



The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are the vocal line, and the last two are the piano accompaniment. The music is in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, | My comfort by day, & my song in the night, My hope, my salvation,
On whom in affliction I call; | my all,

Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love? For why in the valley of death shall I weep: Or
alone in the wilderness rove?

2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion declare, have ye seen,
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone

3 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.
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes all invitingly beams.

A
SUPPLEMENT,
TO THE
Kentucky Harmony.

BY
ANANIAS DAVISSON.

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1825.

INTRODUCTION.

GENERAL SCALE.

22		G space above			
21	Treble Stave	F 5th line	Faw	
20		E 4th Space	Law	
19		D 4th line	Sole	
18		C 3rd space	Faw	
17		B 3rd line	Me	
16	Treble Stave	A 2nd space	Law	
15		G 2nd line	Sole	
14		F 1st space	Faw	
13		E 1st line	Law	
12					
11	Tenor Stave	F 5th line	Faw	
10		E 4th space	Law	
9		D 4th line	Sole	
8		C 3rd space	Faw	
7		B 3rd line	Me	
6	Bass Stave	A 2nd space	Law	
5		G 2nd line	Sole	
4		F 1st space	Faw	
3		E 1st line	Law	
2					
1		G 1st line	Sole	

Explanation

The foregoing is a representation of the general scale showing the connection of the parts, and also what sound of the general scale each letter, line, or space, in either of the octaves, represents. For instance, A, the natural minor key, occupies the 2nd, 9th, and 16th. sounds of the general scale; C, the natural major key, the 4th, 11th, and 18th

The foregoing scale comprises three octaves, or 22 sounds. The F Cliff which represents the bass stave, occupies the seventh sound of the general scale. The G's Cliff when used in Tenor, occupies the eighth, and when used in Treble the fifteenth sound of the general scale.

PREFACE

NOTWITHSTANDING this work is designed as supplementary to the KENTUCKY HARMONY, the Author has nevertheless made it a compleat system in itself, by laying down the rudiments of Music in full. Those therefore, who may not feel disposed to purchase both books, may, by purchasing either, have all the rules necessary to their qualification.

The author's principle design in offering his Supplement is, that his methodist friends may be furnished with a suitable and proper arrangement of such tunes as may seem to him best calculated to animate and enliven them, and all other zealous christians, in their acts of devotion; and while they sing with the spirit, let them learn to sing with the understanding also.

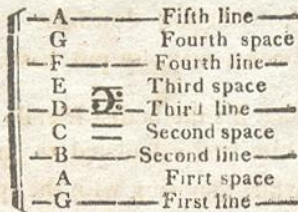
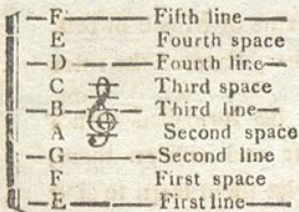
Having spent the morning of life in the modest circles of the musical assemblies, I have thought proper to retire from those pleasing and delightful scenes of youthful pleasure, and spend the meridian in preparing my feeble acquirements for the inspection of a wise and generous public. However lightly my labours may be esteemed by the Sacred musicians of the present day; there is still one source from which I derive consolation; that is, the purity of my intentions. I am now passing from the Meridian toward the Shades of Night, and must confess that the path (though it appears to be a little tinctured with the robes of mortality,] is full of pleasantness and peace.

When I reflect on the many delightful assemblies with whom I have been permitted to mingle my voice in singing the praises of my Redeemer I cannot be sufficiently thankful. Those Meditations speedily bring into view the sweet language of the poet when addressing himself to God; 'To spend one day with thee on earth, exceeds a thousand days of mirth.' O that the world could realize the language of this excellent Poet Is my prayer for Christ's sake.






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








Treble, Tenor & Counter stave.

Bass stave.



MUSICAL CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.






- A Stave  Is five lines with their intermediate spaces on which music is written.
- A single bar  Divides the stave into measures
- A single bar  Shews the end of a strain
- A Close  Shews the end of a tune.
- A repeat  Shews that the tune must be again performed from the note before which it is placed to the next double bar or close.

- A Semibreve rest  Is a square below the line, rest
- A minium rest  Is a square above the line.
- A crotchet rest  Is a slanted stroke with a dash, called a Sutton rest.
- A quaver rest  Is an inverted sutton.
- A semiquaver rest  Is an inverted sutton with a dash.
- A demisemi-quaver rest  Is an inverted sutton with two dashes.
- A brace  Shews how many parts are performed together.
- A ledgerline  Is added when notes ascend or descend beyond the ^{stave.}
- A slur  Shews the number of notes sung to one syllable.
- The figure 3 being placed over or under any three notes, shews they must be performed a third quicker.
- A dot . at the right hand of a note adds to it half its usual length.
- The figures 1 2 shews that the note under one is sung before the repeat, and that under 2 after it; if tied with a slur, both are sung after.



RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.



A *prissa* :#; signifies that the preceding word, or sentence, must be sung to the note, or notes, under which it is set
 A trill *tr* signifies that the note over which it is placed may be lightly warbled like a soft roll.

MOODS OF COMMON TIME.




- 1st.  Is expressed by a plain C, has a semibreve or its quantity in a measure, sung in the time of four seconds, four beats in a measure, two down and two up,
- 2nd.  By a C with a bar through it, has the same measure note, beat in the same manner, performed in the time of three seconds.
- 3rd.  By a C inverted, has the same measure note, sung in the time of two and a half seconds, two beats in a measure, one down and one up
 *The accent in each of the foregoing moods, falls on the first and third parts of the measure.*
- 4th.  Has a minium for the measure note, sung in the time of 1 second and a half, two beats in a measure, one down and one up
The fourth mood has but one accent in a measure, and falls on the first part

MOODS OF TREBLE TIME.





- 1st.  Has three minims in a measure, sung in the time of three seconds, and three beats in the measure, two down and one up.
- 2nd.  Has three crotchets in a measure, beat like the first only a third faster.

- 3rd.  Has three quavers in a measure, and three beats, performed in the time of one second and a half  *The measure in treble time is divided into three parts, the first only is accented.*

MOODS OF COMPOUND TIME.

- 1st.  Has six crotchets in a measure, and two beats, one down and one up, performed in the time of two and a half seconds
- 2nd.  Has six quavers in a measure, sung in the time of one second and a half, and two beats, one down and one up.
 *In compound time the accent falls on the first and fourth parts of the measure.*

The natural place for ME is in B, But

If B be flat	- -	Me is in	E
If B & E	- -		A
If B E & A	- -		D
If B E A & D	- -		G
If F be sharp	-	Me is in	F
If F & C	- -		C
If F C & G	- -		G
If F C G & D	- - - -		D

When the Me is found, the order of the notes ascending, are, twice Faw Sol Law, and descending, twice Law Sol Faw, then comes Me again either way.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

The triangle is Fa, the round is Sol, the square law and the diamond shape Me.



THE PROPORTION OF THE NOTES.

1	Semibreve	0		is equal to
2	Minims	1 1		
4	Crotchets	1 1 1 1		
8	Quavers,	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		
16	Semiquavers,	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		
32	Demisemi quavers.	1 1		

The F Cliff Represents the Bass Staff, and stands on F.

The G's Cliff Stands on G. and answers alike for Tenor, Treble' and Counter.

N. B. Notes joined together at the bottom answers the purpose of a slur.

So soon as the foregoing rules are memorized by the scholars, the teacher, in order to know whether they are well understood, should interrogate them in the following manner:

Question: How is the first mood of common time exprest?

Answer. By a plain C.

Q. How the second?

A. By a C with a bar through it.

Q. How the third?

A. By an inverted C.

Q. How the fourth?

A. By the figures two four,

Q. How is the first mood of treble time exprest?

A. By the figures three two.

Q. How the second?

A. By the figures three four.

R. How the third?

A. By the figures three eight.

Q. How is the first mood of compound time known?

A. By the figures six four

Q. How the second? A. By the figures six eight

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

- Q. What do you understand by the lower figure, or figure two, in the first mood of treble time?
 A. It shews that the semibreve, which is the measure note, is divided into two parts called minims.
- Q. What by the upper figure, or figure three?
 A. That three minims, or their quantity fill a measure.
- Q. What do you understand by the lower figures generally?
 A: They serve to shew how many parts the measure note is divided into.
- Q. What by the upper figures?
 A. They shew how many of those divisions fill a measure.
- Q. Into how many parts is the measure note divided in the first mood of treble time? A. Two.
- Q. What are those parts called?
 A: Minims.
- Q. How many minims fill the measure?
 A. Three.
- Q. Into how many parts is the measure note divided in the second mood of treble time? A: four.
- Q. What are those parts called? A. Crotchets.
- Q. How many crotchets fill the measure?
 A. Three.
- Q. Into how many parts is the measure note divided in the third mood of treble time? A. Eight.
- Q. What are those parts called? A: Quavers.
- Q. Into how many parts is the measure note divided in the first mood of compound time? A. Four.
- Q. How many of those parts fill a measure? A. Six.
- Q. Into how many parts is the measure note divided in the second mood of compound time? A. Eight.
- Q. What is the use of a single bar?
 A. It divides the stave into measures.
- Q. A double bar. A. Shews the end of a strain.
- Q. A Close? A. Shews the end of a tune.
- Q. A Brace? A. shews how many parts are performed together.
- Q. A Ledgerline? A. Is added when notes ascend or descend beyond the stave.
- Q. The figure 3 over or under any three notes?
 A. Shews they must be performed a third quicker.
- Q. What are we to understand by the figures 1 2 placed at the end of a tune, or strain.
 A. They shew that the note under 1 is sung before the repeat, and that under 2 after it, if tied with a slur both are sung after.
- Q. A Semibreve rest? A. Is a square below the line.
- Q. A minim rest? A. Is a square above the line.
- Q. A Crotchet rest? A. a sutton.
- Q. A Quaver rest? A. an inverted sutton.
- Q. A Semiquaver rest?
 A. Is an inverted sutton. with a dash.
- Q. A Demisemiquaver rest?
 A. Is an inverted sutton with two dashes.
- Q. A dot or point at the right hand of a note?
 A. Adds to it half its usual length.
- Q. A trill placed over a note
 A. It shews that it may be lightly warbled. See example Page 7
- Q. How is the key note known?
 A. By the last note in the Bass, which is always the next above, or below Me, If above this a sharp key, If below it is a flat key.

Examples of Common Time.

1 2 3 4 1 2 1 2
 m r m r m r m r m r m r m r

 d d u u d u d u

Examples of Treble time.

1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3
 m r m r m r m r m r m r m r

 d d u d d u d d u

Examples of Compound time.

m r r m r r m r r m r r
 1 2 1 2

 d u d u

The figures in the above examples show the number of beats in such measure; the letters *d* and *u*, shows the beat to be down or up, and the letters *m* and *r*, the motion and resting of the hand.

A Syncope, A Syncopation. Examples of the Trill.



LESSONS FOR TUNING THE VOICE.
 THE EIGHT NOTES.



The Eight notes Doubled.



Intervals Proved



EVENING SHADE. S M.



The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O! may we all remember well O! &c. The night of death is near.



2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unclouded sun;
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run,

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove;
O! may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

DVOTION L M.

Davison.



Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast, O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound



The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system is followed by the first line of lyrics. The second system is followed by the second line of lyrics. The music is written in a common time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, | My comfort by day, & my song in the night, My hope, my salvation,
On whom in affliction I call; | my all,

Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love? For why in the valley of death shall I weep: Or
alone in the wilderness rove.

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion declare, have ye seen,
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone

3 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.
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes all invitingly beams.

PORTLAND. L. M.

Billings. 11



When we our wear'd limbs to rest, sat down by proud euphrates streams, we wept with doleful thro'ts opprest, & zion was our mournful theme.



Our harps that, when with joy we sung, were want their tuneful parts to bear, with silent strings neglected hung, on willow trees that wither'd are



O God, my sun, thy blissful rays Can warm, rejoice, & guide my heart. How dark, how mournful are my days, li thy enlivening beams depart! Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day appears to these desiring eyes! But shall my drooping spirit say, The cheerful morn will never rise!

Hosannah to the Prince of Light, That cloth'd himself in clay; Enter'd the iron gates of death, And tore the bars a-

way. And to - - re the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose:
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the conq'ror mounts aloft,
And to his father flies;
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

EPIPHONEMA. P. M. 50th. Psalm. Giardini. 19



Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ; Awake before the dreadful morning rise : Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works an end.



Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend ; Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.





Stay, thou insulted spirit, stay! Tho' I have done thee such despite, Cast not a sinner quite away, Nor take thine everlasting flight.



2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great high priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy peoples rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.



Children of the heavenly King, Halle hallelujah,
As we journey let us sing Glory Hallelujah,

Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Halle hallelujah,
Glorious in his works and ways, Glory hallelujah.




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 O ye bannish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;—
Us to save our flesh assumes'—
Brother to our souls he comes.



4 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,—
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.


6 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.



His voice as the sound of a dulcimer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death, } His lips as a fountain of righteousness
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet, The air is perfum'd with his breath. }

flow, That waters the garden of grace, From which their salvation the gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.



Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

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 her Lord.

Awak'd by sin's awful sound, my soul in guilt & thrall I found, And knew not where to go; | O'erwhelm'd in sin with anguish slain, The sinner must be born

again, Or sink in endless woe.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be born again
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When on the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load;

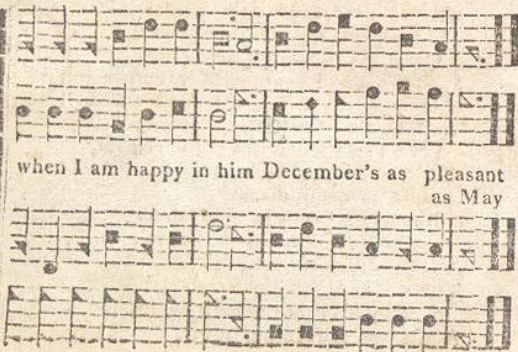
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 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

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.



How tedious and tastless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see; | The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, & sweet flow'rs. have all lost their sweetness to me | 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.
- 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.
- 5 While blest with a sense of his love,
A pittance a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there,

When winter is over & spring is begun, When nature is warm'd by the rays of the sun; Our prospects are rais'd by the opening year,

And fruits are expected when blossoms appear.

2 Our fond expectations thus bears us away,
While beautiful prospects our eye atill survey;
But sudden, a dreadful, and untimely frost
Restores winter's gloom and our hopes are all lost.

3 Just so in a season when conscience awakes,
Calls loudly to sinners their crimes to forsake;
'Tis then, that with pleasing emotion we trace
The tears of the mourner adorning each face.

4 But O! in the midst of this pleasing delight,
We look for the fruit, but its snatch'd from the sight;
Some fatal temptation conviction destroys,
And cut off the hope which had promis'd us joy.

Turo' all this world below God is seen all around, search hills and valies thro' there he's found: The growing of the corn, the lilly and the thorn, the pleasant & terloyn,

All declare God is there, In medows drest in green there he's seen

2 See springing waters rise, fountains flow, rivers run
The mist that veils the sky, hides the sun; [shore,
Then down the rain doth pour the ocean it doth roar, & beat upon the
All to praise in their ways, the God who ne'er declines his designs

3 The sun with all his rays, speaks of God as he flies:
The comet in her blaze, God she cries
The shining of the stars, and moon, when she appears
His awful name declares; see them fly thro' the sky, & join the
solemn sound all around
Not India's hills of gold, Where the wonders are told,
Nor zephyrs strong and bold, can unfold the mountain Calvary,
Where Christ the Lord did die, hark! hear the Saviour cry!
Mountains quake, heav'ns shake, Christ call'd to heav'ns host
Left their cost.

I love thee my Saviour, I love thee my Lord ;
 I love thy dear people, thy ways & thy word, } With tender emotion I love sinners too Since Jesus has di'd to redeem them, from woe;

1 O Jesus my saviour I know thou art mine,
 For thee, all the pleasures of sin I resign;
 Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,
 Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.


3 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
 Then taught me the way of salvation to find,
 And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
 Thy mercy reliev'd me, and bid me not fear.

4 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
 The language of mortals or angels would fail;
 My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
 I'm rais'd to a wrapture while praising his name.



I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
 In sweet meditation, he always is near;
 My constant companion, O may we ne'er part,
 All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

My Jesus is precious I cannot forbear,
 Though tinnors despise me his name to declare;
 His love overwhelms me, had I wings, I'd fly
 To praise him in mansions prepar'd in the sky.


Then millions of ages my soul would employ,
 In praising my Jesus, my love, and my joy;
 Without interruption, when all the glad throng,
 With pleasure unceasing unite in the song.



And let this feeble body fail! Or let it raint or die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale, & soar to worlds on high. } Shall join the disembodi'd saints & find its long so't rest; That only bliss

for which it pants on the Redeemer's breast,



2 in hopes of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wonder up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I'll suffer on my threescore years,
Till my deliv'rer comes,
And wipe away his servant's tears;
And take his exile home

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They are all rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t' appear!
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!

Afflictions though they seem severe, Are oit in mercy sent ; }
 They stopt the prodigal's career, and caus'd him to repent: } Altho' he no relenting felt till he had spent his store, his stubborn hear be-

gan to melt, When famine pincht him sore.

3 What have I gain'd by sin said he,
 But hunger, shame, and fear,
 My father's house abounds with bread,
 Whilst I am starving here

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 Fall dow'n before his face,
 Not worthy to be call'd his son,
 I'll ask a servant's place.

5 He saw his son returning back,
 He look'd, he ran, he smil'd
 And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child.

6 Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive
 And thus the father said ;
 Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
 Eor whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 Go sprcad the news abroad,
 My son was dead, but lives again,
 Was lost, but now is found.

8, 'Tis thus the Lord himself reveals,
 To call poor sinners home,
 More than the father's love he feels,
 And bids the sinner come.

Sinners hear the Saviour's call, He now is passing by; He has seen thy grievous thrall, & heard thy mournful cry He has pardon to impart,

Grace to save thee from thy fears, see the love that fills his heart & wipes away all tears.

- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face:
Wilt thou fear Immanuel!
Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God,
Who to save thy soul from pain
Has shed his precious blood?
- 3 Rais thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs his throne surround,
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says there yet is room;
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

PISGAH. C. M.

Lowry. 25



When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies ; I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, And



D



wipe &c. And wipe &c. I'll bid &c

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at satan's rage,
And lace a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God my heav'n my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Awake, our ſouls, and bleſs his name, Whoſe mercies never fail; Who opens wide a door of hope In Achor's gloomy vale.

Behold the portal wide diſplay'd, The building's ſtrong and fair; Within are paſtures fresh & green, And livingſtreams are there;

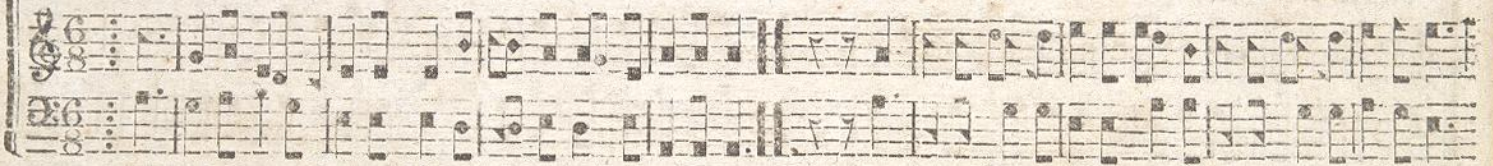
Enter my ſoul with cheerful haſt, For Jeſus is the door; Nor fear the ſerpent's wily darts, Nor fear the lion's roar,
O, may thy grace the nations lead, And Jews and Gentiles come, All trav'ling thro' the beautiful gate, To one eternal home.

WASHINGTON, L. M.

Monday. 27



Dismiss us with thy blessing Lord, Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive, And let thy truth within us live { Tho' we are guilty, thou art good, Wash all our works in Jesu's blood



Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release And bid us all depart in peace Give sv'ry fetter'd, &c.





Hark ! the jubilee is sounding O the joyful news is come, }
 Free salvation is proclaimed In and thro' Gods only son; } Now we have an invitation To the meek and lowly Lamb, Glory, honour,



& salvation, Christ the Lord is come to reign.



2 Come dear friends, and don't neglect it,
 Come to Jesus in your prime;
 Great salvation, don't reject it.
 O receive it, now's your time;
 Now the Saviour is beginning
 To revive his works again,
 Glory' honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
 Come and follow Christ the way;
 We shall all receive a blessing,
 If from him we do not stray,
 Golden moments we've neglected,
 Yet the Lord invites again
 Glory, honor, &c

4 Come, let's run our race with patience,
 Looking unto Christ the Lord,
 Who doth live and reign forever
 With his Father and our God,
 He is worthy to be praised,
 He is our exalted king.
 Glory, honor, &c.

5 Come, dear children praise your Jesus
 Praise him, praise him ever more
 May his great love now constrain us,
 His great name for to adore;
 O then let us join to gether,
 Crowns of glory to obtain
 Glory, honor, &c

AUGUSTA. C. M.

Sherman. 29

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff.

Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come ; Our saelter from the stormy blast, Our &c. And our eternal home.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

home And our eternal home And our &c.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And my defence is sure.

A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising dawn :

Time like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.



Bright scenes of glory strike my sense, And all my passions capture ; } I dive in pleasures deep and full, In swelling waves of glory ; And
 Eternal beauties round me shine, Infusing warmest rapture.



feel my Saviour in my soul And groan to tell my story. And feel



The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are the vocal line, and the last two are the piano accompaniment. The music is in a common time signature and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

There is no path to heav'nly bliss, Or solid joy, or lasting peace | Oh may we tread the sacred way! } Till we sit down with God.
 But Christ th' appointed road. | By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray, }

As he above forever lives, And life to dying sinners gives, Eeternal & divine; O may his spirit in me dwell Then sav'd from sin, & death & hell.
 Eternal life is mine.

WORDS FOR MECKLINGBURGH.

1 I feast on honey, milk and wine,
 I drink perpetual sweetness;
 Mount zion's odours through me shine,
 While Christ unfolds his glory.
 No mortal tongue can lisp my joys,
 Nor can an angel tell them;
 Ten thousand times surpassing all
 Terrestrial worlds or emblems,

2 My captivated spirit flies,
 Through shining worlds of beauty;
 Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry,
 In praises loud and mighty.
 And here I'll sing and swell the strains,
 Of harmony delighted,
 And with the millions learn the notes,
 Of saints in Christ united,

3 The bliss that rolls thro' heav'n above,
 Thro' those in glory seated,
 Which causes them loud song to sing,
 Ten thousand times repeated.
 Goes through my soul in radiant flames
 Constraining loudest praises,
 O'erwhelming all my pow'rs with joys'
 While all within me blazes.

WATCHMAN, S. M.

Leach.

Come holy spirit, come! With energy divine. And on this poor benighted soul With beams of mercy shine.

MIDDLEBERRY. P. M.

Humphreys.

Come away to the skies! My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day Come exulting away, And with singing to Zion return!

O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er, A country I've found, where true joys abound, To

dwell I'm determin'd on that happ. ground.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy saviour & bless the glad day.

3 No mortle doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after
him, go;
Lo—onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell & sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
within!

And when I'm to die, Receive me! I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running through grace;
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's
face,

6 And now I'm in care my neighbours may share
These blessings; to seek them will none of you
dare?

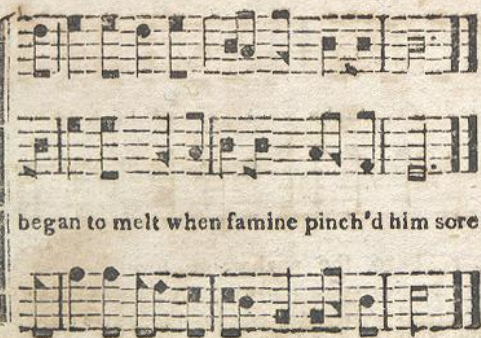
When one here assures you true grace is so
nigh!

When gabriel's awful trump shall sound, & rend the rocks, convulse the groud, & give to time her utmost bound, Ye dead arise to jud-
meet See lightnings
flash & thunders roll, See earth wrapt up like perchment scrall, Comets blaze, Sinners raise, Dread amaze, Horrors sieze, The guilty sons of
Adam's race Unsaved from sin by Jesus

The christian, fill'd with rapturous joy, Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high, To meet his Sav our in the sky, And see the face of Jesus,
The soul & body reunite, And fill'd with glory infinite, Bissedday Christians say ! Will you pray, That we may All join that happy company,
To praise the name of Jesus.



Afflictions tho' they seem severe, are oft in mercy sent ;
 They stopt the prodigal's career, And caus'd him to repent. } Altho' he no relenting felt Till he had spent his store; His stubborn hear



began to melt when famine pinch'd him sore

2 What have I gain'd by sin he said,
 But hunger's shame and fear!
 My father's house abounds with bread,
 While I am starv'ing here,
 I'll go, and tell him all I've done,
 Fall down before his face;
 Unworthy to be call'd his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place.

3 The father saw him coming back,
 He lock'd, he ran, he smil'd;
 He throws his arms around the neck,
 Of his rebellious child.

Father I've sin'd, but oh forgive,
 Enough the father said;
 Rejoice my house, my son's alive
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.

4 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 Go spread the news around;
 My son was dead, but lives again,
 Was lost but now is found.

'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home;
 More than a Father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.



Ye weary heavy laden'd souls; Who are oppressed sore; Ye travellers through the wilderness To canaan's peaceful sho - re Through



chilling winds and beating rains, The waters deep and cold, And enemies surrounding me, Take courage and be bold



Though storms and hurricanes arise, The desert all around, And fiery serpents oft appear, Thro' the enchanting ground,
 Dark nights and clouds and gloomy fears, And dragons often roar, But while the gospel trump we hear, We'll press for canaan's shoar.
 We're often like the tongs, the dove, Who mourns her absent mate, From hill to hill, from vale to vale, Her sorrow's to relate
 But Canaan's land is just before, Sweet spring is coming on, A few more winds and beating rains, And winter will be gone,



How long dear Saviour, O how long Shall this bright hour delay; Fly swift around ye wheels of time, And bring the promist day.



- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes! The earth and seas are pass'd away, And the old rolling skies :
- 2 From the third heav'n, where God resides, That holy, happy place, The New Jerusalem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace
- 3 Attending angels shant for joy, And the bright armies sing, mortals behold the sacred seat, Of our descending King!
- 4 The God of Glory down to men, Removes his blest above; Men, the dear object of his grace And he the loving God
- 5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears For ev'ry weeping eye; And paines, and groans, and grieis and fears, And death itself, shall die,

FINDLEY C. M.

Davisson.



The God of Glory down to men, Removes his blest above; men the dear objects of his grace, And he the loving God.

See the Lord of Glory dying ! See him gasping ! here him crying ! See his burthen'd bosom heave ! Look ye sinners, ye that hung him,
See the rocks and mountains shaking, Earth unto her centre quaking, Natur's groans awake the dead Look on phoebe struck with wonder,

Look how deep your sins have stung him, Dying sinners, look and live.
Whilst the peals of legal thunder ; Smote the dear Redeemer's head

5 Heaven's baigt melodious legions, chaunting thro' the tuneful
regions,
Cease to trill the quiv'ring string ; Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war is ended, By the all victorious King.

4 Hell and all the pow's infernal Vanquish'd by the King eternal,
When he pourd the vital flood ; by his groans which shook creation
Lo ! we found a proclamation, Peace and Pardon by his blood.

5 Shout ye saints with adoration, Fill with songs the wide creation
Since he's risen from the grave, Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Rock of our Salvation, Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear with patience tribulation, Overcomiug all temptation,
Till the glorious Jubilee Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder,
Then shall we adore and wonder, Singing on the highest key.



Saw ye my Saviour, :ff: Saw ye my Saviour and God; Oh! he di'd on calvary, To atone for you & me And to purchase our pardon
He was extended, :ff: Painfully nail'd to the cross: Then He bow'd his head & di'd, Thus my Lord was crucifi'd, To atone for a



with blood.
world that was lost.



- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
Whilst the sun refus'd to shine
When his Majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted, and slain,</p> | <p>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 in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.</p> | <p>7 Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live;
Saying, Father I have di'd,
(Oh behold my hands and side!)
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive.</p> |
| <p>4 Darkness prevail'd' darkness prevaild,
Darkness prevail'd thro' the land;
Oh! the solid rocks were rent,
Thro' creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucifi'd the God-Man,</p> | <p>6 Hail mighty Saviour! hail mighty Saviour!
Prince, and the Author of Peace;
Oh! He burst the bars of death,
And triumphing left the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss,</p> | <p>8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive,</p> |

How pleasant, How di-vine ly fair O Lord of hosts. thy dwell-ings are! With long de-sire my spirit faints,

to meet th' as semblies of the saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine above,
 my panting heart cries out for God,
 my God, my King, why should I be;
 So fare from all my joys and thee!

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
 And for her young provides her nest,
 But will my God to sparrows grant
 That pleasure which his children want?

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
 Around thy throne of majesty;
 The brightest glories shine above,
 And all their walks is praise and love,

5 Blest are the souls that find a place,
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise,

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set,
 To find the way to Zion's gate;
 God is their strength; and through the road,
 They lean upon their helper God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
 'Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there,



Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God; Ye heav'nly host the song begin, And sound his name abroad. Praise ye the Lord.



Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord hallelujah :|| :|| :|| Praise ye the Lord.



Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights ye twinkling flames:
Shine to your makers praise.

He built these worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they stand, or move,
And ever speak his name.

By all his works above,
His honours be express'd;
But saints that taste his saving love
Shoud sing his praises best.

Praise ye the Lord with joyful tongues; Ye powers that guard his throne; Je - sus the man shall lead the

song. And God inspire the tongue And God in - spire the tongue.

Gabriel, and all th'immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love-

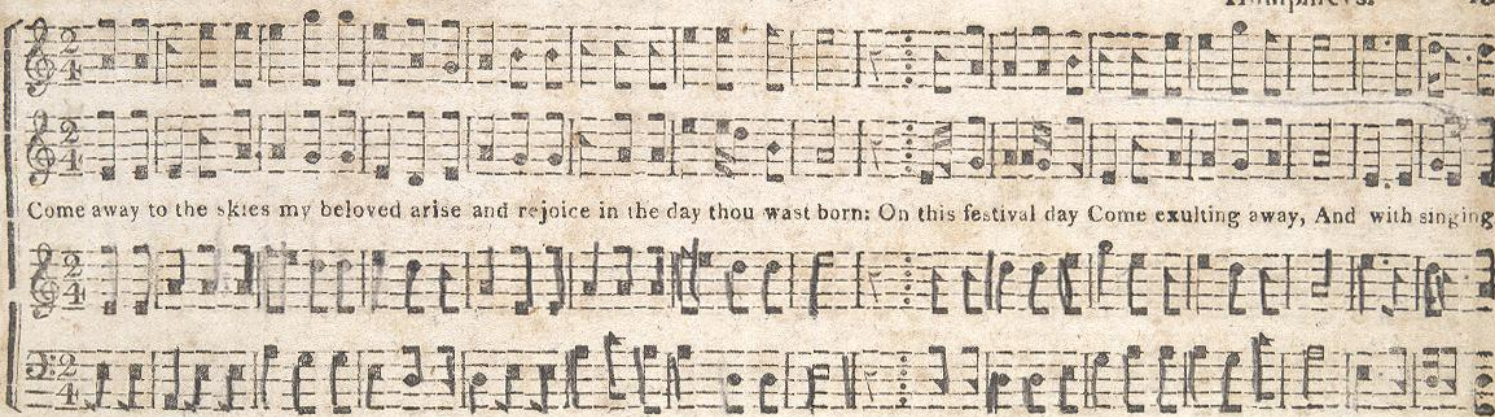
Shine to his praise ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil your little twinkling eyes,
Before a brighter God.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days;
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

EXULTATION. 6, 6, 9.

Humphreys.

43



Come away to the skies my beloved arise and rejoice in the day thou wast born: On this festival day Come exulting away, And with singing



1 Zion return.

We have laid up our love, and our treasure, above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord will remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

Now with singing & praise, let us spend all the days
By our heavenly Father bestowed;
While his grace we receive, from his bounty we'll live
To the honour, and glory of God.

For thy glory we were first created, to share
Both the nature, and kingdom divine;
Now created again, that our souls may remain
Throughout time and eternity thine.

We with thanks do approve the design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us to Jesus's name,
So united in heart, let us never more part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

There, O! there at his feet, let us all likewise meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our Saviour, with the heav'ly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

Hallelujah, we'll sing, to our Father, and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah again,
Sing all heav'n and fall at his feet.

My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the whirling spheres, Fly & Around the steady pole. Time, like the tide its motion

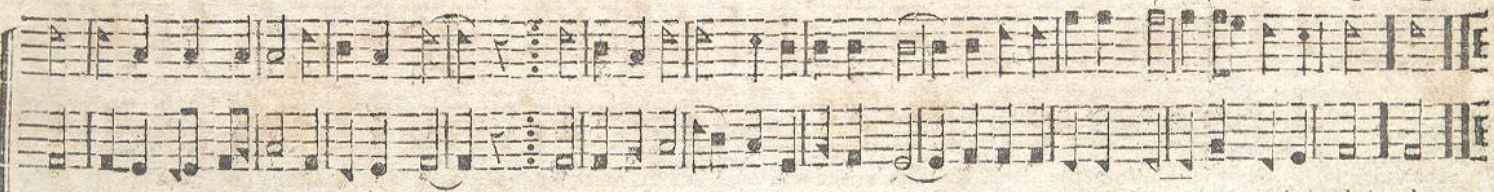
keeps and I must launch through endless deep, And I &c Where endless ages roll.

The grave is near the cradle seen,
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whosoer as they fly;
 Unthinking man remember this,
 Though fond of sublunary bliss;
 That you must groan and die.

My soul attend the solemn call,
 Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight;
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,
 To sing above as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.



The Lord the sov'reign sends his summons forth Calls the south nations & awakes the north ; From east to west the sov'reign orders spread



Thro' distant lands and regions of the dead, No more shall atheists mock his long delay, His vengeance sleeps no more behold the day.



Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord And thus surround the throne: The sorrows of

the mind Be bannish'd from the place, Religion never was desigud, To make our pleasures less. Religion never &c

CLAMANDA. L. M.

Chapin. 47



Say now ye lovely social band, who walk the way to canaan's land;
 Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, do you wish to turn again? } O, have you ventur'd to the field. Well arm'd with helmit, sword



and shield



and shall the world with dread alarm Compel you now to ground your arms.

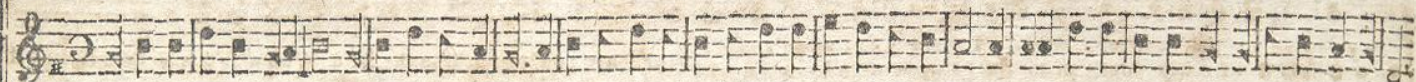


2 O come young soldiers count the cost
 And see what pleasures you have lost,
 O what misfortune does it bring? To have Jehovah for
 Shall sin entice you back again, [your king
 And bind you with its heavy chain;
 Has vice to you such lovely charms
 That you must die within her arms.

4 Beware of pleasures siren song,
 Alas! it cannot soothe thee long,
 It cannot quiet jordan's wave, Nor cheer the dark & silent
 O, what contentment did you find, (grave
 While love of pleasure rul'd your mind;
 No sweet reflection lull'd your rest,
 Nor conscious virtue calm'd your breast;



A blooming paradise of joy In this wild desert springs ;



And ev'ry sense finds strait employ On sweet celestial things.



White lillies all around appear. And each his glory shows ;



The rose of sharon blossoms here, The rose &c. The fairest flow'r that blows The rose &c.



HUMILITY. L. M.

Peck.

Behold I fall before thy face, My only refuge is thy grace; No outward form can make me clean, The lepro-

sy lies deep within No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,

HUMILITY. Continued.

Nor running brook, nor flood, Can wipe the dismal stain away - y - Can -

This system contains three staves of musical notation. The first staff is the vocal line, with lyrics written below it. The second and third staves are accompaniment. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

NEW - JORDAN.

C. M.

Shumway

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

This system contains four staves of musical notation. The first two staves are the vocal line with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are accompaniment. The music is in common time and uses a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and quarter notes.

Now Jordan Continued.



O the transporting rapturous scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight!

There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, & brooks, & vales,
With milk and honey flow.

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness, and sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns
And scatters night away.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest

Soon will the Lord my soul prepare-
For joys beyond the skies,
Where never ceasing pleasures roll,
And praises never dies.

Rejoice my friends the Lord is King; } Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing, And all the world in praises sing, And give to Jesus glory.
Let's all prepare to take him in; }

O may the saints of ev'ry name,
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb;
May jars, and discord cease to flame,
And all the Saviours love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory

Come parents, children, bond and free,
O come, and go to heav'n with me;
That glorious land of rest to see,
And shout with God eternally, &c.

Through faith, the telescope, is seen
Though Jordans billows roll between;
We soon shall cross the narrow main,
To beauteous fields of living green &c.

I long to see all christians join
In union sweet' and love divine,
Then ev'ry church with grace shall shine,
And grow in Christ the living vine &c.

Come, who will march to win the prize,
And take the kingdom in the skies,
Where love and union never dies,
But always flows through Paradise, &c.

A few more days of pain and woe,
A few more suffering scenes below,
And then to Jesus we will go
Where everlasting pleasures flow &c.

On Zion's brilliant mount I stand,
And view the holy heav'nly land,
With palms of victory in our hands,
We'll shout with heav'n's triumphant band,
And give to Jesus glory.

There all the souls shall join in one,
And sing with Moses round the throne,
There troubles are forever gone,
They'll shout through Gods eternal son,
And give &c.

The rose and lilly there shall stand.
In holy bloom, at God's right hand
O, how I long for canaan's land,
Where I may join the heav'ly band,
And give &c.



Lord I am vile!--what shall I say? I live to see another day, O let me live to thee! O let my live thee!
 2 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, What Jesus hath for his prepared; Nor can the heart conceive.



A thousand years to hope for this Should be unutterable bliss; What must fruition be! What must fruition be.
 Thou hast commanded me to-day, To live by faith and I'll obey; Lord, help me to believe.





Friendship to every willing mind, opens a heav'nly treasure; } See what employment men pursue, Then you will own my words are true
 There may the sons of sorrow find, sources of real pleasure. }



Friendship above unfolds to view, sources of real pleasure



- 2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem, Fading and transitory.
 Mirth, is as fleeting as a dream, Or a delusive story
 Luxury leaves a sting behind, Wounding the body and the mind;
 Only in friendship can we find, Sources of real pleasure
- 3 Learning, that boasting, glitt'ring thing, Is but just worth possessing;
 Riches forever on the wing Scarce can be call'd a blessing;
 Fame, like a shadow, flies away, Titles and dignity decay,
 Nothing but friendship can display Joys that are freed from trouble
- 4 Beauty, with all its gaudy show, Is but a painted bubble;
 Short is the triumph wit bestows, Full of deceit and trouble:
 Sensual pleasures swell desire, Just as the fuel feeds the fire,
 Friendship can real bliss inspire, Bliss that is worth possessing.

DAVISSON'S RETIREMENT. L. M.

55



Jesus ! & shall it ever be, A mortal man asham'd of thee ! Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days !



2 Asham'd of Jesus sooner far,
Let evening blush to own her star ;
He sheds the beams of love divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

6 Asham'd of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
No, when I blush - be this my shame,
That I no more reverence his name,

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain -
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me !

8 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;
Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame dispise
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.



Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace, Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;



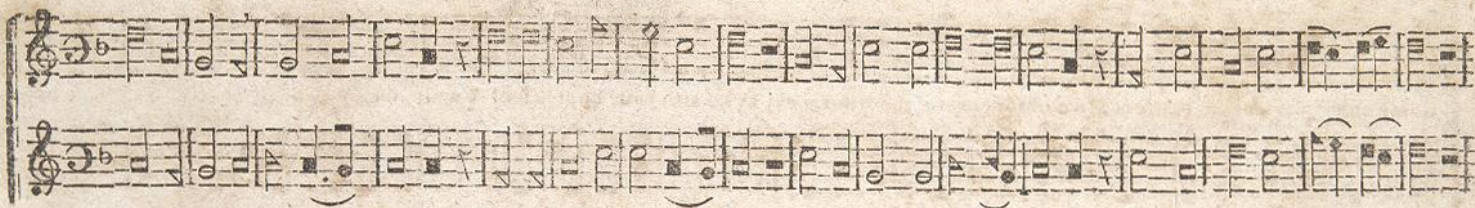
Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, O fix me on it Mount of God's unchanging love



- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer Hither by thy help I'm come; And I hope' by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interpos'd his precious blood.
 3 O! to grace how great a debtor, Daily I'm constrain'd to be; Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love, Here's my heart, Lord take & seal it, Seal it from thy courts above!

DISMISSION. P. M.

57



Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace.



H

Soft. *Loud.* *Soft.* *Loud.*



O refresh us, O refresh us, O refresh us, Trav'ling through this wilderness,



2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives be found;
May thy presence, may &c.
With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's give,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heav'n
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay.
May we ready, May we &c.
Rise, and reign in endless day.

Come on my partners in distress My comrades thro' the wilderness Who still your bodies feel A while forget your griefs & fears & look beyond
Beyond the bounds of time & space, Look forward to that heav'nly place, The saints secure abode On faiths strong eagles pinions rise, & force

this vale of tears, To that celestial hill. To that celestial hill
your passage to the skies And scale the mount of God. And &c

3 Who suffer with our master here, Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise
We shall before his face appear, And wide diffuse the golden blaze
And by his side sit down. Of everlasting light.

4 Thrice blessed bliss inspiring hope
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead.
Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our head.

5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see,
The beatific sight.

6 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious coeternal Son,
The spirit one and sev'n.
Conspire our raptures to complete,
And so we fall before thy feet,
And silence hightens heav'n.

7 In hopes of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall.
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is all in all.

Ye virgin souls arise ! With all the dead awake, Unto salvation wise, Oil in your vessels take. Upstarting at the midnight cry. Up

2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are.
Make ready for your free reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

4 Ye That have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love.
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctif'd.

starting &c. Behold; Behold the heav'nly bridegroom's night.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend.
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace
To see, without a veil his face.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;—
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

ASBURY. C. M.

Coles

Behold the Saviour of mankind Nail'd to the shameful tree; How vast the love that him inclin'd To bleed & die, To &c. for thee.

Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend! The temple's vail in sunder breaks, The solid marbles rend,
 'Tis done! the gracious ransom's paid, "Receive my soul!" he cries, See where he bows his sacred head! He bows his head and dies.
 But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory shine; O Lamb of God! was ever pain, Was ever love like thine.

NEWHOPE. S. M. 30th. Hymn D. W.

Davisson.

Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

Look down in pity Lord & see The mighty woes that burden me, My wasting life draws near the grave, Make bare thine arm, thy servant

The following verses are sung to the tune on page 72

- 2 And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee my dearest,
The pangs of thy desolate mother to see:
Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chains thou hearest,
And none but the guilty should weep over me
And yet I must wake thee, and whilst thou art weeping,
To calm thee I'll stifle my tears for a while;
Thou smil'st in thy dreams whilst thus placidly sleeping,
And O! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smiles.
- 3 Alas my sweet babe, with what pride I had prest thee,
To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,
If the pure tie of virtue's affection had blest thee,
And hail'd thee the heir of thy father's high name.

But now with remorse that avails not I mourn thee,
Forsaken, and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,
In a world, if they cannot betray, that will scorn thee,
Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee.

- 4 And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken
The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;
When by all but the God of the orphan forsaken,
A home, and a father in vain thou wilt seek.
I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,
With falsehood like that which thy mother beguil'd;
Deserted, and helpless, with whom can I leave thee
O God! of the fatherless pity my child!



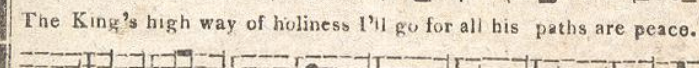
Jesus my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon; } The way the holy prophets went The road that leads from bannishment;
His track I see and I'll pursue The narrow way to him I view }



This is the way I long have sought & mourn'd because I found it not
My grief a burthen long has been, Because I was not sav'd from sin.



The more I strove against his pow'r I felt its weight & guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say Come hither soul, I am the way.



The King's high way of holiness I'll go for all his paths are peace.



Lo glad I come & thou blest lamb Shall take me to thee whose I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give, Nothing but love I shall receive.



Then will I tell to sinners round What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, behold the way to God.

CINCINATI C. M.

Bradshaw. 63

Three staves of musical notation in C major, 4/4 time. The first staff is the treble clef, the second is the bass clef, and the third is a basso continuo line. The music features a simple melody with some grace notes and rests.

Father, how wide thy glories shine: How high thy wonders rise! Known thro' the earth by thousand signs; By thousands thro' the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r, Their motions speak thy skill: And on the wings of ev'ry hour, We read thy patience still.
 Here the whole deity is known, Nor dares a creature guess Which of the glories brightest shone, The justice, or the grace.
 Now the full glories of the Lamb Adorn the hev'nly planes; Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name, And try their choicest strains.

PALMIRA. 8 & 7.

Bradshaw.

Three staves of musical notation in C major, 4/4 time. The first staff is the treble clef, the second is the bass clef, and the third is a basso continuo line. The music features a simple melody with some grace notes and rests.

Come thou long expected Jesus, Born to set thy people free; } Israel's strength & consolation, Hope of all the saints thou art, Dear desire
 From our fears & sins release us. Let us find our rest in thee } of ev'ry nation. Joy of ev'ry longing heart

Born thy people to deliver, Born a child, and yet a king; } ment, Raise us to thy glorious throne.
 Born to reign in us forever, Now thy gracious kingdom bring; } By thine own eternal spirit Rule in all our hearts alone; by thine all sufficien

Glory to God on high! Let earth and skies reply, Praise ye his name Worthy the Lamb, His love and grace a-

dore Who all our sorrows bore; Sing aloud evermore, Praise ye his name, Worthy the Lamb.

Jesus, our sov'reign Lord, Bore sin's tremendous load, Praise, &c. Tell what his arm hath done What spoils from death he won, Sing his great name alone, Praise, &c.
 While they around the throne Cheerfully Join in one, Praising &c. Those who have felt his blood Sealing their peace with God They sound his name abroad, Praising &c.
 Join all ye ransom'd race our holy Lord to bless, &c. In him we will rejoice & make a joyful noise Shouting with heart & voice Worthy &c.
 What tho' we change our place, yet we shall never cease &c. To him our songs we bring, Hail him our blessed king & without ceasing sing &c.

MARYVILLE C. M.

Bradshaw.

Salvation thro' our dying God, shall surely be compleat; He paid what'er his people ow'd, And cancel'd all their deb: And cancel'd &c

- 2 He sends his spirit from above, Our nature to renew; Displays his pow'r reveals his love, Gives life and comfort too
- 3 He heals our wounds, supports our toes, And shews our sins forgiv'n; Conducts us thro' the wilderness And brings us safe to heav'n
- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay: A sinner sav'd I'll cry, Then gladly quit this mortal clay, For brighter joys on high

OLNEY 5 7

Burd

Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Calls for songs of loudest praise | Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love;

Remember, sinful youth, you must die. || Remember sinful youth you must die; Remember sinful youth if you deny the truth through care

eternity, you must die, you death o' vast &c. you must die

2 Uncertain are your days here below, here below, Uncertain are &c.
Uncertain are your days, for God hath many ways
To bring you to your graves here below, here below, To bring &c.

3 The God that built the sky, great I Am, great I Am, The God &c.
The God that built the sky hath said, and cannot lie,
Impenitents shall die, and be damn'd, and be damn'd Impenitents shall &c.

4 Come then my friends, don't you. I entreat, I entreat, Come then &c.
Come then my friends don't you. Your sinful ways pursue,
Your precious souls undo, I entreat, I entreat. Your precious &c-

5 But to the Saviour flee, 'Scape for life, 'Scape for life, But &c.
But to the Saviour flee, lest death eternally will be your destiny
'Scape for life, 'scape for life, Shall be your destiny. scape for life

SOLICITUDE. 11.

Smth.

67



Oh how I have long'd for the coming of God, And sought him by praying, and searching his word; With watching and fasting my



soul was oppress'd Nor would I give over till Jesus had blest.



- 2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
According to promise he answer'd my prayer;
And glory has open'd in flocks on my soul;
Salvation from zion's beginning to roll.
- 3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come mourning and weeping to God;
Their crying and praying is heard very loud,
And many find favour through Jesus' blood.
- 4 Here's more my dear Saviour who fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burthen enormously great;
O raise them up Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And sing hallelujahs with angels above;

HARMONY 8. 8. 6.

Alapstoch.

When thou my righteous Judge shalt come To fetch the ransom'd people home, Shall I among them stand? No! Such a worthless
worm as I, who &c Shall such a worthless worm as I who sometimes am afraid to die, Be thou - - - no Be bound at thy right hand. Be
at thy right hand.

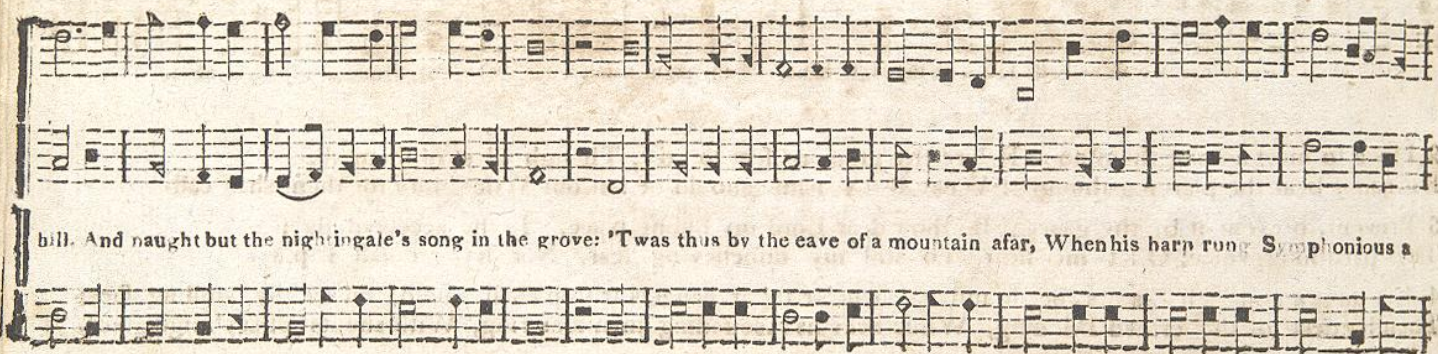
Harmony. Continued.

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple lines. The lyrics are: "found. Be found at thy right hand. thy right hand be found at thy right hand. found at thy right hand, found found, Shall such a worthless worm as I, who sometimes am afraid to die Be found at thy right hand, found, found, found, found be found at thy right hand Be found at thy right hand Shall such a worthless worm as I, Be found at thy right hand, thy right hand, Be found at thy right hand."

- 2 I love to meet among them now, Before thy gracious feet to bow, Though 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, prevent it by thy grace; Be thou dear Lord my hiding place, In the accepted day;
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear, To still my unbelieving fear Nor let me fall I pray.
- 4 Let me among the saints be found, Whene'er th' archangels tramp shall sound, To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing, While heav'n's resounding mansions ring, With shouts of sev'reign grace.



At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still, And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove; When naught but the torrent is heard on the



bill. And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove: 'Twas thus by the cave of a mountain afar, When his harp rung Symphonious a

Hermit Continued.

Hermit b. ga; No more with himself or with nature at war, He thought as a sage though he felt as a man.

- 4 Ah? why all abandon'd to darkness and woe; Who, lone philomela, that languishing fall?
 5 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow, And sorrow no longer thy bosom inhabit,
 6 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay, Mourn sweetest complainer man call thee to mourn;
 7 O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away: Full quickly they pass—but they never return;
 8 Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky, The moon, half extinguish'd her crescent display:
 9 But lately I mark'd when majestic on high She shone and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 10 Roll on thou fair orb and with gladness pursue The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
 11 But man's faded glory what change shall renew! Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!
 12 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 13 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore. Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew,
 14 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn! Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
 15 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn; O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave,
 16 'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd, That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind;
 17 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onwara to shade, Destruction before me, and sorrow behind,
 18 O pity great Father of light then I cry'd thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
 19 Lo, humble'd in dust, I relinquish my pride; From doubt and from darkness, thou only canst free.
 20 And darkness and doubt are now flying away; No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
 21 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray, the bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 22 See truth love and mercy in triumph descending, And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
 23 On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending, And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb. **BEATIF**

FEMALE CONVICT. To HER INFANT.

Boyd

O Sleep not my babe for the morn or tomorrow. Shall sooth me to surnber, more tranquil than thine,
 The dark grave shall shield me from shame & from sorrow, tho' the deed & the doom of the guilty are mine: } Not long shall the arms of affec-

entold thee, Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast, And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee, & watch thee,
 The other verses on page 61 guard thee, when I am at rest.

EMERALD-GATES. 7 & 6.

A. Davisson 73



Burst ye em'rald gates and bring To my raptur'd vi - sion, } Lo we lift our longing eyes, Break ye intervening skies, Son of right'ous-
 All th' extatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian. }



ness arise, Open the gates of paradise.

- 2 Floods of everlasting light,
 Freely flash before him ;
 Myriads with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him ;
 Trumps angelic sound his fame,
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
 All the music of his name,
 Hev'n shall echo with the theme.
- 3 Four and twenty elders rise,
 From their princely station ;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation ;

- Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! One.
- 4 Hark, the thrilling symphonica,
 Seem methinks, to seize us :
 Join we to the holy lays—
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus !
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest notes on mortals tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus—Jesus flows along.



He comes! he comes to judge the world Aloud th' archangel cries; } Th' affrighted nations hear the sound, The slumb'ring ten
While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies: } And upwards lift their ey - es;



ants of the ground In living armies rise



2 Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends
Array'd in robes of light;
His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

3 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his vict'ries tell;
Lo! on his hand the conqueror bears
The keys of death and hell:
So he ascends the judgment-seat,
And at his dread command
Myriads of creatures round his feet,
In solemn silence stand.

4 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dar'd his grace reject
And they who dar'd presume,
"Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries,
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.

5 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:—
"Well done my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love;
"Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones
Prepar'd for you above."

While beauty & youth are in their full prime, & folly & fashion effect our whole time, O let not the phantom our wishes engage, Let us live so in

youth that we blush not in age.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The vain and the young may attend us a while,
But let not their flattery our prudence beguile;
Let us covet those charms that shall never decay.
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.</p> <p>3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me kind providence virtue and health;
Then richer than kings and far happier than they,
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.</p> <p>4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my
[dear;</p> | <p>What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.</p> <p>5 That peace I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas giv'n,
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heav'n;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.</p> <p>6 And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death with his scythe shall cut the ripe corn,
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons and lie down and die;</p> |
|---|--|



Ye children of Jesus who're bound for the kingdom, Attune all your voices and help me to sing; } When Jesus first found me astay I was go-
 Sweet anthems of praises to my loving Jesus, for he is my prophet, my priest and my king ; }



His love did surround me & sav'd me from ruin He kindly embrac'd me & freely he bless'd me & taught me aloud his sweet praises to sing



2 Why should you go mourning from such a physician,
 Who 's able and willing your sickness to cure,
 Come to him believing, thou had your condition,
 His father has promis'd your case to ensure ;

My soul He hath healed, my heart He rejoices,
 He brought me to Zion to hear the glad voices,
 I'll serve Him, and praise Him, and always adore Him,
 Till we meet in heaven where parting's no more.

VERNON, L. M. 16th Hymn 2nd B. D. Watts

Chapin. 77

Lord what a heav'n of saving grace, Shines thro' the beauties of thy face; And lights our passions to a flame, Lord how we love thy charm.

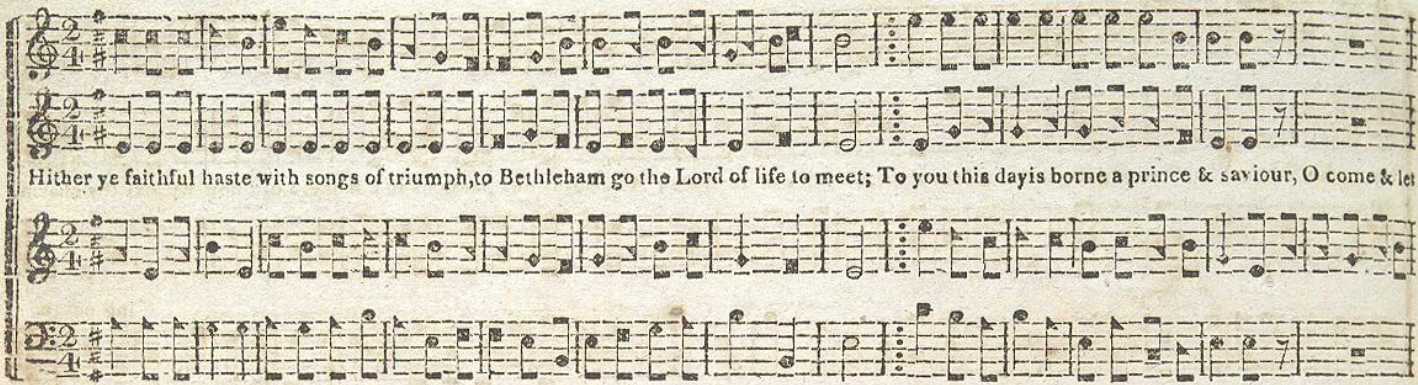
ing name.

HAYWOOD. 7s.

Davison.

Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey let us sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious are, are his works & ways.

Lord! submissive make us go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our leader be, And we still, and we still, and we still will follow thee.



Hither ye faithful haste with songs of triumph, to Bethleham go the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is borne a prince & saviour, O come & let



us worship O come and let us worship O come &c. at his feet.



- 2 O Jesus for such wond'rous condescensions
Our praises and rev'rence are not off'rings meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us,
O come and let us woship at his feet.
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest,
O come and let us worship at his feet.

Death like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flower, An empty—

An empty— Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

The first pause of the 90th Psalm by Dr. Watts.

5 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.

7 But oh how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years,
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread:
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.

8 Teach us, O Lord how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out the span,
'Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

God, my supporter, & my hope, My help forever near; Thine arm of mercy held me up, Thine arm of mercy held me up, When sinking

in despair. When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Through life's bewilder'd race, Far from thy presence die;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat, Not all the idol gods they love
To dwell before thy face. Can save them when they cry.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God, 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
'T would be no joy to me; Shall be my sweet employ;
And whilst this earth is my abode, My tongue shall sound thy works abroad
I long for none but thee. And tell the world my joy.

4 What if the springs of life should break,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

UNION. 8s.

Bilings. 81

From whence does this union arise, That hatred is conquer'd by love? It fastens our souls with such ties That distance & 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 once so dear unto me. Our souls so united in love: Where Jesus is gone we shall be, In yonder bright mansions above.
- 6. With Jesus we ever shall reign, And all his bright glory shall see, Singing hallelujahs Amen; Amen! even so let it be.

BATH CHAPEL. C. M.

Milgrove.

Unite my roving thoughts, unite, In silence soft and sweet; And thou my soul sit gently down At thy great sov'reign's feet.



What sorrowful sounds do I hear, Move slowly along in the gale! How solemn they fall on my ear, As softly they pass through the vale



Sweet Corydon's notes are all o'er, Now lonely he sleeps in the clay; His cheeks bloom with roses no more, Since Death call'd his spirit away



When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry tear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

The following Verses are sung to Pastoral Elegy, Page 82.

2 Sweet woodbines will rise round his tomb,
And willows their sorrowing wave;
Young hyacinths freshen and bloom,
While hawthorns encircle his grave.
Each morn when the sun gilds the East,
(The green grass bespangled with dew.)
Will cast his bright beams on the west,
To charm the sad Caroline's view.

3 O, Corydon! hear the sad cries
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;
O, Spirit! look down from the skies,
And pity thy mourner below.
Tis Caroline's voice in the grave,
Which Philomel hears on the plain,

Then, striving the mourner to soothe,
With sympathy joins in her strain.

4 Ye shepherds so blithesome and young
Retire from your sports on the green,
Since Corydon's deaf to my song,
The wolves tear the lambs on the plain;
Each swain round the forest will stray,
And sorrowing, hang down his head,
His pipe then in symphony play,
Some dinge to young Corydon's shade.

5. And when the still night has unfast'd
Her robes o'er the hamlet around,
Gray twilight retires from the world,

And darkness encumbers the ground,
I'll leave my lone gloomy abode,
To Corydon's urn will I fly;
There kneeling, will bless the just God,
Who dwells in bright mansions on high.

6 Since Corydon hears me no more,
In gloom let the woodlands appear,
Ye oceans be still of your roar,
Let autumn extend round the year,
I'll hie me through meadows and lawns,
There cull the bright flow'rets of May
Then rise on the wings of the morn,
And wait my young spirit away.

Come friends and relations let's join heart & hand, The voice of the turtle is heard in our land; Come let's join together and follow the

sound, And march to the place, where redemption is found

2. The place it is hidden the place it is seal'd,
The place it is hidden till it is reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and woe.
3. That place it is hidden by reason of sin,
Alas! you can't see the sad state you are in,
You'r blind and polluted in prison and pain,
O how can such rebels redemption obtain.
4. But if you are wounded and bruis'd by the fall,
Then up and be doing, for you ne doth call,
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair;
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

DETROIT. C. M.

By Bradshaw. 85

Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Behold my heart and see; And turn each cursed idol out That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me nothing love— Dead be my heart to every joy, When Jesus cannot move.
 Is not thy name melodious still, To mine attentive ear? Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound My Saviour's voice to hear.
 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord, But O! I long to soar Far from the sphere of mortal joys, And learn to love thee more.

REDEMPTION, 11s.

By Smith.

Come friends & relations lets join heart and hand The voice of the turtle is heard Let's all join together & follow the sound, & march to the
 in our land; place where redemption is found. (See Page 84)

JORDAN. C. M.

C. Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye } O the transporting rapt'rous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields array'd in
 To canaan's fair & happy land, Where my possessions lie } For the whole of the hymn look page 51 living green, And rivers of deligh,

SPRINGFIELD 7. 6.

Babcock

Jesus drinks the bitter cup, The wine press treads alone; Tears the graves and mountains up, By his expiring groans.

Springfield continued.



Lo the powers of heav'n he shakes, Nature all in ruin lies, the earth's profoundest centre quakes, The great Jehovah dies,



3 O my God; he dies for me, I feel the mortal smart! See him hanging on the tree, A sight that breaks my heart!
 O that all to thee might turn! Sinners ye may love him too, Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn For one who bled for you.
 4 Weep o'er your desire and hope, With tears of humblest love; Sing, for Jesus is gone up, And reigns enthron'd above
 Lives our head to die no more, Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n, Worship'd as he was before, Th' immortal King of heav'n.

LAMENTATION. L. M.

Bradshaw.



Death like an overflowing stream Sweeps us away, our life's a dream; An empty tale, a morning flow'r Cut down & wither'd in an hour.



There is a holy city, A happy world above, Beyond the starry regions, Built by the God of love; An everlasting temple & saints array'd in white

They serve the great redeemer and dwell with him in light.

2. This is no world of trouble
The God of peace is there;
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care:
Their joys are still increasing;
Their sons are ever new;
They praise the eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.

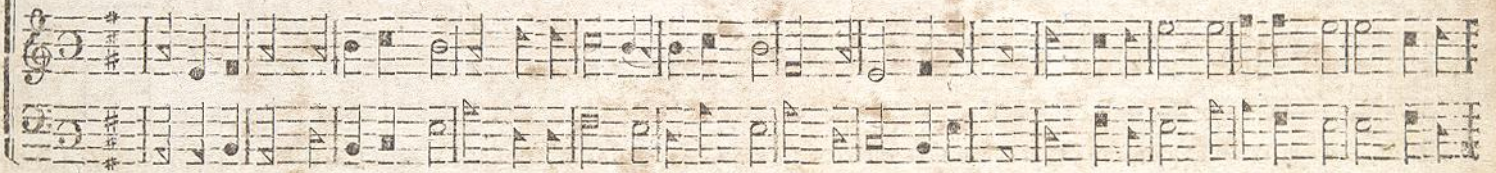
3. The meanest child of glory
Out shines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,

Where Jesus sits exalted,
In God-like majesty;
The elders fall before him;
The angels bend the knee.

4. 'Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condem'd by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqueror
Who spoil'd the powers below,
And ransom'd many captives
From everlasting woe.



I'm tir'd of visits, modes, & forms, And flames paid to fellow worms, Their conversation cloyes. Their vain amurs & emyty stuff, but I can



ne'er enjoy enough O! thy best company my Lord Thou life of all my joys.



When he begins to tell his love,
Through ev'ry vein my passions move.
The captives of his tongue;
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound.
Nor should I feel December cold,
Nor think the seasons long.

There while I hear my Saviour God,
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load,)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and blush, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own,
But bore it all for me.



Hail the gospel Jubilee, Jesus comes to set us free Who shed for us his precious blood to raise our fallen souls to God, & since the work of



suffering's done, We'll glory give to God alone. Free salvation be our boast, Ever mindful what it cost, Ever grateful for the prize. Let our



praises reach the skies Firm united let us be, In the bonds of charity; As a band of brothers join'd, Loving God and all mankind.



The TRAVELLER. 7, & 6.

Lowrv. 91



Come all you weary travellers, Come let us join and sing, The everlasting praises of our exalted King; We've had a tedious journey, And



tiresome it is true, but see how many dangers the Lord has bro't us through



At first when Jesus found us, He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger Of falling into sin;
The world, the flesh, and satan, Will prove a fatal snare;
Unless we do resist them By faith, and fervent pray'r.

But by our disobedience, With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander In this dark wilderness:
Where we might soon have fainted In that enchanted ground;
But Jesus interposed, And pleasant fruits we found.

Gracious foretastes to heaven, Gives life, and health, and peace
Revives our drooping spirits, Our faith and love increase,
Confessing Christ our master, Obeying his command,
We hasten on our journey, Unto the promis'd land;

PLEASANT FOREST.

J. Martin

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 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

ALAS! and did my Savi^{our} bleed! And did my sov^{er}ign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

The second system of music continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and one sharp key signature. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and rests.

BOFETOURT. S. M.

Lowry

The first system of music for 'BOFETOURT.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody with various note values and rests.

Is this the kind return, And these the thanks we owe? Thus to abuse eternal love Whence all our blessings flow?

The second system of music continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and one sharp key signature. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns and rests.

Death he is the king of terrors, And a terror to all kings; }
 O! he fills our minds with horror, telling us of frightful things } Land of darkness, shades of silence, Gloomy vaults where pris'ners lie; Many

thousands have been conquer'd You, alas must shortly die

2 See them lie without distinction;
 Thus I boast my thousands slain;
 Nor can they, without permission,
 Ever hope to rise again.
 Stop O death, don't boast of victory,
 Hark, and hear what faith can say
 About one Jesus, who on Calvary
 Died, and in the grave did lay.

Thus the souls that are believing,
 May rejoice in Christ their King;
 Death's no more than a black curtain,
 Drawn to let the saints go in.

3 See him rising, hear him crying,
 I, O death, have conquer'd you,
 Though your looks are so dismaying,
 Yet my saints I will bring through.

6. There the wicked cease from trou-
 And the weary are at rest, [bling,
 There the saints shall cease from pray-
 There they are divinely blest. [ing
 Free from sickness free from sorrow
 Free from anguish, fear and pain;
 No dread thoughts of gloomy horrors
 E'er shall frighten them again.

I am not concern'd to know, What tomorrow's fate will do; 'Tis enough that I can say I possess'd myself to day.

Then if haply midnight death Seize my flesh, and stop my breath, Then tomorrow I shall be Heir to Immortality—
 Glitt'ring stones and golden things Wealth and honour that have wings, Ever fluttering to be gone, I could never call my own,
 Riches that the world bestows, She can take, and I can loose; But the treasures that are mine, Lie afar beyond her line.

WORDS FOR MORNING STAR.

4 The streams of living waters run,
 When thou but shew'st thy quick'ning son,
 My bride groom; King, and comfort;
 Thou art my best and dearest good,
 Thy power, thy word, thy flesh and blood,
 Is light and life and comfort;
 Let me kindly see thy face,
 And feel thy graces in thy chamber,
 For I am thy lovely member.

6 Accord the string of Cithara,
 And let your pleasant musica,
 Most heartily be tuned;
 That in the love of Jesus may,
 My soul and heart all night and day,
 Continually be moved.
 Sing ye! spring ye! be rejoicing—
 Be triumphing—praise ye early
 God our King who loves us dearly.

7. How great a joy to me is this,
 That Alpha and Omega is
 My dear beloved brother;
 I hope he will for lasting praise
 Soon take me up to paradise,
 To see my heavenly mother
 Amen—Amen—come thou handsome,
 Crown of ransom, stay no longer,
 Come and fill my thirst and hunger,

JERUSALEM. C. M.

Lowry. 95



Jerusalem my happy home. O how I long for thee; When shall my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see. Thy &c.



2. Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most glorious to behold! Thy gates are richly set with pearl Thy streets are pav'd with gold
3. Thy garden and thy pleasant green. My study long has been; Such sparkling light by human sight Has never yet been seen.
4. O when, thou city of my God, shall I thy courts ascend, Where congregations ne'er break up, And sabbath's have no end.

Words to Gethsemane.

Come, behold your Jesus bleeding,
Streams of mercy from him flow,
Whilst before the Father pleading
For those men who wrought his woe.
Lo, he cry'd, "Father forgive them!
Tho' they do my life pursue,
I am willing to receive them,
For thy know not what they do,"

Come, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit.
All his sufferings for mankind:
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living fire impart,
Now reveal his great salvation,
Preach his Gospel to our heart.

Come, thou Witness of his dying,
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy powers applying
Christ to every soul and mine:
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on him we pierce, and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

How splended shines the morning star, God's gracious light from darkness far, the
 root of Jesse blessed. | Thou David's son of Jacob's stem, My bridgroom
 king &

wound'rous Lamb, Thou hast my heart possessed, sweetly, friendly, O thou handsome, precious ransome Full of graces, set & kept in heav'n
 ly places

GETHSEMANE.

8, 7.

Wood.

97



Great high priest we view thee stooping With our names upon thy breast,

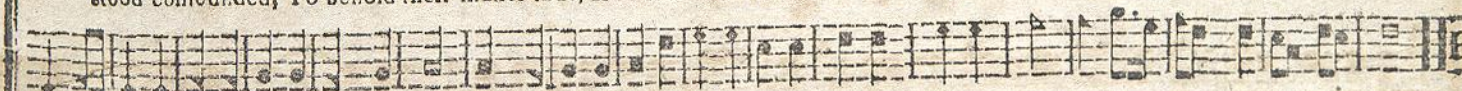
Weeping angels



In the garden groaning, drooping, To the ground with sorrow prest.



stood confounded, To behold their maker thus, And shall we remain unwounded, When we know 'twas all for us.



SPRING. P. M.

Unkown.



The scatter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the winter's past; The lovely vernal flow'rs appear, The warb'ling choirs en-



chant our ear. Now with sweetly pensive moan, Coos the turtledove alone : Coos the &c.



The voice of my beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain tops he bounds, He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my soul with transport fills, Gently doth he chide my stay, Rise my soul and come away.



Great God the heav'n's well order'd frame, declares the glories of thy name; there thy rich works of glory shine, A thousand starry beauties



A thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine. Of



from night to day from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun:
And ev'ry nation knows their voice
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice



My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so? Awake, my sluggish soul, Nothing has half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull. Nothing &c—



Rise my soul and stretch thy wings; Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things, Towards heav'n thy native place
Sun & moon &



ANIMATION Continued.

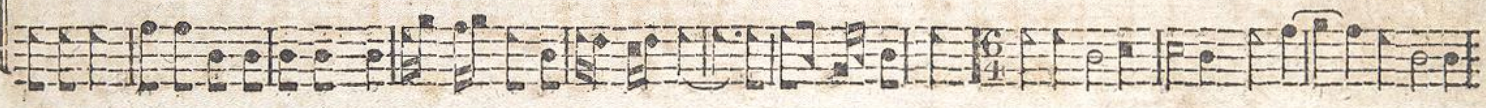


Rise my soul and haste away To seats prepared above.



stars decay Time shall soon this earth remove ;

Rivers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their



course ; Fire ascending seeks the sun. Both speed them to its source. So a soul that's born of God pants to view his Saviour's face Up-wards tends to his a-



Continued.

bode, To rest in his embrace Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah

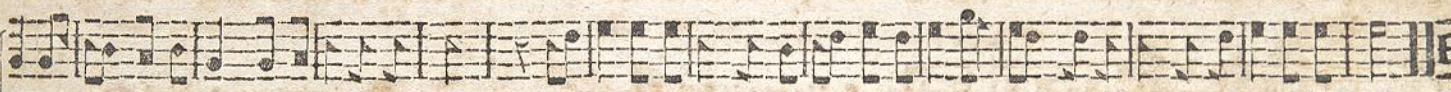
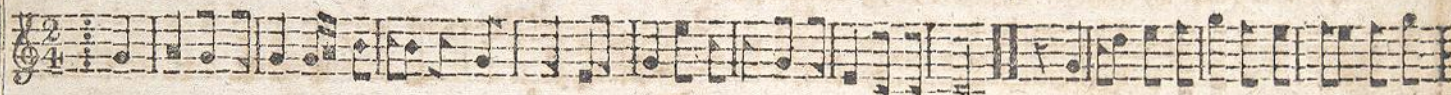
DAUPHIN. S M.

Billings.

For life without thy love' No rellish can afford; No joy can be compr'd with this, No joy &c. To serve and please the Lord.



O how I have long'd for the coming of God, And sought him by praying & searching his word, | The tokens of mercy at length did appear
With watching & fasting my soul was opprest, Nor would I give over till Jesus had blest



According to promise he answerd my prayer; And glory is open'd in floods on my soul, Salvation from Zion's begining to roll.



¶ The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come praying, and weeping to God;
Their mourning, and crying, is heard very loud,
And many found favour in Jesus's blood.

¶ Here's more, my dear Saviour, who fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burden, enormously great,
O! raise them my Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujah like angels above.

There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy forever roll ; } Long darkness dwelt around me with scarcely once } But since
 'Tis there I have my treasure, And there I long to rest my soul ; } a cheering ray, } my

Saviour found me, a lamp has shone along my way;

2. My way is full of danger'
 But 'tis the path that leads to God
 And like a faithful soldier,
 I'll march along the heav'n'y road:
 Now I must gird my sword on,
 My breast-plate, helmet and my shield,
 And fight the host of satan,
 Until I reach the heav'nly field.

3. I'm on the way to Zion,
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand,
 O come along dear sinners
 And see Emmanuel's happy land.

To all that stay behind me,
 I bid a long; a sad farewell,
 Come now, or you'll repent it
 When you do reach the gates of hell,

4. The veil of tears around me;
 And Jordans current rolls before
 O how I stand and tremble '
 To hear the distant waters roar
 Whose hand shall then support me,
 And keep my soul from sin kingdome
 From sinking down to darkness,
 And to the regions of despair.

THE MOULDERING VINE.

8 7

Davison.

105

Hail! ye sighing sons of sorrow, Learn from me your certain doom;
 Learn from me your fate to morrow, Dead—perhaps laid in your tomb! } See all nature fading, dying! Silent all things seem to pine

life from vegetation, flying Brings to mind the mouldering vine

2 See! in yonder forest standing lofty cedars, how they nod!
 Scenes of nature how surprising, read in nature, nature's God.
 Whilst the anhel froids are cropping leaves & tendrils from the trees;
 So, our friends are early dropping, we are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring, noisy waters round me rise.
 Whilst I sit my fate deploring, tears fast streaming from my eyes,
 What to me is autumn's treasure, since I know no earthly joy,
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasure, time must youth & health destroy



Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims, For all the pious dead; Sweet is the mem'ry of their names, And soft their sleeping bed.

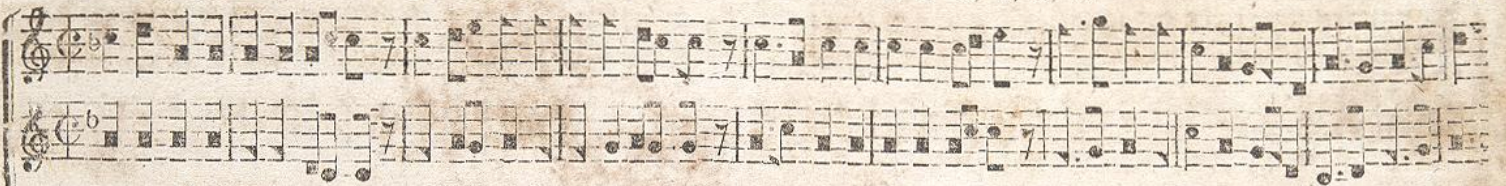


Sweet is the mem'ry of &c. And soft &c. And soft &c.



- 2 *They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How sweet their slumbers are!
From suffering and from pain releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.*
- 3 *Far from this world of toil and strife,
Now present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life,
End in a large reward.*
- 4 *The glory of their heav'nly crown,
Unfading still remains;
And life eternal, now their own,
Their Saviour still maintains.*

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION 8, 8, 8 8, 8, 8, 3.



Hear the royal proclamation. The glad tidings of salvation, published to ev'ry creature. To the ruin'd sons of nature; Jesus reigns he reigns,



victorious thro' heav'n & earth most glorious Je



us reigns.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
Rebel sinners, royal favour,
Now is offer'd by the Saviour; Jesus &c,</p> <p>3 There ye son's of wrath, and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
There is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation;</p> <p>4 'Twas' for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified,
Conquer'd death, and rose to heav'n
Life eternal thro' him's given;</p> <p>5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the path of vice and folly,
Turn, or you are lost forever,
O now turn to Christ your Saviour;</p> | <p>6 There is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain;</p> <p>7 For this love let rocks and mountains
Purling streams and flowing fountains
Roaring thunder, lightnings blazes,
Shout the great Messiah' praises'</p> <p>8 Shout ye saints of ev'ry nation'
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's lion
The almighty King of Zion,</p> <p>9 Shout ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ has purchas'd your redemption
Angels tell the pleasing story,
Thro' the brightest worlds of glory,</p> |
|--|---|



And I saw a mighty angel proclaiming, who is worthy, who is worthy, who is worthy to open the book, And to



see the seals thereof & no man in heav'n or earth, was able to open the book neither to look thereon; And I wept



ANTHEM from Revelation Continued.



& I wept, because no man was found worthy to open the book, neither to look thereon And one of the elders said unto me, weep not, weep



not, for behold the Lion of the tribe of Judea, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, & to loose the seven seals thereof



ANTHEM FROM REVELATION CONTINUED.



And I beheld, & lo in the midst of the throne stood a lamb as it had been slain. having seven horns, & having seven eyes. which are the seven



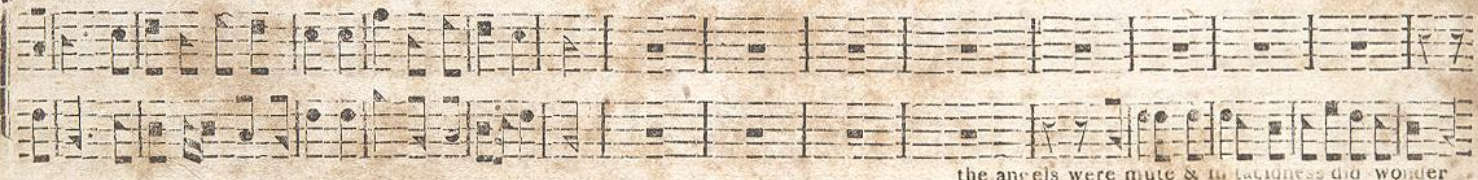
spirits of God sent forth into all the earth And he came & took the book out of the hand of him that sat upon the throne & when he had taken



Anthem from Revelation Continued,



the book, the four & twenty elders fell down before the Lamb The angels were mute & they listened with wonder,



the angels were mute & in tacidness did wonder



the angels were mute, & the saints the did shout did shout did shout & sing worthy the lamb ¶; the lam that was slain for he hath redeemed us



ANTHEM FROM REVELATION Continued.



he hath redeemed us redeemed us to God, & hath made us kings, & priests, & we shall reign upon the earth, we shall reign, upon the earth



reign, we shall reign upon the earth, Then the whole multitude of saints & angels united their voices & sang with a shou . . .

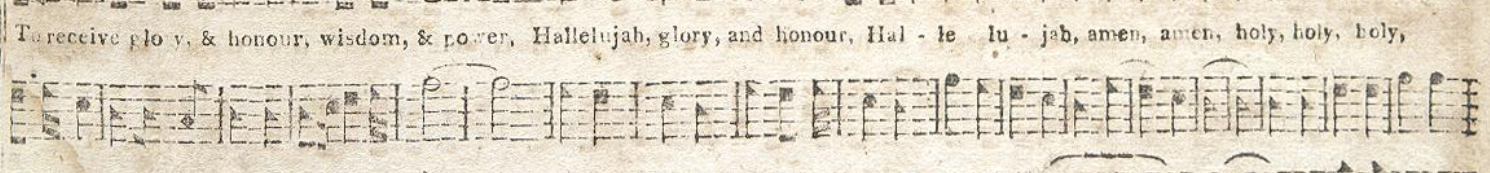


ANTHEM FROM REVELATION CONTINUED.

118



they sang with a shout, they &c. they sang with a sho - ut saying worthy the Lamb, &c. the Lamb that was slain, for he is worthy



To receive glo ry, & honour, wisdom, & power, Hallelujah, glory, and honour, Hal - le - lu - jah, amen, amen, holy, holy, holy,

ANTHEM FROM REVELATION Continued.



Lord God almighty just & true are all thy ways, O thou King of saints Hallelujah, glory, and honor, Hallelujah amen amen



Worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain; for He is worthy for He is worthy to receive glory and



ANTHEM FROM REVELATION CONTINUED.



honor, wisdom, and power, Hal - le - lujah, glory, and honour. hallelujah amen aud amen. And again they said Hal - le - lu - jah,



hallelujah a - men Hal - le - lu - jah, glory and honor Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men - and a - men.



At this unwanted hour behold What strikes my wand'ring soul with fear, How all yon east is streak'd with gold, As if the op'ning morn

was near I mark it; now the streams unite, One pillar now of moving light, My soul too shaks, it shrinks, it dies; See thro' the air the vis-

ODE ON CHRISTMAS CONTINUED.

ion flies Heav'n shield us! Lo 'tis just at hand Some strange event impends Over our heads direct it seems to stand; And now the blaze descends

O shepherds now your fears resign I come not arm'd with wrath divine. But fraught with heav'nly love. The news the welcome news I bring Sounds high on ev'ry sacred string.

The image shows a page of handwritten musical notation on aged paper. It features ten staves of music. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words placed directly under specific notes. The paper shows signs of age, including some staining and foxing. The handwriting is in an older style, typical of 18th-century manuscripts.



thro' all the realms above I come & 'tis a blest employ. I come the messenger of joy, Go publish } Earth is no more a scen forlorn Th s.
 what I sing } what I sing } night the



promist Christ is born, your Saviour & | At Bethle'm in a manger lies The swadling babe, let raptures rise Round this terrestrial ball The
 your King | your King | raptures catch



ODE ON CHRISTMAS CONTINUED.



heart to heart, The &c. Till all shall feel, yet all impart For Christ was born for all. Glory to god in strains till now unknown By



ev'ry glowing seraph round the throne. Peace to this earth all worlds admire the plan Of heav'ns free vast :||: ||: benevolence to man.





Vital spark of heavenly flame! Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, lingring, flying, O the pain, the bliss of



dying Cease fond nature, cease thy strife, Let me languish in O life Hark! they whisper, angels say, Sister spirit come away.



The Dying Christian Continued.



What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirits, draws my breath, Tell me my soul can this be death



The world receds, it disappears ! Heav'n opens on my eyes i my ears with sounds seraphic with & c. Lend, lend your wings, I mount I



fly! O grave where is thy victory? O death where is thy sting? What if the saints must die, And lodge among the tombs He need not mourn he shall return, rejoicing as he comes. Tho' death should hold him down, } With bands & mighty bars; Yet he shall rise above the skies. And sing above the stars

THE SEASONS MORALIZED.

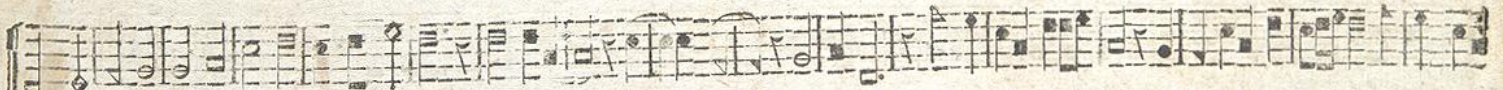
Dr. Dwight. 123



Behold the changes of the skies, And see the circling seasons rise; Hence let the moral truth refin'd, Improve the beauty of the mind | Winter



late with dreary rain, Rul'd th wide unjoyous plain: Gloomy storms } Shook the hoarse resounding shore. ::: sorrow cast her
with solemn roar, }



sadness round life & joy forsook the ground: Life and joy, ::: ::: ::: forsook the ground: Death with wide imperious sway
Bade th' expiring,



world decay Now cast around thy raptur'd eyes, And see the beautiful spring arise; See flow'rs invest the hills again
 And streams re

murmur o'er the plain See flow'rs &c And streams &c Hark hark the joy inspiring grove Echoes to the voice; } Balmy gales the
 of love; } sound prolong,

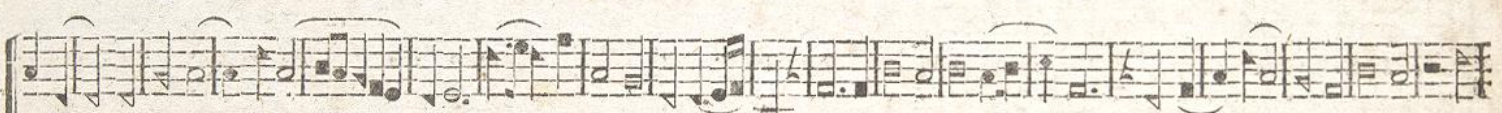
Wafting round the woodland song, Balmy gales the sound prolong, :: Wafting round :: the woodland song Such the scenes our life
 displays

Continued.

129



swiftly fleet our rappid days ; the hour that rolls forever on, forever on Tells us our days will soon begone bego - - - ne soon



egone. sullen death with mournful gloom, sweeps us downward to the tomb, life and health and joy decay, Nature sinks and dies away Na-



ture sinks and dies away. But the soul in gayest bloom, Disdains the bandoge of the tomb, Ascends above the clouds of ev'n, and raptur'd hails her native



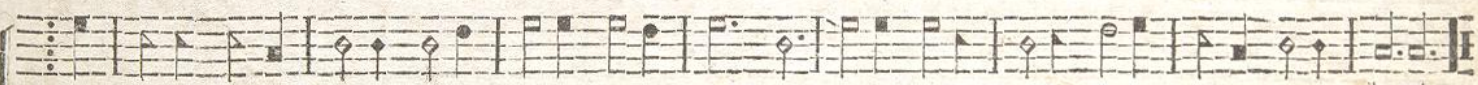
heav'n. Youth and peace & beauty there forever dance around the year, Forever &c. An endless day invests the pole, And streams of endless plea-
 sure roll. An endless &c. And streams &c. And streams &c. Light and joy, Light and joy, Light and joy
 Light and joy and grace divine with bright and lasting glory shine. Jehovah smiles with heavenly ray, Diffusing
 clear unbounded day Jehovah smiles &c. Diffusing &c. Diffusing &c. Diffusing clear unbounded day

HILLSBOROUGH. C. M.

Humphreys. 129



And let this feeble body fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale And soar to worlds on high.



Shall join the disembodied saints, And find its long sought rest; That only bliss for which it pants In the redeemers breast.



In hopes of that immortal crown I now the cross-sustain. And gladly wonder up and down, And smile at toil and pain.
I'll suffer on my threescore years, Till my deliv're comes; And wipes away his servants tears And takes his exile home:

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.



Farewell, :: :: my friends, I must begone I have no home nor stay with you: I'll take my staff & travel on, Till I a better world can view



I'll march to canaan's land, I'll land on canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, & troubles come no more Farewell :: :: my loving friends



Farewell, &c. &c. my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss;
I'll leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, &c.

Farewell, &c. &c. dear brethren in the lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love:
But we believe his gracious word,
We all e're long shall meet above:
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, &c.

Farewell, &c. &c. ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving, &c.

Cheer up my soul, there is a mercy seat Sprinkl'd with blood, where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly cast thyself beneath his

R

feet For never needy sin ners perish'd there

2 Lord, I am come ! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh ;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I !

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin.
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my refuge Lord, my hiding place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side ;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face.
And answer every charge with " Jesus died,

Why should I be affrighted at pestilence and war, The fiercer be the tempest, the sooner it is o'er; With Jesus in the

ves - sel, the billows rise in vain, They only will convey me to yon Elysian plain, With glory in my soul.

2 Although my flesh is mortal immortal is my hope,
I'll try like holy Moses to gain the mountain top;
And at Jehovah's bidding with cheerfulness to die
And then ascend to Jesus to sing above the sky. with &c.

3 This is a land of trouble and foes oppress me hard,
But Jesus he has promis'd that he will be my guord,
And I shall not be tempted above what I can bear.
When fighting's done ascorted his kingdom for to share, with glory in my soul!

Slow

STAR in the EAST. 11 & 10.

R. Herron. 131



Hail the blest morn when the great mediator,
 Down from the regions of glory descends; Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,
 Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.



2 Brightest, & best of the sons of the morning,
 Down on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and monarch, and Saviour of all.

4 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine;
 Gems of the mountain, & pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the hearts adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

the following verses are sung to the tune on the opposite page

4 I feel that Jesus loves me, but why, I do not know,
 To him I'm so unfaithful in what I have to do.
 I grieve to see my failures, but he doth all forgive;
 Which makes me love my Jesus, by faith in him I live.

5 Though sinners do despise me and laugh at what I say,
 I'll join the little number, that walks the narrow way;
 The way is so delightful I mean to travel on,
 Till I am call'd away to receive a starry crown: With glory &c.

6 We soon shall reach fair Canaan, and on that happy shore,
 Beyond the reach of sorrow we'll shout forevermore;
 We'll walk the golden pavements, & blood-wash'd garments wear,
 & to compleat our pleasure our Jesus will be there,
 To glorify our souls.

Now your festal rights prepare! Let your triumphs rend the air, Till gods shall reign no more, We the living Lord adore Let heathen

1 3
 hearts on human helps repose, Since Israels God has routed Israels foes.

Let remotest nations know, Proud Goliath's overthrow;
 Fall'n Philistia is thy trust. Dagon's honour laid in dust.
 Who fears the land of glory need not fear
 The brazen armour, or the golden spear.

See the routed squadrons fly; hark their clamours rend the sky
 Blood & carnage stain the field; see the vanquish'd nations yie
 Dismay and terror fill the affrighted land,
 While conquering David routs the trembling band.

Lo upon the tented field, Royal Saul has thousands kill'd!
 Lo upon the ensanguine plain! David has ten thousand slain
 Let mighty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell,
 While Davids votaries tenfold triumphs swell.

CONFIDENCE. S. M.

Carrell.

133



Arise my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears, Before the throne my surety stands, my name is written on his hands.
A bleeding sacrifice, In my behalf appears :

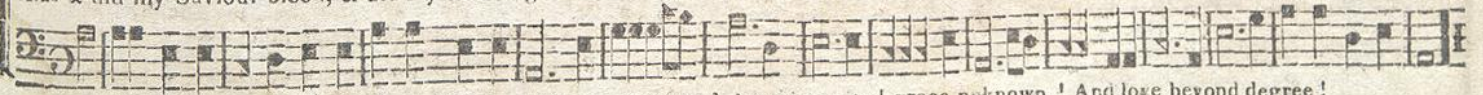


MARIETTA C. M.

Carrell.



Alas & did my Saviour bleed, & did my Sov'reign die ; Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I Would he devote, &c.



Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd upon the tree ? Amazing pity ! grace unknown, ! And love beyond degree !
Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in. When God, the mighty maker died, For man the creature's sin.
Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears, Desolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
But drops of grief can ne'r repay The debt of love I owe ; Here, Lord, I give myself away. 'Tis all that I can do.



Come humble sinner in whose breast A thousand tho'ts revolve, Come with your guilt & fear oppress, And make this last resolve: And &c.



And make this last resolve. Come with &c.



2 I'll go to Jesus tho' my sin hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the Suppliant lives.

Perhaps he will admit my plea, perhaps will hear my pray:
But if I perish I will pray, And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go, I am resolv'd to try;
For, if I stay away, I know I must forever die,





Shall Jesus descend from the skies, To atone for our sins by his blood; | He sav'd us, or we had been lost, nor comfort, nor hope had e'er
And shall we such goodness dispise. And rebels still be to our God, | known. Yet knew this sal-



The devils would laugh us to scorn, For folly so shameful as this.
O let us to God then return, Sure never was goodness like this,
Thro' him we forgiveness shall find, And taste the sweet blessings of peace;
If, contrite and humbly resign'd, We trust in his promised grace.

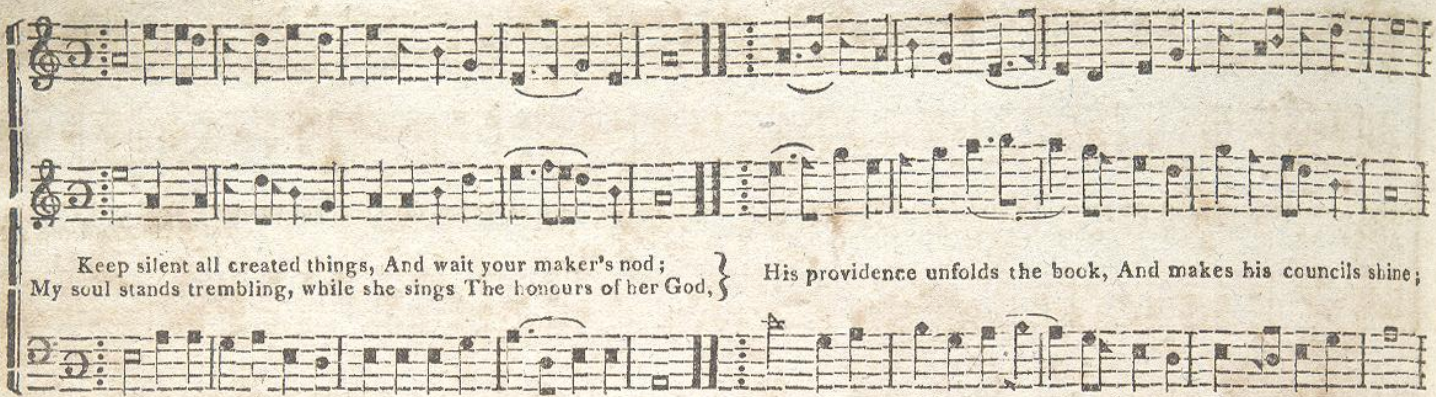


vation would cost, No less than the blood of his Son,

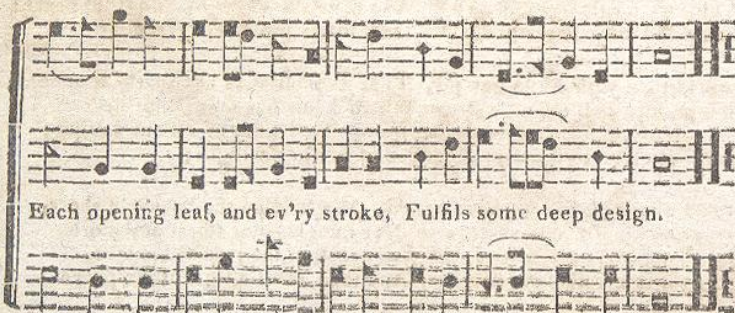
This world then with all its gay joy, That its thousands has snar'd & undone,
May tempt, but shall never destroy Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own.
While here through the desert we stray, our God shall be all our delight;
Our pillar of cloud in the day, And also of fire in the night;



Till, the Jordan of death we have pass'd, We land on the heavenly shore,
Where we the hid manna shall taste. Nor hunger, nor thirst any more.
And there while his glories we see, And feast on the joys of his love,
We chang'd to his likeness shall be, And then shall all gratitude prove.



Keep silent all created things, And wait your maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings The honours of her God, } His providence unfolds the book, And makes his councils shine;



Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke, Fulfils some deep design.

Here, he exalts neglected worms, To sceptres and a crown:
And there, the following page he turns, & treads the monarch down:
Not Gabriel asks the reason why; Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry Between the folded leaves.

In thy fair book of life and grace, O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place, Beneath my Lord the lamb!
My God, I would not long to see My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me, Or what bright scenes may rise

SUPPLICATION 8, 7.

Davisson.

137



Jesus ! full of all compassion, Hear the humble suppliant's cry : } Guilty, but with heart relenting, Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
 Let me know thy great Salvation ; E'er I languish, faint, and die. }



Whither should a wretch be flying, But to him who comfort gives ?
 Whither, from the dread of dying, But to him who ever lives ?
 While I view thee wounded, bleeding, Breathless on the cursed tree,
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing, That thou suffer'dst thus for me.



With thy righteousness and Spirit, I am more than angels blest ;
 Here with thee, all things inherit, Peace, and Joy, and endless rest,
 Hear then, blessed Saviour, near me ! My soul cleaveth to the dust ;
 Send the comforter to cheer me Lo ! in thee I put my trust.

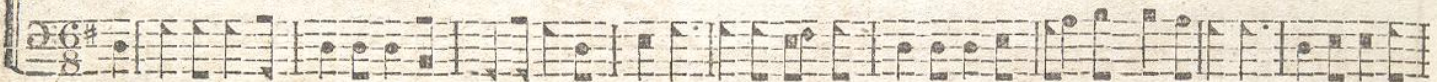
Prostrate at thy feet repenting, Send, O send me quick relief.



On the word thy blood hath sealed Hangs my everlasting all ;
 Let thy arm be now revealed ; Stay, Oh stay me, lest I fall !
 In the world o' endless ruin. Let it never, Lord, be said,
 "Here's a soul that perish'd suing 'For the boasted Saviour's aid'".



This is the feast of heav'nly wine, And God invites to sup; The juices of the living vine, Were prest to fill the cup. Were prest to fill



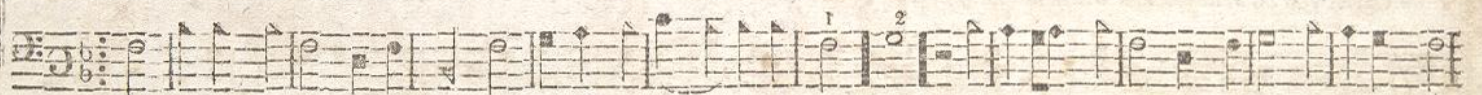
the cup, Were prest to fill &c. The juices of the living vine, Were prest to fill the cup.



- 2 O bless the Saviour, ye that are
With royal dainties fed:
Not heav'n affords a costlier fair,
For Jesus is the bread!
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls appear!
The righteous in their own esteem,
Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.



Brethren with pleasure let us part, Since we are of one mind and heart; Parting with Joy we'll join and sing The wonders of



our glorious King; Our distant bodies may remove, But nothing can desolve our love.



3 In vain, may earth and hell combine,
To quench that love which is divine;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death:
Now join'd in love, in Jesu's name
We'll part, and fly to spread his fame;
That other souls may learn their woe,
And join with us in glory too.

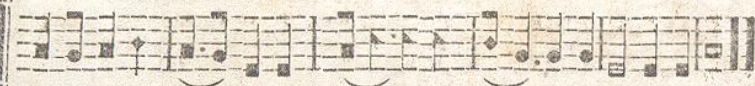
2 A few more rolling days, or years,
Will bring a period to our tears;
We soon shall reach that happy shore,
Where parting shall be known no more,
Then shall our eyes behold the Lamb, The right-
eous Judge, the great I Am! And ev'ry sense find
sweet employ, In that eternal world of joy."



Drooping souls no longer grieve, Heaven is propitious; } Jesus now is passing by. Calls the mourner to him, He hath di'd for you and I
If on Christ you do believe, You will find him precious; }



2 From his hands, and feet, and side. Runs the healing lotion;
See the consoling tide, Boundless as the Ocean:
See the living waters move, For the sick and dying;
I'm resolv'd to seek his love, Or to perish trying to praise &c.



3 Streaming mercy ever free, Weary souls to gladden;
Jesus says, "come unto me" Ye weary heavy laden'd;
Tho' your sins like mountains high, Rise, and reach to heaven:
If on Christ you can rely, All shall be forgiven. Then praise &c

Now look up & view him, & praise him who died, that sinners might live.



4 Glory to my Saviour's name, I delight to praise him;
Sinners, you will do the same When you come to prove him:
Jesu's blood hath heal'd my wounds, O the wondrous story,
I was lost & now am found, O glory hallelujah, I'll praise him



My God! thy boundless love we praise, How bright on high its glories blaze; How sweetly bloom below! It streams from the eternal throne.



Thro' heaven its joys forever run. And o'er the earth they flow.



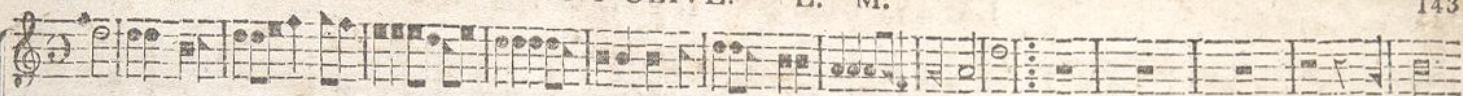
- 2 This love that gilds the vernal ray,
Adorns the flowery robe of May; Perfumes the breathing gale.
'Tis Love that loads the plentious plain
With blushing fruits and golden grain, And smiles o'er every vale.
- 3 But, in thy Gospel, it appears
In sweeter fairer characters, And charms the ravish'd breast;
There love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye And give the weary rest
- 4 There smiles a kind propitious God,
There flows a dying Saviour's blood, The pledge of sins forgiv'n;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To regions of eternal day, And opens all her heav'n

SALUTATION. 7, 6, 8, 7, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Johnston.



MOUNT-OLIVE. L. M.



The King of saints, how fair his face, Adorn'd with majesty and grace! He comes with blessings from above. And wins the nations to his love.



at his right hand our eyes behold



The Queen array'd in purest gold: The world admires her heav'nly dress, Her robes of joy and righteousness The Queen &c.



He forms her beauties like his own, He calls & seats her near his throne: Fair stranger, let thine heart forget the Idols of thy native state.
So shall the King the more rejoice In thee, the fav'rite of his choice; Let him be lov'd & yet ador'd, For he's thy maker, & thy Lord

Jesus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wondering sheep: False to thee, like Peter, I Would fain like Peter weep; Let me be by

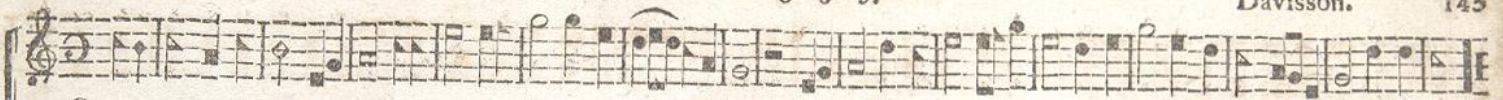
grace restor'd, On me be all its freeness stow'd; Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Saviour, prince, enthron'd above, Repentance to impart, Give me thro' thy dying love, The humble contrit heart.
 Give, what I haae long implor'd A portion of thy love unknown Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone;
 See me, Saviour, from above, Nor suffer me to die; Life and happiness, and love, Smile in thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word, And let thy mercy melt me down; Turn and look upon me Lord, And break my heart of stone.

RALEIGH.

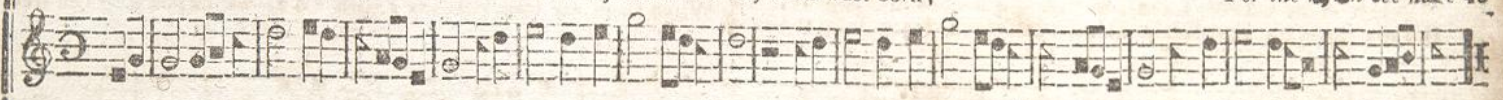
6 6 9.

Davisson.

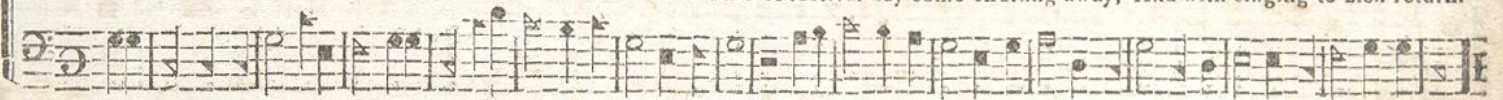


Come away to the skies, my beloved arise And rejoice in the day thou wast born;

For the lay see page 43



On this festival day come exulting away, And with singing to zion return.



T

WARNING. C. M.

Billings.

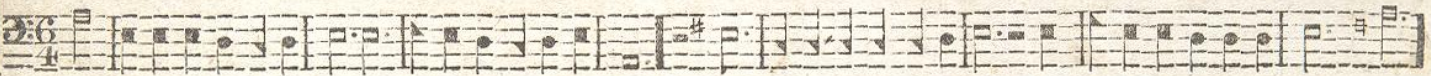


The rising morning can't ensure, That we shall end the day; For death stands waiting at the door, To snatch our lives away.
The evening rests our weary head, And angels guard the room; We wake, and we admire the bed, That was not made our tomb.





When on my beloved I gaze, So dazzling his beauties appear ;
 His charms so transcendently blaze, The sight is too melting to bear. } When from my own vileness I turn To Jesus, expos'd on the tree,



With shame and with wonder I burn, To think how he suffered for me



My sins, O how black they appear,
 When in that dear bosom they meet ;
 Those sins were the nails and the spear,
 That wounded his hands, side, and feet

'Twas justice, that wreath'd for his head
 The thorns that encircled it round ;
 Thy temples, Immanuel, bled,
 That mine might with glory be crown'd.

The wonderful love of his heart, where he has recorded my name
 On earth can be known but in part hev'n only can bear the full flame
 In rivers of sorrow it flow'd, And flow'd in those rivers for me ;
 My sins are all washt in his blood, my soul is both dapp'd & free ;

ROAN

8s.

Seaton.

147



Young people all attention give, While I address you in God's name;
You, who in sin and jolly live, Come hear the counsel of a friend.

I sought, for wealth, and glit'ring toys, And



rang'd th' alluring scenes of vice, But never found substantial joys, Until I heard my Saviours voice.



He speak's my sins at onst forgive'n, And wash'd my load of guilt away, He gave me pardon, peace in heaven, And thus I found the perfect way.
And now with trembling sense I view Huge billows roll beneath your feet, For death eternal waits for you Who slight the force of gosple grace.
But O the soul where vengeance reigns' it shrinks with groans and ceaseless cries, And rolls amidst the burning flames In endless wo and agonies
There swallowed up in darkest night, Where devils howl and thunders roar, To rage in keen dispair and guilt, When thousand years are o're.

While sorrows encompass me round, & endless distresses I see; Astonish'd I cried can a mortal be found, Surrounded with troubles like me

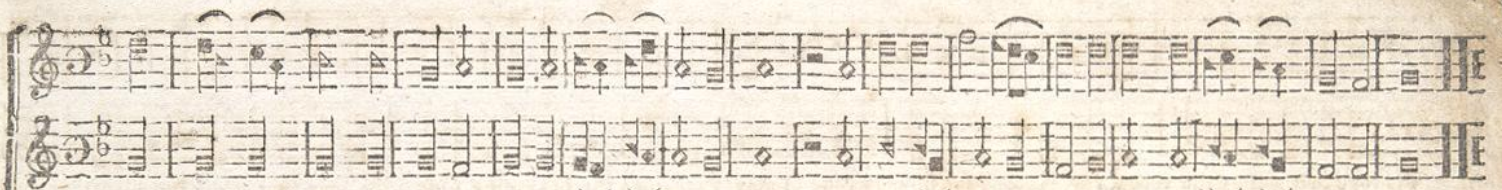
Few hours of praise I employ, And these all surrounded by pain; If a moment of praising my God I enjoy, I've hours again to complain,
 O when will my trouble subside, Or when will my suffering cease; When to the mansions of Christ be conveyd, the mansions of glory & peace.
 May I be prepar'd for that day, When Jesus shall bid me remove; & fill'd with his power go shouting away To the arms of my heav'nly love.
 No sorrows be vented that day, when Jesus is taking me home, with singing, & shouting let each brother say he's gone from the evils to come

CAMDEN L. M.

Bradsaw.

When we our weary limbs to rest We wept with doleful thoughts oppress'd, And Zion was but mournful there.
 Sat down by proud Euphratus' stream;

FELLOWSHIP. C. M.



From all that's mortal, all that's vain, And from this earthly clod; Arise my soul and strive to gain Sweet fellowship with God.



SELDEN. L. M.



Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, & sing; to show thy love by morning light & talk of all thy truth at night



173
BOUNDLESS LOVE. L M

'Tis love that guilds the vernal ray, Adorns the flowery robe of may, Perfumes the breathing gale; 'Tis love that loads the plentious plain

With blushing fruits, and golden grain, And smiles o'er ev'ry vale, And &c

But in the gospel, it appears
 In sweeter, fairer characters,
 And charms the ravish'd breast:
 There, love immortal leaves the sky,
 To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
 And give the weary rest.

There, smiles a kind propitious God—
 There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
 The pledge of sins forgiven;
 There God the spirit points the way,
 To regions of eternal day'
 And takes the saints to heav'n,

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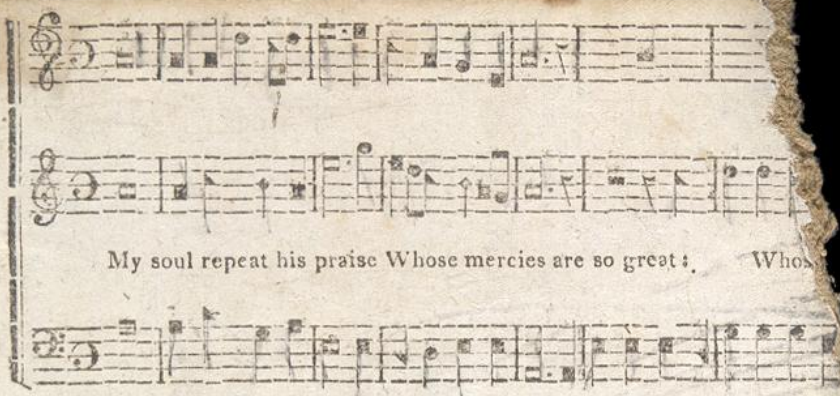
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The subscriber has added 24 pages to his Supplement, without any alteration in the price; he hopes that purchasers will find a variety of interesting tunes in the additional pages; they are chiefly new, with an excellent hymn attached to each tune.

He has just completed the printing of three thousand copies of the Supplement, and has the same number of copies of the Harmony now in press. Applications for upwards of a thousand copies of the Supplement has been received within the last three months, which will keep the binder busily engaged for five or six weeks, after that period, we expect to keep a constant supply on hand. All applications that comes to hand free of postage, will be promptly attended to.

July 1826.



My soul repeat his praise Whose mercies are so great : Whos

2	God will not always chide ; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt.	4	His pow'r subdues our sins, And his forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove.	6	He kn Scatter His ang Can sen
3	High as the heav'ns are rais'd Above the ground we tread ; So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed,	5	The pity of the Lord To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel ; He knows our feeble frame.	7	Our da O' like If one sh It wither

INDI

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Redemption	11s	34	Sudbury.
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Solitude.	11.	67	The Chan
Solemn Thought.	P. M;	66	Unita
Springfield,	7. 6.	86	Union
Swain	8s	146	Fellowsh
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