SPIRIT MINSTREL;
A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND MUSIC,
FOR THE USE OF SPIRITUALISTS, IN THEIR CIRCLES AND PUBLIC MEETINGS.
SECOND EDITION IMPROVED.

By J. B. PACKARD & J. S. LOVELAND.

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1856.
Spiritualism, as an element of social influence, has become a fixed fact. Nothing can conceal the truth that a wider, deeper and more potent influence is exerted by it than by any other principle merely moral. Circles meet in almost every community—Sunday meetings are held in various places—State Conventions are called, and books, pamphlets, and weekly and monthly periodicals are issued. The friends of Spiritualism will not wish to see that influence diminished, but extended. And nothing more powerfully contributes to such a result than the fascination of music and song. This has been seen, and a few partial attempts made to supply the want. The Spirit Harp and Spirit Voices furnish us some beautiful poetry, but there are such marked defects as to preclude their general use. Much of the Harp is not adapted to metre, while many pieces are of inordinate length, occupying from two to three pages. But the most vital defect is the fact that we have no music, and hence are obliged to use the cumbersome works of common church music.

In view of these defects and the increasing demand for a suitable book, we are induced to present this work, as accomplishing in part, what is needed. We conceive the true idea of a book for popular use to include both music and poetry, and have made our book accordingly.

We have endeavored to collect the best of the popular music, with what of poetry was adapted to the use of Spiritualists, which with what is original will render our Minstrel, we trust, a welcome visitant to many an aspiring soul and circle.

Charlestown, 1853.

The Editors.

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A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.
## THE SPIRIT MINSTRELS

### CHANT

| 1 Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, | On earth, as it is in heaven. |
| 2 Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. |
| 3 And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever. |
**CHANT.**

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,  
   From whence cometh my help.
2. My help cometh from the Lord,  
   Which made heaven and earth.
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:  
   He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel,  
   Shall not slumber nor sleep.
5. The Lord is thy keeper:  
   The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
6. The sun shall not smite thee by day,  
   Nor the moon by night.
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;  
   He shall preserve thy soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in,  
   From this time forth, and even for ever more.

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**"THY WILL BE DONE."**

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

"Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine  
A gladdening and a prosperous sun;  
This prayer will make it more divine—  
"Thy will be done"

"Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er  
Our path with gloom; one comfort—one  
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore,  
"Thy will be done"

Close by repeating the first two measures—"Thy will..."
THE OLD HUNDRETH. L. M.

1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below,
From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise;

Praise him above, ye heavenly throng; Praise Him in joyous holy song.
Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' every land, By every tongue.

SECOND HYMN.

1
Good spirits from a brighter shore,
A fairer land than that of earth,
Right-glad we welcome you once more
Back to each lonely home and hearth.

2
Come from the climes of cloudless day,
The radiant realms by angels trod;
At morning, noon, or twilight grey,
Come in the name and love of God!
I'M A PILGRIM.

1. I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2. There the sun-beams are ever shining, I am longing, I am longing for the sight.

3. Of that country to which I'm going, My Redeemer, My Redeemer is the light.

Do not detain me, for I am going To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

Within a country unknown and dreary, I have been wandering forlorn and weary.*

There is no sorrow, or any sighing, Or any sinning or any dying.

* I'm a pilgrim, &c.
1. When the hours of day are numbered, And the voices of the night, Wake the better soul that slumbered To a holy, calm delight,
2. Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fitful firelight Dance upon the parlor wall;

3  Then the forms of the departed,  
     Enter at the open door;  
     The beloved ones, the true hearted,  
     Come to visit me once more.

4  With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
     Come the messengers divine,  
     Take the vacant chair beside me,  
     Lay their gentle hands in mine;

5  And they sit and gaze upon me  
     With those deep and tender eyes,  
     Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
     Looking downward from the skies.

6  Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
     Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
     Soft rebukes in blessings ended,  
     Breathing from their lips in air.
1. When shall the voice of singing Flow joyfully along? When hill and valley, ringing With one triumphant song,

2. Then from the craggy mountains The sacred shout shall fly, And shady vales and fountain Shall echo the reply;

Proclaim the contest ended, And truth its throne obtain, In love to earth descended, In righteousness to reign.

High tower and lowly dwelling Shall send the chorus round, All hallelujahs swelling In one eternal sound.
SECRET PRAYER.  7s & 6s.  J. B. PACKARD.

1. Go when the morning shineth, Go when the moon is bright, Go when the eve declineth, Go in the hush of night, Go with pure mind and
2. Remember all who love thee, All who are loved by thee, Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If any such there be; Thou for thyself in

3. Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee In solitude to pray, Should holy thoughts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way, E'en then the silent

4. O, not a joy or blessing with this can be compared—The grace our Father gives us To pour our souls in prayer; Whene'er thou pin'st in

feeling, Fling earth-ly cares a-way, And in thy closet kneeling, Do thou in se-cret pray. Do thou in se-cret pray. meekness, A bless-ing humbly claim, And blend with each po-ti-tion Thy great Redeemer's name, Thy great Redeemer's name. breathing, Thy spir-it raised a-bove, Will reach his throne of glo-ry Where dwells e-ter-nal love, Where dwells e-ter-nal love.
sadness, Be-fore his footstool fall; Re-mem-ber, in thy gladness His love who gave thee all, His love who gave thee all.
1. There are loved ones before us gone, To that bright, happy land, And those who've left us here below, To join the angel band.

2. Yet still they come with smiles of joy, They leave their home of flowers; They come at morn, at noon, and night To this cold world of ours.

3. Yes! with their tidings glad, they come, They leave their beauteous home, Our joys to aid, our griefs assuage, And bid us cease to mourn.

4. Then, mourner, dry thy tears of wo, Know, those thou lov'st are by; For God, thy Father's love doth show His angels ever nigh.

1. O, thou, the Life, the Light, the Truth, Whose law is writ in love,— Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, On earth as 'tis above.

2. Thy kingdom come,—O come in Thought To these poor hearts of ours, Till all is fair and sweet within, As cells within the flowers.

3. Thy kingdom come,—O come in Will That purposes the Life, The Truth to seek, the Good to win, Where now are sin and strife.

4. Thy kingdom come, O come in Deed, And banish all our woes, Until within each heart shall thrive The lily and the rose.
1. Gently o'er the senses stealing, Lute-like comes an unseen throng, Spirits, waking each a feeling With a birth-baptismal song.

2. Chalice held by fairy fingers, Seems the soul—all brimming o'er—'Neath a fountain, still it lingers Where the living waters pour.

3. Now, a mirror's disc it seemeth, Far beneath a crystal flow, Where the inner sun-light gleameth As the bubbles upward go.

4. Beaming eye-light truly telleth, In a language all its own, That behind these glances dwelleth Love, illumining pleasure's throne.
WANDERER, HASTEN HOME.

1. Hark! those bell-tones sweetly pealing, "Come, O, come," Far and wide melodious stealing, "come,

2. Hark! the bell to prayer is calling, Wanderer come,

3. Still the e'en-ceil voice is ringing a Come, O, come,

Come, O, come,

Through each heart the voice is thrilling, Storms of grief and passion stilling, Wanderer hasten home, Wanderer hasten home.

Far a-bove thee, Where dwell spirits pure and lovely, Wanderer 'tis thy home, Wanderer 'tis
--- YONDER'S MY HOME.  7s & 4.  N. BILLINGS.

1. I'm a lone-ly trav'ler here, Wea-ry, op-prest; But my journey's end is near—Soon I shall rest,

2. I'm a wea-ry trav'ler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near—I must be gone,

3. I'm a trav'ler to a land Where all is fair; Where is seen no broken band, Saints, all are there,

4. I'm a trav'ler, and I go Where all is fair; Farewell all I've loved below—I must be there,

5. I'm a trav'ler, call me not—Upward's my way; Yonder is my rest and lot, I can-not stay.

Dark and drea-ry is the way, Toil-ing I've come—ask me not with you to stay, Yon-der's my home.

Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me a-way; Pleasures that for-ev-er live,—I can-not stay.

Where no tear shall ev-er fall, Nor heart be sad; Where the glo-ry is for all, and all are glad.

Worldly honors, hopes and gain, All I re-sign; Welcome sor-row, grief and pain, If heaven be minat.

Farewell earthly pleasures all, Pil-grim I roam; Hail me not, in vain you call.
1. O Land of Bliss, my heart now turns With longing hopes to thee, As long the blossoms for the spring The sun-b
2. O Land of Fruit, that hangs so rich Up - on thy bending trees, O when shall I beneath thy shade inhale

3. And with me too, the beings loved, Find all of sorrow o' er, When shall these tearful partings cease On life's

free; O stream of Time, on whose sweet wave, Like flowers upon thy breast, My tho'ts thy flowing tide doth bend Towards that sw
breeze! And with these rapturous eyes behold The white-robbed angel band, And drink the flowing landscape in, The sweet

shore? And by those living streams may pluck, The amaranth and rose, And drink the nectar from the streams Where deathl
1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;

2. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are flowing along.

3. See from all lands, and from isles of the ocean, Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing, Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion, Shouts of salvation, are rending the sky.
1. This world's not all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given: He that sooth'd a widow's wo, Or
2. And he that walks life's thorny way, With feelings calm and even; Whose path is lit from day to day By
3. He who the Christian's course hath run, And all his foes forgiven, Who measures out life's little span, In

wiped the orphan's tear, doth know There's something here of heav'n, There's something here of heav'n.
virtue's bright and steady ray, Hath something felt of heav'n, Hath something felt of heav'n.
love to God, and love to man, On earth has tasted heav'n, On earth has tasted heav'n.
1. Hark! the songs of angels swell, Deep'ning thro' the radiant home, Where the blest immortals dwell, Where the thongs of seraphs roam.

2. Voices fill'd with sweetest love, Thrill the azure deep of heav'n; Gentle breathings far above, Down to weary earthlings giv'n.

Sweetly, gently rolls the song By myriad spirits borne a-long, Sweetly, gently rolls the song By myriad spirits borne along.

Calmly hush the heaving sigh, Show how blest the boon to die, Calmly hush the heaving sigh, Show how blest the boon to die.

3 Softly now those voices breathe, Echoing through the fainting heart, Smiles of hope and joy they wreath, Bliss celestial they impart;— Gladness reigns where woe is flown— Glory breaks where starlight shone.

4 "Come thou hither, wearied one, Breathe the smiling angels now, "Cheer thee 'neath the glowing sun, Bathe in light thy weary brow. Sing! for joy is born from gloom, Life has risen from the tomb."

5 "Welcome, welcome, child of earth," Chants the singing angel-band, "Death is proved a glorious birth, Leading to the spirit land. Time's dark waves are felt no more, Reach not the immortal shore."

6 Beauties soft and blending greet The vision of the raptured soul; Light, where friends celestial meet, Fills and cheers the perfect whole Rest from care and sorrow floa— Breathes the soul a deep
ARNON. 7, 6s & 8; or S. M., (by tieing two first notes.)

1. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth, Thy spirit long’d to be.
2. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest; Thine is an ear-ly tomb; But Jesus summon’d thee a-way; Thy Saviour call’d thee home.
3. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o’er; And sorrow, pain, and suffering now Shall ne’er distress thee more.
4. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest; Thy sins are all for-giv’n; And saints in light, have welcom’d thee To share the joys of heav’n.

5. Broth-er, thou art gone to rest; And this shall be our pray’r; That when we reach our journey’s end, Thy glo-ry may we share.

ASSEMBLED AT THE CLOSING HOUR.

1. As-ssembled at the closing hour, When we awhile must part, A song of praise to God we pour, With mel-o-dy of heart.
2. ’Tis by his goodness we are led With-in these favor’d walls; And eve-ry footstep here we tread, Thy goodness still re-calls.
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

1. Come, ye dis- con-so- late, where’er you languish, Come at the shrine of God, fervently kneel, Here bring your 2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the straying, Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the

3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above; Come to the

wound-ed hearts, here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not cure. Com-fort-er, in God’s name say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not cure.

feast of love; come, ev-er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but heaven can re-move.
1. When to your bright celestial spheres My spirit soars to view its home, How sweetly then shall

2. Eager this mournful scene to leave, Yet tranquil as the moon-lit bower, And smiling as the

3. O that 't would haste and waft me there, Where worlds shall roll beneath my feet; Where palms immortal flourish fair, And friends on earth beloved shall meet

4. The woes of earth are chains that cling, Released but by the hand of death; Its joys—the blossoms of the spring, That fall before the zephyr's breath;
1. We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For Lib-er-ty to fight,
We want no blaze of murderous guns,
To struggle for the right.
Our
We love no triumphs sprung of force,
They stain her brightest cause;
'Tis not in blood that Liberty Inscribes her civil laws.
She
3. We want no aid of bar-ricade
To show a front to wrong,
We have a cit-a-del in truth
More du-ra-ble and strong.
Calm
4. Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood,
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny;
But we re-ly
To see their triumph near.
No

Unison.

spears and swords are printed words,
The mind our bat-tle-plain;
We've won such victo ries before,
And so we shall a-gain.
writes them on the people's heart,
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striv'n in vain;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.
widow's groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain:
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall a-gain.
1. Earth is waking! day is breaking! Darkness from the hills has flown! Pale with terror, trembling Error Flies forever from her throne!
2. Up, to labor, friend and neighbor; Hope, and work with all thy might! Heav’n is near thee, God will cheer thee; He will ne’er desert the right.
3. Earth is waking! day is breaking! Fellow-toiler, bend thine ear; Hear ye not the angels speaking Words of love, and words of cheer.
4. Hark! they whisper us of holy Mansions in the courts above, Where, alike, the high and lowly Share the Father’s bounteous love.
5. Then, to labor! friend and neighbor; Though ye brave the serpent’s might, Never fear thee! God is near thee! He will ne’er desert the right.

1. In the lone and silent midnight, When the stars from darkness creep One by one, like blessed beacons, Sentinel our holy sleep;

2. Then I feel within my spirit Things of a purer life —

SECOND HYMN.

3. Light breaks in upon my slumber — Light of more than earthly bliss; Low and sweet come many whispers Soft with heavenly joyousness.

4. And around me, pure and saint-like Forms, in love and wisdom bright, Move through air with shadowy footsteps Smiling love with eyes of light.
1. O thou who drest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, if pire'd by sins and sorrows here, We could not fly to thee!

2. The friends, who in our sunshine live, When winter comes, are flown; And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears alone.

3. Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom, Did not thy wing of love come brightly waiting through the gloom, Our peace-branch from above?

4. Then sorrow touch'd by thee, grows bright, With more than rapture's ray; As darkness shows us worlds of light, We never saw by day.
1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed I
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death though I stray, Since thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion, my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my steps, till I meet thee a-

rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort-er near.
o'er; With oil and per-fume thou a-noint-est my head; O, what shall I ask of thy pro-vi-dence more?
bove; I seek, by the path which my fore-fa-thers trod Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy king-dom of love.
1. The seraphs bright are hovering 'Round the throne a'bove, Their harps are ever tuning To thrilling tones of love.

2. From earth is daily rising A rich, harmonious song; From sunny perfumed flow'rs By breezes borne a-long,

3. So Nature's voice is chanting A full, harmonious song, When morn-ing light is break-ing Or evening sweeps along.

Or thro' the azure soaring, Or poised on snowy wing, With glowing hearts adoring, Sweet cho'ral notes they sing. From hills in sunlight glittering, From smooth, deep emerald seas, A cloud of praise is rising, Like incense on the breeze.

And have our hearts no offering, Or voice of love to raise? 'Tis let the inward whispering Gush forth in earnest praise.
WHAT HAND CAN STAY.  C. M.  J. B. PACKARD.

What hand can stay the Spirit's Power? What light can soothe the dying hour? What hope can point to realms above? What faith can fill the soul with love?

2
The only hand this power can stay,—
The only star to light this way,—
The only hope to Zion's Hill,—
The only faith the soul to fill,—

3
Is God's own Love—this Spirit Power,—
Is Christ's own Love—that lights the hour,—
Is Love Divine, to mortals given,
FAIREST BLOSSOM, THOU ART FADING.  8s & 7s.

1. Fairest blossom, thou art fading Gently from thy native bough; As we gaze, Death's wondrous shading Pencils soft thy sculptured bro

2. O, what raptured vision meeteth Thy illumined spirit's eye; Thee thy guardian angel greet-eth, Radiant forms are hovering nigh.

3
Eye-lids fringed with silken lashes Joyously have open sprung; As to reach the vision lovely, Beauteous arms are upward flung

4
“Mother,” from those sweet lips breaking In affection's softest tone; Echoes in our hearts are waking Its subduing power to own.
GUARDIAN. 8s & 7s.

J. B. PACKARD.

1. When the evening star is stealing Slow-ly from the a-zure sky; And each lowly lit-tle flow-ret Sof-ty shoots its dewy eye:
2. When each little bird is sleeping Sweetly in its downy nest; And no sound the silence breaking, E'ri intrudes to mar its re
3. When the dew is soft-ly falling On each leaf and folded flower; And there seems a holy quiet In the stilly twilight ho
4. Then it is, that friends departed Leave their happy homes above; Then it is they're sent to cheer us, Whisp'ring kindly words o

SECOND HYMN.

1. Angel-mother, long I listened, Listened with attentive ear, And my eyes with tear-drops glistened When I knew that thou wast near;

2. Thou, my guardian-spirit ever, Ever through this lower sphere, Till the hand of death shall sever Every tie that binds me here.

3. Angel-mother, life is dearer, Dearer since my doubts are flown, And the lamp of life burns clearer When the way of truth is known.

4. Joys serene are stealing o'er me, O'er me joys before unknown; Lights celestial beam before me, Flowers are on my pathway strew
PRAYER.

J. B. PACKARD.

Slow and connected.

1. Come, for the crest-ed bil-low Sleeps on its az-ure pil-low, And the soft veil of eve lies mirrored there.

2. Come, for the night shades weep-ing, Their sil-ent watch are keep-ing, And in the gem bound arch the moon smiles fair.

3. Come, for the morn is break-ing, And the green earth is wak-ing, And the bright flowers their robes of beau-ty wear!

Come with thy heart's de-vo-tion, Calm eve-ry wild com-mo-tion, And with re-tir-ing day bend thee in prayer.

Come with each hallowed feel-ing, Each deep and pure re-veal-ing, And at the shrine of truth bend thee in prayer.

Come with thy glad thanks-giv-ing, And to the ev-er-liv-ing Pour out thy soul in humble, grate-ful prayer.
1. Angel father, oh! be near me. On my journey to the tomb! Angel mother, see
   Let thy blessed presence cheer me In the hours of pain and gloom.
Thou canst calm the brow of anguish, Thou canst soothe the heart of care!

D. C.

2. Angel sisters, oh! how lovely
   As in shining robes ye stand!
Haste away, ye lingering moments,
   Let me join the blessed band!
This conviction, how consoling!
   That though loud the breakers roar
Every wave of time in rolling,
   Bears me nearer to the shore.
1. Soft be the gently breathing notes, That sings our Father's saving love; Soft as
flo - ats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.
2. Soft as the morning dews descend, While warbling birds exult - ing soar, So soft
friend Be eve - ry sigh our bosoms pour,
3. Pure as the sun's enlivening That scatters life and joy Pure as the lucid orb of day That wide proclaims its m
Friend Be every sigh our bosoms pour,
4. Pure as the breath of vernal So pure let our devotion rise And purely let our songs rise To him who sets our spiri
1. Cease ye mourners, cease to languish, O'er the graves of those you love,
   Pain and death, and night and anguish, Enter not the world above.
   While our silent steps are straying, Lonely thro' night's deepening shade.

Glory's brightest beams are playing 'Round the immortal spirit's head.

2

Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come,
There no fear of woe intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.
THE MORN OF TRUTH.  L. M.  L. MASON.  From Carmini Sacra, by permission.

1. Sweet morn of Truth! thy dewy breath Wakes the glad music of the soul, While darkening clouds of
   2. The skies with cheering luster glow, The earth with beam-ing life is bright, And through the deep of
   3. From lofty heights of worlds afar, The sweets of heav-enly joy de-scend, As dimly shines the

Sin and death From saddened bosoms swift-ly roll,
Na-ture flow The ra-diant streams of new-born light.

The dismal night has passed away,
And sunlight gleams upon its breast,
While calmly dawns the rising day,
To crown the wearied sleeper's rest.

Arise, and sing the morning song,
Ye dwellers of the night-land earth
Let soul with soul be borne along
On breezes of celestial birth.
JERSEY. C. M.  
J. B. PACKARD.

1. Light from the Spirit World appears, The day begins to dawn! Glad spirits bid us dry our tears, And hail the glorious morn.
2. The earth so dark before, grows bright; The pris’ners cease to sigh, Before the splendor of the light, Error and crime shall die.
3. Dost hear the song of Angels? hark! Thy Spirit friends are near, Come, plume thy wings like yonder lark, And bid’st alien to fear.
4. Heaven is in sight, earth shouts for joy; Bright Spirits whisper near, "Let sweetest praise all hearts unite, We come to greet you here.
5. "We come, commissioned from above To show your future home—Al-lure to our sweet heav’n of love; Earth’s jubilee has come.

1. SECOND HYMN.  
All beauteous is our Spirit Home,  
All radiant and bright;  
Here sorrow’s tears are all unknown,  
And griefs come not to blight.

2.  
All peaceful is our Spirit Home,  
All free from strife and care;  
No discord sounds are ever known,  
In this our home so fair.

3.  
All lovely is our Spirit Home,  
For love here hath its sway;  
And sweetest flowers ever bloom  
Along our sacred way.

4.  
All heavenly is our Spirit Home,  
For here we all are blest;  
And hearts that once were sad and lone,  
Now bask in endless rest.
THE WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL. C. M. (Double.)

1. The world has much of beautiful, If man would only see; A glory in the beam-ing stars, The lowest budding tree;
2. 'Tis only that our eyes are dim And clouded, that we go So sorrow-ful, and lone-ly like, Along our path below;
3. There is a host of angels, who With every moment throng, If we would only list awhile The cadence of their song;
4. We know not half the good that lies Around our pathway here; We smother blessing with a sigh, Or drown it with a tear;

A splendor from the farthest east Unto the farthest west; Aye! every thing is beautiful And we are greatly blest! For kindling sights are in the skies, And on the spi- cy air, And beauty bids us wake and see That love is every where.

They speak in every sunny glance That flashes on the stream, In every holy thrill of ours, And every lofty dream. And think the earth is made amiss, Because in lone-ly hours We see among the thorns of life No soft and soothing flowers.
1. Let us with a joyful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind: For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever true.

2. He, with all-commanding might, Filled the new-made world with light: For his mercy shall endure, Ever faithful, ever true.

3. All things living he doth feed; His full hand supplies their need; For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever true.

1. Bright, Angel bands e'er hover
   In the air around us spread,
   And we feel their presence near
   In the daily paths we tread.

2. O, they give us daily, views
   Of a world more pure and fair,
   Whisper with a sweet, low voice,
   "God, and love, and home are there."

3. Through the vale of gloomy sad
   Safe our fainting souls they lead;
   While their tuneful songs of love
   Soothe us in our passage here.

4. O how rich, how high, how dear
   We must be in God's pure care;
   That he sends us Angel guard
   From his realms of fadeless love.
1. Love divine, all love exempting,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father, thou art all compassion,
Vis-its us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
1. How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss, Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;

2. They come—on the wings of the morning, they come, Desirous to lead some poor wanderer home,

Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode, And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.
SECOND HYMN.

1 What seraph-like music falls sweet on my ear,
   In strains so delightful? Oh! list that ye hear—
   Those rich flowing numbers, so liquid and clear,
   Breathe rapture untold, from some heavenly sphere.

2 'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the wave
   Of Jordan's lone stream as its billows I brave;
   'Tis the music of angels who hasten to bear
   My soul o'er the waters to that blessed shore.

3 A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight,
   I sink in sweet visions of heaven's dawning light,
   Bright spirits are whispering so soft in my ear
   Of heaven, sweet heaven! I long to be there.
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

1. Oft in the stilly night When slumber's chain has bound us, Kind spirits bring the light Of other spheres around us. They whisper soft of joy and peace, Our dreams of heav'n inspiring.

Thus in the stilly night, When slumber's chain has bound us, Kind spirits pure as light, Are watchful to secure us; Unconsciously we feel their pow'r, Their warnings timely given,

And when the noisy scenes Of busy life allure us, From ills to us unseen, They're hov'ring gently 'round us. Their vigil o'er us never cease, They're constant and un----tiring.

Thus in the stilly night, When slumber's chain has bound us, Kind spirits, pure as light, Are unseen, they guide at every hour, Our onward way to heav'n. 

2. And when the noisy scenes Of busy life allure us, From ills to us unseen, They're hov'ring gently 'round us. Their vigil o'er us never cease, They're constant and un----tiring.
1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame, Is it death? Is it death? 
    That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame, Is it death? Is it death? 
    If this be death, I
2. Weep not my friends, my friends, weep not for me, All is well. All is well. 
    Death now is conquered, conquered, I am free, All is well. All is well. 
    There's not a cloud that
4. Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye spirit throng. All is well. All is well. 
    I've come to join, to join your rapturous song. All is well. All is well. 
    Praise, endless praise to

soon shall be From ev'ry pain and sorrow free, I shall the light of glory see, All is well. All is well. 
    doth a-rise, To hide yon spirits from my eyes, I soon shall mount the upper skies. All is well. All is well.

God above, Whose bliss we all in rapture prove; And share the joys of spirit love. All is well, All is well.
I'M BUT A PILGRIM HERE.

1. I'm but a pilgrim here, Far from my home, I would not tarry long From that blest dome.
2. Earth has no charms for me, Sordid and cold; See all its proffered love Bartered for gold,—
3. To that celestial home Sorrow nor woe, Sin, sickness, pain and death, Never can go.

There a kind Father stands, Smiling in love, Robed in light, glorious bright, Far, far above.
Fading and fleeting too, Passing away; Hard the joys that employ Life's transient day.
No ear hath ever heard Nor eye hath seen, In what rest dwell the blest, Calm and serene.
SPIRITS BRIGHT ARE EVER NIGH.

1. Spirits bright are ever nigh, Filling earth, and air, and sky, 
   Weep no more, ye sons of earth, 
   Bringing truth, and joy, and love, From the fount of God above. 
   For the wrongs of mortal birth;

They shall flee like morning dew, Love shall every ill subdue.

3
Up, and toil, ye chosen sons, 
For earth's poor and sinning ones, 
Bring them back through faith and love, 
To the hope of joys above.

4
Rest not, sleep not, by the way, 
Pause not till that happy day, 
Dawns upon thy gladdened eyes, 
With the radiance of the skies.
VISION.  C. M.  (Double.)   J. B. PACKARD.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy
   land, Where my possessions lie. 2. O the transporting, rapt'rous scene, That rises to my
   vale, With milk and honey flow. 3. There gen'reous fruits that ne'er fail, On trees immor-
   tal grow: There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
   4. All o'er those wide extended plains, Shines one eternal
sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight!

No chilling winds nor pois'rous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father’s face,
And in his bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan’s waves around me roll,
Fearless I’d launch away.

There on those high and flowery plains
Our spirits no’er shall tire;
But in perpetual joyful strains
Redeeming love admire.
EDEN OF LOVE.

1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me, In that blissful region, the

haven of rest, Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And

lead me to mansions prepared for the blest; Encircled in light, And with
glory en-shrouded, My happiness perfect, my mind's sky un-clouded, I'll bathe in the

ocean of pleasure un-bound-ed, And range with delight thro' the Eden of love.

While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;
Then songs to our God shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, to Jehovah be-given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

Then hail blessed state! hail ye songsters of glory,
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Angelic love."
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love!
LOVE NEVER SLEEPS. L M. 6 lines. J. B. PACKARD.

1. Love never sleeps! the mother's eye Bends o'er her dying infant's bed; And as he marks the moments
   flow, While death creeps on with noiseless tread, Faint and distress'd, she sits and weeps, With beating heart! love never sleeps.

2. Yet e'en that sad and fragile form Forgets the tumult of her breast; Despite the horrors of the
   storm, O'erburden'd nature sinks to rest; But o'er them both another keeps His midnight watch, love never sleeps.

3. Oh! God of love! our eyes to thee, Tired of the world's false radiance, turn! And as we view thy puri-
   ty We feel our hearts within us burn; Convinc'd, that in the lowest deeps Of human ill! love never sleeps.
1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Round us for ever?
2. When shall love purely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless for ever?
3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Saviour! May we all there unite, Happy for ever!
4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon will peace wreath her chain Round us for ever!

Our hearts will never repose, Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!
Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never, no, never!
Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell And time our joys dispel—Never, no, never!
Our hearts will then repose, Secure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close, Never, no, never!
1. Great God, indulge my humble claim; Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glories that compose thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my father, and my God; And I am thine, by sacred ties, Thy Son, thy servant, both with blood.

3. With early feet I love to appear Among thy saints, and seek thy face; Oft have I seen thy glory there, And felt the pow'r of sovereign grace.

4. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise; This work shall make my heart rejoice, And bless the remnant of my days.

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SECOND HYMN.

1
O God of truth, arise and shine,
   In thy celestial light and love,
On this aspiring world of thine,
   And raise our hopes to realms above.

2
O let thy gracious rays of truth
   Be spread through earth's departing night,
And cheer the hearts of age and youth,
   With beamings of immortal light.

3
No more may Persecution's hand
   Sway o'er the world its iron rod,
While falsely claiming thy command,
   It riots in a martyr's blood.

4
Let senseless idols share no more
   The glories of thy sacred name,
But every land from shore to shore,
   The wonders of thy truth proclaim.
1. When up to mighty skies you gaze, Where stars pursue their endless ways, You think you see from earth's low clod, The wide and shining home of God.

2. But could you rise to moon or sun, Or path where planets daily run, Still heaven is spread above you far, While earth remote would seem a star.

3. 'Tis vain to dream these tracts of space, With all their worlds attract his face, One glory fills each rolling ball, One love attracts and moves them all.

4. Your earth, with all its dust and tears, Is no less his than yonder spheres; The rain-drops weak, and grains of sand, Are stamped by his immortal hand.

1
Radiant Sun of Truth divine,
Thy rays through boundless nature shine;
And from the earth in glory rise
To meet the brightness of the skies.

SECOND HYMN.

2
Wide let thy glory be displayed,
In one bright day, without a shade,
And thus may we supremely prove,
The nameless, endless joys of love.

3
Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth dispensed from shore to shore,
Till men of every land shall see
Its glorious brightness, and be free.

4
'Tis done—the Sun of truth appears,
The shades withdraw, the morning clears;
Its rays flow over land and main,
And one eternal day shall reign.
TRURO. L. M.

1. Bright Star of Hope, thy rise we hail; Our hearts drink in thy glad'ning beams, While in this lone and dreary vale, We seek thy bright unfading dreams.

2. Hall Star of Hope! our hearts adore Thy light which shines on life's dark wave, Like the bright guide on ocean's shore, The storm-spent mariner to save.

3. Sweet Star of Hope, we follow thee; Herald divine, we catch thy voice: Thy notes proclaim Earth's jubilee, And bid a ransomed world rejoice.

4. Hall Star of Hope! man's certain guide To truth and life, by mercy given; Spread wide thy rays, till man-kind Receive this rich-est boon of Heaven.

1. SECOND HYMN.

There is a pure, a peaceful wave,
That rolls around the home of love;
Whose waters gladden as they lave,
The bright and heavenly shores above.

2. While streams that on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
Over our barren land to stray.

3. The pilgrim faint and near to sink,
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refreshed beneath its verdant brink,
Rejoices in its gentle flow.

4. There, O my soul do thou repose,
Fast by that ever hallowed spring;
Drink from its crystal wave which flows
To heal thy wounded, weary wing.
\textbf{AWAKE THE SONG THAT GAVE TO EARTH. L. M. J. B. PACKARD. 53}

1. A-wake the song that gave to earth, The sacred joys of Freedom's birth! Angelic tongues the strain be-

2. Celestial peace! and is it ours To strike the harp on heav'ly towers? To welcome back the dove that

3. She comes! and, lo the orphan's wail No longer loads the passing gale; Contentment sheds her sacred balm, And Nature owns the sovereign charm.

4. She comes! and banner, spear, and plume, That led to conquest and the tomb, Wreathed with the olive, now adorn The triumph of bright Freedom's war.

brings The balm of healing on her wings?
O FLY TO THEIR BOWERS. 10s & 8.

1. Fly away to the promised land, sweet Dove, Fly away to the promised land, And bear these sighs to the friends I love—The happy, the beautiful land.
2. O fly to their bowers, sweet Dove, and say That hope is upon me now; I long to list to a seraph's lay, With bright glory upon my brow.

8. I will wait thy coming at dawn, sweet Dove, I will wait thy coming at eve, But bears some news from the friends I love, And then I will cease to grieve.

Deep gloom hath saddened my weary breast—With sorrow my heart it stirred—I long to hear from the land of the blest—O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird! I feel that this world is not my home—An Angel's sweet voice I've heard! It comes from beyond the dark, lone tomb, O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!

I could spring from this prison on wings of love, I could fall by death's conqu'ring sword, But I cannot stay from the friends I love, O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!
1. Now let our voices join To form a sacred song; Let pilgrims in the paths of earth With music pass along.

2. The flow'rs of par-a-dise In rich profu-sion spring; The Sun of glo-ry gilds the path, And dear companions sing.

3. See Heaven's golden spires In beauteous prospect rise; And brighter crowns than mortals wear Which sparkle thro' the skies.

4. All bright and pure are those Who mark the shining way, Who lead the weary wand'rans on To realms of endless day.

SECOND HYMN.

1
Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!

2
To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.

3
All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4
If done beneath thy laws,
Even servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.
Siloam

1. Let deepest silence all around Its peaceful shelter spread; So shall the living word abound, The word that wakes the dead.

2. How sweet to wait upon the Lord In stillness and in pray'r! What tho' no preacher speak the word, A minister is there.

3. He knows to bend the heart of steel, He bows the loftiest soul; O'er all we think and all we feel, How matchless his control!

4. And, O, how precious is his love, In tender mercy given; It whispers of the blast above, And stays the soul on heaven.

5. From mind to mind, in streams of joy, The holy influence spreads; 'Tis peace, 'tis praise without alloy, For God that influence sheds,

6. To thee, O God, we still will pray, And praise thee as before, For this thy glorious gospel-day, Teach us to praise thee more.
1. There is a region lovelier far
Than sages know or poets sing;
Brighter than Summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of Spring.

2. There is a world with blessings blest,
Beyond what prophets e'er foretold;
Nor might the tongue of angel guest
A picture of that world [unfold.]

3. It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose,
Nor darkness dims the radiant scene,
Nor sorrow's tear within it flows.

4. It is not fanned by summer's gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeams pale,
Nor there are known the evening hours.

5. No! no! this world is ever bright
With every radiance all its own,
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round from th' eternal throne.

6. In vain, the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky;
It is the dwelling-place of God.
1. I saw an angel in my dreams, An angel on its golden wings, Shedding around more gorgeous beams Than gild the heart's imaginings.

2. No word escaped it, but it smiled, And oh, so heavenly was the smile, I wished I were an angel child, And felt an angel's love the while.

3. But this I knew could not be now, Yet tho't if such an one might be My guardian, I might calmly bow To trials here, above be free.

4. And then I raised a prayer to heaven, That such a guardian mine might be, To watch o'er me while life is given, And keep from snares my spirit free.

5. Then came, where'er I chanced to be, The angel of the golden wing, From evil e'er restraining me, To good my heart encouraging.
WOODLAND. C. M.

1. Our God is love; and all his saints His image bear below: The heart with love to God inspired,

2. None who are truly born of God Can live in enmity; Then may we love each other, Lord,

3. Heirs of the same immortal bliss, Our hopes and fears the same, With bonds of love our hearts unite,

The heart with love to God inspired, With love to man will glow. Then may we love each other, Lord, As we are loved by thee.

With bonds of love our hearts unite, With mutual love inflame.

4

So may the unbelieving world See how true Christians love; And glorify the God of grace, And seek that grace to prove.
1. Come, let us join our friends above, That have obtained the prize; And on the earth
2. Let all the saints terrestrial sing, With those to glory gone; For all the service
3. One family we dwell in Him, One church above, beneath, Tho' now divided
4. One army of the living God, To his command we bow; Part of his host

wings of love To joys celestial rise.
of our King, In earth and heaven are one.
by the stream, The narrow stream, of death.
cross'd the flood, And part are crossing now.

His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast
And reach the heavenly land.
SECRET PRAYER. C. M.

J. B. PACKARD.

1. Sweet is the pray'r whose holy stream In earnest pleading flows! De-v'o-tion dwells upon the theme, And warm and warmer glows.

2. Faith grasps the blessing she desires; Hope points the upward gaze; And Love, celestial Love, inspires The eloquence of praise.

3. But sweeter far the still, small voice, Unheard by human ear, When God has made the heart rejoice, And dried the bitter tear.

4. No accents flow, no words ascend; All utterance faileth there; But Christian spirits comprehend, And God accepts the prayer.

SECOND HYMN.

1. There is a hope, a blessed hope,  
   More precious and more bright,  
   Than all the joyless mockery  
   The world esteems delight.

2. There is a star, a lovely star,  
   That lights the darkest gloom,  
   And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er  
   The prospects of the tomb.

3. There is a voice, a cheering voice,  
   That lifts the soul above,  
   Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,  
   And whispers, "God is love."

4. That voice, aloud from wisdom's height,  
   Proclaims the soul forgiven;  
   That star is revelation's light;  
   That hope, the hope of heaven.
THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

1. I am thy guardian angel, sweet child, and I rest In my own chosen temple, thy innocent breast; At midnight I
2. The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me; There are some, which, half breath'd, half acknowledged by thee, Steal sweetly and
3. I breathe o'er thy slumbers, sweet dreams of delight, Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night. Then remember

steal from my sacred retreat, When the cords of thy heart in soft union beat; When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tresses
silently o'er thy pure breast, Just ruffling its calmness, then murmuring to rest: Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathlessly

wherever your pathway may be, Be it clouded with sorrow or brilliant with joy, My spirit shall watch thee wherever thou
In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillows of snow;
With its own mimic mountains and star-spangled skies;
I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping,
To guard thee from art.

My incense shall rise from the throne of thy heart,
Farewell! For the shadows of evening are fled,
And the young rays of music which flows from thy heart.
O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art,
And listen to music which flows from thy heart.

Spirits of sorrow and weeping,
I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping,
To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

Morning are wreath'd round my head.
Farewell! For the shadows of evening are fled,
And the young rays of morning are wreath'd round my head.
1. Praise to God! immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.
2. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours From her rich, o'erflowing stores.
3. These, to that dear Source we owe Whence our sweetest comforts flow; These, thro' all my happy days, Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
4. Lord, to thee my soul should raise, Grateful never-ending praise; And, when ev'ry blessing flown, Love thee for thyself alone.

SECOND HYMN:

1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in every place; If we love a life of prayer, God is present everywhere.

2. In our sickness, in our health; In our want or in our wealth, If we look to God in prayer, God is present everywhere.

3. When our earthly comforts fail, When the woes of life prevail, 'Tis the time for earnest prayer, God is present everywhere.

4. Then, my soul, in every strait, To thy Father, come and wait; He will answer every prayer, God is present everywhere.
1. Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord, Be thy glorious name adored! Lord, thy mercies.

2. Though un worthy, Lord, thine ear, Beign our humble songs to hear; Purer praise we
   nev - er fail, Hail, ce - les - tial goodness, Hail!

3. While on earth ordained to stay,
   Guide our foot - steps in thy way,
   Till we come to dwell with thee,
   Till we all thy glory see.

4. Then with angel harps again,
   We will wake a nobler strain,
   There, in joyful songs of praise,
   Our triumphant voices raise.
OLMUTZ  S. M.

1. My Father! chearing name! O, may I call thee mine? Give me the humble hope to claim A portion so di-

2. Whate'er thy will de-nies, I calmly would re-sign; For thou art just, and good, and wise: O, bend my will to

3. Whate'er thy will or-dains, O give me strength to bear, Still let me know a father reigns, And trust a father's

4. My Father! bliss-ful name! Above expres-sion dear! If thou accept my humble claim, I bid adieu to

SECOND HYMN.

1

In God's eternity
There shall a day arise,
When all the race of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies.

2

As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.

3

As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love
Shall all employ at last.

4

Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.
1. Far from the world, O Lord I flee
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still Its most successful war.

2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made For those who follow thee.

3. There, like the nightingale, she posss
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise,

4. Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine!

SECOND HYMN.

1. How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word!

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4. Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.
Jerusalem! my glorious home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my labors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee!

2. There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow knows; East seats the rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you;

3. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there, Around my Saviour stand, And soon my friends in Christ below, Will join the glorious band;

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls, And pearly gates behold? Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel at death, dismay? I've Canaan's heavenly land in view, And realms of endless day.

Jerusalem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.
1. We come at morn and dewy eve, At radiant noon, and mid-night hour, To breathe our messages, or let

2. Think not our home is far away From human sympathy and love, Nor when desired, would we do

The speaking tokens of our power.

To leave our spirit home above.

Our mission is the work of love, To kindred in the earthly home, And will they not our work approve, And often kindly bid us come?

Thrice gladly, we the call obey, When yearning hearts the welcome give, Receive our love, our care repay, If our communion joyous live.
1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls di
2. There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous
balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heaven.
storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear, but heaven.

3. There faith lifts up the tearful
To brighter prospects given
It views the tempest passing
Sees evening shadows quickly
And all serene—in heaven.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal
And joys supreme are given
There rays divine disperse the
Beyond the dark, the narrow
Appears the dawn of heaven
FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.
Adapted to Playle’s Air, by J. Warren. By permission.

1. I saw thy form in youthful prime, nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time, and waste thy bloom a-way;
2. As streams that over golden mines in modest murmurs glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines within their gen-tle tide;

3. Could angels always stay above, then never had left thy sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love, we ne’er had lost thee here;

Yet still thy features bore that light that flies not with the breath,
And life ne’er looked more purely bright than in the smile of death.
So veil’d beneath a simple guise, thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm’d all other eyes, seem’d worthless in thine own.

Though many a gifted mind we meet, though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet than to remember thee.
BLESSED WORSHIP. L. M. Y. M. T.

1. Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is
   His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when, like wandering

3. We are his people; we his care; Our souls, and all our mortal frame; What last our honors
   God alone: He can create, and He destroy.
   sheep we strayed, He brought us to his fold again.
   shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4. We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
   High as the Heaven our voices raise;
   And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
   Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5. Wide as the world is thy command;
   Vast as eternity thy love;
   Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
   When rolling years shall cease to move.
1. Blest who with generous pity glows, Who learns to feel another's woes; Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,

2. Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand Give to his lot, the chosen land; Nor leave him in the troubled day,

And wipes the helpless orphan's tear. In every want, in every woe, Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

To unrelenting foes a prey. In sickness thou shalt raise his head, And make with tenderest care his bed.
There's not a star whose twinkling light illumines the distant earth, And cheers the solemn 
There's not a cloud whose dews distil Upon the parching clod, And clothe with verdure 

There's not a place in earth's vast round, In ocean deep, or air, Where skill and wisdom 
Around, beneath, below, above, Wherever space extends, There, Heaven displays its 

Gloom of night, But goodness gave it birth, But goodness gave it birth, But goodness gave it birth, 
Vale and hill. That is not sent by God, That is not sent by God, That is not sent by God, 

Are not found, For God is everywhere, For God is everywhere, For God is everywhere, 
Boundless love, And power with goodness blends, And power with goodness blends, And power with goodness.
1. Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name! May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same! O

2. Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know That humble compassion which pardons each foe: Keep
1. Father of me and all mankind, And all the hosts above, Let every understanding

2. Thy kingdom come, with power and grace, To every heart of man; Thy peace and joy and righteous

3. The righteousness that never ends, But makes an end of sin; The joy that human thought transcends Into our souls bring in.

4. The kingdom of established peace, Which can no more remove; The perfect powers of godliness, The omnipotence of love.
FRIENDSHIP. L. M.

1. They're near us when we heed them not, The loved, the lost, the ever dear; But not when we are bowed with grief,

2. In love, in hope, in patient trust, In inspiration pure and high, In spirit-worship and in prayers,

3. In every great and generous thought, In every throbb of sympathy, Our hearts are drawn more near to heaven.

4. Then seek them not 'mid clouds and gloom
   Or tears that dim the feeble light;
   But strive, though with a faltering wing,
   To follow in their path of light.

5. Then faint not in the "march of life,"
   Nor hang thy drooping eyelids more;
   "Tis hope, 'tis faith, 'tis trust in God,
   That will the lost again restore.
1. Come, kingdom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love! Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad, And wisdom from

2. Over our spirits first Extend thy healing reign; There raise and quench the sacred thirst, That never paid

3. Come, kingdom of our God! And make the broad earth thine, Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod, That flowers with

4. Soon may all tribes be blest With fruit from life's glad tree; And in its shade like brothers rest Sons of one family.

5. Come, kingdom of our God! And raise thy glorious throne In worlds by the undying trod, Where God shall bless his own.
INVOCATION. C. M.

1. Father in heaven, to thee my heart Would lift itself in prayer; Drive from my soul each earthly tho't; And show thy presence here.

2. Each moment of my life renew The mercies of my Lord, Each moment is itself a gift To bear me on to God.

3. O, help me break the galling chains, This world has round me thrown, Each passion of my heart subdue, Each darling sin disown.

4. O Father, kindle in my breast A never-dying flame Of holy love, of grateful trust, In thine Almighty name.

SECOND HYMN.

1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms above— That glorious temple in the skies Where dwells eternal love.

2 Thee we adore, and, Lord, to thee Our filial duty pay; Thy service, unconstrained and free, Conducts to endless day.

3 While in thy house of prayer we kneel With trust and holy fear, Thy mercy and thy truth reveal, And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray, And tune our lips to sing: Nor from thy presence cast away The sacrifice we bring.
PROSPECT.

1. As distant lands beyond the sea, When friends go thence, draw nigh; So heaven, when friends have thither gone, Draws nearer from the sky.
2. And as those lands the dearer grow, When friends are long away, So heaven it self through loved ones grows dearer day by day.
3. Heaven is not far to those who see With the pure Spirit's sight, But near, and in the very hearts Of those who see a right.

O come, ye weary ones of earth! Come listen to our call; We bend in love, O listen now! And make our home your all.

O come and rest where love dies not, Where fadeless flowers aye bloom; We bid you come—oh, tarry not To dwell amid care and gloom.

Why will ye linger by the way? Or doubt our guardian care? We would impress you, come away, With us our bliss to share.

We love you with undying love; We wish you to be blest; Then hasten, like a weary dove, To this your endless rest.
PERPETUAL PRAISE. C. M.

1. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God, Thro' all my fleeting days; And to eternity prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2. Nor shall my tongue alone pro-claim The hon-ors of my God: My life, with all its active powers, Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3. Nor will I cease thy praise to sing, When death shall close mine eyes; My thoughts shall then to nobler heights, And sweeter raptures rise.

4. Then shall my my lips, in endless praise, Their grateful tribute pay; The theme demands an angel's tongue, And an eternal day.

SECOND HYMN.

1. The glorious universe around,
   The heavens with all their train,
   Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
   In one mysterious chain.

2. The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
   To form one world agree;
   Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
   Compose one family.

3. God in creation thus displays
   His wisdom and his might,
   While all his works with all his ways
   Harmoniously unite.

   [6]

4. In one fraternal bond of love,
   One fellowship of mind,
   The saints below and saints above
   Their bliss and glory find.

5. Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
   Thy statutes are their song;
   There, through one bright, eternal age,
   Thy praises they prolong.

6. Lord, may our union form a part
   Of that thrice happy whole;
   Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
   Its life from thee the soul.
1. The glorious armies of the sky To thee, almighty King, Triumphant anthems consecrate,
2. But still their most exalted flights Fall vastly short of thee; How distant then must human praise
3. Yet how, my God, shall I refrain When, to my ravished sense, Each creature every where around
4. Thy numerous works exalt thee, Lord, Nor will I silent be; O rather let me cease to breathe,

And hallelujahs sing, Triumphant anthems consecrate, And hallelujahs sing
From thy perfections be, How distant then must human praise From thy perfections be.

Displays thy excellence, Each creature every where around, Displays thy excellence.
Than cease from praising thee, O rather let me cease to breathe, Than cease from praising thee.
1. Thou great Instruct-er, lest I stray, 
Oh teach my erring feet thy way! 
Thy truth, with ever fresh delight, 
Shall guide my doubtful steps a-right.

2. How oft my heart's affections yield, 
And wander o'er the world's wide field! 
My roving passions, Lord, reclaim; 
Unite them all to fear thy name.

3. Then, to my God, my heart and tongue, 
With all their powers, shall raise the song; 
On earth thy glories I'll declare, 
Till heaven th' immortal notes shall hear.
1. So let our lips and lives express, The holy gospel we profess: So let our works and

2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour, God, When the salvation

virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all divine,
reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.

3
Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4
Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.
1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am forever thine; I fear before thee all the day.

2. And while I rest my weary head, From care and business free, 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed.

3. I pay this evening sacrifice, And when my work is done, Great God, my faith, my hope relies, Upon thy grace alone.

4. Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace I'll give mine eyes to sleep; Thy hand in safety keeps my days, And will my slumbers keep.
1. Oh, for a calm and holy life! A tranquil walk with God! A sacred freedom from the strife That rages all a-br
2. I'm tired of Fol-ly's tin-sel glare, Of Learning's long debate; No more I breathe Ambitions's prayer, The toil for gold I h
3. But I would learn to rise at morn, As flowers greet the light; My song like fragrance upward borne To Him who rules the r
4. To pass in peace without al-loy, The days of life's a-ward; Humbly to toil, and find it joy, Be-cause I serve the I

\[ \text{SECON HYMN} \]

1. The sacred bond of perfectness
   Is spotless charity;
   O let us, Lord, we pray, possess
   The mind that was in thee.

2. Grant this, and then from all below,
   Insensibly remove;
   Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
   Made perfect first in love.

3. With ease our souls thro' death shall glid
   Into their paradise;
   And thence on wings of angels ride
   Triumphant through the skies.

4. Yet when the fullest joy is given,
   The same delight we prove;
   In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
   Our all in all is love.
CIRCLE. 8s & 7s.  J. B. PACKARD.  87

DESIGNED FOR THE OPENING OF CIRCLES.

1. Holy Father, gently bless us, As we meet in love to-night, Let no earthly care oppress us, May we all be filled with light.
2. Loving spirits hover o'er us, Angels bright, in truth arrayed, Ope the path of life before us, Lead us on to cloudless day.
3. Let no jarring thought divide us, Sweetest harmony be ours; Wisdom's richest feast, provide us, As we pass these happy hours.

SECOND HYMN.

1
May the grace of Guardian Angels,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Loving Spirits' favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.
1. Father of spirits, take, O take, The glory of thy grace; Thy gifts to thee we render back,

2. With love and harmony we came In singleness of heart; We met, O Lord, in thy blest

3 We part in body, not in mind; Our minds continue one; And each to each in love are joined, And hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul; No power can make us twain; And mountains rise, and oceans roll, To sever us in vain.
1. Mere earthly pow'rs shall fast decay, And youthful vigor cease; But those who seek to know the truth In strength shall still increase.

2. They, with unwearied feet, shall tread The path of life divine; With growing ardor onward move, With growing brightness shine.

3. On seraph-wings, they mount and soar, The wings of faith and love, Till past the cloudy regions here, They rise to heaven above.

SECOND HYMN.

1. How sweet and charming are the strains, That fall upon mine ear, They come not from the distant plains, Nor yet from mountains near.

2. They come not from the sons of earth, Of high, or low degree, They come not from the halls of mirth, Nor those of revelry.

3. But from the land I love, to bring Heaven's glorious truths, they come, That thou no more shall fear Death's wing, Nor his obscuring gloom.

4. Then let the angel's song be heard; Let all with eager ear, Catch every sweet, enlivening word, As it is wafted near.
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON, Carmini Sacra, by permission.

1. Calm is the thought which angels bring, To cheer the lonely and depressed, And loud the anthem which they sing, Amid the realms where all are blest.

2. Deep is the spring whose waters rise From depths within the new-born soul: Where streams gush up to greet the skies, And through their radiant bosom roll.

3. High is the realm where angels dwell, In cloudless splendor sweetly bright, Where gladd'ning strains of music swell Thro' mansions of eternal light.

4. Sing in the depths of holy joy, Ye dwellers of the shadowed earth; For bliss which sense cannot alloy, Thrills the pure spirit in its birth.

SECOND HYMN.

1. Why should we mourn that changes come, When 'neath the cold and shrouded snow, The grass and flowers may shelter find, And in the darkness bud and grow?

2. Why should we mourn that clouds are formed, And o'er our drooping spirits fly? The law that forms the clouds, expands The bow and brings unclouded sky.

3. Our hopes may fall like leaves away, As swiftly pass each winged hour, But leaves ne'er fall until the fruit Is formed within the bursting flower.

4. Then change is angel of the soul, That keeps all things from swift decay,— Through which the crystal here is formed, And life anew may spring alway.
1. Blest be the Lord, the God of love; Who show's his blessings from above; The rock, on which the righteous trust.

2. He to his saints redemption gives, The weak and humble he relieves; Supported by his grace we stand.

3. He views his children in distress, The widow and the fatherless; And, from his holy seat above, Supports them with his tender love.

4. For life and death are in his hand. All they who make his law their choice Shall in his promises rejoice; With gladness in their hearts, shall raise, Before his throne, triumphant praise.
JOYFULLY

1. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly onward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits a bove, 
   Angelic chor-is-ters sing as I come, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly haste to thy home;

2. Friends fondly cherish'd have passed on be-fore, Waiting they watch me approaching the shore; 
   Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly haste to thy home;

Soon with my pilgrimage ended be-low, Home to the land of bright spirits I go,

Sounds of sweet mel-o-dy fall on my ear; Harps of the blessed, your voi-ces I hear!
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy-fu-l-y, joy-fu-l-y resting at home.

Rings with the har-mo-ny, heaven's high dome, Joy-fu-l-y, joy-fu-l-y haste to thy home.

3

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow,
Spirits have broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home!
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.
1. Our heav'nly Father, hear The pray'r we of-fer now; Thy name be hallowed far and near, To thee all nations bow.
2. Thy kingdom come; thy will On earth be done in love, As saints and ser-a-phim ful-fil Thy perfect law a-bove.
3. Our dai-ly bread supply, While by thy word we live; The guilt of our in-iqui-ty Forgive, as we for-give.
4. From dark temptation's pow'r Our feeble hearts defend; Deliv-er in the e-vil hour, And guide us to the end.
5. Thine, then, forever be Glo-ry and pow'r divine; The sceptre, throne, and majes-ty Of heav'n and earth are thine.

SECOND HYMN.

1
And let our bodies part,
To different homes repair,
Inseparably joined in heart
Our happy spirits are.

2
Pure love, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still it keeps our spirits one,
Who walk in truth's clear light

3
O let us still proceed
In wisdom's work below;
And following its unerring lead,
To certain victory go.

4
And let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where wasting toil shall end.
1. A - rise, with joyous song, All Nature chants the lay, In one u - ni - ted throng, In perfect har - mo - ny; The fragrant

2. A - rise, with joy survey, The bright Harmonial dawn, It usher in the day, Of perfect Freedom born, At early

Flowers, with odors sweet, In matin song all Na - ture greet: Have we no song of praise to give, To him in whom we joyous live.

morn the feathered choir, Chant in their praise, With Nature’s Lyre; Oh! may we join with Nature’s Lay To usher in the new born day.
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