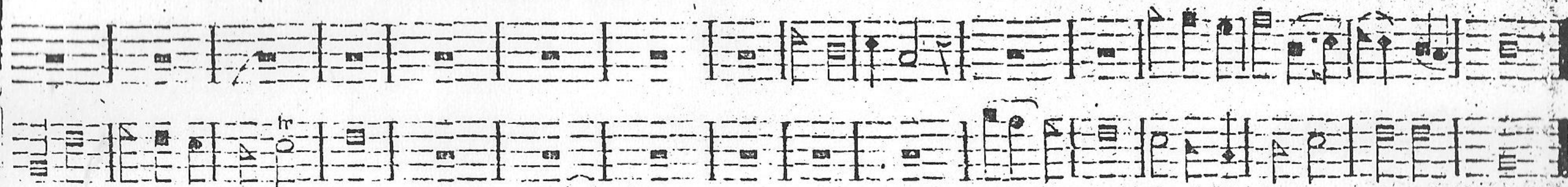
dying Cease fond nature, cease thy strife, Let me languish in o life Hark! they whisper, angels say, Sister spirit come away.



The Dying Christian Continued.



What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirits, draws my breath, Tell me my soul can this be death

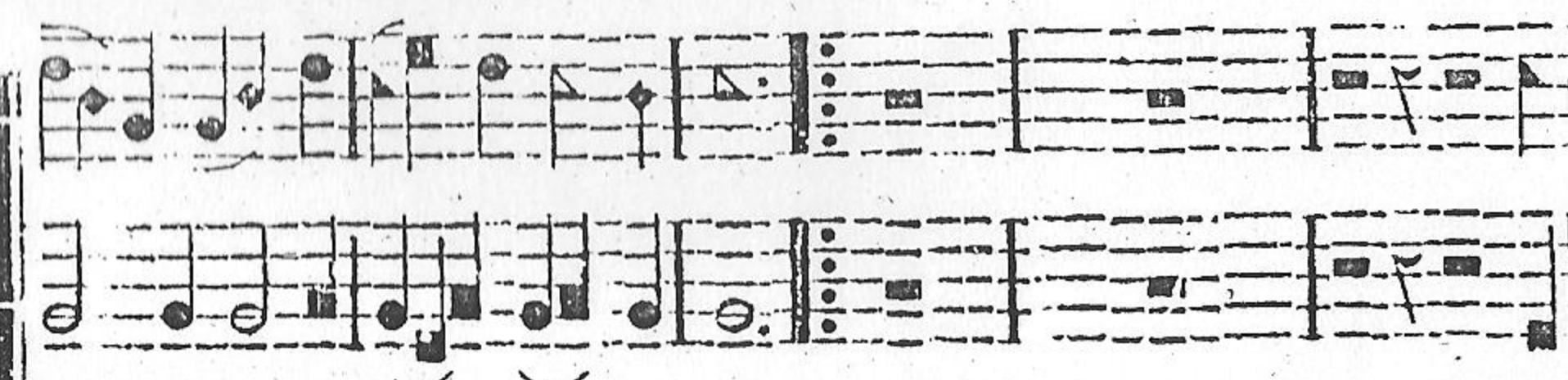


The world receds, it disappears ! Heav'n opens on my eyes & my ears with sounds seraphic with &c ring. Lend, lend your wings, I mount I



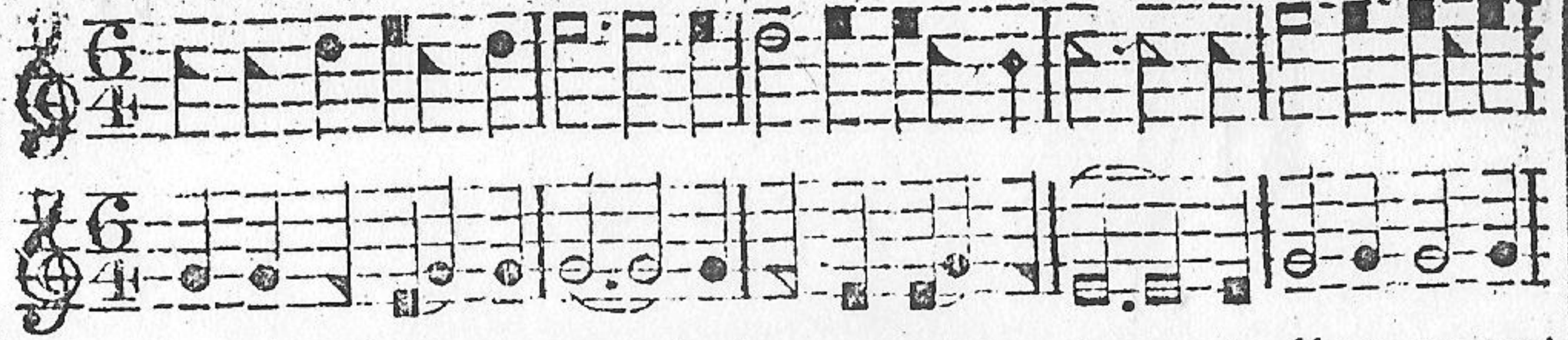


fly ! O grave where is thy victory? O death where is thy sting

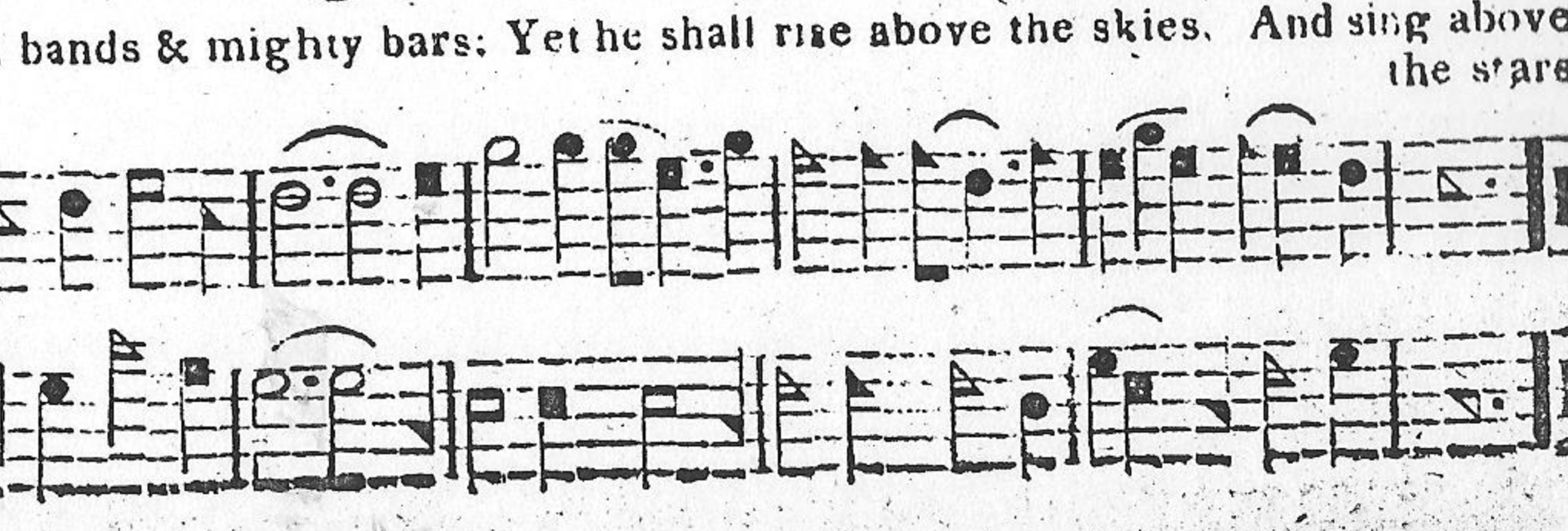
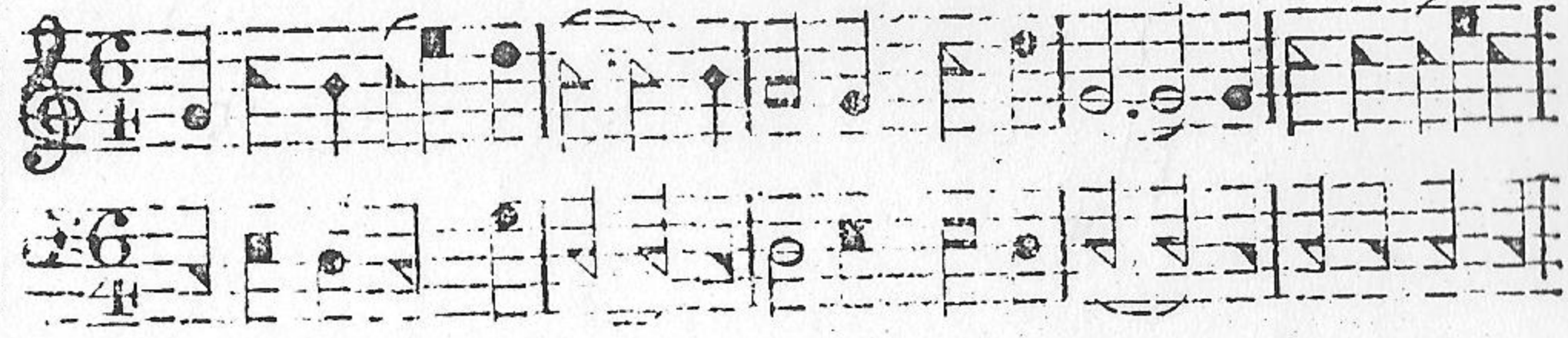


shall return, rejoicing as he comes. Tho' death should hold him down,

} With bands & mighty bars: Yet he shall rise above the skies, And sing above the stars

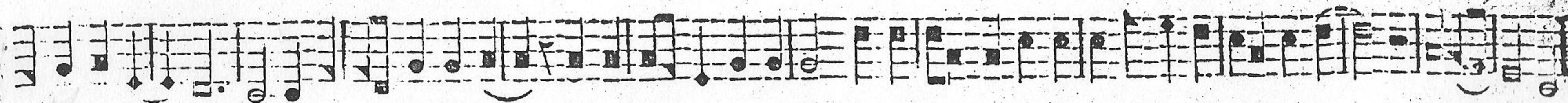
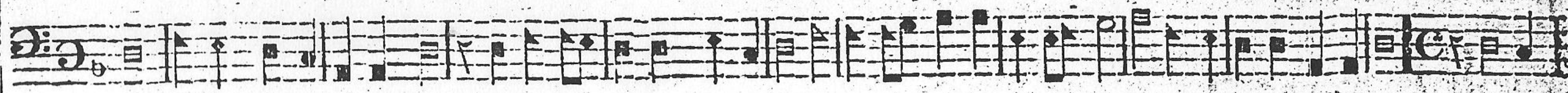


What if the saints must die, And lounge among the tombs He need not mourne he

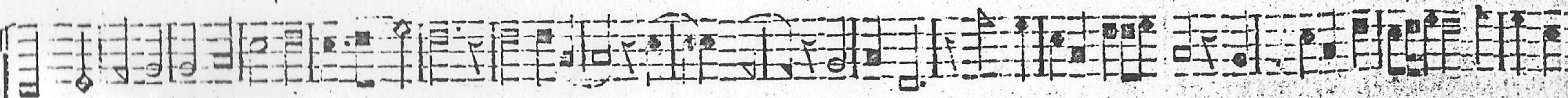
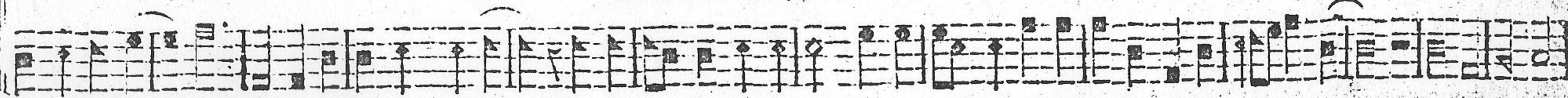




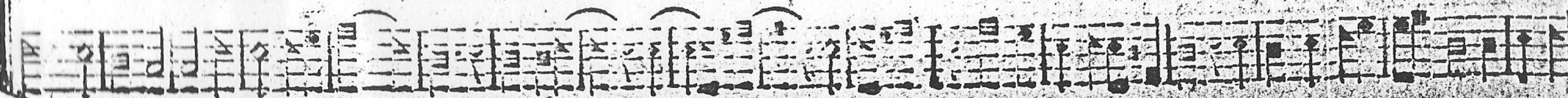
Behold the changes of the skies, And see the circling seasons rise; Hence let the moral truth refin'd, Improve the beauty of the mind. | Winter

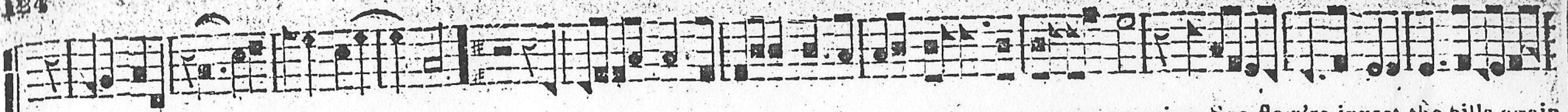


late with dreary rain: Rul'd th wide unjoyous plain: Gloomy storms } Shook the hoarse resounding shore. ::: sorrow cast her  
with solemn roar, }

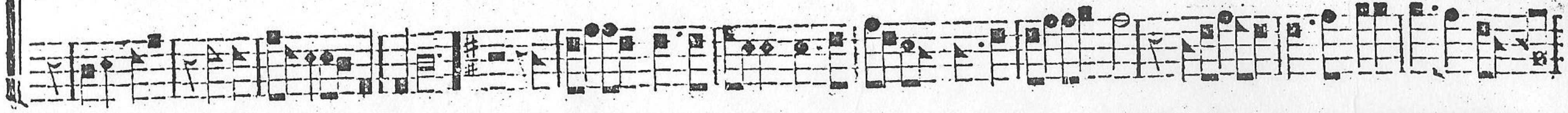


sainness round life & joy forsook the ground: Life and joy, ::: ::: ::: forsook the ground: Death with wide imperious sway  
Bade th' expiring

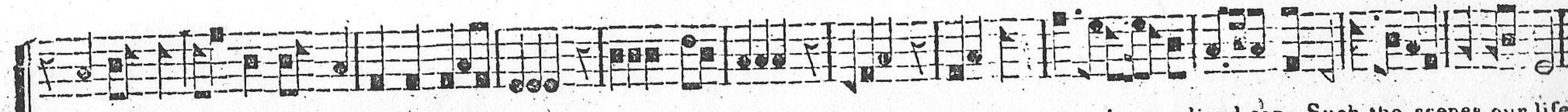
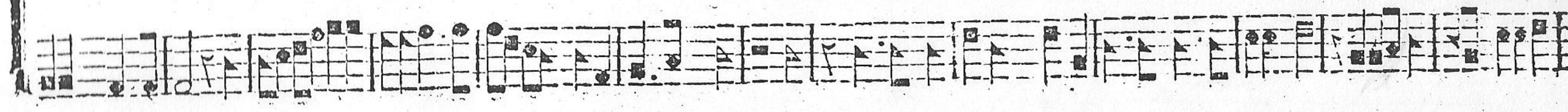




world decay. Now cast around thy raptur'd eyes, And see the beauteous spring arise; See flow'rs invest the hills again  
And streams re



murmur o'er the plain See flow'rs &c And streams &c Hark hark the joy inspiring grove Echoes to the voice; } Balmy gales the  
of love; } sound prolong,

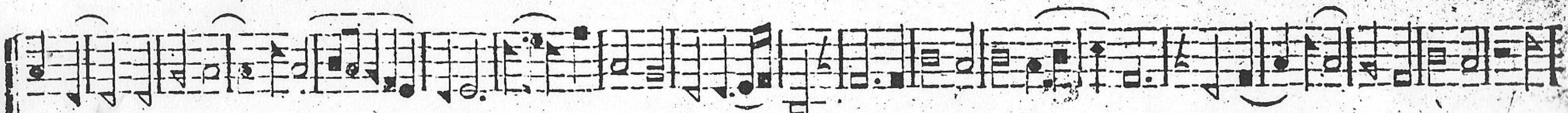


Wafting round the woodland song, Balmy gales the sound prolong, :: Wafting round :: :: the woodland song Such the scenes our life  
displays





swiftly fleet our rappid days; the hour that rolls foreyer on, forever on Tells us our days will soon begone. bego . . . ne soon



egone. sullen death with mournful gloom, sweeps us downward to the tomb, life and health and joy decay, Nature sinks and dies away, Na-



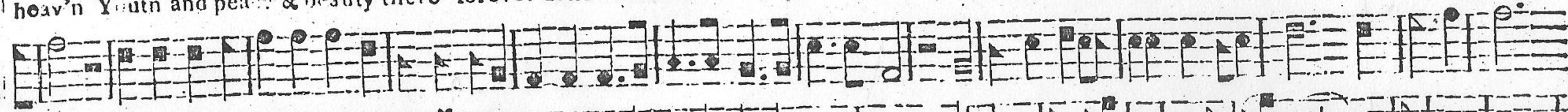
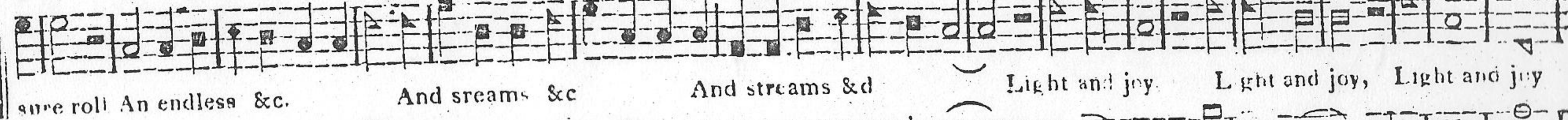
ture sinks and dies away. But the soul in gayest bloom, Disdains the bandoge of the tomb, Ascends above the clouds of ev'n, and captur'd hail her native



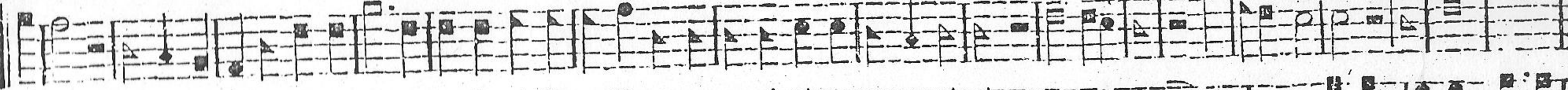
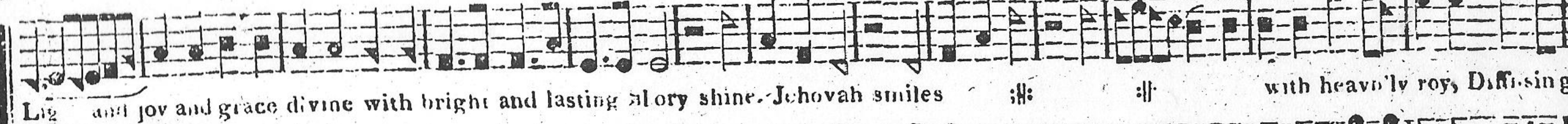
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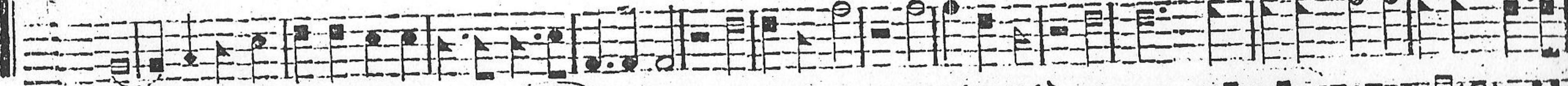
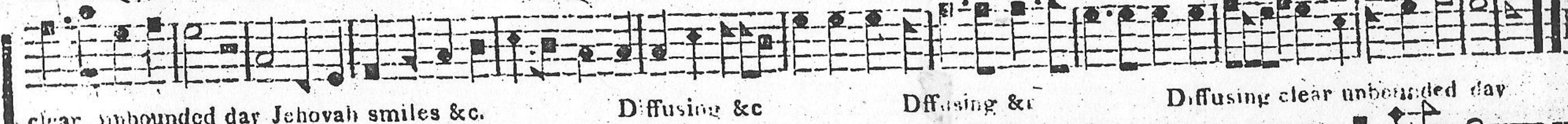
heav'n Youth and peace & beauty there forever dance around the year. Forever &c. An endless day invests the pole, And streams of endless plea

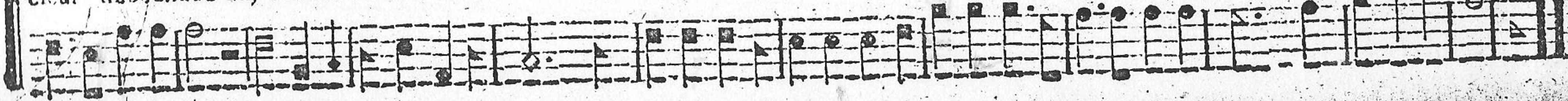
sure roll An endless &c. And streams &c And streams &d Light and joy. Light and joy, Light and joy

Light and joy and grace divine with bright and lasting glory shine. Jehovah smiles with heav'nly rays Diffusing

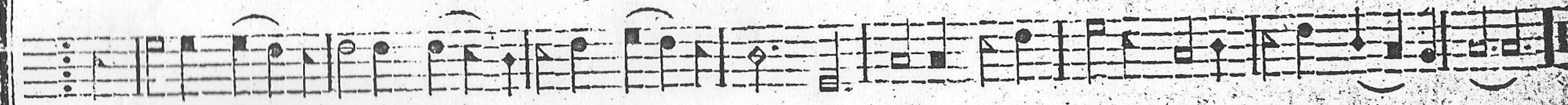
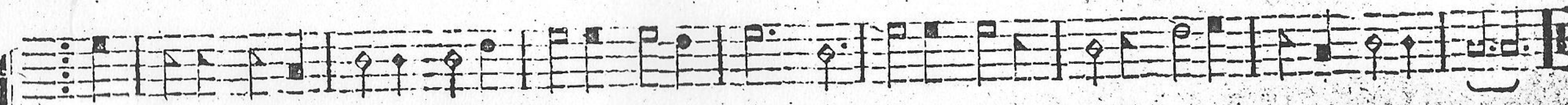
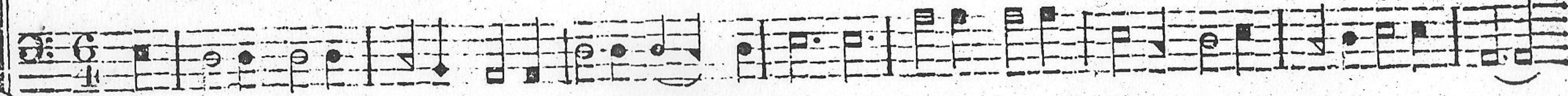



clear unbounded day Jehovah smiles &c. Diffusing &c Diffusing &c Diffusing clear unbounded day

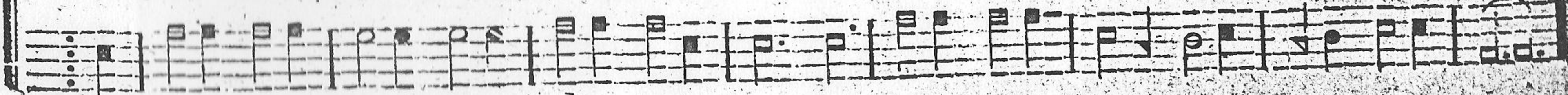




And let this feeble body fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale And soar to worlds on high.



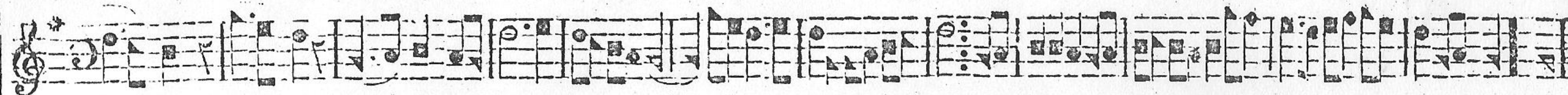
Shall join the disembodied saints. And find its long sought rest; That only bliss for which it pants In the redeemers breast.



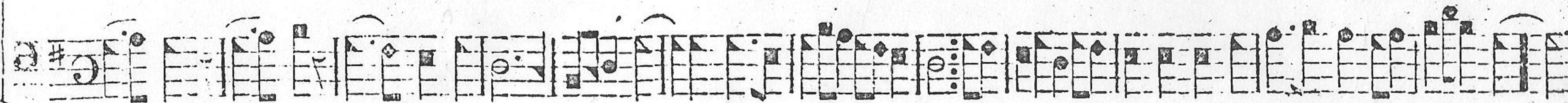
In hopes of that immortal crown I now the cross sustain. And gladly wonder up and down, And smile at toil and pain.  
I'll suffer on my threescore years, Till my deliv'ry comes; And wipes away his servants tears And takes his exile home.



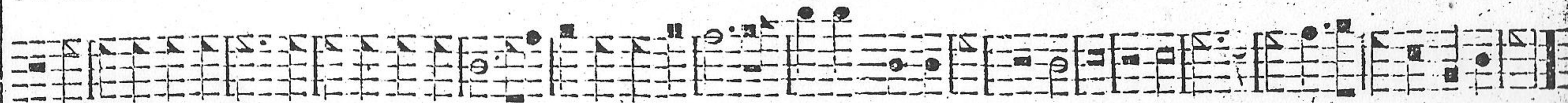
## PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.



Farewell, :: :: my friends, I must begone. I have no home nor stay with you: I'll take my staff & travel on, till I a better world can view



I'll march to canaan's land, I'll land on canaan's shore, V'ry troubles shall be gone, & troubles come no more: Farewell :: :: my loving friends



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

I'll march, &c.  
Farewell, &c.

Farewell, &c. &c. dear brethren in the lord,  
To you I'm bound with cords of love:  
But we believe his gracious word,  
We all e're long shall meet above.

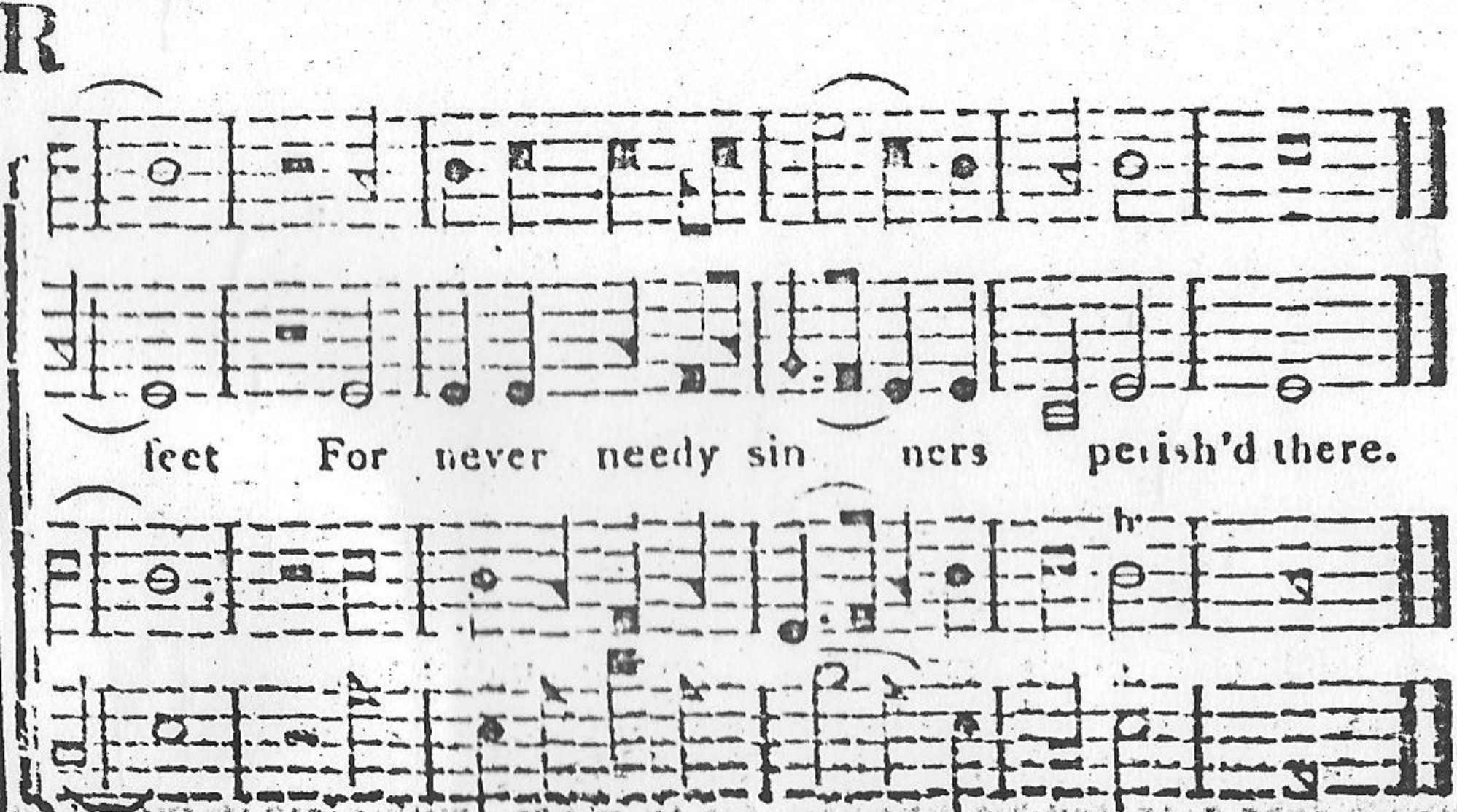
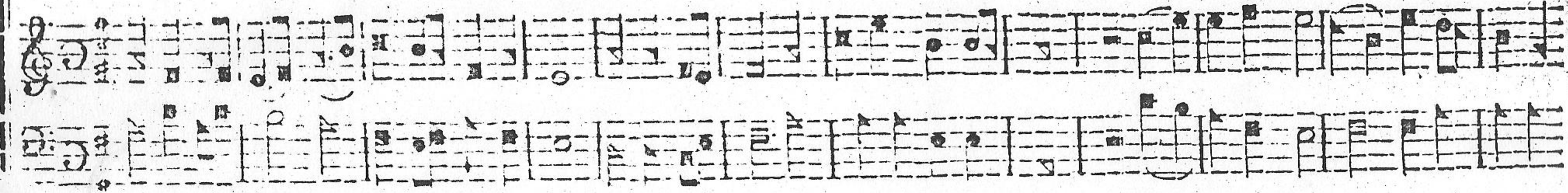
I'll march, &c.  
Farewell, &c.

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

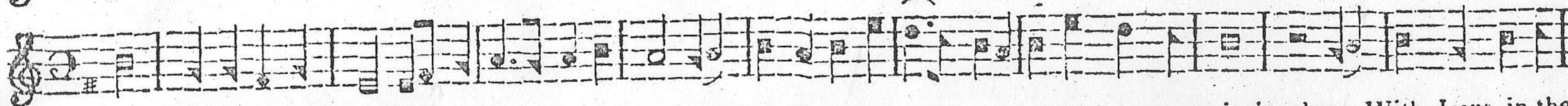
I'll march, &c.  
Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving, &c.



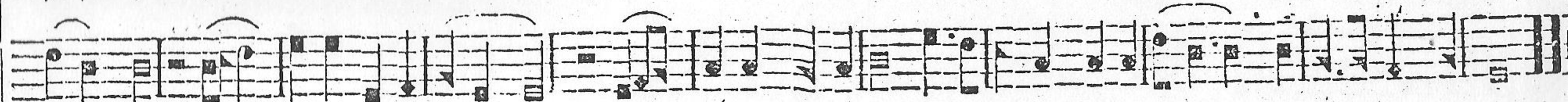
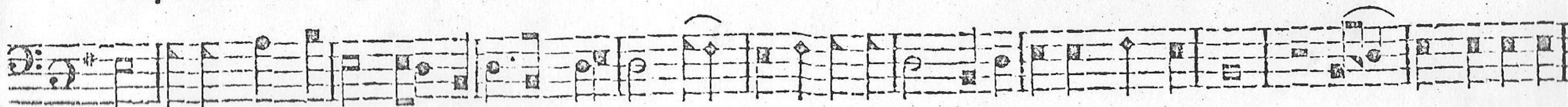
Cheer up my soul, there is a mercy seat Sprinkl'd with blood, where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly cast thyself beneath his



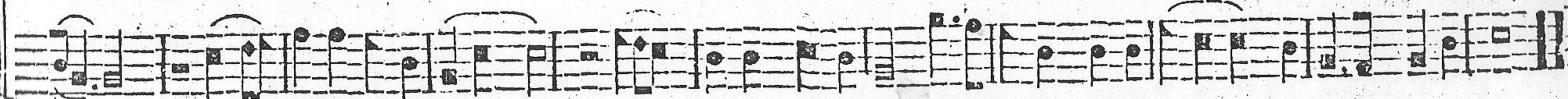
- 2 Lord, I am come : thy promise is my plea,  
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh ;  
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,  
A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I !
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin.  
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,  
Beset without, and full of fears within.  
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my refuge Lord, my hiding place,  
I know no force can tear me from thy side ;  
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face.  
And answer every charge with " Jesus died,



Why should I be affrighted at pestilence and war, The fiercer be the tempest, the sooner it is o'er; With Jesus in the



ves - sel, the billows rise in vain, They only will convey me to yon Elysian plain, With glory in my soul.



2 Although my flesh is mortal immortal is my hope,  
I'll try like holy Moses to gain the mountain top;  
And at Jehovah's bidding with cheerfulness to die  
And then ascend to Jesus to sing above the sky. with &c.

3 This is a land of trouble and foes oppress me hard,  
But Jesus he has promis'd that he will be my guord,  
And I shall not be tempted above what I can bear.  
When fighting's done ascorted his kingdom for to share, with glory in my sou

Slow.

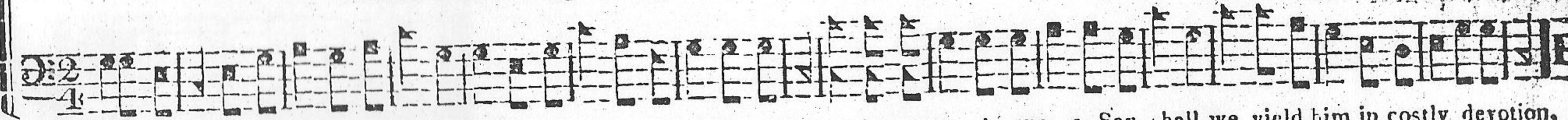
STAR in the EAST. 11 & 10.

R. Herron. 131



Hail the blest morn when the great mediator,  
 Down from the regions of glory descends;

Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,  
 Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend!



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

3 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker, and monarch, and Saviour of all

4 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine;  
 Gems of the mountain, & pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine

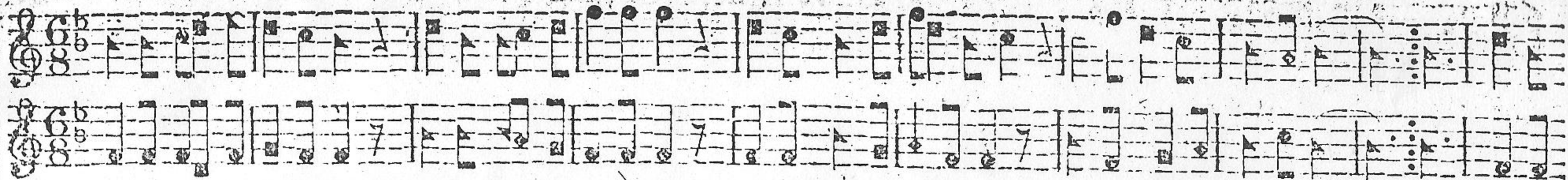
5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure;  
 Richer by far is the hearts adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

*the following verses are sung to the tune on the opposite page*

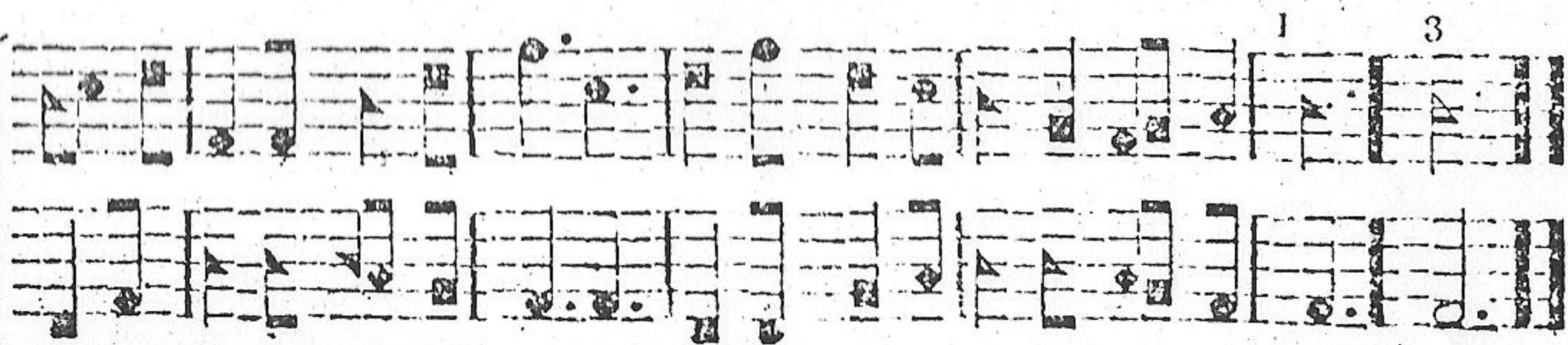
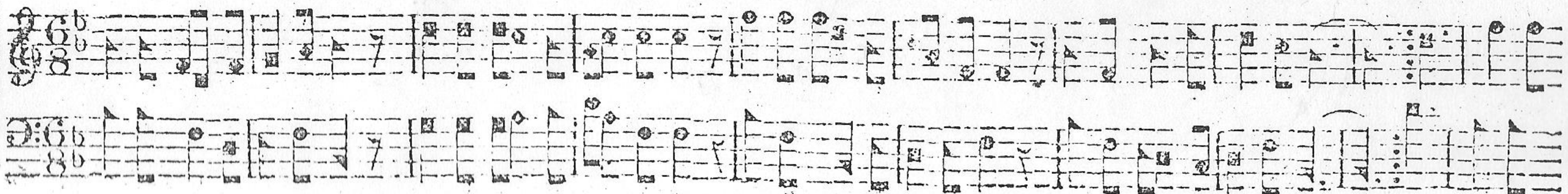
4 I feel that Jesus loves me, but why, I do not know,  
 To him I'm so unfaithful in what I have to do  
 I grieve to see my failures, but he doth all forgive;  
 Which makes me love my Jesus, by faith in him I live.

5 Though sinners do despise me and laugh at what I say,  
 I'll join the little number, that walks the narrow way;  
 The way is so delightful I mean to travel on,  
 Till I am call'd away to receive a starry crown: With glory &c.

6 We soon shall reach fair Canaan, and on that happy shore,  
 Beyond the reach of sorrow we'll shout forevermore;  
 We'll walk the golden pavements, & blood-wash'd garments wear,  
 & to compleat our pleasure our Jesus will be there, To glorify our souls.



Now your festal rights prepare! Let your triumphs rend the air, Idle gods shall reign no more, We the living Lord adore Let heathen



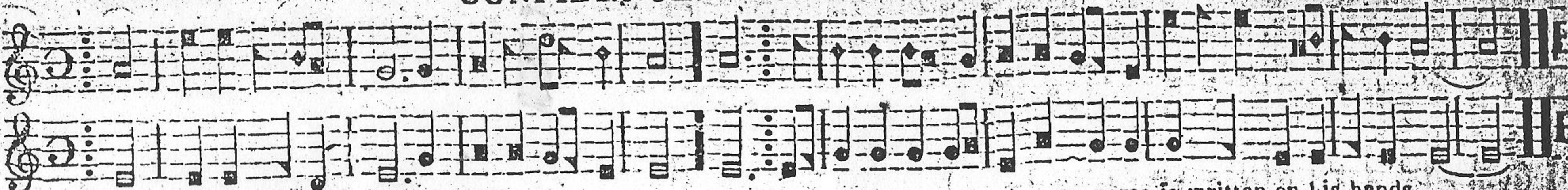
hearts on human helps repose, Since Israel's God has routed Israel's foes.



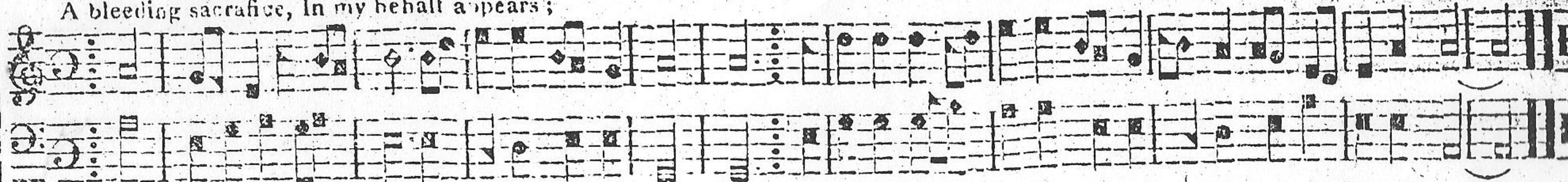
Let remotest nations know, Proud Goliath's overthrow;  
Fall'n Philistia is thy trust, Dagon's honour laid in dust.  
Who fears the land of glory need not fear  
The brazen armour, or the golden spear.

See the routed squadrons fly; hark their clamours rend the sky  
Blood & carnage stain the field; see the vanquish'd nations yield  
Dismay and terror fill the affrighted land,  
While conquering David routs the trembling band.

Lo upon the tented field, Royal Saul has thousands kill'd!  
Lo upon the ensanguine plain! David has ten thousand slain;  
Let mighty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell,  
While David's votaries tenfold triumphs swell.



Arise my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears, Before the throne my surety stands, my name is written on his hands:  
A bleeding sacrifice, In my behalf appears;



MARIETTA C. M.

Carrell



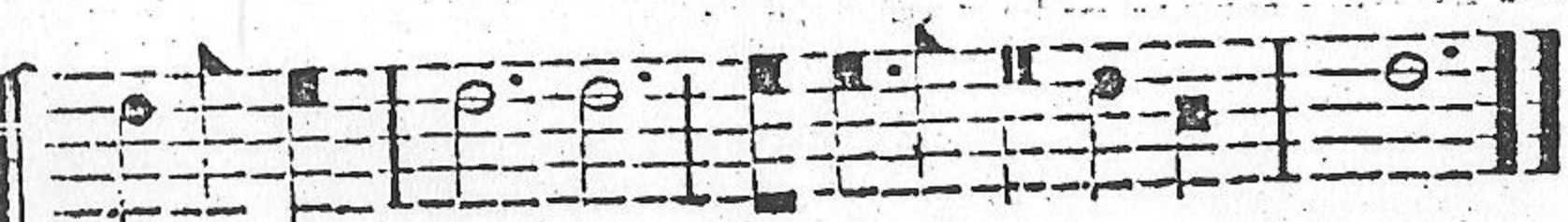
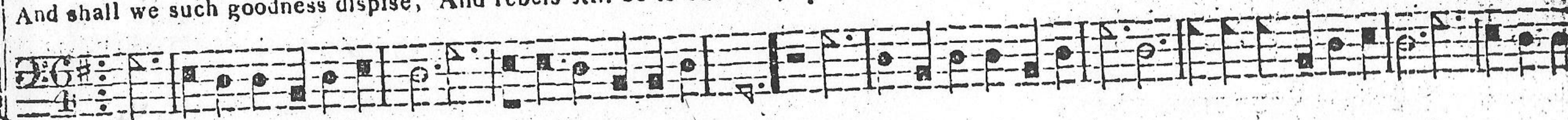
Atas & did my Saviour bleed, & did my Sov'reign die; Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I Would he devote, &c.



Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown,! And love beyond degree!  
Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When God, the mighty maker died, For man the creature's sin.  
Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears, Desolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears,  
But drops of grief can ne'r repay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do.



Shall Jesus descend from the skies, To atone for our sins by his blood; | He sav'd us, or we had been lost, nor comfort, nor hope had e'er  
And shall we such goodness dispise, And rebels still be to our God, | known, Yet knew this sal-

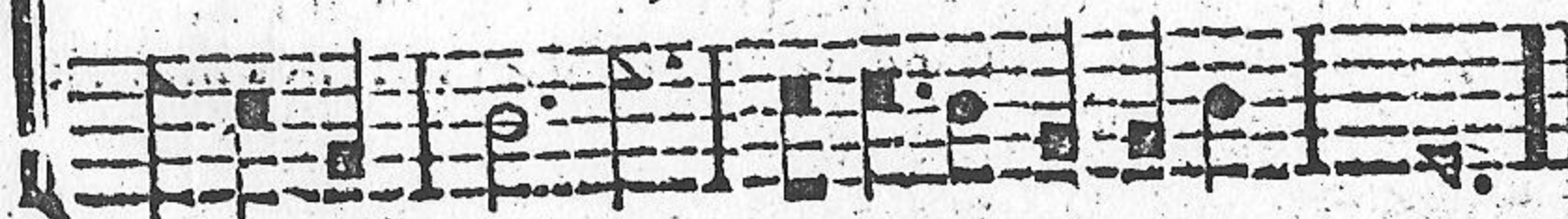


The devils would laugh us to scorn, For folly so shameful as this:  
O let us to God then return, Sure never was goodness like this,  
Thro' him we forgiveness shall find, And taste the sweet blessings of peace;  
If, contrite and humbly resign'd, We trust in his promised grace.

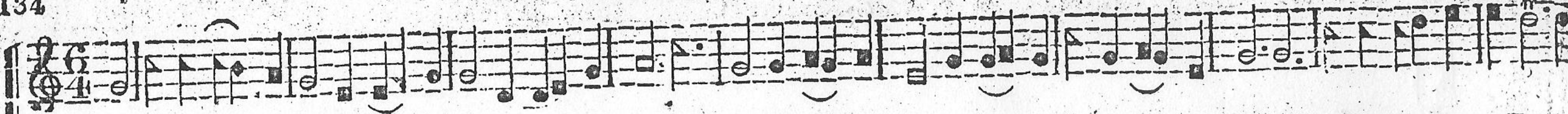


This world then with all its gay joy, That its thousands has snar'd & undone,  
May tempt, but shall never destroy Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own;  
While here through the desert we stray, our God shall be all our delight;  
Our pillar of cloud in the day, And also of fire in the night;

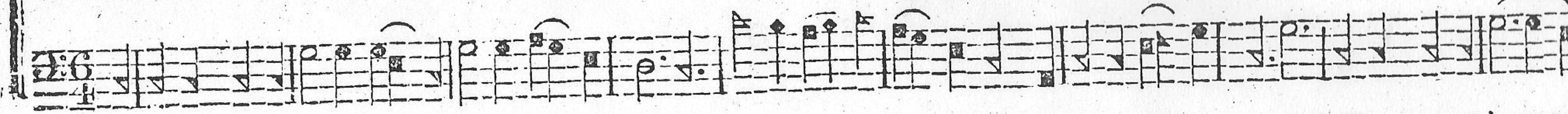
vation would cost, No less than the blood of his Son,



Till, the Jordan of death we have pass'd, We land on the heavenly shore,  
Where we the hid manna shall taste, Nor hunger, nor thirst any more.  
And there while his glories we see, And feast on the joys of his love,  
We chang'd to his likeness shall be, And then shall all gratitude prove.



Come humble sinner in whose breast A thousand tho'ts revolve, Come with your guilt & fear opprest, And make this last resolve: And &c.



And make this last resolve. Come with &c.



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

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

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

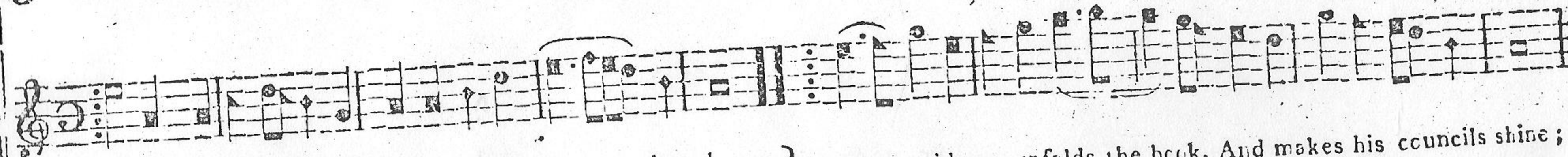
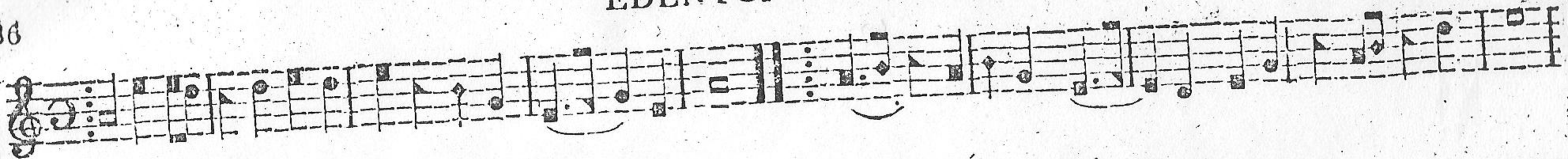
Perhaps he will admit my plea, perhaps will hear my pray  
But if I perish I will pray, And perish only there.

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



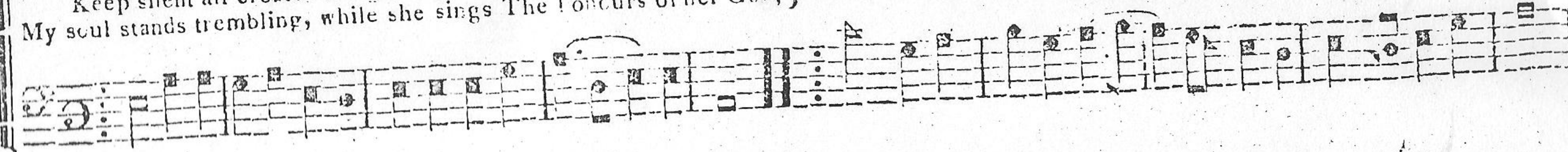
EDENTON. C. M.

Bradshaw.

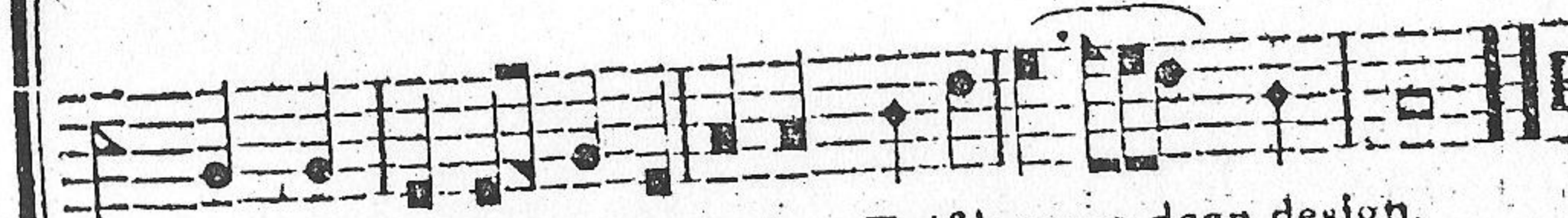


Keep silent all created things, And wait your maker's nod;  
My soul stands trembling, while she sings The honours of her God,

His providence unfolds the book, And makes his councils shine;

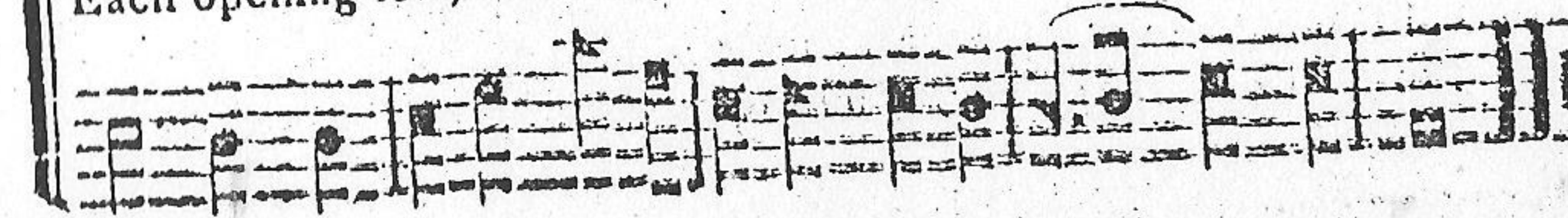


Here, he exalts neglected worms, To sceptres and a crown:  
And there, the following page he turns, & treads the monarch down.  
Not Gabriel asks the reason why; Nor God the reason gives;  
Nor dares the favourite angel pry Between the folded leaves.



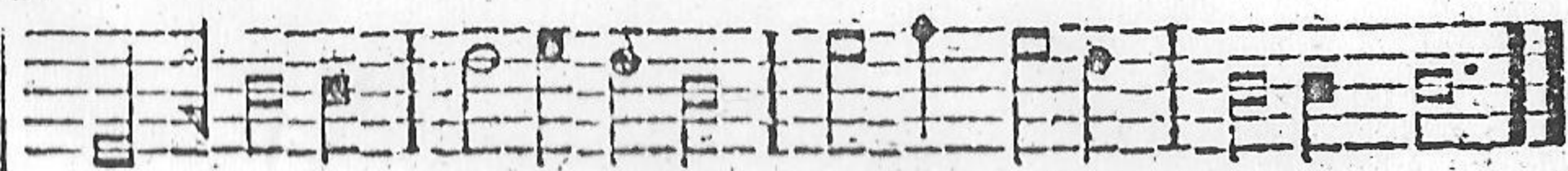
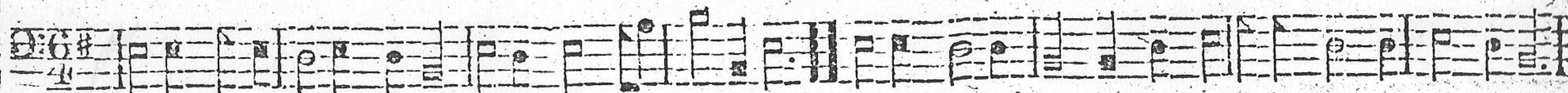
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke, Fulfils some deep design.

In thy fair book of life and grace, O may I find my name  
Recorded in some humble place, Beneath my Lord the lamb!  
My God, I would not long to see My fate with curious eyes,  
What gloomy lines are writ for me, Or what bright scenes may rise

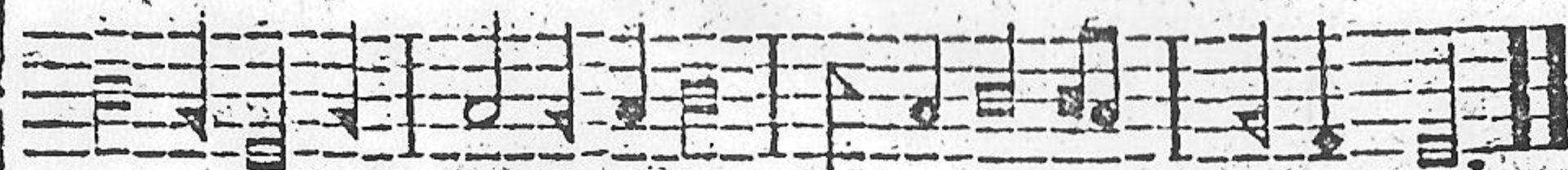




Jesus ! full of all compassion, Hear the humble suppliant's cry: } Guilty, but with heart relenting, Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,  
 Let me know thy great Salvation; E'er I languish, faint, and die.

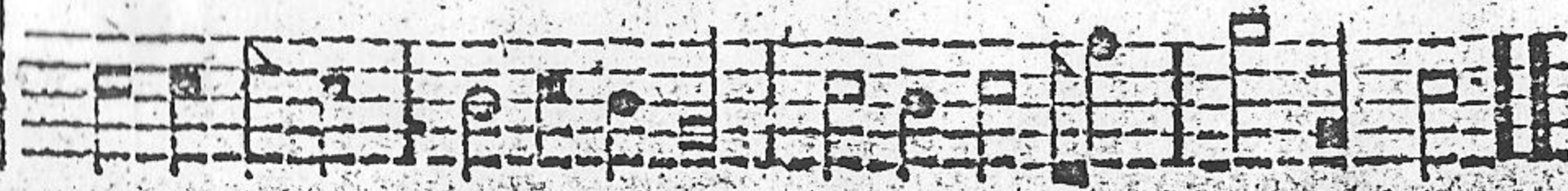


Whither should a wretch be flying, But to him who comfort gives !  
 Whither, from the dread of dying, But to him who ever lives ?  
 While I view thee wounded, bleeding, Breathless on the cursed tree,  
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing, That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

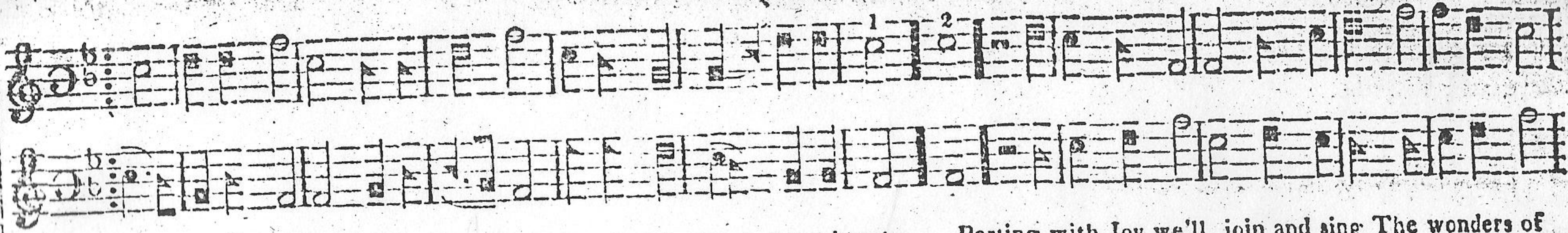


With thy righteousness and Spirit, I am more than angels blest;  
 Here with thee, all things inherit, Peace, and Joy, and endless rest,  
 Hear then, blessed Saviour, near me! My soul cleaveth to the dust;  
 Send the comforter to cheer me Lo! in thee I put my trust.

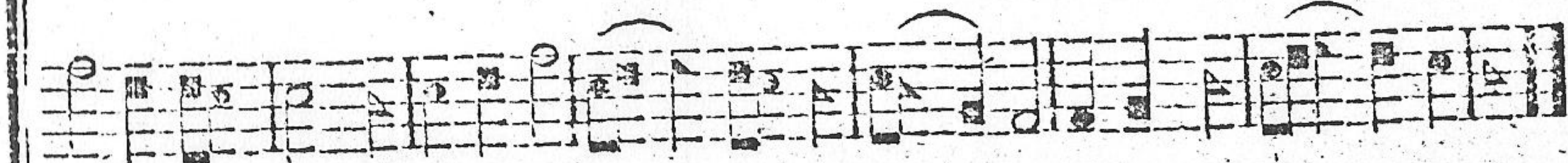
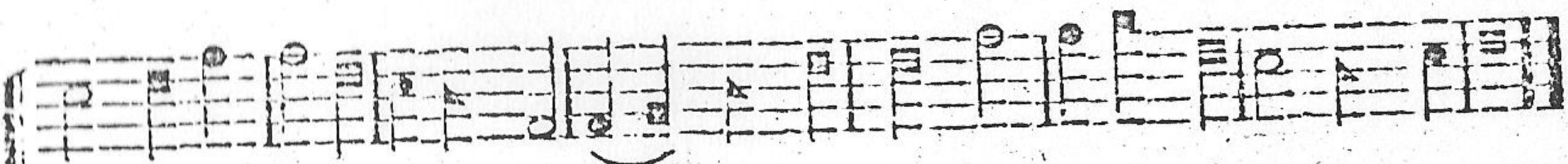
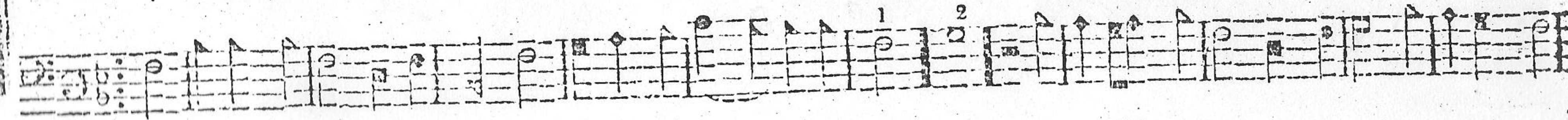
Prostrate at thy feet repenting, Send, O send me quick relief.



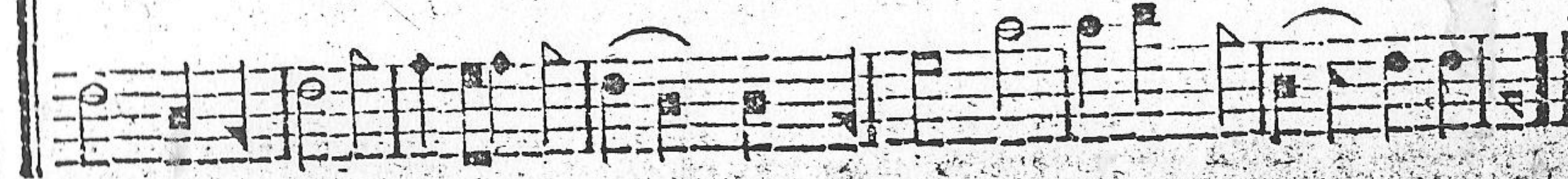
On the word thy blood hath sealed Hangs my everlasting all;  
 Let thy arm be now revealed; Stay, Oh stay me, lest I fall!  
 In the world of endless ruin, Let it never, Lord, be said,  
 "Here's a soul that perish'd suing "For the boasted Saviour's aid"



Brethren with pleasure let us part, Since we are of one mind and heart; Parting with Joy we'll join and sing; The wonders of



our glorious King; Our distant bodies may remove, But nothing can dissolve our love.



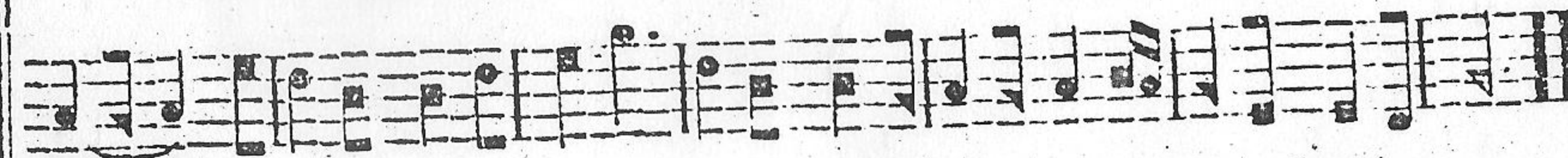
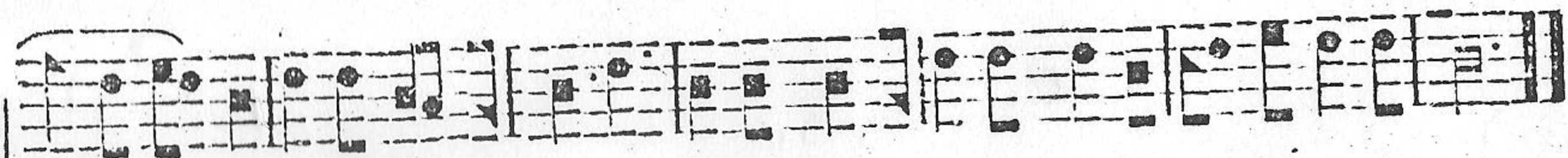
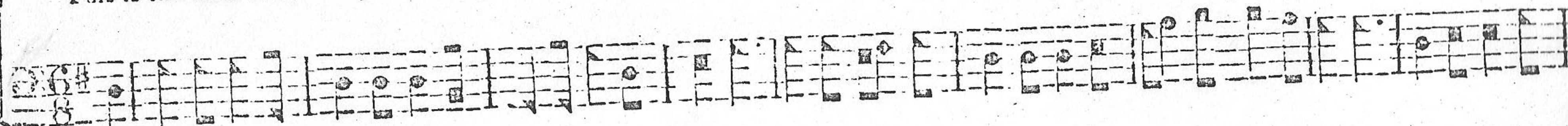
3. In vain, may earth and hell combine,  
To quench that love which is divine;  
It will not cease with dying breath,  
Nor cool when we are cold in death:  
Now join'd in love, in Jesu's name  
We'll part, and fly to spread his fame;  
That other souls may learn their woe,  
And join with us in glory too.
2. A few more rolling days, or years,  
Will bring a period to our tears;  
We soon shall reach that happy shore,  
Where parting shall be known no more,  
Then shall our eyes behold the Lamb, The right-  
eous Judge, the great I Am! And ev'ry sense find  
sweet employ, In that eternal world of joy."

CLOVERGREEN. C. M.

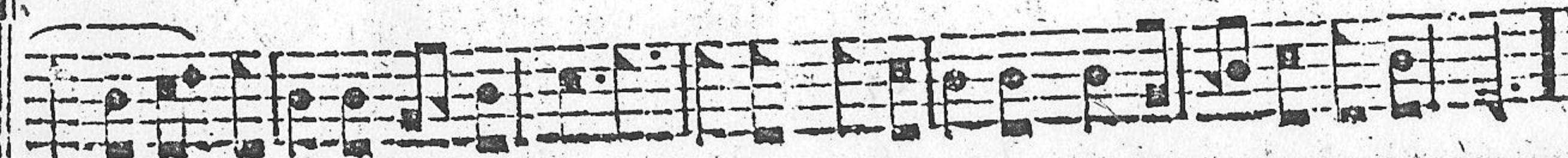
J. Boyd.



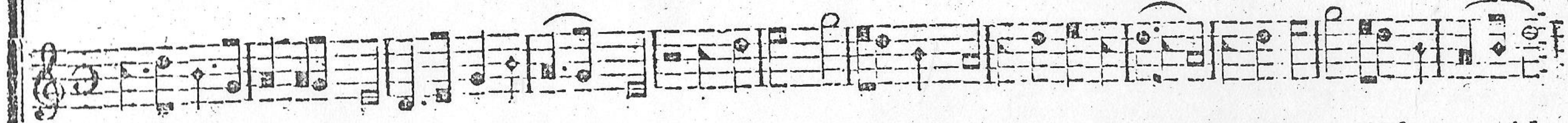
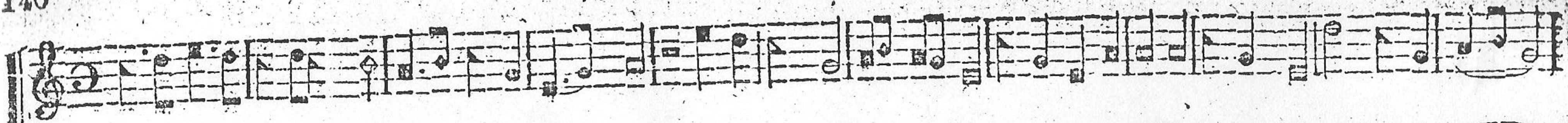
This is the feast of heav'nly wine, And God invites to sup; The juices of the living vine, Were prest to fill the cup. Were prest to fill



the cup, Were prest to fill &c. The juices of the living vine, Were prest to fill the cup.



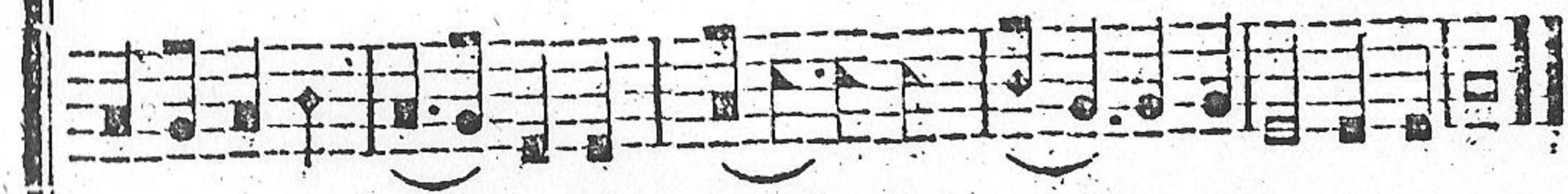
- 2 O bless the Saviour, ye that are  
With royal dainties fed:  
Not heav'n affords a costlier fair,  
For Jesus is the bread!
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,  
Ye trembling souls appear!  
The righteous in their own esteem,  
Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
The banquet spread for you;  
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,  
Then I may venture too.



Drooping souls no longer grieve, Heaven is propitious; } Jesns now is passing by Calls the mourner to him, He hath di'd for you and I  
If on Christ you do believe, You will find him precious; }



2 From his hands, and feet, and side. Runs the healing lotion;  
See the consoling tide, Boundless as the Ocean:  
See the living waters move, For the sick and dying;  
I'm resolv'd to seek his love, Or to perish trying to praise &c.



3 Streaming mercy ever free, Weary souls to gladden;  
Jesus says, "come unto me" Ye weary heavy laden'd;  
Tho' your sins like mountains high, Rise, and reach to heaven;  
It on Christ you can rely, All shall be forgiven. Then praise &c

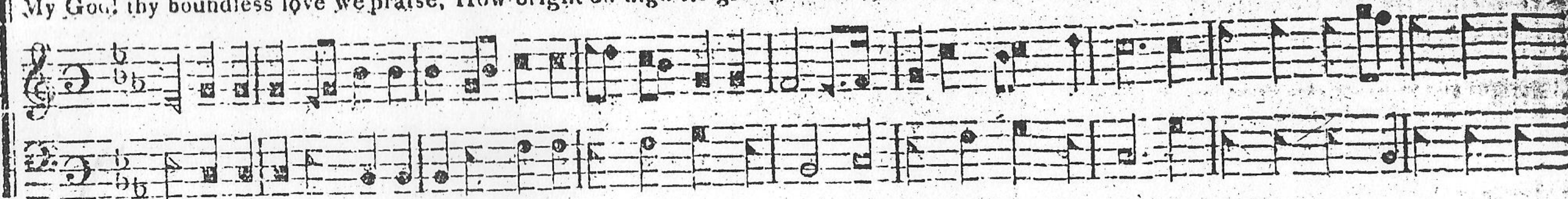
Now look up & view him, & praise him who died, that sinners might live.



4 Glory to my Saviour's name, I delight to praise him;  
Sinners, you will do the same When you come to prove him:  
Jesu's blood hath heal'd my wounds, O the wondrous story,  
I was lost & now am found, O glory hallelujah, I'll praise him



My God! thy boundless love we praise, How bright on high its glories blaze; How setly bloom below! It streams from the eternal throne.



Thro' heaven its joys forever run, And o'er the earth they flow.



2 This love that gilds the vernal ray,  
Adorns the flowery robe of May; Perfumes the breathing gale.  
'Tis Love that loads the plentiful plain  
With blushing fruits and golden grain, And smiles o'er every vale!

3 But, in thy Gospel, it appears  
In sweeter fairer characters, And charms the ravish'd breast;  
There love immortal leaves the sky,  
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye And give the weary rest

4 There smiles a kind propitious God,  
There flows a dying Saviour's blood, The pledge of sin's forgiv'n:  
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way  
To regions of eternal day, And opens all her heav'n's

SALUTATION. 7, 6, 8, 7, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Johnston.

Good morning, brother pilgrim! march you towards Jerusalem, Pray wherefore are you smiling,

What, bound for Canaan's coast? To join the heavenly host, While tears run down your

face? We soon shall cease from toiling, And reach that heavenly place

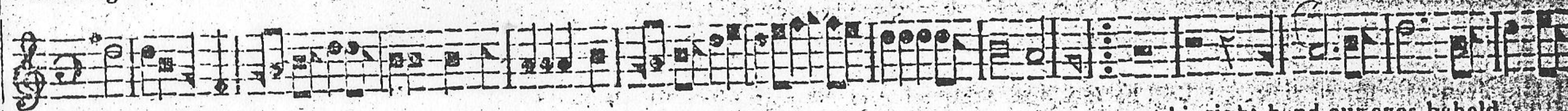
And reach that heav'nly place. We soon shall cease. &c;

And reach that heav'nly place. We soon shall cease. &c;

And reach that heav'nly place. We soon shall cease. &c;



The King of saints, how fair his face, Adorn'd with majesty and grace! He comes with blessings from above, And wins the nations to his love



at his right hand our eyes behold

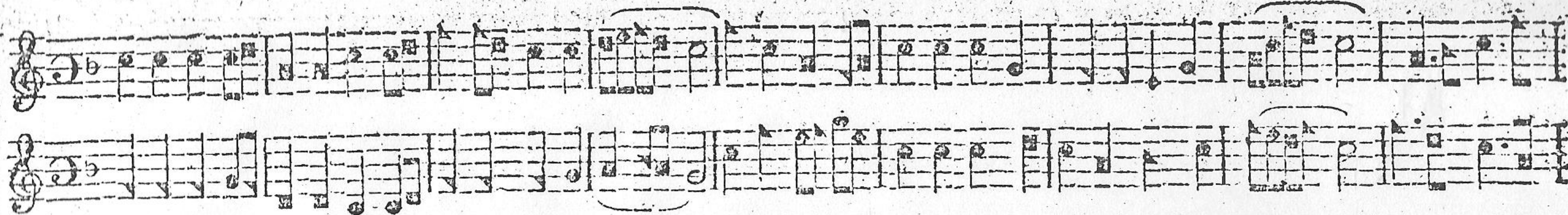


The Queen array'd in purest gold: The world admires her heav'nly dress, Her robes of joy and righteousness The Queen &c.

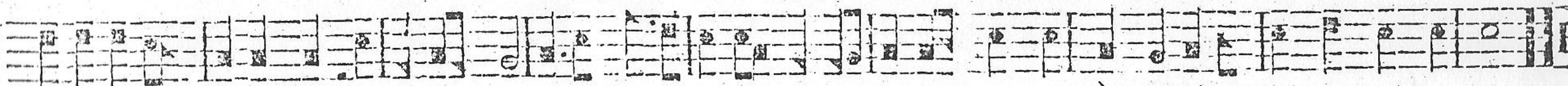
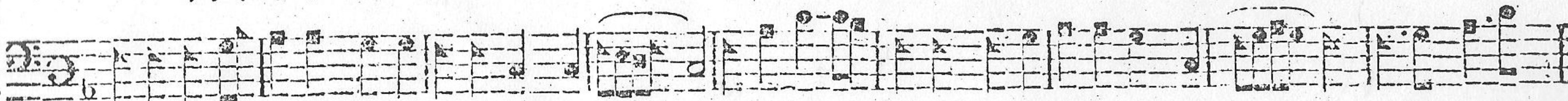


He forms her beauties like his own, He calls & seats her near his throne: Fair stranger, let thine heart forget the Idols of thy native state.  
So shall the King the more rejoice In thee, the fav'rite of his choice; Let him be lov'd & yet ador'd, For he's thy maker, & thy Lord

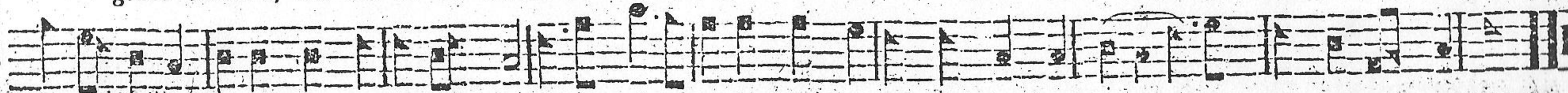




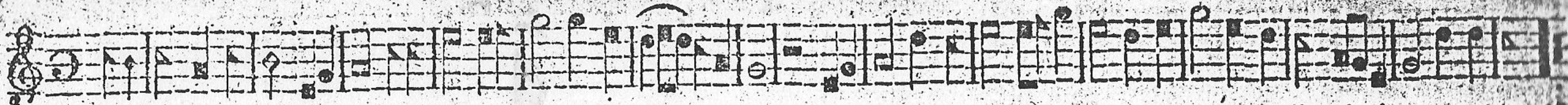
Jesus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wondering sheep: False to thee, like Peter, I Would fain like Peter weep; Let me be by



grace restor'd, On me be all its freeness shwon; Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

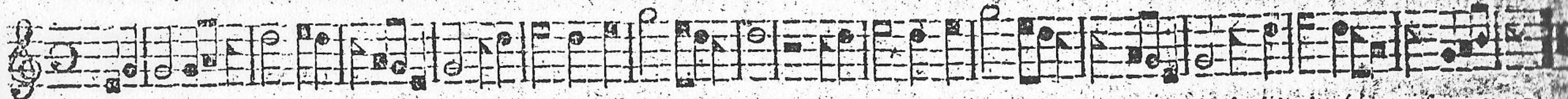


Saviour, prince, enthron'd above, Repentance to impart, Give me thro' thy dying love, The humble contrit heart.  
 Give, what I have long implor'd A portion of thy love unknown Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone;  
 See me, Saviour, from above, Nor suffer me to die; Life and happiness, and love, Smile in thy gracious eye;  
 Speak the reconciling word, And let thy mercy melt me down; Turn and look upon me Lord, And break my heart of stone.



Come away to the skies, my beloved arise And rejoice in the day thou wast born;

*For the hymn see page 43*

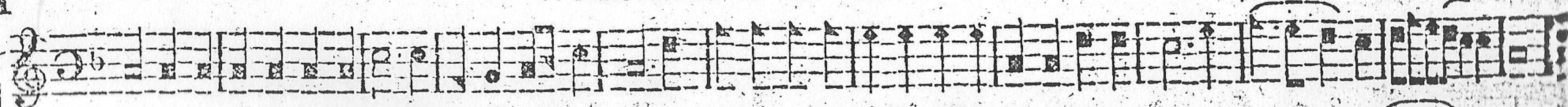


On this festival day come exulting away, And with singing to zion return



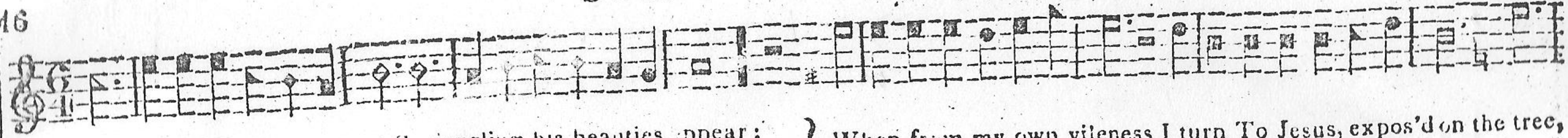
WARNING. C. M.

Billings.

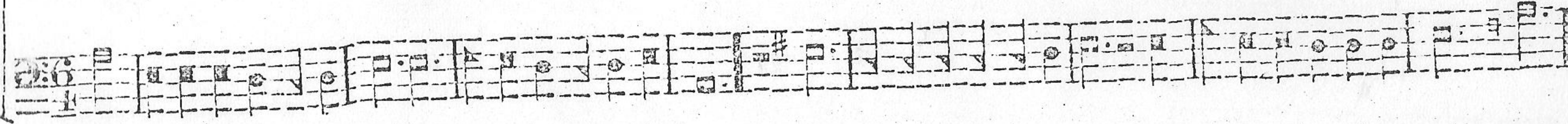
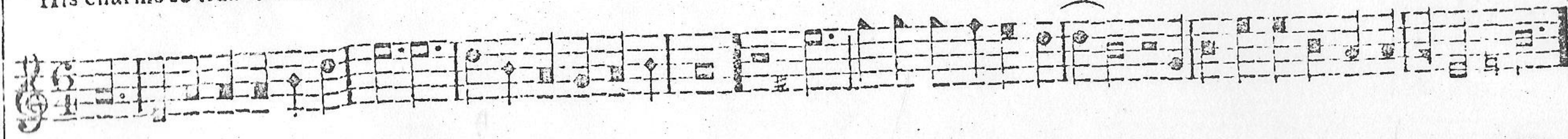


The rising morning can't ensure, That we shall end the day; For death stands waiting at the door, To snatch our lives away.  
The evening rests our weary head, And angels guard the room; We wake, and we admire the bed, That was not made our tomb.

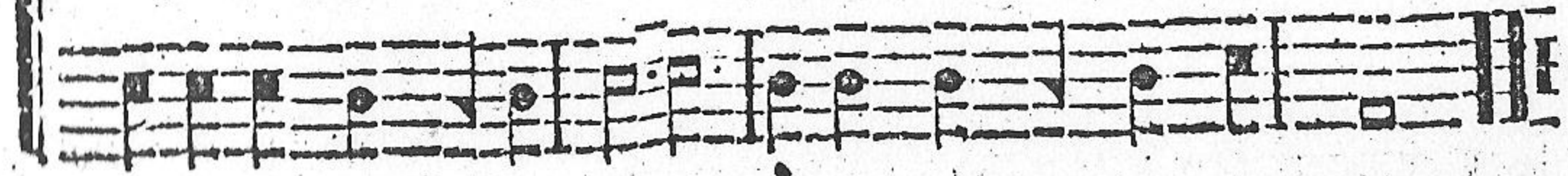




When on my beloved I gaze, & dazzling his beauties appear;  
 His charms so transcendently blaze, The sight is too melting to bear. } When from my own vileness I turn To Jesus, expos'd on the tree,



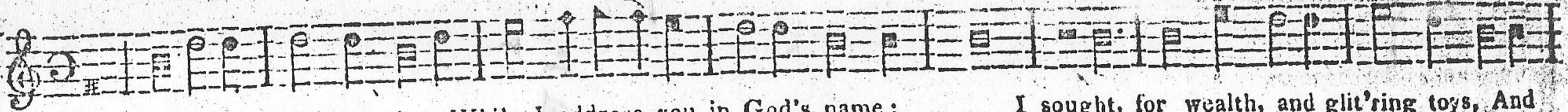
With shame and with wonder I burn, To think how he suffered for me



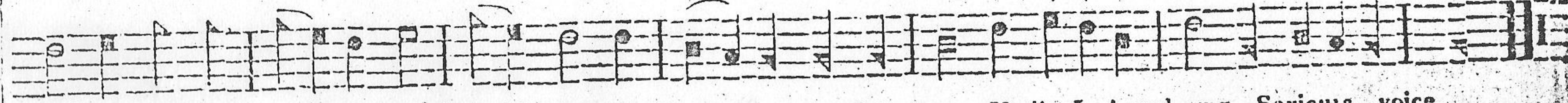
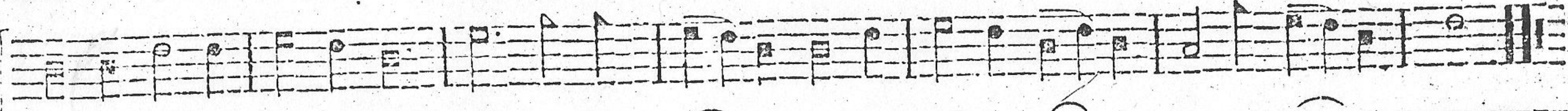
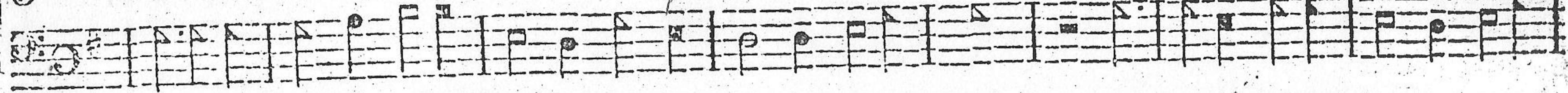
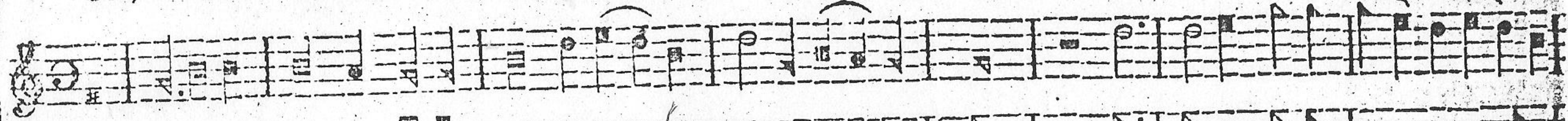
My sins O how black they appear,  
 When in that dear bosom they meet;  
 Those sins were the nails and the spear;  
 That wounded his hands, side, and feet

'Twas justice, that wreath'd for his head  
 The thorns that encircled it round;  
 Thy temples, Immanuel, bled,  
 That mine might with glory be crown'd.

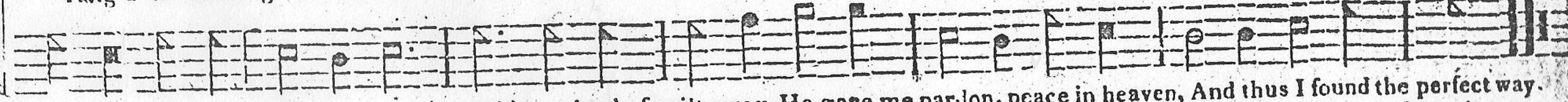
The wonderful love of his heart, where he has recorded my name  
 On earth can be known but in part he've'n only can bear the full flame  
 In rivers of sorrow it flow'd, And flow'd in those rivers for me;  
 My sins are all wash'd in his blood, my soul is both dapp'd & free.



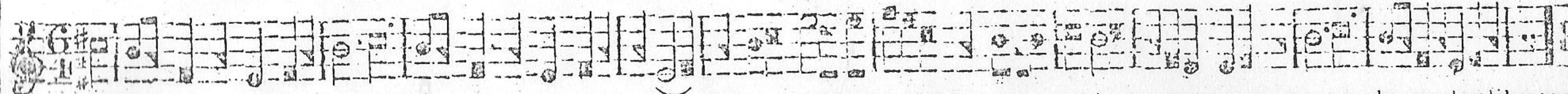
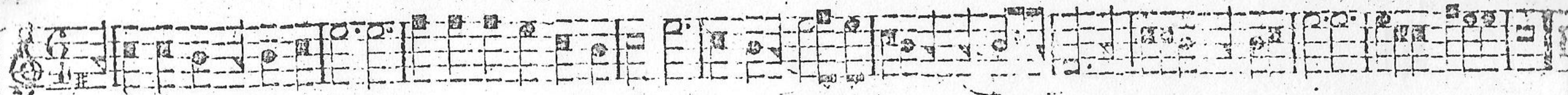
Young people all attention give, While I address you in God's name; I sought, for wealth, and glit'ring toys, And  
You, who in sin and tolly live, Come hear the connsel of a friend.



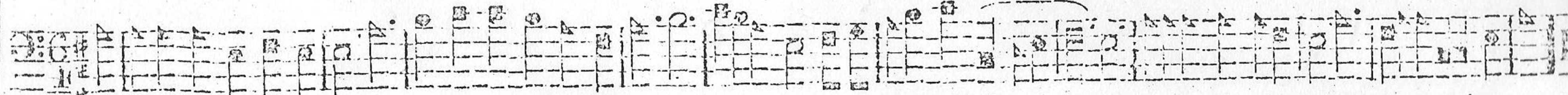
rang'd th'alluring scenes of vice, But never found substaptial joys, Until I heard my Saviours voice.



He speak's my sins at onst forgive'n, And wash'd my load of guilt away, He gave me pardon, peace in heaven, And thus I found the perfect way.  
And now with trembling sense I view Huge billows roll beneath your feet, For death eternal waits for you Who slight the force of gosple grace.  
But O the soul where vengeance reigns' It shrinks with groans and ceaseless cries, And rolls amidst the burning flames In endless wo and agonies  
There swallowed up in darkest night, Where devils howl and thunders roar, To rage in keendispair and guilt, When thousand :||: years are o're.



While sorrows encompass me round, & endless distresses I see; Astonish'd I cried can a mortal be found, Surrounded with troubles like me



Few hours of praise I employ, And these all surrounded by pain; If a moment of praising my God I enjoy, I've now a gain to complain,  
O when will my trouble subside, Or when will my suffering cease; When to the mansions of Christ be convey'd, the mansions of glory & peace.  
May I be prepar'd for that day, When Jesus shall bid me remove; & fill'd with his power go shouting away To the arms of my heav'nly love.  
No sorrows be vented that day, when Jesus is taking me home, with singing, & shouting let each brother say he's gone from the evils to come

CAMDEN. L. M.

Bradsaw.



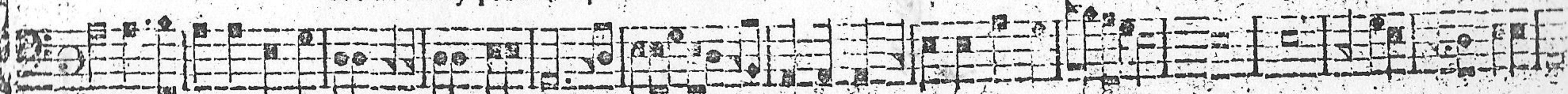
When we our weary limbs to rest

We wept with doleful thoughts oppress'd,

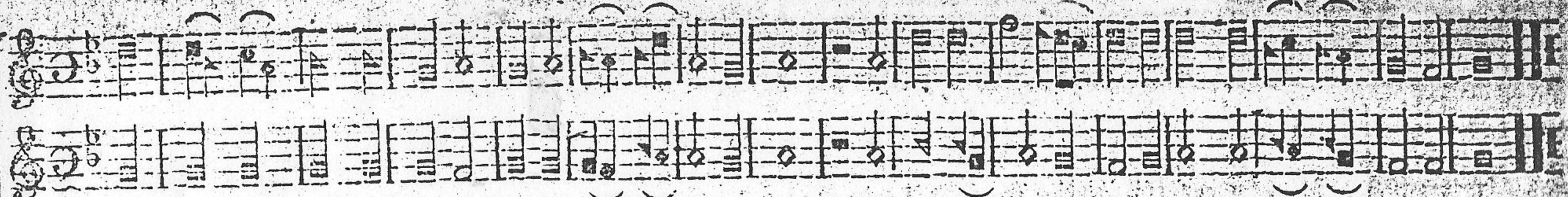
And Zion was our mournful theme.



Sat down by proud Euphratus' stream;



FELLOWSHIP. C. M.



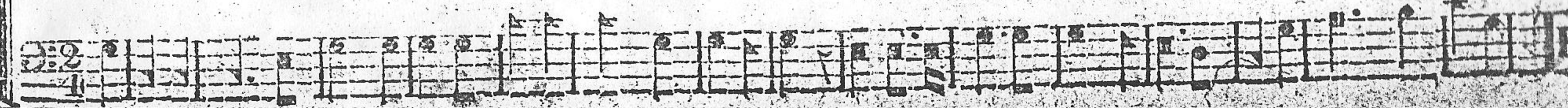
From all that's mortal, all that's vain, And from this earthly clod; Arise my soul and strive to gain Sweet fellowship with God.



SELLEN. L. M.



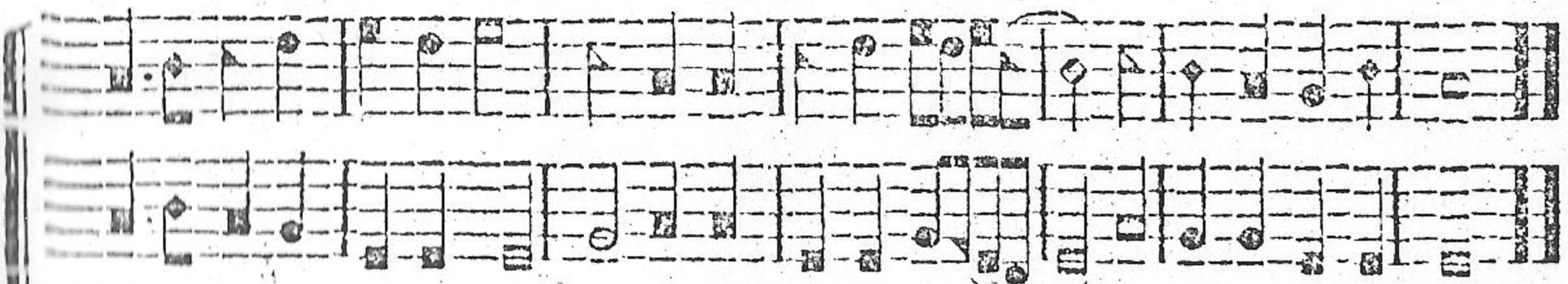
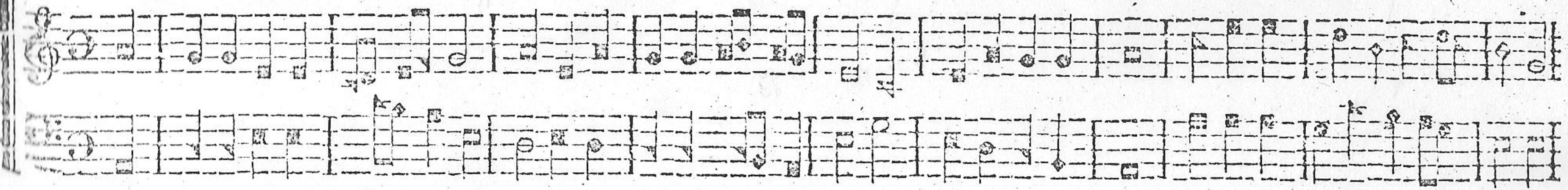
Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, & sing; to show thy love by morning light, & talk of all thy truth at night



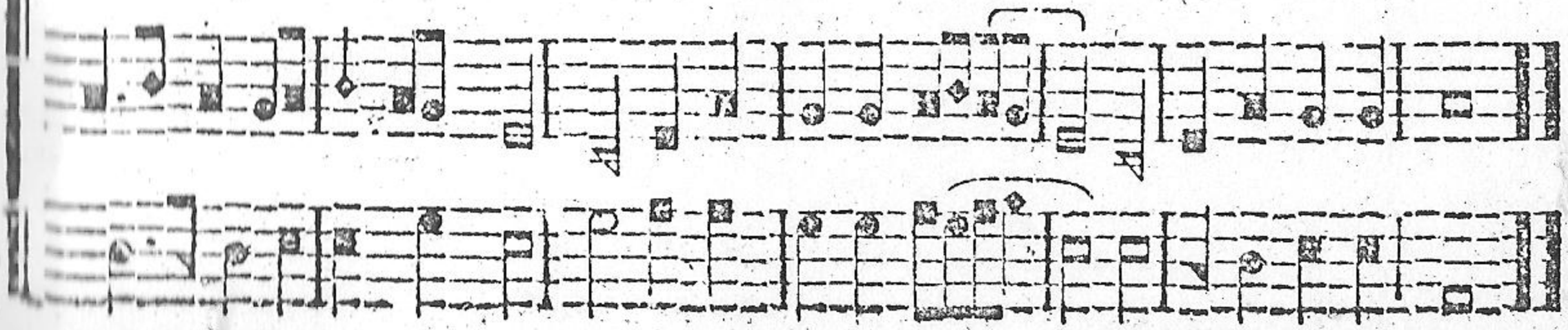
BOUNDLESS LOVE. L. M.



'Tis love that guilds the vernal ray, Adorns the flowery robe of may, Perfumes the breathing gale; Tis love that loads the plentius plain



With blushing fruits, and golden grain, And smiles o'er evry vale. And &c



But in the gospel, it appears  
In sweeter, fairer characters,  
And charms the ravish'd breast:  
There, love immortal leaves the sky,  
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,  
And give the weary rest.

There, smiles a kind propitious God—  
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,  
The pledge of sins forgiven;  
There God the spirit points the way,  
To regions of eternal day'  
And takes the saints to heav'n.

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The subscriber has added 24 pages to his Supplement, without any alteration in the price; he hopes that purchasers will find a variety of interesting tunes in the additional pages; they are chiefly new, with an excellent hymn attached to each tune. He has just completed the printing of three thousand copies of the Supplement, and has the same number of copies of the Harmony now in press. Applications for upwards of a thousand copies of the Supplement has been received within the last three months, which will keep the binder busily engaged for five or six weeks, after that period, we expect to keep a constant supply on hand. All applications that come to hand free of postage, will be promptly attended to.

July 1836.