

SONGS OF ZION.

BEING

A SMALL COLLECTION OF TUNES,
PRINCIPALLY ORIGINAL;

WITH

APPROPRIATE LINES,

ADAPTED TO

DIVINE WORSHIP.

BY JAMES P. CARRELL.

Is any merry? let him sing Psalms—James v, XIII.

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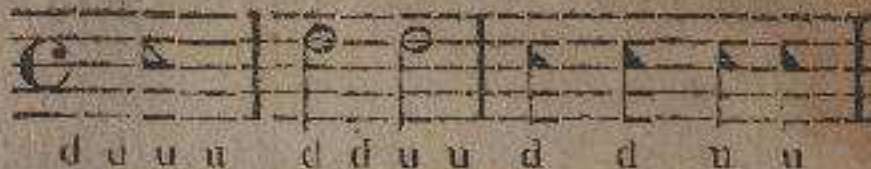
1821.


MOODS OF TIME.

EXAMPLES.

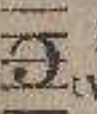
Common Time Moods.

First.  Has a semibreve or its quantity in a measure, sung in the time of four seconds;—four beats in a bar, two down and two up.

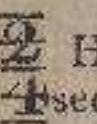


Second.  Has the same measure note, beat in the same manner, and performed in the time of three seconds.



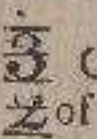
Third.  Has the same measure note, sung in the time of two and a half seconds; two beats, one down and one up.




Fourth.  Has a minum for the measure note, sung in the time of one and a half seconds, and beat like the last.




Triple Time Moods.

First.  Contains three minims, or their quantity in a measure, sung in the time of three seconds; three beats two down and one up.



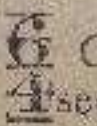
Second.  Contains three crotchets in a measure, beat like the last, only a third faster.



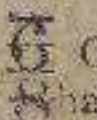
Third.  Has three quavers in a measure, three beats; performed in the time of a second and a half.



Compound Moods.

First.  Contains six crotchets in a measure, performed in time of two and a half seconds; two beats one down and one up.



Second.  Contains six quavers in a measure sung in the time of a second and a half and beat like the last.



N. B. The hand falls at the beginning of every bar in all moods of time.

In the three first moods of common time the accent falls on the 1st. and 3d. parts of the measure ; and in tripple time, and the 4th. mood of common time the first part only is accented. In compound time the first and fourth parts of the measure are accented.

1. PORTSMOUTH. L. M.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with various note values and rests. The second staff is a piano accompaniment, also in treble clef, with a similar key signature and time signature. The third and fourth staves are a piano accompaniment in bass clef, providing a harmonic foundation for the piece. The music is arranged in a standard four-part setting.

Come, sinners to the Gospel-feast, Let every soul be Jesu's guest ; Ye need not one be left behind ; For God hath bidden all mankind.

- 2 Sent by my Lord on you I call ; The invitation is to all ; Come all the world ! come, sinner, thou ! All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest, Ye restless wand'ers after rest Ye poor, & maim'd, & halt, & blind, In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive ; Ye all may come to Christ and live ; O let his love your hearts constrain, Nor suffer him to die in vain !
- 5 His love is mighty to compel ; His conqu'ring love consent to feel ; Yield to his love's resistless power, And fight against your God no more.
- 6 This is the time no more delay ! The invitation is "to-day ;" Come in this moment at his call, And live for him who died for all !

2. INVITATION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Come ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak & wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity love and power : } He is able, :|| He is willing,

doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream :
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is, to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you,
 T'is the spirit's glimm'ring beam

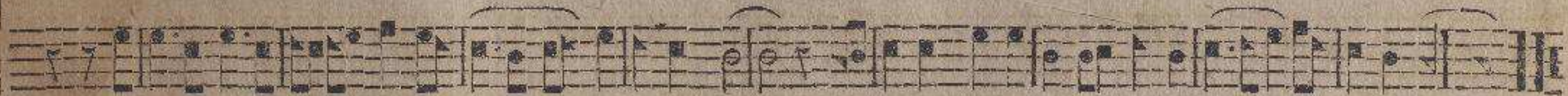
3 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall.
 If you tarry till your better,
 You will never come at all ;
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him !
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 " It is finish'd ! "—
 Sinners, will not this suffice !

5 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merits of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture freely,
 Let no other trust invade ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.



With songs and honours sounding loud, Address the Lord on high; Over the heavens he spreads his clouds, And waters veil the sky.



He sends his showers of blessings down To cheer the plains below; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in vallies grow.



Samuel Luther

4.

ATTENTION.

7s.

Musical of the top of the

Hark! my soul it is the Lord, 'Tis the Saviour hear his word; Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, " Say poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? :||:

5.

SHEPHERD.

S.

M.

The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well suppli'd; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.
 3 While he affords his aid, I cannot yield to fear; Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there,
 4 Amid surrounding foes He does my table spread; My cup with blessings overflows, And joy exalts my head.



Lamb of God for sinners slain To thee I humbly pray, | From this bondage, Lord, release; No longer let me be oppress, Jesus, master,
 Heal me of my grief and pain, O, take my sins away. | seal my peace, And take me to thy rest!



- 2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out Who humbly comes to thee? No, my God, I cannot doubt: Thy mercy is for me:
 Let me then obtain the grace, And be of paradise possess: Jesus, Master, seal my peace, And take me to thy breast.
- 3 Worldly good I do not want, Be that to others given; Only for thy love I pant, My all in earth or heaven.
 This the crown I fain would seize, The good wherewith I would be blest; Jesus, Master, seal my peace And take me to thy breast.
- 4 This delight I fain would prove, And then resign my breath; Join the happy few whose love Was mightier than death.
 Let it not my Lord displease That I would die to be thy guest; Jesus, Master, seal my peace, And take me to thy breast.

Words to Attention on Page 6.

- 2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound; And when wounded heal'd thy wound: Saw the wand'ring, set thee right, 'Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a womans tender care, Cease towards the child she bare? Yes; she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is a redeeming love: Higher than the heights above; Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of my throne shalt be, Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 5 Lord it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love thee, and adore, O! for grace to love thee more.

7 EBENEZER. 8s 7s.



Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; | Glory! :: :: :: glory be to God on high! Glory to my blessed Saviour;
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. | sing his praises round the sky.



8. JEWIN-STREET. 8s. & 7s.



Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above, Praise the mount, I'm fixt upon it Mount of God's redeeming love;

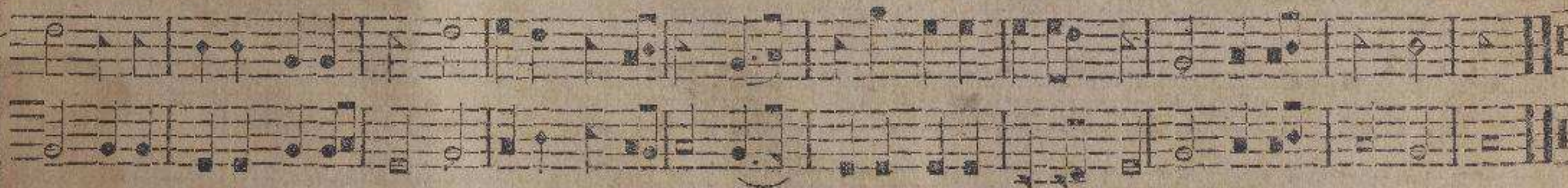




With earnest longings of the mind My God, to thee I look; So pants the hunted heart to find And taste the cooling brook:



B



When shall I see thy courts of grace, And meet my God again? So long an absence from thy face, My soul endures with pain.





'Tis Jesus protects me, my fears now remove, And let me enjoy the sweet smiles of my love; Tho' prest with temptation, the tempter shall fly



Where faith in its power bids Jesus draw nigh; O come, blessed Jesus, & enter my heart, And sorrow and sighing shall quickly depart.





Here I'll raise my ebeazer, Hither by thy help I'm come; And I hope by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. Hallelujah! O halle lu-



jah! hallelujah! I love the Lord; Hallelujah! O hallelujah! we are on our journey home.



4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be;
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

Words to Protection on Page 10.

2 When Jesus was tempted and tried like men,
The malice of Satan was vented in vain:
And I, by the power of faith in the Lamb,
May silence the tempter and put him to shame:
O come, blessed Jesus and enter my heart,
And sorrow and sighing shall quickly depart.

3 Hard combats, alas! in the field are at hand:
Ten thousand assailants before us do stand;
But vict'ry is sure on the side of our King,

And they that trust in him shall victory sing;
O come, blessed Jesus and enter my heart,
And sorrow and sighing shall quickly depart.

4 Here, faith on the one hand gives strength to the soul,
And love on the other the passions controul;
The anchor of hope, when tis fixed secure,
The waves of temptation shall safely endure
O come, blessed Jesus, and enter my heart,
And sorrow and sighing shall quickly depart.

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "Perseverance". The score is written on six systems of staves. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The music is in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Come, O thou traveller unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see; My company before is gone, And I am left a-

lone with thee; With thee all night I mean to stay; And wrestle till the break of day.

How happy every child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven !
The earth, he cries is not my place, I seek my place in heaven: | A country far from mortal sight, Yet O ! by faith I see
The land of rest the saints' delight, the heaven prepar'd for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours ! While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers, And antedate that day :
We feel the resurrection near, Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow ! And let the vessels break ;
And let our ransom'd spirits go, To grasp the God I seek :
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace Through all eternity.

Words to Perseverance Page 12.

2 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art thou the man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold !
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name thy nature know.

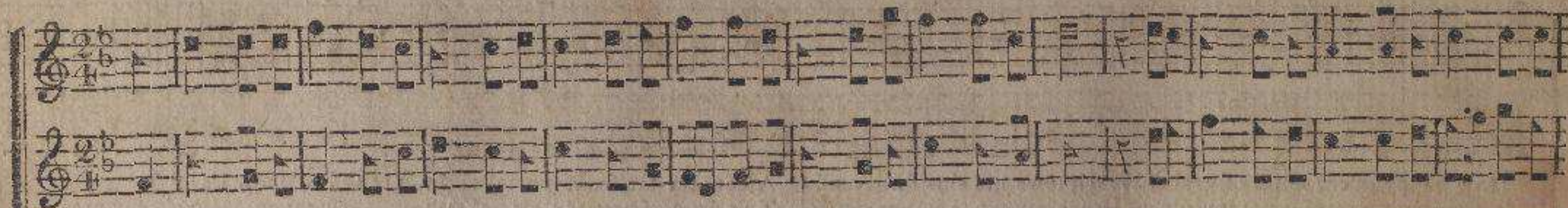
I raise superior to my pain,
When I am weak then am I strong ;
And when my all of strength shall fail ;
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Speak or then never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be love.

3 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,

4 Yield to me now—for I am weak,
Yet confident in self despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer ;

5 'Tis love, 'tis love ; thou diedst for me ;
I hear the whisper in my heart :
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, universal love thou art :
To me, to all thy bowels move ;
Thy nature and thy name is love.



My God, I am thine, what a comfort divine; What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine! In the heavenly Lamb now thrice happy I



am! my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.



2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found.
My Jesus to know, And to feel his blood flow,
It is life, everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That, that is the fullness, but this is the taste:
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

My God the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights; And comfort of

my nights, and comfort of &c. The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights;

- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
'Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a 3/2 time signature and a key signature of one sharp. The music is a hymn tune with a melody in the first staff and accompaniment in the other three.

To thee let my first offerings rise, Whose sun creates my day; Swift as his glad'ning influence flies, And spotless as his ray.

- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh, So oft vouchsaf'd before! Still may it lead, protect, supply; And I that hand adore!
 3 If bliss thy providence impart; For which resign'd I pray; Give me to feel the grateful heart! And without guilt be gay!
 4 Affliction, should thy love intend, As vice or folly's cure; Patient to gain that gracious end, May I the means endure,
 5. Be this, and every future day, Still wiser than the past! And when I all my life survey, May grace sustain at last.

Words to Weston on Page 17.

- 2 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die that so I may Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
 3 O let my soul on thee repose! And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close; Sleep that shall me more vig'rous, make, To serve my God when I awake

Words to Passover on Page 17.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and blest, and brake;
 What love thro' all his actions ran!
 What wondrous words of grace he spake!</p> | <p>3. "This is my body, broke for sin,
 Receive, and eat this living food;"
 Then took the cup, and blest the wine;
 "Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.</p> | <p>4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end
 Meet at my table, and record
 The mem'ry of your dying Friend;
 The love of your departed Lord."</p> |
|---|---|--|

Musical score for the hymn "PASSEVER" (L. M.). The score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in a common time signature (C) and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the first two staves.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night When pow'rs of earth & hell arose Against the son of God's delight, & friends betray'd him to his foes

C

Musical score for the hymn "WESTON" (L. M.). The score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in a common time signature (C) and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the first two staves.

Glory to thee, my God, this night For all the blessings of the light, Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath thy blest almighty wings



O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
 A country I've found, where true joys abound, To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground. } The souls that believe, in paradise live &



me in that number will Jesus receive; My soul don't delay, he calls thee away, Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad day



Shew pity, Lord, O Lord forgive, Let a repenting rebel live ;

Are not thy mercies large & free, May not a sinner

trust in thee. May not &c.

- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin !
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against the law, against thy grace ;
Lord should, thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd but thou art clear,



Come on my partners in distress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bodies feel; A While forget your griefs & fears



And look beyond this vale of tears, To that celestial hill.

To that, &c.



2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faiths strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.



Still out of the deepest abyss Of trouble I mournfully cry;
And pine to recover my peace, And see my redeemer & die.

I cannot, I cannot forbear, These passionate longings for home; O!



when shall my spirit be there? O when will the messenger come

2 Thy nature I long to put on, Thine image on earth to regain;
And then in the grave to lay down This burden of body and pain:
O Jesus, in pity draw near. And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
Appear, to my rescue appear, And gather me into the rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in, The arms of thy mercy display;
And give me to rest from all sin, And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress, Away to the mansions above;
The heaven of seeing thy face—The heaven of feeling thy love.





My soul triumphant in the Lord, Shall tell his praise abroad; And march with holy vigor on, Supported by my God.



Supported by &c.

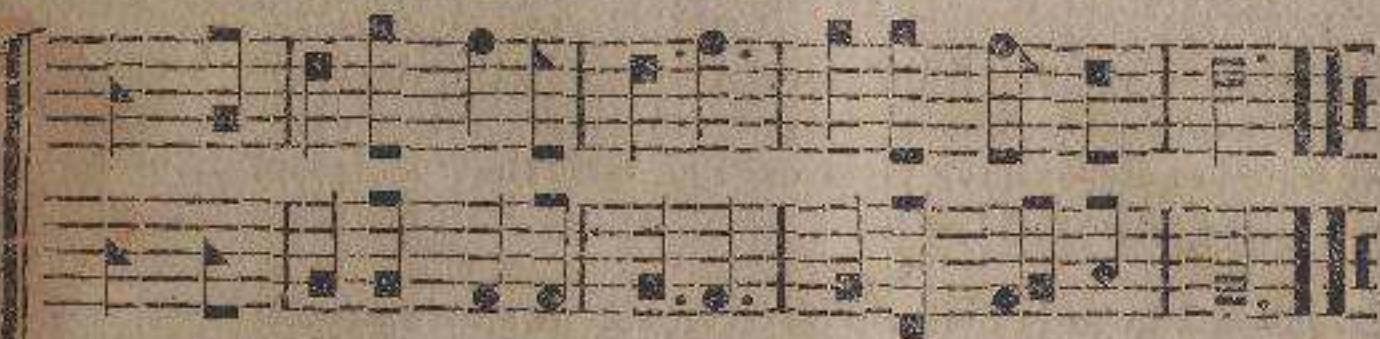
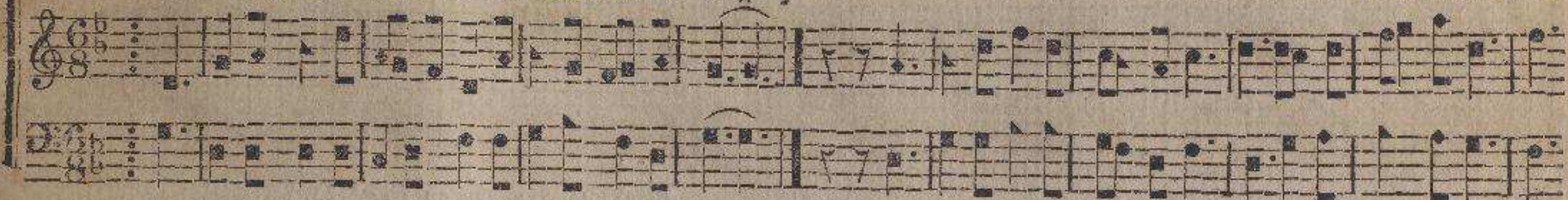
2 I love the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen;
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.

3 Oh! that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home,
In a diviner light.

4 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days!
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.



Now let our lips with holy fear, And mournful pleasure sing
 The sufferings of our great High Priest, The sorrows of our King: } He sinks in floods of deep distress; How high the waters rise! While



to his heavenly Father's ear He sends perpetual cries.



2 " Hear me, O Lord and save thy Son, Nor hide thy shining face;
 " Why should thy favorite look like one Forsaken of thy grace?
 " With rage they persecute the man That groans beneath thy wound,
 " While for a sacrifice I pour My life upon the ground.

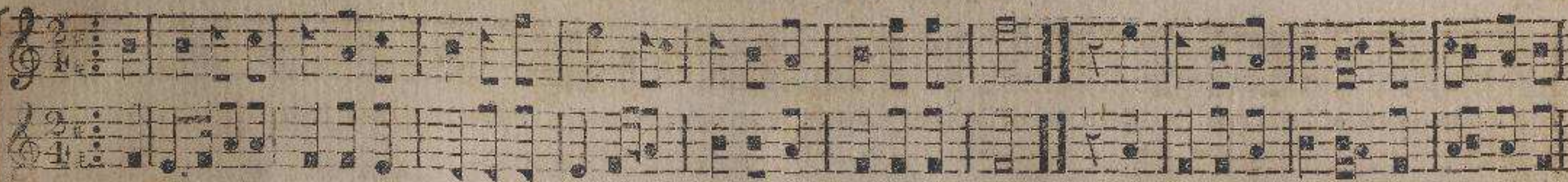
3 " They tread my honour to the dust, And laugh when I complain;
 " Their sharp insulting slander add Fresh anguish to my pain:
 " All my reproaches known to thee, The scandal and the shame,
 " Reproach has broke my bleeding heart And lies dead my name.

Let ev'ry saint above, And angels round the throne, Forever bless and love The sacred three in one: Thus heav'n shall raise his

honors high, When earth & time grow old and die.

Words to Sunbury on Page 25.

- 2 O! why should I wander an alien from thee, And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my troubles they see, And smile at the tears I have shed:
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been? And where with his flock is he gone?
- 3 This is my Beloved—his form is divine; His vestment sheds odours around:
The locks on his head, are as grapes on the vine When autumn with plenty is crown'd:
As roses of Sharon, and lilies that glow In vales—on the banks of the streams,
His cheeks with the beauty of excellence grow—His eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death;
The Cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet; The air is perfum'd with his breath
His lips, as a fountain of righteousness flow That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.



O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom affliction I call; } Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep, To
 My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope my salvation my all;



D

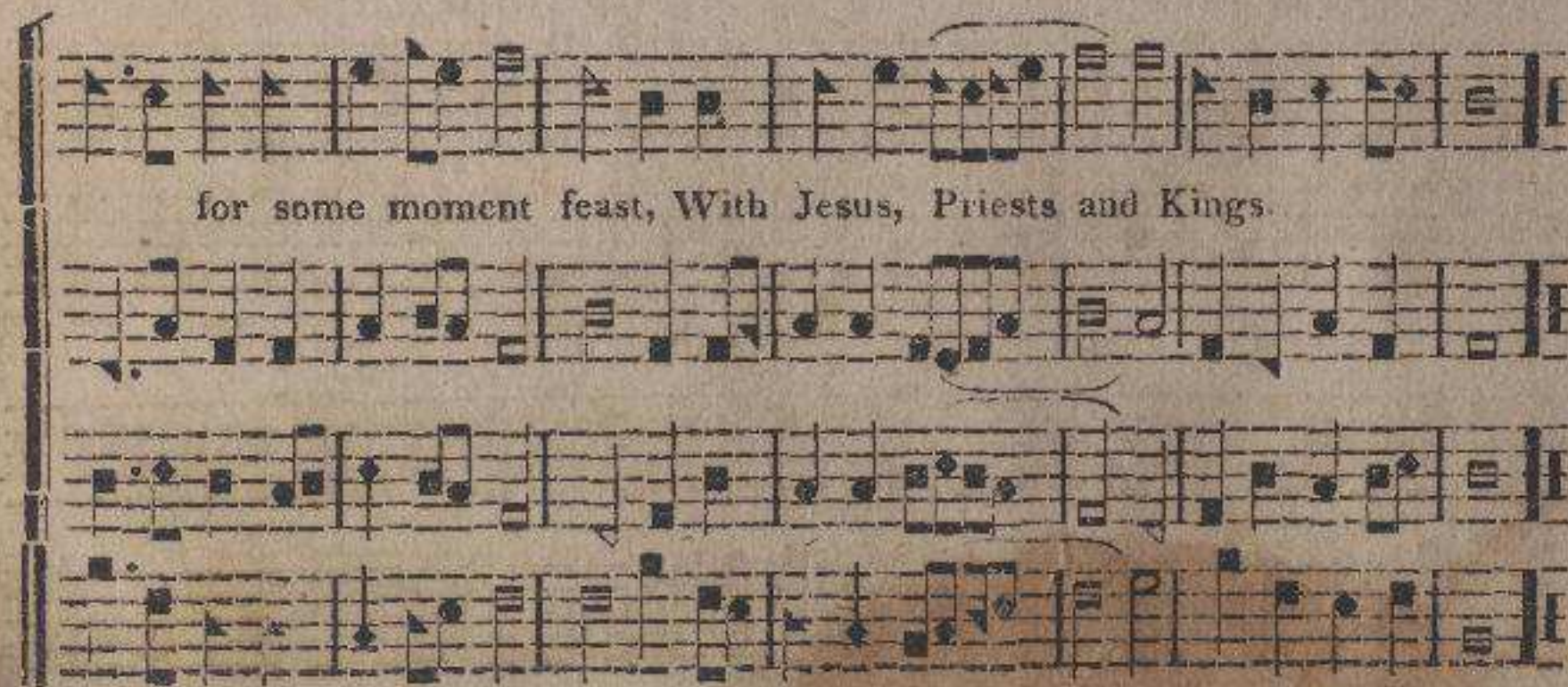


feed on the pastures of love, For why in the valley of death should I weep—Alone in the wilderness rove?





O glorious hope of perfect love ! It lifts my heart to things above ! It bears on eagles wings ; It gives my ravish'd soul to taste, And makes me



for some moment feast, With Jesus, Priests and Kings.

2 The things eternal I pursue ;
 A happiness beyond the view
 Of those that barely pant :
 For things by nature felt and seen,
 Their honours, wealth and pleasure means,
 I neither have nor want.

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



He comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe ; The seventh trumpet speaks him near : His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ; How welcome to



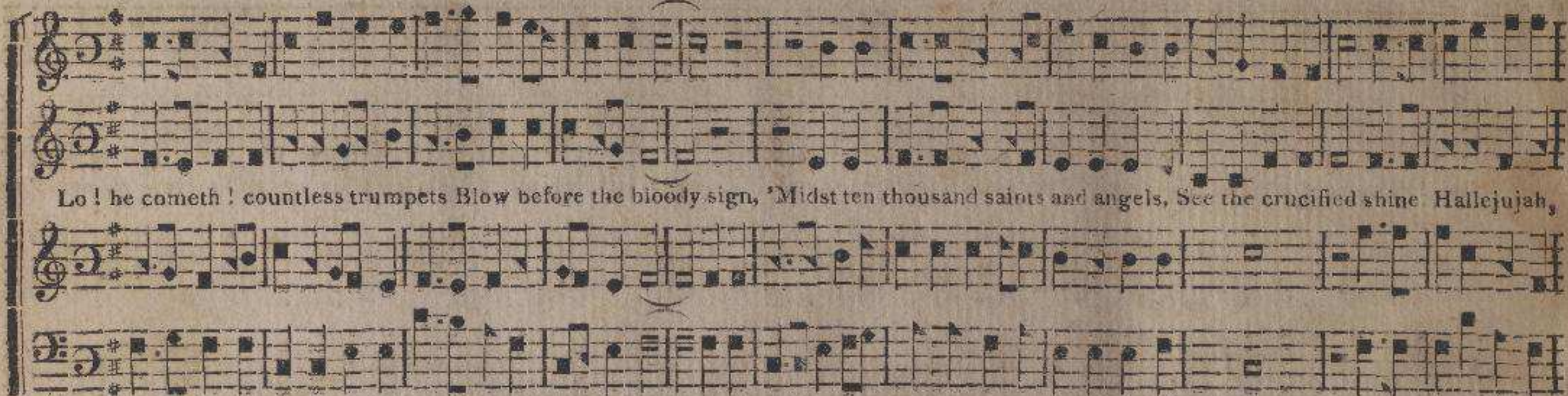
the faithful soul !



Welcome Welcome. *ff*: Welcome to &c

His &c.





Lo ! he cometh ! countless trumpets Blow before the bloody sign, 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels, See the crucified shine Hallejulah,



welcome, welcome bleeding Lamb !

- 2 Now his merit by the harpers,
Thro' th'eternal deep resounds ;
Now resplendent shine his nail prints,
Every eye shall see the wounds
They who pierc'd him, shall at his appearance wail.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away ;
All who hate him must ashamed
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment, stand before the Son of man,
- 4 Saints, who love him, view his glory,
Shining in his bruised face ;

- See him seated on the rain-bow ;
Now his people's head shall raise- [comes !
Happy mourners ; Lo ! in clouds—he comes, he
- 5 Now redemption long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear ;
All his people once rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah ; Now the promis'd kingdom's come !
- 6 View him smiling—Now determin'd
Every evil to destroy ;
All the nations now shall sing him
Songs of everlasting joy.
O come quickly ! Hallelujah ! come Lord, come.

10! he comes with clouds descending. Once for favour'd sinners slain! Thousand, thousand saints attending; Swell the triumph of his train!

Hallelujah! God appears with man to reign,

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty!
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree
 Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see:
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,
 Still his dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshippers:
 With what rapture! Gaze we on those glorious scars!
- 4 Yea, Amen! Let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own;
 Jah! Jehovah! Everlasting God come down!

All glory to God in the sky, And peace upon earth be restor'd; O Jesus exalted on high; Appear our omnipotent Lord! Who nearly in

Bethlehem born, Didst stoop to redeem a lost race, Once more to thy creatures return, And reign in thy kingdom of grace.



God of my salvation hear, And help me to believe, Simply do I now draw near, A blessing to receive, A blessing &c.



Full of guilt, alas! I am, But to thy wounds for refuge flee, Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.





Ye children of Zion who're aiming for glory, Enlisted with Jesus to fight against hell ; } Tenthousand have cross'd it, and
New canaan's bright borders are now just before you ; Tho' Jordan's proud billows its banks overswell ; } are now in



This makes my heart joyful, it fills me with pleasure, That suff'ring and toiling will one day be o'er ; } Be bold and courageous, and fear
With Jesus my Saviour, I'll there count my treasure, Where sin, pain, & sorrow, can reach me no more. } not the



glory, A shouting and telling the triumphant story ; And Jesus, our Saviour, will bring us all over, In Canaan's blest regions forever to dwell.



devil, Tho' he should speak of you all manner of evil For tho' satan rages, yet Jesus engages To bring in all safely to Canaan's fair shore.





How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ! What more can he say than to you he hath said ? You



E

Words to Canaan Page 32.



who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.



Like ships on the ocean, we're toss'd by commotion ; But Christ is the pilot, and he's a sure guide
If sick and afflicted, kind love has a lotion Which flows in abundance from Jesus's side :
Tho' satan's wild whirlwind, like deluges roaring, And floods of temptation as hail are down pouring :
Tho' devils should haunt you, yet let them not daunt you, For Jesus rules over the wind & the tide. ;

I feel his love blazing, my spirits are raising ; Had I angels pinions away I would go,
And see that bright city, and hear angels praising, And all the enjoyments of glory I'd know
To God the great Father, who shines throughout heaven, All glory from saints & from Angels be
My heart is on fire—My Jesus draws nigher—His love like an ocean within me doth flow [given ;

His love so constrains me, this earth can't contain me, My soul is so joyful I'm fill'd with new wine ;
'Tis grace that supports me, & glory awaits me, While light, from his pcesence, within me doth
Bright angels attend me where'er I am going, And Jesus directs me whatever I'm doing ; [shine ;
A subject of wonder on which angels ponder That beggars are rais'd to a life so divine.

He comes! he comes to judge the world Aloud th' archangel cries; } Th' affrighted nations hear the sound, The slumb'ring ten
While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies: } And upwards lift their ey - es;

ants of the ground In living armies rise.

- 2 Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The judge in solemn pomp descends
Array'd in robes of light;
His head & hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.
- 3 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his vict'ries tell;
Lo! on his hand the conqueror bears
'The keys of death and hell:
So he ascends the judgment-seat.
And at his dread command
Myriads o' creatures round his feet,
In solemn silence stand.

- 4 Princes & peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dar'd his grace reject
And they who dar'd presume,
"Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries,
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.
- 5 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:—
"Well done, my good & faithful sons.
The children of my love;
"Receive the sceptres, crowns & thrones
Prepar'd for you above."

Come, my friends, & taste with me Full salvation running free, Jesus now invites us: He presents his charming grace; See his lovely smiling

face! Will you now your Lord embrace, Heav'n & all its happiness, Which to him unites us?

- 2 Earthly comfort soon will fly;
 All it's joys will shortly die;
 Fading, fast they leave us:
 Beauteous grace your Lord will grant,
 He'll supply your every want;
 All that for his mercy pant,
 He will give without restraint;
 Jesus will receive us.
- 3 Heaven is a delightsome place;
 There are streams of perfect peace
 Which my passions capture:
 All the happy tenants there
 His own glorious image bear—
 All his love and bounty share;
 And their Jesus ever near,
 Heightens still their rapture!



Burst, ye em'raid gates and bring To my raptur'd vision,
All the extatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian;

Lo! we lift our longing eyes, Break, ye interyening skies; Sons of righteous-



2 Floods of everlasting light, Freely flash before him;
Myriads with supreme delight, Instantly adore him;
Ang'lick trumps resound his fame, Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name; Heaven echoing the theme.



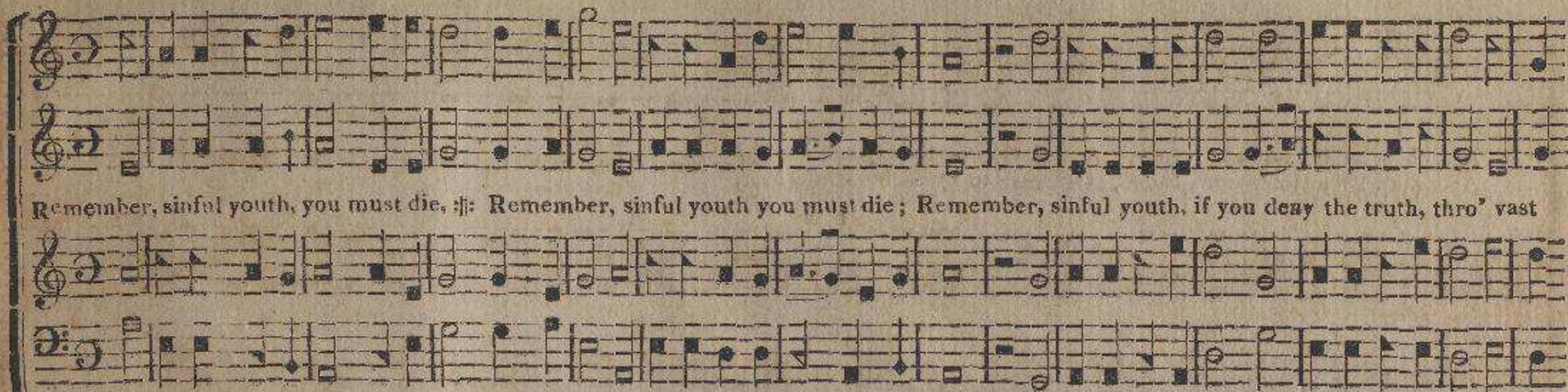
ness, arise, Ope the gates of paradise.

3 Four and twenty elders rise From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories, Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne, Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone, Holy! holy! holy One!



4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too the holy lays—Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song—Sweetest note on mortal's tongue—
Sweetest carol ever sung—Jesus—Jesus, flow along.





Remember, sinful youth, you must die, ¶: Remember, sinful youth you must die; Remember, sinful youth, if you deny the truth, thro' vast



eternity, you must die, you &c, Thro' vast &c. you must die.

- 2 Uncertain are your days here below, here below, Uncertain are your &c.
Uncertain are your days, for God hath many ways
To bring you to your graves here below, here below, To bring &c.
- 3 The God that built the sky, great I Am! great I Am! The God that &c.
The God that built the sky, hath said, and cannot lie,
Impenitents shall die, & be damn'd, & be damn'd, Impenitents shall die, &c.
- 4 Come, then, my friends, don't you, I entreat, I entreat, Come then my &c.
Come, then, my friends, don't you, Your sinful ways pursue,
Your precious souls undo, I entreat, I entreat, Your precious souls &c.
- 5 But to the Saviour flee, 'scape for life, 'scape for life, But &c.
But to the Saviour flee, lest death eternally Shall be your destiny
'scape for life, 'scape for life, Shall be your destiny, 'scape for life.



Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? } Must I be carried to the skies, On flow'ry beds of ease; Whilst
 And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? }



others fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas.



Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 Sure I must fight it I would reign Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, tho, they die;
 They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye.
 When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies, The glory shall be thine.



From all that dwell below the skies, Let the creator's praise arise, Let the redeemer's name be sung, Thro ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue



Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends thy word: Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise & set no more





O how I have long'd for the coming of God, And sought him by praying & searching his word, } The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
 With watching & fasting my soul was oppress'd, Nor would I give over till Jesus had blest.



According to promise he answer'd my prayer; And glory is open'd in floods on my soul, Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll



3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
 And sinners come praying and weeping to God;
 Their mourning and crying is heard very loud,
 And many find favour in Jesus's blood.

4 Here's more, my dear Saviour who fall at thy feet,
 Oppress'd by a burden enormously great,
 O raise them, my Jesus, to tell of thy love,
 And shout hallelujah like angels above.

Awake, Jerusalem, awake, No longer in thy sins lie down; Thy garment of salvation take, Thy

F

beauty & thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light,
The great Deliverer calls—Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.



Rejoice for a brother deccas'd, Our loss is his infinite gain : A soul out of prison releas'd ; And freed from its bodily chain,



With songs let us follow his flight ; And mount with his spirit above, Escap'd to the mansions of light, And lodg'd in the Eden of love.





The Lord, the sov'reign sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north, From east to west the sov'reign orders spread



Thro' distant lands, and regions of the dead: No more shall atheists, mock his long delay; His vengeance sleeps no more, behold the day





This life's a dream, an empty show ; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial & sincere, When shall I wake, and find me



there ! When shall I &c. O glorious hour ! O blest abode ! I shall be near & like my God ; And flesh and sin no more controul Thee



JERUSALEM Continued.

sacred pleasures, of the soul. My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with a treble clef, and the lower staff is a piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The music is in 6/4 time. Above the first two measures of the vocal line are the numbers '1' and '2'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Then-burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my saviour's Image rise And in &c.

The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with a treble clef, and the lower staff is a piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The music is in 6/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.



Hark ! how the gospel-trumpet sounds, Thro' all the earth, :: the echo bounds ; And Jesus by redeeming blood Is bringing sinners back to



God.

Is bringing &c.

And Jesus by redeeming &c

And guides them safely





by his word To endless day. Hail! all victorious conq'ring Lord, Hail all victorious &c Be thou by all thy works ador'd!



Who undertook for sinful man, And brought salvation thro' thy name That we with thee may ever reign In endless day.



Come, my soul, and let us try, For a little season, Every burden to lay by, Come, and let us reason : What is this that casts thee

down ? Who are they that grieve you ? Speak, and let the worst be known ? Speaking may relieve
you.

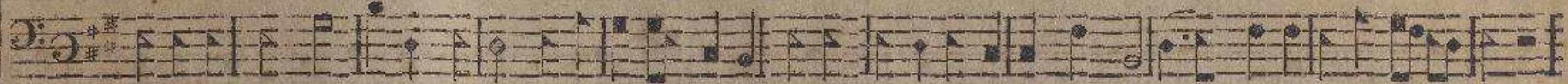
- 2 Christ by faith sometimes I see,
Then it doth relieve me ;
But my sins return again
They are they that grieve me ;
Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint and fearful :
Plung'd in sin a sore disease,
How can I be cheerful ?
- 3 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood from every pore,
To procure thy pardon ;
See him stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, groaning, crying !
Suff'ring all the wrath of God !
Groaning, gasping, dying !



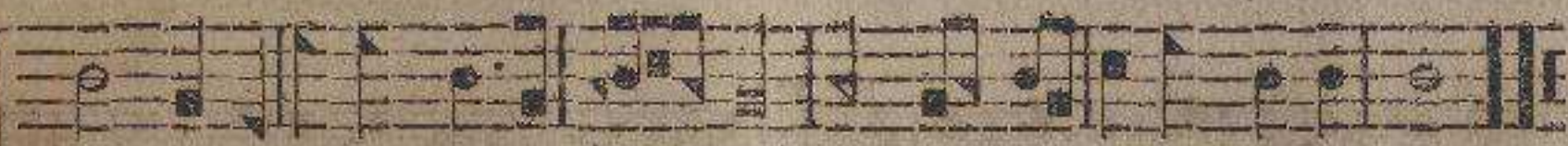
Go, worship at Immanuel's feet, See in his face what wonders meet! Earth is too narrow to express His worth, his glory, or his grace.



The whole creation can afford But some faint shadow of my Lord; Nature, to make his beauties known, Must mingle colours not her own.



G



Earth is too narrow to express His worth, his glory, or his grace.



Nature, to make his beauties known, Must mingle colours not her own.



- 3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.
- 4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that faithful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.
- 5 Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lilly he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.
- 6 Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine.



The voice of my beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain-top he bounds He flies exulting o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport fills

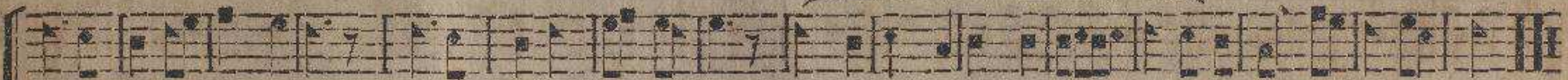


Gently doth he chide my stay, " Rise, my love and come away Ri———se, my love, Rise my love and come away !





The scatter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone the winters past The lovely vernal flow'rs appear The warbling choirs enchant our ear.



Now with sweetly pensive moan, Coos the turtle - dove alone, Coo————s the turtle dove alone.





Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes And send your fears away, News from the regions of the skies—Salvation's born to day. Salvation's &c.



Jesus the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you: To day he makes his entrance here, ||: But not as monarchs do.





No gold, nor purple swadling bands, Nor royal shining thing, A manger for his cradle stands, And holds the King of Kings. And holds &c.



Go, shepherds where the infant lies, And see his humble throne With tears of joy in all your eyes, Go, shepherds kiss the Son.





Hail! ye sighing sons of sorrow, Learn from me your certain doom;
 Learn from me your fate to-morrow, Dead—perhaps laid in your tomb! } See all nature fading, dying! Silent all things seem to pine;



Life from vegetation flying, Brings to mind "The Mouldering Vine."



- 2 See! in yonder forest standing
 Lofty cedars, how they nod!
 Scenes of nature how surprising,
 Read in nature, nature's God.
 Whilst the annual frosts are cropping
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
 So, our friends early dropping,
 We are like to one of these.
- 3 Hellow winds about me roaring;
 Noisy waters round me rise;
 Whilst I sit my fate deploring,
 Tears fast streaming from my eyes:
 What to me is autumn's treasure,
 Since I know no earthly joy
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
 Time must youth and health destroy.



Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims, For all the pious dead, Sweet is the savour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed.



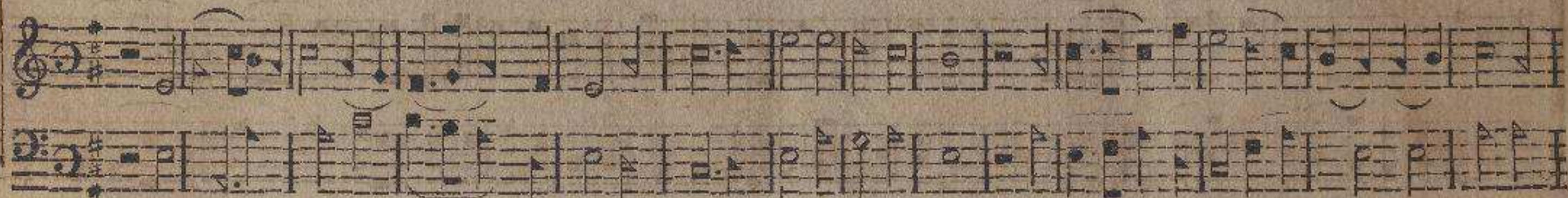
Sweet is the savour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed. And soft &c.



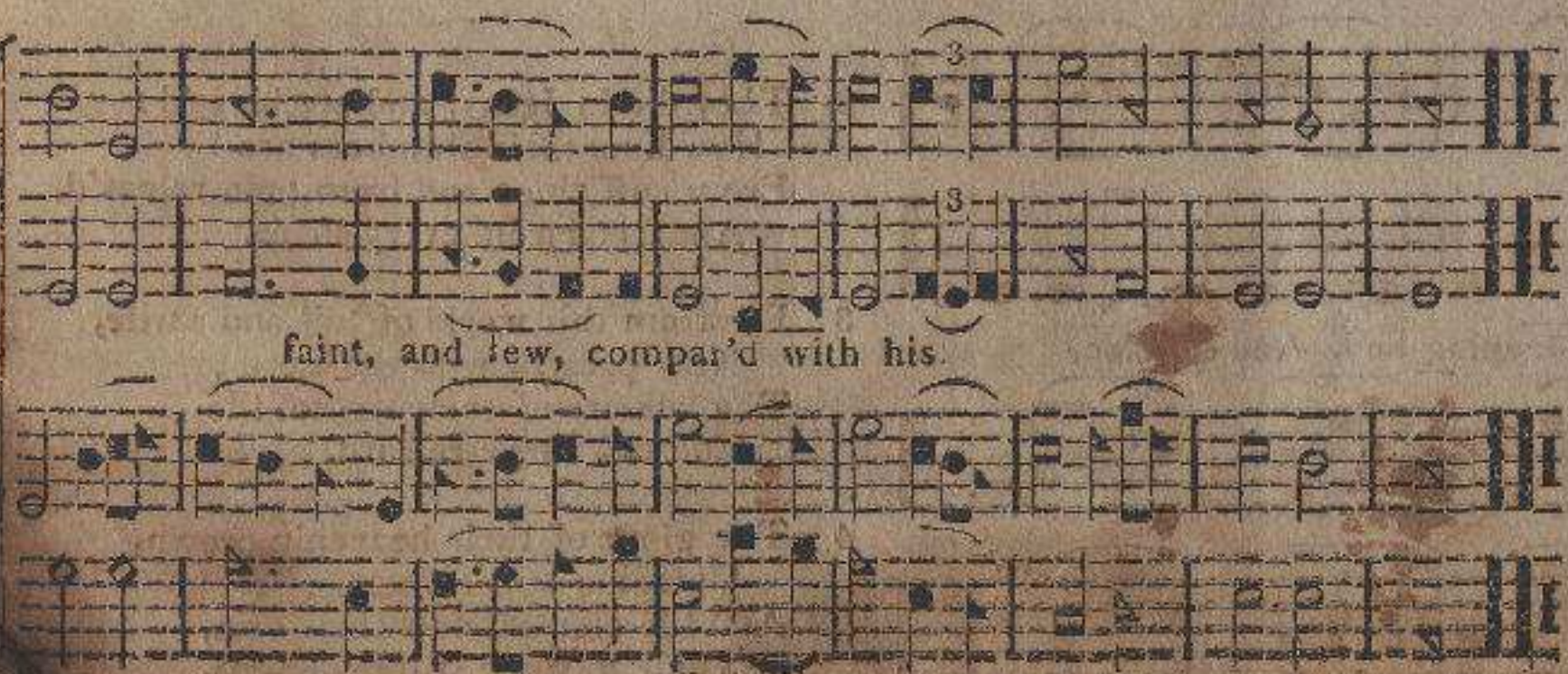
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd :
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from pain releas'd,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
Now present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.
- 4 The glory of their heavenly crown,
Unfading still remains ;
And life eternal, now their own,
Their Saviour still maintains.



Ye worlds of light that roll so near The Saviour's throne of shining bliss, O tell how mean your glories are, How



faint, and few, compar'd with his



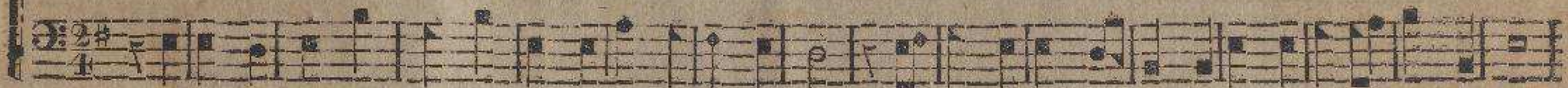
- 2 We sing the bright and Morning Star,
(Jesus, the spring of light and love ;)
See how its rays diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.
- 3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad
Point out the puzzled christian's way ;
Still as he goes he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant ray.
- 4 When shall we reach the heavenly place,
Where this bright star will brightest shine ;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine ?



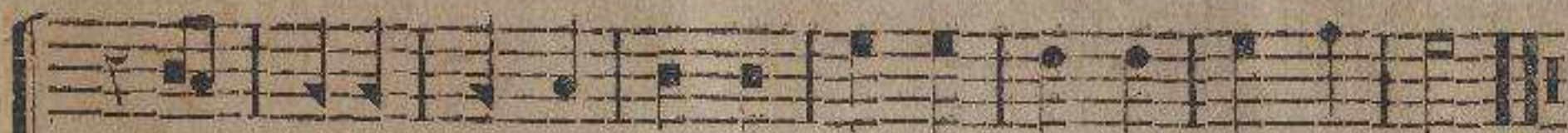
From all that's mortal, all that's vain, And from this earthly clod Arise, my soul, and strive to gain Some fellowship with God.



Say? what is there below the skies, Or in the paths thou'st trod, Can suit thy wishes or thy joys, Like fellowship with God



H



Arise, my soul, and strive to gain Some fellowship with God.





Can suit thy wishes or thy joys, Like fellowship with God?



- 3 Nor life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Nor health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can, such delight and comfort show,
As fellowship with God.
- 5 When I, in love, am made to bear,
Affliction's needful rod;
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.
- 6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distractions road;
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

SOLO 

Long had the voice of prophe-cy foretold Messiah's Advent, the incar-nation of the Son of God

Unto us a child is born; a son is giv'n On him shall lie the rule of nations; and his name shall be, the Wonderful,




the Counsellor

the mighty God,

the everlasting Sire, the Prince of Peace.

shall still



the mighty God,

His government and peace,

THE INCARNATI³ Continued.



in-crease forever. He shall sit on David's throne and kingdom emore. He shall sit on David's throne & kingdom evermore.



With judgment and with justice, he shall sway his right'ous septre : all shall be order, all establish firm. I, the Lord, have



THE INCARNATION. Continued,



said, and will perform my word. Emmanuel, hail ! hail ! hail thou King of glory, hail ! hail ! hail ! hail thou King of glory hail !



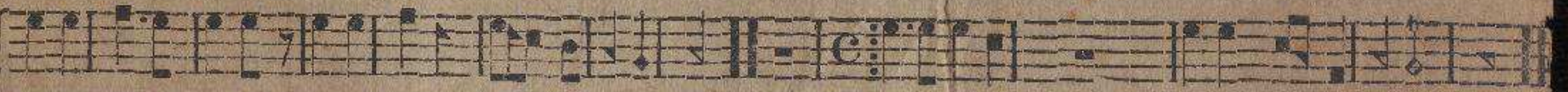
Hail to our world ! Hail to our hearts ! Matchless in majesty & might ; Go forth Go forth Go forth ! from conquering to conquer from



THE INCARNATION. Continued.



conquering to conquer. Ride on — Ride on, O King Messiah to possess the sov'reign rule of all Ride



on, O King of glory, to possess the sov'reign rule of all. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! glory to our conq'ring King!



57



My

Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My God, my life, my love; My work & joy shall be the same,



work & joy shall be the same, My work and joy &c. In the bright world a - bove.



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