

# PART I.

CONTAINING

MOST OF THE PLAIN AND EASY TUNES COMMONLY USED IN TIME OF  
DIVINE WORSHIP.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

*M. C. H. Davis.*

Mercer's Cluster, page 146

Young people all, at - ten - tion give, And hear what I shall say; I wish your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er - last - ing day.

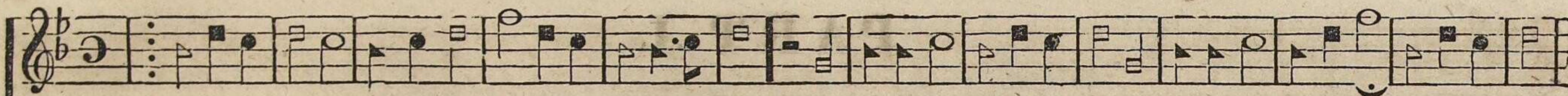
Remember you are hast'ning on To death's dark, gloomy shade; Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.

2 Death's iron gate you must pass through,  
Ere long, my dear young friends;  
With whom then do you think to go,  
With saints or fiery fiends?  
Pray meditate before too late,  
While in a gospel land,  
Behold King Jesus at the gate,  
Most lovingly doth stand

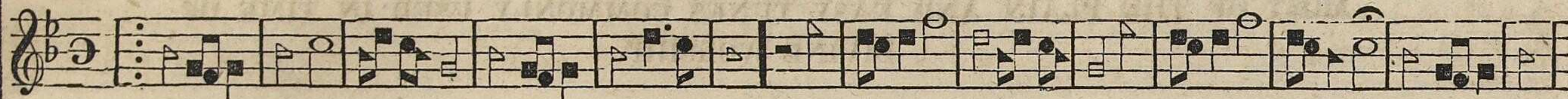
3 Young men, how can you turn your  
From such a glorious friend; [face  
Will you pursue your dang'rous ways?  
O don't you fear the end?  
Will you pursue that dang'rous road  
Which leads to death and hell?  
Will you refuse all peace with God,  
With devils for to dwell?

4 Young women too, what will you do,  
If out of Christ you die?  
From all God's people you must go,  
To weep, lament, and cry:  
Where you the least relief can't find,  
To mitigate your pain;  
Your good things all be left behind,  
Your souls in death remain

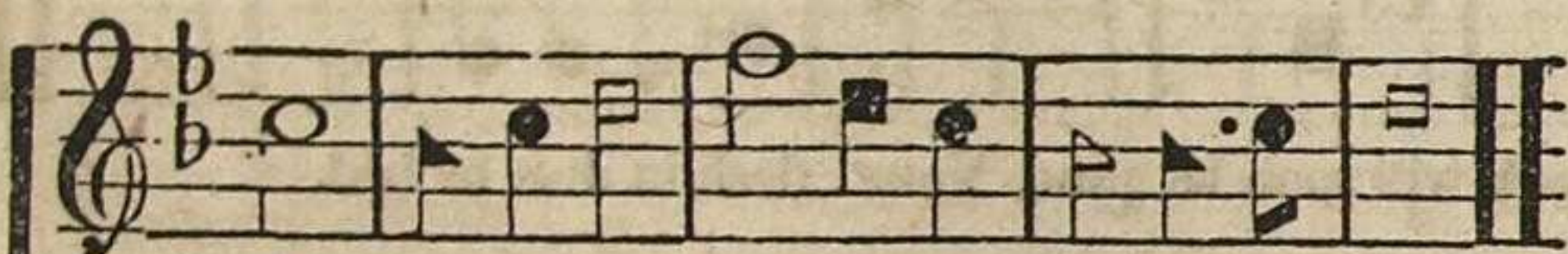
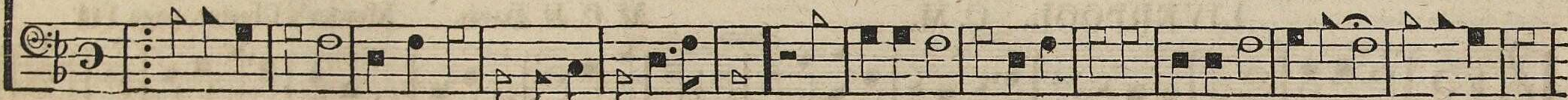
5 Young people all, I pray then view  
The fountain open'd wide;  
The spring of life open'd for sin,  
Which flow'd from Jesus' side;  
There you may drink in endless joy,  
And reign with Christ your king,  
In his glad notes your souls employ,  
And hallelujahs sing.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and pow'r: He is a - ble,



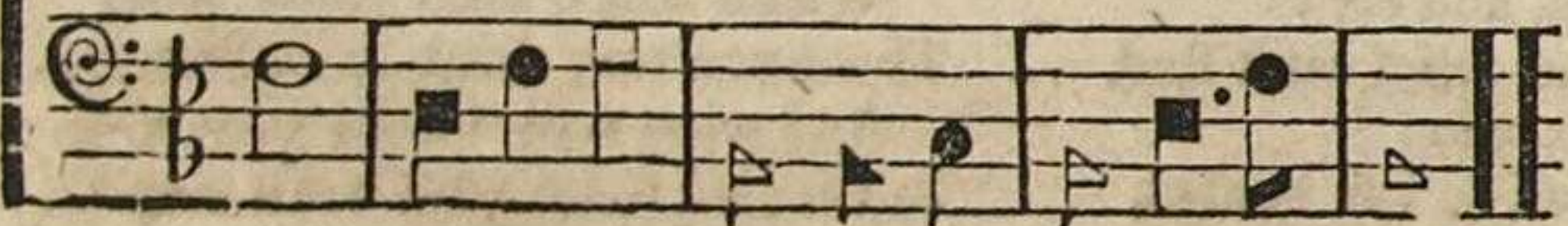
2 Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome, God's free bounty, glo - ri - fy; True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings us nigh, Without money,



He is a - ble, He is willing: Doubt no more.



Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.



2 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream,  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all:  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden,  
On the ground your Saviour lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him

Hear him cry before he dies—  
"It is finish'd!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice?

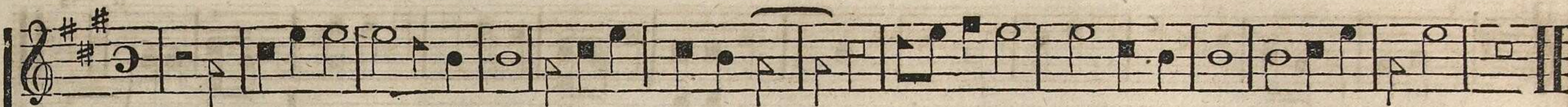
6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name.  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may sing the same

PRIMROSE C. M.

Chapin.

Hymn 88. B. 2. Watts.



1 Sal - vation! O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cor - dial for our fears



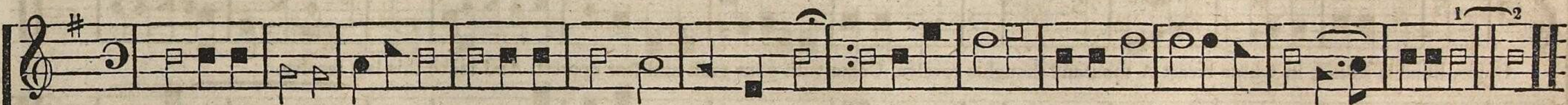
2 Buried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay, But we a - rise by grace di - vine, To see a heav'nly day



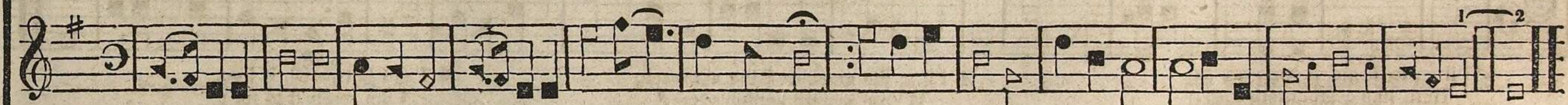
3 Sal - vation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

KEDRON. L. M.

Dare.



Thou Man of grief, remember me; Thou never canst thy - self for - get Thy last ex - piring ag - o - ny—Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.



### MEDITATION. L. M

Dover Selection, p. 9

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?

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The music is in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. There are first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the final measures of the piece.

### HANOVER. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 247.

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, Come with your guilt and fear opprest, And make this last resolve.

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The music is in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. There are first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the final measures of the piece.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, 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

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
Perhaps he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there

6 I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolv'd to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die.

7 But if I die with mercy sought,  
When I the King have tried,  
This were to die (delightful thought)  
As sinner never died.

SUPPLICATION. L. M.

51st Psalm, Watts.

5

1 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.

The musical score for 'Supplication' consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time (C) and features a melody with various note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are printed below the second staff.

RESTORATION. 8, 7.

Mercy, O thou Son of Da - vid! Thus blind Barti - meus pray'd: Others by thy grace are saved, O vouchsafe to me thine aid.

The musical score for 'Restoration' consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time (C) and features a melody with various note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are printed below the second staff. There are first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the final notes of each staff.

MARYSVILLE. L. M.

Second Bass.

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

KING OF PEACE. 7s.

*F. Price.*

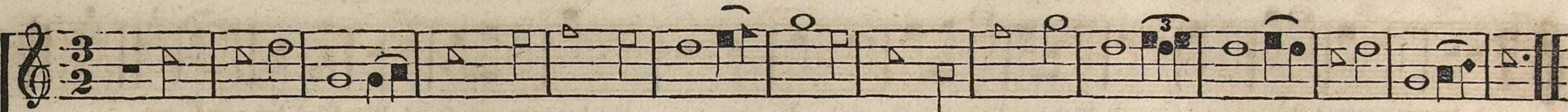
Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour - ney sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthiest praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

NINETY-THIRD PSALM. S. M.

Chapin.

Baptist Harmony, p. 121.

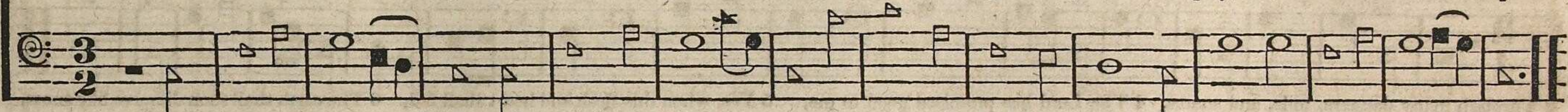
7



1 Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound! Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heav'n with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.



2 Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bel - lious man; And all the steps that grace dis - play, 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 o'erflow;  
'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.

SACRAMENT. 5, 5, 5, 11.

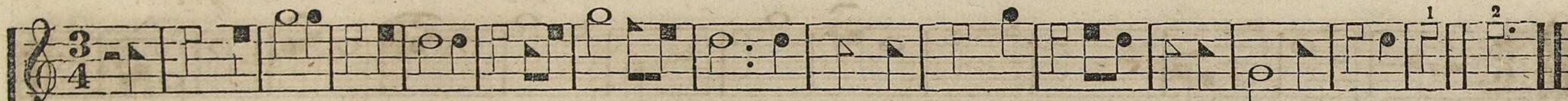


O tell us no more, The spirit and power Of Jesus our God, Is not to be found in this life-giving food.

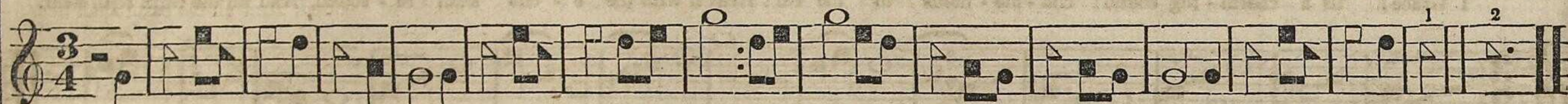


NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

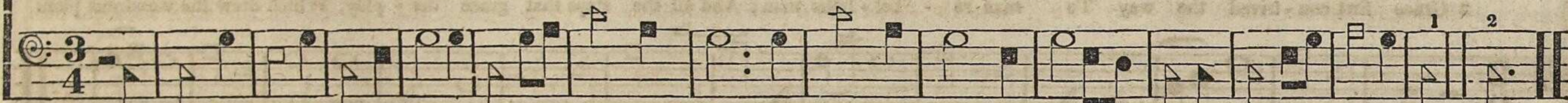
Baptist Harmony, p. 123.



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.



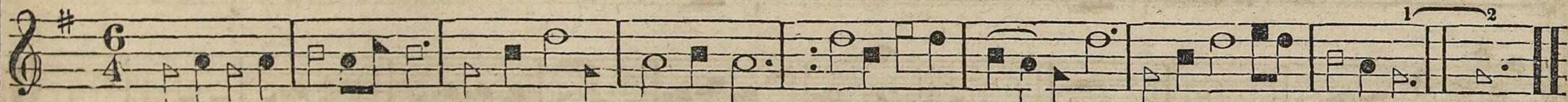
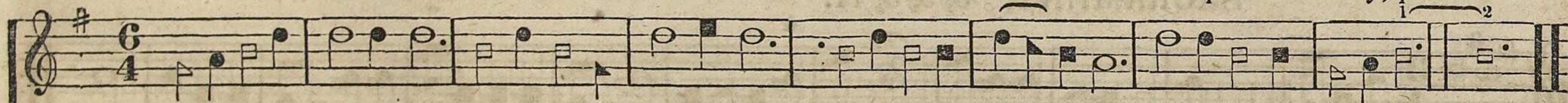
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved: How precious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first believed!



|  |   |   |   |
|--|---|---|---|
| 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,<br>I have already come;<br>'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,<br>And grace will lead me home. | 4 The Lord has promised good to me,<br>His word my hope secures;<br>He will my shield and portion be,<br>As long as life endures. | 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,<br>And mortal life shall cease,<br>I shall possess, within the veil,<br>A life of joy and peace. | 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,<br>The sun forbear to shine;<br>But God, who call'd me here below,<br>Will be for ever mine. |
|--|---|---|---|

COOKHAM. 7's.

Baptist Harmony, p. 329.



Lord, I cannot let thee go, Till a blessing thou bestow; Do not turn a - way thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

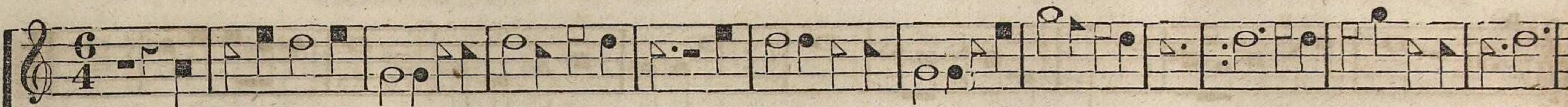




THE CONVERTED THIEF. C. M. D

*More.*

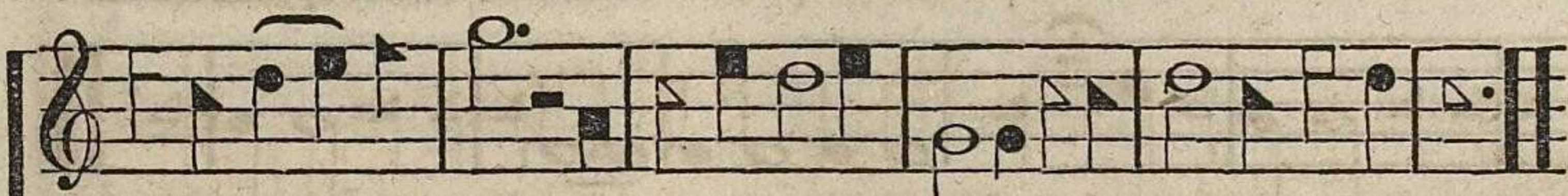
Mercer's Cluster, p. 31.



As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He pour'd salvation on a wretch, That languish'd at his side. His crimes with inward grief and shame, The



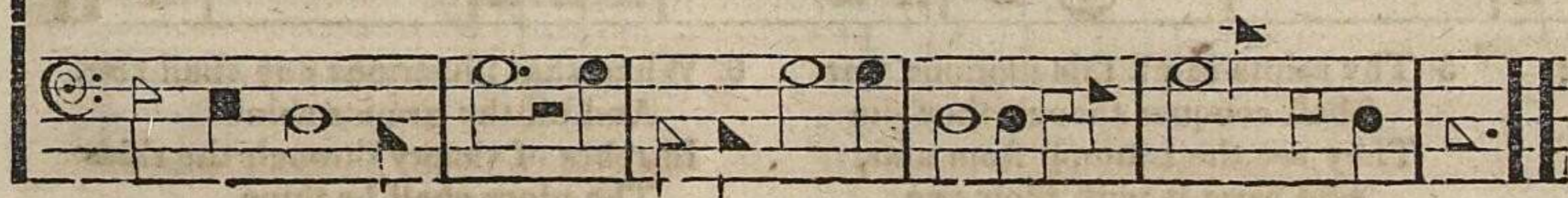
' Jesus, thou Son and heir of Heav'n! Thou spotless Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And welt'ring in thy blood. Yet quickly from these scenes of wo In



penitent confess'd; Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer address'd:



triumph thou shalt rise; Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, And shine above the skies



"Amid the glories of that world,  
Dear Saviour, think on me,  
And in the victories of thy death,  
Let me a sharer be."  
His prayer the dying Jesus hears,  
And instantly replies,  
'To-day thy parting soul shall be  
With me in Paradise."

Musical score for the hymn "Come, we that love the Lord". It consists of three staves: two treble clefs and one bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne".

## ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Musical score for the hymn "Ortonville". It consists of four staves: three treble clefs and one bass clef. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 6/4. The tempo is marked "SLOW" and the first staff is labeled "NEW TREBLE". The lyrics are: "1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name? 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? And sailed thro' bloody seas?".

3 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?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer though they die  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies  
The glory shall be thine.

JERUSALEM L. M

Wm. Walker.

Baptist Harmony, p. 70.

1 Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; } CHORUS.  
 His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way till him I view }

2 The way the ho - ly prophets went; The road that leads from banishment; }  
 The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace. }

I'm on my journey home, to the new Jerusalem.

sa - lem, :: . . . . So fare you well, :: :: I am going home.

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;  
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, "Behold the way to God!"

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.

2 It makes the wounded spi - rit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest

And drives away his fear. :: It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

And to the weary rest. :: 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,  
My prophet, priest, and king;  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

DUBLIN. C. M.

MINISTERS FAREWELL C. M.

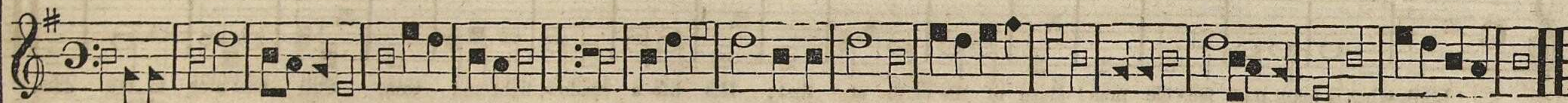
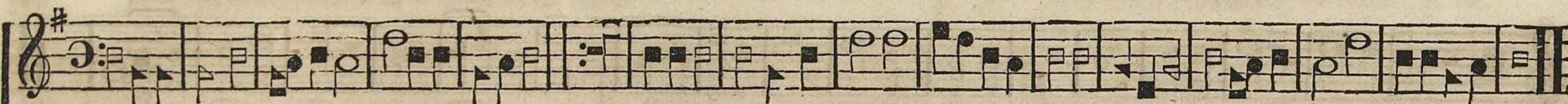
Lord, what is man, poor fee-ble man! Born of the earth at first; His life a shadow, light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust.

DEVOTION. L. M.

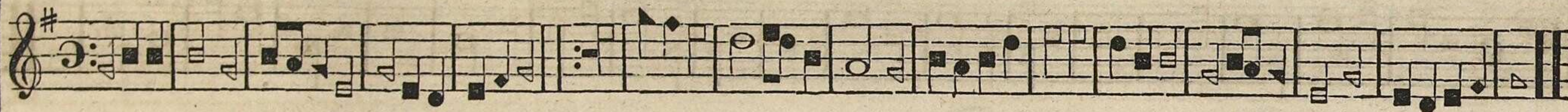
Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

## MINISTER'S FAREWELL. C. M.



Dear friends, farewell, 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!



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 encircling arms,  
Who can you save from the cold grave,  
And shield you from all harm.

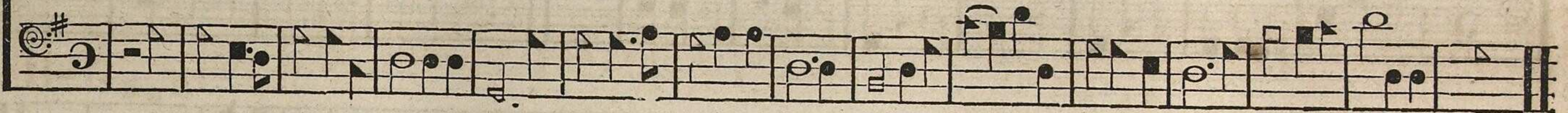
3 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,  
And keep your garments white,  
For you and me, that we may be  
The children of the light.  
If you die first, anon you must,  
The will of God be done  
I hope the Lord will you reward,  
With an immortal crown.

4 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 sweets disclose.

5 I long to go, then farewell wo,  
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.



O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call, My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.



2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,  
To feed on the pasture of love?  
For why in the valley of death should I weep—  
Alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread?  
My foes would rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed,

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The Star that on Israel shone;  
Say if in your tents my Beloved hath been  
And where with his flock he hath gone.

5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,  
His vestments shed odours around;  
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow  
In vales on the banks of the streams;  
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,  
His eye all invitingly beams.

7 His voice, as the sound of a dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadow of death,  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
That waters the garden of grace,  
From which their salvation the gentiles shall know  
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelid and scatters delight,  
Through all the bright mansions on high;  
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,  
And tremble with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;  
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

Hail the blest morn, see the great Mediator,  
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,

Down from the regions of glory descend!  
Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.  
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorning, Guide where our infant Re - deemer was laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,  
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.  
Brightest and best. &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,  
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?  
Brightest and best. &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold we his favour secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor  
Brightest and best. &c.



Three staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written on the top two staves, and the bass line on the bottom staff. The lyrics are printed below the second staff.

Come away to the skies, My beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day, Come exulting away, And with singing to Zion return.

CONSOLATION. C. M.

Dean. Hymn 6. B. 2, Watts.

Three staves of musical notation in common time (C. M.). The melody is written on the top two staves, and the bass line on the bottom staff. The lyrics are printed below the first two staves.

1 Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name re - peats, The day renews the sound, Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

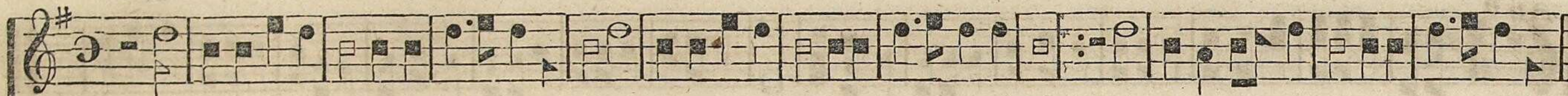
3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.

4

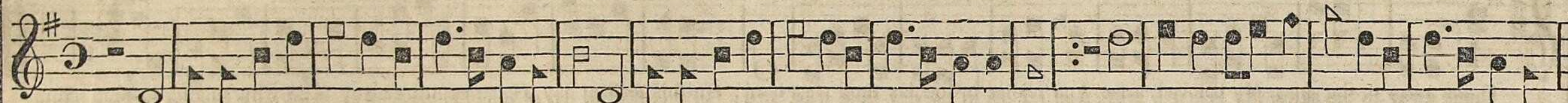
4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand,  
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,  
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.

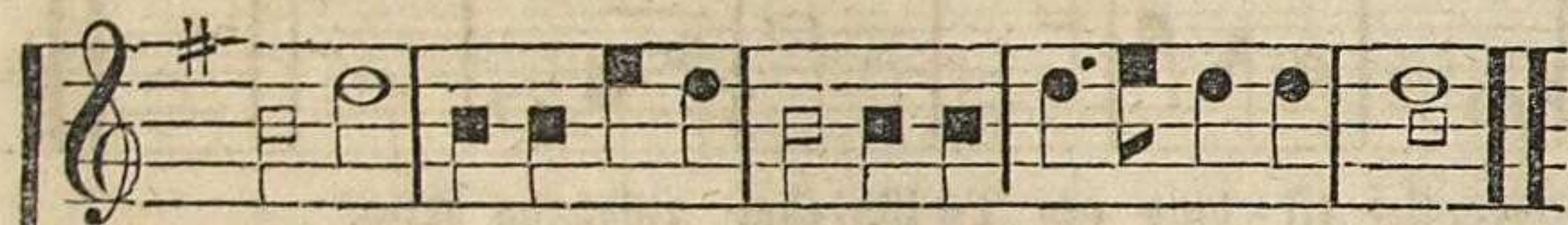
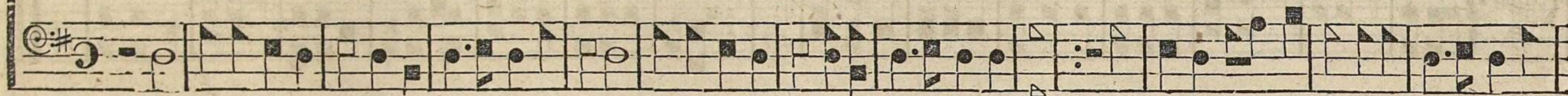
6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light,  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.



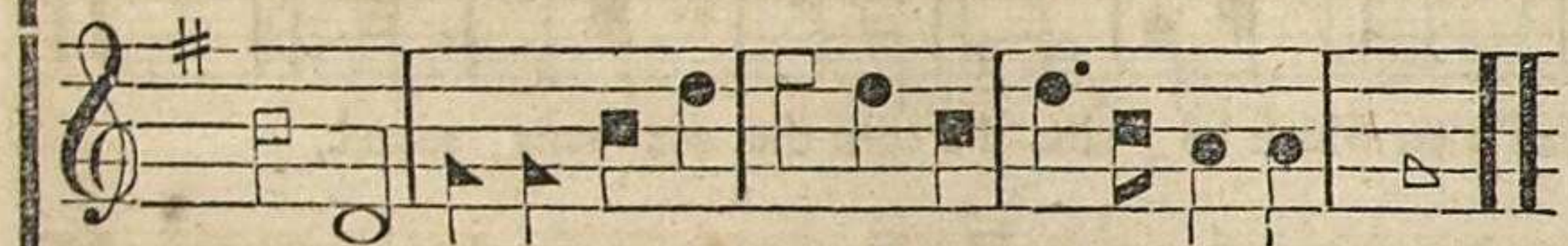
1 I am a great complainer, that bears the name of Christ; Come, all ye Zion mourners, and listen to my cries: I've many sore temptations, and sorrows to my



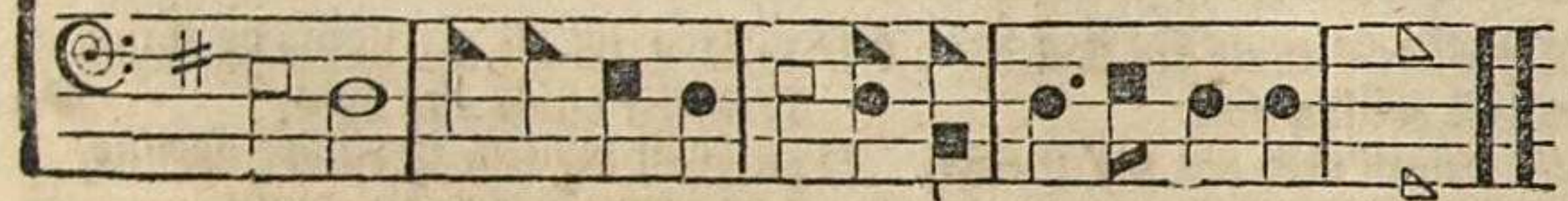
2 O Lord of life and glory, my sins to me reveal, And by thy love and power, my sin-sick soul be heal'd; I thought my warfare over, no trouble I should



soul; I feel my faith declining, and my affections cold.



see; But now I'm like the lonely dove, that mourns on the wa-  
[vering tree.]



3 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 distressed, and no relief can find,  
With a hard deceitful heart, and a wretched wandering mind.

4 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 rejoicing, and seem to lose no time,  
I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

5 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 thousand objects beset me in my way  
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray.

HICKS' FAREWELL. C. M.

Wm. Walker.

19

The time is swiftly rolling on When I must faint and die; My bo - dy to the dust return, And there for - gotten lie.

2 Let persecution rage around,  
And Antichrist appear;  
My silent dust beneath the ground;  
There's no disturbance there.  
3 Thro' heats and colds I've often went,  
And wander'd in despair,  
To call poor sinners to repent,  
And seek the Saviour dear.  
4 My brother preachers, boldly speak,  
And stand on Zion's wall,

T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,  
And after sinners call.  
5 My brother preachers, fare you well,  
Your fellowship I love;  
In time no more I shall you see  
But soon we'll meet above.  
6 My little children near my heart,  
And nature seems to bind,  
It grieves me sorely to depart,  
And leave you all behind.

7 O Lord, a father to them be,  
And keep them from all harm,  
That they may love and worship thee,  
And dwell upon thy charms.  
8 My loving wife, my bosom friend,  
The object of my love,  
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,  
My sweet and harmless dove.  
9 My loving wife, don't grieve for me,  
Neither lament nor mourn;

For I shall with my Jesus be,  
When you are left alone.  
10 How often you have look'd for me,  
And ofttimes seen me come;  
But now I must depart from thee,  
And never more return.  
11 For I can never come to thee;  
Let this not grieve your heart,  
For you will shortly come to me,  
Where we shall never part.\*

CANON. Four in One. 7's.

Welcome, welcome, ev'ry guest, Welcome to our music feast: Music is our on - ly cheer, Fill both soul and ravish'd ear; Sacred Nine, teach us the mood,  
Sweetest notes to be explored. Softly swell the trembling air, To complete our concert fair.

\* This song was composed by the Rev. B. Hicks, (a Baptist minister of South Carolina,) and sent to his wife while he was confined in Tennessee by a fever, of which he afterwards recovered

1 How pain - ful - ly pleasing the fond recol - lection Of youthful con - nex - ion and in - nocent joy, While blest with pa - rent - al ad -

2 The Bible, that volume of God's inspi - ration, At morning and evening could yield us de - light; The prayers of our father, a

3 Ye scenes of en - joyment, long have we been parted, My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more; In sorrow and sad - ness I

vice and af - fection, Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high; I still view the chairs of my father and mother, The seats of their offspring, as

sweet invo - cation, For mercy by day and for safety by night; O hymns of thanksgiving with harmonious sweetness, As warm'd by the hearts of the

live broken hearted, And wander a - lone on a far distant shore; O why should I doubt a dear Saviour's protection, Fer - getful of gifts from his

ranged on each hand, And the rich - est of books, which ex - cels ev' - ry other, The fami - ly Bible that lay on the stand.

fa - mi - ly band, Hath raised us from earth to that rap - tu - rous dwelling, Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

boun - ti - ful hand; O let me with patience re - ceive his cor - rection, And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

4 Blest Bible! the light and the guide of the stranger,  
 With it I seem circled with parents and friends;  
 Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger;  
 On thee my last lingering hope then depends.  
 Hope wakens to vigour and rises to glory;  
 I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,  
 And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,  
 Reveal'd in the Bible that lay on the stand.

5 Hail, rising the brightest and best of the morning,  
 The star which has guided my parents safe home;  
 The beam of thy glory, my pathway adorning,  
 Shall scatter the darkness and brighten the gloom.

As the old Eastern sages to worship the stranger  
 Did hasten with ecstasy to Canaan's land,  
 I'll bow to adore him, not in a low manger,—  
 He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

6 Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,  
 I'll flee to the Bible, and trust in the Lord;  
 Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,  
 My soul is still cheer'd by his heavenly word.  
 And now from things earthly my soul is removing;  
 I soon shall glory with heaven's bright bands,  
 And in rapture of joy be forever adoring  
 The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King, For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.

The musical score for 'OLD HUNDRED. L. M.' consists of four staves. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the second staff.

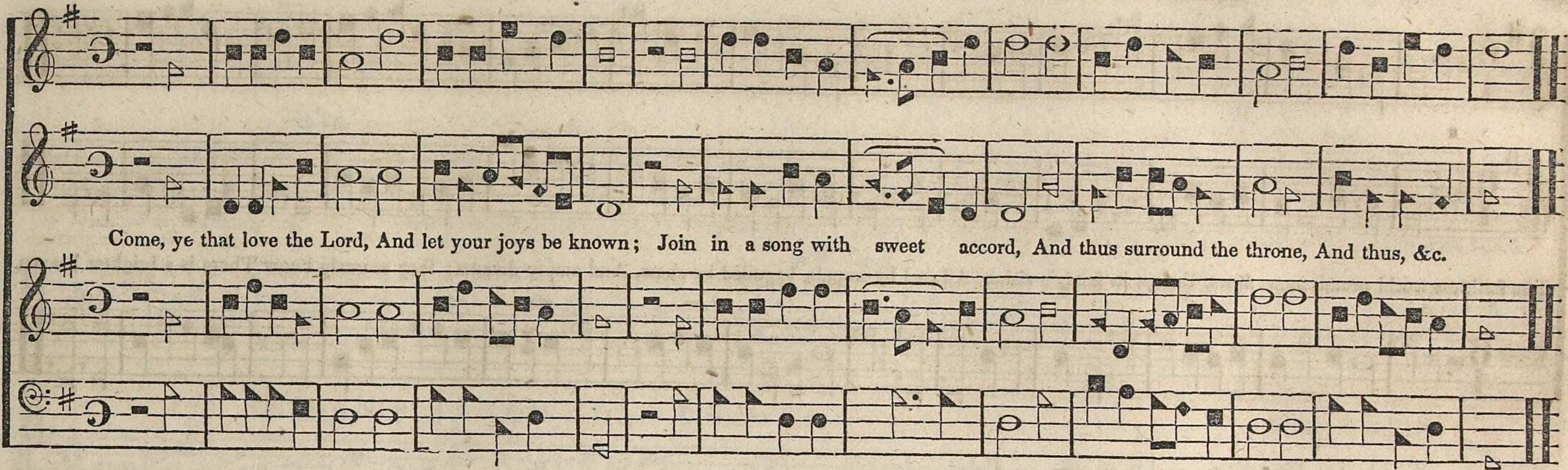
## DISTRESS. L. M.

So fades the love - ly, blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour, So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

The musical score for 'DISTRESS. L. M.' consists of three staves. The first two are treble clef, and the last is bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the second staff. The score includes first and second endings, indicated by '1' and '2' above the final measures of each staff.

ALBION. S. M.

Boyd.

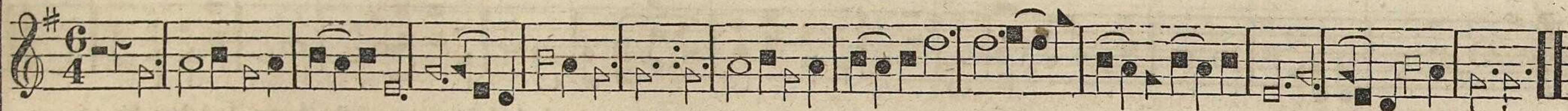
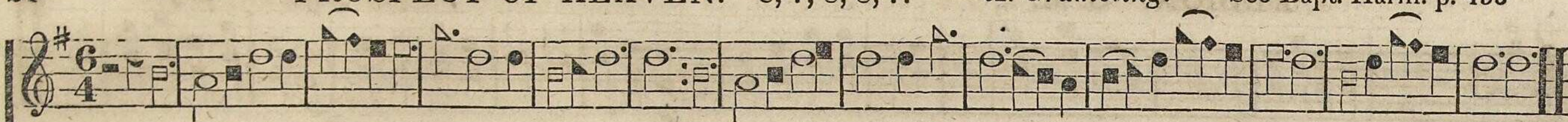


Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus, &c.

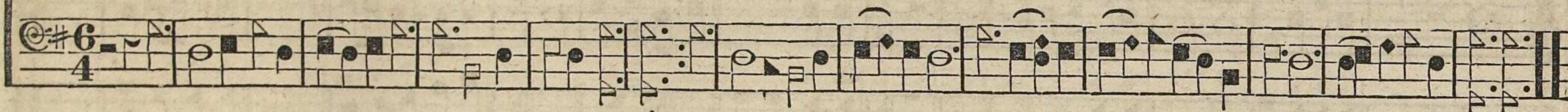
CHARLESTOWN. 8, 7.



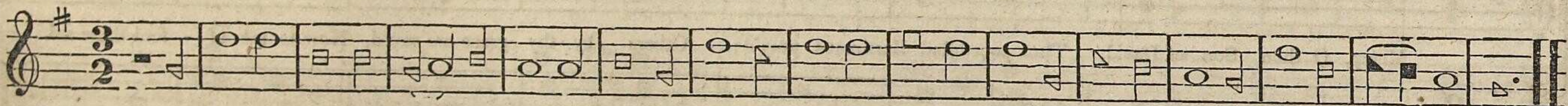
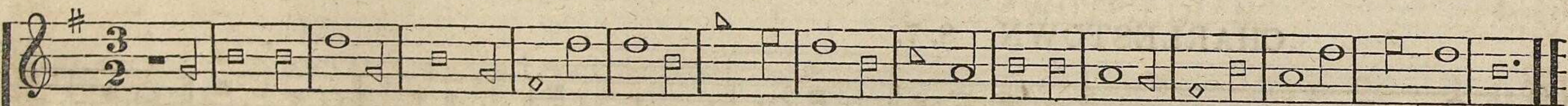
Mercy, O thou Son of David, Thus poor blind Bartimeus pray'd; Others by thy grace are saved, Now to me afford thine aid.



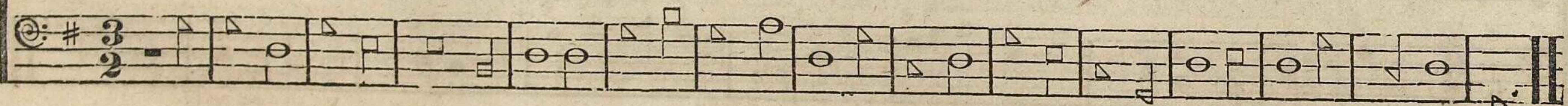
The faithless world promiscuous flows, Enrapt in fancy's vision, Allured by sounds, beguiled by show, And empty dreams; they scarcely know There is a brighter heaven.



## MEAR. C. M.



Will God for ev - er cast us off? His wrath for ev - er smoke Against the peo - ple of his love, His lit - tle cho - sen flock?





CRUCIFIXION. 7's, 9.

Baptist Harmony, p. 477.

Musical score for 'CRUCIFIXION' in G major, 3/4 time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are: "Saw ye my Saviour, :||: Saw ye my Saviour and God? O he died on Calvary, To atone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood."

INDIAN'S FAREWELL. 6 lines 7's.

Wm. Walker.

Musical score for 'INDIAN'S FAREWELL' in D major, 6/4 time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are: "1 When shall we all meet again? :||: Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love retire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet again."

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

3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,  
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,  
When around the youthful pine  
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;  
Long may the loved bow'r remain,  
Ere we all shall meet again.

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

Slow.

Come, and let us as - cend, My com - panion and friend, To a taste of the ban - quet of love; If thy heart be as

mine, If for Je - sus it pine, Come up in - to the cha - riot of love, Come up, &c.

AMERICA. S. M.

Whitmore.

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

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

Colton.

When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, and wipe my weeping eyes.

Afflictions, though they seem severe, Are oft in mercy sent,  
They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And caused him to repent. } Although he no re - lent - ing felt Till he had spent his store, His stubborn heart be-

gan to melt When famine pinch'd him sore

3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,  
But hunger, shame, and fear?  
My father's house abounds with bread,  
Whilst I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
Fall down before his face,  
Not worthy to be called his son,  
I'll ask a servant's place.

5 He saw his son returning back,  
He look'd, he ran, he smiled,  
And threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child.

6 Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive.  
And thus the father said;  
Rejoice, my house! my son's alive,  
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
Go spread the news abroad,  
My son was dead, but lives again,  
Was lost, but now is found.

8 'Tis thus the Lord himself reveals,  
To call poor sinners home;  
More than the father's love he feels,  
And bids the sinner come

SOLEMN THOUGHT. 12, 9, 12, 12, 9.

*F. Price.*

29

Re - member, sinful youth, you must die, you must die, Re - member, sinful youth, you must die; Re member, sinful

youth, who hate the way of truth, And in your pleasures boast, you must die, you must die; And in your pleasures boast, you must die.

Our cheerful voices let us raise, And sing a part - ing song; Although I'm with you now, my friends, I can't be with you long :

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. The music is written in a simple, clear style with various note values and rests.

For I must go and leave you all, It fills my heart with pain; Although we part, perhaps, in tears, I hope we'll meet again.

The second system of music also consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. The music concludes with a double bar line.

IDUMEA. S. M.

*Davison.*

Meth. Hymn Book, p. 231.

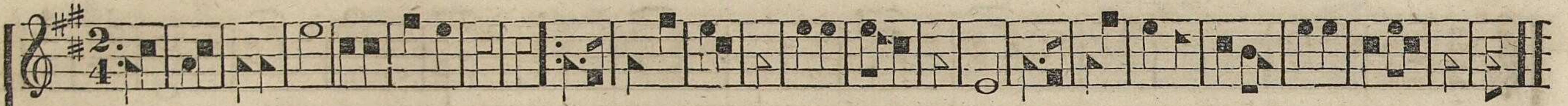
And am I born to die? To lay this bo - dy down? And must my trem - bling spi - rit fly, In - to a world un - known?

The musical score for 'IDUMEA' consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clefs, and the bottom two are bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are written below the second staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties. There are first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the final measures.

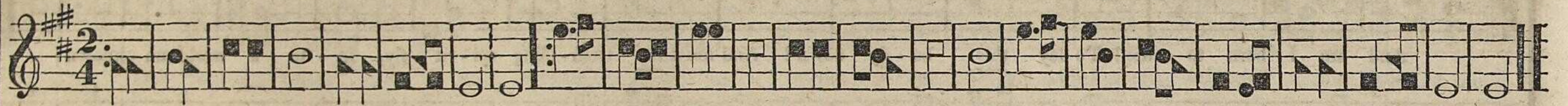
SUFFIELD. C. M.

Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame, I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

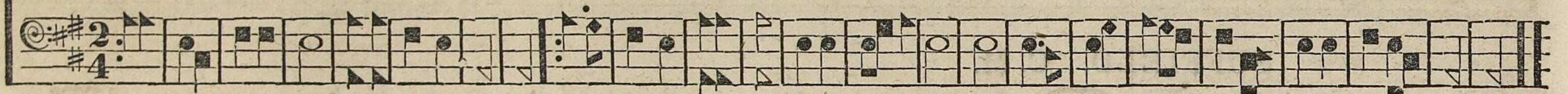
The musical score for 'SUFFIELD' consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clefs, and the bottom two are bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the second staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties. There are first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the final measures.



1 When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation, } Lo, the bridegroom is at hand, Surely all the waiting band  
Thousands sleeping in their sins, Neglecting their salvation. } Who will kindly treat him? Will now go forth to meet him.



2 Some, indeed, did wait awhile, And shone without a rival; } Many souls who thought they'd light, Now against the Bridegroom fight,  
But they spent their seeming oil Long since the last revival. } O, when the scene was closed, And so they stand opposed.



3 While the wise are passing by,  
With all their lamps prepared,  
Give us of your oil, they cry,  
If any can be spared.  
Others trimm'd their former snuff,  
O, is it not amazing!  
Those conclude they've light enough,  
And think their lamps are blazing.

4 Foolish virgins! do you think  
Our Bridegroom's a deceiver?  
Then may you pass your lives away,  
And think to sleep for ever;  
But we by faith do see his face,  
On whom we have believed;  
If there's deception in the case,  
'Tis you that are deceived.

5 And now the door is open wide,  
And Christians are invited,  
And virgins wise compass the bride,  
March to the place appointed.  
Who do you think is now a guest?  
Yea, listen, carnal lovers,  
'Tis those in wedding garments dress'd;  
They cease from sin for ever.

6 The door is shut, and they within,  
They're freed from every danger;  
They reign with Christ, for sinners slain,  
Who once lay in a manger;  
They join with saints and angels too  
In songs of love and favour;  
Glory, honour, praise and power,  
'Tis God and Lamb for ever.

7 The foolish virgins are without;  
The sentence, Go ye cursed—  
For want of oil they're out—away  
From Christ they then are forced.  
No more on earth with saints to join  
In sharing of my favour;  
Although you did my children blind,  
Mourn with the damn'd for ever.

8 Virgins wise, I pray draw near,  
And listen to your Saviour;  
He is your friend, you need not fear,  
O, why not seek his favour?  
He speaks to you in whispers sweet,  
In words of consolation:  
By grace in him you stand complete,  
He is your great salvation.

9 Dying sinners, will you come,  
The Saviour now invites you;  
His bleeding wounds proclaim there's  
Let nothing then affright you— [room,  
Room for you, and room for me,  
And room for coming sinners:  
Salvation pours a living stream  
For you and all believers.

10 When earth and sea shall be no more,  
And all their glory perish,  
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,  
And stars at midnight languish;  
When Gabriel's trump shall sound aloud,  
To call the slumb'ring nations,  
Then, Christians, we shall see our God,  
The God of our salvation.



1 Though troubles assail, and dangers af-fright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite— Yet one thing se-

cures us, what-ever be-tide, The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

fit-ting shall ne'er be de-nied, So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be toss'd  
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:  
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
The promise engages the Lord will provide.

5

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,  
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;  
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,  
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,  
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;  
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,  
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;  
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,  
In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide;  
The Lord is our pow'r, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:  
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

VERNON. L. M.

Chapin.

Methodist Hymn Book. v. 77.

Musical notation for the hymn 'Vernon'. It consists of three staves: a treble clef staff, a second treble clef staff, and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a melody with various note values and rests, and a bass line with chords and single notes. There are first and second endings marked at the end of the piece.

Come, O thou travel - ler unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see,  
 My company before is gone, And I am left alone 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 misery and sin declare;  
 Thyself hast call'd 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 strugglest to get free,  
 I never will unloose my hold;  
 Art thou the man who died for me?  
 The secret of thy love unfold:  
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
 Thy new, unutterable name?  
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;  
 To know it now resolved I am:  
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh com-  
 And murmur to contend so long, [plain,  
 I rise superior to my pain;  
 When I am weak, then I am strong!  
 And when my all of strength shall fail,  
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

IMANDRA NEW. 11's.

Dover Selection, p. 196.

Musical notation for the hymn 'Imandra New'. It consists of three staves: a treble clef staff, a second treble clef staff, and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 11/8. The music features a melody with various note values and rests, and a bass line with chords and single notes.

Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is a' hand,  
 When we must be parted from this social band:      Our several engagements now call us away,  
 Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

Musical score for 'SOPHRONIA' consisting of four staves. The first three staves are vocal lines in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The fourth staff is a basso continuo line in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Forbear, my friends, forbear, and ask no more, Where all my cheerful joys are fled? Why will you make me talk my torments o'er? My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.

PARTING FRIENDS. 8, 7

Musical score for 'PARTING FRIENDS' consisting of three staves. The first two staves are vocal lines in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The third staff is a basso continuo line in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

Farewell, my lovely friends, farewell, We must be separated, } O let not this our friendship chill, Though mountains rise between us, May truth and justice guide our will,  
 In different regions we must dwell, Distantly situated. } [And God from evil screen us.

## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN. 8, 7.

1 Bright scenes of glory strike my sense, And all my pas - sions cap - ture; } I live in pleasures deep and full, In  
 E - ternal beauties round me shine, In - fusing warm - est rap - ture.

swell - ng waves of glo - ry I feel my Saviour in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE. 12, 11, 11, 11, 12, 11.

I find myself placed in a state of probation, Which God has commanded us well to improve, } I know I must go through great tribulation,  
 And I am resolved to regard all his precepts, And on in the way of obedience to move.

And many sore conflicts on ev-e-ry hand; But grace will support and comfort my spi-rit, And I shall be able for ever to stand.

2 I'm call'd to contend with the powers of darkness,  
 And many sore conflicts I have to pass through;  
 O Jesus, be with me in every battle,  
 And help me my enemies all to subdue;  
 If thou, gracious Lord, will only be with me,  
 To aid and direct me, then all will be right;  
 Apollyon, with all his powerful forces,  
 In thy name and thy strength I shall soon put to flight.

3 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, Christians, 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.

4 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 inherit  
 A happy reception and truly divine,  
 For which all the praises and glory, my Saviour,  
 Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.

## SOLITUDE IN THE GROVE. C. M.

O, were I like a feather'd dove, And innocence had wings, I'd fly and make a long remove From all these restless things. Let

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clefs, and the bottom two are bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/4. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with a clear melody line in the upper staves and a supporting bass line in the lower staves.

me to some wild desert go, And find a peace - ful home, Where storms of malice never blow, And sorrows never come.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, maintaining the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics continue across the staves. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs. There are first and second endings indicated by the numbers '1' and '2' above the final notes of the melody and bass lines.

Who is this that comes from far, With his garments dipp'd in blood, } I that reign in righteousness, Mighty to redeem your race,  
 Strong, triumphant traveller— Is he man, or is he God? } Son of God and man I am ; Jesus is your Saviour's name.

UNION. 8's.

*Billings.*

From whence does this union arise, That hatred is conquer'd by love? It fastens our souls with such ties, That distance and time can't remove.

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

3 My friends once so dear unto me,  
 Our souls so united in love :  
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be  
 In vonder blest mansions above.

4 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
 And all his bright glory shall see,  
 Singing hallelujahs, Amen ;  
 Amen ! even so let it be.

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 every joy, When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still, To mine attentive ear? Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound, My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 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?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,  
With angels round thy throne,  
To execute thy sacred will,  
And make thy glory known?

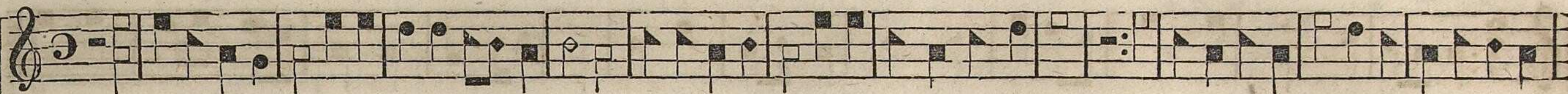
6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honour of thy name,  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp th' immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;  
But, O! I long to soar,  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

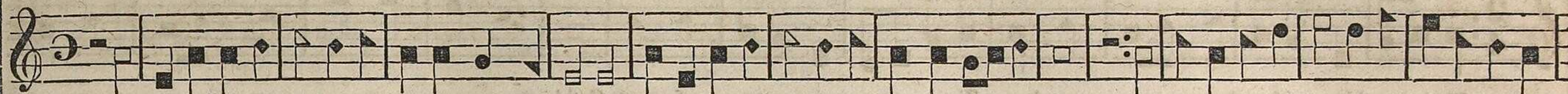
## HAPPINESS. C. M

No more beneath th' op - pressive hand Of ty - ran - ny we mourn, Be - hold, a smil - ing, hap - py land, That freedom calls her own.





1 The people called Christians Have many things to tell About the land of Canaan, Where saints and angels dwell; But here a dismal ocean, Enclosing them a-



2 Many have been impatient To work their passage through, And with united wisdom Have tried what they could do; But vessels built by human skill Have never sailed



round, With its tides, still divides Them from Canaan's happy ground.



far, Till we found them aground On some dreadful, sandy bar.

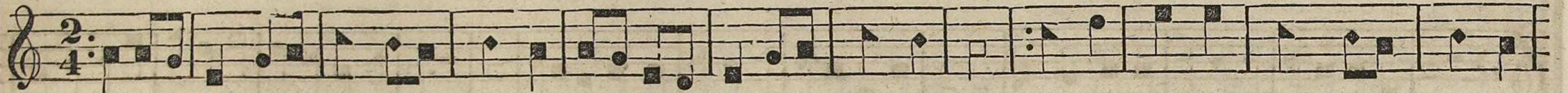
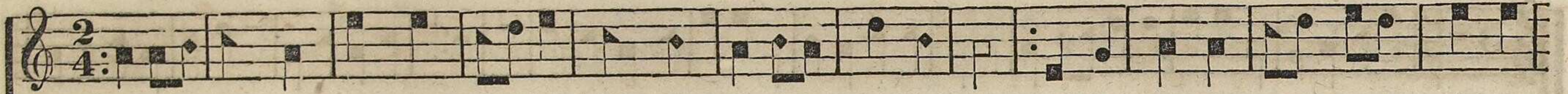


3 The everlasting gospel  
Hath launch'd the deep at last;  
Behold the sails expanded  
Around the tow'ring mast!  
Along the deck in order,  
The joyful sailors stand,  
Crying, "Ho!—here we go  
To Immanuel's happy land

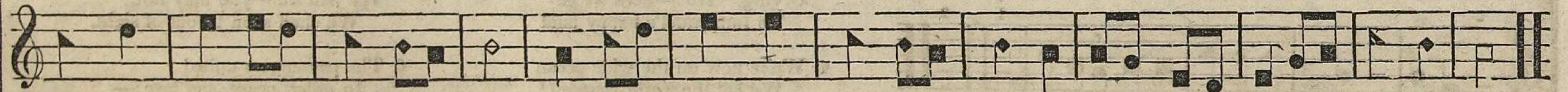
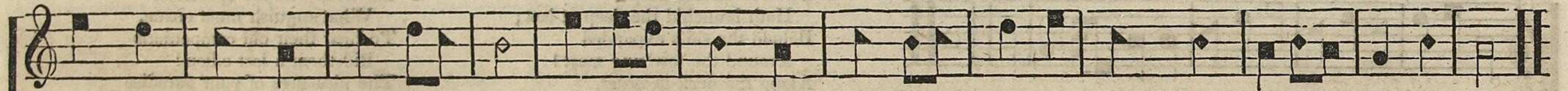
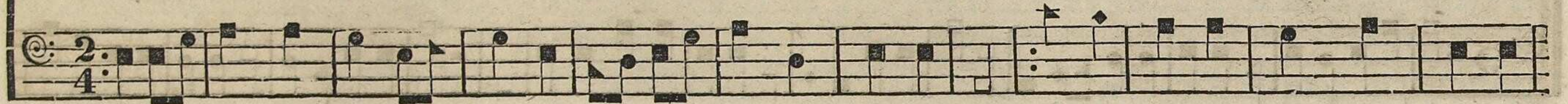
4 We're now on the wide ocean  
We bid the world farewell!  
And though where we shall anchor  
No human tongue can tell;  
About our future destiny  
There need be no debate,  
While we ride on the tide,  
With our Captain and his Mate.

5 To those who are spectators  
What anguish must ensue,  
To hear their old companions  
Bid them a last adieu!  
The pleasures of your paradise  
No more our hearts invite;  
We will sail—you may rail,  
We shall soon be out of sight.

6 The passengers united  
In order, peace, and love;—  
The wind is in our favour,  
How swiftly do we move!  
Though tempests may assail us,  
And raging billows roar,  
We will sweep through the deep,  
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.



Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! } With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round - ed,  
He whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode. }



Thou mayst smile at all thy foes; On the Rock of a - ges found - ed, Who can shake thy sure re - pose!



THE TURTLE DOVE. L. M.

Dover Selection, p. 154

43

Hark! don't you hear the turtle dove, The token of redeeming love?  
From hill to hill we hear the sound, The neigh'ring valleys echo round. } O Zion, hear the turtle dove, The token of your Saviour's love! She comes the

desert land to cheer, And welcome in the jubil - year.

2 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 blaze,  
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

While beauty and youth are in their full prime, And folly and fashion affect our whole time; O let not the phantom our wishes engage, Let us live so in youth that we

blush not in age.

2 The vain and the young may attend us a while,  
But let not their flatt'ry our prudence beguile;  
Let us covet those charms that shall never decay  
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.

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 than they,  
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

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,  
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,  
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. C. M.

F. Price.

Dover Selection, p. 135.

45

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? }  
2 Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While

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

3 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?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;—  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thine armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine

The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O may we all remember well, O

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The middle and bottom staves are accompaniment parts, also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

may we all re - member well, The night of death is near.

This system contains three staves of music, continuing the vocal and accompaniment parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The system ends with first and second endings marked '1' and '2'.

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 remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

JUDGMENT 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

*F. Price.*

Dover Selection, p. 167.

17

Musical score for the first system of 'JUDGMENT'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better por - tion trace; Rise from transi - to - ry things, To heav'n, thy na - tive place;"

Musical score for the second system of 'JUDGMENT'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a - bove."

## WINDHAM. L. M.

*Read.*

Hymn 158, Book 2, Watts.



Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a tra - veller.

The musical score for 'Windham' consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with various note values and rests.

## FAIRFIELD. C. M.



Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve; Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve.

The musical score for 'Fairfield' consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with various note values and rests.



How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole; There is but one Physician Can cure a sin-sick soul. Next door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the

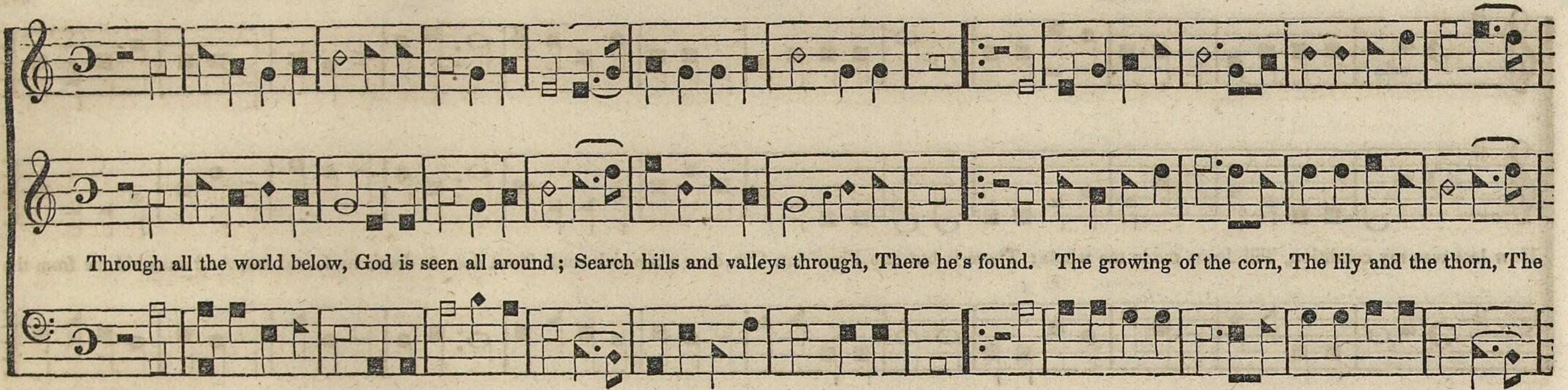
grave, To tell to all around me, His wondrous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases  
 Is light compared with sin;  
 On every part it seizes,  
 But rages most within:  
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
 And madness, all combin'd;  
 And none but a believer  
 The least relief can find.

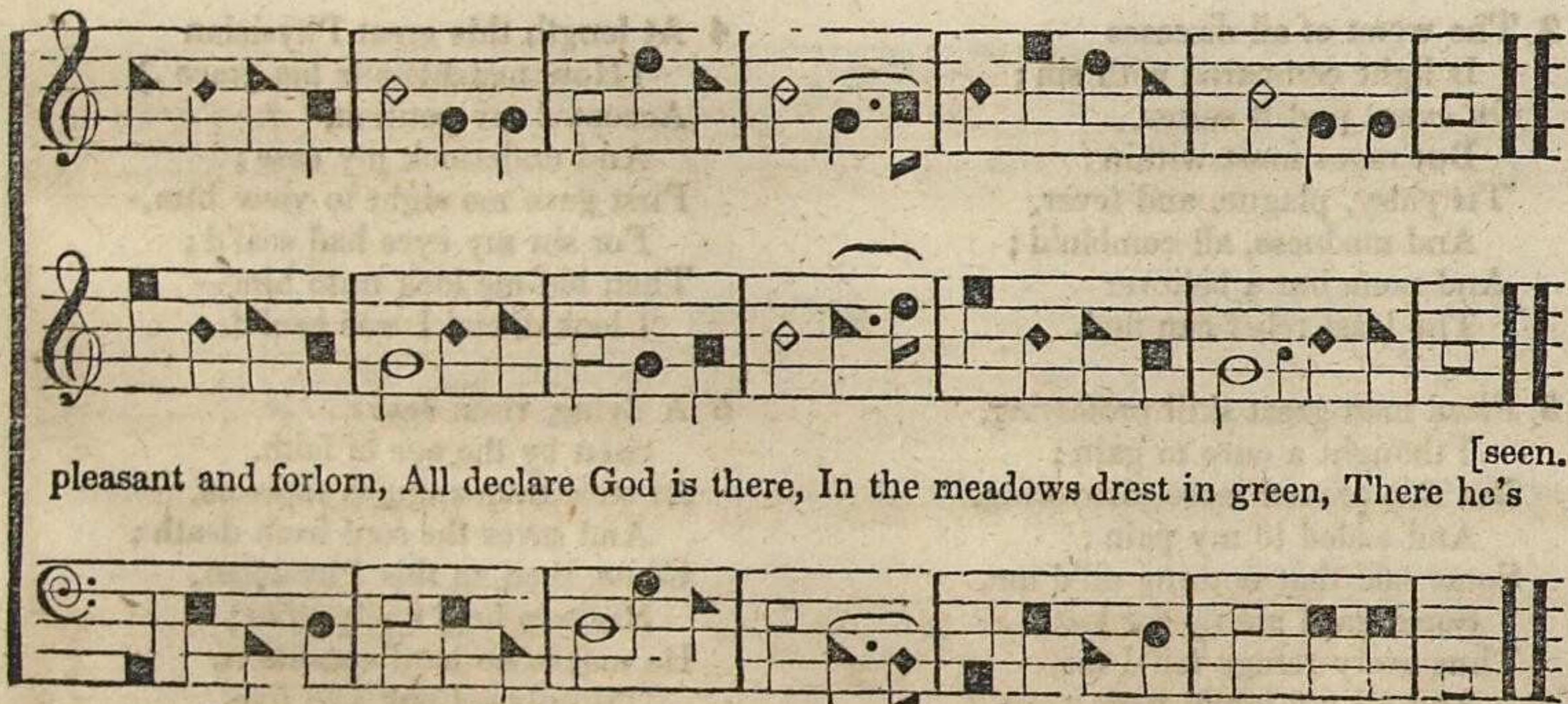
3 From men great skill professing,  
 I thought a cure to gain;  
 But this proved more distressing,  
 And added to my pain;  
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
 Some gave me up for lost;  
 Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician  
 (How matchless is his grace.)  
 Accepted my petition,  
 And undertook my case;  
 First gave me sight to view him,  
 For sin my eyes had seal'd;  
 Then bid me look unto him—  
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
 Seen by the eye of faith,  
 At once from anguish frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death;  
 Come, then, to this Physician,  
 His help he'll freely give;  
 He makes no hard condition,  
 'Tis only—Look and live.



Through all the world below, God is seen all around; Search hills and valleys through, There he's found. The growing of the corn, The lily and the thorn, The



[seen.  
pleasant and forlorn, All declare God is there, In the meadows drest in green, There he's

**2** See springs of water rise,  
Fountains flow, rivers run;  
The mist below the skies  
Hides the sun;  
Then down the rain doth pour,  
The ocean it doth roar,  
And dash against the shore,  
All to praise, in their lays,  
That God that ne'er declines  
His designs.

**3** The sun, to my surprise,  
Speaks of God as he flies;  
The comets in their blaze  
Give him praise;  
The shining of the stars.

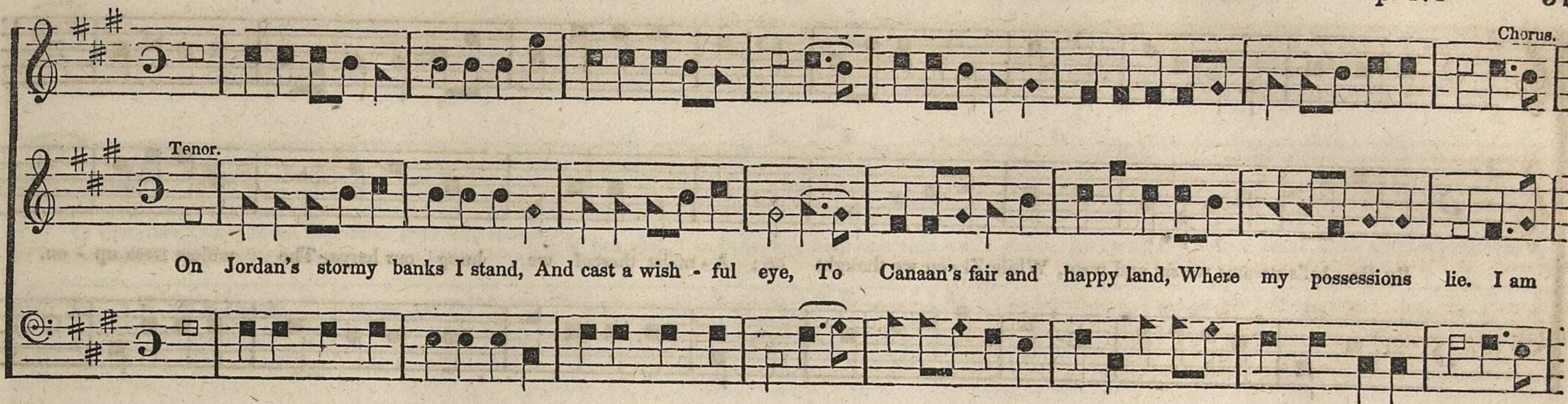
The moon as it appears,  
His sacred name declares;  
See them shine, all divine!  
The shades in silence prove  
God's above.

**4** Then let my station be  
Here on earth, as I see  
The sacred One in Three  
All agree;  
Through all the world is made,  
The forest and the glade;  
Nor let me be afraid,  
Though I dwell on the hill,  
Since nature's works declare  
God is there.

THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.

Miss M. Durham

Meth. H. B. p. 471

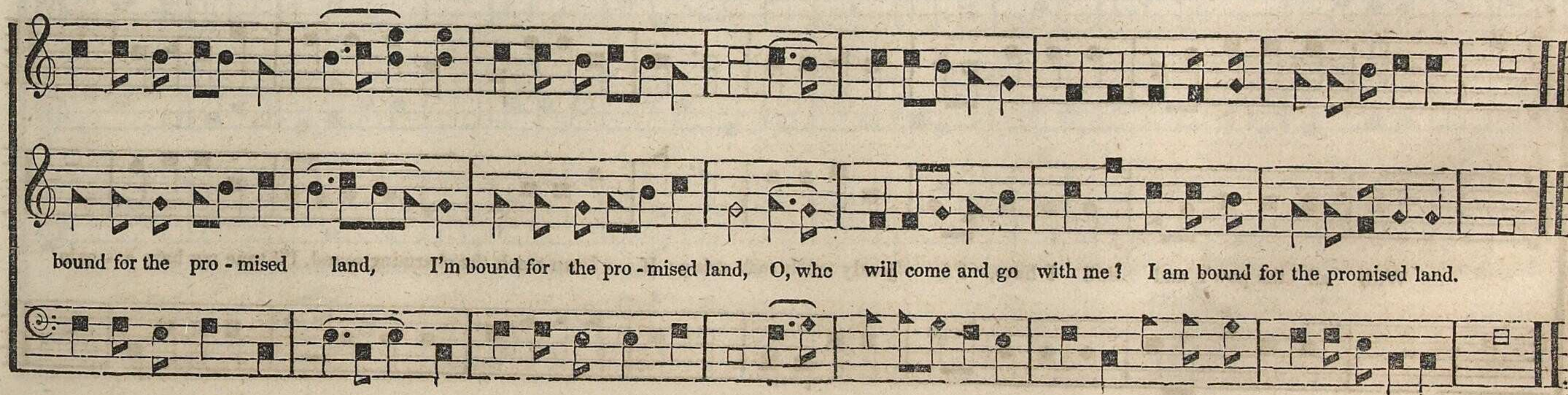


Chorus.

Tenor.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. I am

The first system of music features three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The second staff is a tenor vocal line, also with a treble clef and two sharps. The third staff is the piano accompaniment, using a bass clef and two sharps. The lyrics are written below the tenor line.



bound for the pro - mised land, I'm bound for the pro - mised land, O, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

The second system of music continues the piece with three staves. The top staff is a vocal line, the middle is a tenor line, and the bottom is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the tenor line.

## BABEL'S STREAMS. C. M.

By Ba - bel's streams we sat and wept, While Zi - on we thought on ; A - midst thereof we hung our harps, The willow trees up - on.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

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 a - gain.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

MUTUAL LOVE. 7, 6

William Walker.

O when shall I see Jesus, and dwell with him above,  
And drink the flowing fountain of everlasting love? } When shall I be delivered, from this vain world of sin, And with my blessed Jesus, drink endless pleasures in?

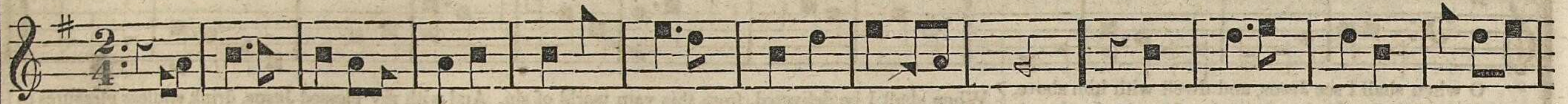
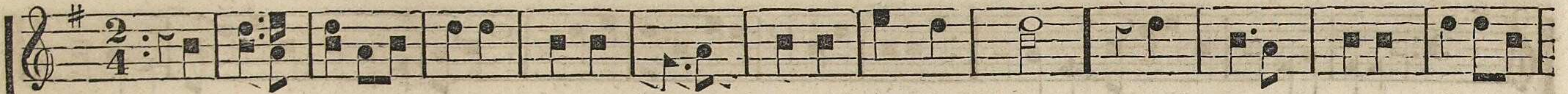
The musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 7/6. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first two staves, with a large curly brace grouping the two lines of text under the first two staves.

SALEM. L. M.

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 455.

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.

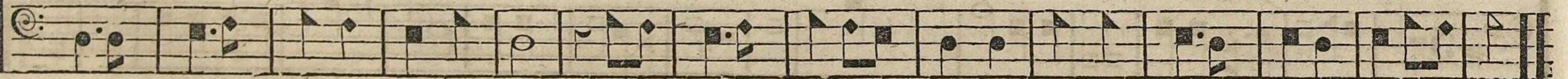
The musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves. The score includes first and second endings, indicated by the numbers '1' and '2' above the final measures of each staff.

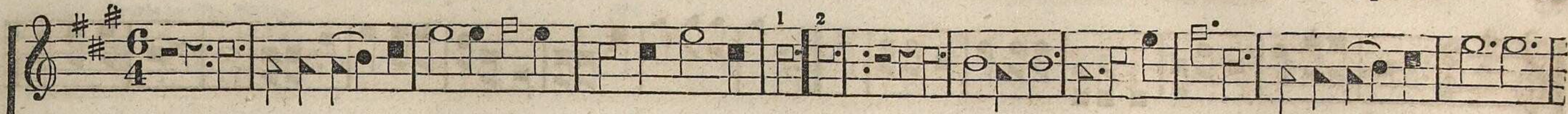


A - way, my doubts, be - gone, my fears, The wonder of the Lord ap - pears, }  
 The wonder that my Saviour wrought, O how de lightful is the thought. } The wonder of re - deeming

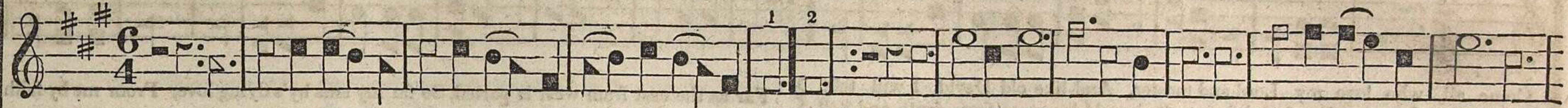


love, When first my heart was drawn a - bove, When first I saw my Saviour's face, And triumph'd in his pardoning grace.

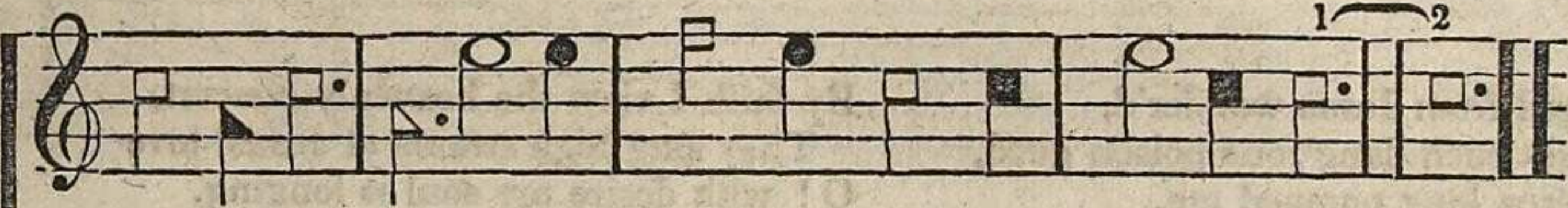
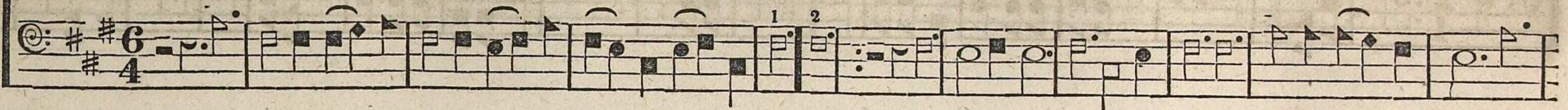




1 O, once I had a glorious view Of my redeeming Lord; } But now I have a deeper stroke Than all my groanings are; My  
He said, I'll be a God to you, And I believed his word.



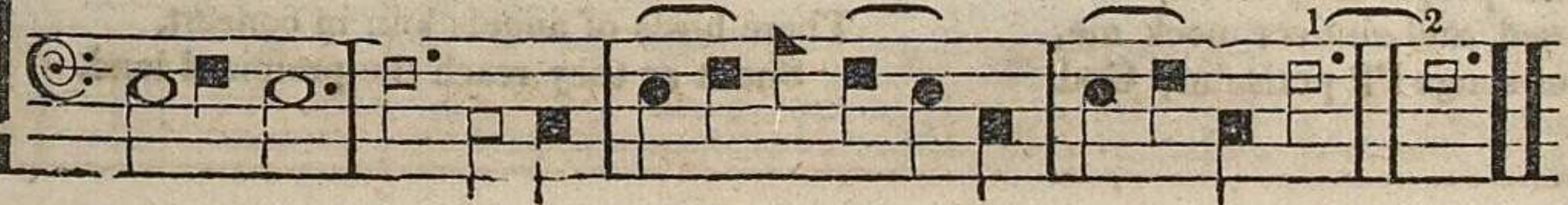
2 O what im - mortal joys I felt, On that ce - les - tial day, } But my complaint is bitter now, For all my joys are gone; I've  
When my hard heart began to melt, By love dissolved away!



God has me of late forsook,— He's gone, I know not where.



stray'd!—I'm left!—I know not how: The light's from the withdrawn.



3 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.

4 I once could mourn o'er dying men,  
And long'd their souls to win;  
I travail'd 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.

5 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,  
Among the wicked crew,  
And on the right, I find him not,  
Among the favour'd few.

6 What shall I do?—shall I lie down,  
And sink in deep despair?  
Will he for ever wear a frown,  
Nor hear my feeble pray'r?  
No: he will put his strength in me,  
He knows the way I've stroll'd  
And when I'm tried sufficiently,  
I shall come forth as gold.



Come all, who love my Lord and master, And like old David, I will tell, } Far as the east from west is parted, So far my sins by's dying love, From me by faith  
Tho' chief of sinners, I've found favour, Redeem'd by grace from death and hell. }



are se - pa - rated, Blest antepast of joys a - bove.

2 I late estranged from Jesus wander'd,  
And thought each dang'rous poison good,  
But he in mercy long pursued me,  
With cries of his redeeming blood.  
Though like Bartimeus I was blind,  
In nature's darkest night conceal'd,  
But Jesus' love removed my blindness,  
And he his pardoning grace reveal'd.

3 Now I will praise him, he spares me,  
And with his people sing aloud,  
Though opposed, and sinners mock me,  
In rapturous songs I'll praise my God.

By faith I view the heavenly concert,  
They sing high strains of Jesus' love  
O! with desire my soul is longing,  
And fain would be with Christ above.

4 That blessed day is fast approaching,  
When Christ in glorious clouds will come,  
With sounding trumps and shouts of angels,  
To call each faithful spirit home.  
There's Abraham, Isaac, holy prophets,  
And all the saints at God's right hand,  
There hosts of angels join in concert,  
Shout as they reach the promised land,



THE TRUMPET. 12's

J. Willa

57

Treble by Wm. Walker.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire! Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of

cloud, And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 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 vic-  
tory wear.

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

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

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from  
above.  
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with  
love;  
When beneath to their darkness the wicked  
are driv'n.  
May our justified souls find a welcome in  
heav'n.

Come on, my partners in dis-tress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bo-dies feel; Awhile forget your

griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce-les-tial hill. To that ce-les-tial hill.

O tell me no more of this world's vain store! The time for such trifles with me is now o'er; A country I've found where true joys abound, To

1 2  
1 2  
dwell I'm de - ter - min'd on that happy ground.

2 No mortal doth know what Christ will bestow,  
What life, strength and comfort! go after him, go!  
Lo, onward I move, to see Christ above,  
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

3 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin;  
Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;  
And still, which is best, I in his dear breast,  
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

4 When I am to die, receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why;  
But this I do find, we two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

5 This blessing is mine, through favour divine,  
And O, my dear Jesus, the praise shall be thine;  
In heaven we'll meet in harmony sweet,  
And, glory to Jesus! we'll then be complete.

Chorus.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee! }  
 When will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see? }

But O, the hap - py, hap - py place,

The place where Je - sus reigns; The place where Christians all shall meet, Ne - ver to part a - gain.

1 Brethren, don't you hear the sound?  
The martial trumpet now is blowing!

Men in order listing round,  
And soldiers to the standard flowing.

Bounty's offer'd—joy and peace;  
To ev'ry

2 They who long in sin have lain,  
And felt the hand of dire oppression,

Are all released from Satan's chain,  
And are endow'd with long possession.

The sick and sore, the blind and lame.  
The mala-

3 The battle is not to the strong,  
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder;

None so aged or so young,  
But may enlist, and be a soldier:

Those who cannot fight nor fly,  
Beneath his

soldier this is giv'n—When from toils of war they cease, A mansion bright prepared in heav'n.

dies of all are healed; Outlaw'd rebels, too, may claim, And find a pardon freely sealed.

banner find protection; None who on his arm rely Shall be reduced to base subjection.

4 You need not fear;—the cause is good;  
Come! who will to the crown aspire?  
In this cause the martyrs bled,  
Or shouted vict'ry in the fire;  
In this cause let's follow on,  
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,  
How by faith we gain'd the crown,  
And fought our way to life and glory.

5 The battle, brethren, is begun,  
Behold the armies now in motion!  
Some, by faith, behold the crown,  
And almost grasp their future portion.  
Hark! the victory's sounding loud!  
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,  
Mourners weeping through the crowd,  
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling

Come, little children, now we may Partake a lit - tle morsel, }  
 For little songs and little ways Adorn'd a great a - postle; } A lit - tle drop of Jesus' blood Can make a feast of u - nion; It

is by little steps we move In - to a full communion.

- 2 A little faith does mighty deeds,  
Quite past all my recounting;  
Faith, like a little mustard seed,  
Can move a lofty mountain.  
A little charity and zeal,  
A little tribulation,  
A little patience makes us feel  
Great peace and consolation.
- 3 A little cross with cheerfulness,  
A little self-denial,  
Will serve to make our troubles less,  
And bear the greatest trial.  
The Spirit like a little dove  
On Jesus once descended;  
To show his meekness and his love,  
The emblem was intended.
- 4 The title of the little Lamb  
Unto our Lord was given;  
Such was our Saviour's little name,  
The Lord of earth and heaven.

- A little voice that's small and still  
Can rule the whole creation;  
A little stone the earth shall fill,  
And humble every nation.
- 5 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.
- 6 Come, let us labour here below,  
And who can be the straitest;  
For in God's kingdom, all must know  
The least shall be the greatest.  
O give us, Lord, a little drop  
Of heavenly love and union  
O may we never, never stop  
Short of a full communion.

There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy for ever roll, }  
 'Tis there I have my treasure, And there I long to rest my soul. }

Long darkness dwelt around me, But since my Saviour found  
 With scarcely once a cheering ray,

me, A lamp has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger,  
 But 'tis the path that leads to God;  
 And like a faithful soldier,  
 I'll march along the heavenly road;  
 Now I must gird my sword on,  
 My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,  
 And fight the hosts of Satan.  
 Until I reach the heavenly field.

3 I'm on the way to Zion,  
 Still guarded by my Saviour's hand;  
 O, come along, dear sinners,  
 And view Emmanuel's happy land:  
 To all that stay behind me,  
 I bid a long, a sad farewell!  
 O come! or you'll repent it,  
 When you shall reach the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,  
 And Jordan's current rolls before;  
 O! how I stand and tremble,  
 To hear the dismal waters roar!  
 Whose hand shall then support me,  
 And keep my soul from sinking there  
 From sinking down to darkness,  
 And to the regions of despair!

5 This stream shall not affright me,  
 Although it take me to the grave;  
 If Jesus stand beside me,  
 I'll safely ride on Jordan's wave:  
 His word can calm the ocean,  
 His lamp can cheer the gloomy vale:  
 O may this friend be with me,  
 When through the gates of death I sail!

6 Come, then, thou king of terrors,  
 Thy fatal dart may lay me low;  
 But soon I'll reach those regions  
 Where everlasting pleasures flow:  
 O sinners, I must leave you,  
 And join that bless'd immortal band,  
 No more to stand beside you,  
 Till at the judgment-bar we stand.

7 Soon the archangel's trumpet  
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,  
 And all the wheels of nature  
 Shall in a moment cease to roll.  
 Then we shall see the Saviour,  
 With shining ranks of angels come,  
 To execute his vengeance,  
 And take his ransom'd people home.

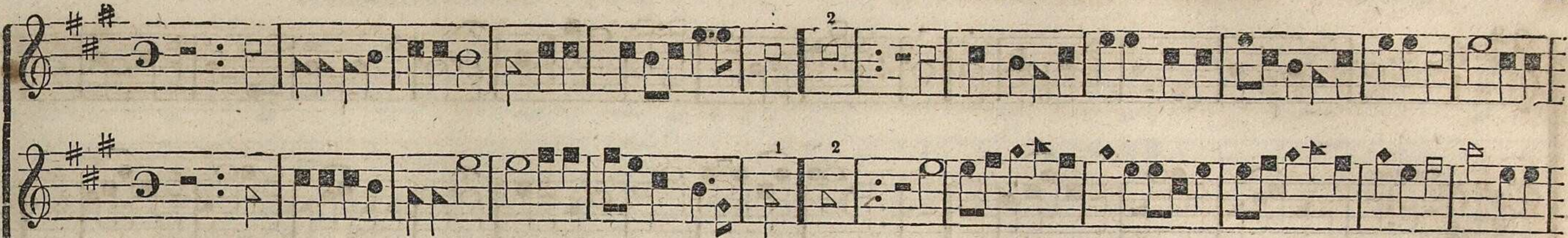
Come, thou fount of Streams of mercy  
 ev' - ry never  
 bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:  
 ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. } Teach me some me - lo - dious sonnet,

Sung by flaming tongues a - bove. Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of thy un - changing love.

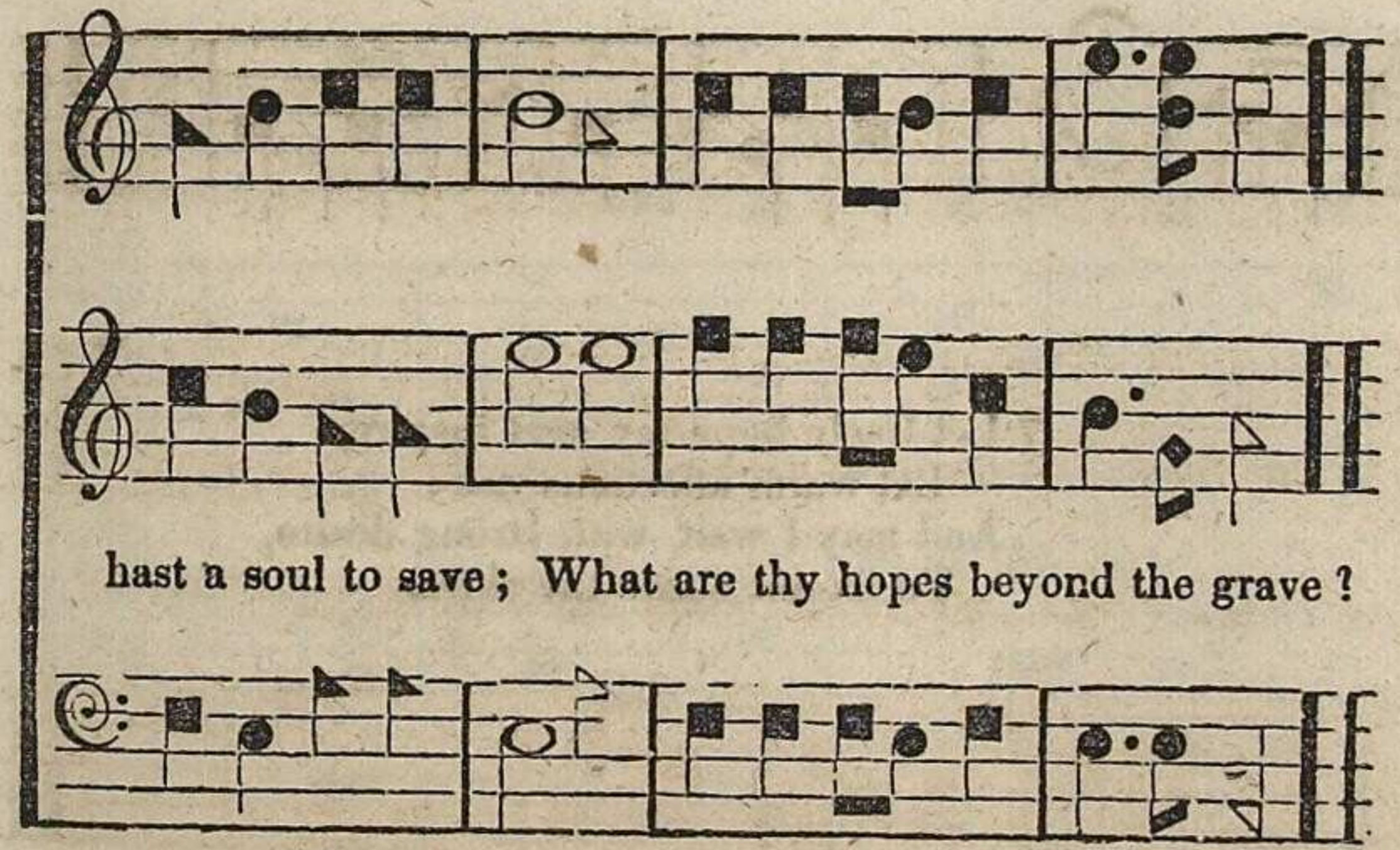
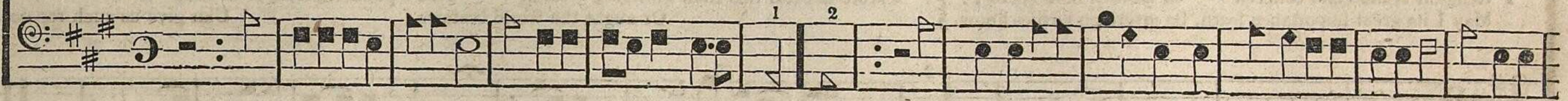


THE WATCHMAN'S CALL. L. M.

Wm Walker



The watchmen blow the trumpet round, Come, listen to the solemn sound, } Your days on earth will soon be o'er, O think thou  
 And be assured there's danger nigh; How many are prepared to die? } And time to you return no more;



hast a soul to save; What are thy hopes beyond the grave?

2 Come, old and young; come, rich and poor;  
 You'll all be call'd to stand before  
 The God that made the earth and sea,  
 And there proclaim his majesty.  
 Will you remain quite unconcern'd,  
 While for your souls the watchmen mourn?  
 They weep to think how you will stand  
 With frightful ghosts at God's left hand.

3 O mortals! view the dream of life,  
 And see how thousands end the strife,  
 Who, though convinced, do still delay,  
 'Till death ensues and drags away;  
 Will you for fancied earthly toys  
 Deprive yourselves of heav'nly joys?  
 And will the calls you have to-day  
 Be slighted still and pass away?

4 The trying scene will shortly come,  
 When you must hear your certain doom;  
 And if you then go unprepared,  
 You'll bear in mind the truths you've heard,  
 Your sparkling eyes will then roll round,  
 While death will bring you to the ground,  
 The coffin, grave, and winding sheet,  
 Will hold your lifeless frame complete.

5 Your friends will then pass by your tomb,  
 And view the grass around it grown,  
 And heave a sigh to think you're gone  
 To the land where there's no return.  
 O mortals! now improve your time,  
 And while the gospel sun doth shine  
 Fly swift to Christ, he is your friend,  
 And then in heav'n your souls will end.

Counter.

1 Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below ; } 2 More needful this than glittering wealth, Nor reputation, food, or health,  
May I its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtues know. } Or aught the world bestows ; Can give us such repose.


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

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

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

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.



Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed upon thy word; }  
All that has been amiss forgive, And let thy truth within us live. }  
Though we are guilty, thou art good, Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;



Give every fet - ter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace. Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.

## LIBERTY. C. M.

No more beneath th' oppressive hand Of tyran - ny we mourn, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, That

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music consists of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and repeat signs.

free - dom calls her own. :||: That free - dom calls her own.

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music continues with quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

SOLICITUDE. 11's

M. D. JACKSON

Smith.

How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What

more can he say, than to you he hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for refuge have fled?

Afflictions, though they seem severe, Are oft in mer - cy sent;  
 They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And caused him to re - pent. } Although he no re - lent - ings felt

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody with various note values and rests, and includes first and second endings marked with '1' and '2'.

Till he had spent his store, His stubborn heart be - gan to melt When famine pinch'd him sore

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. It continues the melody and includes first and second endings. The lyrics are positioned below the middle staff.

GREEN FIELDS. 8's.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,

When Jesus no longer I see;  
Have all lost their sweetness to me.

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

Counter.

when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

2 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.

3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd;  
No changes of season or place,  
Would make any change in my mind

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.

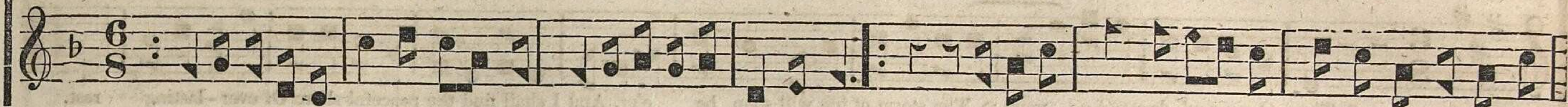
4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long!  
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more

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

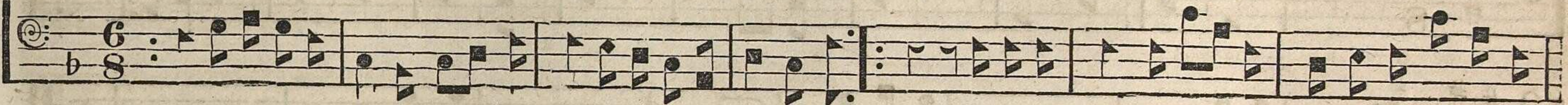
## INVOCATION. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace, Sun, and moon, and stars decay, Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
 Rise from transitory things, To heav'n, thy native place. Time shall soon this earth remove, To seats prepared above.

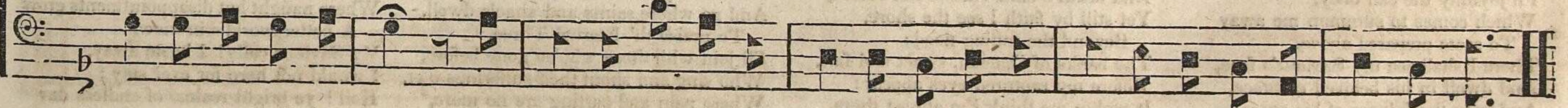




When in death I shall calm recline, O bear my heart to my mistress dear ;  
 Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here. } Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow, To sul - ly a



heart so bril - liant and light; But on my drops of the red grape borrow, To bathe the re - lic from morn to night.



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, despond no more; The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore Of ever-lasting rest.

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 hap-py day! O joyful hour! When, freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r, To be for e-ver blest

3 My soul anticipates the day,  
I'll joyfully the call obey,  
Which comes to summon me away  
To seats prepared above.  
There I shall see my Saviour's face,  
And dwell in his beloved embrace,  
And taste the fulness of his grace,  
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,  
And death's dark billows roll before,  
Yet still by faith I see the shore,  
Beyond the rolling flood:  
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,  
Before my raptured eyes appear:  
It makes me think I'm almost there,  
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I bid farewell,  
And triumph over death and hell,  
And go where saints and angels dwell,  
To praise th' Eternal Three.  
I'll join with those who're gone before,  
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,  
Where pain and parting are no more,  
To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,  
And all this region here below,  
Where naught but disappointments grow  
A better world's in view.  
My Saviour calls! I haste away,  
I would not here for ever stay;  
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day  
Vain world, once more adieu!

MILLENNIUM. 12, 12, 12, 13

Wm. Walker.

Zion Songster, p. 53

Slow.

The time is soon com - ing, By the pro - phets fore - told, When Zi - on in pu - ri - ty, The world shall be - hold.

When Je - sus' pure tes ti - mo - ny will gain the day, De - no - mi - nations, sel - fish - ness, will va - nish a - way.

Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends? Or shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the second staff.

call them to his arms. Are we not tending upwards too, As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bounds.

The year of jubi - lee is come, The year of jubi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home.

Ye nations all, on you I call,  
Come, hear this declaration,

And don't refuse this glorious news  
Of Jesus and salvation.

To royal Jews came first the news  
Of

As was foretold by prophets old,  
Christ the great Messiah,

Isai - ah, Jeremiah.

2 To Abraham the promise came, and to his seed for ever,  
A light to shine in Isaac's line, by Scripture we discover ;  
Hail, promised morn ! the Saviour's born, the glorious Mediator—  
God's blessed Word made flesh and blood, assumed the human nature.

3 His parents poor in earthly store, to entertain the stranger  
They found no bed to lay his head, but in the ox's manger :  
No royal things, as used by kings, were seen by those that found him,  
But in the hay the stranger lay, with swaddling bands around him.

4 On the same night a glorious light to shepherds there appeared,  
Bright angels came in shining flame, they saw and greatly feared,  
The angels said, " Be not afraid, although we much alarm you,  
We do appear good news to bear, as now we will inform you.

5 "The city's name is Bethlehem, in which God hath appointed,  
This glorious morn a Saviour's born, for him God hath anointed ;  
By this you'll know, if you will go, to see this little stranger,  
His lovely charms in Mary's arms, both lying in a manger."

6 When this was said, straightway was made a glorious sound from heaven,  
Each flaming tongue an anthem sung, "To men a Saviour's given,  
In Jesus' name, the glorious theme, we elevate our voices,  
At Jesus' birth be peace on earth, meanwhile all heaven rejoices."

7 Then with delight they took their flight, and wing'd their way to glory,  
The shepherds gazed and were amazed, to hear the pleasing story ;  
To Bethlehem they quickly came, the glorious news to carry,  
And in the stall they found them all, Joseph, the Babe, and Mary

8 The shepherds then return'd again to their own habitation,  
With joy of heart they did depart, now they have found salvation  
Glory, they cry, to God on high, who sent his Son to save us  
This glorious morn the Saviour's born, his name it is Christ Jesus.

Come, all you weary travellers; Come, let us join and sing, The everlasting praises Of Jesus Christ, our King; We've had a tedious journey, And tiresome, it is

true; But see how many dangers The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,  
He call'd us unto him,  
And pointed out the danger  
Of falling into sin;  
The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
Will prove a fatal snare,  
Unless we do resist them,  
By faith and fervent prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,  
With sorrow we confess,  
We've had too long to wander  
In a dark wilderness

Where we might soon have fainted,  
In that enchanted ground,  
But Jesus interposed,  
And pleasant fruits were found.

4 Gracious foretastes of heaven  
Give life, and health, and peace,  
Revive our drooping spirits,  
And faith and love increase;  
Confessing Christ, our master,  
Obeying his command,  
We hasten on our journey,  
Unto the promised land.

PISGAH. C. M

Louvy.

Baptist Harmony, p. 250.

Second Treble.

Je - sus, thou art the sinner's friend, As such I look to thee; Now in the bowels of thy love, O Lord, remember me.

This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is the first treble clef. The second staff is labeled 'Second Treble'. The third and fourth staves are the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Soft.

O Lord, &c. O Lord, &c. Now in, &c.

This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is the first treble clef. The second staff is labeled 'Soft.'. The third and fourth staves are the bass clef. The lyrics 'O Lord, &c.', 'O Lord, &c.', and 'Now in, &c.' are written below the second staff. The system concludes with first and second endings on the top and bottom staves.



Slow

1 Come, Christians, be valiant, our Jesus is near us,  
 We'll conquer the powers of darkness and sin;  
 Through grace and the Spirit we'll glory inherit,  
 And peace, like a river, give comfort within.

2 We have trials, and cares, and hardships, and losses,  
 But heaven will pay us for all that we bear;  
 We'll soon end in pleasures and glory for ever,  
 And bright crowns of glory for ever we'll wear.

3 Young converts, be humble, the prospect is blooming,  
 The wings of kind angels around you are spread;  
 While some are oppressed with sin and are mourning,  
 The spirit of joy upon you is shed.

4 Live near to our Captain, and always obey him,  
 This world, flesh, and Satan must all be denied;  
 Both care and diligence, and prayer without ceasing,  
 Will safe land young converts to riches on high.

5 O mourners, God bless you, don't faint in the spirit,  
 Believe, and the Spirit our pardon he'll give;  
 He's now interceding and pleading his merit,  
 Give up, and your souls he will quickly receive.

6 If truly a mourner, he's promised you comfort,  
 His good promises stand in his sacred word;  
 O hearken and hear them, all glory, all glory,  
 The mourners are fill'd with the presence of God.

7 O sinners, my bowels do move with desire;  
 Why stand you gazing on the works of the Lord?  
 O fly from the flames of devouring fire,  
 And wash your pollution in Jesus's blood.

8 Brethren, in sweet gales we are all breezing,  
 My soul feels the mighty, the heavenly flame;  
 I'm now on my journey, my faith is increasing,  
 All glory and praise to God and the Lamb.

M. C. H. DAVIS' EXPERIENCE.

1 Come, all ye young people of every relation,  
 Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell  
 How I was first called to seek for salvation,  
 Redemption in Jesus who saved me from hell.

2 I was not yet sixteen when Jesus first call'd me,  
 To think of my soul, and the state I was in;  
 I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus,  
 Between me and him was a mountain of sin.

3 The devil perceived that I was convinced,  
 He strove to persuade me that I was too young,  
 That I would get weary before my ascension,  
 And wish that I had not so early begun.

4 Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was partial,  
 When he was a setting of poor sinners free,  
 That I was forsaken, and quite reprobated,  
 And there was no mercy at all for poor me.

5 But glory to Jesus, his love's not confined  
 To princes, nor men of a nobler degree;  
 His love it flows bounteous to all human creatures,  
 He died for poor sinners, when nail'd to the tree.

6 And when I was groaning in sad lamentation,  
 My soul overwhelm'd in sorrow and in sin,  
 He drew near me in mercy and look'd on me with pity,  
 He pardon'd my sins, and he gave me relief

7 And now I've found favour in Jesus my Saviour,  
 And all his commandments I'm bound to obey;  
 I trust he will keep me from all Satan's power,  
 Till he shall think proper to call me away.

8 So farewell, young people, if I can't persuade you  
 To leave off your follies and go with a friend,  
 I'll follow my Saviour, in whom I've found favour  
 My days to his glory I'm bound for to spend.

There was a Romish lady brought up in popery, Her mother always taught her the priest she must obey ; O pardon me, dear mother, I humbly pray thee now

For unto these false idols I can no longer bow.

2 Assisted by her handmaid, a Bible she conceal'd,  
And there she gain'd instruction, till God his love reveal'd;  
No more she prostrates herself to pictures deck'd with gold.  
But soon she was betray'd, and her Bible from her sto

3 I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God unseen,  
I'll live by faith for ever, the works of men are vain;  
I cannot worship angels, nor pictures made by men;  
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon if you can.  
4 With grief and great vexation, her mother straight did go  
T' inform the Roman clergy the cause of all her wo:  
The priests were soon assembled, and for the maid did call,  
And forced her in the dungeon, to fright her soul withal.  
5 The more they strove to fright her, the more she did endure,  
Although her age was tender, her faith was strong and sure.  
The chains of gold so costly they from this lady took,  
And she with all her spirits, the pride of life forsook.  
6 Before the pope they brought her, in hopes of her return,  
And there she was condemned in horrid flames to burn.  
Before the place of torment they brought her speedily,  
With lifted hands to heaven, she then agreed to die.  
7 There being many ladies assembled at the place,  
She raised her eyes to heaven, and begg'd supplying grace:

Weep not, ye tender ladies, shed not a tear for me—  
While my poor body's burning, my soul the Lord shall see.  
8 Yourself you need to pity, and Zion's deep decay;  
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make delay.  
In comes her raving mother, her daughter to behold,  
And in her hand she brought her pictures deck'd with gold.  
9 O take from me these idols, remove them from my sight;  
Restore to me my Bible, wherein I take delight.  
Alas, my aged mother, why on my ruin bent?  
'Twas you that did betray me, but I am innocent.  
10 Tormentors, use your pleasure, and do as you think best—  
I hope my blessed Jesus will take my soul to rest.  
Soon as these words were spoken, up steps the man of death,  
And kindled up the fire to stop her mortal breath.  
11 Instead of golden bracelets, with chains they bound her fast;  
She cried, "My God give power—now must I die at last?  
With Jesus and his angels for ever I shall dwell,  
God pardon priest and people, and so I bid farewell!"

Dark and thorny is the desert, Through which pilgrims make their way ; } Fiends, loud howling through the desert, And the fiery darts of Satan  
But beyond this vale of sorrows Lie the fields of endless day. } Make them tremble as they go ;

Often bring their courage low.

2 O, young soldiers, are you weary  
Of the troubles of the way ?  
Does your strength begin to fail you,  
And your vigour to decay ?  
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,  
He will lead you to his throne ;  
He who dyed his garments for you,  
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,  
He who bids the planets roll ;  
He who rides upon the tempest,  
And whose sceptre sways the whole.  
Round him are ten thousand angels,  
Ready to obey command ;  
They are always hovering round you,  
Till you reach the heav'nly land.

4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,  
In the fields of endless rest,  
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever  
Reign and triumph in your breast.  
Who can paint those scenes of glory,  
Where the ransom'd dwell on high ?  
Where the golden harps for ever  
Sound redemption through the sky ?

5 Millions there of flaming seraphs  
Fly across the heavenly plain ;  
There they sing immortal praises—  
Glory! glory! is their strain :  
But methinks a sweeter concert  
Makes the heavenly arches ring,  
And a song is heard in Zion  
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 See the heavenly host, in rapture,  
Gaze upon this shining band ;  
Wondering at their costly garments,  
And the laurels in their hand !  
There, upon the golden pavement,  
See the ransom'd march along,  
While the splendid courts of glory  
Sweetly echo to their song.


7 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!  
Such as monarchs never wear ;  
They are gone to heav'nly pastures—  
Jesus is their Shepherd there.  
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits !  
Welcome to the blissful plain !—  
Glory, honour, and salvation !  
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign



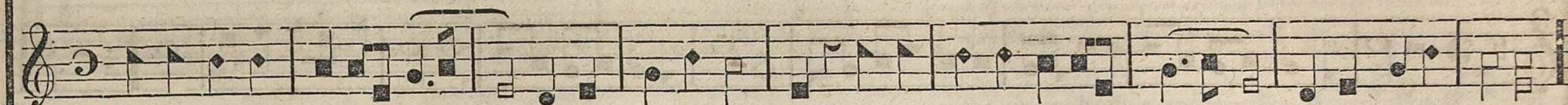
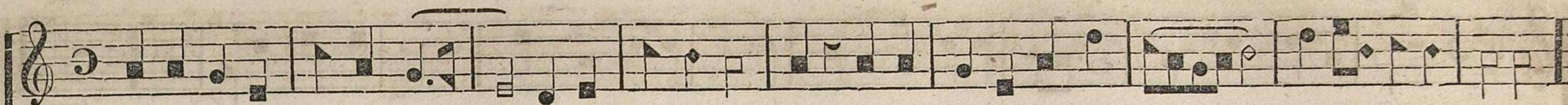
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, } I'll go to Jesus, though my sin I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 Come, with your guilt and fear opprest, And make this last resolve: } Hath like a mountain rose; Whatever may oppose.

## DAY OF JUDGMENT. 11, 11, 6, 6, 7, 6.

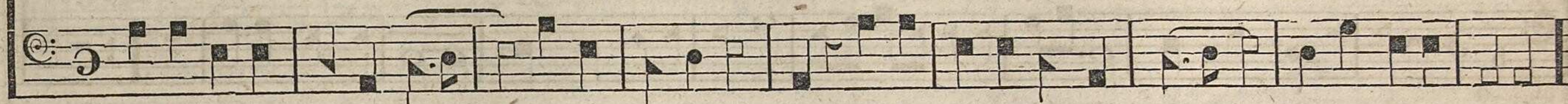
Mercer's Cluster, p. 495.



The day of the Lord—the day of sal - vation, } Is swiftly coming on; It surely will appear; And you and I must meet it With ecstasy or fear  
 The day of his wrath and dire indig - nation, }



Drooping souls, no longer grieve, Heaven is pro - pi - tious; If in Christ you do be - lieve, You will find him precious.



Jesus now is passing by, Calls the mourner to him, Brings sal - va - tion from on high, Now look up and see him.



Ye simple souls that stray Far from the path of peace, That unfre - quent - ed way To life and happi - ness;— How

long will ye your follies love, And thronq the downward road, And hate the wisdom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?

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

Life from vege-tation fly-ing, Brings to mind "the mould'ring vine."

2 See! in yonder forest standing,  
Lofty cedars, how they nod!  
Scenes of nature how surprising,  
Read in nature nature's God.  
Whilst the annual frosts are cropping,  
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,  
So our friends are early drooping,  
We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring;  
Noisy waters round me rise;  
Whilst I sit my fate deploring,  
Tears fast streaming from my eyes  
What to me is autumn's treasure  
Since I know no earthly joy,  
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,  
Time must youth and health destroy

Come away to the skies, My beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born: On this fes - ti - val day, Come exult - ing away,

And with singing to Zi - on return.

- 2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,  
Though our bodies continue below,  
The redeem'd of the Lord Will remember his word,  
And with singing to paradise go.
- 3 Now with singing and praise, Let us spend all the days,  
By our heavenly Father bestow'd,  
While his grace we receive From his bounty, and live  
To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For the glory we were First created to share,  
Both the nature and kingdom divine!  
Now created again That our souls may remain,  
Throughout time and eternity thine.

- 5 We with thanks do approve, The design of that love  
Which hath join'd us to Jesus's name;  
So united in heart, Let us never more part,  
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 6 There, O! there at his feet, We shall all likewise meet,  
And be parted in body no more;  
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs,  
And our Saviour in glory adore.
- 7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,  
And his rapturous praises repeat;  
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,  
Sing, all heaven and fall at his feet.



In vain the wealthy mor - tals toil, And heap their shining dust in vain; } Their gold - en cordials can - not ease Their  
 Look down and scorn the hum - ble poor, And boast their lofty hills of gain. }

pain - ed hearts or ach - ing heads, Nor fright nor bribe ap - proach - ing death, From glit - t'ring roofs and downy beds.

## GARDEN HYMN. 8, 8, 6

The Lord in - to his garden comes, The spices yield a rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive, The lilies grow and thrive; Re-

This system contains three staves of music. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

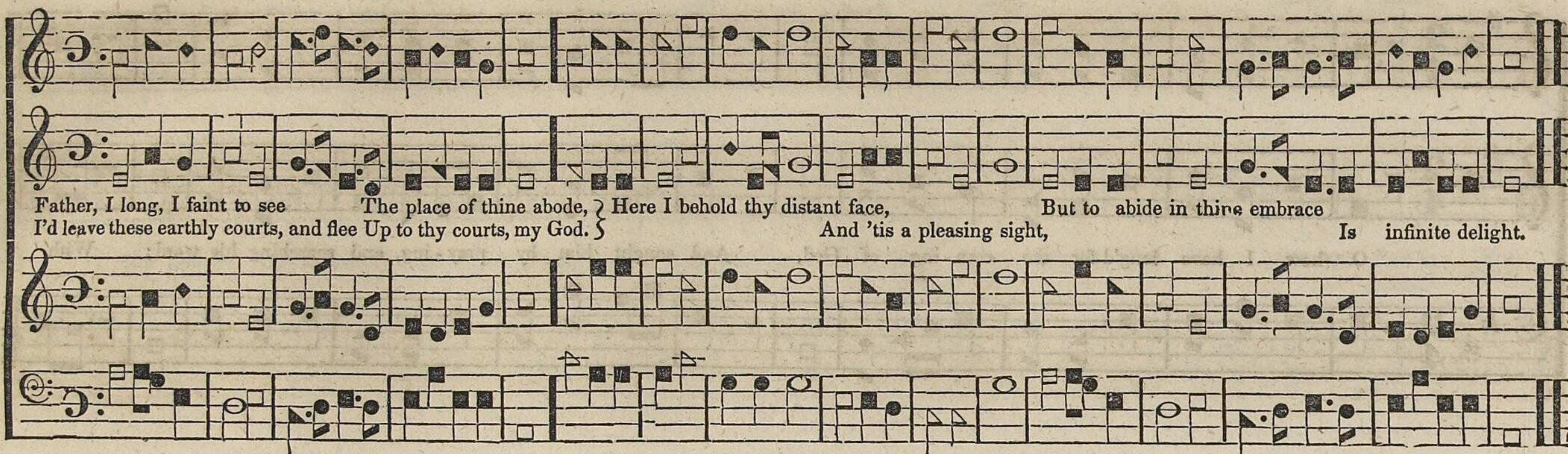
freshing showers of grace divine, From Je - sus flow to eve - ry vine, And make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.

This system contains three staves of music, continuing from the first system. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff. The system concludes with first and second endings marked '1' and '2'.

CHEERFUL. 11 s

O how I have long'd for the com - ing of God, And sought him by pray - ing, and searching his word; With

watching and fast - ing my soul was op - prest, Nor would I give o - ver, till Je - sus had bless'd.

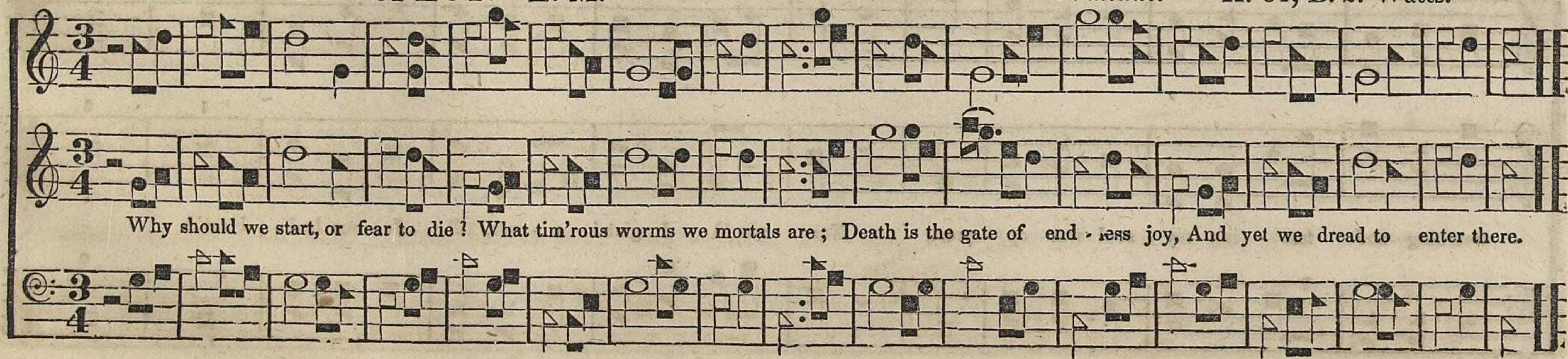


Father, I long, I faint to see      The place of thine abode, } Here I behold thy distant face,      But to abide in thine embrace  
I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee      Up to thy courts, my God. }      And 'tis a pleasing sight,      Is infinite delight.

## PROSPECT. L. M.

Graham.

H. 31, B. 2. Watts.



Why should we start, or fear to die! What tim'rous worms we mortals are; Death is the gate of end-ess joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

HEAVENLY ARMOUR.

Wm. Walker.

Baptist Harmony, p. 463.

And if you meet with trou - bles And tri - als on the way, }  
Then cast your care on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray. } Gird on the heav'n - ly

ar - mour Of faith, and hope, and love; And when the com - bat's end - ed, He'll take you up a - bove.

## WARRENTON. 8, 7.

Chorus.

Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing Call for songs of loudest praise. } I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

## WAR DEPARTMENT. 11's.

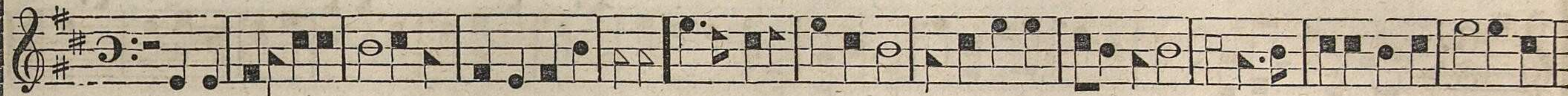
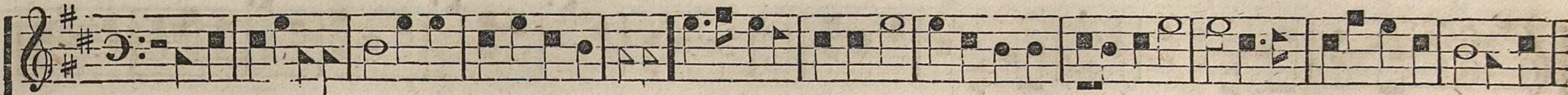
Mercer's Cluster, p. 125.

No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard,  
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd,  
The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground,  
And peace and good-will to the nations abound.

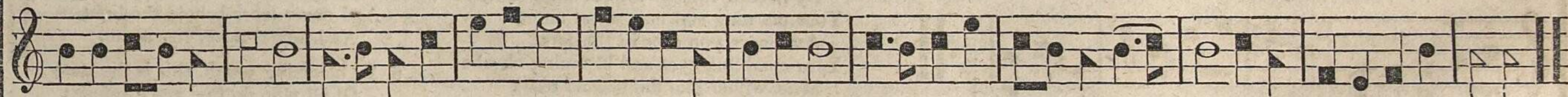
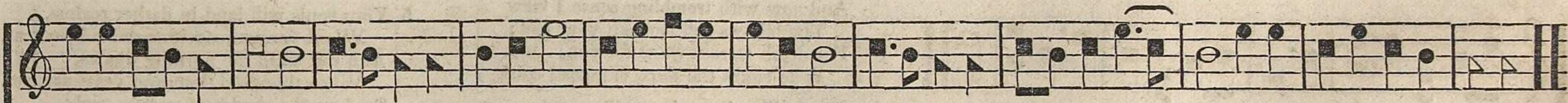
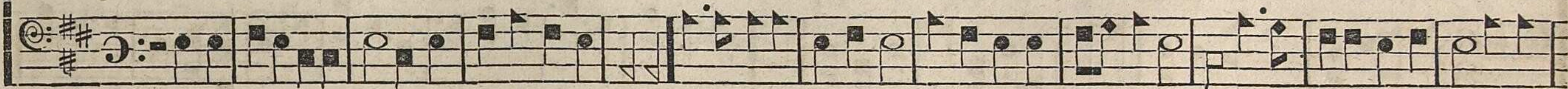
CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 8.

Hoover Sel. p. 134.

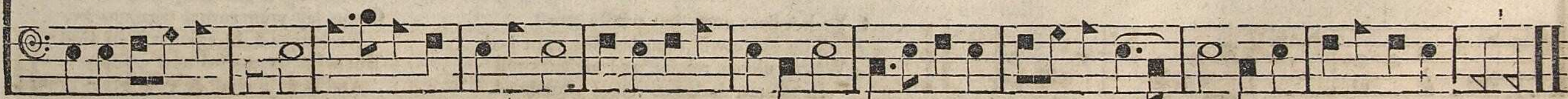
95

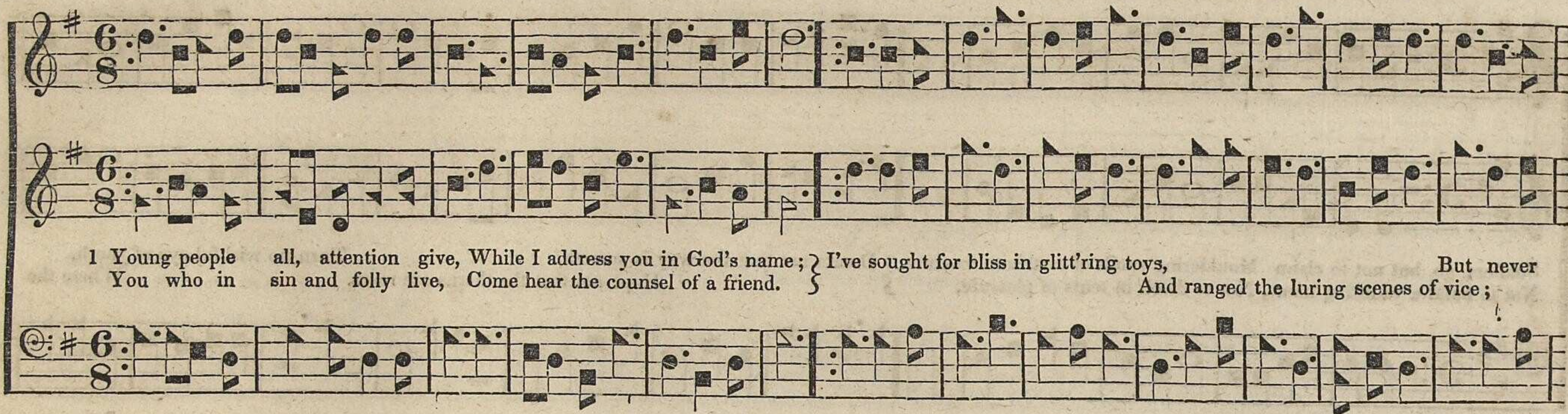


Soldiers, go, but not to claim Mouldering spoils of earthborn treasure, } Dream not that the way is smooth, Turn no wishful eye of youth,  
 Not to build a vaunting name, Not to dwell in tents of pleasure, } Hope not that the thorns are roses, Where the

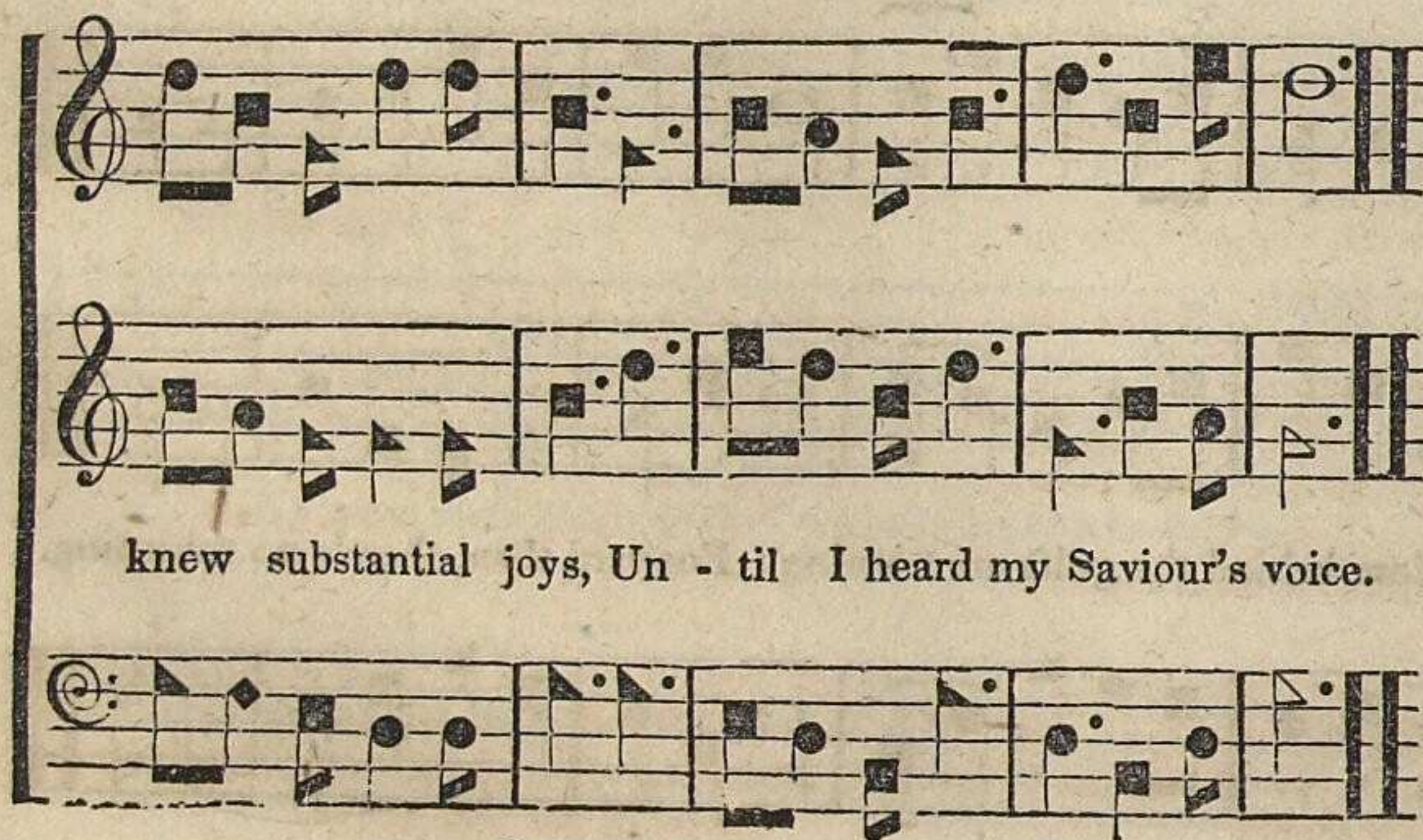


sunny beam re - poses. Thou hast sterner work to do, Hast to cut thy passage through; Close behind the gulfs are burning: Forward then, there's no returning.





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  
 You who in sin and folly live, Come hear the counsel of a friend. } And ranged the luring scenes of vice;



knew substantial joys, Un - til I heard my Saviour's voice.

2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,  
 And wash'd my load of guilt away;  
 He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,  
 And thus I found the heav'nly way  
 And now with trembling sense I view  
 The billows roll beneath your feet;  
 For death eternal waits for you,  
 Who slight the force of gospel truth

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.

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 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 heav'n shall be your great reward.



MESSIAH. C. M.

Carrell

97

He comes! he comes! to judge the world, Aloud th' archangel cries; } Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,  
 While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies; } And upward lift their eyes;

The slumb'ring tenants of the ground In living armies rise.

2 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,  
 Of hosts divinely bright,  
 The Judge in solemn pomp descends,  
 Array'd in robes of light;  
 His head and hair are white as snow,  
 His eyes a fiery flame,  
 A radiant crown adorns his brow,  
 And Jesus is his name.

3 Writ on his thigh his name appears,  
 And scars his victories tell;  
 Lo! in his hand the conqueror bears  
 The keys of death and hell:  
 So he ascends the judgment-seat,  
 And at his dread command,  
 Myriads of creatures round his feet  
 In solemn silence stand.

4 Princes and peasants here expect  
 Their last, their righteous doom;  
 The men who dared his grace reject,  
 And they who dared presume.  
 "Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"  
 The injured Jesus cries,  
 While the long kindling wrath within  
 Flashes from both his eyes.

5 And now in words divinely sweet,  
 With rapture in his face,  
 Aloud his sacred lips repeat  
 The sentence of his grace:  
 "Well done, my good and faithful sons,  
 The children of my love;  
 Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones,  
 Prepared for you above."

My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the whirling spheres, :: Around the steady pole; Time, like the tide, its motion

keeps, And I must launch thro' endless deeps, :: Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near, the cradle seen,  
How swift the moments pass between,  
And whisper as they fly;  
Unthinking man, remember this,  
Though fond of sublunary bliss,  
That you must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,  
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall  
And thou must take thy flight  
Beyond the vast expansive blue,  
To sing above as angels do,  
Or sink in endless night.

I'll sing my Saviour's grace, And his dear name will praise,  
 While in this land of sorrow I re - main ;

My sorrow soon shall end, And then my soul ascend, Far

off from trouble, sorrow, sin and pain.

2 A pilgrim here below,  
 While in this vale of wo,  
 An exile banish'd, wandering I rove,  
 My days in sorrow roll,  
 And then my weary soul,  
 In earnest longing pants to mount above.

3 Though few my days have been,  
 Much sorrow I have seen,  
 And deep afflictions I have waded through ;  
 But thorny is the way  
 Unto eternal day—  
 Then forward will I press and onward go.

4 Another day is gone,  
 And yon declining sun,  
 Hath veil'd his radiant beams in sable shades :

And gloomy darkness reigns,  
 O'er the extensive plains,  
 And silence, awful silence, clothes the main.

5 Thus swiftly flies away—  
 Every succeeding day,  
 And life's declining light draws to a close ;  
 And long life's setting sun,  
 Will soon in death go down,  
 And lay my weary dust in calm repose.

6 Then happy, sweet surprise—  
 And what new wonders rise,  
 When freed from this dull, crazy, cumbrous clay ;  
 On eagle's wings of love,  
 I then shall mount above,  
 And find a passage to eternal day.

Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision }  
 All th'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 para - dise.

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

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise  
 From their princely station ;  
 Shout his glorious victories,  
 Sing the great salvation ;

Cast their crowns before his throne,  
 Cry in reverential tone,  
 Glory give to God alone ;  
 'Holy, holy, holy One !'

4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies  
 Seem, methinks, to seize us  
 Join we too their holy lays,  
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus !  
 Sweetest sound in seraphs' song—  
 Sweetest notes on mortal tongue,  
 Sweetest carol ever sung—  
 Jesus, Jesus, roll along

Treble by William Walker.

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

who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness and health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

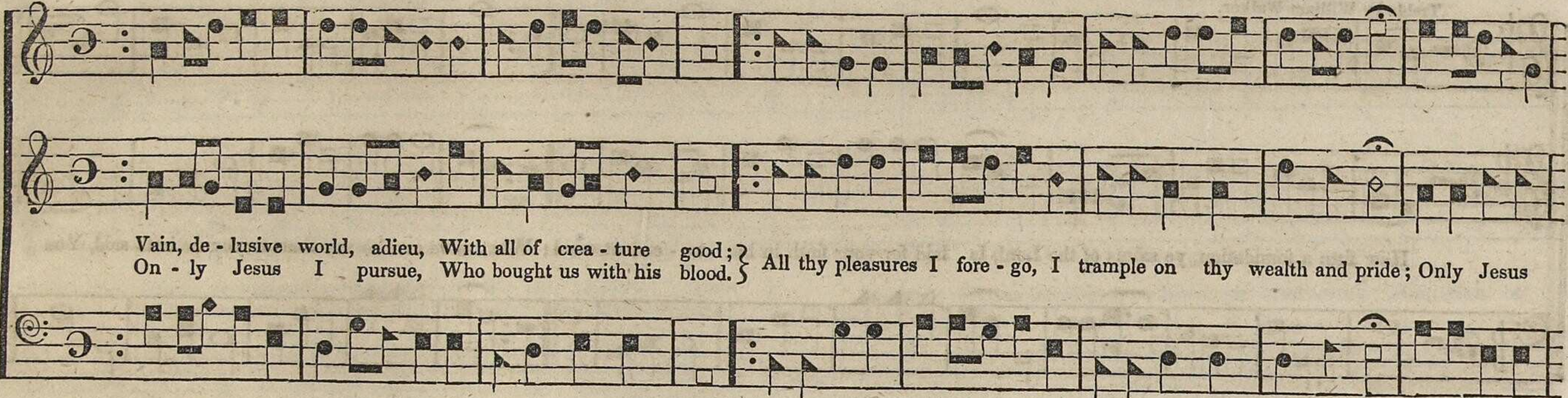
3 " Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd !  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 " When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of water shall not overflow ;  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

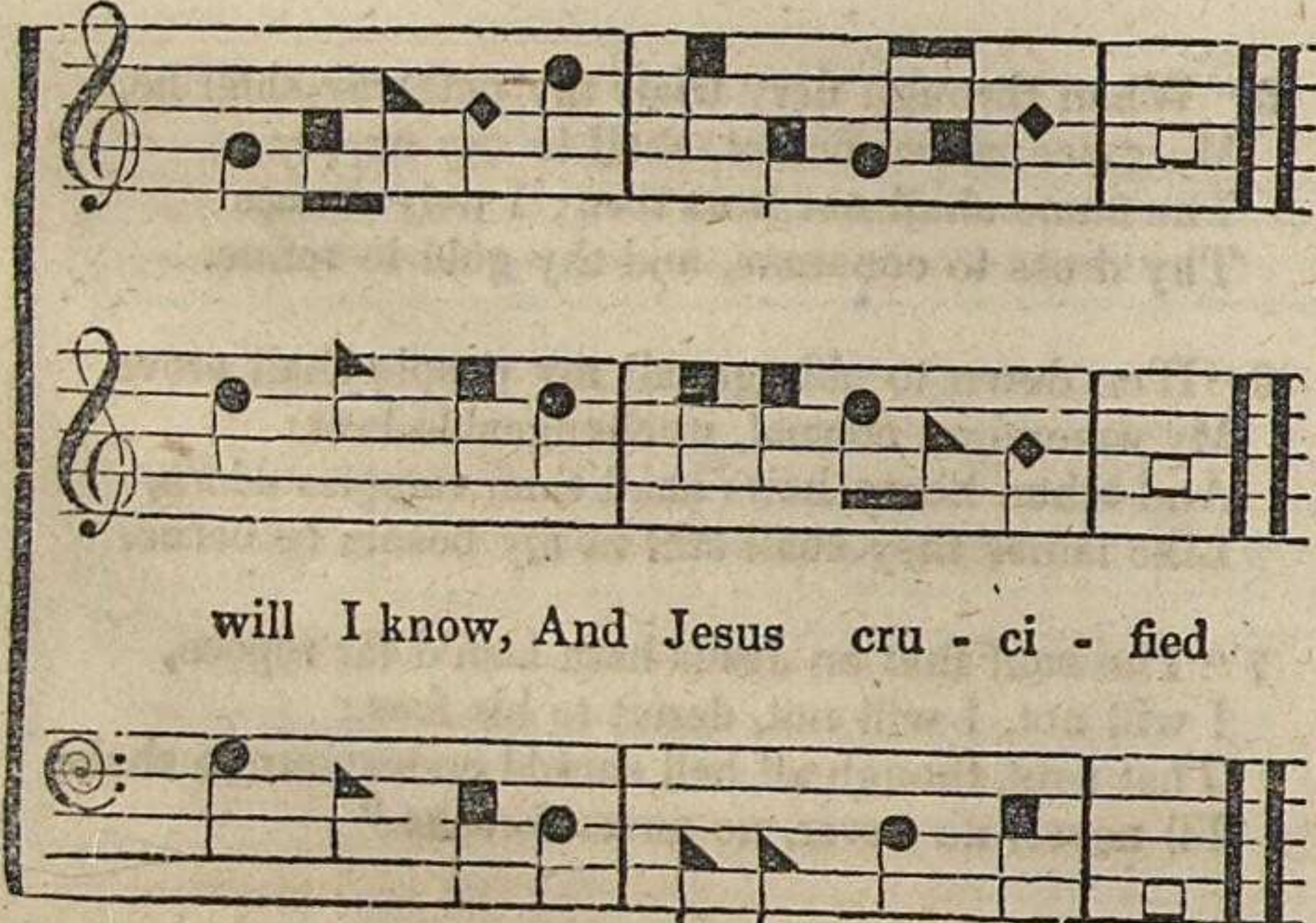
5 " When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 " E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love :  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 " The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."



Vain, de - lusive world, adieu, With all of crea - ture good ; }  
 On - ly Jesus I pursue, Who bought us with his blood. } All thy pleasures I fore - go, I trample on thy wealth and pride ; Only Jesus



will I know, And Jesus cru - ci - fied

2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
 'Tis all but vanity :  
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
 He tasted death for me !  
 Me to save from endless wo,  
 The sin-atoning victim died !  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified !

3 Here will I set up my rest ;  
 My fluctuating heart  
 From the haven of his breast  
 Shall never more depart :  
 Whither should a sinner go ?  
 His wounds for me stand open wide ;  
 Only Jesus will I know  
 And Jesus crucified

4 Him to know is life and peace,  
 And pleasure without end ;  
 This is all my happiness,  
 On Jesus to depend ;  
 Daily in his grace to grow,  
 And ever in his faith abide,  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified !

5 O that I could all invite,  
 This saving truth to prove :  
 Show the length, the breadth, the heigh.  
 And depth of Jesus' love !  
 Fain I would to sinners show  
 The blood by faith alone applied !  
 Only Jesus will I know  
 And Jesus crucified

Brethren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God ; }  
 Will you pray with all your power, While we try to preach the word. } All is vain, unless the Spirit Of the Holy One come down ; Brethren, pray, and

ho - ly man - na - Will be shower'd all around

2 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  
 Will be shower'd all around.

4 Is there here a trembling jailer,  
 Seeking grace, and fill'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 gird himself, and serve us  
 With sweet manna all around.



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 feel like, I feel like I'm



on my journey home. I feel like, I feel like I'm on my journey home.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest ;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.



## LIVONIA. L. M

*E. Austin*

105

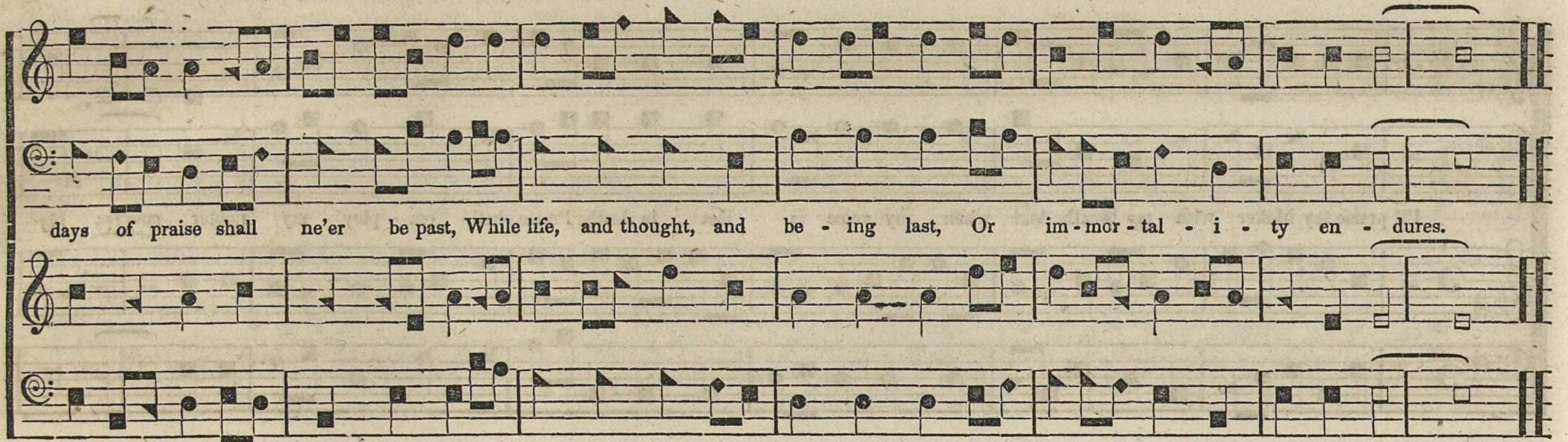
I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs; My

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures. My

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same layout as the first system. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

LIVONIA. *Concluded.*

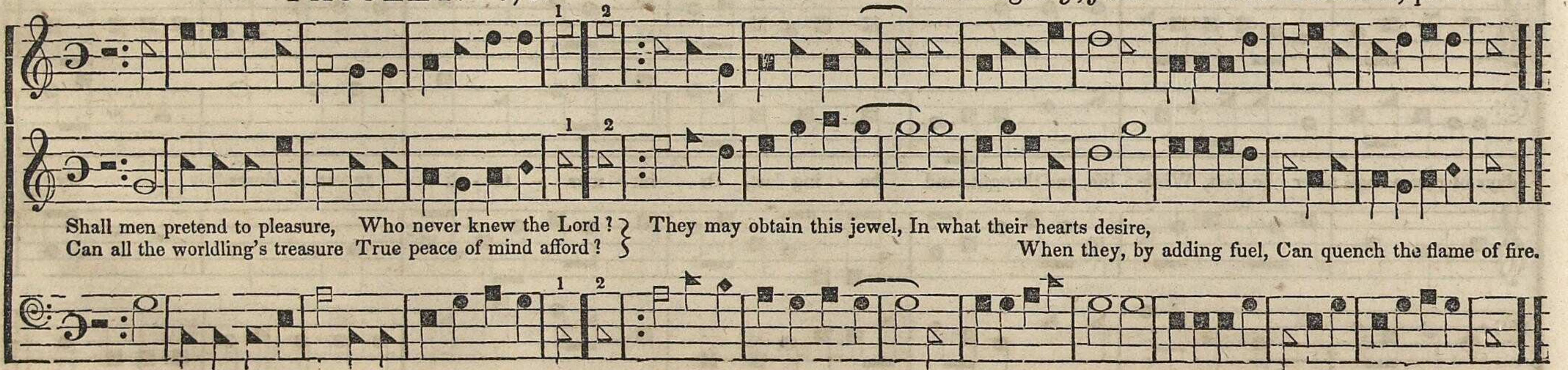


days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

PACOLET. 7, 6.

*Wm. Golightly, jun.*

Dover Selection, p. 7.



Shall men pretend to pleasure, Who never knew the Lord? } They may obtain this jewel, In what their hearts desire,  
Can all the worldling's treasure True peace of mind afford? } When they, by adding fuel, Can quench the flame of fire.

HALLELUJAH. C. M

Wm. Walker.

Dover Selection, p. 169.

C7

And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let *am. anu* die; }  
My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high. } And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And

you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, When we ar - rive at home.

Earth spreads, &c.

Hark! hark! glad tidings charm our ears, Angelle mu - sic fills the spheres; Earth spreads the sound with decent mirth, A God, a God is born

the hills reply ;

A God, a God on earth is born !

on earth! A God is born! the valleys cry; A God is born!

Evening repeats to wondering morn,

There's a friend above all others, O, how he loves!  
 His is love beyond a brother's, O, how he loves!

Earthly friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, the next bereave us; But this friend will

ne'er deceive us, O, how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him,  
 O, how he loves!  
 Give thyself e'en this day to him,  
 O, how he loves!  
 Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?  
 Unbelief and trials tease thee?  
 Jesus can from all release thee,  
 O, how he loves!

3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,  
 O, how he loves!  
 Dost thou love? He will not leave thee  
 O, how he loves!  
 Think no more then of to-morrow,  
 Take his easy yoke and follow,  
 Jesus carries all thy sorrow,  
 O, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,  
 O, how he loves!  
 Backward all thy foes be driven,  
 O, how he loves.

Best of blessings he'll provide thee,  
 Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,  
 Safe to glory he will guide thee,  
 O, how he loves!

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,  
 O, how he loves!  
 Naught can cleave this love asunder,  
 O, how he loves!  
 Neither trial, nor temptation,  
 Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,  
 Can bereave us of salvation;  
 O, how he loves!

6 Let us still this love be viewing:  
 O, how he loves!  
 And, though faint, keep on pursuing  
 O, how he loves!  
 He will strengthen each endeavour,  
 And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river  
 This shall be our song for ever,  
 O, how he loves!

This world's not all a fleet - ing show, For man's il - lu - sion giv'n; He that hath sooth'd a widow's wo, Or

wiped an or - phan's tear, doth know There's something here of heav'n.

2 And he that walks life's thorny way,  
 With feelings calm and ev'n,  
 Whose path is lit from day to day  
 With virtue's bright and steady ray,  
 Hath something felt of heav'n.

3 He that the Christian's course has run,  
 And all his foes forgiv'n,  
 Who measures out life's little span  
 In love to God and love to man,  
 On earth hath tasted heav'n.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6.

Baptist Harmony, p. 338.

111

Treble by James Langston.

From Greenland's icy mountains, Where Afric's sunny fountains From many an ancient river, They  
From India's coral strand; Roll down their golden sand; From many a palmy plain,

call us to de - liver Their land from error's chain.

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

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation.  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

How tedious and tasteless the hours, Since Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me; The

midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am happy in Him, December's as pleasant as May.

2 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 as happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd,  
No changes of season or place,  
Would make any change in my mind.  
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.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed 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?  
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore  
Or take me to thee upon high  
Where winters and clouds are no more



1 My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union join,  
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,

Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.

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 O 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,

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 all with Jesus dwell  
So, loving Christians, fare you well.

With inward pain my heart-strings sound, My soul dissolves a - way; Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round, Dear

Sovereign, whirl the seasons round, And bring And bring the pro - mised day, And bring the promised day.

MORNING STAR. 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, 9, 8

Lowry.

115

How splendid shines the morning star,  
God's gracious light from darkness far

Thou David's son of Jacob's stem, My bridegroom, king, and wondrous  
The root of Jesse blessed,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the first three staves and the second line under the bottom staff.

Lamb, Thou hast my heart possessed. Sweetly, friendly, O thou handsome, precious ransom, Full of graces, set and kept in heav'nly places.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the first three staves and the second line under the bottom staff.

Those happy

Counter by William Walker.

Angels in shining order stand, Around the Saviour's throne; They bow with reverence at his feet, and make his glories known. Those happy spirits sing his

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

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

These emblems bring my Lord to view,  
Upon the bloody tree,  
My soul believes and feels it's true,  
That Jesus died for me.

3 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.

4 Eli lama sabachthani,  
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

5 My guilt was on my Surety laid,  
And therefore he must die;  
His soul a sacrifice was made,  
For such a worm as I

spirits, &c.

Those,

Those,

praise, To all e - ter - ni - ty, But I can sing redeeming grace, For Jesus died for me.

Was ever love so great as this?  
 Was ever grace so free?  
 This is my glory, joy and bliss,  
 That Jesus died for me.

6 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 plea

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

7 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.

8 O! had I but an angel's voice  
 To bear my heart along,  
 My flowing numbers soon would raise  
 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.

Hark! the jubilee is sounding, O the joyful news is come;  
Free salvation is proclaimed In and through God's only Son: } Now we have an in - vi - tation, To the meek and lowly Lamb, Glory, honour, and sal-

vation; Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

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.