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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 OTHER OCCASIONS OF SPECIAL INTEREST.

Words and Music arranged by
THOMAS HASTINGS, of New-York, and LOWELL MASON, of Boston.

FIFTH EDITION.

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GARDINER TRACY.

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1837.
Entered according to act of Congress, in the year of our Lord 1831, by Thomas Hastings, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the Northern District of New-York.
THE chief design of this publication, is to present to the love of devotional song, a convenient manual for the use of families and social religious meetings. In the larger and more dignified assemblies, psalmody will continue to hold its appropriate place; but for social and private uses, something is needed which is more familiar, more melodious, and more easy of execution. The importance of such music has become too evident to escape the notice of intelligent Christians; and the demand for it, especially in seasons of revival, has of late been increasing.

It is to be lamented, however, that in meeting this demand, compilers have not more frequently had recourse to good music. Hitherto, the best compilers have done little more for this department, than to furnish occasional specimens among psalms and hymns of the ordinary character. These, though the number has been gradually increasing, have not been sufficiently numerous to satisfy the public. The consequence is, that a multitude of insipid, frivolous, vulgar, and profane melodies, have been forced into general circulation, to the great disparagement of the art, as well as to the detriment of musical reform.

Such a result as this, might indeed, have been naturally anticipated, in times like the present. Impenitent men, for example, who might be ignorant of the true principles of devotional music, would, immediately on their conversion, be found to exercise their religious feelings in such melodies as might then be at hand, whatever might be the character of those melodies, or however they might have been previously connected in the mind of others, with profane or impure associations. Almost any music which should be applied to solemn words, under such affecting circumstances, would, for a little time, be sung with delight by the young convert, and heard with interest by such Christians as had previously neglected the subject of devotional singing; and such, there is some reason to apprehend, are the majority of professors at the present day.

There is also, one fact in the history of psalmody, which has lent its influence to the result here mentioned. A number of devotional tunes now contained in the best collections in Europe and America, are known to have had a secular origin. The precedent thus furnished has been greatly abused. Music which is purely the language of emotion, it must be admit-
ted, has sometimes been found susceptible of such changes. The same strains, for instance, that in one age of the world could express the joys or sorrows of earthly love, could in another age, when the circumstances of their origin had been forgotten, be made instrumental of kindling affections more pure and holy. But examples of this nature have been comparatively few among the successful cultivators of the art; and they have by no means been sufficiently numerous to constitute any thing like a general rule of adaptation. Such experiments have usually been unfortunate; and in later times they have been liable to the most serious and weighty objections. Yet, if the lapse of three centuries has furnished among the innumerable abuses of this sort, some twenty or thirty specimens of a more favored character, it by no means follows, that in the present state of the churches, the same experiment may be safely repeated by every publisher who is unacquainted with music, directly in defiance of the fundamental principles of the art. But this very thing has been done, and the public have been extensively called upon, in these enlightened days of reform, to recognize in the current love songs, the vulgar melodies of the street, of the midnight reveller, of the circus, and the bar-room, the very strains which of all others, we are told, are the best adapted to call forth pure and holy emotions, in special seasons of revival! In some instances too, tunes have come to us, not as old acquaintances partially recognized, but in all the freshness of their corruption, still reeking, as it were, with the impure associations which prevail in the haunts of moral pollution!

What was to be done in such circumstances as these? The established rules of musical adaptation furnish the only sure remedy. These are found to correspond at once with the dictates of sound sense, and the history of past experience.

1. The first legitimate question on the choice of tunes for devotional purposes, is, whether at the time of selection, they possess intrinsically an appropriate character; and are thence adapted to call forth the right emotions.

Music, it should be remembered, is very variable in its character. What has been known to edify the people of one age or nation, has often proved insipid to another.

Extraneous circumstances also, will occasionally be found, to give temporary interest to a tune, which is insipid in itself; and where they do so, the tune will to some extent be used; but this is no reason why it should be
held up to the public in general as a fair specimen of intrinsic excellence—
the use of which would thus be sanctioned and perpetuated. Such a course
would have a tendency to bring the whole subject of music into disrepute.
To borrow an illustration from a sister art. Some very good men, for
example, will in their own devotions, prefer serious doggerels to the most
simple, chaste, and impassioned specimens of lyric verse. Let them do so
This does not alter the nature of the doggerels, nor render it necessary to
force them into more general circulation. The man that does this, ul-
timately inflicts an injury upon the best interests of literature and religion;
and the same may be said of the publisher of music who pursues a cor-
responding course in his selection of tunes. The two cases we consider as
parallel.

2. The second question on the selection of devotional tunes, is, whether
the specimens before us, though intrinsically chaste and effective,
may not, in the minds of a considerable portion of the community, be con-
nected with profane associations. Where this is ascertained to be the fact,
the tune should, for the present, at least, be cast aside as worse than use-
less. Give it a place among the more favored doggerels; where it may
continue to be used in private, and eventually be sunk in oblivion, or if wor-
thy of it, restored to public favor.

We are aware that the full importance of these fundamental principles of
adaptation, will not be readily appreciated by those who habitually neglect
the cultivation of the art; yet they wear the impress, as we have said, of
sound sense and universal experience; and they are principles that have a
vital bearing upon the permanent interests of devotional song.

Let the young convert, coming suddenly into a new world of light and
love, express his burning emotions in airs that are familiar to him, and let
none rudely intermeddle with his joys. Let the simple-hearted Christian,
who suddenly awakes, as by a second conversion, to the glorious themes of
the gospel, sing forth in private, in his family, and in the smaller pray-
ing circles, the fulness of his glad emotions in the rudest of strains, if
nothing more appropriate is at hand. There is no time as yet, for special
cultivation, and where only the lame, the blind, the halt, and the torn,
can be obtained for the sacrifice, the offering will perhaps be accepted,
and the exercise for a while, tend to edification. But to seize upon this
circumstance for the purpose of forcing such unseemly melodies into general
circulation, is just as preposterous as it would be to publish all the broken
petitions of prayer, or the imperfect expressions of Christian experience that fall from the lips of the new-born soul. Such things are interesting in their place, because they show the undisguised sincerity of the person who utters them; but certainly they are not on this account to be collected and published as suitable materials for a manual of devotion!

Such are the views entertained by the compilers of this work. On the materials here presented, they have bestowed abundant labor. Their object has been, uniformly to connect chaste simplicity with the fervor of devotion. Most of the tunes are simple and familiar. Many of them have been composed expressly for this work. Not one of them, it is believed, has been injured by unhallowed associations. The words have been selected and arranged with care, through the kind assistance of several of the clergy; and not a few of the poetic specimens which are here presented, have been furnished by different hands, as original compositions. These and other favors will be more fully acknowledged in the sequel. That the work may prove extensively useful in elevating the standard of sacred music, and in enlivening the devotions of the pious, is the sincere and earnest prayer of

Compilers.

January, 1832.
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Jesus loves to answer prayer; He himself has bid thee pray; Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast:
Thou thy sovereign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
O Thou, whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble cry; Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears, From sorrow's weeping eye, From sorrow's weeping eye.
2. Contrition.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
   Contrition's humble cry; [tears
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the
From Sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
   A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
   To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Absent from thee, my guide, my
   Without one cheering ray; [light,
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy
How desolate my way. [night,

5 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
   With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

3. Penitence.

Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
   Stay, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
   To pay the debt I owe, [ing eyes,
Tears should from both my weep-
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead;
   To expiate my guilt; [shed,
No tears, but those which thou hast
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4. Seeking after God.

1 Oh, that I knew the secret place,
   Where I might find my God;
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
   What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, how comfortless,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
   To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
   And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress;
   And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

5. A Refuge from the Storm.

1 Dear refuge of my weary soul,
   On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
   For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
   I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet gracious God, where shall I
   Thou art my only trust; [see?
And still my soul would cleave to
Thou prostrate in the dust. [thee,
HAVEN.

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe into the
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

6. Looking to Jesus.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
   Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
   While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide
   'Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
   O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
   Helpless hangs my soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
   Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
   All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head,
   With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Jesus, thou art all I want;
   Boundless love in thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
   Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name:
   I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am;
   Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
   Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
   Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
   Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
   Rise to all eternity.

7. Seeking for a Blessing.

1 Son-of God, thy blessing grant,
   Still supply my ev'ry want;
Tree of life, thine influence give,
   Nourish me, and bid me live.
Tend'rest branch, alas! am I;
   Without thee I droop and die,
Weak as helpless infancy;
   O confirm my soul in thee!

2 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall;
   Send the strength for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
   Help I ev'ry moment need.
All my hopes on thee depend;
   Love me, save me to the end!
Give me thy sustaining grace,
   Take the everlasting praise.

8. Seeking for a Blessing.

1 Lord, we come before thee now
   At thy feet we humbly bow:
O, do not our suit disdain!
   Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, on thee our souls depend;
   In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
   Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

2 In thine own appointed way
   Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
   'Till a blessing thou bestow.
Send some message from thy word,
   That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
   Full salvation to each heart.
NUREMBERGH.

Allegro. Once I thought my mountain strong, Firmly fix'd, no

more to move; Then my Saviour was my song,

Then my soul was fill'd with love. Those were happy,

golden days, Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
1 Once I tho't my mountain strong,
   Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
   Then my soul was fill'd with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
   Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
   Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
Now I feel my sins renew;
   Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
   Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
   Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole;
   Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
   Let me live alone to thee.

1 Save me, Lord, in this distress;
   Clothe me in thy righteousness;
Good and merciful thou art;
   Bind this bleeding, broken heart:
Cest me not despairing hence;
   Be my hope, my confidence.

2 Send thy light and truth to guide;
   Leave me not to turn aside;
On thy holy hill I'll rest,
   In thy courts for ever blest:
There to God, my love, my joy,
   Praise shall all my powers employ.

1. Adoption.
1 Blessed are the sons of God;
   They are bought with Jesus' blood:
They are ransomed from the grave;
   Life eternal they shall have.
With them number'd may we be,
   Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;
   They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are wash'd away:
   They shall stand in God's great day.
With them number'd may we be,
   Here, and in eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace;
   In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
   Holy, humble, undefil'd.
With them number'd may we be,
   Here, and in eternity.

4 They are lights upon the earth,
   Children of a heav'nly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
   Glory in them is begun.
With them number'd may we be,
   Here, and in eternity.

1 Glory be to God on high,
   God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
   Fallen man is lov'd of heav'n.
Glory be to God on high,
   God whose glory fills the sky.

2 Christ, th' incarnate God, we own,
   Christ, the well-beloved Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain
   Saviour of offending man.
Glory be to God on high,
   God whose glory fills the sky.

1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
   Let thy will on earth be done.
Praise by all to thee be given,
   Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 If so poor a worm as I
   May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify, [ceive;
   All my thoughts and words re-
Claim me for thy service—claim,
   All I have, and all I am.

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SUBMISSION. C. M. D.

A-лас! and did my Saviour bleed, And
Did he devote that sacred head, For

Did my Sovereign die?
such a worm as I? Well might the

sun in darkness hide, And shut his

glories in, When Jesus, our Ro-
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
   And did my Sovereign die?
Did he devote that sacred head,
   For such a worm as I?
Well might the sun in darkness hide,
   And shut his glories in,
When Christ the Lord, the Saviour,
   For man, the rebel's sin.
2 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
   While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
   And melt my eyes to tears.
But tears, alas, can ne'er repay
   The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
   'Tis all that I can do.

15. Going to Jesus.
4 Come, trembling sinner, in whose
   A thousand thoughts revolve:
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
   And make this last resolve:
'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
   Should boundless depths disclose;
I see his courts, I'll enter in,
   Whatever may oppose.
2 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
   And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone—
   Without his sovereign grace.
Perhaps he will admit my plea,
   Perhaps he'll hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
   And perish only there."

16. And yet there is Room.
1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
   Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous
   For every humble guest.
See, Jesus stands with open arms;
   He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear a-
   But see, there yet is room.

2 Room in the Saviour's bleeding
   There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
   That trembles at his feet.
In him the Father, reconcile's,
   Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
   And kindly welcom'd home.

17. Crucifixion.
1 Behold the Saviour of mankind,
   Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd,
   To bleed and die for me!
Hark! how he groans, while nature
   And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
   The solid marbles rend.

2 'Tis done! the precious ransom's
   Receive my soul, he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head,
   He bows his head and dies.
But soon o'er hell he reigns again
   In majesty divine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
   Was ever love like thine!
18. ZION.

On the mountain's top appearing, Lo, the sacred herald
Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile stands,
lands: Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bonds.

2 Has thy night been long and mourn-
ful,
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scorn-
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well belov'd.

3 Thy own God will soon restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

1 Now we hail the happy dawning
Of the Gospel's glorious light,
May it take the wings of morning,
And dispel the shades of night;
Blessed Saviour,
Let our eyes behold the sight.

2 Where, amid the desert dreary,
Plant, nor shrub, nor flowret grows,
There refresh the wand'ring weary,
With the sight of Sharon's Rose;
And its beauties
To the longing eye disclose.

3 Where the beasts of prey are prowling,
And the murd'rous serpents hiss,
There exchange the dismal howling
For the pleasing calm of peace,
And for ever
May destruction's empire cease.

4 O, let all the world adore thee—
Universal be thy fame;
Kings and subjects fall before thee,
And extol thy matchless name;
All ascribing
Endless praises to the Lamb.

CHESTER. C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, and
Drives away his fear, and drives away his fear.

20. The Name of Jesus.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus
In a believer'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 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.
THE SAVIOUR CALLS, C. M. D.

The Saviour calls, Let ev'ry ear Attend the heav'nly sound;
Ye doubting souls dis - miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viving round. For ev'ry thirsty longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow; And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mortal woe.

1 The Saviour calls—let every ear
   Attend the heav'ny sound;* [fear,
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your
Hope smiles reviving round.
For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss im-
To banish mortal wo. [part,

2 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
   The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heav'ny joys—
And can you yet delay?
Dear Saviour, draw reluctant
To thee let sinners fly, [hearts;
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

22. Isaiah Iv. 1, 2.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
   And every heart rejoice!
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
   With an inviting voice.
Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls
   Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys
   To fill an empty mind:

2 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
   A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
   The rich provision taste.
Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
   And pine away and die; [thirst
Here ye may quench your raging
   With springs that never dry.

23. Praise.

1 The God of mercy be ador'd,
   Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
   And new creating breath.
To praise the Father, and the Son,
   And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three and Three in One,
   Let saints and angels join.


1 Ye humble souls, approach your God
   With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
   And kind are all his ways.
All nature owns his guardian care,
   In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
   The wonders of his love.

2 He gave his Son, his only Son,
   To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness
   In its diviner forms. [known,
To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
   'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
   When storms of trouble rise.

25. Reconciliation.

1 Dearest of all the names above,
   My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love;
   Or trifle with thy blood?
'Tis by the merits of thy death
   The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
   The Spirit dwells with men.

2 'Till God in human flesh I see,
   My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
   Are terrors to my mind.
But, if Immanuel's face appear,
   My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
   His grace removes my sins.
26. MESSIAH.

Hail! thou once despised Jesus,
Who didst suffer to release us,

Hail, thou bleeding, conq'ring King;
Who didst free salvation bring. Hail, thou

glorious God and Saviour; Thou hast borne our

sin and shame; Through thy merit we find
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
   There for ever to abide;
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
   Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading;
   "Spare them yet another year;"
There for saints art interceding,
   Till in glory they appear.

27. Sitting at Jesus' feet.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
   Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
   From the sinner's dying Friend.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
   With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Still in faith and hope abiding,
   Life deriving from his death.

2 O, how blessed is the station!
   Low before the cross I'll lie,
While I see divine compassion
   Pleading in the Victim's eye;
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
   Mercy streaming in his blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing;
   Plead and claim my peace with God.

28. Aspiring to Immortality.

1 In this world of sin and sorrow,
   Compass'd round with every care.
From eternity we borrow
   Hope that can exclude despair.
Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
   In the glass of faith we see!
O assist each faint endeavor,
   Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

2 Place that awful scene before us.
   Of the last tremendous day,
When to light thou wilt restore us:
   Ling'ring ages, haste away!
Then this vile and sinful nature
   Incorruption shall put on!
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour!
   Let thy gracious will be done!

29. Pilgrimage.

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
   Through this lonely vale of tears
Through the changes thou'rt de creed us,
   [pears.
Till our last great change ap-
   When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
   Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain & anguish, [near
   In the hour when death draws
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
   Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
   Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
   We awake among the blest.
GEORGETOWN.

O, my soul, what means this sadness

Wherefore art thou thus cast down? Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness; Bid thy restless fear be gone; Look to Jesus, look to
30. Looking to Jesus.
1 O my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness?
Bid thy restless fear begone:
Look to Jesus,
Trust in him, and him alone.

2 Thou ten thousand ills beset thee;
Though thy heart is prone to sin;
Jesus lives; he'll ne'er forget thee;
He will make thee pure within.
He is faithful;
None shall find his promise vain.

31. Redeeming Love.
1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Streams of mercy, &c.
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptur'd saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
Fill my soul, &c.
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Offer'd his most precious blood.
He, to save, &c.
r'd his most precious blood.

32. Dismission.
1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration;
For thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

33. Redeeming Love.
1 Hail, Immanuel, ever gracious!
Thy redeeming love I sing;
To my soul thy name is precious;
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
O, how precious, [King.
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
Still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.

3 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much? Ah! much forgiv'n,
I'm a miracle of grace.
Much forgiv'n,
I'm a miracle of grace.
34. PALESTINE.

They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest, Where the

bones of the prophets are laid, Where the chosen of Israel the

promise possess'd, And Jehovah his wonders display'd;

To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod, Where he
2 They have gone to the land where the Gospel's glad sound,
   Sweetly sum'd by the angels above,
   Was re-echo'd on earth, through the regions around,
   In the accents of heavenly love:
   Where the Spirit descended, in tokens of flame,
   The rich gifts of his grace to reveal:
   Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name,
   The truth of their mission to seal.

3 They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy have gone
   To the land where the martyrs once bled:
   Where the "Beast and False Prophet" have since trodden down
   The fair fabric that Zion had laid:
   Where the churches once planted, and water'd, and blest
   With the dews which the Spirit distill'd,
   Have been smitten, despoil'd, and by heathen possess'd;
   And the places that knew them, defil'd.

4 They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of Israel—have gone
   The glad mission in love to restore:
   Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone;
   Thy blessing we humbly implore.
   Thy blessing go with them—Oh be thou their shield
   From the snares of the fowler that fly;
   O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd
   In mercy, in might, from on high.
35. MOUNT CALVARY.

Hearts of stone, relent, relent, Break by

Jesus' cross subdued; See his body mangled,

rent, Cover'd with a gore of blood: Sinful

soul, what hast thou done! Crucified th'incarnate Son!
2 Yeas, thy sins have done the deed,
Driv'n the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Plung'd into his side the spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
No! with all my sins I'll part:
Break, O break my bleeding heart.

36. FOUNTAIN.

There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply:
Redeeming love has been my theme;
And shall be—till I die.

3 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
While this poor lisping, falt'ring
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue
SALEM

Come, let us draw near, The Saviour to hear, As he speaks in the accents of love;

"He that cometh to me, Shall from sin be set free, And be welcomed to mansions above."
37. "Come unto me."

Come, let us draw near,
The Saviour to hear,
As he speaks in the accents of love;
"He that cometh to me,
Shall from sin be set free,
And be welcomed to mansions above.

Who in me confide,
Shall safely outside,
All the tempests that pour beneath;
With the ransom’d shall soar
To eternity’s shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

Through me they shall come
To their permanent home,
The fruition of heaven to prove:
By love they shall rise
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love."

38. First Love.

How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures
O! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

’Tis heaven below,
My Redeemer to know:
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Yes, all the day long
Is Jesus my song,
And redemption thro’ faith in his name:
O, that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the

39. Dying Love.

Our voices we raise,
The Saviour to praise,
For the love that constrain’d him to
Let us joyfully sing
The once crucified King,
Now risen, exalted on high.

’Twas for rebels in sin
That Jesus was slain;
’Twas for rebels he hung on the tree,
And languished and bled,
And dwelt with the dead,
That they from the curse might be

Yet the grave had no pow’r
In that gloomy hour;
The victim it could not retain:
Triumphant he rose,
Despoiling his foes,
Ascending in heaven to reign.

Thy name be adored,
O Jehovah, our Lord!
For the love that constrain’d thee to
For ever we’ll sing
Our once crucified King,
Now risen, exalted on high.
DROOPING SOULS.

Drooping souls, no longer mourn; Jesus

still is precious: If to him you now return,

Heav'n will be propitious, Jesus now is

passing by, Calling wand'rans near him: Drooping

Air and 2d Treble.
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

40. Mourning Penitents.

1 Drooping souls, no longer mourn,
   Jesus still is precious:
If to him you now return,
   Heav’n will be propitious.
Jesus now is passing by,
   Calling wand’rers near him:
Drooping souls, you need not die;
   Go to him and hear him.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
   Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries, “Come unto me,
   Weary, heavy laden.”
Tho’ your sins like mountains high,
   Rise, and reach to heaven;
Soons as you on him rely,
   All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour’s name,
   All his saints adore him;
He to save the dying came,
   Prostrate bow before him:
Wand’ring sinners, now return:
   Contrite souls, believe him!
Jesus calls you; cease to mourn:
   Worship him; receive him.

41. Conviction.

1 Dying souls, fast bound in sin,
   Trembling and repining,—
With no ray of light divine
   On your pathway shining,
Why in darkness wander on,
   Fill’d with consternation,
Jesus lives: in him alone
   Can you find salvation.

2 Worthless all your righteousness;
   You the law have broken:
Flee you then to sov’reign grace!
   Mercy thus hath spoken.
Why in deeds that you have done
   Seek for consolation?
Jesus lives: in him alone
   Can you find salvation.

3 Guilty, helpless, and distress’d,
   Ruined and despairing,—
Toiling for deceitful rest,—
   Rebel, heaven-daring!
Prostrate bow before the throne;
   Take the lowest station;
Jesus lives: in him alone
   Can you find salvation.

4 [Prostrate bow; confess your guilt;
   Own your lost condition;
Yield to Him whose blood was spilt,
   Unreserv’d submission.
Then no more in anguish groan;
   Seek his mediation!
Jesus lives: in Him alone
   Can you find salvation.]

5 Linger not in all the plain
   Vengeance is pursuing:
’Mid the dying and the slain,
   Save your souls from ruin
Flee to Him who can atone;
   Flee from condemnation!
Jesus lives: in Him alone
   Can you find salvation.
LEXINGTON.

Je - sus, our Prince and Sa - viour, May
Through thy a - ton - ing fa - vor, Ap -

sinners, sick and poor, We come in spirit
proach to mer - cy's door!  Pia.

broken, Before thy throne of grace; O grant us

some kind to - ken, And bid us go in peace.
43. Pleading for Assistance.

1 Jesus, our Prince and Saviour,
    May sinner's sick and poor,
Thro' thy atoning favor,
    Approach to mercy's door!
We come in spirit broken,
    Before thy throne of grace:
O grant us some kind token,
    And bid us go in peace.

2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,
    Unworthy, but in need;
In all our moral features,
    By nature wholly dead:
Our strength is perfect weakness,
    Our hearts are prone to sin,
Deficient still in meekness,
    While passions rage within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
    Who shall afford us aid?
Where shall we find compassion,
    But in the church's Head?
Jesus, thou bleeding Saviour!
    Restore us by thy love!
And let thy heav'nly favor
    No more from us remove.

4 Now hear our supplication,
    We fervently implore;
Restore us thy salvation,
    And we shall want no more:
Upheld by thy free Spirit,
    We'll celebrate thy praise,
Till sinners feel thy merit,
    And sing converting grace.

44. The Great Physician.

1 How lost was my condition,
    Till Jesus made me whole.
There is but one Physician
    Can save a ruin'd soul!
Nigh unto death he found me,
    And snatch'd me from the grave,
To show to all around me
    His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,
    Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
    And saves the soul from death.
Then come to this Physician,
    For life he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition:
    'Tis only—LOOK, AND LIVE.'
45. PORTSMOUTH.

Convinc'd of sin, Oh now begin To call upon the Lord: Relent, and pray, And mourn the day, In which you scorn'd his word.

2 While converts sing, And bless their King, And praise th' incarnate Word— O now submit At Jesus' feet, And own the sovereign Lord.

3 Now is the time To come to him, Who died that you might live:

Resist no more The Spirit's pow'r; No more yourselves deceive.

4 O, sovereign Lord, Now speak the word, And pierce each stubborn soul: Yet as they bleed Let love succeed, And make the wounded whole.
46. Redeeming Grace.

1 Ancient of Days!
Thy name we praise,
And glory give to thee!
That dying men,
Redeem'd from sin,
May thy salvation see.
2 We raise the song
With joyful tongue
To him that once was slain:
Low with the dead
He bow'd his head,
But soon reviv'd again.
3 Ascending high,
No more to die,
See the triumphant Lord!
O how divine
His glories shine,
By heav'n and earth ador'd.
4 Immanuel!
Our bosoms fill
With the seraphic fire;
That we may join
In themes divine,
That wake th' angelic choir.
5 Now to the Lamb
That once was slain,
Be wisdom, glory, power,
And blessing giv'n
By earth and heav'n,
While all their hosts adore.
6 Ancient of Days!
Thy glories blaze
Amid th' enraptured throng;
From this glad hour
For evermore,
We join the deathless song.

2 These rebels slain,
May live again,
If they believe on thee:
O make them bow
To Jesus now,
And thy salvation see.
3 Thy cause we plead,
For thou didst bleed
To ransom souls from death:
"Father, forgive,
"And let them live,"
Was e'en thy dying breath.
4 Thy purchase claim,
O bleeding Lamb!
Thou ris'n, exalted Lord!
These rebels, then
Renouncing sin,
Shall own th' incarnate Word!

48. Prospect of Heaven.

There remaineth therefore a rest. Heb. 4:9.

1 While here I sit
At Jesus' feet,
Amid the vale of tears;
I'll trust his grace,
And sing his praise,
Nor yield to doubts and fears.
2 And can it be
That I shall see
My Saviour face to face?
For ever prove
His boundless love,
And endless anthems raise?
3 The thought shall still
My musings fill,
By cares and sorrows prest;
The blessed hope
Shall lift me up—
The hope of endless rest.
4 When God appears
To wipe the tears
From ev'ry pilgrim's eye,
What tongue can tell
The joys they'll feel
Throughout eternity.
LIGHT OF THOSE.

Air and 2d Treble.

Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death; Come, and by thy love revealing,

Dissipate the clouds beneath: The new heav'n and earth's Creator, in our deepest darkness rise; Scatt'ring
49. Light in Darkness.
1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth’s Crea-
In our deepest darkness rise; for,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev’ry poor, benighted race.
Come and manifest thy favor
To the ransom’d, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Savi-
our! [grace.
Come, and bring the Gospel.
3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O, thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Ev’ry burden’d soul release;
Ev’ry weary, wand’ring spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

50. Love Divine.
1 Love divine, all love Excelling,
Joy of heav’n to earth come-down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compression,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Eater ev’ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev’ry troubled breast:
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find thy promis’d rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.
3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heav’n we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

51. Zion.
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form’d thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation’s walls surrounded,
Thou may’st smile at all thy foes.
2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
To supply thy sons and daughters,
And the fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows, thy thirst t’assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God. But children of the

(Sheet music and text content)
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.


1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
   And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
   And thus surround the throne.
Let these refuse to sing
   Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'ly King
   Should speak their joys abroad.

2 The hill of Zion yields
   A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'ly hills,
   Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
   And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
   To fairer worlds on high.

54. Pleasures of Social Worship.

1 How charming is the place,
   Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
   And sheds his love abroad!
Here on the mercy seat,
   With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
   And smile on all around.

2 To him their prayers and cries
   Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
   And grants them all their wants.
Give me, O Lord, a place
   Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
   The servants of my God.

55. Praise to God.

1 O, bless the Lord, my soul!
   Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
   Whose favors are divine:
'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
   And makes thee young again.

2 He crowns thy life with love,
   When ransom'd from the grave:
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
   Hath sovereign pow'r to save.
He fills the poor with good:
He gives the suff'rers rest: [proud,
The Lord hath judgments for the
   And justice for th' opprest.
56. THE WARNING.

Sinner, stop! O stop and think, Nor onward dare to go;
Will you sport upon the brink Of ever-lasting woe!

On the verge of ruin stop; Now the friendly warning take;

Solo.

Chor.
2 Say, have you an arm like God,
    That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
    With which he breaks his foes;
Can you stand in that dread day
    Which his justice shall proclaim
When the earth shall melt away
    Like wax before the flame?
57. COME YE DISCONSOmate.

Solo.

Come ye dis - con - solate, where'er ye los -
guish. Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;

Duet.

Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your an - guish,

Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying—
Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast prepar'd—come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrows but Heav'n can remove.

* Arranged as a Solo and Duet. This arrangement is intended for families, and for small singing-classes; but is not suitable for choirs, where there is, in general, more talent, and better advantages for execution. Small notes to be sung in repeating.
68. INVITATION.

Come hither all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners come, I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'nly home. They shall find rest that learn of me; I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.
MISSIONARY HYMN.

Air and 2d Treble.

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

1 From Greenland’s icy mountains,
From India’s coral strand,
Where Afric’s sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error’s chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er Java’s isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth’s remotest nation
Has learn’d Messiah’s name!

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

60. Psalm cxvii.

1 Hail, to the Lord’s anointed!
Great David’s greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun;
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.
There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with care oppress'd; 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts that here annoy: Then they that oft had.
61. They that sow in tears,
    shall reap in joy.
1 There is an hour of hallowed peace,
    For those with care opprest, [cease,
    When sighs and sorrowing tears shall
    And all be hush'd to rest:
    'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
    And doubts that here annoy:
    Then they that oft had sown in tears,
    Shall reap again in joy.
2 There is a home of sweet repose,
    Where storms assaill no more,
    The stream of endless pleasure flows
    On that celestial shore:
    There purity with love appears,
    And bliss without affray;
    There, they that oft had sown in tears,
    Shall reap eternal joy.

63. Happy in Death.
Jesus! the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms! [brace
Scarce shall I feel death's cold em-
If Christ be in my arms, [break,
Then, while ye hear my heart-strings
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

64. Doxology.
The God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.
COURTVILLE.

Begin, my soul, the exalted lay; let each raptured thought obey, and praise the Almighty name:

Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies, in one majestic concert rise to swell the inspiring theme.
65. General Praise.

1 Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay,
   Let each enraptured thought obey,
   And praise th' Almighty name:
   Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
   In one melodious concert rise,
   To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heav'n of heavens, his vast abode—
   Ye clouds, proclaim your maker
   Ye thunders speak his power:
   Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
   In triumph walks th' eternal King:
   Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps with roaring billows rise,
   To join the thunders of the skies—
   Praise him who bids you roll:
   His praise in softer notes declare,
   Each whispering breeze of yielding
   And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
   Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,
   Harmonious anthems raise
   To Him who shaped your finer mould,
   Who tispt your glittering wings with
   And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
   Let man, in God's own image made,
   His breath in praise employ:
   Spread wide his Maker's name around,
   Till heav'n shall echo back the
   In songs of holy joy.


1 How happy shall thy children be,
   Whose souls, O Lord, are drawn to
   Away from earthly care: [there;
   Between the mount and multitude,
   Of Transfiguration.

   Their days are spent in doing good;
   Their nights in praise and prayer.

2 They feel no melancholy void;
   No moment lingers unemployed;
   While travelling here below:
   Their weariness of life is gone,
   Who live to serve the Lord alone,
   And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's
   Glide imperceptibly away, [day
   Too short to sing thy praise:
   Too few, they find the happy hours;
   And long to join the heav'nly pow-
   In their exalted lay's.

4 With all who chant thy name on
   And holy, holy, holy! cry, [high,
   A bright, harmonious throng,
   They long thy praises torepeat,
   To sing around thy glorious seat;
   The new eternal song.

67. Praise to the Redeemer.

1 O, could I speak the matchless
   O, could I sound the glories forth,
   That in my Saviour shine;
   I'd soar and touch the heav'nly
   And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
   In notes that are divine.

2 Pd sing the characters he bears,
   And all the forms of love he wears,
   Exalted on his throne:
   In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
   I would, to everlasting days,
   Make all his glories known.

3 Soon the delightful day will take,
   When my dear Lord will bring me
   And I shall see his face: [home;
   These, with my Saviour, brother;
   A blesséd eternity I'll spend, [friend,
   Triumphant in his grace.
AH! TELL ME NO MORE.

Ah, tell me no more Of the worldling's vain store.
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
63. Heavenly Riches.

1 Ah, tell me no more Of the worldling's vain store, The time for such trifling with me now is o'er!

2 A country I've found Where true riches abound, And songs of salvation for ever re-

3 The souls that believe, And pardon receive, Are thitherward travelling for ever to

4 Then let us not stray In the tempter's dark way; But follow our Saviour to regions of


1 O Jesus, our Lord, Thy name be ador'd, For all the rich blessings convey'd through thy word.

2 In spirit we trace The wonders of grace; And joyful unite in a concert of praise.

3 Thrice happy are they, Who hear and obey, And share in the blessings of this gos-

4 This blessing is mine Through favor divine, But Oh, my Redeemer, the glory be

PART SECOND.

5 The trumpet of God Is sounding abroad, In language of mercy, through Jesus

6 The Ancient of Days, His glory displays, And shines on each chosen with chie-

7 Ye sinners draw nigh! Oh, why will ye die? Despise not the riches of glory on

70. RETURN, O WAND'NER.

Solo. Alt.

Return, O wand'ner, now return, And seek thy Father's face; Those strong desires which in thee burn, Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, Oh, wand'ner, now return; Thy Saviour bides thee live; Go to his feet, and grateful learn How freely he'll forgive.

3 Return, Oh, wand'ner, now return; And wipe the falling tear; Thy Father calls, no longer mourn: 'Tis love invites thee near.
CONFLICT. S. M.

Air and 3d Treble. Allegro. Staccato.

My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

71. Vigilance.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er.

Renew it boldly, day by day,
And help Divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay the armour down;
Thy arduous work will ne'er be done.
Till thou obtain thy crown.
72. Conflict.
1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd; [tears;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
He will lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and
storms,
The Lord will clear thy way;
Wait thou on him, and soon thy night
Shall end in joyous day.

73. Missionaries.
1 Ye messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve,
Will needful aid bestow;
Depending on his promises,
With sacred courage go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's ruin'd race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hills in vallies rise;
The cause is God's, and shall prevail
Though hosts against him rise.

74. Praise.
1 Almighty maker, God!
How wond'rous is thy name!
Thy glories, how diffus'd abroad
Through all creation's frame!

2 Nature in ev'ry dress
Her humble homage pays;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
Her great Creator too; [King,
Fain would my tongue adore her
And pay the homage due.

75. James iv. 13, 14.
1 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away,
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

2 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.

3 One thing demands our care—
O, be it still pursu'd—
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

4 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beam should
In sudden, endless night.

76. The Saviour's Mission.
1 Raise your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terrors clothe his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by, [down
When Christ was sent with pardon
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Ye sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
Pilgrim's Hymn.

Children of the heavenly King, As you journey sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways, Glorious in his works and ways.
77. Pilgrim's Hymn.

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout ye little flock and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land!
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you, undismay'd, go on!

Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladdly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

78. Redeeming Love.

Now begin the heav'nly theme;
Sing aloud the Saviour's name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face—
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your gloomy fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove;
A turn, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppressed—
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.


People of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere.

Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.

Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign!

80. Self Consecration.

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God.
Take the purchase of thy blood.

Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine!
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
By thy sons of earth and heav'n!

81. Doxology.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
GROVELAND. L. M.

The God of love will sure in-

dulge The flowing tear, the heaving

sigh; When his own children fall a-

round, When tender friends and kindred die.
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

68. Weeping over departed Saints.
1 The God of love will sure indulge
   The flowing tear, the heaving sigh;
When his own children fall around
   When tender friends and kindred [die].
2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought,
   Should with our moving passions
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
   Th' Almighty, ever-living friend.
3 Our father, God, to thee we look,
   Our rock, our portion, and our all;
Fix'd on thy cov'nant love and truth,
   Our sinking souls shall never fail.

68. John vi. 67—69.
1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
   My Refuge, my Almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
   On whom alone my hopes depend!
2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
   A wretched wanderer from my Lord!
Can this dark world of sin and wo
   One glimpse of happiness afford?
3 Eternal life thy words impart;
   On thee, my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comfort cheers my heart
   Than all the round of nature gives.
4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
   While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
   My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
   Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
   For life, eternal life, is thine.

84. The Bleeding Cross.
1 When I survey the wond'rous cross
   On which the Prince of glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
   And pour contempt on all my pride.
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
   Save in the cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
   I sacrifice them to his blood.
3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
   Sorrow and love-flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
   Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
   That were an off'ring far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
   Demands my soul, my life, my all.

86. Physician of Souls.
1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made;
   Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid;
   The work exceeds her utmost pow'r.
2 And can no sov'reign balm be found?
   And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
   Ere life and hope for ever fly?
3 There is a great Physician near;
   Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heav'ly smiles appear
   Such case as nature cannot give!

86. Invitation to Sinners.
1 Come weary souls, with sin distressed,
   Come, and accept the promise's rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
   And cast your gloomy fears away.
2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
   O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
   Will all the painful load remove.
3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
   [woes;
To cleanse your guilt and heal your Pardon, and life, and endless peace.
   How rich the gift, how free the grace.
BRIGHTNESS OF GLORY.

Air and 2d Treble.

Brightness of glory, thou God of the morning.

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.

Shine like the star, the horizon adorning.

Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
87. Star of the East.

1 Brightness of glory, thou God of the morning,
   Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Shine, like the star, the horizon adorning;
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
   Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Sages adore him in slumbers reclining;
   Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall they yield him in costly devotion,
   Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gem of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
   Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly they offer each ample oblation,
   Vainly, with gifts would his favour secure,
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
   Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

86. Zion Triumphant.

1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
   'Wake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er the hills, dawns the daystar of gladness,
   'Rise! for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the Arm that subdu'd them
   And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff, from the scourge that pursu'd them;
   Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the Pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
   'Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
   Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.
GENEVA.

Air. 1. Time is winging us away, To our eternal home; Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the tomb. Youth and vigor soon will flee. Blooming beauty lose its charms: All that's mortal
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.


1 Time is winging us away
   To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
   A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
   Blooming beauty lose its charms:
All that's mortal soon will be
   Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
   To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
   A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy
   Health and beauty soon above,
Put beyond the world's alloy,
   Secure in Jesus' love.

93. Christ and him Crucified.

1 Vain, delusive world adieu,
   With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
   Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasure I forego;
   All thy wealth and all thy pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
   And Jesus crucified.

2 Turning to my rest again,
   The Saviour I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
   And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
   From his head, his hands, his side:
Only Jesus will I know,
   And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
   And pleasure without end.
This is all my happiness,
   On Jesus to depend—
Daily in his grace to grow,
   In his favor to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
   And Jesus crucified.

91. Remember Calvary.

1 Lamb of God whose bleeding love
   We now recall to mind;
Send the answer from above,
   And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee;
   Ev'ry burden'd soul release:
Oh, remember Calvary,
   And bid us go in peace.

2 Through thy blood by faith applied,
   Let sinners pardon feel;
Speak us freely justified,
   And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
   Let our griefs and troubles cease
O remember Calvary,
   And bid us go in peace.
JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! enthroned

once on high, Thou favor'd home of God on earth; thou

heav'n below the sky! Now brought to bondage with thy

sons, a blighting curse to see: Jerusalem! Jer-
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

92. "He beheld the city and wept over it."

1 Jerusalem, Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,
   Thou favor'd home of God on earth; thou heaven below the sky!
   Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a blighting curse to see;
   Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee!

2 Oh, hadst thou known thy day of grace; and flock'd beneath the wing
   Of Him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anointed king,
   Then had the tribes of all the earth gone up thy bliss to see;
   And glory dwelt within thy gates; and all thy sons been free.

3 Thy day of grace is sunk in night; thy time of mercy spent;
   For heavy was thy children's crime, and sore their punishment:
   Oh! might that day again return, and gild thy desert clime;
   Then wouldst thou seek thy Saviour's face in that accepted time.

4 Jerusalem, Jerusalem! the promised hour draws nigh,
   When all thy woes shall have an end, in joy and victory!
   Soon shall thy darkness dissipate; thy Saviour thou shalt see;
   Glory shall dwell within thy gates, and all thy sons be free.

93. The Heavenly City.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home! name ever dear to me;
   When shall my labors have an end, in joy and peace in thee?
   When shall these eyes thy heav'n built walls, and pearly gates behold?
   Thy bulwarks with salvation strong; and streets with shining gold.

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God! shall I thy courts ascend,
   Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths never end?
   Why should I shrink from pain and wo: or feel at death dismay,
   Jerusalem I soon shall view in realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there around my Saviour stand,
   And soon my friends in Christ below, will join the glorious band,
   Jerusalem, my happy home! my soul still pants for thee;
   There shall my labors have an end when I thy joys shall see.
93. THERE IS A HARP. L. M.

There is a harp whose thrilling
sound Swells through the choir of heavn above:

'Mid the blue arch the notes resound, While
angels catch, the song of love.
3 'Tis when beyond this vale of tears,
A sainted spirit wings its way:
And pure before the throne appears,
In robes of bright, ethereal day.

3 Hark! the glad shout of sacred joy
In choral numbers, loud and long:
Th' angelic host their harps employ;
And hallelujah's swell the song.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Our Redeemer shall
Reign for ever and ever! hallelujah! amen!

96. Triumph in Death.
1 Sweet is the scene where Christians
Where holy souls retire to rest; [die,
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring
[breast!]

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are
So gently shuts the eye of day; [o'er;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fana'd by some guardian angel's
wing;
O grave! where is thy vict'ry now,
And where, O death, where is thy
sting.

96. Reigna of Christ on Earth.
1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
[more.
Till moons shall wax and wane no

2 Blessings abound where'er he
reigns:
chains;
The pris'ner leaps to loose his
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

3 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.
SWEET WAS THE TIME. C. M.

Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
97. Job xxi. 2.
1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Appl'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shade prevail'd
His love was all my song.

3 In pray'r my soul drew near the
And saw his glory shine; [Lord,
And when I read his holy word
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns; [vails,
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know that mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

98. Meditation.
1 While thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the pow'r of thought be-
stow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

99. Devotional Retreat.
1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree:
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 Then if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode, [love.
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and
She there communes with God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

100. The Request.
1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend; [shine,
Thy presence thro' my journey
And crown my journey.
NEWBURY, H. M.

O Zion, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high! Tell all the world thy joys, And shout salvation.

'dnight: Cheerful in God, Arise and shine, While rays divine Stream all abroad.
101. Triumphs of the Gospel

1 O, Zion, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high:
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams which cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head
The nations round
Thy form shall view
With lustre new
Divinely crown'd.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
Thy glory raise.

3 Then back to heaven they fly
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,
"Jesus, who bled
Hath left the dead
No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'lt us by thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

102. Resurrection of Christ

1 Yes, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head:
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

103. 2 Corinthians, iv. 15, 16

1 Praise to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide!
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breath'd on every side:
Balmy and rich
The odors rise,
And fill the earth,
And reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel—and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
They breathe anew
And rise and sing
Jesus, the Lord,
Their conqu'ring King.
1. Is this the kind return;  
   Are these the thanks we owe;  
   Thus to abuse Eternal Love,  
   Whence all our blessings flow?

2. To what a stubborn frame  
   Has sin reduce’d our mind!  
   What strange, rebellious wretches we,  
   And God as strangely kind!

3. Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
   And mould our souls afresh!  
   Break, Sovereign Grace, these hearts  
   And give us hearts of flesh! [of stone,

4. Let past ingratitude  
   Provoke our weeping eyes,  
   And hourly, as new mercies fall,  
   Let hourly thanks arise.
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

105. Weeping Penitence.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep;  
   And shall our tears be dry?  
   Let floods of penitential grief  
   Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,  
   The wond'ring angels see!  
   Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!  
   He shed those tears for thee!

106. Rest for the Weary.

1 O, where shall rest be found,  
   Rest for the weary soul!  
   Were vain the ocean's depths to  
   Or pierce to either pole. [sound,

2 The world can never give  
   The bliss for which we sigh:  
   'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
   Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
   There is a life above,  
   Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—  
   And all that life is love.

107. Christ our Light.

1 How heavy is the night  
   That hangs upon our eyes,  
   Till Christ, with his reviving light,  
   Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread  
   To meet the wrath of heav'n;  
   But, in his righteousness array'd,  
   We see our sins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure  
   Are all our thoughts and ways;  
   His hands infected nature cure  
   With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree  
   To hold our souls in vain;  
   He sets the sons of bondage free,  
   And breaks the cursed chain.


1 How will my heart endure  
   The terrors of that day, [Judge  
   When earth and heaven before the  
   Astonish'd shrink away?

2 But ere that trumpet shakes  
   The mansions of the dead, [sound,  
   Hark! from the Gospel's cheering  
   What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
   Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
   Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
   And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,  
   By which the Saviour bled;  
   And the last awful day shall pour  
   His blessings on your head.

109. Importance.

1 Jesus, who knows full well  
   The heart of every saint,  
   Invites us all our griefs to tell;  
   To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear—  
   We never plead in vain;  
   Then let us wait till he appear,  
   And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
   His chosen when they cry;  
   Yes, tho' he may a while forbear,  
   He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnestly cry,  
   And never faint in pray'r:  
   He sees, he hears, and from on high  
   Will make our cause his care.
**DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.**

**Treble voice.** Andante.

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Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beaming star! Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell? Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day—Promis'd day of Israel!
```

1. **Watchman! tell us of the night,**
   What its signs of promise are!
   Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height,
   See that glory beaming star!
   Watchman! does its beauteous ray
   Aught of hope or joy foretell?
   Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day,
   Promis'd day of Israel!

2. **Watchman! tell us of the night;**
   Higher yet that star ascends:
   Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
   Peace and truth its course portends!

3. **Watchman! will its beams alone**
   Gild the spot that gave them birth?
   Trav'ler! ages are its own,
   See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

4. **Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease**
   His thee to thy quiet home:
   Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
   Lo! the Son of God is come!
Chorus to 1st and 2d stanzas.

2d Treble.

Trav’ller! yes; it brings the day—Promis’d day of Isra- el!
Trav’ller! ages are its own, See! it bursts o’er all the earth.

Chorus to 3d stanza.

Trav’ller! Lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of

God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!
THE PROMISES.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the

Lord, is laid for your faith in his excellent word:

What more could his mercy and goodness have
111. The Promises.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word:
What more could his mercy and goodness have said
To those who for refuge to Jesus have fled!

2 Fear not, he is with thee, O, be not dismay'd:
For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid:
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by his gracious, Omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,
The river of sorrow shall not overflow;
His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace, all-sufficient, shall lend thee its aid;
The flame shall not hurt thee; he does but design,
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 His people, through life, shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when age with gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.

6 The soul on his bosom that leans for repose,
Is safe from th' assaults of its bitterest foes:
That soul—though all Hell should in vengeance awake,
He'll never—no never—no never forsake.
HAPPY SOUL:

Happy soul, thy days are ending, All thy mourning days below;

To the sight of Jesus go, Waiting to receive thy spirit

Lo! the Saviour stands above; Shows the
113. Dying Saint.

1. Happy soul, thy days are ending,
   All thy mourning days below;
   Go, by angel guards attending,
   To the sight of Jesus, go.
   Waiting to receive thy spirit,
   See, the Saviour stands above;
   Shows the fulness of his merit;
   Reaches out the crown of love.

2. For the joy he sets before thee,
   Bear a momentary pain;
   Die, to live a life of glory;
   Suffer, with thy Lord to reign:
   Struggle through thy latest passion
   To the dear Redeemer's breast;
   To his uttermost salvation,
   To his everlasting rest.


1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
   All to leave and follow thee;
   Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
   Thou from hence my All shalt be.
   Let the world neglect and leave me:
   They have left my Saviour too;
   Human hopes have oft deceived me:
   Thou art faithful, thou art true.

2. Perish earthly fame and treasure,
   Come disaster, scorn and pain;
   In thy service pain is pleasure—
   With thy favor life is gain.
   Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
   While thy bleeding love I see;
   Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
   That love is hid from me.

115. Happiness only in God.

1. Tell me, wand'rer, wildly roving
   From the path that leads to peace;
   Pleasure's false enchantment loving,
   When will thy delusion cease?
   Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
   I could kneel at pleasure's shrine:
   Then my brightest hopes were bound,
   By delights as false as thine. [ded,

2. But those visions scarce had bless'd
   When that fleeting day was o'er;[me
   Then the world that had cares'd me,
   Charm'd me with its smiles no more
   Such is pleasure's transient story;
   Lasting happiness is known,
   Only in the path to glory,
   In the Saviour's love alone.
Gracious Spirit! Love divine! Let thy light within me shine; All my guilty fears remove, Fill me with thy heav'ly love.

116. Invocation.
1. Gracious Spirit! Love divine! Let thy light within me shine; All my guilty fears remove, Fill me with thy heav'ly love.

2. Speak thy pard'ning grace to me, Set the burden'd sinner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in His precious blood.

3. Life and peace to me impart, Seal salvation on my heart: Breathe thyself into my breast, Earnest of immortal rest.

4. Let me never from thee stray, Keep me in the narrow way; Fill my soul with joy divine: Keep me, Lord, for ever free.
I’m not ashamed to own my Lord, Or
to defend his cause;
I know his name, His name is all my trust. D. C.

Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my hope to shame,
Or let my soul be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise
And he can well secure [stands;]
Till the decisive hour: [name,]
Before his Father’s face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.
HAVERHILL. S. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright beams arise; Dispel the sorrow from our minds. The darkness from our eyes.
118. Invocation.
1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole,

4 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never-dying love.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, come
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
These evil passions overcome,
And form my soul anew.

3 Mine will the blessing be;
But thine be all the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

120. Prayer for the Spirit.
1 O, Comforter divine!
Let beams of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness
To raise our souls above.

2 By thy inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear.

121. Presence of the Saviour.
1 When gloomy doubts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade—

2 Thy presence can assuage,
The tempest of the soul: [rage,
The billows, Lord, shall cease to
At thy divine control.

3 Through life's bewilder'd way,
Thy hand unwavering leads; [ray
While o'er the path full many a
Its cheering justre sheds.

4 Where reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
There, best Supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thy aid.

5 O, let me feel that pow'r,
And find the sweet relief;
To cheer my every gloomy hour
And charm my every grief.

122. Death of Sin by the Cross.
1 Shall we go on in sin,
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucifi'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

123. Doxology.
'Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.
1 O, how can praise my tongue employ,
While darkness reigns within? How can my soul exult for joy,
Which feels this load of sin.

2 If falling tears and rising sighs
In triumph share a part; [eyes,
Then, Lord, behold those streaming
And search this bleeding heart.

3 My soul forgets to use her wings;
My harp neglected lies;
For sin has broken all its strings,
And guilt shuts up my joys.

4 The pow'r, the sweetness of thy
Alone my heart can move; [voice
Make me in Christ, my Lord, rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.
125. Adoption.

1 My God, my Father, blissful name!
   O, may I call thee mine!
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
   A portion so divine

2 This only can my fears control,
   And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
   Beneath my Father's eye!

3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
   I cheerfully resign; [wise!
Lord, thou art good and just and
   O, bend my will to thine

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
   O, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
   And trust his tender care.

126. Light of God's countenance.

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

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
   My dawning is begun; [star
Thou art my soul's bright morning
   And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around us
   With beams of sacred bliss; [shine
When Jesus shows his mercy mine,
   And whispers, I am his.

127. Prayer for Repentance.

1 O, for that tenderness of heart
   That bows before the Lord! [art;
That owns how just and good thou
   And trembles at thy word.

2 O, for those humble, contrite tears
   Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt which trembling
   The long suspended blow. [fears

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
   For sin the deep distress, [seive,
The pledge thou wilt at last re-
   And bid me die in peace.

4 O, fill my soul with faith and love,
   And strength to do thy will:
Raise my desires and hopes above,
   Thyself to me reveal.

128. Self Corruption.

1 How rich the blessings from above
   That compass me around,
But O, how few returns of love
   Hath my Creator found!

2 What have I done for Him that died
   To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
   Fast as the minutes roll!

3 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
   To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
   To be renew'd by thee.

4 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning
   I lay me down to rest, [blood,
As in th' embraces of my God,
   Or on my Saviour's breast.

129. Asking for Grace.

1 Alas, what hourly dangers rise!
   What snares beset my way!
To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,
   And hourly watch and pray.

2 O Lord, increase my faith and hope,
   When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
   Or soon my strength will fail.

3 O, keep me in thy heav'nly way,
   And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
   From happiness and thee.
ROCK OF AGES.

D. C.] Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flow'd, D. C.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow;
Should my zeal no languor know;
This for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath;
When mine eyelids close in death;
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
131. Evening Song.

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

2 Soon for me, the light of day
   Shall for ever pass away;
   Then from sin and sorrow free;
   Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

132. Morning Song.

1 Thou, O Lord, didst hear my cry;
   Thy protecting hand was nigh;
   Peaceful slumbers thou didst shed,
   On my weary, drooping head.

2 Gently with the dawning ray,
   On my soul thy beams display
   Sweeter than the smiling morn,
   Let thy cheering light return.
133. EVENING SONG.

God of evening and of morning, Great Source of all!
While our hearts with love are burning, Prostrate we fall:

Now thy sacred throne addressing, And our follies

all confessing, We entreat a Father's blessing;
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

Lord, hear our call, Lord, hear our call.

Thou that rulest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel guards defend us;
Slumbers sweet, thy mercy send us;
Holy dreams and hopes attend us;
This live-long night.

Object of our souls' devotion,
There we adore;
Fill our hearts with sweet emotion,
This sacred hour;
Jesus, Master, thou art worthy
All the heav'nly host adore thee;
Saints shall cast their crowns before
Now, and evermore.

THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.

The voice of free grace cries "Escape to the mountain!" For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a
fountain; For sin and uncleanness—for ev'ry transgression, His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation. His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb! he hath purchas'd our
134. Free Grace.

1 The voice of free grace cries "Escape to the mountain"
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness—for every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, O, flee to the Saviour
He calls you in mercy; 'tis infinite favor:
Your sins are increasing; escape to the mountain—
His blood can remove them, which flows from the fountain.

3 O, Jesus, ride on, triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more than victorious!
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb! he hath purchas'd our pardon
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

This tune has, in some respects, a secular origin; but having been written as a song of waiting for the Lord, the association will be found sufficiently in character.
LET EV'RY CREATURE JOIN. S. M.

Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' Eternal God; Ye heav'nly host the song begin, Ye heav'nly host the song begin, And sound his name a broad.
135. **Praise.**

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

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
   And moon with paler rays,
   Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames
   Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
   And fix'd their wondrous frame;
   By his command they stand or move
   And ever speak his name.

4 By all his works above,
   His honors be express; [love,
   But saints, that taste his saving
   Should sing his praises best.

136. **Birth of Christ.**

1 Behold the grace appear!
   The blessing promis'd long:
   Angels announce the Saviour near,
   In their triumphant song.

2 "Glory to God on high,
   And heav'nly peace on earth;
   Good will to men, to angels joy,
   At the Redeemer's birth."

3 In worship so divine
   Let men employ their tongues;
   With the celestial host we join,
   And loud repeat their songs.

4 "Glory to God on high,
   And heav'nly peace on earth;
   Good will to men, to angels joy,
   At our Redeemer's birth."

137. **The Saviour's Birth.**

1 We come with joyful song
   To hail the happy morn;
   Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
   "This day is Jesus born."

2 What transports doth his name
   To angels now afford!
   His glorious titles they proclaim—
   "A Saviour, Christ, the Lord."

3 Glory to God on high!
   We hail the happy morn,
   We join the chorus of the sky,
   And sing—the Saviour's born.

138. **Christian Unity.**

1 Let party names no more
   The Christian world o'erspread;
   Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
   Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
   Let mutual love be found:
   Heirs of the same inheritance,
   With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Thus will the Church below,
   Resemble that above, [flow,
   Where streams of pleasure ever
   And ev'ry heart is love.

139. **A Morning Hymn.**

1 Serene, I laid me down
   Beneath his guardian care;
   I slept, and I awoke, and found
   My kind Preserver near.

2 Thus does thine arm support
   This weak, defenceless frame;
   But whence these favors, Lord, to
   All worthless as I am? [me,

3 O how shall I repay
   The bounties of my God?
   This feeble spirit pants beneath
   The pleasing, painful load.

4 My life I would anew
   Devote, O Lord, to thee;
   And in thy service I would spend
   A long eternity.
CONVOCATION.

2d Treble.

Allegro. Staccato.

Blow ye the trumpet! blow The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound, The year of jubilee is come...
1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
   The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim;
The year, &c.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live.
The year, &c.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad!
The year, &c.
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of

Cal - va - ry; Saviour di - vine! Now hear me

while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O,

let me from this day Be wholly thing
141. Self Consecration.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
   Thou Lamb of Calvary;
   Saviour divine!
   Now hear me while I pray;
   Take all my guilt away;
   O let me from this day
   Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
   Strength to my fainting heart,
   My zeal inspire;
   As thou hast died for me,
   O may my love to thee,
   Pure, warm, and changeless be,
   A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
   And griefs around me spread,
   Be thou my guide;
   Bid darkness turn to day,
   Wipe sorrow's tears away,
   Nor let me ever stray
   From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
   When death's cold, sullen stream
   Shall o'er me roll;
   Blest Saviour, then in love,
   Fear and distrust remove:
   O, bear me safe above—
   A ransom'd soul.

143. Worthy the Lamb.

1 "Glory to God on high!"
   Let heav'n and earth reply,
   "Praise ye his name!"
   His love and grace adore,
   Who all our sorrows bore;
   Sing aloud evermore—
   "Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye who surround the throne,
   Cheerfully join in one,
   Praising his name:
   His love and grace adore,
   Who all our sorrows bore;
   Sing aloud evermore—
   "Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join all ye ransom'd race
   Our Lord and God to bless;
   Praise ye his name:
   On him we fix our choice,
   In him we will rejoice,
   Shouting with heart and voice—
   "Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we close our race,
   Yet will we never cease,
   Praising his name:
   But as we upward wing,
   Hail him our gracious King,
   And through the heavens sing—
   "Worthy the Lamb."

143. Invocation.

1 Come thou Almighty King,
   Help us thy name to sing,
   Help us to praise:
   Father all glorious,
   O'er all victorious,
   Come and reign over us,
   Ancient of Days.

2 Come thou incarnate Word,
   Jesus, our glorious Lord,
   Our prayer attend;
   Come, and thy people bless,
   Come, give thy word success,
   Spirit of holiness,
   On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
   Thy sacred witness bear
   In this glad hour:
   Thou who Almighty art,
   Now rule in ev'ry heart,
   And ne'er from us depart.
   Spirit of pow'r.
BRAINARD.

Acquaint yourself quickly, O sinner, with God, And joy, like the sunshine, will beam on thy road; And peace, like the dew drops, shall fall on thy head, And...
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dew drop shall fall on thy head
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

145. Delay not.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open'd, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood.

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day,
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What pow'r, then, O sinner! shall lead thee its aid?
ADVENT

Hark! that shout of rapt'rous joy, Bursting forth from
Jesus comes, and through the sky Angels tell their

yonder cloud! Joy aloud. Hark! the trumpet's awful voice

Sounds abroad through sea and land! Let his people
144. Christ's Second Advent.

1 Hark! that shout of rapt'rous joy,
   Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes, and through the sky
   Angels tell their joy aloud.
Hark, the trumpet's awful voice
   Sounds abroad through sea and land!
Let his people now rejoice, [land!]
   Their redemption is at hand.

2 See! the Lord appears in view;
   Heav'n and earth before him fly!
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you;
   Rise to meet him in the sky.
Go and dwell with him above,
   Where no foes can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love!
   Ever blessing, ever blest.

147. Christ's Ascension.

1 Wide ye heav'nly gates unfold,
   Closed no more by death and sin.
Now the conqu'ring Lord behold;
   Let the King of glory in.
Hark, th' angelic host inquire
   "Who is he, th' Almighty King?"
Hark again, the answering choir
   Thus in strains of triumph sing.
2 "He whose pow'rful arm alone,
   To his foes destruction hurl'd;
He who hath the vict'ry won,
   He who sav'd a ruin'd world;
He who God's pure law fulfill'd,
   Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He whose truth with blood was seal'd;
   He is heaven's all glorious Lord.

148. The three Mounts.

1 When on Sinai's top I see
   God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
   All my spirits sink with awe.
When in ecstasy sublime,
   Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
   Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

2 When on Calvary I rest,
   God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines, in my Redeemer's face,
   Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
Here I would for ever stay;
   Weep and gaze my soul away.
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,
   Lovely, mournful Calvary.

149. Psalm lxvii.

On thy Church, O, Pow'r divine!
   Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
   Hail her as their guiding star.
Then shall God with bounteous hand
   Scatter blessings o'er the land;
And the world's remotest bound
   With the voice of praise resound.
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

The Lord is my Shepherd; he makes me 
respect Where the pastures in 
beauty are growing; He leads me 

far from the world and its woes, Where in
150. Psalm xxxiii.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me;
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

151. Solomon's Songs, i. 7, 8.

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou maketh thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?"

If thou knowest, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.

1 O tell me, thou Life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pastures are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control;
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2 Oh, tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing?
The tempest now rages, my soul is distrest,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 Oh, why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions and woes,
And temptations their ruin are proving?

4 O, when shall my woes and my wanderings cease?
And the follies that fill me with weeping!
"Thou Shepherd of Israel! restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return
By the way where the foot-prints are lying:
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
'O, fair one! now homeward be flying!"
LO, HE COMES!

Lo, he comes! in clouds descending,
   Thousand, thousand saints attending,

Once for favored sinners slain;
   Swell the triumph of his train.

Hallelujah! hallelujah! Jesus shall for ever reign!

1 Lo he comes! in clouds descending,
   Once for favored sinners slain;
   Thousand, thousand saints attending,
   Swell the triumph of his train:
   Hallelujah!
   Jesus shall for ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
   Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
   Those who set at naught and sold
   Pierce'd and nail'd him to the tree:
   Deeply wailing,
   Shall the great Messiah see:

159. The Judgment.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
   Heav'n and earth shall flee away,
   All who hate him, must confounded,
   Hear the trump proclaim the day:
   Come to judgment!
   Come to judgment! come away.

4 Now the Saviour, long expected,
   See in solemn pomp appear!
   All his saints by man rejected,
   Now shall meet him in the air!
   Hallelujah!
   See the day of God appear.
153. The Judgment

1 Day of judgment, day of wonders,
   Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
   Louder than ten thousand thunders,
   Shakes the vast creation round!
   How the summons
   Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 At his call, the dead awaken
   From the earth and from the sea,
   Lo! the pow'rs of nature shaken!
   Earth and heaven flee away!
   Careless sinner!
   What will then become of thee!

PROSPECT.

Look, ye saints, the day is breaking,
   Joyful times are near at hand;
   God, the mighty God, is speaking,
   By his word in every land:
   Day advances,
   Darkness flies at his command.

154. Dawning of the Latter Day

1 Look, ye saints, the day is breaking,
   Joyful times are near at hand;
   God, the mighty God, is speaking
   By his word, in every land:
   Day advances,
   Darkness flies at his command.

2 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
   Let thy people see thy pow'r;
   Let the gospel be victorious,
   Through the world for evermore;
   Then shall idols
   Perish, while thy saints adore.
Arm of the Lord, a - wake, a - wake! Put
on thy strength, the nations shake, And let the world, a-
dor - ing, see Triumpus of mercy wrought by
thee. [3d ver.] Al - mighty God, thy grace, &c.

1 Arm, of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake; And let the world, adoring, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
2 Say to the heathen from thy throne, I am Jehovah—God alone! Thy voice their idols shall confound, And cast their altars to the ground.
3 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim, In ev'ry land of ev'ry name; Let Zion's time of favor come; O bring the tribes of Israel home.
4 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake; Let hostile pow'rs before thee fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

156. Christian Race.

1 Awake our souls, away our fears; Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone; Awake and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on.
2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God, [saint. That feeds the strength of every
3 From thee, the overflowing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh supply, While such as trust their native strength Shall melt away, and droop and die.
4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air, We'll mount aloft to thine abode; On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

157. Triumph of Truth.

1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn? 'Tis God who justifies their souls; And mercy, like a mighty stream, O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell? 'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their And their salvation to fulfill, [stead; Behold him rising from the dead. Who shall divide us from his love, Or who shall tempt us to despair!
4 Shall persecution, or distress, Famine, or sword, or nakedness! He that hath lov'd us bears us through And makes us more than conqu'rs too.
5. Faith hath an overcoming pow'r, It triumphs in a dying hour; Christ is our life, our joy, our hope, Nor shall we sink with such a prop.

158. Warfare.

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fear And gird the gospel armor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where Jesus thy great captain's gone.
2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes; Thy Jesus nail'd them to his cross, And sung the triumph as he rose.
3 Then let thy soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy eternal reign, And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rists wait.

159. Christ's reign on earth.

1 Now let the angels sound on high, Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky; Kings of the earth, with glad accord, Give up your kingdom to the Lord.
2 Almighty God! thy pow'r assume, Who wast and art and art to come; Jesus, the Lamb that once was slain, For ever live—for ever reign.
RESPONSE.
2d Treble.


Zion dreary and in anguish, 'Mid the

2d Sem. Chor.

desert hast thou stray'd? O, thou weary, cease to

CHORUS.

 languish: Jesus shall lift up thy head, O, thou
160. Zion Comforted.

1 Zion dreary
   And in anguish,
Mid the desert hast thou stray'd?
   O, thou weary,
   Cease to languish;
Jesus shall lift up thy head:
   O, if thou weary, &c.

2 Still lamenting
   And bemoaning,
Mid thy follies and thy woes!
   Soon repenting,
   And returning,
All thy solitude shall close.
   Soon repenting, &c.

3 Though benighted
   And forsaken,
Though afflicted and distress'd;
   His almighty
   Arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest.
   His almighty; &c.

4 Cease thy sadness
   Unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see!
   Joy and gladness,
   And thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody.
   Joy and gladness. &c.

161. Prayer for Forgiveness.

1 Saviour hear us
   Through thy merit,
Lowly bending at thy feet;
   O, draw near us
   By thy Spirit.
Prostrate at the mercy seat.
   O, draw near, &c.

2 Wretched, sinful,
   And unworthy;
Sick, and poor, and deaf, and blind:
   Oft unmindful
   While before thee,
Of our need of such a Friend.
   Oft unmindful, &c.

3 O, how precious
   Is the favor
Of forgiveness through thy blood:
   Come thou gracious,
   Bleeding Saviour,
Be our advocate with God.
   Come, thou gracious, &c.

4 For the joys
   Of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee,
   Hear the voice
   Of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.
   Hear the voice, &c.
"'Tis finish'd!"  "'Tis finish'd!"

CHORUS.

So the Saviour cri'd,  And meekly bow'd

his head and died.  'Tis finish'd;

yes, the race is run,  The bat-
163. The Crucifixion.

1 'Tis finish'd! so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bow'd his head, and died;  
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd—this, my dying groan  
Shall rise of every kind stone:  
Millions shall be redeem'd from death  
By this my last expiring breath.

182. Agony in the Garden.

1 'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow  
The star is dim'd, that lately shone;  
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,  
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;  
E'en the disciple that he loves, [tears,  
Heeds not his Master's griefs and sighs.

3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt  
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;  
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,  
is not forsaken by his God. [plains

4 'Tis midnight—from the heavenly  
Is borne the song that angels know:  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woes.

164. Influence of the Spirit.

1 Dear Saviour—shall thy Spirit rest  
In such a wretched heart as mine?  
Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!  
Favor ascending, divine!

2 Dear Saviour—in this aching heart  
Reveal the fulness of thy love;  
And light and heavenly peace impart,  
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

165. Forgive us, as we forgive.

1 Forgive us, Lord, to thee we cry:  
Forgive us through thy matchless grace;  
Be thou our strength and righteousness.

2 Forgive us, as we now forgive  
The ills we suffer from our foes;  
Restore us, Lord, and bid us live,  
Oh, let us in thine arms repose.

3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great,  
Our wretched souls no merit claim  
For sovereign mercy still we wait,  
And ask but in the Saviour's name.

4 Forgive us, O thou bleeding Lamb;  
Thou gavest, thou exalted Lord!  
Thou great High Priest, our souls redeem,  
And speak the pardoning word.

166. Inconstancy.

1 Ah wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,  
That can from Jesus thus depart;  
Thus fond of trifles, vainly rove,  
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 O, Jesus! now I would return,  
And at thy feet repentant mourn;  
Here let me view thy pardoning love.  
And never from thy sight remove.
There is a voice of sovereign grace Sounds from the sacred word: "Ho! ye despairing sinners come, And trust the atoning Lord."
161. Coming to Christ.

1 There is a voice of sovereign grace
   Sounds from the sacred word;
   "Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
   And trust th' atoning Lord."

2 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
   And runs to this relief:
   I would believe thy promise, Lord,
   Help thou my unbelief.

3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
   Incarnate God, I fly;
   Here I would cleanse my guilty soul
   From sins of deepest dye.

4 A sinful, weak, and helpless worm,
   Into thine arms I fall; [ness,
   Be thou my strength, my righteous-
   My Jesus and my all.

166. Immediate Repentance.

1 Repent, the voice celestial cries,
   Nor longer dare delay;
   The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
   And meets the wrathful day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
   O'erlooks the crimes of men;
   He sends his messengers abroad,
   To warn the world of sin.

3 Ye sinners in his presence bow,
   And all your guilt confess;
   Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
   Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
   And call you to his bar;
   For mercy knows th' appointed bound
   And yields to vengeance there.

5 O! listen to the Saviour's call,
   While he prolongs your days; [fall,
   Now yield your hearts, and prostrate
   And weep, and love, and praise.

162. Grace.

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

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
   'Twas grace my fears relieved; [fear
   How precious did that grace appear,
   The hour I first believe'd!

3 Full many a danger, toil, and snare,
   My soul has overcame; [far,
   'Tis grace that brought me safe thus
   And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall
   And mortal life shall cease; [fail,
   I shall possess within the veil,
   A life of joy and peace.

170. The Bible.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
   What endless glory shines!
   For ever be thy name ador'd,
   For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of woe
   Exhaustless riches find:
   Riches above what earth can grant
   And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
   Spreads heav'nly peace around
   And life, and everlasting joys
   Attend the blissful sound.

4 O, may these heav'nly pages be
   My ever dear delight;
   And still new beauties may I see,
   And still increasing light!

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
   Be thou for ever near,
   Teach me to love thy sacred word,
   And view my Saviour there.
While life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found, and peace is giv'n; But soon, ah! soon! approaching night shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.
171. Psalm lxxxviii.
1 While life prolongs its precious light
    Mercy is found and peace is giv'n;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
    Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.
2 While God invites, how bless'd the day!
    [sound!]
How sweet the gospel's charming
"Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God he's found."
3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
    [grave;]
Shall death command you to the
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer;
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.
172. Death and Burial of Saints.
1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
    Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
    To seek a slumber in the dust.
2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
    Invade the bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
    While angels watch the soft repose.
3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
    Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed!
[throne
Rest here, blest saint, till from his
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
    [word;]
Attend, O earth! his sovereign
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
    Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

173. Psalm Ix.
1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive;
    Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
    May not a sinner trust in thee?
2 O, wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
    And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
    And past offences pain mine eyes.
3 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
    I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
    Thy righteous law approves it well.
4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
    Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
[there;
Would light on some sweet promise
    Some sure support against despair.
1 Jesus, we bow before thy throne;
    We lift our eyes to seek thy face;
To bleeding hearts thy love make known;
    On contrite souls bestow thy grace.
2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
    A world o'erwhelm'd in guilt and tears,
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
    And no kind voice dispels their fears.
3 Lord, arm thy truth with pow'r divine;
    [shore,
    Its conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
    And earth and skies shall be no more.
4 O rise, ye ransom'd captives, rise,
    Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
    And heav'n with new-born rapture
175. Warning.
1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within,
    Oft whisper'd to thy inmost soul;
Urgd thee to leave the ways of sin,
    And yield thy heart to God's control.
2 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
    It was the Spirit's gracious call:
It bade thee make the happy choice,
    And take the Saviour for thy all.
TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

1. To-day the Saviour calls!
   Ye wand'rers come;
   O, ye benighted souls,
   Why longer roam.

2. To-day the Saviour calls!
   Oh, listen now:
   Within these sacred walls
   To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls!
   For refuge fly;
   The storm of vengeance falls;
   Ruin is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day!
   Yield to his pow'r;
   Oh, grieve him not away;
   'Tis mercy's hour.
CALVARY.

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

2. Come, in sorrow and contrition,
   Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty seek remission,
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 cov'nant, seal'd in blood:
Sign'd when our Redeemer died:
Seal'd when he was glorify'd:

FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.
178. THE GOSPEL BANNER.

Now be the gospel banner In every land unfurled; And be the shout hosanna Repeated through the world: Till every isle and nation, Till every tribe and tongue, Receive the
great salvation, And join the happy throng

CHORUS for each stanza.

Now be the gospel banner In every land unfurl'd;

Loud be the shout Hosanna Re-echo'd thro' the world.

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

The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and vallies greeting,
The song responsive raise.
SPRING. C. M. D.

While beauty clothes the fertile vale, And
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-
179. 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: [sing!]
    Hark! how the feather'd warblers
    '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, [bless
    The bounteous Hand that deigns to
    Each smiling field and grove.

3 That Hand in this hard heart of
    Can bid each virtue live; [mine
    While gentle showers 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.

180. Spring Spiritualized.

1 At length the op'ning spring has
    How joyous is the scene! [come,
    The air is fill'd with rich perfume;
    The fields are dress'd in green:
    I see my Saviour, from on high,
    Break thro' 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 blossoms 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.

181. The Seasons.

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

2 The soften'd skies of the field
    Permit the corn to spring;
    The valleys rich provision yield,
    And all the lab'rous sing: [crows:
    The varying months thy goodness
    How bounteous are thy ways: [downs
    The bleating flocks spread o'er the
    And shepherds shout thy praise.

182. 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.
163. RETURN.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home, Thy

Father calls for thee; No longer

now an exile roam, In guilt and

misery; Return, Return!
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!

184. 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.

3 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
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

4 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 heaven.
1 How sweet and heav'nly is the sight
When those that fear the Lord,
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfill his word:

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

3 When love, in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every 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

life - less tongue; And let the joys of heav’n im-

part 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.

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

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

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.

2d Treble.

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
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 every nation.

2. Morn of Zion's glory—
Every 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 heaven
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.
189. Expostulation.

1 Haste, O, sinner, to be wise,
   Stay not for the morrow's sun!
   Thy probation may be o'er,
   Ere this evening's work is done.

   Wisdom warns thee from the skies,
   All the paths of death to shun.
   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.

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

   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 pow'rful hand;
   Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

161. 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 pow'rful hand:
   Lead me all the journey through:
   Strong Deliv'rer, [shield.
   Be thou still my strength and
   Bread of heaven,
   Feed me till I want no more.
   3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
      Bid my anxious fears subsidence,
      Death of death, and hell's destruc-
      Land me safe on Canaan's side:
      Songs of praises
      I will ever give to thee.

3 Open thou the crystal fountain,
   Whence the healing waters flow:
   Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
   When I tread the verge of Jordan,
PITTSBURGH.

Fount of everlasting love!

Rich thy streams of mercy are;

Flowing purely from above.

Beauty marks their course afar.
191. 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,
Blooms beneath the heav’nly show’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’ng, deep’n’ng 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,
Cleansing this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o’er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Dwell within his heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

193. Confession.

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

Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners I have been;
Oft abuse’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 every wound;
Soothe, O soothe the troubled breast
Give the weary wand’rer rest.

194. 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.

195. Seeking a blessing on Public Worship.

1 In thy presence we appear;
Lord, we love to worship here—
When within 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 our righteousness.

3 While to thee our pray’rs 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 the gospel’s wondrous love
All our doubts and fears remove.
THE ALARM.

Allegro. Staccato.

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!

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 the o'erwhelming rain!
Break at once thy long delay,
Stay not in the plain!
In threat'ning 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.
UXBRIDGE.

Tenor.

At anchor laid, remote from home, To thee I cry—O Spirit come! Celestial breeze! no longer stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.
197. Breathing after the Spirit.
1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
To thee 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 feeble sails,
O send thy gentle quick'ning gales.

198. Showers of Grace.
1 As in soft silence, vernal show'rs;
Descend and cheer the fainting flow'rs;
So in the secr'cy 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,
Are long the best effusions share,
And sudden green and harvest wear.

199. 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.

200. The Eternal Sabbath.
1 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we
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
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.]

201. For the Monthly Concert.
[pow',
1 Sov'reign of worlds! display thy
Let this be Zion's favored hour;
O bid the morning Star arise;
And point the heathen to the skies.

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

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

202. 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,
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,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
[shed,
Their gentle words, like ointment
Shall never bruise, but cheer my [head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.
Watchmen! onward to your stations,
Preach the gospel to the nations;

Blow the trumpet long and loud; See! the day is
Speak to ev'ry gathering crowd:

breaking; See the saints a-waking,
No more in
903. Departure of Missionaries.

1. Watchmen onward to your stations; Blow the trumpet long and loud; Praise the gospel to the nations, Speak to every gathering crow'd; See! the day is breaking; See! the saints awaking, No more in sadness bow'd.

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

PART SECOND.

[weeping]

5. Watchmen! when your friends are 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.

[ended]

7. Watchmen! when your toils are When your conflicts all are o'er, By celestial bands attended, You shall reach the heav'nly Crowns of joy await you, While the hosts that hate you, Perish evermore.

3. Watchmen! as the clouds are fly- 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:
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!
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

Wrath will sink the rebel's heart, While saints on high adored.

O, there will be mourning Before the judgment seat.

2 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!
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore!

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;
Justice ever frowning,
Shall seal the sinner's fate,
Friends and kindred there will part,
Will part to meet no more!
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore!
LATTER DAY.

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
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

905. Universal Praise.
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 meander hills, and draw the wonder'ning 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, shall all the world command:
No strife shall vex Messiah's reign, or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares 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 every land, to worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God, with holy bounty shine!

907. The House not made with Hands. 8 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, thro' my Redeemer's grace.
TO THEE, MY GOD AND SAVIOUR.

To thee, my God and Saviour, My heart ex-
ulting sings, Rejoicing in thy favor Al-
mighty King of kings I'll celebrate thy

glory, With all thy saints above; And tell the
208. 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 repose
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 dangerous road,
With heavily hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode:
Then cast my crown before thee,
And all my records o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee;
What could an angel more.

209. Prayer and Praise.

1 To thee, in youth's bright morning;
Father of all, we pray;
While thought and fancy dawning,
Lead on the rising day;
To thee, in life's last even,
We'll tune our feebler breath;
Hear all our sins forgiven,
And softly sleep in death.

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

210. Departure of Missionaries.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below,
Arise ye gales and waft them
Safe to the destin'd 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;
The far from those who love them,
O let them be with thee.

211. Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal praise be given,
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.
THE CROSS.  C. M.

I saw one hanging on a tree, In ago-

my and blood; Who fix'd his languid eyes on me, As

near the cross I stood, As near the cross I stood.
212. 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; [death,
It seem'd to charge me with his
    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
    For I the Lord had slain: [bid,

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."

5 "Thus while my death, thy sin die—
    In all its blackest hue; [plays
Such is the mystery of grace,
    It seals thy pardon too!"

213. In Darkness.

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

2 O God! O could I make the claim;
    My Father and my Friend,
And call thee mine, by every name
    On which thy saints depend.

3 By every 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
    Thy word is all my stay; [mourns,
Here I would rest till light returns.
    Thy presence makes the day.

214. Prayer for quickening grace.

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

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd;
    How sweet their memory still!
But they have left a cheerless 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.

215. Death of a young person.

1 When blooming youth is snatch'd:
    By death's resistless hand, [away
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 every breast.

3 The voice of this alarming sound
    May every heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
    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.
SOLITUDE.

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
316. In Darkness.
1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
   When Jesus no longer I see! The flow'rs
   The woodlands, the fields, and the
   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 bid 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?
   Odrive these dark clouds from the sky,
   Thy soul cheering presence restore,
   Or bid me soar upward on high,
   Where winter and storms are no

317. Faith FAIiting.
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;
   Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
   I sink at thy feet with my load:
   All plaintive I pour out my song, [God.
   And stretch forth my hands unto

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
   My hold on thy promise to keep,
   The billows 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, & 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 thou art; [tow'r:
   Thy grace is my shield and my
   O gladden my desolate heart,
   Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

318 Praise.
This God 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, home,
   Whose Spirit shall guide us safe
   We'll praise him for all that is past,
   And trust him for all that's to come.
WILL YOU SCORN THE MESSAGE.

Sighners, will you scorn the message, Coming from the courts above? Mercy beams in ev'ry passage; Ev'ry line is full of love. O believe it, Ev'ry line is full of love.
319. Exhortation to Sinners.

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
    Coming from the courts above?
Mercy beams in every passage;
Every line is full of love:
    O believe it,
Every 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!

HEBER.

Soft and slow.

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


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,
    Thou didst bear our grief and pain;
Cleanse us now from every 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.
291. WAKE THE SONG.

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!


1 Praise to God! immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bounteous source of every joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ

2 All that spring, with bounteous hand Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours From her rich, overflowing stores:

3 These, to that dear source we owe; Whence our sweetest comforts flow, These, through all my happy days, Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
WHEN ALL CREATION SINGS FOR JOY.

When all creation sings for joy,
Let praise our inmost thoughts employ

While notes of harmony resound,
Let not our tongues be silent found, Our hearts unmoved.

233. General Song of Praise.

1 When all creation sings for joy,
   Let praise our inmost thoughts employ:
   While notes of harmony resound,
   Let not our tongues be silent found,
   Our hearts unmoved.

3 He guides our steps to living streams,
   [deems,
   Our wand'ring feet, his love re-
   By day, he cheers us with his light,
   And gives us sweet commune by night,
   So rich his grace.

2 Triumphant songs of praise we owe,
   To him whose glories round us flow,
   To him who bade our sorrows cease,
   And fill'd our souls with heav'nly peace,
   So great his love.

4 Let all that dwell below the sky,
   Join in the angels' minstrelsy,
   Till earth no more is dark with sin,
   And heav'nly joys their course be-
   No more to cease. [gin,
KINGSWOOD.

Slow.

Wretched, helpless, and distress'd, Ah! whither
Ever panting after rest, Where shall I

shall I fly? turn my eye? Naked, sick, and poor, and blind, Fast

bound in guilt and misery; Friend of sinners,

let me find My. help, my... all in thee.
233. Hungering and Thirsting.

1 Wretched, helpless and distress'd
   Ah whither shall I fly?
   Ever panting after rest,
   Where shall I turn mine eye?
   Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
   Fast bound in sin and misery;
   Friend of sinners, let me find,
   My help, my all in thee.

2 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
   Oh hear my sad complaint;
   Be the wand'rer's resting place,
   A cordial for the faint:
   Make me rich, for I am poor,
   Let me now thy presence find;
   To the dying, health restore,
   And eyesight to the blind.

3 Fill my soul with heav'nly peace,
   With pure humility;
   Clothe me with thy righteousness,
   Endue my soul with thee;
   Let thine image be restor'd,
   Let thy forgiveness prove,
   Fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
   For boundless is thy love.

235. Conviction of Sin.

1 Conscious of my ruin'd state,
   Ah, whither shall I go;
   All within is desolate,
   While all without is woe:
   If to heav'n I turn my eye,
   There a frowning Judge appears;
   If to Jesus then I cry,
   No voice allays my fears.

2 Oft have I the Spirit griv'd,
   So kindly sent to me;
   And that word have disbelief'd
   That would have set me free:
   All the blessings God has given,
   All the warnings he has sent,
   Have not led my soul to heav'n
   Or caus'd me to repent.

3 Guilty soul, what wilt thou do?
   Polluted still thou art;
   God is faithful, just and true,
   But thou art vile in heart:
   Yield thee now; no more repine,
   Own the justice of thy doom;
   To the Lord thyself resign,
   And see—there yet is room.

236. Looking to Christ for Pardon.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above
   Repentance to impart,
   Give me, through thy dying love,
   The humble, contrite heart:
   Teach me by thy gracious word,
   My guilt and danger here to own,
   Turn and look upon me, Lord,
   And break my heart of stone,

2 See me, Saviour, from above,
   Nor suffer me to die;
   Life, and happiness, and love,
   Beam from thy gracious eye;
   Speak the reconciling word,
   And thy melting love make known,
   Turn and look upon me, Lord,
   And break my heart of stone.

3 Look, as when thy languid eye
   Was close'd that we might live—
   When thy supplicating cry
   To God, was heard—"forgive":
   Surely, with that dying word,
   My Saviour turns and says 'tis
   O, my bleeding, loving Lord, [done:
   This breaks my heart of stone.

Doxology.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   Eternal and divine, [host
   Round whose throne the heav'nly
   In endless anthems join:
   Thine the glory and the power,
   Thine the wisdom and the might;
   Thine the praise for evermore,
   O, God of life and light.
GO, WATCH AND PRAY.

Go, watch and pray, thou canst not know how soon the bell may toll its notes for thee:

Death's countless snares beset thy way;

Frail child of dust! Go watch and pray.
Take heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is.
1 Go watch and pray, thou canst not
How near thine hour may be; [tell
Thou canst not know how soon the
May toll its notes for thee: [bell
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust... ...pray.
2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Dost hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye? [away;
Soon these must change—must pass
Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.
3 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath sear'd thy veneral bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go, weary pilgrim! watch and pray.
4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns dark with death,
Before you open lie:
The heavenly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

1 Jesus, incarnate Son of God,
Now hear us from on high;
Oh, seal our pardon by thy blood,
To thee, to thee we cry:
Our prostrate souls no merit claim;
We plead thine all-prevailing name.
2 Thy law, so holy, just and good,
Wakens our guilt and fear;
And sin has risen like a flood,
To overwhelm us in despair:
Guilty we fall before thy throne,
Thou, Lord, art righteous, thou alone.
3 Ruin'd, and all defiled with sin,
Our souls would turn and live;
Lord, if thou wilt, now make us clean,
And all our sins forgive:
Thy righteousness, thy bleeding love,
Can every stain of guilt remove.

230. "It is the Lord.
1. When I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resign'd beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.
2 Oh, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For he will hear my prayer:—
Tho'sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.
3 Oh! blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes,
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heav'n adores and death obeys.
THAT WARNING VOICE.

That warning voice, O sinner, hear, And

while salvation lingers near, The heav'nly call o - bey

Flee from destruction's downward path, Flee from the threat-

ning storm of wrath, That rises o'er thy way.
231. A Voice of Warning.

1 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation lingers near,
The heav'nly call obey, [path,
Flee from destruction's downward
Flee from the threatening storm of
That rises o'er thy way. [wrath

2 Soon night comes on with thick-
ning shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour; [skies,
The lightnings rend the earth and
The thunders roar, the flames arise,
What terrors fill that hour!

3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace:
Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.

4 Then, while a voice of pardon
speaks, [breaks,
The storm is hush'd, the morning
The heav'ns are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous
Joy echoes on the distant hills,[fields,
New wonders fill the scene.

232. Resignation.

1 O Lord, in sorrow I resign,
And bow to that dear hand of thine,
While yet the rod appears,[eyes,
That hand can wipe these streaming
Or into smiles of glad surprise,
Transform these falling tears.

2 My sole possession is thy love;
In earth beneath or heav'n above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervor now I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask for nothing more.

233. Ye must be born again.

1 Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
One solemn truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless wo.

2 How did the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load!
All human aid I saw was vain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 I heard the saints with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and
To bring salvation near: [hell,
Yet would the dreadful truth remain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in black despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour pass'd that way,
My bondage to remove:
The sinner once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

234. Foretaste of Heaven.

1 On Pisgah's top I now would stand,
Once more to view the promised
The land of thy abode: [land
The land where fruits immortal grow,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Forth from the throne of God.

2 O, that my soul were fill'd with thee
With visions of thy majesty
And condescending love!
Then would its gilded pinions, Lord,
Be ready at the Master's word,
To take its flight above.
IN THIS CALM IMPRESSIVE HOUR.

Tenor.

In this calm, impressive hour, Let my pray'r ascend on high; God of mercy, God of pow'r.

Hear me when to thee I cry: Hear me from thy
235. Private Worship.

PART I. MORNING.

1 In this calm, impressive hour,
   Let my pray'r ascend on high;
God of mercy, God of pow'r,
   Hear me, when to thee I cry:
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
   For the sake of Christ thy Son.

2 With this morning's early ray;
   While the shades of night depart;
Let thy beams of light convey,
   Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
   And for all my wants provide.

3 Oh, what joy that word affords
   "Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth."
King of kings and Lord of lords,
   Send thy gospel heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
   Usher in the glorious day.

PART II. EVENING.

4 Now from labor and from care,
   Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
   Lord, I would converse with thee:
O, behold me from above,
   Fill me with a Saviour's love.

5 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
   Wither all my earthly joys;
Nought can charm me here below,
   But my Saviour's melting voice.
Lord forgive; thy grace restore,
   Make me thine for evermore.

6 For the blessings of this day,
   For the mercies of this hour;
For the gospel's cheering ray,
   For the Spirit's quick'ning power;
Grateful notes to thee I raise,
   Oh, accept my song of praise.

Doxology.

To the Father, to the Son,
   To the Spirit, all divine,
To the triune God, whose throne
   Shall in endless glory shine,
Let the highest praise be giv'n
   By the sons of earth and heav'n.
FAREWELL! WE MEET NO MORE.

Tenor.


Farewell! Farewell! We meet no more, On

this side heav'n. The parting scene is o'er; The

last sad look is giv'n Farewell! Farewell!
236. The Last Farewell.

1 Farewell! we meet no more
On this side heaven:
The parting scene is o'er,
The last sad look is given.

2 Farewell! my soul will weep
While mem'ry lives:
From wounds that sink so deep
No earthly hand relieves.

3 Farewell! my stricken heart
To Jesus flies:
From him I'll never part;
On him my hope relies.

4 Farewell! And shall we meet
In heav'n above?
And there in union sweet,
Sing of a Saviour's love?

AMID THE ANGUISH.

Solo.

A- mid the anguish and the strife That shrinking nature fears; Look gently down, great Source of life, And dry these starting tears, And dry these starting tears.

237. The Parent's death-bed.

1 Amid the anguish and the strife
That shrinking nature fears; Life,
Look gently down, great Source of And dry these starting tears.

2 Serene, like Jacob, I would die—
Would "gather up my feet;"
And chide the lingering hours that fly,
My Saviour God to meet.

3 My dearest comforts I could have,
With glory in my eyes; [grieve,
Could wipe the tears of those that And point them to the skies—

4 Could say to them, if these art nigh
When life's last hour I view;
Could joyful say, "Behold I die,
But God shall dwell with you."
SILoAM. C. M. D.

By cool Siloam's shady rill, How sweet the lily grows; How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose;

And such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have
1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
   How sweet the lily grows; [fill]
   How sweet the breath beneath the
   Of Sharon's dewy rose;
And such the child whose early feet
   The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence
   Is upward drawn to God. [sweet,
   And soon, too soon, the wintry house
Of man's maturer age, [pow'r
May shake the soul with sorrow's
And stormy passion's rage.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
   The lily must decay; [fill.
The rose that blooms beneath the
   Must shortly fade away;
3 O thou, whose infancy was fond
   With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue
   Crown'd,
Were all alike divine,
Dependent on thy bounteous breath
We seek thy grace alone;
In childhood, manhood, and in death.
To keep us still thy own.
HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the

lands that in darkness have lain; Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and

mourning; Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

239. Dawn of the Millennium.

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
   Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing
   Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
   Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall’n are the engines of war and commotion
   Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

240 WHILE MERCY INVITES YOU.

While mercy invites you, While Jesus is near,

Awake from your slumbers, ye sinners, and hear.

1 While mercy invites you, while Jesus is near,
   Awake from your slumbers ye sinners and hear.

2 Salvation is offer’d, accept it to-day,
   O, quench not the Spirit, nor grieve him away.

3 The love that now urges, if once it depart,
   May never return to thy grief-broken heart.

4 While mercy invites you, while Jesus is near,
   Awake from your slumbers, ye sinners, and hear.
O Lord, another day is flown, And we, a lonely band, Are met once more before thy throne, To bless thy fostering hand: And wilt thou lead a listening ear, To praises low as ours? Thou wilt, for thou dost

* From the "Choir," by permission.
For Social Worship.

241. Evening Worship.

1 O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a honoly band,
Are met once more before thy throne
To bless thy foot'tring hand.
And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

2 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt
As we before thee pray; [deign, For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.
Oh, let thy grace perform its part,
Let sin's dominion cease;
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace.


1 The God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears; [trace
His goodness through the earth we
His grandeur in the spheres,
Lift to the arch of heav'n your eye,
Thither his path pursue,
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erhelm's the wond'ring view.

2 He bows the heav'n's, the mountains
A highway for their God; [stand
He walks amidst the desert land,—
'Tis Eden, where he trod.
In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows
The breath of life and health.

3 The God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears; [trace
His goodness through the earth we
His grandeur in the spheres:
Ye nations bend, in rev'rence bend,
Ye monarchs wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

243. Wonders of God's love.

1 Ye humble souls approach your
With songs of sacred praise; [God
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.
All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

2 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms; [known
'Tis here he makes his goodness
In its diviner forms.
To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies:
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

3 Thine eye beholds, with kind re
The souls who trust in thee:[gard
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
Great God! to thy Almighty love,
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise.
WHEN THE HARVEST IS PAST.

When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn;
And Jesus invites thee no more: When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare; Sinner, how canst thou

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244. When the harvest is past.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. viii. 20.

1 When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone;
   And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn,
   And Jesus invites thee no more;
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
   The gospel no message declare;
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe!
   How suffer the night of despair!

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
   To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss,
   Their song to the Saviour they love;
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
   Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure
   Or bear the impenitent's doom!
THERE'S PEACE FOR HIM.

Tenor.

There's peace for him whose heart is

all com---mo---tion; The voice of Christ can

calm the troubled sea; For --- sake thy'.
245. Consolation in Christ.

1 There’s peace for him whose heart is all commotion;
The voice of Christ can calm the troubled sea:
Forsake thy sins and to the Saviour flee,
And smooth will be thy course o’er life’s rough ocean.

2 There’s hope for him whose soul is full of sadness;
With humble trust thy all to Jesus give;
Resolve for him thou wilt begin to live,
Then on thy night shall rise the star of gladness.

3 There’s life for thee; why longer still delaying?
Oh haste to Jesus, while he waits to save;
And wash thy soul beneath salvation’s wave,
The sacred call of love at once obeying.
PRINCETON.

Creator, Preserver, Redeemer of men, Divine Intercessor above; O,
where shall the song of thy praises begin, Or
how shall I speak of thy love: Heaven is telling, And
246. Song of Praise to the Redeemer.

1 Creator, Preserver, Redeemer of men,
Divine Intercessor above;
Oh, where shall the song of thy praises begin,
Or how shall I speak of thy love:
Heaven is telling,
And earth is revealing
What wonders thy mercy can prove.

2 And do I not love thee, O Saviour, divine,
The chief of ten thousands to me?
Yes, infinite beauty and glory are thine,
Whose effulgence no mortal can see:
Angels shall bless thee,
And men shall confess thee,
All worlds shall acknowledge thy sway.

3 Thine, thine is the kingdom, the wisdom and power,
The glory and honor supreme;
For ever and ever, my soul would adore
Th' unspeakable worth of thy name;
For ever and evey
O glorious Saviour,
I'll dwell on the rapturous theme.

Doxology,

All honor and praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, coequal, divine;
Te the triune Jehovah, supreme on the throne,
Where glories ineffable shine:
Prostrate before thee,
Our spirits adore thee,
Eternal dominion be thine.
INVOCATION. C. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'ly Dove, With

all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kindle a

flame of sacred love in these cold

hearts of ours, in these cold hearts of ours.
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP. 


1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
   With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
   In these cold hearts of ours.
2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
   In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
   And our devotion dies.
3 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
   At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
   And thine to us so great?
4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
   With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
   And that shall kindle ours.

248. Behold I stand at the door and knock.

1 And will the Lord thus condescend
   To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand
   In all her winning forms?
2 Shall Jesus for admittance plead,
   His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart for which he bled
   Remain for ever barr'd?
3 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'rs,
   The lodging has possess'd;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
   Against the heav'nly guest.
4 Ye vile seducers! hence depart;
   Dear Saviour, enter in;
O, guard the passage to my heart,
   And keep out ev'ry sin.

249. Penitence and Hope.

1 Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall
   The wonders of thy grace,
   How at thy feet ashamed I fall,
   And hide this wretched face.
2 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
   The penitentia sigh;
Confirm the kind forgiving word
   With pity in thine eye.
3 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
   Rejoice to seek thy face; [sweet
And grateful own how kind, how
   Thy condescending grace.

Love to Christ desired.

1 Thou lovely source of true delight,
   Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
   That I may love thee more.
2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
   But in thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines
   My bleeding, dying Lord.
3 'Tis here, whence'er my comforts droop,
   And sin and sorrow rise; [hope
Thy love, with cheerful beams of
   My fainting breast supplies.
4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
   Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between
   And I again complain.
5 Jesus, my Lord, my life my light,
   O come with blissful ray; [night,
Break radiant through the shades of
   And chase my fears away.
6 Then shall my soul with rapture
   The wonders of thy love; [trace
But the full glories of thy face
   Are only known above.
GO FORTH ON WINGS OF FERVENT PRAYER.

Go forth on wings of fervent pray'r,

Go, with the message from above; Go, in the Master's

name we love, Silent, but eloquent to prove, Till

'én' the deaf shall hear, Till 'én' the deaf shall hear.
290. Distribution of Tracts.

1 Go forth on wings of fervent pray'r,
   Go, with the message from above,
   Go, in the Master's name we love,
   Silent, but eloquent, to prove,
   Till e'en the deaf shall hear.

2 To ev'ry dwelling speed your way,
   Scatter the shades of error's night,
   Kindle the rays of gospel light,
   Pour them around in splendor bright,
   Till e'en the blind shall see.

3 Bid ev'ry slumbering soul awake,
   Tell of the darkness, fire, and chains,
   Tell of the heav'n where Jesus reigns,
   Tell of his love in melting strains,
   Till e'en the dumb shall speak.

4 O, Jesus, give thy word success,
   Lo, at thy footstool now we bend,
   Only on thee our hopes depend,
   Thou art alone the sinner's friend,
   Thy word is life and peace.

ENDLESS PRAISES.

291. Praise.

1 Endless praises
   To our Lord,
   Ever be his name ador'd.

2 Angels crown him,
   Crown the Lamb;
   He is worthy, praise his name.

3 Saints adore him
   For his grace,
   To our guilty fallen race.

4 Saints and angels
   Join to sing
   Glory to our God and King.
DARK BROOD THE HEAVENS.

Air. Expressive.

Dark brood the heavens o'er thee; Black clouds are gathering fast, In awful pow'r thy God has come, In awful
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

pow'r, thy God has—come, Thy days of mirth are past.

A Vision of Judgment.

1. Dark brood the heavens o'er thee! Black clouds are gath'ring fast; In awful pow'r, thy God has come, Thy days of mirth are past.

2. Dark brood the heavens o'er thee! Red flames are bursting round; Bright light'nings flash, loud thunders roar, How shakes the trembling ground.

3. Dark brood the heavens o'er thee! Behold the Judge appears; Unnumber'd millions throng around, Rais'd from the dust of years.

4. Dark brood the heavens o'er thee! Soon thou wilt hear thy doom; Destruction opens wide for thee, Thy chosen, final home.

5. Yet stay—the vision lingers; Why, sinner, wilt thou die! [waits, Dark brood the heav'ns, but mercy This hour to Jesus fly.
THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

The morning light is breaking, The

darkness disappears, The sons of earth are

waking To penitential tears: Each breeze that sweeps the
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking.

To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion;
Prepar'd for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us.
Are ope'ning ev'ry hour:
Each cry to Heaven going:
Abundant answers brings,
And heav'nly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blov't river of salvation
Purse thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not, till all the holy,
Proclaim, the Lord is come.
TO JESUS, THE CROWN OF MY HOPE.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone, O, bear me, ye cherubim up. And waft me away to his throne; And waft me away to his throne.
254. Lusting to be with Christ.

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone,
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and pow'r:

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline:

5 O, then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd,
I shall meet him whom absent I lov'd,
Whom not having seen I ador'd.

255. A Missionary's death.

1 Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky,
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high.

2 Weep not for the spirit now crown'd
With the garland to martyrdom giv'n,
O weep not for him, he has found
His reward and his refuge in heav'n.

3 But weep for their sorrows, who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
Who sigh when they muse on the
Of their home, far away o'er the wave—

4 And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone;
Where anthems of peace neverswell,
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.

256. YE SONS OF MEN.

Ye sons of men, a feeble race, Expos'd to ev'ry snare;

Come, make the Lord your dwelling place, And trust his gracious care, And trust his gracious care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell,
Or if the plague come nigh
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.

2 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways,
To watch your pillow when you sleep
And guard your happy days.
HARK FROM YONDER MOUNT ARISE.

Hark, from yonder mount arise,

Notes of sadness, Jesus dies:

On the cross the

Lord of lords, Love for guilty
Calvary.

1 Hark! from yonner mount arise
   Notes of sadness—Jesus dies;
   On the cross the Lord of lords,
   Love for guilty man records:
   Sinner, sinner!
   Hear your Saviour's dying words.

2 "Mortal, for your guilt I die,
   Guilt that dare'd your God defy;
   Blood for blood, I freely give,
   Death I taste that you may live:
   Sinner, sinner,
   Free salvation now receive?"

Support in Death.

1 When the vale of death appears—
   Faint and cold, this mortal clay,
   Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
   Light me thro' the darksome way:
   Break the shadows,
   Usher in eternal day.

2 Upward from this dying state,
   Bid my waiting soul aspire;
   Open thou the crystal gate,
   To thy praise attune my lyre;
   Then triumphant,
   I will join th' immortal choir.

3 When the mighty trumpet blows,
   Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
   From the central burning throne,
   Mid creation's final flame,
   With the ransomed
   Thou wilt own my worthless name.
252. THE HIDING PLACE.

Hail, sov'reign love, that form'd the plan, To save rebellious,

ruin'd man, Hail, matchless, free, e - ternal grace, That

gave my soul a hiding place, That gave my soul a hiding place.

3 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought, with weapons lifted high
I madly ran the sinful race,
Regardless of a hiding-place.

4 But a celestial voice I heard,
A bleeding Saviour then appear'd,
Led by the Spirit of his grace,
I found in him a hiding-place.

5 Yet when God's justice rose in view,
To Sinai's burning mount I flew;
Keen were the pangs of my distress,
The mountain was no hiding-place.

5 On him the weight of vengeance fell,
That else had sunk a world to hell;
Then, O my soul, for ever praise
Thy Saviour God, thy hiding-place.
1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
   To his gracious promise flee,
   Laying hold upon his word—
   "As thy day thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
   Seem peculiar still to thee,
   God has promised needful grace,
   "As thy day thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
   In succession thou may'st see;
   This is still thy sweet relief—
   "As thy day thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
   With thy promise full and free,
   Faithful, positive, and sure,
   "As thy day thy strength shall be."
STRASBURGH. Seven.

Bleeding hearts, defiled by sin,

Jesus Christ can make you clean; Contrite souls with

guilt oppress'd, Jesus Christ can give you rest.
261. Fulness of Christ.

1. Bleeding hearts, dash'd by sin,
   Jesus Christ can make you clean:
   Contrite souls, with guilt opprest,
   Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2. You that mourn o'er follies past,
   Precious hours and years laid waste;
   Turn to God, O turn and live,
   Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3. You that oft have wander'd far
   From the light of Beth'lem's star,
   Trembling, now your steps retrace,
   Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4. Souls benighted and forlorn,
   Grief'd, afflicted, tempest-worn,
   Now in Israel's Rock confide,
   Jesus Christ for man has died.

5. Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
   Yield not to the tempter's pow'r;
   On the risen Lord rely,
   Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

263. The Good Shepherd.

1. Tell me, Shepherd, from above,
   Dearest object of my love,
   Where thy little flocks abide,
   Shelter'd by thy bleeding side.

2. Tell me, Saviour all divine,
   Where I may my soul recline;
   Where I shall for refuge fly,
   When the burning sun is high.

3. Claim me, Shepherd, as thine own,
   O protect me, thou alone;
   Let me hear thy gracious voice;
   Make my fainting heart rejoice.

264. 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.

Doxology.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
265. YES, I WILL EXTOL THEE.

Yes, I will extol thee, Lord of life, and light; For thine arm upheld me, Put my foes to flight:

I implor'd thy mercy, Thou wert swift to save;

Heal my wounded spirit, Bring me from the grave.
2 O, ye saints, sing praises,  
Call his love to mind.  
For a moment angry,  
But for ever kind;  
Grief may like a pilgrim  
Through the night sojourn,  
Yet shall joy to-morrow,  
With the sun return.

206. Trust in God.

1 God of our salvation,  
Unto thee we pray;  
Hear our supplication,  
Be our strength and stay;  
Wretched and unworthy,  
Poor, and sick, and blind,  
Prostrate we adore thee,  
Call thy grace to mind.

2 He that dwelleth near thee  
Safely shall abide;  
Ever love and fear thee,  
In thy strength confide:  
Sure is thy protection,  
Safe is thy defence,  
While in deep affliction,  
Woe or pestilence.

3 God of our salvation,  
Saviour, Prince of peace,  
Boundless thy compassion,  
Infinite thy grace:  
While with love unceasing,  
Humbly we adore,  
Grant us thy rich blessing,  
And we ask no more.

207. Love to God.

1 Lord of life and glory,  
Infinite in power,  
Standing now before thee,  
Trembling we adore:  
Angels shout thy praises  
Through the realms above,  
While each song that rises,  
Tells that God is love.

2 Author of creation,  
When thy work was done,  
Shouts of exultation  
Echo'd round thy throne:  
Morning stars were singing  
Through the vault above,  
Sons of God were singing  
Of thy pow'r and love.

3 Author of salvation,  
When our sinful race,  
Sunk in desolation,  
Fell in death's embrace,  
Then thy love hung bleeding,  
On the cross to die!  
Love, still interceding,  
Fills thy courts on high.

168. Consolation.

1 Why that look of sadness?  
Why that downcast eye?  
Can no thought of gladness  
Lift thy soul on high?  
O, thou heir of heaven,  
Think of Jesus' love,  
While to thee is given,  
All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy burden'd spirit  
Agoniz'd for sin?  
Think of Jesus' merit;  
He can make thee clean:  
Think of Calv'ry's mountain  
Where his blood was spilt,  
In that precious fountain,  
Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?  
Is the tempter near?  
Still in Jesus hoping,  
What hast thou to fear?  
Set the prize before thee,  
Gird thy armor on:  
Heir of grace and glory,  
Struggle for thy crown.
RICH FROM THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Tenor.

Rich from the river of life, flow the

streams of salvation; Free as the beams of the

sum, is the wide invitation: Whoso will
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.


1 Rich from the river of life, flow the streams of salvation; Free as the beams of the sun, is the wide invitation: Whoso will come, shall receive Joys that no mortal can give.

2 Mercy is ready, its mantle of love to spread o'er you; Grace hath to-day laid the feast of the gospel before you God keeps your life from the grave, Waiting your spirit to save.

3 O, then, ye wand'rers! repent and return to the Saviour; Gladly accept the rich offers of kindness and favor; Who will the Spirit obey? Who will seek Jesus to-day?

370. Solomon's Songs, 1. 7, 8.

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at ease; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?"

"If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents."

1 Tell me, thou Shepherd, O, tell me, while wounded and bleeding, Tell me the place where the flock of thy chosen is feeding, O, thou delight of my soul, Now bid the wounded be whole.

2 Why should I range with the flocks of thy foes that are straying, Fields of enchantment, and dangers, and deserts betraying: Shepherd, to thee would I come, O, bring the wanderer home.
WHEN GOD IS NEAR.

Tenor.

When God is near, To quell the soul's commotion, And shed the sweet serene of true devotion:
When God is near,
To quell the soul's commotion,
And shed the sweet serene of true devotion:
Then clouds of grief will disappear
When God is near.

When God is near—
The heart, with sorrow swelling,
Pours out its griefs—its tale of anguish telling;
And mercy wipes each trickling tear,
When God is near.
FROM EVERY EARTHLY PLEASURE.

From ev'ry earthly pleasure, From ev'ry transient joy, From ev'ry mortal treasure. That soon will fade and die: No longer these desiring, Upward our wishes tend; To
272. Aspiring after Heaven.

1 From ev'ry earthly pleasure,
From ev'ry transient joy,
From ev'ry mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die:
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From ev'ry piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow—
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light;
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

'Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
There is a rest above,
And onward we are pressing
To reach that land of love.

2 The joyful scene before us,
How faint a type of heav'n,
Where now th' angelic chorus
Breathe soft as dews of ev'n;
Anon with rapture swelling,
Their loudest anthems raise,
While love, each bosom filling,
Pours forth its notes of praise!

3 The joyful scene before us
This heav'nly aspect wears,
If Jesus but restore us,
The image that he bears:
Thou heav'nly Bridegroom hear us,
While fervently we pray
And be thou ever near us,
In life's bewild'ring way.

4 The joyful scene before us
Shall bring no blighting cares
No perils to devour us,
If Jesus' love appears:
Then shall the happy union,
This evening we behold,
Be like that blest communion
Which tunes the harps of gold.

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.
TRIUMPH.

The Prince of salvation in triumph is riding. And glory attends him along his bright way:

The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding. And sinners are owning his sway.
2. Ride on in thy greatness, thou Sovereign Saviour,
    Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
    Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
    And follow thy glorious train.

3. Then sweetly shall ring from each sanctified nation,
    The voices of myriads attuned to thy praise,
    And heaven shall re-echo the songs of salvation,
    In rich and melodious lays.

**Hark! Those Happy Voices.**

Sinner, come, Heaven's call obeying.

2. Now the feast is spread before thee,
    Wait no more,
    Grace implore,
    Peace shall then come o'er thee.

Psalm ciii.

1. Bless the Lord of life for ever,
    O, my soul,
    Bountiful,
    Infinite his favor.

2. Bless the Lord of thy salvation,
    Who in love
    From above,
    Heard thy supplication.

3. Bless the Lord of earth and heaven
    Through his blood
    That freely flow'd,
    Are thy sins forgiven.

4. Bless the Lord, whose loving-kindness
    Soothes thy fears,
    Dries thy tears,
    Dissipates thy blindness.

5. Bless the Lord, whose love abound-
    Fills thy days
    With joy and praise,
    Songs of triumph sounding.
377. FAST FLOW MY TEARS.

Fast flow my tears, the cause is great,
This tribute claims an injur'd Friend,
One whom I long pur-su'd with hate,
While he would love me to the end;
When justice frown'd above my head,
Death its terrors round me spread,
He interpos'd, the wounds he bore,
And had me live to die no more.
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow, Streams copious as your purple tide; Who was it gave the deadly blow? Who urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side? My soul, thy Victim here behold! What pangs, what agonies untold, While justice, arm'd with pow'r divine, Pours on his head what's due to thine.

3 Fast flow my tears—fast flow my tears, [these eyes, Now break this heart, and drown His visage marred, towards heaven he rears, [dies! And pleading for his murderers— My grief nor measure knows nor end, Till he appears the sinner's Friend, And gives me in a happy hour, To feel the risen Saviour's pow'r.

278. SINNER, COME.

Sinner, come, Mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing,

Trembling, now, Contrite bow, Take the offer'd blessing.

2 Sinner, come, While there's room, While the feast is waiting; While the Lord By his word, Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner, come, Lo, the tomb Opens wide before thee!

See death stand— Lift his hand, Waiting to devour thee.

4 Sinner, come, Ere thy doom Shall be seal'd for ever; Now return, Grieve and mourn, Flee to Christ, the Saviour.
GETHSEMANE.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Your Redeemer's conflict.

Ne, ye who feel the tempter's pow'r;
See, watch with him one bitter hour.

Turn not from his griefs away,
378. Christ an example in suffering.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's pow'r;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd:
O, the wormwood and the gall,
O, the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;
There adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time—
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd"—bear him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

380. The Dying Christian.

1 Haste, my spirit, haste away,
'Tis thy glorious Saviour calls;
Leave this tenement of clay:
Quit its broken, shattered walls:
Through these ruins I descry,
Gleams of immortality.

2 Cesse, my friends, to weep for me;
Let me rather mourn for you;
Far from sin and woe I flee,
Christ and heav'n are in my view;
Dare not wish my soul to stay,
Angels beckon me away.

3 To the sovereign hand of death,
Earthly blessings I resign;
Lord, to thee I yield my breath,
Take this ransom'd soul of mine;
And my songs of joy shall be
Ceaseless as eternity.

Doxology:

1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done.
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.
LYONS.

Tenor:

O, praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad

voice, His praise in the great Assembly to sing:

In our great Creator Let Israel rejoice, And
281. Psalm cxlix.

1 O, praise ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion
Be glad in their King.

2 Let us his great name
Devoutly adore,
In music divine
His praises express;
Who graciously opens
His bountiful store,
Our wants to relieve
And our spirits to bless.

3 The angels above
His glories shall sing,
His people below
Shall publish his praise,
Their loud acclamations
To Jesus their King,
Through earth shall re-echo
And reach to the skies.

The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our king.

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne
Let all cry aloud
And honor the Son:
Immanuel's praises
The angel's proclaim;
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might:
All honor and blessing
With angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.
HURON. C. M.

Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known; The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow before his throne. The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow before his throne.

"From the "Choir," by permission
283. King of Saints.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known; The Sovereign of your hearts pro-claim, And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour With glories all divine; Crown'd and tell the wond'ring nations round How bright those glories shine.

3 When in his earthly courts we view The beauties of our King, We long to love as angels do, And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain? Lord, teach our songs to rise; Thy love can elevate the strain, And bid it reach the skies.

WHEN MUSING SORROW.

1 When musing sorrow weeps the past, And mourns the present pain, How sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that heav'n is gain.

2 'Tis not that 'murm' ring thoughts And dread a Father's will; Arise, 'Tis not that meek submission flies, And would not suffer still—

3 It is that heaven-taught faith sur-.path to realms of light; Veys And longs her eagle plumes to raise And lose herself in sight.

4 It is, that hope with ardor glows To see Him face to face, Whose dying love no language knows Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is, that harass'd conscience feels The pangs of struggling sin; Sees, tho' afar, the hand that heals, And ends her war within.

6 O, let me wing my hallow'd flight From earth-born woes and care; And soar beyond those realms of My Saviour's bliss to share.
WHY SINKS MY SOUL, DESPONDING?

Why sinks my soul, despounding? Why fill my eyes with tears? While nature, all surrounding, the smile of beauty wears. Why burden'd still with sorrow is ev'ry lab'ring thought? Each vision that
285. Conviction of Sin.
1 Why sinks my soul, desponding?
   Why fill my eyes with tears?
While nature all surrounding,
The smile of beauty wears.
Why burden'd still with sorrow
Is ev'ry labring thought?
Each vision that I borrow
With gloom and sadness fraught?

2 The pleasures that deceived me,
   My soul no more can charm;
Of rest they have bereav'd me,
   And fill'd me with alarm;
The objects I have cherish'd
   Are empty as the wind;
My earthly joys are perish'd,
   What comfort shall I find?

3 If inward still inquiring
   I turn my searching eye,
Or upward now aspiring,
   I raise my feeble cry,
No heavily light is beaming
   To cheer my troubled breast,
No ray of comfort gleaming
   To give my spirit rest.

4 My soul, from this dread anguish
   Is there no refuge nigh?
'The guilt that makes thee anguish,
   And leaves thee thus to die;
Resonance thy sin and folly
   Before the throne of grace,
And make the Lord, most holy,
   Thy strength and righteousness.

286. Scene of the Cross.
1 O, Sacred Head, now wounded,
   With grief and pain weigh'd
How scornfully surrounded [down,
   With thorns, thy only crown;
O, Sacred Head, what glory,
   What bliss till now was thine
Yet, though despis'd and gory,
   I joy to call thee mine.

2 How art thou pale with anguish,
   With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage anguish
   Which once was bright as morn
Thy grief and thy compassion
   Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
   But thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
   To praise thee, heav'ly Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
   Thy pity without end!
Lord, make me thine for ever,
   Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
   Abuse such dying love.

4 Forbid that I should leave thee;
   O Jesus, leave not me;
By faith, I would receive thee;
   Thy blood can make me free;
When strength and comfort lane-
   And I must hence depart; [guish,
Release me then from anguish,
   By thine own wounded heart.
TABOR. S. M.

Lord, thy work revive, In Zion's gloomy hour, And let our dying graces live By thy restoring pow'r, By thy restoring pow'r.

*From the "Choir," by permission.
287. Prayer for a Revival.

1 O Lord, thy work revive,
   In Zion’s gloomy hour,
   And let our dying graces live
   By thy restoring power.

2 O, let thy chosen few
   Awake to earnest prayer;
   Their covenant again renew,
   And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
   Through lips of humble clay,
   Till hearts of adamant shall break,
   Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
   Now listen to our cry;
   O, come and bring salvation near;
   Our souls on thee rely.


1 O God of Abra'm, hear
   The parents' humble cry;
   In covenant mercy now appear,
   While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love,
   In mercy thou hast giv'n, [prove
   That we thro' grace may faithful
   In training them for heav'n.

3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
   'Their hearts to sanctify;
   Remember now thy gracious word,
   Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
   The penitential sigh; [care,
   Inspire their hearts with faith sin;
   And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are thine,
   We give them back to thee;
   O lead them by thy grace divine
   Along the heav'nly way.

289. Preparation for the Judgment.

1 How will the soul endure
   The terrors of that day, [Judge,
   When earth and heav'n, before the
   Astonish'd, flee away!

2 But ere that trumpet shakes
   The mansions of the dead, [sound
   Hark! from the gospel's cheering
   What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace;
   His wrath ye cannot bear;
   Fly to the shelter of the cross,
   And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
   By which the Saviour bled;
   And the last awful day shall pour
   His blessings on your head.

290. 'What shall I do?'

1 My former hopes are fled,
   My terror now begins,
   My guilty soul, alas, is "dead
   In trespasses and sins."

1 Ah, whither shall I fly,
   Or seek for mercy's door?
   The law proclaims destruction nigh
   And justice arm'd with pow'r.

3 When I review my ways,
   I dread th' impending doom;
   While yet some friendly whisper says
   "Flee from the wrath to come."

4 O that I now might see
   Some glimm'ring from afar,
   Some beam of hope to dawn on me,
   And save me from despair.
HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL.

How calm and beauti---ful the morn,

That gilds the sacred tomb, Where

once the Cruci----fi'd was borne, And veil'd in

midnight gloom! O, weep no more the Saviour slain;
391. The Lord is risen.

1 How calm and beautiful the morn
   That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
   And veil'd in midnight gloom!
O, weep no more, the Saviour slain;
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
   For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place—he is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarr'd:
The gates of death were clos'd in vain,
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of pray'r
   Your early footsteps bend
The Saviour will himself be there,
   Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day
  'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
   Your unbelieving fears:
O, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
   When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
   How blissful then to die:
Since He has ris'n that once was slain
Ye die in Christ to live again.

392. The great Change.

1 Say, dost thou mark that beaming eye,
   That countenance serene;
That smile of hope, and love, and joy,
   Where gloom so late has been?
More beautiful that sight appears
Than all the charms that nature wears.

2 And dost thou mark that temper mild,
   That image pure, of heav'n?
That soul subdu'd and reconcil'd,
   Which once with hate was riv'n?
Sure, nothing earthly can impart
Such meltings to a stubborn heart.

3 O, glorious change! 'tis all of grace,
   By bleeding love bestowed
On outcasts of a fallen race,
   To bring them home to God;
Infinite grace to wifleness giv'n,
The sons of earth made heirs of heav'n.
YE TREMBLING CAPTIVES, HEAR.

Tener.

Air and 2d Treble.

Ye trembling captives, hear! The
gospel trumpet sounds; What music now to
charm the ear, And heal the heart-felt wounds.
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

2 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
   Glad heav'n aloud proclaims;
   And earth, the jubilee's release,
   With eager rapture claims.

3 Far, far to distant lands
   The glorious tidings spread
   And Jesus shall his willing bands
   In joyful triumph lead.

HARVEST SONG.

When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,

Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
   To the poor belongs the treasure
   Of the scatter'd ears behind.

Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,
   But not search the bow again.

When thy favor'd vintage flowing,
   Gladdens thy autumnal scene,
   Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
   But thy vines the poor shall glean.
To God, the only wise, Our Saviour and our King, Let all the saints below the skies Their humble praises bring.
Moreland. C. M.

1. 'Tis his Almighty love,
   His counsel and his care, [death
Preserves us safe from sin and
   And ev'ry hurtful snare.

2. He will present our souls
   Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face
   With joys divinely great.

3. Lord, at thy feet we sinners lie,
   And knock at mercy's door;
With bleeding heart and downcast eye
   Thy favor we implore.

4. Then, all the chosen seed
    Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
    And make his wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer, God,
    Wisdom and power belongs
Immortal crowns of majesty,
    And everlasting songs.

6. Pleading for Mercy.

   Mercy that led thee once to bleed
In tenderness and love.

   In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,
O Lord, our sins forgive; [break,
Thy grace our stubborn hearts can
And breaking, bid us live.
WHEN IN DEATH YOU LANGUISH

When in death you languish

When your voice is low,

How your heart will swell with anguish,

And your cheek grow pale with woe;

While your soul is mourning

Grace neglected, never more returning.
297. Death of the hopeless.

When in death you languish,
When your voice is low, [gush,
How your heart will swell with an-
End your cheek grow pale with woe;
While your soul is mourning
Race neglected never more return-
ing.

2 Life will soon be over,
Soon the judgment come
Parted then from friend and lover,
You will find your chosen home;
Dreadful condemnation,
Never more to hope for God's salva-
tion.

298. WINDHAM. L. M.

Broad is the road that leads to death; And

thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a

narrow path, With here and there a traveler.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints
And walks the ways of God no more,
Shall not inherit with the saints,
But make his own destruction sure.

3 Deny thyself and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
ature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
299. PILGRIM WEARY. A DIALOGUE HYMN.

Pilgrim, weary, Lone and dreary,

Hast thou found the night? Onward, while thy course pursu ing, Hast thou been thy strength renew ing,

Or been chee r d by faintly viewing Some fair beacon light? O ye strangers, Snares and dangers Hourly have I met; Yet, by foes unseen, surrounded, And in

many a conflict wounded, I have never been confounded Christ is my light!
CHORUS. Tenor.

Yet, by foes unseen surrounded, And in many a conflict

wounded, He has never been confounded; Christ is his right!

DUET.] 3 Morn is breaking, Nature waking
With her thousand tongues:
While the shades are fast retiring,
And the charms of earth conspiring
All to fill the soul, admiring,
Listen to her songs.

Solo.] 4 Brighter regions;
Countless legions
Heaven’s morn displays:
On the eye of faith are pouring
Lofty heights and mansions tow’ring,
Spirits blest, their God adoring,
Heav’n is fill’d with praise.

CHORUS.] On the eye of faith, &c.

DUET.] 5 Pleasures nearer,
Treasures dearer,
Cannot earth afford?
Trials sore will hence await thee,
All who love the world will hate thee,
Spirits foul will fiercely meet thee,
By thy soul abhor’d?

Solo.] 6 Endless pleasures,
Boundless treasures
Shall the victor crown.
Onward still his soul is flying,
On the Lord of life relying,
All the rage of Hell defying,
Heav’n will soon be won.

CHORUS.] Onward still, &c.
300. WHAT IS LIFE.

Duo. 1st and 2nd Treble.

What is life? 'Tis but a vapor, Soon it vanishes away;

Life is but a dying taper, O, my soul, why wish to stay!

CHORUS.

Why not spread thy wings and fly, Straight to yonder world of joy!

See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter than the fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the king of saints.
Why not spread, &c.

Joyful crowds his throne surrounding
Sing with rapture of his loving,
Through the heav'n's his praise resounding,

Filling all the courts above;
Why not spread, &c.

Go and share his people's glory;
Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear;
Why not spread, &c.
LUDLOW.

Ye angels who stand round the throne, And view my Immanuel's face; In rapturous songs make him known, O! tune your soft harps to his praise.

1. Ye angels who stand round the throne,
   And view my Immanuel's face;
   In rapturous songs make him known,
   Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.

2. Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
   And cast your bright crowns at his feet;
   His grace and his glory display,
   And all his rich mercy repeat.

3. He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
   [pair; He ransom'd from death and despair;
   For you, he is mighty to save,
   And faithful to make you his care.

4. O, when will the moment appear,
   When I shall write in your song,
   I'm weary of lingering here,
   For I to your Saviour belong.

5. I'm fetter'd and chain'd here in
   I struggle and pant to be free; [clay,
   I long to be soaring away,
   My God and my Saviour to see,
HOW SWEET THE MELTING LAY. S. M.

How sweet the melting lay, Which breaks upon the ear;

When at the hour of rising day, Christians unite in pray'r.
323. Morning Prayer Meeting.
1 How sweet the melting lay,
   Which breaks upon the ear;
   When at the hour of rising day
   Christians unite in prayer.

2 The breezes waft their cries
   Up to Jehovah's throne;
   He listens to their bursting sighs,
   And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray,
   Before the morning light;
   Once on the chilling mount did stay
   And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high
   Who sends his blessings down,
   To rescue souls condemn'd to die,
   And makes his people one.

303. Prayer for all lands.
1 O Lord of sovereign grace,
   We bow before thy throne;
   And plead for all the human race,
   The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
   The knowledge of thy ways;
   And let all lands with joy record
   The great Redeemer's praise.

304. Forgiveness.
1 O blessed souls are they
   Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
   Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
   Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies past,
   And keep their hearts with care;
   Their lips and lives, without deceit,
   Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
   I felt the festering wound;
   Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
   And ready pardon found;

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
   Let saints keep near the throne,
   Our help in times of deep distress
   Is found in God alone.

305. Christian Fellowship.
1 Blest be the tie that binds
   Our hearts in Christian love;
   The fellowship of kindred minds,
   Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
   We pour our ardent prayers;
   Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
   Our comforts and our cares,

3 We share our mutual woes;
   Our mutual burdens bear;
   And often for each other flows
   The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
   It gives us inward pain;
   But we shall still be join'd in heart,
   And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
   Our courage by the way;
   While each in expectation lives,
   And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
   And sin, we shall be free;
   And perfect love and friendship reign
   Through all eternity.

306. Psalm cviii.
1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
   Shall sound through distant lands
   Great is thy grace, and sure thy word
   Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
   And long thy praise endure,
   Till morning light and evening shade
   Shall be exchang'd no more,
What shall I render to my God, For all his kindness shown?

My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address thy throne.
307. Psalm cxvii.
1 What shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
2 Among the saints that fill thy house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me! [care,
My life, which thou hast made thy
Lord, I devote to thee.
5 Now I am thine; for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move; [pain,
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of
And bound me with thy love.

308. Scriptural Instruction.
1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules impart
To keep the conscience clean.
2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.
4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise.
But love thy law, my God.

1 Let Zion and her sons rejoice
Behold the promis'd hour! [voice,
Her God hath heard her mourning
And comes t' exalt his power.
2 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there:
Nations shall bow before his name;
And kings attend with fear.
3 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
4 He frees the soul, condemn'd to death;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said ' that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.'
5 This shall be known when we are
And left on long record, [dead,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

1 My soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
2 There the great Monarch of the
His saving power displays; [skies,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.
3 With his rich gifts the heavenly
Descends and fills the place; [Dove
White Christ reveals his wond'rous
And sheds abroad his grace. [love,
4 There, mighty God, thy words de-
The secrets of thy will; [clare
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.
I'll praise my Maker
And when my voice is with my breath,
Lost in death, Praise shall employ my
Noble powers: While life and thought and being
Past last, Or immortality endures.
313. Praise. Ps. civ.
I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'r;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs; their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless, [lease.
And grants the prisoner sweet re-

312. Man Mortal. Ps. xc.
1 Think, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the graves
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demand of death,
With skill to fly or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
"The race of man was only made
"For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants day by day
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Just? Lord, where's thy kindness to the

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his Holy Word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

313. The Bible. Ps. xix.
1 I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distraught!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discov'ries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study, and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies,
But 'tis thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
O, WEEP NOT.

O! weep not for the joys that fade. Like
evening lights away;
left their mortal day:
For clouds of sorrow will depart, And
brilliant skies be given; And though on earth the tear may start, Yet
bliss awaits the holy heart, Amid the bow'rs of heav'n.
314. "The things which are not seen are eternal."

1. O! weep not for the joys that fade
   Like evening lights away;
For hopes that like the stars decay'd
   Have left their mortal day:
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
   And brilliant skies be giv'n;
And tho' on earth the tear may start,
   Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
   Amid the bow'rs of heav'n.

2. O! weep not for the joys that pass
   Into the lonely grave;
As breezes sweep the wither'd grass
   Along the restless wave:
For, tho' thy pleasures may depart,
   And mournful days be giv'n,
And lonely though on earth thou'rt art,
   Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
   When friends rejoice in heav'n.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.

315. Exhortation to immediate submission.

1. Child of sin and sorrow,
   Fill'd with dismay,
Fill'd with dism—
   Wait not for to—morrow,
   Yield thee to—day;
   Heav'n bids thee come,
   While yet there's room;
   Child of sin and sorrow,
   Hear and obey.

2. Child of sin and sorrow,
   Why wilt thou die?
   Why wilt thou die?
   Come, while thou canst borrow,
   Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
   Which from above—
   Child of sin and sorrow,
   Would bring thee nigh.

   D. C.

   D. C.

   D. C.

   D. C.
LANESBOROUGH.

There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wand'ring giv'n;

There is a joy for souls distress'd, A
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

316. Rest of Heaven.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest
   To mourning wand'rers given;
   A balm for every wounded breast,
   'Tis found above in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
   By sin and sorrow driv'n;
   Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
   And all is drear—but heav'n.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
   To brighter prospects giv'n;
   The evening shadows quickly fly,
   And all serene—in heav'n.

4 There fragrant flow'rs immortal
   And joys supreme are giv'n;
   There rays divine dispere the glooms
   Appears the dawn of heav'n.
Lord of the worlds above, How
The dwellings of thy love, Thine

pleasant and how fair;
earthly temples are;

Be Thou My heart aspires;
With

warm desires. To see my God.
2 The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 0 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.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence.
He will bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts!
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

318. God our Preserver.
Psalm cxvi.

1 Upward I lift mine eyes
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower,
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those watchful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath,
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.
THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

Thou art gone to the grave; But we will not deplore thee, Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb; The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee, And the lamp
319. **Funeral Hymn.**

1 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

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

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.
1 Ye dying sons of men, Immerg'd in sin and woe; Now mercy calls again, Its language is to you: Ye perishing and guilty, come, In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay, Nor vain excuses frame, Christ bids you come to-day, The poor and blind and lame: All things are ready—sinners, come, In mercy's arms there yet is room.
Then shall the night of sorrow see,
And peace and heav'n be found in thee.

233. Submission to God.

1 Before thy awful throne
   Now, Lord, in dust we lie;
   And all our guilt bemoan
   In tears of agony:
   Thy law is right
   That sends the soul
   To weep and howl
   In endless night.

2 For sinners didst thou die,
   To ransom them from woe?
   They raise'd their hands on high,
   They gave the deadly blow:
   Ours is that stain;
   Christ for our guilt,
   His blood has spilt,
   By sinners slain.

3 And can he still forgive?
   May rebels hear his voice,
   Repeating, turn and live,
   And taste of heavenly joys?
   Our souls shall bow,
   Our hearts shall break,
   Our tongues shall speak,
   Our tears shall flow.

4 O Lord, we will believe;
   Apply thy pard'ning blood;
   Our guilty souls receive,
   And wash them in that blood:
   We will be thine
   This blessed hour,
   And evermore
   Our souls resign.
HIGH O\'ER THE HEAVEN.*

Tenor:

1st and 2d Treble:

High o\'er the heav'n of he\'v'n I

saw, and trembled, O, God of gods, thy

robes of sacred splendor, Thunders che-

* From the "Choir," by permission.
Heaven descending upon earth,

1 High o'er the heav'n of heav'n I saw, and trembled,
O, God of gods, thy robes of sacred splendor,
Thunders cherubic, shouting holly, holly,
Lord God Almighty.

2 Drop down ye heav'ns and pour a flood of glory;
Ye shades of death, the dawn of life approaches;
Mortals shall learn the music of thy goodness,
O God, our Saviour.

3 Rise from the dust, array'd in Godlike beauty,
O, Solyma! Immortal joys await thee;
See guilty man burst from his shades of darkness,
Crown'd with salvation.
**GERMANY. C. M.**

Again the Lord of life and light, A-

wakes the kindling ray; Un-

seals the eye—lids of the morn, And pours in-

creasing day, And pours increas—ing day.

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FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

335. Sabbath Morning.

1. Again the Lord of life and light
   Awakes the kindling ray;
   Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
   And pours increasing day.

2. O, what a night was that which
   wrapp'd
   The heathen world in gloom!
   O, what a sun which broke this day
   Triumphant from the tomb!

3. This day be grateful homage paid
   And loud hosannas sung;
   Let gladness dwell in every heart,
   And praise on every tongue.

4. Ten thousand diff'rent lips shall
   To hail this welcome morn; [Join,
   Which scatters blessings from its
   wings,
   To nations yet unborn.


1. Blest are the souls that hear and
   know
   The Gospel's joyful sound;
   Peace shall attend the path they go,
   And light their steps surround.

2. Their joy shall bend their spirits up,
   Through their Redeemer's name;
   His righteousness exalts their hope,
   Nor Satan dares condemn.

3. The Lord our glory and defence,
   Strength and salvation gives:
   Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
   Thy God for ever lives.

337. Christ our Strength and
   Righteousness. Ps. lxxi.

1. My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
   When I begin thy praise,
   Where will the growing numbers end,
   The numbers of thy grace?

2. Thou art my everlasting trust,
   Thy goodness I adore;
   And since I knew thy graces first,
   I speak thy glories more.

3. My feet shall travel all the length
   Of the celestial road;
   And march with courage in thy
   strength,
   To see my Father, God.

4. When I am all'd with sore distress
   For some surprising sin,
   I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
   And mention none but thin's.

5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
   The victories of my King!
   My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
   Shall thy salvation sing.

338. Returning to Zion.

1. Sing, all ye ransom'd of the Lord,
   Your great Deliv'r sing;
   Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
   Be joyful in your King.

2. His hand divine shall lead you on,
   Through all the blissful sea;
   'Till to the sacred mount you rise,
   And see your smiling God.

2. Bright garlands of immortal joy,
   Shall bloom on every head;
   While sorrow, sighing and distress,
   Like shadows, all are fled.

4. March on in your Redeemer's
   strength,
   Pursue his footsteps still;
   With joyful hope still fix your eye,
   On Zion's heavenly hill.
"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

I would not live always, I ask not to stay,

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lucid moments

that dawn on us here, Are follow'd by gloom or beclouded with fear:

I would not live always; no, blest is the tomb; Since Jesus has
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

I would not live always, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
The few lucid moments that dawn on us here,
Are follow'd by gloom and beclouded with fear.
I would not live always; no, blest is the tomb,
Since Jesus has died, I will welcome its gloom:
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph, descending the skies.

I would not live always, remote from my God,
An exile from heaven, that blissful abode;
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
There saints of all ages in harmony sweet,
Their Saviour and Brother transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.
GOD IS MY STRONG SALVATION.

God is my strong salvation,
In darkness and temptation,

What foe have I to fear?
My light, my help is near: Though hosts encamp

a - round me, Firm to the fight I stand;

What terrors can confound me With God at my right hand.
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

230. Psalm xxvii.

1 God is my strong salvation, What foe have I to fear? In darkness and temptation, My light, my help is near: Though hosts encamp around me, Firm to the fight I stand; What terror can confound me, With God at my right hand.

2 Place on the Lord reliance, My soul with courage wait; His truth be thine affiance, When faint and desolate; His might, thine heart shall strengthen, His love, thy joy increase; Mercy thy days shall lengthen, The Lord will give thee peace.

231. God our Refuge. Ps. xlv.

1 O God of our salvation, Our refuge in distress, Our strength and consolation, Secure us by thy grace: While in thy peace abiding, While thou thyself art near In thy strong arm confiding, We shall not yield to fear.

2 Though earth were in commotion, Though mountains high were cast Into the depths of ocean, Amid the stormy blast; The billows loud and raging, In vain their foam would pour; Thy voice, the wrath assuaging Would still the tempest's roar.

3 There is a peaceful river, Descending from on high, Whose streams are pure for ever, Whose waters cannot dry; No waves of tribulation Disturb their glad'ning course; The Rock of our salvation, Is the unfailling Source.

4 God in the midst is dwelling; Mount Zion shall not move: Her streams of grace are swelling, A tide of boundless love; Her foes so late conspiring, Tumultuous in noise, Like angry waves retiring, Have melted at his voice.

5 The Lord of hosts is with us, The God of Jacob near; With his strong arm beneath us, Our souls shall never fear Our refuge is most glorious! Be still; for he is God! His cause shall be victorious, Earth trembles at his nod.

332. Sabbath School Celebration.

1 While India's sons and daughters, Their idol gods adore; And Ganges sacred waters Are stain'd with human gore While darkness, sin, and folly, The heathen world ensnare; Thy name, O Lord, most holy, Shall Christian lands declare,

2 We tune our feeble praises To Him who rules the earth, For all the light that blazes Around our place of birth: This day its paving banner The Sabbath School displays; Young children shout hosanna, And infants sing his praise.
THE SOUND OF SALVATION.

The sound of salvation is echoed afar;
The light that is beaming from Bethlehem's Star,

The breezes have borne the glad tidings abroad;
It's chasing the darkness from sorrow's abode:

The wastes of the desert in verdure appear, With

rich blooming fragrance perfuming the air;
333. "Their sound is gone out."

1 The sound of salvation is echo'd afar;
The breezes have borne the glad tidings abroad;
The light that is beaming from Bethlehem's Star,
Is chasing the darkness from sorrow's abode:
The wastes of the desert in verdure appear,
With rich blooming fragrance perfuming the air;
The mountains are sinking, the vallies arise,
And earth is becoming the joy of the skies.

2 The sound of salvation is echo'd afar;
The heralds a loud the glad mission proclaim;
The sons of redemption now waken to pray'r,
And millions rejoice in Immanuel's name:
O tremble, ye fugitives, monsters of sin!
Ye demons of darkness, ye foul and unclean!
Ye soon shall descend to your destin'd abode,
While earth shall rejoice in the smiles of her God.

3 The sound of salvation is echo'd afar,
And converts outnumber the drops of the morn;
Loud songs of rejoicing are borne through the air,
From regions long wasted, despised and forlorn:
Now millions of heathen receive the glad word,
The outcasts of Israel return to the Lord,
The earth and the sea shall be cleans'd from their stain,
And Jesus, triumphant, begin his glad reign.
Pastoral Song.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;

His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;

My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my night hours defend.
**FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.**

**332. Pсалм Стих. Пс. xxiii.**

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
   And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
   His presence shall my wants supply,  
   And guard me with a watchful eye;  
   My noonday walks he shall attend,  
   And all my midnight hours defend.

2. When in the sultry globe I faint,  
   Or on the thirty mountain pant,  
   To fertile vales and dewey meads,  
   My weary, wand'ring steps he leads  
   Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
   Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
   With gloomy horrors overspread,  
   My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
   For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
   Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,  
   And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4. Though in a bare and rugged way,  
   Thro' devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
   Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
   The barren wilderness shall smile,  
   With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
   And streams shall murmur all around.

**335. Christ our Advocate.**

1. Father of mercies, God of love,  
   O, hear an humble suppliant's cry:  
   Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
   Thy throne of glorious majesty;  
   O, deign to hear my mournful voice,  
   And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2. I urge no merit of my own;  
   No worth to claim thy gracious smile;  
   No—when I bow before thy throne,

_Dare to converse with God awhile,  
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,  
Dearest and sweetest name to me._

3. Father of mercies, God of love,  
   Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry,  
   Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
   Thy throne of glorious majesty:  
   One pard'n'ning word can make me whole,  
   And soothe the anguish of my soul.

2. O Jesus, full of pard'n'ning grace,  
   More full of grace than I of sin,  
   Yet once again I seek thy face,  
   Open thine arms and take me in—  
   O! freely my backslidings heal,  
   And love the dying sinner still.

3. Give to my eyes refreshing tears,  
   And kindle my relentings now,  
   Fill all my soul with filial fears  
   To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow,  
   Bend by thy grace, O' bend, or break  
   The iron sinew in my neck.

4. Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
   That trembles at th' approach of sin,  
   Implant and root it deep within,  
   That I may dread thy fearful pow'r,  
   And never dare offend thee more.
337. Fragility of Life. Ps. xc.

1 Lord, what a feeble piece
   Is this our mortal frame?
   Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
   That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay,
   That built our body first!
   And every mouth and every day
   'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
   And time will ne'er delay;

4 Well, if our days must fly,
   We'll keep their end in sight,
   We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
   And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
   This life's tempestuous sea;
   Soon we shall reach the peaceful
   Of blest eternity. [shore

* From the "Cheir," by permission.
EVENING:

Through the day thy love has spared us,
Through the silent watches guard us,

Now we lay us down to rest;
Let no foe our peace molest: Jesus thou our

Refuge be, While we sweetly trust in thee.

---

Evening Worship.

1 Thro' the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Thro' the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, thou our refuge be,
While we sweetly trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Still beset with snares and dangers
Let us in thine arms repose:
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heav'n at last.
Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why?

God, who did your being give, Made you with himself to live;

He the fatal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands.
2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why?
Will ye slight his grace and die?

339. Litany.
Saviour, when in dust, to thee,
Now we bow th' adoring knee,
Then, repentant, to the skies
Carce we lift our streaming eyes;
By all thy pains and wo,
Offer'd once for man below,
Ending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy birth and early years,
Thy human griefs and fears,
Thy fasting and distress
The lonely wilderness;

By thy vic'try in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's pow'r;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorns;
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy pow'r from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restor'd
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

340. Doxology.
To the Father, to the Son,
To the Spirit, Three in One, [love,
Round whose throne of boundless
All the hosts celestial move;
Blessing, honor, glory, pow'r,
And thanksgiving evermore,
Be by all the angels giv'n,
All the saints in earth and heav'n.
FROM THE CROSS UPLIFTED HIGH.

From the cross uplifted high,
What melodious sounds we hear,

Where the Saviour deigns to die;
Bursting on the ravish'd ear: "Love's redeeming work is done, Come and welcome, sinner, come."

From the cross uplifted high,
What melodious sounds we hear,

Where the Saviour deigns to die;
Bursting on the ravish'd ear: "Love's redeeming work is done, Come and welcome, sinner, come."
341. Come and Welcome.

1. From the cross uplifted high,
   Where the Saviour deigns to die;
   What melodious sounds we hear,
   Bursting on the ravish'd ear:
   "Love's redeeming work is done,
   "Come and welcome, sinner, come."

2. Sprinkled now, with blood, the throne,
   Why beneath the burden groan;
   On my pierced body laid,
   Justice owns the ransom paid;
   Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
   "Come and welcome, sinner, come."

2. Soon the days of life shall end,
   Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
   Safe your spirits to convey,
   To the realms of endless day:
   Up to my eternal home,
   "Come and welcome, sinner, come."

348. Dayspring from on High.

1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
   Christ, the true, the only light,
   Sun of Righteousness, arise,
   Triumph o'er the shades of night;
   Day-spring from on high, be near,
   Day-star in my heart, appear.

2. Dark and cheerless is the morn,
   If thy light is hid from me,
   Joyless is the day's return,
   Till thy mercy's beams I see,
   Till thy inward light impart,
   Cheer my eye and warm my heart.

3. Visit then, this soul of mine,
   Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
   Fill me, radiant Sun divine,
   Scatter all my unbelief
   More and more thyself display,
   Shining to the perfect day.

343. Exhortation to Sinners.

1. Ye who in his courts are found,
   List'ning to the joyful sound,
   Lost and helpless as ye are,
   Sons of sorrow, sin and care,
   Glorify the King of kings,
   Take the peace the Gospel brings.

2. Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
   View this bleeding sacrifice;
   See in him, your sins forgiv'n,
   Pardon, holiness, and heav'n;
   Glorify the King of kings,
   Take the peace the Gospel brings.

344. The Lord's Supper.

1. Bread of heav'n! on thee I feed
   For thy flesh is meat indeed,
   Ever may my soul be fed,
   With this true and living bread:
   Day by day with strength supplied
   Through the life of him who died.

2. Vine of heav'n! thy blood supplies
   This blest cup of sacrifice,
   'Tis thy wounds, my healing give,
   To thy cross I look and live
   Thou my life! O let me be,
   Rooted, grounded, built on thee.

345. Close of a Prayer Meeting.

1. O, 'tis sweet to mingle, where
   Christians meet for social prayer;
   O 'tis sweet, with them to raise,
   Songs of holy joy and praise;
   Then how blest that state must be
   Where they meet eternally.

2. Saviour, let these meetings prove
   Scenes of fervent Christian love;
   While we worship in this place,
   May we go from grace to grace;
   Till we, each in his degree,
   Fit for endless glory be.
Hampshire.

My God preserve my soul; O, make my spirit whole! To save me let thy strength appear;

Strangers my steps surround; Their pride and rage consumed, And bring thy great salvation near
346. Prayer for deliverance from enemies.

1 My God, preserve my soul; O, make my spirit whole!
   To save me let thy strength appear;
   Strangers my steps surround;
   Their pride and rage confound,
   And bring thy great salvation near.

2 Those that against me rise,
   Are aliens from the skies; [Lord,
   They hate thy church and kingdom,
   They mock thy fearful name;
   They glory in their shame,
   Nor heed the wonders of thy word.

3 But, O thou King divine,
   My chosen friends are thine;
   The men that still my soul sustain;
   Wilt thou my foes subdue,
   And form their hearts anew,
   And snatch them from eternal pain.

4 Escap'd from every woe,
   O grant me here below, [love;
   To praise thy name, with those I
   And when beyond the skies
   Our souls unbounded rise,
   Unite us in the realms above.

347. "The Lord reigns."

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
   And royal state maintains,
   His head with awful glories crown'd;
   Array'd in robes of light,
   Begirt with sovereign might,
   And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
   The world securely stands,
   And skies and stars obey thy word:
   Thy throne was fix'd on high,
   Before the starry sky:
   Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
   Like billows fierce and loud,
   Against thine empire rage and roar;
   In vain with angry spite
   The sires nations fight,
   And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
   And all their powers engage,
   Let swelling tides assault the sky;
   The terrors of thy frown
   Shall beat their madness down:
   Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
   Thy grace is ever new;
   There fix'd, thy church shall never remove:
   Thy saints with holy fear
   Shall in thy courts appear,
   And sing thine everlasting love.


1 How pleasant 'tis to see
   Kindred and friends agree,
   Each in his proper station move,
   And each fulfill his part
   With sympathizing heart,
   In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the ointment, shed
   On Aaron's sacred head,
   Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
   The oil thro' all the room
   Diffus'd a choice perfume,
   Ran thro' his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain
   That water all the plain,
   Descending from the neigh'ring hills;
   Such streams of pleasure roll
   Thro' every friendly soul,
   Where love like heavenly dew distills.
FAR FROM EARTH RETREATING.

Far from earth retreating, And its
From thy glorious dwelling, Where heav'n's

scenes so fleeting, Lord, I come to thee;
joys are swelling, Saviour, look on me:

Let thy light dispel my night, Let thy lovely
349. Self Consecration.

1 Far from earth retiring,
And its scenes so fleeting,
Lord, I come to thee
From thy glorious dwelling,
Where heav'n's joys are swelling,
Saviour look on me;
Let thy light
Dispel my night;
Let thy lovely peace come o'er me,
While I bend before thee.

2 Lord, behold me waiting,
Freely consecrating
All I have to thee;
Near thy cross abiding,
In thy love confiding,
Ever, thine to be
O, then come,
My heart illumine;
Make my soul thy humble dwell-
Rebel thoughts expelling.

3 Grace has made me willing,
Grace my spirit filling,
Lord, the praise be thine;
When with free salvation,
Sav'd from condemnation,
Near thy throne I shine:
Then the strain
Shall swell again,
Glory to thy name, blest Saviour,
Reign, O, reign for ever.

350. Christ in adversity.

1 'Mid the wide commotion
Of life's troubled ocean,
What have I to fear?
While around this dwelling,
Tempest waves are swelling,
Jesus still is near:
With his peace
My joys increase,
Far beyond earth's fading pleasures
And her richest treasures.

2 Lord, in thee abiding,
In thy strength confiding,
I shall never fall:
As thy love is beaming—
As heav'n's light is streaming
O'er my trembling soul;
Jesus hear
My earnest prayer;
Save me from sin's dread intrusion.
Save me from delusion.
SOFT AND HOLY.

Soft and holy is the place,

Where the light that beams from heav'n,

Shows the Saviour's smiling face,

* From the "Choir" by permission.
351. The House of God.

1 Soft and holy is the place, heav'n,
Where the light that beams from
Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
With the joy of sins forgiv'n.

2 There with one accord we meet,
All the words of life to hear,
Bending low at Jesus' feet,
Worshipping with godly fear.

3 Let the world and all its cares,
Now retire from every breast;
Let the tempter and his snares,
Cease to hinder or molest.

4 Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
Fairest type of heav'n above,
Purest joy thy scenes afford
To the heart that's tun'd to love.

352. Resurrection of Christ.

1 Angels roll the rock away,
Death yields up his mighty prey,
See! he rises from the tomb,
Cloth'd in heaven's immortal bloom!

2 'Tis the Saviour! seraphs, raise
Your triumphant songs of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound,
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
See him high in glory rise!
Hosts of angels on the road,
Hail him, the incarnate God!

4 Heav'n unfolds its portals wide:
See the Conq'ror through them ride;
King of Glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Praise him all ye heavenly choirs,
Tune and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

353. Song of Angels.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconcil'd."

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Mild he lays his glories by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

4 Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to man he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
Parting soul, the floods a-wait thee,

And the billows round thee roar; Yet rejoice; the holy

city Stands on ye celestial shore.
354. To a dying Saint.
1 Parting soul, the floods await thee,
And the billows round thee roar,
Yet rejoice, the holy city
Stands on thy celestial shore.

2 There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide;
There the just in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.

3 Linger not, the stream is narrow,
Thou' its cold dark waters rise;
He who pass'd the flood before thee
Guides thy path to yonder skies.

355. "Weep not for me."
1 Why lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
He can greet the op'ning tomb.

2 What if death, with icy fingers,
All the fount of life congeals?
'Tis not thee thy brother lingers,
'Tis not death his spirit feels.

3 Thou' for him thy soul is mourning,
Thou' with grief thy heart is riv'n;
While his flesh to dust is turning,
All his soul is fill'd with heav'n.

4 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay;
See him rise o'er death victorious,
Angels beckon him away.

5 Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds unearthly fill his ear;
Millions now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

356. Prayer for deliverance and forgiveness.
1 Dread Jehovah! God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies;
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Thou our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgressions,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppressions,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

357. Song of Angels.
1 Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly spending through the sky?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
"Glory be to God most high."

2 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven."
Harp's and voices loud resound;
"Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven,
"Far as guilty man is found."

3 Christ is born, ye saints adore him,
Fear his name and taste his joy;
Till in heav'n ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"
BEFORE THY FOOTSTOOL KNEELING.

Before thy footstool kneeling, O, Lord to thee we cry;
While for thy gift of healing, We raise our voice on high.

Diseases and afflictions Thy ready servants are;
Chastisements and corrections To quicken us in prayer.
### 358. In Sickness.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Before thy footstool kneeling,</th>
<th>Remember'd songs of gladness</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O, Lord to thee we cry;</td>
<td>Thro' night's lone silence brought,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While for thy gift of healing,</td>
<td>Make notes of deeper sadness,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We raise our voice on high:</td>
<td>And stir desponding thought.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diseases and afflictions</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy ready servants are;</td>
<td>3 Has God cast off for ever?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chastisements and corrections</td>
<td>Can time his truth impair?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To quicken us in prayer.</td>
<td>His tender mercy, never</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We own our guilt and folly,</td>
<td>Shall I presume to share?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But thou canst still forgive;</td>
<td>Hath he his loving kindness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And thou, most high and holy,</td>
<td>Shut up in endless wrath?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canst bid the sick revive:</td>
<td>No: 'tis but human blindness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though now cast down in sorrow,</td>
<td>That cannot see his path.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In darkness and distress;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joy may return to-morrow,</td>
<td>4 Thy way is in great waters,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through thy restoring grace.</td>
<td>Thy footsteps are unknown;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As suppliants now before thee,</td>
<td>Let Adam's sons and daughters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beside affliction's bed;</td>
<td>Confide in thee alone:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Physician, we adore thee,</td>
<td>Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And trembling ask thine aid;</td>
<td>Holy are all thy ways;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before thy footstool kneeling,</td>
<td>The secret place of thunder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To thee, to thee we cry;</td>
<td>Shall utter forth thy praise.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Send down thy gift of healing</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Our souls on thee rely.</td>
<td>360. Repentance.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 359. Psalm lxxvii.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>In time of tribulation</th>
<th>Before thy cross lamenting,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hear, Lord, my feeble cries,</td>
<td>My Saviour I would lie,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With humble supplication</td>
<td>Of all my sins repenting,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To thee my spirit flies:</td>
<td>That cause'd my Lord to die:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My heart with grief is breaking,</td>
<td>My soul with tears of anguish,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scarce can my voice complain:</td>
<td>Her follies would confess;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My eyes with tears kept waking,</td>
<td>O! while in pain I languish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Still watch and weep in vain—</td>
<td>Restore me by thy grace.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The days of old in vision</td>
<td><strong>Doxology.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bring vanish'd bliss to view,</td>
<td>To Father, Son, and Spirit,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The years of lost fruition,</td>
<td>Eternal praise be giv'n,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Their joys in pangs renew:</td>
<td>By all that earth inherit,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And all that dwell in heav'n;</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Thou triune God! before thee,</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Our inmost souls adore:</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Who art and hast been worthy,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And shalt be evermore.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
HEBRON. L. M.

Thus far the Lord has led me on.

Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev'ry evening

shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

* From the H. & H. Connection, by permission
361. Evening Hymn.
1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;
   Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
   And every evening shall make known
   Some fresh memorial of his grace.
2 Much of my time has run to waste,
   And I perhaps am near my home;
   But he forgives my follies past,
   And gives me strength for days to come.
3 I lay my body down to sleep;
   Peace is the pillow for my head;
   While well-appointed angels keep
   Their watchful stations near my bed.
4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
   Tell me a thousand frightful things;
   My God in safety makes me dwell
   Beneath the shadow of his wings.
5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
   My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
   My soul shall rest beneath the tomb,
   With sweet salvation in the sound.

363. Example of Christ.
1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
   I read my duty in thy word;
   But in thy life the law appears,
   Drawn out in living characters.
2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
   Such reverence to thy Father's will,
   Thy love and meekness so divine,
   I would transcribe and make them mine.
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
   Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
   The desert thy temptations knew,
   Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
   More of thy gracious image here;
   Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
   Among the followers of the Lamb.

363. Walk by faith, not by sight.
1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
   We walk thro' deserts dark as night,
   Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
   Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
2 The want of sight she well supplies,
   She makes the pearly gates appear;
   Far into distant worlds she pries,
   And brings eternal glories near.
3 Cheerful we tread the desert thro',
   While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
   Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
   And rocks and dangers fill the way.
4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
   Left his own house to walk with God:
   His faith beheld the promis'd land,
   And fir'd his zeal along the road.

364. Morning or Evening Song.
1 My God, how endless is thy love!
   Thy gifts are every evening new,
   And morning mercies from above,
   Gently distil like early dew.
2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
   Great guardian of my sleeping hours
   Thy sov'reign word restores the light;
   And quickens all my drowsy powers.
3 I yield my powers to thy command;
   To thee I consecrate my days;
   Perpetual blessings from thine hand
   Demand perpetual songs of praise.
KNOW MY SOUL, THY FULL SALVATION.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation,

Rise o'er sin and fear and care; Joy to find in ev'ry station,

Something still to do or bear: Think what spirit
365. Hope of Salvation.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee,
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine!

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, & wing'd by pray'r;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;

Soon shall close thy earthly mission
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition;
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

366. Benediction.

1 May the grace of Christ o'erflowing,
And the Father's boundless love,
And the Spirit, life bestowing,
Rest upon us from above;
Thus may we abide united,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in him, delighted,
Joys which earth cannot afford.
MY GRACIOUS REDEEMER I LOVE.

My gracious Redeemer I love,
And join with the armies above.

His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
To chant his adorable name; To gaze on his glories divine, Shall be my eternal stay; To see them,
367. Love to Christ.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
   His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
   And join with the armies above,
   To chant his adorable name;
   To gaze on his glories divine,
   Shall be my eternal employ;
   To see them incessantly shine,
   My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
   My soul from the confines of hell;
   To live on the smiles of my God,
   And in his sweet presence to dwell;
   To shine with the angels of light,
   With saints and with seraphs to sing,
   To view with eternal delight
   My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 Ye palaces, sceptres and crowns,
   Your pride with disdain I survey;
   Your pomp are but shadows and sounds,
   That pass in a moment away;
   The crown that my Saviour bestows,
   You permanent sun will outshine;
   My joy everlasting flows,
   My God, my Redeemer is mine.

368. Absence of Christ.

1 The happy in Jesus may rest,
   But O, till in me he appears,
   I mourn, by his absence oppress'd,
   And water my couch with my tears:
   Ye watchmen of Israel declare,
   If ye my Beloved have seen,
   And point to that heavenly Fair,
   Surpassing the children of men.

369. Psalm xcv.

1 O come, let us sing to the Lord,
   In God our salvation rejoice;
   In psalms of thanksgiving record,
   His praise with one spirit and voice;
   Jehovah is King, and he reigns
   The God of all gods on his throne,
   The strength of the hills he maintains,
   The ends of the earth are his own.

2 O come, let us worship and kneel,
   Before our Creator, our God,
   The people who serve him with zeal,
   The sheep who his pastures have trod:
   To him let us hearken to-day, [love,
   The voice that yet speaks from a-
   And all his commandments obey,
   For he that hath given them is love.
HOW LONG SHALL VIRTUE Languish?

How long shall virtue languish? How long shall folly reign? While many a heart with anguish

Is weeping o'er the slain? How long shall dissi-
FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

370. Temperance.

1 How long shall virtue languish?
   How long shall folly reign?
While many a heart with anguish
   Is weeping o'er the slain?
How long shall dissipation
   Her deadly waters pour,
Throughout this favor'd nation,
   Her millions to devour?

2 When shall the veil of blindness
   Fall from the sons of wealth,
Restoring human kindness,
   And industry and health?

When shall the charm so luring,
   Of bad example cease;
The ends at once securing,
   Of industry and peace?

3 We hail with joy unceasing,
   The Band whose pledge is giv'n;
Whose numbers are increasing
   Amid the smiles of Heav'n:
Their virtues never failing,
   Shall lead to brighter days,
When holiness prevailing,
   Shall fill the earth with praise.
COME LET US ANEW.

Come let us anew

Our journey pursue, Roll round

with the year, And never stand
371. A New Year.

1 Come let us anew
   Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year
And never stand still, till our Master appear.

2 Our life is a dream,
   Our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

3 The arrow is flown,
   The moment is gone,
The millennium year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

4 O, that each in the day
   Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way thro',
I have finish'd the work thou didst
give me to do."

5 O, that each from the Lord
   May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy and sit down on my
throne."

Doxology.

6 To the Father, the Son,
   And the Spirit—Three, One,
Let glory be given,
By the ransomed on earth and legions
in heav'n.
O Jesus divine, My Lord and my God, My
soul I resign The purchase of blood: Thy law sin-reproving Brings death
soul; But mercy, self-mov ing, Can bid me be whole.

2 To thee will I look,
To thee will I cry,
"O lead to the Rock
That's higher than I;"

Thy love interceding
Shall pardon secure,
For while thou art pleading
Salvation is sure.
373. GRANVILLE,

Come thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all
glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us Ancient of days.

* For the remainder of this hymn, the reader is referred to page 85.
374. WORCESTER. Sevens Double.

Mod. Jesus, lover of my soul,
While the billows near me roll,
D. C. Safe into the haven guide.

Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the tempest still is high;
O receive my soul at last.

Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past.

* See the rest of this hymn at page 11.
When shall the voice of singing flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley ringing, with one triumphant song,

Proclaim the contest ended, and Him who once was slain,

Again to earth descended, in righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;

High tow'r and lofty dwelling,
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound.
The Adieu.

To thee, when call'd awhile to part, With friends or kindred dear, To thee we raise each drooping heart.

And tell each rising fear. For thou, O God, art
376. Parting with Friends.

1 To thee, when call'd awhile to part
With friends or kindred dear;
To thee we raise each drooping heart,
And tell each rising fear;
For thou, O God, art ever nigh
To hear thy children when they cry.

2 The Lord in mercy condescends
To those who ask his love;
Calls them his children and his friends,
And writes their names above.
His bending ear, his smiling face,
Are present at the throne of grace.

3 As children of a Father's care,
Thy blessing we implore;
As friends of Jesus we would share
Thy presence evermore.
'Tis this alone can cheer the soul,
And every rising grief control.

4 If thou art with us when we part
With friends or kindred dear,
To fill with joy each drooping heart,
And banish every fear;
How easy then, to bid adieu!
For Jesus smiles, and Heav'n is true.


1 Heav'n is the place where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more.
And not the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2 Heav'n is the place where Jesus lives,
To plead his dying blood;
While to his prayers his Father gives
An unknown multitude;
Whose hopes and tongues thro' endless days,
Shall crown his head with songs of praise.

3 Heav'n is the dwelling place of joy,
The home of light and love;
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransom'd souls above
Enjoy, before th' Eternal throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.
CHILDREN'S SONG.

Solo.

The Saviour suffers us to come, And we have no parents; but the Lord, Since infant lips may sing his praise; Ye friends of Jesus they are dead may take us up; O! tell us of that give us room, And listen to the song we gracious word, Which fills us with the orphan's raise. The Sabbath schools his grace receive, And hope. The orphan's sigh, the children's pray'r, The children now behold his charms, Parents and teachers infant's songs, the teacher's lays, The Lord will conde-

O! believe, And bring us to the Saviour's arms. descend to hear, He will accept our joyful praise.

CHORUS.

Then let us all in chorus join, The triumph of the
378. Hymn for Sabbath School celebration.

INFANT SCHOOL.
1 The Saviour suffers us to come, And infant lips may sing his praise; Ye friends of Jesus, give us room, And listen to the song we raise.

SABBATH SCHOOL.
2 The Sabbath schools his grace receive, And children here behold his charms; Parents and teachers, O! believe, And bring us to the Saviour's arms.

ORPHAN SCHOOL.
3 We have no parents; but the Lord, Since they are dead, may take us up, O! tell us of that gracious word, Which fills us with the orphan's hope.

TEACHERS.
4 The orphan's sigh, the children's prayer, The infant's song, the teacher's lays, The Lord will condescend to hear, He will accept our joyful praise.

CHORUS.
5 Then let us all in concert join, The triumphs of the cross to tell; And celebrate in strains divine, The glories of Immanuel.

INFANT SCHOOL.
6 And who is our Immanuel? And what the triumphs of his cross? 'Twas he that came on earth to dwell: He died—he lives to save the lost.

SABBATH SCHOOL.
7 And will not he our cause defend? May we not humbly trust his grace. Yes, he will be the orphan's friend, A father of the fatherless.

TEACHERS.
8 In him we live, in him we move, From him alone our blessings flow: Then let us all the Saviour love, And in his grace and knowledge grow.
379. CONTEMPLATION.*

How blest the minds which daily rise
To worlds unseen beyond the skies,

On heav'n taught pinions while they soar,
And lose this vale of tears! And joys unknown to sense explore,

How low the cares of mortal life, How mean its bliss appears!

2 O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my thoughts and hopes above
These little scenes of care;
Above these gloomy mists which rise,
And pain my heart and cloud my eyes;
To see the dawn of heav'nly day,
And breathe celestial air.

3 Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues,
There join in rapture breathing
And tune the golden lyre;
To Jesus, their exalted Lord,
Dear name! how lov'd and how ador'd!
His charms awake the heav'nly
And every note inspire.

* By omitting the second repeat the tune will have the metre of Courtpilla, &c.
380. THE SUPPLIANT.

Forgive my folly, O Lord most holy, Cleanse me from every

stain: For thee I languish, Pity my anguish, Nor let my sighing be vain.

2 Deeply repenting,
   Sorely lamenting,
All my departures from thee:
   And now returning,
Thine absence mourning;
   Lord show thy mercy to me.

3 Sinful unworthy,
   Trembling before thee,
Here at thy cross will I kneel;
   Thy love once bleeding
And now interceding
   Shall with the Father prevail.

4 Through thy rich merit,
   By thy free Spirit,
Comfort my desolate soul:
   Heav'ly Physician
In kind compassion
   Now bid the wounded be whole.
DEPARTURE.

Friend after friend departs; Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here.

of hearts That finds not here an end.

Were this frail world our only rest.
381. Heaven.

1 Friend after friend departs;
   Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end,
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
   Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life’s affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
   Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form’d for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
   Till all are pass’d away;
As, morning high and higher shines
   To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven’s own light.

382. Death of the Righteous.

1 This place is holy ground;
   World, with thy care set away;
Silence and darkness reign around.
   But soon the break of day—
The resurrection dawn appears
   To shine upon this scene of tears.

2 Behold the bed of death,
   This pale and lovely clay,
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
   Mark’d ye the eye’s last ray?
No! life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Could tears revive the dead,
   Rivers would swell our eyes;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
   We would not quench our sighs
Till love illum’d this altered mien,
   And all the embodied soul were seen.

4 Bury the dead, and weep,
   In stillness o’er the lost;
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep.
   Who bore on earth his cross.
Soon from the grave the dust shall rise
   In his own image to the skies.
THE SABBATH.

Lord of the Sabbath and its light, I hail thy

hallow'd day of rest; It is my weary

soul's de-light, The solace of my care-worn
384. The Sabbath.

1 Lord of the Sabbath and its light,
I hail thy hallowed day of rest;
It is my weary soul’s delight,
The solace of my careworn breast.

2 Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly; but they pass too soon,
And leave me sudden’d at this flight.

3 Yet, sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed tho’ the calm they yield,
Transporting though their rapturous song,
And heav’nly visions seem reveal’d.

4 My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains,
Unless, my Saviour, thou art near;
To heal my wounds, and soothe my pains.

5 O Jesus, ever let me hail,
Thy presence with thy day of rest,
Then will thy servant never fail,
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

385. Sabbath Evening.

1 Another day has pass’d along,
And we are nearer to the tomb;
Nearer to join the heav’nly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sun beams lingering there,
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 The time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill;
All fair with evening’s setting glow.

4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heav’n above.

5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.
FORTSEA. Tans.

To bless the Lord our wonders

God in strains divine, With thankful hearts
His right hand hath shown! Wonders his cho-

and raptur'd voices join;
sent tribes have scarcely known!

Like David bless'd, begin th' enraptur'd

*From Mission Bares, by permission. The tune, by omitting the repeat, may be sung in stanzas of four lines.
367. Psalm xviii. applied to the American Revolution.

1 To bless the Lord our God, in strains divine,
   With thankful hearts and raptur'd voices join;
   To us what wonders his right hand hath shown!
   Mercies his chosen tribes have scarcely known!
   Like David blest, begin th' enraptur'd song;
   And praise and joy awaken ev'ry tongue.

2 No more against our land shall strangers rise,
   But fade, and fade, beneath avenging skies;
   Pleas'd the fierce heathen yield to happier sway,
   The groping savage hails the gospel day;
   Low sink the proud, the sons of blood be slain,
   Nor injur'd Zion lift her cries in vain.

3 But, O thou Power belov'd! our shores around,
   Be every virtue, every blessing found;
   Here bid thy seasons crown the fruitful plain;
   Here bid fair peace extend her blissful reign;
   Let law, let justice, hold perpetual sway;
   The soul unfetter'd, and the conscience free.
OAKHAM.

Rejoice in the Lord, Believe in his word, Confide in his mercy and grace.

His throne shall endure, His promise is sure, In him shall the righteous have
389. Joy in God.

1 Rejoice in the Lord,
Believe in his word,
Confide in his mercy and grace,
His throne shall endure,
His promise is sure,
In him shall the righteous have peace.

2 Thrice happy are they,
Who his precepts obey;
Who delight in the law of their God,
Their joys shall increase,
And their trials shall cease,
As they enter the heav'ly abode.

3 What scenes will arise,
As they pass through the skies;
What capture their bosoms will fill,
As their harps they employ
In the fulness of joy,
On the height of some heavenly hill.

4 Rejoice in the Lord,
Believe in his word,
Confide in his mercy and grace,
His throne shall endure,
His promise is sure,
In him shall the righteous have peace.

390. Contribution for Benevolent Purposes.

1 O Jesus our King,
These offerings we bring,
And prostrate ourselves at thy throne;
We come in thy name,
No merit we claim,
We bring thee but what is thy own.

2 Thine, Lord, is the whole,
The body, the soul,
All, all that we have or desire;
Our time and our health,
Our influence, our wealth,
Our affections that upward aspire.

3 Yet wilt thou approve
Such offerings of love;
And when stewards thy treasures restore,
They find their reward
In the joy of their Lord;
And what could thy servants have more?

4 Thy name we adore,
Thy blessing implore,
O! smile on the trifles we bring;
Accept from our hands
What thy glory demands,
And thy praises aloud we will sing,
BLAKE. C. M.

Tenor.

1st and 3d Treble.

love to steal a while away From ev'ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful pray'r; And
394. Prayer at evening twilight.

1 I love to steal awhile away
   From every toiling care,
   And spend the hours of setting day,
   In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
   The penitential tear,
   And all His promises to plead,
   Where none but God can hear

3 I love to think on mercies past,
   And future good implore,
   And all my cares and sorrows cast
   On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view,
   Of brighter scenes in heav’n;
   The prospect doth my strength renew,
   While here by tempests driv’n,

5 Thus, when life’s toilsome day is o’er,
   May its departing ray
   Be calm as this impressive hour,
   And lead to endless day.

396. Distribution of Tracts.

1 O! bless the silent heralds, Lord,
   Attend them on their way;
   While they declare thy precious word
   Let multitudes obey.

2 Let sinners read, and thus discern,
   The grace that thou hast given;
   Till they by sweet experience learn,
   The way that leads to heav’n.

3 May those who now the heralds
   Be filled with holy love; hear,
   And give themselves to earnest pray-
   For blessings from above.

396. Scriptural teaching of the Young.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
   And guard their lives from sin?
   Thy word the choicest rules imports
   To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
   It spreads such light abroad,
   The meanest souls instruction find,
   And raise their thoughts to God.

3 ’Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
   That guides us all the day;
   And thro’ the dangers of the night,
   A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
   How pure is every page!
   That holy book shall guide our youth,
   And well support our age.
397. THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Tenor.

1st verse. Be joyful in God all ye

2d verse. O, enter his gates with thanks-

lands of the earth, O serve him with
giving and song, Your vows in his

gladness and fear, Exult in his presence with
temple proclaim, His praise with melodious ac

*From the "Choir," by permission.
ho - li - est mirth, With love and de - voti - on draw
cord - ance pro - long, And bless his a - do - ra - ble
near. The Lord he is God and Je -
name: For good is the Lord, in - ex -
he - va - ah a - lone, Cre - a - tor and Ru - ler o'er
pressi - bly good; And we are the work of his
all; And we are his people, his sceptre we
hand; His mercy and truth from eternity
own; His sheep; And we follow his call, we
stood; And shall to eternity stand, to e-
follow his call, we follow his call.
ternity stand, to eternity stand.
WILMOT.  Seven.
Slow and soft.

Jesus, save my dying soul;

Make the broken spirit whole; Humbled in the dust I lie; Saviour, leave me not to die.

1 Jesus, save my dying soul; Make the broken spirit whole; Humbled in the dust I lie; Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace, Now reveal thy smiling face; Grant the joy of sin, forgiven, Forstaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to thee is known, Thou art righteous, thou alone. All my help is from thy cross; All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord in thee I now believe; Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive? Helpless at thy feet I lie; Saviour leave me not to die.
Wake, isles of the south, your redemption draws near, No longer repose in the borders of gloom, The strength of his zephyrs that play when the ocean storms cease, Shall wait the rich chosen in love will appear, And light shall a-freight to your desolate shore; Shall wait the glad

* These words were written by W. B. Tappan, and sung on the first embarkation of missionaries for the Sandwich Islands in 1832. They seem almost prophetic of the events then about to take place.
rise on the verge of the tomb:
tidings of pardon and peace.

On the islands that sit in the regions of night;
The land of despair, to oblivion a prey.
The morning will open with
healing and light, The glad Star of Bethlehem will brighten today, The glad Star of Bethlehem will brighten to-
Wake, Isles of the South.

Wake, Isles of the South, your redemption is near!
No longer repose in the borders of gloom!
The strength of his chosen in love will appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb.
The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play when the ocean storms cease
Shall waft the rich freight to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.
On the islands that sit in the regions of night,
(The land of despair, to oblivion a prey,)
The morning will open with healing and light;
The glad Star of Bethlehem will brighten to day.

The altar and idol, in dust overthrown,
The incense forbade that was hallow'd with blood,
The Priest of Melchisedec there shall atone,
And the shrines of Atooi be sacred to God.
The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The day-spring, the prophet in vision once saw;
When the beams of Messiah will 'lumine each clime,
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.
And thou, OBOOMAH! now sainted above,
Wilt rejoice as the heralds their mission disclose;
And thy prayer be heard, that the land thou didst love
May blossom as Sharon, and bud as the rose.
400. SHEPHERD, WHILE THY FLOCK.

Shepherd, while thy flock are feeding, Take these lambs

In thine arms, Now for shelter pleading.

2 While the storm of life is low'ring Night and day Beasts of pray Are lurking and devouring

3 Shepherd every grace combining, Keep these lambs, In thine arms, On thy breast reclining.

* From Musica Sacra.
HINTS TO LAYMEN, AND TO THE CLERGY.

1. The tunes of this volume admit of some variety of style, as to the manner of expressing different subjects, with the same melody. Generally speaking, however, the movement should be more rapid than would be required in psalmody. The air is for the most part, so arranged as to be sung either with treble or tenor voices: but the second treble, does not admit of the same license.

2. Some of the tunes, such as Chester, page 17, Invitation, p. 43, Return, O Wanderer, p. 51, being intended only for a single voice, should seldom be given to a full choir or congregation.

3. A small number of tunes, such as Watchman tell us, p. 72, Response, p. 106, have the best effect in dialogue, and should not be given out in public meetings, without consulting the person who leads the singing.

4. Such pieces as Brightness of Glory, p. 58, the Lord is my Shepherd, p. 100, and a few others, are of a character too delicate for ordinary occasions; and are properly classed with such pieces as Elliot, p. 85, and Evening Song, p. 86, to be sung in private or family worship.

5. Another class may be mentioned, such as Zion, p. 16, Salem, p. 29, Light of those, p. 26, Believer's Joy, p. 38, The Warning, p. 49, Missionary Hymn, p. 44, Conflict, p. 52, Geneva, p. 60, There is a Harp, p. 64, Sweet was the Time, p. 66, the Promises, p. 74, Happy Soul, p. 76, Moravian Hymn, p. 79, Rock of Ages, p. 84, Convocation, p. 92, My Faith looks up to Thee, p. 94, Advent, p. 95, Prospect, p. 102, Norfolk, p. 110, While Life Prolongs, p. 112, To-Day the Saviour Calls, p. 114, Return, p. 120; Adoration, p. 122, The Alarm, p. 182, Mission Song, p. 136, The Judgment Seat, p. 138. Will you scorn the Message, p. 148; Wake the Song, p. 150. Though the tunes of this class, like most of the others, are intended for seasons of private worship, or family circles of prayer, they may yet occasionally be sung by a full orchestra, during public worship on the Sabbath, or on other occasions of religious interest, especially when the words have been rendered familiar to the congregation.
6. The clergyman should seldom read two hymns of a peculiar metre from the same page of this work, during a single religious meeting, as this would generally require two successive performances of the same tune.

7. It is scarcely to be presumed that any company of singers will always be prepared to perform every tune in the volume that the clergyman might choose to select. A regular list should therefore be furnished him; or the tunes committed to memory, may be marked in the margin with a pencil.

8. The compilers would respectfully suggest, whether the practice of committing devotional hymns to memory, that prevails in some denominations, ought not to be more extensively adopted. This would greatly facilitate the performance of such hymns, and heighten the general interest in their character.

9. Is it necessary that such an endless variety of hymns should be selected, as is often the practice? Hymns with which we are familiarly acquainted, and with which we are particularly pleased, have been found, in general, to produce the strongest effect upon our devotions. The simple, didactic or descriptive too, is better to be read than to be sung. And, on the other hand, a small number of general subjects, it is believed, may be found appropriate to a great variety of sermons or occasions. The 51st psalm, for example, might be well adapted, so far as the subject is concerned, to a whole series of sermons on the nature and duty of repentance, embracing the obligations and motives; or to a similar series on the subject of forgiveness; or to a series which should be calculated to expose any particular sins, or any causes of lukewarmness, or backsliding, or impenitence. But to seek for hymns which should enter into all the leading particulars of a didactic or argumentative discourse on these subjects, would be to seek for skeletons in rhyme, which could never be sung to any devotional purpose. If this fact were more generally understood it would lead in time to the exclusion of a multitude of unpoeitic effusions from the current hymn books: and this, as we fully believe, to the great improvement of devotional singing.

10. The practice of lining the psalm, as it is called, would nearly destroy the effect of these simple melodies. The practice is a great injury to charity, under any circumstances; but here it would be particularly detrimental to the interests of devotion. Ought not a practice which
seems to have originated in the want of books, and the ignorance of letters, to be abandoned, in such an age of improvement as our own?

11. In reference to the matters above mentioned, the clergyman, if not himself a singer, would do well to consult with the persons who have this portion of the religious exercises more specially in charge. A few moments consultation, previous to a meeting, would often increase the devotional influences of song, when the singers themselves are spiritual.

12. The influence of clergymen at private rehearsals, and at schools, would be of great use. The voice of prayer and occasional exhortation, should be heard at such places. The Lord is beginning to bless singing schools that are religiously conducted: and ought not the watchmen to recognize this fact among the interesting signs of the times? Clergymen are prone to neglect this subject: and often they ocasion, without perhaps intending it, great discouragement to the singers of their congregations. A little attention to this subject, on right principles, would not be superfluous, though a pastor should really have no talent for music.

13. In past ages, devotional singing was almost universal in Christian families. Why is it now so extensively neglected? Have the apostolic precepts and examples on this subject, no longer any binding influence upon us? Few families would be found destitute of talent, if these requirements were habitually obeyed.
RUDIMENTS.

NOTATION.

Under the head of notation in vocal music, our present limits will admit only of the following brief outline.

1. OF THE SCALES.

The octave, consisting of eight primary sounds, as written upon the ordinary staff of five lines, is the foundation of all melody. The first of these sounds is called a key.

ASCENDING.

KEY. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

DESCENDING.

KEY. 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.

These sounds rise or fall at unequal distances, called tones and semitones. But as the staff marks to the eye no other than equal degrees, additional characters are employed to supply this deficiency. These are the clefs, the first seven letters of the alphabet, and flats, sharps, and naturals. The letters give names to the lines and spaces of the staff, and the clefs show the manner of their application.

The F. clef designates the base staff and occupies the fourth line. The G. clef is used for tenor or treble, and occupies the second line.

BASE.

B

A

G

F

E

D

C

B

A

G

F

TREBLE OR TENOR.

G

F

E

D

C

B

A

G

F

The music syllables in most common use, are FAW, SOL, LAW, MI. When applied to the ascending octave, they read thus—FAW, SOL, LAW, FAW, SOL, LAW, MI, FAW; and when applied to the descending octave, they read by version—FAW, MI, LAW, SOL, FAW, LAW, SOL, FAW.
ASCENDING.

Descending.

The above is called the natural scale. The key note is C. The treble here begins with the highest note of the base, and carries the melody an octave higher. But when the tenor voice is applied to the treble clef, the sounds as there written, are sung in unison with the base i.e. one octave lower than that of the treble.

The semitones lie between the syllables Law, Law, as at E and F; and at Mi, Law, as at B and C. Between the other syllables, are tones.

When the octave commences at any other degree of the staff, the scale is no longer natural, and in such case the tones and semitones necessarily acquire new places in the staff, the transpositions are shown by flats and sharps placed at the clef:

The same syllables always represent the same melody; appropriate changes of their location in the staff serve therefore to secure the right intonation. In naming the sounds of the octave, the syllable Mi occurs but once; hence, if the place of this syllable can be ascertained, that of the others will follow of course, because the order of reckoning is always uniform.

In the natural scale, as seen in a former example, the syllable Mi is always located at B; while Law occupies C, and Sol, D, &c. When a flat is placed on the B line, (see next example,) the syllable Mi is removed to the line or space called E. When a sharp is placed on the line or space called F, the syllable Mi is removed to F; and in these and other cases of removal, as before intimated, the other syllables are wholly governed by the location of the syllable Mi.

No. 1.

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For tunes corresponding with No. 1, of the last example, see Preparation, Drooping Souls, Brainard, &c. For those corresponding with No. 2, see Invitation, Geneva. For tunes where the scale is natural and the MI in B, see Light of those, Happy Soul, Palestine, The Alarm, &c.

A farther knowledge of the transpositions of the octave, with its attendant syllables, may be acquired from the following table.

The natural place for MI is in B; but
If B be flat, MI is removed to E,
If B and E be flat, - - - A,
If B, E, and A be flat, - - D,
If B, E, A, and D be flat, - G.

If F be sharp, MI is removed to F,
If F and C be sharp, - - C.
If F, C and G be sharp, - G,
If F, C, G, and D be sharp, - D.

Flats and sharps occurring in the midst of a tune, have an influence of a more limited character. This influence is generally confined to the extent of one measure. A flat before a note sinks it one semitone. A sharp before a note raises it one semitone. A natural (thus marked $\flat$) restores the regular pitch where a flat or sharp had been previously inserted. Flats, sharps and naturals, when thus employed, are called accidentals. When placed at the clef, they form signatures. FAW, SOL or LAW, when sharped by an accidental, is called RI, MI or SI, in imitation of the sound MI, pronounced nearly as broad as the word MAY. Notes that are to be sung one semitone lower by the use of accidentals are called FAW.$^*$

The scale of the octave, as above described, whether natural or transposed, is called MAJOR; and the key is FAW, one semitone above MI. But the octave may also be formed into a MINOR scale, when LAW, one tone below MI, will become the key. The following exhibits the natural minor scale, which is two degrees of the staff lower than the major scale, and it has the same relative situation in all the transpositions, i.e., two degrees lower than the major scale.

$^*$ Some teachers employ a greater number of music syllables than those above mentioned, applying them in the same general manner. The sounds of the octave, for instance, may be converted with the syllables DO, RI, MI, SOL, and LAW, and, MI, SI, etc. In this case, MI takes the place of MI, DO the place of FAW, the key note, &c., and the above table, after this method, would read thus.

The natural place of MI is on B; but
If B be flat, MI is removed to E, &c.

$^*$ Analogous modifications of the syllables DO, RI, MI, &c., are formed for a similar purpose.
NATURAL MINOR SCALE.

For tunes in the minor scale, see pages 14, 20, 26, &c. For tunes in the major, see such as have been above mentioned. The last note in the base is always a key of the preceding strain or tune.

II. OF NOTES AND RESTS.

Notes are marks of sound; rests are marks of silence. There are in common use six different notes, each of which has a rest corresponding with it, in length of time.

**Notes.**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Semibreve</th>
<th>Minim</th>
<th>Crotchet</th>
<th>Quaver</th>
<th>Semiquaver</th>
<th>Demisemiquaver</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Rests.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Semibreve</th>
<th>Minim</th>
<th>Crotchet</th>
<th>Quaver</th>
<th>Semiquaver</th>
<th>Demisemiquaver</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
<td>[\text{×}]</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

The Semibreve equals, in length of time, two Minims, the Minim equals two Crotchets, the Crotchet two Quavers, the Quaver two Semiquavers, the Semiquaver two Demisemiquavers.

Notes or Rests, when pointed, receive an addition of one half to their nominal value.*

**Pointed Notes.**

| \[\text{×}\] | \[\text{×}\] | \[\text{×}\] |
| \[\text{×}\] | \[\text{×}\] | \[\text{×}\] |

* When notes are twice pointed, as at page 72, they receive an addition of three fourths to their nominal value.
The figure three, placed over or under any three notes, reduces them to the time of two of the same name.

\[\text{Written.} \quad 3 \quad \text{Sung.} \]

The pause (\(\cancel{\text{a}}\)) marks an indefinite suspension of time. Marks of distinction are understood to shorten and separate sounds as if small rests were placed between them.

\[\text{Written.} \quad \text{Sung.} \]

Appoggiatures and after notes, are small characters that borrow their time from the notes on which they depend.

\[\text{Written.} \quad \text{Sung.} \]

III. OF THE DURATION OF SOUNDS:

Every piece of music is divided by the single bar, into equal portions of time, called measures.

<table>
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<tr>
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<th>Measure</th>
<th>Bar</th>
<th>Measure</th>
<th>Bar</th>
<th>Measure</th>
<th>Bar</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Time, with respect to measure, is of three kinds, Common, Triple, and Compound. In each of these kinds there are three principal varieties.

I. Common Time is distinguished by the characters \(\text{C} \quad \text{c}\) and \(\text{G} \quad \text{g}\).

The first variety has a semibreve for its measure note, requiring in general, the time of four beats or regular motions of the hand. The second has the same measure note, with half the same number of beats. The third has a minim for its measure note, requiring two beats.
1st Variety.

2nd Variety.

3rd Variety.

For tunes corresponding with these examples, see The Cross, page 144, Uxbridge, page 134, and Haven, page 10.

2. Triple Time is known by the following figures or fractions: \( \frac{3}{2} \), \( \frac{3}{4} \), \( \frac{3}{8} \).

The first variety has a pointed semibreve for its measure note; the second variety, a pointed minim; and the third variety, a pointed crotchet. Each of these varieties requires three beats in a measure.

1st Variety.

2nd Variety.

3rd Variety.

The first of these varieties is little used in the present work. For tunes in the second and third varieties of treble time, see Chelmsford, page 83, and Brightness of Glory, page 58.
3. **Compound Time** is \[\frac{6}{4} \frac{6}{8} \frac{12}{8}\]

thus designated: \[\frac{4}{8} \frac{8}{8}\]

The first variety has two pointed minimis, equal to six crotchets, for a measure; and the second has two pointed crotchets, equal to six quavers. Each of these varieties, when the movement is slow, may receive six beats in a measure, and when the movement is quick, two beats.

1st VARIETY.

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\frac{6}{4} \\
\frac{8}{8}
\end{array}
\]

2nd VARIETY

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\frac{6}{8} \\
\frac{8}{8}
\end{array}
\]

The third variety, consisting of the value of four pointed crotchets in each measure, is not used in devotional music.

For examples in the first and second varieties, see When the heart is sad, page 121, and Spring, page 118.

The general time of a movement, as to slowness or rapidity, depends much upon the sentiments contained in the words to which the music is applied.

Accent, as a general rule, follows the downward motion of the hand in beating; but in the simple, speaking melodies contained in this volume, it must be greatly modified by the accent of the language.

Emphasis is a more powerful stress of voice than that of accent. It has the same office in sentences, that accent has in words.

The characters that remain to be noticed, are the BRACE, the DOUBLE BAR, the REPEAT, the SLUR, CHOOSING NOTES, the SWELL, and DIMINISH.

\[
\text{Brace, Double Bar, Repeat, Slur, Choosing Notes.}
\]

\[
\text{Swell, Diminish.}
\]

* The hand falls at the beginning of every measure.
The Brace connects such parts as are sung together in the same tune.
The Double Bar shows the end of a strain or close of a tune.
The Repeat shows when a part of a tune is to be sung twice successively. See Zion, page 16, and Messiah, page 20.

The Slur embraces such notes as are to be sung at one syllable.

Of Choosing Notes, the upper or under one may be sung at the option of the performer; but in this work, two distinct parts are often presented in the form of choosing notes. Of these, the higher one is the air, and the lower one the second treble. See "Hints to laymen and to the clergy," section first.

The Swell and the Diminish mark such notes and passages as require a gradual increase or diminution of voice.
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