FIFTH EDITION, MUCH IMPROVED AND GREATLY ENLARGED.

The Sacred Harp

A COLLECTION OF

Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Odes and Anthems

SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS.

Together with Nearly One Hundred Pieces Never Before Published, Suited to Most Meters, and Well Adapted to Churches of Every Denomination, Singing Schools and Private Societies, with Plain Rules for Learners.

B. F. WHITE AND E. J. KING.

FIFTH EDITION ENTIRELY REMODELED AND IMPROVED.

Containing Nearly One Hundred Select Pieces, Arranged and Prepared for This Work. Compiled and Prepared by J. L. White and Others.

COPYRIGHT 1909 BY J. L. WHITE. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
FIFTH EDITION, MUCH IMPROVED AND GREATLY ENLARGED.

The Sacred Harp

A COLLECTION OF

Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Odes and Anthems

SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS.

Together with Nearly One Hundred Pieces Never Before Published, Suited to Most Meters, and Well Adapted to Churches of Every Denomination, Singing Schools and Private Societies, with Plain Rules for Learners.

B. F. WHITE AND E. J. KING.

FIFTH EDITION ENTIRELY REMODELED AND IMPROVED.

Containing Nearly One Hundred Select Pieces, Arranged and Prepared for This Work. Compiled and Prepared by J. L. White and Others.

COPYRIGHT 1909 BY J. L. WHITE. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
Preface to Fifth Edition.

Owing to an almost universal demand for a revision of the B. F. WHITE SACRED HARP, and feeling it our duty to comply with the request of a generous public, we have made the effort. We have endeavored to do so in such a way as not to destroy the identity of our honored father's work. First, we have let the body of the book remain unchanged, where practical, retaining old name and page, were possible to do so. Second, to preserve and maintain the old harmonics, adding more poetry where practicable, and correcting many errors in harmony, as well as typographical errors. Third, in compiling and arranging the Fifth Edition, we have added a number of songs never before published, which were arranged expressly for this edition, and conform to the modern rules and laws governing harmony and composition. Fourth, we have endeavored to supply a long felt need for a higher class of religious music, that will appeal to the hearts of the singing public, and supplant an element of so-called music, placing in its stead, and within reach of all, a high class of vocal collections suitable for all Church and Religious worship. Fifth, we have compiled and arranged for the Fifth Edition a plain and simple theory, with rules for learning, together with lessons in practical harmony and composition, with rules and laws governing the study of same, for the Singing School Department.

PROF. A. R. WALTON, of Atlanta, who is recognized among the musicians of the country as a man of musical talent and ability, has had the plate work of the Fifth Edition under his personal supervision and control, and has not only established his ability as a musician, but has proven himself to be a practical plate maker as well. We know of no one better fitted and equipped for music plate making, and we are pleased to recommend his superiority in this line to any and all who are looking for such work.

There are many to whom we are indebted for aid and assistance financially and otherwise, especially the revision committee. Space forbids us making personal mention of all, but we are especially indebted to PROF. T. W. LOFTIN, of Alabama, who has rendered us invaluable aid and assistance in the compilation and arrangement of the work. His untiring energy and aid has greatly and graciously proven invaluable.

Praying God's blessings upon our feeble efforts, and trusting that our labors will not be in vain, we submit the fruits of our toilsome labors to a generous public.

J. L. WHITE.

Atlanta, Ga., April 30th, 1909.
AN EXPLANATION.

A Committee was appointed by the United Sacred Harp Musical Association to confer with the White heirs, looking to a revision of the HARP, but their plans having failed to materialize and mature, and having given said Committee TWO YEARS to formulate same, and the Chairman of said Committee having released all claims thereto; and believing it just to the singing public that a revision be made as speedy as practicable, the Compiler, through the aid of Southeast Alabama friends and others have formulated plans and have revised the book.
INTRODUCTION.

A singing-school, to learn and practice Sacred Music, should be a solemn place—a place of prayer: for it is a solemn business to learn to sing the praises of God as it is to learn the word of God. A singing-school should be of the same character as a Sabbath-school or a Bible class; it is, in part, of the same class of schools, and should be conducted with the same solemnities. We think it as much the duty of those who have the ability, to learn to sing the praises of God as it is to learn his word; and no parents or guardians, therefore, should consider their religious education, nor that of their children, complete, without a knowledge of sacred music; nor think they are at liberty to sit silent in the sanctuary, to sing or not, as they please. The gift of a talent to sing, implies an obligation to improve it, and not to offer unto the Lord the hallow and unclean, but to cultivate the voice that they may sing to edification, and not to be an annoyance to every one near them. Sacred music, when sung in a proper style, will generally produce a religious effect in a greater or less degree. We have had the pleasure of seeing, at public rehearsals of sacred music, very deep and strong religious impressions made, not only upon the singers, but upon the congregation: and when such words as

"The Lord is in this place,
We see his smiling face;
Trembling we now adore him;
Humbly we bow before him"—

were sung, it seemed that every one present felt their power, and felt something of the majesty of Jehovah. We have known, moreover, very extensive and general revivals of religion commence, and make their first appearance, in singing-schools. But who ever knew such blessings follow when secular music was practised in the school, or when the object of public prayer was display! We think it is time the Christian public were awake to their duty on this subject.

OF MUSIC IN GENERAL.

Music consists of a succession of pleasing sounds, with reference to a peculiar internal sense implanted in us by the Great Author of nature. Considered as a science, it teaches us the just disposition of sounds; and as an art, it enables us to express them with facility and advantage. The tones of music differ from sounds in general, because they vary from each other by fixed intervals, and are measured by certain proportions of time. There is, indeed, in good speaking, a regularity to be observed, which has some resemblance to this art; and to the orator we frequently use the epithet, musical: but the intervals of the voice in speech are more variable, and slide as it were by insensible degrees, and cannot easily be limited to rule; whereas the gradations of musical sounds are exactly ascertained, and are brought to an uniform standard.

Music naturally divides itself into Melody and Harmony. Melody is the agreeable effect which arises from the succession of single sounds. Harmony is the pleasing union of several sounds at the same time. Modulation consists in right disposing and connecting either the melody of a single part, or the harmony of various parts. The two primary and essential qualities of musical sounds are, relative acuteness or gravity, and proportionate duration. The first property is their relative acuteness or gravity. Bodies of unequal size, length, or tension, emit sounds differing in this respect, and are said to be grave or acute. Human voices differ in this respect, viz., a man's voice is more grave than a woman's; and when the voice moves from a grave to an acute sound, it is said to ascend. Some musicians term it high or low, sharp or flat, grave or acute; any of these terms imply the necessary distinction.

The next property is time, or proportional continuance; and here, without varying the acuteness or gravity of a tone, a difference of movement alone may constitute an imperfect species of music, such for example is the drum where the tones are only diversified by the celerity with which they succeed each other. The principal distinction, then, of musical sounds, are time and tune; and to the happy combination of these two quantities is chiefly to be ascribed the pleasing and endless variety of musical art.
The Science of Music is divided into three departments, Melody, Rhythm, and Dynamics, which embrace all the elementary principles of music. Melody relates to Pitch, and represents sounds as high or low. Rhythm relates to Length, and represents notes, rests, etc., as long or short. Dynamics relates to Force and represents sounds as soft or loud.

**SCALE OF NOTES.**

1. Q. How many marks of sound, or kinds of notes are there used in music?

A. There are six kinds of notes used in music, which differ in time. They are the Semibreve, Minim, Crochet, Quaver, Semiquaver, and Demisemiquaver.

The following scale will show, at one view, the proportion one note bears to another:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Note Description</th>
<th>Time Proportion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Semibreve, or whole</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two half notes,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four quarter notes,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eight eighth notes,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixteen sixteenth notes,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-two thirty-second notes, or Demisemiquavers,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Q. Explain the preceding scale.

A. The Semibreve, or whole note, is now the longest note used; it is white, without a stem, and is the measure note, and guideth all others.

The Minim, or half note, is but half the length of the Semibreve, or has a stem to it.

The Crochet, or quarter note, is but half the length of the Minim, or has a stem to it, and a black head and straight stem.

The Quaver, or eighth note, is but half the length of the Crochet, or quarter note, has a black head and one turn to the stem, sometimes one way, and some another.

The Semiquaver, or sixteenth note, is but half the length of the Quaver, or eighth note, which are likewise various.

The Demisemiquaver, or thirty-second note, is but half the length of the Quaver, or sixteenth note, has a black head, and three turns to its stem, also variously turned.

NOTE—These notes are sounded sometimes quicker, and sometimes slower according to the several moods of time. The notes of themselves always bear the same proportion to each other, whatever the mood of time may be.

Q. What are rests.

A. All rests are marks of silence, which signify that you must keep silent so long a time as it takes to sound the notes they represent.
THE RESTS.

Semi-breve or whole rest  Minim or half rest  Crotchet or quarter rest  Quaver or eighth rest  Semiquaver or sixteenth rest  Demisemiquaver or thirty-second rest

THE BARS.

Two Bars.  Four Bars.  Eight Bars.

Q. Explain the rests.
A. The Semi-breve, or whole rest, is a black square under a line.
The Minim, or half rest, is the same mark above a line.
The Crotchet, or quarter rest, is something like an inverted figure seven.
The Quaver, or eighth rest, resembles a right figure of seven.
The Semiquaver, or sixteenth rest, resembles the figure seven with an additional mark to the left.
The Demisemiquaver, or thirty-second rest, is like the last described, with a third mark to the left.
The two bar rest is a strong bar reaching only across the third space.
The four bar rest is a strong bar crossing the second and third space and third line.
The eighth bar rest is two strong bars like the last described.
A dot set to the right hand of a rest, adds to it half its length, the same as a pointed note, thus:

2. MOODS OF TIME.

Q. How many moods of time are there used in this work?
A. Seven; three of common, two of triple, and two of compound. The original first mood of common time and the third of triple have been dispensed with, they being but little used in the present day.

3. The first mood of common time is known by a figure 2 over a figure 2, having a Semi-breve, or whole note, for a measure note, or its equivalent in every measure; sung in the time of 3 seconds to the measure, 2 beats with the hand, one down and the other up.
The second mood is known by a figure 4 over a figure 4, having the same measure note; sung in the time of 2 1/2 seconds to the measure, two beats as in the first mood.
The third mood is known by a figure 2 over a figure 4, having a Minim, or half note, for a measure note; sung in the time of 1 1/2 seconds to the measure, and beaten as the other two moods.

4. The first mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 2, having a pointed Semi-breve, or whole note, for a measure note, equal to three Minims, or half notes, etc.; sung in 3 seconds to the measure, three beats with the hand, 2 down and 1 up.
The second mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 4, having a pointed Minim, or half note, for a measure note, equal to 3 crochets, or quarter notes, 6 quavers, or eighth notes, etc.; sung in two seconds of time to the measure, three beats, 2 down and one up.

COMMON TIME.

TRIPLE TIME.
5. The first mood of compound time is known by a figure 6 over a figure 4, having a pointed Semibreve or whole note for a measure note; sung in the time of 1 and 1-2 seconds to the measure, two beats with the hand, one down and the other up.

The second mood of compound time is known by a figure 6 over a figure 8, having a pointed Minim or half note for a measure note; sung in the time of 1, 1-2 seconds to the measure, two beats as in the first mood.

Q. What do the figures over the measure, and the letters d, and u under it, in the above examples of time, mean?
A. The figures show how many beats there are in each measure, and the letter d shows when the hand must go down, and the u when up.

Q. What general rule is there for beating time?
A. That the hand fall at the beginning, and rise at the end of each measure, in all moods of time.

---

OF ACCENT.

MARKS OF ACCENT: x, full accent. 1, half accent.

7. Accent is a stress of voice or emphasis on one part of a sentence, strain, or measure, more than another. In the two first moods of common time, the full accent is placed on the first part, and half accent on the third part of each measure. (N. B. Each measure admits of a division into four parts.) In the third mood of common time the measure is generally divided into two parts, and the accent is on the first part; if divided into four parts, it may be accentuated as the two first moods.

Compound time is divided into six parts, and the accent is on the first and fourth parts. In all cases of accents, the first in the measure is full, and the second partial. The figures which are used to express the time of the several moods, are to be used single; the under figures are aliquot parts of the Semibreve or whole note, and the upper figures showing the number of such parts to the measure, to-wit: 2 means two Minims or half notes in a measure; 4 means four Crotchets or quarter notes in a measure; 2 two Crotchets or quarter notes, &c. In a word, the under figure shows into how many parts the Semibreve or whole note is divided, and the upper figure shows the number of such parts in a measure; and so all the movements of time that may be expressed by figures.

---

OF MUSIC.

8. Q. What is music?
A. Music is a succession of pleasing sounds.

Q. On what is music written?
A. On five parallel lines including the spaces between them, which is called a stave; and these lines and spaces are represented by the first seven letters in the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. These letters also represent the seven sounds that belong to each key-note in music. When eight letters are used the first is repeated.

Q. How many parts are there used in vocal music?
A. Commonly only four, viz: Bass, Tenor, Alto, and Treble, and the letters are placed on the staves for the several parts in the following order commencing at the space below the first line in each stave.
### RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC

You may observe that the letters are names or called by the names of the four notes used in music. You see in the preceding staves that F is named faw, G sol, A law, B me, C faw, D sol, E law, and F faw again; every eighth letter being the first repeated, which is an octave; for every eighth is an octave.

9. **Q. How many notes are there used in music? What are their names, and how are they made?**

   **A.** All notes of music which represent sounds are called by four names, and each note is known by its shape, viz.: the me is a diamond, faw is triangle, sol is round, and law is square. See the following example.

   ![Diagram of musical notes]

   **Q.** But in some music books the tunes are written in round notes entirely. How do we know by what names to call the notes in these books?

   **A.** By first finding the me, for me is the governing and leading note; and when that is found, the notes on the lines and spaces in regular succession are called faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, (twice) and those below the me, law, sol, faw, sol, law, (twice) after which me will come again. Either way, see the following example.

   ![Diagram of musical notes]

   This is the rule for singing round notes. You must therefore observe that the natural place for the me in parts of music is on that line or space represented by B.

   But if B be flat, b, me is on E.
   B b and E b, it is on A.
   B b, E b, and A b, it is on D.
   B b, E b, A b, and D b, it is on F.
   If F be sharp, g, me is on F.
   F # and G #, it is on C.
   F #, G #, and G b, it is on G.
   F #, C #, and G #, it is on B.

   ![Diagram of musical notes]
**RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.**

As in the following example ves

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ms in its natural k place.</th>
<th>Ms, transposed by flats.</th>
<th>Ms, transposed by sharps.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tenor or treble Ms.</td>
<td>B flat, Ms is in F.</td>
<td>F sharp, Ms is in F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>B and E flat, Ms is in A.</td>
<td>F and G sharp, Ms is in C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Counter Ms.</td>
<td>B, E, and A flat,</td>
<td>P, C, and G sharp,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ms is in B.</td>
<td>Ms is in G.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bass Ms.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CHARACTERS USED IN MUSIC.**

16. A Stave or staff is five parallel lines, on which notes and other musical characters are written.

11. A brace is drawn across the first end of a tune, showing that all the parts enclosed are to be sung together; and the order of these parts is as follows: the lowest is Bass; next above, Tenor; and, if but three parts, the third is Treble; but if the Counter is added, the fourth part is Treble, and the third, Counter.

13. The G Clef stands on G, second line of the tenor or treble stave, and crosses that line four times. It is always used in tenor and treble, and sometimes in counter.

14. The F Clef stands on C, middle line; is used only in counter.

15. The F Clef is placed on the fourth line of the stave, and belongs to the bass or lower part in music.

16. A single bar is a plain line or mark across the stave, and divides the time into equal parts, according to the mood of time and measure note.
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

17. A measure note is a note that fills a measure; i.e. from one bar to another, without any other note or rest.

18. A dot or point set to the right of a note, adds to that note half its length; and if placed by the first note in the measure, it diminishes from the succeeding part of the measure, by reducing the next note to a smaller denomination. If the point is placed last in the measure, it reduces the preceding note to a smaller denomination. The point never extends its influence out of the measure in which it is placed.

EXAMPLE.

A pointed Semibreve or whole note is equal to three Minims or half notes; a pointed Minim or half note, to three Crochets or quarter notes; a pointed Crochet or quarter note, to three Quavers or eighth notes, &c.

19. A Flat, set immediately preceding or before a note, sinks it half a tone; i.e. causes it to be sung half a tone lower than it would be without the flat.

20. A Sharp set before a note, raises it half a tone; i.e. causes it to be sung half a tone higher than it would be without the sharp.

21. A Natural restores a note from flat or sharp to its natural sound.

22. A Slur over or under any number of notes, shows that they must be sung to one syllable, gliding softly from one sound to another. The tails of the notes are often joined together, which answers the same purpose as a slur.

*: We recommend singers to omit accidental flats and sharps, unless they understand them properly.

23. A figure 3 over or under three notes, is a mark of diminution, and shows that they must be sung in the time of two of the same kind, without a figure.

24. A Trill shows that the note over which it is placed should be warbled with a soft roll.

25. A Direct shows the place of the succeeding note on the stave.

26. A Staccato is seldom used in vocal music. The notes over which it is placed should be sounded distinct and emphatically.

27. Appogiatura, or grace notes, are small extra notes added and set before or after regular notes, to guide the voice more gracefully into the sound of the succeeding note.

28. The Double Bar shows the end of a strain or line of poetry, and sometimes where to repeat.

29. The Hold is without definite bounds; the note over which it is placed is always held longer than its usual sound, and is to be swelled with strength to the centre of the note, then the voice to echo off into soft tone, to the end of the note or sound.
30. A Repeat shows that the tune is to be sung; twice from it to the next double bar or close.

31. Figure 1, 2, or double ending, at the end of a strain, or at the end of a tune, shows that the note or notes under 1 are to be sung before you repeat, and those under 2 after omitting those under 1; but if the notes are tied together with a slur, both are sung the second time, as in the second example.

32. A Close shows the end of a tune or anthem.

33. A Prisma denotes a repetition of preceding words.

34. Choosing notes are notes set one immediately over another in the same stave, either of which may be sung, but not by the same voice. If two persons are singing the same part, one may sing the upper, and the other the lower notes.

35. A Syncopation is where notes are driven out of their common order, by commencing in one measure and ending in the next, and tied across the bar with a slur, representing the same letter; but if they vary from the same letter, it comes under the denomination of a slur.

In all syncopated notes both notes are sounded, and but one called by name; (that is the first.)

36. A Couplet is where two or more notes are tied together in the same measure, embracing both accents (due to the measure) within its limits, (if there be two;) in this case all the enclosed notes are sounded, but the first one called, viz: if they all represent the same letter. But if they vary from the same letter, it breaks the couplet, and is denominated a slur.

Examples of Couplets.

37. Q. What is meant by syncope or syncoped notes?
A. It is when a note is set out of its usual order, requiring the accent to be upon it, as though it were in the usual place of the accent, as in common time, having half the time of the measure in the middle; as a minim or half note between two crotchets or quarter notes; or a crotchet preceding a pointed minim, or a crotchet between two quavers or eighth notes, &c.

OF THE CLEFT OR CLEFTS.

38. This character derived its name from two Latin words, (Clavis Signata,) signifying a sealed key, and is set at the beginning of every piece of music, and serves as a key to open the scale of characters, and fully determine their import. If this character is set high on the stave, the music runs low; while, on the contrary, if set low, the music runs high; because the letters of themselves are independent characters, and are thrown above the cliff which stands low on the stave, and below the cliff which is set on the stave, (for instance:) the G cliff stands on the fourth line of the bass stave, and is a third from the top of that stave; and the F cliff stands on the second line of the tenor and treble stave, and is the third from the bottom of that stave; the alto or counter, occupying the precise centre between the other two; thus we see the bass assigned to the gravenst male voices, and the tenor to the highest of male voices; the treble to the most shrill female voices; the counter or alto to the gravedst of female, and boys voices; unless the counter be written on the G or F clef, and if so, take the best and most acute voices of both male and female, and perform it on the octave pitch.
39. The above is a representation of the general scale, showing the connection of the parts, and also what sound of the general scale each letter, line, or space in either of the octaves, represents; for instance: A, the minor key, occupies the 3d, 9th, and 16th sounds of the general scale; C, the natural major key, the 4th, 11th, and 18th. Thus it will appear that every octave being unison, are considered one and the same sound. Although the last in the bass is the keynote, and in case the key is not transposed, will either be on the 3d and 4th degrees as above stated, yet with the same propriety we may suppose them on the 4th, 11th, &c. degrees; for when we refer to a pitch pipe for the sound of either of the foregoing keys, if it be properly constructed, it will exactly correspond to the 4th, 11th, &c. degrees of the general scale. Then by descending the octave, we get the sound of the natural key; then by ascending a 3d, 4th, or 5th, as the tune may require, we readily discover whether the piece be properly keyed. If we find, after descending the octave, we can ascend to the highest note in the tenor or treble, and can pronounce them with ease and freedom, the piece may be said to be properly keyed: but if, on the contrary, after descend-
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

In counting intervals, remember to include both notes of a staff, thus: in counting a sixth in the preceding example, D is one, E is two, F is three, G is four, A five, and D six.

In the preceding example, the notes in the treble and bass are placed in unison with each other. But assigning the treble to female voices, and the air to male voices, (as is customary,) an octave must be added to the notes in the treble, (as previously observed of a woman’s voice being an octave more acute than a man’s,) the interval between the bass and treble, in the first measure, would be a sixteenth, or double octave; in the third measure, the note on B, in the treble, a thirteenth above D, in the bass, &c. Observe that an octave and a fourth make an eleventh; an octave and a fifth make a twelfth; an octave and a sixth, a thirteenth; an octave and a seventh, a fourteenth; two octaves a fifteenth, &c., always including both the first and last note.

OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION.

40. Harmony consists in the proportion of the distance of two, three, or four sounds, performed at the same time, and mingling in a most pleasing manner to the ear.

The notes which produce harmony, when sounded together, are called concords, and their intervals, consonant intervals. The notes which, when sounded together, produce a disagreeable sound to the ear, are called dissonance, and their intervals, dissonant intervals. There are but four concords in music, viz.: unison, third, fifth, and sixth. (Their eighth or octaves are also meant.) The unison is called a perfect chord, and commonly the fifth is so called. If the composer please, however, he may make the fifth imperfect, when composing more than two parts. The third and sixth are called imperfect, their chords being not so full, nor so agreeable to the ear, as the perfect; but in four parts the sixth is often used instead of the fifth; so, in effect, there are but three concords, employed together, in composition.

N.B. The meaning of imperfect signifies that it wants a semitone of its perfection, to what it does when it is perfect: for as the lesser or imperfect third includes but three half tones, the greater or major third includes four, &c. The discord is a second, a fourth, a seventh, and their octaves; though the greater fourth sometimes comes very near to the sound of an imperfect chord, it being the same in ratio as the minor fifth. Indeed, some composers (the writer of these extracts is one of them) seem very partial to the greater fourth and frequently admit it in composition.
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

42. The following is an example of the several concords and disords, and their octaves under them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Single Chords</th>
<th>Concord</th>
<th>Discord</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2 3 6</td>
<td>2 4 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>10 12 13</td>
<td>9 11 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>17 19 20</td>
<td>16 18 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>24 26 27</td>
<td>23 25 28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Notwithstanding the 2d, 4th, 7th, &c., are properly discords, yet a skilful composer may use them to some advantage, provided a full chord of all the parts immediately follow; they will then answer a similar purpose to acid, which being tasted previously to sweet, gives the latter a more pleasing flavour. Although the 4th is really a discord, yet it is very often used in composition. The rough sound of the 4th may be so mollified by the sweetness of the 5th and 6th as to harmonize almost as well as any three sounds in nature; and it would be reasonable to suppose that where we have two perfect chords, a discord may be introduced with very little violation to the laws of harmony; but as it is the most difficult part of composition to use a discord in such a manner and place as to show more fully the power and beauty of music, we think composers should only use them sparingly, (as it is much better to have all sweet, than to have too much sour or bitter), and always let them be followed by a perfect chord.

OF THE DIATONIC SCALE, MAJOR KEY.

41. The diatonic scale is composed of tones and semitones. From the key to the second above is a tone; from the second to the third a tone; from the third to the fourth a semitone; from the fourth to the fifth a tone; from the fifth to the sixth a tone; from the sixth to the seventh a tone; and from the seventh to the eighth a semitone. Observing that five whole tones and two semitones compose an octave.

OF THE MINOR KEY.

42. The minor key differs from the major because of the semitones occurring between the second and third, and fifth and sixth sounds from the key.

It is unnecessary to treat further on the subject of semitones, for they are natural to the voice, and cannot be avoided by natural performance. It should suffice to know that they do exist, and where they are.

OF DEGREES.

43. A degree is the interval from one letter to another in immediate succession. The first letter in the scale of letters is the foundation for the first degree; the second letter ends that degree, and is the beginning of the second degree; three letters will form two degrees, &c.

OF RELATIVES.

44. Whatever the key may be, whether natural or artificial, the same relatives are produced by the key; the sixth above and the third below are relative minors to the major mode; the sixth below and the third above are relative majors to the minor mode.

45. The reason why one tune is in a sharp key and another in a flat key is, that the third and sixth sounds ascending in the sharp key, are half a tone higher than the same intervals in the flat key; and sharp keyed music is generally applied to poetry that is animating, spirited, and cheerful; while flat keyed music is applied to poetry that is solemn, pensive, and melancholy.

EXAMPLE OF THE KEYS.

46. In the Major key, from F to F#, the third, the interval is two tones, [Major third] from F to G, its sixth, the interval is four ones and a semitone, [Major sixth] and from F to A, its seventh, the interval is five tones and a semitone, [Major seventh].

In the Minor key, from F to F#, its third, the interval is one tone and a semitone, [Minor third] from F to G, its sixth, the interval is three tones and two semitones, [Minor sixth] and from F to A, its seventh, the interval is four tones and two semitones, [Minor seventh].

To prove the utility of removing the key, I will produce an example. Let the tune "Suffolk" be written on key note A (natural flat key,) instead of B, in
proper key; and, besides the inconvenience of multiplying leger lines, few voices would be able to perform it, the treble in particular.

**SUPFIEL** on E, its proper key, from the repeat.

The same on A, the assumed, or natural key A.

47. There are seven sounds bearing distinct names, from their situation and effect in the scale. The key note is called the tonic; the next above, or its second, the supertonic; its third, the mediant; its fourth, the subdominant; its fifth, the dominant; its sixth, the submedian; and its seventh, the leading note.

The same on A, the assumed, or natural key A.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>8</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tonic</td>
<td>Supertonic</td>
<td>Mediant</td>
<td>Subdominant</td>
<td>Dominant</td>
<td>Submedian</td>
<td>Leading note</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Q. Why is the key note or tonic numbered one?
A. Because it is the sound most natural to the voice, and determines the principal pitch of every piece of music, and from which all other sounds in composition are reckoned; it is therefore made a station, holding the first and most important position in music. A regular bass always ends with it; hence, in giving the pitch of a piece of music, it should be sounded.

The fifth is the next important sound, and is called a dominant, from its being a perfect fifth, which cannot be varied by natural progression; and produces a sweeter sound than any other, compared with the tonic.

The third is the next important sound, and is called the mediant, from its being midway between the tonic and dominant; this, in some respects, is the most important note or sound in the scale, because it determines the major from the minor mode.

The sixth is the next important sound, and is called the submedian, it being of minor value to the common mediant or third, and is midway between the fourth and eighth sounds. This sound will run as a descending third from the octave, and is an imperfect chord with the tonic.

The fourth is the next in order, and is called a subdominant, it being a descending fifth from the octave, and will run with the eighth, sixth, and second, from the tonic, and is of minor value to the fifth from the tonic.

The second is called the supertonic, from its being next above the tonic, and will only run with the fourth and sixth sounds from the tonic.

The seventh is the leading note, leading all other notes in their order to the key. By this note the system of solmization is made consistent and com-
46. Many inquiries have been made why B is first flattened, and F is first sharpened; in answer to this inquiry, B and E are natural flat sounds, and are first flattened, F and C are natural flat sounds, and are first sharps. In the natural scale of music, the first semitone occurs between B and C, and the next between B and F; and sharps being marks of elevation, F is first sharpened for the purpose of elevating the letter F, which was formerly depressed by a semitone between E and F. The letter C is next sharpened for the purpose of restoring the letter C on the same general principle; and so on through the scale of seven letters, until every letter takes its proportion of tones and semitones.

When B is flattened, it removes the semitone which existed between B and C, and makes it a whole tone, and places the semitone between E and F. Next, E is sharpened for the same general purpose. It will be observed that a sharp, when inserted, operates on the upper part of a semitone degree; but a flat on the lower part of a semitone degree. Furthermore, when a sharp is set, it raises the five letters, and sinks it four, and spaces the octave, as from B to F, which is five letters ascending, and four descending; and when a flat is set, it raises the six four letters, and sinks it five, and spaces the octave in like manner, as from B to E. Thus by counting the centre letter twice, as the beginning of each interval, five and four would make but eight.

This accounts for the customary rules of transposition, viz.:
The natural place for me is on ........................................ E
If B is b, me is on ........................................ E
If B and E are b, me is on ........................................ A
If B, E, and A are b, me is on ........................................ D
If B, E, A, and D are b, me is on ........................................ G
If B, E, A, D, G, and C are b, me is on ........................................ F
If F be g, me is on ........................................ F
If F and C be g, me is on ........................................ C
If F, C and G be g, me is on ........................................ G
If F, C, G, and D be g, me is on ........................................ D
If F, C, G, D, and A be g, me is on ........................................ A
If F, C, G, D, A, and E be g, me is on ........................................ E
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE SEMITONES IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE ME BY FLATS AND SHARPS.

Observe that, by six flats or six sharps, (including the natural place,) the keys occupy every letter in the stave, and by the same number of either character, (including the natural place,) the whole octave is divided into semitones; and it is impossible to use another flat or sharp in transposition, for seven flats or sharps would only put them in their natural places. You may also observe, that one flat, or six sharps, places the semitones precisely in the same situation; and that one sharp, or six flats, has the same effect; and two flats or five sharps, and two sharps or five flats, &c.; and with six flats or one sharp, one of the semitones is in its natural place; i.e. between B and C. Also with six sharps or one flat, one of the semitones is in its natural place, i.e. between E and F, as the natural places of the semitones are between B and G, and E and F; and we suppose the reason why both of these characters are used in transposition, is to save the trouble and time of making so many of either character; for a person can make one flat much quicker than six sharps, or one sharp quicker than six flats, &c.

OP INTERVALS.

49. There are fourteen intervals in the scale, bearing distinct names, viz.: Unison, Minor second, Major second, Minor third, Major third, Perfect fifth, Minor sixth, Major sixth, Minor seventh, Major seventh, Octave.

As the scale admits of only twelve semitones, so an octave, by counting the first and last note, (which are octaves to each other, and really one and the same sound in effect,) contains thirteen sounds, yet it has but twelve intervals, because the unison cannot properly be called an interval; and the sharp fourth and flat fifth, although necessarily distinguished in harmony, are performed on keyed instruments with the same keys, and may be but one interval.
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

REMOVAL OF THE KEY NOTE

50. When we remove the key note of the major mode, the arrangement is effected by sharpening its fourth, which becomes a seventh to the new key note, and a fifth from the former key note; or by flattening its seventh, which becomes a fourth to the new key note, viz., the fourth of the former key. The minor key note is removed by sharpening its sixth, which becomes a second to the new key note; or by flattening its second, which becomes a sixth to the new key note.

The following table exhibits a regular succession of keys, beginning with the natural, and continued till all the letters are sharpened and flattened; together with the letters that represent flat and sharp in every transposition of the key by flats and sharps. More than four of either of these characters are seldom used.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Letters for the</th>
<th>Major key.</th>
<th>Minor key.</th>
<th>Letters for</th>
<th>Letters for</th>
<th>Letters for</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Natural, C, me is on</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BY SHARPS.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 sharp D, me is on</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 sharps E, me is on</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>D and G</td>
<td>F and B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 sharps F, me is on</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>A and D</td>
<td>A and F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 sharps G, me is on</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>E and A</td>
<td>C and G</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 sharps A, me is on</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>B and E</td>
<td>G and D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 sharps B, me is on</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>F and B</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 sharps restores to the natural</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>C and F</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BY FLATS.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 flat D, me is on</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>F and B</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 flats E, me is on</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>B and E</td>
<td>G and D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 flats F, me is on</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>E and A</td>
<td>C and G</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 flats G, me is on</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>A and D</td>
<td>F and C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 flats A, me is on</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>D and G</td>
<td>B and F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 flats B, me is on</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>G and C</td>
<td>E and B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 flats restores to the natural</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>G and F</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

OF THE KEYS.

Q. How many keys are there in music?
A. Two; the minor or flat key, and the major or sharp key.
Q. What are the natural letters for those keys?
A. A and C; A for the minor or flat key, and C for the major or sharp key.
Q. How are they known?
A. By the last note in the bass, which is always the key note or tonic. Should it be B, immediately below me, the tune is in a flat or minor key; but if F, immediately above me, it is in a sharp or major key; observing that the semitones are always equally distant from the key note or tonic, whether it be natural, or assumes an artificial position.

TRANSITION IN THE MAJOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

Key of C into G, by a sharp on F.

Key of G into D, by an additional sharp on C.

ON THE MODULATION OF THE KEY

53. The modulation or changing of the key note from one letter or given tone to another, is so frequent in regular composition, particularly in Anthems, that the performers will be very often embarrassed, unless they endeavour to acquire a knowledge or habit of discerning those changes.

The transition of the key from one letter to another is sometimes effected by gradual preparation, as by accidental flats, sharps, or naturals. When the change is gradual, the new key is announced by flats, sharps, or naturals. But if the change is sudden, the usual signs or signature at the beginning of the stave are either altered or removed, as in the Christian Song.

TRANSITION IN THE MINOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

Key of A into E, by one sharp.

Key of E into B, by an additional sharp on C.
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

MISCELLANEOUS DIRECTIONS.

53. It is an essential to good singing as to good speaking, that some words and syllables should have more stress of voice than others; and that the same syllable should be accented in singing as in speaking. Such words and syllables are called accented or emphatic. If the poetry is properly constructed, the emphatic syllable falls on the accented part of the measure; if otherwise, the emphasis of the words must be attended to, and the accent of the music neglected.

The teacher should require some lines to be rehearsed with the proper emphasis, and then sung with the same emphasis.

TAKING BREATH.

54. The breath should not be drawn in singing, any more than in speaking, in the middle of a word; nor when several notes come to one syllable, should there be interruptions between them; but the several notes should be blended with smoothness, but not without distinctness. In fact, the breath should be no oftener drawn than fulness and firmness of tone require.

The practice of breathing regularly at a particular place in each measure should be specially guarded against; and also the habit of leaving the sound abruptly to take breath. The breath should be taken quickly, yet gently.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

55. Musical expression depends chiefly on the feeling which the singer possesses and imparts to the performance by the proper tones and correct delivery of words; hence, in singing, the teacher should select such pieces as would interest his singers, and then, by precept and example, be unwearied in his exertions to impress on them the importance of expressing the sentiment, and the great error of singing serious words in a thoughtless manner.

QUALITIES OF TONE.

56. The most essential qualities of a good tone are purity, fulness, firmness, and certainty.

Teachers should occasionally show the propriety of using correct sounds, by causing their pupils alternately to take two or more sounds which will produce discords, and then others that will produce concords; and thus exhibit the difference between them.

67. When a bad sound is heard from the pupil, the teacher should imitate that sound, and then contrast it with a correct sound, with the use of the appropriate organs; which will enable the pupil to see and correct the faulty sound. Teachers should, in this, be very careful to treat it in such a way as not to give umbrage, or embarrass the pupil.

RULE FOR BEATING TIME.

58. For common and compound time, confine the arm to the body, i.e. the beat extend from the wrist forward, and perform the beat with the hand alone, straight down and straight up.

For tiptle time, for the first down beat, strike the edge of the hand, on the book or lap; second beat, throw the hand flat down; third beat, raise it straight up.

MELODY LESSONS.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE TEACHER.

59. In performing melody lessons, the teacher should have his pupils to learn well the sound, the name, and the number of each note, from 1 to 8, so they can apply them in melody or harmony; take the eight notes, for instance, and apply them, 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8; and 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1; the key note is numbered 1, the next 2, and so on to 8, either ascending or descending; and when you arrive at the 8th, if the piece should go beyond it, the 8th becomes 1, and is repeated as directed for the first octave.

Let your pupils take three notes, as {awe}, {sol}, {lawn}, or 1, 2, 3, and sound them successively, until they can sound them well; then let them alternately take 1 and 3, as {awe}, {law}, until they can sound them correctly; then let them go on to four notes, and teach well the difference between 2 and 3, and 3 and 4, for the first and second degrees are tones, and the next a semitone; (what is meant by a degree is the interval from one sound to another in immediate succession.) When you have thus trained the pupil, go on to the eighth sound, and another semitone will occur between the 7th and 8th sounds; (these occurrences are alone in the sharp key.) In performing flat keyed notes, you will observe that the semitones occur between the 2d and 3d, and 5th and 6th sounds, and are invariably between {me} and {awe}, and {law} and {fawn}, find them where you may (consequently, when represented by their natural letters, are between B and D, and E and F.}
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Then take other melody lessons of different orders, and unite all the voices well, before you attempt to make harmony by a connection of other parts; for if pupils cannot make melody, it is impossible for them to make harmony; and an attempt of this kind, too soon, is injurious; for one system and jargon will be the result.

80. See, in the following scale of notes, where the semitones are indicated by a (*) star.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Major Key</th>
<th>Minor Key</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eight Notes</td>
<td>Eight Notes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 1 2 1 3 12 1 2 1 3 1 2 12</td>
<td>12 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 2 12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 | 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 |

| 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 | 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 |

| 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 | 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 1 3 1 2 |
When we sing, let's tune our voice; When we pray, let's train our words; When we sing, let's sing in faith; When we talk, we'll speak the truth; When we talk, let's speak our joys; When our acts are for the Lord. When we pray, let's pray in faith; Thus becomes a noble youth.
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

4. Pupils may be well acquainted with all the various characters in psalmody, (or music;) they may also be able to sing their part in true time,  
and yet their performance be far from pleasing; if it is devoid of necessary embellishments, their manner and bad expression may conspire to render it disagreeable. A few plain hints, and a few general and friendly observations,  
we hope, will tend to correct these errors in practising vocal music.  

2. Care should be taken that all the parts (when singing together) begin upon  
the proper pitch. If they are too high, difficulty, and perhaps discords, will be  
the consequence; if too low, dulness and languor. If the parts are not united  
by their corresponding degrees, the whole piece may be run into confusion and  
jargon before it ends; and perhaps the whole occasioned by an error of only one  
semitone in the pitch of one or more of the parts.  

3. It is by no means necessary, to constitute good singers, that they should  
sing very loud. Each one should sing so soft as not to drown the teacher’s  
voice, and each part so soft as will admit the other parts to be distinctly heard.  
If the teacher’s voice cannot be heard, it cannot be imitated, (as that is the best  
way to modulate the voice and make it harmonious;) and if the singers of any  
one are so loud that they cannot hear the other parts, because of their own  
noise, the parts are surely not rightly proportioned, and ought to be altered.  

4. When singing in concert, the bass should be sounded full, bold, and  
majestic, but not harsh; the tenor regular, firm, and distinct; the counter clear  
and plain; and the treble soft and mild, but not faint. The tenor and treble  
may consider the German flute, the sound of which they may endeavour to  
imitate, if they wish to improve the voice.  

5. Flat-keyed tunes should be sung softer than sharp-keyed ones, and may be  
proporionated with a lighter bass; but for sharp-keyed tunes let the bass be full  
and strong, but never harsh.  
6. The high notes, quick notes, and slurred notes, of each part, should be  
sung softer than the low notes, long notes, and single notes, of the same parts.  
All the notes included by one slur should be sung at one breath, if possible.  

7. Learners should sing all parts of music somewhat softer than their leaders  
do, as it tends to cultivate the voice, and gives them an opportunity of following  
in a piece with which they are not well acquainted; but a good voice may be soon  
much injured by singing too loud.  

8. When notes of the treble fall below those of the bass, the tenor should be  
sounded strong, and the bass soft.  
9. While first learning a tune, it may be sung somewhat slower than the true  
time or mood of time requires, until the notes can be named and truly sounded,  
without looking on the book.  
10. Learners are apt to give the first note, where a fuge begins, nearly double  
time it ought to have; sounding a crotchet almost as long as a minim in any  
other part of the tune, which puts the parts in confusion by losing time; whereas  
the fugues ought to be moved off lively, the time decreasing, (or the notes sung  
quicker,) and the sound of the engaged part or parts increasing in sound as the  
others fall in. All solos or fugues should be sung somewhat faster  
than when all the parts are moving together.  

11. There are but few long notes in any tune but what might be swelled with  
propriety. The swell is one of the greatest ornaments of vocal music, if rightly  
performed. All long notes of the bass should be swelled, if the other parts are  
singing short or quick notes at the same time. The swell should be struck plain  
upon the first part of the note, increase to the middle, and then decrease softly,  
like an echo, or die away like the sound of a bell.  
12. All notes (except some in syncopation) should be called plainly by their  
proper names, and fairly articulated; and in applying the words, great care  
should be taken that they be properly pronounced, and not torn to pieces  
between the teeth, nor forced through the nose. Let the mouth be freely opened,  
but not too wide, the teeth a little asunder, and let the sound come from the  
lungs, and be entirely formed where they should be only distinguished, viz., on  
the end of the tongue. The superiority of vocal to instrumental music is, that  
while one only pleases the ear, the other informs the understanding.  
13. When notes occur one directly above another, (called choosing notes,)  
and there are several singers on the part where they are, let two sing the lower,  
while one does the upper notes, and in the same proportion to any other number.  
14. Your singers should not join in concert, until each class can sing their  
own part correctly.  
15. Learners should beat time by a pendulum, or with their teacher, until  
they can beat regular time, before they attempt to beat and sing both at once,  
because it perplexes them to beat, name time, and sound the notes at the same  
time, until they have acquired a knowledge of each by itself.  
16. Too long singing at a time injures the lungs.  

* A cold or rough, all kind of spirited liquors, violent exercise, too much bile on the stomach,  
long fasting, the voice overcharged with impure blood, &c. &c., are destructive to the voice of  
one who is much in the habit of singing. An excessive use of ardent spirits will speedily ruin  
the best voices.
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. Some teachers are in the habit of singing too long at a time with their pupils. It is better to sing but only eight or ten tunes at a lesson, or at one time, and inform the learners the nature of the pieces and the manner in which they should be performed; and continue at them until they are understood, than to run over forty or fifty in one evening, and at the end of a quarter of schooling, perhaps few besides the teacher know a flat-keyed tune from a sharp-keyed one, what part of the anthem, &c., requires emphasis, or how to give the pitch of any tune which they have been learning, unless some one inform them. It is easy to name the notes of a tune, but it requires attention and practice to sing them correctly.

18. Learners should not be confined too long to the parts that suit their voices best, but should try occasionally the different parts, as it tends greatly to improve the voice, and gives them a knowledge of the connection of the parts, and of harmony as well as melody. The gentlemen can change from bass to tenor, or from tenor to bass, and the ladies from treble to tenor, &c.

19. Learners should understand the tunes well by note, before they attempt to sing them to verses of poetry.

20. If different verses are applied to a piece of music while learning, it will give the learners a more complete knowledge of the piece than they can have by confining it always to the same words. Likewise applying different tunes to the same words, will have a great tendency to remove the embarrassment created by considering every short tune as a set piece to certain words or hymns.

21. When the key is transposed, there are flats and sharps placed on the stave; and when the mood of time is changed, the requisite characters are placed upon the stave.

22. There should not be any noise indulged while singing, (except the music,) as it destroys entirely the beauty of harmony, and renders the performance very difficult, (especially to new beginners;) and if it is designedly promoted, is nothing less than a proof of disrespect in the singers to the exercise, to themselves who occasion it, and to the Author of our existence.

23. The apoggiatura is placed in some tunes, which may be used with propriety by a good voice; also the trill over some notes; but neither should be attempted by any one until he can perform the tune well by plain notes, (as they add nothing to the time.) Indeed no one can add much to the beauty of a piece by using what are generally termed graces, unless they are in a manner natural to their voice.

24. When learning to sing, we should endeavour to cultivate the voice so as to make it soft, smooth, and round: so that, when numbers are performing in concert, there may on each part (as near as possible) appear to be but one uniform voice. Then, instead of confused jargon, it will be more like the smooth vibrations of the violin, or the soft breathings of the German flute. Yet how hard it is to make some believe soft singing is the most melodious; when, at the same time, loud singing is more like the hootings of the midnight bird than refined music.

25. The most important ornament in singing is strict decorum, with a heart deeply impressed with the great truth we utter while singing the lines, aiming at the glory of God, and the edification of one another.

26. All affection should be banished, for it is disgusting in the performance of sacred music, and contrary to that solemnity which should accompany an exercise so near akin to that which will, through all eternity, engage the attention of those who walk in climes of bliss.

27. The nearest perfection in singing we arrive at, is to pronounce the words* and make the sounds as feeling as if the sentiments and sounds were our own. If singers, when performing a piece of music, could be as much captivated with the words and sounds as the author of the music is when composing it, the foregoing directions would be almost useless; they would pronounce, accent, swell, sing loud and soft where the words require it, make suitable gestures and add every other necessary grace.

28. The great Jehovah, who implanted in our nature the noble faculty of vocal performance, is jealous of the use to which we apply our talents in that particular, lest we use them in a way which does not tend to glorify his name. We should therefore endeavour to improve the talent given us, and try to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in our hearts to the Lord.

* Melody is the agreeable effect which arises from the performance of a single part of music only. Harmony is the pleasing union of several sounds, or the performance of the several parts of music together.

* In singing there are a few words which should vary a little from common pronunciation such as end in t and d; and these should vary two ways. The following method has been generally recommended: In singing, it is right to pronounce majesty, mighty, lofty, &c., something like mazesty, mightee, lofty, &c.; but the sense of some other words will be destroyed by this mode of expressing them, such as sanctify, justify, glorify, &c.
DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Adagio, very slow: the first mood in common time.

Allegro, lively; quick; the third mood in common time.

Accent, a stress of the voice on a particular note or syllable.

Air, the tenor part; the inclination of a piece of music.

All, high above the stave.

Alt, or Alto, high counter.

Appoggiature, between a tone and semitone.

Affectuoso, tender; affecting; mournful; plaintive.

Andante, moderate.

Bass, the lowest part of music; grave; solemn.

Bassoon, a kind of wind instrument for bass.

Bass Viol, a large, or bass fiddle.

Breve, an ancient note, II, equal to two semibreves.

Cauticule, divine or pious poems; songs.

Chant, to sing praises.

Chord, a sound; a concord; proportional vibrations.

Chorus, all the parts together.

Clef, characters representing particular sounds or degrees.

Common, a small part, as 1st, 1-4th, 1-5th, &c. of a tone.

Composite, to make tunes, or set notes for music.

Concert, many singers or instruments together.

Countersubject, a counterpart or a4-dumus.

Crescendo, increasing in sounds, &c.

Da Capo, or D. C., to return and close with the first strain.

Diapason, an octave; an eighth degree.

Dissonance, discord; disagreement.

Duet, two parts only moving together.

Diminuendo, diminishing in sound; becoming louder.

Fort, or For, full; loud or strong.

Fugato, or Fuga, the parts of music following each other in succession.

Gamut, the scale, or rudiments of music.

Grand, full; great; complete; pleasing.

Groove, slow; solemn; mournful; most slow.

Guide, a direct.

Harmony, a pleasing union of sounds.

Harmonist, a writer of harmony; a musician.

Hexameter, having six lines to a verse.

Hoboy, or Hoboy, a kind of wind instrument.

Inno, a hymn or song.

Interval, the distance between two degrees or sounds.

Ionic, light and soft.

Keys, the most permanent sounds of the voice or instrument.

Key note, the principal or leading note of each octave.

Largo, one degree quicker than the second mood in common time.

Lento, the difference between major and minor.

Lento, slow.

Major mode, the sharp key; the great third; high; cheerful.

Major chord, an interval having more semitones than a minor chord of the same degrees.

Mellus, is low treble performed in a man's voice.

Mood, certain proportions of time, &c.

Modulate, to regulate sounds; to sing in a pleasing manner.

Music, the art of making music; the study or science of music.

Musical, a succession of pleasing sounds; one of the liberal sciences.

Necessario, continuing like thorough-bass.

Octave, and eighth degree; five tones and two semitones.

Organ, the largest of all musical instruments.

Pastoral, rural; a shepherd's song; something pertaining to a shepherd.

Piano, or Pos, directs the performer to sing soft; a kind of instrument.

Pentatonic, five lines to each verse.

Pichpipe, a small instrument for proving sounds.

Solo, one part alone.

Sonority, loud and harmonious.

Symphony, a piece of music without words, which the instrument plays while the voices rest.

Syncopa, cut off; disjointed; out of the usual order.

Syncopation, notes joined in the same degree in one position.

Trill, or Ty, a tune like a shake or roll.

Transposition, the changing the place of the key notes.

Trio, a tune in three parts.

Violoncello, a tenor viol, 1-5th above a bass viol.

25
PART I.

CONSISTING

USED BY WORSHIPPING ASSEMBLIES.

BETHEL. C. M.

Psalmist, 691st Hymn.

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

2 Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd! 4 Return, O Holy Dove, return, How sweet their memory still! Sweet messenger of rest; But now I find an aching void I hate the sins that made thee mourn The world can never fill And drove thee from my breast

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

6 So shall my walk be close with God. Calm and serene my frame: So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.
The God we worship now, Will guide us till we die:
Will be our God while here below, And ours above the sky.

Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
Come, humble sinner in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

Death, 'tis a melancholy day,
To those who have no God.

When the poor soul is forced a-way,
To seek her last abode.

3 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
   For guilt, a heavy chain,
   Still drags her downward from the skies,
   To darkness, fire, and pain

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
   Let stubborn sinners fear;
   You must be driven from earth, and dwell
   A long ren ence there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
   And flashes in your face;
   And thou, my son, look downward too
   And sing re Recovering grace.
ROCHESTER.  C. M.  Psalmist, 346th Hymn.

Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

PROSPECT.  L. M.  Psalmist, 10726 Hymn.  Graham.

Why should we start, or fear to die; What tumultuous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
1 Grace, 'tis a charming sound! Harmonious to the ear! Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace has contrived the way To save rebellious man; And all the steps that grace display, Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name In God's eternal book; 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet To tread the heavenly road; And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray, And made my eyes overflow; 'Twas grace that kept me to this day, And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown. Through everlasting days; It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves the praise.

WEBSTER. S. M.

Psalms, 767th Hymn.
CORINTH.  L. M.  Psalmist, 554th Hymn.—John Massengale.

Jesus, and shall it ever be—A mortal man ashamed of thee!  Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise.

PETERBOROUGH.  C. M.  Baptist Harmony, p. 2.

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer;  There humbly fall before his feet, for none can perish there.
WEEPING SAVIOUR.  S. M.  Psalmist, 471st Hymn.—E. J. King.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry?  Let floods of pen-tential grief Burst forth from every eye.

ABBEVILLE.  S. M.  Psalmist, 362d Hymn.  E. J. King.

Come, Holy Spirit, come, With energy divine, And on this poor be-nigh-ted soul, With beams of mer-cy shine.
Come, all who love the Lord indeed, Who are from sin and bondage freed; Submit to all the ways of God, And walk the narrow happy road.

A last and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die! Would he de-vote that sacred head For such a worm as I
1 O for a shout of sacred joy To God, the sovereign King.
Let every land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high; His heavenly guards round
Attend him rising through the sky, With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
AMERICA. S. M. Psalmist, 183d Hymn.

My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

NINETEENTH. C. M. Psalmist, 1166th Hymn. Colton.

When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
REMEMBER ME.  C. M.  

B. F. White & L. L. Leadbeater.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from E-manuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Chorus.—I will believe, I do believe, that Jesus died for me, Remember all thy dying groans and then remember me.

NEWMAN.  C. M.  

Music original, by J. P. Rees.

Vain man, thy fond pursuits for beer, Repent, thy end is nigh, 
Death at the farthest can't be far, O think before thou die! 
Reflect, thou hast a soul to save, Thy sins, how high they mount,

What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dark account?
Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveler.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow, Descend and clothe the ground; The liquid streams forbear to flow, In icy fetters bound.
Do not I love thee, O my Lord! Behold my heart, and see,
And turn each cursed idol out, That dares to rival thee.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glori fy, A nev-er-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around; While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound!

PIETY. C. M. B. F. White.

O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; That leads me to the Lamb! A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!
The glorious plan of man's redemption, By the Son of God was wrought, 
To save the lost and ruined nation, So to heaven we might be brought. 
Glory, honor, and salvation, To the Lamb who once was slain; Sound his praise through every nation, May it never cease again.
CLAMANDA.  L. M. D.

Say, now, ye lovely, social band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land? Oh! have you ventured

Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, do you wish to turn again?

to the field, Well arm'd, with helmet sword, and shield! And shall the world, with dread alarms, Compel you now to ground your arms!
When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

I'll bid farewell to every fear, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
1 As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died; He pour'd salva-

tion on a wretch That languish'd at his side.

2 Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n! Thou spotless Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And well'ring in thy blood.

3 'Mid the glo-ries of that world, Dear Saviour, think on me, And in the victories of thy death, Let me a sharer be.'
NEW BRITAIN.  C. M.  Baptist Harmony, p. 123.

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

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved: How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed!

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

SUPPLICATION.  L. M.  Psalmist, 467th Hymn.  51st Psalm, Watts.

O Thou who hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
Lord, what is man, poor feeble man! Born of the earth at first; His life a shadow, light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust.

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.
PRIMROSE. C. M.  
Hymn 88, B. 2, Watts.—Chapin.  

1. Salvation! Oh, the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; sovereign balm for every wound A cordial for our fears.

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay, But we arise by grace divine, To see a heavenly day.

3. Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

IDUMEA. S. M.  
Meth. H. B. p. 231.  
Dawson.

And am I born to die! To lay this body down? And must my trembling spirit fly into a world unknown?
Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast. O may my heart in tune be found, Like David’s harp of solemn sound.

Thou Man of grief, remember me; Thou never canst thyself forget Thy last expiring agony—Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.
Ye souls who are bound unto Canaan, Come join in and help me to sing The praises of my loving Jesus, My prophet, my priest, and my king.

His name is most sweetly melodious, 'Twill help you most swiftly to move, While Jesus himself is the leader, We're bound by the cords of his love.
THE HEAVENLY PORT  C. M.  By Eld. Edmund Loomis  Aug. 8, 1859

On the stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

We'll stem the storm, it won't be long. The heavenly port is nigh. We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by and by.

EUREKA.  L. M.  By J. P. Rees.

1. Soon will this mort-al life be o'er, This bod-y mould - er into dust; Na - ked, my soul will stand be - fore A God that's holy, pure, and just.

2. Its stand-ing doom of bliss or woe, Will from the great I un-re - solve; Up to the realms of glo-ry go, Or in hell's torments ever live.

3. Performance's height may I ascend, And feel my soul dissolved in love; But when my days below shall end, A thousand years with God I dwell.

4. Away, thou, all self - right -eou - sness! My soul from nature's sleep arise, Be justified by faith thro' grace, And claim a mansion in the skies.

5. Without an inter - est in the blood "If Jesus shed on Calvary, Ye can't escape his vengeful rod, Showers of souls here we go."

Camp-Meeting Songs, page 39a.
SPAN OF LIFE. C. M. D. (Original.)

S. M. Brown.

1. My span of life will soon be gone, The passing moments say; Oh, that my heart might dwell a-

loof From all created things, And learn that wisdom from above, Whence true contentment springs.
Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, \\

CHARLESTOWN. 8, 7.

Mercy, O thou Son of David, Thus poor blind Bar-timew's pray'd; Others by thy grace are sav'd, Now to me afford thine aid
JERUSALEM.  L. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 70.

1. Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.

2. The way the holy prophets went; The road that leads from banishment; I'm on my journey home, to the new Jerusalem.

3. The King's highway of holiness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace. I'm on my journey home, to the new Jerusalem.

4. The more I strove against its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more, Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY".

5. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee, whose I am; Nothing but sin have I to give, Nothing but love shall I receive.

6. Then will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found, I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, "Go to the war to God".

This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief a burden long has been, Because I was not saved from sin.

So fare you well, God be with you all, I am going home.
GEORGIA. C. M.

Return, O God of love, return, Earth is a tire-some place; How long shall we, thy children, mourn Our absence from thy face?

IMANDRA NEW. 11s.

Dover Selection, p. 196.

Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand, Our several engagements now call us away
When we must be parted from this social band: Our parting is needful, and we must obey
This spacious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds; He rais'd the buildings on the seas, And gave it for their dwelling-place.

Come, O thou traveler unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see; With thee, all night, I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

My company before is gone, And I am left alone with thee;
A - wake my soul in joyful lays, Oh, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, And sing thy great Re - deemer's praise.

Don't you love God, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah. There'sunion in heav'n, and there's union in my soul.
SWEET UNION.  Concluded.

Oh, Glory Hallelujah, Sweet music in Zion's beginning to roll, Don't you love God, Glory Hallelujah.

GOLDEN STREETS.

I am on my journey home, I am on my journey home, I am on, I am on, I am on, my journey home.

To the New Jerusalem, To the New Jerusalem, To the New, To the New Jerusalem.
Eternal Day. C. M.

Music

O what of all my sufferings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that exalted host t' appear And worship at thy feet.

Give, etc.

But, etc.

Again

In that eternal day

Give joy or grief; give ease or pain, Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again In that eternal day.

Joy or grief, etc.
Brethren, we have met to worship, And adore the Lord our God; * All is vain, unless the Spirit Of the Holy One come down; Brethren, pray, and

3 Brethren, see poor sinners round you, Trembling on the brink of wo; Death is coming, hell is moving;— Can you bear to let them go? See our fathers, see our mothers, And our children sinking down, Brethren, pray, and holy manna Will be shower'd all around.

3 Sisters, will you join and help us! Moses' sisters aided him; Will you help the trembling mourners, Who are struggling hard with sin? Tell them all about the Saviour, Tell them that he will be found; Sisters, pray, and holy manna We'll be shower'd all around.

4 Is there here a trembling jailer, Seeking grace, and all'd with fears! Is there here a weeping Mary, Pouring forth a flood of tears! Brethren, join your cries to help them; Sisters, let your prayers abound; Pray, O pray that holy manna May be scatter'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely, Let us love each other too; Let us love and pray for sinners, Till our God makes all things new Then he'll call us home to heaven, At his table we'll sit down; Christ will give himself, and serve us With sweet manna all around.
Oh, when will the period appear, When I shall arise in your song? I'm weary of lingering here, And I to your Saviour belong. I'm fetter'd

I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay; I struggle, &c.

I'm fettered and chain'd up in clay: I struggle and pant to be free; I long to be soaring away. My God and my Saviour to see.

and chained up in clay; . . . . . . . . . . . . . . I struggle. &c.
Sweet rivers of redeeming love, Lie just before mine eye, I'd raise superior to my pain.

With joy outstrip the wind, I'd cross o'er Jordan's stormy waves, And leave the world behind.
1 My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union join, Yet
Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your company's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear

3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away, Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 Oh, could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind!

5 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace—in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

9 And now, my friends, both old and young
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

10 I hope you'll all remember me
If you on earth no more I see,
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When, on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

12 But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord
And there we'll dwell with Jesus dwell.
So loving Christians take you well!
NEVER TURN BACK. Arr. for the Organ, by J. P. Rees & Miss E. Purvisson.

When to that bless-ed world I rise, I'll never turn back an-y more; Any more, &; &; my Lord: I'll never turn back an-y more.

And join the an-thems in the skies, I'll never turn back an-y more. Any more, &a.

THE SURRENDER. 8, 7, 4. By S. P. P.

Welcome, wel-come, dear Re-deem-er. Welcome to this heart of mine: Lord, I make a full sur-ren-der, Ev'-ry power and thought be thine.

The Sinner's Friend
Arranged for the Organ, by J. P. Rooney.

1. He died, the friend of sinners dies! And he died on the cross for sinners. Lo! Salem's daughters weep around! And he died on the cross for sinners. I love my Lord, for he first loved me, And he died on the cross for sinners.
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye,  
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. 
Oh the transporting, rapturous scene, That 

rises to my sight, Sweet fields array'd in living green. And rivers of delight.
See the happy spirits waiting, On the banks beyond the stream;</n
Sweet responses, still repeating, Jesus, Jesus is their theme.

Lo, I come, earth can't contain me; Hail, ye realms of endless day!

Hall, hall, hall, hall. The blessed Lamb, Glory, glory, glory to his name.
Oh, once I had a glorious view
Of my redeeming Lord;
He said, I'll be a God to you,
And I believed his word.

But now I have a deeper stroke
Than all my groanings are;
Oh what immortal joys
I felt on that celestial day;
When my hard heart began to melt,
By love dissolved away!

But my complaint is bitter now,
For all my joys are gone; I've
Once I could joy the saints to meet,
To me they were most dear;
I then could stoop to wash their feet,
And shed a joyful tear:
But now I meet them as the rest,
And with them joyless stay;
My conversation's spiritless,
Or else I've naught to say.

Once I could mourn o'er dying men,
And long'd their souls to win;
I travailed for their poor children,
And warn'd them of their sin:
But now my heart's so careless grown,
Although they're drown'd in vice,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn—
My tears have left mine eyes.

I forward go in duty's way,
But can't perceive him there;
Then backwards on the road I stray,
But cannot find him there;
On the left hand, where he doth work,
And on the right, I find him not,
Among the wicked crew,
Among the fav'rd few.

What shall I do!—shall I lie down,
And sink in deep despair?
Will he for ever wear a crown,
Nor hear my feeble prayer?
No: he will put his strength in me,
He knows the way I've stroll'd;
And when I'm used insensibility,
I shall come form as cold—
FIGHT ON.  S. M.  (Original.)  J. P. Rees.

Fight on my soul 'till death, Shall bring thee to thy God,
He'll take thee at thy parting breath Up to his best a-bed.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.  L. M.  (Original.)  J. P. Rees.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.
A calm and undisturbed repose, Un-broken by the last of foes.
DEAR friends, far-well! I do you tell. Since you and I must part; Your love to me has been most free, How can I bear to journey where
I go away, and here you stay. But still we're join'd in heart. Your conversation sweet; With you I cannot meet!

Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below;
When Christ doth call I trust I shall
Be ready then to go.
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And anied you from all harms

I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done;
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And anied you from all harms

If I'm call'd home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King,
To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Thy sacred sweet to disclose.

I long to go.—then farewell, we,
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.
O may we meet, and be complete,
And long together dwell.
And serve the Lord with one accord,
And so, dear friends, farewell!
GAINSVILLE. 7s.  (Original.)  
By W. D. Jones.

1. Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our suit disdaine: Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2. Lord, on thee our souls depend; In compassion now descend: Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

EVENING. 7s.  (Original.)  
By J. L. White.

1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon our sight away; Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon for us the light of day Shall forever pass away; When from sin and sorrow free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.
1. While traveling through the world below Where sore afflictions come, My soul abounds with joy to know That I will rest at home.

CHORUS

Carry me home, Carry me home, When my life is o'er, Then carry me to my long sought home, Where pain is felt no more.

My soul's delight has been to sing Of glorious days to come, When I shall, with my God and King Forever rest at home.

Yes, when my eyes are closed in death, My body cease to roam, I'll bid farewell to all below And meet my friends at home.

My ceaseless pleasure then shall be, Through endless days to come, To sing that Jesus died for me And range my peaceful home.

And then I want these lines to be Inscribed upon my tomb, Here lies the dust of S. B. P His spirit sings at home.
THE WEARY SOULS.  
C. M  
Zion Songster, p. 117.  
J. T. White.

Ye weary, heavy-laden souls, Who are oppress'd and sore,  
Tho' chilling winds and beating rains, And enemies surrounding us,  
Ye travellers thro' the wilderness To Canaan's peaceful shore  
And waters deep and cold. Take courage and be bold.

BELLEVUE.  
11s.  
Mercer's Cluster, p. 411.  
Z. Chambless.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word.  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
THE HAPPY SAILOR.

B. F. White.

Come tell of your ship and what is her name, Oh, tell me, happy Sailor!

Come tell of your captain and what is his name, Oh, tell me, happy Sailor! She's the

old ship of Zion, hallelujah! And her captain, Judah's Zion, hallelujah.
THE INQUIRER. C. M. Psalmist, 552d Hymn. E. F. WHate.

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause, Jesus, my God, I know his name; Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor maintain the honour of his word, The glory of his cross. His name is all my trust;"


"Lord, I can-not let thee go, Till a blessing thou oestow: Do not turn away thy face. Mine's an urgent, pressing case..."
I WOULD SEE JESUS. G. M. D. (Original.) For the Organ, by L. P. Breedlove.

1. I would see Jesus when the flow'rs Of joy a-dorn my way;
   When friends I cherish most are near, And hearts en-circle mine. Then, Father would I turn from all, To lean alone on thine.

2. When sun-shines and hope surrounds My path from day to day;
   When friends I cherish most are near, And hearts en-circle mine. Then, Father would I turn from all, To lean alone on thine.
HOLINESS. 6 lines. 7r. Zion Songster, p. 7. E. J. King.

Daniel's wisdom may I know,
John's divine communion feel,
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

Stephen's faith and spirit show;
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;

DESIRE FOR PIETY.

Tis my desire with God to walk,
Till the warfare is over, hal-le-lu-jah.
Cry Amen, pray on till the warfare is over, hal-le-lu-jah.
And with his children pray and talk, Till the warfare is over, hal-le-lu-jah.

THE CHILD OF GRACE. C. M. D. Mercer's Cluster, p. 246. E. J. King. 71

How happy's every child of grace, Who feels his sins forgiven; A country far from mortal sight, This world, he cries, is not my place, I seek a place in heaven.

Yet, oh! by faith I see The land of rest, the saints' delight, A heaven prepared for me.


Hark! my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word! Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee—Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?
'Tis grace divine, all conquering free,
Grace, 'tis a most delightful theme, 'Tis grace that rescues guilty man;
'Tis grace divine, all conquering free,
'Tis grace divine, all conquering free, Or it had

'Tis grace divine, etc.

'TIS WONDER. L. M. (Original.) By J. P. Rees. 1837.

Oh, 'tis a glorious mystery, 'Tis a wonder! That I should ever saved be! 'Tis a wonder, 'Twill be a wonder, wonder, a wonder, 'Twill be a wonder, if
THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

2. The winds may blow and the billows may foam, Oh! &c. But she is able to land us all home. Oh, &c. Oh! the old ship, &c.

3. She landed all who are gone before, Oh! &c. And yet she's able to land still more. Oh! &c. Oh! the old ship, &c.

4. No wrecks on sand-bars or dangers attend, Oh! &c. For Jesus is our Captain and Friend. Oh! &c. Oh! the old ship, &c.

5. She's waiting now for a heavenward gale, Oh! &c. Methinks I see her now hoisting her sail. Oh! &c. Oh! the old ship &c.

6. Her sails are spread, see how swiftly she moves, Oh! &c. Her landing harbour is Heaven above. Oh! &c. Oh! the old ship, &c.

7. What will the glad Christians do when above, Oh! &c. They'll shout, they'll sing, they'll be wrapt up in love. Oh! &c. Oh! the old ship, &c.

8. Should you arrive there then before I do, Oh! &c. Inform them that I am coming there too. Oh! &c. Oh! the old ship, &c.

9. If I arrive there then before you do, Oh! &c. I'll tell them that you are coming up too. Oh! &c. Oh! the old ship, &c.
SHOUTING SONG. 7 & 8.

E. F. White.

SERVICE OF THE LORD.

E. J. King.

1 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home; I am bound to die in the army.
My Saviour smiles and bids me come; I am bound to die in the army.

2 Sweet angels beckon me away; I am bound to die in the army.
To sing God's praise in endless day; I am bound to die in the army.

Jesus, grant us all a blessing, Shouting, singing, send it down;
Lord, above may we go praying, And rejoicing in thy love.
Shout, O glory! sing glory, hallelujah! I'm going where pleasure never dies.
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; He is able, He is willing, doubt no more, He is able, He is willing.

Jesus ready stands to save you. Full of pity, join'd with power.

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled."
BOUND FOR CANAAN.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 356.—E. J. King.

O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above?
I'm on my way to Canaan,
And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love!

I'm on my way to Canaan,
To the New Jerusalem

EDGFIELD. 8s.

J. T. White.

How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
While in this vale of sorrow, I travel on in pain;
My heart is fix'd on Jesus, I hope the prize to gain;
But when I come to bid adieu To those I dearly love, My heart is often melted—It is the grief of love.

BRUNSWICK.  C. M.  Taken from Pilsbury of date 1790.

1. To thee, O God, my cries ascend; Ob, haste to my relief; And with accustomed pity hear The accents of my grief.
O land of rest! for thee I sigh; When will the moment come, When I shall lay my arm or by, And dwell in peace at home? And dwell in peace at home. When I shall lay my arm or by, And dwell in peace at home?
1. When shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above, And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning, 
   When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin! And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

2. O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above, And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning. 
   When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin! And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

3. But now I am a soldier, My Captain's gone before; 
   Mount above the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

4. When 'er you meet with troubles And trials on your way, 
   Shout, &c.

5. O do not be discouraged, 
   Shout, &c.
SOUNDING JOY.  S. M.  B. F. White.

1. Behold the morning sun, Be-gins his glorious way,
   His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

2. When the gospel comes it spreads di-vi-nor light,
   It calls dead sinners from their tomb And gives the blind their sight.

3. My ro-cious God how plain Are thy di-rections given.
   Oh, may I nev-er read in vain. But find the path to heav'n.

4. His beams through all the na-tions run, And life and light convey.
   His beams, etc.
Oh who will come and go with me? I am bound for the land of Canaan. I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see. I am bound for the land of Canaan. O! Canaan, sweet Canaan. I'm bound for the land of Canaan. Sweet Canaan, 'tis my happy home; I am bound for the land of Canaan.

I'll join with those who're gone before, I am bound for the land of Canaan. Where sin and sorrow are no more, I am bound for the land of Canaan. O! Canaan, sweet Canaan. I'm bound for the land of Canaan, Sweet Canaan, 'tis my happy home; I am bound for the land of Canaan.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, And I don't expect to stay much longer here. I am done with the world, and I want to serve the Lord.
He whom I fix my hopes upon, And I don't expect to stay much longer here. And I don't expect to stay much longer here.


O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise, O Christians, praise him, I think I hear the gospel sound.
The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace. For more volunteers.
Religion is a fortune.

When all shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above, Shout glory, hallelujah.
And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love, Shout glory, hallelujah.
Religion is a fortune, And heaven is a home.

When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin, Shout glory, hallelujah.
And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless pleasure in, Shout glory, hallelujah.
Religion is &c.

When we all get to heaven We will shout aloud and sing, Shout glory, hallelujah.
My brethren all, on you I call, A-rise and look a-round you. How ma-ny foes, bound to ppose, Who’re waiting to con-found you! The gos-pel calls on Zi-on’s walls, Shake off your sleep and slum-ber; A-rise and pray, we’ll win the day, Tho’ we are few in num-ber.
My heart and voice I raise To spread Messiah's praise, Messiah's praise; Let all repeat The universal Lord.

Praise him, Praise him, By whose, &c.

Praise him, Let all praise him, By whose almighty word, Creation rose in form complete.

Praise him, Praise him, By whose, &c.
The glorious light of Zion is spreading far and wide; and sinners now are coming unto the gospel tide.
The glory of King Jesus Triumphant doth arise, and sinners crowd around it with bitter groans and cries.

CHORUS.

To see the saints in glory, and the angels stand inviting, and the angels stand inviting, to welcome sinners home.
CAN I LEAVE YOU?

Arranged by John P. Rose.

FLEETING DAYS. C. M. (Original.)

By Henry G. Mann, Oct. 20, 1860.
PEACEFUL REST. 8,6,8,6. (Original.) By Henry G. Mann.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers giv'n; There is a tear for souls dis-tressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heaven.

HIGHLANDS OF HEAVEN. 6s & 7s. J. D. Arnold. Meth. Prof. Hymn-Book, page 81.

1. Sinner, go, will you go, To the high-lands of hea-ven? Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv-en? Where the bright bloom-ing flow'rs Are their o-dors e-mitting;

And the leaves of the bow'rs On the breez-es are flit-ting.

2. Where the saints robed in white, Cleaned in life's flow-ing fountain, Shining, beauti-ous, and bright, Shall inhabit the mountain. Where no sin, nor dis-may, Neither trouble, nor sorrow, Will be felt for to-day, Nor be feared for the morrow.

3. He's prepared thee a home: Sinner, canst thou believe it? And invites thee to come: Sinner, wilt thou receive it? Oh, come, sinner, come. For the tide is receding, And the Saviour will soon. Forever, cause pleadin-
1. A-waked by Sin's awful sound, My soul in guilt and thrall I found, O'erwhelmed with sin, with anguish slain, Or sink in endless woe.
   And knew not where to go; The sinner must be born again.

**FUNERAL HYMN. 7s. (Original.)**

*By R. F. M. Mann. July 16, 1860.*

1. Clay to clay and dust to dust, Let them mingle, for they must; Give to earth the earthy clod, For the spirit's fled to God. Glory, glory, praise the Lord on high.

*Chorus.*
HAPPY MATCHES. 8, 8, 6, or C. P. M. Psalmist, 1143d Hymn. B. F. White & Co.

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
   Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,
   To take thy ransomed people home,
   Who sometimes am a

2 I love to meet thy people now,
   Before thy feet with them to bow,
   Though vilest of them all;
   But—can I bear the piercing thought?
   What if my name should be left out,
   When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
   Be thou my only hiding-place,
   In this thy accepted day;
   Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear
   To still my unbelieving fear.
   Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trumph shall sound,
   Among thy saints let me be found,
   To bow before thy face;
   Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
   While heaven's resounding mansions rise,
   With praise of sovereign grace.
WE'LL SOON BE THERE. L. N.
By Oliver Bradfield.

CHORUS.

Oh, who will come and go with me, We'll shout and sing Hosanna, I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, We'll shout and sing Hosanna.

CHORUS.

Go on, go on, we'll soon be there, We'll shout and sing Hosanna, Come on, come on, we'll soon be there, We'll shout and sing Hosanna.
DULL CARE.

1 Why should we at our loss complain, Or grieve at our distress;—Ah! we're much to blame, We're all the same—

A-like we're made of clay: Then, since we have a Saviour dear, Let's drive all cares away.

2 Why should the rich despise the poor?
   Why should the poor repine?
   A little time will make us all
   In equal friendship join.
   Ah! we're much to blame,—
   We're all the same,—
   Alike, we're made of clay:
   Then, since we have a Saviour dear,
   Let's drive all cares away.

3 The only circumstance of life
   That ever I could find
   To soften cares and temper strife
   Was a contended mind:
   When we've this in store,
   We have much more
   Than wealth could e'er convey
   Then, since we have a Saviour dear,
   Let's drive all cares away

4 When age, old creeping age comes on,
   And we are young no more
   Let's all repent the sins we've done,
   Nor grieve that youth is o'er:
   More faithful be
   Than formerly,
   And constantly to pray—
   Then, since we have a Saviour dear
   Let's drive all cares away.
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, Glory Hallelujah! He whom I fix my hopes upon: Glory! Hallelujah!

Want a seat in Paradise, Glory Hallelujah! I love that union never dies, Glory! Hallelujah!
To leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,
And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart,
Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day
From that bless'd retreat,

Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And wave with their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer, To my Saviour in prayer.

The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell.
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer,
How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were
The joys I have tasted in answer to prayer, In answer to prayer.

For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless'd with his presence my humble retreat;
Oh fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inclining, in heaven's own language, my prayer, Own language my prayer.

Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts that are new;
For Jesus, my Saviour, resides everywhere.
And can in all places give answer to prayer, Give answer so prayer.
CANAAN'S LAND. J. M. D.
Zion Songster, p. 154. F. J. King.

Oh for a breeze of heavenly love, To waft my soul away. Eternal Spirit, deign to be My pilot here below, To steer through life's tempestuous sea.
To that celestial world above, Where pleasures ne'er decay! Where stormy winds do blow.

HOLY CITY. 7, 6.
Zion Songster, p. 140. B. F. White.

There is a holy city, A happy world above, An everlasting temple,
Beyond the starry regions, Built by the God of love. They serve their great Redeemer,
And saints array'd in white; And dwell with him in light.
STRUGGLE ON.

H. S. Ross.

And praying time will soon be o'er, Hallelujah, We'll join with those who've gone before, Hallelujah.

To love and bless and praise the name, Hallelujah, Of Jesus Christ the bleeding Lamb, Hallelujah.

Struggle on, struggle on, Hallelujah, Struggle on for the work's most done, Hallelujah.

Struggle on, &c.
Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Poor mourners found a home at last.

Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Poor mourners found a home at last.
A story most lovely I'll tell, Of Jesus, (O wondrous surprise!)
He left his exalted abode,
When man by transgression was lost,
Appeasing the wrath of a God: He shed forth his blood as the cost.

Oh! did my dear Jesus thus bleed,
And pity a ruin'd, lost race?
Oh, whence did such mercy proceed,
Such boundless compassion and grace?
His body bore anguish and pain,
His spirit most sunk with the load,
A short time before he was slain,
His sweat was as great drops of blood.

Oh, was it for crimes I had done,
The Saviour was hat'ed with a kiss,
By Judas the traitor alone?
Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all join'd in a band,
Confined him, and led him away:
The cords wrapp'd around his sweet hands
Oh, sinners look at him: pray

1 A story most lovely I'll tell, Of Jesus, (O wondrous surprise!) He left his exalted abode, When man by transgression was lost, Appeasing the wrath of a God: He shed forth his blood as the cost.

2 Oh! did my dear Jesus thus bleed, And pity a ruin'd, lost race? Oh, whence did such mercy proceed, Such boundless compassion and grace? His body bore anguish and pain, His spirit most sunk with the load, A short time before he was slain, His sweat was as great drops of blood.

3 Oh, was it for crimes I had done, The Saviour was hat'ed with a kiss, By Judas the traitor alone? Was ever compassion like this? The ruffians all join'd in a band, Confined him, and led him away: The cords wrapp'd around his sweet hands Oh, sinners look at him: pray
Rejoice! the Lord is King!—Your Lord and King adore; 
Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph evermore; 
Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Rejoice again, I say, Rejoice! Rejoice again, I say, Rejoice! 

CARMARTHEN.  H. M. 

Rejoice! the Lord is King!—Your Lord and King adore; 
Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph evermore; 
Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Rejoice again, I say, Rejoice! Rejoice again, I say, Rejoice!
1 Oh when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above! And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love! Oh! had I wings I would

When shall I be deliver'd From this vain world of sin! Drink endless pleasures in. Oh! had I wings I would

2 But now I am a soldier, My Captain's gone before; He's given me my orders, And bids me ne'er give o'er; His promises are faithful— A righteous crown he'll give, And all his valiant soldiers Eternally shall live.

fly a-way and be at rest, And I'd praise God in his bright abode.

3 Through grace I feel determined To conquer, though I die, To conquer, though I die, And then away to Jesus, On wings of love I'll fly: Farewell to sin and sorrow I bid them both adieu! And oh, my friends, prove faithful, And in your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles And trials on your way, Then cast your care on Jesus, And don't forget to pray. Gird on the gospel armour Of faith, and hope, and love. And when the combat's ended, He'll carry you above.

5 Oh do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your friend; And if you lack for knowledge He'll not refuse to lend. Neither will he upbraid you, Though utter you request, He'll give you grace to conquer And take you home to rest.

T. W. Carter.
HEAVENLY REST.  C. M.  (Original.)  By John S. Terry.

How happy are the souls above, From sin and sorrow free: With Jesus they are now at rest, And all his glory
PROTECTION.  L. M. Six lines.  (Original.)  By C. F. Leeson.

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 shall attend, And all my mid-night hours defend.

He shall attend, My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my mid-night hours defend.

My noon-day walks he shall attend, My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my mid-night hours defend.
CARNSVILLE.  P. M.  
Lion Songster, p. 78.  F. J. King.

1. I love my blessed Saviour, I feel I'm in his favour, And I am his for-ev-er, If I but faithful prove; And now I'm bound for

Canaan, I feel my sins for-giv-en, And soon shall get to heaven, To sing redeeming love

2. Poor sinners may deride me, And unbelievers chide me, But nothing shall divide me From Jesus, my best frie'ds Supported by his power, I long to see the hour That bids my spirit tower, And all my troubles end.

3. The pleasing time is hast'ning, My toil'ring frame is wasting, While I'm engaged in praising, Impelled by his love. When yonder shining orders, Who sing on Canaan's borders, Shall bear me to the Lord there. To praise his name above.
Children of the heavenly King. As we journey sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthy praise.

Glorious in his works and ways; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
NEW HARMONY. 8, 7.  
Arranged by Miss M. L. A. Lancaster.

I want to live a Christian here, I want to die a shouting.
I want to feel my Saviour near, While soul and body's parting.

I want to see bright Angels stand And waiting to receive me, To bear my soul to Canaan's land, Where Christ is gone before me.
They crucified the Saviour, They crucified the Saviour, They crucified the Saviour, And

See Mary come's a weeping, See Mary come's a weeping, See Mary come's a weeping To

nailed him to the Cross; He arose, He arose, He arose, And ascended in a cloud.

see where he was laid; He arose, He arose, He arose, And ascended in a cloud.
1. Afflictions, though they seem severe, They stop'd the prodigal's career, Oh! I die wish
   Are oft in mercy sent; And caused him to repent.

   hunger, here, he cries, Oh! I die with hunger, here, he cries.
   And starve in a foreign land: My father's house hath large supplies,
   And bounteous are his hands.

4. Although he no repenting felt, 3. What have I gain'd by sin, he said
   Till he had spent his store, But hunger, shame, and fear!
   His stubborn heart began to melt, My father's house abounds with bread.
   When famine pinch'd his soul. When I am starving here.

4. I'll go and tell him all I've done, 5. Not worthy to be called his son, 6. He saw his son returning back.
   Fall down before his face; I'll ask a servant's place.
   Oh! I die with hunger, here, he cries.

6. He look'd, he ran, he smiled.
   And threw his arms around his neck
   Of his repentant soul.
A HOME IN HEAVEN.

W. W. Parks & M. H. Thomas.

A home in Heaven! what a joy-ful thought, As the poor man toils in his wea-ry lot; His heart oppressed, and with

A home in Heaven! as the sufferer lies On his bed of pain, and up-lifts his eyes To that bright home, what a

angular driv'n, From his home be-low to his home in Heaven. In Heaven—From his home be-low to a home in Heaven.

joy is giv'n, From the blessed thought of his home in Heaven. In Heaven—From the 'blessed thought of his home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! When our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid, And strength decays, and our health is riven, We are happy still with our home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! When the faint heart bleeds By the Spirit stroke, for its evil deeds, Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven, Does the hope inspire of its home in Heaven.

In Heaven—From the blessed thought of our home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! When our friends are fled To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead, We wait in hope on the promise given, That we'll meet up there in our home in Heaven.

In Heaven—That we'll meet up there in our home in Heaven.
1. Jesus, grant us all a blessing; Send it down, Lord, from above: May we all go home in praising, And rejoicing in thy love.

2. Jesus, pardon all our folly; Since together we have been. Make us humble, make us holy, Cleanse us all from every sin.

Fare-well, brethren, farewell sisters, Till we all shall meet again.

In honor of Eld. John Mullins.

---

SOFT MUSIC. 7, 6, 7, 7. B. F. White.

1. Soft, soft music is stealing,—
   Loud, is: now it is pealing.
   Yes, yes, yes, yes;
   Waking the echoes again!

2. Join, is: children of sadness,
   Now, is: changing to gladness.
   Yes, yes, yes, yes;
   Warble this beautiful lay.

3. Hope, is: fair and enduring,
   Love, is: heaven invigorating.
   Sweetly invites you away.
   Sweetly invites you away.
1 Come, brothers and sisters who love one another, And have done for years that are gone; How often we've met him in sweet, heavenly union, Which opens the way to God's throne.

With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise him who loved us, While we run the bright, shining way;

Though we part here in body, we're bound for one glory, And bound for each other to pray.

1 There was Joshua and Joseph, Elies and Moses,
That pray'd, and God heard from his throne;
There was Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and David,
And Solomon, and Stephen, and John;
There was Simon, and Anna, and I don't know how many,
That pray'd as they journey'd along;
Some cast among some, some bound with rough irons.—
Yet glory and praises they shone.

3 Some tell us that praying, and also that praising Is labour that's all spent in vain;
But we have such a witness that God hears with swiftness, From praying we will not refrain.

There was old father Noah, and ten thousand more,
Who witness'd that God heard them pray;
There was Samuel, and Hannah, Paul, Silas, and Peter,
And Daniel, and Jonah, we'll say.

4 That God, by his Spirit, or an angel both visit Their souls and their bodies while praying,
Shall we all go shining, while they still go praising.
And glorify God in the flame?
God grant us to inherit the same way of spirit.
While we are a journeying below.

That when we cease praying, we shall not cease grace.
Not moved, God's bright throne we shall know.
THE DYING CALIFORNIAN. 8, 7.  
Ball & Drinker.

1. Lay up nearer, brother, nearer, For my limbs are growing cold; And thy presence seemeth nearer, When thine arms around me fold.

2. I am dying, brother, dying. Soon you'll miss me in your berth, For my form will soon be lying 'neath the ocean's beryl surf.

3. I am going, surely going. But my hope in God is strong; I am willing, brother, knowing That He doth nothing wrong.

4. Tell my father when you greet him, That in death I prayed for him, Prayed that I might only meet him In a world that's free from sin.

5. Tell my mother, God assist her, Know that she is growing old, That her child would glad have kissed her When his lips grew pale and cold.

6. Listen, brother, catch each whisper, "Tis my wife I'll speak of now; Tell O tell her, how I missed her, When the fever burned my brow.

7. Tell her she must kiss my children, Like the kiss I last impressed, Hold them as when last I held them, Folded closely to my breast.

8. Give them early to their Maker, Putting all her trust in God, And He never will forsake her, For He's said so in His word.

9. Oh! my children, Heaven bless them; They were all my life to me; Would I could once more caress them, Before I sink beneath the sea.

10. 'Twas for them I crossed the ocean, What my hopes were I'd not tell, But they gained an orphan's portion—Yet He doth all things well.

11. Listen, brother, closely listen, Don't forget a single word, That in death my eyes did glisten With the tears her memory stored.

12. Tell them I never reached the haven, Where I sought the precious dust, But have gained a port called Heaven Where the gold will never rust.

13. Tell my sisters, I remember Every kind and partial word, And my heart has been kept tender, By the thoughts its memory stirred.

14. Urge them to secure an entrance For they'll find a brother there, Faith in Jesus and repentance Will secure for them a share.

15. Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking, 'Tis—I know his voice so well, When I am gone, O don't be weeping Brother, hear my last farewell!
NEW HOSANNA.  I. M.  

CHORUS.

1. Wake, my soul, and hail the morn For unto us a Saviour's born; Glory, glory, let us sing, While heaven and earth his praises ring, Hosanna.

2. Hark! what sweet music—what a song, Sounds from the bright celestial throng; Glory, glory, etc.

3. Come, join the Angels in the sky, Glory to God who reigns on high; Glory, glory, etc.

Hosanna, Hosanna to the Lamb of God. Glory, glory, let us sing, While heaven and earth his praises ring, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the Lamb of God.
Come, all my dear brethren and help me to sing; I'm going to Jesus, he's heaven's great King.

He died to atone for the sins of the world; His banner is flying, his sails are unfurled.

Heaven's my home, Heaven's my home, I am going to Jesus, for heaven's my home.
There is a house not made with hands, Eternal and on high; And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly. I long to see my friends again, And hear them sweetly say, Come, weary love, Here is thy home, Then fold thy wings and stay.
SWEET MORNING. L. M.

Arranged by H. S. Penn

The happy day will soon appear, And we'll all shout together in that morning.

When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear, And we'll all shout together in that morning.

Behind the righteous marching home, And we'll all shout together in that morning.

And all the angels bid them come, And we'll all shout together in that morning.

CHORUS.

Sweet morning, Sweet morning, And we'll all shout together in the morning.

Sweet morning, &c.
1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame! Is it death? Is it death?\footnote{Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me, All is well! All is well!} If this be death, I soon shall be From ev'ry pain and sorrow free, I shall the King of glory see. All is well! All is well!

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me, All is well! All is well! There's not a cloud that doth arise, To hide my Jesus from my eyes, I soon shall mount the upper skies. All is well! All is well!

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye香 saint on high, All is well, All is well! I too will strike my harp with equal joy, All is well, All is well! Bright angels are from glory come, They're round my bed, they're in my room, They wait to follow my spirit home. All is well. All is well.

4. Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice, Calls away, Calls away! I soon shall see—enjoy my happy choice, Why delay, Why delay? Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu, I cannot longer stay with you My glittering crown appears in view. All is well! All is well!

5. Hail! hail! all hail! all hail! ye blood-wash'd throng, Saved by grace, Saved by grace I come to join, to join your rapturous song, Saved by grace, Saved by grace All, all is peace and joy divine, And heavens and glory now are mine Love habiltsakes to the Lamb. All is well. All is well.
GREENLAND. C. M. D. (Original.) By W. F. Moore. 1809. 123

1. With songs and honors sounding loud, Address the Lord on high; Over the heavens he spreads his clouds, And waters veil the sky, 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 valleys grow, And corn in valleys grow.
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I

1. Convinced as a sinner, to Jesus I come, Informed by the gospel for such there is room: Overwhelmed with sorrow for sin I will cry,

2. Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I, Higher than I, higher than I. Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Away here in Texas, the bright Sunny South, The cold storms of winter defy, The dark, lurid clouds that envelope the North, Searce darken our beautiful sky.

The GRIEVED SOUL.

Come, my soul, and let us try For a little season; What is this that casts thee down? Who are these that grieve thee?

Speak and let the worst be known? Speaking may relieve thee.
1. Gently glides the stream of life, Oft along the flow'ry vale. Or impetuous down the cliff, Rushing roars when storms assail.

Life's an ever-varied flood, Always rolling to its sea; Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude, Tending to eternity.
How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have lost all their sweetness to me.

The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

While bless'd with a sense of his love
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, in deed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high.

Where winter and clouds are no more
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. I am bound for the promised land,
I'm bound for the promised land, Oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.
And if you meet with troubles And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus, And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armour Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat ended, He'll take you up a throne.
The time is soon coming, by the prophets foretold, When Zion in purity, the world shall behold.

When Jesus' pure testimony will gain the day, Denominations, selfishness, will vanish away.
Peace, troubled soul, thou need not fear, Jesus says he will be with us to the end.

Thy great Provider still is near. Jesus says he will be with us to the end.

And he has been with us, And he yet is with us, And he's promised to be with us to the end.
And am I born to die, To lay this body down, And must my trembling spirit fly - Into a world unknown.

spirit fly, fly, fly, Into a world unknown, - - Into a world unknown.
NEW BETHANY. L. M. (Original.) By B. F. White, Jr.

Before the birth of ancient times, Before the birth of

Ere mountains round their forms sublime, Or heav'n and earth in order stood,

Before the birth of ancient times, Before the birth of ancient times, Before the birth of ancient times, Before the birth of ancient times, Before the birth of ancient times.

An- cient times, Before the birth of ancient times, Before the birth of ancient times, From ever-last-ing, ever-last-ing, thou art God.

Before the birth of ancient times, Before the birth of ancient times, Before the birth of ancient times.
HUMBLE PENITENT. L. M.

CHORUS.

By Rev. H. S. Rees.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, Oh, pity me, my Saviour, Is there any mercy here, Oh, pity me, O Lord. And I'll sing hallelujah.

Love that the blood was shed for me, Oh, pity me, my Saviour, Is there, see.

THE INFANT REQUEST. L. M. (Original.) For the Organ, by W. T. Webb.

1. For just before the fatal hour, In which cold death did nip the flower, He begg’d me—and it makes me weep—To sing my little one to sleep.

2. The flower budded; hope was strong; But hope could not its life prolong; For soon, too soon, alas, I’m made To see it blossom but to fade.
PRAY, BRETHREN, PRAY.

Zion Minstrel.

Trouble by U. G. Wood.

1. Pray, brethren, pray, the prayer of thanksgiving; Pray, brethren, pray, on God your spirit stay.

2. Sing, brethren, sing, rejoice with joy and gladness; Sing, brethren, sing, your songs of triumph bring.

3. Rise, brethren, rise, your souls by faith ascending; Rise, brethren, rise, your home is in the skies.

4. Come, brethren, come, we'll travel on together; Come, brethren, come, we are on our journey home.

5. Come, sinners, too, Christ came to save poor sinners; Come, sinners, too, the message is to you.

6. Chorus.—Oh, wait not for to-morrow. For to-morrow may not come. Come, hopeant, and come with us To the New Jerusalem.
1. Young ladies, all attention give, You that in wicked pleasures live; One of your sex, the other day, Was called by death's cold hand away.

2. This lesson she has left for you, To teach the careless what to do; To seek Jehovah while you live, And everlasting honors give.

3. Her honored mother she addressed, While tears were streaming down her breast; She grasped her tender hands, and said,— "Remember me when I am dead."

4. She called her father to her bed, And thus, in dying anguish, said,— "My days on earth are at an end, My soul is summoned to attend before Jehovah's awful bar.

5. "Before Jehovah's awful bar, To hear my awful sentence there, And now, dear father, do repent, And read the holy Testament."
THE GOSPEL POOL.  S. M.  (Original.)  By Eld. E. Dumas.

1. Beside the gospel pool, Appointed for the poor, From time to time my helpless soul Has waited for a cure, Has waited for a cure.

THE TEACHER'S FAREWELL.  S. M.  By Eld. Edmund Dumas.*

1. Our school now closes out, And we today must part; How sad the thought to part with you; I hope we'll meet again.

CHORUS.

Oh, let us meet in heav'n, The Christian's happy home, The house above, where all is love; There'll be no parting there.

2. You've been so kind to me;
   How can I bear the thought;
   To part with you, it grieves my heart,
   Perhaps to meet no more.—CHORUS.

3. Whenever you may go,
   Dear students, think of me,
   Oh, pray for me, wherever you go,
   That we may meet in heaven.—CHORUS.

* Poetry original.
VESPER. 8, 7, 8, 7.  (Original.)  By C. F. Letson.

1. Saviour, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night; Through the darkness be thou near me, Watch me till the morning light.

STILL BETTER. 8s & 7s.  (Original.)  By Israel Bradfield and J. L. Meggs.

1. Teach me how to do my duty In the service of my Lord; And with Jesus Christ, my Saviour, I shall live in endless day, Then, when time with me is over, I'll receive the great reward.

Where my sorrows and my toil shall be banished far away.
LET US SING.  (S. P.)

Words and Music arranged by W. F. Moore.

March 3, 1867.

1. Shall we ever meet again, at the house, at the house, Then to make the chorus ring at the house of God?

Let us sing, Sweetly sing,

Let us sing, Sweetly sing, Sing. At the house then we'll sing, Sweetly sing at the house of God.

Let us sing, Sweetly sing.

*The air of the above piece is taken from the Sunday-School Bell: page 60, with some.
While traveling through this vale of tears, A midst temptations, doubts, and fears; Our Saviour, by his precious grace, Has offered us home a better place. A home where saints and angels sing A heavenly chorus to their King. Home, home, home. There is no place like home.
Go and tell his disciples, Go and tell his disciples, Go and tell his disciples, He has risen from the dead.

Jesus rose, Brethren, Jesus rose, Brethren, Jesus rose, Brethren, he has risen from the dead, Through the earth And through the sky.
Through ev'ry age, eternal God, Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or
Earth thy humble footstool laid. High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or
Earth thy humble footstool laid.  

Stratfield. C. M.
While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd, And may this con-se-cred hour With bet-ter hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed, To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer-cy I a-dore.
JUBILEE.  P. M.

1 Hark! the jubilee is sounding, O the joyful news is come; Now we have an invitation To the meek and lowly Lamb. Glory,
Free salvation is proclaimed In and through God's only Son:

2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it, Come to Jesus in your prime; Great salvation, don't reject it, O receive it, now's your time; Now the Saviour is beginning To revive his work again.
Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning, Come and follow Christ the way; We shall all receive a blessing, If from him we do not stray; Golden moments we've neglected, Yet the Lord invites again!
Glory, honour, &c.

4 Come, let us run our race with patience Looking unto Christ the Lord, Who doth live and reign for ever, With his Father and our God; He is worthy to be praised, He is our exalted King.
Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus, Praise him, praise him evermore May his great love now constrain us His great name for to adore, O then let us join together. Crowns of glory to obtain
Glory, honour, &c.
WARRENTON. 8, 7.

CHORUS.

Come, thou font of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; I am bound for the kingdom, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Will you go to glory with me?

SWEET AFFLICTION. 8, 7.

Da Capo.

In the floods of tribu - la - tion, While the billows o'er me roll, Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

Jesus whispers conso - la - tion, And supports my faint - ing soul. Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

Halle - lujah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

Rippon's Hymns, p. 541.
How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy:

Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high:
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,—

Their offspring, as seated and ranged on each hand,
And the richest of books,
THE OLD-FASHIONED BIBLE. Concluded.

The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible!
The family Bible, lay on the stand!

LET US GO.

Lift up your heads, Immanuel’s friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends.

C. A. Davis.

Oh! come, and let us go,$\,\text{let us go!}$
Oh! come, and let us go, never dies!
Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God! On the Rock of ages founded,

He whose word can never be broken, Form'd thee for his own abode.

Who can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's wall surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire!

1. The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

2. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd channel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
And the vast generations of man are come forth.

3. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set;
Where the Lamb and the white-robed elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

4. Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud, And the heav'n's with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

5. O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath their darkness the wicked are driv'n,
May our justifi'd souls find a welcome in heav'n.
Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name!

CHORUS.

Oh the Lamb, the living Lamb, The Lamb on Calvary, The Lamb that was slain, But lives again, To intercede for me.
Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh; Tempests and fire attend him down the sky; Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom: But gather first my saints, the Judge commands, Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
BRUCE'S ADDRESS. Spiritualized. 7, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 5. Dover Sel., p. 152.

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo, your Captain from the skies,
   Holding forth the glittering prize, 
   Calls to victory. Fear not, though the battle lower,
   Firmly stand the trying hour, Stand the tempter's utmost pow'r: Spurn his slavery.

3. Who the cause of Christ would yield?
   Who would leave the battle-field?
   Who would cast away his shield?
   Let him basely go:
   Who for Zion's King will stand?
   Who will join the faithful band?
   Let him come with heart and hand.
   Let him face the foe.

3. By the mercies of our God,
   By Emmanuel's streaming blood,
   When alone for us he strove—
   Ne'er give up the strife:

4. Ever to the latest breath,
   Hark to what your Captain saith:—
   "Be thou faithful unto death;
   Take the crown of life."

4. By the woes which rebels prove,
   By the bliss of holy love,
   Sinners, seek the joys above;
   Sinners, turn and live!
   Here is freedom worth the name:
   Tyrant sin is put to shame;
   Grace inspires the bellow'd flame:
   O— the crown will give
Good morning, brother pilgrim,
March you towards Jerusalem.
What, bound for Canaan's coast?
To join the heav'nly host!
While tears run down your face!

soon shall cease from toiling,
And reach that heav'ny place.
We soon shall cease from toiling.

To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
To join the heavenly throng,
Hark! from the banks of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrims' song!
Their Jesus they are viewing,
By faith we see him too.
We smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on our way proceed.

3 Though sinners do despise us,
And treat us with disdain,
Our former comrades slight us,
Esteem us low and mean;
No earthly joy shall charm us,
While marching on our way,
Our Jesus will defend us,
In the distressing day.

4 The frowns of old companions
We're willing to sustain,
And, in divine compassion,
To pray for them again;
For Christ, our loving Saviour,
Our Comforter and Friend,
Will bless us with his favour,
And guide us to the end.

5 With streams of consolation,
We're fill'd as with new wine.
We die to transient pleasures,
And live to things divine;
We sink in holy raptures,
While viewing things above.
Why glory to my Saviour,
My soul in full of love.
THE WEEPING SAVIOUR. C. M.  (Original.)  By Eld. E. Dumas.

CHORUS.

1. Alas, and did my Saviour bleed! And did my sovereign die?
   Would he depute that sacred head For such a worm as I?

2. Oh, come, sinner, you will hear The Saviour say, Weep not for me. See the Saviour on the cross! Oh, sinner, hear him cry, "E - lo - i, E - lo - i, Lam - ma Sa - bac - tha - ni."
1 How long, dear Saviour, Oh, how long shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, And bring the promised day.

2 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

3 Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of our descending King!
The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;

4 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
Men, the dear object of his grace.
And be the loving God.

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears
And death itself shall die.

To the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear; Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell.

How free from anxious care and thought,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell.

He only sojourns here.
1. See how the wicked kingdom is falling every day! And still our blessed Jesus is winning souls away. But oh, how I am tempted, No mortal tongue can tell! So often I’m surrounded With enemies from hell.

2. With weeping and with praying, My Jesus I have found, To crucify old nature, And make his grace abound. Dear children, don’t be weary, But march on in the way; For Jesus will stand by you, And be your guard and stay.

3. If sinners will serve Satan, And join with one accord, Dear brethren, as for my part, I’m bound to serve the Lord; And if you will go with me, I pray give to me your hand, And we’ll march on together, Unto the promised land.

4. Through troubles and distresses, We’ll make our way to God; Though earth and hell oppose us, We’ll keep the heavenly road. Our Jesus went before us, And many sorrows bore, And we who follow after, Can never meet with more.

5. Though dear to me, my brethren, Each one of you I find; My duty now compels me To leave you all behind: But while the parting grieves us, I humbly ask your prayers, To bear me up in trouble, And conquer all my fears.

6. And now, my loving brothers, I bid you all farewell! With you, my loving sisters, I can no longer dwell.

7. Farewell, poor careless sinners! I love you dearly well; I’ve labour’d much to bring you With Jesus Christ to dwell; I now am bound to leave you— Oh, tell me, will you go? But if you won’t decide it, I’ll bid you all adieu!

8. We’ll bid farewell to sorrow, To sickness, care, and pain; And mount aloft with Jesus, For evermore to reign; We’ll join to sing his praises, Above the ethereal base; And then, poor careless sinners, What will become of you?
1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
   The Saviour has pass'd thro' its portals before thee,
   Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;

2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
   Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
   But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
   And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsakes,
   With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,
   But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
   And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4. Thou art gone to the grave, but 'were wrong to deplore thee
   When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide:
   He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee.
   Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.
What wondrous love is this! Oh! my soul! Oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this! Oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this! That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.
1. O, tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er. Send a blessing, Send a blessing, Send a blessing, Send a blessing, just now, just now, just now, Send a blessing just now.

2. A country I've found, where true joys abound, To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground. Send a blessing, Send a blessing, Send a blessing, Send a blessing, just now, just now, just now, Send a blessing just now.
HEAVENLY DOVE.  U. M.

Kindle a flame of sacred love

Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love, Kindle a flame of sacred love

Kindle a flame of sacred love, Kindle a flame of sacred love

Kindle a flame of sacred love, Kindle a flame of sacred love

Kindle a flame of sacred love, Kindle a flame of sacred love

These cold hearts of ours.

Kindle a flame of sacred love.

Kindle a flame of sacred love.
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound. Mine ears, attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

Where you must shortly lie, Where you must shortly lie. Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.
PART II.

CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF PIECES USED IN SINGING SCHOOLS
AND SOCIETIES.

MORNING.  L. M.           Psalmist, 232d Hymn.

A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

1 He dies, the friend of sinners dies,
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints approach! the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
Bless, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dear, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
Come sound his praise abroad, and hymns of glory sing,
Jehovah is the sovereign Lord, the universal King:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.
'Tis fin-ish'd, 'tis fin-ish'd, 'tis fin-ish'd, 'tis fin-ish'd, The Redeemer said, And meek-ly bow'd his dy-ing head. While we the sentence scan, Come, sinners, and observe the word, Behold the conquest of the Lord, Complete for sinful man, Com-plete,
When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less time to sing God's praise, Than when we first begun.

The time is swiftly rolling on, When I must faint and die, My body to the dust return, And there forgotten lie, And there forgotten lie.

Let persecutions rage around, And Anti-christ appear, My silent dust beneath the ground, There's no disturbance there, There's no disturbance there.
Forgive the song that falls so low, Beneath the gratitude I owe.

It means thy praise, however poor, An angel's song can do no more.

For-give the song that falls so low, Beneath the gra-ti-tude I owe.

It means thy praise, how-ev-er poor, An angel's song can do no more.

It means thy praise, how-ev-er poor, It means, &c.
Come sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glory sing. Je-ho-vah is the sovereign God, The uni-
versal King. He form'd the deep unknown, He gave the seas their bound, The wa-t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol-id ground
Oh! may I worthy prove to see The saints in full prosperity. Then my troubles will be over. To see the bride, the glittering bride, Close seated by her Saviour's side. Then my troubles will be over. I never shall forget the day when Jesus wash'd my sins away, And then my troubles will be over. Will be over, Will be over, And rejoicing. And then my troubles will be o - ver.
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high;

To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing, Ye cheerful warblers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise, To him who shaped your

him who shaped your finer mould, Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold, To him who shaped your finer mould, And tuned your voice to praise.
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
To thee will I direct my prayer.
Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To thee lift up mine eye;

My voice ascending high;
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
Thus saith the high and lofty One, I sit upon my holy throne, My name is God, I dwell on high, Dwell in my
own eternity. But I descend to worlds below, On earth, I have a mansion too. The
STAR IN THE EAST.  11s & 10s.  

1 Hail the best morn when the great Mediator
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Lot for his guard the bright angels attend.

2 Brightest, and best of the sons of the morning,
Star of the east the horizon adorning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in number reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

4 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure
Richer by far is the heart's adoration.
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
1. Fare well, vain world, I'm going home; I belong to this band, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I belong to this band, Hallelujah.

2. My Saviour smiles, and bides me come; I belong to this band, Hallelujah.

* I learned the air of the above piece of music from the Rev. R. G. Ragan, of Darisville, Ala.

---

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN. P. M. A Revival Song.

By Eld. E. Dumais.

De Capo for Chorus.

Adagio.

1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole; There is but one Physician Can cure a sick soul.

2. Next door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the grave; To tell to all around me His wondrous power to save.

3. The worst of all diseases is light compared with sin; On every part it seizes, But ranges most within.

Chorus—Poor sinners, come to Jesus, Oh, come without delay, For Jesus is inviting, Oh, come, oh, come to-day.
YOU may tell them father when you see them—I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim, I'm bound for Canaan's land.

YOU may tell them mother when you see them—I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim, I'm bound for Canaan's land.

YOU may tell them brothers when you see them—I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim, I'm bound for Canaan's land.

YOU may tell them sisters when you see them—I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim, I'm bound for Canaan's land.

I weep, and I mourn, and I move slowly on—I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim, I'm bound for Canaan's land.
HOSANNA.

1. When his salvation bringing, To Zi-on Jesus came, The children all stood singing Hosanna to his name. Nor did there zeal of

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around his banner.
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal son."

2. As he rode along, He let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

3. For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's
I find myself placed in a state of probation, Which God has commanded us well to improve; And I am resolved to regard all his precepts, And on in the way of obedience to move. I know I must go through great tribulation.

And many sore conflicts on every hand; But grace will support and comfort my spirit, And I shall be able forever to stand.

And when I must cross the cold stream of Jordan I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan, Where, Christian, I hope I shall there meet with you. That rest into which my soul shall then enter Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end; A rest of exemption from warfare and labour, A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.

And more than exemption from fighting and hardship My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me; A portion of bliss he has promised to give me. And true to that promise he surely will be. Yes, I shall receive and always cherish A happy reception and true divine For which all the virtues and glory, my favour, Are due unto thee and shall not be thine.
In vain we lavish out our lives, To gather empty wind; The choicest blessings earth can yield Will starve a hungry mind.

Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls With more substantial meat, With such as saints in glory love, With such as angels eat.
Death, like an over-flowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream.

An empty tale, a morning flower, An empty tale, a morning flower, An empty tale, a morning flower.

Out down

Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

But oh how oft thy wrath appears;
And cuts off our expected years,
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out the span.
'Till a wise care of pious
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

Psalm 90, ver.
Let every creature join To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin, And sound his name abroad

Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin, And sound

Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.

And moon with paler rays;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.

Those sun with golden beams.
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine, To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of honour.
Before the rosy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing; A-wake, my soft and tuneful lyre, A-wake, each charming string: A-wake, and let thy flowing strains Glide through the midnight air, While high a-midst, the silent orb, The silver moon, rolls clear.
PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. 12s. 8s. Dover Selection, p. 195

Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you; Till I a better world can view.
I'll take my staff and travel on.

I'll march to Canaan's land, Where pleasures never end, Farewell, Farewell, farewell, my loving friends, farewell!
I'll land on Canaan's shore, And troubles come no more.

Farewell, &c. my friends, time rolls along, Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss; Farewell, &c.
I'll leave you here, and travel on, Till I arrive where Jesus is. I'll march, &c.
I'll march, &c.

3 Farewell, &c. dear brethren in the Lord, To you I'm bound with cords of love; Farewell, &c.
But we believe his gracious word, We all ere long shall meet above. Farewell, &c.
I'll march, &c.

4 Farewell, &c. ye blooming sons of God, Sore conflicts yet remain for you; Farewell &c.
But dauntless keep the heavenly road, Till Canaan's happy land you view I'll march, &c.
I'll march, &c.
While shepherds watch’d their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, "The angel of the Lord came down, And glory round around.

The angel, And glory, And glory, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory, &c.

And glory, And glory, The angel, And glory, 1 2

Come around.

The angel, And glory, 1 2
1. God, my supporter, and my hope, My help forever near; Thine arm of mercy held me up, When sinking in despair.

2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Through life's bewildered race, Thine hand conduct me near thy seat, To dwell before thy face.

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

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

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

6. But to draw near to thee, my God, Shall be my sweet employ; My tongue shall sound thy works abroad And tell the world my joy.
1. The scatter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the winter's past; The lovely

2. The voice of my beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds; He flies, ex-

ver-nal flowers appear, The warbling choirs enchant our ear. Now, with sweetly pensive moan,

ult-ing, o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport fills. Gent-ly doth he chide my stay,
SPRING. Concluded.

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

Rise, my soul, and come away, Gently doth he chide my stay, Rise, my soul, and come a-way.

MONTGOMERY. C. M.

Psalmist, 18th Hymn. More

Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints a-way, With-
Montgomery. Concluded

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a
out thy cheering grace;

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky,

So pilgrims, &c.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, &c.

Cooling stream at hand, &c.

Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die. Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

Long for, &c.
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 Eternal truth
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore}

SCHENECTADY. L. M
Psalmist. 92nd Hymn.
Shawmew.
Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the hoist'rous deep; Thou make'st the sleeping

billows roll, The roll-ing bil-lows sleep.
SCHENECTADY.  Concluded.

shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more. Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HUNTINGTON.  L. M.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine; To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and robes
HUNTINGTON. Concluded.

But, oh, Thy

But, oh, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanctuary taught me so; But—

But, oh,

But—taught me so;

But, oh, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanctuary taught me so; But—

But—taught me so;

But—taught me so;

taught me so; On slippery rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll below.
How beauteous are their feet
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
Who bring, &c.
How charming, charming is their voice!

Who stand on Zion's hill;
And words of peace reveal!
And, &c.

How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here!

Zion
He
Zion
He
Zion
1 Angels in shining order stand
   They bow with reverence at his feet,
   Around the Saviour’s throne;
   And make his glories known.

2 The cross of Christ inspires my heart
   To sing redeeming grace;
   Awake, my soul, and bear a part
   In my Redeemer’s praise.
   Oh! what can be compared to him
   Who died upon the tree!
   This is my dear, delightful theme,
   That Jesus died for me.

3 When at the table of the Lord
   We humbly take our place;
   The death of Jesus we record,
   With love and thankfulness.

4 His body broken, nail’d, and torn,
   And stain’d with streams of blood,
   His spotless soul was left forlorn,
   Forsaken of his God.
   ’Twas then his Father gave the stroke
   That justice did decree;
   All nature felt the dreadful stroke,
   When Jesus died for me.

5 Eli lama sabaclthani,
   My God, my God, he cried,
   Why hast thou thus forsaken me!
   And thus my Saviour died.
   But why did God forsake his Son,
   When bleeding on the tree?
   He died for sins, but not his own,
   For Jesus died for me.

6 My guilt was on my Surety laid.
   And therefore he must die.
   His soul a sacrifice was made
   For such a worm as I.
Was ever love so great as this!  
Was ever grace so free?  
This is my glory, joy, and bliss,  
That Jesus died for me.

7 He took his meritorious blood,  
And rose above the skies,  
And in the presence of his God,  
Presents his sacrifice.  
His intercession must prevail  
With such a glorious view:

My cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus died for me.

8 Angels in shining order sit  
Around my Saviour's throne;  
They bow with reverence at his feet,  
And make his glories known.  
Those happy spirits sing his praise  
To all eternity;  
But I can sing redeeming grace,  
For Jesus died for me.

9 Oh! had I but an angel's voice  
To bear my heart along,  
My flowing numbers soon would rise  
To an immortal song.  
I'd charm their harps and golden lyres  
In sweetest harmony,  
And tell to all the heavenly choirs  
That Jesus died for me.
FAREWELL TO ALL.  L. M.  (Original.)  By J. P. Rees.

And now my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on; I hope you'll all remember me, If you on earth no more I see.

And if on earth we meet no more, O, may we meet on Canaan's shore.

An interest in your prayers I crave, That we may meet beyond the grave.

THE DYING BOY.  C. M. D.  Composed by H. S. Rees.

I'm dying, mother, dying now, Please raise my aching head, Turn o'er my pillow once again, And
And fan my heated, burning brow, Your boy will soon be dead.
THE DYING BOY.  Concluded.  

Kiss my favored cheek, I'll soon be free'd from all the pain, For now I am so weak.

Now light the lamps, my mother dear,  
The sun has pass'd away;  
I soon must go, but do not fear,  
I'll live in endless day.

I'm sinking fast, my mother dear  
I can no longer dwell;  
For I'll be with you, do not fear,  
But now, oh now, farewell.

A band of angels beckon me,  
I can no longer stay;  
Mark! how they sing, "We welcome thee:  
Dear brother, haste away."

The hour has come, my end is near,  
My soul is mounting higher;  
What glorious strains salute my ear  
From heaven's angelic choir?

Their flowing robes in brightness shine,  
A crown is on each head;  
Say, mother, will not such be mine  
When I am with the dead?

Then do not weep, sweet mother, now,  
'Twill break this body frail,  
Those burning tears fall o'er my brow—  
Farewell, oh! fare thee well.
With songs and honours sounding loud, Address the Lord on high, Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds, And waters veil the sky, And waters veil the sky. He sends his show'rs of blessing down To eneer the plains be-
EDOM. Concluded.

PILGRIM. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6. C. M.

Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who’re bound for Canaan’s land, ? Our Captain’s gone before us, Then, pilgrims dear, pray do not fear, Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand; Then, Our Father’s only Son, But let us follow on.
Great God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame Declares the glo· ries of thy name; There thy rich works of wonder shine; A thousand starry beauties there A thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.
Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my daily breath, But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my daily breath.
1 Young people, all attention give, While I address you in God's name; I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys, But never ranged the luring scenes of vice; Young who in sin and folly live, Come hear the counsel of a friend. He spake at once my sins forgiv'n, And wash'd my load of guilt a-way; And now with trembling sense I view For death e-Baptist Harmony, p. 266. A. Gramling.

2 He spoke at once my sins forgiv'n, And washed my load of guilt a-way; And now with trembling sense I view For death e-

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone, By fleeting time or conquering death; Your morning sun may set at noon, And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks Must wither like the blasted rose; The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet Will soon your active limbs enclose.
Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone, By fleeting time or conquering death; Your morning sun may set at noon, And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks Must wither like the blasted rose; The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll, The grave will soon become your bed, Where silence reigns, and vapours roll In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place, And with a sigh move slow along; Still gazing on the spires of grass With which your graver are overgrown.
Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll, The grave will soon become your bed, Where silence reigns, and vapours roll In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place, And with a sigh move slow along; Still gazing on the spires of grass With which your graves are overgrown.

5 Your souls will land in darker realms, Where vengeance reigns and billows roar And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand thousand years are o'er. Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in endless pain, And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state Of all who do free grace refuse; And soon with you 'twill be too late The way of life and Christ to choose
Come, lay your carnal weapons by, No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply, And hear'd shall be your great reward.
1 Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below; Nor reputation, food, or health, Or aught the world bestows; Can give us such repose.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
May I its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtues know.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

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

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.
JESUS IS MY FRIEND.  L. M.  (Original)  By J. P. Rees.

CHORUS.

1. Come life, come death, come, then, what will, Jesus is my friend. Jesus is my friend, Oh, hal-le-lu-jah; Jesus is my friend.

His foot-steps I will fol-low still, Jesus is my friend, Jesus is my friend, &c.

ANHALT.  L. M.  (Original.)  W. H. B. Mosher.

1. Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mor-tal care shall seize my breast; Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
Come, little children, now we may Partake a little morsel. A little drop of Jesus' blood Can make a feast of union; It

For little songs and little ways Adorn'd a great apostle. A little drop of Jesus' blood Can make a feast of union; It

A little faith does mighty deeds, Quite past all my recounting; Faith, like a little mustard seed, Can move a lofty mountain. A little faith does mighty deeds, Quite past all my recounting; Faith, like a little mustard seed, Can move a lofty mountain.

A little cross with cheerfulness, A little self-denial, Will serve to make our troubles less, And bear the greatest trial. A little cross with cheerfulness, A little self-denial, Will serve to make our troubles less, And bear the greatest trial.

is by little steps we move Into a full communion. The Spirit like a little dove On Jesus once descended; To show his meekness and his love, The emblem was intended. The Spirit like a little dove On Jesus once descended; To show his meekness and his love, The emblem was intended.

A little voice that's small and still Can rule the whole creation; A little stone the earth shall fill, And humble every nation. A little voice that's small and still Can rule the whole creation; A little stone the earth shall fill, And humble every nation.

A little zeal supplies the soul, It doth the heart inspire; A little spark lights up the whole, And sets the crowd on fire. A little zeal supplies the soul, It doth the heart inspire; A little spark lights up the whole, And sets the crowd on fire.

A little union serves to hold The good and tender-hearted; It's stronger than a chain of gold, And never can be parted. A little union serves to hold The good and tender-hearted; It's stronger than a chain of gold, And never can be parted.

Come, let us labour here below, And who can be the strangest, For in God's kingdom, all must kneel The least shall be the greatest. Come, let us labour here below, And who can be the strangest, For in God's kingdom, all must kneel The least shall be the greatest.

Give us, Lord, a little drop Of heavenly love and union, O may we never, never stop Short of a full communion.
1 Hark! don't you hear the turtle dove, The token of redeeming love? O Zion, hear the turtle dove, She comes the token of your Saviour's love!

From hill to hill we hear the sound, The neighbouring valleys echo round.

3 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
   We feel the chilling winds no more;
   The spring is come; how sweet the view,
   All things appear divinely new.

On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
   "The resurrection's drawing nigh;"
Behold, the nations from abroad
   Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh;
   O sinners, turn! why will ye die?
How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.

These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old;
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4 The latter days on us have come,
   And fugitives are flocking home;
   Behold them crowd the gospel road,
   All pressing to the mount of God.

O yes! and I will join that band,
   Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
   With Satan's band no more I'll be,
   But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
   And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
In Canaan's fair, celestial land.

When sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blind
We'll shout and loud hosannas raise.
EVENING SHADE.  S. M.

1 The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear;  O may we all re-member well,

2 We lay our garments by,  Upon our beds to rest;  So death will soon disrobe us all  Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  Secure from all our fears:  May angels guard us while we sleep,  Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,  And view th' unwearied sun,  May we set out to win the prize,  And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,  And we from time removes,  O may we in thy bosom rest,  The bosom of thy love.
Hosanna to Jesus! I'm fill'd with his praises!

No theme is so charming, no love is so warming, and comfort with-

Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to sing!

It gives joy and gladness,

Hosanna is ringing!

And shouting the praises of Jesus's name:

I'm happy while singing

The angels in glory repeat the glad story

Of Jesus's love, known to man.

which is made
Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bids th'oppress'd and poor repair, And build them towns and cities there.

They sow the fields, and

Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;

Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,

Their wealth increases with their flocks.
How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
Each in his proper station move.

And each fulfill his part, With sympathizing heart.
In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.
Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends, 
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends. 
Let nothing cause you to delay, O halle, halle-lu-jah!

But hasten on the good old way, O halle, halle-lu-jah!

WARNING. 6s & 4s. (Peculiar.) E. Heritage.

1. To-day the Saviour calls, Ye wand'rers, come! 
Oh, ye be-nighted souls, Yield to his love. 
Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls! Oh, hear him now! 
With-in these sa-cred walls Omit. 
To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls! For refuge fly! 
The storm of justice calls, Omit. 
And death is nigh.

4. The spirit calls to-day! Yield to his love! 
Oh, grieve him not a-way! Omit. 
Tis mercy's hour.
O, if my soul was form'd for wo, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like rivers flow, From both my streaming eyes.

Twas

for my sins my dearest Lord Hung on that cursed tree, And groan'd away his dying life, For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, my soul, for thee.
NEW TOPIA.  P. M.

Young people all, attention give,
And hear what I do say;
I want your souls with Christ to live,
In ever-last-ing day;
Remember, you are hast'ning on
To death's dark, gloomy shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your, &c.
No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health a-way, If God be with me there.

Thou art my sun and guard

Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon, by night or noon. Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon.
Ballstown. L. M.

Great God, attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs.

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand thees on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth. To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
There is a house not made with hands, Eternal, and on high. And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.
MOUNT PLEASANT.  C. M.  Concluded

God shall bid it fly.

And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.
The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let your songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.
We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,  
The sons of courage shall record,  
At thy command the winds arise,  
Who tempt the dangerous way.

That rulest the boisterous sea;  
And 

swell the towering waves;  
And 

The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gaping graves.
1. I came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay, And pensively stood by his tomb; When in a low whisper

2. The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roar, And gathering storms may arise, Yet calm are his feelings, at

heard something say, How sweetly he sleeps here alone.

rest is his soul, The tears are all wiped from his eyes.

8. The cause of his Master propell'd him from home; He bade his companion farewell; He bless'd his dear children who for him now mourn, In far distant regions they dwell.

4. He wander'd an exile and stranger from home, No kindred or relative nigh; He met the contagion and sunk to the tomb, His soul flew to mansions on high.

6. O tell his companion and children most dear, To weep not for him now he's gone; The same hand that led him through scenes most severe Has kindly assisted him home.
SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH. 12s. (Original.)

By M. Marie Wynn.

1. When thro' the storm sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Maker, Save, Lord, or we perish.

Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Maker, Save, Lord, or we perish.

Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Maker, Save, Lord, or we perish.

Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Maker, Save, Lord, or we perish.
WHEN I AM GONE. 10 & 4.

M. H. Turner.

1 Sigh not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, when I am gone: Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear, When I am gone, when I am gone. Weep not for me as you stand round my grave, Think who has

2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in prayer, When I am gone, when I am gone: Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see, When I am gone, when I am gone. Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain, Sing to the Lamb who in heaven doth reign, Sing till the earth shall be fill'd with his name, When I am gone, I am gone.

3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave, When I am gone, when I am gone: Sing a sweet song, such as angels may have, When I am gone, when I am gone. Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care, Pray ye the Lord that my joys you shall share. Look up on high and believe that I'm there, When I am gone, I am gone.
1. What's this that in my soul is rising? Is it grace? Is it grace? This work that's in my soul begun, It makes me strive all
Which makes me keep for mercy crying, Is it grace? Is it grace?}

2. Great God of love I can but wonder, Mercy's free! Mercy's free! Though mercy's free, our God is just, And, if a soul should
Though I've no price, at all to tender, Mercy's free! Mercy's free! Though mercy's free, our God is just, And, if a soul should

3. Swell, O swell the heavenly chorus,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
The devil's kingdom falls before us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
Sinners, repent, inquire the road
That leads to glory and to God,
Come wash in Christ's atoning blood,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

4. This truth through all our life shall cheer us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And through the vale of death shall bear us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And when to Jordan's banks we come,
And cross the raging billow's foam,
We'll sing, when safely landed come,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
1. How bright is the day when the Christian, Receives the sweet message to come, To rise to the mansions of glory, And be there for ever at home.

2. The angels stand ready in waiting, The moment the spirit is gone, To carry it upward to heaven, And welcome it safely at home.

3. The saints that have gone up before us, All raise a new shout as we come, And sing hal-le-lu-jah the louder, To welcome the travelers home, And be there for ever at home, And be there for ever at home. To rise to the mansions of glory, And be there for ever at home.

4. And there are our friends and companions, Escaped from the evil to come, And crowning the gates of fair Zion, To wait our arrival at home.

5. And there is the blessed Redeemer, So mild on his merciful throne, With heart and hands widely extended, To welcome his ransom'd ones home.

6. Then let us go onward rejoicing, Till Jesus invites us to come, To share in his glorious kingdom, And rest in his bosom at home.

Saviour, visit thy plantation, Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain."

All will come to desolation, Unless thou return again!

Lord, revive us! Lord, revive us! All our help must come from thee.
COME AWAY!

1. O come, come a-way, From la-bour now re-posing, Our ju-bi-lee has set us free,—O come, come a-way! Come, hail the day that

celebrates The ran-som of th'in-e-bri-ates From all that in-tox-i cate, O come, come a-way!

plans we pray! Ye come our sinking friends to save, And rescue from a drunkard's grave, We welcome you here!

holy aim, The poor be-sot- ted to reclaim, The broken heart to cheer again,—O come, sign the pledge!

2. We welcome you here! With heart and hand wide-open, Ye gal-lant sons of tem- perance, We wel-come you here! Heaven's blessings on your

3. We welcome you here! Ye who with taste per-ver-ted Have seized the cup, and drank it up,—We welcome you here! Come, join us in our

4. We welcome you here! Ye who your vows have broken, Falling before the tempter's power,— We welcome you here! Ye who have sold yourselves for naught, Take back the priceless boon you bought, O take a sober, second thought, And try, try again!

5. We welcome you here! Ye maids and ma-trons lovely, Whose charms, we yield, must win the field,— We welcome you here. Ye who have hearts to feel for wo, Wide as the streams of sorrow flow, O frown on the deadly foe, But smile on the sons!
Come, thou fount of ev'-ry blessing, 
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Bless the Lord, O my soul! 
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Calls for songs of loudest praise. 

Shout and sing, O you! 
Praise the Lord, O my brother! 

Give Him glory, O my father! 
And rejoice, O my mother! 

And we'll travel on together, 
And we'll join heart and hands for Canaan.
SONS OF SORROW.  8, 7.

Treble by Wm. Houser.

Hail! ye sighing sons of sorrow; Learn, with me, your certain doom; See all nature fading, dying,

St. silent, all things seem to mourn; Life from vegetation dying, Calls to mind the mouldering urn.
In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea,

And saying,

Re-pent ye;

for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one...
BAPTISMAL ANTHEM.

Concluded.

Crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair and bound with a leathern girdle, and his meat was locusts and wild honey.
REVERENTIAL ANTHEM.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name. Come into his courts, Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Fear before him, all the earth. He shall judge the people righteousness. Let the heavens rejoice, and the earth be

Fear before him, all the earth.
REVERENTIAL ANTHEM. Concluded.

For he cometh

glad before the Lord. For he cometh, To judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

For he cometh.

EASTER ANTHEM. Young's Night Thoughts, 4th Night. Billings.

The Lord is ris'n in deed! Hallelujah! The Lord is ris'n in deed! Hallelujah!
EASTER ANTHEM.  

Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruits of them that slept.  

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.  

And did he rise?  

And did he rise?  

And did he rise?  

And did he rise?
nations! hear it, O ye dead! He rose, He burst the bars of death! And triumph'd o'er the grave.

Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then, I rose, then first hu-
Man, all immortal hall,
namely triumphant past the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd eternal youth.

Hail, Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss; Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.
DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

2 Sam. xvii. 33. 

David the king was grieved and moved, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,

O my son! Would to God I had died, I:

For thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!
Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My body must soon be removed, No more to be envied or loved.

And mouldring, lie buried in dust, Ah! what is this drawing my breath. And stealing my senses away!

Soft and slow.
CHRISTIAN SONG.

O tell me, o tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay? Now mounting, my soul shall d-e-

O tell me, O tell me, The regions of pleasure and love, My spirit triumphant shall fly, And dwell with my Saviour above.
COLUMBIANA. 8, 7.


May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's favour, Rest upon us from above.

VILLULIA. 8, 7.

By J. M. Day.

Mercy, O thou Son of David, Thus poor blind Bartimeus pray'd, Others by thy grace are saved, Now to me afford thine aid.
LOVE DIVINE. 8 & 7. (Original.) For the Organ, by Thomas Waller. Da Capo.

1. Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down; Jesus, thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love thou art.

Visit us with thy salvation; Enter every trembling heart.

SACRED MUSIC. 8, 7. (Original.) By R. F. M. Mann. March 4, 1833.

1. In the floods of tribulation, While the billows over me roll, Jesus whispers consolation, And supports my fainting soul. Praise the Lord.

When, for e-ter-nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm and skies are clear, 
And faith in live-ly ex-er-cise, And dis-tant hills of Ca-nea rise, 
The soul for joy then claps her wings, And

loud her hal-le-lu-jahs sing, Vain world, a-dieu, And loud her hal-le-lu-jahs sing, Vain world, a-dieu, vain world, a-dieu.

2. With cheerful hope her eyes explore
   Each landmark on the distant shore—
   The trees of life, the pastures green,
   The crystal stream—delightful scene.
   Again for joy she claps her wings,
   And loud her hallelujahs sing,
   Vain world, adieu,
   And loud her lovely sonnets sing,
   Vain world, adieu.

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
   More eager all her powers expand;
   With steady helm, and free bent sail,
   Her anchor drops within the vail.
   Again for joy she claps her wings,
   And her celestial sonnet sings,
   I'm there at last,
   And her celestial sonnet sings,
   I'm there at last.
CLAREMONT.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, fly ing, fly ing, fly ing.

Oh the pain, the bliss of dy-ing! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish in to life, And let me languish in to life.
Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sister spirit, come away;

Sister spirit,

Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite—Steals my senses, shuts my sight? Drowns my spirit, draws my breath! Tell me, my soul, can...
this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death.

The world recedes, it disappears. Hear a voice on my ears. My ears with sounds seraphic ring, My ears with
sounds seraphic ring.

My ears with sounds seraphic ring. Lend, lend your wings! I

mount! fly! I mount! fly! O grave! where is thy victory! thy victory! O grave! where is thy
victory! thy victory! O death! where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

mount! I fly, I fly! O grave! where is thy victory!

O death! where is thy sting?
HEAVENLY VISION.

Taken from Rev. v. 11. Billings.

I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number:

Thousands of thousands, and ten times

I beheld, and lo

Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands, &c.

Thousands, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands, &c.

Stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their
hands, and they cease not day nor night, saying, Holy, ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-mighty. Which was, and is, an-

is to come, Which was, &c.

And I heard a mighty an-gel fly-ing thro' the midst of heav'n,
cry- ing with a loud voice, Wo, wo, wo, wo,
Be un-to the earth by reason of the trumpet which is
yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gath- ered themselves to-
gather, and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall upon them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne.

For the great day of the Lord is come, and who shall be able to stand? And who shall be able to stand!
I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley;

Am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley;

As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters;

As the apple tree, the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
so is my beloved among the sons, so is my beloved among the sons.

I sat down under his shadow with great delight.

And his fruit was sweet to my taste; And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
his banner over me was love. He brought me to the banqueting-house, his banner over me was love.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples. For I am sick, for I am sick, for I am sick of love. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.
By the roes, and by the hinds of the field, That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up. that you stir not up, nor a-

wake awake, a-wake, a-wake my love, till he please. The voice of my beloved, Be-hold! he cometh.
leaping upon the mountains, skipping. leaping upon the mountains, skipping up on the hills.
My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is
past, the rain is over and gone. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the
rain is over, the rain is over and gone. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
FAREWELL ANTHEM

My friends, I am going a long and tedious journey, Never to return. I am going, I am going a long and tedious journey, Never to return. I am going a long journey, Never to return. I am going, Never to return, Never to return, Never to return.
NTHEM. Continued.

Fare you well, Fare you well, my friends.

Fare you well, my friends, And God grant we may meet together in that world above, Where trouble shall cease and harmony shall a-bound.
Hark! hark! my dear friends, for death hath called me, And I must go, and lie down in the cold and silent grave, Where the mourners cease from mourning.

and the pris'ner is set free;
Fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, my friends.

Where the rich and the poor are both alike.
ANTHEM ON THE SAVIOUR.  (Original.)  B. F. White.

My friends, come listen awhile, And I will tell you a story About our loving Saviour; He came of low estate, Was re-jected by his own, Was born of the Virgin Mary, And was cradled in a manger. The next we hear of this blessed Saviour, He was going about doing good, And
teaching the people righteousness: And for this he was condemn'd to die, To which he consented, And in the act of dying

He rose from the grave, A tri-
gave up the ghost, And said, It is finish'd! Then he was buried, And the third day,

He rose from the grave, He rose, &c. A tri-

He rose from the grave, He rose, &c. He rose, &c. A tri-
ANTHEM ON THE SAVIOUR. Concluded.

umph-ant con-quer-or, And as-
cend-ed to manna-
on high, And is now ex-
alt-ed a Prince and a Saviour, And grants repentance un-to men.

The Lord spoke unto Moses, saying, Sanctify unto me all the first born. And Moses said unto the people, Remember this day in which ye came out of Egypt; Out of the house of bondage, by the strong hand of the Lord. And Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, was loth to let them
Led them towards the Red Sea, Through the wilderness; And Pharaoh, &c.

God, by his servant Moses led them towards the Red Sea, Through the wilderness; And Pharaoh the king pursued. And when he had let them go, God, by his servant Moses, led them towards the Red Sea, Through the wilderness; And Pharaoh, &c.

sued them in the anger of an enemy, With all the hosts of Egypt array'd in army form; But the Lord was with Moses and his chosen race.
And led them safely on and enabled them to make their escape from the hands of the king. And when they arrived at the Red Sea the Lord commanded Moses to stretch out his hand over the sea. And Moses obey'd the Lord, and the waters were roll'd back, and became a wall on either side,
and the children of Is-rael passed through on dry land, with all his army; And when they enter'd

And Pharaoh the king attempted to pursue, he.

in to the deep, the waters return'd, and buried them all in the depth of the sea, Then Moses and his people stood on the banks of the sea and
HAPPY LAND. 6, 4, 7, 4.

Leonard P. Breedlove.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away,
   Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day,
Oh how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour king.
   Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye,

2. Come to the happy land, Come, come away,
   Why will you doubting stand, Why yet de-lay,
Oh we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free,
   Lord, we shall live with thee. Blessed, blessed for aye.

8. Bright in that happy land, Beams every eye,
   Then shall his kingdom come. Saints shall share a glorious home.
   And bright above the sun, We reign for aye.

   Then shall his kingdom come. Saints shall share a glorious home.
   And bright above the sun, We reign for aye.
COME ON, MY FRIENDS.  L. M.
By Eld. E. Dumas.
Da Capo for Chorus.

1. I long to reach the shore of bliss, And see the New Jerusalem.
Chorus.—Come on, come on, my friends, come on, The gospel sounds the jubilee.

2. Where my beloved Jesus is, And spend eternity with him.

3. Oh, let me in love's flames expire, That I may with my Jesus be.

1. Farewell, farewell to all below; My Saviour calls and I must go; I'll launch my boat upon the sea—This land is not the land for me.
EXHORTATION.

Now, in the heat of youthful blood, Remember your Creator, God!

Behold the months come hast'ning on, When you shall say, My joys are gone.

When you, &c.

When you, &c.
Ho-san-na to Je-sus, my soul's fill'd with praises, Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to sing,}  
No music so charming, no look is so warming, It gives life and comfort, and gladness within.}  
Ho-san-na is ringing; O

how I love singing,  
There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his name.
THE GOLDEN HARP.  L. M.  By J. P. Roes.

1. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home To play on the Golden Harp. To play on the Golden Harp. To play on the Golden Harp, To play, &c.

My Saviour smiles, and bids me come To play on the Golden Harp. To play on the Golden Harp.

Chorus: I want to be where Jesus is, To play on the Golden Harp.

Sweet angels beckon me away To play on the Golden Harp. To play on the Golden Harp. To play on the Golden Harp.

To sing God's praise in endless day, To play on the Golden Harp.

BALDWYN.  C. M.  By J. D. Arnold.

1. That awful day will surely come, The appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, Hallelujah!  He justly claims a song from me,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise, Hallelujah  Hallelujah.  Hallelujah.
His loving kindness O how free!

ROLL ON.  L. M.  Miss Cynthia Bass.

Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are! Roll on, roll on, sweet moments roll on,
Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there. And let the poor pilgrim go home, go home.
From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Redeemer's praise arise:

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through, &c.

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through, &c.

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through, &c.
I know that my Redeemer lives, Glory, hallelujah!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives, Glory, hallelujah!
Shout on, pray on, we're gaining ground, Glory, hallelujah!
The dead's alive, and the lost is found, Glory, hallelujah!
SWEET HEAVEN. L. M.

The Lord, who built the earth and sky, In mercy stoops to hear thy cry; Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, when shall I see it?
His promise all may freely claim, Ask, and receive in Jesus' name. Oh, when shall I get there?

TRAVELLING PILGRIM. L. M. S. H. Rees.

chorus.

1. Farewell! vain world, I'm going home, stormy clouds to rise;
   Where there's no more To the land,
   To the land I am bound, stormy clouds to rise
   Where there's no more
   My Saviour smiles, and bids me come, stormy clouds to rise;
   Where there's no more To the land,
   To the land I am bound, stormy clouds to rise
   Where there's no more

2. Sweet angels beckon me a-way, stormy clouds to rise;
   Where there's no more To the land,
   To the land I am bound, stormy clouds to rise
   Where there's no more
   To sing God's praise in endless day, stormy clouds to rise;
   Where there's no more To the land,
   To the land I am bound, stormy clouds to rise
   Where there's no more
THE BIRMAN HYMN.  I. M.

1. O. seek re heaven—a gold-en land, Where hap-py souls re-joic-ing stand,
   And ev-er view the Saviour's face, And speak and sing of matchless grace.

2. Ex-empt from sin and sor-row's rage,

3. Love fills en-tire each burn-ing breast, Of ev-er-lasting bliss pos-sess'd;
   They quaff with joy the immor-tal spring, Of grace di-vine they speak and sing.

4. God's presence is their dwell-ing-place!

From sick-ness, death, and wast-ing age; All suf-fering ban-ished from the place, They speak, and sing of matchless grace!

The glo-rious and ef-ful-gent rays From Jesus' face a-round them shine,—They speak, and sing of grace di-vine!
Westford. L. M.

Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,

Let my religious hours alone.

Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, let, &c.

Fain, &c.

I wait a visit, Lord, from thee. My heart grows warm with

Fain, &c.

I wait a visit, Lord, from thee. My heart grows warm with

Fain, &c.
WESTFORD. Concluded.

[Music notation]

ho-ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de-sire. Come, my dear Je-sus, from a-bove, And feed my soul with heav'ly love; Best

[Music notation]

Je-sus, what de-li-cious fare! How sweet thine en-ter-tain-ments are! Ne-ver did an-gels taste a-bove Re-deem-ing grace and dy-ing love.
Farewell! Van world! I'm going home! My Saviour smiles and bids me come, And I don't care to stay here long!

Sweet angels beckon we a way, To sing God's praise in endless day, And I don't care to stay here long.

Right up yonder, Christians, a way up yonder! O, yes, my Lord, for I don't care to stay here long.
Here's my heart, my loving Jesus, Here's my heart, my loving Jesus, Here's my heart, my loving Jesus,—Thou who didst from sin relieve us,

Take the purchase of thy blood, Take the purchase of thy blood! Loving Jesus,

Thou hast bought a ransom!
LOVING JESUS  Concluded

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hon-our, praise and pow-er, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lord! Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lord!

Glo-ry, hon-our, praise and pow-er. Be au-to the Lamb for- ev-er! Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lord! Glo-ry, &c.

NORWICH.

D. P. White.

Oh the de-lights, the heav-en-ly joys, The glo-ries of the place

Where Je-sus sheds the bright-est beams, Where Je-sus sheds the
NORWICH. Continued.

brightest beams, Where, &c.

Of his overflowing grace, Where Jesus sheds the

Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of his overflowing grace! Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of his overflowing grace!

Jesus sheds the brightest beams, Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams

Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams

brightest beams Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of his overflowing grace! Where Jesus sheds the

Of his overflowing grace! Sweet, &c.

Sit smiling on his

Sweet majesty and awful love Sit smiling on his

brightest beams Of his overflowing grace! Sweet, &c.

Sitting on his
NORWICH. Concluded.

brow. And all the glorious, all the glorious ranks a bove

At humble distance

brow. And all the glorious ranks a bove. And, & c.

At humble distance

bow.

humble distance bow. And, & c.

At humble distance bow.

all the glorious ranks a bove. At humble distance bow. At humble distance bow.

bow. And, & c.

At, & c.

And, & c.
1. The Lord will happiness divine
   On contrite hearts bestow:
   Then tell me, gracious God!
   Is mine a contrite heart, or no?

2. I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
   Inconceivable steel:
   If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
   To find I cannot feel.

3. I sometimes think myself inclined
   To love thee, if I could;
   But often feel another mind
   Averse to all that's good.

4. My best desires are faint and few,
   I fain would strive for more;
   But, when I cry—"My strength renew,"
   Seem weaker than before.

5. Thy saints are comforted, I know,
   And love thy house of prayer;
   I sometimes go where others go,
   But find no comfort there.
1. Ye fleeting charms of earth fare-well, Your springs of joy are dry;
  My soul now seeks another home, A brighter world on high.
  I'm a long time travelling here below, I'm a long time away from home.

2. Farewell, my friends, whose tender care Has long engaged my love;
  Your fond embrace I now exchange For better friends above.
  I'm a long time, &c.

* In honor of B. F. White.
GREENSBOROUGH. C. M.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And.

2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This

8. [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand drest in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

4. But timorous mortals start, and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And linger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch away—]

6. Oh could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes.

3. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er; Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright or from the shore.
A- las! and did my Saviour bleed?
Would he devote his sacred head,
and did my Saviour bleed?
Would he devote his sacred head,
I have but one more river to cross,
And then I'll be at rest.
For such a worm as I!

And did my Sov'reign die?
Would be devote his sacred head,
I have but one more river to cross,
And then I'll be at rest.
Death, 'tis a melancholy day, To those who have no God,...... When the poor soul is

forced away, To seek her last abode. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eye-

In vain to heav'n, &c.
MELANCHOLY DAY.  Concluded.

For guilt, a heavy chain, Still draws her downward from the skies, To darkness, fire, and pain.

RELIGION IS SWEET.  7s.  W. R. Waldrup

'Tis religion that can give, Sweetest pleasures while we live, 'Tis religion must supply, Solid comforts when we die.
1. The men of grace have found Glory begun below; Celestial fruits, on earthly ground, Celestial fruits, on earthly ground, Celestial fruits, on earthly ground.

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

3. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry. We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.
NEVER PART.  C. M

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve,

"We're marching through Immanuel's ground, And"

soon shall hear the trumpet sound, And then all shall with Jesus reign, And never, never part again.

What? never part again,
NEVER PART.  

By Dr. W. J. Thomas.

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongue, Who, &c.  And words of truth reveal!
1. Behold the love, the generous love That mercy David shows: Beneath his kind compassion move For his afflicted foes! When

2. How did his flowing tears con-dole As for a brother dead! And fasting, morti-fied his soul, While for their lives he pray'd. They

3. O glorious type of heavenly grace! Thus Christ the Lord appears: While sinners curse, the Saviour prays, And pi-ties them with tears. He,

they are sick his soul complains, And seems to feel the smart; The spirit of the gospel reigns, And melts his pious heart.

groan'd, and cursed him on their bed, Yet still he pleads and mourns; And dou-ble blessings on his head The righteous Lord re-turns.

the true David, Israel's King, Bless'd and beloved of God, To save us re-bels, dead in sin, Paid his own dearest blood.
CONVERSION. C. M.

When God reveal'd his gracious name, And changed my mournful state,

My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace appear'd so great. The grace, &c.

My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace appear'd so great! The grace, &c.
What shall I render to my God For all his kindness shown? My songs address thy

My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs, &c.

My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs, &c.

My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs, &c.

My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs, &c.
NEW JERUSALEM.  C. M.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears to our believing eyes;
The former seas have pass'd away, And the old rolling skies!

The former seas have pass'd away, And the old rolling skies,

And the, &c.
My thoughts, that often mount the skies, Go, search the world beneath,

My thoughts, that often mount the skies, Go, search the world beneath, Where

My thoughts, that often mount the skies, Go, search the world beneath, Where nature all in

Where nature all in ruin lies And owns, And owns, And owns, her sovereign—Death!

nature all in ruin lies, And owns her sovereign—Death! And owns, And owns, her sovereign—Death!
ZYNDER-ZEE. C. M. D. (Original.) By M. Mark Wynn.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

I. Look, how we groved hope-he low. Found of those earth-ly toy.
Our souls how heavil-ly they go. To reach a-ter nal joy.
In rain we tune our for nal songs. In rain we strive to rise.

Ho-mans hangish on our songs, And our du- sa tion die.

Wel-come, sweet day of rest, What saw the Lord a-rise; Wel-come to this rev-iving breast. And those re-joic ing eyes.
With songs and honours sounding loud, Address the Lord on high! Over the heavens he

He sends his showers of blessings down. To

spreads his cloud, And waters veil the sky. He sends his showers of

He sends his showers of blessings down.
MORGAN. C. M.  Continued.

To cheer the plains below,  He makes the grass the
blessings down,  To cheer the plains—below; He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c.

To cheer the plains below,  He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes
mountains crown, He makes
And corn in valleys grow.  He makes
And corn in valleys grow.  He makes, &c.
MORGAN.  C. M.  Concluded.

He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow, And corn, &c.


Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your eyes, And send your fears away: News from the regions of the skies.
Jesus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you:

Saviour's born today!

Jesus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you.

Today, at
dwell with you; Today he makes his entrance here,—But not as monarchs do!
1. "Why, O sinner, me profaning, 
   Why," says God, "my statutes name; Why my covenant grace disdain ing, Still my covenant 

Hat-ing coun-se l, Hat-ing coun-se l, All my laws exposed to shame, 
   grace proclaim! Hat-ing coun-se l, Hat-ing coun-se l, All my laws exposed to shame, Long in
DODDRIDGE.  Continued.

silence I have wait-ed, Long thy guilt in so-cret grown; Still, thy heart, with pride e-la-ted, Thought my coun-sels like thy own.

I'll re-prove thee, I'll re-prove thee, Till thy crimes ex-act are known. Sin-ners, hear Je-bo-vah speak-ing! Ye who, thought-
None can save you.

Less God despise! Hear, lest in his wrath awaking, Vengeance rend you as it flies. None can save you.

None can save you, None can save you, None None

If his arm to judgment rise, None can save you, if his arm to judgment rise, None can save you, if his arm to judgment rise.

If his arm to judgment rise, None None
INTRODUCTION.

1. Every impression made upon the mind through the sense of hearing is termed a
   **SOUND**.

2. All sounds having determinate height or depth are called
   **TONES**.

And these by combination and succession according to certain laws constitute
   **MUSIC**.

Tone have four essential properties,

1st. LENGTH.
2nd. PITCH.
3rd. POWER, and
4th. QUALITY.

They are therefore susceptible of four fundamental distinctions;

1st. Long or Short.
2nd. High or Low.
3rd. Loud or Soft.
4th. Good or Bad.

Hence, musical instruction is naturally divided into four departments,

DIVISIONS. TECHNICAL TERMS.

1. **RHYTHMIC**s .................Treating of the length of tones.
2. **MELODICS** .................Treating of the pitch of tones.
3. **DYNAMICS** .................Treating of the power of tones.
4. **EXPRESSION** .................Treating of the quality of tones.

SUMMARY.

All of these four properties are noticeable in every tone, be the tone ever so short, or so soft. It takes all of these properties to make a tone, and no tone is lacking in any one of these properties.

Rhythmics, comes from a Greek word, meaning "to flow".
Melodics, from the Greek, meaning "a song, a poem, a tune.
DYNAMICS from the Greek, meaning to be able.

POWER and QUALITY are usually found under one head, but we choose to create the department of **EXPRESSION**.

CHAPTER I.

RELATIVE PITCH. THE SCALE. ITS NAMES and SIGNS.

The human voice is capable of producing seven distinct primary tones.

When these are taken in a series, either ascending or descending, with a repetition of the first one taken, we have what is called

THE SCALE.
The tones of the scale are named from the FIRST EIGHT NUMERALS. the lowest being called ONE: the next above it, TWO: the next, THREE: and so on. The highest EIGHT: the next below, SEVEN: the next SIX: and so on.

The difference of pitch between any two tones of the scale is called an INTERVAL.

There are seven intervals in the scale, which are two kinds LARGER AND SMALLER.

The larger intervals are called STEPS.

and the smaller intervals being just half the size of the larger are called HALF- STEPS.

Five of the intervals steps, and two of them are half-steps, The half-steps occur between THREE AND FOUR, AND SEVEN AND EIGHT.

THE ORDER OF INTERVALS.

in the scale is as follows:— Between ONE and TWO a step, between TWO and THREE, a step, between THREE and FOUR a half-step. Between FOUR and FIVE, a step, between FIVE and SIX a step, between SIX and SEVEN, a step and between SEVEN and EIGHT a half-step.

The tones of the scale are named from the following FOUR SYLLABLES.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8


This is called the MAJOR DIATONIC SCALE.

A series commencing on La. and ending on La. is called the MINOR DIATONIC SCALE.

SUMMARY.

The term step and half-step, is for the sake of convenience only, the term Major second for steps and Minor second for half-steps is more appropriate.

The term SCALE, comes from the Latin scala, meaning a ladder. The Scale is a musical ladder.

The term Major and Minor scale comes from the formation of the third in the scale. If its third is two whole steps (Major third) from the first tone taken, the series is called The Major Scale. If the third is only a step and a half from the first tone taken (Minor third) then the series is called, The Minor Scale and its minor seconds will be found between two and three and between five and six.

The relative pitch of tones is indicated, and the scale represented to the eye, by the use of a character called a STAFF.

which is composed of five long equidistant parallel, and horizontal straight lines and their intervening spaces which are four, and counted from the lowest upward, thus:—
MUSICAL NOTATION AND RUDIMENTS.

CLEF-LETTER.
and furnishes a clue to the letter names of all the other degrees of the staff.
The scale may be represented on the staff in various positions that is, any
line or space may be taken for the first one of this the series and the other num-
bers will follow in their regular order. The first one of this series is called the

KEY-NOTE or KEY-TONE,
and the key is named after that degree.
The scale may be extended above 8 or below 1.
When it is extended above 8, 8 becomes 1 of the series above, and when it is
extended below 1, 1 becomes 8 of the series below.
From 1 to 8, or every eighth tone is an octave from its duplicate below or
above as the case may be.
The compass of the human voice is about two octaves,

CHAPTER 2.

RHYTHMICS, NOTES, RESTS, MEASURERS, BARS.
Tones are represented to the eye by characters called notes. Notes also
show the order or the tune by their ascension or descent on the staff.
The various lengths of tones are shown by the difference in the note head.
See diagram: on page 5.
Silence during the progression of a piece of music is indicated by charac-
ters called

RESTS.
Every note has its corresponding rest.
Pulsations or counts, group themselves into twos or threes, and these
groups are called

MEASURES.
A measure may have two or more parts.
A measure having TWO parts is called

Each line and each space of the staff is called a

DEGREE.
A degree means a place.
There are nine degrees of the staff.
When we wish to do so, we may enlarge the staff by using the spaces below
and above the staff and by using

ADDED LINES
and their accruing spaces below and above the staff.
The degrees of the staff, that is the lines and spaces are named from the first
seven letters of the alphabet, viz:

A. B. C. D. E. F. G.

In order to give names to all the degrees these letters have to be repeated.
these degrees are named usually in two ways, and in order to determine which
way of naming has been observed in a given instance we look to a character
called a

CLEFF.
There are two cleffs used in this book.
The G. clef, and the F. clef.
Each clef represents and locates, upon the staff, the letter from which it is
named, which letter is called the
MUSICAL NOTATION AND RUDIMENTS.

DOUBLE-MEASURE.

Measures have their boundaries marked by small vertical lines across the staff called MEASURE-BARS.

Measures and parts of measures may be manifested to the ear by counting, and to the eye by motions of the hand called beats. Such motions are called BEATING-TIME.

TWO-PART or DOUBLE MEASURE has two beats, and they are performed by two motions of the hand, thus, DOWN and UP.

The first part of the measure is accented.

Accent is the laying of a peculiar stress of the voice on the first part of the measure, making it stronger than the last part.

In double measure we have one accent.

Figures are used to show what kind of measure is used, also, what kind of notes are to be employed as beat notes.

When we have double measure, we use the figure 2 right after the clef and we wish to use a half note as a beat note, we write a second figure 2 under the first one, making it read two over two. $\frac{2}{2}$.

The upper figure stands for the kind of measure and the lower figure for the kind of note used for the beat note.

A measure may be divided further into smaller parts, as notes of smaller denominations will show, as some measures may have as high as twelve parts, as we will show later.

A second variety of this form of measure is marked by $\frac{2}{4}$, and to the ear is the same, but to the eye is different, as it has a quarter note for its beat note.

A third variety is $\frac{2}{8}$.

A measure having three parts or counts, is called TRIPLE-MEASURE, and has three beats, and its first form is $\frac{3}{2}$ accent on the first part, its second variety is $\frac{3}{4}$ and a third variety is $\frac{3}{8}$.

A measure having four beats is called QUADRUPLE-MEASURE indicated by the figures $\frac{4}{4}$, the first count in every measure is accent $\frac{4}{8}$ has two accents first and third counts. Two varieties.

Six over four $\frac{6}{4}$ is called COMPOUND DOUBLE MEASURE or time. It has two beats to the measure and three counts to the beat.

A second variety is $\frac{6}{8}$.

This kind of measure or time has two varieties. Six over eight is called compound double measure, or time second variety.

A measure having nine counts, is called COMPOUND TRIPLE MEASURE, and has three counts to the beat. There are two varieties, $\frac{9}{4}$ and $\frac{9}{8}$.

COMPOUND QUADRUPLE MEASURE is the name of a measure having twelve counts and four beats and is marked by $\frac{12}{8}$. A dot or point to the right of a note or rest, adds to the note or rest, one-half its original length. Thus, a pointed whole note or rest, is equal to a whole note and a half, or three half notes; a pointed half note is equal to a half note and a quarter or three quarters. A point to the right of a dot adds to its length one-half of its original value, &c.
A common rule is that a whole rest fills a measure in any kind of time. When a portion of a piece of music is to be repeated is indicated by a row of dots across the staff and shows that the portion of music just sung is to be sung the second time.

A second form of the repeat is shown by the letters D. C. which directs the singer from the end back to the beginning and to the end at the word Fine.

A third repeat is DAL SEGNO or D. S., which indicates a return to the sign at some interior point of the music and ending at the word Fine.

The number of parts to be sung together is indicated by a brace at the beginning of the music, and all parts inclosed is called a SCORE.

CHAPTER 3.

MELODICS. ABSOLUTE PITCHES.

The letters on the staff are never changed from the position assigned by the clef. Therefore, they represent

ABSOLUTE PITCH

of tones or that which is independent of scale relationship.

The letters appear on the staff as follows:

MALE VOICES

G A B c d e f g a b c d e f g

FEMALE VOICES

F E D C B A

To distinguish between the different tones denoted by the same letter, capital and small letters, together with marks below or above them, are used.

In the

GREAT SCALE

of tones, or the whole compass of tones appreciable by the human ear, which consists of about nine octaves, only about one third, or

THREE OCTAVES

are within range of the human voice.

The female voice being pitched one octave higher than the male voice, makes the vocal compass appear on the staff as follows:

F E D C B A

G A B c d e f g a b c d e f g
CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

Men with low voices sing BASS.
Men with high voices sing TENOR.
Ladies with low voices sing ALTO.
Ladies with high voices sing SOPRANO or TREBLE as it is sometimes called. And the leading part is called Tenor by some. In this instance, the parts are swapped.
The F clef is used for the Bass, and the G clef is used for all three of the other parts.
When the G clef is used for the Tenor, or for the male voice, it means small g, an octave lower than when used for female voices.

Besides the seven primary tones the human voice is capable of producing FIVE INTERMEDIATE TONES,
and they occur in connection with the others where the major seconds are in the regular scale.

SUMMARY.

As there are no places on the staff for these intermediate tones, we have to write them on the same degrees as the primary (tones) notes are written by prefixing a sharp or flat, as the case may be. Thus, if 1 is on C, then the intermediate tone lying between 1 and 2 would be sharp 1, if used ascending, but in the descending series it is called flat 2, and in the first case it would be written on C, and have a sharp prefixed, and in the latter case be written on D, and have a flat prefixed.

A scale having all the primary tones and all of the intermediate tones appearing at their regular places is called the CHROMATIC SCALE.

Thus:

ASCENDING CHROMATIC SCALE.

When these intermediate tones occur in the progression of a piece of music they are called ACCIDENTAL SHARPS AND FLATS,
but when they occur at the beginning they are called SIGNATURE SHARPS AND FLATS.

In the model or standard scale, the pitch C, is the Key note, for the Major form while A is its relative Minor.
The G clef is the only sign necessary for the key. The word Key in this sense, means a family of tones, or tone family, and all of its members present make the scale in C, or A minor. This is what is generally called the MODEL KEY.

When the scale is in any other key than C major or A minor, it is said to be TRANSPOSED.

The means of transposition is by SHARPS AND FLATS.
The first way of remove or transposition, is by sharps.
Sharp four, F♯ is the sign of the key of G, and shows that the Key has been transposed upward five degrees and F♯ becomes a member of the key of G, and the staff members then are G, A, B, C, D, E and F♯.
SHARPS AND FLATS.

The first way of remove or transposition, is

**BY SHARPS.**

Sharp four. $\sharp$ is the sign of the key of $G$, and shows that the Key has been transposed upward five degrees and $\sharp$ becomes a member of the key of $G$, and the staff members then are $G, A, B, C, D, E$ and $F\sharp$.

The next remove brings us to $D$. Signature (two sharps) $F\sharp$ sharp and $C$ sharp, or a shorter way of putting it, $F$ and $C$ sharp.

Three sharps, or $F, C$ and $G$ sharp, $A$ is the key.

Four sharps, or $F, C, G$ and $D$ sharp, $E$ is the key.

**BY FLATS.**

The second way of transposing the scale is by fourths, and the first remove is from $C$ to $F$, and requires a flat on $B$, and the key is written in $F$, and $Bb$ is the signature.

Four of the old key becomes No. 1 of the new key, $F$, and 7 of the old key is omitted, and $F\flat$ adopted in its stead and becomes 4 of the new key &c. Sharp 4 transposes, or moves, a fifth; $F\flat$ 7 transposes or moves the key a fourth. The members of this key are $F, G, A, B\flat, C, D, E$ and $F$.

The second remove is from $F$ to $Bb$, with two flats or $B$ and $Eb$ as signature to the key of $Bb$.

Three flats or $B, E$ and $Ab$ is the signature of $Eb$.

Four flats or $B, E, A$ and $Db$ is the signature of $Ab$.

Five flats or $B, E, A, D$ and $Gb$ is the signature of the key of $Db$.

**SUMMARY.**

Count 5 from the model and form the scale; sharp 4 of the old (or model) or 7 of the new. By flats, count 4 and form the scale. Flat 7 of the model, or 4 of the new

A sharp or flat, when used in the signature has a more extended influence than when it merely occurs as an accidental.

For instance, in the signature of $G$, the sharp affects the degree on which it is placed throughout the tune, unless temporarily cancelled by a natural, and also all its octaves. The teacher may also explain that every tone in music is sometimes diatonic and sometimes chromatic. $F\flat$ sharp in the key of $G$ is diatonic, because it belongs to that key. It is chromatic in the key of $C$, because it is not a regular member of that key. $F\flat$ sharp is chromatic in $G$, but is diatonic in $C$.

The effect of a sharp or flat (accidental) is only in the measure in which it is written, unless it is the last note in that measure and the same note is the first note in the next measure, then its effect is felt in that measure until interrupted by a note on another degree of the staff.

This $\flat$ character is called a restoral and cancels the effect of a sharp or flat when placed on the same degree that the sharp or flat previously occurred.

A sharp, flat or cancel on any degree of the staff affects all the other degrees of the staff by the same name; this applies to accidentals as well as signatures.

Sharps and flats are sometimes employed doubly, and are called DOUBLE SHARPS and FLATS, and are written thus: $\sharp\flat$ or $\times$ and is a sign of an elevation of a major step. The double flat is written thus: $\flat\flat$ and is the sign of a depression of a major step.

As the natural cancels the sharp and flat, it cancels but one at a time and allows one to remain, thus:

$\sharp\flat\flat$ or $\flat\flat\flat$

A broad bar shows the end of a line of poetry or a phrase of music.

A double broad bar shows the end of the tune.

When three notes are to be performed in the same time of two notes of the same nominal value, the figure 3 is written over or under them, and they are called TRIPLETS.

A Slur $-\cdot-\cdot$ is used to show how many notes are to be sung to one syllable of the poetry.

The Slur is called a Tie when it is placed over two or more notes on the same degree of the staff.

The slur is also to denote LEGATO style which is in a smooth and connected manner.
The opposite of Legato is STACCATO, which is in a detached manner thus:

Sympation is when an unaccented note is used in connection with an accented note thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Key of the Tonic} & \quad \text{Key of the Sub-Dominant} \\
\text{Key of the Dominant} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

Relationship of Keys.

Keys that have a great many tones in common are said to be closely related.

Keys, are related in the first degree—they are but one remove from each other—when there is a difference of but one tone between them.

Example—In the key of G there is but one tone that is not in the key of C viz., F Sharp; and the key of C has but one tone that is not in the key of G, viz., F; accordingly, these two keys have the greatest number of tones in common that it is possible for two keys to have, and are, therefore, said to be related in the first degree—they are but one remove from each other.

In the key of F there is but one tone that is not in the key of C, viz., B flat; and the key of C has but one tone that does not belong to F, viz., B; accordingly, these two keys are related in the first degree. Thus it may be said that the key of C has two keys that are related to it in the first degree, viz., the key of G and the key of F.

Each key has two keys that are related to it in the first degree, viz., the key founded upon its Fifth, and the key founded upon its Fourth.

The Central or Chief Key, is called the Key of the Tonic; the key founded upon its fifth is called the Key of the Dominant; the key founded upon its fourth is called the Key of the Sub-Dominant.

The distinguishing tone between the Key of the Tonic and the Key of the Dominant is Sharp Four.

The distinguishing tone between the Key of the Tonic and the Key of the Sub-Dominant is Flat Seven.

This relationship of the three keys is shown in the following diagrams. It will be of advantage to the singer to know this relation, and to observe the use of the related keys, and the effect of their connection.

DEGREES OF POWER.

There are said to be FIVE PRINCIPLE DEGREES OF POWER: A loud tone is called FORTE, and marked f. A very loud tone is called FORTISSIMO, and marked ff. A medium volume of tone produced by an ordinary action of the vocal organs is called MEDIUM, and is marked m.—A soft tone is called PIANO, and marked p. A very soft tone is called PIANISSIMO, and marked pp.

Aside from these degrees of power there are several combinations of different powers, such as Increasing tone, a tone commencing soft and increasing until it becomes loud, is marked Cres. or and is called CRESCEUDO. A tone just the opposite is marked Dim. or and is called DIMUNENDO. A union of these two powers is marked thus: and called A SWELL. A very sudden swell is marked <> and called A PRESSURE TONE. When a tone is to be struck with great force instantly, it is called an EXPLOSIVE TONE. When tones are to be prolonged indefinitely, at the pleasure of the performer, they have a character like this and is called the HOLD.

The hold may be used over or under a rest with the same results, and again it may be used between notes. In these cases it is called a PAUSE:

There are FIVE PRINCIPLE MOVEMENTS or rates of speed to music, which are as follows: A very slow movement is called ADAGIO. A rather slow movement is called ANDANTE. A medium movement is called MODERATO. A quick movement is called ALLEGRO. A very quick movement is called PRESTISSIMO. RITARD means slower and slower by degrees.
GRACE NOTES, TRILL, TURN, Etc.

1. The TURN (≈) consists of a principal sound, with the sounds next above and below it. It should be performed with neatness, but not too quick, thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Written:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {} -- (1,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (0.7,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n5) {};
\end{tikzpicture}} \\
\text{Performed:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {} -- (1,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (0.7,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n5) {};
\end{tikzpicture}} \\
\text{Or:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {} -- (1,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (0.7,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n5) {};
\end{tikzpicture}}
\end{align*}
\]

2. The TRILL (\textit{tr}) or SHAKE is a very brilliant musical embellishment, and should be much cultivated by those who would acquire smoothness and flexibility of voice. It is a quick reiteration of two tones, bearing the relation of a step or a half step, thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Written:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (0.7,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\end{tikzpicture}} \\
\text{Performed:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (0.7,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\end{tikzpicture}} \\
\text{Or:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (0.7,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\end{tikzpicture}}
\end{align*}
\]

3. The "APPOGGIATURA" is usually represented by a small note placed before a large one upon an accented part of the measure. It takes half the value of the large note, except when the latter is dotted—then it takes two-thirds, thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Written:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (1,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\end{tikzpicture}} \\
\text{Sung:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (1,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\end{tikzpicture}}
\end{align*}
\]

4. When the small note follows a large one, on an unaccented part of the measure, it is called an After Note, thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Written:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (1,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\end{tikzpicture}} \\
\text{Sung:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (1,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\end{tikzpicture}}
\end{align*}
\]

5. The DOUBLE APPOGGIATURA consists of two notes, one above and the other below the principal; which are always intended to be sung with grace and rapidity, thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Written:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (1,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\end{tikzpicture}} \\
\text{Sung:} & \quad \text{\begin{tikzpicture}
\draw (0,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n1) {} -- (0.5,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n2) {} -- (0.5,0.5) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n3) {};
\draw (0.5,0.5) -- (1,0) node[circle,fill,inner sep=1pt] (n4) {};
\end{tikzpicture}}
\end{align*}
\]

6. PORTAMENTO is a technical term used to indicate the carriage or manner of conducting the voice from one tone to another, in order to connect them smoothly and gracefully. It is generally limited to cases in which the two tones form a third, fifth, or some larger intervallic relation, and they are sung to two separate syllables, thus:
MUSICAL NOTATION AND RUDIMENTS.

Written.

Fare well, Fare well.

Sung.

Note.—The really artistic use of the voice outlined in this chapter, should never be attempted by the learner, except under the direction of a master in vocal culture.

QUESTIONS.—1. Of what does a Trill consist? How should it be performed? 2. Describe and define the Trill. 3. When is a tone said to be syncopated? 4. How is the Appoggiatura usually represented? How much of the value of the large note does it usually take? When does it take two-thirds of the value of the large note? 5. When a small note follows a large one on an unaccented part of the measure, what is it called? 6. Of what does a Double Appoggiatura consist? 7. Define the term Portamento. In what particular is it generally limited, and to how many syllables are the intervals sung?

RULES FOR READING NOTES IN DIFFERENT KEYS.

Me is the Leading note, called so because it leads from major to minor.

In learning to read notes by their position, you must first locate Me, which you find between any Major key and its relative Minor key. Take for instance, the key of C Major or A Minor, the degree B lies between these two pitches and Me the Leading note will be written on this degree, which is the middle line of the staff, then you will find Sol on the next line higher up and on the fifth line of the staff. You will find the second Fa of the Scale, below Me on the second line of the Staff you will find Sol the fifth tone of the Scale, and on the first line of the Staff you will find La the third of the Scale, thus:

C. Major. A. Minor. Me.

Then in the spaces we find Fa, first space, La, second space, which is four and six, of the scale.

RULE 1. When Me takes a line, Sol will take the next line above it, and Fa will take the next and La the next.

RULE 2. When Me takes a space, Sol will take the next space above and Fa the next space above it and La the next space.

If Me occurs on a line, it will next occur in a space, likewise all the other notes.

Key of G. Major

Key of D. Major

B. Minor

Key of A. Major

F. Sharp Minor

Key of E. Major

C. Minor

Key of F. Major

D. Minor
MUSICAL NOTATION AND RUDIMENTS.

Key of B Flat. Major.  G. Minor

Key of E Flat Major.  C Minor.

Key of A Flat Major.  F Minor.

Key of D Flat Major.  B Flat Minor.

CHANTS AND CHANTING.

1. There are two regular forms of Chant—Single and Double. The Single chant has two parts and is composed of a Reciting Note and Two Cadence Measures followed by a Reciting Note and Three Cadence Measures, thus:

SINGLE CHANT.

Reciting Note    Cadence Measure.

Reciting Note.

Cadence Measure.

C. EVERETT.

2. A Double Chant is composed of two single chants, and, therefore, has four parts.

3. There are also "Peculiar Chants," which are constructed to suit odd metres, and words of peculiar rhythm.

4. The "A-men" may follow in all forms of the chant, just as it may in any other style of church music.

5. The reciting note gives no indication of time or rhythmical proportion; nor are there any definite rules on the subject, except such as govern in good reading. Hence, we may say that the time of its duration is determined by the number of words to be chanted to it, and that these should be delivered about as fast as a good reader would read them. But when the object is congregational chanting, the cadence measures should be in strict time.

6. "Pronounce together," is a command that must be rigidly obeyed, as it lies at the foundation of all excellence in both choir and congregational chanting.

7. Special attention should be given to enunciation, accent, and emphasis; and to all punctuation marks and pauses—grammatical and rhetorical; otherwise the service will be worse than a failure.
MUSICAL NOTATION AND RUDIMENTS.
TIME LESSONS IN SCALE EXERCISES.

Double Time. Two beats to the measure. One beat to the half note; two beats to the whole note; and two quarter notes to the beat.

Triple Time. Three beats to the measure. Two beats to the whole note, one beat to the half note; and two quarter notes to one beat.

Triple Time, (second variety) Three beats to the measure. The pointed half note receives three beats, the half note two beats, and the quarter note one beat.

Quadruple Time. Four beats to the measure. The whole note receives four beats, the half note two; and the quarter note one beat.
### Major Keys

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C</th>
<th>G</th>
<th>D</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>E</th>
<th>B</th>
<th>C#</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G#</td>
<td>E#</td>
<td>D#</td>
<td>A#</td>
<td>F#</td>
<td>C#</td>
<td>B#</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Minor Keys

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>E</th>
<th>B</th>
<th>F#</th>
<th>C#</th>
<th>G#</th>
<th>D#</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E#</td>
<td>B#</td>
<td>A#</td>
<td>F#</td>
<td>C#</td>
<td>G#</td>
<td>D#</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Major Scales

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C</th>
<th>G</th>
<th>D</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>E</th>
<th>B</th>
<th>C#</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G#</td>
<td>E#</td>
<td>D#</td>
<td>A#</td>
<td>F#</td>
<td>C#</td>
<td>B#</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Minor Scales

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>E</th>
<th>B</th>
<th>F#</th>
<th>C#</th>
<th>G#</th>
<th>D#</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E#</td>
<td>B#</td>
<td>A#</td>
<td>F#</td>
<td>C#</td>
<td>G#</td>
<td>D#</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
EXPLANATION OF KEYS.

By the term Key, is understood, the fundamental pillow-tone upon which the scale is formed and is the point of repose; and fundamental point in reckoning intervals.

It must be understood that the composer is at liberty to choose any letter or degree, as foundation or key.

By the term Key, is also understood, the proper pitch that unlocks and gives a clue to the intervals, in their regular order; and also gives us a proper conception of their order; and it must be further understood that flats and sharps in the signature, have no power whatever to give, or to furnish us with the key:

For instance—One sharp does not give the key of G Major, nor E Minor.

But when the scale is transposed from C the model, to G F must be sharped to make the scale of G like the model C. And the scale of E Minor, being the relative of G Major, demands the same treatment.

Hence signature sharps and flats, are only used as signs, pointing us to the key; pointing out and identifying the degrees that have been effected, by the removes of the scale to different degrees, on the staff, and telling how many in each remove.

Hence two sharps does not give the key of D Major, nor B. its relative Minor, but in each instance F and C. must be sharpened, to make the intervals occur in their regular order, and make them like their model.

This rule holds good throughout the entire progress in each scale.

METER. Meaning Measure.

AN ARRANGEMENT OF POETICAL FEET, OR SYLABLES.

C. M. .................................................. 8 6 8 6.
C. M. D. .................................................. 8 6 8 6-8 6 8 6.
C. P. M. .................................................. 8 8 6 8 8 6.
S. M. .................................................. 6 6 8 6.
S. M. D. .................................................. 6 6 8 6-6 6 8 6.
S. P. M. .................................................. 6 6 8 6-6 6 8 8.
L. M. .................................................. 8 8 8 6.
L. M. D. .................................................. 8 8 8 6-8 8 8 8.
L. P. M. .................................................. 8 8 8 8 8 8.
H. M. .................................................. 6 6 6 8 8 8.

8, s. .................................................. 8 8 8 8 8 8.
8, s & 7, s. .................................................. 8 7 8 7.

P. M. Particular Meter. Meaning irregular.

In L. M. every other syllable is accented, accent falling on 2 4 6 & 8.

In 8, the accent falls on 2 5 & 8.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS TO SINGERS.

1. When singing, stand or sit erect, so as to use the vocal organs with ease.

2. Hold the music upon a level with the eyes, or nearly so.

3. Take deep, full, and noiseless respirations, at such places as will not injure the sense of the words; but be careful not to breathe oftener than is absolutely necessary to sustain good tones.

4. Attack sounds with decision and certainty, and avoid striking below the correct tone and sliding up to it.

5. Hold long sounds steadily, firm, and equal, and do not yield to the desire to slide up or down to the following sound as a relief.

6. The emission of tone should be free, open, round, full, pure and resonant; it should be instantaneous, firm, and decided; without hesitancy, trembling, wavering or drawing.

7. Endeavoring to manage the swelling and diminishing of the voice when required, with due gradual proportions.

8. In singing, the words should be pronounced the same as in reading or speaking; the vowels being sung and the consonants articulated.

9. The letter a, when it is used as an article, or as the initial letter of a syllable, should be pronounced a, as in Father.

10. The article the, before consonants, should be pronounced as e in met yet, etc. But when it comes before a word commencing with a vowel, it should be pronounced like the pronoun the.

11. Always commence promptly when the signal is given by the teacher or director, and do not wait for someone else to commence first. If there are a thousand singers, they should all commence as one voice—at the same instant.
HINTS ON HOW TO WRITE MUSIC.
A SHORT TREATISE ON MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

The pupil should possess a knowledge of intervals before making an attempt at musical composition. Below we give most of the intervals that are necessary in plain composition.

**Prime**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Interval</th>
<th>Prime</th>
<th>Unison</th>
<th>Second</th>
<th>Third</th>
<th>Fourth</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Interval</th>
<th>Fifth</th>
<th>Sixth</th>
<th>Seventh</th>
<th>8th or Oct.</th>
<th>Ninth</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Two tones standing on degrees next to each other are said to be a second apart. The number of degrees always governs the kind of interval.

The degree upon which the lowest tone is standing (all between) and the one the highest tone is standing on is counted in reckoning intervals.

**INTERVALS.**

Are PRIMES. AUGMENTED PRIMES. SECONDS. Major and Minor.

THIRDS. Major and Minor. FOURTHS. Perfect and Augmented.

FIFTHS. Diminished. Perfect and Augmented. SIXTHS. Major and Minor. SEVENTHS Major and Minor.

**INVERSION OF THE SCALE.**

A Prime or One when inverted becomes An Octave
A Second                          A Seventh
A Third                           A Sixth
A Fourth                          A Fifth
A Fifth                           A Fourth
A Sixth                           A Third
A Seventh                         A Second

Any Major interval when inverted becomes a Minor interval, and a Minor interval inverted becomes a Major interval. This rule also applies to chords: Any Major chord inverted becomes a Minor, and any Minor chord inverted becomes a Major.

To determine whether a chord is Major or Minor, examine its Third: If the Third is Major, then the chord is Major. If its Third is Minor, then the chord is a Minor chord.

**NOTE**—The word Invert, means to take the bottom and place an octave higher, or take the top and place an octave lower.

**INVERSION OF CHORDS.**


**GENERAL RULES TO BE OBSERVED.**

1. Every piece of music should contain an even number of measures.
2. The last measure should contain what is omitted in the first.
3. A binding tone is a tone in common to two or more chords.
4. In progressing from one chord to another of different harmony, where there is a tone in common, let the voice which has the binding tone retain it and the other members of the chord take the members lying nearest to them.
5. Thirds, Fourths, Fifths, Sixth and Octaves are chords. Seconds and Sevenths are discord.
6. All phrases of a piece of music should not end with the same chord, but the last chord should be Tonic direct and the one next to it should be Dominant or Dominant 7th.
7. A piece may begin with a unison passage, but if it begins with a chord it must be the tonic.

**MOTION OR MOVEMENT.**

By the motion of any part is meant the direction in which it proceeds. When a part moves along one degree of the staff, its motion is said to be
direct. When two or more parts move exactly in the same direction on different degrees, their motion is said to be similar. When they move in opposite directions it is contrary motion; and when one part moves direct and another part upward, or downward, the motion is called oblique.

The faults of hidden or open fifths and octaves can only occur in similar motion: all the other movements are safe against these faults; hence in all cases of similar movement the learner should be on his guard against fifths and octaves, consecutively.

If a part cannot remain stationary it should move to the tone in the next chord which occasions the least motion.

Give to each voice a smooth pleasant melody.

The inner parts should move as little as possible.

If the base moves a second, third, or fifth, the other parts should move in contrary motion, if possible.

A composition should end with the Tonic triad of the key in which it commenced.

Do not use harsh and unmelodious steps, such as augmented intervals, major sevenths, etc., etc.

Keep constantly in mind the compass of the several voices, neither write too high nor too low.

If a bold, loud, or brilliant effect is desired, lead the voices up to the higher tones.

If a solemn, mournful and dirge-like effect is to be produced, write so as to keep the voices upon the lower tones.

Do not use two progressions of a fourth or fifth in the same direction, especially in the base.

Never use two successive chords in their second inversion.

Contrary motion is preferable to parallel motion between soprano and base.

In arranging the different parts, combine parallel, oblique, and contrary motion as much as possible.

Avoid a too frequent use of inversions; also a too frequent use of direct forms; but rather mingle them ingeniously.

Avoid a too frequent use of the same chord.

Avoid too many remote or abrupt modulations or transitions.

Avoid a too frequent use of the same cadence.

RESOLUTIONS.

A Few of the Most Commonly Used Resolutions.

Tonic to Dominant.
Tonic to Sub-dominant.
Tonic to Sub-mediant.
Supertonic to Tonic.
Supertonic to Sub-mediant.
Supertonic to Dominant.
Mediant to Dominant.
Mediant to Sub-mediant.
Mediant to Tonic.
Sub-dominant to Tonic.
Sub-dominant to Dominant.
Sub-dominant to Supertonic.
Dominant to Tonic.
Dominant to Sub-mediant.
Sub-mediant to Sub-dominant.
Sub-mediant to Tonic.
Sub-mediant to Dominant (certain positions).
Sub-mediant to Supertonic.
Sub-tonic to Tonic.
Sub-tonic to Dominant seventh.

EXAMPLES IN MODULATION.

Example 1.
From C to G

Example 2.
From C to G

Avoid a too frequent use of inversions; also a too frequent use of direct forms; but rather mingle them ingeniously.

Avoid a too frequent use of the same chord.

Avoid too many remote or abrupt modulations or transitions.

Avoid a too frequent use of the same cadence.
A Period is a series of phrases—usually four—each having a well-defined motion and repose, so related to each other as to produce the impression of completeness.

Periods may be divided into two equal portions called sections; the sections into halves called phrases; the phrases into halves called motives.

In forming periods, the first phrase should be so built as to excite expectation in our minds, which should be only partially answered by the second phrase, thus leading to a reiteration in the third phrase, and a final, complete and satisfactory conclusion in the last.

That which excites expectation is called Thesis.

That which replies to thesis is called Antithesis.

A piece composed of four sections (eight phrases) is styled the Song Form of Two Periods. In this form the argument may assume a different melodic figure in the third section, returning in the fourth section to the style of melody and rhythm employed in the second section.

The Design is a smaller melodic division than the phrase and deserves notice before passing to this study. The design is a little melodic germ or thought that may appear one, two or more times in each phrase. The design usually repeats itself higher or lower, also it may be extended, contracted, or inverted in its rhythmical form, or it may be suspended or abandoned altogether or substituted for a while by a different design.

The Song Form of Three Periods is one of six sections and twelve measures. In this form the middle period is usually in a different key, different movement, different measure, and different phrase design, or it may be different in all these respects from the first period. The last period may be a repetition of the first or similar to it structure or content. In all these forms the idea of thesis and antithesis must be kept up in symmetrical arrangement.

**NOTE**—We have reference only to music written by musical scholars. It is a matter of much regret that a large amount of the music of the present day is written by persons who may have some indefinite ideas about melody—but who know very little concerning Harmony, and positively nothing at all of Form.
May every year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, And truth and love all hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now

Let good men ne'er of truth despair, Though humble efforts fail; Oh, give not o'er until once more The righteous cause prevail; In

sorrow reigns and earth complains, For folly still her power maintains; But the day will surely come, when the might with the right, And the

vain, and long enduring wrong, The weak may strive against the strong; But the day shall yet appear, when the might with the right, And the
"THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT." CONCLUDED.

When the might with the right, And the truth shall be, And come what there may, to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

truth shall be with the right.

When the might with the right, And the truth shall be, And come what there may, to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

G. H. Key of E Flat.

BLESSED BOOK.

1. Here is the book, the bless-ed book, And on its page I love to look; And it's songs both old and new, Sounds so sweet, and are so true.

2. So let us sing these songs of praise, And serve and praise the Lord each day; So when called from earth away, We'll enter Th'e-ter-nal day.

GENNIE HARDEN.
FAIRY NOONLIGHT.

1. Hail to the Queen of the Silent Night, Shine clear, shine bright, Yield thy pensive light; Blithe-ly we'll dance in thy silver ray.

2. Dost thy pure beams, from thy throne on high, Beam on through sky, Rob'd in azure dye, We'll laugh and shout while the night bird sings,

Happily passing the hours away. Must we not love the still-y night, Dress'd in her robes of blue and white? Heaven's arches ring,

Flapping the dew from his sable wings; Sprites love to sport in the still moonlight, Play with the pearls of Shad'-wy night; Then let us sing.
FAIRY MOONLIGHT. CONCLUDED.

Stars wink and sing, Hail, si-lent night.


Time's on the wing, Hail, si-lent night.


Ritard. PP

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. — "HAIL TO THE MONTH."

1. Hail to the month, to the cheer-ing month of May,
2. Now to the woods, to the woods a-way!
3. Hear the mer-ry war-blers on the spray, we will
4. All be as hap-py as hap-py as they.

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS. — "THE CHEERFUL DAY."

1. The cheer-ful day is dawn-ing I hear the cuckoo sing;
2. To ush-er in the morn-ing, And wel-come gen-tle spring.
3. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
4. I hear the Cuckoo, And welcome gen-tle spring.
Now the light fail-ing, Darkness pre-vail-ing. Na-ture re-po-ses: So the day clo-ses
See, the night cheer-ing, The moon now ap-pear-ing, Slowly ascend-ing, The

Now the light fail-ing, Darkness pre-vail-ing. Na-ture re-po-ses: So the day clo-ses
See, the night cheer-ing, The moon now ap-pear-ing, Slowly ascend-ing, The

stars her at-tend-ing: Now the light fail-ing, Darkness pre-vail-ing, Na-ture re-po-ses, So the day clo-ses, Nature re-po-ses, So the day clo-ses.

stars her at-tend-ing: Now the light fail-ing, Darkness pre-vail-ing, Na-ture re-po-ses, So the day clo-ses, Nature re-po-ses, So the day clo-ses.
THE
SACRED HARP.

PART I.
Consisting of Tunes Used by Worshipping Assemblies.

WILLIAM COWPER. Key, F Minor.

BETHEL. C. M. Psalmist, 691st Hymn.

1. Oh for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame! A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word!

3. What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd! How sweet their memory still! But now I find an aching void The world can never fill.

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

5. The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to rear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.
1. Far as thy name is known, 
The world declares thy praise: 
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne 
Their songs of honor raise.

2. Let strangers walk around 
The city where we dwell; 
Compass and view thy holy ground, 
And mark the dwelling well—

3. The order of thy house, 
The worship of thy court, 
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows— 
And make a fair report.

4. The God we worship now 
Will guide us till we die— 
Will be our guide while here below, 
And ours above the sky.

WELLS, L. M.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, 
The time t' insure the great reward; 
And while the lamp holds out to burn, 
The vilest sinner may return.

2. Life is the hour that God has given 
To escape from hell and fly to heaven; 
The day of grace and mortals may 
Secure the blessings of the day.

3. The living know that they must die, 
But all the dead forgotten lie; 
Their memory and their sense is gone, 
Alike unknowing and unknown.
FARIFIELD. C. M.

1. Come, humblest in whose breast A thousand thoughts resolve, Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, Ash make this last resolve. Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed and make this last resolve.

5. I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Has like a mountain rose; I know his love, I'll enter in whatever may oppose. I know his love, I'll enter in whatever may oppose.

3. Prostrate, I'll lie before his throne, And there my guilt confess: I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone, Without his sovereign grace. I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone, Without his sovereign grace.

TRIBULATION. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of C. Minor.  

1. Death, 'tis a melancholy day, To those who have no God, When the poor soul is forced away, To seek her last abode.

2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes, for guilt, a heavy chain, Still drags her downward from the skies, To darkness, fire, and pain.

3. Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell, Let stubborn sinners fear! You must be driven from earth and dwell alone forever there.
ROCHESTER. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of G

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne: Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be exalted thus: Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply, For he was slain for us.

3. Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ever thine.

PROSPECT. L. M.

GRAHAM.

1. Stretched on the cross the savior dies; Hark his expiring groans arise: See from his hands, his feet, his side, Runs down the sacred, crimson tide.

2. But life attends the deathful sound, And flows from every bleeding wound; The vital stream how free it flows, To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3. And didst thou bleed for sinner’s bleed? And could the sun behold the deed? No, he withdrew his sick-en-ing ray, And darkness veiled the mourning day.

4. Can I survey this scene of woe, Where mingling grief and wonder flow, And yet my heart un-moving remain, In-sen-si-ble to love or pain?
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

NINETY-THIRD PSALM. S. M. AARON CHAPIN. 81

1. Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear! Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived the way To save rebellious man; And all the steps that grace display Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace first inscribed my name In God's eternal book; 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sorrows took.

WEBSTER. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But favorites of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.

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

4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching through Emmanuel's ground To fairer world's on high.
1. Jesus, and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?

2. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon, Let midnight be ashamed of noon; 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He, Bright morning star bids darkness flee.

3. Ashamed of Jesus, sooner far, Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4. Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n depend! No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.

JOHN NEWTON.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Approach, my soul, the mercy seat, Where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly fall before his feet, For none can perish there.

2. Thy promise is my only plea, With this I venture nigh; Thou callest the burdened soul to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Satan sorely pressed, By war without, and fears within, I come to thee for rest.
RETREAT. L. M.

1. From ev'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.

2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds the oil of glad-ness on our heads; A place of all the earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy seat,

3. There is a scene where spirits blend; Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sunder'd far by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mercy seat.

ABBEVILLE. S. M.

1. Come, Hol-y spir-it come, With en-er-gy di-vine, And on this poor be-night-ed soul; With beams of mer-cy shine.

2. O melt this fro-zen heart; This stub-born will sub-due; Each e-vil pas-sion over-come, And form me all a-new

3. The prof-it will be mine, But thine shall be the praise; And unto thee will I de-vote The rem-nant of my days,
1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

I'll bid farewell to every fear, I'll bid, &c.,

CHARLES WESLEY. Key of F. MARTYN. 7s.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, Hide, me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide, me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

O safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

Fine

2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee: All my trust on thee is sted; All my help from thee I bring.

Leave, O leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me; All my trust on thee is sted; All my help from thee I bring.

Cover my defenceless head; With the shadow of thy wing.

D. C.
1. In mercy, Lord, re-member me, Through all the hours of night, And grant to me most gra-cious-ly The safe-guard of thy night.

2. With cher-ful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re-move: Oh in the morn-ing let me rise Re-joic-ing in thy love!

3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my tran-sient days, Oh, take me to thy promised rest, where I may sing thy praise.

MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the Worle go free? No; there's a cross for ev'-ry one, And there's cross for me.

2. How hap- py are the-saints a-bove, Once went sorrow-ing here; But now they taste un-min-gled love, Ane joy with-out a tear.

3. The con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear For there's a crown for me.
AMERICA. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS, Key of G Minor.

1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

2. His power subdues our sins; And his forgiving love, Whose anger &c. Far as the East is from the West, Doth all our guilt remove.

PRECIOUS JESUS, G. M.

P. DODRIDGE.

1. Jesus, I love thy charming name; 'Tis music to mine ear: Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heav'n might hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.

3. All my capacious power's can wish, to thee doth richly meet; Nor to my eyes is light so dear; Nor friendship half so sweet.
CHINA. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of B. Flat.

1. Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tending upward, too, As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the time more slow To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey their bodies to the tomb? 'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay, Amid its silent gloom.

4. The graves of all the saints he blest, And softened every bed; Where should the dying members rest But with their dying head?

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

M. C. H. DAVIS.

1. Young people all attention give, And hear what I shall say; I wish your souls with Christ to live In everlasting day.

2. Remember you are hast'ning on To death's dark gloomy shade; Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.

3. Young people all I pray then view The fountain opened wide, The spring of life opened for sin, Which flowed from Jesus side:
To Yon-der hills I raise my sight, Where all my suc-cor lies; My help is in that arm of might, That made the earth and skies.

He shall thy soul in safe-ty keep Thy foot from ev-ery snare; His eyes shall slum-ber not nor sleep, While Is-rael needs his care.

His arm shall ev-er be thy stay, A shade up-on thy right; The sun shall nei-ther smite by day, Nor chang-ing moon by night.

Thy head from e-vil he shall screen, Thy soul pre-serve in peace; Thy go-ing out and com-ing in, Till time and na-ture cease.

Jet not all my hopes be vain; Cre-ate my heart entirely new, Which hy-po-crites could ne’er attain, Which false apos-tates nev-er knew.

NEW YORK TUNE. C. M.

JONES. Key, B flat.

1. To Yon-der hills I raise my sight, Where all my suc-cor lies; My help is in that arm of might, That made the earth and skies.

2. He shall thy soul in safe-ty keep Thy foot from ev-ery snare; His eyes shall slum-ber not nor sleep, While Is-rael needs his care.

3. His arm shall ev-er be thy stay, A shade up-on thy right; The sun shall nei-ther smite by day, Nor chang-ing moon by night.

4. Thy head from e-vil he shall screen, Thy soul pre-serve in peace; Thy go-ing out and com-ing in, Till time and na-ture cease.

WINDHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of E Minor.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thous-ands walk to-gether there; But wis-dom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-eler.

2. 'Deny thy-self, and take thy cross,' Is the Re-deem-er’s great com-mand; Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav-enly land.

3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more, Is but es-teemed almost a saint, And makes his own de-struc-tion sure.

4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre-ate my heart entirely new, Which hy-po-crites could ne’er attain, Which false apos-tates nev-er knew.

DR. LOWELL MAISON.
DETOUR. C. M

Key of E Minor.

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Behold my heart and see; And turn each cursed idol out That dares to rival thee.

2. Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me nothing love; Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy Which thou dost not approve.

3. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock? I would disdain to feed? Hast thou a foe before Whose face I fear thy cause to plead?

Key of E Flat.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEAGH

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify, A never dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the present age, My calling to fulfill, O may it, all my powers engage To do my Master's will!

3. Arm me with jealous care As in Thy sight to live; And O, Thy servant. Lord, prepare A strict account to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thyself rely, Assured, if I my trust betray I shall forever die.
LENNOX. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound. The year

2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mournful souls be glad.

3. Exalt the Lamb of God, The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption through his blood Throughout the world proclaim, The year of Jubilee

4. The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, saved from earth appear Before your Saviour's face; The year of Jubilee is come; The year

SECOND HYMN.

CHARLES WESLEY,

1. Arise, my soul, arise,
   Shake off thy guilty fears;
   For me to intercede;
   My name is written on his hands. And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

2. He ever lives above,
   His all-redeeming love,
   Before the throne my Surety stands, His blood atoned for all our race.
   And, "Father, abba, Father," cry.

3. My God is reconciled.
   His pard'ning voice I hear;
   I can no longer fear;
   With confidence I now draw nigh.
1. Bless, O my soul, the living God; Call home my thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the pow'rs within me join In work and worship so divine.

2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace His favors claim the highest praise; Let not the wonders He hath wrought Be lost in silence and forgot.

3. Let ev'ry land his pow'r confess; Let all the earth adore his grace; My heart and tongue, with rapture join In work and worship so divine.

I'M GOING HOME.

1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous Worms we mortals are!
   Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife, Fright our approaching souls a-way;
   Still we shrink back again to life, Fond of our prison and our clay.

Chorus: I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more!
   To die no more, To die no more, I'm going home to die no more!

3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
   My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
   Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
   Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

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

SECOND HYMN.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair;
   Nor pain nor death can enter there;
   It's glitt'ring tow'r's the sun out shines;
   That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

2. My Father's house is built on high,
   Far far a-bove the starry sky;
   When from this earthly prison free,
   That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
CLAMANDA. L. M. D.

Key of E Minor.

Say now ye lovely Jacob's band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land;
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say do you wish to turn again? Oh! have you ventured to the field, Well armed with helmet, sword and shield;
And shall the world with dread alarm, Compel you now to ground your arms?

BALERMA. G. M.

Key of B Flat.

1. Oh happy is the man who hears instructing warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.

2. For she has treasures greater far Than east or west unfold; More precious are her bright rewards Than gems or stars of gold.

3. Her right hand offers to the just Immortal happy days; Her left, imperishable wealth And heav'nly crowns displays.
1. Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve, In this our evil day: To all thy tempted followers give The power to watch and pray.

2. Long as our fiery trials last, Long as the cross we bear D. S. O let our souls on thee be cast In never ceasing prayer.

3. The Spirit of interceding grace Give us in faith to claim; D. S. To wrestle till we see thy face, And know thy hidden name.

---

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

1. Sinner, art thou still secure? Wilt thou still refuse to pray? Can thy heart or hands endure D. S. In the Lord's avenging day?
THE CONVERTED THIEF.  C. M. D.

Key of B Flat.

1. As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died;
   He poured salvation on a wretch That languished at his side. His crimes with inward grief and shame, The penitent confessed:
   Then turned his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer addressed:

2. "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n! Thou spotless Lamb of God!
   I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And weeping in thy blood. Yet quickly from these scenes of woe, In triumph thou shalt rise;
   Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, And shine above the skies.

Key of E Flat.

1. Far from the narrow scenes of night, Unbound-ed glo ries rise, And realms of joy and pure delight, (Unknown to mortal eyes,) Unknown to mortal eyes.

2. Fair distant land! could mortal eyes, But half its charms explore, How would our spirits long to rise And dwell on earth no more, And dwell on earth no more.

3. No cloud those blissful regions know, Realms ever bright and fair! For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can never enter there, Can never enter there.

MORROW.  C. M.

LOWELL MASON.
NEW BRITIAN. C. M.

1. Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed!

3. The Lord has promised good to me: His word my hope secures: He will my shield and portion be As long as life endures.

4. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease, I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.

FLEMING. C. M.

1. To thee my Shepherd, and my Lord, A grateful song I'll raise; Oh! let the feeblest of thy flock Attempt to speak thy praise. My life, my joy, my hope I owe To this amazing love.

2. To thee my trembling spirit flies With sin and grief oppressed; Thy gentle voice dispels my fears, And lulls my care to rest. Lead on, dear Shepherd! led by thee, No evil shall I fear; Soon shall I reach thy fold above, And praise thee better there.
DUBLIN. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of A. Minor.

1. Lord, what is man, poor, fee-ble man, Born of the earth at first! His life a shadow, light and vain, still hasting to the dust.

2. O what is fee-ble, dy-ing man, Or an-y of his race, That God should make it his concern To vis-it him with grace.

3. That God, who darts his lightnings down, Who shakes the worlds above, And mountains tremble at his frown, How won-der-ous is his love.

AVON. C. M.

TOPLADY. Key of A. Flat.

1. When languor and de-case in-vade This trem-bling house of clay, 'tis sweet to look be-yond my pains, And long to fly a-way.

2. Sweet to look in-ward, and at-tend The whis-per of his love; Sweet to look up-ward, to the place Where Je-sus pleads a-bove.

3. Sweet to look back, and see my name in life's fair book set down; Sweet to look for-ward, and be-hold E-ter-nal joys my own;
PRIMROSE. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of A.

1. Salvation, O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we arise by grace divine, To see a heavenly day.

3. Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around; While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound

IDUMEA. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY Key of G. Minor, DAVISON.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this body down? And must my trembling spirit fly Into a world unknown.

2. A land of deepest shade, Unpierced by human thought; The dreary regions of the dead, Where all things are forgot!

3. Waked by the trumpet's sound, I from my grave shall rise; And see the Judge with glory crowned! And see the flaming skies,

4. Who can resolve the doubt That tears my anxious breast? Shall I be with the damned cast out Or numbered with the blest?
DEVOTION. L. M.

Key of B. Flat.

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

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

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

KEDRON. L. M.

Key of E. Minor.

DARE.

1. Welcome, thou well-belov’d of God, thou heir of grace, redeem’d by blood; Welcome with us thine hand to join, As partner of our love divine.

2. With us the pilgrim’s state embrace, We’re traveling to a blissful place; The holy Ghost who knows the way, Conducts thee from day to day.

3. Take up thy cross, and bear it on, It shall be light, and not be long; Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down, And wear an ever-lasting crown.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below; Praise him above ye heav'ly host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

1. Will God for ever cast us off? His wrath for ever smoke Against the people of his love— His little chosen flock?

2. Think of the tribes so dear-ly bought With the Redeemer's blood Nor let thy Zion be forgot Where once thy glory stood.

3. Where once thy churches pray'd and sung, Thy foes pro-fane-ly rage; Amid thy gates their en-signs hang, And there their host en-gage.

4. And still to height-en our dis-tress, Thy pres-ence is with-drawn; Thy wont-ed signs of pow'r and grace Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

5. No proph-ets speak to calm our grief, But all in si-lence mourn; Nor know the hour of our re-lief, The hour of thy re-turn.
1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes the waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him who rules the skies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats, The day renews the sound; Wide is the heaven on which he sits, To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame, My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de-lay.

1. On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry, Announces that the Lord is nigh; A-wake, and harken, for he brings Glad tidings of the King of Kings.

2. Then cleans'd be every breast from sin; Make straight the way for God with-in; Pre-pare we in our hearts a home, Where such a might-y Guest may come.

3. For thou art our sal-va-tion, Lord, Our refuge and our great re-ward; Without thy grace we waste a-way, Like flow'rs that with-er and de-cay.
1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

2. On the transporting, rapturous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight!

3. There generous fruits that never fail On trees immortal grow; There rocks, and hills, and brooks and vales, With milk and honey flow.

CHORUS.

Don't you feel like going home, Don't you feel like going home, My home is in the promised land, And I feel like going home.

Yes, I feel like going home, Yes, I feel like going home, My home is in the promised land, And I feel like going home.
ALBION. S. M.

Key of G.

1. Thy bounties, gracious Lord, With gratitude we own; We praise thy providential care, That showers its blessings down. That showers its blessings down.

2. With joy thy people bring Their offerings round thy throne, With thankful souls, behold we pay A tribute of thy own. A tribute of thy own.

3. O may this sacrifice, While at thy feet we bend, An odor of a sweet perfume To thee, the Lord, ascend. To thee, the Lord, ascend.

CHARLESTON.

Key of E Flat.

1. 'Mercy, O thou Son of David!' Thus poor blind Bartimeus prayed, 'Others by thy grace are saved, O vouchsafe to me thy aid."

2. For his crying many chide him, But he cried the louder still, Till the gracious Saviour bid him, Come and ask me what you will.

3. 'Lord, remove this grievous blindness, Let my eyes behold the day; Straight he saw—and won by kindness, Followed Jesus in the way.'
1. Jesus my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I see and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.

2. The way the holy prophets went; The road that leads from banishment; I'm on my journey home, The King's high-way of holiness, I'll go for all his paths are peace.

3. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief a burden long has been, Because I was not saved from sin.

4. The more I strove against its power I felt its weight and guilt the more; I'm on my journey home to the new Jerusalem. Till late I heard my Sav' er say, "Come other soul, I AM THE WAY."
GEORGIA. C. M.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His tender, last fare-well, A Guide, a Comforter be-quathed, With us on earth to dwell.

2. He came in tongues of living flame, To teach, con-vince, subdue; All pow-er-ful as the wind he came, And all as view-less, too.

3. He came sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing Guest While he can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to fix his rest.

4. Spir-it of pu-ri-ty and grace, Our weak-ness, pity-ing, see; O make our hearts thy dwell-ing place, Pur-er and worth-i-er thee!

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1. Far from my thot's, vain world be gone! Let my re-lig-ious hours a-lone: Fain would my eyes my Sav-iour see; I wait a vis-it, Lord, from thee.

2. My heart grows warm with ho-ly fire, And kind-les with a pure de-sire: Come, Je-sus Sav-iour, from a-bove, And feed my soul with heaven-ly love.

3. Bless'd Je-sus, what de-licious fare! How sweet thine en-ter-tain-ments are! Nev-er did an-gels taste a-bove Re-deem-ing grace and dy-ing love.
1. I praise thy name, O God of light, For rest and safety thro' the night; Beneath thy wing securely kept, I closed my eyes and sweetly slept.

2. Redeemed from weariness, I rise, To greet the light with cheerful eyes; And with the birds on joy-ful wing, My soul would rise, and gaily sing.

3. I thank thee, Lord, for all thy care, For all the bless-ings that I share—Life, reason, health, and home, and friends, And every gift thy goodness sends.

CHARLES WESLEY. Key of F.

1. Come, O thou tra-v-er un-known, Whom still I hold but can-not see; My com- pany be-fore 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.

2. I need not tell thee who I am; My sin and mis-e-ry de-clare; Thy-self hast called me by my name, Look on thy hands and read it there; But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3. In vain thou strug-glest to get free, I nev-er will un-lose my hold; Art thou the Man that died for me? The se-cret of thy love un-fold: Wrest-ling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy na-ture know.
SALEM. C. M.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liever's ear
   It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.

2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole
   And calms the trou-bled breast; 'Tis man-na to
   the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.

3. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought;
   But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.

ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY.

1. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
   Let the wa-ter and the blood From thy wound-ed side which flow'd,
   Be of sin the dou-ble cure Save from wrath and make me pure.

D.C.

2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know
   These for sin could not alone; Thou must save, and thou alone:
   In my hand no price I bring; simply to thy cross I cling.
CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. C. M.

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

2. 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 if I would reign; Increase my courage Lord. I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Support-ed by thy word.

CUSSETA. L. M.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
   Let a repent- ing sinner live; Are not thy mercies large and free?
   May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great but can't surpass
   The power and glo-ry of thy grace; Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
   So let thy pard'ning love be found.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of B Flat.

JOHN MASSENGALE.
PISGAH, C. M.

1. And let this feeble body fail; And let it droop or die. My soul shall quit this mournful vale, and soar to worlds on high.

2. Shall join the disembodied saints; And find its long sought rest. That only bliss for which it pants, In my Redeemer's breast.

3. In hope of that immortal crown I now the cross sustain; And gladly wander up and down, And smile at toil and pain.

1. Blest be the dear uniting love, That will not let us part; Our bodies may far off remove, We still are one in heart.
   In my Redeemer's breast. That
   And smile at toil and pain. And

2. Joined in one spirit to our Head, Where he appoints we go; And still in Jesus' footsteps tread And show his praise below.
   In my Redeemer's breast. That
   And smile at toil and pain. And

3. O may we ever walk in him. And nothing know beside,
   Nothing desire, nothing esteem, But Jesus crucified.
   Nothing desire, nothing esteem, But Jesus crucified.
HOLY MANNA. 8s & 7s.

1. Brethren, we have met to worship, And adore the Lord our God; Will you pray with all your power, While we try to preach the word? Brethren, pray, and holy manna Will be shower'd all around. All is vain unless the Spirit Of the Holy One come down; D.C.

2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you, Trembling on the brink of woe; Death is coming, hell is moving, Can you bear to let them go? See our fathers, see our mothers, And our children sinking down, D.C. Brethren, pray, and holy manna Will be shower'd all around.

3. Let us love our God supreme, Let us love each other too; Let us love and pray for sinners, Till our God makes all things new. Then he'll call us home to heaven, At his table we'll sit down; D.C. Christ will gird himself and serve us With sweet manna all around.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTTE.

JUST AS I AM.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot— To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, With fears within and foes without— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4. Just as I am—thine love unknown, Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, yes, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
SELMA. C. M. D.

Key of G.

1. When the world my heart is rending With its heaviest storm of care, There's a hand of mercy near me, Tho' the waves of trouble roar.
   My glad thoughts, to God as-cending, Find a refuge from des-pair. This the hope that shall sustain me Till life's pil-grim-age be past.
   There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er, Fears may vex and trouble pain me, I shall reach my home at last.

2. Oh! to rest in peace for-ev-er, Join'd with hap-py souls a-bove,
   Where no foe my heart can sev-er, From the Saviour whom I love! This the hope that shall sustain me Till life's pil-grim-age be past;
   Where no foe my heart can sev-er, From the Saviour whom I love! This the hope that shall sustain me Till life's pil-grim-age be past;

MALAND. 7s. Æ 6s.

Key of G.

1. Lord, I put my trust in thee, Preserve my hope from shame; Bow thy grace-ious ear to me, And save me for thy name. Be my refuge, rock, and tow'r. A house where I may hide;
   Since my for-tress is thy pow'r, My feet to safe-ty guilde.

2. First be God, who found me made A dy'n for-tress wall; "I'm cut off," I rash-ly said. But thou hast heard my call, God the faith-ful saint will guilde. The proud, in full, re-ward;
   He will strength for you pro-vide, All ye who trust the Lord.
I. Sweet rivers of redeeming love Lie just before my eyes,
Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd to those regions rise; I'd rise superior to my pain, With joy outstrip the wind I'd

2. A few more days or years at most My troubles will be o're;
I hope to join the heav'nly host On Canaan's happy shore; My raptur'd soul shall drink and feast, In love's unbounded sea; The

3. Then will I tune my harp of gold, To my eternal king;
Through ages which can ne'er be told I'll make thy praises ring:
All hail eternal Son of God! Who died on Calvary,
Who bought me with his precious blood from endless misery.

4. Salvation in sweet purling Streams, Through Canaan's land doth roll,
Proceeding from the throne of God, To sooth the pilgrim soul;
Ten thousand thousand glittering crowns All set with diamonds bright,
And there my smiling Jesus reigns, Who is my heart's delight.
1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweet-est union join,  
Your friendship's like a draw-ing band, Yet we must take the part-ing hand.  
Your company's sweet, your union dear, Your words delightful to my ear.

2. How sweet the hours have pass'd away, Since we have met to sing and pray;  
How loath we are to leave the place Where Jesus shows his smiling face. Oh, could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my drooping mind!  
But duty makes me understand, That we must take the parting hand.

3. And since it is God's holy will,  
We must be parted for a while,  
In sweet submission, all as one,  
We'll say our Father's will be done.  
My youthful friends, in Christian ties,  
Who seek for mansions in the skies,  
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,  
Where parting will be known no more.

4. How oft I've seen your flowing tears,  
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!  
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,  
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.  
Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes  
To glorious mansions in the skies;  
O trust his grace in Canaan's land,  
We'll no more take the parting hand.

CHO. Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord, Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord;  
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust;  
Jewels to thee are gaud-y toys, And gold is sor did dust.
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall: Bring forth the roy-al dia-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race— A rem-nant weak and small— Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

3. Ye Gen-tile sin-ners ne'er for-get The worm-wood and the gall: Go, spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

4. Let ev -'ry kin-dred, ev -'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, To him all maj-es-ty as-crieve, And crown him Lord of all.

5. O that, with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er -last -ing song, And crown him Lord of all.
NASHVILLE. 8, 8, 6.

Key of A.

The Lord into his garden come, The spices yield a rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive; Refreshing showers.

From Jesus flow to every vine, Which make the dead revive.

DAVIS. C. M.  

J. N. PITMAN.

Key of A.

1. Sweet is the friendly voice that speaks The words of life and grace, That bids the penitent rejoice, And sin and sorrow cease.

of grace divine, From Jesus flow to every vine,

2. No balm, like this Can cheer the contrite heart; No balm can bring such sure delight as this.
SWEET PROSPECT.  C. M.

1. My thoughts sur-mount these low-er skies; And look with-in the veil; There, springs of end-less pleas-ure rise, The wa-ters nev-er fail. There I be-hold with sweet de-light, The bless-ed Three in One.

2. My soul finds rest in Thee, My strength and stay. My quiet hope and peace, When all is tem-pestive.

3. His promise stands forever firm, His grace shall ne'er depart; He binds my name upon his arm, And seals it on his heart.

4. Light are the pains that nature brings; How short our sorrows are, When with eternal, future things, The present we compare.

5. I would not be a stranger still To that celestial place, Where I forever hope to dwell, Near my Redeemer’s face.
SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Key of G.

1. Thou oft- en here we're wea-ry, There is sweet rest a-bove, A rest that is e-ter-nal, Where all is peace and love.
   Oh, let us then press for-ward, That Glo-rious rest to gain; We'll soon be free from sor-row; From toil, and care, and pain;

2. Our Sa-viour will be with us, E'en to the jour-nay's end, In ev'-ry sore af-flic-tion, His pres-ent help to lend;
   He nev-er will grow wea-ry, Tho' of-ten we re-quest; He'll give us grace to con-qu'er, And take us home to rest.

Chorus.

There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

Repeat the Chorus pp.
COLUMBUS.  C. M.

Key of F Sharp Minor.

1. Oh, once I had a glorious view Of my redeeming Lord; He said, I'll be a God to you, And I believed his word. But now I have a deeper stroke Than all my groans can bear; My God has me of late forsaken. He's gone, I know not where.

2. Oh, what immortal joys I felt On that celestial day, When my hard heart began to melt, By love dissipated away! But my complaint is bitter now, For all my joys are gone; I've strayed! I'm left! I know not how! The light's from me withdrawn.

BILLLOW. 8s, 7s and 4.

Key of E Flat.

1. Star of peace to wanderers weary, Bright the beams that fall on me; Cheer the pilot's vision dreary, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.

2. Star of hope, gleam on the billow, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sailor's lonely pillow, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.

3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the billows rocking, Far, far at sea, Far, far at sea.
ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

1. The King of heav'n his table spreads, And blessings crown the board; Not par-a-dise, with all its joys, Could such de-light af- ford.
2. Par-don and peace to dy-ing men, And end-less life, are giv'n; Thro' the rich blood that Je-sus shed To raise our souls to heav'n.
3. Mil- lions of souls, in glo-ry now, Were fed and feast-ed here; And mil- lions more, still on the way, A-round the board ap-pear.
4. All things are read-y: come a-way, Nor weak ex-cus-es frame; Crowd to your pla-ces at the feast, And bless the found-er's name.

MIDDLEBURY. 5s, 6s and 9s.

1. Come a-way to the skies, My be-lov-ed a-rise, And re-joyce in the day thou was born; On this festi-val day, Come ex-alt-ing a-way, And with sing-ing to Zil-on re-turn.
2. We have laid up our love And our treas-ure a-bove, Though our souls con-tain be-low; The re-deemed of our Lord, We re-mem-ber his word, And with sing-ing to Par-a-dise go.
MINISTER'S FAREWELL. C. M.

1. Dear friends, farewell! I do go away and here you tell. Since you and I must part; your love to me has been most true. Your con-versation sweet. How can I bear to jour-ney where With you I can not meet?

2. Yet do I find my heart inclined To do my work below; When Christ doth call I trust I shall Be ready then to go. I leave you all both great and small, In Christ's en-circling arms. Who can you save from the cold grave, And shield you from all harm.

DISMISSION. L. M.

JOS. B. MOON. Key of F. THOS. W. LOFTIN.

1. Great God, dis-miss us in thy love, Di-rec't our minds and thoughts a-bove; Though we a-sun-der here must part, In ten-der love u-nite each heart.

2. Be with us, Lord, where'er we go; Di-rec't in all we see and do; Keep us from hurt-ful snares and sin; Watch o'er us till we meet a-again.

3. Be with us through the time of life; Keep us from en-vy, hate, and strife; From mal-ice let our lives be free, And know and wor-ship on-ly thee.
1. Sweet is the light of Sab-bath eve, And soft the sun-beam lin-ger-ing there, Far these blest hours the world I leave, Waft-ed on wings of faith and pray-er. The time how love-ly and how still! Peace shines and smiles on all be-low-

The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill, All fair with even-ing’s set-ting glow.

2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melt-ing heart and bleed-ing hands; O match-less kind-ness! and he shows This match-less kind-ness to his foes.

3. But will he prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver-y Friend you need! The Friend of sin-ners—yes, ’tis He, With gar-ments dyed on Cal-vary.
Key of A Minor.

1. My span of life will soon be done, The pass-ing mo-ments say, As length-ning shad-ows o'er the mead Pro-claim the close of day.

2.Cour-age, my soul! thy bit-ter cross, In ev'-ry tri-al here, Shall bear thee to thy heav'n a-bove, But shall not en-ter there. The

3. Soon will the toil-some strife be o'er Of sub-lun-ary care, And life's dull van-ities no more This anx-i-ous breast en-snare. Cour-

that my heart might dwell a-loof "From all cre-a-ted things," And learn that wis-dom from a-bove, Whence true con-tent-ment springs.

sigh-ing ones that hum-bly seek In sor-row-ing paths be-low, Shall in e-ter-ni-ty re-joice, Where end-less com-forts flow.

age, my soul! on God re-ly; De-liv'-rence soon will come! A thou-sand ways has prov-i-dence To bring be-liev-ers home.
MANOAH. C. M.

THOMAS HAWEIS. Key A Flat.

1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground, On which the Lord was laid; His sweat like drops of blood ran down: In agony he prayed.

2. Father, remove this bitter cup, If such thy sacred will; If not content to drink it up, Thy pleasure I fulfill.

3. Go to the garden sinner; see, Those precious drops that flow; The heavy load he bore for thee; For thee he lies so low.

BELLEVUE. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH. Key of A.

1. How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his exalted word, What more can be said than to you he hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2. In every condition in sickness; in health, In poverty’s vale or abounding in wealth, At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, As thy days may demand, so thy succor may be

3. Fear not; I am with you, O be not dismayed: I, I am your God, and will still give you aid; I’ll strengthen and help you, and cause you, to stand, upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
MARLOW. C. M.

JOHN CHETHAM.

1. To thee before the dawning light, My gracious God I pray; I meditate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.

2. My spirit faints to see thy grace, Thy promise bears me up; And while salvation long delays, Thy word supports my hope.

3. When midnight darkness veils the skies, I call thy works to mind; My thoughts in warm devotion rise, And sweet acceptance find.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Dr. THOMAS ARNE.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heav’n rejoice, let earth be glad And praise surround the throne,

2. To day he rose and left the dead, And Satan’s empire fell; To day the saints his triumphs spread, And all his wonders tell.

3. Hosanna to the highest strains, The church on earth can raise; The highest heav’ns, in which he reigns, Shall give him nobler praise.
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word, The glory of his cross.
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

Jesus, my God, I know his name; His name is all my trust;
His name is all my trust; His name is all my trust;
His name is all my trust;

KING OF PEACE. 7s.

1. Lord, I cannot let thee go, Till a blessing thou bestow: Do not turn away thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2. Dost thou ask me who I am? Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name: Yet the question gives a plea To support my suit with thee.

3. Thou didst once a wretch behold, In rebellion blindly bold, Scorn thy grace, thy power defy: That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
I WOULD SEE JESUS. C. M. D.

J. R. HOPKINS (Except first stanza.) Key of D Flat

L. P. BREEDLOVE.

1. I would see Jesus when the flow'rs Of joy a-dorn my way;
   When sun-shine and when hope sur-rounds My path from day to day. When friends I cher-ish most are near, And hearts en-cir-cle mine, Then,

2. I would see Jesus when my soul Is tried by sa-tan's pow'r,
   To lure me from the path of truth, I need Him ev'ry hour. His pres-ence brings me sweet relief, And makes my soul re-joice In

3. When rich-est bless-ings from a-bove 
   Comes to my sin-ful heart, 'Tis then I best can sing His love, To sa-tan say de-part, When trials sore op-press my mind And light shines from His face 'Tis

Father would I turn from all, To lean a-lone on thine.

dark-est hours Of un-belief, To hear my Sav-iours voice.

joy-ful then Such peace to find, And sing His pard'ning grace.

“COME UNTO ME.” Chant.

Key of C. W. B. BRADBURY.

With tear-ful eyes I look around,
With tear-ful eyes I look around,
With tear-ful eyes I look around.

Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear
Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear
Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear

Life worn a dark and
Life worn a dark and
Life worn a dark and

storm-y sea; a sound, A heaven-ly win-ter. Come to me.

It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my
It tells me where my

Oh! to the weary, faint,
Oh! to the weary, faint,
Oh! to the weary, faint,

soul may seek; opprest. How sweet the bid-ding. Come to me.
ZION. 8s, 7s and 4s.

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred hill stands.
   Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in bondage.
   God himself shall loose thy bands. Mourning captive.
   God himself shall loose thy bands.

2. Let thy sun rise in glory! God himself appears thy friend;
   All thy foes shall flee before thee; here their boasted triumphs end.
   Great deliverance Zion's King will surely send.
   Great deliverance Zion's King will surely send.

3. Enemies no more shall trouble, All thy wrongs shall be redressed!
   For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor blessed.
   All thy conflicts end in an eternal rest.
   All thy conflicts end in an eternal rest.

DESIRE FOR PIETY.

CHORUS.

Key of A Flat.

1. 'Tis my desire with God to walk, Till the warfare is over; hallelujah.
   And with his children pray and talk, Till the warfare is over; hallelujah.
   Cry Amen, pray on till the warfare is over, hallelujah.

2. May God accept my daily vows, Till the warfare is over; hallelujah.
   Like morning incense in thy house, Till the warfare is over; hallelujah.
   Cry Amen, pray on till the warfare is over, hallelujah.

3. So let my nightly worship rise, Till the warfare is over; hallelujah.
   Sweet as the evening sacrifice, Till the warfare is over; hallelujah.
   Cry Amen, pray on till the warfare is over, hallelujah.
1. Soul, then know thy full sal-va-tion, Rise o'er sin and pre-sent care;  
Joy to find in ev-ery sta-tion, Some-thing still to do or fear;  
Think what spir-it dwells with-in, Think what heav'n-ly bliss is thine,  
Think that Je-sus died to save thee, Child of Heav'n, canst thou re-pine?  

2. A stran-ger in the world be-low, I calm-ly re-turn here;  
Nor can its hap-pi-ness or woe Pro-voke my hope or fear.  
The e-vils in a mo-ment end, Its joys as soon are past.  
But of the bliss to which I tend E-ver-al-ly shall last.
COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

English Melody.

Key of G.

1. Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now he will save you. He will save you just now.

3. He is able, etc. 4. He is willing, etc. 5. He is ready, etc. 6. He is waiting, etc. 7. He'll forgive you, etc.
THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Key of E. Flat.

1. What ship is this that will take us all home, Oh! glory hallelujah!
   And safely land us on Canaan's bright shore! &c.

2. The winds may blow and the billows may foam, Oh! glory hallelujah!
   But she is able to take us all home, &c.

3. No wrecks on sandbars or dangers attend, Oh! glory hallelujah!
   For Jesus He is our captain and Friend. &c.

Oh! the old ship of Zion, hallelujah, hallelujah!

BROWN. C. M.

Key of B. Flat.

1. I love to steal a while away from ev'ry cumbr'ing care, And spend the hours of setting day, in humble, grateful prayer.

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

CHO. I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there to; I want to go where Jesus is, I want to go there to.
SHOUTING SONG. 8s and 7s.

JOHN BOWRING.  Key of F Minor.  

1. God is love; his mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love. Shout, O glory! sing glory, hallelujah! I'm going where pleasure never dies.

2. Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays and ages move; But his mercy waneth never; God is wisdom, God is love. Shout, O glory! sing glory, hallelujah! I'm going where pleasure never dies.

SERVICE OF THE LORD.

E. J. KING.

1. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home; I am bound to die in the army. My Saviour smiles and bids me come; I am bound to die in the army. I am bound to live in the service of my Lord, I am bound to die in the army.

2. Sweet angels beckon me away; I am bound to die in the army. To sing God's praise in endless day; I am bound to die in the army. I am bound to live in the service of my Lord, I am bound to die in the army.
1. Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus readily stands to save you. Full of pity, joined with power. He is able, He is able. He is willing, doubt no more. He is able. He is able.


TO-DAY. 6s and 4s P.

1. To-day the Saviour calls—Ye wanderers home. O ye be-night-ed souls, Why longer roam.

2. To-day the Saviour calls—O hear him now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
BOUND FOR CANAAN. 7s and 6s.

JOHN LELAND.  Key of B Flat.  

CHORUS  

E. J. KING.

1. O when shall I see Je-sus, And reign with him a-bove? And from the flow-ing foun-tain, Drink ever-last-ing love? I'm on my way to Ca-naan, I'm on my way to Ca-naan, I'm on my way to Ca-naan, To the New Je-su-sa-lem.

2. When shall I be de-liv-ered From this vain world of sin, And with my bless-ed Je-sus Drink end-less pleas-ures in? I'm on my way to Ca-naan, I'm on my way to Ca-naan, I'm on my way to Ca-naan, To the New Je-rus-a-lem.

FRANKLIN. C. M.  LOWELL MASON.

1. I love the Lord, he heard my cries, And pit-ied ev-ery groan: Long as I live when trou-bles rise, I'll hast-en to his throne. I'll hast-en to his throne.

2. I love the Lord, he bowed his ear, And chased my grief a-way: O let my heart no more de-spair, While I have breath to pray, While I have breath to pray

3. The Lord be-held me sore dis-tressed, He bade my pains re-move: Re-turn, my soul, to God, thy rest, For thou hast known his love, For thou hast known his love,
VALE OF SORROW. P. M.  B. F. WHITE.

While in this vale of sorrow, I travel on in pain; My heart is fix'd on Jesus, I hope the prize to gain; But when I come to bid adieu To those I dearly love, My heart is often melt'd—It is the grief of love.

LISBON. S. M.  DANIEL REID.

1. Welcome sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

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

3. One day, amid the place Where Christ, my Lord, hath been, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Within the tents of sin.
BOYLSTON.  S.  M.

Key of C.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live if thou re - move; For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shin - ing grace can cheer This dun - geon where I dwell; 'Tis par - a - dise when thou art here, If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smil - ings of thy face, How am - i - able they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine em - brace, And no - where else but there.

LABAN.  S.  M.

Key of C.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2. Oh! watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down; Thy ar - duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
REST FOR THE WEARY.

Key of C. SAMUEL Y. HARMER.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest; There my Saviour's gone before me, To fulfil my soul's request.

2. He is fitting up my mansions, Which eternally shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land.

3. Pain and sickness never shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share, But, in that celestial center, I a crown of life shall wear.

4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory—Shout your triumphs as ye go; Zion's gates will open for you, Ye shall find and entrance through

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary—There is rest for the weary—There is rest for the weary—There is rest for you.

On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming—There is rest for you.
VARINA. C. M.

From Rink, by Geo. F. Root.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

There everlast-ing spring abides And never-withering flow'rs; Death like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea; And linger, shivering, on the brink And fear to launch a-way.
SWEET CANAAN.

CHORUS

1. Oh! who will come and go with me! I am bound for the land of Ca-naan.
   I'm bound for the land of Ca-naan, O! Ca-naan, sweet Ca-naan, I'm bound for the land of Ca-naan, Sweet Ca-naan. 'Tis my

2. I'll join with those who were gone before. I am bound for the land of Ca-naan.
   Where sin and sorrow are no more. I am bound for the land of Ca-naan, O! Ca-naan, Sweet Ca-naan, I'm bound for the land of Ca-naan, Sweet Ca-naan. 'Tis my

ANOTHER YEAR. 4s and 6s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. An- other year Has told its four-fold tale, And still I'm here, A trav'-ler in this vale.

2. Ah! not a few Who seem'd life's toil to brave, Are hid from view, With-in the sil-ent grave.

3. Why am I spar'd To see an-oth-er year? Why have I shar'd So man-y mer-cies here.
DONE WITH THE WORLD. L. M.

1. Je-sus, my all to heaven is gone, And I don't expect to stay much longer here.
   He whom I set my hopes upon, And I don't expect to stay much longer here. I am done with the world, and I want to serve the Lord, and I don't expect to stay much longer here.

2. His track I see, and I'll pur-sue, And I don't expect to stay much longer here.
   The narrow way, till him I view, And I don't expect to stay much longer here. I am done with the world, and I want to serve the Lord, and I don't expect to stay much longer here.

OLIVET. 6s and 4s.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly thine!

2. May thy rich grace impart strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm and changeless be. A living fire!

3. Alleluia! The dark mass I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide: Bid darkness e'en turn to day. Wipe not thy tears away Nor let me ever stray From thee a side.
Key of A Flat.

1. Well may thy servants mourn, my God, The church's des - o - la - tion;
The state of Zl - on was a - loud For grief and la - men - ta - tion. Once she was all a - live to thee, And thou - sands were con - vest - ed. But now a sad re - vi - ven we see. Her glo - ry is de - part - ed.

Key of E.

1. Ev - ry hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend un - faith - ful prove;
Mothe - ers cease their own to cher - ish; Heav - en and earth at last re - move; But no chang - es can a - vert a fath - ers love.

2. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre - cious in his sight: God is with thee, God thine ev - er - last - ing light.
My horn is all on you; I call. Arise and look a-round you.

How many foes, bound to oppose, Who're waiting to confound you! The gospel calls on Zion's walls, Shake off your sleep and slumber! Arise and pray, we'll win the day, Thou we are few in number.

SHETLAND. 11s and 8s.

1. Jehovah, how many would make me a prey, What numbers are seeking my blood!

   Jehovah, how many who scornfully say, "No hope shall he find in his God;" And ever about me thy shield dost thou spread, Thy name is my glory that lifts up my head.

2. Jehovah, will I as my helper invoke, From Zion be heard my complaint;

   I've laid my self down, and have slept and awaked, His favor my hope will sustains: Ten thousand of foes shall not make me afraid, Ten thousand a-round me in lust-ful arrayed.
ASSURANCE. C. M.

Key of F.

Now shall my soul be lift-ed high, be lift-ed high above my foes a-round,
And songs of joy and vic-to-ry With-

Now shall my soul be lift-ed high, be lift-ed high above my foes a-round,
And songs of joy and vic-to-ry With-in thy tem-ple found,

Now shall my soul be lift-ed high, be lift-ed high above my foes a-round,
And songs of joy and vic-to-ry With-

Now shall my soul, etc.

in thy tem-ple found, With-in thy tem-ple found.

in thy tem-ple found, With-in thy tem-ple found.

In dark-est shades it thou ap-pear. My dawn-ing is be-gin-

My God, the spring of all my joys. The life of my de-light;
The glo-ry of my bright-est days. And com-fort of my night;

in thy tem-ple found, With-in thy tem-ple found.

in thy tem-ple found, With-in thy tem-ple found.

found, found, With-in thy tem-ple found.

found, found, With-in thy tem-ple found.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of G.

Fine

D. C.
A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

A little talk with Jesus, How it smooths the rugged road; How it serves to help me on-ward, When I sink beneath my load:

When my heart is bowed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dimed; There's naught can yield me comfort, Like a little talk with him.
BETHANY. 6s and 4s.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee;
   E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me,
   Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,
   Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

2. Tho' like a wanderer, Daylight all gone,
   Dark-ness o-ver me, My rest a stone. Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee,
   Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

3. There let the way appear Steps up to heav'n;
   All that thou send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee,
   Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

NOTTING HILL. C. M.

Key of B Flat.

1. My shep-herd will sup- ply my need; Je-ho-vah is his name; In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be-side the liv-ing stream.

2. He brings my wand'-ring spir-it back, When I for-sake his ways; And leads me, for his mer-cy sake; In paths of truth and grace.
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN:

William Cowper.

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

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away.

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a no-bler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave.

SECOND HYMN. SUTTON.

1. Hail! sweetest, dearest tie that binds, Our glowing hearts in one: Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds, To joys before unknown.

2. What though the northern winter blast, May howl around your cot: What though beneath an eastern sun, Be cast our distant lot?

3. From Burmah's shore, from Af-ric's strand, From India's burning plain; From Europe, from Columbia's land, We hope to meet again.

4. No lingering look, no parting sigh, Our future meeting knows: There friendship beams from ev'ry eye, And love immortal glows.
SAMSON OCCUM. Key of D

GANGES. C. P. M.

1. A-waked by sin's awful sound, My soul in gains and shrill I sound. And know not where to go; O'erwielded with sin, with anguish slain. The sinner must be born again, Or sink in endless woe.

2. Amazed I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell. For death and hell drew near; I strove, Indeed, but strove in vain. "The sinner must be born again," Still sounded in my ear.

3. When to the law I trembling fled. If pour'd its curses on my head, I no relief could find; This fearful truth increased my pain. "The sinner must be born again," O'whelm'd my tortured mind.

MARGARET MACKAY. Key of D.

REST. L. M. Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and un-dis-turb'd re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

2. A-sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-premely blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man-ifests the Saviour's pow'r

3. A-sleep in Je-sus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be! Secure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.
HAPPY MATCHES. 8, 8, 6. or C. P. M.

B. F. WHITE and KING. Arr.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransom’d people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a

2. I love to meet thy people now, Before thy feet with them to bow, Though vilest of them all; But can I

3. O Lord, prevent it by thy grace; Be thou my only hiding place, In this th’ accepted day; Thy pardoning

4. And when the final trumpet shall sound, Among the saints let me be found, To bow before thy face: Then in tri-

worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

hear the piercing thought?—What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call?

voice, O, let me hear, To still my unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.

umbiant strains I’ll sing, While heav’n’s resounding mansions ring With praise of sovereign grace.
I WILL ARISE. 8s and 7s.

1. Come thou fountain of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

2. Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy redeeming love.

3. Oh! to grace how great a debtor, Daily I'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wondering heart to thee.

CHORUS— I will rise and go to Jesus, He'll embrace me in his arms, In the arms of my dear Saviour, O, there are ten thousand charms.

AMERICA. 6s and 4s.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

2. Our father's God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing; Long may our land be right With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.
1. Why should we at our lots complain,
    Or grieve at our distress;
Some think if they could riches gain,
    They'd gain true happiness.  
Ah! we're much to blame, We're all the same—A-like we're made of clay.

Then since we have a Saviour dear,
    Let's drive all care a-way.

2. The only circumstance of life,
    That ever I could find
To soften cares and temper strife Was a contented mind: When we've this in store,
    We have much more Than wealth could e'er convey:

Then since we have a Saviour dear,
    Let's drive all care a-way.

---

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear; And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wound-ed spirit whole, And calms the troubl'd breast; 'Tis man-na to the hun- gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest; And to the wea-ry, rest.
1. Hark how the gospel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the world the echo bounds; (And Jesus by,) And Jesus by re-
   
2. Hail! all victorious, conquering Lord! By all the heav'ly host ador'd, (Who undertook) Who undertook for
   
3. Fight on, ye conquering saints, fight on, And when the conquest you have won, (Then palms of vict-) Then palms of vict-
   
   And Jesus by, &c.
   
   dying blood Is bringing sinners home to God, And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.
   
   fallen man And brought salvation through thy name, That we with thee might live and reign In endless day.
   
   'ry you shall bear, And in his kingdom have a share, And crowns of glory you shall wear In endless day.
THE BOWER OF PRAYER. 11s.

1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart, Like those of another bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread, And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head; How oft have I

2. The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale, That dwell in my bower, I observed as my bell, To call me to How sweet are the zephyrs perfumed by the pine, The ivy, the balsam, and wild eg兰tine; But sweeter still

3. For Jesus my Sav'nour oft deign'd there to meet, And blessed with his presence my humble retreat; Oft fill'd me with

4. Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu, And pay my devotion in parts that are new; For Jesus my

sent-ing myself for a day From that blessed retreat, where I've chosen to pray; Where I've chosen to pray.

knelt on the evergreen there, And pour'd out my soul to my Sav'nour in prayer, To my Sav'nour in prayer.

duty while birds of the air sweeter, su-per-la-tive were Sang The anthems of praise, as I went to prayer, As I went there to prayer.

rep-ture and bless-ed ness there, In-dict-ing, in heaven's own language, my prayer, Own language my prayer.

Sav'nour re-sides eve-ry where, And in all places give answer to prayer, Give answer to prayer.
CANAAN'S LAND. C. M. D.

Key of G. FINE E. J. KING. Arr. THOS. W. LOFTIN. D. C.

Oh for a breeze of heavenly love To waft my soul a-way
To that celestial world above, Where pleasures ne'er de-cay!

E-ter-nal spirit deign to be My pilo-t here be-low,
To steer through life's tem-pit-ous sea, Where storm-y winds do blow.

HOLY CITY. 7s and 6s.

Key of E Minor.

There is a ho-ly ci-ty. A happy world a-bove,
Be-yond the star-ry re-gions, Built by the God of love. An everlasting temple, And saints array'd in white; They serve their great Redeemer, And dwell with him in light.
See how the Scriptures are fulfilling, Poor sinners are returning home.
The time that prophets were foretelling, With signs and wonders now is come. The gospel trumpets now are blowing From sea to sea, from land to land God's Holy

Spirit down is pouring, And Christians joining heart and hand.

*Child* A sin and sorrow, Fill'd with dismay, Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee today; Hear's this thee come. While yet there's room.
ANIMATION. C. M.

1. Jerusalem, my happy home, O how I long for thee! When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most glorious to behold; Thy gates are richly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.

3. Thy garden and thy pleasant green, My study long have been; Such sparkling light by human sight, Has never yet been seen.

4. Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace, And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabaths ne'er end.

Thy joys when shall I see, Thy joys when shall I see; When will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy streets are paved with gold, Thy streets are paved with gold, Thy gates are richly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.

Has never yet been seen, Has never yet been seen, Such sparkling light by human sight, Has never yet been seen.

And Sabaths never end, And Sabaths never end, Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabaths never end.
THE LOVELY STORY. 8s.

E. J. KING. Arr. D. S.

1. A story most lovely I'll tell Of Jesus, (O wondrous surprise!) He suffered the torments of hell, That sinners, vile sinners might rise. He left his exalted abode, When man by transgression was lost, Appeasing the wrath of a God: He shed forth his blood as the cost.

2. Oh, did my dear Jesus thus bleed, And pity a ruin'd lost race? Oh, whence did such mercy proceed, Such boundless compassion and grace? His body bore anguish and pain, His spirit most sunk with the load, A short before he was slain, His sweat was as great drops of blood.

ALL-SAINTS. L. M.

W. KNAPP.

1. Who shall ascend thy heaven-ly place, Great God, and dwell before thy face? The man that loves religion now, And humbly walks with God below.

2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean, Whose lips still speak the thing they mean; No slanderers dwell upon his tongue; He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
1. How charming is the place Where my Redeemer God Unveils the glories of his face, And sheds his love abroad.

2. Here on the mercy seat, With radiant glory crowned, Our joyful eyes behold him sit, And smile on all around.

3. To him their prayers and cries, Each contrite soul presents; And while he hears their humble sighs, He grants them all their wants.

**TURN, SINNER, TURN.**

Key of D Minor.

To-day if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; Say, will you to mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ, or no? Oh! turn, sinner, turn, May the Lord help you turn, Oh! turn, sinner, turn, Why will you die?

2. Say, will you be forever blest, And with this glorious Jesus rest? Will you be saved from guilt and pain? Will you with Christ forever reign? Chorus.
1. My latest sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run; My strong-est tri-als now are past, My tri-umph is be-gun.

2. I know I'm near the ho-ly ranks Of friends and kin-dred dear; I brush the dews on Jo- dan’s banks, The cross-ing must be near. O com- a, an- gel-band,

3. I've al-most gain’d my heav'n-ly home; My spir-it loud-ly sings; The ho-ly ones, be-hold they come! I hear the noise of wings,

Come, and a-round me stand; O bear me a-way on your snow-y wings To my im-mor-tal home, O bear me a-way on your snow-y wings To my im-mor-tal home.
GONE TO REST.

1. Our loving one has gone to rest, In heaven now she's ever blest; In heaven now she waiting stands, To

2. She called each one around her bed, And thus in dying words she said; My days on earth are at an end, My

3. I can no longer stay with you, I now must cross o'er jordan's shore; The Saviour calls and I must go, Fare-

CHORUS.

Welcome us to that blest land. O glorious thou'lt we'll meet again, And with the angels we will sing; Yes we will sing.

Well fare-well to all below. O glorious thou'lt we'll meet again, And with the angels we will sing; Yes we will sing.

In memory of sister who departed this life Nov. 17th 1900.
THE TRAVELER. 7s.

CHORUS

A. OGLETREE.

Key of A Minor.

1. Trav'-ler haste, the night comes on, Many a shin-ing hour is gone; Storm is gather-ing in the west, And you are so far from home. Oh, come, trav'-ler, haste a-way, You must walk while it is day; O come, trav'-ler haste a-way.

2. Far from home thy foot-steps stray: Christ the life, and Christ the way. Christ the light, you set-ting sun, Ere the noon is scarce be-gun. Oh, come, trav'-ler, haste a-way, You must walk while it is day; O come, trav'-ler haste a-way.

WEEPING SINNERS. 7s.

J. P. REESE.

Key of B Flat.

1. Weep-ing sin-ners, dry your tears, Je-sus on the throne ap-ears; Mer- cy comes with balm-y wings, His you his sal-va-tion sing.

2. Peace he brings you by his death, Peace he speaks with sev'-ey breath; Can you slight such heaven-ly charms. flee, oh, flee to Je-sus arms.

You will find in Christ the way.

You will find in Christ the way.
Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet,
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet,
And join the full chorus that glads the skies.

1. Jesus, Saviour of my soul; Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high:
Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.
Key of E Minor.

Washington. L. M. D.

What solemn sound the ear invades, What wraps the land in sorrows shade? From heav'n the awful mandate flies, The Father of a nation dies. Where shall our nation

Where shall our nation turn its eye, What help remains beneath the sky? Our friend, protector, strength and trust, Lies low and mouldering in the dust.

Our friend, protector, strength and trust. Lies low and mouldering in the dust.

Our friend, protector, strength and trust. Lies low and mouldering in the dust.
JOURNEY HOME. L. M.

R. H. WALTON. Key of G.

CHORUS

R. F. M. MANN.

1. O. who will come and go with me? I'm on my jour-ney home;
   I'm bound fair Ca-naan's land to see, I'm on my jour-ney home. Oh, come and go with me; For I'm on my journey home, Home, sweet home, Bless the Lord.

2. With Je-sus ever near my side, I'm on my jour-ney home;
   Secure in Him I now abide, I'm on my jour-ney home. Oh, come and go with me; For I'm on my journey home, Home, sweet home, Bless the Lord.

EVERETT. C. M.

G. T. NOEL. Key of E Flat.

1. When mus-ing sor-row weeps the past, And mourns the pres-ent pain, 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.

2. 'Tis not that mu m'ring thoughts a-rise, And dread a fa-ther's will; 'Tis not that meek sub-mis-sion slies, And would not suf-fer still.

N. E. EVERETT.
Ye golden lamps of Heav'n fare-well, With all your fee-bie light: Fare-well, thou ever chang-ing moon, Pale em-press of the night. And thou re-ful-gen

And thou re-ful-gen orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed; My soul which springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thy aid.

orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed; And thou re-ful-gen orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed; My soul which springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thy aid.

And thou re-ful-gen orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed; My soul which springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thy aid.

orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed; In brighter flames arrayed; My soul which springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thy aid.
THE BETTER COUNTRY. C. M. D.

1. O better country far away, In fade- less beauty dress'd,
Where toil-worn pilgrims soon shall lay Their bur-dens down and rest. No dreaded plague nor art-ful foe, Their presence there invades; D. C.

D. C. Delights un-fold they each shall know, In thy em-bow'ring shades.

2. O, City fair thy gates for me Thy King shall soon un-fold;
Within thy Courts I soon shall be And walk thy streets of gold. We now the dawn of glory know, We sight the distant towers. D. C.

D. C. We catch the fra- grance here below From thy Celestial bow'rs.

3. O better country far away, Whose glories none can tell,
Who would on earth for-ever stay Or weep to say fare-well, I soon shall reach the mansions blest, From sin and sor-row free; D. C.

D. C. To kindred hearts we shall be press'd And Zinn's King shall see.

REV. C. W. RAY. Key of A Flat. 

LOFTIN. 7s. 

REV. C. W. RAY. Key of F. 

JOHN R. BRYANT. 

1. Sav-iour hear us while we pray, Drive each tempt-ing doubt a-way, Cleanse, re-new and make us whole, Reign su-pre-mre in ev-ery soul.

2. Lead us on-ward day by day, And thro' all life's change-ful way; Make us thine and whol-ly thine. Gird us by thy pow'r di- vine.
TRUSTING.

Ere since I knew His wond'rous love, I'm resting on the Lord;
He's promised me a home above, I'm trusting, trusting in His word.
I'm trusting, trusting in His word.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY. 7s and 6s.

Key of G.

When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation,
Thousands sleeping in their sins, Slighting their salvation.
Lo, the bridegroom is at hand, Who will kindly treat him? Sure-ly all the waiting band Will now go forth to meet him.
EDMONDS. 7s and 6s.

CHORUS

1. When Adam was created, He dwelt in Eden's shade,
   As Moses has related, Before a bride was made.

Ten thousand times ten thousand, Of creatures swarmed around.  For a bride was formed, Or a mate was found.

2. He had no consolation, But seemed so very lone
   Till, to his admiration, He found he'd lost a bone

DUKE STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS  Key of E Flat.

1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels filled the sky; Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state.

2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear More glorious, when the Lord was there; While he pronounced his holy law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3. How bright the triumph none can tell, When the rebellious powers of hell, Ten thousand souls had captive made, Were all in chains, like captives led.
1. O, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2. O, happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merit all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
TIMMONS.  C. M.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray: I am for-ev-er thine; I fear be-fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin. And

2. I pray this ev’n-ing sac-ri-fice; And when my work is done, Great God, my faith and hope re-hes Up-on thy grace a- lone. Thus,

while I rest my wea-ry head, From cares and bus’ness free, 'Tis sweet con-vers-ing on my bed With my own heart and thee.

with my thoughts com-pos’d to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep; Thy hand in safe-ty keeps my days, And will my slum-bers keep.
1. Sister thou wast mild and lovely,
   Gentle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening;
   When it floats among the trees.

2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
   Peaceful in the grave so low;
   Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shall know.

3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
   Here thy loss we deeply feel;
   But 'tis God that hath bereft us, He can all our sorrow heal.

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee,
   When the day of life is fled;
   Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee. Where no farewell tear is shed.

ENON. 10s.

1. Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime, In full activity of zeal and power;
   A Christian cannot die before his time, The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2. Go to the grave at noon from labor cease; Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done,
   Come from the heat of batt'ry and of peace, Sold'r go home; with thee the fight is done.

3. Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
   And all the ransomed by that narrow way, Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
HEAVEN'S MY HOME. 11s.

Chorus

R. H. DAVIS & J. S. TERRY.

1. Come, all my dear brethren and help me to sing: I'm going to Jesus, he's heaven's great King.
   His banner is flying, his spoil are un - fur - tailed. Heaven's my home, Heaven's my home. I am going to Jesus, for heaven's my home.

2. We'll sing of the good-news of Zion's great King. Then join with us, sisters, and help us to sing: His good Spirit taught us how sin - ful sin. He showed us his Kingdom and then brought us.
   Heaven's my home, Heaven's my home. I am going to Jesus, for heaven's my home.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT.  Key of F.  DENNIS.  S. M.

H. G. NAGELL.

1. Best be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

2. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual bur - dens bear; And of - ten for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thez - ing tear.
The Lord Je-hovah reigns, And royal state main-tains; His head with aw-ful glo ries crowned, Array'd in robes of light, Be-girt with sov'reign might, And rays of ma-jes-ty a-round, Ar-ray'd in robes of light, And rays of ma-jes-ty a-round, And rays of ma-jes-ty a-round.
Not many years their rounds shall roll, Each moment brings it nigh, 
Ere all its glories stand revealed, To our admiring eye. Ye wheels of nature, 
speed your course, Ye mortal pow's, decay; Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring eternal day.
ALL IS WELL. P. M.

1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame! Is it death? is it death? Is it death? is it death? If this be death, I

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me, All is well! all is well! All is well! all is well! There's not a cloud that

soon shall be From ev'ry pain and sorrow free, I shall the King of glory see. All is well! All is well!

doth a rise, To hide my Jesus from my eyes, I soon shall mount the upper skies. All is well! All is well!
THE DYING CHRISTIAN. 8s and 11s.

E.J. KING.

Key of G.

1. Ye objects of sense, and en-joy-ments of time, Which oft have delighted my heart, I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime, For joys that shall never depart.

2. Thou Lord of the day, and thou queen of the night, To me ye no long-er are known: I soon shall be-hold with in-creas-ing de-light, A sun that shall never go down.

3. Ye won-der-ful orbs that as-ton-ish my eyes, Your glories recede from my sight: I soon shall con-tem-plate more beautiful skie, And stars more resplendently bright.

CROSS OF CHRIST. G. M. D.

Key of G Minor.

L. P. BREEDLOVE.

The cross of Christ in-spires my heart, To sing re-deem-ing grace; Oh, who can be com-par’d to him Who died up-on the tree?

A-wake, my soul, and bear a part, In my Re-deem-er’s praise. This is my dear, de-light-ful theme, That Je-sus died for me.
1. I hear a low, faint voice which says, Father and mother's dead; It comes from the poor orphan child. That must be clothed and fed. It comes from the poor orphan child. That must be clothed and fed. It

2. But now we see those once-tried cards, Hang care less 'round their brow: They say to me, my father's dead. And I've no mother now. They say to me, my father's dead. And I've no mother now. They

Oh, Saviour, every orphanosis, Wherever they may roam. Bless every hand that lends them aid. And bless the orphan's home. Bless every hand that lends them aid. And bless the orphan's home. Bless

comes from a poor orphan child That must be clothed and fed.

CHORUS

say to me my father's dead. And I've no mother now. Saviour lead them by the hand. Till they all can reach thy grand; Saviour lead them by the hand. Till their trav'ling here is done.

ev'ry hand lends them aid. And bless the orphan's home.

ABIDE WITH ME. 10s.

REV. H. F. LYTE. Key of E Flat. W. M. H. MONK.

1. A bide with me! fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness deep-en's, Lord with me a-bide! When oun-der help-less fall, and com-forts are, Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me!

2. Swift to its close glide out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim its glo ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O thou, who chang'est not a-bide with me!

3. I need thy pres-ence ev'-ry pass ing-hour; What but thy grace can tol the tem per's pow'er? Who, like thy self my guide and stay can be? Thou cloud and sun shine, Lord, a-bide with me!

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of G. HANDEL.

1. My soul re peat his praise; Whose mer-cies are so great; Whose an ger is so slow to rise, So read y to a bate.

2. God will not al ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are few er than our crimes, And light er than our guilt.

3. High as the heav'ns are raised A bove the ground we tread, So far the rich es of his grace Our high est thoughts ex ceed.
BABEL'S STREAMS.  C. M.

By Babel's streams we sat and wept, While Zion we thought on; Amidst thereof we hung our harps, The willow trees upon. With all the pow' r and skill I have, I'll gently touch each string; If I can reach the charming sound, I'll tune my harp again.
GREENFIELDS. 6s.

J. N. WEBB. 7s and 6s.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Let high His royal banner, It must not suffer loss; From vict'ry unto vict'ry His army shall he lead, 'Till ev'ry foe is vanquish'd And Christ is Lord indeed.

2. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict, In this his glorious day; "Ye that are men now serve him," Against unnumbered foes! Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.

2. On the trans-port-ing, rap-t'rous scene, That ris-es to my sight! Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light,

3. There gen-rous fruits that nev-er fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow; There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales, With milk and hon-ey flow.

4. All o'er those wide ex-ten-ded plains Shines one e-ter-nal day! There God, the Son, for ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.

5. No chill-ing winds, nor pois-on-ous breath Can reach that health-ful shore; Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

CHORUS—I'm bound for the prom-ised land, I'm bound for the prom-ised land, Oh, who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the prom-ised land.
HEAVENLY ARMOUR. 7s and 6s.

1. And if you meet with troubles And trials on the way, Gird on the hea'm-ly Arm'our of faith, and hope, and love;

Then cast your care on Jesus, And don't forget to pray.

And when the cum-bats end- ed, He'll take you up a- bove.

SURVEY. L. M.

Key of G.

1. When I Survey the wondrous cross, On which the prince of glory died My richest gain I count but lost, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord, All the vain things that charm me most, I sacri-flee them to his blood.
MARY.  C. M.

1. Most precious thought to me is this, That I in heav'n may dwell; And share with an-gels hear-en's bliss, Th' an-gelic cho-rus swell.

2. All earth-ly friends my hero for-sake, And leave me faint to die. Then from the fount of life I'll drink, And praise him still on high.

3. And when this life of toil and pain, Shall cease for-ev-er mo, 'Tis then sweet heav-en I shall gain On that e-ter-nal shore.

PRAISE OUR GOD.  S. M.

1. Let all our tongues be one, To praise our God on high, Who from his bo-som sent his son, To bring us strang-ers nigh.

2. Nor let our vo-ces cease To sing the Sav-iour's name; Je-sus th' am-bas-sad-or of peace, How cheer-ful-ly he came!

3. It cost him erics and tears To bring us near to God; Great was our debt, and He ap-pear To make the pay-ment good.

4. Look up my soul to him Whose death was thy de-sert, And hum-bly view the liv-ing stream Flow from his break-ing heart.

Key of A.

Key of B flat.

A. R. W.  Key of B flat.

A. R. WALTON.

THOS. W. LOFTIN.
He comes! he comes to judge the world; A-loud th' arch-angel cries,
While thunder rolls from pole to pole, And lightnings clear the skies;
The shudd'ring ten-ants of the ground In bow-ing or-miss run.
Th' al-fright-ed nations hear the sound, And up-ward lift their eyes;

INVOCATION.  7s and 6s.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy hew-er por-tion trace,
Rise from trans-itory things, To heav'n, thy na-tive place.
Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move;
Rise my soul, and haste a-way, To seat pre-pared a-bend.
OUR BONDAGE IT SHALL END.

1. Our bondage it shall end, By and by, by and by; Our bondage it shall end, by and by; From Egypt's yoke set free.

2. Tho' our ene-mies are strong, We'll go on, we'll go on; Tho' our ene-mies are strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear.

3. Through Mara's bitter streams, We'll go on, we'll go on; Through Mara's bitter streams, we'll go on; Though Baca's vale he dry.

4. And when to Jordan's flood, We are come, we are come; And when to Jordan's flood, we are come; Jehovah rules the tide.

Hail the glorious jubilee, And to Canaan we'll return, By and by, by and by; And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

Lo, Sinai's God is near, While the fiery pillow moves, We'll go on, we'll go on; While the fiery pillow moves, we'll go on.

And the land yield no supply To a land of corn and wine, We'll go on, we'll go on; To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

And the waters he'll divide, And the ransomed host shall shout. We are come, we are come; And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come.
MISSIONARY HYMN.  7s and 6s.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Africa's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand:

2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle— Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile?

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high— Shall we, to men be-nighted, The lamp of life deny?

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, And you, ye waters roll, Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole,

   From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown; The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.

Salvation! oh, salvation! The joyful sound proclaim, 'Till earth's remotest nation, Has learn'd Messiah's name.

'Till o'er our ransomed nature, The lamb for sinner's stain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss return to reign.
1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and friend, And praise his name on high.

2. Then, O my soul, desplore no more: The storm of life will soon be o'er. And I shall find the peaceful shore Of everlasting rest.

3. My soul anticipates the day, I'll joyfully the call obey, Which comes to summon me away To seats prepared above.

4. The dire afflictions press me sore, And death's dark billows roll before. Yet still by faith I see the shore Beyond the rolling flood.

No more to sigh nor shed a tear, No more to suffer pain or fear. But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear, Unto the raptured eye.

O happy day! O joyful hour! When, freed from earth, my soul shall know Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r. To be for ever bless'd.

There I shall see my Saviour's face, And dwell in his beloved embrace. And taste the fullness of his grace. And sing redeeming love.

The banks of Canaan sweet and fair. Before my raptured eyes appear. It makes me think I'm almost there. In you, my bright abode.
"What a friend we have in Jesus"—Sang a little child one day;
And a weary woman listened To the darling's happy lay.
All her life seemed dark and gloomy, And her heart was sad with care.

Sweetly rang out baby's treble—"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour,
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear helper so!
Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn, she turned to God
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As he was the sinner's Lord.
Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And he blessed the weary woman
When she came to him in prayer.

"What a friend we have in Jesus?"
Sang a little child one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.
And the happy child still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace unto a troubled heart.
1. While beauty and youth are in their full prime, And folly and fashion affect our whole life: Let not the phantom our wishes ensnare.

2. The vain and the young may attend us a while, But let not their flattery our prudence beguile; Let us cover those charms that shall never degrade.

3. I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth, But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health; Then, richer than kings, and far happier.

4. For when age steals on me, and youth is no more, And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door; What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find? My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5. That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given, Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven; For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene, And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

6. And when I the burden of life shall have borne, And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn, Reckon with my God without murmur or sigh, I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.
LIBERTY.  C. M.

Key of F.

No more be-neath th' op-pressor's hand Of tyr-an-ny we groan;

No more be-neath th' op-pressor's hand Of tyr-an-ny we groan;

No more be-neath th' op-pressor's hand Of tyr-an-ny we groan;

Be-hold a smil-ing, hap-py land, Be-

hold a smil-ing, hap-py land, Be-hold a smil-ing, hap-py land, That free-dom calls her own,

hap-py land, Be-hold a smil-ing, hap-py land, That free-dom calls her own.

hold a smil-ing, hap-py land, That free-dom calls her own.

hap-py land, That free-dom calls her own.
SONG TO THE LAMB. C. M.

D. P. WHITE.

1. Behold the glories of the Lamb, A-midst his Father's throne; Prepare new honors for his name, And songs before unknown.

2. Let elders worship at his feet, The church adore around, With vials full of odors sweet, And harps of sweetest sound.

3. Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be endless blessings paid; Salvation, glory, joy, remain Forever on thy head.

CHORUS—Oh, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, The Lamb on Calvary, The Lamb was slain, but rose again, To intercede for me.

[X In singing Chorus, omit the first note.

OGLETREE. C. M.

S. M. BROWN.

1. Frequent the day of God returns To shed its quick'ning beams; And yet how slow devotion burns, How languid are its flames.

2. Increase, O Lord, my faith and hope, And fit me to ascend, Where the assembly never breaks up, And Sab'aths never end.
ELYSIAN. 7s and 6s.

1. Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision
   All the ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian, Lo, we lift our longing eyes, Burst, ye intervening skies,
   Sun of righteousness arise Ope the gates of paradise.
   Burst, ye intervening skies,

3. Floods of ever lasting light Freely flash before him;
   Myriads, with supreme delight, Instantly adore him, Angel trump resound his name, Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
   Myriads, with supreme delight, Instantly adore him,
   Angel trump resound his name, Lutes of lucid gold proclaim

SESSIONS. L. M.

2. Wilt thou despise eternal fate, Urg'd on by sin's delusive dreams? Madly attempt' th' infernal gate, And force thy passage to the flames?

3. Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains And hear the Lord of life unfold The glory of his dying pains, Forever telling, yet untold.
SWEET SOLITUDE. L. M.

Key of G.

1. Hail, solitude! thou gentle queen, of modest air and brow serene! 'Tis thou inspires the poet's theme, Wrapp'd in sweet vision's airy dream; Wrapp'd in sweet vision's airy dream.

2. Parent of virtue! muse of thought! By thee are saints and patriots taught: Wis'dom to thee her treasures owes, And in thy lap fair science grows, And in thy lap fair science grows.

3. What'er's in thee refines and charms Excites to thought, to virtue warnes; Whate'er is perfect, firm, and good, We owe to thee, sweet solitude. We owe to thee, sweet solitude.

4. With thee the charms of life shall last, Ev'n when the rosy bloom is past, When slowly pacing time shall spread Thy silver blossoms o'er my head, Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.
COMPLAINER. 7s and 6s.

1. I am a great complainer, that bears the name of Christ; Come all ye Zion mourners and listen to my cries; 'Tis man-y sore temp-

2. I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old, When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul, But now I am dis-

3. It is great pride and passion beset me on my way, So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray; While others run re-

4. I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way, That bear their cross with meekness, and don't neglect to pray; But I, a thou-

...tions, and sorrows to my soul; I feel my faith declining, and my affections cold.

tressed, and no relief can find, With a hard deceitful heart, and a wretched wondering mind.

...joicing, and seem to lose no time, I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

objects to set me in my way, So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray.
WE WILL GATHER SHEAVES FOR JESUS.

J. M. P. Key of E.

1. We will gather sheaves for Jesus, As we on our journey go; We will work from morn till evening, In the harvest field below.

2. We will gather sheaves for Jesus, Swift the harvest days go by; We will gather sheaves for Jesus, For the blest sweet by and by.

3. We will gather sheaves for Jesus, Till the harvest time is o'er; Then we'll rest from all our labor, On the bright eternal shore.

CHORUS:

We will gather golden sheaves for Jesus all the way, Bright golden sheaves, Shining golden sheaves, We will gather golden sheaves for Jesus all the way, For the harvest field now ready stands.

Copyright 1905 by J. M. Pierce.
**ALL HAIL THE POWER.**

EDWARD FARRONET. Key of B Flat. (MILES LANE.)

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

2. Let ev'ry kindred ev'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

3. O that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

**CHILDRENS' MORNING PRAYER.**

Key of C.

R. J. ROBBINS. By per.

1. Father, help thy lit-tle child; Make me truth-ful, good and mild, Kind, o-bed-ient, mod-est, meek, Mind-ful of the words I speak.

2. What is right may I pur-sue, What is wrong, re-fuse to do, What is ev-ill, seek to shun, This I ask thro' Christ the Son.
SHALL I MEET YOU UP THERE.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home' Far be-yond the sky; Shall I meet you up there.
Where my Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare for me, Shall I meet you up there.
Shall I meet you up there, shall I meet you up there; In

2. And the Sav-iour was nailed to that rug-ged tree, He died for you and me;
He in-vites you to come to that land on high, Shall I meet you up there.
Shall I meet you up there, shall I meet you up there; In

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

1. Je-sus, love-er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly; While the rag-ing billows roll,

2. Oth-er refuge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on thee; Leave O leave me not a-lone;

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the fall-en cheer the faint,
JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL. CONCLUDED.

While the tem-pest still is high. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide,....... Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.

Still sup-port and com-fort me, All my trust on thee is stayed,...... All my help from thee I bring; Cov-er my de-fence-less head, With the shadow of thy wing.

Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho-ly is thy name, ...... I am all un-righteous-ness: Vile and full of sin I am Thou art full of truth and grace.

MISSIONARY SONG. 7s.

Key of E. Flat.

1. Go ye mes-sen-gers of God; Like the beams of morn-ing fly, Take the won-der work-ing rod; Waive the ban-ner cross on high.

2. Go to man-ly trop-ic isle, in the bo-som of the deep, Where the skies for-ev-er smiles, And th'op-pressed for-ev-er weep.

3. O're the pa-gan's night of care, Pour the liv-ing light of heav'n—Chase a-way his wild des-pair; Bid him hope to be for-giv'n.
146

Hallelujah. C. M.

Key of B Flat.

1. And let this feeble body fail, And let it droop and die:
   And I'll sing hallelujah, And you'll sing hallelujah,
   And we'll all sing hallelujah. When we arrive at home.

2. In hope of that immortal crown, I now the cross sustain,
   And I'll sing hallelujah. And you'll sing hallelujah,
   And we'll all sing hallelujah. When we arrive at home.

Sabbath Morning. L. M.

Key of F.

1. Another six days work is done, Returning soul enjoy thy rest; Another Sabbath is begun; Improve the day thy God hath blest.
JUST FOR A DAY. L. M.

A. R. W. Key of C.

A. R. WALTON.

1. Just for a day, dear Lord, with thee, My soul from earth-ly care set free; No oth-er hand to guide my way, No oth-er voice to an-sw-er nay.

2. There's naught in life so great as this; No oth-er one can give such bliss; 'Tis on-ly through our Lord's com-mand, That we in mer-cy there may stand.

3. On-ly a day, dear Lord with thee, And I, thy ser-vant, glad to be; On-ly thy face just let me see, And in death's hour re-mem-ber me.

JESUS DIED FOR ME. 8s and 7s.

P. A. C. Key of G.

P. A. COFER. D. C.

1. When e'er I cross the stream of death, I'll be hap-py with the blest,
For Je-sus Christ the Son of God, Came to earth to die for me, I love to tell of that sweet home, O glo-ry to the Lamb of God.
And this I know, I'm on my way, To the home pre-pared for me.

2. For some sweet day, some hap-py day, I will join the hap-py throng,
Fare-well dear friends I'm go-ing home, For my Sav-our bids me come, For I'm a pil-grim on my way, To that sweet home of end-less day.
O let us sing and praise the Lord, For the gift of his dear Son.

Copyright 1909 by A. R. Walton.

Copyright 1909 by P. A. Cofer.
1. As Zion's Pilgrims, in accord, The soldiers of our King, In cov'rant bonds we'll serve the Lord, And all his praises sing.

2. In fellowship of joys and woes, We'll hear the common strife, And onward press, thro' all our foes, And win eternal life.

3. With faith and pray'r we'll urge the fray, Nor will we fear and fly; For vict'ry waits us on the way And crowns above the sky.

4. Be long, or brief, the war's campaign, With "Grace sufficient" blest, the saints' reward at last we'll gain— "God's Everlasting Rest."

See the righteous marching on! And the angels bid them come; And the Saviour stands awaiting To welcome travelers home.
HEBRON. L. M.

SAAC WATTS. Key of B Flat.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev'ry evening shall make known Some fresh mem'ral of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps am near my home; But he forgives my follies past, And gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head; While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

NOAH'S DOVE. C. M. D.

Key of F. Fine

J. C. WHITE. D. C.

1. I see thy face, I hear thy voice, I taste thy sweetest love; My soul doth leap, but O, for wings, The wings of No-ah's dove; Then would I fly far hence a-way, and leave this world of sin; D. C. Then would my Lord put forth his hand, And kindly take me in.

2. Then would my soul with angels feast On joys that ever last, Re-fined and full, and always new, De-lightful to the taste. Bless'd be my God, the God of love! Who gives me here a crumb, D. C. And fills my soul with earnest hope 'Till I arrive at home.
MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know thou art mine, For Thee all the fol-lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious re-deem-er, my

2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And pur-chased my par-don on cal-va-ry's tree; I love thee for wear-ing the

3. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit-ter-ing

Sav-ior art Thou, If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

thorns on Thy brow; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

crown on my brow; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

GLORIA PATRI.

Key of G.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost;

As it was in the begin-ing, is now, and ever shall be, World with-out end. A-men.
CARRY ME HOME.

W. A. H. Key of C.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moments come; When I shall lay my armour by, And dwell in peace at home. Heav'ns my home, Heav'ns my home; Carry me to my home.

2. To Je-sus Christ I cried for rest, He bid me cease to roam; And fly for refuge to His breast, And dwell in peace at home. Heav'ns my home, Heav'ns my home; Carry me to my home.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of C.

1. My God, My life, My love! To Thee, to Thee, I call; I can-not live if Thou re-move, For Thou art all in all.

2. To Thee, And Thee, A lone, The an-gels owe their bliss; They sit a-round Thy gra-cious throne, And dwell where Je-sus is.

3. Thy shin-ing grace can cheer, This dun-geon where I dwell; 'Tis par-a-dise when Thou art here, If Thou de-part 'tis hell.

PRAISE. S. M.

R. J. ROBBINS. By Per.
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine; With full consent thine I would be, And own thy sovereign right in me.

2. Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all, I yield to thee beyond recall; Accept thy own so long withheld; Accept what I so freely yield.

3. Grant one poor sinner more a place Among the children of thy grace; A wretched sinner lost to God, But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

COOKHAM. 7s.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn king; Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled."

2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ the ever-lasting Lord; Late in time behold him come, Offspring of a virgin's womb.

3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail, the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with healing in his wings.
THE LOVE OF GOD. 8s, 6s.

A. O. J. Key of E Flat.

Could I with ink the ocean fill, Were the whole earth of parchment made, And every blade of grass a quill, And every man a scribe by trade—To

Could I with ink the ocean fill, Were the whole earth of parchment made, And every blade of grass a quill, And every man a scribe by trade—To

write the love of God above Would drain the ocean dry, Nor could the scroll contain the whole, Though spread from sky to sky.

write the love of God above Would drain the ocean dry, Nor could the scroll contain the whole, Though spread from sky to sky.
WE WAIT THY BLESSINGS. L. M.

1. O Lord, we come before thy throne And lift our hearts to the alone; We bow with reverence at thy feet, And wait for life in thee complete.

2. There is no name so dear, Oh! may we now to thee draw near; Come Saviour now with arms outspread, And take us to the living head.

3. We worship now before the Lord, He is our Saviour, is our God; We'll sing his praises all our days, And give to him eternal praise.

EDEN. C. M.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home?

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome; This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home.

CHORUS—O Eden is a land of rest, O Eden is my home; I'll launch my bark on Eden's shore, For Eden is my home.
MASON'S CHANT. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. Key of D.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise—The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The honors of thy name.

3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ear, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

MOUNT ZION. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. Key of F.

CHORUS

J. MASSENGALE.

O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise. The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, O Christians, praise him. O Christians, praise him. Me-thinks I hear the gospel sounding for more volunteers.
DON'T GRIEVE YOUR MOTHER.

1. Some-body's mother, praying tonight, For her dear children, out of her sight, Anxiously waiting for them to come in from the night-fall, into their home.

2. Some mother's darling, her own dear boy, Down at the dram-shop, sapping her joy, O son, remember dear mother's pray'r, How she is waiting burdened with care.

3. Some precious daughter, tho' mother's old, Yet she has wandered far from the fold; Don't grieve your mother who loves you so, Soon you will miss her from earth below.

4. I had a mother, loving and true, But she depart-ed out from our view; Well I rem-em-ber, O sad the day, She called us round her then passed away.

5. Sweet to my mem'ry and fresh to-day, When mother taught me to kneel and pray, Pointing to heaven that home above Where I will meet her, she whom I love.

CHORUS:

Don't grieve your mother, don't grieve her so, You'll find no other on earth below, Soon you will miss her, how sad and lone! Far from your presence she will have flown.
"No home, no home," said a little girl at the door of a rich man's hall; As she trembling stood on the marble steps, And leaned on the polished wall.

Her clothes were thin and her feet were bare, And the snow had covered her head; "O give me a home," she feebly cried, A home and a piece of bread.

"My father, alas, I never knew, And the tears did fall so bright; "My mother sleeps in a new made grave, While the orphan begs to night."

"No home, no home," said a little girl at the door of a rich man's hall; As she trembling stood on the marble steps, And leaned on the polished wall.

Her clothes were thin and her feet were bare, And the snow had covered her head; "O give me a home," she feebly cried, A home and a piece of bread.

"My father, alas, I never knew, And the tears did fall so bright; "My mother sleeps in a new made grave, While the orphan begs to night."

5. The rich man sleeps on his velvet couch, And dreams of his silver and gold While the orphan lies on a bed of snow And cries "I'm cold, so cold."

6. I must freeze," she said as she sank on the steps, And strove to cover her feet, With her old tattered clothes all covered with snow, Yes, covered with snow and sleet.

7. Another hour, and a midnight storm Rolled on like a funeral knell, And the earth seemed wrapped in a winding sheet, And the drops of snow still fell.

8. The morning dawned and the little girl Still lay at the rich man's door; But her soul had fled to a home above, Where there's room and bread for the poor.
1. Come my Christian friends and brethren, Bound for Canaan's happy land;
    Come unite and walk together, Christ the Saviour gives command, Lay aside all party spirit, Slight your Christian friends no more.
    Come unite through Jesus' merit, Zion's peace again restore.

HOLY SPIRIT FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7s. D.

1. Holy spirit, faithful guide, Ever near the Christian's side, (FINE.)
    Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a barren land; Weary souls for e're rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice.
    Whisper softly, Wanderer, come! Follow me I'll guide thee home.

5. Ever present, truest friend, Ever near thine aid to lend, (FINE.)
    Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groaning on in darkness drear. When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er;
    Whisper softly, Wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
WHAT WONDROUS LOVE, 12s, 9s and 6s.

Key of F Minor

1. What wondrous love is this! oh! my soul! oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this! oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this! That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

2. When I was sinking down, Sinking down, sinking down, When I was sinking down Sinking down, When I was sinking down, Beneath God's righteous frown Christ laid aside his crown For my soul, for my soul, Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.

GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE.

Key of F Flat

1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost, In wonder, love, and praise.

2. When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost, In wonder, love, and praise.
NEARER HOME.

1. Yes, I am near-er, near-er now, the si-lent, solemn sea; which rolls be-tween my wea-ry heart, Je-rus-a-lem and Thee.

2. O Sav-i-or as we thus draw near the throne, the crys-tal sea; The ho-ly throng, the heav’nly choir; we’re draw-ing near-er Thee.

3. Shall see His face, shall hear His voice, shall touch that pier-ced hand; and on the brow thorn crown’ed for us shall gaze and si-lent stand.

I’m near-er to the boat-man now, he soon will shout a-way; O ‘tis my home be-yond the sea, I’m near-er ev-ry day.

O rap’t’rous thought that rest sweet rest, will soon to us be giv’n; Since ev’ry hour the child of God is draw-ing near-er heav’n.

O thought, to cheer my weary way, With welcome ra-diance come; Let me re-mem-ber that each day I’m draw-ing nearer, home.
1. Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints; To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,

2. Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace; And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease! Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,

3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and communion with thee; Though now my temptation like billows may foam-

CHORUS. SOFTLY.

And feel in the presence of Jesus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me dear Saviour for glory, my home.

I long to behold thee in glory at home. Home, &c.

All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home. Home, &c.
PLENARY. C. M.,
ISAAC WATTS. Key of F.

1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound! Mine ears, attend the cry; "Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the reverend head, Must lie so low as ours."

3. Great God! is this our certain doom? And are we still secure? Still walking downward to the tomb, And yet prepared no more!

MEDFIELD. C. M.
W. M. MATHER.

Key of G.

1. To heaven I lift my waiting eye, There all my hopes are laid; The Lord, who built the earth and skies, Is my perpetual aid.

2. Their steadfast feet shall never fall, Whom he designs to keep; His ear attends their humble call, His eyes can never sleep.
ROLL ON, DARK STREAM.

MRS. CROSBY.  Key of E Flat.

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.  163

1. 'Twill not be long our journey here, Each broken sigh and falling tear; We'll soon be gone and all will be A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.

2. 'Twill not be long, the yearning heart May feel its ev'ry hope de-part, And grief be mingled with its song, We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

3. Tho' sad we mark the closing eye Of those we loved in days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lastest song: We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

4. These chequered wilds, with thorns o'erspread, Thro' which our way so oft is led, This march of time, if faith be strong, Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

CHORUS:

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We dread not thy foam; roll on, The pilgrim is long ing for home, sweet home.

Roll on, dark stream, We dread not thy foam; The pilgrim is long ing for home, sweet home.

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We dread not thy foam; roll on, The pilgrim is long ing for home, sweet home.
DUANE STREET, L. M. Double.

Key of A.

1. A poor way-faring man of grief Hath often pass'd me on my way; Who sued so humbly for relief, That I could ne'er answer nay. I

2. Be mer-ci-ful, O God of grace, To us thy people: let thy face Beam on us, that thy church may shine, In this dark world, with light divine. Re-

3. Let them with joy thy praises sing, Earth's righteous Judge and sovereign King; Illumined by thy holy word, Let all the nations praise the Lord. Then

had not pow'r to ask his name, Whither he went or whence he came. Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.

veal, O Lord, thy sav-ing plan, To all the fam-i-lies of man: Let dis-tant na-tions hear thy word, Let all the na-tions praise the Lord.

shall this bar-ren world assume New beauty, and the desert bloom: Our God shall rich-ly bless us then, And all men fear his name. A-men!
BABYLON IS FALLEN. 8s and 7s.

1. Hail! the day so long expected, Hail! the year of full release;
Zi-on's walls are now erected; And her watchmen publish peace. Thro' our Shi-loh's wide dominion, Hear the

2. All her merchants stand with wonder, What is this that comes to pass?
Murm'ring like the distant thunder, Cry'ing, "O, alas! alas!" Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles, Priest and

3. Blow the trumpet in Mount Zi-on! Christ shall come the second time;
Ruling with a rod of iron, All who now as foes combine. Babel's garments we've rejected, And our

trumpet loudly roared—CHORUS:
people, rich and poor—Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen, Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.

fellowship is o'er.
SHARPSBURG. C. M.

1. Blest Je-sus while in mortal flesh I hold my frail a-bode, Still would my spir-it rest on thee, My Savior and my God.

2. On thy dear cross I fix my eyes, Then raise them to thy seat Till love dis-solves my in-most soul, At my re-deem-er’s feet.

3. Be dead, my heart, to world-ly charms, Be dead to eve-ry sin; And tell the bold-est foe with-out That Je-sus reigns with-in.

SIDNEY. C. M.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear my friends devoutly say, "In zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep the solemn day.

2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, adorned with grace, "Stands like a palace built for God, To show his mild-er face, To show his milder face.

3. My soul shall pray for Zi-on still, While life, or breath remains; Here my best friends, my kindred dwell, Here God, my Savior, reigns, Here God, &c.
DENSON. 7s.

1. Oh, to grace how can it be, That a sinner vile as me Can pro-claim a Saviour's name, And then be saved thro' the same.

2. Oh, for grace to love thee more, And the Saviour's name a-dore; Would I could from sin be free, O, dear Lord re-member me.

GREEN. L. M.

1. I am a strang-er here be-low, And what I am 'tis hard to know; I am so vile, so prone to sin, I fear that I am not born a-gain.

2. My na-ture is so prone to sin, Which makes my du-ty so un-clean, That when I count up all the cost, 'tis not free grace, then I am lost.
1. In the bright season of thy youth, In nature's smiling bloom, Ere age arrives, and trembling waits Its summons to the tomb, Its summons to the tomb.

2. Remember thy Creator, God; For him thy powers employ Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope, Thy portion and thy joy, Thy portion and thy joy.

3. The Lord will safely guide thy course O'er life's uncertain sea, And bring thee to the peaceful shore, The heaven prepared for thee, The heaven prepared for thee

And bring thee to

DAVIDSON. L. M.

May grace support my trembling heart, and cause the pains of death depart: May mercy ever-more abound, That dying sinners may be crowned.
CEYLON'S ISLE.  7s and 6s.

Key of F.

1. What tho' the spi-cy breez-es, Blow soft o'er Cey-lon’s Isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile. Go Min-is-ters of Je-sus, O go to Cey-lon’s Isle. Go preach a lov-ing Savi-our O

2. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-appears,
The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears. Go Min-is-ters of Je-sus, O go to Cey-lon’s Isle. Go preach a lov-ing Savi-our O

THE SAVIOUR’S CALL.  6s.

Key of G.

1. Come, wand’ring sheep, oh come! I’Il bind thee to my breast, I’Il bear thee to thy home, And lay thee down to rest.

2. I saw thee stray for-lorn, And heard thee faint-ly cry, And on the tree of scorn. For this I deign’d to die.

1. I shield thee from a-larms; And wilt thou not be blest? I bear thee in my arms; Thou bear me in thy breast.

tell them Je-sus died, That sin-ners might be saved.

tell them Je-sus died, That sin-ners might be saved.
ANTHEM. "Jerusalem, My Glorious Home."

When! When shall my labors have an end,

Jerusalem! my glorious home! Name ever dear to me!

In joy and peace,

In joy and peace, In joy and peace with thee.

2. Oh, when shall I thy courts ascend:

In joy and peace, In joy and peace with thee.
ANTHEM. "Jerusalem, My Glorious Home."—Continued.

Oh, when shall I thy courts ascend? 3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,

Where congre-ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end? 3. There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, No sin nor

nor sor-row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I onward press to yon, I onward press to you. Je-

nor sor-row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I onward press to you, I onward press to you. Je-
ANTHEM.  "Jerusalem, My Glorious Home."—Continued.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Name ever dear to me. 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis-

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Name ever dear to me. 4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis-

may? I've Canaan's good-ly land, in view, And realms of end-less day. 5. Je-rusa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for

may? I've Canaan's good-ly land in view, And realms of end-less day. 5. Je-rusa-lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for
ANTHEM. "Jesualem, My Glorious Home."—Concluded.

Then, Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys, thy joys shall see, When I

soul still pants for thee; Then, Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys. When I thy joys.

When I the joys, the joys shall see,

Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me.

Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Name ev - er dear to me.
1. When God of old, came down from heav'n, In pow'r and wrath he came; Before his feet the clouds were riven, Half darkness and half flame.

2. The fires that rushed on Sinai down In sudden torrents dread, Now gently light a glorious crown On every sainted head.

But when he came the second time, He came in pow'r and love; Softer than gales at morn'ing prime, Hovered his holy dove.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth, Wing'd with the sinner's doom; But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth Proclaim-ing life to come.
WORK FOR JESUS.

1. Work for Je-sus! Work for Je-sus! Lit - tle hands and lit-tle feet, At the hearth and in the street, Work for Je-sus! Work for Je-sus!

2. Work for Je-sus! Work for Je-sus! Hearts in u-ni - son should beat In this pur - pose blest and sweet, Work for Je-sus! Work for Je-sus!


4. Work for Je-sus! Work for Je-sus! Death is sure and time is fleet, Lit-tle hands and lit-tle feet, Work for Je-sus! Work for Je-sus!

REFRAIN:


"MOTHER TELL ME OF THE ANGELS."

Key of B Flat.

1. Mother, tell me of the angels, Tell me of that joy-ous band; Tell me of their blest em-ploy-ment In the glo-rious spir-it land.

2. I am wea-ry wait-ing moth-er; Long a-go he went a-way; And he said he'd bring back broth-er—Oh, how sweet-ly we would play!

3. Mother, let us go, and meet him, O'er the bound-ing bil- lows foam; Yes, I know that we shall greet him In the an-gel's heav-en-ly home.

Tell me moth-er, where is fath-er? Is he on that bliss-ful shore, Where he said he'd dwell for-ev-er, And sad part-ings come no more?

Mother, when I wake at morn-ing, Then I think dear fath-er's near; But I wait till twi-light's com-ing, Still my fath-er is not here.

There we'll part a-gain, O nev-er; But, with joy no tongue can tell, We shall live to-geth-er ev-er, Where an-gel-ic spir-its dwell.

CHORUS—Angels, bless-ed shin-ing an-gels, Soon will bear us to the shore, Where the wick-ed cease from trou-bling, And sad part-ings come no more.
My soul, come, meditate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands... And fly to unknown lands. When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands... And fly to unknown lands.
There's not a bright and beaming smile Which in this world I see, But turns my heart to future joys, And whispers heav'n to me!

2. Though often here my soul is sad, And falls the silent tear, There is a world of smiles and love, And sorrow comes not there.

3. I never clasp a friendly hand, In greeting or farewell, But thoughts of my eternal home With-in my bosom swell.

4. There when we meet with holy joy, No thoughts of parting come, But never ending ages still Shall find us all at home!

CHORUS.

Beautiful home, beautiful home, Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful home; Beautiful home, beautiful home, My beautiful home on high.

Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, My beautiful home on high.

Beautiful home, beautiful home, Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful home; Beautiful home, beautiful home, My beautiful home on high.
1. There is beauty all around When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound When there's love at home; Peace and plenty there abide, Smiling sweet on
every side; Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home: Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home.

2. In the cottage there is joy When there's love at home; Hatred and envy never annoy When there's love at home; Roses blossom neath our feet, All the earth's a
garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home: Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home.

3. Kindly Heaven smiles above When there's love at home; All the earth is fill'd with love When there's love at home. Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the
azure sky Oh there's One who smiles on high When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home: Time doth softly, sweetly fly When there's love at home.

4. Jesus, slowly mercy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweeter whisper I am thine, Then there's love at home. Source of love, thy cheering light Far exceeds the
sun so bright, Can dispel the gloom of night Then there's love at home. Love at home, love at home: Time doth softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home.
HAPPY HOME.

D. F. STEVENS.

Key of G.

1. O who will come and go with me, I am on my journey home; Blessed home, sweet home, High as ed home, sweet home, there
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I am on my journey home.

CHORUS: Blessed home, sweet home, there

2. Soon all my toil on earth shall end, I will here no longer roam; Happy home, sweet home, Happy home, sweet home, there
That place above where all is love, Lord I trust will be my home.

PRECIOUS BOOK. C. M.

J. FAWCETT.

1. How precious is the book divine,
   By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
   In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts.
And quells our rising fears.

3. This lamp thro' all the tedious night
   Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.
GOSSIP, OR THEY SAY.

Key of E Flat.

J. L. WHITE.

1. They say—ah! well, sup'pose they do, But, does that prove the stor-y true? Sus-pi-cion may a-rise from naught, Or mal-ice, en-vy, want of thought.

2. They say—but why the tale re-hearse, And help to make the mat-ter worse? No good can pos-si-bly ac-crue From tell-ing what may be un-true.

3. They say—well, if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it the bit-ter wrong re-dress, Or make one pang of sor-row less?

4. They say—oh, pause and look within; See how thine heart in-clines to sin: Watch, lest in dark tem-pa-tion's hour. Thou, too, should fall beneath its pow'r

Why count your-self a-mong the they, Who whis-ter what you dare not say? Who whis-ter what you dare not say? Dare not say.

And is it not a no-bler plan To speak of all the best you can? To speak of all the best you can? Best you can.

Will it the err-ing one re-store, Hence-forth to go and sin no more? Hence-forth to go and sin no more? (Sin no more)

Pit-y the frail, weep o'er their fall, Speak that that's good or not at all. Speak that that's good or not at all. (Not at all)
BE KIND.

1. Be kind to thy father—for when thou wast young, Who loved thee so fondly as he! He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy innocent glee. Be kind to thy father, for now he is old, His locks intermin-gled with grey; His footsteps are fee-ble—once loving and kind had she been. Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray, As long as God giveth her breath; With accents of kindness then dews of affection be gone. Be kind to thy brother—wher-ever you are, The love of a brother shall be an or-na-ment pur-er and surface that sparkles a bove. Be kind to thy father—once fearless and bold, Be kind to thy mother so near; Be kind to thy brother, nor
BE KIND. CONCLUDED.

fear-less and bold, Thy fath-er is pass-ing a-way.
cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death.
rich-er by far, Than pearls from the depths of the sea.
show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis-ter so dear.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

Key of C. REV. A. M. TOPLADY. R. J. ROBBINS. By per.

1. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. When I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From my wound-ed side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

These for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and thou a-lone; In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.

When I rise to worlds un-known, And be-hold thee on thy throne, Rock of a-ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.
SARDIS.

MISS SARAH LANCASTER.

Key of G.

1. Come on, my fellow pilgrims, come, And let us all be hast'ring home.

2. Blest are the saints who sit on high, A-round thy throne above the sky.

3. Thy bright'est glo-ries shine above, And all thy work is praise and love.

We soon shall land on yon blest shore, Where pains and sorrows are no more, There we our Je-sus shall adore, For-ev-er blest.

We soon shall land on yon blest shore, Where pains and sorrows are no more, There we our Je-sus shall adore, For-ev-er more.
1. High on yon mountain shining fair, A glorious welcome waits us there; Oh, had I wings to fly away, With

2. High on that mountain lies a road Which each ascending soul must tread, The one our Saviour trod before; Oh,

REFRAIN:

Jesus there to dwell endless day. And with the white robed angel band, Oh may we there with loved ones stand.

May we now our wand’rings all give o’er. And with the white robed angel band, Oh may we there with loved ones stand.
PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M.

1. Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Beth-le-hem haste, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is born a Prince and

2. O Jesus, for such wondrous con-de-scen-sion, Our praises and rev-erence are an offer-ing meet; Now is the Word made flesh and dwells a-

3. Shout his al-might-y name, ye choirs of an-gels, And let the ce-les-tial courts his praise re-peat; Un-to our God be glo-ry in the
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

1. He brought His peace to all man-kind In coming to our sin-ful race; Oh! bless-ed peace, that all may find Who rest up-on his match-less grace.

2. He gave good will to ev-ery land In bow-ing down His King-ly head; Oh! bless-ed thought in which we stand, For Christ has bought us from the dead.

3. God sent His ho-ly an-gel band To wake the shep-herds in the night; The glo-ry beamed with his own hand, He hung to rouse them with its light.

4. God's ho-ly Spir-it comes to-day To lead us to His ho-ly book; Its beams are shin-ing on our way, And there with joy-ful eyes we look.

REFRAIN:

Shout the news through-out the earth, Tell the tid-ings far and wide, This the day that gave Him birth, Christ the Lord, the Cru-ci-fied.
As down a lone valley with cedars o'er-spread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retir'd,
The winds hush'd their murmurs, the thunders expired;
Perfumes as of Eden flow'd sweetly along,
A voice as of angels enchantingly sung, A voice as of
3. Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New birds and new sages unrivall'd shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind;
There, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring

4. Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of soul still enliven the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled; their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamped on the mind;
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe

5. Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall display;
The nations admire, and the ocean obey:
Each shore to thy glory its tribute shall unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold;
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendors shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush anarchy's way, and give peace to the world.

5. Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee with raptures behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold:
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let crimes of the east ne'er enrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science and virtue thy fame.
DON'T TOUCH IT, MY BROTHER.

MISS A. R. CAREY. Key of D. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Don't touch it, my broth'er, my friend, There are crimes and de-struc-tion to come, Lurk-ing there in dis-guise for a fa-tal sur-prise, In that

2. Don't touch it, my broth'er, my friend, By your heav'n-taught con-science be led, Will you stand on the shoals, that make ship wreck of souls With the

gob-let of ven-o-mous rum. Do you hear the low sound of the foam? 'Tis a mur-mur of warn-ings and sighs, Do you see in its

day beams ablaze 'round your head. O your house needs your love and your care, And the right needs your help near and far: Let no ev-il en-
DON'T TOUCH IT, MY BROTHER... Concluded.
1. Sa-cred shore! GOSPEL WAVES. W A YES. MRS. E. G. FLOYD. Key of E Flat.

Gal-lee! Where a-lone.

Je-sus wept! Fierce-ly raged!

Je sus wept! Dark and wild!

Prostrate lay! Peace be still!

Ev-er roll! Ev-en me; Je-sus speaks!

Ev-en me; Je-sus speaks!

Tr ustr in me.

Praise His name.

Ev-er roll! Pow'r and might! O'er the earth! Wondrous light!

Swiftly roll!

2. O, war-er-ing child........ CHORUS: Gospel waves roll...... in pow'r and might...... Bear o'er the earth...... the message of light...... Gospel waves roll...... on Cal-va-ry's

fort, bring-ing re-lief...... Gospel waves roll...... a message to me...... Bear not, 'tis I

Here be-low, Trust His love,

Here be-low, Trust His love,
In the years

Calvary's stream! He'll redeem, The Lord will redeem, redeem
stream... Sing, O my soul... The Lord will redeem.

Calvary's stream! He'll redeem, The Lord will redeem.......

Not as oft in days more bright, Let the song be sad to-night. 

While I catch its echoes sweet, Lowly kneeling at your feet.

There was one who could impart Soace to my ach-ing heart, And her song would always be 

With her voice, at-tuned to praise, Sang that song in oth-er days How can it for-gotten be

GOSPEL WAVES---Concluded.

LADY, TOUCH THY HARP AGAIN."

F. L. STANTON. Key of E Flat.

1. Lady, touch thy harp again, Sing some sweet and solemn strain;

2. Let thy voice become a prayer On the silent evening air,

3. Listen, Lady! In the years Seen through memory's falling tears,

4. Yes, a mother now laid low Where the bending lilies grow,

 mf.

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."
1. Great God, let all my tune-ful pow'r A-wake, and sing thy migh-ty name; Thy hand re-volves my cir-cling hours, Thy hand from whence my being

2. Sea-sons and moons still roll-ing round In beau-ti-ous or-der speak thy praise: And years with smil-ing mer-cy crown'd, To thee suc-ces-sive hon-ors

3. My life, my health, my friends, I owe All to thy vast un-bound-ed love; Ten thou-sand pre-cious gifts be-low, And hope of no-bler joys a-

Thus will I sing till na-ture cease, Till sense and lan-guage are no more; And af-ter death thy bound-less grace Thro'
FILMORE. L. M.—Concluded.

bound-less grace Thro' ev-er-last-ing years a-dore. Thro' ev-er-last-ing years a-dore.

after death thy bound-less grace Thro' ev-er-last-ing years a-dore, Thro' ev-er-last-ing years a-dore.

grace, Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore. Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore.

ev-er-last-ing years a-dore. Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore.

PAYNE. L. M.

Key of C Minor.

1. Sweet is the work my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, And I will give you rest.

I will give you rest, I will give you rest, I will give you rest, I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon
COME UNTO ME. Anthem--Concluded.

you and learn of me. For I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. You shall find rest.

THE SAINTS SWEET HOME. S. M.

E. P. SUTHERLAND. Key of F.

S. M. DENSON.

1. The saints sweet home of rest In that bright home on high, Where we shall be for-ev-er blest And nev-er know a sigh.

2. By faith I hope to meet My kin-dred that are gone, And sing and pray at Je-sus feet, In that sweet home be-yond.

3. Oh bless-ed land of love Where pleas-ure nev-er dies, There we shall meet the saints a-bove, And dwell with them on high.
They crucified my Lord, Laid Him in the tomb, Now lies the Son of God, In death's sable gloom.
The man of grief and toil There in silence lies; Death has within its coil, God of earth and skies.

But, behold there was an earthquake For from heaven there came an angel Whose countenance was like lightning And His raiment white as snow.
When at dawn came Mary Magdalene, 'Twas the angels' voice which said: "Lo! He is not here, but ris-en!" Christ is ris-en from the dead.

He who for the world sal-va-tion bled, Now is ris-en, ris-en from the dead; Glo-ry, hon-or we will ev-er sing, Praise to our ris-en, ris-en King.
Hal-le-lu-jah, sing with hearts to heav'n and voice-yes, voice-yes raise, And ev'er shout ye ransomed ones, for you His blood he shed.

Hal-le-lu-jah, sing... with hearts to heav'n and voice-yes raise... Ev-er shout, ye ransomed ones, for you his blood he shed.

Hal-le-lu-jah, sing with hearts to heav'n and voice-yes, voice-yes raise, And ev'er shout ye ransomed ones, for you His blood he shed.

Sing a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise... Christ the Lord is ris'n, in-deed, is ris-en from the dead.

Sing... a hymn of glad-ness, sing to God a hymn of praise... Christ, the Lord, is ris'n,... in-deed, is ris-en from the dead.

Sing a hymn of glad-ness, sing to God a hymn of praise... Christ the Lord is ris'n, in-deed, is ris-en from the dead.
WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

MODO. Key of G.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. When our earthly life is ended, And our earthly mission done, We shall go across the river, At the setting of the sun;

2. Yes we'll meet them in the city, That is just across the strand, And our hearts shall leap with rapture, when we take them by the hand.

3. Do not tell us that our loved ones, Loose their earthly memories quite, When they sing among the angels In the heavenly mansion bright.

And in God's celestial mansions, Cloth'd in garments strangely fair, We shall meet those gone before us, We shall know each other there.

Oh, how sweet shall be the meeting, Earthly words can never declare, We shall know the bliss of heaven, When we meet each other there.

Oh, I know that we shall know them, Tho' the angel robes they wear, When they bid us welcome over, we shall know our lov'd ones there.
HOLY IS THE LORD. Sentence.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Key of C.

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry, Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord... of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry, Heaven and earth are full of his

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord! Ho-ly! Holy is the Lord of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry, Heaven and earth are full of his

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho-
glo-ry! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord

glo-ry,

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho-
Holy is the Lord.


PRAISE YE THE LORD. Anthem.

Key of G. With animation.

135th Psalm.

JAMES A. BUCHANAN.

Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the name of the Lord! Praise Him, O ye servants of the Lord! Ye that stand in the house of the Lord in the courts of our God.

Praise ye the Lord for he is good! Praise the Lord, for the Lord is good. Sing praises unto His name.

Praise ye the Lord for he is good! Praise the Lord, for the Lord is good. Sing praises unto His name.
PRAISE YE THE LORD. Anthem.—Concluded.

Sing praises unto His name, for the Lord is good. Bless the Lord, O house of Israel! Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord! Blessed be the Lord out of Zion, Which dwel-eth at Jerusalem, Which dwel-eth at Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!
ALONE. 8S.

1. Father's gone and left me alone, no father's hand to guide my feet; No father's arm to lean upon, in the silent tomb father sleeps.

2. Mother's gone and left me alone, no mother's breast to lean upon, in the silent tomb mother sleeps.

3. O mine eyes with tear drops are dimmed, my heart is bleeding now and torn; O all my joys have past away, and I cannot here longer stay.

A SONG OF MOTHER.

1. I had a dear sweet mother, but she's pass'd from earth away, And some day I shall go to see her, in that home up above the sky, And now she's up in heaven, to for ever live up there. Then we'll walk thro' the streets of heaven, and we'll live in a mansion there.

2. I'm so glad to think of heaven, for I know my mother's there. And some day I shall go to see her in that home up above the sky. And I know she's waiting watching, for the meeting in the air. Then we'll walk thro' the streets of heaven, and we'll live in a mansion there.
HOLY! LORD GOD OF SABAOTH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth! Heav'n and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!

Glory be to thee—Glory be to thee—Glory be to thee—to thee, O Lord most high.

Glory be to thee—Glory be to thee—Glory be to thee—to thee, O Lord most high.

Glory be to thee—Glory be to thee—Glory be to thee—to thee, O Lord most high.
HEAVENLY GRACE. 8 & 6s.

T. W. Key of A. Flat.

1. Lord when togeth-er here we meet, and taste thy heavenly grace: Thy smiles are so di-vine-ly sweet, We're loath to leave the place we're loath to leave the place, Thy smiles are so di-vine-ly sweet, We're loath to leave the place.

2. Yet Father! since it is thy will that we must part a gain, O, let thy gracious presence still with every soul re-main, With every soul re-main.

FINE.

T. W. LOFTIN.

D. S

EVENING HYMN. S.M.

H. S R. Key of G.

1. An-o ther day is past, The hours for-ev-er fled; And time is bear-ing us a-way, to min-gle with the dead, to min-gle with the dead.

2. Our minds in per-fect peace, Our fa-thers care shall keep; We yield to gen-tle slum-ber now, For Thou cans't never sleep. For Thou cans't never sleep.

H. S. REES.

3. How bless-ed Lord are they, On Thee se-cure-ly stayed; Nor shall they be in life al-framed; Nor he in death dismayed. Nor he in death dismayed.
1. When shall I reach my blissful home, And with my Saviour rest; No more to sorrow nor to roam, But be forever blest.

2. When shall I see Jerusalem, The place that's paved with gold; And sing the praises of the lamb, With all the saints of old.

3. When shall I hear my master say, Well done, thou faithful son, Enter the joys prepared for thee, Before the world begun.

But be forever blest. No more to sorrow nor to roam, But be forever blest.

With all the saints of old.

And sing the praises of the Lamb, With all the saints of old.

Before the world begun. Enter the joys prepared for thee, Before the world begun.
LENA. 8s and 7s. Peculiar.

1. See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping! hear him crying! See his burden’d bosom heave!

2. See the rocks and mountains shaking, Earth unto her centre quaking, Nature’s groans awake the dead.

3. Heaven’s bright, melodic legions, Chanting to the tuneful regions, Cease to thrill the quivering string.

Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him! Dying sinners, look and live.

Look on Phoebus, struck with wonder, While the peals of legal thunder Smite the blest Redeemer’s head.

Songs seraphic all suspended, Till the mighty war is ended By the all victorious King.
RAINSTORM. C. M.

Key of C.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal pow'r; The sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests cease to roar.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal pow'r; The sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests cease to roar.

And tempests cease to roar, thy command, And tempests cease to roar, at thy command, And tempests cease to roar.
NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

"He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—Heb. 11:10.

Key of F. Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN.

Arr. by Miss AVANELLE DYER.

1. Christ went a building to prepare, Not made with hands, And 'twill be decked with jewels rare, Not made... with hands.

2. Put on the armour of our God, Not made with hands, And take the path our captain trod, Not made... with hands.

3. With shield of faith defy the foe, Not made with hands, Until you hear the trumpet blow, Not made... with hands.

4. That city's built with precious stone, Not made with hands, Within we'll gather round the throne, Not made... with hands.

Refrain.

I know, I know I have another building; I know, I know, I know, Not made... with hands.

Copyright 1900. By Brown Bros. Used by per.
The Hebrew Children.

1. Where are the Hebrew children? Where are the Hebrew children? Where are the Hebrew children? Safe in the promised land.

2. Where are the twelve apostles? Where are the twelve apostles? Where are the twelve apostles? Safe in the promised land.

3. Where are the holy martyrs? Where are the holy martyrs? Where are the holy martyrs? Safe in the promised land.

4. Where are the holy Christians? Where are the holy Christians? Where are the holy Christians? Safe in the promised land.

Though the furnace flamed around them, God, while in their troubles found them, He with love and mercy bound them, Safe in the promised land.

They went up through pain and sighing, Scorn, scouring, crucifying, Nobly for their Master dying, Safe in the promised land.

They went up through flaming fire, Trusting in their great Messiah, Who by grace will raise them higher, Safe in the promised land.

Those who've washed their robes and made them White and spotless pure and laid them Where no earthly stain can fade them, Safe in the promised land.
1. All the world should hear the message we proclaim to day, God is love! (God is love!) God is love! (God is love!) Dying sinner Christ will save you, He's the

2. There's a road that all may travel to the home of bliss, God is love! (God is love!) God is love! (God is love!) And a home for all in glory, brighter

3. Come to Jesus, He has suffered to redeem your soul, God is love! (God is love!) God is love! (God is love!) And to heaven He will guide you, all you!

truth the way God is love! (God is love!) God is love! Good news to all! the Saviour reigns! A place in heav'n

far than this God is love! God is love! Good news to all! the Saviour reigns! A place in heav'n for you re-

ways control, God is love! (God is love!) God is love! Good news to all! the Saviour reigns! A place in heav'n
for you remains! His blood will cleanse thy deepest stain. God is love! God is love! our God is love!

His blood will cleanse thy deepest stain, God is love!

for you remains! His blood will cleanse thy deepest stain, God is love! God is love!

ETERNAL ARE THY MERCIES LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. Key of F. B. O. MC. WHORTER.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise arise; E-ter-nal are thy mercies, Lord; E-ter-nal truth attend thy word.

Let the re-deem-er's name be sung Thro' eve-ry land by eve-ry tongue. Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till sun shall rise and set no more.
216.  PRAY ON.

A R. W.  Key of G.  ALLEGRO.

A. R. WALTON.

1. When troubles come and life seems dark, Pray on (pray on,) pray on; (pray on) Just talk to Je-sus heart to heart, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;)

2. If sa-tan would your soul de-stroy, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on) The love of God will give you joy, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;)

3. On Thee my ev-ery care I’ll cast, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;) I’m an-chored in thy love stead-fast, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;)

4. In Je-sus love I’ll stand com-pite, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;) And nev-er from the foe re-treat, Pray on (pray on) pray on; (pray on;)

REFRAIN.

He can light-en ev-ery care,........... And your bur-dens He will share;........... Now in Him your faith de-clare, Pray on............. pray on.

By per. of A. R. Walton.
I

THE CHRISTIAN'S FLIGHT. C. M.

1. Not many years their rounds shall roll; Each moment brings it nigh, When the Christian's soul To heav'n above shall fly.

Ere all its glories stand reveal'd, To our admiring eye, When the Christian's soul To heav'n above shall fly.

Ye wheels of nature speed your course, Ye mortal pow'rs de-cay, Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e-ter-nal day.

Ye wheels of nature speed. Ye wheels of nature speed your course, Ye mortal pow'rs de-cay, Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e-ter-nal day.

Ye wheels of nature speed your course, Ye mortal pow'rs de-cay, Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e-ter-nal day.
The Love of God, Ss & 6s 143
The Orphan Girl 157
The Saviour's Call, 6s 169
The Saints, Sweet Home, S. M. 107
The Hebrew Children 213
The Gospel Message 214
The Christian's Flight 217
The Heavenly Port, C. M. 30
The Surrender 63
The Sinners Friend 64
The Blessed Lamb, Ss & 7s 66
The Weary Souls, C. M. 72
The Happy Sailor 73
The Child of Grace, C. M. D. 77
Talbotton, 7s 77
Tis Wonder, L. M. 78
The Morning Trumpet 85
The Marcellas 110
The Pedigral Son, C. M. 113
The Dying Californian 117
The Rock That is Higher Than I, 11s 124
The Grieved Soul, 7s & 6s 125
The Infant Request, L. M. 134
The Gospel Pool, S. M. 137
The Teachers Farewell 137
The Old Fashion Bible 146

The Trumpet 149
The Weeping Savior 154
The Pilgrim's Lot 156
The Good Physician, P. M. 176
The Christians Warfare 179
The Dying Boy, C. M. 188
The Turtle Dove, L. M. 208
The Good Old Way, L. M. 213
The Lone Pilgrim, 11s & 8s 223
The Red Sea Anthem 260
The Royal Band, 12s & 11s 277
The Golden Harp, L. M. 274
Traveling Pilgrim, L. M. 278
The Itinerant Hyman, L. M. 279

Uxbridge, L. M. 54
Union, P. M. 116

Vernon, L. M. 55
Vale of Sorrow, P. M. 83
Varina, C. M. 86
Vesper, Ss & 7s 138
Vermont, C. M. D. 240
Virginia, C. M. 101
Vain World Adieu, Ss & 7s 244
Victoria, C. M. 290
Webster, S. M. 31
Wills, L. M. 28

Windham, L. M. 38
Watchman, S. M. 39
Waiden, L. M. 41
Warwick, C. M. 50
Ware, L. M. 50
Weeping Sinnger, 7s 108
Washington, L. M. D. 119
Weed, 7s & 6s 127
We Will Gather Sheaves for Jesus 142
We Wait Thy Blessing, L. M. 154
What Wondrous Love 159
Work for Jesus 175
We Shall Know Each Other There 201
Weeping Savior, S. M. 33
Winter 38
We'll Soon Be There, L. M. 97
Weeping Mary 112
Worlds Unknown, S. M. 132
Wonderous Love 159
Weeping Pilgrim 177
Worcester 195
Whitestown, L. M. 211
Warning, 6s & 4s 213
Wf. 4s 223
Washington, L. M. 280
White, C. M. 288
Zion 76
Zion's Joy, S. M. 285
Zynder-see, C. M. D. 301
THE OLD SACRED HARP

SUPPLIED BY

PHILLIPS & CREW CO. MAMMOTH MUSIC HOUSE ATLANTA, GA.

SAMPLE COPY BY MAIL. 90 CENTS.
SEND FOR WHOLESALE PRICES.

A PARLOR ORGAN
FOR $28.00 NOW
AND $28.00 TWELVE MONTHS LATER
HIGH-GRADE ORGAN, FREIGHT FREE
STOOL AND BOOK INCLUDED.

A NEW UPRIGHT PIANO
NEW SCALE WARRANTED
SENT ON APPROVAL STOOL, SCARF AND BOOK FREIGHT PREPAID
$192.00

A CHURCH ORGAN
FOR $40.00 CASH
AND 14.00 IN TWELVE MONTHS
THIS IS AN $80.00 ORGAN SENT FREE OF FREIGHT.

PIANOS DO YOU WANT?
A GUITAR
A BANJO
A VIOLIN
A CORNET
OR ANYTHING ELSE IN THE MUSIC LINE?
THEN WRITE FOR PRICES TO
PHILLIPS & CREW CO., Atlanta, Ga.