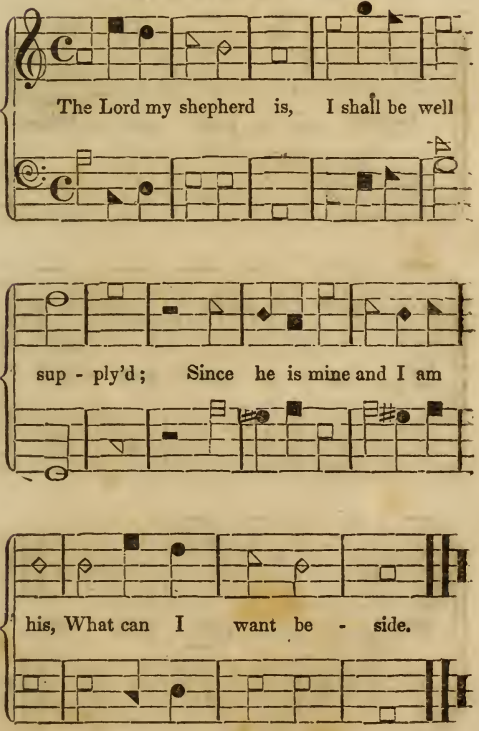
CHURCH MUSIC,

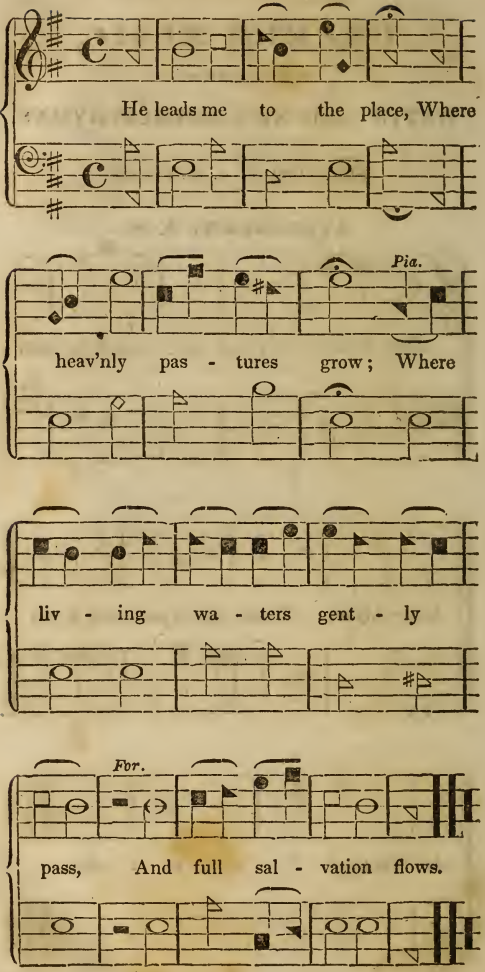
TO ACCOMPANY

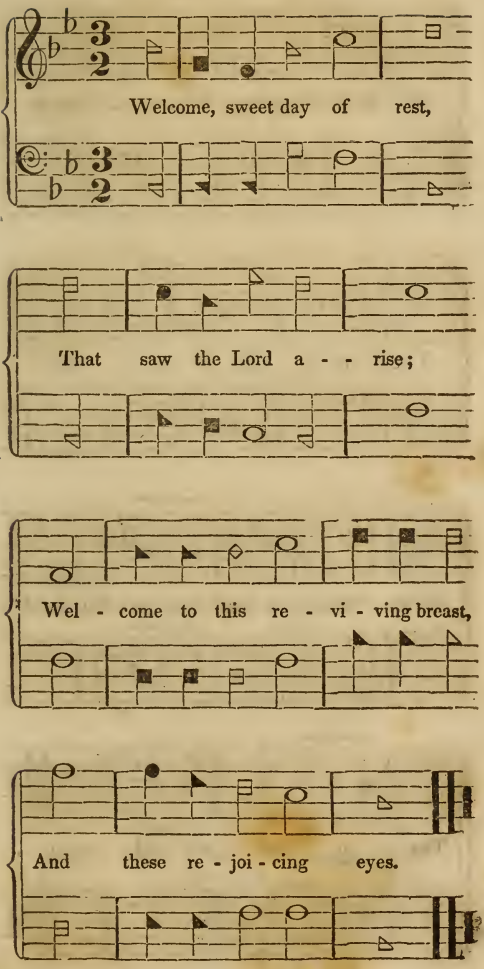
WATTS' AND NEW SELECT HYMNS.

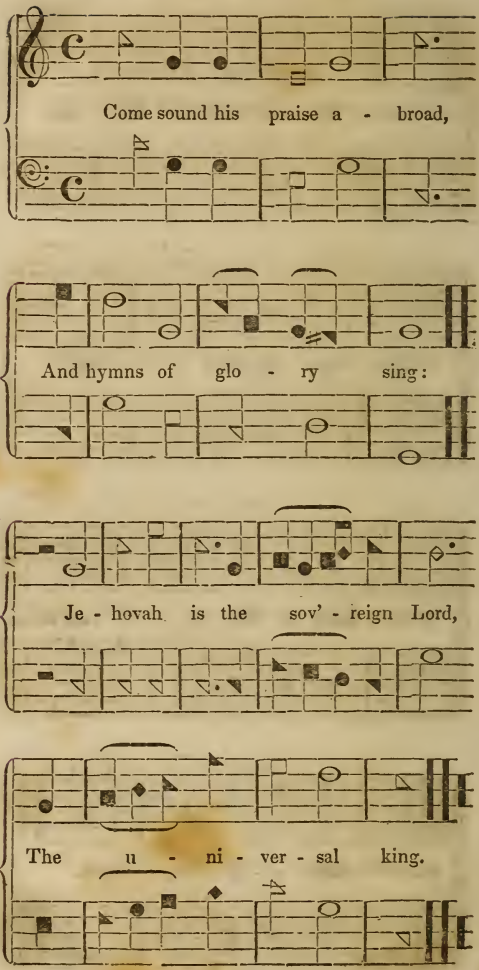
SELECTED BY A. W. COREY.

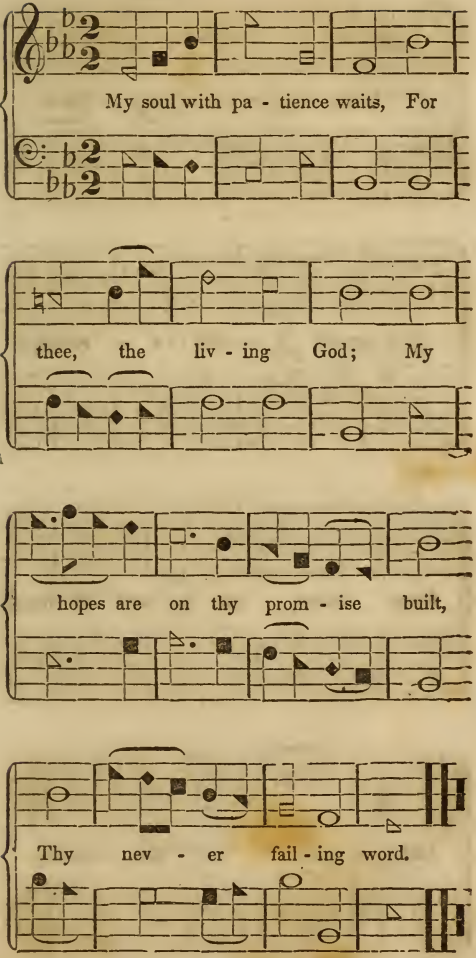
AYLESBURY. S. M.

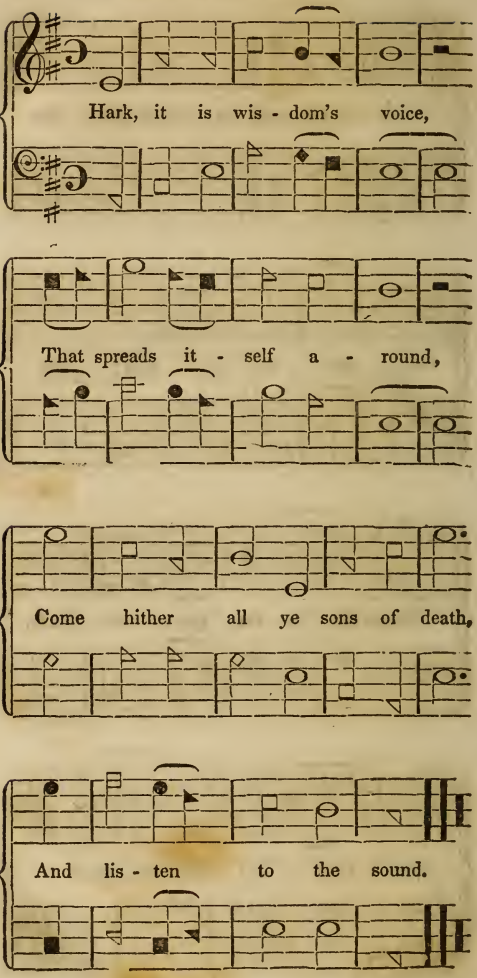


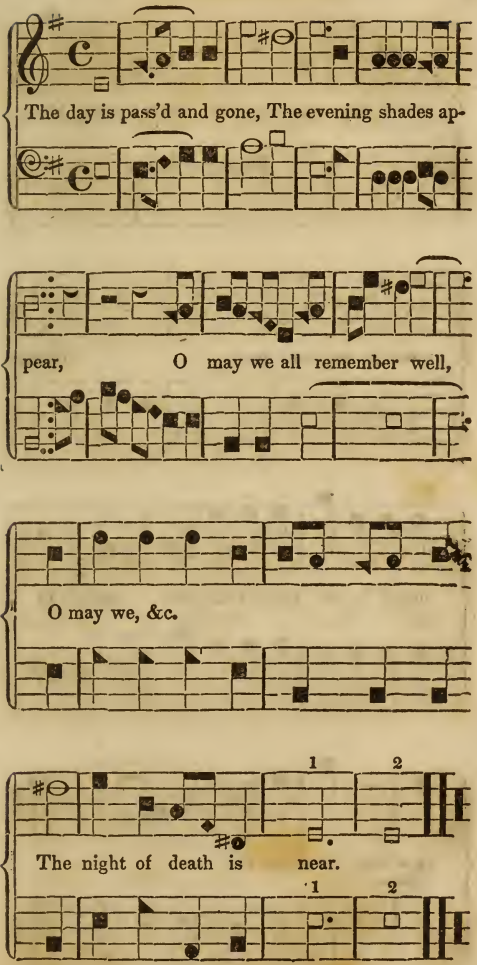

He leads me to the place, Where
Pia.
heav'nly pas - tures grow; Where
liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly
For.
pass, And full sal - vation flows.

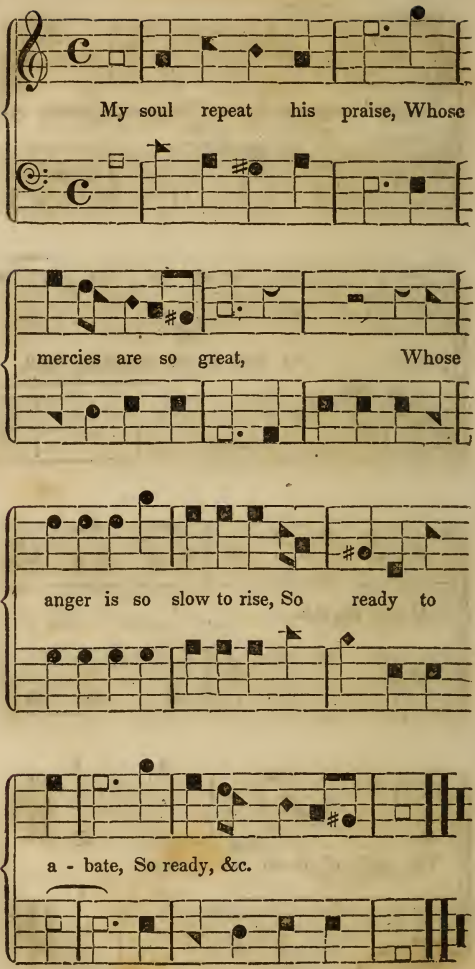

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord a - - rise;
Wel - come to this re - vi - ving breast,
And these re - joi - cing eyes.

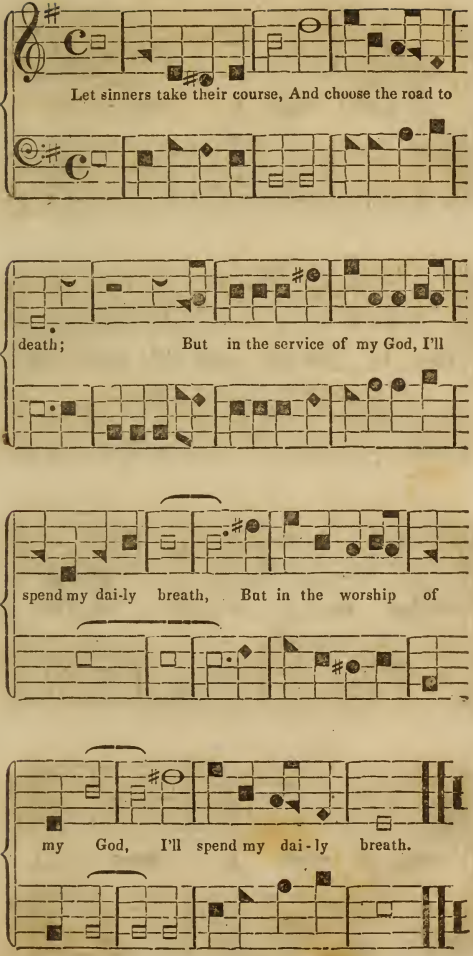

Come sound his praise a - broad,
And hymns of glo - ry sing:
Je - hovah is the sov' - reign Lord,
The u - ni - ver - sal king.

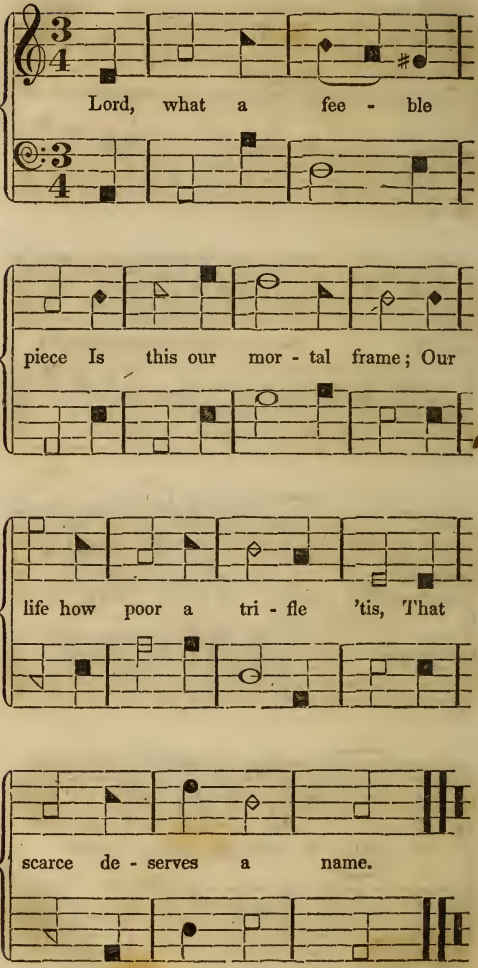

My soul with pa - tience waits, For
thee, the liv - ing God; My
hopes are on thy prom - ise built,
Thy nev - er fail - ing word.

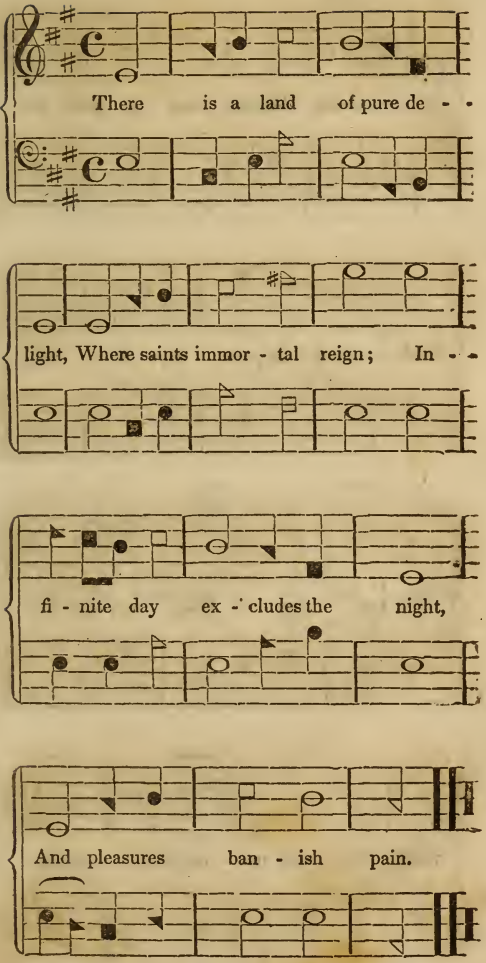

Hark, it is wis - dom's voice,
That spreads it - self a - round,
Come hither all ye sons of death,
And lis - ten to the sound.

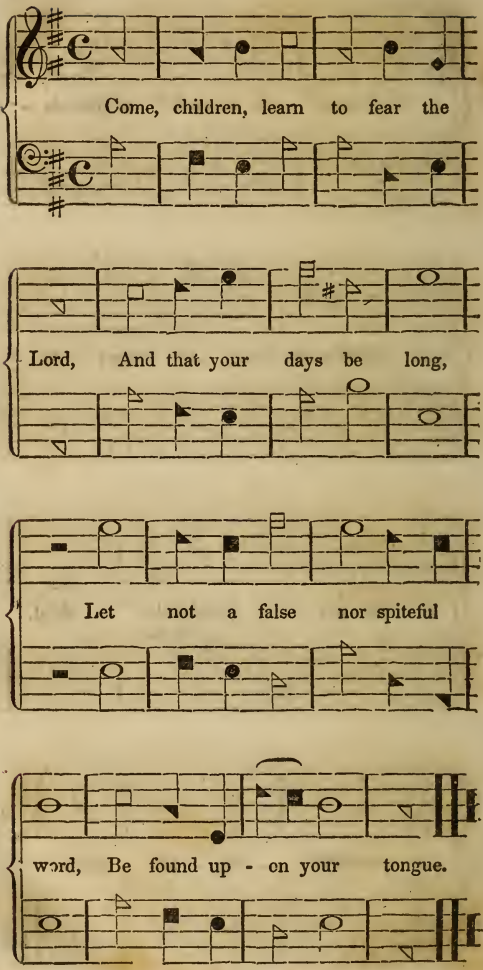

The day is pass'd and gone, The evening shades ap-
pear, O may we all remember well,
O may we, &c.
1 2
The night of death is near.
1 2

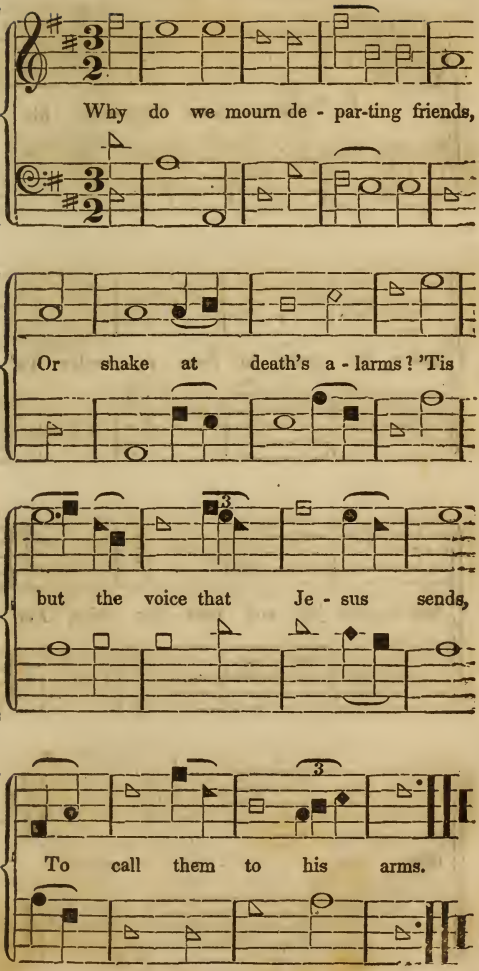

My soul repeat his praise, Whose
mercies are so great, Whose
anger is so slow to rise, So ready to
a - bate, So ready, &c.

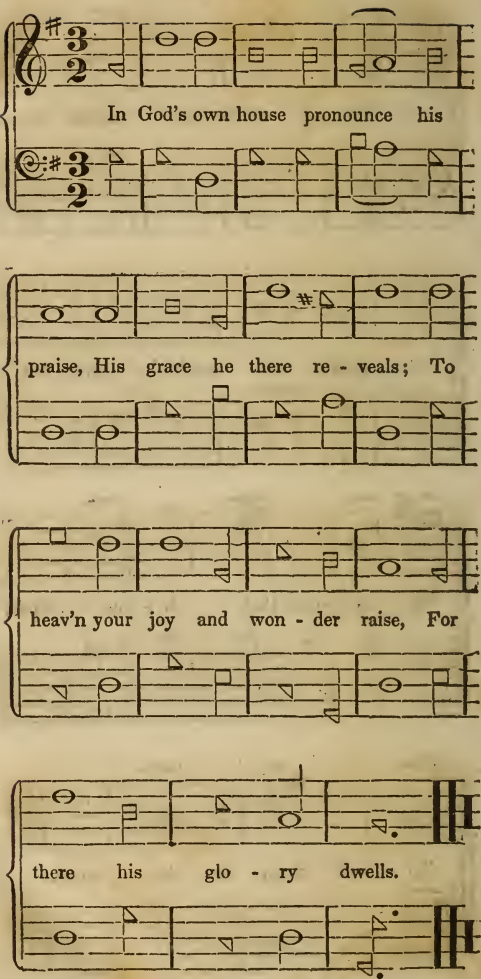

Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to
death; But in the service of my God, I'll
spend my dai-ly breath, But in the worship of
my God, I'll spend my dai-ly breath.

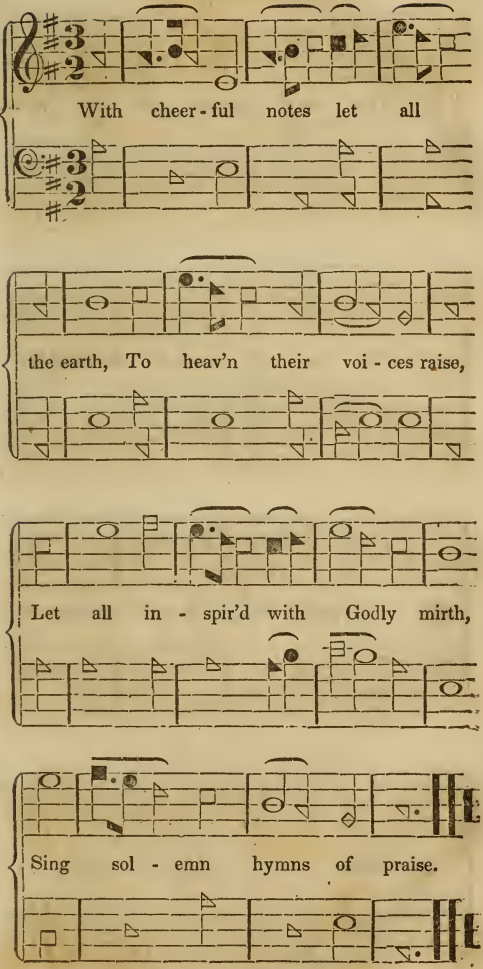

Lord, what a fee - ble
piece Is this our mor - tal frame; Our
life how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That
scarce de - serves a name.

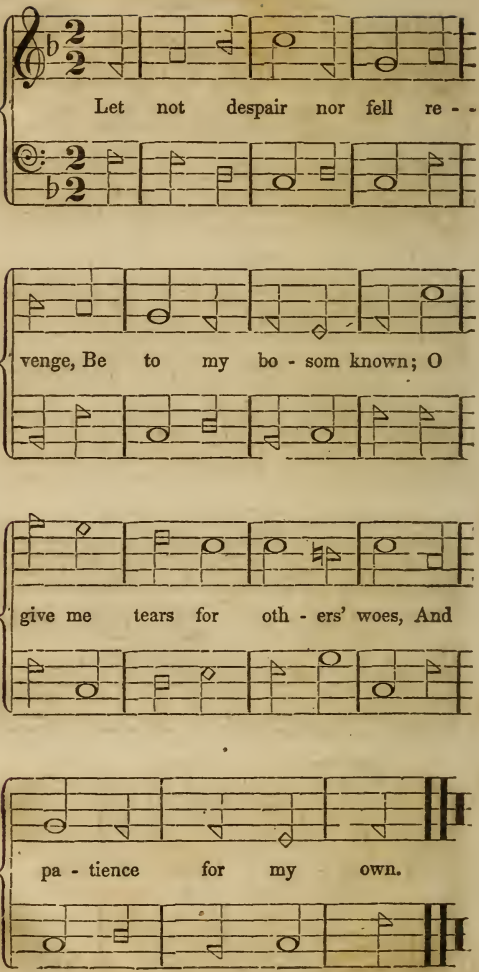

There is a land of pure de - -
light, Where saints immor - tal reign; In - -
fi - nite day ex - cludes the night,
And pleasures ban - ish pain.

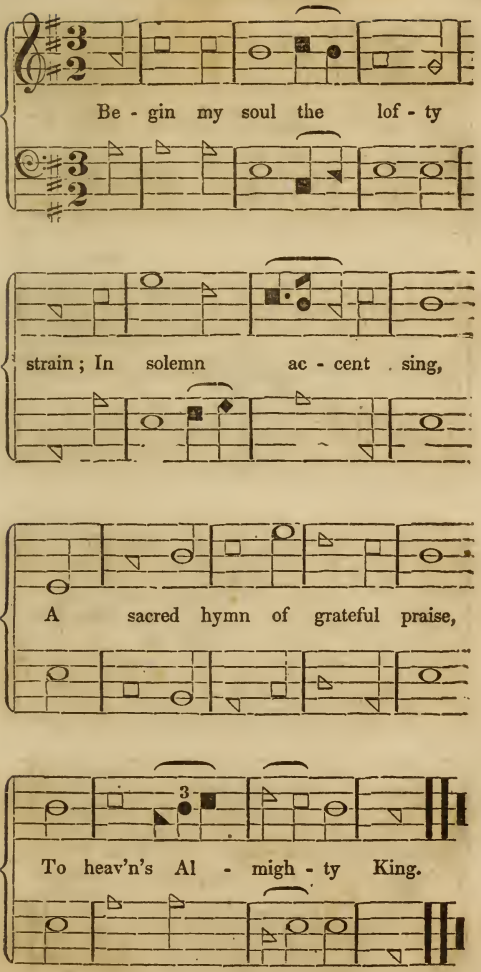

Come, children, learn to fear the
Lord, And that your days be long,
Let not a false nor spiteful
word, Be found up - on your tongue.

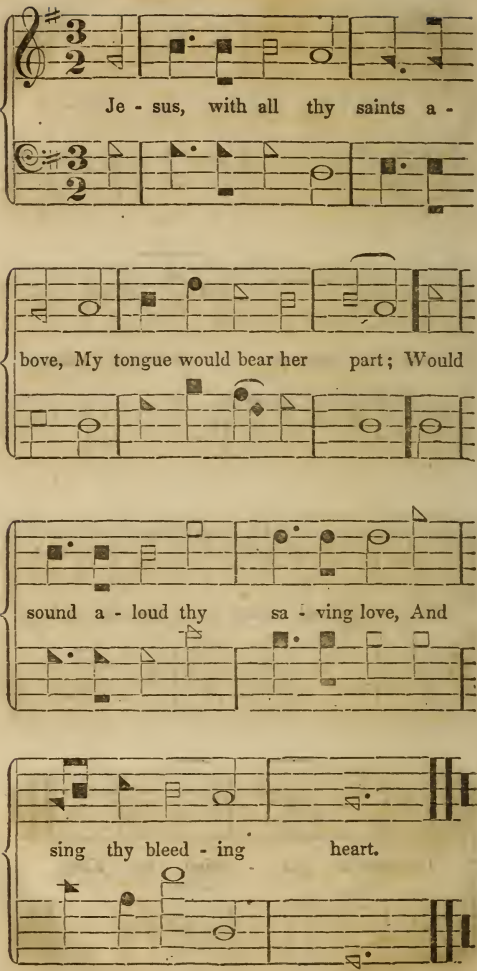

Why do we mourn de - par-ting friends,
Or shake at death's a - larms! 'Tis
but the voice that Je - sus sends,
To call them to his arms.

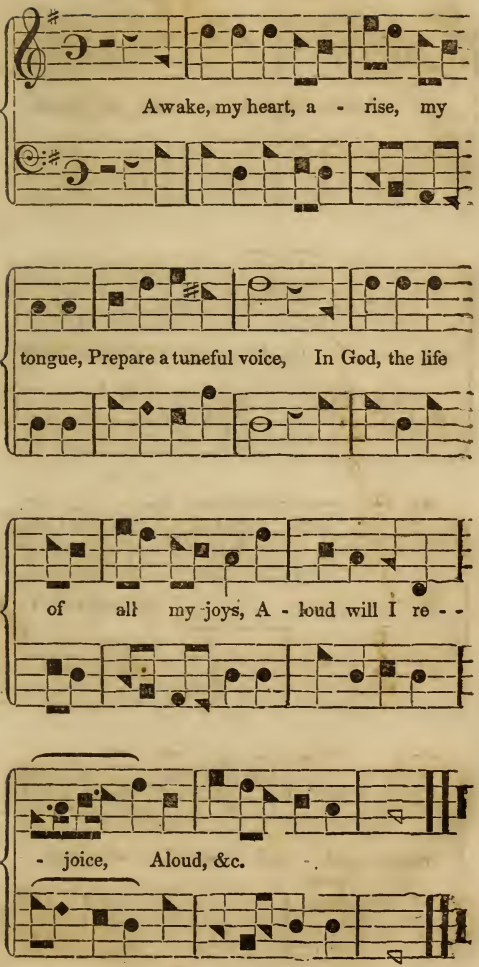

In God's own house pronounce his
praise, His grace he there re - veals; To
heav'n your joy and won - der raise, For
there his glo - ry dwells.

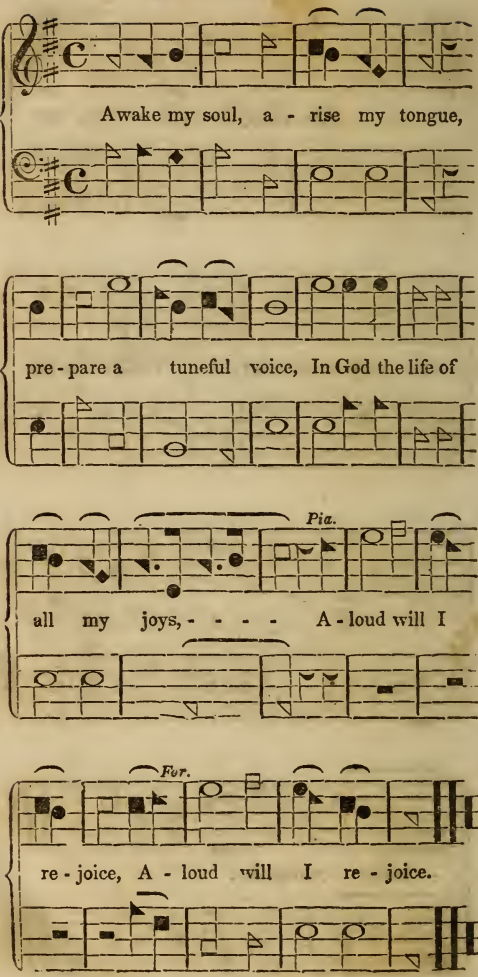

With cheer - ful notes let all
the earth, To heav'n their voi - ces raise,
Let all in - spir'd with Godly mirth,
Sing sol - emn hymns of praise.

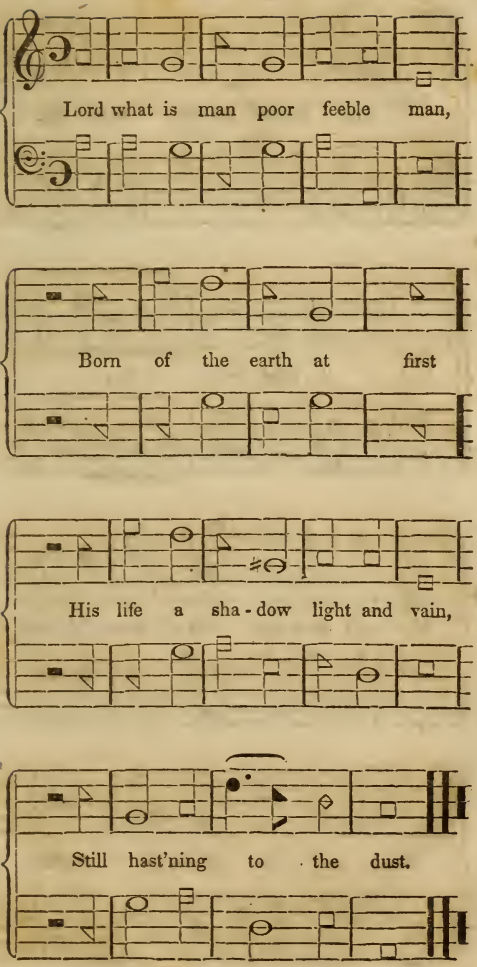

Let not despair nor fell re - -
venge, Be to my bo - som known; O
give me tears for oth - ers' woes, And
pa - tience for my own.

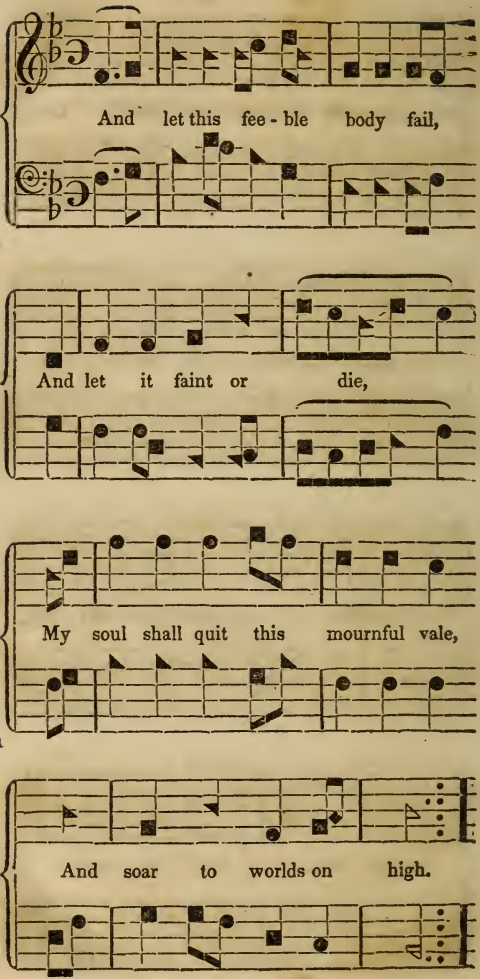

Be - gin my soul the lof - ty
strain ; In solemn ac - cent sing,
A sacred hymn of grateful praise,
To heav'n's Al - migh - ty King.

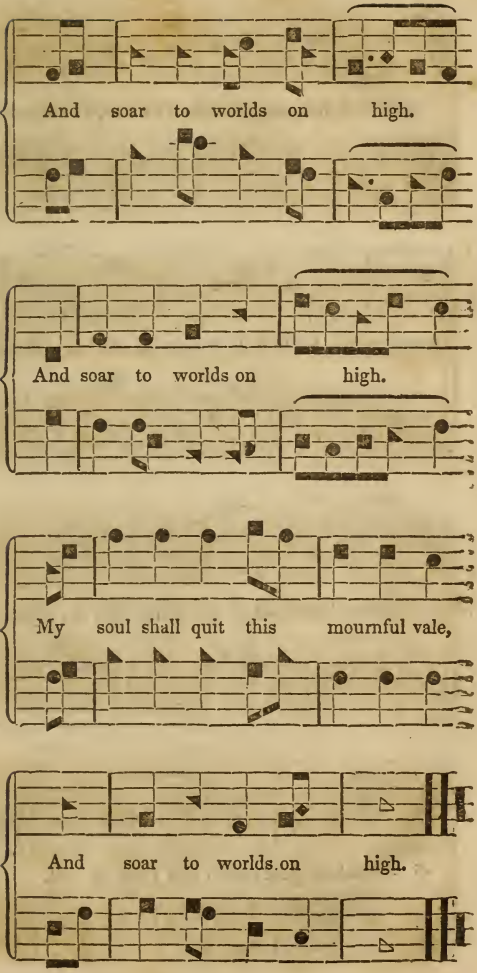

Je - sus, with all thy saints a -
bove, My tongue would bear her part; Would
sound a - loud thy sa - ving love, And
sing thy bleed - ing heart.

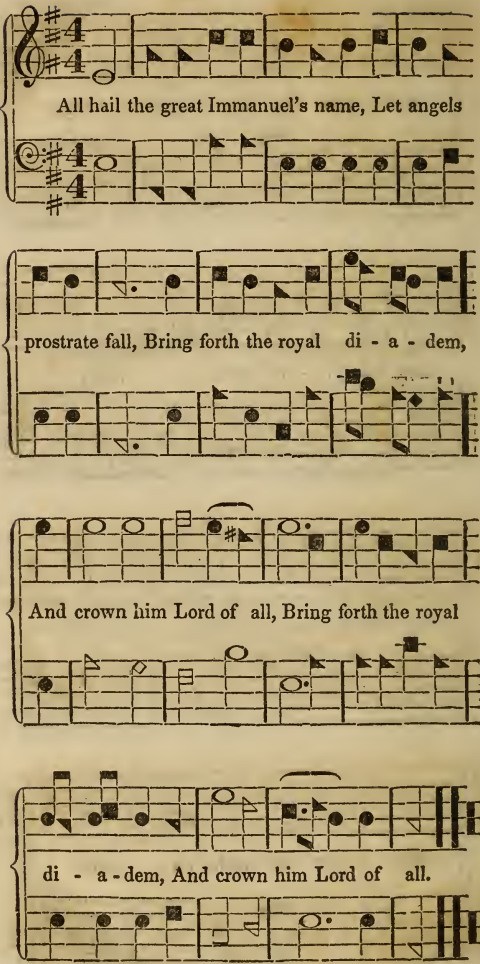

Awake, my heart, a - rise, my
tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice, In God, the life
of all my joys, A - loud will I re - -
- joice, Aloud, &c.

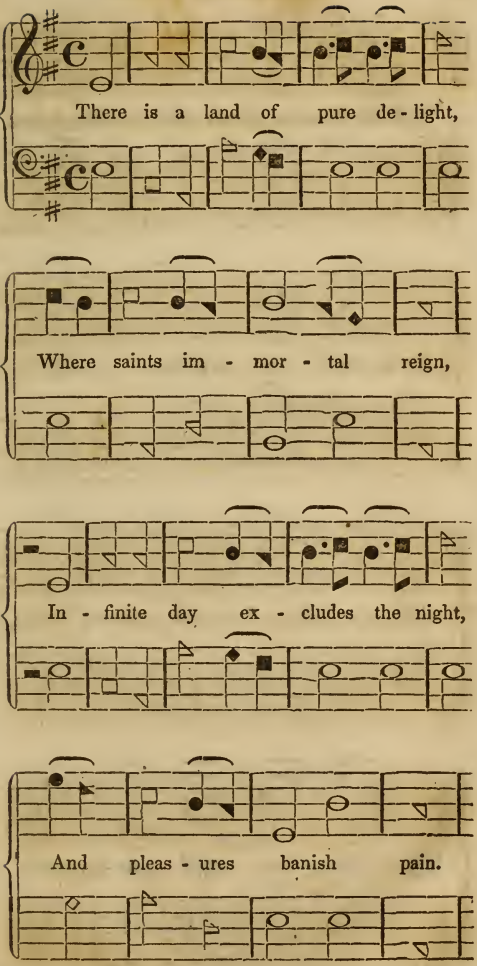

Awake my soul, a - rise my tongue,
pre - pare a tuneful voice, In God the life of
Pia.
all my joys, - - - - A - loud will I
For.
re - joice, A - loud will I re - joice.

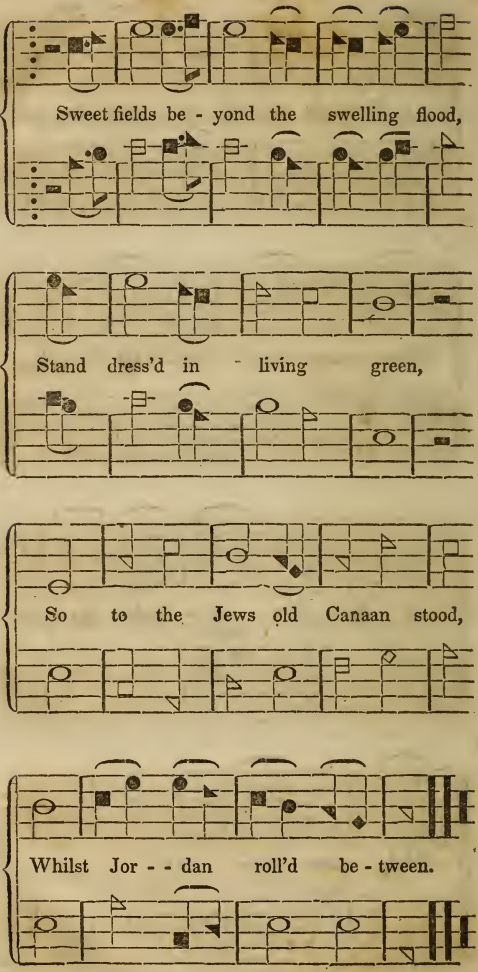

Lord what is man poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first
His life a sha-dow light and vain,
Still hast'ning to the dust.

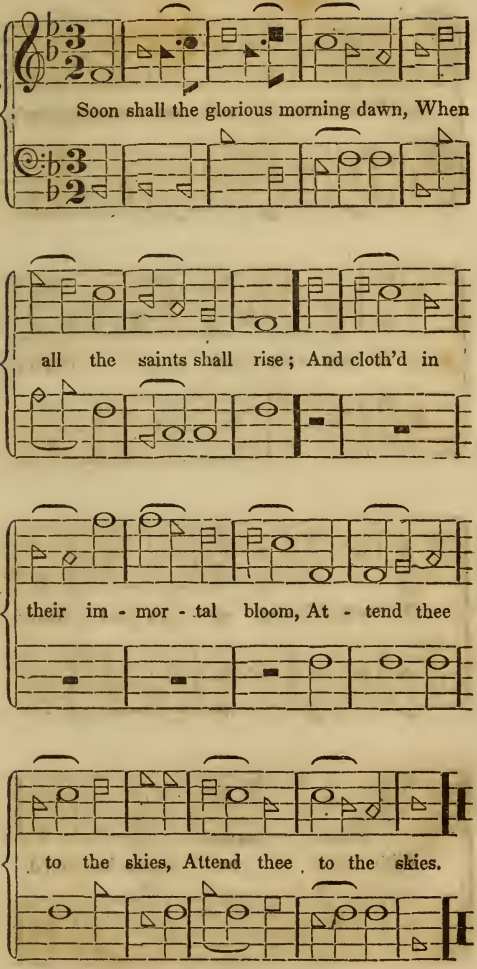

And let this fee - ble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.

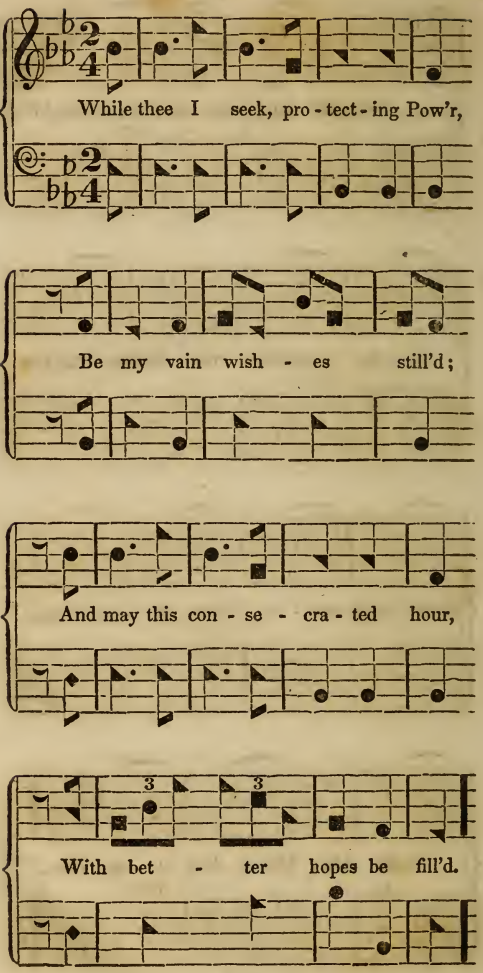

And soar to worlds on high.
And soar to worlds on high.
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.

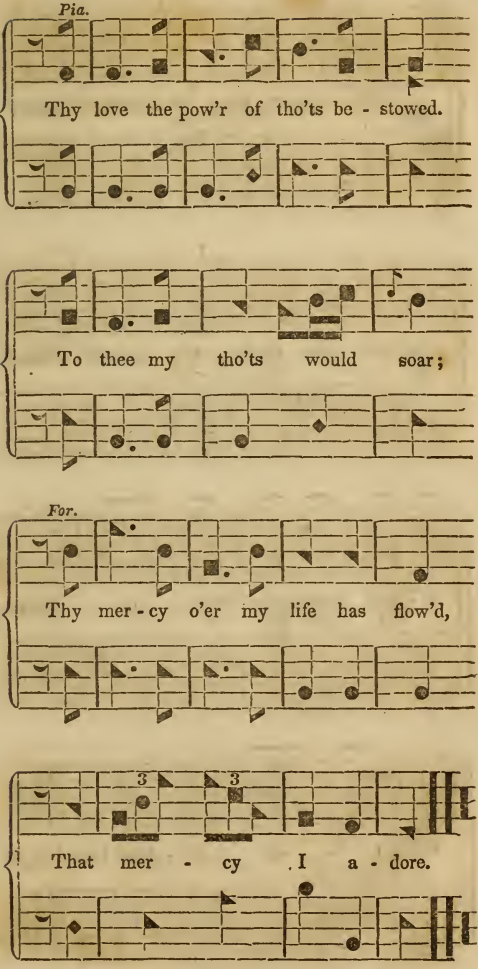

All hail the great Immanuel's name, Let angels
prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal
di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

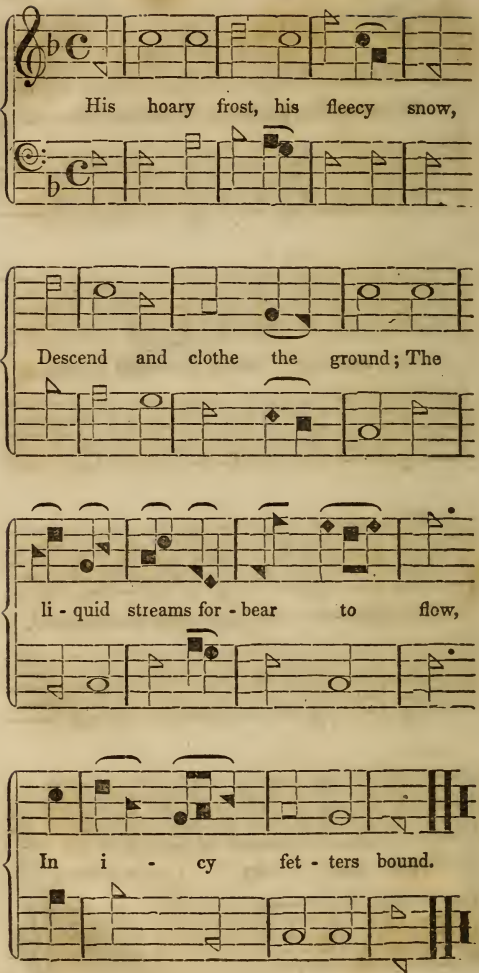

There is a land of pure de - light,
Where saints im - mor - tal reign,
In - finite day ex - cludes the night,
And pleas - ures banish pain.

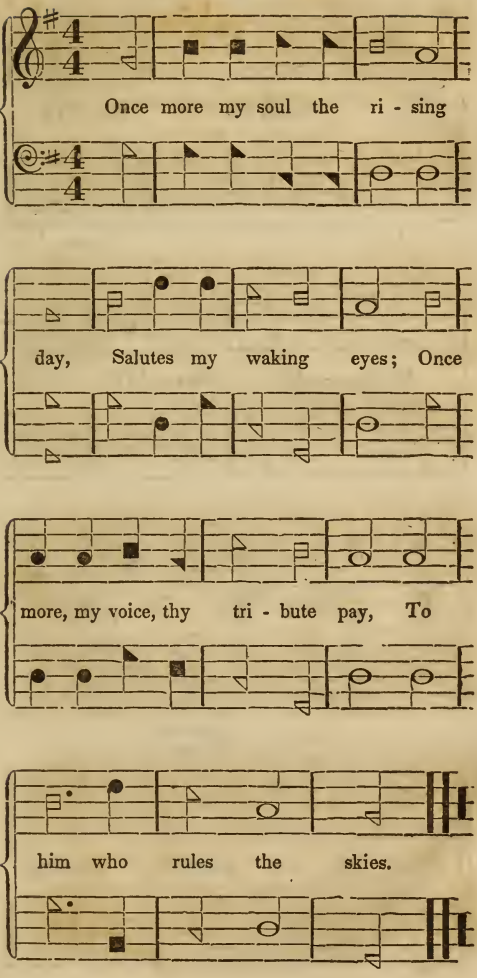

Sweet fields be - yond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
Whilst Jor - - dan roll'd be - tween.

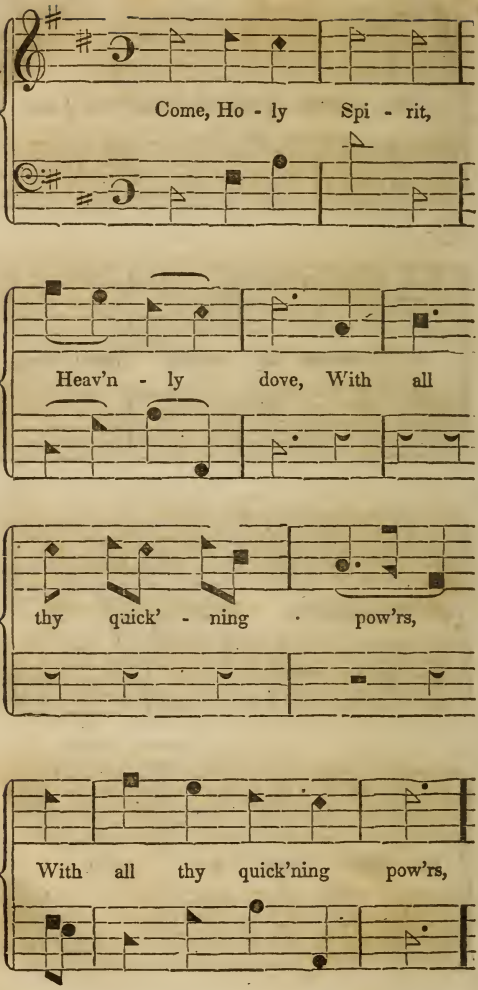

Soon shall the glorious morning dawn, When
all the saints shall rise; And cloth'd in
their im - mor - tal bloom, At - tend thee
to the skies, Attend thee to the skies.

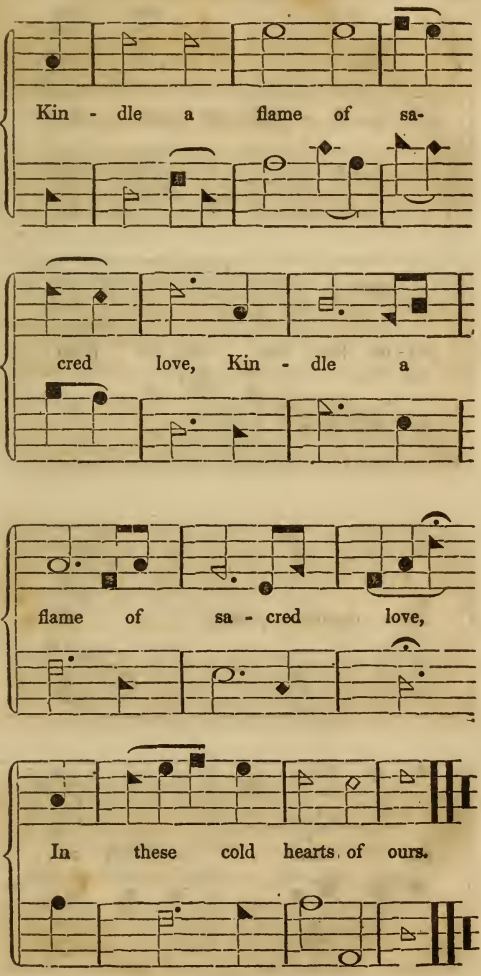

While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r,
Be my vain wish - es still'd;
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour,
3
3
With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

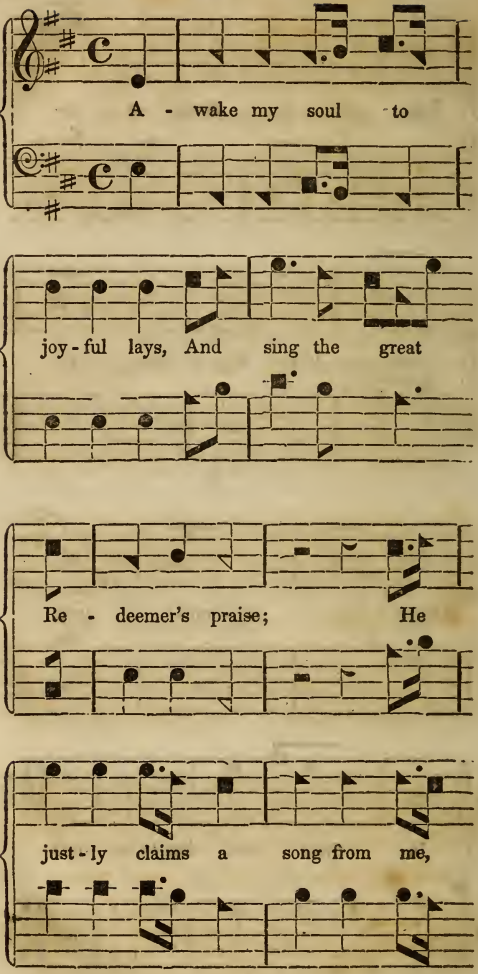

Pia.
Thy love the pow'r of tho'ts be - stowed.
To thee my tho'ts would soar;
For.
Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd,
3
3
That mer - cy I a - dore.

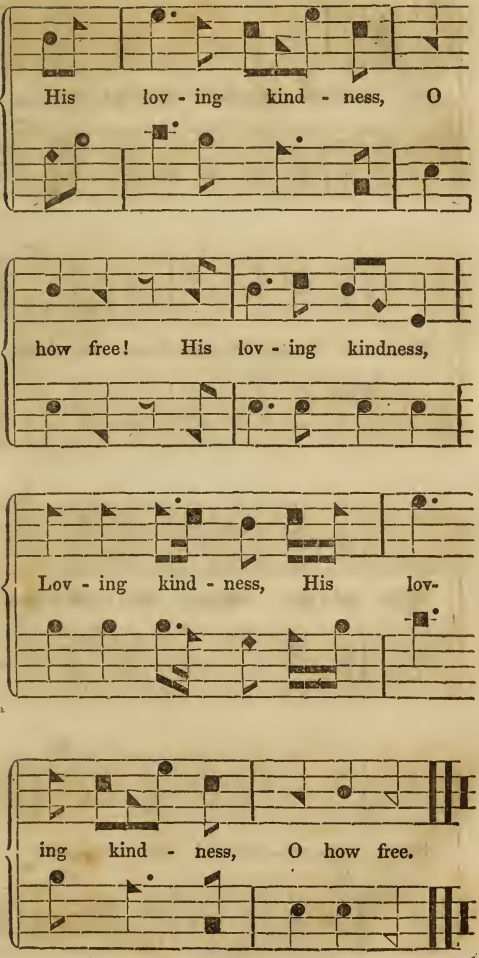

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground; The
li - quid streams for - bear to flow,
In i - cy fet - ters bound.


Once more my soul the ri - sing
day, Salutes my waking eyes; Once
more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay, To
him who rules the skies.


Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit,
Heav'n - ly dove, With all
thy quick' - ning pow'rs,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,

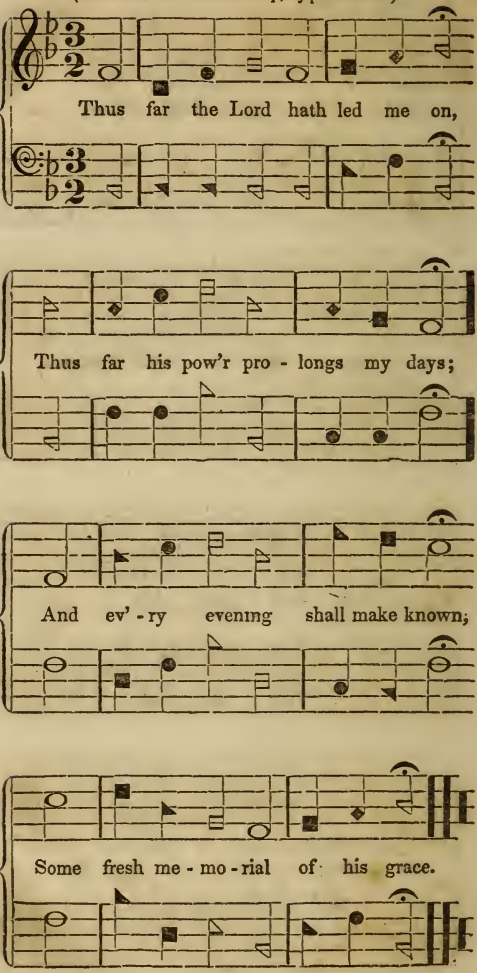

Kin - dle a flame of sa-
cred love, Kin - dle a
flame of sa - cred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.


A - wake my soul to
joy - ful lays, And sing the great
Re - deemer's praise; He
just - ly claims a song from me,

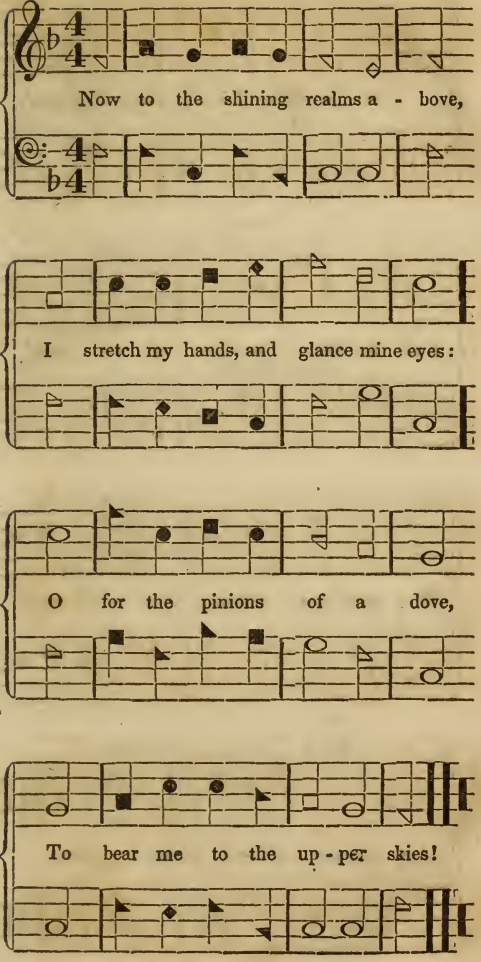

His lov - ing kind - ness, O
how free! His lov - ing kindness,
Lov - ing kind - ness, His lov-
ing kind - ness, O how free.

HEBRON. L. M.

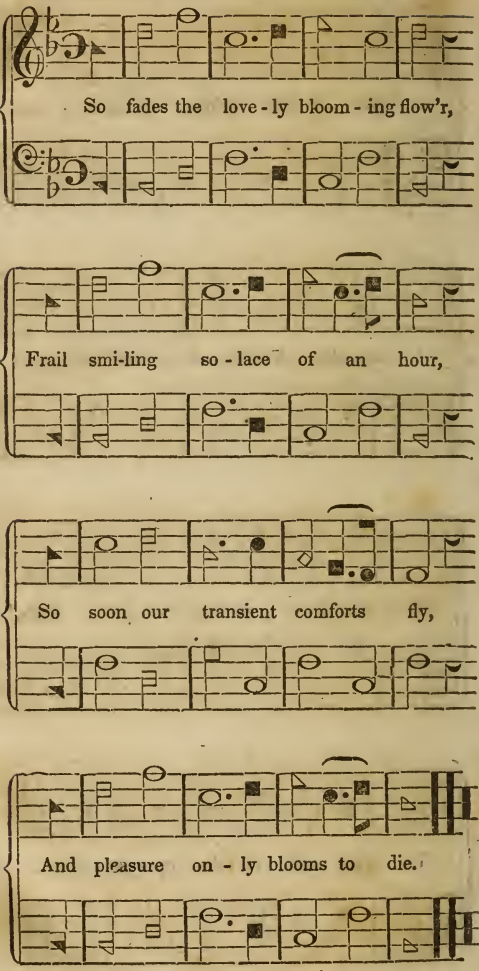
(From Masons' Sacred Harp, by permission.)

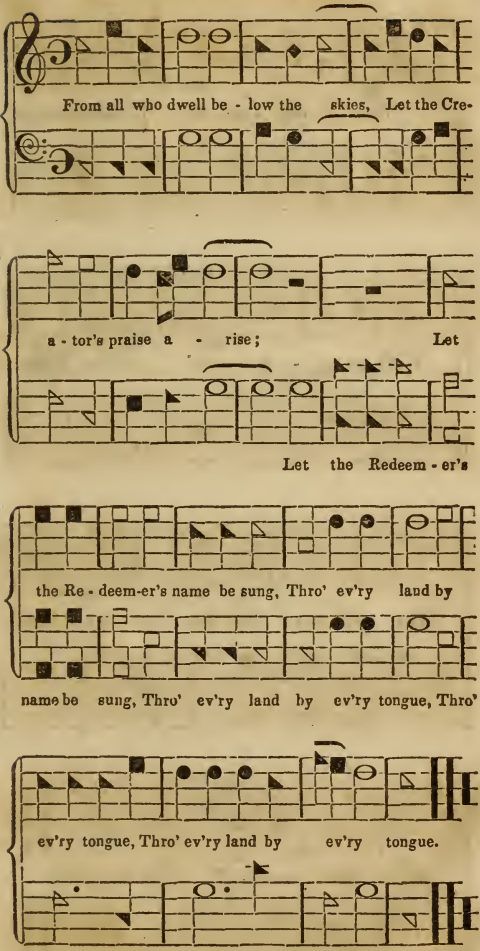


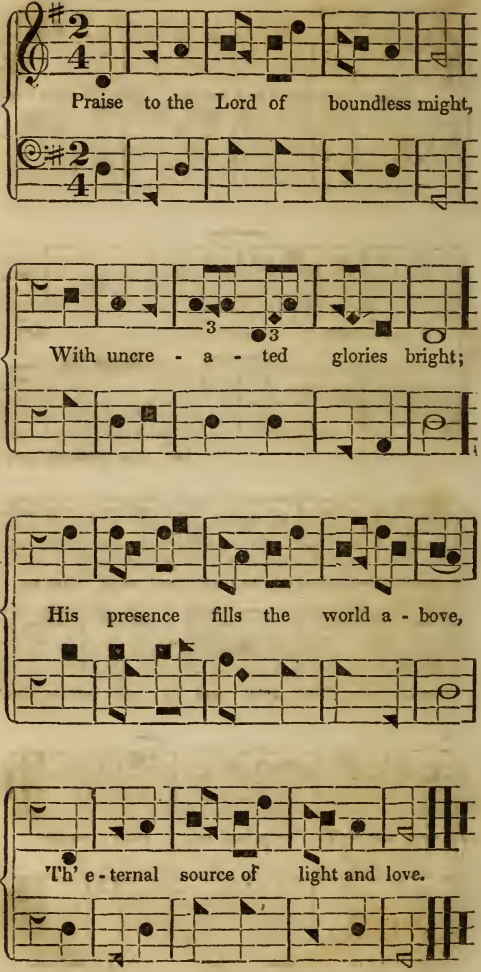
(From Masons' Sacred Harp, by permission.)

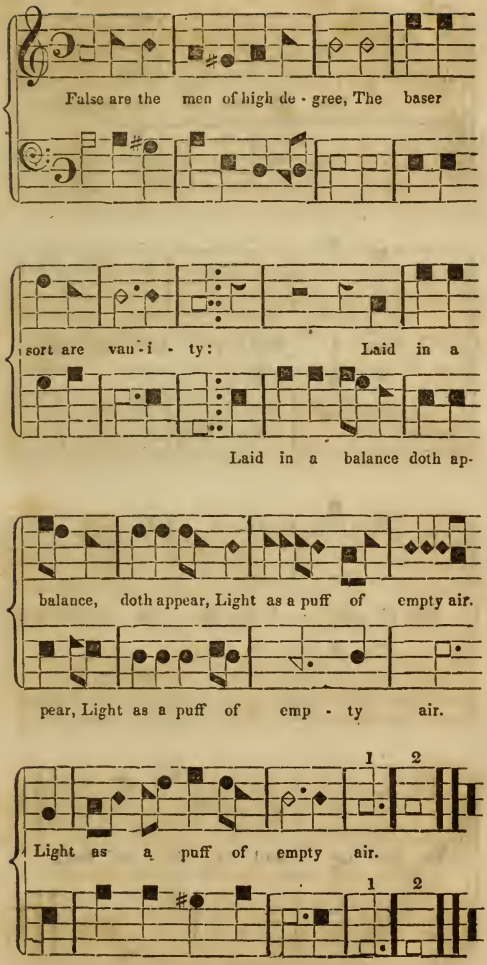


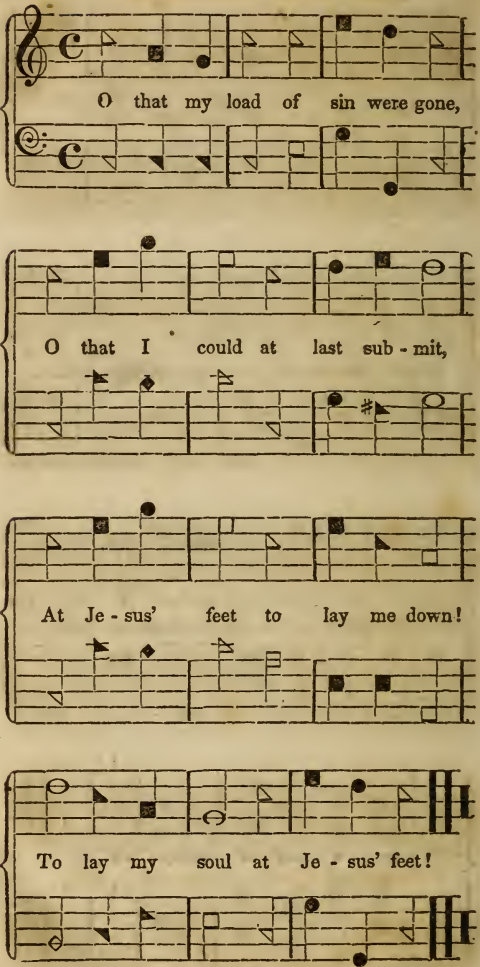
Very Slow.

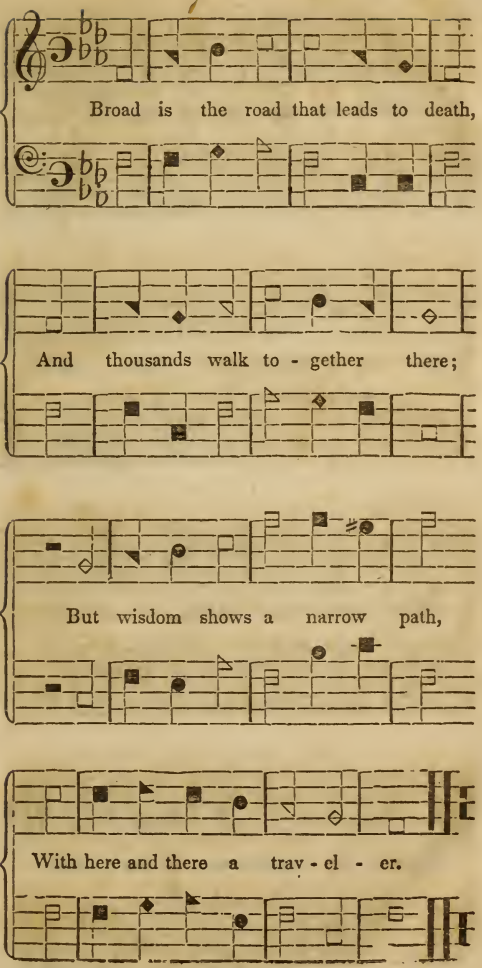

So fades the love - ly bloom - ing flow'r,
Frail smi-ling so - lace of an hour,
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure on - ly blooms to die.

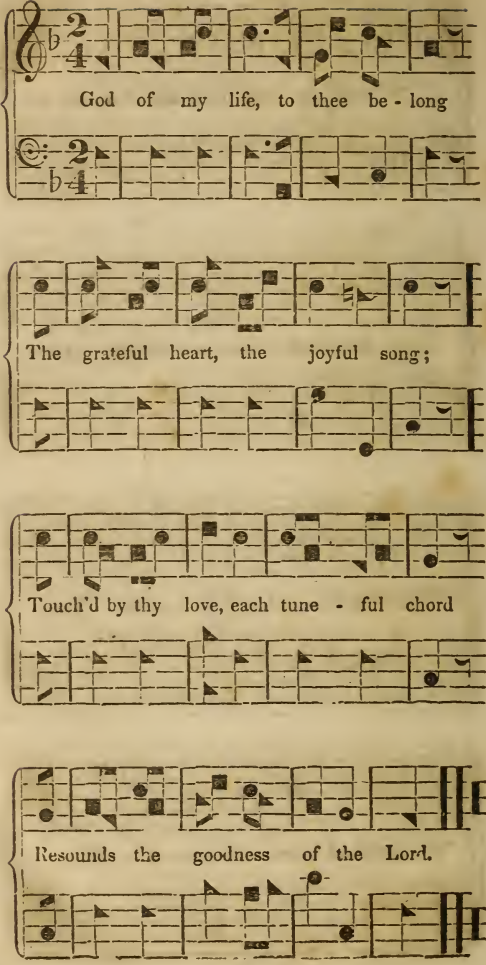

From all who dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre-
a - tor's praise a - rise; Let
Let the Redeem - er's
the Re - deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land by
name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue, Thro'
ev'ry tongue, Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.
ev' - ry land by ev'ry tongue.

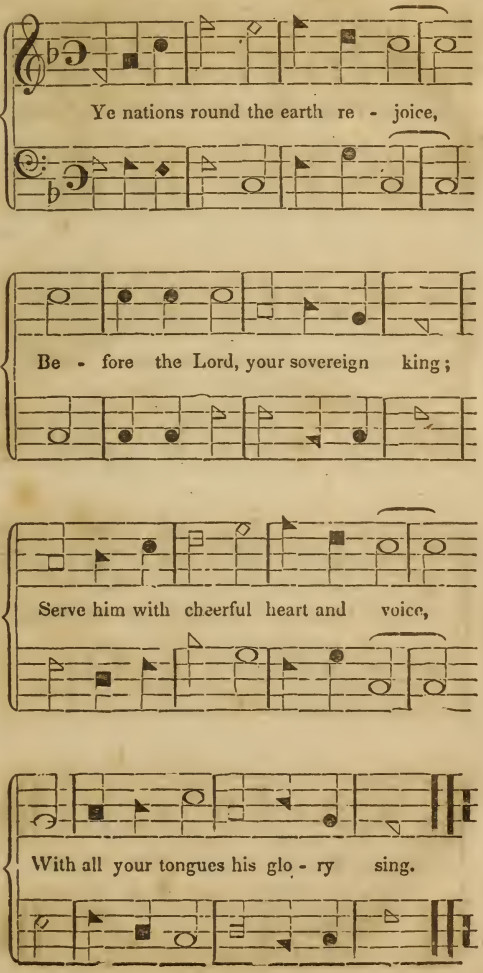

Praise to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncre - a - ted glories bright;
His presence fills the world a - bove,
Th' e - ternal source of light and love.

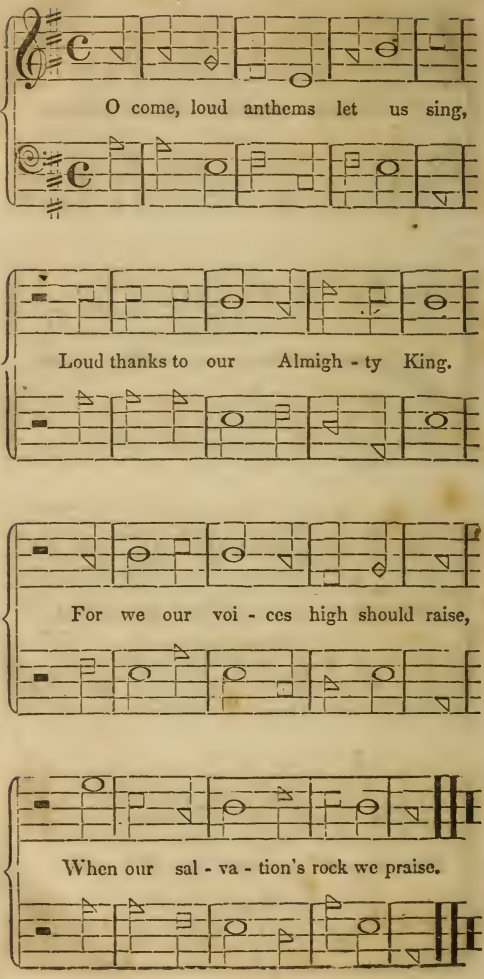

False are the men of high de - gree, The baser
sort are van - i - ty: Laid in a
Laid in a balance doth ap-
balance, doth appear, Light as a puff of empty air.
pear, Light as a puff of emp - ty air.
1 2
Light as a puff of empty air.
1 2

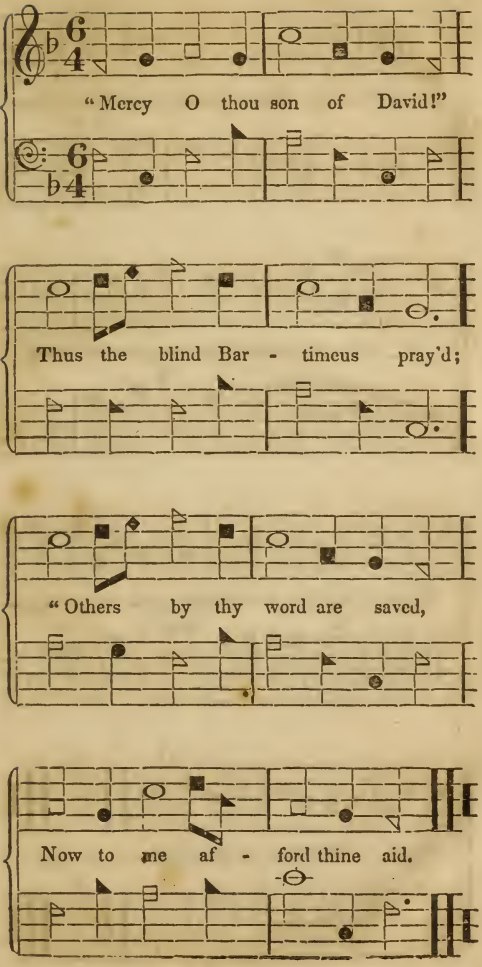

O that my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last sub - mit,
At Je - sus' feet to lay me down!
To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet!

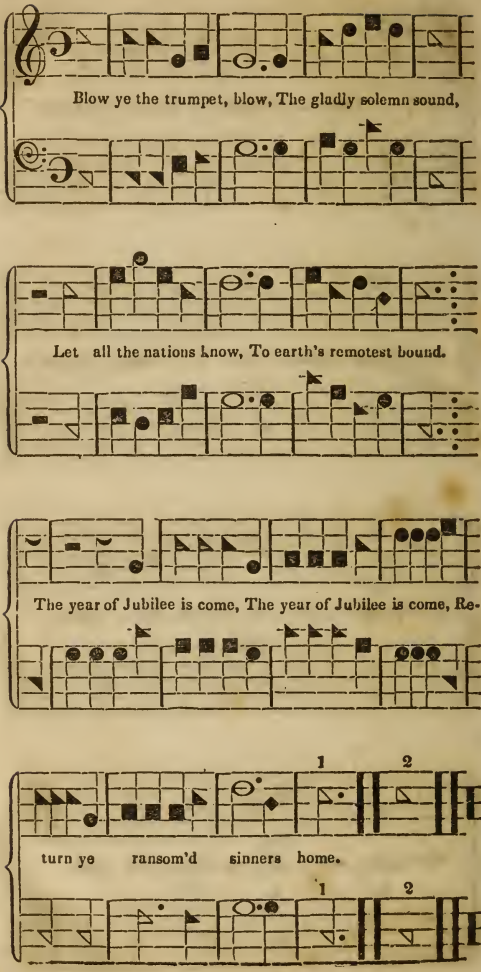

Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk to - gether there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a trav - el - er.

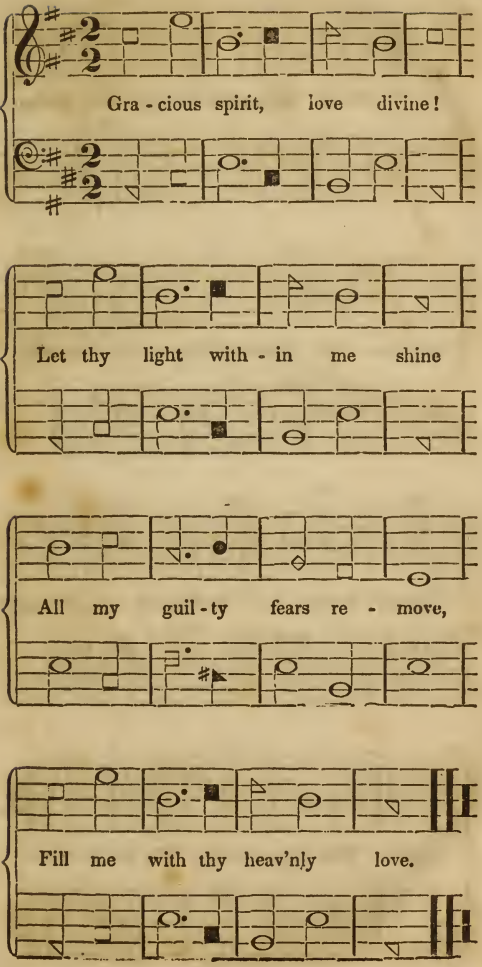

God of my life, to thee be - long
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tune - ful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

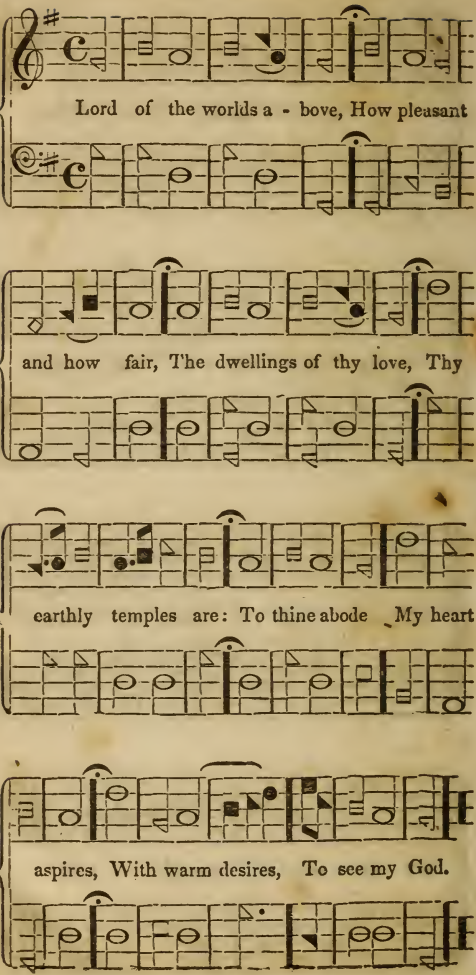

Ye nations round the earth re - joice,
Be - fore the Lord, your sovereign king;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glo - ry sing.

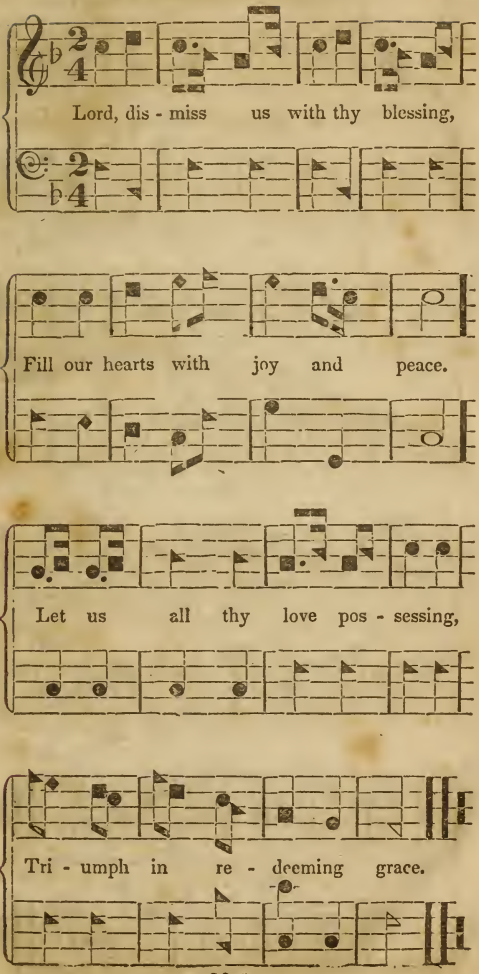

O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almigh - ty King.
For we our voi - ces high should raise,
When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.


"Mercy O thou son of David!"
Thus the blind Bar - timeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me af - ford thine aid.

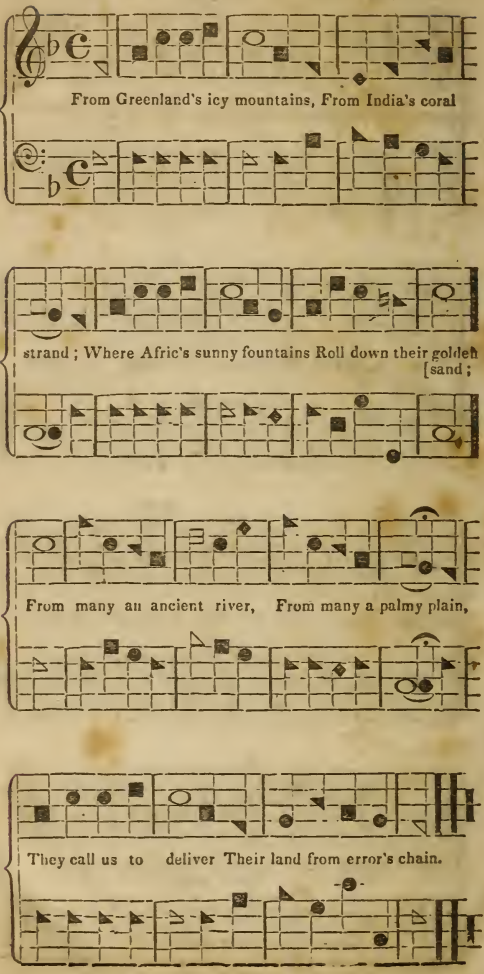

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound.
The year of Jubilee is come, The year of Jubilee is come, Re-
1
2
turn ye ransom'd sinners home.
1
2


Gra - cious spirit, love divine!
Let thy light with - in me shine
All my guil - ty fears re - move,
Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

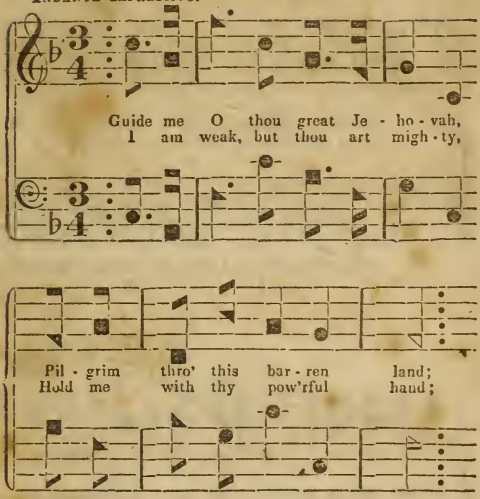

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant
and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thy
earthly temples are: To thine abode My heart
aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.


Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace.
Let us all thy love pos - sessing,
Tri - umph in re - deeming grace.

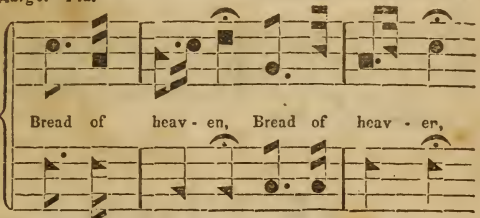
(From Masons' Sacred Harp, by permission.)



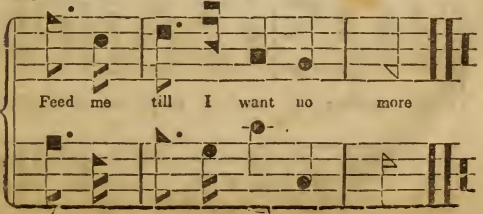
ANDANTE EXPRESSIVO.

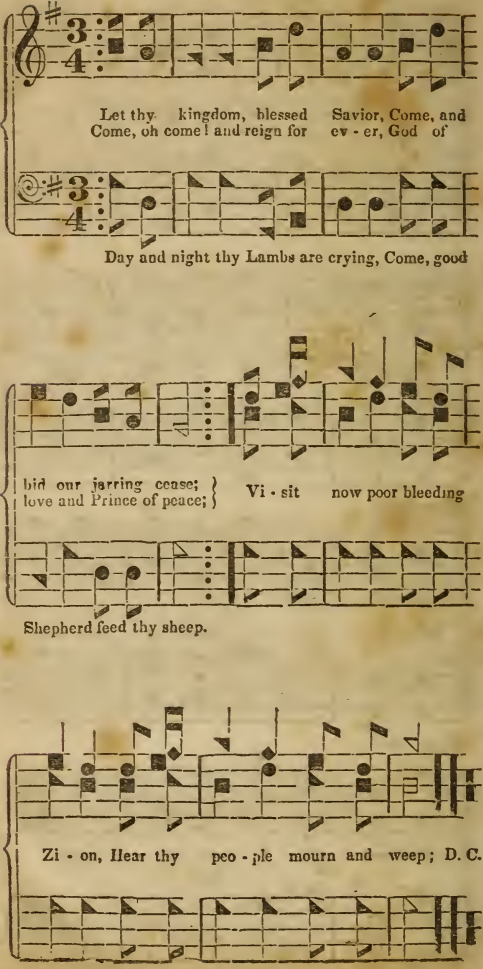


Largo. Pia.



Tempo. For.




Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior, Come, and
Come, oh come! and reign for ev - er, God of
Day and night thy Lambs are crying, Come, good
bid our jarring cease;
love and Prince of peace;
Vi - sit now poor bleeding
Shepherd feed thy sheep.
Zi - on, Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep; D. C.