



ZUNDEL'S

PSALMODY:

Α

NEW COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC,

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.

JOHN ZUNDEL,

AUTHOR OF "THE AMATEUR ORGANIST," "ZUNDEL'S MELODION INSTRUCTOR," ETC. ETC.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY DANIEL BURGESS & CO.

NO. 60 JOHN STREET.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ${\rm JO\,H\,N} ~~Z\,U\,N\,D\,E\,L\,,$

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

> THOMAS B. SMITH, ELECTROTYPER AND STEREOTYPER, 82 & 84 Beekman St., N. Y.

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 circles, 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," "Watts," "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, form 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

PREFACE.

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.

BROOKLYN, December, 1855.

J. Z.

ZUNDEL'S PSALMODY.



- 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, reflect it to the ground !
- 6 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 harps of gold !



L

TRURO. L. M.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M. (Double.)



MISSOURI. L. M.



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.

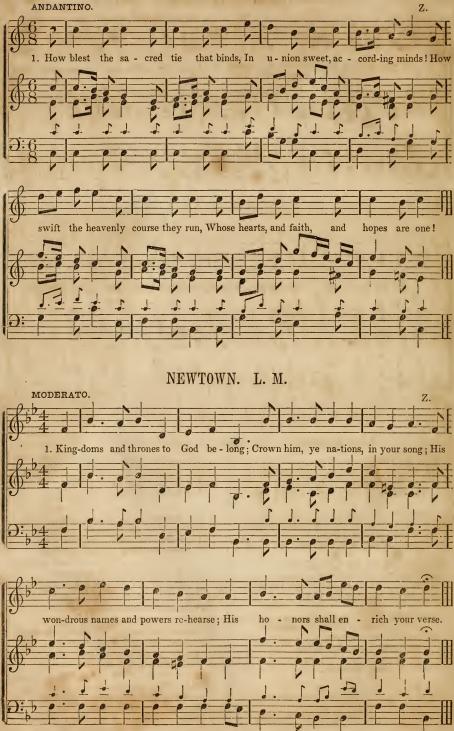
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er, Nor raging waves my bark condemn, Forever, and forevermore, I'll sing the Star of Bethlehem.

Missouri.

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

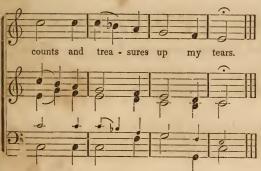
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll, Thy hand supports and guides the whole! The sun is taught by thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 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 meense rise, And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes, Till to those lofty hights we soar, Where days and years revolve no more.

VIETOR. L. M.



ST. PETERSBURGH L. M. 6 lines.





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.

- 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.

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.

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER. With all my powers of heart and tongue [I'll praise my Maker in my song ; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, | 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.

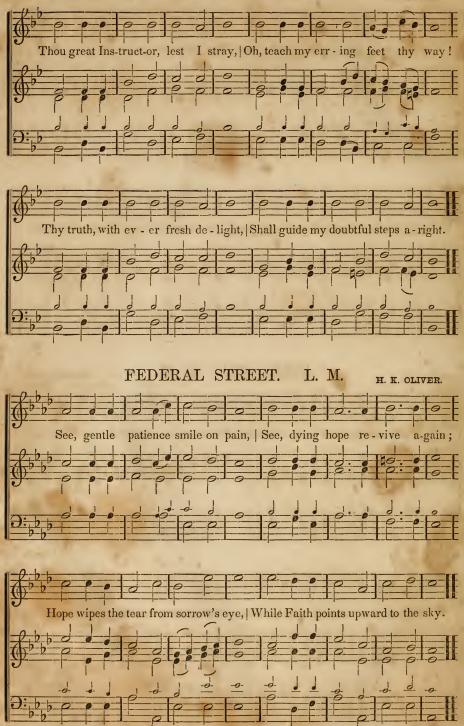
WARD. L. M.



WELTON. L. M.

14

C. MALAN.



HAMBURG. L. M.



* Alto and Tenor, or Two Tenors.

BETHLEHEM. L. M. (Double.)





Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,

The storm was loud, the night was dark,— The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed The mind that together for daring herb

The wind that tossed my foundering bark. Deep horror then my vitals froze,

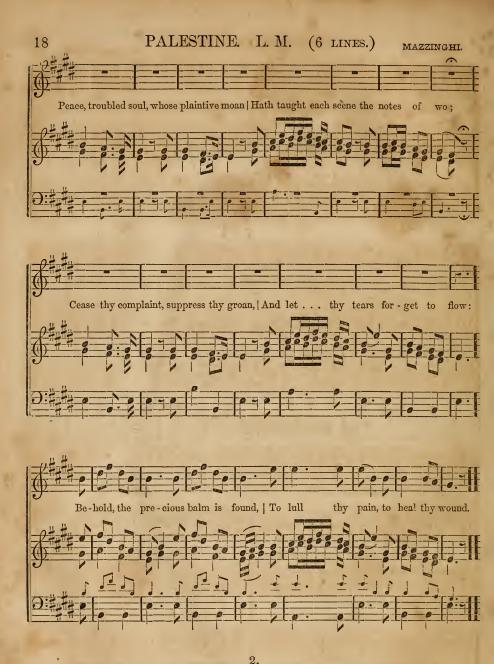
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

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,
Forever and for evermore,

The Star-the Star of Bethlehem!

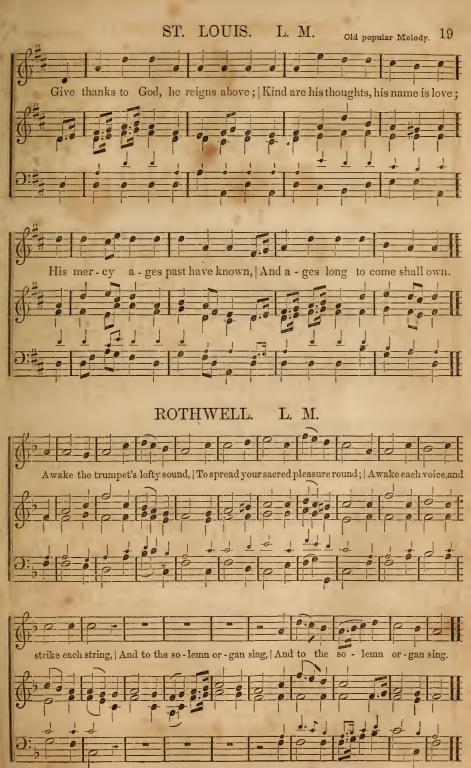
Ararat.

- 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.
- 5 O 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!



Come, freely 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.

~





FREELAND. L. M.







Ropes.

- 2 O 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.
- t 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.

- 2 O 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!

Benefactor.

- Away from every mortal care, Away from earth, our souls retreat; We leave this worthless world afar, And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 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.

ORION. L. M. Double.



PROMISE. L. M.







Orion.

- 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.

- 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.



STONEFIELD. L. M.







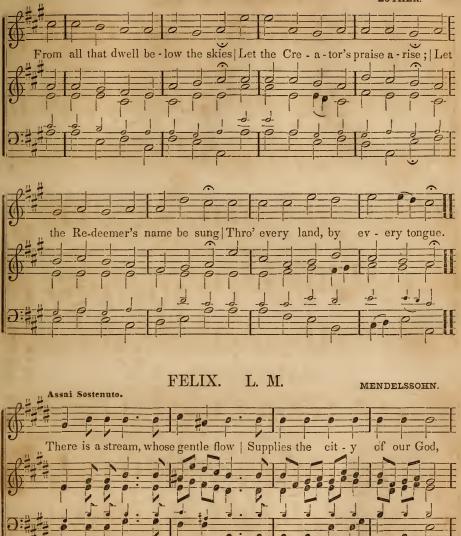






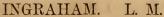
- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noon-day walks he will attend, And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary, wandering steps he leads; Where peaceful rivers, soft and siov, 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

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

















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.

2.

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.)



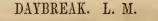


Treble Solo to A; from A to B, Duett; from B to C, Quartette; from C to the ending, Chorus. The octaves between Treble and Tenor are intended to strengthen the Air.







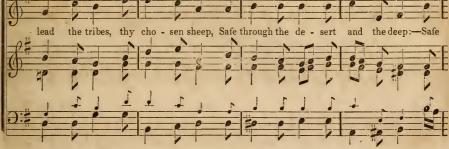


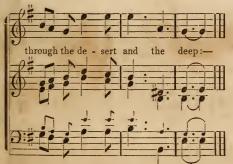
Z.











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 length— Till all before thy face appear, And join in nobler worship there.

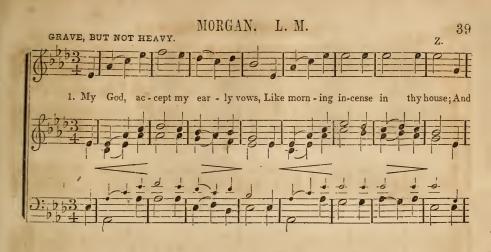
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now; Shine from on high and guide us through Turn us to thee, thy love restore,— We shall be saved and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey, How long shall we lament and pray, And wait in vain thy kind return ? How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
- 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.

Daybreak.

- O 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.



* Tenor and Base-or all parts.





Supplication.

- 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.
- 2 O 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



ROSE. C. M.









Bainbridge.

 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.

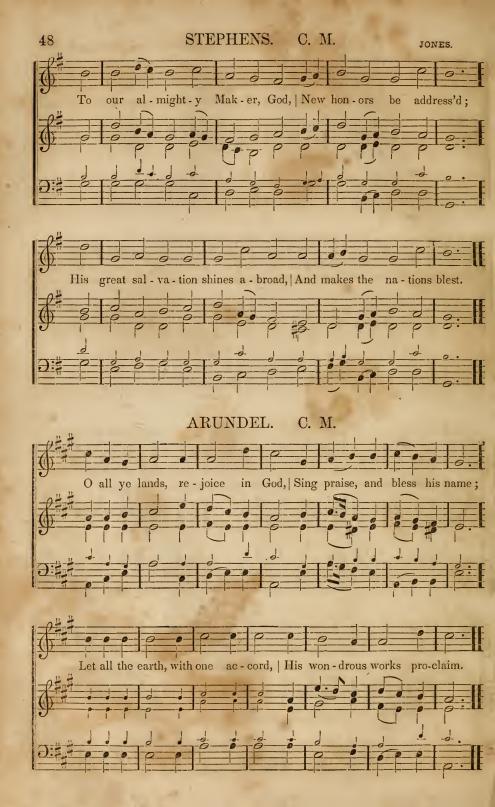
- 1 Jerusalem! my happy home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my labors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates behold? Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom Nor sin 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 see.











CAMBRIDGE. C. M. Dr. RANDALL. 49





COLCHESTER. C. M.





4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.



53 Dr. ARNE.





LANESBORO'. C. M.



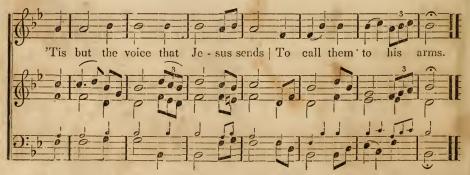
HOWARD. C. M.



CHINA. C. M.

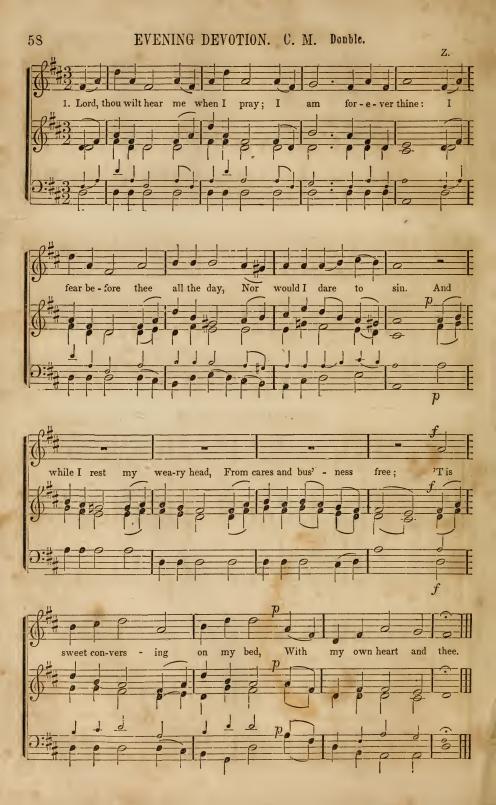
SWAN, 1800.





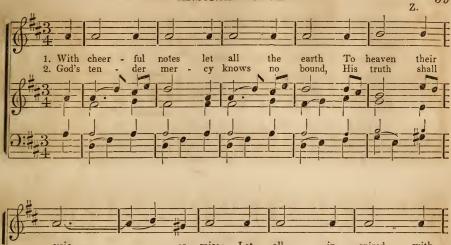
LIVERPOOL. C. M. Dr. WAINWRIGHT. 57





ANSONIA. C. M.

59

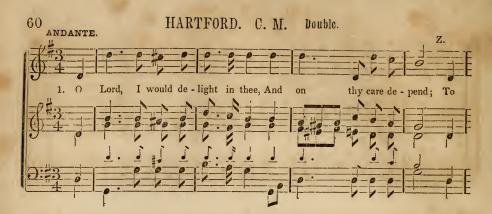






Evening Devotion.

- 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, I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days, And will my sumbers keep.









ABO. C. M. Double. 61 Z. f love - ly are thy dwellings, Lord ! From noise and trou - ble pass refreshed the thirst - y vale, The dry and bar - ren p free; How How 1. As ff____ They 2. ground, weet ac-cord Of souls that pray wa - t'ry dale, Where springs and show'rs beau - ti - ful Lord the sweet thee! to through fruit - ful, bound. They a a . p

0 EE that reign'st on high! They from strength to strength, With God of Hosts, that reign'st on tru - ly blest, are the Who jour - ney on joy and gladsome cheer, Till A - **i** -.ff 0



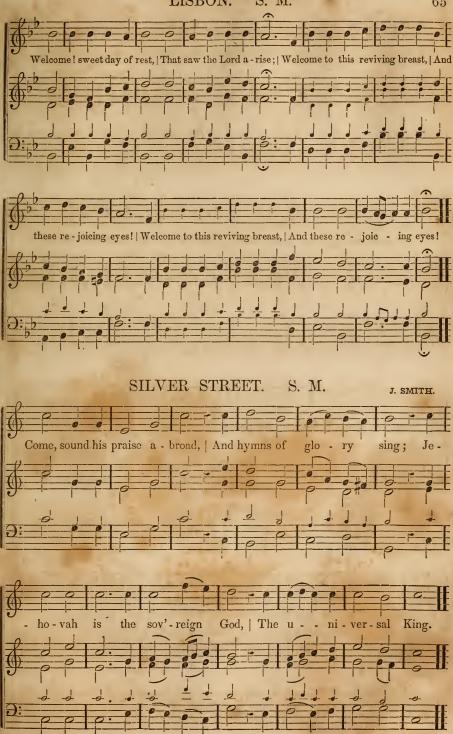


- 2. He proves the righteous, marks their path, In him the weak are strong;But violence provokes his wrath: The Lord abhorreth wrong.
- The righteous Lord will take delight Alone in righteousness;
 The just are pleasing in his sight, The humble he will bless.





LISBON. S. M.

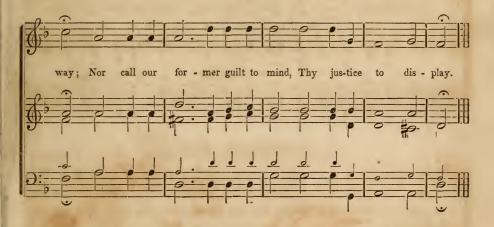


SPRING. S. M. Duble.



ASTORIA. S. M.





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.

NEWELL. S. M.





LOUISVILLE. S. M.





CRYSTAL. S. M.



- 2 In Zion God is known-A 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.

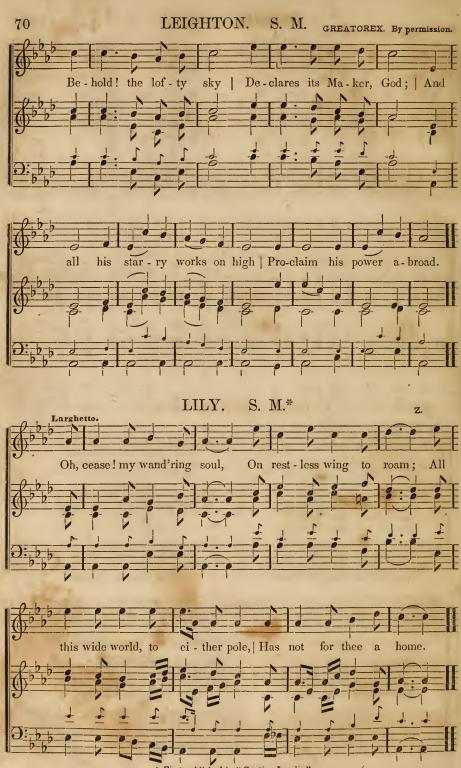
1 And must this body die ?---This mortal frame decay ? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?

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 dust-Their 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



* First published in "Cantica Laudis."

SONORA. S. M.

z. 71

z.





PROVIDENCE. S. M.*





* Nore. The third line may be sung by either Treble and Alto, or Tenor and Base, or all four parts in Unison.



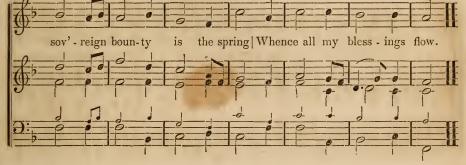


 Let not death alarm thee, Shrink not from his blow;
 For the conflict arm thee, Triumph o'er the foe.

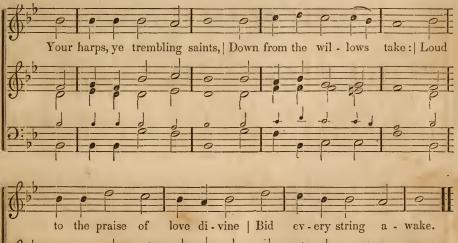


GOLDEN HILL. S. M. Western Tune. 75





OLMUTZ. S. M.











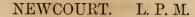
Cincinnati.

- 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.

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





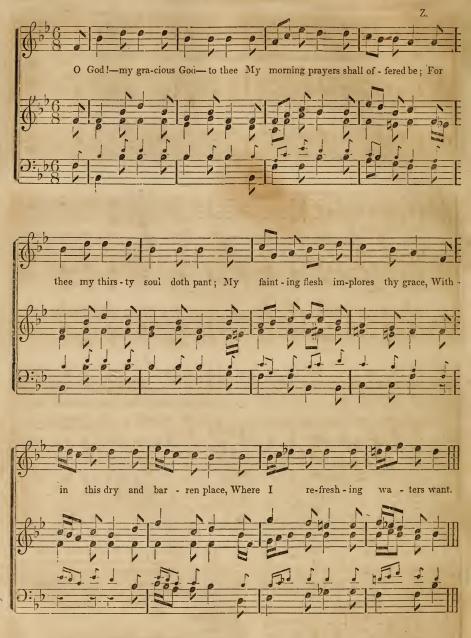




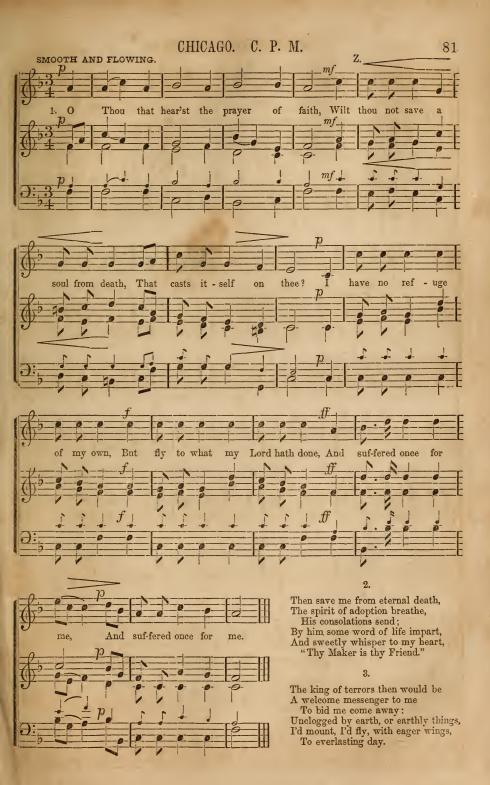




MORNING. L. P. M.



- O 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.
- 2 O 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.





CARMEL. C. P. M.

Spirited, but not too Fast.







z. 83



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.

BROOKLYN. H. M.

z. 85



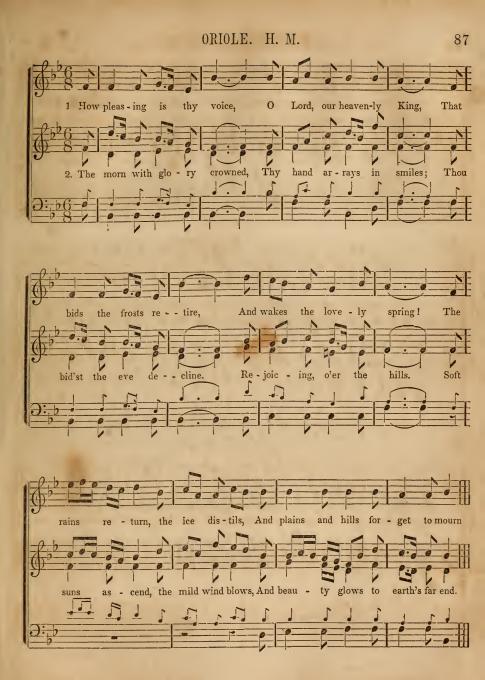
3.

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.

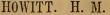
Give thanks aloud to God, To God the heavenly King; And let the spacious earth His works and glory sing. Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure; And ever sure Abides thy word.



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.



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, And smiles in starry choirs: The balmy breeze His breath perfumes, His beauty blooms In flowers and trees.



88





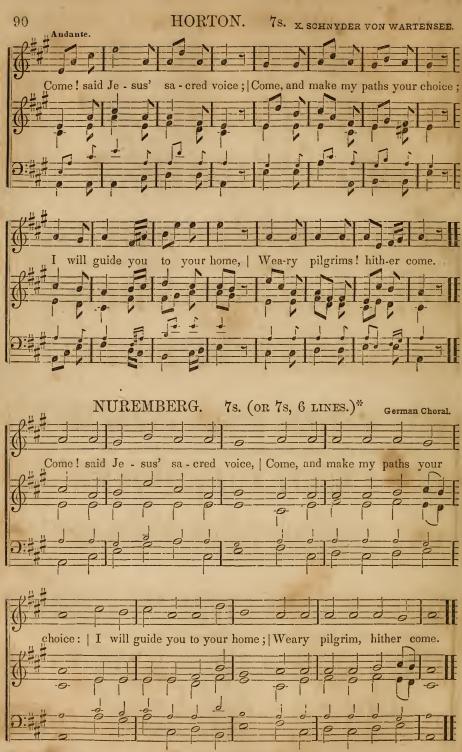


 O Zion! tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high; Tell all the earth thy joys, And boast salvation nigh: Cheerful in God, Arise and shine, While rays divine Stream all abroad.

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.





* By repeating the first two lines.

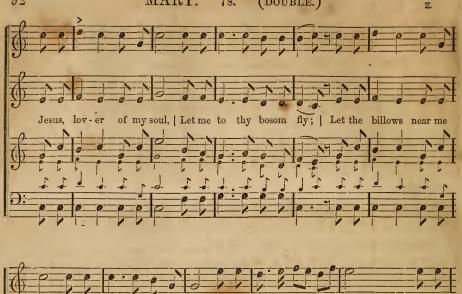
RAYMOND. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

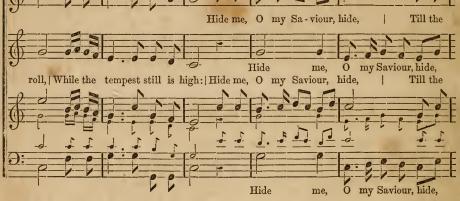
91

Z.



MARY. 7s. (DOUBLE.)







92

LEXINGTON. 7s. (DOUBLE.) 93 z. Bold, and well accentuated. and moon, and stars, Signs and wonders there shall the sun, 1. In 2. E - vil thoughts shall shake the proud, Racking restless doubt and 0-3 ff P be; |Earth shall quake with in - ward wars, | Nations with per - plex - i mid the thunder - cloud |Shall the Judge of fear; | And a men ap ty. Soon shall o - cean's hoary deep, Tossed with stronger tem - pests, pear. But tho' from that aw - ful 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! 0



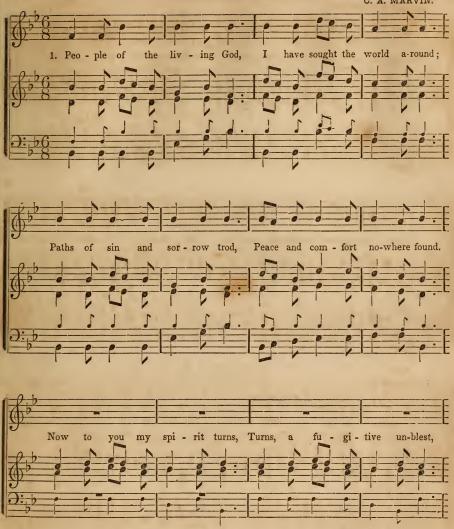


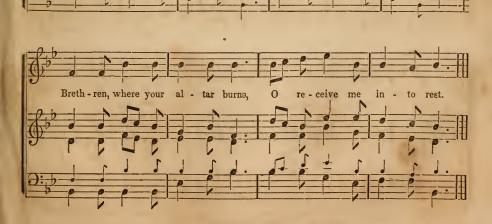


^{*} May be used as a single 7s from the beginning to the *. This tune requires an exceedingly delicate execution,-Double Quartette will do best for it.

HAVEN. 7s. Double.









BARTHOLDY. 7s.

97 Arranged from Mendelssohn. Z.







Lafon.

- 1 Jesus, Lord! we look to thee! Let us in thy name agree; Show thyself the Prince of peace, Bid all strife forever cease.
- 2 Make us one in heart and mind, Courteous, pitiful and kind, Lowly, meek, in thought and word, Wholly like our blessed Lord.
- 3 Let us each for others care, Each his brother's burthen bear, To thy church a pattern give, Showing how believers live.
- 4 Let us then with joy remove To thy family above; On the wings of angels fly,— Showing how believers die.

- 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 stubborn 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 case— Thou 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 provoked 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 *---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.



* By permission from L. MASON.









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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 worlds 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, O 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.

BURGESS. 7s. Double.









- 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.

102

ILSLEY. 7s.





Ilsley.

- 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.

- 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

103





Barnes.

- 2 He, with all-commanding might, 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, Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless In the wasteful wilderness: For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure
- > 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.



FROST. 88 & 78. Double.

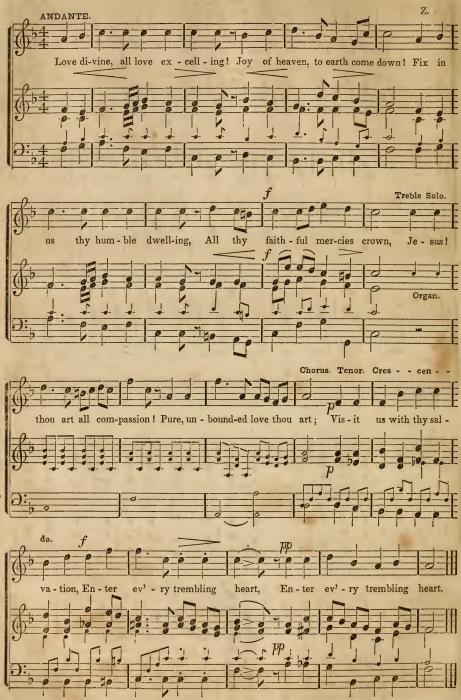


Dim.

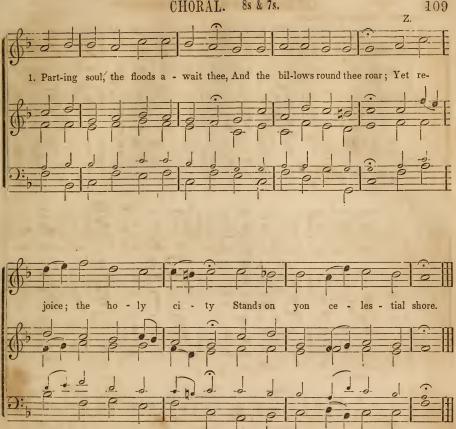
Rit.

DEVOTION. 8s. & 7s. (Double.)

FOR QUARTET OR SMALL CHOIRS.



CHORAL. 8s & 7s.



- 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.

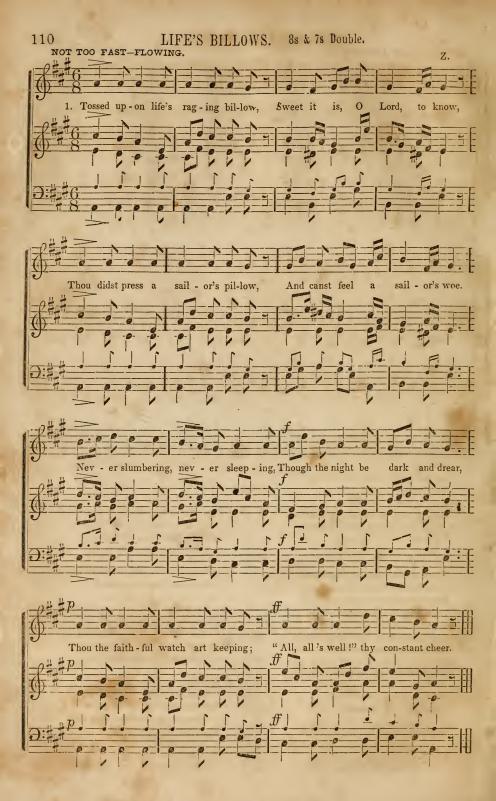
Devotion.

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.







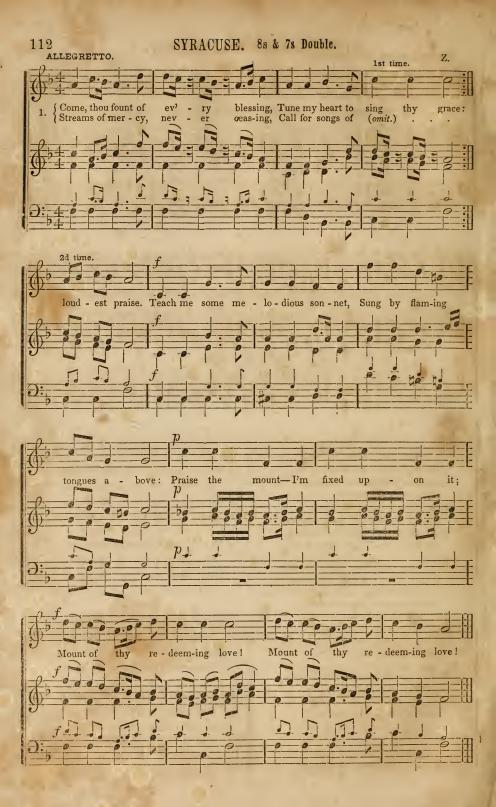


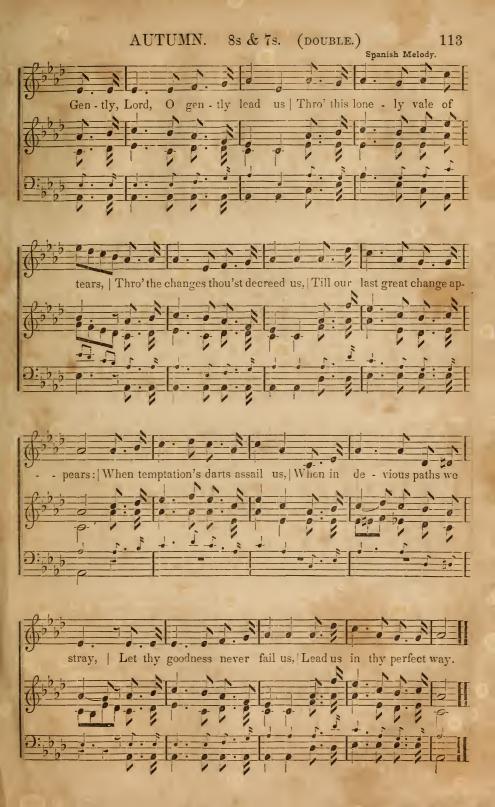
Life's Billows.

- 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.

Milwaukee.

- 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.

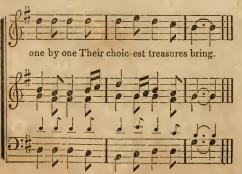












- 2 That spot is home; its sacred walls Admit no discord then; Nor crowded marts, nor festive halls,
 - Nor gayest haunts of men,
 - Can know a joy so sweet and pure-None such to them is given ; Might joys like this for aye endure,
 - This earth were quite a heaven.
- Home's well-beloved group ! its 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 train— And thoughts of ye, where'er I roam,
 - Shall bring my youth again.

PILGRIM. 8's & 7's, Double.



GREENVILLE. Ss & 7s. (DOUBLE.) 116 Fine. 0 0.0 Far from mortal cares re - treating, | 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. Fine. D. C. beaming, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes, From the fount of glo - ry D. C. WILMOT. 8s & 7s. Arr. from WEBER. By permission, from "Car. Sac." Ó. 6 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. 0



NEW HAVEN. 8s & 7s Bouble.



HOPE. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

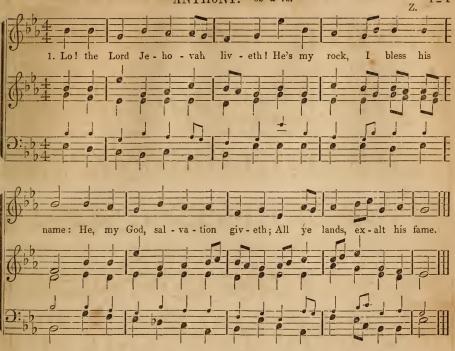


 Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find, in every station, Something still to do or bear. Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine, Think that Jesus died to win thee: Child of heaven, canst thou repine ? 2 Haste thee on from 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.





ANTHONY. 8s & 7s.



Esther. 7s.

- 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 & 7s.

 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.

- Lo! the Lord Jehovah liveth! He's my rock, I bless his name; He, my God, salvation giveth— All ye lands, exalt his fame.
- 2 O'er his enemies exalted, See the great Redeemer rise! Though by powers of hell assaulted, God supports him to the skies.
- 3 God, Messiah's cause maintaining, Shall his righteous throne extend, O'er the world the Saviour reigning, Earth shall at his footstool bend.

VON WEBER. Ss & 7s.

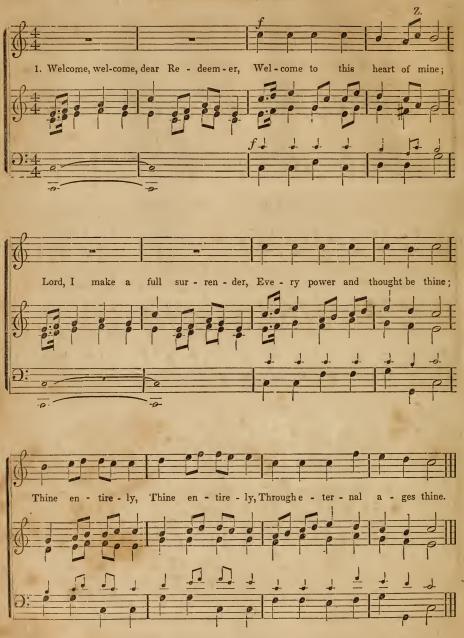




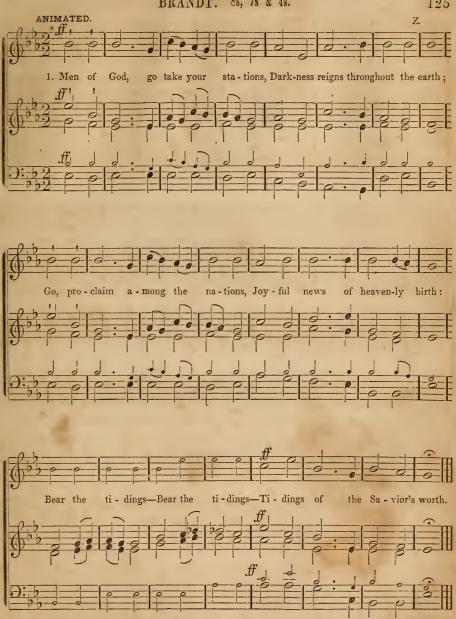
2 Thanks we give and adoration, For thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound May thy presence With us evermore be found. 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

WELCOME. 88, 78 & 48.

124



 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 near— Shout, O Zion ! Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here! BRANDT. 8s, 7s & 4s.



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. (14)

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.

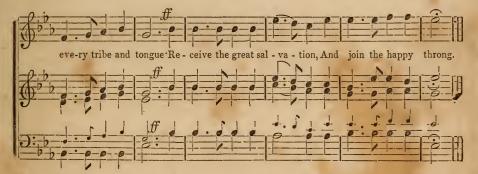


MONADNOCK. 7s & 6s.

FIRM-NOT TOO QUICK.







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

What, 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, The hills and valleys greeting, The song responsive raise. 127

Z.







- 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,
- 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 thee, And all my conflicts o'er, Unceasingly adore thee;— What could an angel more *



POLLOCK. 7s & 6s peculiar.









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.

131

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 peace.







- 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.
- 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 !

PAGE. 8s.



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 'Tis 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



.





Lynn.

 O 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,
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.

* 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, it point of style, resembles this, is one quoted in Burney from the Chatelaine de Coucy, 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.



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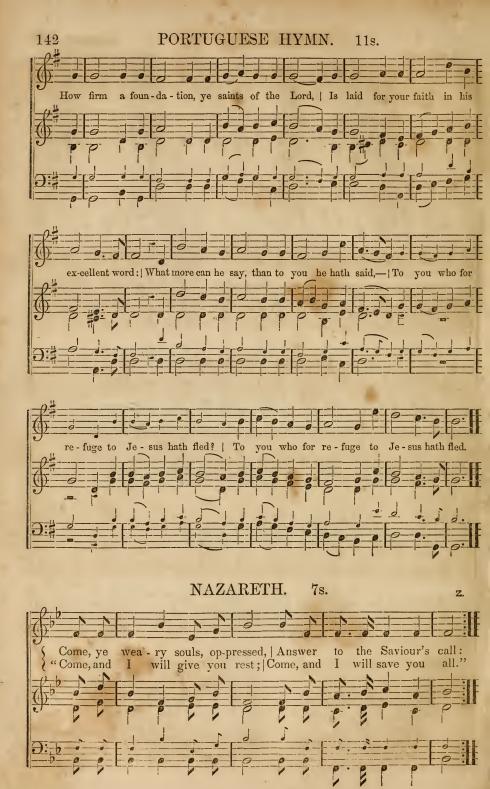


- No rest in the grave— Heaven's dawn purples fast, Morn's splendors are cast Like shafts through the gloom Of the dark, silent tomb; Heaven's fair bowers wave— No rest in the grave!
- Arise from the grave ! Heaven's bright, burning throng Come rushing along; They gird me about, And triumphant shout, As myriad palms wave, "Ascend from the grave."





- 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.
- 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.



ALMIGHTY, POWER.

B. WYMAN. 143

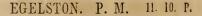




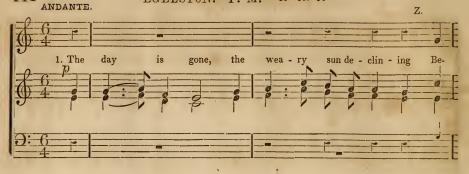




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144







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 glimm'ring light.

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. 4.

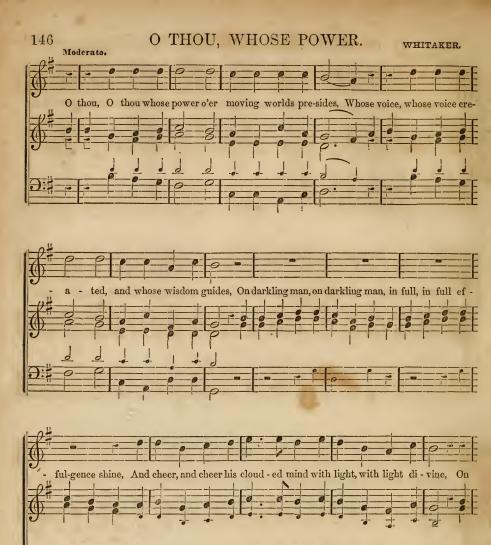
Of every wrong this day I've done before thee, Through thy dear Son, for pardon I implore thee; And when in sleep I rest my weary head, Be still thy wings of love around me spread!

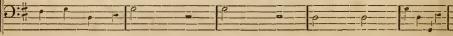
5.

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.

^{3.}









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

O THOU, WHOSE POWER. (CONCLUDED.)











power-ful

the wind he came, As view-less

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

as

- And his that gentle 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.

too, As

view - less

100.

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

* Small notes for the first, large notes for the following verses.

HYMN-ANTHEM.

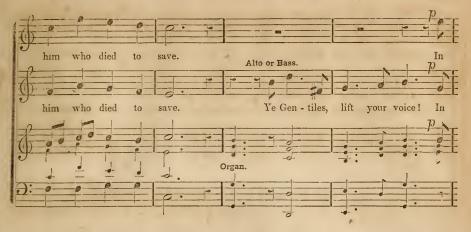


HYMN-ANTHEM.



* If there be a good Trumpet in the Organ, the player may throw it out, as also some additional stops on the swell











Swell forth your songs on

eve - ry breeze, on

eve - ry breeze. To









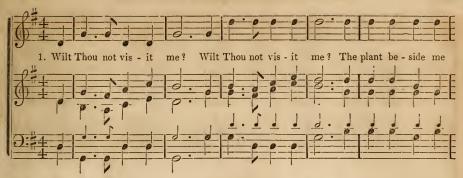
roll! Let strains of tri - umph roll! Let strains of tri - umph



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.

WILT THOU NOT VISIT ME?







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.

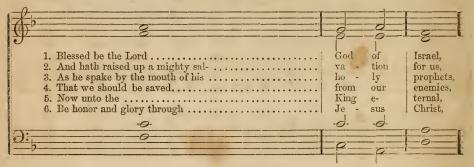
4 Yes! Thou wilt visit me;

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.



PSALM 95.





PSALM 103.



DOUBLE CHANT.











PSALM 67.



PSALM 98.



PSALM 67.

The second			
and show us the light of his countenance, and be yea, let all the yea, let all the immortal, invisible, the	mer - ci - peo - ple peo - ple on - ly	ful un - praise praise wise	to us. 2. thee. 4. thee. 6. God, 9.
22			
			0
thy saving for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the and God, even our own and all the ends of the forever and	health a - na - tions God, shall world shall ev - er.	mong all up - on give us his fear A	nations. 3. earth. 5. blessing. 7. him. 8. men.
-6. '	0 0	e d	-8-

GLORIA PATRI. 166 Z. 60 and to the Son, 11 Glo-ry to the Father, and be to the Ho Ghost, -0 05 00 00 60 05 0 0_00 04 00 ø 6004.0 00 pD. it was in the beginning, is 2 As now, and ever 1 shall be, world with out end. Α - men. A 00 OF 0.09 0

NorE. 1st, 2d, 5th and 6th measures in chanting style, and strictly in time-3d, 4th and 7th to be sung "cantabile." The small notes are intended for the Organ accompaniment. The "cantabile" measures to be played as sung.



AMEN.

z.



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