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No. I.

SONGS OF ASAPH;

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, CHANTS, AND ANTHEMS,

COMPOSED BY LOWELL MASON.

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No. 1.  C. M.

With tender and penitential feeling.

1. Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet, A guilty rebel lies; And upwards to thy mercy-seat Presumes to lift his eyes.
2. If tears of sorrow would suffice To pay the debt I owe, Tears should from both my weeping eyes, In ceaseless torrents flow.
3. But no such sacrifice I plead To expiate my guilt; No tears, but those which thou hast shed—No blood, but thou hast spilt.
4. I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord; Do thou my sins forgive: Thy justice will approve the word That bids the sinner live.
1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys.
   My God, when all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys.

2. Unnumbered comforts to my soul
   2. Unnumbered comforts to my soul

3. When in the slippery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran,
   When in the slippery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran,

4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
   Ten thousand thousand precious gifts

5. Thro' ev'ry period of my life, Thy goodness I'll pursue;
   Thro' ev'ry period of my life, Thy goodness I'll pursue;

6. Thro' all eternity, to thee
   Thro' all eternity, to thee

Thy tender care bestowed, Before my infant heart conceived
   From whom... those comforts flowed.

My daily thanks employ; Nor is the least a cheerful heart, That
tastes... those gifts with joy.

A joyful song I'll raise: But oh! eternity's too short, To
utter... all thy praise!
No. 3.  L. M.

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!
2. The world's foundations by his hand Were laid, and shall forever stand; The swelling billows know their bound, While to his praise they roll around.
3. Vast are thy works, almighty Lord! All nature rests upon thy word; And clouds, and storms, and fire obey The wise and all-controlling sway.
4. Thy glory, fearless of decline, Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine: Thy praise shall still our breath employ, Till we shall rise to endless joy.

No. 4.  L. M.

1. My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee; A-mid a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.
2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And let my God, my Saviour, go?
3. Call me away from earth and sense; Thy sovereign word can draw me thence; I would obey the voice divine, And all inferior joys resign.
4. Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn; Let noise and vanity be gone; In secret silence of the mind, My heaven—and there my God I find.
1. Eternal Spirit! we confess
   And sing the wonders of thy grace;
   Thy power con-

2. Enlightened by thine heav'ly ray,
   Our shades and darkness turn to day;
   Thine inward

3. Thy power and glory work within,
   And break the chains of reigning sin;
   Our wild, im-

4. The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
   Thy cheering words awake our joys;
   Thy words all-

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1. Oh for that tenderness of
2. Oh for those humble, contrite
3. Saviour, to me in pity
4. Oh fill my soul with faith and
heart, Which bows before the Lord! That owns how just and good thou art, And trembles at thy word!
tears Which from repentance flow! That sense of guilt, which trembling fears The long suspended blow!
give For sin the deep distress, The pledge thou wilt at last receive, And bid me die in peace!
love, And strength to do thy will; Raise my desires and hopes above, Thyself to me reveal.

**No. 7. C. M.**

In a soft, gentle, and smooth style.

1. My shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Beside the living stream.
2. He brings my wand’ring spirit back, When I forsake his ways; And leads me, for his mercy’s sake, In paths of truth and grace.
3. When I walk thro’ the shades of death, Thy presence is my stay; One word of thy supporting breath Drives all my fears away.
4. The sure provisions of my God Attend me all my days; Oh may thy house be mine abode, And all my work be praise.
No. 8. C. M. DOUBLE.

Bold and energetic.

1. All hail, the great Immanuel's name! Let angels prostrate fall:
   Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who
   Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small,
3. Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
   Ye gen - tile sinners, ne'er for - get The
4. Ye gen - tile sinners, ne'er for - get The
   Let ev'ry kin-dred-ev'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. Let ev'ry kin-dred-ev'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
   To him all ma-jes - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
6. Oh! that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We
   All hail, the great Im - man - uel's name! Let an - gels prostrate fall:

from his al - tar call; Praise him who shed for you his blood, And crown him Lord of all.

worm-wood and the gall; Go spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

at his feet may fall; And join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.
1. Lord, what our ears have heard, Our eyes de-lighted trace; Thy love in long succession shown To Zi-on's chosen race. 2. Our children thou dost
3. Thee let the fathers own, Thee let the sons a-dore; Joined to the Lord in solemn vows, To be for-got no more. 4. How great thy mercies, 5. Our offspring, still thy

claim, And mark them out for thine: Ten thousand blessings to thy name,For goodness so divine. Ten thousand, &c.
Lord! How plenteous is thy grace! Which, in the promise of thy love, Includes our ris-ing race, Which in, &c.
care, Shall own their fathers' God; To latest times thy blessings share, And sound thy praise abroad. To latest times, &c.
1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside.
2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pasture grows; Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.
3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most holy name.
4. While he affords his aid, I can not yield to fear; Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My shepherd's with me there.
5. A-mid surrounding foes Thou dost my table spread; My cup with blessings over-flows, And joy exalts my head.
6. The bounties of thy love, Shall crown my future days; Nor from thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak thy praise.
HYMN. — He dies, the Friend of sinners dies!

1. He dies! the friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around! A solemn darkness veils the skies! A sudden

2. Ye saints, approach! the anguish view Of him who groans beneath your load; He gives his precious

3. Here's love and grief beyond degree! The Lord of glory dies for men!

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But, lo! what sudden joys we see! Jesus, the dead, revives again! 4. The rising God forsakes the tomb; Up to his

Father's court he flies; Cherubic legions guard his home, And shout him welcome to the skies! 5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and

tell How high our great Deliverer reigns, Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the tyrant death in chains!
6. Say, "Live forever, glorious King, Born to redeem, and strong to save!" Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting! And where thy victory, boasting grave! And where thy victory, boasting grave! And where thy victory, boasting grave!"

No. 12. HYMN. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far; From scenes where Satan wages still His most successful war.
2. The calm retreat, the silent shade, With prayer and praise engage: And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made for those who follow thee.

3. There, if the Spirit touch the soul, And grace her mean abode, Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love, She communes with her God, She communes with her God.
4. Author and guardian of my life, Sweet source of light divine, And, all harmonious names in one, My Saviour, thou art mine!

5. What thanks I owe thee! and what love! A boundless, endless store! Thy praise shall sound thro' realms above, Thy
No. 13. HYMN. Jesus! and shall it ever be.

1. Jesus, and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise? Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2. Ashamed of Jesus? that dear friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend? No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.
3. Ashamed of Jesus? yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save!

4. Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then, I boast a Saviour slain! And oh! oh! ... may this my glory be, That Christ is not ashamed of me, is not ashamed of me.
In smooth and gentle style.

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."
2. Let not thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul away; God of my life, I fly to thee, In each distressing day.
3. Should friends and kindred, near and dear, Leave me to want or die, My God will make my life his care, And all my need supply.
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.

Slow.

1. Let every tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all; Thy powerful hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.
2. With longing eyes thy creatures wait On thee for daily food; Thy liberal hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good.
3. Thy mercy never shall remove From men of heart sincere; Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love Is joined with holy fear.
4. My lips shall dwell upon thy praise, And spread thy fame abroad; Let all the sons of Adam raise The honors of their God.
1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Lead me all my journey through; Songs of praises I will ever give to thee.

When I tread the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side;
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.

3. Hosanna, Hosanna to th'anointed King, To David's holy Son; Help us, O Lord—descend and bring Salvation
It

4. Blest be the Lord—who comes to men who comes, With messages of grace; Who comes, in God his Father's name, To save our sinful race.

5. Ho - san na, Ho - san na in the highest strains The church on earth can raise; The highest heavens in which he reigns Shall give him nobler praise.

Slow.
No. 18. L. M.

1. Come, bless-ed Spirit, source of light, Whose power and grace are un-con-fined, Dis-pel the gloomy shades of night,
2. To mine il-lumined eyes dis-play The glorious truth thy words re-veal; Cause me to run the heavenly way,
3. Thine in-ward teach-ings make me know The mysteries of re-dem-ing love, The va-ni-ty of things be-low,
4. While thro' this du-bious maze I stray, Spread, like the sun, thy beams a-broad; Oh show the dan-gers of the way,

No. 19. L. M.

The thicker dark-ness of the mind.
Make me de-light to do thy will.
And ex-ce-lence of things a-bove.
And guide my fee-ble steps to God.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa-cred lays, At-tempt thy great Cre-
2. En-throned a-mid the ra-diant spheres, He glo-ry like a
3. In all our Ma-ker's grand de-signs, Om-nip-o-tence, with
4. Raised on de-votion's loft-y wing, Do thou, my soul his
No. 20.  C. M.  

ARRANGED FROM PALESTRINA.

1. No change of time shall ever shock My trust, O Lord, in thee; For thou hast always been my rock, A sure defence to me.
2. Thou our deliverer art, O God; Our trust is in thy power; Thou art our shield from foes abroad, Our safeguard, and our tower.
3. To thee will we address our prayer, To whom all praise we owe; So shall we, by thy watchful care, Be saved from every foe.
4. Then let Jehovah be adored, On whom our hopes depend; For who, except the mighty Lord, His people can defend.
1. Lord of hosts, how lovely, fair, Ev'n on earth thy temples are! Here thy wait.
2. From thy gracious presence flows Bliss that softens all our woes; While thy Spirit.
3. Here we supplicate thy throne; Here thy pard'ning grace is known; Here we learn.

... Much of heaven, and much of thee. Much of heaven, and much of thee.
... it's holy fire Warms our hearts with pure desire. Warms our hearts with pure desire.
... thy righteous ways—Taste thy love and sing thy praise. Taste thy love and sing thy praise.
1. My shepherd will supply my need, 
   Jehovah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
   Beside the living stream.

2. He brings my wandering spirit back, 
   When I for-sake his ways; And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
   In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk through the shades of death, 
   Thy presence is my stay; One word of thy supporting breath,
   Drives all my fears away.

4. The sure provisions of my God, 
   At-tend me all my days; Oh may thy house be mine abode,
   And all my work be praise.

CHORUS.

makes me feed, Beside the living stream. 
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Be-side the living stream.

mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace. 
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

port-ing breath Drives all my fears a-way. 
One word of thy sup-port-ing breath,
Drives all my fears a-way.

mine a-bode, And all my work be praise. 
Oh may thy house be mine a-bode,
And all my work be praise.
No. 23.  C. M.  DOUBLE.

1. O all ye nations, praise the Lord, His glorious acts proclaim;
The fulness of his grace record, And magnify his name.

2. His love is great—his mercy sure—And faith-ful is his word;
His truth forever shall endure; Forever praise the Lord.
1. Hail, great Creator, wise and good! To thee our songs we raise; Nature, thro' all her various scenes, Invites us, Invites us to thy praise.

2. At morning, noon, and evening mild, Fresh wonders strike our view;

3. Thy glory beams in every star, Which gilds the gloom of night;

4. And transports ever new.
With rays of cheerful, of cheerful light.

And deck the smiling face of morn With rays of cheerful, of cheerful light.

With rays of cheerful light,

4. The lofty hill, the humble lawn, With countless beauties shine;

5. Great nature's God! still may these scenes Our

6. And while, in all thy wondrous ways, Thy varied love we
No. 25.  L. M.

Do not hurry the time.

1. When we, our weariest limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu-phra-tes' stream, We wept with doleful tho'ts oppressed, And Zion was our mournful theme.

2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si-lent strings, neg-lect-ed hung, On willow trees that withered there.

3. How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skil-ful hands! Shall hymns of joy, to God our King, Be sung by slaves in for-eign lands?

4. O Sa-len, our once hap-py seat! When I of thee for-get-ful prove, Let then my trem-bling hand forget The tuneful strings with art to move.

5. If I to men- tion thee for-bear, E-ter-nal si-lence seize my tongue; Or if I sing one cheer-ful air, Till thy deliverance is my song.
There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Ca-naan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Ca-naan that we love With un-beclouded eyes;

And never-fading flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides
To cross this narrow sea; And linger, trembling on the brink,
And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,

This heavenly land from ours. Should fright us from the shore.
1. Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God; my heavenly King;
2. God reigns on high— but ne'er confines His goodness to the skies;
3. How kind are thy compassions, Lord! How slow thine anger moves!
4. Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King;

Let age to age thy righteousness In sounds of glory sing.
Through all the earth his bountiful shines, And ev'ry want supplies.
But soon he sends his pardoning word, To cheer the souls he loves.
Let age to age thy righteousness In sounds of glory sing.
1. Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell; Let heav'n begin the solemn word, And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2. Wide as his vast dominion lies, Make the Creator's name be known; Loud as his thunder shout his praise, And sound it lofty as his throne.

3. Jehovah! 'tis a glorious, a glorious word!
Oh! may it dwell on ev'-ry tongue! But saints who best have known the Lord, Are bound to raise the no-blest song.

4. Speak of the wonders of that love Which Gabriel plays on ev'-ry chord, From all below—and all above,

Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, hallelujahs to the Lord, Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.
No. 29.  L. M.

1. Great God, our strength, to thee we cry, Oh let us not for - get - ten lie; Oppressed with sorrows and with care, To thy pro - tec - tion we re - pair.
2. Oh let thy light at - tend our way, Thy truth affords its stea - dy ray; To Zi-on’s hill dis - rect our feet, To worship at thy sa - cred seat.
3. Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joyful song in - spire; To Zi-on’s hill di - rect our feet, To worship at thy sa - cred seat.
4. Why, then, cast down, and why distressed? And whence the grief that fills our breast? In God we’ll hope, to God we’ll raise Our songs of grat - i - tude and praise.

No. 30.  8s & 7s.  DOUBLE.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing! Joy of heaven, to earth come down: Je - sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;
2. Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown; Com - e! al-migh - ty to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive? Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove;
3. Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En-ter ever - ry trem - bling heart! Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more thy tem - ples leave! Pray, and praise thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in thy pre - cious love.
4. Je - sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art; Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove;
No. 31. DEUS MISERATUR.

ARRANGED FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; And show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us.
Let the people praise thee, O God; Yea, let all the people praise thee.
Let the people praise thee, O God; Yea, let all the people praise him.
God shall bless us; And all the ends of the world shall fear him.

That thy way may be known up-on earth, Thy saving health among all nations.
O let the nations rejoice and be glad: For thou shalt judge the people righteously, And govern the nations up-on earth.
Then shall the earth bring forth her increase. And God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

SONGS OF ASAPH. Copyright secured.
No. 32.  C. M.

Gentle, soft and smooth.

1. To thee, before the dawning light, My gracious God, I pray; I meditate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.
2. My spirit faints to see thy grace—Thy promise bears me up; And while salvation long delays, Thy word supports my hope.
3. When midnight darkness veils the skies, I call thy works to mind; My thoughts in warm devotion rise, And sweet acceptance find.

Ritard.

No. 33.  8s & 7s, with Hallelujah.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him! Praise him, angels in the height; Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
2. Praise the Lord— for he hath spoken; Worlds his mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never can be broken,
3. Praise the Lord— for he is glorious; Never shall his promise fail; God hath made his saints victorious,
4. Praise the God of our salvation, Hosts on high his power proclaim; Heav’n and earth, and all creation,
Praise him, all ye stars of light! For their guidance he hath made. Sin and death shall not prevail. Praise and magnify his name.

1. Depth of mercy!—can there be mercy?
2. I have long withstood his grace; Long pro-
3. Yet how great his mercies are! Me he
4. Jesus, answer from above: Is not
5. Now incline me to repent! Let me

Final close: for the last Stanza only.

still reserv'd for me! Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners spare?
-
voked him to his face; Would not hear his gracious calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.
still delights to spare; cries—How shall I give thee up? Lest the lifted thunder drop.
all thy nature love? Wilt thou not the wrong forget?—Lo, I fall before thy feet.
now my fall lament! Deeply my revolt deplore! (Omit.)

Weep, believe, and sin no more.
No. 35.  S. M.

1. Oh, cease! my wan-d'ring soul, On restless wing to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.
2. Be-hold the ark of God! Be-hold the o-pen door; Oh! haste to gain that dear abode, And rove, my soul, no more.
3. There, safe thou shalt a-bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And ev'ry long-ing satis-fied, With full sal-va-tion blest.

No. 36.  8s, 7s, & 4.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry! "It is finished!"—Hear the dy-ing Sa-viour cry!
   See! it rends the rocks a-sun-der—Shakes the earth—and vails the sky!
2. "It is finished!"—Hear the dy-ing Sa-viour cry!
   It is finished!—Hear the dy-ing Sa-viour cry!
   Heavenly blessings, without measure, Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
3. "It is finished!"—Hear the dy-ing Sa-viour cry!
   "It is finished!"—Saints, the dy-ing words re-cord!
   Tune your harps a-new, ye seraphs; Join to sing the pleasing theme:
   "It is finished!"—Saints, the dy-ing words re-cord!
   All in earth and heav'n u-ni-ting, Join to praise Im-manuel's name:
   "It is finished!"—Saints, the dy-ing words re-cord!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb!
No. 37. 7s. 6 LINES.

1. Ye, who in his courts are found, List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and help-less as ye are, Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glo-ri-fy the King of kings, Take the peace the gospel brings.

2. Turn to Christ your long-ing eyes, View this bleeding sacri-fice;
See, in him, your sins for-given, Par-don, ho-li-ness, and heav'n:
Glo-ri-fy the King of kings, Take the peace the gospel brings.

No. 38. 7s. 6 LINES.

1. Judge me, Lord, in righteousness; Plead for me in my dis-tress:
Cast me not des-pair-ing hence; Be my love, my con-fi-dence.

2. Send thy light and truth, to guide, Leave me not to turn a-side;
There to God, my hope, my joy, Praise shall all my pow'rs employ.

Send thy light and truth, to guide, Leave me not to turn a-side;
There to God, my hope, my joy, Praise shall all my pow'rs employ.
1. Gracious Spirit!—Love divine! Let thy light within me shine; All my guilt - ty
2. Speak thy par-d'ning grace to me, Set the burden'd sinner free; Lead me to the
3. Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart; Breathe thyself in -
4. Let me never from thee stray, Keep me in the narrow way; Fill my soul with

fears... remove, Fill me with thy heav'n-ly love, Fill me with thy heav'n-ly love.
Lamb of God, Wash me in his precious blood, Wash me in his precious blood.
- to... my breast, Earnest of immortal rest, Earnest of immortal rest.
joy... divine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine.
1. Saviour, I thy word believe, My unbelief remove; Show me, Lord, how good thou art; Now thy
   Now thy quick'ning Spirit give, The unction from above; Bid my sin and fear depart, And with-
2. Blessed Comforter, come down, And live and move in me; Bid my sin and fear depart, And with-
   Make my every deed thine own, In all things led by thee: Bid my sin and fear depart, And with-
3. Whom the world cannot receive, O Lord, reveal in me; Make me choose the better part; Oh, do
   Son of God, I cease to live, Unless I live to thee: Make me choose the better part; Oh, do

   The gracious word fulfilling; Send the witness to my heart, The Holy Ghost reveal.
   And in all things led by thee; Among the world's unbelief, Thy perfect light reveal.
   Thou may pardon seal; Send the witness to my heart, The Holy Ghost reveal.
   Faithful witness, in my heart, Thy perfect light reveal.
   Faithful witness, in my heart, Thy perfect light reveal.
No. 41.  8s, 7s, & 4.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Songs of praises I will ever give to thee.

No. 42.  C. M.

1. Firm as the earth thy gospel stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands, My soul can ne'er be lost.

2. His honor is engaged to save The meanest of his sheep:
All whom his heavenly Father gave His hands securely keep.

3. Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove His favorites from his breast;
Safe, on the bosom of his love, Shall they forever rest.
1. And can my heart aspire so high, To say, 'My Father God!'  
   Lord, at thy feet I long to lie, And learn to kiss the rod.  
   Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom, And bid me wait serene;  
   Till hopes and joys immortal bloom, And brighten all the scene.

2. I would submit to all thy will,  
   My Father! oh! permit my heart

3. For thou art good and wise; Let every anxious thought be still, Nor one faint murmur, Nor one faint murmur rise.  
   To plead her humble claim; And ask the bliss those words impart In my Redeemer, In my Redeemer's name.

4. SONGS OF ASAPH. Copyright secured.
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 a-doption breathe, His consolations send:
4. The king of terrors then would be A welcome messenger to me, To bid me come away:

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.'
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things, I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings, To everlast- ing day.
1. O thou that hearest 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 breathe, His consolation send:
4. The king of terrors then would be A welcome messenger to me, To bid me come away:

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,'
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things, I'd mount, I'll fly, with eager wings, To everlast ing day.
1. Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face, But answer, lest I die: Hast thou not built a throne of grace, To hear when sinners cry?
2. As on some lonely building's top, The sparrow tells her moan, Far from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve alone.
3. But thou forever art the same, O my eternal God! Ages to come shall know thy name, And spread thy works abroad.
4. Thou wilt arise, and show thy face, Nor will my Lord delay Beyond th'appointed hour of grace, That long expected day.
5. He hears his saints, he knows their cry, And by mysterious ways, Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die, And fills their tongues with praise.

No. 47. 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.
2. He feeds and clothes us all the way; He guides our footsteps, lest we stray; He guards us with a powerful hand, And brings us to the heavenly land.
3. Oh let the saints with joy record The truth and goodness of the Lord! How great his works! how kind his ways! Let every tongue pronounce his praise.
1. How charming is the place Where my Redeemer God Unvails the glories of his face, And sheds his love abroad, And sheds his love a-broad.
2. Here, on the mercy-seat, With radiant glory crown’d, Our joyful eyes behold him sit, And smile on all around, And smile on all a-round.
3. To him their prayers and cries Each contrite soul presents; And while he hears their humble sighs, He grants them all their wants, He grants them all their wants.
4. Give me, O Lord, a place Within thy blest abode; Among the children of thy grace, The servants of my God, The servants of my God.

1. Blest are the unde-filed in heart, Whose ways are right and clean; Who never from thy law depart, But fly from every sin.
2. Blest are the men that keep thy word, And practice thy commands; With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord, And serve thee with their hands.
3. Great is their peace, who love thy law; How firm their souls abide! Nor can a bold temptation draw Their steady feet a-side.
4. Then shall my heart have inward joy, And keep my face from shame, When all thy statutes I o-bey, And hon-or all thy name.
1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble, and in joy, The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.

5. Oh! make but tri-al of his love, Ex-perience will de-cide How blest are they, and only they, Who in his truth con-fide.

2. Of his deliverance I will boast, Till all, that are distressed, From my ex-ample comfort take, And charm their griefs to rest.

6. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then Have nothing else to fear; Make you his service your delight, He'll make your wants his care.

3. Oh! mag-ni-fy the Lord with me, With me ex-alt his name; When in dis-tress, to him I called, He to my res-cue came.
4. The hosts of God encamp around The dwellings of the just; Deliverance he affords to all, Who on his succor trust.

No. 51. L. M.

1. Come, weary souls, with sin oppressed, Oh come! accept the promised rest: The Savior's gracious call obey, And cast your gloomy fears away.
2. Oppressed with guilt, a painful load, Oh come, and bow before your God! Divine compassion, mighty love, Will all the painful load remove.
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!
1. Great God, our strength, to thee we cry,  
   Oh let us not forgotten lie;  
Oppressed with sorrows and with care,  
   To thy protection we repair.  
2. Oh let thy light attend our way,  
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.  
4. Why, then, cast down, and why distressed?

Thy truth afford its steady ray;  
   To Zion's hill direct our feet,  
And whence the grief, that fills our breast?  
   In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise Our songs of gratitude and praise.
No. 53. BENEDICTUS. LUKE 1–68.

1. Blessed
be the Lord

2. And
raised up a mighty sal

3. As
spake by the mouth of his

4. That
we should be

Glo
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be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the

For he hath visited, and re

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Which have been since the

And from the hand of

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

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No. 54. S. M.

1. Thou gracious God and kind, Oh cast our sins a-way; Nor call our former guilt to mind, Thy justice to display.
2. Thy tenderest mercy show, Thy richest grace prepare, Ere yet, with guilt fears laid low, We perish in despair.
3. Save us from guilt and shame, Thy glory to display; And, for the great Redeemer's name, Wash all our sins away.

No. 55. C. M.

1. Show me, O Lord, thy sacred way, Thy truths to me relate; For thou art God, whom I obey; On thee I daily wait.
2. Remember not in anger, Lord, The errors of my youth; But let thy mercy help afford, According to thy truth.
3. O Lord, on me compassion take, Who have despised thy word; And for thy name and mercy's sake, Thy pard'ning love afford.
4. Oh keep my soul, and set me free, Preserve me, Lord, from shame; For I have placed my hope in thee, And trusted in thy name.
No. 56. C. M.

1. O all ye nations, praise the Lord, His glorious acts proclaim; The fulness of his grace record, And magnify his name.
2. His love is great—his mercy sure—And faithful is his word; His truth forever shall endure; Forever praise the Lord!

No. 57. S. M.

1. I lift my soul to God; My trust is in his name: Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.
2. From early dawning light Till evening shades arise, For thy salvation, Lord, I wait; With ever-longing eyes.
3. Remember all thy grace, And lead me in thy truth; Forgive the sins of ripper days, And follies of my youth.
4. The Lord is just and kind; The meek shall learn his ways; And every humble sinner find The blessings of his grace.
Blest are the undeftled heart, Whose ways are right and clean; 2. Blest are the men, that keep thy word, And pradtfe thy commands; With their whole heart they feek thee, Lord, And serve thee with their hands.

Great is their peace, who love thy law; How firm their souls a-bide! 4. Then shall my heart have inward joy, And keep my face from shame, When all thy statutes I obey, And hon-or, all thy name.

Great God, attend my humble call, Nor hear my cries in vain; Oh let thy grace pre-vent my fall, And still my hope sus-tain.

Be thou my help in time of need, To thee, 0 Lord, I pray; In mer-cy has-ten to my aid, Nor let thy grace de-lay.

Let all who love thy name re-joice, And glo-ry in thy word, In thy sal-va-tion raise their voice, And mag-ni fy the Lord.
No. 60. L. M. DOUBLE.

1. Great God, indulge my humble claim, Thou art my hope, my joy my rest; The glories that compose thy name Stand all engag'd to make me blest. And I am thine, by sacred ties, Thy son—thy servant bought with blood.

2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my father, and my God; With early feet I love't appear Among thy saints, and seek thy face; I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise; This work shall make my heart rejoice, And bless the remnant of my days.

No. 61. C. M.

1. Lord, what is man—poor fee-ble man, Born of the earth at first? His life a shadow—light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust. This work shall make my heart rejoice, And bless the remnant of my days.

2. Oh! what is fee-ble, dying man, Or all his sin-ful race, That God should make it his con-cern To vi-sit him with grace!—

3. That God who darts his lightnings down, Who shakes the worlds a-bove, While terrors wait his aw-ful frown—How wondrous is his love!
1. With glory clad—with strength array'd, The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns, The world's foundations firmly laid, And the vast fabric still sustains.

2. How surely established is thy throne! Which shall no change or period see; For thou, O Lord—and thou alone, Art God, from all eternity.

3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss their troubled waves on high; But God above can still their noise, And make the angry sea comply.

4. Thro' endless ages stands thy throne; Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure; The pure in heart—and they alone, Shall find their hope of heaven secure.

No. 62. L. M.

1. From deep distress, and troubled tho'ts, To thee, my God, I rais'd my cry: If thou severely mark our faults, Oh! who could stand before thine eye?

2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace, Free to dispense thy pardons there, That sinners may approach thy face, And hope, and love—as well as fear.

3. My trust is fixed on thy word, Nor shall I trust thy word in vain: Let mourning souls address the Lord, And find relief from all their pain.

4. Great is his love—and large his grace, Thro' the redemption of his Son: He turns our feet from sinful ways, And pardons what our hands have done.

No. 63. L. M.

1. With glory clad—with strength array'd, The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns, The world's foundations firmly laid, And the vast fabric still sustains.

2. How surely established is thy throne! Which shall no change or period see; For thou, O Lord—and thou alone, Art God, from all eternity.

3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss their troubled waves on high; But God above can still their noise, And make the angry sea comply.

4. Thro' endless ages stands thy throne; Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure; The pure in heart—and they alone, Shall find their hope of heaven secure.
No. 64.  C. M.

1. Cleanse me, O Lord— and cheer my soul With thy forgiving love; Oh make my wounded spirit whole, And bid my pains remove.
2. Let not thy spirit e'er depart, Nor drive me from thy face; Create a new my sinful heart, And fill it with thy grace.
3. Then will I make thy mercy known Before the sons of men; Back-sliders shall address thy throne, And turn to God again.

No. 65.  7s.

1. Praise to God!—imortal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bounteous Source of every joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.
2. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours From her rich, o'er-flowing stores—
3. These, to that dear Source we owe Whence our sweetest comforts flow; These, thro' all my happy days, Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
4. Lord, to thee my soul should raise Grateful, never-ending praise; And, when ev'ry blessing's flown, Love thee for thyself alone.
No. 69. 8s & 7s.

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; Ju-dah'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.

No. 70. 8s & 7s.

1. Let thy grace, Lord, make me lowly; Humble all my swelling pride: Fallen guilty, and unholy, Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.

2. I'll forbid my vain aspiring, Nor at earth's honors aim: No ambitious heights desiring, Far above my humble claim.

3. Wean'd from earth's vexatious pleasures, In thy love I'll seek for mine: Placed in heaven my nobler treasures, Earth I quietly resign.

4. Israel, thus the world despising, On the Lord alone relying; Then, from him thy joys arising, Like himself shall never die.

8 SONGS OF ASAPH. Copyright secured.
1. All ye nations, praise the Lord, All ye lands, your voices raise; Heav'n and earth, with loud accord, Praise the Lord, forever praise.
2. For his truth and mercy stand, Past, and present, and to be, Like the years of his right hand, Like his own eternity.
3. Praise him, ye who know his love; Praise him from the depths beneath; Praise him in the heights above; Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

1. Come! said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice: I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrims, hither come.
2. Hither come, for here is found Balm for every bleeding wound, Peace, which ever shall endure, Rest, eternal, sacred, sure!
1. Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove
   Amid the wonders of thy love, Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,

2. Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
   But mingling joy always lays the smart; Oh! may my future life declare

3. Be all my heart, and all my days
   Devoted to my Savior's praise; And let my glad obedience prove

And bids... intruding fears... depart, And bids... intruding fears depart.

The sorrow and the joy... sincere, The sorrow and... joy sincere.

How much... I owe—how much... I love, How much... I owe—how much I love.
1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes Are light and majesty; No. 74. H. M.
2. The thunders of his hand Still keep the world in awe; His wrath and justice stand To guard his holy law;
3. Through all his ancient works Surprising wisdom shines, Confound the powers of hell, And breaks their cursed designs;
4. 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. Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill His great designs, His sovereign will. I love his name! I love his word! Join all my powers, and praise the Lord.

NOTE.

[Typographical Errors.]
No. 39. The last note in the Tenor should be on E.
No. 40. The 10th note in the Alto should be on A.
No. 75. S. M.

1. Jesus, my truth, my way, My sure, unerr-ing light, On thee my fee-ble soul I stay, Which thou wilt lead a-right.
2. My wisdom, and my guide, My coun-sel-lor thou art; Oh ne-ver let me leave thy side, Or from thy paths de-part!

No. 76. S. M.

1. Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea-ry soul? 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.
2. The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
3. Beyond this vale of tears, There is a life a-bove; Un-measured by the flight of years, And all that life is love.
4. There is a death, whose pang Out-lasts the fleet-ing breath: O what e-ternal horrors hang Around 'the second death!'
5. Thou God of truth and grace! Teach us that death to shun; Lest we be banished from thy face, For-ev-ermore un-done.
Praise to thee, thou great Creator, Praise to thee from every tongue.

1. Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the universal song.
2. Father! Source of all compassion! Pure, unbounded grace is thine.
3. For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of future joy,
   Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven. Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
4. Joyfully on earth adore him, Till in heaven our song we raise;

Hail the God of our salvation! Praise him for his love divine.

There, enraptured, fall before him, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

1. Great God, indulge my humble claim,
2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
3. With early feet I love t'appear
4. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glo- ries that com- pose thy name Stand all en- gaged to make me blest. 
Thou art my fa- ther, and my God; And I am thine, by sa-cred ties, Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood. 
A - mong thy saints, and seek thy face; Oft have I seen thy glo- ry there, And felt the power of sovereign grace. 
While I have breath to pray or praise; This work shall make my heart re- joice, And bless the rem- nant of my days.

No. 79. S. M.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd, and my guide, I bid fare- well to eve-ry fear; My wants are all ... supplied. 
2. To ever fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet ... repose. 
3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wandering feet restore; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove ... no more.
No. 80.  
8s & 7s.  DOUBLE.  
Arranged from Pleyel.

1. Savior, source of every blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays;  
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.  
2. Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above;  
   Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing redeeming love.  
3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;  
   Thou, to save my soul from danger, Didst redeem me with thy blood.  
4. By thy hand restored, defended, Safe thro' life, thus far, I'm come,  
   Safe, O Lord, when life is ended, Bring me to my heavenly home.

No. 81.  
8s & 4.  
Arranged from a German Choral.

1. Create, O God, my powers anew, Make my whole heart sincere and true;  
   Oh cast me not in wrath away, Nor let thy soul-enlivening ray Still cease to shine.  
2. Restore thy favor, bliss divine! Those heavenly joys that once were mine;  
   Let thy good Spirit, kind and free, Uphold and guide my steps to thee, Thou God of love.  
3. Then will I teach thy sacred ways; With holy zeal proclaim thy praise;  
   Till sinners leave the dangerous road, Forsake their sins, and turn to God With hearts sincere.  
4. Oh cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain; Remove the blood-polluted stain;  
   Then shall my heart adoring trace, My Savior God, the boundless grace, That flows from thee.

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