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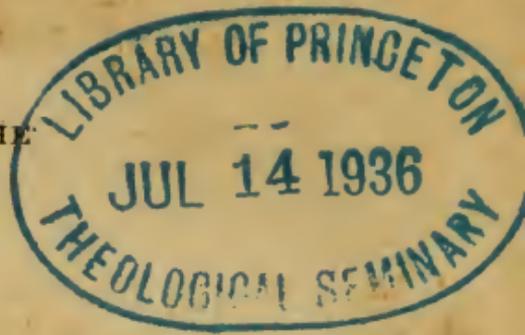
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Frank C. C. Milant

6/25/20 - Fri.



THE



# CHRISTIAN LYRE.

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BY JOSHUA LEAVITT.

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*Stereotyped by A. Chandler.*

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NEW YORK :

PUBLISHED BY JONA. LEAVITT, AT THE THEOLOGICAL BOOKSTORE,  
182 Broadway.

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1830.

*Southern District of New York, ss.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Joshua Leavitt, of the said District, has deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

“The Christian Lyre. By Joshua Leavitt.”

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned.” And also to an Act, entitled “An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

FRED. J. BETTS,

*Clerk of the Southern District of New York.*

## PREFACE.

EVERY person conversant with revivals must have observed, that whenever meetings for prayer and conference assume a special interest, there is a desire to use hymns and music of a different character from those ordinarily heard in the church. Nettleton's Village Hymns in a good degree meets the first want. Jocelyn's Zion's Harp partially supplies the other. But both are felt to be incomplete, as they are wanting in many pieces, which have proved of great use in revivals.

The usefulness also of many excellent hymns in all our modern collections, has been prevented by the inability of singers to find tunes adapted to the various subjects and metres. The "Christian Lyre" is undertaken with a view to meet both these deficiencies. It is intended to contain a collection of such pieces as are specially adapted to evening meetings and social worship, and chiefly such as are not found in our common collections of sacred music.

As the work is not designed to please scientific musicians, so much as to profit plain christians, reference will be had, chiefly, to the known popularity and good influence of what is selected. And it is intended to embrace the music that is most current among different denominations of christians.

As the number of parts is apt to distract the attention of an audience, or to occupy them with the music instead of the sentiment, the tunes here printed will generally be accompanied with only a simple bass, and sometimes not even with that. In a vast multitude of cases the *religious* effect of a hymn is heightened by having all sing the air only.

Possessing no musical skill beyond that of ordinary plain singers, I send out my work, without pretensions. If it aids the progress of Christ's cause, I shall be rewarded. If not, I shall be accepted according to what I had, and not according to what I had not. And it will prepare the way for some other person to do it better.

### OBSERVE,

In the treble the lines and spaces, beginning at the space beneath the lower line, are called, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. In the bass they are F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B.

The natural place of Mi is in B.

If B be flat, Mi is in E.

If B and E be flat, Mi is in A.

If B, E, and A be flat, Mi is in D.

If B, E, A, and D be flat, Mi is in G.

If B, E, A, D, and G be flat, Mi is in C.

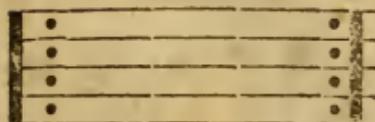
If F be sharp, Mi is in F.

If F and C be sharp, Mi is in C.

If F, C and G be sharp, Mi is in G.

If F, C, G and D be sharp, Mi is in D.

If F, C, G, D and A be sharp, Mi is in A.



A REPEAT, shows what part of a tune is to be sung over again,

DA. CAPO. means that the tune is to close, by repeating the first strain.





## 1. THE NEW YEAR.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course  
the sun  
Hasted through the former  
year.

Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here;  
Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all be-  
low,

We a little longer wait,  
But how little, none can know.

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

Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid  
stream;

Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;  
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past re-  
ceive,

Pardon of our sins renew:  
Teach us henceforth how to  
live,

With eternity in view:  
Bless thy word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Savior's word;  
And when life's short tale is  
told,

May we well with thee  
above.

2. TURN, WHY WILL  
YE DIE.

1 SINNER's, turn, why will ye  
die?

God, your Maker, asks you  
why?

God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live;  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of his own hands,  
Why, ye thankless creatures,  
why

Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
Christ your Savior, asks you  
why?

He who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself that ye might live.  
Will you let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?

Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace, and  
die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why?

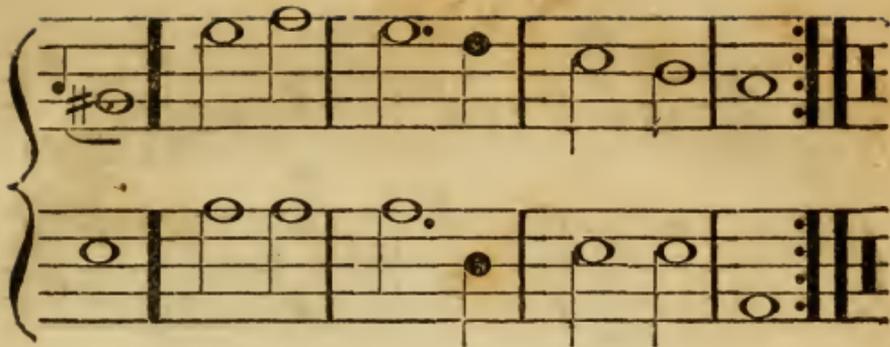
He who all your lives hath  
strove,

Woo'd you to embrace his love:  
Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?

Why, ye long sought sinners,  
why

Will you grieve your God, and  
die?





#### 4. *Hearts of Stone.* 7s.

- 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,  
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;  
 See his body, mangled—rent,  
 Cover'd with a gore of blood,  
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done !  
 Murder'd God's eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
 Drove the nails that fix'd him there  
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
 Pierced him with a soldier's spear ;  
 Made his soul a sacrifice,  
 For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain,  
 Still to death pursue your Lord ;  
 Open tear his wounds again,  
 Trample on his precious blood ?  
 No ! with all my sins I'll part,  
 Savior, take my broken heart.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system includes a treble clef and a common time signature. The music features a melody in the upper voice and a bass line in the lower voice, with various rhythmic values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

#### 4. *Bartimeus.*

- 1 "MERCY, O thou son of David!"  
 Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;  
 "Others by thy word are saved,  
 Now to me afford thine aid."

- 2 Many for his crying chid him,  
But he call'd the louder still ;  
Till the gracious Savior bid him,  
" Come, and ask me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,  
Though by begging used to live ;  
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted  
Alms which none but he could give.
- 4 " Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
Let my eyes behold the day !"  
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,  
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around ;  
" Friends, is not my case amazing ?  
What a Savior I have found !
- 6 " Oh ! that all the blind but knew him,  
And would be advised by me !  
Surely they would hasten to him,  
He would cause them all to see."

10 GREENVILLE. S. 7. 4. or S. 7. D

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a bass clef, followed by a 2/4 time signature and a Bb key signature. The melody in the treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note C5. The bass staff starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, a quarter note Bb2, and a quarter note C3. The system ends with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, starting with a quarter note D5, followed by a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The bass staff continues the bass line, starting with a quarter note D2, followed by a quarter note E2, a quarter note F2, and a quarter note G2. The system ends with a double bar line and the word "REPEAT" written above the staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, starting with a quarter note A5, followed by a quarter note Bb5, a quarter note C6, and a quarter note D6. The bass staff continues the bass line, starting with a quarter note A2, followed by a quarter note Bb2, a quarter note C3, and a quarter note D3. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, starting with a quarter note E6, followed by a quarter note F6, a quarter note G6, and a quarter note A6. The bass staff continues the bass line, starting with a quarter note E2, followed by a quarter note F2, a quarter note G2, and a quarter note A2. The system ends with a double bar line and the word "DA CAPO" written above the staff.

## 5. GENTLY, LORD.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, oh! gently lead us  
Through this lowly vale of tears,  
And, oh Lord, in mercy give us  
Thy rich grace in all our fears.  
Oh! refresh us—  
Oh! refresh us with thy grace.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,  
From without and from within,  
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,  
But will save from every sin.  
Therefore praise him—  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road;  
His right hand shall still defend thee;  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!  
Therefore praise him—  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 Oh, that I could now adore him,  
Like the heavenly host above,  
Who for ever bow before him,  
And unceasing sing his love!  
Happy songsters!  
When shall I your chorus join?

## 6. ONE THERE IS.

- 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.

Which of all our friends to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But this Savior died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.

- 2 When he lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now, above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.  
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often,  
What a friend we have above.

## 7. ONCE, O LORD.

- 1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,  
Every part look'd gay and green;  
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,  
Happy seasons we have seen!  
But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,  
Help can only come from thee.
- 2 Some, in whom we once delighted,  
We shall meet no more below;  
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,  
— Scarce a single leaf they show.  
Dearest Savior, hasten hither,  
Thou canst make them bloom again;  
Oh, permit them not to wither  
Let not all our hopes be vain!

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with quarter and eighth notes.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The word "REPEAT" is written above the end of the system.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with quarter and eighth notes.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The words "DA CAPO" are written above the end of the system.

## 8. TOSS'D UPON.

- 1 Toss'd upon life's raging bil-  
low,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know;  
Thou didst press a sailor's pil-  
low,  
And canst feel a sailor's wo.  
Never slumbering, never sleep-  
ing,  
Though the night be dark and  
drear,  
Thou the faithful watch art  
keeping,  
"All, all's well," thy constant  
cheer.
- 2 And though loud the wind is  
howling,  
Fierce though flash the light-  
nings red;  
Darkly, though the storm-cloud's  
scowling  
O'er the sailor's anxious head;  
Thou canst calm the raging  
ocean,  
All its noise and tumult still;  
Hush the tempest's wild com-  
motion,  
At the bidding of thy will.
- 3 Thus my heart the hope will  
cherish,  
While to thee I lift mine eye;  
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,  
Thou wilt hear the sailor's  
cry.  
And though mast and sail be  
riven,  
Life's short voyage will soon  
be o'er;  
Safely moor'd in heaven's wide  
haven,  
Storm and tempest vex no  
more.

## 9. LIGHT OF THOSE.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary  
dwelling  
Borders on the shades of  
death,  
Come, and by thy love's re-  
vealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath:  
The new heaven and earth's  
Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise,  
Scattering all the night of na-  
ture,  
Pouring eye-sight on our  
eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appear-  
ing;  
Life and joy thy beams im-  
part,  
Chasing all our fears, and  
cheering  
Every poor, benighted heart:  
Come, and manifest the favor  
Thou hast for the ransom'd  
race;  
Come, thou glorious God and  
Savior,  
Come, and bring thy gospel  
grace.
- 3 Save us, in thy great compas-  
sion,  
O thou mild, pacific Prince!  
Give the knowledge of salva-  
tion,  
Give the pardon of our sins;  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Every burden'd soul release;  
Every weary, wandering spi-  
rit,  
Guide into thy perfect peace

A musical score for a piece titled "CHASE. 7s." on page 14. The score is written for a grand piano and consists of six systems of two staves each. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings such as *mf* and *ff*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs in the final measure of each system.

## 10. 'TIS A POINT.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought:  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull, this lifeless  
frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his  
name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden  
prove—  
Every trifle give me pain—  
If I knew a Savior's love?
- 4 When I turn mine eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and  
wild;  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—  
'Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do;  
You who love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me—is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all!
- 7 Lord decide the doubtful case!  
Thou who art thy people's  
sun:  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.
- 8 Let me love thee more and  
more,  
If I love at all, I pray;  
If I have not loved before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

## 11. HASTEN, SINNER.

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;  
Stay not for the morrow's  
sun:

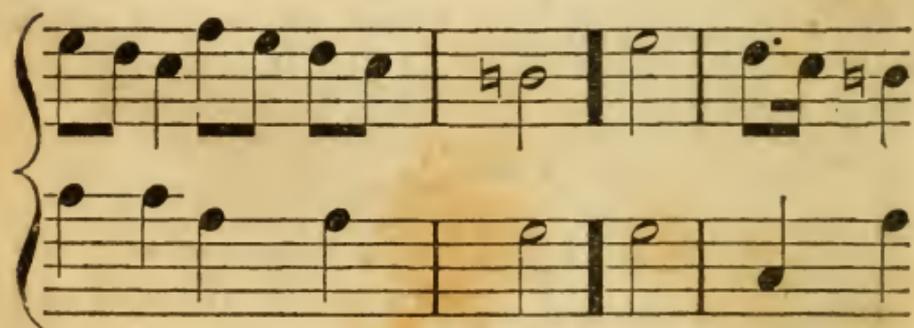
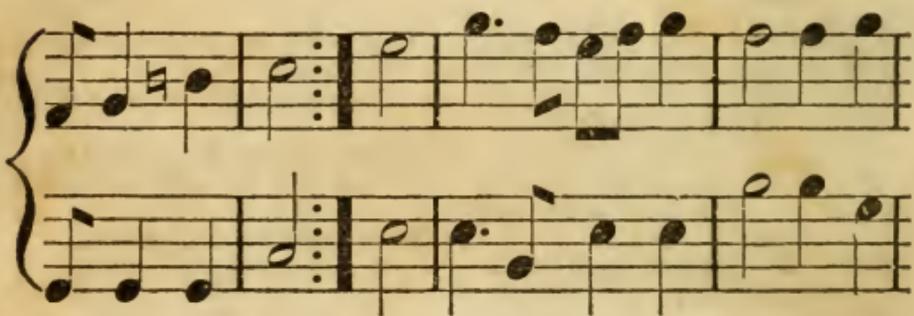
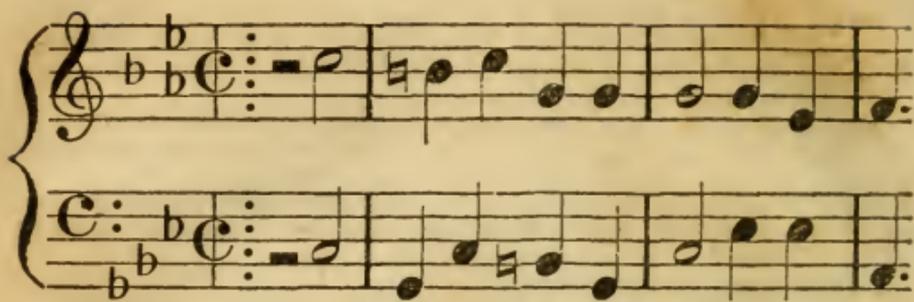
Wisdom, if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;  
Stay not for the morrow's  
sun;  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be  
run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;  
Stay not for the morrow's  
sun;  
Lest thy lamp should cease to  
burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done
- 4 Hasten sinner, to be blest:  
Stay not for the morrow's  
sun;  
Lest perdition thee arrest,  
Ere the morrow is begun.

## 12. SEEK MY SOUL.

- 1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow  
gate,  
Enter, ere it be too late;  
Many ask to enter there,  
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,  
And for ever bar the skies:  
Then, though sinners cry with-  
out,  
He will say, "I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim—  
Lord! we have profess'd thy  
name;  
We have ate with thee, and  
heard  
Heavenly teaching in thy word.
- 4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,  
Workers of iniquity;  
Sad their everlasting lot—  
Christ will say "I know you  
not."

## 16 CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 7. 6. D.



### 13. *Longing for heaven.*

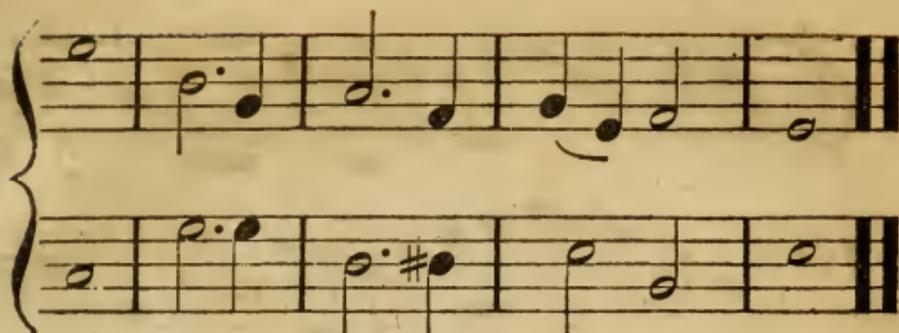
- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
 And reign with him above ;  
 And from that flowing fountain,  
 Drink everlasting love ?  
 When shall I be delivered  
 From this vain world of sin,  
 And with my blessed Jesus,  
 Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,  
 My Captain's gone before,  
 He's given me my orders,  
 And bid me not give o'er ;  
 And since he has proved faithful,  
 A righteous crown he'll give,  
 And all his valiant soldiers  
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace, I am determined  
 To conquer, though I die ;  
 And then away to Jesus,  
 On wings of love, I'll fly.  
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
 I bid you all adieu ;  
 Then O my friends prove faithful,  
 And on your way pursue.
- 4 Whene'er you meet with troubles  
 And trials on your way,  
 O cast your care on Jesus,  
 And don't forget to pray.  
 Gird on the heavenly armor  
 Of faith, and hope, and love ;  
 Then, when the combat's ended,  
 He'll carry you above.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves begin with a repeat sign. The melody in the upper staff starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line in the lower staff provides harmonic support with similar rhythmic patterns.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in the same key signature and time signature. A repeat sign is present in the middle of the system, indicating a section to be played twice. The melodic line in the upper staff shows a progression of notes, including a half note and a quarter note, while the bass line maintains a steady accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a sharp sign (#) on the first line, indicating a change in key signature to two sharps (F# and C#). The melody in the upper staff is more active, featuring eighth notes and quarter notes. The bass line continues with a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The bass line provides a consistent accompaniment. The system concludes with a final cadence in the upper staff.



### 14. *Christian's Home.*

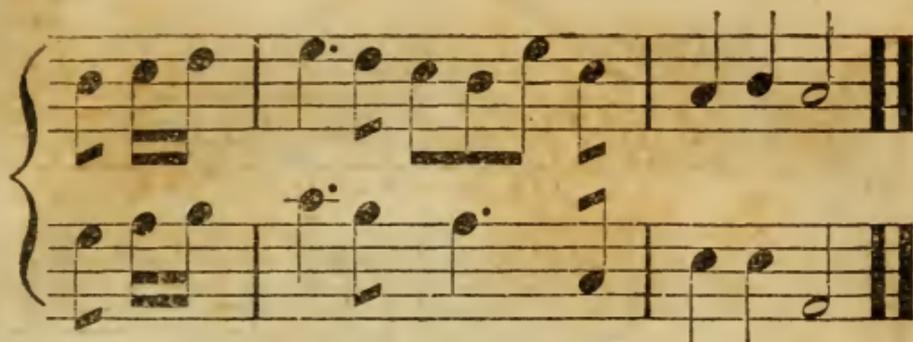
- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
 Fight we must, but should not fear;  
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,  
 One that loves us to the end:  
 Forward, then, with courage go,  
 Long we shall not dwell below;  
 Soon the joyful news will come,  
 "Child, your Father calls, Come home."
- 2 In the way, a thousand snares  
 Lie to take us unawares;  
 Satan, with malicious art,  
 Watches each unguarded heart:  
 But from Satan's malice free,  
 Saints shall soon in glory be;  
 Soon the joyful news will come,  
 "Child, your Father calls, Come home."
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,  
 None so oft mislead our feet,  
 None betray us into sin,  
 Like the foes that dwell within:  
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,  
 Christ shall also conquer these;  
 Then the joyful news will come,  
 "Child, your Father calls, Come home."

A musical score for a piece titled "LITTLETON. 8. 7. 4." The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The first system includes a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings. The notation is in a historical style, with some notes having stems that cross the staff lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the final system.

15. *Sinners, will you.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,  
Sent in mercy from above?  
Every sentence—O, how tender!  
Every line is full of love;  
Listen to it—  
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,  
News from Zion's king proclaim,  
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,  
"Free forgiveness in his name?  
How important!  
Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;  
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;  
And with news of consolation,  
Chase away the falling tears:  
Tender heralds—  
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believed?  
Who received the joyful word?  
Who embraced the news of pardon,  
Offer'd to you by the Lord?  
Can you slight it—  
Offer'd to you by the Lord!
- 5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,  
Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
Hasten to the court of heaven,  
Tidings bear without delay:  
Rebel sinners  
Glad the message will obey.

A musical score for the hymn "Loving Kindness" by L.M. The score is written for a grand piano and consists of six systems of music. Each system contains two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, homophonic style, typical of 18th-century hymn tunes. The first system shows the beginning of the piece, with a treble clef staff starting on a G4 and a bass clef staff starting on a G2. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a simple harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the sixth system.



## 16. *Awake, my soul.* L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise;  
 He justly claims a song from me,  
 His loving-kindness, O, how free!

CHORUS.—*His loving-kindness—Loving-kindness,  
 His loving-kindness, O, how free!*

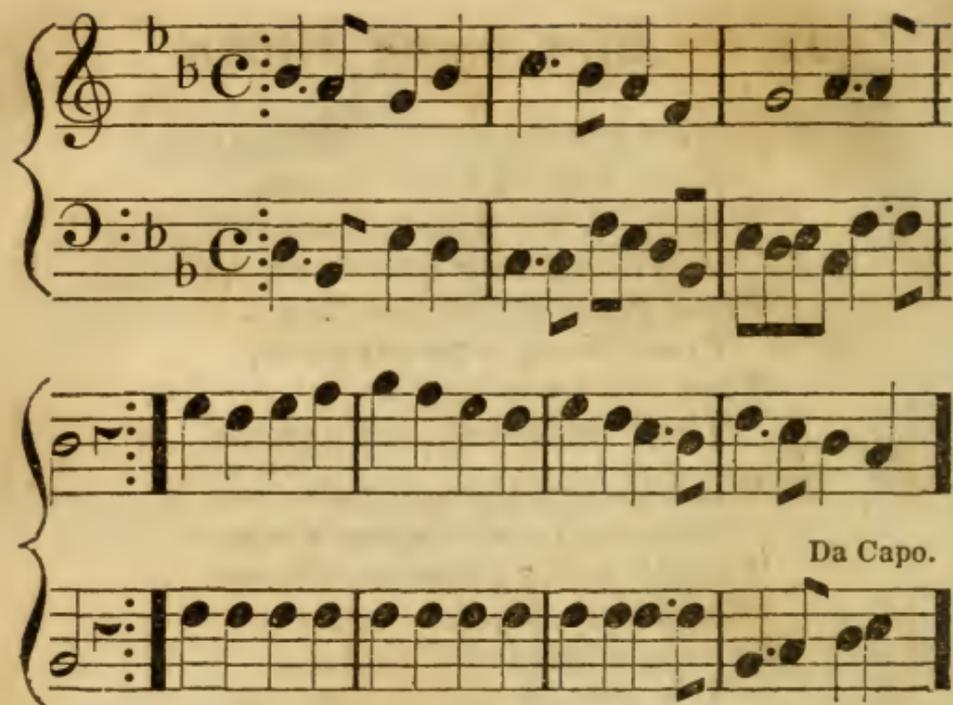
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
 He saved me from my lost estate,  
 His loving-kindness, O, how great
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along,  
 His loving-kindness, O, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood,  
 His loving-kindness, O, how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,  
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
 But though I have him oft forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
 O! may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,  
 To the bright world of endless day,  
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for two systems. The first system consists of two grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The second system consists of four grand staves, with the first two staves continuing the melody and the last two staves providing a bass accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The bass accompaniment in the second system is a steady eighth-note pattern.

## 17. *Missionary Hymn.*

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
     From India's coral strand ;  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
     Roll down their golden sand ;  
 From many an ancient river,  
     From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
     Their land from error's chain,
2. What though the spicy breezes  
     Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
     And only man is vile ;  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
     The gifts of God are strown ;  
 The heathen in his blindness  
     Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
     With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we to men benighted  
     The lamp of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! O Salvation !  
     The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
     Has learn'd Messiah's name.
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
     And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
     It spreads from pole to pole ;  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
     The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
     In bliss returns to reign.



## 18. *The love of Jesus.*

1. THERE'S a friend above all others,  
     Oh, how he loves !  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
     Oh, how he loves !  
 Earthly friends may fail and leave us,  
 This day kind the next bereave us,  
 But this friend will ne'er deceive us,  
     Oh, how he loves !
2. Blessed Jesus ! would'st thou know him,  
     Oh, how he loves !  
 Give thyself e'en this day to him,  
     Oh, how he loves !  
 Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,  
 Unbelief and trials tease thee ?  
 Jesus can from all release thee,  
     Oh, how he loves !

3. Love this friend who longs to save thee,  
     Oh, how he loves!  
 Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,  
     Oh, how he loves!  
 Think no more then of to-morrow,  
 Take his easy yoke and follow,  
 Jesus carries all thy sorrows,  
     Oh, how he loves!
4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,  
     Oh, how he loves!  
 Backward all thy foes be driven,  
     Oh, how he loves!  
 Best of blessings he'll provide thee,  
 Nought but good shall e'er betide thee  
 Safe to glory he will guide thee;  
     Oh, how he loves!
5. Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,  
     Oh, how he loves!  
 Nought can cleave this love asunder,  
     Oh, how he loves!  
 Neither trial, nor temptation,  
 Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,  
 Can bereave us of salvation;  
     Oh, how he loves!
6. Let us still this love be viewing,  
     Oh, how he loves!  
 And though faint keep on pursuing,  
     Oh, how he loves!  
 He will strengthen each endeavor,  
 And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,  
 'This shall be our song for ever,  
     Oh, how he loves!

NOTE. This is a favorite piece among the Welch, and much used in their revivals. It was sent in MS. from Bristol to a gentleman in New-York, who kindly gave it for the LYRE.

A musical score for a piece titled "GANGES. S. 6." The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The first system includes a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music is written in a style characteristic of 18th or 19th-century manuscript notation, featuring various note values, rests, and bar lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the final system.

## 19. *Awaked by Sinai's.*

1. AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,  
And knew not where to go ;  
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,  
"The sinner must be born again,  
Or sink to endless wo."
2. When to the law I trembling fled,  
It pour'd its curses on my head,  
I no relief could find ;  
This fearful truth increased my pain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
And whelm'd my tortured mind.
3. Again did Sinai's thunders roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
A vast, oppressive load :  
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,  
"The sinner must be born again,  
Or drink the wrath of God,"
4. The saints I heard with rapture tell,  
How Jesus conquer'd Death and Hell,  
And broke the fowler's snare ;  
Yet, when I found this truth remain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
I sunk in deep despair.
5. But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The gracious Savior pass'd this way,  
And felt his pity move ;  
The sinner, by his justice slain,  
Now by his grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

This musical score is for a piece titled "CONFIDENCE. 10 & 11." It is written in 3/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score is presented in two systems, each consisting of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The first system begins with a treble clef and a bass clef, both with a B-flat key signature and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a dotted quarter note A4, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass clef accompaniment starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a dotted quarter note A2, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The notation includes various note values such as quarter, eighth, and dotted notes, as well as rests and ties.

## 20. *Though troubles assail.* 10, 11.

1. **THOUGH** troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—  
 The scripture assures us, *the Lord will provide.*
2. The birds without barn or store-house are fed,  
 From them let us learn to trust in our Head;  
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
 So long as 'tis written *the Lord will provide.*
3. We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost  
 On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;  
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
 The promise engages, *the Lord will provide.*
4. His call we obey, like Abraham of old;  
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold:  
 For though we are strangers, we have a good guide  
 And trust, in all dangers, *the Lord will provide.*
5. When Satan appears to stop up the path,  
 And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith,  
 He cannot take from us, (though oft he has tried,)  
 The heart-cheering promise, *the Lord will provide.*
6. No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;  
 Yet since we have known the Savior's great name,  
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide,  
 The Lord is our power, *the Lord will provide.*
7. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
 This word of his grace shall comfort us through:  
 No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
 We hope to die shouting, "THE LORD WILL PRO-  
 VIDE."

A musical score for a piece titled "WARREN. 7." on page 32. The score is written for a grand piano, consisting of two staves per system, with a brace on the left side of each system. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The music is written in a simple, melodic style, primarily using quarter and eighth notes. The first system shows the beginning of the piece, with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line in the final system.

## 21. *Children of the heavenly.*

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;  
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
2. We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
You near Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
There your seats are now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.
4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land :  
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,  
Bids you undismay'd, GO ON.
5. Lord ! submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

A musical score for a piece titled "SCOTLAND. 12." on page 34. The score is written for a grand piano and consists of six systems, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and includes various ornaments such as mordents and grace notes. The notation is characteristic of 18th or 19th-century manuscript printing.

This page contains six systems of musical notation, each consisting of two staves joined by a brace on the left. The notation is in a single system, likely for piano. The music is written in a style characteristic of 18th or 19th-century manuscripts, with a focus on rhythmic patterns and melodic lines. The first system shows a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed notes. The second system continues this pattern with some rests. The third system features a more melodic line in the upper staff. The fourth system has a similar melodic line in the upper staff. The fifth system shows a more rhythmic pattern in the upper staff. The sixth system concludes with a final cadence in both staves.

## 22. FREE GRACE.

1. THE voice of free grace  
Cries, escape to the mountain,  
For Adam's lost race,  
Christ has opened a fountain,  
For sin and transgression  
And every pollution,  
The blood it flows freely  
In streams of salvation.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb,  
Who purchased our pardon,  
We'll praise him again,  
When we pass over Jordan.*

2. This fountain so clear,  
In which all may find pardon,  
From Jesus' side flows  
In plenteous redemption:  
Though your sins they were  
    raised  
As high as a mountain,  
The blood it flows freely  
From Jesus the fountain.  
*Hallelujah, &c.*

3. O Jesus! ride on,  
Thy kingdom is glorious,  
Over sin, death and hell  
Thou wilt make us victorious,  
Thy name shall be praised  
In the great congregation,  
And saints shall delight  
Ascribing salvation.  
*Hallelujah, &c.*

4. When on Zion we stand,  
Having gain'd the blest shore,  
With our harps in our hands  
We will praise him evermore,  
We will range the blest fields  
On the banks of the river,  
And sing hallelujahs  
For ever and ever.  
*Hallelujah, &c.*

## 23. WAKE, ISLES OF THE SOUTH.

Composed by W. B. Tappan, and  
sung on the wharf, in New Ha-  
ven, at the embarkation of the  
missionaries for the Sandwich  
Islands, in 1822.

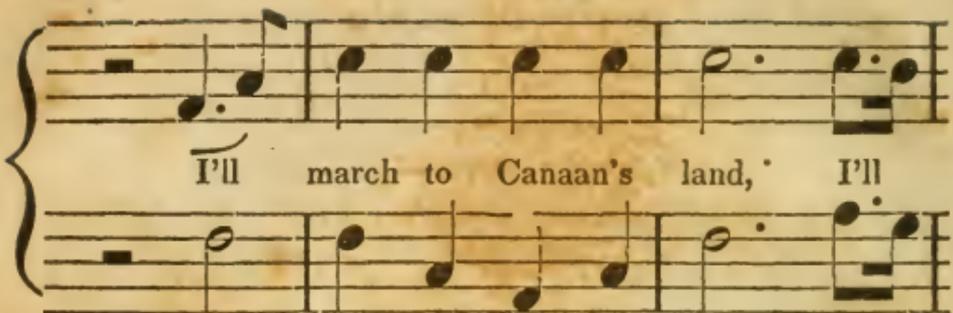
1. WAKE, Isles of the South!  
Your redemption is near,  
No longer repose  
In the borders of gloom;  
The strength of his chosen,  
In love will appear,  
And light shall arise  
On the verge of the tomb.
2. The billows that girt ye,  
The wild waves that roar,  
The zephyrs that play  
Where the ocean storms cease,  
Shall bear the rich freight  
To your desolate shore,  
Shall waft the glad tidings  
Of pardon and peace.
3. On the islands that sit  
In the regions of night,  
The lands of despair,  
To oblivion a prey,  
The morning will open  
With healing and light;  
The young Star of Bethlehem  
Will ripen to-day.
4. The altar and idol,  
In dust overthrown,  
The incense forbade  
That was hallowed with blood;  
The Priest of Melchizedec,  
There shall atone,  
And the shrines of Atooi  
Be sacred to God.
5. The heathen will hasten  
To welcome the time,  
The day-spring, the prophet  
In vision once saw,  
When the beams of Messiah  
Will 'lumine each clime,  
And the isles of the ocean  
Shall wait for his law.

Fare - well, fare - well, farewell, dear

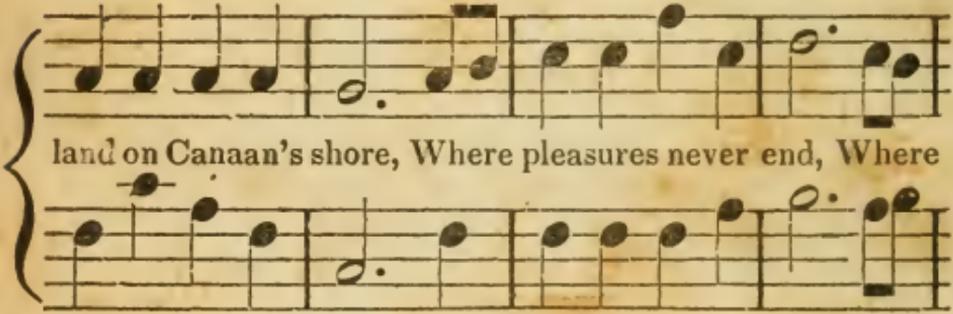
friends, I must be gone, I have no

home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and

tra - vel on, Till I a bet - ter world do view.



I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll



land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, Where



trou - bles come no more. Fare - well, fare -



well, fare - well, my loving friends, farewell.

## 24. *Farewell dear friends*

1. FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,  
I have no home or stay with you;  
I'll take my staff and travel on,  
Till I a better world do view.  
*I'll march to Canaan's land,  
I'll land on Canaan's shore;  
Where pleasures never end,  
Where troubles come no more.  
Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
My loving friends farewell.*
2. Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,  
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;  
I leave you here, and travel on,  
Till I arrive where Jesus is.  
*I'll march, &c.*
3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
To you I'm bound in cords of love;  
Yet we believe his gracious word,  
That soon we all shall meet above.  
*I'll march, &c.*
4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,  
You've struggled long and hard for heaven,  
You've counted all things here but dross,  
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given  
*I'll march, &c.  
Fight on, &c.*
5. Farewell, poor careless sinners too,  
It grieves my heart to leave you here  
Eternal vengeance waits for you;  
O turn, and find salvation near  
*I'll march, &c.  
O turn, &c.*

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?  
2 Come now to the banquet and make no delay,

Since God in great mercy is coming so nigh; Since  
For Christ bias you welcome, he bids you to-day: Come,

Je-sus in-vites you, the Spi-rit says, Come, And  
wretched, come, starving, come just as you be, While

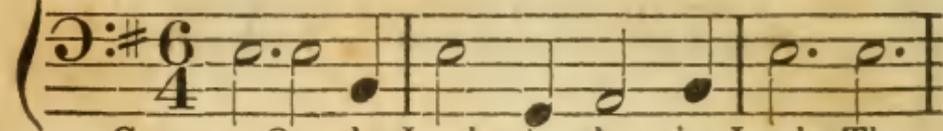
an-gels are waiting to welcome you home.  
streams of sal-vation are flowing so free.

25. *O turn ye.*

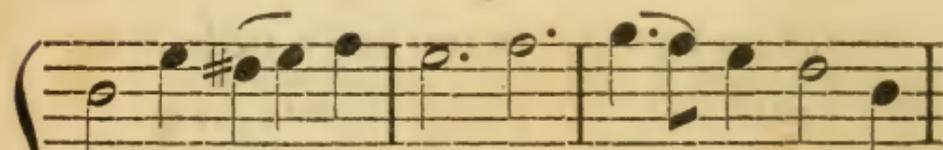
- 1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,  
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?  
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,  
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;  
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,  
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,  
O how can you question, if you will believe?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.
- 4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,  
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?  
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,  
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?
- 5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.
- 6 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart.  
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;  
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?  
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.



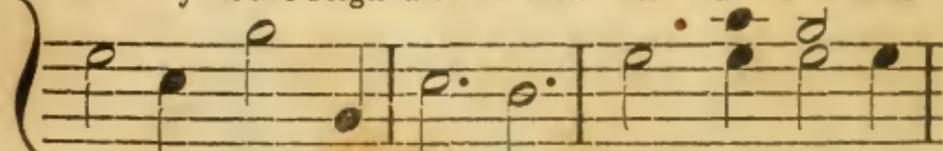
A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed? And



CHORUS—O, the Lamb, the lo - ving Lamb, The



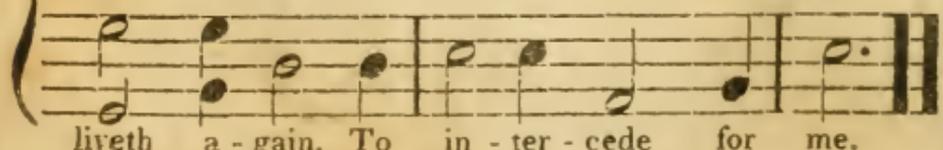
did my Sove-reign die? Would he de - vote that



Lamb on Cal - va - ry; The Lamb that was slain, That



sa - cred head For such a worm as I?



liveth a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

26. *Repentance.*

1. ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a wretch as I?

CHORUS.—Repeat the tune.

*O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,  
 The Lamb on Calvary;  
 The Lamb that was slain,  
 That liveth again,  
 To intercede for me.*

2. Was it for crimes, that I have done—  
 He groan'd upon the tree?—  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!  
*O, the Lamb, &c.*
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When God, the mighty Maker, died  
 For man, the creature's sin.  
*O, the Lamb, &c.*
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While his dear cross appears;  
 Dissolve, my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt, my eyes, in tears.  
*O, the Lamb, &c.*
5. But drops of tears can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—  
 'Tis all that I can do.  
*O, the Lamb, &c.*

This musical score is for a Vesper Hymn, labeled 'S. 7. D.'. It is written for a grand piano, consisting of two staves per system: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into four systems, each containing two staves. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a common time signature and a key signature of one flat. The second system features a repeat sign with first and second endings. The third system also includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final double bar line. The notation includes various note values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings.

27. *Lord with glowing.*

1. LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee,  
For the bliss thy love bestows;  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows:  
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor,  
This dull soul to rapture raise:  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my love be warm'd to praise.
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee  
Wretched wanderer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away:  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
3. Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:  
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise.

28. *Far from mortal.*

1. FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,  
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,  
Every heart to heaven aspires.  
From the fount of glory beaming,  
Light celestial cheers our eyes;  
Mercy from above proclaiming  
Peace and pardon from the skies.
2. Who may share this great salvation?  
Every pure and humble mind;  
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
From the stains of guilt refined.  
Blessings all around bestowing,  
God withholds his care from none,  
Grace and mercy ever flowing  
From the fountain of his throne.

The Lord in-to his garden comes, The spices

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

yield their rich perfumes; The lilies grow and thrive,

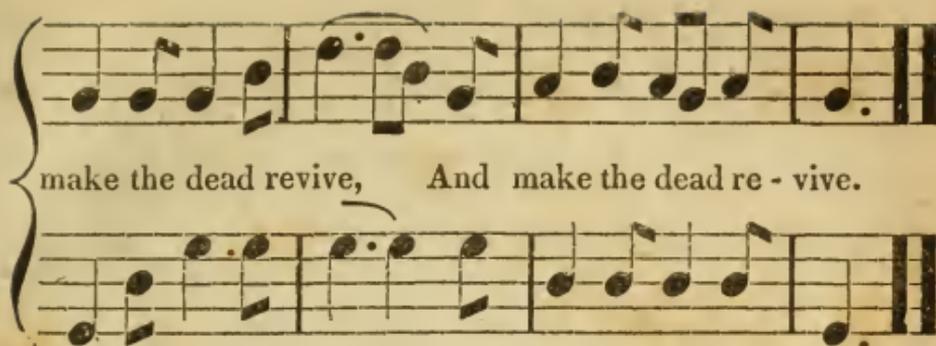
This system contains the next two staves of music, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

'The lilies grow and thrive; Refreshing showers of

This system contains the next two staves of music. A double bar line is present in the middle of the system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

grace divine, From Jesus flow to every vine, And

This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The lyrics are written below the staves.



### 29. *Revival Blessings.*

1 THE LORD into his garden comes,  
The spices yield their rich per-  
fumes ;

The lilies grow and thrive ;  
Refreshing showers of grace di-  
vine,  
From Jesus flow to every vine,  
And make the dead revive.

2 This makes the dry and barren  
ground,

In springs of water to abound,  
And fruitful soil become ;  
The desert blossoms like the rose,  
When Jesus conquers all his foes,  
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,  
The gracious work is now begun,  
My soul a witness is ;

Come, taste and see the pardon  
free  
To all mankind, as well as me ;  
Who come to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may  
find

A Savior pitiful and kind,  
Who will them all relieve ;  
None are too late if they repent ;  
Out of one sinner legions went,  
Jesus did him receive.

5 Come, brethren, you that love  
the Lord,

Who taste the sweetness of his  
word,

In Jesus' ways go on ;  
Our trouble and our trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now be-  
gun,

It issues from the shining throne,  
From Jesus' throne on high ;

It comes like floods, we can't con-  
tain,

We drink, and drink, and drink  
again,

And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to reign  
above,

And all surround the throne of  
love,

We'll drink a full supply ;  
Jesus will lead his armies through,

To living fountains where they  
flow,

That never will run dry.

8 There we shall reign, and shout  
and sing,

And make the upper regions ring,  
When all the saints get home ;

Come on, come on, my brethren  
dear,

Soon we shall meet together there  
For Jesus bids us come.

## GOOD SHEPHERD. 8. 7. D.

Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior, Come, and  
Come, oh come! and reign for ever, God of  
Day and night thy lambs are crying, Come, good

bid our jarring cease; } Vi - sit now poor bleeding  
love and Prince of peace, }

Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

*D. C.*

Zi - on, Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep;

## 30. *Let thy kingdom.*

1. **LET** thy kingdom, blessed Sa-  
vior,  
Come, and bid our jarring  
cease;  
Come, oh come! and reign for  
ever,  
God of love and Prince of  
peace;  
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,  
Hear thy people mourn and  
weep;  
Day and night thy lambs are  
crying,  
Come, good Shepherd, feed  
thy sheep.
2. Some for Paul, some for Apol-  
los,  
Some for Cephas—none  
agree;  
Jesus, let us hear thee call us;  
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;  
Then we'll rush through what  
encumbers,  
Over every hindrance leap;  
Not upheld by force or num-  
bers,  
Come, good Shepherd, feed  
thy sheep.
3. Lord, in us there is no merit,  
We've been sinners from our  
youth;  
Guide us, Lord, by thy good  
Spirit,  
Which shall teach us all the  
truth.  
On thy gospel word we'll ven-  
ture,  
Till in death's cold arms we  
sleep,  
Love our Lord, and Christ our  
Savior,  
Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy  
sheep.
4. Come, good Lord, with cou-  
rage arm us,  
Persecution rages here—  
Nothing, Lord, we know can  
harm us,  
While our Shepherd is so  
near.  
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,  
At his name our hearts do  
leap;  
He both comforts us and frees  
us,  
The good Shepherd feeds his  
sheep.
5. Hear the Prince of our salva-  
tion  
Saying, "Fear not, little  
flock;  
I, myself, am your Foundation,  
You are built upon this  
Rock:  
Shun the paths of vice and  
folly,  
Scale the mount, although  
it's steep;  
Look to me, and be ye holy;  
I delight to feed my sheep."
6. Christ alone, whose merit  
saves us,  
Taught by him, we'll own  
his name;  
Sweetest of all names is Je-  
sus!  
How it doth our souls in-  
flame!  
Glory, glory, glory,  
Give him glory, he will keep,  
He will clear our way before  
us,  
The good Shepherd feeds his  
sheep.

This musical score is for the piece "Willowby" in C major, common time (C.P.M.). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The score is written on two systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The piano accompaniment is written in a simple, homophonic style, primarily using quarter and eighth notes. The vocal line is written in a simple, homophonic style, primarily using quarter and eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## 31. PROBATION.

1. Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'T'wixt two unbounded seas I  
 stand,  
 Yet how insensible ;  
 A point of time, a moment's  
 space,  
 Removes me to that heavenly  
 place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell.

2. O God, my inmost soul con-  
 vert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtful  
 heart  
 Eternal things impress :  
 Give me to feel their solemn  
 weight,  
 And make me, ere it be too late,  
 Awake to righteousness.

3. Before me place in dread ar-  
 ray,  
 The pomp of that tremendous  
 day,  
 When thou with clouds shalt  
 come,  
 To judge the nations at thy  
 bar ;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be  
 there  
 To meet a joyful doom ?

4. Be this my one great business  
 here  
 With serious industry and fear  
 To make my calling sure :  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous  
 will,  
 And to the end endure.

## 32. THE PILGRIM'S LOT.

1. How happy is the pilgrim's lot ;  
 How free from every anxious  
 thought,  
 From worldly hope and fear !

Confined to neither court nor  
 cell,  
 His soul disdains on earth to  
 dwell,  
 He only sojourns here.

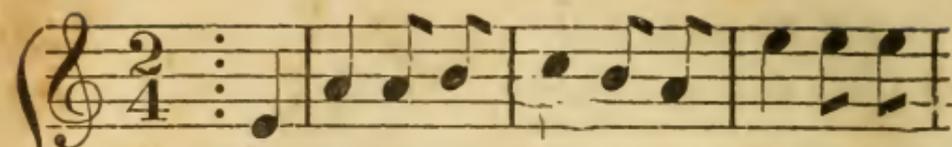
2. This happiness in part is mine,  
 Already saved from low design,  
 From every creature love !  
 Blest with the scorn of finite  
 good,  
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,  
 And seeks the things above.

3. The things eternal I pursue,  
 A happiness beyond the view  
 Of those, that basely pant  
 For things by nature felt and  
 seen ;  
 Their honors, wealth, and plea-  
 sures mean,  
 I neither have nor want.

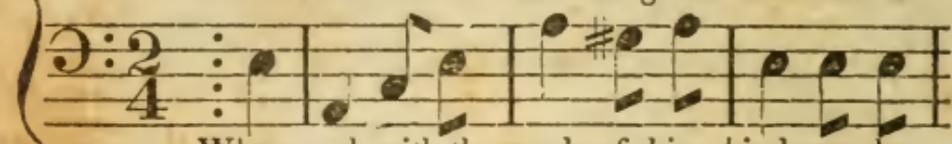
4. Nothing on earth I call my  
 own ;  
 A stranger to the world, un-  
 known,  
 I all their goods despise ;  
 I trample on their whole de-  
 light,  
 And seek a city out of sight,  
 A city in the skies.

5. There is my house and portion  
 fair,  
 My treasure and my heart are  
 there,  
 And my abiding home ;  
 For me my elder brethren stay,  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come !

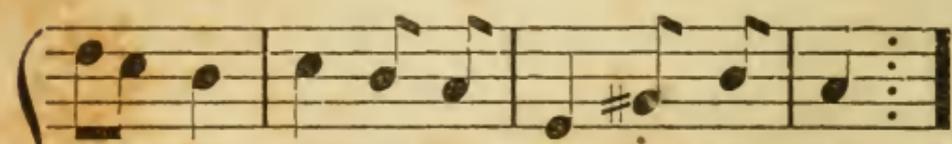
6. I come, thy servant, Lord, re-  
 plies,  
 I come to meet thee in the  
 skies,  
 And claim my heavenly rest !  
 Now let the pilgrim's journey  
 end,  
 Now, O my Savior, Brother,  
 Friend,  
 Receive me to thy breast !



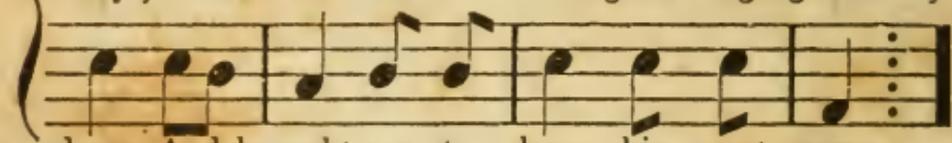
In songs of sub - lime a - do - ra - tion and  
Break forth and ex - tol the great Ancient of



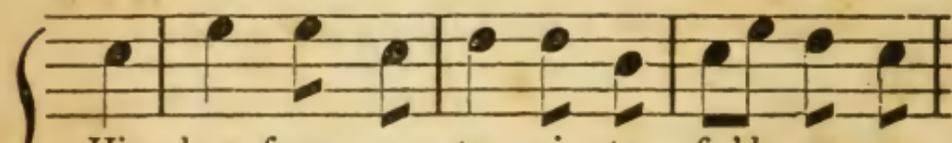
When each with the cords of his kindness he



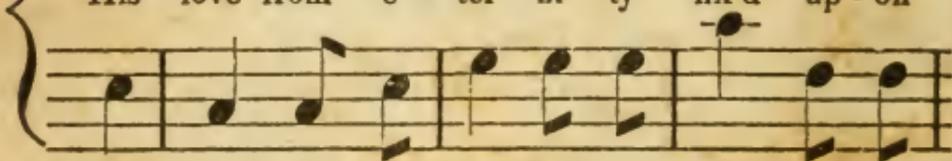
praise; Ye pilgrims, for Zi - on, who press, }  
days, His rich and dis - tin - guish - ing grace. }



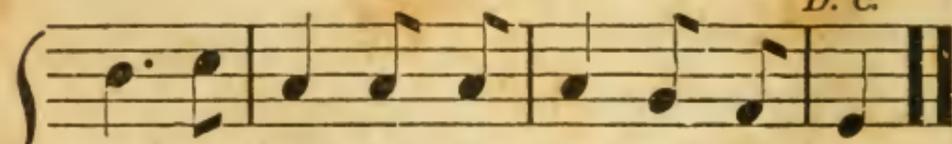
drew, And brought you to love his great name.



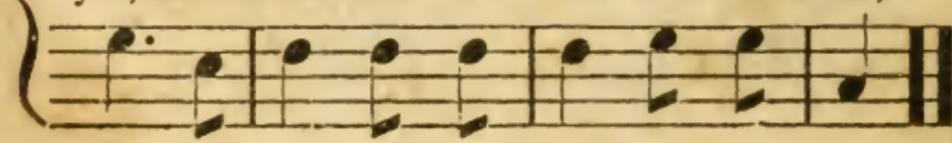
His love from e - ter - ni - ty fix'd up - on



*D. C.*



you, Broke forth and dis - co - ver'd its flame,



### 33. *In songs of sublime.*

1. IN songs of sublime adoration and praise ;  
 Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,  
 Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,  
 His rich and distinguishing grace.
2. His love from eternity fixed upon you,—  
 Broke forth and discover'd its flame,  
 When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,  
 And brought you to love his great name.
3. O, had not he pitied the state you were in,  
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt:  
 You all would have lived, would have died too in  
 sin,  
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
4. What was there in you, that could merit esteem,  
 Or give the Creator delight?  
 'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must sing,  
 "Because it seemed good in thy sight."
5. 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey ;  
 While others were suffered to go  
 The road, which by nature, we chose as our way,  
 That leads to the regions of woe.
6. Then give all the glory to his holy name,  
 To him all the glory belongs ;  
 Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,  
 And crown him in each of your songs.



### 34. *Christ our all.*

1. VAIN delusive world adieu,  
With all of creature good,  
Only Jesus I'll pursue,  
    Who bought me with his blood ;  
All thy pleasure I'll forego,  
I'll trample on thy wealth and pride ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
    And Jesus crucified !
  
2. Other knowledge I disdain,  
'Tis all but vanity ;  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
    He tasted death for me !  
Me to save from endless wo,  
The sin atoning victim died ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
    And Jesus crucified !
  
3. Him to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end,  
This is all my happiness,  
    On Jesus to depend ;  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
And ever in his love abide ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
    And Jesus crucified !
  
4. O that I could all invite,  
This saving truth to prove ;  
Show the length, and breadth, and height,  
    And depth of Jesus' love ;  
Fain I would to sinners show,  
This blood alone by faith applied ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
    And Jesus crucified !



### 35. *The gospel trumpet.*

1. HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,  
Through all the world the echo bounds,  
And Jesus, with redeeming blood  
Is bringing sinners home to God,  
And guides them safely by his word  
To endless day.
2. Hail, all victorious conquering Lord,  
By all the heavenly hosts adored ;  
Who undertook for fallen man,  
And brought salvation through thy name,  
That we with thee might live and reign  
In endless day.
3. Fight on ye conquering saints, fight on,  
And when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of victory you shall bear,  
And in his kingdom have a share,  
And crowns of glory you shall wear,  
In endless day.
4. Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,  
To save our souls from sin and guilt ;  
And sinners now may come to God,  
And find salvation through his word,  
And sail by faith upon that flood  
To endless day.
5. There we shall in sweet chorus join,  
And saints and angels all combine,  
To sing of his redeeming love,  
When rolling years shall cease to move ;  
And that shall be the theme above,  
In endless day.

## WOODSTOCK. C. M.

BY D. DUTTON, JR.

Musical score for "Woodstock, C. M." by D. Dutton, Jr. The score is written for piano and consists of 14 staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is arranged in pairs of staves, with the upper staff of each pair being the treble clef and the lower staff being the bass clef. The score begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## 36. WALKING WITH GOD.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then en-  
joy'd !  
How sweet their memory still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove ! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that made thee  
mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with  
God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## 37. LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1. THIS is the day, when Christ  
arose  
So early from the dead ;  
Why should I keep my eyelids  
closed,  
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day, when Jesus  
broke  
The powers of earth and  
hell ;

And shall I still wear Satan's  
yoke,  
And love my sins so well ?

3. To day with pleasure chris-  
tians meet,  
To pray, and read thy word ;  
And I would go with cheerful  
feet,  
To learn thy will, O Lord.
4. I'll quit the world, to read and  
pray,  
And so prepare for heaven ;  
O ! may I love this blessed day  
The best of all the seven.

## 38. THE GOOD SHEPHERD

1. SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd  
stand  
With all engaging charms ;  
Hark, how he calls the tender  
Lambs,  
And folds them in his arms
2. " Permit them to approach,"  
he cries,  
" Nor scorn their humble  
name ;  
" For 'twas to bless such souls  
as these,  
" The Lord of angels came."
3. We bring them, Lord, in thank-  
ful hands,  
And yield them up to thee ;  
Joyful that we ourselves are  
thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
4. If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust ;  
That care shall heal our bleed-  
ing heart,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

## THE TRUMPET. 12s.

COMPOSED BY J. WILLIAMS.

The chariot! 'The chariot! its wheels roll in

fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;

Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud;

And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

### 39. *The Chariot.*

- 1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,  
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;  
 Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are  
 bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,  
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;  
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,  
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory  
 wear!
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all  
 heard:  
 Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are  
 stirr'd!  
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from  
 the north,  
 All the vast generations of man are come forth!
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are  
 all set,  
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are  
 met!  
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,  
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!  
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are  
 driven,  
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Be-

hold a roy - al feast, Where mer - cy spreads her

bounteous store, For every humble guest. See

Je - sus stands, with open arms, He calls, he bids you

come; Guilt holds you back and fear alarms; But

see, there yet is room, there yet is room.

2 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart :

There love and pity meet ;  
 Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
 That trembles at his feet.  
 In him the Father reconciled,  
 Invites your souls to come ;  
 The rebel shall be call'd a child ;  
 Behold, there yet is room.

3 O come, and with his children, taste  
 The blessings of his love ;  
 While hope attends the sweet repast  
 Of nobler joys above.  
 And yet ten thousand thousand more,  
 Are welcome still to come ;  
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
 Approach, there yet is room !

Sovereign grace hath power a - lone,

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. The music is in 7/8 time and features a melody with dotted rhythms and eighth notes.

To sub - due a heart of stone, And the mo - ment

The second system of music consists of three staves, continuing the melody from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature.

grace is felt, Then the hardest heart will melt.

The third system of music consists of three staves, concluding the piece. It maintains the same key signature and time signature.

41 *Sovereign Grace.*

1 SOVEREIGN grace has power  
alone

To subdue a heart of stone ;  
And the moment grace is felt,  
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,  
Two transgressors with him died ;  
One, with vile blaspheming  
tongue,  
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked  
breath,  
In the very jaws of death ;  
Perish'd, as too many do,  
With the Savior in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with  
grace,  
Saw the danger of his case,  
Faith received to own the Lord.  
Whom the scribes and priests  
abhor'd.

5 " Lord," he pray'd, " remember  
me,  
When in glory thou shalt be :"  
" Soon with me," the Lord re-  
plies,  
" Thou shalt rest in paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace in-  
deed,  
Grace bestow'd in time of need !  
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,  
You shall find him still the same.

*Sinner ! rouse thee.*

1 SINNER ! rouse thee from thy  
sleep,  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;  
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,  
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from  
death,  
See the bright and living path :  
Watchful tread that path ; be  
wise,  
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from  
crime,  
From this hour redeem thy time ;  
Life secure without delay,  
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still,  
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will :  
Jesus calls from death and night,  
Jesus waits to shed his light.

*Sing, my soul.*

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

2 Heaven and earth by him were  
made,  
All is by his sceptre sway'd ;  
What are we that he should  
show  
So much love to us below ?

3 God, the merciful and good,  
Bought us with the Savior's  
blood ;  
And, to make our safety sure,  
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

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.

People of the living God, I have sought the

world around, Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and

comfort nowhere found: Now to you my spirit turns, Turns a

fu-gi-tive unblest; Brethren where your altar burns,



2. Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the  
wave ;  
Where you dwell shall be my  
home,  
Where you die shall be my  
grave ;  
Mine, the God whom you adore ;  
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign.

3. Tell me not of gain and loss,  
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and  
power ;  
Welcome poverty and cross,  
Shame, reproach, affliction's  
power !  
" Follow me ! " I know thy  
voice ;  
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see :  
Now I take thy yoke by choice,  
Light's thy burden now to  
me.

#### 43. CHRIST A REFUGE.

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is  
high ;  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;

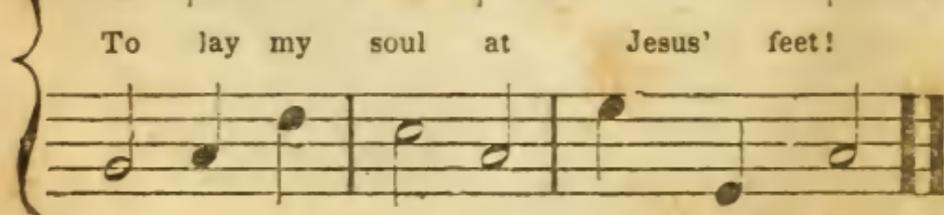
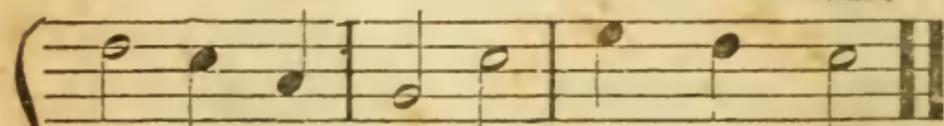
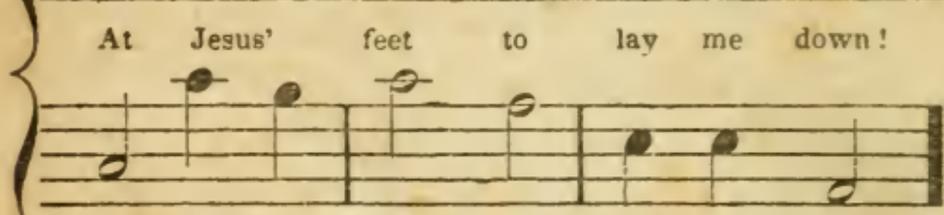
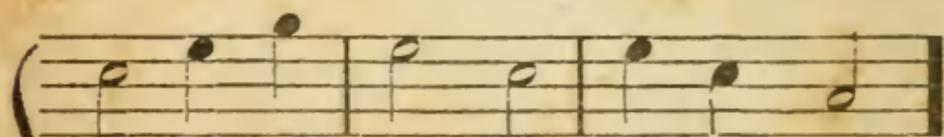
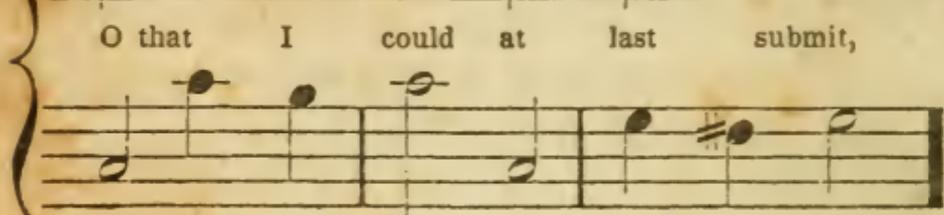
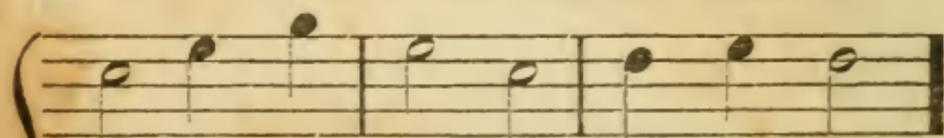
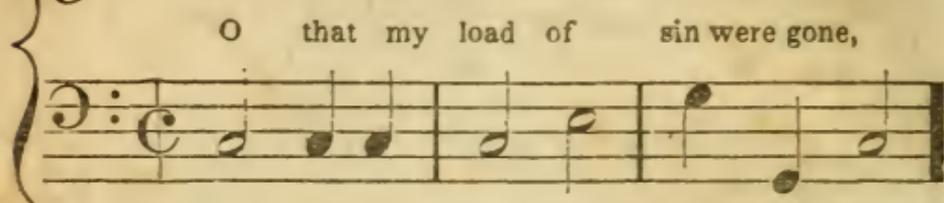
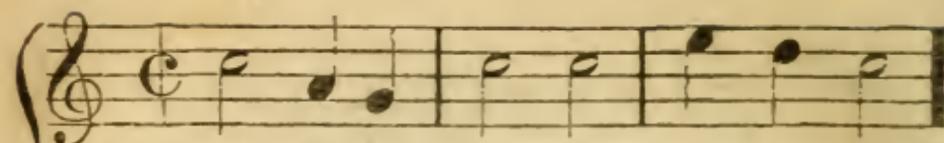
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last !

2. Other refuge have I none,  
Lo ! I, helpless, hang on thee :  
Leave, Oh leave me not alone,  
Lest I basely shrink and flee :  
Thou art all my trust and aid,  
All my help from thee I  
bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

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

4. Plenteous grace with thee is  
found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure with-  
in.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee :  
Reign, O Lord, within my heart,  
Reign to all eternity.

## FOREST. L. M.



## 44. O THAT MY LOAD.

1. O THAT my load of sin were  
gone,  
O that I could at last submit,  
At Jesus' feet to lay me down!  
'To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
2. Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Savior of all, if mine thou  
art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly  
mind,  
And stamp thine image on  
my heart.
3. Break off the yoke of inbred  
sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
4. Fain would I learn of thee, my  
God,  
Thy light and easy burden  
prove,  
The cross all stain'd with hal-  
low'd blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would: but thou must give  
the power;  
My heart from every sin re-  
lease;  
Bring near, bring near the joy-  
ful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect  
peace.
6. Come, Lord, the drooping sin-  
ner cheer,  
Nor let thy chariot wheels  
delay;  
Appear in my poor heart, ap-  
pear;  
My God, my Savior, come  
away!

## 45. MY HOPE.

1. My hope, my all, my Savior  
thou,  
To thee, my soul I humbly bow;  
I feel the bliss thy wounds im-  
part,  
I find thee, Savior, in my heart.
2. Be thou my strength, be thou  
my way,  
Protect me through my life's  
short day:  
In all my acts by wisdom  
guide,  
And keep me, Savior, near thy  
side.
3. Correct, reprove, and comfort  
me!  
As I have need, my Savior be:  
And if I would from thee de-  
part,  
Then clasp me, Savior, to thy  
heart.
4. In fierce temptation's darkest  
hour,  
Save me from sin and satan's  
power;  
Tear every idol from thy throne,  
And reign, my Savior, reign  
alone.
5. My suffering time shall soon be  
o'er,  
Then shall I sigh and weep no  
more;  
My ransom'd soul shall soar  
away,  
To sing thy praise in endless  
day.

70 MARSEILLES.—*The Restoration of Man.*

1. The host of heaven that throne surrounding

2. But ingrate man by sin benighted,

Where everlasting splendors glow, 'Mid lyres with ceaseless

Too oft repelled salvation's ray, The gentle sigh of

praise resounding, Beheld the earth involved in woe,

Calvary slighted, And turn'd with rebel hearts away,

Beheld, &c.

Darkness with

And turn'd, &c.

God look'd from

fear - ful wing lay brooding, Nor could lone

heaven and all had wander'd, Like err - ing

Sinai's beacon red Il - lume the midnight path that

sheep had gone astray, And rushing down destruc-tion's

spread, Each glimmering ray of hope ex - - clu-ding,

way, Im - mor - tal treasures mad - ly squander'd;

When lo, a Sa - vior came! The

When the blest Spi - rit came, With

star o'er Bethlehem gleam'd, And angels tuned their  
light and power di - vine; Bow, con - trite sin - ner,

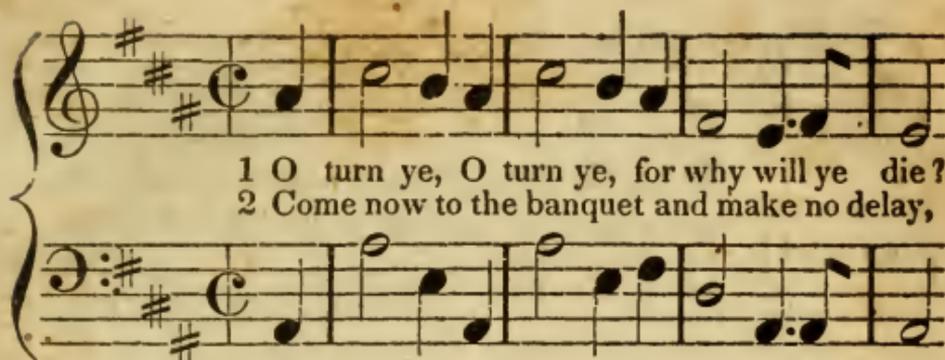
harps of joy, To hail a world re-  
to his sway, And Christ and heaven are

deem'd, And an - gels tuned their harps of  
thine, Bow, con - trite sin - ner, to his

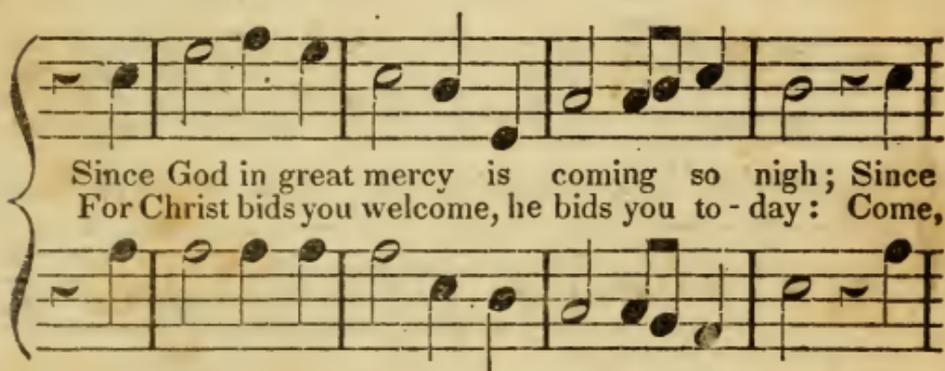
joy, To hail a world re - deem'd.  
sway, And Christ and heaven are thine.

NOTE.—This hymn was written, by request, expressly for the  
Christian Lyre.

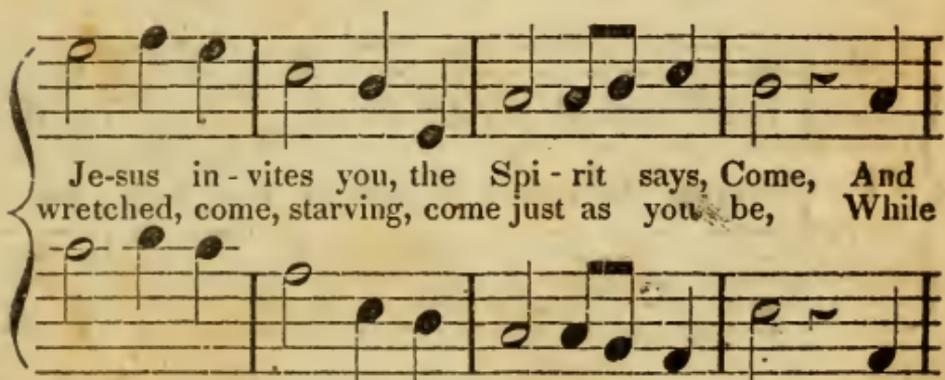
L. H. S.



1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?  
2 Come now to the banquet and make no delay,



Since God in great mercy is coming so nigh; Since  
For Christ bids you welcome, he bids you to-day: Come,



Je-sus in-vites you, the Spi-rit says, Come, And  
wretched, come, starving, come just as you be, While



an-gels are waiting to welcome you home.  
streams of sal-vation are flowing so free.

At - tend, ye saints, and hear me tell, The

wonders of Im - man - u - el, Who saved me from

a burning hell, And brought my soul with him

to dwell, And feel this blessed u - nion.

47. *Attend ye saints.*

- 1 ATTEND, ye saints, and hear  
me tell  
The wonders of Immanuel,  
Who saved me from a burning  
hell,  
And brought my soul with him  
to dwell,  
And gave me heavenly union.
- 2 When Jesus saw me from on  
high,  
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,  
He look'd on me with pitying  
eye,  
And said to me as he pass'd by,  
"With God you have no  
union."
- 3 Then I began to weep and cry,  
And look'd this way and that,  
to fly,  
It grieved me so that I must  
die;  
I strove salvation for to buy:  
But still I had no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,  
My dear Redeemer took me in,  
And with his blood he wash'd  
me clean;  
And oh! what seasons I have  
seen  
Since first I felt this union.
- 5 I prais'd the Lord both night  
and day,  
And went from house to house  
to pray,  
And if I met one on the way,  
I found I'd something still to  
say  
About this heavenly union.
- 6 I now with saints can join to  
sing,  
And mount on faith's trium-  
phant wing,  
And make the heavenly arches  
ring  
With loud hosannas to our  
King,  
Who brought our souls to  
union.
- 7 Oh come backsliders, come  
away,  
And learn to do as well as say,  
And learn to watch as well as  
pray,  
And bear your cross from day  
to day;  
And then you'll feel this  
union.
- 8 We soon shall leave all things  
below,  
And quit these climes of pain  
and wo,  
And then we'll all to glory go,  
And then we'll see, and hear,  
and know,  
And feel a perfect union.
- 9 Come, heaven and earth, unite  
your lays,  
And give to Jesus endless  
praise;  
And oh my soul, look on and  
gaze!  
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he  
pays,  
To give you heavenly union.
- 10 Oh could I, like an angel, sound  
Salvation through the earth  
around,  
The devil's kingdom to con-  
found;  
I'd triumph on Immanuel's  
ground,  
And spread this glorious  
union.

## JERUSALEM. C. M.

Je - rusalem, my happy home, O, how I long

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a half note G4-A4-B4, and then a quarter note C5. A sharp sign (#) appears above the staff after the first measure. The lower staff is in bass clef and begins with a G2 quarter note, followed by a half note G2-A2-B2, and then a quarter note C3.

for thee! When will my sorrows have an end? Thy

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, starting with a quarter note C5, followed by a half note D5-E5, and then a quarter note F5. The lower staff continues the bass line, starting with a quarter note C3, followed by a half note C3-D3, and then a quarter note E3.

joys when shall I see?

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, starting with a quarter note G5, followed by a half note A5-B5, and then a quarter note C6. A sharp sign (#) appears above the staff after the first measure. The lower staff continues the bass line, starting with a quarter note G2, followed by a half note F2-E2, and then a quarter note D2.

48. *Jerusalem.* C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
 O how I long for thee!  
 When will my sorrows have an end?  
 Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
 Most glorious to behold;  
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
 Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,  
 My study long have been;  
 Such dazzling views by human sight,  
 Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,  
 Why should I stay from thence?  
 What folly's this, that I should dread  
 To die and go from hence!
- 5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace;  
 And cause me to ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,  
 Him will I go and see;  
 And all my brethren here below,  
 Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,  
 I leave you in God's care;  
 And if I never more see you,  
 Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
 Bright shining as the sun;  
 We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
 Than when we first begun.

Jesus, I love thy charming name;

'Tis music to my ear, Fain would I sound it

out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear, That

heav'n and earth might hear, That heav'n and earth might hear.

## 49. *Jesus, I love.* C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name ;  
'Tis music to mine ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My joy, my hope, my trust ;  
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee most richly meet :  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name  
With my last laboring breath ;  
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,  
The antidote of death.

## 50. *Daily Mercies.*

- 1 O God, thy gifts of tender love  
Are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
Distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night  
To guard our sleeping hours ;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And wakes our drowsy powers.
- 3 We yield ourselves to thy command,  
To thee devote our days ;  
For constant blessings from thy hand  
Demand our constant praise.

Though hard the winds are blow - ing,  
And loud the bil - lows roar ;  
Full swift - ly. we are go - ing,  
To our dear na - tive shore.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'Though hard the winds are blow - ing, And loud the bil - lows roar ; Full swift - ly. we are go - ing, To our dear na - tive shore.' The piano accompaniment is a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line and a treble line. The vocal line is a single melodic line. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

51. *Driving to port.*

- 1 **THOUGH** hard the winds are blowing,  
And loud the billows roar ;  
Full swiftly we are going,  
To our dear native shore.
  
- 2 The billows breaking o'er us,  
The storms that round us swell,  
Are aiding to restore us,  
To all we loved so well.
  
- 3 So sorrow often presses,  
Life's mariner along ;  
Afflictions and distresses,  
Are gales and billows strong.
  
- 4 The sharper and severer  
The storms of life we meet,  
The sooner and the nearer  
Is Heaven's eternal seat.
  
- 5 Come then, afflictions dreary,  
Sharp sickness pierce my breast ;  
You only bear the weary  
More quickly home to rest.

## THE GOSPEL POOL. S. M.

Here at this pool, the poor, The wither'd

ha't, and blind; With wai - ting heart ex-

pect a cure, And free ac - ceptance find.

## 52. *The Gospel Pool.*

- 2 Here streams of virtue flow,  
 To heal a sin-sick soul ;  
 To wash the filthy white as snow,  
 And make the wounded whole.
- 3 The dumb break forth in praise,  
 The blind their sight receive ;  
 The cripple run in wisdom's ways,  
 The dead revive and live.
- 4 Not bound to case or time,  
 These waters always move ;  
 Sinners, in every age and clime,  
 Their vital influence prove.
- 5 Yet numbers near them lie,  
 Who meet with no relief ;  
 With life in view they pine and die,  
 In hopeless unbelief.
- 6 'Tis strange they will not bathe,  
 And yet frequent the pool ;  
 But none can have a saving faith,  
 While love of sin bears rule.
- 7 Their conscience sin has seal'd,  
 And stupified their thought ;  
 For were they willing to be heal'd,  
 The cure would soon be wrought.
- 8 Dear Savior, interpose,  
 Their stubborn will constrain ;  
 Or else to them the waters flow,  
 And grace is preach'd in vain.

## LOVEST THOU ME. 7s.

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy

Sa - vior, hear his word! Je - sus speaks, he speaks to

thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou me?"

53. "*Lovest thou me?*" 7s.

- 1 Hark, my soul,—it is the Lord!  
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word.  
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee :  
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?"
- 2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a mother's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of faith is done,—  
Partner of my throne shalt be :  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is still so faint,  
Yet I love thee, and adore :  
O for grace to love thee more !

Meet and right it is to sing, In ev' - ry  
Glo - ry to our heav'nly King, The God of

time and place; Join we then with sweet ac-cord,  
truth and grace;

All in one thanks - giv - ing join! Ho - ly,

ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, E - ter - nal praise be thine!

54. *Meet and right.*

- 1 Meet and right it is to sing,  
     In every time and place,  
 Glory to our heavenly King,  
     The God of truth and grace.  
 Join we then with sweet accord,  
     All in one thanksgiving join!  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
     Eternal praise be thine!
- 2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,  
     In choral symphonies,  
 Praise by day, day without night,  
     And never, never cease;  
 Angels and archangels, all  
     Praise the mystic Three in One;  
 Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall  
     O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!
- 3 Vieing with that heavenly choir,  
     Who chant thy praise above;  
 We on eagles' wings aspire,  
     The wings of faith and love;  
 Thee, *they* sing, with glory crown'd;  
     *We* extol the slaughter'd Lamb:  
 Lower if our voices sound,  
     Our subject is the same.
- 4 Father, God, thy love we praise,  
     Which gave thy Son to die;  
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
     Alike we glorify;  
 Spirit, Comforter divine,  
     Praise by all to thee be given,  
 Till we in full chorus join,  
     And earth is turn'd to heaven.

O thou in whose presence my soul takes de-

light, On him in af - flic - tion I call;

My com - fort by day, and my song in the

night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.

## 55. *The glory of Christ.*

- 1 O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,  
On whom in affliction I call;  
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,  
To feed on the pastures of love?  
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,  
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee;  
Or cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,  
The Star that on Israel shone:  
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,  
And where with his flock he has gone?
- 5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,  
His vestments shed odors around;  
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadow of death,  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
To water the gardens of grace;  
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know  
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;  
He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

## JUDGMENT.

O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,

O there will be mourning, at the judgment seat of Christ.

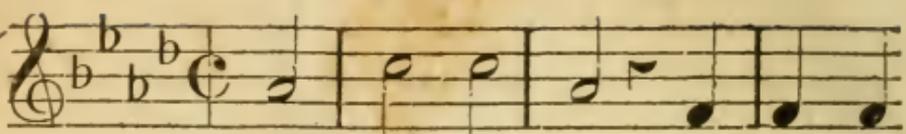
Parents and children there will part, :||:

Parents, &c. Will part to meet no more.

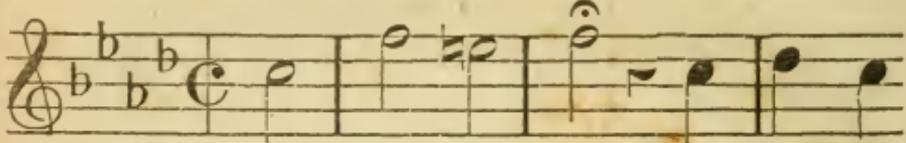
## 56. *Judgment Hymn.*

- 1 O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,  
 O there will be mourning, at the judgment seat of Christ.  
 Parents and children there will part,  
 Parents and children there will part,  
 Parents and children there will part,  
 Will part to meet no more.
- 2 O there will be mourning, &c.  
 Wives and husbands there will part,  
 Wives and husbands there will part,  
 Wives and husbands there will part,  
 Will part to meet no more.
- 3 O there will be mourning, &c.  
 Brothers and sisters there will part,  
 Brothers and sisters there will part,  
 Brothers and sisters there will part,  
 Will part to meet no more.
- 4 O there will be mourning, &c.  
 Friends and neighbors there will part,  
 Friends and neighbors there will part,  
 Friends and neighbors there will part,  
 Will part to meet no more.
- 5 O there will be mourning, &c.  
 Pastors and people there will part,  
 Pastors and people there will part,  
 Pastors and people there will part,  
 Will part to meet no more.
- 6 O there will be mourning, &c.  
 Devils and sinners there will meet,  
 Devils and sinners there will meet,  
 Devils and sinners there will meet,  
 Will meet to part no more.
7. O there will be shouting, &c.  
 Saints and angels there will meet,  
 Saints and angels there will meet,  
 Saints and angels there will meet,  
 Will meet to part no more.

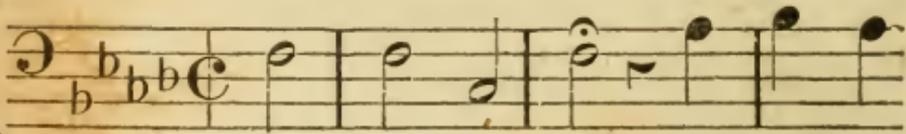
PROVIDENCE. 4. 6. 8.



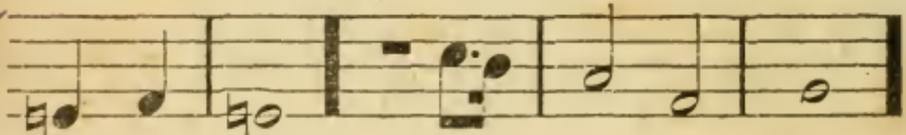
1 Time flies, man dies, E - ter - ni -



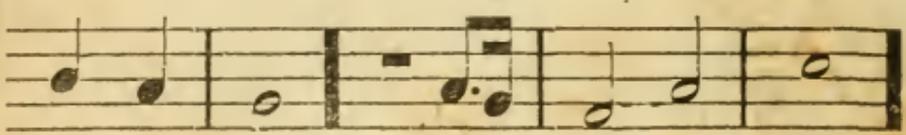
2 Christ died; He rose; Sal - va - tion  
3 Let heaven and earth Shout, praising



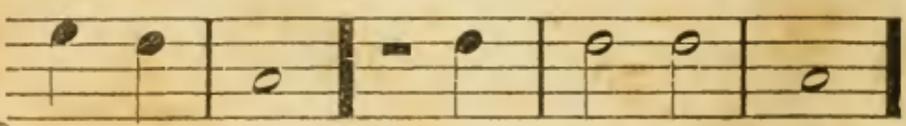
4 Our hearts, our tongues, Shall join th'im-



ty's at hand; What's best; my rest



now ap - pears; Thus blest, we rest  
without end, The love, a - bove,



mor - tal song; On earth, in heaven,

Is in Im - man - uel's hand ;

From all our sla - vish fears :  
 What an - gels com - pre - hend :

The an - them we'll pro - long ;

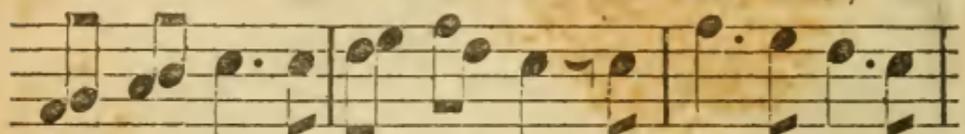
My rest is in Im - man - uel's hand.

We rest from all our sla - vish fears.  
 A - bove what an - gels com - pre - hend.

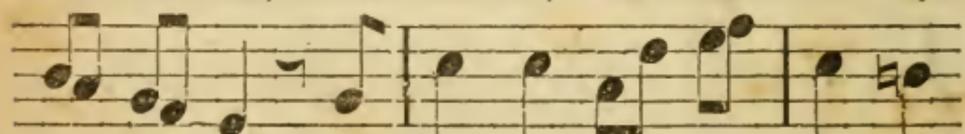
In heaven the an - them we'll pro - long.



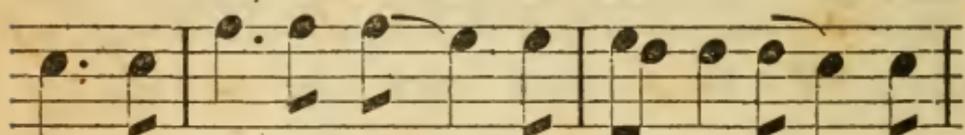
When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And



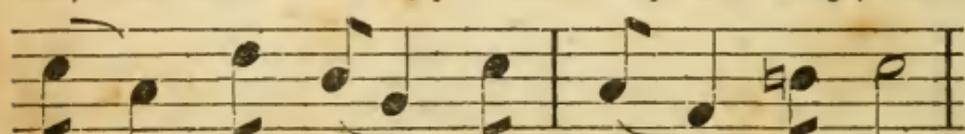
seas are calm, and skies are clear, And faith in live - ly



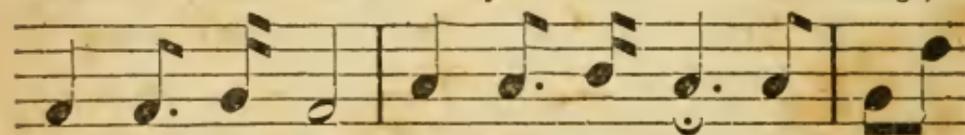
ex - er - cise, And dis - tant hills of Ca - naan



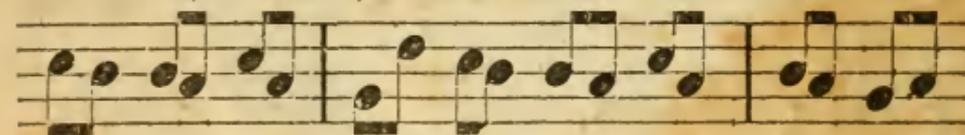
rise, The soul for joy then claps her wings, And



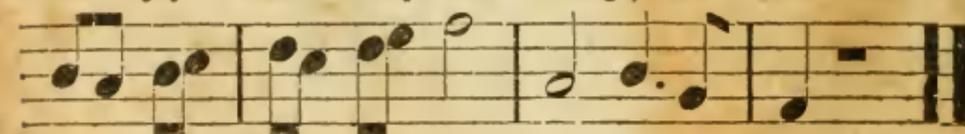
loud her love - ly son - net sings,



Vain world, a - dieu, Vain world a - dieu. The soul



for joy then claps her wings, And loud her



love - ly son - net sings ; Vain world, a - dieu

58. *Vain world, adieu.*

- 1 When for eternal worlds we  
steer,  
And seas are calm, and skies  
are clear,  
And faith in lively exercise,  
And distant hills of Canaan  
rise:  
The soul for joy then claps her  
wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet  
sings,  
Vain world, adieu.
- 2 With cheerful hope her eyes  
explore  
Each landmark on the distant  
shore;  
The trees of life, the pastures  
green,  
The golden streets, the crystal  
stream;  
Again for joy she claps her  
wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet  
sings,  
Vain world, adieu.
- 3 The nearer still she draws to  
land,  
More eager all her powers ex-  
pand:  
With steady helm, and free  
bent sail,  
Her anchor drops within the  
vail:  
Again for joy she claps her  
wings,  
And her celestial sonnet sings,  
Glory to God!
- Celestial prospects bright ap-  
pear.  
To sound her ground my faith  
now springs,  
And to her *Author* thus she  
sings,  
"Thy will be done."
- 2 As bearing up to gain the port,  
A blood stain'd cross and  
heaven in view,  
A Savior's wounds my harbor—  
fort—  
The beacon—to my vessel  
true;  
Again my faith her soundings  
tries,  
And to my soul's sure Pilot  
cries.  
"A blessed Hope."
- 3 Now as the blissful shore draws  
near,  
With transport I behold the  
place,  
Where dwells my friend, my  
Savior dear,  
And long with joy to see his  
face.  
Once more my faith now tries  
her ground,  
And thus re-echoes back the  
sound,  
"Christ is my rock."
- 4 When to her birth my bark  
draws nigh,  
And I have done with sails  
and tide,  
"Strong is my cable," then I'll  
cry.  
My Anchor's sure—I safely  
ride.  
No more my soul need try her  
ground,  
Safe at her moorings she is  
found,  
And "all is well."

59. *Soundings.*

- 1 To Heaven I'm bound with  
prosperous gales,  
My bark by grace doth safely  
steer,  
And going under gospel sails,

How nappy [are they who their Savior o-

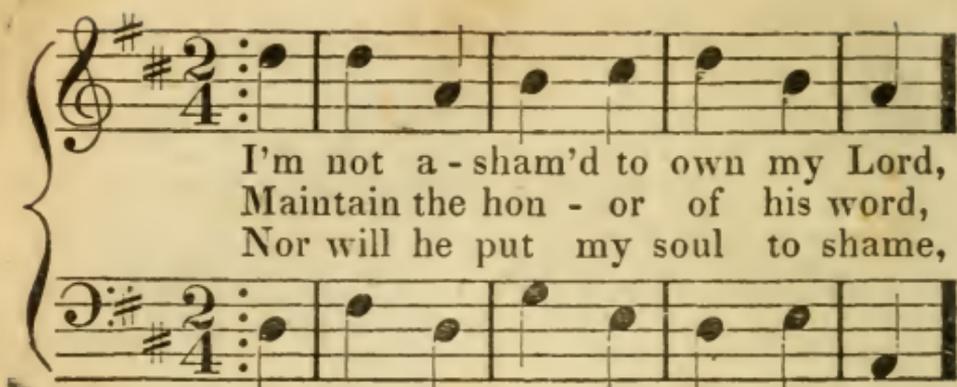
bey, and have laid up their treasures a - bove;

O what tongue can ex - press, The sweet com - fort and

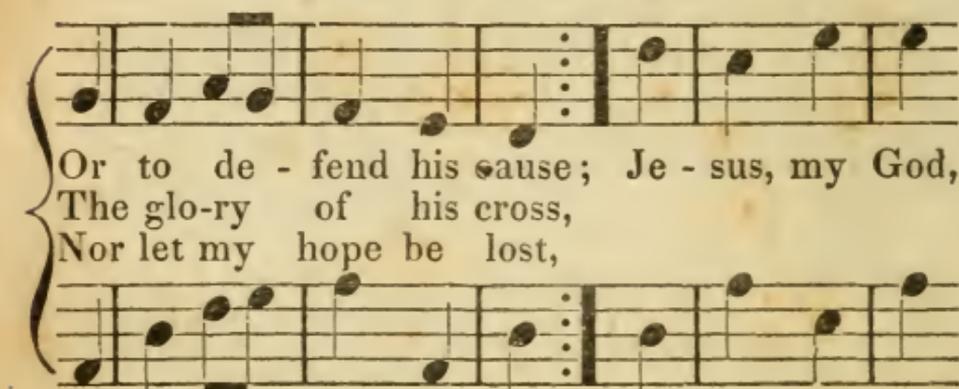
peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

## 60. *How happy are they.*

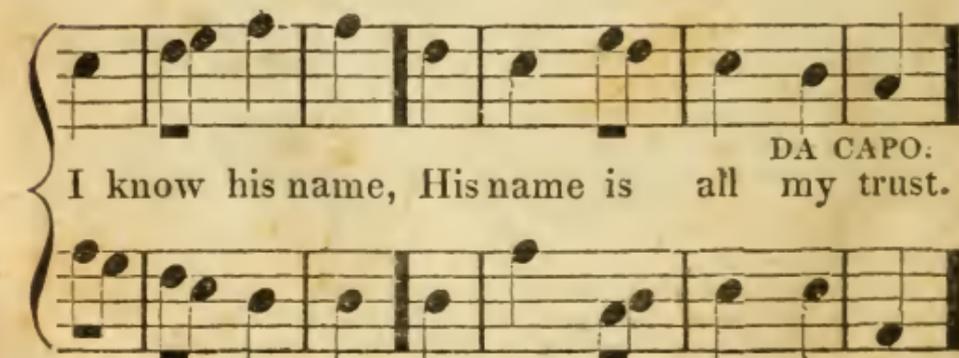
- 1 How happy are they,  
Who the Savior obey,  
And have laid up their treasure  
above !  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love !
- 2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the  
Lamb ;  
When my heart it believed,  
What a joy I received,  
What a heaven in Jesus's  
name !
- 3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know.  
The angels could do nothing  
more,  
Than fall down at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song:  
O that all his salvation might  
see !  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love,  
I was carried above  
All sin, and temptation, and pain;  
And I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I rode on the sky,  
Freely justified I,  
Nor did envy Elijah his seat :
- My soul mounted higher  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the moon it was under my  
feet.
- 7 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving  
blood !  
Of my Savior possess,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fulness of  
God.
- 8 Ah ! where am I now !  
When was it, or how,  
That I fell from my heaven of  
grace ?  
I am brought into thrall ;  
I am stript of my all ;  
I am banished from Jesus's  
face !
- 9 Hardly yet do I knew,  
How I let my Lord go,  
So insensibly starting aside ;  
When the tempter came in,  
With his own subtle sin,  
And infected my spirit with  
pride.
- 10 But I felt it too soon,  
That my Savior was gone,  
Swiftly vanishing out of my  
sight ;  
My triumph and boast  
On a sudden were lost,  
And my day it was turned into  
night.



I'm not a - sham'd to own my Lord,  
 Maintain the hon - or of his word,  
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,



Or to de - fend his cause; Je - sus, my God,  
 The glo-ry of his cross,  
 Nor let my hope be lost,



I know his name, His name is all my trust.

DA CAPO:

## 61. *I am not ashamed.*

- 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.  
 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.
- 2 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
 And he can well secure  
 What I've committed to his hands,  
 Till the decisive hour.  
 Then will he own my worthless name  
 Before his Father's face,  
 And in the new Jerusalem  
 Appoint my soul a place.

## 62. *Am I a soldier.*

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb?  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name?  
 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this dark world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?
- 2 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord!  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.  
 Thy saints in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer though they die;  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.

## AIR:

1 How peace-ful is the clos - ing scene, When  
 2 The Christian's hope no fear - can blight, No  
 3 O who can gaze with heed - less sigh, On

vir - tue yields its breath, When vir - tue yields  
 pain his peace de - stroy, No pain his peace  
 scenes so fair as this? On scenes so fair

its breath; How sweet - ly beams the  
 de - stroy: He views, be - yond, the  
 as this? Who but ex - claims, "Thus

smile se - rene, Up - on the  
 realms of light, A pure and  
 let me die, And be my

cheek of death, How sweet - ly beams the  
 end - less joy, He views be - yond the  
 end like his! Who but ex - claims, 'Thus

smile se - rene, Up - on the cheek of death.  
 realms of light, A pure and end - less joy.  
 let me die, And be my end like his.'

Depth of mer - cy! can there be,

Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my

God his wrath for - bear, Me the chief,

Me the chief of sin - ners spare?

## 63 DEPTH OF MERCY.

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long' withstood his grace,  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls,  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are,  
Me he now delights to spare;  
Cries, "How shall I give thee  
up?"  
Lest the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Savior stands,  
Shows his wounds, and spreads  
his hands!  
God is love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above,  
Is not all thy nature love?  
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?  
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent!  
Let me now my fall lament!  
Now my soul's revolt deplore!  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

## 64. LORD, HOW LARGE.

1 LORD, how large thy bounties  
are,  
Tender, gracious, sinner's  
friend!  
What a feast dost thou prepare,  
And what invitations send!

2 Now fulfil thy great design,  
Who didst first the message  
bring:  
Every heart to thee incline;—  
Now compel them to come in.

3 Rushing on the downward road,  
Sinners no compulsion need,

Heaven to forsake, and God;  
See, they run with rapid speed!

4 Draw them back by love divine,  
With thy grace their spirits  
win;  
Every heart to thee incline,  
Now compel them to come in.

5 Thus their willing souls compel,  
Thus their happy minds con-  
strain,  
From the ways of death and  
hell,  
Home to God, and grace again.

6 Stretch that conquering arm of  
thine,  
Once stretched out to bleed for  
sin;  
Every heart to thee incline,  
Now compel them to come in.

## 65. COME YE WEARY.

1 COME, ye weary souls opprest,  
Find in Christ the promised rest;  
On him all your burdens roll,  
He can wound, and he make  
whole.

3 Ye that dread the wrath of God,  
Come and wash in Jesus blood:  
To the son of David cry,  
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,  
All you want in Jesus find:  
This the day of mercy is,  
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

4 Debtors, who have nought to  
pay,  
Come to Jesus, haste away;  
All your sins on him were laid,  
All your debts the Surety paid.

5 "It is finish'd," lo! he cries,  
Ere on yonder cross he dies;  
O believe the record true,  
Jesus died for such as you.

## STAR IN THE EAST.

Hail, the blest morn! see the great Medi-  
Shepherds, go wor-ship the babe in the

Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a -

a - tor, Down from the re - gions of glo - ry  
man - ger, Lo, for his guards the bright angels

dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deemer

de - scend. Brightest and best of the sons of the  
at - tend.

was laid.

*D. C.*

morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

66. *Hail the blest morn.*

- 1 HAIL the blest morn! see the great Mediator,  
 Down from the regions of glory descend!  
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,  
 Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend.

## CHORUS.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
 Star in the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.*

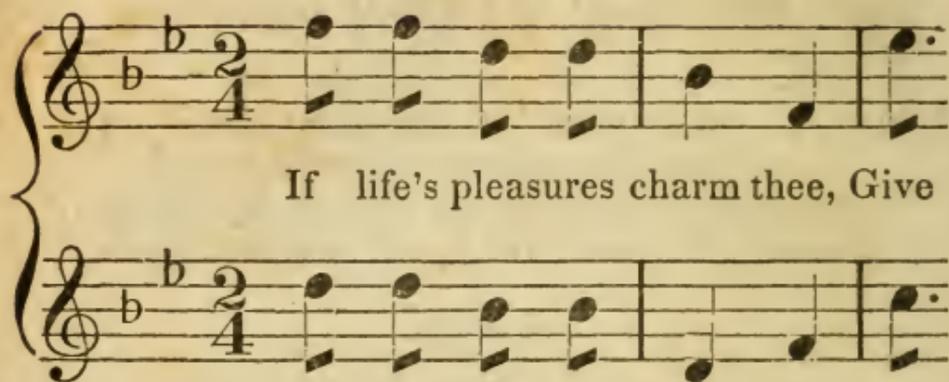
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;  
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,  
 Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.  
*Brightest and best, &c.*

- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,  
 Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the  
 ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?  
*Brightest and best, &c.*

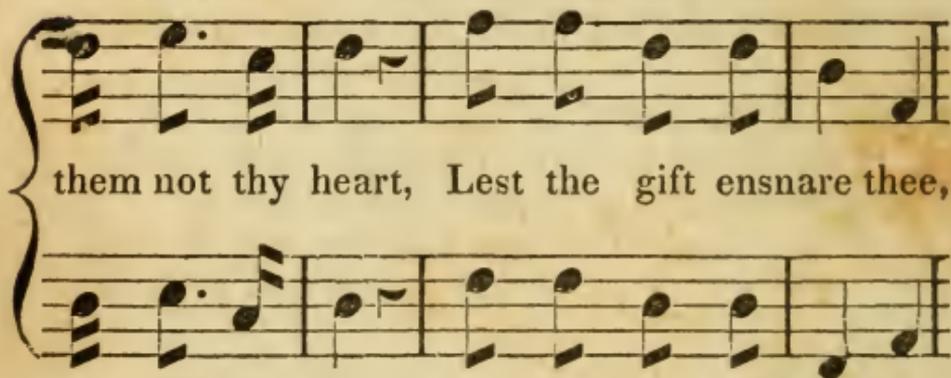
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gold we his favor secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
*Brightest and best, &c.*

# 106 THE ROCK OF OUR SALVATION.

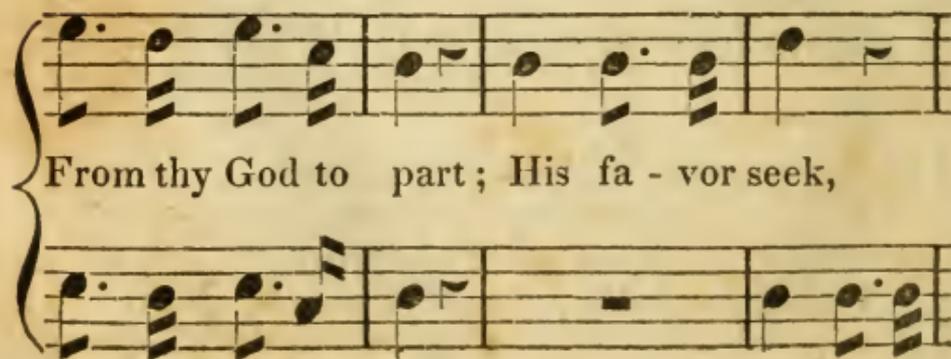
*Duett.*



If life's pleasures charm thee, Give



them not thy heart, Lest the gift ensnare thee,



From thy God to part; His fa - vor seek,

His praises speak, Fix here thy hope's  
seek, His praises speak, Fix

foundation ; Serve him, and he Will e - ver

be The Rock of thy sal - vation.

## 67. *If life's pleasures charm thee.*

- 1 If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart,  
Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part ;  
His favor seek, his praises speak,  
Fix here thy hope's foundation ;  
Serve him, and he will ever be  
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,  
Let not grief appal thee ; to thy Savior flee :  
He ever near, thy prayer will hear,  
And calm thy perturbation :  
The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow  
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not distress,  
Better comforts wait thee ; Christ will freely bless ;  
To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,  
Thy heavenly consolation :  
For griefs below cannot o'erthrow  
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not alarm,  
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm,  
He near thee stands with mighty hands,  
To ward off each temptation :  
To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,  
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his blow,  
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow,  
For death shall bring to thee no sting,  
The grave no desolation :  
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,  
The Rock of thy salvation.

My friends, I bid you all farewell! Fare-

well, my friends, fare-well; And if I never

see you more, While we on earth remain, O may we

meet on Canaan's shore, And never part a - gain.

The day of death's a dreadful day!

To those that love not God;

Fly, sin - ner, fly! no more de - lay,

Till wash'd in Je - sus' blood.

68. *The day of death.*

- 1 THE day of death 's a doleful day,  
To those who know not God ;  
Fly, sinner, fly ! no more delay,  
Till wash'd in Jesus' blood.
- 2 How wretched is the sinner's state,  
Who sleeps to wake no more !  
He knocks, alas ! he knocks *too late*,  
When death hath shut the door.
- 3 But now, O Lord, 'tis not too late  
To hear thy people pray ;  
For tho' thy *justice* locks the gate,  
Thy *mercy* keeps the key.

69. *Thro' sorrow's night.*

- 1 THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
We, soldiers of an injured King,  
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains, in solitude,  
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid  
In this our last retreat,  
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,  
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 These ashes poor, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,

Till the last angel rise, and break  
The long and dreary sleep.

- 5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
Shall shed its mildest rays,  
And the long silent dust shall burst  
With shouts of endless praise.

70. *Hoping, yet trembling.*

- 1 My soul would fain indulge a hope  
To reach the heavenly shore ;  
And when I drop this dying flesh,  
Then I shall sin no more.
- 2 I hope to hear, and join the song,  
That saints and angels raise ;  
And while eternal ages roll,  
To sing eternal praise.
- 3 But oh—this dreadful heart of sin !  
It may deceive me still ;  
And while I look for joys above,  
May plunge me down to hell.
- 4 The scene must then forever close,  
Probation at an end ;  
No gospel grace can reach me there,  
No pardon there descend.
- 5 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,  
To me thy Spirit give ;  
Shine thro' a dark, benighted soul,  
And bid a sinner live.

112 THE CAPTIVE'S SONG. C. M.

Oh no, we cannot sing the song,  
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings,

Made for Je - - ho - vah's praise ;  
To Zi - - on's glad - - some strains :

They bid us be in mirthful mood, And

dry these tears so sad ; But Judah's hearths are

de - so - late, And how can we be glad?

71. *Babel's Streams.*

*Written for the Lyre, by the Rev.  
D. R. Thomason, recently from  
England.*

- 1 OH no, we cannot sing the songs,  
Made for Jehovah's praise ;  
Our sorrowing harps refuse their  
strings,  
To Zion's gladsome strains.
- 2 They bid us be in mirthful mood  
And dry these tears so sad ;  
But Judah's hearths are desolate,  
And how can we be glad ?
- 3 Silent our harps o'er Babel's  
streams  
Are hung on willows wet ;  
And Zion we no more shall see ;  
But we can ne'er forget.
- 4 Jerusalem, thy banish'd ones,  
Prove anguish and regret ;  
But heaven's own curse shall rest  
on them,  
If thee they e'er forget.

72. *Light in darkness.*

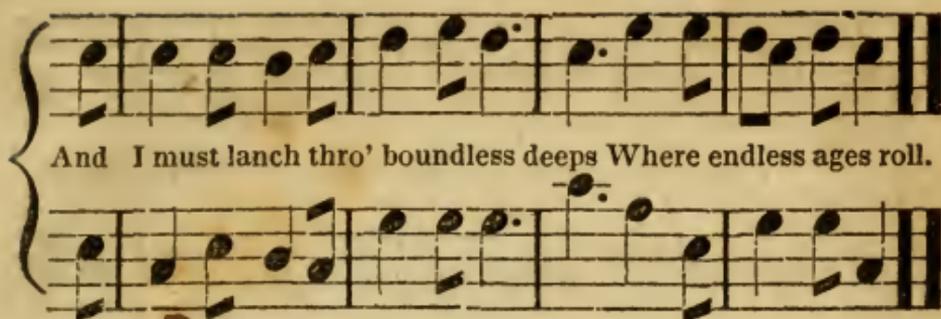
- 1 O THOU who driest the mourn-  
er's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, pierced by sins and sorrows  
here,  
We could not fly to thee !
- 2 The friends, who in our sun-  
shine live,  
When winter comes, are flown ;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 Oh ! who could bear life's  
stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting thro' the  
gloom  
Our peace-branch from above ?
- 4 Then sorrow touch'd by thee,  
grows bright,  
With more than rapture's ray ;  
As darkness shows us worlds of  
light,  
We never saw by day,

My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid

as the whirl-ing spheres Fly ra - pid as the

whirling spheres, Around the stea - dy pole; Time, like the

tide its motion keeps, And I must launch thro' boundless deeps,



- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,  
 How swift the moments pass between!  
 And whisper as they fly—  
 Unthinking man, remember this,  
 Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,  
 Must groan, and gasp, and die!
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call,  
 Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,  
 And thou must take thy flight,  
 Beyond the vast ethereal blue,  
 To love and sing as angels do,  
 Or sink in endless night.
- 4 Long ere the sun has run its round,  
 I may be buried under ground,  
 And there in silence rot:  
 Alas! one hour may close the scene,  
 And ere twelve months shall intervene  
 My name be quite forgot.
- 5 But shall my soul be then extinct,  
 And cease to be, or cease to think?  
 It cannot, cannot be:  
 Thou! my immortal, cannot die,  
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly,  
 When death shall set thee free?
- 6 Will mercy then, its arms extend?  
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend?  
 And heaven thy dwelling-place?  
 Or shall insulting fiends appear,  
 To drag thee down to black despair,  
 Beyond the reach of grace?

How lost was my con - dition, Till Jesus

made me whole; There is but one Phy - si - cian Can

cure a sin - sick soul: Next door to death he

found me, And snatch'd me from the grave, To tell to all

a - round me His wondrous power to save.

- 2 The worst of all diseases  
 Is light, compared with sin ;  
 On every part it siezes  
 But rages most within :  
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
 And madness all combined ;  
 And none but a believer  
 The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,  
 I sought a cure to gain ;  
 But this proved more distressing,  
 And added to my pain.  
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
 Some gave me up for lost ;  
 Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great Physician  
 (How matchless is his grace)  
 Accepted my petition,  
 And undertook my case :  
 First gave me sight to view him,  
 For sin mine eyes had seal'd ;  
 Then bade me look unto him ;  
 I look'd—and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
 Seen by an eye of faith,  
 At once from danger frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death :  
 Come, then, to this Physician,  
 His help he'll freely give ;  
 He makes no hard condition—  
 'Tis only "Look and live."

## THE RESOLVE.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "I'll try to prove faithful, I'll try to prove".

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff provides a bass line. The lyrics are: "faith - ful, I'll try to prove faith - ful, faithful, faithful,".

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lower staff provides a bass line. The lyrics are: "Till we all shall meet a - bove.".

75. *Faithful.*

- 1 I'll try to prove faithful,  
I'll try to prove faithful,  
I'll try to prove faithful, faithful, faithful,  
Till we all shall meet above.
- 2 O, let us prove faithful,  
O, let us prove faithful,  
O, let us prove faithful, faithful, faithful,  
Till we all shall meet above.
- 3 We mean to be faithful,  
We mean to be faithful,  
We mean to be faithful, faithful, faithful,  
Till we all shall meet above.
- 4 There'll be no more sinning,  
There'll be no more sinning,  
There'll be no more sinning, sinning, sinning,  
When we all shall meet above.
- 5 There'll be no more sorrow,  
There'll be no more sorrow,  
There'll be no more sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,  
When we all shall meet above.
- 6 There we shall see Jesus,  
There we shall see Jesus,  
There we shall see Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,  
When we all shall meet above.
- 7 There we shall sing praises,  
There we shall sing praises,  
There we shall sing praises, praises, praises,  
When we all shall meet above.

Stop, poor sinner, stop and think, Be-

fore you farther go; Will you sport up-

on the brink Of e - ver - last - ing wo?

76. *The Alarm.*

1 Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,  
Before you farther go—  
Will you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting wo?

## CHORUS.

*Be entreated now to stop!  
Unless you warning take,  
Ere you are aware you'll drop  
Into the burning lake!*

2 Hell beneath is gaping wide!  
And waits the dread command,  
Soon to stop your sport and pride,  
And sink you with the damn'd.

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
And drag you to the bar;  
Then to hear your awful doom,  
Will fill you with despair.

4 All your sins will round you crowd,  
Of bloody crimson die,  
Each for vengeance crying loud,  
And what can you reply?

5 Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his will oppose?  
Fear you not his iron rod,  
With which he breaks his foes?

6 Can you stand in that great day.  
When judgment is proclaim'd,  
When the earth shall melt away,  
Like wax before the flame?

7 Though your heart were made  
of steel,  
Your forehead lined with brass,  
God at length will make you feel,  
He will not let you pass.

8 Sinners then in vain will call,  
Who now despise his grace,

'Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
And hide us from his face.'

9 But as yet there is a hope,  
That you may mercy know;  
Though his arm is lifted up,  
He still forbears the blow.

10 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,  
Sinners he calls to come;  
None who come shall be denied,  
He says, "There yet is room."

77. *Striving of the Spirit.**Written for the Lyre.*

1 SINNER, hath a voice within  
Oft whisper'd to thy soul,  
Bid thee leave the ways of sin,  
And yield to God's control?

2 Hath it met thee in the path,  
Of earthly vanity,  
Pointed to the coming wrath,  
And warn'd thee now to flee?

3 Sinner, 'twas a heavenly voice;  
The Spirit's gracious call,  
Bade thee make a better choice,  
And seek in Christ thine all.

4 Hear the call to life and light;  
Regard the warning kind:  
If that call thou always slight,  
Thou mercy ne'er shalt find.

5 Soon thy season will be o'er,  
The Spirit cease to strive;  
Thy slumbers he will break no  
more;  
His love then do not grieve.

6 Sinner, should this very day  
Thy last of mercy be!  
Should'st thou grieve him now  
away,  
Hope ne'er may beam on thee.

S. G

Father, I long, I faint to see The  
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee Up

place of thine a - bode;  
to thy seat, my God! Here I be - hold thy

distant face, And 'tis a pleasing sight; But to a-

bide in thine embrace, Is in - finite de - light.

78. *Father, I long.*

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see  
The place of thine abode ;  
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee  
Up to thy seat, my God !

2 Here I behold thy distant face,  
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;  
But to abide in thine embrace,  
Is infinite delight.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are  
seen,  
In shining ranks they move,  
And drink immortal vigor in,  
With wonder and with love.

4 Then at thy feet with awful fear  
Th' adoring armies fall ;  
With joy they shrink to *nothing*  
there,  
Before th' eternal All.

5 There I would vie with all the  
host  
In duty and in bliss ;  
While *less than nothing* I could  
boast,  
And *vanity* confess.

6 The more thy glories strike my  
eyes,  
The humbler I shall lie ;  
Thus while I sink, my joys shall  
rise  
Unmeasurably high.

79. *The Scriptures.*

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines !

For ever 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 for ever near,  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Savior there.

80. *Brotherly Love.*

1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love,  
That will not let us part ;  
Our bodies may far off remove—  
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we'll go ;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Savior's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor  
place,  
Nor life, nor death can part.

4 But let us hasten to the day,  
Which shall our flesh restore ;  
When death shall all be done  
away,  
And christians part no more !

Sin - ner, is thy heart at rest?

Is thy bo - - som void of fear?

Art thou not by guilt op - - press'd?

Speaks not con - - science in thine ear?

81. *The voice of conscience.*

*Written for the Lyre, by the author of "Advice to a Young Christian."*

1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest?  
Is thy bosom void of fear?  
Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?  
Speaks not conscience in thine ear?

2 Can this world afford thee bliss?  
Can it chase away thy gloom?  
Flattering, false, and vain it is;—  
Tremble at the worldling's doom.

3 Long the gospel thou hast spurn'd,  
Long delay'd to seek thy God;  
Stifled conscience, nor hast turn'd  
Woo'd though, by a Savior's blood.

4 Think, O sinner, on thy end;  
See the judgment day appear!  
Thither must thy spirit wend;  
There thy righteous sentence hear.

5 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,  
To a Savior's blood apply;  
He alone can make thee whole;  
Fly to Jesus,—sinner, fly!  
J. B. W.

82. *Sinner, prepare.*

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
Can thy heart or hands endure  
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared!  
Awful terrors clothe his brow!  
For his judgment stand prepared,  
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,  
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;  
Solid mountains melt like wax,  
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?  
You that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide,  
When the world is wrapt in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!  
Soon we must resign our breath,  
And our souls be call'd to pass  
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,  
Listen to the gospel voice;  
Seek the things that are above;  
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

83. *The Narrow Gate.*

1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,  
Enter, ere it be too late;  
Many ask to enter there,  
When too late to offer prayer.

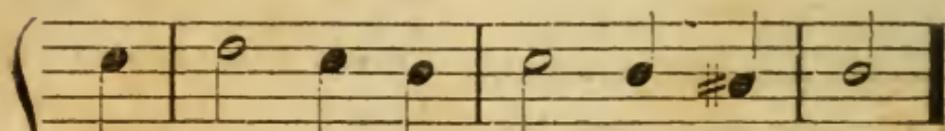
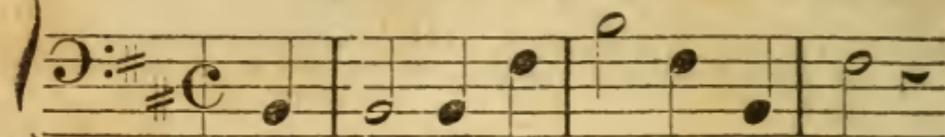
2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,  
And for ever bar the skies:  
Then, though sinners cry without,  
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim—  
'Lord! we have profess'd thy name;  
We have ate with thee, and heard  
Heavenly teaching in thy word.'

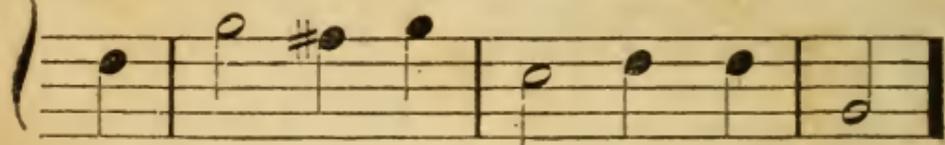
4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,  
Workers of iniquity;  
Sad their everlasting lot—  
Christ will say, 'I know you not.'



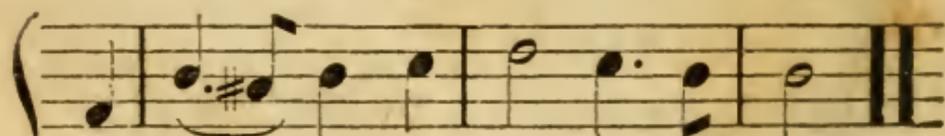
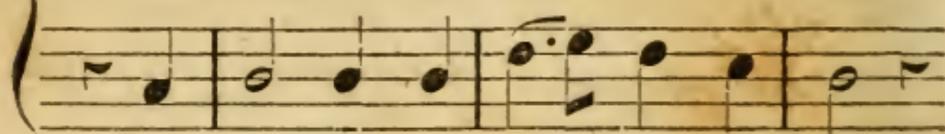
From whence doth this u - nion a - rise,



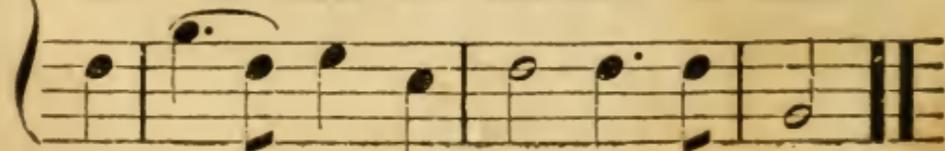
That ha - tred is con - quer'd by love?



It fastens our souls in such ties,



As dis - tance and time can't re - move.



84. *Christian Union.*

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,  
That hatred is conquer'd by love !  
It fastens our souls in such ties,  
As distance and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a Paradise lost :  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts all united in love :  
Where Jesus has gone, we shall be,  
In yonder bright mansions above.
- 4 O why then so loth now to part ?  
Since we shall ere long meet again ;  
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,  
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,  
And join with the angels above,  
And leaving these bodies of clay,  
Unite with our Jesus in love,
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign ;  
We all his bright glory shall see,  
And sing, ' Hallelujah, Amen :'  
Amen, even so let it be.

There is a land of pure de-light,

Where saints im - mor - tal reign; In - fi-nite day

excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

85. *The Happy Land.*

1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Could fright us from the shore.

86. *The Soul.*

1 **WHAT** is the thing of greatest price,  
The whole creation round?—  
That which was lost in Paradise,  
That which in Christ is found:

2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—  
That keeps two worlds in strife;  
Hell moves beneath to work its death,  
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare  
His well beloved Son;  
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear  
The sins of all—in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,  
In earthen vessels frail?  
Can none its utmost value know,  
Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,  
That knowledge to obtain;  
Not by the soul's eternal loss,  
But everlasting gain.

87. *Redeeming Love.*

1 **YE** saints, assist me in my song—  
Let all your passions move;  
To Jesus all the notes belong—  
I sing redeeming love.

2 Opposing spirits 'gainst his cross,  
Their force united prove;  
But quit the field with mighty loss,  
Crush'd by redeeming love.

3 Around the circle of his friends  
His tender passions move;  
And while he lived, his constant theme  
Was still redeeming love.

4 Gently he raised his sacred hands,  
Before his last remove;  
And the last whispers of his tongue,  
Sigh'd forth redeeming love.

5 Thro' life's wide waste, with weary feet,  
In darkness I may rove;  
But never can my heart forget  
Redeeming, dying love.

6 Oh, that before his sacred throne,  
I all its sweets may prove;  
Still as my pleasures rise, my song  
Shall be redeeming love.

Awake, and sing the song Of Mo-ses

and the Lamb; Wake, every heart and every

tongue, To praise the Sav-ior's name.

88. *Praise to Christ.*

1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
Wake, every heart and every  
tongue,  
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love ;  
Sing of his rising power !  
Sing, how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues ;  
Sing, till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way—  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing !  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ, the exalted King.

5 Soon we shall hear him say,  
" Ye blessed children, come ;"  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim ;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

89. *The Accepted Time.*

1 Now is the accepted time—  
Now is the day of grace :—  
Now, sinners, come without delay  
And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,  
The Savior calls to-day ;—  
Pardon and peace he freely gives ;  
Then why should you delay ?

3 Now is the accepted time,  
The gospel bids you come ;

And every promise in his word,  
Declares " there yet is room."

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love :—  
Then will the angels clap their  
wings,  
And bear the news above.

5 Assembled round his throne,  
They shall his face behold :  
And sing of all his dying pains,  
Whose love can ne'er be told.

90. *The Love of Jesus.*

*Written for the Lyre.*

1 My Jesus, thou hast taught  
This heart to love but thee ;  
The sweetest joys below are  
fraught  
With emptiness to me.

2 If sorrow shades my eyes,  
It is when thou art fled ;  
Deep in the dust my spirit lies,  
And mourns its comforts dead.

3 The world has lost its power  
To soothe this inward pain ;  
To me it is a faded flower,  
That cannot bloom again.

4 But when thy smile appears,  
To chase my gloom away,  
How bursts my song ! how sink  
my fears ;  
My night is turn'd to day.

5 Then, Lord, no more permit  
This heart from thee to rove ;  
O that I might for ever sit  
At thy dear feet, and love.

J. B. W

COMPOSED BY DR. LACY, OF VIRGINIA,  
*And furnished for the Lyre, by Rev. A. Nettleton.*

Ho-ly Ghost, dis - pel our sad-ness,

Pierce the clouds of sinful night; Come, thou source of

sweetest gladness, Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!

Loving Spi - rit, God of peace, Great dis - tri - bu -

tor. of grace, Rest up - on this con - gre - ga - tion,

Hear, O hear our sup - pli - - ca - tion.

31. *To the Blessed Spirit.*

1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:  
Come, thou source of sweetest  
gladness,  
Breathe thy life, and spread thy  
light!  
Loving Spirit, God of peace,  
Great distributor of grace,  
Rest upon this congregation!  
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows  
no measure,  
As a gracious shower descend:  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Man can wish, or God can send.  
O thou Glory, shining down  
From the Father and the Son,  
Grant us thy illumination!  
Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all dona-  
tions,  
God can give, or we implore;  
Having thy sweet consolations,

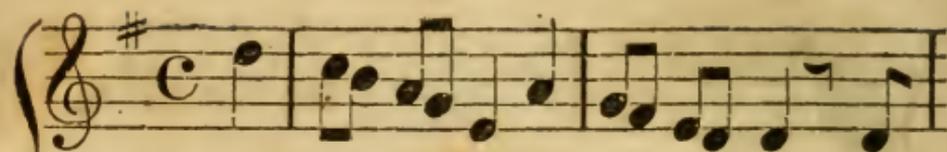
We need wish for nothing more:  
Come, with unction and with  
power,  
On our souls thy graces shower;  
Author of the new creation,  
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Manifest thy love for ever,  
Fence us in on every side,  
In distress be our reliever;  
Guard and teach, support and  
guide.

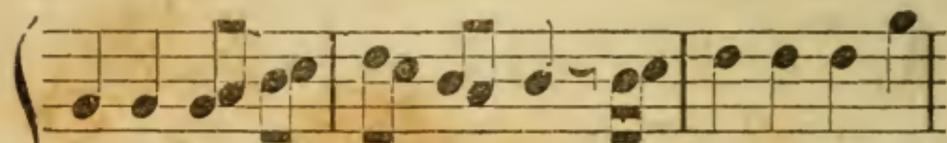
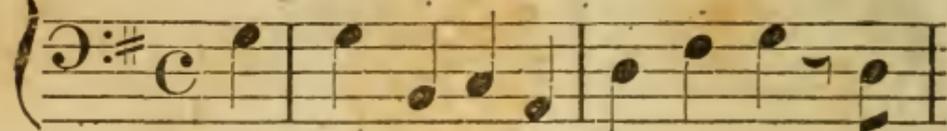
Let thy kind, effectual grace  
Turn our feet from evil ways;  
Show thyself our new Creator,  
And conform us to thy nature.

5 Be our friend, on each occasion;  
God, omnipotent to save!  
When we die, be our salvation;  
When we're buried, be our  
grave:

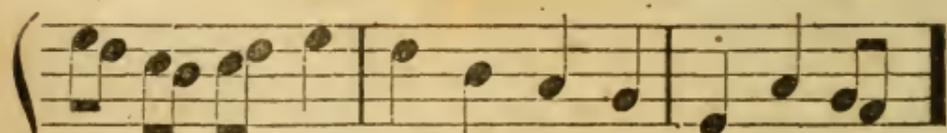
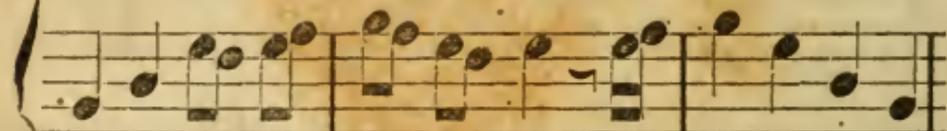
And, when from the grave we rise,  
Take us up above the skies;  
Seat us with thy saints in glory,  
There for ever to adore Thee.



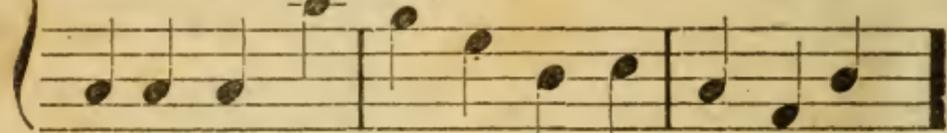
Though in the outward church be - low, The



wheat and tares to - gether grow; Je - sus ere long will



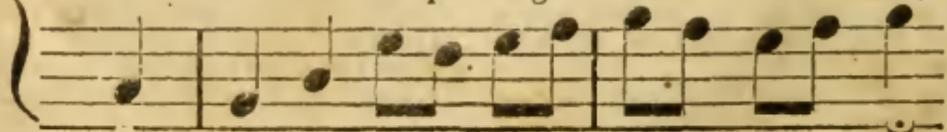
weed the crop, And pluck the tares in an - ger up.

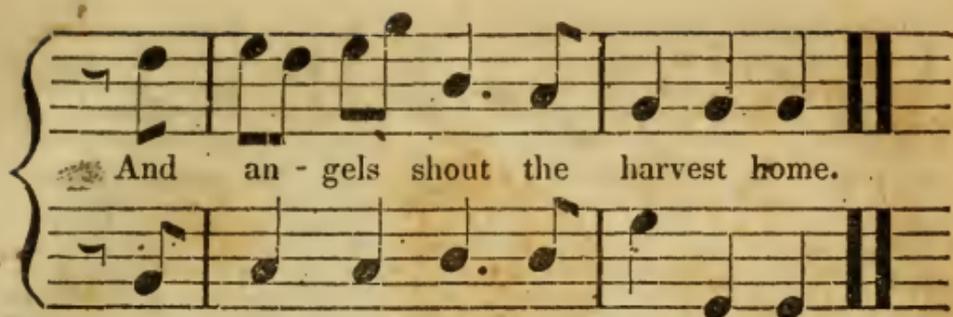


*CHORUS.*



For soon the reap - - ing time will come,



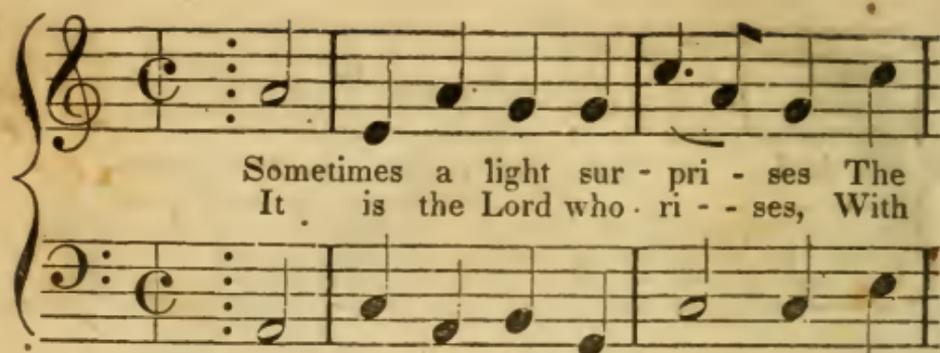
92. *The Wheat and Tares.*

- 1 THOUGH in the outward church below,  
The wheat and tares together grow ;  
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,  
And pluck the tares in anger up.

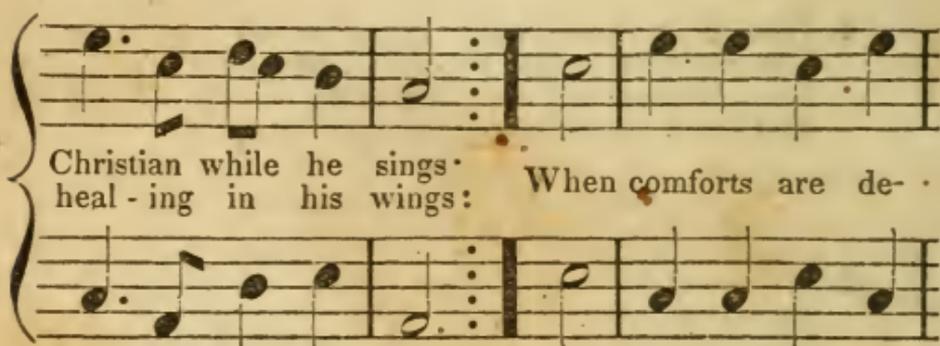
## CHORUS.

*For soon the reaping time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.*

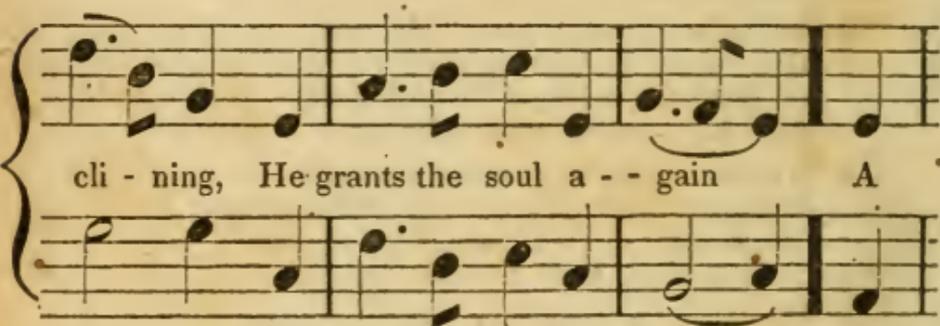
- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,  
To recollect their stations here ;  
How much they heard, how much they knew,  
How much among the wheat they grew ?
- 3 No! this will aggravate their case,  
They perish'd under means of grace ;  
To them the word of life and faith  
Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,  
Strangers might think we all were wheat ;  
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,  
Each heart appears without disguise.
- 5 The tares are spared for various ends,  
Some for the sake of praying friends :  
Others the Lord, against their will,  
Employs his counsels to fulfil.
- 6 But though they grow so tall and strong,  
His plan will not require them long ;  
In harvest, when he saves his own,  
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
- 7 Oh! awful thought, and is it so ?  
Must all mankind the harvest know ?  
Is every man a wheat or tare ?  
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.



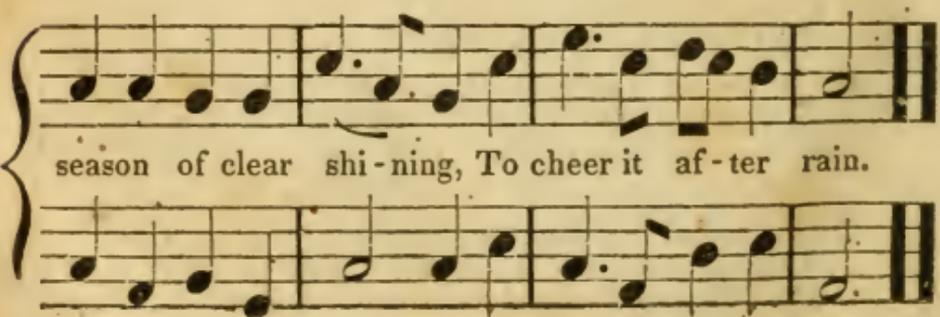
Sometimes a light sur - pri - ses The  
It is the Lord who ri - - ses, With



Christian while he sings. When comforts are de -  
heal - ing in his wings:



cli - ning, He grants the soul a - - gain A



season of clear shi - ning, To cheer it af - ter rain.

93. *Sometimes a light surprises.*

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings ;  
 It is the Lord who rises,  
 With healing on his wings :  
 When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new :  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 Let the unknown to morrow  
 Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,  
 But he will bear us through ;—  
 Who gives the lilies clothing,  
 Will clothe his people too ;  
 Beneath the spreading heavens,  
 No creature but is fed ;  
 And he who feeds the ravens,  
 Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,  
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
 Though all the fields should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there ;  
 Yet God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice ;  
 For while in him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

I would not live always: I ask not to

stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here, Are e-

nough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

93. *I would not live alway.*

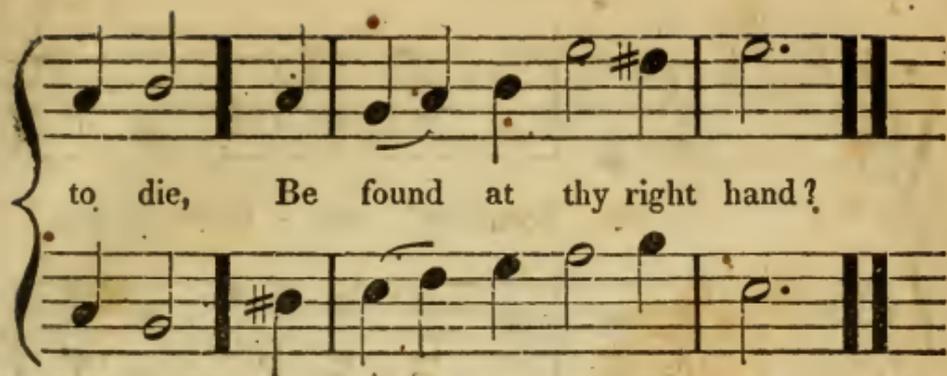
- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay,  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;  
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin ;  
 Temptation without, and corruption within :  
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the tomb,  
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom :  
 There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ;  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Savior and brethren, transported to greet ;  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !

When thou, my righteous judge, shalt come

To bring thy ran-som'd peo-ple home, Shall

I among them stand? Shall such a worthless

worm as I, Who sometimes am a-fraid



### 94. *Christ's Right Hand.*

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous judge, shalt come  
 .To call thy ransom'd people home,  
 Shall I among them stand?  
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
 Tho' vilest of them all;  
 But can I bear the piercing thought?  
 What if my name should be left out,  
 When thou for them shalt call!
- 3 Prevent it, Lord, by thy rich grace;  
 Be thou my soul's sure hiding place,  
 In this the accepted day:  
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
 To still my unbelieving fear;  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 And see thy smiling face;  
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and,

creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-

mu-nion with saints; To find at the banquet of

mer - cy there's room, And feel in the presence of

Jesus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-

ceive me, dear Savior, in glo - ry, my home.

95. *The Saint's Sweet Home.*

- 1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints ;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.*

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace !  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease !  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee ;  
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,  
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my day ;  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face ;  
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee, at Home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home.*

96. *Sweet Home.*

1 AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,  
 I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace  
 In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,  
 Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.  
     Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
     O Savior! direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away;  
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay,  
 But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,  
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.  
     Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
     The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!  
 The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;  
 At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,  
 O there may I feast with his children at home!  
     Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
     O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home!

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,  
 While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;  
 I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,  
 The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.  
     Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
     O when shall I share the fruition of home!

5 The days of my exile are passing away,  
 The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,  
 Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,  
 And dwell in my presence for ever at home.  
     Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
     O there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,  
 The saints shall unite to be parted no more;  
 There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,  
 They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.  
     Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
     They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.

Long have I tried ter - res - triat joys,

But here can find no rest; Far from its vani-

ty and noise, "To be with Christ is best."

97. *The Saint's Choice.*

1 LONG have I tried terrestrial  
joys,  
But here can find no rest ;  
Far from its vanity and noise,  
"To be with Christ is best."

2 Fair is the Siren's painted face,  
And sin looks gaily drest  
To cheat me ; but I fly the em-  
brace,  
"To be with Christ is best."

3 Temptations, with malignant  
smart,  
Betray the unguarded breast :  
Safe from the poison of each dart,  
"To be with Christ is best."

4 'Tis desert here, and thorns and  
foes  
Do all the road infest ;  
The danger of the journey's short,  
"To be with Christ is best."

5 When earth can no delights af-  
ford,  
He spreads a heavenly feast ;  
Such dainties crown his royal  
board,  
"To be with Christ is best."

6 By this I fly the desert through,  
And feel my soul refresh'd ;  
What can obstruct me, when I  
know  
"To be with Christ is best."

7 There an eternity with thee,  
I'll think myself well blest ;  
I see thee here ; but oh ! to be,  
"To be with Christ is best."

8 Loosed from my clog, I'll dart  
the wing,  
And seek on high my rest :  
Sit in some heavenly grove and  
sing,  
"To be with Christ is best."

98. *Longing for Heaven.*

1 LIKE Paul I would desire to die,  
I long for death's arrest ;  
If any ask the reason why,—  
"To be with Christ is best."

2 My unbelief, that bosom foe,  
Which lurks within my breast,  
So often seeks my overthrow,—  
"To be with Christ is best."

3 Should friends and kindred on  
me frown,  
And leave my soul opprest ;  
Should evils crush my comforts  
down,  
"To be with Christ is best."

4 Had I a voice so loud and strong,  
To sound from east to west ;  
I'd tell the honor-seeking throng,  
"To be with Christ is best."

5 O come, sweet Jesus, quickly  
come,  
And cheer my fainting breast ;  
I long to reach my heavenly home,  
"To be with Christ is best."

6 Pinion'd with love, I'd take the  
wing,  
And fly to thee, my rest :  
There with the church triumphant  
sing,  
"To be with Christ is best."

From every earthly pleasure, From

every' transient joy, From every mortal treasure, That

soon will fade and die; No longer these de-

si - ring, Upwards our wish - es tend,

## Two Trebles.

To nobler bliss as - piring, And joys that never end.

*These two lines may be omitted at pleasure.*

To nobler bliss as - piring, And joys that never end.

99. *Looking Forward.*

- 1 FROM every earthly pleasure,  
From every transient joy,  
From every mortal treasure  
That soon will fade and die ;  
No longer these desiring,  
Upwards our wishes tend,  
To nobler bliss aspiring,  
And joys that never end.
- 2 From every piercing sorrow,  
That heaves our breast to-  
day,  
Or threatens us to-morrow,  
Hope turns our eyes away ;

On wings of faith ascending,  
We see the land of light,  
And feel our sorrows ending,  
In infinite delight.

- 3 'Tis true, we are but strangers,  
And sojourners below ;  
And countless snares and dan-  
gers  
Surround the path we go :  
Though painful and distressing,  
Yet there is a rest above ;  
And onward still we're press-  
ing,  
To reach that land of love.

Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend, As  
Oh, Lord! re - member me . . . Oh,

such I look to thee . . . . Now in the  
Lord, re - member me . . . . Now in the

bowels of thy love, Oh, Lord! re - member me.  
bowels of thy love, Oh, Lord! re - member me.

100. *Lord! remember me.*

- 1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend,  
As such I look to thee ;  
Now in the bowels of thy love,  
Oh, Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary ;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!  
I yield myself to thee ;  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
Oh Lord! remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free ;  
Then, in thy all abounding grace,  
Oh Lord! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,  
Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature helps all flee,  
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!  
I pray, remember me.

Not from the dust af - fliction grows, Nor

troubles rise by chance; Yet we are born to

cares and woes, A sad in - he - ri - tance! Yet

we are born to cares and woes, A sad in - he - ri - tance!

101. *Resignation.*

1 NOT from the dust affliction  
grows,  
Nor troubles rise by chance ;  
Yet we are born to cares and woes !  
A sad inheritance !

2 As sparks break out from burn-  
ing coals,  
And still are upwards borne ;  
So grief is rooted in our souls,  
And man grows up to mourn :

3 Yet with my God I leave my  
cause,  
And trust his promised grace ;  
He rules me by his well known  
laws,  
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,  
Shall spoil my future peace,  
For death and hell can do no more  
Than what my Father please.

102. *Contrition's Sigh.*

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy  
hears  
Contrition's humble sigh ;  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the  
tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of  
grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn :  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy  
face !  
Hast thou not said—Return ?

3 And shall my guilty fears pre-  
vail  
To drive me from thy feet ?  
O ! let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide ! my  
Light !

Without one cheering ray :  
Through dangers, fears, and  
gloomy night,  
How desolate my way !

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

103. *The Backslider.*

1 O WHY did I my Savior leave,  
So soon unfaithful prove :  
How could I thy good Spirit  
grieve,  
And sin against thy love ?

2 I forced thee first to disappear,  
I turn'd thy face aside ;  
Ah, Lord ! if thou hadst still been  
here,  
Thy servant had not died.

3 But O, how soon thy wrath is  
o'er,  
And pardoning love takes place !  
Assist me, Savior, to adore  
The riches of thy grace.

4 O could I lose myself in thee ;  
Thy depth of mercy prove ;  
Thou vast, unfathomable sea  
Of unexhausted love !

5 My humble soul, when thou art  
near,  
In dust and ashes lies :  
How shall a sinful worm appear,  
Or meet thy purer eyes ?

6 I loathe myself, when God I see,  
And into nothing fall ;  
Content, if thou exalted be,  
And Christ be *All in All*.

Rock of ages! cleft for me, Let me hide my-

self in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy side, a

heal - ing flood, Be of sin the double cure, Save from

wrath, and make me pure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

104. *Faith.*

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,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me  
pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
'Thou must save, and thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eye-lids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,—  
Rock of ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!

105. *Spirit of Adoption.*

1 SINCE the Son hath made me  
free,  
Let me taste my liberty!  
Thee behold with open face,  
Triumph in thy saving grace!  
Thy great will delight to prove,  
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father, hear thy child,  
Late in Jesus reconciled;  
Hear, and all the graces shower,  
All the joy, and peace, and power;  
All my Savior asks above,  
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,  
Till the blessing thou bestow;  
Hear my Advocate divine!  
Lo! to his my suit I join:  
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:  
Bless me; for I *will* prevail.

4 Heavenly Father, Life divine,  
Change my *ture* into thine!  
Move, and spread throughout my  
soul.

Actuate, and fill the whole?  
Be it I no longer now  
Living in the flesh, but thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!  
Come, and in thy temple stay!  
Now thine inward witness bear,  
Strong, and permanent, and clear;  
Spring of Life, thyself impart;  
Rise eternal in my heart!

106. *Praise to our King.*

1 COME and let us praise our King,  
He is worthy to be praised;  
Should his saints refuse to sing,  
How would angels stand amazed!  
O exalt the sinner's friend!  
Let his praises never end.

2 There he dwells whom angels  
sing;  
Once he bore the cross below;  
Jesus, heaven's eternal King,  
Lived on earth a man of wo:  
Now he reigns, and reigns above,  
Jesus reigns the God of love.

3 Hail, immortal King of heaven!  
Endless praise surround thy  
throne;  
Lamb of God, for sinners given,  
"Thou art worthy," thou alone:  
Thee we serve, and thee we sing;  
Jesus, hail, eternal King.

107. *Our Common Lord.*

1 JESUS is our common Lord,  
He our loving Savior is;  
By his death to life restored,  
Misery we exchange for bliss:  
Bliss to carnal minds unknown,  
Only to believers shown.

2 Christ, our Brother and our  
Friend,  
Shows us his eternal love:  
Never shall our triumphs end,  
Till we take our seats above:  
Let us for that day prepare,  
For our glorious meeting there!

Now the Savior stands a pleading,  
Now in heaven he's in - ter - ceding,

Once he died for your be - havior,

At the sin - ner's bolt - ed heart,  
Un - der - - ta - king sin - ners' part.

Now he calls you to his arms.

Sin - ners, can you hate this Sa - vior,

*D. C.*

Will you thrust him from your arms?

108. *Expostulation.*

- 1 Now the Savior stands a pleading,  
 At the sinner's bolted heart ;  
 'Now in heaven he's interceding,  
 Undertaking sinners' part.  
*Sinners, can you hate this Savior ?  
 Will you thrust him from your arms ?  
 Once he died for your behavior,  
 Now he calls you to his arms.*
- 2 Now he pleads his sweat and blood-shed,  
 Shows his wounded hands and feet ;  
 Father, save them, though they're blood red,  
 Raise them to a heavenly seat.  
*Sinners, can you hate, &c.*
- 3 Sinners, hear your God and Savior,  
 Hear his gracious voice to-day ;  
 Turn from all your vain behavior,  
 O repent, return, and pray.  
*Sinners, can you hate, &c.*
- 4 O be wise before you languish  
 On the bed of dying strife ;  
 Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,  
 Turn upon the events of life.  
*Sinners, can you hate, &c.*
- 5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,  
 Now he stands and looks on thee ;  
 See, what kindness, love and pity,  
 Shine around on you and me.  
*Sinners, can you hate, &c.*
- 6 Open now your hearts before him,  
 Bid the Savior welcome in ;  
 Now receive,—and O adore him,  
 Take a full discharge from sin.  
*Sinners, can you hate, &c.*
- 7 Come, for all things now are ready,  
 Yet there's room for many more ;  
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy,  
 Come to wisdom's boundless store.  
*Sinners, can you hate, &c.*

## TREASURE. 8. 7.

*Written for the Lyre, by A. Forbush.*

Precious Bible! what a treasure Does the

word of God afford! All I want for life or pleasure,

Food and medicine, shield and sword: Let the world ac-

count me poor; Having this, I want no more.

109. *The Bible a precious treasure.*

- 1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure  
 Does the word of God afford!  
 All I want for life or pleasure,  
 Food and medicine, shield and sword.  
 Let the world account me poor,  
 Having this, I want no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
 Of excess there is no danger,  
 Though it fills, it never cloy:  
 On a dying Christ I feed,  
 He is meat and drink indeed!
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,  
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
 Cordials to revive me quickly,  
 Healing medicine here I find;  
 To the promises I flee,  
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation  
 Satan cannot make me yield;  
 For the word of consolation  
 Is to me a mighty shield:  
 While the Scripture truths are sure  
 From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,  
 When I take the Spirit's sword:  
 Then with ease I drive him from me,  
 Satan trembles at the word:  
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,  
 Keen the edge, and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,  
 Doating on his golden store?  
 Sure I am, or should be wiser,  
 I am rich, 'tis he is poor.  
 Jesus gives me, in his word,  
 Food and medicine, shield and sword.

## ATONEMENT.

Saw ye my Savior, Saw ye my

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a dotted quarter note D4, an eighth note E4, a quarter note F#4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note D5. The bass line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a dotted quarter note D3, an eighth note E3, a quarter note F#3, a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note D4.

Sa - vior, Saw ye my Sa - vior and God?

The second system of music continues the melody. The upper staff has a dotted quarter note D5, an eighth note E5, a quarter note F#5, a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, and a quarter note D6. The bass line has a dotted quarter note D4, an eighth note E4, a quarter note F#4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note D5. A bar line is present after the first measure of each staff.

O! he died on Calva - ry, To a - tone for you and

The third system of music continues the melody. The upper staff has a dotted quarter note D6, an eighth note E6, a quarter note F#6, a quarter note G6, a quarter note A6, a quarter note B6, a quarter note C7, and a quarter note D7. The bass line has a dotted quarter note D5, an eighth note E5, a quarter note F#5, a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, and a quarter note D6.

me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The upper staff has a dotted quarter note D7, an eighth note E7, a quarter note F#7, a quarter note G7, a quarter note A7, a quarter note B7, a quarter note C8, and a quarter note D8. The bass line has a dotted quarter note D6, an eighth note E6, a quarter note F#6, a quarter note G6, a quarter note A6, a quarter note B6, a quarter note C7, and a quarter note D7. The system ends with a double bar line.

110. *The Atonement.*

- 1 Saw ye my Savior—Saw ye my Savior,  
Saw ye my Savior and God?  
O! he died 'on Calvary,  
To atone for you and me,  
And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended—He was extended,  
Painfully nail'd to the cross;  
Here he bow'd his head and died,  
Thus my Lord was crucified,  
To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleeding,  
Three dreadful hours in pain,  
And the solid rocks were rent,  
Through creation's vast extent,  
When the Jews crucified the God-man.
- 4 Darkness prevailed—Darkness prevailed,  
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,  
And the sun refused to shine,  
When his majesty divine,  
Was derided, insulted and slain.
- 5 When it was finish'd—When it was finish'd,  
And the atonement was made,  
He was taken by the great,  
And embalm'd with spices sweet,  
And was in a new sepulchre laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Savior—Hail, mighty Savior,  
Prince, and the author of peace;  
O! he burst the bars of death,  
And, triumphant from the earth,  
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 7 There interceding—There interceding,  
Pleading that sinners may live,  
Crying, "Father, I have died,  
O, behold my hands and side,  
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."
- 8 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them,  
When they repent and believe,  
Let them now return to thee,  
And be reconciled to me,  
And salvation they all shall receive."

Hail, sovereign love, that first be-

gan The scheme to res-cue fallen man;

Hail! match-less, free, e - - - ter - - - nal

grace, That gave my soul a hi-ding place.

111. *The Hiding-place.*

- 1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;  
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding-place !
- 2 Against the God, that built the sky,  
I fought with hands uplifted high :  
Despised the mansions of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness more than light :  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a hiding-place !
- 4 But lo ! the eternal counsel rang,  
'Almighty love arrest the man ;'  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view,  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;  
But justice cried, with frowning face,  
This mountain is no hiding-place.
- 6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,  
And mercy's angel soon appear'd ;  
Who led me on a pleasing pace,  
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.
- 7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,  
Which must have sunk a world to hell ;  
He bore it for his chosen race,  
And thus became their hiding-place.

NOT TOO FAST.

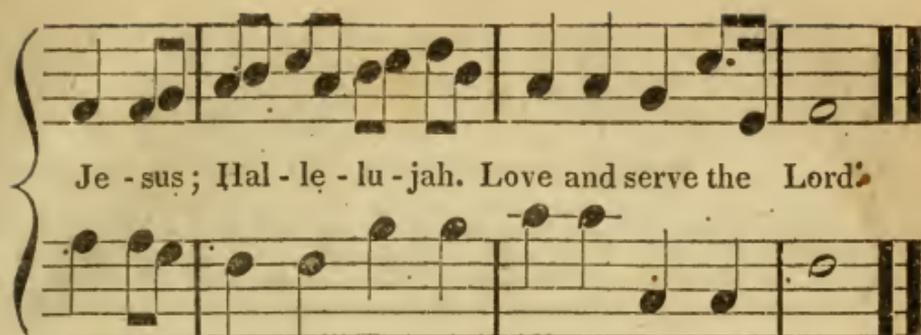
Jesus, thou hast bid us pray, And never,  
Quiet shalt thou ne-ver know, 'Till we from

ne-ver faint; With the word a power convey, To  
sin are freed; O, avenge us of our foe, And

CHORUS.

ut-ter our com-plaint. Oh! who's like Je-sus?  
bruise the serpent's head!

Hal-le-lu-jah. Praise ye the Lord! There's none like

112. *Importunity.*

1 JESUS, thou hast bid us pray,  
And never, never faint ;  
With the word a power convey,  
To utter our complaint !  
Quiet shalt thou never know,  
Till we from sin are freed :  
O, avenge us of our foe,  
And bruise the serpent's head !

2 We have now begun to cry,  
And we will never end,  
Till we find salvation nigh,  
And grasp the sinner's Friend :  
Day and night we'll speak our wo,  
Importunately plead ;  
O, avenge us of our foe,  
And bruise the serpent's head !

3 Speak the word, and we shall be  
From all our bands released ;  
Only thou canst set us free,  
By satan long oppress'd :  
Now thy power almighty show,  
Arise, thou conquering Seed !  
O, avenge us of our foe,  
And bruise the serpent's head !

4 To destroy his work of sin,  
Thyself in us reveal ;  
Manifest thyself within  
Our flesh, and fully dwell :  
Enter with us here below,  
And make us free indeed :  
O, avenge us of our foe,  
And bruise the serpent's head !

5 Stronger than the strong man,  
thou  
His fury canst control :  
Cast him out, by entering now,  
And keep our ransom'd soul.  
Satan's kingdom overthrow,  
On powers of darkness tread ;  
O, avenge us of our foe,  
And bruise the serpent's head !

6 To the never-ceasing cries  
Of thine elect, attend ;  
Send deliverance from the skies,  
Thy mighty Spirit send :  
Though to man thou seemest slow,  
And not our cries to heed ;  
O, avenge us of our foe,  
And bruise the serpent's head !

7 Come, O come, all glorious Lord !  
No longer now delay,  
With thy Spirit's two-edged  
sword,  
The crooked serpent slay !  
Bare thine arm, and give the blow,  
Root out the hellish seed :  
O, avenge us of our foe,  
And bruise the serpent's head !

8 Jesus, hear thy Spirit's call,  
Thy Bride, who bids thee come :  
Come, thou righteous Judge of all,  
Pronounce the tempter's doom ;  
Doom him to eternal wo,  
For all his angels made ;  
Now avenge us of our foe,  
For ever bruise his head !

Why sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise;

O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?

Sal - va - tion is nearer, our days are far spent,

O, let us be active; awakè! and re - pent.

113. *Why Sleep We?*

WRITTEN BY REV. J. HOPKINS.

- 1 WHY sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise,  
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?  
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,  
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.
- 2 O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,  
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;  
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,  
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.
- 3 O, how can we slumber! our foes are awake;  
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;  
To accomplish their object no means are untried,  
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.
- 4 O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,  
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son!  
Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice display'd,  
Now God can be honor'd, and sinners be saved.
- 5 O, how can we slumber! when death is so near,  
And sinners are sinking to endless despair;  
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize,  
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.
- 6 O, how can ye slumber! ye sinners, look round,  
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound;  
O, fly to the Savior, he calls you to-day;  
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, Blow

ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound!

Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound:

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re-

tur - - - n, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.  
 turn, Re - turn,

### 114. *The Year of Jubilee.*

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

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-aton-ing Lamb;  
 Redemption by his blood,  
 Through all the lands proclaim:  
 The year of Jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive;  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live:  
 The year of Jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of pardoning grace;  
 Ye happy souls, draw near,  
 Behold your Savior's face:  
 The year of Jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Has full atonement made:  
 Ye weary spirits, rest;  
 Ye mournful souls, be glad!  
 The year of Jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now

is the time to make your choice; Say, will you be for-

ever blest, And with the glorious Je - sus rest?,

115. *To-day.*

- 1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,  
Now is the time to make your choice  
Say, will you be for ever blest,  
And with the glorious Jesus rest ?
- 2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain ?  
Will you with Christ for ever reign ?  
Say, will you to mount Zion go ?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 3 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,  
Obey the gospel's joyful sound ;  
Come, go with us, and you shall prove  
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Behold, he's waiting at your door !  
Make now your choice ; O, halt no more  
Say, sinner, say, what will you do ?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 5 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,  
Compared to our celestial joys,  
Like momentary dreams appear ;  
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
- 6 Why rush in carnal pleasures on ?  
Why madly plunge in sorrow down ?  
Say, without Christ what can you do ?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 7 O, must we bid you all farewell ;  
We bound to heaven, and you to hell ?  
Still God may hear us while we pray,  
And change you, ere that burning day.
- 8 Once more we ask you in his name,  
We know his love remains the same ;  
Say, will you to mount Zion go ?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The  
star alone, of all the train, Can

one alone, the Savior speaks, It

1st time. | 2d time. |

glittering host be - stud the sky, One  
fix the sin - ner's wandering eye :

is the Star of Be - thlehem.

Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From

*D. C.*

eve - ry host, from eve - ry gem; But

116. *The Star of Bethlehem.*

1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly  
plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering  
eye:  
Hark! hark! to God the chorus  
breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Savior speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night  
was dark,  
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely  
blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my found-  
ering bark.  
Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death struck, I ceased the tide to  
stem:  
When suddenly a Star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my  
all,  
It bade my dark foreboding cease;  
And through the storm and dan-  
ger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.  
Now safely moor'd—my perils  
o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and forevermore,  
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

117. *The Ransomed Spirit.*

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

1 THE ransom'd spirit to her home,  
The clime of cloudless beauty flies;  
No more on stormy seas to roam,  
She hails her haven in the skies:  
But cheerless are those heavenly  
fields,  
That cloudless clime no pleasure  
yields,  
There is no bliss in bowers above,  
If thou art absent, Holy Love!

2 The cherub near the viewless  
throne,  
Hath smote the harp with trem-  
bling hand;  
And one with incense-fire hath  
flown,  
To touch with flame the angel  
band;  
But tuneless is the quivering  
string,  
No melody can Gabriel bring,  
Mute are its arches, when above  
The harps of heaven wake not to  
Love!

3 Earth, sea and sky one lan-  
guage speak,  
In harmony that soothes the soul;  
'Tis heard when scarce the  
zephyrs wake,  
And when on thunders thunders  
roll:  
That voice is heard, and tumults  
cease,  
It whispers to the bosom peace;  
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,  
And cheer our hearts, celestial  
Love!

Blest be the tie that binds Our

hearts in Christian love; The fel - low-ship of

kindred minds, Is like to that a - bo - - - ve,

Is like to that a - bove.

118. *Christian Love.*

- 1 BLESSED be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love ;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds,  
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers ;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear ;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain ;  
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
 Our courage by the way ;  
 While each in expectation lives,  
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,  
 And sin, we shall be free ;  
 And perfect love and friendship reign  
 Through all eternity.

Ye dying sons of men, Im-merged in  
The gospel's voice attend, While Je - sus

sin and wo,  
sends to you: Ye per - ish - ing and

guilty, come, In Je - sus' arms there yet is room.

In Je - sus' arms there yet is room.

119. *The Gospel's Voice.*

- 1 YE dying sons of mēn,  
Immerged in sin and wo,  
The gospel's voice attend,  
While Jesus sends to you :  
Ye perishing and guilty, come,  
In Jesus arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay ;  
No vain excuses frame ;  
He bids you come to-day,  
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame :  
All things are ready, sinners,  
come !  
For every trembling soul there's  
room.
- 3 Compell'd by bleeding love,  
Ye wandering souls, draw near ;  
Christ calls you from above—  
His charming accents hear !  
Let whosoever will, now come ;  
In mercy's arms there still is room.

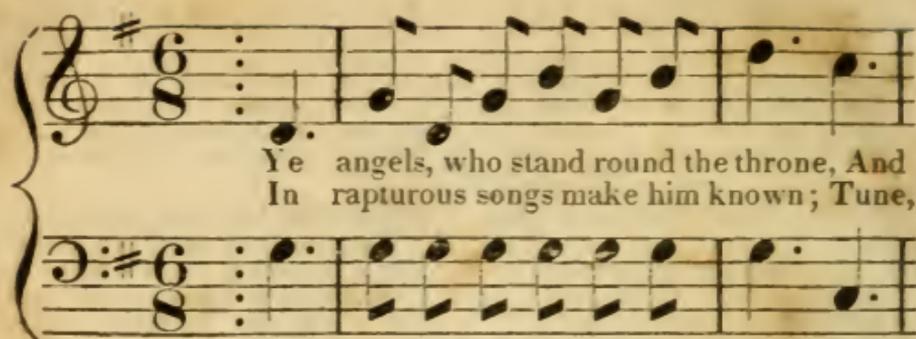
120. *Pastoral Cares.*

- 1 Who can describe the pain,  
Which faithful preachers feel,  
Constrain'd to preach in vain,  
To hearts as hard as steel ?  
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,  
When stubborn hearts begin to  
melt ?
- 2 The Savior's dying love,  
The soul's amazing worth,  
Their warm affections move,  
And draw their efforts forth :  
They pray and strive—their rest  
departs,  
Till Christ be form'd in sinner's  
hearts.
- 3 If some small hope appear,  
They still are not content ;  
But with a jealous fear,  
They watch for the event :  
Too oft they find their hopes de-  
ceived ;  
Then how their inmost souls are  
grieved.

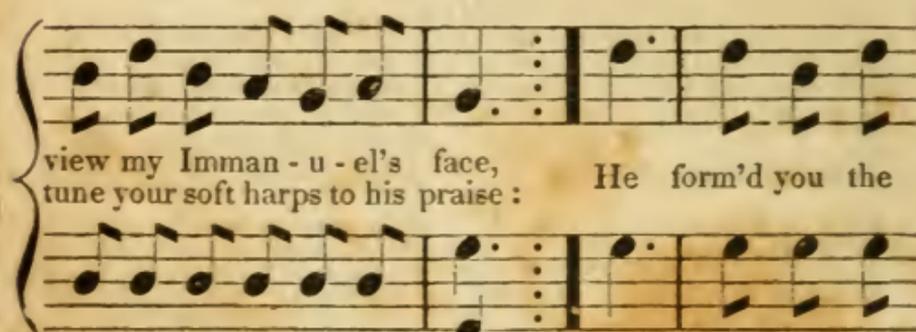
- 4 But when their pains succeed,  
And from the tender blade,  
The ripening ears proceed,  
Their toils are overpaid :  
No harvest joys can equal theirs,  
To find the fruit of all their cares.
- 5 On what has now been sown,  
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;  
The power is thine alone,  
To make it spring and grow :  
Do thou the gracious harvest  
raise,  
And thou alone shalt have the  
praise.

121. *Doxology.*

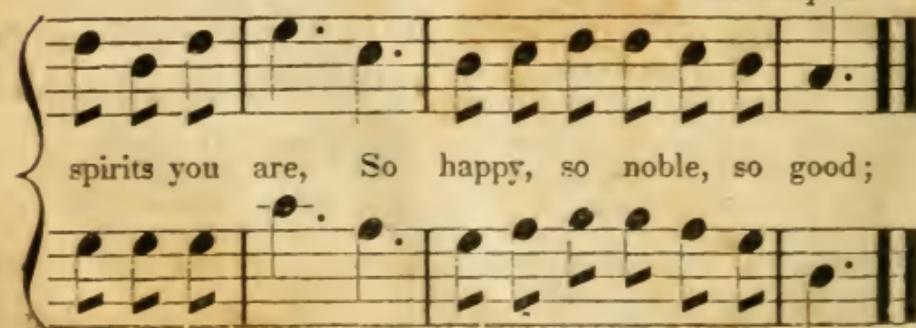
- 1 WE give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And all our hopes above :  
He sent his own Eternal Son,  
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who saved us by his blood,  
From everlasting wo :  
And now he lives, and now he  
reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit, praise  
And endless worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live :  
His work completes the great de-  
sign,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God ! to thee  
Be endless honors done ;  
The sacred Persons three,  
The Godhead only one :  
Where reason fails with all her  
powers,  
There faith prevails, and love  
adores.



Ye angels, who stand round the throne, And  
In rapturous songs make him known; Tune,  
When others sink down in des - pair, Con-



view my Imman - u - el's face, He form'd you the  
tune your soft harps to his praise :  
firm'd by his power, ye stood.

*Da Capo.*


spirits you are, So happy, so noble, so good;

122. *Panting for Heaven.*

- 1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,  
 And view my Immanuel's face,  
 In rapturous songs make him known ;  
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise •  
 He form'd you the spirits you are,  
 So happy, so noble, so good ;  
 When others sunk down in despair,  
 Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
 His grace and his glory display,  
 And all his rich mercy repeat :  
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—  
 He ransom'd from death and despair :  
 For you he was mighty to save,  
 Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear,  
 When I shall unite in your song ?  
 I'm weary of lingering here,  
 And I to your Savior belong !  
 I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay ;  
 I struggle and pant to be free ;  
 I long to be soaring away,  
 My God and my Savior to see !
- 4 I want to put on my attire,  
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;  
 I want to be one of your choir,  
 And tune my sweet harp to his name ;  
 I want—Oh, I want to be there,  
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—  
 Your joy and your friendship to share—  
 To wonder, and worship with you !

123. *Longing for Christ.*

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see ;  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
 Have all lost their sweetness to me :  
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
 But when I am happy in him,  
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music his voice ;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice :  
 I should, were he always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
 No mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind :  
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
 A palace a toy would appear ;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If thou art my sun and my song,  
 Say, why do I languish and pine ?  
 And why are my winters so long ?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore :  
 Or take me to thee up on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,

Look, my soul, be still and gaze; All the promis-

es do travail, With a glo - - - rious day of grace.

Bless-ed Jubilee, Blessed Jubilee, Let thy glorious morning dawn,

Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy glo - rious

morn - ing dawn - - - - -

Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy

Let thy glorious morning dawn.

glorious morning dawn.

124. *Hills of Darkness.*

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;  
 All the promises do travail,  
 With a glorious day of grace:  
 Blessed Jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
 Let the rude Barbarian see  
 That divine and glorious conquest  
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;  
 Let the gospel  
 Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in  
 darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious  
 light;  
 And from eastern coast to west-  
 ern,  
 May the morning chase the  
 night;  
 And redemption,  
 Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approach-  
 ing,  
 Thine eternal love proclaim,  
 And the everlasting gospel,  
 Spread abroad thy holy name,  
 O'er the borders,  
 Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
 Win and conquer, never cease;  
 May thy lasting wide dominions,  
 Multiply, and still increase;  
 Sway thy sceptre,  
 Savior, all the world around.

125. *On the Mountains.*

1 ON the mountain's top appear-  
 ing,  
 Lo, the sacred herald stands;  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion long in hostile lands:  
 Mourning captive,  
 God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and  
 mournful,  
 All thy friends unfaithful  
 proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and  
 scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears un-  
 moved?  
 Cease thy mourning,  
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore  
 thee!  
 He himself appears thy friend:  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,  
 Here their boasts and triumphs  
 end:  
 Great deliverance,  
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend  
 thee,  
 All thy warfare now is past,  
 God, thy Savior, shall defend thee,  
 Peace and joy are come at last;  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

126. *Men of God.*

1 MEN of God, go take your sta-  
 tions,  
 Darkness reigns throughout the  
 earth;  
 Go, proclaim among the nations,  
 Joyful news of heavenly birth;  
 Bear the tidings  
 Of the Savior's matchless worth.

2 What tho' earth and hell united,  
 Should oppose the Savior's plan?  
 Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:  
 Fear ye not the face of man:  
 Vain their tumult,  
 Stop his work they never can.

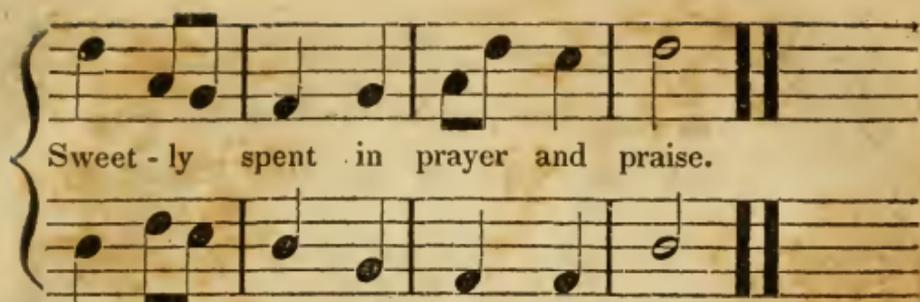
3 When exposed to fearful dan-  
 gers,  
 Jesus will his own defend:  
 Borne afar 'midst foes and stran-  
 gers,  
 Jesus will appear your friend:  
 And his presence  
 Shall be with you to the end.

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

more to move; Then my Savior was my song,

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

golden days, Sweet - ly spent in prayer and praise.

127. *Once I Thought.*

1 ONCE I thought my mountain  
strong,  
Firmly fix'd, no more to move ;  
Then my Savior was my song,  
Then my soul was fill'd with  
love ;  
Those were happy, golden days,  
Sweetly spent in prayer and  
praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,  
Little thought of Satan's power ;  
Now I feel my sins anew ;  
Now I feel the stormy hour !  
Sin has put my joys to flight ;  
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

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

128. *Faith Encouraged.*

1 PENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart,  
Hear what Christ the Savior says ;  
Every word should joy impart,  
Change thy mourning into praise.  
Fearful soul, attend and see ;  
Yes, he speaks, and speaks to  
thee.

2 "Fear thou not, nor be ashamed,  
All thy sorrows soon shall end ;  
I, who heaven and earth have  
framed,  
Am thy husband and thy friend :  
I, the High and Holy One,  
As thy Savior will be known.

3 "For a moment I withdrew,  
And thy heart was fill'd with pain ;  
But thy mercies I'll renew,  
Thou shalt soon rejoice again :  
Though I seem to hide my face,  
'Tis but for a moment's space.

4 "When my peaceful bow ap-  
pears,  
Painted on the watery cloud,  
'Tis to dissipate thy fears,  
Lest the earth should be o'er-  
flow'd :  
'Tis an emblem too of peace ;  
Very soon my wrath shall cease.

5 "Though afflicted, tempest-  
toss'd,  
Comfortless awhile thou art,  
Faithful souls shall ne'er be lost ;  
I have grav'd them on my heart :  
Look to me, and prove anew,  
What a God of love can do."

Met, oh God, to ask thy presence,

Join our souls to seek thy grace; Oh, 'de - ny us

not, nor spurn us, Guilty rebels, from thy face.

129. *Backslider's Confession.**Written for the Lyre.*

1 MET, O God, to ask thy presence,  
Join our souls to seek thy grace;  
Oh, deny us not, nor spurn us,  
Guilty rebels from thy face.

2 All is sin, we own, our Father,  
All our lives are mark'd with  
guilt;  
Nought we plead, our sins to  
cover,  
Save the blood that Jesus spilt.

3 We have wander'd—long have  
wander'd,  
Much we need thy chastening  
rod;  
But we come to own our folly:  
Heal and pardon, O our God!

4 May thy people wake from  
slumber,  
Ere their lamps shall fail and  
die:  
Bridegroom of the Church, awake  
them!  
Rouse them by the "midnight  
cry."

5 Let conviction seize the care-  
less,  
Through their souls thine ar-  
rows dart;  
Let thy truth, so long rejected,  
Break and melt the flinty heart.

6 Oh, thou kind, forgiving Spirit,  
Comforter, on thee we call!  
Cheer the saint—alarm the sinner,  
Oh, revive—revive us all.

J. B. W.

130. *Christ at the Door.**Written for the Lyre.*

1 JESUS stands, oh, how amazing,  
Stands and knocks at every  
door;  
In his hands ten thousand bless-  
ings,  
Proffer'd to the wretched poor.

2 See me bleeding, dying, rising,  
To prepare yon heavenly rest;  
Listen, while I kindly call you,  
Hear—and be for ever blest.

3 Will you spurn my richest mer-  
cy,  
Spurn—and sink to endless pain;  
Or to realms of bliss and glory  
Rise, and with me ever reign?

4 Now I have not come to judg-  
ment,  
To condemn your wretched  
race;  
But to ransom ruin'd sinners,  
And display unbounded grace.

5 Will you plunge in endless  
darkness,  
There to bear eternal pain;  
Or to realms of glorious bright-  
ness  
Rise—and with me ever reign?

6 Will you hear my invitation,  
That your sins may be forgiven;  
Or now make the guilty pre-  
ference,  
Which shall bar your souls from  
heaven?

S. G.

God of my life, look gen - - tly down,

Behold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be-

fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

131. *God of my Life.*

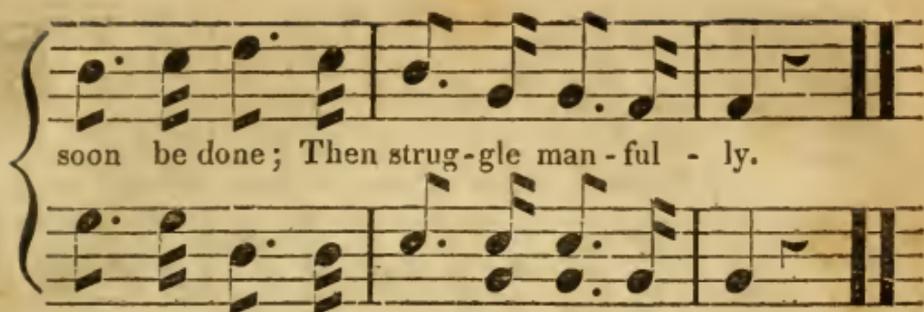
- 1 God of my life, look gently down,  
Behold the pains I feel ;  
But I am dumb before thy throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
They come at thy command ;  
I'll not attempt a murmuring word  
Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead, with humble cries,  
Remove thy sharp rebukes :  
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,  
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,  
We moulder to the dust ;  
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand  
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a stranger here below,  
As all my fathers were ;  
May I be well prepared to go,  
When I the summons hear !
- 6 And if my life be spared awhile,  
Before my last remove ;  
Thy praise shall be my business still,  
And I'll declare thy love.

Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your leader

from the skies, Waves be-fore you glory's prize, The

prize of victo-ry. Seize your armor—gird it on; The

battle's yours, it will be won; Tho' fierce the strife 'twill

132. *Soldiers of the Cross.**Written for the Lyre.*

1 SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!  
 Lo! your leader from the skies  
 Waves before you glory's prize,  
 The prize of victory.  
 Seize your armor—gird it on;  
 The battle's yours, it will be won;  
 Though fierce the strife 'twill soon  
 be done;  
 Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,  
 Met and vanquish'd earth and  
 hell;  
 Now he leads you on, to swell  
 The triumphs of his cross.  
 Though all earth and hell appear,  
 Who will doubt or who can fear?  
 "God our strength and shield" is  
 near;  
 We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!  
 Jesus points the victor's rod;  
 Follow where your Leader trod;  
 You soon shall see his face.  
 Soon, your enemies all slain,  
 The crown of glory you shall  
 gain;  
 And walk among that glorious  
 train,  
 Who shout their Savior's  
 praise.

J. B. W.

*Christian Warrior.**Written for the Lyre.*

1 SERVANTS of the living God,  
 When the paths of sin ye trod,  
 Grace restrain'd the angry rod;  
 Bless Messiah's name.  
 Satan's bondmen once ye were,  
 Willing captives in his snare,  
 Till with mighty arm made bare,  
 Christ your rescue came.

2 Now the fight of faith begin;  
 Be no more the slaves of sin;  
 Strive the victor's palm to win,  
 Trusting in the Lord.  
 Gird ye on the armor bright,  
 Warriors of the King of light,  
 Never yield, nor lose by flight  
 Your divine reward.

3 Fear not, though a feeble band.  
 Marching through a hostile land;  
 Guided by a mighty hand,  
 Ye shall win the day.  
 Faithful to your banner be,  
 Ever fighting manfully;  
 Laurels shall be won by thee,  
 Fading not away.

4 Sinners, long estranged from God,  
 Paths of sorrow ye have trod,  
 Oft have felt the avenging rod;  
 Peace have never known.  
 Give to Christ the glory due,  
 Be his soldiers faithful, true;  
 Then he will award to you,  
 An immortal crown.

W. M.

The day is far spent, The evening is  
When we must lay down The bo - dy and

nigh, die; } Great God! we sur - render Our dust to thy

care, But, oh! for the summons Our spi - rit pre -

pare, Our spi - rit pre - pare, Our spi - rit pre - pare.

133. *The Day is spent.*

- 1 THE day is far spent,  
The evening is nigh,  
When we must lay down  
The body and die ;  
Great God ! we surrender  
Our dust to thy care,  
But, oh ! for the summons  
Our spirit prepare.
- 2 The hours that remain,  
Oh, with us abide,  
And in the dark vale  
Of death, be our guide ;  
Through life's weary journey,  
Thou still hast been near ;  
And in our last moments,  
Lord, for us appear.
- 3 We die to obtain  
A seat with the blest,  
A freedom from pain,  
A mansion of rest ;  
We see, not regretting,  
The shadows arise,  
The sun of life setting  
And night on the skies.
- 4 Though rayless the night,  
Though starless the skies,  
Extinguish'd all light,  
And death on our eyes ;  
An unclouded morning  
Shall rise on the tomb,  
Before whose bright dawning  
Shall vanish its gloom.
- 5 O, day long foretold !  
When wilt thou appear ?  
Thy approach we behold  
With hope and with fear !  
O, righteous Judge, spare us,  
From sin set us free,  
And daily prepare us  
To stand before thee !

134. *A Brother is dead.*

- 1 HARK ! what is that note,  
So mournful and slow,  
That sends on the winds  
The tidings of wo ?  
It sounds like the knell  
Of a spirit that's fled ;  
It tells us, alas !  
*A brother is dead.*
- 2 Yes, gone to the grave  
Is he whom we loved ;  
And lifeless that form,  
That so manfully moved ;  
The clods of the valley  
Encompass his head,  
The marble reminds us,  
*A brother is dead.*
- 3 But marble and urns !  
They never can tell  
The spot where the soul  
Is destined to dwell.  
Ye spirits of air,  
That surrounded his bed,  
O, speak ye, and tell  
Where *the spirit has fled.*
- 4 O say, have ye heard,  
In the heavenly throng,  
That voice, once with ours  
Commingled in song ?  
O say, to the courts  
Of our God, have ye led  
The soul that from earth  
*For ever has fled.*
- 5 No voice from the grave,  
No voice from the sky,  
Discloses the deeds  
That are doing on high :  
It need not : Jehovah  
Hath said in his word,  
That " Blessed are they,  
*Who die in the Lord.*"

Sa - vior, vi - - sit thy plan -  
All will come to de - - so -

Glo - - ry, ho - nor, and sal -

ta - tion! Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain; }  
la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain. }

va - tion! Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Turn to the Lord, and seek re - demp - tion,

*D. C.*

Sound the praise of his dear name;

135. *The Savior's Visit.*

1 SAVIOR, visit thy plantation,  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.

## CHORUS.

*Turn to the Lord, and seek redemption,  
Sound the praise of his dear name;*

*Glory, honor, and salvation!  
Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high;  
Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.

*Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.*

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,  
Every part look'd gay and green;  
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;

Happy seasons we have seen!  
*Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.*

4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;  
Help can only come from thee.

*Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.*

5 Where are those we counted leaders,  
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?

Old professors, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples for our youth!  
*Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.*

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,  
We shall meet no more below;  
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,  
Scarce a single leaf they show.

*Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.*

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!

Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;  
But they cause us grief at present,  
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.

*Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.*

8 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,  
Thou canst make them bloom again;

Oh, permit them not to wither;  
Let not all our hopes be vain!

*Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.*

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers;  
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,  
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

*Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.*

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
And begin from this good hour  
To revive thy work afresh.

*Chorus—Turn to the Lord, &c.*

Furnished for the Lyre, by Mr. Kammerer, of New-York,  
formerly Professor of Music at Hofwyl

O sacred Head, now wounded, With  
Now scornful - ly sur - round-ed, With

grief and shame weigh'd down; } O sacred Head, what  
thorns thy on - ly crown: }

glory, What bliss till now was thine! Yet tho' despised and

go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

136. *O Sacred Head.*

*Translated from Gerhard's favorite German Hymn, "O Haupt voll blut und wunden,"*

BY REV. J. W. ALEXANDER.

1 O sacred Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weigh'd  
down ;

Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thy only crown :

O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was thine !  
Yet though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

2 O noblest brow and dearest,  
In other days the world  
All fear'd when thou appearedst ;  
What shame on thee is hurl'd !  
How art thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn ;  
How does that visage languish,  
Which once was bright as morn.

3 What thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd,  
Was all for sinners' gain :  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Savior !  
'Tis I deserve *thy* place,  
Look on me with thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace !

4 Receive me, my Redeemer,  
My Shepherd, make me thine ;  
Of every good the fountain,  
Thou art the spring of mine.  
Thy lips with love distilling,  
And milk of truth sincere,

With heaven's bliss are filling  
The soul that trembles here.

5 The joy can ne'er be spoken  
—Above all joys beside,  
When in thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.  
My Lord of Life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside the cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

6 What language shall I borrow,  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end !  
O make me thine for ever,  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to thee.

7 If I, a wretch, should leave  
thee,  
O Jesus, leave not me ;  
In faith may I receive thee,  
When death shall set me free.  
When strength and comfort languish,  
And I must hence depart,  
Release me then from anguish,  
By thine own wounded heart.

8 Be near when I am dying,  
O, show thy cross to me !  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free.  
These eyes new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move ;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely—through thy love.

Ah! tell us no more, The

spi - rit and power Of Jesus our God, Is

not to be found in this life giving food.

137. *Sacrament.*

1 AH, tell us no more,  
 The spirit and power  
 Of Jesus, our God,  
 Is not to be found in this life-giving food.

2 Did Jesus ordain  
 His supper in vain,  
 And furnish a feast  
 For none but his earliest servants to taste ?

3 Nay, but this is his will,  
 (We know it and feel)  
 That we should partake  
 The banquet, for all he so freely did make.

4 In rapturous bliss  
 He bids us do this ;  
 The joy it imparts,  
 Hath witness'd his glorious design in our hearts.

5 'Tis God, we believe,  
 Who cannot deceive ;  
 The witness of God  
 Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.

6 Receiving the bread,  
 On Jesus we feed ;  
 It doth not appear,  
 His manner of working, but Jesus is here.

Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by

thy sil - ver streams, Our Savior at midnight, when

moon - light's pale beams Shone bright on the

waters, would frequent - ly stray, And lose, in thy

murmurs, the toils of the day.

138. *Kedron.*

1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,  
 Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams  
 Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,  
 And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!  
 How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!  
 The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,  
 And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honor'd spot,  
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;  
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above;  
 The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!  
 O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;  
 Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,  
 And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

## PARSONS.

Composed Jan. 1, 1823, by Rev. Jonas King,  
to be sung at the grave of Parsons.

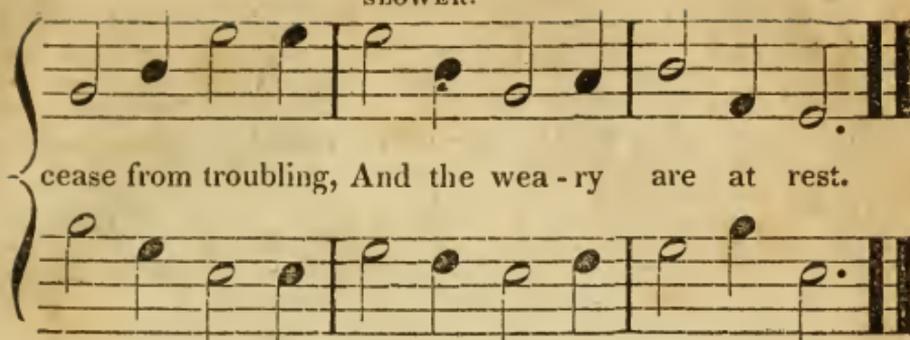
Brother, thou art gone before us, And thy saintly

soul is flown, Where tears are wiped from eve - ry eye, And

sor-row is unknown. From the burden of the flesh,

And from care and sin released, Where the wicked

SLOWER.



cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

### 139. *The Weary at Rest.*

1 BROTHER, thou art gone before  
us,

And thy saintly soul is flown,  
Where tears are wiped from eve-  
ry eye,

And sorrow is unknown.

From the burden of the flesh,  
And from care and sin released,  
Where the wicked cease from  
troubling,

And the weary are at rest.

2 The toilsome way, thou'st trav-  
el'd o'er,

And hast borne the heavy load ;  
But Christ hath taught thy lan-  
guid feet

To reach his blest abode.

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Laza-  
rus,

On his Father's faithful breast,  
Where the wicked cease from  
troubling,

And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,  
Nor can doubt thy faith assail,  
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ  
And the Holy Spirit fail.

And then thou'rt sure to meet  
the good,

Whom on earth thou lovedst  
best,

Where the wicked cease from  
troubling,

And the weary are at rest.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to  
dust,"

Thus the solemn priest hath  
said ;

So we lay the turf above thee  
now,

And seal thy narrow bed ;

But thy spirit, brother, soars away,  
Among the faithful blest,

Where the wicked cease from  
troubling,

And the weary are at rest.

5 And when the Lord shall sum-  
mon us,

Whom thou now hast left be-  
hind,

May we, untainted by the world,  
As sure a welcome find ;

May each, like thee, depart in  
peace,

To be a glorious, happy guest,

Where the wicked cease from  
troubling,

And the weary are at rest.

Ah, guilty sin - ner, ruin'd by transgres-sion,

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Bunker Hill'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics 'Ah, guilty sin - ner, ruin'd by transgres-sion,' are written between the two staves. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3.

What shall thy doom be, when array'd in ter - ror,

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. The bass staff continues with a half note D2, followed by quarter notes C2, B1, and A1. The lyrics 'What shall thy doom be, when array'd in ter - ror,' are written between the staves.

God shall com - mand thee, cover'd with pol - lu - tion,

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The lyrics 'God shall com - mand thee, cover'd with pol - lu - tion,' are written between the staves.

Up to the judg - ment? Up to the judg - ment?

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The treble staff continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The lyrics 'Up to the judg - ment? Up to the judg - ment?' are written between the staves. The system ends with a double bar line in both staves.

140. *The Voice of Warning.*

- 1 **AH**, guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression,  
What shall thy doom be, when array'd in terror,  
God shall command thee, cover'd with pollution,  
Up to the judgment ?
- 2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,  
Fly to the caverns, court annihilation ?  
Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph  
In thy destruction.
- 3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder ;  
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance,  
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,  
Swift to perdition.
- 4 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,  
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted ;  
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,  
Waits to embrace thee.
- 5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,  
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,  
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness ;  
Jesus invites you.
- 6 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,  
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,  
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,  
Quit you for ever.
- 7 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you,  
Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it,  
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence,  
Deep in their caverns.
- 8 Where the worm dies not, and the fire eternal,  
Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror,  
There shall the sinner spend a long for ever,  
Dying unpardoned.
- 9 Oh ! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning ;  
Fly to the Savior, and embrace his pardon ;  
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,  
Death and the judgment !

See Sodom wrapt in fire! And hark, what

piercing shrieks! Those daring rebels now ex-

pire, For God in jus - tice speaks.

141. *Escape for thy Life.**Written for the Lyre.*

1 SEE Sodom wrapt in fire!  
And hark, what piercing shrieks!  
Those daring rebels now expire,  
For God in justice speaks.

2 O sinner, mark thy fate!  
Soon will the Judge appear;  
And then thy cries will come too  
late;  
Too late for God to hear.

3 Thy day of mercy gone,  
The Spirit grieved away,  
Thy cup, long filling, now o'er-  
flown,  
Demands the vengeful day.

4 Thy God, insulted, seems  
To draw his glittering sword;  
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,  
To vindicate his word.

5 One only hope I see;  
Oh, sinner, seize it now,—  
The blood that Jesus shed for  
thee!  
No other hope hast thou.

J. B. W.

142. *Invitation.*

1 SINNERS, the call obey,  
The latest call of grace:  
The day is come, the vengeful  
day  
Of a devoted race.

2 Enter into the Rock,  
Ye trembling slaves of sin,  
The Rock of your salvation, struck  
And cleft to take you in.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly  
From the devouring sword;  
Our city of defence is nigh;  
Our help is in the Lord.

4 Our life with thee we hide  
Above the furious blast,  
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide  
Till all the storms are past.

143. *Justification.*

1 How can a sinner know  
His sins on earth forgiven?  
How can my gracious Savior  
show  
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 We who in Christ believe  
That he for us hath died,  
We all his unknown peace receive,  
And feel his blood applied.

3 Exults our rising soul,  
Disburthen'd of her load,  
And swells unutterably full  
Of glory and of God.

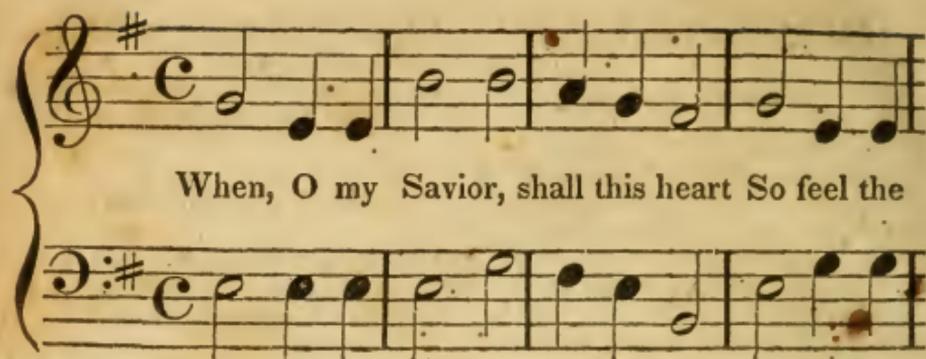
4 His love, surpassing far  
The love of all beneath,  
We find within our hearts, and  
dare  
The pointless darts of death.

5 We by his Spirit prove,  
And know the things of God,  
The things which freely of his  
love  
He hath on us bestow'd.

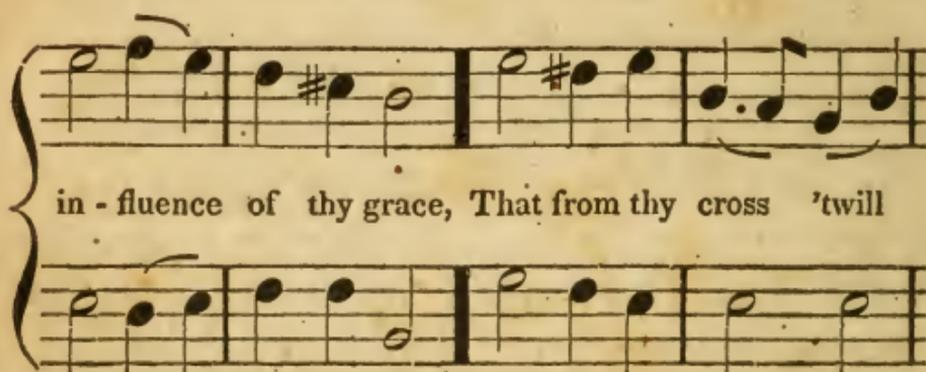
6 His Spirit to us he gave,  
And dwells in us we know;  
The witness in ourselves we have,  
And all its fruits we show.

7 Whate'er our pardoning Lord  
Commands, we gladly do;  
And guided by his sacred word,  
We all his steps pursue.

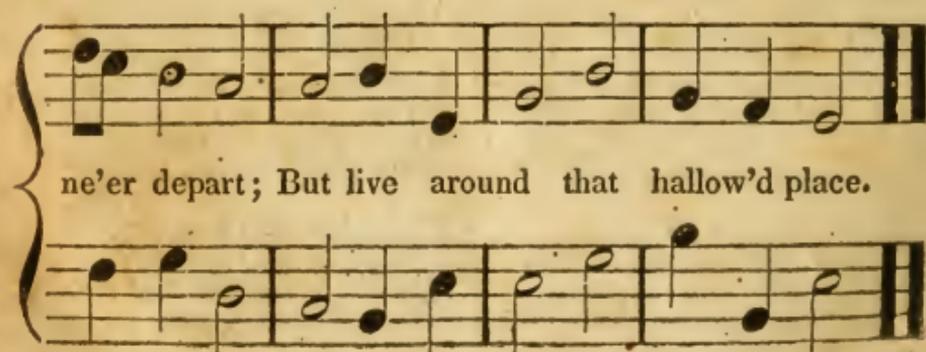
8 His glory our design,  
We live our God to please;  
And rise with filial fear divine,  
To perfect holiness.



When, O my Savior, shall this heart So feel the



in - fluence of thy grace, That from thy cross 'twill



ne'er depart; But live around that hallow'd place.

144. *Closet Hymn.**Written for the Lyre.*

1 WHEN, O my Savior, shall this heart  
So feel the influence of thy grace,  
That from thy cross 'twill ne'er  
depart;  
But live around that hallow'd  
place?

2 The brightest scenes of earth  
are dim,  
If Jesus be not with me there;  
All worldly joys, compared with  
him,  
Seem vain as fleeting shadows  
are.

3 O could I live beneath his smile,  
And lean upon his sacred breast,  
No fond allurements should be-  
guile  
A heart so privileged—so blest.

4 Come then, my Savior, and con-  
strain  
This wayward soul, nor let it  
rove;  
Recal me to thine arms again,  
And bind me there "with cords of  
love." J. B. W.

145. *Repentance.*

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such  
despite;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful  
been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received!  
Ten thousand times thy goodness  
secu;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness  
grieved:

3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners  
spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest:  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 This only wo I deprecate;  
This only plague I pray remove;  
Nor leave me in my lost estate,  
Nor curse me with this want of  
love.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul re-  
lease,  
And raise me with thy gracious  
hand;  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised  
land.

146. *Prayer for Zeal.*

1 O THOU who all things canst  
control,  
Chase this dead slumber from my  
soul,  
With joy and fear, with love and  
awe,  
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest  
light,  
Pierce through, dispel the shade  
of night;  
Touch my cold breast with hea-  
venly fire,  
With holy, conquering zeal in-  
spire.

3 With out-stretch'd hands, and  
streaming eyes,  
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;  
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;  
But, ah! how soon it dies away!

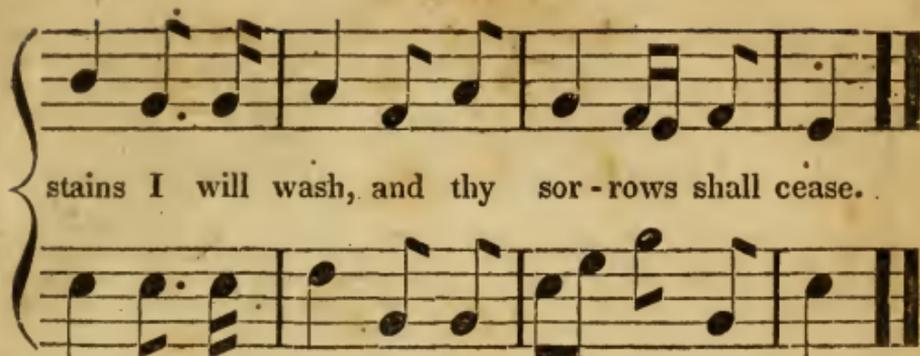
4 The deadly slumber soon I feel,  
Afresh upon my spirit seal;  
Rise, Lord; stir up thy quickening  
power,  
And wake me that I sleep no more

O fly, mourning sinner, saith · Je - sus to

me, Thy guilt I will par - don—thy

soul I will free; · From the chains that have

bound thee, my grace shall re - lease, And thy



### 147. *Oh fly, Mourning Sinner.*

WRITTEN FOR THE LYRE.

- 1 O FLY, mourning sinner, saith Jesus, to me,  
 Thy guilt I will pardon—thy soul I will free;  
 From the chains that have bound thee, my grace shall re-  
 lease,  
 And thy stains I will wash, and thy sorrows shall cease.
- 2 Too long, guilty wanderer—too long hast thou been  
 In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;  
 Thee the world has allured, and enslaved, and deceived,  
 While my counsel thou'st spurn'd, and my Spirit hast grieved.
- 3 Though countless thy sins, and though crimson thy guilt,  
 Yet for crimes such as thine was my blood freely spilt;  
 Come, sinner, and prove me; come, mourner, and see  
 The wounds that I bore, when I suffer'd for thee.
- 4 Thou doubt'st not my power—deny not my will;  
 Come, needy—come, helpless, thy soul I will fill;  
 My mercy is boundless; no sinner shall say,  
 That he sued at my feet—but was driven away.

J. B. W.

When shall we all meet again? When shall we all

meet a - gain? Oft shall glow - ing hope as - pire,

Oft shall wearied love re-tire,      Oft shall death and

sor-row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

148. *When shall we meet.*

- 1 WHEN shall we all meet again?  
 When shall we all meet again?  
 Oft shall glowing hope aspire,  
 Oft shall wearied love retire,  
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
 Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,  
 Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;  
 Though the deep between us rolls,  
 Friendship shall unite our souls;  
 And in fancy's wide domain,  
 There shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,  
 When its wasted lamps are dead,  
 When in cold oblivion's shade,  
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;  
 Where immortal spirits reign,  
 There may we all meet again.

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