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## **Songs of Asaph: consisting of original psalm and hymn tunes, chants and anthems. c1843**

Mason, Lowell, 1792-1872

Boston: A.B. Kidder, c1843

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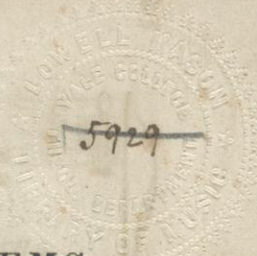
Theodore Front Musical Literature  
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No. I.

# SONGS OF ASAPH;



CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, CHANTS, AND ANTHEMS,

COMPOSED BY LOWELL MASON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by LOWELL MASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

## No. 1. C. M.

With tender and penitential feeling.

1. Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet, A guil - ty re - bel lies; And upwards to thy mer - cy - seat Pre - sumes to lift his eyes.  
 2. If tears of sorrow would suf - fice To pay the debt I owe, Tears should from both my weeping eyes In ceaseless tor - rents flow.  
 3. But no such sac - ri - fice I plead To ex - pi - ate my guilt; No tears, but those which thou hast shed—No blood, but thou hast spilt.  
 4. I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord; Do thou my sins for - give: Thy jus - tice will approve the word That bids the sin - ner live.

1. { When all thy mercies, O . . . my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, } 2. Un - num - bered com - forts to my soul  
 { Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. }  
 3. { When in the slip - pery paths of youth With heed - less steps I ran, } 4. Ten thou - sand thou - sand precious gifts  
 { Thine arm, un - seen, con - veyed me safe, And led me up to man. }  
 5. { Thro' ev' - ry pe - riod of . . my life, Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue; } 6. Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, to thee  
 { And af - ter death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new. }

Thy ten - der care be - stowed, Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom . . . those comforts flowed.  
 My dai - ly thanks em - ploy; Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart, That tastes . . . those gifts with joy.  
 A joy - ful song I'll raise: But oh! e - - ter - ni - ty's too short, To ut - - - - - ter all thy praise!

No. 3. L. M.



1. Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame An honor equal to his name? How aw-ful are his glorious ways! The Lord is dreadful in his praise!  
 2. The world's foundations by his hand Were laid, and shall forever stand; The swelling billows know their bound, While to his praise they roll around.  
 3. Vast are thy works, almighty Lord! All nature rests upon thy word; And clouds, and storms, and fire obey The wise and all-controlling sway.  
 4. Thy glo-ry, fearless of decline, Thy glory, Lord, shall ev-er shine: Thy praise shall still our breath employ, Till we shall rise to endless joy.



No. 4. L. M.



1. My God, permit me not to be A stranger to my - self and thee; A-mid a thousand tho'ts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.  
 2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And let my God, my Saviour, go?  
 3. Call me away from earth and sense; Thy sovereign word can draw me thence; I would o-bey the voice di - vine, And all in - ferior joys re - sign.  
 4. Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn; Let noise and van-i - ty be gone; In secret silence of the mind, My heaven—and there my God I find.



*mp*

1. E - ter - nal Spir - it! we con - fess And sing the won - ders of . . . thy grace; Thy power con -  
 2. En - light - ened by thine heav - 'nly ray, Our shades and dark - ness turn . . . to day; Thine in - ward  
 3. Thy power and glo - ry work with - in, And break the chains of reign - - ing sin; Our wild, im -  
 4. The trou - bled con - science knows thy voice; Thy cheering words a - wake our joys; Thy words al -

- - veys our blessings down . . . From God the Fa - ther, and . . . the Son.  
 teach - ings make us know . . . Our dan - ger and our ref - - uge too.  
 - - pe - rious lusts sub - due, . . . And form our wretch - ed hearts . . . a - new.  
 - - lay the stormy wind— And calm the surg - es of . . . the mind.

## No. 6. C. M.

With tender and penitential feeling.

1. Oh for that tenderness of  
 2. Oh for those humble, contrite  
 3. Saviour, to me in pi - ty  
 4. Oh fill my soul with faith and

heart, Which bows be - fore the Lord! That owns how just and good thou art, And trem - - - - - bles at thy word!  
 tears Which from re - pent - - - - - ance flow! That sense of guilt, which trembling fears The long . . . . . suspend - ed blow!  
 give For sin the deep dis - tress, The pledge thou wilt at last re - ceive, And bid . . . . . me die in peace!—  
 love, And strength to do thy will; Raise my de - sires and hopes a - bove, Thy self . . . . . to me re - veal.

## No. 7. C. M.

*p*  
 In a soft, gentle, and smooth style.

1. My shepherd will supply my need, Je - hovah is his name; In pastures fresh . . . he makes me feed, Beside the liv - ing stream.  
 2. He brings my wand'ring spirit back, When I forsake his ways; And leads me, for . . . his mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.  
 3. When I walk thro' the shades of death, Thy presence is my stay; One word of thy . . . sup - porting breath Drives all my fears away.  
 4. The sure provisions of my God At - tend me all my days; Oh may thy house . . . be mine abode, And all my work be praise.

*Dim.*



Bold and energetic.

1. { All hail, the great Im - man - uel's name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall: } 2. Crown him, ye mar-tyrs of our God, Who  
 { Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. }  
 3. { Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, A rem - nant weak and small, } 4. Ye gen - tile sin - ners, ne'er for - get The  
 { Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all. }  
 5. { Let ev' - ry kin-dred - ev' - ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, } 6. Oh! that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We  
 { To him all ma - jes - ty as - scribe, And crown him Lord of all. }

from his al - tar call; Praise him who shed for you his blood, And crown him Lord of all. . . .  
 worm-wood and the gall; Go spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all. . . .  
 at his feet may fall; And join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all. . . .

1. Lord, what our ears have heard, Our eyes de-lighted trace; Thy love in long succession shown To Zi-on's chosen race. 2. Our children thou dost  
3. Thee let the fathers own, Thee let the sons a-dore; Joined to the Lord in solemn vows, To be for-got no more. 4. How great thy mercies,  
5. Our offspring, still thy

claim, And mark them out for thine: Ten thousand blessings to thy name, For goodness so divine. Ten thousand, &c.  
Lord! How plenteous is thy grace! Which, in the promise of thy love, Includes our ris - ing race. Which in, &c.  
care, Shall own their fathers' God; To latest times thy blessings share, And sound thy praise abroad. To latest times, &c.

In exact time, smooth and graceful.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side.  
 3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re-claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.  
 5. A - mid sur - rounding foes Thou dost my ta - ble spread; My cup with blessings o - ver-flows, And joy ex -alts my head.

2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pas-ture grows; Where liv - ing wa-ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.  
 4. While he af-fords his aid, I can - not yield to fear; Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My shepherd's with me there.  
 6. The boun-ties of thy love, Shall crown my fu - ture days; Nor from thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak thy praise.

1. He dies! the friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep a-round! A sol-enn dark-ness veils the skies! A sudden

trembling shakes the ground! 2. Ye saints, approach! the anguish view Of him who groans beneath your load; He gives his pre-cious

life for you, For you he shed his precious blood. 3. Here's love and grief beyond degree! The Lord of glo-ry dies for men!

But, lo! what sudden joys we see! Je - sus, the dead, re - vives a - gain! 4. The ris - ing God for - sakes the tomb; Up to his

*Steady time.*

Father's court he flies; Che - ru - bic legions guard his home, And shout him welcome to the skies! 5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and

*f*

tell How high our great De - liv - erer reigns, Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the ty - rant death in chains!

6. Say, "Live for - ev - er, glo - rious King, Born to redeem, and strong to save!" Then ask, "O death, where is thy

sting! And where thy victory, boasting grave! And where thy victory, boasting grave! And where thy victory, boasting grave!"

No. 12. HYMN. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far; From scenes where Satan wages still His most suc-cess-ful war.

2. The calm re - - treat, the si - - lent shade, With prayer and prais e - gree: And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made For those who

fol - low thee. 3. There, if the Spirit touch the soul, And grace her mean a-bode, Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love, She

communes with her God, She communes with her God. Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love, She communes with her God, She communes with her God.

4. Author and guardian of my life, Sweet source of light divine, And, all harmonious names in one, My Sa-viour, thou art mine!

thou art mine! My Sa--viour— thou art mine! *thou* art mine! *thou* art mine! My Sa-viour— thou art mine!

5. What thanks I owe thee! and what love! A bound-less, end-less store! Thy praise shall sound thro' realms above, Thy



praise shall sound thro' realms a - - bove, Till time shall be no more, Till time shall be . . no more. . .

No. 13. HYMN. Jesus! and shall it ever be.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a - shamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom an-gels praise? Whose glo-ries shine thro' endless days?

2. Ashamed of Jesus? that dear friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend? No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

3. Ashamed of Je - sus? yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save!

4. Till then, nor is my boast - ing vain, Till then, I boast a Sav - - iour slain! And oh! . . . may this my

glo - - ry be, That Christ is not a - shamed of me, is not a - shamed of me.

*In smooth and gentle style.*

1. Soon as I heard my Father say, "Ye children seek my grace;" My heart replied without delay, "I'll seek my Father's face."  
 2. Let not thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul a-way; God of my life, I fly to thee, In each dis-tressing day.  
 3. Should friends and kindred, near and dear, Leave me to want or die, My God will make my life his care, And all my need supply.  
 4. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your courage up; He'll raise your spirit, when it faints, And far exceed your hope.

## No. 15. C. M.

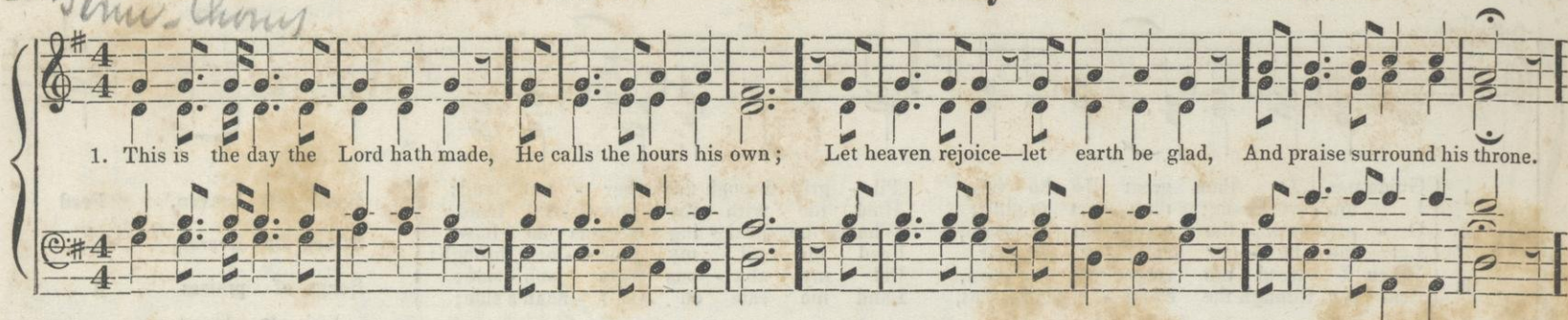
*Slow.*

1. Let every tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all; Thy powerful hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.  
 2. With longing eyes thy creatures wait On thee for daily food; Thy liberal hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good.  
 3. Thy mercy never shall remove From men of heart sin-cere; Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love Is joined with holy fear.  
 4. My lips shall dwell upon thy praise, And spread thy fame abroad; Let all the sons of Adam raise The honors of their God.

1. { Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land; Bread of heaven, Feed  
 I am weak—but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy power - ful hand:  
 2. { O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow; Strong De - liverer, Be  
 Let the fie - ry cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through:  
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; Songs of praises I  
 Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - - naan's side; }

2d, or shorter ending.

me till . . . . . I want . . . . . no more. Feed me till I want no more.  
 thou still . . . . . my strength . . . . . and shield. Be thou still my strength and shield.  
 will ev - - - - - er give . . . . . to thee. I will ev - - - - - er give to thee.

*Semi-Chorus*


1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heaven rejoice—let earth be glad, And praise surround his throne.



2. To-day he rose, and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em-pire fell; To-day the saints his triumph spread, And all his won-ders tell.

*Chorus*


3. Ho-san-na, Ho-sanna to th'anoointed King, To Da-vid's ho-ly Son; Help us, O Lord—de-scent and bring Salva-tion

*Semi-Chorus*

from thy throne. 4. Blest be the Lord—who comes to men who comes, With messages of grace; Who comes, in God his Father's name, To

save our sin - ful race. 5. Ho - san - na, Ho - sanna in the highest strains The church on earth can raise; The high-est heavens in

*Chorus.* *Sermo. Cho.*

which he reigns Shall give him nobler praise. The highest heavens in which he reigns Shall give him nobler praise. Shall give him no - - - bler praise.

*Chorus.* *f* *Slow.*

## No. 18. L. M.

1. Come, bless - ed Spirit, source of light, Whose power and grace are un - - con - - fined, Dis - pel the gloomy shades of night,  
 2. To mine il - lumined eyes dis - play The glorious truth thy words re - - - veal; Cause me to run the heavenly way,  
 3. Thine in - ward teachings make me know The mysteries of re - deem - - ing love, The van - i - ty of things be - low,  
 4. While thro' this du - bious maze I stray, Spread, like the sun, thy beams a - - - broad; Oh show the dan - gers of the way,

## No. 19. L. M.

The thicker dark - - ness of the mind.  
 Make me de - - light to do thy will.  
 And ex - cel - - lence of things a - - bove.  
 And guide my fee - - ble steps to God.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre -  
 2. En - throned a - - mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry like a  
 3. In all our Ma - ker's grand de - signs, Om - nip - o - tence, with  
 4. Raised on de - vo - - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul his

a - - - - tor's praise; But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme.  
 gar - - - - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a - - round him shine.  
 wis - - - - dom, shines, His works, through all this wondrous frame, De - clare the glo - - - ry of his name.  
 glo - - - - ries sing; And let his praise em - ploy thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song!

No. 20. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM PALESTRINA.

1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My trust, O Lord, in thee; For thou hast always been my rock, A sure de - fence to me.  
 2. Thou our de - liv - erer art, O God; Our trust is in thy power; Thou art our shield from foes a - broad, Our safeguard, and our tower.  
 3. To thee will we ad - dress our prayer, To whom all praise we owe; So shall we, by thy watch - ful care, Be saved from ev - ery foe.  
 4. Then let Je - ho - vah be a - dored, On whom our hopes de - pend; For who, except the might - y Lord, His peo - ple can de - fend.



1. Lord of hosts, how love - ly, fair, Ev'n on earth thy tem - - ples are! Here thy wait - - - -

2. From thy gra - cious pres - ence flows Bliss that soft - ens all our woes; While thy Spir - - - -

3. Here we sup - pli - cate thy throne; Here thy pard-'ning grace is known; Here we learn . . . . .

- - - - ing peo-ple see Much of heaven, . . . . and much of thee. Much of heaven, and much of thee.

- - - - it's ho - ly fire Warms our hearts . . . . with pure de - - sire. Warms our hearts with pure de - - sire.

. . . . thy righteous ways—Taste thy love . . . . and sing thy praise. Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

*Ritard.*

## First and Second Soprano.



1. My shep - - herd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - - vah is his name; In pastures fresh he  
 2. He brings my wan - dering spir - - it back, When I for - - sake his ways; And leads me, for his  
 3. When I walk through the shades of death, Thy pres - - ence is my stay; One word of thy sup - -  
 4. The sure pro - - vi - - sions of my God, At - tend me all my days; Oh may thy house be

## Third Soprano.



## CHORUS.



makes me feed, Be - side the liv - - ing stream. In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be-side the liv - - ing stream.  
 mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace. And leads me, for his mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.  
 - - - port-ing breath Drives all my fears a - - way. One word of thy sup-port-ing breath Drives all my fears a - - way.  
 mine a - bode, And all my work be praise. Oh may thy house be mine a - bode, And all my work be praise.



1. { O all ye na-tions, praise the Lord, His glo - rious acts pro - claim; }  
 { The ful - ness of his grace re - cord, And mag - ni - fy his name. } 2. His love is great—his mer - cy sure— And

faith - ful is his word; His truth for - ev - er shall en - - dure; For - ev - er praise the Lord.

*f* *Dolce.*

1. Hail, great Cre-a-tor, wise and good! To thee our songs we raise; Nature, thro' all her various scenes, Invites us, Invites us to thy

In - vites us to thy praise. *Cres.*

praise, Nature, thro' all her various scenes Invites us to thy praise. 2. { At morning, noon, and evening mild, Fresh  
In - vites us to thy praise. { And while we gaze, our hearts exult, With

praise, In - vites us to thy praise.

*Dim.* *f* *Dolce.*

won - ders strike our view; } 3. Thy glo - ry beams in eve - ry star, Which gilds the gloom of night; And decks the smiling face of  
trans - ports ev - er new. }

morn With rays of cheerful, of cheer-ful light. And decks the smiling face of morn With rays of cheerful, of cheer-ful light.

With rays of cheerful light,

*p* *Cres.* *Dim.* 1 2 *With reverence and solemnity.*

4. { The lof-ty hill, the humble lawn, With count-less beau-ties shine; } 5. Great nature's God! still may these scenes Our  
 { The si-lent grove, the aw-ful shade, Pro-claim thy power di - - - - } vine.

*Dim.* *Pia.* *Cres.* *Cres.* *mf* *Dim.*

se-rious hours en-gage! Still may our grateful hearts consult Thy work's instructive page! 6. And while, in all thy wondrous ways, Thy va-ried love we

see; Oh may our hearts, great God, be led Thro' all thy works to thee, to thee, to thee, Through all thy works to thee.

## No. 25. L. M.

*Do not hurry the time.* *Ritard.*

1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu-phra - tes' stream, We wept, with doleful tho'ts oppressed, And Zion was our mournful theme.
2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si-lent strings, neg-lect-ed hung, On willow trees that withered there.
3. How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skil - ful hands! Shall hymns of joy, to God our King, Be sung by slaves in for-eign lands?
4. O Sa - lem, our once hap - py seat! When I of thee for - get - ful prove, Let then my trem-bling hand forget The tuneful strings with art to move.
5. If I to men-tion thee for - bear, E - ter - nal si-lence seize my tongue; Or if I sing one cheerful air, Till thy deliverance is my song.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immor - tal reign ; } 2. There ev - er - last - - ing spring a - bides,  
 E - - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.  
 3. Sweet fields, be - yond the swel - ling flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green : } 4. But timorous mor - tals start and shrink,  
 So to the Jews fair Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled be - tween.  
 5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, } 6. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood,  
 And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes ; - }

And nev - er - fad - - ing flowers ; Death, like a nar - - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.  
 To cross this nar - - row sea ; And lin - ger, trem - bling on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.  
 And view the land - - scape o'er, Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

1. Sweet is the memo - ry of thy grace, My God, my heaven - ly King;  
 2. God reigns on high - but ne'er con - fines, His good - ness to the skies;  
 3. How kind are thy com - pass - ions, Lord! How slow thine an - ger moves!  
 4. Sweet is the memo - ry of thy grace, My God, my heaven - ly King;

Let age to age thy right - eous - ness In sounds of glo - ry sing.  
 Through all the earth his boun - ty shines, And ev' - ry want sup - plies.  
 But soon he sends his pard - oning word, To cheer the souls he loves.  
 Let age to age thy right - eous - ness In sounds of glo - ry sing.



*p*

1. Loud hal-le - lu - jahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell ; Let heav'n begin the solemn word, And sound it

dread-ful down to hell. 2. Wide as his vast do-min-ion lies, Make the Cre - a-tor's name be known ; Loud as his

*mp*

thunder shout his praise, And sound it lof - ty as his throne. 3. Je - ho - vah! 'tis a glo - rious, a glo - rious word !

Oh! may it dwell on ev' - ry tongue! But saints who best have known the Lord, Are bound to raise the no - blest song.

4. Speak of the won - ders of that love Which Gabriel plays on ev' - ry chord, From all be - low—and all a - bove,

Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lord, hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lord, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lord.

1. Great God, our strength, to thee we cry, Oh let us not for - got - ten lie; Oppressed with sorrows and with care, To thy pro - tec - tion we re - pair.  
 2. Oh let thy light at - tend our way, Thy truth affords its stea - dy ray; To Zi - on's hill di - rect our feet, To worship at thy sa - - cred seat.  
 3. Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joy - ful song in - spire; To thee our cordial thanks be paid, Our sure defence, our con - - stant aid.  
 4. Why, then, cast down, and why distressed? And whence the grief that fills our breast? In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise Our songs of grat - i - tude and praise.

## No. 30. 8s &amp; 7s. DOUBLE.

*Soft and Smooth.*

1. { Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing! Joy of heaven, to earth come down: } Je - sus! thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art;  
 { Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown; }  
 { Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter eve - ry trem - bling heart! }  
 2. { Come! al - migh - ty to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive? } Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove;  
 { Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more thy tem - ples leave! }  
 Pray, and praise thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in thy pre - cious love.

# No. 31. DEUS MISERATUR.

ARRANGED FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT.

God be merciful unto us, and  
 Let the people praise thee,  
 Let the people praise thee,  
 God shall

bless . . . . . us;  
 O . . . . . God;  
 O . . . . . God;  
 bless . . . . . us;

And show us the light of his countenance, and be  
 Yea, let all the people . . . . .  
 Yea, let all the people . . . . .  
 And all the ends of the world shall . . . . .

merci-ful un - to . us.  
 praise . . . . . thee.  
 praise . . . . . thee.  
 fear . . . . . him.)

That thy way may be . . . . . known . . . up-on earth,  
 O let the nations re . . . . . -joyce . . . and be glad :

Then shall the earth bring . . . . . forth . . . . . her increase.  
 Glory be to the Father, and to the }  
 Son, and to the } Ho . . . . . -ly Ghost;

Thy saving health among . . . . . all . . . . . nations.  
 For thou shalt judge the people [folk] }  
 righteously, And govern the } na--tions up- on . . . . . earth.  
 And God, even our own God, shall . } give . . . us his . . . . . bless- }  
 ing. }

As it was in the beginning, is now, }  
 and ever shall be, world without end. } A . . . . . -men.

Gentle, soft and smooth.

1. To thee, be-fore the dawn-ing light, My gracious God, I pray; I me-di-tate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.  
 2. My spir-it faints to see thy grace—Thy promise bears me up; And while sal-va-tion long de-lays, Thy word sup-ports my hope.  
 3. When midnight darkness veils the skies, I call thy works to mind; My thoughts in warm de-vo-tion rise, And sweet ac-cept-ance find.

Ritard.

## No. 33. 8s &amp; 7s, with Hallelujah.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a-dore him; Praise him, an-gels in the height; Sun and moon, re-joice be-fore him;  
 2. Praise the Lord— for he hath spo-ken; Worlds his migh-ty voice o-beyed; Laws which nev-er can be broken,  
 3. Praise the Lord— for he is glo-rious; Nev-er shall his pro-mise fail; God hath made his saints vic-to-rious,  
 4. Praise the God of our sal-va-tion, Hosts on high his power pro-claim; Heav'n and earth, and all cre-a-tion,

Hallelujah

Praise him, all ye stars of light! Hal-le - lu - jah, A - - - - - men.  
 For their guid-ance he hath made.  
 Sin and death shall not pre - vail.  
 Praise and mag - ni - fy his name.

1. Depth of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy
2. I have long withstood his grace; Long pro -
3. Yet how great his mer - cies are! Me he
4. Je - sus, an - swer from a - bove: Is not
5. Now in - cline me to re - pent! Let me

## Final close; for the last Stanza only.

still re - serv'd for me! Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners spare?  
 - voked him to his face; Would not hear his gra - cious calls; Griev'd him by a thou - sand falls.  
 still de - lights to spare; Cries—'How shall I give thee up?' Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.  
 all thy na - ture love? Wilt thou not the wrong for - get?—Lo, I fall be - fore thy feet.  
 now my fall la - ment! Deep - ly my re - volt de - plore! (Omit.) Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

1. Oh, cease! my wan - d'ring soul, On restless wing to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.  
 2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door; Oh! haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.  
 3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And ev'ry long-ing satis - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

## No. 36. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

1. { Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry! "It is finished!"—Hear the dy - ing Sa - viour cry!  
 See! it rends the rocks a - sun-der—Shakes the earth—and veils the sky!  
 2. "It is finished!" oh, what pleasure Do these charming words af - ford! "It is finished!"—Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord!  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure, Flow to us through Christ the Lord!  
 3. { Tune your harps a - new, ye seraphs; Join to sing the pleasing theme:  
 All in earth and heav'n u - ni - ting, Join to praise Im-man-uel's name: } Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb!

1. { Ye, who in his courts are found, List'ning to the joy - ful sound, } Glo - ri - fy the King of kings, Take the peace the gos - pel brings.  
 { Lost and help - less as ye are, Sons of sor - row, sin, and care, }  
 2. { Turn to Christ your long - ing eyes, View this bleeding sac - ri - fice; } Glo - ri - fy the King of kings, Take the peace the gos - pel brings.  
 { See, in him, your sins for - given, Par - don, ho - li - ness, and heav'n: }

1. { Judge me, Lord, in righteousness; Plead for me in my dis - tress; } Cast me not des - pair - ing hence; Be my love, my con - fi - dence.  
 { Good and mer - ci - ful thou art; Bind this bleeding, broken heart; }  
 2. { Send thy light and truth, to guide, Leave me not to turn a - side; } There to God, my hope, my joy, Praise shall all my pow'rs employ.  
 { On thy ho - ly hill I'd rest, In thy courts for - ev - er blest; }



1. Gra-cious Spir - it!— Love di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine; All my guil - - ty  
 2. Speak thy par - d'ning grace to me, Set the bur - den'd sin - ner free; Lead me to . . . the  
 3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart: Breathe thyself . . . in -  
 4. Let me nev - er from thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way; Fill my soul . . . with

fears . . . re - move, Fill me with thy heav'n - ly love, Fill me with thy heav'n-ly love.  
 Lamb . . of God, Wash me in his pre - cious blood, Wash me in his pre - cious blood.  
 . . . to . . . my breast, Earnest of im - mor - tal rest, Earnest of im - mor - tal rest.  
 joy . . . di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine.

1. Sa - viour, I thy word be - lieve, My un - be - lief re - move; } Show me, Lord, how good thou art; Now thy  
 { Now thy quick'ning Spir - it give, The unc - tion from a - bove; }  
 2. { Bless - ed Com - fort - er, come down, And live and move in me; } Bid my sin and fear de - part, And with -  
 { Make my ev - 'ry deed thine own, In all things led by thee; }  
 3. { Whom the world can - not re - ceive, O Lord, re - veal in me; } Make me choose the bet - ter part; Oh, do  
 { Son of God, I cease to live, Un - less I live to thee; }

gra - cious word ful - fil; Send the wit - ness to my heart, The Ho - ly Ghost re - - veal.  
 - - in oh deign to dwell; Faith - ful wit - ness, in my heart, Thy per - fect light re - - veal.  
 thou my par - don seal; Send the wit - ness to my heart, The Ho - ly Ghost re - - veal.

1. { Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land: } Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.  
 { I am weak—but thou art migh - ty; Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand: }  
 2. { O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow, } Strong De - liv - erer, Be thou still my strength and shield.  
 { Let the fi - ery cloudy pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro': }  
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side: } Songs of prai - ses I will ev - er give to thee.  
 { Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; }

## No. 42. C. M.

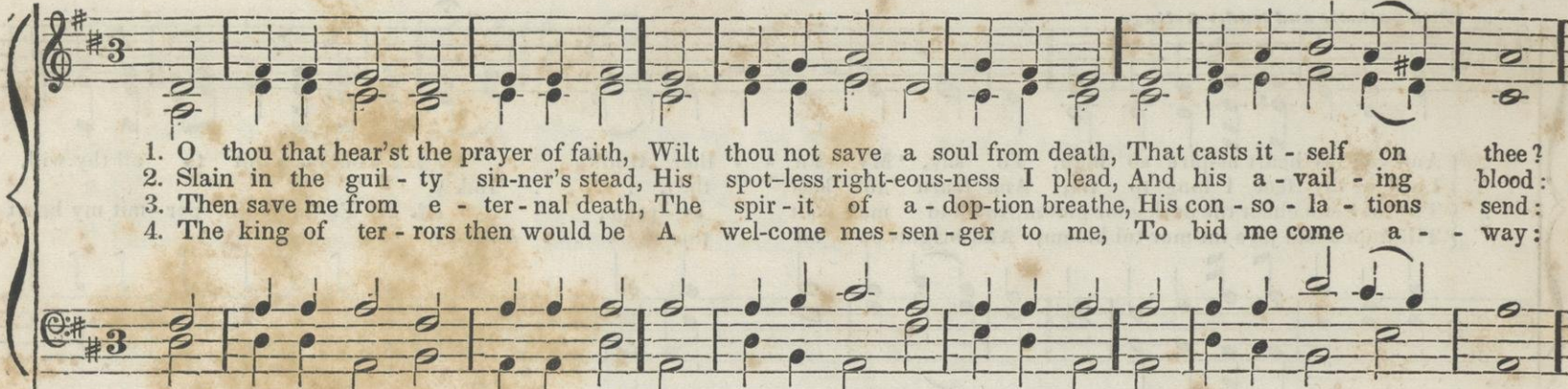
**Bold.**

1. Firm as the earth thy gos - pel stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust; If I am found in Je - sus' hands, My soul can ne'er be lost.  
 2. His hon - or is en - gaged to save The meanest of his sheep; All whom his heavenly Fa - ther gave His hands se - cure - ly keep.  
 3. Nor death, nor hell shall e'er re - move His fav'rites from his breast; Safe, on the bo - som of his love, Shall they for - ev - er rest.

*With pathetic and tender feeling.*

1. { And can my heart as-pire so high, To say, 'My Fa - - ther God!' } 2. I would sub-mit to all thy will,  
 { Lord, at thy feet I long to lie, And learn to kiss the . . . . . rod. }  
 3. { Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom, And bid me wait se - rene ; } 4. My Fa-ther! oh! per - mit my heart  
 { Till hopes and joys im-mor-tal bloom, And bright-en all the . . . . . scene. }

*Lento.*  
 For thou art good and wise ; Let eve-ry anx-ious thought be still, Nor one faint murmur, Nor one faint murmur rise.  
 To plead her humble claim ; And ask the bliss those words impart In my Re - deemer, In my Re-deem-er's name.

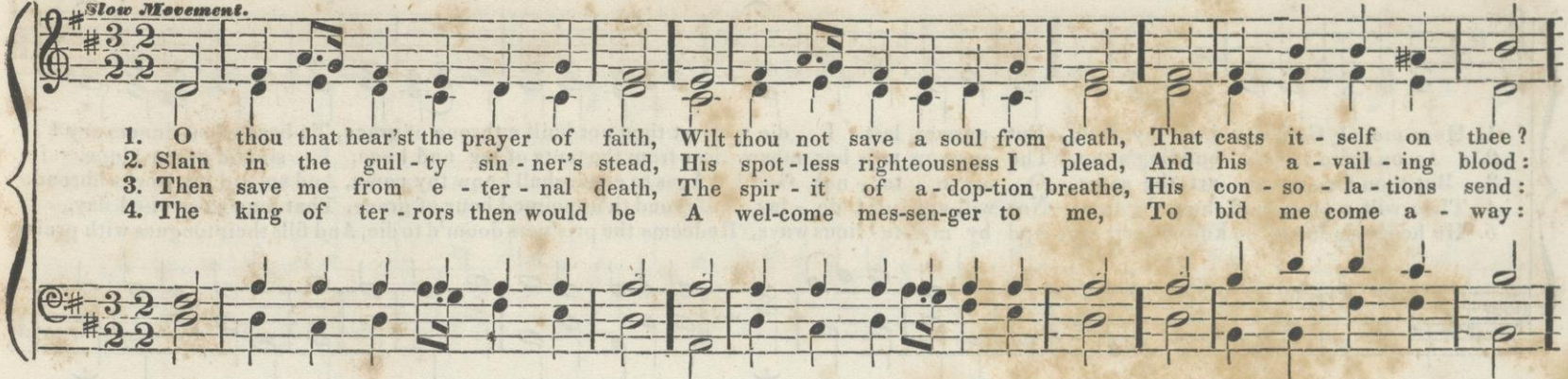



1. O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it - self on thee?  
 2. Slain in the guil - ty sin-ner's stead, His spot-less right-eous-ness I plead, And his a - vail - ing blood:  
 3. Then save me from e - ter - nal death, The spir - it of a - dop-tion breathe, His con - so - la - tions send:  
 4. The king of ter - rors then would be A wel - come mes - sen - ger to me, To bid me come a - - way:



I have no ref - uge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done And suf-fered once for me.  
 That right-eous-ness my robe shall be, That mer-it shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God.  
 By him some word of life im - part, And sweet-ly whis - per to my heart, 'Thy Ma - ker is thy friend.'  
 Un-clogged by earth, or earth-ly things, I'd mount, I'd fly, with ea - ger wings, To ev - er - last - ing day.

*Slow Movement.*

- 
1. O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it - self on thee?
  2. Slain in the guilt - ty sin - ner's stead, His spot - less righteousness I plead, And his a - vail - ing blood:
  3. Then save me from e - ter - nal death, The spir - it of a - dop - tion breathe, His con - so - la - tions send:
  4. The king of ter - rors then would be A wel - come mes - sen - ger to me, To bid me come a - way:



I have no ref - uge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done And suf - fered once for me.  
 That righteousness my robe shall be, That mer - it shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God.  
 By him some word of life im - part, And sweet - ly whis - per to my heart, 'Thy Mak - er is thy friend.'  
 Unclogged by earth, or earthly things, I'd mount, I'd fly, with ea - ger wings, To ev - er - last - ing day.

1. Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face, But answer, lest I die: Hast thou not built a throne of grace, To hear when sinners cry?

2. As on some lone-ly building's top, The sparrow tells her moan, Far from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve alone.

3. But thou for - ev-er art the same, O my e - ter - nal God! Ages to come shall know thy name, And spread thy works abroad.

4. Thou wilt a - rise, and show thy face, Nor will my Lord de - lay Beyond th'appointed hour of grace, That long ex-pect-ed day.

5. He hears his saints, he knows their cry, And by mys-te-rious ways, Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die, And fills their tongues with praise.

## No. 47. L. M.

1. Give thanks to God, he reigns a - bove; Kind are his thoughts, his name is love; His mer - cy a - ges past have known, And a - ges long to come shall own.

2. He feeds and clothes us all the way; He guides our foot - steps, lest we stray; He guards us with a power-ful hand, And brings us to the heavenly land.

3. Oh let the saints with joy re - cord The truth and good - ness of the Lord! How great his works! how kind his ways! Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

And sheds . . . . .

1. How charming is the place Where my Redeemer God Unveils the glories of his face, And sheds his love abroad, And sheds his love a-broad.  
 2. Here, on the mercy-seat, With radiant glory crown'd, Our joyful eyes behold him sit, And smile on all around, And smile on all a-round.  
 3. To him their prayers and cries Each contrite soul presents; And while he hears their humble sighs, He grants them all their wants, He grants them all their wants.  
 4. Give me, O Lord, a place Within thy blest abode; Among the children of thy grace, The servants of my God, The servants of my God.

No. 49. C. M.

1. Blest are the un-de-filed in heart, Whose ways are right and clean; Who nev-er from thy law depart, But fly from every sin.  
 2. Blest are the men that keep thy word, And practice thy commands; With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord, And serve thee with their hands.  
 3. Great is their peace, who love thy law; How firm their souls abide! Nor can a bold temptation draw Their steady feet a-side.  
 4. Then shall my heart have inward joy, And keep my face from shame, When all thy statutes I o-bey, And hon-or all thy name.



1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble, and in joy, The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.  
5. Oh! make but tri - al of his love, Ex-perience will de - cide How blest are they, and only they, Who in his truth con - fide.

2. Of his deliverance I will boast, Till all, that are distressed, From my ex-ample comfort take, And charm their griefs to rest.  
6. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then Have nothing else to fear; Make you his service your delight, He'll make your wants his care.

3. Oh! mag-ni - fy the Lord with me, With me ex - alt his name; When in dis-tress, to him I called, He to my res-cue came.

4. The hosts of God encamp a-round The dwellings of the just; De-liverance he af-fords to all, Who on his suc-cor trust.

D. C.

No. 51. L. M.

1. Come, weary souls, with sin oppressed, Oh come! ac-cept the promised rest: The Sa-vior's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloo - my fears a - way.  
 2. Oppressed with guilt, a pain-ful load, Oh come, and bow be-fore your God! Di - vine com-pas-sion, migh-ty love, Will all the pain - ful load re - move.  
 3. Here mercy's boundless o - cean flows, To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes; Here's pardon, life, and endless peace, How rich the gift, how free the grace!

1. { Great God, our strength, to thee we cry, Oh let us not for-got-ten lie; }  
 { Oppressed with sorrows and with care, To thy pro-tec-tion we re - pair. } 2. Oh let thy light at - tend our way,  
 3. { Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joy-ful song in - spire; }  
 { To thee our cordial thanks be paid, Our sure defence, our constant aid. } 4. Why, then, cast down, and why dis - tressed ?

Thy truth af - ford its stea - dy ray; To Zi - on's hill di - rect our feet, To wor - ship at thy sa - cred seat.  
 And whence the grief, that fills our breast? In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise Our songs of grat - i - tude and praise.

1st & 3d Treble, and Alto.

Tenor.

1st & 3d Base.

1. Bless - ed . . . . . be the Lord  
 2. And hath . . . . . raised up a mighty sal  
 3. As he . . . . . spake by the mouth of his  
 4. That . . . . . we should be  
 Glo - ry . . . . . be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the

God . . . . .  
 va - . . . . . tion for of  
 ho - . . . . . ly  
 sa - . . . . . ved from our  
 Ho . . . . . ly Israel;  
 us;  
 prophets;  
 enemies;  
 Ghost;

For he hath visited and re  
 In the house of his  
 Which have been since the  
 And from the hand of  
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

-deemed . . . . . his . . . . . people.  
 ser - . . . . . vant . . . . . David.  
 world . . . . . be - . . . . . gan.  
 all . . . . . that . . . . . hate us.  
 A . . . . . - men.

1. Thou gracious God and kind, Oh cast our sins a - way; Nor call our for - mer guilt to mind, Thy jus - tice to dis - play.  
 2. Thy tenderest mer - cy show, Thy rich - est grace pre - pare, Ere yet, with guil - ty fears laid low, We per - ish in des - pair.  
 3. Save us from guilt and shame, Thy glo - ry to dis - play; And, for the great Re - deem - er's name, Wash all our sins a - way.

## No. 55. C. M.

1. Show me, O Lord, thy sacred way, Thy truths to me re - late; For' thou art God, whom I o - bey; On thee I dai - ly wait.  
 2. Re - member not in anger, Lord, The er - rors of my youth; But let thy mer - cy help af - ford, Ac - cord - ing to thy truth.  
 3. O Lord, on me com - pas - sion take, Who have despised thy word; And for thy name and mercy's sake, Thy pard'ning love af - ford.  
 4. Oh keep my soul, and set me free, Pre - serve me, Lord, from shame; For I have placed my hope in thee, And trust - ed in thy name.

1. O all ye na-tions, praise the Lord, His glo-rious acts pro-claim; The fulness of his grace re - cord, And mag-ni - fy his name.  
 2. His love is great—his mer - cy sure—And faith - ful is his word; His truth for - ev - er shall en - dure; For - ev - er praise the Lord!

1. I lift my soul to God; My trust is in his name: Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still tri-umph in my shame.  
 2. From ear - ly dawn - ing light Till evening shades a - rise, For thy sal - va - tion, Lord, I wait, With ev - er - long - ing eyes.  
 3. Re - mem - ber all thy grace, And lead me in thy truth; For - give the sins of ri - per days, And fol - lies of my youth.  
 4. The Lord is just and kind; The meek shall learn his ways; And ev - 'ry hum - ble sin - ner find The bless - ings of his grace.

1. { Blest are the un - defiled in heart, Whose ways are right and clean ; } 2. Blest are the men, that keep thy word, And prac-tise thy commands ; With  
Who nev - er from thy law de-part, But fly from ev' - ry sin. their whole heart they seek thee, Lord, And serve thee with their hands.

3. { Great is their peace, who love thy law ; How firm their souls a-bide ! } 4. Then shall my heart have inward joy, And keep my face from shame, When  
Nor can a bold tempta - tion draw Their steady feet a-side. all thy stat - utes I o - bey, And hon-or all thy name.

## No. 59. C. M.

1. Great God, attend my hum - ble call, Nor hear my cries in vain ; Oh let thy grace pre - vent my fall, And still my hope sus - tain.

2. Be thou my help in time of need, To thee, O Lord, I pray ; In mer - cy has - ten to my aid, Nor let thy grace de - lay.

3. Let all who love thy name re - joice, And glo - ry in thy word, In thy sal - va-tion raise their voice, And mag - ni - fy the Lord.

No. 60. L. M. DOUBLE.

1. { Great God, indulge my humble claim, Thou art my hope, my joy my rest ; } 2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my father, and my God ;  
 { The glories that compose thy name Stand all engag'd to make me blest. }  
 And I am thine, by sacred ties, Thy son—thy servant bought with blood.

3. { With early feet I love t'appear Among thy saints, and seek thy face ; } 4. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise ;  
 { Oft have I seen thy glory there, And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace. }  
 This work shall make my heart rejoice, And bless the remnant of my days.

D. C.

No. 61. C. M.

1. Lord, what is man—poor fee - ble man, Born of the earth at first ? His life a sha - dow—light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust.  
 2. Oh ! what is fee - ble, dy - ing man, Or all his sin - ful race, That God should make it his con - cern To vi - sit him with grace!—  
 3. That God who darts his lightnings down, Who shakes the worlds a - bove, While terrors wait his aw - ful frown—How wondrous is his love!



1. With glory clad—with strength array'd, The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns, The world's foundations firmly laid, And the vast fab-ric still sustains.  
 2. How surely stablished is thy throne! Which shall no change or period see; For thou, O Lord—and thou alone, Art God, from all e - ter-ni - ty.  
 3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss their troubled waves on high; But God above can still their noise, And make the angry sea comply.  
 4. Thro' endless a-ges stands thy throne; Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure; The pure in heart—and they alone, Shall find their hope of heav'n secure.

## No. 63. L. M.

1. From deep distress, and troubled tho'ts, To thee, my God, I rais'd my cry: If thou se-vere-ly mark our faults, Oh! who could stand before thine eye?  
 2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace, Free to dispense thy pardons there, That sinners may approach thy face, And hope, and love—as well as fear.  
 3. My trust is fixed up-on thy word, Nor shall I trust thy word in vain: Let mourning souls address the Lord, And find re - lief from all their pain.  
 4. Great is his love—and large his grace, Thro' the redemption of his Son: He turns our feet from sinful ways, And pardons what our hands have done.

No. 64. C. M.

55

1. Cleanse me, O Lord— and cheer my soul With thy for - giv - ing love; Oh make my wounded spir - it whole, And bid my pains re - move.  
 2. Let not thy spir - it e'er de - part, Nor drive me from thy face; Cre - ate a - new my sin - ful heart, And fill it with thy grace.  
 3. Then will I make thy mercy known Be - fore the sons of men; Back - sliders shall ad - dress thy throne, And turn to God a - gain.

No. 65. 7s.

1. Praise to God!—im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bounteous Source of ev - 'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.  
 2. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smil - ing land; All that lib - eral autumn pours From her rich, o'er - flow - ing stores,—  
 3. These, to that dear Source we owe Whence our sweetest comforts flow; These, thro' all my hap - py days, Claim my cheerful songs of praise.  
 4. Lord, to thee my soul should raise Grateful, nev - er - end - ing praise; And, when ev - 'ry blessing's flown, Love thee for THY - SELF a - lone.

## No. 66. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM A GERMAN CHORAL.

Musical score for No. 66, L. M. in 3/4 time, B-flat major. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and single notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No. 67. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM A GERMAN CHORAL.

Musical score for No. 67, C. M. in 3/4 time, B-flat major. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and single notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No. 68. C. M.

ARRANGED FROM A GERMAN CHORAL.

Musical score for No. 68, C. M. in 3/4 time, D major. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and single notes. The key signature has two sharps (D major), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 69. 8s & 7s.

57

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, ci - ty of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own a-bode.  
 2. Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight; Ju-dah's tem-ple far ex - cel-ling, Beaming with the gospel's light.  
 3. On the rock of a - ges founded, What can shake her sure repose? With sal-va-tion's wall surrounded, She can smile at all her foes.  
 4. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, ci - ty of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own a-bode.

No. 70. 8s & 7s.

1. Let thy grace, Lord, make me lowly; Humble all my swell-ing pride: Fall - en, guil - ty, and un-ho-ly, Great - ness from my eyes I'll hide.  
 2. I'll for-bid my vain as-pi-ring, Nor at earth-ly hon - ors aim: No am - bi-tious heights de-sir-ing, Far a - bove my humble claim.  
 3. Wean'd from earth's vexatious pleasures, In thy love I'll seek for mine; Placed in heaven my no-bler treasures, Earth I qui - et - ly re-sign.  
 4. Israel, thus the world des-pising, On the Lord a - lone re-ly; Then, from him thy joys a-rising Like him - self shall nev-er die.

1. All ye nations, praise the Lord, All ye lands, your voices raise ; Heav'n and earth, with loud accord, Praise the Lord, forev-er praise.  
 2. For his truth and mer-cy stand, Past, and present, and to be, Like the years of his right hand, Like his own e - ter - ni - ty.  
 3. Praise him, ye who know his love ; Praise him from the depths beneath ; Praise him in the heights a-bove ; Praise your Maker, all that breathe !

## No. 72. 7s.

1. Come ! said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice: I will guide you to your home, Weary pil-grims, hith - er come.  
 2. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm for ev' - ry bleeding wound, Peace, which ever shall endure, Rest, e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure !

1. Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove A - mid the wonders of thy love, Sweet hope revives my droop - ing heart,  
 2. Re - pent - ant sor - row fills my heart, But mingling joy al - lays the smart; Oh! may my fu - ture life de - clare  
 3. Be all my heart, and all my days De - vo - ted to my Sa - vior's praise; And let my glad o - be - dience prove

And bids . . . in - trud - ing fears . . . de - part, And bids . . . in - trud - ing fears de - part.  
 The sor - - - row and the joy . . . sin - cere, The sor - - - row and . . . the joy sin - cere.  
 How much . . . I owe - how much . . . I love, How much . . . I owe - how much I love.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he as - sumes Are light and ma - jes - ty;

2. The thunders of his hand Still keep the world in awe; His wrath and jus - tice stand To guard his ho - ly law;

3. Through all his ancient works Sur - pris - ing wisdom shines, Con - founds the powers of hell, And breaks their cursed designs;

4. And can this migh - ty King Of glo - ry con - de - scend? And will he write his name, 'My fa - ther, and my friend?'

His glories shine With beams so bright, No mortal eye Can bear the sight.

And where his love Resolves to bless, His truth con - firms And seals the grace.

Strong is his arm, And shall ful - fil His great de - signs, His sove - reign will.

I love his name! I love his word! Join all my powers, And praise the Lord.

## NOTE.

## [ ] TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

No. 39. The last note in the Tenor should be on B.

No. 40. The 10th note in the Alto should be on A.

No. 75. S. M.

1. Je - sus, my truth, my way, My sure, un - err - ing light, On thee my fee - ble soul I stay, Which thou wilt lead a - right.  
 2. My wisdom, and my guide, My coun - sel - lor thou art; Oh ne - ver let me leave thy side, Or from thy paths de - part!

No. 76. S. M.

*p*  
 1. Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.  
 2. The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.  
 3. Beyond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove; Un - measured by the flight of years, And all that life is love.  
 4. There is a death, whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath: O what e - ternal horrors hang Around 'the second death!'  
 5. Thou God of truth and grace! Teach us that death to shun; Lest we be banished from thy face, For - ev - er more un - done.



1. { Praise to thee, thou great Cre- ator, Praise to thee from every tongue.  
 { Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the u - ni - versal song. 2. Father! Source of all compassion! Pure,unbounded grace is thine :  
 3. { For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of fu - ture joy,  
 { Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,Sound Jehovah's praise on high. 4. Joyful-ly on earth a-dore him, Till in heaven our song we raise;

Hail the God of our sal - va - tion! Praise him for his love di - - vine.  
 There, enraptured, fall be - fore him, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## No. 78.

## L. M.

1. Great God, in - dulse my hum - ble claim,  
 2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
 3. With ear - ly feet I love t'appear  
 4. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,

Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glo - ries that com - pose thy name Stand all en - gaged to make me blest.  
 Thou art my fa - ther, and my God; And I am thine, by sa - cred ties, Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.  
 A - - mong thy saints, and seek thy face; Oft have I seen thy glo - ry there, And felt the power of sovereign grace.  
 While I have breath to pray or praise; This work shall make my heart re - joice, And bless the rem - nant of my days.

## No. 79. S. M.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd, and my guide, I bid fare-well to eve-ry 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.

1. { Savior, source of every blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise. 2. Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing re-deeming love.

3. { Thou didst seek me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger, Didst redeem me with thy blood. 4. By thy hand restored, defended, Safe thro' life, thus far, I'm come,  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended, Bring me to my heavenly home.

## No. 81.

## 8s &amp; 4.

*Arranged from a German Choral.*

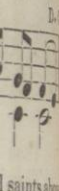
1. Create, O God, my powers anew, Make my whole heart sincere and true; Oh cast me not in wrath away, Nor let thy soul-enlivening ray Still cease to shine.

2. Restore thy favor, bliss divine! Those heavenly joys that once were mine; Let thy good Spirit, kind and free, Uphold and guide my steps to thee, Thou God of love.

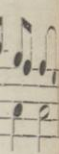
3. Then will I teach thy sacred ways; With holy zeal proclaim thy praise; Till sinners leave the dangerous road, Forsake their sins, and turn to God With hearts sincere.

4. Oh cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain; Remove the blood-polluted stain; Then shall my heart adoring trace, My Savior God, the boundless grace, That flows from thee.

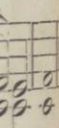
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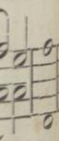
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