

WATTS. Not fast, but loud, bold, and grand.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend His cause; Je-sus, my God! I know His name; His name is all my trust:
Main-tain the hon-or of His word, And hang up-on His cross:

D.C. Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

2. Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face;
And, in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

2 COR. V, 1, 5, 8.

WATTS—HYMNS.

1. There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.
Shortly this prison of my clay
Shall be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
2. 'Tis He, by His Almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own spirit giv'n.
We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon His word:
But while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.
3. 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we would rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.
(Oh let us, then, embrace our God,
And to His glory live;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
His glory we'll receive.)
—WM. HAUSER, M. D., this last.

A. Alexander,

THE LOST. C. M. D.

Wm. Nicholson 1812. 51

Very solemn style.

All, except the air, by Wm. HAUSER, M. D.



1. There is a time—we know not when, A point—we know not where, There is a time—by us un-seen, That cross-es ev'-ry path;
That marks the des-ti-ny of men, For glo-ry, or de-spair.



The hid-den boun-da-ry be-tween God's pa-tience and His wrath.



2. To pass that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pall the glow of health.
The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

3. Oh! where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed?
Beyond which, God Himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost.
How long may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

4. An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called, To-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.
While Jesus calls you seek His face,
Nor longer dare delay;
Oh! slight no more His offered grace,
But seek it while you may."

MESSIAH. C. M. D.

REV. JNO. NEWTON, of England. From his book, "OLNEY HYMNS," pub. in 1779.

REV. JAMES P. CARREL, deceased, of Lebanon Va.
FINE.

1. Approach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer;
There hum - bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea;

D.C. Thou call - est bur - den'd souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

With this I ven - ture nigh;

2. Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest:
Be Thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

1. Terrible thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved—shall I—
Of all alas! whom I have known,
Thro' sin, forever die?
While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:

2. Shall I,—amidst a ghastly band,—
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

3. O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.
"Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promised grace receive!"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

ALARMING. REV. C. WESLEY, 1763.

Ah! no: I still may turn and live,
For still His wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me His grace.

3. I will accept His offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render Him my heart.
I will improve what I receive,
The grace thro' Jesus giv'n:
Bare, if with God on earth I live,
To live with Him in heav'n

DR. WATTS--HYMN 9th.

WM. C. HAUSER, son of the Editor.

FINE.

1. Let ev' - ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev' - ry heart re - joice!
The trum - pet of the Gos - pel sounds, With an in - vi - ting voice: Ho! all ye hun - gry, starv - ing souls,

FINE.

D.C. And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys, To fill an emp - ty mind:

FINE.

D.C.

That feed up - on the wind,

D.C.

D.C.

2. Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
Yet pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

3. Rivers of love and mercy, here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin:

4. Come, naked, and adorn your souls,
In robes prepar'd by God;
Wrought by the labors of His Son,
And dyed in His own blood.
The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

* His first tune.

JNO. NEWTON, of England. 'Tis said he wrote this hymn on the sands of Africa, immediately after his conversion.



1. A - maz - ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me: I once was lost; but now I'm found;



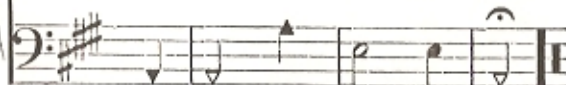
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - liev'd: How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear



Was blind; but now I see.



The hour I first be - liev'd!



3. Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord hath spoken good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.
6. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
 But God, who called me here below,
 Will be forever mine.

WATTS.

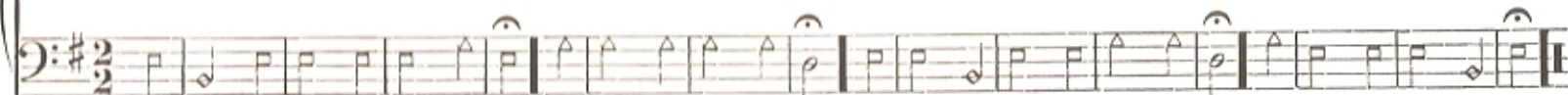
WM. HAUSER, M. D., Jan. 25, 1866.



1. How sad our state by na - ture is! Our sin—how deep its stains! And Sa - tan binds our cap - tive souls, Fast, in his sla - vish chains.



2. But, there's a voice of sove - reign grace, Sounds from the sa - cred word: "Ho! ye de - spair - ing sin - ners, come, And trust a faith - ful Lord."



3. My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise Lord,
Oh, help my unbelief!

4. To the blessed fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into Thy arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

PRAYER FOR WISDOM.

SMART.

1. Father of Light! conduct our feet
Through Life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Us nearer to our God.

2. Let heaven-eyed Prudence be our guide;
And when we go astray,
Recall our feet from Folly's paths
To Wisdom's better way.

3. That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm
And penetrate each heart;

4. Till it shall lead us to Thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all our darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

STEELE. Meth. Prot. Hymn Book.

Noble Scotch Tune.



1. O Thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weeping eye.



2. See low, be - fore Thy throne of grace, A wretched wan - der - er mourn! Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? Hast Thou not said: "Return?"



3. And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from Thy feet?
Oh let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4. Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without a cheering ray;
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5. Oh shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys Divine!

SOLACE IN WO.

Tom Moore, the bard of Erin.

1. O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

3. But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

5. Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

2. The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When Winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

4. When joy no longer soothes, or cheers,
And, e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too—

6. Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows
bright,
With more than rapture's rays;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

CHARLOTTE. C. M.

WATTS—HYMN 94. Ps. lxxiii, 25.

From "New Thesaurus Musicus." By A. GEORGE, Aug. 21st, 1858.

1. My God, my Por - tion, and my Love, My ev - er - last - ing All; I've none but Thee in heav'n a - bove, Or on this earth - ly ball.

2. What emp - ty things are all the skies, And this in - fer - ior clod! There's nothing here deserves my joys, There's nothing like my God.

3. In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis Thy sweet beams create my noon;
If Thou withdraw 'tis night.
4. And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows His head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
5. To Thee we owe our wealth and friends,
Our health and safe abode:
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to Thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?
7. Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
8. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

WATTS. Ps. 103.

1. Let Zi - on and her sons re - joice—Be - hold the prom - is'd hour! Her God he heard her mourning voice, And comes t' ex - alt her pow'r.

2. Her dust and ru - ins that re - main, Are pre - cious in His eyes: Those ru - ins shall be built a - gain, And all that dust a - rise.

3. The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

4. He sits a Sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes:
He hears the dying pris'ner's groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5. He frees the souls condemned to death,
And, when His saints complain,
It sha'n't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6. This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

COWPER. Copied direct from "OLNEY HYMNS."

WM. HAUSER, M. D., Sept., 1866.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame; A light, to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view, Of Je - sus and His word?

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee!

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

1. O Thou, to whom all crea - tures bow, With - in this earth - ly frame, Thro' all the world how

2. In heav'n Thy won - drous acts are sung, Nor ful - ly rec - kon'd there; And yet Thou mak'st the

CONVERSION.

DR. ISAAC WATTS. Ps. 126.

great art Thou! How glo - rious is Thy name!

in - fant tongue Thy bound - less praise de - clare.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. When God reveal'd His gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great. | 4. The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight. |
| 2. The world beheld the glorious change,
And did Thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sang surprising grace. | 5. Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the full harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home. |
| 3. "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And own'd Thy pow'r Divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine!" | 6. Tho' seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop. |

PILGRIM'S TRIUMPH. C. M. D.

This enrapturing song was written by Rev. Jno. Adam Granada, about 1802.

Arr'd by Wm. Hauser, M. D.

Structure of this air learned of a negro, Mark Hull, 1845.

FINE.

1. To see a pil-grim as he dies, With glo-ry in his view!
 To heav'n he lifts his long-ing eyes, And bids the world a - dieu: While friends are weep-ing all a - round,

D.C. He shouts with his ex - pir - ing breath, And leaves them all be - low.

FINE.

D.C.

And loth to let him go,

D.C.

2. O Christians, are you ready now,
 To cross the rolling flood?
 On Canaan's happy shore to stand,
 And see your smiling God?
 The dazzling charms of that bright world
 Attract my soul above;
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
 When perfected in love.

3. Come on, my brethren in the Lord,
 Whose hearts are join'd in one;
 Hold up your heads with courage bold,
 Your race is almost run:
 Above the clouds behold Him stand,
 And smiling bid you come;
 And angels whisper you away,
 To your eternal home.

4. Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
 I'm bound to meet you there;
 Altho' you tread enchanted ground,
 Be bold, and never fear;
 Fight on I fight on I ye valiant souls,
 The land appears in view;
 I hope to gain fair Canaan's land,
 And there to meet with you.

5. All glory to our conq'ring King!
 Now let the echo rise,
 While the repeat is sung above,
 By armies in the skies.
 O Christians, help me praise the Lamb,
 Who died for you and me;
 We'll sing His praises as we go,
 And shout eternally!

J. P. Carroll, 1821,

REV. C. WESLEY, 1759.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

S *FINE.*

1. How hap - py ev' - ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n!
 "This earth," he cries, "is not my place; I seek my place in heav'n; A coun - try far from mor - tal sight,

S *FINE.*

rest, the saints' de - light, The heav'n pre - par'd for me."

S *FINE.*

D.S.

Yet, O! by faith I see The land of

D.S.

2. O what a blessed hope is ours,
 While here on earth we stay!
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
 And antedate that day:
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd;
 And, with His glorious presence here,
 Our eathen vessels fill'd.
3. Oh would He more of heav'n bestow,
 And let the vessels break;
 And let our ransom'd spirits go,
 To grasp the God we seek!
 In rapt'rous awe on Him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me;
 And shout and wonder at His grace
 To all eternity.

Wm. Knorr;

TIME FLIES. L. M. D.

As sung by REV. CHARLES AUGUSTUS MOORE, of Georgia.

63

Arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D.



1. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way! An - oth - er hour, an - oth - er day,
An - oth - er month, an - oth - er year, Drops from us like the leaf - let sere: Drops like the life - blood from our hearts;



D.S. The eye grows dim, and strange to all.



The rose bloom from our cheeks de - parts; The tress - es from our tem - ples fall;



2. Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrents in a summer day;
He undermines the stately tow'r,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flow'r;
And sweeps, from our distracted breast,
The friends that lov'd, the friends that
bless'd;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

3. Time speeds away, away, away;
No eagle thro' the sky of day,
No wind along the hills, can flee
So swiftly, or so smooth as he:
Like firey steed, from stage to stage,
He bears us on, from youth to age;
Then plunges in the fearful sea,
Of fathomless eternity.

Meth. Prot. Revival Hymns.

Arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D.

1. O Je - sus, I have come to Thee, My wan - d'rings to de - plore; Wilt thou not set my spir - it free?

2. My sins are more than I can bear, Oh, speak them all for - giv'n! My soul a - way from earth I tear,

My fall - en soul re - store?

To seek a place in heav'n.

3. Pity, O Lord, my helpless grief,
My soul's deep anguish see,
And grant me now that sweet relief
Which none can give but Thee.

4. Didst Thou not die that I might live?
Might live Thy love to know?
Oh let me now Thy love receive,
And in Thy favor grow!

MOURNER'S PRAYER.

REV. C. WESLEY.

1. Father, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2. What did Thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3. O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy pow'r;
Now my poor soul Thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

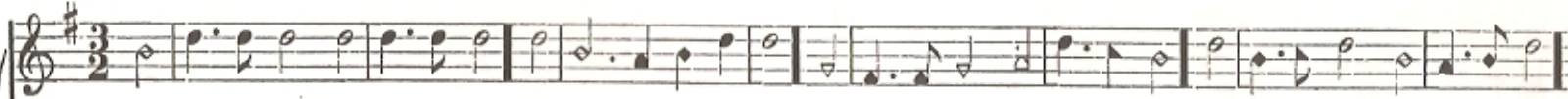
4. Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

5. Surely Thou canst not let me die,
Oh speak, and I shall live!
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6. The worst of sinners would rejoice
Could they but see Thy face:
Oh, let me hear Thy quick'ning voice,
And taste Thy pard'ning grace!

WM. B. TAPPAN.

D. N. GOULD.



1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for ev' - ry wounded breast;

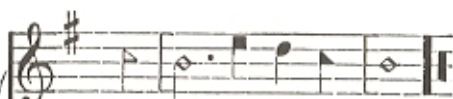


2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n, When toss'd on life's tem-pest-'ous shoals, Where storms arise and o - cean rolls;



3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riv'n,
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heav'n.

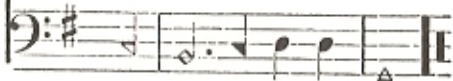
4. There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n;
There rays Divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heav'n.



'Tis found a - lone in heav'n.



And all is dear—'tis heav'n



EVENING MEDITATIONS.

MRS. P. H. BROWN.

1. I love to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my sins and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

2. I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

4. I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

THE PRODIGAL SON. (Tennessee.) C. M.

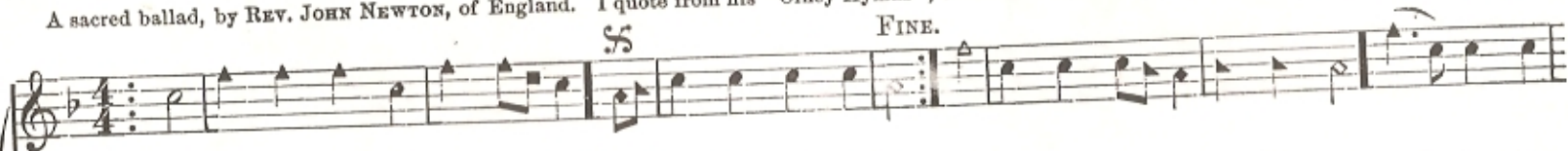
from hymns.
Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

A sacred ballad, by REV. JOHN NEWTON, of England. I quote from his "Olney Hymns", 1779.

Luke xvi.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

FINE.



1. Af - flic - tions, tho' they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent; Al - tho' he no re - lent - ings felt Till he had
They stopp'd the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re - pent.



D.S. When fam - ine pinch'd him sore.

FINE.



D.S.



spent his store, His stub - born heart be - gan to melt



D.S.



2. "What have I gain'd, by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here:
I'll go, and tell him all I've done;
Fall down before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
3. His father saw him coming back;
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child:—
"Father, I've sinn'd—but Oh, forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead."
4. "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go, spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again;
Was lost, but now is found."
'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.

CHRISTIAN VOLUNTEERS. C. M.

67

REV. JNO. ADAM GRANADE, 1802.

Arr'd by E. K. DAVIS, of Alabama, and WM. HAUSER, M. D.

FINE. *CHORUS.*

1. Be-hold! the war-like-trum-pets blow, (When foes in arms ap-pear,)
 To let the sons of free-dom know The day of bat-tle's near. O Chris-tians, praise Him! O Chris-tians, praise

D.S. trum-pet sound-ing For more vol-un-teers.

FINE.

D.S.

Him! Me-thinks I hear the

D.S.

2. Christ's trumpet sounds; let saints be arm'd;
 The battle is begun;
 The hosts of Satan are alarm'd,
 The day will soon be won.—*CHO.*
3. The glorious Captain, Jesus, sends
 The heralds of His might,
 To search and try who are His friends,
 And who will list and fight.—*CHO.*
4. The gospel calls for volunteers,
 To come with sword in hand;
 Where is there one for Christ appears
 Against the foe to stand?—*CHO.*
5. Much bounty-money shall be giv'n,
 To all His soldiers here;
 And glorious crowns, laid up in heav'n,
 When Jesus shall appear.—*CHO.*
6. Here's dress, and food, and drink, and arms,
 And pay, and vict'ry sure;
 This ev'ry Christian soldier charms,
 And makes him war endure.—*CHO.*
7. The Captain never quits the field,
 But fights before His men,
 Until His foes are made to yield,
 Or fall among the slain.—*CHO.*
8. His foes can neither stand nor fly,
 Where He appears in sight;
 But none of these shall ever die,
 Who in His army fight.
9. Here, Lord, behold! I set my name,
 A soldier I will be:
 Thy gracious promises I claim,
 And give myself to Thee.—*CHO.*
10. He did, and does, and always will
 Maintain His armies well;
 And save them from temptation's snares,
 And, after death, from hell.—*CHO.*

DR. WATTS.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin - dle a flame of

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, Kin -

Kin - dle a flame of sa - - cred love, In

sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

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

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

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs!
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

1. O 'tis de-light with-out al-loy, Je-sus to hear Thy name! My

My spir-it leaps with in-ward joy, I

My spir-it leaps with in-ward joy, My spir-it leaps with

spir-it leaps with in-ward joy, I feel the sa-cred flame.

feel the sa-cred flame, I feel the sa-cred flame.

in-ward joy, I feel the sa-cred flame.

2. My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast;
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.
3. This is the grace must live and sing
When faith and hope shall cease;
Must sound from every joyful string
Thro' the sweet groves of bliss.
4. Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.
5. Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet Thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come!
6. Sink down, ye separating hills!
Let sin and death remove!
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

THE LONESOME DOVE. C. M. D.

Wm Caldwell.

Words by REV. JNO. A. GRANADE, about 1800. Dr. Granade was born 1775; died, 1806.

S

FINE.

1. Ye wea - ry, hea - vy - la - den souls, Who are op - press - ed sore;
Ye trav' - lers thro' the wild - der - ness, To Ca - naan's peace - ful shore; Thro' chill - ing winds, and beat - ing rains,

D.S. round - ing you, Take cour - age, and be bold.

S

FINE.

D.S.

The wa - ters deep and cold, And en - e - mies sur-

D.S.

2. Tho' storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear
Thro' the enchanted ground—
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fear—
And dragons often roar—
But, while the gospel trump we hear,
We'll press for Canaan's shore.
3. We're often like the lonesome dove
That mourns her absent mate;
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
Her sorrows to relate:
But Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on,
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.

REV. JNO. NEWTON, of England.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

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

2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul,

D.C. the whole tune to make a refrain.

And drives a - way his fear.

And to the wea - ry rest.

3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never failing treas'ry, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
4. By Him my prayers acceptance gain,
Altho' with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
5. Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
6. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
7. Till then, I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

SALEM.

1. Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of Thy grace.
2. Dost thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
3. Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
4. Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Shall safe convey me home.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

ISAAC BEVERLY WOODBURY, of Massachusetts. Died in Columbia S. C.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill,

2. Lo! such the child, whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod; Whose se - cret heart, by in - fluence sweet,

Of Shar - on's dew - y 'roses!

Is up - ward drawn to God.

3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the
hill,
Must shortly fade away.
4. And soon, ah! soon, the wintry hour,
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's
pow'r,
And stormy passions rage.

5. O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crown'd,
Were all alike Divine:
6. Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and
death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Mrs. E. JONES.

ИИТЧСОСК.

1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast, A - thou - sand thoughts re - volve, Come, with your guilt and fear op - prest, And make this last re - solve:

2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a mountain rose; I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose:

Come, with your fear and guilt op - prest, And make this last re - solve.

I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.

3. "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His Sovereign grace.
4. "I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives:
Perhaps He may command my touch;
And then the suppliant lives.
5. "Perhaps He may admit my plea,
Perhaps He'll hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
6. "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

MERCER'S CLUSTER.

FINE.

1. What poor de - spis - ed com - pa - ny Of trav - el - ers are these?
Who walk in yon - der nar - row way, A - long the rug - ged maze? Ah! these are of a roy - al line,

D.C. Heirs of im - mor - tal crowns Di - vine, And loud, for joy, they sing.

FINE.

2. Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not appraised.
Why do they shun the pleasing path
Which worldlings love so well?
Because it is the road to death,
The certain way to hell.

3. Why do they walk the narrow road,
Along that rugged maze?
Because this way their Leader trod :-
They love and keep His ways.
What ! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God ;
No other can be found.

All child - ren of a King;

THE WITNESSING AND SEALING SPIRIT.

WATTS-HYMNS.

Rom. viii, 14-16. Ep. i, 13, 14.

1. Why should the children of a King,
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace
Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

2. Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

(51)

PLEASANT HILL. C. M. D.

WM. NICHOLSON, of Va. and Ohio. Captured by the British at Fort Malden, in the war of 1812.

ALTO.



1. Take comfort, Christians, When your friends In Je - sus fall a - sleep:
 Their bet - ter be - ing nev - er ends; Then why de - ject - ed weep? Why in - con - sol - a - ble as those To whom no hope is giv'n?



TENOR.



Death is the mes - sen - ger of peace, And calls the soul to heav'n.



2. As Jesus died, and rose again,
 Victorious from the dead,
 So His disciples rise and reign
 With their triumphant Head.
 The time draws nigh when, from the clouds,
 Christ shall with shouts descend,
 And the last trumpet's awful voice
 The heavens and earth shall rend.
3. Then they who live shall changed be,
 And they who sleep shall wake:
 The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
 And earth's foundations shake:
 The saints of God from death set free,
 With joy shall mount on high:
 The heavenly hosts, with Praise loud,
 Shall meet them in the sky.
4. Together to their Father's house,
 With joyful shouts they go,
 And dwell forever with the Lord,
 Beyond the reach of wo.
 A few short years of evil past,
 We reach the happy shore,
 Here death-divided friends, at last,
 Shall meet to part no more.

Michael Bruce, 1766.

1. Let ev'-ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And ev'-ry heart re-joice! The trumpet of the gos-pel sounds, With an in-vit-ing voice.

2. Ho! all ye hun-gry starving souls, That feed up-on the wind, And vain-ly strive, with earth-ly joys, To fill an emp-ty mind:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Eternal Wisdom hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.</p> <p>4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
Yet pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.</p> <p>5. Rivers of love and mercy, here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.</p> | <p>6. Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin;</p> <p>7. Come naked, and adorn your souls,
In robes prepar'd by God;
Wrought by the labors of His Son,
And dyed in His own blood.</p> <p>8. Dear God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.</p> |
|---|--|
9. The happy gates of Gospel Grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

(179).

O HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.

E. J. Loder

DR. ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

I copy WATTS almost precisely. The second verse is left out of all our hymn-books.



1. A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed, And did my Sove-reign die? Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?



2. Thy bod - y slain, sweet Je - sus, Thine, And bathed in its own blood, While all - ex - posed to wrath Di - vine, The glo - rious suf - f'rer stood.



CHORUS.



O how I love Je - sus! O how I love Je - sus! O how I love Je - sus Be - cause He first loved me.



- 3. Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
- 5. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

CORONATION. C. M.*

1792.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET, an English Dissenter, of the last century.

OLIVER HOLDEN, of Charlestown, Mass.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

And crown Him Lord of all!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
 3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
 4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
 5. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

*I have tried to give this grand old tune in all respects just as OLIVER HOLDEN wrote it.—W. H.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues, to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise! The glo - ries of my God and King,

2. My gra - cious Mas - ter, and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, To spread thro' all the earth a - broad,

The tri - umphs of His grace! The tri - umphs of His grace!

The hon - ors of Thy name! The hon - ors of Thy name!

3. Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.
5. He speaks; and, list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
6. Hear Him, ye deaf, His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
7. Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd thro' faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
8. See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made,
For every soul of man.

1. Come, let us join our souls to God, In ev - er - last - ing bands; And seize the bless - ings He be - stows,

1. Come, let us to His tem - ple haste, And seek His fa - vor there; Be - fore His foot - stool hum - bly bow,

COVENANT.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1763.

With ea - ger hearts and hands.

And of - fer fer - vent pray'r.

1. Come, let us use the grace Divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual *Covenant* join
Ourselves to CHRIST the Lord ;—
2. Give up ourselves thro' Jesu's pow'r,
His name to glorify ;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
3. The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind :
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast His words behind.
4. We never will throw off His fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And, if Thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now !
5. Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give !
6. To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day !

TRIBULATION. C. M.

or A Chorus. 81

DR. WATTS.

ANANIAS DAVISSON. Arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D.

1. DEATH! 'tis a mel-an-chol-y day - To those who have no God, When the poor soul is

2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes, For guilt, a hea-vy chain, Still drags her down-ward

forc'd a-way, To seek her last a-bode.

from the skies, To dark-ness, fire, and pain.

3. Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell!
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long *forever* there.
4. See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face!
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

5. He is a God of sovereign love,
Who promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.
6. Prepare me, Lord, for Thy right hand;
Then come, the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

FUNERAL THOUGHT.

DR. WATTS.

1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears, attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.
2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."
3. Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?
4. Grant us the pow'r of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Old air. Words and harmony, by Wm. HAUSER, M. D.



1. O tell me where your fa - ther's gone, Whom now you meet no more? He's with the great Re-deem - er now, Safe on the heav'n-ly shore.



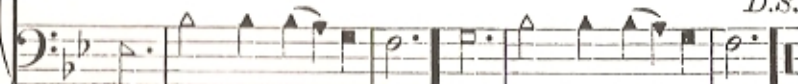
D.S. He's with the great Re-deem - er now, Safe on the heav'nly shore.



REFRAIN.

D.S.

Safe on the heav'n-ly shore, Safe on the heav'n-ly shore.

*D.S.*

2. O tell me where your mother's gone,
Who has been gone so long!
No more she'll meet you here below
Nor join your gladsome song.

REP.—She's on the other shore,
Safe on the heavenly shore,
She's with the Lord of glory now,
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3. O tell me where your brother's gone,
Who once was with you here!
He's gone where God and angels are,
No more to shed a tear.

REP.—He's on, &c.

4. Where is your precious sister gone,
Who once was with you here?
She's in the world of glory now,
No more to shed a tear.

REP.—She's on, &c.

5. Where is your darling baby now
That once lay on your arm?
'Tis with the Lord of angels now
And safe from every harm.

CHO.—It's up in glory now,
Safe on the heavenly shore:
The angels teach and love it now
And it can die no more.

JNO. NEWTON. I copy from his book, "Olney Hymns."

1. In e - vil - long I took de - light, Un - awed by shame or fear; Till a new ob - ject struck my sight,

2. I saw one hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood, Who fix'd His dy - ing eyes on me,

And stopp'd my wild ca - reer.

As near His cross I stood.

3. And never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.
4. My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there,
5. Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6. A second look He gave, which said:
"I freely all forgive;
This blood was for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."
7. Thus while His death my sin displays,
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.
8. With pleasing grief and mournful joy:
My spirit now is fill'd
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I kill'd!

*This chorus is sung to this tune after each verse, by omitting the first note: O the Lamb, the loving Lamb! The Lamb of Calvary! The Lamb that was slain, but lives again, To intercede for me.

REV. JNO. ADAM GRANADE, 1802.

Arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D.



1. Sweet riv - ers of re - deem - ing love, Lie just be - fore mine eye; I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain, With joy out - strip the wind;
Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd to those riv - ers fly:



D.S. And leave the world be-hind.



I'd cross bold Jor - dan's stor - my main,



D.S.



2. A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore:—
My raptured soul shall drink and feast,
In love's unbounded sea:
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is rapturing to me.

3. Oh come, my Savior, come away,
And bear me to the sky;
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay—
Make haste and bring it nigh!
I long to see Thy glorious face,
And in Thy image shine,
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever Thine.

4. Then will I tune my harp of gold,
To my eternal King:
Thro' ages that can ne'er be told,
I'll make Thy praises ring.
All hail, eternal Son of God,
Who died on Calvary!
Who bought me with His precious blood,
From endless misery.

1. O joy - ful sound of gos - pel grace! Christ shall in me ap - pear; I, ev - en I, shall see His face; I shall be ho - ly here.

D.S. see His face; I shall be ho - ly here.

FINE.

REFRAIN.

I shall be ho - ly here:

I shall be ho - ly here; I, ev - en I, shall

2. This heart shall be Thy constant home,
I hear the Spirit's cry:
"Surely," He saith, "I quickly come";
He saith, who cannot lie.
3. The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view:
Cong'ror thro' Him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.
4. The promis'd land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full O, glorious hope!
Of immortality.
5. He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes His future home:
Oh wouldst Thou Lord on this glad day,
Into Thy temple come!
6. With me I know, I feel Thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless Thou plant'st in my heart
A constant Paradise.
7. My earth Thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well! I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul!
8. Come, Oh my God, Thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void!
Thou only canst my Spirit fill:
Come, Oh my God, my God!
9. Fulfil, fulfil my largo desires,
Large as infinite;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All that there is in Thee!

WM. COWPER, 1779.

Old Melody.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from em-man-uel's veins;
 * And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose all their guilt-y

1st time. *2d time.* FINE. REFRAIN.

Omit 2d time.

D.C. And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

1st time. *2d time.* FINE.

Omit 2d time.

stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, tho' vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler sweeter song,
 I'll sing his power to save;
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.
6. Lord, I believe Thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy tho' I be),
 For me a blood-bought, free reward,
 A golden harp for me.
7. 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
 And form'd by pow'r Divine,
 To sound, in God the Father's ears,
 No other Name but Thine.

* I have followed Cowper's copy in "Olney Hymns," without any plagiarism.—W. H.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Savior's brow; His head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow,

2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair, That fill the heav'nly train,

3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
4. To heav'n, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
5. Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

His lips with grace o'erflow.

That fill the heav'nly train.

SALVATION. DR. WATTS, 1709, and WALTER SHURLEY, 1773.

1. Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
2. Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky!
Conspire to raise the sound!
3. Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our heart,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land,

2. O the trans - port - ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green,

Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

And riv - ers of de - light.

3. There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

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

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

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

7. Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8. There, on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But, in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

FINE.



1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and hap- py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.



Cho. *D.S.* Oh, who will come, and go with me? I'm bound for the promis'd land.



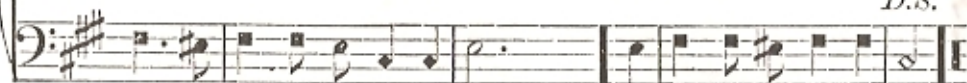
FINE.



CHORUS.

D.S.

I am bound for the promis'd land, I'm bound for the promis'd land,



D.S.

2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!
3. There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
4. All o'er those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
5. No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
6. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever bless'd?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
7. Filled with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

DR. WATTS.

M. C. H. DAVIS. Arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D.

1. My Sa - vior, my Al - mighty Friend, When I be - gin Thy praise, Where will the grow - ing num - bers end,

2. Thou art my ev - er - last - ing trust, Thy good - ness I a - dore; Send down Thy grace, Oh bless - ed Lord,

The num - bers of Thy grace?

That I may love Thee more.

3. My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage, in Thy
strength,
To see the Lord my God.
4. When I am fill'd with sore distress,
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness;
And mention none but Thine.
5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from death and
hell,
Shall His salvation sing.
6. My tongue shall, all the day, proclaim
My Savior and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by His blood.
7. Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful song!
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the seasons long.

HOUSTON. C. M.

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DR. WATTS. Ps. lxxiii, 25.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D. Air learned of my mother when a small child.

FINE.

1. My God, my Por - tion, and my Love, My ev - er - last - ing all,
I've none but Thee in heav'n a - bove, Or on this earth - ly ball. What emp - ty things are all the skies,

D.C. There's no - thing here de - serves my joys, There's no - thing like my God.

FINE.

D.C.

And this in - fe - rior clod!

D.C.

2. In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis Thy sweet beams create my
noon;
If Thou withdraw 'tis night:
And whilst upon my restless bed,
Among the shades, I roll,
If my Redeemer shows His head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
3. To Thee we owe our wealth, and
friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to Thy name for meaner
things,
But they are not my God:
How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to Thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?
4. Were I possesor the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone:
Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

1. This is the Day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own; Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad,
 2. To-day He rose and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em-pire fell; To-day the saints His tri-umphs spread,

3. Hosannah to th' anointed King!
 To David's Holy son:
 Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
 Salvation from Thy throne!

4. Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes in God, His Father's name,
 To save our sinful race!

5. Hosannah! in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heav'ns, in which He reigns,
 Shall give Him nobler praise!

And praise sur-round His throne.
 And all His won-ders tell,

THE SAVIOR ROSE EARLY.

Watts.
 Luke xxiv.

Sunday.

1. This is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead;
 And should I keep my eyelids closed,
 And waste my hours in bed?
2. This is the day when Jesus broke
 The pow'rs of death and hell;
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well?

2. To-day, with pleasure, Christians meet,
 To pray, and hear Thy word;
 And I will go, with cheerful feet,
 To learn Thy will, O Lord!
3. Help me to hear, to praise, to pray,
 And so prepare for heav'n;
 Oh may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the sev'n!

REV. C. WESLEY.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., in 1835.

1. Oh, that I was as here - to - fore, When, warm in my first love, I on - ly liv'd my God t'a - dore,

2. Up - on my head His can - dle shone; And, lav - ish of His grace, With cords of love He drew me on,

And seek the things a - bove!

And half un - veil'd His face.

3. Far, far above all earthly things,
Triumphantly I rode;
I soar'd to heav'n on eagles' wings,
And found and talk'd with God.

4. Where am I now! from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown!

5. Thro' the wide world of sin and wo,
A banish'd man I roam;
But cannot find my rest below,—
But cannot wander home.

6. Oh God, Thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain:
How shall I 'scape into Thy breast?
My Eden how regain?

1. 'Tis by Thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal pow'r; The sea grows calm at thy command,

2. Thy morning light and ev'ning shade Suc - ces - sive com - forts bring; Thy plen - teous fruits make har - vest glad,

3. Sea - sons and times, and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth, and air are thine; When clouds dis - til in fruit - ful show'rs,

And tem - pests cease to roar.

Thy flow'rs a - dorn the spring.

The au - thor is di - vine.

4. Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
5. The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

1. Oh, tell me where the Dove has flown, To build her down - y nest, And I will rove this world all o'er,
2. I sought her in the groves of love, (I knew her ten - der heart,) But she had flown; the Dove of peace

To win her to my breast, To win her to my breast.
Had felt a trait - or's dart, Had felt a trait - or's dart.

3. I sought her on the flow'ry lawn,
Where pleasure holds her train :
But fancy flies from flow'r to flow'r ;
So there I sought in vain.
4. Upon Ambition's craggy hill
The Bird of Peace might stray :
I sought her there ; but vainly still ;
She never flew that way.
5. Faith smiled, and shed a silent tear,
To see my search around ;
Then whisper'd : " I will tell you where
The Dove may yet be found :
6. " By meek Religion's humble cot
She builds her downy nest :
Go, seek that sweet, secluded spot,
And win her to your breast."

WATTS.

TIMOTHY SWAN, good old Connecticut Scotchman.

1. Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends? Or shake at death's a-larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je-sus sends

2. Are we not tending up-ward too, As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours move slow,
To call them to His arms.
To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
4. The graves of all His saints He bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
5. Thence He arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
"Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies!"

WATTS. The Judgment.

1. That aw - ful Day will sure - ly come, Th' ap - pointed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge,

2. Thou lone - ly Chief of all my joys, Thou Sove - reign of my heart, How could I bear to hear Thy voice

And pass the sol - emn test.

Pro - nounce the sound: "De - part!"

3. The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul assunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4. What, to be banish'd for my Life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly?

5. Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove;
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love!

6. Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

7. Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy Book,
Where my Salvation stands.

8. Give me some kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again,
And, cheerfully, my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

WATTS.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye heav'n-ly hosts; And thou, O earth, a - dore: Let death and hell, thro' all their coasts,

2. His sound-ing char - iot shakes the sky; He makes the clouds His throne: There all His stores of light'ning lie,

Stand trem - bling at His pow'r,

Till ven - geance dart them down.

3. Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling His wrath abroad.

4. What will the wretched sinner do?
He once defied the Lord;
But he shall dread the Thunder now,
And sink beneath His word.

5. Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul,
In one eternal storm.

J. H. Herzog.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem - ber me, Thro' all the hours of night; And grant to me most gra - cious - ly,

2. With cheer - ful heart I close my eyes, Since Thou wilt not re - move: Oh, in the morn - ing let me rise,

3. Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days,
Oh, take me to Thy promis'd rest,
Where I may sing Thy praise!

The safe - guard of Thy might

Re - joic - ing in Thy love!

NIGHT.

WATTS—HYMN 7.

1. Dread Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
2. Thro' all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
3. Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But Oh! how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
4. What have I done for Him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied
Fast as my minutes roll!
5. Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To Thy dear cross I flee;
And to Thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by Thee.
6. Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Savior's breast.