

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry 'cumb-'ring care, And spend the hours of clos - ing day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r. pray'r.

2. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sor - rows cast On God, whom I a - dore. dore.

3. Thus, when life's toil - some day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray Be calm at this im - press - ive hour, And lead to end - less day. day.

1. Fare - well dear breth - ren of the Lord, And I can - not tar - ry here with you!
Yet we be - lieve his gra - cious word, And I can - not tar - ry here with you!

2. Fare - well my earth - ly friends be - low, And I can - not tar - ry here with you!
My sav - ior calls, and I must go, And I can - not tar - ry here with you!

3. Fare - well to all be - low the sun, And I can - not tar - ry here with you!
The path is straight my feet shall run, And I can - not tar - ry here with you!

I want to hear the sto - ry, And I want to go in glo - ry! The gos - pel sounds the ju - bi - lee!

I want to hear the sto - ry, And I want to go in glo - ry! The gos - pel sounds the ju - bi - lee!

I want to hear the sto - ry, And I want to go in glo - ry! The gos - pel sounds the ju - bi - lee!

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now; At Thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now des - cend; Till our hearts with Thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3. Com - fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - turn; Those that are cast down lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope.

4. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a gra - cious God and kind; Heal the sick, the cap - tive free; Let us all re - joice in Thee.

CHATTAHOOCHEE, C. M. D.

F MAJOR JOSEPH SWAIN, 1792.

ALDOUS, 2008.

Firm - ly I stand on Zi - on's hill, And view my star-ry crown; No pow'r on earth my hope can shake, Nor

No pow'r on earth my hope can shake,

Firm - ly I stand on Zi - on's hill, And view my star-ry crown; No pow'r on earth my hope can shake, Nor

No pow'r on earth my hope can shake, can shake,

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 4/4 time, with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a repeat sign.

hell can thrust me down. The loft - y hills, and state - ly tow'rs That lift, That lift their heads on high Shall

The loft - y hills, and state-ly tow'rs That lift their heads on high, That lift their heads on high,

hell can thrust me down. The loft - y hills, and state-ly tow'rs That lift their heads on high, Shall

The loft - y hills, and state-ly tow'rs That lift their heads on high,

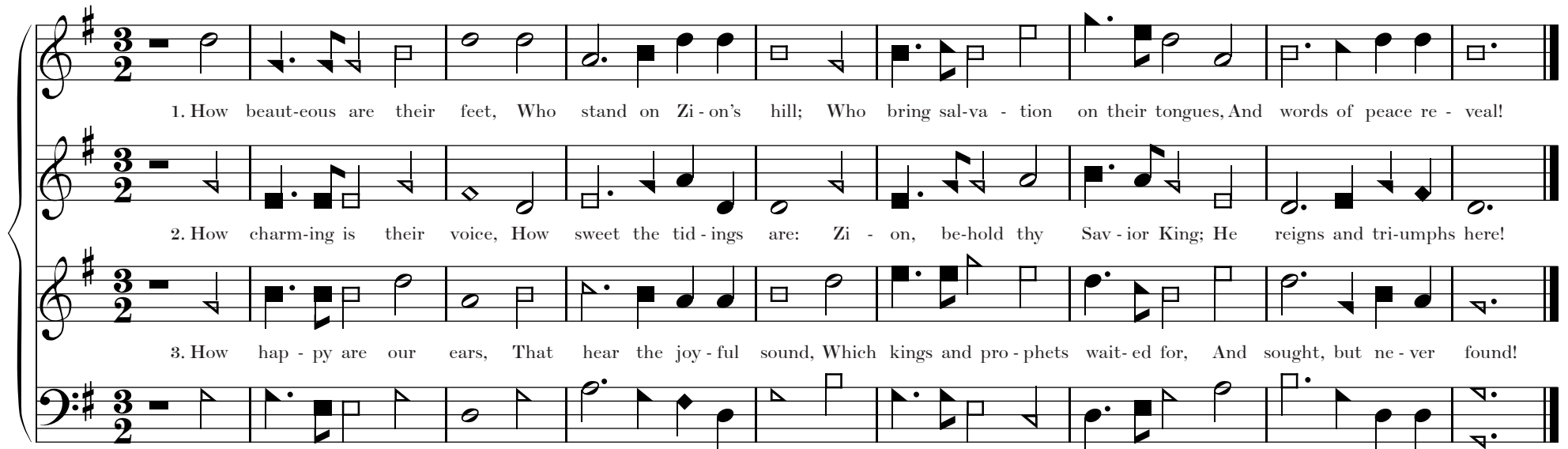
Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 4/4 time, with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music continues with similar notation to the first system, including a repeat sign and a double bar line.

CHATTAHOOCHEE. Concluded.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for a vocal line, and the bottom two are for a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "all be le - vel'd low in dust; Their ve - - - ry names shall die. die." The score includes first and second endings, indicated by "1." and "2." above the final measures. The music is in a minor key and concludes with a double bar line.

all be le - vel'd low in dust; Their ve - - - ry names shall die. die.

all be le - vel'd low in dust; Their ve - - - ry names shall die. die.



1. How beaut-eous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill; Who bring sal-va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!

2. How charm-ing is their voice, How sweet the tid-ings are: Zi - on, be-hold thy Sav - ior King; He reigns and tri-umphs here!

3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear the joy - ful sound, Which kings and pro - phets wait-ed for, And sought, but ne - ver found!

GRAND FERRY. C.M.

1. Sweet ri - vers of re - deem-ing love Lie just be - fore mine eye;

2. A few more days, or years at most, My trou-bles will be o'er;

3. My rap - tur'd soul shall drink and feast In love's un - bound-ed sea;

Had I the pin - ions
I hope to join the
The glor-ious hope of

Had I the
I hope to
The glor-ious

Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd
I hope to join the heav'n-ly host, And
The glor-ious hope of end - less rest Is

Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd to those ri - vers
I hope to join the heav'n-ly host, And sing on Ca - naan's
The glor-ious hope of end - less rest Is ra - vish - ing for

of a dove, I'd to those ri - vers fly Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd to those ri - vers fly. fly.
heav'n-ly host, And sing on Ca - naan's shore, I hope to join the heav'n-ly host, And sing on Ca - naan's shore. shore.
end - less rest Is ra - vish - ing for me, The glor-ious hope of end - less rest Is ra - vish - ing for me. me.

pin - ions of a dove, Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I hope to join the heav'n - ly host, host, rest
join the heav'n-ly host, I hope to join the heav'n - ly host, host, rest
hope of end - less rest, The glor-ious hope of end - less rest

to those ri - vers fly, Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd to those ri - vers fly. fly.
sing on Ca - naan's shore, I hope to join the heav'n - ly host, And sing on Ca - naan's shore. shore.
ra - vish - ing for me, The glor-ious hope of end - less rest Is ra - vish - ing for me. me.

1. 2.

fly,.....
shore,.....
me,.....

Had I the pin - ions of a dove,
I hope to join the heav'n-ly host,
The glor-ious hope of end - less rest

WALKER. C.M.D.

G Major Anon., c. 1583 (alt.).

Aldous, 2008.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee! When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee! Thy joys when shall I see?

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee! Oh, how I long for thee! When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee! Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone, Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Be - hold, thy streets are pav'd with gold! gold!

Most glor - ious to be - hold! Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone, Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Be - hold, thy streets are pav'd with gold! gold!

Most glor - ious to be - hold! Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

Slowly. 1. 2.

MULKERN, L. M.

E MINOR JOHN NEEDHAM, 1768.

ALDOUS, 2009.

1. A - wake, my tongue, thy tri - bute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing; Praise Him who is all
 2. Thro' each bright world a - bove, be - hold, Ten thou-sand thou-sand charms un-fold; Earth, air, and might-y

To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing; Praise
 Ten thou-sand thou-sand charms un-fold; Earth,

1. A - wake, my tongue, thy tri - bute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing; Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, Praise Him who is all
 2. Thro' each bright world a - bove, be - hold, Ten thou-sand thou-sand charms un-fold; Earth, air, and might-y seas com-bine, Earth, air, and might-y

To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing; Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, Praise
 Ten thou-sand thou-sand charms un-fold; Earth, air, and might-y seas com-bine, Earth,

praise a - bove, The source of wis-dom and of love, The source of wis-dom and of love. love.
 seas com - bine To speak His wis-dom all di - vine, To speak His wis-dom all di - vine. vine.

Him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis-dom and of love,
 air, and might - y seas com-bine To speak His wis-dom all di - vine,

praise a - bove, The source of wis-dom and of love, The source of wis-dom and of love. love.
 seas com-bine To speak His wis-dom all di - vine, To speak His wis-dom all di - vine. vine.

Him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis-dom and of love,
 air, and might-y seas com-bine To speak His wis-dom all di - vine,

EDGEWOOD. C.M.

A Minor *Southern Harmony*, 1835.

Aldous, 2010.

1. The cross of Christ in - spires my heart To sing re - deem - ing grace; A -
 2. Was e - ver love so great as this? Was e - ver grace so free? This

1. The cross of Christ in - spires my heart To sing re - deem - ing grace; A - wake, my soul, and
 2. Was e - ver love so great as this? Was e - ver grace so free? This is my dear de -

A - wake, my soul, and bear a part In
This is my dear de - light - ful theme, That

wake, my soul, and bear a part In my Re - deem - er's praise, In
 is my dear de - light - ful theme, That Je - sus died for me. That

A - wake, my soul, and bear a part In my Re - deem - er's praise. A - wake, my soul, and bear a part
 This is my dear de - light - ful theme, That Je - sus died for me. This is my dear de - light - ful theme,

bear a part In my Re - deem - er's praise. A - wake, my soul, and bear a part In
 light - ful theme, That Je - sus died for me. This is my dear de - light - ful theme, That

my Re - deem - er's praise. A - wake, my soul, and bear a part
 Je - sus died for me. This is my dear de - light - ful theme,

EDGEWOOD. Concluded.

my Re-deem-er's praise. A-wake, my soul, and bear a part In my..... Re-deem-er's praise. praise.
Je-sus died for me. This is my dear de-light-ful theme, That Je-sus died for me. me.

my Re-deem-er's praise. A-wake, my soul, and bear a part In my..... Re-deem-er's praise. praise.
Je-sus died for me. This is my dear de-light-ful theme, That Je-sus died for me. me.

1. 2.

GREEN - WOOD . P . M .

E Minor Samuel Crossman, 1664 (alt.).

Aldous, 2012.

1. My Lord is life, He'll raise my dust a - gain; Sweet
 2. I wake from sleep And leave my bed of clay;

1. My life's a shade, My days a - pace de - cline; My Lord is life, He'll raise my dust a - gain; Sweet truth to
 2. My peace-ful grave Shall keep my bones un - til I wake from sleep And leave my bed of clay;

1. My life's a shade, My days a - pace de - cline; My Lord is life, He'll raise my dust a - gain; Sweet truth to
 2. My peace-ful grave Shall keep my bones un - til I wake from sleep And leave my bed of clay;

1. My Lord is life, He'll raise my dust a - gain; Sweet
 2. I wake from sleep And leave my bed of clay;

truth to me! I shall a - rise and with these eyes, My Sav - iour shall I see, My Sav - iour shall I see. shall I see.

me! I shall a - rise and with these eyes, My Sav - iour shall I see, My Sav - iour shall I see. shall I see.

me! I shall a - rise and with these eyes, My Sav - iour shall I see, My Sav - iour shall I see. see.

truth to me! I shall a - rise and with these eyes, My Sav - iour shall I see, My Sav - iour shall I see. see.

FRENCHAY. S. M.

Bb Major *Percy Chapel Collection*, 1813.

Aldous, 2018.

1. My Sav - iour, fill my soul With ho - li - ness and peace; A - rise with heal - ing in thy wings; Bid sin and doubt - ing cease.

2. May things be - neath the sky En - gross my heart no more; Be thou my first, my chief de - light, My soul's un - bound - ed store.

3. In thee all trea - sures lie; From thee all bless - ings flow; Thou art the bliss of saints a - bove, The joy of saints be - low.

4. O, come and make me thine, A sin - ner sav'd by grace; Then shall I sing, with loud - est strains, In heav'n, thy dwell - ing place.

HIGHLAND. P. M.

A Minor Philip Doddridge, 1736.

Aldous, 2010.

1. Now let our mourn-ing hearts re - vive, And all our tears, And all our tears, And all our tears be dry . . . And all our tears be dry, And all our tears be dry.
 2. Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view the Lamb, Which view the Lamb, Which view the Lamb so nigh . . Which view the Lamb so nigh, Which view . . . the Lamb so nigh.

And all our tears . . . And all our tears be dry, And all our tears be dry,
 Which view the Lamb . . Which view . . . the Lamb so nigh, Which view the Lamb so nigh,

1. Now let our mourn-ing hearts re - vive, And all our tears, And all our tears be dry And all our tears be dry, And all our tears be dry.
 2. Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view the Lamb, Which view the Lamb so nigh Which view the Lamb so nigh, Which view . . . the Lamb so nigh.

And all our tears, And all our tears, And all our tears be dry And all our tears be dry,
 Which view the Lamb, Which view the Lamb, Which view the Lamb so nigh . . . Which view the Lamb so nigh,

Alford Lake. P. M.

A Minor Isaac Watts, 1709.

Aldous, 2015.

1. My God, per - mit me not to be A strang - er to my - self and thee, A strang - er to my - self and thee.

2. A - midst a thou - sand tho'ts I rove, For - get - ful of my high - est love, For - get - ful of my high - est love.

3. Why should I cleave to things be - low, And let my Rock, my Sav - iour, go? And let my Rock, my Sav - iour, go?

4. In se - cret si - lence of the mind, My heav'n, and there my God, I find, My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

NEW YORK, S. P. M.

E MINOR TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800.

ALDOUS, 2012.

1. When men of mis - chief rise In se - cret 'gainst the skies, Thy hand shall sweep them to the grave;
 2. Them - selves their wiles shall snare; The pits, their hands pre - pare, Be - fore their feet de - struc - tion spreads;

And Oh! be - yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom, How dread - ful is their
 The false plots they de - vise, Their ma - lice and their lies, Their ma - lice and their

And Oh! be - yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom, And Oh! be - yond the tomb, How
 The false plots they de - vise, Their ma - lice and their lies, The false plots they de - vise, Their

And Oh! be - yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom, And Oh! be - yond the tomb, How
 The false plots they de - vise, Their ma - lice and their lies, The false plots they de - vise, Their

And Oh! be - yond the tomb, be - yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom, And Oh! be - yond the tomb, How
 The false plots they de - vise, plots they de - vise, Their ma - lice and their lies, The false plots they de - vise, Their

NEW YORK. Concluded.

1. 2.

doom, Where not a hand is reach'd to save, Where not a hand is reach'd to save. save.
lies, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads. heads.

dread - ful is their doom,
ma - lice and their lies,

dread-ful is their doom, Where not a hand is reach'd to save, Where not a hand is reach'd to save. save.
ma - lice and their lies, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads. heads.

dread - ful is their doom,
ma - lice and their lies,

CARROLLTON, L. M.

D MAJOR JOSEPH PROUD, 1790.

ALDOUS, 2013.

1. O could I soar to worlds a - bove, That
 2. When he com - mands my soul a - way, No

O could I soar
 When he com - mands

1. O could I soar to worlds soul a - bove, That
 2. When he com - mands my soul a - way, No

O could I soar
 When he com - mands

bless - ed state of peace and love, a - bove, That bless - ed state of peace and love.
 world - ly cares shall my feet stay, a - way, No world - ly cares shall my feet stay,

bless - ed state of peace and love, a - bove, That bless - ed state of peace and love.
 world - ly cares shall my feet stay, a - way, No world - ly cares shall my feet stay,

CARROLLTON. Concluded.

How glad - ly would I mount and fly On an - gels' wings to joys on
 With rap - ture I shall wake and rise To join my friends a - bove the

How glad - ly would I mount and fly On an - gels' wings to joys on
 With rap - ture I shall wake and rise To join my friends a - bove the

How glad - ly would I mount and fly On an - gels' wings to joys on
 With rap - ture I shall wake and rise To join my friends a - bove the

How glad - ly would I mount and fly On an - gels' wings to joys on
 With rap - ture I shall wake and rise To join my friends a - bove the

high, How glad - ly would I mount and fly..... On an - gels' wings to joys on high. high.
 skies, With rap - ture I shall wake and rise..... To join my friends a - bove the skies. skies.

high, How glad - ly would I mount and fly
 skies, With rap - ture I shall wake and rise

high, How glad - ly would I mount and fly On an - gels' wings to joys on high. high.
 skies, With rap - ture I shall wake and rise To join my friends a - bove the skies. skies.

high, How glad - ly would I mount and fly
 skies, With rap - ture I shall wake and rise

HATCHET MOUNTAIN C.M.

A Minor Anne Steele, 1760.

Aldous, 2017.

1. Hear, gra-cious God! my hum - ble moan; To Thee I breathe my sighs; When will the mourn-ful night be gone, And when my joys a - rise?

2. Speak, Lord, and bid ce - les - tial peace; Re-lieve my ach - ing heart! O smile, and bid my sor-rows cease, And all the gloom de - part!

3. Yet, tho' my soul in dark-ness mourns, Thy word is all my stay; Here I would rest till light re - turns; Thy pre - sence makes my day.