

A
SUPPLEMENT,
TO THE
Kentucky Harmony.
BY
ANANIAS DAVISSON.
THIRD EDITION. COPYRIGHT SECURED.
1825.

RESET and EDITED in Boston, Massachusetts, 2011.
© 2011 by Robert B. Stoddard

This page intentionally left blank.

A Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony

By Ananias Davisson
Third Edition, 1825.

Reset and Edited by Robert Stoddard, 2011.

© 2011 by Robert Stoddard under

[Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 United States License.](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/)

Editor's Notes

I have undertaken the daunting task of resetting the entire of the *Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony* (SKH) to make this volume accessible for modern singers in the shapenote tradition. This volume is intended as a performance edition, not a scholarly one. I have not, therefore, researched or verified information about the composer; I have added the name of the lyricist when readily available.

Although my job consisted primarily of transferring the music from the SKH into modern musical notation software (Lilypond v. 2.13.49), doing so required a certain degree of editorial judgment. My revisions to the scores were primarily in three areas:

Accuracy of music. The SKH has clear typographic errors in the music. The most frequent error was placing a shape at the wrong place on the ledger; I have corrected these to retain the shape. Similarly, I have corrected note durations (which are occasionally half or double the required value) to align parts. There were occasional omitted notes, which I have filled either by referring to parallel constructs elsewhere in the piece or using my musical judgment. Otherwise, I have retained dissonances as they appear in the score, even during extended passages (such as 150 BOUNDLESS LOVE at mm. 9–11). I also corrected clear errors in musical key in a passage in 108 ANTHEM FROM REVELATION (where the minor section was notated in D, instead of D flat) and 120 THE DYING CHRISTIAN (where the major section was notated in B flat, instead of B).

Layout. The SKH was printed in short format, approximately 6.5 by 11 inches, in a time when paper and binding was costly. The music is often highly compressed, and text underlay is frequently abbreviated. In this edition, I have largely conformed the music layout to the style of *The Sacred Harp*, 1991 Edition. The sharpest departure is using the full 8.5 by 11 inches of a typical American sheet of paper, which simplifies printing. I have set most verses

under the music and set each part out in full during fugues. All time signatures are given numerically.

Lyrics. The SKH provides a large number of verses for most tunes, almost entirely from resources still available. I have modernized spellings to standard American English and conformed some words to match other publications. In some instances, typically on space-constrained pages, only one verse was provided in the SKH. I have in some such cases selected additional verses from the same poem as the provided verse; in all such cases, the stanza number is shown in italics.

I have preserved the page numbers of the SKH, (with the exception of 94 DAUPHIN and 102 TRUE RICHES, which I have swapped for spacing reasons); this required some filler pages to keep odd-numbered pages on the right. Overflow pages are labeled as, e.g., “50A”.

This volume is a work in progress—for example, the headers on the long anthems need improvement, which will require greater mastery of Lilypond. Please report errors or send questions to me at Robert (at) bostonsing.org.

Robert Stoddard
Boston, Massachusetts
February 20, 2011

EVENING SHADE. S.M.

E Minor. John Leland, 1792.

Stephen Jenks, 1805.

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

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

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

DEVOTION. L.M.

C Major. Isaac Watts, 1719.

arr. Davisson.

1. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast. — Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound.

2. Then shall I share a glo - rious part, When grace hath well re - fined my heart, — And fresh sup - plies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.

3. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I de - sired and wished be - low; — And ev' - ry pow'r find sweet em - ploy, In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

F Major. Joseph Swain, 1791.

1. O thou in whose pre - sence my soul takes de - light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call;
Where dost thou at noon - tide re - sort with thy sheep, To feed on the pa - stures of love?

2. Oh why should I wan - der an a - lien from thee, And cry in the de - sert for bread?
Ye daugh - ters of Zi - on de - clare, have ye seen, The star that on Is - ra - el shone?

3. This is my be - lo - ved, his form is di - vine, His vest - ments shed o - dors a - round;
The ro - ses of Sha - ron, the li - lies that grow In the vales on the banks of the streams,

My com - fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.
For why in the val - ley of death shall I weep: Or a - lone in the wil - der - ness rove?

Thy foes will re - jice, when my sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my be - lo - ved has been, And where with his flocks he has gone.

The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine, When the au - tumn with plen - ty is
His cheeks in the beau - ty of ex - cel - lence glow, And his eyes all in - vi - ting - ly

PORTLAND. L.M.

D Minor. Nahum Tate & Brady, 1696 (v1); Isaac Watts (v2).

1. When we our wea-ri'd limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu - phra - tes streams, We wept with dole - ful

2. O God, my sun, thy bless - ful rays Can warm, re - joice, and guide my heart! How dark, how mourn-ful

tho'ts oppress'd, And Zi - on was our mourn-ful theme. Our harps that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their

are my days, If thy en - li-v'ning beams de - part! Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day Ap - pears to

tune - ful parts to bear, with si - lent strings ne - glec - ted hung, on wil - low trees that wi - ther'd there.

these de - si - ring eyes! But shall my droo - ping spi - rit say, The cheer - ful morn will ne - ver rise?

F Major. Isaac Watts, 1709.

Benham.

1. Ho - san - nah to the Prince of Light, That cloth'd him - self in clay; En - ter'd the
 2. Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Im - ma - nuel rose: He took the

3. See how the con - qu'ror mounts a - loft, And to his fa - ther flies; With scars of
 4. There our ex - al - ted Sav - ior reigns And scat - ters bless - ings down; Our Je - sus

5. Bright an - gels strike your loud - est strings, Your sweet - est voi - ces raise; Let heav'n and

i - ron gates of death, And tore the bars a - way, And tore the bars a - way.
 ty - rant's sting a - way, And spoil'd our hell - ish foes, And spoil'd our hell - ish foes.

ho - nor in his flesh, And tri - umph in his eyes, And tri - umph in his eyes.
 fills the mid - dle seat Of the ce - les - tial throne, Of the ce - les - tial throne.

all cre - at - ed things Sound our Im - ma - nuel's praise, Sound our Im - ma - nuel's praise.

EPIPHONEMA. P.M.

A Minor. Isaac Watts.

Giardini.

Sin-ners, a-wake be - times; ye fools, be wise A - wake before this dread - ful morning rise: Change your vain tho'ts, your crook - ed works a - mend;

Sin-ners, a-wake be - times; ye fools, be wise A - wake before this dread - ful morn - ing rise: Change your vain tho'ts, your crook - ed works a - mend;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, followed by a piano accompaniment consisting of three staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The music is in 4/4 time and A minor.

Fly to the Sav-ior, make the Judge your friend; Lest, like a li - on, his last ven - geance tear Your trem - bling souls, and no de-liv - 'rer near.

Fly to the Sav-ior, make the Judge your friend; Lest, like a li - on, his last vengeance tear Your trem - bling souls, and no de-liv - 'rer near.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, with the same layout as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The music continues in 4/4 time and A minor.

C Major. John Wesley, 1749.

Davisson.

1. Stay, thou in - sult - ed spi - rit, stay! Though I have done thee such de - spite,
 2. Though I have most un - faith - ful been Of all who e'er Thy grace re - ceiv'd,

3. Yet O! the chief of sin - ners spare, In ho - nor of my great High Priest,
 4. If yet Thou canst my sins for - give, E'en now, O Lord, re - lieve my woes,

5. E'en now my wea - ry soul re - lease, Up - raise me with Thy gra - cious hand.

Cast not a sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine ev - er - last - ing flight.
 Ten thou - sand times Thy good - ness seen, Ten thou - sand times Thy good - ness griev'd;

Nor in Thy righ - teous an - ger swear I shall not see Thy peo - ple's rest.
 In - to Thy rest of love re - ceive, And bless me with the calm re - pose.

And guide in - to Thy per - fect peace, And bring me to the pro - mis'd land.

HARRISONBURG. 7s.

15

F Major. John Cennick, 1742.

Davisson.
DA CAPO.

Children of the heav'n-ly King, Hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah,
As we jour-ney let us sing Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, } Sing our Sav-ior's wor-thy praise, Hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah,
Glo-rious in his works and ways, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah.

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

3. O, ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4. Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

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

6. Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be;
And we will still follow Thee.

A Minor. Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music.

1. His voice as the sound of a dul-ci-mer sweet, Is heard thro' the sha-dows of death, His lips as a foun-tain of
The ce-dars of Le-ba-non bow at his feet, The air is per-fum'd with his breath.

2. Love sits on his eye-lids and scatters de-light Thro' all the bright man-sions on high; He looks, and ten thousands of
Their fa-ces the che-ru-bim veil in his sight, And trem-ble with full-ness of joy,

righteousness flow, That waters the gar-den of grace, From which their sal-va-tion the gen-tiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.

an-gels re-joice, And my-ri-ads wait for his word; He speaks, and e-ter-ni-ty fill'd with his voice, Re-ech-oes the praise of her Lord.

INDIAN PHILOSOPHER. 8 8 6.

D Major. Samson Occom, 1760.

1. A - wak'd by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go;
 2. A - mazed I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell, For death and hell drew near;

3. When to the law I trem-bling fled, It poured its cur - ses on my head; I no re - lief could find.
 4. A - gain did Si - nai's thun - der roll, And guilt lay hea - vy on my soul, A vast un - weil - dy load;

5. The saints I heard with rap - ture tell How Je - sus con - quered death and hell, And broke the fowl - er's snare;
 6. But while I thus in an - guish lay, The gra - cious Sav - ior passed this way, And felt His pi - ty move;

7. E - ter - nal truth did loud pro - claim, "The sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or sink to end - less woe." woe."
 I strove, in - deed, but strove in vain; "The sin - ner must be born a - gain" Still sound - ed in my ear. ear.

8. This fear - ful truth in - creased my pain; "The sin - ner must be born a - gain" O'er - helmed my tor - tured mind. mind.
 A - las, I read, and saw it plain, The sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or drink the wrath of God. God.

9. Yet when I found this truth re - main, "The sin - ner must be born a - gain," I sank in deep de - spair. -spair.
 The sin - ner, by His jus - tice slain, Now by His grace is born a - gain; And sings re - dee - ming love. love.

1. 2.

G Major. John Newton, 1779.

1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours, When Je - sus no long - er I see! The mid - sum - mer sun shines but
Sweet pros - pects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me;

2. His name yields the sweet - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic His voice; I should, were He al - ways thus
His pres - ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice.

3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing His face, My all to His pleas - ures re - signed, While bless'd with a sense of His
No chang - es of sea - son or place, Would make an - y change in my mind.

4. Dear Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song, Oh, drive these dark clouds from my
Say, why do I lan - guish and pine, And why are my win - ters so long?

dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cember's as pleas - ant as May.
nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear; No mor - tal as hap - py as I, My sum - mer would last all the year.

love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear, And pris - ons would pal - ac - es prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there.
sky, Thy soul - cheer - ing pres - ence re - store, Or take me to Thee up on high, Where win - ter and clouds are no more.

CHANGING SEASONS. 11s.

E Minor.

1. When win-ter is o-ver and spring is be-gun, When na-ture is warm'd by the rays of the sun;
 2. Our fond ex-pec-ta-tions thus bears us a-way, While beau-ti-ful pros-pects our eye still sur-vey;

3. Just so in a sea-son when con-science a-wakes, Calls loud-ly to sin-ners their crimes to for-sake;
 4. But O! in the midst of this pleas-ing de-light, We look for the fruit, but it's snatch'd from the sight;

Our pro-spects are rais'd by the o-pe-ning year, And fruits are ex-pec-ted when blos-soms ap-pear.
 But sud-den, a dread-ful, and un-time-ly frost Re-stores win-ter's gloom and our hopes are all lost.

'Tis then, that with pleas-ing e-mo-tion we trace The tears of the mour-ner a-dorn-ing each face.
 Some fa-tal temp-ta-tions con-vic-tion de-stroys, And cut off the hope which had pro-mis'd us joy.

GREEN MEADOWS. 6, 6, 6, 3, 6, 6, 6, 3.

A Minor.

Nicholson.

1. Through all the world be - low, God we see all a - round, Search hills and val - leys thro', there he's found In gro - wing of the corn;
 2. See springing wa - ters rise, fountains flow, ri - vers run; The mist be - clouds the sky, hides the sun: Then down the rain doth pour,

3. The sun with all his rays, speaks of God as he flies; The co - met with her blaze, God, she cries, The shin - ing of the stars,
 4. Not In - dia full of gold, With won - ders we are told; Nor ser - aphs strong and bold, Can un - fold The mountain Cal - va - ry,

The li - ly and the thorn, The pleasant and for - lorn, All de - clare, God is there; In mea - dows dress'd in green, There He's seen.
 The o - cean it doth roar, And beat up - on the shore, All to praise in their lays, A God who ne'er de - clines His de - signs.

And moon, when it ap - pears, His dread ful name de - clares, As they fly thro' the sky, And join the si - lent sound from the ground.
 Where Christ our Lord did die: Hark, hear the Sav - ior cry, Mountains quake, hea - vens shake, While Christ the Lord of hosts, Left the coast.

A Minor.

5. I love thee my Savior, I love thee my Lord;
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word, With tender emotion I love sinners too, Since Jesus has died to re - deem them from woe.

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

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

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

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

5. I love thee, my Savior, *etc.*

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

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

D Major. John Fawcett, 1782.

Nicholson, 1820.

1. And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or die; Shall join the dis - em - bod - ied
My soul shall quit this mourn - ful vale, And soar to worlds on high,

2. In hopes of that im - mor - tal crown, I now the cross sus - tain; I suf - fer on my threescore
And glad - ly wan - der up and down. And smile at toil and pain;

3. Oh what hath Je - sus bought for me, Be - fore my rav - ished eyes? I see a world of spir - its
Riv - ers of life di - vine I see, And trees of par - a - dise.

4. Oh what are all my suf - frings here, If, Lord, Thou count me meet Give joy or grief, give ease or
With that en - rap - tured host t'ap - pear And wor - ship at Thy feet?

saints, And find its long - sought rest, The on - ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re - deem - er's breast.
years, Till my De - liv'r - er come, And wipe a - way his ser - vant's tears, And take his ex - ile home.

bright, Who taste the pleas - ures there, They all are robed in spot - less white, And con - qu'ring palms they bear.
pain, Take life or friends a - way, But let me find them all a - gain In that e - ter - nal day.

TENNESSEE. C.M.D.

F Major. John Newton, 1779.

1. Af - flic - tions tho' they seem se - vere, Are oft in mer - cy sent; Al - tho' he no re - lenting felt
They stop'd the pro - di - gal's ca - reer, And caus'd him to re - pent.

2. What have I gain'd by sin said he, But hun - ger, shame, and fear, I'll go and tell him all I've done,
My fa - ther's house a - bounds with bread, Whilst I am starv - ing here.

3. He saw his son re - tur - ning back, He look'd, he ran, he smile'd Fa - ther, I've sin'd, but O for - give
And threw his arms a - round the neck Of his re - bel - lious child.

4. Now let the fat - ted calf be slain, Go spread the news a - broad, 'Tis thus the Lord him - self re - veals,
My son was dead, but lives a - gain, Was lost, but now is found.

'Til he had spent his store; His stub - born heart be - gan to melt When fa - mine pinch'd him sore.
Fall down be - fore his face, Not wor - thy to be call'd his son, I'll seek a ser - vant's place.

And thus the fa - ther said; Re - joice my house, my son's a - live 'Ere whom I mourn'd as dead.
To call poor sin - ners home, More than the fa - ther's love he feels, And bids the sin - ner come.

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

G Major.

1. Sin-ners hear the Sav-ior's call, He now is pas-sing by; He has seen thy grie-vous thrall, And heard thy mourn-ful cry:

2. Why art thou a-fraid to come, And tell him all thy case? He will not pro-nounce thy doom, Nor frown thee from his face:

3. Raise thy downcast eyes and see What throngs his throne surround, These, tho' sinnners once like thee, Have full sal-va-tion found:

He has par-don to impart, Grace to save thee from thy fears, See the love that fills his heart And wipes a-way all tears.

Wilt thou fear Im-man-u-el, Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God, Who to save thy soul from pain Has shed his pre-cious blood?

Yield not then to un-be-lief, While he says there yet is room; Tho' of sin-ners thou art chief, Since Je-sus calls thee, come.

PISGAH. C.M.

B \flat Major.

Lowry.

1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.

3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of sor-row fall, So I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 4. There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast.

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes, I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. eyes.
 And face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing world, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world. world.

My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all, So I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all. all.
 A - cross my peace - ful breast, A - cross my peace - ful breast, And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast. breast.

A Minor. Doddridge.

Davisson.

1. A - wake, our souls, and bless his name, Whose mercies nev - er fail; Who o-pens wide a door of hope In Ach-or's gloom-y vale.

2. En - ter, my soul with cheer-ful haste, For Je-sus is the door; Nor fear the serpent's wil - y arts, Nor fear the li - on's roar.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and A minor. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

Be-hold the por - tal wide dis - played, The build - ings strong and fair With - in are pastures fresh and green, And liv - ing streams are there.

O may thy grace the na - tions lead. And Jews and Gen - tiles come. All trav'ling in one nar - row path To one e - ter - nal home.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

WASHINGTON. L.M.D.

27

A Minor. Joseph Hart.

Munday.

Dis - miss us with thy blessings, Lord, Help us to feed up - on thy word; Tho' we are guil - ty, thou art good, Wash all our works in
All that has been a - miss for - give, And let thy truth with - in us live.

Dis - miss us with thy blessings, Lord, Help us to feed up - on thy word; Tho' we are guil - ty, thou art good, Wash all our works in
All that has been a - miss for - give, And let thy truth with - in us live.

Jesus' blood, Give ev - ry fet - ter'd soul re - lease And bid us all de - part in peace, Give ev - ry fet - tered soul release, And bid us all de - part in peace.

Jesus' blood, Give ev - ry fet - ter'd soul re - lease And bid us all de - part in peace, Give ev - ry fet - tered soul release, And bid us all de - part in peace.

A Major.

1. Hark! the ju - bi - lee is sound-ing, O the joy - ful news is come; Now we have the in - vi -
Free sal - va - tion is pro - claim - ed To and thro' God's on - ly Son;

2. Come, dear friends, and don't ne - glect it, Come to Je - sus in your prime; Now the Sav - ior is be -
Great sal - va - tion, don't re - ject it, O re - ceive it, now's your time;

3. Now let each one cease from sin - ning, Come and fol - low Christ the way; Gold - en mo - ments we've ne -
We shall all re - ceive a bless - ing If from him we do not stray;

ta - tion To the meek and low - ly Lamb, Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.
gin - ning To re - vive his works a - gain, Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.
glect - ed, Yet the Lamb in - vites a - gain, Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

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

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 ...

AUGUSTA. C.M.

29

D Minor. Isaac Watts, 1719.

Sherman.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 2. Be-neath the sha-dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi-cient is Thine arm a - lone,

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 2. Be-neath the sha-dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi-cient is Thine arm a - lone,

Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our e -
 Suf - fi-cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de -

shel-ter from the stor-my blast, And our e - ter-nal home, And our e - ter-nal home, And our e - ter-nal home. home.
 fi-cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure, And our defence is sure, And our defence is sure. sure.

stor-my blast, And our e - ter - nal home, And our e - ter-nal home. home.
 arm a - lone, And our de-fence is sure, And our defence is sure. sure.

And our e - ter-nal home, Our shel - ter from the stormy blast, And our e - ter-nal home. home.
 And our de - fence is sure, Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our defence is sure. sure.

ter-nal home, Our shel - ter from the stor-my blast, And our e - ter-nal home, And our e - ter - nal home. home.
 fence is sure, Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our defence is sure, And our defence is sure. sure.

3. A thousand ages in thy sight Are like an evening gone, Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.
 4. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.

G Minor. Sarah Jones.

Lowry.

1. Bright scenes of glo-ry strike my sense, And all my pass-sions cap-ture, I live in plea-sures deep and full, In swelling waves of glo-ry,
E - ter-nal beauties round me shine, In - fu-sing war-mest rap-ture,

2. I feast on ho-ney, milk and wine, I drink per - pe - tual sweet-ness; No mor-tal tongue can show my joys, Nor can an an-gel tell them;
Mount Zi-on's o-dours cheer my mind, While Christ un - folds his glo - ry,

3. My cap - ti - va - ted spi - rits fly Thro' shi - ning worlds of beau - ty; And here I'll sing and swell the strains Of har - mo - ny, de - ligh - ted;
Dis - solv'd in blushes, loud I cry, In prai - ses loud and mighty,

I feel my Sav-ior in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry, I feel my Sav-ior in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry.

Ten thousand times sur - pas-sing all Ter - res-trial worlds or em - blems, Ten thousand times sur - pas - sing all Ter - res-trial worlds or em - blems.

And with the mil-lions learn the notes Of saints in Christ u - ni - ted, And with the mil-lions learn the notes Of saints in Christ u - ni - ted.

4. The bliss that rolls through heav'n above,
Through those in glory seated,
Which causes them loud songs to sing,
Ten thousand times repeated;

Goes through my soul in radiant flame,
Constraining loudest praises;
O'erwhelming all my pow'rs with joy,
While all within me blazes.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES. C.P.M.

A Major.

Crane.

1. There is no path to heav'n-ly bliss, Or sol - id joy, or last - ing peace, But Christ, th'ap-point-ed road:

2. As he a - bove for - ev - er lives, And life to dy - ing sin-ners gives, E - ter - nal and di - vine;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom three staves are the piano accompaniment. The key signature is A Major (three sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "1. There is no path to heav'n-ly bliss, Or sol - id joy, or last - ing peace, But Christ, th'ap-point-ed road:" and "2. As he a - bove for - ev - er lives, And life to dy - ing sin-ners gives, E - ter - nal and di - vine;".

Oh, may I tread the sa-cred Way, By faith re-joice and praise and pray Till I sit down with God.

O may his spir - it in me dwell Then saved from sin and death and hell, E - ter - nal life is mine.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom three staves are the piano accompaniment. The key signature is A Major (three sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Oh, may I tread the sa-cred Way, By faith re-joice and praise and pray Till I sit down with God." and "O may his spir - it in me dwell Then saved from sin and death and hell, E - ter - nal life is mine.".

E Major. Benjamin Beddome, 1800.

Leach.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spirit, come, With en - er - gy di - vine, And on this poor, be - night - ed soul With beams of mer - cy

2. Melt, melt this frozen heart; This stub - born will sub - due; Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver - come, And form me all a - new.

3. Mine will the pro - fit be, But Thine shall be the praise; And un - to Thee will I de - vote The rem - nant of my days.

MIDDLEBURY. P.M.

A Major. Charles Wesley.

Humphreys.

Come a - way to the skies! My be - loved, a - rise, And re - rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this fes - tival day Come e - xul - ting a - way, And with singing to Zi - on re - turn!

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>2. We have laid up our love and our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below.
The redeemed of the Lord will remember His Word,
And with singing to paradise go.</p> | <p>4. For the glory we were first created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine,
Now created again that our lives may remain
Throughout time and eternity Thine.</p> | <p>6. There, Oh! there at His feet, we shall all likewise meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly choirs,
And our Savior in glory adore.</p> |
| <p>3. Now with singing and praise let us spend all the days
By our heavenly Father bestowed,
While His grace we receive from His bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God!</p> | <p>5. We with thanks do approve the design
Of that love that hath joined us to Jesus' Name;
Now united in heart, let us never more part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.</p> | <p>7. Hallelujah! we sing to our Father and King,
And His rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again!
Sing all Heaven and fall at His feet!</p> |

UNITIA. 10, 11.

G Major. John Gambold, 1748.

Chapin.

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such tri - fles with me now is o'er,
 2. The souls that be - lieve, In pa - ra - dise live, And me in that num - ber will Je - sus re - ceive;

3. No mor - tal doth know what He can be - stow, What light, strength, and com - fort— go af - ter Him, go;
 4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin, 'Midst out - ward af - flic - tions shall feel Christ with - in;

5. But this I do find, we two are so joined, He'll not live in glo - ry and leave me be - hind;
 6. And now I'm in care my neigh - bors may share These bles - sings: to seek them will none of you dare?

1. 2.
 A coun - try I've found where true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground. ground.
 My soul, don't de - lay— He calls thee a - way; Rise, fol - low Thy Sav - ior and bless the glad day. day.

1. 2.
 Lo, on - ward I move to a city a - bove, None guess - es how wondrous my jour - ney will prove. prove.
 And when I'm to die, "Re - ceive me," I'll cry, For Je - sus hath loved me, I can - not tell why. why.

1. 2.
 So this is the race I'm run - ning through grace, Hence - forth, till ad - mit - ted to see my Lord's face. face.
 In bon - dage, O why, and death will you lie, When One here as - sures you free grace is so nigh? nigh?

1. 2.

F# Minor.

Bradshaw.

1. When Gabriel's aw - ful trump shall sound, and rend the rocks, con - vulse the ground, and give to time her ut - most bound, Ye

2. The Christian fill'd with rap - t'rous joy, Midst fla - ming worlds he mounts on high, To meet his Saviour in the sky, And

dead a - rise to judgment; See lightnings flash and thun - ders roll, See earth wrapt up like parchment scroll, Co - mets blaze,

see the face of Je - sus, The soul and bo - dy re - u - nite, And fill'd with glo - ry in - fi - nite, Blessed day,

Sin - ners raise, Dread a - maze, Hor - rors seize The guil - ty sons of A - dam's race Un - saved from sin by Je - sus.

Christians say! Will you pray, That we may All join that hap - py com - pa - ny, To praise the name of Je - sus.

PRODIGAL. C.M.

E Minor. John Newton, 1779.

Davisson.

1. Af - flic - tions tho' they seem se - vere, Are oft in mer - cy sent;
They stopp'd the pro - di - gal's ca - reer, And caus'd him to re - pent. Al - tho' he no re - lenting felt,

2. What have I gained by sin, he said, But hun - ger, shame and fear?
My fa - ther's house a - bounds with bread, Whilst I am star - ving here. I'll go and tell him all I've done,

3. The fa - ther saw him co - ming back, He look'd, he ran, he smil'd,
And threw his arms a - round the neck Of his re - bel - lious child, Fa - ther, I've sin'd, but oh for-give;

4. Now let the fat - ted calf be slain, Go spread the news a - broad,
My son was dead, but lives a - gain, Was lost, but now is found. 'Tis thus the Lord him-self re-veals,

'Til he had spent his store; His stub-born heart be - gan to melt When fa - mine pinch'd him sore.
Fall down be - fore his face, Not wor - thy to be called his son, I'll seek a ser - vant's place.

E - nough, the fa - ther said; Re - joice, my house! My son's a - live, For whom I mourned as dead.
To call poor sin - ners home, More than the fa - ther's love he feels, And wel - comes all that come.

E Minor.

Wyeth.

1. Ye wea - ry hea - vy la - den'd souls, Who are op - pres - sed sore; Ye trav'lers thro' the wil - derness To Canaan's peaceful shore, —

2. Tho' storms and hur - ri - canes a - rise, The de - sert all a - round, And fie - ry ser - pents oft ap - pear Thro' the en - chan - ted ground. —

3. We're of - ten like the lonesome dove, That mourns her absent mate; From hill to hill, from vale to vale, Her sor - rows doth re - late. —

Thro' chill - ing winds and beating rains, The wa - ters deep and cold, And en - e - mies sur - round - ing me, Take cou - rage and be bold.

Dark clou - dy nights and gloo - my fears, And dra - gons of - ten roar, But while the gos - pel trump we hear, We'll press for Canaan's shore.

But Canaan's land is just be - fore, Sweet spring is com - ing on; A few more winds and beat - ing rains And win - ter will be gone.

NORTHFIELD. C.M.

37

C Major. Isaac Watts, 1701.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1800.

Fly swift around, ye wheels of time,
How long, dear Savior, Oh how long Shall this bright hour delay? Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, And bring the promised day.
Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, And bring the promised day,
Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, Fly swift around, ye wheels of time,

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

This hymn may be sung with either tune on this page.

FINDLEY. C.M.

A Major. Isaac Watts, 1701.

Davisson.

The God of glo - ry down to men Re - moves his blest a - bode; Men, the dear object of his grace And he the loving God.

F# Minor.

Daniel Belknap, 1795.

1. See the Lord of glo - ry dy-ing, See him gasp-ing, hear him cry-ing, See his bur-den'd bos-om heave;
 2. See the rocks and moun-tains quaking, Earth un - to her cen - ter shaking, Nature's groans a - wake the dead.

3. Heav-en's bright, me - lo - dious le-gions, Chant-ing through the tune - ful re-gions, Cease to thrill the quiv'ring string;
 4. Hell, and all the pow'rs in - fer-nal, Vanquish'd by the King E - ter-nal, When he pour'd the vi - tal flood;

5. Shout, ye saints, with ad - o - ra-tion, Fill with songs the wide cre - a-tion, He is ris - en from the grave;
 6. Bear, with pa-tience, trib - u - la-tion, O - ver - com - ing all temp-ta-tion. Till the glo-rious ju - bi-lee;

Look, ye sin - ners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him, Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.
 Lo, the sun is struck with won-der, While the le - gal peals of thun-der Smite the dear Re-deem-er's head.

Songs se - raph - ic all sus - pend-ed, Till the migh-ty war is end - ed, By the all - vic - to - ri - ous
 By his groans, which shook cre - a - tion, Lo! we found a proc - la - ma - tion, Peace and par - don by his blood.

Shout, with joy - ful ac - cla - ma-tion, To the Rock of your sal - va - tion, Who a - lone has pow'r to save.
 He will come with bursts of thun-der; Then shall we a - dore and won-der, Sing - ing on the high-est key.

CRUCIFIXION. P.M.

39

Davisson.

F Major.

1. Saw ye my Sav - ior, Saw ye my Sav - ior, Saw ye my Sav - ior and God? O he
 2. He was ex - tend - ed, He was ex - tend - ed, Pain - ful - ly nail'd to the cross. Then he

3. Je - sus hung bleed - ing, Je - sus hung bleed - ing, Three dread - ful hours in the pain. Whilst the
 4. Dark - ness pre - vai - led, dark - ness pre - vai - led, Dark - ness pre - vail'd o'er the land, And the

5. When it was fi - nish'd, When it was fi - nish'd And the a - tone - ment was made, He was
 6. Hail, migh - ty Sav - ior! hail, migh - ty Sav - ior! Prince, and the Au - thor of peace! Oh! he

died on Cal - va - ry, To a - tone for you and me, And to pur - chase our par - don with blood.
 bow'd his head and died, Thus my God was cru - ci - fied To a - tone for a world that was lost.

sun re - fused to shine, When his ma - je - sty di - vine Was in - sult - ed, de - rid - ed, and slain.
 so - lid rocks were rent, Thro' cre - a - tion's vast ex - tent, When the Jews cru - ci - fied the God - man.

ta - ken by the great, And em - balm'd with spi - ces sweet, And was in a new se - pul - chre laid.
 burst the bars of death, And, tri - um - phant left the earth, He as - cend - ed to man - sions of bliss.

7. There interceding, there interceding,
 Pleading that sinners may live;
 Crying, "Father, I have died;
 Oh, behold my hands and side!
 Oh, forgive them! I pray thee, forgive!"

8. "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
 When they repent and believe;
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconciled to me,
 And salvation they all shall receive."

G Major. Isaac Watts, 1719.

Thorley.

1. How plea - sant, How di - vine - ly fair O Lord of host, thy dwell - ings are!
 2. My flesh would rest in thine a - bode, My pant - ing heart cries out for God;
 3. The spar - row choos - es where to rest And for her young pro - vides her nest;

4. Bless'd are the saints who sit on high A - round Thy throne of ma - jes - ty;
 5. Bless'd are the souls who find a place With - in the tem - ple of Thy grace;

With long de - sire my spi - rit faints, to meet th'as - sem - blies of the saints.
 My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and Thee?
 But will my God to spar - rows grant That plea - sure which His chil - dren want?

Thy bright - est glo - ries shine a - bove, And all their work is praise and love.
 There they be - hold Thy gent - ler rays, And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

6. Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Sion'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 a nobler worship there.

A Major.

Madan.

1. Praise ye the Lord with joy - ful tongues; Ye pow'rs that guard his throne; Je - sus the
2. Ga - briel and all th'im - mor - tal choir That fill the realms a - bove, Sing for he

3. Shine to his praise ye cry - stal skies, The floor of his a - bode; Or veil your
4. Thou rest - less globe of gold - en light, Whose beams cre - ate our days; Join with the

man shall lead the song, And God in - spire the tongue, And God in - spire the tongue.
formed you of his fire, And feeds you with his love, And feeds you with his love.

lit - tle twink - ling eyes, Be - fore a bright - er God, Be - fore a bright - er God.
sil - ver queen of night To own your bor - row'd rays, To own your bor - row'd rays.

EXULTATION. 6.6.9.

A Minor. Charles Wesley.

Humphreys.

1. Come a - way to the skies, my be - lov - ed a - rise And re - joi - ce in the day thou wast born:
 2. We have laid up our love, and our trea - sure a - bove, Tho' our bo - dies con - ti - nue be - low;

3. Now with sing - ing and praise, let us spend all the days By our hea - ven - ly Fa - ther be - stowed;
 4. For thy glo - ry we were first cre - a - ted to share Both the na - ture and king - dom di - vine;

5. We with thanks do ap - prove the de - sign of thy love, Which hath joined us to Je - sus - 's name,
 6. There, O! there at his feet, let us all like - wise meet, And be part - ed in bo - dy no more;

On this fes - ti - val day come ex - ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.
 The re - deem'd of the Lord will re - mem - ber his word, And with sing - ing to pa - ra - dise go.

While his grace we re - ceive, from his boun - ty we'll live To the ho - nor and glo - ry of God.
 Now cre - a - ted a - gain, that our souls may re - main Through - out time and e - ter - ni - ty thine.

So u - ni - ted in heart, let us nev - er more part, 'Til we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
 We shall sing to our lyres, with the hea - ven - ly choirs, And our Sav - ior in glo - ry a - dore.

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

A Major. Joshua Smith, 1794.

Humphreys, 1820.

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rap - id as the whirling spheres, Fly rap - id as the whirling spheres, A - round the stead - y pole.

2. The grave is near the cra - dle seen, How swift the mo - ments pass be - tween, How swift the mo - ments pass be - tween, And whis - per as they fly.

3. My soul, at - tend the sol - emn call, Thine earth - ly tent must short - ly fall, Thine earth - ly tent must short - ly fall, And thou must take thy flight.

Time, like the tide, its mo - tion keeps, And I must launch thro' endless deeps, And I must launch thro' endless deeps, Where end - less ag - es roll.

Un - thinking man, remember this, Tho' fond of sub - lu - nar - y bliss, Tho' fond of sub - lu - nar - y bliss, That you must groan and die.

Be - yond the vast ex - pan - sive blue, To sing a - bove, as an - gels do, To sing a - bove, as an - gels do, Or sing in end - less night.

MELODIA. 10S.

D Major. Isaac Watts.

Merrick.

1. The Lord the sov'reign sends his summons forth Calls the south nations and a - wakes the north; From east to west the sov'reign or-ders spread

2. Behold, the Judge descends, his guards are nigh; Tempest and fire at - tend him down the sky: Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come

Thro' distant lands and regions of the dead, No more shall a - theists mock his long de - lay, His vengeance sleeps no more, be-hold the day. day.

To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom: "But gather first my saints," the Judge commands, "Bring them, ye an - gels, from their distant lands." lands."

D Major.

Merrick.

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

2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But servants of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad. The men of grace have found Glo-

banish'd from the place, Religion never was design'd To make our pleasures less; Religion never was design'd To make our pleasures less.

ry begun below; Celestial fruit on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow; Celestial fruit on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.

CLAMANDA. L.M.

E Minor. *Collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1814.

Chapin.

1. Say, now ye love-ly so - cial band, Who walk the way to Ca-naan's land; Oh have you ventured to the field,
Ye who have fled from So - dom's plain, Say do you wish to turn a - gain?

2. O come young sol-diers count the cost And see what pleasures you have lost, Shall sin en-tice you back a-gain,
O what mis - for-tune does it bring To have Je - ho - vah for your king?

3. Be-ware of plea - sure's si - ren song, A - las! it can - not soothe thee long, O, what contentment did you find,
It can - not qui - et Jor-dan's wave; Nor cheer the dark and si - lent grave.

Well armed with helmet, sword and shield? And shall the world, with dread a-larms, Com - pel you now to ground your arms?

And bind you with its hea - vy chain; Has vice to you such love - ly charms That you must die with - in her arms?

While love of plea - sure rul'd your mind; No sweet re - flec - tion lull'd your rest, Nor con-cious vir - tue calm'd your breast.

G Major. Isaac Watts.

Merrick.

A bloom-ing pa-ra-dise of joy In this wild de-sert springs; And ev-'ry sense I straight em-ploy On sweet ce-le-stial things. White

A bloom-ing pa-ra-dise of joy In this wild de-sert springs; And ev-'ry sense I straight em-ploy On sweet ce-le-stial things. White

li-lies all a-round ap-pear, And each his glo-ry shows; The rose of Sha-ron blos-soms here, The

li-lies all a-round ap-pear, And each his glo-ry shows; The rose of Sha-ron blos-soms here, The

The rose of Sha-ron blos-soms here, The rose of Sha-ron blos-soms here,

rose of Sha-ron blos-soms here, The fair-est flow'r that blows; The rose of Sha-ron blos-soms here, The fair-est flow'r that blows. blows. 1. 2.

rose of Sha-ron blos-soms here, The fair-est flow'r that blows; The rose of Sha-ron blos-soms here, The fair-est flow'r that blows. blows. 1. 2.

1. 2.

This page intentionally left blank.

E Minor. Isaac Watts.

Peck.

Be - hold I fall be - fore thy face, My on - ly re - fuge is thy grace; No out - ward form can make me

Be - hold I fall be - fore thy face, My on - ly re - fuge is thy grace; No out - ward form can make me

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. Both are in the key of E minor (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "Be - hold I fall be - fore thy face, My on - ly re - fuge is thy grace; No out - ward form can make me".

clean, The lep - ro - sy lies deep with - in. No bleed - ing bird, nor

clean, The lep - ro - sy lies deep with - in. No bleed - ing bird, nor bleed - ing beast,

No bleed - ing bird, nor bleed - ing beast, Nor hys - sop

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature remains E minor. The time signature changes to 2/4 for the second half of the system. The lyrics are: "clean, The lep - ro - sy lies deep with - in. No bleed - ing bird, nor" on the first line, and "clean, The lep - ro - sy lies deep with - in. No bleed - ing bird, nor bleed - ing beast," on the second line, and "No bleed - ing bird, nor bleed - ing beast, Nor hys - sop" on the third line.

HUMILITY. Concluded.

bleed - ing beast, Nor hys - sop branch, nor sprin - kling priest, Nor run - ning brook, nor flood, nor

Nor hys - sop branch, nor sprin - kling priest, Nor run - ning brook, nor flood, nor

branch, nor sprin - kling priest,

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. It features four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a second vocal line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'bleed - ing beast, Nor hys - sop branch, nor sprin - kling priest, Nor run - ning brook, nor flood, nor' on the first line, and 'Nor hys - sop branch, nor sprin - kling priest, Nor run - ning brook, nor flood, nor' on the second line. The bass line continues with 'branch, nor sprin - kling priest,'.

sea, Can wash the dis - mal stain a - way, Can wash the dis - mal stain a - way.

sea, Can wash the dis - mal stain a - way, Can wash the dis - mal stain a - way.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of the musical score. It features four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a second vocal line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'sea, Can wash the dis - mal stain a - way, Can wash the dis - mal stain a - way.' on the third line, and 'sea, Can wash the dis - mal stain a - way, Can wash the dis - mal stain a - way.' on the fourth line. The system concludes with double bar lines.

C# Minor. Samuel Stennett, 1787.

The Easy Instructor, 1815.

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

2. There gen'rous fruits that nev-er fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow; There rocks and hills and brooks, and vales, With milk and hon-ey flow.

Oh the trans-port-ing, rap-t'rous scene That ris-es to my sight!
All o'er those wide, ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day!

Oh the trans-port-ing, rap-t'rous scene That ris-es to my sight!
All o'er those wide, ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day!

Oh the trans-port-ing, rap-t'rous scene That ris-es to my sight!
All o'er those wide, ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day!

NEW JORDAN. Concluded.

51A

sight! Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
 day! There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.

Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.

Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light. 1. -light. 2.
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way. way.

Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light. 1. -light. 2.
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way. way.

3. No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

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

4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay!
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

Soon will the Lord my soul prepare
 For joys beyond the sky,
 Where never-ceasing pleasures roll,
 And praises never die.

E Minor. *Dover Selection* 1831.

R. Monday.

Re - jice my friends, the Lord is King;
Let's all pre-pare to take him in; Let Ja cob rise, and Zi - on sing, And all the world in praises ring, And give to Je - sus glo - ry.

2. O! may the saints of every name
Unite to praise the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Savior's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.

3. I long to see the Christians join
In union sweet, and peace divine;
When every church with grace shall shine,
And grow in Christ, the living vine,
And give to Jesus glory.

4. 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'ns triumphant band,
And give to Jesus glory.

5. Come, parents, children, bond, and free,
Come, who will go along with me?
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,
And shout with saints eternally,
And give to Jesus glory.

6. 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,
And give to Jesus glory.

7. There all the souls shall join in one,
And sing with Moses round the throne,
There troubles are forever gone,
They'll shout through God's eternal son,
And give to Jesus glory.

8. Through faith, the telescope, is seen,
Though Jordan's billows roll between;
We soon shall cross the narrow main,
To beauteous fields of living green,
And give to Jesus glory.

9. A few more days of pain and woe,
A few more suffering scenes below,
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And give to Jesus glory.

10. 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'nly band,
And give to Jesus glory.

BALTIMORE. 88, 66.

G Major. Isaac Watts.

1. Lord, I am vile! What shall I say? I live to see an-oth-er day, O let me live to thee! O let me live to thee!

2. Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, What Je-sus hath for his pre-par'd; Nor can the heart con-ceive, Nor can the heart con-ceive;

A thousand years to hope for this Should be un - ut - ter-a - ble bliss; What must fru-i - tion be! What must fru-i - tion be! be!

Thou hast com-manded me to-day, To live by faith, and I'd o - bey, Lord, help me to be-lieve, Lord, help me to be-lieve. -lieve.

G Major. Bidwell, 1789.

G. Cook.

1. Friend-ship to ev-'ry wil-ling mind, o-pens a heav'n-ly trea-sure; See what em-ploy-ment men pur-sue,
There may the sons of sor-row find, sour-ces of re-al plea-sure.

2. Poor are the joys that fools es-teem, Fad-ing and tran-si-to-ry, Lux-u-ry leaves a sting be-hind,
Mirth is as fleet-ing as a dream, Or a de-lu-sive sto-ry.

3. Learn-ing, that boast-ing glit-tering thing, Is but just worth pos-ses-sing, Fame like a sha-dow flies a-way,
Rich-es for-ev-er on the wing Scarce can be called a bles-sing.

4. Beau-ty, with all its gau-dy show, Is but a pain-ted bub-ble; Sen-su-al plea-sures swell de-sire,
Short is the tri-umph wit be-stows, Full of de-ceit and trou-ble;

Then you will own my words are true, Friend-ship a-lone un-folds to view Sour-ces of re-al plea-sure.
Wound-ing the bo-dy and the mind, On-ly in friend-ship can we find Plea-sure and so-lid glo-ry.

Ti-tles and dig-ni-ty de-cay, No-thing but friend-ship can dis-play Joys that are freed from trou-ble.
Just as the fu-el feeds the fire, Friend-ship can re-al bliss in-spire, Bliss that is worth pos-ses-sing.

DAVISSON'S RETIREMENT. L.M.

55

F# Minor. Joseph Grigg, 1765.

Davisson.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?
 2. A - shamed of Je - sus, soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star;

3. A - shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let mid - night be a - shamed of noon;
 4. A - shamed of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend!

A - shamed of Thee whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days.
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.

'Tis mid - night with my soul 'til He, Bright mor - ning star, bids dark - ness flee.
 No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.

5. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6. Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then I boast a Savior slain!
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

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

A Minor. Robert Robinson, 1758.

White & Davisson.

1. Come, thou fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace. Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.

2. Here I'll raise my Eb-e - nez - er, Hither, by Thy help, I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar-rive at home.

3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Daily I'm constrained to be! Let thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

Teach me some me-lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove; Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love!

Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand-'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from danger, In - ter - posed His pre-cious blood.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

DISMISSION. P.M.

D Minor. John Fawcett, 1773.

1. Lord dis - miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each thy love pos - sessed, Triumph
2. Thanks we give, and a - do - ra - tion, for thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound; May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion In our
3. So when - e'er the sig - nal's gi - ven, Us from earth to call a - way, Bourne on an - gels' wings to hea - ven Glad to

Soft in re - deem - ing grace. *Loud* O re - fresh us, *Soft* O re - fresh us, *Loud* O re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling through this wil - der - ness.
hearts and lives be found; May thy presence, May thy presence, May thy presence, With us ev - er - more be found.
leave our cum - brous clay. May we ev - er, May we ev - er, May we ev - er, Reign with Christ in end - less day.

A Minor. Charles Wesley, 1749.

White & Davisson.

1. Come on, my part - ners in di - stress, My comrades through the wil - derness, Who still your bo - dies feel; A - while for - get your
2. Be - yond the bounds of time and space Look for - ward to that heav'nly place, The saints' se - cure a - bode; On faith's strong ea - gle

3. Who suf - fer with our Ma - ster here, We shall be - fore his face ap - pear, And by his side sit down; To pa - tient faith the
4. Thrice bles - sed bliss - in - spi - ring hope! It lifts the fain - ting spi - rits up, It brings to life the dead; Our con - flicts here shall

griefs and fears, And look be - yond this vale of tears To that ce - le - stial hill, To that ce - le - stial hill. hill.
pi - nions rise, And force your pas - sage to the skies, And scale the mount of God, And scale the mount of God. God.

prize is sure, And all that to the end en - dure The cross, shall wear the crown, The cross, shall wear the crown. crown.
soon be past, And you and I a - scend at last Tri - um - phant with our head, Tri - um - phant with our head. head.

5. The great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6. The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious, co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete,
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

7. In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall,
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God is all in all.

BERNHAM. P.M.

59

D Major. Charles Wesley.

Handel.

1. Ye vir - gin souls a - rise! With all the dead a - wake, Un - to salva-tion wise, Oil to your ves-sels take,
2. He comes, he comes to call The na - tions to his bar, And take to glo-ry all Who meet for glo-ry are.

Up-starting at the mid-night cry, Up-starting at the midnight cry, Be - hold, Be - hold the heav'nly bridegroom's nigh.
Make rea-dy for your free re - ward, Make rea-dy for your free re-ward, Go forth, go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
Up-starting at the mid-night cry, the midnight cry,
Make rea-dy for your free re - ward, your free re-ward,

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 received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
Obedient to his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

5. Rejoice 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.

A Minor. Samuel Wesley, Sr., 1737.

Cole.

1. Behold the Sav - ior of man-kind Nail'd to the shameful tree; How vast the love that him in - clin'd To bleed and die, To bleed and die for thee.

2. Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend; The temple's veil in sunder breaks, The solid marbles rend.

3. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid, "Receive my soul," He cries! See where He bows His sacred head! He bows His head, and dies!

4. 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?

NEWHOPE. S.M.

F Major. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Davisson.

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

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

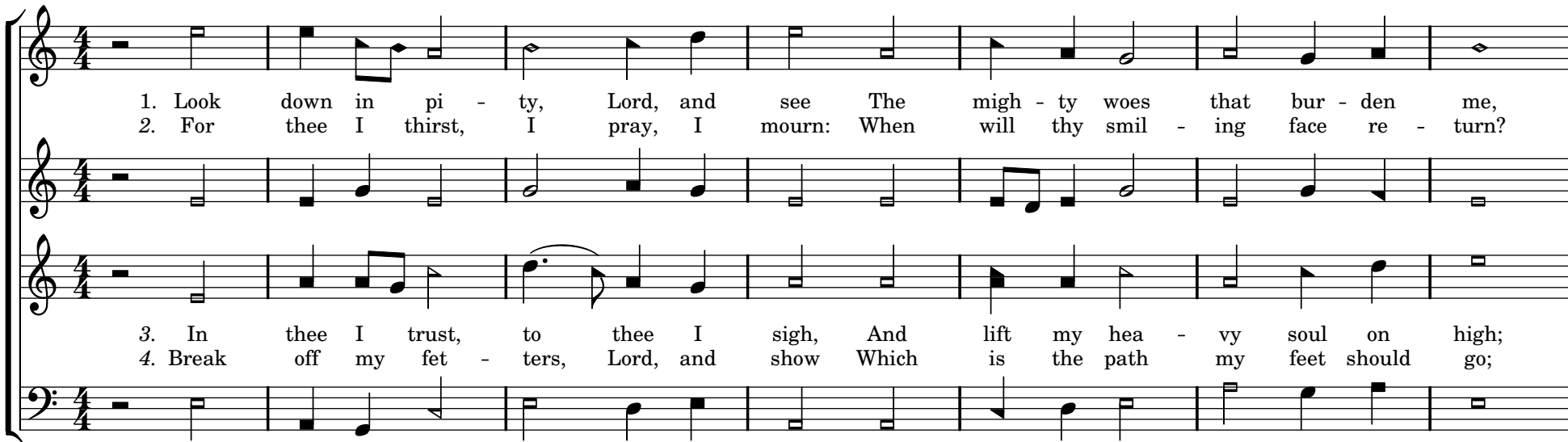
3. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching to Im - ma - nuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

BOURBON L.M.

61

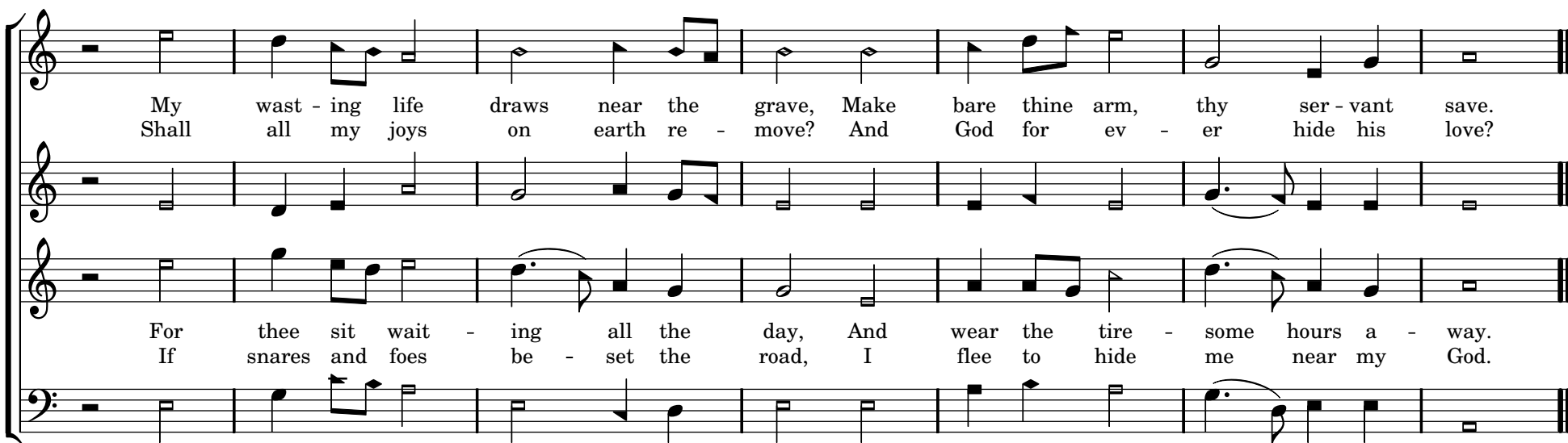
A Minor. Isaac Watts.

Lewis.



1. Look down in pi - ty, Lord, and see The migh - ty woes that bur - den me,
2. For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn: When will thy smil - ing face re - turn?

3. In thee I trust, to thee I sigh, And lift my hea - vy soul on high;
4. Break off my fet - ters, Lord, and show Which is the path my feet should go;



My wast - ing life draws near the grave, Make bare thine arm, thy ser - vant save.
Shall all my joys on earth re - move? And God for ev - er hide his love?

For thee sit wait - ing all the day, And wear the tire - some hours a - way.
If snares and foes be - set the road, I flee to hide me near my God.

G Major. John Cennick, 1743.

Smith.

1. Je - sus, my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; The way the ho - ly pro-phets
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till Him I view.

2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned be - cause I found it not; The more I strove a - gainst his
My grief a bur - den long has been, Be - cause I was not saved from sin.

3. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee, whose I am; Then will I tell to sin - ners
Noth - ing but sin have I to give, Noth - ing but love shall I re - ceive.

went, The road that leads from ban - ish - ment, The King's high - way of ho - li - ness I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

pow'r I felt its weight and guilt the more; Till late I heard my Sav - ior say, Come hith - er soul, I am the way.

'round, What a dear Sav - ior I have found; I'll point to Thy re - deeming blood, And say, "Be - hold the way to God."

CINCINNATI. C.M.

A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1706.

Bradshaw.

1. Fa - ther, how wide Thy glo - ries shine! How high Thy won - ders rise! Known thro' the

2. Those migh - ty orbs pro - claim Thy pow'r, Their mo - tions speak Thy skill, And on the

Known thro' the earth by thousand
And on the wings of ev - 'ry

1. 2.
earth by thousand signs, By thousands thro' the skies. skies.

1. 2.
wings of ev - vry hour We read Thy pa - tience still. still.

signs, by thousand signs,
hour, of ev - 'ry hour

3. Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

4. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's Name,
And try their choicest strains.

63B PALMIRA appears on the following page.

This page intentionally left blank.

PALMIRA 8S & 7S.

63B

A Minor. Charles Wesley, 1745.

Bradshaw.

1. Come thou long ex - pec - ted Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free; Is - rael's strength and con - so -
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee;

2. Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and yet a king; By thine own e - ter - nal
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now thy gra - cious king - dom bring;

la - tion, Hope of all the saints thou art, Dear de - sire of ev' - ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.
spi - rit Rule in all out hearts a - lone; By thine all suf - fi - cient me - rit, Raise us to thy glo - rious throne.

E Minor. Isaac Watts.

Reed.

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let earth and skies re - ply, Praise ye his name, Wor - thy the Lamb. His love and grace a -

2. Je - sus, our sov - reign Lord, Bore sin's tre - men - dous load, Praise ye his name, Wor - thy the Lamb. Tell what his arm hath

3. While they a - round the throne Cheer - ful - ly join in one, Praise ye his name, Wor - thy the Lamb. Those who have felt his

dore Who all our sor - rows bore; Sing a - loud ev - er - more, Praise ye his name, Wor - thy the Lamb. Lamb. 1. 2.

done, What spoils from death he won, Sing his great name a - broad, Praise ye his name, Wor - thy the Lamb. Lamb. 1. 2.

blood, Seal - ing their peace with God, Sound his dear frame a - broad, Praise ye his name, Wor - thy the Lamb. Lamb. 1. 2.

4. Join all ye ransom'd race
Our holy Lord to bless,
Praise ye his name, Worthy the Lamb;
In him we will rejoice
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice:
Praise ye his name, Worthy the Lamb.

5. What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease,
Praise ye his name, Worthy the Lamb;
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our blessed king,
And without ceasing sing:
Praise ye his name, Worthy the Lamb;

MARYVILLE. C.M.

65

A Minor.

Bradshaw.

He paid what e'er his people owed, And cancelled all their debt.

1. Sal - va - tion through our dying God Is finished and complete; He paid what e'er his people owed, And cancelled all their debt, And cancelled all their debt.

He paid what e'er his people owed, And cancelled all their debt, And cancelled all their debt.

2. He sends his spirit from above, Our nature to renew; Displays his power, reveals his love, Gives life and comfort too.

3. He heals our wounds, subdues our foes, And shows our sins forgiven; Conducts us through the wilderness, And brings us safe to heaven.

4. Salvation now shall be my stay; 'A sinner saved,' I'll cry; Then gladly quit this mortal clay, For better joys on high.

OLNEY. 8S. 7S.

G Major. Robert Robinson, 1758.

Boyd.

Fine.

D.C.

Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry bles-sing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace.
Streams of mer-cy, ne-ver cea-sing, Call for songs of lou - dest praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son-net, Sung by fla-ming tongues a - bove;
Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's un - chan - ging love!

Here I'll raise my Eb-e - ne - zer, Hith-er, by Thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.

A Minor.

Carrell & Davisson.

1. Re - member, sin - ful youth, you must die! You must die! Re - member, sin - ful youth, you must die! Re - member, sin - ful
 2. Un - cer-tain are your days, here be - low, here be - low, Un - cer-tain are your days, here be - low; Un - cer-tain are your

3. The God that built the sky, great I Am, great I Am, The God that built the sky, great I Am; The God that built the

4. Come then my friends, don't you, I en - treat, I en - treat, Come then my friends, don't you, I en - treat; Come then my friends, don't
 5. But to the Sav - ior flee, 'scape for life, 'scape for life, But to the Sav - ior flee, 'scape for life; But to the Sav - ior

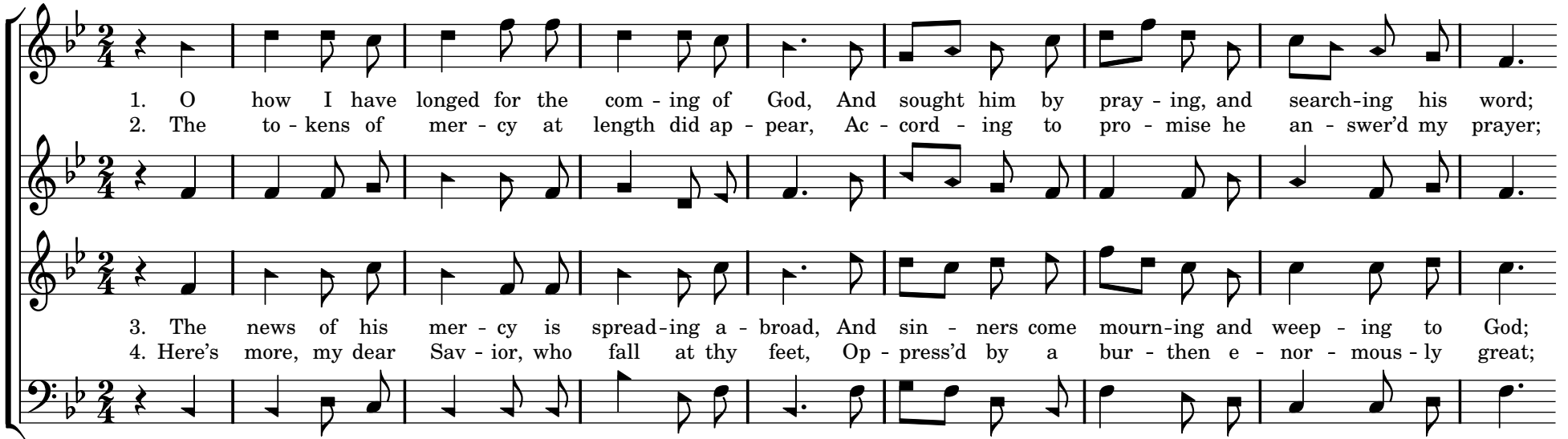
youth, who hate the way of truth, And in your plea-sures boast, you must die! you must die! And in your plea-sures boast, you must die.
 days, for God hath ma - ny ways To bring you to your graves, here be - low, here be - low, To bring you to your graves, here be - low.

sky hath said, and can-not lie, Im - pen - i - tents shall die, and be damn'd, and be damn'd, Im - pen - i - tents shall die, and be damn'd.

you your sin - ful ways pur - sue, Your pre-cious souls un - do, I en - treat, I en - treat, Your pre-cious souls un - do, I en - treat.
 flee, lest death e - ter - nal - ly Shall be your des - ti - ny, 'scape for life, 'scape for life, Shall be your des - ti - ny, 'scape for life.


SOLICITUDE. 11.

Bb Major.



1. O how I have longed for the com - ing of God, And sought him by pray - ing, and search - ing his word;
2. The to - kens of mer - cy at length did ap - pear, Ac - cord - ing to pro - mise he an - swer'd my prayer;

3. The news of his mer - cy is spread - ing a - broad, And sin - ners come mourn - ing and weep - ing to God;
4. Here's more, my dear Sav - ior, who fall at thy feet, Op - press'd by a bur - then e - nor - mous - ly great;



With watch - ing and fast - ing my soul was op - press'd, Nor would I give ov - er, till Je - sus had bless'd. bless'd.
And glo - ry has o - pen'd in floods on my soul; Sal - va - tion from Zi - on's be - gin - ning to roll. roll.

1. 2.

1. 2.

1. 2.

Their cry - ing and pray - ing is heard ve - ry loud, And ma - ny find fa - vor through Je - su - s's blood. blood.
O raise them, my Je - sus, to tell of thy love, And sing hal - le - lu - jahs with an - gels a - bove. -bove.

1. 2.

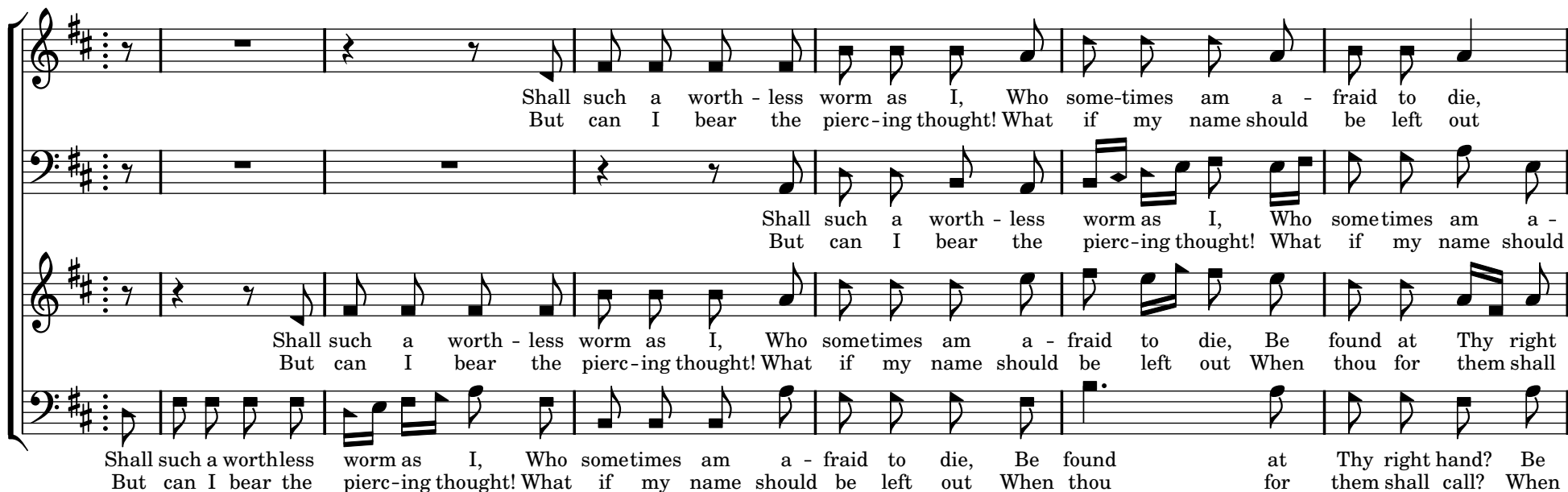
D Major.

Klopstock.*



1. When Thou, my righteous Judge shall come To take Thy ran-somed peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand?
2. I love to meet a-mong them now, Be-fore thy gra-cious feet to bow, Though vil-est of them all;

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge shall come To take Thy ran-somed peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand?
2. I love to meet a-mong them now, Be-fore thy gra-cious feet to bow, Though vil-est of them all;



Shall such a worth-less worm as I, Who some-times am a-fraid to die,
But can I bear the pierc-ing thought! What if my name should be left out

Shall such a worth-less worm as I, Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at Thy right
But can I bear the pierc-ing thought! What if my name should be left out When thou for them shall

Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand? Be
But can I bear the pierc-ing thought! What if my name should be left out When thou for them shall call? When

HARMONY. Concluded.

Be found at Thy right hand? Be found at Thy right hand, Be found, Be found
When thou for them shall call? When thou for them shall call, When thou, When thou
fraid to die, Be found, be found at Thy right hand? Be found at Thy right hand, found,
be left out When thou, when thou for them shall call? When thou for them shall call, call,
hand? call? Be found thou at for Thy right hand, found, found,
call, call, found, found, call, call,
found thou at for them shall call, hand, call, Shall such a worth-less worm as I, Be
But can I bear the pierc-ing thought! When
at Thy right hand, Thy right hand, Be found at Thy right hand? hand?
for them shall call, Them shall call, When thou for them shall call? call?
found, call Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who some-times am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand? hand?
call But can I bear the pierc - ing thought! What if my name should be left out When thou for them shall call? call?
found, call, found, call Be found at Thy right hand, Be found at Thy right hand? hand?
call, call When thou for them shall call? call? When thou for them shall call? call?
found at Thy right hand, Thy right hand, Be found at Thy right hand? hand?
thou for them shall call, Them shall call, When thou for them shall call? 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 heard, 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'ns resounding mansions ring, With shouts of sov'reign grace.

E Minor. James Beattie.

Dare & Davisson.

1. At the close of the day when the ham - let is still, And mor - tals the sweets of for - get - ful - ness prove,
 2. Ah! why, all a - ban - don'd to dark - ness and woe; Why, lone Phi - lo - me - la, that lan - guish - ing fall?

3. Now glid - ing re - mote, on the verge of the sky, The moon half ex - tin - guish'd her cre - scent dis - plays:
 4. 'Tis night, and the land - scape is love - ly no more; I mourn; but, ye wood - lands, I mourn not for you;

5. 'Twas thus by the glare of false sci - ence be - tray'd, That leads to be - wil - der, and daz - zles to blind;
 6. And dark - ness and doubt are now fly - ing a - way; No long - er I roam in con - jec - ture for - lorn:

When naught but the tor - rent is heard on the hill, And naught but the night - in - gale's song in the grove.
 For spring shall re - turn, and a lov - er be - stow, And sor - row no long - er thy bo - som en - thrall.

But late - ly I mark'd, when ma - je - stic on high She shone, and the plan - ets were lost in the blaze.
 For morn is ap - proa - ching, your charms to re - store, Per - fum'd with fresh fra - grance, and glit - t'ring with dew.

My thoughts wont to roam, from shade on - ward to shade, De - struc - tion be - fore me, and sor - row be - hind.
 So breaks on the tra - ve - ler, faint and a - stray, The bright and the bal - my ef - ful - gence of morn.

THE HERMIT. Concluded.

'Twas thus by the cave of a moun-tain a - far, While his harp rung sym - pho - nious, a her - mit be - gan;
 But if pi - ty in - spire thee, re - new the sad lay, Mourn, sweet - est com - plain - er, man calls thee to mourn:

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with glad - ness pur - sue The path that con - ducts thee to splen - dor a - gain:
 Nor yet for the ra - vage of win - ter I mourn; Kind na - ture the em - bry - o blos - som will save:

O pi - ty, great Fa - ther of light, then I cried, Thy crea - ture who fain would not wan - der from thee!
 See truth, love, and mer - cy, in tri - umph de - scend - ing, And na - ture all glow - ing in E - den's first bloom!

No more with him - self or with na - ture at war, He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.
 O sooth him whose plea - sures like thine pass a - way; Full quick - ly they pass—but they nec - er re - turn.

But man's fad - ed glo - ry what change shall re - new? Ah fool! to ex - ult in a glo - ry so vain!
 But when shall spring vi - sit the moul - de - ring urn! O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave!

Lo, hum - bled in dust, I re - lin - quish my pride; From doubt and from dark - ness thou on - ly canst free.
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and ro - ses are blen - ding And beau - ty im - mor - tal a - wakes from the tomb.

THE FEMALE CONVICT. To Her Infant.

A Minor.

Boyd.

1. O sleep not, my babe, for the morn of to - morrow, Shall sooth me to slumber more tranquil than thine;
The dark gray shall shield me from shame and from sor-row, Tho' the deeds and the doom of the guil - ty are mine;

1. 2.

1. 2.

1. 2.

1. 2.

Not long shall the arm of af - fec - tion en - fold thee, Not long shalt thou hang on thy mo - ther's fond breast, And

Not long shall the arm of af - fec - tion en - fold thee, Not long shalt thou hang on thy mo - ther's fond breast, And

1. 2.

1. 2.

THE FEMALE CONVICT. Concluded.

who with the eye of de - light shall be - hold thee, And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest!

who with the eye of de - light shall be - hold thee, And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest!

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, for whilst thou art weeping,
 To calm thee, I stifle my tears for a while;
 Thou smil'st in thy dreams, while thus placidly sleeping,
 And O! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile!

3. Alas! my sweet babe, with what pride had I press'd thee
 To the bosom, that now throbs with terror and shame,
 If the pure tie of virtuous affection had blessed thee,
 And hailed 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 it 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 shall seek;
 I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,
 With falsehood like that which thy mother beguiled;
 Yet, lost and degraded—to whom can I leave thee?
 O God of the fatherless! pity my child!

This page intentionally left blank.

EMERALD GATES 7S & 6S.

B \flat Major. *Baptist Harmony.*

A. Davisson.

1. Burst ye em'r-ald gates and bring To my rap-tur'd vi-sion,
 All th'ec-sta-tic joys that spring Round the bright e-ly-sian, Lo, we lift our long-ing eyes,
 2. Floods of ev-er-last-ing light Free-ly flash be-fore him;
 My-riads, with su-preme de-light, In-stant-ly a-dore him: An-gel trumps re-sound his fame,

3. Four and twen-ty el-ders rise From their prince-ly sta-tion:
 Shout his glo-rious vic-to-ries, Sing the great sal-va-tion; Cast their crowns be-fore his throne,
 4. Hark! the thrill-ing sym-pho-nies Seem, me-thinks, to seize us
 Join we too their ho-ly lays, Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus! Sweet-est sound in se-raph's song,

Burst, ye in-ter-ven-ing skies, Sun of right-eous-ness, a-rise, Op'n the gates of pa-ra-dise.
 Lutes of lu-cid gold pro-claim All the mu-sic of his name, Heav-en echo-ing with the theme.

Cry in re-ver-en-tial tone, Glo-ry give to God a-lone; "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly One!"
 Sweet-est notes on mor-tal tongue, Sweet-est ca-rol ev-er sung, Je-sus, Je-sus, roll a-long.

F# Minor. Samuel Stennett, 1787.

James P. Carrell, 1821.

1. He comes, He comes! to judge the world, A - loud th'arch - an - gel cries, Th'af - fright-ed na - tions hear the
While thun-ders roll from pole to pole, And light - ning cleave the skies;

2. A - mid the shouts of nu-m'rous friends, Of hosts di - vine - ly bright, His head and hair are white as
The Judge in sol - emn pomp de - scends, Ar - rayed in robes of light;

3. Writ on his thigh his name ap - pears, And scars his vic-t'ries tell; So he as-cends the judgment
Lo! in his hand the con-qu'ror bears The keys of death and hell:

4. Princ - es and peas - ants here ex - pect Their last, their right-eous doom; "De - part, ye sons of vice and
The men who dared his grace re - ject, And they who dared pre - sume.

5. And now in words di - vine - ly sweet, With rap - ture in his face, "Well done, my good and faith-ful
A - loud his sa - cred lips re - peat The sen - tence of his grace:

sound, And up-ward lift their eyes; The slumb'ring ten - ants of the ground In liv-ing ar-mies rise.
snow, His eyes a fier - y flame, A ra - diant crown a - dorns his brow, And Je - sus is his name.

seat, And at his dread com - mand, Myr - iads of crea - tures round his feet In sol-emn si-lence stand.

sin," The in - jured Je - sus cries, While the long kin - dling wrath with - in Flash - es from both his eyes.
sons, The children of my love, Re - ceive the scep - ters, crowns and thrones Pre - pared for you a - bove."

MORALITY. 10s.

G Major. Hannah More.

White & Davisson.

1. While beau - ty and youth are in their full prime, And fol - ly and fash - ion af - fect our whole time,
 2. The vain and the young may at - tend us a while, But let not their flat - t'ry our pru - dence be - guile.

3. I sigh not for beau - ty, nor lan - guish for wealth, But grant me, kind Prov - i - dence, vir - tue and health;
 4. For when age steals on me, and youth is no more, And the mor - al - ist Time shakes his glass at my door;

5. That peace I'll pre - serve it as pure as 'twas giv'n, Shall last in my bos - om an ear - nest of heav'n;
 6. And when I the bur - den of life shall have borne, And death with his scythe shall cut the ripe corn;

Oh, let not the phan - tom our wish - es en - gage; Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age. age.
 Let us cov - et those charms that shall nev - er de - cay, Nor lis - ten to all that de - ceiv - ers can say. say.

Then, rich - er than kings, and far hap - pier than they, My days shall pass swift - ly and sweet - ly a - way. -way.
 What pleasure in beau - ty or wealth can I find? My beau - ty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind. mind.

For vir - tue and wis - dom can warm the cold scene, And six - ty can flour - ish as gay as six - teen. -teen.
 Re - as - cend to my God with - out mur - mur or sigh, I'll bless the kind sum - mons and lie down and die. die.

C Major.

White & Davisson.

1. Ye children of Je-sus, who're bound for the kingdom, At-tune all your voic-es, and help me to sing
Sweet anthems of praises to my lov-ing Je-sus, For he is my prophet, my priest, and my king; When Je-sus first found me a-stray I was going, His

love did sur-round me, and saved me from ru - in, He kindly em-braced me, and free-ly he blessed me, And taught me a - loud his sweet praises to sing. sing

2. Why should you go mourning from such a physician,
Who's able and willing your sickness to cure?
Come to him believing, though bad your condition,
His Father has promised 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.

77

E Minor. Isaac Watts.

Chapin.

Musical score for 'Vernon. L.M.' in E minor, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves: two treble clefs and two bass clefs. The melody is written in the first treble staff, and the bass line is in the first bass staff. The lyrics are placed between the second and third staves.

1. Lord, what a heav'n of sav-ing grace, Shines thro' the beauties of thy face, And lights our passions to a flame! Lord, how we love thy charming Name!

2. When I can say, my God is mine, When I can feel thy glories shine, I tread the world beneath my feet, And all that earth calls good or great.

3. While such a scene of sacred joys Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs, Here we could sit, and gaze away A long, an everlasting day.

4. Well, we shall quickly pass the night To the fair coasts of perfect light; Then shall our joyful senses rove O'er the dear object of our love.

HAYWOOD. 7s.

F Major. John Cennick, 1742.

Davisson.

Musical score for 'Haywood. 7s.' in F major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three staves: two treble clefs and one bass clef. The melody is written in the first treble staff, and the bass line is in the bottom staff. The lyrics are placed between the first and second staves.

1. Children of the heav'n - ly King, As we journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Savior's worthy praise. Glorious in, glo-rious in, glorious in His works and ways.

2. Lord, sub-missive make us go, Gladly leav-ing all be-low; On-ly Thou our lead-er be, And we still, and we still, and we still will fol - low Thee.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11, 11, 11, 10.

A Major. John F. Wade, 1743.

Webb.

1. Hi-ther, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Beth-le-hem haste, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is

2. O Je-sus for such wond'rous con-de-scension Our prais-es and rev'-rence are not off-'rings meet; Now is the word made

3. Shout His al-migh-ty name, ye choirs of an-gels, And let the ce-le-stial courts His praise re-peat; Un-to our God be

born a Prince and Sav-ior; Oh come, and let us wor-ship at His feet.

flesh, and dwells a-mong us, Oh come, and let us wor-ship at His feet.

glo-ry in the high-est, Oh come, and let us worship, Oh come, and let us worship, Oh come, and let us wor-ship at His feet.

EXIT. L.M.

E Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

P. Sherman, 1808.

1. Death, like an o - ver - flow - ing stream, Sweeps us a - way; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a
And if to eight-y

2. Our age to sev'n - ty years is set; How short the time, How frail the state; An empty tale, a morning flow'r,
And if to eight-y we ar - rive, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, An empty
And if to eight-y we ar - rive, An empty
morning flow'r, An empty tale, a morn - ing flow'r, Cut down and with - ered in an hour.
we ar - rive, And if to eight-y we ar - rive, We'd ra - ther sigh and groan than live.

morning flow'r, An empty tale, a morn - ing flow'r, Cut down and with - ered in an hour.
we ar - rive, And if to eight - y we ar - rive, And if to eight-y we ar - rive, We'd ra - ther sigh and groan than live.

An empty tale, a morn - ing flow'r, An empty tale, a morn - ing flow'r, Cut down and with - ered in an hour.
And if to eight-y we ar - rive, And if to eight-y we ar - rive, We'd ra - ther sigh and groan than live.

tale, a morning flow'r, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and with - ered in an hour.
eight-y we ar - rive, And if to eight-y we ar - rive, We'd ra - ther sigh and groan than live.

F Major. Isaac Watts, 1719.

P. Sherman, 1808.

1. God, my sup - port - er, and my hope, My help for - ev - er near, Thine arm of mer - cy
My tongue shall sound Thy

6. But to draw near to Thee, my God, Shall be my sweet em - ploy, Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, Thine
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad, My

Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, Thine arm
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad, My tongue

held me up works a - broad, When sink - ing in de - spair, When sink - ing in de - spair. -spair. joy.
And tell the world my joy, And tell the world my joy. joy.

arm of mer - cy held me up When sinking in de - spair, When sink - ing in de - spair. -spair.
tongue shall sound Thy works a - broad, And tell the world my joy, And tell the world my joy. joy.

arm of mer - cy held me up When sinking in de - spair, When sink - ing in de - spair. -spair.
tongue shall sound Thy works abroad, And tell the world my joy, And tell the world my joy. joy.

of mer - cy held me up When sinking in de - spair, When sink - ing in de - spair. -spair.
shall sound Thy works abroad, And tell the world my joy, And tell the world my joy. joy.

UNION. 8S.

81

A Minor.

Billings.

1. From whence does this union a - rise, That hatred is conquer'd by love? It fas - tens our souls with such ties That distance and time can't re - move. -move.

2. It can - not in E - den be found, Nor yet_ in Pa - ra - dise lost; It grows on Im - man - u - el's ground, And Je - sus' dear blood it did cost. cost.

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

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

BATH CHAPEL. C.M.

A Major. Philip Doddridge.

Milgrove.

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

2. Je-hovah's awful voice is heard, Yet gladly I at - tend; For lo! the ev-er - lasting God For lo! the ev-er - lasting God Pro-claims him-self my friend.

3. Harmonious accents to my soul The sound of peace convey; The tempest at his word subsides, And winds and seas obey.

4. By all its joys, I charge my heart, To grieve his love no more; But, charmed by melody divine, To give its follies o'er.

E Minor. Nathaniel Dwight, 1798.

Knapp & Nicholson.

1. What sor - row - ful sounds do I hear Move slow - ly a - long in the gale? How so-lemn they fall on my
 2. Sweet wood-bines will rise round his feet, And wil - lows their sor - row - ing wave; Young hy - a - cinths fresh - en and

3. O Co - ry - don! hear the sad cries Of Ca - ro - line, plain-tive and slow; O spir - it! look down from the
 4. Ye shep-herds so blithe-some and young, Re - tire from your sports on the green, Since Co - ry - don's deaf to my

5. And when the still night has un - furled Her robes o'er the ham - let a - round, Gray twi-light re - tires from the
 6. Since Co - ry - don hears me no more, In gloom let the wood-lands ap - pear, Ye o - ceans be still of your

ear, As soft - ly they pass thro' the vale. Sweet Co - ry - don's notes are all o'er, Now
 bloom, While haw - thorns en - cir - cle his grave, Each morn when the sun gilds the east, The

skies, And pi - ty the mourn - er be - low; 'Tis Ca - ro - line's voice in the grove, Which
 song, The wolves tear the lambs on the plain; Each swain round the for - est will stray And

world, And dark - ness en - cum - bers the ground, I'll leave my own gloo - my a - bode, To
 roar, Let Au - tumn ex - tend 'round the year; I'll hie me through mea - dow and lawn, There

PASTORAL ELEGY. Concluded.

83

lone - ly he sleeps in the clay, His cheeks bloom with ros - es no more, Since death called his spi - rit a - way.
green grass be - span - gled with dew, He'll cast his bright beams on the west, To charm the sad Ca - ro - line's view.

Phi - lo - mel hears on the plain; Then striv - ing the mour - ner to soothe, With sym - pa - thy joins in her strain.
sor - row - ing hang down his head, His pipe then in sym - pho - ny play, Some dirge to sweet Co - ry - don's shade.

Co - ry - don's urn will I fly, There kneel - ing will bless the just God Who dwells in bright man - sions on high.
cull the bright flow' - rets of May, Then rise on the wings of the morn, And waft my young spir - it a - way.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C.M.

G Major. Isaac Watts, 1707.

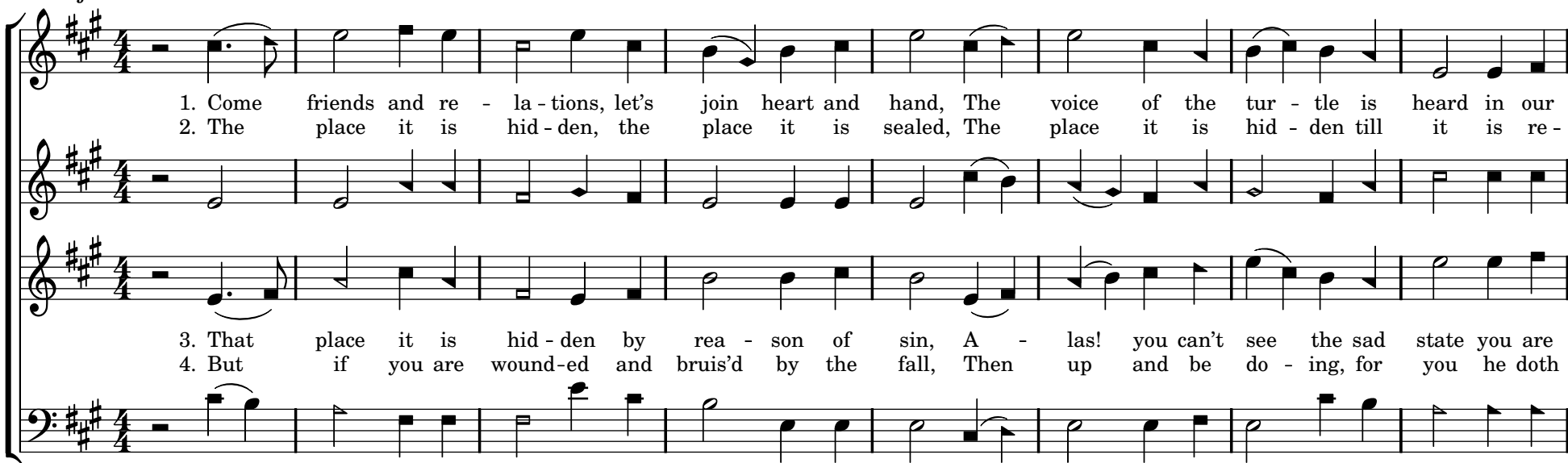
F. Lewis.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.

3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of sor - row fall, So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest, And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

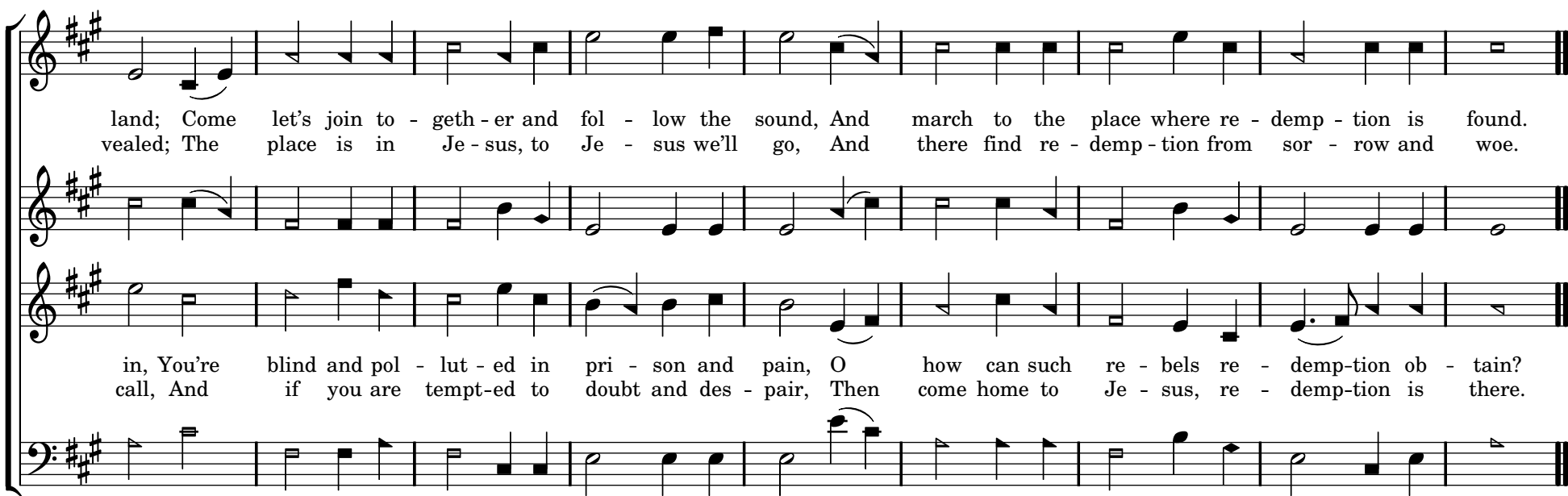
A Major.

Davisson.



1. Come friends and re - la - tions, let's join heart and hand, The voice of the tur - tle is heard in our
2. The place it is hid - den, the place it is sealed, The place it is hid - den till it is re -

3. That place it is hid - den by rea - son of sin, A - las! you can't see the sad state you are
4. But if you are wound - ed and bruise'd by the fall, Then up and be do - ing, for you he doth



land; Come let's join to - geth - er and fol - low the sound, And march to the place where re - demp - tion is found.
vealed; The place is in Je - sus, to Je - sus we'll go, And there find re - demp - tion from sor - row and woe.

in, You're blind and pol - lut - ed in pri - son and pain, O how can such re - bels re - demp - tion ob - tain?
call, And if you are tempt - ed to doubt and des - pair, Then come home to Je - sus, re - demp - tion is there.

DETROIT. 8s.

85

E Minor. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

Bradshaw, 1820.

1. Do not I love Thee, Oh my Lord? Be - hold my heart, and see, And turn each curs - ed i - dol out, That dares to ri - val Thee.
2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me noth - ing love; Dead be my heart to ev - 'ry joy When Je - sus can - not move.

3. Is not thy name me - lo - dious still, To mine at - ten - tive ear? Doth not each pulse with plea - sure bound My Savior's voice to hear?
4. Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord, But Oh I long to soar Far from the sphere of mor - tal joys, And learn to love Thee more.

REDEMPTION (Second). 11s.

A Minor. Philip Doddridge.

Smith.

Come friends and relations, let's join heart and hand, Come let's join together and follow the sound,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land; And march to the place where redemption is found.

For the whole of the hymn, look to page 84.

G Major. Samuel Stennett, 1787.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye, Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
To Canaan's fair and happy land Where my possessions lie. That rises to my sight! And rivers of delight.

2. There gen'rous fruits that never fail, On trees immortal grow; All o'er those wide, extended plains There God the Son forever reigns,
There rocks & hills & brooks & vales, With milk and honey flow. Shines one eternal day! And scatters night away.

LAMENTATION. L.M.

A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Bradshaw.

1. Death, like an o - ver - flow - ing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and withered in an hour.

2. Our age to sev'n - ty years is set; How short the time! How frail the state! And if to eigh - ty we ar - rive, We'd ra - ther sigh and groan than live.

3. Teach us, Oh Lord, how frail is man; And kindly lengthen out the span, Till a wise care of pi - e - ty Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

SPRINGFIELD.

87

B Minor. Bernard of Clairvaux, Tr. W. Alexander.

Babcock.

1. Je-sus drinks the bit - ter cup, The wine-press treads a - lone; Tears the graves and moun - tains up, By his ex - pi - ring groans.

2. O my God, he dies for me, I feel the mor - tal smart! See him hang-ing on the tree, A sight that breaks my heart!

Lo the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes, Na-ture all in ru - in lies, The earth's profoundest cen - ter quakes, The great Je - ho - vah dies.

O that all to thee might turn! Sinners, ye may love him too, Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn For him who bled for you.

3. Weep o'er your desire 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.

HOLY CITY. 7 & 6.

A Major.

Bovelle.

1. There is a ho - ly ci - ty, a hap - py world a - bove, Be - yond the star - ry re - gions, Built by the God of love.
 2. It is no world of trou - ble, The God of peace is there, He wipes a - way their sor - rows, He ban - ish - es their care;

3. The meanest child of glo - ry Out - shines the ra - diant sun; But who can speak the splendor Of that e - ter - nal throne?
 4. Is this the Man of sor - rows Who stood at Pi - late's bar, Con - temned by haugh - ty He - rod, And by his men of war?

An ev - er - lasting tem - ple, And saints ar - rayed in white; They serve their great Re - deem - er, And dwell with Him in light.
 Their joys are still in - creas - ing, Their songs are ev - er new; They praise th' e - ter - nal Fa - ther, The Son and Spi - rit, too.

Where Je - sus sits ex - alt - ed, In God - like ma - je - sty; The el - ders fall be - fore him; The an - gels bend the knee.
 He seems a mighty con - qu'ror, Who spoiled the pow'rs be - low, And ran - somed ma - ny cap - tives From ev - er - last - ing woe.

CONVERSE. 8.8.6.

A Major.

Lowry.

1. I'm tired of vis-its, modes, and forms, And flatt'ries paid to fel-low worms. Their con-ver-sation cloy, Their vain a-

2. When he be-gins to tell his love, Thro' ev-'ry vein my passions move, The cap-tives of his tongue; In midnight

3. There while I hear my Sav-ior God, Count o'er the sins, a hea-vy load, He bore up-on the tree; In-ward I

mors and empty stuff, But I can ne'er en-joy e-nough Of thy best com-pa-ny, my Lord, Thou life of all my joys.

shades, on frosty ground, I could at-tend a pleasing sound; Nor should I feel De-cem-ber cold, Nor think the seasons long.

blush with secret shame, And weep, and blush, and bless his name That knew not guilt nor grief his own, But bore it all for me.

C Major.

Bradshaw.

1. Hail the gos - pel ju - bi - lee, Je - sus comes to set us free, Who shed for us his pre - cious blood, To raise our fall - en
2. Rise, ye her - alds of the Lord, Take the breastplate, shield, and sword, A - gainst the hosts of hell pro - claim A war, in Christ's all -

souls to God; And since the work of suffr-ing's done, We'll glo - ry give to God a-lone. Free sal - va - tion be our boast,
con - qu'ring name. Nor fear to gain the vic - to - ry, When for this glo - rious lib - er - ty You on Je - sus Christ de - pend;

Ev - er mind - ful what it cost; Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let our prais - es reach the skies. Firm u - ni - ted
He'll the suf - fring cause de - fend; Place, O place in him your trust, He's al - might - y, wise, and just.

let us be, In the bonds of char - i - ty; As a band of broth - ers joined, Lov - ing God and all man - kind.

THE TRAVELLER. 7 & 6.

F# minor.

1. Come, all you wea-ry trav'lers; Come, let us join and sing, The ev - er-last - ing prais-es Of Je - sus Christ, our King;
 2. At first when Je - sus found us, He called us un - to him, And point-ed out the dan-ger Of fall-ing in - to sin;

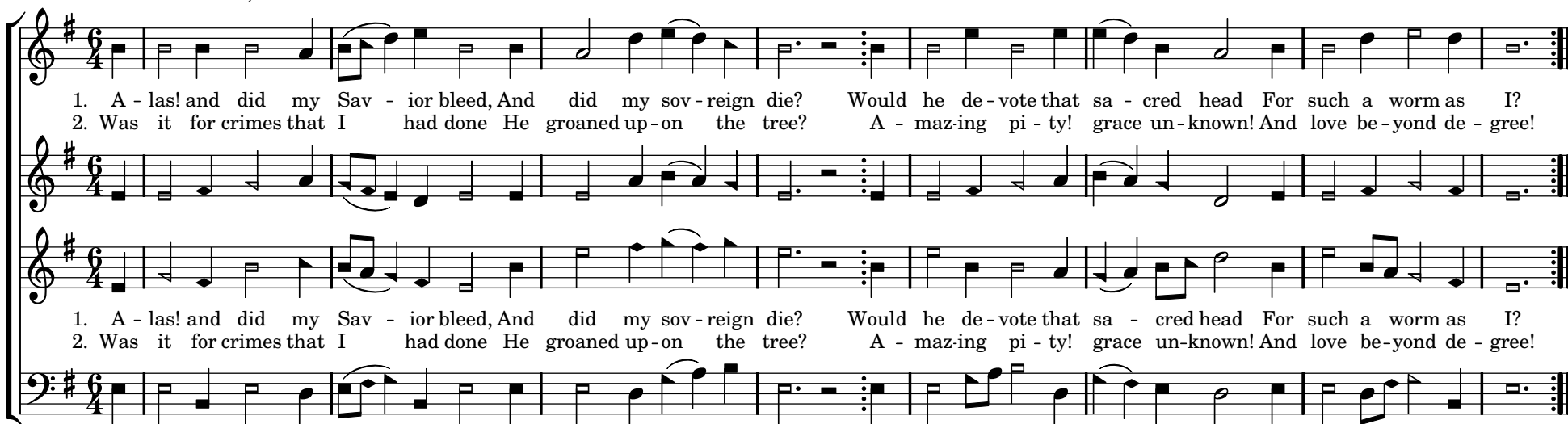
3. But by our dis - o - be - dience, With sor-row we con - fess, We've had too long to wan-der In a dark wil - der - ness
 4. Gra - cious foretastes of heav - en Give life, and health, and peace, Re - vive our drooping spi-rits, And faith and love in - crease;

We've had a te - dious journey, And tiresome, it is true; But see how ma - ny dan - gers The Lord has brought us through.
 The world, the flesh, and Sa - tan, Will prove a fa - tal snare, Un - less we do re - sist them, By faith and fer - vent prayer.

Where we might soon have faint-ed, In that enchanted ground, But Je - sus in - ter - pos - ed, And plea - sant fruits were found.
 Con - fess - ing Christ, our mas - ter, O - bey - ing his com - mand, We has - ten on our jour - ney, Un - to the pro - mised land.

E Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

J. Martin.



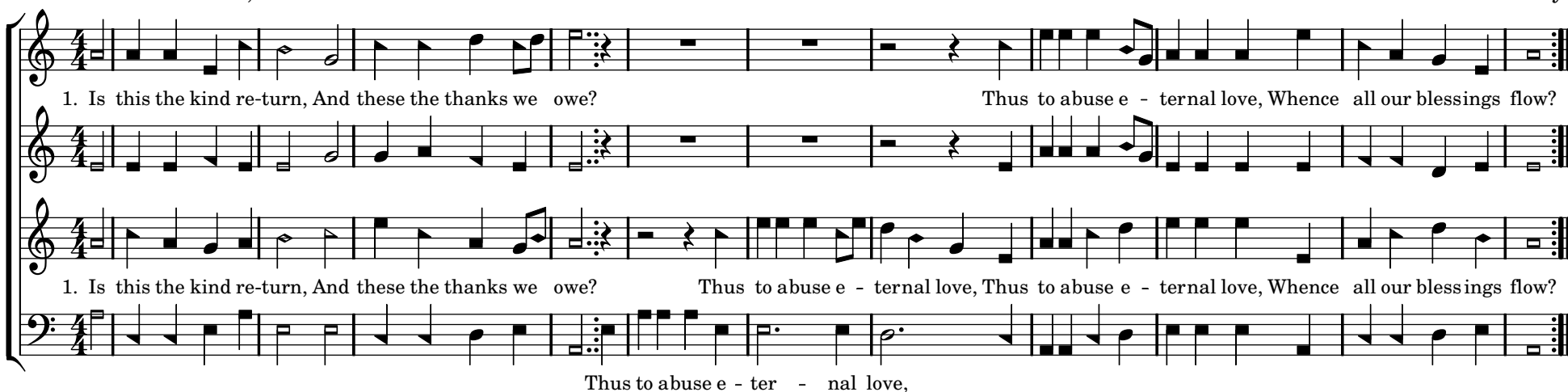
1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my sov - reign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my sov - reign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!

BOTETOURT. S.M.

A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Lowry.



1. Is this the kind re - turn, And these the thanks we owe? Thus to abuse e - ternal love, Whence all our blessings flow?
2. Turn, turn us mighty God, And mold our souls afresh. Break, sov - reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.

1. Is this the kind re - turn, And these the thanks we owe? Thus to abuse e - ternal love, Thus to abuse e - ternal love, Whence all our blessings flow?
Thus to abuse e - ter - nal love,

2. Turn, turn us mighty God, And mold our souls afresh. Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.

PATTONSBURG. 8 & 7.

A Minor.

1. Death, he is the king of ter - rors, And a ter - ror to all kings; Lands of dark - ness, shades of
Oft he fills our minds with hor - rors, Tell - ing us of fright - ful things;

2. See them lie with - out dis - tinc - tion; Thus I boast my thou - sands slain; Stop, O death, don't boast of
Nor can they, with - out per - mis - sion, Ev - er hope to rise a - gain;

3. See him ris - ing, hear him cry - ing, I, O death, have con - quer'd you; Thus the souls that are be -
Though your looks are so dis - may - ing, Yet my saints I will bring through.

4. There the wick - ed cease from trou - bling, And the wea - ry are at rest, Free from sick - ness, free from
There the saints shall cease from pray - ing, There they are di - vine - ly blest.

silence, Gloom - y vaults where pris'n - ers lie; Ma - ny thou - sands have been conquer'd! You, a - las, must short - ly die.
vic't'ry, Hark, and hear what faith can say 'bout one Je - sus, who on Cal - v'ry Died, and in the grave did lay.

liev - ing May re - joice in Christ their King; Death's no more than a black cur - tain, Drawn to let the saints go in.
sor - row, Free from an - guish, fear and pain; No dread thoughts of gloomy hor - ror E'er shall fright - en them a - gain.

A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Billings.

1. For life with - out thy love, No re - lish can af - ford;
 2. Since thou hast been my help, To thee my spi - rit flies,

1. For life with - out thy love, No re - lish can af - ford; No joy can be com - par'd with
 2. Since thou hast been my help, To thee my spi - rit flies, And on thy watch-ful pro - vi -

No joy can be com - par'd with this, To serve and please the Lord. Lord.
 And on thy watch-ful pro - vi - dence My cheer - ful hope re - lies. -lies.

this, No joy can be com - par'd with this, To serve and please the Lord. Lord.
 dence, And on thy watch-ful pro - vi - dence My cheer - ful hope re - lies. -lies.

JERUSALEM. C.M.

A Minor.

Lowry.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Oh, how I long for thee! When will my sor - rows
2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stones, Most glo - rious to be - hold! Thy gates are rich - ly

3. Thy gar - den and thy plea - sant green, My stu - dy long has been; Such spark - ling light by
4. O when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see, Thy joys when shall I see?
set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold, Thy streets are paved with gold.

hu - man sight Has nev - er yet been seen, Has nev - er yet been seen.
ne'er break up, And sab - baths have no end, And sab - baths have no end.

A Minor.

Lowry.

1. How splendid shines the morning star, God's gracious light from darkness far, The root of Jes-se blessed. Thou David's son of Ja-cob's stem, My bridegroom,

king, and wondrous Lamb, Thou hast my heart pos-sessed. Sweetly, friendly, O thou handsome, precious ran-som Full of gra-ces, set and kept in heav'nly pla-ces.

2. The streams of living waters run,
When thou but shew'st thy quick'ning son,
My bridegroom, 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.

GETHSEMANE. 8,7.

D Minor. Joseph Hart, 1759.

Wood.

8

1. Great High Priest, we see Thee stooping, With our names upon Thy breast, In the garden groaning, drooping, To the ground with sorrows pressed. Weep - ing

2. Come, behold your Savior bleeding, Streams of mercy from Him flow, Whilst before His Father pleading For those men who wrought His woe. Lo, He

3. Come, Thou ever - last - ing Spi - rit, Bring to ev' - ry thankful mind All the Sav - ior's dy - ing me - rit, All His suffring for man - kind. True re -

4. Come, thou witness of his dy - ing, Come, remembrancer di - vine; Let us feel thy pow'rs ap - plying Christ to ev' - ry soul and mine: Let us

8

an - gels stand confounded, To behold their Mak - er thus, And shall we remain unwounded, When we know 'twas all for us, When we know 'twas all for us?

cried, "Father, forgive them, Though they do My life pursue, I am willing to receive them, For they know not what they do, For they know not what they do."

cor - der of His passion, Now Thy liv - ing fire im - part, Now reveal Thy great salvation, Preach His Gospel to our heart, Preach His Gospel to our heart.

groan thine inward groaning, Look on him, we pierc'd, and grieve, All receive the grace atoning, All the sprinkled blood receive, All the sprinkled blood re - ceive.

G Major.

1. The scat - tered clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past; The love - ly

2. The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain top he bounds; He flies ex -

The first system of the musical score for 'Spring. P.M.' in G Major, 2/4 time. It features two vocal parts and a bass line. The first vocal part begins with the lyrics '1. The scat - tered clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past; The love - ly'. The second vocal part begins with '2. The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain top he bounds; He flies ex -'. Both parts include triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above the notes) and repeat signs at the end of the first line.

ver - nal flow'rs ap - pear, The war - bling choirs en - chant our ear. Now, with sweetly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle

ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans - port fills. Gen - tly doth he chide my stay. Rise, my soul and

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal parts. The first vocal part continues with 'ver - nal flow'rs ap - pear, The war - bling choirs en - chant our ear. Now, with sweetly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle'. The second vocal part continues with 'ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans - port fills. Gen - tly doth he chide my stay. Rise, my soul and'. The music includes triplet markings and a change in time signature to 6/8 for the final part of the system.

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

come a-way. Gen - tly doth he chide my stay. Rise, my soul and come a - way.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The first vocal part continues with 'dove a-lone. Now, with sweet-ly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.'. The second vocal part continues with 'come a-way. Gen - tly doth he chide my stay. Rise, my soul and come a - way.'. The system ends with repeat signs and a double bar line.

NEW LEBANON. 8S.

E♭ Minor.

P. Sherman, 1808.

1. Great God, the heav'n's well- or - dered frame De - clares the glo - ries of Thy name; There Thy rich works of won - der shine; A thousand star - ry

2. From night to day, from day to night, The dawn-ing and the dy-ing light Lec - tures of heav'nly wis-dom read; With si - lent el - o -

3. Yet their di - vine in - structions run Far as the jour - nies of the sun, And ev - 'ry na - tion knows their voice; The sun, like some young

beau-ties there, A thou-sand ra-diant marks ap - pear, Of bound-less pow'r and skill di - vine, Of bound-less pow'r and skill di - vine.

quence they raise Our tho'ts to our Cre-a - tor's praise, And nei - ther sound nor language need, And nei - ther sound nor language need.

bride-groom dress'd, Breaks from the chambers of the east, Rolls round, and makes the earth re - joice, Rolls round, and makes the earth re - joice.

G Major. Robert Seagrave, 1742.

Sherman.

My drow - sy pow'rs, why sleep ye so? A - wake, my slug - gish soul, Nothing has

Nothing has half thy

Nothing has half thy work to do,

half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull. Nothing has half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull.

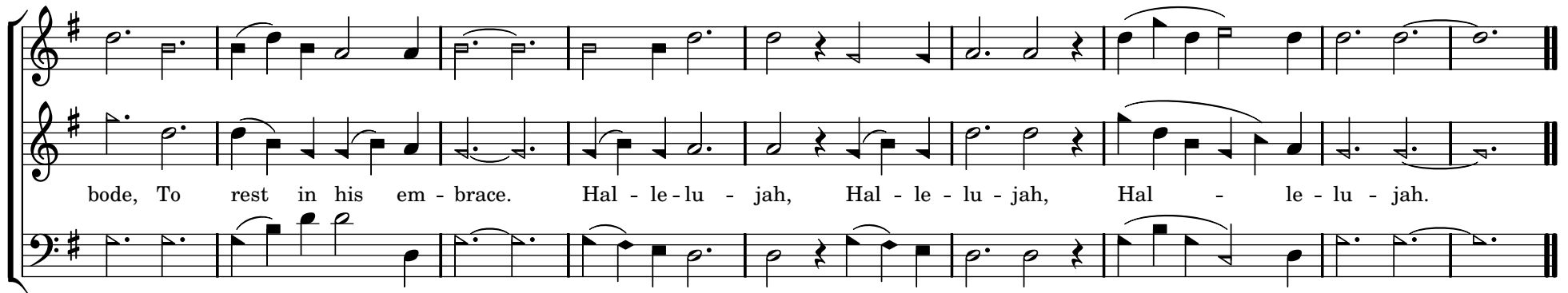
work to do,

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

heav'n, thy na - tive place; Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way

To seats prepar'd a - bove. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire as cen - ding seeks the sun,

Both speed them to their source. So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his Sav - ior's face; Up - wards tends to his a -



bode, To rest in his embrace. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

TRUE RICHES. 7s.

G Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Lowry.



1. I am not concern'd to know What to-mor-row's fate will do; 'Tis e-nough that I can say, I possess'd my-self to-day.
 2. Then if hap - ly midnight death Seize my flesh, and stop my breath, Yet to-mor-row I shall be Heir to Im-mor - ta - li - ty.
 3. Glitt'ring stones, and gol-den things, Wealth and ho - nors that have wings, Ev - er flut-t'ring to be gone, I could nev - er call my own:
 4. Rich-es that the world be - stows, She can take, and I can lose; But the trea-sures that are mine Lie a - far be - yond her line.
 5. When I view my spa - cious soul, And sur-vey my - self a - whole, And en-joy my - self a - lone, I'm a king-dom of my own.

DAUPHIN on page 94 appeared on this page in the *Supplement*.

MELODY. 11s.

C Major

1. O how I have longed for the com - ing of God, And sought him by praying, and searching his word; The to - kens of mer - cy at length did ap -
With watch - ing and fast - ing my soul was op - press'd, Nor would I give ov - er, till Je - sus had bless'd.

2. The news of his mer - cy is spreading a - broad, And sin - ners come pray - ing and weep - ing to God; Here's more, my dear Savior, who fall at thy
Their mourning and cry - ing is heard ve - ry loud, And ma - ny found fa - vor in Je - su - s's blood.

pear, Ac - cord - ing to pro - mise he answer'd my prayer; And glo - ry is open'd in floods on my soul, Sal - va - tion from Zi - on's be - gin - ning to roll.

feet, Op - press'd by a bur - den, e - nor - mous - ly great, O raise them, my Je - sus, to tell of thy love, And shout hal - le - lu - jah like an - gels a - bove.

A Major. *Dover Selection*, p. 94.

Davisson.

1. There is a land of plea - sure, Where streams of joy for - ev - er roll;
 'Tis there I have my trea - sure, And there I long to rest my soul; Long dark-ness dwelt a -

2. My way is full of dan - ger, But 'tis the path that leads to God; heav'nly road; Now I must gird my
 And like a faith - ful sol - dier, I'll march a - long the

3. I'm on the way to Zi - on, Still guard - ed by my Savior's hand; hap - py land: To all that stay be -
 O, come a - long, dear sin - ners, And view Em - man - uel's

4. The vale of tears sur - rounds me, And Jor - dan's cur - rent rolls be - fore; wat - ers roar! Whose hand shall then sup -
 O! how I stand and trem - ble, To hear the dis - mal

round me With scarce - ly once a cheering ray, But since my Sav - ior found me, A lamp has shone a - long my way.
 sword on, My breastplate, hel - met, and my shield, And fight the hosts of Sa - tan Un - til I reach the heav'nly field.

hind me, I bid a long, a sad fare - well! O come! or you'll re - pent it, When you shall reach the gates of hell.
 port me, And keep my soul from sink - ing there From sink - ing down to dark - ness, And to the re - gions of de - spair?

THE MOULDERING VINE. 8.7.

105

F Minor. *Social and Campmeeting Songs*, 1828.

Davisson.

1. Hail ye sigh - ing sons of sor - row; Learn from me, your cer - tain doom; See all na - ture fad - ing, dy - ing,
Learn from me your fate to - mor - row— Dead, per - haps, laid in the tomb!

2. See! in yon - der for - est stand - ing Lof - ty ce - dars, how they nod! Whilst the annual frosts are crop - ping
Scenes of na - ture, how sur - pris - ing, Read in na - ture, na - ture's God.

3. Hol - low winds a - bout me roar - ing, Noi - sy wa - ters 'round me rise; What to me is au - tumn's treasure,
Whilst I sit my fate de - plor - ing, Tears fast stream - ing from my eyes;

Si - lent, all things seem to pine; Life from ve - ge - ta - tion fly - ing, Calls to mind the moul - d'ring vine.

Leaves and ten - drils from the trees; So, our friends are ear - ly dropping, We are like to one of these.

Since I know no earth - ly joy, Long I've lost all youthful plea - sure, Time must youth and health de - stroy.

A Major. Isaac Watts.

Carrell.

1. Hear what the voice from heav'n pro - claims For all the pi - ous dead; Sweet is the mem'-ry of their names, And soft their
 2. They die in Je - sus and are blest; How kind their slumbers are; From suffrings and from sins re - leased, And freed from

3. Far from this world of toil and strife, Now pre - sent with the Lord; The la - bors of their mor - tal life End in a
 4. The glo - ry of their heav'n - ly crown, Un - fad - ing still re - mains; And life e - ter - nal, now their own, Their Sav - ior

slee - ping bed; Sweet is the mem'-ry of their names, And soft their sleep - ing bed, And soft their sleep - ing bed.
 ev - 'ry snare; From suffrings and from sins re - leased, And freed from ev - 'ry snare, And freed from ev - 'ry snare.

large re - ward; The la - bors of their mor - tal life End in a large re - ward, End in a large re - ward.
 still main - tains; And life e - ter - nal, now their own, Their Sav - ior still main - tains, Their Sav - ior still main - tains.

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION. 8888 883.

F Major. Wilson Thompson.

1. Hear the ro - yal pro - cla - ma - tion, The glad tid - ings of sal - va - tion, Pub - lish - ing to ev - 'ry crea - ture,
 2. See the ro - yal ban - ner fly - ing, Hear the he - ralds loud - ly cry - ing, "Re - bel sin - ners, roy - al fa - vor

3. Hear, ye sons of wrath and ru - in, Who have wrought your own un - do - ing, Here is life and free sal - va - tion,
 4. 'Twas for you that Je - sus di - ed, For you he was cr - ci - fi - ed, Con - quer'd death, and rose to hea - ven

5. Turn un - to the Lord most ho - ly, Shun the path of vice and fol - ly, Turn, or you are lost for - ev - er,
 6. There is wine, and milk, and ho - ney, Come and pur - chase with - out mo - ney Mer - cy, like a flow - ing foun - tain,

To the ru - ined sons of na - ture;
 Now is of - fer'd by the Sav - ior." Je - sus reigns, he reigns vic - to - rious, O - ver heav'n and earth most glorious, Je - sus reigns.

Of - fer'd to the whole cre - a - tion;
 Life e - ter - nal thro' him's giv - en; Je - sus reigns, he reigns vic - to - rious, O - ver heav'n and earth most glorious, Je - sus reigns.

O now turn to Christ your Sav - ior;
 Streaming from the ho - ly mountain; Je - sus reigns, he reigns vic - to - rious, O - ver heav'n and earth most glorious, Je - sus reigns.

7. For this love let rocks and mountains,
 Purling streams and flowing fountains,
 Roaring thunder, lightning's blazes,
 Shout the great Messiah's praises;
Refrain.

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;
Refrain.

9. Shout ye saints, make joyful mention.
 Christ has purchased your redemption,
 Angels tell the pleasing story,
 Through the brightest worlds of glory;
Refrain.

ANTHEM FROM REVELATION 5TH CH.

Guiardini.

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

- sen the seals there-of? And no man in heav'n or earth was able to open the book neither to look there-on;

ANTHEM FROM REVELATION. Continued.

8

And I wept, and I wept be-cause no man was found worthy to o - pen the book, nei - ther to look there-on.

This system contains a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest for 8 measures, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

8

And one of the el-ders said unto me, Weep not, weep not, for be - hold the Li-on of the tribe of Ju-dah, the Root of Da-vid,

This system continues the musical score with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest for 8 measures, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

ANTHEM FROM REVELATION. Continued.

hath pre-vai - led to o - pen the book and to loose the seven seals there-of And I be - held, and lo in the midst of the throne stood a

lamb as it had been slain, having se-ven horns and having se-ven eyes, which are the se-ven spi-rits of God send forth in-to all the earth;

ANTHEM FROM REVELATION. Continued.

8

And he came and took the book out of the hand of him that sat upon the throne And when he had ta - ken the book, the four and twenty

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a treble clef. It begins with a whole rest for eight measures, followed by a key signature change to F major (two flats) and a common time signature. The melody starts on a quarter note G4 and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, starting with a whole rest for eight measures, then playing a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and quarter notes.

8

el - ders fell down be - fore the Lamb. The an - gels were mute, and they li - stened with wonder, The an - gels were mute, and they li - stened with

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line from the previous system, with a whole rest for eight measures before the melody resumes. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment, with a whole rest for eight measures before the accompaniment resumes. The lyrics are split across the two staves.

ANTHEM FROM REVELATION. Continued.

8

wonder, The an-gels were mute, and the saints they did shout, did shout, did shout and sing: Worthy the lamb, worthy the

Detailed description: This system contains the first two systems of musical notation. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

8

lamb, the lamb that was slain, For he hath re-deemed us he hath re-deemed us, re - deemed us to God, and hath made us kings and priests, and

Detailed description: This system contains the next two systems of musical notation. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music continues in the same key and time signature as the first system. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

ANTHEM FROM REVELATION. Continued.

8

We shall reign up - on the earth, we shall reign,

we shall reign up - on the earth, We shall reign, we shall reign, we shall reign up - on the earth, Then the whole

We shall reign, we shall reign,

We shall reign up - on the earth, we shall reign,

8

multitude of saints and angels u - ni - ted their voices and sang with a shout They sang with a shout, they sang with a

ANTHEM FROM REVELATION. Continued.

shout, they sang with a shout, saying Worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain, for he is worthy to receive

Hal - le - lu-jah, glo-ry and ho - nor, Hal - le - lujah, a - men, a - men.

glo-ry and honor, wis-dom and pow'r. Hal - le - lujah, glo - ry and ho-nor, Hal-le-lu-jah, a - men, a - men. holy, holy, holy,

Hal - le - lujah, glo-ry and ho - nor, Hal - le - lujah, a - men, a - men.

Hal-le - lu - jah, glo-ry and honor, Hal - le - lu-jah, a - men, a - men.

ANTHEM FROM REVELATION. Continued.

8

Lord God al-mighty, just and true are all thy ways, O thou King of saints, Hal-le - lu - jah, glo-ry and honor, Hal-le - lujah, a - men, a -

Hal-le - lujah, glo - ry and honor, Hal-le - lujah, a - men, a -

Detailed description: This system contains the first two systems of a musical score. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Lord God al-mighty, just and true are all thy ways, O thou King of saints, Hal-le - lu - jah, glo-ry and honor, Hal-le - lujah, a - men, a -" and "Hal-le - lujah, glo - ry and honor, Hal-le - lujah, a - men, a -".

8

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

men.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two systems of a musical score. The third system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "men. Worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain; for He is worthy, for He is worthy to receive" and "men.".

ANTHEM FROM REVELATION. Continued.

8 Hal - le - lu - jah, glo - ry and ho - nor, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men and a - men.
 glo - ry and ho - nor, wis - dom and pow'r, Hal - le - lu - jah, glo - ry and ho - nor, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men and a - men. And a -
 Hal - le - lu - jah, glo - ry and ho - nor, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, a - men.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, glo - ry and ho - nor, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, a - men.

8 Hal - le - lu - jah, glo - ry and ho - nor, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men and a - men.
 gain they said Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, glo - ry and ho - nor, a - men and a - men.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, glo - ry and ho - nor, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men and a - men.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, glo - ry and ho - nor, a - - - men and a - men.

G Minor.

Unknown.

8 At this un - wan - ted hour be - hold What strikes my wan - d'ring soul with fear, How all yon east is streak'd with

At this un - wan - ted hour be - hold What strikes my wan - d'ring soul with fear, How all yon east is streak'd with

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G minor, 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, starting with a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The first line of lyrics is '8 At this un - wan - ted hour be - hold What strikes my wan - d'ring soul with fear, How all yon east is streak'd with'. The second line of lyrics is 'At this un - wan - ted hour be - hold What strikes my wan - d'ring soul with fear, How all yon east is streak'd with'. The music features a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and ties.

8 gold, As if the op' - ning morn was near, now the streams u - nite, One pil - lar now of mo - ving light, My

gold, As if the op' - ning morn was near, I mark it; now the streams u - nite, One pil - lar now of mo - ving light, My

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are '8 gold, As if the op' - ning morn was near, now the streams u - nite, One pil - lar now of mo - ving light, My' on the first line, and 'gold, As if the op' - ning morn was near, I mark it; now the streams u - nite, One pil - lar now of mo - ving light, My' on the second line. The music includes a time signature change from 4/4 to 3/4 in the middle of the system. The notation includes various note values, rests, and ties.

AN ODE FOR CHRISTMAS. Continued.

8 soul too shakes, it shrinks, it dies; See thro' the air the vi - sion flies; Heav'n shield us!

soul too shakes, it shrinks, it dies; See thro' the air the vi - sion flies; Heav'n shield us! Heav'n shield us!

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a treble clef. It begins with a piano dynamic marking '8' and contains the lyrics 'soul too shakes, it shrinks, it dies; See thro' the air the vi - sion flies; Heav'n shield us!'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major with a bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some phrasing slurs.

8 Lo 'tis just at hand, Some strange e - vent im - pends O-ver our heads di - rect it seems to stand; And now the blaze de - scends:

Lo 'tis just at hand, Some strange e - vent im - pends O-ver our heads di - rect it seems to stand; And now the blaze de - scends:

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. It begins with a piano dynamic marking '8' and contains the lyrics 'Lo 'tis just at hand, Some strange e - vent im - pends O-ver our heads di - rect it seems to stand; And now the blaze de - scends:'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major with a bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some phrasing slurs. The system concludes with a key signature change to A major (two sharps).

AN ODE FOR CHRISTMAS. Continued.

O shepherds now your fears re - sign, I come not arm'd with wrath di - vine But fraught with heav'n - ly love, The news the wel - come

news I bring, Sounds high on ev' - ry sa - cred string thro' all the realms a - bove I come and 'tis a blest em - ploy. I

come the mes - sen - ger of joy, Go pub - lish what I sing, Earth is no more a scene for - lorn This night the promis'd Christ is

AN ODE FOR CHRISTMAS. Continued.

born, Your Sa - vior and your King, At Bethle'em in a manger lies The swadling babe, let raptures rise Round

The rap - tures catch from heart to heart, from heart to
this ter - res-trial ball The raptures catch from heart to heart, The raptures catch from heart to
The raptures catch from heart to heart,

heart,
heart 'Til all shall feel, yet all im-part For Christ was born for all. Glo - ry to God in strains 'til now un - known

AN ODE FOR CHRISTMAS. Continued.

8 By ev' - ry glo - wing se - raph round the throne; Peace to this earth, all worlds ad - mire the

By ev' - ry glo - wing se - raph round the throne; Peace to this earth, all worlds ad - mire the

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "By ev' - ry glo - wing se - raph round the throne; Peace to this earth, all worlds ad - mire the".

8 plan Of heav'ns free, vast, Of heav'ns free, vast, Of heav'ns free, vast be - ne - vo - lence to man.

plan Of heav'ns free, vast, Of heav'ns free, vast, Of heav'ns free, vast be - ne - vo - lence to man.

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "plan Of heav'ns free, vast, Of heav'ns free, vast, Of heav'ns free, vast be - ne - vo - lence to man.".

B Minor. Alexander Pope, 1712.

Billings.

Vi - tal spark of heav'nly flame Trembling, ho-ping, lin-g'ring, fly-ing.

Vi - tal spark of heav'nly flame Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame; Trembling, ho-ping, lin-g'ring, fly-ing.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two stanzas of the hymn. It features four staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two piano accompaniment staves (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is B minor (two sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The first stanza is on the first two staves, and the second stanza is on the last two staves. The music includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

Oh, the pain, the bliss of dy-ing? Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish into life.

Oh, the pain, the bliss of dy-ing? Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish into life.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two stanzas of the hymn. It features four staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two piano accompaniment staves (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is B minor (two sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The first stanza is on the first two staves, and the second stanza is on the last two staves. The music includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN. Continued.

Hark! they whisper; an - gels say, "Sister spirit, come a - way." Steals my

Hark! they whisper; an - gels say, "Sister spirit, come a - way." What is this ab - sorbs me quite—

tr

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics: "Hark! they whisper; an - gels say, 'Sister spirit, come a - way.'" The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with lyrics: "Hark! they whisper; an - gels say, 'Sister spirit, come a - way.'" The music is in D major and 3/4 time. The piano part features a trill (tr) on the final note of the first phrase.

sen-ses, shuts my sight? Tell me soul, can this be death?

Drowns my spi-rit, draws my breath? Tell me soul, can this be death?

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics: "sen-ses, shuts my sight? Tell me soul, can this be death?" The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with lyrics: "Drowns my spi-rit, draws my breath? Tell me soul, can this be death?" The music continues in D major and 3/4 time. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line's first phrase.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN. Continued.

The world re-cedes, it dis - appears, Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, my ears with sounds se - raphic, With
 Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, my ears With
 With
 The world re-cedes, it dis - appears, Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, my ears With

sounds se-ra - phic ring, Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! Oh grave! where is thy vic - to - ry? Oh death! where is thy sting?
 sounds se-ra - phic ring,
 sounds se-ra - phic ring, Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! Oh grave! where is thy vic - to - ry? Oh death! where is thy sting?
 sounds se-ra - phic ring,

This page intentionally left blank.

C Major. Peek.

William Billings, 1794.

What if the saint must die, And lodge a - mong the tombs? He need not mourn, He shall re - turn, Re - joi - cing as he comes.

What if the saint must die, And lodge among the tombs? He need not mourn, He shall return, Re - joi - cing as he comes.

The first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in C major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "What if the saint must die, And lodge a - mong the tombs? He need not mourn, He shall re - turn, Re - joi - cing as he comes." The second system repeats the same lyrics with slightly different phrasing: "What if the saint must die, And lodge among the tombs? He need not mourn, He shall return, Re - joi - cing as he comes."

With bands and mighty bars, Yet shall he rise a - bove the skies, And sing a - mong the stars.

Tho' death should hold him down, With bands and mighty bars, Yet shall he rise a - bove the skies, And sing among the stars.

The second system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in C major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "With bands and mighty bars, Yet shall he rise a - bove the skies, And sing a - mong the stars." The second system repeats the same lyrics with slightly different phrasing: "Tho' death should hold him down, With bands and mighty bars, Yet shall he rise a - bove the skies, And sing among the stars."

THE SEASONS MORALIZED.

D Minor. Dr. Dwight.

Be - hold the chan-ges of the skies And see the cir-cling sea - sons rise; Hence let the mournful truth, re - fin'd, Im - prove the

beau-ty of the mind. Win - ter late, with drea-ry reign, Rul'd the wide un - joy-ous plain; Gloom-y storms with so-lemn

roar, Shook the hoarse re-sounding shore; Shook the hoarse re-soun-ding shore; Sor - row cast her sad - ness round, Life

and joy for - sook the ground; Life and joy, Life and joy, Life and joy, Life and

THE SEASONS MORALIZED. Continued.

joy for-sook the ground; Death, with wild im - pe - rious sway, Bade th'ex-pi-ring, Bade th'ex-pi-ring, Bade th'ex - pi - ring world de -

- cay. Now cast a - round thy rap-tur'd eyes And see the beauteous Spring a - rise; See flow'rs in - vest the hills a -

gain, And streams re - murmur o'er the plain. See flow'rs in - vest the hills a-gain, And streams re - murmur o'er the plain. Hark!

hark! the joy- in-spi-ring grove Ech - oes to the voice of Love. Bal-my gales the sound prolong, Waf-ting round the wood-land song;

THE SEASONS MORALIZED. Continued.

Bal-my gales the sound prolong, Bal-my gales the sound prolong, Wafting round, Wafting round, Waf - ting round the wood - land song.

Such the scenes our life dis-plays; Swift-ly fleet our ra - pid days. The hour that rolls for ev - er on, for ev - er

on, Tells us our years must soon be gone, be gone, soon be gone; Sud -

den death, with mourn - - ful gloom, Sweeps us downward to the tomb: Life, and health, and joy, de -

THE SEASONS MORALIZED. Continued.

- cay, Na - ture sinks and dies a - way, Na - ture sinks and dies a - way. But the soul, in

gay - est bloom, Dis - dains the bondage of the tomb, the bondage of the tomb; Ascends a - bove the clouds of ev'n, And, rap-tur'd,

hails her na - tive Heav'n, Youth, and peace, and beau-ty, there For ev - er dance a - round the year, For ev - er dance a - round the year;

An end-less joy in - vest the pole, And streams of cease - less plea - sure roll; An end-less joy in-vest the

THE SEASONS MORALIZED. Continued.

pole, And streams of ceaseless pleasure roll, And streams of ceaseless pleasure roll; Light and joy, Light and joy,

Light and joy, Light and joy, and grace di-vine, With bright and last-ing glo-ry shine; Je-hovah's smile, Je-

ho vah's smile, Je-ho-vah's smile, with heav'nly ray, Dif-fu-ses clear unbounded day. Je-hovah's smile, with heav'nly

ray, Dif-fu-ses clear un-bounded day, Dif-fu-ses clear un-bounded day, Dif-fu-ses clear un-bounded day.

This page intentionally left blank.

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. L.M.

127

G Major.

Harmony of Harmonies, 1802.

1. Farewell, fare-well, fare - well, my friends, I must be gone; I have no home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and
 2. Farewell, fare-well, fare - well, my friends, time rolls a - long, Nor waits for mor - tal cares or bliss; I'll leave you here and

3. Farewell, fare-well, fare-well, dear breth - ren in the Lord, To you I'm bound with cords of love; But we be-lieve His
 4. Farewell, fare-well, fare-well, ye bloom - ing sons of God, Sore con-flicts yet re - main for you; But dauntless keep the

1. 2.
 trav - el on, Till I a bet - ter world can view. world can view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's
 trav - el on, Till I ar - rive where Je - sus is. Je - sus is.

1. 2.
 gra - cious Word, We all ere long shall meet a - bove. meet a - bove. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's
 heav-en - ly road Till Canaan's hap - py land you view. land you view.

shore, Where pleasures nev-er end, And trou-bles come no more. Fare - well, fare - well, farewell, my lov-ing friends, fare - well.
 shore, Where pleasures nev-er end, And trou-bles come no more. Fare - well, fare - well, farewell, my lov-ing friends, fare - well.

A Minor. Charles Wesley, 1759.

Humphreys.

1. And let this fee-ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale And soar to worlds on high,

2. In hopes of that im - mor-tal crown I now the cross sus - tain; And glad - ly wan-der up and down, And smile at toil and pain;

The first system of music consists of three staves: a treble staff, a middle staff, and a bass staff. The music is in 6/4 time and A minor. The first staff contains the vocal melody with two verses of lyrics. The second and third staves provide harmonic accompaniment.

Shall join the dis - em - bo - died saints, And find its long sought rest; That on - ly bliss for which it pants In the redee-mer's breast. breast.

I'll suf-fer on my threescore years, Till my de - liv - 'rer comes; And wipes a-way his servants tears And takes his ex - ile home. home.

The second system of music continues the composition with three staves. It features a repeat sign at the beginning of the first staff, with first and second endings indicated by '1.' and '2.'. The lyrics are placed below the staves.

EFFORT. 10S.

129

A Major. John Newton, 1779.

Boyd.

1. Cheer up, my soul, there is a mer-cy-seat Sprin-kled with blood, where Je-sus an-swears pray'r;
 2. Lord, I am come! thy pro-mise is my plea, With-out thy word I durst not ven-ture night;

3. Bow'd down be - neath a hea - vy load of sin, By Sa - tan's fierce temp - ta - tions sore - ly press'd,
 4. Be thou my re - fuge, Lord, my hi-ding- place, I know no force can tear me from thy side;

There humb-ly cast thy - self, be - neath his feet, For ne - ver nee-dy sin - ner pe-rish'd there.
 But thou hast call'd the bur-den'd soul to thee, A wea - ry bur-den'd soul, O Lord, am I!

Be - set with-out, and full of fears with - in, Trem - bling and faint I come to thee for rest.
 Un - mov'd I then may all ac - cu - sers face, And an - swer ev'-ry charge, with, "Je - sus died."

E Minor.

Davisson.

1. Why should I be af-frigh-ted At pe-stilence and war, The fier-cer be the tem-pest, The soo-ner it is o'er; With Je-sus in the

2. Al-though my flesh is mor-tal, Im-mortal is my hope, I'll try like ho-ly Mo-ses To gain the mountain top; And at Je-hovah's

3. This is a land of trou-ble And foes oppress me hard, But Je-sus he has pro-mis'd That he will be my guard; And I shall not be

ves-sel, The bil-lows rise in vain, They on-ly will con-vey me To yon E-ly-sian plains, With glo-ry in my soul.

bid-ding With cheer-ful-ness to die And then as-cend to Je-sus To sing a-bove the sky With glo-ry in my soul.

tempted A-bove what I can bear, When fighting's done, es-cor-ted His kingdom for to share, With glo-ry in my soul.

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
With glory in my soul.

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, and blood-washed garments wear,
And to complete our pleasure, our Jesus will be there
To glorify our souls.

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 in my soul.

STAR IN THE EAST. 11 & 10.

131

C Major. Reginald Heber, 1811.

R. Herron

Slow.

1. Hail the blest morn when the great me - di - a - tor, Down from the re - gions of glo - ry de - scends;
 2. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us Thine aid;

3. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
 4. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - dom and of - frings di - vine?

5. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple o - bla - tion, Vain - ly with gifts would His fa - vor se - cure;

Shep - herds go wor - ship the babe in the man - ger, Lo! for his guard the bright an - gels at - tend.
 Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er and Mo - narch and Sav - ior of all!
 Gems of the moun - tain and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?

Rich - er by far is the heart's a - do - ra - tion, Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

B♭ Major. Hannah More, 1782.

R. Boyd.

1. Now your fes - tal rites pre - pare! Let your tri - umphs rend the air! I - dol gods shall reign no more, We the liv - ing
 2. Let re - mot - est na - tions know, Proud Go - li - ath's o - ver - throw: Fall'n, Phi - lis - tia! is thy trust, Dagon's ho - nor

3. See, the rout - ed squadrons fly! Hark! their clam - ors rend the sky! Blood and car - nage stain the field! See, the vanquish'd
 4. Lo! up - on the tent - ed field, Roy - al Saul has thousands kill'd! Lo! up - on th'en - san - guin'd plain, Da - vid has ten

Lord a - dore! — Let hea - then hosts on hu - man helps re - pose, Since Is - rael's God has rout - ed Is - rael's foes. foes.
 laid in dust! — Who fears the Lord of Glo - ry, need not fear The bra - zen ar - mor, nor the lift - ed spear. spear.

na - tions yield! — Dis - may and ter - ror fill the frighten'd land; While conq'ring Da - vid routs the trembling band. band.
 thousand slain! — Let migh - ty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell, While ten - fold tri - umphs Da - vid's vic - t'ries swell. swell.

CONFIDENCE. S.M.

133

A Minor. Charles Wesley, 1742.

Carrell.

1. A - rise my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guil - ty fears;
A bleeding sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my sur' - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.

2. He ev - er lives a - bove, for me to in - ter - cede;
His all re - deem - ing love, His precious blood, to plead: His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (A minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes first and second endings for both the first and second verses.

MARIETTA. C.M.

A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Carrell.

Alas! and did my Savior bleed, Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I? Would he devote that sacred head
and did my Sovereign die! For such a worm as I?

The musical score consists of three staves. The first two are in treble clef, and the third is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (A minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes a repeat sign at the end.

2. Was it for crimes that I have done, he groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut its glories in, when God, the mighty maker, died for his own creature's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face while his dear cross appears; dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt mine eyes to tears.
5. But drops of tears can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe. Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do.

C Major. Edmund Jones, 1787.

Davisson.



1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re-volve, Come, with your guilt and fear op-press'd, And make this last re-
 2. I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose; I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-



3. Pro-strate I'll lie be-fore his throne, And there my guilt con-fess; I'll tell him I'm a wretch un-done With-out his sov'-reign
 4. I'll to the gra-cious King ap-proach, Whose scep-tre par-don gives; Per-haps He may com-mand my touch, And then the sup-pliant



5. Per-haps he will ad-mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my pray'r; But if I pe-rish I will pray, And pe-rish on-ly
 6. I can but pe-rish if I go, I am re-solv'd to try, For if I stay a-way I know I must for-ev-er



solve, And make this last re-solve, — And make this last re-solve; Come, with your guilt and fear op-press'd, And make this last re-solve.
 pose, What-ev-er may op-pose, — What-ev-er may op-pose; I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.



grace, With-out his sov'-reign grace, — With-out his sov'-reign grace; I'll tell him I'm a wretch un-done With-out his sov'-reign grace.
 lives, And then the suppliant lives, — And then the suppliant lives; Per-haps He may com-mand my touch, And then the sup-pliant lives.



there, And pe-rish on-ly there, — And pe-rish on-ly there; But if I pe-rish I will pray, And pe-rish on-ly there.
 die, I must for-ev-er die, — I must for-ev-er die; For if I stay a-way I know I must for-ev-er die.

GREENSVILLE. 8S.

135

G Major. *Rippon's Selections*, 1787.

Monday.

1. Shall Je - sus de - scend from the skies, To a - tone for our sins by his blood; He sav'd us, or we had been
 And shall we such good-ness de - spise, And re - bels still be to our God,
 2. The de - vils would laugh us to scorn, For fol - ly so shame-ful as this, Thro' him we forgiveness shall
 O let us to God then re - turn, Sure nev - er was good-ness like this,
 3. This world then with all its gay joy, That its thousands has snar'd and un - done, While here thro' the de - sert we
 May tempt, but shall nev - er de - stroy Whom Je - sus has mark'd for his own;
 4. Till the Jor - dan of death we have pass'd, We land on the hea - ven - ly shore, And there while his glo - ries we
 Where we the hid man - na shall taste, Nor hun - ger, nor thirst an - y more;

lost, Nor com - fort, nor hope had e'er know; Yet knew this sal - va - tion would cost No less than the blood of his Son.
 find, And taste the sweet blessings of peace, If, con - trite and hum - bly re - signed, We trust in his pro - mis - ed grace.
 stray, Our God shall be all our de - light, Our pil - lar of cloud in the day, And al - so of fire in the night.
 see, And feast on the joys of his love, We chang'd to his likeness shall be, And then shall all gra - ti - tude prove.

A Minor.

Bradshaw.

1. Keep si - lent all cre - at - ed things, And wait your mak - er's nod; His pro - vi - dence un - folds
My soul stands trem-bling, while she sings The hon - ors of her God, God, His pro - vi - dence un - folds

2. Here, he ex - alts ne - glect - ed worms, To scep - tres and a crown; Not Ga - briel asks the rea -
And there, the fol - l'wing page he turns, And treads the mon - arch down. down. Not Ga - briel asks the rea -

3. In thy fair book of life and grace, O may I find my name My God, I would not long
Re - cor - ded in some hum - ble place Be - neath my Lord the lamb! My God, I would not long

the book, And makes his coun - cils shine; Each op'n - ing leaf, and ev - 'ry stroke Ful - fills some deep de - sign.

son why, Nor God the rea - son gives; Nor dures the fa - v'rite an - gels pry Between the fold - ed leaves.

to see My fate with cur - ious eyes, What gloom - y lines are write for me, Or what bright scenes may rise.

SUPPLICATION. 8S & 7S.

137

E Minor. D. Turner.

Davisson.

1. Je - sus, full of all com - pas - sion, Hear thy hum - ble sup - pliant's cry; Guilt - y, but with heart re - lent - ing,
 Let me know thy great sal - va - tion, See, I lan - guish, faint and die.

2. Whith - er should a wretch be fly - ing, But to Him who com - fort gives? While I view Thee, wound - ed, griev - ing,
 Whith - er, from the dread of dy - ing, But to Him who ev - er lives?

3. With Thy righ - teous - ness and Spi - rit, I am more than an - gels blest; Saved! The deed shall spread new glo - ry
 Heir with Thee, all things in - he - rit, Peace, and joy, and end - less rest.

4. On the word thy blood hath seal - ed Hangs my ev - er - last - ing all; In the world of end - less ru - in,
 Let thy arm be now re - veal - ed; Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

O - ver - whelmed with help - less grief, Pro - strate at Thy feet re - pin - ing, Send, O send me quick re - lief.
 Breath - less, on the curs - ed tree, Fain, I'd feel my heart be - liev - ing, That Thou suf - feredst thus for me.

Through the shin - ing realms a - bove; An - gels sing the pleas - ing sto - ry, All en - rap - tured with Thy love.
 Let it nev - er, Lord, be said, Here's a soul that per - ish'd su - ing For the boast - ed Sav - ior's aid.

G Major. W. Cowper, 1779.

J. Boyd.

1. This is the feast of heav'nly wine, And God in - vites me sup; The juic - es of the liv - ing vine, Were press'd to fill the cup,
 2. O bless the Sav - ior, ye that eat, With roy - al dain - ties fed; Not heav'n af - fords a cost - lier treat, For Je - sus is the bread,

3. The vile, the lost, he calls to them; Ye trembling souls, ap - pear! The right - eous in their own es - teem Have no ac - ceptance here,
 4. Ap - proach, ye poor, nor dare re - fuse The ban - quet spread for you; Dear Sav - ior, this is welcome news, Then I may ven - ture too,

5. If guilt and sin af - ford a plea, And may ob - tain a place, Sure - ly the Lord will welcome me, And I shall see his face,

Were press'd to fill the cup, Were press'd to fill the cup; The juic - es of the liv - ing vine, Were press'd to fill the cup.
 For Je - sus is the bread, For Je - sus is the bread; Not heav'n af - fords a cost - lier treat For Je - sus is the bread.

Have no ac - ceptance here, Have no ac - cep - tance here; The righteous in their own es - teem Have no ac - ceptance here.
 Then I may ven - ture too, Then I may ven - ture too; Dear Sav - ior, this is welcome news, Then I may ven - ture too.

And I shall see his face, And I shall see his face; Sure - ly the Lord will welcome me, And I shall see his face.

OVERTON. L.M.D.

139

Davisson.


B \flat Major.



1. Breth - ren, with plea - sure let us part, Since we are of one mind and heart;
No length of days, nor dis-tant place, Can ev - er break these bands of grace. Part - ing with joy we'll join and

2. In vain may earth and hell com - bine To quench that love which is di - vine;
It will not cease with dy - ing breath, Nor cool when we are cold in death. Now join'd in love in Je-sus'

3. A few more roll - ing days and years Shall bring a pe - riod to our tears;
We soon shall reach that bliss-ful shore, Where part - ing shall be known no more. Then shall our eyes be-hold the



sing The won-ders of our Lord and King; Our distant bo - dies may re - move, But noth - ing shall di - vide our love.

name, Let's part and fly to spread his fame; That oth-er souls may leave their woe, And share with us in glo - ry too.

Lamb, The righteous Judge, the great I Am! And ev - 'ry sense find sweet em - ploy, In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

A Minor.

Davisson.

1. Droop-ing souls no long-er grieve, Hea - ven is pro - pi - tious; Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Calls the mourn-er
If on Christ you do be - lieve, You will find him pre - cious;

2. From his hands, and feet, and side, Runs a heal-ing lo - tion; See the liv - ing wa - ters move, For the sick and
See the con - so - lat - ing tide, Bound - less as the O - cean;

3. Streaming mer - cy ev - er free, Wea - ry souls to glad - den; Tho' your sins like mountains high, Rise and reach to
Je - sus says, come un - to me, Ye weary and heav - y la - den'd

4. Glo - ry to my Sav - ior's name, I de - light to praise him; Je - sus's blood hath heal'd my wounds, O the wondrous
Sin - ners, you will do the same When you come to prove him;

to him; He hath died for you and I, Now look up and view him, And praise him who died That sin - ners might live.
dy - ing; I'm re - solv'd to seek his love, Or to per - ish try - ing To praise him who died That sin - ners might live.

hea - ven; If on Christ you can re - ly, All shall be for - giv - en, Then praise him who died That sin - ners might live.
sto - ry, I was lost and now am found, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, I'll praise him who died That sin - ners might live.

RHODE ISLAND. 8.8.6.

C Minor. H. Moore.

Foster.

1. My God! thy bound-less love we praise: How bright on high its glo-ries blaze— How sweet - ly bloom be - low!
 2. 'Tis Love that gilds the ver-nal ray— A - dorns the flow' - ry robe of May— Per - fumes the brea-thing gale:

3. But, in thy gos-pel, it ap - pears In sweet-er, fair - er char-ac - ters, And charms the rav - ish'd breast;
 4. There smiles a kind pro - pi-tious God— There flows a dy - ing Sav-ior's blood, The pledge of sins for - giv'n:

It streams from thy e - ter - nal throne; Thro' heav'n its joys for - ev - er run, And o'er the earth they flow.
 'Tis Love that loads the plen-teous plain, With blush-ing fruits and gold - en grain, And smiles o'er ev - 'ry vale.

There, Love im - mor - tal leaves the sky To wipe the droop - ing mourn-er's eye, And give the wea - ry rest.
 There faith, bright che-rub, points the way To re-gions of e - ter - nal day, And o - pens all her heav'n.

D Minor.

Johnston.

1. Good morn-ing, broth - er pil-grim! What, bound for Canaan's coast? March you to-wards Je - ru - sa - lem To join the heav'n-ly
 2. To Canaan's coast we'll has-ten, To join the heav'n-ly throng; Hark, from the banks of Jor - dan, How sweet the pilgrims'

3. Tho' sin-ners do de - spise us And treat us with dis - dain, Our for-mer comrades slight us, Es - teem us low and
 4. The frowns of old com - pan-ions We're will-ing to sus - tain, And, in di - vine com - pas - sion, To pray for them a -

host? Pray where-fore are you smil - ing, While tears run down your face? We soon shall cease from toil - ing, And
 song! Their Je - sus they are view - ing, By faith we see him, too, We smile and weep and praise him, And

mean; No earth - ly joy shall charm us While march-ing on our way, Our Je - sus will de - fend us In
 gain; For Christ, our lov - ing Sav - ior, Our Com - for - ter and Friend, Will bless us with his fa - vor And

reach that heav'nly place, And reach that heav'nly place. We soon shall cease from toil - ing, And reach that heav'nly place.
 on our way pur - sue, And on our way pur - sue; We smile and weep and praise him, And on our way pur - sue.

the dis - tress-ing day, In the dis - tress-ing day; Our Je - sus will de - fend us In the dis - tress-ing day.
 guide us to the end, And guide us to the end; Will bless us with his fa - vor And guide us to the end.

This page intentionally left blank.

MOUNT OLIVE. L.M.D.

G Major. Isaac Watts.

1. The King of saints, how fair his face, A - dorn'd with maj - es - ty and grace! He comes with blessings from a - bove, And

2. He forms her beau - ties like his own; He calls and seats her near his throne: Fair stranger, let thine heart for - get The

3. O hap - py hour, when thou shalt rise To his fair pal - ace in the skies, And all thy sons, a num'rous train, Each

wins the na - tions to his love.

1. The queen ar -

2. In thee, the

3. Let ev - 'ry

i - dols of thy na - tive state.

1. At his right hand our eyes be - hold The

2. So shall the King the more re - joice In

3. Let end - less ho - nors crown his head; Let

like a prince in glo - ry reign!

1. At his right hand our eyes be - hold At his right hand our eyes be - hold The

2. So shall the King the more re - joice So shall the King the more re - joice In

3. Let end - less ho - nors crown his head; Let end - less ho - nors crown his head; Let

MOUNT OLIVE. Concluded.

143A

ray'd in pur - est gold; The world ad - mires her heav'n-ly dress, Her robe of joy and right-eous - ness; The
 fa - v'rite of his choice; Let him be lov'd, and yet a-dor'd, For he's thy Mak - er and thy Lord; In
 age his praise - es spread; While we with cheer - ful songs ap-prove The con - de - scen - sions of his love. Let

queen ar - ray'd in put - est gold; The world ad - mires her heav'n-ly dress, Her robe of joy and right-eousness;
 thee, the fa - v'rite of his choice; Let him be lov'd, and yet a-dor'd, For he's thy Mak - er and thy Lord.
 ev - 'ry age his praisees spread; While we with cheer-ful songs ap-prove The con - de - scen - sions of his love.

queen ar - ray'd in put - est gold; The world ad - mires her heav'n-ly dress, Her robe of joy and right - eous - ness, —
 thee, the fa - v'rite of his choice; Let him be lov'd, and yet a-dor'd, For he's thy Mak - er and thy Lord;
 ev - 'ry age his praise - es spread; While we with cheer - ful songs ap-prove The con - de - scen - sions of his love;

queen ar - ray'd in pur - est gold; The world ad - mires her heav'n-ly dress, Her robe of joy and right-eous - ness.
 thee, the fa - v'rite of his choice; Let him be lov'd, and yet a - dor'd, For he's thy Mak - er and thy Lord.
 ev - 'ry age his praise - es spread; While we with cheer - ful songs ap - prove The con - de - scen - sions of his love.

The world ad - mires her heav'n - ly dress, Her robe of joy and right-eous - ness.
 Let him be lov'd, and yet a - dor'd, For he's thy Mak - er and thy Lord.
 While we with cheer - ful songs ap - prove The con - de - scen - sions of his love.

Her robe of joy and right-eous - ness.
 For he's thy Mak - er and thy Lord.
 The con - de - scen - sions of his love.

F Major.

J. Boyd.

1. Je-sus, let thy pity-ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;— False to thee, like Pe-ter, I Would fain like Pe-ter weep;— Let me be by

2. Sav-ior, Prince, en - thron'd a-bove, Re - pentance to im - part,—— Give me thro' thy dy - ing love, The hum-ble con-trite heart;—— Give what I have

3. See me, Sav - ior, from a-bove, Nor suf - fer me to die;—— Life and hap - pi - ness and love Smile in thy gracious eye;—— Speak the re-con-

grace re - stor'd, On me be all its fresh ness shown; Turn and look up-on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone; And break my heart of stone.

long im - plor'd, A portion of thy love un - known; Turn and look up-on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone; And break my heart of stone.

ci - ling word. And let thy mercy melt me down; Turn and look up-on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone; And break my heart of stone.

RALEIGH. 6, 6, 9.

145

C Major. Charles Wesley, 1755.

Davisson.

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

2. Now with singing and 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 honor and glory of God.

For the complete hymn, see page 43.

WARNING. C.M.

D Minor.

Elisha West, 1793.

1. The rising morning can't ensure, That we shall end the day; For death stands waiting at the door, To snatch our lives away, To snatch our lives a - way.

2. The ev'ning rests our weary head, And angels guard the room; We wake, and we admire the bed, That was not made our tomb, That was not made our tomb.

A Minor. Joseph Swain, 1815.

Davisson.

1. When on my be - lov - ed I gaze, So daz - zling his beau - ties ap - pear;
His charms so transcend - ent - ly blaze, The sight is too melt - ing to bear! When from my own vile - ness I turn

2. My sins, O how black they ap - pear, When in that dear bos - om they meet!
Those sins were the nails and the spear That wounded his hands and his feet. 'Twas jus - tice that wreath'd for his head

3. The won - der - ful love of his heart, Where he has re - cord - ed my name,
On earth can be known but in part; Heav'n on - ly can bear the full flame. In riv - ers of sor - row it flow'd,

To Je - sus, ex - pos'd on the tree, With shame and with won - der I burn. To think what he suffered for me.
The thorns that en - cir - cled it round; Thy tem - ples, Im - ma - nu - el, bled, That mine might with glo - ry be crown'd
And flow'd in those riv - ers for me; My sins are all drown'd in his blood; My soul is both hap - py and free.

ROAN. 8S.

G Major.

1. Young peo - ple, all at - ten - tion give, While I ad - dress you in God's name. I've sought for bliss in glit - t'ring toys
 You who in sin and fol - ly live, Come, hear the coun - sel of a friend.

2. He speaks, my sin's at once for - giv'n, And wash'd my load of guilt a - way, And now with trembling sense I view
 He gave me par - don, peace in heav'n, And thus I found the per - fect way;

3. But O the soul where vengeance reigns, It shrinks with groans and cease - less cries, There swallow'd up in dark - est night,
 And rolls a - midst the burn - ing flames In end - less woe and ag - o - nies;

And ranged the lur - ing scenes of vice; But nev - er knew sub - stan - tial joys, Un - til I heard my Sav - ior's voice.
 Huge bil - lows roll be - neath your feet, For death e - ter - nal waits for you Who slight the force of gos - pel grace
 Where de - vils howl and thun - ders roar, To rage in keen de - spair and guilt, When thou - sand thou - sand years are o'er.

A Major. Taylor.

Davisson.

1. While sor - rows en - com - pass me round, And end - less dis - tress - es I see; As - ton - ish'd I cried, Can a

2. Few ho - urs of praise I em - ploy, And these all sur - round - ed by pain; If a mo - ment of prais - ing my

3. O when will my trou - ble sub - side, Or when will my suf - fer - ing cease; O when to the man - sions of

mor - tal be found, Sur - round - ed with trou - bles like me, Sur - round - ed with trou - bles like me.

God I en - joy, I've ho - urs a - gain to com - plain; I've ho - urs a - gain to com - plain.

Christ be con - vey'd, The man - sions of glo - ry and peace; The man - sions of glo - ry and peace.

4. May I be prepared for that day,
When Jesus shall bid me remove;
And fill'd with his power go shouting away
To th'arms of my heavenly love.

5. No sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus is taking me home,
With singing and shouting let each brother say,
He's gone from the evils to come.

CAMDEN. L.M.

148B

A Minor. Tate & Brady, 1696.

Bradshaw.

1. When we our wea - ried limbs to rest Sat down by proud Eu - phra - tes' stream: We
With

2. Our harps that when with joy we sung Were wont their tune - ful parts to bear, We wept with dole - ful
With si - lent strings ne -

We wept with dole - ful thoughts op - press'd, And
With si - lent strings ne - glect - ed hung, On

wept with dole - ful thoughts op - press'd, And Zi - on was our mournful theme; And Zi - on was our mourn - ful theme.
si - lent strings ne - glect - ed hung, On wil - low trees that wi - ther'd there; -

thoughts op - press'd, And Zi - on was our mournful theme; _____
glect - ed hung, On wil - low trees that wi - ther'd there; _____ On wil - low trees that wi - ther'd there.

Zi - on was our mournful theme; _____
wil - low trees that wi - ther'd there; _____

FELLOWSHIP. C.M.

G Minor.

1. From all that's mor-tal, all that's vain, And from this earth - ly clod; A - rise my soul, and strive to gain, Sweet fel - low-ship with God.

2. Say, what is there be - neath the skies, Where ev - er thou hast trod; Can suit thy wish - es or thy joys, Like fel - low-ship with God?

3. Not life, nor all the toys of art, nor pleasures flow'r - y road; Can to my soul such bliss im-part, as fel - low-ship with God.

4. When I am made in love to bear af - flic - tion's need - ful rod, Light, sweet and kind the strokes ap-pear, thru fel - low-ship with God.

5. And when the i - cy hand of death shall chill my flow - ing blood, O, may I yield my lat - est breath in fel - low-ship with God.

6. When I at last to heav'n as - cend, and gain my blest a - bode, There an e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend in fel - low-ship with God.

SELDEN. L.M.

C Major. Isaac Watts, 1719.

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

2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast. O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of so-lemn sound!

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, and bless His works and bless His Word. Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

BOUNDLESS LOVE. 8, 8, 6.

150

A Minor. H. Moore.

1. 'Tis Love that gilds the ver-nal ray, A - dorns the flow'ry robe of May, Per - fumes the breathing gale: 'Tis Love that

2. But, in thy gos-pel, it ap - pears In sweet-er, fair-er char-ac - ters, And charms the rav-ish'd breast; There, Love im-

3. There smiles a kind pro - pi - tious God, There flows a dy-ing Sav-ior's blood, The pledge of sins for - giv'n: There God the

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal lines, and the bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in 4/4 time and A minor. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three vocal staves.

loads the plen-teous plain, With blushing fruits and gold - en grain, And smiles o'er ev - 'ry vale, — And smiles o'er ev - 'ry vale.

mor - tal leaves the sky To wipe the droop-ing mourner's eye, And give the wea-ry rest, — And give the wea-ry rest.

spi - rit points the way To re-gions of e - ter - nal day, And takes the saints to heav'n, — And takes the saints to heav'n.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal lines, and the bottom staff is a bass line. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three vocal staves.

Index of Tunes

TUNE	MTR.	PAGE	TUNE	MTR.	PAGE	TUNE	MTR.	PAGE
Animation		100	Emerald Gates	7 & 6	73	Kingwood		887 44
Anthem from the Revelation		101	Epiphonema	P.M.	13	Knoxville	88887	52
Asbury	C.M.	60	Evening Shade	S.M.	9	Lafayette	P.M.	144
Augusta	C.M.	29	Exit	L.M.	79	Lamentation	L.M.	86
Baltimore	88 66	53	Exultation	669	43	Lena	P.M.	38
Bath Chapel	C.M.	81	Fellowship	C.M.	149	Mantua	C.M.	48
Bernham	P.M.	59	Female Convict, The	P.M.	72	Marietta	C.M.	133
Bourbon	L.M.	61	Few Happy Matches	886	31	Maryville	C.M.	65
Botetourt	S.M.	92	Findley	C.M	37	Mecklinburg	8&7	30
Boundless Love	886	150	Florilla	7&6	24	Melodia	10s	45
Camden	L.M.	148	Foster	C.M.	36	Melody	P.M.	103
Changing Seasons, The	11s	19	Friendship	8&7	54	Messiah	C.M.	74
Cincinnati	C.M.	63	Gethsemane	P.M.	97	Middlebury	P.M.	32
Clamanda	L.M.	47	Green Meadows	P.M.	20	Mississippi	P.M.	34
Clovergreen	C.M.	138	Greensville	8s	135	Monroe	L.M.	62
Concert	8 & 7	56	Green Fields	8s	18	Morality	10s	75
Confidence	S.M.	133	Hallelujah	P.M.	31	Morning Star	P.M.	96
Consolation	8, 68	58	Harmony	886	67	Mouldering Vine, The	8&7	105
Converse	886	89	Harrisonburg	7s	15	Mount Olive	L.M.	143
Crucifixion	P.M.	39	Haywood	7s	77	Mount Pleasant	C.M.	42
Davisson's Retirement	L.M.	55	Hermit, The	11s	70	New Hope	S.M.	60
Dauphin	S.M.	94	Hillsborough	C.M.	128	New Jordan	C.M.	50
David's Victory	P.M.	132	Holy City	7&6	88	New Lebanon	P.M.	99
Detroit	C.M.	85	Humble Penitent, The	L.M.	13	New Salem	11&8	10
Devotion	L.M.	9	Humility	L.M.	49	Newton	S.M.	41
Dismission	P.M.	57	Imandra	11s	21	Northfield	C.M.	37
Dunlap's Creek	C.M.	83	Indian Philosopher	886	17	Ode for Christmas, An		116
Dying Christian, The		120	Jerusalem	C.M.	95	Olney	8&7	65
Edenton	C.M.	136	Jordan	C.M.	86	Overton	L.M.	139
Effort	P.M.	129	Jubilee	P.M.	28	Palmira	8&7	63
Elysian Plain	P.M.	130	Jubilee	P.M.	90	Pastoral Elegy	8s	82

Index of Tunes

2 of 2

TUNE	MTR.	PAGE	TUNE	MTR.	PAGE	TUNE	MTR.	PAGE
Patmos	C.M.	106	Rhode Island	886	141	Supplication	8,7	137
Pattonsbury	8&7	93	Roan	8s	147	Swain	8s	146
Pilgrims Farewell	P.M.	127	Rose Tree, The	7&6	104	Templeton	786	140
Pisgah	C.M.	25	Royal Proclamation, The	8s&3	107	Tennessee	P.M.	23
Pleasant Forest	C.M.	92	Salutation	P.M.	142	Transport	12, 11	76
Pleasant Hill	8&6	22	Samanthra	11&8	16	Traveller, The	7 6	91
Portland	L.M.	11	Saphro	C.M.	134	True Riches	7s	102
Portugal	L.M.	40	Seasons Moralized, The		123	Union	8s	81
Port Royal	P.M.	64	Selden	L.M.	149	Unitia	10 11	33
Portuguese Hymn	P.M.	78	Solemn Thought	P.M.	66	Vernon	L.M.	77
Princeton	C.M.	29	Solicitude	11	67	Victory	C.M.	12
Prodigal	C.M.	35	Spring	P.M.	98	Warning	C.M.	145
Protection	L.M.	80	Springfield	7&6	87	Washington	L.M.	27
Raleigh	669	145	Star in the East	11&10	131	Watchman	S.M.	32
Redemption	11s	84	Staunton	C.M.	26	Watt's Harp	P.M.	53
Redemption	11s	85	Sterling	S.M.	46	Wellington	P.M.	148
			Sudbury	6687	122			