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## Z U N DEL'S

## P S A L M O D Y:

## NEW COLLECTION OF CHURCH IUSIC,

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS, AND CHANTS, WITH A SELECTION OF THE BEST STANDARD OLD TUNES; ADAPTED TO THE METERS MOST IN USE.

## BY <br> J OHN ZUNDEL,

AUTHOR OF "THE AMATEUR ORGANIST,""ZUNDEL'S MEIODEON IMSTRUCTOR," BTC. BTC.

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## PREFACE.

In presenting this work to the public, the author does not claim to supply a long felt want, or that it will be better than any ever before published; but he simply solicits for it a place in Churches, Church Choirs, and family circleś, as smaller, more convenient, and less expensive than the voluminous collections generally used, containing at the same time all that is needed for Congregational singing, with a copious selection for Choir purposes. The peculiar arrangement of the music, which gives the player a full score on two staves, and to the singers the customary distinctness of their respective parts, recommend it for family use, and for organists, in preference to most other books in use.

A great proportion of the author's own compositions have been already printed, and sung by Choirs and Congregations, and meeting with flattering approbation, he has felt encouraged to enter the publication of this book. The addition of old tunes was not made merely as an imitation of other collections of Psalmody, but with the purpose of making the book available for Congregational singing, useful not only in the Choirs, but also in the pews. It was chiefly for this purpose that the shape of the book was chosen.

In regard to the new music, it will be observed that the bulk of it is intended for Chorus (large) Choirs, yet the wants of single or Quartette Choirs have not been overlooked. As examples of Chorus tunes may be mentioned, "Hosanna," "Newtown," "Bethlehem," "Ararat," "Moscow," "Abo," " Niagara," "Brooklyn," "Lexington," " Welcome," "Brandt," "Union," "Washington," \&c.; of Quartette tunes, "Ropes," "Victor," "Sampson," "Lily," "Sonora," "W atts," "Stuttgart," \&c.

The selection of old music has been made with a view to provide for all meters commonly used, and would, if published singly, forin a compact Congregational singing book.

A single glance at this work will reveal one new feature, viz., the great proportion of original tunes. On opening most of the large collections of psalmody, the great number of arrangements from masters, and the frequent adaptations of almost all sorts of musical productions into tune-forms, might lead to the belief that tunes of such a kind were considered preferable. The furnishing therefore of so many original pieces, and but few arrangements, in this work, would be a hazardous undertaking, were the
presumption well founded that the public taste calls for arrangements in preference to original hymn tunes. But while there are some arrangements deserving much credit and favorably known, yet there have also appeared from time to time original tunes which have so enshrined themselves in the affections of the Church, that they will ever hold a place in her memory - in support of which we need only mention "Missionary Hymn," "Federal Street," "Windham," and above all, "Old Hundred," "Dundee," and "Nuremberg."

We think the time has now come when the musical public will appreciate an original tune, if it really possesses sterling merit, and not take it for granted that any tune must be a good one, merely because it is said to be arranged from Beethoven, Gluck, \&c. And it is this conviction, no less than a sense of duty, which encourages us to lay before the public the following new tunes.

The original compositions of the author are marked with the initial " $Z$;" and where he has been indebted to other composers, or sources for arrangements, due credit has been given.

> J. Z.

Brooklyn, December, 1855.

## ZUNDEL'S PSALMODY.

## HoSANNA. L. M.

Tenor. WITH FIRMNESS.


1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A - wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue! Ho 2. See where it shines in Je-sus' face, The bright-est im - age of his grace; God,


3 The spacious earth and spreading flood, Proclaim the wise and powerful God; And thy rich glories from afar Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands: The pleasing lustre of his eyes Outshines the wonders of the skies.

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

60 may I live to reach the place Where he unveils his lovely face! Where all his beauties you behold, And sing his name to harps of gold!


Thy grace employ my humble tongue, |Till death and glo - ry raise the song.


## MENDON. L. M.

 Great God, we sing that might - y hand, | By which support-ed still we stand;



The opening year thy mer - cy shows ; | Let mercy crown it till it close.


Now to the Lord a no-ble song! | Awake, my soul-a-wake, my tongue;

(0) Ho-san-na to th'e-ter-nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.
 (2)

ALL SAINTS. L. M.
WM. KNAPP.
 Who shall as-cend thy heavenly place, |Great God, and dwell be-fore thy face?


The man who loves re - di - gion now, |And humbly walks with God be-low.



1. When marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky, One

star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the $\sin -n e r$ 's wandering eye.


Hark ! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From eve - ry host, from eve - ry gein ;


But one a-lone the


1. E - ter-nal Source of eve-ry joy! Well mary thy praise our lips em-ploy, While

in thy tem - ple we ap-pear, Whose good-ness crowns the cir-cling year.


## Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark; The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd 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 bade my dark forebodings cease:
And through the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er, Nor raging waves my bark cordemn,
Forever, and forevermore,
I'll sing the Star of Bethlehem.

## Missouri.

1 Eternal Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coast redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, Demand successive songs of praise; And be the grateful homage paid With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise, And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes, Till to those lofty hights we soar, Where days and years revolve no more.

## VIET0R. L. M.

ANDANTINO.
Z.


1. How blast the sa - cred tie that binds, In u-nion sweet, ac - cord-ing minds! How


NEWTON. L. M.
moderato.


1. King-doms and thrones to God belong; Crown him, ye nations, in your song ; His


 wondrous names and powers re-hearse; His ho - mors shall en - rich your verse.


Russian Evening Hymn.-BORTNIANSKY.


2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way, To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the ill I would not do: Still he who felt temptation's power Will guard me in that dangerous hour.
3 When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend, Which covers all that was a friend ; And from his hand, his voice, his smile, Divides me for a little while My Savior marks the tears I shed, For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.
4 And Oh! when I have safely passed Through every conflict, but the last, Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside My dying bed, for thou hast died: Then point to realms of cloudless day, And wipe the latest tear away.

## Vietor.

2 To each, the soul of each how dear ! What jealous love, what holy fear! How doth the generous flame within Refine from earth, and cleanse from $\sin$ !
3 Their streaming eyes together flow, For human guilt and mortal woe ; Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
4 Together oft they seek the place Where God reveals his awful face; And they shall meet in realms above, A heaven of joy-because of love.

## Newtown.

1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him, ye nations, in your song; His wondrous names and powers rehearse ; His honors shall enrich your verse.
2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms; How terrible is God in arms !
In Israel are his mercies known, Israel is his peculiar throne.
3 Proclaim him King: pronounce him blest; He's your defence, your joy, your rest ; When terrors rise, and nations faint, God is the strength of every saint.

With all my powers of heart and tongue |I'll praise my Maker in my song;


Angels shall hear the notes I raise, $\mid$ Ap-prove the song, and join the praise.


WINDHAM. L. M.
READ.


Broad is the road that leads to death,|And thousands walk to - geth-er there;


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



GERMANY. L. M.



Thou great Ins-truct-or, lest I stray, $\mid \mathrm{Oh}$, teach my err-ing feet thy way!


Thy truth, with ev - er fresh de - light, |Shall guide my doubtful steps a - right.


FEDERAL STREET. L. M.
H. K. OLIVER.
$\left.\begin{array}{ll}-6-b-b \\ f(x)-6 & 0\end{array}\right]$ See, gentle patience smile on pain, | See, dying hope re-vive a-gain;

 |F ${ }^{\circ} b^{b}$

Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, |While Faith points upward to the sky.


HAMBURG. L. M.

Thro' every age, e - ter - nal God,|Thou art our rest, our safe a - bode :


High was thy throne erc heav'n was made, |Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.


Whiteland. L. M.
From a German Melody.


How bless'd the righteous when he dies!| When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest,


How mild - ly beam the clos-ing eyes!|How gently heaves th'expir-ing breast!



When marshalled on the nightly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky, One star a -

lone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye. Hark! hark! to God the chorus


breaks From every host, from every gem; But one a - lone the Savior speaks,-It is the


Star of Bethle - hem; But one a - lone the Savior speaks,-It is the Star of Beth-le - hem.


ARARAT. L. M.

1. Great God, at-tend, while Zi - on sings

The joy that from thy presence springs; To


## Batillehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,The ocean yawned-and rudely blowed

The wind that tossed my foundering 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.
3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored-my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forcver and for evermore,
The Star-the Star of Bethlehem !

## Ararat.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place Within thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun-he makes our day ; God is our shield-he guards our way From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestcw:
And crown that grace with glory too; He gives us all things, and withholds No real good from upright souls.

50 God our King, thy sovereign sway The glorious hosts of heaven obey, And devils at thy presence flee; Blest is the man that trusts in thee !


Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan | Hath taught each scene the notes of wo;


Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, |And let . . . thy tears for - get to flow:

2.

Come, frecly come, by sin oppressed;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour-glorious word!
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

ST. LOUIS.
L. M.


Give thanks to God, he reigns above ; |Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;


His mer - cy a - ges past have known, |And a - ges long to come shall own.


## ROTHWELL. L. M.


A wake the trumpet's lofty sound, $\mid$ To spread your sacred pleasure round; $\mid$ Awake each voice, and


 strike each string, | And to the so - lemn or - gan sing, |And to the so - lemn or - gan sing.


## ROPES. L. M.


may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-ture all a-broad.


BENEFACTOR. L. M.

## andante con expressione.

 leave this worth - less world a - far, And wait and wor - ship near thy seat.


## MAESTOSO.

Z.


1. An-o-ther six day's work is done; An-o - ther Sab-bath is be-gun; Re -


20 that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from heaven that sweet repose Which none but he that feels it knows !


3 This heavenly calm within the breast Is the dear pledge of glorious rest, Which for the church of God remains ;The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day;
In holy pleasures pass away; How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end!'

Ropes.
20 happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
3 'T is done-the great transaction's done: I am the Lord's, and he is mine ; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.

1 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear
Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

## Benefactor.

1 Away from every mortal care, Away from earth, our souls retreat; We leave this worthless world afar, And wait and worship near thy seat.
2 Lord! in the temple of thy grace, We see thy feet and we adore; We gaze upon thy lovely face, And learn the wonders of thy power.
3 Father! my soul would still abide Within thy temple, near thy side; But if my feet must hence depart. Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

shines; But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fairer

lines; The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power con-

fess; But the bless vol-ume thou hast writ, Reveals thy jus - ice and thy grace.



raise you to my heaven-ly home.


## Orion.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord !In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.
2 The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power confess -
But the blest volume thou hast writ, Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race, It touched and glanced on every land.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to his neck, My grace shall make the burden light."
4 Jesus! we come at thy command; With faith, and hope, and humble zeal, Resign our spirits to thy hand,

To mould and guide us at thy will.

## Orion (continued.)

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest, Till through the world thy truth has run, Till Christ has all the nations blest, That see the light or feel the sun.
5 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.
6 Thy noblest wonders here we view, In souls renewed and sins forgiven: Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew. And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; |But there's a no-bler rest a-bove;




To that our longing souls aspire, |With cheerful hope, and strong desire.


BOWEN. L. M.
Subject from HAYDN.


Up to the ficlds where an-gels lie, | And liv-ing wa-ters gen - tly roll,每: ?

 Fain would my thoughts ascend on high, |But sin hangs heav - y on my soul.


O all . . ye people, shout and sing $\mid$ Ho-san - nas to your heavenly King ;




Where-e'er the sun's bright glories shine, $\lceil$ Ye nations, praise his name divine.


## SEASONS. L. M. Subject from pleyel.



The flowery spring, at God's command, $\mid$ Perfumes the air, and paints the land:
 The sum-mer rays with vig - or shine, $\mid$ To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.



Great is the Lord ! what tongue can frame|An honor e-qual to his name?


How awful are his glorious ways!|The Lord is dreadful in his praise.


## WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDRAYD.


Life is the time to serve the Lord, |The time t'ensure the great reward;


And, while the lamp holds out to burn,|The vilest sin - nee may return.



\{I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, |And when my voice is lost in death, \}
\{Praise shall employ my no - bler powers; |My days of praise shall ne'er be past, \}




While life, and thought, and be - ing last, | Or im-mor - ta - li - ty en-dures.


## MORNING HYMN. L. M.



> A - wake, my soul, and with the sun|Thy dai - ly stage of du-ty run;


 Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise | To pay thy morning sa-cri-fice.



pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply, And guardme with a watch-ful eye; My


1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noon-day walks he will attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint, OI on the thirsty mountain pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary, wandering steps he leads; Where peaceful rivers, suft and sio *, Amid the verdant landscape flow

3 Though in a bare and rugged way, Through devious, lonely wilds I stray, Thy presence shall my pains beguile; The barren wilderness shall smile, With sudden greens and herbage crowned, And streams shall murmur all around.
4 Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall know no ill, For thou, O Lord ! art with me still, Thy friendly rod shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade


From all that dwell be-low the skies|Let the Cre - a-tor's praise a-rise ; |Let


 the Re-deemer's name be sung|Thro' every land, by ev - ery tongue.



FELIX. L. M. mendelssohn.

 Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest, |Come, fix thy mansion in my breast ; | Dis -




- pel my doubts, my fears control,|And heal the anguish of my soul.


BLADENBURGH. L. M.


My Shepherd is the liv - ing Lord:|Now shall my wants be well sup-plied: |




His providence and ho - ly word $\mid$ Be-come my safe - ty and my guide.




INGRAHAM. L. M.


Jesus shall reign where'er the sun | Does his suc-cessive journeys run; | His

kingdom stretch from shore to shore, $\mid$ Till moons shall wax and wane no more.


## SARAH. L. M.



## Allegretto.



Join, all ye ser - vants of the Lord, |To praise him for his sacred word, | That

2.

It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
The God of mercy hears our prayers;
Though steep and rough the appointed way,
His mighty arm shall be our stay;
Though deadly foes assail our peace, His power shall bid their malice cease.
3.

It tells who first inspired our breath, And who redeemed our souls from death; It tells of grace, grace freely given, And shows the path to God and heaven: O bless we then our gracious Lord, For all the treasures of his word!

# PaCIFIC. L. M. (Double.) 

 (4)

 - midst a thou-sand thoughts I rove, | For-get-ful of my highest love.|Why ()

\% \%....................... should my pas-sions mix with earth, |And thus de-base my heavenly birth ? | Why


 should I cleave to things be-low, |And let my God, my Sa - viour, go ?



- turn - ing day ; | My thoughts, O God, as - cend to thee,|While thus my 2:-4- :

* Treble Solo to A; from A to B, Duett; from B to C, Quartette; from C to the ending, Chorus. The octaves between Treble and Tenor are intended io strengthen the Ar.

BONN. L. M. (double.) 35
Adagio.


Teach me, O teach me, Lord, thy way, | So to my life's re-mo-test

 $9 b^{2}-0$
0 day, | By thy un-err - ing precepts led, | My willing feet its path shall



tread.|Transformed by thee, with sacred awe $\mid$ My heart shall medi - tate thy


Transformed, \&c.

law; $\overline{\text { And, }}$ with celes-tial wisdom filled, | To thee its full o-bedience yield.




1. How plea-sant, how di - vine-ly fair, 0 Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are ! With

long de - sire my spi - rit faints To meet th' as-sem - blies of thy saints.


DAYBREAK. L. M.
Z.



1. Great Shep-herd of thine Is - ra-el, Who did'st be-tween the che-rubsdwell, And


- lead the tribes, thy cho - sen sheep, Safe through the de - sert and the deep:-Safe


2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through Turn us to thee, thy love restore, We shall be saved and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray, And wait in vain thy kind return? How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread, Thy saints with their own tears are fed; Turn us to thee, thy love restore,We shall be saved and sigh no more.

## Herman.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode, My panting heart cries out for God; My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee?
3 Blest are the saints who sit on high, Around thy throne of majesty; Thy brightest glories shine above, And all their work is praise and love.
4 Blest are the souls who find a place Within the temple of thy grace; There they behold thy gentler rays, And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength, Till all shall meet in heaven at lengthTill all before thy face appear, And join in nobler worship there.

## Daybreak.

10 God thou art my God alone; Early to thee my soul shall cry; A pilgrim in a land unknown, A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
2 Yet through this rough and thorny maze, I follow hard on thee, my God; Thy hand unseen upholds my ways, I safely tread where thou hast trod.
3 Thee, in the watches of the night, When I remember on my bed, Thy presence makes the darkness light; Thy guardian wings are round my head.
4 Better than life itself thy love, Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above, Or what on earth compared with thee.

1. Great God, our strength, to thee we cry, Oh let us not for - got - ten lie; Op-

pressed with so - rows and with care, To thy pro - tee - ion we re - pair. 0
 *

let thy light at - tend our way, Thy truth af - ford its sta - dy ray; To


Zi - on's hill di - rect our feet, To worship at thy sa - cred seat.


* Tenor and Ease-or all parts.


1. My God, ac-cept my ear - ly vows, Like morn-ing in-cense in thy house; And


## Supplication.

1 Great God, our strength, to thee we cry, $O$ let us not forgotten lie:
Oppressed with sorrows and with care, To thy protection we repair.

20 let thy light attend our way,
Thy truth afford its steady ray;
To Zion's hill direct our feet,
To worship at thy sacred seat.
3 Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joyful song inspire; To thee our cordial thanks be paid, Our sure defence, our constant aid.

4 Why, then, cast down, and why distressed? And whence the grief, that fills our breast? In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise Our songs of gratitude and praise.

## Morgan.

1 My God! accept my early vows, Like morning-incense in thy house; And let my nightly worship rise, Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord! From every rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 Oh! may the righteous, when I stray, Smite, and reprove my wandering way; Their gentle words, like ointment shed, Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief, I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And, by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love
40 NEAR. C. M.
\% do.
How did my heart re - joice to hear $\mid$ My friends de - out - ll say, -



"In Zi - on let us all ap-pear,|And keep the so - lemn day."



GEBER. C. M.
KINGSLEY.


Ye followers of the Prince of Peace, | Who round his ta - ble draw !


Re - mem - be what his pi - rit was, | What his pe - cu - liar law.


# ROSE. C. M. 

z. 41
 One prayer I have, all prayers in one, |When I am wholly thine;

 $=0-0-000$


Thy will, my God, thy will be done, $\mid$ And let that will be mine.


## TRENTON. C. M.

Z.

Bold. Come, shout a - loud the Father's grace,|And sing the Saviour's love; |Soon
 shall you join the glo-rious theme, |In lof - tier strains a - bove.


|
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost | In won - der, love, and praise.


Transported with the view,
WINDSOR.
C. M.

From the Scotch Psalter.


Why is my heart so far from thee, | My God! my chief de - light?

 Why are my thoughts no more, by day, |With thee, no more by night?



## Bainbridge.

1 My God, my portion, and my love, My everlasting all;
I've none but thee in heaven above, Or on this earthly ball.

2 To thee we owe our wealth and friends, And health, and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things, But they are not my God.

3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth, If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health, Or all my friends to me!

4 If I possessed the spacious earth, And called the stars my own;
Without thy graces and thyself, I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas, And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face, And I desire no more.

## Bainbridge.

1 Jerusalem! my happy home! Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?
3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blessed seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes I onward press to you.
4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.
4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there Around my Saviour stand; And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the heavenly band.
6 Jerusalem! my happy home! My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end When I thy joys shall sea.

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


## Allegretto.

(4) 1. In thee I put my steadfast trust, $\mid \mathrm{De}$-fend me, Lord, from shame; |In 3. My steadfast and unchanging hope|Shall on thy power depend; And




- cline thine ear, and save my soul, $\mid$ For righteous is . . . thy name.
I, in grateful songs of praise, $\mid$ My time to come . . will spend.



SOLO. Treble, or Tenor.

2. Be thou my strong a - bid - ing place,|To which I may resort;|Thy


Accomp.



## BARBY. C. M.

W. TANSUR, 1760.
 A - midst thy wrath, re - mem-ber love!|Re-store thy ser - vant, Lord!


 Nor let a Fa-ther's chastening prove|Like an a - ven - ger's word.



## FISCHER. C. M. (double.)

When storms hango'er the Christian's head, | He flies un - to his 0 $\frac{2 \cdot 0 \cdot 1}{2}$ And under his re-fresh-ing shade
 (0) bode, I When foes without, and fears within, | Seek to disturb his


peace, | To God he makes his sorrows known, |And straight his sorrows cease.



His great sal-va-tion shines a - broad,|And makes the nations blest.


## ARUNDEL. C. M.



O all ye lands, re - joice in God,|Sing praise, and bless his name;


Let all the earth, with one ac-cord, $\mid$ His won-drous works proclaim.




hand and holy arm, The conquest he has won, The conquest he has won, The conquest he has won.



## CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Attributed to HANDEL.

A - wake, my soul, stretch every uerre, |And press with vi - gor on; A hearenly


 race demands thy zeal, |And an im-mor-tal crown, | And an im-mor-tal crown.



Let others boast how strong they be, | Nor death nor dan - ger fear ;


But we'll con-fess, $\quad \mathrm{O}$ Lord, to thee, $/$ What fee-ble things we are.



## VIOLA. C. M.

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN.
(e) I loved the Lord, he bowed his ear, / And chased my grief a - way: $\mid \mathrm{O}$ (4) 2:


# COLCHESTER. C. M. 

 Oh, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear |Our tribes de - vout-ly say,

0: $:=0-1$
 "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, |And keep your fes - tal day."
 20: 1

ABRIDGE. C. M.

Let all the just to God, with joy,|Their cheerful voi - ces raise;



For well the right-eous it becomes | To sing glad songs of praise.




Joy to the world, the Lord is come!|Let carth re-ceive her King;

heav'n and na-ture sing,
And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,

Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make his blessings flow, Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

## ARLINGTON. C. M.



When I sur - vel life's va-ried scene,|A - mid the dark - est hours,




Bright rays of com-fort shine between, $\mid$ And thorns are mixed with flowers.



## HUMMEL. C. M.



Per - pet - ul Source of light and grace!| We hail thy sacred name ;



Through ev - cry year's re - volv - ing round, |Thy goodness is the same.




PHUVAH．C．M．＊ $\qquad$
苼：

素圭特垃



Blest are the souls that hear and know|The gospel's joy - ful sound, | Peace shall attend the

path they go, |Peace shall at - tend the path they go, | And light their steps sur - round.



## BALERMA. C. M.

 Oh, hap - py is the man who hears | In-struction's warning voice;


 And who ce - les - tial wis-dom makes|His car-ly, on - ly choice.



Lord, hear the voice of my complaint;|Ac-cept my se - ret prayer;

(8) 0

To thee a - lone, my King, my God, |Will I for help .re - pair.
 $D: \frac{d}{\alpha-\alpha} 0 \cdot \alpha-\alpha \cdot \alpha$

## CHINA. C. M.

SWAN, 1800.


Why do we mourn de - parted friends, |Or shake at death's a - loris?


LIVERPOOL. C. M. dr. wanwwright. 57
 Oh, could I find, from day to day, | A near-ness to my God!



Then should my hours glide sweet a - way, While lean-ing on his word.


DEDHAM. C. M.
WM. GARDINER.
(t)

Long as I live, I'll bless thy name, | My King, my God of love;


My work and joy shall be the same, | In brighter worlds a - bove.




## Evening Devotion.

1 Lord! thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day, Nor would I dare to $\sin$.

2 And while I rest my weary head, From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice; And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace, Ill give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days, And will my stumbers keep.

60

## ANDANTE.

HARTFORD. C. M. Double.
 thee in eve - ry trou-ble flee, My best, my on - ly friend. When

 all ere - at - ed streams are dried, Thy fuel - ness is the same; May


ABO. C. M. Double.


1. How love - ly are thy dwellings, Lord! From noise and thou - ble free; How
2. They pass refreshed the thirst - y vale, The dry and bar - ran ground, As

beau - ti - ful the sweet ac-cord Of souls that pray to thee! Lord through a fruit - ful, wa - t'ry dale, Where springs and show'rs a - bound. They


God of Hosts, that reign'st on high! They are the cru - le blast, Who jour - ney on from strength to strength, With joy and gladsome cheer, Till



The Lord is in his ho-ly place, |And from his throne on high


He looks up - on the hu-man race|With om - ni - pres - ent eyc.


He looks up - on the hu - man race|With om - ni - pres-ent eye.

2. He proves the righteous, marks their path,

In him the weak are strong;
But violence provokes his wrath:
The Lord abhorreth wrong.
3. The righteous Lord will take delight

Alone in righteousness ;
The just are pleasing in his sight,
The humble he will bless.

## Andante con moto.

10:
势券 1



 nc: 1 Note. The last measure but one can be omitted.

## 



Calm on the listening ear of night Come heaven's melodious strains,


D:
1

Wherc wild Ju-dc - a stretches far | Her sil - ver - mantled plains.



While thee I seek, pro-tecting Pow'r, | Be my vain wishes stilled;



And may this con - se - crate - ed hour | With bet - ter hopes be filled;




Thy love the power of thought bestowed, |To thee my thoughts would soar;


Thy mar - dy ocr my life has flowed, |That mere - dy I a - dore-


## LISBON. S. M.



Welcome! sweet day of rest, |That saw the Lord a-rise; | Welcome to this reviving breast, |And

 $\left(\begin{array}{ll}60 & 0 \\ 20 & 0\end{array}\right.$ these re - juicing eyes! | Welcome to this reviving breast, | And these re - joic - ing eyes! $\begin{array}{ll}a-b-1 \\ y 2 & 0\end{array}$


SILVER STREET. S. M.
J. SMITH.
 Come, sound his praise a - broad, | And hymns of glo - ry sing ; Ja -


 - ho-vah is the sov'-reign God, | The u - - ni - ver-sal King.




The birds with cease - less plea - sure sing, And hail the ope - ing


way; Nor call our for - mar guilt to mind, Thy jus-tice to dis - play.


Spring.
2 Sweet is the dawn of day, When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away, And morning beams are nigh:
But sweeter far the dawn Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn, Before the light of truth.

3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain's tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view, With pearly glittering drops:

## But sweeter far the scene

On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen Its freshness to distill.

## Astoria.

1 Thou gracious God and kind,
O! cast our sins away;
Nor call our former guilt to mind.
Thy justice to display.
2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare, Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,

We perish in despair.
3 Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display ;
And, for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away.


1. And must this bo - dy die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac-tive


LOUISVILLE. S. M.



1. Great is the Lord our God! And let his praise be great; He

makes his church-es his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.


2 In Zion God is knownA refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone, Through all her palaces!

3 When kings against her joined, And saw the Lord was there; In wild confusion of the mind, They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told, Our eyes have often seen,-
How well our God secures the fold Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress, We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace, And seek deliverance there.

## Newell.

1 And must this body die?This mortal frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer lives, And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace, Shall these vile bodies shine; And every shape and every face, Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe To Jesus' dying love; We would adore his grace below And sing his power above.

5 Dear Lord! accept the praise, Of these our humble songs; Till tunes of nobler sound we raise, With our immortal tongues.

## Louisville.

1 I stand on Zion's mount, And view my starry crown, No power on earth my hope can shake, Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers, That lift their heads on high; Shall all be leveled low in dustTheir very names shall die.
3 The vaulted heavens shall fall, Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the rock Of my salvation stands

all his star - ry works on high \| Proclaim his power abroad.


LILY. S. M.*


Oh, cease! my wand'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam; All


* First published in "Cantica Laudis."


## Allegretto con mot.

 From lowest depths of woe, I To God I send my cry, |Lord, hear my suppli. (1)
 (f)-




glo-ries round the earth arc spread, | And o'er the heavens they shine.


[^0]
beams through all the na-tions run, |And life and light con-vey.


MORNINGTON. S. M.
MORNINGTON.


Were brought by Christ, a no-bler name, |Descend-ing from a-bove.


EMILIE. S. M. ; or, 6s \& 5s. (Double.) z. 73

tide that bears our tho'tless souls|To vast eter - ni - ty! | Our fathers, where are Lest the gift en - snare thee, |From thy God to part. | If distress be -

they,|With all they called their own? | Their joys, and griefs, and fall thee, | Painful though it be, ! Let not grief ap -


hopes and cares, | And wealth and honor gone. pall thee, | To thy Saviour flee.

$6 s \& 5 s$
2. When earth's prospects fail thee, Let it not distress;
Better comforts wait thee, Christ will freely bless.
3. Let not death alarm thee, Shrink not from his blow ; For the conflict arm thee, Triumph o'er the foe.


THATCHER. S. M.
From Handel.
 To God, in whom I trust, | I lift my heart and voice; $\mid \mathrm{O}$,


 let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re - jove.


## GOLDEN HILL. S. M. western Tune. 75

 My Ma-ker and my King!|To thee my all I owe,|Thy



sov' - reign boun-ty is the spring|Whence all my bless - ings flow.



## OLMUTZ. S. M.



Your harps, ye trembling saints,| Down from the wil - lows take:| Loud


to the praise of love di-vine | Bid ev-ery string a - wake.

$76_{\text {FIRM-Not too fast. }}$ CINCINNA'TI. S. M. Double.


1. Sol - dies of Christ! a - rise, And put your ar - mon on; Strong


is the Lord of Hosts, And in his migh - ty power, Who




2. Je - sus, the Sa-vior's name, For - ev - er shall en - dure; Long


## Cincinnati.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise, And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, Is more than conqueror.

2 From strength to strength go on; Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry, In all his soldiers,-Come,
Till Christ the Lord descend from high, And take the conqu'rors home.

3 Stand then in his great might, With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone, And stand entire at last.

## Niagara.

## 1 Jesus, the Savior's name

Forever shall endure ;
Long as the sun his matchless fame Shall ever stand secure.

2 Jehovah, God most high!
We spread thy praise abroad;
Through the whole world thy fame shall fly, O God, thine Israel's God !

3 Wonders of grace and power To thee alone belong;
Thy church those wonders shall adore, In everlasting song.

40 Israel, bless him still, His name to honor raise;
Let the whole earth his glory fill, Mid songs of grateful praise.

5 Amen, our lips repeat, Amen, we shout again:
Here all our wishes are complete,
Let God our Savior reign I

## 78



BALD. S. M.
HEUFCHFEI.


Blest are the sons of peace, | Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose


 kind designs to serve and please|Thro' all their actions run, | Thro' all their actions run. $\begin{array}{lll}\text { (6) } & 0 & 0\end{array}$
 2菜
$\frac{-}{6}$ $0=0=1$


## NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

Moderato.


I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath; | And when my voice is

(9) lost in death, | Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers;


(y)

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, / While life, and thought, and




O God!-my gra-cious Goci- to thee My morning prayers shall of - fered be ; For

thee my thirs-ty soul doth pant; My faint-ing flesh im-plores thy grace, With.

in this dry and bar - ren place, Where I re-fresh - ing wa - ters want.


10 God!-my gracious God-to thee My morning prayers shall offered be; For thee my thirsty soul doth pant; My fainting flesh implores thy grace, Within this dry and barren place, Where I refreshing waters want.

20 to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays!
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

SMOOTH AND FLOWING.


1. 0 Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a

of my own, Bnt fif to what my Lord hath done, And suffered once for

2. 

Then save me from eternal death, The spirit of adoption breathe, His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart, And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."
3.

The king of terrors then would be A welcome messenger to me To bid me come away: Unclogged by earth, or earthly things, I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.
 rap - tore to the skies, | And hail a Sa-viour's birth ! | Let

all tri-um - phant, came | To bless the sons of earth.


## Spirited, but not too Fast.



The songs of Zi - on oft mm - part, To each poor, (420

$\left[\begin{array}{ccc:c}0 & 0 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 0 & 0\end{array}\right.$
laboring, care-worn heart, The balm of heavenly peace ; They chase a -


- way each bod-ing fear, And turn to joy each sorrowing

 fear, And bid the tu - mult cease, And bid the tu - mult cease. (1)



1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, | His throne is built on high; The garments he as -


- sumes |Are light and ma-jes - ty; | His glo - ries shine with


2. 

The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe; His wrath and justice stand

To guard his holy law: And where his love resolves to bless, His truth confirms and seals the grace.

## 3.

And can this mighty King Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name, My Father and my Friend? I love his name, I love his word; Join all my powers and praise the Lord.


1. Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni-ver-sal Lord; The sovereign Eing of
2. How mighty is his hand! What wonders hath he done! He formed the earth and

kings; | And be his grace adreorl. Hie now'r and grace | Are still the same; And
seas, / And spread the heavens alone; |Thy mercy, Lord ! Shall still endure; |And

let his name|Have endless praise. And let his name|Have end - less praise.
ev - er sure| Abides thy word, |Andev . er sure|Abides thy word.

3. 

He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe, From darkness, sin, and death,

And every hurtful foe. His power and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise.
4.

Give thanks aloud to God.
To God the hearenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glory sing.
Thy merct, Lond,
Shall stil! endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.


1. Up-ward I lift mine eyes;|From God is all my aid;| The God that
2. My feet shall never slide, |And fall in fa. tal snares, $\mid$ Since God, my

built the skies, |And earth and nature made. |God is the tower|To which I fly; guard and guide, $\mid$ Defendsme from my fears. $\mid$ Those wakeful eyes, $\mid$ Which never sleep,


His grace is nigh | In ev - ery hour, | His grace is nigh | In ev - ery hour.
Shall Israel keep, | When dangers rise, |Shall Israel keep, | When dangers rise.

3.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health away, If God be with me there. Thou art my sun, And thou my shade, To guard my head By night or noon.
4.

Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
'Till from on high
Thou call me home.

rains re - turn, the ice dis-tils, And plains and hills for - get to mourn


3 Thou mak'st the pastures green, Thou call'st the flocks abroad, The springing corn proclaims The footsteps of our God: Both bird and beast Partake thy care, And happy, share The general feast.

4 The thunder is his voice,
His arrows blazing fires;
He glows in yonder sun, Ard smiles in starry choirs :
The balmy breeze
His breath perfumes,
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.


10 Zion! tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys, And boast salvation nigh : Cheerful in God, Arise and shine, While rays divine Stream all abroad.
2 He gilds thy mourning face With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace He pours around thy head;

The nations round Thy form shall view, With lustre new Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name, Reflect that sacred light; And loud that grace proclaim Which makes thy darkness bright; Pursue his praise, Till sovereign love, In worlds above, The glory raise.
4 There, on his holy hill, A brighter sun shall rise, And, with his radiance, fill Those fairer, purer skies; While, round his throne, Ten thousand stars, In nobler spheres, His influence own.


Sin - ner, rouse thee from thy sleep, |Wake, and o'er thy fol - ly weep;


(ix Wake from sleep, a - rise from death, |See the bright and live -ing path;


Watchful tread that path; be wise, |Leave thy fol. ly, seek the skies.



NUREMBERG. 7s. (or 7s, 6 Lines.)* German Choral.




[^1]
Source of be - ing, source of light, | With un - fad - ing beau - ties


bright; | Thee, when morning greets the skies, | Blushing sweet with humid



eyes; | Thee, when soft de - clin-ing day | Sinks in pur - ple waves a -


- way; | Thee, O Pa - rent, will I sing, | To thy feet my tribute bring!


 Hide me, O my Sa -viour, hide, $\mid$ Till the (y) roll, | While the tempest still is high:|Hide me, 0 my Saviour, hide, $\mid$ Till the




## Bold, and well accentuated



be ; |Earth shall quake with in - ward wars, | Nations with per - plex - i fear $; \mid$ And a - mid the thunder - cloud |Shall the Judge of men ap -


- ty. |Soon shall o - cean's hoary decp,|Tossed with stronger tem-pests, pear. | But tho' from that aw - fut face|Heaven shall fade, and earth shall

rise ; | Darker storms the mountain sweep, |Redder lightning rend the skies. fly,|Fear not ye, his chosen race,|Your re - demption draweth nigh!




## Soli.



Watchman! does its beauteous ray | Aught of joy or hope foretell?


Traveler! yes; it brings the day - $\mid$ Promised day of Is - ra - el.

*May be used as a single is from the beginning to the *. This tune requires an exceedingly delicate execution, -Double Quartette will do best for it.
C. A. MARVIN.


1. Peo - ple of the civ - ing God, I have sought the world around;


Paths of $\sin$ and sore - row trod, Peace and com - fort no-where found.


Now to you my api - rit turns, Turns, a qu - gi - dive un-blest,



Beth - rene, where your al - tar burns, 0 re - ceive me in - to rest.


## RATHER SLOW.

0 Je - sus! Lord! we look to thee! Let us in thy name a-gree;



Show thy-self the Prince of peace, Bid all strife for-ev - er cease.



## NEWARK. 7s.

MODERATO.



1. Could my heart so hard re - main, Prayer a task and burden prove, Eve - ry


2 If I pray, or hear, or read, Sin is mixed with all I do; You who love the Lord indeed, Tell me-is it thus with you?
3 Yet I mourn my stuoborn will, Find my sin a grief and thrall; Should I grieve for what I feel, If I did not love at all?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful caseThou who art thy people's sun, Shine upon thy work of grace, If it be indeed begun.
5 Let me love thee more and more, If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before, Help me to begin to-day.

## Newark.

1 Depth of mercy !-can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?
2 I have long withstood his grace, Long provolied him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
3 Jesus, answer from above ;
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong.forget ${ }^{2}$ -
Lo, I fall before thy feet.
4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Chil－dren of the heavenly King，｜As ye jour－ney，sweet－ly sing；
 d d d．」 d ed」d．」 」

 Sing your Saviour＇s wor－thy praise，｜Glorious in his works and ways．



## ROSEFIELD．7s．（6 LINES．）Subject from Rev．Dr．MALANT．：

 \｛Cen－ter of our hopes thou art，｜End of our on－larged de－sires，\} \｛Stampthine im－ace on our heart；｜Fill us now with heavenly fires；\}



Joined to thee by love di－vine，｜Seal our souls for ev－er thine．

＊By permission from L．MASON． Jesus, lov - er of my soul, | Let me to thy bo-som fily, | While the


 billows near me roll, | While the tempest still is high :|Hide me, O my Saviour,

 hide, | Till the storm of life is past; | Safe in - to the ha-ven


 guide $; \mid 0$ receive my soulat last, | O re-ceive my soul at last.

a:-

1 An-gel, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up thy mighty prey! See! he ris - es

from the tomb, Glow-ing with im - mor-tal bloom!' Tis the Sa - vior,


An - gel, raise Shouts of ev - er - last - - ing praise! Let the world's re Shouts of ev - er - last-ing praise !



An - gel, raise Shouts of ev - er - last - - i

ing praise!



1. Now be - gin the heavenly theme! Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name!


Ye who his sal - va - tion prove, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing love.


## Oberlin.

2 'Tis the Savior! Angel, raise Shouts of everlasting praise: Let the world's remotest bound Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

2 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes, Now to glory see him rise In long triumph through the sky, Up to waiting worids on high.

3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide! Mighty conqueror! through them ride; King of glory! mount thy throne, Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs, Sing, and sweep your golden lyres; Sons of men, in humbler strain, Sing your mighty Savior's reign.

6 Every note with wonder swell, Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell! Where, 0 death, is now thy sting? Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

## Indianopolis.

2 Ye , who see the Father's grace Beaming in the Savior's face, As to Canaan on ye move, Praise and bless redeeming love,

3 Mourning souls ! dry up your tears; Banish all your sinful fears; See your guilt and curse remove. Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,Welcome to his sacred rest ! Nothing brought him from above, Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring; Strike aloud each joyful string; Mortals! join the hosts above, Join to praise redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home, When we to his glory come, We shall all the fulness prove Of the Lord's redeeming love.

1. Lord! we come be-fore thee now; At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh! do

not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Lord, on thee our souls de -


2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord! we know not how to go, Till a blessing thou bestow.
Send some message, from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope. Grant that all may seek and find Thee, a God supremely kind: Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.


1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,


Heaven with hal-le - lu-jahs rang,


Ilsley.
1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun, When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of peace was born; Songs of praise arose, when he Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day: God will make new heavens and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb, Till that glorious morning come? No !-the church delights to raise Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice, Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ

## Andante.

ACall Joe - ho - vah thy sal - va - ion; |Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade; (8)



In his sa-cred hab - i - ta-tion,|Dwell, nor av - er be dismayed:


There no tu-mult can a-larm thee,|Thou shalt dread no hid-den snare;


Guile nor vi - o-lence can harm thee, |In enter - nat safeguard there.殿: $\vdots=: \%$ :



1. Let us, with a joy - ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind;


For his mer - cies shall en - dure, ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.


## Barncs.

2 He , with all-commanding mıght, Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
3 All things living he doth feed, His full hand supplies their need: For his mercies shall endure, Fver faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless In the wasteful wilderness: For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure
s He hath, with a piteous eye, Looked upon our misery: For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us, then, with joyful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind: For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

## Barnes.

1 Hallelujah! raise, Oh! raise
To our God the song of praise
All his servants ! join to sing
God, our Saviour and our King.
2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore!
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, by every tongue.
3 O'er all nations God alone,-
Higher than the heavens his throne ;
Who is like our God most high,
Infinite in majesty?
4 Yet to view the heavens he bends;
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
5 He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name,-for ever praise.





On the rock of a - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?


With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thoumay'stsmile at all thy foes.


2 See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And a!l fear of want remove : Who can faint while such a river Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.
3 Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear! For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near:He who gives them daily manna, He who listens when they cry, Let him hear the loud hosanna Rising to his throne on higit

FROST. 8s \& 7s. Double.



Love di-vine, all love ex - cell - ing! Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in


Chorus. Tenor. Cres - cen $\frac{6}{9}$ thou art all com-passion! Pure, un - bound-ed love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal -



1. Parting soul,' the floods a - wait thee, And the billows round thee roar ; Yet re-


1 Parting soul, the floods await thee, And the billows round thee roar;
Yet rejoice; the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.
2 There are crowns and thrones of glory, There the living waters glide;
There the just in shining raiment, Standing by Immanuel's side.

3 Linger not, the stream is narrow, Though its cold dark waters rise ;
He who passed the flood before thee, Guides thy path to yonder skies.

## Devotion.

1 Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
2 Breathe! -Oh! breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest :
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away ;
End the work of thy beginning,-
Bring us to eternal day.
3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## NOT TOO FAST-FLOWING.



1. Tossed up-on life's rag-ing billow, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know, $(1)$



Thou didst press a sail - or's pillow, And canst feel a sail - or's woe.

(f):

Nev - er slumbering, nev - er sleep - ing, Though the night be dark and drear,


(4)

Thou the faith - fuel watch art keeping; "All, all's well!" thy constant cheer.



1. Sa-vior! breathe an eve-ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spi-rits seal;


Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.


## Life's Billows.

1 Toss'd upon life's raging billow, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow, And canst feel a sailor's woe.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.
2 And though loud the wind is howling, Fierce though flash the lightnings red;
Darkly, though the storm-cloud's scowling O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean, All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion, At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish, While to thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish, Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry. And though mast and sail be riven, Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moor'd in heaven's wide haven, Storm and tempest vex no more.

## Miluaukee.

1 Savior! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heai.
2 Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrows past us fly, Angel-guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
4 Should swift death this night o ertake us, And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

## ALLEGRETTO.

 1. $\left\{\begin{array}{llll}\text { Come, thou fount of } & \text { ev } \\ \text { Streams of mer - cy, ry } & \text { nev - er }\end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l}\text { blessing, Tune my heart to } \\ \text { oeas-ing, Call for songs of }\end{array} \underset{\text { (omit.) }}{\text { sing }}\right.$ thy grace:



loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing


Spanish Melody.
(4) ${ }^{2-b}$ Gen - thy, Lord, O gen - thy lead us | Thro this lone - ty vale of


 tears, | Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us, | Till our last great change ap-
 stray, | Let thy goodness never fail us, Lead us in thy perfect way.



1. When Sab-bath bells have ceased their sound, And th' hours of day have passed, And


2 That spot is home; its sacred walls

one by one Their choic-est treasures bring.


Admit no discord then;
Nor crowded marts, nor festive halls, Nor gayest haunts of men,
Can know a joy so sweet and pureNone such to them is given; Might joys like this for aye endure, This earth were quite a heaven.

3 Home's weil-beloved group! its Sabbath song! Its tones I seem to hear ;
Though borne full many a league along, They come distinct and clear. Oh, Sabbath night! oh, treasured home! Fond pride of memory's trainAnd thoughts of ye, where'er ! roam, Shall bring my youth again.

tears; Through the chan - ges thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change ap -

near, Suf - fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to



stray, Let thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.

rest, Till, by an - gel - bands at - tend-ed, We a - wake a-mong the blest.

\{ Far from mortal cares re-treating, $\mid$ Sor-did hopes and vain de-sires; \}
\{Here our willing footsteps meeting, | Every heart to heaven as-pires: \} Mer - cy from a - bove proclaiming|Peace and par-don from the skies.

D. C.


From the fount of glo-ry beaming, |Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes,


WILMOT. 8s \& 7s. Arr. from WEBER. By permission, from "Car. Sac."
 Lo! the Lord Je - ho - vah liv - eth!|He's my rock, I bless his name:



He, my God, sal - va - tion giv-eth;|All ye lands, ex - alt his fame.



Keep me, Sa-viour, near thy side, | Let thy coun-sel be my guide;


Nev - er let me from thee rove, | Sweet-ly draw me by thy love.



Adagio.
SICILIAN HYMN. 8s \& $\uparrow$ s.


1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing,|Hope and com-fort from a - bove;
2. Thanks we give, and a - do - ra-tion|For thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound;




Let us each, thy peace pos-sess-ing, | Triumph in re-deem-ing love. May the fruits of thy sal - va-tion | In our hearts and lives a - bound.


1. O my God, by thee for - sak - en, Pros-trate in the dust I call - ing, Thunders roar, the tor - rents



lie; Faith by gloom-y ter-rors shak - en, All my hopes with-in me roll; Burst-ing clouds a-round me fall - ing, Wave on wave o'erwhelms my



die: Yet my soul, in thee con - fid - ing, Me-di - tates thy mer - cy soul: Yet the Lord, his grace com - mand-ing, Will with mer-cies crown my (y)

still; Tho' on earth's dark coast a - bid - ing, Dis - tant far from Zi - on's hill. days: He my guard-ian, near me stand - ing, Cheers my nights with prayer and praise.


2. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va-tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; $\}$ Joy to find, in eve - ry sta - tion, Something still to do or bear. $\}$


Think what Spi-rit dwells with - in thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think that


1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine, Think that Jesus died to win thee:

Child of hearen, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's 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.

120 sLow．ESTHER．Ts，or $8 \mathrm{~s} \& 7 \mathrm{7s}$ Double，or 6 lines by omitting the Repeat．




号强易



name: He, my God, sal-va-tion giv-eth; All ýe lands, ex-alt his fame.


Esther. 7s.
1 Hearken, Lord, to my complaints, For my soul within me faints; Thee, far off, I call to mind, In the land I left behind, Where the streams of Jordan flow, Where the heights of Hermon glow.

2 Tempest-tost, my failing bark Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of waterfalls, While I plunge to lower caves, Overwhelmed by all thy waves.

3 Once the morning's earliest light Brought thy mercy to my sight, And my wakeful song was heard Later than the evening bird.
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost thou scorn, or hear them not?
4 Why, my soul, art thou perplexed?
Why with faithless troubles vexed?
Hope in God, whose saving name Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine Through the clouds that darken thine.

## Esther. 8s \& $7 s$.

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death!
Come, and, by thy love revealing, Dissipate the clouds beneath:

The new heaven and earth's Creator, In our deepest darkness rise, Scattering all the night of nature, Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart:
Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

## Anthony.

1 Lo! the Lord Jehovah liveth!
He's my rock, I bless his name;
He, my God, salvation giveth-
All ye lands, exalt his fame.
20 'er his enemies exalted, See the great Redeemer rise!
Though by powers of hell assaulted, God supports him to the skies.

3 God, Messian's cause maintaining, Shall his righteous throne extend, O'er the world the Saviour reigning, Earth shall at his footstool bend.
 Guide me, O thou great Je-ho - vah,|Pilgrim thro' this barren land;




I amweak, but thou art mighty;|Holdme with thy power-fulhand.


ZINGARELLI. 8s \& 7s.
 Saviour, source of ev-eryblessing, |Tune my heart to grateful lays;


Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, |Call for ceaseless songs of praise.


FLOWING.


1. Lord! dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;


Let us each, thy love pos - es - ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace;


O refresh us, $O$ re-fresh us, Trav' - ling through this wil-der-ness.


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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever

Reign with Christ in endless day.


Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, Eve - ry power and thought be thine;


Thine en - tire - ly, Thine en - tire - ly, Throughe - ter - nal a - ges thine.


1 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer, Welcome to this heart of mine; Lord, I make a full surrender,

Every power and thought be thine; Thine entirely, Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is nearShout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

ANIMATED.


1. Men of God, go take your sta-tions, Dark-ness reigns throughout the earth;


Go, pro - claim a-mong the na-tions, Joy - ful news of heaven-ly birth:


Bear the ti - dings-Bear the $\mathrm{ti}-$ dings- Ti - dings of the Sa - vior's worth.


2 Of his gospel not ashamed,-
'T is the power of God to save; Go where Christ was never named, Publish freedom to the slave : Blessed freedom ! Freedom Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers, Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar midst foes and strangers, Jesus will appear your friend:

He is with you,-
He will guide you to the end.

Rise, my soul, stretch out thy wings, |Thy bet - ter for - ton trace;


Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, |To heaven, thy na-tive place.


Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay,|Time shall soon this earth remove;




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



1. Now be the gospel - ban-ner To eve-ry land un-furled; And be the shout,-Ho-



san - na! Re - ech - oed through the world; Till eve - ry isle and na - tion, Till

eve-ry tribe and tongue $\cdot \mathrm{Re}$ - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the happy throng.


Monadnock.
1 Now be the gospel-banner In every land unfurled; And the shout,-" Hosanna!"Reechoed through the world; Till every isle and natior, Till every tribe and tongue Receive the great salvation, And join the happy throng.

* That, though th' embattled legions Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout their regions, Shall soon resplendent shine:

Ride on, O Lord! victorious, Immanuel, Prince of peace! Thy triumph shall be glorious,Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes-thou shalt reign forever, O Jesus, King of kings !
Thy light, thy leve, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
Thee hills and valleys greeting,
rhe song responsive raise.

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## CHORAL MOVEMENT.

ORLANDO. Ts \& 6 s.
Arranged from ORLANDO DI LASSO.


1. Re - deem - er! grant thy bless - ing! $O$ ! teach us how to pray, That

(1) each, thy fear pos - sess - ing, May tread life's on - ward way: Then




## UTICA. 7s \& 6s.



1. To thee, my God and Sa - vior! My heart ex-ult - ing sings, Re -

joic - ing in thy fa - vor, Al - migh - ty King of kings! I'll

cel - e-brate thy glo - ry, With all thy saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful


2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east, And when the sun reposes Upon the ocean's breast ; My voice, in supplication, Well-pleased the Lord shall hear; Oh! grant me thy salvation, And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported, I'll pass the dangerous road, With heavenly hosts escorted, Up to thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before thet, And all my conflicts o'er, Unceasingly adore thee; What could an angel more?

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


Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains \| Roll down their gold - en sand; | From

$x^{4} 20-0 \cdot 0 \cdot 0$ many an an - cient riv - er, | From many a palm - y plain, | They



2 Let thy blood, by faith applied, The sinner's pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
3 Can we ever hence depart
Till thou our wants relieve?
Write forgiveness on our heart, And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee
Till renewed by holiness,-
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in pease.


2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing Their darkness turn to light, Whose souls, condemned and dying, Were precious in his sight.
3 He shall come down like showers Upon the fruitful earth, And love, and joy, like flowers, Spring in his path to birth: Before him on the mountains, Shall Peace the herald go, And righteousness, in fountains, From hill to valley flow.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s \& 4s.

## Allegro.

 Come, thou Al - might - y King, | Help us thy name to sing, | Help us to praise!|Father, all


 glo - ri - ous, 10 'er all vic - to - ri-ous, |Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.

UNION. 6s \& 4s.
 God bless our native land!|Firm may she ever stand; |Thro'storm andnight; $\{$ When the wild $f$ \{ Ruler of

$f 1 \quad i \quad i \quad i \quad 1 \quad 1$

 tempests rave, winds and wave, $\}$ Do thou our country save, | By thy great might, | By thy great might.



Of thee I sing; | Land where my fa-thers died, | Land of the
Thy name I love; I I love thy rocks and rills, | Thy woods and

pil-grim's pride, |From av - cry mountain side | Let freedom ring. tem-pled hills | My heart with rap-ture thrills | Like that a - bove.

3. Let music swell the breeze,

And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of liberty,

To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!


1. To Te - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh!


Page.
1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up, And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Savior, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore; Whose name is exalted above All glory, dominion, and power;

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain My soul from her portion in thee; Oh! strike off this adamant chain, And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,

Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline :
5 Oh , then shall the veil be removed, And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
I shall see him whom absent I loved, Whom not having seen, I adored.

## Another Hymn.

1 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
2 'Tic Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come
 (4) in - cense of praise shall a - rise, In joy - oust thanks-giv-ing to thee. For (8)


ever thy presence is near, Tho' heaves our bark far from the land; We

 O:

ride on the deep without fear; The wa-ters are held in thy hand.
(g)



my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.


Lynn.
10 thou, who hast spread out the skies, And measured the depths of the sea, Our incense of praise shall arise In joyous thanksgiving to thee.
Forever thy presence is near, Though heaves our bark far from the land; We ride on the deep without fear;

The waters are held in thy hand.
2 Eternity comes in the sound Of billows that never can sleep;
Jehovah encircles us round; Omnipotence walks on the deep.
Our Father, we look up to thee, As on tow'rd the haven we roll; And faith in our Pilot shall be An anchor to steady the soul.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring; Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
3 Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And the twinkling starry host; Jesus shines brighter Jesus shines purer, Than all the angels heaven can boast.

## Crusaders' Hymn.

2 Schön sind die Felder,
Noch schöner sind die Wälder,
${ }^{\prime}$ In der schönen Frünlingszeit:
Jesus ist schöner,
Jesus ist reiner,
Der unser traurig Herz erfreut.

> 3 Schön leucht't die Sonne,
> Noch schöner leucht't der Monde,

Und die Sternlein allzumal ;
Jesus leucht't schöner,
Jesus leucht't reiner,
Als all die Engel in Himmelssaal.

[^2]SOLO. Gently, flowing.

1. Flung to the heedless winds, Or to the wa-ters cast, Their ash-es shall be
2. Je - sus has now re - ceived. Their lat - est liv - ing breath; Yet vain is Sa-tan's




## Rather Slow.



Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime, |In full ac - tiv - i - ty of zeal and

power; |A Christian can-not die before his time; | The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.


RESURGAM. $5 s$.
Arranged by Z .
Slow.


There's rest in the grave, |Life's toils are all past, | Night cometh at

2. No rest in the grave-

Heaven's dawn purples fast,
Morn's splendors are cast
Like shafts through the gloom
Of the dark, silent tomb;
Heaven's fair bowers wave -
No rest in the grave!
3. Arise from the grave !

Heaven's bright, burning thròng
Come rushing along ;
They gird me about,
And triumphant shout,
As myriad palms wave,
"Ascend from the grave."


Rise, crowned with light, in - pe - rial Sa-lem rise! | Ex - alt thy towering
 head, and lift thine eyes! | See heaven, its sparkling for - tals

 wide dis - play, I And break up on thee in a flood of



LYONS. $10 \mathrm{~s} \& 11 \mathrm{~s}$
HAYDN.


My soul! praise the Lord, |Speak good of his name; |His mercies record, |His bounties proclaim:|To


God, their Cre - a-tor, | Let all creatures raise | The song of thanksgiving, | The chorus of praise.

2. Though hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
Yet here, by his works, Their Author is known :
The world shines a mirror Its Maker to show, And heaven views its image Reflected below.
3. By knowledge supreme,

By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design : O'er beast, bird, and insect, His providence reigns, Whose will first created, Whose love still sustains.


e-fuge to Je-sus hath fled? I To you who for re-fuge to Je-sus hath fled.


NAZARETH. 7s.
z.



## ALMIGHTY, POWER.

(1) Al - might - y power! whose word and will sus - tain | Un -


 - hum - bered worlds, by some mys - te - rious chain; | Whose





Righteousness, a - bide, Nor from my soul thy gra - cious pres - once hide.

2.
'Twere utter darkness here, if thou shouldst fail me,
Where all the pow'rs of evil would assail me, And plunge me into deeps of endless night, Without one star to shed its glimmering light.

## 3.

Accept, O God of grace, for daily favors,
Which now and ever prompt to good endeavors,
My offer'd thanks !-and may their incense rise,
by love's pure flame enkindled from the skies.

Of every wrong this day I've done before thee, Through thy dear Son, for pardon I implore thee ; And when in sleep I rest my weary head, Be still thy wings of love around me spread!

## 5.

And when life's day by night shall be o'ertaken, May then my soul, its faith in thee unshaken, From death's dark vale with angels soar away To where thy presence makes eternal day.

God, that makest earth and heaven, |Darkness and light!|Darkness and light!


Who the day for toil hast giv-en,|For rest the night !|For rest the night!


May thine an - gel guards de - fend us, |Slumber swect thy mer - cy send us,
 D:


Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, | This live long night! |This live long night!

 O thou, O thou whose power o'er moving worlds pre-sides, Whose voice, whose roice cre(8)


Note. First 8 measures may be sung by a Treble voice alone, then repeated in Chorus.

cloud - ed mind with light, witi light di - vine. "Tis thine, 'tis thne a - lone,

 calm the pi -ous breast, With silent, silent con-fidence, and ho-ly, ho-ly rest;
 $d \cdot d \quad d \quad d \quad \frac{d}{d} \cdot \frac{d}{d} \frac{d}{d} \frac{d}{d} \cdot \frac{d}{d}$ $\begin{array}{ll}0 \cdot 0 & 0 \\ 0-1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 0\end{array}$


From thee, from thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend, Path, Mo-tive, Guide, O(8)


spangled heav'ns-a shining frame, Their great o - ri - gin - al proclaim. Th' unwearied

sun, from day to day, Doth his Cre - a - tor's power display; And pub-lish - es to
白d d $d \dot{d} d \frac{d}{d} \dot{-} d$ ddd d d


(18)


FARLEY. P. M.


3 He came sweet influence to impart, A gracious, willing guest ;
While he can find one humble heart, Wherein to rest.

4 And his that ger.tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even;
That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess, And every victory won, And every thought of holiness, Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace, Our weakness pitying see :
0 make our hearts thy dwelling-place, And worthier thee.


Bass Chorus. $7 P$

blissful face, And stand complete in righ-teous-ness. This life's a dream, an empty show,


Bass \& Tenor.
 near and like my God! And llesh and sin no more con - trol The sa - cred



plea-sures of the soul, The sa-cred plea-sures of the soul. My flesh shall slumber


Tenor.

in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet sur - prise, And

in my Sa - vior's im-age rise, And in my Sa - vior's im - age rise.


- If there be a good Trumpet in the Organ, the player mav throw it nut, as alsn some additional stons on the swell


## ALLEGRO MODERATO.

Z.


Praise, Ju-dah, praise thy King! To thee the Ho - ly came; Yet shall thy voice his (1) Praise, Ju-dah, praise thy King! To thee the Ho - ly came; Yet shall thy voice his



good-ness sing, Thy faith shall own his name; Yet shalt thou bless that cross, Thine good-ness sing, Thy faith shall own his name; Yet shalt thou bless that cross, Thine

 own re-jec-tion gave, And own all o- her wealth but dross, For own re-jec - tion gave, And own all o - ther wealth but dross, For
 0:


praise to Te - sus pay, Now in the light of truth re - joice, And (i)
praise to Te - sus pay, Now in the light of truth rejoice, And



eve-ry breeze, Tospeak your Sa-vior blest! Swell forth your songs to eve-ry breeze, To


(1) an - gels who re - joice A - bove one res-cued soul, Now from each glowing

an - gels who re - joice A - bore one res-cued soul, Now from each glowing


tri-umph roll!


Let strains of fri - umph roll!

Let strains of trio - umph


Let strains of tri-umph roll!


Let strains of trio - ump



1. Wilt Thou not vis - it me? Wilt Thou not vis - it me? The plant be - side me (8世+


feels Thy gen - tle dew; Each blade of grass I see, Each blade of grass I



1 Wilt Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quick'ning moisture drew.

2 Wilt Thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ; And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the yoice of Thee alone.

3 Come! for I need thy love, More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain; Come, like Thy holy dove, And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes! Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye delights so well, As when from sin set free, Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell


## ST. LUKE I. 68-71.



## DOUBLE CHANT.




ST. LUKE I. 68-71.
Gregorian.


## DOUBLE CHANT.

NORRIS.



PSALM 103.


## DOUBLE CHANT.




PSALM 103.

and all that is within me


DOUBLE CHANT.



PSALM 67.

. God be merciful unto
3. Let the people
us, and
5. Let the people
praise thee, 0
bless us,
praise thee, 0 God;
God;



PSALM 67.


| ———. |
| :--- |



As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world with - out end. A - men.


Note. 1st, 2:1, 5th and 6 th measures in chanting style, and strictly in time -hd, 4 th and 7 h to be sung "cantabile." The small notes are intended for the Organ accompaniment. The "cantabile" ineasules to be played as sung.

GLORIA TIBI.


## AMEN.

$z$.


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[^0]:    * Note. The third line may be sung by either Treble and Alto, or Tenor and Base, or all four parts in Unison.

[^1]:    * By repeating the first two lines.

[^2]:    * This piece of music was first introduced in this country by R. Storrs Willis, Esq., by whose permission it is here inserted. It is deserving of a place in every collection of Psalmody. According to the traditionary text by which it is accompanied, it was wont to be sung by the German knights on their way to Jerusalem. The only hymn of the same century which, in point of style, resembles this, is one quoted in Burney from the Chatelaine de Concy, set about the year 1190, very far inferior, however, to this. At a missionary meeting held lately in the principality of Lippe Detmold, this hymn was commenced by three voices, but ere the third verse was reached, hundreds joined in the heart-stirring song of praise.

