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THE

SACRED HARP,

A COLLECTION OF PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ODES, AND ANTHEMS,
SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS;
TOGETHER WITH NEARLY ONE HUNDRED PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED;
SUITED TO MOST METRES, AND WELL ADAPTED TO CHURCHES OF EVERY DENOMINATION, SINGING SCHOOLS, AND PRIVATE SOCIETIES.

WITH PLAIN RULES FOR LEARNERS.
BY B. F. WHITE & E. J. KING.
TO WHICH IS ADDED APPENDIX I.,
CONTAINING A VARIETY OF
STANDARD AND FAVORITE TUNES NOT COMPRISED IN THE BODY OF THE WORK,
COMPILED BY A COMMITTEE AUTHORIZED BY
"THE SOUTHERN MUSICAL CONVENTION."

APPENDIX II.,
CONTAINING
77 PIECES OF NEW COMPOSITION BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

PHILADELPHIA:
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COLLINS, PRINTER
PREFACE TO THE SACRED HARP.

Many efforts have been made to please the public with a collection of Sacred Music; and none but those who make the effort, know how difficult it is to accomplish this task. The Compiler of this work has spared no labour or pains in trying to accomplish this desirable object, having taught music for the last twenty years, and being necessarily thrown among churches of various denominations, and all the time observing their wants in that of a variety of church music, has in this work endeavoured to supply that deficiency which heretofore existed, by placing all the church music within his reach, in one book. That such a compilation is needed, no person of piety, observation, and taste, will deny. While the churches may be supplied from this work, others have not been forgotten or neglected; a great variety will be found suited to singing-schools, private societies, and family circles; in fact, the Sacred Harp is designed for all classes who sing, or desire to sing. The Compiler has not aimed at greatness or self-aggrandizement, but has desired, in his humble position, to benefit the public in general: and therefore has set out this work in a plain, easy, and familiar style; and having passed the meridian of life, and entirely withdrawn from the business of teaching, is disposed to leave this work as a specimen of his taste, and recommend it to a generous public, praying God that it may answer in full the purposes intended.

B. F. WHITE.

Hamilton, Harris Co., Georgia. April, 1844.

N. B. The Harp is a selection from the most eminent authors now extant; together with nearly one hundred pieces never before published, all of which have been harmonized and arranged under our immediate inspection expressly for this work.

B. F. WHITE & E. J. KING.
INTRODUCTION.

A divine service, to learn and practice Sacred Music, should be a solemn place—a place of prayer; for it is as solemn a business to learn to sing the praises of God as it is to learn the word of God. A singing-school should be of the same character as a Sabbath-school or a Bible class; it is, in part, of the same class of schools, and should be conducted with the same solemnity. We think it as much the duty of those who have the ability, to learn to sing the praises of God as it is to learn his word; and, as parents or guardians, therefore, should consider their religious education, not that of their children, complete, without a knowledge of sacred music; nor think they are justified in sitting silent in the sanctuary, to sing or not, as they please. The gift of a talent to sing, implies an obligation to improve it, and not to offer unto the Lord the half and the tares, but to culminate the voice that they may sing in edification, and not be an annoyance to every one near them. Sacred music, when sung in a proper style, will generally produce a religious effect in a greater or less degree. We have had the pleasure of seeing, at public rehersals of sacred music, very deep and strong religious impressions made, not only upon the singers, but upon the congregation: and when such words as

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

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

OF MUSIC IN GENERAL.

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

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

The next property is time, or proportional continuance; and here, without varying the sonority or gravity of a tone, a difference of movement alone may constitute an imperfect species of music, such for example is the fame where the tones are only diversified by the velocity with which they succeed each other. The principal distinction, then, of musical sounds, are tone, tone; and to the happy combination of these two qualities, it chiefly is to be ascribed the pleasing and endless variety of musical art.
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

SCALE OF NOTES.

Q. How many marks of sound, or kinds of notes are there used in music?
A. There are six kinds of notes used in music, which differ in time. They are the semibreve, minims, crotchets, quavers, semiquavers, and demisemiquavers.

The following scale will shew, at one view, the proportions one note bears to another:

One Semibreve

Two

Four

Eight

Quarter

Semicrotchet

Semiquaver

Q. Explain the preceding scale.
A. The semibreve is the longest note used; it is white, without a stem, and is the measure note, and guides all the others.

The minim is but half the length of a semibreve, and has a stem to it.

The crochet is but half the length of the minim, and has a black head and straight stem.

The quaver is but half the length of the crochet, has a black head, and one turn to the stem, sometimes one way, and sometimes another.

The semiquaver is but half the length of the quaver, has also a black head and two turns to the stem, which are likewise various.

The demisemiquaver is half the length of a semiquaver, has a black head, and three turns to its stem, also variously turned.

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

Q. What are rests?
A. All rests are marks of silence, which signify that you must keep silent so long a time as takes to sound the notes they represent, except the semibreve rest, which is called the measure rest, always filling the measure, let the mood of time be what it may.
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Q. Explain the rests.

A. The semibreve, or measure rest, is a black square underneath the third line. The minim rest is the same mark above the third line. The crochet rest is something like an inverted figure seven. The quaver rest resembles a right figure of seven. The semiquaver rest resembles the figure seven with an additional mark to the left. The demisemiquaver rest is like the last described, with a third mark to the left. The two bar rest is a strong bar reaching only across the third space. The four bar rest is a strong bar crossing the second and third space and third line. The eight bar rest is two strong bars like the last described.

A dot set to the right hand of a rest, adds to it half its length, the same as a pointed note, thus:

3. MOODS OF TIME.

Q. How many moods of time are there used in this work?

A. Seven: three of common, two of triple, and two of compound. The original first mood of common time and the third of triple have been dispensed with, they being but little used in the present day.
5. The first mood of compound time is known by a figure 8 over a figure 4, having a pointed semibreve for a measure note; sung in the time of 14 seconds to the measure, two beats with the hand, one down and the other up.

The second mood of compound time is known by a figure 6 over a figure 3, having a pointed minim for a measure note; sung in the time of 14 seconds to the measure, two beats as in the first mood.

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

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

OF THE SEVERAL MODES OF TIME.

6. Q. Why are the first three moods called common time moods?
   A. Because they are measured by even numbers, as 2, 4, &c.

Q. Why are the next two called triple moods?
   A. Because they are measured by odd numbers, as 3, &c.

Q. Why are the remaining two called compound moods?
   A. Because they are compounded of common and triple time; of common time the measure is divided equal; of triple time each half of the measure is divided equal; having three crochets, three quavers, or their proportion to each note.

OF ACCENT.

Marks of Accent. 1, full accent; ½, half accent.

7. Accent is a stress or weight or emphasis on one part of a sentence, strain, or measure, more than another. In the two first moods of common time, the full accent is placed on the first part, and half accent on the third part of each measure. 

(N.B. Each measure admits of a division into four parts.) In the third mood of common time the measure is generally divided into two parts, and the accent is on the first part; if divided into four parts, it may be obtained in two parts.

Triple time is divided into three parts, and the accent is on the first and third parts. 

Compound time is divided into six parts, and the accent is on the first and fourth parts. In all cases of accents, the first in the measure is full, and the second, partial. The figures which are used to express the time of the several moods, are to be used simple; the under figures are aliquot parts of the semibreve, and the upper figures showing the number of such parts in a measure.

In 4, 1 and 2 means two minims in a measure, 4 means four crochets in a measure; 2, 2, 2, two crochets, &c. In a word, the under figure shows into how many parts the semibreve is divided, and the upper figure shows the number of such parts in a measure; and of all the movements of time that may be expressed by figures.

OF MUSIC.

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

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

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

You may observe that the letters are named or called by the names of the four notes most in music. You see in the preceding sheet that F is named flat, G flat, A flat, B flat, G sharp, F sharp again, every eighth letter being the first repeated, which is an octave; for every eighth is an octave.

Q. How many notes are there used in music: what are their names, and how are they made?

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

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

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

12. The G Clef stands on G, second line of the bass or treble staff, and denotes that line one time. It is always used in bass and treble, and sometimes in counter.

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

15. The F Clef is placed on the fourth line of the staff, and belongs to the tenor or lower part in counter.

16. A single bar is a plain line or mark across the staff, and divides the time into equal parts, according to the mood of time and measure note.
17. A measure note is a note that fills a measure, i.e., from one bar to another, without any other note in between.

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

**Example:**

A pointed semibreve is equal to three minimis; a pointed minim to three crotchets; and a pointed crotchet to three quavers, &tc.

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

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

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

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

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

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

25. A Dotted shows the place of the succeeding note on the staff.

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

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

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

29. The Half is without definite bounds; the note over which it is placed is always held longer than its usual sound, and is to be worked with strength in the course of the note, then the same to slope off into and one to the end of the note or sound.

*We recommend singers to omit ornaments flat and sharp, unless they understand them properly.*
35. A Rest shows the end of a tone or
sentence.

35. A Fermata denotes a repetition of
preceding words.

34. Chorded notes are notes set im-
mediately over each other on the same
stave, either of which may be sung, but
not by the same voice. If two persons are
singing the same part, one may sing the
upper, and the other the lower note.

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

In all syncopated notes both notes are sounded, and not one called by name;
that is the first.
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

THE GENERAL SCALE, AND RULES FOR PITCHING OR KEYING MUSIC.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Letter</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5th line</td>
<td>F^</td>
<td>F sharp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th line</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>E flat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd line</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>D flat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd line</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>C flat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st line</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>B flat</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The above is a representation of the general scale, showing the connection of the parts, and also what sound of the general scale each letter, line, or space in either of the columns, represents; for instance: A, the minor key, occupies the 5th, 9th, and 10th sounds of the general scale; C, the natural major key, the 3rd, 11th, and 18th. Thus it will appear that every octave, being common, are considered one and the same sound. Although the last in the bass is the keynote, and in case the key is not transposed, will either be on the 5th and 9th degree as above stated, yet with the same propriety we may suppose them on the 6th, 11th, &c., degrees; for when we refer to a principal for the sound of either of the foregoing keys, if it be properly constructed, it will exactly correspond to the 5th, 11th, &c., degrees of the general scale. Then by descending the octave, we get the sound of the natural key; then by ascending a 5th, 9th, or 10th, as the case may require, we readily discover whether the piece be properly keyed.

If we find, after descending the octave, we can ascend to the highest note in the tenor or treble, and can pronounce them with ease and freedom, the piece may be said to be properly keyed; but if, on the contrary, after descending, we find it difficult to ascend as above, the piece is improperly keyed, and should be set lower.

Note.—This method of proving the keys is infallible in individuals, and will hold good in short, when we suppose the teacher or singer capable of judging for the community of voices.

The above scale comprises three octaves, or three equal sounds.

The F clav used on the fourth line in the bass, shows that that line is the seventh sound in the general scale.

The G clav used on the second line in the tenor and treble shows that that line, in the tenor, is the eighth sound in the general scale, and in the treble, when performed by a female voice, the eighth sound; for if the treble as well as the tenor were performed entirely by men, the general scale would comprise only five.
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

acoustically, the treble staff is raised only an octave above the bass, in consequence of the female voice being naturally an octave above the male's, and so unifies the treble in usual assignment. The staves (*) show the natural place of the semitones.

When the C major is used, (though it has now become very common to write counter on either the G or F staffs,) the middle line of the counter is in union with the third space in bass (C), and a seventh above the middle line in the bass, &c.

Two sounds equally high or equally low, however unequal in their force, are said to be in unison, one with the other. Consequently B, on the lower line of the treble staff, is in unison with C, on the fourth space of the tenor; and E, on the third space in bass, is in unison with G, on the first line of the tenor, and an octave below E, the lower line in the treble. (See the General Scale. From any one letter in the general scale, as another of the same name, the interval is an octave—from B to B, D to D, &c.

Agreement in the F and G keys used in the general scale, a note on any line or space in the bass, is a sixth below a note on a corresponding line or space in the treble, and a thirteenth below a note in the treble occupying the same line or space. (When the treble is performed by females.) (See the General Scale. Suppose we place a note on D, middle line of the bass, another on E, the middle line of the tenor or treble; the interval will appear as just stated; and, to find any other interval, count either ascending or descending, as the case may be.

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

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

OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION.

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

The notes which produce harmony, when sounded together, are called accords, and their intervals, consonant intervals. The notes which, when sounded together, produce a disagreeable sound, in the ear, are called dissonant, and their intervals, dissonant intervals. There are but four consonants in music, viz.: octave, third, fifth, and sixth. (Their eights, or octaves, are also meant.) The unison is called a perfect chord, and commonly the fifth is called as. If the composer please, however, he may make the fifth imperfect, when composing more than two parts. The third and sixth are called imperfect, their chords being not so full, not so agreeable to the ear, as the perfect; but in four parts, the sixth is often used, instead of the fifth; so, in effect, there are but three consonants employed together, in composition.

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

The following is an example of the several consonants and dissonants, and their octaves under them:

**Consonants.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Whole Octave</th>
<th>Half Octave</th>
<th>Quarter Octave</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note: notwithstanding the 3d, 6th, 7th &c., are properly dissonants, yet a skilful composer may use them to some advantage, provided a full chord of all the parts immediately follow; they will then answer a similar purpose to those which being tried previously is sweeter, gives the latter a more pleasing flavour. Although the 5th is really a dissonant, yet it is often much used in composition. The rough sound of the 4th may be so nullified by the sweetness of the 5th and 6th as to harmonize almost as well as any three sounds in nature; and it would be reasonable to suppose that where we have two perfect chords, a dissonant may be introduced with very little violation to the laws of harmony; but as it is the most difficult part of composition to use a dissonant in such a manner and place as to show more fully the power and beauty of music, we think composers should only use them sparingly, (as it is much better to have all sweet, than to use too much sour or bitter,) and always let them be followed by a perfect chord.

**OF THE DIATONIC SCALE, MAJOR KEY.**

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

**OF THE MINOR KEY.**

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

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

**OF RELATIVES.**

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

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

**EXAMPLE OF THE KEYS.**

46. In the Major key, from now to now, its third, the interval is two tones, (a Major third,) from now to now, its sixth, the interval is four tones and a semitone, (a Major sixth,) and from now to now, its seventh, the interval is five tones and a semitone, (a Major seventh.)

In the Minor key, from now to now, its third, the interval is one tone and a semitone, (Minor third,) from now to now, its sixth, the interval is in three tones and two semitones, (a Minor sixth,) and from now to now, its seventh, the interval is four tones and two semitones, (a Minor seventh.)

To prove the anxiety of removing the key, I will produce an example. Let the note "C" be written on key note A, (natural flat key,) instead of F, &c.
proper key; and, besides the inconvenience of multiplying larger lines, few voices would be able to perform it, the trouble in particular.

47. There are seven sounds bearing distinct names, from their situation and effect in the scale. The key note is called the tonic; the next above, its second, the supertonic; its third, the mediant; its fourth, the subdominant; its fifth, the dominant; its sixth, the submediant; and its seventh, the leading tone.
48. Many inquiries have been made why B is first flattened, and F is first sharpened; in answer to one inquiry, B and E are natural, sharp sounds, and are first flattened, F and C are natural flat sounds, and are first sharpened. In the natural scale of music, the first semitone occurs between B and G, and the next between E and F; and sharps being marks of elevation, F is first sharpened, for the purpose of elevating the letter F, which was formerly depressed by a semitone between B and F. The letter C is next sharpened, for the purpose of restoring the letter C on the same general principle, and so on through the scale of seven letters, until every letter takes its proportion of tones and semitones.

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

This accounts for the customary rules of transposition, viz.: The natural place for B is E:

- B is flat, F is on.
- B and E are major, G is on.
- B, E, and F are major, A is on.
- B, E, A, D, G, C are minor, E is on.
- F and C are minor, G is on.
- F and B are minor, G is on.
- F, C, G, D, B is on.
- F, C, G, D, B, A, and E are on.

A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF BOTH KEYS IN EVERY TRANPOSITION OF THE ME BY SHARPS AND FLATS.

---|---|---|---|---|---

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

Natural place of the Semitones.

\[ \text{by flats.} \]

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccccccc}
& A & B & C & D & E & F & G & A & B & C & D & E & F & G \\
\text{Natural place of the Semitones.} & b & c & d & e & f & g & a & b & c & d & e & f & g & a \\
\end{array}
\]

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

OF INTERVALS.

49. There are fourteen intervals in the scale, bearing different names, viz., Unison, Minor second, Major second, Minor third, Major third, Perfect fifth, Minor sixth, Major sixth, Minor seventh, Major seventh, Octave.
**RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.**

**REMOVAL OF THE KEY NOTE.**

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

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Letter for the key</th>
<th>Major key</th>
<th>Minor key</th>
<th>Letter for flats</th>
<th>Letter for sharps</th>
<th>Letter for flats</th>
<th>Letter for sharps</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>C and F</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>C and F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BY SHARPS.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>sharp b, we is on</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>G and E</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and B</td>
<td>B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>sharp Eb, we is on</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>D and B</td>
<td>A and D</td>
<td>C and B</td>
<td>B and D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>sharp F, we is on</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>E and F</td>
<td>A and E</td>
<td>F and C</td>
<td>C and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>sharp G, we is on</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and D</td>
<td>C and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>sharp A, we is on</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>D and B</td>
<td>C and D</td>
<td>D and A</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>sharp B, we is on</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>D and B</td>
<td>D and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>sharp Bb, we is on</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>D and B</td>
<td>D and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BY FLATS.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>flat B, we is on</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>D and B</td>
<td>D and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>flat Cb, we is on</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>F and D</td>
<td>D and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>flat Db, we is on</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>E and F</td>
<td>A and E</td>
<td>F and C</td>
<td>C and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>flat Eb, we is on</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>F and D</td>
<td>D and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>flat F, we is on</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and D</td>
<td>C and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>flat Gb, we is on</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and D</td>
<td>C and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>flat Ab, we is on</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and D</td>
<td>C and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>flat Bb, we is on</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and D</td>
<td>C and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>flat Cbb, we is on</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>F and D</td>
<td>D and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>flat Db, we is on</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>E and F</td>
<td>A and E</td>
<td>F and C</td>
<td>C and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>flat Eb, we is on</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>F and D</td>
<td>D and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>flat F, we is on</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and D</td>
<td>C and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>flat Gb, we is on</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and D</td>
<td>C and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>flat Ab, we is on</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and D</td>
<td>C and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>flat Bb, we is on</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>C and G</td>
<td>E and D</td>
<td>C and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>flat Cbb, we is on</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>F and D</td>
<td>D and E</td>
<td>D and A</td>
<td>A and E</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
OF THE KEYS.

Q. How many keys are there in music?
A. Two: the minor or flat key, and the major or sharp key.

Q. What are the natural letters for these keys?
A. C, F, G, and C; A for the minor or flat key, and D for the major or sharp key.

Q. How are they known?
A. By the last note in the bass, which is always the key note or tonic. Should it be low, immediately before it, the same is in a flat or minor key; but if it be immediately above it, it is in a sharp or major key; thus, that these notes are always equally distant from the key note or tonic, whether it be natural, or assumes an artificial position.

ON THE MODULATION OF THE KEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Key of A into E, by one sharp.

Key of E into B, by an additional sharp on C.
MISCELLANEOUS DIRECTIONS.

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

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

TAKING BREATH.

34. The breath should not be drawn in singing, any more than in speaking, in the middle of a word; nor when several notes come on one syllable should there be interruptions between them; but where several notes should be blended with smoothness, but not without distinctness. In fact, the breath should be neither drawn than fullness and firmness of time required.

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

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

53. Musical expression depends chiefly on the feeling which the singer possesses and imports to the performance by the proper time and current delivery of words; hence, in singing, the teacher should select such pieces as would impress his singers, and them, by preface and example, he instructed in his exercise to impress on them the importance of expressing the sentiment, and the great error of enunciating serious words in a thoughtless manner.

QUALITIES OF TONE.

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

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

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

TO CONNECT SOUNDS.

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

BEFORE BEGINNING TIME.

36. For common and compound time, confuse the arm to the body, set the beat aside from the wrist forward, and position the beat with the hands down, and straight up.

37. For triple time, the first down beat, or the edge of the hand, on the body of; last second beat, throw the hand flat down; third beat, raise it straight up.

MELODY LESSONS.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE TEACHER.

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

For triple time, the down first beat, throw the edge of the hand, on the body; last second beat, throw the hand flat down; third beat, raise it straight up.
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC

Then take other melody lessons of different orders, and unite all the voices well, before you attempt to make harmony by a combination of other parts; for an attempt of this kind, too soon, is injurious, for bad songs and jargon will be the result.

68. See, in the following scale of notes, where the semitones are indicated by a (').
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. Passers may be well acquainted with all the various characters in music, or melody; they may also be able to sing their part to the time, and yet their performance be far from pleasing; if it is devoid of necessary embellishments, their manner and bad expression may compel the reader to desist.

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

3. It is by no means necessary, or consistent with good singing, that they should sing very loud. Each one should sing as well as he can, so that the medium's voice, and each part as well as will admit, the other parts to be distinctly heard.

4. The teacher's voice cannot be heard, it cannot be imitated, for that is the best way to modulate the voice and make it harmoniously; and if the singers of any one are as loud that they cannot hear the other parts, because of their own noise, the parts are sure not rightly proportioned, and ought to be altered.

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

6. Plain-text songs should be sung softer than sharp-texted songs, and may be proportioned with a lighter bass; but for sharp-texted songs the bass be full and strong, but not harsh.

7. The high notes, quick notes, and slurred notes, of each part, should be sung softer than the low notes, long notes, and single notes, of the same parts. All the notes included by one voice should be sung at one breath, if possible.

8. Learners should sing all parts of music somewhat softer than their leaders do, as it tends to cultivate the voice, and given them an opportunity of following his pieces, with which they are not well acquainted, but the voices may be so much injured by singing too loud.

9. When notes of the voice fall below those of the base, the voice should be sounded strong, and the base soft.

10. While learning a tune, it may be sung somewhat slower than the true time or mood of time requires, until the voice can be uttered and truly sounded, without looking at the book.

11. Learners are not to give the first note, where a large leap, or nearly double the time is to be have, sounding a2 and a third as long as a2 in 15 any other part of the tune, which puts the parts in confusion by losing time; whereas the flageolet ought to be moved off lightly, the time increasing, or the voices sung quicker; and the sound of the engaged part or parts increasing or sound as the others fall in. All voices or flageolets should be sung somewhat faster than when all the parts are moving together.

12. There are but few long notes in any tune but what might be executed with propriety. The swell is one of the greatest ornaments of vocal music, if rightly performed. All long notes of the base should be executed, if the other parts are singing short or quick notes at the same time. The swell should be struck upon the first part of the note, increases to the middle, and then decreases softly, like an echo, or the way the sound of a bell.

13. All notes (except those in crotchet) should be called plainly by their proper names, and not altered; and in applying the words, great care should be taken, that they be properly pronounced, and not turned to pieces; between the beat, nor forced, though the note. Let the words come freely, but not too much, the words being measured, and let the sound come from the lungs, and be entirely formed where they should be only distinguished, viz. on the end of the words. The superiority of vocal to instrumental music is, that while one can only please the ear, the other informs the understanding.

14. When notes occur not directly above another, (called adjoining notes) and there are several singers on the part, they are, in two or three voices, these notes, while one does the upper notes, and in the same proportion to any other number.

15. Your singers should not sing in unison, until each singer can sing his own part correctly.

16. Learners should be sung with a penultim, or with their teacher, until they can hear regular time, before they attempt to hear and sing back in music, because it perplexes them to hear, same time, and sound the noise the same time, until they have acquired a knowledge of each by itself.

17. Long singing at a time injures the lungs.*

* A word or more, all kinds of necessary tones, verses, crescendo, too much life on the melody, long singing, the time overpressed, with excess; blood, etc., are destructive to the voice of the singer who is used in the habit of singing. An excess of moisture, spirit, will specially cause the best voice.
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

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

18. Learners should not be confined too long to the parts that unite their voices, but should try occasionally the different parts, as it makes greatly to improve the voice, and gives them a better knowledge of the composition of the parts, and of harmony as well as melody. The guidance can change from base to tenor, or from tenor to base, or from bass to treble, or from treble to bass, as may be necessary.

19. Learners should understand the names well by note, before they attempt in singing them to verses of poetry.

20. If different voices are applied to a piece of music while learning, it will give the learners a more complete knowledge of the tune, than they can have by singing it in the same voice. Likewise applying different voices to the same words will give a great tendency to improve the pronunciation created by considering every short note as a short words, or (as the French) as a short note.

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

22. There should not be any noise indulged while singing, (except the music,) as it destroys entirely the beauty of harmony, and renders the performers very difficult, (especially to young beginners,) and if it is designedly pursued, is nothing less than a proof of disrespect to the singers to the virtue, to themselves who compose it, and to the Author of our existence.

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

24. When learning to sing, we should endeavor to embrace the words so as to make it well, smooth, and round: so that, when numbers are performing in concert, there may be each part (as near as possible) appear to be but one uniform voice. Then, instead of encumbered Jiang, it will be more like the smooth productions of the German, French, or English language. Yet it may be made to make some believe one singing to the most melodious when, at the same time, loud singing is more like the breathing of the midnight bird than human music.

25. The most important element in singing is strictures, with a heart deeply impressed with the great truth we utter while singing the lines, among the glory of God, and the redemption of our souls.

26. All affection should be enhanced, but it is disagreeing to the performance of sweet music, and contrary to that solemnity which should accompany an exercise so sacred as to that which will, through all eternity, engage the attention of those who walk in Zion's bliss.

27. The sweetest perfection in singing we arrive at, is to pronounce the words and make the sounds as feeling as if the sentiments and sounds were our own. If singers, when performing a piece of music, could be so much satisfied with this, and understand the music, they would, when composing it, the foregoing directions would be almost useless: they would understand, account, and add, sing loud and soft where the words require it, and make suitable gestures, and add other necessary graces.

28. The great beholder, who upbraids in our nature the noble faculty of vocal perfection, in persons of the use to which we apply our talents in that performance, let us use them in a way which does not tend to glorify his name. We should therefore endeavor to improve the talents given us, and try to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in our hearts to the Lord.

* Melody is the agreeable order which arises from the performance of a single part of music only. Harmony is the pleasing order of several sounds, or the performance of the several parts of music together.
DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

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

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

Andante, a term used in the first and second moods.

Andante, the middle part of a piece; a middle; a middle.

Andante, a kind of wind instrument for bass.

Andante, a small part, the 1-6th, 1-8th, 3-6th, etc., of a piece.

Andante, a small part of a piece; a small; a small.

Andante, many fingers or instruments together.

Andante, a small part of a piece; a small; a small.

Andante, both voices together in the same measure.

Andante, increasing in sounds; &c.

Andante, in or in a, to return and close with the first strain.

Andante, a gentle, modulated mood of music.

Andante, an eighth degree.

Andante, a descriptive manner.

Andante, a term used to express two voices moving together.

Andante, diminuendo in sound; a slow, measured.

Andante, a note or note, a kind of note.

Andante, a term used in the first and second moods.

Andante, a small part, the 1-6th, 1-8th, 3-6th, etc., of a piece.

Andante, a small part of a piece; a small; a small.

Andante, a kind of wind instrument for bass.

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Andante, a kind of wind instrument for bass.

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PART I.

CONSISTING OF PIECES USED BY WORSHIPPING ASSEMBLIES.

BETHEL. C. M.

Psalmist, 691st Hymn.

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

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

3. What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! So happy, O Holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest. But now I find an asking word The world can never fill

4. The sweetest word I have known. What'er that word be, I have the one that made thee mean. Help me to bear it from thy throne, And drive thee from my breast.

5. He shall my walk be close with God, Cola and see thy frame. So pure, light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.
AYLESBURY. S. M.

The God we worship now, Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below, And serve above the sky.

WELLS. L. M.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time ensures the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vipers' darts may return.
FAIRFIELD.  C. M.

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

TRIBULATION.  C. M.

Death, its a most ghastly day, To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced a-way, To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lift her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain.
Hell draws her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and moan, ye hares of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long way over there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flares in your face;
And then, my soul, look downward too
And sing unceasing grace.
ROCHESTER  C. M.  Psalmist, 30th Hymn.

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

PROSPECT  L. M.  Psalmist, 107th Hymn.  Graham.

Why should we fear, or tear to die, What sin's worm wounds we mortal are! Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound! Harmonious to the ear! Haste's with the o'er shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way To save rebellious man; And all the steps that grace di-splay, 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 erring feet To read 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 dro'low; 'Twas grace that kept me to this day, And will not let me go.

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

WEBSTER. S. M.

Psalist, 767th Hymn.

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

Jesus, and shall it ever be--A mortal man ashamed of thee?

Whose glories shine their endless days?

Ashamed of thee, whose angels praise.

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

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer;

There humbly fall before his feet, For none can perish there.
WEEPING SAVIOUR. S. M.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief Burn fresh from every eye.

ABBEVILLE. S. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, come, With saving power divine. And on this poor redeemed soul, With beams of mercy shine.
HAMiLTON.  L. M.  Zion Songster, p. 222.  B. F. White.

Come, all who love the Lord indeed, Who are from sin and bondage freed; Submit to all the ways of God, And walk the narrow happyroad.

BLEEDING SAVIOUR.  C. M.  Psalmist, 479d Hymn.  Z. Chalmers.

A last and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Saviour die? Would he deign that sacred head For such a worm as I?
1. O for a sight of exalted joy To God, the sovereign King! Let every hand their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing.

2. Jesus, our God, ascends on high, His heavenly goodness
round. Ascend, his risings through the sky, With trumpeter's joy-full sound.

3. While angels shout and praise their King, Let mortals learn their strain; Let all the earth his honours sing; On all the earth be reigns.

4. Speak forth his praise with awe profound Let knowledge guide the song; Nor must he with a solemn sound Upon a thoughtless tongue
AMERICA.  S. M.


My soul, express his praise, whose mercies are so great.

Whose anger is so slow to rise, so ready to be haste.

Whose anger is, &c.  Whose.

NINETY-FIFTH.  C. M.


When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

Ft. 5th, &c.  Ft. 5th, &c.
CHINA. C. M.

Why should we mourn departing friends, or shun death's alarms? 'Tis not the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

1. Young people all, attention give, And hear what I shall say: I wish your souls with Christ to live, In everlasting day.

2. Because—her you are hast’ning on To death's dark, gloomy shade; Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your death so soon be laid.
WINTER. C. M.

His hoary frost, his see-ey snow, Descend and clothe the ground; The liquid streams for bear to flow, In i - ey for- tes bound.

WINDHAM. L. M.

Road. Psalmist, 686th Hymn.

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-vel-ler.
DETOUR.  C. M.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord! Behold my heart, and see,
And turn each cursed soul out, That dare to rival thee.

WATCHMAN.  S. M.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify, A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
LENOX.  P. M.

Edson.  Baptist Harmony, p. 228.

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

The year
The year
Return, return,

The year of jubilee is come, The year of jubilee is come, Return, ye shall come, home.
INVITATION.  C. M.  Baptist Harmony, p. 347.  E. J. King.  41

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A sorrowful thought is ripe:
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest, And make this last resolve, And

make this last resolve. Come with your guilt and fear opprest. And make this last resolve, 4.
CLAMANDA. L.M.D.

Say, now, ye hero, on - er - ist hand, Who walk the way to Ca - mard's land? 
Ye who have left the field's plain, say, do you wish to turn a - gain? 
Oh! have you re - termed.

So the field, Well arm'd, with helmet, sword, and shield! And shall the world, with dread alarms, Com - pel you now to ground your arma? 
PRIMROSE HILL.  C. M.

When I can read my ti-de clear To mansions in the skies,
Till bid fare-well to every tear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

Till bid fare-well to every tear, I'll bid fare-well to every tear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
THE CONVERTED THIEF.  C. M. D.  Mercer's Cluster, p. ... 

1. As on the cross the Harlot hung, And wept, and blest, and died, His pain'd sufferings on a wretch That langrish'd in his side.

2. Je -sus, King and Saviour, hear of heart's! Thy anguish Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And weltering in thy blood.

3. A-world the glo - ries of thy world, Dear Saviour, think on me, And in the vicissitudes of thy death, Let me a share be!

His Crimes, with inmost grief and shame, The pro - phets mourn'd: They turned his dy - ing eyes to Christ, And then his prayers interceded.

Yet quickly from these scenes of woe, In triumph thou shalt rise: Burst through the gloomy shades of death, And shine above the skies.

His prayer the dy - ing Je - sus heard, And in anguish ev - ily,—"To-day say parting and ascend With me in Pa - tri - arch.
NEW BRITAIN.  C. M.

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 fear relieved: How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed.

3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come; 'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

4. The Lord has promised good to me, I shall possess the land he gave me; He will my shield and portion be, As long as life endures.

SUPPLICATION.  L. M.

O Thou who hear'st when sinners cry, Thee all my在一个before these lie. Behold them not with an angry look, But blot their name's from my mind.

PSALMIST, 407th HYMN.  51st PSALM, WATTS.
DUBLIN  C. M.

Lord, what is man, poor wretched man! Born of the earth as dust, His life a shadow, light and rain, Still hast'ning to the tomb.

HANOVER.  C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 247.

Come, humble sinner, is whose breast A thousand thoughts return, Come, with your guilt and base oppress'd, And make this last prayer.
1. Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound! To pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A comfort for our fears.

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

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

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

Kedron. L. M.

Then Man of grief, remember me; Thou never saint myself forget. Thy last expiring agony—Thy8 resisting songs and bloody sweat.
CLD HUNDRED. L. M.

O zone, loud anthems let us sing, Lord thanks to our Almighty King;

For we our voices high should raise, When one adoration's Rock we praise.

MEAR. G. M.

Will God the ev - er - cast us off? His wrath far ev - er smokes Against the people of his love, His lit - le cho - sen flock
CONSOLATION. C. M.  
Hymn 6, B. 2, Watts.  
Deoc.

1. Once more, my soul, for the rising day salutes thy waiting eyes;  
   Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
   To him that rules the skies.

2. Night on night his name repeats,  
   The day reneweth the sound;  
   Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,  
   To turn the sea-tune round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
   My tongue shall speak his praise;  
   And I could never withstand,  
   My soul would sveve his words to frame:  
   Thy justice might have crushed me dead,  
   But mercy held these bounds.

4. On a pure worm thy pow'r might tread,  
   And I could never withstand,  
   A thousand woundround souls are fed,  
   Since the last setting sun.  
   And yet these timely aurese my thread,  
   Then shall my soul in endless darkness  
   And yet my moments can  
   And bring a pleasant night.

DISTRESS. L. M.  
Psalmist, 1088th Hymn.

So fades the lovely blossoming rose,  
Fadeth, smiling solace of an hour;  
So soon our transient comfort fly,  
And pleasure only blooms to die.
1. Afflictions, though they seem severe, Are oft in mercy sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And caused him to repent.

2. Although he so resolutely felt Till he had spent his store, His stubborn heart be-

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

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

5. He saw his son returning back;
He look'd, he saw, 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 around,
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.
Come, ye that love the Lord, and let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

CHARLESTOWN. 8, 7.

Mercy, O thou Son of David, Thus pure blind Bartimaeus pray'd; Others by thy grace are saved, How in me art Lord these aid.
1. Je - sus, my all, so heavy is your blame, He whom I hold my hope is - on, 
His truth I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way till he - ven.

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

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

4. The more I press against its power, 
I feel its weight and gain the more, 
Till last I heard my Saviour say, 
"Come hither, son, I am the way."

5. Lo! and I come, and thou, that Lord's, 
Shall take me to thee, whom I am; 
Nothing but sin here I to give, 
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6. They will I sell in sinners' blood, 
What a near Saviour I have found; 
I'll partake the saving blood, 
And say, "Rejoice the way to God!"
GEORGIA. C. M.

Return, O God, of love, return, Earth is a horrid place. How long shall we, thy children, mourn our absence from thy face?

IMANDRA NEW. 11s.

Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand. Our several engagements now call us away. When we must be parted from each social hand;

Our parting is sweet, and we must obey.
This spacious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds: He raised the buildings on the seas, And gave it for their dwelling-place.

Vernon. L. M.

Come, O thou sparrow - let me know, Whom still I hold, but cannot see: With thee, all night, I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
My company in - fore is good, And I am left alone with thee: 
1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a sinner's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

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

3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, A Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend; A Well in the midst of my heart, With everlasting springs, fill'd;

4. My shield and hiding-place; My secret treasury, still; Accept the praise I bring.

5. My prophet, priest, and king; My Lord, my life, my way, my end; I'll praise thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would the love procure With every feeling heart, And may the music of thy name Refresh my soul in death.
CHRISTIAN SOLDIER  C. M.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
   And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
   Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While

2. Are there no foes for me to face?
   May I not stem the flood?
   Is this vile world a friend to grace,
   To help me on to God?

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

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. When that illustrious day shall rise,
   And all thine armes shine
   In robes of victory through the skies,
   The glory shall be thine.
PISGAH.  C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 250.

Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend, As each I look to thee: Now in the bowels of thy love, O Lord, remember me!

O Lord, remember me! O Lord, remember me! Now in the bowels of thy love, O Lord, remember me.
HOLY MANNA.

1. Brethren, we have met to worship. And you, does the Lord our God? All is vain, unless the Spirit of the Holy One come down. Will you pray with all your power, While we try to preach the word? 3

Brethren, pray, and

... 3

2. Brethren, are your voices round you, Trembling on the brink of woe? Death is coming, hell is moving. Can you bear to let them go? See our fathers, see our mothers, And our children sitting down; Brethren, pray, and holy manna Will be shower'd all around.

... 3

3. Sisters, will you join and help us? Moses' sisters called 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.

... 3

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

... 3

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 sit as home in heaven, At his table well set down; Christ will gird himself, and serve us With sweet manna all around.
1 How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints.

My soul would rest in thee above,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and heart?

2 Bliss are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy generous rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy graces.

To meet th'assemblies of thy saints.

3 Bliss are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate,
God in their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

4 Till all shall meet in heart's at length,
Till all before thy face appear;
And join in nobler worship there.
SWEET RIVERS.  C. M.

Sweet ri - vers of re - deem - ing love, Lie just be - fore - mine eye, I'll nev - er nor in - mypain,

Has I the pi - ones of a dove, I'd in those ri - vers fly, I'll nev - er nor in - mypain,

With joy out - strip the wind, I'd cross o'er Jordan's storm - y waves, And leave the world be - hind.
PARTING HAND.  L. M.  

1. My Christian friends, in bands of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union join, 
   Your friendship's like a drawing hand, Yet we must take the parting hand.
   
2. How sweet the hours have pass'd before, Since we have met to sing and pray;
   How much we hate to leave the place Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

3. And since it is God's holy will,
   We must be parted for a while,
   We'll say, our Father's will be done.

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

5. How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
   And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
   Your hearts with love were won, in Jesus, 
   Which makes us hope we'll meet again.

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

7. And now, my friends, both old and young,
   I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
   May we meet at Canaan's shore.

8. And now, my friends, both old and young,
   I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
   May we meet at Canaan's shore.

9. I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
   And if on earth we meet no more,
   May we meet at Canaan's shore.

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

11. O glorious day! O blessed hope,
    My soul, hope forward to the thought.
    When, oh 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.
CORONATION.  C. M.

All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
NASHVILLE.  8, 8, 6.

The Lord is to his garden come, The spires yield a rich perfume, The lilies grow and thrive;

Refreshing showers of grace divine, From Jesse flow to every vine, From Jesse flow to every vine, Which make the dead revive.
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's hir and happy land, Where my pos sessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene, That
risen to my sight, Boeing fields array'd in living green, And rivers of delight.
KINGWOOD. 8, 8, 8.

My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the whirling spheres. 

Around the steady pole: Time, like the tide, in motion keeps. And I must launch thro' endless deeps. 

Where endless ages roll.

3. The grave is near the candle seen, How swift the moments pass between! And whisper, as they fly, Distinguish man, remember this, Though fond of solitary blinks, That you must grow and die.

My soul, attend the solemn call, Though earthy must must shortly fall, And thou must take thy flight Beyond the vast expansive sky, To sing above, as angels do, Or sink in endless night.
1. Oh, sure I had a glorious view Of my returning Lord! He said, I'll be a God to you, And I believed his word.

2. But now I have a deeper sense Than all my griefs are sore; My soul's in anguish, and my soul's in sorrow, and my soul's in pain.

3. But my complaint is bitter now, For all my joys are gone; I've once more to meet my Saviour, and to weep for evermore.

4. Once I could joy the saints to meet, To see they were most dear; I then could boast to wash their feet, And shed a joyful tear.

5. I forward go in duty's way, But can't perceive him there; Turned around on the road I stay, But cannot find him there.

6. I turn to meet my Master, and to weep for evermore; There's none to meet me in his sight, And none to weep for me.

7. Once I could boast to wash their feet, And shed a joyful tear; But now I meet them on the rest, And shed a joyful tear.

8. Once I could stay and weep for evermore, And none to weep for me; There's none to meet me in his sight, And none to weep for me.

9. Once I could boast to wash their feet, And shed a joyful tear; But now I meet them on the rest, And shed a joyful tear.

10. Once I could stay and weep for evermore, And none to weep for me; There's none to meet me in his sight, And none to weep for me.

11. Once I could boast to wash their feet, And shed a joyful tear; But now I meet them on the rest, And shed a joyful tear.

12. Once I could stay and weep for evermore, And none to weep for me; There's none to meet me in his sight, And none to weep for me.

13. Once I could boast to wash their feet, And shed a joyful tear; But now I meet them on the rest, And shed a joyful tear.

14. Once I could stay and weep for evermore, And none to weep for me; There's none to meet me in his sight, And none to weep for me.

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


Come away to the skies,  And rejoice in the day thou wast born;  Come wailing away,  And with singing to Zion return.

My beloved, a- rise,  On this festival day,
MINISTER'S FAREWELL.  C. M.

1. 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 joint in heart.

2. Yet do I find my heart incline 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 enduring care, Who can you save from the cold grave, And shield you from all harms.

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 sin first, soon you must, The will of God be done; If I'm call'd hence while I am gone, Indulge no tears for me.

4. I hope the Lord will you reward, With an immortal crown. I hope in song and praise my King, To all eternity. Millions of years over the spheres Shall pass in sweet repose, While beauty bright muse my sight Thy sacred sweet delights.

5. Long to go—then farewell, we, My soul will be at rest; No more shall I complain or sigh, But taste the heavenly feast. O may we meet, and be complete, And long together dwell, And serve the Lord with one accord; And so, dear friends, farewell!
Then great, mys-Te-rious God, unknown, Whose love hath gra-cially led me on. Even from my in- fant days.

My inner soul ex-pose to view, And tell me if I ev-er knew Thy jus-ti-fy-ing grace.
My soul forsakes her vain delight, And bids the world farewell, Haze as the dust beneath thy feet, And mourners weep an hell. No, longer will I ask your love, Nor seek your friendship more: The happiness that I approve Is not within your power.
THE WEARY SOULS.  C. M.

Zion Songster, p. 117.  J. T. Whitt.

Ye weary, heavy-laden souls, Who are oppressed and sore,
Ye' chill' winds and beating rains,
Ye' tempests that the wilderness,
Ye' enemies surrounding us,
And wares deep and cold,
Take courage and be bold.

BELLEVUE.  11a.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 411.  Z. Chambers.

How true a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
In laid for your faith in his excellent word,
You who once Jesus for refuge have fled.
CUSSETA. L.M.

Blessed pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive, Let a repenting sinner live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

ARLINGTON. C.M.

Come, with all the saints above My tongue would bear her part; Would sound a loud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.
THE INQUIRER. C. M.

Psalmist, 559d Hymn. B. F. White.

You are ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his name: Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor
Maintain the honour of his word, The glory of his name.

His name is all my trust;

KING OF PEACE. 7s.


Let my hope be lost.

Lest I see her face, Till she blessing from above, Drest take away thy face, Mine's an urgent pressing case.
PARADISE. C.M.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand decked in living green; In the Jews old Canaan shine, While Jordan ruff'd between.

4. But time seems mortal's life, And the, to such us; To cross this narrow sea, And enter, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch away.

5. Oh! would we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan, that we love, With unclouded eyes!

6. Could we but think where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.
HOLINESS.  
Zion Songster, p. 7.  
E. J. King.

Deser's wisdom may I know.  
John's divine communication.  
Run like the unwearied Paul.  
Wit the day and conquer all.

DESER FOR PIETY.  
Baptist Harmony, p. 479.  
R. F. White.

Tis my desire with God to walk,  
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah.  
Cry, men, pray on till the warfare is over, hallelujah.

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

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

TALBOTTON.  74.

Baptist Harmony, p. 141.  E. J. King.

Hark! my soul, it is the Lord! Tis the Saviour, hear his word! Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee—Slay, poor sinner, love him me!
1. Where are the Hebrew children? Safe in the promised land. Thy sword flashed around them.

2. Where are the twelve apostles? Safe in the promised land. They went up through pain and sighing, bemoaning, lamenting.

3. Where are the holy martyrs? Safe in the promised land. They went on through flaming fire, burning in their great Messiah. Who by grace will raise them higher, safe in the promised land.

4. Where are the holy Christians? Safe in the promised land. Those who were hated for their sake, and made them white and appertaining pure, and loosed them where no earthly stain can fade them, safe in the promised land.
THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Thomas W. Carter.

What ship is this that will take us all home. Oh! glory, hallelujah! Oh! the old ship of Zion, hallelujah!

And safely land us on Canaan's bright shore. Oh! glory, hallelujah! Oh! the old ship of Zion, hallelujah!

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

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

7. No wrecks on sound-bells or dangers attend, Oh! &c.
   For Jesus is our Captain and Friend. Oh! &c.
   Oh! the old ship, &c.

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

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

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

11. If I arrive there before you do, Oh! &c.
    I'll tell them that you are coming up too. Oh! &c.
    Oh! the old ship, &c.
SHOUTING SONG. T & S. R. F. White

Jesus, grant us all a blessing, shouting, singing, send it down; shout, O glory! sing glory, hallelujah! I'm going where pleasant Never dies.

SERVICE OF THE LORD. E. J. King.

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

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

CHORUS.
BEACH SPRING. 8, 5, 7.

**Chorus:**
Come, ye sinners, poor and wounded, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; He is able, He is willing, doubt no more. He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

**Verse:**
Jesus ready stands to save you. Full of pity, joined with power.

COOKHAM. 7th.

Psalmist, 207th Hymn.

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

CHORUS.

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

To the New Jerusalem.

EDGEFIELD.  Sa.

How tedious and melancholy the hours
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness in thee.

When Jesus no longer I see?

Have lost all their sweetness to me.
VALE OF SORROW.  P. M.

While in this vale of sorrow, I travel on in pain;
My heart is fixed on Jesus, I hope to gain;
But when I come to bid adieu To those I dearly love, My heart is often mottled—It is the grief of love.

HARRIS.  C. M.

In a wild long I took delight, Un越是 by shame or fear Till a new object struck my sight. And stop'd my wild career.

Zion Songster, p. 140.  J. T. White.
MOUNTVILLE. 7. 6.

1. Throughout our wide-spread union,
   The tempest's rage is waning,
   Bright in the south its glowing,
   The north has raised its flag high,
   The east and west no fault is,
   In glory to the skies.

2. Through every rolling zizis,
   From every rolling zizis,
   From every rolling zizis,
   The cry is heard, Deliver—
   From ruin's destructive surge.

3. What though the gods of Heaven
   On every hand abound,
   Our destiny, to strive, unfruitful,
   While darkness, in their blindness,
   Bow down, the slaves of ruins.

4. Well we, whose souls are lighted
   With loving hearts on high,
   What we in heart's brightness,
   The last saved shall proclaim,
   The last saved shall proclaim.

5. Wait, wait, ye winds, the storm,
   And ye, ye waters, roll,
   Till the last wretched wanderer
   His liberty shall gain,
   Throughout the union reign.
THE MORNING TRUMPET.

Chorus by B. F. Wieh.

O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above, And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning. And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love, And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning. Shout, O glory! for I shall

When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning. Shout, O glory! for I shall

2 But now I am a soldier, My Captain's gone before: He's given me my orders, And bids me never give o'er His promises are faithful— A righteous crown he'll give, And all his valiant soldiers Eternally shall live. Shout, etc.

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

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

5 O do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your friend, And if you lack for knowledge, He'll not refuse to send. Neither will he spurn you, Though often you request, He'll give you grace to conquer, And take you home to rest. Shout, etc.
Come, little children, now we may Partake a little cup set,
For little songs and little ways Adore'd a great approbation.

A little drop of Jesus' blood Can make a heart of stone;
It is by little steps we move into a full communion.
Sweet Canaan

Oh who will come and go with me! I am bound for the land of Canaan. Of Canaan, sweet Canaan, For

I'll join with those who've gone before, I am bound for the land of Canaan. Of Canaan, sweet Canaan, For

bound for the land of Canaan; Sweet Canaan, 'Tis my happy home; I am bound for the land of Canaan.
DONE WITH THE WORLD. L. M.

CHORUS.

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

MOUNT ZION. C. M.

CHORUS.

O for a thousand voices to sing My great Redeemer's praise; O Christians, praise him. Methinks I hear the gospel sounding. The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace. For more volunteers.
THE CHURCH'S DESOLATION.

J. T. White.

1. Well may the precepts move, my God, The church's desolation; Once she was all alive to thee, And thousands were con-wanted. But now a sad re-

3. Her pastures lose life at ease, They take wealth and honour; And while they seek with things on earth, They bring reproach upon her. Such wasteth objects they pursue, Warmth and mirth-buried; The church they lead and ruin too— Her glory is departed.

3. Her private members walk no more As Jesus Christ has taught them; Riches and fashion they adore, With those the world has sought them. The Christian name they still retain As empty and fruitless; And while they sit in the church remain, Her glory is departed.

4. And has religion left the church, Without a trace behind her? Where shall I go, where shall I search, That I may more may find her? Adieu, ye proud, ye light and gay, I'll seek the broken-hearted, Who weep when they of Zion say, Her glory is departed.

5. Some few, like good Elijah, stand, While thousands have revealed, In names for the heavenly land; They never yet have failed. With such, religion doth remain, For they are not perverted, O may they all through them reign. The glory that's departed.
My brethren all, I call. Arise and look around you. How many foes bound to oppose, Who’re waiting to confound you? The gospel calls on Zion’s walls, Shake off your sleep, and slumber; Arise and pray, we’ll win the day. Though we are few in number,
CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

Dover Selection, p. 77.  T. W. Carter.

Choral music with piano accompaniment.

Chorus: We lift our hearts and minds. We link and join our voices. We shall sing like those in glory.

Verse: With hymns and psalms, and cries aloud and praise to God. The praises of our lives. The praise of our souls. The praise of our salvation.
The glorious light of Zion is spreading far and wide;
And sones now are coming unto the gospel ble.

The glory of King Jesus Triumphant shall arise,
And sinners crowd a second, to fill seven groans and cries.

To see the saints in glory, and the angels stand in vigil,
And the angels stand in vigil, to welcome sinners home.
FROZEN HEART,  L. M.

E. J. King.

Lord, shed a beam of benignant day, To melt the iced hearts into a rapture and sigh, Village of love, fly hence. This heart, this

heart, this be our heart of beam, This heart, this be our heart of beam. This heart, this be our heart of mine.
Would Jesus have the sinner die? Why hangs he then on conquer's tree? "Father, forgive them."

O forgive; they know not that by me they live. They know not that by me they live."
AITHLONE.

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<td>As thou hast saved a soul from death, That cause itself on thee!</td>
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<td>I have no merit of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffer'd once for me.</td>
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HAPPY MATCHES.  S, S, 6, or C. P. M. Psalmist, 1143d Hymn.  B. F. White & King.

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

2. I love to meet thy people now,
   Before thy feet with them to bow,
   Though e'er of them all;
   But—can I bear the parting thought?
   What if my name should be left out,
   When those for them shall call?

3. O Lord, prevent it by thy grace
   Be thou my only hiding-place,
   In this thy accepted day;

4. And when the final trump shall sound,
   Among thy saints let me befound,
   To be before thy face.
   Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
   While heaven's resounding mansions ring
   With praise of sovereign grace.
WILL YOU GO?

B. F. White

1. We're travelling home in heaven above, Will you go? Will you go? To sing our Saviour's dying love, Will you go? Will you go?

2. Our sun shall then no more go down, Our moon shall be no more withdrawn, Our days of mourning past and gone, Will you go? Enjoy the rest of heaven's crown, Will you go?

3. We're going to see the great reward, Will you go? Which Jesus Christ for us prepared, Will you go? A rich supply of milk and wine, And everlastings joys divine, Will you go?

4. We're going to walk in plains of light, Will you go? Where endless day excludes the night, Will you go? There crowns of glory we shall wear, And palms of victory ever beest, And all the joys of heaven we shall share; Will you go?
1. Why should we at our loss complain, Or grieve at our distress? 
Some think if they could rich as gain, They'd gain true happiness. 
Ah! we're much to blame; We're all the same.

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

3. The only circumstance of life That ever I could find As soon as I could think We were all the same. 
Alike, we're made of clay, Then, since we have a Saviour dear, Let's drive all cares away.

4. When age, and swelling age comes on, And we are young in these— Let's all repeat the song we're done, Nor grieve that youth is over; 
More faithful be Than formerly; And creature to pray— Then, since we have a Saviour dear, Let's drive all cares away.
GOSPEL TRUMPET

Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds! Thou'lt all the world she-ek-to-hearly;
And Jesus, by re-dressing blood,

And Jesus by, A.M.

bring-ing sin-ners home to God, And guides them safe-ly by his word, To end-les-s day.
1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,
   Like thoughts of abasing myself for a day
   From that moment to

Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have smiled,
   How oft have I knelt on the grass upon my knee,
   And poured out my

3. The still, sweet tones of the forest nightingale,
   That sweet in my bower, I listened to my bell,
   Sing anthems of praise, as I went to prayer, As I went to prayer.

4. How sweet were the employments performed by the gaze,
   The joy, the sunshine, and wild splendour;
   The joys I have tasted in answer to prayer, In answer to prayer.

5. For Jesus, my Saviour, in this world's world
   In answer to prayer, In answer to prayer.

6. Deep bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
   And joy my dwelling in places that are new;
   For Jesus, my Saviour, in answer to prayer, In answer to prayer.
Canaan's Land

Oh for a breeze of heavenly home, To wait my soul away. 2. Eternal Spirit, deign to be My pilot here below, To steer through life's tempestuous sea, 
To that celestial world above, Where pleasures never depart 3.
Where weary winds do blow.

Holy City

There is a holy city, a happy world above. 2. An everlasting temple, Beyond the weary beaten, Built by the God of love, 3. And saints array'd in white;
They serve their great Redeemer, And dwell with him in light.
See how the Scriptures are fulfilling. Poor sinners are returning home.

These times that prophecies were foretelling. With signs and wonders now it comes.

Now are blowing from sea to sea, from land to land. God's Holy Spirit broods in groaning. And Christians praising heart and hand.
ANIMATION. C. M.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 477.

And set this feeble body fall, And let it fall in lie: My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

And soar to worlds on high, And soar to worlds on high, My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
A sani -est story I'll tell, Of Jesus, (O wondrous surprise!) He suffered the penance of Hell, That sinners, hisстрано brightness see.

He left his earthly home, When man by transgression was

3 Oh! did my dear Jesus shed blood, And pay a ransom, lost race? Oh, wondrous, did such mercy proceed, Such boundless compassion and grace? His body bowed, hung with anguish and pain. His spirit most sunk with the load, A short time before he was slain. His voice was on great drops of blood.

3 Oh, was it for crimes I had done, The door was barred with a bar, By Judas the traitor wrote? Was ever compassion like this? The, falshion ar you'd in a band, Confined him, and led him away, The words wrapped'd around his sweet hands— Oh, citizens, look at him, I pray.
REDEMPTION.  

COME, friends and relations,  
The voice of the Father  
Let's all rally together,  
And march to the place  
Where redemption is found.

Let's join hearts and hands—  
Is heard in our land;  
And follow the sound,  
Where redemption is found.

TURN, SINNER, TURN.  

TODAY, if you will hear His voice,  
Now is the time to make your choice.  
Oh! turn, sinner, turn,  
Says, will you accept Him go?  
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?  
May the Lord help you turn!  
Why will you die?
1 Oh when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above? And from the flowing fountain, Drink everlasting love? Oh! how long I would

When shall I be de - liver'd From this vain world of sin?

And with my bles - sed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in.

Oh! had I wings I would

2 But now I am a sol - dier, My Captain's gone before;

He's given me my orders,

And bids me never give over;

His promises are faithful—

A righteous crown he'll give,

And all his valiant soldiers

Eternally shall live.

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

3 Through grace I feel deter - mined, Oh do not be disheartened,

To conquer, though I lie,

And then away to Jesus,

On wings of love I'll fly;

Farewell to sin and sorrow

And on, my friends, prove faithful,

And on your way pursue.

4 When'er you meet with troublous And trials on your way,

And cast your care on Jesus,

And don't forget to pray.

And on the gospel armor

Of faith, and hope, and love,

And when the storm's united,

He'll carry you through.

5 Where'er you meet with troubles And trials on your way,

Then cast your care on Jesus,

And don't forget to pray.

And on the gospel armor

Of faith, and hope, and love,

And when the storm's united,

He'll carry you through.

6 When'er you meet with troubles And trials on your way,

And cast your care on Jesus,

And don't forget to pray.

And on the gospel armor

Of faith, and hope, and love,

And when the storm's united,

He'll carry you through.
PLEASANT GROVE. L. M.

Psalmist, 934th Hymn. J. T. Wade. 197

1. Here, in thy name, o—ver—ed God, We build this earthly house for thee— Oh, choose it, for thy abode, And guard it long from ev—er—y foe.

2. Here, when thy people seek thy face, And dying sinners pray to live;

3. Here, when thy messengers proclaim: The blessed gospel of thy love,
How may thy power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4. When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the joyful psalm Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5. But we, indeed, Jehovah's dogs
Here is abode, no tranquil guests.
Hosanna! let our great Redeemer reign.
And here the Holy Spirit rest.

6. Thy glory never hence depart.
Yet choose us, Lord, this house above.
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every home be thy sweet.

Hear them, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What's signs of presence are? Traveller! see you mountain's height, See the glory-beaming sun.

2. Watchman! dress in brightness ray, Light of hope or joy beam on! Traveller! see, it bringeth joy, Joy, Promise to of Israel.

3. Watchman! tell us of the night, Higher yet that one ascends. Traveller! luminous and light, Pense and trust, its course Portends.

4. Watchman! tell us of the night, God the spot that gave them birth. Traveller! arise in your own, Rejoice, it be to all the earth. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn. Traveller! darkness takes its flight; Deads and scars are withdrawn. Watchman! let thy wandering cease; His thee to thy guest home. Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.
CARNSVILLE.  P. M.

I love my blessed Saviour, I feel I'm in His love,
And I know His ever-last, But faithful prove; And now I'm bound for

Come, I feel my sins for-giv-en,
And soon shall get to heaven, To sing salvating love.

Zion Songster, p. 78.  E. J. King.

1. Poor sinners may deride me,
   And unbelievers chide me,
But nothing shall divide me—
   From Jesus, my best friend,
Supported by His power,
   I long to see the hour
That bids my spirit tower,
   And all my troubles end.

2. The pilgrim's path is hard:
The my suffering frame is wasting,
   Whilst I'm engaged in praising,
   Impelled by His love.
   When wonder shining cheer,
   Shall bear me to the Lord there,
   To praise Him above.
What all men wound the ear Invokes,  
What wreaps the land in sorrow's shade?  
From heaven the awful mandate flies, The Father of his country dies.  
Where shall our country  

shall our country turn its eye,  
What help remains beneath the sky?  
Our friend, protector, strength, and trust,  
Lies low and mouldring in the dust.
CONCORD. L. M.

1. With thankfulness we will adore The God of heaven and earth, For laying on the blessed way, Which we are called to obey. O glory!

2. He sent his pure and lovely Son, In whom this glorious work began; But through the crucifixion of man, They took his life to stop the pain. O glory!

3. Thus God in mercy opens to me 
The way of life and liberty; 
He gives me strength to bear the cross, 
And crown all earthly things with bliss. 
O glory! glory! hallelujah! 
Fame and love come by the cross. O glory!

4. Thou, Jesus, art my sanctuary; 
To the Lord my psalm I raise, 
Believe on him, believe his word, 
Obey his will, all sin reprove, 
This love will all your soul protect. 
O glory! glory! hallelujah! 
Love will all our sins prevent. O glory!

5. Then heaven's joy we all shall feel; 
Be filled with life, and love, and zeal, 
And glory in each heart shall dwell. 
Which mortal's tongue can never tell. 
O glory, glory! hallelujah! 
Angel's tongue would fail to tell. O glory!
Urg'd by com-passion, I look round Upon my fol-low ing; See men re-ject the gospel sound; God! God, what shall I say! My

bowed - ness o'er dy - ing men, Down'd in e - ter - nal wo. Pain would I speak, but all is pain, Ex - cept the Lord speak too.
THE PRODIGAL SON. C.M.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

1. Afflictions, though they seem severe,

They stopp'd the prodigal's career,

Oh! I die with hunger, here, he cries,

My father's house hath large supplies,

Although he be returning yet,

Till he had spent his store,

His stubborn heart begins to melt,

When thine own father's dear.

What have I gained by sin, he said,

But hunger, shame, and fear!

My father's house abound with bread,

Whilst I am starving here.

I'll go and tell him all I've done,

Fell down before his feet;

Not worthy to be called his son,

I'll ask a servant's place.

He saw his son returning back,

He looked, he ran, he smiled,

And threw his arms around the neck

Of his rebellious child.
SUFFIELD. C.M.

Teach me the manner of my ways, Thou Maker of my frame. 
I would see very life’s narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7. Baptist Harmony, p. 483.

1. When the midnight cry began, O what lamentation,
   Thousands sleeping in their cot, Neglecting their salvation.
   Who will kindly treat him? Will now go forth to meet him.

2. Some, indeed, did wait a while, And shone without a rival;
   Many souls who thought they’d light, Now against the Bridegroom light,
   Oh, when the stone was closed. And so they stand opposed.

3. Oh, when the stone was closed. And so they stand opposed.
When Adam was created, He dwelt in Eden's shade. As Moses hath related, Before a bride was made.

Thousands, times ten, thousand, Of creatures swarm'd around. Before a bride was formed, Or any mate was found.
1. Come, brethren and sisters who love me as a mother, And have done for you all that is good. 
   How often we've met in sweet, heavenly places, Which eases the way to God's throne.

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

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

2. These were Joseph and Jacob, Isaac and Moses, 
   They went, and God blessed from his throne. 
   There was Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and David, 
   And Solomon, and Stephen, and John.

There was Pilate, and Annas, and I don't know how many, 
   They pray'd as they journey'd along.

Some said having these, were bound with much love, 
   Yet they and many they sung.

3. Some saw what they were that praying, and others that parishing, 
   In their misery all could see it.

But we have such a message that God hon'd with excellence, 
   They praying we all saw today.

There was the breast of God, and his promised more, 
   Who subjected that God loved their way.

There was Aaron and Huron, Paul, John, and Peter, 
   And Paul, and John, we'll say.

4. That look, by the Spirit, as we shall hear, only 
   Their souls and minds before white praying, 
   And little was in the feast.

And greatly then, in the feast, 
   And greater is the evening, for they prayerly apt.

That when we cease praying, we shall not cease praying. 
   But greatly shall be height shown we shall know.
JORDAN'S SHORE.  C. M.

Psalmist, 1173d Hymn.  J. T. White.  117

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye, On the other side of Jordan, hallelujah!

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie, On the other side of Jordan, hallelujah.

2. On the transported, ex-cep-tious scene, That rises to my sight! On the other side of Jordan, hallelujah.

Sweet fields, array'd in living green, And vio-lets of de-light, On the other side of Jordan, hallelujah.

CHORUS.

On the other side of Jordan, hallelujah, On the other side of Jordan, hallelujah.

3. O'er all those wide-extended plains, No chilling winds, nor paus'not breath. When shall I reach that happy place, With delight my captured soul

Shines one eternal day. Can reach that beautiful shore; And be forever blest! Would here no longer stay.

There God the face of our vange Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, When shall I see my Father's face. Though Jordan's waves should round me, And everlasting rest.

And scatters light above. Are felt no more. And in his bosom rest. I'd patron's name away. [roll]
BALL HILL.  8, 7.

J. W. Denee.

Chorus:
Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Turn my heart to sing thy grace; Sinners, come unto the Saviour!

Don't you see that God is good? His arms are open to receive you; Think and see that God is love.
How happy, how joyful, how lovely I feel! I want to feel more love, yes, more love and zeal. I want my love perfect, I want my love pure. That all things with patience I well may endure.
Sometimes a light, o'er shines The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord, who rises With healing in his wings. When comfort are declining, He grants the soul again A stream of cheer shining, To cheer it after rain.
FLORENCE.  C. M.

Not many years shall sound shall roll; Each moment brings a sigh;
How all its glories stand revealed; To our admiring eye;
Ye wheels of nature, speed your course; Ye mortal powers, decay.
Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring eternal day.
ALL IS WELL. P.M.

J. T. Wales

1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame? Is it death? Is it death? If this be death, I

2. Woe's me, my friends, my friends were not for me. All is well! All is well! There's not a cloud that

soon shall be From every pain and sorrow free, I shall the King of glory see. All is well! All is well!

4. Mark! back! my Lord, my Lord is nigh. Calls away, calls away! I soon shall awake upon my happy throne. Why sorry, why delays? For evermore, my friends, evermore. I was our bringer any with you. No glittering cross appears on view. All is well, all is well!

3. Hark! hark! all hail! all hail! so blood-washed strong. Saved by grace, saved by grace—

Till my Mary, till my Mary, And all sweet and joy divine, And all sweet and joy divine.

All is well, all is well!
THE DYING CHRISTIAN. 11. 8.  

Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,  
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,  
Which oft have delighted my heart,  
For joys that shall never depart.

CROSS OF CHRIST. C. M. D.  
L. F. Braithlove.

The cross of Christ trembles my heart,  
Tears falling every grace;  
A stake, my soul, and bear a part,  
In my Redeemer's praise.  
Oh, who can be compared to him, Who died upon the tree?  
In the same.

This is my dearest, lightest theme, That Jesus died for me.
What poor, despised company of travelers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way, along the rugged lane? Ah! they are of a crystal line, All

children of a King, Heirs of immortal crowns divine, And loud for joy they sing.
Oh, Je-sus, my Sa-vior, I know thou art able; For thee all the pleas-ures of ear-th I re-sign.

Of all jeal-some pressing, I love thee the best; With-out thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.
By Babel's streams we sat and wept, While Eden we thought so; Amidst thine of we hung our harp, The willow trees upon.

With all the power and skill I have, I'll gently touch each string; If I can reach the charming sound, I'll tune my harp again.
GREEN FIELDS

1. How tedious and useless the hours,
   Sweet prospects, sweet lullabies, and sweet dews,
   Have lost all their sweetness to me.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
   And sweeter than music his voice,
   His presence dispels my gloom,
   And makes all within me rejoice.

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

While here with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And praises would palaces prove.
If Jesus would dwell with me there

4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
   If there are my song and my song,
   Why do I languish and pine,
   And why are my winters so long?

Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
The soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me where they are high;
Where winters and clouds are no more.
On Jordan's stony banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan, air and happy land, Where my possessions lie. I am bound for the promised land, Bound for the promised land, Oh, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.
HEAVENLY ARMOUR.

And if you meet with trouble, And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus, And don't forget to pray.

Gird on the heavenly

armour of faith, and hope, and love; And when the storm is o'er, He'll take you up above.
The time is soon coming, by the prophets fore-told, When Zion, in purity, the world shall behold.

When Jesus' pure dominion will gain the day, Denomination, self-abuse, will vanish away.
He comes! he comes to judge the world, About his anointed throne.
While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightning flash above the skies.
The crashing tenants of the ground In living waters rise.

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

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace, 7 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Rise from transitory things, To heav'n, thy native place. 3
Time shall soon this earth remove,
To seats prepared above.
1. Come away to the chire, Ye beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born: On that same solemn day, Come exulting away,

2. We knew him in our minds, And did partake thereof, Though our bodies rested below, The redeemed 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, O! There, Oh! there at his feet, We shall all likewise meet, And be parted no more: We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs, And our Savior in glory there.

4. For the glory we were first created to share, Both the nature and kingdom divine! Now spread again That our souls may remain, Throughout time and eternity shine.

5. We with thanks do approve, The design of that love Which hath joined us to Jesus's name: So united in heart, Let us never more part, Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
   Where Afric's sunny beams,
   From many an ancient river,
   Roll down their golden sand;
   From many a pa-ray plain.

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

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

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

4. Wait, wait, 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 Reason'd nature
   The Lamb for sinners slain,
   Redeemer, King, Creator,
   In bliss returns to reign.
1. A few more days our earth to spread, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and friend, And praise his name on high.

2. Thus, O my soul, despair no more! The storms of life shall soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore Of everlasting rest.

3. No more to sigh nor shed a tear, No more to suffer pain or fear. Bath God and Christ and heaven appear, Into the raptured eye.

4. Happy day! O joyful hour! When, freed from earth, my soul shall see the Beyond the reach of sense's power, To be for ever bliss.

5. Though my afflictions press me sore, And death's dark shadows still before, Yet still I lift up the psalm. Beyond the nothing God's The joys of Canaan, sweet and fair, Before my raptured eyes appear. It makes me think I'm almost here, In yonder bright abode.

6. To earth's last scene I bid farewell, And triumph over death and hell, And go where saints and angels dwell; To office of Eternal There, I'll join with those where gone before. Whom sang and shouted their rejoicings o'er, Where pain and sorrow ay no more, To all eternity.

7. Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show, And all this round we knew before, Where taught, but disappointed. A latter world in view, Ignor- My morn's sun! I leave away, I would not here for ever stay; Hail! ye bright respite of woeless days. Tell me, dear friends, I must arise.
Come, thou font of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace.

Teach me some mele divine amnest.
MORALITY. 10, 11, 11.

1. While beauty and youth are in their full prime, And folly and fashion affect our sworn time; O, let not the phantom ever wish us gone.

2. The rain and the young may stand us a while, But let not their son'sty our pleasures beguile; Let us savor those charms that shall never des-

3. I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth, But grant me, and Providence, virtue and health; Then, rather than kings, and (as happier than they, My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

gugs: Let us live as in youth, that we blush not in age.

eay, For 'tis in all that de-

4. For when age steals on fast, and youth is no more, And the moralist Toes 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 was given, Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven; For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene, And stay the blithe as gay as women.

6. And when I be burdened of life shall have borne, And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn, Restored to my God without murmur or sigh, I'll bless the kind remissness, and die down and die.
LIBERTY.

No more beneath the oppressive load Of tyranny we groan,
Be hold the smiling, happy land. Be hold the smiling.

That freedom calls her own.
Oh, were I like a foxtail weed, And innocence had wings, I'd fly and make a long remove From all these restless things. Let me in some wild desert go, And find a peaceful house, Where storms of malice never blow, And sorrows never come.
ELYSIAN. 7 6 7 6 7 7 7.

Baptist Harmony, p. 471.

3. Happy, ye emerald gates, and bring To our austerlized vision; All ye melodies, around the bright - est stars, Shout of

Lo, we fill our longing eyes, Happy, ye in - treating skies, Sun of

3. Floods of everlasting light
Pearly dews before him;
Myriads, with surpassing delight,
Emanate above him;

Angel-strings resound his name;
Luminous gold precipice,
All the music of his name,
Heirs his echoing with the theme.

righteousness arise, Ope the gates of para - de.

3. Pons and twenty others rise
From their paralyzing station;
Open his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;

Can their answer before his throne,
Cry, in reverence true,
Holy, holy, holy One!

4. Back! the thrilling symphonies
Jesus, methinks, to write us?
Join we you these holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

Sweetest sound in errmsg' song
Sweetest notes on mortal tangs
Sweetest Carol ever sung:
Jesus, Jesus, still along
SWEET SOLITUDE.  L. M.

1. Hush, solitude! thou gentle queen, Of modest air and how serene! 'Tis thou inspirest the poet's theme,
   Wrapp'd in sweet vision's airy dream.

2. Parent of virtue! muse of thought! By thee are names and patriots taught, Wisdom is thee her treasures given,
   And in thy lap fair science grows.

3. Whate'er in thee inflames and warms,
   Excites to thought, to virtue warm;
   Whate'er is perfect, firm, and good,
   We owe to thee, sweet solitude.

4. With thee the charms of life shall last,
   Even when the rosy bloom is past;
   When slowly-pacing Time shall spread
   Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.

5. No more with this vain world peoples, Then shall prepare me for the next,
   The spring of life shall gently cease,
   And angels wait my soul's release.
COMPLAINER.  7. 6.

1. I was a great complainer, that bears the name of Christ;
O come, all ye mourners, and bow to my cries;
I've many sore temptations, and
sorrows to my soul; I feel my mind descending, and my affections cold.

2. I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul,
But now I am distressed, and no relief can find,
With a hard, deceitful heart, and a wretched, wandering mind.

3. It is great pride and passion bent me on my way,
So I am full 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.

4. I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way,
That bear their arms with meekness, and don't neglect to pray;
But I, a thousand objects bent me in my way,
So I am full with folly, and so neglect to pray.

5. 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.

6. It is great pride and passion bent me on my way,
So I am full 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.

7. I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way,
That bear their arms with meekness, and don't neglect to pray;
But I, a thousand objects bent me in my way,
So I am full with folly, and so neglect to pray.
Through ev'ry age, eternal God, Thou art our rest, our sole abode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, O earth thy humble

High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, 
O earth thy humble

earth thy humble footstool laid. High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, O earth thy humble footstool laid.
While the I seek, protecting Pow'r, He my vain wish - on still'd, And may this un - ne - scated hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar Thy mercy, o'er my life has flow'd, That once I a - dore.
1 Hark! the jubilee is sounding, O the joyful news is come! Now we have an invitation To the meek and lowly Lamb. Glory, 

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 Harbinger is beginning To revive his work again: Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one turn 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 revives again! Glory, honour, &c.

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

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

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

SWEET AFFLICTION.  S. 7.

In the floods of tribulation, While the billows o'er my soul, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.
Jesus whispers consolation, And supports my fainting soul. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

Rippon's Hymns, p. 541.  Da Capo.
Hallelujah. C. M.

And let this foe his body fall, And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mortal vale, And soar to worlds on high.

And I'll sing hallelujah, And
you'll sing hallelujah, And we'll all sing hallelujah, When we arrive at home.
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed upon thy word; Though we are guilty, thou art good.
All that has been a mass forgive, And let thy truth within us live. Wash all our works in Jesus' blood.

Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace. Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.
Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God!

His word can never be broken, Firm'd there for his own abode;

On the Rock of ages founded,

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

3. The glory! the glory! around him are poured,
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 immortality wear.

4. The judgment! the judgment! the throngs are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-robed elders are met,
There all decked in at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of sinfulness hangs on his waist.

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

5. O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When heaven in their darkness the wicked are drunk,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.
1. The people sailed Christian
Have many things to sell
About the land of Canaan,
Where saints and angels dwell;
But here a dismal ocean, Enclosing them a-

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

3. The everlasting gospel
Hath bann'd the deep at last;
Behind the sails expanded
Around, the bow'ring mast?
Along the deck in order
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "Ho!—here we go
To Immortal'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 assault us,
And raging billows roar;
We will sweep through the deep,
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.
SYMPHONY. P. M.

Behold the Judge descend, his guards are nigh, (Tempests and fire round him flew the sky,) Hear, o, earth, and hell drew near, let all things come To hear him justice, and the sinners' doom. But gather first my names, the Judge commands, Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
BRUCE'S ADDRESS. Spiritualized.

7, 7, 7, 0, 7, 7, 7, 5. Dover Soc. p. 152.

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! In your Captain from the skies,
   Holding forth the glittering prize.
   Fear not, though the battle lower,
   Firmly stand the

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

3. Try the hour, stand the tempter's utmost pow'r, against his slavery.

4. By the voices which rebels prove,
   By the blaze of holy love,
   Smite, and let the foes above;
   Sinner, turn and live!
   Here is freedom worth the name;
   Tyrants can it not subdue;
   Grace inspires the halloed flame;
   God the crown will give.
SALUTATION. 7, 6, 8, 7, 7, 6, 7, 6.

1. Good morning, brother pilgrim,
   March you towards Jerusalem,
   Pray, wherefore are you smiling,
   We soon shall cease from toiling.

2. Though thieves do despise us,
   And meet us with disdain,
   Let us join the pilgrims' song,
   We soon shall cease from toiling.

3. To Canaan's coast we'll journey,
   To join the heavenly band,
   How sweet the welcome of Jesus,
   We soon shall cease from toiling.

4. We're willing in whatever,
   And, in divine compassion,
   We soon shall cease from toiling.
   Our Jesus will defend us.

5. With streams of consolation,
   We're filled with new wine,
   We die in stainless pleasures,
   We sink in holy rapture,
   While viewing things above,
   Who glory is my Saviour,
   My soul is full of love.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 230.
THE SAINTS' DELIGHT

65th hymn, Re b. Watts
F. Price.

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.

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

1. Should earth against my soul engage,
   And heavy-darks be heart's
   Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
   And face a crawling world.

2. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
   Let storms of sorrow fall,
   So I but safely reach my home,
   My God, my heav'n, my all.

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

1. How long, dear Saviour, Oh, how long shall this bright hour delay!
   Fly swift around, ye wheels of time, And bring the promised day.

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

3. The God of glory down to men
   Renews his blast above.
Mortal, behold the sacred seat
   Of our descending King.

4. Ascribing angels shout for joy,
   And the bright seraphins sing:
His own right hand shall wipe the tears
   From every weeping eye.

5. The New Jerusalem comes down
   Adorn'd with shining grace.
Men, the dear object of his grace,
   And he the loving God.

6. And pain and griefs, and sighs and fears,
   And death itself shall die.
How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from anxious care and thought. How free from anxious care and thought,

From earthly hope and fear. Confin'd to neither court nor cell.

His soul disdain's on earth to dwell. His soul disdain's on earth to dwell.
1. See how the wicked kingdom is falling every day! And still our blessed Jesus is winning souls away.

2. With weeping and with praying, My Jesus I have found, To crucify old nature, And make his grace abound.

3. If sinners will serve Satan, And join with one accord, Dear children, don't be deceived, And serve the Lord with one accord.

4. Though troubles and distresses, We'll make our way to God; Though earth and hell oppose us, We'll keep the heavenly road.

5. Our Jesus went before us, And many sorrows here, And we who follow after, Can never meet with more.

6. Though dear to me, my brethren, Each one of you I love, My duty now compels me To leave you all behind.

7. But while the parting grieves me, I humbly ask your prayers, To bear me up in trouble, And conquer all my fears.

8. And now, my loving brothers, I bid you all farewell!

9. Farwell, poor careless sinners!

10. We'll join the heavenly host; Above th' eternal throne;

11. What will become of you?
1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not despair thee,
   Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tombs;
   The Saviour has past' the portal before thee.

3. Thou art gone to the grave—where the gentle is forlorn,
   With us thy kind spirit did not terri long.
   But the sunbeams of heaven beam not on thy wakening,
   And the sound that didst hear was the savannah's song.

4. Thou art gone to the grave, but the cares are not to despise thee,
   When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide;
   He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee.
   Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.
What wondrous love is this? Oh! my soul! Oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this? Oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this? That caused the Lord of bliss To hear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul. To hear the dreadful curse for my soul.
No more shall the sound of the war-battle be heard,
The tomahawk, buried, shall rest in the ground,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be feared.
And peace and good-will to the nations abound.

MARYSVILLE. L. M.

Jesus, my all, to heav’n is gone—He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I’ll pursue The narrow way till him I view.
SWEET HOME, 11, 11, 11, 11

1. Mid scenes of confusion and creature.compassion, How sweet to my soul, in communion with things. To find at the banquet of

2. Sweet bonds, that warble all the children of peace! And thine precious form, whose love cannot cease! Though all from thy presence in

3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Which tenders my joy and communion, with thee; Though now my temptations like

CHORUS:

mercy there's room. And feel in the presence of Jesus at home. Hark, home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

Though I roam, I long to behold thee in glory, at home. Home, home, &c.


4. While here in the valley of afflict I stay,
O give me thy grace,
In all my afflictions be thou, I would come,
Rejoicing in hopes of my glorious home.

5. Whatever thou demand, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smile of thy face;
Minister me with patience to wait at the throne,
And find, even there, a sweet increase of home.

6. I sung, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pour,
And in the dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.
Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound, Miss ear, attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

Where you must shortly lie, Where you must shortly lie, Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie,
PART II.
CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF PIECES USED IN SINGING SCHOOLS
AND SOCIETIES.

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

1. He dies, the friend of sinners dies,
   Let Salem's daughters weep around;

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

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

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

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

   A solemn darkness veils the skies;
   A solemn darkness veils the skies,

4. The rising God forgives the world;
   Up to his Father's courts he goes;
   Cherubim legions guard him home,
   And show him welcome to the skies.

   A solemn darkness veils the skies.
A poor wayfaring man of grief Hath often pass'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could not his answer say.

I had not power to ask his name,
Whether he went or whence he came.
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.
FAMILY BIBLE.

1. How painfully pleasing the fond recollection of youthful association and innocent joy. I still view the shades of joy.

2. The Bible, that volume of God's inspiration. At morning and evening sweet soul yield we delight. O hymns of thanksgiving with father and mother, The souls of their offspring, as ranged on each hand, And the richest of beaux, which excels eny other. The family harmonious sweetness, As wrote't by the hearts of the family bind, Hath raised us from earth to that radiant dwelling, Described in the
Bible that lay on the stand. And oh! richest of books which reveals every other. This family Bible that lay on the stand.

Bible that lay on the stand. Hath raised us from earth to that wondrous dwelling. Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

JOYFUL. C. M.  

Text by E. J. King.  

Am I a soldier of the cross—A follower of the Lamb? Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease?  

And shall I fear to own his name, Or blush to speak his name?
JOYFUL, Continued

CHORUS

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

Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful! Oh, that will be joyful, To meet in part no more.

On Canaan's happy shore,— We all shall meet At Jesus' feet, With those who've gone before.
Forgive the song that falls so low, Beneath the gratitude I owe.

It means thy praise, how ever poor,

An angel's song can do no more. It means thy, &c.

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

An angel's song can do no more. It means, &c.
Oh! may I worthy prove to see The saints in glory, full of prosperitv. Then my troubles will be o'er. I never shall forget the day when Jesus wash'd my sins away. And then my troubles will be o'er, Will be o'er, Will be o'er. And rejoicing, And then my troubles will be o'er.
EXHORTATION  C. M

Psalmist, 8th Hymn  171

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear my voice ascending higher.

To thee will I direct my prayer. To thee lift up mine eyes.

To thee will I direct my prayer. To thee lift up mine eyes.
HARMONY. P.M.

Wake, all ye soaring things, and sing, To cheerful warblers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise, To him who shaped your

To him who shaped your fine mould, Who sipp'd your glittering wings with gold, floor mould, To him who shaped your fine mould.

Who sipp'd your glittering wings with gold, And raised your voice to praise, Who sipp'd your glittering wings with gold.
PHŒBUS.  C. M.

Psalmist, 8th Hymn.

Lord, in the morning then shall hear,
My voice ascending high,
Up in the halls where Christ is gone
To thee I lift up mine eyes.
To face will I direct my prayer.

Plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne,
Presenting at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.
Thus saith the high and holy One, I sit up on my holy throne. My name is God, I dwell on high. Dwell in my

own eternity. But I descend to worlds below. On earth, I have a mansion too. The
PETERSBURG.

Continued.

STAR IN THE EAST. 11s & 10s.

R. Havem.

1. Hal' the bliss'vorn when the great Mediato Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger.
   Down from the regions of glory descant;
   Let 'er his guard the bright angels attend.

2. Brightest, and best of the sons of the morning,
   Star of the east the horizon dawning,
   Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3. Cleft on her cradle the dew-drops are glistening,
   How lies his head with the hearts of the stild; Angels adore him in simmer revering,
   Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

4. Stay, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
   Olives of Eden and offerings divine;
   Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
   Mirth from the forest, and gold from the mine.

5. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
   Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
   Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
   Deeper in God are the prayers of the poor.
Though nature's strength decay, And earth and hell withstand, To Canaan's bound I urge my way,

At his command, At his command, The watery deep I pass, My way pursue.

With Jesus, &c. With Jesus in my view,
BANQUET OF MERCY.

T. W. Carter.

Yet numers of confusion and cressure comphlamus. How sweet to my soul in commination with saltes?

To find at the banquet of mercy there's room.

And be in the presence of J esus ar home. Home, sweet home. Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
1. When his salvation bringing, To Zee - on Je - sus came, The children all aloud singing Hosan - na, to his name. Nor did they cease to

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

Send him, But in the爁ore - land, He let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

3. For should we self-proclaiming Our great Redeemer's praise, The songs, our solemn chanting, Might well become praise: But shall we only render The tribute of our words? Not while our hearts are tender, Then, too, shall the Lord's
1. I find myself placed in a state of probation, Which God has commanded us well to improve; 
And I am resolved to regard all his precepts, And go in the way of obedience to none. 
I know I must go through great tribulation,
And many sore conflicts on every hand; But grace will support and comfort my spirit. And I shall be a life for ever to stand.

2. And when I must cross the wild streams of Jordan, 
I'll find all are waters of the word, 
And points of rest in the love of Jesus. 
Whereas, Daniel, I hope, I shall there meet with thee. 
And points wherein my soul shall find rest, 
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end. 
A rest of exemption from sorrows and troubles, 
In the house of Jesus, for ever.

3. And hope that evermore from sinning and backsliding, 
My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me. 
A portion of rest he has promised us his rest, 
And rest in that promise he signify will be. 
Ye, I shall receive a glorious inheritance, 
A happy reception and true dominion. 
For which all the graces and glory, my Saviour, 
Are few who do not shall ever be thine.
In vain we labor, out our lives, To gather empty wind: The choicest blessings earth can yield Will starve a hungry mind.

Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls With more substantial food: With such as set on glory love, With such as angels dwell.
Death, the end of every human stream, Sleeps on a weary and a distant shore.

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

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

3 Our day how all thy wrath appears, And soon our expected years, Thy wrath awakes our humble soul; We fear the power that strikes us dead.

4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail to man: And kindly lengthen out the span, Til it be rare at parting, Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

Watts, Psalm 30, v. 1.
Let every creature join to praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin, and sound his name aloud.

Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin.

Ye sunny lights, ye twinkling flames, shine to your Maker's praise.
And moon with pale eyes,

This sun with golden beams.
GREENWICH.  L. M.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and rejoin, To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and sides of honour.

But, oh, their end, their dreadful end; Thy mercy taught me so. On stony rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll below.
Before the rosy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing:
Awake, my soul and tune-ful lyre, Awake, each charming string:
Awake, and let thy glowing beams glide through the midnight air. While high a-riding, the silent rills. The silver moon, rills a-lier.
PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.

1. Farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home to stay with you;
   Farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home to stay with you;
   Till I a heavenly world can view.

2. I'll march to Canaan's land,
   Where pleasures never end,
   I'll march to Canaan's land,
   Where pleasures never end,
   And there some time for more.

3. Farewell, my friends, long rules along,
   Not wait the vessel ready or long;
   Farewell, my friends, long rules along,
   Not wait the vessel ready or long;
   I'll leave you here, and cannot stay.

4. Farewell, &c.

   Till I arrive where Jesus is.
   I'll march, &c.
   Farewell, &c.

   You are Thy hand with sound of love;
   You are Thy hand with sound of love;
   But we believe his gracious word.

   We all our long shall meet where we
   We all our long shall meet where we
   Till I march, &c.
   Farewell, &c.
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory, &c.
PROTECTION

L. M.

Sherman

5. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through life's cheerless, lead me straight,
That hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

God is my ruin's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

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

5. But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet supply;
My tongue shall ascend thy works abroad
And tell the world thy joy.

2. God, my support, and my hope,
My help forever near;
Those arms of mercy hold me up.
When sinking in despair.

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

3. What if the springs of life should break,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is the ruin's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
1. The winter's clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the winter's past. The lovely
vernal flowers appear, The warbling choirs encharm our ear. Now, with sweetly pensive sound,

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

ah--ing, o'er the hills. And all my soul with transport fills. Gently doth he chill my stay.

SPRING.  P. M.
SPRING. Continued.

Come, thou desire of bliss,升腾, now with sullen, penitent man.

Come, the turtle-dove a tune.

Ring, my soul, and come away, Gently shall I hide my way.

Ring, my soul, and come away.

MONTGOMERY. C. M.

Psalmist, 18th Hymn. More.

Ear - ly, my God, without de - lay, I have to seek thy face. My thirsty soul faints e - way.

With -
MONTGOMERY. Concluded

So pilgrims on the burning sand, Beneath a burning sky. Long for a

out thy cheering grace;

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

So pilgrims, etc.

so pilgrims on the burning sand, etc.

cooling stream at hand,

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

Thy winds the raving winds control, And rule the tempestuous deep; Thou mak'st the sleeping

roll, The rolling billows sleep.
From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung. Thus we're led, by giving

SCHENECTADY. L.M. Psalmist, 99th Hymn. Shurwood,
SCHENECTADY. Concluded.

HUNTINGTON. L. M.

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

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

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

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

taught me so; On slippery rocks I see them stand, And very billows roll to low.
1. Angels in shining golden cloud
   Around the Saviour's throne;
   They bow with reverence at his feet,
   And make his glories known.

2. The cross of Christ inspires my heart
   To sing redeeming grace;
   Awake, my soul, and keep a part
   In my Redeemer's praise.

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

4. His body broken, and shed for me,
   And stained with streams of blood;
   His spotted soul was left for us,
   For the Father of God.

5. His latest sacrifice
   My God, my God, he cried;
   Why hast thou forsaken me?
   And none my Saviour died.

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

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

8 Angels in shining order sit,
Around my Father's throne;
They bow with reverence as his feet,
And make his praises known.
These happy spirits sing his praise
To all eternity,
But I can sing redeeming grace,
For Jesus died for me.
1. God bless Columbia! God bless Columbia! Thy crown of glory, and Thy shield of safety, may the wish of the just, and the prayer of the pure, be thy shield and glory.

2. To conquer and to subdue, With nations and empires, may the wish of the just, and the prayer of the pure, be thy shield and glory.

Raptures behold, Worlds ages on ages, thy splendor boundless, may the wish of the just, and the prayer of the pure, be thy shield and glory.

Kind shall be kind, and sinless pursuit, may the wish of the just, and the prayer of the pure, be thy shield and glory.

A world! O, thy calm, for a world be thy laws, En
STAR OF COLUMBIA

1. Faire science her pace to thy sons shall make;
And the east see thy name ride on beams of thy war;
New lands and new ages reverence shall own;
To fame unspeakable, when time is no more.

To the host songs of virtue sung,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind;
There, grateful in Heaven, with trophies shall bring;
Their success, more fragrant then odours of spring.

2. Thy feet to all regions thy pow'r shall display;
The nations adore, and the sons obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute yield,
And the east and the west yield their spices and gold.

As the resplendent unbounded splendour shall flow;
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow.
While the springs of music in triumph exult,
Hush, haughty sway, and give peace to the world.

3. This stream is a love valley with flowers o'ermingled,
From the source of the town I presently start.
The waves from the feet of fair hinds retired,
The wind raised is murrant, the thunders expired.

Fortune, as of Eden, now's sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, melodiously sung.
Columbia! Columbia! in glory arise
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.
With songs and honours sounding loud, Ad- ors the Lord on high. Over the heart he spreads his clouds, And storms roll the sky. He sends his showers of blessings down To cheer the plain and hill.
EDOM. Concluded

Te chro  He makes And ever  He makes

low: He makes the grass the mountains grove, He makes, &c.
And ever in valleys grove, And ever, &c.
He makes And ever

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

Come all ye sorrowing pilgrims hear, Who've heard the Governor's word. May God's grace to you be free.

Take courage and light valiantly. Stand fast with sword in hand, 3
Our Father's only Son.

Then, pilgrims hear, pray do not fear. But let us follow on.
NEW LEBANON.  26.

There is the sky of wonder shining,
There is the sky of wonder shining,
There is the sky of wonder shining.
Let sinners take their course, and choose the road to death; But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my daily breath.
MISSION.  L. M.  


5. Young people, all, attention give, While I address you in God's name; I've sought his bliss in glistening rays, But never In the luring scenes of vice;

2. Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. And walk in my path, without forsook. Wherever I lead, you will find the way. For death, the hills will turn beneath your feet.

3. Youth, like the spring, shall soon be gone, By frowning time or tempting death; Your burning sun may set as soon, And hope, you ever in the dark.

3. Youth, like the spring, shall soon be gone, By frowning time or tempting death; Your burning sun may set as soon, And hope, you ever in the dark.

4. Ye heedless ears, that wildly thrill, The grave will soon become your bed, Where sports, songs, and impious roll, In solemn darkness crown your head.

5. Your main shall lead in darker realms, Where wondrous scenes and folds more rest, And roll, until the burning shame, When illumined darkness are now,

6. Time, when I speak, this is the hour, For all shall do their grace return," And soon with you "all shall be too late, The way of life and Christ to choose;

5. Ye heedless ears, that wildly thrill, The grave will soon become your bed, Where sports, songs, and impious roll, In solemn darkness crown your head.

The hills will turn beneath your feet;
Pleasant Hill. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 373.

3. Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
   Be joint with godly fear;
   And all my conversation prove
   My heart to be sincere.

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

5. Let faith inspire my soul,
   Let warm affection arise;
   And may I walk, with loving desire,
   To mount above the skies.
CONSOLATION NEW.

Come on, my partner in distress, My unwearied through the wilderness. Who still your horrid fell? A while forget your

griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears To that be-leafed hill. To that se-ler-i-ous hill.
1. Come, little children, now we may Partake a little morsel; For little songs and little ways A dross' a great apostle. A little drop of Jesus' blood Can make a feast of a morsel. It

2. A little faith does mighty deeds, Quite past all my reasoning; Faith, like a little mustard seed, Can move a lofty mountain. A little shriv'ly and small A little subl'mation, A

3. A little cross with cheerfulness, A little self-denial, Well-nigh to make our troubles less, And bear the greatest trial. The Spirit like a little dove On Jesus once descended; To shew his meekness and his love, The cimaths was ascended.

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 handle every nation.

5. A little zeal supplies the soul, It doth the heart inspire; A little spark lights up the whole, And sets the world on fire. A little union serves to hold The good and knaves'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 strangest! 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 movie; O may we never, never stop Short of a full commotion.
THE TURTLE DOVE.  L. M.

1. Hark! don't you hear the turtle dove, The token of redeeming love? From hill to hill we hear the sound, The singing valleys echo round.

2. The woman's past, the vain is o'er, We feel the swelling winds no more; The spring is come, how sweet the tree, All things appear divinely fair.

3. The trumpet sounds, both far and near, How can you spare the gospel charm? Stand with Christ, give up your name, These are the days that were foretold.

4. The latter days on we have come, And sovirates are shaking now; Behold, they crowd the gospel road, All preaching in the mount of God.

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

6. The woman's past, the vain is o'er, We feel the swelling winds no more; The spring is come, how sweet the tree, All things appear divinely fair.

7. The woman's past, the vain is o'er, We feel the swelling winds no more; The spring is come, how sweet the tree, All things appear divinely fair.

8. The woman's past, the vain is o'er, We feel the swelling winds no more; The spring is come, how sweet the tree, All things appear divinely fair.

9. The woman's past, the vain is o'er, We feel the swelling winds no more; The spring is come, how sweet the tree, All things appear divinely fair.

10. The woman's past, the vain is o'er, We feel the swelling winds no more; The spring is come, how sweet the tree, All things appear divinely fair.

11. The woman's past, the vain is o'er, We feel the swelling winds no more; The spring is come, how sweet the tree, All things appear divinely fair.

12. The woman's past, the vain is o'er, We feel the swelling winds no more; The spring is come, how sweet the tree, All things appear divinely fair.

13. The woman's past, the vain is o'er, We feel the swelling winds no more; The spring is come, how sweet the tree, All things appear divinely fair.

14. The woman's past, the vain is o'er, We feel the swelling winds no more; The spring is come, how sweet the tree, All things appear divinely fair.
EVENING SHADE  S. M.

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

2. We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest; So death will soon dissolve us all Of what we have possessed.

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 the unexcelled 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 home of thy love.
See the Lord of glory dying! See him groaning! hear him crying! See his banner o'er him wave!

Look, ye sinners, to that hung him; look, how deep your sins have snared him: Dying sinners, look and live.
WHITESTOWN. L. M.

Where nothing dwell but beasts of prey, the men are fierce and wild as they; his hide is spars'd and poor repent, And build their towns and cities there.

They saw the fields, and they saw the fields, and trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;

Their rent grows up from fruitful parks, Their wealth increases with their flocks.
SHARON. P. M.

How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends again, Each in his proper station move.

And each fulfils his part, With sympathizing heart, In all the scenes of life, In all the scenes of life, and love.
THE GOOD OLD WAY. L. M

1. Lift up your heads, turn your eyes to heaven, O hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah. And turn the pleasure Jesu knows, O hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah. For nothing more pure to do, O hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah.

2. Our troubles here, though great they be, shall not prevent our victory, If we but watch and sit down and pray, like soldiers in the good old way, And I'll sing hallelujah, and glory be to God on high.

3. O good old way, how sweet thou art! May none of us from thee depart! But may our voices always say, We're marching in the good old way. And I'll sing hallelujah, and glory be to God on high.

4. Though wars may his peace destroy Our peace and comfort to annoy, Yet never fear, we'll gain the day, And triumph in the good old way, And I'll sing, &c.

And I'll sing, &c.

5. And when on Jezus's lap we stand, And view by faith the promised land, Then we may sing, and shout and stay, And march along the good old way, And I'll sing, &c.

And I'll sing, &c.

6. To valiant souls, for heaven designed, Remember, glory's on the end, Our God will wipe all tears away, When we have seen the good old way, And I'll sing, &c.

And I'll sing, &c.

7. Then far beyond this mortal shore, We'll move in scenes where we've gone before, And here we'll praise in endless day, Who bought us to the good old way, And I'll sing, &c.

And I'll sing, &c.
If my soul wax bound for me, How would I see my sight? Repentance should like rime flow, From both my weeping eyes.

Two

Two for my enemy.

For my soul my dream is Lord Hung on th'crucified tree, And gross'd away his dying For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, my soul, for thee.
New Topia
F.M.

Young people all, listen here;
And hear what I do say;
I must your smile with Christ to lose.
Remember, you are hearing on
Heaven's last day.

Remember, you;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your, and.
No burning beam by day, No blasts of evening air, Shall take my health a-way, If God be with me there.

Thus set my sun and shade, To guard my head by night or noon, Then set my sun and shade, To guard my head by night or noon.
Great God, at even while Zion sings The joy that from the pressure springs.

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand

How on earth, Exceeds

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

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

And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly. Till God shall bid it fly.
The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweet. Before we reach the heavenly fields, we walk the golden streets.

Then let your songs abound, and every tear be dry. We’re marching through Immortal’s ground, to fetter worlds on high.
MOUNT ZION. Concluded.

We're marching through Emmanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

We're marching through Emmanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

We're marching through Emmanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.
OCEAN.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
The sons of courage shall record, 
That roll of the battle's roll;
Who tempt the dang'rous way.

As my command the winds arise, And
The sea-souls tell the story, And
The men would count the sides, And
The stars are gay above.
PORTUGUESE HYMN.  P.M.

1. Higher, ye faithful, bow with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem born, the Lord of life to see; To you this day is born a Prince and

Musical: O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us worship at his feet.

2. O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
   Our praise and reverence are an offering sweet;
   Now in the Wood made flesh and dwellest among us;
   O come, and let us worship at his feet.

Musical: O come, and let us worship at his feet.

3. Show his almighty name, ye hosts of angels,
   And let the celestial hosts his praise repeat,
   Using our God be glory in the highest;
   O come, and let us worship at his feet.
THE SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN.

1. Our bondage shall end, by and by, by and by; Our bondage shall end, by and by.
   From Egypt's yoke set free, Hail the glorious jubilee.

2. Our chains we shall cast off, by and by, by and by; Our chains we shall cast off, by and by.
   All our sorrows have an end, With our thousand years and
   Tis our enemies are strong, We'll go on, we'll go on.

3. Though Marah has bitter streams, We'll go on;
   Though Beersheba's bed be dry,
   And the land yield no supply,
   In a land of corn and wine, We'll go on.

4. As we stand on Jordan's brink, We'll go on;
   When we cross the Jordan's brink,
   Where the river's flood shall wipe
   Our names and sorrow shall we.

5. Though friends shall weep again, who have loved
   Our voices shall be sweet;
   At the cross Redeemer's feet,
   When we meet in heaven's gate, We have loved

6. When with all the happy throng, we'll go on,
   When with all the happy throng, we'll go on.
   Till the voice of heaven ring
   And through all eternity.
PART III.

CONSISTING OF ODES AND ANTHEMS.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Are the radiant beams of music, flying in the air.

The church triumphant gives the tone,

In glory, with exultation.

While they surround the holy throne.

Now, angelic armies tune their harps.

And repining seraphs sing their psalms.

While they sing of the Redeemer's birth.
I began life's journey when young,
And the glittering prospect charmed my eyes.
Along the rose-red plain.

But soon I found 'twas all a dream,
And lost the fond paternal home,
Where few can reach the purposed aim,
And thousands daily are undone.
MASONIC ODE

Treaty by K. A. Ries.

Sound the horn of the horn of the horn; Behold the door appears. Let what august sanctuary is worth! Angels themselves have been led to deck the throne. And

beau - tious Stahá shall re - port for fame. When the queen of the woods shall report To the elms which acknowledge her
MASONIC ODE. Continued.

Well worthy my journey! I've seen
A monarch both graceful and wise,

serving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the skies. Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares With equal ease your happiness and cares.
Of riches much, but more of wisdom see; Proportion'd workmanship and man - sion. - 17. Oh, charming Sue - lo, there behold What

massive stones of horethd gold, Yet richer is your art, Yet richer is your art. Wisdom and beauty both combine Our art to raise, our
Hearts to join. Wisdom and beauty both combine, our arts to raise, our hearts to join. Give to Masonry the prize, Where the fairest Shows the wise.

Beauty still should

wisdom love; Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign above.
In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea,

And saying,

ransom ye;

and saying.

For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one

Calling the people that are blind to see, and him that is in darkness, to light; Him that had our souls to redeem.
cry-\ing in the wil-\di-\ness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his re\em-\ancy of

sam \- \en's hair and beard with a bish-\en - gird\-\le, and his nose was lo\-\en* and \old ham\-\y.\n
---

BAPTISMAL ANTHEM. Conclu\-\tion.

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Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name. Come into his courts. Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Fear before him, all the earth.

Fear before him, all the earth. He shall judge the people righteousness. Let the heathen rejoice, and the earth be

Fear before him, all the earth.
REVERENTIAL ANTHEM.  Concluded

For he cometh,

glad be - fore the Lord.  For he cometh,

To judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

For he cometh,

EASTER ANTHEM.  Young's Night Thoughts, 4th Night.  Billings.

The Lord is ris’n indeed!  Hal-le-lujah!  The Lord is ris’n indeed!  Hal-le-lujah!
EASTER ANTHEM. Continued.

Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruits of them that slept.

John 20:19

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.

And did he rise? And did he rise?

And did he rise? And did he rise?
EASTER ANTHEM. Confessa.

And triumph'd o'er the grave.

Then, then, then I rise, then I rise, then I rise, then I rise, then I rise, then I rise, then I rise, then I rise, then I rise.
EASTER ANTHEM. Conclude

Victory triumphant past the crystal portals of light, and sanctified eternal youth. Man all immortal hail,

Heaven, all terror of wrong and sin. There's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss. There's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.
David the king was grieved and moved; He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,

O my son! Would to God I had died, I! For thou, O Absalom, my son, my son!
Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My body must soon be removed,
And mouldering, lie buried in dust,
No more to be envied or loved.

Ah! what is this drawing my breath, And stealing my sens for a way!
O tell me,
O tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay?

Now fancying, my soul shall de-

o tell me,

very The regions of pleasure and love, My spirit triumphant shall

E.

And dwell with my Saviour In

Q.
ODE ON SCIENCE.

The morning sun shines from the east, And spreads his glory o'er the west, All nations with his beams are blest. Where'er the radiant light appears, So nature spreads her to-ro-ny Over lands which
ODE ON SCIENCE.  Cont'd.

Long in darkness lay, She visit fair Columiba, And sets her son among the stars.

Fair freedom her attendant walls, To bless the portal of her gate, To crown the young and rising stars.
ODE ON SCIENCE. Concluded.

Hosanna to the immortal day! The British yoke, the Gallic chain, Were urged upon our

works in vain. All hapless tyrants we disdain. And short, Long live America.
CLAREMONT

Vital spark of manly fame, Quit, oh! quen her mortal frame, Troubling, hoping, long, long.

Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, foul nature, cease thy strife. And let me languish in - in life, And let me languish in - in life.
Hark! Hark! they whisper, angels say, Sister spirit, come away;
Sister spirit,

Hark! they whisper, angels say. 
Shout we hail, and come, come away.

O, what a blessed strain! 
Shed my tears, heal my pain,

O, there are moments past me now—Be still my breast, 
Burst my spirit, 
Close my heart. Ye see, my soul, can
CLAREMONT.

Contdued

this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, was this so death.

The

would re-solve, it dis- ap-pears, Hears a-pure as my eye, My ears with sounds so raph-ing ring; My ears with
CLAREMONT.  

My ears with sounds so rapturous ring. Lead, lead your wings! I

Mount! Mount! Mount!  O grave! where is thy victory? thy victory? O grave! where is thy
HEAVENLY VISION.  Continued

And I heard a mighty angel saying,  Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, Lord God All-mighty, Which was, and is, and is to come, Which was, and is, and is to come.  And he cried, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God All-mighty, Which was, and is, and is to come.
HEAVENLY VISIONContinued.

crying with a loud voice. Wo, wo, wo, wo.

Be up to the earth by reason of the trumpet which is

yet as sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and ashles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gather of themselves.
ROSE OF SHARON
Soli. Song ii.
Billings.
ROSE OF SHARON.

So is my beloved among the sons, so is my beloved among the sons.

I sat down under his shadow with great delight.

And his love was sweet to my soul; And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my soul.

And his fruit was sweet to my soul.

And the fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my soul. And his fruit, and his fruit, &c.
his banner o'er me was love, He brought me to the banishing-house, his banner o'er me was love.

Buy me with悲哀, comfort me with apples, For I am sick, for I am sick of love: I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.
ROSE OF SHARON.  

By the rose, and by the lilies of the field, That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, nor a-

wake, awake, a-wake, a-wake my love, till he please. The name of my beloved, Behold! be sought.
ROSE OF SHARON.

Unison.

Isaiah 55:1-2

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is...
ROSE OF SHARON.  Concluded

past, the rain is over and gone. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the

rain is over, the rain is over and gone. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
FAREWELL ANTHEM

My friends, I am going a long and tedious journey, Never to return. I am going, I am going a long and tedious journey, Never to return. I am going ...

Never to return.

Never to return.

Never to return.
Farewell Anthem

Fare you well,

Fare you well, my friends,

Fare you well, my friends, And God grant we may meet together in fair world above, Where wine, life shall cease and harmony shall be bound.
Hark! hark! my dear friends, for death hath call'd me, And I must go, and lie down in the cold and silent grave. Where the mourner sues from mourning.

And the griz'her is set free. Fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, my friends. When the rich and the poor are both alike.
APPENDIX TO THE SACRED HARP:

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF

STANDARD AND FAVOURITE TUNES NOT COMPRISED IN THE BODY OF THE WORK.

COMPILED BY

A COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY "THE SOUTHERN MUSICAL CONVENTION."

This Committee, appointed by "The Southern Musical Convention," at its last session, to whom was referred the revision and enlargement of the Sacred Harp, beg leave to say to all whom it may concern, that we, according to appointment, have taken the work under consideration and inspection, and have corrected the rudimental errors in said work, and the typographical errors in the music, and have also added such pieces of composition as we think are calculated to enhance the value of the work, and are happily adapted to the use of the public generally, as an Appendix to the Sacred Harp, and have adopted the same.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

B. F. White, S. R. Panick,
John King, J. R. Turner,
Leonard P. Breeding, E. F. M. Mann,
A. Coleybee, E. L. King,

Committee.

Montgomery, Jan. 12, 1839

[Adopted.]
Great God! attend to my complaint, Sion let my drooping spirit live; When last have seen spread the stare, Let my soul - va - tion be thy care.

HEBRON. L. M.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power protracted my days; And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
How many years has man been here.
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore Thy wandering children to rest no more?

GRAVITY.  L. M.

Happy day, that saw my choice Guido, my Saviour and my God! May this glorious heart rejoice, And tell its rapture all a-round.
Thanks be to the hand that set us free, Eternal Spirit, thanks to thee, Where grace's revelations, unconfused, Satisfy the passion of the mind.


Come, sinners, to the gospel feast, Let every soul be Jesus' guest. Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath hid the all-sacred.
Day of worship. L. M. D.

Dear people, we have met to-day, To sing to hear, to preach and pray.
It is our Father's giveth-meal. The road that leads to his right hand.

But O, the sad and awful state

Of those that stood and came too late! The foolish virgins did begin To knock, but could not enter in.
O that my Lord would come and meet. My soul would stretch her wings to haste. Fly fearless through death's
ALL SAINTS, NEW. Concluded

While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there.
Awav, my ex-he-liev-ing foe; Fear shall in me no more have place.
My Father did not put ap-pear, He hides the brightness of His face;
But shall I there-fore let him go.

And basely to the tempest yield? No, in the strength of Je-sus, no, I never will give up my shield.
To humble souls, complain no more:
Let faith survey your future store;
The sacred words of truth at last!

When passion
And pain
Hope points, etc.

When anxious grief laments sincere,
Absolves the penitential tear,
The bright reversion in the skies.
Now, in the heat of youthful blood, Remember your Creator, God!

So hold the sash tightly on, When you shall say, My joys are gone.
TEXAS.  L. M.  

David P. White.

My, waken'd soul, extend thy wings,
And then we'll sing Hosannah,

Beyond the verge of mortal things,
And then we'll sing Hosannah.

See this vain world in smoke decay,
And then we'll sing Hosannah,

And rocks and mountains melt away, And then we'll sing Hosannah.

We have but the one more river to cross,
And then we'll sing Hosannah,

We have, so.

We have, so.

We have, so.

And then, so.

We have, so.
1. My spirit looks to God alone; My rock and refuge is His throne; In all my fears, in all my strive, My soul on His aid.

2. Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways, Pour out your hearts before His face; False are the men of high degree, The base are vaunting false. Laid in the balance, both appear Light as a puff of empty air.

3. False are the men of high degree, The base are vaunting false. Laid in the balance, both appear Light as a puff of empty air.

4. Make not increasing gold your trust, Nor set your hearts on glittering dust; False are the men of high degree, The base are vaunting false. Laid in the balance, both appear Light as a puff of empty air.

5. False are the men of high degree, The base are vaunting false. Laid in the balance, both appear Light as a puff of empty air.

6. For newness of power spring out alone, Grace is a partner of the power. Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord, Shall well divide our last reward.
LOVING-KINDNESS.  L. M.  By J. L. P. & S. B. Penick.

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays. Hallelujah! He justly claims a song from me,
and sing the great Redeemer's praise. Hallelujah! His loving-kindness, O hear from:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah.

ROLL ON.  L. M.  Miss Cynthia Bess.

Why should we start, and fear to dwell? What timeours wormes we mortaly are! Roll on, roll on, sweet moments roll on,
Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dreads to enter there.
And let the poor pilgrims go home, go home.
From all that dwell below the sky, Let the Redeemer's praise arise,

Let the Redeemer's name be sung through all

Let the Redeemer's name be sung through all

I knew that my Redeemer lived, Glory, hallelujah!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives, Glory, hallelujah!
Shout ye, pray ye, we're gathering round, Glory, hallelujah!
The dead's alive, and the lost in found, Glory, hallelujah!
SWEET HEAVEN.  L. M.  

The Lord, who made the earth and sky, In mercy stoops to hear my cry;  
His promise all my foes disperse, And teaches me how to live above. 
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, when shall I see? Oh, when shall I get there? 

TRAVELLING PILGRIM.  L. M.  S. H. Ross. 

1. Farewell, cold world, I'm going home, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise;  
My heart's desire is done to come, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.  
To the land, To the land, To the land and home, To the land, Where there's no more.  

2. Sweet angels broken in a way, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise;  
Casting God's jewels in endless pain, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.  
To the land, To the land, To the land and home, To the land, Where there's no more.
THE BIRMINGHAM HYMN

1. O, seek ye heaven—a golden land, Where hope may seek its joyful stand, And ever view the Savior's face, And speak and sing of matchless grace.

2. As empty from sin and sorrow's rage, Love fills each heart and each burning breast, Of everlasting hills composed, They quaff with joy all mortal spring, Of grace divine they speak and sing.

From sickness, death, and trial's age; All suff'ring banished from the plain, They speak, and sing of matchless grace.

The glorious and effulgent rays From Jesus' face around them shine, They speak, and sing of grace divine.
WESTFORD.  I. M.  By Hurd.

Farewell my eyes my Saviour see,

Far from my thoughts, vain world, to grow, oh, how.

Not, Lord, in vain, I saw, no.

Fare, oh.

I wait in vain, Lord, from thee.  My heart grows warm with

Oh, Lord, from thee, Fare, oh.

Fare, oh.
Westford. Concluded.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty! Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty. All the host of heaven reverence Thee, all the angels fall down prostrated.

Jesus, what disconsolate! How sweet things en-cour-age-ment are! Never did angels taste here Redeem-ing grace and dy-ing love.
I'm going home. My Saviour smiles and bids me come. And I don't care to stay here long.

Right up, you sin, Christian, away up, you sin; O, yes, my Lord, for I don't care to stay here long.
There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
ROCKINGHAM. C. M. B. F. White.

Salvation! let the echo
By the spacious earth sound;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

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

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

That leads me to the Lamb!

A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!
ARNOLD.  C. M.

L. P. Breedlove.

Come, let us join our friends a-bove, That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing With those in glory gone.

For all the servants of our King, In heart's and earth are soon.

LAND OF REST.  C. M.

By H. S. Rees.

O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my anchor, By and dwell with Christ at home?
1. Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires, Thy love in him divine, Accept the wish that love inspires, And bid me call them mine.

2. I would be thine, thou know'st I would, And hence thou all my own, Thus, O my all-sufficient good, I want, and thou art mine, I want, and thou art mine.

And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day For ev'ry sin and idle thought, And ev'ry word I say?
1. The Lord will happiness divine On contrite hearts bestow: Then tell me, gracious God, is mine A contrite heart, or not?

2. I hear, but seem to hear in vain, Incessant as.shtml: If ought is felt, 'tis only pain. To God I cannot feel.

3. I sometimes think myself illud To love thee, if I could; But often feel another mind. Access to all that's good.

4. My best desires are fated and few, I fail: would strive for more; But, when I cry—'My strength renew,' Even weaker than before.

5. Thy, souls are comforted, I know, And give thy house of prayer; I sometimes go where others go, But find no comfort there.
1. Shepherds, rejoice! Lift up your eyes, And send your flocks away; News from the regions of the strife—A Saviour's born to-day!

2. " Jesu, the God whom angels fear, Comes

3. "Oh! gold nor purple, swaddling bands, No royal mingling things; A manger for his cradle stands, And holds the King of kings.

4. "Go, shepherds, where the in-fant has, And

5. "Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around The heavenly armies strong; They tune their harps to holy sound, And thus conclude the song:

6. "Glory to God that reigns above! Let peace surround thy earth. Mortals shall know their Maker's love, As their Redeemer's birth.

7. "Lord! and shall people bow their knee, And man his honor raise? If only we live our Maker's reign, When they forget to praise?

8. "Glory to God that reigns above, That pitted us forever! We join to sing our Maker's love, For there's a Saviour here.
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints in honest reigns In happy day everlasting, And Death, like a narrow sea, divides this

2. There ne'er lasting spring abides, And ever-worshipping flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides this

3. [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Land dressed in living green: So is the Jordan old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

4. But luminous worlds start, and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And eager, desiring all the bliss, And fear to Launch away.

5. O! could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love, With unlimited eyes.

6. O! could we but think where Jordan stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright his foot from the shore.
VICTORIA. C. M.  Leonard P. Brodocz.

A - last and did my Saviour bleed? A - last and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Lord die?  

Would he de-vote his sa - cred head, Would he de-vote his sa - cred head, For such a woman?  

I have but one more river to cross, I have but one more river to cross, And then I'll be at rest.  

I have but one more river to cross, I have but one more river to cross, And then I'll be at rest.  

I have but one more river to cross, I have but one more river to cross, And then I'll be at rest.
TRUMBULL: C. M.

The prolong of my Father's love Shall stand for ever good.

He said, and gave his soul to death, And seal'd the grace with blood.

He said, and gave his soul to death, And seal'd the grace with blood.
Come, humble sinner, is thine heart a-thoughts revolve. Come with your guilt and fear up-press, And make this last re-

sider: I'll go to Je-sus, though my sin is black Like a mountain snow. I know his heart, I'll en-ter in What en-so may ap-
THE SINNER'S RESOLVE.  Concluded.

ST. THOMAS.  S. M.

Come sound His praise a - broad,  And hymns of glo - ry sing,  Je-ho - vah, is the sovereign lord,  The uni - ver - sal King.
Crees, krum-bly sin-ner, In whose breast A thou-sand thought re-vo-lve.
Crees, with your guilt and fear up-pressed, And make this last re-solve.
We're marching through man-na-dad's ground, And

soon shall hear the trump-et sound, And then all shall with Je-sus reign, And ne-ver, ne-ver part a-gain. What I ne-ver part a-gain,
NEVER PART

What, do.
No, never, do.
And soon, do.
And never, never, do.

No, never part again, What, do.
No never, do.
And soon, do.
And never, never part again.

ZION'S JOY

How sweet are they, fret, Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongue, Who, do.
And words of truth reveal.
1. Behold the love—
the generous love That holy Da-vid shows! Behold his kind compassion new For his af-flic-ted soul! When

2. How did his flow-ing tears con-dole As for a broth-er dead! And last-ing, most-fid-ulous soul While for their lives he pray-ed. They

3. O glori-ous type
of heavenly grace! Thus Christ the Lord ap-peare, While men's eyes turn, the ni-cest pray-ed, And pli-ant them with tears. He,

they are sick his soul com-plain, And severe to feel the smart; The spirit of the gospel reigns, And calls his pi-ous heart,

groan-ed, and marred his on their bed, Yet still he plenteous and suc-cess And dou-ble bless-ings on his head The righteous Lord is mine

the true Da-vid, Is-rael's King, Flee'd and ban-ished of God, To save na-ra-ble, dead In aile, Paid his own darrest blood,
When God reveal'd his gracious name, And changed my mournful state,

My rapture sound'd a glowing dream, The grace appear'd so great.

My rapture sound'd a glowing dream, The grace appear'd so great.
What shall I render to my God For all his kindness shown?

My song address thy shrine: My feet shall rise and shine a-bore, My songs, An.
NEW JERUSALEM.  C. M.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes;

The Former and the Newer

The Former was but past a way, And the old, old rolling skies!

The Former and the Newer

The Former and the Newer

The Former

The Former

The Former
FORT VALLEY, C. M.          E. L. King.

1. To say Redeemer's glorious name, and wake the sacred song! O may his love (in mortal time?) Tune

2. His love, what mortal thought can reach? What mortal tongue can display? In imagination's utmost stretch.

He left his radiant throne so high, Left the bright realms of bliss, And came to earth to bleed and die!—Was ever love like this?

Dearest Lord, while we adoring pay, Our humble thanks in song, May every heart with rapture say, "The Saviour died for me."

O may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill every heart and tongue! Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sacred song.
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

Oh, An.
Oh, An.
That rise, An.

Oh the transporting, rapturous scene, That rise to my right,
Oh, An.
That rise, An.

Oh, An.
Oh, An.
NEW JORDAN. Concluded.

Sweet fields ar-ray'd in living green, And sweet are of delight. Sweet, sweet.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these reviving eyes.
With songs and honours sounding loud, Address the Lord on high. Over the heavens he spreads his cloud, And waters all the sky.

He sends his showers of blessing down.
Blessings down, To cheer the plains below; He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c.

And corn in valleys grow, He makes, &c.

Mountains crown,
He makes the grass the mountains crown, And sun in valleys grow. And sun, sun. sun.

Mountains crown, And sun in valleys grow. And sun, sun.

Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your eyes, And send your fears away. News from the regions of the skies. A
Jesus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you:

Babylon's bound today!

Jesus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you;

dwell with you; today he makes his entrance here,—But not as monarchs do!
What is there here to court my stay, And keep me back from home, Shall I regret my parting friends? Have I this vale so fair? Nay, but where’s my soul ascends, They will not stay behind.

When angels beckon me away, And Jesus bids me come? Shall I regret my parting friends? Have I this vale so fair? Nay, but where’s my soul ascends, They will not stay behind.
Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his name, Or blush to speak his name?

Oh, the Lamb, the Everlasting, The Lamb on Calvary, The Lamb that was slain, But lives again, To intercede for me.
On Jordan's stor- my foot-prints I stand, And cast a wish- ful eye,
To Canaan's fair and hap- py land, Where my pos- ses- sions lie.

This world is not my home, This world is not my home.
Come sound his praises abroad, and hymns of glory sing. 
Jehovah is the sovereign Lord, the universal King.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.
SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.  S. M.

John Mason. Yates.

1. O, sing to me of Heaven, When I am called to sing songs of holy joy.

2. When cold and sluggish drops Fall off my marble brow, Burst forth in strains of ecstasy. To wait my soul on high!

5. When the last moment comes, O watch my dying face, And catch the bright, seraphic gleam Which on each feature plays.

4. Then to my ravished ear Let our sweet song begin: Let music charm me last on earth, And greet me first in heaven.

6. Then close my sightless eyes, And lay me down to rest, And sleep my cold and holy hands Across my peaceful breast.

7. Then round my senseless eye Assemble those I love, And sing of Heaven, delightful Heaven, My glorious home above.
1. The men of grace have found glory begun below; Celestial fruits, on earthy ground.

2. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

3. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.
1. Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair
   The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are!

2. The sparrow for her young, With pleasure seeks a nest,
   And wand'ring swallow long to find their wonted rest.

3. To thine above My heart aspirations, with warm desires To see my God.

4. My spirit faints With equal zeal To rise and dwell Among thy saints.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way,
To Zion's hill.

1. Lord of the worlds a-bove, How pleasant and how fair
   The dwellings of thy love, These earthly temples are!

2. To spend our sacred day
   Where God and saints abide,
   Affords divine joy,
   That thousand days besides;
   Where God resorts,
   I love it more,
   To keep the door,
   Than shine in courts.
Rejoice! the Lord is King!—Your Lord and King adore;
Morsels, give thanks and sing, And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, Lift
up your voice. Rejoice! again, I say, rejoin! Rejoice! again, I say, rejoin!

Heav'n, art thou still as sure? Will thou still re-turn to pray? Can thy heart so hand in hand In this Lord's over-taking day?


Pilgrim, hasten with thy soul, Hasten to Zion's gate today, There till evening, let their Numbers, Knock, and answer, and wait, and pray.
Though the morn may be serene—Not a threat'ning cloud be seen,
Who can undertake to say 'Twill be pleasant all the day?

Tempests and storms may rise,
Lightnings flash and thunders roar, 
Darkness overspread the skies—A short-lived day be sure.
Oh when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him a-bove.
And from the flow-ing foun-tain, Drink e-ver-las-ting love!
Rel-igion is a for-tune, And Hea-vens is a home.

When shall I be de-len-ta'd From this veil world of sin?
And with my bless-ed Je-sus Drink end-less plea-sure in?
Rel-igion is ha.

When we all get to Hea-vens We will shout a-loud and sing.
Shout glo-ry, hal-le, hal-le-

Religion is a fortune. 7, 6. By W. L. Williams.
O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above, And from the flowing fountain Drink everlasting love, And to glory I will go, And to glory I will go, will go, will go. And to glory I will go.
How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole. There is but one physician, Can cure the sick soul.

How soon he found me, And snatch'd me from the grave. To tell to all around me, His wondrous love to save.
Oh when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above, And from the flowing fountain Drink everlasting love: Soon we shall land on Canaan's shore, Soon we shall land on Canaan's shore, To live for evermore.
GRiffin. 7, 6.  

Soft Music. 7, 6, 7, 7.

O when shall I see Je-sus, and reign with him a-bove?  
And from the flow-er Jesus drank of ever-last-ing love?  
There are o-ther on the way, I hope will pray for me.

SOFT MUSIC. 7, 6, 7, 7.

B. F. White.

1. Soft, soft music is sound-ing,  
   Lord, Jesu, how is earth-ing,  
   Yes, yes, yes, yes,  
   Waking the echoes again.

2. Lord, how can the children of un-ness,  
   Know, if changing to glad-ness,  
   Yes, yes, yes, yes,  
   Wash me this beautiful day.

3. Hope, joy, bright as the day,  
   Jesu, bless in our-day,  
   Yes, yes, yes, yes,  
   Sweetly invite you away.
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, Glory Hallelujah! He whom I fix my hopes on! Glory! Hallelujah!

want a seat in Paradise, Glory Hallelujah! I love that union never dies, Glory! Hallelujah!
THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.  7, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5.

E. L. King.

Who for Christ would yield? Who would leave the battle-field? Who would rest a-way his lot? Let him freely go!

Who for Christ will stand? Who will join the faithful band? Let him come with heart and hand. Let him face the foe!
Come and taste, along with me, The weary pilgrim's consolation; Joy and peace in Christ I find, Boundless mercy, running free, The earnest of complete salvation.

My heart to him is all resign'd;

The fulness of his power I prove, Jesus is in the pilgrim's portion, The sweetness of redeeming love! Love as boundless as the ocean.
Naked as from the earth we came, and crept to life at first. We to the earth return a gain, and mingle with our dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy, And fondly call our own, Are but short favors borrow'd now, To be repaid anon.
Lot on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand, Yet how insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space, Remover me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up to hell.
INDIAN SONG: 8, 8, 6.  

T. de J. H. Turner.  

1. In the dark wood no Indian nigh, Then we look hear's and send up cry, Up on my knees so low, That God so high,  

2. God send his angel, take me care, He come himself, he hear my prayer, If humble heart do pray, Now me love God with inside heart, Be light for me, he take my part, Be with me night and day,  

3. Be still and peace, be me at night with tear-y face, The priest did tell me so,  

4. God love poor Indian in the wood, So me love God, and that be good, He saved my life before, He sent me now, he know my tear, He say, poor Indian, never fear, Me with you all time more.
O hearken, sinners, we have come To warn you of your danger.

We pray, be reconciled to him Who once lay in a manger.

Hal, every one that thirst,

With, Come ye to the waters, Freely drink and quench your thirst, Like Eli's sons and daughters.
SONS OF SORROW

Treble by Wm. H. Haner.

Hall! ye sighing sons of sorrow, Learn, with me, your certain doom: For all nature faxing, dying.

Silent, all things seem to mourn; Life from vegetation flying, Calls to mind the mouldering urn.
Come, thou Fount of every blessing, come my heart to sing thy grace; 
Bliss the Lord, O my soul!
Stream of mercy, never ceasing, calls for songs of loudest praise.
Praise the Lord, O my brother!

Hear Him, glory, O my father!
And let Jesus, O my mother!
And we'll join heart and hands for Ca-maan,
O COME AWAY!

1. O come, come a-way, From labour new reposing, Our jubilee has set us free,—O come, come a-way! Come, hail the day that celebrates The ransom of the disfratates From all that intoxicates, O come, come a-way!

2. We welcome you here! With heart and hand wide open, Ye gallant sons of temperance, We welcome you here! Heaven's blessings on your place we pray! Ye come our sinking friends to save, And rescue from a drunkard's grave, We welcome you here!

3. We welcome you here! Ye who with taste perverted Have seized the cup, and drank it up,—We welcome you here! Come, join us in our holy aim, The poor bound to reclaim, The broken heart to cheer again,—O come, sign the pledge!

4. We welcome you here! Ye who your vows have broken, Falling before the tempter's power,— We welcome you here! Ye who have sold yourselves for naught, Take back the priceless beam you brought, O take a sober, second thought, And try, try again!

5. We welcome you here! Ye maids and matrons lovely, Whose charms we yield, must win the field,— We welcome you here! Ye who have hearts to feel for us, Wide is the stream of sorrow flow, O drown on the deadly sea, But smile on the sun!
WOODVILLE. 88.

Rev. Mr.Thomas & B. F. White

1. Flowers, perhaps this news with you May have no weight, altho' so true, The aged sun will not turn, His heart's so hard, he cannot
   The carnal pleasures of this earth Break off the thoughts and fears of death;

2. See blooming youth all in their prime, And counting up their length of time; But, oh! the sad, the execrable state They oft-times say 'tis their lot best, When they get old, they will repent;
   They, of those who come, but come too

3. When Christ the Lord shall come to reign, In solemn pomp and burning flame, Oh! how will parents tremble there Who've raised their children
   See Gabriel go proclaim the sound, A-wake, ye nations under ground!

mourn;

Much harder than the siny rock, It will not break, though Jesus knock!

Chorus. A-rose! arise! we're going home,

The foolish virgins did begin late! To knock, but could not enter in.

A-rose! a-rose! we're going home, A-rose! a-rose! we're going home, A-rose! a-rose! we're going home,

Never heard my parents pray, A-way to new Jerusalem!
1. What's this that in my soul is rising? Is it grace? Is it grace? This woe that's in my soul, to thee, It makes a Contrast all.

2. Great God, if love I win but wondrous, Mercy's free! Mercy's free! Though mercy's free, our God is just, And if a soul should

3. O swell the heavenly chorus, Mercy's free! Mercy's free! The devil's kingdom falls before us, Mercy's free! Mercy's free! Sinners, repent, inquire the road, That leads to glory and to God, Come wash in Christ's atoning blood, Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

4. This truth through all our life shall chase us, Mercy's free! Mercy's free! And through the vale of death shall bear us, Mercy's free! Mercy's free! And when at Jordan's brink we stand, And cross the raging lion's path, We'll sing, when safely landed home, Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
1. How bright is the day when the Christian, Receiving the sweet message to come, To rise to the mansions of glory, And be there for ever at home.

2. The angels stand ready in wait, for the spirit to go, To carry it upward to heaven, And welcome it safely at home.

3. The souls that have gone up before us, All raise a new shout as we come, And sing hallelujah the louder, To welcome the traveler's home, And be there for ever at home, To rise to the mansions of glory, And be there for ever at home.

4. And there are our friends and companions, Escaped from the evil to come, And crowning the gates of fair Zion, To wait our arrival at home.

5. And there is the blessed Redeemer, So mild on his powerful throne, With heart and hands widely extended, To welcome his ravished hosts home.

6. Then let us go toward rejoicing, Till Jesus invites us to come, To share in his glorious kingdom, And rest in his bosom at home.

* These words were composed by Rev. S. H. Sawyer on the day of his death, with request that this tune should be set to them.
1. Hidst not a tear o'er thy friend's empty ker, When I am gone, when I am gone; Sing, till the tune o'er thy soul be sung, When I am gone, when I am gone.

2. Hidst not a tear as you all kneel in prayer, When I am gone, when I am gone. Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see, When I am gone, when I am gone.

3. Pray for me then that shall bless o'er my grave, When I am gone, when I am gone. Sing a sweet song, such as angels may hear, When I am gone, when I am gone.

When I am gone, when I am gone.
From jocund dejection, my thoughts would rise to the sky, And realms of perfect, transports of ecstasy.

There joy, ever glowing, enrapures the mind, And scenes of pleasure incessantly roll.

Oh! my soul is full of love! How I long to be at home, To range the new Jerusalem!

1. I came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay,  And gently stood by his tomb; When in a low whistle I

heard something say, How sweetly he sleeps here—s—sweetly

and to his soul. The tears are all wiped from his eyes.

2. The tombs were near, and the head thorned over,  And gathering thorns may a—the, Yet mine are his feelings at

The cause of his Master propels him from home:  He hate his compassionate home;

He bless'd his dear children who for him now mourn,  In far distant regions they swell.

4. He wandered an exile and stranger from home,  He kindred or relative high;

He met the cottage and wept to the tomb,  His soul flew to mansions on high.

5. O tell his compassionate and children most dear,  To weep not for him now he's gone;
The same hand that led him through scenes most severe  Has kindly assisted him home.
How palatibly glowing the fluid from heaven
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
Surrounded with meaning and praise from on high.
Their offering, as sweet and grateful on each hand,
I will view the choice of my father and mother,
And the subject of books.
THE OLD-FASHIONED BIBLE

Concluded.

But ev'ry other—

The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear, blessed Bible?
The fact—by Bible, that lay on the stand?

LET US GO.

C. A. Davis.

 Lift up your heads, Immortal's friends,
And taste the pleasures from above.
Oh! come, and let us go,
Let us go! Oh! come, and let us go,

Never die!
Jesus, to Jesus! I'm led with his praises. 
Come, dear brethren, and help me to sing.
No theme is so charming, no love is so sincere
And comfort with joy and gladness.

Blessed is the sight of the praises of Jesus's name.
I'm happy while I sing.
The angels in glory repeat the glad story
Of Jesus's love, which is needed.
Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd, And the sun-set stars set their watch in the sky; And thousands had
 sunk on the ground over-prone'd, The weary to sleep, The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
The spire of Washington, Warren, Montgomery, Look down from the clouds with bright aspect serene, Come, soldiers, a tune and a verse to their army, Rejoicing they'll never as, as, they once have been, To as the high-born by the pole have been granted, To spread the glad tidings of liberty far, Let millions be saved, we'll meet them undaunted, And vanquish all by the American star.
THE BLESSED BIBLE.

Wm. L. Williams.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection, o'er youthful emotion and in-no-ant joy.
With bent with parental aid, vice and affection, for wondrous with mercy and peace from on high.
I still view the shades of my

Father and mother, The sons of their offspring mingled on each hand, And the richest of books which seals ev'ry other, The family Bible that.
TRANSPORTING NEWS.  

J. H. Whaley.—Music by C. A. Dowie.

Transporting news to distant shores, To our share our salvation,
Let every tongue now sing his praise, In strains of exultation.

When half a dark host with wicked hearts Had Christ's wondrous grace relieved our case, By
The Lord spoke unto Moses, saying, Sanctify unto me all the first born. And Moses said unto the people, Re-emer her this day in

which ye came out of Egypt. Out of the house of bondage, by the strong hand of the Lord. And Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, was loth to let them
THE RED SEA ANTHEM. Continued.

Ode. by His servant Moses, led them towards the Red Sea, Through the wilderness; And Pharaoh the king purred.

And when he had led them up, led by His servant Moses, led them towards the Red Sea, Through the wilderness; And Pharaoh the king purred.

And there is the singer of an anonymous With all the hosts of Egypt array'd in war-like form! But the Lord was with Moses and his chosen men.
And led them safely on, and enabled them to make their escape from the hands of the king. And when they arrived at the Red Sea the Lord commanded Moses to stretch out his hand over the sea. And Moses obey'd the Lord, and the waters were still'd back, and became a wall on either side,
THE RED SEA ANTHEM. Continued.

and the children of Is-ra-el passed through on dry land,

with all his army; And when they entered.

And the ark the King ASCENDED in person, &c.

In - to the deep, the waters return'd, and buried them all in the depth of the sea; Then Moses and his people stood on the banks of the sea and.
THE RED SEA ANTHEM.  Concluded.

HAPPY LAND.  6, 4, 7, 4.  
Leonard P. Breedlove.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away,  
   Where all is glory and joy.  
   Oh how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Savoir King,  
   Lord let his praises ring, Praise, praise for eye.

2. Come to the happy land, Come, come a way,  
   Oh we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free.  
   Why will you doubting stand, Why yet delay,  
   Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for eye.

3. Bright in that happy land, Beams every eye,  
   Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die.  
   Then shall his kingdom come, Saints shall share a glorious home,  
   And reign above the sun, We reign for eye.
ANTHEM ON THE SAVIOUR.

(Original.) B. F. White.

My friends, Oh listen and be heedful I will tell you a story About our loving Saviour. He came of low estate Was rejected by his own Was born of the Virgin Mary And was reared in a stranger

The next we hear of this blessed Saviour He was going about doing good And
teaching the people righteousness; And for this he was condemned to die, To which he consented And in the act of dying.

He rose from the grave. A tri-
gave up the ghost, and said, It is finished! Then he was buried.

And the third day,

He rose from the grave, He rose, &c.
ANTHEM ON THE SAVIOUR

Concluded.

alleluia! con-quair, And as-
ond ed to mani en on high. And in
new ex all ed a. Princes and a Serbiou, And grants repose us to

Thus, 

Magni-
y, You. World, 

Thus let us praise him, You, an

Magni-

y and ove, World without end, A- men.

Thus, an.

Magni-
y, an.

World, an.
MURILLO'S LESSON. Concluded.

song. Co - lum - bia, Co - lum - bia, to glo - ry a - two. The queen of the world and the child of the sky.

PROSPERITY. 8a. L. P. Brenchley.

O may I worship near to see, Glory to Im - man - u - ell! To see the bride -

The saints in full propar - ty, Glory to Im - man - u - ell! the glit - try bride,

Crown - ed by her Saviour's side, Glory to Im - man - u - ell!
No more singing, no more mourning, no more tears, no more war; in heaven and earth, let peace be restored.

How sweet is the sound of his name!

There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his name.
Here's my heart, my loving Jesus, Here's my heart, my loving Jesus, Here's my heart, my loving Jesus—Then she did it from sin to love us, Loving Jesus, Loving Jesus.

Take the purchase of thy blood, Take the purchase of thy blood! Loving Jesus, Loving Jesus.

Then had bought a ransom! Then had bought a ransom!
LOVING JESUS. Concluded

Glory, glory, hallelujah, praise and power. Glory, glory to the Lord! Glory, glory to the Lord!

Glory, hallelujah, praise and power. Be to the Lamb be ascribed. Glory, glory to the Lord! Glory, hallelujah.

NORWICH.

D. P. White.

Where Je-sus died, the bright-est beam, Where Je-sus died the

Oh the del-ights, the bea-utiful joy, The glo-ries of the place

Where Je-sus died the bright-est beam, Where Je-sus died the

Where
NORWICH. Continued.

Josua sheds the brightest beams of his overflowing grace! Where Josua sheds the brightest beams of his overflowing grace!

Josua sheds the brightest beams of his overflowing grace! Where Josua sheds the brightest beams of his overflowing grace!

Josua sheds the brightest beams of his overflowing grace! Where Josua sheds the brightest beams of his overflowing grace!

Josua sheds the brightest beams of his overflowing grace! Where Josua sheds the brightest beams of his overflowing grace!
The Lord's, the Lord's, the Lord's, the Lord's, The Redeemer said, And made it known in his dying word.

Behold the Son of the Lord, The Compassion of the man, Compassion for sinful man.
NEW APPENDIX.

The Committee appointed by the Musical Convention to enlarge "The Sacred Harp," met according to appointment, and have adopted about one hundred pieces, being new compositions never before published, for a second Appendix to "The Sacred Harp."

All of which is respectfully submitted,

B. F. White
R. T. Pound
J. P. Hicks
R. F. Ball

A. Delatree
T. Waller
J. T. Edmunds
A. S. Webster

Committee.

January 19, 1852.
REMEMBER ME.  C. M.  


There is a Fountain filled with Blood, Drawn from Emmanuel's veins, And sinners plung'd in death that once flow'd all their guilty stains.

Caused I will believe, I do believe, that Jesus died for me, He restore all by dying graces and their remembrance me.

NEWMAN.  C. M.  

Music original, by J. P. Reen.

Tale man, My soul, pursuit's for joy, Resent, thy end is nigh, Death, at the Father's door, 0 think, before they die! Behold, they hurt and to aye, Thy days, how high they mount.

What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that faith account?
SEND A BLESSING.  10s & 11s.  B. F. White. & L. L. Leadbeater.  369

1. O, tell me of more
   of life's  world's  pain,  shelf,
   The  hope  for  each  at  -  ter  with
   me  now  is  love;  send  a

2. A. sent  I've  found,  where  true  joy  is  bound,
   To  dwell  I'm  de - termin'd  on  that
   happy  ground;  send  a

Morning,  send  a  Morning, send  a  send  a  Morning, send  a  morning, just  now, just  now, just  now; send  a  morning, just  now.
MONROE 8, 7. (Original.) W. S. Turner.

Fa·sion, I sig·nose Lane to·run. All he love and fol·low there.
Now, hast, pas·s the speed, for sa·ke·tt. Thou, thee know, my all shall be.
For, all ev·ry past am·bi·tion.

All I've sought or hoped or known; Yet, how rich is my condi·tion, God will be·come it still my own.
Kiss Me a Home of Sacred Love In Those Cold Hearts Of Mine. Kiss Me a Home of Sacred Love In Those Cold Hearts Of Mine.

Kiss Me a Home of Sacred Love In Those Cold Hearts Of Mine. Kiss Me a Home of Sacred Love In Those Cold Hearts Of Mine.

Kiss Me a Home of Sacred Love In Those Cold Hearts Of Mine. Kiss Me a Home of Sacred Love In Those Cold Hearts Of Mine.

Kiss Me a Home of Sacred Love In Those Cold Hearts Of Mine. Kiss Me a Home of Sacred Love In Those Cold Hearts Of Mine.
ENDLESS DISTRESS.  88.  11.  (Original.)  By Rev. Edmund Demos.
Floyd's Primitive Hymn Book, No. 382.

White are - wes en - can - yps no sound, and end - less dis - tress so I see.  Al - ter - na - ble, I say, can - e

White are - wes en - can - yps no sound, and end - less dis - tress so I see.  Al - ter - na - ble, I say, can - e

White are - wes en - can - yps no sound, and end - less dis - tress so I see.  Al - ter - na - ble, I say, can - e
WEEPING PETER.  7s, 6s.

So - sue, let thy - play - ing eyes - Fill - by a - wak'ring thing; Peter in thee - uke Pe - ter, I Would like like Pe - ter -weep.

Let one be, by grace in - sted, So sue, be all - song, well - singing cheer, Pray and look up - on, on Lads, And break my heart of stone.
OH, SING WITH ME!

By Miss P. B. Lancaster.

Oh! sing with me of social spheres, Where beauty in 'shut-down' softened bears.

Where we so gracefully look upon, Though little tiresome should we so prone.

Sing of all that's bright and fair, Of earth and heavens blest,

Of love's sweet songs and hopes and these, With treasures of joy ever still new.
LOVE THE LORD  C. M.  J. P. Rees

A lost and did my Father bleed, and did my worship die, in who is love, Jesu,

But to to Job, Praise to the Lord, There's none like Jesu, hol - le - jah, Love and seen the Lord.
HELP ME TO SING.  P. M.  B. F. White.

To souls who are bowed down Canaan, Come, join in and help me to sing The praises of my loving Jesus, My prophet, my priest, and my king.

The sweetest melody unknown, 'Twill help you enter heaven to soar, While Jesus, himself, is the leader, We're bound by the cords of his love.
HAPPY HOME  L. M.  J. P. Rees.

O, yes, my Saviour I will trust, Oh what a happy time, when the Christians all get home, And we'll shout and praise the Lamb in Glory.

My spirit shall fly swift and clear, It's bound for the land of my King.

PARTING FRIENDS.  C. M.  Arranged by J. C. Graham.

The time must come when we must part, When we must say Farewell! When I am gone and far away, I still will think of thee.

To part with you grieves my heart. A sigh as you can tell.

I'll think of thee both night and day. O then remember me.
The Year of Jubilee. H. M. (Original.)
By J. L. Pickara.

Hear ye, the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of Je-

Now is come, the Lord ye respond,
Sin—nor known.
The year of Je-

Now is come, the Lord ye respond,
Sin—nor known.
Christ was born in Beth-le-hem, Christ was born in Beth-le-hem, Christ was born in Beth-le-hem, And in a manger lay.

...
SWEET COMMUNION.


JESUS WEPT. S. M.

(Original.) By John P. Rees. 1855.
ETERNAL DAY.  C. M.

Music original, by J. P. Rees.

Is what of all my troubles here, O Lord, have saved the soul:
With songs ascended loud! I appeal — and worship at thy feet.

Stay, stay, etc.

Is that eternal day

Stay, stay; give ease, etc.

Joy on earth, etc.
Go and tell his disciples, Go and tell his disciples, Go and tell his disciples, He has risen from the dead.

Jesus rose, Brother, Jesus rose, Brother, Jesus rose, Brother, He has risen from the dead, Through the earth and through the sky.
FIGHT ON.  S. M.  (Original.)  J. P. Rees.

Fight on, my soul till death, till the long sleep of thy rest,
He'll take thee to his parting breath up to his blest a-bode.

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

A-sleep in Je-sus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to sleep. A calm and un-disturbed repose, No broken by the last of rest.
THE GREAT DAY. (As sung by Judge Falkner of Ala.)

John P. Reez.

I've a long time heard that there will be a judgment. That there will be a judgment on that day.

2. I've a long time heard that the sun will be darken'd. O! the sun will be darken'd on that day. Oh! sinner, where wilt thou stand on that day?

3. I've a long time heard that the moon will be bloody. That the moon will be bloody on that day. Oh! sinner, where wilt thou stand on that day?

4. I've a long time heard that the stars will be falling. That the stars will be falling on that day. Oh! sinner, where wilt thou stand on that day?

5. I've a long time heard that the earth will be burning. That the earth will be burning on that day. Oh! sinner, where wilt thou stand on that day?
PENNICK.  C. M.  By M. Sikes, Montgomery County, Ga.

1. While journeying through the world by day, Where ills and  blessings come, My soul 🦈 with joy to know that I will rest at home.

2. Carry me home, Carry me home, When my life is over, Then carry me to my long sought home, Where pain is not an sore.

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

You whose eyes are closed in death, My body came to rest, I'll be preserved in all glory And meet my friends at home.

My constant pleasure then shall be Through solace days to come, To sing that Jesus died for me And reigns my pastoral home.

And then I wait those eyes to be Instructed upon my soul, Here iß the rest of E. H. P. His spirit reigns at home.
THE HAPPY SAILOR.

B. F. White.

Girl tell of your ship, and what is her name? Oh, tell me, happy sailer! She's the old ship of Zion, hallelujah! And her captain, Jehu's, Zion, hallelujah.
SIMON'S CROSS.

B. E. White.

1. Hail! Jesus near the Cross a-his, And all the world go, see? So! there's a Cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me. Yes,

2. How happy are the Marion men, Who once stood mourning here, But now they have unmingled love, And joy without a tear. For

3. We'll hear the one-coast sound, Cross, Till cross that Cross we've One And they go home to wear the Crown, For there's a Crown for us, Yes, Foremost lamps will lead him in the sky. For

4. The Nazarite shall hear the midnight cry, The Lord will hear his cry, And virgin who shall bear a Cross on Calvary, They shall by faith the Crown I see, To me my portion bring. Oh, that's the Cross for me, Oh, that's the Cross for me: Yes, Selah love will dry the tears, And cast out all trembling fear. Which sound my heart is singing. Oh, that's the Cross for me, Oh, that's the Cross for me.

Here's a Crown in Heaven above. The purchase of my Savior's love. For me at his appearing. Oh! that's the Cross for me, Oh, that's the Cross for me, there's a home in Heaven prepared. A home by Saints and Angels shared, When Christ is coming. Oh, that's the home for me, Oh, that's the home for me.
NEW PROSPECT.  C. M.  W. K. Turner.

O land of rest! for thee I sigh; When will the moment come, When I shall lay my son by, And dwell in peace at home?
CONVERTING GRACE.  C. M.  R. E. Brown, Jr.

As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heared in the shore;
So longs my soul to God, for thee, And thy redeeming grace;
O, for converting grace, and oh, For sanctifying grace; Lead me not in Jo-sue's town, A sov'reign, striking sheet.
NEW HUNDRED.  L. M.

Seek from on high, great God, and see Thy saints ascending to thy throne. We sigh, we languish and complain. Behold thy gracious work again.

I'M ON MY JOURNEY HOME.  L. M.

(Original.)

Miss S. Lancaster.

O who will come and go with me, I am on my journey home. O come and go with me, O come and go with me. For I'm on my journey home.
REFLECTION. 6, 6, 6, 4: 6, 6, 6, 4. Composed by E. Elmore.

Come youth and middle aged, That walks the earth-ly stage, And view this gra-ve age. I pray now hear.

And see the change of things. These with his fly-ing wings, The morn-ful and min-ute being. As you shall hear.
CAN I LEAVE YOU!

Arranged by John P. Rees.

I AM PASSING AWAY.

J. M. (Original)

By R. F. Ball.
Hingham, S. M.

My God, my life, my love. To thee, to thee I call, I can not live if thee remove, For thee art all in all.

Newry, S. M.

Did Christ e'er Gibson weary, And shall our souls be dry? So true we love, shall we be true? From both from every eye.

The Son of God in tears, angels with weeping see, He knew no sorrow, till my soul He shall raise from sin.
Oh, who will come and go with us, We'll shout and sing Hosanna, I'm bound for Canaan's land to see, We'll shout and sing Hosanna.

Oh, on, on, we'll soon be there, We'll shout and sing Hosanna, Come on, come on, we'll soon be there, We'll shout and sing Hosanna.
FAREWELL TO ALL.  I. M.  (Original.)  By J. P. Rees.

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

An interest in your prayer I trace, That we may meet beyond the grave.

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

I'm dying, mother, dying now, Please cross my aching head, Turn not my pillow soon again, And
New light the lamps, my mother dear,  
A hand of angels broken me,  
Their shining rays in brightness shine,  

The sun has set, it's gone away;  
I can no longer stay.  
A rose is on each head;  

I soon must go, but do not fear,  
Dark! how they sing, “We welcome thee:  
Rays, wrestles, will not such be mine  

I'll live in endless day.  
Dear brother, haste away.”  
When I am with the dead?  

I'm sticking flat, my mother dear  
The hour has come, my end is near,  
They do not weep, sweet mother, now,  

I see no longer dwell;  
My soul is burning bright;  
"Twill break this body frail,  

Tell'll be with you, do not fear.  
What glorious scenes welcome my soul  
These shining tears fall on my brows—  

But now, oh now, farewell!  
From heaven's angelic host!  
Farewell, oh! Are they well!  

The Dying Boy. 
Conchione.

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STUGGLE ON.

H. S. Reese.

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

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

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

Struggle on, on.
Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Go, preachers, and tell it to the world. Few necessary found a home at last.

Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Few necessary found a home at last.
Thy name,  do,

Jesus, thy for exalted fame, My drooping soul exults in thee;

Thy name, thy all re-

Thy name,  do,

music in a sinner's ear, music in a sinner's ear...
PARADISE
C. M. D.
(Original) Wm. H. B. Mosher.

The pleasant fields of Paradise, So glorious to be told,
The valleys rich in flowing green, The mountains gay with gold.

Behold how rich they stand! How green, how green, and wait my soul.
Away to Cannan's land.
YOUTH WILL SOON BE GONE

L. M. D.

(Original)

J. P. Rees.

Yeah, like the spring will soon be gone, By resting time of emptying Death,
Your morning sun was set at noon, And the day was over in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes said,

Glowing cheeks, Blush withers like the bluest of roses, The soft, soft earth and winding sheet, Will soon your weeping limbs re-close.
THE MARCELLAS

To.

(Original.)

By Rev. E. Dumas.

Child, own of the heavenly King, Go on, joyfully sing: Sing your Father's worthy praise.

Sing you, too.

Glorious is his works and ways; Sing you, Sa-viour's worthy praises, Glorious is his works and ways.
I want to be a Christian man, I want to be a Christian man,
While meat and bread's passing, I want to see bright angels standing and waiting to receive me.
To hear my soul to Ca-sa's land, Where Christ is gone before me.
My span of life will soon be done, The passing moments say,
As lengthening shadows o'er the land Proclaim the close of day.

0 that my heart might dwell alone From all around things, And learn that wisdom from above Whose true recess springs.
They cried for the savages, They cried for the savages, They cried for the savages, And

The Mary come a weeping, The Mary come a weeping, The Mary come a weeping, To

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

see when he was laid; He arose, He arose, He arose, And ascended in a cloud.
PROMISED DAY.  C. M.  L. M. Bairstow.

How long does it last, how long shall this bright hour be? In every sound, in every voice, let us praise Him, who is the promised day.

How long does it last, how long shall this bright hour be? In every sound, in every voice, let us praise Him, who is the promised day.

How long does it last, how long shall this bright hour be? In every sound, in every voice, let us praise Him, who is the promised day.
4. Tell my father when you meet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I might soon meet him,
In a world that's free from sin.

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

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

1. Lay up treasure, brother, treasure,
For my life are growing old;
And thy presence seems all nearer,
When these arms around me fold.

2. I am—dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your birth,
For my feet will soon be lying
'neath the sunshine's burn'ry stern.

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

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

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

6. Oh! my children, Heaven bless them;
They were all my life to me;
Would I could see more never them,
Before I sink beneath the sea.

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

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

9. Tell them I never reached the haven,
When I sought the pleasant nest,
But have gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

10. Every kind and parting word,
And my heart has been kept true;
By the thoughts its memory stored.

11. Hope them to secure an entrance
For they'll find a brother there;
Faith in Jesus and repose
Will graven on them a grace.

12. Behold the footsteps speaking,
'Tis I keep his voice as well;
When I am gone, O don't be weeping,
Brother, hear my last farewell!
A HOME IN HEAVEN.

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

A home in Heaven! What a joy-ful thought, As the poor man tells in his weary day, His heart appeared, and with

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

anguish fate's, From his home to her to his home in Heaven. In Heaven—From his home to her to his home in Heaven.

joy is given, From the blessed thought of his home in Heaven. In Heaven—From the blessed thought of his home in Heaven.

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

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

A home in Heaven! When the fight heart bleeds
By the spirit, every for its evil deeds,
Oh, then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope invoke of its home in Heaven.

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

A home in Heaven! When our friends are dead,
To the shining grace of the universal dead,
We wait in hope the precious grace,
That we'll meet up there in our home in Heaven.

In Heaven! That we'll meet up there in our home in Heaven.
NEW HOSANNA. I. M.

1. Wake, my soul, and lift the note For now’s the hour to bless the Saviour’s name. Glory, glory, let us sing, While heaven and earth his praises sing, Hosanna.

2. Harm! what sweet music—what a song! Resound from the bright celestial sphere! Glory, glory, etc.

3. Come, join theangels in the sky, Glory to God who reigns so high; Let peace and love on earth abound, While tune resounds and praise will sound, Glory, glory, etc.

Hosanna, Hosanna to the Lord of life. Glory, glory, let us sing, While heaven and earth his praises sing, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to the Lord of life.
THE LOVED ONES. 11. 8.

E. T. Pound.

Do and to thy fellow, be when thou wast young. Who loved thee so truly as he? He sought the best.

And from thy tongue, and joy'd in thy sweetest glories. In kind to thy felicity, but now he is.
THE LOVED ONES. Concluded.

THE WANDERER'S GRAVE. C. M. W. L. Williams.

1. Away from home, away from friends, And all the heart holds near.
   A. ware - y wanderer, lead him slow, Nor kindly aid was near.

2. And sickness prey'd upon his frame, And told its tale of woes.

While sorrow marked his pallid cheeks, And sent his spirit low.

3. Few waiting friends stood round his sick. 4. The stars of night his watchers were.
   A. healing to support. His fan the rude wind's breath.
   Few brown eyes spoke sympathy. And while they sighed their hollow moans.
   To soothe his ailing soul. He closed his eyes in death.

5. Willing grave received the corpse. 6. The night wind howl'd his requiem.
   Of this poor lonely one. The rude winds danced his slumber.
   His house, slain, were left to bleach. And several times his shallow grave.
   And molder 'neath the sun.
1. O welcome, welcome holy day That marks our years, that shows our way. We offer thanks and we would pray That God would bless us day by day. The

Sabbath bells we love to hear That call us to the house of prayer, Our passage there we love to see Who points us upward, Lord, to thee.
THE CHRISTIAN'S NIGHTLY SONG. 6, 6, 10. Cluster, pp. 368. (Original.) E. T. Pound.

I'll sing my Saviour's grace, And his covenant I'll praise, While in this land of sorrow I remain, My

sorrow shall end, And then my soul ascend. Where freed from trouble, sorrow, sin and pain.
WEEPING PILGRIM

Moderate

You may tell them, when you see them—
You may tell them, when you see them—
You may tell them, when you see them—
You may tell them, when you see them—

I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim,
I'm bound for Canaan's land.
I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim,
I'm bound for Canaan's land.
I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim,
I'm bound for Canaan's land.
I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim,
I'm bound for Canaan's land.

Slow and Soft

I weep, and I mourn, and I move slowly on—
I weep, and I mourn, and I move slowly on—

I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim,
I'm bound for Canaan's land.
I'm a poor mourning Pilgrim,
I'm bound for Canaan's land.
There is a house not made with hands, Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.
I long to see my friends again.
And hear them sweetly say, Come, weary soul. Here is thy home, Then fold thy wings and stay.
MELANCHOLY DAY. Concluded.

BELIEF IS SWEET.

RELIGION IS SWEET.
SWEET MORNING. L. M.

Arranged by H. S. Rees. 421

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

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

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

Sweet morning, &c.
A SONG OF TEXAS. 11, 8.

Miss M. A. Hendon.

THE GRIEVED SOUL.
Grantville

G. M.

J. P. Rees

Then I ran

Then I saw while Satan's rage,
Then I saw while Satan's rage,
And face a drowning world.

smile, by
A-wake my soul in joyful lays, Oh, Glory Hallelujah, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise.

Chorus:

Don't you love God, Glory Hallelujah. There's union in heart's, and there's union in my soul.
SWEET UNION. Concluded.

GOLDEN STREETS.

J. L. Pickard.

On, Glory, Hallelujah, Sweet music in God's beginning is well, Don't you love God, glory, Hallelujah.

I am on my journey home, I am on my journey home, I am on my journey home, To the New Jerusalem, To the New Jerusalem, To the New Jerusalem.
When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less time to sing God's praise, Than when we first began.

SHILOAH  C. M.  Thomas Waller.

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

Let persecutions rage around, And Antichrist appear, My allotment beneath the ground, There's no disturbance there, There's no disturbance there.
HOPE.  H. M.  Oliver Bradfield.

Young men and maidens raise Your joyful voices high.  
Our men and children praise The Lord of earth and sky.

WILLIAMS.  S. M.  Oliver Bradfield.

A change to keep?  Love, I shall be glad.  A mother by bag shall to one God, as in the sky.
And was I born to die, To lay this burden down,
And must my trembling spirit By... In to a

And was I born to die, To lay this burden down,
And must my trembling spirit By... In to a

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And was I born to die, To lay this burden down,
And must my trembling spirit By... In to a
CHRISTIAN'S DELIGHT,  L. M.

William J. Williams.

Psalm, trou - bled and, then need not fear. Je - sus says he will be with us to the end. The great Pri - est - dor still is near. Je - sus says he will be with us to the end.

And he has been with us, And he yet is with us, And he's promised to be with us to the end.
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