Masons' Sacred Harp:

Or

Eclectic Harmony.

A

New Collection of Church Music.

In Patent Notes.

Arranged and Composed by Lowell Mason and T. B. Mason,

Professors of Music and Organists.


Cincinnati:

Published by Truman and Smith. 1835.
The style of music contained in the Sacred Harp is chaste, sublime and beautiful. The harmonies throughout are in the highest style of scientific accuracy and skill. We are confident that the name of Mason will secure for it the wide circulation it deserves.

Extracts from various notices of Mason's Musical works.

The Musical Mirror published at London, England, says of Mason's H. & H. Col., "It is one of the most complete collections of Psalmody ever published. The tunes are well arranged, the harmonies are faultless, and the devotional character of both words and music has been attended to most strictly."

From the Christian Spectator. The tunes have been prepared with constant reference to the grand object of Sacred Music, the excitement of devotional feeling. It is emphatically, "religious harmony."

From the Missionary Herald. The current testimony of good judges, is that the melodies are regularly judicious and complete. From the Christian Advocate. We congratulate the public on the appearance of music arranged and harmonized with accuracy, judgment, and elegance. We hope it may become the standard of Sacred Music.

Mason's various Collections of Psalms and Hymn tunes, Anthems, Chorus, &c., have all been pre-eminent popular and useful, in the estimation of men of science and taste, both in Europe and America. The Harp is the authors, last production, and it contains the beauties of all the former publications.

Mason's Sacred Harp is stereotyped, and printed by TRUMAN & SMITH, Booksellers, Cincinnati, Ohio. Sold at Philadelphia by John Grigg & Elliott; Hogan & Thompson; Desilver & Thomas. At New York, by Robinson, Pratt & Co.; B. & S. Collins. Also for sale by all Booksellers and country Merchants in the United States.
TO SINGERS.

The Publishers would recommend Singing Masters, Choristers and Vocalists generally, to examine the following, among other tunes, believing that the beautiful flowing melodies, and rich harmonies of which they are composed, will be sufficient, (aside from the numerous other excellencies of the work,) to please the admirers of chaste, sublime, and devotional Psalmody:—


[See Publishers' Advertisement, Page 4.]

IN PRESS:

MASONS' SACRED HARP, IN ROUND NOTES—STEREOTYPE EDITION.

The SACRED HARP has received the unqualified approbation of the lovers of Sacred Song, and is very extensively introduced by the different denominations and Teachers of Sacred Music. It is doubtless the most interesting and useful collection of Psalmody ever embodied.

In compliance with the request of many musical men, the work is now publishing in ROUND NOTES, arranged for the Organ and Piano, with a collection of beautiful Scripture Sentences and Chants for the Episcopal Church.

Persons ordering the Harp, must be very particular and specify either ROUND or PATENT notes.
THE SACRED HARP
OR
ECLECTIC HARMONY:
A
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC,
CONSISTING OF A GREAT VARIETY OF
PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS, SACRED SONGS AND CHANTS,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;
Including many new and beautiful subjects from the most eminent Composers,
HARMONIZED AND ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

BY LOWELL MASON,
Professor in the Boston Academy of Music; Editor of Handel and Haydn Collection of Sacred Music; The Choir, or Union Collection; Choral Harmony; Lyra Sacra, &c.
AND BY
TIMOTHY B. MASON,
Professor in the Eclectic Academy of Music, Cincinnati.

NEW EDITION REVISED AND CORRECTED.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY TRUMAN AND SMITH.
The "Sacred Harp" was undertaken at the request of many highly respectable individuals, who have long felt the importance of the introduction of an elevated style of Sacred Music arranged on the immovable basis of science and correct taste. It has been prepared with special reference to the wants of the West, and it is believed will meet with approbation, and supply a deficiency the lovers of sacred song have long experienced, and receive such a share of patronage as it shall be found to merit.

It contains, in addition to the most favorite and useful tunes in common use, a great variety of new and valuable music, much of which has been procured from Europe, and has been written expressly for the Editors, and furnished in manuscript, by English and German composers. It also contains a variety of beautiful subjects from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, Nauman, Marcello, Melaul, Hummel, Winter, Weber, Rosini, and other celebrated authors; all of which have been arranged and harmonized expressly for this work, and are now for the first time published. A great number of very beautiful compositions have been taken, by permission, from the Handel and Haydn Society Collection; Choir or Union Collection; Lyra Sacra, and other musical publications of the several Editors.

Most of the music in this work is flowing, melodious, and tasteful in its character—of a style "perfectly simple and intelligible, so as to be easily sung. Simple and natural harmony is vastly better adapted to impress the heart, and promote devotional feeling, than the most highly wrought pieces of scientific skill. The most sublime and the most pathetic are always the most simple. Sacred music should be like the gospel, which commends itself by its simplicity and sublimity, alike to the learned and unlearned."

It is hoped the "Sacred Harp" will prove a highly useful work. It was carefully examined in manuscript, by the Boston Academy of Music, and by various Professors of Music, Organists, and Teachers of singing, whose unqualified approbation it received; and it undoubtedly forms the best manual of Church Music ever issued from the press.

The whole work is now stereotyped, so that successive editions can be used together. The publishers would further remark, that the "Sacred Harp" is printed in patent notes (contrary to the wishes of the Authors) under the belief that it will prove much more acceptable to a majority of singers in the West and South.

CINCINNATI, September, 18--

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1835, by Truman & Smith, in the Clerk's Office for the District Court of Ohio.

(Editors and publishers of Music are cautioned against republishing pieces from this work. With the exception of the few old tunes, the whole of the "Sacred Harp," including the arrangements from European authors, is claimed as property, and has been secured according to law. The Author's arrangements from European subjects in the Handel and Haydn Collection, have often been inserted in other publications, without permission. All such pieces have to be metrically arranged, and harmonized, and most of them require such material alterations, as to become almost entirely new compositions. To arrange and harmonize such peculiar melodies with judgment, accuracy and elegance, as much knowledge and labor are requisite as to compose new music; and they are considered as copy-right tunes under the law, made and provided for the protection of such property. Very many of the old tunes in this volume have been altered, newly arranged and harmonized, and are made much more easy of execution, beautiful and useful. All such alterations, arrangements, and harmonies are also claimed as property. It is hoped that a proper sense of justice and propriety, without the aid of the law of copy-right, will be sufficient security to the proprietors of this work. They ask, and intend to require, that their legal claim to the benefit of their labors shall be respected.

*The Boston Academy of Music is an association for the promotion of Musical science. It was incorporated in 1832, and promises to be one of the most useful institutions in our country. The Eclectic Academy of Music in Cincinnati, has recently been established on the plan of the Boston Academy. Its object is the same, and has several hundred pupils under the instruction of Professor T. B. Mason.
Editor's Advertisement.

The Sacred Harp is a work on which the editors have bestowed much time and labor, and in which they have found much pleasure. It was undertaken (by request) with a full sense of the responsibility of preparing a work to be used in the worship of God. It is now given to the public with the hope that it will meet the wishes of those who have for a long time felt the need of a collection of scientific music adapted to the improved and improving taste and judgment of the western community.

In addition to a choice selection of old and familiar tunes, the Sacred Harp will be found to contain many beautiful subjects from the works of the most celebrated masters, now for the first time harmonized and arranged as metrical tunes. They increase very much the variety of elegant psalm and hymn tunes, which cannot fail to gratify the lovers of sacred song. Many beautiful compositions have been presented the editors in manuscript by eminent German and English composers. The music will be found rich in harmony, melodious and easy of execution. The editors are fully convinced from observation, experience, and a careful consideration of the subject, that music for religious worship should be composed in a style simple and sublime. A mere display of science in composition, and skill in execution, is as much out of place in a psalm tune as is a mere display of oratory and graceful gesture in prayer. Music may be very scientific and yet not of a devotional character, and therefore not appropriate to the worship of God. While the editors have paid particular attention to the scientific accuracy of the work, they have endeavored by the harmony and arrangement of the different parts, and the great variety of style and metre, to present a manual of sacred music that should be adapted to call forth all the holy emotions of the soul.

It is believed the Sacred Harp will prove a highly practical work. All the tunes will occasionally be useful, and most of them can be easily performed without instrumental aid.

The following is the arrangement of the several parts.

The Base is placed upon the lowest staff, and should always be sung by the lowest voices of men.
The Treble is placed upon the staff next above the base, and should always be sung by the highest voices of females.
The Alto, Counter, or Second Treble, is placed upon the staff next above the Treble, and should always be performed by boys, before their voices change, or by the lowest female voices.
The Tenor is placed upon the upper staff, and should always be sung by the highest voices of men.

The introductory rules are plain and simple, and amply sufficient, in the hands of a judicious instructor, for acquiring the art of reading music.

Cincinnati, Ohio, September, 18

Lowell Mason.

T. B. Mason.
MUSONs' SACRED HARP. — The Sacred Harp, or Eclectic Harmony, consisting of a great variety of Original and Selected Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, &c. Arranged and composed by Lowell Mason and by T. B. Mason, Professor in the Eclectic Academy of Music, Cincinnati.

This work has been published expressly for the West, by request of many who desire the introduction of scientific and devotional psalmody. The variety of metres is very great. It is pronounced by professors of music, teachers of singing, and friends of music generally, to be the best collection of psalmody ever embodied. An eminent musician says, "Mason's Sacred Harp" may be justly entitled the beauties of music.

HANDEL AND HAYDN COLLECTION of Church Music. By Lowell Mason.

This is a very popular and widely circulated work.

The CHOIR, or Union Collection of Church Music. By Lowell Mason.

This is a very valuable, and interesting manual of church music.

LYRA SACRA, a collection of Original and Selected Anthems, Motetts, Sentences, Chants, &c. By Lowell Mason.

This work will be found a useful appendix to any of the collections of psalmody in use; and will supply choirs of singers with a large number of interesting, easy, and useful pieces, calculated both for public worship, and their own private practice and improvement. The anthems will be found of easy performance, without the aid of much instrumental accompaniment.

BOSTON COLLECTION OF ANTHEMS, CHORUSES, &c., consisting of arrangements from the most distinguished composers, appropriate to the various circumstances of singing societies, concerts, and exhibitions of sacred music. Arranged and harmonized by Lowell Mason and G. J. Webbe.

SENTENCES, or Short Anthems, Hymn Tunes, and Chants, appropriate to various occasions of public worship, (original) composed by Lowell Mason.

SACRED MELODIES, composed and arranged by Lowell Mason and G. J. Webbe.

CHORAL HARMONY, consisting of Anthems, Choruses &c. By Lowell Mason.

SPIRITUAL SONGS, for social Worship. Music and poetry arranged by Lowell Mason and Thomas Hastings.

That such a work is called for by the exigencies of the church, has long been apparent. The simple fact that jigs, ballads, and war songs, and bacchanalian melodies, have been extensively drafted into the service, with all their impure and unhallowed associations, shows clearly that there is a want of better materials to supply their place.

SABBATH SCHOOL SONGS, or Hymns and Music suitable for Sabbath Schools. By Lowell Mason.

PORTER'S MUSICAL CYCLOPEDIA: Or the Principles of Music considered as a Science and an Art; embracing a complete musical dictionary, and the outlines of a musical grammar, and of the theory of sounds and laws of harmony; with directions for the practice of vocal and instrumental music, and a description of musical instruments. By W. S. Porter.

MASONs' MUSICAL MANUAL. A Manual for instruction in the elementary principles of vocal music, on the system of Pestalozzi. By Lowell Mason, Professor, &c. Published by the Academy of Music.

This work should be possessed by every teacher of singing. It is also invaluable to the learner. From this work any individual can gain a thorough knowledge of the elementary principles of music.

T. & S. have also for sale almost all the standard musical works published in the United States. European music imported to order.
Lesson I. General Divisions.

§ 1. We shall consider the subject of Vocal Music under these three natural divisions: viz., Rhythm, Melody, and Dynamics.

§ 2. I. Rhythm treats of the length of sounds, and divisions of time.

§ 3. II. Melody treats of the pitch and succession of sounds.

§ 4. III. Dynamics treats of the strength and force of sounds.

§ 5. These three divisions embrace all the different modifications of sounds used in singing.

§ 6. In Rhythm we are to consider sounds as long or short.

§ 7. In Melody, we consider sounds as high or low.

§ 8. In Dynamics, as loud and soft, &c.

FIRST DIVISION: RHYTHM.

Lesson II. Measures.

§ 9. The Time of a piece of music is divided into small equal portions called Measures; like the following line:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measure</th>
<th>Measure</th>
<th>Measure</th>
<th>Measure</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The teacher sings four measures, as the first line of Duke Street; and beats the time.

§ 10. The long lines drawn between the successive measures are called bars.

§ 11. Each of the measures is again divided into smaller equal portions, called parts of measures.

§ 12. Every measure contains two, three, or four, or sometimes six equal parts.

Lesson III. Beating Time and Accent.

§ 13. A measure with two parts is called double measure;

" " three " triple "
" " four " quadruple "
" " six " sextuple "

The teacher sings some measures of each of these kinds; and says la for each part of a measure.

§ 14. The parts of measures are marked by a quick motion of the hand, called beating time.

§ 15. In double measure, the hand falls at the first part, and rises at the second.

The teacher gives the example, while he says, downward beat, upward beat; then la, la.

§ 16. In triple measure, the hand falls at the first part, moves to the left or towards the breast at the second, and rises at the third.

The teacher, while he gives the example, says, downward beat, lesser beat, upward beat; then la, la.
§ 17. In quadruple measure, the hand moves as in triple measure for the first three parts, and to the left or from the breast for the fourth part. For the fourth part, the teacher says, thither beat.

§ 18. The sextuple measure is so little used, that we leave it to the discretion of the teacher.

§ 19. In singing, we utter some parts of the measure louder than the rest; this is called accent. The louder parts of a measure are called accented, and the sofer parts unaccented.

§ 20. In double measure, the first part is accented, and the other unaccented.

§ 21. In triple measure, the first part is accented, and the other two unaccented.

§ 22. In quadruple measure, the first and third parts are accented, but the third not so much as the first; and the second and fourth unaccented.

Lesson IV. Notes.

§ 23. The parts of measures with which we have become acquainted, are filled with notes.

§ 24. The notes most frequently used for this purpose are these

\[ \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \] called quarter notes [crotchets:]; though half notes \[ \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \] and sometimes eighth notes [quavers] \[ \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \] are also used for this purpose.

§ 25. Other notes are derived from quarters, as follows:

§ 26. Four quarters united into one sound, form a whole note [semibreve;] made thus: \[ \text{\textbullet} \]

§ 27. Two quarters united into one sound, form a half note [minim;] made thus:

\[ \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \]

§ 28. A quarter divided into two equal sounds, forms eighths, [quavers;] made thus:

\[ \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \]

§ 29. A quarter divided into four equal sounds, forms sixteenths, [semiquavers;] made thus:

\[ \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \]

§ 30. A quarter divided into eight equal parts, forms thirty seconds [demisemiquavers;] formed thus:

§ 31. The following table shows the comparative value of the several kinds of notes, compared with quarters:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Whole</th>
<th>Half</th>
<th>Quarter</th>
<th>Eighth</th>
<th>Sixteenth</th>
<th>Thirty seconds</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Equal</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

§ 32. When three equal notes are united, a note equal to two is used with a point or dot after it, which stands for the third note; thus:

\[ \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \]

§ 33. A point thus adds to a note one half its value.

§ 34. A second point is sometimes used, which adds half as much more to the first point, or the note is increased three fourths its length; thus, \[ \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \]

§ 35. When three notes are to be performed in the time of two of the same kind, a figure 3 is placed over them: thus, \[ \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \] occupy only the time of \[ \text{\textbullet} \quad \text{\textbullet} \]
INTRODUCTION.

§ 36. These are all the notes now commonly used. The double note [breve] and the sixty fourth are sometimes found.

Lesson V. Varieties of measure.

§ 37. The varieties of measure are determined by the kind of notes, and the number of parts in the measure, which are shown by two figures placed one above the other, thus \( \frac{4}{4} \) &c. The upper figure denotes the number of parts, and the lower figure, the kind of notes. Thus \( \frac{3}{4} \) denotes three quarters [crotchets] in a measure; and it is then called three quarter time or measure.

§ 38. The double measures are

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{two quarters or their equivalent in a measure;} \\
\begin{array}{c}
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\end{array}
\end{array}
\]

two half notes, or their equivalent in a measure.

§ 39. The triple measures are

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{three quarters or their equivalent in a measure;} \\
\begin{array}{c}
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\end{array}
\end{array}
\]

three halves or their equivalent in a measure; 

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{three eighths or their equivalent in a measure.} \\
\begin{array}{c}
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\end{array}
\end{array}
\]

§ 40. The quadruple measures are

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{four quarters or their equivalent in a measure;} \\
\begin{array}{c}
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\end{array}
\end{array}
\]

four halves or their equivalent in a measure.

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{four eighths or their equivalent in a measure.} \\
\begin{array}{c}
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\end{array}
\end{array}
\]

§ 41. The sextuple measures are

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{six quarters or their equivalent in a measure;} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\text{(Note)} \\
\end{array}
\]

six halves or their equivalent in a measure.

§ 42. Some other measures are sometimes used, but they will explain themselves

Lesson VI. Rests.

§ 43. Rests are marks of silence, and derive their name and their length from the notes whose place they supply.

Quarter rest | Half rest | Whole rest | 
---|---|---|
above the line | below the line | 

Eight rest | Sixteenth rest | Thirty second rest

N. B. The whole rest, however, always fills a measure in every variety of measure.

§ 44. Rests may be pointed in the same manner as notes; that is, a pointed rest is equal to three halves of the same rest without a point: thus, \( \text{\textbullet} \) equals \( \text{\textbullet} \) or \( \text{\textbullet} \).
INTRODUCTION

SECOND DIVISION; MELODY.

Lesson VII. The Scale.

§ 45. Some sounds are higher than others, as in the following series:

\[ \begin{array}{cccccccc}
1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & 8 \\
\end{array} \]

The teacher sings the scale of eight notes, with the syllable la.

§ 46. The lowest sound in this series is called one, the next is called two, the third is called three, and so on up to eight.

§ 47. The distance from one to two is a tone, also from two to three, four to five, five to six, and six to seven.

§ 48. The distance from three to four, and from seven to eight, is only half as great, and is called a semi- or half-tone.

§ 49. Two tones and then a semitone constitute a tetrachord; as the first four notes of the above series; the last four notes also form a tetrachord.

§ 50. To get the sounds correctly, each of the notes of a tetrachord has a distinct name; thus:

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{fa sol la fa} \\
\end{array} \]

§ 51. Two tetrachords taken one above the other, form the scale thus:

\[ \begin{array}{c|c}
\text{1st tetrachord} & \text{2nd tetrachord} \\
\hline
\text{fa sol la fa} & \text{sol la mi fa} \\
\end{array} \]

§ 52. In this collection of music, one is F, named F, pronounced fa, or a in father, two is  S, sol [sole], three is  L, lah, four is F, sol, six is L, and seven is M [nee].

The teacher should practice each tetrachord separately, before the scale is undertaken.

§ 53. In practising the scale, after the scholars can go through with the eight notes in succession, but one note should be taken at a lesson.

§ 54. The following is the method of practising. The scholars sound one, two, three, or fa, sol, la; then they sound three several times; and finally alternate one, three, until they get the interval well fixed in the ear; and can give la correctly, when the teacher says three, and then fa when he says one.

§ 55. Five is then practised in the same manner, in connection with one and three. Afterwards, eight is taken with them.

§ 56. These four principal notes are now practised a long time, before the other notes are undertaken.

§ 57. Then seven, four, six, and two are gradually added.

The details of this system may be found in Mason’s “Manual of Instruction in the Elements of Vocal Music”—for sale by the publishers, Truman, Smith, and Co. Cincinnati.
§ 58. The most correct method of solmization is to apply a distinct syllable to each note of the scale: viz., the syllable do to one, re [ray] to two, mi to three, fa to four, sol to five, la to six, and si [see] to seven. Indeed, by pursuing the common method of only four syllables, singers are almost always superficial. It is therefore recommended to all who wish to be thorough, to pursue the system of seven syllables, disregarding the different forms of the notes.

LESSON VIII. THE STAFF.

§ 59. The notes of the scale are written on five lines, and in the spaces between them: which are called the staff. Example.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>5</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

§ 60. The lines and spaces are numbered: first, second, third, &c., from the bottom upwards.

§ 61. When the notes ascend above or descend below the staff, added lines are used; as follows:

\[
\begin{align*}
5 & = 2 \\
4 & = 1 \\
3 & = 1/2 \\
2 & = 1/2 \\
1 & = 1 \\
\end{align*}
\]

§ 62. Different staffs are used for the different parts, which are indicated by the clefs. Thus, \( \text{C} \) is used for the Treble, and \( \text{C} \) is used for the Base.

The Alto or Second Treble and also the Tenor use the Treble clef; but the Tenor sing their notes an octave lower than the Treble.

§ 63. In the natural scale, the eight notes are applied to the two staffs as follows:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Treble, Alto, and Tenor.} \\
\end{align*}
\]
§ 66. The scale thus formed by the natural tones and semitones, is called the diatonic scale, or scale by tones.

Lesson IX. Chromatic Scale.

§ 67. By examining the scale in § 51, we shall find that some of the intervals are tones and others semitones. Each of the whole tones may be divided into semitones; and thus we shall have a chromatic scale, or scale by semitones.

§ 68. These intermediate semitones are formed either by elevating or depressing the whole tone. Thus, the semitone between C and D may be either C elevated or D depressed half a tone.

§ 69. The sign of elevation is called a sharp, made thus #; and the note before which it is placed, is called a sharpened note.

§ 70. The sign of depression is called a flat, made thus ♭; and the note before which it is placed is called a flattened note.

§ 71. In ascending, we use sharpened notes; and in descending, flattened notes; as follows:

Chromatic scale.

Ascending

F | G | A | B♭ | C | D | E♭ | F♯

Descending

F | E♭ | D | C | B♭ | A | G | F♯

§ 72. To sing a sharpened semitone correctly, we must change the termination of the appropriate syllable to ee. Thus, in ascending we say, fa, fée, sol, see, la, fa, fée, sol, see, la, lee, mi, fa.

§ 73. To sing a flattened semitone, we change the termination to ay. Thus, in descending, we say, fa, mi, may, la, lay, sol, say, fa.

Lesson X. Transposition of the Scale.

§ 74. We have thus far taken one of the scale, called also the key note, on C; but any other letter may be made one, by making some of the letters sharp or flat, so as to bring the semitones between three and four, and seven and eight.

§ 75. To render the necessary changes more evident, we will exhibit the two following natural scales, one with the numerals, the other extended with the letters:

G A B C D E F G A B C D E F

§ 76. If we apply one to C, the tones and semitones will correspond. Thus, the natural place for one is C.

§ 77. If we apply one to G, two will come to A, three to B, four to C, five to D, six to E, but seven will come half the way from F to G, or to F♯. Thus, if F is sharpened, or if there is one ♭, the key note or one is G.

§ 78. If we take D as one, we shall find in the same manner, F and C must be sharpened. Thus, if F and C are sharpened, or if there are two ♭♭♭, the key note is D.

§ 79. As one requires F, C and G sharp; or if there are three ♭♭♭, the key note is A.

§ 80. If F, C, G and D are sharpened, or four ♭♭♭♭♭, the key note is E.

§ 81. If we take F as one, G and A will come right, but four comes between A and B, or to B♭; C, D and E will also come right. Thus if B is flattened, or if there is one ♭, the key note is F.

§ 82. B♭ as one requires also E flat. Thus, if B and E are flattened, or if there are two ♭♭♭, the key note is B♭.

§ 83. If B, E and A are flattened, or if there are three ♭♭♭♭♭, the key note is E♭.

§ 84. If B, E, A and D are flattened, or four ♭♭♭♭♭♭♭, the key note is A♭.
Lesson XI. Signature.

§ 85. The flats or sharps, in the previous lesson, are not placed before each note to be elevated or depressed, but are placed at the beginning of the tune immediately after the Clef. They are then called the signature.

§ 86. The following examples contain the signatures and key notes of the preceding lesson:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Natural} & : F \# & F & C \# & F & C & G \# & F & C & G & D \# \\
\text{Key} & : F & B & & B & E & & B & E & & A & D \\
\text{Key} & : C & F & B & & & & & & & A & D
\end{align*}
\]

§ 87. The parallel or curve lines at the left hand of and connecting the several staves on which the parts which sing together are written, are called a brace; and the parts thus written under each other, measure under measure, are called a score.

§ 88. The principal notes of these several keys must be given, and the different intervals practised, according to § 53 to 57, before any attempt is made to sing tunes.

Lesson XII. Modulation.

§ 89. Sometimes a tune passes from one key into another, during its movement, and then back again: this is called modulation.

§ 90. The signs of elevation or depression necessary for the new key, cannot all be placed in the signature; but those altered letters which are not in the signature, must have the sign of alteration placed before the notes which are to be altered. As an example, see Ellenthalorphe, p. 28, second line of the words; where we find D sharped in the treble and alto, which with the signature indicates the key of four #s, or E.

§ 91. Such sharps or flats occurring in the middle of a tune, are called accidentals; in distinction from the essential marks of the signature.

§ 92. The keys to which tunes usually modulate are such as have one more or one less flat or sharp than the signature: and such are called relative keys.

§ 93. As an instance of one more sharp, see second line of Ellenthalorphe, as above; and also, second line of Danvers, p. 24.

§ 94. As an instance of one more flat, see p. 45, Talbot, third line, and p. 134, Tamworth, third line.

§ 95. As an instance of one less sharp, see, p. 190, Hymn, fifth line.

§ 96. As an instance of one less flat, see, p. 41, Wakefield, second line.

§ 97. In the two last examples, we wish to take away one sharp or flat contained in the signature. This we do by means of the cancelling sign 2, called a natural; as in the examples.

§ 98. The natural, when it takes away a sharp, depresses the sound, the same as a flat: on the other hand, when it takes away a flat, it elevates the sound, the same as a sharp.

§ 99. When the same note appears according to the key, and then immediately flatted or sharpened, the change is merely transient or chromatic, and not a modulation; as in Swanwick, fourth line, Alto, and Falkland, third line, Base.

For modulations to minor keys, see Lesson XIV
Lesson XIII. The Minor Scale.

§ 100. The scale we gave in § 51 has the semitones between three and four, and seven and eight, and is called the major scale of mode; but there is another, called the minor scale of mode, which has one semitone between two and three; this gives the music a plaintive pathetic character.

§ 101. In the minor mode, instead of the fa above mi, la below mi is taken as one, or the key note. This is the case, whatever is the signature; so that the key note of the minor mode, is always two notes lower than in the major mode with the same signature.

§ 102. The following are the key notes, in the minor key, for each signature:

\[ \text{Minor Scale, descending} \]

The syllables appropriated to the elevated notes are see and se.

§ 101. In flat signatures, the notes are elevated by means of the natural ♭, see § 97; see also Cabot and Canton p. 52.

§ 105. The frequent occurrence of these accidentals is an easy method of determining that a tune is in the minor key. As examples, see Windham, p. 39, and Hanover, p. 50.

Lesson XIV. Modulation: Minor Keys.

§ 106. Modulations take place in the minor, in the same manner as in the major keys. Examples with one more sharp, see p. 75, Corwen, last part of the first line; with one less flat, see p. 100, Kambia, second line.

§ 107. Modulations are often made from the major to the minor key with the same signature. This is indicated by the sharpened fifth, which becomes the sharp seventh of the new key, called the relative minor. As an example, see p. 57, Patmos, second line.

§ 108. Similar modulations are made from the minor to the major key; which is indicated by the loss of the sign of elevation before the seventh, which then becomes the fifth of the new key, called the relative major. Example, p. 33, Ashfield, last part of the second line, and first part of the third, and p. 52, Canton, second line.

§ 109. In major keys, modulations are made into minor keys with one less sharp, or one more flat. This is indicated by the sign of depres-
§ 110. Sometimes a modulation takes place from a major to a minor key, with the same key note, called the tonic minor. This is indicated by the flat third. Example, p. 218, Hymn, fifth and sixth lines.

§ 111. We have been thus particular on the subject of modulation, because no one can sing correctly, without knowing in what key he is singing.

Lesson XV. Names and Qualities of the Different Notes of the Scale.

§ 112. One or the key note of the scale is called the tonic, because it determines the pitch or tone of the scale. From this, all the other notes are reckoned; and with it, the principal parts of a piece of music commonly begin and end; and regularly the base always ends with it. Hence, in giving the pitch, the tonic is first sounded.

§ 113. Five, the next most important note of the scale, and the last note but one in the base of every regular close, is called the dominant, e. the governing note; thus named, because it leads the ear to expect a close. The tenor and alto often begin and end on the dominant; but seldom the other parts.

§ 114. Three is called the mediant, because it is midway between the tonic and dominant. In some respects, it is the most important note of the scale, as it distinguishes the minor from the major mode.

§ 115. Eight is called the octave, and differs from the tonic only in pitch.

§ 116. One, three, five, and eight, are the principal notes of the scale, or the common chord of the key note. On some of these notes, every part of a piece of music regularly begins and ends: hence, in giving the pitch, these four notes are usually sounded.

It is a fault in giving the pitch, to sound five and not three, as three only determines the mode.

§ 117. Two is called the supertonic, because next above the tonic.

§ 118. Seven is called the subtonic, because next below the tonic. It is also called the leading note, as it regularly leads to, or requires the tonic after it.

§ 119. While the base takes the dominant preparatory to a close, two other parts regularly take seven and two, and often four, which with the base constitutes the dominant chord. (See next Lesson.)

§ 120. Four is called the subdominant, because it is the next below the tonic.

§ 121. Six is called the submediant, because it is midway between the octave and mediant below it.

§ 122. No piece of music can regularly begin or end on two, seven, four or six.

Lesson XVI. Intervals.

§ 123. The distance from one sound to another in the scale, is called an interval. Intervals are counted by the degrees of the scale from the lowest note upwards; thus, we say a fifth from C is G: when we count the interval downwards, we use the word below; thus, a fifth below C is F.

In counting the degrees for the intervals, both extremes are included. Thus, when we say, from C to E is a third, we count—C is one, D is two, and E is three.

§ 124. When the same note is repeated, it is called a unison, marked 1. By inversion, the unison becomes an octave, marked 8.

§ 125. An interval is inverted when one of the notes is transposed an octave, or when the note previously the lowest becomes the highest.

§ 126. An interval from one note to that on the next degree above, is called a second, marked 2; inverted it becomes a seventh, 7.
§ 127. When one degree intervenes between the two notes, the interval is called a third, marked 3; inverted it becomes a sixth.

§ 128. When two degrees intervene, the interval is called a fourth, marked 4; inverted it becomes a fifth.

§ 129. When three degrees intervene, the interval is a fifth, marked 5; inverted it becomes a fourth.

§ 130. When four degrees intervene, the interval is a sixth, marked 6; inverted it becomes a third.

§ 131. When five degrees intervene, the interval is a seventh, marked 7; inverted it becomes a second.

§ 132. When six degrees intervene, the interval is an octave, marked 8; inverted it becomes a unison.

§ 133. An interval consisting of a tone is called a major second; and one of a semitone, a minor second.

§ 134. An interval consisting of two tones, is called a major third; and one of a tone and a semitone, a minor third.

§ 135. An interval consisting of three tones is called a sharp fourth; and one of two tones and a semitone, a perfect fourth or simply a fourth.

§ 136. An interval consisting of three tones and a semitone is called a perfect fifth, or simply a fifth; and one of two tones and two semitones, a flat fifth.

§ 137. An interval consisting of four tones and a semitone is a major sixth; one of three tones and two semitones, a minor sixth.

§ 138. An interval consisting of five tones and a semitone is a sharp seventh; and one of four tones and two semitones, a flat seventh, or simply a seventh.

§ 139. The unison, octave, fifth and fourth, and the thirds and sixth, are consonant [see next lesson] intervals, the first four are perfect and the others imperfect consonances. The seconds, sevenths, sharp fourth, and flat fifth are dissonant intervals.

Lesson XVII. Chords.

§ 140. When two or more notes are sounded together, the combination is called a chord; if agreeable to the ear, it is called a consonant chord, or a concord; if disagreeable to the ear, it is called a dissonant chord, or a discord.

§ 141. A chord consisting of a fundamental note or base, and of its third and fifth, to which the octave may be added, is called a common chord: if the third next the base is major, it is called a major chord, if minor, a minor chord.

§ 142. A chord consisting of a base, its third, fifth, and seventh, is called a chord of the seventh. This chord is usually based on the dominant, and has the seventh flat.
§ 143. The intervals of the chords are not taken according to the degrees of the scale, but according to the letters; thus, the common chord having C for its fundamental note, is made up of G, its third E, its fifth G, and sometimes its octave C, wherever these notes may be placed; E may be in the treble, G in the tenor, and C in the alto, or in any other order, so long as the right letters are used. If the fundamental note is not in the base, but some other note as E or C in the above instance, the chord is said to be inverted.

§ 144. Common church music is made up almost entirely of the above two chords and their inversions; and a knowledge of the order in which these chords should succeed each other, constitutes the science of harmony.

§ 145. Common chords occur most frequently with the tonic as the fundamental note; next the dominant, then the subdominant, sometimes the submediant, and rarely the median and supertonic.

It must be remembered, that the tonic is one of the scale, whatever may be the signature; and that the notes of the several chords may be taken in any of the parts.

§ 146. The chord of the seventh most frequently occurs on the dominant; it is then called the dominant seventh. This chord is regularly followed by the tonic chord; which succession constitutes the regular close or cadence.

To those who wish to pursue this subject, we would recommend Porter's "Musical Cyclopedia."

THIRD DIVISION; DYNAMICS.

LESSON XVIII. FORCE OF SOUNDS.

§ 147. In order to indicate how particular notes or whole passages should be sung, certain characters or words are used.

§ 148. A sound uttered by the ordinary exertion of the organs, is called a medium or middle sound; marked n., mezz, or mezzo. All sounds not otherwise marked, are to be performed mezzo.

§ 149. A sound uttered by a somewhat stronger exertion of the organs, is called a loud sound, marked f., forte. A very loud sound is marked ff, fortissimo; and as loud as possible, fff.

§ 150. A sound uttered with some restraint of the organs, is called a soft sound, marked p., piano. A very soft sound is marked pp, pianissimo; and as soft as possible, sss.

In practising these sounds, the scholars should begin with the medium sound, and then give the loud and very loud, or the soft and very soft; the teacher giving the example.

§ 151. A sound which commences soft, and gradually grows louder and louder, is called an increasing sound, marked cres., crescendo, or thus \[<\].

§ 152. A sound which commences very loud, and gradually decreases to silence, is called a decreasing or diminishing sound, marked dec., decrescendo or dim., diminuendo, or thus \[>\].

§ 153. A sound which gradually increases and then gradually diminishes, is called a swelling sound, or a swell, marked \[<\>\].

The teachers should require the scale often to be sung with each of the above, and sometimes with the following tones.

§ 154. A short sound, struck with a sudden crescendo or swell, is called a pressure sound, marked rf., rinforzando, or \[<\>\].

§ 155. A sound very forcibly struck and suddenly diminished, is called an explosive sound, marked fz., forzando, or \[>\].

§ 156. When the notes are to be sung very short and distinct, so as to give life and energy to the execution, the word staccato or the marks \[<\>\] are used.

§ 157. When the notes are to be sustained their full length, and gently swelled and diminished, so as to give tenderness and pathos to the performance, the term legato is used.

For other terms of expression, see the definition on p. xx.

LESSON XIX. ARTICULATION AND EMPHASIS.

§ 158. Besides the dynamic designations of the last lesson, vocal expression depends chiefly on articulation and emphasis.
§ 159. The tone in singing depends chiefly on the *vowels*. Hence these must be uttered with special accuracy, and must be duly prolonged.

The teacher should cause each of the *vowels* to be sounded and sustained, and also the *scale* to be sung with them. He should first give the example; and then see that the sounds are performed, from beginning to end, with the organs immovably fixed in one position, without the least change.

§ 160. The *articulation* or the distinct utterance of the words, depends almost entirely on the *consonants*. These should be struck or sounded with force, distinctness, and great care. The sounds should be prolonged only on the *vowels*; and the *consonants*, whether at the beginning or end of the syllable, should be quickly articulated, not prolonged.

The indistinctness of the words in singing, arises from the neglect of the above directions. The consonants are commonly prolonged, and those belonging to different words are apt to be run together. To obviate this, after the *vowels* are properly sung, different consonants should be gradually prefixed and annexed to them, and the scale sung with *syllables*.

§ 161. It is as essential to good singing as to good speaking, that some words and *syllables* should have more *stress* of voice than others; and that the same *syllable* should be accented in singing as in speaking: such words and *syllables* are called *accented* or *emphatic*.

§ 162. If the *poetry* is properly constructed, the emphatic *syllable* falls on the accented part of the measure. If otherwise, the emphasis of the words must be attended to, and the rhythmical *accent* neglected.

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

**Lesson XXI. Connection of syllables and words.**

§ 163. The breath must not be drawn in singing any more than in speaking, in the middle of a word. Nor, when several notes come to one syllable, should there be interruptions between them; as *fa-ka-ther*, for *father*; but the several notes should be blended with smoothness, but not without distinctness.

§ 164. Words which are intimately connected in sense, as the article *and* its *noun* or the preposition and its *noun*, should as seldom as possible be separated by drawing the breath between them. In fact, the breath should be no oftener drawn than fullness and firmness of tone require.

§ 165. The practice of *breathing* regularly at a particular place in each measure, should be specially guarded against; and also the habit of leaving the sound abruptly to take breath, or as it is sometimes called *catching breath*. The breath should be taken quickly yet gently.

§ 166. In taking *breath*, great care must be had that as little noise and ceremony as possible be made; and that the mouth *retain the position* it had, while performing the previous note; by no means forming itself into the shape necessary for the following note, or closing itself while taking breath.

**Lesson XXI. Sentiment.**

§ 167. Musical expression depends chiefly on the *feeling* which the *singer* possesses, *and imports to the performance*, by the proper tones and correct delivery of the words. Hence, in instructing, the teacher should always select such words and music as will interest the singers, and then both by precept and example be unwearied in his exertions to impress on them the importance of striving to express the sentiment. He should tell them of the impiety of singing serious words, in a thoughtless manner.

§ 168. In the performances of public worship, the leader should be particularly careful in the selection of the tunes, and the singers should be deeply and seriously impressed with the idea that they are engaged in the worship of the **Supreme Being**. The expression should be such as *naturally* proceeds from the sentiment of the words. All artificial expression in which the heart is not engaged, is trifling and ridiculous, not to say hypocritical and impious.

**Lesson XXII. The Voice.**

§ 169. Since it is necessary from the first, that the teacher and school should be acquainted with the properties of a *good* *tone*, we close the introduction with remarks on the following topics.

§ 170. I. Production of *vocal* *sounds*. Our method of producing vocal sounds is similar to that of a wind instrument. We *inhal e a*
quantity of air, and force it out through the vocal organs. If we wish to produce a very low sound, the internal organs, particularly the opening of the throat, are expanded, and the air is forced out with as little velocity as will make a distinct vocal sound. On the other hand, if we wish to produce a very high sound, the same internal organs are contracted, and the air is forced out with as great a velocity as can be produced without screaming. The power of thus expanding and contracting the organs is, in a great measure, the result of practice. The sound should be made chiefly at the opening of the throat, and merely modified by the external organs of the mouth, viz. the tongue, the teeth, the palate, and the lips. The mouth should be so completely open, that the sound may meet with no obstruction in its course, and the organs kept in a fixed position without the least variation. A full and retentive breath is necessary to a full and firm tone; and to acquire this, the scholars should frequently practice some vocal sound, and give it as full, as smooth, and as long as possible. To improve the voice and give it volume, we should accustom ourselves to sing the scale with explosive and the other dynamic tones. In this way, the internal organs will become more elastic and subject to command. By a continued exercise of the organs, in the manner above described, most persons in time may acquire

§ 171. II. The most essential qualities of a good tune; viz. purity, fullness, firmness, and certainty.

1. A tone is pure or clear when no extraneous sound mixes with it; impure when something like a hissing, screaming, or huskiness is heard in connection with it. Impurity is often produced by the interference of the parts of the mouth; they get in the way, and the sound is thus obstructed and indistinct.

2. A tone is full, when it is given with a complete, free, and unconstrained exertion of the appropriate organs of sound. The breath should be fully drawn, and used only to produce the sound. That tone is faint which is produced by a negligent use of the organs, by a want of breath, or by a waste of it, that is, air escapes which does not go to make up the sound. Exercises in the explosive tone will greatly assist is acquiring the proper manner of taking breath.

3 and 4. A tone is firm and certain, when immediately on being given, it is the correct sound, and continues so to the end

Hence, the following are faults: A wavering and trembling of the voice. Striking a wrong note and then sliding up and down to the correct sound. A negligent or careless beginning and ending of the sound. A too great elevation or depression of the sound. The only remedy for these defects, is, first, to have the correct sound in the ear, then to strike it firmly and surely, and finally, to keep the organs in the same fixed position without the least deviation, as before directed.

§ 172. To correct faults. If the teacher hears a faulty tone in a scholar, let him endeavor to imitate it; and in doing so, he should give close attention to the organ by which the faulty sound is produced. Let him then sing a good tone, with the use of the appropriate organs; and the scholar will immediately discover and correct his fault. It is highly useful also for the teacher to give out faulty sounds, and to require the pupils to imitate them, contrasting them with those which are correct.

§ 173. General directions. Let the teacher require the scholars always to stand erect, with the head looking directly forward, the breast bending a little outwards, and the mouth duly open. The mouth should be open so far that the end of the fore finger may have free play between the teeth. The tongue should lie naturally and still in the mouth. The teacher must give all attention to the observance of these rules, if he would not have more faulty tones than good. For example: By a straining of the lungs and a violent holding back of the voice, a guttural and sometimes a husky sound is produced. By closing the teeth, a hissing sound is occasioned. An overstraining of the voice, by forcing out the sound too violently, produces a screaming and sometimes a bawling. A disagreeably coarse or shrill sound is produced, by opening the mouth too little, and thrusting out the chin, and to some extent drawing back the tongue. A nasal sound is occasioned by pressing the roots of the tongue somewhat against the palate.
Adagio, very slow, heavy, and expressive.
Ad Libitum, at pleasure; may be omitted or performed.
Affettoso, with tenderness and deep feeling.
After Note, a small note that follows the principal note, from which it borrows its time.
Allegretto, somewhat quick and animated.
Allegro, quick, slight, and spirited.
Andante, with a distinct and gentle accentuation; and with moderate quickness.
Andantino, somewhat gentle and distinct.
Appogiature, a small note that precedes the principal note, from which it borrows its time. Appogiatures and After notes are not counted in the rhythm; and whatever time is given to them is taken away from the notes to which they belong. They usually borrow time equal to their own length; see p. 215, in the Treble, at the word 'reach', where the small note and the principal note which follows, each take the time of a quarter note, as at the word 'earth' in the same line. When an Appogiature precedes a pointed note, it may take two thirds the time, or twice its own length.
A Tempo, in the regular time, after an ad libitum.
Bis, twice; written over a passage to be repeated.
Cantabile, graceful, melodious.
Chorus, music intended for the whole choir.
Con Spirito, with animation.
Da Capo, or D. C., repeat and close with the first strain: as Greenville, p. 132.
Dolce, with sweetness and delicacy.
Duetto or Duo, music for two voices.
Grave, slow and heavy, denoting solemnity.
Larghetto, slow, but less marked than largo.
Largo, very slow, delicate and sustained.
Moderato, moderate, rather animated.
Pause, a character placed over a note, indicating that it may be prolonged beyond its strict time. When written at the end of a line, the prolongation may be about one beat.
Pensoso, dignified, grand.
Prestissimo, as quick as possible.
Presto, very quick.
Quartetto or Quartet, music for four voices.
Quintetto or Quintet, music for five voices.
Recitative, a species of music, between singing and speaking, in which the singer is not restricted in time.
Repeat, a character placed at the end, and sometimes at the beginning of a strain, to denote a repetition. See musical Cyclopaedia.
Siciliano, music in sextuple time, performed in a slow and graceful manner.
Sotto, a character drawn over as many notes as are sung to one syllable.
Sole, music for one voice.
Soprano, the Treble.
Sostenuto, notes sustained the full time.
Spirito, with spirit.
Symphony, or Sym, a passage for instruments.
Syncopation, a note commencing on the unaccented part of the measure, and terminating on the accented.
Tempo, time.
Trio, music for three voices.
Tutti, all the voices.
Unison, all sing the same melody.
Verse, one voice on a part.
Vivace, in a brisk and lively manner.

For a complete dictionary of musical terms, see 'Musical Cyclopaedia.'

EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS

REMARKS ON THE USE OF THE INTRODUCTION, AND ON THE PERFORMANCE OF THE MUSIC.

The Introduction is designed either to be committed to memory and recited, in the same manner as has heretofore been practiced in the usual method of teaching, or to serve as a guide for those teachers who prefer the inductive plan of Pestalozzi. When this plan is adopted, the teacher should have a blackboard, with two staves drawn across it in white lines, and placed in such a situation that it can be distinctly seen by the whole school. On this he may write numerous examples for practice, both those which relate to time, and those which relate to the scale or the practice of the different intervals; and also to the force of sounds. The teacher should always go on the principle of learning one thing at a time; and not proceed until each lesson is understood.

The details of the system here sketched, are found in Mason's 'Manual of Instruction,' designed particularly for teachers; in which will be found numerous practical examples.

In the music, it will be observed that the Treble or leading melody is placed next to the Base. This arrangement is adopted for the convenience of the instrumental performer. This part is always to be sung by female voices, and by them alone. When sung by men's voices, it inverts the natural order of the parts, and produces disallowed progressions in harmony. The Alto is intended to be sung by the lowest female and boys' voices. If it is undertaken by men, they will sing the notes an octave above; and always remain silent when the tenor rests, or when the part is marked, 2d Treble.

It will be observed that many of the particular meters are adapted to different varieties of words, as Worthing, p. 131; at the end of the second and fourth lines of which the tied notes may be sung to two syllables or to one; so of Greenville, p. 132; Armley, 157; Syria, p. 148; Berkley, p. 153; Rowley, p. 162, &c. (See note, bottom page 156.)
Thy praises, Lord, I will re-sound, To all the listening nations round: Thy mercy highest heaven transcends; Thy truth, beyond the clouds, extends.

Be thou, O God! ex-alt-ed high; And, as thy glo-ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed; Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise:

Raised on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;

But oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme!

And let his praise employ thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song!
1 Bless, O my soul, the living God, Call home my thoughts, that rove abroad; Let all the powers within me, join, In work and worship so divine.

4 Let every land his power confess, Let all the earth adore his grace: My heart and tongue, with rapture, join, In work and worship so divine.

STERLING.  L. M.  [Chant.]

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

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
DAVURES. L. M.

1 Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring, To Him, who gave thee power to sing; Praise Him, who is all praise above, The source of wisdom and of love.

3 Through each bright world above, behold Ten thousand thousand charms unfold: Earth, air, and mighty seas combine, To speak his wisdom all divine.

APPLETON. L. M. [Chant.]

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

3 O let us to his courts repair, And bow with adoration there; Down on our knees, devoutly, all Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.
1 Give thanks to God, he reigns above; Kind are his thoughts, his name is love; His mercy ages past have known,

3 Oh let the saints, with joy, record The truth and goodness of the Lord! How great his works! how kind his ways!

And ages long to come shall own. And ages long to come shall own.

Let every tongue pronounce his praise. Let every tongue pronounce his praise.
1 Oh all ye people, shout and sing Hosannas to your heavenly King; Where'er the sun's bright glories shine, Ye nations praise his name divine.

3 Rejoice, ye servants of the Lord, Spread wide Jehovah's name abroad; O praise our God, his power adore, From age to age, from shore to shore.

1 Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame An honor, equal to his name? How awful are his glorious ways! The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

3 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord! All nature rests upon thy word; And clouds, and storms, and fire obey Thy wise and all-controlling sway.
PARK STREET.  L. M.

1 Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un-to us a Sa-vior's born;

3 Come, join the an-gels in the sky, Glo-ry to God, who reigns on high;

See, how the an-gels wing their way, To us-her in the glo-rious day! To us-her in the glo-rious day!

Let peace and love, on earth, a-bound, While time re-volves and years roll round. Whi-‘t time re-volves and years roll round.

* This passage may be sung by two Tenors and Base—or by two Trebles and Alto, as it is written
SHERBURN.  L. M.

1 To God our voices, let us raise, And loudly chant the joy-ful strain; That rock of strength—O let us praise, Whence free salvation, we ob-tain.

ELLENTHORPE.  L. M.

1 Say, how may earth and heaven unite? And how shall man, with angels, join? What link harmonious may be found, Discordant na-tures to com-bine?

2 Loud swell the pealing organ's notes! Breathe forth your souls, in raptures high! In praises, men with an-gels, join; Music's the language of the sky.
SAVATION IS FOREVER NIGH, The souls that fear, and love the Lord; And grace, descending from on high,

Awake, our souls, away our fears, Let every trembling thought be gone; Awake, and run the heavenly race,

Fresh hopes of glory, shall afford. Fresh hopes of glory, shall afford.

And put a cheerful courage on. And put a cheerful courage on.
1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love, by morning light, And talk of all thy truth, at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my harp, in tune, be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

AUGUSTA. L. M.

1. 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 heavenly home.

4. Jesus, we come, at thy command; With faith, and hope, and humble zeal, Resign our spirits to thy hand, To mould and guide us, at thy will.
With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker, in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap·prove the song, and join the praise.

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord; I'll sing the wonders of thy word; Not all the works and names below, So much thy power and glory show.

The Lord is come—the heavens proclaim His birth—the nations learn his name: An unknown star directs the road Of eastern sages, to their God.

All ye bright armies of the skies, Go, worship where the Savior lies: Angels and kings before him bow, Those gods on high, and gods below
1. For thee, O God, our constant praise, In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;

3. How blest the man, who, near thee placed, With in thy heavenly dwelling lives;

Our promised altars there we'll raise, And there our zealous vows complete.

While we, at humbler distance, taste The vast delight thy temple gives.
1 O all ye people, clap your hands, And, with triumphant voices, sing;

4 Loud praises to Jehovah sing, In hymns of joy his love proclaim;

No force, the mighty power withstands, Of God, the universal King, Of God, the universal King.

Sing praises to the heavenly King, Adore and bless his sacred name, Adore and bless his sacred name.
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my harp, in tune, be found,

4 Sure I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart, And fresh supplies of joy are shed,

Like David's harp of solemn sound. Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Like holy oil, to cheer my head. Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
At anchor laid, remote from home, Toiling I cry, sweet spirit come,

My weary soul, O God, release: Uphold me with thy gracious hand;

Celestial breeze, no longer stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.

Guide me into thy perfect peace, And bring me to the promised land.
WALTON.  E. M.

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

2 Into his presence, let us haste, To thank him, for his favors past; To him address, in joyful song, Praises which, to his name, belong.

MENDON.  E. M.

1 Say, how may earth and heaven unite? And how shall man with angels join? What link harmonious may be found, Discordant natures to combine?

2 Loud swell the pealing organ's notes; Breath forth your souls, in raptures high; Praise ye the Lord, with harp and voice, Join the full chorus of the sky.
ROCKINGHAM.  L. M.  

2 O let thy light attend our way, Thy truth afford its steady ray; To Zion's hill, direct our feet, To worship at thy sacred seat.

LINDON.  L. M.

3 Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joyful song inspire; To thee, our cordial thanks be paid, Our sure defence, our constant aid.

1 With one consent, let all the earth, To God, their cheerful voices raise; Glad homage pay, with awful mirth, And sing, before him, songs of praise.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good, His mercy is forever sure; His truth, which always firmly stood, To endless ages, shall endure.

* The Treble and Tenor may change parts alternately in this tune.
1 Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,

5 Let every creature rise, and bring, Glory and honor to our King: While angels strike their lyres again,

Till moon shall wax and wane no more. Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

Earth shall respond the joyful strain. Earth shall respond the joyful strain.
1 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, Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.

1 Deep in our hearts, let us record, The deeper sorrows of our Lord; Behold the rising billows roll, To overwhelm his holy soul.

3 Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive—And let the mourning sinner live; The Lord will hear us in his name, Nor shall our hope he turned to shame.
1 Who is this stranger in distress, That travels through this wilderness? Oppressed with sorrow and with sins,

2 This is the Church of Christ, our God, And bought with his own precious blood: And her request, and her complaint,

On her beloved Lord, she leans. On her beloved Lord, she leans.

Is but the voice of every saint. [omitted] Is but the voice of every saint.
1 Come, weary souls, with sin distress, Come, and accept the promised rest; The Savior's gracious call obey, And cast your gloomy fears away.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes; Here's pardon, life, and endless peace; How rich the gift! how free the grace!

WELLS. L. M.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to secure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour, that God hath given, 'Escape from hell, and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and mortals may secure the blessings of the day.
Lancaster. L. M.

2 Awake my glory, wake my lyre, To songs of praise, my tongue inspire; With morning's earliest dawn arise, And swell your music, to the skies.

Randolph. L. M.

Church Psalmody, Ps. 137, 3d Pt.

1 Why, on the bending willows hung, Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string? Still mute remains thy sullen tongue, And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest rapture raise; Let harp and voice unite their strains: Thy promised King his sceptre sways; Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns.
UXBRIDGE.  L. M.

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

Now to the shining realms above, I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes: O for the pinions of a dove, To bear me to the upper skies!

LYMAN.  L. M.

1 Jesus demands the voice of joy, Loud through the land let triumph ring; His honors should your songs employ, Let glorious praises hail the King.

4 O bless our God, ye nations round; People and lands, rehearse his name: Let shouts of joy through earth resound, Let every tongue his praise proclaim.
1 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels filled the sky, Those heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne, He sent his promised Spirit down, With gifts and grace for rebel men, That God might dwell on earth again.

ALFRETON. L. M.

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God, Call home my thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the powers within me join, In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace: His favors claim thy highest praise: Let not the wonders he hath wrought, Be lost in silence, and forgot.
1 Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove, Amid the wonders of thy love, Sweet hope revives my drooping heart, And bids intruding fears depart.

2 Be all my heart, and all my days, Devoted to my Saviour's praise; And let my glad obedience prove, How much I owe, how much I love.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray, Smite and reprove my wandering way; Their gentle words like ointment shed, Shall never bruise but cheer my head.

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

* Called may to get the Flat
1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines. We read thy name in fairer lines.
Reveals thy justice, and thy grace. Reveals thy justice, and thy grace.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights, and days, thy power confess; But that blest volume thou hast writ,
We read thy name in fairer lines. We read thy name in fairer lines.
Reveals thy justice, and thy grace. Reveals thy justice, and thy grace.

* The first four notes of this tune may be sung in unison.
SHOEL.  L. M.

Now shall the trembling mourner come, And bind his sheaves, and bare them home; The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing, Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

ORFORD.  L. M.

How sweet the light of sabbath eve! How soft the sunbeam lingering there! Those sacred hours this low earth leave, And rise on wings of faith and prayer.

Oh! warm my heart, with holy fire, And kindle there a pure desire: Come, sacred Spirit, from a bove, And fill my soul with heavenly love.
1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker, in my song;

4. I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord; I'll sing the wonders of thy word;

Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.

Not all the works and names below, So much thy power and glory show.
HEBRON.  L. M.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days; And every evening shall make known, Some fresh memorial of his grace.

WARD.  L. M.

3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God! Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And watering our divine abode.

4. That sacred stream, thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear controls: Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.
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?

6. Oh save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hopes, still hovering round thy word, Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

**SUNDERLAND. L. M.**

1. Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord, Thy help and comfort still afford, And let a wretch come near thy throne, To plead the merits of thy Son.

2. A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sacrifice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er despise A broken heart for sacrifice.
1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice, Before the Lord, your sovereign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues, his glory sing.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is his grace, his mercy sure; And all the race of man shall find His truth from age to age endure.

FARNSWORTH. L. M.

1 Give thanks to God, he reigns above; Kind are his thoughts, his name is love; His mercy, ages past have known, And ages long to come shall own.

3 O let the saints, with joy, record, The truth and greatness of the Lord; How great his works! how kind his ways! Let every tongue proclaim his praise.
1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found, and peace is given: But soon, ah soon! approaching night Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2. Now God invites, how blessed the day! How sweet the Gospel's charming sound! Come, sinner haste, oh, haste away, While yet a pardoning God is found.

CANTON. C. M.

1. Behold thy waiting servant, Lord, Devoted to thy fear; Remember, and confirm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

4. Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord? Then let thy truth appear: Saints shall rejoice in my reward, And trust as well as fear.
WARWICK.  C. M.

1 Lord, in the morning, thou shalt hear, My voice ascending high; To thee, will I direct my prayer, To thee, lift up mine eye.

5 O may my Spirit guide my feet, In ways of righteousness, Make every path of duty straight, And plain before my face.

WESTFORD.  C. M.

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

3 Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine; And blessings, more than we can give. Be, Lord, forever thine. Be, Lord, forever thine.

Lord.
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess; Thy goodness we adore;

Where'er we turn our gazzing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine;

A spring, whose blessings never fail, A sea without a shore!

Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise, And speak the hand divine.
CLIFFORD. C. M. or 3 S's & 2 6's.*

8 & 6. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a tear for souls distressed.

C. M. To Zion's hill, I lift mine eyes, From thence is all my aid; From Zion's hill and Zion's God, From Zion's hill and Zion's God, Who heaven and earth hath made. Who heaven and earth hath made.

T'is found alone, in heaven. 'Tis found alone in heaven.
NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

To thee, my righteous King and Lord, My grateful soul I'll raise; From day to day, thy works record, And ev’er sing thy praise.

HOLYOKE. C. M.

1 Lord, thou wilt hear me, when I pray; I am, for ev’er, thine: I fear before thee, all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice; And when my work is done, Great God, my faith, my hope relies, Up on thy grace a lone.
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Sing loud, with solemn voice; Let every tongue exalt his praise, And every heart rejoice.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God whom we adore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

I love to steal a while away, From every cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day, In humble, grateful prayer.

I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore; And all my cares and sorrows cast, On him whom I adore.
Soon shall the glorious morning dawn, When all the saints shall rise; Thrice happy morn for pious souls, Who love the ways of peace; And clothed in their immortal bloom, Attend thee to the skies. Attend thee to the skies.

No night of sorrow e'er shall close, Or shade their perfect bliss. Or shade their perfect bliss.
1 Behold the glories of the Lamb, Amid his father's throne; Prepare new honors for his name, And songs before unknown.

5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be endless honors paid: Salvation, glory, joy remain, Forever on his head.

MILBURN. C. M.

1 Come, let our hearts, and voices join, And strains of triumph raise: Sing to the Lord, in songs divine, Our Rock, the Savior, praise. Our Rock, the Savior, praise.

2 Come, where his glory he displays, Your lips, in thanks, employ; Come, speak the wonders of his grace, In holy songs of joy. In holy songs of joy.
PAXTON.  C. M.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare his room, And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Savior reigns, Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy.

WINTER.  C. M.

1 Oh that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his statutes still; Oh that my God would grant me grace, To know and do his will.

2 Oh send thy Spirit down, to write Thy law upon my heart; Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.
1 O praise the Lord, with one consent, And magnify his name; Let all the servants of the Lord, His worthy praise proclaim.

2 For this our truest interest is, Glad hymns of praise to sing; And with loud songs to bless his name, A most delightful thing.

3 Let not despair, nor full revenge, Be to my bosom known; O give me tears for others' woes, And patience for my own.

4 Feed me, O Lord, with needful food: I ask not wealth, or fame; But give me eyes to view thy works, A heart to praise thy name.
BLACKBURN.  C. M.

1 Behold thy waiting servant, Lord, Devoted to thy fear: Remember, and confirm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

LITCHFIELD.  C. M.

Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm, In smiling crowds, draw near; And turn from every mortal charm, A Savior's voice to hear.

We pray, that you may early prove The Savior's quickening grace; Too young you cannot taste his love, Or seek his smiling face.
CLARENDON. C. M.

1 What shall I render to my God, For all his kindness shown? My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address the throne.

4 How happy all thy servants are! How great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I devote to thee.

BOLTON. C. M.

1 Ye humble souls, approach your God, With songs of sacred praise; For he is good, supremely good, And kind are all his ways. And kind are all his ways.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love, What honors shall we raise! Nor all the raptured songs above, Can render equal praise. Can render equal praise.
1 Hosanna to our conquering King! All hail incarnate love! Ten thousand songs and glories wait, To crown thy head above.

2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame, Through all the world shall run, And everlasting ages sing The triumphs thou hast won.

EASTPORT. C. M. [Chant.]

How long wilt thou forget me, Lord? Must I ever mourn? How long wilt thou withdraw from me, Oh! never to return! Oh! never to return!

Behold thy waiting servant, Lord, Devoted to thy fear; Remember, and confirm thy word, For all my hopes are there. For all my hopes are there.

* May end here
**MEDFORD. C.M.**

1. What shall I render to my God, For all his mercies shown? My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address thine throne.

5. Now I am thine, forever thine, Nor shall my purpose move; Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain, And bound me with thy love.

**GRAFTON. C.M.**

1. How oft, alas! this wretched heart, Has wandered from the Lord! How oft my roving thoughts depart, Forgetful of his word!

2. Yet sovereign mercy calls, 'Return.' Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile ingratitude I mourn: Oh, take the wanderer home!
Dark was the night, and cold the ground, On which the Lord was laid; His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down, In agony he prayed.

Now, in the hour of deep distress, My God, support thy Son; When horrors dark my soul oppress, Oh leave me not alone.

Lord, what is man, poor feeble man, Born of the earth at first? His life a shadow, light and vain, Still hastening to the dust.

2 Oh, what is feeble, dying man, Or all his sinful race, That God should make it his concern, To visit him with grace!
1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,  
   To mourning wanderers given;  
   There is a tear for souls distressed,  
   A balm for every wounded breast,  
   'Tis found alone, in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,  
   By sins and sorrows driven;  
   When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
   Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
   And all is drear, but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
   The heart with anguish riven;  
   It views the tempest passing by,  
   Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
   And all serene, in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
   And joys supreme are given;  
   There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
   Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,  
   Appears the dawn of heaven.
OHIO.  C. M.

1 Happy the heart, where graces reign, Where love inspires the breast: Love is the brightest of the train, And strengthens all the rest.

3 This is the grace, that lives and sings, When faith and hope shall cease; 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings, In realms of endless peace.

OVERTON.  C. M.

Songs of immortal praise belong, To my almighty God; He has my heart, and he my tongue, To spread his name abroad. To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought! How glorious in our sight! And men in every age have sought His wonders with delight. His wonders with delight.
SPENCER.  C. M.

1 With reverence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands with reverence hear, And tremble at his word.

MEDFIELD.  C. M.

In early morn, without delay, O Lord, I seek thy face; My thirsty spirits faints away, Without thy cheering grace.

Before thy throne I'll humbly fall, And all my troubles bring; On thee alone for help I'll call, My righteous God and King.
1. Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away, And send your fears a-way, News from the region of the sky, The Savior's born to-day. The Savior's born to-day.

2. Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away, And send your fears a-way, News from the region of the sky, The Savior's born to-day. The Savior's born to-day.

3. Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away, And send your fears a-way, News from the region of the sky, The Savior's born to-day. The Savior's born to-day.

4. Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away, And send your fears a-way, News from the region of the sky, The Savior's born to-day. The Savior's born to-day.

5. Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away, And send your fears a-way, News from the region of the sky, The Savior's born to-day. The Savior's born to-day.

6. Glory to God who reigns a-bove, Let peace surround the earth, Let peace surround the earth; Mortals shall know their Maker's love, At their Redeemer's birth. At their Redeemer's birth.
LAURENS.  C. M.

Low at thy feet, eternal King! Thy power and grace we own; Let all the earth their offerings bring, And bow before thy throne.

SAYBROOK.  C. M.

1 Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voices raise; Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

4 O come, behold the works of God; And then with me you'll own, That he, to all the sons of men, Has wondrous judgments shown.
1 Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God, their voices raise; Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

4 O come, behold the works of God; And then with me you'll own, That he, to all the sons of men, Has wondrous judgments shown.

2 And let them say, 'How dreadful, Lord, In all thy works, art thou! To thy great power, thy stubborn foes Shall all be forced to bow'.

3 'Through all the earth, the nations round Shall thee, their God, confess; And, with glad hymns, their awful dread Of thy great name express'.

MARLOW. C. M. [Major]

MARLOW. C. M. [Minor]
1 O Lord, another day is flown, And we a lonely band, Are met once more before thy throne, To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And Jesus, thou thy smile wilt deign, As we before thee pray; For thou didst bless the infant train, And we are weak as they.

3 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine, A flock by Jesus led; The sun of holiness shall shine, In glory, on our head.

And wilt thou lend a listening ear, To praises low as ours? Thou wilt for thou dost love to hear The song which meekness pours.

Let thy grace perform its part, And let contention cease; And shed abroad in every heart, Thine everlasting peace.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet, And thou wilt bless our way; Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet The dawn of lasting day.
ST. MARTIN'S.  C. M.

1 O thou, to whom all creatures bow, Within this earthy frame, Thro' all the world, how great art thou! How glorious is thy name.

3 Lord, what is man! that thou shouldst choose To keep him in thy mind; Or what his race! that thou shouldst prove, To them, so wondrous kind.

ARLINGTON.  C. M.

1 This is the day, the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround his throne.

2 To day, he rose, and left the dead, And Satan's empire fell; To day, the saints his triumph spread, And all his wonders tell.
1 Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes my waking eyes: Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay, To him who rules the skies.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine, While I enjoy the light; Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a peaceful night.

1 Behold thy waiting servant, Lord, Devoted to thy fear; Remember, and confirm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord? Then thy truth appear: Saints shall rejoice, in my reward, And trust, as well as fear.
WILMINGTON.  C. M.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands, With all engaging charms; Hark! how he calls the tender lambs, And folds them in his arms.

PUTNEY.  C. M.

1 Soon as I heard my Father say, 'Ye children, seek my grace;' My heart replied, without delay, 'I'll seek my Father's face.'

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your courage up; He'll raise your spirit, when it faints, And far exceed your hope.
1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

2 O joyful and transporting scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those extended plains, Shines one eternal day; There, God the Son, for ever reigns, And scatters night away.

5 When shall I reach that happy place, And be for ever blest? When shall I see my father's face, And in his bosom rest?
1 Lord, hear the voice of my complaint, Accept my secret prayer; To thee alone, my King, my God, Will I for help repair.

2 Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear, And with the dawning day, To thee, devoutly I'll look up, To thee, devoutly, pray.

WESTMORELAND. C. M. [Doublic.] D. C.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause;

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 soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround his throne.

5. Hosanna in the highest strain, The church on earth can raise; The highest heavens, in which he reigns, Shall give him nobler praise.

ST. ANN'S.  C. M.

Now let Jehovah be adored, On whom our hopes depend; For who, except the mighty Lord, His people can defend?

O bless our God, and never cease; Ye saints, fulfil his praise; He keeps our life, maintains our peace, And guides our doubtful ways.
There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given:

C. M. Come, let us lift our joyful eyes, Up to the courts above,

There is a tear for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone, in heaven.

And smile to see our Father there, And smile upon a throne of love.

* See Lanesboro, p. 67.
1. Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an inviting voice.

2. Ho! ye that pant for living streams, And pine away and die; Here you may quench your raging thirst, With springs that never dry.
1 Sweet was the time, when first I saw The Savior's pardoning blood, Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed, His praises tuned my tongue; And when the evening shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, forever thine. Be, Lord, forever thine.
1. All hail, the great Immanuel's name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,

5. Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe,

And crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

And crown him Lord of all. To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

* This tune was a great favorite with the late Dr. Dwight. It was often sung by the College Choir, while he "catching as it were the inspiration of the heavenly world, would join them, and lead them" with the most ardent devotion. Incidents in the life of President Dwight, p. 36.
DEDHAM. C. M.

1. Sweet was the time, when first I felt, The Savior's pardoning blood, Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His praises tuned my tongue; And when the evening shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

1. O all ye lands, rejoice in God, Sing praise, and bless his name; Let all the earth, with one accord, His wondrous works proclaim.

4. Rejoice, ye saints, and shout for joy, Ye ransomed of the Lord; Be grateful praise your sweet employ, His presence your reward.

* This strain may be performed by two Trebles, or by the Tenor and Base.
PORTER.  C. M.

Come, sound aloud Jehovah's name, And, in his strength, rejoice;

While golden harps, and angel tongues, Resound immortal lays,

When his salvation is our theme, Exalted be our voice. Exalted be our voice.

Great God, permit our humble songs, To rise and speak thy praise. To rise and speak thy praise.
2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines His goodness to the skies; Through all the earth his bounty shines, And every want supplies.

4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King; Let age to age, thy righteousness, In sounds of glory sing.

1 Thou art my portion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t'obey thy word, And suffers no de --- lay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth, And glo-ry in my choice; Not all the riches of the earth, Could make me so re-joice.
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
This new dispensation,
Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea,
Ye mountains, covered grace demands,
A new and nobler song.
A new and nobler song.
A new and nobler song.
sink, ye valleys, rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
Prepare the Lord his way.
Prepare the Lord his way.
PADDINGTON. S. M.

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

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul, To pour fresh life in every part, [omit.] And new create the whole.

SOUTHFIELD. S. M.

1 Thy name, Almighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands: Great is thy grace, and sure thy word, Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more.
ST. THOMAS. S. M.

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

3 High as the heavens are raised, Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace, Our highest thoughts exceed.

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

1 To bless thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, incline; And cause the brightness of thy face, On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous way May through the world be known, While distant lands their homage pay, And thy salvation own.
1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of love divine, [omt. — — — — —] Bid every string awake.

2. Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above, We every moment come.

Linstead. S. M.

Mine eyes and my desire Are ever to the Lord; I love to plead his promises, And rest upon his word.

Lord, turn thee to my soul; Bring thy salvation near; When will thy hand release my feet From sin's destructive snare?
1 Thy name, Almighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands: Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure; Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more.

Behold the morning sun Begins his glorious way: His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes, It spreads diviner light, It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.
Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at his feet; His nature is all holiness, and mercy is his seat.

In Zion stands his throne; His honors are divine; His church shall make his wonders known, [omitted] For there his glories shine.

1 Oh for the death of those, Who slumber in the Lord! Oh be like theirs my last repose, Like theirs my last reward.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar, On wings of faith and love, To meet the Savior they adore, And reign with him above.
1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

4 Now let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

CODA. To be sung or omitted at pleasure.

4 We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high. To fairer worlds on high.
Lee. S. M.

Lo! what a pleasing sight, Are brethren that agree, Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite, Of love and harmony. Of love and harmony.

Falkland. S. M.

1 Thy name, almighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light, and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more.
SILVER STREET.  S. M.

Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.

INVERNESS.  S. M.

1 O cease, my wandering soul, On restless wing, to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God! Behold the open door! Oh! haste to gain that dear abode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And every longing satisfied, With full salvation blest.
OLNEY.  S. M.

1. The Spirit, in our hearts, Is whispering, 'Sinner, come;' The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims, To all her children, 'Come!'

2. Let him that heareth, say, To all about him, 'Come;' Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the fountain, come.

3. Yes, whoever will, O let him freely come, And freely drink the stream of life; 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4. Lo! Jesus, who invites, Declares, 'I quickly come.' Lord, even so! we wait thy hour; O blest Redeemer, come!

DOVER.  S. M.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the church his blest abode, His most delightful seat.

2. In Zion God is known, A refuge in distress; How bright has his salvation shone! How fair his heavenly grace!
1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take: Lead to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake, Bid every string awake, Bid every string awake.

2. Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above, We every moment come. We every moment come. We every moment come.

STONINGTON. S. M. Church Psalmody, Hymn 239.

1. Ye trembling captives, hear! The gospel trumpet sounds; No music more can charm the ear, Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war, Nor Sinai's awful roar; Salvation's news it spreads afar, And vengeance is no more.
1 Let songs of endless praise, From every nation rise; Let all the lands their tribute raise, To God, who rules the skies.

2 His mercy and his love Are boundless as his name; And all eternity shall prove, His truth remains the same.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

2 Jesus himself comes near, And feasts his saints today; Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

BEVERLY. S. M.

LISBON. S. M.
Sing praises to our God, And bless his sacred name: His great salvation, all abroad, From day to day, proclaim.

Midst heathen nations place The glories of his throne; And let the wonders of his grace, Through all the earth be known.

Is this the kind return, And these the thanks we owe; Thus to abuse eternal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

Let past ingratitude Provoke our weeping eyes; And hourly, as new mercies fall, Let hourly thanks arise.
Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower! When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure; And children's children ever find, Thy words of promise sure.

My soul with patience waits, For thee, the living God; My hopes are on thy promise built, Thy never failing word.

Let Israel trust in God, No bounds his mercy knows; The plenteous source and spring, from whence eternal succor flows.
S. M. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious name to sing, To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring. To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.

Ye simple souls that stray, Far from the paths of peace,

That unfrequent way, To life and happiness; How long will ye your folly love, And thron the downward road, And hate the wisdom from above, And mock the sons of God!

L. M. Preserve me, Lord, in time of need, For succor, to thy throne, I flee; But have no merit there to plead, My goodness cannot reach to thee.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye:

My noon day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

* By repeating the two first lines.
The voice of my beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds, He flies exulting o'er the hills,

L. M. Father of mercies, God of love! Oh! hear a humble suppliant's cry; Bend from thy lofty seat above,

And all my soul with transport fills: Gently doth he chide my stay, 'Rise, my love, and come away,'

Thy throne of glorious majesty! Oh! deign to hear my mournful voice, And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

* By omitting the first note in the last two lines.
1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower; Thee will I love, my joy, my crown; Thee will I love with all my power;

6 Give to mine eyes, refreshing tears; Give to my heart, chaste hallowed fires, Give to my soul, with awful fears,

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown, Thee will I love, my Lord, my God; Thee will I love, beneath thy frown

In all thy works, and thee alone: Thee will I love, till holy fire; Fill all my soul with pure desire.

The love that heavens bright host inspires, That all my powers, with all their might, In thy sole glory, may unite.

Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod; What though my flesh and heart decay; Thee shall I love in endless day
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply,

Though in a bare and rugged way, Through devious, lonely wilds I stray, Thy presence shall my pains beguile:

And guard me with a watchful eye: My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

The barren wilderness shall smile, With sudden greens and herbage crowned, And streams shall murmur all around.
Awake, our souls, away our fears, Let every trembling thought be gone! Awake, and run the heavenly race.

Come, all ye servants of the Lord, And praise him for his sacred word, That word, like manna, sent from heaven,

It tells who first inspired our breath, And who redeemed our souls from death; It tells of grace so freely given,

And put a cheerful courage on! Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on!

To all who seek it freely given; Its promises our fears remove, And fill our hearts with joy and love.

And shows the path to God and heaven; O bless we, then, our gracious Lord, For all the treasures of his word.
1 I love the volume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves afford, To souls benighted and distressed!

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my danger lies; But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,

Thy precepts guide my doubtful way, Thy fear forbids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

That makes my guilty conscience clean, Converts my soul, subdues my sin, And gives a free, but large reward.
1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers,

2 How blest the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God, he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train;

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures. Or immortality endures.

His truth forever stands secure; He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain. And none shall find his promise vain.
Great God, the heavens well ordered frame Declares the glory of thy name; There thy rich works of wonder shine:

Where e'er the circling sun displays, His rising beams or setting rays, Due praise to his great name address:

A thousand starry beauties there, A thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless power and skill divine.

Ye saints and servants of the Lord, The triumphs of his name record; His sacred name forever bless.
1 O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth, That in my Savior shine;

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath divine;

3 I'd sing the character he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Exalted on his throne:

I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings, In notes almost divine.

I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all perfect heavenly dress, My soul shall ever shine.

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would, to everlasting days, Make all his glories known.
Foster. C. P. M.

1 O Thou, that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts itself on thee?

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead, And his availing blood:

3 Then save me from eternal death, The spirit of adoption breathed, His consolations send:

I have no refuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffered once for me.

That righteousness my robe shall be, That merit shall atone for me, And bring me near to God.

By him some word of life impart, And sweetly whisper to my heart, 'Thy Maker is thy friend.'
When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come, To fetch thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand?

Among thy saints let me be found, Whene'er th'arch-angel's trump shall sound, To see thy smiling face;

Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

Then loudest of the crowd, I'll sing, While heaven's resounding mansions ring; With shouts of sovereign grace.
1. Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay, Let each captured thought obey, And praise th' Almighty's name: Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies.

2. Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing; Ye feathered warblers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise: Praise him who shaped your finer mould.

5. Let man, by nobler passions swayed, Let man, in God's own image made, His breath in praise employ; Spread wide his Maker's name around.

Treble

In one melodious concert rise, To swell th'inspiring theme. To swell th'inspiring theme.

Alto

Who tipped your glittering wings with gold, And tuned your voice to praise. And tuned your voice to praise.

In songs of holy joy. In songs of holy joy.
The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with awful glories crowned; Arrayed in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of majesty around.

Upheld by thy commands, The world securely stands, And skies and stars obey thy word; Thy throne was fixed on high, Ere stars adorned the sky: Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

I give immortal praise, To God the Father's love, For all my comforts here, And better hopes above. He sent his own eternal Son, To die for crimes that man had done.

Bear, bear the tidings round, Let every mortal know What love in God is found, What pity he can show. Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll, Bear the glad news from pole to pole!
The Lord Je-hovah reigns, His throne is fixed on high; The garments he assumes, Are light and majesty;

The thunders of his hand, Still keep the world in awe; His wrath and justice stand, To guard his holy law;

And can this mighty King Of glory condescend? And will he write his name, 'My father, and my friend?'

His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight.

And where his love resolves to bless, His truth confirms and seals the grace.

I love his name! I love his word! Join all my powers, and praise the Lord.
HARWICH. H. M.

2 How mighty is his hand! What wonders hath he done! He formed the earth and seas, And spread the heavens alone. His power and grace Are still the same And let his name Have endless praise.

CONNER. H. M.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord! Heaven with hosannas rings: While earth, in humbler strains, Thy praise responsive sings, Worthy art thou, who once wast slain, Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword, Ascend thy conquering ear, While justice, truth, and love, Maintain the glorious war: Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread, And sin and hell in triumph lead.
1 Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest; I hail thy kind return,

3 Descend, celestial dove, With all thy quickening powers; Disclose a Savior's love,

Lord make these moments blest: From the low train of mortal toys, I soar to reach immortal joys.

And bless the sacred hours: Then shall my soul new life obtain, Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.
1 Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are!

2 O happy souls, who pray, Where God appoints to hear! O happy men, who pay Their constant service there!

3 They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in heaven appears:

To thine abode, My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.

They praise thee still! And happy they, Who love the way, To Zion's hill.

O glorious seat, When God our king Shall hither bring Our willing feet.
1 Ye dying sons of men, Immersed in sin and woe! Now mercy calls again, Its message 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, Though poor, and blind, and lame; All things are ready, sinners, come! For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Drawn by his dying love, Ye wandering sheep, draw near! He calls you from above, The Shepherd's voice now hear; To him whoever will may come, In Jesus, arms there still is room.

HOPKINTON. H. M.

1 Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's name; His praise your songs employ, Above the starry frame; Your voices raise, Ye cherubim, And seraphim, To sing his praise.

2 Let all adore the Lord, And praise his holy name, By whose almighty word They all from nothing came; And all shall last From changes free; His firm decree Stands ever fast.
1 Gently glides the stream of life, Or a - long the flowery vale; Or impetuous down the cliff, Rushing roars when storms as - sail.

2 'Tis an ev - er varied flood, Always rolling to its sea; Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude, Tending to e - ter - ni - ty.

PRENTISS. 7s.

1 Morning breaks up - on the tomb, Je - sus scatters all its gloom! Day of triumph! through the skies, See the glorious Sa - vior rise!

3 Christians, dry your flowing tears; Chase your un - be - lieving fears; Look on his desert - ed grave; Doubt no more his power to save.
1 Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar; Who, an ever welcome guest, In thy holy place shall rest?

3 He, who shuns the sinner's road, Loving those who love their God; Who, with hope, and faith unfeigned, Treads the path by thee ordained.

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1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice: I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Hither come, for here is found Balm for every bleeding wound, Peace, which ever shall endure, Rest, eternal sacred, sure.
CALCUTTA. 7's.

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

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

WILMOT. 7's.

1 p. Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord, f. Be thy glorious name adored! p. Lord, thy mercies never fail; f. Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 p. Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear; m. Purer praise we hope to bring, When around thy throne we sing.

3 ff. Then with angel harps again, We will wake a nobler strain, There, in joyful songs of praise, Our triumphant voices raise.
1 Keep me, Savior, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Never let me

Let us then, with joyful mind, Praise the Lord for he is kind; For his mercies

from thee rove, Sweetly draw me, Sweetly draw me, Sweetly draw me, by thy love.

shall endure, Ever faithful, Ever faithful, Ever faithful, ever sure.
ADULLUM. 7's.

1 Come, divine and peaceful Guest, Enter each devout breast; Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire, Kindle there the gospel fire. Kindle there the gospel fire.

2 Bid our sin and sorrow cease; Fill us with thy heavenly peace; Joy divine we then shall prove, Light of truth, and fire of love. Light of truth, and fire of love.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7's.

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine! Let thy light within me shine; All my guilty fears remove, Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart: Breathe thyself into my breast, Earnest of immortal rest.
1 From the cross uplifted high, Where the Savior deigns to die, What melodious sounds I hear, Bursting on my ravished ear!

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan? On my pierced body laid, Justice owns the ransom paid;

3 Spread for thee, the festal board See with richest dainties stored; To thy Father's bosom pressed, Yet again a child confessed, Never from his house to roam; Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end, Lo, I come, your Savior, Friend! Safe your spirits to convey To the realms of endless day, Up to my eternal home; Come and welcome, sinner, come!
NORTHWOOD.  7's.

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

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

PALMER.  7's.  6 lines.

1 Judge me, Lord, in righteousness; Plead for me in my distress: Good and merciful thou art; Bind this bleeding, broken heart: Cast me not despairing hence; Be my love, my confidence.

2 Send thy light and truth, to guide, Leave me not to turn aside; On thy holy hill I'd rest, In thy courts forever blest: There to God, my hope, my joy, Praise shall all my powers employ.
1 Safely through another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day:

2 While we seek supplies of grace, Through the great Redeemer's name; Show thy reconciling face, Take away our sin and shame.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise, Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glory meet our eyes, While we in thy house appear.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound, Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound; Bring relief from all complaints:

Day of all the week the best; Emblem of eternal rest. Day of all the week the best; Emblem of eternal rest.

From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee. From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

Here afford us Lord, a taste, Of our everlasting feast. Here afford us Lord, a taste, Of our everlasting feast.

Thus let all our sabbaths prove, Till we join the church above. Thus let all our sabbaths prove, Till we join the church above.
1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only light, Sun of righteousness, arise,

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn, If thy light is hid from me; Joyless is the day's return,

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief; Fill me, radiant Sun divine!

Triumph o'er the shades of night: Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart, appear.

Till thy mercy's beams I see; Till they inward light impart, Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Scatter all my unbelief: More and more thyself display, Shining to the perfect day.
1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun, Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here.

2 As the winged arrow flies, Spee - di - ly the mark to find; As the lightning from the skies, Darts, and leaves no trace be - hind;

3 Thanks for mercies past receive, Pardon of our sins renew; Teach us, henceforth, how to live, With e - ter - ni - ty in view:

Fixed in an e - ter nal state, They have done with all below: We a little longer wait, But how little none can know.

Swiftly thus our fleeting days Bear us down life's rap - id stream; Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise, All be - low is but a dream.

Bless thy word to young and old, Fill us with a Savior's love; And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with thee a - bove.
EDGAR.  S's, 7's, & 7's.  Church Psalmody, Hy. 134.

1 Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise above! Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:

4 Savior, hasten thine appearing; Bring, oh bring the glorious day, When, the awful summons hearing:

Jesus reigns the God of love: See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone.

Heaven and earth shall pass away; Then with golden harps, we'll sing, 'Glory, glory [omitted] to our King.'
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight; Judah's temple far excelling, Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the rock of ages founded, What can shake her sure repose? With salvation's wall surrounded, She can smile at all her foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion city of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own abode.
1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us all thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration, For the gospel's joyful sound; May the fruit of thy salvation, In our hearts and lives be found.

3 Jesus thou art all compassion; Pure, unbounded love thou art: Visit us, with thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart,

8 & 7. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion city of our God; He whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for his own abode.

8. Lauded be thy name forever, Thou of life the guard and giver, Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest, Bless are they thou kindly keepest.
CESAREA.  S's & 7's.

On the tree of life eternal, Oh, let all our hopes be laid! This alone, forever vernal, Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

While our days on earth are lengthened, We will give them, Lord, to thee: Cheered by hope, we're daily strengthened, Hope of immortality.

GREENVILLE.  S's, 7's & 4; or 9's & 7's or S's 7's double.

9, 7. Come unto me, all ye that labor; Sinners, heavy laden come, None are more welcome to the Saviour, Than the wretched and undone. Let not the weight of sin distress you, Cease to heave the plaintive sigh:

8, 7, 4. Gently, Lord, oh! gently lead us, Thro' this lowly vale of tears; And, O Lord, in mercy give us, Thy rich grace in all our fears!

S, 7. Far from mortal cares retreating, Sordid hopes and vain desires, Here our willing footsteps meeting, Every heart to heaven aspire, From the Fount of glory beaming, Light celestial cheers our eyes;
COBURN.  S's, 7's & 4.

1 Songs anew of honor framing, Sing ye to the Lord alone; All his wondrous works proclaiming, Jesus wondrous works hath done! Glorious victory, Glorious victory, His right hand and arm have won.

2 Shout aloud, and hail the Savior: Jesus, Lord of all proclaim! As ye triumph in his favor, All ye lands declare his fame; Loud rejoicing, Loud rejoicing, Shout the honor of his name.

CARLOW.  S's, 7's, & 4.

Yes! we trust the day is breaking, Joyful times are near at hand; When he chooses, Darkness flies at his command.

Oh! 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving To our hearts to hear, each day; Those enlightening, Who in death [omit] and darkness lay.

Joyful news from far arriving, How the gospel wins its way;
TAMWORTH. 8's, 7's, & 4.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain:

 Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Jesus now shall ever reign.

FLEMING. 8's, 7's, & 4.

1 Come ye sinners, poor and wretched, Come in mercy's gracious hour? Jesus reads to save you, Full of pity, love and power! He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty, ye are welcome! God's free bounty glorify! True belief and true repentance, Every grace which brings us nigh, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
8, 7, 4. Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye, who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

1 Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore him; Praise him, angels in the height; Sun and moon, rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken; Worlds his mighty word obeyed; Laws which never can be broken, For their guidance he hath made. Hallelujah, Amen.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious; Never shall his promise fail; God hath made his saints victorious, Sin and death shall not prevail. Hallelujah, Amen.

4 Praise the God of our salvation, Hosts on high his power proclaim; Heaven and earth, and all creation, Praise and magnify his name! Hallelujah, Amen.
KENDALL. S's, 7's & 4.

1 Lord dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace! Let us, each thy love possessing

2 Thanks we give, and adoration, For thy gospel's joyful sound, May the fruits of thy salvation,

3 Then, when'er the signal's given, Us from earth to call away, Borne on angels' wings to heaven,

Triumph in redeeming grace: O refresh us, O refresh us, Travelling through this wilderness.

In our hearts and lives abound! May thy presence, May thy presence, With us ever more be found!

Glad the summons to obey, May we ever, May we ever, Reign with Christ in endless days!
1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land: I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountain, Where the healing streams do flow; Let the fiery cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey through.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside: Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side.

Solo.

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

Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield. Be thou still my strength and shield.

Songs of praises, Songs of praises, I will ever give to thee. I will ever give to thee.
1. When shall the voice of singing,Flow joyful-ly along? When hill and valley, ringing With one triumphant song, Proclaim the contest ended,

2. Then from the craggy mountains, The sacred shout shall fly; And shady vales and fountains Shall echo the reply. High tower and lowly dwelling

And Him who once was slain, Again to earth descended, Again to earth descended, Again to earth descended; In righteousness to reign.

Shall send the chorus round, All hallelujah swelling, All hallelujah swelling, All hallelujah swelling, In one eternal sound.
MISSIONARY HYMN.  7's & 6's.

1 From Greenland's icy mountain, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand,

2 What though the spicy breezes, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile:

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

4 Waft, waft ye winds, his story; And you, ye waters, roll, Till like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;

1 From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to deliver, Their land from error's chain.

2 In vain with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown; The heathen in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

3 SAL-VATION! O SAL-VATION! The joyful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation, Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Till o'er our ransomed nature, The Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King. Creator, Returns in bliss to reign.
1 To the hills, I lift my eyes, The everlasting hills; Streaming thence in fresh supplies, My soul the Spirit feels:

2 Faithful soul, pray, always pray, And still in God confide; He thy feeble steps shall stay, Nor suffer thee to slide.

Will he not his help afford? Help, while yet I ask, is given; God comes down: the God and Lord, That made both earth and heaven.

Trust on thy Redeemer's arm, He thy quiet spirit keeps; Rest in him secure from harm, Thy Watchman never sleeps.
7. 6. Rise, my soul, stretch out thy wings; Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things, To heaven thy native place.

7. 6. Far above all earthly things, While yet on earth employed, View, my soul, the King of kings, And hold converse with God.

Sun and moon and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise my soul, and haste away, To seats prepared above.

O that I the art may know, Of living thus, O Lord, to thee, Find my heaven begun below, And here thy glory see.

*Tenor and Base, or two Trebles.
1 Jesus, from thy heavenly place, Thy dwelling in the sky, Fill our church with righteousness, Our want of faith supply:

2 Let thy grace divine o'erflow Our sin polluted land: Let the least and greatest know, And bow to thy command.

Faith our strong protection be, And godliness with all its power; 'Stablish our posterity, Till time shall be no more.

Wisdom pure religious fear, Our land's peculiar treasure prove; Blest with pietv sincere; Inspired with humble love.
1 Lord, and is thine anger gone, And art thou pacified? After all that I have done, Dost thou no longer chide?

5 As the apple of thine eye, Thy weakest servant keep; Help me at thy feet to lie, And there forever weep:

Let thy love my heart constrain, And all my restless passions sway: Keep me, lest I turn again, From out the narrow way.

Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow, That I have any hope of heaven; Much of love I ought to know, For I have much forgiven.
1. Burst ye emerald gates, and bring, To my raptured vision, All th'ecstatic joys that spring; Round the bright Elysian:

2. Lo! we lift our longing eyes, Break ye intervening skies, Sons of righteousness arise, Ope the gates of paradise.

3. Sweetest sound in seraph's song, Sweetest sound on mortal's tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung, Let its echoes flow along.
Head of the church triumphant, We joyfully adore thee; Till thou appear, Thy members here, Shall sing like those in glory.

While in affliction's furnace, And passing through the fire, Thy love we praise, That knows our days, And ever brings us nigher.

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

Faith now beholds the glory, To which thou wilt restore us; And earth despise, For that high prize, Which thou hast set before us.

We lift our heart and voices, In blest anticipation, And cry aloud, And give to God, The praise of our salvation.

We lift our hands exulting, In thine almighty favor; The love divine, That made us thine, Shall keep us thine forever.

The world, with sin and Satan, In vain our marches oppose; By thee we will Break through them all, And sing the song of Moses.

And if thou count us worthy, We each, like dying Stephen; Shall see thee stand, At God's right hand, To take us up to heaven.
Again we lift our voice, And shout our solemn joys! Cause of highest raptures this, Raptures that shall never fail; See a soul escaped to bliss, Keep the Christian festival.

And shall we mourn to see our fellow prisoner free, Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears, In the haven of the skies? Can we weep to see the tears Wiped forever from his eyes?

No, dear companion, no, We gladly let thee go, From a suffering church beneath, To a reigning church above; Thou through Christ hast conquered death; Thou art crowned with life and love.

**EVENING HYMN. 8, 3's & 6.**

Church Psalmody, Hy. 711

1. 'Tis I sleep, for every favor, This day showed, By my God, I do bless my Savior.

2. Leave me not, but ever love me; Let thy peace be my bliss, Till thou hence remove me.

3. Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower, Safely keep, While I sleep, Me, with all thy power.

4. And, whene'er in death I slumber, Let me rise, With the wise, Counted in their number.
AMERICA. 6's & 4's

Words by S. F. Smith.

1 My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land, where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song. Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to thee, Author of liberty! To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God our King.

OLIVET. 6's & 4's.

Words by Ray Palmer.

1 My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary! Saviour divine! Now hear me when I pray; Take all my guilt away; Oh 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, Oh may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A burning 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 Savior, then in love, Fear and distress remove; Oh! bear me safe above A ransomed soul.
SYRIA. 6's, & 10's; or 6's, 8's, & 4's.*

6, 10. No war nor battle's sound Was heard, the earth around, No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;

6, 8, 4. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above: Ancient of ever-lasting days, And God of love:

But peaceful was the night, In which the Prince of light, His reign of peace upon the earth began.

Jehovah, great I am! By earth and heaven confessed; I bow and bless the sacred name, For ever blest.

* By omitting the ties.
Hark, how the gospel trumpet sounds, Though all the world the echo bounds! And Jesus, by redeeming love, Is bringing sinners back to God; And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.

Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on, And when the conquest you have won, Then palms of victory you shall bear, And in his kingdom have a share, And crowns of glory ever wear, In endless day.

There we shall in full chorus join, With saints and angels all combine, To sing of his redeeming blood, Is bringing sinners back to God; And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.

When rolling years shall cease to move, And this shall be our theme above, In endless day.

1. Hark, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds, Through earth and heaven the echo bounds; Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood! Sinners are reconciled to God, By grace divine.

2. Come, sinners, hear the joyful news, Nor longer dare the grace refuse; Mercy and justice here combine, Goodness and truth harmonious join, 'T'invite you near.

3. Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre; Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire; Let both the Savior's love proclaim; 'Forever worthy is the Lamb Of endless praise.'

SAVANNAH. 10's. 4 lines.

From Jesse's root, behold a branch arise, Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

Imperial Salem, crowned with light, arise, Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes; See heaven its dazzling portals wide display, And break upon thee, in a flood of day.
Not to our names, thou only just and true, Nor to our worthless names is glory due; Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice, claim,

Heaven is thy court, and there thy glorious throne, But through this lower world thy will is done: O Zion, trust the Lord; our foes, in vain,

Imortal honors to thy sovereign name; Shine thro' the earth, from heaven thy blest abode, Nor let the heathen say, 'Where is your God,'

 Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign; By grace, we're saved; let joyful songs ascend, To God our Lord, our Saviour, and our Friend.
1. House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring, While all our lips and hearts his glory sing; The opening year his graces shall proclaim,

6. Shout forth his praise, my soul, all nature join; Angels and men, in harmony combine: While human years are measured by the sun,

And all its days be vocal with his name; The Lord is good, his mercy never ending; His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

And while eternity its course shall run, His goodness, in perpetual showers, descending, Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.
NORTHFIELD.  8's.

1 Hail blessed delights of the ground, How lovely the charms I survey, The hills and the meadows around, Their riches and grandeur display;

2 The woods where the nightingales sing, The vale where the streams gently move, All gratefully hasten to bring Their tribute of earliest love.

BERKLEY.  8's or 6's.

6's. Once more before we part, Bless the Redeemer's name; Let every tongue and heart, Praise and adore the same.

8's. My gracious Redeemer I love! His praises aloud I'll proclaim, And join with the armies above, To shout his adorable name.
1. The winter is o-ver and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts, and warbles away.

2. Shall ev-ery creature around, Their voi-ces in concert u-nite, And I, the most favored, be found, In praising to take less delight?

3. Awake, then, my harp and my lute! Sweet organs your notes softly swell! No longer my lips shall be mute, The Savior’s high prais-es to tell!

4. His love in my heart shed abroad, My graces shall bloom as the spring; This temple, his Spirit’s abode, My joy, as my du-ty, to sing.
1 Come, let us anew, Our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still, till the master appear, His adorable

2 Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream, Glides swiftly away! And the fugitive moment refuses to stay. The arrow is

3 O that each in the day Of his coming may say, 'I have fought my way through, I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.' O that each from his

will, Let us gladly fulfil, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope, and the labor of love. By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Second Treble.

flown, The moment is gone; The moment is gone; The millenial year Rushes on to my view, And eternity's here. And eternity's here.

Lord, May receive the glad word, 'Well and faithfully done, Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne, Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'
1. Thee, Father, we praise, In harmonious lays, For all thy rich grace; O give us the knowledge of pardon and peace.

2. On thee we rely, All our wants to supply; O keep us each hour, From snares and temptations, by might and by power.

3. O may we improve, In knowledge and love Of Jesus our king; Till to glory we're brought, his praises to sing.

4. While below, if we stray, From the source of true joy, Let thy merciful hand Return, and incline us to obey thy command.

5. Our friends, may they share Thy blessings while here, And crown them above, Where joys will increase, from the fountain of love.

6. May we shortly there meet, Around thy blessed seat; Thy love to adore, Where pleasure and praise will abound evermore.

* The ties in this and similar tunes, show that the tied notes are to be sung sometimes to one syllable and at others to two.
My God, I am thine, What a comfort divine, What a blessing to know, That my Jesus is mine!

Oh what shall we do, Our Savior to love; To make us anew, Come Lord from above:

L. M. Now let our mournful songs record The dying sorrows of our Lord;

In the heavenly lamb, Thrice happy I am; And my heart doth rejoice, At the sound of his name.

The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness give; Give us the salvation, Of all that believe.

When he complained in tears and blood, Like one forsaken of his God.
HINTON. 11's, or 5's & 6's.

1 How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word!

2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed; For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;

What more can he say than to you he hath said, Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled.

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
1 The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide, Whatever we want, he will kindly provide; To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,

2 The Lord is our Shepherd; what, then, shall we fear? Shall dangers affright us, while he is near? Oh no; when he calls us, we'll walk through the vale,

3 Afraid to pursue by ourselves the dark way, Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay: We know by thy guidance, when once it is past, To life and to glory, it brings us at last.

4 The Lord is become our salvation and song, His blessings have followed us, all our life long, His name will we praise, while he lends us breath, Be joyful through life, and resigned in our death.
1 Our Fa-ther in heaven, We hol-low thy name! May thy king-dom holy, On earth be the same!

2 Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know That hum-ble compassion, Which pardons each foe:

O give to us dai-ly, Our por-tion of bread; It is from thy bounty, That all must be fed.

Keep us from tempta-tion, From week-ness and sin, And thine be the glo-ry, For-ev-er, amen.
0 praise ye the Lord: prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing; In their great Creator, let all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation be glad in their king.

With glory adorned, his people shall sing, To God, who defence and plenty supplies: Their loud acclamation to him, their great King, Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

LYONS. 10's & 11's.

1 O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices united, the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises in music divine.

2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend; Let each grateful heart be glad in his King; The God whom we worship, our songs will attend, And view, with complacence, the offering we bring.
1 Come away to the skies, My beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born. On this festival day,

3 With singing we praise The original grace, By our heavenly Father bestowed. Our being receive

7 Hallelujah we sing, Unto Jesus our King, In the praise of his wonderful love: To the Lamb that was slain,

Come exulting away, And with singing to Zion return. And with singing to Zion return.

From his bounty and live, To the honor and glory of God. To the honor and glory of God,

Hallelujah again, Till with angels we praise him above. Till with angels we praise him above.
1 Away with our fears! The glad morning appears, When an heir of salvation is born! From Jehovah I

2 In a rapture of joy, My life I employ, The God of my life to proclaim; 'Tis worth living for

3 My remnant of days, I spend in his praise, Who died the whole world to redeem: Be they many or

came, For his glory I am, And to him I with singing return. And to him I with singing return.

this, To administer bliss, And salvation in Jesus's name. And salvation in Jesus's name.

few, My days are his due And they all are devoted to him. And they all are devoted to him.
1 Hail! thou blest morn, when the great Mediator, Down from the regions of glory descends! Shepherds, go worship the

2 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid, Star of the east, the ho-

3 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall, Angels adore him in slumber reclining, Maker and Monarch, and Savior of all.

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

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation; Vainly with gifts would his favors secure! Richer by far is the heart's adoration; Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Bishop Heber
**SARDIS. 8's & 6's. Manual of Christian Psalmody, Hy. 725.**

1 Sing hallelujah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheerful voice; Exalt our God with one accord, And in his name rejoice;*

2 There we to all eternity Shall join th' angelic lays, And sing in perfect harmony To God our Savior's praise:

Never cease to sing, thou ransom-ed host, To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Till in the realms of endless light, Your praises shall unite.

He hath redeemed us by his blood, And made us kings and priests to God; For us, for us the Lamb was slain. Praise ye the Lord! Amen.
1 The voice of free grace cries, 'Escape to the mountain.' For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain; For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression, His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation. Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon. We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded to the Savior repair, Now he calls you in mercy, and can you forbear? Tho' your sins are increased as high as a mountain, His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain, Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon. We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

3 Now Jesus our King, reigns triumphantly glorious; O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious; With shouting proclaim it, oh trust in his passion, He saves us most freely, oh precious salvation. Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon. We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.
"Morn of Zion's glory."

Words by S. F. Smith

1 Morn of Zion's glory, Brightly thou art breaking, Holy joys, thy light is waking; Morn of Zion's glory,

2 Morn of Zion's glory, Every human dwelling, With thy notes of joy is swelling; Morn of Zion's glory,

4 Morn of Zion's glory, Now the night is riven, Now the star is high in heaven; Morn of Zion's glory,

Ancient saints foretold thee, Seraph angels glad behold thee; See them glide, Far and wide, Streams of rich salvation, Flow to every nation.

Distant hills are ringing, Echoed voices sweet are singing; Haste thee on, Like the sun, Paths of splendor tracing, Heathen midnight chasing.

Joyful hearts are bounding, Hallelujah's now are sounding; Peace with men, Dwells again, Jesus reigns forever! Jesus reigns forever.
1 If life’s pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart, Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part; His favor seek, His praises speak,

4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not alarm, Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm; He near thee stands, With mighty hands,

Fix here thy hope’s foundation: Serve him and he, Will ever be, The Rock of thy salvation.

To ward off each temptation; To Jesus fly, He’s ever nigh, The Rock of thy salvation.
1 Soldiers of Christ, arise, Now put your armor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies, Through his eternal Son;

2 Stand then in his great might, With all his strength endued; Take ye, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God:

3 Ever together joined, To battle all proceed; Arm ye yourselves with all the mind, That was in Christ your head.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in his mighty power; He who in his Redeemer trusts, Is more than conquer or.

Leave no unguarded place, No weakness of the soul; Take every virtue, every grace, And fortify the whole:

Then when your work is done, And all your conflicts past, Ye shall o' ercome, through Christ alone, And stand entire at last.
THANKSGIVING HYMN.  'Be joyful in God,'

1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with gladness and fear; Exult in his presence with music and mirth.

2 The Lord he is God, and Jehovah alone, Creator, and ruler o'er all:

3 Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in his temple proclaim; His praise with melodious accordance prolong,

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, And we are the work of his hand:
Be joyful in God all ye lands of the earth.

And we are his people, his sceptre we own: His sheep, and we follow his call. We follow his call. We follow his call.

His mercy and truth from eternity stood, And shall to eternity stand. To eternity stand. To eternity stand.

HYMN. 'The Lord is great.'

Church Psalmody, Hy. 731.

1. The Lord is great! Ye hosts of heaven, adore him, And ye who tread this earthy ball: In holy songs rejoice aloud before him, And shout his praise, who made you all.

2. The Lord is great, his majesty how glorious! Resound his praise from shore to shore; O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious, He rules and reigns forevermore.

3. The Lord is great, his mercy how abounding! Ye angels, strike your golden chords! O praise our God! with voice and harp resounding, The King of kings, and Lord of lords.
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with gladness and fear; Exult in his presence, with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near.

1 O praise the Lord with one consent, And magnify his name; Let all the servants of the Lord, His worthy praise proclaim.

2 For this our truest interest is, Glad hymns of praise to sing; And with loud songs to bless his name, A most delightful thing.

CHORUS.

Exult in his presence, with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near.

Let all the servants of the Lord, His worthy praise proclaim.

And with loud songs to bless his name, A most delightful thing.
1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises, o'er the dark way: The few lurid

2 I would not live alway, no welcome the tomb, Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom; There, sweet be my

Who, who would live alway, away from his God; Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode, Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noon tide of glory eternally reigns:

Where the saints of all ages, in harmony, meet, Their Savior and brethren, transported to greet; While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Episcopal Coll.
While the choir responsive rings, Let the cheerful psaltry join,
Instruments of various strings, Harp, with melody divine; Let the lofty organ join, Loudly peal, or softly swell,

Praise O praise the name divine, Praise him at the hallowed shrine; Let the firmament on high, To its Maker's praise reply. All who vital breath enjoy, In his praise, that breath employ.

And in sacred solemn sound, On Jehovah's praises dwell. Heaven and earth the chorus join; Praise, O praise the name divine.

Last two verses of Gethsemane.

4
The Father heard; and angels there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5
When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Savior there,
And humbly bow, like him in prayer.
When I can read my ti - tie clear, To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. And wipe my weeping eyes.


1. Beyond where Cedron’s waters flow, Behold the suffering Savior go, To sad Gethsema - ne; His countenance is all divine, Yet grief appears in every line.

2. He bows beneath the sins of men, He cries to God, and cries again, In sad Gethsema - ne; He lifts his mournful eyes above, 'My Father, can this cup remove?'

3. With gentle resign - nation still, He yielded to his Father's will, In sad Gethsema - ne; 'Behold me here, thy only Son, And Father, let thy will be done!'

* For the remaining verses, see the opposite page.
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee; Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb, The Savior has passed through its portals before thee. And the lamp of his love, is thy guide through the gloom. 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 path of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee. And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died. And sinners may hope since the Savior hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaken, Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long; But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking. And the song that thou heardst, was the seraphim's song. And the song that thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee, When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide; He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee, Where death hath no sting, since the Savior hath died. Where death hath no sting, since the Savior hath died.
When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys.

Transported, with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love and praise.
1 When God revealed his gracious name, And changed my mournful state, My rapture seemed a pleasing dream, The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change, And did thy hand confess; My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung surprising grace.

3 Great is the work! my neighbors cried, And owned thy power divine; Great is the work! my heart replied, And be the glory thine.

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies, Can give us day for night; Let joyful thanks to God arise, And songs of new delight.
Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound,

And all the earth shall hear. And all the earth shall hear.

Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

And all the earth shall hear.
'How heavy is the night.'

1. How heavy is the night, That hangs upon our eyes; Till Christ with his reviving light, Over our souls a rise.

2. Our guilty spirits dread To meet the wrath of heaven; But in his righteousness arrayed, We see our sins forgiven.

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

4. The powers of hell a-gree, To hold our souls in vain; He sets the sons of bondage free, And breaks th'ac-curs-ed chain.

5. Lord, we adore thy ways, To bring us near to God; Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace, And thine atoning blood.
1 Remember thy Creator, While youth's fair spring is bright, Before thy cares are greater, Before comes age's might;

2 Remember thy Creator, Before the dust returns To earth, for 'tis its nature, And life's last ember burns;

While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the darkness cheer; While life is all before thee, Thy great Creator fear.

Before the God who gave it, The spirit shall appear, He cries, who died to save it, Thy great Creator fear.

* A new selection of Psalms and Hymns designed particularly for Baptist Churches
1 Arise! arise! with joy survey, The glory of the latter day:

5 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray, With joy, we view, and hail the day:

Already is the dawn begun, Which marks, at hand, a rising sun.

Great Sun of righteousness! arise, And fill the world, with glad surprise.
1 How pleasing is the voice Of God, our heavenly King, Who bids the frosts retire, And wakes the lovely spring!

2 The morn, with glory crowned, His hand arrays in smiles: He bids the eve decline, Rejoicing o'er the hills:

3 With life he clothes the spring, The earth with summer warms He spreads th' autumnal feast, And rides on wintry storms: His gifts divine Through all appear, And round the year His glories shine.
EVENING HYMN.  'God that madest earth and heaven,'

God that madest earth and heaven, Darkness and light! Who the day for toil hath given, For rest the night! May thine angel
guards defend us, Slumber sweet thy mercy send us, Holy dreams and hopes attend us, This livelong night, This livelong night.

God that madest earth and heaven, Darkness and light! Who the day for toil hath given, For rest the night! May thine angel
guards defend us, Slumber sweet thy mercy send us, Holy dreams and hopes attend us, This livelong night, This livelong night.
1. Behold the glories of the Lamb, Amidst his Father's throne: Prepare new honors for his name, Prepare new honors for his

2. name, And songs before unknown. Let elders worship at his feet, The church adore around; With vials full of odors

3. God, And, we shall reign with thee. Now to the lamb that once was slain, Be endless blessings paid; Salvation, glory, joy, re-
PARMA. Concluded.

sweet, With vi- als full of odors sweet, And harps of sweet- er sound, And harps of sweeter sound.

main, Sal- va-tion, glo- ry, joy re- main For- ev- er on his head. For- ev- er on his head.

HERMON. 4's, 6's & 8's.

1 Oh how cheating, Oh how fleeting, Is our earthly being! 'Tis a mist in wintry weather, Gathered in an hour together, And as soon dispersed forever.

2 Oh how cheating, Oh how fleeting, Are our days departing! Like a deep and headlong river, Flowing onward, flowing ever, Tarrying not, and stopping never.

* For remaining verses see opposite page.
ZION. 8's, 7's, & 4.

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

2 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory: God himself appears thy friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasted triumphs end:  
Great deliverance Zion's King vouchsafes to send, Great deliverance Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble; All thy wrongs shall be redressed;  
For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor blest;  
All thy conflicts End in an eternal rest, All thy conflicts End in an eternal rest.

GILEAD.  L. M. [Chant.]

O render thanks and bless the Lord, Call ye up on his holy name; Tell all the nations of his deeds, His matchless deeds aloud proclaim.

3 Oh how cheating, Oh how fleeting,  
Are the world's enjoyments;  
All the hues of change they borrow,  
Bright to-day and dark to-morrow;  
Mingled lot of joy and sorrow.

4 Oh how cheating, Oh how fleeting,  
Is all earthly beauty!  
Like a summer floweret flowing,  
Scattered by the breezes, blowing,  
O'er the bed on which 'twas growing.

5 Oh how cheating, Oh how fleeting,  
All, yes! all that's earthly!  
Every thing is fading, flying,  
Man is mortal, earth is dying,  
Christian! live, on Heaven relying.
Watchman! tell us of the night.

Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Traveler! o'er you mountain's height, See that glory beaming star!
Watchman! tell us of the night, Higher yet that star ascends: Traveler! blessed-ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn; Traveler! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell? Traveler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Israel!
Watchman! will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveler! ages are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home; Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

Traveler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Israel! Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!
HYMN. ‘There is a fountain, filled with blood.’

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

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain, in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

4 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.
HYMN. 'When the spark of life is waning.'

1. When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for me. When the languid eye is steaming, Weep not for me.

2. When the pangs of death assail me, Weep not for me. Christ is mine, he cannot fail me, Weep not for me.

When the feeble pulse is ceasing, Start not at its swift decreasing, 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing; Weep not for me.

Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor, From his love my soul to sever, Jesus is my strength forever! Weep not for me.
In robes of judgment lo! he comes, Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs.  

Great God! what do I see and hear! The end of things created! The Judge of mankind doth appear, On clouds of

Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas retire. The mountains melt the seas retire.

glorious seated! The trumpet sounds! the graves restore The dead which they contained before! Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sab - aoth, Heaven and earth are full of the maj - es - ty of thy glory:

Glory be to thee, Glory be to thee, to thee, O Lord, most high.
O sing unto the Lord a new song, a new song.

Symphony.
'O sing unto the Lord.' Continued.

Let the congregation of the saints praise him, Let the congregation of the saints

Let the congregation of the saints praise him, Let the congregation of the saints

O sing unto the Lord the Lord a new song, O sing unto the Lord a new song.

O sing unto the Lord the Lord a new song, O sing unto the Lord a new song.

O sing, O sing

O sing unto the Lord the Lord a new song, O sing unto the Lord a new song.

O sing unto the Lord, O sing unto the Lord, unto the Lord a new song.
'O sing unto the Lord.' Concluded

Let the congregation of the saints praise him, Let the congregation of the saints praise him,

Praise him,

Let the congregation of the saints praise him, Let the congregation of the saints praise him, the saints praise him, the saints praise him.

Praise him, Let the congregation of the saints praise him, the saints praise him, the saints praise him, praise him.
Lift up your stately heads, ye doors. With hasty reverence rise, Ye everlasting doors, that guard The passage to the skies;

Swift from your golden hinges leap, Your banners roll away, And throw your blazing portals wide, And burst the gates of clay;

For see, for see the King of glory comes, Along the eternal road,
'Lift up your stately heads.' Concluded.

For see the King, the King of glory comes, A long the e - ter nal road.

For see the King, the King of glory comes, The King of glory comes, A long the e - ter nal road.

For see he comes. Repeat 'Swift from,' &c.

LOUISVILLE. S. M.

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

The darkness and the light Still keep their course the same; While night to day—and day to night, Divine ly teach his name. Divine ly teach his name.
1 There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love, With un-beclouded eyes;

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews fair Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

*This passage may be sung alternately by Trebles and Tenors.
'Peace, troubled soul.'

1 Peace, troubled soul, thy plaintive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed, Unburthen here the weighty load; Here find thy refuge and thy rest,

And let thy tears forget to flow, Behold the precious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

And trust the mercy of thy God; Thy God's thy Savior, glorious word, Forever love and praise the Lord.
CHORUS. 'Salvation belongeth unto the Lord.'

Salvation belongeth belongeth unto the Lord, And thy blessing, and thy blessing is among thy people,
Salvation belongeth unto the Lord.'

Continued.

And thy blessing, and thy blessing, and thy blessing, and thy blessing, is among thy people, is among thy people.

And thy blessing, and thy blessing, and thy blessing, and thy blessing, is among thy people, is among thy people.

And thy blessing, and thy blessing.

TEMPLETON. C. M.

1 Mortals awake! with angels join, And chant the cheerful lay; And chant the cheerful lay; Joy, love and gratitude combine, To hail th' auspicious day. To hail, th' auspicious day.

6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout, And glory leads the song; And glory leads the song; Good will and peace are heard throughout Th' harmonious heavenly throng. Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

7 Hail Prince of life, forever hail! Redeemer, Brother, Friend! Redeemer, Brother, Friend! Though earth, and time, and life, should fail, Thy praise shall never end. Thy praise shall never end.
Come, ye disconsolate, wher - e'er you languish, Come, at the shrine of God, fer - vent - ly kneel,

Joy of the comfort - less, light of the straying, Hope, when all oth - ers die, fade - less and pure.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow, that Heaven cannot heal.
Here speaks the Comfort - er, in God's name saying, 'Earth has no sorrow, that Heaven cannot cure.'
1 With joy we hail the sacred day, Which God has called his own; With joy the summons we obey, To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair! Where willing votaries throng, p To breathe the humble fervent prayer, f And pour the choral-song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh deign to dwell, Within thy church below, Make her in holiness excel, With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found, f Let all her sons unite, To spread with greatful zeal around, Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day, Which thou hast called thine own; f With joy and summons we obey, [omitted] To worship at thy throne.
Hymn. ‘Hark! the song of Jubilee.’

Hark! the song of Jubilee, Loud as mighty thunders roar; Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore. See Jehovahs banners furled! Sheathed his sword; he speaks, 'tis done! Now the kingdoms of this world, Are the kingdoms of his Son, Are the kingdoms of his Son.
Hark! the song of Jubilee.

He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme unbounded sway:

Yonder heavens have passed away! He shall reign, when like a scroll,

Yonder heavens have passed away! He shall reign, when like a scroll,

Symphony.

He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme unbounded sway:

Yonder heavens have passed away! He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Hark the song of Jubilee. Continued

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent shall reign; Hallelujah! let the word Echo round the earth and main, the earth and main.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Let the word echo, echo, echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Let the word echo, echo, echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
'Hark! the song of Jubilee.' Concluded.

round the earth and main, round the earth and main.

Echo, Echo round the earth and main.

round the earth and main, round the earth and main.

DOXOLOGY. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below, Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below, Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Concluded.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen, amen, hallelujah, solo.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen, amen, hallelujah.
Behold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From conquest to conquest proceeds! From conquest to conquest proceeds! How happy are they, Who live in this
day, And witness his wonderful deeds, And witness his wonderful deeds.

Hallelujah we sing, To our Savior and King, And his praises aloud we'll proclaim, And his praises aloud we'll proclaim: To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again, Sing all heaven and worship his name, Sing all heaven and worship his name.

His word he sends forth,  
From south to the north; 
From east and from west it is heard: 
The rebel is charmed; 
The foe is disarmed; 
No day like this day has appeared.

To Jesus alone,  
Who sits on the throne, 
Salvation and glory belong: 
All hail blessed name, 
Forever the same, 
Our joy, and the theme of our song.
HYMN. 'How beauteous are their feet.'

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal!

2. How charming is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! Zion, behold thy Savior, King, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns, He reigns and triumphs here!

3. How happy are our ears, That hear this joyful sound! Which kings and prophets wanted for, And sought but never found!

4. How blessed are our eyes, That see this heavenly light! Prophets and kings desired it long, But [omt. ————] died, But died without the sight.

5. The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ; Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm, Through all the earth abroad, Let every nation now behold Their Savior and their God, He hold Their Savior and their God.
1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, A bright immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's animating voice, That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own hand presents the prize, To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around, Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.

The same tune adapted to the fourth verse.

4 Blest Savior, introduced by thee, Have we our race begun; And crowned with victory, at thy feet, We'll lay our laurels down.
HYMN. 'Daughter of Zion.'

1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness! Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills, dawns the day star of gladness,

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them, And scattered their legions, was mightier far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee Exalted with the harp and the tambrel should be; Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,

A - rise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness! Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness! Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness! Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

* This passage may be sung as a duett by two Trebles or by Tenor and Base, or all the four parts may sing together.
1 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 nations are owning his sway.

2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior; Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign, Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor, And follow thy glorious train.

3 Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation, The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise; And heaven shall echo the song of salvation, In rich and melodious lays.

THANKSGIVING.

Church Psalmody, Ps. 149.

1 O praise ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing; In their great Creator let all men rejoice.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing, To God, who defence and plenty supplies; Their loud acclamations to him, their great King.
THANKSGIVING. Continued.

And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

Let them his great name devotionally adore;

Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,

Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

2d verse by two Tenors and Base; and 4th by two Trebles and Alto.

In loud swelling strains his praises express, Who graciously opens his bountiful store, Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

In loftiest notes, now publish his praise:

We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.
Who graciously opens his bountiful store, Their wants to relieve, Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue; Would join in your numbers, Would join in your [omitted]

Repeat, 'With glory,' &c.

Second time.

numbers, and chant to your lays.
We mortals, delighted, would join in your numbers, and chant.

We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue; Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

First time.  Second time.

We mortals, delighted, would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays. We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue; Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

[omitted]
Salvation! Salvation! oh the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.

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

Salvation! Salvation! Let the echo fly.

The spacious earth around; While all the armies of the sky, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound.
ANTHEM. 'O give thanks unto the Lord.'

O give thanks, O give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks, give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord,

O give thanks, O give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks, give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord,

give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for he is good, is good, for his mercy endureth for ever,

give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for he is good, is good, for his mercy endureth for ever,
Hymn.

'Haste, O sinner, now be wise.'

Church Psalmody, Hy. 237

1 Haste, O sinner, now be wise; Stay not, Stay not for the morrow's sun: Wisdom, if you still despise, Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore; Stay not, Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy season should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner, now return; Stay not, Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste O sinner, now be blest; Stay not, Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest perdition thee arrest, Ere the morrow is begun.
"How lovely are thy dwellings."

[Anthem.]

How lovely are thy dwellings—how lovely are thy dwellings—How lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts; My soul doth

Second Treble.

How lovely are thy dwellings—how lovely are thy dwellings—How lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts; My soul doth long—my soul doth

Instrumental Base.

Ad Lib.

long—my soul doth long to enter thy courts. Blessed are they—blessed are they—who dwell in thy house—For they shall always praise thee—blessed are they—who dwell in thy house—For they shall always praise thee.
"How lovely are thy dwellings," Concluded.

How lovely are thy dwellings—how lovely are thy dwellings—
O Lord of hosts;
Blessed are they who
dwell, who dwell in thy house—For they shall always praise thee—they shall always praise thee, A-men, A-men.

How lovely are thy dwellings—how lovely are thy dwellings—
O Lord of hosts;
Blessed are they who
dwell, in thy house, For they shall always praise thee—they shall always praise thee, A-men, A-men.

How lovely are thy dwellings—how lovely are thy dwellings—
O Lord of hosts;
Blessed are they who dwell in thy house, For they shall always praise thee—they shall always praise thee, A-men, A-men.
O praise God in his holiness, Praise him in the firmament of his power;

Praise him in his noble acts, Praise him in his noble acts,

O praise God in his holiness, Praise him in the firmament of his power;

Praise him according to his excellent greatness; Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, of the trumpet, Praise him upon the lute, upon the lute and harp;

Praise him according to his excellent greatness; Praise him in the sound of the trumpet, of the trumpet, Praise him upon the lute, upon the lute and harp;

Praise him upon the lute, and harp.
Praise him in the cymbals, in the cymbals and dances, Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes, Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

Praise him in the cymbals, in the cymbals and dances, Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes, Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

29 Let every thing that hath breath
HYMN. 'When shall we meet again.'

1 When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain; Round us forever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
   Pure as life's river!
When shall sweet friendship glow,
   Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
   Where bliss each heart shall fill;
And fears of parting chill,
   Never, no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
   Take us, dear Savior!
May we all there unite,
   Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
   There may our music swell;
And time our joys dispel,
   Never, no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
   Meet ne'er to sever,
Soon will peace wreath her chain,
   Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose,
   Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
   Never, no, never!
1. I love to steal a while away From every cumbering 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, When 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 heaven; The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tempests driven.

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.
DISMISSION. 'Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.'

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us all depart in peace, Still on gospel man-na feeding, Pure se-raph-ic love increase;

Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion, Up to thee our voices raise; When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise. Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
'Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.' Concluded.

And we'll sing Hallelujah, Amen, Hallelujah, to God and the Lamb.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God whom we adore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore, And shall be evermore.

Be glory, as it was, is now, and shall be evermore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore, And shall be evermore.

Be glory, as it was, is now, and shall be evermore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore, And shall be evermore.
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