SPIRITUAL SONGS,

NO. IV.

WORDS AND MUSIC

ARRANGED BY THOMAS HASTINGS, OF UTICA,

AND LOWELL MASON OF BOSTON.

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Entered according to act of Congress, on the sixteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and thirty-one; by Thomas Hastings, as proprietor, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the Northern District of New York.
CALVARY.

1 Come to Calv'ry's holy mountain, Sinners ruin'd by the fall;
   Here a pure and healing fountain Flows for ev'ry guilty soul,
   In a full, perpetual tide;
   Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition, Wounded, impotent, and blind;
   Here the guilty seek remission.

---

178. A Fountain Opened.

Here the troubled refuge find:
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live for ever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful; he will never
Break his covenant, seal'd in blood:
Sign'd when our Redeemer died—
Seal'd when he was glorify'd.
179. GOSPEL BANNER.

Now be the gospel banner in ev'ry land unfurled; And be the shout hosanna, echoed thro' the world:

Till ev'ry isle and nation, Till ev'ry tribe and tongue, Receive the
great salvation, And join the happy throng.

CHORUS for each stanza.

Now be the gospel banner In ev'ry land unfurl'd;

And be the shout hosanna Re-echo'd thro' the world.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever, O Jesus, King of kings! Thy light, thy love, thy favor Each ransom'd captive sings:

The Isles for thee are waiting, The deserts learn thy praise, The hills and vallies greeting, The song responsive raise.
While beauty clothes the fertile vale, And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale. How blossoms on the spray; sweet the vernal day: Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice. Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields re-
180. Spring.

1 While beauty clothes the fertile vale,
   And blossoms on the spray,
   And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale—
   How sweet the vernal day:
   Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing!
   'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
   Soft music hails the lovely spring,
   And woods and fields rejoice.

2 How kind the influence of the skies,
   While show'rs, with blessings fraught,
   Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
   And fix the roving thought:
   O, let my wond'ring heart confess,
   With gratitude and love,
   The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
   Each smiling field and grove.

3 That hand in this hard heart of mine
   Can bid each virtue live;
   While gentle show'rs of grace divine,
   Life, beauty, fragrance give:
   O, God of nature, God of grace,
   Thy heav'nly gifts impart;
   And bid sweet meditation trace
   Spring blooming in my heart.

181. Spring Spiritualized.

1 At length the op'ning spring is come,
   How joyous is the scene!
   The air is fill'd with rich perfume;
   The fields are dress'd in green:
   I see my Saviour, from on high,
   Break through the clouds and shine;
   No creature now more bless'd than I,
   No heart more glad than mine.

2 Thy word bids all my hopes revive,
   It overcomes my foes;
   It makes my languid graces thrive,
   And blossom like the rose:
   Thus, Lord, a monument I stand,
   Of what thy grace can do;
   Still guide me with thy gentle hand,
   The changing seasons through.

182. The Seasons.

1 The Lord is good; the heav'nly King
   Still makes the earth his care;
   Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
   And bids the grass appear:
   The times and seasons, days and hours,
   Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;
   When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
   The Author is divine.

2 The soften'd ridges of the field
   Permit the corn to spring;
   The valleys rich provision yield,
   And all the lab'rs sing:
   The varying months thy goodness crowns
   How len'tuous are thy ways:
   The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
   And shepherd's shout thy praise.

183. Harvest.

To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
   My soul, wake all thy pow'rs;
   He calls, and at his voice, come forth
   The smiling harvest hours:
   His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
   My tongue his goodness sing;
   Summer and winter know their time
   The harvest crowns the spring.
184. RETURN.

Mod. Dolce.

Pia. Cres.

Return, O wand’rer, to thy home, Thy

Father calls for thee; No longer

now an exile roam, In guilt and

miser—ry: Return, Re-turn!
2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride say—come:
O, now for refuge flee:
Return, return!

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return!

185. WHEN THE HEART IS SAD.

When the heart is sad within, Burden'd

with the weight of sin; When the spirit

sinks with fear, Jesus, Son of David, hear.

2 When our heads are bow'd with woe;
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn a brother dear;
Jesus, son of David, hear!

3 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed affection's tear:
Jesus, Son of David, hear!
ADORATION.

Head of the Church, triumphant! We joyfully adore thee; Till thou appear, Thy members here shall sing like those in glory. We lift our hearts and
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

1 Head of the Church, triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
In blest anticipation;
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through deserts of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.

The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

3 Faith now beholds the glory
To which thou wilt restore us;
Earth we despise
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We then, like dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heav'n.
187. Brotherly Love.

1 How sweet and heav'ly is the sight,  
When those that fear the Lord  
In mutual love and peace unite,  
And thus fulfil his word:

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart:

3 When love, in one delightful stream,  
Through ev'ry bosom flows;  
And union, sweet and fond esteem,  
In ev'ry action glows.

4 This is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds  
His bosom fill'd with love.
HOPEVILLE. C. M.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart, Inspire each lifeless tongue; And let the joys of heav'n impart their influence to our song.

1. Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
   Inspire each lifeless tongue;
   And let the joys of heav'n impart
   Their influence to our song.

Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

2. Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
   In us the heav'nly flame;

Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
   And fill thy dwellings here;
   Till life, and love, and joy divine,
   A heav'n on earth appear.

3. Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
   And fill thy dwellings here;
   Till life, and love, and joy divine,
   A heav'n on earth appear.
Morn of Zion's glory—Brightly thou art breaking;
Holy joys thy light is waking: Morn of Zion's

Ancient saints foretold thee, Seraph-angels
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

189. Dawn of the Millennium.

1 Morn of Zion's glory—
Brightly thou art breaking,
Holy joys, thy light is waking:
Morn of Zion's glory.
Ancient saints foretold thee,
Seraph-angels glad behold thee:
Far and wide,
See them glide;
Streams of rich salvation
Flow to ev'ry nation.

2 Morn of Zion's glory—
Ev'ry human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling:
Morn of Zion's glory.
Distant hills are ringing,

Echo'd voices sweet are singing;
Haste thee on
Like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

3 Morn of Zion's glory—
Now the night is riven;
Now the star is high in heav'n;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujahs now are sounding;
Peace with men
Dwells again;
Jesus reigns for ever!
Jesus reigns for ever!
HASTE, O SINNER, TO BE WISE.

Haste, O sinner, to be wise,

Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun;

Wisdom warns thee from the skies,

All the paths of death to shun.
130. Expostulation.

1 Haste, O sinner, to be wise,
    Stay not for the morrow's sun!
Wisdom warns thee from the skies,
    All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste! and mercy now implore;
    Stay not for the morrow's sun!

Thy probation may be o'er,
    Ere this evening's work is done.

3 Haste while yet thou canst be blest;
    Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Death may e'en thy soul arrest,
    Ere the morrow is begun.

PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
    Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty:
    Hold me with thy powerful hand:

Bread of Heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

191. Pilgrim's Prayer.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
    Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
    Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
    Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
    Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

 Lead me all my journey through:
    Strong Deliv' rer,
    Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
    Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
    Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
    I will ever give to thee.
192. Praise for a Revival.

1 Fount of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo! thy Church, thy garden now,
Bloom beneath the heavenly bow'r;
Sinners feel, and melt and bow;
Mild, yet mighty is thy pow'r.

3 God of grace! before thy throne,
Here our warmest thanks we bring:
Thine the glory, thine alone;
Loudest praise to thee we sing.

4 Hear, O hear our grateful song;
Let thy Spirit still descend:
Roll the tide of grace along,
Wid'n-ing, deep'n-ing to the end.


1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

194. Confession.

1 Sov'reign Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O hear my earnest cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners I have been;
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4 But with thee there may be found
Balm to heal my ev'ry wound;
Soothe, O soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wand'r'er rest.

195. Resurrection.

1 Morning breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
Drive your anxious cares away:
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his pow'r to save.

196. Seeking a blessing on public worship.

1 In thy presence we appear;
Lord, we love to worship here—
When with the veil we meet
Thee upon thy mercy seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord of righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayer's ascend
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe
And we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
All our doubts and fears remove.
Haste thee, sinner, haste away, Vengeance is at hand! From destruction quickly flee,

Flee, at God's command! Nor more inquire.
197. Destruction of Sodom.

1 Haste thee, sinner, haste away,
   Vengeance is at hand!
From destruction quickly flee,
   Flee at God's command!
   Nor more inquire.
Lo! the city's doom is seal'd;
   Wrath from heav'n shall be reveal'd
   In liquid fire!

2 Haste thee, sinner, haste away
   From thee o'erwhelming rain!
   Break at once thy long delay,
   Stay not in the plain,
   In threatening form,
   See the clouds above thy head,
   All around their folds are spread,
   O, flee the storm!

3 Haste thee, sinner, haste away,
   Ere the tempest falls!
   Now the warning voice obey,
   While the Spirit calls!
   For refuge fly;
   In the fate of Sodom see,
   What may quickly come to thee:
   Why wilt thou die?

4 Haste thee, sinner, haste away,
   While 'tis mercy's hour;
   Harden not thy heart to-day,
   Through the tempter's power;
   O, turn and live;
   Jesus is the hiding place,
   Flee to him, and trust his grace;
   He will forgive.
At anchor laid, remote from home, Toil-
ing I cry—O Spirit come; Celestial breeze! no
longer stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.
198. **Breathing after the Spirit.**

1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, O Spirit come,
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2 Fain would I feel the Spirit move
In breathings of celestial love,
And while I spread my feele sails,
O send thy gentle quick'ning gales.

199. **Showers of Grace.**

1 As in soft silence, vernal show'rs Descend and cheer the fainting flow'rs; So in the secrecy of love, Falls the sweet influence from above.

2 May we this heav'nly influence find, In holy silence of the mind, And every grace maintain its bloom, Diffusing wide the rich perfume:

3 And lands beneath the burning sky, Which now are desolate and dry, Ere long the blest effusions share, And sudden green and herbage wear.

200. **Sun of Righteousness.**

1 O Sun of Righteousness, arise, With gentle beams on Zion shine; Dispel the darkness from our eyes, And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around let grace descend, Like heav'nly dew, or copious show'rs, That we may call our God our friend; That we may hail salvation ours.

201. **The Eternal Sabbath.**

1 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a nobler rest above; To that our longing souls aspire, With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the songs That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes; No cares to break the long repose; No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sacred, high, eternal noon.

[End with the first verse.]

202. **For the Monthly Concert.**

1 Soz reign of worlds! display thy pow'r, Let this be Zion's favor'd hour; O bid the morning star arise; And point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns, In western winds, and heathen plains; Far let the gospel's sound be known, And make the universe thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice Speak! and the desert shall rejoice; Scatter the gloom of heathen night, Bid ev'ry nation hail the light.

203. **Morning or evening psalm.**

1 My God, accept my early vows, Like morning incense in thine house; And let my nightly worship rise Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord, From every rash and heedless word; Nor let my feet incline to tread The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O, may the righteous, when I stray, Sojourn and prove my wander'ing way! Their gentle words, like ointment shed, Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them press with grief, I'll cry to heaven for their relief; And by my warm petitions prove How much I prize their faithful love.
MISSION SONG.

2d Treble.

Watchmen! onward to your stations;
Preach the gospel to the nations;

Blow the trumpet long and loud; See! the day is breaking;
Speak to ev'ry gath'ring crowd: See the saints a-waking,

No more in
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

1 Watchmen! onward to your stations;
Blow the trumpet long and loud;
Preach the gospel to the nations,
Speak to ev'ry gather'ring crowd:
See! the day is breaking;
See the saints awaking,
No more in sadness bow'd.

2 Watchmen! hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign;
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
Tell it to the list'ning train:
See his love revealing;
See the Spirit sealing;
'Tis life amid the slain!

3 Watchmen! as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ, his love to learn:
All their sighs and sadness,
Turn to joy and gladness,
When they his grace discern.

4 Watchmen! now lift up your voices;
Tell the triumphs of your King.
While the ransom'd host rejoices;
Sing aloud, his praises sing:

See his arm victorious;
See his kingdom glorious,
While heav'n's glad anthems ring.

PART SECOND.

5 Watchmen! when your friends are weeping
When they bid the last adieu,
To your heav'nly Father's keeping,
Leave them, in submission true:
Kind is his protection;
Safe by his direction,
Your onward course pursue.

6 Watchmen! cast no look behind you,
While your foes are pressing hard,
Jesus shall himself defend you,
Zion's King shall be your guard:
What, though hosts assail you,
Christ can never fail you;
He is your great reward.

7 Watchmen! when your toils are ended;
When your conflicts all are o'er,
By celestial bands attended,
You shall reach the heav'ly shore:
Crowns of joy await you,
While the hosts that hate you,
Perish evermore.
THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

2d Treble.

O, there will be mourning, Before the judgment seat!

When this world is burning Beneath Jehovah's feet!

Friends and kindred there will part, Will part to meet no more!
O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat!
When this world is burning
Beneath Jehovah's feet!
Friends and kindred then will part,
Will part to meet no more!
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore!

2 O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat!
When the trumpet's warning
The sinner's e'er shall greet!
Friends and kindred, &c.

3 O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat!
When from dust returning,
The lost their doom shall meet.
Friends and kindred, &c.

4 O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat;
Despair for ever frowning
Shall seal the sinner's fate.
Friends and kindred then will part,
Will part to meet no more!
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore!
O, city of the Lord! Begin the universal song; And let the scatter'd villages the joyful notes pro-long, Let Kedar's wilderness afar lift up the lonely voice; And let the
1 O city of the Lord! begin the universal song,
    And let the scatter'd villages the joyful notes prolong:
    Let Kedar's wilderness afar, lift up the lonely voice;
    And let the tenants of the rock, in accent rude rejoice.

2 O from the streams of distant lands unto Jehovah sing;
    And joyful from the mountain tops, shout to the Lord, the King:
    Let all combined with one accord, the Saviour's glories raise,
    'Till in remotest bounds of earth, the nations sound his praise.


1 Behold the mountain of the Lord in latter days shall rise,
    Shall tow'r above the meaner hills, and draw the wond'ring eyes:
    To this the joyful nations round, and distant tribes shall flow;
    "Ascend the hill of God,"' they cry, and to his temple go.

2 The beams that shine on Zion's hill, shall lighten ev'ry land;
    The King that reigns in Zion's tow'r's, shall all the world command:
    No strife shall vex Messiah's reign, or mar the peaceful years;
    To plough-shares they shall beat their swords, to pruning hooks their spears.

3 No longer host encount'ring host, their millions slain deplore;
    The arts of peace they cultivate, and study war no more:
    Come then, O come from ev'ry land, to worship at his shrine;
    And walking in the light of God, with holy beauty shine!

203. The House not made with Hands. II Cor. v. 1—5

1 There is a house not made with hands, eternal in the skies;
    And far beyond this scene of things, the fair possession lies:
    Then let this earthly tenement dissolve in kindred dust;
    My Saviour hath a place prepar'd, and he is all my trust.

2 For this inheritance I wait within my house of clay,
    Mid darkness and imprisonment, still languishing for day:
    Nor naked would my soul appear, before my Father's face,
    But "'cloth'd upon'' in righteousness, through my Redeemer's grace,
TO THEE, MY GOD AND SAVIOUR.

To thee, my God and Saviour, My heart ex-

ulting sings, Re - joicing in thy favor, Al-

mighty King of kings! I'll celebrate thy

glory, With all thy saints a - bove; And tell the
203. Praise to the Saviour.

1 To thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings;
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King, of Kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear;
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, thro' life supported,
I pass the dang'rous road,
With heav'nly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode:
Then cast my crown before thee,
And all my conflicts o'er,
Uncessingly adore thee;
What could an angel more.

2 When from death's sleep we 'waken,
No fears shall us surprise;
All earthly things forsaken,
What joys shall meet our eyes!
With raptures then increasing,
For ever we'll rejoice;
And praises, never-ceasing,
Shall wake each tuneful voice.

211. Departure of Missionaries.

1 Roll on thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To ev'ry land below.
Arise ye gales and waft them
Safe to the distant shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou Eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean;
Deliver them from harm!
Thy presence still be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
O let them be with thee.

212. Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal praise be giv'n,
By all that earth inherit,
And all that dwell in heav'n:
Thou triune God! before thee,
Our inmost souls adore:
Who art and hast been worthy,
And shalt be evermore.
I saw one hanging on a tree, In agony and blood; Who fix'd his languid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood, As near the cross I stood.
213. A Look from the Cross.

1 I saw one hanging on a tree,
   In agony, and blood,
Who fix’d his languid eyes on me,
   As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never to my latest breath
   Can I forget that look;
It seem’d to charge me with his death,
   Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas, I knew not what I did,
   But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
   For I the Lord had slain.

4 A second look he gave which said,
   “I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
   I die, that thou may’st live.”

   “Thus while my death, thy sin displays
   In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
   It seals thy pardon too!”

214. In Darkness.

1 Hear, gracious God, my humble moan!
   To thee, I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone,
   And when my joys arise?

2 My God! O could I make the claim,
   My Father and my Friend,
And call thee mine, by ev’ry name,
   On which thy salutes depend.

3 By ev’ry name, of pow’r and love,
   I would thy grace entreat
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
   Nor leave the sacred seat.

4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
   Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest ’till light returns.
   Thy presence makes my day.


1 O for a closer walk with God,
   A calm and heav’ly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
   That leads me to the Lamb!

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy’d;
   How sweet their mem’ry still!
But they have left an aching void
   The world can never fill.

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
   Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
   And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
   Whate’er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
   And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
   Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
   That leads me to the Lamb.

216. Death of a young person.

1 When blooming youth is snatch’d away
   By death’s resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
   Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
   O may this truth, imprest
With awful pow’r—“I too must die”—
   Sink deep in ev’ry breast.

3 The voice of this alarming scene
   May ev’ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav’nly warning vaui,
   Which calls to watch, and pray.

4 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
   Whose pow’rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
   And triumph o’er the grave.
How tedious and tasteless the hours,

When Jesus no longer I see!
The woodlands the fields, and the flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me:

His name yields the richest perfume, And
217. In Darkness.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
The woodlands, the fields, and the flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
His name yields the richest perfume,
And softer than music his voice;
His presence can banish my gloom,
And bids all within me rejoice.

2 Dear Lord, if indeed thou art mine,
And thou art my light and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore,
Or bid me soar upward on high,
Where winter and storms are no more.

218. Faith Fainting.

1 Encompass'd with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine;
Deshearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load:
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The arrows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
O'erwhelm'd and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour,
The Lord has forgotten me quite,
My God will be gracious no more.

3 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease:
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
Almighty to rescue and art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
O gladden my desolate heart,
Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

219. Praise.

This is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend:
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And knows neither measure nor end;
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.
WILL YOU SCORN THE MESSAGE.

Sinners, will you scorn the message, Coming

from the courts above? Mercy beams in ev'ry

passage; Ev'ry line is full of love; O re-

tceive it, Ev'ry line is full of love.
220. Exhortation to Sinners.

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
   Coming from the courts above?
   Mercy beams in ev'ry passage;
   Ev'ry line is full of love:
   O receive it!
   Ev'ry line is full of love.

2 Now the heralds of salvation,
   Joyful news aloud proclaim:
   Sinners freed from condemnation,
   Through the all-atoning Lamb!
   Life receiving,
   Through the all-atoning Lamb!

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221. Prayer for Salvation.

1 Lord of mercy and of might,
   Of mankind, the life and light,
   Maker, Teacher, infinite;
   Jesus, hear and save!

2 Great Creator, Saviour mild,
   Humbled to a mortal child,
   Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd,
   Jesus, hear and save!

3 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
   Then didst bear our grief and pain;
   Cleanse us now, from ev'ry stain;
   Jesus, hear and save!

4 Thron'd above celestial things,
   Borne aloft on angels' wings,
   Lord of lords, and King of kings;
   Jesus, hear and save!

5 Soon descend to earth again,
   Judge of angels and of men,
   Hear us now, and hear us then;
   Jesus, hear and save!
1 Wake the song of jubilee;
   Let it echo o'er the sea,
   Let it sound from shore to shore,
   Jesus reigns for evermore.

2 Now the desert lands rejoice,
   And the islands join their voice;
   Now the whole creation sings,
   Jesus is the King of kings!

223. Light Divine.

1 Light Divine, Immanuel!
   Evermore within me dwell:
   Now arise and cheer my soul;
   Make the wounded spirit whole.

2 Light Divine, my Saviour, God!
   Seal my pardon with thy blood;
   All my load of guilt remove;
   Fill me with thy boundless love.
PROSPECTUS.

Messrs. Hastings & Tracy and William Williams, Utica, N. Y. and Richardson, Lord & Holbrook, Boston, Mass. propose to publish a small periodical work, consisting of twelve numbers, to be entitled

“Spiritual Songs for Social Worship: adapted to the use of families and private circles in seasons of revival, to missionary meetings, to the monthly concert, and to other occasions of special interest. The words and music arranged by Thomas Hastings of Utica, and Lowell Mason of Boston.”

A work of this peculiar kind, it is believed, has long been needed by the American churches. Psalms and hymns of the ordinary character, are indeed well adapted to the use of large and dignified assemblies; but for the accommodation of families and private circles, something more simple, chantant, and melodious in its character, seems peculiarly appropriate. The reason is obvious. We all admit, for example, that regular sermons and long prayers are necessary in large assemblies; but who would think of thus preaching and praying in small circles? In like manner, the stately movements and full harmonies of the church lose much of their appropriate influence when employed elsewhere; and what is still worse, in the present state of the art, they will for the most part continue to be badly performed, and sung with little interest.

The conviction that such familiar melodies are required for the purposes here mentioned, has at length become so general, that many a religious society has been known for a while to lay its ordinary psalm and hymn tunes entirely aside, substituting in their place, even in public assemblies, street ballads, dancing tunes, love ditties, war songs, and bacchanalian melodies, as auxiliaries of sacred praise. To provide in some measure a remedy against these abuses, as
well as to furnish a convenient manual for private use, is the leading object of this publication. The melodies, it will be seen, are chantant and familiar. Several of them have been composed expressly for this work. None of them, it is believed, have been injured by irrelevant associations. The words have been thus far selected with care, through the kind advice of several of the clergy; and in all things, the compilers have aimed at that species of chaste simplicity, which is so favorable to the promotion of religious feeling.

The mere amateur, who has never "tasted the good word of life," will find little in these simple strains to admire. The critic who leaves out of view the important object which they embrace, may affect to censure and despise them. Those who would merely seek to feast themselves with the charms of song, may feel constrained to go elsewhere for amusement. But if the compilers, through the present humble effort, can only speak effectually to the edification of the pious worshipper, and raise in song an occasional note of warning to those who are out of the ark of safety, or who are at ease in Zion, their utmost expectations will have been accomplished.

Most of the tunes are arranged in two parts. Where a third or fourth part is added, it can still be used or omitted at pleasure. The air is equally adapted to tenor or treble voices: but the second treble and the tenor do not admit of the same licence. The slowness or rapidity of a movement, should be accommodated to the general character of the words.

**NOTICE.**

Several of the hymns in this number have been written by different hands, expressly for this work. A considerable number are derived from "Church Psalmody," a work lately published in Boston; and a few have been kindly furnished by a distinguished clergyman, who is himself preparing a book of hymns.