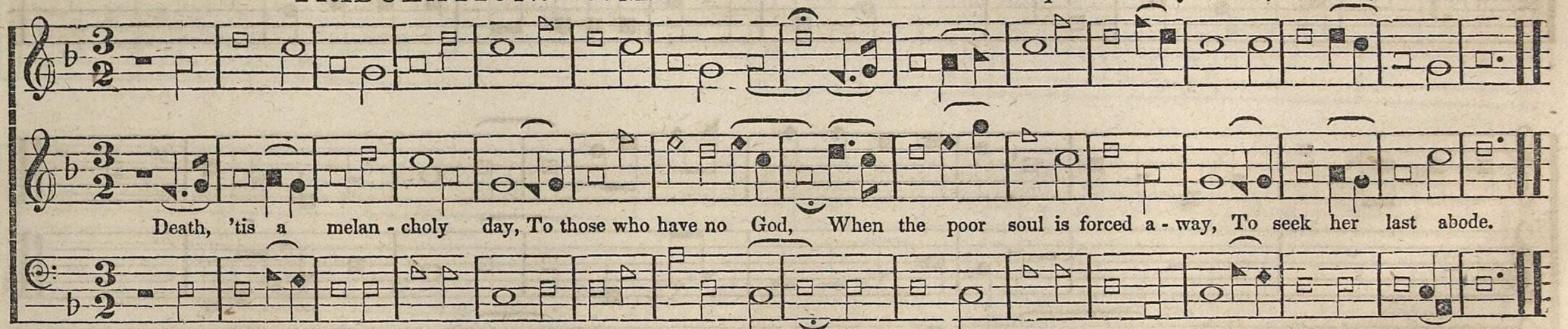
PART II.

CONTAINING

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

TRIBULATION. C. M.

Chapin. Hymn 55, Book 2, Watts.



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

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long FOR EVER there.

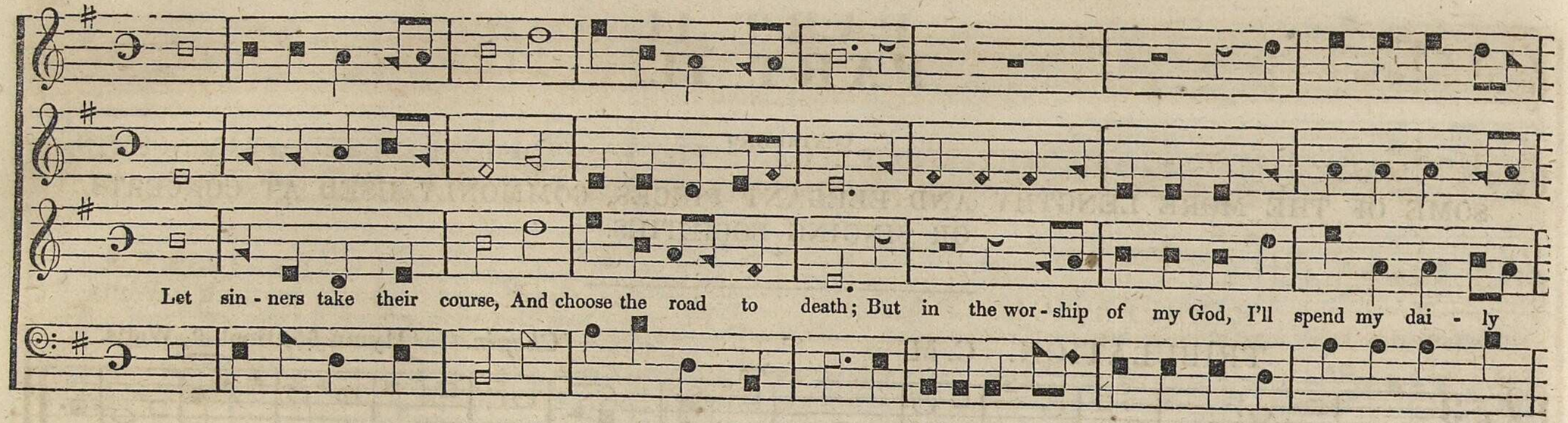
4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

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

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

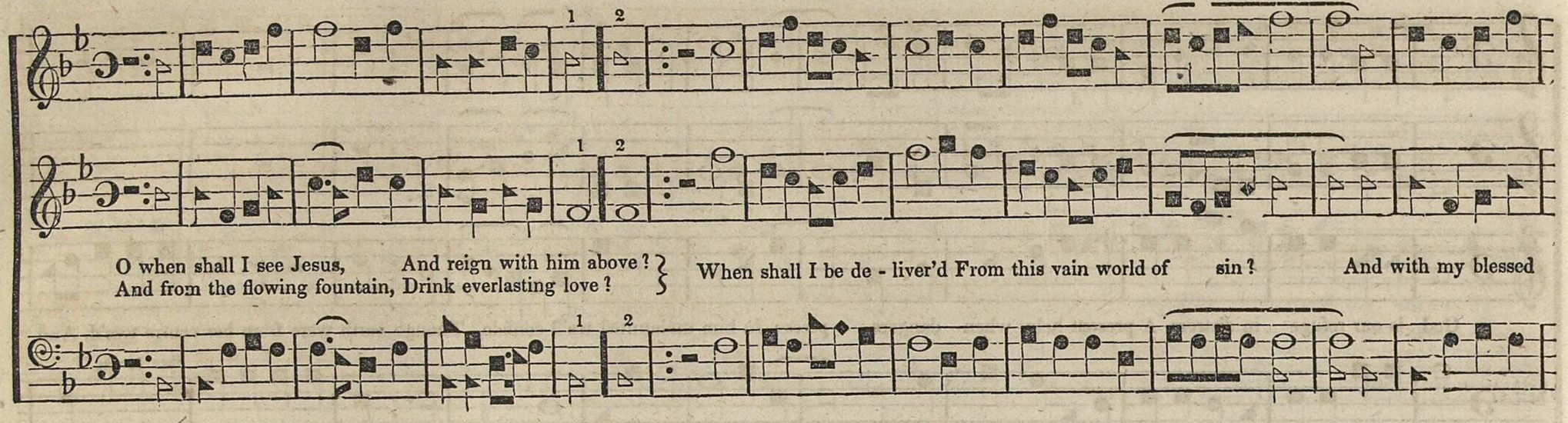
FLORIDA S. M.

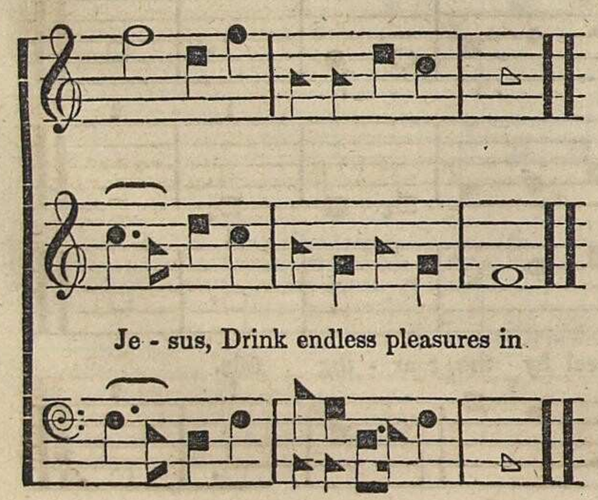
Witmore.



FAITHFUL SOLDIER. 7, 6

Wm. Walker. Dover Selection, p. 129.





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

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

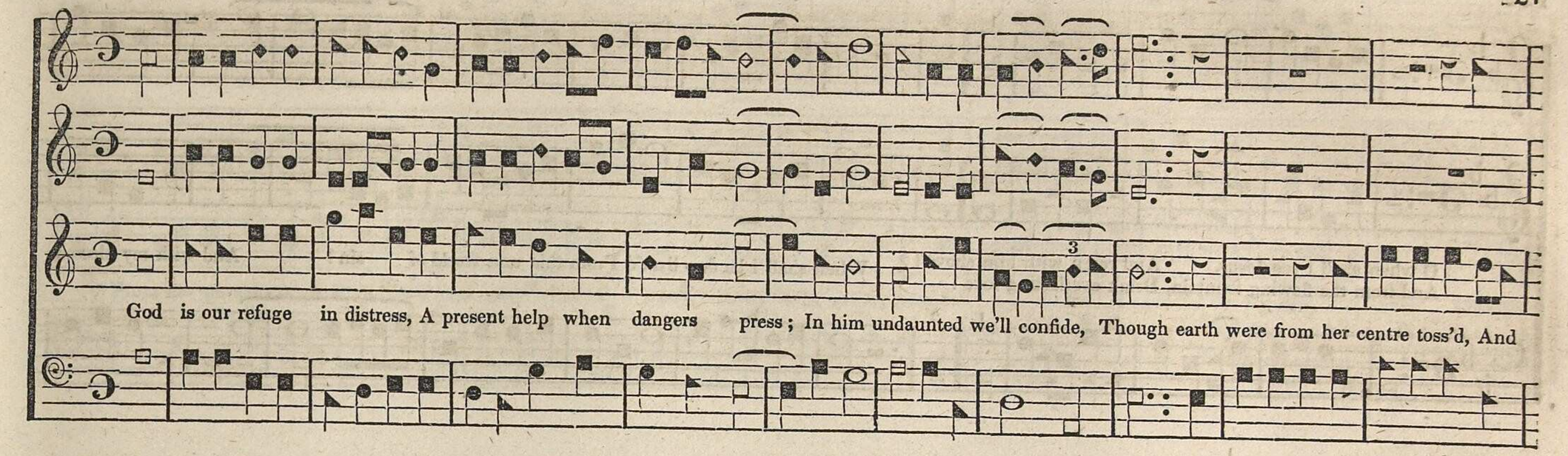
4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

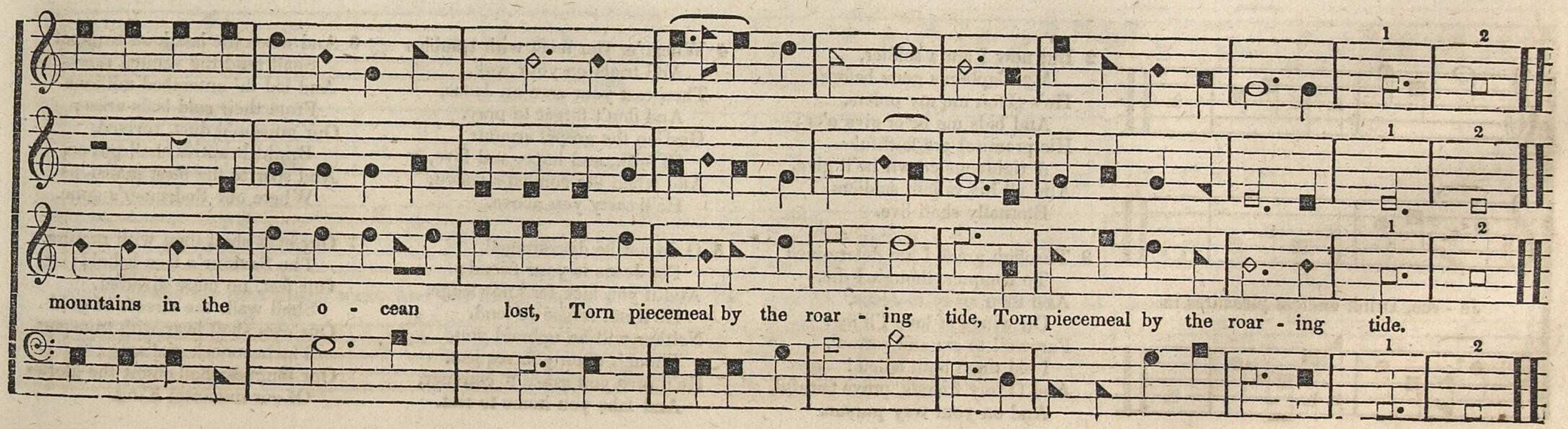
5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

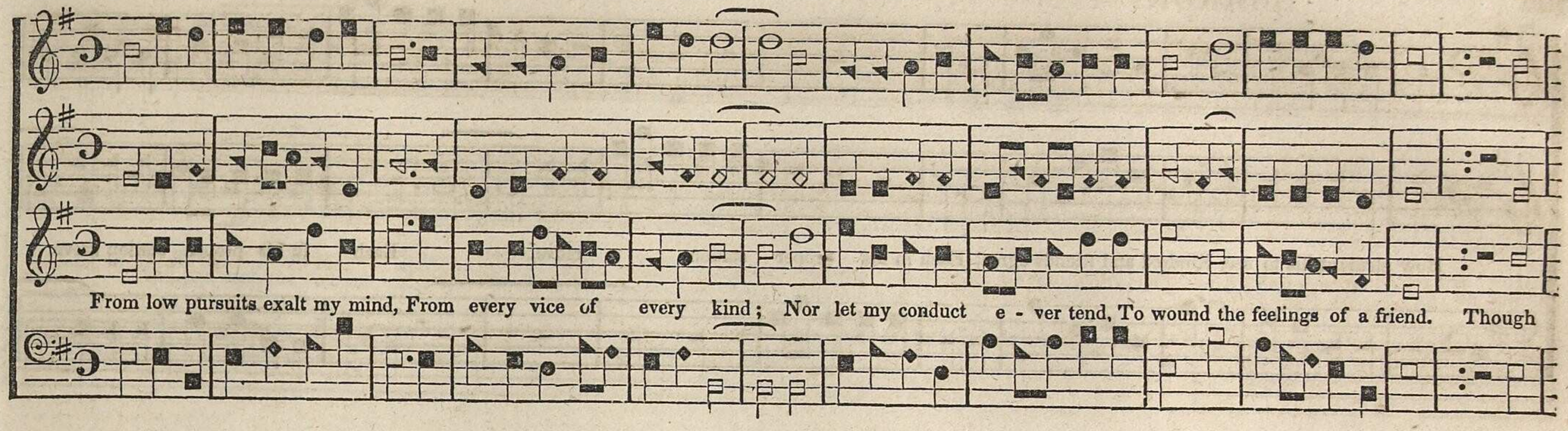
6 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid th' entombed millions
From their cold beds arise;
Our ransom'd dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer's gone.

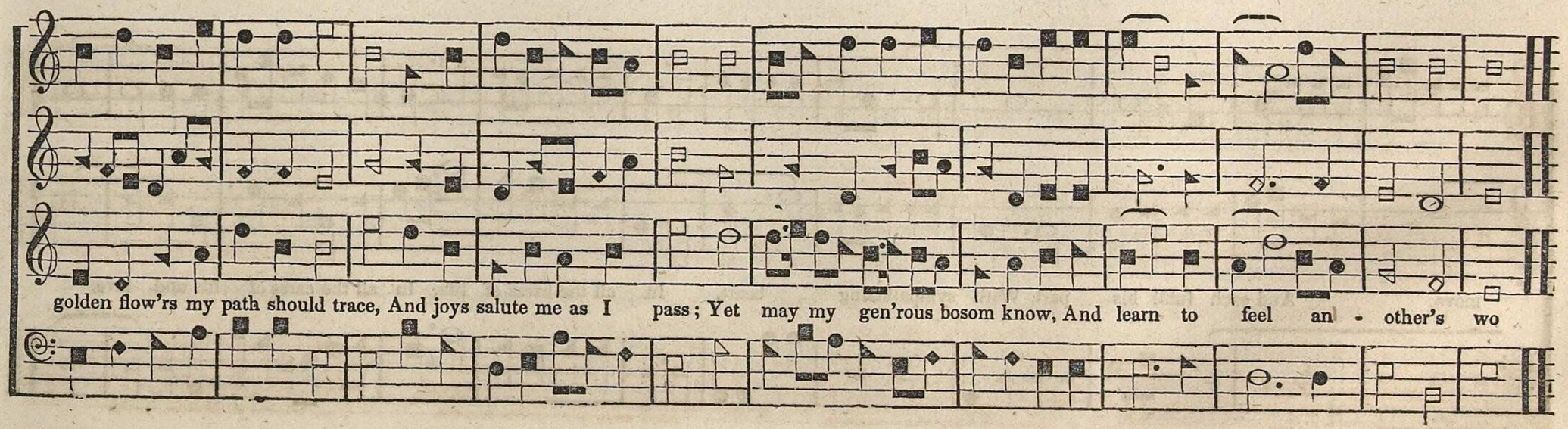
7 Our eyes shall then with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glories
Of our immortal King.

GREENFIELD. L. P. M.





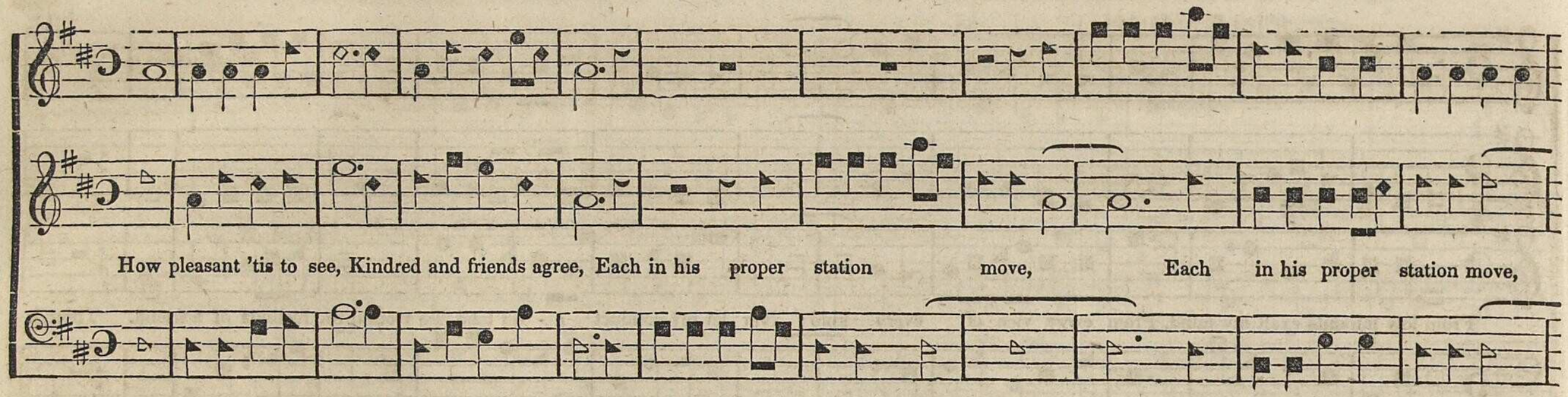

From low pursuits exalt my mind, From every vice of every kind; Nor let my conduct e - ver tend, To wound the feelings of a friend. Though

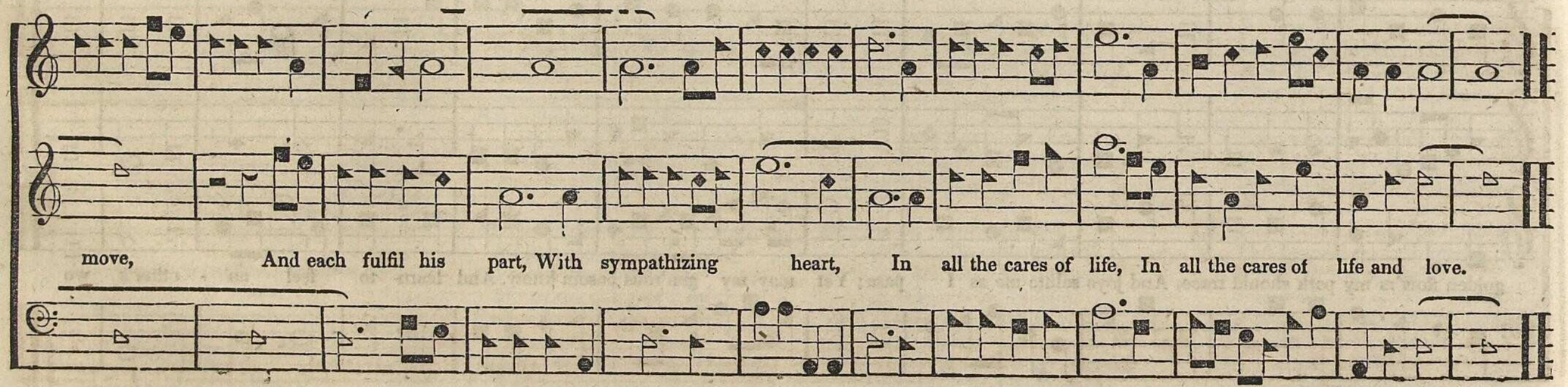

golden flow'rs my path should trace, And joys salute me as I pass; Yet may my gen'rous bosom know, And learn to feel an - other's wo

My gra-ious Redeem-er I love, His praises a-loud I'll pro - claim,
And join with the armies above, To shout his a-do-ra-ble name.
To gaze on the glories di-vine, Shall be my e-ter nal em-

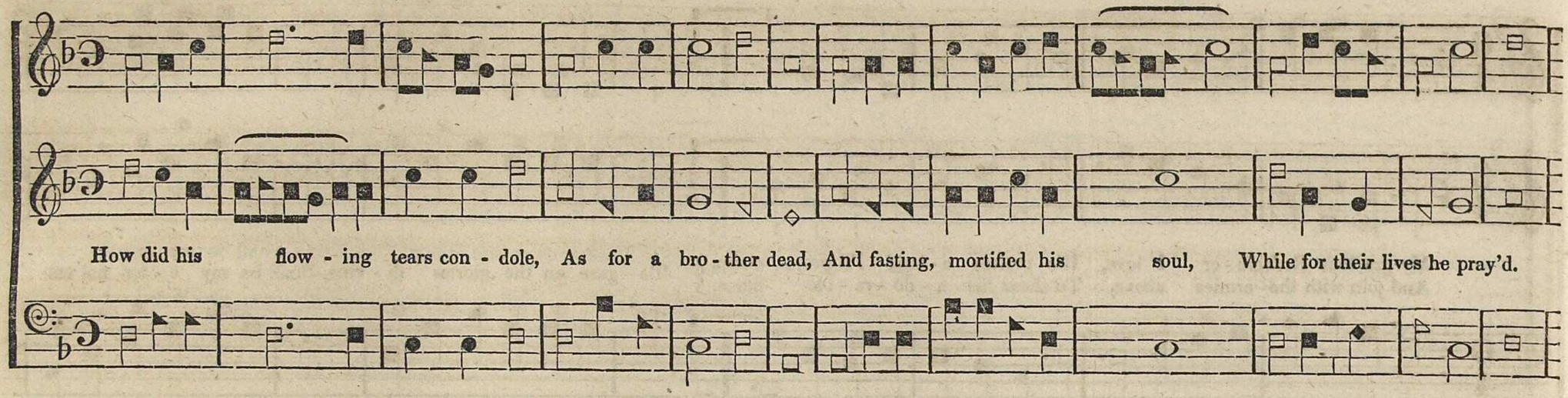
ploy, And feel them in-ces-sant ly shine, My boundless, in-ef-fa-ble joy.

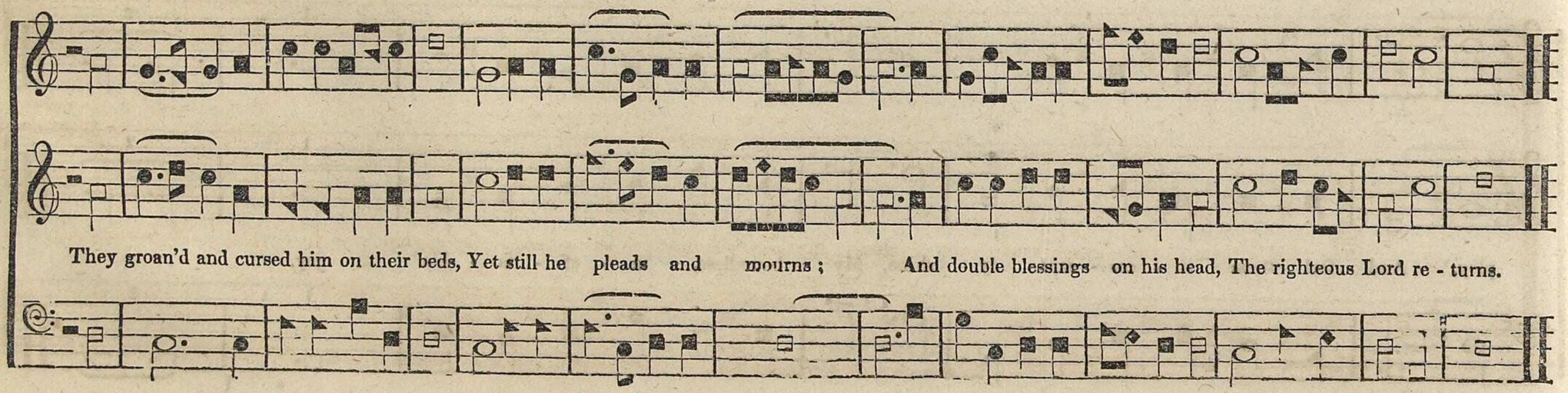
SHARON. P. M.

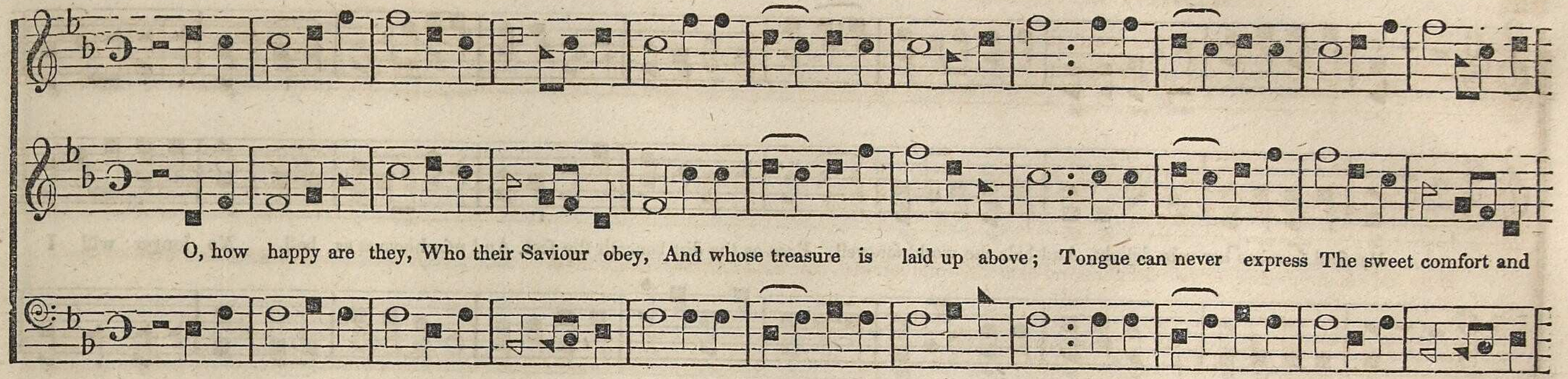

How pleasant 'tis to see, Kindred and friends agree, Each in his proper station move, Each in his proper station move,

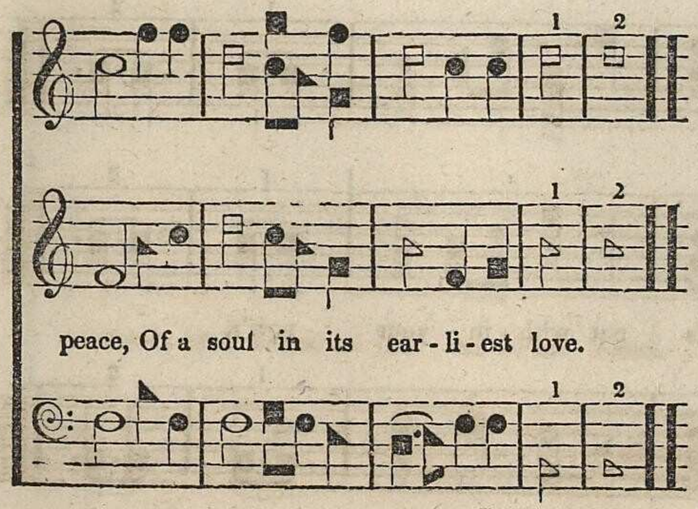

move, And each fulfil his part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.

SARDINA C. M.


How did his flow - ing tears con - dole, As for a bro - ther dead, And fasting, mortified his soul, While for their lives he pray'd.


They groan'd and cursed him on their beds, Yet still he pleads and mourns ; And double blessings on his head, The righteous Lord re - turns.





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

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

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

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

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

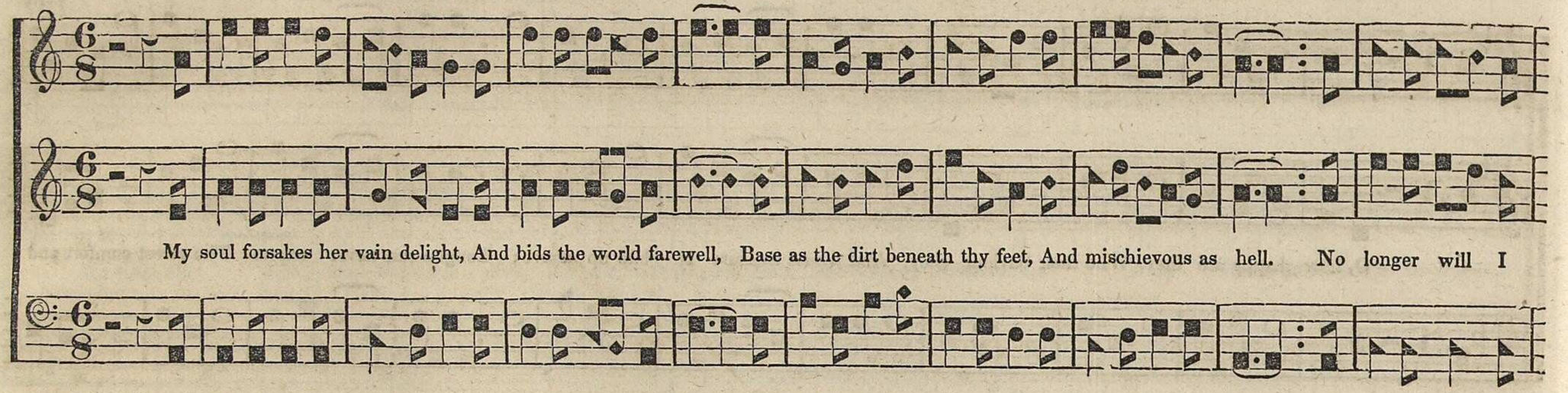
7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
Overwhelm'd with the fulness of God.

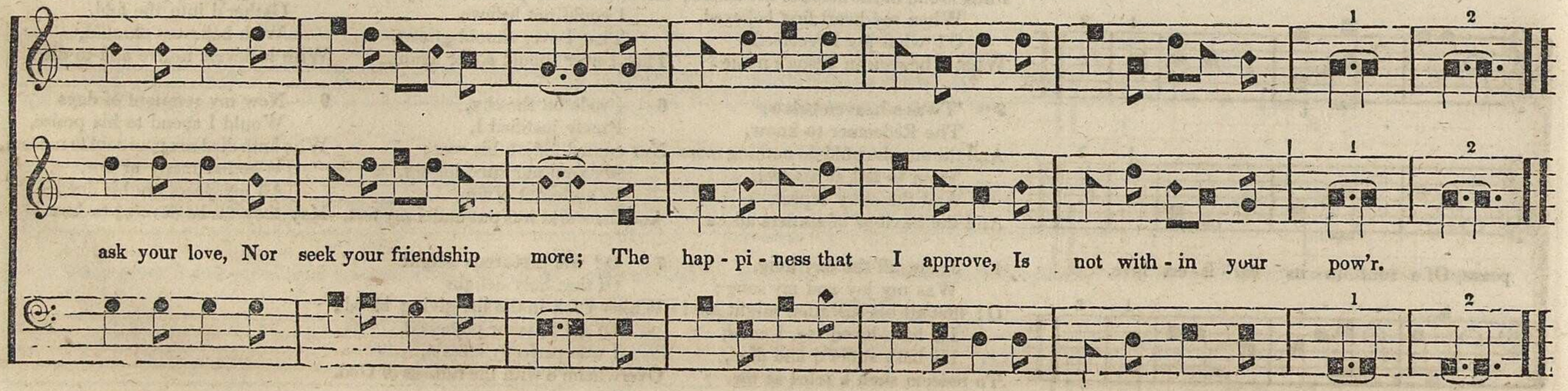
8 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favour'd am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!

9 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem,
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;—
May they all be devoted to him.

LEANDER. C. M.

Austin.





Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My body must soon be removed, And mould'ring, lie buried in dust, No more to be envied or

loved, No more to be envied or loved. Ah! what is this drawing my breath, And stealing my senses a - way.

O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, O tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay? Now mounting, my soul shall de-

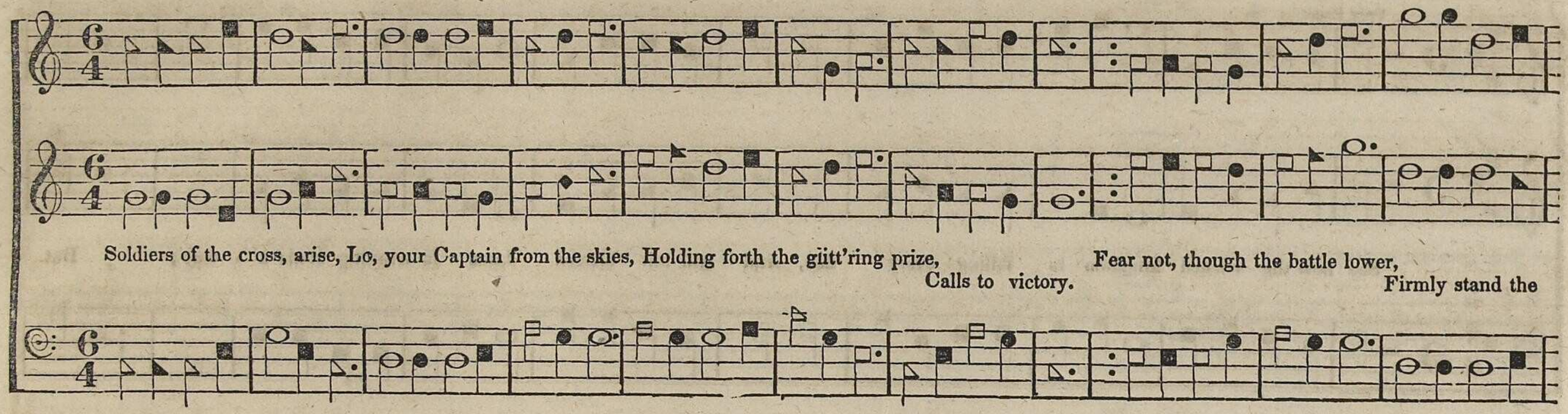
scry The regions of pleasure and love, My spirit triumphant shall fly, And dwell with my Saviour a - bove.

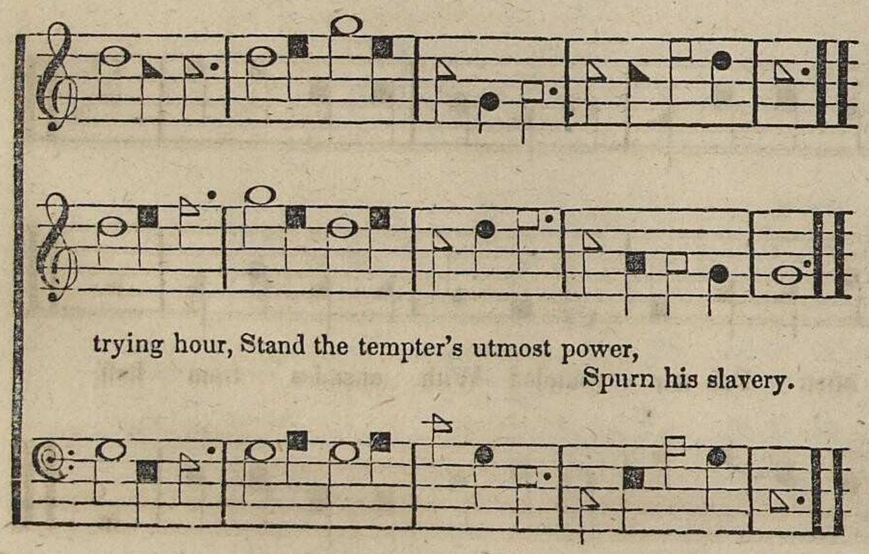
Very Brisk.

See how the wicked kingdom Is falling every day, And still our blessed Jesus Is winning souls a - way; But

O how I am tempted, No mortal tongue can tell, So often I'm sur - rounded With enemies from hell.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS *Spiritualized.* 7, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5. *Wm. Walker.* Dover Sel. p. 152

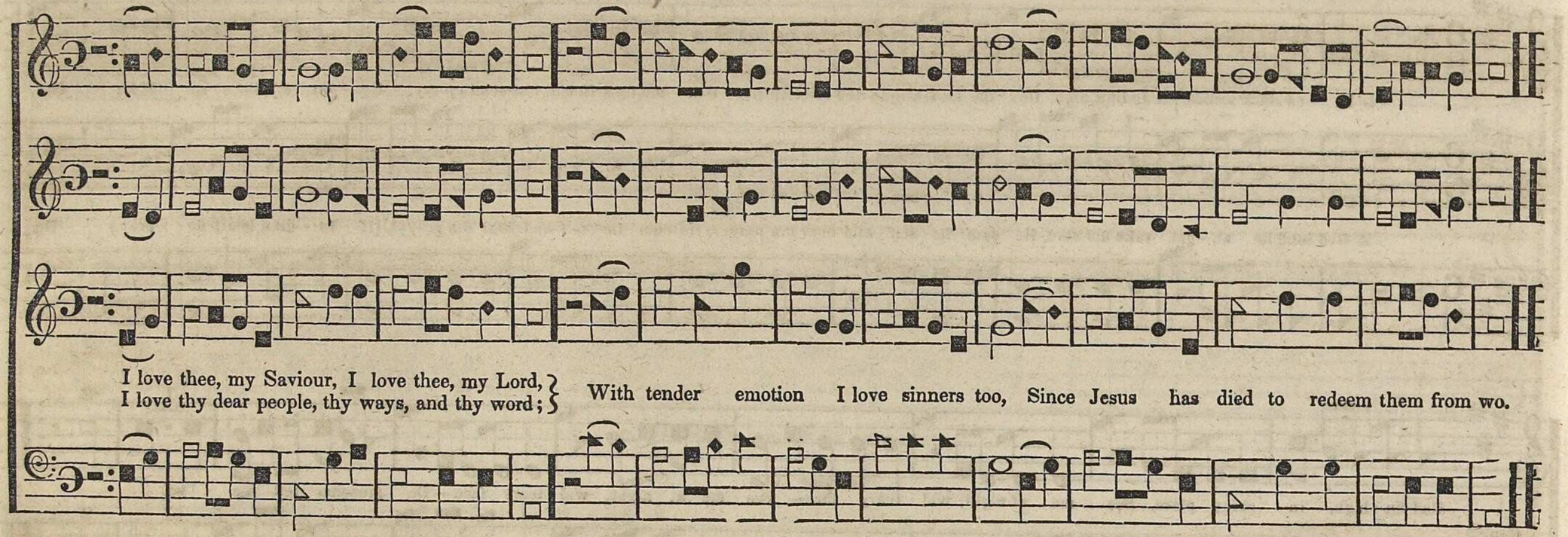




2 Who the cause of Christ would yield?
Who would leave the battle-field?
Who would cast away his shield?—
Let him basely go:
Who for Zion's King will stand?
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

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

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



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

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find:
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me, and bid me not fear.

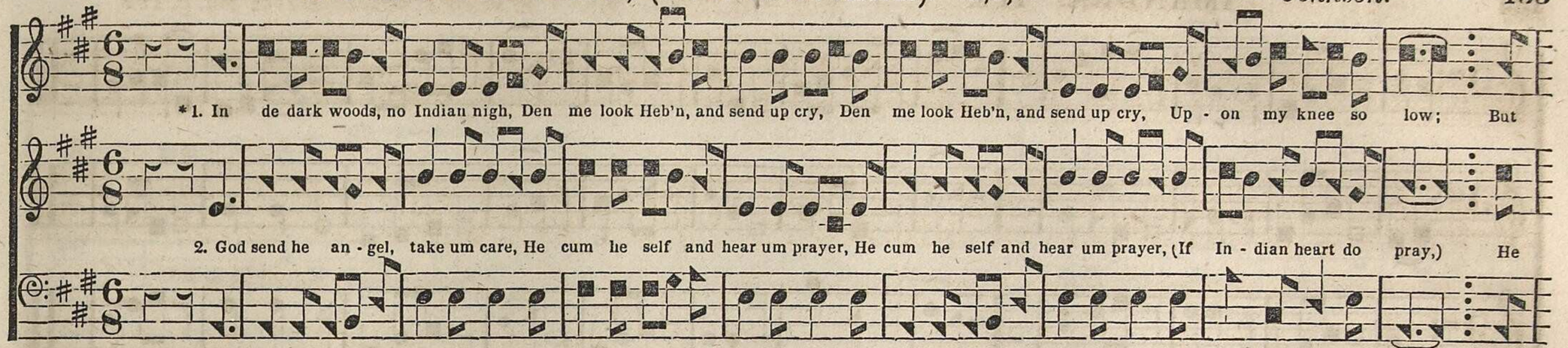
3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name

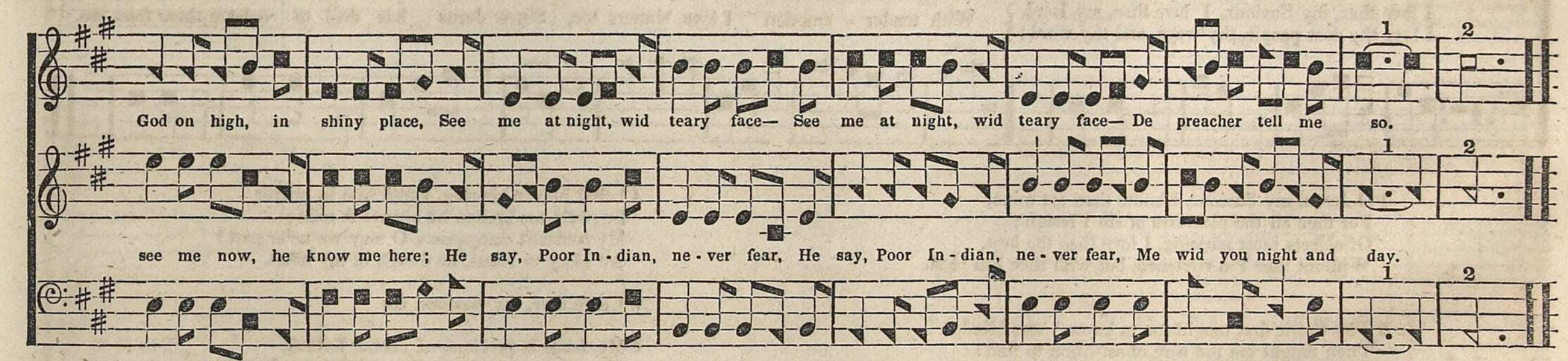
4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

5 I love thee, my Saviour, &c.

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

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



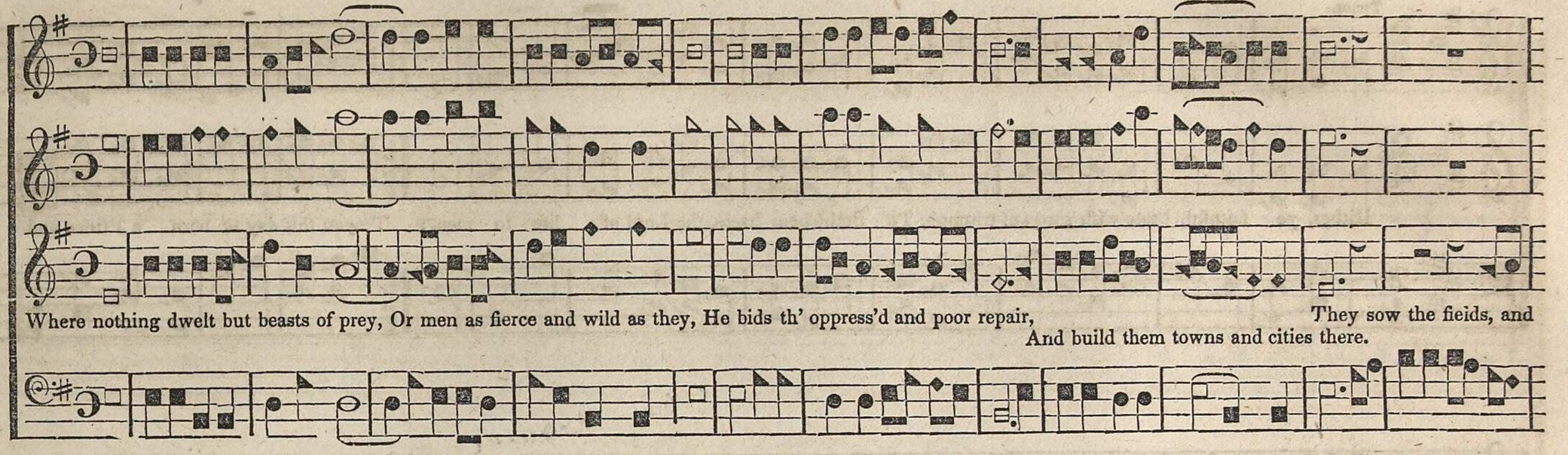


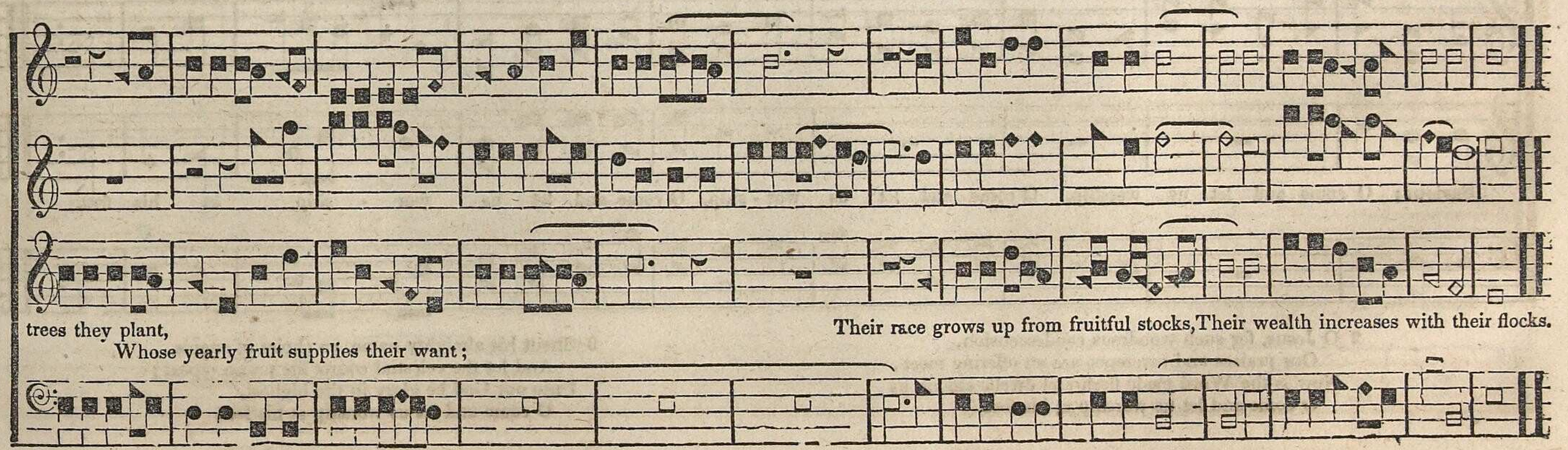
3. So me lub God, wid inside heart,
He fight for me, he take um part,
He save um life before;
God hear poor Indian in de wood;
So me lub him, and dat be good;
Me prize him evermore.

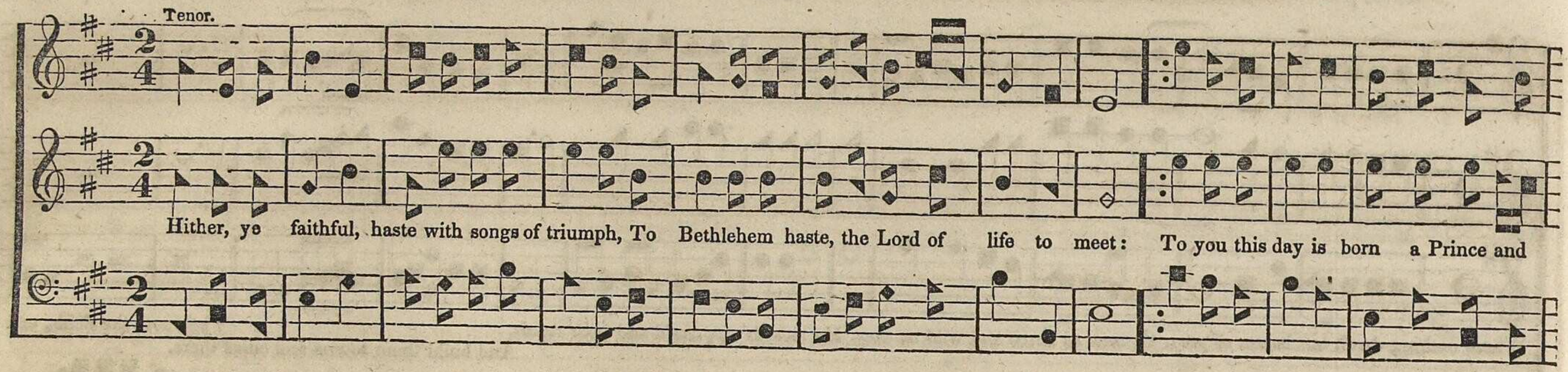
4. De joy I felt I cannot tell,
To tink dat I was saved from hell,
Through Jesus' streaming blood;
Dat I am saved by grace divine,
Who am de worst of all mankind,
O glory be to God;

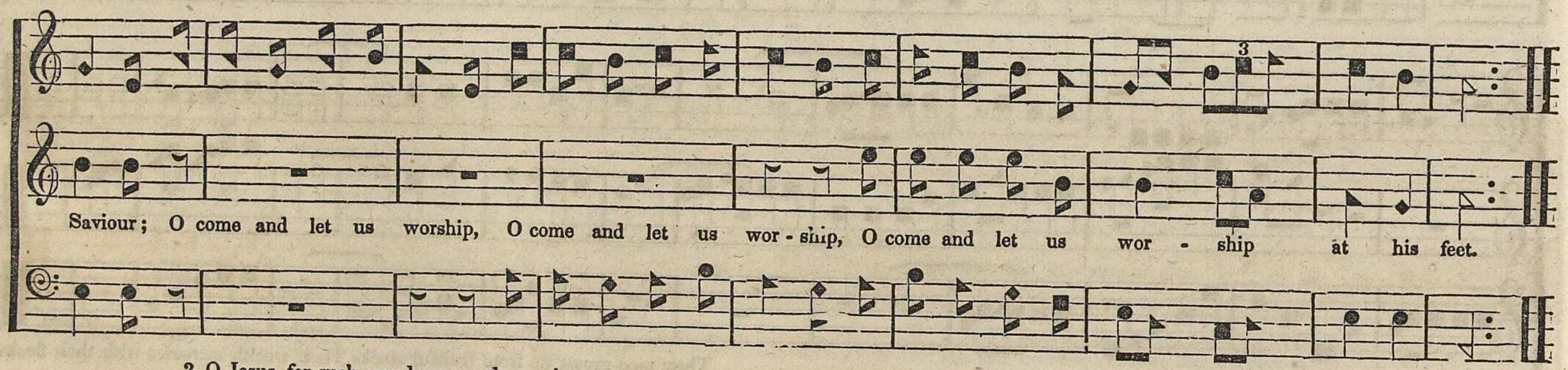
5. Now I be here baptized to be,
Dat in de water you may see
De way my Jesus go;
Dis is de way I do believe
Dat Jesus here for us did leave,
To follow here below.

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


Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
They sow the fields, and
And build them towns and cities there.


trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks, Their wealth increases with their flocks.





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

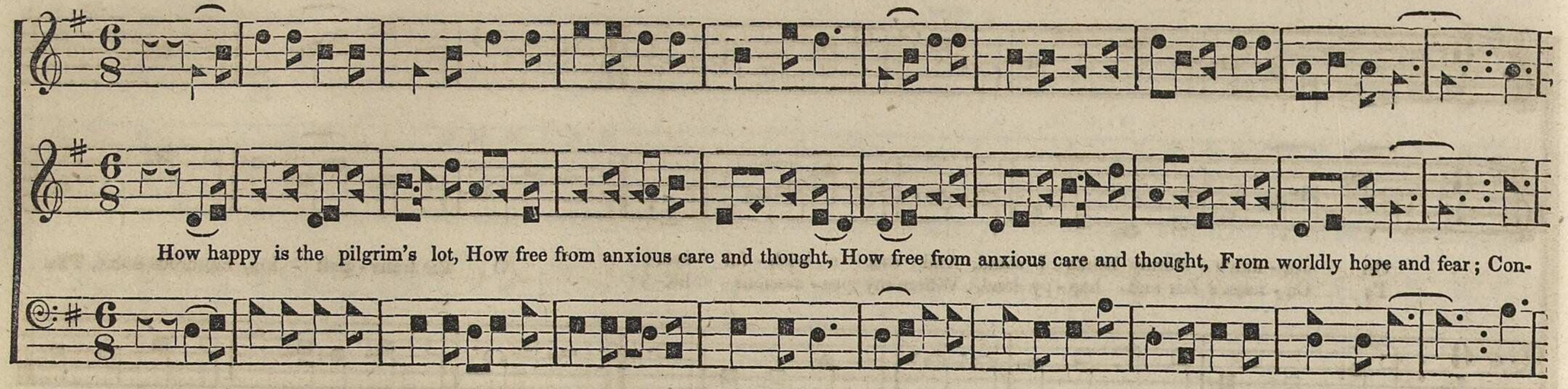
3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest,
O come and let us worship at his feet.

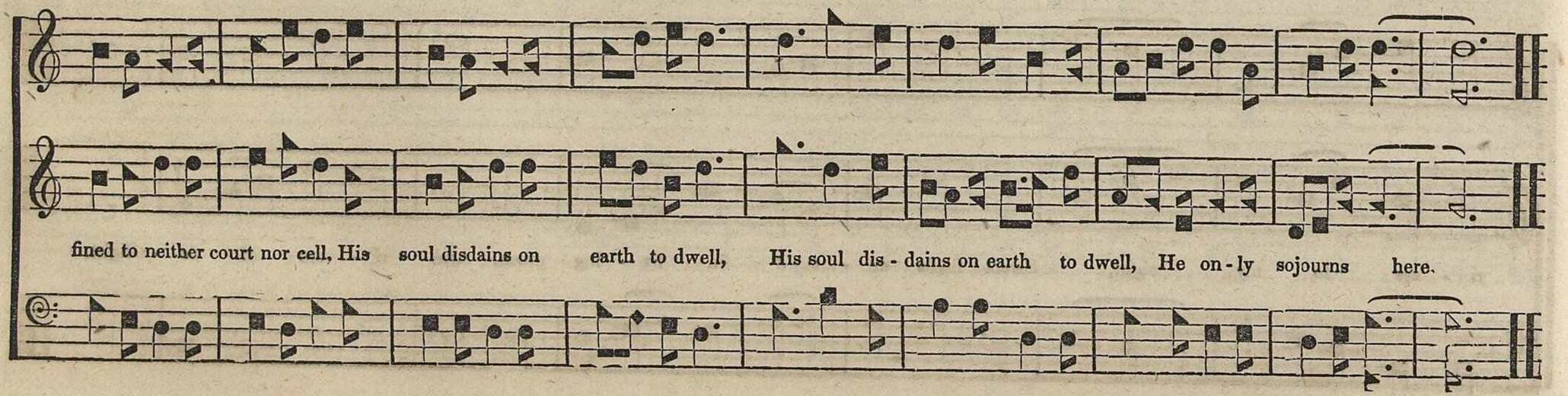
On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sessions lie.

O the trans - port - ing, rapturous scene, That

ri - ses to my sight, Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green, And ri - vers of de - light.

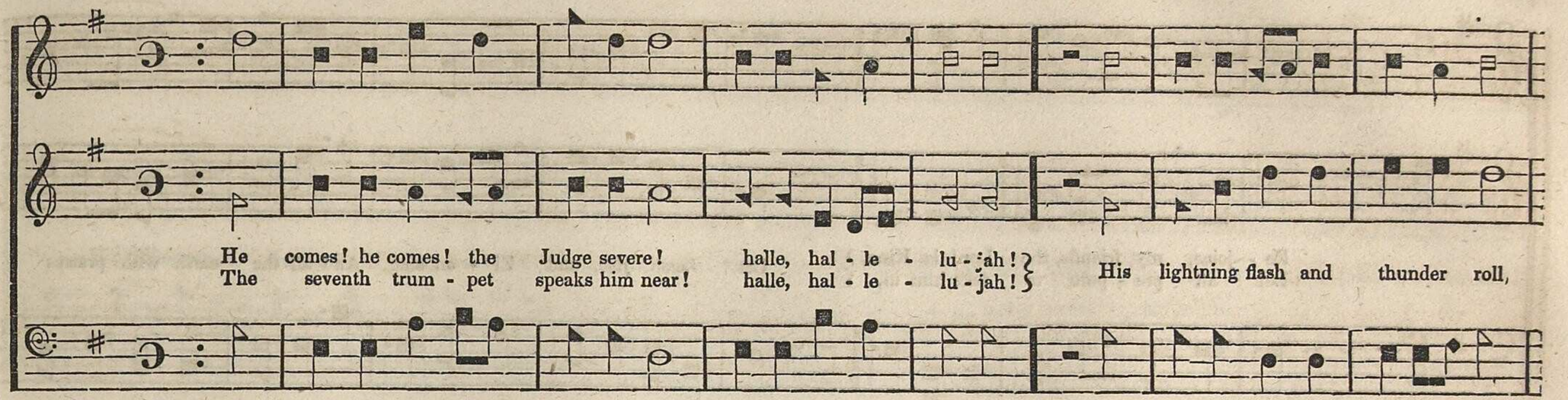
THE PILGRIM'S LOT. 8, 8, 6. *A. Gramblin.* Mercer's Cluster, p. 224.

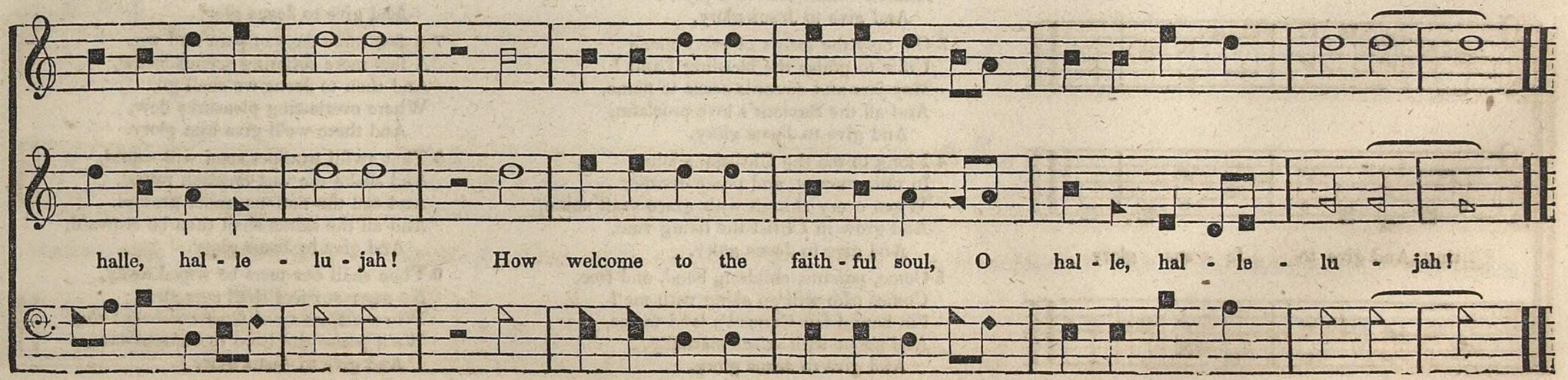




HALLELUJAH. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 7.

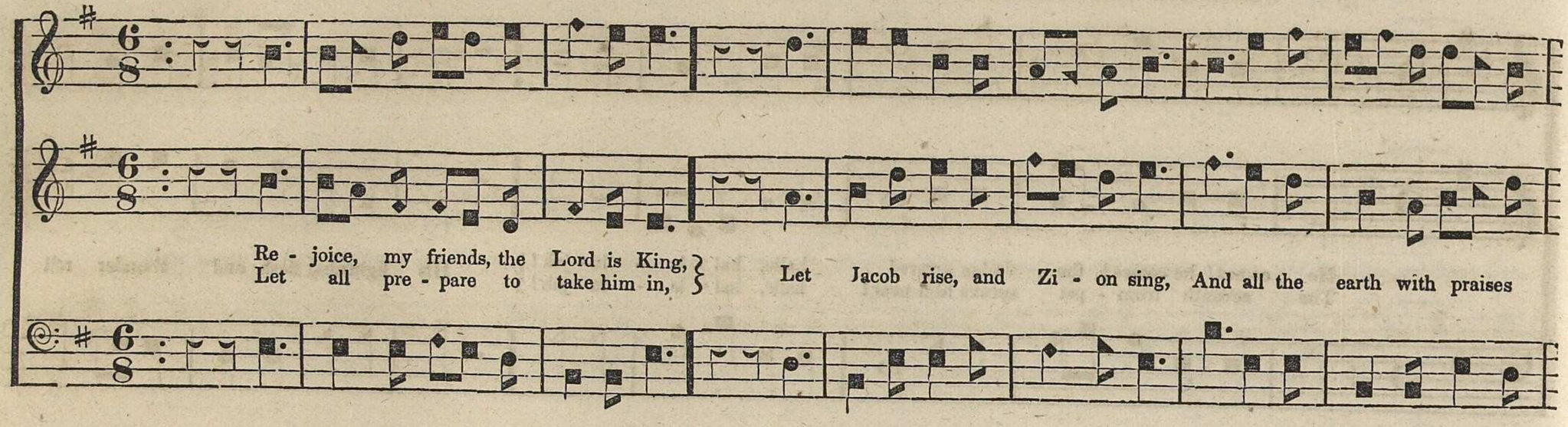
Dr. Harrison.

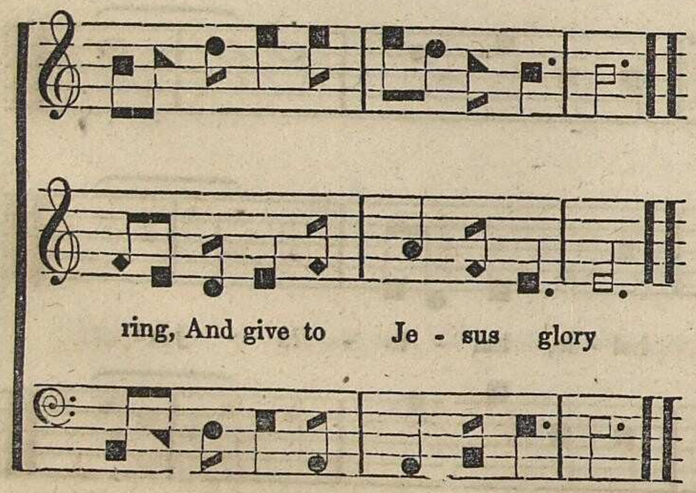




KNOXVILLE. 8, 8, 8, 8, 7.

R. Monday Dover Sel. p. 74.





2 O! may the desert land rejoice,
And mourners hear the Saviour's voice;
While praise their every tongue employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory.

3 O! may the saints of every name
Unite to praise the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.

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

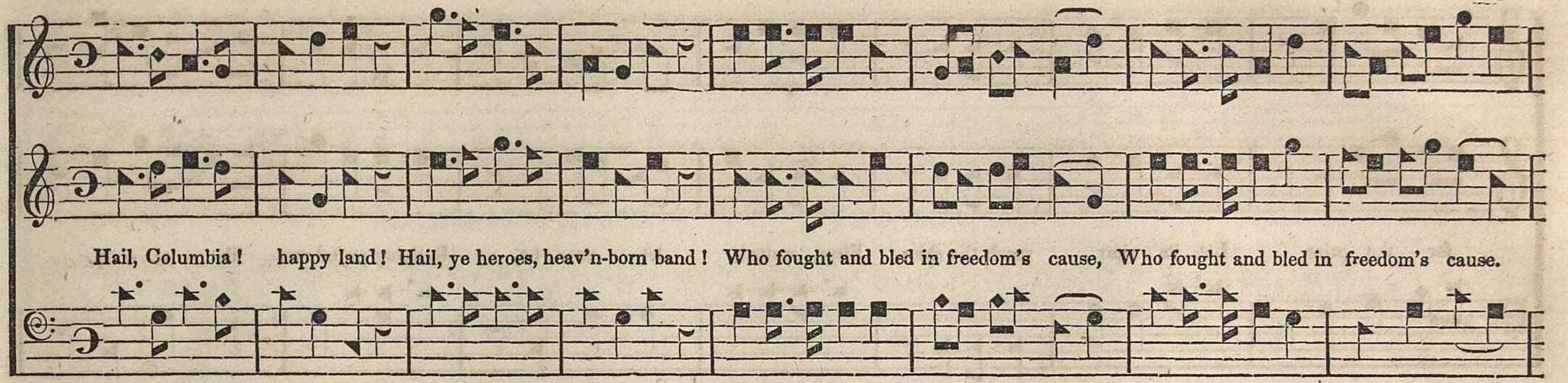
5 Come, parents, children, bond, and free,
Come, who will go along with me?
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,
And shout with saints eternally.
And give to Jesus glory.

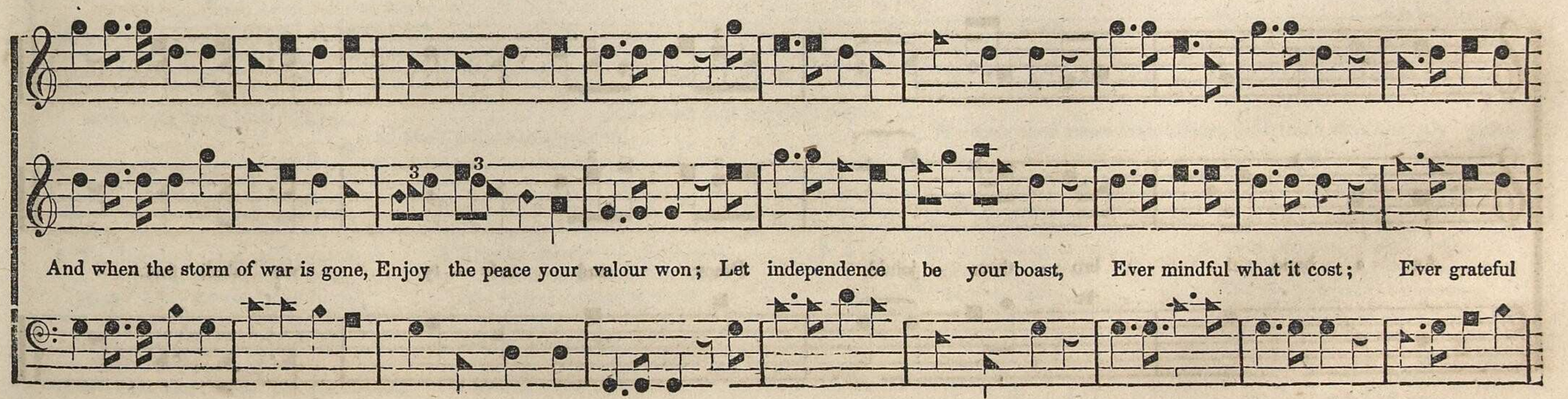
6 Those beauteous fields of living green,
By faith my joyful eyes have seen;
Though Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And give to Jesus glory.

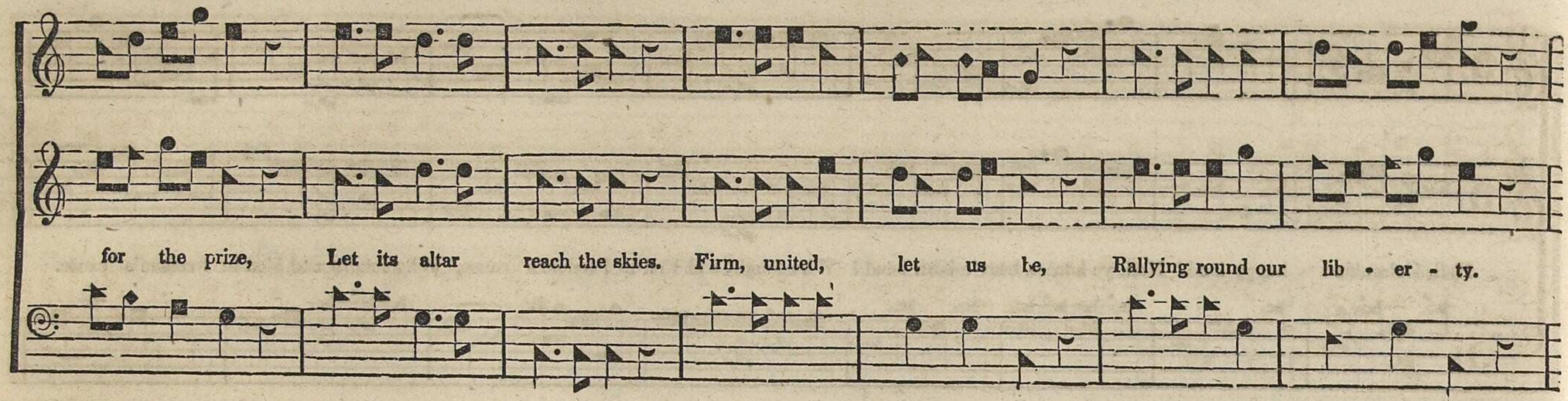
7 A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suffering scenes below,
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And there we'll give him glory.

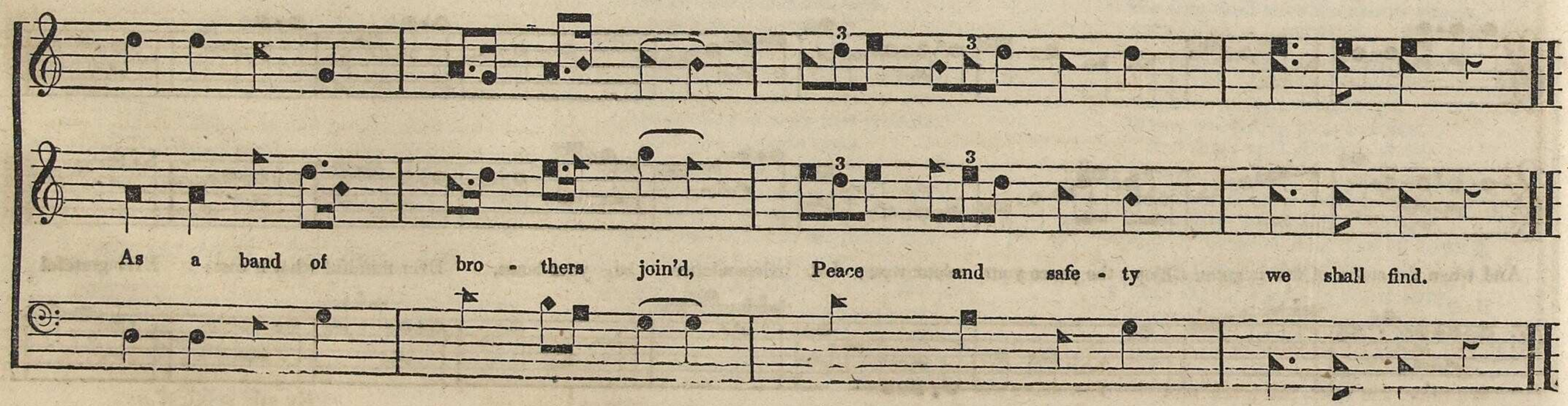
8 That awful trumpet soon will sound,
And shake the vast creation round,
And call the nations under ground,
And all the saints shall then be crown'd,
And give to Jesus glory.

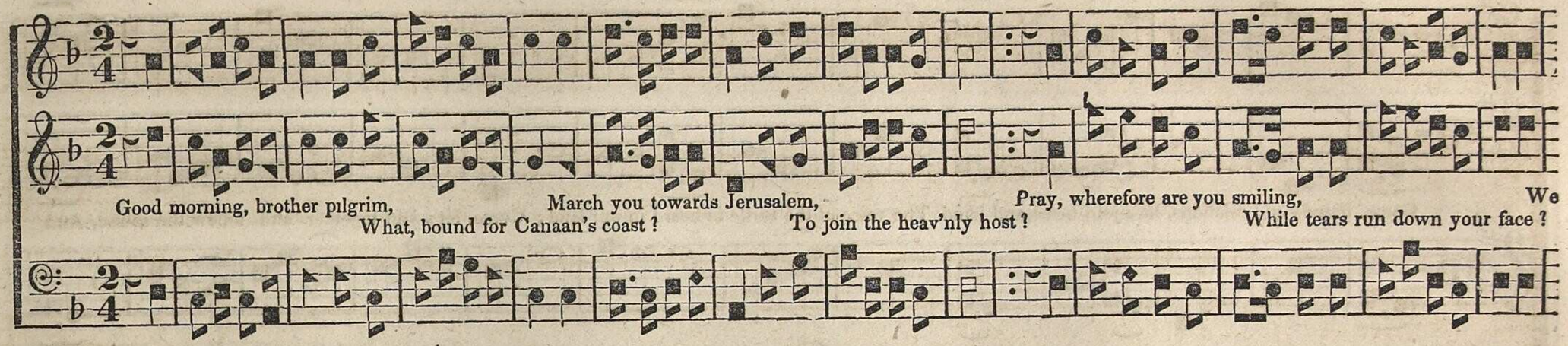
9 Then shall our tears be wiped away,
No more our feet shall ever stray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay
We'll praise the Lord in endless day
And give to Jesus glory

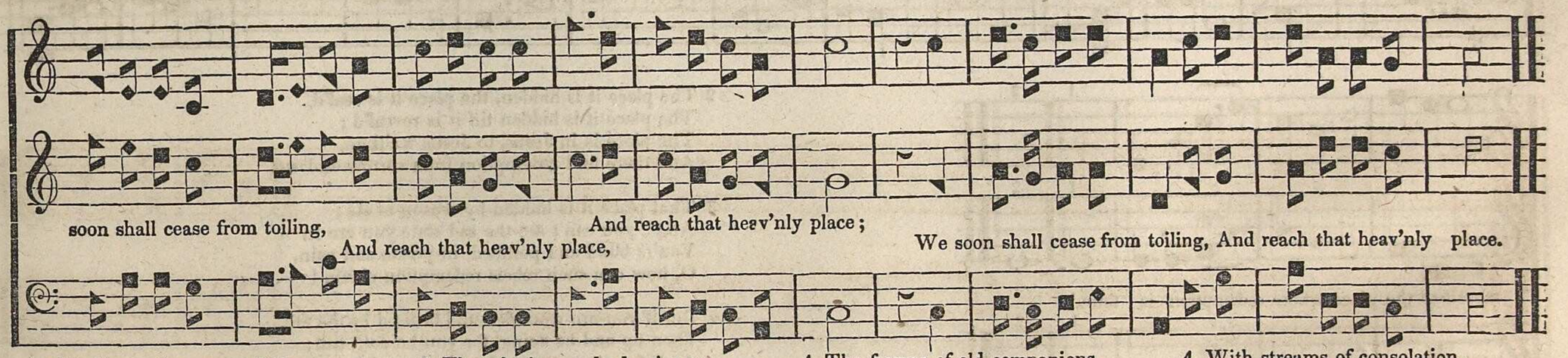

Hail, Columbia! happy land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause.


And when the storm of war is gone, Enjoy the peace your valour won; Let independence be your boast, Ever mindful what it cost; Ever grateful


for the prize, Let its altar reach the skies. Firm, united, let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty.


As a band of bro - thers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.



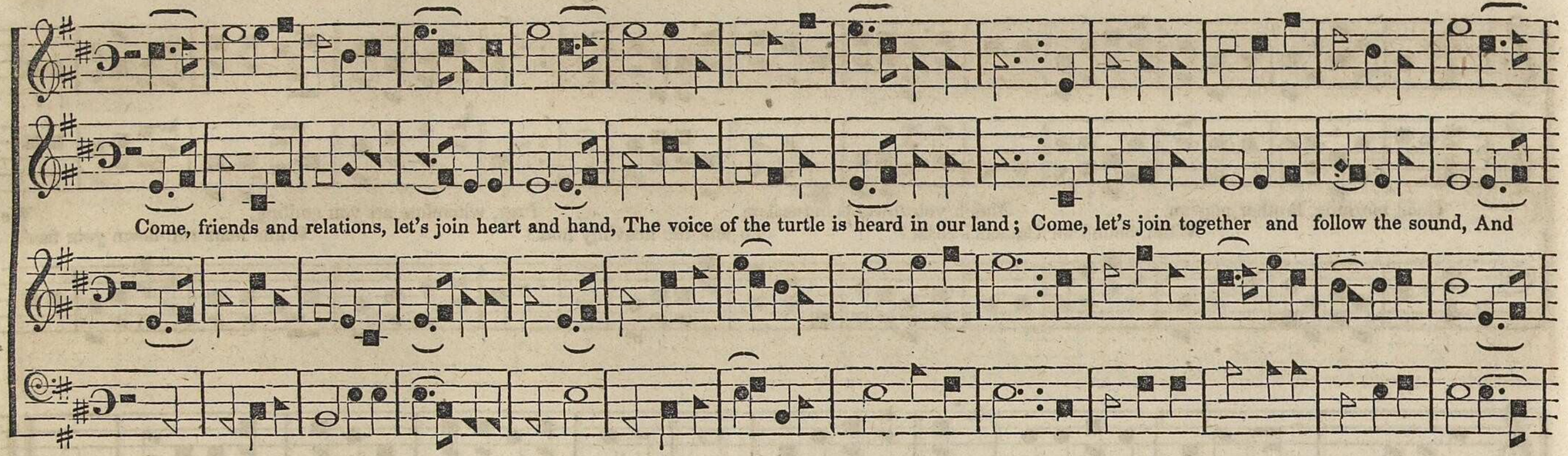


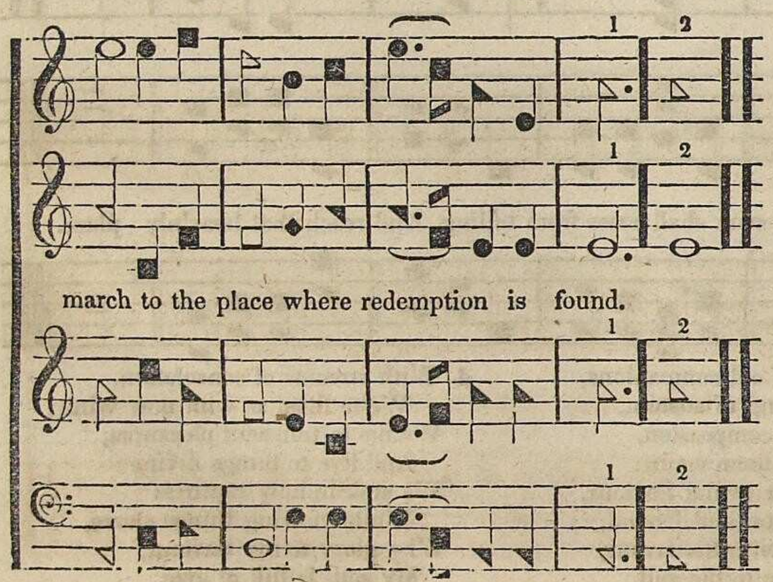
2 To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
To join the heavenly throng,
Hark ! from the banks of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrims' song !
Their Jesus they are viewing,
By faith we see him too,
We smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on our way pursue

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

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

4 With streams of consolation,
We're filled as with new wine ;
We die to transient pleasures,
And live to things divine ·
We sink in holy raptures
While viewing things above,
Why glory to my Saviour,
My soul is full of love.



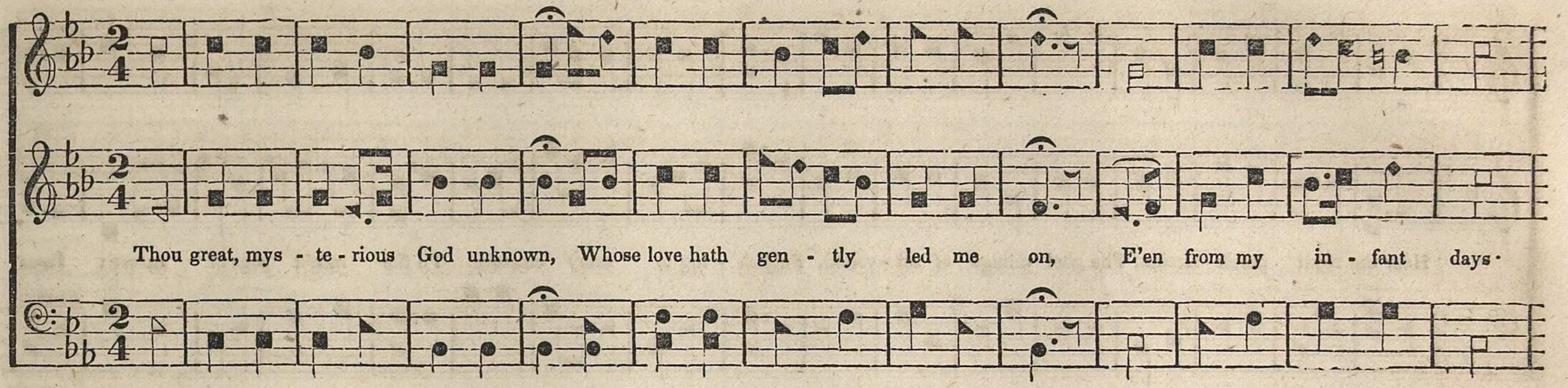


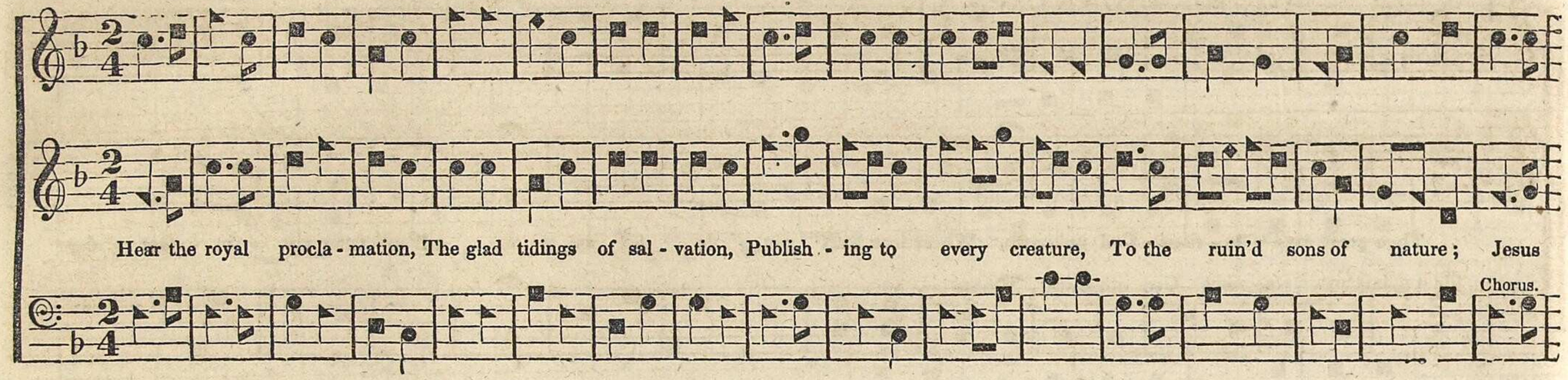
2 The place it is hidden, the place it is seal'd,
The place it is hidden till it is reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and wo.

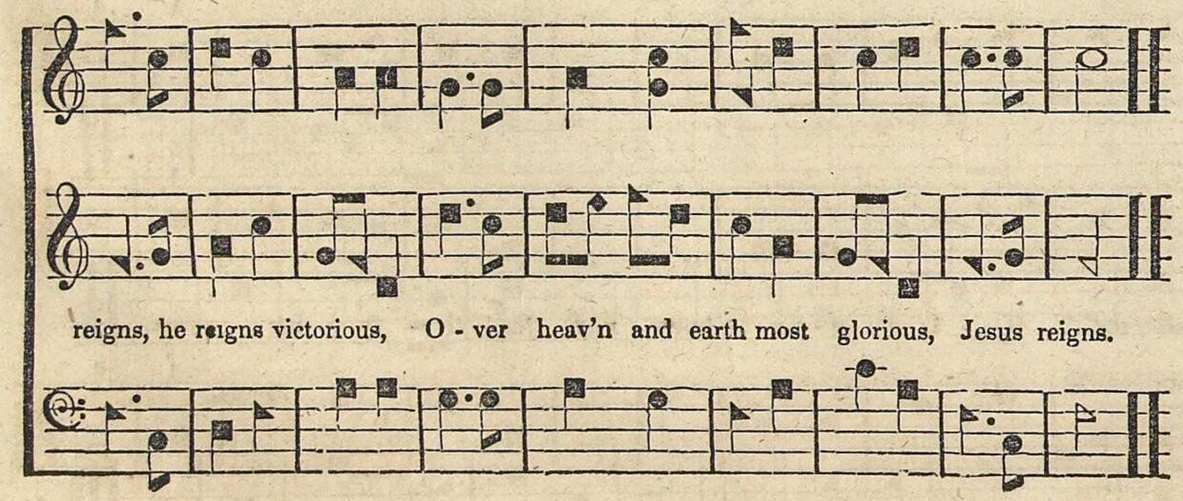
3 That place it is hidden by reason of sin;
Alas! you can't see the sad state you are in·
You're blind and polluted, in prison and pain,
O, how can such rebels redemption obtain!

4 But if you are wounded and bruised by the fall,
Then up and be doing, for you he doth call;
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there

5 And you, my dear brethren, that love my dear Lord,
Have witness for pardon, through faith in his blood;
Let patience attend you wherever you go,
Your Saviour has purchased redemption for you.


Thou great, mys - te - rious God unknown, Whose love hath gen - tly led me on, E'en from my in - fant days·
My in - most soul ex - pose to view, And tell me if I e - ver knew Thy jus - ti - fy - ing grace.

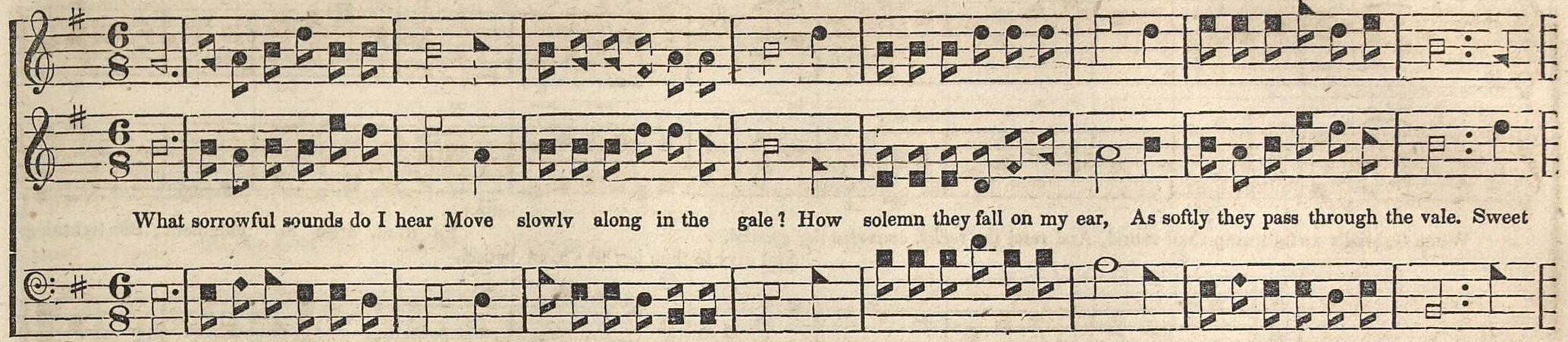


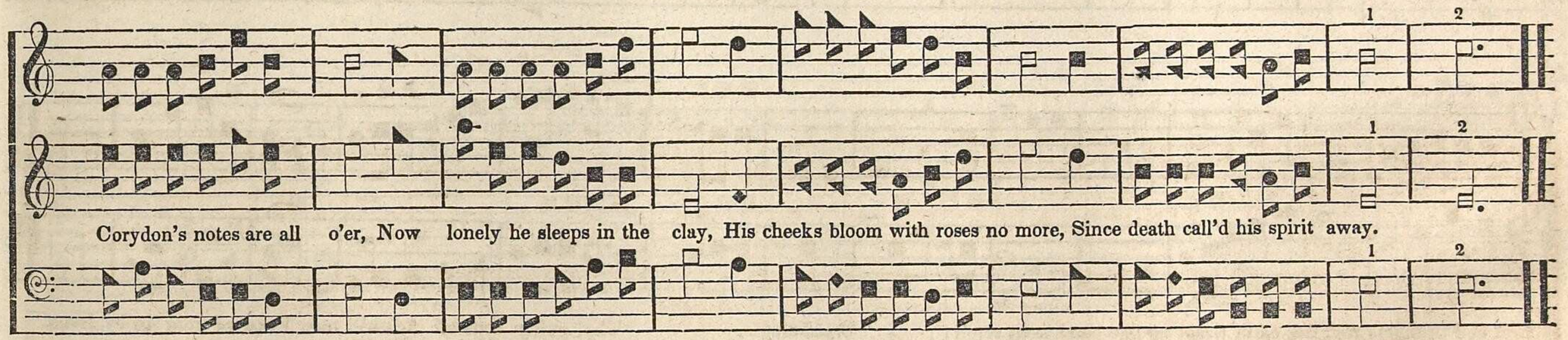


2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."
Jesus reigns, &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever,
O! now turn to God the Saviour.
Jesus reigns, &c.





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

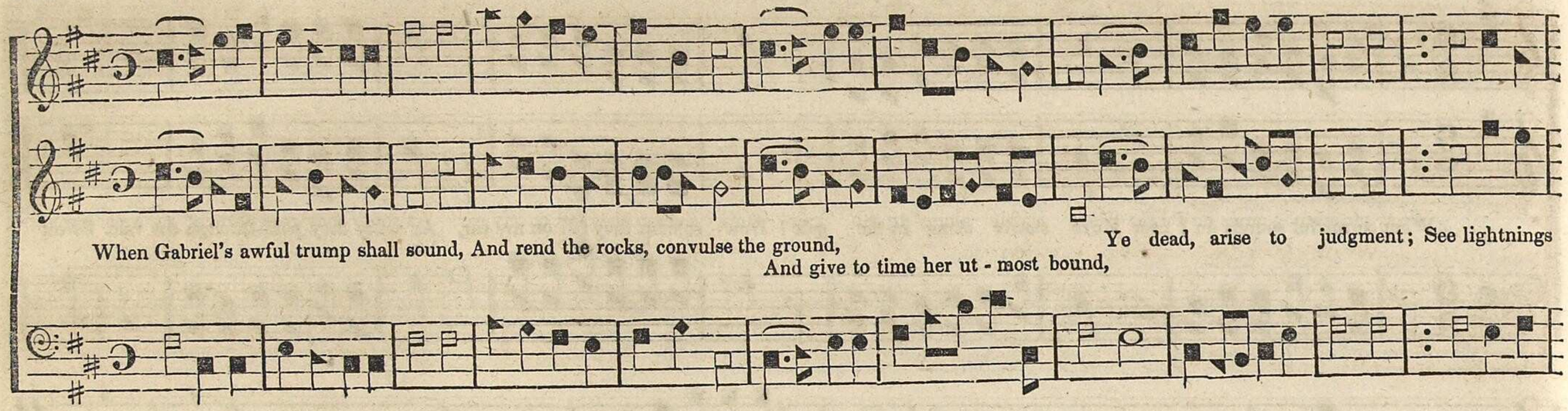
3 O Corydon! hear the sad cries
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;
O spirit! look down from the skies,
And pity thy mourner below;
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,
Which Philomel hears on the plain;
Then striving the mourner to soothe,
With sympathy joins in her strain.

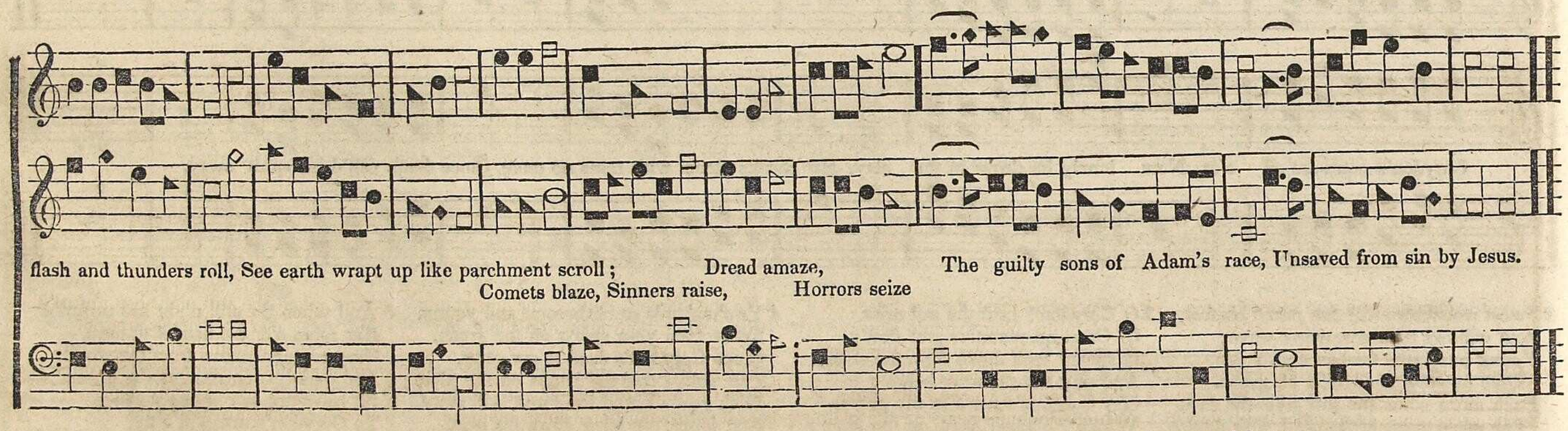
4 Ye shepherds so blithesome and young,
Retire from your sports on the green,
Since Corydon's deaf to my song,
The wolves tear the lambs on the plain;
Each swain round the forest will stray
And sorrowing hang down his head,
His pipe then in symphony play,
Some dirge to sweet Corydon's shade.

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

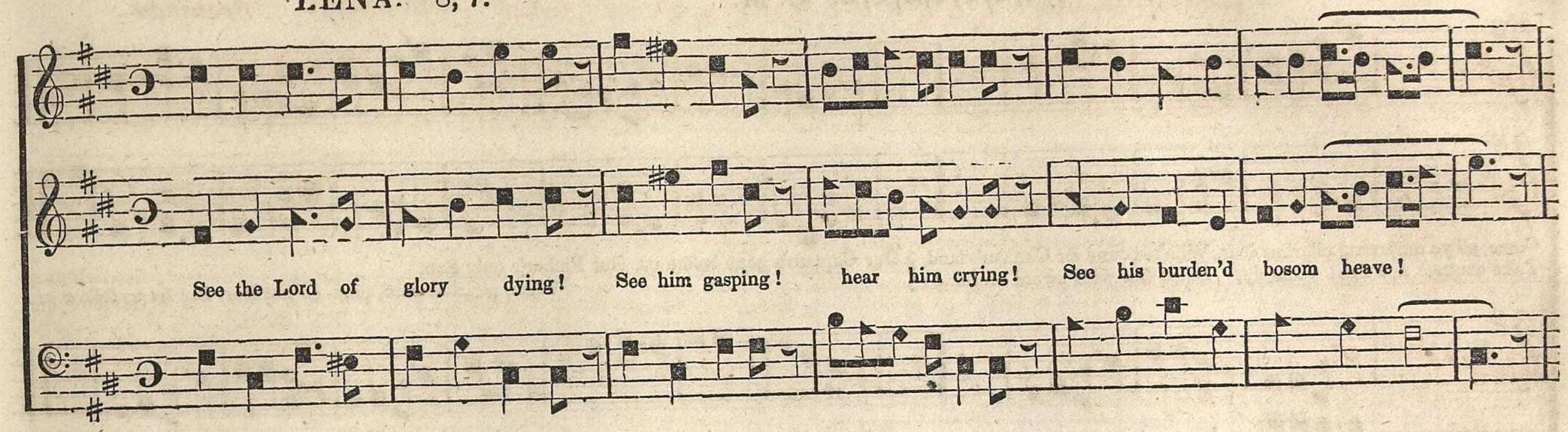
MISSISSIPPI. 8, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 3, 3, 3, 3, 8.

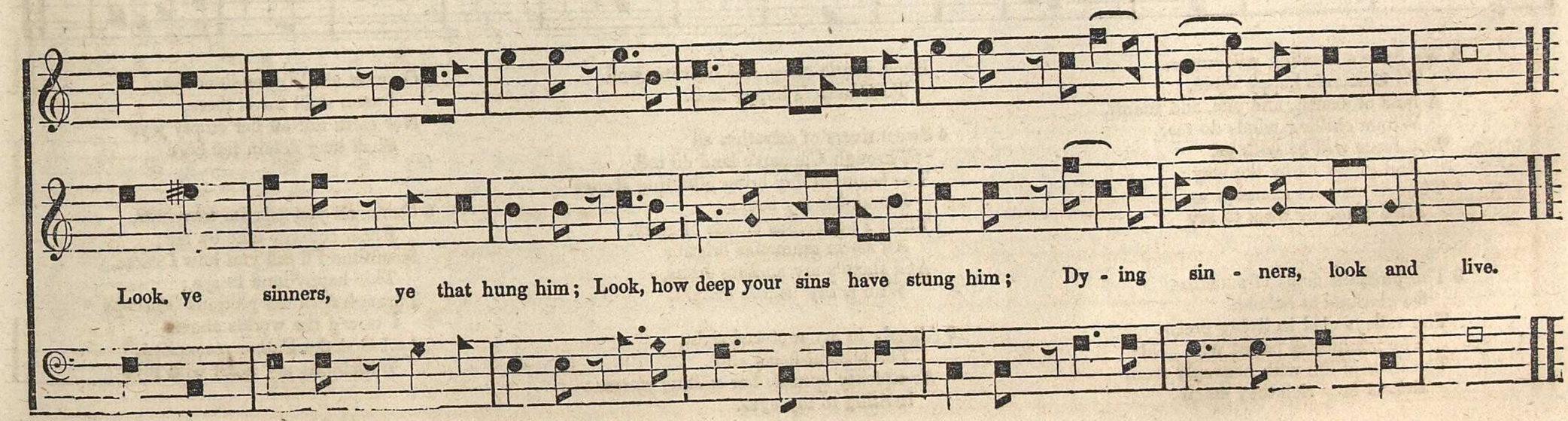
Broadshaw.



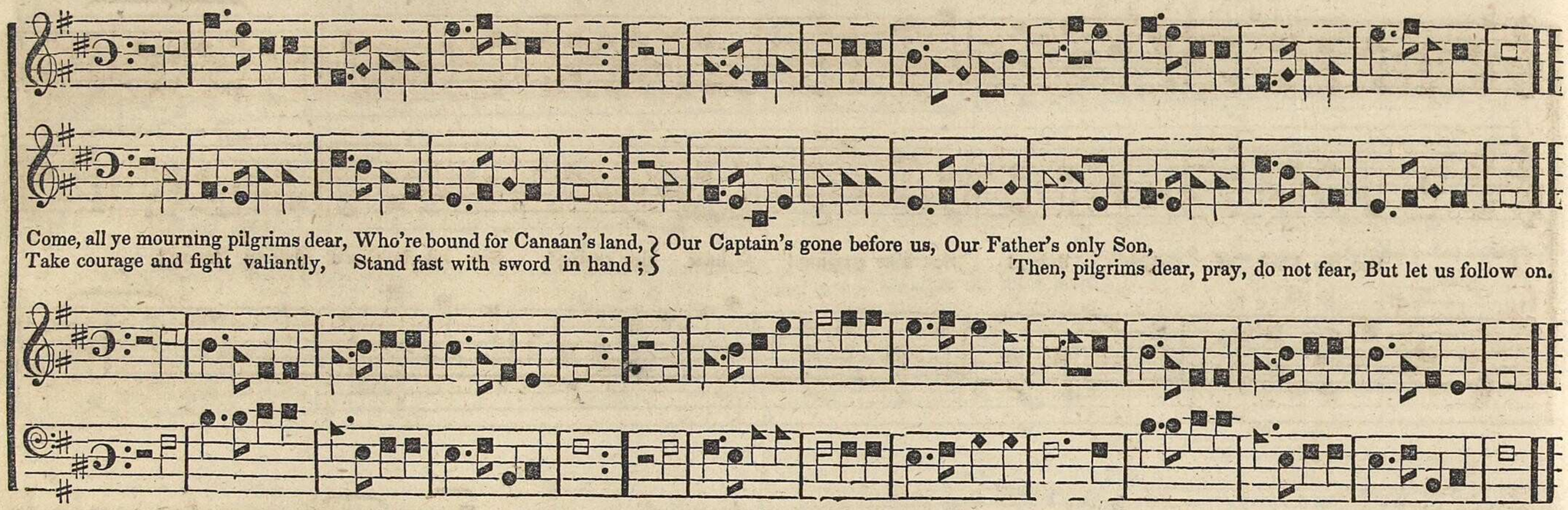


LENA. 8, 7.


See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping! hear him crying! See his burden'd bosom heave!


Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him; Look, how deep your sins have stung him; Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.

PILGRIM. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6. C. M.



Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who're bound for Canaan's land, } Our Captain's gone before us, Our Father's only Son,
Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand; } Then, pilgrims dear, pray, do not fear, But let us follow on.

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

3 The pleasant fields of paradise,
So glorious to behold,
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold:
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand.
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
To Canaan's happy land.

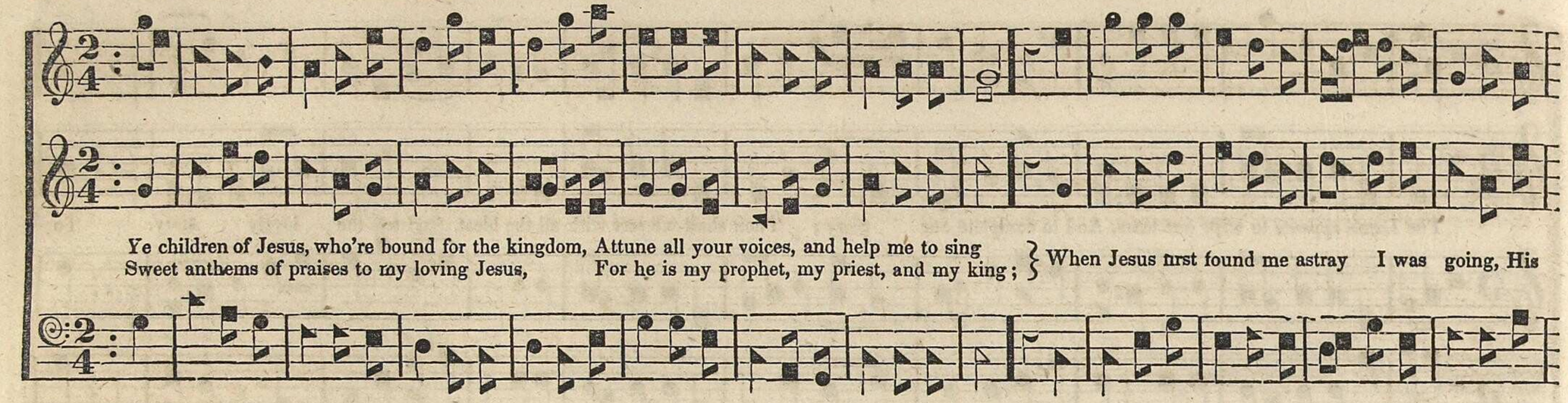
4 Sweet rivers of salvation all
Through Canaan's land do roll,
The beams of day bring glittering scenes
Illuminate my soul;
There's ponderous clouds of glory,
All set in diamonds bright;
And there's my smiling Jesus,
Who is my heart's delight.

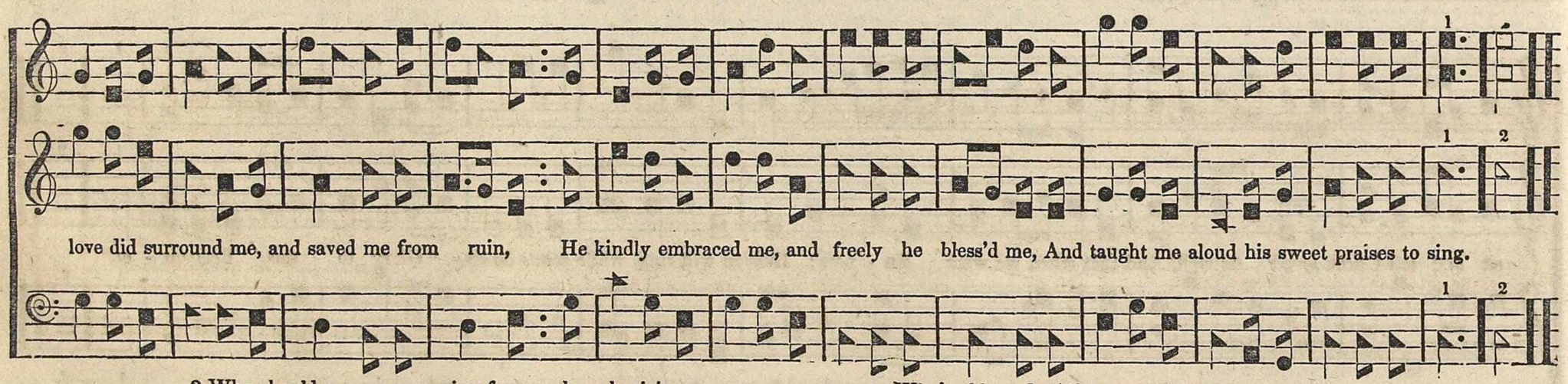
5 Already to my raptured sight,
The blissful fields arise,
And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
Inviting to my eyes.
O sweet abode of endless rest,
I soon shall travel there,
Nor earth nor all her empty joys
Shall long detain me here

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

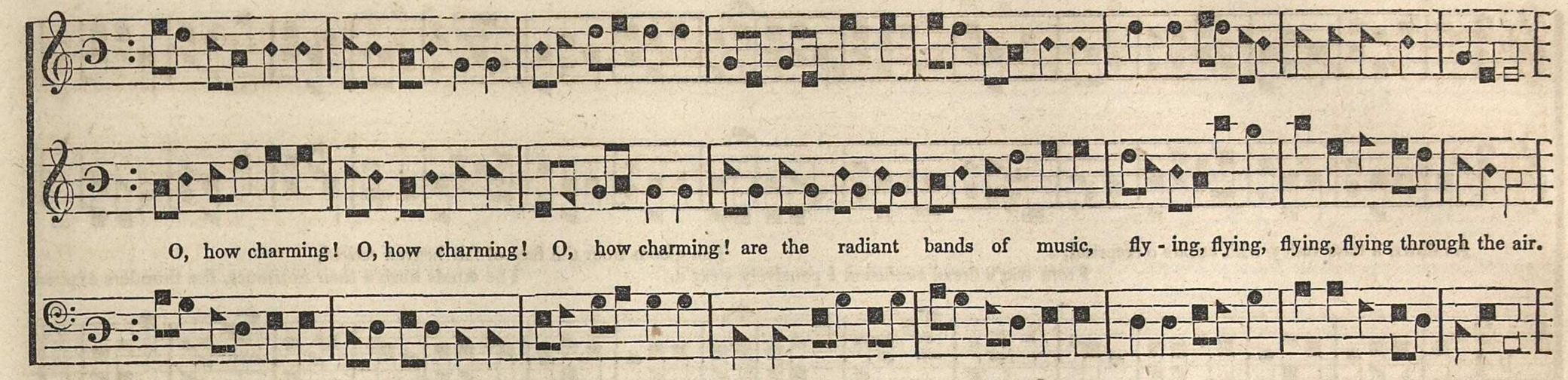
The Lamb appears to wipe our tears, And to complete our glory; Then shall we rest with all the blest, And tell the lovely story. To

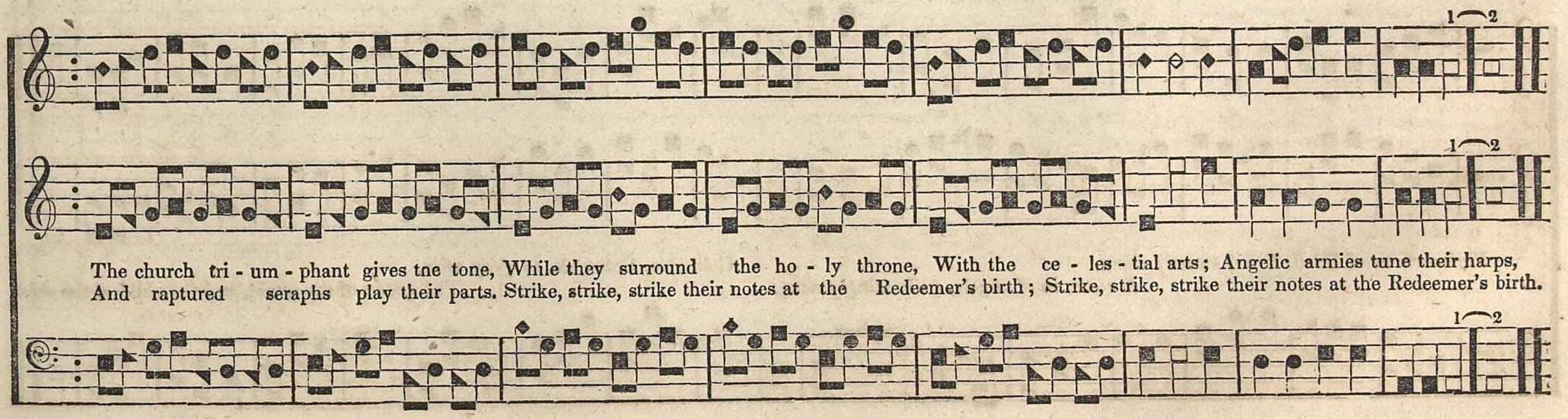
sit and tell Christ loved us well, And that when we were sin - ners; Heaven will ring, while saints do sing, "Glory to the Redeem - er."



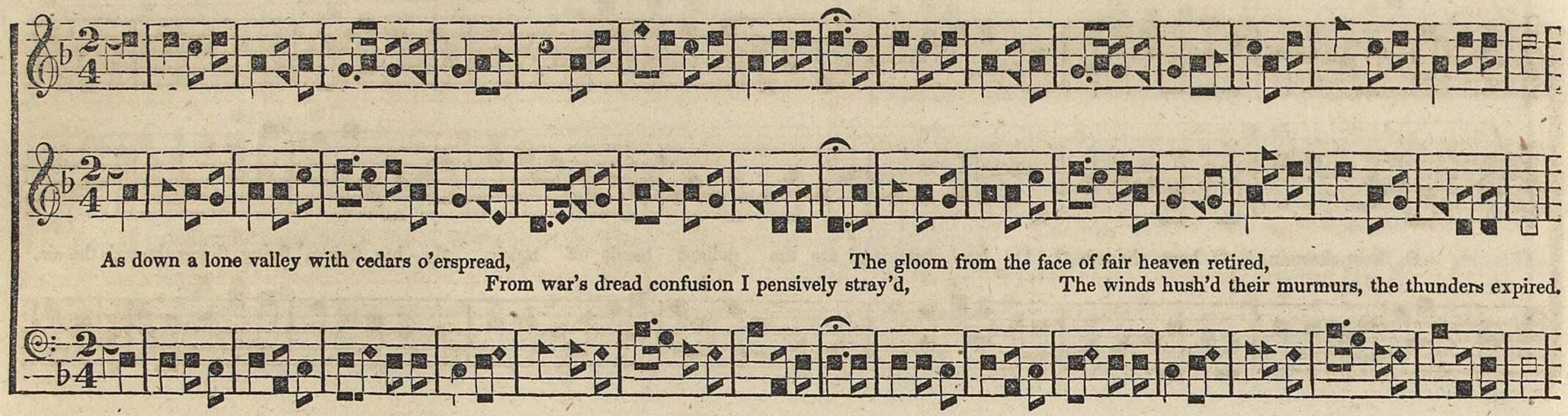


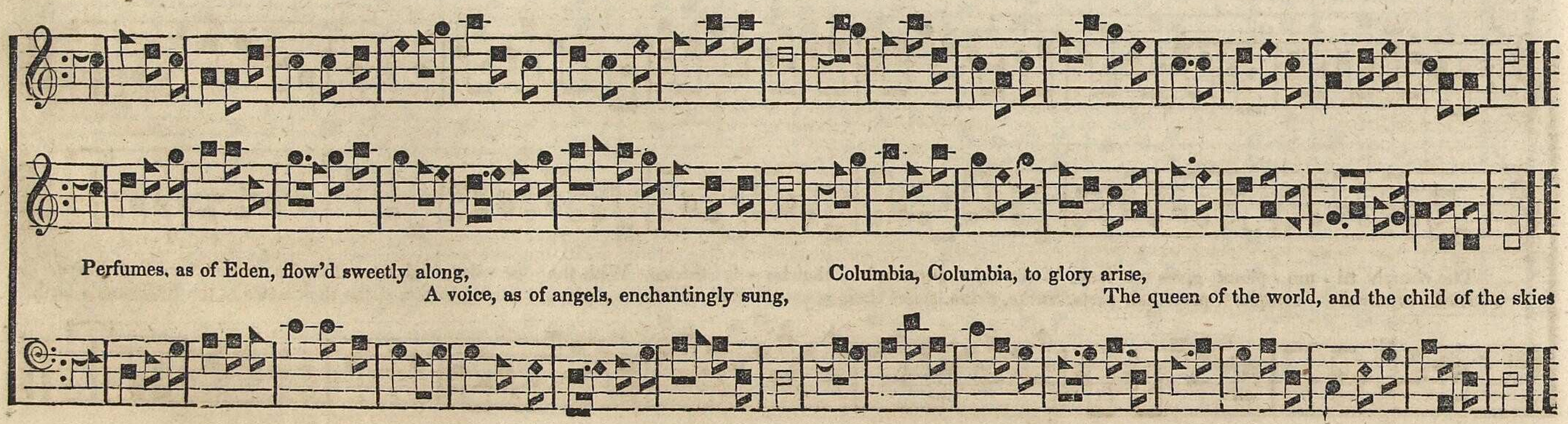
2 Why should you go mourning from such a physician,
Come to him believing, though bad your condition,
My soul he hath healed, my heart he rejoices,
I'll serve him, and praise him, and always adore him
Who's able and willing your sickness to cure;
His Father has promised your case to ensure:
He brought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

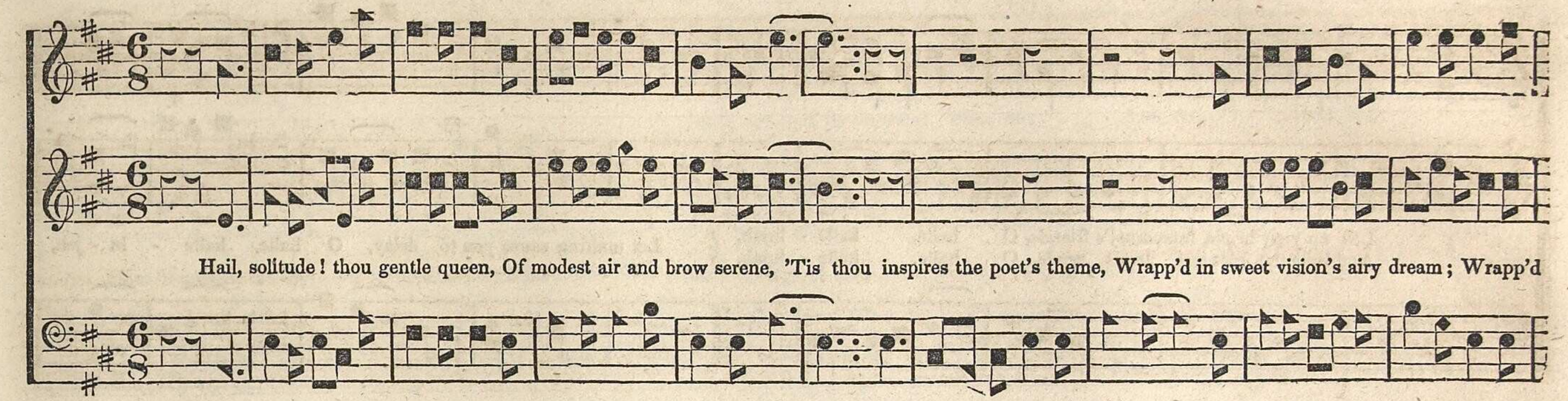

O, how charming! O, how charming! O, how charming! are the radiant bands of music, fly - ing, flying, flying, flying through the air.

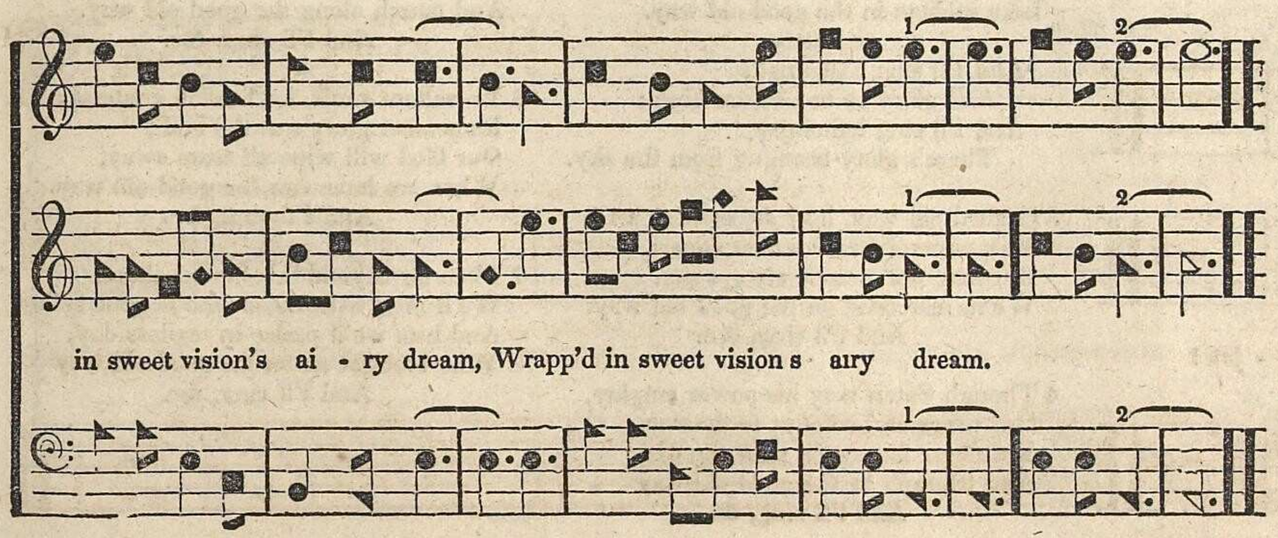

1 2
1 2
The church tri - um - phant gives tne tone, While they surround the ho - ly throne, With the ce - les - tial arts; Angelic armies tune their harps,
And raptured seraphs play their parts. Strike, strike, strike their notes at the Redeemer's birth; Strike, strike, strike their notes at the Redeemer's birth.
1 2

COLUMBIA. 11's. (Words by Dwight.)









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

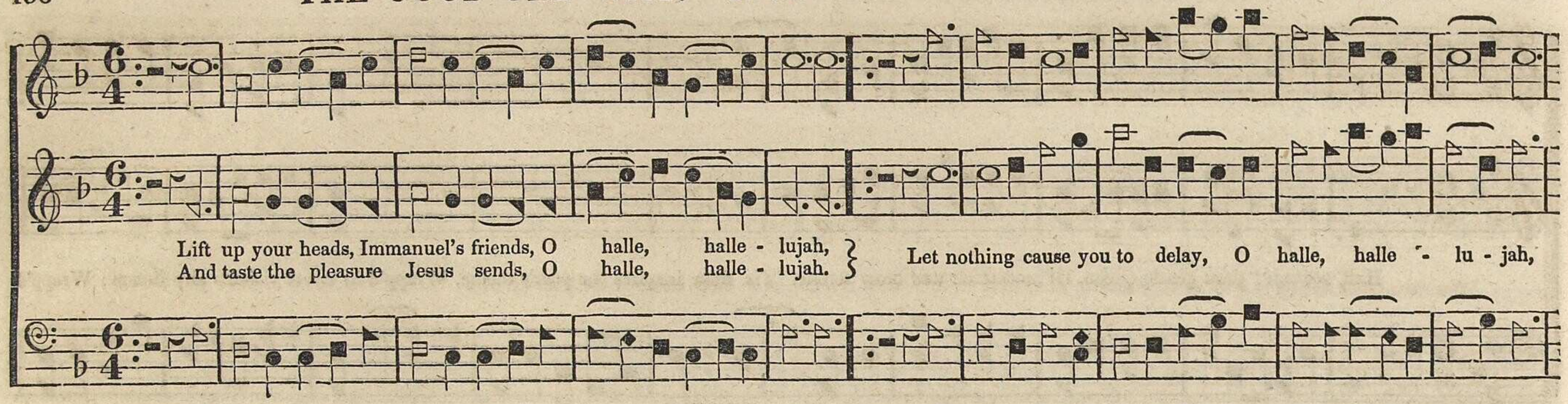
3 Whate'er's in thee, refines and charms,
Excites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, firm and good,
We owe to thee, sweet solitude.

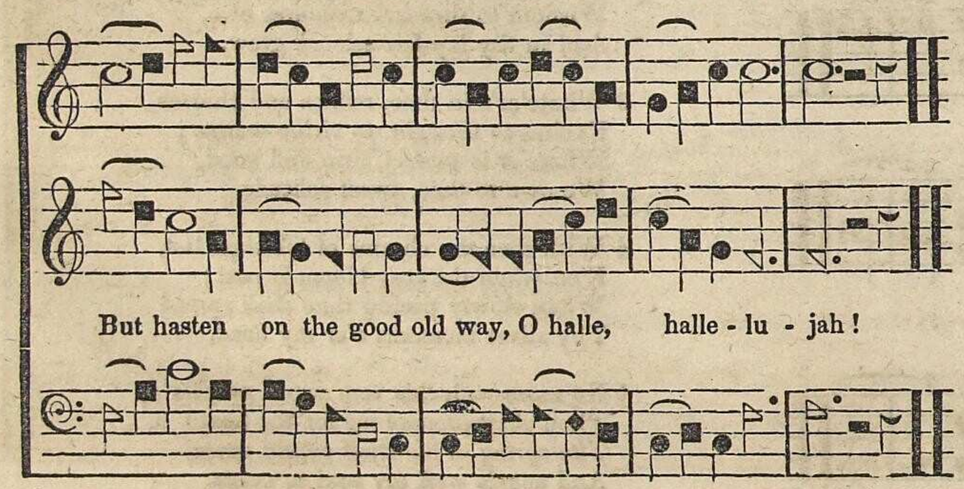
4 With thee the charms of life shall last,
E'en when the rosy bloom is past;
When slowly pacing time shall spread
Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.

5 No more with this vain world perplex'd,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next:
The spring of life shall gently cease,
And angels waft my soul to peace.

THE GOOD OLD WAY. L. M.

Wm. Walker. Dover Sel. p. 56





2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

CHORUS.

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

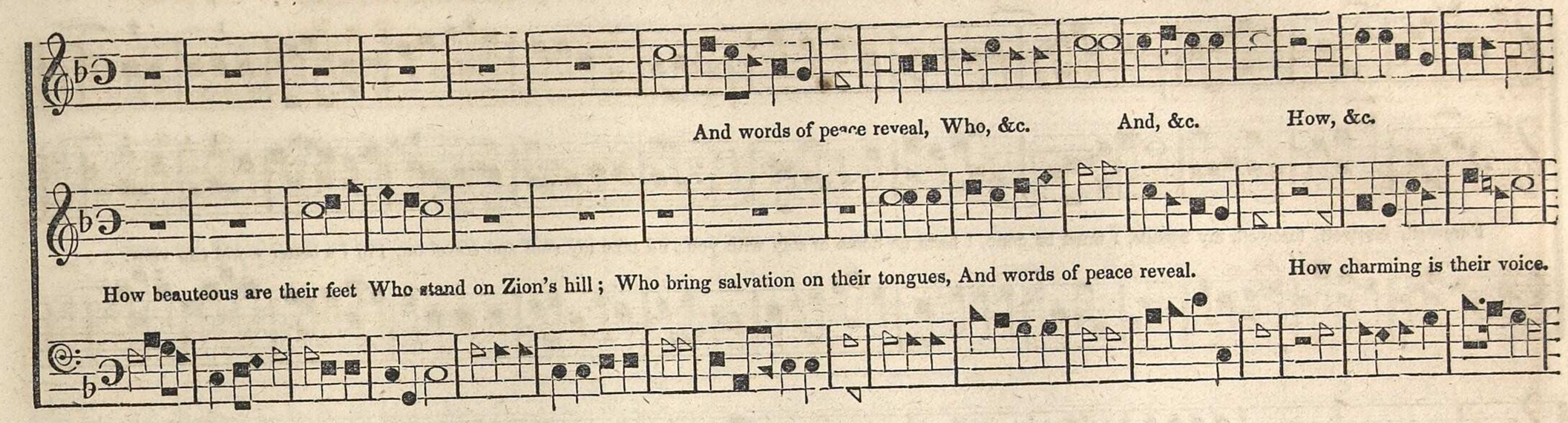
3 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say,
We're marching on the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.

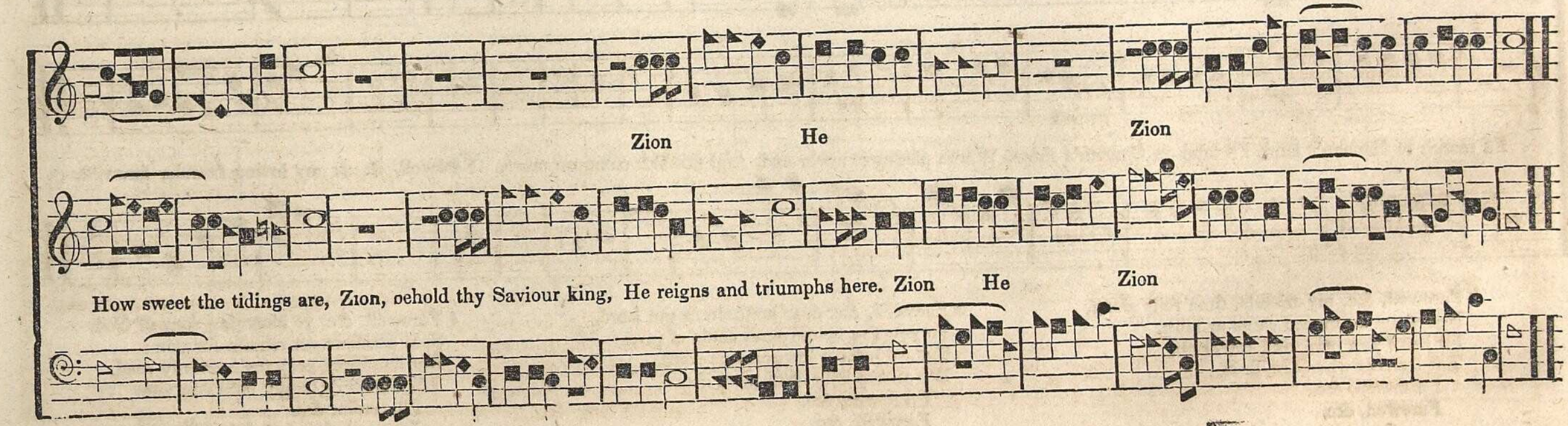
4 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And triumph in the good old way
And I'll sing, &c.

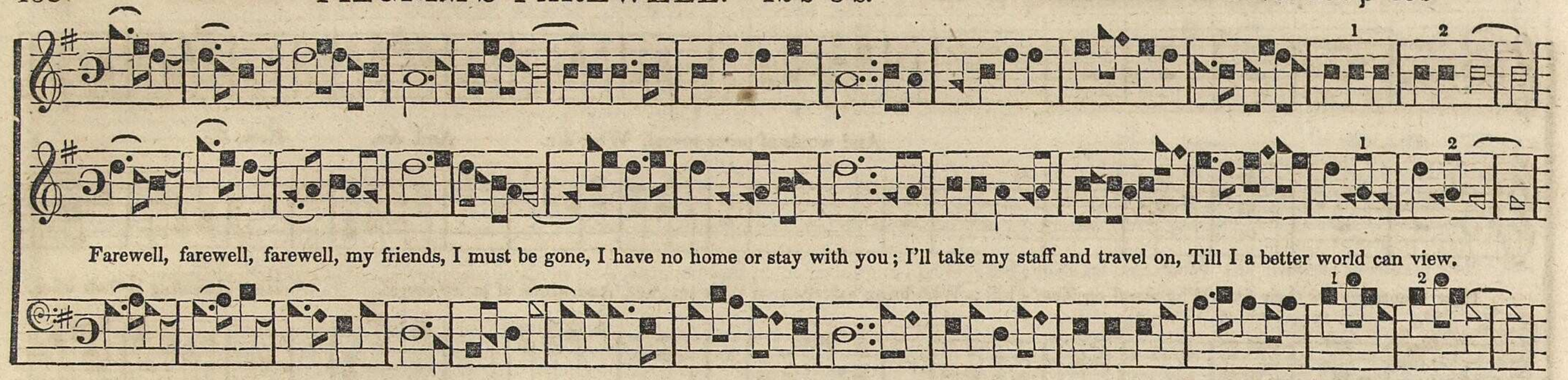
5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promised land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.

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

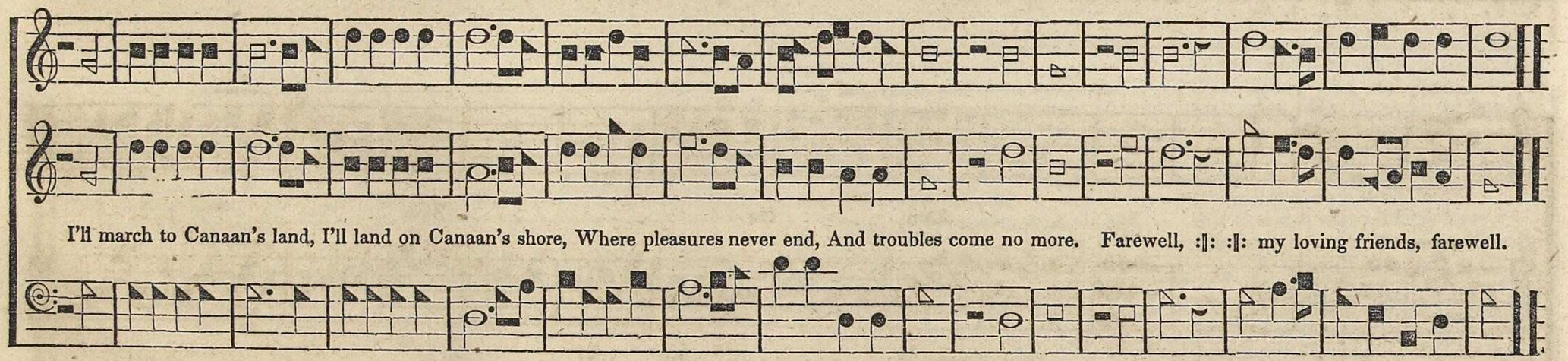
7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who're gone before,
And him we'll praise in endless day,
Who brought us on the good old way
And I'll sing, &c.


And words of peace reveal, Who, &c. And, &c. How, &c.
How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal. How charming is their voice.


Zion He Zion
How sweet the tidings are, Zion, behold thy Saviour king, He reigns and triumphs here. Zion He Zion



Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on, Till I a better world can view.

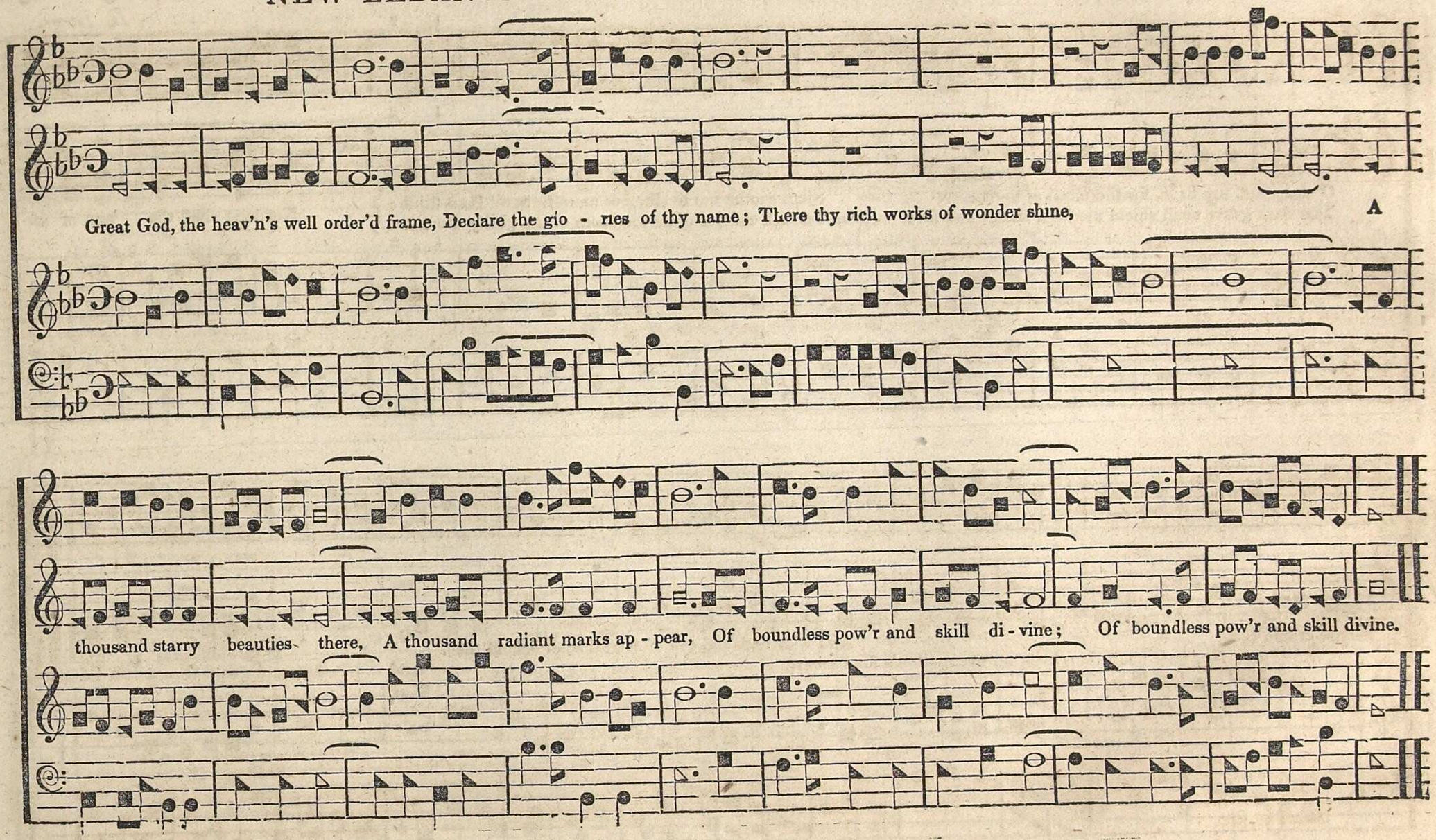


I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more. Farewell, :‖: :‖: my loving friends, farewell.

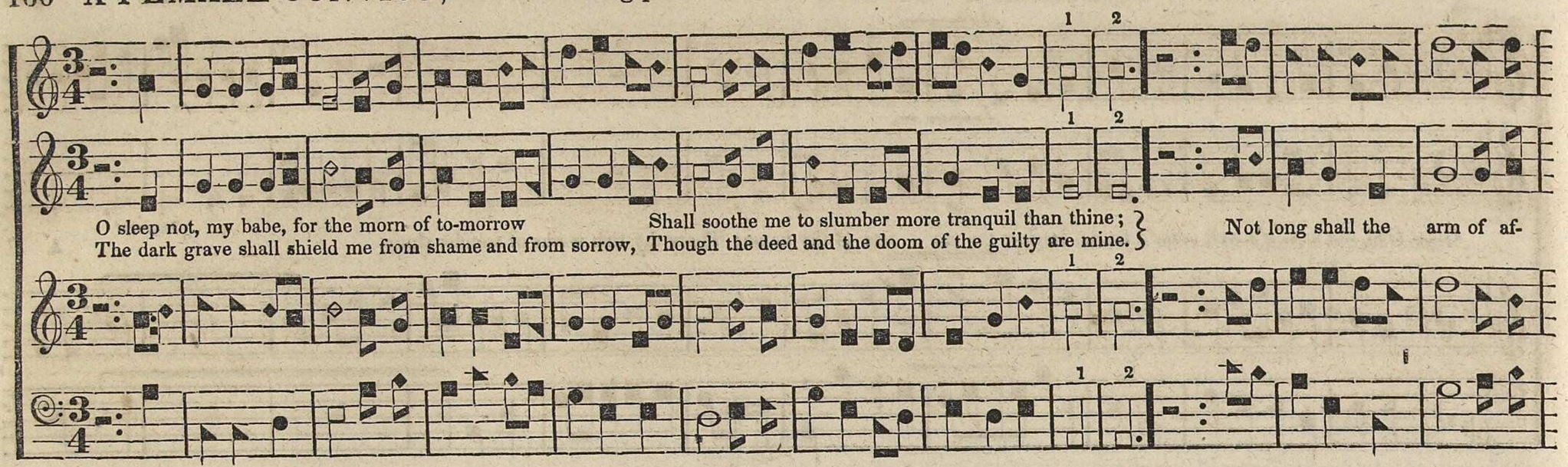
2 Farewell, &c. my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss,
I'll leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, &c.

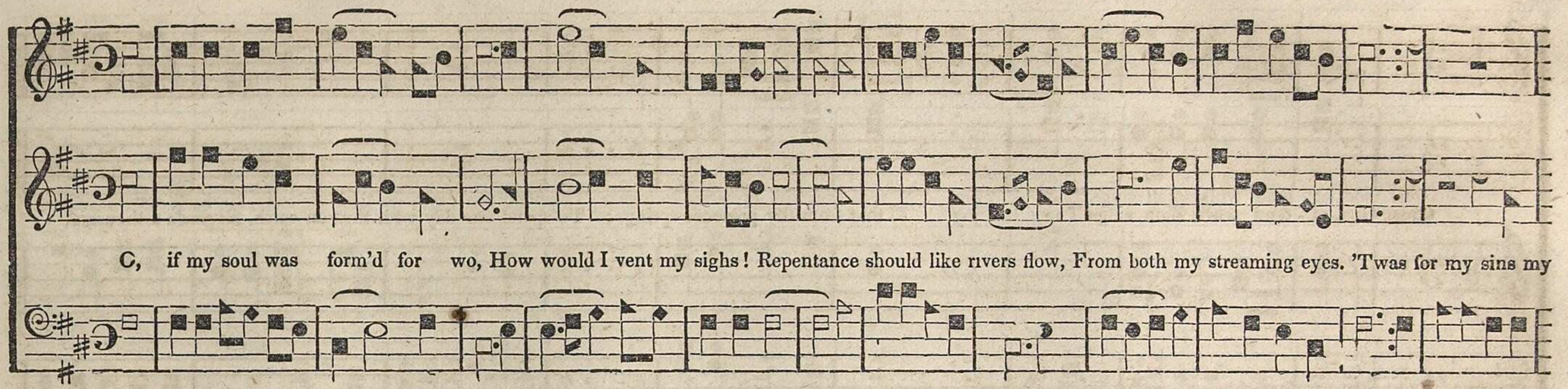
3 Farewell, &c. dear brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love
But we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above,
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, &c.

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

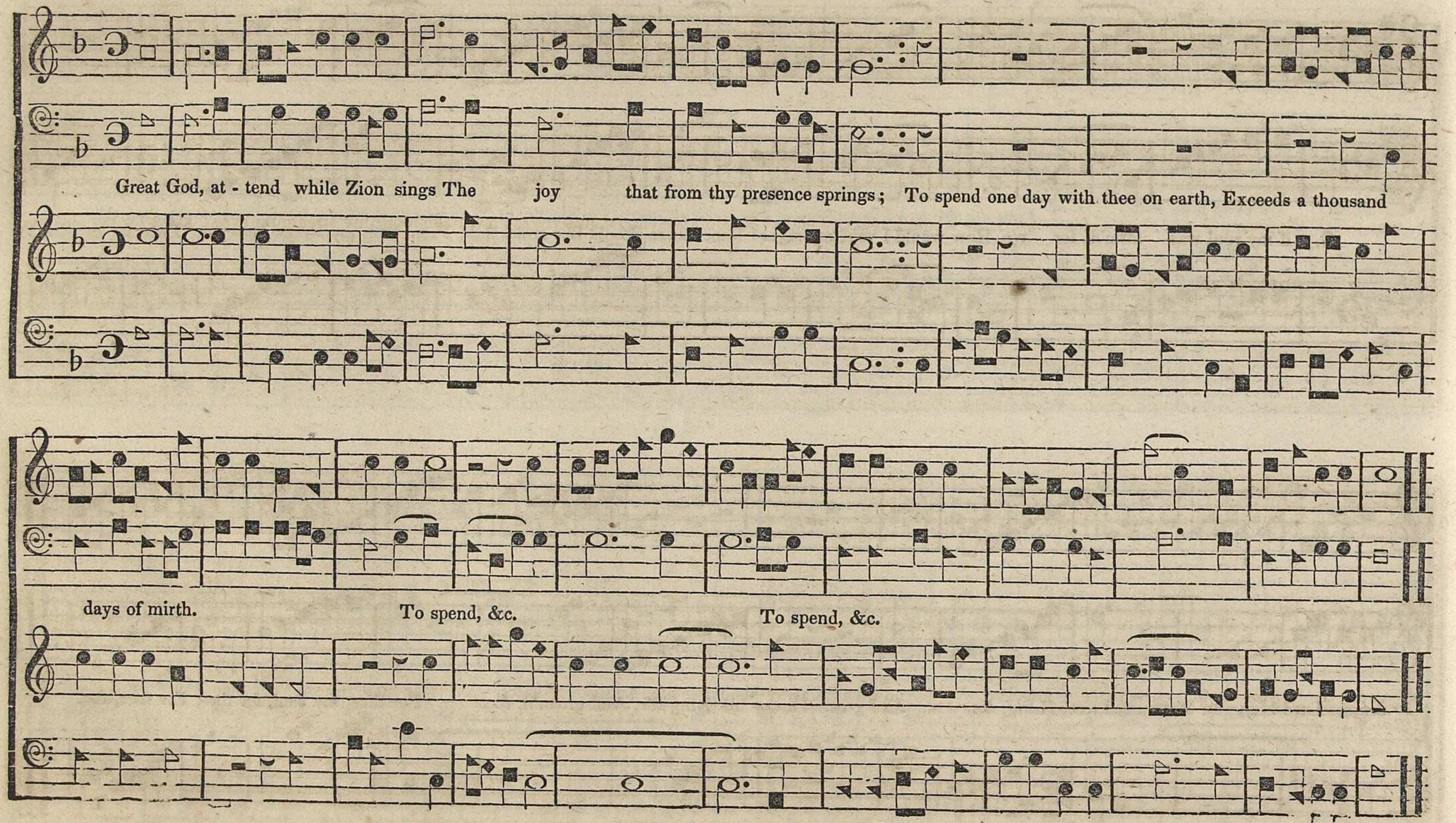

Great God, the heav'n's well order'd frame, Declare the glo - ries of thy name; There thy rich works of wonder shine,
A
thousand starry beauties there, A thousand radiant marks ap - pear, Of boundless pow'r and skill di - vine; Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

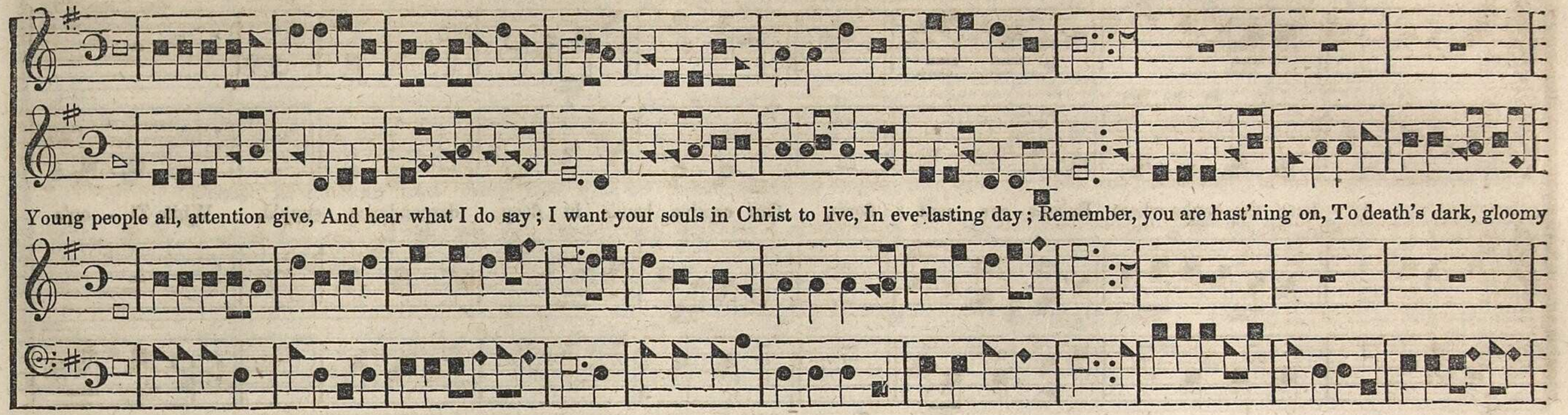
160 A FEMALE CONVICT, After receiving pardon in the sight of God, thus addrest her infant. *Set to music by R. Boyd.*




O, if my soul was form'd for wo, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like rivers flow, From both my streaming eyes. 'Twas for my sins my
dearest Lord Hung on that cursed tree, Hung, &c.
And groan'd away his dying life, And groan'd, &c.
For thee, my soul, for thee, For thee, &c.

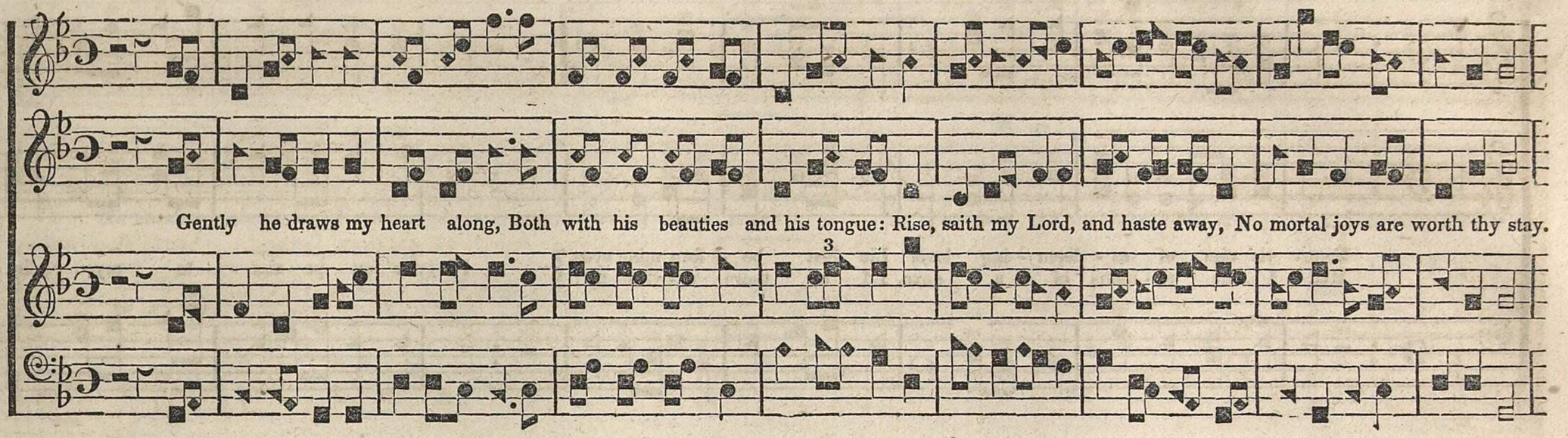
BALLSTOWN. L. M

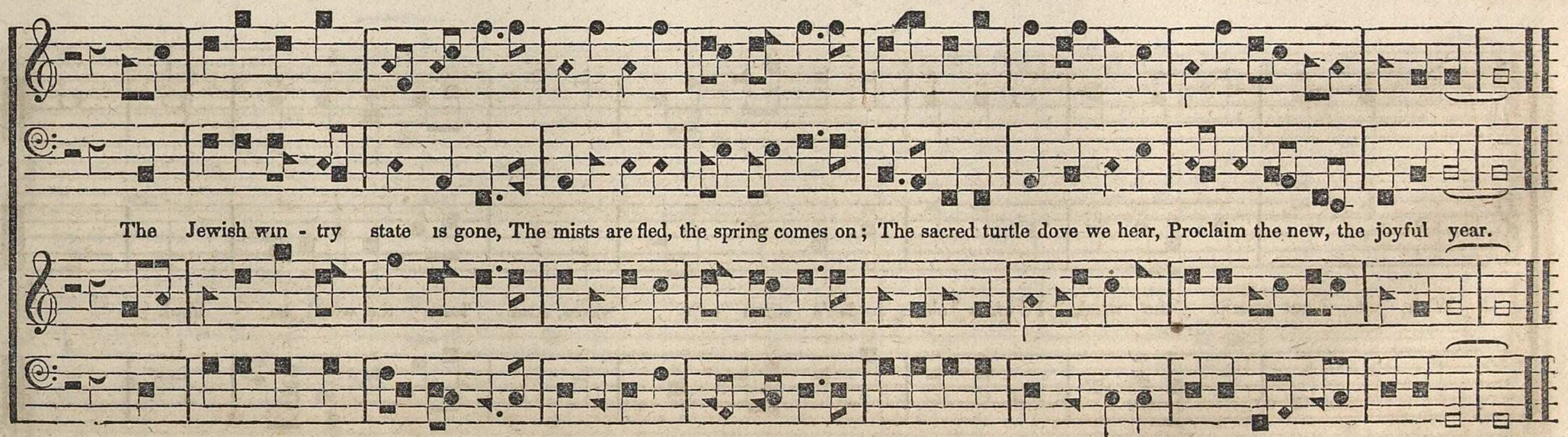



Young people all, attention give, And hear what I do say; I want your souls in Christ to live, In everlasting day; Remember, you are hast'ning on, To death's dark, gloomy
shade Remember, you, &c. Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid

A - long the banks where Babel's cur - rent flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zi - on's

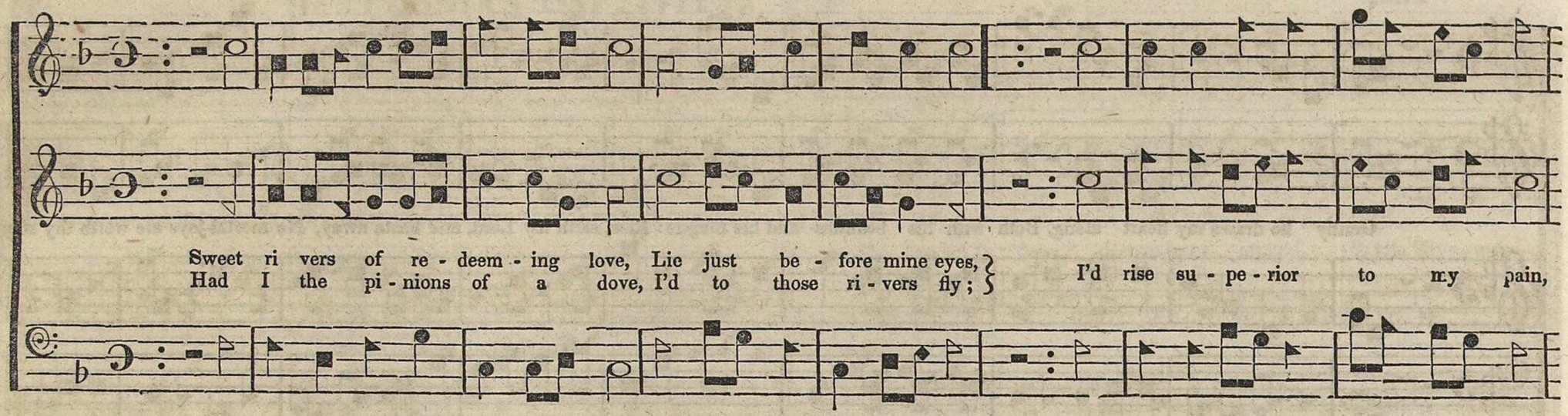
fall in sad re - mem - brance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

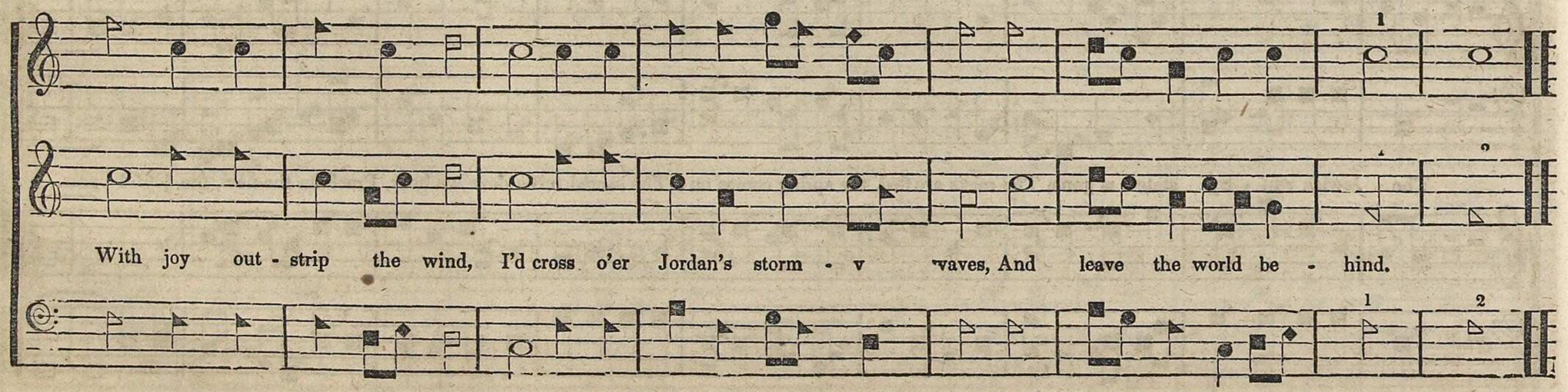

Gently he draws my heart along, Both with his beauties and his tongue: Rise, saith my Lord, and haste away, No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
3

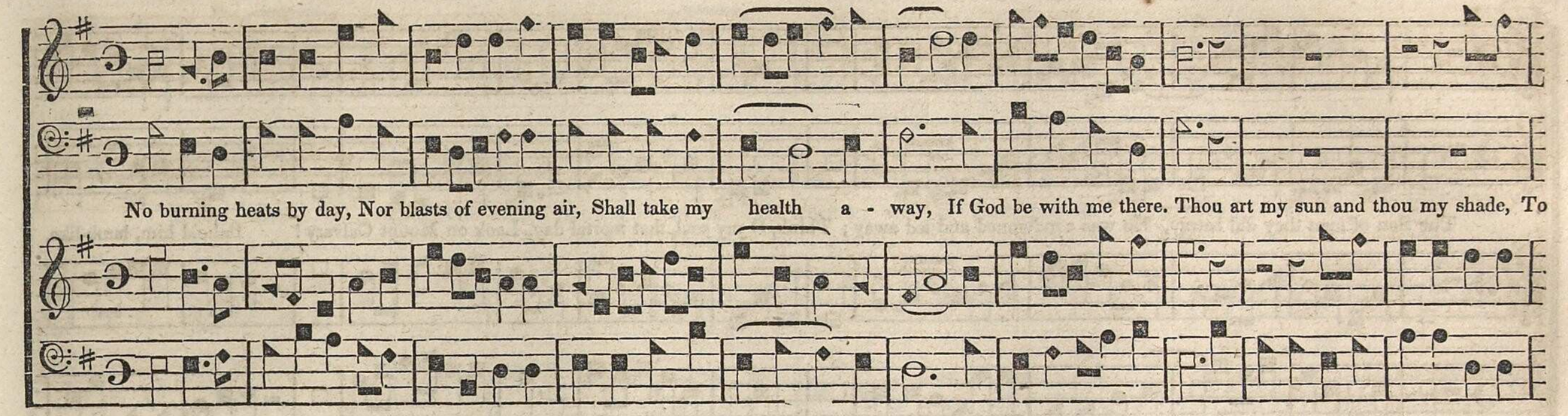

The Jewish wın - try state ıs gone, The mists are fled, the spring comes on; The sacred turtle dove we hear, Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

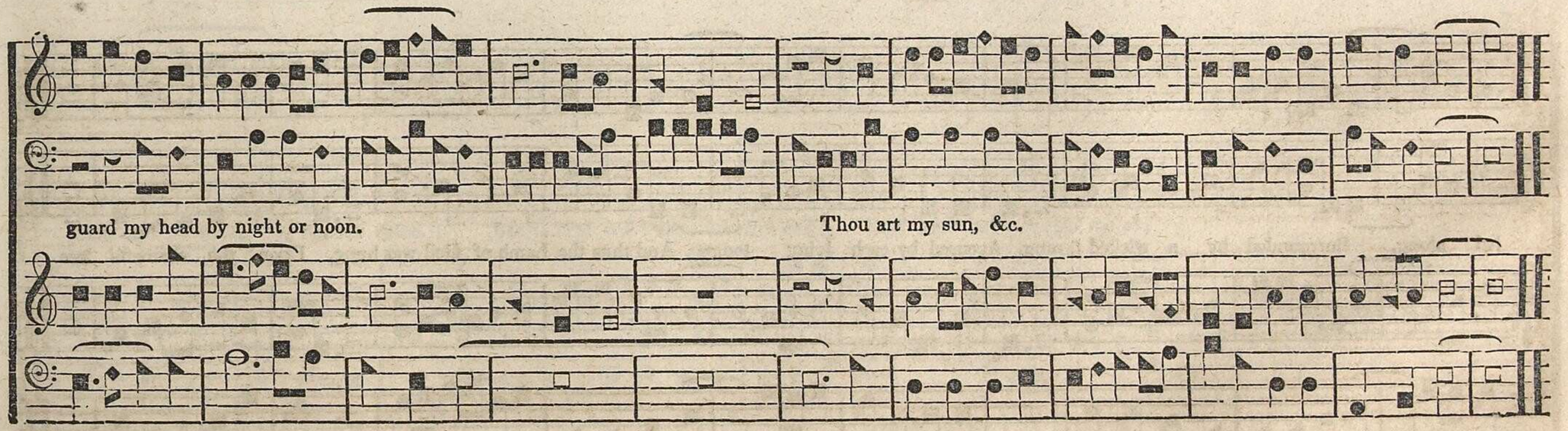
SWEET RIVERS. C. M.

More. Bapt. Harmony, p. 468



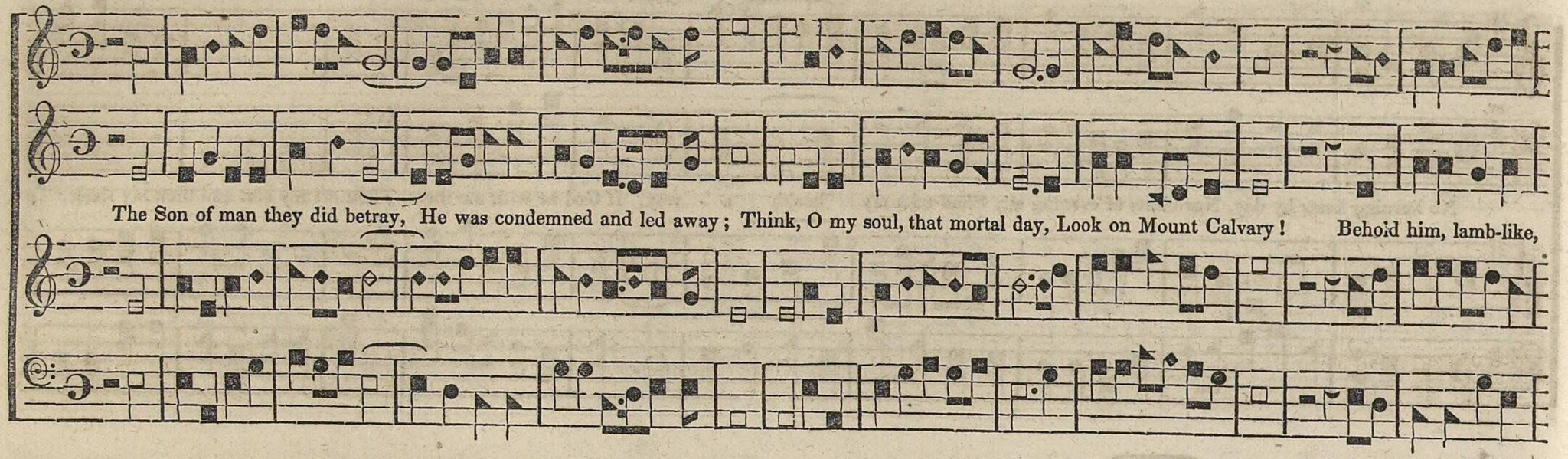


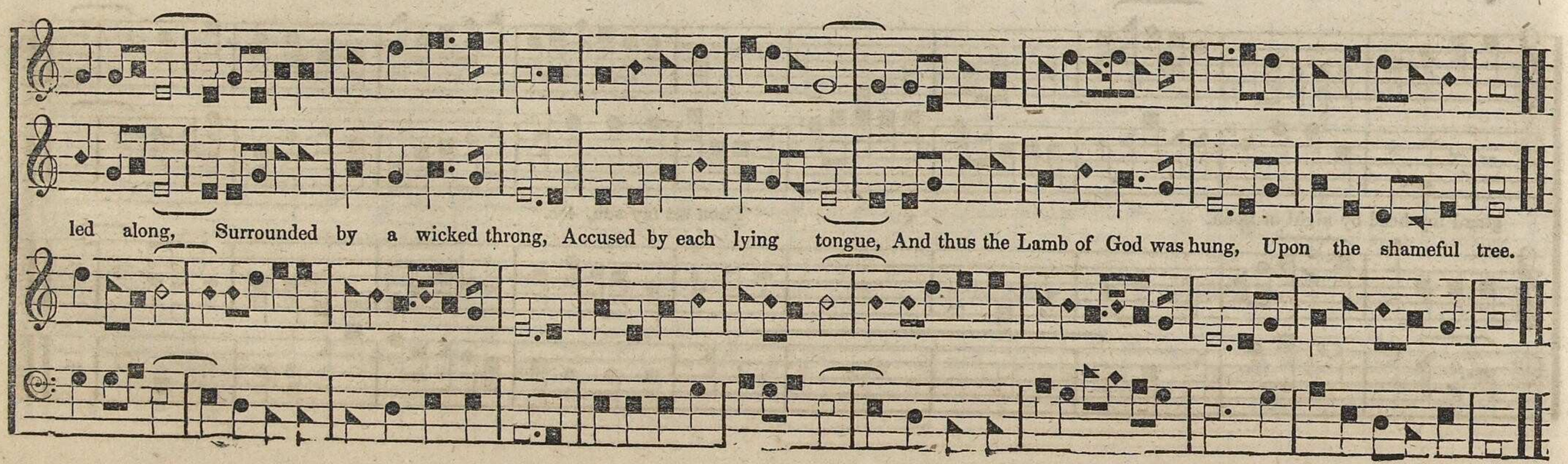

No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health a - way, If God be with me there. Thou art my sun and thou my shade, To


guard my head by night or noon.
Thou art my sun, &c.

MOUNT CALVARY. 8, 8, 8, 6.

More



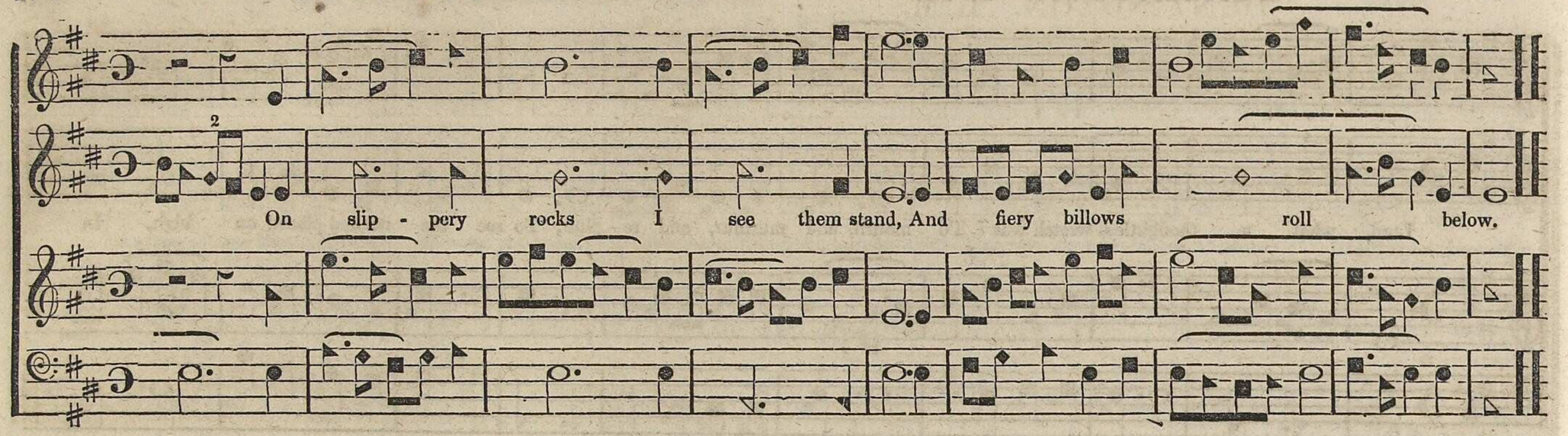


HUNTINGTON. L. M.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and re - pine; To see the wicked placed on high, In

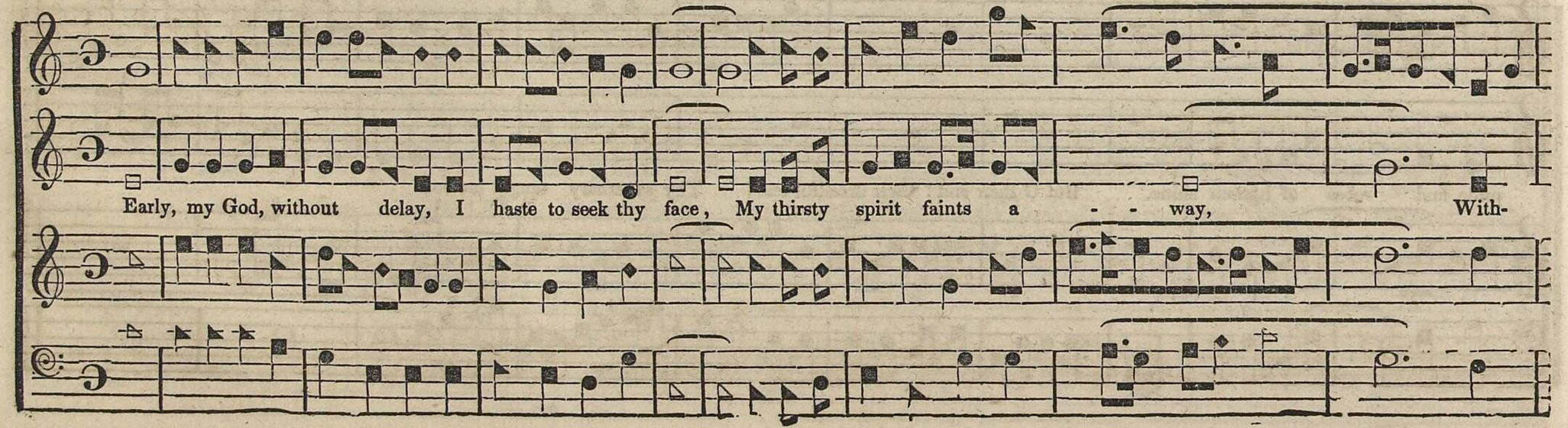
pride and robes of honour shine. But O their end! their dreadful end! Thy sanctuary taught me so;

HUNTINGTON. *Concluded*



MONTGOMERY. C. M.

More.

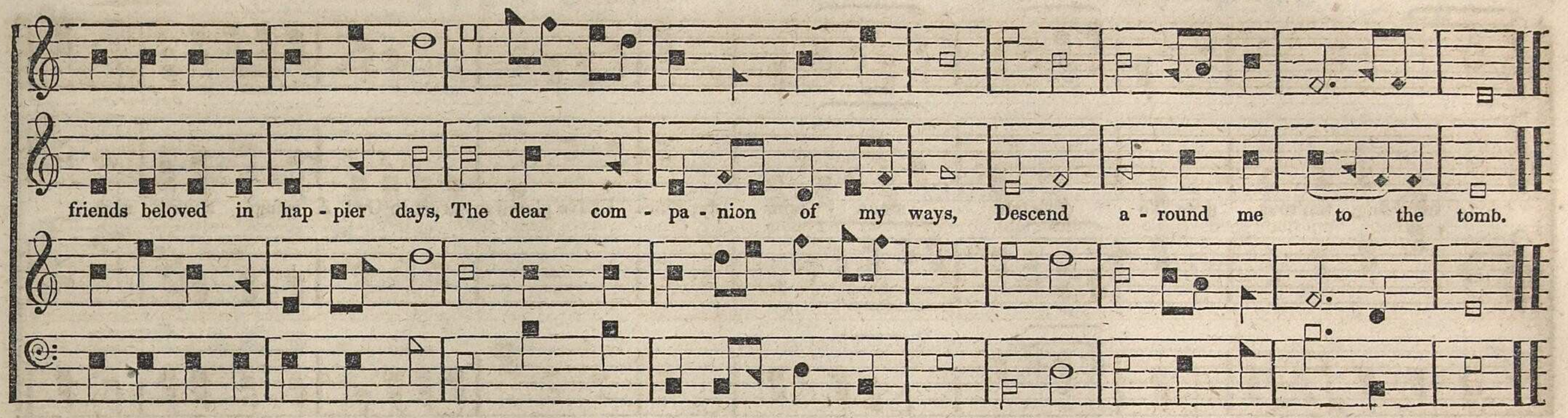


out thy cheering grace; So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a

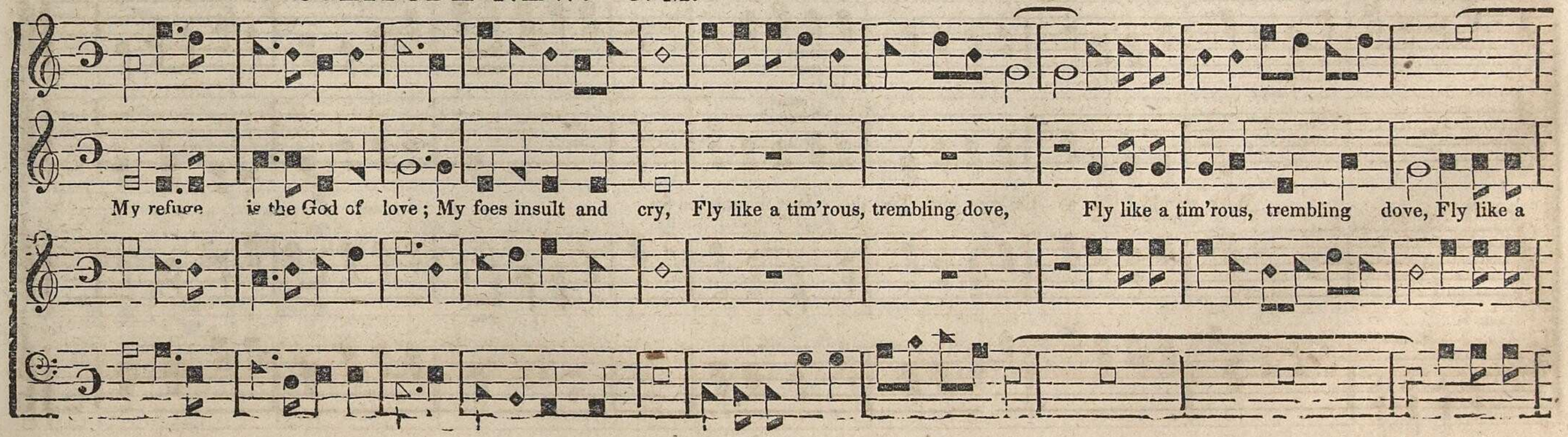
cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul, And waves of sorrow o'er me roll, While dust and si - lence spread the gloom, My

friends be - - loved in hap - pier days, The dear companions of my ways, Descend around me to the tomb, My



SOLITUDE NEW. C. M.



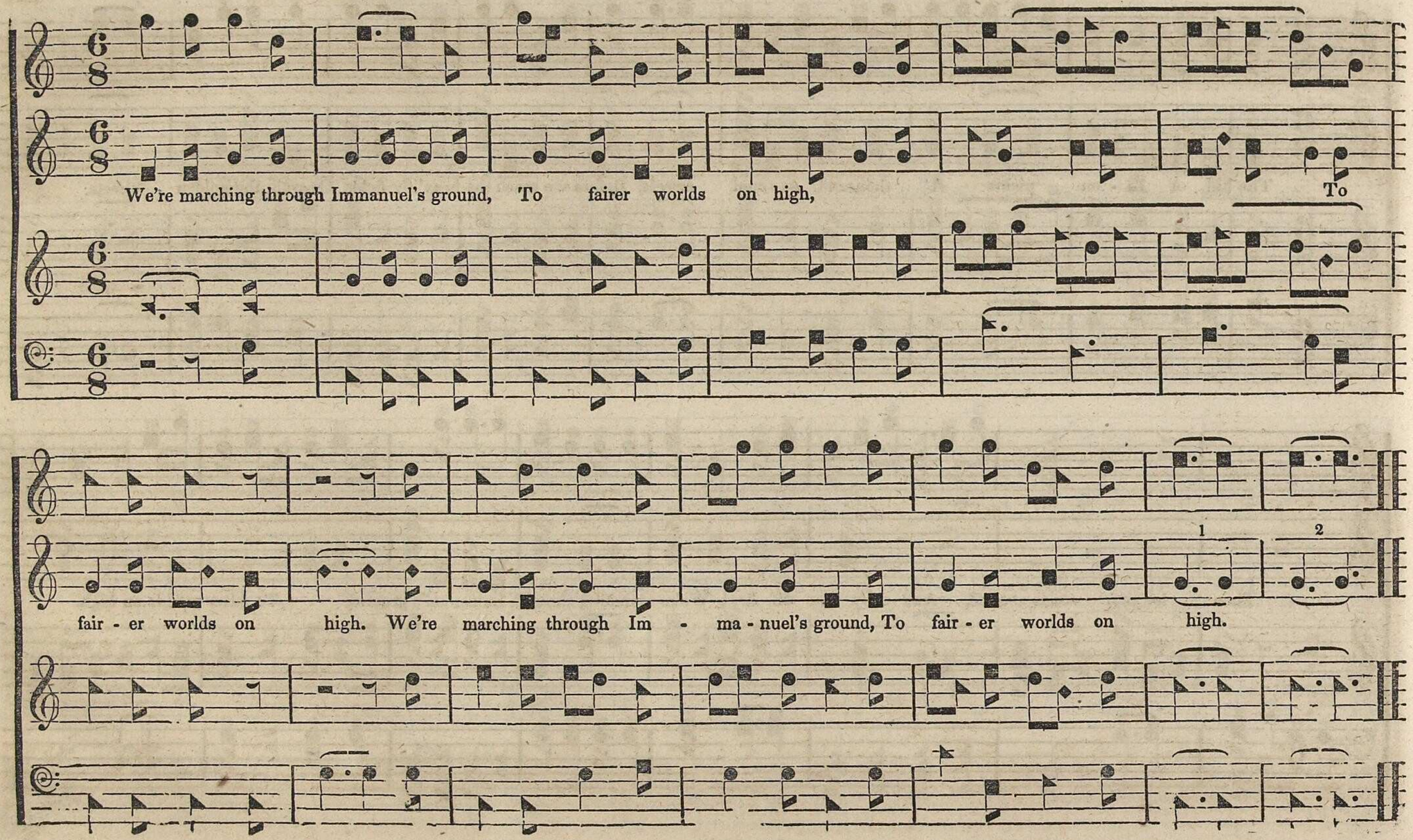
trembling, tim'rous dove, To dis - tant moun - tains fly, Since I have placed my trust in God, A refuge always nigh.

Why should I like a tim'rous bird, To dis - tant mountains fly,

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Then let your songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

MOUNT ZION. S. M. *Concluded.*

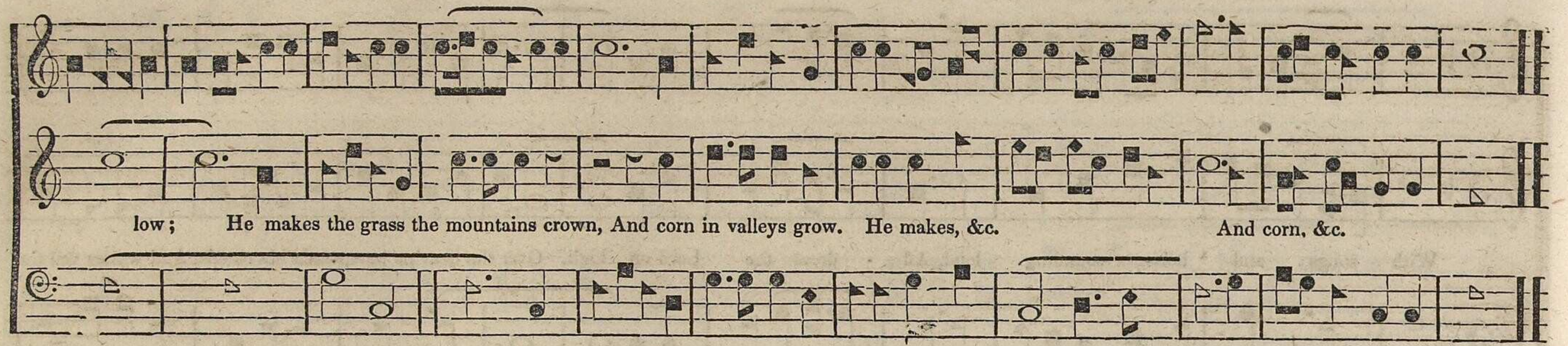


EDOM. C. M. Sharp Key on F

With songs and honours sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high, Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds, And waters veil the

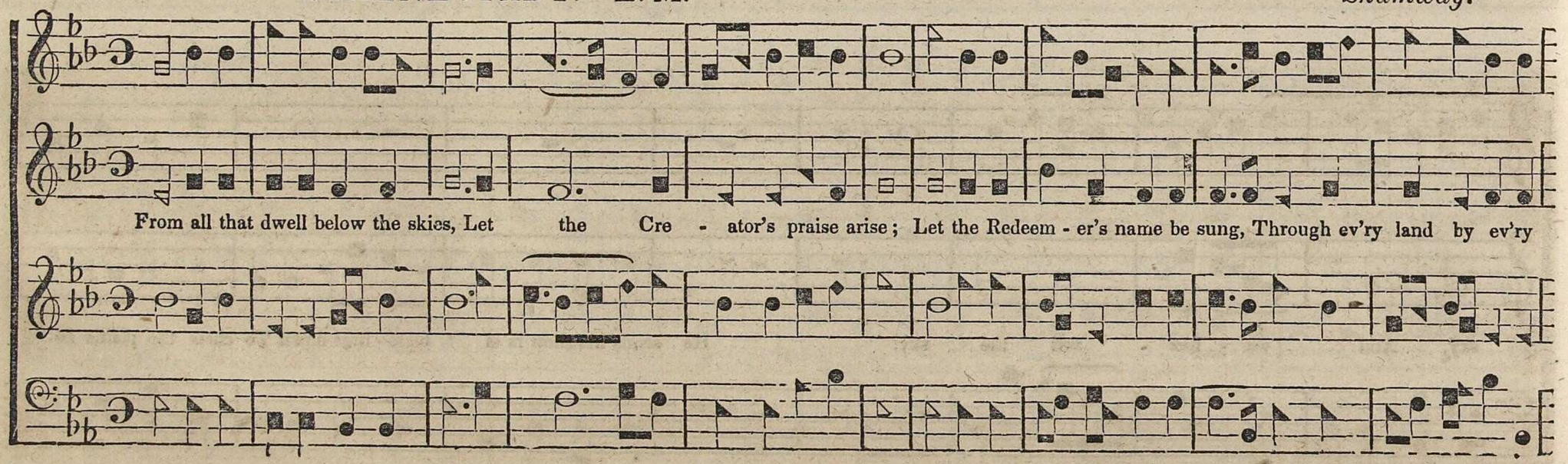
sky, And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends his show rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be-

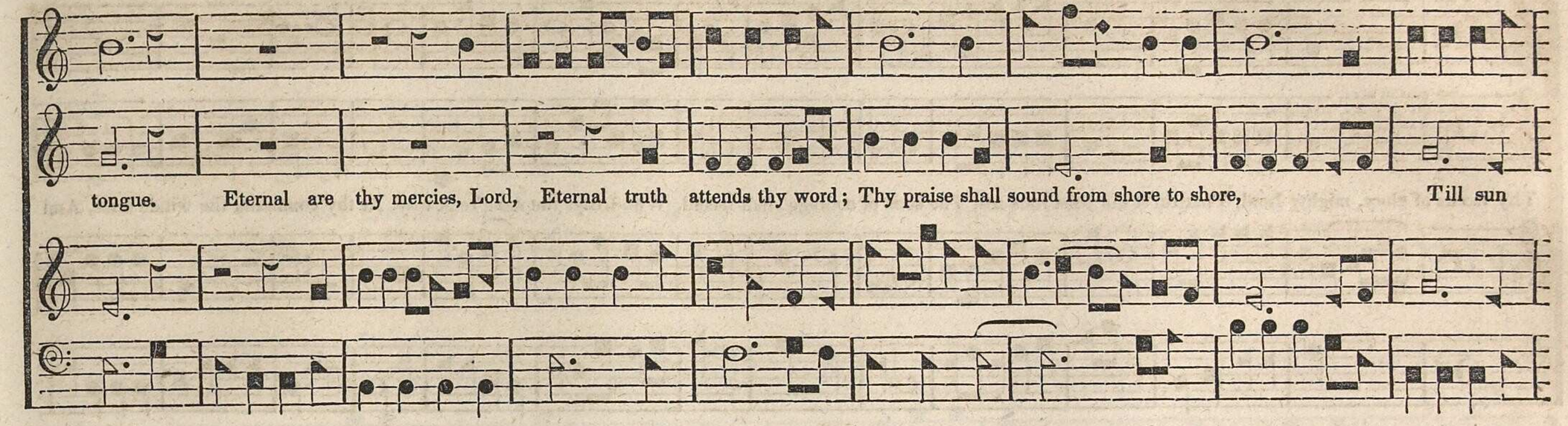
EDOM *Concluded.*

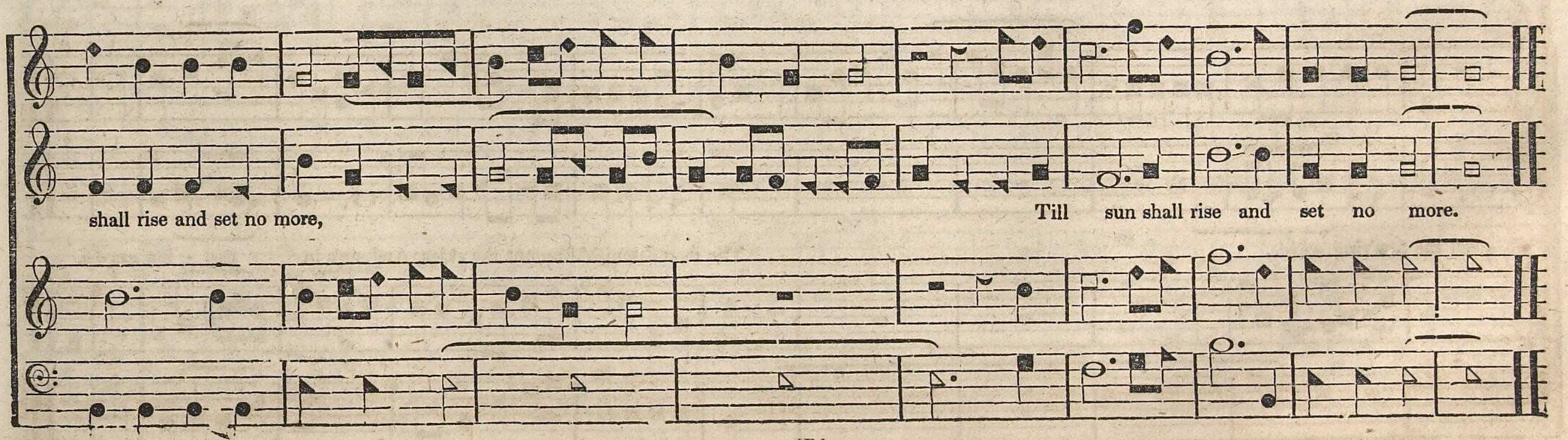


SCHENECTADY. L. M.

Shumway.




tongue. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till sun


shall rise and set no more,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rul'st the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dang'rous way. At thy command the winds arise, And

swell the tow'ring waves,

The men astonish'd mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves.