THE

SINGING SCHOOL COMPANION:

A COLLECTION OF SECULAR AND SACRED MUSIC;

TOGETHER WITH A

NEW AND EASY METHOD OF INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF SINGING,

DESIGNED FOR

SINGING AND COMMON SCHOOLS, SOCIAL ASSEMBLIES, CHOIR PRACTICE, AND FOR RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I. CONTAINS THE RULES AND ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION, ARRANGED WITH SONGS, GLEES, ETC., ADAPTED TO THE SEVERAL DEGREES OF THE PUPIL'S PROGRESS. THE MUSIC OF THIS PART HAS ALSO BEEN SELECTED WITH REFERENCE TO FORMING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF THE MOST ADMIRE AND POPULAR MELODIES. THE WHOLE ARRANGED FOR FOUR VOICES.

PART II. CONTAINS METRICAL TUNES, SELECT PIECES, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, AND GRAND CHORUSES, MANY OF THEM BY THE MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS:
FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE RELIGIOUS WORSHIP

BY JOSEPH AND HORACE BIRD.

BOSTON:
SANBORN, CARTER AND BAZIN.
PORTLAND: SANBORN AND CARTER.
1856.
This book contains a new and easy method of learning to read music, and also more than one hundred songs, duetts, four-part songs, glees, &c., eighty-seven metrical tunes, forty-two select pieces for the church, sixteen chants, with more than fifty selections of words for them, and five grand choruses.

A very important change from the usual manner of compiling books of this kind, here adopted, is the introduction of secular music. The singing school being no more a religious school than is the common school, we have aimed at meeting the desire of a large and respectable body of singers, who regard the use of sacred words for the mere purpose of learning to sing as irreverent. Another reason for this change is that secular music, being of a more light and airy description than sacred, is more likely to be caught up or remembered and sung amidst the every-day duties of all classes; thus securing not only an extraordinary amount of practice, but of such a kind as to impart a greater degree of compass and flexibility to the voice. We have discarded some methods of writing music which we believe retard rather than help the learner. Among these are the use of two-two, four-two, three-eight, and three-two time, thus making a quarter note equal to a beat in all measures except compound. We do not use quadruple measure, because it is the same in effect as double, but not so easy in practice; and because the singer does not need to learn both. All six-eight measures, which have six beats, we have written in triple measure, which we think a moment’s reflection will convince the singer is the only proper measure for such music. We have introduced the time lessons, hoping they will render more pleasant the difficult task of learning to beat and keep correct time. We have not used as many dynamic words and characters as are found in most books, for we think the words are in most cases the best guide to the expression. We have given no lessons in harmony, as it is a reading music book only.

We have thus endeavored to make the art of reading music more pleasant and easy than we found it. It is no light task at best, and we shall be very glad if we have removed some of its stumbling blocks, and the “Singing School Companion” is found to be a useful addition to the library of the singer.
# INDEX TO PART ONE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Boat, (Round,)</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arab's Daughter</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Art thou disappointed?</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auld Lang Syne</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake, Æolian Lyre!</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Away to School</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before all Lands in East or West</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Begone, dull Care</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bliss is hovering, smiling every where</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blow! blow! blow!</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue Bell of Scotland</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue-eyed Mary</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue Juniata</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonnie Doon</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bounding Billows</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bruce's Address</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Call John</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chain and Ring</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheerily sound the merry Strain</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, rest in this Bosom</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comin' thro' the Rye</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cradle Song</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cuckoo</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Days of Absence</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evening Bell</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Firmly stand, my native Land</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fountain</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gayly the Troubadour</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God save the King</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God speed the Right</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Night</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go to thy Rest, my Child</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go to thy Rest, my Child</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, smiling Morn!</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hallow!</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! above us on the Mountain</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the hollow wood surrounding</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! 'tis the Bells</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haste, thee, Winter, haste away</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home Scenes</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home, sweet Home</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How lovely are the Woods</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How sweet the Joy at Morning</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have come from a happy Land</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm wearing awa', Jean</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeannette and Jeannot</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Anderson, my Jo</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate O'Shane</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kathleen O'More</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last Rose of Summer</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life let us cherish</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lightly row</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love not</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lutzow's Wild Hunt</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mellow Horn</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrily every Bosom boundeth</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Song</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountain Guide</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountain Song</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Near the Lake where drooped the Willow</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neva Boatman's Song</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, come, come away</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, come, Maidens, come</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lady fair</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Colony Times</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Johnny's dead, (Round,)</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Row gently here</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scotland's burning, (Round,)</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serenade</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shed not a Tear</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sister, weep no more</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleep on</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring's Delights are now returning</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring Time</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starlight is streaming</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Switzer's Song of Home</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Chain and the Ring</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cuckoo</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fountain</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The last Rose of Summer</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mellow Horn</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Morning Song</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mother's Farewell</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mountain Guide</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mountain Guide</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Pilgrims</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rose that all are praising</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sun's gay Beam on the Hill-top glows</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sunshine of the Heart</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Time to walk</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wild Rose</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They are gone, all gone, from the Mountain Home</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though far away</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou reign'st in this Bosom</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis Dawn! the Lark is singing</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyroloese War Song</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are all noddin',</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We have been Friends together</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What fairy-like Music</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What must it be to be there</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Phrase sad and soft</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the Day with rosy Light</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the Earth is hushed to Peace</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Time was entwining</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While the Lark's gay Song is sounding</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will you come to the Bower?</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter's cruel Reign is over</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX TO PART TWO.

TUNES.

Allen, ........................................ 147
America, ....................................... 164
Auburn, ......................................... 135
Beacon Street, ................................ 146
Benediction, ................................... 183
Benevento, ..................................... 152
Bernard, ........................................ 128
Bird, ............................................ 121
Boyden, ........................................ 151
Bradford, ....................................... 140
Brattle Street, ................................ 144
Brighton, ....................................... 129
Cambridge, .................................... 142
Celestia, ...................................... 152
Chamberlain, ................................... 149
Cherubini, ..................................... 153
China, .......................................... 143
Columbia, ...................................... 165
Conway, ........................................ 134
Dedication Hymn, ............................. 155
Devises, ....................................... 139
Dunbar, ........................................ 162
East Church, ................................... 160
Ellenthorpe, ................................... 126
Evening, ....................................... 161
Fairfield, ....................................... 133
Forest Hill, .................................... 153
Fletcher, ....................................... 141
Garland, ....................................... 141
Germany, ...................................... 129
Gorton, ........................................ 149
Gould, ......................................... 151
Grant, ........................................... 148
Greenland, ..................................... 135
Greenwood, .................................... 122
Grove Street, .................................. 163
Hartland, ...................................... 146
Hastings, ...................................... 147
Help, .......................................... 145
Henshaw, ...................................... 167
Homer, ......................................... 150
Italy, .......................................... 127
Jordan, ........................................ 188
Lenox, ......................................... 158
Leyden, ........................................ 123
Luton, .......................................... 132
Marshfield, .................................... 137
Mehul, .......................................... 129
Merton, ........................................ 144
Mount Auburn, ................................ 159
Mount Hope, ................................... 142
Mount Vernon, ................................. 142
Mourning, ...................................... 131
New Bedford, .................................. 136
Newell, ........................................ 154
New Sabbath, ................................. 122
Northfield, .................................... 156
Norton, ......................................... 159
Oakland, ....................................... 160
Oriel, .......................................... 130
Parker, ........................................ 127
Pembroke, ..................................... 143
Pitts, .......................................... 163
Plymouth, ..................................... 148
Preston, ....................................... 165
Putnam, ....................................... 166
Quito, .......................................... 132
Repose, ........................................ 134
Rest, ........................................... 161
Samaria, ....................................... 157
Seasons, ...................................... 124
Shoel, ......................................... 198
Spring, ........................................ 194
St. Martin's, .................................. 125
Submission, .................................... 123
Timsbury, ...................................... 125
Trivoli, ........................................ 156
Upham, ........................................ 145
Wells, .......................................... 154
Wellsville, ..................................... 126
Westmoreland, ................................. 137
Weston, ........................................ 151
Williams Street, .............................. 150
Wilson, ........................................ 130
Windsor, ....................................... 162
Windham, ...................................... 140
Woodstock, .................................... 184

SELECT PIECES.

And ye shall seek me, ................................ 189
Angels ever bright and fair, .......................... 203
Benediction, ................................... 183
Blessed be the Lord, ................................ 180
Blessed is the people, ............................. 236
Cast thy burdens upon the Lord, ....................... 179
Charity, ........................................ 215
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, ........................ 188
Come, ye disconsolate, ................................ 170
Fading, still fading, ................................ 168
Faith, ........................................... 212
Fallen is thy throne, ................................ 176
Father of mercies, .................................. 178
Glory be to God on high, .......................... 230
Glory to God in the highest, .......................... 207
God is love, .................................... 172
God is our refuge, .................................. 211
God will guard his faithful band, ........................ 226
Grand hallelujah chorus, ............................ 241
Heavenly Father, give us peace, ........................ 188
Hope, ........................................... 213
Hosanna, ....................................... 221
Hymn for Independence, ............................ 210
I heard a voice from heaven, ........................... 199
I know that my Redeemer liveth, ........................ 168
I will arise, ..................................... 174
Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, ........................ 208
Let us, with a joyful mind, .......................... 200
Lift not thou the waiving voice, .......................... 190
Mark the perfect man, ................................ 202
New England Hymn, ................................ 195
Not unto us, ..................................... 175
O, give thanks unto the Lord, .......................... 154
O, how lovely is Zion, ................................ 185
O, praise the Lord, .................................. 194
Peace be within thy walls, ........................... 206
Peace, troubled soul, ................................ 171
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, ............. 192
Sabbath morn, ................................... 222
Salvation belongeth unto the Lord, ....................... 182
Save my soul, which thou didst cherish, .................. 177
Savior, who thy flock art feeding, ........................ 209
Strike the cymbal, .................................. 196
The God of Israel, ................................ 223
The Lord be with you, ................................ 201
There is a stream, .................................. 218
The seaman's prayer, ................................ 191
Though the sinner, .................................. 198
Though thou wilt show me the path of life, .............. 219
Thy will be done, (chant,) ........................... 170
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb, ......................... 204
Vesper Hymn, ................................... 173
Weep no more, .................................... 175
Worship the Lord, .................................. 181
THE SINGING SCHOOL COMPANION.

PART I.

LESSON I.
COMING TO THE SINGING SCHOOL.

Why stand ye round the threshold?
Ye timid ones, draw near;
Sweet words and joyous music
Unite in concord here.

The tune I have sung to you contains several of the first principles of the language of music.

Sec. 1. Of the Staff.—The Staff consists of five horizontal lines, and the spaces between them. To these are added the spaces above and below the lines, and also short lines, called added lines. The plural of staff is staves.

LESSON II.—THE STAFF.

Added line above.
Space above.
4th line.
4th space.
2d line.
2d space.
1st line.
1st space.

Added line below.
Space below.

Count the lines, beginning with the added line below. Count the spaces.

Which is the lowest of the five lines? Which is the highest? Which is the middle line?

Sec. 2. Of Bars and Measures.—The upright marks in the tune are called bars. They divide the time of the music into equal portions, called measures.

LESSON III.
THE STAFF SEPARATED BY BARS INTO MEASURES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Measure</td>
<td>Measure</td>
<td>Measure</td>
<td>Measure</td>
<td>Measure</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

How many bars are there in Lesson III? How many measures?

Sec. 3. Of Notes.—Notes represent the length of musical sounds. There are three kinds of notes in the tune, half (\(\frac{1}{2}\)), quarter (\(\frac{1}{4}\)), and eighth (\(\frac{1}{8}\)) notes. The half note fills a measure, and is as long as two quarters, (\(\frac{1}{4} \cdot \frac{1}{4}\)), or four eighths (\(\frac{1}{8} \cdot \frac{1}{8} \cdot \frac{1}{8} \cdot \frac{1}{8}\)).

LESSON IV.

I will sing the first half note in Lesson IV. Now will you sing it? Sing the first two half notes. I will sing the first measure of quarter notes.

Sing the
same measure. Sing the two measures of quarter notes. I will sing the first measure of eighth notes. Sing it. Sing both measures of eighth notes. Sing the whole lesson with me. Sing it alone. Sing the first measure; the third; the fifth, &c.

These and similar questions should be asked, until the school understand the difference in the length of the notes; and this method should be followed upon the introduction of every new principle, until it is well understood. Cases in which this is advisable, will be indicated merely by the word "Questions."

SEC. 4. THE SOUND ONE, OR Do.—The first note in Lesson I. is written on the added line below. It has two names, One and Do. I will give you the sound of Do. Sing it. Sing it to two quarter notes; to two half notes; to two quarters and a half; to four eighths.

SEC. 5. Lesson V. has only the sound one, Do, and is written in quarter and half notes, so that the school will be able to sing it at first sight.

LESSON V.

We can sing the sound One; It is called Do.

As soon as the notes can be sung well, apply the words.

SEC. 6. THE SOUND TWO, Ra.—The third note in Lesson I. is in the space below the staff; notes in that space are called Ra, and also Two. Will you sing Do? I will sing Do and Ra. Will you sing two quarter notes to Do? Now two to Ra. Now Do, &c. Questions.

LESSON VI.

do do ra ra do ra ra do ra do ra do

Love your neighbor, Sing and labor; Would you prosper, That's the way.

Let the school sing the notes of Lesson VI. until they fully understand them, when they may sing the words. Teach them to look at the notes while singing the words. The learner must acquire this habit before he can sing at sight.

SEC. 7. SYLLABLE ME, NUMERAL THREE.—The sixth note in Lesson I. is on the first line of the staff. It is called Me and Three. Questions.

LESSON VII.

Sing Lesson VII. carefully by note, and then by word, looking at the notes.

do do ra ra me me ra me me ra me me ra me ra ra do

Join us now in singing. Share it one and all; Let our voices, ringing, Echo through the hall.

SEC. 8. DOUBLE BARS AND CLOSE.—There are in Lesson I. double bars. They divide the music into strains, or indicate the music which is sung to a line of poetry. They serve as measure-bars when they occur in the right place, as in Lesson VII.; but not otherwise, as in Lesson I. The Close | indicates the end of a piece of music.
Elements of Vocal Music.

Sec. 9. Beating Time.—It is essential to good singing, that all should keep correct time. To aid in doing this, we use motions of the hand, which we call beating time. Each measure has two beats. The first we describe as down, the last up.

Lesson VIII.

| down up | down up | down up | down up | down up | down up | down up | down up |

The school can now return to Lesson I., and sing it by note, and also by word, looking at the notes, and beating time.

The habit of beating time is very necessary to those who wish to become good singers, and should be persevered in until it is confirmed. It is a hard task at first, but will more than repay the trouble it costs the pupil.

Sec. 10. Of Rests.—We are often required to pause, or rest, in a tune. Each resting-place is to be measured with care, and for this purpose characters called rests are used. Each note has a rest corresponding to it in length, and of the same name; thus, a half note, ( ), half rest, ( ), a mark above one of the lines of the staff; quarter note, ( ), quarter rest, ( ), the mark of which points to the right from the stem. Notes before rests should be sung in a short and distinct manner. Questions.

Lesson IX.

The teacher should sing Lesson IX., while the school look at the lesson. He should indicate the rests by saying for each quarter, “Rest,” and for each half he should say, “Rest,” twice. The school should then sing the lesson, also saying, “Rest,” as the teacher has done. They should also beat time.

Lesson X.

How we love to see thee, Golden evening sun!

Lesson XI.

How we love to see thee, When the day is done!

Lesson XII.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON XIII.

Lessons XI., XII., and XIII., can be varied, so as to increase the interest of the school in such lessons, by requiring one half of the school to sing them, while the other half beat the time and look upon the lessons to see if they are sung correctly. The teacher may also sing them, making intentional mistakes, and require the pupils to tell which measure he sings incorrectly.

LESSON XIV.

LESSON XV.

Come, come, come! The summer now is here; Come out among the flowers,
And make some pretty bowers. Come, come, come! The summer now is here.

LESSON Xvi.

LESSON XVII.

Murmur, gentle lyre... Through the lonely night;
Let thy trembling wire... Waken dear delight.

LESSON XVIII.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

Sec. 12. Sound Five, or Sole.—The sound next above Fa is Sole, or Five. It is written on the second line. Questions.

LESSON XIX.

LESSON XX.

Pluck the roses while they bloom, Labor while 'tis day;

Swifter than the arrow's flight Hastens time a-way.

LESSON XXI.

LESSON XXII.

LESSON XXIII.

LESSON XXIV.

Sec. 13. Double and Triple Measure.—We have thus far had only measures of two parts, or beats. Such are called Double Measures, and are designated by the figure 2. We now come to measures of three parts, or three beats, down, left, up. The figure 3, placed before a lesson, is the sign of this measure, called Triple Measure. It contains three quarter notes. Questions.

Sec. 14. The first and last measures of a tune need not be full.

Be sacred truth, my child, thy guide, Until thy dying day;

Nor turn a finger's breadth a-side From God's appointed way.
LESSON XXV.

On the stormy ocean, 'Mid its wild commotion,
Helpless seaman, Heaven attend thee! God befriend thee!

SEC. 15. THE SOUND SIX, OR LA.—The sound next above Sole is La, (as in father.) It is written in the second space. Questions.

LESSON XXVI.

la la la la la la

LESSON XXVII.

There lives a God; in love and might He rules o'er land and ocean;
The sun by day, the moon by night, From him have light and motion.

LESSON XXVIII.

See! o'er yonder mountain Moves the misty rain,
Pouring, from heaven's fountain, Blessings on the plain.
Now's the time for growing; Quickly, then, be sowing;
Let the well-tilled field Rich abundance yield.

LESSON XXIX.

SEC. 16. SOUND SEVEN, OR SE.—The sound above La is Se. It is written on the third line. Questions.
LESSON XXX.

Sec. 17. Sound Eight, or Do.—The sound above Se is written in the third space. Its numeral is eight. It has the same name as one, Do.

LESSON XXXI.

Sec. 18. The Scale.—We have now a series of eight sounds, called the scale. The scale, when written upon the staff, does not look as it sounds, as the tones do not succeed each other at regular intervals. It is composed of steps and half steps, as will be seen in Lesson XXXII.

LESSON XXXII.

Half step from seven to eight.
Step from six to seven.
Step from five to six.
Step from four to five.
Half step from three to four.
Step from two to three.
Step from one to two.

The scale should be sung at every session of the school from this time until its close. The teacher should call the sounds, one, three, &c., in every variety of succession, until the school is familiar with, and can sing with ease, any sound which may be called for.

LESSON XXXIII.

Friends, we bid you welcome here; Freedom's sacred cause revere;

Daily breathe a prayer sincere For those who suffer wrong;

Fear not lest your hope should fail; Truth is strong and must prevail;

What though foes our cause assail? They never prosper long.
LESSON XXXIV.

The morning hours of cheerful light Of all the day are best;
But as they speed their hasty flight, If every hour is spent a-right,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night, And pleasant is our rest.

LESSON XXXV.

LESSON XXXVI.

How blithe the sound, When woods a-round Have heard sweet music’s tone!

From bush and brake The echoes wake, And hail the welcome morn, come morn, come
Repeat “come morn” as it is written in the tune, each time lighter than before, to represent an echo.

Sec. 19. The Hold. (σ) — Sometimes we wish to continue the sound of
a note longer than is indicated by its length. A hold (σ) is placed above or
below such notes, when all beating time ceases; but it should be carefully
resumed at the next note. Singers should look at or listen to the leader for
the time of such notes. In song-singing, however, the performer sings such
notes at his pleasure. It is sometimes placed over rests, and between notes.
See Lesson XXXVI., last note of second strain.

Sec. 20. Sharp Four. — Between any of the sounds of the scale which
are a step apart, another sound may be introduced. The sound between four
and five is written in the first space, and is indicated by a character called a
sharp. (#) It is a half step higher than four, and a half step lower than five.
The name of the sound is sharp four, or F#. Questions.

LESSON XXXVII.

Sec. 21. When a note is sharpened, all notes which follow it on the
same line or space in the measure are sharpened, although the sign is not
used. When the last note of a measure is sharpened, if the first note of the next measure is upon the same interval, it is also sharpened. The sharp raises a note a half step.

**LESSON XXXVIII.**

Lessons XL. and XLI. are written for the practice of the intervals, one, four, six, and eight, and eight, six, four, and two. The teacher must aid the scholars, and the lessons must be often returned to, and thoroughly practised. They can be varied so as to make them more pleasant by supposing a half rest between each measure, &c. When the school can sing the intervals in these lessons with ease, they will be able to sing almost any easy music at sight.

**LESSON XXXIX.**

See the shining dew-drops On the flowers strewed,

Proving, as they sparkle, God is ever good.

**LESSON XL.**

Sec. 22. Accent.—The first part of a measure is usually accented, that is, sung louder than other parts; but when words which require power, or accent, are set to other than the first part of a measure, the words, and not the notes, should indicate the accent.

**LESSON XLI.**

Good Accent.

Bad Accent.

13

Holy Bible, book divine! Precious treasure, thou art mine. To God above the skies.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON XLIII.

Has often healed the heart that's broken, And made a friend sincere.

Sec. 24. Extension of the Scale.—When notes are written higher or lower than the scale of eight sounds, they have the same succession of intervals and names as the eight sounds of the scale.

LESSON XLVI.

The Scale extended upwards.

Sec. 23. Dotted Quarter Note.—There is a note longer than the quarter and shorter than the half, called a dotted quarter. It is as long as three eighth notes, and has a beat and a half. Questions.

LESSON XLIV.

Few singers will be able to sing all the notes in Lesson XLVI.; but some will generally be found who can sing the highest, while others can sing the lowest sounds.

LESSON XLV.

A little word in kindness spoken, A motion, or a tear,

LESSON XLVII.

Let us, with a cheerful mind, Lead our lives up-right-ly,

Virtue's paths e'er taking, All that's ill forsaking.
Come, let us all unite in this, And so contentment we'll possess;

And then we'll all be glad, glad, glad, And then we'll all be glad.

SEC. 25. STACCATO NOTES, ( \( \cdot \) ).—Sometimes it is necessary to sing notes in a very short and distinct manner, to give a proper expression to the words; as at the word glad, in Lesson XLVII. Such notes are marked thus, \( \cdot \), and are called staccato notes.

LESSON XLVIII.

In Lesson XLVIII, the notes marked staccato should receive a short, distinct sound, no longer than eighths, when sung with energy. The half note marked staccato is no longer than the quarter notes.

SEC. 26. SIXTEENTH NOTES.—The notes next shorter than eighths are sixteenths, ( \( \cdot \) ). Two sixteenths are equal to one eighth, four to one quarter, and eight to one half note. Questions.

Lesson XLIX. should be sung very slowly at first, and faster as the school acquire facility.

SEC. 27. DOTTED EIGHTHS AND SIXTEENTHS, ( \( \cdot \) ).—This combination of notes is often used. The two combined have the time of two eighths, or one quarter. Questions.

LESSON L.
LESSON LI.

1. Once there was a man, Went to woods with gun; Soon he shot a rabbit.
2. Great big dog did run, Man did chase like fun, But he could not nab it.

He stopped to take a sup; Ran to take puss up; Great big dog did grab it.
Man, better break your cup; Never take a sup; See, you've lost the rabbit.

Omit the half rest in the second verse.

Sec. 28. United Notes. — We have thus far sung only one note to a syllable. When more than one eighth note, or when dotted eighths and sixteenths, are sung to one syllable, they are united, as in Lesson LII.

LESSON LII.


LESSON LIII.


LESSON LIV.


I am a falling leaf; The chilly winds have found me;
I fade with those a round me; All murm'ring life is brief.

Sec. 30. Loud and Soft Singing. — The character of many words requires that they should be sung loud, while others will only admit of a different expression. The music and words should be of a similar character. $p$ is the sign for soft, and $pp$ for very soft singing. $f$ is the sign for loud, and $ff$ for very loud singing. $m$ is the sign of medium power. The letters are abbreviations of Piano, Pianissimo, Forte, Fortissimo, and Mezzo, Italian words expressive of the power of sounds.

Crescendo, , indicates an increase of power in the passage over which it is placed.

Diminuendo, , indicates a decrease of power in the passage over which it is placed.
Explosive Tone, (>). — This indicates that the note over which it is written should be struck suddenly with great force, and that the sound should instantly cease. Questions.

Lesson LV.

Sec. 31. Syllable Se, sound Sharp Five. — Between five and six is a sound called Se, or Sharp Five. It is written on the place of Sole, from which it is distinguished by a sharp placed before it.

Lesson LVI.

Sec. 32. Repeats. — It is often expedient to repeat parts of a tune. There are various signs for this purpose. The first is a dot in each of the spaces of the staff. In Lesson LX, the first dots direct to repeat the first two lines; the last direct back to the first repeat.

Lesson LVII.

Lesson LVIII.

We go from thee for ever forth. A-dieu! A-dieu! A-dieu!

Forget me not in search of fame,
But in thy heart be still the same. J Adieu! Adieu! Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON LX.

Happy, happy will we be, Ever more from sorrow free. While our cheerful songs we sing, pEchos from the grove shall ring.

LESSON LXII.

Behold the flowers, The summer flowers, Of every hue and shade,

At morning bright, Withered at night: Like them we bloom and fade.

LESSON LXIII.

WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

Lively.

When the day, with rosy light, In the morning glad appears,

And the dusky shades of night Melt away in dewy tears,

When the sun the heavens dyed, In the morning fair appears,

And the rosy morn, in the morning fair, Wakes the morning fair appears,

LESSON LXI.

Ah, ah, ah, ah,

Ah, ah, ah, ah,

Ah, ah, ah, ah,

By allowing the number of the beat to take the place of an eighth note, the above lesson can soon be easily sung. It should then be sung without the number of the beat being counted, except by the teacher. QUESTIONS.
Sec. 37. Sharped Notes.—There is a syllable between One and Two called Sharp One, or De; between Two and Three, called Sharp Two, or Re; and between Six and Seven, called Sharp Six, or Le. The sound of any sharpened note may be found by thinking of the sound of the note next above it. The note next above is therefore said to be the guide to a sharpened note. Questions.

LESSON LXIV.

Sec. 38. Flatted Notes.—Between every whole step of the scale a note may be written which seems related to the note above it, and to which the note below is the guide. They are Flat Seven, or Say, Flat Six, or Lay, Flat Five, or Say, Flat Three, or May, and Flat Two, or Ra, (a as in father.) b is the sign of a flatted note.

LESSON LXV.

Sec. 39. The Chromatic Scale.—A series of sounds ascending or descending by half steps is called the Chromatic Scale.

LESSON LXVI.

Sec. 40. Triplets, (\(\frac{3}{2}\))—Sometimes words or music require that three notes should be sung in the time of two. This is indicated by a figure 3 placed over or under them. Questions.

LESSON LXVII.

LESSON LXVIII.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.


O! Where the song of temp'rance soundeth, Merrily O! mer-ri-ly O!
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

There the parent’s smile hath more brightness, There the youthful heart hath more lightness, Every joy the home surroundeth, Merri-ly O! merri-ly O! merri-ly, merri-ly O! merri-ly O! merri-ly O! merri-ly O!

Sec. 41. Compound Measure.—Compound Measure has two beats, like double measure; but a dotted quarter has one beat. The sign is \( \frac{3}{4} \), with a dot under it. It has two beats, down and up.

LESSON LXIX.

down up down up dotted qr. rests. down up

LESSON LXX.

THE MELLOW HORN.

At dawn Aurora gayly breaks in all her proud attire; Mu-
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

Sec. 42. Syncopated Notes.—Syncopated notes are so written as to receive their accent on the unaccented part of the measure.

LESSON LXXI.

Sec. 43. The Natural.—The Natural (♮) is used to take away the effect of a sharp or flat. It serves, therefore, both as a flat and a sharp; as a sharp when it neutralizes a flat, and as a flat when it neutralizes a sharp.

LESSON LXXII.

LESSON LXXIII.

LESSON LXXIV.

I've come across the sea, I've braved every danger,
For a brother dear to me! From Swiss land a ranger.

Then pity, assist, and protect a poor stranger, And buy a little

toy of poor Rose of Lucerne, a little toy, a little

toy, Then buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

Sec. 44. Music in Parts.—Most music is written to be sung in parts.
So far in this book each syllable of a word has had but one sound, (except when sung to united notes.) It is most commonly written in two parts, (duets,) three parts, (trios,) or four parts, (quartets, if for four voices,) or chorus, if for twelve or more; but sometimes it is written in five, six, seven, eight, twelve, or even sixteen parts.

LESSON LXXV.

MUSIC IN TWO PARTS.
LESSON LXXVI.

Be to oth-ers kind and true, As you'd have them be to you.

It is more difficult to read music when written with two parts on one staff, than when each part is written separately.

LESSON LXXVII.

BEFORE ALL LANDS IN EAST OR WEST.

Before all lands in east or west, I love my na-tive land the best;

With God's best gifts 'tis teem-ing; No gold or jew-els here are found,

And eyes of joy are gleam-ing, And eyes of joy are gleam-ing.

LESSON LXXVIII.

Sec. 45. Clefs, Treble and Base.—When music is written in three or more parts, the lowest part would, if written with One as in the other parts, almost always come below the staff. To avoid this, One of the scale is written in the second space. The sign that One is on the added line below, is called the Treble Clef. (See Lesson LXXIX.) The sign that One is in the second space, is called the Base Clef, ɔ:

LESSON LXXVIII.

Sec. 46. Music in Four Parts. Brace.—Music in four parts should be written on four staves, which are connected by a Brace. (See Brace, in Lesson LXXX.) The first or lowest staff is called the Base, and the music is written with the Base Clef. It is for the lowest male voices. The second staff is called the Treble, and is for the highest female voices. The third is called the Alto, and is written for the lowest female voices. The fourth, or highest staff, is for the Tenor, or highest male voices. Scholars should endeavor to learn all the parts, but when singing they should sing the parts assigned them. The Tenor should never sing the Treble, but may sing the Base, and the Treble should never sing the Base or Tenor, unless directed to do so for some special purpose. The Treble, Alto, and Tenor parts are written with the Treble Clef, the Base with the Base Clef.

Sec. 47. Breathing-places and Rhetorical Pauses. — The word which occurs before a breathing-place, or rhetorical pause, should be sung shorter than the time indicated by the note. In Lesson LXXXI., the last syllable of winter, and the words long and beat, should be sung no longer than eighths, and the notes at the end of each line should be sung as quarter notes. If this is not attended to, the next words to those above mentioned will be sung to eighth notes, and the proper expression of the words be entirely lost. The sign for breathing-places and rhetorical pauses is v. It will not be placed at the end of lines.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON LXXIX.—ART THOU DISAPPOINTED.

Treble Clef. 4th Staff, Tenor, for highest male voices.

Art thou disappointed, murmur not, But with patience bear thy lot.

The mists of the morning V are rolling away; The stars quickly fade V at the coming of day; The foam of the billows V already I see, And there is my little bark V waiting for me.

LESSON LXXX.—MORNING SONG.

FINE.

D. C.

Base Clef. 1st Staff, Bass, for lowest male voices.

do

1st Staff, Bass, for lowest male voices.

do

do

do

do

Haste thee, winter, V haste away; Far too long V has been thy stay; Far too long V thy winds have roared, Snows have beat, V and rains have poured.

LESSON LXXXI.—HASTE THEE, WINTER, HASTE AWAY.

FINE.

D. C.

do

do

do

do

do

do

do
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON LXXXII.—THOUGH FAR AWAY.

Though far away, The light of hope may shine; Let every ray divine Still comfort thee, Still comfort thee.

Sec. 48. WHOLE REST.—The whole rest fills a measure in every kind of time. It is written under a line of the staff. See Lesson LXXXII.

LESSON LXXXIII.—SPRING TIME.

1. Hy-ho! Little flower, flourish and blossom. Let thy bud in beauty break; Let thy fragrant sweetness wake; Hy-ho! Little flower, flourish and blossom.

2. Hy-ho! Gentle breeze, kindly regale us. Mild the sky that shines above, Earth beneath is filled with love; Hy-ho! Gentle breeze, kindly regale us.

3. Hy-ho! Heart of man, join the rejoicing. Wilt thou let thyself be sad, When all else around is glad? Hy-ho! Heart of man, join the rejoicing.

† Ritard., sing slower.
Elements of Vocal Music.

Sec. 49. Of the Letters, the Scales, and the Signature.—Every line and space of the staff is named from one of the letters of the alphabet. See Lesson LXXXIV, Ex. 1 and 2. The half steps of the letters are between E and F and B and C. [Ex. 1 and 2.] The scale has thus far been written with one upon C. It will now be placed upon each of the letters, and will take its name from the letter upon which it is written, as Scale of C, of G, of D, &c. [Ex. 1 to 10.]

When one is on C, the half steps of the scale and of the letters are found in the same place. [Ex. 1 and 2.]

When one is on G, they are found between 3 and 4 and 6 and 7. By sharpening F, the half step between 6 and 7 goes to 7 and 8. The sharp is placed before a lesson, and is called the Signature. The signature of the Scale of G is one sharp. [Ex. 3.] The signature of the Scale of C is natural; that is, neither flats nor sharps are required. [Ex. 1 and 2.]

When one is on D, the half steps are between 2 and 3 and 6 and 7, and are corrected by sharps on F and C. The signature of the Scale of D is therefore two sharps. [Ex. 4.]

When one is on A, the half steps are found between 2 and 3 and 5 and 6. Three sharps are required, and the signature is three sharps. [Ex. 5.]

When one is on E, they occur between 1 and 2 and 5 and 6, and four sharps are required, which is the signature of E. [Ex. 6.]

When one is on F, they are found between 4 and 5 and 7 and 8. To correct this scale, a flat is required on B, and the signature is one flat. [Ex. 7.]

When one is on B flat, another flat is required on E, and the signature is two flats. [Ex. 8.]

When one is on E flat, we must flat B and A, and the signature is three flats. [Ex. 9.]

When one is on A flat, we must flat B, E, and D, and the signature is four flats. [Ex. 10.]

Lesson LXXXIV.

Example 1.

Scale of C, signature natural.

Example 2.

Scale of C.

Letters. Scale.

Scale of G, signature one sharp.

Ex. 3.

Wrong.................. Right.................. Do

Ex. 4.

Wrong.................. Right.................. Do

Scale of D, signature two sharps.

Ex. 5.

Wrong.................. Right.................. Do

Ex. 6.

Wrong.................. Right.................. Do

Scale of A, signature three sharps

Scale of E, signature four sharps.
Scale of F, signature one flat.

Ex. 7.

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad G & \quad A & \quad B & \quad E \\
\text{wrong} & & & & \text{right} \\
G & \quad A & \quad b & \quad c & \quad D & \quad E & \quad F & \quad b & \quad \text{do}
\end{align*}
\]

Scale of B flat, signature two flats.

Ex. 8.

\[
\begin{align*}
B & \quad b & \quad c & \quad D & \quad E & \quad F & \quad G & \quad A & \quad B \\
\text{wrong} & & & & & & & \text{right} & & \text{do}
\end{align*}
\]

Scale of E flat, signature three flats.

Ex. 9.

\[
\begin{align*}
E & \quad F & \quad G & \quad A & \quad B & \quad b & \quad c & \quad D & \quad E & \quad b & \quad \text{do} \\
\text{wrong} & & & & & & & \text{right} & & \text{do}
\end{align*}
\]

Scale of A flat, signature four flats.

Ex. 10.

\[
\begin{align*}
A & \quad B & \quad c & \quad D & \quad E & \quad F & \quad G & \quad A & \quad B & \quad b & \quad \text{do} \\
\text{wrong} & & & & & & & \text{right} & & \text{do}
\end{align*}
\]

All the scales in common use are grouped together in Sec. 49 and Lesson LXXXIV, as in this manner the whole subject is more easily understood than when each scale is found in a separate place. The teacher will not need to dwell long upon them at first, as every tune in the book may be read, if the scholars know that the scale does change, though they cannot tell why. Every intelligent scholar, however, will wish to understand the whole subject; and by study at home, and by asking questions of the teacher before or after school hours, he will soon be able to do so. The teacher should also, at every new scale, return to this section and its lesson, and, by questions and illustrations, aid the scholars in their efforts at mastering its difficulties.

**Lesson LXXXV.** - Bounding Billows.

Key of G, signature one sharp.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Fine} & \quad & \text{D.C.}
\end{align*}
\]

```
\text{Bounding billows, V cease your motion; Bear me not so V quickly o'er; Cease thy roaring, V foaming ocean,}
```

```
\text{Cease thy roaring, V foaming ocean, I will tempt thy rage no more.}
```

* The school should sing each part separately in Lessons LXXXV. to LXXXVIII., and then sing them in parts.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON LXXXVI.—EVENING BELL.

1. Hark! the pealing, Softly stealing, Evening bell, Sweetly echoed down the dell, Sweetly echoing down the dell.

2. Welcome, welcome Is thy music, Silvery bell, Sweetly telling day's farewell, Sweetly telling day's farewell.

3. Day is sleeping, Flowers are weeping Tears of dew; Stars are peeping ever true, Stars are peeping ever true.

4. Grove and mountain, Flood and fount, Faintly gleam In the ruddy sunset stream, In the ruddy sunset stream.

5. Happy hour, May thy power Fill my breast; Each wild passion sooth to rest, Each wild passion sooth to rest.

LESSON LXXXVII.—HOME SCENES.

1. Let other dreams of pleasant lands Beyond the waving ocean; There is a dearer, happier scene To fancy oft appearing—

2. Of gold-en treasure in the sand, And air in gentle mol—tion; It is my native valleys green, With beauty mild and cheering.
LESSON LXXXVIII.—WHAT FAIRYLIKE MUSIC.

1. What fairy-like music steals over the sea, Entrancing the senses with charmed melody? 'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats over the main, As she mingles her song with the gondolier's strain.

2. The winds are all hushed, and the waters at rest; They sleep like the passions in infancy's breast; Till storms shall unchain them, from out their deep cave, And break the repose of the soul and the wave.

Do not breathe after *of* and *floats*, in the third, or after *with*, in the fourth line of the first verse, or after *of*, in the fourth line of the second verse. The first two united notes of the second and third lines must be separated for some of the words.

LESSON LXXXIX.

Sing Lesson LXXXIX. slow, at first, but increase the time as the school acquire facility to allegro.
LESSON XC.—GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Key of D, signature two sharps.  

1. Now to heaven our prayers ascending, God speed the right!  
   In a noble cause contending, God speed the right!  
   Be our zeal in heaven recorded, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right!

2. Be that prayer again repeated, God speed the right!  
   Ne'er despairing, though defeated, God speed the right!  
   Like the good and great in story, If we fail, we fail in glory; God speed the right!

Wrong breathing, first line of duet, after in; second line, after on; second verse, first line of duet, after and; second line, after we.

From Lesson XC. to Lesson XCVI., sing each part separately, then in parts.
LESSON XCI.—O, COME, COME AWAY.

O, come, come away, \( \vee \) From labor now reposing, \( \vee \) Let busy care \( \vee \) a while forbear; \( \vee \) O, come, come away!

Come, come, our social joys renew, \( \vee \) And there, where love and friendship grew, \( \vee \) Let true hearts welcome you; O, come, come away.

Do not breathe in the second line after a, in the third after O, in the fourth after and, and in the last after O.
ELEME"NTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON XCII.—THE FOUNTAIN.

Come, come, come! To the fountain clear and sweet, Gently gliding at our feet; Soft and bright ripples meet; Mark the crystal spray;

Here the weary travellers rest, When the sun sinks in the west; Fair green couch, water blest, Nature bright and gay.
LESSON XCIII.—BLUE-BELL OF SCOTLAND.

O, where, tell me where, does your High-land lad-die dwell?
And 'tis O in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
LESSON XCV. — FIRMLY STAND, MY NATIVE LAND.

Firmly stand, my native land, True in heart, and true in hand; All that's holy cherish;
Thus shall God remain thy friend; Thus shall Heaven thy walls defend; Freedom shall not perish;
Firmly stand, my native land, Firmly stand.

From Lesson XCV. to Lesson C., sing each part separately, then in parts.

LESSON XCVI. — AWAY TO SCHOOL.

Our willing hearts for pleasure yearn, Away, Away, Away, Away to school; Farewell to home and all its charms;
To music now our thoughts we turn, Away, Away, Away to school; Farewell to love's paternal arms;
Away to school, the singing school, Away, Away, Away to school.

*It is said that this music was played when the allied armies entered Paris.
LESSON XCVII.—LIGHTLY ROW.

Lightly row, Lightly row; O'er the glassy waves we go; Smoothly glide, Smoothly glide, On the silent tide;

Let the winds and waters be Mingled with our melody; Sing and float, Sing and float, In our little boat.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON XCVIII.—THE TYROLESE WAR SONG.

What ho! what ho! the cry wakes the land; Di au di, di au di, di au di, O!

The lead's in the tube, the butt's in the hand; Di au di, di au di, di au di, O!

From your guns an answer fling; Bid the thund'ring echoes ring, Di au, di au, di au, di O!

How we hail a coming foe, Shout, and let th'in - va - ders know, Di au, di au, di au, di O!

In the repeat, at the words "lead's in the tube," sing the notes a quarter and two eighths; and after the words "Bid the thund'ring echoes ring," sing the first Di au di.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON XCIX.—GO TO THY REST, MY CHILD.

FINE.

Go to thy rest, my child; Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled, With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand, Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land, Where flowers so quickly fade.

LESSON C.
LESSON CI. — GAYLY THE TROUBADOUR.

1. Gayly the Troubadour touched his guitar, ... When he was hastening home from the war;

2. She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept; Sadly she thought of him when others slept;

3. Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name; Under the battlement softly he came;

Sing, "From Palestine hither I come; Lady love, lady love, welcome me home."

Sing, "In search of thee would I might roam; Troubadour, Troubadour, come to my home."

Sing, "From Palestine hither I come; Lady love, lady love, welcome me home."

From Lesson CI. to Lesson CVI., sing each part separately, then in parts.
LESSON CII.—HOME, SWEET HOME

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. A charm from the skies seems to hallow us

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again, The birds singing gayly, that come at my

there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

call; Give me them, and sweet peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet home. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

* The small notes in this measure are to be sung to the second verse.
LESSON CIII.—LOVE NOT.

1. Love not! love not! ye hapless sons of clay; Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthy flowers—Things that are made to

2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die; May perish from the gay and gladsome earth; The si-lent stars, the

AD LIB.

fade, and fade a-way, Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours, Ere they have blossomed for a few... short hours. Love not! love not!

blue and smiling sky, Beam on its grave, as once up-on... its birth, Beam on its grave, as once up-on... its birth. Love not! love not!
I have come \(\vee\) from a happy land, \(\vee\) Where care is unknown; \(\vee\)
I have parted \(\vee\) a merry band, \(\vee\) To make thee \(\vee\) mine own; \(\vee\)
\(\vee\) Hasten, \(\vee\) haste, \(\vee\) fly with me, Where love's banquet \(\vee\) waits for thee; Thine its sweets shall be, Thine, thine alone.

Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; \(\vee\)
All its lovely companions Are faded and gone; \(\vee\)
To reflect back its blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

No flower of its kindred, No rosebud is nigh,
LESSON CVII.—GOD SAVE THE KING.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with raptures thrills, Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their solemn break, The sound

4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.
LES SON CVIII.—DAYS OF ABSENCE.

Fine.

Do

Days of absence, so sad and dreary, Clothed in sorrow's dark array;

Days of absence, I am weary; She I love is far away;

Hours of bliss, too quickly vanished, When will sought like you return?

When the heavy sigh be banished? When this bosom cease to mourn?

LES SON CIX.—WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER.

Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?

Your bed shall be roses bespangled with dew.

Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bower?

Sing the small notes in the last two measures for the close.
ELEMEANTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON CX.—SHED NOT A TEAR.
FINE.

For the first repeat and the D. C., omit the rest in the sixth measure, the next note, and the word "when."

LESSON CXI.—CRADLE SONG.

LESSON CXII.—ROUND.
LESSON CXIII.—CHEERILY SOUND THE MERRY STRAIN.

Cheer-ily, cheer-ily sound the merry strain;
Hap-pily, hap-pily now we meet a-gain. Here we stand, here we stand. Who at home has dared to stay? Who has loitered by the way?

LESSON CXIV.—ROUND. POOR JOHNNY'S DEAD.

Poor Johnny's dead; I hear his knell, Bim, bim, bim, bim, bome, bell,
And who, for idle play, do we miss from our band?

The bell doth toll! O, may his soul in heaven forever dwell.
The figures in the measures of Lesson CXV. indicate that so many measures will be beaten in silence, as *four* measures in the second, and *six* in the eighth measure.

**LESSON CXVI. — NEAR THE LAKE, WHERE DROOPED THE WILLOW.**

Key of B flat, signature two flats.

1. Near the lake, where drooped the willow, Long time ago, Where the rock threw back the bil-low, Brighter than snow,
   Dwell a maid where loved and cherished By high and low; But with autumn's leaf she perished, Long time ago.

2. Rock, tree, and flowing water, While my fond words she listened, Murmur ing low, Bird, and bee, and blossoms taught her Love's spell to know.

3. Mingled were our hearts forever, To her grave these tears are given, Ev'er to flow; She's the star I missed from heav-en, Long time ago.

From Lesson CXVI. to Lesson CXX., sing each part separately, then in parts.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON CXVII.—BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has often led, Welcome to your gory bed, Or to victory! Now's the day, and now's the hour!

2. Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha will fill a coward's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha for Scotland's king and law

3. By oppressions, woes, and pains, By your sons in servile chains, We will drain our dearest veins, But they shall be free! Lay the proud usurpers low;

LESSON CXVIII.—ROUND.

See the front of battle lower! See approach proud Edward's power! Chains and slavery!

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning; Look out! Look out!

Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand, or freeman fa'! Let him follow me!

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!

Tyrants fall in every foe, Liberty's in every blow; Let us do, or die.

Cast on water, Cast on water.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON CXIX.—THE TIME TO WALK.

1. Walk! walk! walk at morn, While the dewdrops weep; Walk! walk! walk at morn, While the dewdrops weep; || While the birds on ev’ry tree
do

2. Walk! walk! walk at noon, Where the breezes blow; Walk! walk! walk at noon, Where the breezes blow; || When through forests’ deepest shade
do

3. Walk! walk! walk at eve, When the sun sets clear; Walk! walk! walk at eve, When the sun sets clear; || When all sounds, to music beat,
do

Tuneful mat-~ins keep.

Rippling waters flow.

Sweetly meet the ear. Yes, yes, yes.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON CXX.—'TIS DAWN! THE LARK IS SINGING
FINE.

'Tis dawn! 'N' the lark is sing'ing, Sweet chor-is-ter of morn;
And in yon dell're ring'ing Soft notes from ev'-ry thorn.
'Tis eve! ' Vand to the sky The lark doth sound his hymn;
And joy-ous mel-o-dy... Breaks from yon val-ley dim.

At the end of the second strain, sing the small notes for all but the second line.

LESSON CXXI.—THEY ARE GONE, ALL GONE, FROM THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

Key of E flat, signature three flats.

1. They are gone, all gone, from the moun-tain home, Where the wild bees hum and the bright birds roam, Where the heath flowers wave 'neath the

2. They are gone, all gone, from the moun-tain home, And their songs not heard o'er the hills to roam, And the echo-ing notes of the

From Lesson CXXI. to Lesson CXXIII., sing each part separately, then in parts.
scented breeze, And the warblers sing mid the tall green trees. They are gone, all gone from the mountain home, Where the waters

hunter's horn Have all passed away like the summer's morn. They are gone, all gone, both the young and gay, And the wild bees
glide, and the moon-beams roam, Where the lily bell blooms like a star o'er the wave, And the willow bough bends its leaves to lave.

hum, and the bright birds play; But the glen is lone, where the young deer roam; They are gone, all gone, from the mountain home.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON CXXII.—KATE O'SHANE.

The cold winds of autumn Wail mournfully here; The leaves round us falling Are faded and sere; But chill though the winds be, And threat'ning the storm, My heart, full of fondness, Beats kindly and warm. O Demnis, dear, V' come back to me; Return; O, never part again.

LESSON CXXIII.—SISTER, WEEP NO MORE.

1. Sister, wherefore weepest thou? Weepest thou? weepest thou? I count the hours way from thee; From thy own darling, V Kate O'Shane.

2. Sister, I shall soon return, Soon return, soon return;
Sister, wherefore weep'st thou? Weep'st thou so sore? Sister, does our parting grieve thee? Weep'st thou that I go and leave thee?
Sister, wherefore weep'st thou? Sister, weep no more.

Sister, I shall soon return; Grieve not thou so sore. While at distance from thee parted, I will ever prove true-hearted:
Sister dear, then weep not now; Sister, weep no more.

Lesson CXXIV.—Kathleen O'More.

Key of A flat, signature four flats.

1. My love, still I think that I see her once more; But alas! she has left me her loss to deplore; My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen, my Kathleen O'More.

2. Her hair glossy black, and her eyes a dark blue; Her color still changing, her smiles ever new; So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen, my Kathleen O'More.

In Lessons CXXIV. and CXXV., sing each part separately, then in parts.
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON CXXV.—WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

1. We speak, we speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories confessed, confessed, But what must it be to be there?

2. Then let us, let us, 'midst pleasures and woe, For heaven our spirits prepare, And shortly we also shall know, shall know, And feel what it is to be there.

LESSON CXXVI.—ROW GENTLY HERE.

1. Row gently here, my gon-do-lier; So softly wake the tide
   That not an ear on earth may hear
   But hers to whom we glide.
   O, think what tales 'twould have to tell
   Of wand'ring youths like me!

2. Now rest thee here, my gon-do-lier; Hush, hush—for up I go
   To climb thine light pi-az-za's height, While thou keep'st watch below.
   O, did we take for heaven a-bove
   But half such pains as we
   Take, day and night, for woman's love, What angels we should be!

Use the pause only for the last lines.
1. Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae weary, fu’ o’ care?

2. Oft have I roved by bonnie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine, And ilka bird sung o’ its luve, And fondly sae did I o’ mine.

Thou’ll break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wantons through the flowering thorn, Thou minds me o’ departed joys, Departed never to return.

Wi’ lightsome heart I pu’d a rose, Fu’ sweet up-on its thorn-y tree; But my fause luver stole my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi’ me.
LESSON CXXVIII.—BLUE-EYED MARY.

1. “Come, tell me, blue-eyed stranger, Say, whither dost thou roam, O’er this wide world a ranger? Hast thou no friends nor home?” They called me blue-eyed me.

2. “Come here; I’ll buy thy flowers, And ease thy hapless lot; Still wet with morning showers, I’ll buy ‘forget-me-not.” Kind sir, then take those do.

Mary When friends and fortune smiled; But ah, how fortunes vary! I now am sorrow’s child.

posies; They’re fading like my youth; But never, like these.................roses, shall wither Mary’s truth.
1. Hark! softly hark! beloved, hark! The nightingale is sweetly singing; On tree and shrub the flowers are springing,

2. List! softly list! beloved, list! Thou slumberest soft in rosy bowers; But spring must lose its flowers, ere yet they fall, their odors flinging.

3. Now, near I call, I call thee; come! My lute for thee I touch, and, kneeling, My song, up on the flowers are springing, Ere yet they fall, their odors flinging. Hark! hark! hark! hark!

List! list! list! list!

Come! come! come! come!

the flowers are springing, Ere yet, ere yet they fall,
LESSON CXXX.—LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish, While yet the taper glows, And the fresh floweret Pluck ere it close.

Why are we fond of toil and care? And heedless by the lily stray, Which blossoms on the spray?
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON CXXXI.—THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

1. The rose that all are praising Is not the rose for me; Too many eyes are gazing Up on the cost-ly tree; But there's a rose in yonder glen.

2. The gem a king might covet Is not the gem for me; From darkness who would move it, Save that the world might see? But I've a gem that shuns display,

3. Gay birds in cages pine Are not the birds for me; Their plumes so brightly shining I care not for to see; But I've a bird that gay-ly sings;

That shuns the gaze of other men, For me its blossoms raising; O, that's the rose for me, O, that's the rose for me, O, that's the rose for me.

And next my heart worn every day, So dearly do I love it; O, that's the gem for me, O, that's the gem for me, O, that's the gem for me.

Though free to rove, she folds her wings, For me her flight resigning; O, that's the bird for me, O, that's the bird for me, O, that's the bird for me.
Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter! Thus warbled a Pe-ri, beneath the dark sea; No pearl ever lay, under O-man's green water, More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee. O, fair as the sea flower close to thee growing, how light was thy heart till love's witchery came, Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing, And hushed all its music and withered its frame!
LESSON CXXXIII.—BLISS IS HOV’RING, SMILING EVERY WHERE.

Bliss is hov’ring, smiling every where. { Hov’ring o’er the verdant mountain,
{ Smiling in the glassy fountain, } Bliss is hov’ring, smiling every where.

Wild roved an Indian girl, Bright Alfarata,

Where sweep the waters of the blue Juni-a-ta, Swift as an an-te-lope through the forest going; Loose were her jetty locks, in wavy tresses flowing.

NOTE.—We now take leave of the “elements, lessons, breathing marks,” &c.; and, trusting that the intelligent teacher will explain what the scholars do not understand, as is done in the common school reading classes, we launch into the “Singing School Companion.”
WINTER'S CRUEL REIGN IS OVER.

1. Winter's cruel reign is over; Vernal airs blow soft again;
   Blackbird, sky-lark, thrush, and plover Join and swell this merry strain.

2. Messengers of spring are flying. Far from regions over sea;
   Voice to voice, its welcome crying. Raise the song of tuneful glee.

Sing the small notes for the repeat.
COME, REST IN THIS BosOM.

1. Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer! Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here; Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast, And the heart and the hand all thine own to the last.

2. O, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame? I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in thy heart; I but know that I love thee, what-ev'ry thou art.

3. Thou hast called me thine angel in moments of bliss— Still thy an-gel I'll be, 'mid the hor-rors of this, Through the furnace, unshrink-ing, thy steps to pursue, And shield thee, and save thee, or per-ish there too.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

The sunshine of the heart be mine, Which beams a charm around; Where'er it sheds its ray divine Is all enchanted ground; No fiend of care may enter there, Though fate employ her art; Her darkest powers all bow to thine, Bright sunshine of the heart.
1. When, up the mountain climbing, I sing this merry strain, La la la la la la la la la la la la. When on the summit standing, The echoes catch my music, And send it back again. La la la la la la la la la la la la.

2. When lightning, hail, and thunder, Loud hissing, flash and roar, La la la la la la la la la la la. When I stand above its threatening, And sing above its roar, La la la la la la la la la la la.

High 'mid the cloudless blue, I raise my voice right merrily, And hail the world below. La la la la la la la la la la la la.

And shades are dark and long, I call my sheep from wandering, And lead them home with song. La la la la la la la la la la la.

Use the hold only at the close.
1. Begone, dull care, I prithee begone from me; Begone, dull care; Thou and I shall never agree.

2. Too much care Will make a young man gray; And too much care Will turn an old man to clay:

Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And fain thou would'st me kill; But in faith, dull..... care..... Thou never shalt have thy will.

My wife shall dance, and I will sing, So merrily pass the day; For I hold it one of the wisest things To drive dull care away.
Moderato.

Cuckoo! And hark! how echo answers clear,
Cuckoo! The

Who sings in the shady thicket near?
Cuckoo! And hark! how echo answers clear,
Cuckoo! The

two short notes are scarcely heard, When echo quickly mocks the bird,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

two short notes are scarcely heard, When echo quickly mocks the bird, Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

O, tell me now the songster's name, Cuckoo!
THE CUCKOO. CONTINUED.

Cuckoo! Bird of beauty, bird of fame, Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! We hear them sing, and catch the tone, Then turn and sing it, sing it as our own; Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! Bird of beauty, bird of fame, Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! O, tell me now the songster's name, O, tell me, tell me, the songster's

Cuckoo! O, tell me now the songster's name, O, tell me, tell me the songster's

Cuckoo! O, tell me now the songster's name, O, tell me now the songster's

Cuckoo! O, tell me now the songster's name, tell me now the songster's
THE CUCKOO. CONCLUDED.

name, Cuckoo! O, tell me now the songster's name... Cuckoo... Cuckoo!
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo!

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
name, Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
name, Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
name, Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

2. We twa hae run about the braes,
name, Cuckoo! O, tell me now the songster's name.

And never brought to mind, Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've wandered mony a weary foot, Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.
HOW LOVELY ARE THE WOODS.*

1. How lovely are the woods! The verdant, verdant woods! When sweetly the birds are all singing, When thanks for the morning are sprinkling, The leaves of the verdant woods, The verdant, verdant woods. Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, tra-la.

2. O, how I love the woods! The verdant, verdant woods! Where light-swinging branches are twinkling With dew-drops that softly are sprinkling The leaves of the verdant woods, The verdant, verdant woods. Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, tra-la.

3. Come with me to the woods! The verdant, verdant woods! Call echo, who dwells by the mountain, To answer your voice from the fountain That springs in the verdant woods, The verdant, verdant woods. Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, tra-la.

* Sing the first two lines as a treble solo; repeat in chorus.
THOU REIGN’ST IN THIS BOSOM.

1. Thou, thou reign’st in this bosom, There, there hast thou thy throne;
   Thou, thou know’st that I love thee, Am I not fondly thine own?

   Yes, yes, yes, yes,
   Yes, yes, yes, yes,

2. Then, then, ’en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me?
   Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love, Say, wilt thou cherish for me?

   Yes, yes, yes, yes,
   Yes, yes, yes, yes,

LUTZOW’S WILD HUNT.

1. From yonder dark forest what horsemen advance? What sounds from the rocks are rebounding?

2. Why roars in valley the deadly fight? What glittering swords are clashing!

3. ’Tis our hunt! the proud tyrant and dastardly slave Before our hunters are flying:
LUTZOW’S WILD HUNT. CONCLUDED.

The sun-beams are gleam-ing on sword and on lance, And loud the shrill trum-pet is sound-ing, And loud the shrill trum-pet is sound-ing;

Our true-heart-ed ri-ders main-tain the right, And the torch of free-dom is flash-ing, And the torch of free-dom is flash-ing;

And weep not for us, if our coun-try we save, Al-though we have saved it dy-ing, Al-though we have saved it dy-ing.

And if you ask what you there be-hold, ’Tis the hunt of Lut-zow, the free and the bold.

And if you ask what you there be-hold, ’Tis the hunt of Lut-zow, the free and the bold.

From age to age, it shall still be told, ’Twas the hunt, the hunt, Use the hold only at the close.
THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

FROM NORMA.

FINE.

1. Fare thee well! what though I leave thee, A mother's prayers will still be thine; And to hear of thy heart's gladness Will be balm and joy to mine.

All, save love, shall be forgot In thy mother's parting lay.

2. As I watched thy infant slumbers, My tears of joy I strove to hide; While to think upon the future Filled the mother's heart with pride.

Yet the hope within me whispers, We shall meet no more to part.

WE ARE ALL NODDIN.

Andante. Dim. PP f

Memory in my brain... is crowding Many thoughts now passed away;

'Tis the first time we... have parted, And a grief is on my heart....

1. We are all noddin, nid, nid, noddin, We are all noddin, nid, nid, noddin, We are all
For we're all noddin, nid, nid, noddin, We are all

2. We are all noddin, nid, nid, noddin, We are all
Singing all noddin, nid, nid, noddin, Singing all
WE ARE ALL NODDIN. CONCLUDED.

noddin, and dropping off to sleep. || To keep us awake we have all done our best, But we're weary and heavy; so home to our rest;

noddin, and dropping off to sleep. || The hour it is late; we'll no longer delay, But we'll take our hats and bonnets, and quickly away,

CALL JOHN.

Call John! He don't hear. Now call loud! John! John! JOHN! What d'ye want?
Allegro


2. Sing! sing! sing! While the winds do blow; Sing! sing! sing! While the casements shake; Sing! sing! sing! While the tempest wars;

Cres.

Shut the doors and bar them, Shut the doors and bar them: ||: Let the fire blaze clear and strong, Then join and sing a song, ||: join and sing a song.

Friend and friend are meeting, Friend and friend are greeting: ||: Let the tempest roar and ring; But we will gay-ly sing, ||: we will gay-ly sing.

Use the holds only at the close.
THE WILD ROSE.

Allegretto.

1. Once I saw a sweet-brier rose, All so fresh-ly blooming, Bathed with dew, and blushing fair, All the air perfum-ing.

2. "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine, All so fresh-ly blooming!" Rose re-plied, "Nay, let me go, Or thy blood shall free-ly flow, For thy rash pre-sum-ing.

Sweet rose! wild rose! and blushing fair, All the air perfum-ing, perfum-ing.

Sweet rose! wild rose! Bathed with dew, and blushing fair, All the air perfum-ing.
JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

CHARLES W. GLOVER.

1. You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette, And there's no one left to love me now, and you, too, may forget; But my heart will be with you, wherever you may go; Can you look me in the face and say the same, Jeannot? When you wear the jacket red, and the beautiful cockade,

Ritard. A Tempo.

happens a general you'll be; Though I'm proud to think of that, what will become of me? O, if I were queen of France, or, still better, pope of Rome,
JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT. CONCLUDED.

O, I fear you will forget... all the promises you've made. With the gun upon your shoulder, and the bayonet by your side,

I would have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home; All the world should be at peace; or, if kings must show their might,

You'll be taking some proud lady, and be making her your bride; You'll be taking some proud lady, and be making her your bride.

Why, let them who make the quarrels be the only men who fight; Yes, let them who make the quarrels be the only men who fight.
I'M WEARING AWA', JEAN.

I'm wearing a wa', Jean, Like snow wreaths in thaw, Jean; I'm wearing a wa' To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's nae cold nor care, Jean; The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Lively.

1. If a body meet a body, Comin' thro' the rye, If a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?

2. If a body meet a body, Comin' frae the town, If a body greet a body, Need a body frown?

3. Among the train there is a swain I dearly love my sel'; But what's his name, or where's his name, I dinna choose to tell.

Ev'ry lassie has her lad-die; Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When comin' thro' the rye.
THE CHAIN AND THE RING.

There once was a gallant knight,

He! merri-ly, ho!

I bring thee a golden chain;

'Tis a sign you know;

He sung to a lady bright,

I will ever your slave remain,

O! lady love, O!

Fal, la, la,

Fal, la, la,

Fal, la, la, O! lady love, O!

Then softly the maid did sing, Nothing of chains I know;

Fal, la, la,

Fal, la, la,

Fal, la, la,

Fal, la, la, Fal, la, la.
THE CHAIN AND THE RING. CONCLUDED.

Fal, lah, la, Fal, lah, la,
I rather would have a ring, Because it won't let you go.

Fal, lah, la, Fal, lah, la, Because it won't let you go.

Fal, lah, la, Fal, lah, la,

SPRING'S DELIGHTS ARE NOW RETURNING.

Andante, \( \text{\textsc{müller}} \)

Spring's delights are now returning; Blooming flowers fill the vale; And with in her leafy bowers Plaintive sings the night-in-

re-turn-ing; And within re-turn-ing; And within sings the night-in-
And within her leafy bowers Plain-tive sings the nightingale, the nightingale. Come, then, quickly come, my

dearest; Lose no time by saying no; Come, then, quickly come, my dearest; Lose no time by saying

dearest; Lose no time, no time by saying no; Come, then, quickly come, my dearest; Lose no time by saying

dearest; Lose no time by saying no; Come, then, quickly come, my dearest; Lose no time by saying

dearest; Lose no time by saying no; Come, then, quickly come, my dearest; Lose no time by saying

Come, then, quickly come,
SPRING’S DELIGHTS ARE NOW RETURNING. CONCLUDED.

Let us now

no; To the woods so green, inv-it-ing, Let us now a May-ing go;

Let us

To the woods so green, inv-it-ing,

Let us now a May-ing go, To the woods so green, so green, inv-it-ing, Let us now a May-ing go; Let... us now a May-ing go.

Let us now a May-ing go; Let us now............ a May - - ing go;

Let us now a Maying go; To the woods so green, so green, inv-it-ing, Let us now a Maying go; Let us now a Maying go.
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Moderato.

1. John Anderson, my Jo, John, When nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John, Her master-work was man;

2. John Anderson, my Jo, John, Ye were my first con-tent,
And ye need nae think it strange, John, Tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;

3. John Anderson, my Jo, John, When we were first acquaintance,
Your locks were like the ra-ven, John, Your bonnie brow was bent;

4. John Anderson, my Jo, John, We've seen our barns' barns;
And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms;

5. John Anderson, my Jo, John, We've clamb the hill the-gither;
And mony a can-ty day, John, We've had wi' ane-anither;

And you, amang them a', John, Sae trig frae tap to toe,
Tho' some folk say you're auld, John, I ne'er think you so,
Ye proved to be nae jour-ney-work, John Anderson, my Jo.
For you're aye the same guid man to me, John Anderson, my Jo.

But now your brow is bald, John; Your locks are like the snow;
And sae are ye in mine, John; I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Yet blessings on your frost-y pow, John Anderson, my Jo.
Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen, John Anderson, my Jo.

Now we maun tot-ter down, John; But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep the-gither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.

First ending. Jenny Lind sang this ending.  
Second ending.
HARK! THE HOLLOW WOOD SURROUNDING.

Hark! the hollow wood surrounding, Echoes now the merry horn; Hark! the hills and vales resounding, Hail the fair and

While the wood and vales retiring,

While the wood and vales retiring,

cheerful morn; Swiftly up the hills aspiring, On we go with gay delight,
HARK! THE HOLLOW WOOD SURROUNDING. CONTINUED.

Seem to van-ish, Seem to van-ish, Seem to van-ish from the sight. Hark! the hol-low wood sur-round-ing Ech-oes now the mer-ry horn;

Hark! the hol-low wood sur-round-ing

Seem to van-ish, Seem to van-ish, Seem to van-ish from the sight. Hark! the hol-low wood sur-round-ing Ech-oes now the mer-ry horn;

Hark! the hills and vales re-sound-ing Hail the fair and cheer-ful morn.

Urge we on the plea-sing way,

Bright the love-ly pros-pect view-ing,
HARK! THE HOLLOW WOOD SURROUNDING. CONCLUDED.

Health and happiness pursuing, While we roam, While we roam, While we roam at early day. Bright the lovely prospect viewing,

Urge we on the pleasing way, Health and happiness pursuing, While we roam at early day, While we roam at early day.
THE MOUNTAIN GUIDE.

Allegrezza, P

1. When I forth must stray, On my dangerous way, Though, at parting, grief my heart may wring, Yet I shed no tear,

2. When, from peak to peak, Thund'ring ech-oes wake, When a thousand dan-gers round me spring, O'er the moun-tains drear,

3. When, at set of sun, All our la-bors done, I may home-ward turn my wea-ry feet; When the ta-per's light

Speak no word of fear, But thus, ev-er gay-ly, do I sing,

Sink-ing hearts to cheer, Still thus ev-er gay-ly do I sing,

Gleams be-fore my sight, Loud I raise my voice sweet home to greet. La la la lala lala lala
THE MOUNTAIN GUIDE. CONCLUDED.
WHEN THE EARTH IS HUSHED TO PEACE.

When the earth is hushed to peace, Night its bustle quelling;
Then I seek the sacred place, Where my love is dwelling;
Yes, with step and feeling, Whisp'ring peaceful, peaceful sleep!
Far be light, Haste I there to say "Good night!"

Whisp'ring peaceful, peaceful sleep!
Far be light, Haste I there to say "Good night!"

Whisp'ring peaceful, peaceful sleep!
WHEN THE EARTH IS HUSHED TO PEACE.

CONTINUED.

Far be ev'ry sorrow; O, may Heaven thy welfare keep, Till shall dawn the morrow.

Oft in dreams I think of thee; Ever true I've vowed to be; Oft in dreams I think of thee;
WHEN THE EARTH IS HUSHED TO PEACE.  CONCLUDED.

Good Night.

Andante.

1. Good night! good night! All our labor now is done; Daylight sweetly round is closing, Busy hands and heads rest.

2. Now to rest! now to rest! Let the weary eye-lids close! Sleep on ev'ry eye is lying; Hark! the whip-poor-will is.

3. Rest in peace! rest in peace! Till the morning gayly breaks; Till the day, its cares renewing, Calls us to be up and
GOOD NIGHT.  CONCLUDED.

1. Why, ah, why, my heart, this sadness? Why, 'mid
   crying; All invites thee to repose. Good night! good night!

2. All that's dear to me is wanting; Lone and
doing. Rest in peace—thy father wakes! Good night! good night!

3. Give me those—I ask no other—Those that
   scenes like these decline? Where all, tho' strange, is joy and gladness,

Say, what wish can yet be thine?....... O, say, what wish can yet be thine?

cheerless here I roam; The stranger's joys, how'er enchanting,

to me can never be like home....... To me can never be like home.

bless the humble dome Where dwell my father and my mother;

Give, O, give me back my home....... My own, my dear native home.
STARLIGHT IS STREAMING.

1. 'Tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night; Starlight is streaming, Moonlight is beaming, Sweet birds are dreaming; Hail, silent night! Still gayly dancing, In moonlight glancing, Music, entrancing, Calls to delight.

2. 'Tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night; Eyes brightly shining, Gay chaplets twining, Never revolving, Joyous and free. Night creeps around us, Dim shades have bound us; Still, as they found us, Happy we'll be.
1. In good old colony times, When we were under the king, Three roughish chaps Fell into mis—haps,

2. The first, he was a miller; And the second, he was a weaver; And the third, he was A little tailor, for

3. Now the miller, he stole corn; And the weaver, he stole yarn; And the little tailor Stole broadcloth, for

4. The miller got drowned in his dam; And the weaver got hung in his yarn; And the sheriff clapped his paw On the little tailor,

FINE.

Because they could not sing, Because they could not sing, Because they could not sing.

Three roughish chaps together, Three roughish chaps together, Three roughish chaps together.

To keep these three rogues warm, To keep these three rogues warm, To keep these three rogues warm.

With the broadcloth under his arm, With the broadcloth under his arm, With the broadcloth under his arm.

Use the holds only when returning from the sign.
1. How sweet the joy, at morning hour, To climb the grassy mountain, How sweet the joy, at morning hour, To climb the

2. How sweet to hear, in forest shades, The merry bugle sounding, How sweet to hear, in forest shades, The merry

grass-y mountain, When dew-drops gleam on ev'-ry flower, When dew-drops gleam on ev'-ry flower, And cool each sil-very

bugle sounding, And see, amid the op'-ning glades, And see, amid the op'-ning glades, The deer so light-ly

And cool each silvery
The deer so lightly
HOW SWEET THE JOY, AT MORNING HOUR. CONCLUDED.

When dew-drops gleam on every flower, And cool each silvery fountain, When dew-drops gleam on every flower,

And see, amid the opening glades, The deer so lightly bounding, And see, amid the opening glades,

And cool each silvery fountain, dew-drops gleam on every flower, And cool, And cool each silvery fountain, And cool each silvery fountain.

The deer so lightly bounding, When dew-drops gleam on every flower, The deer so lightly bounding.

And cool, And cool, And cool each silvery fountain, The deer, The deer, The deer so lightly bounding.
O, COME, MAIDENS, COME.

1. O, come, maid-ens, come o'er the blue roll-ing wave; The love-ly should still be the care of the brave.
2. Wake the cho-rus of song, and our oars shall keep time, While our hearts gen-tly beat to the mu-si-cal chime.
3. And when on life's o-cean we... turn our slight prow, May the light-house of hope beam like this on us now.

1. Tran-ca-dil-lo, tran-ca-dil-lo, tran-ca-dil-lo, dil-lo, dil-lo, With moonlight and starlight we'll bound o'er the bil-low.
   Bright bil-low, gay bil-low, bright bil-low, bil-low, bil-low, With, &c.

2. Tran-ca-dil-lo, &c.
   Bright bil-low, &c.

3. Life's bil-low, frail bil-low, the bil-low, bil-low, bil-low, bil-low, With hope-light, the true light, we'll bound o'er life's bil-low.

THE NEVA BOATMAN'S SONG.

1. Day-light fades, Even-ing shades O'er the si-ent wa-ters creep; Winds a-rise, And with sighs,
2. Eve has passed, And shades at last Round the dark-ning wa-ters close; Yet one star Shines a-far,

Wake the stream from slum- bers deep; Swift o'er the Ne-va tides, Mark! how our ves-sel glides;
Gild-ing ev-'ry wave that flows. Soon shall the hand of night Hang up her cres-cent light,
THE NEVA BOATMAN'S SONG.  CONCLUDED.

1. O'er the curling waves she rides, Scatt'ring pearl drops from her sides.
2. Mild, yet with splendor bright, Chasing every gloom from sight.

Chorus, for both verses.
Brothers, row, Whilst the glow Of twilight sheds a parting beam, Till our lay Fades away, And dies upon the Neva stream, upon, upon the Neva stream, Dies upon the Neva stream, the Neva stream.

Neva stream, dies upon the Neva stream, upon, upon the Neva stream, Dies upon the Neva stream, the Neva stream.

Neva stream, Dies upon the Neva stream,.... Neva stream, Dies upon the Neva stream, the Neva stream.
When time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,

Though some of the leaves might be soiled with tears,
Yet the flowers were all gathered, the flowers were all gathered in

leaves might be soiled with tears, with tears, Yet the flowers were all gathered in heaven, in

heaven, in heaven, the flowers were all gathered in heaven. And long may this garland be sweet to the

heaven, in heaven, in heaven, this garland to the
May its verdure forever be new; May its verdure forever be new.

True love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And pity shall nurse it with dew.

Dolce.

Cres.
Dim.

And pity shall nurse it with dew, shall nurse it, shall nurse it, And pity shall nurse it with dew.
HARK! 'TIS THE BELLS.

Hark! Hark! 'tis the bells; Hark! Hark! and how merrily they ring!
Come, Come, let us join; Come, join in the harmony and sing.

Hark! 'tis the bells of the village church; how pleasantly They strike on the ear, and how merrily they ring!
Come, let us join, and we'll imitate their melody; Let each take a part in the harmony and sing.

Hark! Hark! 'tis the bells; Hark! Hark! and how merrily they ring!
Come, Come, let us join; Come, join in the harmony and sing.

love a merry peal of bells; Of hope and joy their music tells; When trav'ling homewards merrily, They greet us ever cheerily.
The Pilgrims.

1. O'er the mountain wave, See where they come; Yet where the sounding gale Howls to the sea,
Storm-cloud and wind, Wel-come them, home; Yet through the wilderness, Cheerful we stray;
Windy dale; Cheer-ful they bloom; Concert their song; Peals along, Deep-toned and free, Deep-toned and free, Deep-toned and
Sco-tia hath heath-er hills; Sweet their per-fume; Home far away, Home far away, Home far a-way free.
Dim grow the for-est path; On-ward they trod; Ev'er a-long, Ev'er a-long, Ev'er a-long way.
Firm beat their no-bie hearts, Trust-ing in, God. Gray men and blooming maids, High rose their

Where the free Dare to be, This is our home, This is our home, This is our home.

2. Eng-land hath sun-ny dales; Yet through the wil-der-ness, Cheer-ful we
Concert their song; Peals along, Deep-toned and free, Deep-toned and free, Deep-toned and free.
Native land, Home far away, Home far away, Home far away,
Hear it sweep, Clear and deep, Ev'er a-long, Ev'er a-long, Ev'er a-long.

Where the free Dare to be, This is our home, This is our home.
HAIL! SMILING MORN.

R. SPOFFORTH.

Hail! hail! smiling morn, smiling morn, that tips the hills with gold, that tips the hills with gold,

Whose morn,

Hail!

Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day,

Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day,
HAIL! SMILING MORN. CONTINUED.

Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,
Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,
Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,
Who the gay face of nature doth unfold.
HAIL! SMILING MORN.  CONCLUDED.

---

Hail, hail! Hail! Hail!
Hail! hail! hail! hail!

Darkness flies away, darkness flies away,
At whose bright presence darkness flies away.

Cresc.

Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Darkness flies away, darkness flies away,
THE SUN'S GAY BEAM ON THE HILL TOP GLOWS.

VON WEBER.

Allegro. f

The sun's gay beam on the hill top glows;

The dew lies bright on the vale's repose,

Before the lark we leave our rest;

Delight and joy now fill the breast;

We wake to the early morning call;

We listen to the sound of the cheerful horn;

We come to the call of the early morn.

Von Weber

105
Awake! Awake!

Awake! Æolian lyre, awake! Æolian lyre, awake!

And give to rapture,

Awake! Awake!

Æolian lyre, awake, awake!

And give to rapture,

Give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs,

And give to rapture all thy trembling strings. From Helicon's harmonious springs,

Harmonious springs, harmonious springs, harmonious springs, harmonious springs,

Give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs, harmonious, harmonious, harmonious, harmonious.
A thousand rills their mazy progress take; The laughing flow'rs that round them blow

A thousand rills, 

mo-nious springs, A thousand rills their mazy progress take,

Largo Sostenuto.

Drink life and fragrance as they flow. Now the rich stream of mu-sic winds a-long, Deep, ma-jes-tic, smooth, and strong,
AWAKE! AÉOLIAN LYRE. CONTINUED.

Through verdant vales,

Now rolling down the steep a-main, headlong, impetuous, see it pour,

and Ceres' golden reign.

Now, now headlong, impetuous, see it pour,

Through verdant vales,

Now rolling down the steep a-main, see it pour,

ff

p

Cres.
f

ff

see it pour, see it pour;

see it pour, see it pour; The rocks and nodding groves re-below to the roar,

see it pour, see it pour;
AWAKE! ÆOLIAN LYRE. CONCLUDED.

HALLOG!

---bel-low to the roar, to the roar, to the roar.

Hal-loo! Hal-loo! Hal-loo! HAL-LOO!

O LADY FAIR.

Tenor. Andante.

1. O lady fair, whereart thou roaming? The sun has sunk; the night is coming.
2. Fair lady, rest till morning blushes; I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.

Treble.

1. Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain, To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
2. O stranger, when my beads I'm counting, I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.

Tenor.

1. And who's the man with white locks flowing? O lady fair, where is he going?
2. Thou pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow; Thou'll go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.

Base.

1. A wand'ring pilgrim, weak, I falter, To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.
2. Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling, O, then I'll bless thy leafy dwelling.

Chorus.

1. Chill falls the rain; night winds are blowing; Dreary and dark's the way you're going.
2. Strew thee, O, strew our bed with rushes; Here you will rest till morning blushes.

Tenor.

1. And who's the man with white locks flowing? O lady fair, where is he going?
2. Thou pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow; Thou'll go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.

Base.

1. A wand'ring pilgrim, weak, I falter, To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.
2. Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling, O, then I'll bless thy leafy dwelling.
HARK! ABOVE US ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Hark! above us on the mountain, Mournful tolls the funeral bell; While a shepherd's boy so gayly Sings below us in the dell,

While a shepherd's boy so gayly Sings below us in the dell.

Now the train, the steep ascending,

While a shepherd's boy so gayly Sings below us in the dell.
HARK! ABOVE US ON THE MOUNTAIN. CONTINUED.

Chant the chorus loud and clear; Hush'd the shepherd's song of gladness, As the sound comes o'er his ear. To their long and silent

home, All in turn consigned must be; Youthful shepherd! youthful shepherd! Soon that bell shall toll for thee, Soon that bell shall toll for thee,
HARK! ABOVE US ON THE MOUNTAIN. CONCLUDED.

Soon that bell shall toll for thee, Youthful shepherd! youthful shepherd! Soon that bell shall toll for thee, for thee, for thee.

WHILE THE LARK'S GAY SONG IS SOUNDING.

While the lark's gay song is sounding, Swiftly away to the woods we'll go; Singing, laughing, shouting, bounding, Thro' the vales the echoes flow.
WHILE THE LARK'S GAY SONG IS SOUNDING.  CONCLUDED.

La la la la la la la la la la la, Hurrah! hurrah! The weather is good; Hurrah! hurrah! Away to the wood.

La la la la la la la la la la, So round and round, with merry glee, Trip it lightly, Trip it lightly, As we frisk o'er the lea.
SLEEP ON.
CONCLUDED.

Sleep on,  sleep on,  sleep on, but dream of me,
Sleep on,  sleep on,  sleep on, but dream of me.
Sleep on,  sleep on, but dream of me,
Sleep on,  sleep on, but dream of me.
WHAT PHRASE SAD AND SOFT.

Solo. First Tenor. Larghetto.

What phrase sad and soft shall I utter farewell in? To steal like a murmur and melt around thee! Fair saint, when at midnight your rosary telling, then murmur an "Ave Maria" for me. Good sir, when at midnight my beads... I am telling,

First Tenor.

Dolce. pp Cres. un poco.


Second Tenor.

Second Tenor, or Base.
WHAT PHRASE SAD AND SOFT. CONTINUED.

Treble or Tenor Solo. Allegretto Moderato.

Fare-well, and wher-ever your foot-steps may stray, The star-beam of for-tune il - lu-nine your way.

Fare-well, and wher-ever your foot-steps may stray,

The star-beam of for-tune il - lu-nine your way; New happiness ev-er your pros-pects a - dorn, New happiness ev-er your pros-pects a - dorn,
WHAT PHRASE SAD AND SOFT. CONTINUED.

And embloom them with roses un-armed by a thorn, with roses, with roses un-armed by a thorn,

un-armed by a thorn, un-armed by a thorn,
WHAT PHRASE SAD AND SOFT.  CONCLUDED.

Fare-well, and wher-ev-er your foot-steps may stray, The star-beam of for-tune il- lu-mine your way; Fare-well, fare-well, wher-ev-er you

Fare-well,............. wher-ev-er you stray,

Fare-well, and wher-ev-er your foot-steps may stray,
WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

1. We have been friends to-geth-er, In sunshine and in shade, Since first, be-neath the chest-nut tree, In in-fan-cy we

2. We have been gay to-geth-er; We laughed at lit- tle jests; For the fount of hope was gush-ing Warm and joy- ous in our

3. We have been sad to-geth-er; We have wept, with bit- ter tears, O'er the grass-grown graves where slum-bered The hopes of ear- ly

played. But coldness dwells with-in thy heart, A cloud is on thy brow; We have been friends to-geth-er,— Can a light word part us now?

breasts; But laughter now hath fled thy lip, And sul-len glooms thy brow; We have been gay to-geth-er,— Shall a light word part us now?

years. The voi-ces which are si-len-t there Would bid thee clear thy 'brow; We have been sad to-geth-er,— O, what shall part us now?
THE SINGING SCHOOL COMPANION.

PART II.

The words of this part of the "Singing School Companion" are used in religious worship; and while singing them, the carelessness and levity so common in singing schools, private classes, and sometimes even in family practice, should give place to the respectful and dignified demeanor suited to their character. It would be better to abandon the use of such words altogether, in vocal practice, than to disregard their sacred and solemn meaning. Too often is the commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," thoughtlessly broken by those who would shudder to hear an oath uttered by another person. A reformation in this will do much to elevate the character of singing choirs in our country.

BIRD.

WM. BIRD, ORGANIST TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

---

Great God! at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
Thou bidst the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

---

* He wrote in 1588, eight reasons why all people should learn to sing. They were the first ever published.

16
GREENWOOD. L. M.

1. Beset with snares on ev’ry hand, In life’s uncertain path I stand; Father divine, diffuse thy light, To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2. Engage this roving, treacherous heart Wisely to choose the better part; To scorn the trifles of a day For joys that none can take away.

3. Then let the wild-est storms arise; Let tempests mingle earth and skies; No fatal shipwreck shall I fear, But all my treasures with me bear.

4. If thou, my Father, still be nigh, Cheerful I live, and joyful die; Secure, when mortal comforts flee, To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

NEW SABBATH. L. M.

For thee, O God, our constant praise In Zion waits, our chosen seat; Our promised altars we will raise, And there our zealous vows repeat.
**SUBMISSION. L. M.**

1. My God, I thank thee! may no thought Ever deem thy chastisements severe; But may this heart, by sorrow taught, Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2. Thy mercy bids all nature bloom; The sun shines bright, and man is gay; Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom That darkens o'er his little day.

3. Full many a throb of grief and pain Thy frail and erring child must know; But not one prayer is breathed in vain, Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4. Thy various messengers employ; Thy purposes of love fulfill; And, 'mid the wreck of human joy, Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

**LEYDEN. L. M.**

Eternal God, celestial King, Exalted be thy glorious name; Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing. Omit. And saints on earth thy love proclaim, And saints on earth thy love proclaim.
SEASONS. L. M.  

1. The flowery spring, at God's command, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vig-or shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

2. The changing seasons, months, and days Demand successive songs of praise; And be the cheerful hom-age paid With morning light and evening shade.

SPRING. L. M.  

1. The flowery spring, at God's command, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vig-or shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

2. His hand in autumn richly pours, Through all her coasts, re-du-nant stores; And win-ter, softened by his care, No more the face of hor-ror wear, No more the face of hor-ror wear.

3. The changing seasons, months, and days Demand success-ive songs of praise; And be the cheerful hom-age paid With morning light and evening shade, With morn-ing light and even-ing shade.
STONEFIELD. L. M.

1. O, all ye people, shout and sing Hosannas to your heavenly King; Where'er the sun's bright glories shine, Ye nations, praise his name divine.

2. High on his everlasting throne, He reigns almighty and alone; Yet we, on earth, with angels share His kind regard, his tender care.

3. Rejoice, ye servants of the Lord; Spread wide Jehovah's name abroad; O, praise our God, his power adore. From age to age, from shore to shore.

TIMSBURY. L. M.

1. Jehovah reigns; his throne is high; His robes are light and majesty; His glory shines with beams so bright, No mortal can sustain the sight.

2. And will this glorious Lord descend To be my Father and my Friend? Then let my songs with angels' join; Heaven is secure, if God be mine.
ELLENTHORPE. L. M.  
LINLEY.

1. Say, how may earth and heaven unite? Say, how shall men with angels join? What link harmonious may be found, Nature’s discordant to combine?

2. Loud let the pealing organ swell! Breathe forth your soul in raptures high! Angels with men in music join; Music’s the language of the sky.

WELLVILLE. L. M.  
T. CLARK.

Lord, ’tis a pleasant thing to stand In gardens planted by thy hand; Let me within thy courts be seen, Like a young cedar, fresh and green, Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
ITALY. L. M. DOUBLE

ITALIAN MELODY.

1. Come, weary souls, with sin oppressed, O, come, accept the promised rest;
   Oppressed with guilt, a painful load, O, come, and bow before your God;
   The Savior's gracious call obey, And cast your gloomy fears away.
   Divine compassion, mighty love, Will all the painful load remove.

Omit the repeat in second stanza.

2. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
   Here's pardon, life, and endless peace; How rich the gift, how free the grace!

PARKER. L. M.

S. WEBBE.

Happy the meek, whose gentle breast, As clear as summer's evening ray,
   Calm as the regions of the blest, Enjoys on earth celestial day.
1. Zion, awake! thy strength renew; Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; Church of our God, arise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2. Soon shall thy radiance stream afar, Wide as the heathen nations are; Gentiles and kings thy light shall view; All shall admire, and love thee too.

Now shall the trembling mourner come, And bind his sheaves, and bear them home; The voice long broke with sighs shall sing, And heaven with hallelujahs ring.
BRIGHTON. L. M. SIX LINES.

1. Blest who with generous pity glows, Who learns to feel another's woes, 
   Howe's to the poor man's wants his ear, Omit. And wipes the helpless orphan's tear; In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe, Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

2. Thy love his life shall guard—thy hand Give to his lot the chosen land; 
   Nor leave him, in the dreadful day, Omit. To unrelenting foes a prey. In sickness thou shalt raise his head, And make with tenderest care his bed.

GERMANY. L. M.

Softly the shade of evening falls, Sprinkling the earth with dewy tears, While nature's voice to slumber calls, And silence reigns amid the spheres.

BEETHOVEN.
WINCHESTER. L. M.

1. Amidst a world of hopes and fears, A wild of cares, and toils, and tears, Where foes alarm, and dangers threat, And pleasures kill, and glorious cheat,

2. Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray, To guide me in the doubtful way; And o'er me hold thy shield of power, To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3. Teach me the flattery paths to shun In which the thoughtless many run, Who, for a shade, the substance miss, And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4. May never pleasure, wealth, or pride allure my wandering soul aside; But, through this maze of mortal ill, Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

ORLAND. L. M.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. Behold the nations with their kings; There Europe her best tribute brings; From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet.

3. There Persia, glorious to behold, And India shines in eastern gold; While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.
MOURNING.

1. While sounds of war are heard a-round, And death and ruin strew the ground, To thee we look, on thee we call, The Parent and the Lord of all.

2. Thou, who hast stamp'd on human kind The image of a heaven-born mind, And in a Father's wide embrace Hast cherished all the kindred race.

3. Great God, whose powerful hand can bind The raging waves, the furious wind, O bid the human tempest cease, And hush the madd'ning world to peace.

4. With reverence may each hostile land Hear and obey that high command, Thy Son's blest errand from above, "My creatures, live in mutual love."
QUITO. L. M.

Who is this stranger in distress, That travels through this wilderness? Oppressed with sorrow and with sin, On her beloved Lord she leans, On her beloved Lord she leans.

LUTON. L. M.

1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.

2. I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord; I'll sing the wonders of thy word; Not all thy works and names below So much thy power and glory show.
FAIRFIELD. L. M.

1. Hosanna! let us join to sing The glories of our rising King; Recount his deeds of might, and tell How Jesus triumphed when he fell.

2. Soon as the morning's early ray Brings on the third, th' appointed day, Behold the angel cleave the skies, Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

3. With strength immortal forth he comes, And power and life from God resumes; The days of pain and sorrow past, His triumph shall forever last.

4. Hosanna! sons of men, record The glories of your rising Lord; The triumphs of the Savior tell, Who died, and conquered when he fell.

MOUNT AUBURN. L. M.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest! How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves the expiring breast.

2. So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore.

3. Life's duty done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spirit flies, While heaven and earth combine to say, "How blest the righteous when he dies!"
CONWAY. C. M.

1. Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray; Un-seals the eye-lids of the morn, Unseals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day.

2. This day be grateful homage paid, And loud ho-sannas sung; Let glad-ness dwell in ev-ry heart, Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue.

3. Ten thousand differing lips shall join To hail this welcome morn, Which scatters blessings from its wings, Which scatters blessings from its wings To nations yet unborn.

REPOSE. C. M.

1. There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with cares oppressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.

2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts, which here annoy; Then they that oft had sown in tears Shall reap again in joy.

3. There is a home of sweet re-pose, Where storms assail no more; The stream of end-less pleasure flows On that ce-les-tial shore.

4. There purity with love appears, And bliss without alloy; There they that oft had sown in tears Shall reap again in joy.
AUBURN. C. M.

1. Again the Lord of life and light Arises the kindling ray; Unseals the eye-lids of the morn, And pours increasing day.

2. O, what a night was that which wrapt The heathen world in gloom! O, what a sun, which broke this day, Triumphant from the tomb!

3. This day be grateful homage paid, And loud hosannas sung; Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue.

4. Ten thousand differing lips shall join To hail this welcome morn; Which scatters blessings from its wings To nations yet unborn.

GREENLAND. P. M.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His tender, last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed With us to dwell.

2. He came in tongues of living flame, To teach, convince, subdue; All powerful as the wind he came, As visionless too.

3. He came sweet influence to impart, A gracious willing guest, While he can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.

4. And his that gentle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of heaven, That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.
ST. MARTIN’S. C. M.

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow, Within this earthly frame, Through all the world how great art thou! How glorious is thy name!

NEW BEDFORD. C. M. DOUBLE.

FINE.

I love to steal a while away From every cumbr’ring care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer. I love to think of mercies past, And future good implore.

D. C.

Omit small notes at the close.
WESTMORELAND. C. M. DOUBLE.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause.
Maintain the honor of his word, The glory of his cross.
Jesus, my God, I know his name; His name is all my trust; Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

MARSHFIELD. C. M.

1. Lord, teach us how to pray a right, With reverence and with fear: Though dust and ashes in thy sight, We may, we must draw near.

2. Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin, In weakness, want, and woe, Fightings without, and fears within, Lord, whither shall we go?

3. God of all grace, we come to thee, With broken, contrite hearts; Give what thine eye delights to see—Truth in the inward parts.

4. Give deep humility; the sense Of godly sorrow give; A strong, desiring confidence, To hear thy voice and live.
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews fair Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels' round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

2. Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er thine, Be, Lord, for-ev-er thine.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord In one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And thus ful-fill his word! When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever prays for me; Salvation to his saints he gives, And life and liberty.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

1. I love to steal a while away From every cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in solitude to shed The penitential tear, And all his promises to plead Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I adore.
How vain are all things here below! How false, and yet how fair! Each pleasure hath its poison, too, And every sweet a snare.

See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands, With engaging charms; Hark! how he calls the tender lambs, And folds them in his arms!
MOUNT VERNON. C. M.

BEETHOVEN.

1. The dove, let loose in eastern skies, Return ing fondly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where idle warblers roam;

2. But high she shoots through air and light, Above all low delay; Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.

3. So grant me, Lord, from ev'ry snare Of sinful passion free, A loft, through faith's serener air, To urge my course to thee.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.

1. Sing to the Lord a new-made song, Who wondrous things has done; With his right hand and holy arm, The conquest he has won, The conquest he has won, The conquest, &c.

2. Let all the people of the earth Their cheerful voices raise; Let all, with universal joy, Resound their Maker's praise, Resound their Maker's praise, Resound, &c.
PEMBROKE. C. M.

1. Give thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord; His mercies still endure; And be the King of kings adored, And be the King of kings adored; His truth is ever sure.

2. What wonders hath his wisdom done! How mighty is his hand! Heaven, earth, and sea he framed alone; How wide is his command!

CHINA. C. M.

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.

The Lord, our glory and defence, Strength and salvation gives; Israel, thy King forever reigns, Thy God forever lives.
1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am forever thine; I fear before thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my weary head, From cares and business free, 'Tis sweet conversing, on my bed, With my own heart and thee.

While thee I seek, protecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That better hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my tho'ts would soar;
That mercy I adore.

Sing small notes the last time.
HELP. C. M.

1. O, help us, Lord! each hour of need Thy heavenly succor give; Help us, in thought, and word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live.

2. O, help us, when our spirits bleed, With contrite anguish sore; And when our hearts are cold and dead, O, help us, Lord, the more.

3. O, help us, through the prayer of faith, More firmly to believe; For still the more thy servant hath, The more shall he receive.

4. O, help us, Father, from on high; We know no help but thee; O, help us so to live and die, As thine in heaven to be.

UPHAM. S. M.

1. How gentle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2. His bounty will provide; His saints securely dwell; That hand which bears creation up Shall guard his children well.

3. Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind? O, seek your heavenly Father's throne, And peace and comfort find.

4. His goodness stands approved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song away.
HARTLAND. S. M.

1. The day is past and gone; The evening shades appear; O, may I ever keep in mind The night of death draws near.

2. Lord, keep me safe this night, Secure from all my fears; May angels guard me while I sleep, Till morning light appears.

3. And when I early rise To view th'unwearyed sun, May I set out to win the prize, And after glory run.

BEACON STREET. S. M.

1. O, bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee proclaim; And all that is within me, join To bless his holy name.

2. O, bless the Lord, my soul; His mercies bear in mind; Forget not all his benefits; The Lord to thee is kind.

3. He will not always chide; He will with patience wait; His wrath is ever slow to rise, And ready to abate.
ALLEN. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM MADAN.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows; Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

3. If e'er I go astray He doth my soul reclaim; And guides me, in his own right way, For his most holy name.

4. While he affords his aid I cannot yield to fear; Though I should walk through death’s dark shade, My Shepherd’s with me there.

HASTINGS. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM RINK.

The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?
PLYMPTON. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM CHERUBINI.

Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts, and our cares.

GRANT. S. M.

H. G. B.

1. How tender is thy hand, O thou most gracious Lord! Afflictions come at thy command, And leave us at thy word.

2. How gentle was the rod That chastened us for sin! How soon we found a gracious God, Where deep distress had been!

3. A Father's hand we felt; A Father's heart we knew; Mid tears of penitence we knelt, And found his word was true.
GORTON. S. M.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid farewell to every fear; My wants are all supplied.

2. To ever fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wandering feet restore; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove no more.

CHAMBERLAIN. S. M.

1. My Maker and my King, To thee my all I owe: Thy sovereign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

2. Thou ever good and kind, A thousand reasons move, A thousand obligations bind, My heart to grateful love.

3. O, let thy grace inspire My soul with strength divine; Let all my powers to thee aspire, And all my days be thine.
HOMER.  S.  M.

1. My Mak-er and my King, To thee my all I owe: Thy sover-eign bou-nty is the spring Whence all our bless-ings flow.

2. Thou ev-er good and kind, A thousand rea-sons move, A thousand ob-li-ga-tions bind, My grate-ful heart to love.

3. The cre-ature of thy hand, On thee a-lone I live: My God, thy ben-e-fits de-mand More praise than tongue can give.

4. O, let thy grace in-spire My soul with strength di-vine; Let all my powers to thee as-pire, And all my days be thine.

WILSON.  S.  M.

1. Our Heav-enly Fa-ther calls, And Christ in-vites us near; With both our friend-ship shall be sweet, And our com-munion dear.

2. God pit-iess all my griefs; He pardons every day; Al-might-ty to pro-tect my soul, And wise to guide my way.

3. Je-sus, my liv-ing Head, I bless thy faith-ful care; Mine ad-vo-cate be-fore the throne, And my fore-run-ner there.

4. Here fix, my rov-ing heart, Here wait, my warmest love, Till the com-munion be com-plete In no-bler scenes a-bove.
GOULD.  S.  M.

1. Come to the house of prayer, O thou afflicted, come; The God of peace shall meet thee there; He makes that house his home.

2. Come to the house of praise, Ye who are happy now; In sweet accord your voices raise, In kindred homage bow.

3. Ye aged, hither come, For ye have felt his love; Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb, Your lips forget to move.

4. Ye young, before his throne, Come, bow; your voices raise; Let not your hearts his praise disown Who gives the power to praise.

WESTON.  S.  M.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope and be undismayed; God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

2. Through waves, thro' clouds and storms, He gently clears the way; Wait thou his time, so shall the night Soon end in joyous day.

3. Thou seest our weakness, Lord, Our hearts are known to thee: O, lift thou up the sinking hand, Confirm the feeble knee!

4. Let us, in life or death, Boldly thy truth declare! And publish with our latest breath, Thy love and guardian care.
CELESTIA. SEVENS.

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

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

BENEVENTO. SEVENS.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Never more 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.

2. As the winged arrow flies Speedily the mark to find, As the lightning from the skies Darts and leaves no trace behind, - Swiftly thus our fleeting days Bear us down life's rapid stream; Upward, Lord, our spirits raise; All below is but a dream.

3. Thanks for mercies past receive; Pardon of our sins renew; Teach us, henceforth, how to live, With eternity in view; Bless thy word to old and young; Fill us with a Savior's love; When our life's short race is run, May we dwell with thee above.
FOREST HILL. SEVENS.

GEORGE GOULD. 153

Andante. With expression.

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

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

3. In thine own appointed way, Now we seek thee; here we stay; Lord, from hence we would not go Till a blessing thou bestow.

4. Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy return; Those that are cast down, lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope.

CHERUBINI. SEVENS.

Andante.

1. For a season called to part, Let us now ourselves commend To the gracious eye and heart Of our ever present Friend.

2. Jesus, hear our humble prayer; Tender Shepherd of thy sheep, Let thy mercy and thy care All our souls in safety keep.

3. In thy strength may we be strong; Sweeten every cross and pain; And our wasting lives prolong Till we meet on earth again.
NEWELL. SEVENS AND SIXES.

1. The mellow eve is gliding Serenely down the west; So, ev'ry care subsiding, My soul would sink to rest. 2. The woodland hum is ringing The daylight's gentle close;

3. The evening star has lighted Her crystal lamp on high; So, when in death benighted, May hope illume the sky. 4. In golden splendor dawning, The morrow's light shall break;

WELLS. EIGHTS AND SEVENS.

May angels round me singing Thus hymn my last repose.

1. When forced to part from those we love, Though sure to meet to-morrow, We still a painful anguish prove,

3. Yet, if our aims are fixed aright, A sacred hope is given, Though here our prospects end in night.
Wells. Concluded.

We feel a pang of sorrow. 2. But who can e'er describe the tears we shed when thus we sever, If doomed to part for months, for years—To part perhaps for-ever?

We'll meet again in heaven. 4. Then let us form those bonds above Which time can ne'er dissover, Since, parting in a Savior's love, We part to meet for-ever.

Dedication Hymn. L. M.

Words and music by Jos. W. Turner.

Andante.

Cresc. Dim.

1. O God, to thee we humbly raise This temple as a sacred shrine, Wherein all hearts can meekly praise, And bless thy holy name divine.

2. Here shall the grateful prayer ascend, Great God, to thee, whom we adore; Here let each soul submissive bend, Thy love and mercy to implore.

3. Here may the sweet, exalted strains be ever chanted to thy praise, Until each contrite heart attains Thy love through ever-lasting days.

4. And may this place forever be An altar of thy sacred laws, Where ev'ry one devotedly Can plead religion's holy cause.
TRIVOLI. 8s & 7s.  

PLEYEL.  

D. C.  

See from Zion's sacred mountain, Streams of living waters flow;  
God has opened there a fountain, This supplies the plains below.  
They are blessed—They are blessed, Who its sovereign virtue know.  

NORTHFIELD. C. M.  

Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day.  
How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour delay,  
Fly swifter round the wheel of time, ... and bring the welcome day.  
Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day;  
Fly swifter round the wheel of time, Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day.
WILLIAMS ST.  8s & 4s.  
1. There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.

2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's last sigh,  
That shuts the rose.

3. Then, traveller in the vale of tears  
To realms of everlast ing light,  
Through time's dark wilderness of years  
Pursue thy flight.

4. Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,  
In God's own image, freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
A star of day.

SAMARIA.  8s & 7s, or 7s.  
6. HEWS.  
From the Modern Harp.

Cease here longer to detain me,  
Kindest mother drown'd in woe,  
Now thy kind caresses pain me;  
Morn advances, let me go.
Ye tribes of Adam join, With heaven and earth and seas, And offer notes divine, To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.

Ye holy throng Of angels bright, Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.
1. Hark! what celestial sounds, What music fills the air! Soft warbling to the morn, It strikes the ravished ear: Now all is still; Now wild it floats,

2. Th' angelic hosts descend, With harmony divine: See how from heaven they bend, And in full chorus join: "Fear not," say they; "Great joy we bring:

3. He comes, your souls to save From death's eternal gloom; To realms of bliss and light He lifts you from the tomb: Your voices raise, With sons of light;

4. Glory to God on high! Ye mortals, spread the sound, And let your raptures fly To earth's remotest bound; For peace on earth, From God in heaven,

Norton. SIVS.

In tuneful notes, Loud, sweet, and shrill.
Jesus, your King, Is born today."
Your songs unite Of endless praise.

Once more, before we part, Bless the Redeem-er's name; Let ev'ry tongue and heart Praise and adore the same.

To man is given, At Jesus' birth.
EAST CHURCH.  P. M.

It is the one true light, That when all other lamps grow dim, Shall never burn less purely bright, Nor lead astray from him.

OAKLAND.  7s.

1. Come! said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrim, hither come! Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2. Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn, Long has borne the proud world's scorn, Long has roamed the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3. Ye, who tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain: Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes, Watch to see the morning rise, Watch to see the morning rise:

4. Ye, by fiercer anguish torn, In remorse for guilt who mourn; Here repose your heavy care: Conscience wounded, who can bear? Conscience wounded, who can bear?

5. Sinner, come! for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever shall endure; Rest eternal, sacred, sure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.
EVENING. L. M.

1. My God, how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are every evening new; And morning mercies, from above, Gently distil like early dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command; To thee I consecrate my days; Perpetual blessings from thine hand Demand perpetual songs of praise.

REST. 8s & 7s.

1. Father, breathe an evening blessing Ere repose our spirits seal, Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2. Tho' destruction walk a-round us, Though the arrows past us fly, Angel guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from thee; Thou art he who, never weary, Watchest where thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night overtake us, And command us to the tomb, May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in bright, eternal bloom.
DUNBAR. S. M.

1. When overwhelmed with grief, My heart within me dies, Helpless and far from all relief, To heaven I lift my eyes.

2. O lead me to the rock That's high above my head, And make the covert of thy wings My shelter and my shade.

3. Within thy presence, Lord Forever I'll abide; Thou art the tower of my defence, The refuge where I hide.

WINDHAM. L. M.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveller.
1. Brother, tho' from yonder sky Cometh neither voice nor cry, Yet we know for thee to-day Eve-ry pain hath passed away, Eve-ry pain hath passed a-way.

2. Not for thee shall tears be giv'n, Child of God and heir of heav'n; For he gave thee sweet release; Thine the Christian's death of peace, Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3. We know thy living faith Had the power to conquer death; As a living rose may bloom, By the borders of the tomb, By the borders of the tomb.

4. Brother, in that solemn trust We commend thee, dust to dust; In that faith, we wait, till ris'n, Thou shalt meet us all in heav'n, Thou shalt meet us all in heav'n.

5. While we weep as Jesus wept, Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept: With thy Saviour thou shalt rest, Crown'd, and glorified and blest, Crown'd, and glorified and blest.

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GROVE STREET. C. M.

When gladness wings my favored hour,—Thy love my thoughts shall fill;— Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet thy will.
AMERICA. SIXES AND FOURS.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee, of thee, of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died,

2. My native country, thee—Land of the noble free—Thy name—thy name—thy name—I love; I love thy rocks and rills,

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake;

4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee—to thee—to thee we sing: Long may our land be bright

Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain's side, Let freedom ring, let freedom ring, let freedom ring!

Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above, like that above, like that above.

Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound prolong, the sound prolong, the sound prolong.

With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God our King, great God our King, great God our King.
COLUMBIA. SIXES AND FOURS.

1. God bless our native land; Firm may she ever stand Through storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of winds and wave, Do thou our country save By thy great might.

2. For her our prayer shall rise To God above the skies; On him we wait; Thou who hast heard each sigh, Watching each weeping eye, Be thou forever nigh;—God save the state.

PRESTON. EIGHTS AND SEvens.

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

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

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

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.
1. Go when the morning shin-eth, Go when the noon is bright, Go when the eve de-cin-eth, Go in the hush of night;

2. Re-mem-ber all who love thee, All who are loved by thee; Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If any such there be;

3. O, not a joy or bless-ing With this can we com-pare— The grace our Fa-ther gave us To pour our souls in prayer;

Go with pure mind and feel-ing, Fling earth-ly thought a-way, And, in thy clos-et kneel-ing, Do thou in se-cret pray.

Then, for thy-self, in meek-ness, A bless-ing hum-bly claim, And blend with each pe-ti-tion Thy great Re-doem-er's name.

Whene'er thou pin'est in sad-ness, Be-fore his foot-stool fall; Re-mem-ber, in thy glad-ness, His love who gave thee all.
1. Hear what God the Lord hath spoken: O my people, faint and few, Comfortless, afflicted, broken, Fair abodes I build for you;

2. There, like streams that feed the garden, Pleasures without end shall flow; For the Lord, your faith rewarding, All his bounty shall bestow;

3. Ye no more your suns descending, Waning moons, no more shall see; But, your griefs forever ending, Find eternal noon in me:

Scenes of heart-felt tribulation Shall no more perplex your ways; You shall name your walls salvation, And your gates shall all be praise.

Still in undisturbed possession Peace and righteousness shall reign; Never shall you feel oppression, Hear the voice of war again.

God shall rise, and, shining o'er you, Change to-day the gloom of night; He, the Lord, shall be your glory, God your everlasting light.
I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

Larghetto. P

1. I know that my Redeemer liveth; That he on earth shall stand again; That God the mourning soul forgiveth,

2. The tears the contrite heart is pouring, Ah! who on earth shall e'er gainsay? For while in silent hope adoring,

3. The Lord will chasten those he loveth, And hide his face from them a while; But like a father He reproveth,

4. Then I will build my faith forever On him, my Father and my Friend; Fixed on that rock, my hope shall never

FADING, STILL FADING.

And there be none who weep in vain.

Our God shall wipe all tears away.

And gently leads them back from guile.
Grow pale and fade, shall know no end.

1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining; Father in heaven, the day is declining;

2. Father in heaven, O, hear when we call; Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;

3. Father, hear us, when we pray; Look in mercy from above;

4. In the name of Christ we come, Asking grace and seeking peace,
FADING, STILL FADING. CONCLUDED.

Safety and innocence fly with the light; Temptation and danger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,

Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might; In doubt and darkness, thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,

Turn not, Lord, thy face away; Hear, and grant thy pard'ning love. Turn not, Lord, thy face away;

Raise our hearts to heaven, our home, And from worldly cares release. Raise our hearts to heaven, our home,

Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Wake in thy arms when morning returns. Father, have mercy, &c.

Hear, and grant thy pard'ning love. Father, hear us, Father, hear us, Hear, and grant thy pard'ning love. Amen.
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where-e’er you lan-guish, Come, at the shrine of God fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts; here tell your an-guish;

2. Joy of the com-fort-less; light of the straying; Hope, when all others die, fade-less and pure. Here speaks the Comforter, in God’s name say-ing,

CHANT. THY WILL BE DONE.

1. “Thy will be done!” In devious way The hurrying stream of life may run; Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, “Thy will be done.”

2. “Thy will be done!” If o’er us shine A gladd’ning sun, This prayer will make it more divine— “Thy will be done.”

3. “Thy will be done!” Though shrouded o’er Our path with gloom, one comfort—one Is ours—to breathe, while we adore, “Thy will be done.”
PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,

2. Come, freely come, by sin oppressed, Unburden here thy weighty load; Here find thy refuge and thy rest,

And let thy tears forget to flow; Behold, the precious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

And trust the mercy of thy God; Thy God's thy Savior—glorious word! Forever love and praise the Lord.
1. God is love; his mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.

2. Chance and change are busy ever;

3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will his changeless goodness prove; From the gloom his brightness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.

4. He with earthly cares entwineth

Man decays, and ages move; But his mercy wan-eth never; God is wisdom, God is love. But his mercy wan-eth never; God is wisdom, God is love.

Hope and comfort from above: Everywhere his glory shineth; God is wisdom, God is love. Everywhere his glory shineth; God is wisdom, God is love.
VESPER HYMN.

1. Hark! the ves-per hymn is stealing O'er the waters soft and clear; Near'er yet, and near'er pealing, Now it bursts upon the ear.

2. Now, like moonlight waves re-treating To the shore, it dies a-long; Now, like angry surges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song.

Farther now, now farther stealing, Soft it fades upon the ear.
Hush again, like waves re-treating To the shore, it dies a-long.
I will arise, I will arise, will arise, and go to my Father; and will say unto him, Father, Father, I have sinned, have sinned, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.
WEEP NO MORE.

1. Weep no more, weep no more, O ye broken-hearted, O'er the dear one gone; Say o'er the de-parted, Lord, thy will be done. Weep no more.

2. Weep no more, weep no more; Tears are unavailing, Which incessant flow; Christ, the All-prevailing, Seeks to heal thy woe. Weep no more.

3. Weep no more, weep no more; That which God hath taken, Once in kindness giv'n. He hath not forsaken, But removed to heav'n. Weep no more.

NOT UNTO US.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, But unto thy name give praise; For thou art faithful in all thy works, And just in all thy ways.
1. Fall'n is thy throne, O Israel; Silence is o'er the plains; Thy dwellings all lie desolate, Thy dwellings all lie desolate; Thy children are in chains.

2. Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem; Once she was all thy own; Her love thy fairest heritage, Her love thy fairest heritage, Her power thy glory's throne.

Where are the dews that fed thee On E-lim's barren shore,...... On E-lim's barren shore? That fire from heaven which led thee, That fire from heaven which led thee, And Salem's shrines were lighted, And Salem's shrines were lighted, Till evil came and blight-ed Thy long-loved olive tree,...... Thy long-loved olive tree, And Salem's shrines were lighted, And
FALLEN IS THY THRONE. CONCLUDED.

SAVE MY SOUL, WHICH THOU DIDST CHERISH.

HEROLD.

1. Save my soul, which thou didst cherish Until now, now like to perish; Save thy servant, that hath none Help, nor hope, but thee alone.

2. Send, O send relieving gladness To my soul, oppressed with sadness, Which, from clog of earth set free, Winged with zeal springs up to thee.

3. Heavenly Tutor, of thy kindness Teach my dulness, guide my blindness, That my steps thy paths may tread, Which to endless bliss do lead.
Father of mercies, Fountain of goodness, Lord, we adore thee and worship thy name;

Praise him, all ye angels, praise him with the cymbals; For he is God, he is God alone. O, praise the holy, holy One. Amen.

Lute and harp resounding, Lofty notes rebounding; For he is God alone. O, praise the holy, holy One. Amen.

Praise him, all ye angels, praise him with the cymbals; For he is God, he is God alone. O, praise the holy, holy One. Amen.
CAST THY BURDENS UPON THE LORD.

CAST thy burdens up-on the Lord, and he shall sust ain thee; He nev-er will suf-fer the righteous to fall; He is at thy right hand. Thy mer-cy, Lord, is great, and far a-bove the heavens. Let none be made a-shamed that wait up-on thee.
BLESS ED BE THE LORD.

Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed be the Lord for-ev-er-mo re; Bless- ed be the Lord, bless-ed be the Lord, bless-ed be the

WORSHIP THE LORD.

O, worship the Lord! O, worship the Lord! Worship the Lord, and praise his name; And praise his name; And praise his name forevermore, forevermore, forevermore.

more, for-ever-more. Be telling of his salvation; Be telling of his salvation From day to day. O, worship the Lord! worship the Lord! worship the Lord!
Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; and thy blessing, thy blessing is among thy people. Salvation, salvation belongeth unto the Lord, and thy blessing is among thy people, and thy blessing, thy blessing.
SALVATION BELONGETH UNTO THE LORD. CONCLUDED.

and thy blessing, and thy blessing,

and thy blessing, and thy blessing, thy blessing is among thy people, is among thy people. Amen.

blessing, and thy blessing,

and thy blessing, and thy blessing,

BENEDICTION.

May the grace of Christ our Savior, And the Father's boundless love,... With the Holy Spirit's favor, Rest upon us from above. Amen.

Thus may we abide in union With each other and the Lord,... And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford. Amen.

NAUMANN.
O, GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD.

O, give thanks, O, give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks, give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord;

For he is good, for he is good, is good; For his mercy endureth for ever, His mercy endureth, his mercy endureth for ever, His mercy endureth for ever, A-men. A-men.
Largo. Solo.

O, how lovely, how lovely is Zion,
Zion, city of our God!
O, how lovely, how lovely is Zion,
Zion, city, city of our

how lovely is Zion,

O, how lovely,

O, how lovely is Zion,

God!

O, how lovely, how lovely is Zion,
Zion, city, city of our God!
Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,
Joy and peace shall dwell in

O, how lovely, city of our God!
O, HOW LOVELY IS ZION. CONTINUED.

thee, O, how love-ly is Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,
O, HOW LOVELY IS ZION.  CONCLUDED.

shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, dwell in thee, dwell in thee.

Joy... and peace,

Joy... and peace,

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, dwell in thee.
COME, SAID JESUS' SACRED VOICE.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home: Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Mourn-er, come, for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HEAVENLY FATHER, GIVE US PEACE.

Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Heav'nly Father, give us peace; Through Jesus Christ we
HEAVENLY FATHER, GIVE US PEACE. CONCLUDED.

pray to thee, O Lord; For thou alone, O Father, Canst make us dwell in peace and safety.

AND YE SHALL SEEK ME.

And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart, saith the Lord. Help us to seek thee, and find thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ.
LIFT NOT THOU THE WAILING VOICE.

1. Lift not thou the wailing voice; Weep not: 'tis a Christian di-eth. Up where blessed saints re-joice, Ransomed now the spir-it flie-eth.

2. They who die in Christ are blest; Ours be then no thought of grieving. Sweetly with their God they rest, All their toils and troubles leaving.

High in heav'n's own light she dwelleth; Full the song of tri-umph swelleth. Freed from earth and earthly fail-ing, Lift for her no voice of wailing.

So be ours the faith that sav-eth, Hope that ev'-ry tri-al brav-eth, Love that to the end endur-eth, And, through Christ, the crown secureth.
Jesus, most holy One, We lift our souls to thee;  
Watch us while shadows lie;  
Far o'er the water spread;  
Hear the heart's lonely sigh; Thine too hast bled. Thou that hast

looked on death, Aid us when death is near,  
Whisper of heaven to faith—Redeemer, Redeemer, hear;  
Hear, O, hear and save us, Tossed on the deep!
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;

Praise him above, Praise him above, Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise him above, Praise him above, Praise him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise him above, Praise him above,
Praise him above, Praise him above, Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise him above, Praise him above, Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW. CONTINUED.

Praise him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Praise him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Praise him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Praise him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Very quick and Staccato.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, a-men, a-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

Hal-le-lu-jah.
O, PRAISE THE LORD.

HANDEL.

Ritard.

O, praise the Lord, all ye nations, praise ye the Lord! O, praise the Lord, all ye people, praise him! Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!
1. The breaking waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods against a stormy sky Their giant branches tossed;

2. Not as the conqueror comes, They, the true-hearted, came; Not with the roll of the stirring drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame;

3. Amidst the storm they sang; And the stars heard, and the sea; And the sounding ailes of the dim woods rang To the anthem of the free!

4. What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—They sought a faith's pure shrine!

And the heavy night hung dark The hills and waters o'er, When a band of exiles moored their bark On the wild New England shore.

Not as the flying cone, In silence and in fear; They shook the depths of the desert gloom With their hymns of lofty cheer.

The ocean eagle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the rocking places of the forest roared—This was their welcome home.

Ay, call it holy ground, The soil where first they trod! They have left unstained what there they found—Freedom to worship God.
STRIKE THE CYMBAL.

Allegro.

Chorus.

Solo.

Pow'rful singing, headlong bringing Proud Go-li-ah
Spread your banners! shout ho-san-nas! Bat-tle is the

Strike the cym-bal! roll the tym-bal! Let the trump of tri-umph sound.
From the riv-er, re-ject-ing quiv-er, Ju-dah's he-ro takes the stone.

Solo.

All the band of Is-rael's daughters; Catch the sound, ye hills and wa-ters!

Solo.

See! ad-va-nces, with songs and dan-ces,

Composed for and sung at the coronation of Henry IV. of France, to the words, "God save King Henry."
STRIKE THE CYMBAL. CONTINUED.

Spread your banners! shout hosannas! Battle is the Lord's alone. God of thunder, rend asunder All the pow'r Philistia boasts.

What are nations? what their stations? Israel's God is Lord of hosts.

Solo. Slower.

What are haughty monarchs now? Low before Jehovah bow. Pride of princes, strength of kings.

Faster.

To the dust Jehovah brings. Praise him,
STRIKE THE CYMBAL. CONCLUDED.

praise him, exulting nations, praise! Praise him, praise him, exulting nations, praise! Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna!

THOUGH THE SINNER.

Largo, P

Though the sinner blooms at morning, Yet at noon his beauty wasteth; Though in mercy God aboundeth, Yet doth justice form his throne.
I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me. Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors. Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.
LET US, WITH A JOYFUL MIND.

Let us, with a joyful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind; For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure. Hallelujah, amen.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, amen. Hallelujah, hallelujah, amen, hallelujah, amen, hallelujah, amen, hallelujah, amen, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen, halle-
LET US, WITH A JOYFUL MIND. CONCLUDED. THE LORD HE WILL HAVE MERCY. HAYDN. 201

The Lord he will have mercy; In peace he keep-eth

a-men, a-men, a-men, a-men, a-men.

The Lord he will have mercy; In

lu-jah, a-men,

The Lord he will have mercy; In peace he keep-eth

Zi-on, he keep-eth Zi-on,

peace he keep-eth Zi-on, he keep-eth Zi-on, he keepeth Zi-on, he keepeth Zi-on.

Zi-on, he keepeth Zi-on,

Zi-on, he keep-eth Zi-on,

Zi-on, he keep-eth Zi-on,

26
Mark the perfect man, and behold th'up-right,
For the end of that man is peace, peace,
For the end of that man is peace, Mark the perfect

Mark the perfect man,

man,........ For the end of that man is peace, peace,.... For the end of that man is peace, peace,..... peace,.....
ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR.

Take, O, take me,

ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR, ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR, TAKE, O, TAKE ME, TAKE, O, TAKE ME TO YOUR CARE,

Take, O, take me to your care, ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR, TAKE, O, TAKE ME TO YOUR CARE, TAKE, O, TAKE ME TO YOUR CARE.
UNVEIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB.

Moderato.

1. Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb; Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sacred relics room,

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,

3. So Jesus slept; God's dying Son Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne

To slumber in the silent dust; And give these sacred relics room, To slumber in the silent dust.

While angels watch the soft repose; Can reach the peaceful sleeper here, While angels watch the soft repose.

The morning break, and pierce the shade; Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Repeat for 3d and 3d verses.
4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn; Attend, O earth, his sovereign word; Restore thy trust; a glorious form

Shall then arise to meet the Lord; Restore thy trust; a glorious form Shall then arise to meet the Lord.
PEACE BE WITHIN THY WALLS.

Peace be within thy walls,
Peace be within thy walls,

Peace, peace be within thy walls,
Peace be within thy walls,
And plenteousness within thy palaces.

Peace be within thy walls,
Peace be within thy walls,

Peace be within thy walls,
Peace be within thy walls,
And plenteousness, and plenteousness within thy palaces. Amen, amen.
GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

FROM CIMAROSA.

Glo-ry to God in the high-est!

Glo-ry to God in the highest, in the

Glo-ry to God in the highest, in the highest! Glo-ry to God in the high-est!

Glo-ry to God in the high-est,

Glo-ry to God in the highest, in the highest, in the highest!

Glo-ry to God in the high-est!

Glo-ry to God in the highest, in the

highest, in the highest! Glory to God in the highest! Glory be to God in the high-est!

And on earth peace, good will to men, good will to men, peace.

peace,........ peace.
O, how lovely! O, how lovely!

O, how lovely, how lovely is Zion! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee. O, how lovely! O, how lovely!

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, in thee, shall dwell in thee, in thee.
1. Savior, who thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's kindest care, All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs thy bosom share,

2. Never, from thy pasture roving, Let them be the lion's prey; Let thy tenderness, so loving, Keep them all life's dangerous way,

While the lambs thy bosom share. Now these little ones receiving, Fold them in thy gracious arm; There, we know, thy word believing, Only there secure from harm.

Keep them all life's dangerous way. Then within thy fold eternal Let them find a resting-place; Feed in pastures ever vernal, Drink the rivers of thy grace.
HYMN FOR INDEPENDENCE.

1. We come, with joy and gladness, To breathe our songs of praise; Nor let one note of sadness Be mingled in our lays.

2. The sound is waxing stronger, And thrones and nations hear: Proud men shall rule no longer, For God the Lord is near;

3. And then shall sink the mountains, Where pride and power are crowned, And peace, like gentle fountains, Shall shed its pureness round.

For 'tis a hallowed story, This theme of freedom's birth; Our fathers' deeds of glory Are echoed round the earth.

And he will crush oppression, And raise the humble mind, And give the earth's possession Among the good and kind.

O God! we would adore thee, And in thy shadow rest; Our fathers bowed before thee, And trusted, and were blest.
GOD IS OUR REFUGE.

FROM HAYDN. 211

Allegro.

Hallo-le-jah! God is our refuge. I will praise him, I will praise him ever-more, I will praise him, I will praise him, I will praise him, I will praise him, for-

Omit 3d time

for-ev-er, for-ev-er, for-ev-er, for-ev-er, ev-er, ev-er-more, more, will praise him, will praise him for-ev-er, ev-er-more. A-men.

for-ev-er, for-ev-er, for-ev-er, for-ev-er, ev-er, ev-er-more, for-

for-ev-er, for-ev-er, for-ev-er, ev-er, ev-er-more.
1. Lord! I believe; thy power I own; Thy word I would obey; I wander comfortless and lone, When from thy truth I stray. Lord, I believe, but gloomy fears Sometimes dim my sight! I look to thee, with prayers and tears, dence I seek. Yes, I believe, and only thou Canst give my soul relief; Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow;

2. Lord! I believe; but thou dost know, My faith is cold and weak; Pity my frailty, and bestow, The confidence I seek. Yes, I believe, and only thou Canst give my soul relief; Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow;
FAITH. CONCLUDED.

And cry for strength and light. I look to thee, with prayers and tears, and cry for strength, for strength and light.

Help thou my unbelief; Lord, to thy truth, my spirit bow. Help thou, help thou my unbelief.

HOPE.

GLOVER.

1. Mourn-er, why this fruit-less sor-row? Let me soothe thee with my lay; Darkest night hath brightest mor-row, So shall sad-ness

2. My blest mis-sion is from heav-en, Thith-er let thy thoughts as-cend; Free thy heart from earth-ly heav-en, Thou shalt know me
HOPE. CONCLUDED.

pass a-way: Heavy is thy heart with anguish, Sorely are thy thoughts oppressed; Mourner, wherefore dost thou as thy friend: Be thy prayers and adorations Made unto that bright abode; I will lead thy aspirations lan-guish! I am here to give thee rest. Mourner, wherefore dost thou lan-guish: I am here to give thee rest. aspirations to the temple of thy God. I will lead thy aspirations To the temple of thy God.
1. Meek and lowly, pure and holy, Chief among the 'blessed three,' Turning sadness into gladness, Heaven-born art thou, Charity! Pity

1. Hoping ever-failing never—Tho' deceived, believing still; Long abiding, all confiding, To thy heavenly Father's will: Never

Dwelleth in thy bosom, Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart, Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part. Meek and

Weary of well-doing, Never fearful of the end; Claiming all mankind as brothers, Thou dost all alike befriend. Meek and
CHARITY. CONCLUDED.

low-ly, pure and ho-ly, Chief a-mong the 'blessed three,' Turn-ing sad-ness in-to glad-ness, Heav'n-born art thou, Char-i-ty!

CHANT. "Hear our Prayer."

1. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Thou who art Pity where sorrow prevaleth,
   Thou who art Safety when mortal help faieth,
   Strength to the feeble, and Hope to despair,
   Hear! Father, hear our prayer!

2. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Wandering unknown in the land of the stranger,
   Be with all travelers in sickness or danger,
   Guard thou their path, guide their feet from the snare,
   Hear! Father, hear our prayer!

3. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Still thou the tempest, night's terrors revealing,
   In lightning flashing, in thy thunders pealing:
   Save thou the shipwrecked, the voyager spare.
   Hear! Father, hear our prayer!

4. Hear thou the poor that cry! Feed thou the hungry, and lighten their sorrow
   Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow;
   They are thy children, their trust is on high:
   Hear thou the poor that cry.

5. Dry thou the mourner's tear! Heal thou the wounds of time heldow affection,
   Grant to the widow and orphan protection,
   Be in their trouble a friend ever near.
   Dry thou the mourner's tear!

6. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Long hath thy goodness our footsteps attended;
   Be with the Pilgrim whose journey is ended;
   When at thy summons for death we prepare.
   Hear! Father, hear our prayer.

A - men.
1. Oh! had I wings like a Dove I would fly A-way from this world of care; My soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for a refuge there;

2. O! is it not written, "Believe and live?" The heart by bright hope allure'd, Shall find the comfort these words can give, And be by its faith assured:

3. There is! there is! in thy holy word, Thy word which can ne'er depart; There is a promise of mercy stored, For the lowly and meek of heart:

But is there no haven here on earth, No hope for the wounded breast; No favoured spot where content has birth, In which I may find a rest.

Then why should we fear the cold world's frown, When truth to the heart has giv'n, The light of religion to guide us on, In joy to the paths of heaven.

"My yoke is easy, my burden light, Then come unto me for rest;" These, these are the words of promise stored, For the wounded and wearied breast.
DUET AND CHORUS.

"There is a stream."

1. There is a stream—There is a stream—There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the clarity of our God's word, That all our raging fears control.

2. That sacred stream—That sacred stream—That sacred stream thine holy through, And waiting, And waiting, And waiting, And waiting, And give new strength, And give new strength, And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls.

"Duet."

Life, love and joy ... still gliding through, Life, love and joy ... still gliding Sweet peace, thy promises, thy promises afford, Sweet peace, thy promises, thy promises afford,

Chorus.

And waiting our divine abode, And waiting our divine abode, And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls.
ANTHEM. "Thou wilt show me the path of life."

Thou wilt show me the path of life: In thy presence is fulness of joy.

Thou wilt show me the path of life, the path of life, the path of life,

In thy presence is fulness of show me the path, wilt show me the path of life, Thou wilt show me the path of life: In thy presence is fulness of

Thou wilt show me the path of life, Thou wilt show me the path of life:

Thou wilt show me the path of life, the path of life:
ANTHEM. CONCLUDED.

joy: And at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore:

Tutti.

pleasures forevermore, for evermore: for evermore, for evermore, for evermore.

for evermore, for evermore: for evermore, for evermore.

for evermore: . . . . .
HOSANNA

Allegro, $f$

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Bless-ed is he, bless-ed, bless-ed is he that com-eth in the name, in the

name of the Lord, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na in the highest, in the high-est.
How sweet, how calm this Sabbath morn!
How pure the air that breathes, And soft the sounds upon it borne,
And light its vapor wreaths!

It seems as if the Christian's prayer, For peace, and joy, and love,
Let each unholy passion cease, Each evil thought be crushed,
Were answered by the very air That wafts its strain above.
Each anxious care that mars thy peace In faith and love be hushed.
THE GOD OF ISRAEL.

For the Lord is great in power,

The God of Israel—He is our Redeemer, God of Jacob defeat us not in battle,

For the Lord is great in power,

And the righteous he'll defend,

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Magnify him in the highest.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Magnify him evermore; Sing, Sing, Sing, Sing aloud and rejoice, Sing aloud and rejoice;

Sing aloud, Sing aloud, Sing aloud and rejoice, Sing, Sing and rejoice, Sing, Sing and rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
Offer him the sacrifice of gladness, Offer him the sacrifice of gladness, He will reward thee with his blessing.

Sing to this page the second time, and close with the last 7 measures.

O, sing praises unto his name. Sing and rejoice, Sing and rejoice, Sing, Sing and rejoice.
GOD WILL GUARD HIS FAITHFUL BAND.

Heaven demands our faith and zeal, and chains and death we may defy. And chains and death we may defy.

God will guard his faithful band, Give them strength to meet the foe. The Lord will save, will save his people, He will guide will guide them in the ways of his Prophet Moses, March Advance.

March
GOD WILL GUARD HIS FAITHFUL BAND. CONTINUED.

on, march on, march on, march on, The Lord will bless our cause, And save us from our foes, Though Egypt's monarchs


rave, From bondage he will save. God will guard his faithful band, Give them strength to meet the foe
GOD WILL GUARD HIS FAITHFUL BAND. CONTINUED.

Omit the second time.

defy, defy, defy, defy, may defy,

And chains and death they may defy, may defy, defy, And chains and death

And chains and death they may defy, And chains and death they may defy, And chains and death they may, they may defy, And chains and death they may defy.

Repeat to Solo "The Lord will save."

fy.

fy.

fy.

fy.

fy.

Guide, O guide us, defy And chains and death . . . . . they may defy. The Lord will guide his faithful
GOD WILL GUARD HIS FAITHFUL BAND. CONCLUDED.

band, Give them strength to meet the foe, Heaven demands our faith and zeal, And chains and death we now defy, And chains and death we now defy.
GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH.

MOZART.

Allegro, f

Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God, to God on high, Glory be to God, Glory be to God, Glory be to God, Glory be to God, Glory be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo-ry, To God on high.
GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH.

Glo-ry be to God, to God on high,
and on earth peace, peace,
Good will to men, and on earth peace, peace,
Good will to men,

Glo - ry
Glo - ry
Glo - ry
Glo - ry
GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. CONTINUED.

Glo - ry

Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God

Glo-ry, Glo-ry,

p

on high, Glo-ry be to God on high; Peace on earth, Peace on earth, good will to men, good will to
GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. CONTINUED.

men; Blessed is he who cometh in the name, who cometh in the name of the Lord; Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na,
GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. CONTINUED.

of the Lord, in the name of the Lord; Glory, Glory, Glory be to God on high,

Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God,
GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. CONCLUDED.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Amen, Hal-le-lu-jah, Amen,

BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound, Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; They shall ever walk.

They shall ever walk, They shall ever walk in the light, in the light of his countenance.

They shall ever walk... in the light of his countenance, shall ever walk in the light... of his countenance.

They shall ever walk, shall ever, ever walk in the light, the light of his countenance.
BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE. CONTINUED.

In his name shall they rejoice, and in his righteousness shall be exalted!

He is their glory,

He is their glory, He is their glory, their glory and their strength, their glory, their glory, their glory, their glory, their glory, their glory, their glory, their strength.

He is their glory, He is their glory, their glory and their strength, He is their glory and their strength.
BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE. CONTINUED.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound, Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; They shall ever walk,

For they shall ever walk, They shall ever walk, in the light, in the light of his countenance.

They shall ever walk... in the light of his countenance, shall ever walk in the light, in the light of his countenance walk, shall ever walk, shall ever, ever walk in the light, shall walk, &c.
BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE. CONTINUED.

And in his righteousness shall they be exalted,

In his righteousness shall they be exalted, and in his name shall they rejoice,

shall be exalted, And in his name shall they rejoice, And in his

shall they rejoice, shall they rejoice, and in his righteousness shall they be exalted,

shall they rejoice, shall they rejoice, and in his name shall they, shall they rejoice,

In his righteousness shall they name shall they, shall they rejoice,

shall be exalted.
BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE. CONCLUDED.

be exalted, and in... his name shall they rejoice,..... and in his name shall they, shall they rejoice.

And in his name shall they rejoice, And in his name shall they, shall they rejoice.
GRAND HALLELUJAH CHORUS. CONTINUED.

Lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, For the Lord God omnipotent

reign - eth, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, For the Lord God om-nip-o-tent reign -
le-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-
reign - eth, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle-
- eth, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, The kingdom of this world has be-come the kingdom of our Lord and of his
- jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
- lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah,
And he shall reign forever and ever. And he shall reign forever and ever, forever and ever, forever, forever, Hallelujah, forever and ever, forever and ever, forever, forever, King of kings, forever and ever, forever, forever and ever, forever and ever.
GRAND HALLELUJAH CHORUS. CONTINUED.

- lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, for-ev-er and ev-er, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, for-ev-er and ev-er, Halle-

and Lord of lords,.......................... for-ev-er and ev-er, Halle-

and Lord of lords............................. King of kings,..................

- lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, for-ev-er and ev-er, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, for-ev-er and ev-er, Halle-

- lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, for-ev-er and ev-er, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, for-ev-er and

- lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, for-ev-er and ev-er, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, for-ev-er and

and Lord of lords.......................... King of kings,..................

- lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, for-ev-er and ev-er, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, for-ev-er and
GRAND HALLELUJAH CHORUS. CONTINUED.

Ever, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, King of kings and Lord of lords.

And he shall reign ever, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, King of kings and Lord of lords.

And he shall reign, ever, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, King of kings and Lord of lords. And he shall reign, ever, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, King of kings and Lord of lords. And he shall reign, ever, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, King of kings and Lord of lords. And he shall reign for ever and ever, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
GRAND HALLELUJAH CHORUS. CONTINUED.

Lord of lords, ........................................ And he shall reign for ev er, for ev er and ev er,

Lord of lords, Hal le lu jah, Hal le lu jah, And he shall reign for ev er, for ev er,

Hal le lu jah, Hal le lu jah, And he shall reign for ev er, for ev er and ev er,

Lord of lords, &c.

King of kings and Lord of lords, King of kings and Lord of lords. And he shall

And he shall reign for
GRAND HALLELUJAH CHORUS. CONCLUDED

reign for ever and ever, for ever and ever, for ever and ever, Halle-

King of kings and Lord of lords,

for ever, for ever and ever, for ever and ever, for ever and ever,

lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah.
SELECTION OF CHANTS.

No. 1.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed—be thy—name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on—earth, as it is in—heaven.
2. Give us this day our—daily—bread;
And forgive us our debts, as—we for—give our—debtors.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver—us from—evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for—ever and—ever.

A—men.

L. M.

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel sound From lips of gentle—ness and—grace,
When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and—gladness—filled the—place!
2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke, To heaven he led his—followers—way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke, Unveiling—an im—mortal—day.
3. “Come, wanderers, to my Father's home; Come, all ye weary—ones, and—rest!”
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come, Obey thee, love thee, and be—blessed.
4. Decay, then, tenements of dust; Pillars of earthly—pride, de—cay:
A nobler mansion waits the just, And Jesus—has pre—pared the—way.

L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of—duty—run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy—morning—sacri—fice.
2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels—bear thy—part,
Who all night long unwearied sing High praises—to th' E—ternal—King.
3. Glory to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me, while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of—endless—life par—take.
4. Lord, I to thee my vows renew; Dispel my sins as—morning—dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with thy—self my—spirit—fill.
5. Direct, control, suggest, this day, All I design, or—do, or—say,
That all my powers, with true delight, In thy sole—glory—may u—nite.

No. 2.

1. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in—all the—earth!
2. Who hast set thy—glory aloft—above—heavens.
3. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, be—cause
of thine—enemies;
4. That thou mightest still the—enemy—and the a—venger.
5. When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; The moon and the stars, which
—thou hast or—dained:
6. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of—man, that thou—visit—est him?
7. For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with—

A—men.

L. M.

1. When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his—Maker,—God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread his—sovereign—name a—broad?
2. From marble domes and gilded spires Shall curling clouds of—incense—rise,
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The costly—pomp of—sacri—fice?
3. Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord Thy golden offerings—well may—spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find Here dwells a—God who—heareth—prayer.
4. O, grant us, in this solemn hour, From earth and sin's al—lurements—free,
To feel thy love, to own thy power, And raise each—raptured—thought to—thee!
5. Sweet is the task, O Lord, Thy glorious—acts to—sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word, And—grateful—offerings—bring.
6. Sweet, at the dawning hour, Thy boundless—love to—tell;
And, when the night wind shutes the flower, Still—on the—the—dwell.
7. Sweet, on this day of rest, To join, in—heart—voice,
With those who love and serve thee best, And—in thy—name re—joice.
8. To songs of praise and joy Be every—Sabbath—given,
That such may be our best employ E—ternal—ly in—heaven.
No. 3.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

C. M.

1. When floating on life's troubled sea, By storms and tempests driven, Hope, with her radiant finger, points To brighter scenes in heaven.
2. She bids the storms of life to cease, The troubled breast be calm; And in the wounded heart she pours The balm.
3. Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours Of sadness—and of gloom; She guides us through this vale of tears To joys beyond the tomb.
4. And when our fleeting days are o'er, And life's last hour draws near, With still unwearyed wing she hastens To wipe the falling tear.
5. She bids the anguish heart rejoice; Though earth's ties are riven, We still may hope to meet again In yonder—peaceful—heaven.

C. M.

1. How blest is he who fears the Lord, And follows his command; Who lends the poor without reward, Or gives with liberal hands!
2. As pity dwells within his breast To all the sons of need, So God shall answer his request With blessings on his head.
3. In times of danger and distress, Some beams of light shall shine, To show the world his righteousness, And give him peace divine.
4. His works of piety and love Remain before the Lord; Sweet peace on earth, and joys above, Shall be his sure reward.

No. 4.

1. There is a Reaper, whose name is Death, And, with his sickle keen, He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow be tween.
2. Shall I have sought that is fair? saith he; Have sought but the bearded grain? Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them all back again.
3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their drooping leaves; It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them—In his sheaves.
4. My Lord has need of these flowerets gay, The Reaper said, and smiled; Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where he was once a child.
5. They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care, And saints, upon their garments white, These sacred blossoms wear.
6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love; She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light above.
7. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day; 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flowers away.

C. M.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His tender last fare—well, A guide, a comforter bequeathed With us to dwell.
2. He came in tongues of living flame, To teach, con vincus, sub due; All-powerful as the wind he came, As viewless—too.
3. He came sweet influence to impart, A gracious willing guest, While he can find one humble heart Where in to rest.
4. And his that gentle voice we hear, Soft as the breeze of even, That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.
5. And every virtue we possess, And every victory won, And every thought of holiness, Are his alone.
6. Spirit of purity and grace, Our weakness pitying see; O, make our hearts thy dwelling place, And—worthier thee.
1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit My humble prayer ascends: O—Father,—hear it! Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness; For—give its—weakness.

2. We know, we feel how mean and how unworthy The lowly sacrifice we—pour be—fore thee; What can we offer thee, O thou most holy, But—sin and—fool'y?

3. Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest, Cold are our warmest vows, and—vain our—truest; Thoughts of a hurried hour, our lips repeat them: Our—hearts for—get them.

4. We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us. We hear thy voice; it—counsels, and it—courts us. And then we turn away; and still thy kindness For—gives our—blindness.

5. Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing To ev'ry gen'rous thought and—grateful—feeling! O, who can hear the accents of thy mercy, And—never—love thee!

6. Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom The—seeds of—holiness, and let them blossom In fraginance, and in beauty bright and vernal, And—spring e—ternal.

7. Then place them in those everlasting gardens Where angels walk, and—seraphs are the—wardens; Where ev'ry flower, brought safe through death's dark portal, Be—comes im—mortal.

L. M.

1. I cannot shun the stroke of death; Lord, help me to sur—mount the—fear; That, when I must resign my breath, Serene my summons—I may—hear.

2. 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart; In me let every—sin be—aln ; From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart; From wilful sins my—hands re—strain.

C. M.

1. When spirits from their cumbering clay Ascend to—heaven's bright—shore, Our hoping hearts with triumph say, "Nol—lost, but—gone be—fore."

2. Then calmly may our spirits bow Beneath af—fliction's—rod: Who, who would murmur that his friend Is—safe in—joy and—God?

C. M.

1. Our pilgrim brethren, dwelling far, O God of—truth and—love, Light thou their path with thine own star, Bright—beaming—from a—bove

2. Wide as their mighty rivers flow Let thine own—truth ex—tend; Where prairies spread, and forests grow, O—Lord, thy—gospel—send.

3. Then will a mighty nation own A union—firm and—strong; The sceptre of th' Eternal Throne Shall—rule its—councils—long.
1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, From whence—cometh my—help.
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee—will not—slumber.
4. Behold, He that keepeth Israel Shall not—slumber nor—sleep.
5. The Lord is thy keeper; The Lord is thy shade upon thy—right—hand.
6. The sun shall not smite thee by day,—Nor the—moon by—night.
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall pre—serve thy—soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, From this time forth, and—even for—ever—more.

S. M.
1. Praise for the glorious light Which crowns this—joyous—day;
   Whose beams dispel the shades of night, And—wake our—grateful—lay!
2. Praise for the mighty band Redeemed from—error’s—chain,
   Whose echoing voices, through our land, Join—our tri—umphant—strain!
3. Ours is no conquest gained Upon the—tented—field;
   Nor hath the flowing life—blood stained The—victor’s—helmet and—shield.
4. But the strong might of love, And truth’s all—pleading—voice,
   As angels bending from above, Have—made our—hearts re—joice.
5. Lord, upward to thy throne Th’ imploring—voice we—raise;
   The might, the strength are thine alone; Thine—be our—loftiest—praise.

C. M.
1. God of my life, my morning song To thee I—cheerful—raise;
   Thine acts of love ‘tis good to sing, And—pleasant—tis to—praise.
2. Preserved by thy almighty arm, I passed the—shades of—night,
   Serene, and safe from every harm, To—see the—morning—light.
3. While numbers spent the night in sighs, And restless—pains and—woes,
   In gentle sleep I closed my eyes, And—woke from—sweet re—pose.
4. O, let the same almighty care Through all this—day at—tend;
   From every danger, every snare, My—heedless—steps de— fend.
5. Smile on my minutes as they roll, And guide my—future—days;
   And let thy goodness fill my soul With—gratitude and—praise.

No. 8.
1. Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift—up my—soul.
2. O my God, I trust in thee; let me not be ashamed. Let not mine—enemies—triumph—over me.
3. Yes, let none that wait on thee be ashamed; let them be ashamed which transgress without—cause.
4. Show me thy ways, O Lord;—Teach me—thy—paths.
5. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: For thou art the God of my salvation: On thee do I wait—all the—day.
6. Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies, And thy loving kindness; for—they have been—ever of—old.
7. Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: According to thy mercy, remember thou me, For thy goodness”—sake, O—Lord.
8. Good and upright is the Lord; Therefore will he teach—sinners—in the—way.
9. The meek will he guide in judgment; And the meek will he—teach his—way.
10. All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth Unto such as keep his—covenant—
    and his—testimonies.

7s. M.
1. Suppliant, lo! thy children bend, Father, for thy—blessing—now;
   Thou canst teach us, guide, defend; We are—weak, al—mighty—thou.
2. With the peace thy word imparts Be the taught and—teachers—blest
   In our lives, and in our hearts, Father,—be thy—laws in—pressed.
3. Shed abroad in every mind Light and pardon—from a—bove,
   Charity for all our kind, Trusting—faith, and—holy—love.
SELECTION OF CHANTS.

No. 9.

1. Praise the Lord,—O my—soul;  
And all that is within me—praise his—holy—name.

2. Praise the Lord,—O my—soul,  
And for—get not—all his—benefits;

3. Who forgiveth—all thy—sins,  
And healeth—all thine—in—f irmites;

4. Who saveth thy—life from de—struction,  
And crowneth thee with—mercy and—loving—kindness.

5. O, praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex—cel in—strength,  
Ye that fulfil his commandments, and hearken unto the—voice of—his—word.

6. O, praise the Lord, all—ye his—hosts;  
Ye servants of—his that—do his—pleasure.

7. O, speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of—his do—minion.  
Praise thou the—Lord,—O my—soul.

8. Glory be to the Father, and to the—Holy—Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world—without—end. A—men.

S. M.

1. Come to the house of prayer, O thou af—flicted,—come;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there; He—makes that—house his—home.

2. Come to the house of praise, Ye who are—hap—py—now;  
In sweet accord your voices raise, In—kin—dred—hom—age—bow.

3. Ye aged, hither come, For ye have—felt his—love;  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb, Your—lips for—get to—move.

4. Ye young, before his throne, Come, bow; your—voi—ces—raise;  
Let not your hearts his praise disown Who—gives the—power to—praise.

5. Thou, whose benignant eye In mercy—looks on—all,  
Who seest the tear of misery, And—hear'st the—mourn—er's—call,—

6. Up to thy dwelling—place Bear our frail—spir—its—on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace, And—heaven on—earth be—won.

No. 10.

1. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord,—all ye—lands;  
Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his—presence—with a—song.

2. Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not—we our—  

3. We are his people, and the—sheep of—his—pasture.

4. For the Lord is good; his mercy is—ev—er—lasting;  
And his truth en—dureth to—all gen—er—ations.

C. M.

1. Return, O wanderer, now return! And seek thy—Father's—face;  
Those new desires which in thee burn Were—kindled—by his—grace.

2. Return, O wanderer, now return! He hears thy—humble—plea;  
He sees thy softened spirit mourn When—no one—else is—nigh.

3. Return, O wanderer, now return! Thy Savior—bids thee—live;  
Go to his feet, and grateful learn How—free—ly—he'll for—give.

4. Return, O wanderer, now return! And wipe the—fall—ing—tear;  
Thy Father calls; no longer mourn! 'Tis—love in—vites thee—near.

C. M.

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions—in the—skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear, And—wipe my—weep—ing—eyes.

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

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of—sor—row—fall,  
May I but safely reach my home, My—God, my—heaven, my—all.

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of—heaven—ly—rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll A—cross my—peace—ful—breast.
254        SELECTION OF CHANTS.

No. 11.

1. Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is—none a—biding;
   We are but of yesterday; there is but a—step between—us and—death.
2. Man's days are as grass; as a flower of the field—so he—flourisheth;
   He appeareth for a little time, and then—vanish—eth a—way.
3. Watch, for ye know not what hour your—Lord doth—come;
   Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the—Son of—man—cometh.
4. It is the Lord; let him do what—seemeth him—good;
   The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the—name of—the—Lord.

Blessed are the dead, who die in the—Lord from—henceforth;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their—works do—follow—them.
2. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death—hath no—power.
   But they shall be priests of God, and of Christ, and shall reign with him a—thousand—years.
3. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to—God and his—Father,
   To him be glory and do—minion for—ever and—ever.
4. Blessed are the dead, who die in the—Lord from—henceforth;
   Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their—works do—follow—them.

6 & 4s.
1. Lowly and solemn be Thy children's cry to thee, Fa—ther di—vine,
   A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and—death A—like are—thine.
2. O Father, in that hour When earth all helping power Shall—dis—a—vow,—
   When spear, and shield, and crown, In faintness are cast—down, Sus—tain us—thou!
3. By Him who bowed to take The death—cup for our sake, The—thorn, the—rod—
   From whom the last dismay Was not to pass a—way, Aid—us, O—God!
4. While trembling o'er the grave, We call on thee to save, Fa—ther di—vine;
   Hear, hear our suppliant breath; Keep us, in life and—death, Thine, only—thine.

No. 12.

1. Out of the depths have I cried unto—thee, O—Lord.
   Lord, hear my voice; Let thine ears be attentive to the—voice of my—suppli—cations.
2. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord,—who shall—stand?
   But there is forgiveness with thee, That—thou—mayest be—fear—ed.
3. I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait, And in his—word do I—hope.
   My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say—
   more than they that—watch for the—morning.
4. Let Israel hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is—plenteous re—de—mption.
   And he shall redeem Israel from—all his in—iqui—ties.

L. M.
1. There is a glorious world on high, Resplendent with e—ternal—day;
   Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, While God's own—word re—veals the—way.
2. There shall the servants of the Lord With never—fading—lustre—shine;
   Surprising honor; vast reward! Confounded on—man, by—love di—vine.
3. Rescued from that destruc—tive—way, Where erring folly—thoughtless—roves,
   The heavenly virtue they display, Which Jesus—taught, and—God ap—proves.
4. The shining firmament shall fade, And sparkling stars re—sign their—light;
   But these shall know nor change nor shade, For ever—fair, for—ever—bright.
5. On wings of faith and strong desire, O, may our spirits—daily—rise;
   And reach at last the shining choir, In the bright—mansions—of—the skyes.

C. M.
1. Eternal Source of joys divine, To thee my—soul as—piers;
   O, could I say, The Lord is mine, "Tis—all my—soul de—si—res.
2. Thy smile can give me real joy, Unmingled—re—efined;
   Substantial bliss without alloy, And—last—ing—as the—mind.
3. Thy smile can gild the shade of woe, Bid stormy—troubles—cease,
   And spread the dawn of heaven below, And—sweet—en pain to—peace.
4. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, Assure me—of thy—love;
   O, speak the kind, transporting word, And—bid—my—fears re—move.
5. Then shall my thankful powers rejoice, And triumph—in my—God,
   Till heavenly rapture tune my voice To—sound thy—praise a—broad.
No. 13.

1. O, be joyful in the Lord,—all ye—lands;
   Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his—presence—with a—song.

2. Be sure that the Lord—he is—God;
   It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; We are his—people, and the—sheep of his—pasture.

3. O, go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his—courts—with prais
   Be thankful unto him, and—speak good—of his—name.

4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is—ever—lasting;
   And his truth endureth from gener—ation to gener—ation.

5. Glory be to the Father, and to the—Son,
   And to the—Holy—Ghost;
   As it was in the beginning, is now, and—ever—shall—be,
   World without—end. A—men, A—men.

S. P. M.

1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the people cry, “Come, let us seek our—God
to—day!”
   Yes, with a cheerful zeal We haste to Zion’s hill, And there our—bows and—honors—pay.

2. Zion, thine 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.

3. May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait, To bless the soul of—every—guest;
   The man who seeks thy peace, And wishes thine increase, A thousand—blessings—
on him—rest.

S. M.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the—Lord a—rise;
   Welcome to this reviving breast And—these re—joicing—eyes.

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

3. One day, amid the place Where Christ, my—Lord, has—been
   Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of—pleasure—and—of—sir

No. 14.

1. God be merciful unto—us, and—bless us;
   And show us the light of his countenance, and be—merci—ful unto—us.

2. That thy way may be—known up—on—earth;
   Thy saving—health a—mong all—nations.

3. Let—the people praise thee,—O—God;
   Ye, let—all the—people—praise thee.

4. O, let the nations rejoice—and—be—glad;
   For thou shalt judge the folk righteousness, and govern the—nations—upon—earth.

5. Let the people praise thee,—O—God;
   Yes, let—all the—people—praise thee.

6. Then shall the earth bring—forth her—increase;
   And God, even our—own—God shall—give us his—blessing.

7. God shall—bless—us; And all the ends of the—world shall—fear—him.

8 & 6a.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning—wanderers—given;
   There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast; Tis—found
   a—lone in—heaven.

2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and—sorrows—driven,
   When tossed on life’s tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And
   all is—drear; ’tis—heaven.

3. There faith lifts up the fearless eye, The heart no—longer—riven,
   And views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And—all se—
   rene in—heaven.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys su—preme are—given!
   There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb Ap—pears
   the—dawn of—heaven.

8 & 7a.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O’er the grave of—those you—love;
   Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, Enter—not the—world a—bove.

2. While our silent steps are straying, Lonely, through night’s—deepening—shade,
   Glory’s brightest beams are playing Round the—happy—Christian’s—head.

3. Light and peace at once deriving From the hand of—God most—high,
   In his glorious presence living; They shall—never,—never—die.
SELECTED CHANTS.

No. 15.

1. We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to—be the—Lord;
   All the earth doth worship thee, the—Father—ever—lasting.
2. To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the—powers there—in.
   To thee cherubim and seraphim con—tinu—ally do—cry.
3. Holy, holy, holy Lord God of—Saba—oth, 
   Heaven and earth are full of the—majesty—of thy—glory.
4. The glorious company of the apostles—praise—thou;
   Repeat the same strain for this line.
   The goodly fellowship of the prophets—praise—thou;
   The holy church throughout all the—world doth ac—knowledge—thou,
   The noble army of martyrs—praise—thou;
   The Father, of an infinite majesty, thine adorable, true, and—only—Son,
   Also the—Holy—Ghost, the—Comforter.
5. Thou art the King of glory,—O—Christ;
   Thou art the everlasting—Son of the—Fa—ther.
6. When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be
   born of a—virgin.
   When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom
   of—heaven to—all be—lievers.
7. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the—glory of the—Father;
   We believe that thou shalt—come to—be our—judge.
8. We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy—precious—blood,
   Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in—glory—ever—lasting.
9. O Lord, save thy people, and—bless thine—heritage;
   Govern them and—lift them—up for—ever.
10. Day by day we—magnify—thee,
   And we worship thy—name ever, world without—end.
11. O Lord, to keep us this day—without—sin;
   O Lord, have mercy upon us, have—mercy—upon—us.
12. O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our—trust is in—thee;
   O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me—never—be con—founded.

No. 16.

1. Glory be to—God on—high;
   And on earth—peace, good—will towards—men.
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to
   thee, for—thy great—glory;
   O Lord God, heavenly King, God the—Father Al—mighty.
3. O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the
   Father, that takest away the—sins of the—world,
   Have—mercy—upon—us.
4. Thou that takest away the—sins of the—the world,
   Have—mercy—upon—us.
5. Thou that takest away the—sins of the—the world,
   Receive—our—prayer.
6. Thou that sittest at the right hand of—God the—Father,
   Have—mercy—upon—us.
7. For thou—only art—holy,
   Thou—only art—the—Lord.
8. Thou only, O Christ, with the—Holy—Ghost,
   Art most high in the glory of—God the—Fa—ther.

Note. — The words of these selections, which require to be sung piano, may be sung
   to No. 16, and those of a louder character to No. 15.

8 & 7s.

1. Brother, rest from sin and sorrow; Death is o'er, and—life is—won;
   On thy slumber draws no morrow: Rest—thine—earthly—race is run.
2. Brother, wake; the night is waning; Endless day is—round the—poured;
   Enter thou the rest remaining For the—people—of the—Lord.
3. Brother, wake; for he who loved thee, He who died that—thou mightst—live;
   He who graciously approveth thee, Waits thy—crown of—joy to—give.
4. Fare thee well; though woe is blending With the tones of—earthly—love,
   Triumph high and joy unending Wait thee—in the—realms a—bove.