

**SACRED SONGS,
For Conference Meetings.**

By L. S. EVERETT.

F-46.103
~~E v 267~~

2

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

SCB


Section

6194

A. P. Putnam

Jesse Chapman Library

Apr. 1881



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/sacadapt00ever>

LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
SEP 19 1936

SACRED SONGS:

ADAPTED TO

SOCIAL RELIGIOUS MEETINGS,

SABBATH SCHOOLS,

AND

FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY L. S. EVERETT,

PASTOR OF THE UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY, IN SALEM, MASS.

BOSTON:

1843.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by
L. S. EVERETT,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED BY A. B. KIDDER, 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

REMARKS.

THE compiler of this Collection of Hymns and Tunes would not conceal the fact that he has never been fully satisfied with any work of the kind that has fallen under his observation. Nor is he vain enough to think that this will please all who have tastes of their own, and are entitled to the right of being reasonably fastidious, as regards the means of securing their gratification. He can only say that unwearied pains have been taken to combine simplicity with utility; to find Tunes adapted to the purposes for which these are intended; and Hymns calculated to awaken such emotions as are congenial with a rational piety, and a pure, elevated, and undefiled religion. Light and trivial pieces, and poetry of a similar character, which, in sorrow be it said, have been too much in vogue, have been unhesitatingly rejected; while an effort has been made, to furnish our denomination with the means for cultivating a correct taste, rather than intentionally to administer to the gratification of a bad one.

The tunes, with but few exceptions, are arranged with only two parts. The considerations which led me to prefer this plan are both weighty and obvious. In Conference meetings, and Sabbath Schools, it is desirable that all, or nearly all should unite in singing—this being a most important part of the exercises. In *congregational* singing, it is next to impossible for the voices to be perfectly harmonized. In proportion to the number of parts, is the nicety and intricacy of the harmony, and, consequently, the difficulty of performing the piece. It is not to be expected, therefore, that any congregation can be made to sing more than two parts, with any degree of accuracy. Aside from the inconvenience of arranging two parts on one staff, and the perplexity necessarily occasioned by such an arrangement, it is by no means desirable to have any attempt made to sing more than the Air and Bass.

The Responses in this collection are designed to be sung as the exercises of the meeting proceed, to occupy the moments which might otherwise be allowed to pass away in unprofitable silence. A moderate degree of familiarity with the work will enable the leader of the singing to find something suited to almost any subject under consideration, without difficulty or loss of time.

I take pleasure in acknowledging my indebtedness to the Editors, and Authors, from whose works selections have been made. Should this collection add any thing to the interest, pleasure, or profitableness of those social meetings which have been found so eminently conducive to the moral and spiritual welfare of the denomination of Universalists, I shall be glad.

L. S. E.

INDEX OF HYMNS.

Awaked by grace,	14	Lord, dismiss us with,	67
Away with our sorrow,	26	Look through creation,	81
All hail the power,	42	Lord what our ears have,	85
Awake my heart,	94	Lord of the worlds above,	90
Awake my soul, and with the sun,	104	Love divine all,	97
Ah! whither should I,	78	Lord what a thoughtless,	98
Awake my soul, to joyful,	74	Now to the Lord a noble song,	21
Before Jehovah's,	71	Not from the dust affliction,	22
Behold the morning,	87	Now, e'en now,	83
Behold the glories of,	92	O, come, loud anthems let,	5
Broad is the road,	101	O thou who driest the mourner's,	11
Behold where in,	106	O how happy are they,	17
Come holy Spirit,	7	Our Father, whose eternal,	31
Come ye disconsolate,	25	O what amazing joys,	79
Come sound his praise,	86	O that I had some,	84
Come ye that love,	86	O Lord accept,	94
Come thou almighty,	89	Religion is the chief concern,	33
Deathless principle arise,	18	Rise, my soul,	91
Ere I sleep,	99	Sweet is the work, my God,	6
Far from my thoughts,	20	Spare us, O Lord,	8
From whence doth this union,	45	Sing to the Lord, ye distant,	9
Farewell to the pleasures,	51	Servants of the living God,	54
Farewell, dear friends,	56	See what a living stone,	68
From every stormy wind,	64	Show pity Lord,	69
From every earthly pleasure,	23	Show pity Lord,	103
Father of our dying,	83	See the Lord of glory,	70
From Greenland's icy,	95	Sweet as the shepherd's,	80
Far from these scenes,	93	So fades the lovely,	82
From gloomy dejection,	108	Sweet is the friendly voice,	85
Glory to thee, my God,	19	There is an hour of peaceful rest,	13
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,	35	There is a fountain filled,	24
Glory to Jesus,	105	Though hard the winds are,	30
God my supporter,	72	The morning light is breaking,	34
God of our salvation,	67	Teach me the measure of,	39
How happy is the pilgrim's lot,	15	The Savior calls,	43
Hail, sov'reign love,	16	The pleasures of earth,	60
Hark, how the gospel trumpet,	33	The Lord descended,	62
How lovely the place,	37	The spirit in our hearts,	87
Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,	48	Through all the changing scenes,	96
How gracious the promise,	50	This world is all a fleeting show,	107
How sweet to reflect,	52	Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,	82
Hail, sweetest, dearest tie,	58	Welcome sweet day of rest,	10
How pleased and blest,	66	When marshalled on the,	12
Hither ye faithful,	76	While shepherds watched,	27
Hark the glad sound,	88	What's this that steals,	28
How various and,	102	What sound is this?	29
In songs of sublime adoration,	32	With music gently flowing,	30
I have fought the good fight,	41	When shall we all meet again,	36
I have looked round the,	44	Why do we mourn departing,	49
I'm not ashamed,	65	Whilst thee I seek,	59
Jesus thou didst bid us,	55	With reverence let the saints,	63
Jesus, I my cross have,	100	With songs and honors,	73
Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior,	40	While with ceaseless course,	75
Let earth and heaven agree,	47	Ye angels who stand,	46

INDEX OF TUNES.

All's Well,	28	Love Divine,	97
Arlington,	48	Morning Light,	34
Amsterdam,	91	Meditation,	39
Bridgewater,	6	Majesty,	62
Brookfield,	69	Missionary Hymn,	95
Benevento,	75	Mear,	92
Beverly,	83	Marblehead,	102
Bethlehem,	94	Maryland,	78
Bethesda,	90	Morning Hymn,	104
Boylston,	93	Northfield,	7
Complaint,	8	Old Hundred,	71
Come ye Disconsolate,	25	Ortonville,	106
Corydon,	26	Parting Friends,	36
Cheerful Hope,	30	Peace Troubled Soul,	80
Coronation,	42	Peterborough,	9
China,	49	Portuguese Hymn,	76
Christian Warrior,	54	Pleyel's Hymn,	82
Christian Hope,	58	Pickering,	107
Cambridge,	88	Quincy,	50
Charity,	108	Resignation,	22
Devotion,	20	Romaine,	23
Devizes,	43	Rochester,	72
Departing for the kingdom,	56	Russia,	103
Dalston,	66	Sterling,	5
Dismission,	67	Star of Bethlehem,	12
Dover,	85	St. Martin's,	24
Disciple,	100	Sherburne,	27
Evening Hymn,	19	Supplication,	31
Eden of Love,	52	Stafford,	68
Evening,	99	Salem,	79
Friendship,	105	Shirland,	87
Ganges,	14	Silver Street,	86
Greenville,	35	The Mourner's Song,	11
Good Shepherd,	40	Transport,	18
Greenwich,	98	Truro,	21
Hour of Rest,	13	The Martyr's Song,	41
Happy Pilgrim,	15	The Mercy Seat,	64
Hiding-place,	16	Turner,	65
How lovely the place,	37	Thirty-fourth Psalm,	96
Home,	69	Union Hymn,	45
Invocation,	46	Urmund,	33
Italian Hymn,	89	Whittemore,	38
Joys of Conversion,	17	Who's like Jesus,	55
Knox,	84	Winter,	73
Lisbon,	10	Windham,	101
Lenox,	47	Zion's Pilgrim,	32
Lena,	70	Zion,	44
Loving Kindness,	74		

SACRED SONGS.

STERLING. L. M.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a common rest on the first staff, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes across the three staves.

O come, loud anthems let us sing; Loud thanks to our Al-migh-ty

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves, continuing the melody from the first system. It features similar rhythmic patterns of eighth and quarter notes across the treble and bass staves.

King; For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's rock we praise.

To his blest courts let us repair,
And humbly bow before him there;
To him alone the grateful song,
And thankful hymns of praise belong.

Earth and its depths are in his hand;
Sea and its isles his wisdom plann'd;
And earth, and sea, and sky proclaim
The might and honor of his name.

♪ come, and bow before the Lord,
Ye who can best his praise record;
Come, and with holy hosts above,
Sing of the wonders of his love.

RESPONSES.

1 Awake to praise each joyous tone,
To make our holy transports known;
Awake each tongue—lift up each voice!
In grateful rapture to rejoice!

2 Give to the Lord immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

3 O all ye people clap your hands!
And shout, in triumph, while you sing!
Sing his high praise who earth com-
And over all is sovereign King! [mands,

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give

thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light,
To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all

And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.
thy truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.

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

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they
shine,
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace refines my longing heart;
For then in spirit I shall feel
The blessing of celestial zeal.

When shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In an unfading world of joy.

RESPONSES.

1

O God, our Father, and our King,
Of all we have or hope the spring,
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm our hearts with holy love.

2

With pity let our hearts o'erflow,
When we behold another's woe;
And bear a sympathizing part,
With all who are of heavy heart.

3

I love the Lord—I love his cause,
I love his just and holy laws,
I love his word, I love his ways,
I love to hear and sing his praise.

Come ho - ly spir-it, heavenly dove, With all thy quickening

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

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

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

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

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

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies!

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come holy spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come—shed abroad a Savior's love,
And thou shalt kindle ours.

RESPONSES.

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heavens, where God
That holy, happy place, [resides,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blessed abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.
- 4 His own soft hand shall wipe the
From every weeping eye; [tears
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself shall die! [fears,

COMPLAINT. L. M.

Spare us, O Lord, a - loud we pray, Nor let our

sun . . go down at noon! Thy years are one e -

Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, - And

- ter - nal day, And must thy chil - dren die so soon! Thy

must thy chil - dren die so soon! Thy

years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy children die so soon.

years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy children die so soon.

The trifling joys this world can give,
 A thirsty soul can ne'er supply;
 A soul, which hopes, thro' grace, to live
 In realms of bliss beyond the sky.
 Yet, O my God! I would not slight
 The smallest of thy gifts to me;

The least doth give me some delight,
 And shows thy mercy rich and free.
 But O, it is a greater joy,
 To feel my heart is reconciled;
 To know thou wilt my sins destroy,
 And claim me as thy ransomed child.

Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands—Ye tribes of

eve - ry tongue; His new dis - cov - er'd grace de -

mands A new . . . and no - - bler song.

HYMN.

RESPONSES.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns!
 God's own almighty Son;
 His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.

1 Hark, the glad sound 'the Savior comes,
 The Savior promised long!
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy through the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.

2 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And, with the treasures of his grace,
 T'rich the humble poor.

Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea:
 Ye mountains sink! ye vallies rise!
 Prepare the Lord his way!

3 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring,
 With thy beloved name.

Behold he comes! he comes to bless
 The nations from their God,
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse he found.

Wel-come sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a -

-rise; Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast, And

Wel-come to this re - viving breast, And these re -

these re - joic - - - - - ing eyes.
- joic - ing eyes, And these re - joic ing eyes.

HYMN.

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day, amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

RESPONSES.

1 Shall we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross
And bought our liberty.

O thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here, We could not fly to

be, } The friends, who in our sunshine live, When winter comes, are flown; &
thee!

he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a - lone.

Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,	To Zion's gladsome strains.
Did not thy wing of love	Why do we mourn departing friends,
Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom,	Or shake at death's alarms?
Our peace-branch from above?	'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
Then sorrow touch'd by thee, grows	To call them to his arms.
bright,	
With more than rapture's ray;	
As darkness shows us worlds of light,	
We never saw by day.	

RESPONSES.

1

O, no, we cannot sing the songs
Made for Jehovah's praise;
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings,

2

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that never die.

When marshalled on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky,

One star a-lone of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

Soft. Trebles.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev'ry host, from eve - ry gem;

Loud. Air and Base.

But one alone the Savior speaks, It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the stormy seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was
dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that toss'd my found'ring
bark;

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my Guide, my Light, my all,
It made my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing beneath night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

RESPONSE

When dread misfortune's tempests rise,
And roar through all the darkened skies,
Where shall the anxious pilgrim gain
A shelter from the wind and rain?
Within the covert of thy grace,
O Lord, there is a hiding-place,
Where, unconcerned, we hear the sound,
Tho' storm and tempest rage around.

There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wanderers

given; There is a joy for souls dis-tressed, A

balm for every wounded breast—'Tis found a-bove—in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
As fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous
shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

RESPONSES.

1 Sweet hours of rest, amidst our woes,
To us on earth are given—
On Jesus' breast we may repose,
Nor fear the conflict with our foes,
And feel that here is heaven.

2 There is no peace for souls distressed,
Whose sins are not forgiven,
The sinful have no present rest,
Their hearts are sad—by guilt op-
pressed—
And still there's room in heaven.

A waked by grace—a cheering sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I

found, And knew not where to go; E - ter-nal truth did loud proclaim,

“The sin-ner must be born a - gain, Or not the Sa-rior know.”

When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its thunders on my head,
I no relief could find:
This solemn truth increased my pain,
“The sinner must be born again,”
And whelmed my suffering mind.

I heard my friends with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the tempter's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
“The sinner must be born again,”
I sunk in deep despair:

But while I thus in angulsh lay,
The gracious Savior passed this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by the law once slain,

Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

RESPONSES.

1

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
O take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from sin, at thy command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

2

All glory to our God above,
For all the tokens of his love,
By all mankind be given;
Let every heart in praise ascend,
And every note of rapture blend,
With songs of joy in heaven.

How hap - py is the pil - grim's lot; How
 free from eve - ry anxious thought, From world - ly hope and
 fear! Con - fined to nei - ther court nor cell, His soul ab - hors in
 sin to dwell, He lives in free - dom here.

PART FIRST.

This happiness in part is mine,
 Already saved from low design,
 I feel the power of love!
 The hope of everlasting good
 Takes from my heart the heavy load,
 I look to God above.

The things eternal I pursue,
 A life divine beyond the view
 Of those who basely pant
 For things by sinners felt and seen;
 Their honors, wealth, and pleasures
 I neither have, nor want.

PART SECOND.

Nothing on earth I call my own;
 A stranger to the world—unknown—
 I all their goods despise;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a city out of sight,
 A city in the skies.

There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home;
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 [mean, And Jesus bids me come.

Hail! sovereign love, that first be - gan The scheme to
 res - cue fall - en man; Hail! match - less, free, e - - -
 - ter - nal grace, That gave my soul a hi - ding place.

HYMN.

Against the God, that built the sky,
 I fought with hands uplifted high:
 Despised the mansions of his grace,
 'Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than light
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure without a hiding-place!

But lo! the eternal counsel ran,
 "Almighty love arrest the man;"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding-place.

Then lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
 And mercy's angel soon appear'd;
 Who led me on a pleasing pace,
 To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

RESPONSES.

1

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see,
 A whole assembly worship thee!
 At once they sing, at once they pray,
 They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2

O, write upon my memory, Lord,
 The truth and precepts of thy word,
 That I may love thy law the more,
 And serve thee better than before,

3

With holy thoughts and scenes divine,
 Fill up this longing heart of mine,
 That faithful I may ever be,
 To all the laws derived from thee.

O how hap-py are they, Who their Sa-vior o - bey,

And have laid up their trea - sures a - bove; Tongue can never ex-press.

The sweet comfort and peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

That sweet comfort was mine,	On the wings of his love,
When the favor divine	I was carried above
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;	All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
When at first I believ'd,	And I could not believe
What a joy I receiv'd,	That I ever should grieve,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!	That I ever should suffer again.

'Twas a heaven below,	O! the rapturous height
My Redeemer to know,	Of that holy delight,
And the angels could do nothing more,	Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Than to fall at his feet,	Of my Savior possessed,
And the story repeat,	I was perfectly blessed,
And the lover of sinners adore.	And was fill'd with the fulness of God.

Deathless principle arise! Soar, thou native of the skies! Pearl of price, by

Jesus bought, To his glorious likeness wrought, Go, to shine before his throne,

Deck his mediatorial crown; Go, his triumphs to adorn, Born of God, to God return.

Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly;
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away:
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him,
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
Safe in the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve:
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through.
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore!

Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For

all the bless - ings of the light; Keep me, O

keep me, King of kings, Be - neath thy own Al - mighty wings.

HYMN.

RESPONSES.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

2 Why should my passions mix with
earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go?

O when shall I, in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine, with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
One sovereign word can draw me
I would obey the voice divine, [thence:
And all inferior joys resign.

Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth--'tis heaven above!
To see thy face, and sing thy love!

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, with-
Let noise and vanity be gone: [drawn;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be gone, Let my religious hours alone;

Fain would my eyes my Sa-vior see; I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kin-dles with a pure de - sire:

Come, my dear Jesus, from above, And feed my soul with heavenly love.

HYMN.

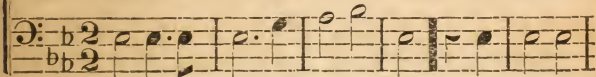
Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thine entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste, above,
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.
 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
 In thee thy Father's glories shine,
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
 That eyes have seen, or angels known.

RESPONSE.

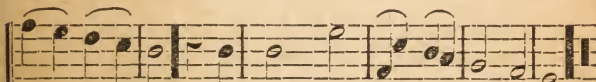
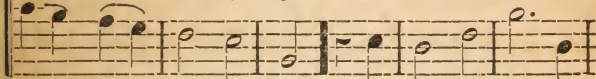
To thee, O Lord, the God of Love,
 Who dwellest in the light above,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.
 O, through thy Son, to us impart
 Thy spirit, to inspire each heart,
 That so our virtues may increase,
 And we enjoy thy perfect peace.



Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A - wake my



soul! a - wake my tongue! Ho - san - na to th'e



- ter - nal name, And all his bound - less love pro-claim.



RESPONSES.

1

See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

When doubts and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2

Grace! 'tis a sweet—a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

Praise ye the Lord, around whose
throne,
All heaven in ceaseless worship waits;
Whose glory fills the worlds unknown;
Praise ye the Lord, from Zion's gates.

3

O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harp's of gold!

O, let our hearts and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
And let our works of virtue shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

RESIGNATION. C. M.

Not from the dust af - flic - tion grows, Nor troubles rise by

chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes, A sad in - her - it - ance! Yet

we are born to cares and woes, A sad in - her - it - ance!

As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn:

Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well known laws,
Of love and righteousness.

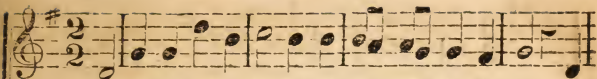
Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and sin can do no more
Than what my Father please.

RESPONSES.

1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face!
Hast thou not said—Return?

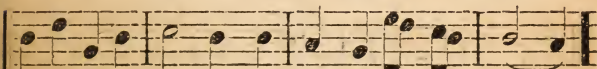
3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.



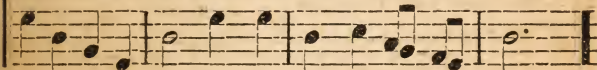
From every earthly pleasure, From eve - ry transient joy, From



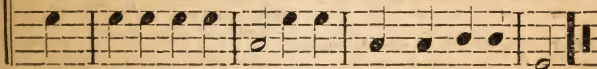
every mor-tal treasure, That soon will fade and die; No



longer these de - si - ring, Up - wards our wish - es tend,



To no-bler bliss as - pi-ring, And joys that nev - er end.



From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite Delight.

'Tis true, we are but strangers,
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go.
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there is a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

There is . . . a foun - - tain filled with blood,

Drawn from . . Im - man - uel's veins! And sin - ners, plunged be -

- neath that flood, Lose all . . their guil - ty stains.

HYMN.

Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 'Till all the ransomed of the Lord
 Be saved, to sin no more!

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,

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 tongue
 Lies silent in the grave!

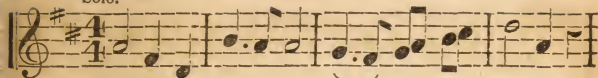
RESPONSES.

1 While shepherds watched their flocks
 by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

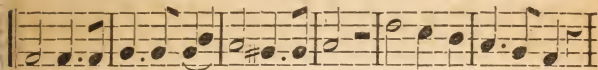
2 My God, what silken cords are thine?
 How soft, and yet how strong!
 For power, and truth, and grace com-
 To draw our souls along. [bine,

3 O all ye nations, praise the Lord;
 His glorious deeds proclaim;
 The wonders of his grace record,
 And laud his mighty name.

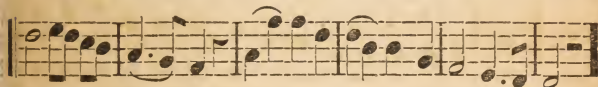
Solo.



Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er you languish,

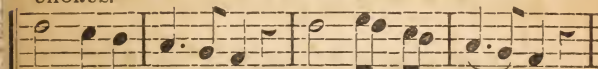


Come, at the mer-cy seat fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,

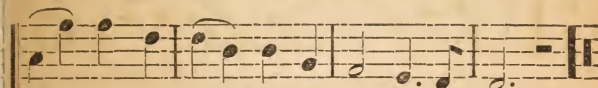
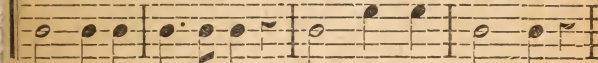


here tell your an - guish, Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

CHORUS.



Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your an - guish,



"Earth hath no sor - row that Heaven can - not heal."



Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
 "Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."
Here bring, &c.

RESPONSE.

Author of holiness! source of salvation!
 Thou art our fathers' God—thou art our stay!
 Bringing our grateful hearts in adoration,
 Here we will praise thee, and here we will pray.
Here bring, &c.

A - way with our sor-row and fear, We soon shall re - cov - er our

home; The ci - ty of peace shall appear, The day of de - liv - er - ance

come! From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to the hap - py a -

-bode, The house of our Father a - bove, The palace of angels and God.

By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here;
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear:
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands, as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God

No need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is followed by night,
 Where Christ doth his brightness dis-
 A pure and a permanent light; [play
 The Lamb is their light and their sun;
 And, lo! by reflection they shine,
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divinest

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All sent - ed on the

ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone around, And

glo - ry shone around, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And
glo - - - - ry shone a - round, The an - gel of the

glo - - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round.
Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone a - - round. . . .

"Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.)
Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng

Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high!
And to the earth be peace:
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to
Begin and never cease." [men,

ALL 'S WELL.

What's this that steals, that steals up-on my frame,
That soon will quench, will quench this vi-tal flame,

Is it death? Is it death? }
Is it death? Is it death? } If this be death, I soon shall be,

From eve-ry pain and sor-row free, I shall the king of

glo-ry see,— All is well, All is well.

Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well, All is well.

My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free.
All is well, All is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Savior from my eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies,
All is well. All is well.

Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye saints in glory,
All is well, All is well.

I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story
All is well, All is well.

Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to wait my spirit home,
All is well, All is well.

Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well, All is well.

I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
All is well, All is well.

Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view,
All is well, All is well.

Hail, hail, all hail! all hail, ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace.

I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace.

All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
O, hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well, All is well.

RESPONSES.

1 What sound is this? a song, thro' heaven resounding,
God is love! God is love!

And now from earth, I hear the song rebounding,
God is love! God is love!

Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same,
God is love! God is love!

2 This song repeat, repeat ye saints in glory,
God is love! God is love!

And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
God is love! God is love!

In this let earth and heav'n agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme for ever be,
God is love! God is love!

3 Creation speaks, with thousand tongues proclaiming,
God is love! God is love!

And Providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is love! God is love!

But let the burdened sinner hear
The Gospel, sounding high and clear
To every soul both far and near,
God is love! God is love!

Though hard the winds are blow - ing, And

loud the bil - lows roar; Full swift - ly we are

go - - ing, To our dear na - tive shore.

HYMN.

The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us
To those we loved so well.

So sorrow often presses
Life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses,
Are gales and billows strong.

The sharper and severer
The storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heaven's eternal seat.

Come, then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast;
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.

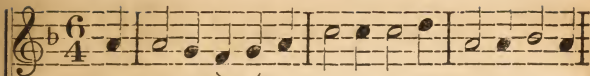
RESPONSES.

1 With music gently flowing,
And love ne'er felt before,
To Jesus we are going,
To part with him no more.

2 The peaceful heav'n's are o'er us,
Though storms around us swell—
And Jesus will restore us,
With all we love so well.

3 Though sorrow often presses,
Yet sweet shall be my song;
Afflictions and distresses
Shall bear my soul along.

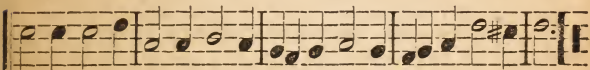
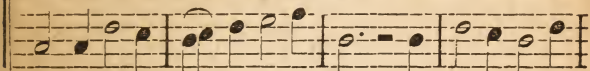
4 Then, tho' the world looks dreary,
And sorrows pierce my breast,
My Savior bears the weary
To his eternal rest.



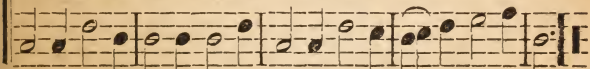
Our Father, whose e - ter - nal sway The bright angel - ic



hosts o - bey, O, lend a pitying ear, When on thy aw - ful



name we call, And at thy feet sub - mis - sive fall, O, con - de - scend to hear.



Far may thy glorious reign extend ;
 May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
 And yield to sovereign love:
 May we take pleasure to fulfil
 The sacred dictates of thy will,
 As angels do above.

Pardon our sins, O God, that rise
 Like gloomy clouds against the skies ;
 And while we are forgiven,
 Grant that revenge may never rest,
 Nor malice harbor, in that breast
 That feels the love of heaven.

Protect us in the dangerous hour,
 And from the wily tempter's power,
 O set our spirits free ;
 And if temptation should assail,
 May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
 And lead our hearts to thee.

Thine is the power—to thee belongs
 The constant tribute of our songs—
 All glory to thy name:
 Let every creature join our lays,—
 In one resounding act of praise,
 Thy wonders to proclaim.

In songs of sub - lime a - do - ra - tion and praise ; Ye
Break forth and ex - tol the great An - cient of days, His

When each with the cords of his kindness he drew, And

pil-grims for Zi - on who press, } His love from e - ter - ni - ty
rich - ly a - bounding free grace! }

brought you to love his great name.

D. C.

fixed up - on you—Broke forth and dis - covered its flame,

O, had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt:
We all should have lived, and have perished in sin,
And groaned with the load of our guilt.
What was there in us, that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "Even so, Father,"—we ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in thy sight,"

'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey ;
While others were suffered to go
The road, which by nature, we chose as our way,
That leads to transgression and woe.
Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs ;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

Hark! how the gos - pel trum - pet sounds, Thro' all the

world the e - cho bounds! And Je - sus, by re -

deem - ing blood, Is bring - ing sin - ners back to God, And

guides them safe - ly by his word, To end - less day.

Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
 And when the conquest you have won,
 Then palms of victory you shall bear,
 And in his kingdom have a share,
 And crowns of glory ever wear.
 In endless day.

There we shall in full chorus join,
 With saints and angels all combine,
 To sing of his redeeming love,
 When rolling years shall cease to move,
 And this shall be the theme above,
 In endless day.

MORNING LIGHT.

The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis - ap - pears,

The sons of earth are waking, To pen - i - ten - tial tears ;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings tidings from a - far,

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us,
 Are opening every hour ;
 Each cry to Heaven going,
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way,
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay ;
 Stay not, till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home,
 Stay not, till all the holy
 Proclaim the Lord has come.

Gent - ly, Lord, O gent - ly lead us, Through this
Oh re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Oh re -

Fine.

low - ly vale of tears; And, O Lord, in
- fresh us with thy grace.

D. C.

mer - cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.

HYMN.

Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love.
Happy songsters,
When shall I your chorus join?

RESPONSES.

1 Jesus, full of condescension,
Thou who didst for sinners die,
When thy worthy name I mention,
And before thee prostrate lie,
O then hear me,
From thy dwelling place on high.

2 When my sinful inclinations
Cause me far from thee to stray,
When beset with strong temptations,
I forsake the narrow way,
Oh, reclaim me;
Help me then to watch and pray.

3 In affliction's trying hour,
Worn with grief, by sin oppressed,
When the skies around me lower,
Let me lean upon thy breast;
Oh, support me,
Thou canst give the weary rest.

PARTING FRIENDS.

When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all

meet a - gain? Oft shall glow - ing hope as - pire,

Oft shall wea - ried love re - tire, Oft shall death and

sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

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

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

HOW LOVELY THE PLACE.

37

How love - ly the place where the Sa - vior ap - pears, To

those who be - lieve in his word; His presence dis - pers - es my

sor - rows and fears, And bids me re - joice in my Lord.

A day in his courts than a thousand beside,
 Is better and lovelier far,—
 My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,
 And all their delights I abhor.

Lord! give me a place with the humblest of saints,
 For low at thy feet I would lie;
 I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints;
 Thou hearest the young raven's cry.

Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee,
 O! come, in thy chariot of love!
 From earth's vain enchantments, O! help us to flee,
 And set our affections above.

Re - li - gion is the chief . . . concern Of mor - - tals

here be-low; May I its great importance learn, Its sov'reign virtue

May I its great im - por - tance learn,

know, May I its great importance learn, Its sov'reign vir - tue know.

HYMN.

More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows:
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Can give such sweet repose.

O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

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

RESPONSES.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

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

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame!

I would sur-vey life's nar-row space, And learn how frail I am.

HYMN.

RESPONSES.

A span is all that we can boast—
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ; [who,
They toil for heirs, they know not
And straight are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust,

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

1
There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that
Lose all their guilty stains. [flood,

2
Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till every ransomed child of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

3
How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

4
Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet!
Dear Savior, I adore ;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

5
If we must die—as die we must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear us on his friendly wing
To our celestial home!

GOOD SHEPHERD.

Let thy king - dom bless - ed Sa - vior, Come, and
Come, O come, and reign for - ev - er, God of
Day and night thy lambs are cry - ing, Come, good

bid our jar - ing cease. } Vi - sit now poor bleed - ing
love and prince of peace. }
shep - herd feed thy sheep.

Zi - on, Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep.

Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas.—none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
Then we'll rush thro' what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap;
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Savior,
O! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here,—
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.

Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

Hear the Prince of our salvation,
Saying, "Fear not, little flock;
I myself am your Foundation,
You are built upon this Rock;
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep,
Look to me, and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep."

Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
How it doth our souls inflame!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

I have fought the good fight—I have finished my race, And
Thee, O my Savior, I soon shall embrace; They may torture this body—my
spir-it is free, And the billows of death shall but waft it to thee.

Let thy strength,—Lord, but gird me—thy smile be but mine,
And my soul on thy faithfulness, firmly recline;
The dungeon, the sword, or the stake I can dare,
And in transports expire,—if my Jesus be there.

Did my Lord feel the scourge? Did the thorns pierce his brow?
In the darkness of death, on the cross did he bow?
All this didst thou suffer, my Savior, for *me*?
Then welcome the fetters, that link me to thee.

United in sufferings—the promise is clear,
I shall with my Jesus in glory appear;
Out of great tribulation in triumph I go,
With my robe wash'd in blood, and made whiter than snow.

I go to my Savior—I go to my God,
I tread the same path my Redeemer once trod:
Unworthy, my Jesus, unworthy am I,
E'en to fall in thy cause—for thy truth e'en to die.

Lo! on my clear vision, the seats of the bless'd
Seem calmly to shine, and invite me to rest;
Then unshaken my soul on the promise relies;
"Though I die, I shall live—though I fall I shall rise"

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall ;

Tenor.

Treble

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of . . all—

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord . . of all.

HYMN.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

And when with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet shall fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

RESPONSES.

1 Come mourning sinners, filled with
And on your Savior call ; [grief,
He'll give you peace and sweet relief,—
For he is Lord of all.

2 Come doubting saints, and trust his
And low before him fall, [word,
For Christ has gone to be with God,—
O, crown him Lord of all!

3 Babes, men, and sires, who know his
Who feel your sin and thrall, [love,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 All hail, the power of love divine!
Let mortals prostrate fall ;
Jesus! be praise and glory thine—
O, crown him Lord of all.

The Savior calls! let eve - ry ear At - tend the

heavenly sound! Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear;

Soft. Hope smiles re - viv - ing round, *Loud.* Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.

HYMN.

For every thirsting, longing heart,
The streams of mercy flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
A balm for every woe.

Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
And he who here in faith applies,
Will not apply in vain.

The fountain flows, and ever flows!
O hearken to the voice,
That bids you here relieve your woes,
And in the Lord rejoice.

Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts,
For thou alone canst draw:
Display the joy thy grace imparts,
The spirit of thy law.

RESPONSES.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every 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 How rich thy favors, God of grace!
How various, how divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

4 God to eternal glory calls,
And points the blissful way
To realms of perfect peace and joy,
Where reigns unclouded day.

I have look'd round the verdant earth, For un - fa - ding joy ;

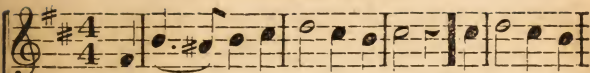
I have tried eve - ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy.

Lord, be - stow on me, Grace to set the spir - it free ;

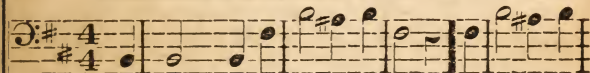
Thine the praise shall be ; Sin no more an - noy.

I have wander'd in mazes dark
 Of doubt and distress ;
 I have had not a kindling spark
 My spirits to bless.
 Cheerless unbelief,
 Fill'd my laboring soul with grief ;
 What shall give relief ?
 Or what shall give bliss ?

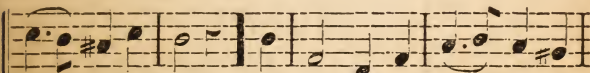
I have turn'd to thy Gospel, Lord,
 From folly away ;
 I will trust in thy holy word,
 By night and by day.
 Here I seek release,
 Weary spirits finds sweet peace,
 Grace in us increase,
 Thy glory display.



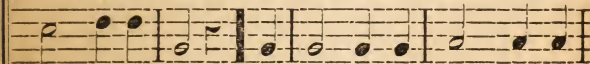
From whence doth this union a-rise, That ha-tred is



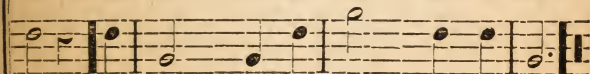
con-quer'd by love! It fas-tens our souls in such



ties, As dis-tance and time can't re-move.



ties, As dis-tance and time can't re-move.



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

With Jesus we ever shall reign;
We all his bright glory shall see,
And sing, "Hallelujah, Amen;"
Amen, even so let it be.

RESPONSES.

My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus has gone we shall be,
In yonder bright mansions above.

1 My friends, let us never depart,
To mix with the cold world again,
Till Christ has constrained every heart,
To feel that he died not in vain.

O why then so loth now to part?
Since we shall ere long meet again;
Engrav'n on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

2 How lovely the house where we meet!
With God's holy presence how blest!
Our rich entertainment how sweet!
How heav'nly the place where we
rest!

And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
And leaving these bodies of clay,
Unite with our Jesus in love.

3 Farewell, then, if so it must be!
Though gladly we would longer stay:
We'll go with our spirits made free,
Rejoicing in wisdom's bright way.

Ye an - gels, who stand round the throne, And
In rap - tur - ous songs make him known; Tune,

When o - thers sink down in de - spair, Con -

view my Im - man - u - el's face, } He form'd you the spirits you
tune your soft harps to his praise: }

-firm'd by his pow - er ye stood.

are, So hap - py, so no - ble, so good.

D. C.

Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatch'd you from sin and the grave—
He ransom'd from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I want—Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with you!

Let earth and heav'n agree, Angels and men be joined, To

celebrate with me, The Savior of mankind: To praise the all-

To praise the all-atoning Lamb, To toning Lamb, To praise the all-atoning Lamb, And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

praise the all-atoning Lamb, And bless the sound of Je-sus' name.

HYMN.

RESPONSES.

Jesus! transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given
 By which we can salvation have,
 But Jesus came the world to save.

O, unexampled love!
 O, all-redeeming grace!
 How swiftly didst thou move
 To save a fallen race!
 What shall I do to make it known,
 What thou for all mankind hast done?

O, for a trumpet's voice,
 On all the world to call;
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In him who died for all!
 For all, my Lord was crucified,
 For all—for all, my Savior died!

1 O my distrustful heart,
 How small thy faith appears!
 But greater, Lord, thou art
 Than all my doubts and fears:
 Did Jesus once upon me shine?
 Then Jesus is forever mine!

2 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
 And perfectly perform,
 The work thou hast begun
 In me, a sinful worm:
 'Midst all my fears, and sin and woe,
 Thy spirit will not let me go.

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

Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed up - on the wind,

And vain-ly strive with earthly toys To fill an emp-ty mind.

Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die.
Here you may quench your raging
thirst
With springs that never dry.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;—
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

RESPONSES.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on

A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 My soul, with all thy wakened pow-
ers,
Survey the heavenly prize ;
Nor let the glitt'ring toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms?

'Tis but the voice that Je-sus sends, To call them to his arms.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
The grave, where once our Savior lay,
Hath lost its fearful gloom.

That calm repose his presence blest,
That cold but quiet bed!
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

Thence he arose—and now commends
To us his gracious charms!
The glory that his truth attends,
Death of its sting disarms.

Though earth and all its joys be dim,
On him in faith rely;
Our life is hid with God in him;
That life can never die!

RESPONSES.

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That in the blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and
dead,
Each mournful thought employs,
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of
time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that never die.

5 We eat, dear Lord, the broken bread,
And drink the flowing wine;
And at thy table here outspread,
Partake of joys divine.

6 The broken bread! the body here
In emblem is expressed;
Thy living grace may we revere,
Thy dying love attest.

QUINCY.

How gracious the promise, how soothing the word,

That came from the lips of our mer - ci - ful Lord;

"Ye lone and ye wea - ry, ye sad and op - pressed,

Come, learn of your Sa - vior, and ye shall find rest."

Ye heart-stricken sons and ye daughters of wo,
 For you the fresh fountains of comfort o'erflow;
 Your souls to the blessed Redeemer unite;—
 His yoke it is easy, his burden is light.

And ye that have sinned and wandered astray,
Come, walk in "the light, and the truth, and the way;"
Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart;
For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart.

Now thanks be to him who hath given us light,
The way of the Christian is easy and bright;
And humbly when touched by the chastening rod,
He bows to the will of his Father and God.

When life's stream flows feebly and faint is his breath,
And his perishing body yields slowly to death,
No fear for the future brings darkness or gloom;
No cloud of despair overshadows the tomb.

Believing in Jesus, and trusting in God,
He fears not to walk where his Savior hath trod;
Before him the waves of Eternity roll;—
He enters;—and Christ shall give rest to his soul!

RESPONSES.

1

Farewell to the pleasures which time can afford,
Since Thou art my glory, my Savior and Lord;
Nor fear I the darkness of death and the tomb,
Since Thou art my Light in the midst of the gloom.

2

Though troubles assail me, and dangers surround,
Though thorns in my pathway may ever be found,
Still let me not fear, for Thou ever wilt be,
My God and my Guide while I lean upon Thee.

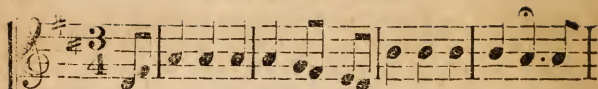
3

In all my afflictions, O let me still feel,
That Thou, who hast smitten, wilt graciously heal;
And let thy rich promise my Comforter be,—
While trusting in mercy I lean upon Thee.

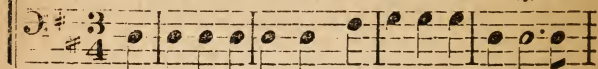
4

And in the last hour, when my spirit may stay
No longer on earth, but is summoned away,—
Amid those bright scenes, which no mortal may see,
Let me joy in Thy love, as I lean upon Thee.

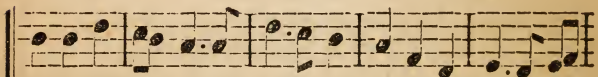
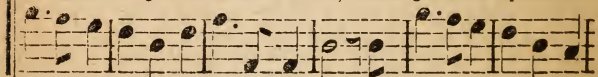
EDEN OF LOVE.



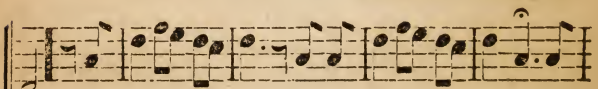
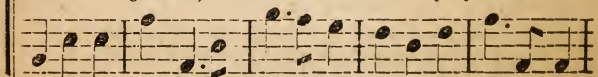
How sweet to re-lect on those joys that a - wait me, In



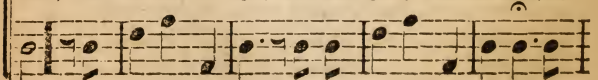
you blissful re - gion the ha - ven of rest, Where glo - ri-fied spirits with

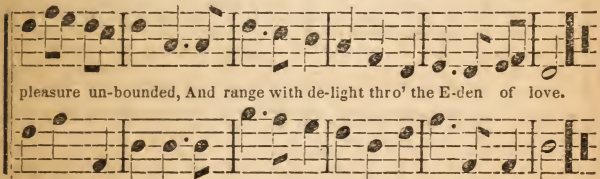
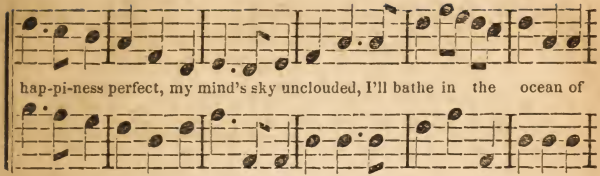


welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions pre-pared for the



blest; En - cir-cled in light, And with glo-ry en - shrouded, My





While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;
 Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love.

Then hail, blessed state! Hail ye songsters of glory!
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love."
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of Love!

CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

Servants of the liv - ing God, When the paths of sin ye trod,

Grace restrain'd the an - gry rod; Bless Mes - si - ah's name.

Sa - tan's bondmen once ye were, Wil - ling cap - tives in his snare,

Till with mighty arm made bare, Christ, your res - cue, came.

Now the fight of faith begin;
 Be no more the slaves of sin;
 Strive the victor's palm to win,
 Trusting in the Lord.
 Gird ye on the armor bright,
 Warriors of the King of light,
 Never yield, nor lose by flight
 Your divine reward.

Fear not, though a feeble band,
 Marching through a hostile land;
 Guided by a mighty hand,
 Ye shall win the day.
 Faithful to your banner be,
 Ever fighting manfully;
 Laurels shall be won by thee,
 Fading not away.

WHO'S LIKE JESUS.

Not too fast.

Je - sus, thou didst bid us pray, And never, nev - er faint ;
Qui - et we shall nev - er know, Till we from sin are freed,

With the word a power con - vey To ut - ter our com - plaint! }
O, a - venge us of our foe, And bruise the ser - pent's head! }

CHORUS.

Oh! who's like Je - sus? Hal - le - lu - jah. Praise ye the Lord!

There's none like Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah. Love and serve the Lord.

We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the sinner's friend.

Day and night we'll speak our woe,
Importunately plead ;
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

DEPARTING FOR THE KINGDOM.

Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well dear

friends, I must be gone, I can no

long - er stay with you; I'll take the cross and

trav - el on, With a bright world of bliss in view.

CHORUS.

I'll march to Ca - naan's land; I'll

seek that peace-ful shore, Where pleasures nev - er end, And

sin shall reign no more. Fare - - well, fare - -

-well, fare - well, my lov - ing friends, fare - well.

Farewell, my friends —time rolls along, Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
 Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss; It grieves my heart to leave you here;
 I'll leave earth's woes, and travel on, The risen Saviour waits for you;
 For I must go where Jesus is. O, come, and find salvation near!
I'll march, &c. *I'll march, &c.*

THE CHRISTIAN HOPE.

Hail! sweetest, dearest tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one,

Hail sa-cred hope that tunes our minds To har-mo - ny di - vine.

It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which Jesus' grace has given ;

The hope when days and years are pass'd, We all shall meet in heaven.

What though the northern winds arise,
 And howl around our cot;
 Or though beneath the southern skies,
 Be cast our earthly lot:
 Yet still we share the blissful hope,
 The Savior's grace hath given,
 The hope when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

From eastern shores, from northern
 lands,

From western hill and plain,
 From southern climes, the brother-
 bands

May hope to meet again.
 It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which love divine hath given;
 The hope when life and time are o'er,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

No hope deferred, no parting sigh,
 That blessed meeting knows;
 There friendship beams from every eye,
 And hope immortal grows.
 It is the hope, the precious hope,
 Which boundless grace hath given:
 The hope when time shall be no more,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

SECOND HYMN.

Whilst thee I seek, protecting power!
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
 Thy love the power of thought be-
 stowed,
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,—
 That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee:
 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
 My lifted eye without a tear
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;—
 That heart shall rest on thee.

RESPONSES.

1

Joined in a union firm and strong,
 No foe our ranks can break:
 To victory we press along,
 And glorious warfare make.
 Darkness recedes, and sin shall die
 Before our banners spread;
 And foes of peace around us lie,
 Or far away have fled.

2

Our fervent prayers shall still prevail
 Against a host of sin,
 And angels every Christian hail
 Whose love a conquest wins.
 This warfare then let us pursue:
 The van our Captain leads;
 Each conflict shall our strength renew,
 To other glorious deeds.

3

Then let our ranks, more closely join'd
 With shield and buckler stand;
 A kingdom we at last shall find,
 The promised spirit-land.
 Let all, with harmony of voice,
 In lofty praises join;
 Let every soul in Christ rejoice,
 With rapture all divine.

4

The kindling flame begins to glow,
 Each heart grows warm with love;
 And we enjoy, on earth below,
 The bliss of heaven above!
 O thus forever may we feel,
 And evermore display
 Devotion's pure and holy zeal,
 In Shiloh's chosen way.

The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade a - way, They

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

bloom for a sea-son, but soon they de - cay. But pleas - ures more

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The bottom staff provides the bass line. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

last-ing, In Je - sus are given, Sal - va - tion on earth, and a

Detailed description: This system contains the third two staves of music. The top staff continues the melody. The bottom staff provides the bass line. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

man - sion in heav'n. Home, home, sweet, sweet home. The

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The top staff continues the melody. The bottom staff provides the bass line. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff contains the lyrics "saints in those man-sions are ev - - er at home." written below the notes. The bottom staff contains the same lyrics without the words. The music is written in a common time signature and features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, and a bass line with quarter notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord symbol.

Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
 The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
 At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
 O there may I feast with his children at home!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

Farewell vain amusements, my follies adieu,
 While Jesus and heaven and glory I view;
 I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
 The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O when shall I share the fruition of home?

The days of my exile are passing away,
 The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
 "Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
 And dwell in my presence, for ever at home."
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er,
 The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
 There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
 They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.

RESPONSE.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

Home, &c.

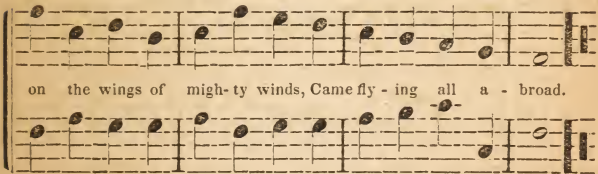
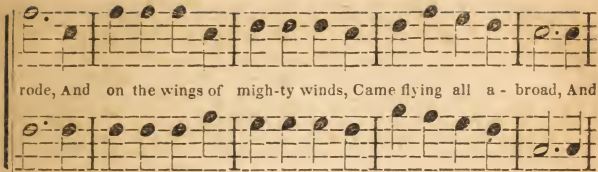
MAJESTY. C. M.

The Lord . . de - - scend - ed from a - bove, And

bowed the heavens most high; And un - der - neath his

feet he cast The dark - - - - - ness of . . the

sky. On cherub and on che-rub-im, Full roy - al - ly he



HYMN FIRST.

The Lord our God is full of might:
 The winds obey his will;
 He speaks—and in his heavenly height
 The rolling sun stands still.
 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
 With threatening aspect roar:
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
 And chams you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night! your force com-
 Without his high behest, [bine,
 Ye shall not in the mountain pine
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.
 Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend,
 Ye monarchs! wait his nod,
 And bid the choral song ascend
 To celebrate our God.

HYMN SECOND.

With reverence let the saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord;
 His high commands with reverence hear
 And tremble at his word.
 How terrible thy glories be!
 How bright thine armies shine!
 Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
 Or truth, compared with thine?

Thy words the raging winds control,
 And rule the boisterous deep;
 Thou makest the sleeping billows roll—
 The rolling billows sleep.
 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wondrous is thy grace,
 While truth and mercy, joined in one,
 Invite us near thy face.

RESPONSES.

1 Great God! and wilt thou condescend
 To cast a look below—
 To this vile world thy notice bend,
 These seats of sin and woe?
 But O to show thy smiling face,
 To bring thy glories near—
 Amazing and transporting grace
 To dwell with mortals here.

2 How strange, how awful is thy love!
 With trembling we adore—
 Not all th'exalted minds above
 Its wonders can explore.
 While golden harps and angel-tongues
 Resound immortal lays,
 Great God! permit our humble songs
 To rise and mean thy praise.

THE MERCY SEAT. L. M.

From eve-ry stor-my wind . . . that blows, From

eve-ry swell-ing tide . . . of woes, There is a calm, a

sure re-treat— 'Tis found be-neath the mer- - - cy

seat, 'Tis found be-neath . . . the mer - cy seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far by faith—they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause;

Main-

Main - tain the hon - or of his word, Maintain the honor

-tain the hon - or of . . . his word, The glo - ry of his

of his word, The glo - ry of his cross. Main - tain the hon - or
cross, The glo - ry of his cross.

of his word, The glo - - - - ry of his cross.

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

Father of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

How pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo-ple cry,

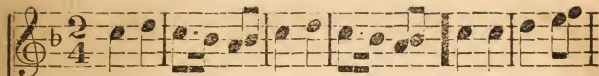
"Come let us seek our God to-day:" Yes, with a cheerful zeal,

We'll haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round!	May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait, To bless the soul of every guest. The man that seeks thy peace, And wishes thine increase, A thousand blessings on him rest.
In thee our tribes appear To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.	

There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

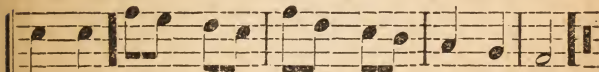
My tongue repeats her vows—
"Peace to this sacred house,"
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.



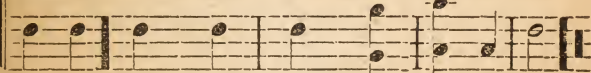
Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with



joy and peace; Let us all . . . thy love pos -



-sess - ing, Tri - - umph in re - deem - ing grace.



Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

HYMN SECOND.

God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow

As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hopes more bright of joys to come.

RESPONSES.

- 1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing—
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.
- 2 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou Prince of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.
- 3 By thine all-redeeming merit
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

See what . . . a liv - - ing stone The

build - - - ers did re - - fuse: Yet

Yet God hath built his church thereon, Yet God hath built his church there-

church there - on, Yet God hath built his church there-

The Scribe and angry Priest
 Reject thine only Son;
 Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
 As the chief corner stone.

The work, O Lord, is thine,
 And wondrous in our eyes;

This day declares it all divine;
 This day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day,
 That our Redeemer made:
 Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
 Let all the church be glad.

Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, for - give, Let

a . . . re - pent - - - ing re - - - bel live;

Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May

not . . . a sin - - - ner trust . . . in thee?

My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there.
Some safe support against despair.

See the Lord of glo - ry dy - ing, See him gasp - ing,

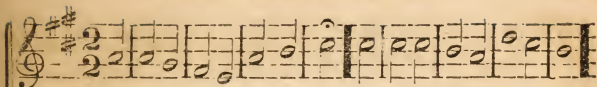
hear him cry - ing, See his burthen'd bo - som heave ;

Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him! Look, how deep your

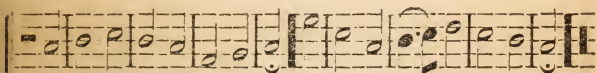
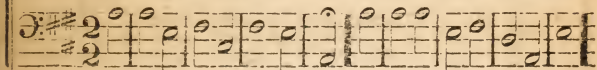
sins have stung him, Dy - ing sin - ners look and live.

Heaven's bright melodious legions,
 Chanting to the tuneful regions,
 Cease to trill the quivering string:
 Songs seraphic all suspended,
 Till the mighty war is ended
 By the all-victorious King:

Shout, ye saints, with admiration ;
 Fill with songs the wide creation,
 Since he's risen from the grave:
 Shout with joy and acclamation,
 To the rock of your salvation,
 Who alone hath power to save.



Be-fore Je-hovah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy;



Know that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre - ate, and he destroy.



HYMN.

RESPONSES.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep, we
 strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

We are his people, we his care,—
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?

2 Eternal are thy mercies Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to
 shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
 Above the heavens where angels dwell!
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand
 When rolling years shall cease to
 move.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness! arise;
 Bless the dark world with heavenly
 light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
 Thy laws are pure—thy judgments
 right.

God, my sup-port-er and my hope, My help for-ev-er near ;

Thine arm of mer-cy held me up, When sinking in des-pair.

HYMN.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy for me ;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die ;
Not all the idol-gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

RESPONSES.

1 When God reveal'd his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

3 Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come—
They shall confess their sheaves are
And shout the blessing home. [great,

4 Our Father, God! how sweet the
How tender and how dear! [sound!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

5 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my
And make my soul sincere ; [ways,
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

With songs and honors sounding loud, Address the Lord on high;

O - ver the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And wa-ters veil the skies.

HYMN.

RESPONSES.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains
And corn in valleys grow. [crown,</p> <p>His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.</p> <p>His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.</p> <p>He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.</p> <p>The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.</p> | <p>1 Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below—
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe?</p> <p>2 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.</p> <p>3 Songs of immortal praise belong
To our almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.</p> <p>4 Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.</p> <p>5 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.</p> |
|--|--|

LOVING KINDNESS.

Awake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing the great Re -

-deemer's praise; He just - ly claims a song from me, His

lov-ing kind - ness, O, how free! His lov - ing kind-ness, His

lov-ing kind - ness, His lov-ing kind - ness, O, how free!

Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
 His loving-kindness, &c.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 O! may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.
 His loving-kindness, &c.

While with ceaseless course the sun, Hasted thro' the former year,

Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here; Gone to their im-

-mor - tal state, They have done with all be - low, We a lit - tle

long - er wait, But how lit - tle none can know.

As the swiftest arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past, receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew:
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view;
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Savior's love;
 Then when life's short tale is told,
 We shall dwell with thee above.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

Hith - er, ye faith - ful, haste with songs of

tri - - umph, To Beth - le - hem haste, the Prince of

life to meet; To you, this day is

Soft.

born a Prince and Sa - - - vior; O come, let us

Loud.

wor - ship, O come, let us wor - - ship, O

come, let us wor - - - ship at his feet.

Jesus, our Savior, for such condescension,
 Our praise and our reverence are an offering meet;
 Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us:
 O come, let us worship at his feet.

Blessed Redeemer, thou art still our Savior,
 Our sun in the darkness, and our shade in the heat;
 Glory and honor to our great Redeemer:
 O come, let us worship at his feet.

Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
 And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
 Give to our Savior, glory in the highest:
 O come, let us worship at his feet.

Ah! whither should I go, Bur-den'd, and sick, and faint?

To whom should I my troubles show, And pour out my complaint?

HYMN.

My Savior bids me come,
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay!

What is it keeps me back
 From which I cannot part?
 Which will not let the Savior take
 Possession of my heart?

Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

I now believe in thee
 Compassion reigns alone;
 According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done!

In me is all the bar,
 Which thou wouldst fain remove;
 Remove it, and I shall declare
 That God is only love.

RESPONSES.

1 How swift the torrent rolls,
 That hastens to the sea;
 How strong the tide that bears our souls
 On—to eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they?
 With all they called their own;
 Their joys and griefs, and hopes and
 And wealth and honor, gone! [cares

3 There, where the fathers lie,
 Must all the children dwell;
 Nor other heritage possess,
 But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers, hear
 Thou everlasting Friend!
 While we, on life's extremest verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
 May we the footsteps trace,
 Till with them in the land of light
 We dwell before thy face.

O, what a - mazing joys they feel, While to their gold-en

harps they sing; And sit on eve - ry heaven-ly hill, And sit on

eve - ry heavenly hill, And sing the triumphs of their King.

HYMN.

Praise ye the Lord around whose throne
 All heaven in ceaseless worship waits,
 Whose glory fills the worlds unknown;
 Praise ye the Lord from Zion's gates.

With mingling souls and voices join;
 To him the swelling anthem raise;
 Repeat his name with joy divine,
 And fill the temple with his praise.

RESPONSES.

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

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

Sweet as the shep - herd's tuneful reed, From Zi - - on's

mount I heard the sound; Gay sprang the flowerets of the mead,

And glad - - den'd na - ture smil'd a - round. The voice of

peace sa-lutes my ear, Christ's love - ly voice per-fumes the air.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan,
 Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo,
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow:
 Behold the precious balm is found,
 To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburden here the weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
Safe on the bosom of thy God:
Thy God's thy Savior, glorious word!
May I both love and praise my Lord.

As spring the winter,—day, the night,
Peace, sorrow's gloom hath chased away,
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay;
While glory weaves the immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

SECOND HYMN.

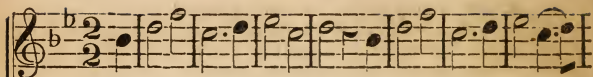
Look through creation, and behold,
The wonders of Almighty power;
Eternal wisdom's works unfold
In every leaf, in every flower:
“There is a God, all-good, all-wise,”
The very meanest insect cries.

Seasons, revolving in their spheres,
A thousand rural beauties bring;
But loveliest of the group appears
The green-dressed beauty, charming spring;
The music of whose morning voice
Bids all the sons of earth rejoice.

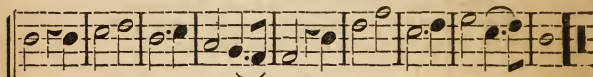
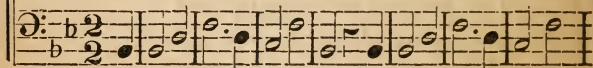
Winter is death, when nature mourns
To see her offspring lifeless lie;
Summer and Autumn weep, by turns,
To see their children droop and die;
But Spring revives their hopes again,
And breathes new life through every vein.

How emblematic of that day,
The glorious resurrection morn,
When, decked in brighter robes than May,
In robes that angel hosts adorn,
The soul, redeemed, shall burst its tomb,
And in immortal glory bloom!

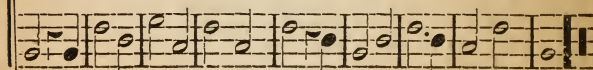
PLEYEL'S HYMN. L. M.



So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail smiling solace of an



hour, So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.



HYMN.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed
the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the
shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

RESPONSES.

1 Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th'expiring breast!

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

3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Fa-ther of our dy-ing Lord, Re-mem-ber us for good; }
O ful-fil his faith-ful word, And hear his speak-ing blood! }

Show his truth, and pow'r, and grace, And send the promise down.

Give us that for which he prays; Fa-ther, glo-ri-fy thy Son: D. C.

FIRST HYMN.

True and faithful Witness thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give!
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room;
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

SECOND HYMN.

Now, e'en now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart!
Purge the love of sin away,
Then I into nothing fall;
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

Jesus, now our hearts inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine:
Purify our faith like gold;
All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

RESPONSES.

1 I will hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me;
Hast thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on thee?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in thee have peace and power;
Never from my Savior fly,
And never grieve thee more.

2 How have I thy Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove!
Obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on thy love!
I have sinn'd against the light;
I have broke from thy embrace;
No, I would not, when I might
Be freely saved by grace.

O that I had some hum-ble place, Where I might hide from
Where I might see my Sa-vior's face, And there be freed from

sor - row ; } O had I wings like No-ah's dove, I'd leave this world so
ter - ror. }

sin-ful ; And fly away to realms above, Where Jesus stands in - vit - ing.

My heart is often made to mourn,
Because I'm faint and feeble ;
And when my Savior seems to frown,
My soul is filled with trouble :
But when he doth again return,
And I repent my folly,
'Tis then I after glory run,
And still the Savior follow.

I have my bitter and my sweet,
While through this world I travel ;
Sometimes I sing, and often weep,
Which makes my foes to marvel.

But let them think and wonder on,
I feel I'm bound for heaven ;
I hope I shall with Jesus reign,
I therefore still will praise him.

I want to live a Christian here,
I want to die rejoicing ;
I want to feel my Savior near,
When soul and body's parting.
I want to see bright angels stand,
And waiting to receive me,
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ has gone before me.

Lord, what our ears have heard, Our eyes de-light-ed trace ;

Thy love in all thy ways conferred On Zi-on's chosen race.

FIRST HYMN.

Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore:
By all be in devotion shown
Thy praise for evermore.

How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy word,
Includes our rising race.

Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their Father's God ;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

SECOND HYMN.

Sweet is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

Thy presence shall restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Lord, let my steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast blessed.

RESPONSES.

1 My soul, be on thy guard!
Unnumbered foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray ;
The contest ne'er give o'er ;
Renew the conflict day by day,
And aid divine implore.

Come, sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je -

-ho-vah is the Sove-reign God, The u - ni - ver-sal King.

FIRST HYMN.

He formed the deeps unknown;
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne;
 Come, bow before the Lord:
 We are his works, and not our own:
 He formed us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

SECOND HYMN.

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 banished from the place!
 Religion never was designed,
 To make our pleasures less.

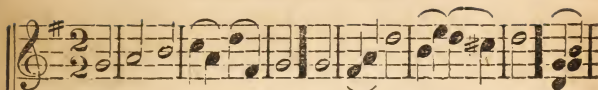
Yes, now, before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of that amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

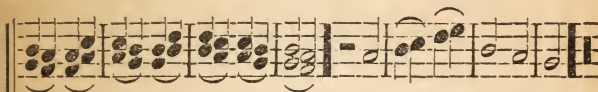
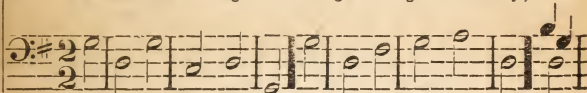
The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets;
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

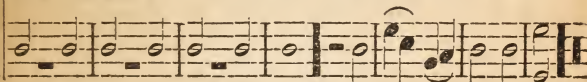
How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought but never found.



Be-hold the morn-ing sun Be-gins his glo-rious way; His



beams thro' all the na-tions run, And life and light con-vey.



FIRST HYMN

Behold, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God,
And all the starry works on high,
Proclaim his power abroad.

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throue.

Ye christian lands, rejoice!
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to Nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

His statutes and commands
Are set before your eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

His laws are just and pure;
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

SECOND HYMN.

The Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, sinners, come:
The Bride, the church of Christ pro-
claims
To all his children, come!

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ the fountain come!

Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come:
Lord, even so! I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Savior, come!

Hark! the glad sound, the Sa-vior comes, The Sa-vior promised

Tenor.

long ; Let eve-ry heart pre - pare a throne, And eve-ry voice a

Treble.

song, And eve-ry voice a song, And eve-ry voice a song.

On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye, oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,

And earth's remotest regions sound
Thine all-sufficient name.

RESPONSES.

- 1 In duties and in conflicts too,
Thy path, O Lord, I trace ;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.
- 2 Inspired with love, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will ;
O may thy love my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 3 Devotion, meekness, zeal and love,
Through all thy conduct shine ;
O may my whole deportment prove,
An image, Lord, of thine.

Come, thou Al - migh - ty King, Help us thy name to sing,

Help us to praise; Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -

-to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.

FIRST HYMN.

Come, thou eternal Lord,
 By heaven and earth adored,
 Our prayer attend:—
 Come, and thy people bless;
 Give thy good word success;
 Make thine own holiness
 On us descend.

Be thou our comforter;
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:—
 Omnipotent thou art:
 O, rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!

O Holy One! to thee
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence, evermore:—
 We in thy world of light,
 Glowing with pure delight,
 With angels shall unite,
 Thee to adore.

SECOND HYMN.

Thou, whose almighty word,
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight!
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the gospel day,
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 "Let there be light."

Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight!
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,—
 O now, to all mankind,
 "Let there be light."

Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove!
 Speed forth thy flight;
 Move on the waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place,
 "Let there be light."

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair,

The dwellings of thy love, Thy earth - ly tem - ples are: To thine a -

bode, My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires, To see my God.

HYMN.

O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still; and happy they
 Who love the way to Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat, when God our King
 Shall thither bring our willing feet!

RESPONSES.

1 I sing the gospel day,
 When Christ shall finish sin,
 His wondrous love display,
 And every rebel win:
 They prostrate fall, and humbly own
 That God, alone, is all in all.

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

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace ; }
Rise from tran - sitory things, Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place. }

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay ; Time shall soon this earth re - move:

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove.

HYMN.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

RESPONSES.

1 Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show.
Praise him for his noble deeds ;
Praise him for his matchless power ;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Savior, whom our hearts adore,
To bless our earth again,
Now display thy saving power,
And o'er the nations reign.
Open thou the radiant scene,
Of thy triumph all divine,
That the gloomy reign of sin,
May evermore decline.

Be-hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, Amidst his Father's throne,

Pre-pare new hon-ors for his name, And songs be - fore un-known.

HYMN.

Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some lofty thing;
The mighty works, or mighty name
Of our eternal King!

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
Or sound his power abroad;
Sing the blest promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord
To sinful dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

Engraved as in eternal brass
The gracious promise shines;
How can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

RESPONSES.

1 Lord, send thy word, and let it run,
Armed with thy spirit's power;
Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

3 O that the Lord would guide my ways
To seek his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

4 Father of light! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

5 My Father! O permit my heart
To plead its humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

BOYLSTON.

93

BY LOWELL MASON.

Far from these scenes of night, Un - bounded glo-ries rise,

And realms of in - fi - nite de-light, Un-known to mor-tal eyes.

FIRST HYMN.

There sickness never comes;
 There grief no more complains;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And purest pleasure reigns.

No strife nor envy there
 The sons of peace molest;
 But harmony and love sincere
 Fill every happy breast.

No cloud those regions know,
 Forever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

There night is never known,
 Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
 But glory from th'eternal throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

O may this prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love!
 And lively faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above.

SECOND HYMN.

Imposture shrinks from light,
 And dreads the curious eye;
 But christian truths the test invite,—
 They bid us search and try.

A meek, inquiring mind,
 Lord, help us to maintain;
 That growing knowledge we may find,
 And growing virtue gain.

With understanding blest,
 Created to be free,
 Our faith on man we dare not rest,
 Subject to none but thee.

Give us the light we need;
 Our minds with knowledge fill;
 From noxious error guard our creed,
 From prejudice our will.

The truth thou shalt impart,
 May we with firmness own;
 Abhorring each evasive art,
 And fearing thee alone.

Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue, Prepare a tune - ful voice,

Prepare a tune - ful voice; In God, the life of all my joys,

Soft. Loud.
A - loud will I re - joice, A - loud will I re - joice.

FIRST HYMN.

What glorious tidings do I hear
From my Redeemer's tongue!
I can no longer silence bear,
I'll burst into a song.

The blind receive their sight with joy;
The lame are now restored;
The dumb their loosen'd tongues em-
The deaf can hear the word. [ploy;

The dead are raised to life anew,
By renovating grace;
The glorious gospel's preached to you,
The poor of Adam's race.

O wondrous type of things divine,
When Christ displays his love,
To raise from woe the sinking mind,
To reign with him above!

SECOND HYMN.

O Lord, accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given,
And may this hallow'd scene have pow'r,
To raise our souls to heaven.

Still may we hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our tho'tless, thankless hearts,
Forget what he has done.

His true disciples may we live,
From sin and error free,
And humbly learn, like him, to give
Our every power to thee.

And oft along our pilgrim-way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou, on this thy sacred day,
This holy scene renew.

BY LOWELL MASON.

From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's co ral

strand ; Where Af - ric's sun - ny fountains, Roll down their golden sand ;

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palmy plain, They

call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy,

The

The praises of my God shall still, The praises of my God shall still

praises of my God shall still,

My heart and tongue employ, My heart and tongue employ.

HYMN.

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

Their drooping hearts were soon re-
Who looked to him for aid; [freshed
Desired success in every face,
A cheerful air displayed.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

O make but trial of his love:
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

RESPONSES.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 My heart, and all my ways, O God,
By thee are searched and seen;
My outward acts thine eye observes—
My secret thoughts within.

3 Jehovah lives, and be his name
By every heart adored;
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord.

4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s.

97

Love di - vine, . . . all love ex - cel - ing, Joy of
 Fix in us . . . thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy

Vi - sit us . . . with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter

heaven, to earth come down! }
 faith - ful mer - cies crown; } Je - sus! thou art

eve - ry tremb - ling heart.

D. C.

all . . . compassion, Pure, un bound - ed love . . . thou art.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Into every troubled breast!

Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest:
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive!
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temple leave!

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thine hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,
 Happy, holy may we be:
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly declared by thee!
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

GREENWICH. L. M.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur

and re - pine, To see the wicked plac'd on high, In pride and

robes of hon - or shine. But, O their end, their

But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy

dreadful end, Thy sanctu - a - ry taught me so; On slippery rocks I

sanc - - - tu - a - - ry taught me so;

see them stand, And all their fan - - cied gain is woe.

Through every age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode! [made,
 High was thy throne ere heaven was
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid:
 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
 Or dust was fashioned into man;
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,
 When earth and time shall be no more.

A thousand of our years amount
 Scarce to a day in thine account;
 Like yesterday's departed light,
 Or the last watch of ending night:
 Death, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away—our life's a dream,
 An empty tale, a morning flower
 Cut down and withered in an hour.

~~~~~

### EVENING.

Ere I sleep, for eve - ry fa - vor, This day

show'd by my God, I do bless my Sa - vior.

Leave me not, but ever love me;  
 Let thy peace be my bliss,  
 Till thou hence remove me.

And whene'er in death I slumber,  
 Let me rise, with the wise,  
 Counted in their number.

Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, all to leave and

fol-low thee; Naked, poor, des-pised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my

all shalt be; Per - ish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion,

All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is



my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Savior too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;  
Show thy face, and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain,  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
With thy favor loss is gain.  
I have called thee Abba, Father,  
I have set my heart on thee;  
Storms may howl, and clouds may ga-  
All must work for good to me. [ther,

Haste my soul from grace to glory,  
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r,  
Heaven's eternal days before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

WINDHAM. L. M.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there,

But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el - ler.

How va-rious and how new Are thy com pas-sions Lord!

Each morning shall thy mercies show, Each night thy truth re - cord.

## FIRST HYMN.

Thy goodness like the sun,  
Dawned on our early days,  
Ere infant reason had begun  
To form our lips to praise.

But we expect a day  
Still brighter far than this,  
When death shall bear our souls away  
To realms of light and bliss.

There rapturous scenes of joy  
Shall burst upon our sight;  
And every pain, and tear and sigh,  
Be drowned in endless light.

Nor shall that radiant day,  
So joyfully begun,  
In evening shadows die away  
Beneath the evening sun.

How various and how new  
Are thy compassions, Lord!  
Eternity thy love shall show,  
And all thy truth record

## SECOND HYMN.

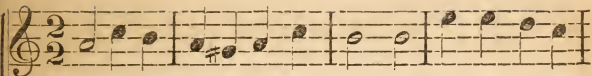
Lord what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame!  
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves a name!

Alas! 'twas brittle clay  
That built our body first!  
And every month, and every day  
'Tis mouldering back to dust

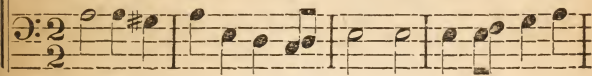
Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay;  
Just like a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.

Well, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight;  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.

They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea;  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

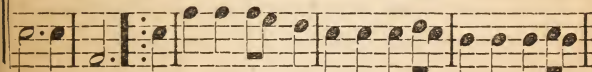


Show pi - ty, Lord! O Lord for - give; Let a re - pent-ing

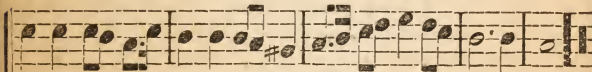


re - bel live;

Are not thy mercies large and free? May



Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner



not a sin - ner trust in thee? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?



trust in thee? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?

My sins are great, but not surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace:  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound—  
So let thy pardoning love be found.

O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear!

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy  
word,  
Would light on some sweet promise  
there,  
Some sure support against despair.

RESPONSE.

Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy

day - ly course of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and

ear - ly rise, To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

## FIRST HYMN.

## SECOND HYMN.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part;  
Who all night long unwearied sing,  
Glory to thee, eternal King.

May I like you in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight;  
Perform like you my Maker's will:  
O! may I never more do ill.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first spring of tho't and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

Arise, my soul! with rapture rise!  
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore  
The awful Sovereign of the skies,  
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

And may this day, indulgent Power!  
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;  
But may each swiftly flying hour  
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee!

But can it be? that Power divine  
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;  
And countless worlds and angels join  
To swell the glorious song of praise:

And will he deign to lend an ear,  
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?  
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,  
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.



FROM THE GOSPEL HARMONIST.

Be-hold where in a mortal form Ap - pears each grace di -

- vine! The vir-tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild-est radiance

shine, With mild - est ra - diance shine.

The musical score is written in two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and slurs. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.

Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn  
Patient and meek he stood!  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;  
He labored for their good.

To God he left his righteous cause,  
And still his task pursued;

While humble prayer and holy faith  
His fainting strength renewed.

In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resigned, he bowed and said,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Be Christ our pattern and our guide!  
His image may we bear!  
O may we tread his holy steps,  
His joy and glory share.

This world is all a fleet - ing show, For

man's il - lu-sion given; The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, De -

-ceit - ful shine, de - ceit - ful flow; There's nothing true but heaven

FIRST HYMN.

And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even;  
And genius' bud and beauty's bloom  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;  
There's nothing bright but Heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven;  
And fancy's flash and reason's ray,  
Serve but to light the troubled way;  
There's nothing calm but Heaven.

O where's the hand held out to cheer,  
The heart with anguish riven?  
For sorrows, sighs, and trouble's tear  
Have never found a refuge here;  
There's nothing kind but Heaven.

SECOND HYMN.

This world's not "all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;"  
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,  
Or wiped the orphan's tear, doth know  
There's something here of Heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way,  
With feelings calm and even;  
Whose path is lit from day to day  
By virtue's bright and steady ray,  
Hath something felt of Heaven.

He that the Christian's course hath run  
And all his foes forgiven—  
Who measures out life's little span,  
In love to God, and love to man,  
On earth has tasted Heaven.

From gloomy de - jection my thoughts mount the sky, And

realms ever peaceful, trans-ported, des - cry: There joys ever blooming en -

-rap-ture the soul, And riv - ers of pleasure in - ces-sant - ly roll.

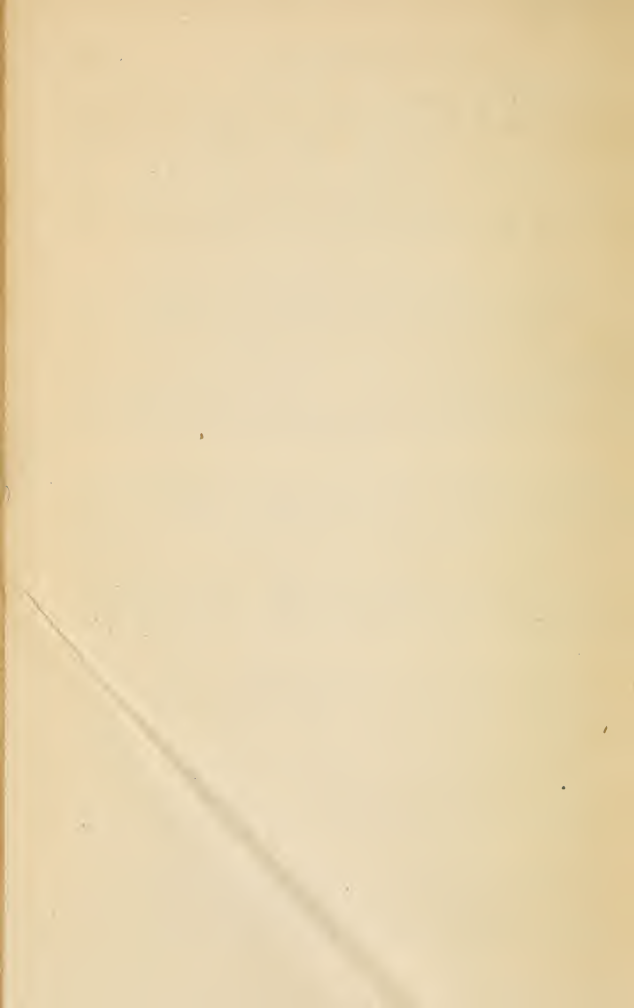
If such be my portion, why should I complain?  
 Why cherish despondence, why sadness retain?  
 Is sorrow then meet for an heir of the skies,  
 Who shortly to blessings unbounded shall rise?

No longer I'll murmur, no longer repine,  
 But joy 'mid all troubles since heaven is mine;  
 Then deep in oblivion be sunk every fear,  
 Be erased from my bosom each trace of despair.

Oh aid me, ye angels, its wonders to tell,  
 Encompass the theme, in full symphony dwell;  
 But still it enlarges—no angel can scan,  
 The scheme of redemption, the wonderful plan







Zobbi  
may 1967  
ck

