The Southern Harmony

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          Hymnals. Hymn collections
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25 Most Popular Hymns

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Rock of Ages  Disciple  Willoughby  Newburgh  Pisgah
Jerusalem  New Haven  Sweet Rivers  Greenland  Green Fields
Thorny Desert  Ionia  Easter Anthem  Wondrous Love  Coronation
Lone Pilgrim  Ortonville  Resignation  Bozrah  Alabama

Big Singing Recordings
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Alabama  Bozrah  Christian's Farewell  Coronation  David's Lamentation
Disciple  Easter Anthem  Farewell Anthem  Green Fields  Greenland
Happy Land  Holy Manna  Indian Convert  Ionia  Jerusalem
King of Peace  Lone Pilgrim  Long Sought Home  New Britain  New Haven
O Come, Come Away  Ortonville  Pisgah  Resignation  Rock of Ages
Rose of Sharon  Sweet Rivers  Thorny Desert  Willoughby

Sacred Harp Singing Convention Recordings
Recorded by Alan Lomax and George Pullen Jackson
at the 37th annual session of the Alabama Sacred Harp Singing Convention
at Birmingham, Ala., August 1942.

Ballstown  David's Lamentation  Edom  Evening Shade  Heavenly Vision
Mear  Mission  Montgomery  Mount Zion  Northfield
Sherburne  Windham  Wondrous Love
THE

SOUTHERN HARMONY, AND MUSICAL COMpanion:

CONTAINING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

TUNES, HYMNS, PSALMS, ODES, AND ANTHEMS;

SELECTED FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS IN THE UNITED STATES:
TOGETHER WITH
NEARLY ONE HUNDRED NEW TUNES, WHICH HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN
PUBLISHED;
SUITED TO MOST OF THE METRES CONTAINED IN WATTS'S HYMNS AND
PSALMS, MERCER'S CLUSTER, DOSSEY & CHOICE, DOVER SELECTION, METHODIST
HYMN BOOK, AND BAPTIST HARMONY;
AND WELL ADAPTED TO

CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF EVERY DENOMINATION, SINGING SCHOOLS,
AND PRIVATE SOCIETIES:

ALSO, AN EASY INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSIC, THE RUDI-
MENTS OF MUSIC, AND PLAIN RULES FOR BEGINNERS

BY WILLIAM WALKER

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of th earth: O sing praises unto the Lord.--David.
Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making
meody in your hearts to the Lord.--Paul.

NEW EDITION, THOROUGHLY REVISED AND MUCH ENLARGED.
FOR SALE BY

BOOKSELLERS, GENERALLY, THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

PUBLISHED BY HASTINGS HOUSE, Publishers, 135 FRONT STREET, NEW YORK
About the On-line *Southern Harmony*

“William Walker’s *The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion* is a remarkable book by virtually any measure. During the nineteenth century, when advertising was mainly by word of mouth . . . *Southern Harmony* sold about six hundred thousand copies. It is perhaps the most popular tunebook ever printed. Its longevity is also remarkable: it is still being used and sung from with loving care over one hundred and fifty years after its first edition. It is virtually unparalleled as a repository of the musical idioms current in the early nineteenth century, as well as of earlier idioms that were already becoming rare at the time of its publication. And it is one of the prime resources for succeeding generations of tunebooks . . . this must be considered a publication of remarkable import.”—*From the introduction to the University Press of Kentucky edition.*

This electronic edition has been through a number of generations. Current it is a CCEL ThML edition and also part of the CCEL’s *Hymnary* project.

**Credits:**
Peter Irvine, ObJN has recorded the midi files.
Vic Johanson typed in the texts.
Harry Plantinga created this edition.
PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

The author, feeling grateful to a generous public for the very liberal patronage which they have given the former editions of the Southern Harmony, has endeavoured to remedy the only deficiency which he has heard mentioned, by adding a large number of good tunes for church use, together with several excellent new pieces never before published, which has enlarged the work about forty pages, and makes it one of the largest Music Books ever offered at the same price. Therefore he hopes to secure that continued and increased patronage which it may merit from those who love the Songs of Zion.

WILLIAM WALKER.

Spartanburg, S.C., January, 1847.

PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION.

Since the Southern Harmony was first published, many of the tunes having gone out of use, the Author determined to revise the work, and leave out those pieces, and supply their places with good new tunes, which have been selected for their intrinsic worth, and great popularity, and highly devotional character. He has also enlarged the work with thirty-two pages of excellent music, many of the tunes being suitable for revival occasions. All of which he hopes will be found entirely satisfactory to the many friends and patrons of the Southern Harmony.

The Author now tenders his grateful thanks to a generous and enlightened public for the very flattering manner in which the former editions of this work have been received, and hopes that this revised edition may be duly appreciated, and the demand for it increase as its merits may deserve.

WILLIAM WALKER.

Spartanburg, S.C., July, 1854.

PREFACE TO THE FORMER EDITION

The compiler of this work, having been solicited for several years by his brother teachers, pupils, and other friends, to publish a work of this kind, has consented to yield to their solicitations.

In treating upon the rudiments of Music, I have endeavoured to lead the pupil on step by step, from A, B, C, in the gamut, to the more abstruse parts of this delightful science, having inserted the gamut as it should be learned, in a pleasing conversation between the pupil and the teacher.

In selecting Tunes, Hymns, and Anthems, I have endeavoured to gratify the taste of all, and supply the churches with a number of good, plain tunes, suited to the various metres contained in their different Hymn Books.

While those that are fond of fugued tunes have not been neglected, I have endeavoured to make this book a complete Musical Companion for the aged as well as the youth. Those that are partial to ancient music, will find here some good old acquaintances which will
cause them to remember with pleasure the scenes of life that are past and gone; while my youthful companions, who are more fond of modern music, I hope will find a sufficient number of new tunes to satisfy them, as I have spared no pains in trying to select such tunes as would meet the wishes of the public.

I have also selected a number of excellent new Songs, and printed them under the tunes, which I hope will be found satisfactory.

Some object to new publications of music, because the compilers alter the tunes. I have endeavoured to select the tunes from original authors. Where this could not be done, and the tune having six or seven basses and trebles, I have selected those I thought most consistent with the rules of composition.

I have composed the parts to a great many good airs, (which I could not find in any publication, nor in manuscript,) and assigned my name as the author. I have also composed several tunes wholly, and inserted them in this work, which also bear my name.

The compiler now commends this work to the public, praying God that it may be a means of advancing this important and delightful science, and of cheering the weary pilgrim on his way to the celestial city above.

WILLIAM WALKER.

Spartansburg, S.C., September, 1835.
Introduction

By Harry Eskew

Walker’s compilations, like other singing school tunebooks, made substantial contributions in their day to the publication of hymns in the South. Especially during the Antebellum period, a hymnal was a words-only volume, often published in miniature editions that could be carried to church in one’s pocket. Congregational singing in the South among such mainline denominations as Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians was commonly unaccompanied. It was often lined-out, as is still practiced by some Primitive Baptist and some African-American congregations. In cases where church-goers could read music, they probably learned it using shape notes in singing schools.

Walker’s Southern Harmony (1835) and his later Christian Harmony (1867) were two tunebooks, among hundreds of singing-school collections published in America since the days of William Billings in the latter 1700s. From about 1800, singing-school tunebooks began to be published in a four-shape system of shaped noteheads corresponding to the then current Elizabethan solfa solmization. The ascending major scale would have shapes to represent the syllables fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa. Although largely rejected in the Northeast, shape notes became very popular in parts of Pennsylvania on through the Shenandoah Valley to the South and Midwest as far as Missouri. In these areas it became practically impossible to get a tunebook published unless it was in shape notes.

Walker’s tunebooks, like others of its time, served several purposes. It functioned as a textbook for singing schools, which taught multitudes how to read music. Southern Harmony, like other singing-school tunebooks of its day, begins with an introduction to music reading, including the use of shape notes. Indeed, the book’s subtitle reads, “an easy introduction to the grounds of music, the rudiments of music, and plain rules for beginners.”

In addition to its use as a textbook for singing schools, Walker’s tunebook furnished music for congregational singing of hymn texts already published in words-only hymnals. Hymnals listed on the title page of Southern Harmony are Watts Hymns and Psalms, Mercer’s Cluster, Dossey’s Choice, Dover Selection, Methodist Hymn Book, and Baptist Harmony. Most of these hymnals were compiled by southern pastors. One pastor known to Walker was his fellow South Carolinian, Staunton S. Burdett, then pastor of the New Hope Baptist Church near Lancaster. Burdette’s Baptist Harmony was published only a year prior to Walker’s Southern Harmony. Burdett’s name is listed on the title page of Southern Harmony, for he stocked and sold copies of Walker’s tunebook. Most of the tunes for congregational use are found in Part I of Southern Harmony.

The singing schools and churches were not the only intended users of Walker’s tunebooks. They provided a repertory of challenging pieces for more advanced singers. Part II of Southern Harmony is described on the title page as “containing some of the more lengthly...
and elegant pieces commonly used at concerts, or singing societies.” This section includes most of the fuging tunes and anthems, such as William Billings’ well-known “Easter Anthem.”

Perhaps the most interesting repertory of Walker’s Southern Harmony is the folk hymn, and it is in the genre that Walker made his greatest contribution to American music. Walker and other rural-oriented singing-school teacher/compilers drew from the rich oral tradition of Anglo-American folksong to provide melodies for many hymn texts. Sometimes the folk melody and hymn text had already been coupled. In other instances, Walker and others fitted secular folk melodies to already well-known hymn texts. It is likely that Walker and some of his contemporaries had so fully absorbed the Anglo-American folksong idiom that they themselves composed tunes in this style.

The best known of all American folk hymns is “Amazing Grace,” set to the tune New Britain, published together for the first time in the 1835 first edition of *Southern Harmony* (page 8). The text, written by the converted slave-trader who became an Anglican minister, John Newton, contained the same six stanzas found in *Olney Hymns* (1779) and was already well known. The tune New Britain had also been previously published, but with other texts. No earlier wedding of the tune and text has been documented. The melody, as was normal in this era, is in the tenor part, the middle of three voices. Also typical of these folk hymns is the angular line of the melody and the use of gapped scales—in this case pentatonic, omitting the fourth and seventh degrees. In harmonizing these folk melodies, Walker and his contemporaries thought linearly as well as vertically, conceiving each voice part as a melody in itself. This practice sometimes produced chords without thirds, along with parallel perfect fifths, and parallel octaves.

Another type of folk hymnody, a type that came from the camp meeting revivals, was what George Pullen Jackson called the “revival spiritual.” This type, which arose from the need to simplify texts for the unlettered country folk to sing, has been defined by Ellen Jane Lorenz as “informal hymns often with refrain and chorus, taking form in camp and revival meetings.” One of the best known of the revival spirituals, The Promised Land (page 51), was first published in 1835 in the first edition of *Southern Harmony*. To the hymn text, “On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand” by the English Baptist pastor, Samuel Stennett, an unknown American added the refrain beginning, “I am bound for the promised land.” Walker credits the tune to “Miss M. Durham,” who has recently been identified as Matilda Durham of the Spartanburg area, who married Andrew Hoy and later lived in Cobb County, Georgia, northwest of Atlanta. The tune was recast in major and reharmonized to accommodate the newer gospel hymn tradition, the form in which it appears in several current hymnals.

There is yet a third widely-sung folk hymn text and tune that Walker, as far as documents show, brought together for the first time. In the second edition of *Southern Harmony*, published by Walker and the yet unidentified “E. King, Esq., Flat Rock, N. C.” listed on the title page, there is an appendix which includes Wondrous Love (page 252), credited to Christopher.
The text “What wondrous love is this, O my soul” had been published anonymously in two hymnals in 1811. It was another thirty-nine years before this anonymous text appeared in print together with this beautiful tune. Walker also published Wondrous Love in his 1867 tunebook, The Christian Harmony. There he described Wondrous Love as a “very popular old Southern tune” and indicated that it was “arranged by James Christopher of Spartanburg.”

The melody had existed for a number of years in oral tradition, and James Christopher wrote it down and harmonized it. In Southern Harmony Walker included only the first stanza, an omission he later rectified in his Christian Harmony by providing six stanzas. The melody is in the Dorian mode, but is generally sung today with the sixth raised. The text of Wondrous Love is in the same meter as the ballad of Captain Kidd and many other folksongs.

It is clear that Walker was both a folksong collector, arranger, and a composer in the idiom of folksong. In the preface to the first edition of Southern Harmony Walker wrote:

I have composed the parts to a great many good airs (which I could not find in any publication, nor in manuscript,) and assigned my name as the author. I have also composed several tunes wholly, and inserted them in this work, which also bear my name.

Walker also published melodies from oral tradition harmonized by others, including Spartanburg area musicians of the singing-school shape-note tradition, such as Matilda Durham Hoy (The Promised Land) and James Christopher (Wondrous Love). It is this indigenous sacred folksong arising out of the hill-country of Upper South Carolina that gave Walker’s tunebooks, especially his Southern Harmony, much of its distinctive appeal to the South of his day.

**Walker’s Legacy**

The music of William Walker’s Southern Harmony and Christian Harmony may be found today primarily in three contexts. The first context is the traditional shape-note singing. Two of Walker’s four tunebooks are still used today in singings year after year. The only singing which currently makes exclusive use of Southern Harmony is the Big Singing Day each fourth Sunday in May at Benton, Kentucky. Walker’s Christian Harmony, his post Civil War tunebook in seven-shape notation, is far more widely used in singings than his Southern Harmony. A 1994 reprint of the 1872 edition of Christian Harmony is used at a number of annual singings in western North Carolina. In Alabama, Mississippi, and north Georgia is in use an edition of Christian Harmony extensively revised by Alabamians John Deason and O. A. Parris, which was published in 1958 and revised and reissued again in 1994.

Tunebook singings had completely disappeared from Walker’s home state of South Carolina until 1994, when a singing was established on the campus of Wofford College in Spartanburg. This singing, now known as the South Carolina State Singing in Memory of
William Walker, meets on the Saturday before the third Sunday in March and uses *Christian Harmony* and *The Sacred Harp* (1991 edition). This singing concludes with a short walk to Spartanburg’s historic Magnolia Cemetery for a closing song and prayer of thanks with singers gathered around Walker’s grave. Growing out of the Wofford singing in recent years is an annual singing at Furman University, on the Saturday before the fourth Sunday in May.

Walker’s legacy in traditional shape-note singing is not limited to the present-day use of *Southern Harmony* and *Christian Harmony*. Glenn E. Latimer analyzed the frequency of songs using the minutes of Sacred Harp singing in 2005. Of the 25 top *Sacred Harp* songs in 2005, number one was Walker’s Hallelujah and two other songs from Southern Harmony were New Britain (number 7) and Wondrous Love (number 20). These same three tunes placed among the top three among songs used for Memorial Lessons at *Sacred Harp* singings. Among the top songs for closing Sacred Harp singings in 2005, number one was Parting Hand (page 113) from *Southern Harmony*, and two others were Hallelujah and New Britain. Thus the popularity of Walker’s tunes and those from *Southern Harmony* at present-day Sacred Harp singings are also a significant part of his legacy.

The second context in which the music of Walker’s tunebooks is found today is in choral arrangements. Countless arrangements of “Amazing Grace” have been sung by choirs in churches and schools across the English-speaking world. “Wondrous Love” has also appeared in a numerous choral arrangements. Walker’s life itself has served as the impetus for an opera. In 1952 Donald Davidson of the English Department of Vanderbilt University and composer Charles F. Bryan of Peabody College collaborated in the production of a light opera, *Singin’ Billy*, based on the life of William Walker.

The third context, one which Walker shares with other shape-note composers of his era, constitutes his greatest legacy. This context is that of congregational song, the inclusion of early American folk hymnody in current hymnals of practically every major American denomination. It is notable that some of these folk hymns, such as “Amazing Grace” and “Wondrous Love,” have gained ecumenical acceptance, appearing in practically every major new hymnal. While Lowell Mason and his colleagues in the Northwest were composing and arranging hymn tunes based on classical European models, southerners such as William Walker, Benjamin Franklin White, Elisha J. King and others were composing and arranging hymn tunes based on Anglo-American folksong. These folk hymns of the shape-note tradition from this Carolina contributor are a wonderful treasure of early American song that constitutes a continuing gift to singing congregations and the American heritage of sacred music even now in the twenty-first century.

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1 This introduction is a revised excerpt from “William Walker: Carolina Contributor to American Music” by Harry Eskew, published in the Journal of the South Carolina Baptist Historical Society (ISSN 0146-0196), is
used by permission of the editor, J. Glenwood Clayton, P. O. Box 533, Travelers Rest, SC 29690. Endnotes giving sources used are included in the full article.
"William Walker’s *The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion* is a remarkable book by virtually any measure. During the nineteenth century, when advertising was mainly by word of mouth . . . *Southern Harmony* sold about six hundred thousand copies. It is perhaps the most popular tunebook ever printed. Its longevity is also remarkable: it is still being used and sung from with loving care over one hundred and fifty years after its first edition. It is virtually unparalleled as a repository of the musical idioms current in the early nineteenth century, as well as of earlier idioms that were already becoming rare at the time of its publication. And it is one of the prime resources for succeeding generations of tunebooks. . . . this must be considered a publication of remarkable import." -- *From the introduction to the University Press of Kentucky edition*

The first electronic edition was based on an Informix database and LiveWire programs running in conjunction with a Netscape Enterprise server. The hymns and bibliographic information reside in the database and the pages are generated on demand. The pages generated by the database program (except for search results) were then all copied to disk using a Perl program.

**The Second CCEL Edition**

The *Southern Harmony* has been re-done as a ThML edition. It can be used as a standard CCEL book or as a part of the new Hymnary.

**Credits**

Peter Irvine, ObJN has recorded the midi files. See his [web site](http://www.objn.com).

Vic Johanson typed in the texts.

Guy-Paul Bédard is creating PDF sheet music.

Harry Plantinga set up the database and programs and scanned page images.
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,
FROM THE COLUMBIAN HARMONY.

ON THE DIFFERENT PLANS OF NOTATION.

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.
PART I.

CONTAINING

MOST OF THE PLAIN AND EASY TUNES COMMONLY USED IN TIME OF
DIVINE WORSHIP.
1. Young people all, attention give,
   And hear what I shall say;
I wish your souls with Christ to live,
   In everlasting day.
Remember you are hast'ning on
   To death's dark, gloomy shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
   Your flesh in dust be laid.

2. Death's iron gate you must pass through,
   Ere long, my dear young friends;
With whom then do you think to go,
   With saints or fiery fiends?
Pray meditate before too late,
   While in a gospel land,
Behold King Jesus at the gate,
   Most lovingly doth stand.

3. Young men, how can you turn your face
   From such a glorious friend;
Will you pursue your dangerous ways?
   O don't you fear the end?
Will you pursue that dangerous road  
Which leads to death and hell?  
Will you refuse all peace with God,  
With devils for to dwell?

4. Young women too, what will you do,  
If out of Christ you die?  
From all God's people you must go,  
To weep, lament, and cry:  
Where you the least relief can't find,  
To mitigate your pain;  
Your good things all be left behind,  
Your souls in death remain.

5. Young people all, I pray then view  
The fountain opened wide;  
The spring of life opened for sin,  
Which flowed from Jesus' side;  
There you may drink in endless joy,  
And reign with Christ your king,  
In his glad notes your souls employ,  
And hallelujahs sing.
Invitation

Wm. Walker

_Baptist Harmony_, p. 249

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
   Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
   Jesus ready stands to save you,
   Full of pity, love, and power:
   He is able,
   He is willing: doubt no more.

2. Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome;
   God’s free bounty glorify;
   True belief and true repentance,
   Every grace that brings us nigh,
   Without money,
   Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
   Nor of fitness fondly dream;
   All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
   This he gives you;
"Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4. Come, ye weary heavy laden,
    Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
    You will never come at all;
    Not the righteous,
    Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. View him prostrate in the garden,
    On the ground your Savior lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
    Hear him cry before he dies,
    "It is finished!"
    Sinners, will not this suffice?

6. Lo! the incarnate God ascending,
    Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
    Let no other trust intrude:
    None but Jesus
    Can do helpless sinners good.

7. Saints and angels, joined in concert,
    Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
    Sweetly echo with his name.
    Hallelujah!
    Sinners here may sing the same.
1. Salvation! O the joyful sound!
   'Tis pleasure to our ears!
   A sovereign balm for every wound,
   A cordial for our fears.

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
   At hell's dark door we lay,
   But we arise by grace divine,
   To see a heavenly day.

3. Salvation! let the echo fly
   The spacious earth around,
   While all the armies of the sky
   Conspire to raise the sound.
Thou Man of grief, remember me,
Thou never canst thyself forget
Thy last expiring agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat.
Meditation

Dover Selection, p. 9

1. Today, if you will hear his voice,
   Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
   A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
   And make this last resolve.

2. I'll go to Jesus, though 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 scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
   And then the suppliant lives.

5. Perhaps he will admit my plea,
   Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
   And perish only there.
6. I can but perish if I go;
   I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
   I must forever die.

7. But if I die with mercy sought,
   When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought)
   As sinner never died.
Supplication

Psalm 51
Watts

1. O thou who hearest when sinners cry
   Though all my crimes before thee lie,
   Behold them not with angry look,
   But blot their memory from thy book.
Restoration

1. Mercy, O thou Son of David!
   Thus blind Bartimeus prayed:
   Others by thy grace are saved,
   O vouchsafe to me thine aid.
1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
   He whom I fix my hopes upon;
   His track I see, and I'll pursue
   The narrow way, till him I view.
King of Peace

F. Price

1. Children of the heavenly King,
   As we journey let us sing;
   Sing our Savior's worthiest praise,
   Glorious in his works and ways.
Ninety-Third Psalm

Psalm 93
Chapin
Baptist Harmony, p. 121

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
   Harmonious to the ear;
   Heaven with the echo shall resound,
   And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived the way
   To save rebellious man;
   And all the steps that grace display,
   Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace first inscribed my name
   In God's eternal book;
   'Twas grace that gave me to the Lame,
   Who all my sorrows took.

4. Grace led my roving feet
   To tread the heavenly road;
   And new supplies each hour I meet,
   While pressing on to God.

5. Grace taught my soul to pray,
   And made my eyes o'erflow;
"Twas grace that kept me to this day,
    And will not let me go.

6. Grace all the work shall crown
    Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
    And well deserves the praise.
1. Did Christ o’er sinners weep,
   And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
   Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears
   Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
   He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep;
   Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone, no sin is found,
   And there’s no weeping there.
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
6. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
    The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
    Will be forever mine.
Cookham

_Baptist Harmony, p. 329_

1. Lord, I cannot let thee go,
   Till a blessing thou bestow:
   Do not turn away thy face,
   Mine’s an urgent, pressing case.
1. ’Twas on the cross the Savior hung,
   And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
   that languished at his side.
His crimes with inward grief and shame,
   The Penitent confessed;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
   And thus his prayer addressed:

2. Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
   Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
   And weltering in thy blood.
Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
   In triumph thou shalt rise;
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
   And shine above the skies

3. Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death,
   Let me a sharer be.
His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
   And instantly replies,
Today thy parting soul shall be
   With me in paradise.
1. Come, we that love the Lord,
   And let our joys be known;
   Join in a song with sweet accord,
   And thus surround the throne.
Ortonville

C.M.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
   A follower of the Lamb,
   And shall I fear to own his cause,
   Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies
   On flowery beds of ease,
   While others fought to win the prize,
   And sailed through bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
   Must I not stem the flood?
   Is this vile world a friend to grace,
   To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
   Increase my courage, Lord;
   I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
   Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
   Shall conquer, though they die:
   They see the triumph from afar,
   And seize it with their eye.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
   And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
   The glory shall be thine.
Jerusalem

L.M.

Wm. Walker

Baptist Harmony, p. 70

Refrain:

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
   He whom I fix my hopes upon;
   His track I see, and I'll pursue
   The narrow way, till him I view.

2. The way the holy prophets went,
   The road that leads from banishment,
   The King's highway of holiness,
   I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3. This is the way I long have sought,
   And mourned because I found it not;
   My grief a burden long has been,
   Because I was not saved from sin.

4. The more I strove against its power,
   I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5. Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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

I'm on my journey home,
To the new Jerusalem,
So fare you well,
I am going home.
1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
   In a believer's ear!
   It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
   And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
   And calms the troubled breast;
   'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
   And to the weary, rest.

3. Dear name! the rock on which I build,
   My shield and hiding place;
   My never failing treasure, filled
   With boundless stores of grace!

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
   My Prophet, Priest, and King,
   My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
   And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
   I'll praise thee as I ought.

5. Till then, I would thy love proclaim
   With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
   Refresh my soul in death.
1. Lord, what is man, poor feeble man!
   Born of earth at first;
   His life a shadow, light and vain,
   Still hastening the dust.
1. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
   No mortal cares shall seize my breast.
   O may my heart in tune be found,
   Like David's harp of solemn sound.
Minister’s Farewell

14

Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell,
Since you and I must part;
I go away, and here you stay,
But still we’re joined in heart.
Your love to me has been most free,
Your conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet!

2. Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready then to go.
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ’s encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harm.

3. I trust you’ll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
    The will of God be done
I hope the Lord will you reward,
    With an immortal crown.

4. If I'm called home whilst I am gone,
    Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King,
    To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
    Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
    Thy sacred sweets disclose.

5. I long to go, then farewell woe,
    My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
    But taste the heavenly feast.
O may we meet, and be complete,
    And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord
    And so, dear friends, farewell.
1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
   On whom in affliction I call,
   My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
   My hope, my salvation, my all!

2. Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
   To feed them in pastures of love?
   For why in the valley of death should I weep,
   Alone in this wilderness rove?

3. O why should I wander an alien from thee,
   Or cry in the desert for bread?
   Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
   And smile at the tears I have shed.

4. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
   The star that on Israel shone?
   Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
   And where with his flocks he hath gone.

5. This is my beloved, his form is divine,
   His vestments shed odors around;
   The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
   When autumn with plenty is crowned.
6. The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
   In vales on the banks of the streams;
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
   His eye all invitingly beams.
7. His voice, as the sound of a dulcimer sweet,
   Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
   The air is perfumed with his breath.
8. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
   That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the gentiles shall know
   And bask in the smiles of his face.
9. Love sits on his eyelid and scatters delight,
   Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
   And tremble with fulness of joy.
10. He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
    And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
    Re-echoes the praise of the her Lord.
Refrain:

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

2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
   Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
   Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
   Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
   Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
   Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
   Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
   Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
   Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
   Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
   Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
   Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Middlebury

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 357

1. 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.
Consolation

Dean Watts

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day
   Salute thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
   To him that rules the skies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats,
   The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
   To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
   My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
   And yet his wrath delays.

4. On a poor worm thy power might tread,
   And I could ne'er withstand,
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
   But mercy held thine hand.

5. A thousand wretched souls are fled
   Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
   And yet my moments run.
6. Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
   Whilst I enjoy the light.
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
   And bring a pleasant night.
Complainer

Wm. Walker

1. I am a great complainer, that bears the name of Christ; 
   Come, all ye Zion mourners, and listen to my cries: 
   I've many sore temptations, and sorrows to my soul; 
   I feel my faith declining, and my affections cold.

2. O Lord of life and glory, my sins to me reveal, 
   And by thy love and power, my sin sick soul be healed; 
   I thought my warfare over, no trouble I should see; 
   But now I'm like the lonely dove, that mourns on the wavering tree.

3. I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old, 
   When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul; 
   But now I am distressed, and no relief can find, 
   With a hard deceitful heart, and a wretched wandering mind.

4. It is great pride and passion, beset me on my way, 
   So I am filled with folly, and so neglect to pray; 
   While others run rejoicing, and seem to lose no time, 
   I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.
5. I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way, 
That bear their cross with meekness, and don't neglect to pray 
But I, a thousand objects beset me in my way 
So I am filled with folly, and so neglect to pray.
This song was composed by the Rev. B. Hicks, (a Baptist minister of South Carolina,) and sent to his wife while he was confined in Tennessee by a fever, of which he afterwards recovered.

1. The time is swiftly rolling on
   When I must faint and die;
   My body to the dust return,
   And there forgotten lie.

2. Let persecution rage around,
   And Antichrist appear;
   My silent dust beneath the ground;
   There’s no disturbance there.

3. Through heats and colds I’ve often went,
   And wondered in despair,
   To call poor sinners to repent,
   And seek the Savior dear.

4. My brother preachers, boldly speak,
   And stand on Zion’s wall,
   T’ revive the strong, confirm the weak,
   And after sinners call.

5. My brother preachers, fare you well,
   Your fellowship I love;
   In time no more I shall you see
   But soon we’ll meet above.

6. My little children near my heart,
And nature seems to bind,
It grieves me sorely to depart,
   And leave you all behind.

7. O Lord, a father to them be,
    And keep them from all harm,
That they may love and worship thee,
    And dwell upon thy charms.

8. My loving wife, my bosom friend,
    The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,
    My sweet and harmless dove.

9. My loving wife, don’t grieve for me,
    Neither lament nor mourn;
For I shall with my Jesus be,
    When you are left alone.

10. How often you have looked for me,
    And oft times seen me come;
But now I must depart from thee,
    And never more return.

11. For I can never come to thee;
    Let this not grieve your heart,
For you will shortly come to me,
    Where we shall never part.
Welcome, welcome, every guest,
Welcome to our music feast:
Music is our only cheer,
Fill both soul and ravished ear;
Sacred Nine, teach us the mood.
Sweetest notes to be explored.
Softly wells the trembling air,
To complete our concert fair.

Canon
The Family Bible

1. How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
   Of youthful connexion and innocent joy,
   While blest with parental advice and affection,
   Surrounded by mercy and peace from on high;
   I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
   The seats of their offspring arranged on each hand,
   And the richest of books, which excels every other,
   The family Bible that lay on the stand.

2. The Bible, that volume of God's inspiration,
   At morning and evening could yield us delight;
   The prayers of our father, a sweet invocation,
   For mercy by day and for safety by night;
   O hymns of thanksgiving with harmonious sweetness,
   As warmed by the hearts of the family band,
   Hath raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
   Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

3. Ye scenes of enjoyment, long have we been parted,
   My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
   In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
And wander alone on a far distant shore;
O why should I doubt a dear Savior’s protection,
   Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
O let me with patience receive his correction,
   And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

4. Blest Bible! the light and the guide of the stranger,
   With it I seem circled with parents and friends;
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger;
   On thee my last lingering hope then depends.
Hope weakens to vigor and rises to glory;
   I’ll hasten and flee to the promised land,
And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
   Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.

5. Hail, rising the brightest and best of the morning,
   The star which has guided my parents safe home;
The beam of thy glory, my pathway adorning,
   Shall scatter the darkness and brighten the gloom.
As the old Eastern sages to worship the stranger
   Did hasten with ecstasy to Canaan’s land,
I’ll bow to adore him, not in a low manger,—
   He’s seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

6. Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,
   I’ll flee to the Bible, and trust in the Lord;
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,
   My soul is still cheered by his heavenly word.
And now from things earthly my soul is removing
   I soon shall glory with heaven’s bright bands,
And in rapture of joy be forever adoring
   The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.
Old Hundred

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing,
   Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
   For we our voices high should raise,
   When our salvation's Rock we praise.
1. So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
   Frail, smiling solace of an hour,
   So soon our transient comforts fly,
   And pleasure only blooms to die.
Albion

Boyd

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

1. Mercy, O thou Son of David!
   Thus blind Bartimeus prayed:
   Others by thy grace are saved,
   O vouchsafe to me thine aid.
1. The faithless world promiscuous flows,
   Enrapt in fancy’s vision,
   Allured by sounds, beguiled by show,
   And empty dreams; they scarcely know
   There is a brighter heaven.
1. Will God for ever cast us off?
   His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
   His little chosen flock?
Crucifixion

_Baptist Harmony, p. 477_

1. Saw ye my Savior,
   Saw ye my Savior,
   Saw ye my Savior and God?
   O he died on Calvary,
   To atone for you and me,
   And to purchase our pardon with blood.
Indian's Farewell

Wm. Walker

1. When shall we all meet again?
   When shall we all meet again?
   Oft shall glowing hope expire,
   Oft shall wearied love retire,
   Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
   Ere we all shall meet again.

2. Though in distant lands we sigh,
   Parched beneath a hostile sky,
   Though the deep between us rolls
   Friendship shall unite our souls,
   And in fancy's wide domain,
   Oft shall we all meet again.

3. When our burnished locks are gray,
   Thinned by many a toil spent day,
   When around the youthful pine
   Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
   Long may the loved bower remain,
   Ere we all shall meet again.

4. When the dreams of life are fled,
   When its wasted lamps are dead,
   When in cold oblivion's shade,
   Beauty, fame, and wealth are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.
The Christian

Zion Songster, p. 78
E. J. King

1. I love my blessed Savior,
   I feel I’m in his favor,
   And I am his for ever,
   If I but faithful prove;
   And now I’m bound for Canaan,
   I feel my sins forgiven,
   And soon shall get to heaven,
   To sing redeeming love.

2. Poor sinners may deride me,
   And unbelievers chide me,
   But nothing shall divide me
   From Jesus, my best friend.
   Supported by his power,
   I long to see the hour
   That bids my spirit tower,
   And all my troubles end.

3. The pleasing time is hastening,
My tottering frame is wasting
While I'm engaged in praising,
   Impelled by his love.
When yonder shining orders,
   Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to the Lord there
   To praise his name above.
Carnsville

Zion Songster, p. 78
E. J. King

1. I love my blessed Savior,
   I feel I'm in his favor,
   And I am his for ever,
   If I but faithful prove;
   And now I'm bound for Canaan,
   I feel my sins forgiven,
   And soon shall get to heaven,
   To sing redeeming love.

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   While I'm engaged in praising,
   Impelled by his love.
   When yonder shining orders,
   Who sing on Canaan's borders,
   Shall bear me to the Lord there
   To praise his name above.
America

Wetmore

1. My soul, repeat His praise,
   Whose mercies are so great;
   Whose anger is so slow to rise,
   So ready to abate.
Ninety-Fifth

Colton

1. When I can read my title clear
   To mansions in the skies,
   I bid farewell to every fear,
   And wipe my weeping eyes.
1. Afflictions, though they seem severe,
   In mercy oft are sent;
   They stopped the prodigal's career,
   And caused him to repent.

2. Although he no relenting felt
   Till he had spent his store,
   His stubborn heart began to melt
   When famine pinched him sore.

3. "What have I gained by sin," he said,
   "But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds in bread,
   Whilst I am starving here!

4. "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
   Fall down before his face;
   Not worthy to be called his son,
   I'll seek a servant's place"
5. He saw his son returning back;  
   He looked, he ran, he smiled,  
   And threw his arms around the neck  
   Of his rebellious child!

6. Father, I’ve sinned, but O forgive.  
   And thus the father said;  
   Rejoice, my house! my son’s alive,  
   For whom I mourned as dead.

7. Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
   Go spread 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 a father’s love he feels,  
   And bids the sinner come.
Solemn Thought

1. Remember, sinful youth, you must die, you must die,
   Remember, sinful youth, you must die;
Remember, sinful youth, who hate the way of truth,
And in you pleasures boast, you must die, you must die;
And in you pleasures boast, you must die.
1. Our cheerful voices let us raise,
   And sing a parting song;
Although I’m with you now, my friends,
   I can’t be with you long:
For I must go and leave you all,
   It fills my heart with pain;
Although we part, perhaps, in tears,
   I hope we’ll meet again.
Idumea

Davison

*Methodist Hymn Book*, p. 231

1. And am I born to die?
    To lay this body down?
    And must my trembling spirit fly
    Into a world unknown,
Suffield

1. Teach me the measure of my days,  
   Thou Maker of my frame,  
   I would survey life's narrow space,  
   And learn how frail I am.
The Midnight Cry

Baptist Harmony, p. 483

1. When the midnight cry began,
   O what lamentation,
   Thousands sleeping in their sins,
   Neglecting their salvation.
   Lo the bridegroom is at hand,
   Who will kindly treat him?
   Surely all the waiting band
   Will now go forth to meet him.

2. Some, indeed, did wait awhile,
   And shone without a rival;
   But they spent their seeming oil
   Long since the last revival.
   Many souls who thought they’d light,
   O, when the scene was closed,
   Now against the Bridegroom fight,
   And so they stand opposed.

3. While the wise are passing by,
   With all their lamps prepared,
Give us of your oil, they cry,
If any can be spared.
Others trimmed their former snuff,
O, is it not amazing!
Those conclude they've light enough,
And think their lamps are blazing.

4. Foolish virgins! do you think
   Our Bridegroom's a deceiver?
Then may you pass your lives away,
   And think to sleep for ever;
But we by faith do see his face,
   On whom we have believed;
If there's deception in the case,
   'Tis you that are deceived.

5. And now the door is open wide,
   And Christians are invited,
And virgins wise compass the bride,
   March to the place appointed.
Who do you think is now a guest?
   Yea, listen, carnal lovers,
'Tis those in wedding garments dressed;
   They cease from sin for ever.

6. The door is shut, and they within,
   They're freed from every danger;
They reign with Christ, for sinners slain,
   Who once lay in a manger;
They join with saints and angels too
   In songs of love and favor;
Glory, honor, praise and power,
   To God and Lamb for ever.

7. The foolish virgins are without;
   The sentence, Go ye cursed--
For want of oil they're out--away

The Midnight Cry
From Christ they then are forced.
No more on earth with saints to join
In sharing of my favor;
Although you did my children blind,
Mourn with the damned for ever.

8. Virgins wise, I pray draw near,
   And listen to your Savior;
He is your friend, you need not fear,
   O, why not seek his favor?
He speaks to you in whispers sweet,
   In words of consolation:
By grace in him you stand complete,
   He is your great salvation.

9. Dying sinners, will you come,
   The Savior now invites you;
His bleeding wounds proclaim there's room,
   Room for you, and room for me,
And room for coming sinners:
   Salvation pours a living stream
For you and all believers.

10. When earth and sea shall be no more,
    And all their glory perish,
    When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
    And stars at midnight languish;
    When Gabriel's trump shall sound aloud,
    To call the slumbering nations,
Then, Christians, we shall see our God
   The God of our salvation.
Confidence

Mercer's Cluster, p. 405

1. Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
   Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
   Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
   The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
   From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
   His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
   So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3. We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
   On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:
   Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
   The promise engages "The Lord will provide."

4. When Satan appears to stop up our path,
   And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
   He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
   The heart cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."
5. His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, "The Lord will provide."

6. He tells us we're weak--our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide"

7. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Savior's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

8. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."
1. Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
   Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
   My company before is gone,
   And I am left alone with thee:
   With thee all night I mean to stay,
   And wrestle till the break of day.

2. I need not tell thee who I am,
   My sin and misery declare;
   Thyself hast called me by my name,
   Look on thy hands, and read it there:
   But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
   Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3. In vain thou strugglest to get free,
   I never will unloose my hold:
   Art thou the Man that died for me?
   The secret of thy love unfold:
   Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
   Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4. Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
   Thy new, unutterable name?
   Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
   To know it now resolved I am:
   Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
   Till I thy name, thy nature know.
5. What though my shrinking flesh complain,
   And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
   When I am weak, than am I strong,
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.
Imandra New

Dover Selection, p. 196

1. Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
   When we must be parted from this social band:
   Our several engagements now call us away,
   Our parting is needful, and we must obey.
Cross of Christ

L. P. Breedlove

1. The cross of Christ inspires my heart,
   To sing redeeming grace;
   Awake, my soul, and bear a part
   In my Redeemer’s praise.
   Oh, how can be compared to him
   Who died upon the tree?
   This is my dear delightful theme,
   That Jesus died for me.
Parting Friends

1. Farewell, my lovely friends, farewell,
   We must be separated,
   In different regions we must dwell,
   Distantly situated.
   O let not this our friendship chill,
   Though mountains rise between us,
   May truth and justice guide our will,
   And God from evil screen us.
1. Bright scenes of glory strike my sense,
   And all my passions capture;
Eternal beauties round me shine,
   Infusing warmest rapture.
I live in pleasures deep and full,
   In swelling waves of glory.
I feel my Savior in my soul,
   And groan to tell my story.
The Christian Warfare

1. I find myself placed in a state of probation,
   Which God has commanded us well to improve,
   And I am resolved to regard all his precepts,
   And on in the way of obedience to move.
   I know I must go through great tribulation,
   And many sore conflicts on every hand;
   But grace will support and comfort my spirit,
   And I shall be able for ever to stand.

2. I'm Called to contend with the powers of darkness,
   And many sore conflicts I have to pass through;
   O Jesus, be with me in every battle,
   And help me my enemies all to subdue;
   If thou, gracious Lord, will only be with me,
   To aid and direct me, then all will be right;
   Apollyon, with all his powerful forces,
   In thy name and thy strength I shall soon put to flight.

3. And when I must cross the cold stream of Jordan,
   I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu,
   And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan,
Where, Christians, I hope I shall there meet with you.  
That rest into which my soul shall then enter,  
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end—  
A rest of exemption from warfare and labor,  
A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.

4. And more than exemption from fighting and hardship  
   My gracious redeemer will grant unto me;  
   A portion of bliss he has promised to give me,  
   And true to that promise he surely will be.  
Yes, I shall receive and always inherit  
   A happy reception and truly divine.  
For which all the praises and glory, my Savior  
   Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.
Resignation

1. My Shepherd will supply my need;
   Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
   Beside the living stream.
He brings my wandering spirit back,
   When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy’s sake,
   In paths of truth and grace.

2. When I walk through the shades of death
   Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
   Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
   Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
   Thine oil anoints my head.

3. The sure provisions of my God
   Attend my all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come,)
No more a stranger, nor a guest;
But like a child at home.
Bozrah

1. Who is this that comes from far,
   With his garments dipped in blood,
Strong, triumphant traveller--
   Is he man, or is he God?
I that reign in righteousness,
   Son of God and man I am;
Mighty to redeem your race,
   Jesus is your Savior's name.
1. From whence does this union arise,
   That hatred is conquered by love?
   It fastens our souls with such ties,
   That distance and time can't remove.

2. It cannot in Eden be found,
   Nor yet in 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 blest mansions above.

4. With Jesus we ever shall reign,
   And all his bright glory shall see,
   Singing hallelujahs, Amen,
   Amen! even so let it be.
Detroit

Bradshaw

*Baptist Harmony*, p. 139

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

2. Do not I love thee, O my soul?
   Then let me nothing love;
   Dead be my heart to every joy,
   When Jesus cannot move.

3. Is not thy name melodious still
   To my attentive ear?
   Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
   My Savior's voice to hear?

4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
   I would disdain to feed?
   Hast thou a foe, before whose face
   I fear thy cause to plead?

5. Would not mine ardent spirit vie
   With angels round the throne,
   To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6. Would not my heart pour forth its blood
   In honor of thy name,
   And challenge the cold hand of death
   To damp the immortal flame?

7. Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord,
   But O, I long to soar
   Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
   And learn to love thee more!
1. No more beneath the oppressive hand
   Of tyranny we mourn,
   Behold, a smiling, happy land,
   That freedom calls her own.
The Spiritual Sailor

I. Neighbours

Dover Selection, p. 133

1. The people called Christians
   Have many things to tell
   About the land of Canaan,
   Where saints and angels dwell;
   But here a dismal ocean,
   Enclosing them around,
   With its tides, still divides
   Them from Canaan’s happy ground.

2. Many have been impatient
   To work their passage through,
   And with united wisdom
   Have tried what they could do;
   But vessels built by human skill
   Have never sailed far,
   Till we found them aground
   On some dreadful, sandy bar.

3. The everlasting gospel
Hath launched the deep at last  
Behold the sails expanded  
   Around the towering mast!  
Along the deck in order,  
   The joyful sailors stand,  
Crying, "Ho!"--here we go  
   To Immanuel's happy land.

4. We're now on the wide ocean  
   We bid the world farewell!  
And though where we shall anchor  
   No human tongue can tell;  
About our future destiny  
   There need be no debate,  
While we ride on the tide,  
   With our Captain and his Mate.

5. To those who are spectators  
   What anguish must ensue,  
To hear their old companions  
   Bid them a last adieu!  
The pleasures of your paradise  
   No more our hearts invite;  
We will sail--you may rail,  
   We shall soon be out of sight.

6. The passengers united  
   In order, peace, and love;--  
The wind is in our favor,  
   How swiftly do we move!  
Though tempests may assail us,  
   And raging billows roar,  
We will sweep through the deep,  
   Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.
1. Glorious things of thee are spoken,
   Zion, city of our God;
   He, whose word cannot be broken,
   Formed thee for his own abode;
   With salvation’s walls surrounded,
   Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
   On the rock of Ages founded,
   What can shake thy sure repose?
The Turtle Dove

Dover Selection, p. 154

1. Hark! don’t you hear the turtle dove,
   The token of redeeming love?
   From hill to hill we hear the sound,
   The neighboring valleys echo round.
   O Zion, hear the turtle dove,
   The token of your Savior's love!
   She comes the desert land to cheer,
   And welcomes in the jubil-year.

2. The winter’s past, the rain is o’er,
   We feel the chilling winds no more;
   The spring is come; how sweet the view,
   All things appear divinely new.
   On Zion’s mount the watchmen cry,
   "The resurrection’s drawing nigh:"
   Behold, the nations from abroad,
   Are flocking to the mount of God.

3. The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh;
   O sinners, turn! why will ye die?
How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old:
They longed to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4. The latter days on us have come,
   And fugitives are flocking home;
   Behold them crowd the gospel road,
   All pressing to the mount of God.
   O yes! and I will join that band,
   Now here’s my heart, and here’s my hand
   With Satan’s band no more I’ll be,
   But fight for Christ and liberty.

5. His banner soon will be unfurled,
   And he will come to judge the world;
   On Zion’s mountain we shall stand,
   In Canaan’s fair, celestial land.
   When sun and moon shall darkened be,
   And flames consume the land and sea,
   When worlds on worlds together blaze,
   We’ll shout, and loud hosannas raise.
1. While beauty and youth are in their full prime,  
   And folly and fashion affect our whole time;  
   O let not the phantom our wishes engage,  
   Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

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.

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 swiftly and sweetly away.

4. For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,  
   And the moralist time shakes his glass at my door,  
   What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?  
   My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5. That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

6. And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.
Christian Soldier [1]

F. Price
*Dover Selection, p. 135*

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
   A follower of the Lamb,
   And shall I fear to own his cause,
   Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies
   On flowery beds of ease,
   While others fought to win the prize,
   And sailed through bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
   Must I not stem the flood?
   Is this vile world a friend to grace,
   To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
   Increase my courage, Lord;

---

*Christian Soldier [1]*
I’ll bear the toil, endure the pain,
   Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
   Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
   And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
   And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
   The glory shall be thine.
Evening Shade

*Baptist Harmony*, p. 373

1. The day is past and gone,
   The evening shades appear;
   O may we all remember well
   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've here possessed.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
   Secure from all our fears;
   May angels guard us while we sleep,
   Till morning light appears.

4. And when we early rise,
   And view the unwearied 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.
1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
   Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
   Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
   Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
   To seats prepared above.
1. Broad is the road that leads to death,
   And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
   With here and there a traveler.
1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
   A thousand thoughts revolve,
   Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
   And make this last resolve.
The Good Physician

Wm. Walker

_Dover Selection_, p. 38

1. How lost was my condition,
   Till Jesus made me whole;
   There is but one Physician
   Can cure a sin-sick soul.
   Next door to death he found me,
   And snatched me from the grave,
   To tell to all around me,
   His wondrous power to save.

2. The worst of all diseases
   Is light compared with sin;
   On every part it seizes,
   But rages most within:
   'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
   And madness, all combined;
   And none but a believer
   The least relief can find.

3. From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4. At length this great Physician
   (How matchless is his grace.)
   Accepted my petition,
   And undertook my case;
   First gave me sight to view him,
   For sin my eyes had sealed;
   Then bid me look unto him--
   I looked, and I was healed.

5. A dying, risen Jesus,
   Seen by the eye of faith,
   At once from anguish frees us,
   And saves the soul from death;
   Come, then, to this Physician,
   His help he'll freely give;
   He makes no hard condition,
   'Tis only Look and live.
Through all the world below, God is seen all around; Search hills and valleys through, There he's found. The growing of the corn, The lily and the thorn, The pleasant and forlorn, All declare God is there, In the meadows drest in green, There he's seen.

See springs of water rise, Fountains flow, rivers run; The mist below the skies Hides the sun; Then down the rain doth pour The ocean it doth roar, And dash against the shore, All to praise, in their lays, That God that ne'er declines

Mercer's Cluster p. 498

1. Through all the world below, God is seen all around;
   Search hills and valleys through, There he's found.
The growing of the corn, The lily and the thorn, The pleasant and forlorn, All declare God is there, In the meadows drest in green, There he's seen.

2. See springs of water rise, Fountains flow, rivers run;
The mist below the skies Hides the sun;
Then down the rain doth pour The ocean it doth roar, And dash against the shore, All to praise, in their lays, That God that ne'er declines
His designs.

3. The sun, to my surprise,
   Speaks of God as he flies:
   The comets in their blaze
   Give him praise;
   The shining of the stars
   The moon as it appears,
   His sacred name declares;
   See them shine, all divine!
   The shades in silence prove
   God’s above.

4. Then let my station be
   Here on earth, as I see
   The sacred One in Three
   All agree;
   Through all the world is made,
   The forest and the glade;
   Nor let me be afraid,
   Though I dwell on the hill
   Since nature’s works declare
   God is there.
The Promised Land

Miss M. Durham

*Methodist Hymn Book*, p. 471

Refrain:

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

   I am bound for the promised land,
   I’m bound for the promised land,
   O, who will come and go with me?
   I am bound for the promised land.
1. By Babel’s streams we sat and wept,
   While Zion we thought on;
   Amidst thereof we hung our harps,
   The willow trees upon.
   With all the power and skill I have,
   I’ll gently touch each string;
   If I can reach the charming sound,
   I’ll tune my harp again.
Wm. Walker

1. O when shall I see Jesus,
   And dwell with him above,
   And drink the flowing fountain
   Of everlasting love?
   When shall I be delivered,
   From this vain world of sin,
   And with my blessed Jesus,
   Drink endless pleasures in?
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
Dr. T. W. Carter

Refrain:

1. Oh! may I worthy prove to see
   The saints in full prosperity:
   Then my troubles will be over.
   To see the bride, the glittering bride,
   Close seated by her Savior's side:
   Then my troubles will be over.

I never shall forget the day
   When Jesus washed my sins away;
And then my troubles will be over,
   Will be over, will be over,
And rejoicing,
   And then my troubles will be over.
1. O, once I had a glorious view
   Of my redeeming Lord;
He said, I'll be a God to you,
   And I believed his word.
But now I have a deeper stroke
   Than all my groanings are;
My God has me of late forsook,--
   He's gone, I know not where.

2. O what immortal joys I felt,
   On that celestial day,
When my hard heart began to melt,
   By love dissolved away!
But my complaint is bitter now,
   For all my joys are gone;
I've strayed!--I'm left!--I know not how
   The light's from the withdrawn.

3. Once I could joy the saints to meet,
   To me they were most dear;
I then could stoop to wash their feet,
And shed a joyful tear.
But now I meet them as the rest,
And with them joyless stay;
My conversation's spiritless,
Or else I've naught to say.

4. I once could mourn o'er dying men,
   And longed their souls to win;
I travailed for their poor children,
   And warned them of their sin:
But now my heart's so careless grown,
   Although they're drowned in vice,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn--
   My tears have left mine eyes.

5. I forward go in duty's way,
   But can't perceive him there;
Then backwards on the road I stray,
   But cannot find him there:
On the left hand, where he doth work,
   Among the wicked crew,
And on the right, I find him not,
   Among the favored few.

6. What shall I do?--Shall I lie down,
   And sink in deep despair?
Will he for ever wear a frown,
   Nor hear my feeble prayer?
No: he will put his strength in me,
   He knows the way I've strolled
And when I'm tried sufficiently
   I shall come forth as gold.
1. Come all, who love my Lord and master,
And like old David, I will tell,
Though chief of sinners, I've found favor,
Redeemed by grace from death and hell.
Far as the east from west is parted,
So far my sins by's dying love,
From me by faith are separated,
blest antepast of joys above.

2. I late estranged from Jesus wandered,
And thought each dangerous poison good,
But he in mercy long pursued me,
With cries of his redeeming blood.
Though like Bartimeus I was blinded,
In nature's darkest night concealed,
But Jesus' love removed my blindness,
And he his pardoning grace revealed.

3. Now I will praise him, he spares me,
And with his people sing aloud,
Though opposed, and sinners mock me,
In rapturous songs I'll praise my God.  
By faith I view the heavenly concert,  
They sing high strains of Jesus' love  
O! with desire my soul is longing,  
And fain would be with Christ above.

4.

That blessed day is fast approaching,  
When Christ in glorious clouds will come,  
With sounding trumps and shouts of angels  
To call each faithful spirit home.  
There's Abraham, Isaac, holy prophets,  
And all the saints at God's right hand,  
There hosts of angels join in concert,  
Shout as they reach the promised land.
The Trumpet

J. Williams

1. The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
   As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire!
   Lo! self moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
   And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2. The glory! the glory! around him are poured
   Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
   And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
   And there all who the palm wreaths of victory wear.

3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
   Lo! the depths of the stone covered charnel are stirred;
   From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
   And the vast generations of man are come forth.

4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
   Where the Lamb and the white vested elders are met;
   There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
   And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
5. O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
   Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
   May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.
Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill,
To that celestial hill.
1. 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 determined on that happy ground.

2. No mortal doth know what Christ will bestow,
What life strength and comfort! go after him, go!
Lo, onward I move, to see Christ above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

3. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward affusions shall feel Christ within;
And still, which is best, I in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

4. When I am to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.
But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
5. This blessing is mine, through favor divine,
And O, my dear Jesus, the praise shall be thine
In heaven we'll meet in harmony sweet,
And glory to Jesus! we'll then be complete.
The Rock

Arranged by Wm. Houser

Wm. Houser

1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
   When my heart is o'erwhelmed in sorrow and care;
   From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry,
   "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I"

2. When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,
   To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
   I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did cry,
   "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I"

3. And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
   In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear:
   From the swellings of Jordan to thee will I cry:
   "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I"

4. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
   And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
   With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
   To praise the Great Rock that is higher than I.
The Rock
Brethren, don’t you hear the sound?
The martial trumpet now is blowing!
Men in order listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing.
Bounty’s offered—joy and peace;
To every soldier this is given—
When from toils of war they cease,
A mansion bright prepared in heaven.

They who long in sin have lain,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
Are all released from Satan’s chain,
And are endowed with long possession.
The sick and sore, the blind and lame,
The maladies of all are healed,
Outlawed rebels, too, may claim,
And find a pardon freely sealed.
3. The battle is not to the strong,
   The burdens on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged or so young,
   But may enlist, and be a soldier:
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
   Beneath the banner find protection;
None who on his arm rely
   Shall be reduced to base subjection.

4. You need not fear;--the cause is good;
   Come! who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
   Or shouted victory in the fire;
In this cause let's follow on,
   And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gained the crown,
   And fought our way to life and glory.

5. The battle, brethren, is begun,
   Behold the armies not in motion!
Some, by faith, behold the crown,
   And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark! the victory's sounding loud!
   Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
   And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.
Wm. Walker

1. Come, little children, now we may
   Partake a little morsel,
   For little songs and little ways
   Adorned a great apostle;
   A little drop of Jesus' blood
   Can make a feast of union;
   It is by little steps we move
   Into full communion.

2. A little faith does mighty deeds,
   Quite past all my recounting;
   Faith, like a little mustard seed,
   Can move a lofty mountain.
   A little charity and zeal,
   A little tribulation,
   A little patience makes us feel
   Great peace and consolation.

3. A little cross with cheerfulness,
   A little self denial,
Will serve to make our troubles less  
And bear the greatest trial.  
The Spirit like a little dove  
On Jesus once descended;  
To show his meekness and his love  
The emblem was intended.

4. The title of the little Lamb  
Unto our Lord was given;  
Such was our Savior's little name,  
The Lord of earth and heaven.  
A little voice that's small and still  
Can rule the whole creation;  
A little stone the earth shall fill,  
And humble every nation.

5. A little zeal supplies the soul,  
It doth the heart inspire;  
A little spark lights up the whole,  
And sets the crowd on fire.  
A little union serves to hold  
The good and tender hearted;  
It's stronger than a chain of gold  
And never can be parted.

6. Come, let us labor here below,  
And who can be the straitest;  
For in God's kingdom, all must know  
The least shall be the greatest.  
O give us, Lord, a little drop  
Of heavenly love and union  
O may we never, never stop  
Short of full communion.
1. There is a land of pleasure,  
   Where streams of joy for ever roll,  
   ’Tis there I have my treasure,  
   And there I long to rest my soul.  
   Long darkness dwelt around me,  
   With scarcely once a cheering ray,  
   But since my Savior 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 heavenly road;  
   Now I must gird my sword on,  
   My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,  
   And fight the hosts of Satan  
   Until I reach the heavenly field.
3. I’m on the way to Zion,
   Still guarded by my Savior’s hand;
   O, come along, dear sinners,
   And view Emmanuel’s happy land:
   To all that stay behind me,
   I bid a long, a sad farewell!
   O come! or you’ll repent it,
   When you shall reach the gates of hell.

4. The vale of tears surrounds me,
   And Jordan’s current rolls before;
   O! how I stand and tremble,
   To hear the dismal waters roar!
   Whose hand shall then support me,
   And keep my soul from sinking there
   From sinking down to darkness,
   And to the regions of despair?

5. This stream shall not affright me,
   Although it take me to the grave;
   If Jesus stand beside me,
   I’ll safely ride on Jordan’s wave:
   His word can calm the ocean,
   His lamp can cheer the gloomy vale:
   O may this friend be with me,
   When through the gates of death I sail!

6. Come, then, thou king of terrors,
   Thy fatal dart may lay me low;
   But soon I’ll reach those regions
   Where everlasting pleasures flow:
   O sinners, I must leave you,
   And join that blessed immortal band,
   No more to stand beside you,
   Till at the judgment bar we stand.

7. Soon the archangel’s trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole.
And all the wheels of nature
    Shall in a moment cease to roll.
Then we shall see the Savior,
    With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
    And take his ransomed people home.
Olney

Chapin

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
   Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
   Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
   Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount--I’m fixed upon it--
Mount of thy unchanging love
The Watchman's Call

Wm. Walker

1. The watchmen blow the trumpet round,
   Come, listen to the solemn sound,
   And be assured there's danger nigh;
   How many are prepared to die?
   Your days on earth will soon be o'er,
   And time to you return no more;
   O think thou hast a soul to save;
   What are thy hopes beyond the grave?

2. Come, old and young; come, rich and poor;
   You'll all be called to stand before
   The God that made the earth and sea,
   And there proclaim his majesty.
   Will you remain quite unconcerned,
   While for your soul the watchmen mourn?
   They weep to think how you will stand
   With frightful ghosts at God's left hand.

3. O mortals! view the dream of life,
   And see how thousands end the strife,
Who, though convinced, do still delay,
Till death ensues and drags away:
Will you for fancied earthly toys
Deprive yourself of heavenly joys?
And will the calls you have today
Be slighted still and pass away?

4. The trying scene will shortly come,
When you must hear your certain doom;
And if you then go unprepared,
You'll bear in mind the truths you've heart,
Your sparkling eyes will then roll round,
While death will bring you to the ground
The coffin, grave, and winding sheet,
Will hold your lifeless frame complete.

5. Your friends will then pass by your tomb,
And view the grass around it grown,
And heave a sigh to think you're gone
To the land where there's no return.
O mortals! now improve your time,
And while the gospel sun doth shine
Fly swift to Christ, he is your friend,
And then in heaven your souls will end.
Pleasant Hill

Baptist Harmony, p. 273

1. Religion is the chief concern
   Of mortals here below:
   May I its great importance learn,
   Its sovereign virtue know!

2. More needful this than glittering wealth,
   Or aught the world bestows;
   Nor reputation, food, or health,
   Can give us such repose.

3. Religion should our thoughts engage
   Amidst our youthful bloom;
   'Twill fit us for declining age,
   And for the awful tomb.

4. O, may my heart, by grace renew'd
   Be my Redeemer's throne;
   And be my stubborn will subdued,
   His government to own!
5. Let deep repentance, faith, and love
   Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
   My heart to be sincere.

6. Preserve me from the snares of sin
   Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine
   To my Redeemer's praise.

7. Let lively hope my soul inspire;
   Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
   To mount above the skies!
1. Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,
   Help us feed upon thy word;
   All that has been amiss forgive,
   And let thy truth within us live.
Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.
Liberty

1. No more beneath the oppressive hand
   Of tyranny we mourn,
   Behold the smiling, happy land,
   That freedom calls her own.
   That freedom calls her own.
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
   Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
   What more can he say than to you he hath said,
   You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

Smith
1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,  
   And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart,  
   Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day  
   From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray,  
   I've chosen to pray.

2. Dear bower where the pine and the poplar have spread,  
   And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my head,  
   How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,  
   And poured out my soul to my Savior in prayer,  
   My Savior in prayer.

3. The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale  
   That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,  
   To call me to duty, while birds of the air  
   Sing anthems of praises as I went to prayer,  
   As I went to prayer.
4. How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild egantine;
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were
The joys I have tasted in answer to prayer,
In answer to prayer.

5. For Jesus, my Savior, oft deigned there to meet,
And blessed with his presence my humble retreat
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer,
Own language my prayer.

6. Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
For Jesus, my Savior, resides everywhere,
And can, in all places give answer to prayer,
Give answer to prayer.
Green Fields

*Baptist Harmony*, p. 193

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours
   When Jesus no longer I see;
   Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
   Have all lost their sweetness to me;
   The midsummer sun shines but dim,
   The fields strive in vain to look gay;
   But when I am happy in him,
   December’s as pleasant as May.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
   And sweeter than music his voice;
   His presence disperses my gloom,
   And makes all within me rejoice;
   I should, were he always thus nigh,
   Have nothing to wish or to fear;
   No mortal so happy as I,
   My summer would last all the year.
3. Content with beholding his face,
   My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
   Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
   A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
   If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
   If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
   And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
   Thy soul cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
   Where winter and clouds are no more.
Georgia

1. Return, O God of love, return,
   Earth is a tiresome place;
   How long shall we, thy children, mourn
   Our absence from thy face?

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
   Thy better portion trace;
   Rise from transitory things
   Toward heaven, thy native place:
   Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
   Time shall soon this earth remove;
   Rise, my soul, and haste away
   To seats prepared above.
1. Return, O God of love, return,
   Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
   Our absence from thy face?

2. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
   Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
   Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
   Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
   To seats prepared above.
1. When in death I shall calm recline,  
   O bear my heart to my mistress dear;  
   Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine  
   Of the brightest hue, while it lingered here.  
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,  
   To sully a heart so brilliant and light;  
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,  
   To bathe the relic from morn to night.
The Christian's Hope

Wm. Walker

Dover Selection, p. 173

1. A few more days on earth to spend,
   And all my toils and cares shall end,
   And I shall see my God and friend,
   And praise his name on high:
   No more to sigh nor shed a tear,
   No more to suffer pain or fear;
   But God, and Christ, and heaven appear,
   Unto the raptured eye.

2. Then, O my soul, despond no more;
   The storm of life will soon be o'er,
   And I shall find the peaceful shore
   Of everlasting rest.
   O happy day! O joyful hour!
   When, freed from earth, my soul shall tower
   Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
   To be for ever blest.

3. My soul anticipates the day,
I'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Savior's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace
And taste the fulness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4. Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood:
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptured eyes appear:
It makes me think I'm almost there,
In yonder bright abode.

5. To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the Eternal Three.
I'll join with those who're gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6. Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow
A better world's in view.
My Savior calls! I haste away,
I would not here for ever stay;
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day
Vain world, once more adieu!
Millennium

Wm. Walker

Zion Songster, p. 53

1. The time is soon coming, by the prophets foretold,
   When Zion in purity, the world shall behold.
   When Jesus' pure testimony will gain the day,
   Denominations, selfishness, will vanish away.
New Orleans

Boyd

1. Why do we mourn departing friends,
   Or shake at death’s alarms?
   ’Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
   To call them to his arms.
Are we not tending upward too,
   As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
   To keep us from our Love.
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow!  
   The gladly solemn sound  
   Let all the nations know,  
   To earth's remotest bound,  
   The year of jubilee is come!  
   The year of jubilee is come!  
   Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
The Babe of Bethlehem

Wm. Walker

1. Ye nations all, on you I call, come, hear this declaration.
   And don't refuse this glorious news of Jesus and salvation.
   To royal Jews came first the news of Christ the great Messiah,
   As was foretold by prophets old, Isaiah, Jeremiah.

2. To Abraham the promise came, and to his seed for ever,
   A light to shine in Isaac's line, by scripture we discover;
   Hail, promised morn! the Savior's born, the glorious Mediator--
   God's blessed Word made flesh and blood, assumed the human nature.

3. His parents poor in earthly store, to entertain the stranger
   They found no bed to lay his head, but in the ox's manger:
   No royal things, as used by kings, were seen by those that found him,
   But in the hay the stranger lay, with swaddling bands around him.

4. On the same night a glorious light to shepherds there appeared,
   Bright angels said, "Be not afraid, although we much alarm you,"
   The angels said, "Be not afraid, although we much alarm you,
   We do appear good news to bear, as now we will inform you.
5. "The city's name is Bethlehem, in which God hath appointed,
   This glorious morn a Savior's born, for him God hath anointed;
   By this you'll know, if you will go, to see this little stranger,
   His lovely charms in Mary's arms, both lying in a manger."

6. When this was said, straightway was made a glorious sound from heaven
   Each flaming tongue an anthem sung, "To men a Savior's given,
   In Jesus' name, the glorious theme, we elevate our voices,
   At Jesus' birth be peace on earth, meanwhile all heaven rejoices."

7. Then with delight they took their flight, and winged their way to glory,
   The shepherds gazed and were amazed, to hear the pleasing story;
   To Bethlehem they quickly came, the glorious news to carry,
   And in the stall they found them all, Joseph, the Babe, and Mary.

8. The shepherds then returned again to their own habitation,
   With joy of heart they did depart, now they have found salvation.
   Glory, they cry, to God on high, who sent his Son to save us
   This glorious morn the Savior's born, his name it is Christ Jesus.
The Traveller

Lowry

1. Come, all you weary travellers;
   Come, let us join and sing,
The everlasting praises
   Of Jesus Christ, our King;
We've had a tedious journey,
   And tiresome, it is true;
But see how many dangers
   The Lord has brought us through.

2. At first when Jesus found us,
   He called 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 prayer.

3. But by our disobedience,
   With sorrow we confess,
7, 6
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness
Where we might soon have fainted,
In that enchanted ground,
But Jesus interposed,
And pleasant fruits were found.

4. Gracious foretastes of heaven
   Give life, and health, and peace,
Revive our drooping spirits,
   And faith and love increase;
Confessing Christ, our master,
   Obeying his command,
We hasten on our journey,
   Unto the promised land.
Pisgah

Lowry

*Baptist Harmony*, p. 250

1. Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend,
   As such I look to thee;
   Now in the bowels of thy love,
   O Lord, remember me.
Farewell [1]

More

1. Come, Christians, be valiant, our Jesus is near us,
   We'll conquer the powers of darkness and sin;
   Through grace and the Spirit we'll glory inherit,
   And peace, like a river, give comfort within.

2. We have trials and cares, and hardships and losses,
   But heaven will pay us for all that we bear;
   We'll soon end in pleasures and glory for ever,
   And bright crowns of glory for ever we'll wear.

3. Young converts, be humble, the prospect is blooming,
   The wings of kind angels around you are spread;
   While some are oppressed with sin and are mourning,
   The spirits of joy upon you is shed.

4. Live near to our Captain, and always obey him,
   This world, flesh, and Satan must all be denied;
   Both care and diligence, and prayer without ceasing,
   Will safe land young converts to riches on high.
5. O mourners, God bless you, don't faint in the spirit,
  Believe, and the Spirit our pardon he'll give;
  He's now interceding and pleading his merit,
  Give up, and your souls he will quickly receive.

6. If truly a mourner, he's promised you comfort,
  His good promises stand in his sacred word;
  O hearken and hear them, all glory, all glory,
  The mourners are filled with the presence of God.

7. O sinners, my bowels do move with desire;
  Why stand you gazing on the works of the Lord?
  O fly from the flames of devouring fire,
  And wash your pollution in Jesus's blood.

8. Brethren, in sweet gales we are all breezing,
  My soul feels the mighty, the heavenly flame;
  I'm now on my journey, my faith is increasing,
  All glory and praise to God and the Lamb.
Farewell [2]

1. Come, all ye young people of every relation,
   Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell
   How I was first called to seek for salvation,
   Redemption in Jesus who saved me from hell.

2. I was not yet sixteen when Jesus first called me,
   To think of my soul, and the state I was in;
   I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus,
   Between me and him was a mountain of sin.

3. The devil perceived that I was convinced,
   He strove to persuade me that I was too young,
   That I would get weary before my ascension,
   And wish that I had not so early begun.

4. Sometimes he’d persuade me that Jesus was partial,
   When he was a setting of poor sinners free,
   That I was forsaken, and quite reprobated,
   And there was no mercy at all for poor me.

5. But glory to Jesus, his love’s not confined
   To princes, nor men of a nobler degree;
   His love it flows bounteous to all human creatures,
   He died for poor sinners, when nailed to the tree.

6. And when I was groaning in sad lamentation,
   My soul overwhelmed in sorrow and in sin,
   He drew near me in mercy, and looked on me in pity,
   He pardoned my sins, and he gave me relief.

7. And now I’ve found favor in Jesus my Savior,
   And all his commandments I’m bound to obey;
   I trust he will keep me from all Satan’s power,
Till he shall think proper to call me away.

8. So farewell, young people, if I can't persuade you
   To leave off your follies and go with a friend,
   I'll follow my Savior, in whom I've found favor
   My days to his glory I'm bound for to spend.
The Romish Lady

1. There was a Romish lady brought up in popery, 
   Her mother always taught her that the priest she must obey; 
   O pardon me dear mother, I humbly pray thee now 
   For unto these false idols I can no longer bow.

2. Assisted by her handmaid, a Bible she concealed, 
   And there she gained instruction, till God his love revealed; 
   No more she prostrates herself to pictures decked with gold, 
   But soon she was betrayed, and her Bible from her stole.

3. I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God unseen, 
   I'll live by faith for ever, the works of men are vain; 
   I cannot worship angels, nor pictures made my men; 
   Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon if you can.

4. With grief and great vexation, her mother straight did go 
   To inform the Roman clergy the cause of all her woe: 
   The priests were soon assembled, and for the maid did call, 
   And forced her in the dungeon, to fright her soul withal.

5. The more they strove to fright her, the more she did endure, 
   Although her age was tender, her faith was strong and sure. 
   The chains of gold so costly they from this lady took, 
   And she with all her spirits, the pride of life forsook.

6. Before the pope they brought her, in hopes of her return,
And there she was condemned in horrid flames to burn.
Before the place of torment they brought her speedily,
With lifted hands to heaven, she then agreed to die.

7. There being many ladies assembled at the place,
She raised her eyes to heaven, and begged supplying grace
Weep not, ye tender ladies, shed not a tear for me--
While my poor body's burning, my soul the Lord shall see.

8. Yourselves you need to pity, and Zion's deep decay;
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make delay.
In comes her raving mother, her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her pictures decked with gold.

9. O take from me these Idols remove them from my sight;
Restore to me my Bible, wherein I take delight.
Alas, my aged mother, why on my ruin bent?
'Twas you that did betray me, but I am innocent.

10. Tormentors, use your pleasure, and do as you think best--
I hope my blessed Jesus will take my soul to rest.
Soon as these words were spoken, up steps the man of death,
And kindled up the fire to stop her mortal breath.

11. Instead of golden bracelets, with chains they bound her fast;
She cried, "My God give power now must I die at last?
With Jesus and his angels for ever I shall dwell,
God pardon priest and people, and so I bid farewell."
Thorny Desert

Wm. Walker

_Dover Selection_ p. 127

1. Dark and thorny is the desert,
   Through which pilgrims make their way;
   But beyond this vale of sorrows
   Lie the fields of endless day.

   Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
   Make them tremble as they go;
   And the fiery darts of Satan
   Often bring their courage low.

2. O, young soldiers, are you weary
   Of the troubles of the way?
   Does your strength begin to fail you,
   And your vigor to decay?

   Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
   He will lead you to his throne;
   He who dyed his garments for you,
   And the wine press trod alone.
3. He whose thunder shakes creation,  
   He who bids the planets roll;  
He who rides upon the tempest,  
   And whose sceptre sways the whole.  
Round him are ten thousand angels,  
   Ready to obey command;  
They are always hovering round you,  
   Till you reach the heavenly land.

4. There, on flowery hills of pleasure,  
   In the fields of endless rest,  
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever  
   Reign and triumph in your breast.  
Who can paint those scenes of glory,  
   Where the ransomed dwell on high?  
Where the golden harps for ever  
   Sound redemption through the sky?

5. Millions there of flaming seraphs  
   Fly across the heavenly plain;  
There they sing immortal praise—  
   Glory! glory! is their strain:  
But methinks a sweeter concert  
   Makes the heavenly arches ring,  
And a song is heard in Zion  
   Which the angels cannot sing.

6. See the heavenly host, in rapture,  
   Gaze upon this shining band;  
Wondering at their costly garments,  
   And the laurels in their hand!  
There, upon the golden pavement,  
   See the ransomed march along,  
While the splendid courts of glory  
   Sweetly echo to their song.

7. O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
Such as monarchs never wear;  
They are gone to heavenly pastures--  
Jesus is their Shepherd there.  
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!  
Welcome to this blissful plain!--  
Glory, honor, and salvation!  
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.
Salvation

Boyd

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
   A thousand thoughts revolt,
   Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
   And make this last resolve.

2. I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
   Hath like a mountain rose;
   I know his courts, I'll enter in,
   Whatever may oppose.
1. The day of the Lord--the day of salvation,
   The day of his wrath and dire indignation
   Is swiftly coming on;
   It surely will appear;
   And you and I must meet it
   With ecstasy or fear.

_Mercer's Cluster, p. 495_
The Sufferings of Christ

Wm. Walker

1. A story most lovely I’ll tell,
   Of Jesus (O wondrous surprise!)
He suffered the torments of hell,
   That sinners, vile sinners might rise:
He left his exalted abode,
   When man by transgression was lost;
Appeasing the wrath of a God,
   He shed forth his blood as the cost.

2. O, did my dear Jesus thus bleed,
   And pity a ruined lost race!
O, whence did such mercy proceed,
   Such boundless compassion and grace!
His body bore anguish and pain,
   His spirit ’most sunk with the load;
A short time before he was slain,
   His sweat was as great drops of blood.

3. O, was it for crimes I had done,
   The Savior was hailed with a kiss!
By Judas the traitor alone;
   Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all joined in a band,
   Confined him and led him away,
The cords wrapped around his sweet hands,
   O sinner! look at him I pray.

4. To Pilate's stone pillar when led,
   His body was lashed with whips:
It never by any was said,
   A railing word dropped from his lips:
They made him a crown out of thorns;
   The smote him and did him abuse;
The clothed him with crimson, in scorn,
   And hailed him, the King of the Jews.

5. They loaded the Lamb with the cross,
   And drove him up Calvary's hill;
Come, mourners, a moment and pause,
   All nature looked solemn and still!
They rushed the nails through his hands,
   Transfixed and tortured his feet;
O brethren, see passive he stands;
   To look at the sight it is great!

6. He cried, My Father, my God,
   Forsaken! thou'st left me in pain!
The cross was all colored with blood,
   The temple vail bursted in twain:
He groaned his last and he died,
   The sun it refused to shine;
They rushed the spear in his side;
   This lovely Redeemer is mine.

7. He fought the hard battle, and won
   The victory, and gives it most free:
O Christians! look forward and run,
In hopes that his kingdom you'll see;
When he in the clouds shall appear,
   With angels all at his command,
And thousands of Christians be there,
   All singing with harps in a band.

8.

How pleasant an happy the view!
   Enjoying such beams of delight!
His beauty to Christians he'll show,
   O Jesus, I long for the sight!
I long to mount up in the skies,
   In Paradise make my abode,
And sing of salvation on high,
   And rest with a pacified God.
Isles of the South

Wm. Houser

The words of this piece were “composed by Wm. B. Tappan, Esq., and sung on the wharf at New Haven, at the embarkation of the missionaries for the Sandwich Islands, in 1822.”

O what hath God wrought in those islands since that time! “The parched ground has become a pool”--“The shrines of Atool” have, indeed, become “sacred to God.” The largest church on earth is there; those poor heathens have been given to Jesus for his “inheritance”... “Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!”--W.H.

1. Wake, Isles of the South! your redemption is near,
   No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
   The strength of his chosen in love shall appear,
   And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb,
   (Repeat previous line).

2. The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,
   The zephyrs that play where the ocean storms cease,
   Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
   Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.
   (Repeat previous line).

3. On the islands that sit in the regions of night,
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and light,
    The glad Star of Bethlehem brighten to day.
(Repeat previous line).

4. The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
    The incense forbade that was hallowed with blood;
The priest of Melchizedek there shall atone,
    And the shrine of Atol be sacred to God.

5. The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
    The day spring, the prophet in vision once saw,
When the beams of Messiah will lumine each clime,
    And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.
Carrell

1. Hail! ye sighing sons of sorrow,
   Learn from me your certain doom;
   Learn from me your fate tomorrow,
   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 annual frosts are cropping,
   Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
   So our friends are early drooping,
   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 and health destroy.
Exultation

Humphreys

1. 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.

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

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

4. For the 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.
5. We with thanks to approve, the design of that love
   Which hath joined us to Jesus's name;
So united in heart, let us never more part,
   Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6. There, O! there at his feet, we shall all likewise meet,
   And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly choirs,
   And our Savior in glory adore.

7. Hallelujah we sing, to our Father and King,
   And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
   Sing, all heaven and fall at his feet.
Dove of Peace

Treble by Wm. Houser

Wm. Houser

1. O tell me where the Dove has flown
   To build her downy nest,
   And I will rove this world all o'er,
   To win her to my breast,
   (Repeat previous line).

2. I sought her in the groves of love,
   I knew her tender heart;
   But she had flown--the Dove of Peace
   Had felt a traitor's dart,
   (Repeat previous line).

3. I sought her on the flowery lawn,
   Where pleasure holds her train;
   But fancy flies from flower to flower,
   So there I sought in vain,
   (Repeat previous line).

4. "Twas on Ambition's craggy hill,
   The Bird of Peace might stray;
   I sought her there, though vainly still,
   She never flew that way,
   (Repeat previous line).
5. Faith smiled, and shed a silent tear,
    To see my search around,
Then whispered "I will tell you where
    The Dove may yet be found,
(Repeat previous line)."

6. "By meek Religion's humble cot,
    She builds her downy nest;
Go, seek that sweet secluded spot,
    And win her to your breast,
(Repeat previous line)."
1. There is a happy land
   Far, far away,
   Where saints in glory stand,
   Bright, bright as day.
   O how they sweetly sing:
   Worthy is our Savior King!
   Loud let his praises ring,
   Praise, praise for aye.

2. Come to this happy land,
   Come, come away;
   Why will you doubting stand,
   Why still delay?
   O we shall happy be
   When, from sin and sorrow free,
   Lord, we shall live with thee,
   Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright in that happy land
   Beams every eye;
   Kept by a Father's hand,
   Love cannot die.
   Then shall his kingdom come,
   Be a crown and kingdom won,
   Saints shall share a glorious home,
   And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.
Garden Hymn

1. The Lord into his garden comes,
   The spices yield a rich perfume,
   The lilies grow and thrive,
   (Repeat previous line);
   Refreshing showers of grace divine,
   From Jesus flow to every vine,
   And make the dead revive,
   (Repeat previous line).
1. O how I have longed for the coming of God, 
    And sought him by praying, and searching his word; 
With watching and fasting my soul was oppressed, 
    Nor would I give over, till Jesus had blessed.

**Cheerful**

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Fiducia

1. Father, I long, I faint to see
   The place of thy abode,
   I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee
   Up to thy courts, my God.
   Here I behold thy distant face,
   And 'tis a pleasing sight,
   But to abide in thine embrace
   Is infinite delight.
1. Why should we start or fear to die?
    What timorous worms we mortals are!
    Death is the gate to endless joy,
    And yet we dread to enter there.

Prospect

Graham
Watts

L.M.
Heavenly Armour

Wm. Walker

*Baptist Harmony*, p. 463

1. And if you meet with troubles
   And trials on the way,
   Then cast your care on Jesus,
   And don’t forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
   Of faith, and hope, and love;
   And when the combat’s ended,
   He’ll take you up above.
Refrain:

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

   I am bound for the kingdom, 
   Will you go to glory with me 
   Hallelujah, praise the Lord.
War Department

Mercer's Cluster, p. 125

1. No more shall the sound of the war whoop be heard,  
   The ambush and slaughter no longer be feared.  
   The tomahawk buried, shall rest in the ground,  
   And peace and good will to the nations abound.
1. Soldiers, go, but not to claim
   Mouldering spoils of earthborn treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure,
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses,
Turn no wishful eye of youth,
Where the sunny beam reposes.
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hast to cut thy passage through;
Close behind the gulfs are burning:
Forward then, there's no returning.
Young people all, attention give,
While I address you in God’s name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.
I’ve sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged the luring scenes of vice;
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Savior’s voice.

He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And washed my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone
And pass its freshness, charm and beauty;
By fleeting time or conquering death,
Your morning sun may set at noon,
   And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
   Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet
   Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4. Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
   The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll
   In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
   And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass
   With which your graves are overgrown.

5. Your souls will land in darker realms,
   Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
   When thousand thousand years are o’er.
Sunk in the shades of endless night,
   To groan and howl in endless pain,
And never more behold the light,
   And never, never rise again.

6. Ye blooming youth, this is the state
   Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you ’twill be too late
   The way of life and Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
   No longer fight against your God
But with the gospel now comply
   And heaven shall be your great reward.
He comes! he comes! to judge the world,
Aloud the archangel cries;
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightning cleaves the skies;
The affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes;
The slumbering tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.

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

Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his victories tell;
Lo! in 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 dared his grace reject,
   And they who dared presume.
"Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
   The injured 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
   Prepared for you above."
Kingwood

Humphreys

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
   Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole;
   Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
   Where endless ages roll.

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

3. 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.
An Address for All

Wm. Walker

1. I sing a song which doth belong to all the human race,
   Concerning death, which steals the breath, and blasts the comely face;
   Come listen all unto my call, which I do make today
   For you must die as well as I, and pass from hence away.

2. No human power can stop the hour, wherein a mortal dies;
   A Caesar may be great today, yet death will close his eyes:
   Though some do strive and do arrive to riches and renown,
   Enjoying health and swim in wealth, yet death will bring them down.

3. Though beauty grace your comely face, with roses white and red,
   A dying fall will spoil it all, for Absalom is dead:
   Though you acquire the best attire, appearing fine and fair,
   Yet death will come into the room, and strip you naked there.

4. The princes high and beggars die, and mingle with dust,
   The rich, the brave, the negro slave, the wicked and the just:
   Therefore prepare to meet thy God, before it be too late.
   Or else you'll weep, lament and cry, lost in a ruined state.
Baptist Harmony, p. 471

1. Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
   To my raptured vision
   All the ecstatic joys that spring
   Round the bright elysian.
   Lo, we lift our longing eyes,
   Burst, ye intervening skies,
   Sun of righteousness, arise,
   Open the gates of paradise.

2. Floods of everlasting light
   Freely flash before him;
   Myriads, with supreme delight,
   Instantly adore him:
   Angel trumps resound his fame,
   Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
   All the music of his name,
   Heaven echoing 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 give to God alone;
    'Holy, holy, holy One!'

4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies
    Seem, methinks, to seize us
Join we too their holy lays,
    Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph’s song--
    Sweetest notes on mortal tongue
Sweetest carol ever sung--
    Jesus, Jesus, roll along.
Sincerity

Treble by Wm. Walker

*Baptist Harmony*, p. 178

Wm. Walker

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
   Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
   What more can he say than to you he hath said,
   You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled

2. In every condition—in sickness, in health;
   In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
   At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
   "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
   I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
   I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
   Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
   The rivers of water shall not overflow;
   For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
For flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6. "E’en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I’ll never, no never, no never forsake!"
Delight [1]

*Methodist Hymn Book, p. 325*

1. Vain, delusive world, adieu,
   With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
   Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasures I forego;
   I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
   And Jesus crucified.

2. Other knowledge I disdain,
   'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
   He tasted death for me:
Me to save from endless woe
   The sin atoning Victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
   And Jesus crucified.
3. Here will I set up my rest;  
    My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast  
    Shall nevermore depart;  
Whither should a sinner go?  
    His wounds for me stand open wide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
    And Jesus crucified.

4. Him to know is life and peace,  
    And pleasure without end;  
This is all my happiness,  
    On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
    And ever in his faith abide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
    And Jesus crucified.

5. O that I could all invite,  
    This saving truth to prove;  
Show the length, the breadth, the height,  
    And depth of Jesus' love!  
Fain I would to sinners show  
    The blood by faith alone applied;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
    And Jesus crucified.
Holy Manna

More
Baptist Harmony, p. 1

1. Brethren, we have met to worship,
    And adore the Lord our God;
    Will you pray with all your power,
    While we try to preach the word.
    All is vain, unless the Spirit
    Of the Holy One come down;
    Brethren, pray, and holy manna
    Will be showered all around.

2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
    Trembling on the brink of woe;
    Death is coming, hell is moving;
    Can you bear to let them go?
    See our fathers--see our mothers,
    And our children sinking down;
    Brethren, pray, and holy manna
    Will be showered all around.
3. Sisters, will you join and help us?
   Moses’ sisters aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners,
   Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Savior,
   Tell him that he will be found;
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
   Will be showered all around.

4. Is there here a trembling jailer,
   Seeking grace, and filled with fears.
Is there here a weeping Mary,
   Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Brethren, join your cries to help them
   Sisters, let your prayers abound;
Pray, O! pray, that holy manna
   May be scattered all around.

5. Let us love our God supremely,
   Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
   Till our God makes all things new
Then he’ll call us home to heaven,
   At his table we’ll sit down.
Christ will gird himself and serve us
   With sweet manna all around.
1. When I can read my title clear
   To mansions in the skies,
   I bid farewell to every fear,
   And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
   And fiery darts be hurled,
   Then I can smile at Satan’s rage,
   And face 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 heaven, my all:

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
   In seas of heavenly rest,
   And not a wave of trouble roll
   Across my peaceful breast.
Come and Taste With Me

Wm. Walker

Refrain:

1. Come and taste, along with me,
   Consolation running free,
   (Repeat previous line)
   And I will give him glory.

2. From our Father's wealthy throne,
   Sweeter than the honeycomb,
   (Repeat previous line)
   And I will give him glory.

3. Wherefore should I feast alone?
   Two are better far than one,
   (Repeat previous line)
   And I will give him glory.

4. All that come with free good will
   Make the banquet sweeter still,
   (Repeat previous line)
   And I will give him glory.

5. Now I go to mercy's door,
   Asking for a little more,
   (Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

6. Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

7. Goodness, running like a stream
Through the new Jerusalem,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

8. By a constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

9. Saints and angels sing aloud,
To behold the shining crowd,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

10. Coming in at mercy's door,
Making still the number more,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

11. Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Comfort flowing everywhere,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

12. And I boldly do profess
That my soul hath got a taste,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.

13. Now I'll go rejoicing home
From the banquet of perfume,
(Repeat previous line)
And I will give him glory.
14. Finding manna on the road,
   Dropping from the throne of God,
   (Repeat previous line)
   And I will give him glory.

15. O, return, ye sons of grace,
   Turn and see God’s smiling face,
   (Repeat previous line)
   And I will give him glory.

16. Hark! he calls backsliders home,
   Then from him no longer roam,
   (Repeat previous line)
   And I will give him glory.

"Tis religion we believe,
O, glory, hallelujah!
Soon it will land our souls up yonder;
Glory, hallelujah!
The Pilgrim's Song

I am a stranger here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know;
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again.

When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind--
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me think that I am wrong.
1. Shall men pretend to pleasure,
   Who never knew the Lord?
Can all the worldling’s treasure
   True peace of mind afford?
They may obtain this jewel,
   In what their hearts desire,
When they, by adding fuel,
   Can quench the flame of fire.
Hallelujah [1]

Wm. Walker

Dover Selection, p. 169

Refrain:

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

And I'll sing hallelujah,
   And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
   When we arrive at home.
Redemption

A. Benham, Sr.

1. Hark! hark! glad tidings charm our ears,
   Angelic music fills the spheres;
   Earth spreads the sound with decent mirth,
   A God, a God is born on earth!

2. A God is born! the valleys cry;
   A God is born! the hills reply;
   Evening repeats to wondering morn,
   A God, a God on earth is born!
1. There’s a friend above all others,  
   O how he loves!  
His is love beyond a brother’s  
   O how he loves!  
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,  
This day kind, the next bereave us;  
But this Friend will ne’er deceive us,  
   O how he loves!

2. Blessed Jesus, wouldst thou know him?  
   O how he loves!  
Give thyself e’en this day to him,  
   O how he loves!  
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?  
Unbelief and trials tease thee?  
Jesus can from all release thee,  
   O how he loves!

3. Love this friend who longs to save thee,  
   O how he loves!  
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,
O how he loves!
Think no more then of tomorrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O how he loves!

4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,
   O how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
   O how he loves!
Best of blessing he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
   O how he loves!

5. Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
   O how he loves!
Naught can cleave this love asunder,
   O how he loves!
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation;
   O how he loves!

6. Let us still this love be viewing:
   O how he loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing
   O how he loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river
This shall be our song for ever:
   O how he loves!
1. This world's not all a fleeting show,
   For man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
   Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
   There's something here of heaven.

2. And he that walks life's thorny way,
   With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day
   With virtue's bright and steady ray,
   Hath something felt of heaven.

3. He that the Christian's course has run,
   And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
   In love to God and love to man,
   On earth hath tasted heaven.
Missionary Hymn

Treble by James Langston

*Baptist Harmony*, p. 338.

James Langston

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
   From India's coral strand;
   Where Afric's sunny fountains
   Roll down their golden sand:
   From many an ancient river,
   From many a palmy plain,
   They call us to deliver
   Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
   Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
   Though every prospect pleases,
   And only man is vile?
   In vain with lavish kindness
   The gifts of God are strown;
   The heathen in his blindness
   Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.
1. Say now, ye lovely social band,
   Who walk the way to Canaan's land;
   Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain,
   Say, would you now return again?
   Have you just ventured to the field,
   Well armed with helmet, sword and shield,
   And shall the world, with dread alarms,
   Compel you now to ground your arms?

2. Beware of pleasure's siren song;
   Alas! it cannot soothe you long;
   It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
   Nor cheer the dark and silent grave.
   O let your thoughts delight to soar
   Where earth and time shall be no more;
   Explore by faith the heavenly fields,
   And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.

3. There see the glorious hosts on wing,
   And hear the heavenly seraphs sing!
   The shining ranks in order stand,
   The father shows his Father's throne,
   White angel clad o'er his day,
   And wondrous presence at his feet.
   O make it now your chiefest care
   The honour of your Lord to bear.
Or move like lightning at command.
Jehovah there reigns not alone,
The Savior shares his Father's throne,
While angels circle round his seat,
And worship prostrate at his feet.

4. Behold! I see, among the rest,
A host in richer garments dressed;
A host that near his presence stands,
And palms of victory grace their hands.
Say, who are these I now behold,
With blood washed robes and crowns of gold?
This glorious host is not unknown
To him who sits upon the throne.

5. These are the followers of the Lamb;
From tribulation great they came;
And on the hill of sweet repose
They bid adieu to all their woes.
Soon on the wings of love you'll fly,
To join them in that world on high;
O make it now your chiefest care
The image of your Lord to bear.
Parting Hand

Wm. Walker

Baptist Harmony p. 447

1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love,
   Whose hearts in sweetest union join,
   Your friendship’s like a drawing band,
   Yet we must take the parting hand.

2. Your company’s sweet, your union dear,
   Your words delightful to my ear,
   Yet when I see that we must part,
   You draw like cords around my heart.

3. How sweet the hours have passed away,
   Since we have met to sing and pray;
   How loath we are to leave the place
   Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4. O could I stay with friends so kind,
   How would it cheer my drooping mind!
   But duty makes me understand,
   That we must take the parting hand.

5. And since it is God’s holy will,
   We must be parted for a while,
   In sweet submission, as all one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6. My youthful friends, in Christian ties,
   Who seek for mansions in the skies,
   Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
   Where parting will be known no more.

7. How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
   And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
   Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
   Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8. Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
   To glorious mansions in the skies;
   O trust his grace--in Canaan's land,
   We'll no more take the parting hand.

9. And now, my friends, both old and young,
   I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
   And if on earth we meet no more,
   O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

10. I hope you'll all remember me,
    If you on earth no more I see;
    An interest in your prayers I crave,
    That we may meet beyond the grave.

11. O glorious day! O blessed hope!
    My soul leaps forward at the thought,
    When, on that happy, happy land,
    We'll no more take the parting hand.

12. But with our blessed, holy Lord,
    We'll shout and sing with one accord
    And there we'll all with Jesus dwell
    So, loving Christians, fare you well.
Wesley

More

1. With inward pain my hear strings sound,
   My soul dissolves away;
   Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round,
   (Repeat previous line)
   And bring and bring the promised day,
   And bring the promised day.
Morning Star

Lowry

1. How splendid 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 bridegroom, king, and wondrous Lamb,
   Thou hast my heart possessed.
Sweetly, friendly, O thou handsome, precious ransom
   Full of graces, set and kept in heavenly places.
Alabama

Counter by William Walker

1. The cross of Christ inspires my heart,
   To sing redeeming grace;
   Awake, my soul, and bear a part
   In my Redeemer’s praise.
   Oh, how can be compared to him
   Who died upon the tree?
   This is my dear delightful theme,
   That Jesus died for me.

2. When at the table of the Lord
   We humbly take our place,
   The death of Jesus we record,
   With love and thankfulness.
   These emblems bring my Lord to view,
   Upon the bloody tree,
   My soul believes and feels it’s true,
   That Jesus died for me.
3. His body broken, nailed, and torn,
   And stained with streams of blood,
   His spotless soul was left forlorn,
   Forsaken of his God.
   "Twas then his Father gave the stroke
   That justice did decree;
   All nature felt the dreadful stroke,
   When Jesus died for me.

4. Eli lama sabachthani,
   My God, my God, he cried,
   Why hast thou thus forsaken me!
   And thus my Savior died.
   But why did God forsake his Son,
   When bleeding on the tree?
   He died for sins, but not his own,
   For Jesus died for me.

5. My guilt was on my Surety laid
   And therefore he must die;
   His soul a sacrifice was made
   For such a worm as I
   Was ever love so great as this?
   Was ever grace so free?
   This is my glory, joy and bliss,
   That Jesus died for me.

6. He took his meritorious blood,
   And rose above the skies,
   And in the presence of his God,
   Presents his sacrifice.
   His intercession must prevail
   With such a glorious plea
   My cause cause can never, never fail,
   For Jesus died for me.

7. Angels in shining order sit
Around my Savior's throne;
They bow with reverence at his feet
   And make his glories known.
Those happy spirits sing his praise
   To all eternity;
But I can sing redeeming grace
   For Jesus died for me.

8. O! had I but an angel's voice
   To bear my heart along,
My flowing numbers soon would raise
   To an immortal song.
I'd charm their harps and golden lyres
   In sweetest harmony,
And tell to all the heavenly choirs
   That Jesus died for me.
Jubilee

Unknown

1. 
Hark! the jubilee is sounding,
O the joyful news is come;
Free salvation is proclaimed
In and through God's only Son:
Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly Lamb,
Glory, honor, and 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 Savior is beginning
To revive his work again.
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

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, and salvation;
        Christ the Lord is come to reign.

4. Come, let us run our race with patience,
   Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
   With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
   He is our exalted king,
Glory, honor, and salvation;
        Christ the Lord is come to reign.

5. Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
   Praise him, praise him evermore.
May his great love now constrain us,
   His great name for to adore.
O then let us join together,
   Crowns of glory to obtain!
Glory, honor, and salvation;
        Christ the Lord is come to reign.
PART II

CONTAINING

SOME OF THE MORE LENGTHY AND ELEGANT PIECES, COMMONLY USED AT CONCERTS, OR SINGING SOCIETIES.
Tribulation

C.M.

Chapin

Watts

1. Death, 'tis a melancholy day,
   To those who have no God,
   When the poor soul is forced away,
   To seek her last abode.

2. In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
   For guilt, a heavy chain,
   Still drags her downward from the skies,
   To darkness, fire, and pain.

3. Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
   Let stubborn sinners fear;
   You must be driven from earth, and dwell
   A long for ever there.

4. See how the pit gapes wide for you,
   And thou, my soul, look downward too,
   And sing recovering grace.

5. He is a God of sovereign love,
   That promised heaven to me,
   And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6. Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
   Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
   To bear my soul away.
Florida

Wetmore

1. Let sinners take their course,
   And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God,
   I'll spend my daily breath,
I'll spend my daily breath,
   But in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.
Greenfield

1. God is our refuge in distress,  
   A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide,
   Though earth were from her center tossed,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
   Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide,
(Repeat previous line).
1. O when shall I see Jesus,
   And dwell reign with him above,
   And drink the from the flowing fountain
   Drink everlasting love?
   When shall I be delivered,
   From this vain world of sin,
   And with my blessed Jesus,
   Drink endless pleasures in?

2. But now I am a soldier,
   My Captain's gone before;
   He's given me my orders,
   And bids me ne'er give o'er;
   His promises are faithful--
   A righteous crown he'll give,
   And all his valiant soldiers
   Eternally shall live.

3. Through grace I am determined
   To serve the King above;
   For Jesus, my sweet Deliverer,
   My soul with joy shall love;
   In Him my soul shall rest
   As in a flowing fountain;
   From all my sin I shall be free,
   Within the temple's court.
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4. Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5. O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

6. And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise;
Our ransomed dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer's gone.

7. Our eyes shall then with rapture,
The Savior's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
    Shall walk the streets of gold
Our ears shall hear with transport
    The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glories
    Of our immortal King.
Disciple

Treble by Wm. Houser

From Christian Lyre

This glorious hymn is said to have been composed by a young English lady, a Methodist, who had suffered much affliction.

Wm. Houser

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
   All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
   Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
   All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
   God and heaven are still my own!

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
   They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
   Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
   God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
   Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
   With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
   I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
   All must work for good to me.

4. Man may trouble and distress me,
   'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
   Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
   While thy love is left to me,
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
   Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5. Soul, then know thy full salvation;
   Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
   Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
   Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
   Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
   Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
   God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
   Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
   Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
1. How pleasant 'tis to see,
   Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
   (Repeat previous line),
And each fulfil his part,
   With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life,
   In all the cares of life and love.
My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on the glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.
1. How did his flowing tears condole,
   As for a brother dead,
   And fasting, mortified his soul,
   While for their lives he prayed.
   They groaned and cursed him on their beds,
   Yet still he pleads and mourns;
   And double blessings on his head,
   The righteous Lord returns.
True Happiness

1. O how happy are they,
   Who the Savior obey,
   And whose treasure is laid up above!
   Tongue can never express
   The sweet comfort and peace
   Of a soul in its earliest love.

2. That comfort was mine,
   When the favor divine
   I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
   When my heart first believed,
   O what joy I received,
   What a heaven in Jesus’s name!

3. ’Twas a heaven below
   The Redeemer to know,
   And the angels could do nothing more,
   Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Savior of sinners adore.

4. Jesus all the day long
   Was my joy and my song:
   O that all his salvation might see!
   "He hath loved me," I cried,
   "He hath suffered and died,
   To redeem such a rebel as me."

5. On the wings of his love,
   I was carried above
   All sin and temptation, and pain.
   I could not believe
   That I ever should grieve,
   That I ever should suffer again.

6. I rode on the sky,
   Freely justified I,
   Nor envied Elijah his seat;
   My glad soul mounted higher
   In a chariot of fire,
   And the world was put under my feet.

7. O the rapturous height
   Of that holy delight
   Which I felt in the life giving blood!
   Of my Savior possessed,
   I was perfectly blest,
   Overwhelmed with the fulness of God.

8. What a mercy is this!
   What a heaven of bliss!
   How unspeakably favored am I!
   Gathered into the fold,
   With believers enrolled,
   With believers to live and to die!
9. Now my remnant of days
    Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem.
    Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;
May they all be devoted to him.
Leander

Austin

1. My soul forsakes her vain delight,
   And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath thy feet,
   And mischievous as hell.
No longer will I ask your love,
   Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve,
   Is not within your power.
Christian Song

Mine eyes are now closing to rest,
My body must soon be removed,
And mouldering, lie buried in dust,
No more to be envied or loved,
(Repeat previous line).
Ah! what is this drawing my breath,
And stealing my senses away
O tell me, O tell me, O tell me,
O tell me, my soul, is it death,
Releasing me kindly from clay?
Now mourning, my soul shall descry
The regions of pleasure and love,
My spirit triumphant shall fly,
And dwell with my Savior above.
The Christian's Conflicts

Wm. Walker

_Dover Selection_ p. 198

1. See how the wicked kingdom
   Is falling every day,
   And still our blessed Jesus
   Is winning souls away;
   But O how I am tempted,
   No mortal tongue can tell,
   So often I'm surrounded
   With enemies from hell.
Bruce's Address

Wm. Walker

*Dover Selection* p. 152

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise,
   Lo, your Captain from the skies,
   Holding forth the glittering prize,
   Calls to victory.
   Fear not, though the battle lower,
   Firmly stand the trying hour,
   Stand the tempter's utmost power,
   Spurn his slavery.

2. Who the cause of Christ would yield!
   Who would leave the battlefield?
   Who would cast away his shield? --
   Let him basely go:
   Who for Zion's King will stand?
   Who will join the faithful band?
   Let him come with heart and hand,
   Let him face the foe.

3. By the mercies of our God,
By Emmanuel's streaming blood,
When alone for us he stood,
   Ne'er give up the strife:
Ever to the latest breath,
Hark to what your Captain saith;--
"Be thou faithful unto death;
   Take the crown of life."

4. By the woes which rebels prove,
   By the bliss of holy love,
Sinners, seek the joys above,
   Sinners, turn, and live!
Here is freedom worth the name;
Tyrant sin is put to shame;
Grace inspires the hallowed flame
   God the crown will give.
Indian Convert

Johnson

The first three verses of this song were taken almost verbatim, by a Missionary, from an Indian's experience, while he was relating it; the last two verses were composed by David Walker, the Author's brother.

1. In de dark woods, no Indian high,
   Den me look Heb'n, and send up cry,
   (Repeat previous line),
   Upon my knee so low;
   But God on high, in shiny place,
   See me at night, wid teary face--
   (Repeat previous line),
   De preacher tell me so.

2. God send he angel, take um care,
   He cum he self and hear um prayer,
   (Repeat previous line),
   (If Indian heart do pray,)
   He see me now, he know me here;
   He say, Poor Indian, never fear,
(Repeat previous line),
Me wid you night and day.

3. So me lub God, wid inside heart,
He fight for me, he take um part,
(Repeat previous line)
He save um life before;
God hear poor Indian in de wood;
So me lub him, and dat be good
(Repeat previous line)
Me prize him evermore.

4. De joy I felt I cannot tell,
To tink dat I was saved from hell,
(Repeat previous line),
Through Jesus' streaming blood;
Dat I am saved by grace divine,
Who am de worst of all mankind,
(Repeat previous line),
O glory be to God;

5. Now I be here baptized to be,
Dat in de water you may see
(Repeat previous line)
De way my Jesus go;
Dis is de way I do believe
Dat Jesus here for us did leave,
(Repeat previous line),
To follow here below.
1. O Jesus, my Savior, 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.

2. 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 relieved me, and bid me not fear.

3. 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 raised to a rapture while praising his name.

4. 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.
5. I love thee, my Savior, I love thee, my Lord,  
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word;  
With tender emotion I love sinners too,  
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

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

7. 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 pleasures unceasing unite in the song.
1. Where nothing dwells but beasts of prey,
   Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids the oppressed and poor repair,
   And build them towns and cities there.
They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
   Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
   Their wealth increases with their flocks.
Portuguese Hymn

Refrain:

1. Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
   To Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet:
   To you this day is born a Prince and Savior;

2. O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
   Our praises and reverence are an offering meet,
   Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us.

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,
   (Repeat previous line),
   O come and let us worship at his feet.
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie

O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
The Pilgrim's Lot

A. Grambling

*Mercer's Cluster*, p. 224

1. How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
   How free from anxious care and thought,
   (Repeat previous line)
   From worldly hope and fear!
   Confined to neither court nor cell,
   His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
   (Repeat previous line for tune 2--Happy Pilgrim)
   He only sojourns here.
1. He comes, he comes, the Judge severe! halle, hallelujah!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near; halle, hallelujah!
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll; halle, hallelujah!
How welcome to the faithful soul! O halle, hallelujah!
Knoxville

R. Monday

_Dover Selection_ p. 74.

1. Rejoice, my friends, the Lord is King,
   Let all prepare to take him in,

   Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
   And all the earth with praises ring,

   And give to Jesus glory.

2. O! may the desert land rejoice,
   And mourners hear the Savior's voice;

   While praise their every tongue employs,
   And all obtain immortal joys,

   And give to Jesus glory.

3. O! may the saints of every name
   Unite to praise the bleeding Lamb!

   May jars and discords cease to flame,
   And all the Savior's love proclaim,

   And give to Jesus glory.
4. I long to see the Christians join
   In union sweet, and peace divine;
   When every church with grace shall shine,
       And grow in Christ the living vine,
   And give to Jesus glory.

5. Come, parents, children, bond, and free,
   Come, who will go along with me?
   I’m bound fair Canaan’s land to see,
       And shout with saints eternally,
   And give to Jesus glory.

6. Those beauteous fields of living green,
   By faith my joyful eyes have seen;
   Though Jordan’s billows roll between,
       We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
   And give to Jesus glory.

7. A few more days of pain and woe,
   A few more suffering scenes below,
   And then to Jesus we shall go,
       Where everlasting pleasures flow,
   And there we’ll give him glory.

8. That awful trumpet soon will sound,
   And shake the vast creation round,
   And call the nations under ground,
       And all the saints shall then be crowned,
   And give to Jesus glory.

9. Then shall our tears be wiped away,
   No more our feet shall ever stray;
   When we are freed from cumbrous clay
       We’ll praise the Lord in endless day
   And give to Jesus glory.
Hail, Columbia

1. Hail, Columbia! happy land!
   Hail, ye heroes, heaven born band!
   Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
   Who fought and bled in freedom's cause.
   And when the storm of war is gone,
   Enjoy the peace your valor won;
   Let independence be your boast,
   Ever mindful what it cost;
   Ever grateful for the prize,
   Let its altar reach the skies.
   Firm, united, let us be,
   Rallying round our liberty.
   As a band of brothers joined,
   Peace and safety we shall find.
Salutation

Mercer's Cluster, p. 230

1. Good morning, brother pilgrim,
   What, bound for Canaan's coast?
March you toward Jerusalem,
   To join the heavenly host?
Pray, wherefore are you smiling,
   While tears run down your face?
We soon shall cease from toiling,
   And reach that heavenly place,
   We soon shall cease from toiling,
   And reach that heavenly place.

2. To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
   To join the heavenly throng,
Hark! from the banks of Jordan,
   How sweet the pilgrims' song!
Their Jesus they are viewing,
   By faith we see him too,
We smile, and weep, and praise him,
Salutation

We smile, and weep, and praise him;
And on our way pursue,
We smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on our way pursue.

3. Though sinners do despise us,
   And treat us with disdain,
Our former comrades slight us
   Esteem us low and mean
No earthly joy shall charm us,
   While marching on our way,
Our Jesus will defend us,
   Our Jesus will defend us;
In the distressing day,
   Our Jesus will defend us;
In the distressing day.

4. The frowns of old companions,
   We’re willing to sustain,
And in divine compassion,
   To pray for them again;
For Christ, our loving Savior,
   Our Comforter and Friend,
Will bless us with his favor,
   Will bless us with his favor;
And guide us to the end,
   Will bless us with his favor,
And guide us to the end.

5. With streams of consolation,
   We’re filled as with new wine,
We die to transient pleasures,
   And live to things divine.
We sink in holy raptures
   While viewing things above
Why glory to my Savior,
   Why glory to my Savior;
My soul is full of love,
   Why glory to my Savior,
My soul is full of love.
O Come, Come Away

Treble by W. Houser

W. Houser

1. O come, come away! the Sabbath morn is passing;
   Let's hasten to the Sabbath school; O come, come away!
   The Sabbath bells are ringing clear,
   Their joyous peals salute my ear,
   I love their voice to hear; O come, come away!

2. My comrades invite to join their happy number,
   And gladly will I meet them there; O come, come away!
   How there we meet to sing and pray,
   To read God's word on his glad day,
   With joy let's haste away, O come, come away!

3. While others may seek for vain and foolish pleasures,
   The Sabbath school shall be my choice; O come, come away!
   How dear the plaintive strain,
   From youthful voices rise amain,
   With sweetest tones again! O come, come away!

4. 'Tis there I may learn the ways of heavenly wisdom,
   To guide my feeble steps on high; O come, come away!
The flowery paths of peace to tread,
Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,
My wandering steps to lead: O come, come away!

5. I there hear the voice in heavenly accents speaking,
"Let little children come to me; O come, come away!
Forbid them not their hearts to give,
Let them on me in youth believe,
And I will them receive:" O come, come away!

6. With joy I accept the gracious invitation;
My heart exults with rapturous hope, O come, come away!
My deathless spirit, when I die,
Shall, on the wings of angels, fly
To mansions in the sky: O come, come away!
Rhode Island

Methodist Hymn Book, p. 107

1. Thou great mysterious God unknown,
   Whose love hath gently led me on,
   E'en from my infant days,
   Mine inmost soul expose to view,
   And tell me if I ever knew
   Thy justifying grace,

Rhode Island
Royal Proclamation

Dover Selection p. 18

Refrain:

1. Hear the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature;

2. See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Savior."

3. Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.

4. Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever,
O! now turn to God the Savior.
Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns.
Pastoral Elegy

1. 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 called his spirit away.

2. Sweet woodbines will rise round his feet,
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,)
He'll 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 the mourner below;
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,
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 dirge to sweet Corydon's shade.

5. And when the still night has unfurled
Her robes o'er the hamlet around,
Gray twilight retires from the world,
And darkness encumbers the ground,
I'll leave my own gloomy abode,
To Corydon's urn will I fly,
There kneeling will bless the just God
Who dwells in bright mansions on high.
Mississippi

1. When Gabriel’s awful trump shall sound,
   And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
   And give to time her utmost bound,
   Ye dead, arise to judgment;
   See lightnings flash and thunders roll,
   See earth wrapped up like parchment scroll;
   Comets blaze,
   Sinners raise,
   Dread amaze,
   Horrors seize
   The guilty sons of Adam’s race,
   Unsaved from sin by Jesus.

2. The Christian filled with rapturous joy,
   Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high,
   To meet the Savior in the sky,
   And see the face of Jesus;
   The soul and body reunite,
   And filled with glory infinity,
   Blessed day,
Christians say!
Will you pray,
   That we may
All join the happy company,
   To praise the name of Jesus.
Lena

1. See the Lord of glory dying!
   See him gasping! hear him crying!
See his burdened bosom heave!
   Look ye sinners, ye that hung him;
Dying sinners, look and live.
1. Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear,
   Who're bound for Canaan's land,
   Take courage and fight valiantly,
   Stand fast with sword in hand;
   Our Captain's gone before us,
   Our Father's only Son,
   Then, pilgrims dear, pray, do not fear,
   But let us follow on.

2. We have a howling wilderness,
   To Canaan's happy shore,
   A land of death, and pits, and snares,
   Where chilling winds do roar.
   But Jesus will be with us,
   And guard us by the way;
   Though enemies examine us,
   He'll teach us what to say.

3. The pleasant fields of paradise,
   So glorious to behold,
   The valleys clad in living green,
   Beyond how rich they seem.

Pilgrim

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8 C.M.
The mountains paved with gold:
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
    Behold how rich they stand
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
    To Canaan's happy land.

4. 
Sweet rivers of salvation all
    Through Canaan's land do roll,
The beams of day bring glittering scenes
    Illuminate my soul;
There's ponderous clouds of glory,
    All set in diamonds bright;
And there's my smiling Jesus,
    Who is my heart's delight.

5. 
Already to my raptured sight,
    The blissful fields arise,
And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
    Inviting to my eyes.
O sweet abode of endless rest,
    I soon shall travel there,
Nor earth nor all her empty joys
    Shall long detain me here.

6. 
Come, all you pilgrim travelers,
    Fresh courage take by me;
Meantime I'll tell you how I came,
    This happy land to see;
Through faith the glorious telescope
    I viewed the worlds above,
And God the Father reconciled,
    Which fills my heart with love.
Repose

1. The Lamb appears to wipe our tears,
   And to complete our glory;
Then shall we rest with all the blest,
   And tell the lovely story.
To sit and tell Christ loved us well,
   And that when we were sinners;
Heaven will ring, while saints do sing,
   "Glory to the Redeemer."
1. Ye children of Jesus, who’re bound for the kingdom,
Attune all your voices, and help me to sing
Sweet anthems of praises to my loving Jesus,
For he is my prophet, my priest, and my king;
When Jesus first found me astray I was going,
His love did surround me, and saved me from ruin,
He kindly embraced me, and freely he blessed me,
And taught me aloud his sweet praises to sing.

2. Why should you go mourning from such a physician,
Come to him believing, though bad your condition,
My soul he hath healed, my heart he rejoices,
I’ll serve him, and praise him, and always adore him
Who’s able and willing your sickness to cure
His Father has promised your case to ensure:
He brought me to Zion, to hear the glad voices,
Till we meet in heaven where parting’s no more.
Upton

L.M.

1. Bless, O my soul, the living God,
   Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
   In work and worship so divine.

2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
   His favors claim the highest praise:
Why should the wonders he has wrought
   Be lost in silence and forgot!

3. Let the whole earth his power confess,
   Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
   In work and worship so divine.
Welton

Theme by Malan

Malan

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

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

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

1. Lord, what a feeble piece
   Is this our mortal frame!
   Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
   That scarce deserves the name!

2. Alas! 'twas brittle clay
   That built our body first!
   And every month and every day
   'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3. Our moments fly apace,
   Our feeble powers decay;
   Swift as a flood our hasty days
   Are sweeping us away.

4. Yet if our days must fly,
   We'll keep their end in sight,
   We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,
   And let them speed their flight.

5. They'll waft us sooner o'er
   This life's tempestuous sea:
   Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore,
   Of blest eternity.
1. Welcome, sweet day of rest,
   That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
   And these rejoicing eyes!

2. The King himself comes near,
   And feasts his saints today;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
   And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day amid the place,
   Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
   Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
   In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
   to everlasting bliss.

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Lisbon

Theme by Read

Read

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest,
   That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
   And these rejoicing eyes!

2. The King himself comes near,
   And feasts his saints today;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
   And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day amid the place,
   Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
   Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
   In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
   to everlasting bliss.
Sweet Solitude

1. Hail, solitude! thou gentle queen,
Of modest air and brow serene,
'Tis thou inspires the poet's theme,
Wrapped in sweet vision's airy dream;
(Repeat previous line twice).

2. Parent of virtue, muse of thought,
By thee are saints and patriots taught
Wisdom to thee her treasures owe,
And in thy lap fair science grow.
(Repeat previous line twice).

3. Whate'er's in thee, refines and charms,
Excites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, firm and good,
We owe to thee, sweet solitude.
(Repeat previous line twice).

4. With thee the charms of life shall last,
E'en when the rosy bloom is past;
When slowly pacing time shall spread
Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.
(Repeat previous line twice).

5. No more with this vain world perplexed,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next
The spring of life shall gently cease,
And angels waft my soul to peace.
(Repeat previous line twice).
The Good Old Way

L.M.

Wm. Walker

_Dover Selection_ p. 56

Repeat after each line:

Refrain:

1. Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
   
   And taste the pleasure Jesus sends,

   Let nothing cause you to delay,

   But hasten on the good old way

2. Our conflicts here, though great they be,
   
   Shall not prevent our victory,

   If we but watch, and strive, and pray,

   Like soldiers in the good old way.

3. O good old way, how sweet thou art!
   
   May none of us from thee depart,

   But may our actions always say,

   We're marching on the good old way.

4. Though Satan may his power employ,
   
   Our peace and comfort to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And triumph in the good old way.

5. And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
   And view by faith the promised land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray
   And march along the good old way.

6. Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend;
   Remember glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
   When we have run the good old way.

7. Then far beyond this mortal shore,
   We'll meet with those who're gone before
And him we'll praise in endless day,
   Who brought us on the good old way.

O halle, hallelujah.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
   And glory be to God on high;
And I'll sing hallelujah,
   There's glory beaming from the sky.
Worcester

1. How beauteous are their feet
   Who stand on Zion's hill,
   Who bring salvation on their tongues,
   And words of peace reveal!

2. How charming is their voice,
   How sweet the tidings are!
   Zion, behold thy Savior King;
   He reigns and triumphs here.
Pilgrim's Farewell

_Dover Selection_ p. 195

1. Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone,
   I have no home or stay with you;
   I'll take my staff and travel on,
   Till I a better world can view.
   I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore,
   Where pleasures never end, and troubles come no more.
   Farewell, farewell, farewell my loving friends, farewell.

2. Farewell, farewell, farewell, 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 to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore,
   Where pleasures never end, and troubles come no more.
   Farewell, farewell, farewell my loving friends, farewell.

3. Farewell, farewell, farewell, dear brethren in the Lord,
   To you I'm bound with cords of love
   But we believe his gracious word,
   We all ere long shall meet above,
I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore,
    Where pleasures never end, and troubles come no more.
    Farewell, farewell, farewell my loving friends, farewell.

4.  Farewell, farewell, farewell, 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 to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore,
    Where pleasures never end, and troubles come no more.
    Farewell, farewell, farewell my loving friends, farewell.
Luther

Hastings

1. My soul, be on thy guard;
   Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
   To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray;
   The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
   And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
   Nor once at ease sit down;
The arduous work will not be done,
   Till thou hast got the crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
   Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
   Up to his rest above.
Hastings

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

2. Come, thou Incarnate Word,
   Gird on thy mighty sword,
       Our prayer attend;
   Come, and thy people bless,
   And give thy word success:
   Spirit of holiness,
       On us descend!

3. Come Holy Comforter,
   Thy sacred witness bear,
       In this glad hour:
   Thou who almighty art,
   Now rule in every heart,
   And ne'er from us depart,
       Spirit of power!

4. To the great One and Three,
   The highest praises be
Hence, evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
  Love and adore
Hymn

Dr. John Clarke

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;
   Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
   And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom,
(Repeat previous line).
Repentance

O, if my soul was formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow,
From both my streaming eyes.
'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on that cursed tree,
(Repeat previous line),
And groaned away his dying life,
(Repeat previous line),
For thee, my soul, for thee,
(Repeat previous line).
Ballstown

L.M.

1. Great God! attend, while Zion sings
   The joy that from thy presence springs;
   To spend one day with thee on earth
   Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
New Topia

Munday

1. Young people all, attention give
   And hear what I shall say;
   I want your souls with Christ to live,
   In everlasting day.
   Remember you are hastening on
   To death's dark, gloomy shade;
   Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
   Your flesh in dust be laid.
Babylonian Captivity

Dare (?)

1. Along the banks where Babel's current flows,
   Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
   While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
   Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.
Ionia

J. W. Belcher

1. Children of the heavenly King,
   As we journey let us sing;
   Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
   Glorious in his works and ways.

2. Ye are traveling home to God,
   In the way the fathers trod;
   They are happy now, and we
   Soon their happiness shall see.
Wilmot

Slow. With tenderness and delicacy.

1. Sinner, art thou still secure?
   Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
   Can thy heart or hand endure,
   In the Lord’s avenging day.

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

3. Who his coming may abide?
   You that glory in your shame,
   Will you find a place to hide
   When the world is wrapped in flame?

4. Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
   Soon we must resign our breath;
   And our souls be called to pass
   Through the iron gate of death.
1. Sweet rivers of redeeming love,
   Lie just before mine eyes,
   Had I the pinions of a dove,
   I’d to those rivers fly;
   I’d rise superior to my pain,
   With joy outstrip the wind;
   I’d cross o’er Jordan’s stormy waves,
   And leave the world behind.
Delight [2]

Simeon Coan
Watts

1. No burning heats by day,
   Nor blasts of evening air,
   Shall take my health away,
   If God be with me there.
   Thou art my sun
   And thou my shade,
   To guard my head
   By night or noon.
1. Thy praise, O Lord, shall tune the lyre,  
   Thy love our joyful songs inspire;  
   To thee our cordial thanks be paid,  
   Our sure defense, our constant aid.

2. Why then cast down, and why distressed?  
   And whence the grief that fills our breast?  
   In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise  
   Our songs of gratitude and praise.
Lindan

1. Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove
   Amid the wonders of thy love,
   Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
   And bids intruding fears depart.

2. Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
   But mingling joy allays the smart;
   O may my future life declare
   The sorrow and the joy sincere.

3. Be all my heart and all my days
   Devoted to my Savior's praise;
   And let my glad obedience prove
   How much I owe, how much I love.
1. Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
   To mourn, and murmur, and repine;
   To see the wicked placed on high,
   In pride and robes of honor shine.
   But O their end! their dreadful end!
   Thy sanctuary taught me so;
   On slippery rocks I see them stand,
   And fiery billows roll below.
Montgomery

Justin Morgan

1. Early, my God, without delay,
   I haste to seek thy face,
My thirsty spirit faints away,
   Without thy cheering grace;
So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
   Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
   And they must drink or die.
Humble Penitent

Wm. Walker

Repeat after each line:

Refrain:

1. Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
   Let a repenting rebel live;
2. Are not thy mercies large and free?
   May not a sinner trust in thee?
3. My crimes are great, but don’t surpass
   The power and glory of thy grace;
4. Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
   So let thy pardoning love be found.
5. O wash my soul from every sin,
   And make my guilty conscience clean!
6. Here on my heart the burden lies,
   And past offenses pain my eyes.
7. My lips with shame my sins confess,
   Against thy law, against thy grace;
8. Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
   I am condemned, but thou art clear.
9. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
   I must pronounce thee just, in death;

8, 7 (with refrain)
10. And if my soul were sent to hell,
   Thy righteous law approves it well.

11. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
   Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,

12. Would light on some sweet promise there,
   Some sure support against despair.

   O pity me, dear Savior!

   Is there any mercy here,
   O pity me, dear Lord, and I'll
   Sing halle hallelujah!
1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
   To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
   To show thy love by morning light,
   And talk of all thy truth by night.

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

3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
   And bless his works, and bless his word:
   Thy works of grace, how bight they shine!
   How deep thy counsels, how divine!
1. My refuge is the God of love:
   My foes insult and cry,
   Fly like a timorous, trembling dove,
   (Repeat previous line twice),
   To distant mountains fly,
   Since I have placed my trust in God,
   A refuge always nigh,
   Why should I like a timorous bird,
   To distant mountains fly.
Mount Zion

Brown

1. The hill of Zion yields
   A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
   Or walk the golden streets.
Then let your songs abound,
   And every tear be dry;
We’re marching through Immanuel’s ground,
   To fairer worlds on high.
Edom

Sharp Key on F

1. With songs and honors sounding loud,
   Address the Lord on high,
   Over the heavens he spreads his clouds,
   And waters veil the sky,
   (Repeat previous line).
   He sends his shows of blessings down
   To cheer the plains below;
   He makes the grass the mountains crown,
   And corn in valleys grow.
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).
Schenectady

Shumway

1. From all that dwell below the skies,
   Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
   Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
   Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
   Till suns shall rise and set no more.
1. Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,  
   That rulest the boisterous sea,  
   The sons of courage shall record,  
   Who tempt the dangerous way;  
   At thy command the winds arise,  
   And swell the towering waves,  
   The men astonished mount the skies,  
   And sink in gaping graves.
Azmon

Arranged from Glaser

Coda.—Do not sing the coda to the 1st and 3d verses.

Glaser

Refrain (For verses 2, 4, and 5)

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
   We wretched sinners lay,
   Without one cheering beam of hope,
   Or spark of glimmering day.

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
   Beheld our helpless grief:
   He saw, and, O amazing love!
   He ran to our relief.

3. Down from the shining seats above
   With joyful haste he sped fled,
   Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
   And dwelt among the dead.

4. O for this love let rocks and hills
   Their lasting silence break;
   And all harmonious human tongues,
   The Savior’s praises speak!

5. Angels, assist our mighty joys,
   Strike all your harps of gold;

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But when you raise your highest notes,
    His love can ne'er be told.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.
Eton

Firm and distinct.

Refrain:

1. Wide, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
   Closed no more by death and sin:
Lo! the conquering Lord behold,
   Let the King of glory in.
Hark! the angelic host inquire,
   Who is he the almighty King?
Hark, again, the answering choir,
   Thus in songs of triumph sing.

2. He, whose powerful arm alone,
   On his foes destruction hurled;
He who hath the victory won,
   He who saved a ruined world;—
He, who God's pure law fulfilled,
   Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He, whose truth with blood was sealed;
   He is heaven's all glorious Lord.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
The Sailor's Home

By Wm. M. Caudill and Wm. Walker

1. When for eternal worlds we steer,
   And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
   And faith in lively exercise,
   And distant hills of Canaan rise.
   The soul for joy then claps her wings,
   And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
   I'm going home, I'm going home,
   And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
   I'm going home.

2. With cheerful hope, his eyes explore
   Each landmark on the distant shore;
   The trees of life—the pasture green,
   The crystal stream, delightful scene:
   Again for joy she plumes her wings,
   And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
   I'm almost home, I'm almost home,
   And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
   I'm almost home.
3. The nearer still she draws to land,
   More eager all her powers expand;
   With steady helm, and free bent sail,
   Her anchor drops within the vail:
   And now for joy she folds her wings,
   And her celestial sonnet sings,
   I'm home at last, I'm home at last,
   And her celestial sonnet sings,
   I'm home at last.

4. She meets with those who are gone before,
   On heaven's high and genial shore,
   Around the dear Redeemer's feet,
   And loud they shout, Our God and King,
   And ceaseless hallelujahs sing,
   We're safe at last, we're safe at last,
   And ceaseless hallelujahs sing
   We're safe at last.
1. Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,
   Where Jesus answers prayer;
   There humbly fall before his feet,
   For none can perish there.

2. Thy promise is my only plea,
   With this I venture nigh;
   Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
   And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
   By Satan sorely pressed,
   By wars without, and fears within,
   I come to thee for rest.

4. Be thou my shield and hiding place,
   That, sheltered near thy side,
   I may my fierce accuser face,
   And tell him, Thou hast died.

5. O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
   To bear the cross and shame,
   That guilty sinners, such as I,
   Might plead thy gracious name!

6. "Poor tempest tossed soul, be still;
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.
Claremont

1. Vital spark of heavenly flame,
   Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering,
   Flying flying flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
   And let me languish into life;
And let me languish into life.
   Hark! hark! hark!
Hark they whisper; angels say,
   Sister spirit, come away;
Sister spirit, come away.
   What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath,
   Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
   Tell me my soul can this be death?
The world recedes, it disappears,
   Heaven opens on my eyes,
My ears with sounds seraphic ring,
   My ears with sounds seraphic ring,
My ears with sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount,
   I fly! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
   Thy victory? O grave!
Where is thy victory? Thy victory?
   O death, where is thy sting?
Lend, lend your wings!
    I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly!
I mount! I fly, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
    O death, where is thy sting?
I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly!
    O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?
Funeral Anthem

Rev. 14:13

Billings

1. I heard a great voice from heaven,
   Saying unto me, write,
   From henceforth, write,
   From henceforth, write,
   From henceforth, write,
   Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.
Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest,
   For they rest, for they rest, for they rest
For they rest from their labors,
   From their labors and their works, which do follow,
Follow, follow, which do follow them.
   Which do follow them.
Easter Anthem

Billings

Young's Night Thoughts; 4th Night

1. The Lord is risen indeed! Hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous line)!
Now is Christ risen from the dead,
   And become the first fruit of them that slept.
(Repeat previous 2 lines).
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.
   And did he rise? And did he rise? Did he rise?
Hear it, ye nations! hear it O ye dead!
   He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose,
He burst the bars of death,
   (Repeat previous line twice).
And triumphed o'er the grave.
Then, then, then I rose,
   Then I rose, then I rose,
Then first humanity triumphant
   Past the crystal ports of light,
And seized eternal youth.
   Men all immortal hail, hail, heaven,
All lavish of strange gifts to man,
   Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.
Easter Anthem
1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voices
   Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
   Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
   Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
   Hallelujah! Amen!
Bound for Canaan

E. J. King

*Mercer’s Cluster*, p. 356

Refrain:

1. O when shall I see Jesus,
   And reign with him above,
   And from the flowing fountain
   Drink everlasting love?

I’m on my way to Canaan,
   (Repeat previous line twice)
   To the New Jerusalem.
1. Jesus, grant us all a blessing,
   Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all return home praying,
   And rejoicing in thy love:
Farewell, brethren; farewell sisters,
   Till we all shall meet again.

2. Jesus, pardon all our follies,
   Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
   Cleanse us all from every sin:
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
   Till we all shall meet above.

3. May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
   To each one’s respective home;
And the presence of our Jesus
   Rest upon us every one:
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
   Till we all shall meet at home.
In That Morning

Wm. Walker

Repeat after each line:

Refrain:

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
   He whom I fix my hopes upon;

2. His track I see, and I'll pursue
   The narrow way, till him I view.

3. The way the holy prophets went,
   The road that leads from banishment,

4. The King's highway of holiness,
   I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

5. This is the way I long have sought,
   And mourned because I found it not;

6. My grief a burden long has been,
   Because I was not saved from sin.

7. The more I strove against its power,
   I felt its weight and guilt the more;

8. Till late I heard my Savior say,
   "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

9. Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
   Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
10. Nothing but sin have I to give;  
    Nothing but love shall I receive.

11. Then will I tell to sinners round,  
    What a dear Savior I have found;

12. I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
    And say, "Behold the way to God."
    And we'll all shout together in that morning.

    In that morning, In that morning,  
    And we'll all shout together in that morning.
Refrain 2:

1. O when shall I see Jesus,
   And reign with him above,
   And from the flowing fountain
   Drink everlasting love?

   When shall I be delivered,
   From this vain world of sin,
   And with my blessed Jesus,
   Drink endless pleasures in?

2. But now I am a soldier,
   My Captain's gone before;
   He's given me my orders,
   And bids me ne'er give o'er;

   His promises are faithful—
   A righteous crown he'll give,
   And all his valiant soldiers
   Eternally shall live.
3. Through grace I am determined
   To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
   On wings of love I’ll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
   I bid them both adieu!
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
   And on your way pursue.

4. Whene’er you meet with troubles
   And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
   And don’t forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armor
   Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat’s ended,
   He’ll carry you above.

5. O do not be discouraged,
   For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
   He’ll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
   Though often you request,
He’ll give you grace to conquer,
   And take you home to rest.

And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

Shout, O glory! for I shall mount above the skies,
   When I hear the trumpet sound in the morning.
Drummond

Rev. Samuel Wakefield
Rev. Wm. Hunter
Treble by Wm. Houser. "Tell my brethren that I died at my post."—Last words of Rev. Thomas Drummond.

1. Away from his home and the friends of his youth,
   He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth,
   For the love of the Lord, and to seek for the lost;
   Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at his post,
   (Repeat previous line).

2. The stranger’s eye wept, that in life’s brightest bloom
   One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
   For in order he led in the van of the host,
   And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post,
   (Repeat previous line).

3. He wept not himself that his warfare was done;
   The battle was fought, and the victory won:
   But he whispered of those whom his heart clung to most,
   "Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post,
   (Repeat previous line).
4. He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
   He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
   But he asked, as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
   That his brethren might know that he died at his post,
   (Repeat previous line).

5. Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell
   With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
   He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast,
   For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post,
   (Repeat previous line).

6. And can we the words of his exit forget?
   Oh no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
   And example so brilliant shall never be lost,
   We will fall in the work—we will die at our post,
   (Repeat previous line).
Missionary Song

S. B. Pond
Principally

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

2. Let the Indian, let the Negro,
   Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
   Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel, let the gospel,
   Loud resound from pole to pole.

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

4. May the glorious day approaching,
   On the grossest darkness dawn;
   And the everlasting gospel
   Spread abroad thy holy name—
   All the borders, all the borders,
   Of the great Emmanuel's land.

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

C.M.

Refrain:

1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
   Oh how I long for thee!
   When will my sorrows have an end?
   Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Jesus, my Lord, to glory’s gone;
   Him will I go and see;
   And all my brethren, here below,
   Will soon come after me.

3. Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
   And cause me to ascend
   Where congregations ne’er break up,
   And Sabbaths never end.

   We’re marching through Emmanuel’s ground;
   We soon shall hear the welcome trumpet sound,—
   Oh, there we shall with Jesus dwell,
   And never part again:
   What, never part again?
No, never part again,
(Repeat previous line twice):
   Oh, there we shall with Jesus dwell,
And never part again.
Derrick

Christmas Hymn

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes,
   The Savior promised long;
   Let every heart prepare a throne,
   And every voice a song.
   On him, the Spirit largely poured,
   Exerts his sacred fire;
   Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
   His holy breast inspire.

2. He comes, the prisoner to release,
   In Satan's bondage held;
   The gates of brass before him burst,
   The iron fetters yield.
   He comes, from thickest films of vice
   To clear the mental ray,
   And on the eyes oppressed with night
   To pour celestial day.

3. He comes, the broken heart to bind,
   The wounded bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
   To enrich the humble poor.
Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
   Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
   With thy beloved name.
Sweet Gliding Kedron

Wm. Houser

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

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

3. O garden of Olivet, dear honored spot!
   The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot;
   The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
   The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4. Come, saints and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
   Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
   Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,
   And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.
Rose of Sharon

Song 2

Billings

1. I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley;
   (Repeat previous line),
   As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters;
   As the apple tree, the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
   So is my beloved among the sons,
   (Repeat previous line).
   I sat down under his shadow with great delight.
   And his fruit was sweet to my taste;
   And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
   He brought me to the banqueting house,
   His banner over me was love,
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).
   Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples,
   For I am sick, for I am sick, for I am sick of love:
   I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
   By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
   That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up,
   Nor awake, awake, awake, awake, my love, till he please.
   The voice of my beloved, Behold! he cometh,
   Leaping upon the mountains, skipping,
   (Repeat previous line twice),
   Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
   My beloved spake, and said unto me,
   Rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
   For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
   (Repeat previous line).
The rain is over, the rain is over, the rain is over and gone.
For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
Heavenly Vision

Rev. 5:11
Jacob French

1. I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number,
   Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands,
   (Repeat previous line twice).
   Stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands,
   And they cease not day nor night, saying,
   Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
   Which was, and is, and is to come,
   (Repeat previous line).
   And I heard a mighty angel flying through the midst of heaven,
   Crying with a loud voice, woe, woe, woe, woe,
   Be unto the earth by reason of the trumpet which is yet to sound.
   And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men an nobles,
   Rich men and poor, bond and free, gathered themselves together,
   And cried to the rocks and mountains to fall upon them,
   And hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne,
   For the great day of the Lord is come, and who shall be able to stand?
   And who shall be able to stand?
Ode on Science

Sharp Key on G.

1. The morning sun shines from the east,
   And spreads his glories to the west,
   All nations with his beams are blest,
   Where'er the radiant light appears.
   So science spreads her lucid ray
   O'er lands which long in darkness lay
   She visits fair Columbia,
   And sets her sons among the stars.
   Fair freedom her attendant waits,
   To bless the portals of her gates,
   To crown the young and rising states
   With laurels of immortal day:
   The British yoke, the Gallic chain,
   Was urged upon our necks in vain,
   All haughty tyrants we disdain,
   And shout, Long live America.
1. David the king was grieved and moved,
   He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept;
   And as he went he wept and said,
   O my son! O my son!
   Would to God I had died,
   (Repeat previous line twice)
   For thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!
Farewell Anthem

1. My friends, I am going a long and tedious journey,  
   Never to return; I am going a long journey, never to return.  
   I am going a long journey, Never to return.  
   (Repeat previous line).  
   Never to return, never to return, never to return;  
   Never, never never, never, to return;  
   Fare you well, my friends.  
   (Repeat previous line twice),  
   And God grant we may meet together in that world above,  
   Where trouble shall cease and harmony shall abound,  
   Hark! hark! my dear friends, for death hath called me,  
   And I must go, and lie down in the cold and silent grave,  
   Where the mourners cease from mourning, and the prisoner is set free;  
   Where the rich and poor are both alike;  
   Fare you well, fare you well, fare you well, fare you well,  
   Fare you well, my friends.
APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

SEVERAL TUNES ENTIRELY NEW.
1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
   "Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
   "Say, poor sinner,
(Repeat previous line twice),
   Lovest thou me?"
When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:
May I but safely reach my home,
    May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
    In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
    Across my peaceful breast.
And not a wave of trouble roll
    Across my peaceful breast.
Refrain:

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

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

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

4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day!
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
5. Whate'er thou deniest, O give my thy grace!
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

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

   Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
   Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.
(For last verse substitute:
   Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home.)
Wondrous Love

12, 9, 6, 6, 12, 9

Christopher

1. What wondrous love is this, oh! my soul! oh! my soul!
   What wondrous love is this, oh! my soul!
   What wondrous love is this!
   That caused the Lord of bliss,
   To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
   To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.
The Heavenly March

Wm. Walker

_Baptist Harmony_, p. 422

Refrain:

1. On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
   And cast a wishful eye
   To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
   Where my possessions lie
   To see the righteous marching home and the angels bid them come,
   And Jesus stands awaiting, to welcome travelers home,
   To welcome travelers home, to welcome travelers home.

   And Jesus stands awaiting, to welcome travelers home.
Something New

1. Since man by sin has lost his God,
   He seeks creation through;
   And vainly strives for solid bliss,
   In trying something new,
   In trying something new,
   And vainly tries for solid bliss,
   In trying something new.

2. The new possessed like fading flowers,
   Soon loses its gay hue:
   The bubble now no longer stays,
   The soul wants something new,
   The soul wants something new,
   The bubble now no longer stays,
   The soul wants something new.

3. Now could we call all Europe ours,
   With India and Peru;
   The mind would feel an aching void,
   And still want something new.
   And still want something new.
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4. But when we feel the power of Christ,
   All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes her vain pursuits,
   In Christ finds something new.
   In Christ finds something new.
   The soul forsakes her vain pursuits,
   In Christ finds something new.

5. The joy the dear Redeemer gives,
   Will bear a strict review
Nor need we ever change again
   For Christ is always new.
   For Christ is always new.
   Nor need we ever change again
   For Christ is always new.

6. Come, sinners, then and seek the joys
   Which Christ bids you pursue;
And keep the glorious theme in view,
   In Christ seek something new.
   In Christ seek something new.
   And keep the glorious theme in view,
   In Christ seek something new.

7. But soon a change awaits us all,
   Before the great review;
And at his feet with rapture fall,
   And heaven brings something new.
   And heaven brings something new.
   And at his feet with rapture fall,
   And heaven brings something new.
A. C. Clark

_Baptist Harmony, 455_

1. See how the wicked kingdom
   Is falling every day,
   And still our blessed Jesus
   Is winning souls away;
   But O how I am tempted,
   No mortal tongue can tell,
   So often I’m surrounded
   With enemies from hell.

2. With weeping and with praying,
   My Jesus I have found,
   To crucify old nature,
   And make his grace abound.
   Dear children, don’t be weary,
   But march on in the way;
   For Jesus will stand by you,
   And be your guard and stay.

3. If sinners will serve Satan,
And join with one accord,
Dear brethren, as for my part,
I'm bound to serve the Lord;
And if you will go with me,
Pray give to me your hand,
And we'll march on together,
Unto the promised land.

4. Through troubles and distresses,
   We'll make our way to God;
Though earth and hell oppose us,
   We'll keep the heavenly road.
Our Jesus went before us,
   And many sorrows bore,
And we who follow after,
   Can never meet with more.

5. Thou dear to me, my brethren,
   Each one of you I find.
My duty now compels me
   To leave you all behind;
But while the parting grieves us,
   I humbly ask your prayers,
To bear me up in trouble,
   And conquer all my fears.

6. And now, my loving brothers,
   I bid you all farewell!
With you my loving sisters,
   I can no longer dwell.
Farewell to every mourner!
   I hope the Lord you'll find,
To ease you of your burden,
   And give you peace of mind.

7. Farewell, poor careless sinners!
   I love you dearly well;
I've labored much to bring you
With Jesus Christ to dwell,
I now am bound to leave you—
    O tell me, will you go?
But if you won't decide it,
    I'll bid you all adieu!

8.  We'll bid farewell to sorrow,
    To sickness, care, and pain,
And mount aloft with Jesus
    For evermore to reign;
We'll join to sing his praises
    Above the ethereal blue,
And then, poor careless sinners
    What will become of you?
The Lone Pilgrim

Wm. Walker

The sixth verse was composed by J. J. Hicks, of North Carolina

1. I came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay,
   And pensively stood by the tomb,
   When in a low whisper I heard something say,
   How sweetly I sleep here alone!

2. The tempest may howl, and the loud thunder roar,
   And gathering storms may arise,
   Yet calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul,
   The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3. The cause of my Master compelled me from home,
   I bade my companions farewell;
   I blest my dear children, who now for me mourn—
   In far distant regions they dwell.

4. I wandered an exile and stranger from home,
   No kindred or relative nigh;
   I met the contagion, and sank to the tomb,
   My soul flew to mansions on high.
5. O tell my companion and children most dear,  
   To weep not for me now I’m gone;  
   The same hand that led me through scenes most severe,  
   Has kindly assisted me home.

6. And there is a crown that doth glitter and shine,  
   That I shall for evermore wear:  
   Then turn to the Savior, his love's all divine  
   All you that would dwell with me there.
Funeral Thought

Caldwell

On the Death of an Infant

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;
   Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
   The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
   And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom,
   (Repeat previous line).

2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
   Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
   But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee
   And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsaken.
   With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,
   But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
   And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4. Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
   When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide.
   He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Savior hath died.
The Saints Bound for Heaven

J. King
W. Walker

1. Our bondage it shall end, by and by, by and by,
   Our bondage it shall end, by and by;
   From Egypt's yoke set free;
   Hail the glorious jubilee,
   And to Canaan we'll return, by and by, by and by,
   And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

2. Our deliverer he shall come, by and by, by and by,
   Our deliverer he shall come, by and by;
   And our sorrows have an end,
   With our threescore years and ten,
   And vast glory crown the day, by and by, by and by,
   And vast glory crown the day, by and by.

3. Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on,
   Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on;
   Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
   Lo, Sinai's God is near,
   While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, we'll go on,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

4. Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on, we'll go on,
   Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on;
   Though Baca's vale be dry,
   And the land yield no supply;
   To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on, we'll go on,
   To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5. And when to Jordan's floods, we are come, we are come,
   And when to Jordan's floods, we are come;
   Jehovah rules the tide,
   And the waters he'll divide,
   And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come, we are come,
   And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come.

6. Then friends shall meet again, who have loved, who have loved,
   Then friends shall meet again, who have loved;
   Our embraces shall be sweet
   At the dear Redeemer's feet,
   When we meet to part no more, who have loved, who have loved,
   When we meet to part no more, who have love.

7. Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
   Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice;
   Shouting glory to our King,
   Till the vaults of heaven ring,
   And through all eternity we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
   And through all eternity we'll rejoice.
Sweet Affliction

1. In the floods of tribulation,
   While the billows o’er me roll,
   Jesus whispers consolation,
   And supports my fainting soul,
   Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord,
   (Repeat previous line).

2. Thus the lion yields me honey
   from the eater food is given,
   Strengthened thus, I still press forward,
   Singing as I wade to heaven:
   Sweet affliction, sweet affliction, and my sins are all forgiven,
   (Repeat previous line).

3. Mid the gloom the vivid lightning,
   With increasing brightness play
   Mid the thorn bright beauteous flowrets
   Look more beautiful and gay.
   Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord,
   (Repeat previous line).
4. So in darkest dispensations
   Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations
   To reanimate and cheer,
   Sweet affliction, sweet affliction, thus to bring my Savior near,
   (Repeat previous line).

5. Floods of tribulation brighten,
   Billows still around me roar;
Those that know not Christ ye frighten,
   But my soul defies your power.
   Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord,
   (Repeat previous line).

6. In the sacred page recorded;
   Thus the word securely stands,
Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
   Nought shall pluck thee from my hands.
   Sweet affliction, sweet affliction, every word my love demands,
   (Repeat previous line).

7. All I meet I find assist me,
   In my path to heavenly joy;
Where the trials now attend me,
   Trials never more annoy.
   Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord,
   (Repeat previous line).

8. Wearing there a weight of glory,
   Still the path I'll near forget
But exulting cry it led me
   To my blessed Savior's feet.
   Sweet affliction, sweet affliction, which has brought to Jesus' feet.
   (Repeat previous line).
1. Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies,
Thy genius commands thee, with raptures behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold:
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let crimes of the east né’er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

2. To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood, or wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them and glory attend.
A world is thy realm, for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thy empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom’s broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

3. Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind,
There, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

4. Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamped on the mind;
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

5. Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold,
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendors shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurled,
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

6. Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the town I pensively strayed,
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expired
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.
1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
   Mine ears, attend the cry;
   Ye living men, come view the ground
   Where you must shortly lie,
   (Repeat previous line twice).

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

3. Great God, is this our certain doom?
   And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
   And yet prepare no more!
(Repeat previous line twice).
   Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!
   (Repeat previous line).

4.
Grant us the power of quickening grace,
   To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
   We'll rise above the sky.
(Repeat previous line twice).
   Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.
   (Repeat previous line).
Oh Turn, Sinner

Refrain:

1. Today, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; Say, will you to Mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2. Say, will you be for ever blest, And with this glorious Jesus rest? Will you be saved from guilt and pain? Will you with Christ for ever reign?

3. Make now your choice, and halt no more; He now is waiting for the poor: Say now, poor souls, what will you do? Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

4. Ye dear young men, for ruin bound, Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound, Come, go with us, and seek to prove The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
5. Your sports, and all your glittering toys,  
   Compared with our celestial joys,  
   Like momentary dreams appear:—  
   Come, go with us—your souls are dear.

6. Young women, now we look to you,  
   Are you resolved to perish too?  
   To rush in carnal pleasures on,  
   And sink in flaming ruin down?

7. The, dear young friends, a long farewell,  
   We're bound to heaven, but you to hell.  
   Still God may hear us, while we pray,  
   And change you ere that burning day.

8. Once more I ask you, in his name;  
   (I knew his love remains the same)  
   Say, will you to Mount Zion go?  
   Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

9. Come, you that love the incarnate God,  
   And feel redemption in his blood,  
   Let's watch and pray, and onward move,  
   Till we shall meet in realms above.

   Oh! turn, sinner, turn, may the Lord help you turn—  
   Oh! turn, sinner, turn, why will you die?
The Singing Christian

1. Sometimes a light surprises
   The Christian while he sings;
   It is the Lord who rises
   With healing on his wings;
   When comforts are declining,
   He grants the soul again
   A season of clear shining,
   To cheer it after rain.

2. In holy contemplation,
   We sweetly then pursue
   The theme of God's salvation,
   And find it ever new:
   Set free from present sorrow,
   We cheerfully can say,
   Let the unknown tomorrow
   Bring with it what it may.

3. It can bring with it nothing
   But he will bear us through;
   Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
   No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
   Will give his children bread.

4. Though vine nor fig tree neither
   Their wonted fruits should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
   Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
   His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
   I cannot but rejoice.
French Broad

Wm. Walker

This song was composed by Author, in the fall of 1831, while travelling over the mountains, on French Broad River, in North Carolina and Tennessee

1. High o'er the hills the mountains rise,
Their summits tower toward the skies;
But far above them I must dwell,
Or sink beneath the flames of hell.

2. Oh, God! forbid that I should fall
And lose my everlasting all;
But may I rise on wings of love,
And soar to the blest world above.

3. Although I walk the mountains high,
Ere long my body low must lie,
And in some lonesome place must rot,
And by the living be forgot.

4. There it must lie till that great day,
When Gabriel's awful trump shall say,
Arise, the judgment day is come,
When all must hear their final doom.

5. If not prepared, then I must go
   Down to eternal pain and woe,
   With devils there I must remain,
   And never more return again.

6. But if prepared, Oh, blessed thought!
   I'll rise above the mountain's top,
   And there remain for evermore
   On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore.

7. Oh! when I think of that blest world,
   Where all God's people dwell in love,
   I oft times long with them to be
   And dwell in heaven eternally.

8. Then will I sing God's praises there,
   Who brought me through my troubles here
   I'll sing, and be forever blest,
   Find sweet and everlasting rest.
This tune was set to music by David Walker, in 1841: also the last two verses of the song are his composition.

1. Where are the Hebrew children?
   (Repeat previous line twice)
   Safe in the promised land:
   Though the furnace flamed around them,
   God while in their trouble found them;
   He with love and mercy bound them,
   Safe in the promised land.

2. Where are the twelve apostles?
   (Repeat previous line twice)
   Safe in the promised land:
   They went through the flaming fire,
   Trusting in the great Messiah,
   Holy grace did raise them higher,
   Safe in the promised land.

3. Where are the holy martyrs?
   (Repeat previous line twice)
Safe in the promised land:
Those who washed their robes, and made them
White and spotless pure, and laid them
Where no earthly stain could fade them,
Safe in the promised land.

4. Where are the holy Christians?
(Repeat previous line twice)
Safe in the promised land:
There our souls will join the chorus,
Saints and angels sing before us,
While all heaven is beaming o’er us,
Safe in the promised land.

5. By and by we'll go and meet them,
(Repeat previous line twice)
Safe in the promised land:
There we'll sing and shout together,
There we'll sing and shout hosanna,
There we'll sing and shout forever,
Safe in the promised land.

6. Glory to God Almighty,
(Repeat previous line twice)
Who called us unto him,
Who are blind by sinful nature.
Who have sinned against our Maker,
Who did send his son to save us,
Safe in the promised land.

7. Where is our blessed Savior?
(Repeat previous line twice)
Safe in the promised land:
He was scourged and crucified,
He by Romans was derided,
Thus the Lord of glory died,
To raise our souls above.
1. If God is mine, then present things,  
   And things to come, are mine;  
   Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,  
   And glory all divine.

2. If he is mine, then from his love,  
   He every trouble sends;  
   All things are working for my good,  
   And bliss his rod attends

3. If he is mine, I need not fear  
   The rage of earth and hell;  
   He will support my feeble frame,  
   Their utmost force repel.

4. If he is mine, let friends forsake,—  
   Let wealth and honors flee—  
   Sure he, who giveth me himself,  
   Is more than these to me.

5. If he is mine, I'll boldly pass  
   Through death’s tremendous vale:  
   He is a solid comfort, when  
   All other comforts fail.

6. Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.
Shepherd

1. Let party names no more
   The Christian world o’erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
   Are one in Christ, their Head.

2. Among the saints on earth
   Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the same inheritance
   With mutual blessings crowned.

3. Let envy, child of hell!
   Be banished far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
   Who the same Lord obey.

4. Thus will the church below
   Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
   And every heart is love.
PARDONING LOVE. C. M.

Wm. Walker.

1. In evil long I took delight,
   Unawed by shame or fear,
   Till a new object struck my sight,
   And stopped my wild career.
   I saw One hanging on a tree,
   In agonies and blood,
   Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
   As near his cross I stood.

2. Sure never till my latest breath
   Can I forget that look:
   It seemed to charge me with his death,
   Though not a word he spoke.
   My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
   And plunged me in despair;
   I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
   And helped to nail him there.

3. Alas! I knew not what I did!
   But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
    For I the Lord have slain!
A second look he gave, which said,
    "I freely shall forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
    I die that thou mayest live."

4. Thus, while his death my sin displays
   In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
   It seals my pardon too.
With pleasing grief and mournful joy
   My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
   Yet live by him I killed.
The Indian's Petition

This song, it is said, was composed by the son of a chief of one of the western tribes, who was sent to the City of Washington to make a treaty with the United States, which treaty was delayed for a while by some unavoidable circumstances.

1. Let me go to my home in the far distant west,
   To the scenes of my childhood, in innocence blest,
   Where the tall cedars wave, and the bright waters flow,
   Where my fathers repose, let me go, let me go,
   Where my fathers repose, oh! there let me go.

2. Let me go to the spot where the cataracts play,
   Where I often have sported in boyhood's bright day,
   And there greet my fond mother whose heart will o'erflow
   At the sight of her child, let me go, let me go,
   At the sight of her child, oh! there let me go.

3. Let me go to my sire, by whose battle scarred side
   I have sported so oft in the noon of new pride,
   And exulted to conquer the insolent foe;
   To my Father the chief, let me go, let me go,
   To my father, the chief, oh! there let me go.
4. And oh! do let me go to my flashing eyed maid,
   Who hath taught me to love 'neath the green willow's shade;
   Whose heart like the fawn leaps, and is pure as the snow:
   To the bosom I love, let me go, let me go,
   To the bosom I love, oh! there let me go.

5. And, oh! do let me go to my wild forest home,
   No more from its life cheering fond pleasures to roam
   'Neath the grove of the glen let my ashes lie low,
   To my home in the wood let me go, let me go
   To my home in the wood, oh! there let me go.
Refrain:

1. The glorious light of Zion
   Is spreading all around,
   And sinners now are hearkening
   Unto the gospel sound:

2. The standard of King Jesus
   Triumphant doth arise,
   And mourners crowd around it,
   With bitter groans and cries.

3. The suffering, bleeding Savior,
   Who died on Calvary,
   Is now proclaimed to sinners
   To set the guilty free;

4. And while the glorious message
   Was circulating round,
   Some souls, exposed to ruin,
   Redeeming love have found.

5. And of that favored number,
   I hope that I am one;
   And Christ, I trust, will finish
   The work he has begun;
6. He'll perfect it in righteousness,  
    And I shall ever be  
    A monument of mercy,  
    To all eternity.

7. I am but a young convert,  
    Who lately did enlist  
    A soldier under Jesus,  
    My Prophet, King, and Priest;

8. I have received my bounty,  
    Likewise my martial dress,  
    A ring of love and favor,  
    A robe of righteousness.

9. Now down into the water  
    Will we young converts go;  
    There went our Lord and Master  
    When he was here below;

10. We lay our sinful bodies  
    Beneath the yielding wave,  
    An emblem of the Savior,  
    When he lay in the grave.

11. Poor sinners, think what Jesus  
    Has done for you and me:  
    Behold his mangled body  
    Hung tortured on the tree!

12. His hands, his feet, his bleeding side  
    To you he doth display;—  
    Oh! tell me, brother sinner,  
    How can you stay away?

13. Come, all you elder brethren  
    Ye soldiers of the cross;  
    Who, for the sake of Jesus,  
    Have counted all things loss.
14. Come pray for us, young converts
    That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory
    Where our Redeemer’s gone.

To see the saints in glory,
    And the angels stand inviting
The angels stand inviting,
    To welcome pilgrims home.
Gospel Trumpet

1. Let every mortal ear attend,
   And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
   With an inviting voice.

2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
   That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
   To fill an empty mind:

3. Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
   A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
   The rich provision taste.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
   And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
   With springs that never dry.

5. Rivers of love and mercy here
   In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
   Like floods of milk and wine.
6. Ye perishing and naked poor,  
    Who work with mighty pain  
    To weave a garment of your own  
    That will not hide your sin;

7. Come, naked, and adorn your souls  
    In robes prepared by God,  
    Wrought by the labors of his Son,  
    And dyed in his own blood.

8. Dear God, the treasures of thy love  
    Are everlasting mines,  
    Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
    And boundless as our sins.

9. The happy gates of gospel grace  
    Stand open night and day:  
    Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
    And drive our wants away.
Nashville

1. I love the volume of thy word;
   What light and joy these leaves afford,
To souls benighted and distressed,
   Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
   Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
   And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
   That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
   And gives a free and large reward.
Hope

S.M.

1. My God, my life, my love,
   To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
   For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shining grace can cheer
   This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
   If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3. The smilings of thy face,
   How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
   And no where else but there.

4. To thee, and thee alone,
   The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
   And dwell where Jesus is.

5. Not all the harps above
   Can make a heavenly plain;
If God his presence remove,
   Oh but围绕 his face.

6. Where, oh, where is love?
   Where all my pleasures rest,
The smile where my soul doth dwell.
   And centre of my soul.

7. Thy love, my theme is love;
   Where all my pleasures rest,
The smile where my soul doth dwell.
   And centre of my soul.

8. To thee my spirit fly,
   With pious desire,
And pray how far from thee I be?
   How near Jesus now the matter.
Could make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
    Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
    Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
    Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
    And center of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly
    With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
    Dear Jesus, raise me higher.
1. How beauteous are their feet
   Who stand on Zion’s hill,
   Who bring salvation on their tongues,
   And words of peace reveal!
   How charming is their voice,
   How sweet the tidings are!
   Zion, behold thy Savior King;
   He reigns and triumphs here.

2. How happy are our ears,
   That hear the joyful sound,
   Which kings and prophets waited for,
   And sought, but never found!
   How blessed are your eyes,
   That see this heavenly light!
   Prophets and kings desired it long,
   But died without the sight.

3. The watchmen join their voice,
   And tuneful notes employ;
   Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
   Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
   Their Savior and their God.
1. Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
   One in Three and Three in One,  
   As by the celestial host,  
   Let thy will on earth be done;  
   Praise by all to thee be given,  
   Gracious Lord of earth and heaven.

2. Vilest of the sinful race,  
   Lo! I answer to thy call;  
   Meanest vessel of thy grace,  
   Grace divinely free for all;  
   Lo! I come to do thy will,  
   All thy counsel to fulfil.

3. If so poor a worm as I  
   My to thy great glory live,  
   All my actions sanctify,  
   All my words and thoughts receive;  
   Claim me for thy service, claim  
   All I have, and all I am.
4. Take my soul and body's powers;  
   Take my memory, mind and will;  
   All my goods, and all my hours;  
   All I know, and all I feel;  
   All I think, or speak, or do;  
   Take my heart, but make it new.

5. Now, O my God, thine own I am;  
   Now I give thee back thine own;  
   Freedom, friends and health and fame,  
   Consecrate to thee alone:  
   Thine I live, thrice happy I!  
   Happier still if thine I die.

6. Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
   One in Three and Three in One,  
   As by the celestial host,  
   Let thy will on earth be done;  
   Praise by all to thee be given,  
   Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.
1. Rock of ages, shelter me,
   Let me hide myself in thee;
   Let the water and the blood,
   From thy wounded side which flowed,
   Be of sin the double cure,
   Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labors of my hands
   Can fulfil thy law's demands;
   Could my zeal no respite know,
   Could my tears forever flow,
   All for sin could not atone;
   Thou must save, and thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
   Simply to thy cross I cling;
   Naked, come to thee for dress,
   Helpless, look to thee for grace,
   Black, I to the fountain fly;
   Wash me, Savior, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyestrings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
Dunlap's Creek

F. Lewis

1. My God, my portion, and my love,
   My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
   Or on this earthly ball.

2. What empty things are all the skies,
   And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
   There's nothing like my God.

3. In vain the bright, the burning sun
   Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
   If thou withdraw 'tis night.

4. And whilst upon my restless bed,
   Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
   'Tis morning with my soul.

5. To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
   And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things:
   But they are not my God.

6. How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7. Were I possessor of the earth,
    And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
    I were a wretch undone.

8. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
    And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
    And I desire no more.
Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
’Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!
1. How precious, Lord, thy sacred word;  
   What light and joy these leaves afford,  
To souls in deep distress,  
   Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
   Thy promise leads to rest.

2. Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,  
   And warn me us where our danger lies;  
But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,  
   That makes the guilty conscience clean,  
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,  
   And gives a free reward.
Holdroyd

1. Ye nations of the earth rejoice
   Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
   Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
   With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
   Doth life, and breath, and being give;
   We are his work, and not our own,
   The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,
   With praises to his courts repair,
   And make it your divine employ
   To pay your thanks and honors there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
   Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
   And the whole race of man shall find
   His truth from age to age endure.
On the mountain's top appearing,
    Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
    Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
    God himself shall loose thy bands,
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

Lo! thy sun is risen in glory,
    God himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
    Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
    Zion's King vouchsafes to send,
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

Enemies no more shall trouble,
    All thy wrongs shall be redressed,
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
    In thy Maker's favor blest;
All thy conflicts
    End in an eternal rest
(Repeat previous 2 lines)
Rochester

1. Ye trembling captives hear!
   The gospel trumpet sounds,
   No music more can charm the ear,
   Or heal thy heartfelt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war,
   Nor Sinai's awful roar,
   Salvation's news it spreads afar,
   And vengeance is no more.
1. Ye trembling captives hear!
   The gospel trumpet sounds,
   No music more can charm the ear,
   Or heal thy heartfelt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war,
   Nor Sinai's awful roar,
   Salvation's news it spreads afar,
   And vengeance is no more.
1. Come, sound his name abroad,
   And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
   The universal King.

2. He formed the deeps unknown;
   He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
   And all the solid ground.

3. Come, worship at his throne,
   Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
   He formed us by his word.

4. Today attend his voice,
   Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
   And own your gracious God.

5. But if your ears refuse
   The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
   That unbelieving race;

6. The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promised rest
shall have no portion there."
1. To God our voices let us raise,
   And loudly chant the joyful strain;
   That rock of strength oh let us praise!
   Whence free salvation we obtain.

2. Let all who now his goodness feel,
   Come near and worship at his throne
   Before the Lord, their Maker, kneel,
   And bow in adoration down.
Aylesbury

Chetham

1. And am I born to die?
   To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
   Into a world unknown,

2. A land of deepest shade,
   Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
   Where all things are forgot?

3. Soon as from earth I go,
   What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
   Must then my portion be:

4. Waked by the trumpet’s sound,
   I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
   And see the flaming skies!

5. How shall I leave my tomb?
   With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
   A curse or blessing meet?
6. Will angel bands convey 
   Their brother to the bar? 
   Or devils drag my soul away, 
   To meet its sentence there?

7. Who can resolve the doubt 
   That tears my anxious breast? 
   Shall I be with the damned cast out, 
   Or numbered with the blest?

8. I must from God be driven, 
   Or with my Savior dwell; 
   Must come at his command to heaven, 
   Or else—depart to hell!
Joy to the World

C.M.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
   Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
   And heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
   Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
   Repeat the sounding joy.
1. How pleased and blessed was I,
   To hear the people cry,
   "Come, let us seek our God today;"
   Yes with a cheerful zeal,
   We haste to Zion's hill,
   And there our vows and honors pay,
   (Repeat previous line).

2. Zion, thrice happy place,
   Adorned with wondrous grace,
   And walls of strength embrace thee round
   In thee our tribes appear,
   To pray, and praise, and hear
   The sacred gospel's joyful sound,
   (Repeat previous line).

3. There David's greater Son
   Has fixed his royal throne:
   He sits for grace and judgment there
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear,
(Repeat previous line).

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest,
(Repeat previous line)!

5. My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well,
(Repeat previous line).
1. How long, dear Jesus, oh! how long
   Shall that bright hour delay;
   Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
   And bring the promised day,
   (Repeat previous line).
1. Shall wisdom cry aloud,
   And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
   Deserves it no regard?

2. "I was his chief delight,
   His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
   Creation was begun.

3. "Before the flying clouds,
   Before the solid land,
Before the fields before the floods
   I dwelt at his right hand.

4. "When he adorned the skies,
   And built them, I was there
To order when the sun should rise,
   And marshal every star

5. "When he poured out the sea,
   And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree
   In its own bounds to keep.

6. "Upon the empty air
The earth was balanced well;
With joy I saw the mansion where
  The sons of men should dwell.

7. "My busy thoughts at first
   On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam’s dust
   Was fashioned to a man.

8. "Then come, receive my grace,
   Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
   The man that shuns them dies."
Sprague

Arranged from J. Smith
J. Smith

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise
   Within the veil, and see
   The saints above, how great their joys,
   How bright their glories be,

2. Once they were mourners here below,
   And wet the couch with tears;
   They wrestled hard, as we do now,
   With sins, and doubts, and fears,
Arlington

Dr. Arne

1. And must I be to judgment brought,
   And answer in that day
   For every vain and idle thought,
   And every word I say?

2. Yes, every secret of my heart
   Shall shortly be made known,
   And I receive my just desert
   For all that I have done.

3. How careful, then, ought I to live,
   With what religious fear!
   Who such a strict account must give
   For my behavior here.

4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
   The watchful power bestow;
   So shall I to my ways take heed,
   To all I speak or do.

5. If now thou standest at the door,
   O let me feel thee near;
   And make my peace with God, before
   I at the thy bar appear.
Morning Worship

1. How sweet the melting lay
   Which breaks upon the ear,
   When, at the hour of rising day,
   Christians unite in prayer.

2. The breezes waft their cries
   Up to Jehovah's throne;
   He listens to their heaving sighs,
   And sends his blessing down.

3. So Jesus rose to pray
   Before the morning light,
   Or on the chilling mount did stay,
   And wrestle all the night.

4. Glory to God on high,
   Who sends his blessings down,
   To rescue souls condemned to die,
   And make his people one.
My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the bliss harps above
Could make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
   Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
   Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
   Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
   And center of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly
   With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
   Dear Jesus, raise me higher.
Portugal

1. How pleasant, how divinely fair,
   O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
   With strong desire my spirit faints
   To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode,
   My panting heart cries out for God;
   My God! my King! why should I be
   So far 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 that sit on high,
   Around thy throne of majesty;
   Thy brightest glories shine above,
   And all their work is praise and love.

5. Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
Here 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 heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.
1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
   Thus far his power prolongs my days;
   And every evening shall make known
   Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste,
   And I, perhaps, am near my home;
   But he forgives my follies past,
   And gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep;
   Peace is the pillow for my head;
   While well appointed angels keep
   Their watchful stations round my bed.

4. In vain the sons of earth or hell
   Tell me a thousand frightful things;
   My God in safety makes me dwell
   Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5. Thus, when the night of death shall come,
   My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
   And wait thy voice to rouse my the tomb,
   With sweet salvation in the sound.
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   Thus far his power prolongs my days;
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   Some fresh memorial of his grace.

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   My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
   And wait thy voice to rouse my the tomb,
   With sweet salvation in the sound.
The Narrow Way

Rev. Andrew Grambling

1. Come ye who know the Lord indeed,
   Who are from sin and bondage freed,
   Submit to all the ways of God
   And walk the narrow happy road.

2. Great tribulation you shall meet,
   But soon shall walk the golden street;
   Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
   Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3. That awful day will soon appear,
   When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
   Sound through the earth yea down to hell,
   To call the nations great and small.

4. To see the earth in burning flames,
   The trumpet louder here proclaims,
   "The world shall hear and know her doom,
   The separation now is come."
5. Behold the righteous marching home,
   And all the angels bid them come;
   While Christ, the judge, with joy proclaims,
   "Here come my saints, I'll own their names."

6. Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
   Make ready to receive my bride;
   Ye trumps of heaven proclaim abroad,
   "Here comes the purchase of my blood."

7. In grandeur see the royal line
   In glittering robes the sun outshine;
   See saints and angels join in one
   And march in splendor to the throne

8. They stand and wonder, and look on—
   They join in one eternal song,
   Their great Redeemer to admire,
   While raptures set their souls on fire.
The Penitent's Prayer

Scottish

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

2. See, low before thy throne of grace,
   A wretched wanderer mourn;
   Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
   Hast thou not said—return?

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

4. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
   Without one cheering ray;
   Through dangers, fears and gloomy night,
   How desolate my way!

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

1. My dearest, lovely, native land,
   Where peace and pleasure grow,
   Where joy, with fairest softest hand,
   Wipes off the tears of woe;
   Thy Sabbath’s laws, and happy shores,
   And name I love them well,
   And looking o’er those richest stores,
   How can I say farewell?
Duke Street

Hutton

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
   We walk through deserts dark as night,
   Till we arrive at heaven our home,
   Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well supplies;
   She makes the pearly gates appear;
   Far into distant worlds she pries,
   And brings eternal glories near.

3. Cheerful we tread the desert through,
   While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
   Though lions roar and tempests blow
   And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4. So Abraham, by divine command,
   Left his own house to walk with God;
   Hid faith beheld the promised land,
   And fired his zeal along the road.
1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
   My voice ascending high:
   To thee will I direct my prayer,
   To thee lift up mine eye:

2. Thou art a God, before whose sight
   The wicked shall not stand;
   Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
   Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3. But to thy house will I resort,
   To taste thy mercies there;
   I will frequent thy holy court,
   And worship in thy fear.

4. O may thy Spirit guide my feet
   In ways of righteousness;
   Make every path of duty straight,
   And plain before my face.
Ripley

Arranged by L. Mason

From Gregorian Chant

L. Mason

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
   All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
   Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Let the world neglect and leave me,
   They have left my Savior, too;
Human hopes have oft deceived me;
   Thou art faithful, thou art true;

2. Perish earthly fame and treasure!
   Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
   With thy favor, loss is gain.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
   While thy bleeding love I see,
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
   When that love is hid from me.
Winter

Reed

1. His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
   Descend and clothe the ground,
   The liquid streams forbear to flow,
   In icy fetters bound.
This World Is Not My Home

Rev. Mr. Gamewell
As sung by
Refrain:

1. When I can read my title clear
   To mansions in the skies,
   I'll bid farewell to every fear,
   And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
   And fiery darts be hurled,
   Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
   And face 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 heaven, my all:

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
   In seas of heavenly rest,
   And not a wave of trouble roll
   Across my peaceful breast.

This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world's a wilderness of owe,
But heaven is my home.
1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
   Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
   Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
   Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
   Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
   Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
   "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
   Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
   Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
   Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.
GLASGOW. L. M.

1. This life's a dream, an empty show,
   But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
   When shall I wake, when shall I wake and find me there.
1. Let every creature join
to praise the eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
(Repeat previous line),
And sound his name abroad.
Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine on your maker's praise
(Repeat previous 2 lines).

2. He built those worlds above
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
(Repeat previous line),
And ever speak his name.
Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.
3. Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
   Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
   (Repeat previous line),
To execute his word.
   By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
   But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).

4. Let earth and ocean know
   They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
   (Repeat previous line),
And monsters of the seas.
   From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
   From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).

5. Ye lions of the wood,
   And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
   (Repeat previous line),
And he expects your praise.
   Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
   Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker’s glory there.
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).

6. Ye creeping ants and worms,
   His various wisdom show,
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
(Repeat previous line),
Praise him that dressed you so.
By all the earth born race
His honors be expressed:
But saints that know his heavenly grace
Should learn to praise him best.
(Repeat previous 2 lines).

7. Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye the eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand
(Repeat previous line),
Whence all your honors spring.
Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and withering age,
their feeble voices try.
(Repeat previous 2 lines).

8. United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord: his name alone
(Repeat previous line),
Deserves our endless praise.
Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.
(Repeat previous 2 lines).
Weary Pilgrim's Consolation

C. H. Pare

1. How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me
   In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
   Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
   And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
   Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
   My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
   I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
   And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
   Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
   The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
   In loud hallelujah their voices will raise;
   Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
   My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
   All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
   Who brought us, through grace to the Eden of love.

3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love.
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation
My heart's now in heaven the Eden of love.
Coronation

Holden

This tune was a great favourite with the late Dr. Dwight. It was often sung by the College Choir, while he, "catching, as it were, the inspiration of the heavenly world, would join them and lead them with the most ardent devotion."—Incidents in the Life of President Dwight, p. 26.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
   Let angels prostrate fall;
   Bring forth the royal diadem,
   And crown him Lord of all,
   (Repeat last 2 lines)

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God
   Who from his altar call;
   Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
   And crown him Lord of all.
   (Repeat last 2 lines)

3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
   A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
   And crown him Lord of all.
(Repeat last 2 lines)

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
   The wormwood and the gall;
   Go, spread your trophies at his feet
   And crown him Lord of all.
(Repeat last 2 lines)

5. Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
   Who feel your sin and thrall,
   Now join with all the hosts above,
   And crown him Lord of all.
(Repeat last 2 lines)

6. Let every kindred, every tribe
   On this terrestrial ball,
   To him all majesty ascribe,
   And crown him Lord of all.
(Repeat last 2 lines)

7. O that, with yonder sacred throng,
   We at his feet may fall!
   We'll join the everlasting song,
   And crown him Lord of all.
(Repeat last 2 lines)
Milledgeville

Original parts from Rev. A. Grambling

Rev. A. Grambling

1. O for a closer walk with God,
   A calm and heavenly frame;
   A light to shine upon the road
   That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
   When first I saw the Lord?
   Where is the soul refreshing view
   Of Jesus and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
   How sweet their memory still!
   But they have left and aching void
   The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
   Sweet messenger of rest!
   I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
   And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
   Whate’er that idol be,
   Help me to tear it from thy throne,
   And worship only thee.
So shall my walk be close with God,
   Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
   That leads me to the Lamb.
Rockingham [2]

Chapin

1. Come, happy souls, approach your God
   With new melodious songs;
   Come, tender to Almighty grace
   The tributes of your tongues.

2. So strange, so boundless was the love
   That pitied dying men,
   The Father sent his equal Son
   To give him life again.

3. Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
   With a revenging rod:
   No hard commission to perform
   The vengeance of a God.

4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
   And wrath forsook the throne,
   When Christ on the kind errand came,
   And brought salvation down.

5. Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
   And wipe your sorrows dry;
   Trust in the mighty Savior’s name,
   And you shall never die.
6. See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
   Accept thine offered grace,
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
   And give the Father praise.
The Trumpeters

Parts by Rev. McCloud, Parts by W. Walker
Rev. Mr. McCloud
Wm. Walker

1. Hark! listen to the trumpeters!
   They sound for volunteers!
   On Zion's bright and flowery mount
   Behold the officers—
   Their horses white, their garments bright
   With crown and bow they stand,
   Enlisting soldiers for their King,
   To march for Canaan's land.

2. It sets my heart all in a flame;
   A soldier I will be;
   I will enlist, gird on my arms,
   And fight for liberty.
   They want no cowards in their band,
   (They will their colors fly,)
   But call for valiant hearted men,
   Who're not afraid to die.
3. The armies now are in parade,
   How martial they appear!
All armed and dressed in uniform,
   They look like men of war.
They follow their great General,
   The great Eternal Lamb
His garments stained with his own blood,
   King Jesus is his name.

4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
   And drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms!
   The great Immanuel!—
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ
   The eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
   Beyond the swelling flood.

5. there is a green and flowery field,
   Where fruits immortal grow;
There, clothed in white, the angels bright
   Our great Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore
   In that eternal world;
But Satan and his armies too,
   Shall down to hell be hurled.

6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
   Redemption's drawing nigh
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
   'Twill shake both earth and sky;
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
   And leave the world on fire
And meet around the starry throne
   To tune the immortal lyre.
Long Sought Home

Wilham Bobo

Refrain:

1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
   Oh how I long for thee!
   When will my sorrows have an end?
   Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Thy walls are all of precious stone,
   Most glorious to behold!
   Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
   Thy streets are paved with gold.

3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,
   My study long have been;
   Such sparkling light, by human sight,
   Has never yet been seen.

4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
   Why should I stay from thence:
   What folly 'tis that I should dread
   To die and go from hence!

5. Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,
   And cause me to ascend
   Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6. Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone;  
   Him will I go and see;  
   And all my brethren, here below,  
   Will soon come after me.

7. My friends, I bid you all adieu!  
   I leave you in God's care;  
   And if I never more see you,  
   Go on,—I'll meet you there.

8. There we shall meet and no more part,  
   And heaven shall ring with praise;  
   While Jesus' love, in every heart,  
   Shall tune the song free grace.

9. And if our fellowship below  
   In Jesus be so sweet,  
   What heights of rapture shall we know  
   When round the throne we meet!

10. Millions of years around may run—  
    Our songs shall still go on,  
    To praise the Father and the Son,  
    And Spirit, Three in One.

   Home, sweet home, my long sought home,  
   My home in heaven above.
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
4. Come, ye weary heavy laden,
   Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you’re better,
   You will never come at all;
   Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. View him prostrate in the garden,
   On the ground your Savior lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
   Hear him cry before he dies,
   "It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6. Lo! the incarnate God ascending,
   Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
   Let no other trust intrude:
   None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7. Saints and angels, joined in concert,
   Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
   Sweetly echo with his name.
   Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.
Mercy's Free

Leonard P. Breedlove

1. What is this that in my soul is rising?
   Is it grace? Is it grace?
   Which makes me keep for mercy crying,
   Is it grace? Is it grace?
   This work that's in my soul begun,
   It makes me strive all sin to shun,
   It plants my soul beneath the sun,
   Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

2. Great God of love, I can but wonder,
   Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
   Though I've no price at all to tender,
   Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
   Though mercy's free, our God is just,
   And if a soul should ere be lost,
   This will torment the sinner most,
   Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

3. Swell, O swell the heavenly chorus,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
The devil's kingdom falls before us,
    Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
Sinners, repent, inquire the road
That leads to glory and to God,
Come, wash in Christ's atoning blood,
    Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

4.
This truth through all our life shall cheer us,
    Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And through the vale of death shall bear us,
    Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And when to Jordan's banks we come,
And cross the raging billow's foam,
We'll sing, when safely landed home,
    Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
When I Am Gone

M. H. Turner

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
   When I am gone, when I am gone:
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear,
   When I am gone, when I am gone:
Weep not for me as you stand round my grave,
   Think who has died his beloved to save,
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall wear,
   When I am gone, when I am gone.

2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in prayer,
   When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see,
   When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain,
   Sing to the Lamb who in heaven doth reign,
Sing till the earth shall be filled with his name,
   When I am gone, when I am gone.

3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave,
   When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing a sweet song, such as angels may have,
    When I am gone, when I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I’m freed from all care,
    Pray ye the Lord that my joys you shall share,
Look up on high and believe that I’m there,
    When I am gone, when I am gone.

When I Am Gone
All Is Well

J. T. White

1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame!
   Is it death? is it death?
   That soon will quench, will quench this mortal flame.
   Is it death? is it death?
   If this be death, I soon shall be
   From every pain and sorrow free,
   I shall the King of glory see.
   All is well! All is well!

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends weep not for me,
   All is well! All is well!
   My sins forgiven, forgiven, and I am free,
   All is well! All is well!
   There's not a cloud that soon shall be
   From every pain and sorrow free,
   I shall the King of glory see.
   All is well! All is well!

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints on high,
   All is well! All is well!
I too will strike my harp with equal joy,
   All is well! All is well!
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
   All is well! All is well!

4. Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice,
   Calls away, Calls away!
I soon shall see—enjoy my happy choice,
   Why delay, Why delay!
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view,
   All is well! All is well!

5. Hail! hail! all hail! all hail! ye blood washed throng,
   Saved by grace, Saved by grace—
I come to join your rapturous song,
   Saved by grace, Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb!
   All is well! All is well!
Eltham

L. Mason

From the *Carmina Sacra*

1. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
   When, beneath Messiah's sway,
   Every nation, every clime,
   Shall the gospel call obey.
   Mightiest kings his power shall own;
   Heathen tribes his name adore;
   Satan and his host o'erthrown,
   Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2. Then shall wars and tumults cease,
   Then be banished grief and pain;
   Righteousness and joy and peace,
   Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
   Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
   Ever praise his glorious name;
   All his mighty acts record,
   All his wondrous love proclaim.
The Young Convert

S. Hill

1. When converts first begin to sing,
   Wonder, wonder, wonder,
   Their happy souls are on the wing,
   Glory, hallelujah.
   Their theme is all redeeming love—
   Glory, hallelujah!
   Fain would they be with Christ above,
   Sing glory, hallelujah!

2. They wonder why old saints don’t sing,
   Wonder, wonder, wonder;
   And make God’s earthly temples ring,
   Glory, hallelujah!
   They view themselves upon the shore—
   Glory, hallelujah!
   And think the battle all is o’er,
   Sing, glory, hallelujah!

3. The Bible now appears so plain,
   Wonder, wonder wonder,
They wonder they should read in vain,
   Glory, hallelujah!
The air is all perfumed with love,
   Glory hallelujah!
And earth appears like heaven above.
   Sing, glory, hallelujah!
Eden of Love

1. How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me
   In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
   Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
   And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
   Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
   My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
   I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
   And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
   Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
   The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
   In loud hallelujah their voices will raise;
   Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
   My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
   All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
   Who brought us, through grace to the Eden of love.

3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
   Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
   And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love.
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await me when freed from probation
 My heart's now in heaven the Eden of love.
The Shepherd's Star

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

2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
   Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
   Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
   Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
   Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
   Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
   Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
5. Low at his feet we in humble prostration,
   Lose all our sorrow and trouble and strife;
   There we receive his divine consolation,
   Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

6. He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
   Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail;
   Rock of our refuge, and hope of salvation,
   Light to direct us through death’s gloomy vale.

7. Star of the morning, thy brightness, declining,
   Shortly must fade when the sun doth arise:
   Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal
   Shines on the children of love in the skies.
1. Precious Bible, what a treasure,
   Does the word of God afford!
   All I want for life or pleasure,
   Food or medicine, shield or sword.
   Let the world account me poor,
   Having this, I want no more.

2. Food to which the world's a stranger,
   Here my hungry soul enjoys;
   Of excess there is no danger,
   Though it fills, it never cloys.
   On a dying Christ I feed,
   He is meat and drink indeed.
1. People of the living God,
   I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
   Peace and comfort nowhere found;
Now to you my spirit turns,
   Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
   Oh! receive me into rest.
Condescension

1. How condescending and how kind
   Was God's eternal son!
   Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
   And pity brought him down.

2. When justice, by our sins provoked,
   Drew forth its dreadful sword,
   He gave his soul up to the stroke,
   Without a murmuring word.
Sweet Heaven

Refrain:

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
   He whom I fix my hopes upon;
   His track I see, and I'll pursue
   The narrow way, till him I view.

2. The way the holy prophets went,
   The road that leads from banishment,
   The King's highway of holiness,
   I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

O heaven, sweet heaven, I long for thee! O when shall I get there?
Travelling Pilgrim

Refrain:

1. Farewell! vain world, I’m going home,
   Where there's no more stormy clouds arising;
   My Savior smiles, and bids me come
   Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.

2. Sweet angels beckon me away,
   Where there's no more stormy clouds arising;
   To sing God's praise in endless day,
   Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.

To the land, to the land, to the land I am bound,
Where there's no more stormy clouds arising.
Long Time Ago

1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain,  
   Long time ago,  
   And salvation's rolling fountain,  
   Now freely flows!

2. Once his voice in tones of pity,  
   Melted in woe,  
   And he wept o'er Judah's city,  
   Long time ago.

3. On his head the dews of midnight,  
   Fell, long ago,  
   Now a crown of dazzling sunlight  
   Sits on his brow.

4. Jesus died—yet lives forever,  
   No more to die—  
   Bleeding Jesus, blessed Savior,  
   Now reigns on high!

5. Now in heaven he's interceding  
   For dying men,  
   Soon he'll finish all his pleading,  
   And come again.

6. Budding fig trees tell that summer
Dawns o’er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus’ coming,
   Is near at hand.

7.   Children, let your lights be burning,
       In hope of heaven.
    Waiting for our Lord’s returning
       At dawn or even.

8.   When he comes a voice from heaven
       Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,
       Children, come home."
Contented Soldier

Wm. Walker

Refrain:

1. I've listed in the holy war,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Content to suffer soldier's fare,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

2. The banner o'er my head is love,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
I draw my rations from above,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

3. I've fought through many a battle sore,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And I must fight through many more,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

4. I take my breastplate, sword, and shield,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And boldly march into the field,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

5. The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Unite and strive what they can do;
Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

6. On thee, O Lord, I humbly call,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Uphold me or my soul must fall,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

7. I've listed, and I mean to fight
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Till all my foes are put to flight;
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

8. And when the victory I have won,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
I'll give the praise to God alone,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

9. Come, fellow Christians, join with me,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Come, face the foe, and never flee,
   Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

10. The heavenly battle is begun,
    Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Come, take the field, and win the crown,
    Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

11. With listing orders I have come;
    Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Come rich, come poor, come old or young,
    Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

12. Here's grace's bounty, Christ hath given,
    Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven:
    Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

13. Our General he is gone before.
    Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
And you may draw on grace's store.
    Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
14. But, if you will not list and fight,
    Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
You'll sink into eternal night;
    Till the warfare is over, hallelujah!

    Crying amen, shout on till the warfare is over, hallelujah!
Refrain:

1. Christian, see the orient morning
   Breaks along the heathen sky;
   Lo! the expected day is dawning,
   Glorious dayspring from on high

2. Heathens at the sight are singing,
   Morning wakes their tuneful lays;
   Precious offerings they are bringing,
   Firstfruits of more perfect days.

3. Zion's sun, salvation beaming,
   Gilding now the radiant hills,
   Rise and shine till brighter gleaming,
   All the world thy glory fills.

4. Then the valleys and the mountains,
   Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;
   Then the living crystal fountain
   From the thirsty ground shall spring.
5. While the wilderness rejoices,
   Roses shall the desert cheer;
   Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
   Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.

6. Lord of every tribe and nation,
   Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
   Spread the light of thy salvation
   Till it shines on every soul.

   Hallelujah! Hail the dayspring from on high!
Antioch

Arranged from Handle
From the *Carmina Sacra*

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
   Let earth receive her King;
   Let every heart prepare him room,
   And heaven and nature sing.
   (Repeat previous line)
   And heaven, And heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
   Let men their songs employ;
   While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
   Repeat the sounding joy.
   (Repeat previous line)
   Repeat, Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sin and sorrow grow,
   Nor thorns infest the ground;
   He comes to make his blessings flow
   Far as the curse is found.
(Repeat previous line)
    Far as, Far as the curse is found.

4.  He rules the world with truth and grace,
    And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
    And wonders of his love.
(Repeat previous line)
    And wonders, And wonders of his love.
Benevento

S. Webbe

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun
   Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
   Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
   They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
   But how little, none can know.
Jordan's Shore

J. T. White

Psalmist, Hymn 1173

Repeat after each line:

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

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

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

4. No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
   Can reach that healthful shore;
   Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,

C.M.
Are felt and feared no more.

5. When shall I reach that happy place,
   And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
   And in his bosom rest?

6. Filled with delight, my raptured soul
   Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
   I'd fearless launch away.

On the other side of Jordan, Hallelujah!
Immensity

Caldwell

1. There is a world we have not seen,
   That time shall never dare destroy,
   Where mortal footstep hath not been,
   Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy:
   There is a region lovelier far
   Than angels tell or people sing,
   Brighter than summer’s beauties are,
   And softer than the tints of spring.

2. There is a world, and oh! how blest,
   Fairer than prophets ever told,
   And never did an angel guest
   One half its blessedness unfold:
   It is all holy and serene,
   The land of glory and repose;
   And there, to dim the radiant scene,
   The tear of sorrow never flows.

3. It is not fanned by summer gale;
   ’Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;

Immensity
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
   For there are known no evening hours:
No, for this world is ever bright
   With a pure radiance all its own;
The stream of uncreated light
   Flows round it from the eternal throne.

4. There forms that mortals may not see,
   Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
   Move with unutterable grace:
In vain the philosophic eye
   May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky:
   It is the dwelling place of God.
Behold the Lamb of God

T. K. Collins
As sung by Mr. T. K. Collins, Arr'd by Wm. Houser
Wm. Houser

1. Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
   On the cross, on the cross!
   He sheds for you his precious blood
   On the cross, on the cross!
   O hear his all important cry,
   "Eli, lama sabachthani;"
   Draw near and see your Savior die
   On the cross, on the cross!

2. Behold his arms extended wide
   On the cross, on the cross!
   Behold his bleeding hands and side
   On the cross, on the cross!
   The sun withhold his rays of light,
   The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
   While Jesus doth with devils fight
   On the cross, on the cross!
3. Come, sinners, see him lifted up  
   On the cross, on the cross!  
For you he drinks the bitter cup  
   On the cross, on the cross!  
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,  
   While Jesus doth atonement make,  
While Jesus suffers for our sake  
   On the cross, on the cross!

4. And now the mighty deed is done  
   On the cross, on the cross!  
The battle's fought, the victory's won  
   On the cross, on the cross!  
To heaven he turns his dying eyes;  
   'Tis finished! now the Conqueror cries;  
Then bows his sacred head and dies  
   On the cross, on the cross!

5. Where'er I go I'll tell the story  
   Of the cross, of the cross!  
Of nothing else my soul shall glory  
   Save the cross, save the cross!  
Yea, this my constant theme shall be  
   Through time and in eternity,  
That Jesus tasted death for me  
   On the cross, on the cross!

6. Let every mourner rise and cling,  
   To the cross, to the cross!  
Let every Christian come and sing,  
   Round the cross, round the cross!  
There let the preacher take his stand,  
   And, with the Bible in his hand,  
Declare the triumphs through the land,  
   Of the cross, of the cross!
1. Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,  
   Which oft have delighted my heart,  
   I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,  
   For joys that shall never depart.

2. Thou Lord of the day, and thou Queen of the night,  
   To me ye no longer are known,  
   I soon shall behold with increasing delight,  
   A sun that shall never go down.

3. Ye wonderful orbs that astonish my eyes  
   Your glories recede from my sight,  
   I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,  
   And stars more resplendently bright.

4. Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers and plains,  
   Thou earth and thou ocean, adieu!  
   More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,  
   Present their bright hills to my view.

5. My loved habitation and gardens adieu,
No longer my footsteps ye greet,
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.
1. His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
   Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
   The air is perfumed with his breath.
His lips as the fountain of righteousness flow,
   That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
   And bask in the smiles of his face.

2. O! thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
   On whom, in affliction, I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
   My hope, my salvation, my all—
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
   To feed on the pastures of love?
Say why in the valley of death should I weep,
   Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3. O! why should I wander an alien from thee,
   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 you seen
    The Star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
    And where, with his flock, he is gone?

4. "What is thy Beloved, thou dignified fair?
    What excellent beauties has he?
His charms and perfections be pleased to declare,
    That we may embrace him with thee."
This is my Beloved, his form is divine;
    His vestments shed odor around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
    When autumn with plenty is crowned.

5. The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
    In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
    And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
His voice as the sound of the dulcimer, sweet,
    Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
    The air is perfumed with his breath.
Christian Prospect

Wm. Walker

1. We have our trials here below;
   O, glory, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).
   There's a better day coming, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous line).

2. A few more beating winds and rains,
   O, glory, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).
   And winter will be over, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous line).

3. A few more rising and setting suns,
   O, glory, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).
   And we'll all cross over Jordan, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous line).

4. I feel no ways like getting tired,
   O, glory, hallelujah!
5. I hope to get there by and by,
   O, glory, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).
   For my home is over Jordan, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous line).

6. I have some friends before me gone,
   O, glory, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).
   By and by I'll go and meet them, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous line).

7. I'll meet them round our Father's throne,
   O, glory, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).
   And we'll live with God forever, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous line).

8. O! how it lifts my soul to think,
   O, glory, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).
   Of soon meeting in the kingdom, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous line).

9. Our God will wipe all tears away,
   O, glory, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous 2 lines).
   When we all arrive at Canaan, hallelujah!
   (Repeat previous line).
Remember Me

L. J. Jones

Refrain:

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

   Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
   And then remember me.
Intercession

T. C. Moffett

1. The Lord is risen indeed,
   And are the tidings true?
   Yes, we beheld the Savior bleed,
   And saw him living too.

2. The Lord is risen indeed,
   Then hell has lost his prey,
   With him is risen the ransom seed,
   To reign in endless day.

3. The Lord is risen indeed,
   Attending angels hear;
   Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
   The joyful tidings bear.

4. Then make your golden lyres,
   And strike each cheerful chord;
   Join all ye bright, celestial choirs,
   To sing our risen Lord.
1. Far from mortal cares retreating,
   Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
   Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
   Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming,
   Peace and pardon from the skies.

2. Who shall share this great salvation?
   Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
   From the stains of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
   God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
   From the fountain of his throne.
Refrain:

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
   He whom I fix my hopes upon;
   His track I see, and I'll pursue
   The narrow way, till him I view.

2. This is the way I long have sought,
   And mourned because I found it not;
   My grief a burden long has been,
   Because I was not saved from sin.

3. The more I strove against its power,
   I felt its weight and guilt the more;
   Till late I heard my Savior say,
   "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
   Hallelujah! I love the Lord:
   This note above all others raise,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
Our Journey Home

L. J. Jones

Refrain:

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
   Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
   Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
   Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
   Mount of thy 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,
   Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
   Interposed his precious blood.

3. O to grace how great a debtor
   That sav'd such a wretch as I!
Is it for deeds of love and grace
   That thy dear name was sweet to me?
O to grace how great a debtor
   I'll ever be, my soul to Thee.
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
    Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
    Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
    Seal it from thy courts above.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
    We are on our journey home;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
    Jesus smiles and bids us come.
Missionary Farewell

Wm. Walker

1. Yes, my native land, I love thee,
   All thy scenes I love them well;
   Friends, connections, happy country;
   Can I bid you all farewell;
   Can I leave you, Can I leave you,
   Far in heathen lands to dwell;
   (Repeat previous 2 lines)

2. Home! thy joys are passing lovely!
   Joys no stranger heart can tell!
   Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
   Can I, can I say farewell?
   Can I leave thee, can I leave thee,
   Far in heathen lands to dwell;
   (Repeat previous 2 lines)

3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
   Holy days and Sabbath bell.
   Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
   Can I leave you, Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell;
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
   From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
   Lovely, native land, farewell!
   Pleased I leave thee, Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell;
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

5. In the deserts let me labor,
   On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Savior—
   To redeem a world from hell!
   Let me hasten, Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell;
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
   Let the winds my canvas swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
   While I go far hence do dwell.
   Glad I leave thee, Glad I leave thee,
Native land, Farewell! Farewell!
(Repeat previous 2 lines)
Arranged by Rev. George Coles
From Russell's *Mind of the Winter Night*

Rev. George Coles

1. Thou art passing away, thou art passing away,
Thy life has been brief as a midsummer day;
Thy forehead is pale, and thy pulses are low,
And thy once blooming cheek wears the ominous glow.

2. Thou art passing away from the beautiful earth,
Thy much loved abode, and the land of thy birth;
From its forests and fields—from its murmuring rills,
From its beautiful plains and its herbage crowned hills.

3. Thou art passing away from thy kindred and friends,
And the last chain that bound thee, the spoiler now rends;
And thy last tones are falling on loves listening ear,
And now in thine eye shines the fond, parting tear.

4. Thou art passing away, as the first summer rose,
That awaits not the time when the winter wind blows,
But hasteth away on the autumn’s quick gale,
And scatters its odors o’er mountain and dale.

5. The light of thy beauty has faded and gone,  
   For the withering chills have already come on;  
   Thy charms have departed—thy glory is fled;  
   And thou soon wilt be laid in the house of the dead.

6. Thou shalt soon be consigned to the cold, dreary tomb,  
   The lot of all living—mortality’s doom:  
   Thou shalt there sweetly rest in the calmest repose,  
   Undisturbed by life’s cares, and unpierced by its owes.

7. "Who, who would live always away from his God?  
   Away from yon heaven, the blissful abode,  
   where the rivers of pleasure flow o’er the bright plains,  
   And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?"
Olive Shade

Col. Daniel Smith

1. Father, who in the olive shade,
   When the dark hour came on,
   Didst with a breath of heavenly aid,
   Strengthen thy son;

2. Oh, by the anguish of that night,
   Send us down blest relief,
   Or to the chastened let thy might
   Hallow this grief.

3. And thou that, when the starry sky,
   Saw the dread strife begun,
   Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
   Thy will be done.

4. By thy meek spirit, then of all,
   That e’er have mourned the chief,
   Blest Savior, if the stroke must fall,
   Hallow this grief.
Billings

1. Lord of the worlds above,
   How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
   Thine earthly temples are;
To thine abode my heart aspires,
   With warm desires, to see my God.

2. The sparrow for her young,
   With pleasure seeks her nest;
And wandering swallows long
   To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints with equal zeal,
   To rise and dwell among thy saints.

3. O happy souls, that pray
   Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
   Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they,
   That love the way to Zion's hill.
Come, Ye Disconsolate [2]

Swan

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where’er ye languish;
   Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
   Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
   Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
   Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
   Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
   "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
   Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
   Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
   Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.
Tender Care

P. M. Atchley

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Unnumbered comforts to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
Greenland

Swan

1. Why should I be affrighted
   At pestilence and war,
   The fiercer be the tempest,
   The sooner it is o’er
   (Repeat previous line twice)
   (Repeat previous 2 lines)

2. With Jesus in the vessel,
   The billows rise in vain,
   They only will convey me
   To yon Elysian plains,
   (Repeat previous line twice)
   (Repeat previous 2 lines)

3. This world is full of dangers,
   And foes that press me hard;
   But Jesus he has promised
   That he will be my guard.
4. Here I shall not be tempted
   Above what I can bear,
When fightings are exerted,
   His kingdom for to share.
(Repeat previous line twice)
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

5. From him I have my orders,
   And while I do obey,
I find his Holy Spirit
   Illuminates my way.
(Repeat previous line twice)
(Repeat previous 2 lines)

6. The way is so delightful,
   I wish to travel on,
Till I arrive at heaven,
   To receive a starry crown.
(Repeat previous line twice)
(Repeat previous 2 lines)
Rapture

M. L. Swan

1. 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.
New Year

P. M. Atchley
New Treble by Wm. Walker
Wm. Walker

1. 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.
1. Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
When That we must be parted from this social band:
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2. Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your bounty enlarged,
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
You'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

3. Farewell, younger brethren, just listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

4. Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part!
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.
5. Farewell, careless sinners, for you I must mourn,
To think of your danger, if still unconcerned;
I read of the judgment, where all must appear,
How will you stand trembling with tormenting fear!

6. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound
to meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Savior to praise in a pure social band.
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