CONGREGATIONAL TUNE-BOOK.
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THE

CONGREGATIONAL

TUNE-BOOK;

BEING A COLLECTION OF POPULAR AND APPROVED TUNES, (MOSTLY FROM THE NATIONAL PSALMIST) SUITABLE FOR CONGREGATIONAL USE.

By

LOWELL MASON & GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

BOSTON:

TAPPAN, WHITTEMORE, & MASON,

114 WASHINGTON STREET.
Just Published;

The National Psalmist; a collection of the most popular and useful Psalm and Hymn Tunes; together with a great variety of new Tunes, Anthems, Sentences and Chants; the whole forming a most complete Manual of Church Music for Choirs, Congregations, Singing-Schools, and Musical Associations By Lowell Mason and George James Webb. 352 pp.
PREFACE

This book has been compiled in compliance with numerous requests from different sections of the country, and to supply the wants of those Societies where Congregational Singing has been introduced. The Selection, as is indicated in the Title, is chiefly from the National Psalmist, and the harmony and arrangement are the same in both books, so that while the larger book is used by the choir, the smaller may be used by the congregation generally. While some few tunes have been inserted because they are well known, and in general use, it will be found that the majority are truly congregational in their character and style.

For remarks upon the relative importance of, and position due to Congregational and Choir singing, together with hints as to the best manner to introduce and sustain Congregational Singing, the reader is referred to the Preface of the National Psalmist, a single sentence of which we may be permitted to insert here. “While, therefore, we are decidedly friendly to congregational singing, we are equally so to choir singing; they are both legitimate forms of musical truth, derived from the nature of the art, and sanctioned by common experience and by the word of God.”
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Ps. 100. All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;

Ps. 57. Be thou, O God, exalted high, And as thy glory fills the sky,

This celebrated tune has been attributed to Luther, but there is no evidence that it is his; it is traced as far back as Marot & Beza's Psalms, pub. at Geneva, 1543; but beyond this we know not from whence it came. An English clergyman distinguished for his musical researches, is now endeavoring to ascertain its history.
Ps. 19. 1. Great Sun of Righteousness, arise! Oh bless the world with heav'ny light!

Ps. 91. 1. He who hath made his refuge God, Shall find a most secure abode;

2. Thy noblest wonders here we view, In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n:

3. Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care Shall keep thee from the tempter's snare;

Thy gospel makes the simple wise: Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew, And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

Shall walk all day beneath the shade, And there, at night, shall rest his head.

God is thy life—his arms are spread, To shield thee with a healthful shade.

This tune is found in all the best collections of Psalmody. From its constant publication in all the olden books, it may be supposed to have been a special favorite. It seems to be fully equal in every thing but recollections and associations to "The Old Hundredth."
IOSCO.  L. M.  Called also Prague.
Composed by JOHN HUSS,—born in Bohemia, 1373, and burnt as a Martyr, July 6, 1415.

1. The praise of Zion waits for thee, Great God, and praise becomes thy house;

2. O thou, whose mercy bends the skies, To save when humble sinners pray;

3. Soon shall the flocking nations run To Zion's hill—and own their Lord;

There shall thy saints thy glory see, And there perform thy public vows.

All lands to thee shall lift their eyes, And every yielding heart obey.

The rising and the setting sun Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

This admirable old tune is found in most of the German Choral Books; but, as is the case with many other similar pieces, there are various readings. It is one of the best Congregational Tunes.
1. O Thou, that hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,

2. Create my nature pure within, And form my soul adverse to sin:

3. I cannot live without thy light, Cast out and banished from thy sight:

Let thy good spirit ne'er depart, Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

Thine holy joys, my God, restore, And guard me, that I fall no more.

"The solemnity of this Choral," says Rev. Mr. Havergal, "is most touching. The origin whether Protestant or Roman, is uncertain."
1. My soul, inspired with sacred love, God's holy name forever bless;
2. The Lord abounds with tender love, And unexampled acts of grace;
3. As far as 'tis from east to west, So far has he our sins removed;
4. Let every creature jointly bless The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart

Of all his favors mindful prove, And still thy grateful thanks express.
His wakened wrath does slowly move, His willing mercy flies a pace.

Who, with a father's tender breast, Has such as fear him always loved.
With grateful joy thy thanks express, And in this concert bear thy part.

This is called, in some of the old service books, "The Ambrosian Advent Hymn." It is probably one of the oldest church tunes. The melody is within the compass of all voices, and 'young men and maidens; old men and children,' may unite in singing it.
1. Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him, ye nations in your song:

2. He rides and thunders thro' the sky; His name, Je-hovah, sounds on high:

3. God is our shield, our joy, our rest, God is our King, proclaim him blest:

His wondrous name and pow'r rehearse; His honors shall enrich your verse.

Praise him aloud, ye sons of grace; Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

When terrors rise, when nations faint, He is the strength of every saint.
1. We all, O Lord, have gone a-stray, And wandered from thy heavenly way;

2. Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep! Our wand’rings heal, our footsteps keep

3. Teach us to know and love thy way; And grant, to life’s remotest day,

We seek thy shelt’ring fold again; Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

By thine unerr-ing guidance led, Our willing feet thy paths may tread.
1. To God our voices let us raise, And loud-ly chant the joy-ful strain;

2. The Lord is great, with glory crown'd, O'er all the gods of earth he reigns;

3. Let all who now his goodness feel, Come near, and wor-ship at his throne;

That rock of strength, oh let us praise, Whence free salva-tion we ob-tain.

His hand supports the deeps profound, His pow'r a-lone the hills sus-tains.

Be-fore the Lord, their Maker, kneel, And bow in ad-o-ra-tion down.
1. Blest be the Lord, the God of love, Who show's his blessings from above;
2. He to his saints re-demp-tion gives, The weak and humble he re-lieves;
3. He views his children in dis-tress, The widow and the fa-ther-less;
4. All they who make his laws their choice, Shall in his prom-i-ses re-joice;

The rock, on which the righteous trust, The hope and sa-vior of the just.
Support-ed by his grace we stand, For life and death are in his hand.

And, from his ho-ly seat a-bove, Supports them with his ten-der love.
With gladness in their hearts, shall raise, Before his throne, tri-umphant praise.
1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
2. "De- ny thy-self, and take thy cross," Is the Redeem-er's great command;
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre- ate my heart en-tire-ly new;

But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.

Is but esteem'd 'al-most a saint,' And makes his own de- struc-tion sure.
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain; Which false a-pos-tates nev-er knew.

This tune is very generally known in the American Churches. It has sometimes been called a German Choral, but we have searched the German books for it in vain, and we doubt not it is the production of Read.
1. Great God, indulge my humble claim; Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my father, and my God;
3. With early feet I love t'appear Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
4. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise;

The glories that compose thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest.
And I am thine, by sacred ties, Thy Son, thy servant, bought with blood

Oft have I seen thy glory there, And felt the power of sovereign grace.
This work shall make my heart rejoice, And bless the remnant of my days.

This tune is found in the "Spiritual Man's Companion," by Israel Holdroyd, Philo-Musical, London, 1853. It is known and sung in all parts of the country.
1. Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest! Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;

2. Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere, Come, make your constant dwelling here;

3. O God of hope and peace divine, Make thou these sacred pleasures mine!

1. Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh; ’Tis God invites the fallen race;

2. Come to the living waters, come! Sinners, obey your Maker’s call;

Dispel my doubts, my fears control, And heal the anguish of my soul.
Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin compel you to depart.

Forgive my sins, my fears remove, And fill my heart with joy and love.

Mercy and free salvation buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
Return, ye weary wand’lers, home, And find his grace is free to all.
UXBRIDGE.  L. M.  1830.  17

1. My spirit looks to God alone; My rock and refuge is his throne;

2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways, Pour out your hearts before his face;

1. God is the refuge of the saints, When storms of sharp distress invade;
2. Loud may the troubled ocean roar— In sacred peace our souls abide,

In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul for his salvation waits.

When helpers fail, and foes invade, God is our all-sufficient aid.

Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.
While every nation, every shore Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
3. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God!

4. That sacred stream, thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear controls,

5. Zion enjoys her monarch's love, Secure against a threat'ning hour;

Life, love and joy still gliding through, And wat'ring our divine abode.

Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

Nor can her firm foundation move, Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.
1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,

And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
O Lord, forgive my follies past; And give me strength for days to come.

While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
And wait thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet salvation in the sound.
1. Great God, our strength, to thee we cry, Oh let us not forgotten lie;
2. Oh let thy light attend our way, Thy truth afford its steady ray;
3. Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joyful song inspire;
4. Why, then, cast down, and why distress'd? And whence the grief, that fills our breast?

Oppress'd with sorrows and with care, To thy protection we repair.
To Zion's hill direct our feet, To worship at thy sacred seat.

To thee our cordial thanks be paid, Our sure defence, our constant aid.
In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise Our songs of gratitude and praise.
1. Who shall ascend thy heavenly place, Great God, and dwell before thy face?
2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean; Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
3. He loves his enemies, and prays For those who curse him to his face;
4. Yet when his holiest works are done, His soul depends on grace alone:

The man who loves religion now, And humbly walks with God below:
No slanders dwell upon his tongue; He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

And does to all men still the same That he could hope or wish from them.
This is the man thy face shall see, And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

This is one of the finest examples of a smooth, flowing melody in triple measure. It has long been a favorite tune, though it cannot be regarded as in the true Congregational style.
1. Let every tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
2. With longing eyes thy creatures wait On thee for dai - ly food;
3. Thy mer-cy nev - er shall re - move From men of heart sin - cere;
4. My lips shall dwell up - on thy praise, And spread thy fame a - broad;

Thy powerful hands up - hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.
Thy lib - 'ral hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good.

Thou sav' st the souls whose humble love Is joined with ho - ly fear.
Let all the sons of A - dam raise The hon - ors of their God.

"A tune universally liked. Generally ascribed to Dr. Croft, but certainly composed long before he was born. The Scotch lay fair claim to its composition." — Havergal.
1. Long as I live, I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love;
2. Great is the Lord—his pow'r unknown, Oh let his praise be great:
3. Thy grace shall dwell up - on my tongue; And while my lips re - joice,
4. Fa - thers to sons shall tell thy name, And chil - dren learn thy ways;
5. The world is governed by thy hand, Thy saints are ruled by love;

My work and joy shall be the same, In brighter worlds a - bove.
I'll sing the hon - ors of thy throne, Thy works of grace re - peat.

The men who hear my sa - cred song, Shall join their cheer-ful voice.
A - ges to come thy truth pro - claim, And na - tions sound thy praise.

And thine e - ter - nal kingdom stands, Tho' rocks and hills re - move.

"This," says Rev. Mr. Havergal, "is a deservedly admired tune, and quite in old style. It has been attributed to Dr. Croft, but is probably much older."—Rimbault.
1. Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy,
2. Of his deliv'rance I will boast, Till all that are distress'd,
3. Oh! magnify the Lord with me, With me exalt his name;
4. The hosts of God en-camp a-round The dwellings of the just;

The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.
From my example com-fort take, And charm their griefs to rest.

When in dis-tress, to him I called, He to my res-cue came.
De-liv'rance he af-fords to all, Who on his suc-cor trust.

"This," says Rev. Mr. Havergal, "is simplicity itself. Both the melody and the harmony are the progeny of our great Cathedralist. He composed them for the Veni Creator, in Archbishop Parker's Psalter. A child may sing the tune, while manly genius will admire it."
1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am forever thine:
2. And while I rest my weary head, From care and business free,
3. I pay this evening sacrifice; And when my work is done,
4. Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep;

I fear before thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed, With my own heart and thee.

Great God, my faith, my hope relies Upon thy grace alone.
Thy hand in safety keeps my days, And will my slumber keep.

* "Next to the Old Hundredth, this was once the most popular tune in England. The Scotch call it stilt, and claim it as their own. There are three harmonized versions of it in Ravenscroft; two by John Milton, the father of the poet, and one by Simon Stubbs." It has often been attributed to Milton as its author; but he only "composed it into parts."
PHUVAH. C. M.* One of the best German Tunes.

1. I love the Lord, he heard my cries, And pitied every groan;
2. I love the Lord, he bow'd his ear, And chased my grief away:

3. The Lord beheld me sore distress'd, He bade my pains remove;

Long as I live, when troubles rise, I'll hasten to his throne.
Oh let my heart no more despair, While I have breath to pray.

Return, my soul, to God, thy rest, For thou hast known his love.

* It will probably often be better to sing this tune in D, or Eb.
DUNFERMLINE. C. M. From Ravenscroft’s Psalter. 1621.

To sing the mercies of the Lord, My tongue shall never spare,

(Old words.)

1. Whom have we, Lord, in heaven, but thee, And whom on earth beside?
2. Thou art our portion here below, Our promised bliss above;
3. When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail, Thou wilt our spirits cheer;
4. Yes—thou shalt be our guide thro’ life, And help and strength supply;

(Other words.)

And with my mouth, from age to age, Thy truth I will declare.

Where else for succor can we flee, Or in whose strength confide?
Ne’er may our souls an object know So precious as thy love.
Support us thro’ life’s thorny vale, And calm each anxious fear.
Sustain us in death’s fearful strife, And welcome us on high.
1. Is there ambition in my heart? Search, gracious God, and see;

2. Whate'er thine all discerning eye Sees for thy creature fit,

3. Let not despair nor fell revenge Be to my bosom known;

4. Feed me, O Lord, with needful food: I ask not wealth, or fame;

Or, do I act a haughty part? Lord, I appeal to thee.
I'll bless the good—and to the ill Contentedly submit.

Oh give me tears for others' wo, And patience for my own.
But give me eyes to view thy works, A heart to praise thy name.

* The name of this tune in the old books is French. The Dundee of Scotland is the same as Windsor, or Coleshill in most English and American books of Psalmody.
The Lord is only my support, And he that doth me feed;

Ps. 121.
1. To heaven I lift my waiting eyes, There all my hopes are laid;
2. Their steadfast feet shall never fall, Whom he designs to keep;
3. Israel, rejoice, and rest secure; Thy keeper is the Lord;
4. He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath, Where thickest dangers come;

How can I then lack anything Where-of I stand in need.

The Lord, who built the earth and skies, Is my perpetual aid.
His ear attends their humble call, His eyes can never sleep.

His wake-ful eyes employ his pow'r For thine eternal guard.
Go and return, secure from death, Till God shall call thee home.
1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
   Beneath the shadow of thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt secure;

2. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame;
   Thy word commands our flesh to dust, "Return, ye sons of men;"

3. Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home;
   Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

4. From everlasting thou art God, To endless years the same.
   All nations rose from earth at first, And turn to earth again.

5. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,

   Be thou our guard, while troubles last, And our eternal home.

* Dundee is the old name of this tune. The Scotch claim it as a national tune. Burns has reference to it in the line, "Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise;" and another poet has said of it, "Could I, when being carried to my grave, wake up just to hear what tune would be sung at it, I should like it to be Dundee; or, as we call it, Windsor."
1. My soul, how lovely is the place To which thy God ressorts!
2. There the great Monarch of the skies His saving pow'r displays;
3. With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove Descends and fills the place:
4. There, migh-ty God, thy words declare The secrets of thy will:

'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face, Tho' in his earthly courts.
And light breaks in upon our eyes, With kind and quick'ning rays.

While Christ reveals his wondrous love, And sheds abroad his grace.
And still we seek thy mercies there, And sing thy prais-es still.

* "A pleasing specimen of a continuous melody."
1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul engage And hellish darts be hurl'd,
3. Let cares, like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall;
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest;

I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

* This has long been a popular tune. In singing it congregationally (for which it is not well adapted,) care should be taken on the part of the choir not to hurry the time. They must yield a little, too, in regard to time, in all those measures having a dotted quarter and an eighth note together.
Lord, send thy light to guide my feet, And bid thy truth appear;

Ps. 119.
1. To thee, before the dawning light, My gracious God, I pray;
2. My spirit faints to see thy grace, Thy promise bears me up;
3. When midnight darkness veils the skies, I call thy works to mind;

Conduct me to thy holy hill, To taste thy mercies there.

I meditate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.
And while salvation long delays, Thy word supports my hope.
My thoughts in warm devotion rise, And sweet acceptance find.

* A tune very generally used.
1. Sing to the Lord Je-ho-vah's name, And in his strength re-joice;
2. With thanks, approach his aw-ful sight, And psalms of hon-or sing;
3. Come, and with hum-ble souls, a-dore; Come, kneel be-fore his face:
4. Now is the time, he bends his ear, And waits for your re-quest;

When his sal-va-tion is our theme, Ex-alt-ed be our voice.
The Lord's a God of boundless might, The whole cre-a-tion's king.

Oh may the crea-tures of his power Be children of his grace.
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear "Ye shall not see my rest."
1. Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Behold a royal feast!
2. There Jesus stands with open arms; He calls—he bids you come:
3. Oh! come, and with his children taste The blessings of his love;
4. There, with united heart and voice, Before the eternal throne,
5. And yet ten thousand thousand more Are welcome still to come:

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store, For every humble guest.
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms, Behold there yet is room.

While hope expects the sweet repast Of nobler joys above.
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice, In songs on earth unknown.

Ye longing souls, the grace adore, And enter while there's room.
1. Soon as I heard my Father say, "Ye children, seek my grace;"
2. Let not thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul a-way:
3. Should friends and kindred, near and dear, Leave me to want, or die;
4. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your courage up;

My heart replied without delay, "I'll seek my Father's face."
God of my life, I fly to thee, In each distressing day.

My God will make my life his care, And all my need supply.
He'll raise your spirit, when it faints, And far exceed your hope.

At the beginning of the 2d, 3d and 4th lines, the time must yield a little when all the people sing.
1. Thou art my portion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way,
2. I choose the path of heavenly truth, And glory in my choice;
3. Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace I set before my eyes;
4. If once I wander from thy path, I think upon my ways;
5. Now I am thine—forever thine—O save thy servant, Lord!

My heart makes haste t'o obey thy word, And suffers no delay.
Not all the riches of the earth Could make me so rejoice.
Thence I derive my daily strength, And there my comfort lies.
Then turn my feet to thy commands, And trust thy pard'ning grace.
Thou art my shield—my hiding-place—My hope is in thy word.
1. O God, my heart is fully bent To magnify thy name;
2. To all the listening tribes, O Lord, Thy wonders I will tell;
3. Thy mercy in its boundless height, The high-est heav'n transcends;
4. Be thou, O God exalted high Above the starry frame;

My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise, Shall celebrate thy fame.
And to those nations sing thy praise, That round about us dwell.

And far beyond th' aspiring clouds Thy faithful truth extends.
And let the world, with one consent, Confess thy glorious name.
1. Oh 'twas a joyful sound to hear Our tribes devoutly say,
2. At Salem's courts we must appear, With our assembled powers,
3. Oh pray we then for Salem's peace, For they shall prosperous be,
4. May peace within thy sacred walls A constant guest be found;

'Up, Israel, to the temple haste, And keep your festival day!' In strong and beautiful order rang'd, Like her united towers.

Thou holy city of our God, Who bear true love to thee. With plenty and prosperity Thy palaces be crowned.
1. O thou, to whom all creatures bow, With-in this earth-ly frame,
   When heav’n, thy glo-rious work on high, Employs my wondering sight,

3. Lord, what is man! that thou shouldst choose To keep him in thy mind?

4. O thou, to whom all creatures bow, With-in this earth-ly frame,

Through all the world, how great art thou! How glo-rious is thy name!
The moon, that night-ly rules the sky, With stars of feeb-ler light;

Or what his race! that thou shouldst prove To them so wond-rous kind!
Through all the world, how great art thou! How glo-rious is thy name!
1. Oh happy is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice;

2. She guides the young with innocence, In pleasure's path to tread;
3. With every labor she requires, Her large rewards increase;

And who celestial wisdom makes, His early, only choice.

A crown of glory she bestows, Upon the hoary head. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace.
1. My God, my everlasting hope, I live upon thy truth;
2. Still has my life, new wonders seen, Repeated every year;
3. Cast me not off when strength declines, When hoary hairs arise;
4. Then, in the history of my age, When men review my days,

Thy hands have held my childhood up, And strengthened all my youth.
Behold my days that yet remain, I trust them to thy care.

And round me let thy glories shine, Whene'er thy servant dies.
They'll read thy love in every page, In every line thy praise.
1. Let all the just, to God with joy, Their cheerful voices raise;

2. For faithful is the word of God; His works with truth abound;

3. What-e'er the mighty Lord decrees, Shall stand for ever sure;

4. Our soul on God impatient waits; Our help and shield is he;

5. The riches of thy mercy, Lord, Do thou to us extend;

For well the righteous it becomes To sing glad songs of praise.
He justice loves, and all the earth Is with his goodness crown'd.

The settled purpose of his heart To ages shall endure.
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice, Because we trust in thee.
Since we, for all we want or wish, On thee alone depend.

* Melody doubled in the Tenor.
1. Give thanks to God, the sove-reign Lord, His mer-cies still en-dure:
2. What won-ders hath his wis-dom done! How migh-ty is his hand!
3. He saw the na-tions dead in sin: He felt his pit-y move:
4. He sent to save us from our woe; His good-ness nev-er fails;
5. Give thanks to God, the heaven-ly King; His mer-cies still en-dure:

And be the King of kings a-dored, His truth is ev-er sure.
Heav'n, earth, and sea he fram'd a-lone; How wide is his com-mand!

How sad the state the world was in! How boundless was his love!
From death and hell, and eve-ry foe; And still his grace pre-vails.
Let all the earth his prais-es sing; His truth is ev-er sure.
1. Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heav’n-ly King;
2. God reigns on high, but ne’er con-fines His good-ness to the skies;

3. How kind are thy com-pas-sions, Lord! How slow thine an-ger moves!
4. Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heav’n-ly King;

Let age to age thy right-eous-ness In sounds of glo-ry sing,
Thro’ all the earth his boun-ty shines, And eve-ry want sup-plies.

But soon he sends his pard’n-ing word, To cheer the souls he loves.
Let age to age thy right-eous-ness In sounds of glo-ry sing.
1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, My ears, attend the cry,—

2. Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers;

3. Great God; is this our certain doom? And are we still secure?

4. Grant us the power of quick'ning grace, To fit our souls to fly;

"Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.
The tall, the wise, the reverend head, Must lie as low as ours."

Still walking downwards to the tomb, And yet prepare no more!
Then, when we drop this dying flesh, We'll rise above the sky.

* Called also, Funeral Thought.
1. Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise, Converse a-while with death;
2. But oh! the soul that never dies, At once it leaves the clay,
3. And must my body faint and die? And must my soul remove?
4. Jesus, to thine almighty hand My naked soul I trust;

Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath.
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies, And track its wondrous way.

Oh! for some guardian angel nigh, To bear it safe above.
And waits my flesh for thy command, To drop into the dust.
1. I lift my soul to God; My trust is in his name;
2. From early dawning light Till evening shades arise,
3. Remember all thy grace, And lead me in thy truth;
4. The Lord is just and kind; The meek shall learn his ways;

Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait, With ever longing eyes.

Forgive the sins of riper days, And follies of my youth.
And every humble sinner find The blessings of his grace.
1. And will the God of grace Perpetual silence keep?

2. Arise, almighty God, Assume thy sovereign sway;

3. Let all the nations know, And spread thy name abroad;

The God of justice holds his peace, And let his vengeance sleep?

Before thy throne bid sinners bow, And yield their hearts to thee.
Let all who dwell on earth confess Their Savior and their God.
1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great;

2. His power subdues our sins, And his forgiving love,

3. High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread,

Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove.

So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed.
1. Now is th' accepted time, Now is the day of grace;
2. Now is th' accepted time, The Savior calls to-day;
3. Now is th' accepted time, The gospel bids you come;
4. Lord, draw reluctant souls, And feast them with thy love:

Now, sinners, come, without delay And seek the Savior's face.
To-morrow it may be too late, Then why should you delay.

And ev'ry promise in his word, Declares there yet is room.
Then will the angels swiftly fly To bear the news above.
1. O God, to earth incline, With mercies from above;
Thro' all the earth below, Thy ways of grace proclaim,

2. Now let the world agree One general voice to raise;
Oh let the nations round, Their cheerful powers employ,

3. And let thy presence round us shine, With beams of heavenly love.
Till distant nations hear and know The Savior's blessed name.

4. Till all mankind present to thee, Their songs of grateful praise.
And earth's far distant coasts resound With shouts of sacred joy.
1. The pity of the Lord To those that fear his name,
2. He knows we are but dust, Scattered with every breath;
3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower!
4. But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure;

Is such as tender parents feel— He knows our feeble frame.
His anger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death.

When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.
And children's children ever find Thy words of promise sure.
Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, (Tone VIII.) by L. MASON, and first published as a Metrical Tune in 1834.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take:

2. Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home;

3. His grace will to the end, Strong-er and bright-er shine;

4. When we in darkness walk, Nor feel the heav'n-ly flame;

Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid every string a-wake.
And near-er to our house a-bove We eve-ry mo-ment come.

Nor pres-ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench this spark di-vine.
Then will we trust our gra-cious God, And rest up-on his name.
1. Ex-alt the Lord our God, And worship at his feet; His nature is all
2. When Israel was his church, When Aaron was his priest, When Moses cried, when

3. Oft he forgave their sins, Nor would destroy their race; And oft he made his
4. Ex-alt the Lord our God, Whose grace is still the same; Still he's a God of

ho-li-ness, And mer-cy is his seat. Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!
Samuel pray'd, He gave his peo-ple rest. Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!

vengeance known, When they abused his grace. Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!
ho-li-ness, And jeal-ous for his name. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
1. Defend me, Lord, from shame, For still I trust in thee;
2. Bow down thy gracious ear, And speedy succor send:
3. How great thy mercies are, To such as fear thy name;
4. Ye that on God rely, Courageously proceed;

As just and righteous is thy name, From danger set me free.
Do thou my steadfast rock appear, To shelter and defend.

Which thou, for those that trust thy care, Dost to the world proclaim.
For he will yet your hearts supply With strength, in time of need.
1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice;
2. Thy mercies, and thy love, O Lord, recall to mind;
3. Let all my youthful crimes be blotted out by thee;
4. His mercy, and his truth The righteous Lord displays,

Oh, let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes rejoice.
And graciously continue still, As thou wert ever, kind.

And, for thy wondrous goodness's sake, In mercy think on me.
In bringing wandering sinners home, And teaching them his ways.
1. The spirit, in our hearts, Is whispering "sinner, come:"
2. Let him that hear-eth, say To all a-bout him, "Come!"
3. Yes, who-so-ev-er will, Oh let him free-ly come,
4. Lo! Je-sus, who in-vites, De-clares, "I quick-ly come:"

The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteous-ness, To Christ, the fountain, come!

And free-ly drink the stream of life; Tis Je-sus, bids him come.
Lord, ev-en so! we wait thy hour; Oh blest Re-deemer, come!
1. Great is the Lord, our God, And let his praise be great;

2. In Zion God is known, A refuge in distress;

3. When kings against her joined, And saw the Lord was there;

4. Oft have our fathers told, Our eyes have often seen,

He makes the churches his abode, His most delightful seat.

How bright has his salvation shone, How fair his heavenly grace.

In wild confusion of the mind, They fled with hasty fear.

How well our God secures the fold Where his own flock has been.
1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise;
2. Oh watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down:
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.

Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, Up to his blest abode.
1. How gentle God's command; How kind his precepts are;

2. His bounty will provide; His saints securely dwell;

3. Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind?

4. His goodness stands approv'd, Unchanged from day to day;

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.
That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well.

Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne, And peace and comfort find.
I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song a-way.
1. Come, sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glory sing;
2. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow before the Lord;
3. Today, attend his voice, Nor dare provoke his rod;

Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.
We are his work, and not our own; He formed us by his word.

Come, like the people of his choice, And own your gracious God.
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love,
2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers;
3. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear;
4. When we are called to part, It gives us mutual pain;
7. From sorrow, toil, and pain, From sin, we shall be free;

The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And often for each other flows, The sympathizing tear.

But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.
And perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity.
1. I love the volume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves afford
2. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my danger lies;

4. Who knows the errors of his thoughts? My God, forgive my secret faults,

To souls benighted and distressed,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
And gives a free, but large reward.

And from presumptuous sins restrain:
And book of nature not in vain.

Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray.
That makes my guilty conscience clean.
Converts my soul, subdues my sin.

Accept my poor attempts of praise.
That I have read thy book of grace,
1. Lord, thou hast won, at length I yield; My heart by migh-ty grace compelled,

Sur-ren-ders all to thee: A-gainst thy ter-rors long I strove,

I still had stub-born been: But mer-cy has my heart sub-dued,

2. If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll, And lightnings flash to blast my soul,

For thou hast set me free; Re-leased from Sa-tan's hard com-mand,

3. Now, Lord, I would be thine a-lone, Come, take pos-ses-sion of thine own,
CLINTON, Concluded.

But who can stand against thy love? Love conquers even me.

A bleeding Savior I have viewed, And now, I hate my sin.
See all my pow'rs in waiting stand, To be employed by thee.

ELTNOR, or OLD CXXII. S. P. M.

1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry,
2. Zion, thrice happy place,—Adorned with wondrous grace,
3. Here David's greater Son Has fixed his royal throne;

4. May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait,
5. My tongue repeats her vows, "Peace to this sacred house!"

"Come, let us seek our God today!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
"And walls of strength em-brace thee round: In thee our tribes ap-pear
He sits for grace and judg-ment here: He bids the saints be glad,
To bless the soul of eve-ry guest: The man who seeks thy peace,
For here my friends and kin-dred dwell: And since my glo-rious God
We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay.
To pray, and praise, and hear The sa-cred gos-pel's joy-ful sound.
He makes the sin-ners sad, And hum-ble souls re-joice with fear.
And wishes thine in-crease, A thou-sand bless-ings on him rest!
Makes thee his blest a-bode, My soul shall ev-er love thee well.
1. The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns, And royal state main-tains,
2. Up-held by thy com-mands, The world se-cure-ly stands,
3. Let floods and na-tions rage, And all their pow'r en-gage;
4. Thy prom-is-es are true, Thy grace is ev-er new;

His head with aw-ful glo ries crown'd: Ar-rayed in robes of light,
And skies and stars o bey thy word; Thy throne was fixed on high

Let swell-ing tides as-sault the sky: The ter - rors of thy frown
There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove; Thy saints with ho-ly fear
DALSTON, Concluded.

Be-girt with sovereign might, And rays of maj-es-ty a-round.
Ere stars adorned the sky; E-ter-nal is thy king-dom Lord.

Shall beat their madness down; Thy throne for-ev-er stands on high.
Shall in thy courts ap-pear, And sing their ev-er-last-ing love.

SANTEE. H. M.

4. Give thanks to God most high, The u-ni-ver-sal Lord;
2. How migh-ty is his hand! What won-ders has he done!

3. He saw the na-tions lie, All per-ish-ing in sin,
4. He sent his on-ly Son To save us from our wo,
The sovereign King of kings: And be his grace adored.
He formed the earth and seas, And spread the heav'n's alone.

And pitied the sad state The ruined world was in.
From Satan, sin, and death, And every hurt-ful foe.

Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure, And ev-er sure a-bides thy word.
His pow'r and grace are still the same, And let his name have end-less praise.

Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure, And ev-er sure a-bides thy word.
His pow'r and grace are still the same, And let his name have end-less praise.
1. Ye dy-ing sons of men, Im-merged in sin and woe!
2. No lon-ger now de-lay, Nor vain ex-cus-es frame;
3. Drawn by his dy-ing love, Ye wandering sheep, draw near,
Now mer-cy calls a-gain; Its mes-sage is to you:
He calls you from a-bove, The Shep-herd's voice now hear;

Christ bids you come to-day, Though poor, and blind, and lame:

ZEBULON. 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,  
   His firm decree  
   From changes free;  
   Stands ever fast.
1. Praise to God!—im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days:

2. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scat-ters o'er the smil-ing land;

3. These, to that dear Source we owe Whence our sweetest com-forts flow;

4. Lord, to thee my soul should raise, Grateful nev-er-end-ing praise;

Boun-teous Source of eve-ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.
All that libe-ral au-tumn pours From her rich, o'er-flow-ing stores,

These, through all my hap-py days, Claim my cheer-ful songs of praise.
And, when eve-ry bless-ing's flown, Love thee for thy-self a-lone.
1. From the cross uplifted high, Where the Savior deigns to die, 
What melodious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear

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

"Love's redeeming work is done, Come and welcome, sinner, come!

Bow the knee, and kiss the Son, Come and welcome, sinner, come!
1. To thy pastures, fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
2. When I faint with Summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet
3. Safe the dreary vale I tread, By the shades of death o'er-spread,
4. Constant to my latest end, Thou my footsteps shall attend;

And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass prepare.
To the streams, that, still and slow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow.

With thy rod and staff supplied, This my guard, and that my guide.
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome Yield me an eternal home.
1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heav'n's blest mansions soar:

2. He, whose heart thy love has warmed; He, whose will to thine conformed,

Who, an ever-welcome guest, In thy holy place shall rest?
Bids his life unsullied run; He, whose words and thoughts are one;

Who, with hope and faith unfeigned, Treads the path by thee ordained;
He, great God, shall be thy care, And thy choicest blessings share.

3. He, who shuns the sinner's road, Loving those who love their God;

4. He, who trusts in Christ alone, Not in aught himself hath done:

Who, with hope and faith unfeigned, Treads the path by thee ordained;
He, great God, shall be thy care, And thy choicest blessings share.
1. Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, sove-reign Lord, Be thy glo-rious name a-dored!

2. Though un-wor-thy, Lord, thine, ear, Deign our hum-ble songs to hear;

3. While on earth or-dained to stay, Guide our foot-steps in thy way,

4. Then, with an-gel harps a-gain, We will wake a no-bler strain;

Lord, thy mer-cies nev-er fail; Hail, ce-les-tial good-ness, Hail!

Pur-er praise we hope to bring, When a-round thy throne we sing.

Till we come to dwell with thee, Till we all thy glo-ry see.

There, in joy-ful songs of praise, Our tri-umph-ant voic-es raise.
1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace!

2. Thanks we give, and adoration, For thy gospel's joyful sound;

3. Then, whene'er the signal's given, Us from earth to call away,

Let us, each thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace:

Oh refresh us, Oh refresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

May the fruits of thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound!

May thy presence, May thy presence, With us evermore be found!

Borne on angel's wings to heaven, Glad the summons to obey,

May we ever, May we ever, Reign with Christ in endless day!

SICILY. 8s & 7s.
Far from mortal cares retreating, Sor-did hopes and vain desires,
Here our will-ing footsteps meet-ing, Eve-ry heart to heav’n as-pires.
Mer-cy from a-bove pro-claim-ing Peace and pardon from the skies.

From the fount of glo-ry beam-ing, Light ce-les-tial cheers our eyes,
1. Songs anew of honor framing, Sing ye to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming, Jesus wondrous works hath done!

2. Now he bids his great salvation Thro' the heathen lands be told:
Tidings spread thro' every nation, And his acts of grace unfold:

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

Glorious victory, Glorious victory, His right hand and arm have won.
All the heathen, All the heathen, Shall his righteousness behold.

Loud rejoicing, Loud rejoicing, Shout the honors of his name!
1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands!
   Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile lands.

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:

   Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God himself, &c.

   Great deliverence Zion's King will surely send, Great deliverance Zion's King will surely send.
1. From Green-land's icy mountains, From India's choral strand,
2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story; And you, ye waters, roll,

Where Africa's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;
Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile?

Shall we to man be night-ed The lamp of life deny?
Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;
From, many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain,
In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown;

Salvation! oh, salvation! The joyful sound proclaim,
Till o'er our ransomed nature, The Lamb for sinners slain,

They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.
The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

Till earth's remotest nation Has learnt Messiah's name.
Redeemer, King, Creator, Returns in bliss to reign.
Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!

Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come, and reign over us Ancient of Days.
AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s; or 7s, 6s, & 8 by the small notes. 85
DR. NA RES.

{Rise, my soul, stretch out thy wings, Thy better portion trace;}
{Rise, from tran-si - to - ry things, To heav'n thy native place;}
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,

Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away, To seats prepar'd above.

{Rise, my soul, stretch out thy wings, Thy better portion trace;}
{Rise, from tran-si - to - ry things, To heav'n thy native place;}
Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay.

Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and hast away, To seats prepar'd above.
1. O Praise ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice, His praise in the
2. Let them his great name devoutly adore; In loud swelling

3. With glory adorn'd, his people shall sing To God, who de-
4. Ye angels above, his glories who've sung, In loftiestest

great assembly to sing; In their great Creator let
strains his praises express, Who graciously opens his

fence and plenty supplies: Their loud acclama-tions to
notes, now publish his praise: We mortals, delight-ed, would
all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation be glad in their King, bountiful store, Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

him, their great King, Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies. borrow your tongue; Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 10s & 11s.

1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
2. God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
3. Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
4. Then let us adore, and give him his right.
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have;

Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
All glory and pow'r and wisdom and might;

The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,

The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
All honor and blessing with angels above,
PORTUGUESE HYMN, Concluded.

His kingdom is glorious, His kingdom is glorious,
Ascribing salvation, Ascribing salvation,

Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb,
And thanks never ceasing, And thanks never ceasing,

His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our king.

Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.
HEREFORD. S. M.  
L. MASON, 1840.

1. Sure there's a dreadful God, Tho' men renounce his fear;
   His justice, hid behind the cloud, Shall one great day appear.

2. His truth transcends the sky, In heaven his mercies dwell;
   Deep as the sea his judgments lie, His anger burns to hell.

3. How excellent his love, Whence all our safety springs!
   Oh never let my soul remove From underneath his wings.

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1. Sure there's a dreadful God, Tho' men renounce his fear;
2. His truth transcends the sky, In heaven his mercies dwell;
3. How excellent his love, Whence all our safety springs!
1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song;
2. To God I cried, when troubles rose; He heard me, and subdued my foes;
3. Amid a thousand snares I stand, Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
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.
He did my rising fears control, And strength diffused thro' all my soul.

Thy words my fainting soul revive, And keep my dying faith alive.
Not all the works and names below, So much thy power and glory show.
1. When to his temple God descends, He holds communion with his friends;
2. While hov'ring o'er the happy place, The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace;
3. 'Tis here we learn the blessed skill To know and do our Maker's will;
4. Oh! dearest hours of all I know, Oh! sweetest joys of all below:

His grace and glory there displays, And shines with bright but friendly rays.
To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raise, And tune our souls to love and praise.

And, while we hear, and sing, and pray, With heavenly joy we soar a-way.
Here would I choose my fixed abode, And dwell forever near my God.
1. Sing to the Lord a new-made song. Who wondrous things has done; With his right hand, and holy arm, righteous acts appear

2. The Lord has thro' th' astonished world Displayed his saving might, And made his conquest he has won, The conquest he has won.

3. Of Israel's house his love and truth Have ever mindful been; And earth's restless tribes the power Of Israel's God have seen, Of Israel's God have seen.

4. Let all the people of the earth Their cheerful voices raise; Let all, with universal joy, Resound their Maker's praise, Resound their Maker's praise.

* This tune has been a great favorite in this and in its native land. A slight rhythmic alteration in the second line gives it an Iambic form better adapted to general use. The small notes in the fourth line may be sung in a closing stanza, or when full harmony is preferred.
LENNOX.  H.  M.  American Tune.  EDSON.

Lord of the worlds above,  How pleasant and how fair

The dwellings of thy love,  Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.
Moderato.

1. All hail, the great Immanuel's name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call; Praise him who shed for you his blood,
3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small, Hail him who saves you by his grace,
4. Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go spread your trophies at his feet,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all, Praise him who shed for you his blood, And crown him Lord of all.

And crown him Lord of all, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

* This tune was a great favorite with the late Dr. Dwight of Yale College. 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. 26.