

THE
ART OF SINGING;
IN THREE PARTS:

TO WIT,

- I. THE MUSICAL PRIMER,
- II. THE CHRISTIAN HARMONY,
- III. THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

BY ANDREW LAW.

FOURTH EDITION WITH ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.
PRINTED UPON A NEW PLAN.

PART SECOND.

PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.

PRINTED AT WINDSOR, (*Vermont*) BY NAHUM MOWER.—1805.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS DISTRICT, *to wit* :

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the tenth day of December, in the twenty-eighth Year of the Independence of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, ANDREW LAW, of the said District, deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Author, in the following, *to wit* : The Art of Singing ; in three Parts, *to wit* : 1. The Musical Primer. 2. The Christian Harmony. 3. The Musical Magazine. By ANDREW LAW. Fourth Edition, with additions and improvements. Printed upon a new plan.

In conformity to the Act of the CONGRESS of the UNITED STATES, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned."

A true Copy of Record.

Attest, N. GOODALE, Clerk.

N. GOODALE, } Clerk of the District
Massachusetts District

THE
CHRISTIAN HARMONY:

OR THE

SECOND PART OF THE ART OF SINGING:

Comprising a Select Variety of PSALM and HYMN TUNES:

CALCULATED FOR SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

BY ANDREW LAW.

WILLIAM MARTIN

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

TO THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE, JANUARY 18, 1861.

READ AND APPROVED

This Plan of music has many advantages over the old method. It will assist, both the Learner and the Performer, in ascertaining the true sounds of the notes in instances where the old method can afford no aid for that purpose.

This method marks, with certainty, the intervals, or distances of sounds. The places of the tones and semitones, the major and minor thirds and fourths are always in view. The semitones lie between the diamond and the square, and the quarter of a diamond and the square. Hence, when any two notes are placed at the distance of a second, a third, or a fourth, it will be instantly known from the sight of the characters, whether it be the major, or the minor second, third, or fourth. This is an advantage which the old method can never possess; for it cannot be known from the common notes upon lines and spaces whether these intervals be major, or minor, only by referring back to the cliffs, but here it is visible in every bar.

The diamond note is never double in the same octave: It is fixed between the two keys, and is the seventh degree of the sharp key, and the second degree of the flat key. The quarter of a diamond and the square which immediately succeed each other in ascending, or in descending, are, the third and fourth degrees of the sharp key, and the fifth and sixth degrees of the flat key.

From this view of the subject, it will not be difficult to ascertain the degrees of the key, for if any one degree be known, all the other degrees will follow of course. The last note of the bass is always the square in the sharp key, and the quarter of a diamond in the flat key. Therefore by looking at the last note of the bass, and then at a few bars of the tune, either the diamond, or the quarter of a diamond and square together, will appear, by which the seventh degree, or the third and fourth of the sharp key will be known; and the second degree, or fifth and sixth of the flat key. Hence it will follow, that the task of the Learner, and the burden of the Performer will be greatly diminished, and, that the Art will be rendered easy and familiar.

THE First Part of the Art of Singing, was published two years ago. The Second Part, or the Christian Harmony, is here completed. In connection with the First, it will be found a very considerable advance towards an assortment of Church Music.

NOTES.

The tunes with a Chorus, such as Washington, Kedron, Ashley and Myra, the Chorus may be sung after each verse, or only after the last.

The first part of the Funeral Piece is to be sung in the three verses which are set to it, before the other part is sung. When the tune called Doncaster is sung in the second verse, the last line but one will require the two minims in the bar with the semibreve rest, to be sung as semibreves, and the rest to be omitted. It may also be sung in any common metre psalm or hymn, by making the same alteration in the other instances, where there are semibreve rests in the middle of a line, and by adding a dot to the note following the semibreve rest in the third line, leaving out the minim rest in the same bar. Other tunes which have rests in the middle of lines, when those rests break words of more than one syllable, they may be omitted.

Tunes which require the repetition of some words to complete the tune, will, in some instances, require a different repetition; as in Hotham, the second verse, "With the shadow," this may be done by throwing out the flourish.

Some hymns have an unequal number of syllables in some lines, and require two notes to one syllable; an instance of this is found in the hymn set to Galilee, the first word, where the two crotchets are sung as one minim, and the first word of the fifth line of the fifth verse is sung in the same manner.

Those parts of tunes, over which the word unisons, or octaves is placed, the whole choir sing the same part.

M E T R E S.

Lines in a verse.	Syllables in a line.	Tunes.	Lines in a verse.	Syllables in a line.	Tunes.
Long Metre	8 8 8 8	Old 100	Peculiar Metres:		
Common Metre	8 6 8 6	Mear	4	10 10 11 11	Hanover
Short Metre	6 6 8 6	Beverly	4	11 11 11 11	Norwich
Particular Metres			4	11 11 11 5	Tempest
lines	8 8 8 8 8 8	Charleston	3	5 5 11	Malta
	6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4	Southbury	4	5 5 5 11	Mill Ville
	6 6 8 6 6 8	Canton	4	8 8 8 8	Sweden
	10 10 10 10 11 11	Newport	4	8 7 8 7	Stamford.
	10 10 10 10 10 10	Newbern	6	8 7 8 7 4 7	Winchester.
sevens	7 7 7 7	Lancaster	8	7 6 7 6 7 8 7 6	Cadiz
	7 7 7 7 7 7	Vienna	5	8 6 5 5 8	Bristol
	6 6 7 7 7 7	Pewsey	7	6 6 4 6 6 6 4	Trinity
	8 8 6 8 8 6	Lystra	6	6 6 9 6 6 9	Galilee
	6 6 8 4	Leoni			

Peculiar Metres have, frequently, two short syllables together, and require different tunes from others of the same number of syllables.

Many of the tunes are double, comprehending two verses.

Cadiz may be sung to the metre of Amsterdam, by adding a slur to the two first notes of the sixth line.

Lebanon and Gath may be sung in the 39th and 113th psalms Particular Metre. Psalms and Hymns of this metre may be sung in Long Metre tunes, by repeating the two first or the two last lines of the tune; if the tune be double, two lines of each verse may be repeated to complete the tune.

I N D E X.

Athens	C.	115	Habakkuk	L.	146	Olivet	Pec.	I
Ashley	C.	124	Hadley	L.	143	Orange	C.	I
Abridge	C.	156	Haverhill	L.	153	Pewsey	P.	I
Berea	C.	135	Hebron	C.	149	Plainfield	L.	I
Bristol	Pec.	133	Hotham	P.	108	Portland	S.	I
Cadiz	P.	114	Islington	L.	148	Portsmouth	P.	I
Calvary	Pec.	142	Italy	L.	110	Sicily	C.	I
Cambridge	C.	136	Jordan	C.	159	Stamford	Pec.	I
Chapel	P.	129	Judea	C.	137	Stafford	C.	I
Concord	L.	118	Kedron	Pec.	130	Syria	C.	I
Corinth	Pec.	128	Keene	C.	123	Tempest	Pec.	I
Cuba	L.	126	Lebanon	L.	126	Trenton	C.	I
Cyprus	C.	151	Leoni	P.	142	Trinity	Pec.	I
Derby	C.	136	Lystra	P.	154	Troas	C.	I
Doncaster	C.	145	Malta	Pec.	134	Trumpet	P.	I
Evening Hymn	L.	141	Marseilles	P.	140	Turin	P.	I
Ephefus	C.	149	Medfield	Pec.	113	Washington	C.	I
Falmouth	P.	105	Mill Ville	Pec.	156	Walpole	L.	I
Funeral Piece	C.	112	Myra	S.	155	Waybridge	C.	I
Galatia	C.	152	Namure	C.	148	Winchester	Pec.	I
Galilee	Pec.	150	Norwich	Pec.	140	Windham	C.	I
Gath	L.	138				Vienna.	P.	I

Moderate.

FALMOUTH. No. 106.

Soft. 105

1 Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; Oh! do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? 2 Lord, on

3 In thine own appointed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord we know not how to go Till a blessing thou be - stow. 4 Send some

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy re - turn; Those who are cast down, lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope. 6 Grant that

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

thee our souls de - pend, In com - passion now descend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy spirit now impart Full sal - va - tion to each heart, Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

those who seek, may find Thee a gracious God, and kind; Heal the sick, the captive free, Let us all re - joice in thee, Let us all rejoice in thee.

1 Our souls, by love together knit, Cemented, mix in one; One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth be-

2 The little cloud increases still, The heavens are big with rain; We haste to catch the teeming shower, And all its moisture

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up, And sett'st thy starry crown: When all thy sparkling gems sha'll shine, Proclaim'd by thee thine

Soft.

Loud.

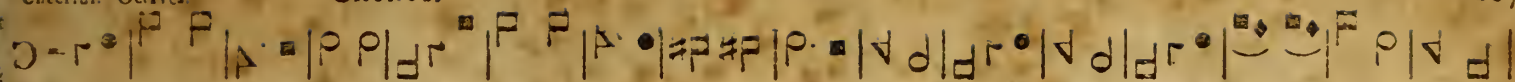
Soft.

Loud.

gun. Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake, And glow'd with sacred fire; He stop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest, And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

rain. A rill, a stream, a torrent flows! But pour a mighty flood. Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth; Till all proclaim Thee God.

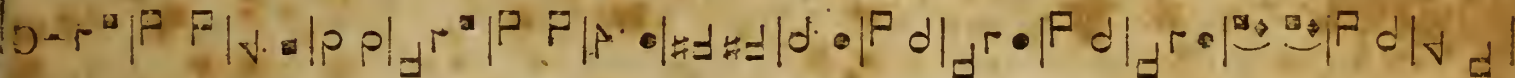
own, May we,—we little band of love, Be sinners sav'd by grace, From glory into glory chang'd, Behold Thee face to face!



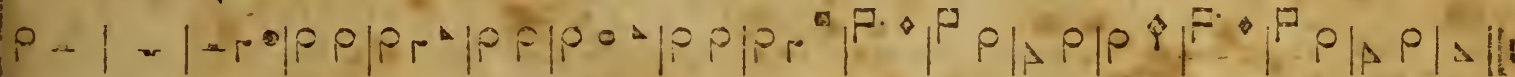
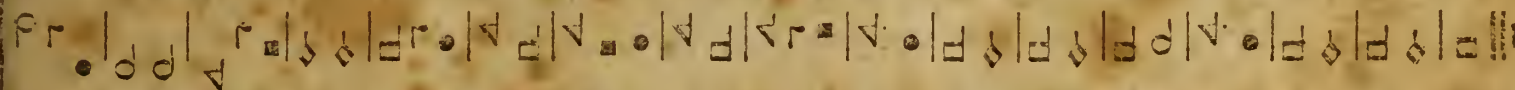
"A Saviour!" let creation sing! "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring! He's God with us, we feel him ours, His fulness in our souls he



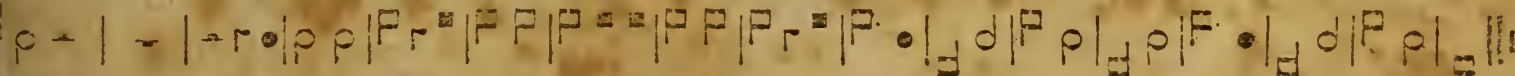
"A Saviour!" let creation sing! "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring! He's God with us, we feel him ours, His fulness in our souls he



pours, 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er. We're joining them who're gone before, We then shall meet to part no more, We then shall meet to part no more.



pours, 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er. We're joining them who're gone before, We then shall meet to part no more, We then shall meet to part no more.





1 Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly; While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my



2 Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me. All my trust on



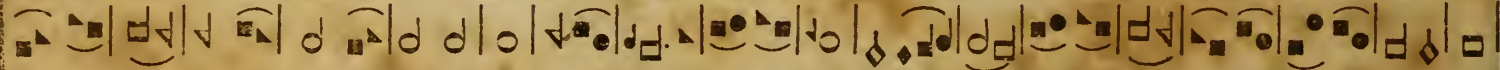
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy



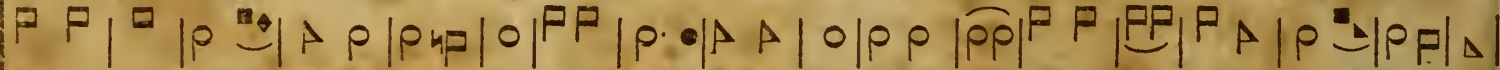
4 Plenteous grace in thee is found, Grace to pardon all my sin. Let the healing streams abound, Make, and keep me pure within; Thou of life the



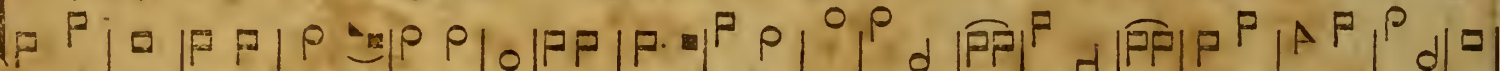
Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide, O re - ceive, O receive, O receive my soul at last.



thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow, with the shadow, with the shadow of thy wings.



is thy name; I am all un - righteousness! Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full, thou art full, thou art full of truth and grace.



fountain art, Freely let me take of thee; Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all, rise to all, rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Cheerful.

STAMFORD. No. 109.

109



1 Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies



2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit, Into every troubled breast! Let us all in thee inherit, Let us find thy promis'd



3 Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all thy life receive! Suddenly return, and never, Never more thy temples



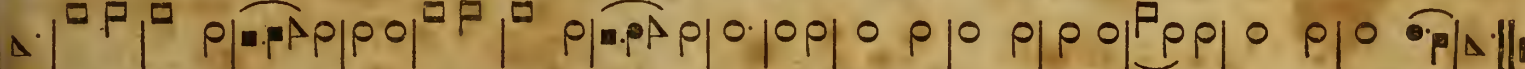
4 Finish then thy new creation, Pure, unspotted may we be. Let us see our whole salvation, Perfect - ly se - cure by



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



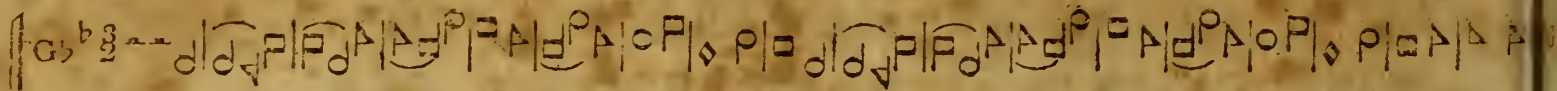
rest. Take away the love of sinning, Alpha and O - me - ga be, End of faith as its beginning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.



leave! Thee we would be always blessing, Serve thee as thine hosts above; Pray, and praise thee without ceasing; Glory in thy precious love.



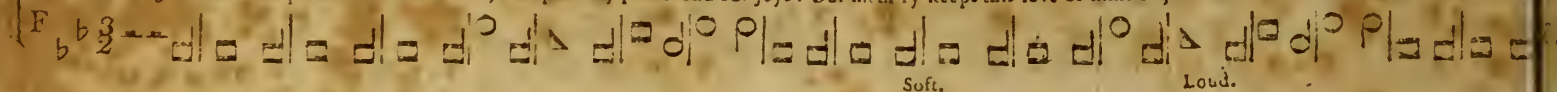
thee! Chang'd from glory into glory, Till in heaven we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.



1 Let him embrace my soul, and prove Mine int'rest in his heavenly love: The voice which tells me, Thou art mine: Exceeds the blessings of the vine. On thee thine

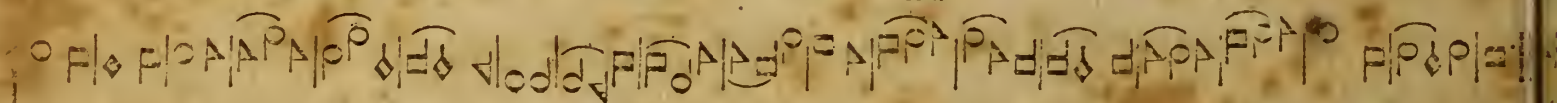


3 Wonder and pleasure tune our voice, To speak thy praises and our joys: Our merr'y keeps this love of thine Beyond the taste of richest wine. While at his



Soft.

Loud.



soothing Spirit came, And spreads the favor of thy name; That oil of gladness and of grace Draws holy souls to meet thy face. Draws holy souls to meet thy face.

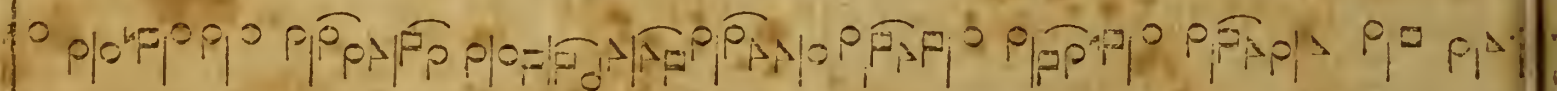
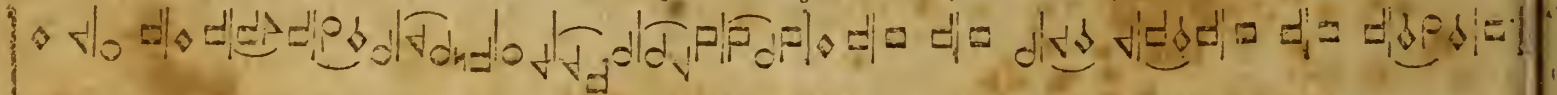
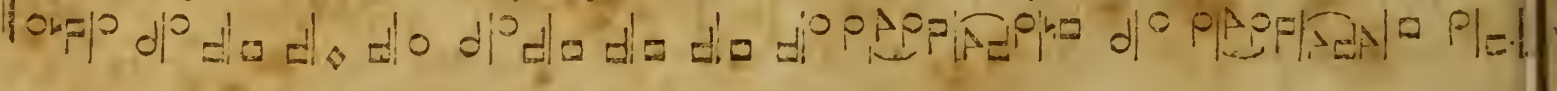


table sits the King, He loves to see us smile and sing. Our graces are our best perfume, And breathe, like spikenard, round the room, And breathe, like spikenard,





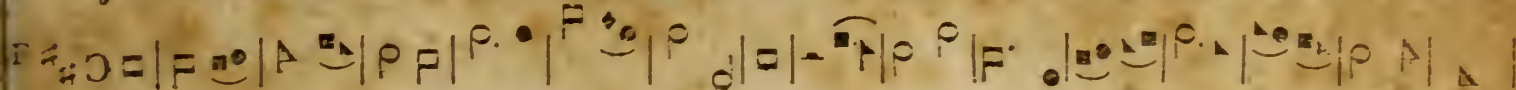
1 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord, This work belongs to you: Sing of his name, his ways, his word, How holy, just and true!



3 His wisdom and, almighty word The heavenly arches spread; And by the Spirit of the Lord Their shining hoofs were made.



5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth, With fear be - fore him stand: He spake, and Nature took its birth, And rests on his command.



2 His mer - cy and his righteous - ness Let heaven and earth proclaim: His works of nature and of grace Re - veal his wondrous name.

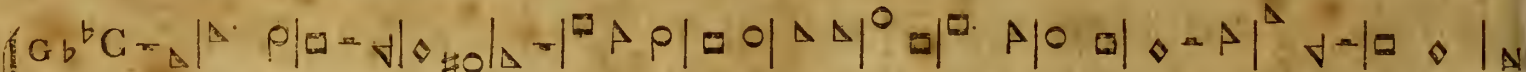


4 He bade the liquid waters flow To their appointed deep; The flowing seas their limits know, And their own station keep.

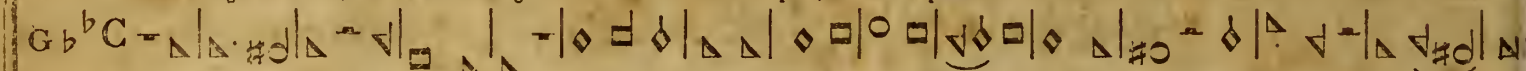


6 He scorns the angry nations' rage, And breaks their vain designs; His counsel stands through ev'ry age, And in full glory shines.





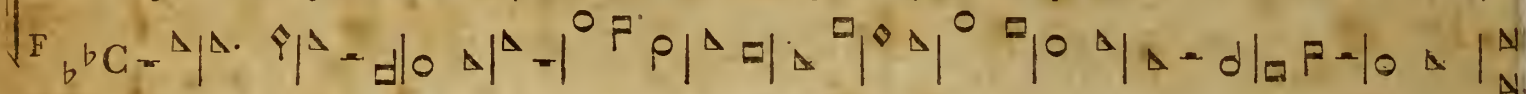
1 The righteous souls, that take their flight Far from this world of pain, In God's paternal bosom blest For ev - er shall remain.



2 To minds unwise they seem to die, All joyful hopes to cease; Yet they, secur'd by Je - sus, live In ev - er - last - ing peace.



3 And at the great, the awful day, When Christ descends from high, With myriads of triumphant saints, He'll own them in the sky.



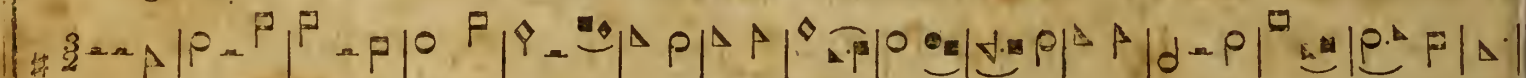
Moderate. Loud.

Diminish.

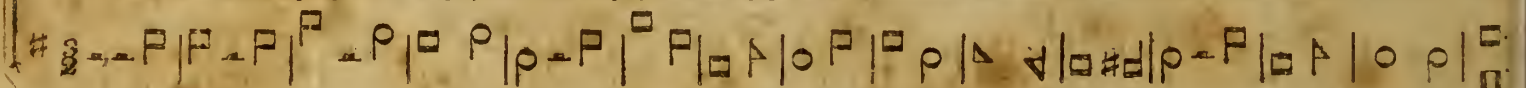
Loud.

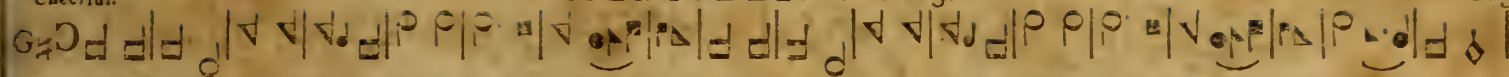


4 Then He, their Judge, their mighty Lord, Displays redeeming grace, And calls them ev - er to behold The brightness of his face.



4 Then He, their Judge, their mighty Lord, Displays redeeming grace, And calls them ev - er to behold The brightness of his face.

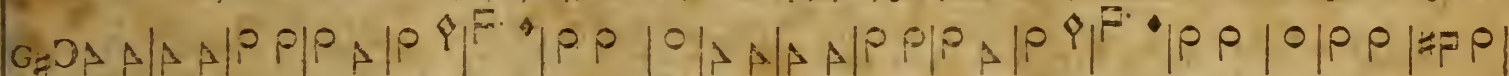




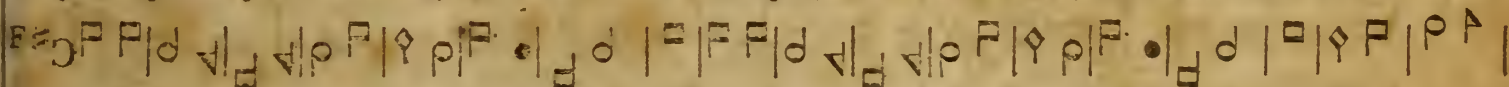
1 Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some me-



2 Here I raise my Eben - ez - er; Hither, by thy help, I'm come; And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home; Je - sus sought me



3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrain'd to be! Let that grace, now, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee! Prone to wander,

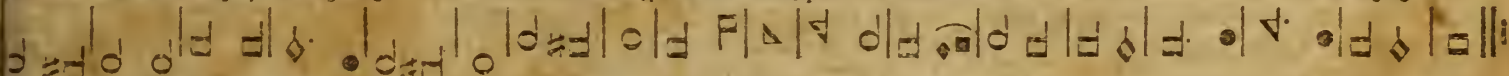


Sof.

Loud.



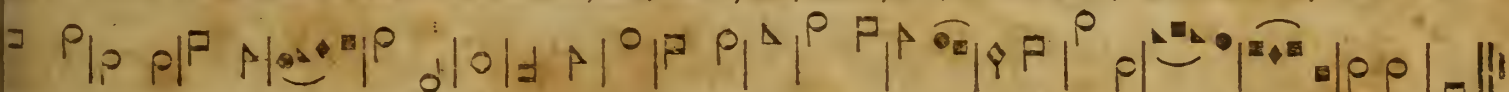
ludicrous forget, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, praise the mount, praise the mount, Oh! fix us on it, Mount of God's unchanging love!

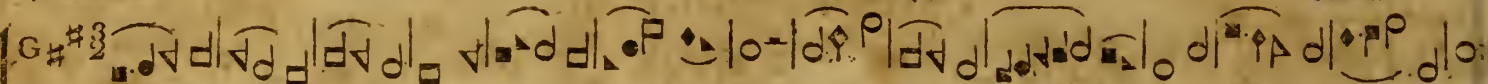


when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to rescue, He, to rescue, He, to rescue me from danger, Interpos'd his precious blood.

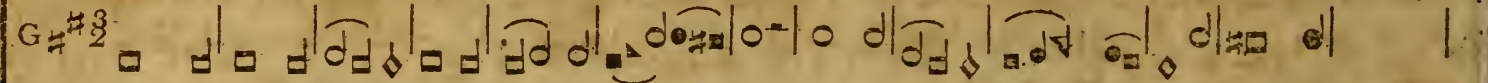


Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, here's my heart, here's my heart, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts above.

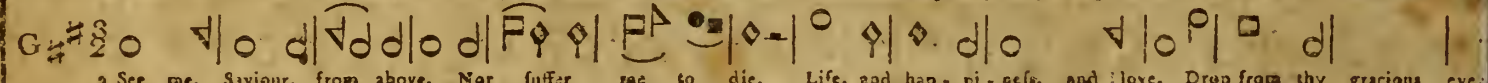




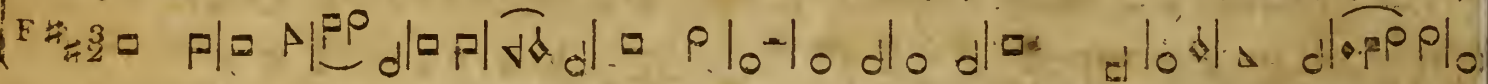
1 Je - sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter; I Would fain, like Pe - ter, weep



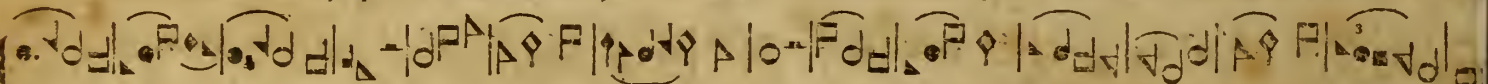
2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above Re - pent - ance to im - part, Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The humble contrite heart



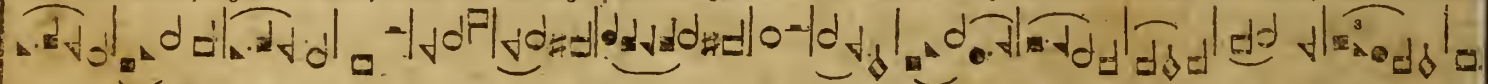
3 See me, Saviour, from above, Nor suffer me to die. Life, and hap - pi - ness, and love, Drop from thy gracious eye.



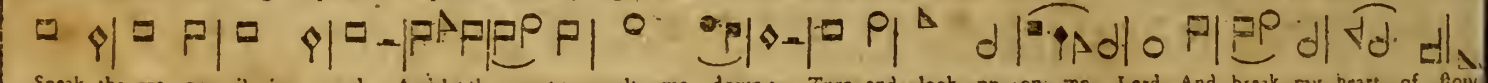
4 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd The first a - pos - tate man, Saw him weltring in his blood, And bid him rise a - gain



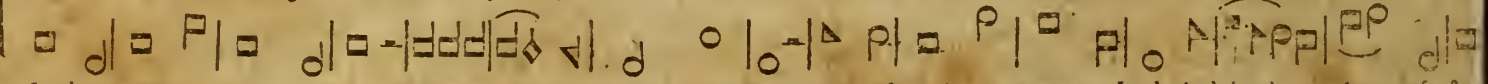
Let me be by grace restor'd, On me be all long suff' - ring shown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone



Give, what I have long implor'd, A portion of thy grief un - known; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone



Speak the re - con - cil - ing word And let thy mercy melt me down; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone



Speak my par - a - dise re - stor'd, Redeem me by thy grace a - lone. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone

Slow.

ATHENS. No. 115.

Soft.

Loud.

115

1 And will the Lord thus con - de - scend To vis - it sin - ful worms? Thus at the door shall 'mercy stand, In all her winning

2 Shall Jesus for ad - mis - sion sue, His charming voice unheard? And this vile heart, his rightful due, Remain for - ev - er

3 Lord, rise in all thy conqu'ring grace, Thy mighty power display; One beam of glory from thy face Can drive my foes a-

Unlone.

Soft.

4 Sur - pris - ing grace! and shall my heart Unmov'd and cold remain? Has this hard rock no tender part? Must mer - cy plead in vain?

5 Arr'd? 'Tis sin, w - las, with tyrant power, The lodging has possess'd; And crowds of traitors bar the door, Against the heavenly guest.

6 Say, "Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart; Dear Saviour enter in And guard the passage to my heart, And keep out ev - ry sin."

1 Ah! woe is me, constrain'd to dwell, Among the sons of night. Poor sinners dropping in-to hell, Who hate the gospel light. Wild

2 Yet here alas! in pain I live, Where satan holds his seat; And day by day for those I grieve Who will to sin submit. With

3 Je-sus, Redeemer of mankind, Display thy saving power; Thy mercy let these outcasts find, To know their gracious hour. Ah!

4 Open their eyes and ears to see Thy cross, to hear thy cries. Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee, For thee he weeps and dies. All

as the untam'd Arab's race, Who from their Saviour fly; And trample on his pard'ning grace, And all his threats defy, And all his threats de-fy.

gushing eyes their deeds I see, Shut up in Sodom I, And ask with him who ransom'd me, Why will ye sin and die? Why will ye sin and die?

give them, Lord, a longer space; Nor suddenly confame, But let them take the proffer'd grace, And flee the wrath to come, And flee the wrath to come.

the day long he meekly stands, His rebels to receive; And shows his wounds, & spreads his hands, And bids you turn & live, And bids you turn and live.



1 My Maker and my King! To thee my all I owe; Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring From which my blessings flow. 2 Thou ever, ever

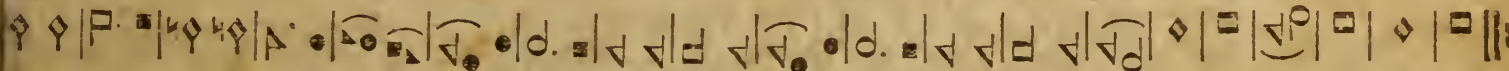


3 The Creature of thy hand On thee alone I live; My God thy benefits demand, More praise than tongue can give. 4 O let thy, let thy



Soft.

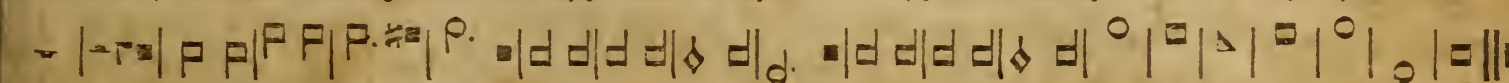
Loud.



good and kind A thousand, thousand reasons move; A thousand ob-li-gations bind, A thousand ob-li-gations bind, My heart to grateful love.



grace inspire My soul with, soul with strength divine; Let all my powers to thee aspire Let all my powers to thee aspire And all my days be thine.



1 O God how free thy mer - cies flow, But thy re - lust - ant wrath how slow! High as the bright ex - pand - ed

2 As dis - tant as ere - at - ing power, Has fix'd the east and west - ern shore, So far our num'rous crimes re -

3 The tend'rest yearning nature knows, A Father's love, too faint - ly shows; The ev - er kind in - dul - gent

4 His mer - cy with un - chang - ing rays, For ev - er shines while time de - cays; And childrens children shall re -

skies, Thy vast un - bounded mer - cies rise. High as the bright ex - pand - ed skies, Thy vast un - bound - ed mercies rise.

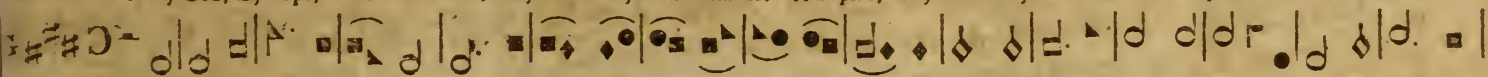
move, At the sweet voice of pard'ning love. So far our num'rous crimes re - move, At the sweet voice of pard'ning love.

care, Which Gods o - bed - ient children share. The ev - er kind in - dul - gent - care, Which Gods o - bed - ient children share.

cord. The truth and goodness of the Lord. And childrens child - ren shall re - cord, The truth and goodness of the Lord.



1 My God, my hope, if thou art mine; Why should my soul with sor-row pine, Why should my soul with sorrow pine. On thee alone I



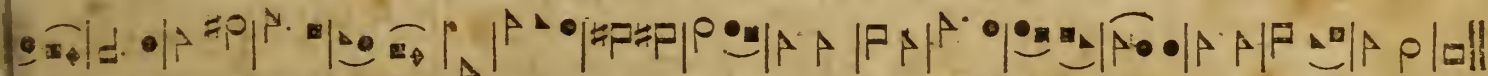
2 Tho' every comfort should depart; And life forsake this drooping heart, And life forsake this drooping heart; One smile from thee, one



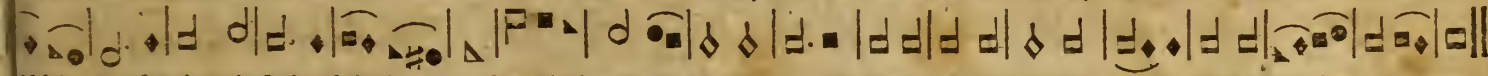
3 My God, my life, if thou appear, Not death itself can make me fear, Not death itself can make me fear; Thy presence cheers the



4 Not all its horrors can affright, If thou appear my God my light, If thou appear my God my light; Thy love shall all my



5 O my care, O leave me not in dark despair! On thee alone I cast my care, On thee alone I cast my care, O leave me not in dark despair!



6 A blissful ray, Can chase the shades of death away. One smile from thee, one blissful ray, One smile from thee, one blissful ray, Can chase the shades of death away.



7 Thy presence cheers the sable gloom, Thy presence cheers the sable gloom, And gilds the horrors of a tomb.



8 Thy love shall all my fears controul, Thy love shall all my fears controul, And glory dawn around my soul.

Moderate

Soft.

Loud.

1 Great God! at whose all powerful call; At first arose this beautiful frame; Thou bid'st the seasons change, and all The changing seasons speak thy name. Thy boundless

2 O how delightful 'tis to see, The earth in vernal beauty dress'd! While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree, Thy blooming glories shine confess'd. Alas! full

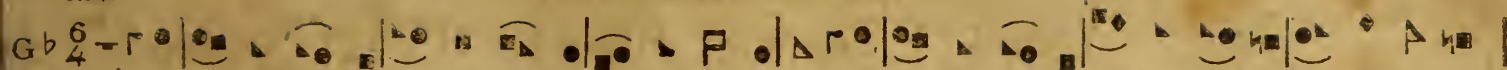
3 Around us from the teeming field, Springs the rich grain, or purpled vine; At thy command, they rise to yield The strength'ning bread or cheering wine. Indul-

Unisons. Soft. Loud.

bids the infant year, From winter storms recover'd rise; When thousand grateful scenes appear, When thousand grateful scenes appear, Fresh opening to our wond'ring

beaming, reigns the sun And light and genial heat conveys; And while he leads the seasons on, And while he leads the seasons on, From thee derives his quick'ning

God from every part, Thy plenteous blessings largely flow; We see, we taste, let every heart, We see, we taste, let every heart, With grateful love, and duty glow



1 With songs and honors sounding loud, Address the Lord on high; Over the heavens he spreads his cloud, And waters veil the



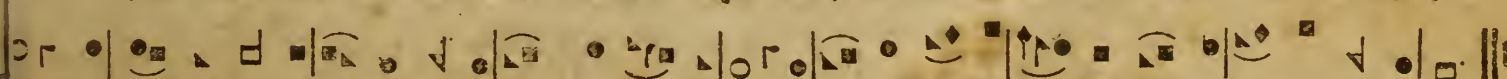
3 He gives the grazing ox his meat, He hears the ravens cry; But man, who tastes the finest wheat, Should raise his hon - ors



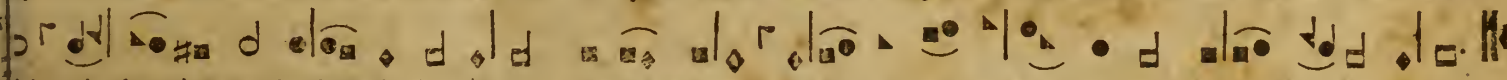
5 His hoar - y frost, his fleecy snow, Descend, and clothe the ground; The liquid streams forbear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters



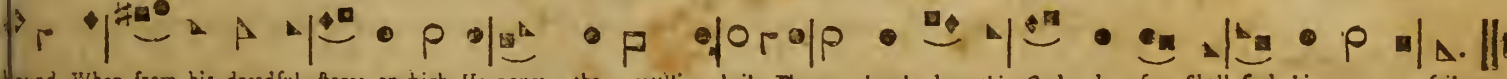
7 He sends his word, and melts the snow, The fields no longer mourn; He calls the warmer gales to blow, And bids the spring re -



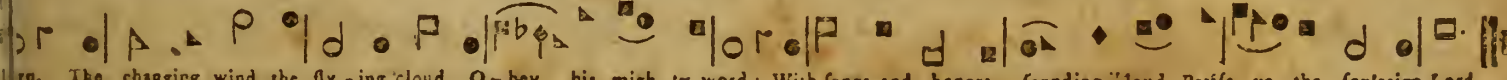
ny. He sends his show'rs of blessing down To cheer the plains below; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow.



igh. His sea - dy coun - tels change the face Of the de - clin - ing year; He bids the sun cut short his race, And wintry days ap - pear.



ound. When, from his dreadful stores on high, He pours the rattling hail; The wretch, who dares this God de - fy, Shall find his courage fail.



rn. The changing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O - bey his migh - ty word; With songs and honors, sounding loud, Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

1 Lo! He cometh! count- less trumpets Blow to raise the sleep- ing dead; 'Midst ten thousand - saints and an- gels, See, their

2 Now his mer- its, by the harp- ers Thro' th'e- ter- nal deep re- sounds; Now re- splend- ent shine his nail prints, Eve- ry

3 Full of joy- ful ex- pest- a- tion, Saints, be- hold the Judge ap- pear! Truth and just- ice go be- fore him, Now the

Soft.

Loud.

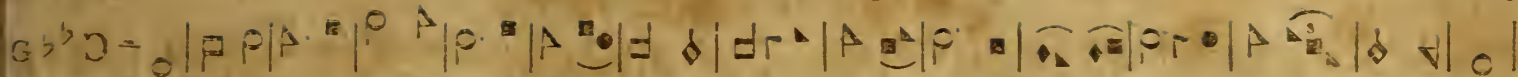
great ex- alt- ed head! Hal- le- lu- jah, hal- le- lu- jah, Welcome, welcome Son of God.

eye shall see his wound; They who pierc'd him, They who pierc'd him Shall, at his ap- pear- ance, wail.

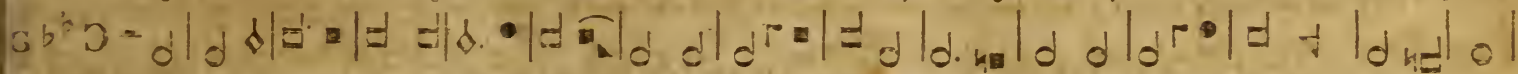
joy- ful fest- ence here; Hal- le- lu- jah, hal- le- lu- jah, Welcome, welcome Judge di- vine.

4 "Come, ye blessed of my father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ."
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

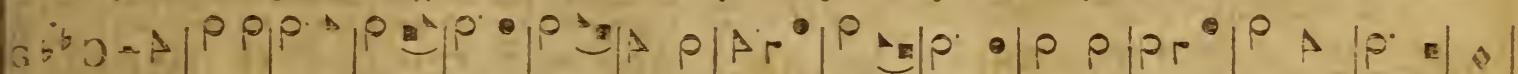
5 Now, at once, they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King;
These, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing.
Hallelujah,
Boundless glory to the Lamb.



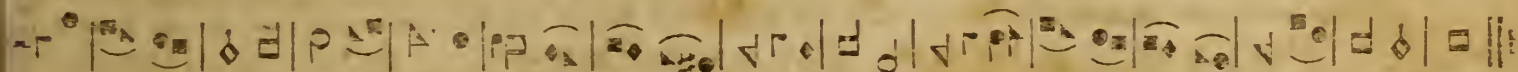
1 Bright source of ev - er - last - ing love! To thee our souls we raise; And to thy sovereign boun - ty rear A mon - u - ment of praise.



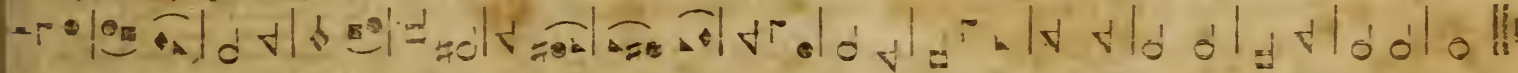
3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approach'd The borders of des - pair; Thy grace thro' Je - su's blood proclaim'd A free sal - va - tion near.



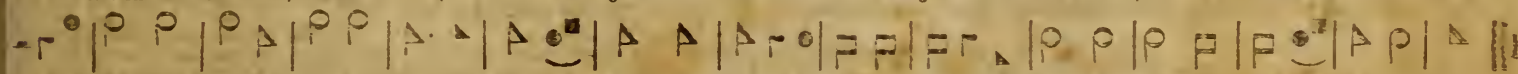
5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain, Our cheerful feet re - pair, And, with the gift thy hand bestows, Re - lieve the mourners there.



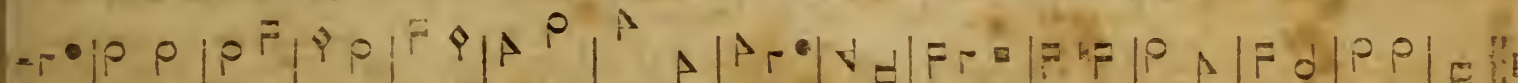
Thy mer - cy gilds the paths of life With ev - ry cheer - ing ray; Kindly restrains the ris - ing tear, Or wipes that tear a - way.



What shall we ren - der, bounteous Lord, For all the - grace we see! Alas! the good - acts worms can yield Ex - tend - eth not to thee.



The widow's heart shall sing for joy, The or -phan shall be glad; And hung'ring souls we'll glad - ly point To Christ the liv - ing bread.



7 Thus passing thro' the vale of tears, Our glo - ri - ous light shall shine; And others learn to glo - ri - fy Our Father's name di - vine.

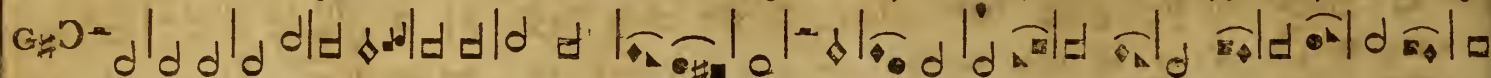
Cheerful.

Soft.

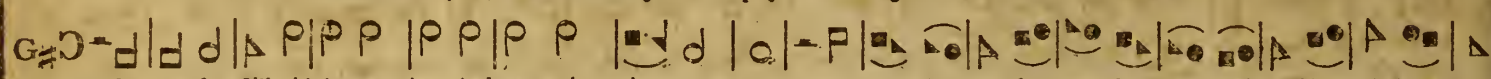
Loud.



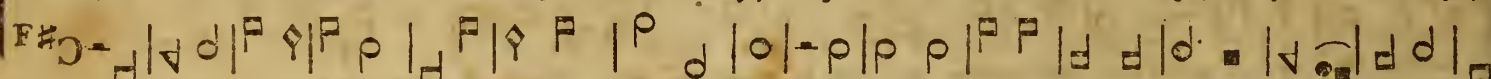
1 To our Redeemer's glorious name, Awake the sa - cred song! O may his love, (im - mor - tal flame!) Tune every heart and tongue.



2 His love, what mortal tho't can reach, What mortal tongue dis - play? Im - ag - in - a - tion's utmost stretch In wonder dies a - way.



3 Let wonder fill with love u - nite, And grat - i - tude and joy; Je - sus be our supreme de - light, His praise our best employ.



5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill eve - ry heart and tongue; Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sacred song.

CHORUS.

Soft.

Loud.



Glory, honor, praise and power Be unto the Lamb for ever. Je - sus Christ is our Re - deem - er Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah. Praise the Lord



Hallelujah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah. Praise the Lord

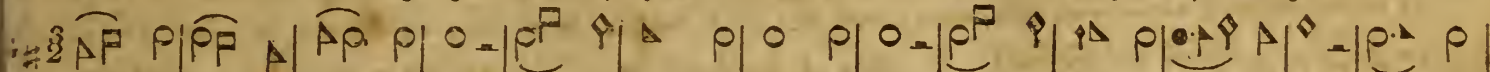




1 World, a-dieu! thou re-al cheat, Oft have thy de-ceit-ful charms Fill'd my heart with fond conceit, Fool-ish



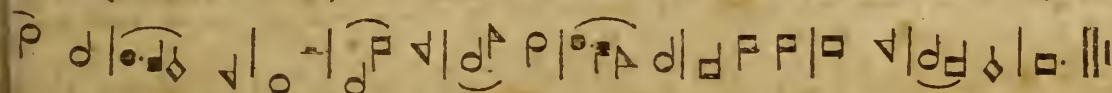
2 Vain thy en-ter-tain-ing sights, False thy prom-if-es re-new'd, All the pomp of thy delights Does but



3 Fare-well, hon-or's emp-ty pride, Thy un-cer-tain, chang-ing gust, If the least mis-fortune be-side, Lays thee



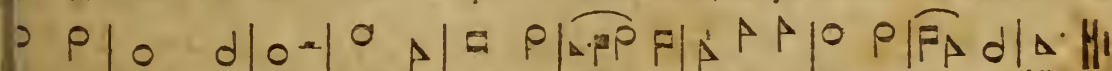
4 Fool-ish van-i-ty-fare-well—More in-constant than the wave, Where thy sooth-ing fan-cies dwell, Pur-sue



and false a-larms. Now I see, as clear as day, How thy fol-lies pass a-way.



ter and de-lude. Thee I quit for heav'n a-bove, Ob-ject of the no-blest love.



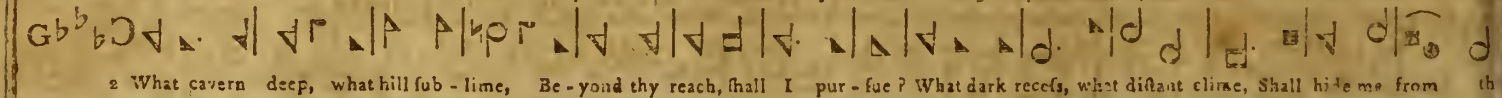
er than the dust. World-ly hon-ors end in gail, Rise to day-to mor-row fall.



n-pursue they de-prave. He, to whom I fly from thee, Je-sus Christ shall set me free.

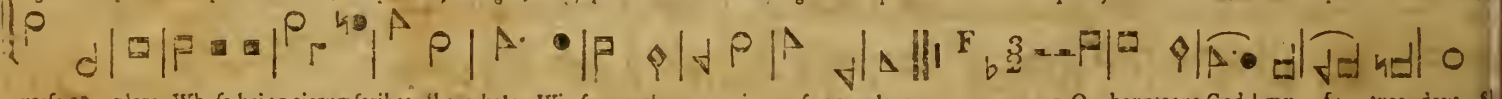
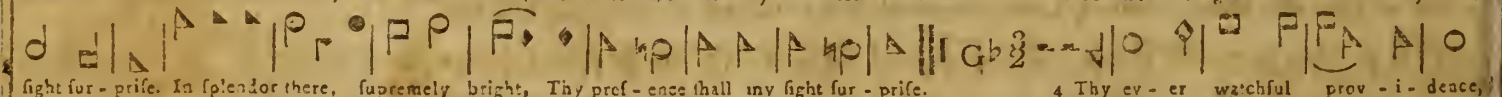
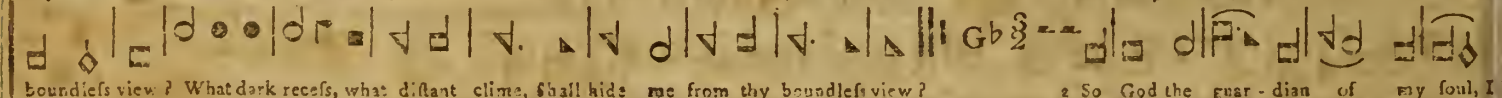
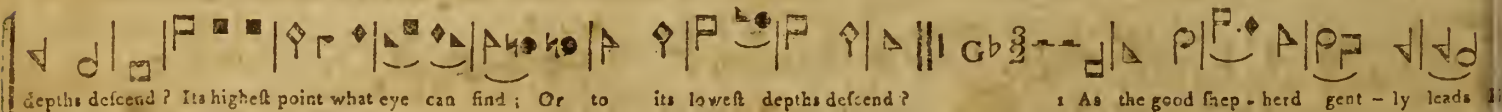
5. Let not, Lord! my wau-d'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since, in thee alone, I find
Solid and substantial joys.
Joys that never overpass,
Through eternity shall last.

6. Lord! how happy is the heart,
After thee while it aspires!
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou shalt answer its desires.
It shall see the glorious scene
Of thine everlasting reign.



Moderate.

CUBA. No. 127.



wand'ring flocks, his wand'ring flocks, his wand'ring flocks, to ver - dant meads; Where winding rivers, soft and slow, Amidst the verdant land scape flow.

all my erring, all my erring, all my erring steps controul; When left in sins perplexing maze, He brings me back to vir - tues ways.

my sup - port, is my sup - port, is my sup - port and my de - fence; With thee I am of all pos - sessed; To be with thee is to be blest.

be de - vot - ed, be de - vot - ed, be de - vot - ed to thy praise And in thy house, thy sa - cred name And wond'rous grace shall be my theme.

Cheerful.

Unisons. TRINITY. No. 128.

1 Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.

2 Jesus our Lord, arise, Scatter our enemies, And make them fall! Let thine almighty aid Our sure defence be made, Our souls on thee be stay'd. Lord hear our call.

3 Come thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'rs attend. Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness, On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour, Thou who almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r.

To the great One in Three Eternal praises be, Hence - ever, O our lov'd reign Majesty May we in glory see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and adore.

1 How blest is our Brother, bereft Of all that could burden his mind! How easy the soul that hath left This wearisome bod-y be-

2 This earth is affected no more With sickness, or shaken with pain, The war in the members is o'er, And never shall vex him a-

3 This languishing head is at rest, Its thinking and aching are o'er; This quiet immove-a-ble breast Is heav'd by af-flict-ion no-

4 To mourn and to suffer is mine, While bound in a prison I breathe, And still for de-liv-er-ance pine, And press to the if-fues of

Loud.

Unisons.

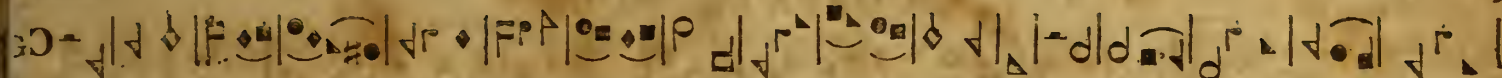
Soft.

hind. Of e-vil in-cap-a-ble thou, Whose relics with envy I see! No longer in mis-e-ry now, No longer a sin-ner like me.

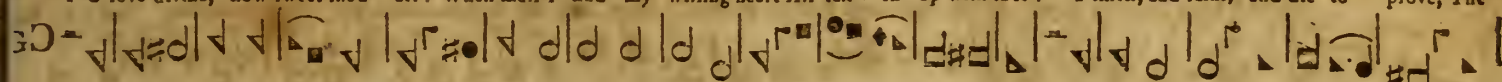
gain. No anger henceforward, or shame, Shall redden this innocent clay, Ex-tinct is the an-i-mal flame, And passion hath vanish'd a-way.

more. This heart is no longer the seat Of trouble, and torturing pain; It ceas-es to flutter and beat, It nev-er shall flutter a-gain.

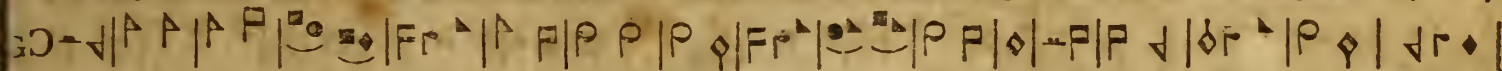
death. Who now with my tears I be-dew, O might I this moment become, My spir-it ore-at-ed a-new, My flesh be consign'd to the tomb



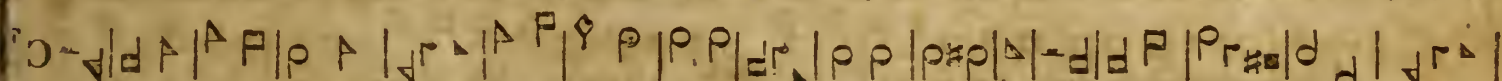
1 O love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All tak - en up with thee! I thirst, and faint, and die to prove, The



2 Stronger his love than death and hell; Its riches are unsearchable; The first born sons of Night Desire in vain its depths to see, They



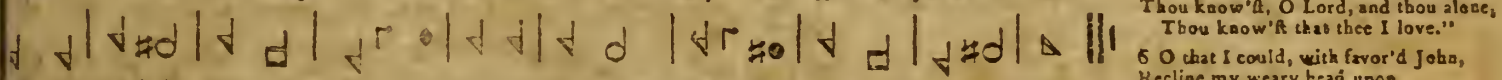
3 God only knows the love of God; O that it now were shed abroad In this poor sin - ny heart! For this I sigh, for this I pine; This



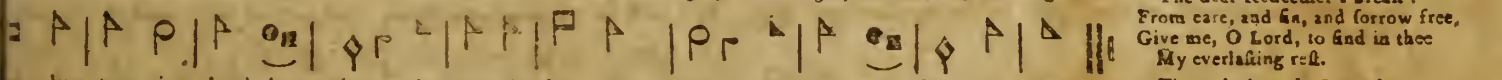
4 O that I could for ev - er sit, With Mary at thy Master's feet! Be thine my hap - py choice; My on - ly care, delight, and bliss, My



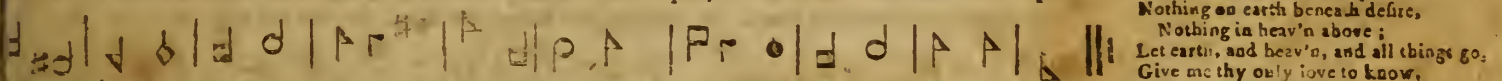
greatness of re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me:



can - not reach the mys - te - ry! The length, and breadth, and height, The length, and breadth, and height,



u - ly por - tion Lord be mine, Be mine this bet - ter part, Be mine this bet - ter part.



ny, my heav'n on earth be this, To hear the bridegroom's voice, To hear the bridegroom's voice.

5 O that with humble Peter I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove;
"Thou know'st (for all to thee is known)
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love."

6 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

7 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heav'n above;
Let earth, and heav'n, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Give me thy only love.



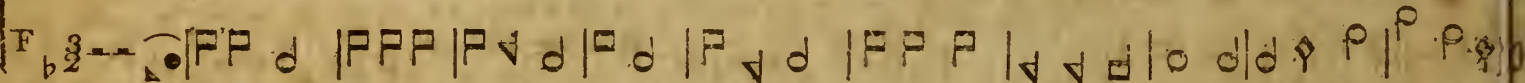
1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream, Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's pale beams, Shone bright on the waters, would



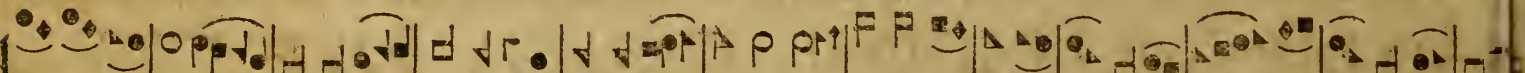
2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his head, How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed, The angels shonish'd, grew



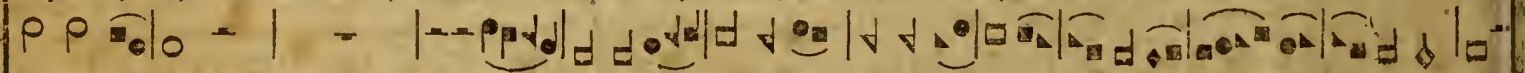
3 O garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot, The theme most transporting to



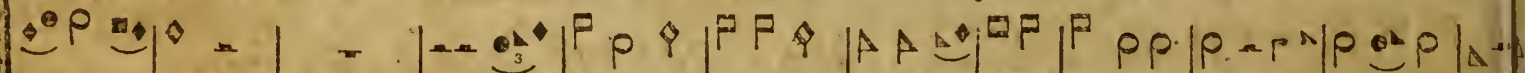
Soft.



frequent - ly pray, And lose in thy murmurs, and lose in thy murmurs, the toils of the day, the toils of the day, the toils of the day,



led at the sight, And follow'd their Master, and follow'd their Master, with solemn delight, with solemn delight, with solemn delight.

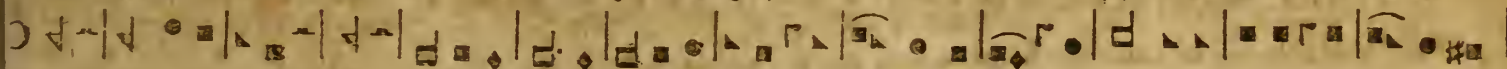


ser - aphs a - bove, The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love, the triumph of love, the triumph of love.

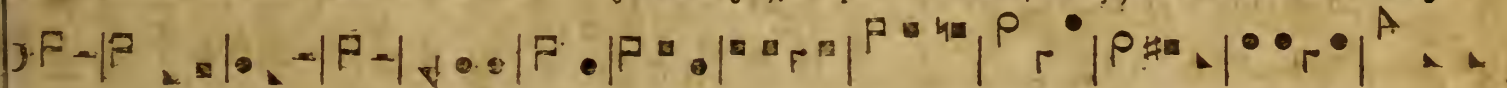




Come saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet; O! give him the glory, the praise that is meet; Let joy-ful ho-san-na's un-cesing a-



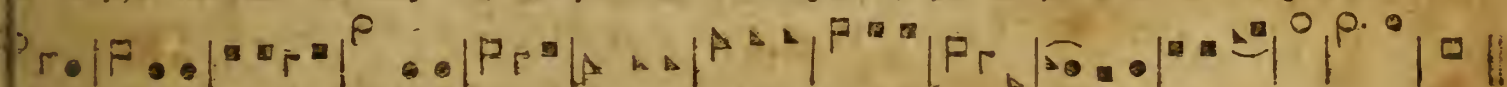
Come saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet; O! give him the glory, the praise that is meet; Let joy-ful Ho-san-na's un-cesing a-



se, Let joyful ho-san-na's un-cesing arise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.



se, Let joyful ho-san-na's un-cesing arise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.



1 And let this fee-ble bod-y fail, And let it faint or die, My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high;

2 In hope of that im-mor-tal crown, I now the cross suf-tain, And glad-ly wan-der up and down, And smile at toil and pain.

3 O what hath Je-sus bought for me! Before my ravish'd eyes Rivers of life di-vine I see, And trees of par-adyse.

4 O what are all my sufferings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet With that en-rap-tur'd host t'appear And worship at thy feet.

high; Shall join the dis-embodied saints, And find its long sought rest, (That on-ly bliss for which it pants) In the Redeemer's breast.

pain. I suf-fer on my threescore years Till my De-liv-er come, And wipe a-way his servants' tears, And take his ex-ile home.

life! I see a world of spir-its bright Who taste the pleasures there! They all are rob'd in spot-less white, And con-que'ring palms they bear.

feet. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a-way; But let me find them all a-gain. Amen.

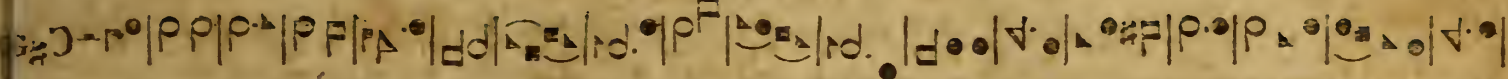
Moderate.

Soft.

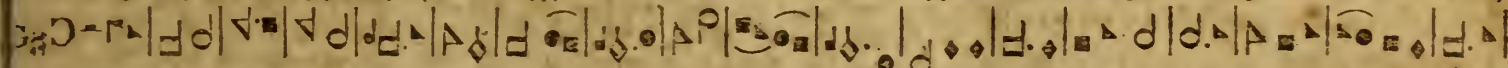
Loud. BRISTOL. No. 133.

Soft.

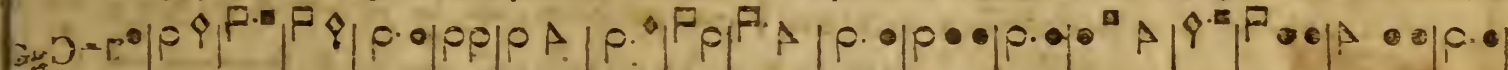
133



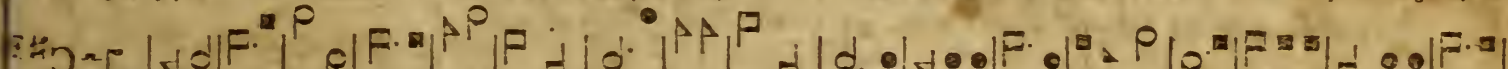
1 Light up your heads in joyful hope, Salute the happy morn; Salute the Each heavenly power Proclaims the glad hour, Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born! Lo,



2 All glory be to God on high, To him the praise is due; To him the The promise is seal'd The Saviour's reveal'd, And proves that the record is true, And



3 Let joy around like rivers flow, Flow on, and still increase; Flow on, Messiah is come To ransom his own To save them by infinite grace, To



4 Then let us join the heavens above, Where hymning seraphs sing, Where Join all the glad powers, For their Lord is ours, Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King, Our

Loud.

Moderate.

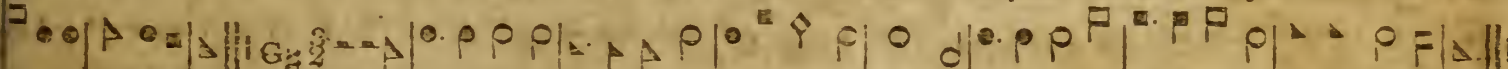
SICILY. No. 134.



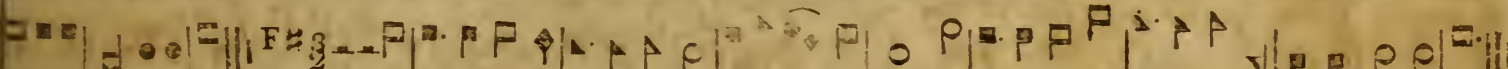
Jesus the Saviour is born! 1 Jesus, with all thy saints above, My tongue would bear her part; Would sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.



proves that the record is true. 2 Blest'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord, Who bought me with his blood, And quench'd his father's flaming sword, In his own vital food!



save them by infinite grace. 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul From Satan's heavy chains, And sent the lion down to howl, Where hell and horror reigns,



Prophet, our Priest, and our King. 4 All glory to the dying Lamb, And never ceasing praise, While angels live to know his name, Or saints to feel his grace.

1 Son of God! thy blessing grant, Still supply my every want; Tree of life, thine influence shed, With thy sap my spirit feed, With thy sap my

2 Teed'red branch, alas! am I, Wither without thee and die; Weak as helpless in-fan-cy, O confirm my soul in thee, O confirm my

3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall, Send the strength for which I call! Weaker than a bruised reed, Help I every moment need, Help I every

4 All my hopes on thee depend, Love me! save me to the end! Give me the continuing grace, Take the ever-lasting praise, Take the ever-

Loud.

Moderate.

MALTA. No. 136.

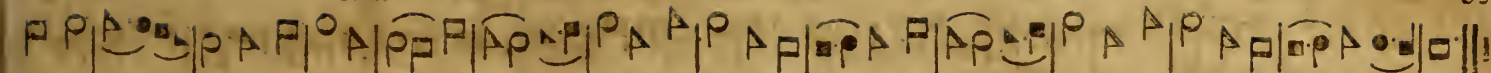
spirit feed, With thy sap my spirit feed.

1 Come, Lord, from above, The mountains remove; O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy love; M

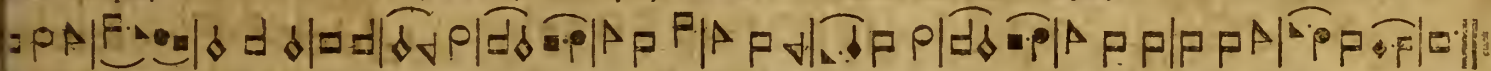
2 I languish and pine For comfort divine, O when shall I say, "my be-lov-ed is mine?" I

3 For this my heart sighs, What else can suffice? Now, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price? O

6 The gift I embrace, The gift I praise, And ascribe my salvation to Je-su's grace; I



form is - spire, Inkindle the fire, And wrap, and wrap, and wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire, And wrap my whole soul in the flames of de - fire.



Is the good part? My portion thou art? O love, O love, O love I have found thee, O God, in my heart? O love I have found thee, O God, in my heart?



For - sus - ly, No money apply; The pearl, the pearl, the pearl of forgiveness and holiness buy, The pearl of forgive - nefs and ho - li - nefs buy.



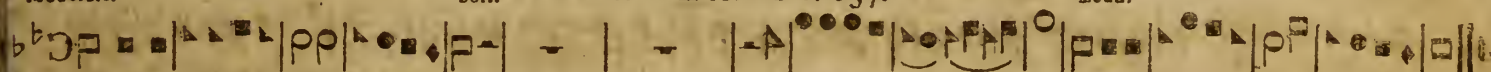
He from above, The foretaste I prove, I soon, I soon, I soon shall receive all thy fullness of love, I soon shall receive all thy fullness of love.

Moderate.

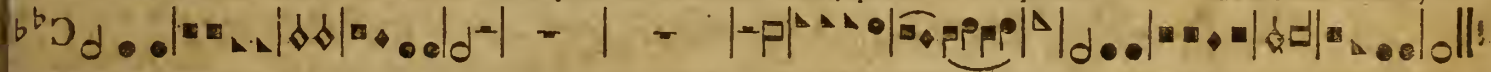
Soft.

BEREA. No. 137.

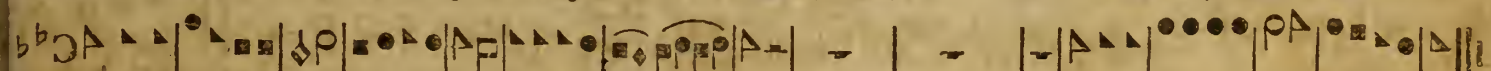
Loud.



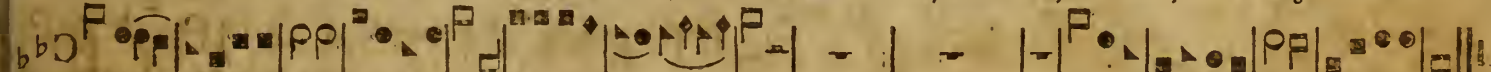
Grace! how melodious is the sound! What rapture to our ear! Spread the sweet accent far around, Spread the That earth and heaven may hear.



Where sin, abounding sin, hath reign'd, Grace reigns, abounding more; Behold an ocean here, without, Behold Behold an ocean here, without A bottom or a shore!

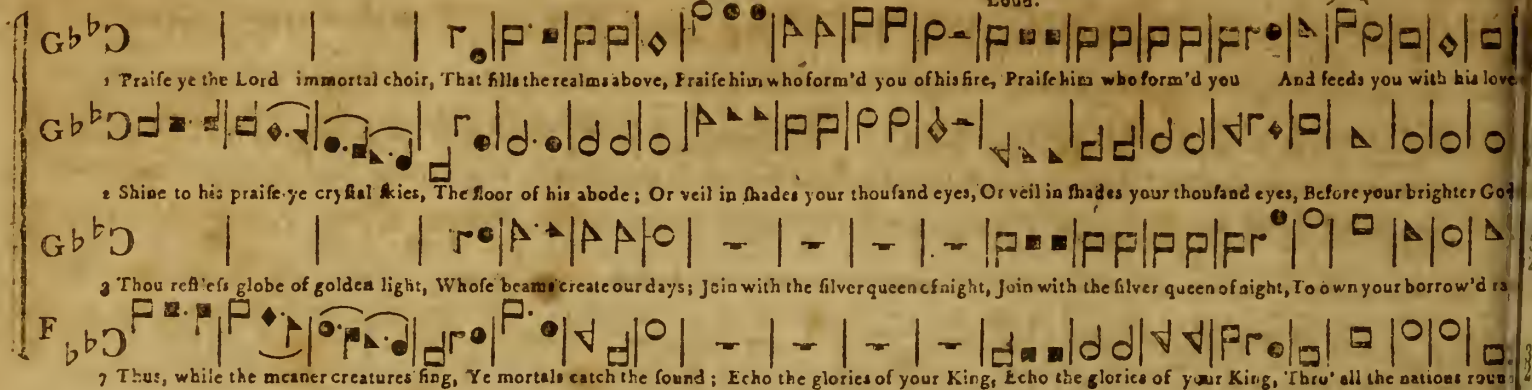


From the high heavens eternal throne It overflow'd our earth, When Christ, the first born son came down, When Christ, When, And angels hail'd his birth.



Grace was the theme, the glad'ning theme, Of their astonish'd strains; Grace, free, abounding grace to man, Grace, free, Grace, Thro' all their anthems reigns.

Loud.





1 The glorious ar-mies of the sky, To thee, O night-y King! Tri-umphant an- - - - - them con - - - - - se - crate, And hal-le-lu - - - jahs



2 Yet how my God, shall I re - train, When to my rav - - - isk'd sense Each creature in its va - - - - - nous ways Dis - plays thine ex - cel -



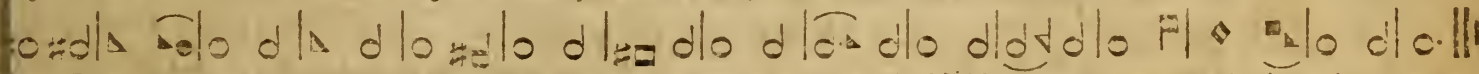
3 The blushes of the morn con-fess That thou art much more fair, When in the east its beams re - - - - - vive To gild the fields of



4 The singing birds, the warbling winds, And waters murm'ring fall, To praise the fast al - - - - - night - - - - - y cause With dif-fer-ent voi - - - ces



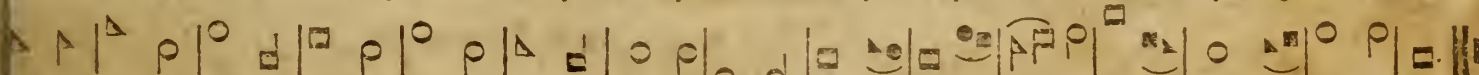
ing. But still their own ex - - - - - alt - - - - - ed fights Fall vast - ly short of thee; How dis - - - - - tant then must hu - man praise From thy per - fec - tion be!



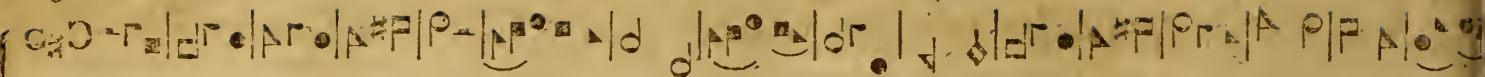
ence! The ac - - - - - tive lights that shine a - - - - - bove, In their e - - - - - ter - nal dance! Re - - - - - veal their skill - ful ma - ker's praise With si - - - - - lent el - o - - - - - quence



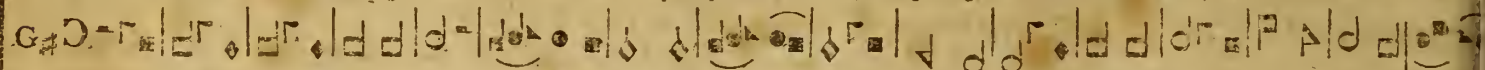
air. The fra - - - - - grant, the re - - - - - fresh - ing breath Of eve - ry flow - 'ry bloom, In balm - y whis - pers owns from thee Their pleas - ing o - - - - - dours come,



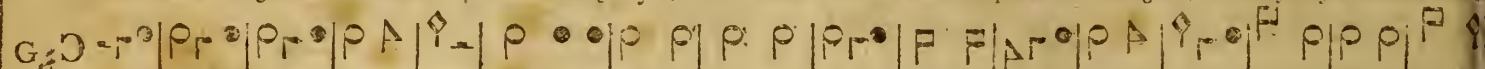
all. Thy num - - - - - ous works ex - - - - - alt thee thus, And shall I si - - - - - lent be? No, rath - er let me cease to breathe Than cease from prais - ing thee!



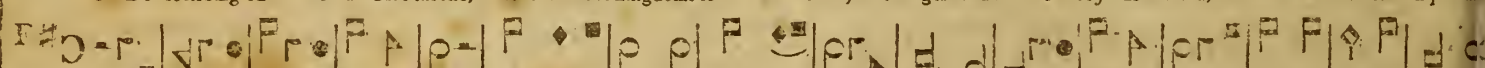
1 He comes! He comes! the Judge se-vere! The seventh trumpet speaks him near; His lightnings flash, his thunders roll; He's welcome to the faith-ful



2 From heav'n angelic voi-ces sound, See the Almighty Je--sus crown'd! Girt with omnip--tence and grace, And glo-ry decks the Saviour



3 De-scending on his a-zure throne, He claims the kingdoms for his own; The kingdoms all o-bey his word, And hail him their tri-umph-ant



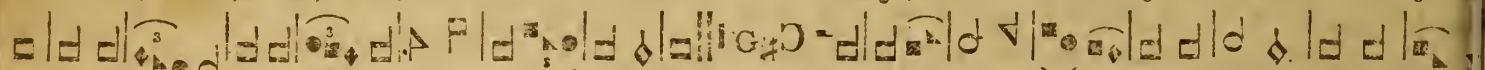
4 The Fa-ther praise the Son a-dore, The spirit Bless for ev--er more; Sal-va-tion's glo-rious work is done; We welcome thee great THRIF-

Moderate.

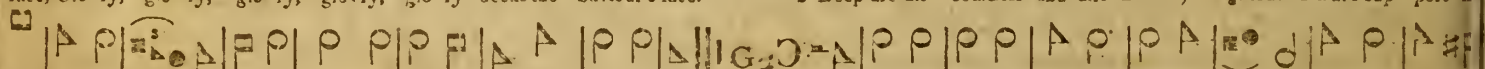
GATH. No. 142.



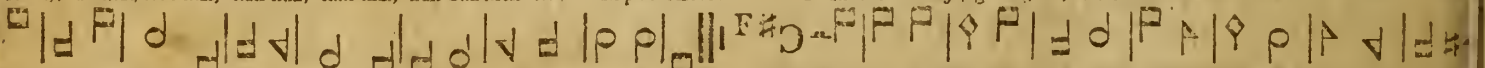
soul! Welcome, wel-come, welcome, welcome, welcome to the faithful soul. 1 He reigns, the Lord the Sav-iour reigns, Praise him in e---van-gel-ic



face, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry decks the Saviour's face. 2 Deep are his counsels and un-known; But grace and truth sup-port him



Lord, Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him their tri--unphant Lord. 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes! Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the



4 His en-e-mies, with sore dis-may, Fly from the sight, and shun the

ins, Praise him in the van-gel-ic strains; Let the whole earth in songs re-joice, And dis-tant is-lands join their voice, And dis-tant is-lands join their voice.

re, But grace and truth sup- - port his throne, Tho' gloom-y clouds his way sur-round, Jus-tice is their eter-nal ground, Jus-tice is their eter-nal ground

bs, Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs; Be-fore him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas re-tire, The mountains melt, the seas re-tire.

r, Fly from the sight, and shun the day; Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high, And sing, for your re-de-mption's sigh, And sing, for your re- - demption's sigh.

terate.

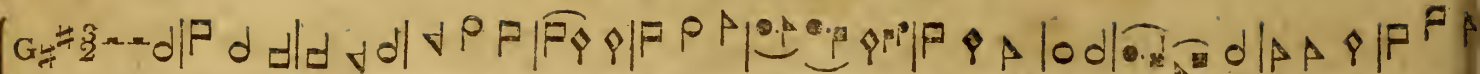
STAFFORD. No. 143.

1 Let eve - - - ry mortal ear at - - tend, And eve - - - ry heart re-joice; The ram - - - pet of the gos - - - pel sounds With an in - - - viting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hun-gry, star-ving souls, That feed up-on the wind, And vain - - - ly strive with earth - - - ly toys To fill an empty mind.

3 E - - - ter - - - nal wisdom has pre - - - par'd A soul re - - - viving feast, And bids your long - - - ing ap - - - pe-tites the rich provisions taste.

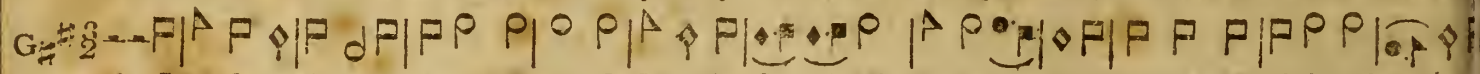
4 Rivers of love and mer-cy here - - - Is a rich o - - - cean join; Sal - - - va - - - tion is a - - - bux - - - dant flow, Like floods of milk and wine.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith, in his ex-cel-lent word; What more can he say than to you he



2 In eve-ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's vale, or a---bouding with wealth; At home and a-broad, on the land, on th



3 "Fear not I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd; I, I au thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to



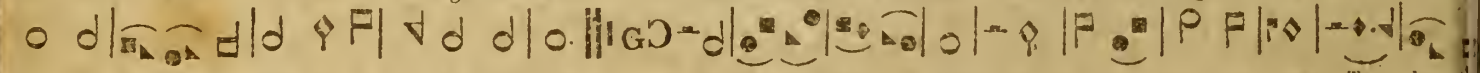
4 When thro' the deep waters I cause thee to go, The riv-ers of trou-ble shall not thee o'erflow; For I will be with thee, thy trou-bles to

Cheerful.

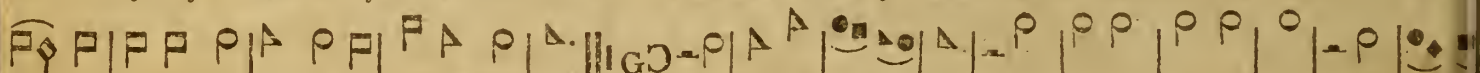
MARSEILLES. No. 145.



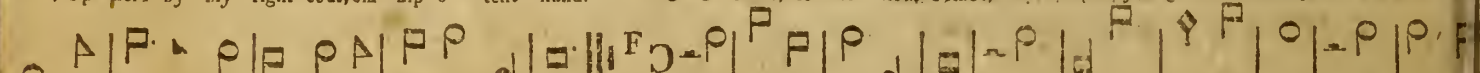
said? You, who un-to Je--sus for ref-uge have fled. 1 All hail, in--car-nate God! The won-d'rous things fore-told Of thee, in



sea, "As days may de--mand, so thy suc-cour shall be." 2 To thee the hoar-y head Its sil-ver hon-or pays; To thee th



stand, Up-held by my right-eous, om-ni-po--tent hand. 3 O haste, vic-to-rious Prince, That hap-py, glo--rious day When souls, li



blest, And sanc-ti-fy to us thy deep-est dis--tress. 4 All hail, tri--umphant Lord, E--ter-nal be thy reign; Be--hold th

Soft. Loud.

red wit, With joy our eyes be - hold. Still does thine arm new trophies wear, And mon-u - ment, and mon-u - ments, and mon-u - - ments of glo - ry rear.

uning youth De - votes his brightest days. And every age their trib - ute bring, And bow to thee, and bow to thee, and bow to thee, all con - qu'ring King.

is of dew, Shall own thy gen - tle sway. O may it bless our long - ing eyes And bear our shouts, and bear our shouts, and bear our shouts beyond the skies.

tious sue To wear thy gen - tle chain. When earth and time are known no more. Thy throne shall stand, thy throne shall stand thy throne shall stand for - ev - er sure.

Moderate.

EVENING HYMN. No. 146.

1. Glo - ry to thee my God this night For all the bles - sings of the light. Keep me, O keep me, King of kings Un - der thy own al - mighty wings.

2. For - give me Lord, for thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done; That with the world, my - self, and Thee, I ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Lord, let my soul for ev - er share, The bliss of thy pa - ter - nal care; 'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n a - bove, To see thy face, and sing thy love.

4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all creatures here be - low. Praise him a - - bove, an - gel - ic hosts. Praise Father, Son, and ho - ly Ghost.



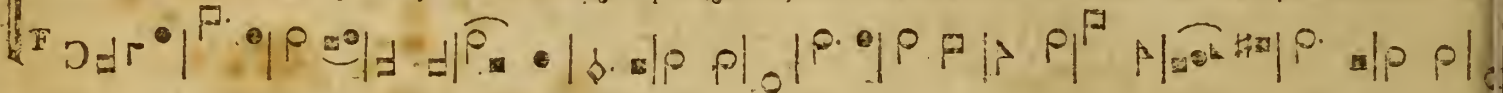
1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-load from Cal-vary! See! it rends the rocks as-na-der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky



2. It is fin-nish'd! O what plea-sure Do these charm-ing words af-ford! Heaven-ly bles-sings without measure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord



3. Tune your harps a-new, ye ser-aphs, Join to-sing the pleasing theme; All on earth and all in heaven Join to praise Im-man-u-el's name



Slow and Soft,

Moderate and loud.

Moderate.

LEONI. No. 148.



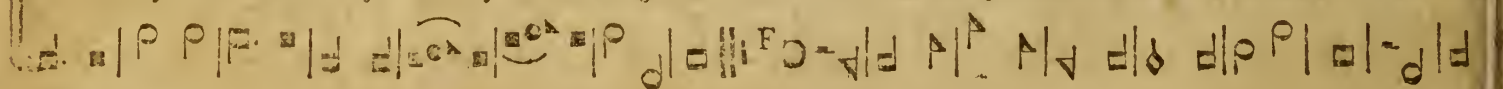
"It is fin-ish'd! It is fin--ish'd!" Hear the dy-ing Saviour cry. 1 The God of Abr'ham praise, Who reigns enthron'd a-bove An-cient

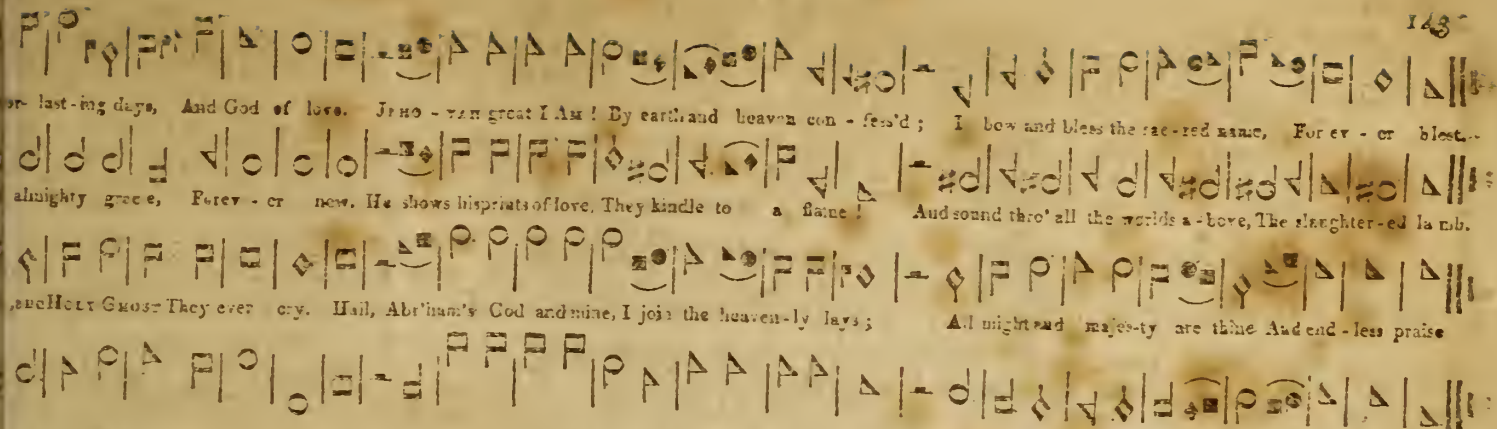


"I is fin-ish'd! It is fin--ish'd!" Saints, the dying words record. 5. Before the Saviour's face The ransom'd na-tions bow O'whelm'd



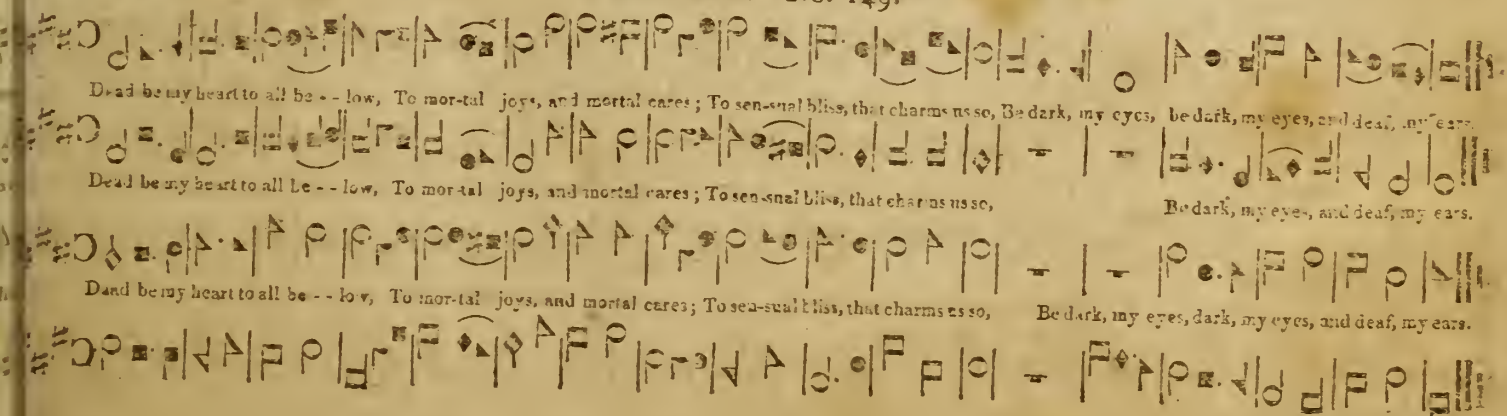
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-lo-lu-lu-jah! Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb. 6. The whole triumphant host Give thanks to God on high; Hail FATH





Moderate.

HADLEY. No. 149.



E44 Moderate

1. Blow ye the trumpet blow! The glad-ly sol-lemn sound Let all the na-tions know, Let all the na-tions know To earth's re-mot-est bound.

2. Ex-alt the Lamb of God, The all at-ton-ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion by his blood, Redemption by his blood, Thro all the world pro-claim;

5. The gos-pel trump-et hear, The news of heavenly grace; Ye hap-py souls draw near Ye hap-py souls draw near, Be-hold your Sav-iour's face,

6. Jesus our great High Priest, Has full at-one-ment made; Ye wea-ry spir-its, rest, Ye wea-ry spir-its rest, Ye man-nu-fal souls, be-hold.

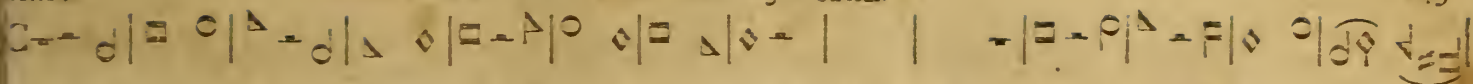
Loud

To earth's re-mot-est bound. The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-tur-n ye ran-som'd sin-ners home, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-tur-n ye ran-som'd sin-ners home.

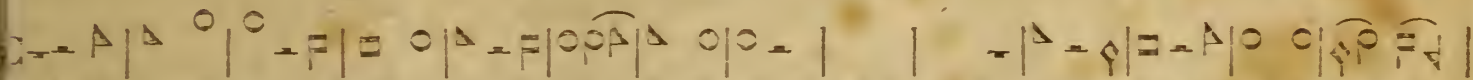
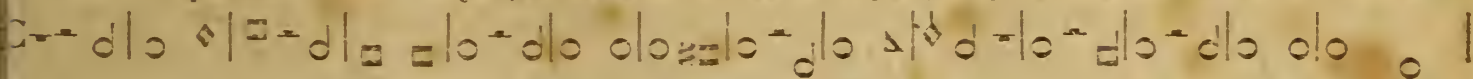
Thro all the world pro-claim; The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-tur-n ye ran-som'd sin-ners home, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-tur-n ye ran-som'd sin-ners home.

Be-hold your Sav-iour's face, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-tur-n ye ran-som'd sin-ners home, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-tur-n ye ran-som'd sin-ners home.

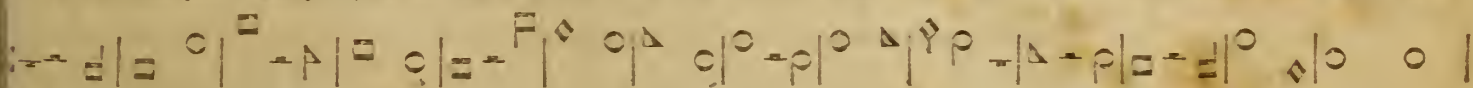
Ye man-nu-fal souls be-glad, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-tur-n ye ran-som'd sin-ners home, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-tur-n ye ran-som'd sin-ners home.



1 E--rect your heads, e---ter--nal gates; Un--fold, to ea--ter--tain The King of glo--ry. See! he comes. With his co--lus---tal



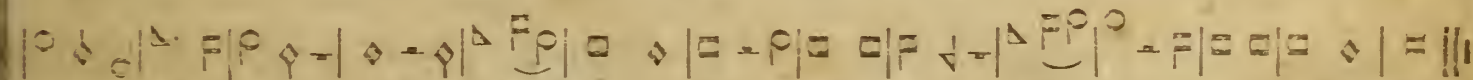
2 E--rect your heads, ye gates; un--fold In state to en--ter--tain, The King of glo--ry. See! he comes, With all his shin--ing



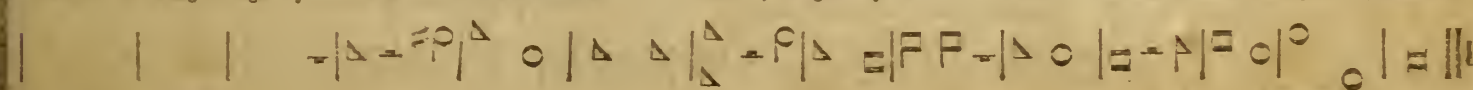
Unisons.



Who is the King of glo-ry? Who? The Lord fore-strength re--nown'd; In bat-tle mighty; o'er his foes E--ter-nal vic--tor crown'd.



Who is the King of glo-ry? Who? The Lord of hosts re--nown'd; Of glo-ry he s---- lone is King, Who is with glo--ry crown'd.

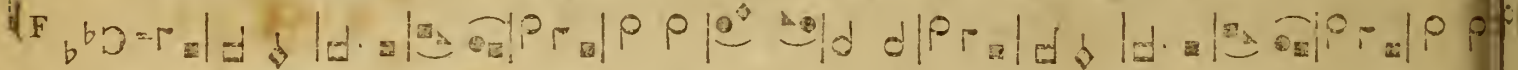




1 A-way, my un-be-liev-ing fear! Fear shall in me no more take place! My Sav-iour doth not yet ap-pear, He hides the



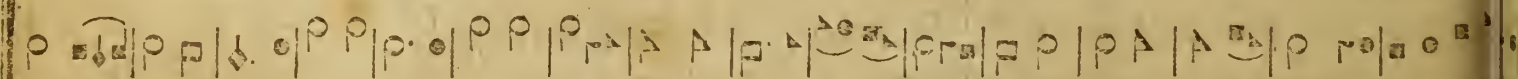
2 Bar-ren al--- tho' my soul re-mains, And not one bud of grace ap-pear, No fruit of all my toil and pain, But sin,



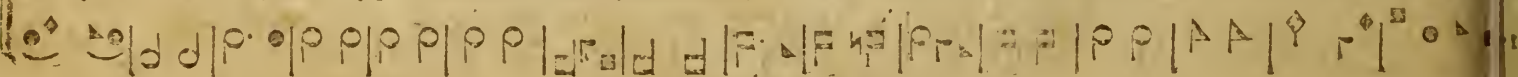
Loud.



bright-ness of his face; But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempt-er yield? No; in the strength of Je--sus, no; I never will,



on--ly sin is here; Al-tho' my gifts and comforts left, My bloom-ing hopes cut off I see yet will I in my Sav-iour trust, Whose matchless grace



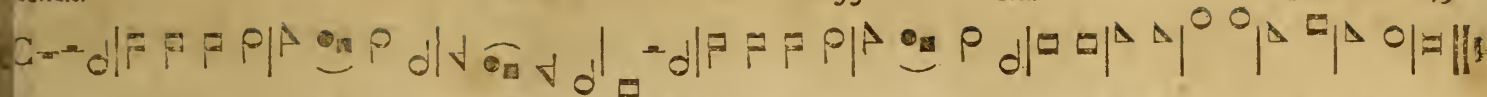
my shield. Al- tho' the vine its fruit ce - ny, Al- tho' the ol - ive yield no oil, The with'ring fig tree drop and die, The field il - - - lude the til - lers

to me. Re- joice, be - liev - ing a - gainst hope, His promis'd mer - cy will I claim; His gracious word shall bear me up To seek sal - - - va - tion in his

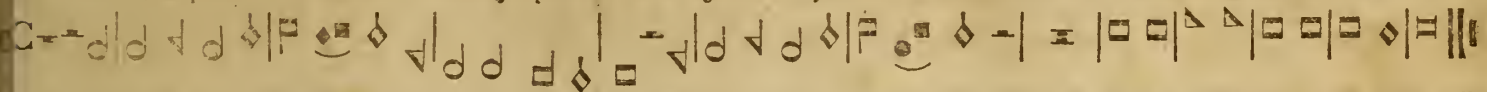
Lead.

The emp - ty stall no herd af - - ford, And per - - ish all the bleating race, Yet will I tri - umph in the Lord, The God of my sal - - va - tion praise.

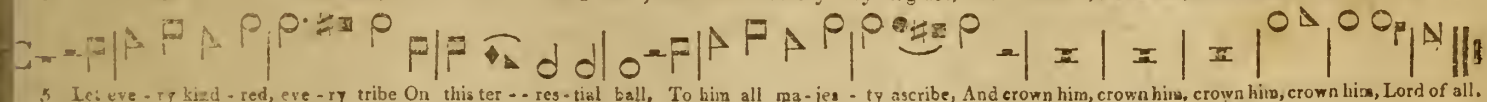
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh; My soul shall then out - stop the wind; On wings of love mount up on high, And this vile world and I can be - bind.



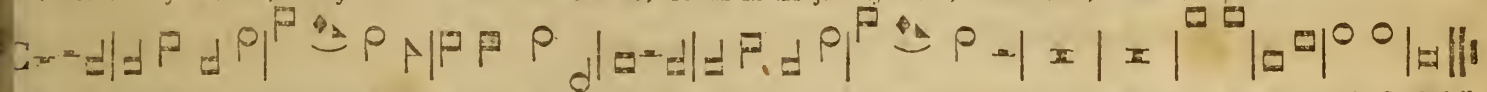
1 All hail, the pow'r of Je - su's name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall. Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him crown him crown him Lord of all.



2 Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, A rem - nant weak and small; Hail him whose ^{eyes} save you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

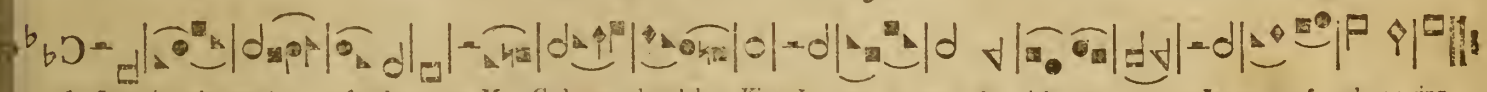


3 Let eve - ry kind - red, eve - ry tribe On this ter - res-tial ball, To him all ma-jes - ty ascribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

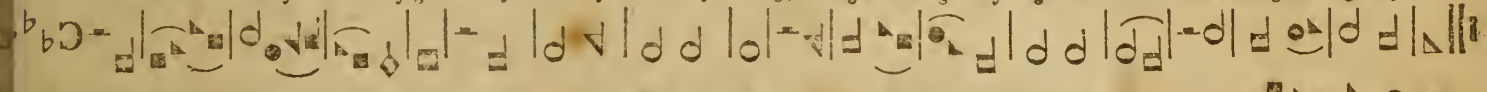


4 O that with yon-der sac - red throng, We at his feet may fall; There join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

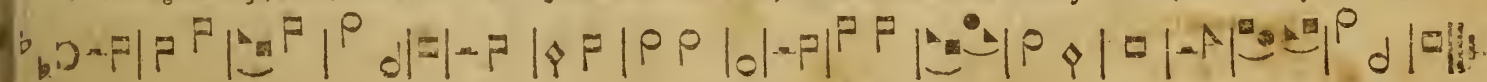
HEBRON. No. 156.



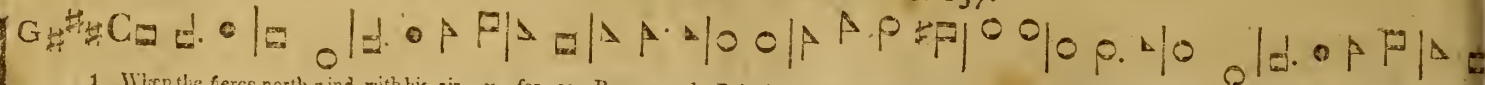
1 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heav'nly King; Let age to age thy righteous - ness In songs of glo-ry sing.



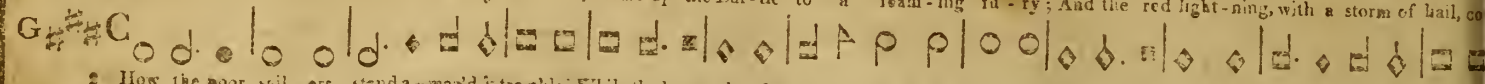
2 God reigns on high, but ne'er con-fines His goodness to the skies; Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines, And eve - ry want sup-plies.



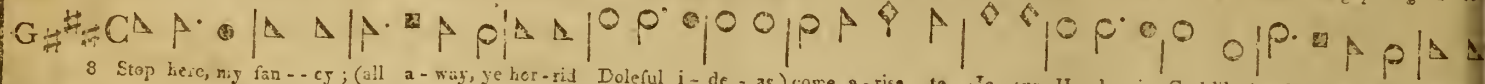
TEMPEST. No. 157.



1 When the fierce north wind, with his air - y for - ces, Rears up the Bal - tic to a seam - ing fu - ry; And the red light - ning, with a storm of hail, co



2 How the poor sail - ers stand a - maz'd & trouble! While the hoarse thunder, like a blood - y trumpet, Roar a loud on - set to the gap - ing wa - te



3 Stop here, my fan - cy; (all a - way, ye hor - rid Doleful i - de - as,) come, a - rise to Je - sus, How he sits God - like! and the saints a - round him



4 O may I sit there when he comes tri - umphant, Dooming the na - tions! then as - cend to glo - ry, While our ho - san - nas all a - long the pas - sep

Moderate.

GALILEE. No. 158.



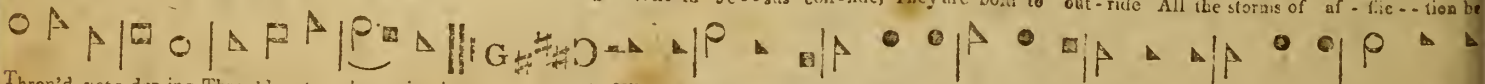
Rushing a - - main down, Rushing a - - main down.

1 Come let us as - cend, My com - pan - ion and friend, To a taste of the ban - quet a



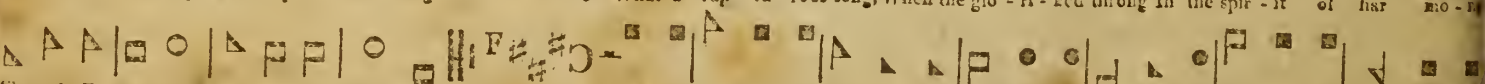
Quick to de - vour them, Quick to de - vour them.

2 Who in Je - - sus con - fide, They are bold to out - ride All the storms of af - fic - - tion be



Thron'd, yet a - dor - ing, Thron'd, yet a - dor - - ing!

3 What a rap - tu - rous song, When the glo - ri - fed throng In the spir - it of har - mo - ny



Shout the Re - deemer, Shout the Re - - de - m - er.

4 Hal - le - lu - - jah, they cry, To the King of the sky, To the great ex - - cer - last - - ing L

g. If thy heart be as mine, If for Je --- sss it pine, Come up in -- to the char -- ist of love, Come up in -- to the char -- ist of love

h. With the Prophet they soar To that heav -- en -- ly shore, And out -- fly all the ar -- rows of death, And out -- fly all the ar -- rows of death.

i. Join all the glad choirs, Hearts, voi -- ces, and lyres, And the bar -- des is mer -- cy di -- vine, And the bur -- den is mer -- cy di -- vine.

To the Lamb that was slain And now liv -- eth a -- gain; Hal -- le -- bu -- jab to God and the Lamb, Hal -- le -- lu -- jah to God and the Lamb.

Cheerful..

CYPRUS. No. 159.

1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice, My last -- ing her -- it -- age; Then shall my re -- blest pow'rs re -- joice, My warm -- est thoughts en -- gage

2 I'll read the list -- ries of thy love, And keep thy laws in sight, While thro' the prom -- i -- ses I rove With ev -- er fresh de -- light.



1 What shall I render to my God For all his kindness shown? My feet shall vis - it thine abode, My songs address thy throne. A - mong



2 How much is mer - cy thy de - light, Thou ev - er blessed God! How dear thy servants in thy sight! How precious is their blood! How hap -



3 Now I am thine, for ev - er thine, Nor shall my purpose move; Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain, And bound me with thy love. Here in



Loud.



saints that fill thine house, Among the saints that fill thine house My off - ings shall be paid; There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in an - guish



all thy servants are, How hap - py all thy servants are! How great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I de - vote to thee

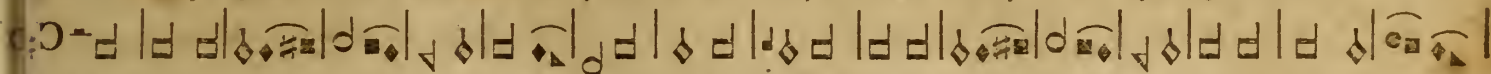


courts I leave my vow, Herein thy courts I leave my vow, And thy rich grace re - cord; Witness, ye saints, who hear me now, If I forsake the Lord

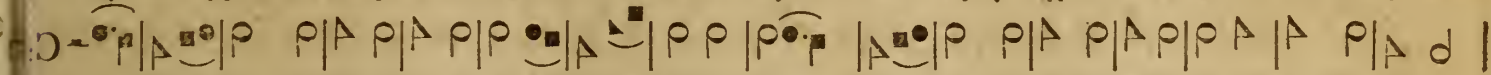




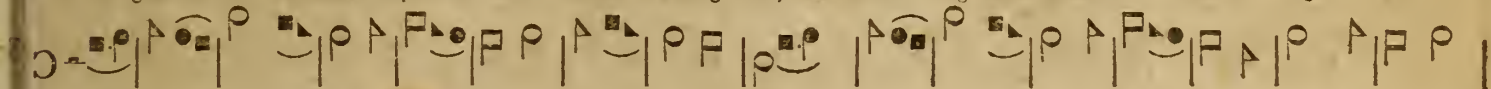
I waited patient for the Lord; Who did his glorious ear af - ford; He bow'd to hear my humble cry; His goodness brought salva - tion



1 My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise; When cloth'd in his ce - - lestial rays, He in full majesty appears, And, like a robe his glory wears.



3 An - gels, whom his own breath inspires, His minis - ters, are flaming fires; And swift as thought their armies move To bear his vengeance or his



Unisons



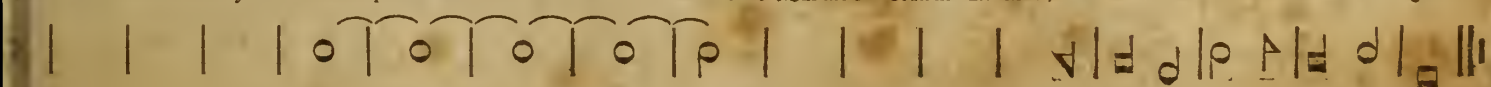
He rais'd me from a horrid pit, And from my bonds released my feet: Firm on a rock he made me stand, To praise the wonders of his hand.

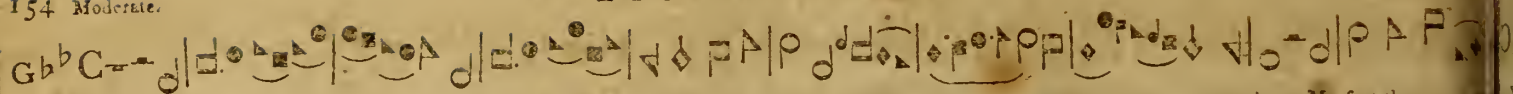


The heaven are for his curtain spread, Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed. Clouds are his chariot, when he flies On winged storms a - cross the skies.

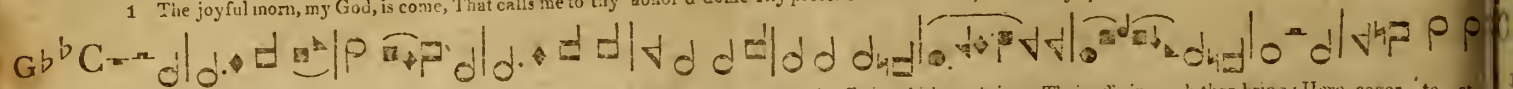


The world's foundation by his hand Are pois'd, and shall for - ev - er stand: He bids the o - cean in his chain, Lest it should drown the earth a - - gain.

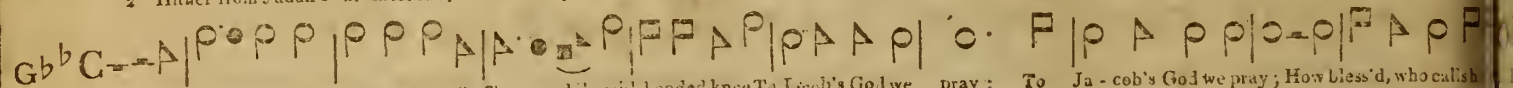




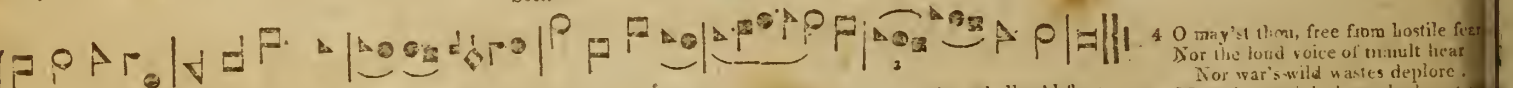
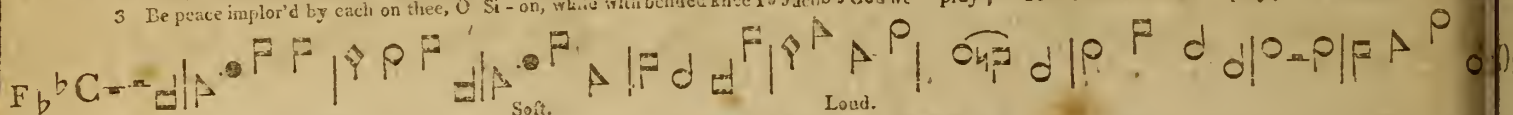
1 The joyful morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy honor'd dome Thy presence to a - dore ; Thy presence to a - dore ; My feet the summe



2 Hither from Judah's ut - most end, The heaven protect - ed tribes ascend ; Their offerings hither bring ; Their offerings hither bring ; Here, eager 'to at -



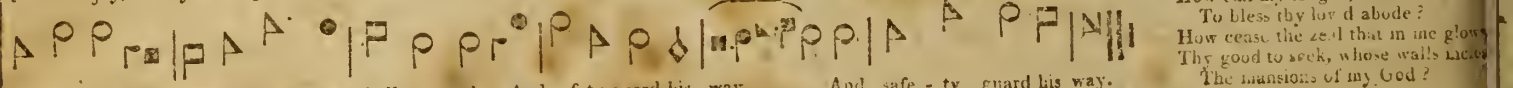
3 Be peace implor'd by each on thee, O Si - on, while with bended knee To Jacob's God we pray ; To Ja - cob's God we pray ; How bless'd, who call'st



shall attend, With willing steps thy courts as - cend, And tread the hallow'd floor, And tread the hallow'd floor.



test their joy, In hymns of praise their tongues employ, All hail th' immortal King, All hail th' im - mortal King.

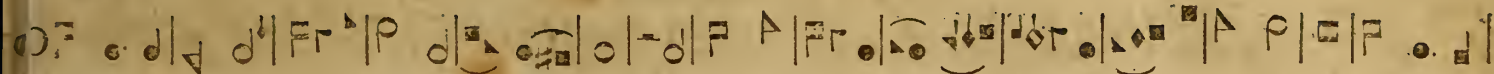


self thy friend ! Success his la - - bor shall attend, And safety guard his way, And safe - ty guard his way.

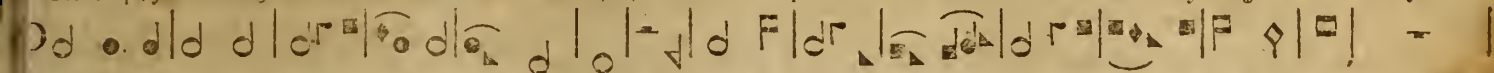


4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear
Nor war's wild wastes deplore.
May plenty nigh thee take her store,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.

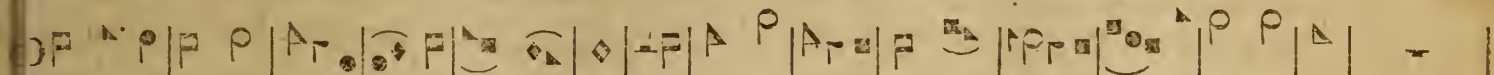
5 Seat of my friends and brethren, how
How can my tongue, O Zion, rail
To bless thy lov'd abode ?
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God ?



Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take ; Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord Bid eve - ry string a - wake. Praise ye the



Tho' in a for - eign land, We are not far from home ; And near - er to our house a - - - bove, We eve - - ry moment come.

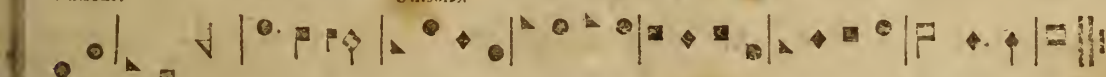


His graceshall to the end Stronger and brighter shine ; Nor pres - ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di - vine.



Unisons.

Unisons.



1. Halle - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord, halle - lu - jah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah, Praise ye the Lord.



Halle - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord, halle - lu - jah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah, Praise ye the Lord.



Halle - lu - jah,

halle - lu - jah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah, Praise ye the Lord.



4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, FOR ME.

5 Tarry his leisure then,
Wait the appointed hour ;
Wait till the bridegroom of your souls
Reveal his love with power.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul surveys; Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd com - forts to my soul Thy ten - der care bestow'd. Before my in - fant heart conceiv'd From whom those comforts flow.

3 When in the slipp - 'ry paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran, Thine arm, unscen, convey'd me safe, And led me up to man.

Cheerful.

MILL VILLE. No. 165.

1 Come, let us a - new, Our jour - ney pursue; With vig - our a - - rise, And press to our per - manent place in the skies.

2 Of heaven - ly birth, Tho' wand'ring on earth, This is not our place, But strangers and pil - grims ourselves we confess.

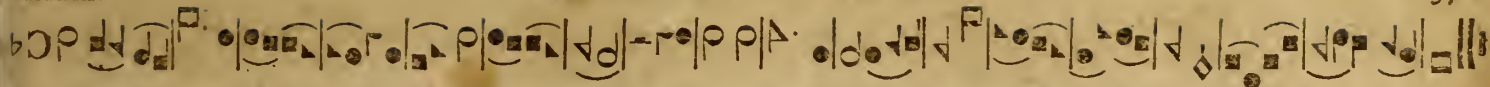
3 At Je - - sus's call, We give up our all, And still we fore - go, For Je - sus's sake, our en - joy - ments below.

4 No heart do we And For the country behind; But on - ward we move, And still we are seeking a country a - bove.

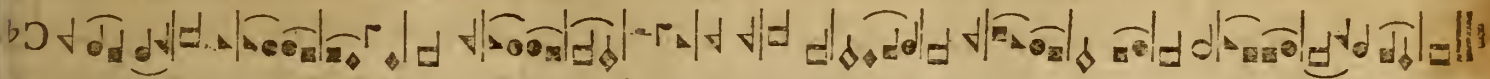
Moderate.

WAYBRIDGE. No. 166.

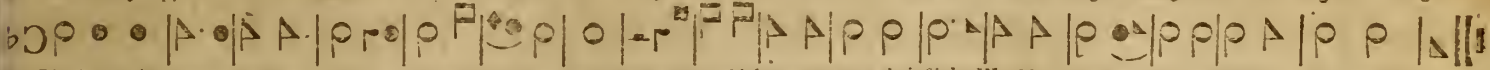
157



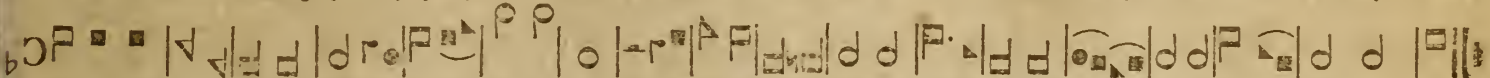
1 Lord where shall guilty souls retire Forgotten and unknown, In hell they meet thy vengeful ire, In heaven thy glorious throne, In heaven thy glorious throne.



2 Should they suppress their vital breath, T' escape the wrath divine, Thy voice would break the bars of death, And make the grave resign, And make the grave resign.



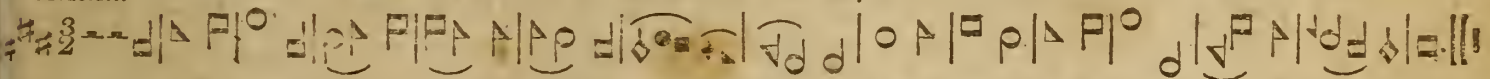
3 If wing'd with beams of morning light They fly beyond the west, Thine hand which must support their flight, Would soon betray their rest, Would soon betray their rest



4 If o'er their sins they seek to draw The curtains of the night, Those flaming eyes that guard thy law, Would turn the shades to light Would turn the shades to light.

Moderate.

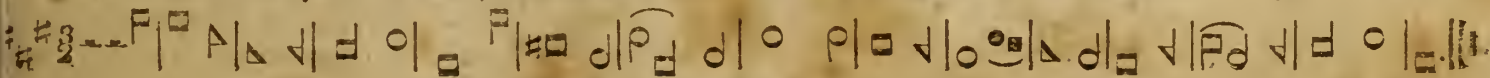
TROAS. No. 167.



1 Attend, O earth whilst I declare G. d's un - - controul'd de - - cree; Thou art my Son this day, my Heir Have I be - got - ten thee.



2 Ask and re - ceive thy full de - mands; Thine shall the breath - en be. The ut - most lim - its of the lands Shall be possess by thee.

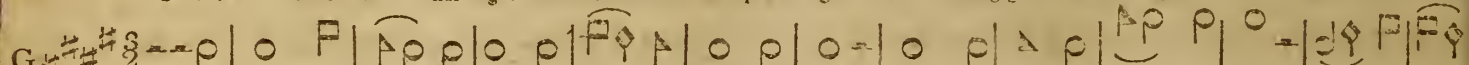




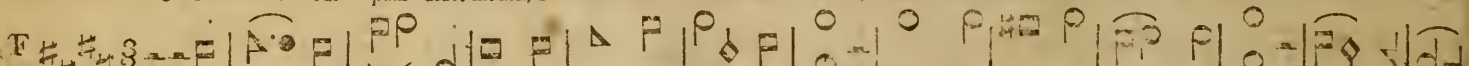
1 Thou Je - sus, art our King! Thy ceaseless praise we sing; Praise shall our glad tongue emp'oy, Praise, o'erflow our



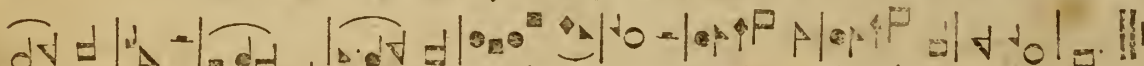
2 Thou art th'e - ter - - nal light That shin'st in deepest night, Word - 'ring gaz'd th' angel - - ie train While thou bow'dst



3 Thou with our pain didst mourn, Thou hast our sickness borne, All our sins on thee were laid; Thou with un - - e



4 Enthron'd a - - bove the sky, Thou reign'st with God most high, Pros - trate at thy feet we fall! Power supreme to



grate - ful soul, While we vi - - tal breath en - - joy, While e - - ter - - nal a - - ges roll.



heavens be - neath; God' with God wert man with man, Man to save from end - less death.



am - pled grace All the migh - ty debt hast paid, Due from Ad - am's helpless race



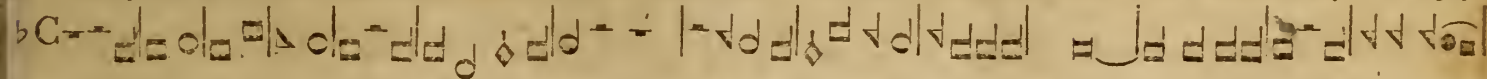
thee is given, Thee, the right - ous Judge of all, Thee, the Lord of earth and heaven!

5 Arise! stir up thy power,
Thou deathless Conqueror!
King of all! with paing eye
Mark the toil, the pains we feel
'Midst the snares of death we lie
'Midst the banded power of hell

6 O Lord! thou God of love!
Let us thy mercy prove!
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That with thee, above the skies,
Endless joy we may possess.



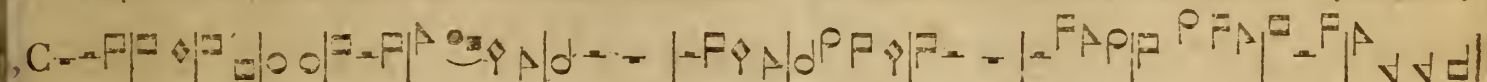
Who place on Sion's God their trust, Like Sion's rock shall stand, Like her im-mov - - - a - ble be fix'd, Like her im - mov - - - a - ble be fix'd, By his al - mighty



Like her immovable be fix'd,



Who place on Sion's God their trust, Like Sion's rock shall stand, Like her im-mov - - - a - ble be fix'd, Like her im - mov - ble be fix'd, By his al - mighty



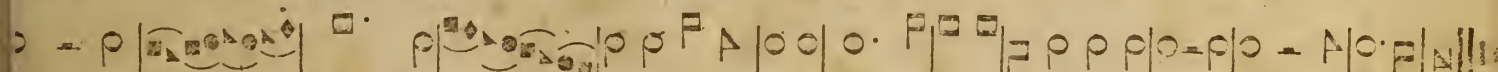
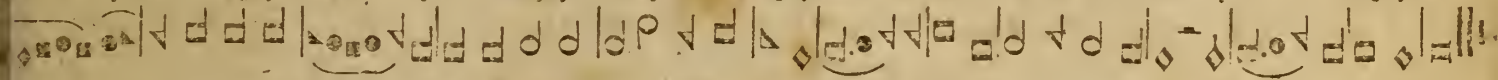
Like her immovable be fix'd,

Soft.

Loud.



1, By his al - mighty hand, By his al - mighty hand, By his al - mighty hand, Like her im - mov - ble be fix'd By his almighty hand.



By his al - mighty hand, By his al - mighty hand, By his al - mighty hand, Like her im - mov - ble, be fix'd By his almighty hand.





1 Sweet the mo - ments rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend, Life, and health, and peace pos - sess, From the sin - ner's dy - ing



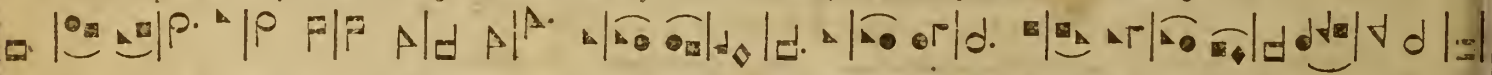
2 Far a - bove yon glo - rious ceiling Of the a - zure vaulted sky, Je - - sus sits, his grace reveal - ing To the splendid troops on



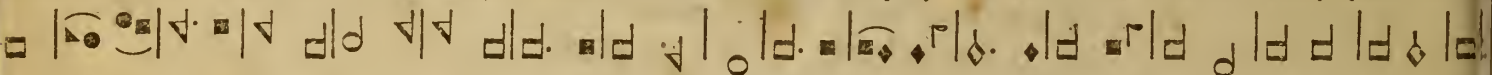
3 Hail, thou once des - pis - ed Je - sus! Hail thou Gal - i - - le - an King! Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free salva - tion



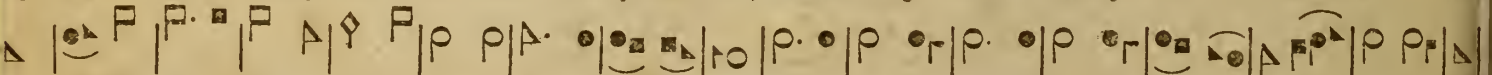
4 Wor - ship, honor, power and blessing, Thou art worthy to receive; Loudest praises without ceasing Meet it is for us to



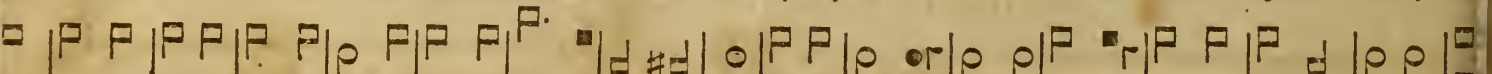
friend. Here I'll sit, forev - - er viewing Mercy's streams and streams of blood; Precious drops my soul be - dew - ing Plead and claim my peace with God



high. Hosts ser - aphic humbly bowing, At his foot - stool prostrate fall; Saints and an - gels all a - vow - ing, God in Christ their all in all.



bring! Hail thou ag - on - i - zing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame! By thy merits we find fa - vor, Life is given thro' thy name



give. Help, ye bright angel - ic spir - its! Bring your sweetest, no - blest lays! Help to sing our Sav - iour's merits; Help to chant In -manuel's praise