THE AMERICAN SABBATH SCHOOL SINGING BOOK:
CONTAINING HYMNS, TUNES, SCRIPTURAL SELECTIONS AND ChANTS,
FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY LOWELL MASON.

PHILADELPHI
PUBLISHED BY PERKINS & PURVES.
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The design of the present work is to furnish a sufficient variety of Hymns and Tunes for the ordinary purposes of Sabbath Schools. Many of the tunes here collected are already extensively known and popular; and being simple and easy, and arranged within the compass of all classes of voices, are well adapted not only to Sabbath Schools, but to social religious meetings of all kinds, including family worship.

The Hymns embrace as great a variety, as could conveniently be brought within so small a compass. With but few exceptions, they are equally well adapted to children and adults; such childish expressions as are found in many similar works, objectionable even to small children, having been entirely omitted. A few selections from the scriptures have been inserted, arranged with music for chanting; this is an easy and interesting form of church music, which on account of its simplicity, its associations and its devotional tendency, ought to be introduced not only into Sabbath Schools, but into all assemblies for public worship.

However the singing may be conducted in public worship, whether by congregation or choir; in the family, the social religious meeting, and especially in the Sabbath School, all should surely take a part—This no doubt might be done with little or no difficulty, if an experienced singer would assume the responsibility of conducting the exercise, assisted by those who may now be found in nearly every school, capable of sustaining the different parts of Treble, Alto, Tenor and Base. But whether these parts may be sustained or not, all should be encouraged to sing; and the exercise so conducted that all may feel it to be an act of solemn worship, as solemn and responsible as that of prayer.

It is hoped this little work will prove a valuable aid to devotion wherever it may be introduced, and be the means of leading many to "sing with the spirit" and make melody in their hearts to the Lord.
Hymn

1. Be thou, O God! exalted high; And as thy glory fills the sky,

So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.
METHUEN. C. M. (Revelation Welcomed.) L. Mason.

1. Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays Dispel the shades of night:
2. Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid, Restores our wand'ring feet;
3. Oh! send thy light and truth abroad, In all their radiant blaze

Dispelling o'er the mental world, The healing beams of light.
Converts the sorrows of the mind To joys divinely sweet.
And bid the admiring world adore The glories of thy grace.
3 *Not ashamed of Christ.*

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
   Or to defend his cause;  
   Maintain the honor of his word,  
   The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—  
   His name is all my trust;  
   Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
   Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,  
   And he can well secure  
   What I've committed to his hands,  
   Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name  
   Before his Father's face,  
   And in the new Jerusalem  
   Appoint my soul a place.

*The rest of the Sabbath.*

5 *Praise.*

1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
   Whose breath our souls inspired;  
   Loud and more loud the anthems raise,  
   With grateful ardor fired!

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
   Whose goodness, passing thought,  
   Loads every moment, as it flies,  
   With benefits unsought!

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
   From whom salvation flows,  
   Who sent his Son our souls to save  
   From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
   For hope's transporting ray,  
   Which lights thro' darkest shades of death  
   To realms of endless day.

*Praise.*

1 My God, my King, to thee I'll raise  
   My voice and all my powers;  
   Unwearied songs of sacred praise  
   Shall fill the circling hours.

2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue  
   While suns shall set and rise,  
   And tune my everlasting song  
   When time and nature dies.
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.
The Glory of God in his works and in his word.

1 Behold, the lofty sky
   Declares its maker God;
   And all the starry works on high
   Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
   Still keep their course the same;
   While night to day, and day to night,
   Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
   Their general voice is known;
   They show the wonders of his hand,
   And orders of his throne.

4 His laws are just and pure,
   His truth without deceit;
   His promises forever sure,
   And his rewards are great.

5 While of thy works I sing,
   Thy glory to proclaim;
   Accept the praise, my God, my King,
   In my Redeemer's name.

Prayer for the enlargement of the Church.

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

2 That so thy wondrous way,
   May through the world be known;
   While distant lands their homage pay,
   And thy salvation own.

3 Oh let them shout and sing,
   Dissolved in pious mirth;
   For thou, the righteous judge and king,
   Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
   To celebrate thy fame;
   Let all the world, O Lord, combine,
   To praise thy glorious name.

Exhortation to Universal Praise.

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

2 Far be thine honor spread,
   And long thy praise endure,
   Till morning light, and evening shade,
   Shall be exchanged no more.
1. The pi - ty of the Lord To those that fear his name,
2. He knows we are but dust, Scat - tered with ev - ery breath;
3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flower!
4. But thy com-pas-sions, Lord, To end-less years en - dure;

Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel, He knows our fee - ble frame.
His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.
And children's chil-dren ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure.
12 **Excellency of the Gospel.**

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

2 But where the gospel comes,  
   It spreads diviner light,  
   It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
   And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!  
   And all thy judgments just!  
   Forever sure thy promise, Lord,  
   And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain  
   Are thy directions given!  
   Oh! may I never read in vain,  
   But find the path to heaven.

13 **Jehovah, the Shepherd of his people.**

1 While my Redeemer’s near,  
   My shepherd, and my guide,  
   I bid farewell to every 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.

14 **Delight in the worship of the Sabbath.**

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,  
   Thy glorious name to sing,  
   To praise and pray—to hear thy word,  
   And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,  
   Thy boundless love to tell;  
   And when approach the shades of night  
   Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,  
   To join in heart and voice,  
   With those, who love and serve thee  
   And in thy name rejoice. [best,

4 To songs of praise and joy,  
   Be every Sabbath given,  
   That such may be our blest employ  
   Eternally in heaven.
10 ROCKINGHAM. L. M. (Prayer for a blessing on the Sabbath.) L. Mason.

1. Once more assembled on thy day, O Father, hear us when we pray;
2. Lord let thy grace our souls inspire With brightest rays of heavenly fire;
3. Oh, may our faith on wings of love, Soar upward to the realms above;

And teach us thankfully to own, The love that draws us near thy throne.
And let our songs of praise arise, In grateful incense to the skies.
And grant us fervency of prayer, That we may find a blessing there.
16 Living to Christ.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
   To ev'ry service I can pay,
   And call it my supreme delight,
   To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee—
   Its sure support—its noblest end?
   'Tis my delight thy face to see,
   And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
   Or to increase my worldly good;
   Nor future days nor powers employ
   To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Savior I would live;
   To him who for my ransom died;
   Nor could all worldly honor give
   Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
   When youthful vigor is no more;
   And my last hour of life confess
   His saving love—his glorious power.

17 Worship of God in his Temple.

1 The praise of Zion waits for thee,
   Great God, and praise becomes thy house;
   There shall thy saints thy glory see,
   And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
   To save when humble sinners pray;—
   All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
   And every yielding heart obey.

3 Soon shall the flocking nations run
   To Zion's hill—and own their Lord;
   The rising and the setting sun,
   Shall see the Savior's name adored.

18 Salvation through Christ.

1 Salvation is forever nigh
   The souls who fear and trust the Lord;
   And grace, descending from on high,
   Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met, [heav'n;
   Since Christ the Lord came down from
   By his obedience, so complete,
   Justice is pleased—and peace is given.

3 His righteousness is gone before,
   To give us free access to God;
   Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
   But mark his steps, and keep the road.
MARLOW. C. M. (Christ's invitation to Sinners.)
Arranged from an English Tune, by L. Mason.

1. The Savior calls, let every ear Attend the heavenly sound;
2. For every thirsty, longing heart, Here, streams of bounty flow;
3. Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice; That gracious voice obey;
4. Dear Savior! draw reluctant hearts; To thee let sinners fly,

Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear; Hope smiles reviving round.
And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mortal wo.
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys, And can you yet delay?
And take the bliss thy love imparts, And drink, and never die.
21 God’s gracious call to sinners.
1 Let us adore the grace that seeks
   To draw our hearts above;
   For, lo! the great Jehovah speaks,
   And every word is love.

2 Lord, help us now to seek thy face,
   By Christ the living way;
   And praise thee for this hour of grace
   Through an eternal day!

22 The narrow way.
1 Strait is the way—the door is strait,
   That leads to joys on high;
   ’Tis but a few that find the gate,
   While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
   The mind and will renew’d,
   Passion suppressed—and patience tried,
   And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
   Fulfil a task so hard?
   Thy grace must all the work perform,
   And give the free reward.

23 Pardon and Sanctification offered.
1 In vain we lavish out our lives
   To gather empty wind;
   The choicest blessings earth can yield
   Will starve a hungry mind.

2 But God can every want supply,
   And fill our hearts with peace;
   He gives by covenant, and by oath,
   The riches of his grace.

3 Come, and he’ll cleanse our spotted souls,
   And wash away our stains
   In that dear fountain which his Son
   Poured from his dying veins.

24 The Gospel Feast.
1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
   Behold a royal feast!
   Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
   For every humble guest.

2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
   He calls, he bids you come:
   Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
   Behold, there yet is room.

3 Oh! come, and with his children taste
   The blessings of his love;
   While hope expects the sweet repast
   Of nobler joys above.
1. Our Father who in heaven art! All hallowed be thy name;
2. As cheerfully as 'tis by those Who dwell with thee on high
3. As we forgive our ene-mies, Thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
4. For kingdom, power, and glo-ry, all Belong, O Lord, to thee;

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, Throughout this earthly frame.
Lord, let thy bounty, day by day Our daily food supply.
Into temptation lead us not, But us from evil save.
Thine from eternity they were, And thine shall ever be.
SABBATH SCHOOL SINGING BOOK.

26 Prayer to the Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
   With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
   In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
   Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
   To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
   In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
   And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
   In this poor dying state,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
   And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
   With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
   And that shall kindle ours.

27 To Guide.

1 Father, to thee our souls we lift,
   On thee our hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
   From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
   And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
   We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
   Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought,
   And righteous word, is thine.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
   The power on thee to call;
In thee, O Lord, we move, and live
   Our God is all in all.

28 To prepare for worship.

1 Father of all, in whom alone
   We live, and move, and breathe;
One bright celestial ray send down,
   And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
   Oh fill our souls with awe;
Thy light impart, that we may see
   The wonders of thy law.
1. Lord, I am thine, thy truth I own, Thy righteous precepts love:
2. The wicked stand on every side, And my destruction seek;
3. I love the company of those Who worship thee in fear,
4. At morn, at noon, at night, I'll praise, O Lord, thy sacred name;

In mercy to my soul, send down Salvation from above.
But in thy laws will I abide, And of thy judgments speak.
Obey thy word, observe thy laws, And hold thy precepts dear.
With joy my thankful voice I'll raise, Thy goodness to proclaim.
SABBATH SCHOOL SINGING BOOK.

30 Exellence of Religion.
1 How happy he who loves to hear
   Instruction’s warning voice;
   And who celestial wisdom makes
   His early, only choice.
2 She guides the young with innocence,
   In pleasant paths to tread;
   A crown of glory she bestows,
   Upon the hoary head.
3 According as her labors rise,
   So her rewards increase;
   Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
   And all her paths are peace.

31 Youth Invited.
1 While in the tender years of youth,
   In nature’s smiling bloom,
   Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
   Its summons to the tomb;
2 Remember thy Creator, God;
   For him thy powers employ;
   Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope;
   Thy portion, and thy joy.
3 He shall defend and guide thy course,
   Through life’s uncertain sea,
   Till thou art landed on the shore
   Of blest eternity.

32 Prayer for divine guidance.
1 Great God, the power of sin control,
   And kindly set us free;
   Oh let thy grace renew the soul,
   And form it all for thee.
2 In wisdom’s ways direct our feet,
   And guide us all the way,
   And when new trials we shall meet,
   Do thou new strength convey.
3 May we obey thy heavenly voice,
   And ever be sincere;
   Be holiness our constant choice,
   And sin our daily fear.
4 Yet, Lord, forbid that we should boast,
   Of aught we say or do;
   The Savior be our hope and trust,
   And our salvation too.

33 To the Savior.
1 Come, blessed Savior, from above,
   O’er all our hearts to reign;
   Come, plant the kingdom of thy love,
   In every heart of man.
2 All sin and sorrow then shall cease;
   Thy Holy Spirit given,
   Pure joy and everlasting peace,
   Shall turn our earth to heaven.
1. How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?
2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light, That guides us all the day;
3. Thy precepts make me truly wise; I hate the sinner's road;
4. Thy word is everlasting truth; How pure is every page!

Thy word the choicest rules imparts, To keep the conscience clean.
And, through the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise, But love thy law, my God.
That holy book shall guide our youth, And well support our age.
35 Delight in the Scriptures.

1 Great God! with wonder and with praise,
   On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
   Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
   Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
   And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
   Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
   Pardon for all my sin.

36 The Bible the light of the world.

1 How precious is the book divine,
   By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
   To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
   In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
   And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
   Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
   Of an eternal day.

37 The Bible suited to the wants of mankind.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
   What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
   For these celestial lines!

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
   Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
   Attend the blissful sound!

3 Oh may these heavenly pages be
   My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
   And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
   Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
   And view my Savior there!

38 Human Frailty.

1 Let others boast how strong they be,
   Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
   What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
   And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
   And fades the grass away.
1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there;
2. "Deny thyself, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. The fearful soul, that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Create my heart entirely new;

But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveler.
Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.
Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
Which hypocrites could never attain; Which false apostates never knew.
40 Eternity Anticipated.
1 Eternity is just at hand,
   And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
   And careless view departing day,
   And throw my inch of time away.

2 Be this my chief, my only care,
   My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
   An interest in the Savior’s blood,
   My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

41 Folly of envying the prosperity of Sinners.
1 Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
   To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
   To see the wicked placed on high,
   In pride, and robes of honor shine.

2 But oh! their end, their dreadful end!
   Thy sanctuary taught me so;
   On slippery rocks I see them stand,
   And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
   Too dear to purchase with my blood;
   Lord, ’tis enough that thou art mine,
   My life, my portion, and my God.

42 Sinners Invited.
1 While life prolongs its precious light,
   Mercy is found, and peace is given;
   But soon, ah soon! approaching night
   Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
   How sweet the gospel’s charming sound!
   Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
   While yet a pardoning God is found.

43 Pardon Implored.
1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
   Let a repenting rebel live;
   Are not thy mercies large and free?
   May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can’t surpass
   The power and glory of thy grace;
   Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
   So let thy pardoning love be found.

44 Sanctification Implored.
1 O thou, that hear’st when sinners cry,
   Though all my crimes before thee lie,
   Behold them not with angry look,
   But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
   And form my soul averse to sin;
   Let thy good Spirit ne’er depart,
   Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
45 1. One there is, above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; 
His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.

But this Savior died to have us Reconciled in him to God.

D. C.

2

When he lived on earth abased, 
Friend of Sinners was his name; 
Now, above all glory raised, 
He rejoices in the same.

Which of all our friends, to save us, Could, or would, have shed his blood? 
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!

D. C. 

Teach us, Lord, at length to love; 
We, alas! forget too often 
What a Friend we have above.
1. Savior, source of every blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays;
2. Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above;
3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
4. By thy hand restored, defended, Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing redeeming love.
Thou, to save my soul from danger, Didst redeem me with thy blood.
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended, Bring me to my heavenly home.
1. From Greenland’s icy mountains, From India’s coral strand, Where Afric’s sunny
   fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From
   pleasures, And only man is vile? In vain, with lavish kindness, The

2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle, Though every prospect
many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

3
Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.
1. O thou! who hast, at thy command, The hearts of all men in thy hand!
2. Our wishes, our desires, control; Mould every purpose of the soul;
3. May we, though feeble, weak, and frail, Against our mightiest foes prevail;

Our wayward, erring hearts, incline To have no other will but thine.
O'er all, may grace victorious be, That stand between ourselves and thee.
Be thou our safety from alarm; Our strength, thine everlasting arm.
UXBRIDGE. L. M.  (Pleasing remembrance of the Sabbath.)  27

1. Lord, how delightful 'tis to see A whole assembly worship thee!

2. I have been there, and still would go: 'Tis like the dawn of heaven below:

3. Oh write upon my memory, Lord, The truths and precepts of thy word!

4. With thoughts of Christ, and things divine, Fill up this foolish heart of mine;

At once they sing, at once they pray, They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
Not all that careless sinners say, Shall tempt me to forget this day.
That I may break thy laws no more, But love thee better than before.
That, finding pardon through his blood, I may lie down, and wake with God.
HAMBURG. L. M. (The Determined Choice.)
Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason.

1. Now I resolve, with all my heart, With all my powers to serve the Lord,
   Nor from his precepts e'er depart, Whose service is a rich reward.

2. Oh, be his service all my joy! A-round let my example shine,
   Till others love the blest employ, And join in labors so divine.

3. Be this the purpose of my soul, My solemn, my determined choice,
   To yield to his supreme control, And in his kind commands rejoice.

4. Oh, may I never faint, nor tire, Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways:
   Great God, accept my soul's desire, And give me strength to live thy praise.
NUREMBURG. 7’s. (Exhortation to Prayer.) German Choral. 29

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Jesus loves to answer prayer;
2. Thou art coming to a King, Large petitions with thee bring;
3. Come to him for peace and rest, Welcome him within thy breast;
4. He will teach thee what to do, Every hour thy strength renew;

He himself has bid you pray; He’ll not turn his face away.
For his grace and power are such, None can ever ask too much.
Let his blood, for sinners spilt, Set thy conscience free from guilt.
Be thy guide, thy guard, thy friend, Lead thee safely to thy end.
HEBRON. L. M. (Preparation for the duties of the Sabbath implored.)

Slow and Soft. L. Mason.

52

1. Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day, Come, bear our thoughts from earth away:
2. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, all di-vine, With rays of light up - on us shine;
3. Then, when our Sabbaths here are o’er, And we ar - rive on Canaan’s shore,

Now, let our no - blest pas-sions rise, With ar - dor to their na-tive skies.
And let our wait-ing souls be blest, On this sweet day of sa-cred rest.
With all the ran-somed, we shall spend A Sab-bath which shall nev - er end.
My opening eyes with rapture see The dawn of thy return- ing day;
I yield my heart to thee a-lone, Nor would receive another guest;
Oh bid this trifling world re-tire, And drive each car-nal thought a-way;
Then, to thy courts when I repair, My soul shall rise on joy-ful wing,
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee, While thus my ear-ly vows I pay.
E-ter-nal King! e-rect thy throne, And reign sole mon-arch in my breast.
Nor let me feel one vain de-sire, One sin-ful thought, through all the day.
The wonders of thy love de-clare, And join the strains which angels sing.
MERNE. 7s. (PECULIAR.) (Love of God.) L. Mason.

1. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Who from yon bright world above, Ever
   watchful o'er our race, Still to man extends his grace; Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

2. Heaven and earth by him were made, He by all must be obeyed; What are we, that he should show So much love to us below! Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

3. God, thus merciful and good, Bought us with a Savior's blood; And, to make our safety sure, Guides us by his spirit pure; Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

4. Sing, my soul, adore his name, Let his glory be thy theme; Praise him till he calls thee home, Trust his love for all to come; Praise, O praise the God of love.
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:
3. Enemies no more shall trouble; All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
   For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor blest;

Great deliverance Zion's King will surely send. Great deliverance Zion's King will surely send.
All thy conflicts End in an eternal rest. All thy conflicts End in an eternal rest.
34 THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD. C. M.

(Sufficiency of the Atonement)

L. Mason.

1. There is a fountain, filled with blood
   Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
   That fountain, in his day;

3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
   Shall never lose its power,

4. Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
   Thy flowing wounds supply,

5. And when this feeble, stammering tongue
   Lies silent in the grave,

   And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
   Lose all their guilty stains.

   And there may I, though vile as he,
   Wash all my sins away.

   Till all the ransomed church of God
   Are saved, to sin no more.

   Redeeming love has been my theme,
   And shall be, till I die.

   Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
   I'll sing thy power to save.
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,
5. In every new distress We'll to his house repair,

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.
Recall to mind his wondrous grace, And seek deliverance there.
OLMUTZ.  S.  M.  (Jehovah, the Shepherd of his people.)
Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L.  Mason.

1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well supplied;
2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pasture grows;
3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul reclaim;
4. While he affords his aid, I cannot yield to fear;

Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?
Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.
And guides me in his own right way, For his most holy name.
Though I should walk through death's dark shade, My shepherd's with me there.
EDYFIELD. 7s.  (The Citizen of Zion.)  Latrobe.  37

1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar;
2. He, whose heart thy love has warmed; He, whose will to thine conformed,
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, 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.
1. Jesus hail! enthroned in glory, There forever to abide;
2. There for sinners thou art pleading, There thou dost our place prepare;
3. Worship, honor power, and blessing, Thou art worthy to receive;
4. Help, ye bright, angelic spirits! Bring your loudest, noblest lays;

All the heavenly host adore thee, Seated at thy Father's side.
Thou for us art interceding, Till in glory we appear.
Loudest praises, without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give.
Help to sing our Savior's merits, Help to chant Immanuel's praise.
HARWICH. H. M.  
(Praise.)

Arranged from an English Tune, by L. Mason.

1. Let every creature join To bless Jehovah's name, And every power unite To swallow th' exalted theme; Let nature raise From every tongue, A general song Of grateful praise.

2. But oh! from human tongues Should nobler praises flow; And every thankful heart With warm devotion glow: Your voices raise, Ye highly blest, Above the rest Declare his praise.

3. Assist me, gracious God; My heart, my voice inspire; Then shall I humbly join The universal choir: Thy grace can raise My heart and tongue, And tune my song To lively praise.
62. The Spirit, in our hearts, is whispering, 'Sinner, come;'
2. Let him that heareth say To all about him, 'Come!
3. Yes, whoever will, Oh let him freely come,
4. Lo! Jesus, who invites, Declares, 'I quickly come;

The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims, To all his children, 'Come!'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the fountain, come!
And freely drink the stream of life; 'Tis Jesus bids him come.
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour; O blest Redeemer, come!
1. Je-hovah, Lord of power and might, How glorious is thy name!
2. Lord, what is man, weak, sinful man, That he thy care should prove;
3. Made in thine image at his birth, Next to the heavenly host,
4. Then did the pitying Savior leave The glories of the sky,
5. To die, that we, by grace restored, Might life and glory claim,

The blaze of day, the pomp of night, Thy majesty proclaim.
That thou for him shouldst deign to plan Such mighty acts of love!
And sovereign of the new-formed earth, Each privilege he lost.
Oh! love too wondrous to conceive! For sinful man to die.
O great Creator, Savior, Lord, How excellent thy name!
Lo, what a glorious corner stone The builders did refuse!

2. Great God, the work is all divine, The wonder of our eyes!

3. Sinners, rejoice—and saints, be glad; The Saviour’s name be blest;

4. In God’s own name, he comes to bring Salvation to our race:

Yet God hath built his church there-on, In spite of envious Jews.
This is the day that proves it thine, This day did Jesus rise.
Let endless honors on his head, With joy, and glory, rest.
Oh let the church address her King, With holy songs of praise.
1. Come, happy souls, approach your God With new, melodious songs;
2. So strange, so boundless was the love That pitied dying men,
3. Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed With a reveng-ing rod;
4. But all was mercy, all was mild, And wrath forsook the throne,
5. Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds; Come, wipe your sorrows dry;

Come, render to almighty grace The tribute of your tongues.
The Father sent his equal Son To give them life again.
No hard commission to perform— The vengeance of a God.
When Christ on the kind errand came, And brought salvation down.
Come, trust the mighty Savior's name, And you shall never die.
1. Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell, By faith and love in every breast;
2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength, Make our enlarged souls possess,
3. Now to the God whose power can do, More than our thoughts and wishes know,

Then shall we know, and taste, and feel The joys that cannot be expressed.
And learn the height, and breadth, and length, Of thine eternal love and grace.

Be everlast ing honors done By all the church, through Christ his Son.
1. Oh that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still!
2. Oh send thy Spirit down, to write Thy law upon my heart;
3. From vanity turn off my eyes; Let no corrupt design,
4. Make me to walk in thy commands, 'Tis a delightful road;

Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.
Nor covetous desire arise Within this soul of mine.
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands Offend against my God.
3. Now is the time To come to him, Who died that you might live;
4. O sovereign Lord, Now speak the word, And pierce each stubborn soul;

Relent, and pray, And mourn the day, In which you scorned his word.
Oh now submit At Jesus' feet, And own the sovereign Lord.
Resist no more The Spirit's power; No more yourself deceive.
Yet as they bleed, Let love succeed, And make the wounded whole.
ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. (Worthy the Lamb.) Giardini. 47

1. Glory to God on high! Let heaven and earth reply, 'Praise ye his name!'
2. Ye, who surround the throne, Cheerfully join in one, Praising his name:
3. Join all the ransomed race, Our Lord and God to bless: Praise ye his name.
4. Soon must we change our place, Yet will we never cease Praising his name:

An-gels, his love a-dore, Who all our sorrows bore; Saints, sing for evermore 'Worthy the Lamb.'
Ye, who have felt his blood Sealing your peace with God, Sound thro' th' earth abroad 'Worthy th' Lamb.'
In him we will rejoice, Making a cheerful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, 'Worthy the Lamb.'
Still will we tribute bring; Hail him our gracious King; And through all ages sing, 'Worthy the Lamb.'
1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid,
2. Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion, O - dors of E-dom, and offerings di - vine?
4. Vain ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - lation; Vainly with gifts would his fa - vors se - cure!

Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Re - deem - er is laid.
Angels a - dore him in slum - ber re - clin-ing, Ma - ker, and Mon - arch, and Sav - ior of all.
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
Rich - er by far, is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.
1. Sinners, hear, for God hath spoken, 'Tis the God that reigns on high; He whose law the world has broken, Sends you tidings of great joy!

2. Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it, Joyful news from heaven it brings; Here's a fountain—Oh! draw near it! Opened by the King of kings:

3. Sinners, hear, why will you perish? Death to life, Oh, why prefer? Why your vain delusions cherish? Why from truth persist to err?

Hear his message, Hear it, sinner, lest you die.
Living water, There in streams eternal springs.
Wisdom calls you, Happy they who learn of her.
1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise;
2. Jesus himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day;
3. One day, amid the place Where God my Savior's been,
4. My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this,

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.
Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasure and of sin.
Till called to rise, and soar away To everlasting bliss.
SINNERS, turn, why will ye die? God your Maker asks you why?
God, who did your being give, Made you with himself to live;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why, Will ye slight his love and die!

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die? God your Saviour asks you why?
He who did your souls retrieve, Died himself that you might live.
Why, ye careless sinners, why, Will ye slight his grace and die?

SINNERS, turn, why will you die? God the Spirit asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove, Wooed you to embrace his love.
Oh! ye dying sinners, why, Why will ye forever die?

He the fatal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands;
Will you let him die in vain? Crucify your Lord again?
Will ye not his grace receive? Will ye still refuse to live?
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;
3. Who knows the errors of his thoughts? My God, forgive my secret faults,

To souls benight-ed and distressed! Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
But 'tis thy bless-ed gospel, Lord, That makes my guilty conscience clean,
And from pre-sump-tuous sins restrain: Accept my poor at-tempts of praise,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
Converts my soul, subdues my sin, And gives a free, but large reward.
That I have read thy book of grace, And book of nature not in vain.

75

Delight in God and his Worship.

1
O God, my gracious God, to thee,
My early prayers shall offered be;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pant!
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2
Oh! to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays!
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.
MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

Originally written on the occasion of the death of Miss M. J. C. a member of Mount Vernon School, Boston, July 13, 1833.

L. Mason.

1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze,
   Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.

2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low;
   Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shall know.

3. Dear-est sister, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deeply feel,
   But 'tis God that hath bereft us, He can all our sorrows heal.

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled,
   Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

This tune may be sung as a Duett, by Treble Voices.
SABBATH SCHOOL SINGING BOOK.

Human Frailty.  S. M.

1 Lord, what a feeble piece
   Is this our mortal frame!
   Our life—how poor a trifle 'tis,
   That scarce deserves the name!
2 Our moments fly apace,
   Our feeble powers decay;
   Swift as a flood, our hasty days
   Are sweeping us away.
3 Then, if our days must fly,
   We'll keep their end in sight;
   We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
   And let them speed their flight.
4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
   This life's tempestuous sea;
   Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
   Of blest eternity.

Admonition to prepare for Death.  C. M.

1 Life is a span—a fleeting hour—
   How soon the vapor flies!
   Man is a tender, transient flower,
   That ev'n in blooming—dies.
2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
   Each mournful thought employs;
   And nature weeps her comforts fled,
   And withered all her joys.
3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
   When what we now deplore
   Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
   And bloom to fade no more.
4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy
   Thy Savior dwells on high; [tears—
   There everlasting spring appears—
   There joys shall never die.

Death of the Righteous.  S. M.

1 Oh for the death of those
   Who slumber in the Lord!
   Oh be like theirs my last repose,
   Like theirs my last reward.
2 Their bodies, in the ground,
   In silent hope may lie,
   Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
   Shall call them to the sky.
3 Their ransomed spirits soar
   On wings of faith and love,
   To meet the Savior they adore,
   And reign with him above.
4 With us their names shall live
   Through long succeeding years,
   Embalmed with all our hearts can
   Our praises and our tears.  (give,
1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream, Our Savior would linger in moonlight's soft beam;

2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head; How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;

3. O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;

4. Come, saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet; O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;

And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight, Attended their Master with solemn delight.
The theme most transporting to seraphs above, The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.
1. O Jesus! delight of my soul, My Savior, my Shepherd divine!
2. Thy love I can never deserve, That bids me be happy in thee;
3. How can I thy goodness repay, By nature so weak and defiled?
4. And art thou my Father above? Will Jesus abide in my heart?

I yield to thy blessed control, My body and spirit are thine.
My God and my King I will serve, Whose favor is heaven to me.
My self I have given away, O call me thine own little child.
O bind me so fast with thy love, That I never from thee shall depart.
1. O Lord, let our songs find acceptance before thee, And pierce through the skies to thine uppermost throne;
2. Our Father, our Father, we ask thee to guide us, And keep us from sin till life's journey be o'er;
3. Then, then will we sing the sweet song of the blessed, And mingle our strains with the myriads above;

For thou stoopest to listen when mortals adore thee, And sendest thy blessings like messengers down.
Then the last sigh of nature, whate'er else betide us, Shall waft us to glory, when time is no more.
Far surpassing all strains that our tongues e'er expressed, And Jesus, the chorus, and Infinite Love.
NEWFIELD.  C. M.  (Communion with God.)

81 1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high; To
2. Thou art a God, before whose sight, The wicked shall not stand; Sin-
3. But to thy house will I re-sort, To taste thy mercies there; I
4. Oh may thy Spirit guide my feet In ways of righteousness, Make

Thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;
ners shall ne’er be thy delight, Nor dwell at thy right hand.
will frequent thine holy court, And worship in thy fear.
every path of duty straight, And plain before my face.  A

* The Amen may be sung, or omitted.
1. The light of Sabbath eve, Is fading fast a-way; What record will it leave, To crown the closing day? Is it a Sabbath spent, Of pear, That cannot come again. Then in that hope-less place, The ours These sacred days of prayer; But may our Sabbaths here In-

2. How dreadful and how drear, In yon dark world of pain, Will Sabbaths lost ap-

3. To waste these Sabbath hours, O may we never dare; Nor taint with thoughts of
The broad and narrow Way.

1
Strive, for the way is strait
In which the Savior trod;
And narrow is the gate
That leadeth up to God.
Cut off the ensnaring hand,
Pluck out the ensnaring eye;
"Why, sinners, will ye die?"
Strive, for the way is strait.

2
Strive, ere life's setting sun
Shall sink in thickest gloom;
Strive, night is coming on,
Ye hasten to the tomb.
Ask, mercy shall be given;
Seek as for hidden gold;
Knock, and the Lord of heaven
The gates will wide unfold.

fruitless time destroyed? Or have these moments lent, Been sa-cred-ly em-ployed?
 wretched soul will say, 'I had those hours of grace, But cast them all a-way.'
 spire our hearts with love; And prove a foretaste clear Of that sweet rest above.
AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. (Hope of Heaven.)

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; 
   Rise from transitory things Towards heaven, thy native place;

2. Rivers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; 
   Fire, ascending, seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source:

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn; Press on-ward to the prize; 
   Soon our Saviour will return, Triumphant, in the skies;

Sun, and moon and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove; 
So the soul that's born of God Pants to view his glorious face: 
Yet a season, and you know Happy entrance will be given;
Rise, my soul, and haste away, To seats prepared above.
Upward tends to his abode, To rest in his embrace.
All our sorrows left below, And earth exchanged for heaven.

Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show.
Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless pow'r;
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name:
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Him Prince of Peace proclaim.
Praise him, every tuneful string:
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.
SABBATH SCHOOL SINGING BOOK.

The Judgment.  S. M.

1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day?
When earth and heaven before His
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

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

Those blessed who die in the Lord. C. M.

1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

A Warning from the Grave.  C. M.

1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, mortal, turn!—thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

4 Turn, Christian, turn!—thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven—or hell!
**Meditation on the Tomb.**

1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound;  
   My ears attend the cry—  
   "Ye living men, come view the ground  
   Where you must shortly lie.

2. Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
   In spite of all your towers;  
   The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
   Must lie as low as ours!"

3. Great God! is this our certain doom?  
   And are we still secure?  
   Still walking downwards to the tomb,  
   And yet prepare no more!

4. Grant us the power of quickening  
   To fit our souls to fly;  
   Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
   We'll rise above the sky.

**Brevity of Human Life.**

1. Almighty maker of my frame,  
   Teach me the measure of my days;  
   Teach me to know how frail I am,  
   To spend the remnant of thy praise.

2. My days are shorter than a span;  
   A little point my life appears:  
   How frail, at best, is dying man!  
   How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3. Oh, be a heavenly portion mine!  
   My God, I bow before thy throne!  
   Earth's fleeting treasure I resign,  
   And fix my hope on thee alone.

4. Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
   My fond desire recall;  
   I give my mortal interest up,  
   And make my God my all.
AITHLONE. C. P. M. (Trusting in Christ for Pardon.) German Tune.

1. Oh, thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead,
3. Then save me from eternal death, The Spirit of adoption breathe,
4. The King of terrors then would be A welcome messenger to me,

That casts itself on thee? I have no refuge of my own,
And his avail ing blood: That righteousness my robe shall be,
His consolations send: By him some word of life impart,
To bid me come away: Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
The New Birth.

1. Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound,
   My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
   Expos'd to endless wo;
   Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
   "The sinner must be born again,"
   Or else to ruin go.

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

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

4. But while I thus in anguish lay;
   The bleeding Savior pass'd that way,
   And felt his pity move:
   The sinner once by justice slain,
   Now by his grace is born again,
   And sings redeeming love.
1. Ye dying sons of men, Immersed in sin and wo! Now mercy calls again, Its
   message is to you! Ye perishing and guilty, come! In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2. No longer now delay, Nor vain excuses frame; Christ bids you come to day, Though
   poor, and blind, and lame; All things are ready, sinners, come! For every trembling soul there's room.

3. Drawn by his dying love, Ye wandering sheep, draw near! He calls you from above, The
   Shepherd's voice now hear; To him whoever will may come, In Jesus' arms there still is room.
1. My soul with patience waits For thee, the living Lord;
2. My longing eyes look out For thine enlivening ray,
3. Let Israel trust in God, No bounds his mercy knows;

My hopes are on thy promise built, Thy never failing word.
More duly than the morning watch To hail the dawning day.
The plenteous source and spring from whence Eternal succor flows.
WELLS. L. M. (Time the period to prepare for Eternity.) Holdrad.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'in-sure the great re-ward;
2. Life is the hour that God hath given T' escape from hell, and fly to heaven;
3. Then, what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might, pursue;
4. There are no acts of pardon passed, In the cold grave to which we haste;

And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may re-turn.
The day of grace—and mortals may Se-cure the blessings of the day.
Since no de-vice, nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
But darkness, death, and long des-pair Reign in e-ter-nal si-lence there.
NEWVILLE. 7s.  ("Christ, the Rock of Ages.")

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.
   Let the water and the blood, From thy side, a healing flood,
   Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

2. Should my tears forever flow; Should my zeal no languor know,
   This for sin could not atone, Thou, must save, and thou alone.
   Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,
   When I rise to worlds un-known, And behold thee on thy throne,
   Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

Be of fear and sin the cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.
FORLAND. 7s & 6s.  (The Rising Day.)

1. The gloomy night of sadness, Begins to flee away,
The glowing tinge of morning, Proclaims the rising day;
That welcome day of

2. Now truth, unveiled, is shining, With beams of sacred light,
The mourning pilgrims wonder, And leave the paths of night.
Their glowing hearts in

3. Come let's begin the anthems, And join the choir above;
Exalt the blest Redeemer, And praise the God we love.
All honor, praise and

4. The courts of heaven are ringing, With songs of highest strains,
And ceaseless praise is rolling, Along the flowery plains.
Oh, could we rise triumphant, And join with those above, To shout and sing forever, The Savior's dying love.

promise, When Christ shall claim his right; And on the world in darkness, Pour forth a flood of light.
rapture, Are filled with joy divine, Burst forth in shouting glory, And like their Master, shine.
glory, Salvation to our God; Hosanna to the Savior, Who wash'd us in his blood.
umphant, And join with those above, To shout and sing forever, The Savior's dying love.
"Success of the Gospel."

1. The morning light is breaking,
   The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
   To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
   Brings tidings from afar;
Of nations in commotion,
   Prepar'd for Zion's war.

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

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

4. Blest river of salvation,
   Pursue thy onward way.
Flow thou to every nation.
   Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
   Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
   Proclaim, the Lord is come.

"Thine Holy day's Returning."

1. Thine holy day's returning,
   Our hearts exult to see,
And, with devotion burning,
   Ascend, great God! to thee.
To-day with purest pleasure
   Our thoughts from earth withdraw,
We search for heavenly treasure,
   We learn thy holy law.

2. We join to sing thy praises,
   O God, of Sabbath day!
Each voice in gladness raises
   Its loudest, sweetest lay.
Thy richest mercies sharing—
   Inspire us with thy love;
By grace our souls preparing
   For nobler praise above.
1. Pray for Jerusalem, The city of our God;
2. Within these walls may peace and harmony be found:
3. For friends and brethren dear, Our prayer shall never cease;

O Lord, from heav'n be kind to them, That love the dear abode!
Zion, in all thy palaces, Prosperity be found!
Oft as they meet for worship here, God send his people peace!
LABAN.  S. M.  (Watchfulness and Prayer.)  L. Mason.

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. At the portals of thy house, Lord we leave our mortal cares;
   Nobler thoughts our souls engage, Songs of praise and fervent prayers;
2. Hapless men, whose footsteps stray From the temple of the Lord!
   Teach them Zion's heavenly way, To their feet thy light afford:

Pure and contrite hearts alone,
Find acceptance at thy throne.
Let the world unite to raise Solemn and harmonious praise.
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand;

O-pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fiery cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey through;

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

Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more. Strong deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield. Songs of praises I will ever give to thee.
By cool Siloam's shady rill, How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose.

And such the child whose early feet, The paths of peace have trod.
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passions rage

O Thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine;

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thine own.
1. God is goodness, wisdom, power; Love him, praise him ev'ry more;
2. Born for this intent we are, Our Creator to declare;
3. Holy, holy, holy Lord! Live, by heaven and earth adored!

Let us strive, and never cease, Him in ev'ry thing to please.
God to love, and serve, and praise, God to honor all our days.
Filled with thee, let all things cry, Glory be to God most high.
1. Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy,
2. The hosts of God encamp around The dwellings of the just;
3. Oh! make but trial of his love, Experience will decide,
4. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then Have nothing else to fear;

The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.
Deliverance he affords to all, Who on his succor trust.
How blest are they, and only they, Who in his truth confide.
Make you his service your delight, He'll make your wants his care.
1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty! Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above, land be bright, With freedom's holy light, Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

3. Our Father's God! to thee, Author of liberty! To thee we sing; Long may our fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.
1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with awful glo- ries crowned;
2. Up-held by thy commands, The world secure- ly stands, And skies and stars obey thy word;
3. Let floods and nations rage, And all their power engage; Let swelling tides assault the sky;
4. Thy promis-es are true, Thy grace is ever new; There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove;

Arrayed in robes of light, Be-girt with sov'reign might, And rays of maj-es-ty a-round.
Thy throne was fix'd on high, Ere stars adorned the sky: E-ter-nal is thy king-dom, Lord.
The ter-rors of thy frown Shall beat their madness down; Thy throne forev-er stands on high.
Thy saints with ho-ly fear Shall in thy courts ap-pear, And sing thine ev-er-last-ing love.
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 adorned, his people shall sing To God, who de-

4. Ye angels above, his glories who've sung, In loftiest

Great assembly to sing; In their great Creator let
strains his praises express, Who graciously opens his
fence and plenty supplies: Their loud acclamations to
notes, now publish his praise: We mortals, delighted, 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.

1. How wondrous and great
   Thy works, God of praise!
   How just, King of saints,
   And true, are thy ways!
   Oh, who shall not fear thee,
   And honor thy name!
   Thou only art holy,
   Thou only supreme!

2. To nations long dark
   Thy light shall be shown;
   Their worship and vows
   Shall come to thy throne:
   Thy truth and thy judgments
   Shall spread all abroad,
   Till earth's ev'ry people
   Confess thee their God.
107 1. {Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and de-sire of my heart,}
{For clo-ser communion I pine, I long to reside where thou art;}
2. {’Tis there with the lambs of thy flock, There only I cov- et to rest;}
{To lie at the foot of the rock, Or rise to be hid in thy breast;}

The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd o-bey, Are
’Tis there I would always a-bide, And nev-er a moment de-part; Con-

MAITLAND. 8s. DOUBLE. (Communion with Christ.) L. Mason.
108  "God's Protection."

1

Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and guardian of
My all to thy covenant care [thine,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2

A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.
109. 1. To the hills I lift mine eyes, The everlasting hills;  
    Streaming thence in fresh supplies, My soul the Spirit feels;  
    Faith-ful soul, then al-ways pray, And still in God con-fide;  
    He thy fee-ble steps shall stay, Nor suf-fer thee to slide;  
    He shall bless thy go-ing out, And bless thy com-ing in;  
    Kind-ly com-pass thee a-bout, Till thou art saved from sin;  

Will he not his help af-ford? Help, while yet I ask, is given;  
Lean on thy Re-deemer’s breast; He thy qui-et Spir-it keeps;  
Like thy spot-less Mas-ter, thou, Fill’d with wis-dom, love, and power,
God comes down: the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy watch-man never sleeps.
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth and evermore.

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

2. By thine agonizing pain,
   And bloody sweat, we pray,
   By thy dying love to man,
   Take all our sins away:
   Burst our bonds, and set us free,
   From all sin do thou release;
   Oh remember Calvary,
   And bid us go in peace!

3. Through thy blood, by faith applied,
   Let sinners pardon feel;
   Speak us freely justified,
   And all our sickness heal:
   By thy passion on the tree,
   Let our griefs and troubles cease;
   Oh remember Calvary,
   And bid us go in peace!
1. Exalt 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-liness, And mercy is his seat. Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!
Samuel prayed, He gave his people rest. Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!
vengeance known, When they abused his grace. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
holiness, And jealous for his name. Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!
CHANT No. 1.  (God's glory in his works.)

112 O Lord our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings
Hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies;
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers;
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him.
For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the work of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet.
All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea.
O Lord our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth.

Amen.
Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful;
But his delight is in the law of the Lord,
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree
Planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season.
His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
The ungodly are not so;
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous,
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.
The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous,
But the way of th'un godly shall perish.
114 1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
   He leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me
   In the paths of righteousness for his name's sake,
   Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

4 I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
   Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me
   In the presence of mine enemies;
   Thou anointest my head with oil;
   My cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
   All the days of my life;
   And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.
CHANT No. 4.  (Confidence in God.)

115

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
   From whence cometh my help.

2. My help cometh from the Lord,
   Which made heaven and earth.

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
   He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4. Behold he that keepeth Israel,
   Shall not slumber nor sleep.

5. The Lord is thy keeper;
   The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6. The sun shall not smite thee by day,
   Nor the moon by night.

7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;
   He shall preserve thy soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in,
   From this time forth, and even for ever more.

Amen.
God our Portion.

116

1 Thou art my portion, O Lord;
   I have said that I would keep thy words.
2 I entreated thy favor with my whole heart:
   Be merciful unto me according to thy word.
3 I thought on my ways,
   And turned my feet unto thy testimonies.
4 I made haste and delayed not
   To keep thy commandments.
5 The bands of the wicked have robbed me,
   But I have not forgotten thy law.
6 At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee,
   Because of thy righteous judgments.
7 I am a companion of all them that fear thee,
   And of them that keep thy precepts.
8 The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy:
   Teach me thy statutes.
Love for God’s Word.

117

1. O how I love thy law;  
   It is my meditation all the day.  
   Thou, through thy commandments, hast made me wiser than my enemies;  
   For they are ever with me.
2. I have more understanding than all my teachers;  
   For thy testimonies are my meditation.  
   I understand more than the ancients:  
   Because I keep thy precepts.
3. I have refrained my feet from every evil way,  
   That I might keep thy word.  
   I have not departed from thy judgments,  
   For thou hast taught me.
4. How sweet are thy words unto my taste;  
   Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.
5. Through thy precepts I get understanding:  
   Therefore I hate every false way.

Praise.

118

1. O Lord, open thou our lips;  
   And our mouths shall show forth thy praise.
2. 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.
3. Praise ye the Lord.
4. The Lord’s name be praised.
Prayer for divine Guidance.

1. Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes,
   And I shall keep it unto the end.
2. Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law;
   Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.
3. Make me to go in the path of thy commandments;
   For therein do I delight.
4. Incline my heart unto thy testimonies,
   And not, to covetousness.
5. Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;
   And quicken thou me in thy way.
6. Establish thy word unto thy servant,
   Who is devoted to thy fear.
7. Turn away my reproach which I fear;
   For thy judgments are good.
8. Behold I have longed after thy precepts;
   Quicken me in thy righteousness.

Seek the Lord.

1. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,
2. Call ye upon him while he is near.
3. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts;
   And let him return to the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him;
4. And to our God; for he will abundantly pardon.
5. For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
   Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord,
   For as the heavens are higher than the earth,
6. So are my ways higher than your ways,
   And my thoughts than your thoughts.
Blessedness of the Righteous.

121
1. Blessed are the undefiled in the way
2. Who walk in the law of the Lord.
3. Blessed are they that keep his testimonies,
4. And that seek him with the whole heart.
5. They also do no iniquity
6. They walk in his ways.
7. Thou hast commanded us
8. To keep thy precepts diligently.
9. O that my ways were directed
10. To keep thy statutes.
11. Then shall I not be ashamed
12. When I have respect unto all thy commandments.
13. I will praise thee with uprightness of heart
14. When I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.
15. I will keep thy statutes,
16. O forsake me not utterly.

Excellence of the word of God.

122
1. Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?
2. By taking heed thereto according to thy word.
3. With my whole heart have I sought thee.
4. O let me not wander from thy commandments.
5. Thy word have I hid in mine heart,
6. That I might not sin against thee.
7. Blessed art thou, O Lord;
8. Teach me thy statutes.
SABBATH SCHOOL SINGING BOOK.

5 { With my lips have I declared
  { All the judgments of thy mouth.
  { I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies
  { As much as in all riches.

7 { I will meditate in thy precepts,
  { And have respect unto thy ways.
  { I will delight myself in thy statutes:
  { I will not forget thy word.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

123

1 { My soul cleaveth unto the dust;
  { Revive thou me according to thy word.
  { I have declared my ways, and thou heardest me;
  { Teach me thy statutes.

2 { Make me to understand the way of thy precepts.
  { So shall I talk of thy wondrous works.
  { My soul melteth for heaviness;
  { Strengthen thou me, according unto thy word.

3 { Remove from me the way of lying;
  { And grant me thy law graciously.
  { I have chosen the way of truth:
  { Thy judgments have I laid before me.

4 { I have adhered to thy testimonies;
  { O Lord, put me not to shame.
  { I will run the way of thy commandments
  { When thou shalt enlarge my heart.
Glory of God in his Works.

124

1. The heavens declare the glory of God;
   And the firmament showeth his handy-work.

2. Day unto day uttereth speech,
   And night unto night showeth knowledge.

3. There is no speech nor language
   Where their voice is not heard.

4. Their line is gone out through all the earth,
   And their words to the end of the world.

5. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
   Which is a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
   And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6. His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
   And his circuit unto the ends of it,
   And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
7 The law of the Lord is perfect,  
Converting the soul.  
8 The testimony of the Lord is sure,  
Making wise the simple.  
9 The statutes of the Lord are right,  
Rejoicing the heart.  
10 The commandment of the Lord is pure,  
Lightening the eyes.  
11 The fear of the Lord is clean  
During forever.  
12 The judgments of the Lord are true  
And righteous altogether.  
13 More to be desired are they than gold,  
Yea, than much fine gold,  
Sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.  
14 Moreover by them is thy servant warned,  
And in keeping of them there is great reward.  
15 Who can understand his errors?  
Cleanse thou me from secret faults.  
16 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins  
Let them not have dominion over me.  
17 Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent  
From the great transgression.  
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart,  
18 Be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. Amen.
125 For a blessing on Public Worship. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now;
   At thy feet we humbly bow;
   Oh do not our suit disdain!
   Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
   In compassion now descend;
   Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
   Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
   Now we seek thee, here we stay;
   Lord, we know not how to go,
   Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
   That may joy and peace afford.
   Let thy Spirit now impart
   Full salvation to each heart.

126 Nativity of the Savior. 8s & 7s.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
   Sweetly sounding through the skies?
   Lo, th'angelic host rejoices;
   Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
   Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
   "Glory in the highest—glory!
   Glory be to God most high!"

127 Prayer for God's guidance. L. M.

1 Thou great Instructer, lest I stray,
   Oh teach my erring feet thy way!
   Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
   Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.

2 How oft my heart's affections yield,
   And wander o'er the world's wide field!
   My roving passions, Lord, reclaim;
   Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue,
   With all their powers, shall raise the song;
   On earth thy glories I'll declare,
   Till heaven th'immortal notes shall hear.

128 Sinners invited to the living Waters.

L. M.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
   'Tis God invites the fallen race;
   Mercy and free salvation buy;
   Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
   Sinners, obey your Maker's call!
   Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
   And find his grace is free to all.
129  True happiness found only in God.

1  In vain I trace creation o'er,
   In search of solid rest;
   The whole creation is too poor,
   To make me truly blest.

2  Let earth and all her charms depart,
   Unworthy of the mind;
   In God alone this restless heart
   Enduring bliss can find.

3  Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
   Here would my spirit rest;
   Oh! seal the rich, the boundless grant,
   And make me fully blest.

130  The Righteous and the Wicked.

1  The man is ever blest,
   Who shuns the sinner's ways;
   Among their councils never stands,
   Nor takes the scorner's place;

2  But makes the law of God,
   His study and delight,
   Amidst the labors of the day,
   And watches of the night.

3  He, like a tree, shall thrive,
   With waters near the root;
   Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;
   His works are heavenly fruit.

4  Not so th' ungodly race;
   They no such blessings find;
   Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
   Before the driving wind.

131  The Good Shepherd.

1  The flock he loves to trace
   With ever watchful eye;
   So Christ our Shepherd, full of grace,
   To us is ever nigh.

2  The sheep his kindness know
   When timid fear alarms;
   So we affrighted, safely go
   To our Redeemer's arms.

3  The Lambs he gently leads
   To pastures green and fair;
   And so the Savior kindly feeds
   The children of his care.

4  When stormy tempests blow,
   He shields them from the cold;
   So to escape from sin and wo,
   We enter Jesus' fold.

5  Thy voice to hear we love,
   Dear Shepherd! be our guide;
   That we within thy fold above,
   Forever may abide.
132  Casting our cares on God.  S. M.
1 How gentle God's commands!
   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 approved,
   Unchanged from day to day;
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
   For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
   In out hearts and lives abound!
May thy presence
   With us evermore be found!
3 Then, where'er the signal's given,
   Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
   Glad the summons to obey—
   May we ever
   Reign with Christ in endless day!
3 Why should this anxious load
   Press down your weary mind?
   Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne
   And peace and comfort find.
   That hand which bears creation up,
   Shall guard his children well.
   May we ever
   Reign with Christ in endless day!

133  Dismission.  8s & 7s, or 8s, 7s & 4.
1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
   Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
   Let us, each thy love possessing,
   Triumph in redeeming grace;
   Oh refresh us,
   Traveling through this wilderness.
2 Time is winging us away,
   To our eternal home;
   Life is but a winter's day,
   A journey to the tomb;
   Youth and vigor soon will flee,
   Blooming beauty lose its charms;
   All that's mortal soon will be
   Enclosed in death's cold arms.
2 Time is winging us away
   To our eternal home;
   Life is but a winter's day,
   A journey to the tomb;
   But the christian shall enjoy
   Health and beauty, soon, above,
   Far beyond the world's alloy;
   Secure in Jesus' love.
135  Sabbath Morning. C. M.
1 Soon as the morning rays appear
   I'll lift my eyes above;
   My voice shall reach my Father's ear,
   And supplicate his love.
2 Within his house, my prayer shall rise
   Before the mercy seat;
   There will I fix my steadfast eyes,
   And worship at his feet.
3 Before thy throne, great God, I'll fall,
   To thee my wants I'll bring;
   On thee alone for help I'll call,
   My Savior, God and King.

136  Prayer and Confession. S. M.
1 Lord, teach me how to pray,
   Thy saving grace impart;
   And grant thy Holy Spirit may
   Renew and cleanse my heart.
2 Unholy was I born,
   And from my birth I strayed;
   I must be wretched and forlorn,
   Without thy saving aid.
3 But those who seek thy face,
   Shall taste thy wond'reous love;
   And thou wilt guide them by thy grace,
   To dwell with thee above.
4 To thee, O Lord, we come,
   And on thy promise stay;
   Oh! may we find in thee our home,
   Nor wander from thy way.

137  Youth's Prayer. S. M.
1 With humble heart and tongue,
   My God, to thee, I pray;
   Oh! bring me now, while I am young,
   To thee, the living way.
2 Make an unguarded youth,
   The object of thy care;
   Help me to choose the way of truth,
   And fly from every snare.
3 My heart, to folly prone,
   Renew by power divine.
   Unite it to thyself alone,
   And make me wholly thine.
4 Oh! let thy word of grace,
   My warmest thoughts employ;
   Be this, through all my following days,
   My treasure and my joy.
5 To what thy laws impart,
   Be my whole soul inclined,
   Come, Savior, dwell within my heart,
   And sanctify my mind.
138  **Forsaking the World.**  C. M.

1  Why should we spend our youthful days,
   In folly and in sin?
   When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
   And bids us walk therein.

2  Folly and sin our peace destroy,
   They glitter, then are past;
   They yield a moment's fleeting joy,
   And end in death at last.

3  But, if true wisdom we possess,
   Our joys shall never cease;
   Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
   And all her paths are peace.

4  Oh! may we now, in youthful days,
   Attend to wisdom's voice;
   And make her holy, happy ways,
   Our own delightful choice.

139  **The Narrow Way.**  C. M.

1  There is a path that leads to God,
   All others go astray;
   Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
   And christians love the way.

2  It leads us through this world of sin,
   And dangers must be past;
   But all who boldly walk therein,
   Will come to heaven at last.

3  How shall a youthful pilgrim dare,
   This dangerous path to tread?
   Do I not need a Shepherd's care,
   To be securely led?

4  Be thou, O Lord, my guard, my guide,
   Nor let me from thee stray;
   Uphold my footsteps, lest I slide
   Or wander from thy way.

140  **Way to Zion.**  S. M.

1  Now let our voices join
   To form a sacred song;
   Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
   With music pass along.

2  There flowers of paradise
   In rich profusion spring;
   The sun of glory gilds the path,
   And dear companions sing.

3  There Salem's golden spires
   In beauteous prospect rise;
   And brighter crowns than mortals wear
   Which sparkle through the skies.

4  All honor to his name
   Who marks the shining way;
   To him who leads the wanderers on
   To realms of endless day.
141 Prayer for divine Influence. L. M.
1 Great God, before thine awful throne
   A youthful band would humbly bend;
   Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
   And pray that thou wilt be our friend.
2 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
   That he may teach us how to pray;
   Make us sincere, and let each heart
   Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
3 Oh let thy grace our souls renew,
   And seal a sense of pardon there;
   Teach us thy will to know and do,
   And let us all thine image bear.

142 The Sabbath. C. M.
1 Once more we keep the sacred day,
   That saw the Savior rise;
   Once more we tune our joyful song,
   To him who rules the skies.
2 Oh may the God, who gave our lives,
   And thus far led us on;
   Be pleased to train our youthful minds
   To know and love his Son.
3 Teach us thy way while here we learn
   To read thy heavenly word;
   Bless all the kind instructions given
   And make us thine, O Lord.

143 Dependence on the Spirit of God. S. M.
1 'Tis God the Spirit leads
   In paths before unknown;
   The work to be performed is ours,
   The strength is all his own.
2 Supported by his grace,
   We still pursue our way;
   And hope at last to reach the prize,
   Secure in endless day.
3 'Tis he that works to will,
   'Tis he that works to do;
   His is the power by which we act,
   His be the glory too.

144 Grieving the Spirit. S. M.
1 Forbid it, Lord, that we,
   Who from thy hand receive
   The spirit's power to make us free,
   Should e'er that spirit grieve.
2 Oh keep our faith alive,
   Help us to watch and pray:
   Lest, by our carelessness, we drive
   The sacred guest away.
3 Lord, make us wholly thine,
   And in our hearts of stone,
   Let grace, with purer lustre, shine,
   And mark us for thine own
145 Prayer for sincerity in Worship.  S. M.

1 When we draw nigh to thee
   Within thy house of prayer,
Grant, gracious Lord, that we may see
   Thy presence shining there.
2 Stir up our hearts to feel
   The sins that we deplore;
Confirm our hope, inflame our zeal,
   And make us love thee more.
3 Let the refreshing view
   Of mercy cheer our eyes;
And faith, with steadier aim, pursue
   Her progress to the skies.
4 Oh, may we still delight
   To worship at thy feet,
Till heaven be opened to our sight,
   And make our joy complete.

146 Youth Invited.  S. M.

1 My son, know thou the Lord,
   Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
   His guardian hand by day.
2 Call, while he may be found,
   Oh seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
   And worship him with fear.

147 Desire to do the will of God.  S. M.

1 From earliest dawn of life,
   Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
   By sovereign mercy spared.
2 To learn and do thy will,
   O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the path of future life,
   Command thy light to shine.
3 While taught thy word of truth,
   May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
   In that blest name believe!
4 Oh let us never tread
   The broad destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
   To glory, and to God.
148  Sinners Invited.  S. M.
1  Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
   While yet 'tis called to-day;
   Soon will the awful voice of death
   Command your souls away.
2  Soon will the harvest close;
   The summer soon be o'er;
   And soon your injured, angry God,
   Will hear your prayers no more.
3  Then while 'tis called to-day,
   Oh hear the gospel's sound;
   Come, sinner, haste—oh haste away,
   While pardon may be found.

149  Sinner's Warned.  C. M.
1  Sinner, the voice of God regard;
   His mercy speaks to-day;
   He calls you by his gracias word,
   From sin's destructive way.
2  Like raging waves, that never rest,
   You live devoid of peace;
   A thousand stings within your breast,
   Deprive your souls of ease.
3  Why will you in the crooked ways
   Of sin and folly go?
   In pain and sorrow spend your days,
   To reap eternal wo!

150  For Forgiveness.  S. M.
1  According to thy word,
   Let me thy mercy prove;
   Blot out my past transgressions, Lord,
   And save me by thy love.
2  Wash me from every stain
   Which vice and guilt impart;
   Let me, O Lord, thy love regain,
   And cleanse my sinful heart.

151  Encouragement to Prayer.  S. M.
1  And shall not Jesus hear
   His children when they cry?
   Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
   He'll help them from on high.
2  His nature, truth, and love,
   Engage him on their side;
   When they are grieved, his bowels move;
   And can they be denied?
3  Then let us earnest be,
   And never faint in prayer;
   He loves our importunity,
   And makes our cause his care.
1 Ingratitude Deplored.  S. M.
1 Is this the kind return?
   Are these the thanks we owe?
   Thus to abuse eternal love,
   Whence all our blessings flow!
2 To what a stubborn frame,
   Has sin reduced our mind!
   What strange, rebellious wretches we!
   And God as strangely kind!
3 Turn—turn us, mighty God!
   And mould our souls afresh!
   Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
   And give us hearts of flesh.
4 Let past ingratitude
   Provoke our weeping eyes;
   And hourly, as new mercies fall,
   Let hourly thanks arise.

154 Seeking the Lord.  C. M.
1 Ensnared too long my heart has been,
   In folly’s hurtful ways;
   Oh, may I now, at length, begin
   To hear what wisdom says.
2 ’Tis Jesus, from the mercy-seat,
   Invites me to his rest;
   He calls poor sinners to his feet,
   To make them truly blest.
3 Approach, my soul, to wisdom’s gate,
   While now ’tis called to-day;
   No one who watches there and waits,
   Shall e’er be turned away.
4 He will not let me seek in vain,
   For all who trust his word
   Shall everlasting life obtain
   And favor from the Lord.

153 Youth Invited.  C. M.
1 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
   In smiling crowds draw near;
   And turn from every mortal charm,
   A Savior’s voice to hear.
2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
   Stoops to converse with you;
   He lays his radiant glories by,
   Your friendship to pursue.
3 The soul that longs to see his face,
   Is sure his love to gain;
   And those who early seek his grace,
   Shall never seek in vain.
4 Then come, with youthful vigor warm;
   To Jesus now draw near,
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