THE YOUNG LADIES' CHOIR

BY

GEORGE F. ROOT

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THE

YOUNG LADIES' CHOIR;

A

COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC,

ARRANGED IN ONE, TWO AND THREE PARTS,

FOR LADIES' VOICES,

With an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF THE SEMINARY AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

GEORGE F. ROOT,

Professor of Music in the "Institution of the Messrs. Abbott," the "Rutgers' Female Institute," and other Schools in the city of New York.

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PREFACE.

THE EDITOR of this work has been for some time past urged to prepare a book of music suitable for the opening and closing exercises of young ladies' schools—and knowing that in most of the Seminaries and Institutions throughout the country singing is introduced in devotional exercises if not as a study, and feeling the need of such a work in the Institutions and Schools in which he teaches, he has been induced to prepare this, which he hopes will not be considered an unimportant addition to the many valuable collections already prepared for the school and parlor.

The Solfeggios at the commencement will be found useful for the study of expression preparatory to the application of words. The psalm and hymn tunes and chants are particularly designed for the chapel service, at opening and closing school; and the songs, duetts, and trios will be found appropriate for the same, or for any other occasion when singing is introduced, either as study or recreation. It is also hoped that this book may be found worthy of a place in the social circle, and afford pleasant and profitable employment for many hours.

The selection and arrangement of the words used in this work is principally by Rev. GORHAM D. ABBOTT.

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SOLFEGGI.

The following *Solfeggios* are designed for practice in the different keys in which vocal music is written, and also in the different kinds of time and varieties of style and expression. The Classes or pupils practising these are supposed to have been through the transpositions of the scale in the elementary principles.

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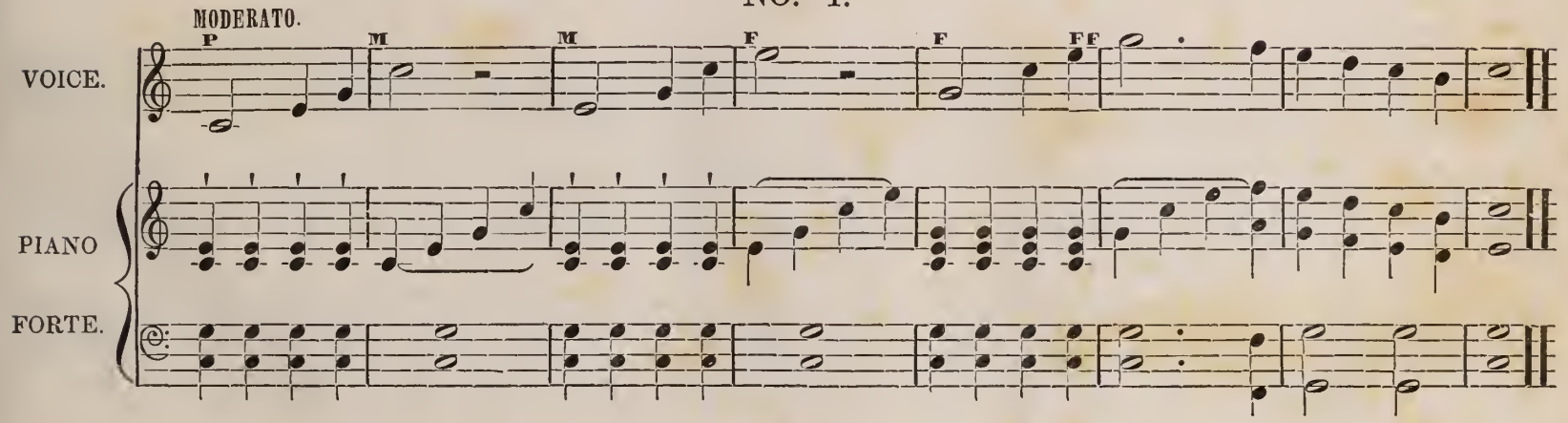

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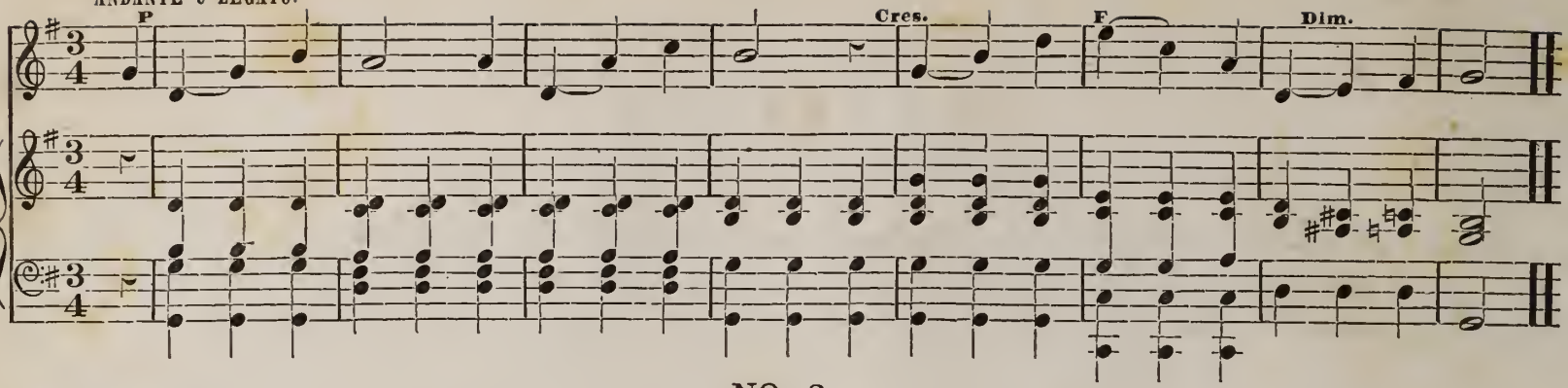

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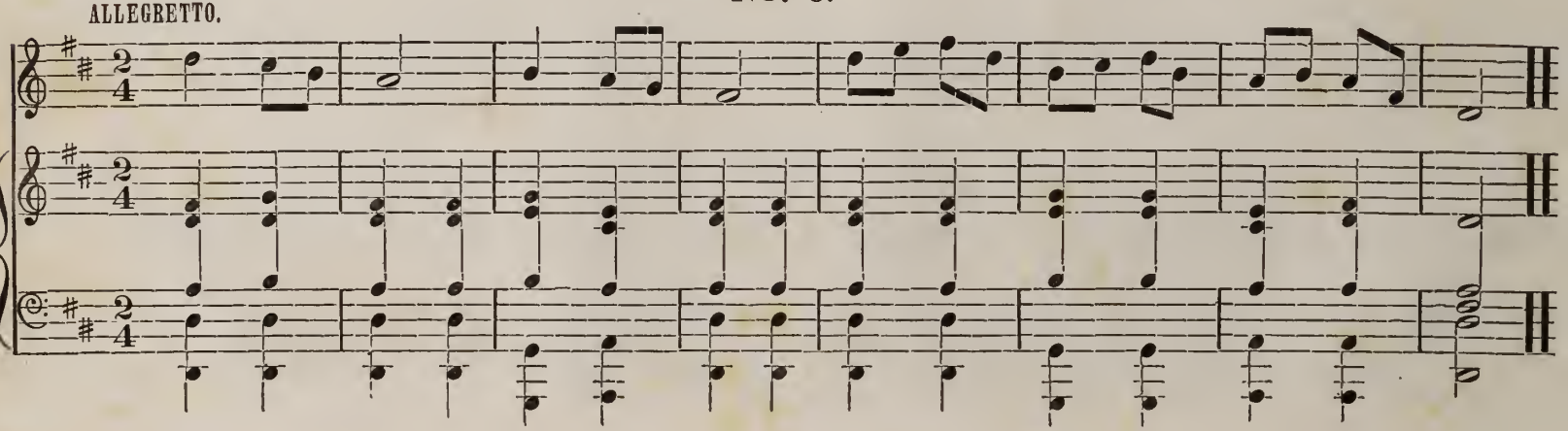

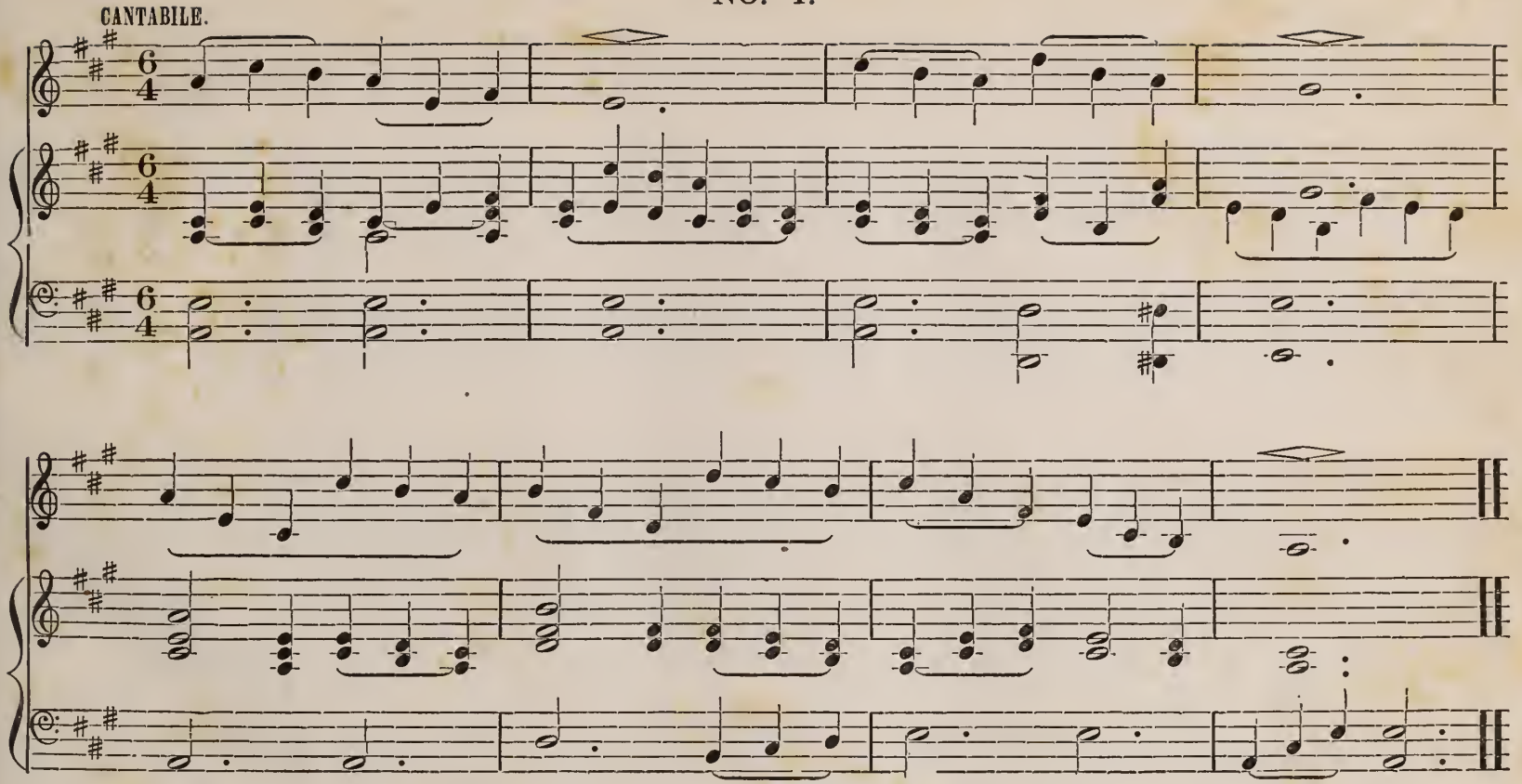
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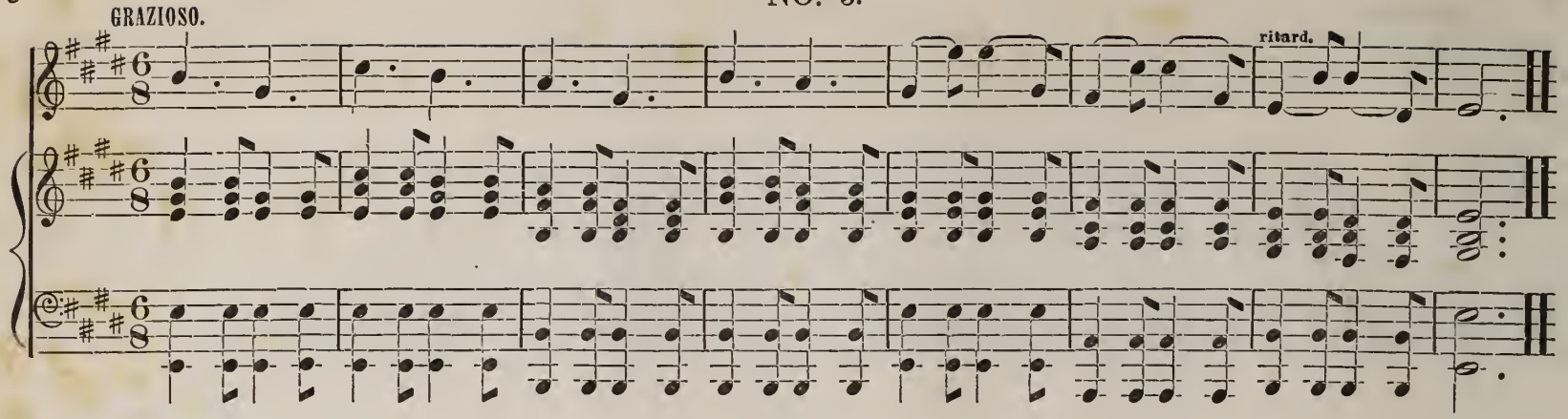

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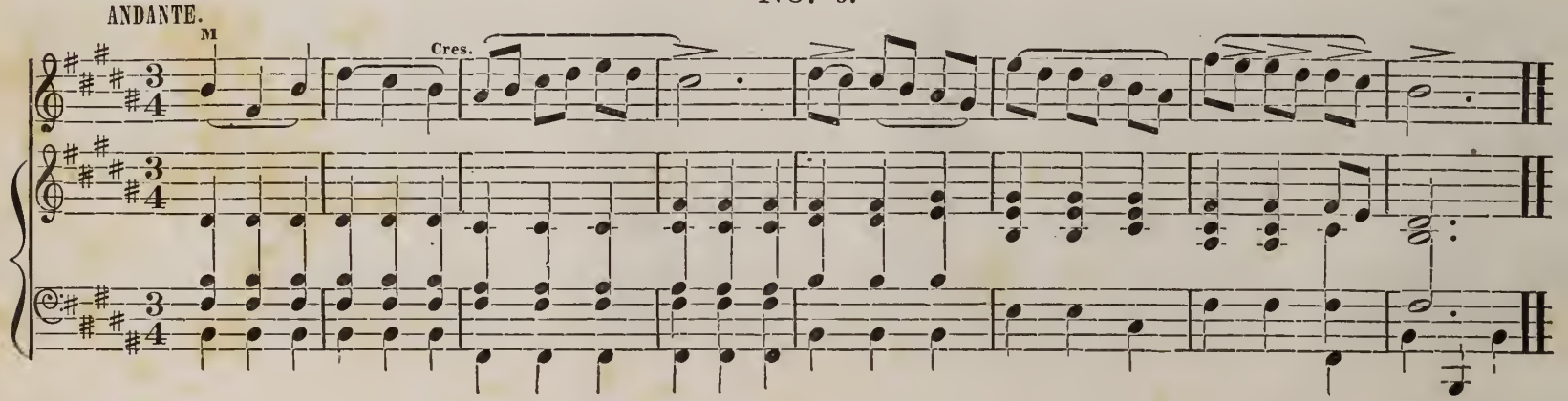
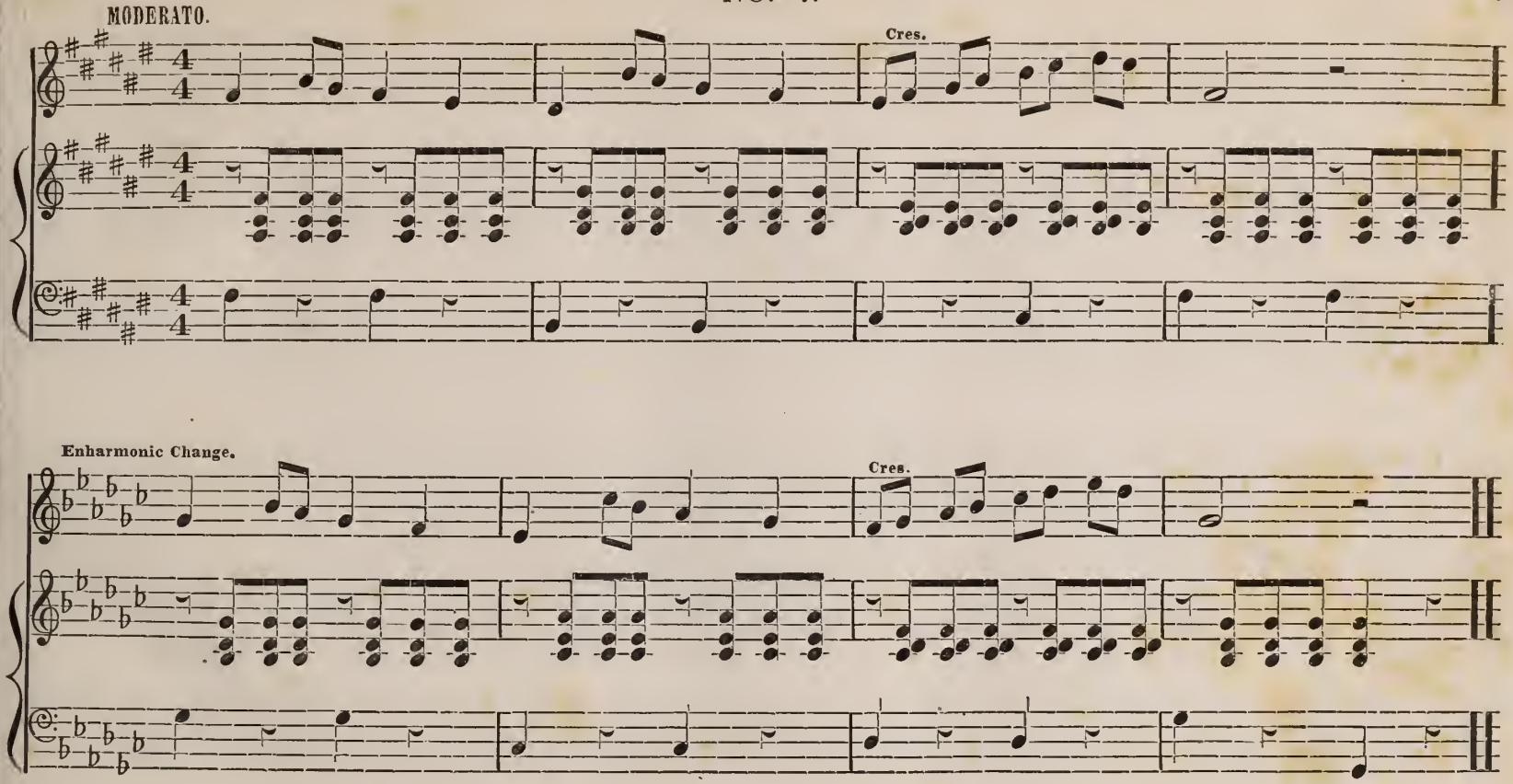
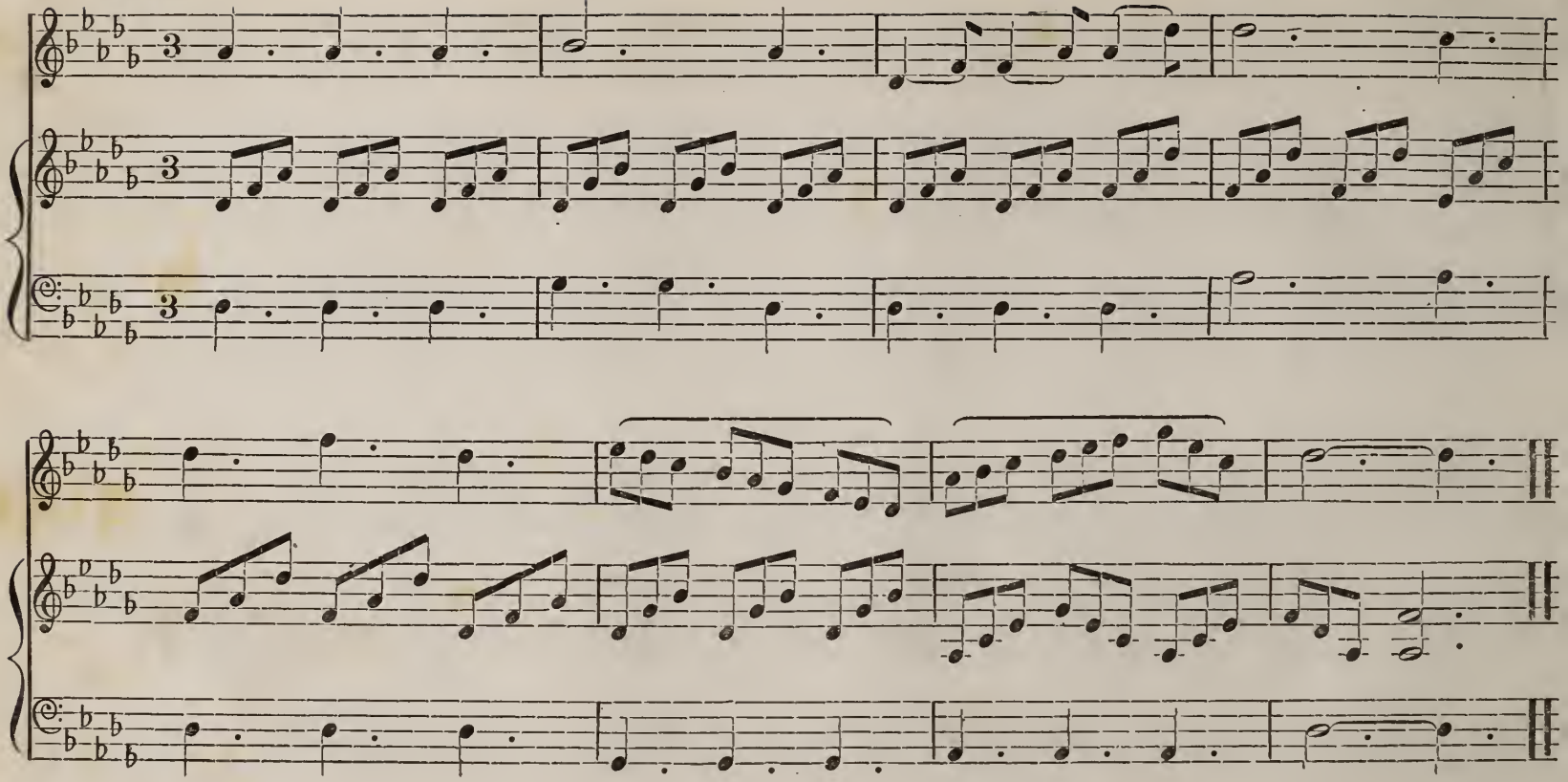



MODERATO.
Cres.
Enharmonic Change.
Cres.

NO. 8.

ANDANTE.



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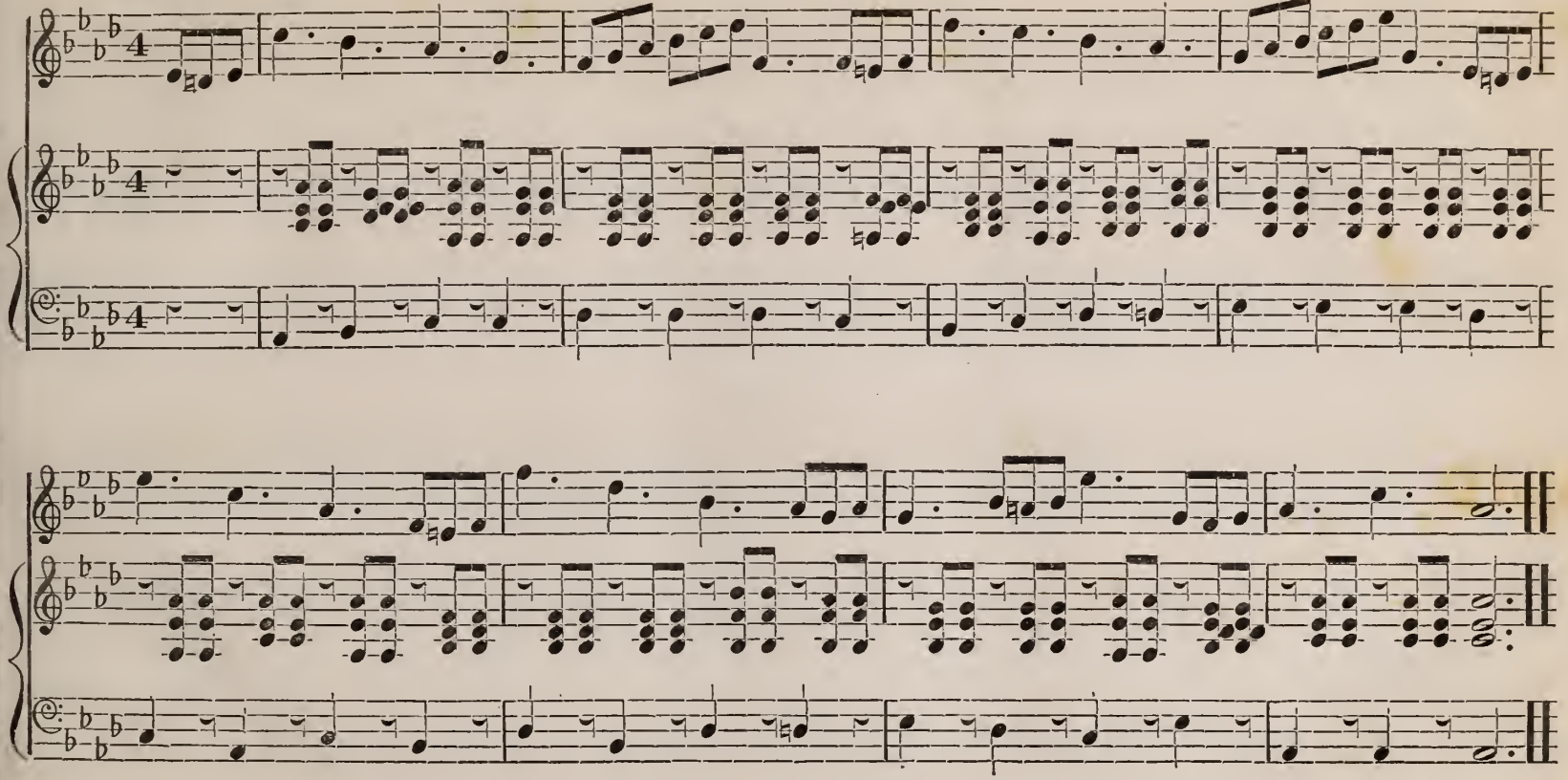

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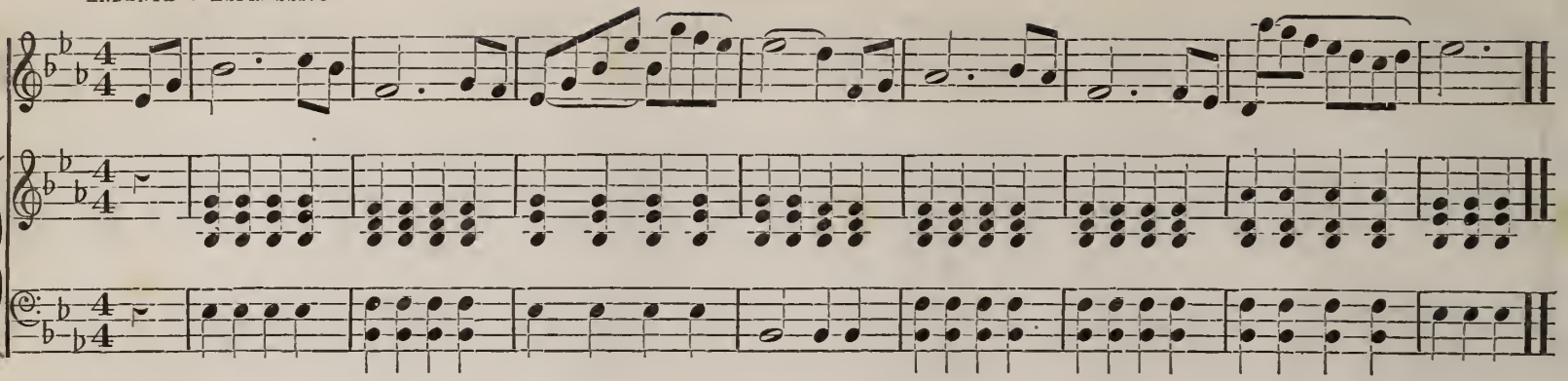

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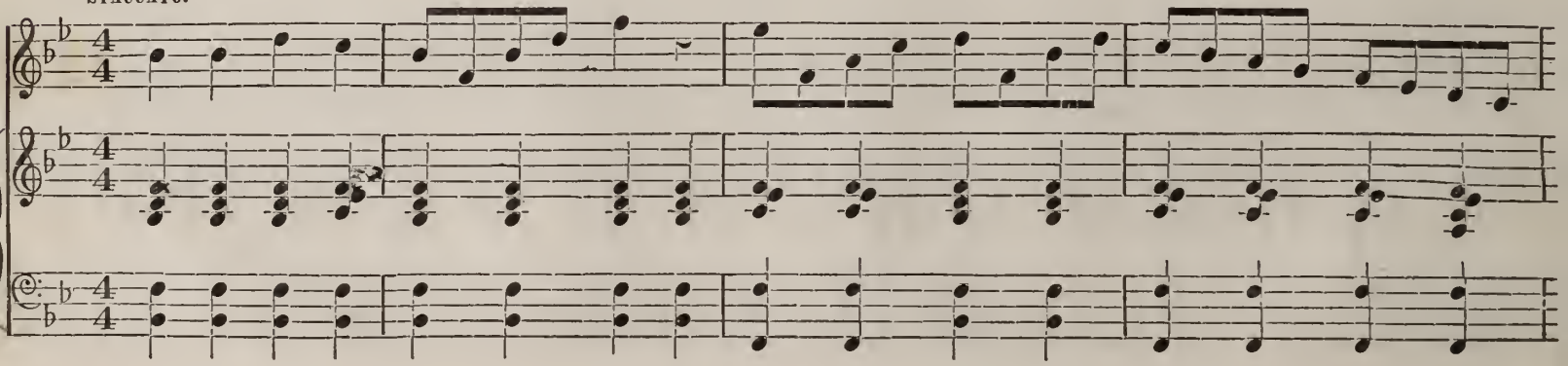

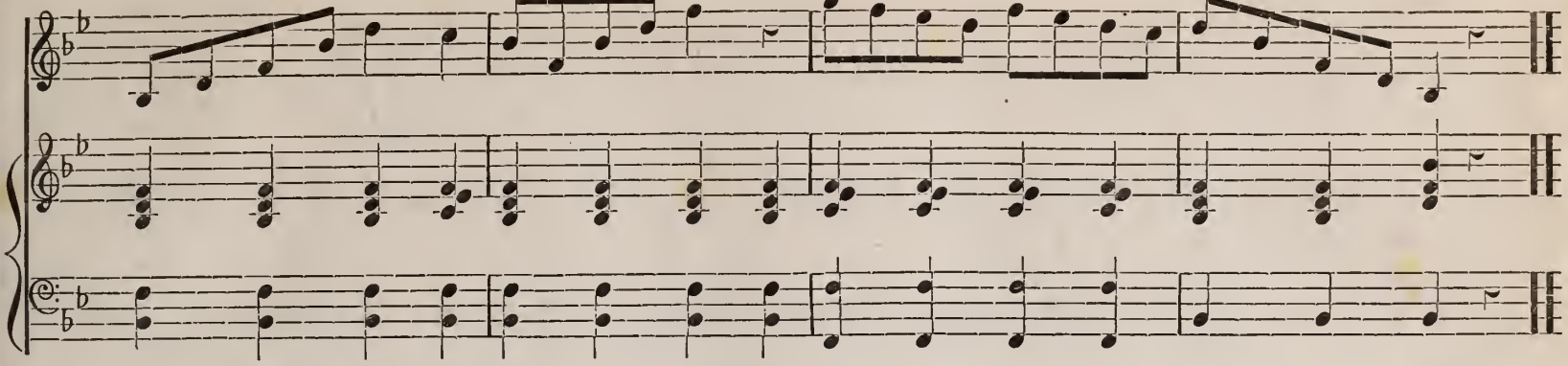

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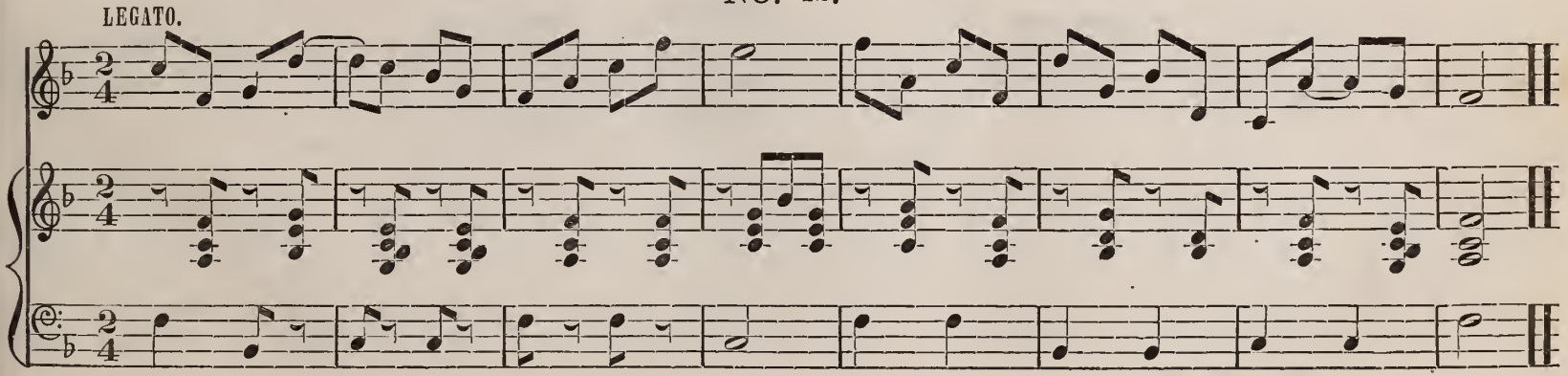
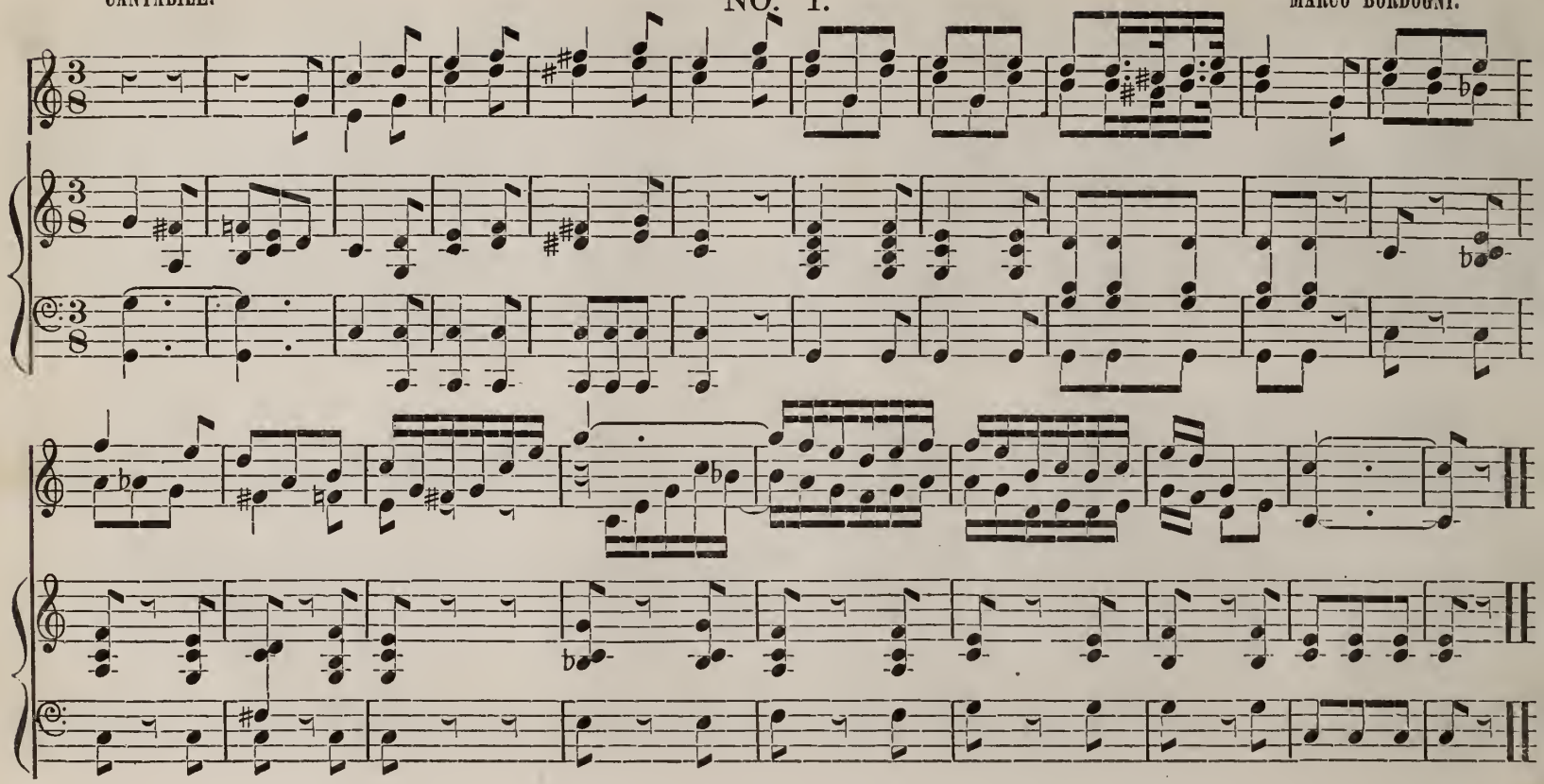


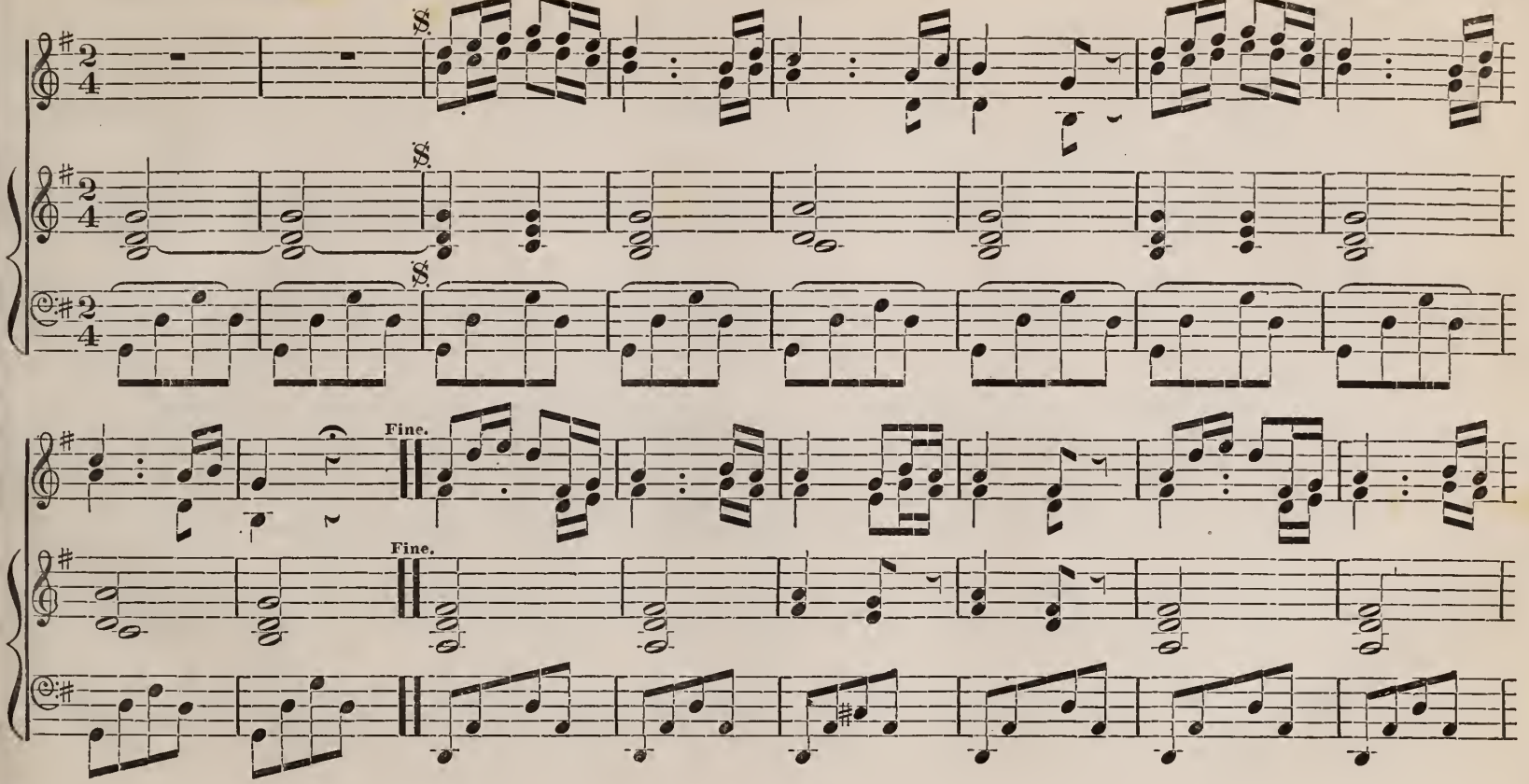
SOLFEGGI.—Second Series.

CANTABILE.

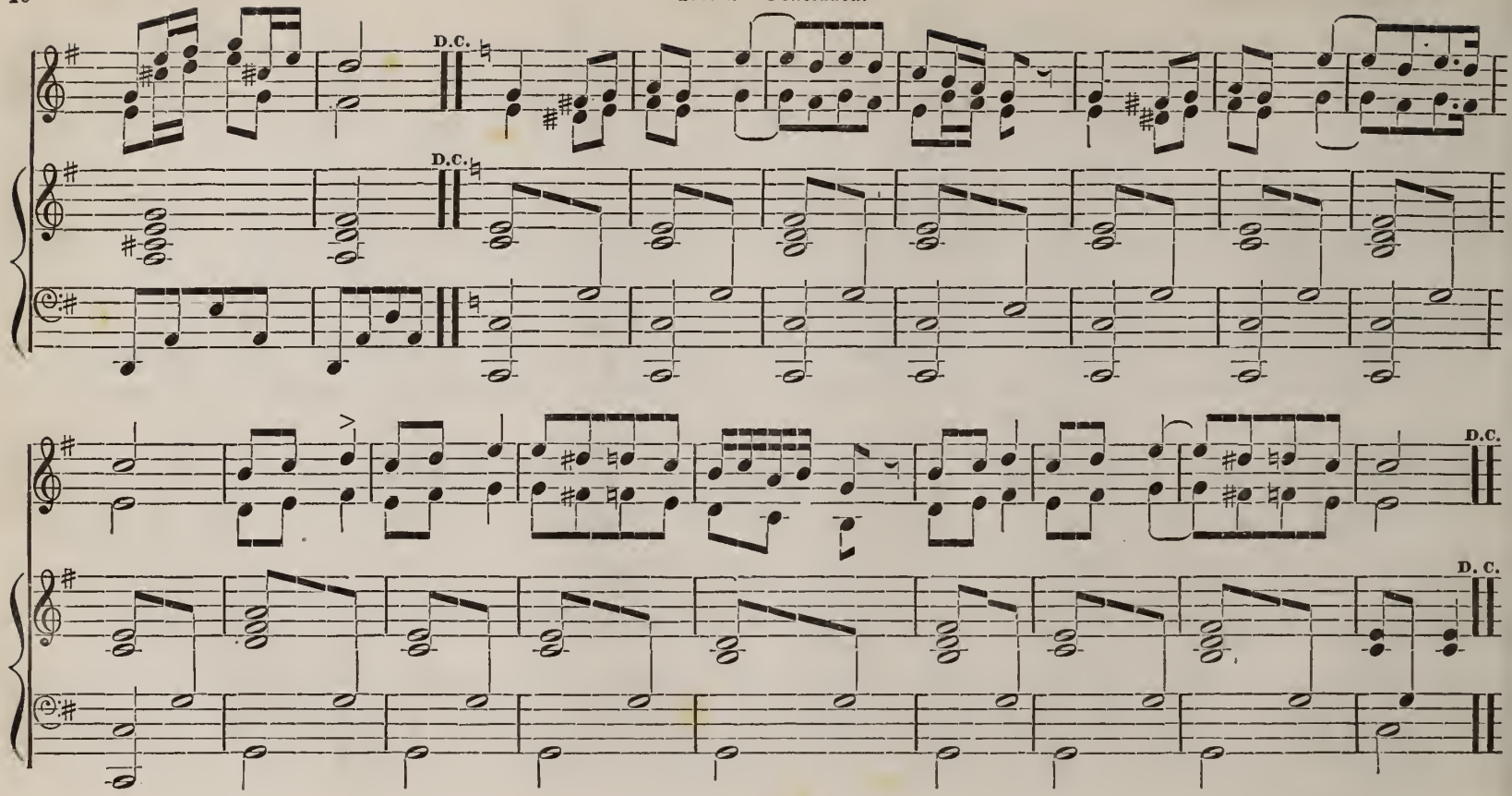
NO. 1.

MARCO BORDOGNI.




Fine.
Fine.

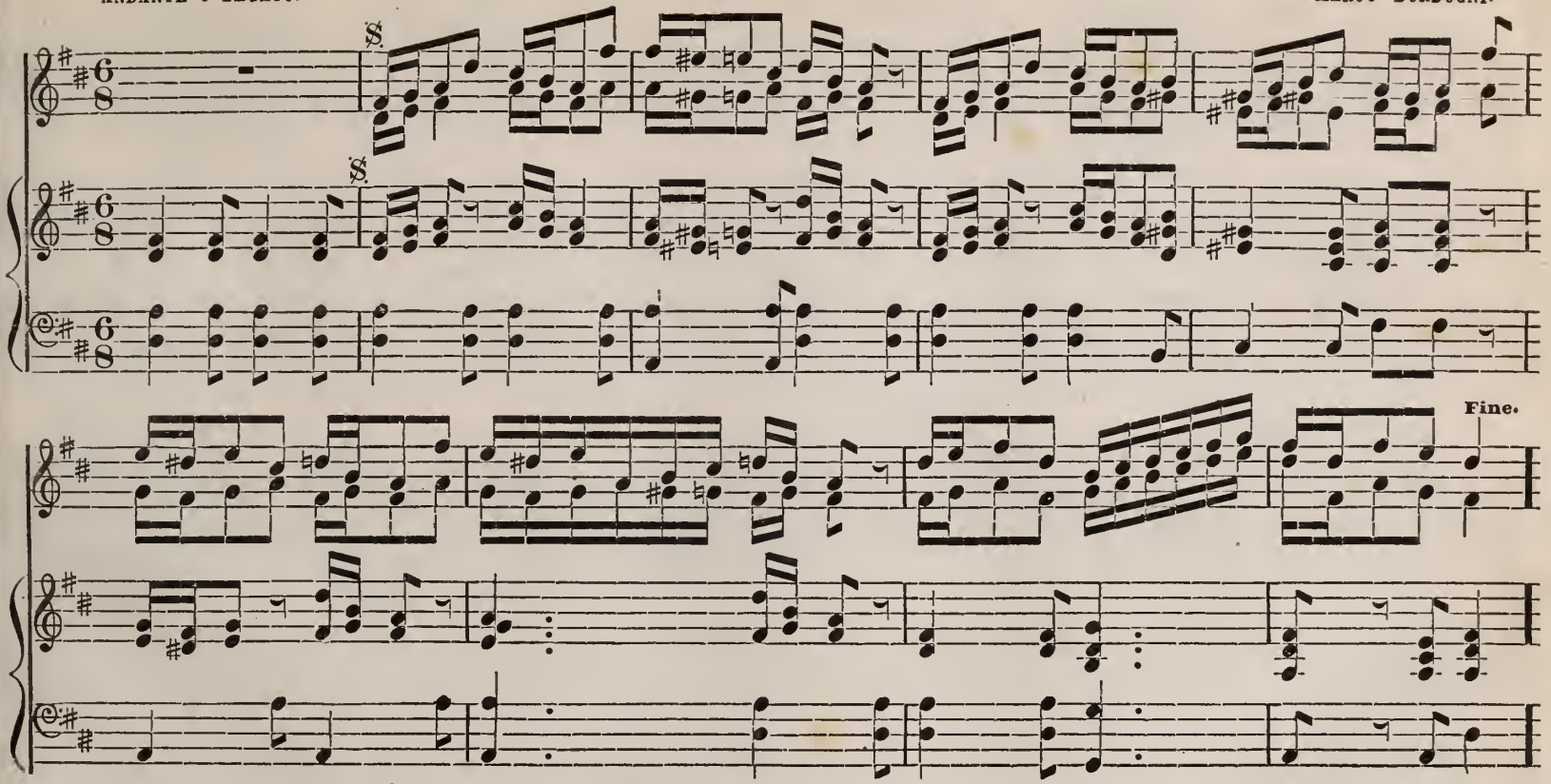
No. 2—*Concluded.*



NO. 3.

ANDANTE e LEGATO.

MARCO BORDOGNI.



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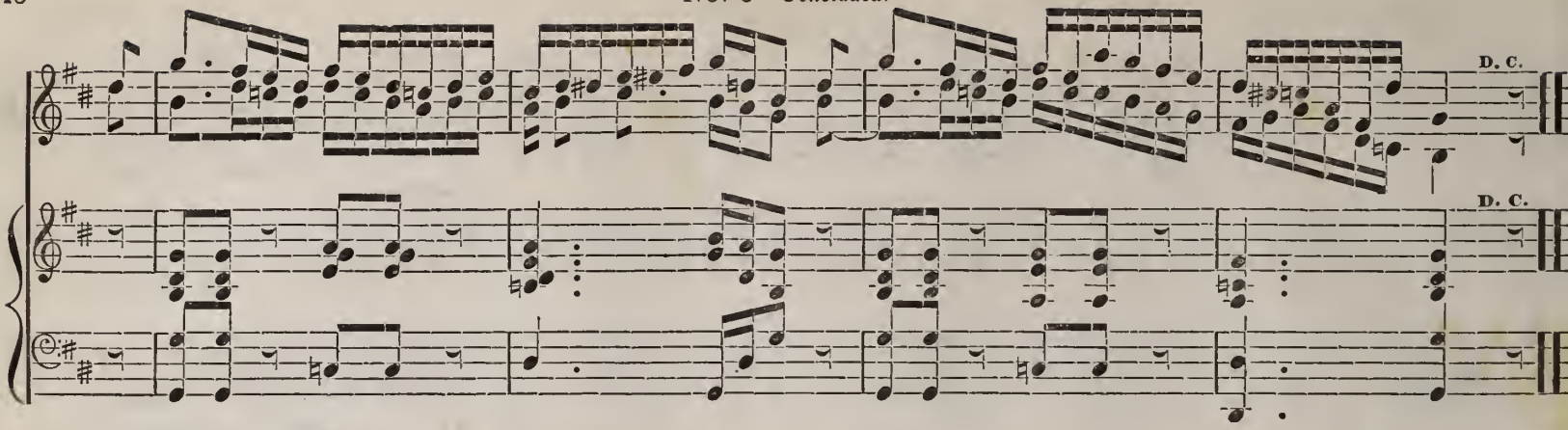

NO. 4.

ANDANTE SOSTENUTO.

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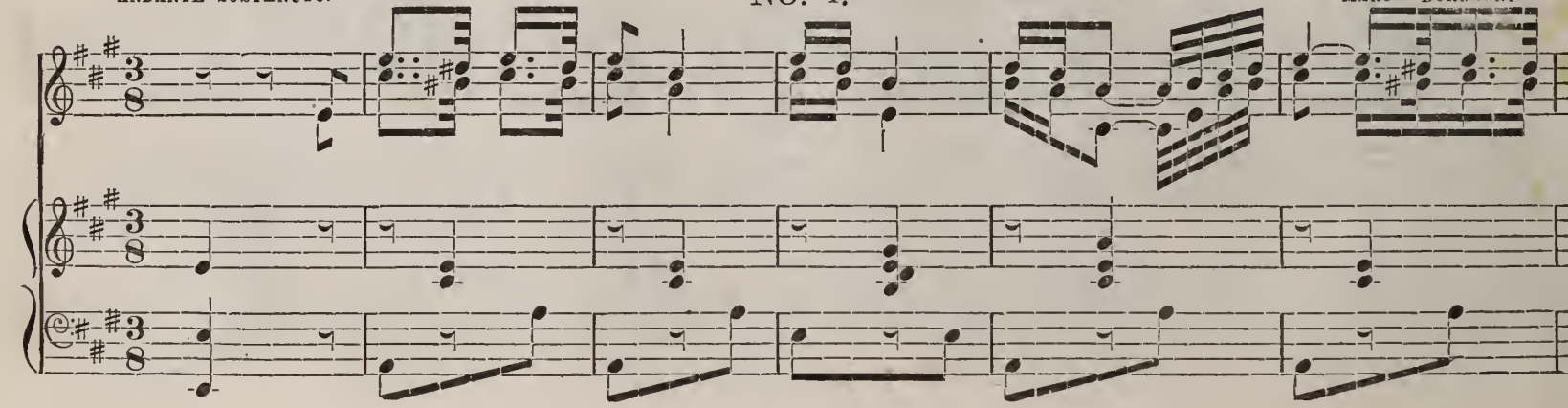
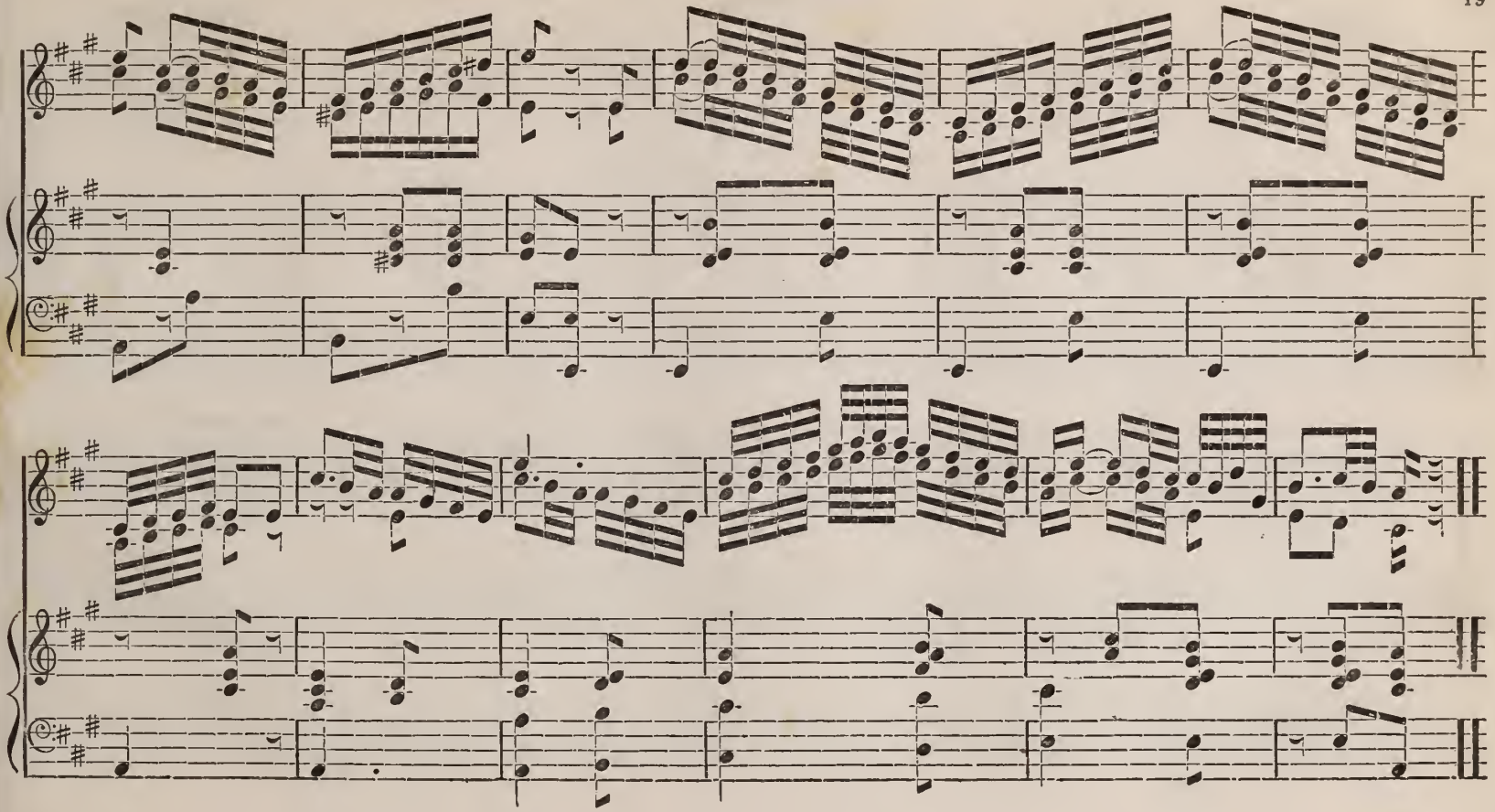
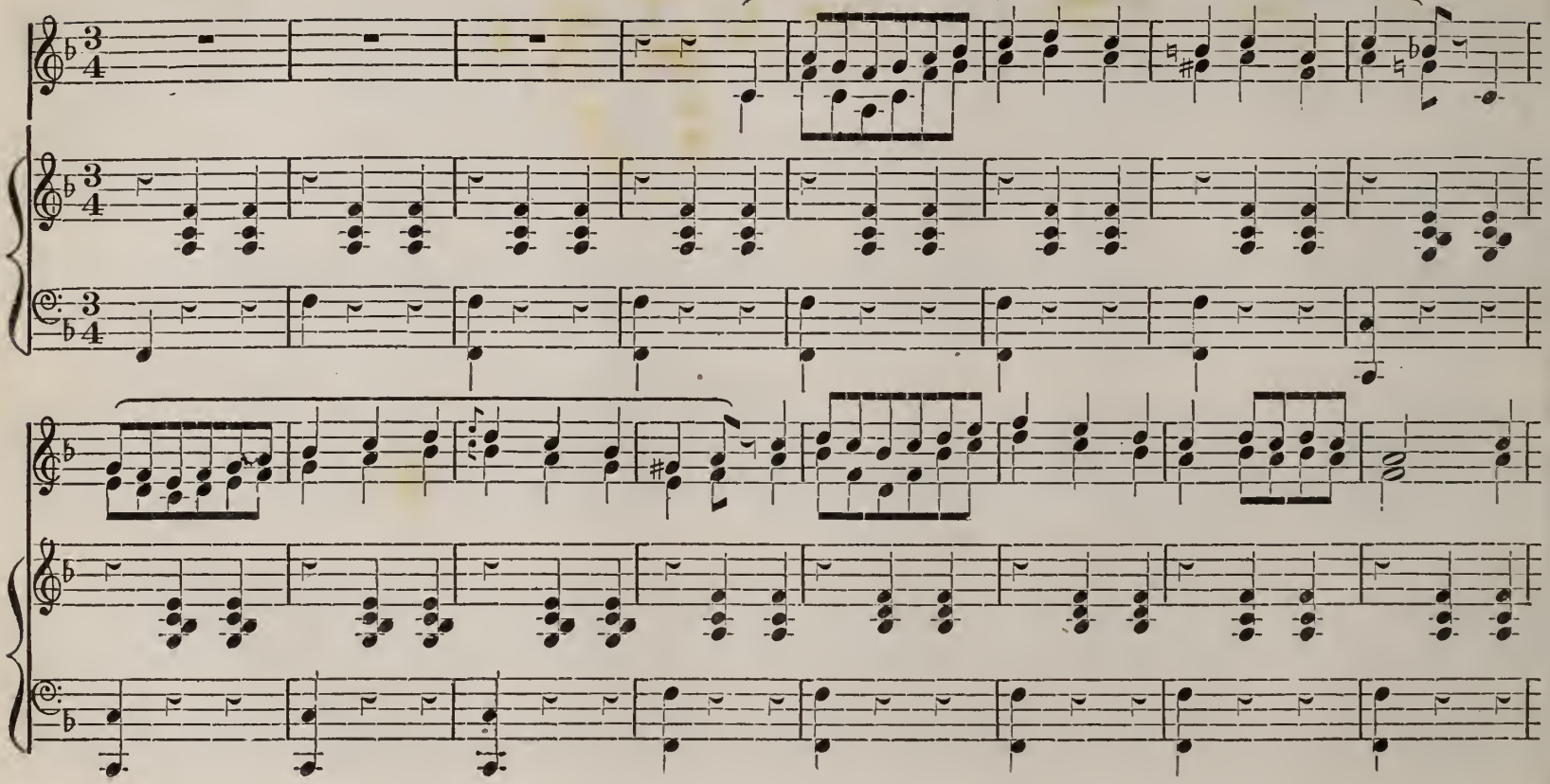


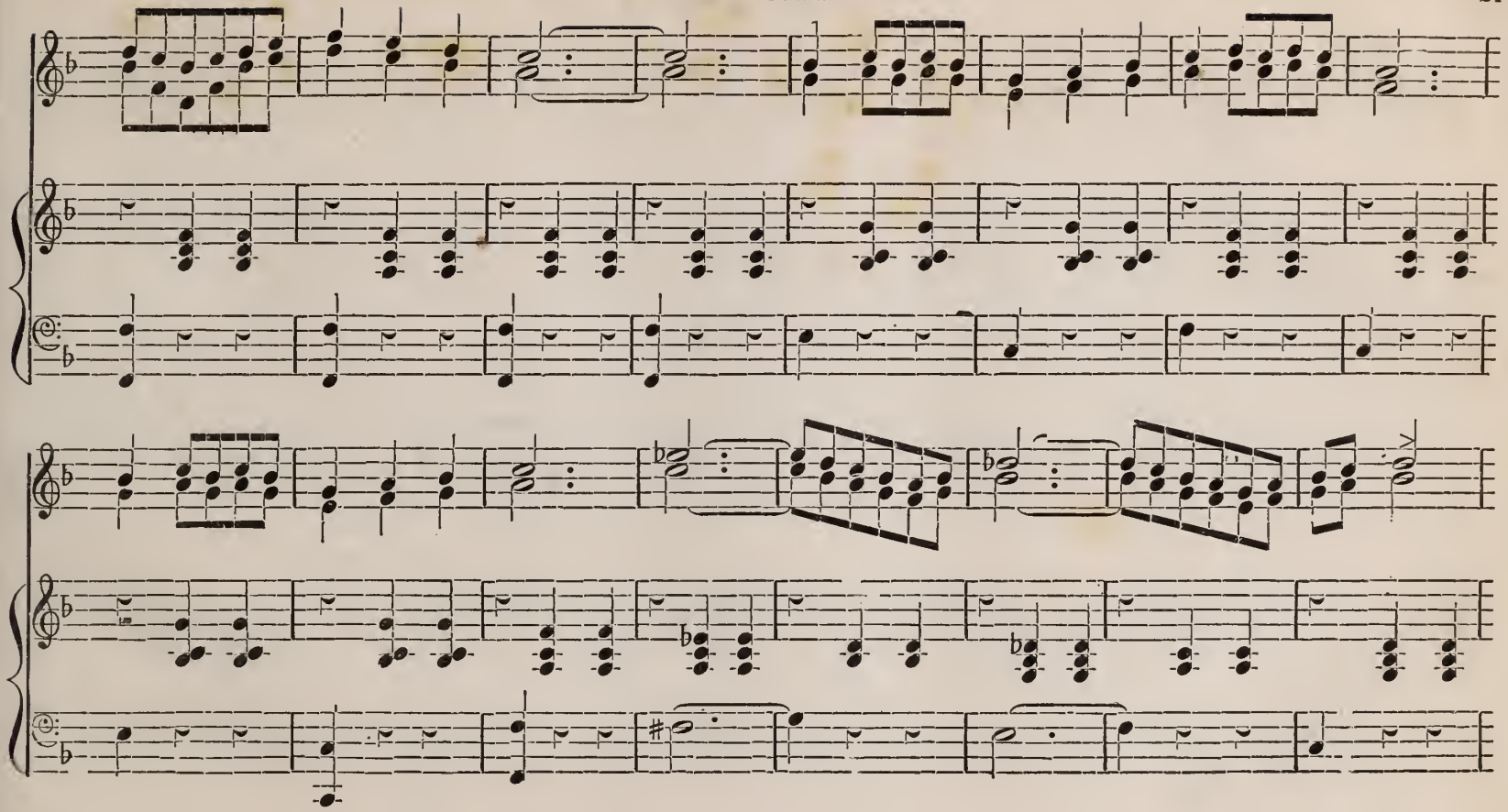


ALLEGRO.

NO. 5.

MARCO BORDOGNI.





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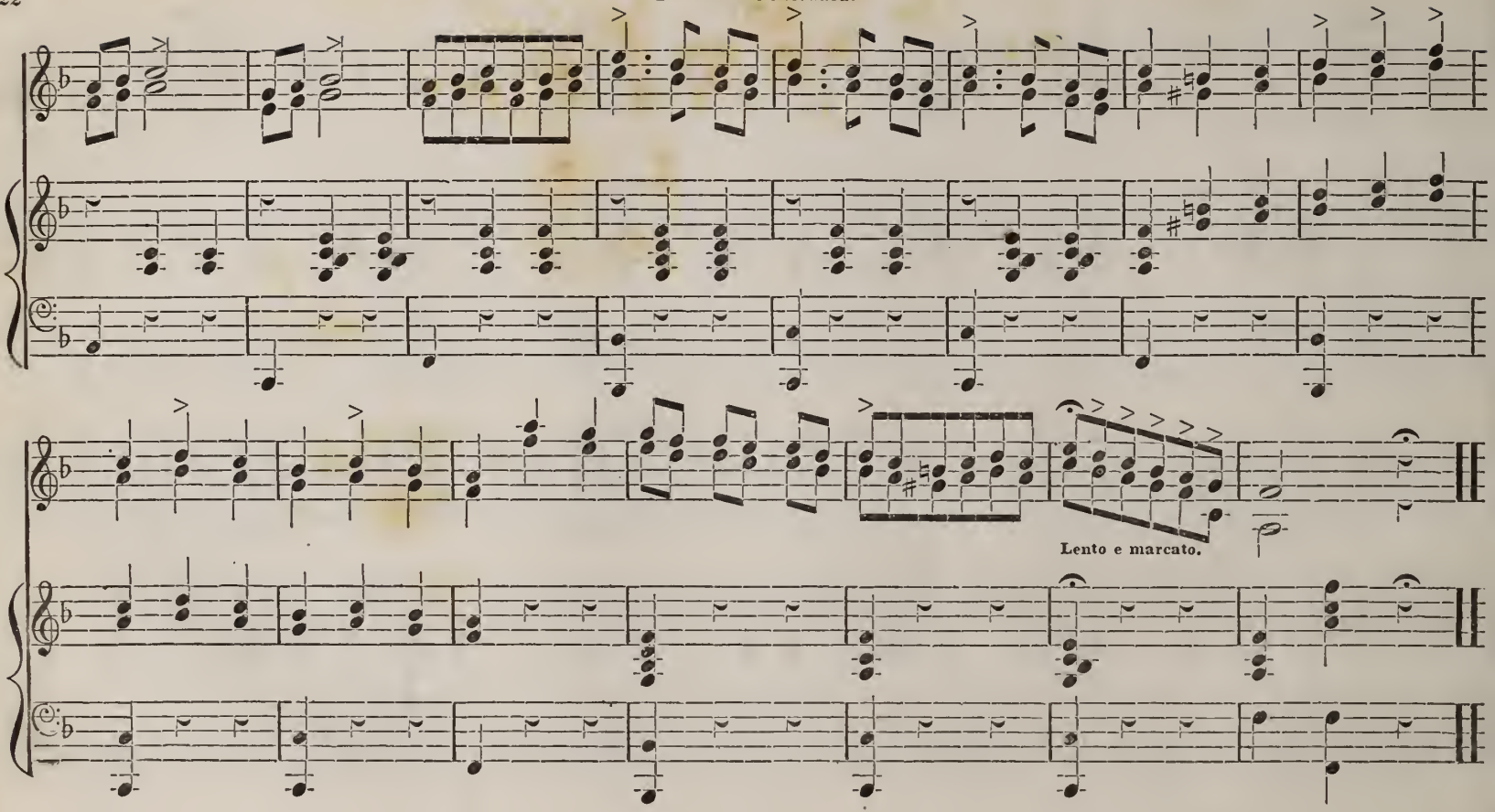
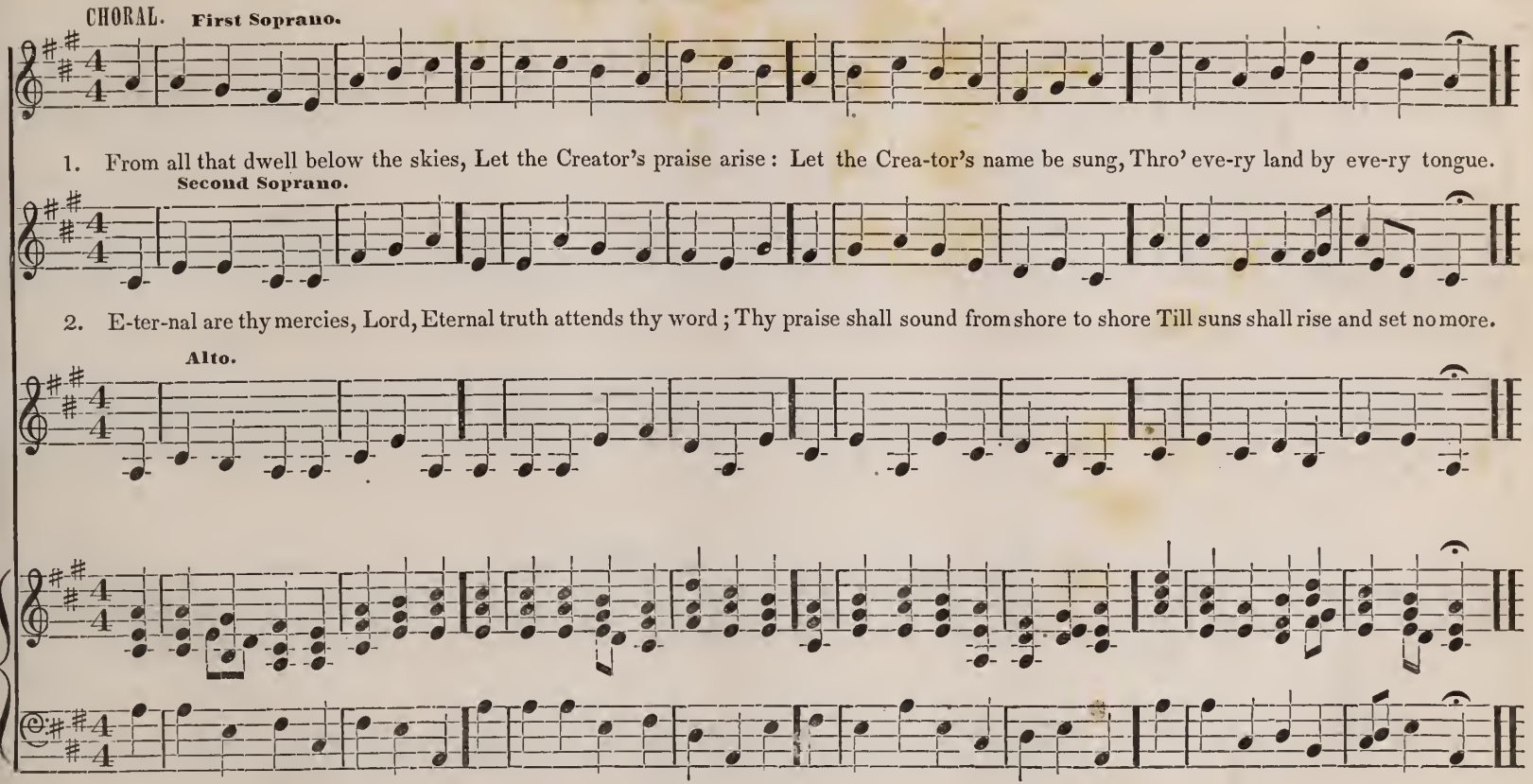
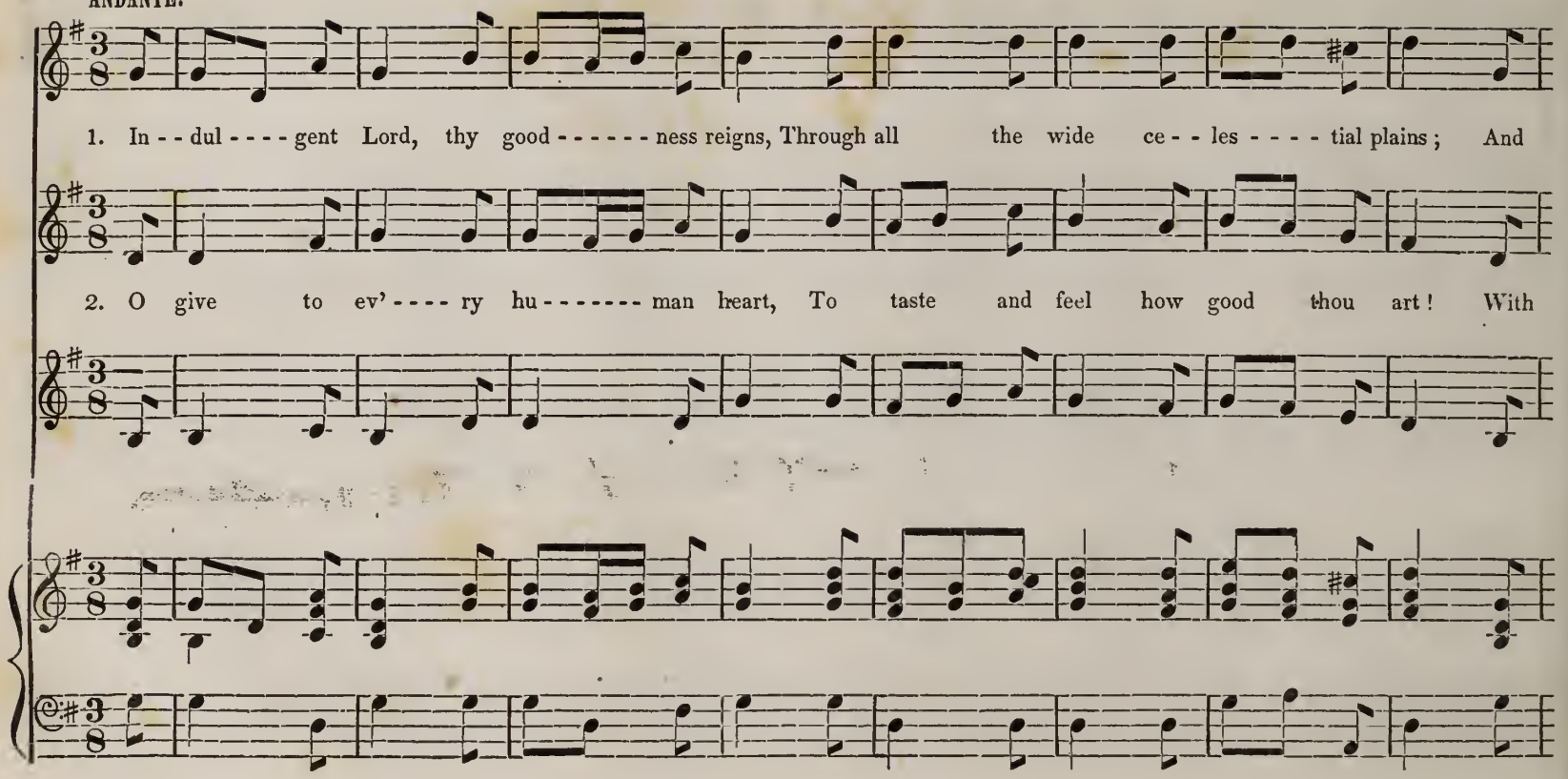
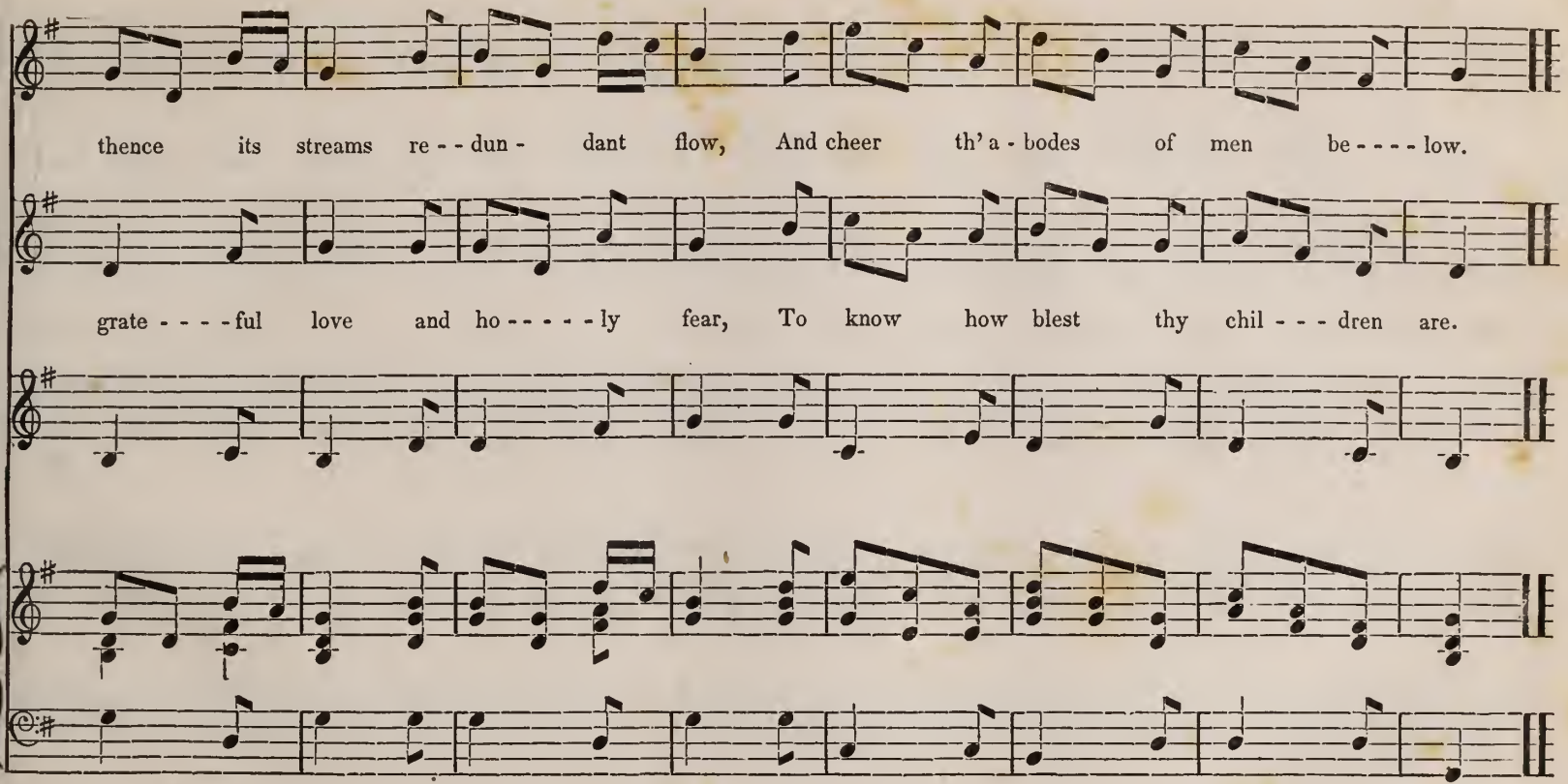



CHORAL.
First Soprano.
1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise: Let the Crea-tor's name be sung, Thro' eve-ry land by eve-ry tongue.
Second Soprano.
2. E-ter-nal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Alto.

ELAM. L.M

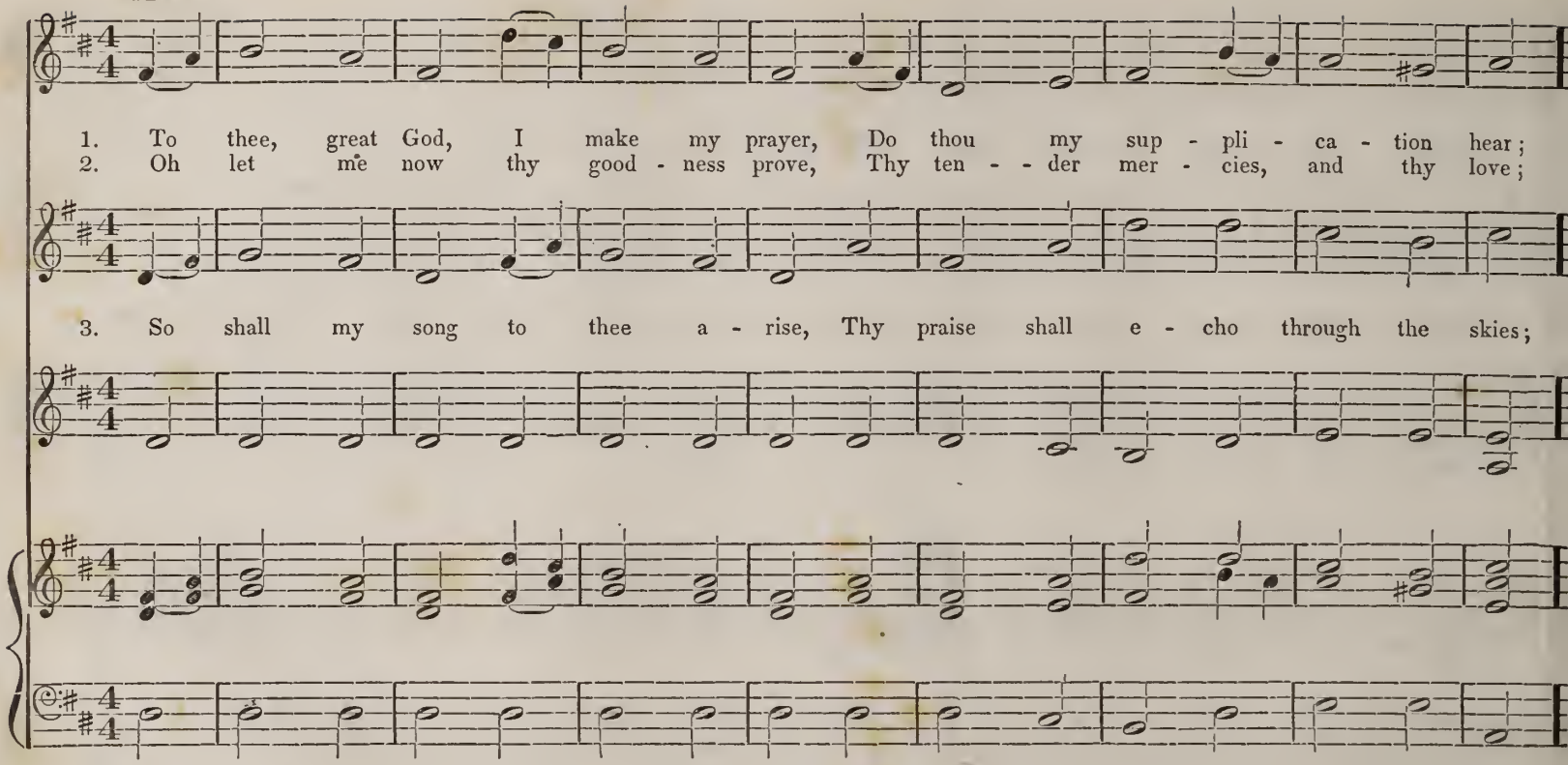
ANDANTE.

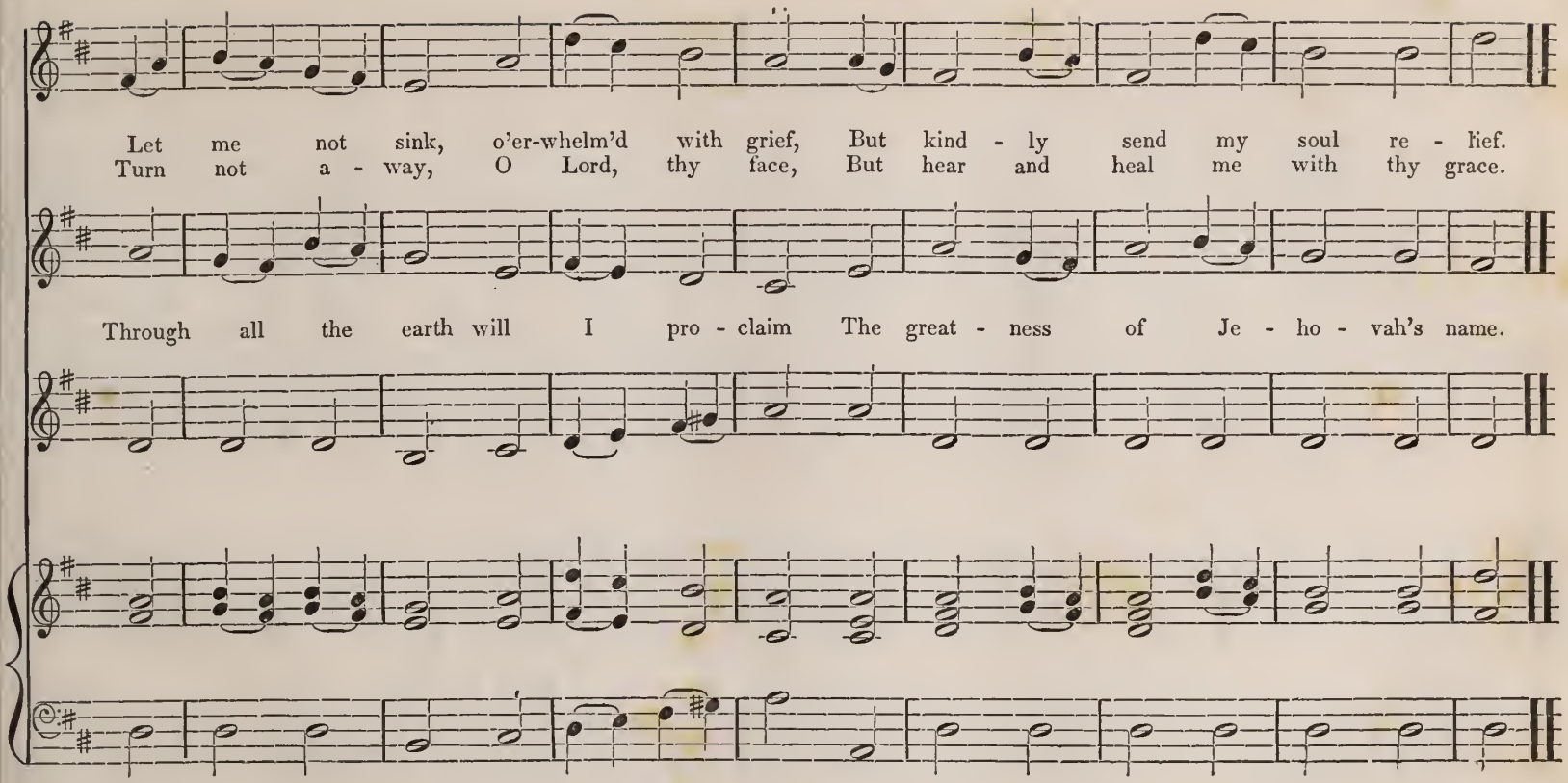



thence its streams re - - dun - dant flow, And cheer th' a - bodes of men be - - - - low.
grate - - - - ful love and ho - - - - - ly fear, To know how blest thy chil - - - dren are.

MINAL. L. M.

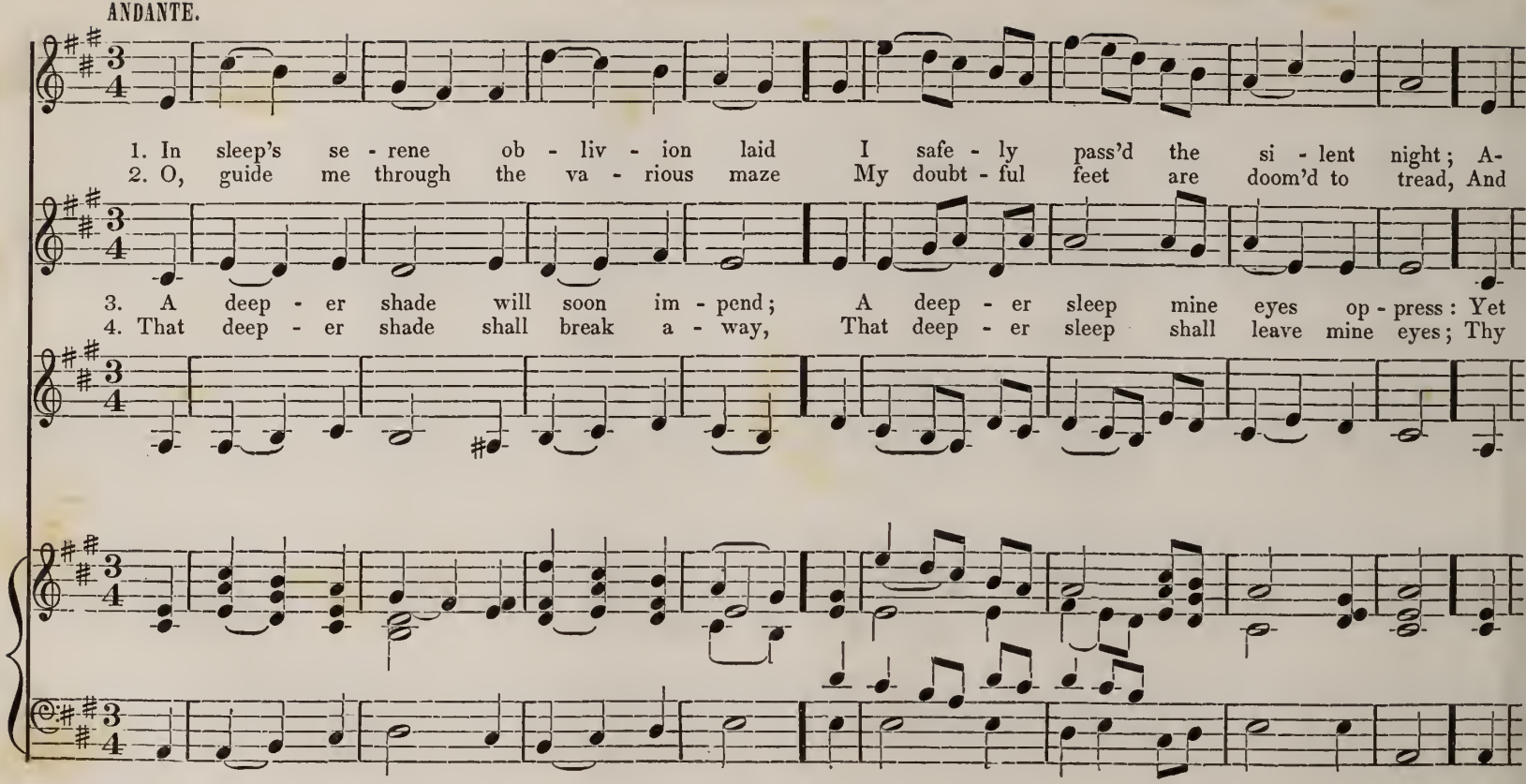
MODERATO.

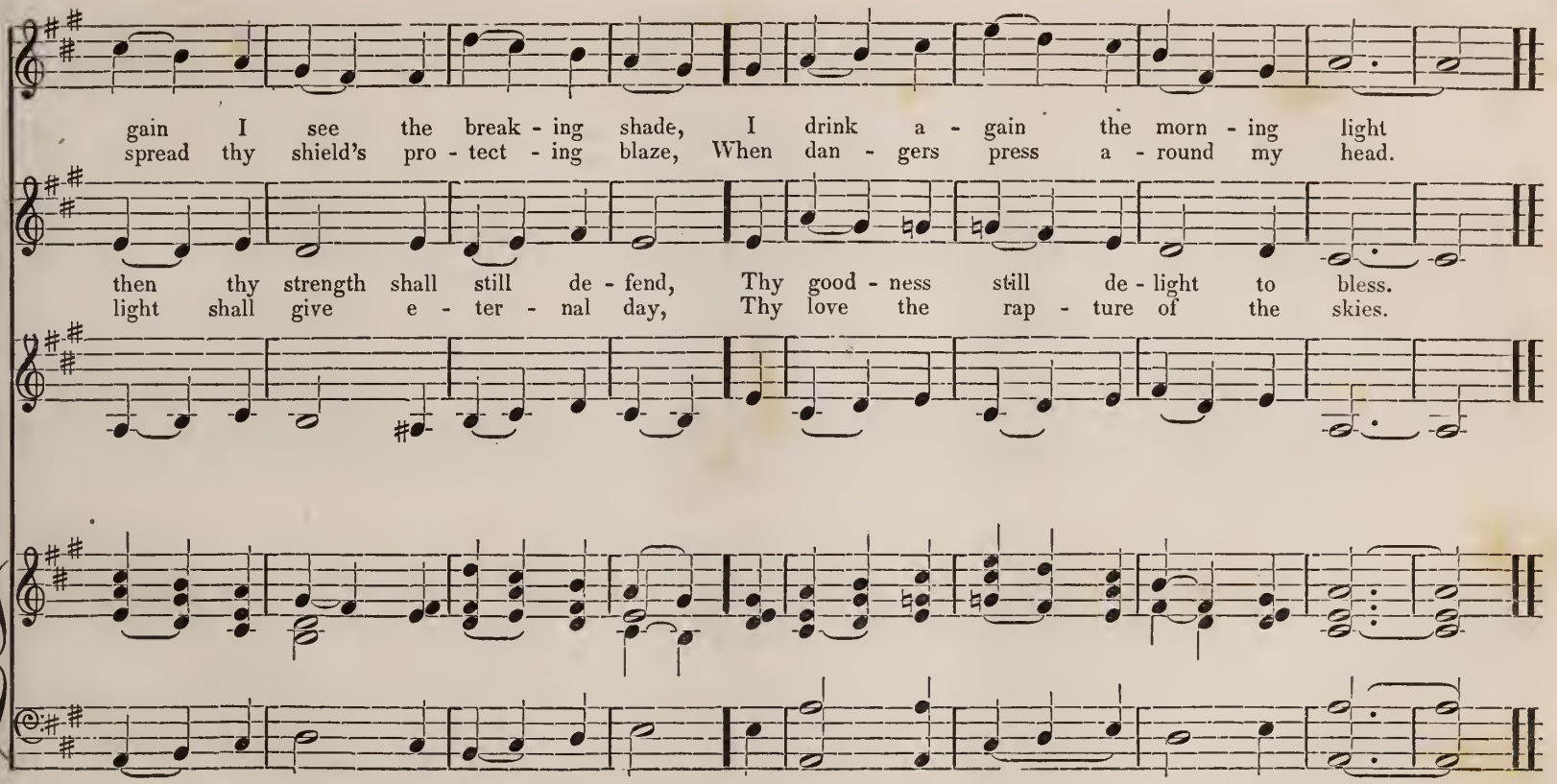



Let me not sink, o'er-whelm'd with grief, But kind - ly send my soul re - lief.
Turn not a - way, O Lord, thy face, But hear and heal me with thy grace.
Through all the earth will I pro - claim The great - ness of Je - ho - vah's name.

MARLON. L. M.

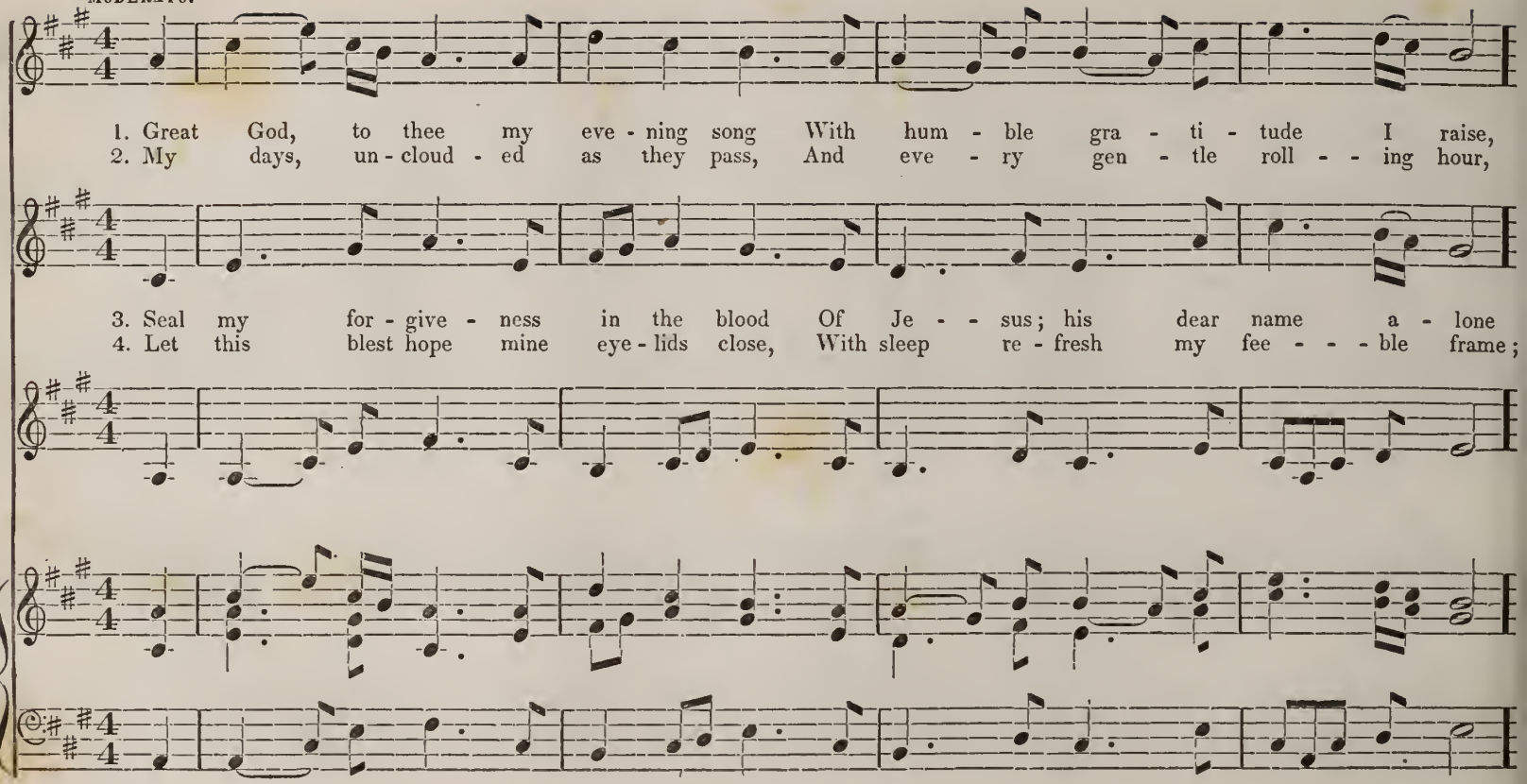
Subject from BEETHOVEN.

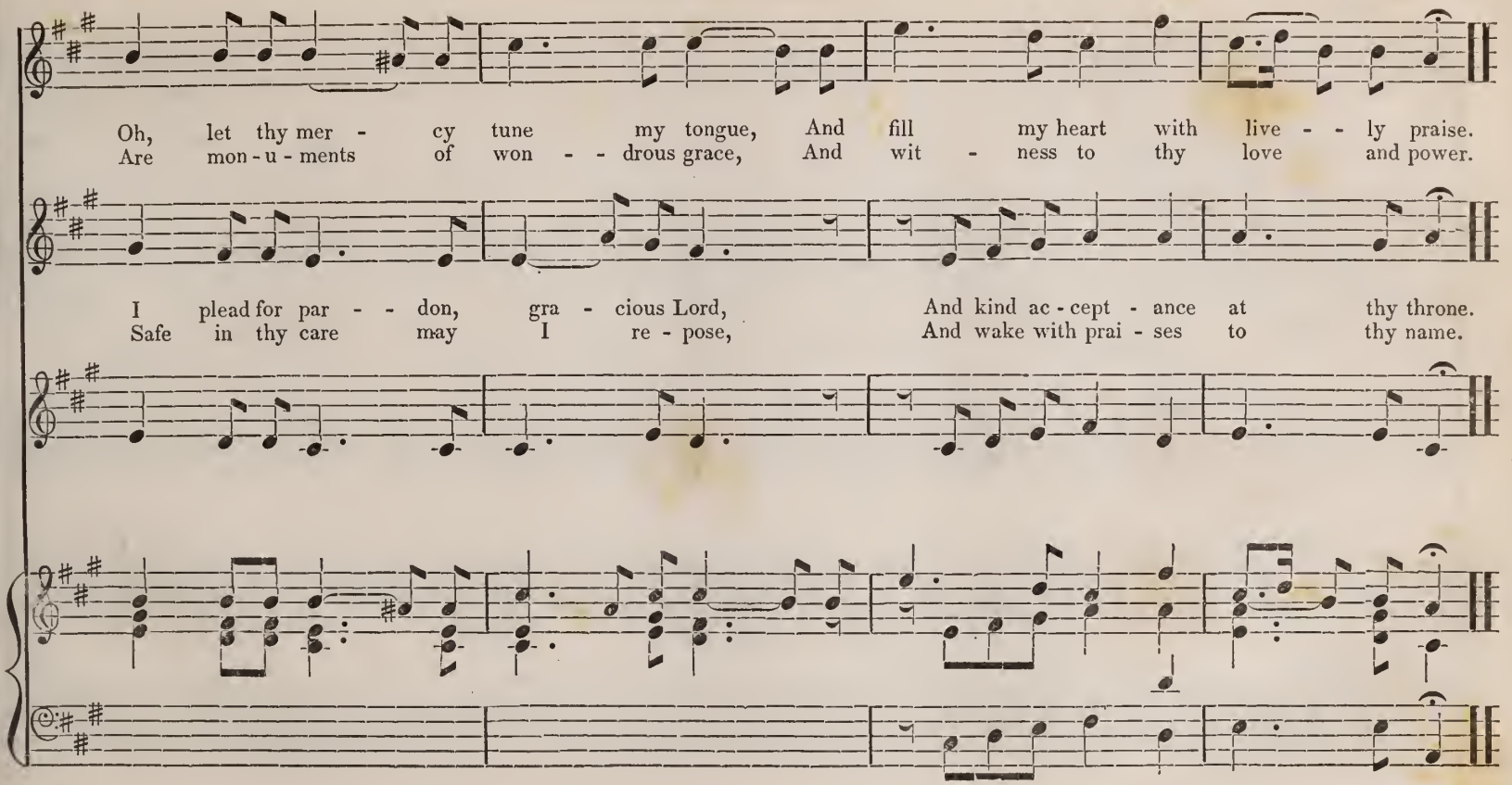



gain I see the break - ing shade, I drink a - gain the morn - ing light
spread thy shield's pro - tect - ing blaze, When dan - gers press a - round my head.
then thy strength shall still de - fend, Thy good - ness still de - light to bless.
light shall give e - ter - nal day, Thy love the rap - ture of the skies.

VERLIN. L. M.

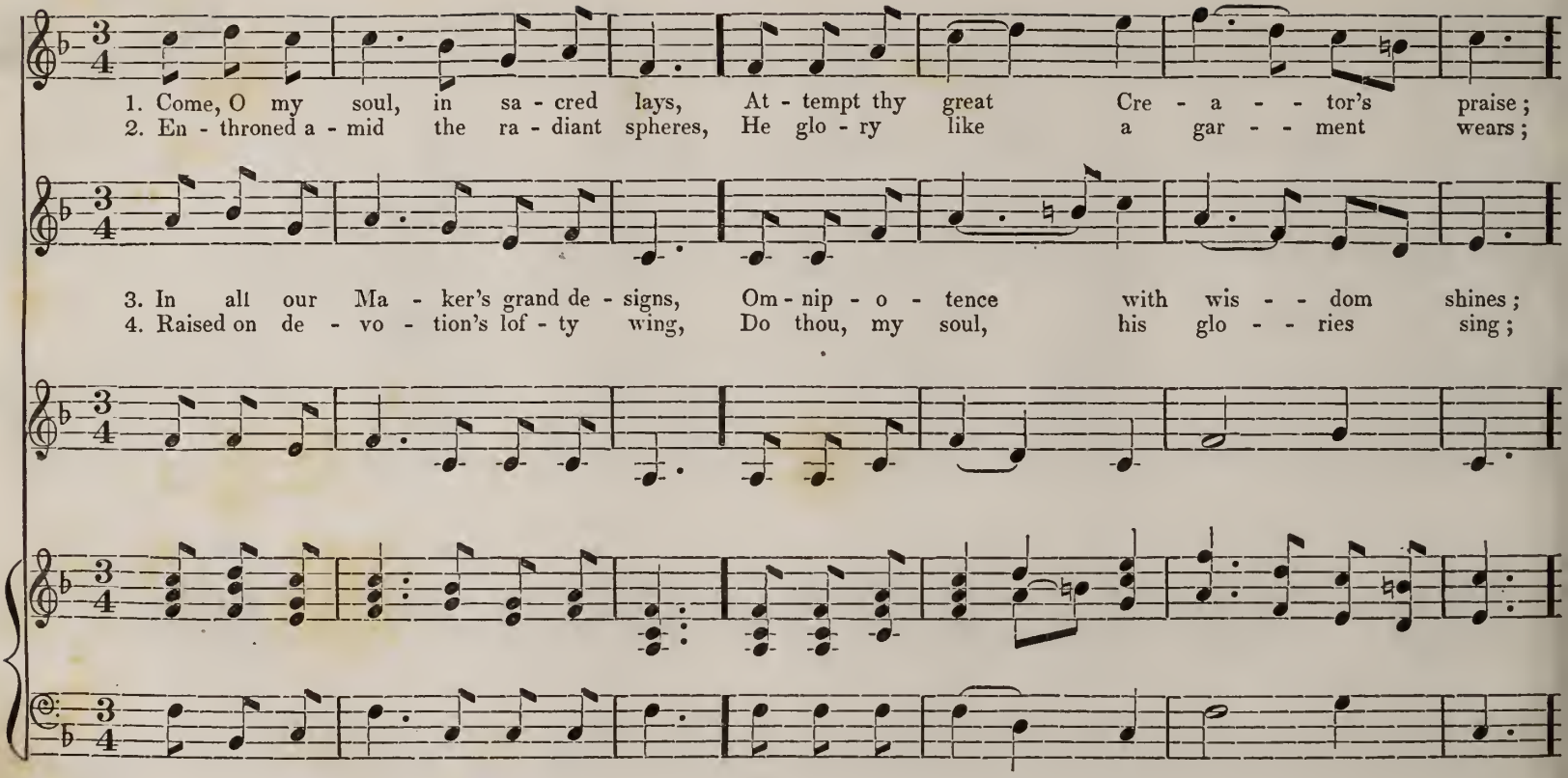
MODERATO.

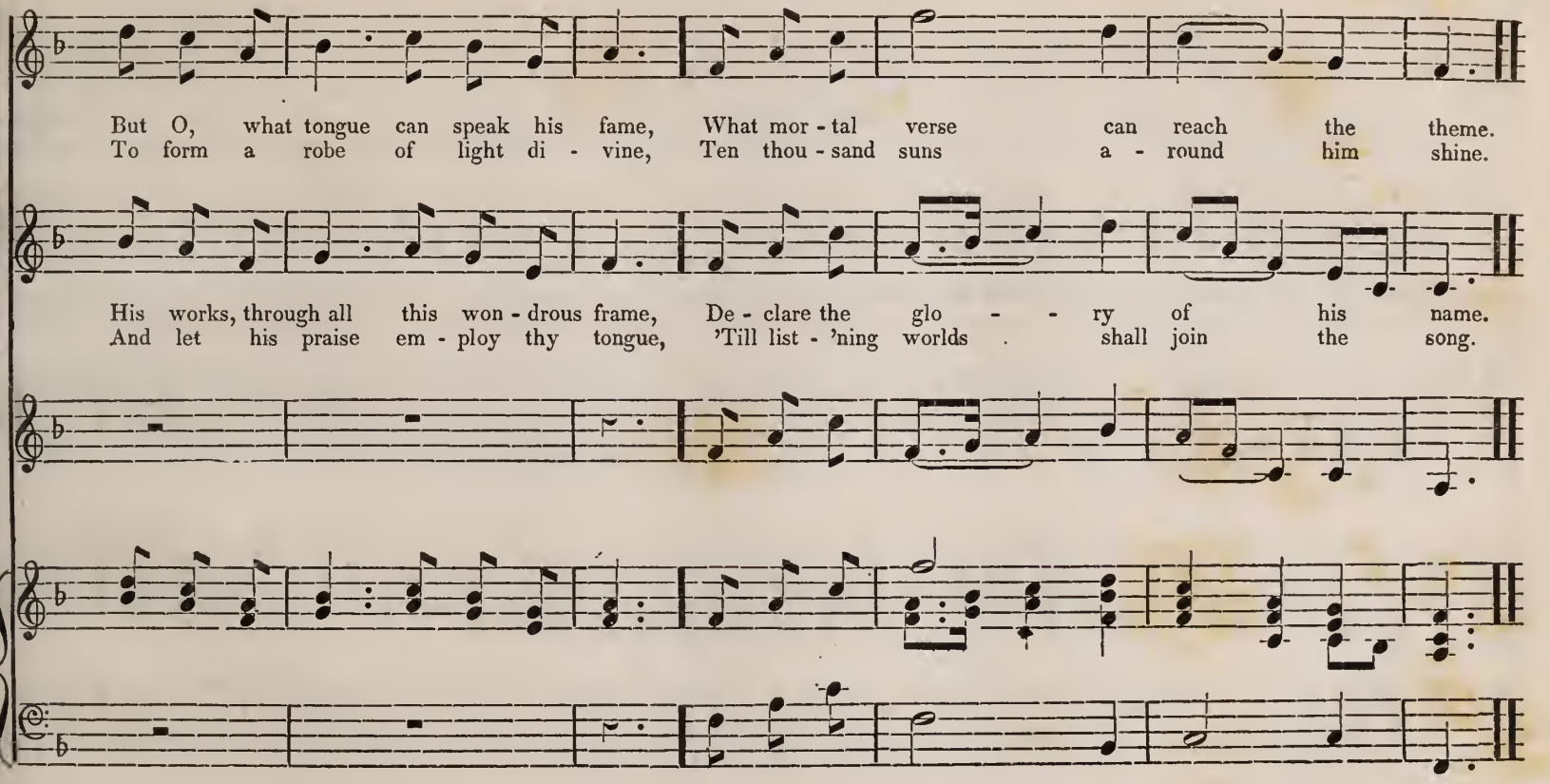



Oh, let thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise.
Are mon - u - ments of won - drous grace, And wit - ness to thy love and power.
I plead for par - don, gra - cious Lord, And kind ac - cept - ance at thy throne.
Safe in thy care may I re - pose, And wake with prai - ses to thy name.

PRAISE. L. M.

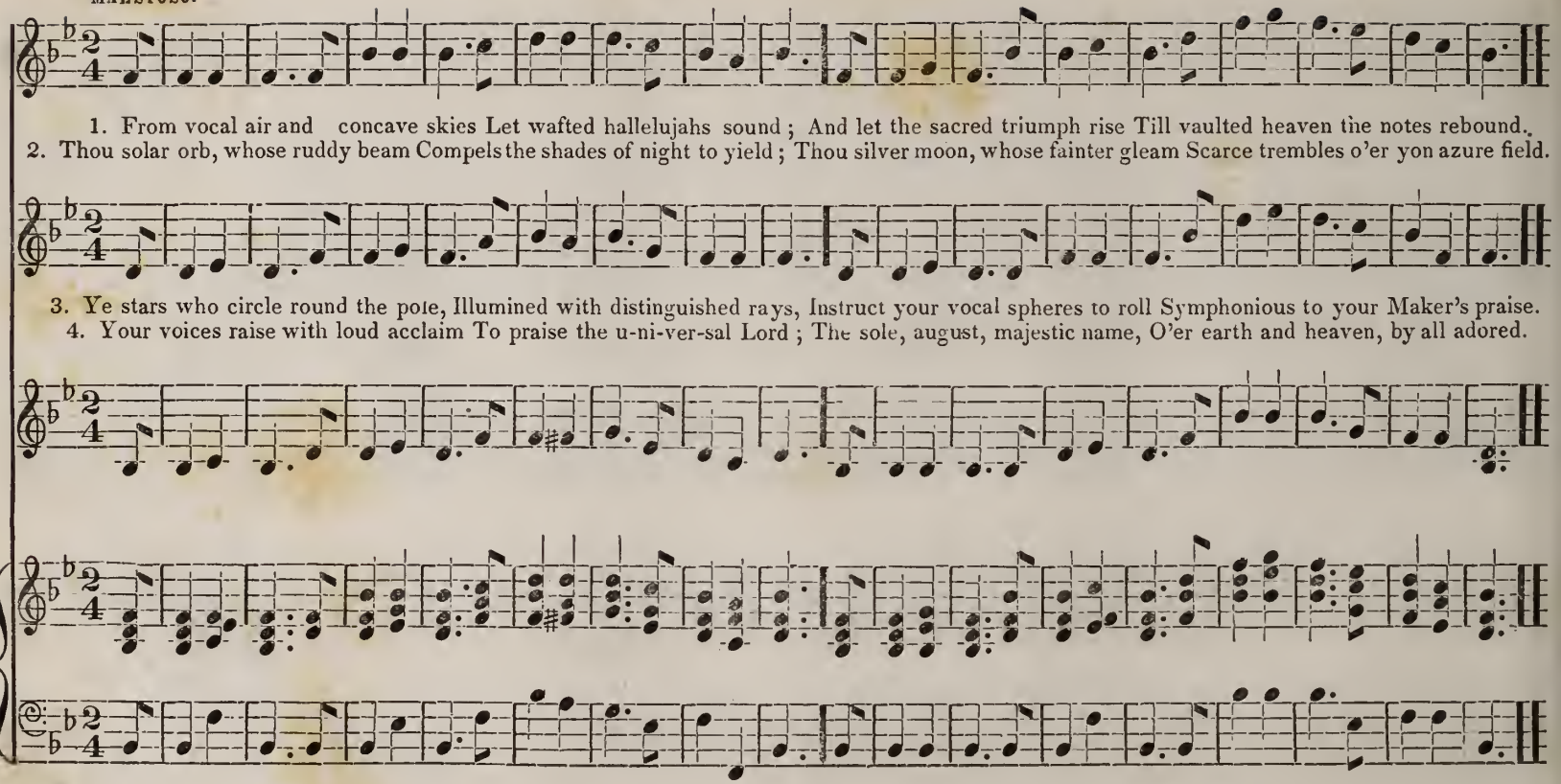
FORTE.




But O, what tongue can speak his fame, What mor - tal verse can reach the theme.
To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou - sand suns a - round him shine.
His works, through all this won - drous frame, De - clare the glo - - ry of his name.
And let his praise em - ploy thy tongue, 'Till list - 'ning worlds . shall join the song.

MYEST. L. M.

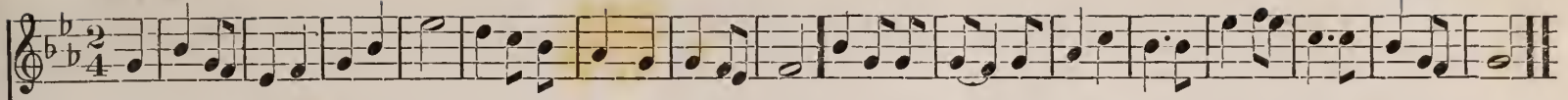
MAESTOSO.



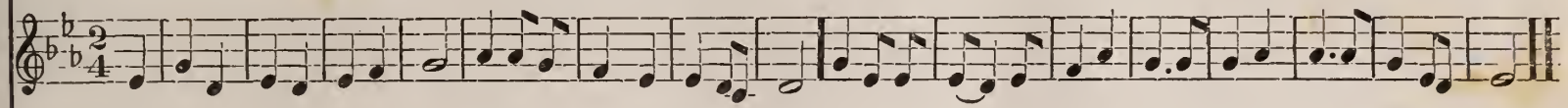
1. From vocal air and concave skies Let wafted hallelujahs sound ; And let the sacred triumph rise Till vaulted heaven the notes rebound.
2. Thou solar orb, whose ruddy beam Compels the shades of night to yield ; Thou silver moon, whose fainter gleam Scarce trembles o'er yon azure field.
3. Ye stars who circle round the pole, Illumined with distinguished rays, Instruct your vocal spheres to roll Symphonious to your Maker's praise.
4. Your voices raise with loud acclaim To praise the u-ni-ver-sal Lord ; The sole, august, majestic name, O'er earth and heaven, by all adored.

DISMISSION. L. M.

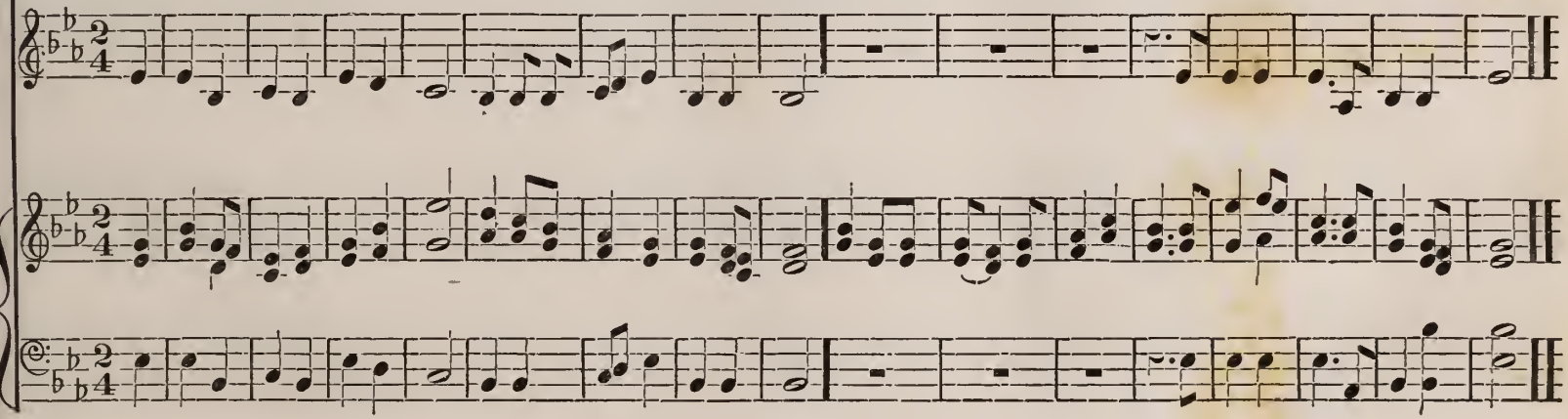
MODERATO.



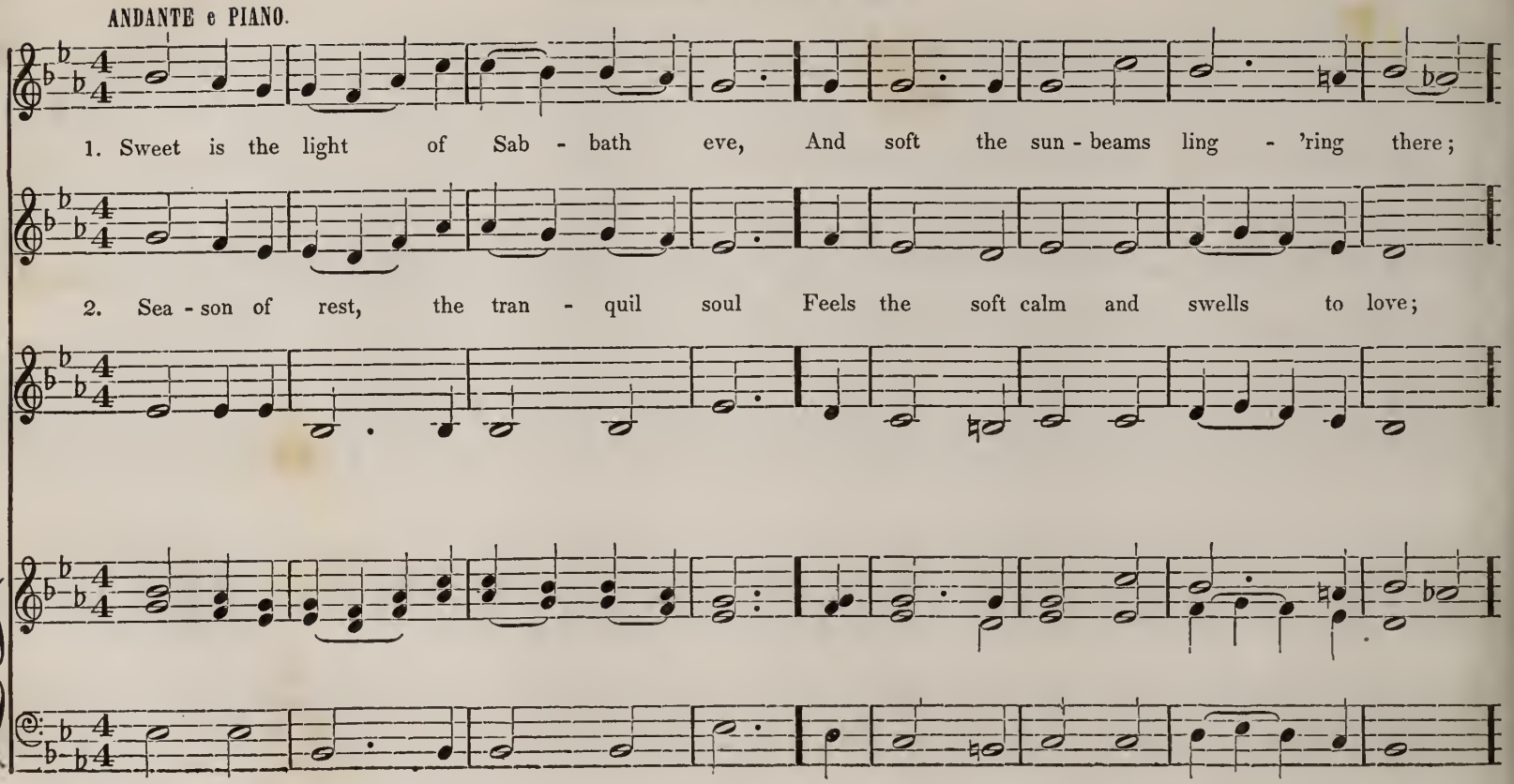
1. Dis-miss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed upon thy word; All that has been a-miss for-give, And let thy truth within us live.

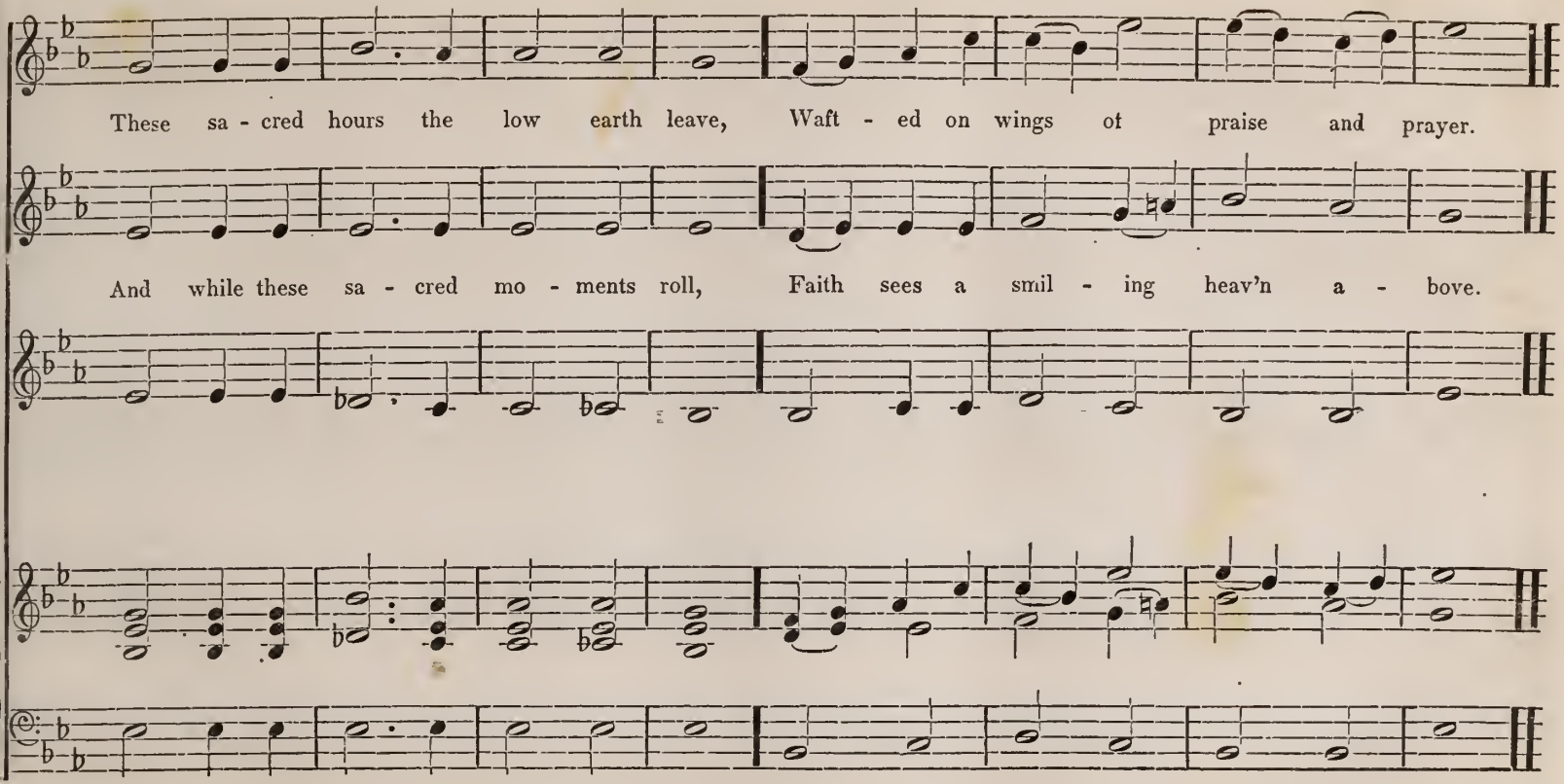


2. Though we are guilty, thou art good; Wash all our works in Jesus' blood; Give every fettered soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.



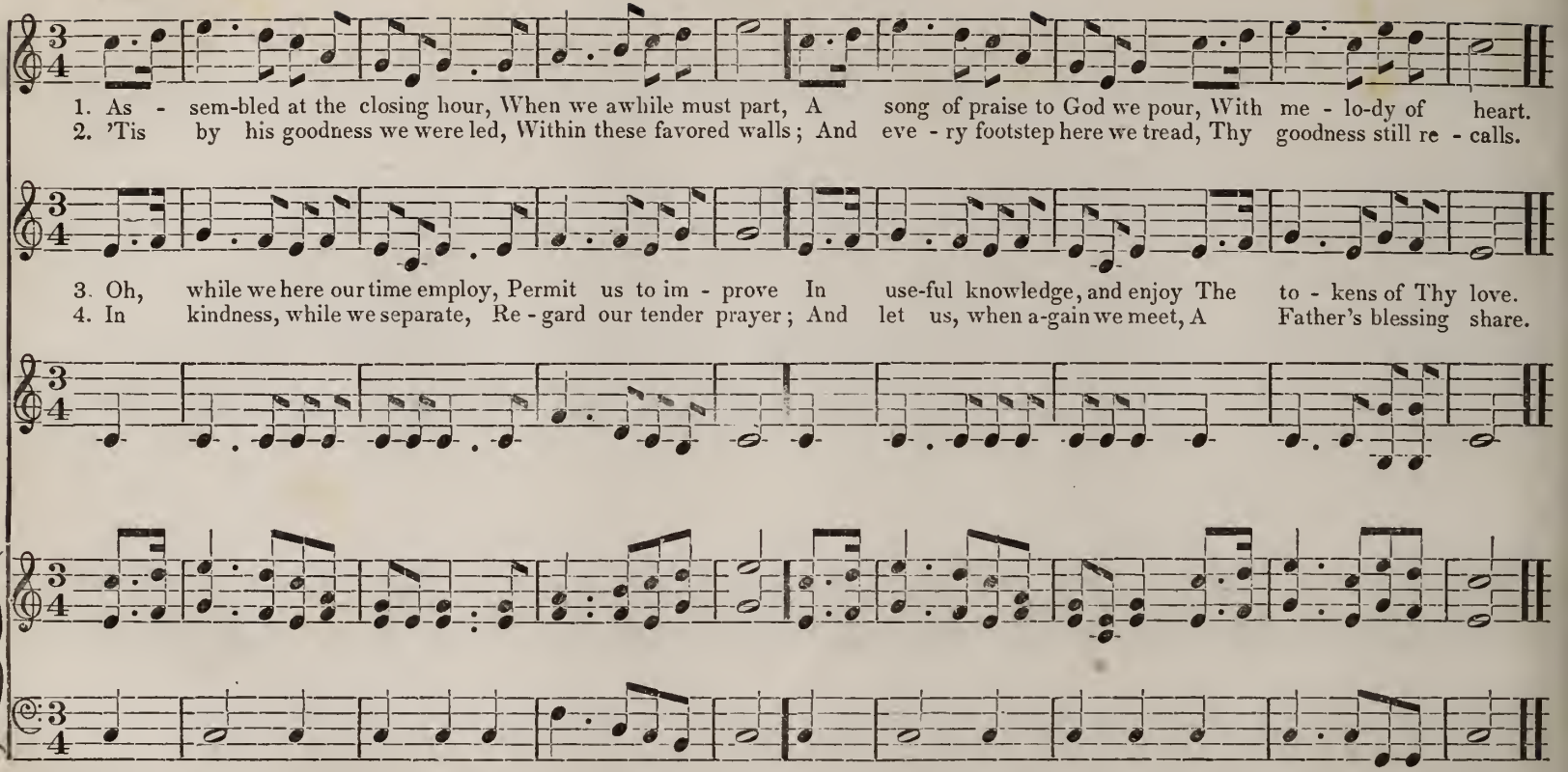
SABBATH EVE. L. M.




These sa - cred hours the low earth leave, Waft - ed on wings of praise and prayer.
And while these sa - cred mo - ments roll, Faith sees a smil - ing heav'n a - bove.

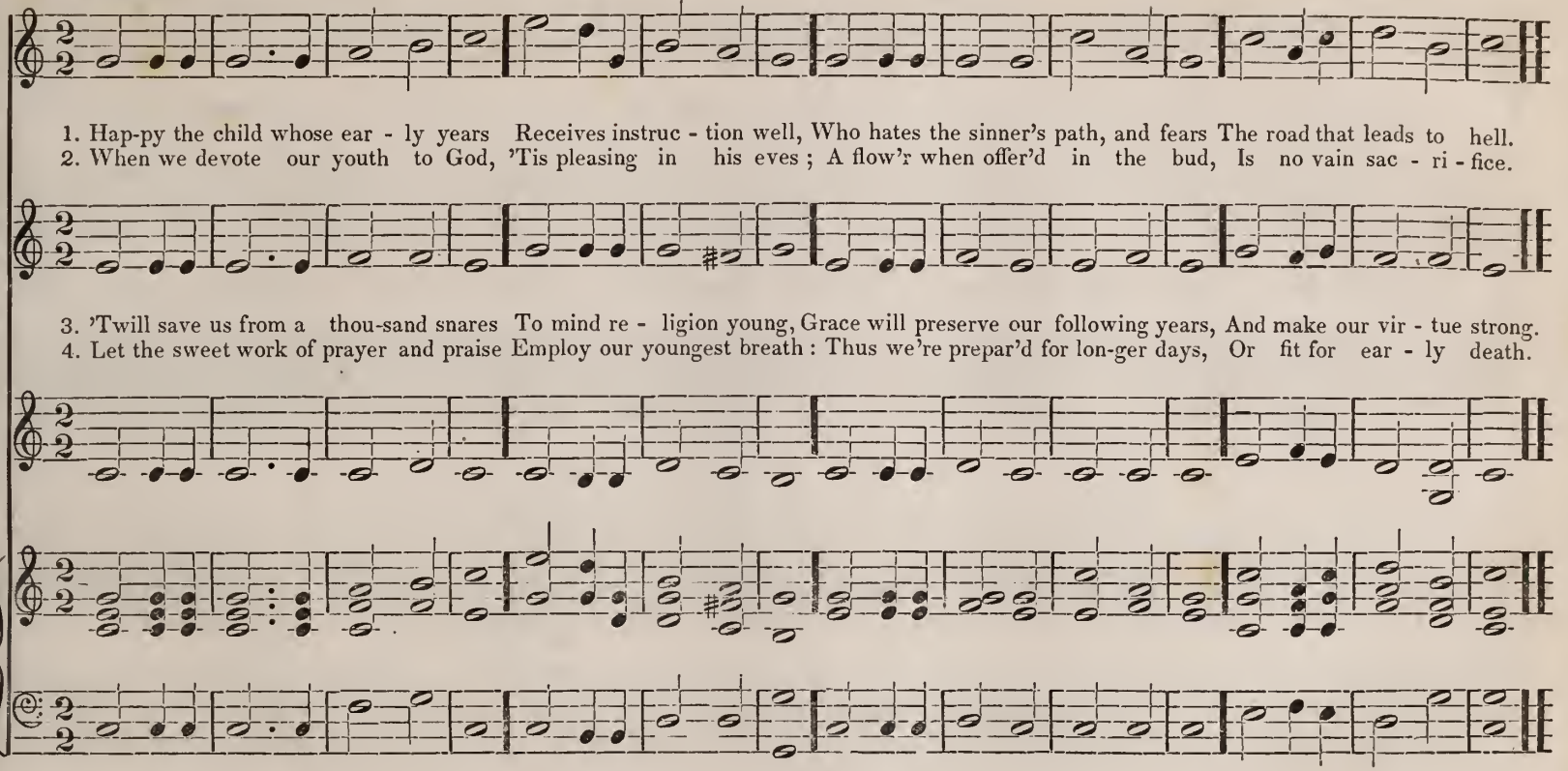
LUENT. C. M.

MODERATO.



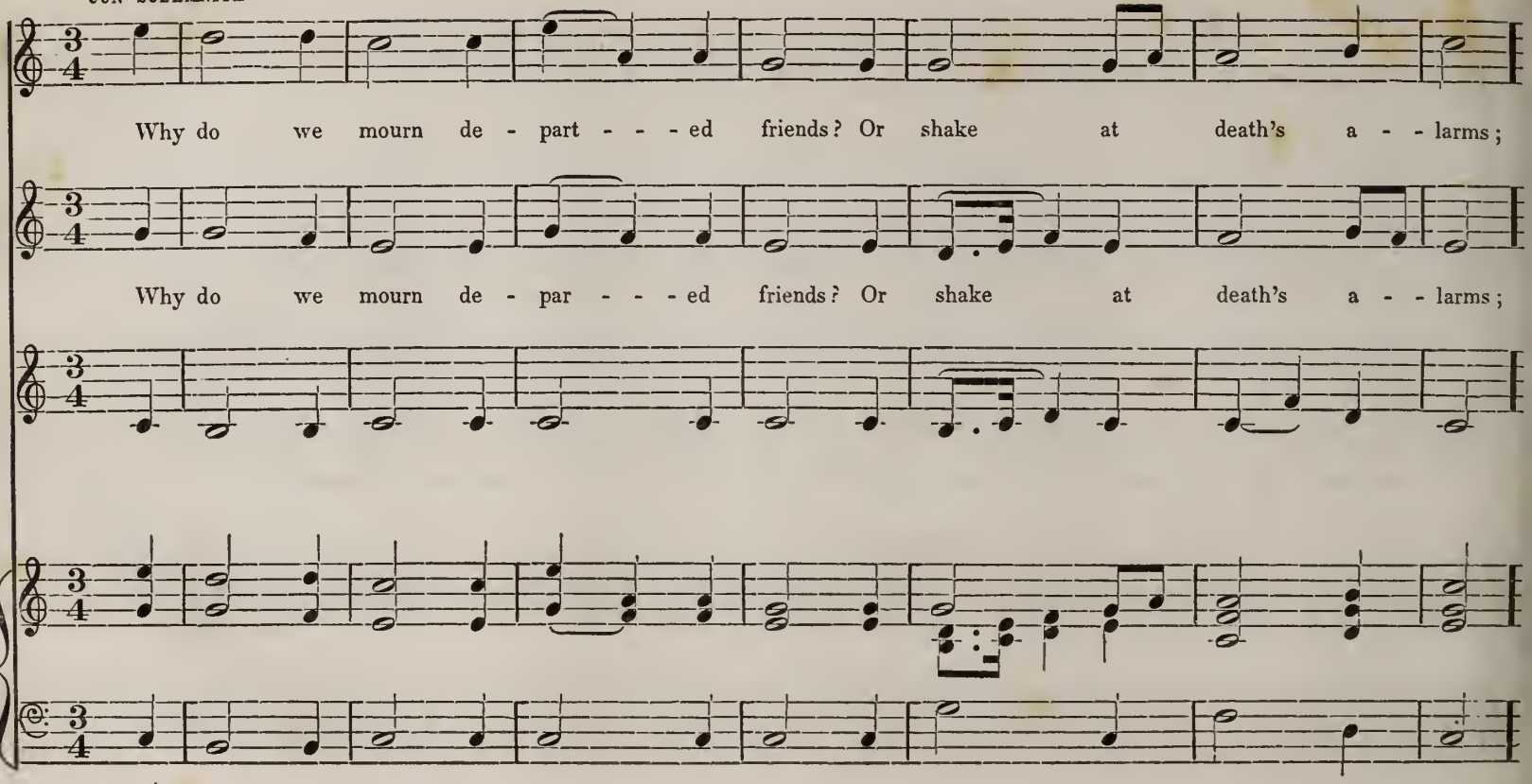
SELMA. C. M.

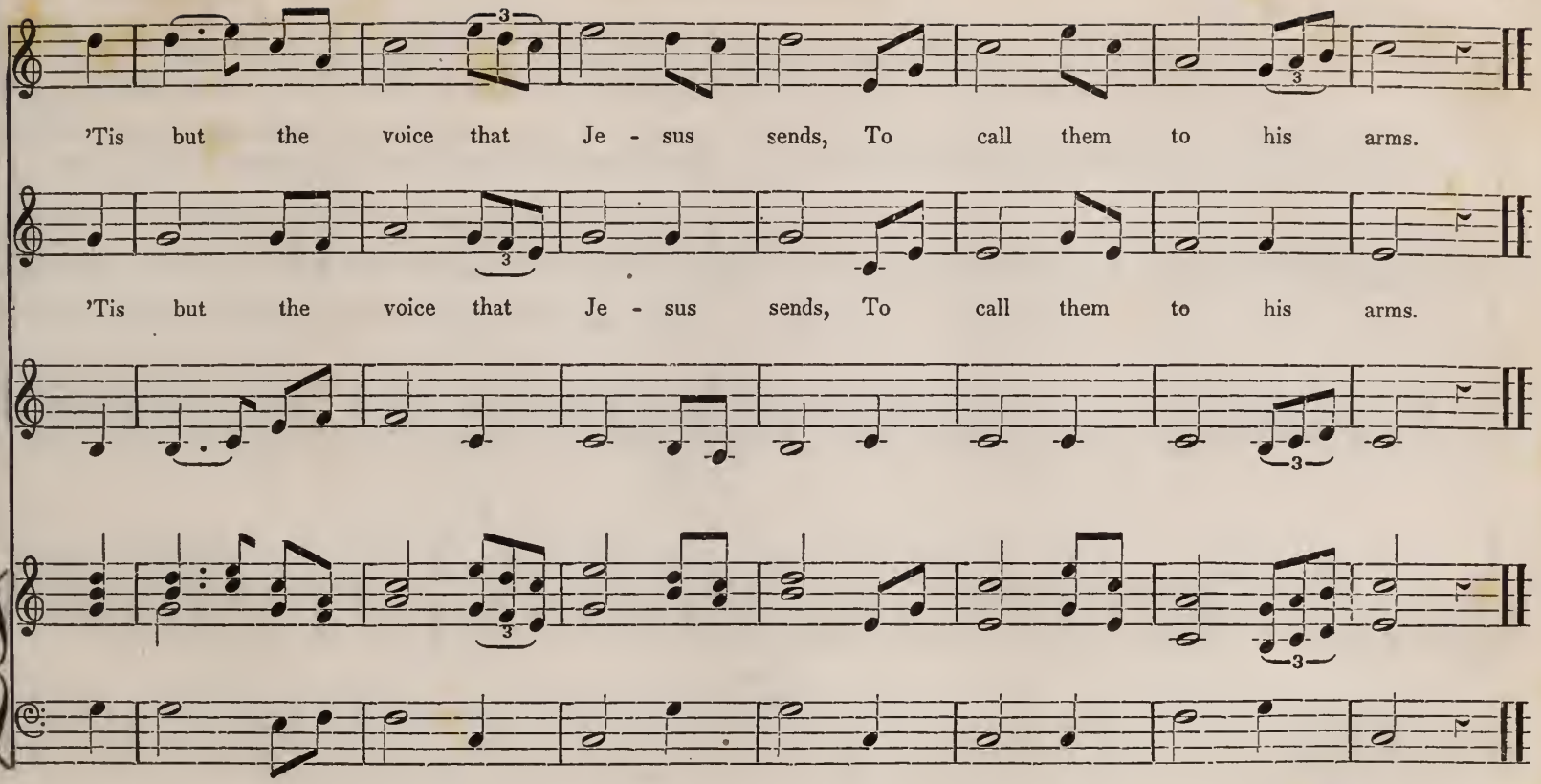
MODERATO.



CHINA. C. M.

CON SOLEMNITA.

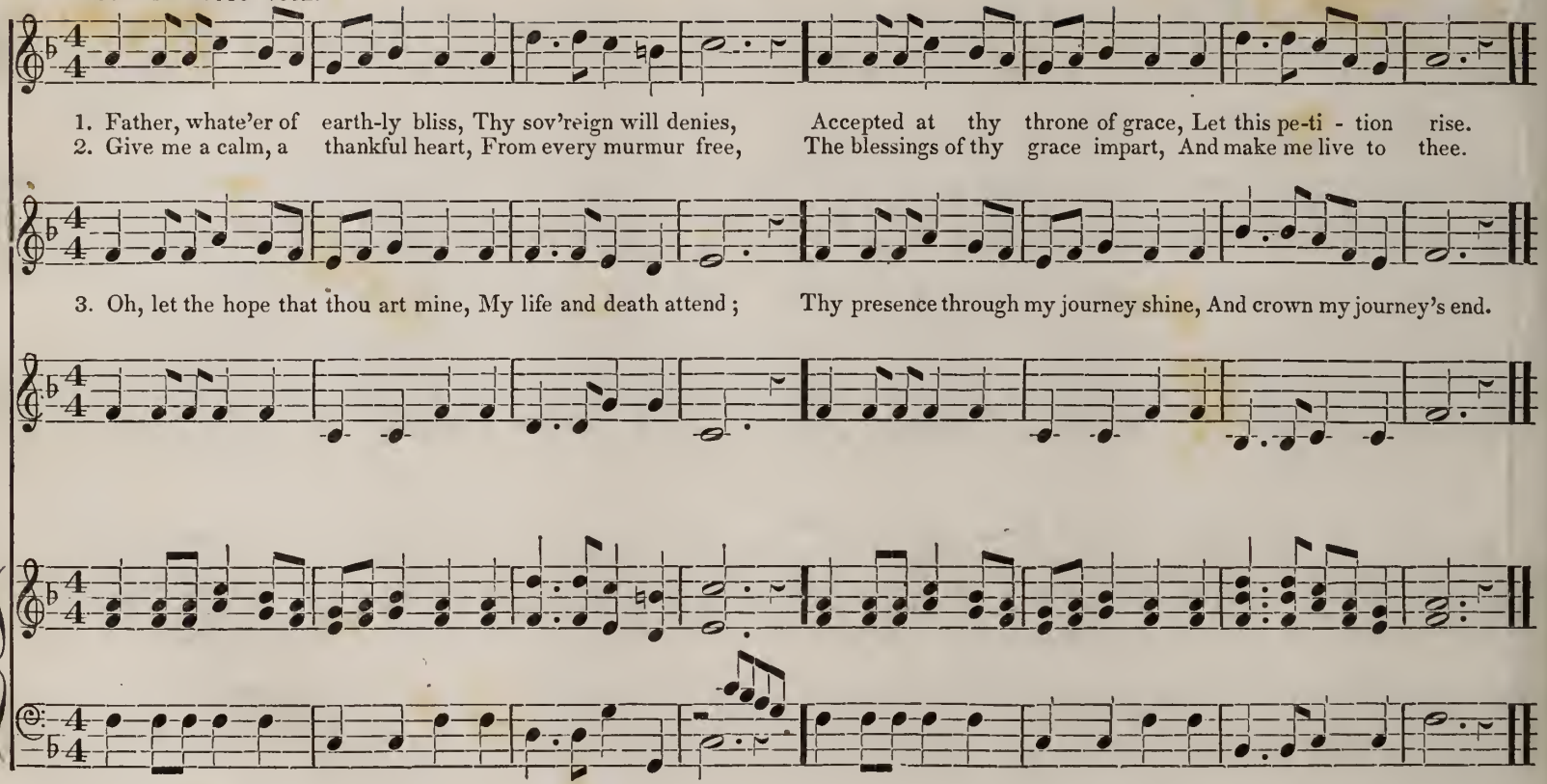



'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

NAOMI. C. M.

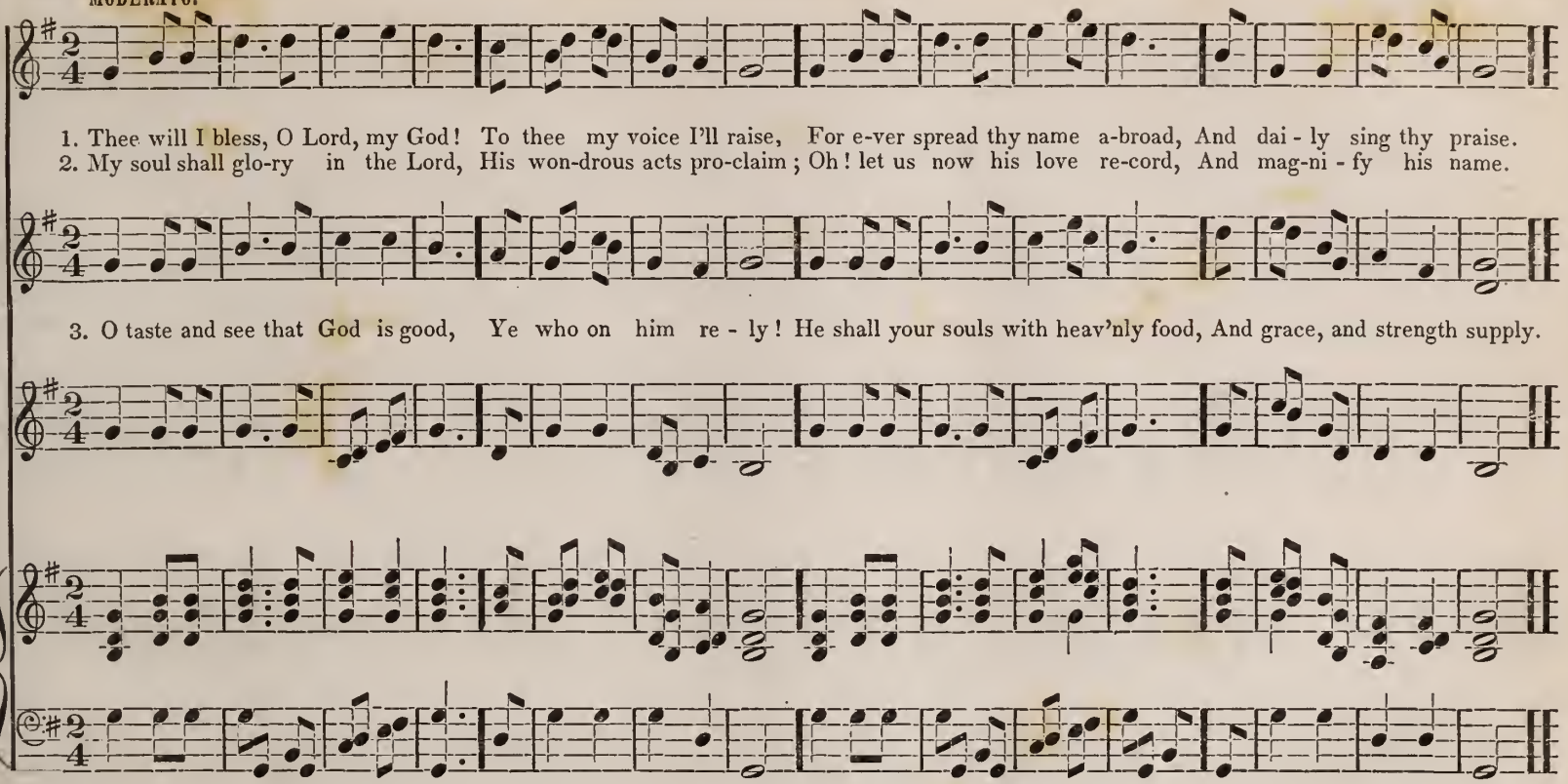
From the Carmina Sacra.

ANDANTE SOTTO VOCE.



LEISON. C. M.

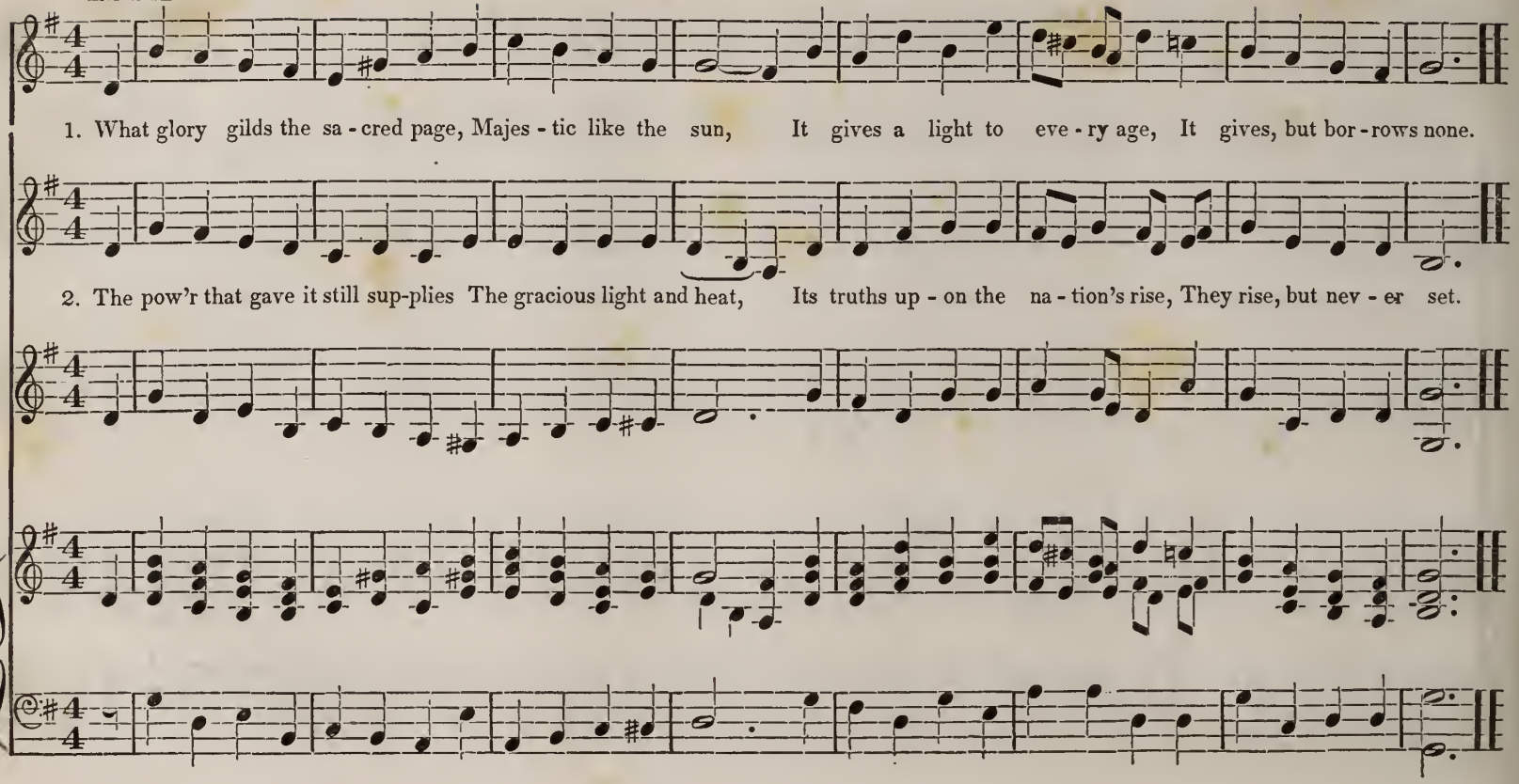
MODERATO.



GOPHER. C. M.

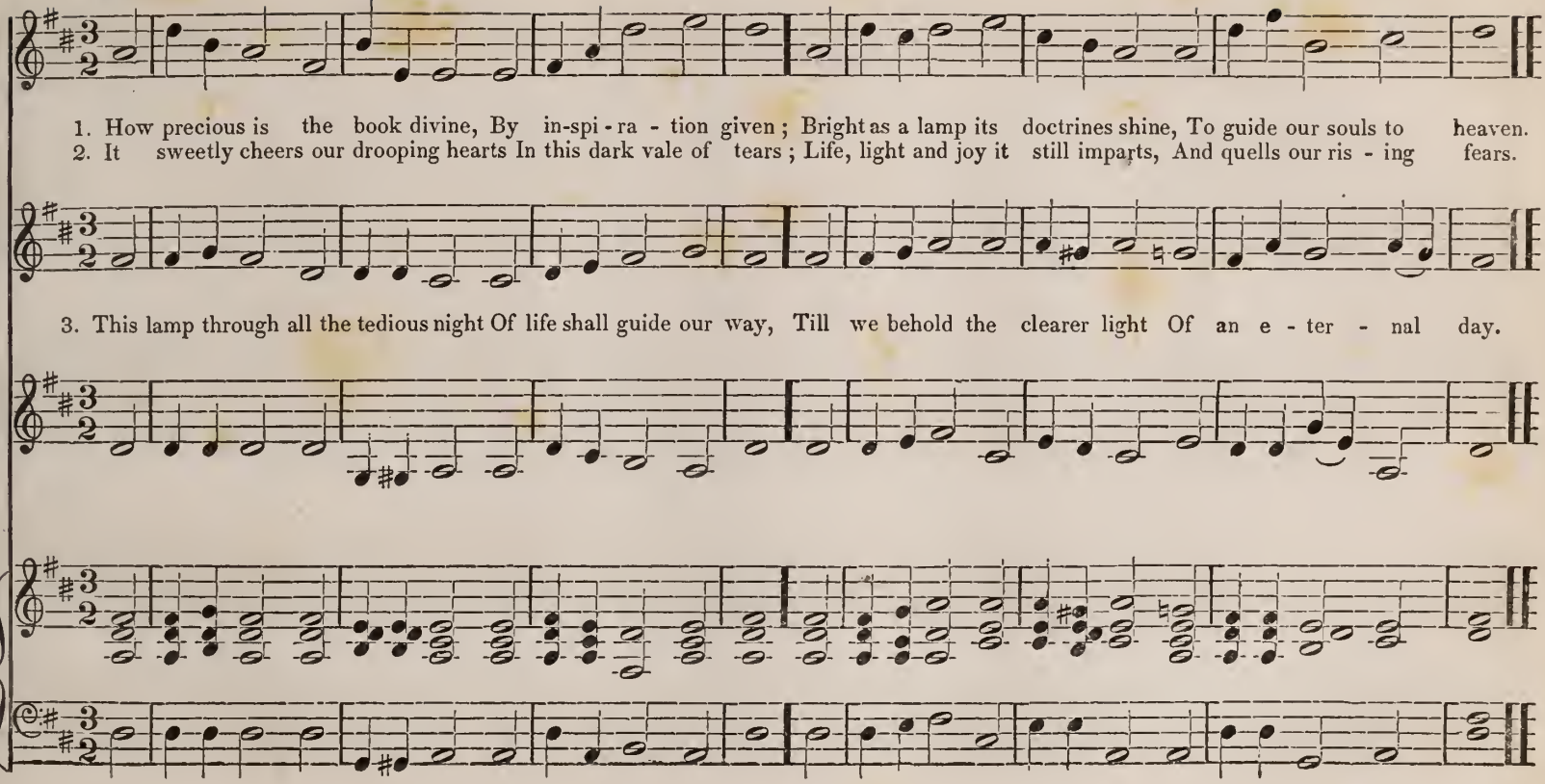
Subject from WEBER—"The Seraph."

ANDANTE.



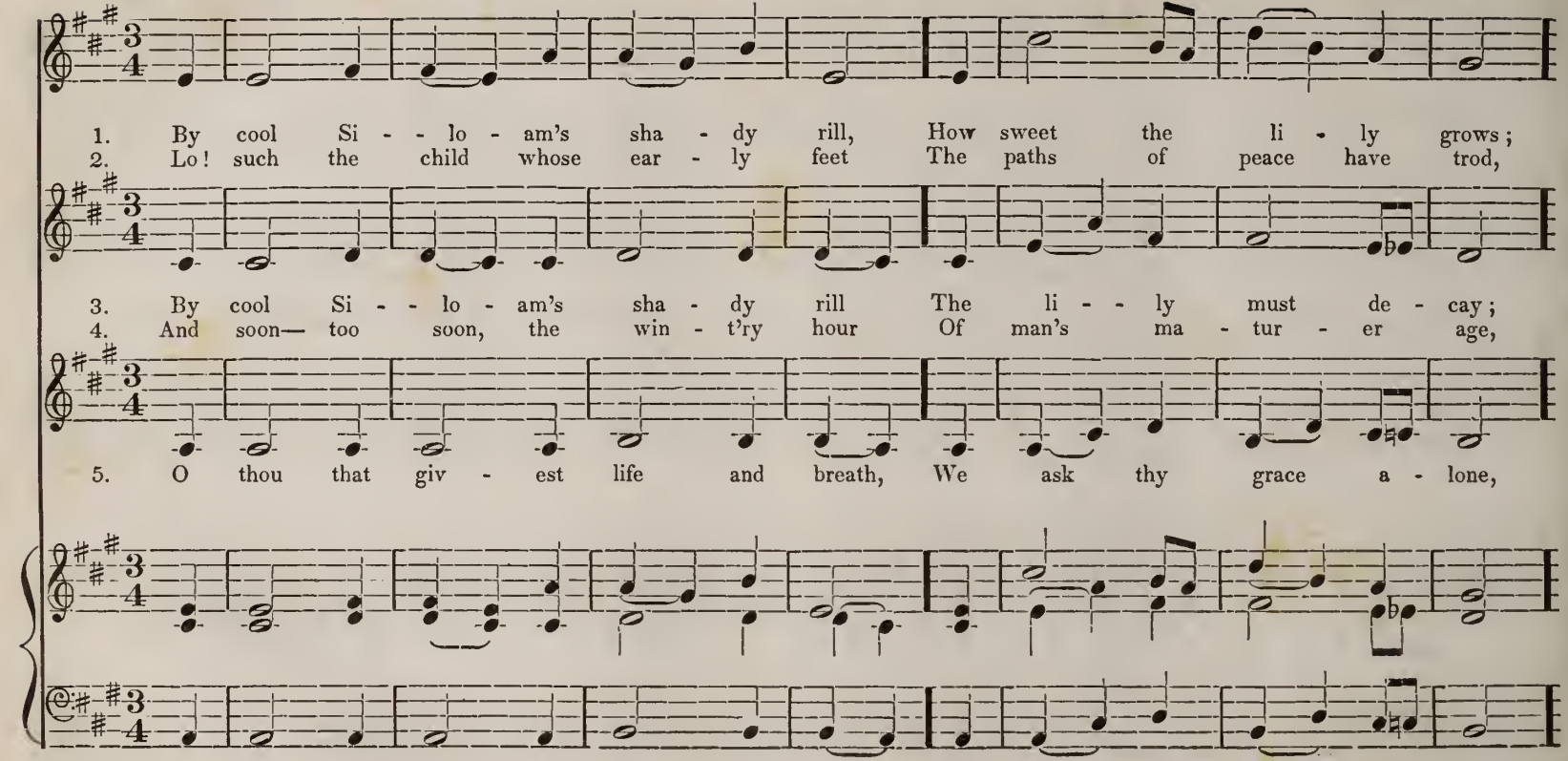
MERINAH. C. M.

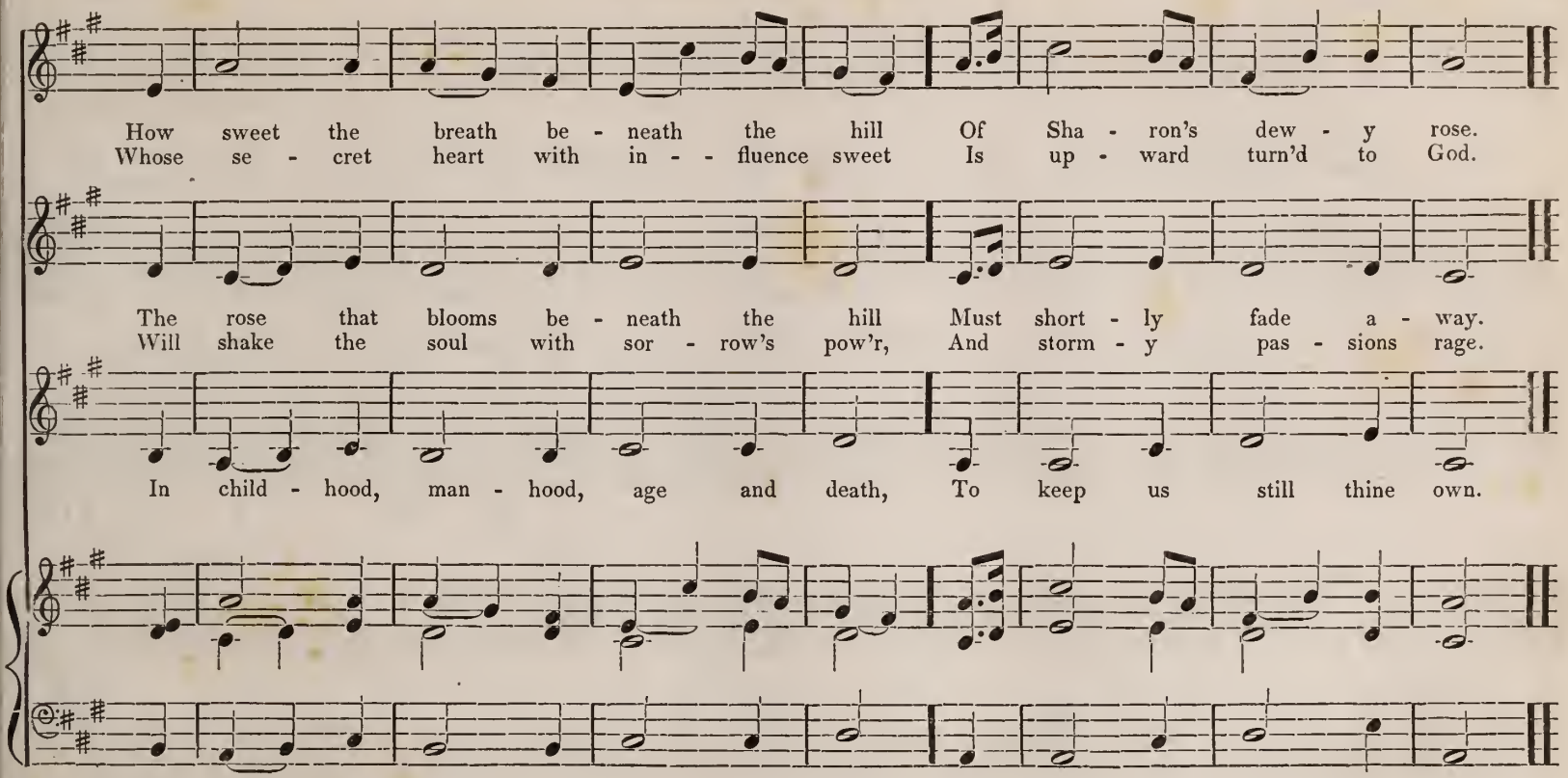
MODERATO.



SILOAM. C. M.

ANDANTE e PIANO.

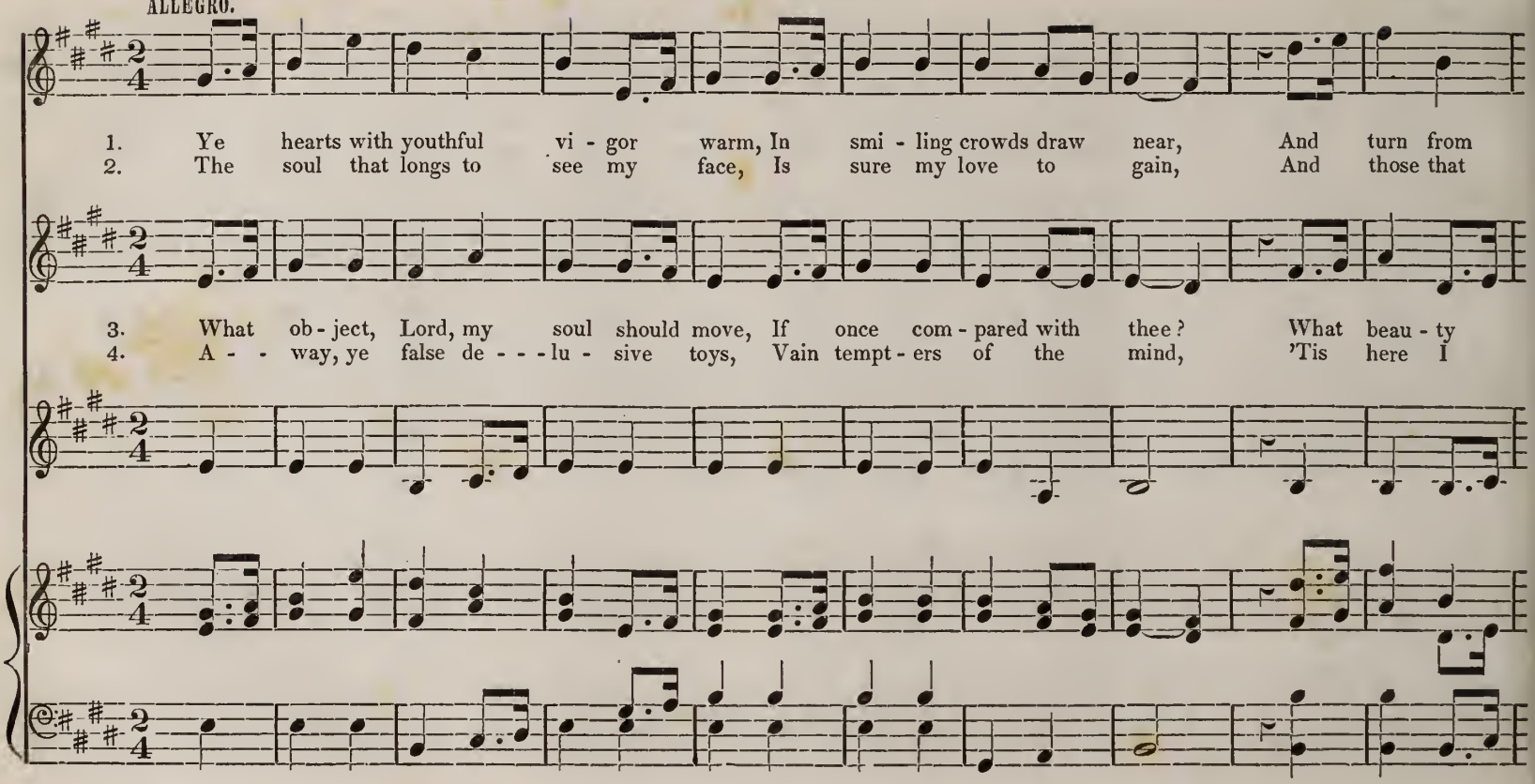


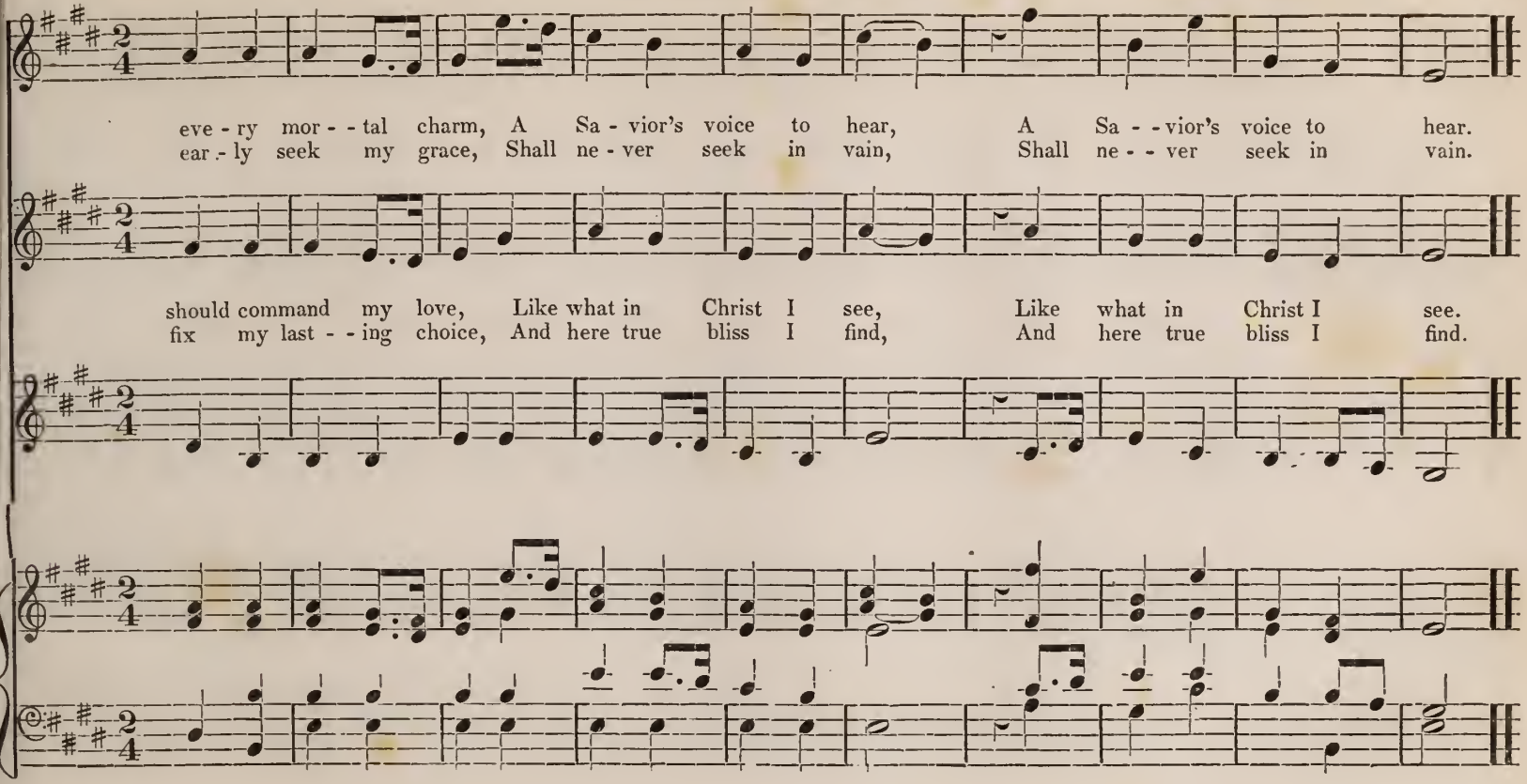

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.
Whose se - cret heart with in - - fluence sweet Is up - ward turn'd to God.
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
Will shake the soul with sor - row's pow'r, And storm - y pas - sions rage.
In child - hood, man - hood, age and death, To keep us still thine own.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

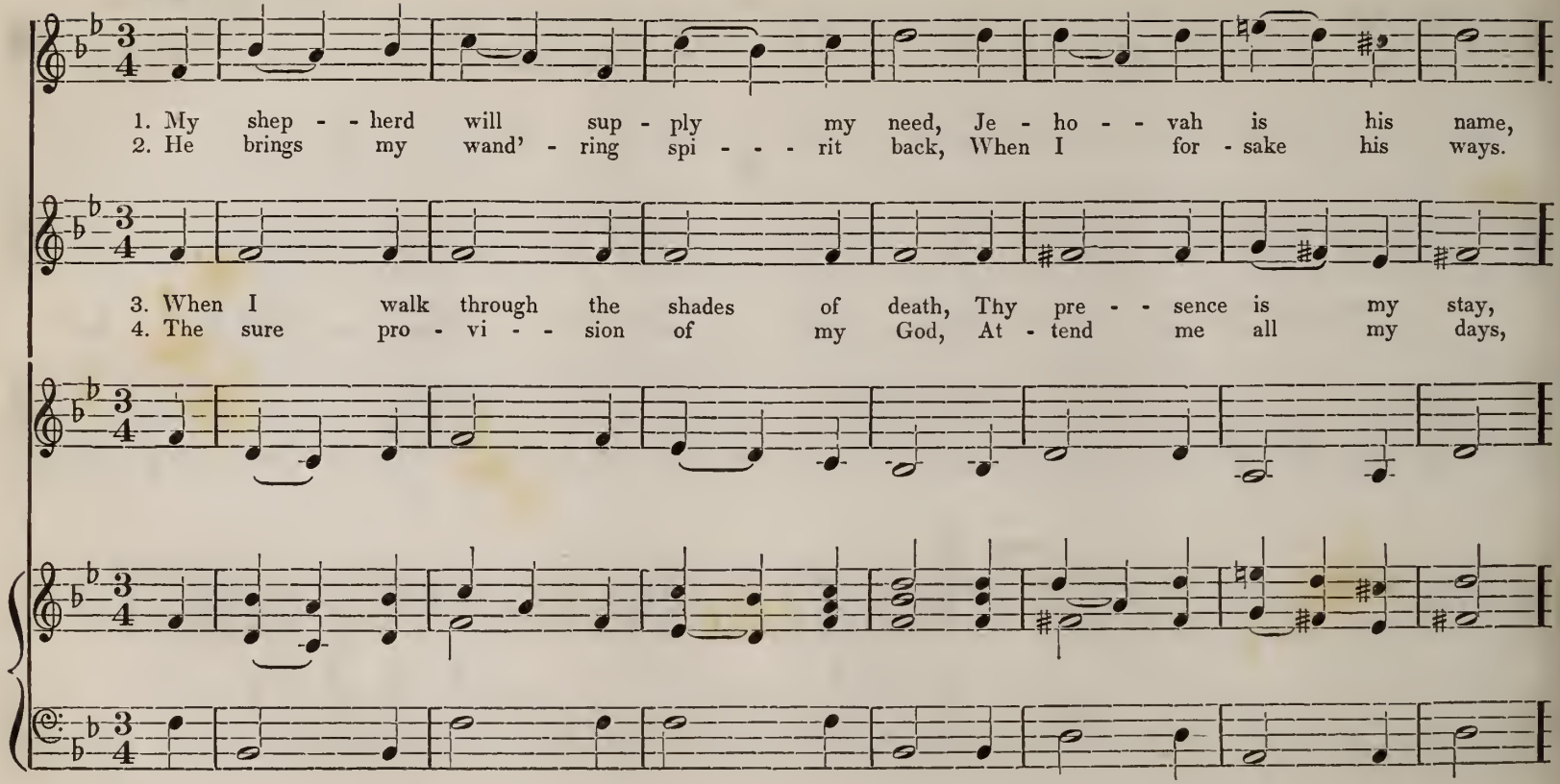
ALLEGRO.

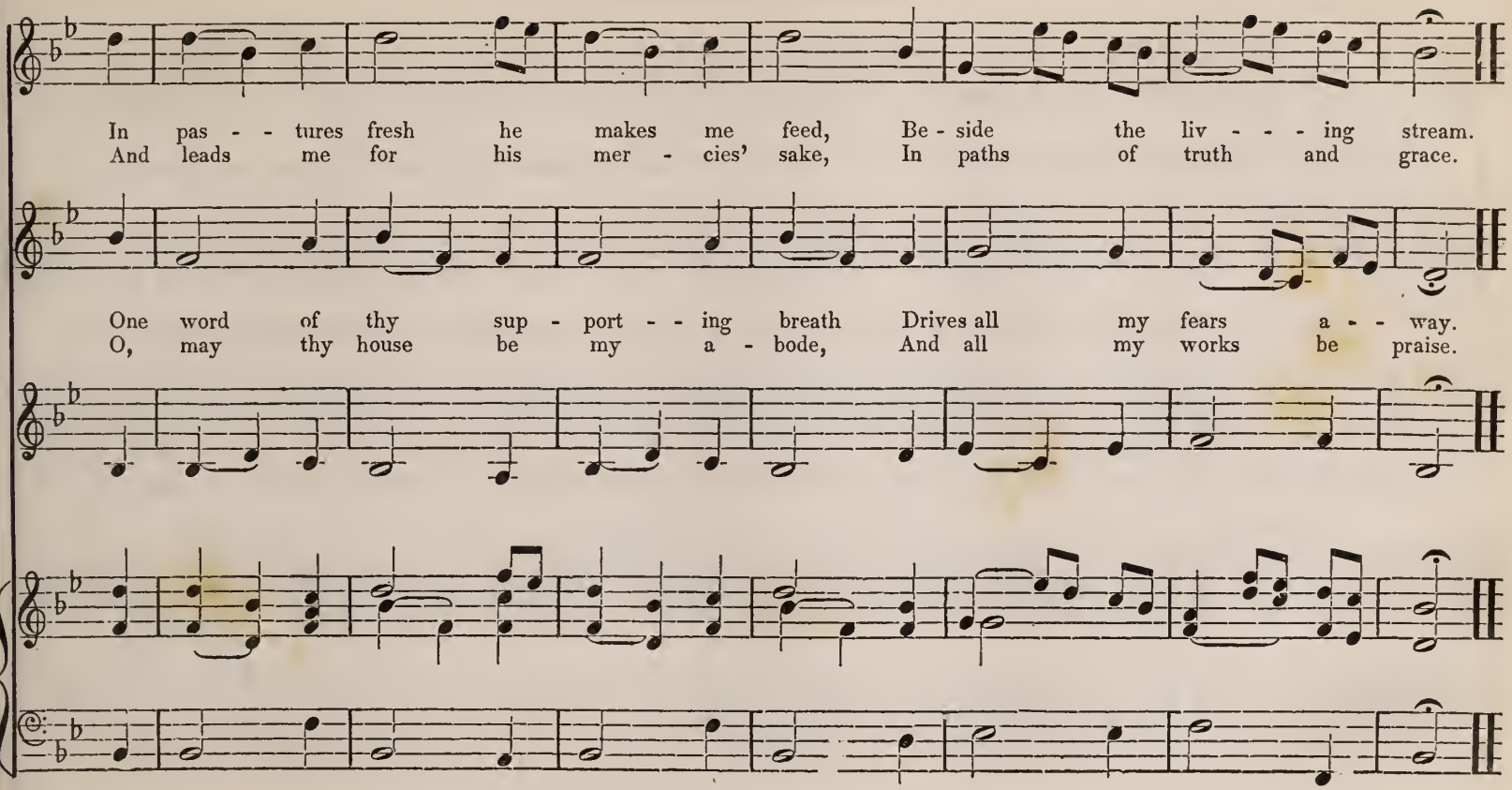



eve - ry mor - - tal charm, A Sa - vior's voice to hear, A Sa - - vior's voice to hear.
ear - ly seek my grace, Shall ne - ver seek in vain, Shall ne - - ver seek in vain.
should command my love, Like what in Christ I see, Like what in Christ I see.
fix my last - - ing choice, And here true bliss I find, And here true bliss I find.

CONFIDENCE. C. M.

ANDANTE SOSTENUTO.

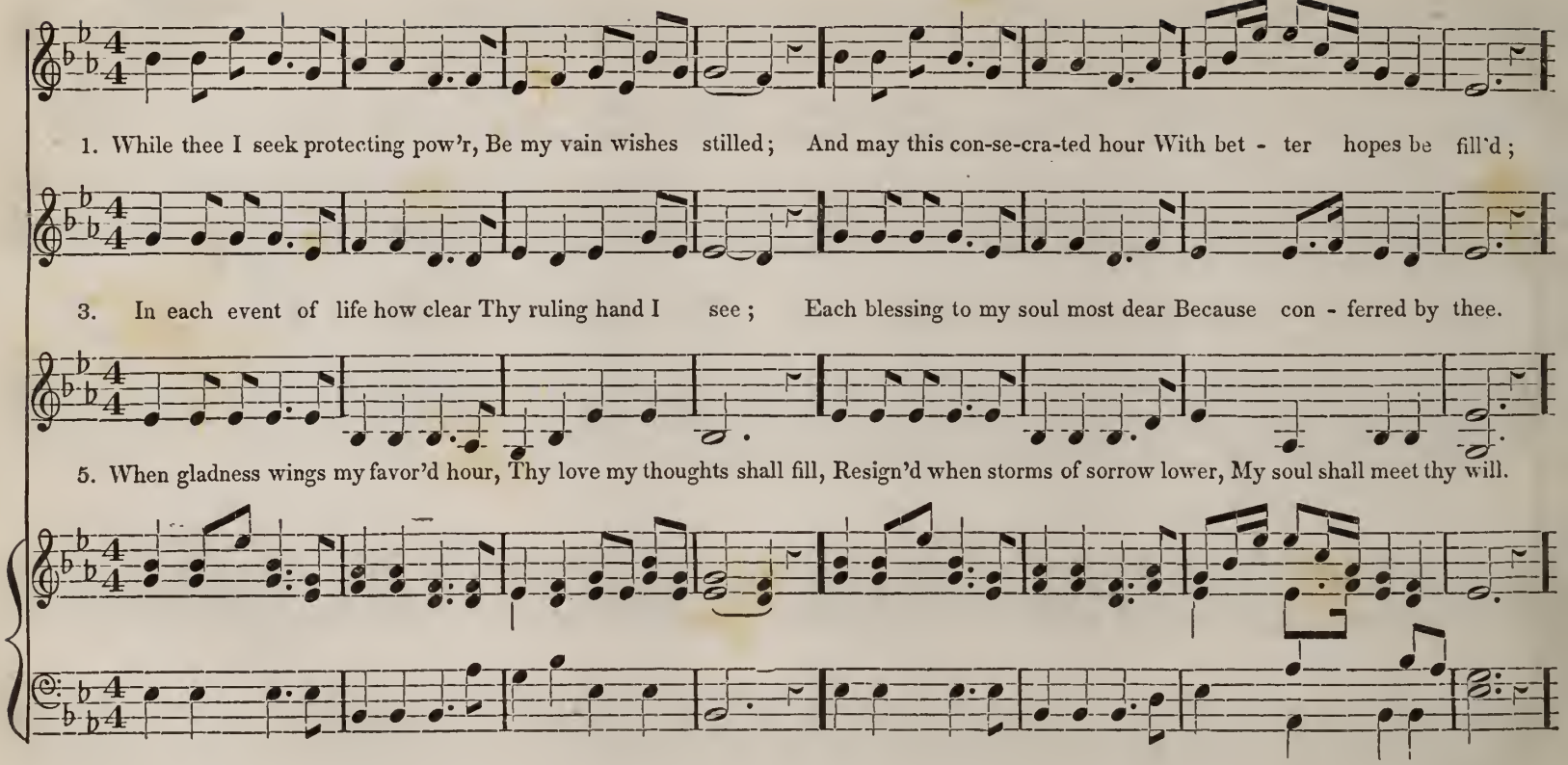


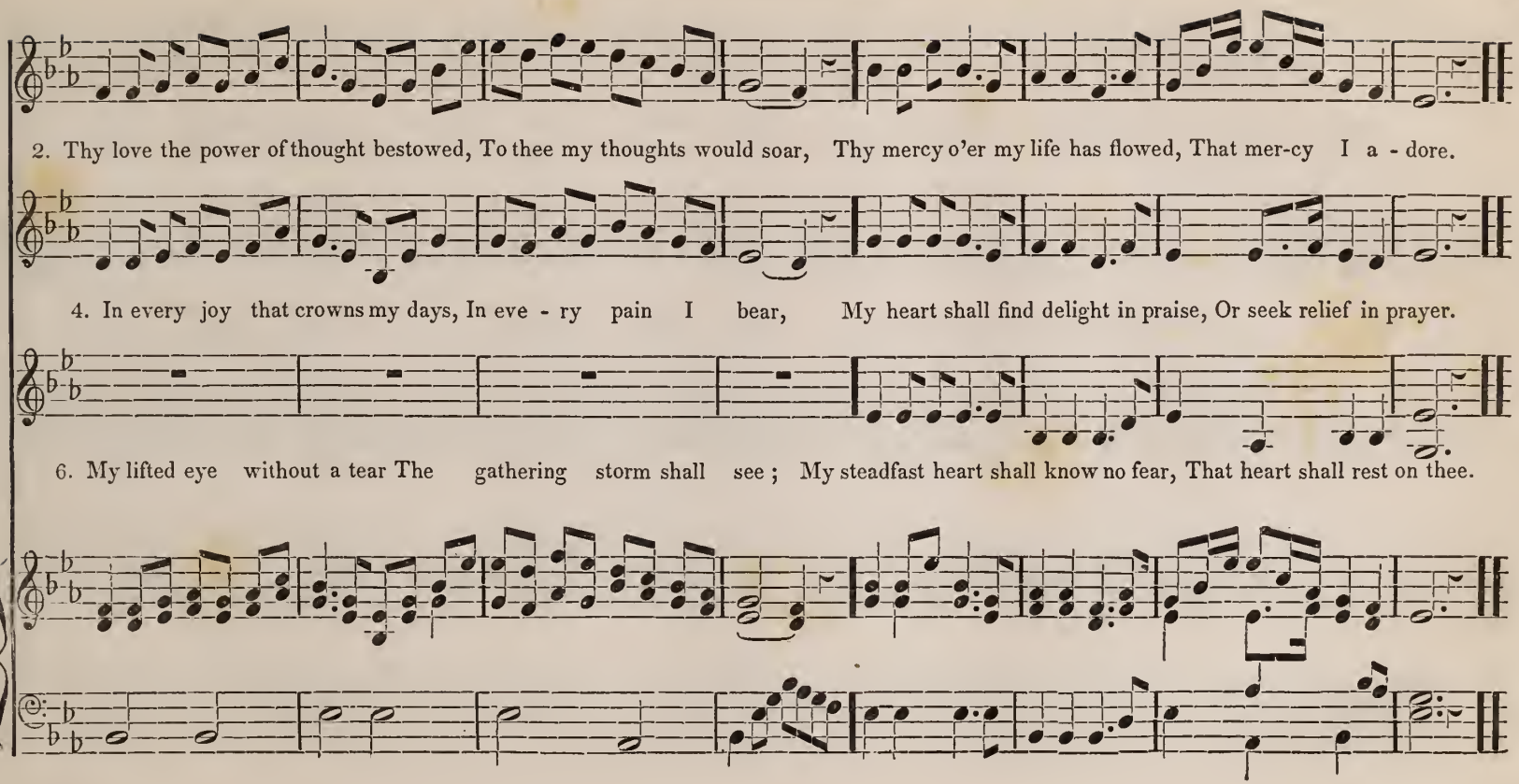

In pas - - tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - - - ing stream.
And leads me for his mer - cies' sake, In paths of truth and grace.
One word of thy sup - port - - ing breath Drives all my fears a - - way.
O, may thy house be my a - bode, And all my works be praise.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M.

PLEYEL.

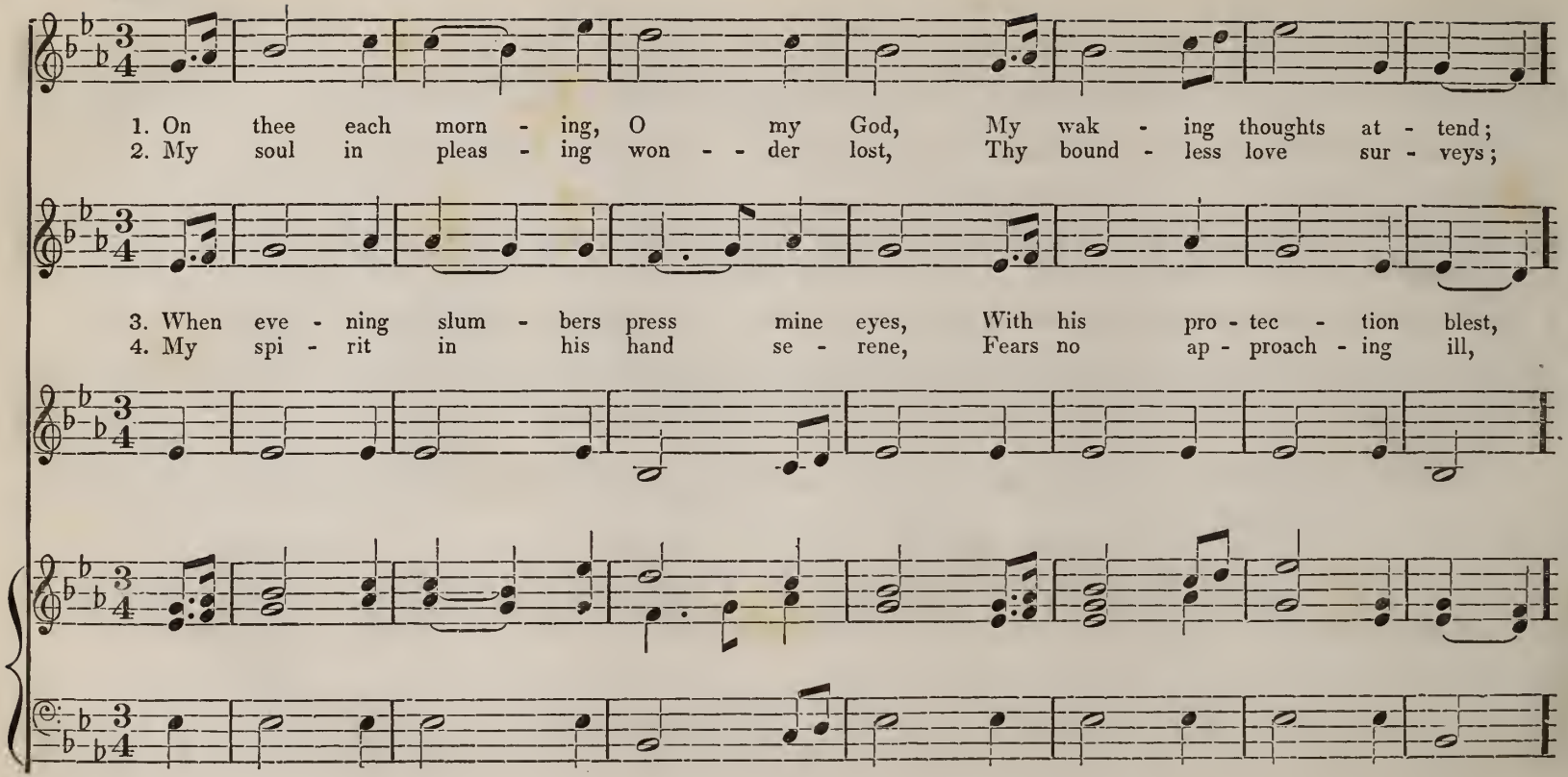
ANDANTE.

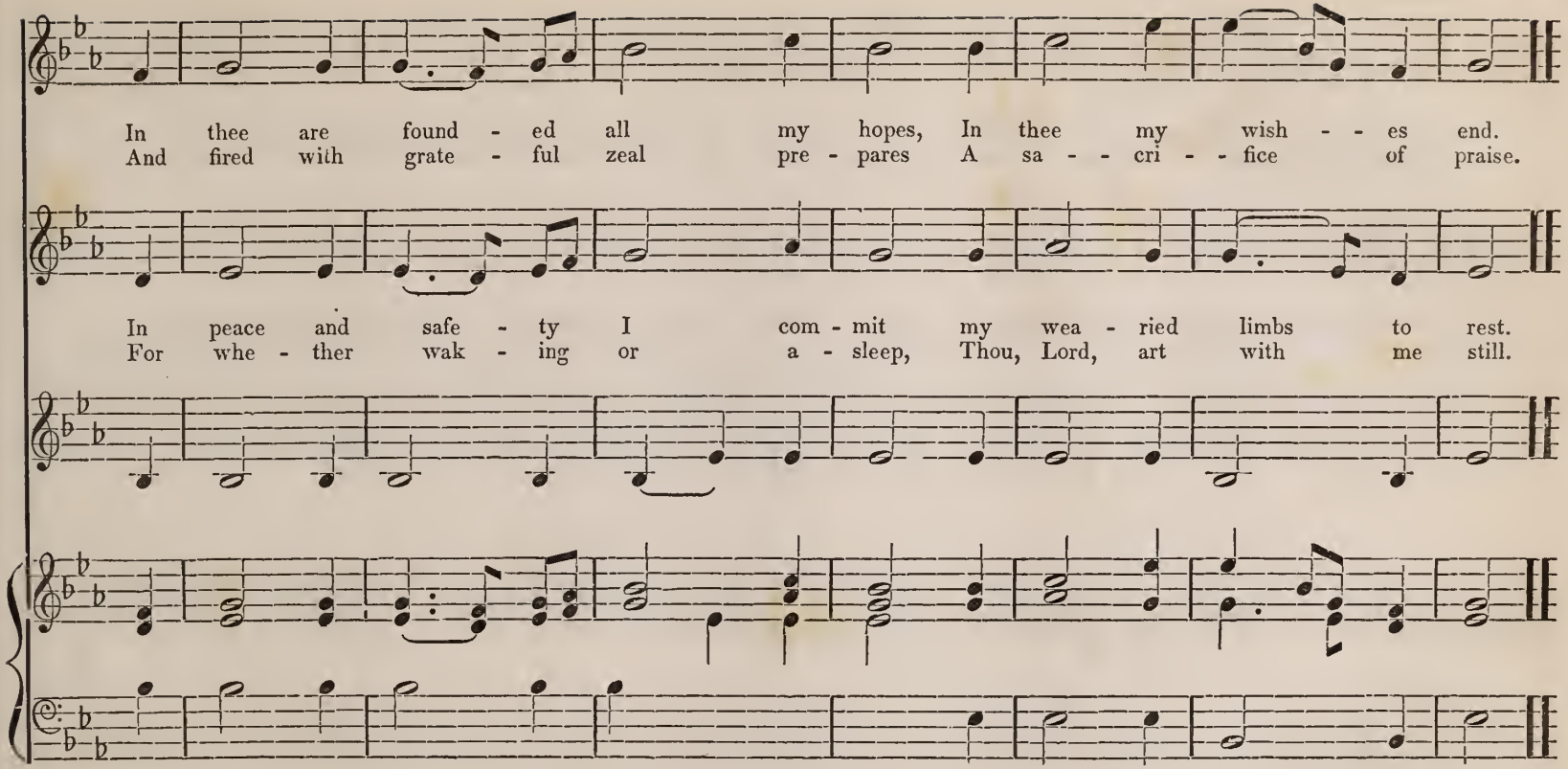



2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To thee my thoughts would soar, Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, That mer-cy I a - dore.
4. In every joy that crowns my days, In eve - ry pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.
6. My lifted eye without a tear The gathering storm shall see ; My steadfast heart shall know no fear, That heart shall rest on thee.

MELTO. C. M.

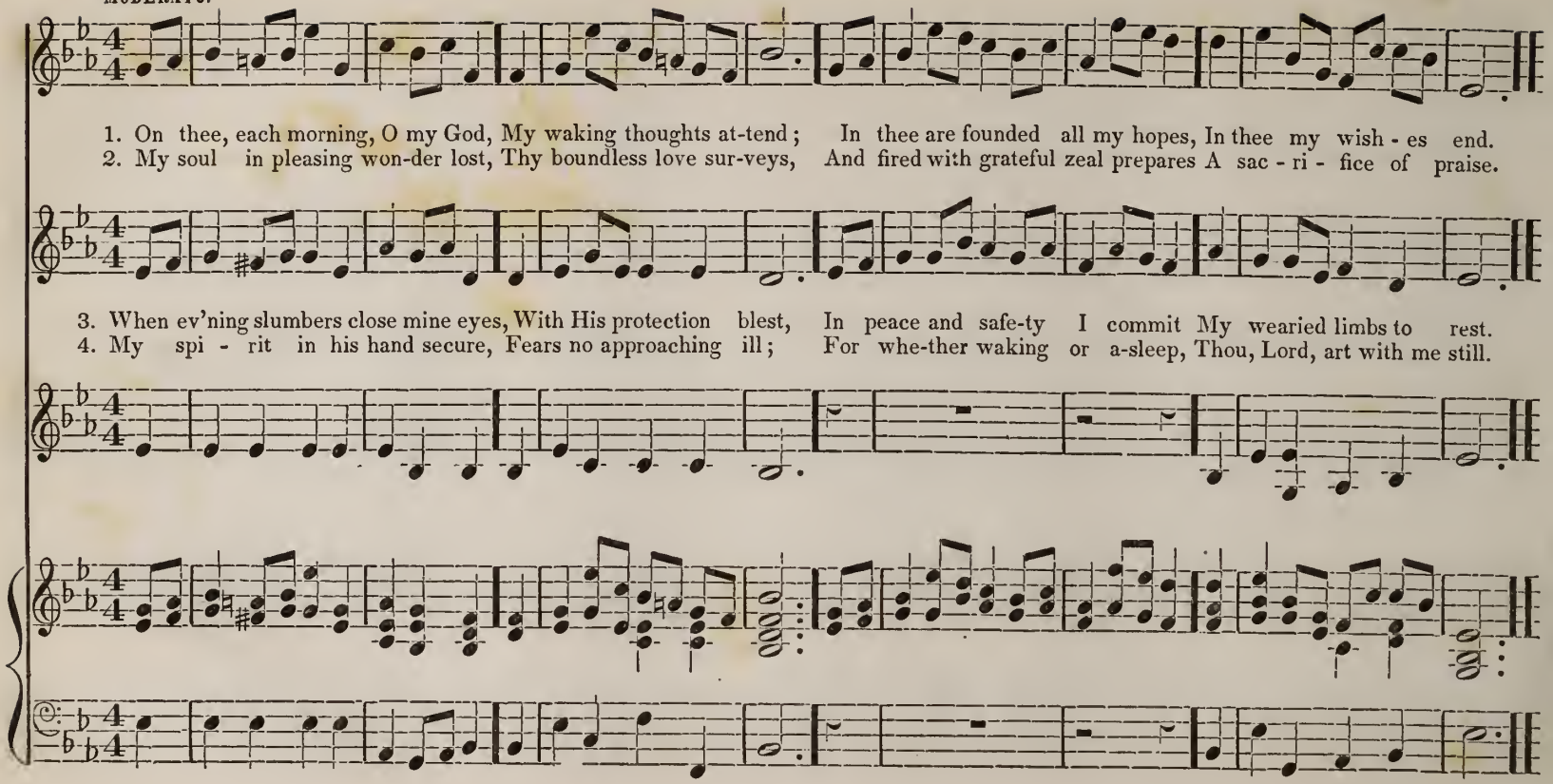
MODERATO.




In thee are found - ed all my hopes, In thee my wish - es end.
And fired with grate - ful zeal pre - pares A sa - - cri - - fice of praise.
In peace and safe - ty I com - mit my wea - ried limbs to rest.
For whe - ther wak - ing or a - sleep, Thou, Lord, art with me still.

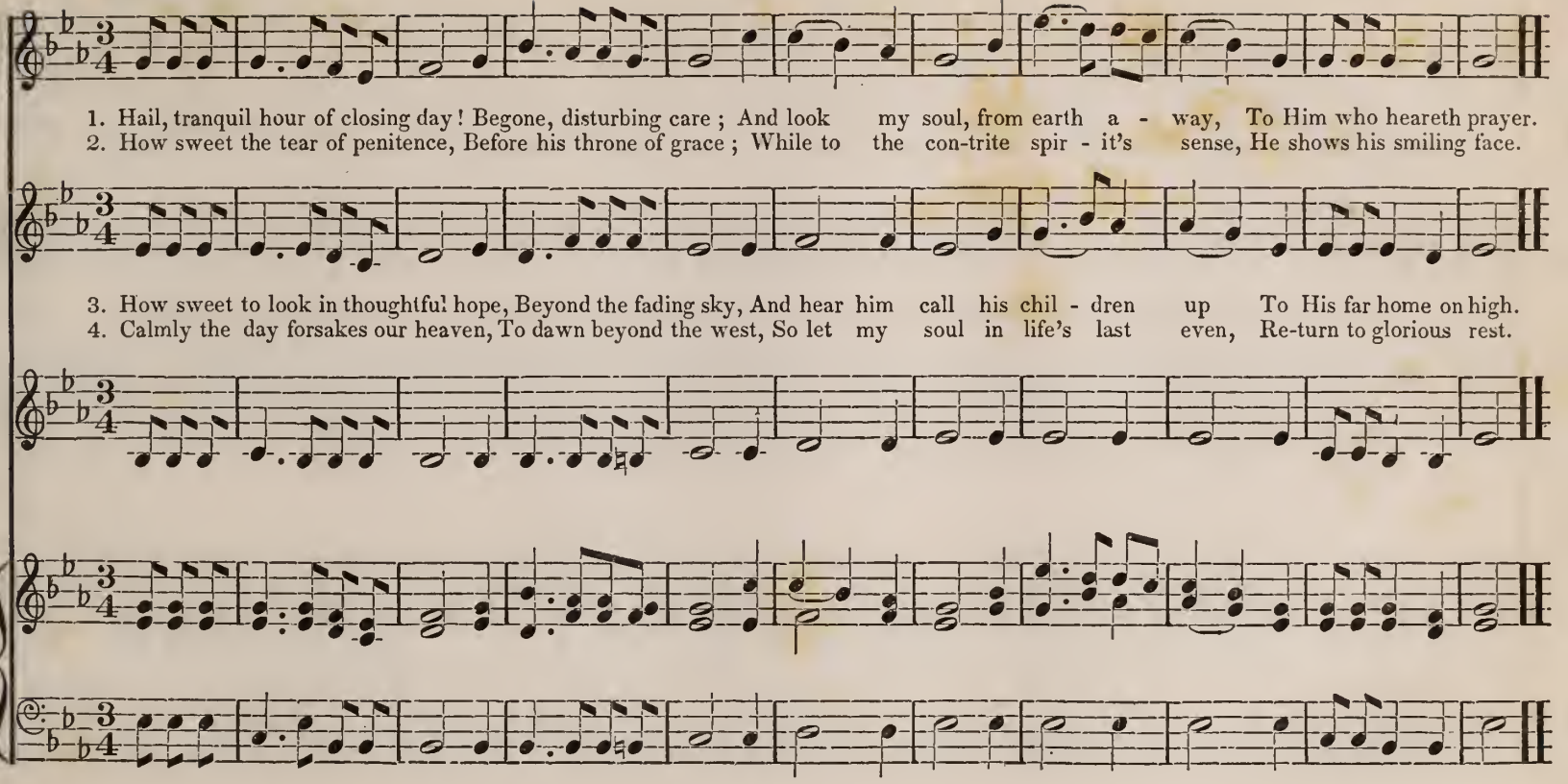
ORAN. C. M.

MODERATO.



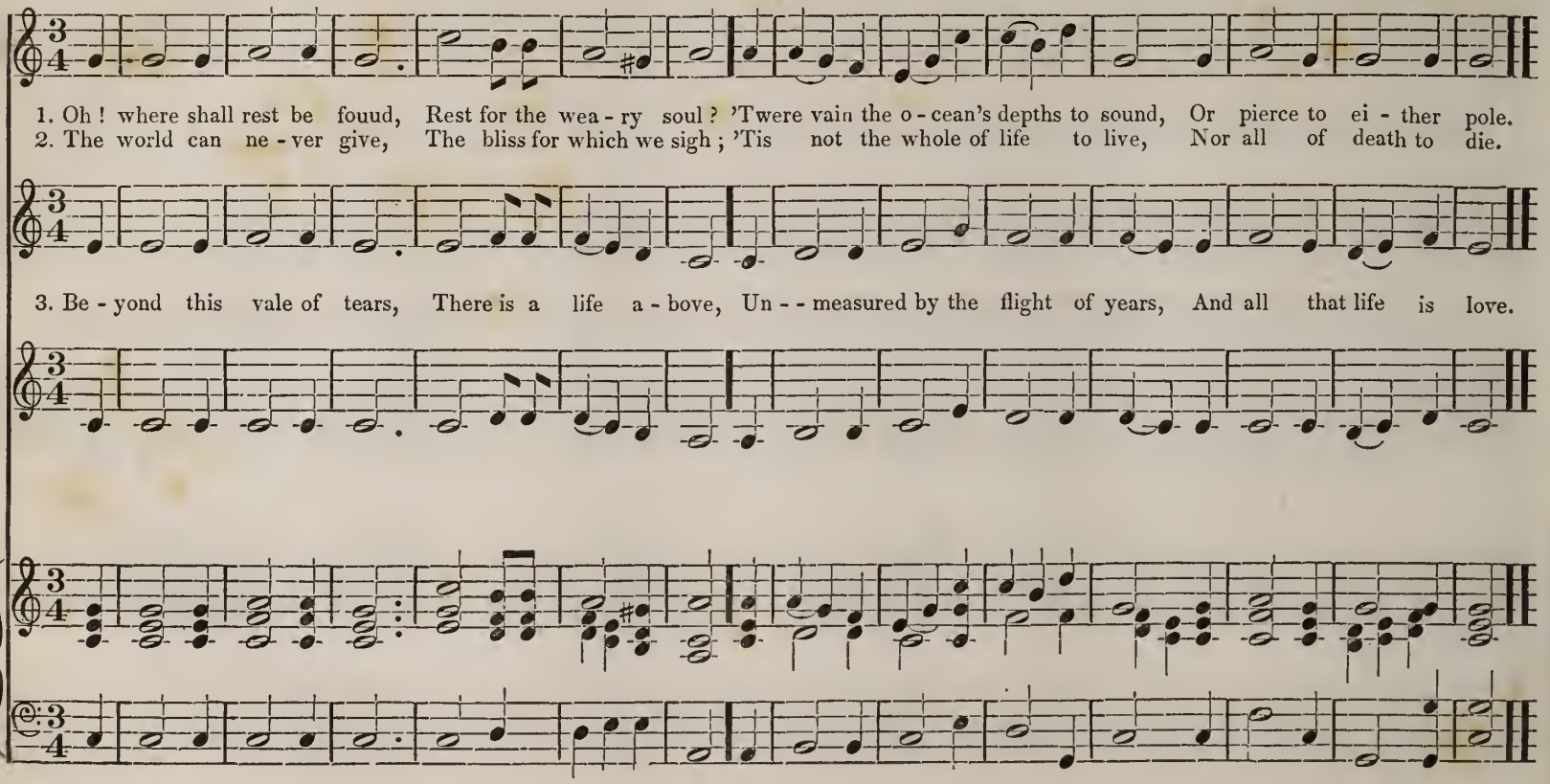
TRANQUILITY. C. M.

DOLCE.



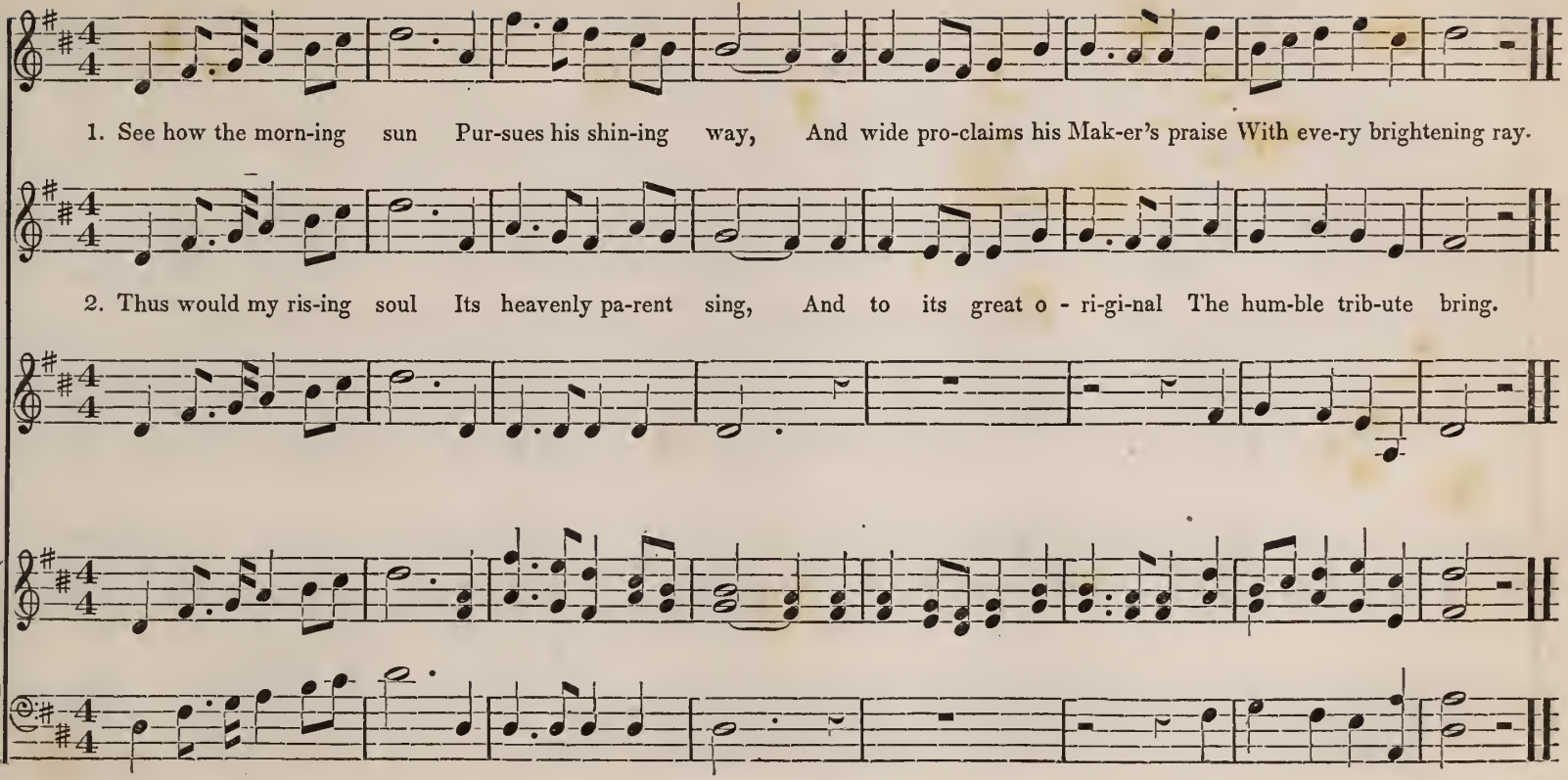
REST. S. M.

MODERATO.



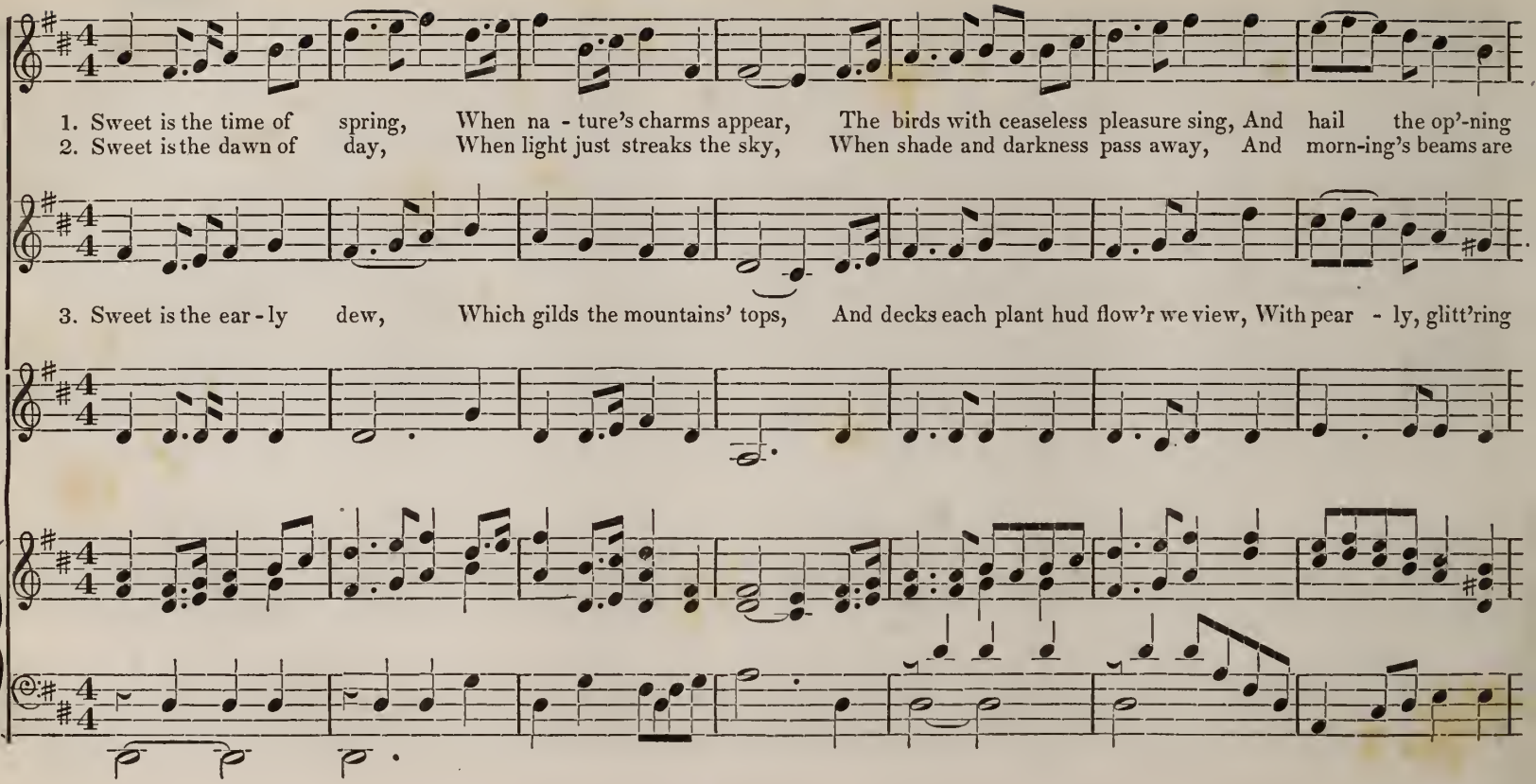
LORA. S. M.

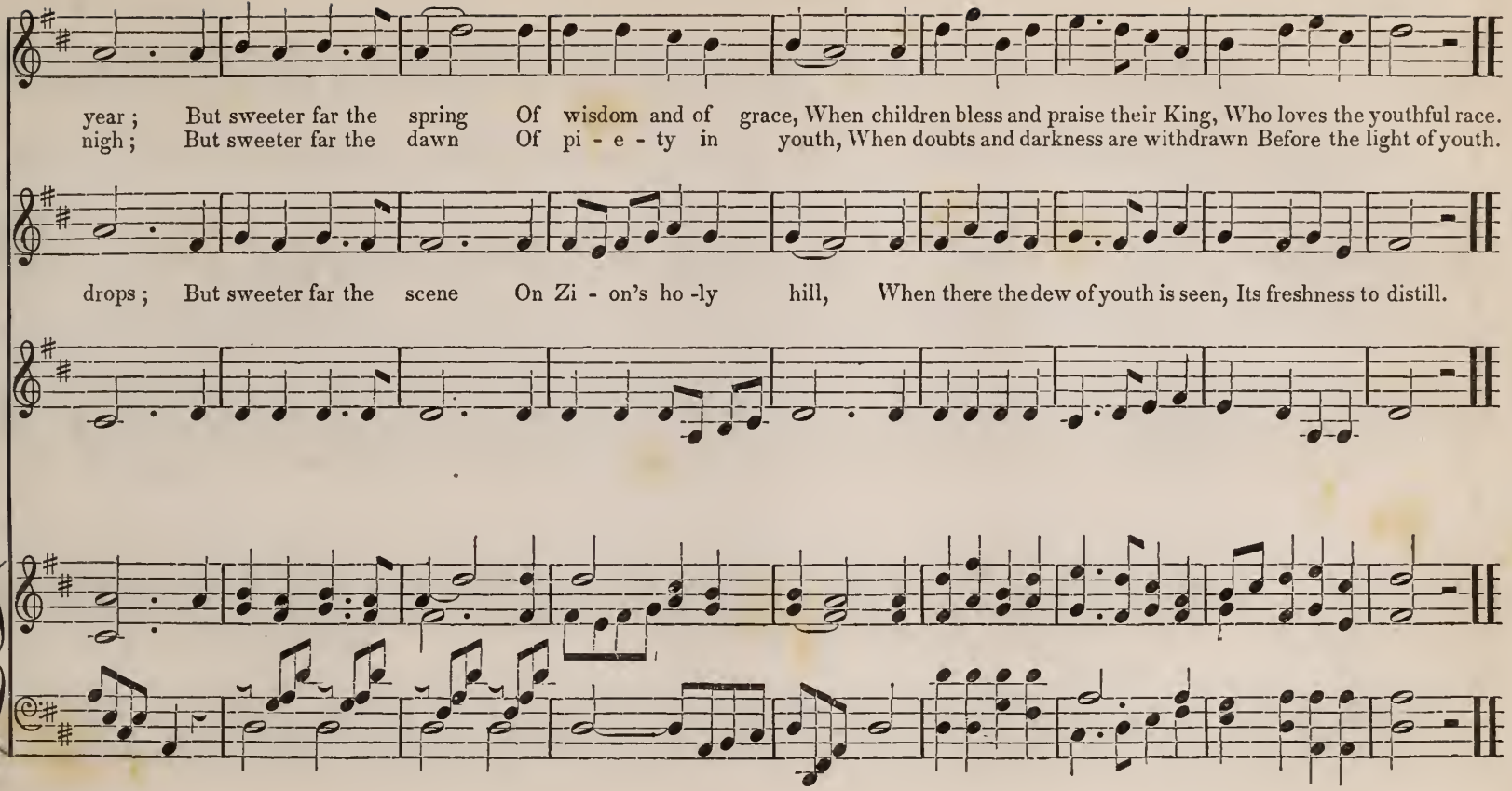
ALLEGRO.



ALVA. S. M.

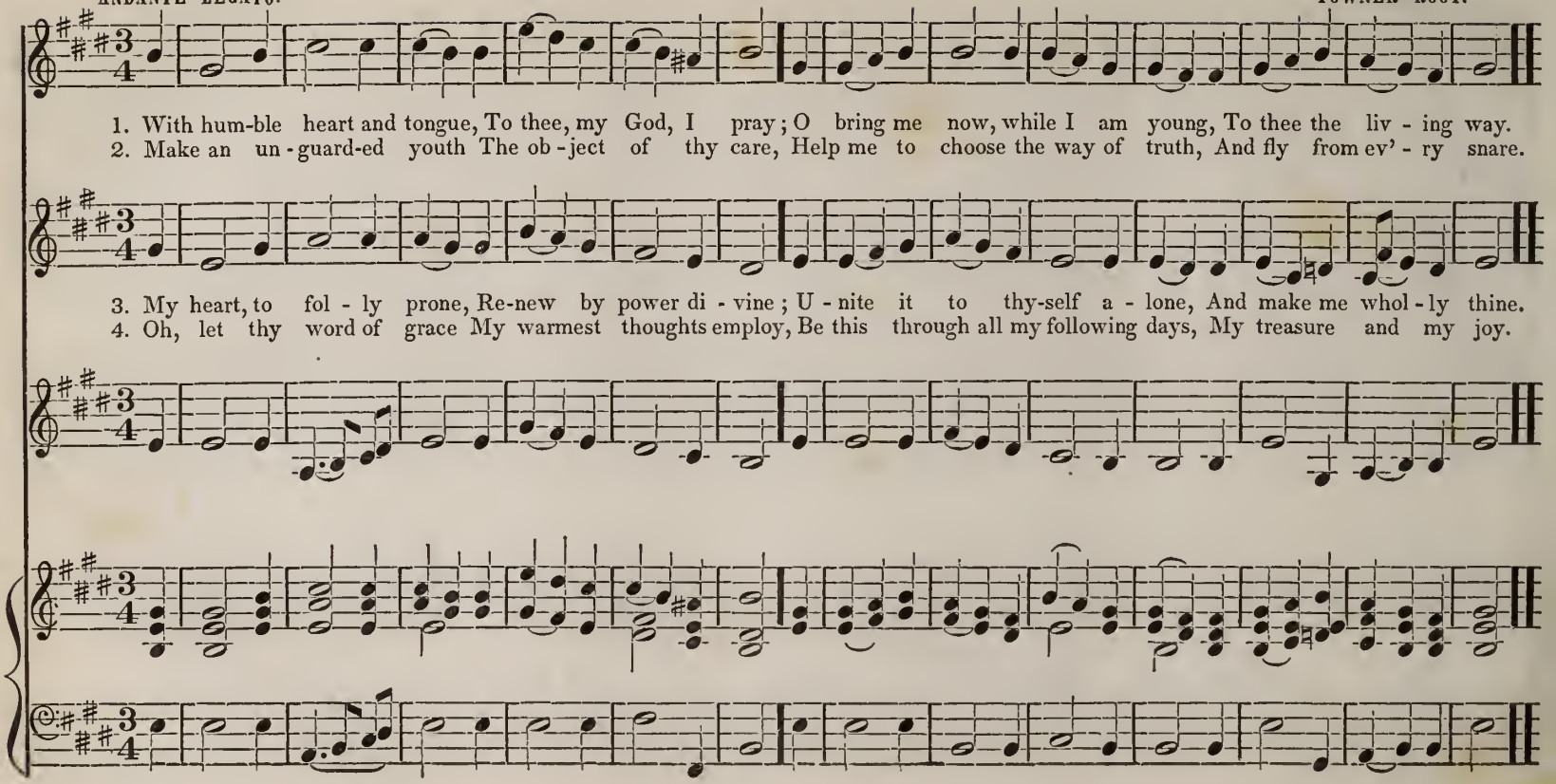
ALLEGRETTO




year ; But sweeter far the spring Of wisdom and of grace, When children bless and praise their King, Who loves the youthful race.
nigh ; But sweeter far the dawn Of pi - e - ty in youth, When doubts and darkness are withdrawn Before the light of youth.
drops ; But sweeter far the scene On Zi - on's ho -ly hill, When there the dew of youth is seen, Its freshness to distill.

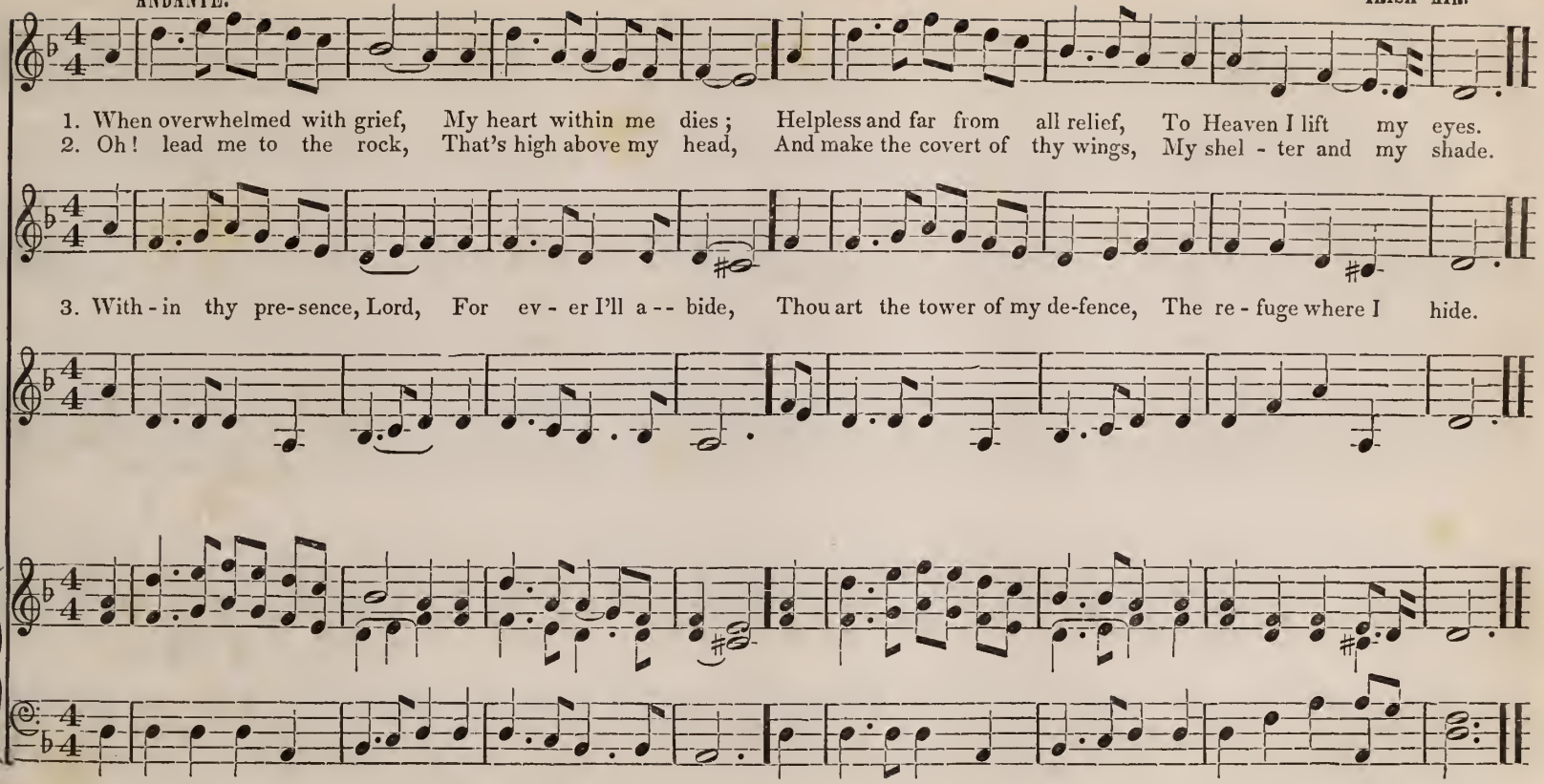
SUPPLICATION. S. M.

ANDANTE LEGATO. TOWNER ROOT.



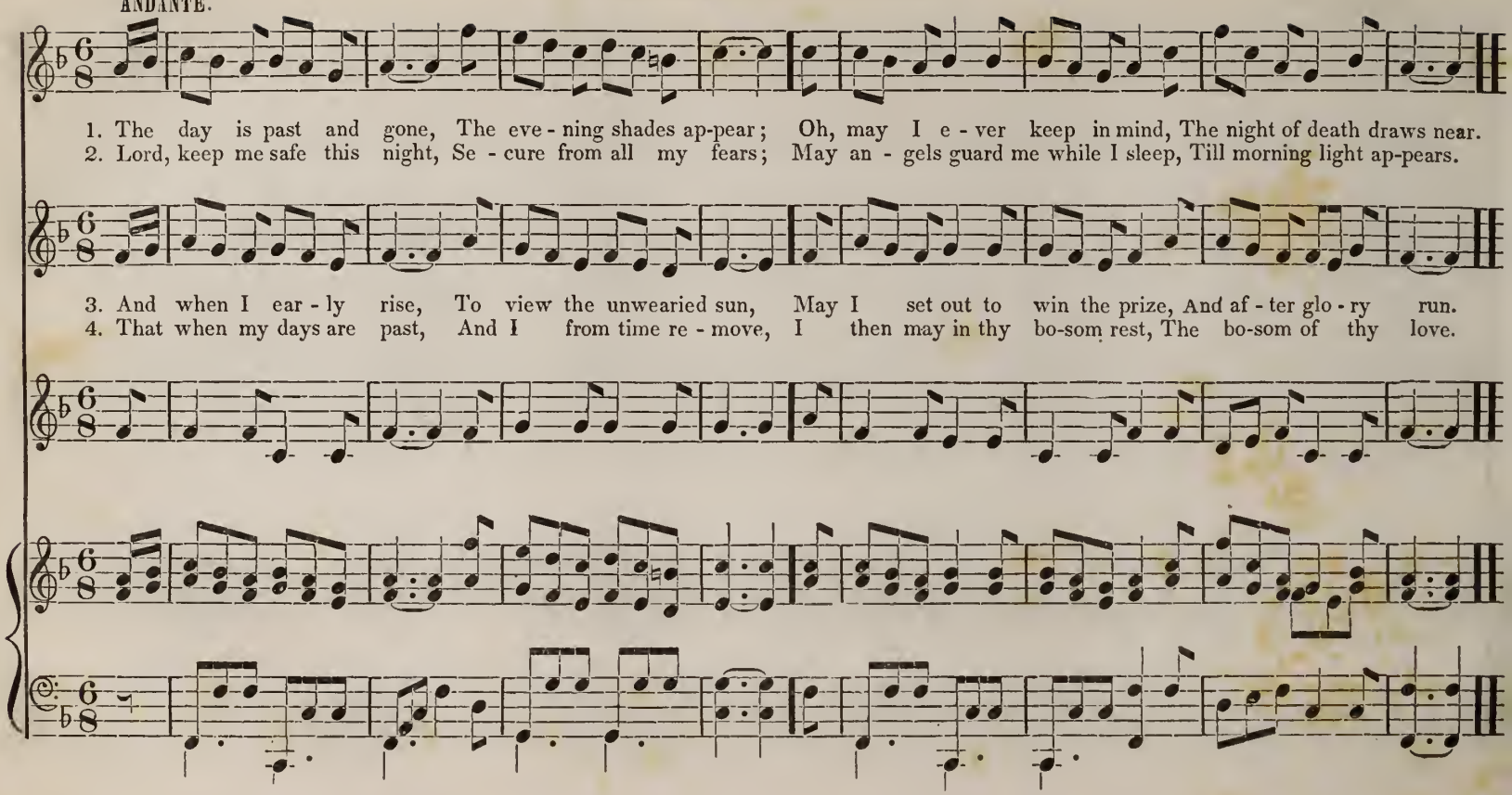
IRAL. S. M.

ANDANTE. IRISH AIR.



REFLECTION. S. M.

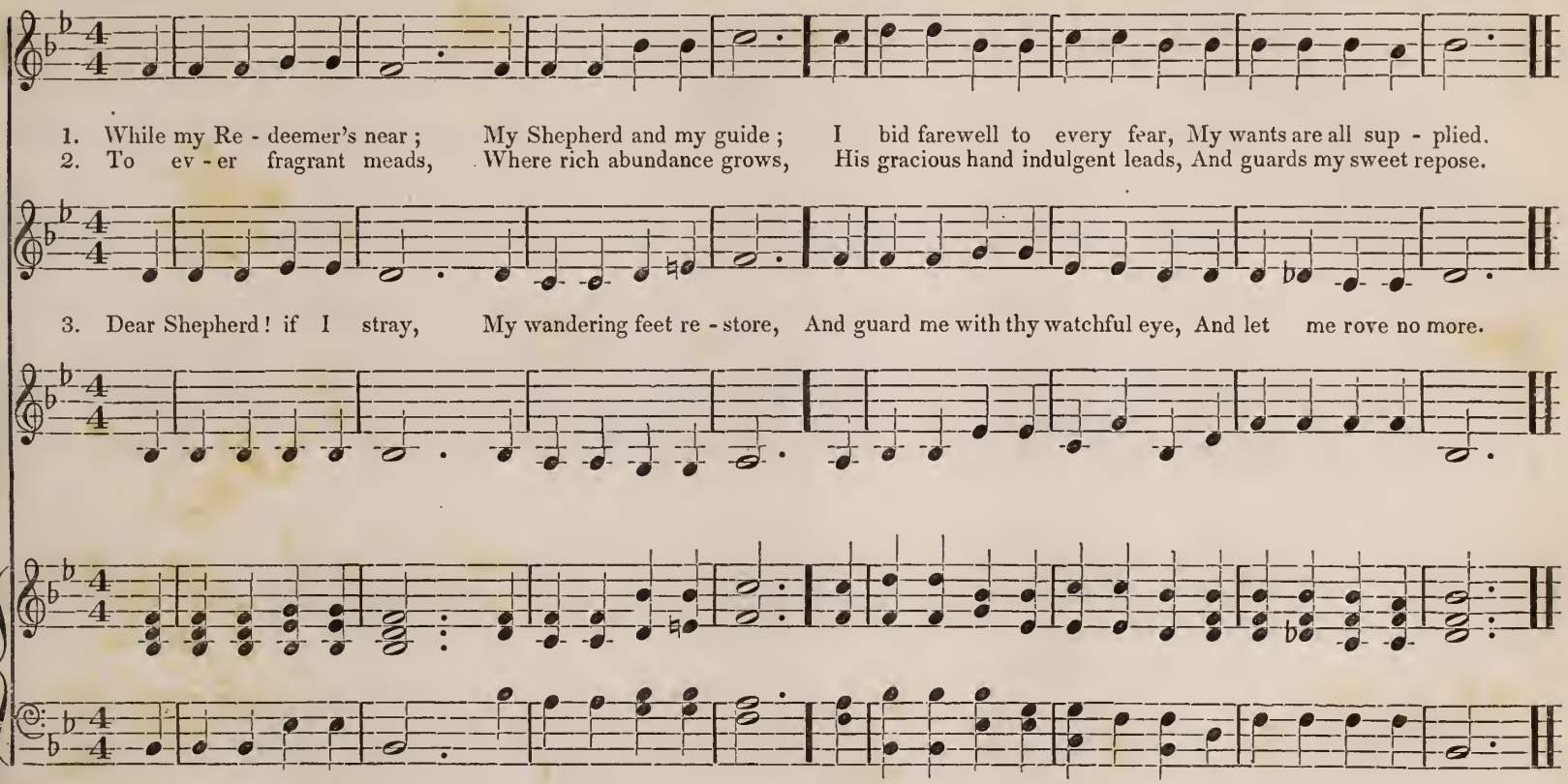
ANDANTE.



GORTON. S. M.

PIANO.

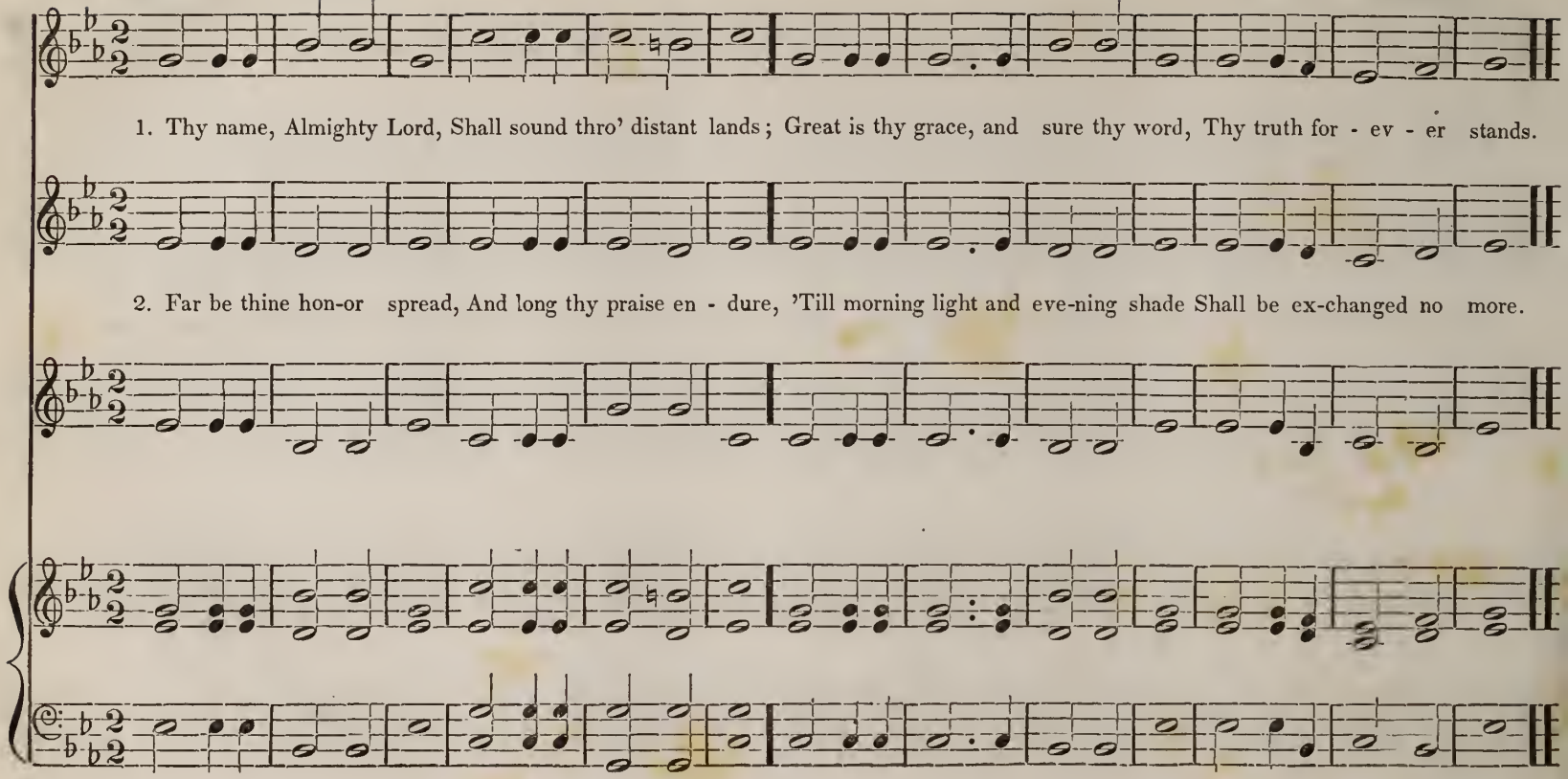
BEETHOVEN.—From "Carmina Sacra."



SHAWMUT. S. M.

MODERATO.

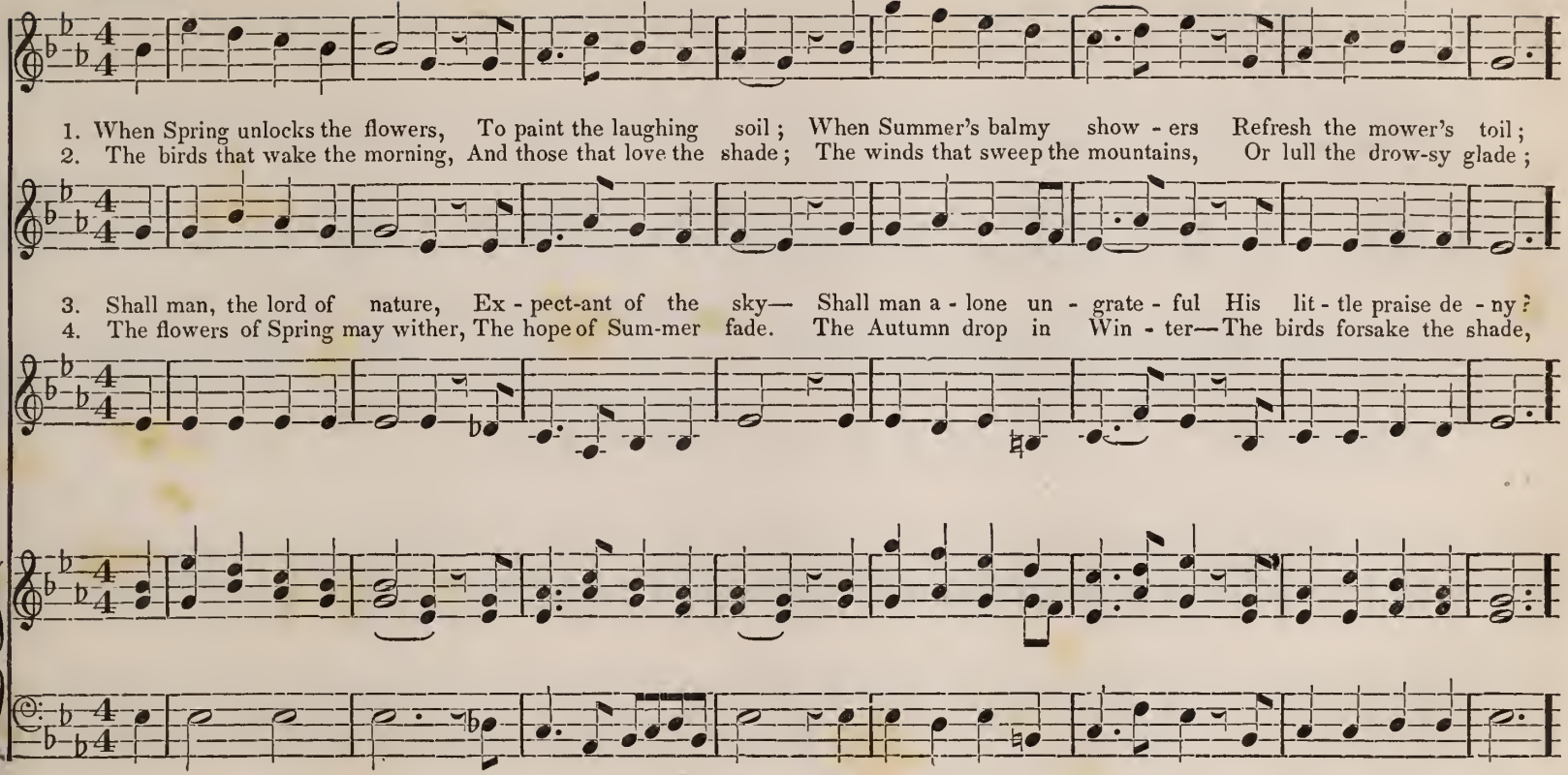
From "Carmina Sacra."

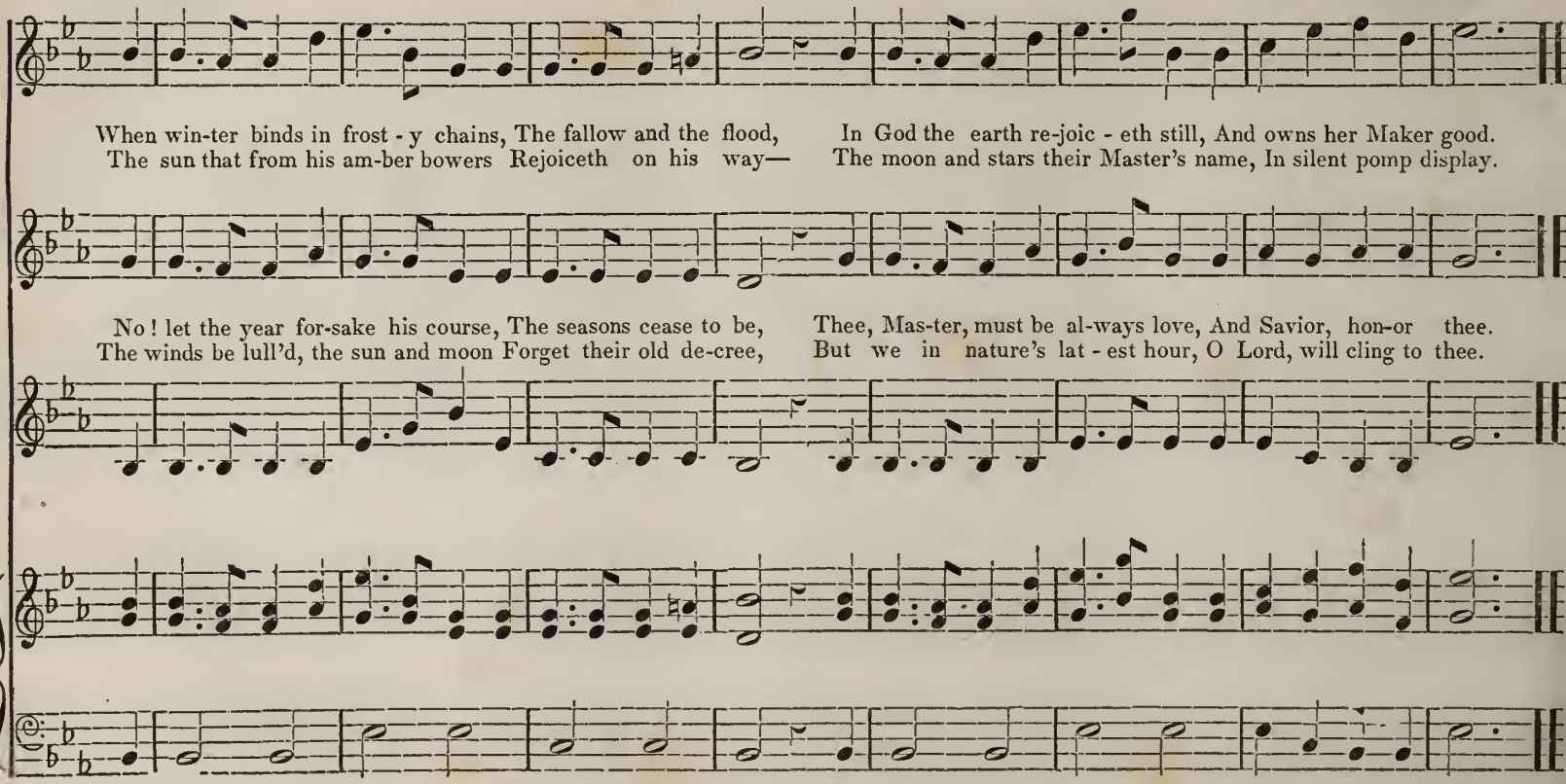


SEASONS. S. M.

MODERATO.

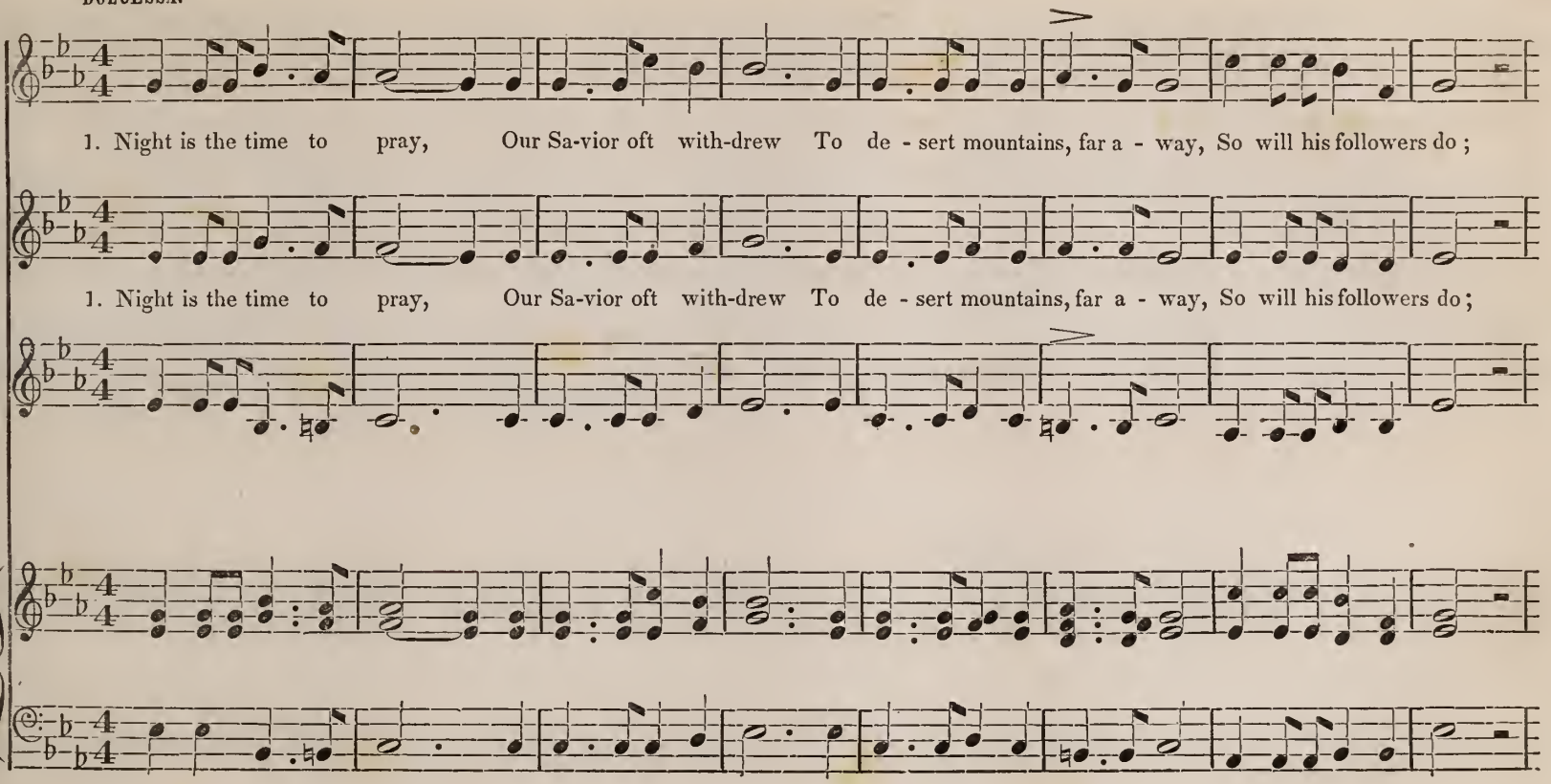
PORTUGUESE AIR.

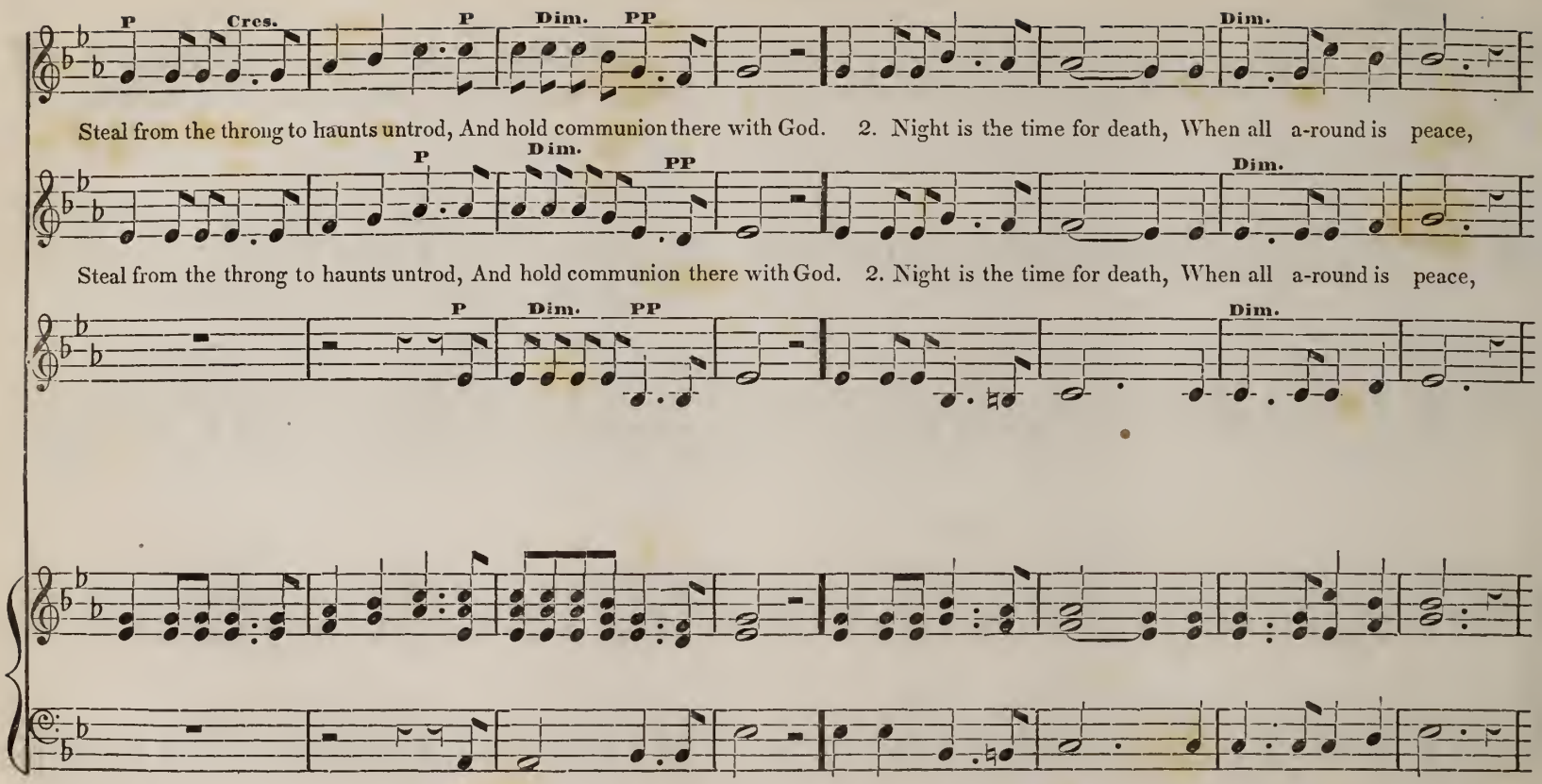


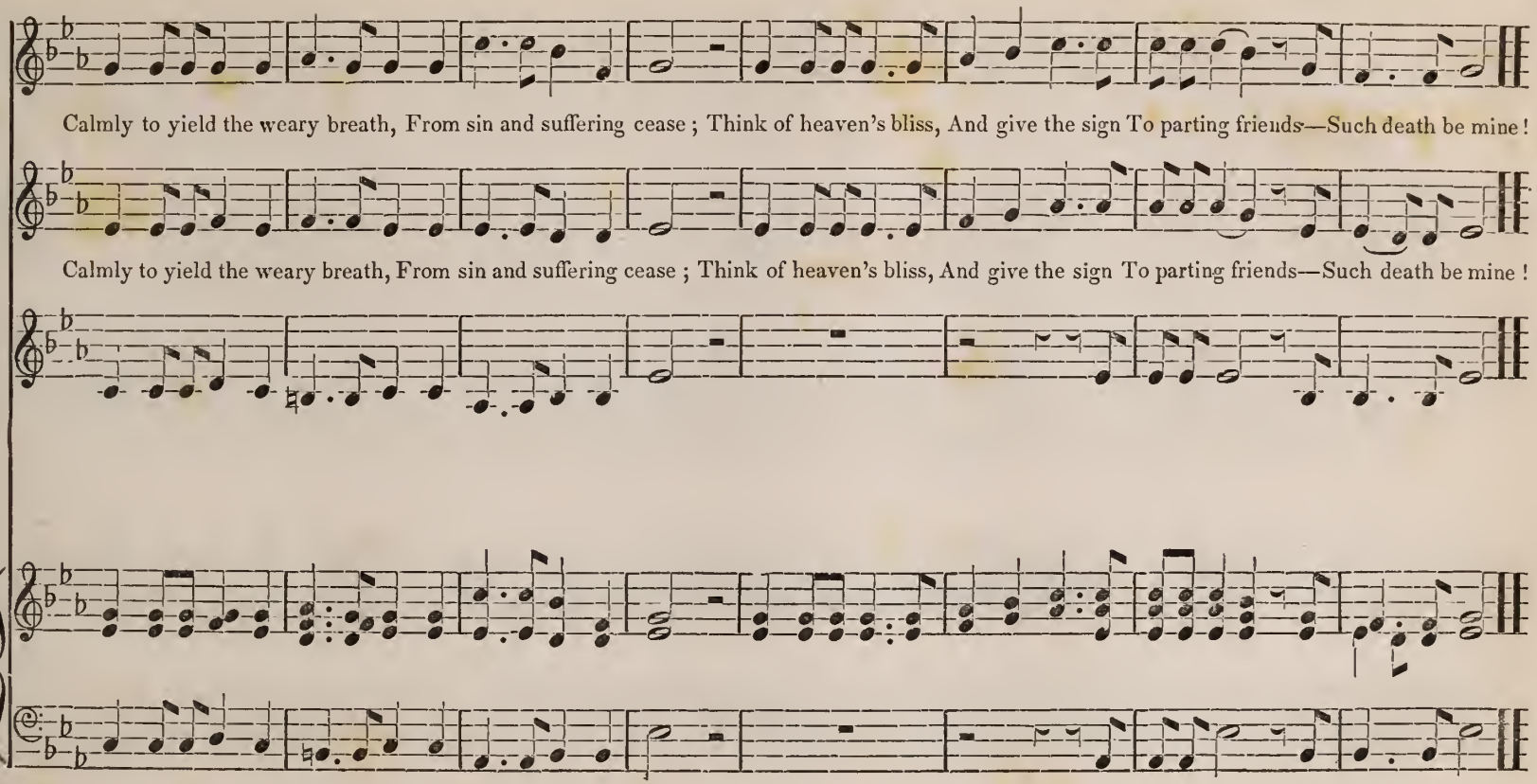

When win-ter binds in frost - y chains, The fallow and the flood,
The sun that from his am-ber bowers Rejoiceth on his way—
In God the earth re-joic - eth still, And owns her Maker good.
The moon and stars their Master's name, In silent pomp display.
No! let the year for-sake his course, The seasons cease to be,
The winds be lull'd, the sun and moon Forget their old de-cree,
Thee, Mas-ter, must be al-ways love, And Savior, hon-or thee.
But we in nature's lat - est hour, O Lord, will cling to thee.

SOLITUDE. S. M.

DOLCESSA.

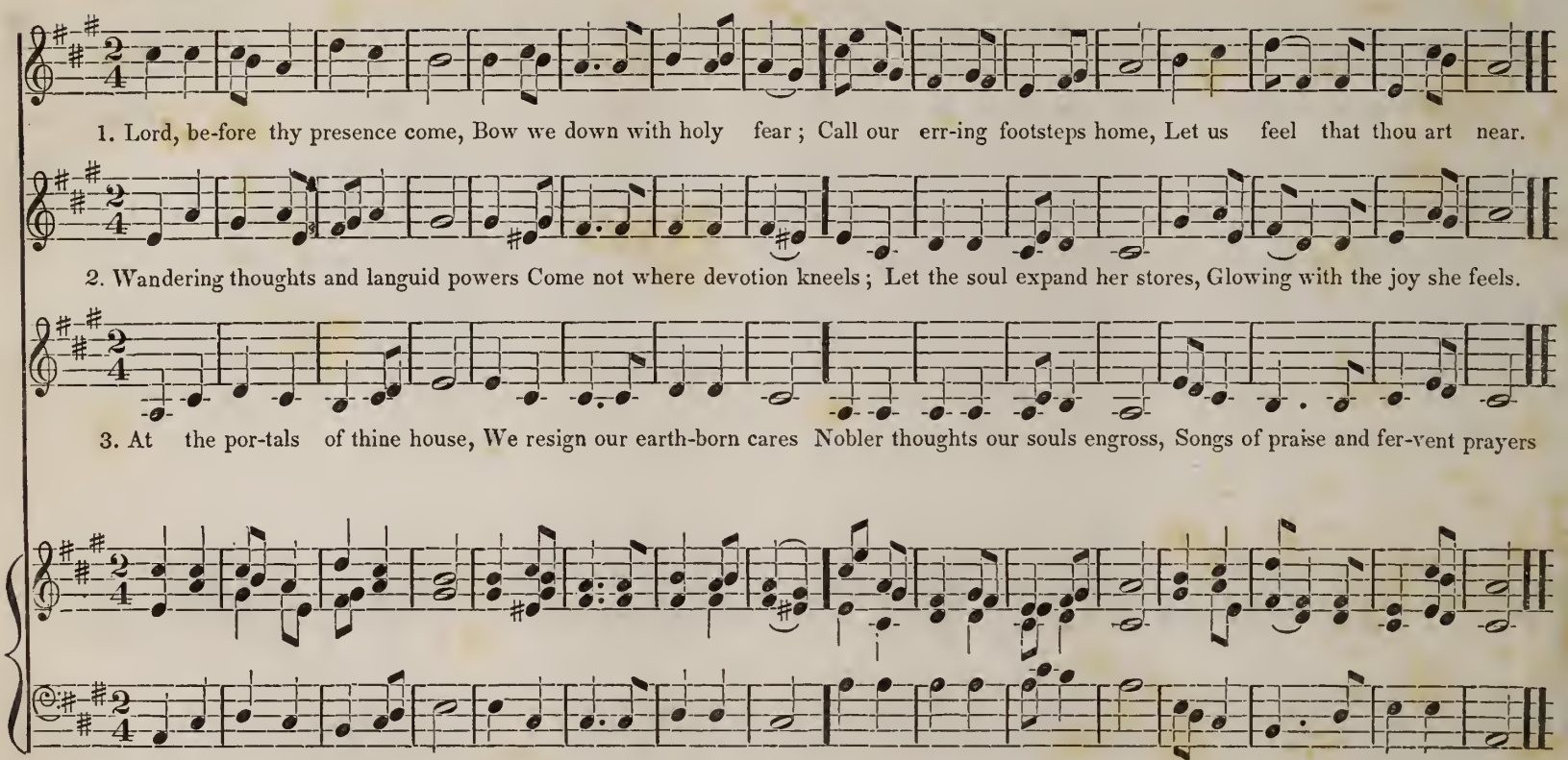



P
Cres.
P
Dim.
PP
Dim.
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod, And hold communion there with God. 2. Night is the time for death, When all a-round is peace,
P
Dim.
PP
Dim.
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod, And hold communion there with God. 2. Night is the time for death, When all a-round is peace,
P
Dim.
PP
Dim.


Calmly to yield the weary breath, From sin and suffering cease ; Think of heaven's bliss, And give the sign To parting friends—Such death be mine !
Calmly to yield the weary breath, From sin and suffering cease ; Think of heaven's bliss, And give the sign To parting friends—Such death be mine !

OSHEA. 7s.

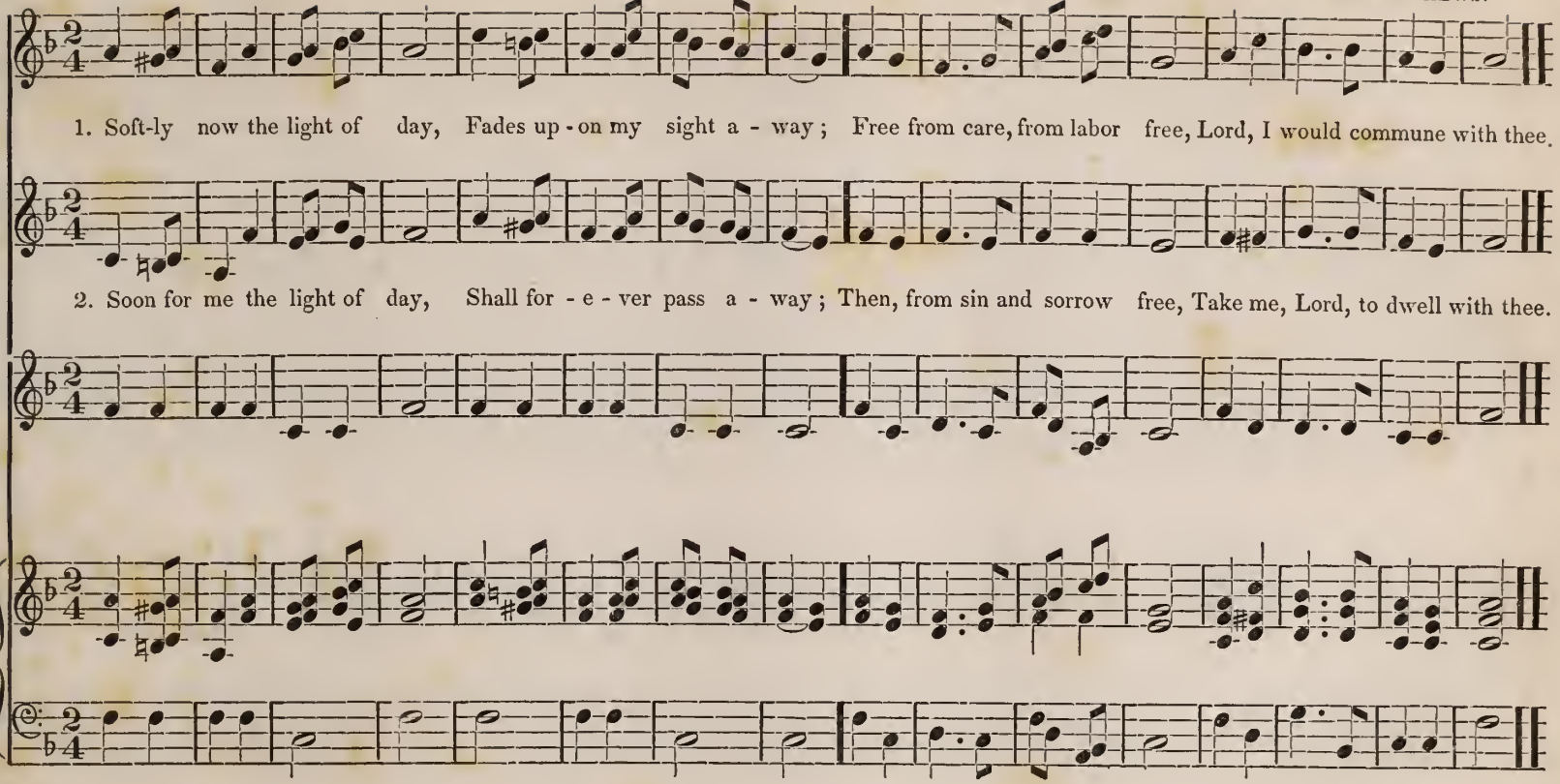
CON SOLEMNITA.



HOLLEY. 7s.

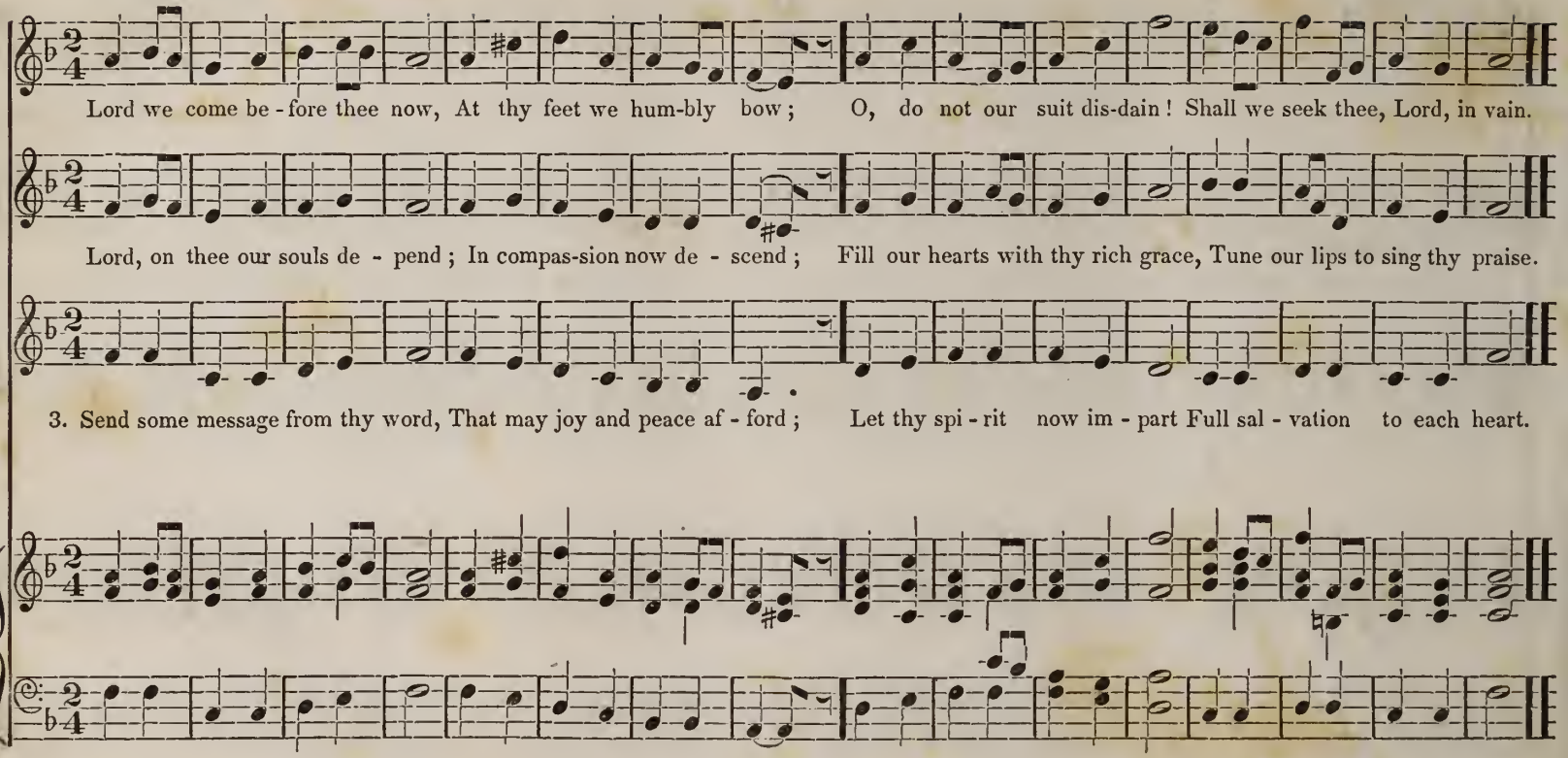
ANDANTE e PIANO.

GEORGE HEWS.



HUMILITY. 7s.

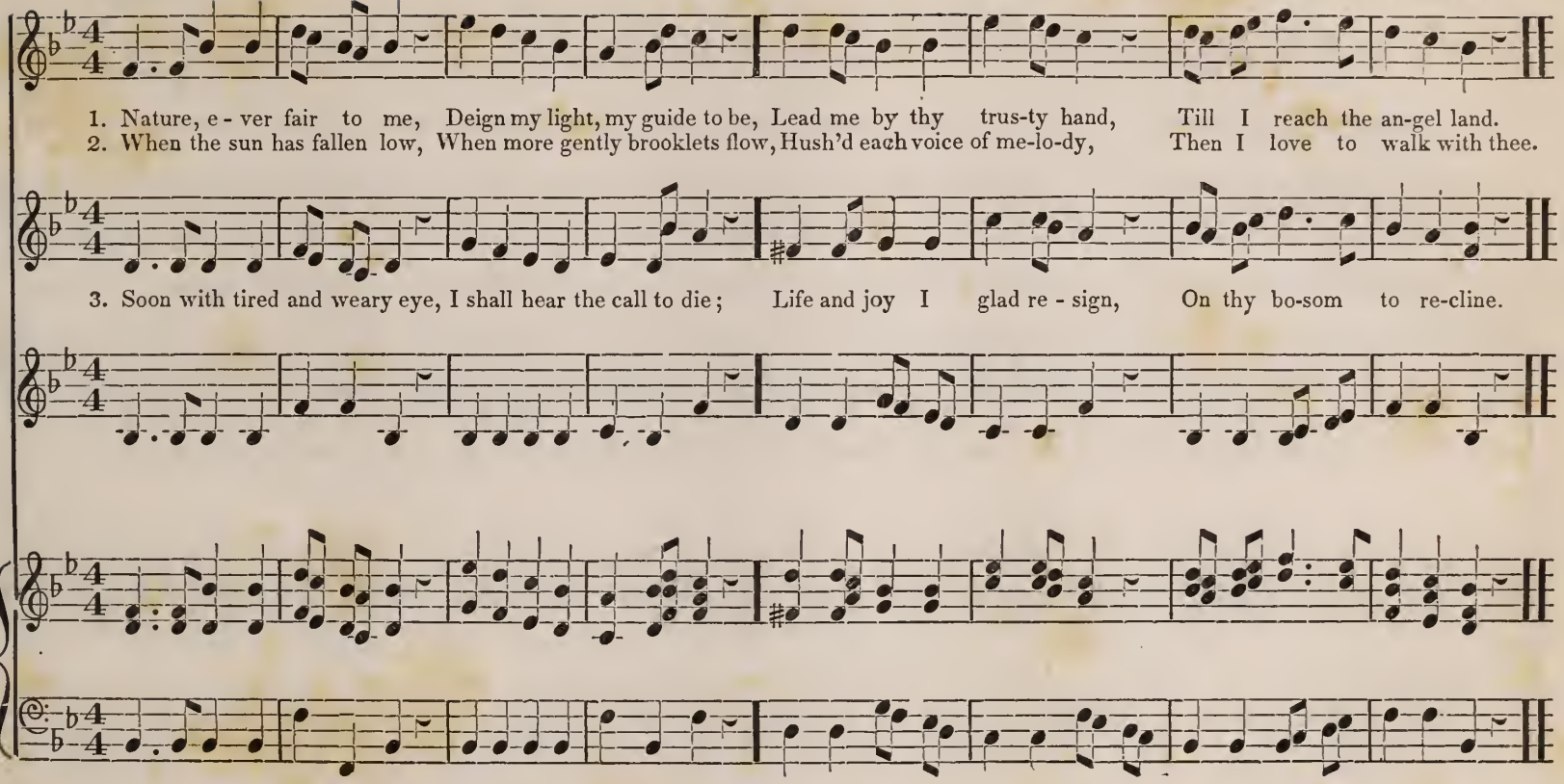
ANDANTE LEGATO.



FARELL. 7s.

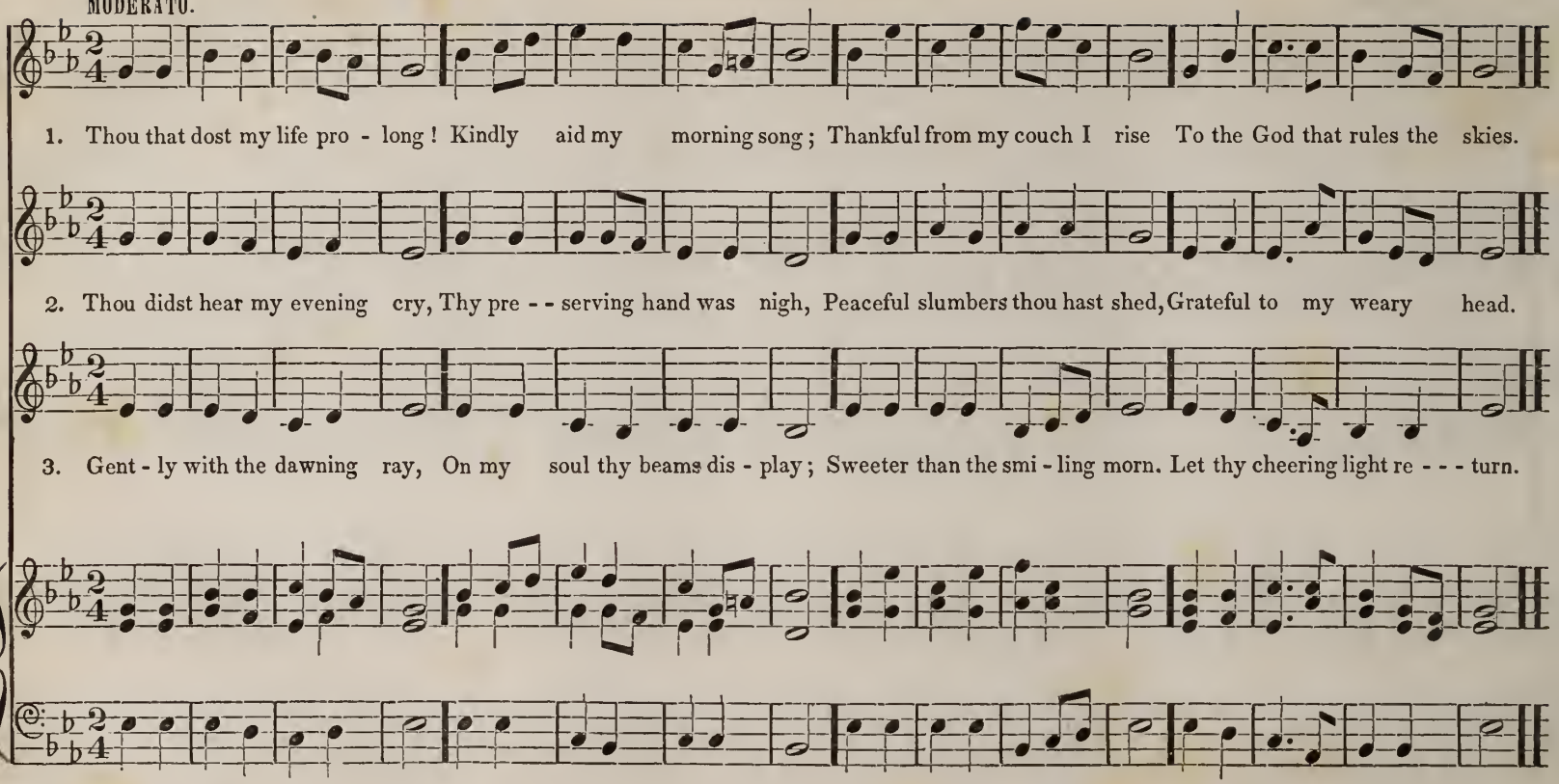
MODERATO.

From "The Musical Class Book," by A. N. JOHNSON.



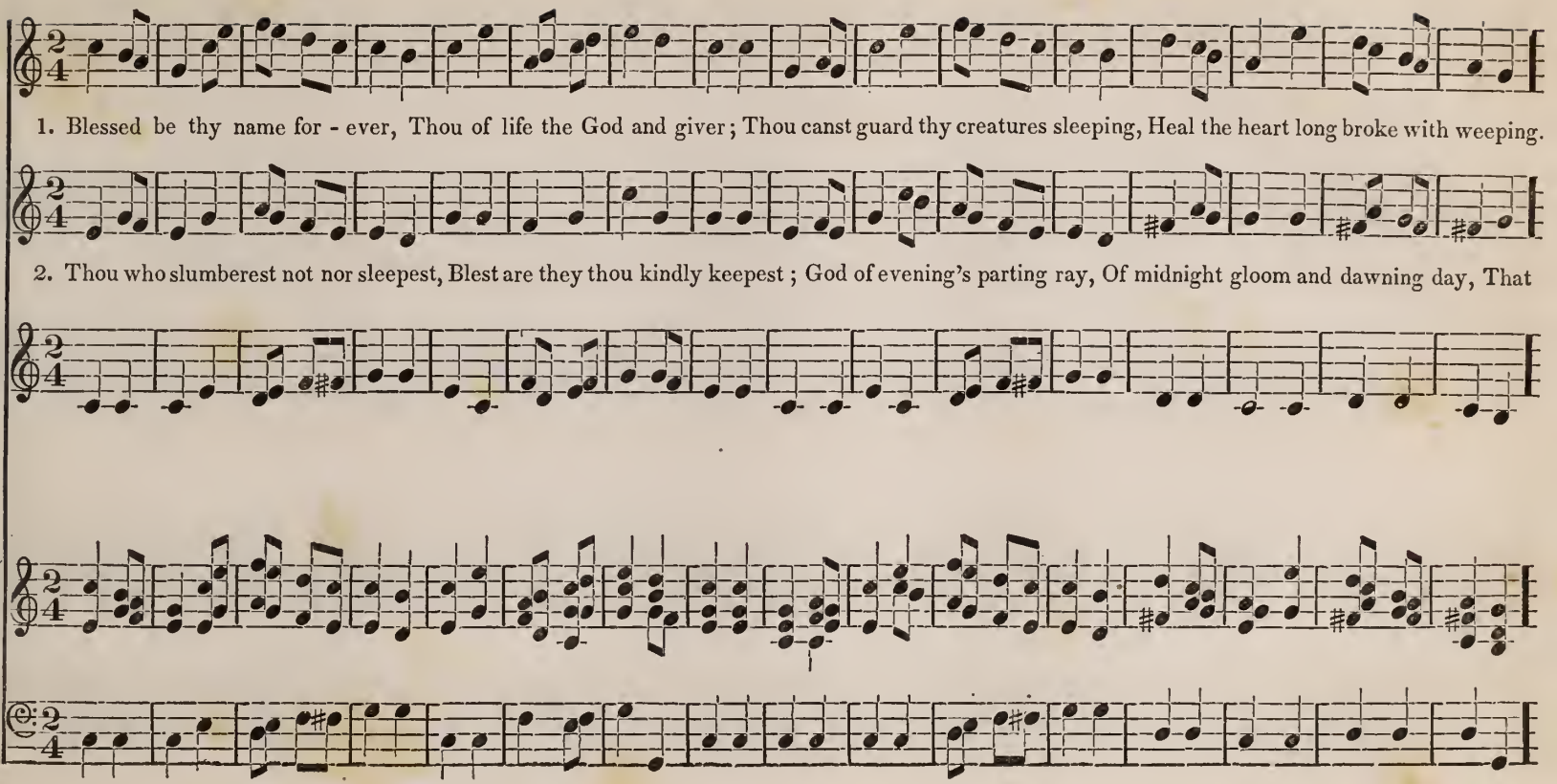
CARLEM. 7s.

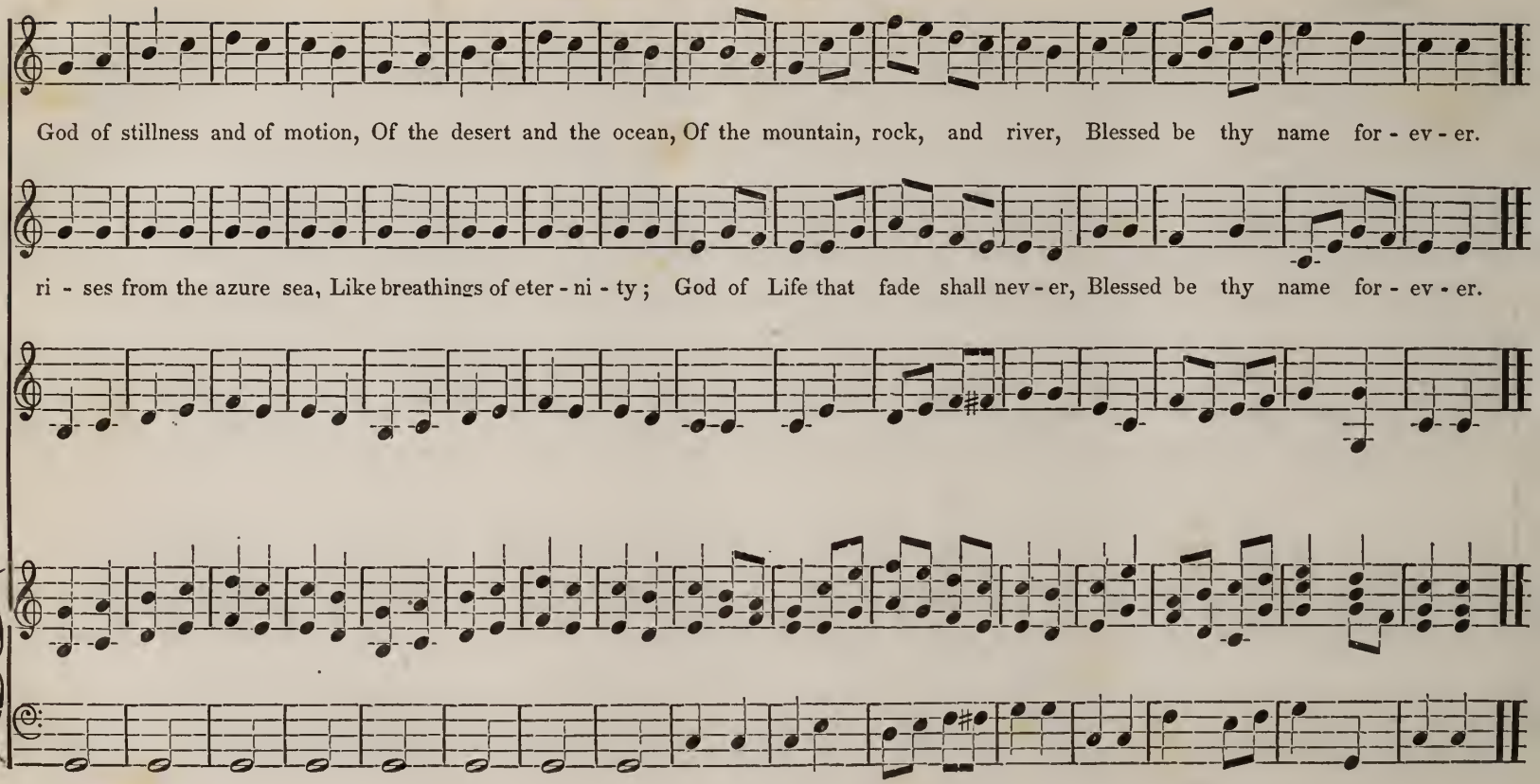
MODERATO.



ARLON 8s. & 7s.

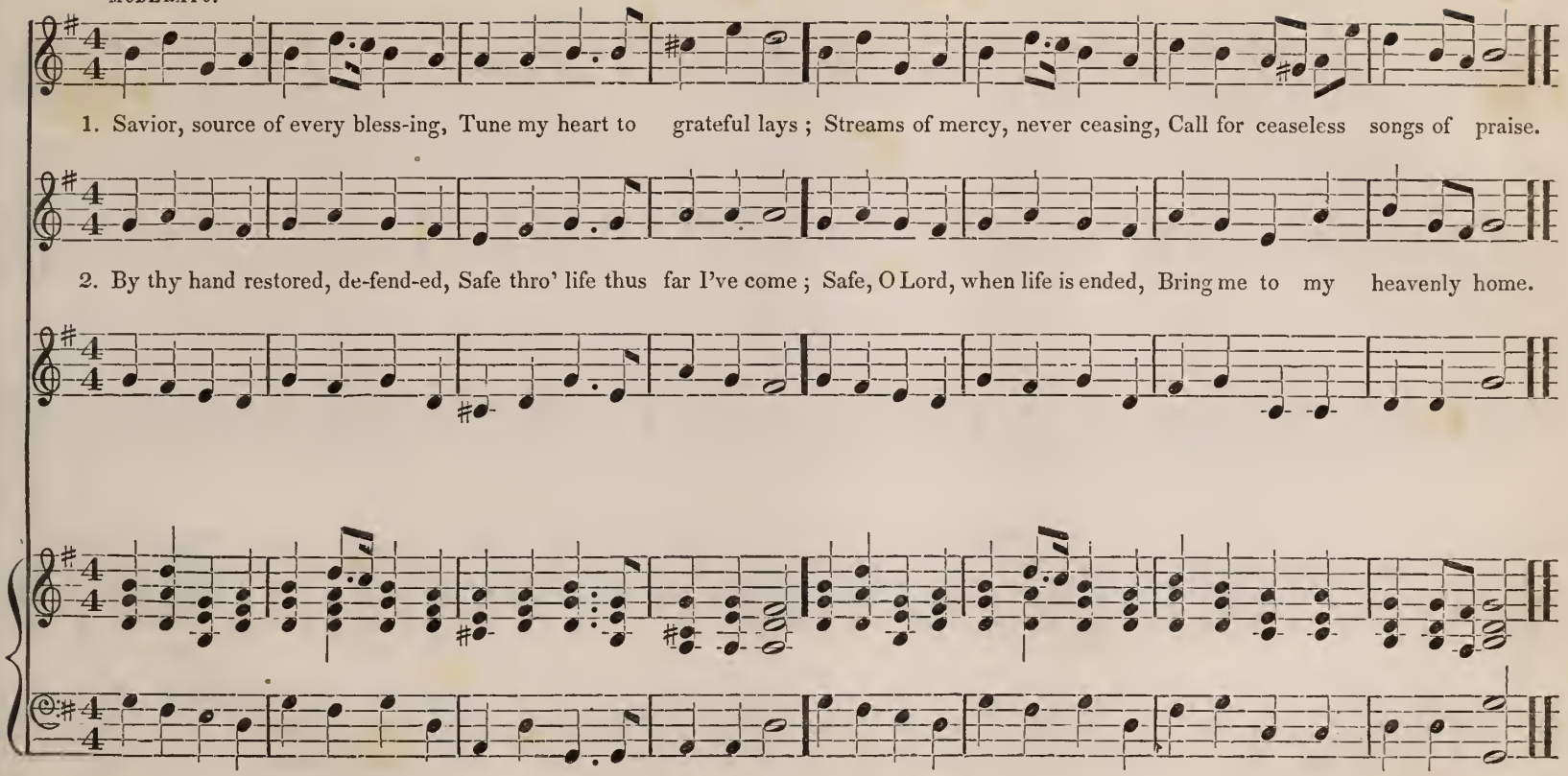
ANDANTE.




God of stillness and of motion, Of the desert and the ocean, Of the mountain, rock, and river, Blessed be thy name for - ev - er.
ri - ses from the azure sea, Like breathings of eter - ni - ty; God of Life that fade shall nev - er, Blessed be thy name for - ev - er.

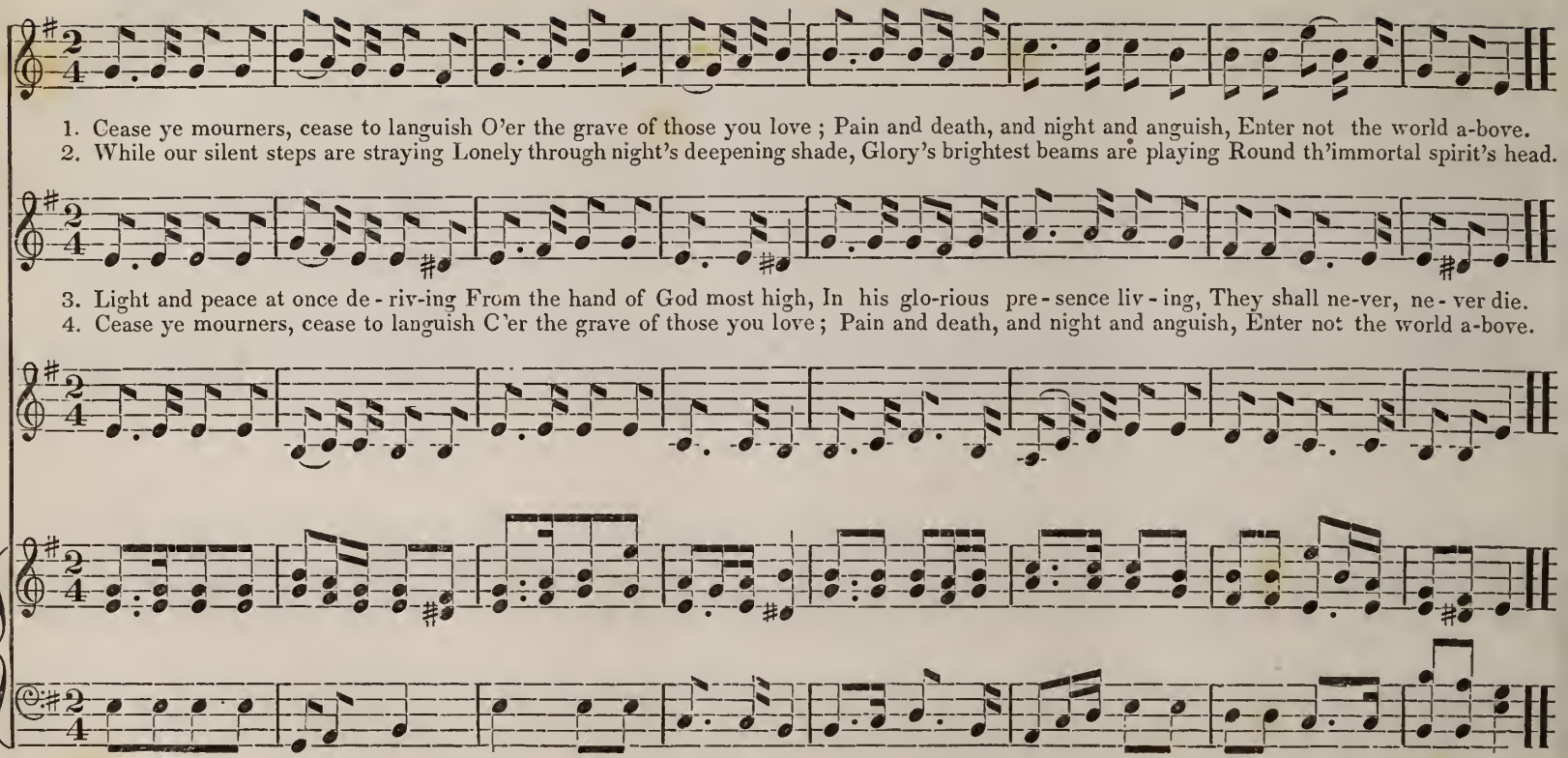
FOLNER. 8s. & 7s

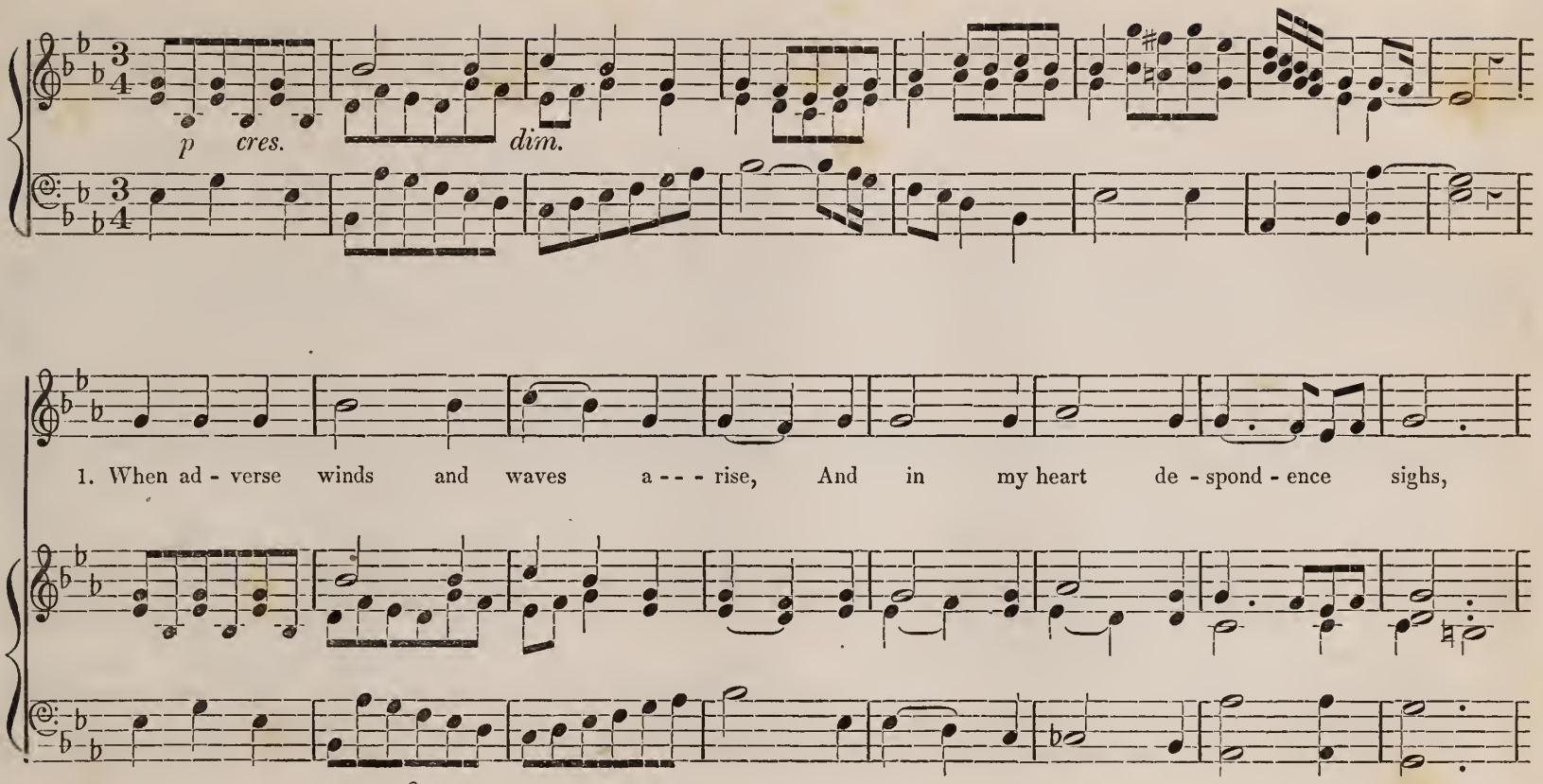
MODERATO.

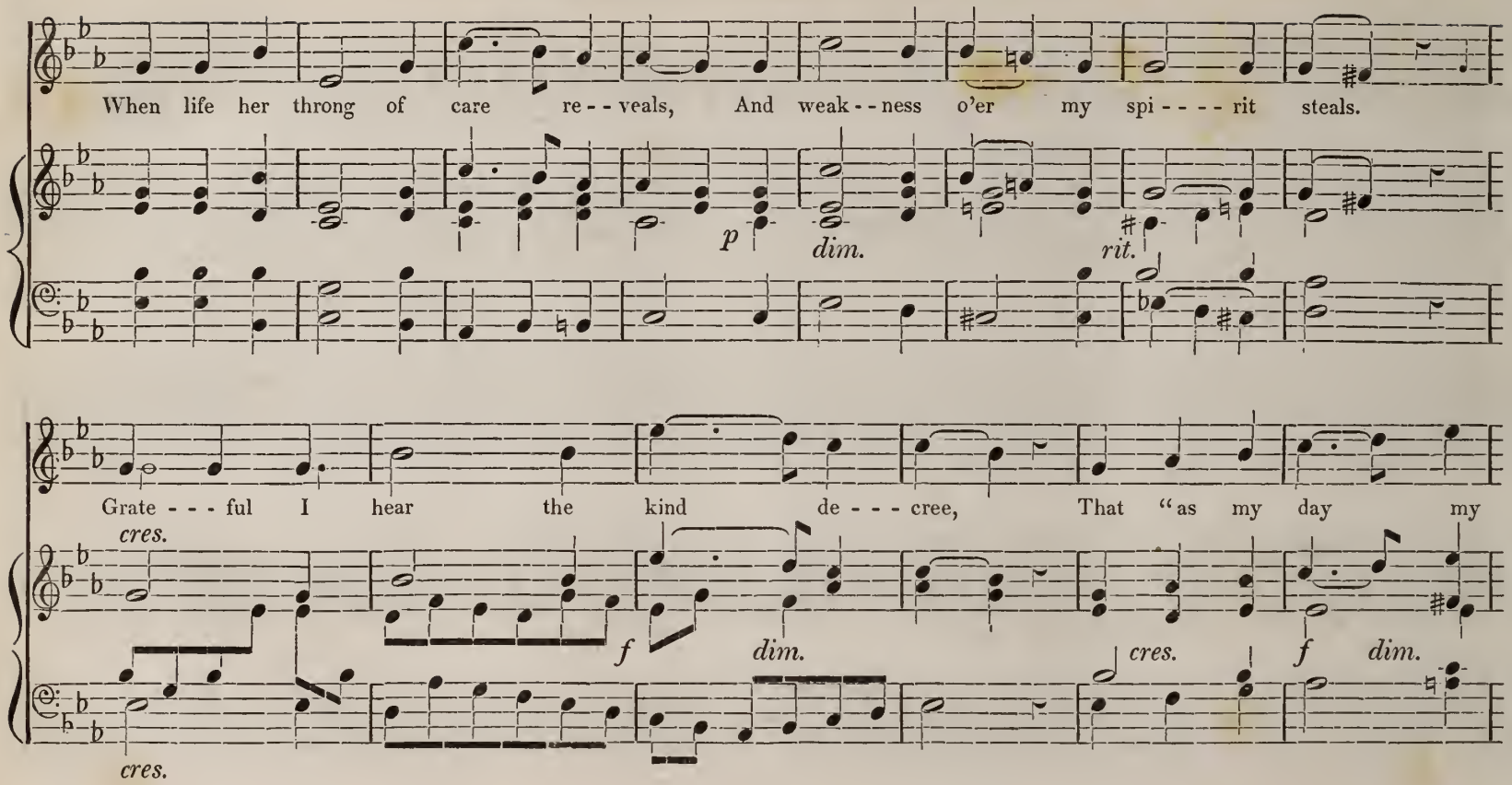


CONSOLATION. 8s & 7s.

CON ESSPRESSIONE.




p cres.
dim.
1. When ad - verse winds and waves a - - - rise, And in my heart de - spond - ence sighs,
6


When life her throng of care re - - veals, And weak - - ness o'er my spi - - - - rit steals.
p
dim.
rit.
Grate - - - ful I hear the kind de - - - cree, That "as my day my
cres.
f
dim.
cres.
f
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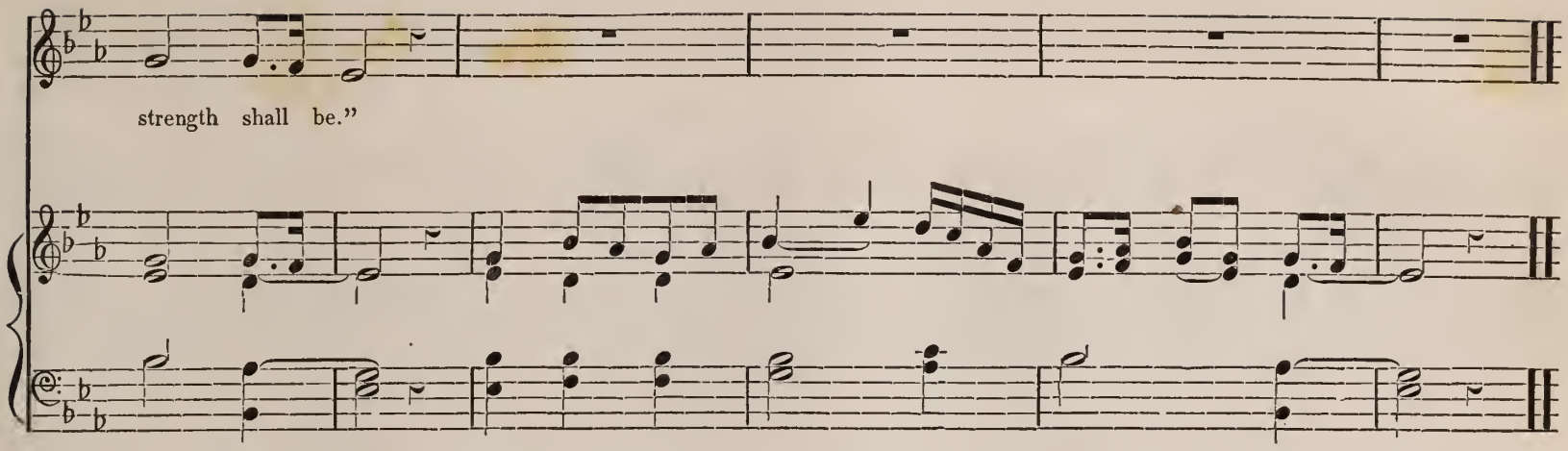
cres.



II.

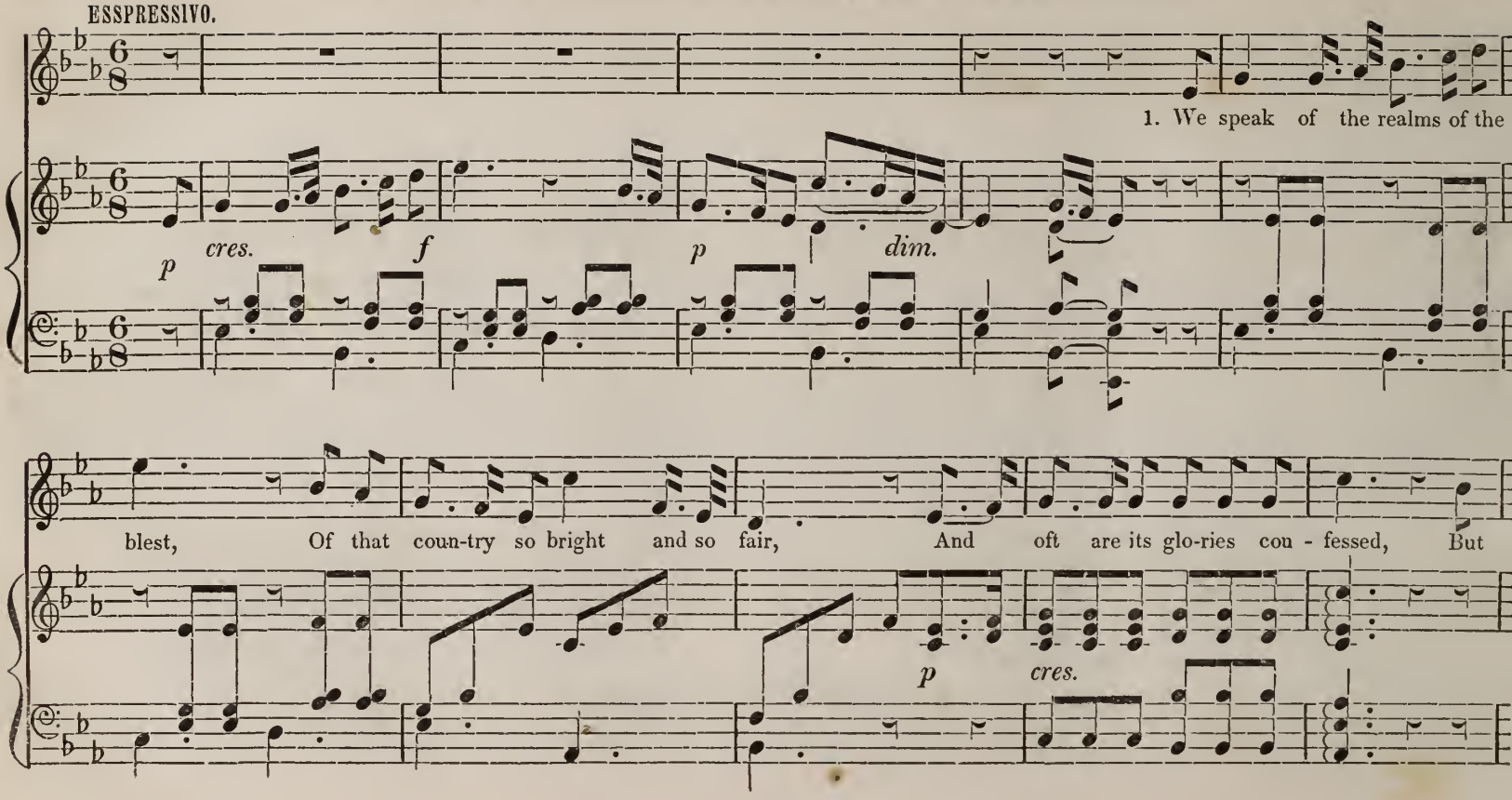
When with sad footstep, memory roves
'Mid smitten joys, and buried loves;
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs;
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

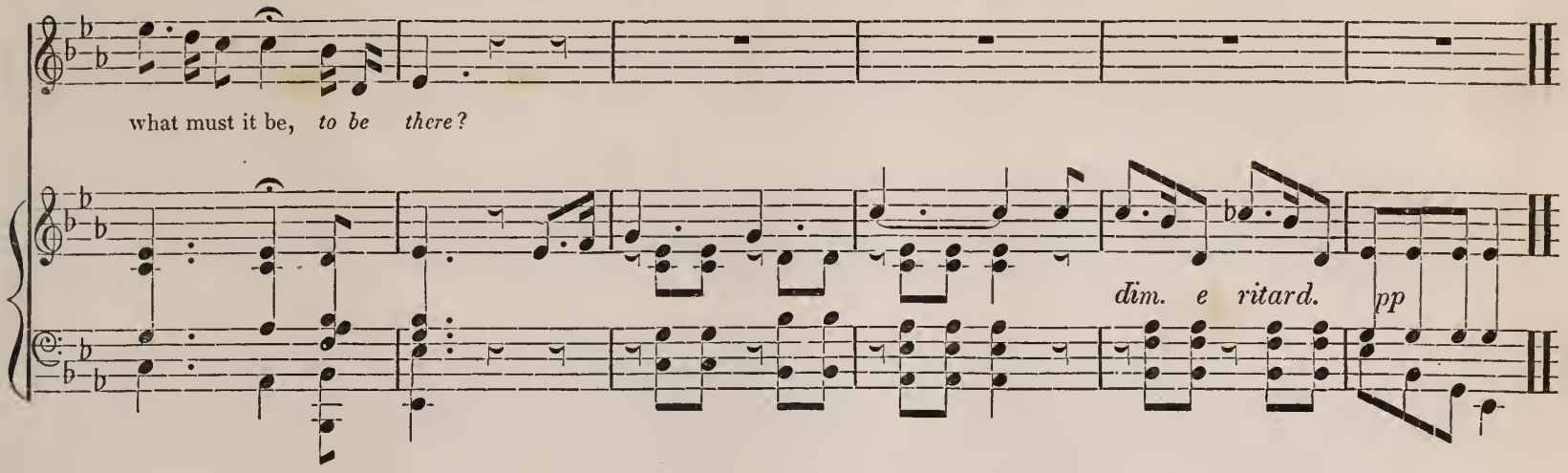
III.

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest, and the last;
And when with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
* Redeemer, grant my soul to see,
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

* Sing the small notes for this line.

WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.





II

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be, *to be there?*

III.

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials, without and within,
But what must it be, *to be there?*

IV.

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above,
But what must it be, *to be there?*

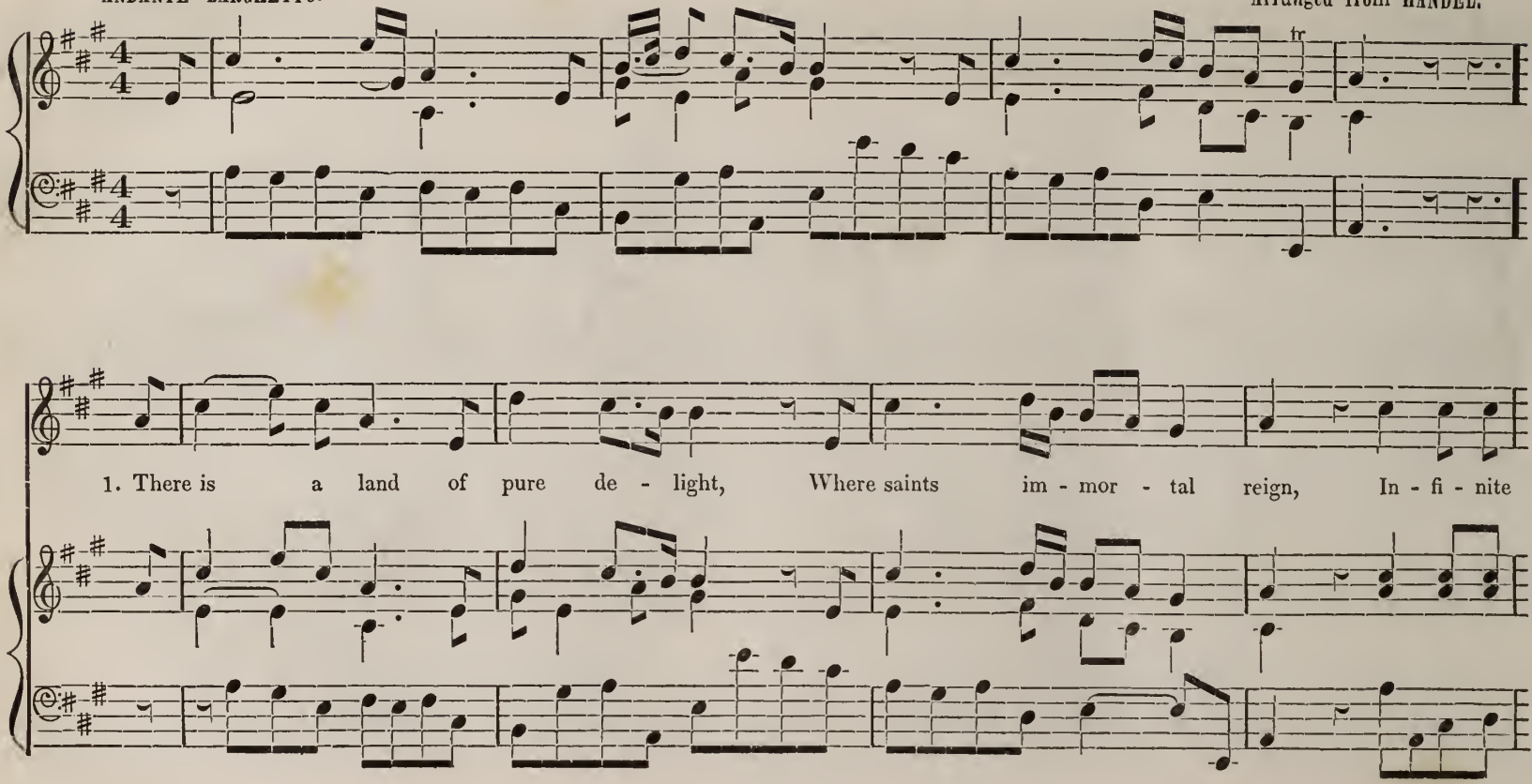
V.

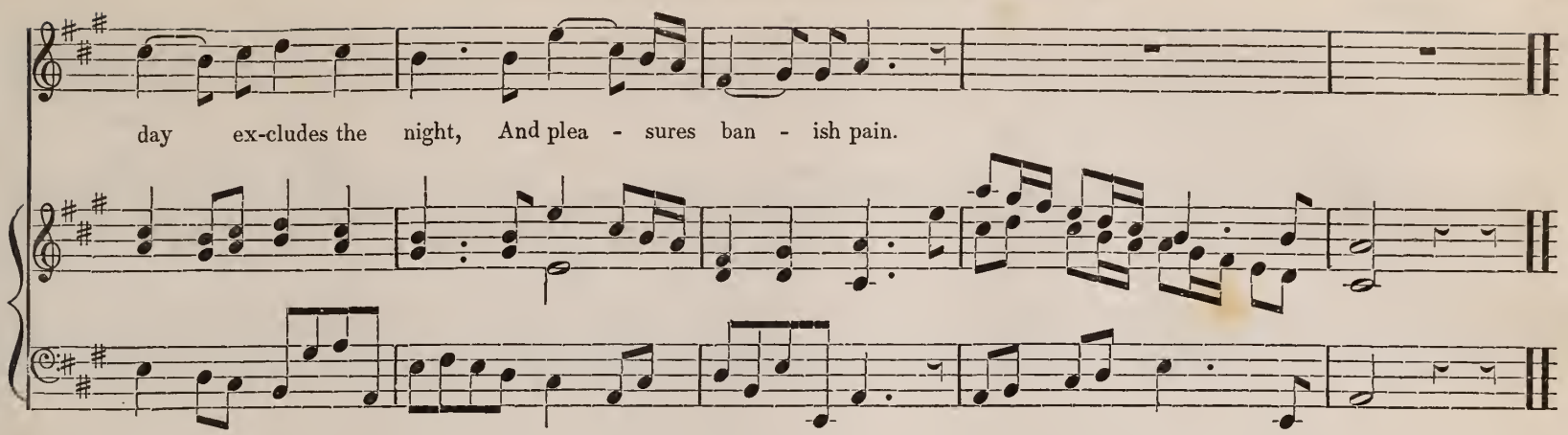
Do thou, Lord, 'midst sorrow or wo,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare,
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is, *to be there?*

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

ANDANTE LARGHETTO.

Arranged from HANDEL.



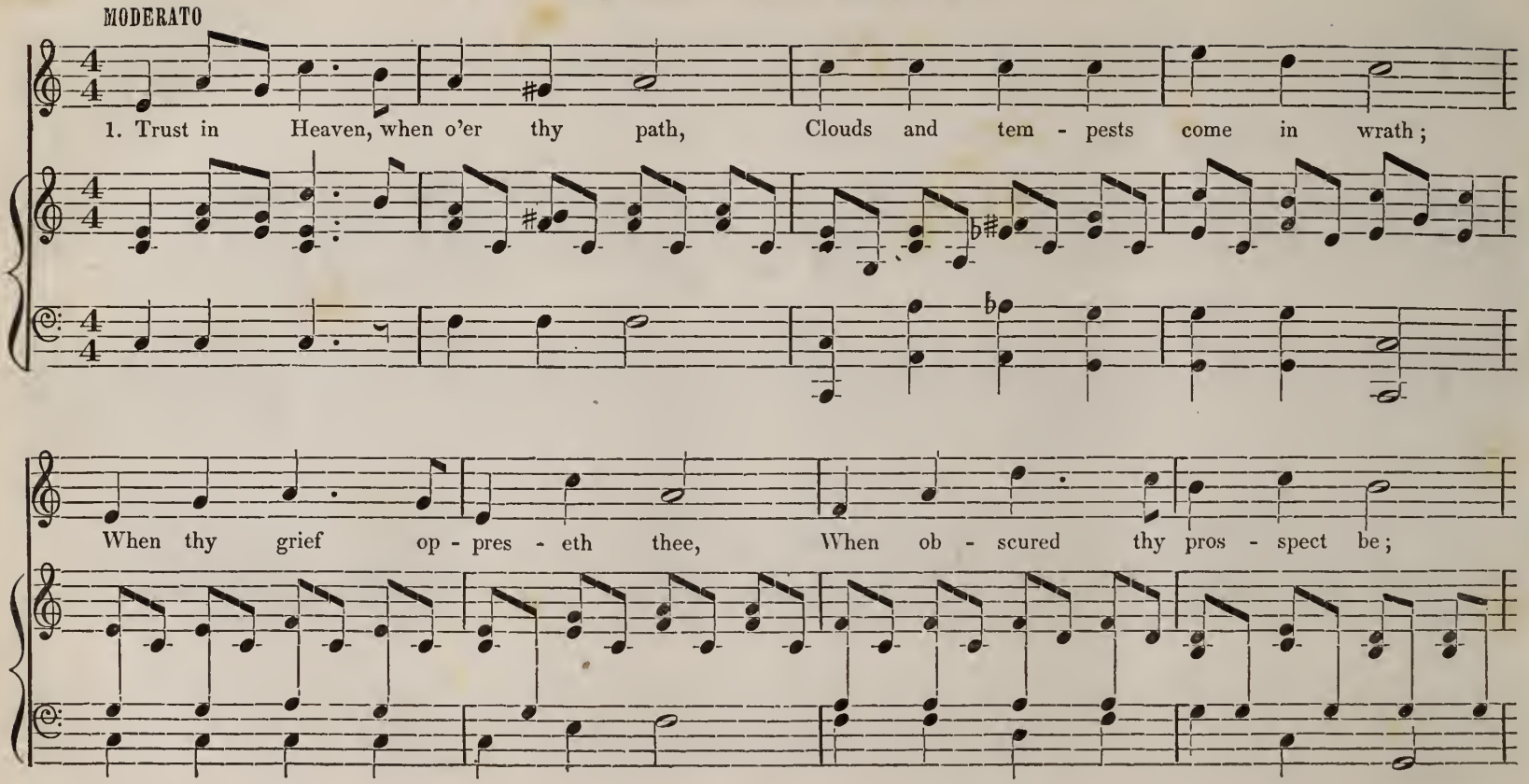


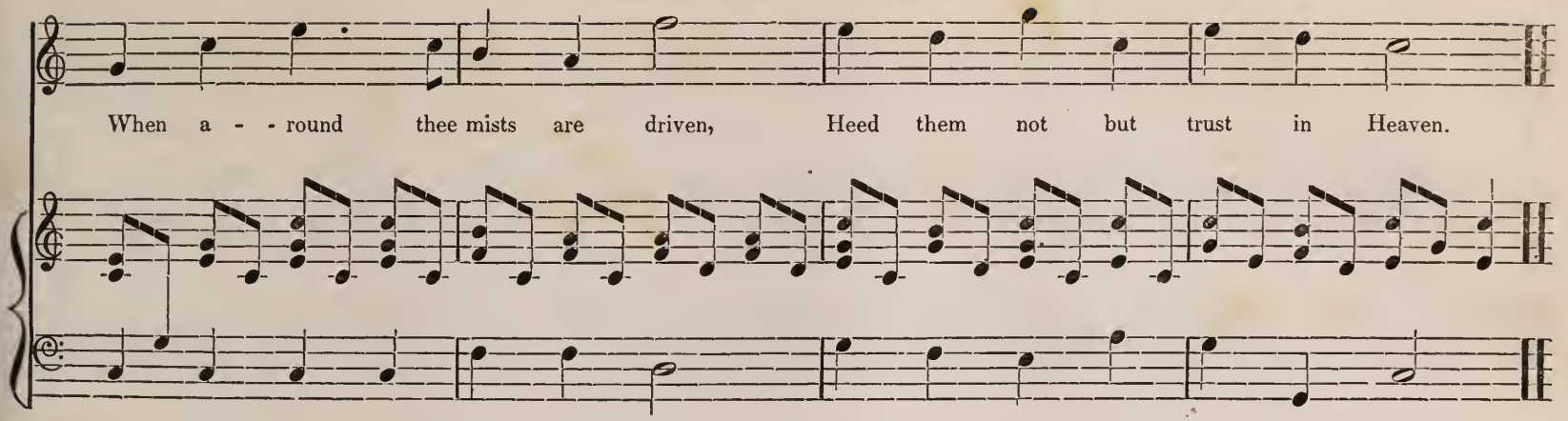
2.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers,
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3.
Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

4.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

TRUST IN HEAVEN.





2

Trust in heaven! when there afar
Burneth many a glorious star;
Canst thou doubt, when thus their light
Gleams unshadowed through the night,
That protection may be given
To thy pillow? Trust in Heaven!

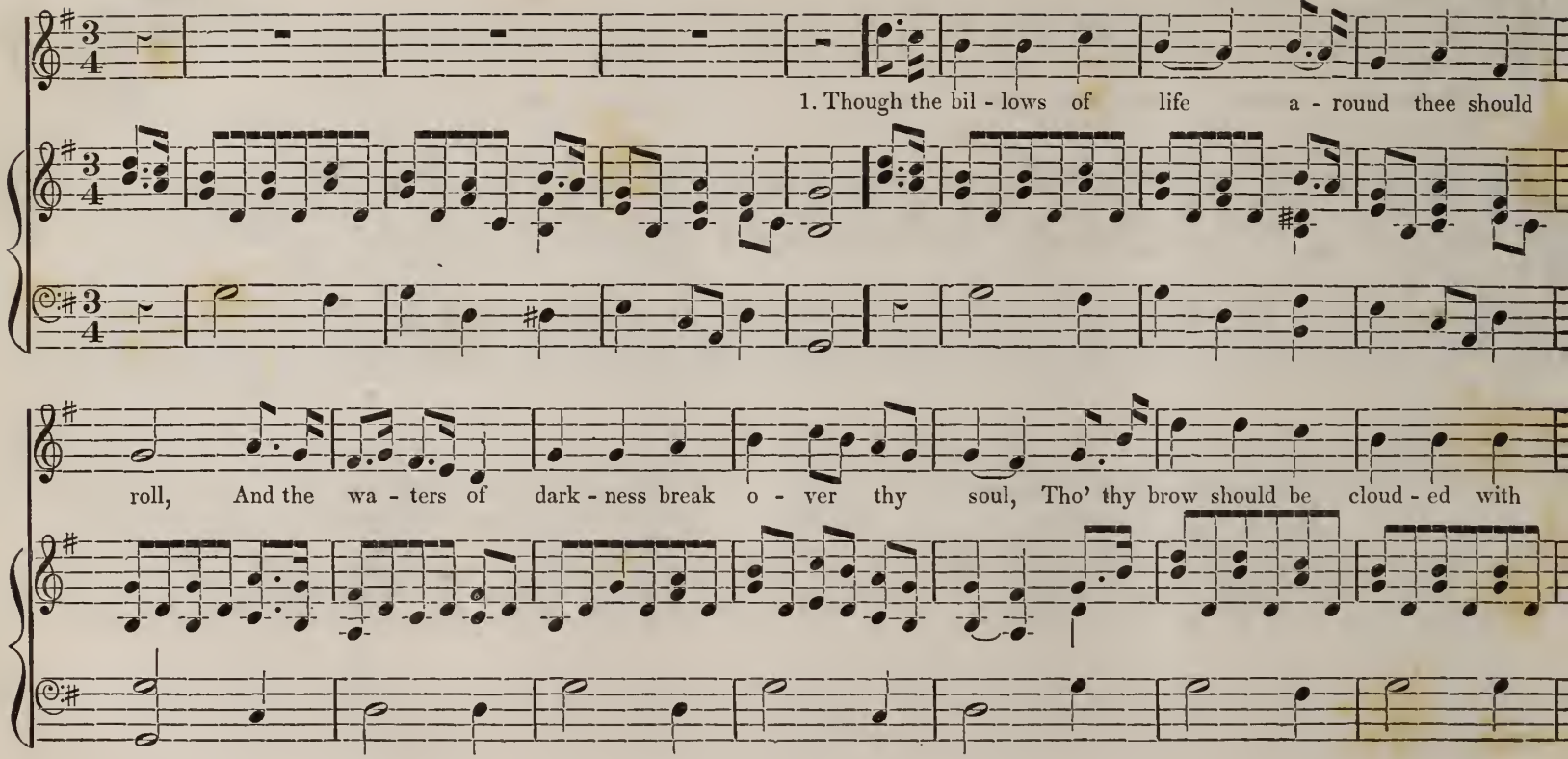
3.

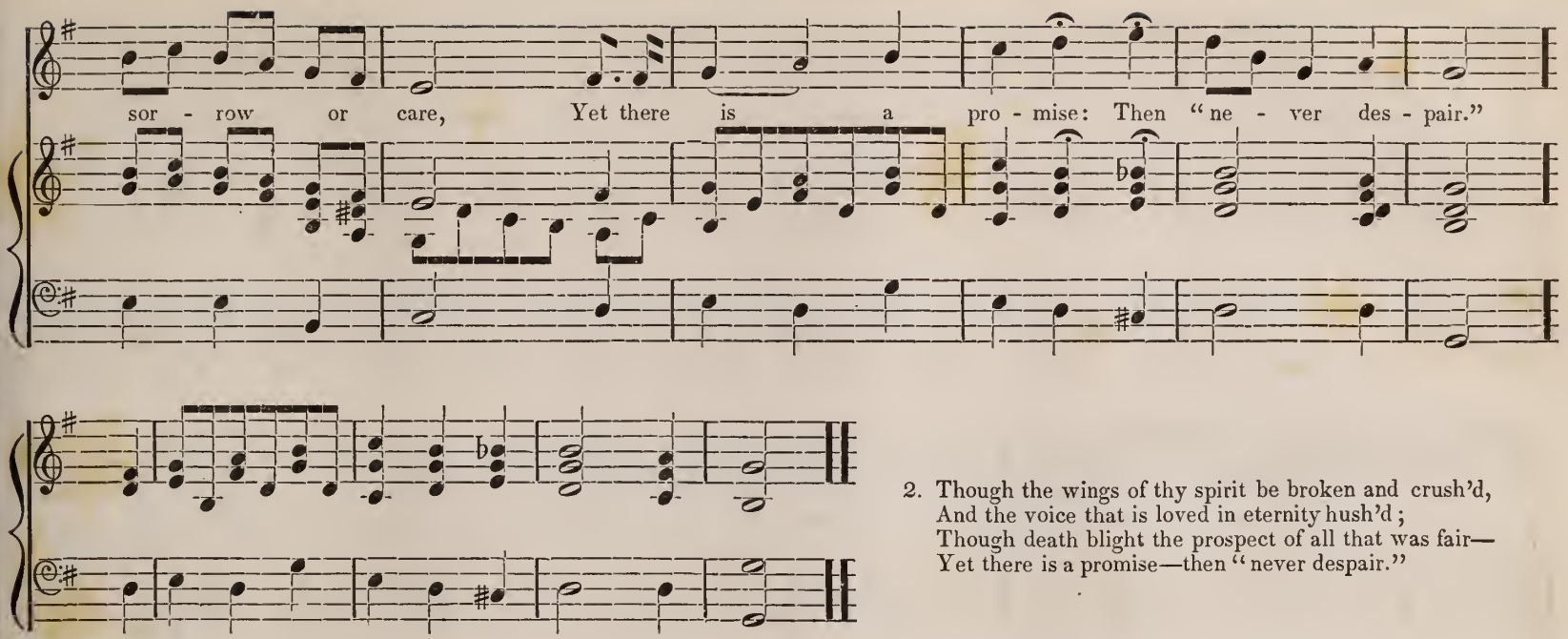
Trust in heaven! when one by one
Sweet the waves of hope glide on,
Leaving thee a wreck at last
On the shore whence they have passed,
Though thy heart be wrung and riven,
Still for ever trust in Heaven!

NEVER DESPAIR.

MODERATO.

Subject from an ENGLISH MELODY.





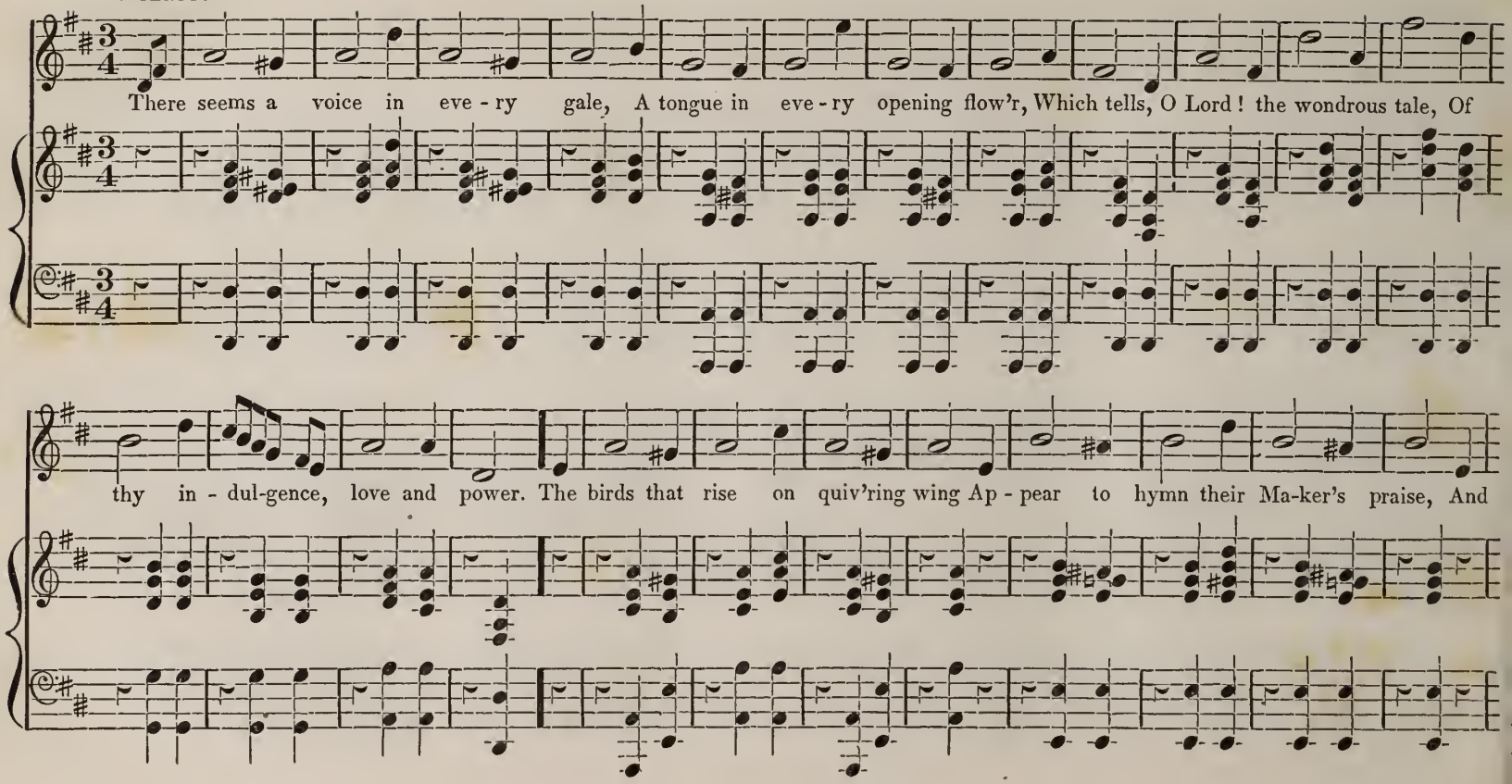
2. Though the wings of thy spirit be broken and crush'd,
And the voice that is loved in eternity hush'd;
Though death blight the prospect of all that was fair—
Yet there is a promise—then "never despair."

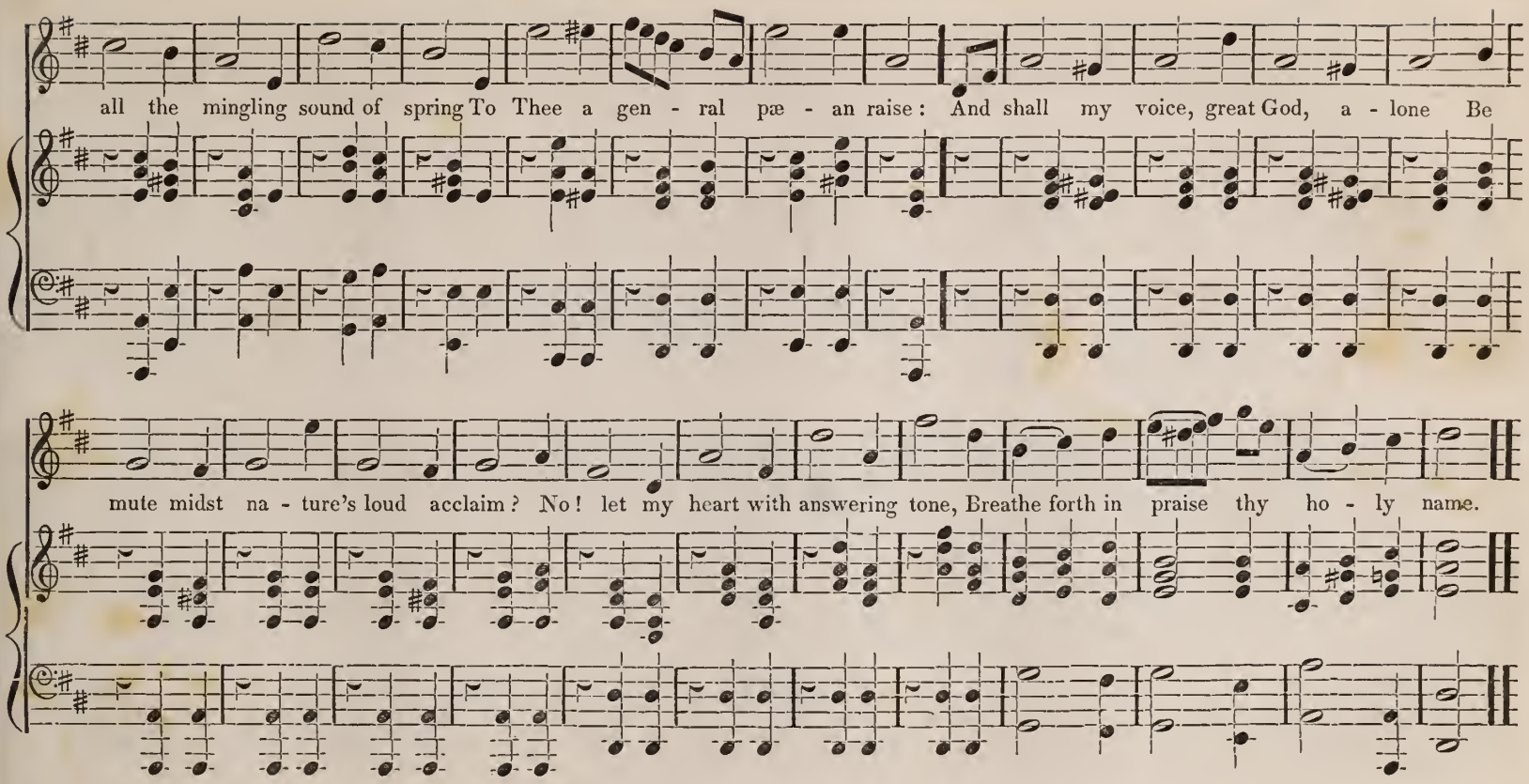
3. For that promise is life in bright Heaven above,
Where justice is throned with sweet mercy and love;
Where blessings immortal and glories divine
For the chosen of God everlastingly shine.

4. Then cling not to earth with its struggles and strife;
Let it crush not thy spirit, though it darken thy life!
But in thy dark moments of anguish and care,
Remember the promise, and "never despair."

THE VOICE OF CREATION.

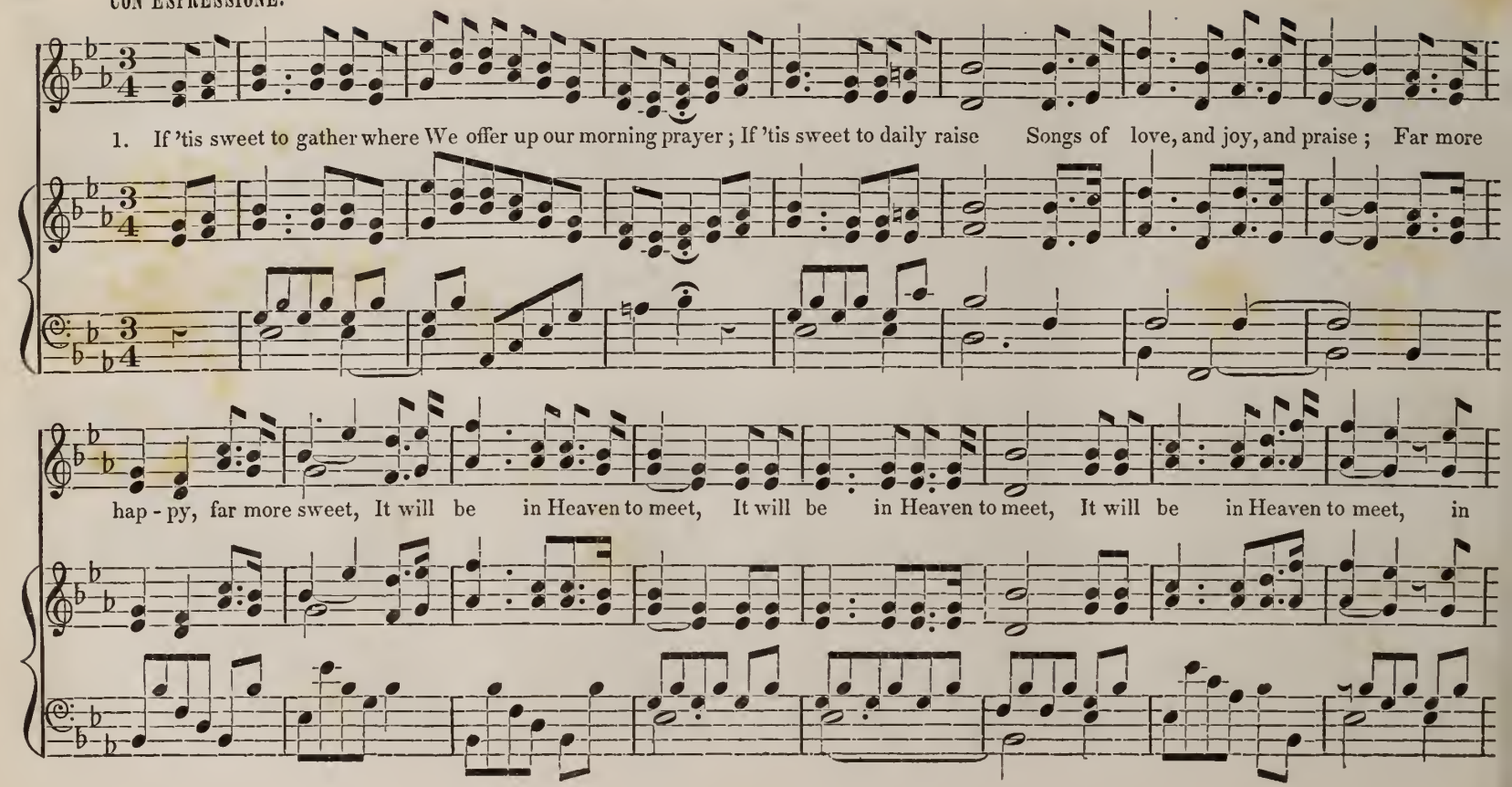
SOSTENUTO.

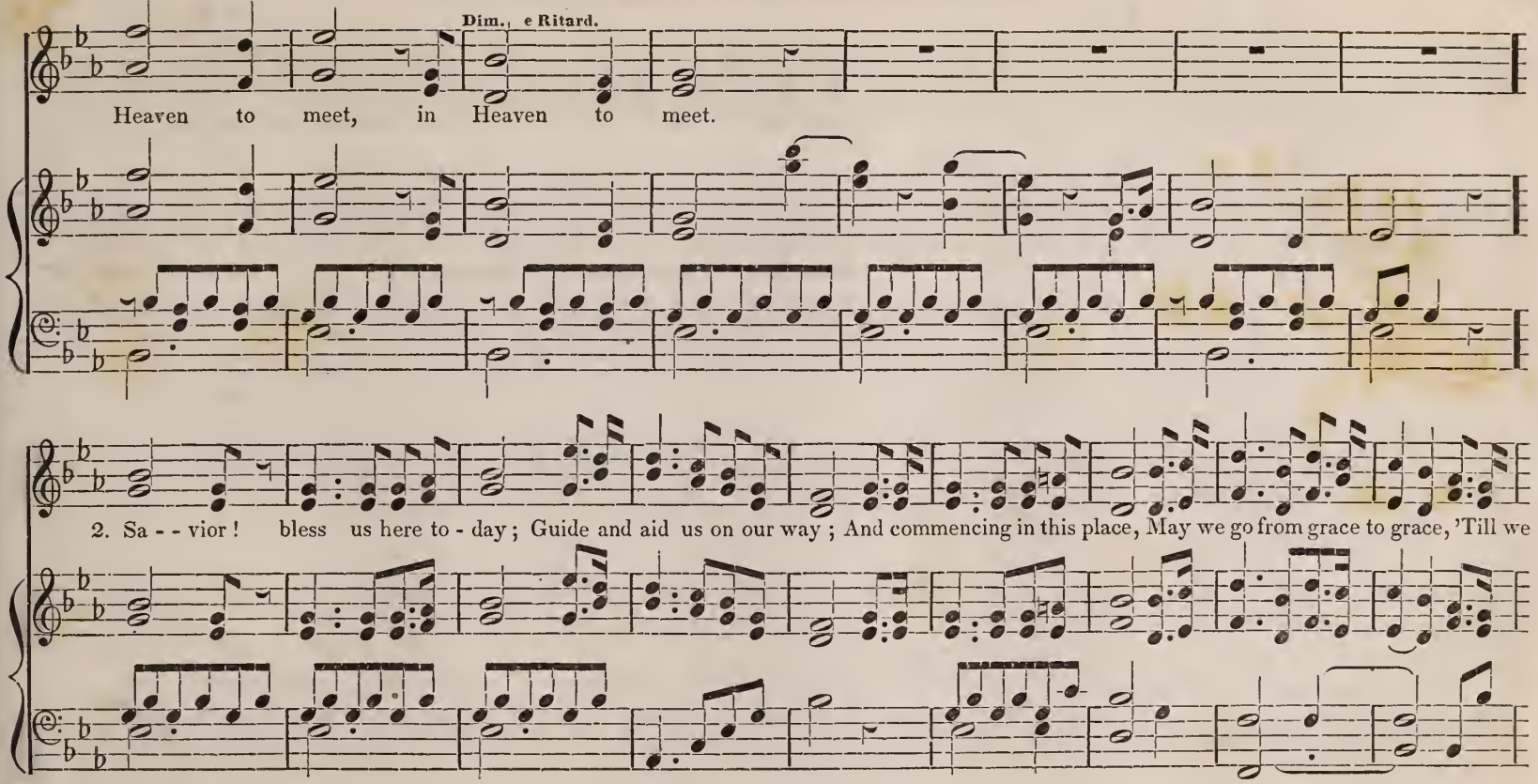


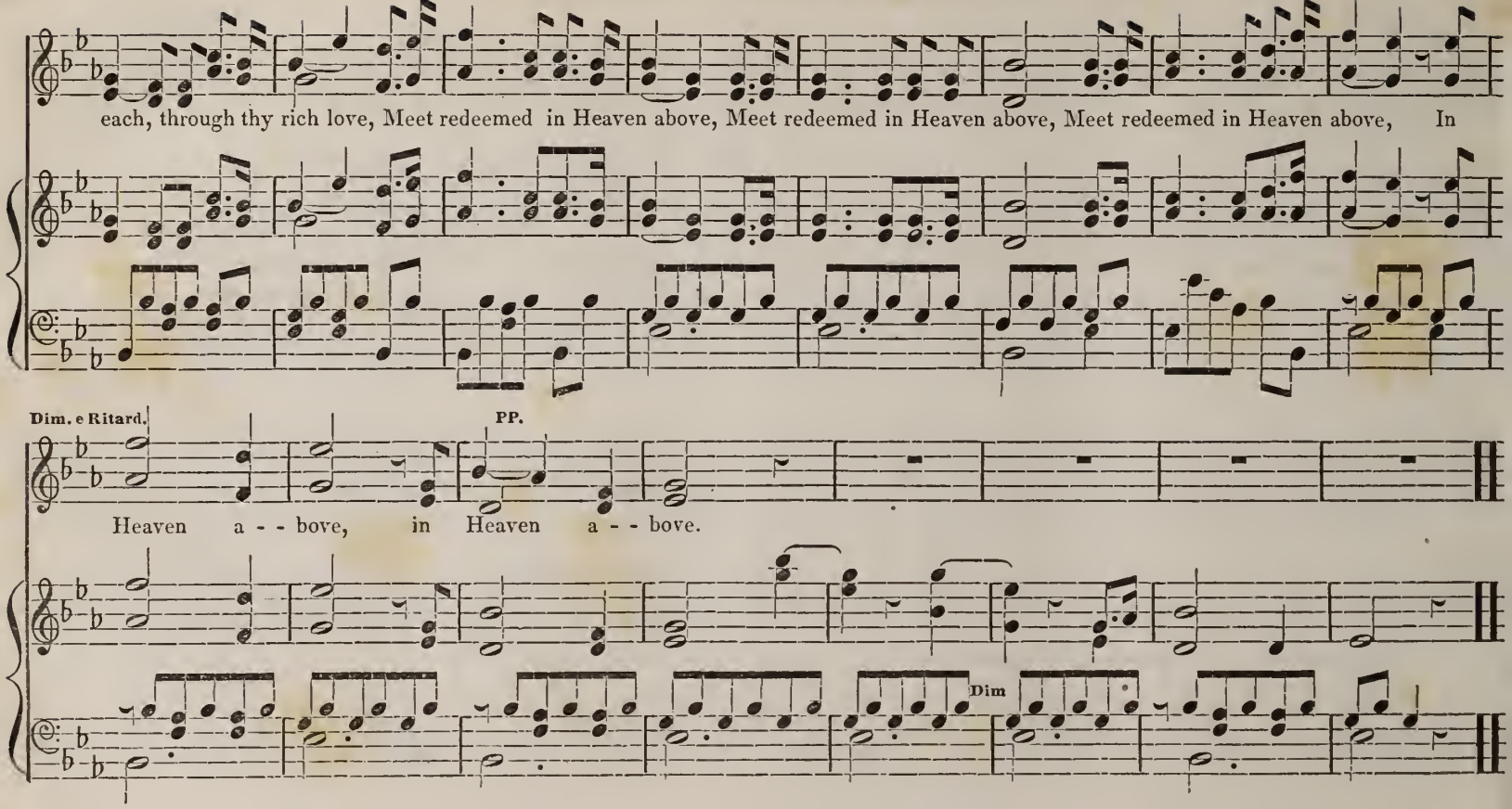

all the mingling sound of spring To Thee a gen - ral pæ - an raise: And shall my voice, great God, a - lone Be
mute midst na - ture's loud acclaim? No! let my heart with answering tone, Breathe forth in praise thy ho - ly name.

IF 'TIS SWEET TO GATHER WHERE.

CON ESPRESSIONE.

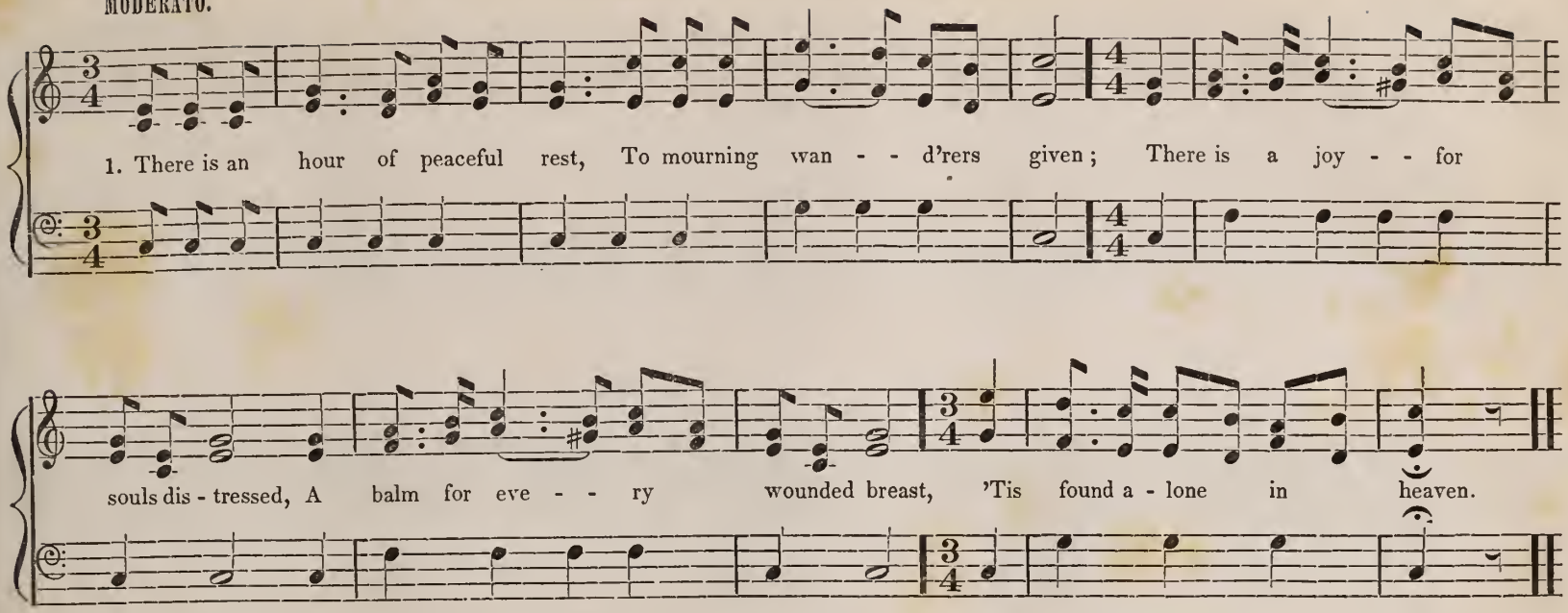



Dim., e Ritard.
Heaven to meet, in Heaven to meet.
2. Sa - - vior! bless us here to - day; Guide and aid us on our way; And commencing in this place, May we go from grace to grace, 'Till we


each, through thy rich love, Meet redeemed in Heaven above, Meet redeemed in Heaven above, Meet redeemed in Heaven above, In
Dim. e Ritard.
PP.
Heaven a - - bove, in Heaven a - - bove.
Dim

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

MODERATO.



II.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven

III.

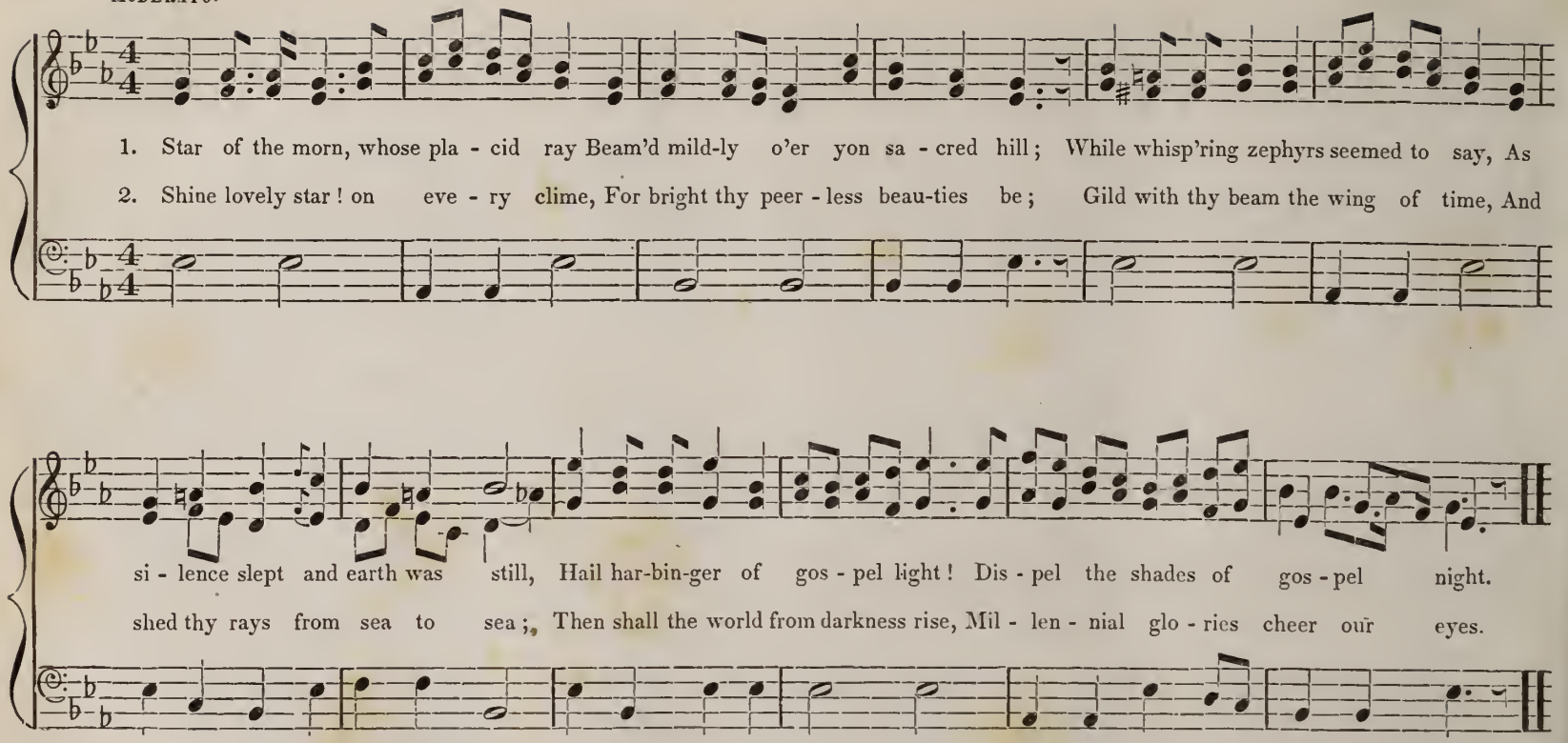
There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

IV.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

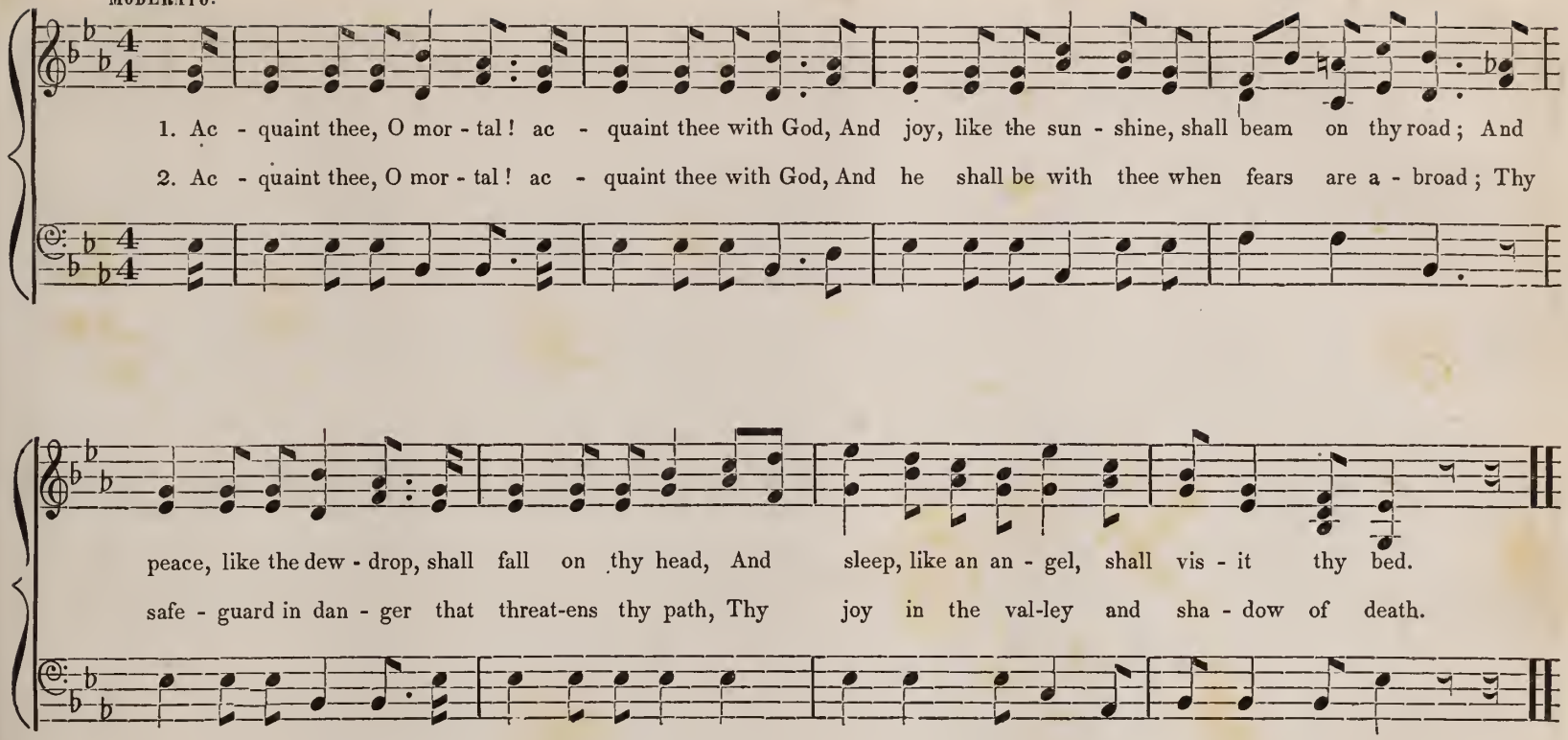
THE MORNING STAR.

MODERATO.



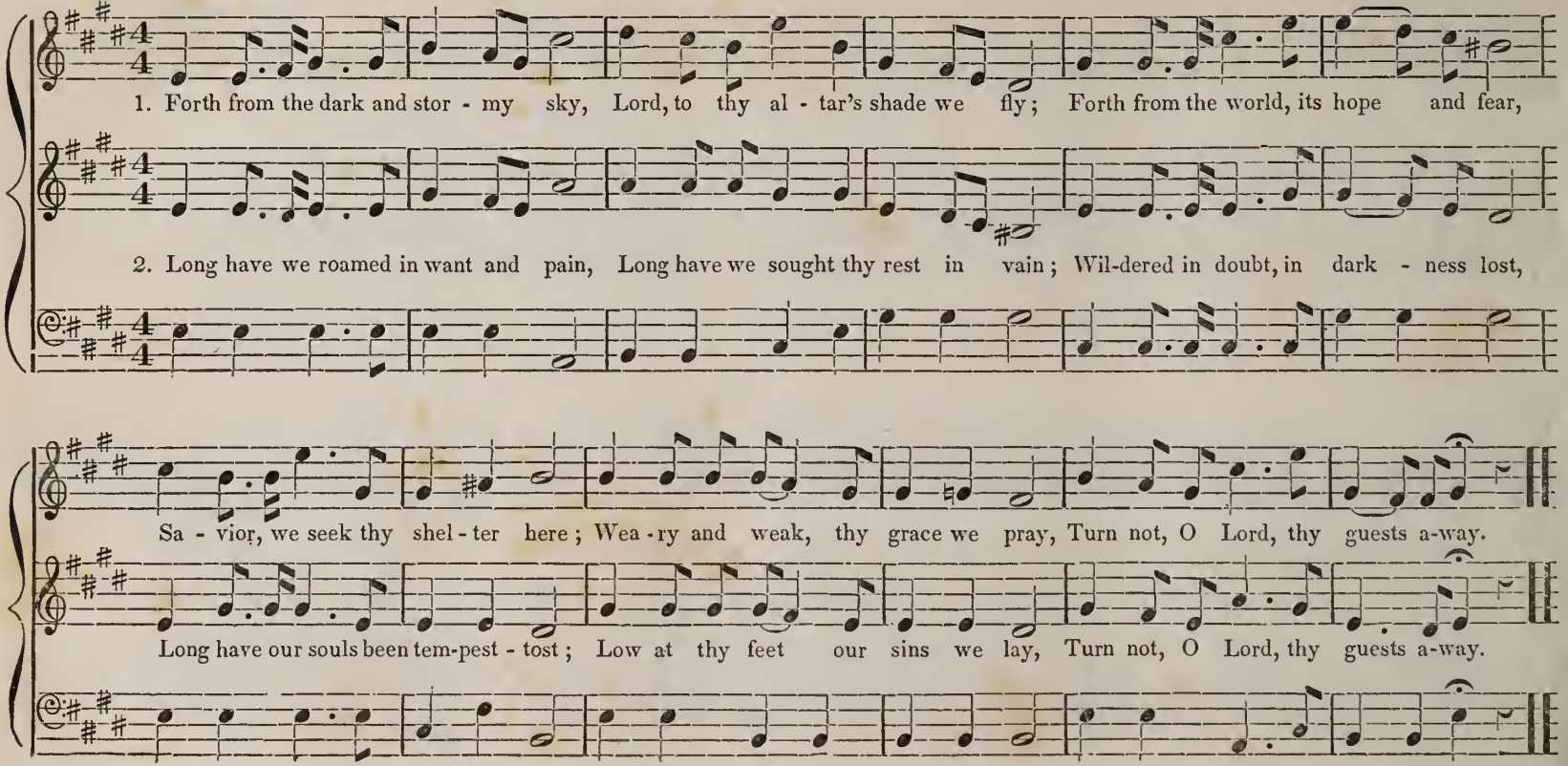
ACQUAINT THEE, O MORTAL!

MODERATO.



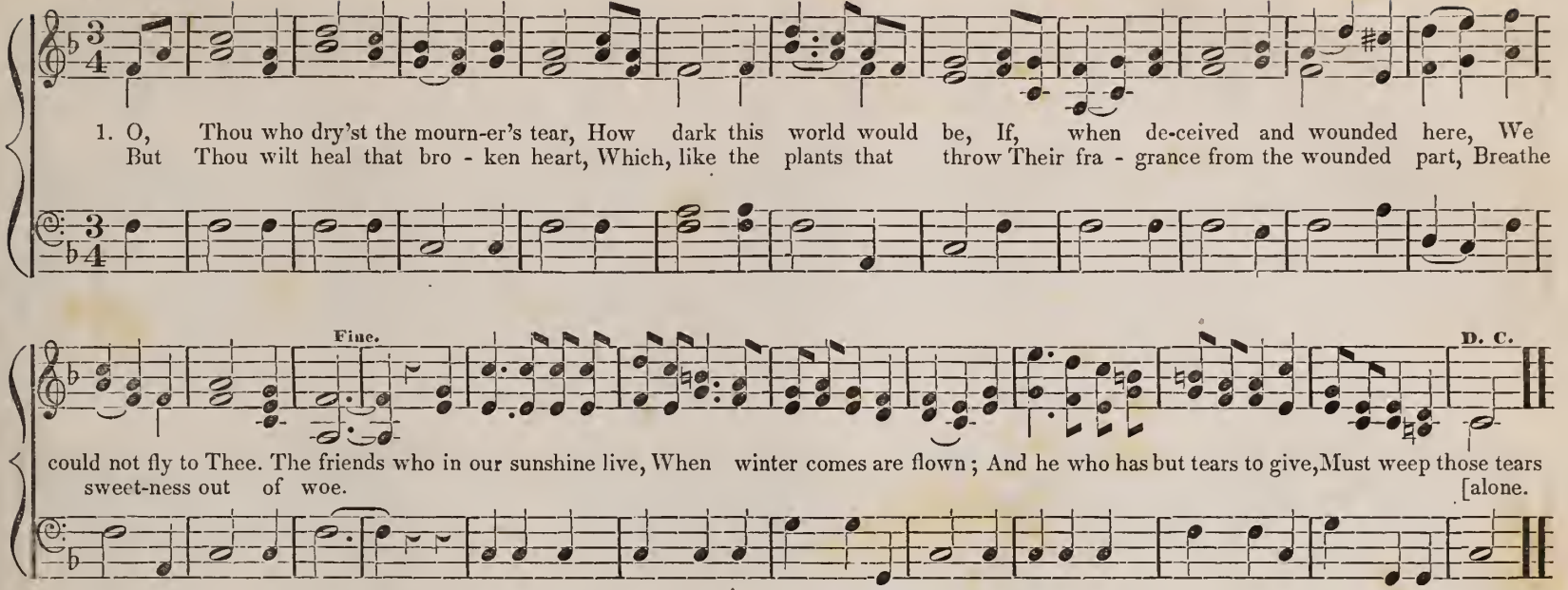
FORTH FROM THE DARK AND STORMY SKY.

ANDANTE e PIANO.



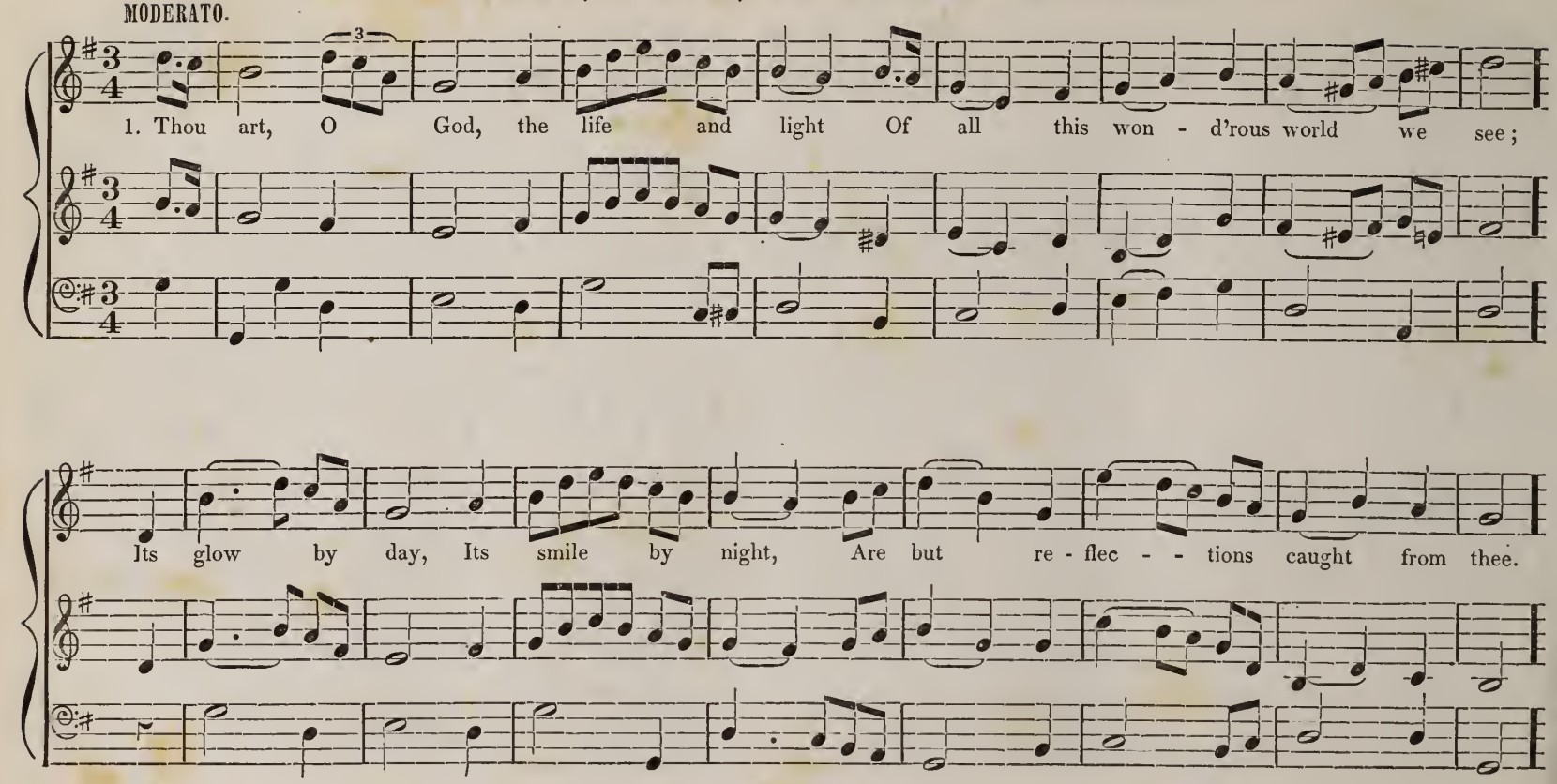
O, THOU WHO DRYEST THE MOURNER S TEAR.

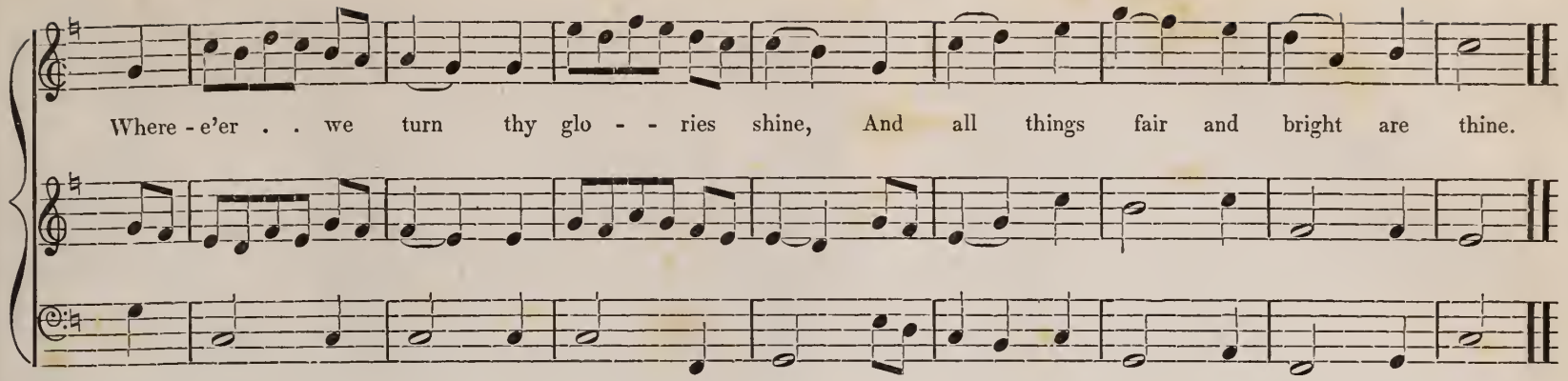
ANDANTE.



2. When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanished too!
O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!
Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

THOU ART, O GOD, THE LIFE AND LIGHT.





II.

When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

III.

When night with wings of stormy gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand eyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

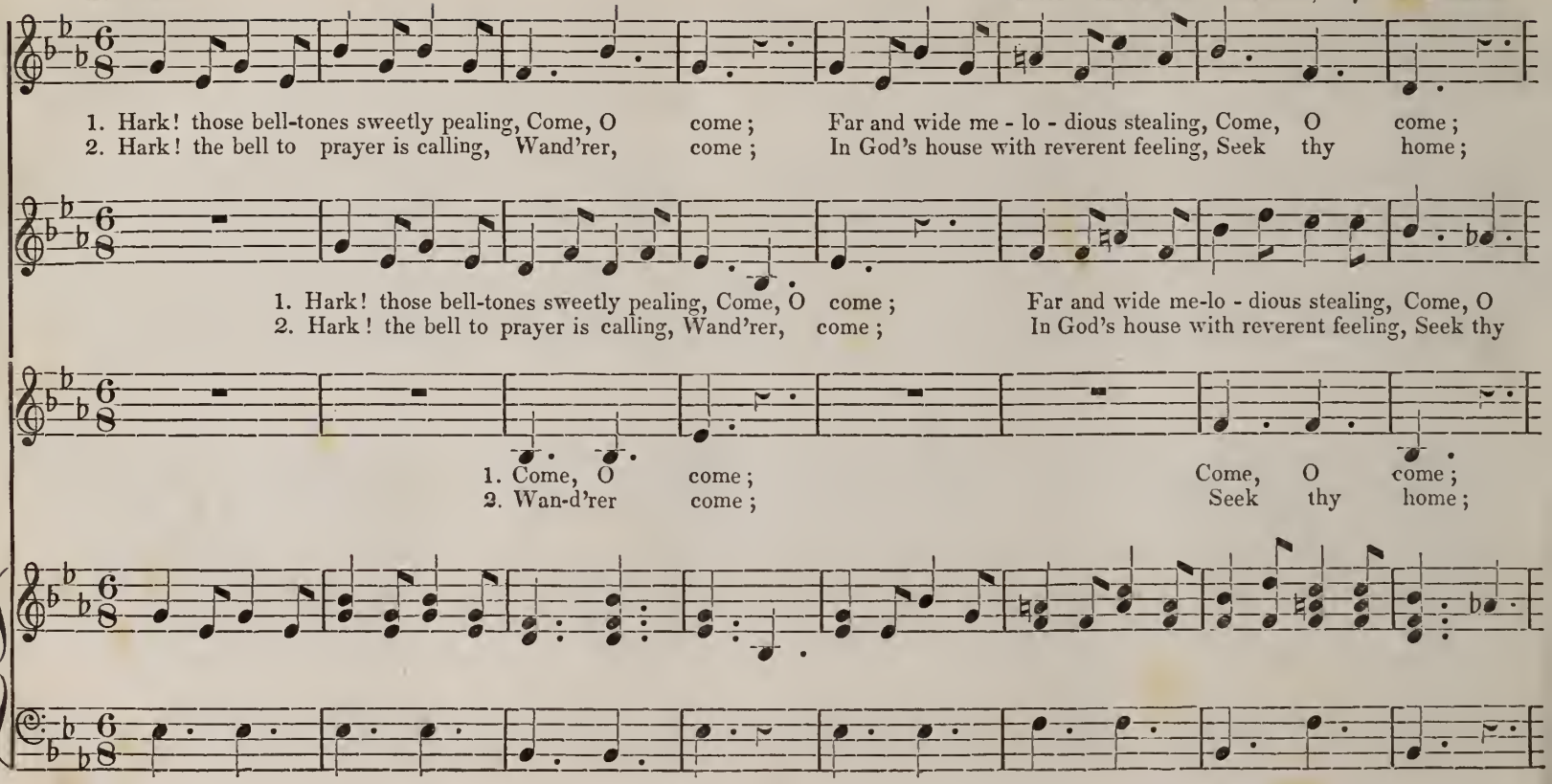
IV.

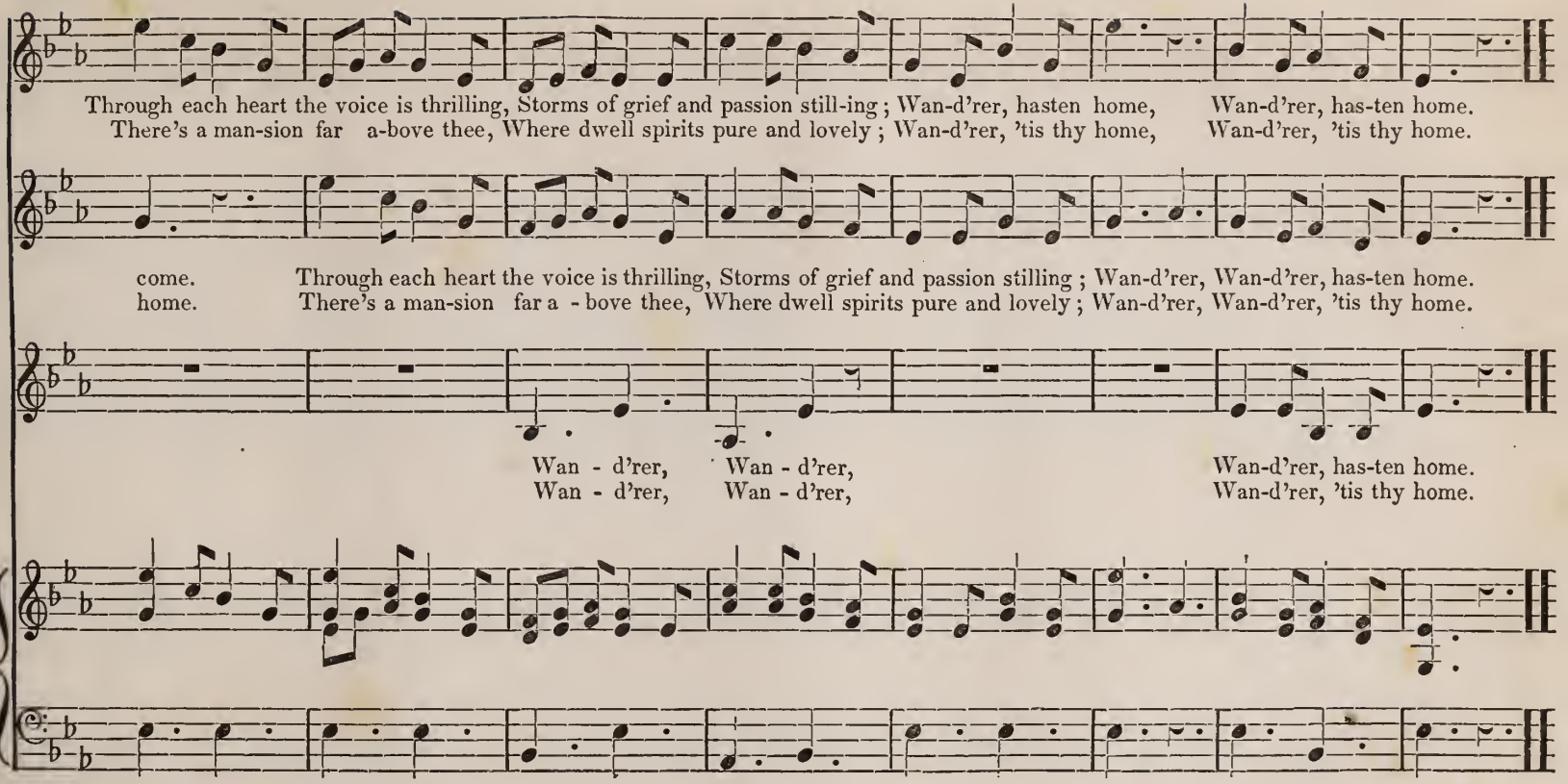
When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

CALL OF THE BELL.

MODERATO.

From "The Musical Class Book," by A. N. JOHNSON.

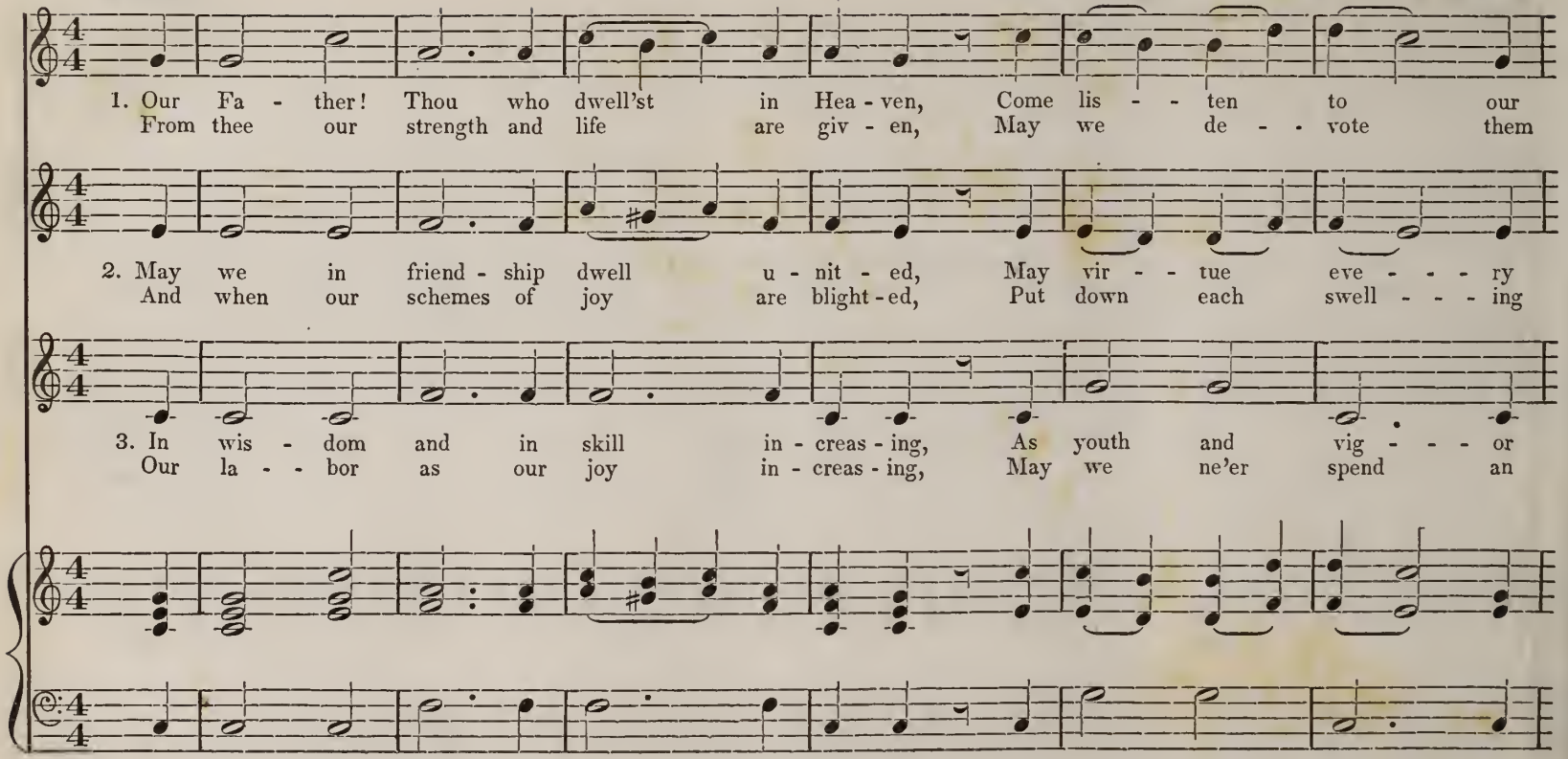


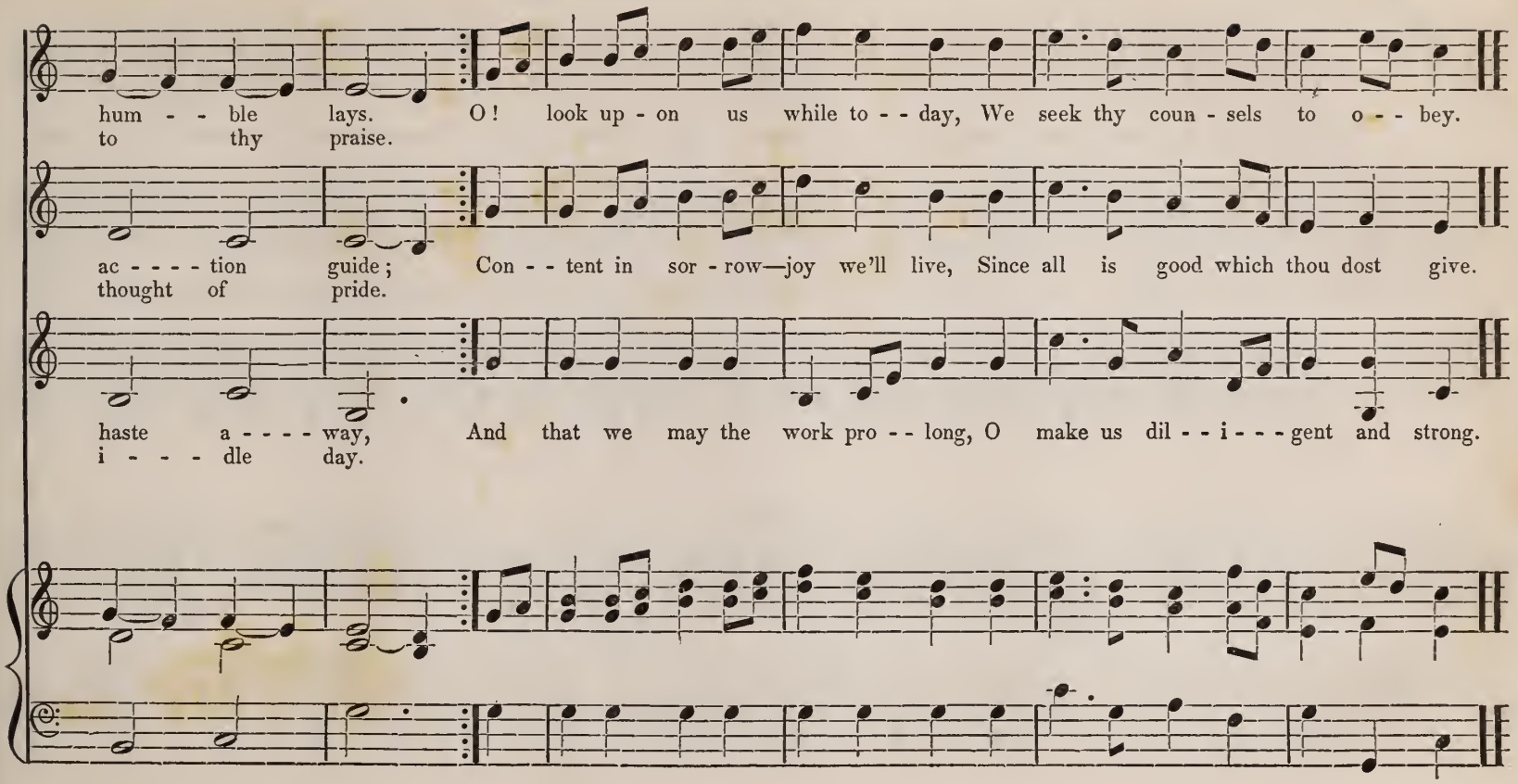

Through each heart the voice is thrilling, Storms of grief and passion still-ing; Wan-d'rer, hasten home, Wan-d'rer, has-ten home.
There's a man-sion far a-bove thee, Where dwell spirits pure and lovely; Wan-d'rer, 'tis thy home, Wan-d'rer, 'tis thy home.
come. Through each heart the voice is thrilling, Storms of grief and passion stilling; Wan-d'rer, Wan-d'rer, has-ten home.
home. There's a man-sion far a - bove thee, Where dwell spirits pure and lovely; Wan-d'rer, Wan-d'rer, 'tis thy home.
Wan - d'rer, Wan - d'rer, Wan-d'rer, has-ten home.
Wan - d'rer, Wan - d'rer, Wan-d'rer, 'tis thy home.

COMMENCING SCHOOL.

MODERATO.

From "The Musical Class Book," by A. N. JOHNSON.

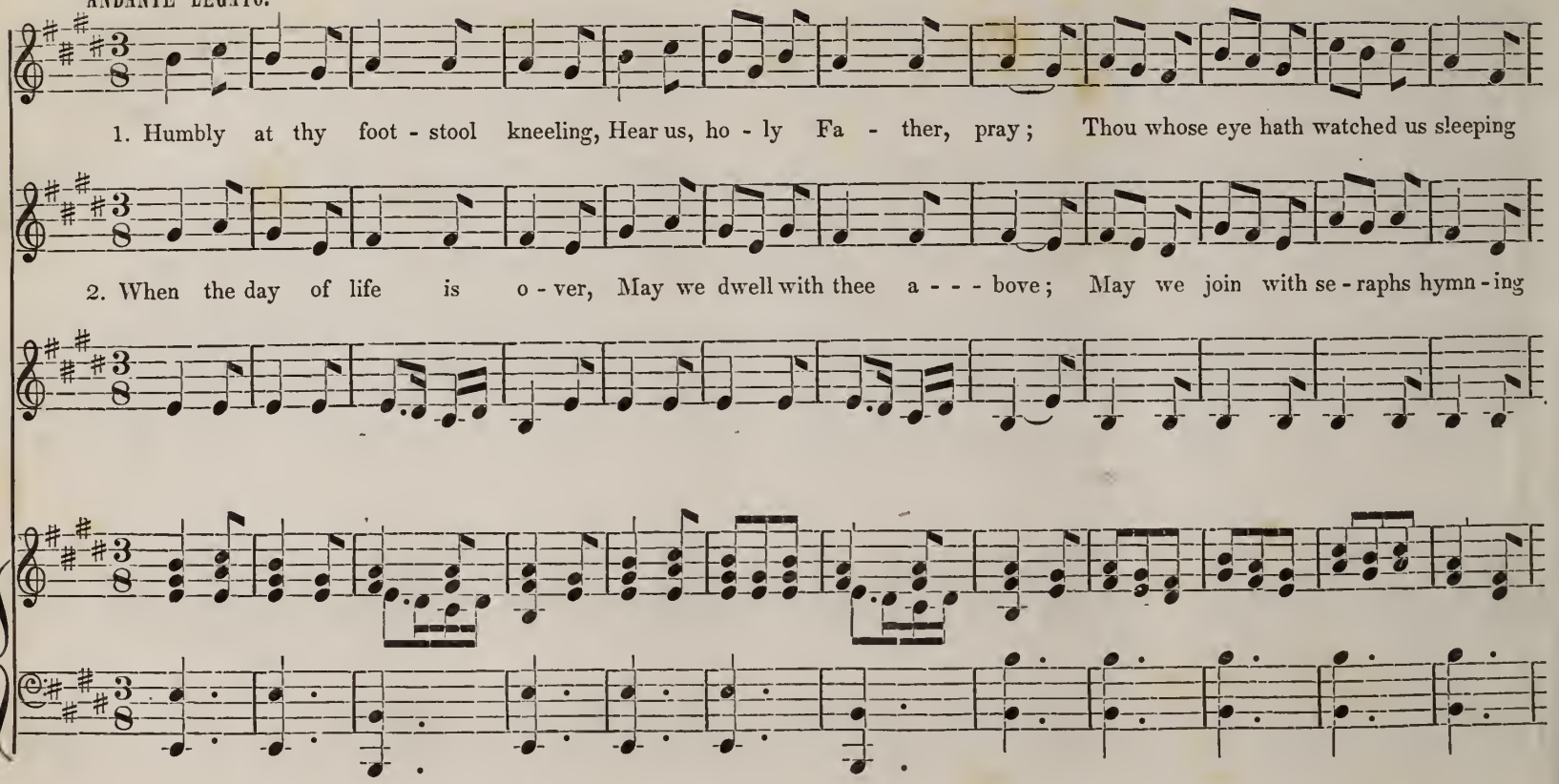


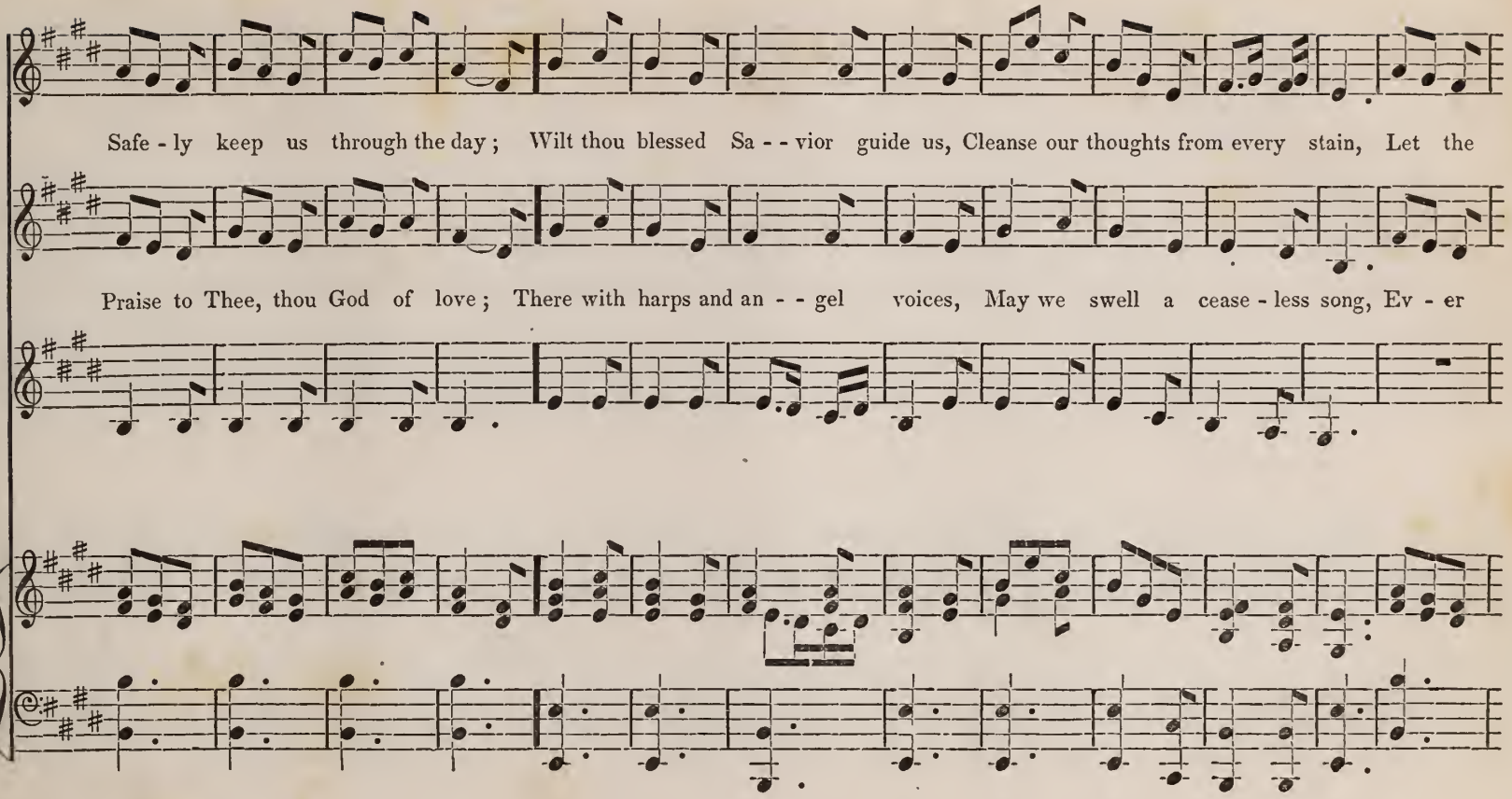

hum - - ble lays. O! look up - on us while to - - day, We seek thy coun - sels to o - - bey.
to thy praise.
ac - - - - tion guide; Con - - tent in sor - row—joy we'll live, Since all is good which thou dost give.
thought of pride.
haste a - - - - way, And that we may the work pro - - long, O make us dil - - i - - - gent and strong.
i - - - dle day.

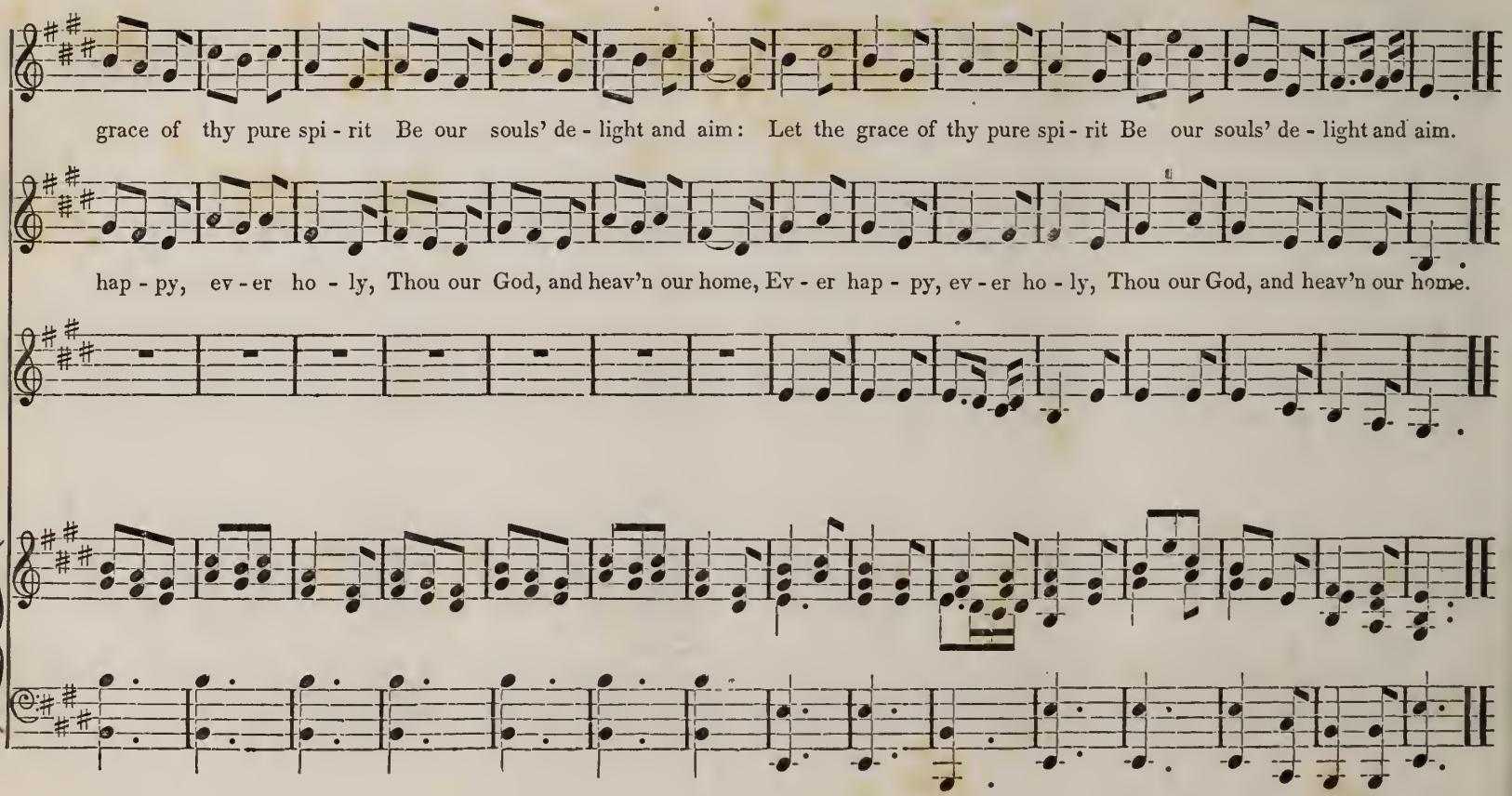
HUMBLY AT THY FOOTSTOOL KNEELING.

HEROLD.

ANDANTE LEGATO.

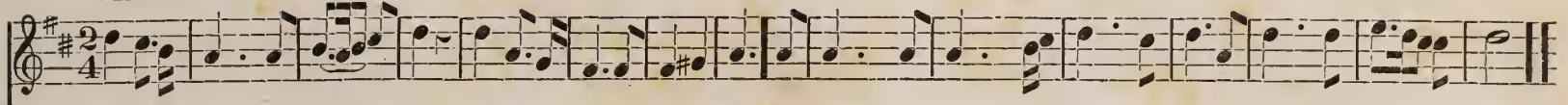



Safe - ly keep us through the day; Wilt thou blessed Sa - - vior guide us, Cleanse our thoughts from every stain, Let the
Praise to Thee, thou God of love; There with harps and an - - gel voices, May we swell a cease - less song, Ev - er

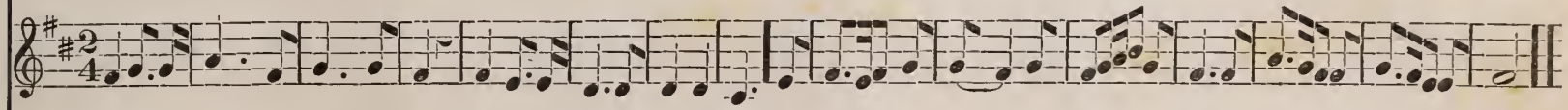

grace of thy pure spi - rit Be our souls' de - light and aim: Let the grace of thy pure spi - rit Be our souls' de - light and aim.
hap - py, ev - er ho - ly, Thou our God, and heav'n our home, Ev - er hap - py, ev - er ho - ly, Thou our God, and heav'n our home.

HAIL TO SALVATION'S BRILLIANT MORN!

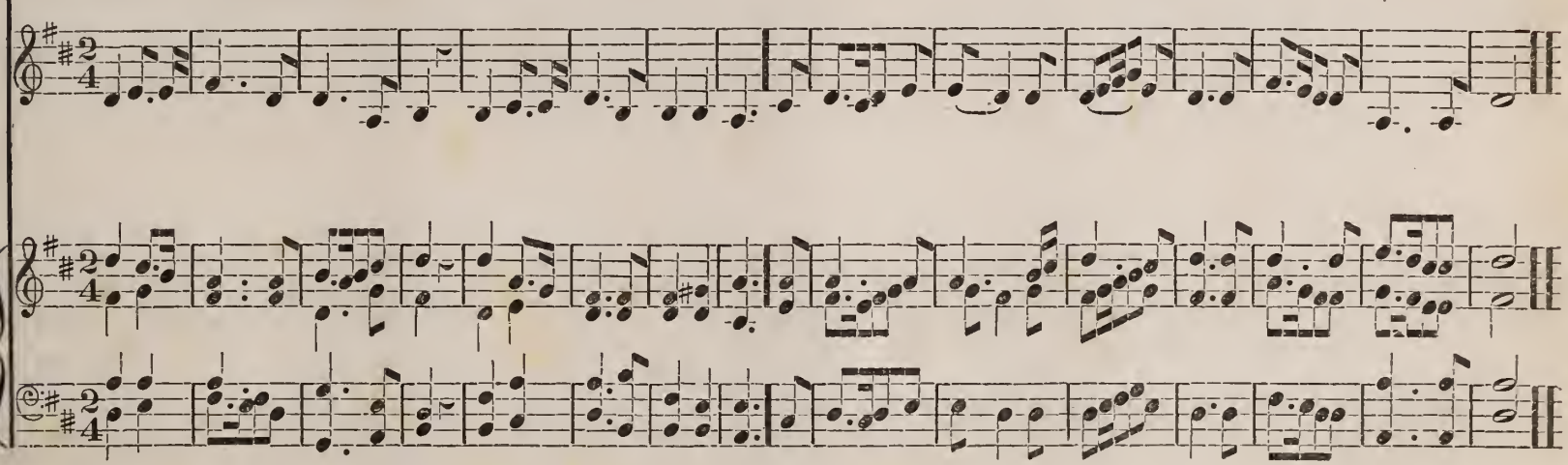
ALLEGRETTO.



1. Hail to sal-va - tion's brilliant morn ! Hail to the dawn of joy and peace, When God's Supreme almighty power, Bade all our sor-rows cease !

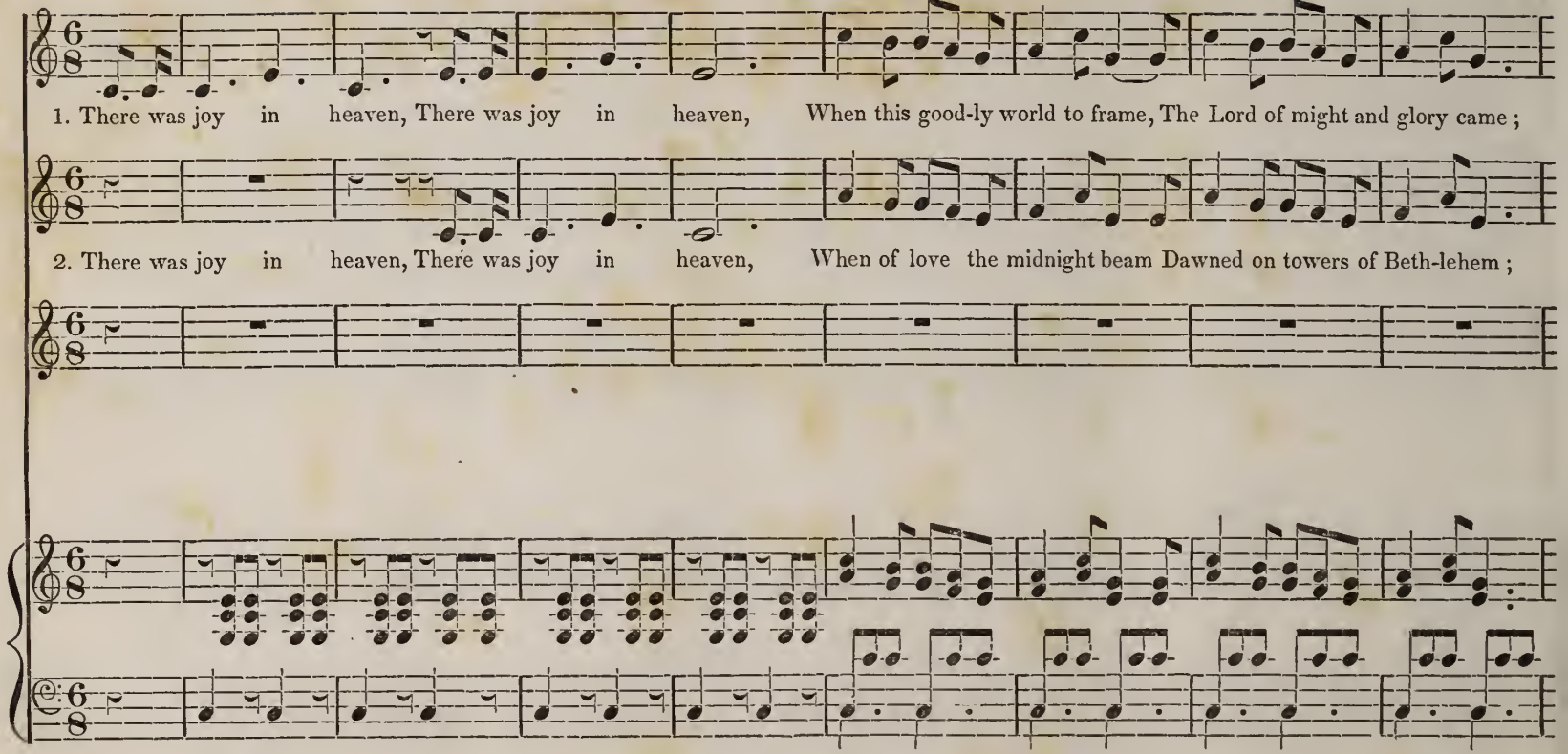


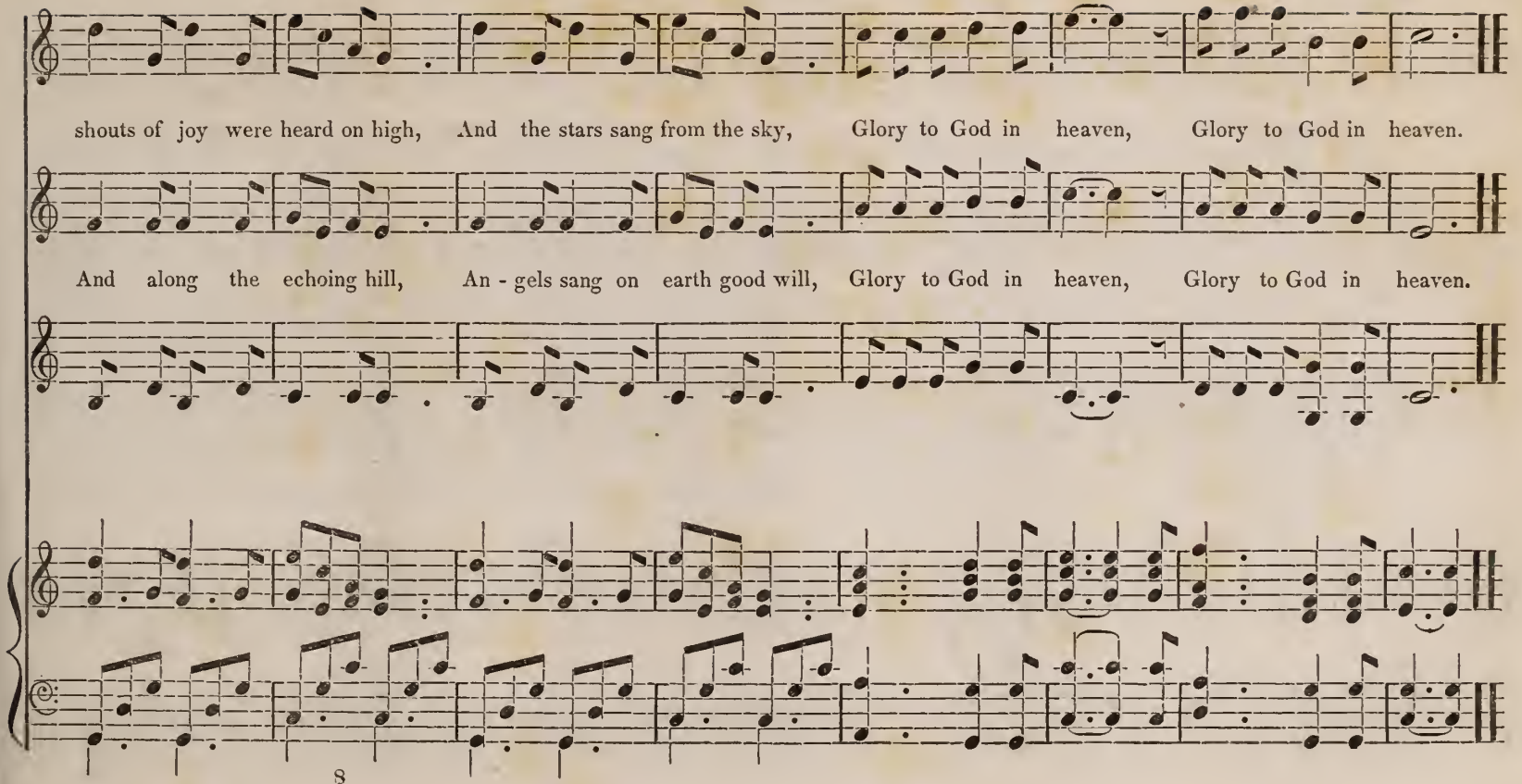
2. Ye angels sing your sweetest songs, And strike anew each golden lyre ; Let him to whom the praise belongs The sa-cred strain in-spire.



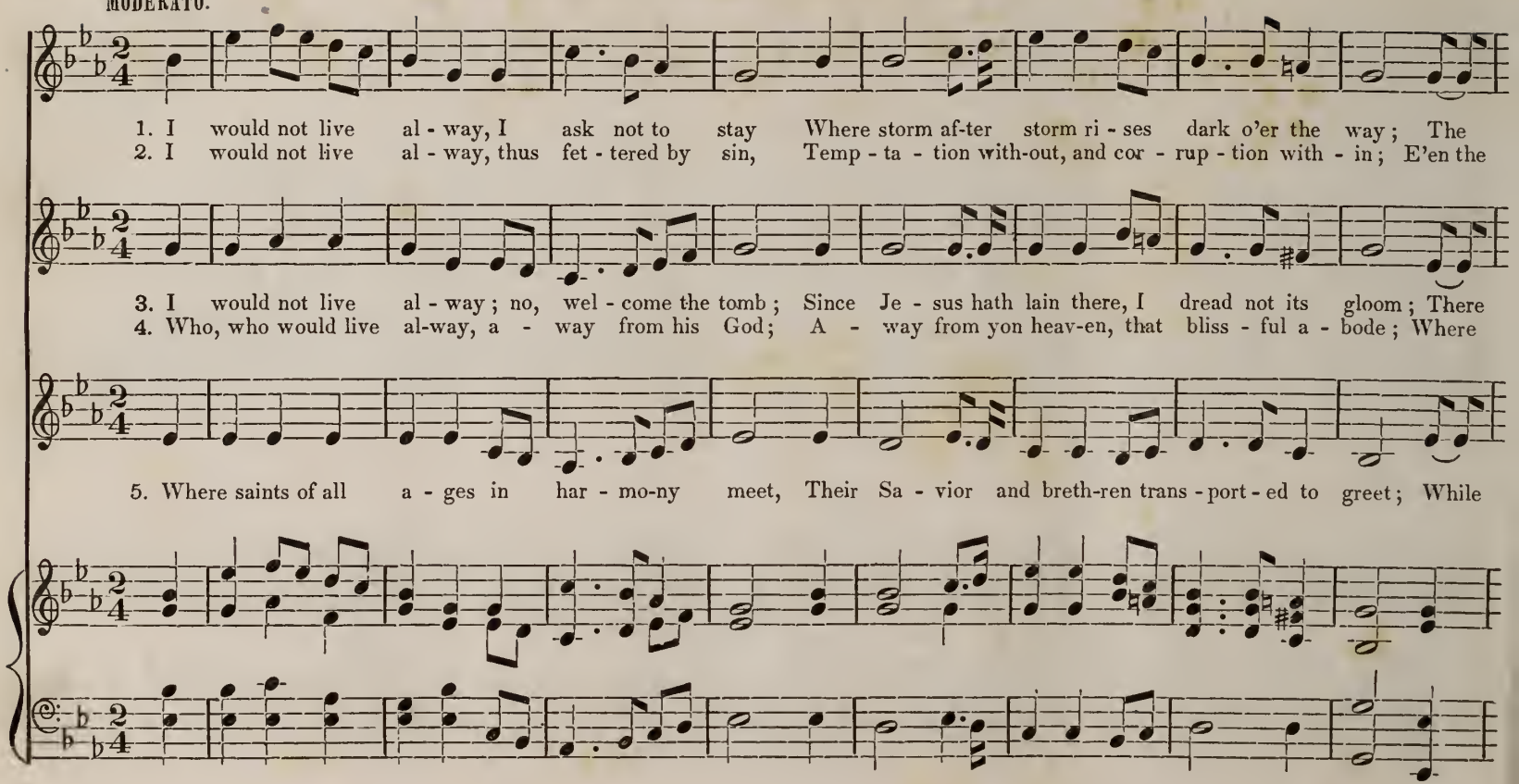
THERE WAS JOY IN HEAVEN.

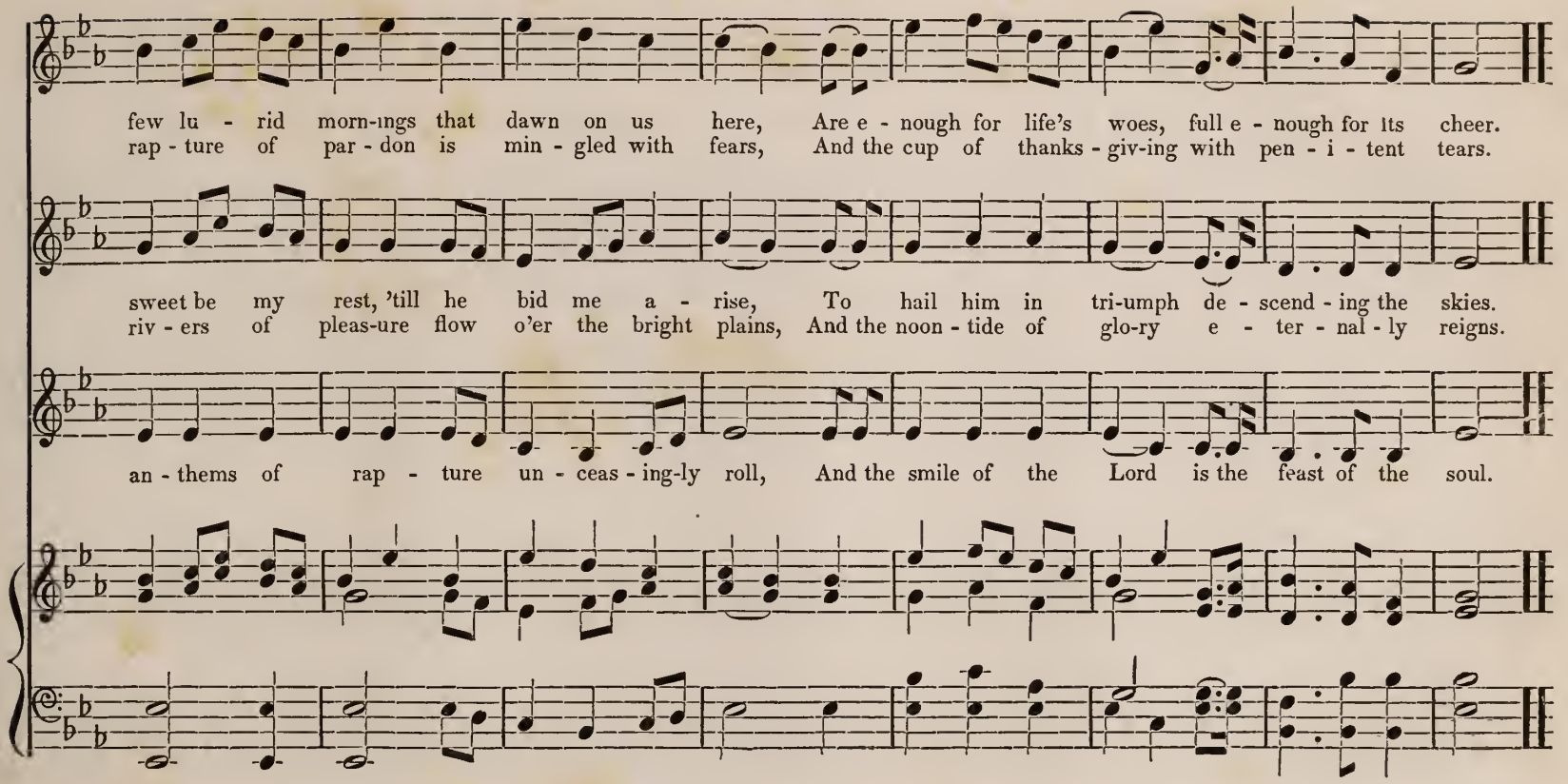
ALLEGRETTO.




shouts of joy were heard on high, And the stars sang from the sky, Glory to God in heaven, Glory to God in heaven.
And along the echoing hill, An - gels sang on earth good will, Glory to God in heaven, Glory to God in heaven.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

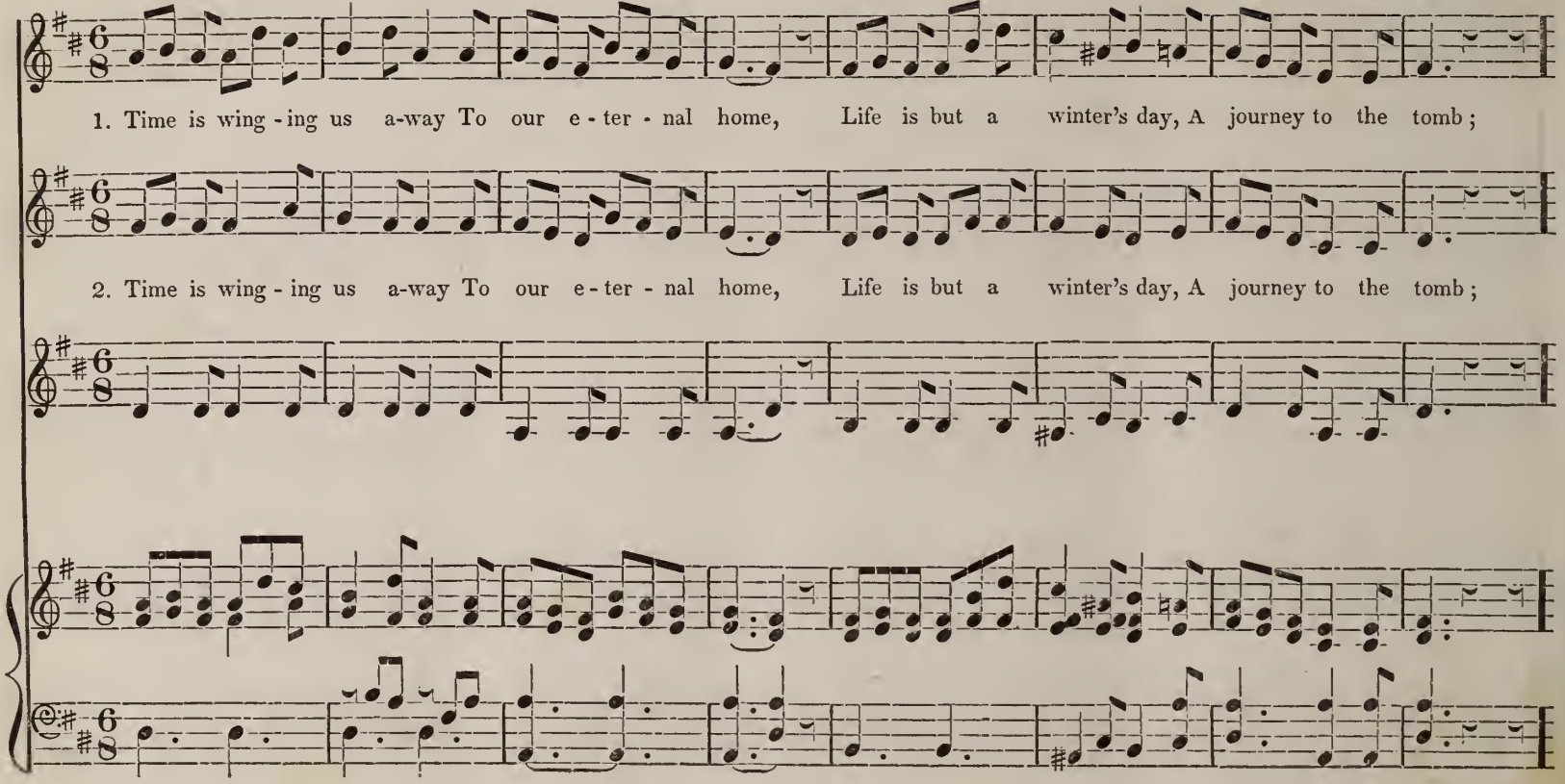


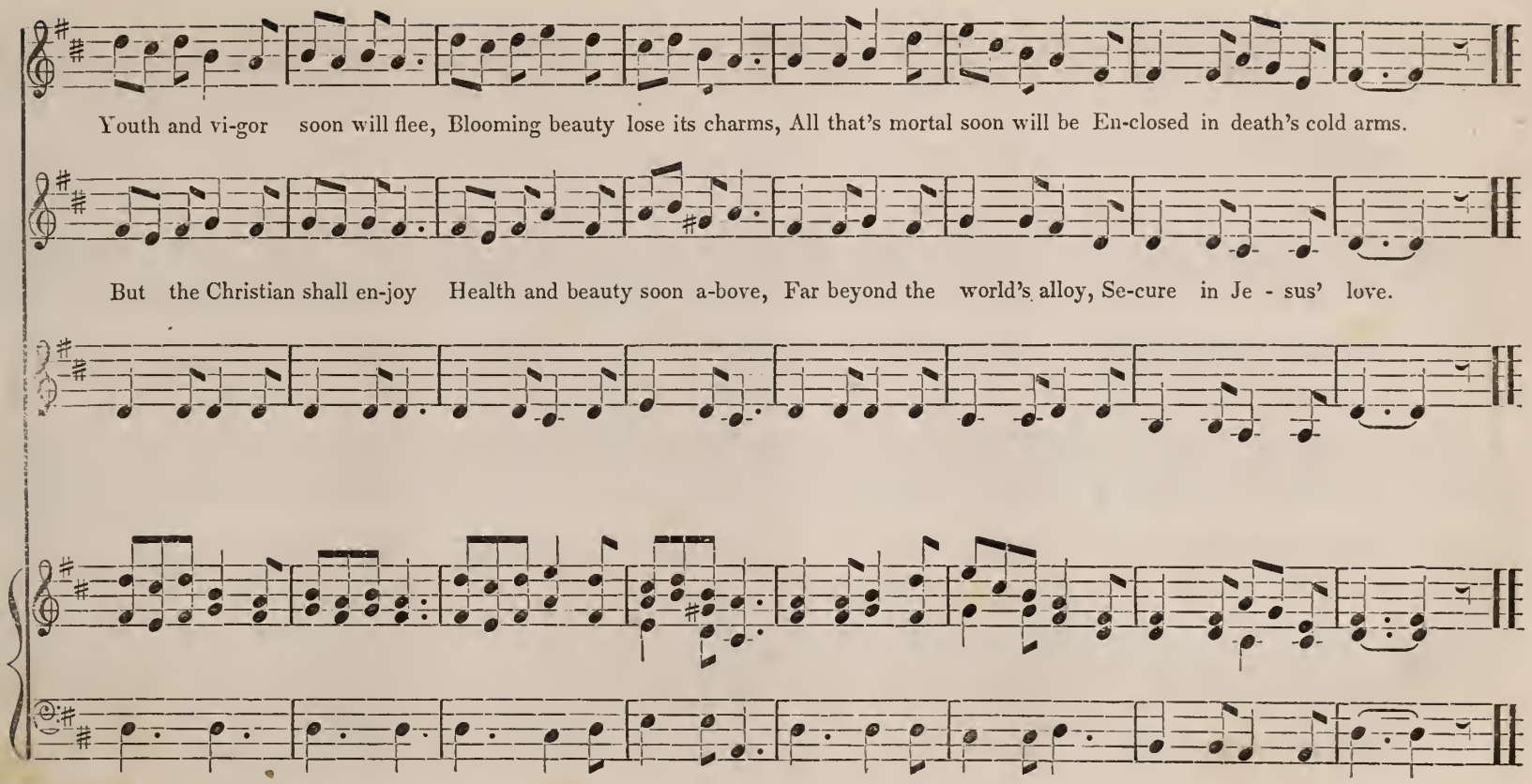

few lu - rid morn-ings that dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.
rap - ture of par - don is min - gled with fears, And the cup of thanks - giv-ing with pen - i - tent tears.
sweet be my rest, 'till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri-umph de - scend - ing the skies.
riv - ers of pleas-ure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noon - tide of glo-ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns.
an - thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing-ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

TIME IS WINGING US AWAY.

ANDANTE.

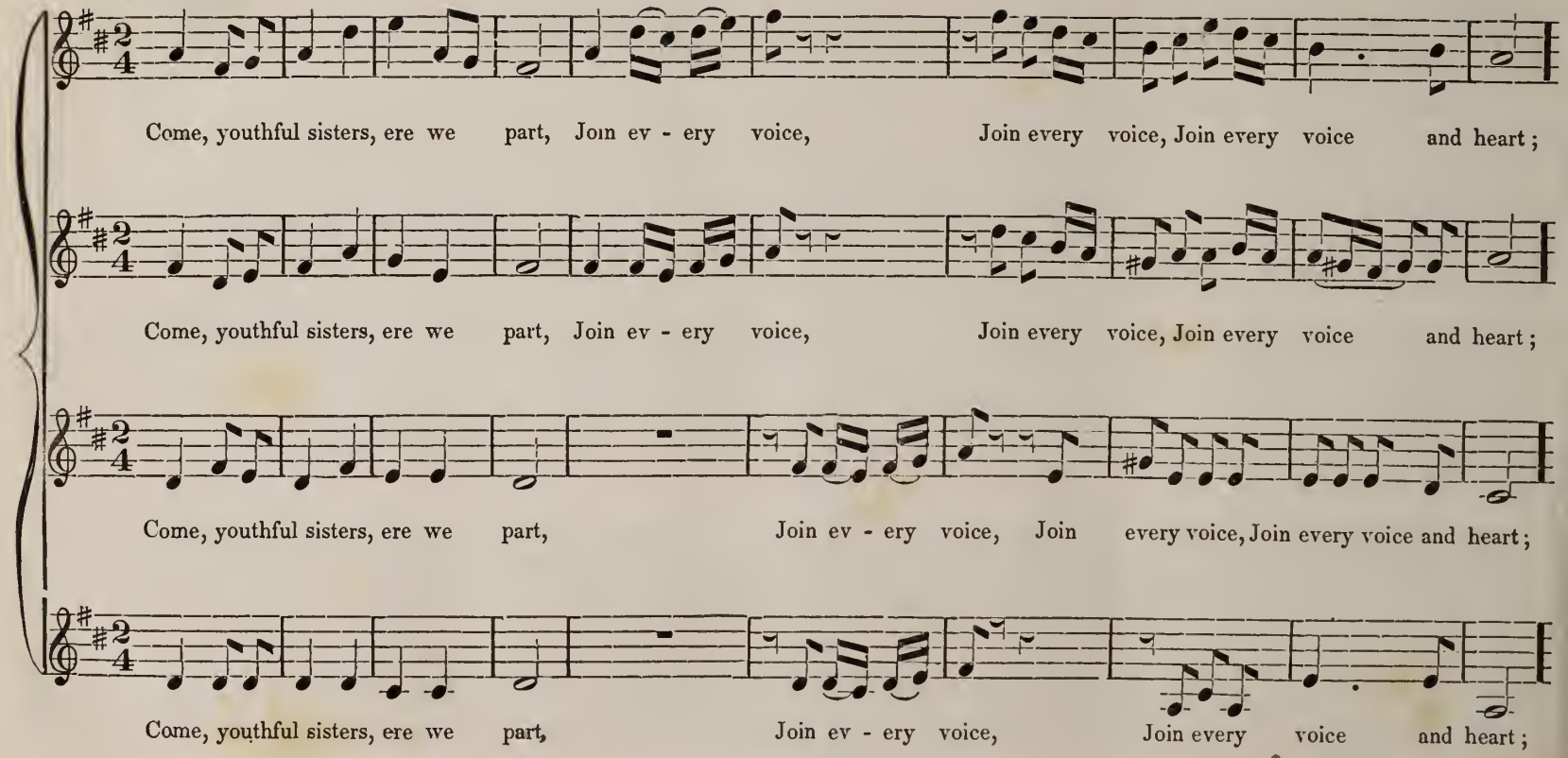
TOWNER ROOT

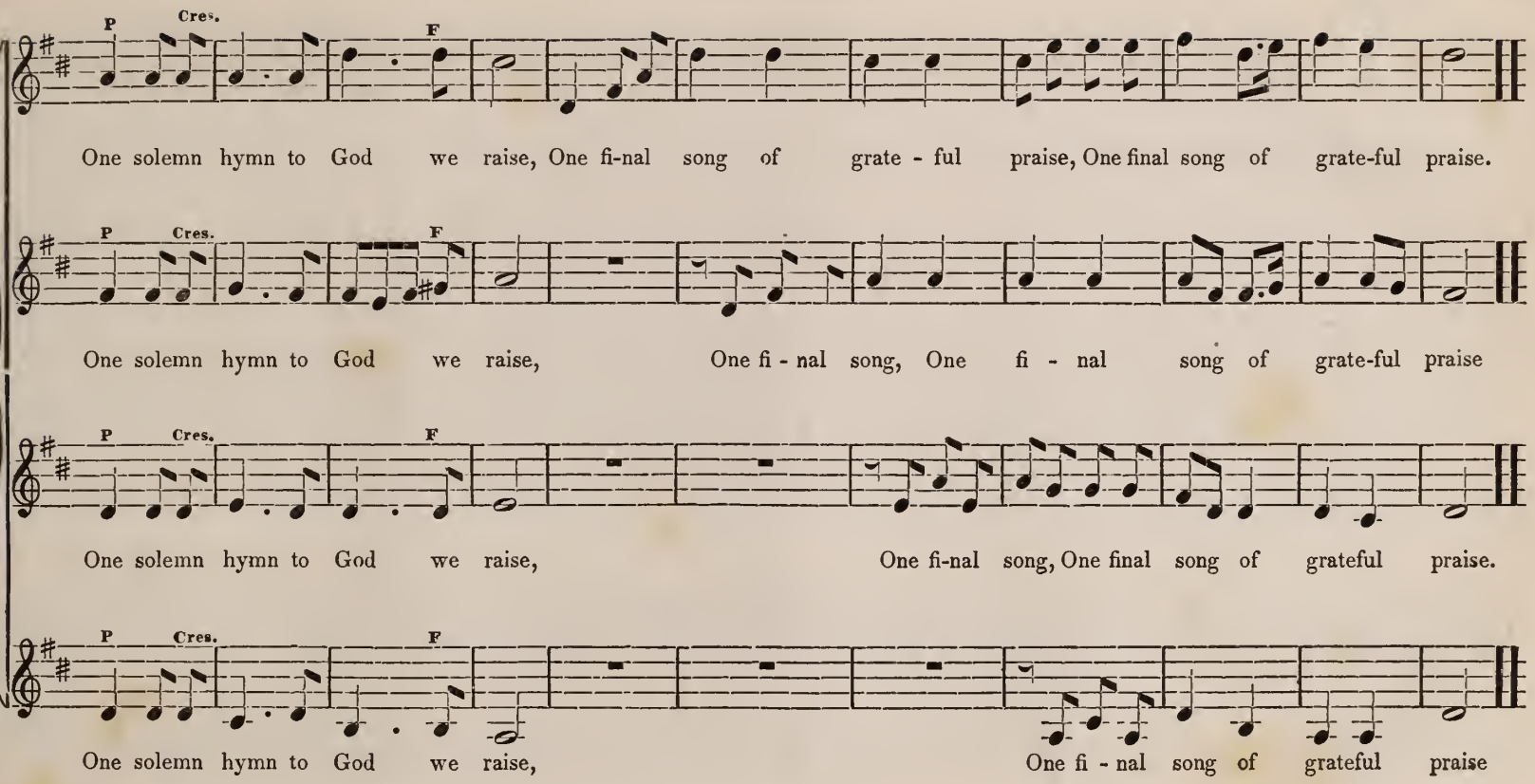



Youth and vi-gor soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms, All that's mortal soon will be En-closed in death's cold arms.
But the Christian shall en-joy Health and beauty soon a-bove, Far beyond the world's alloy, Se-cure in Je - sus' love.

UNITA.

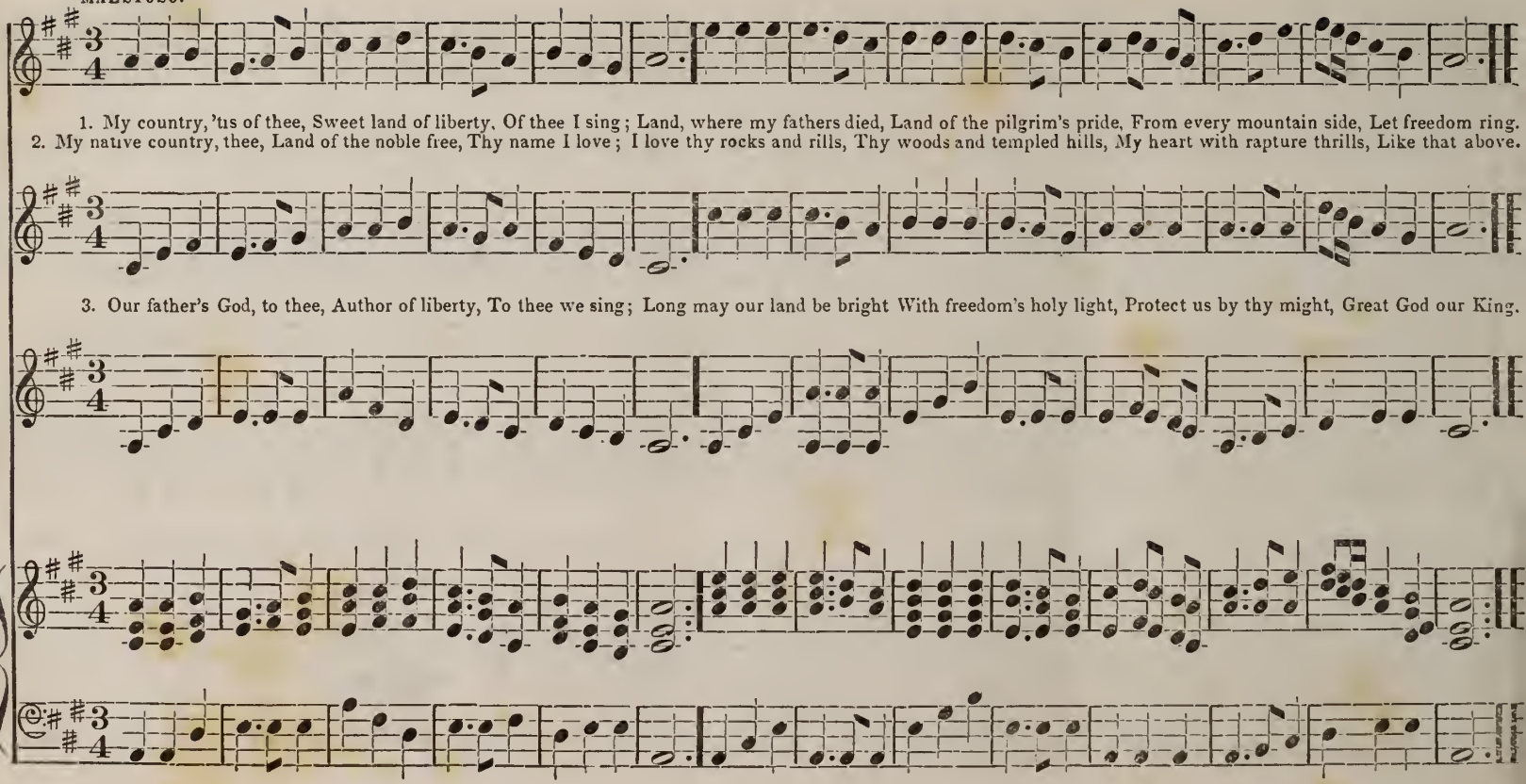
ALLEGRETTO.




P Cres. F
One solemn hymn to God we raise, One fi-nal song of grate - ful praise, One final song of grate-ful praise.
P Cres. F
One solemn hymn to God we raise, One fi - nal song, One fi - nal song of grate-ful praise
P Cres. F
One solemn hymn to God we raise, One fi-nal song, One final song of grateful praise.
P Cres. F
One solemn hymn to God we raise, One fi - nal song of grateful praise

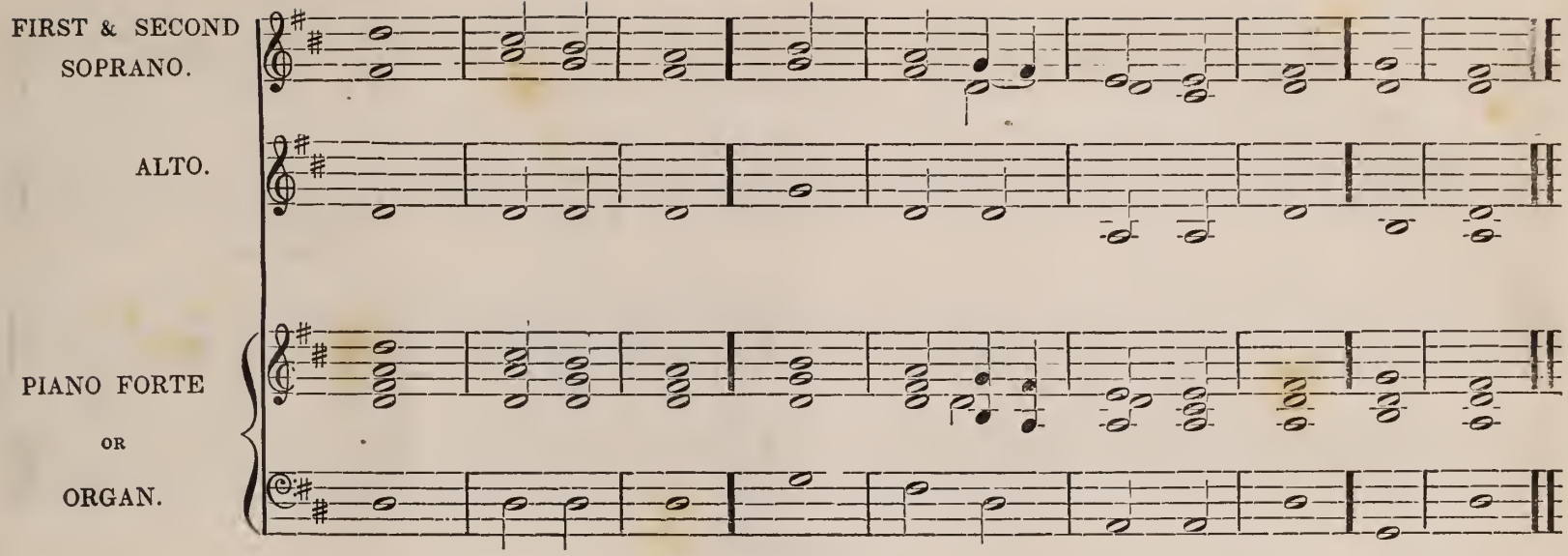
AMERICA.

MAESTOSO.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land, where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
3. Our father's God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light, Protect us by thy might, Great God our King.

CHANT No. 1.



PSALM XCV.

1. O come, let us sing unto the Lord;
Let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock of . . our sal | vation.

2. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And make a joyful | noise . . unto | him with | psalms.

3. For the Lord is a great God,
And a great | King a . . bove all | gods;

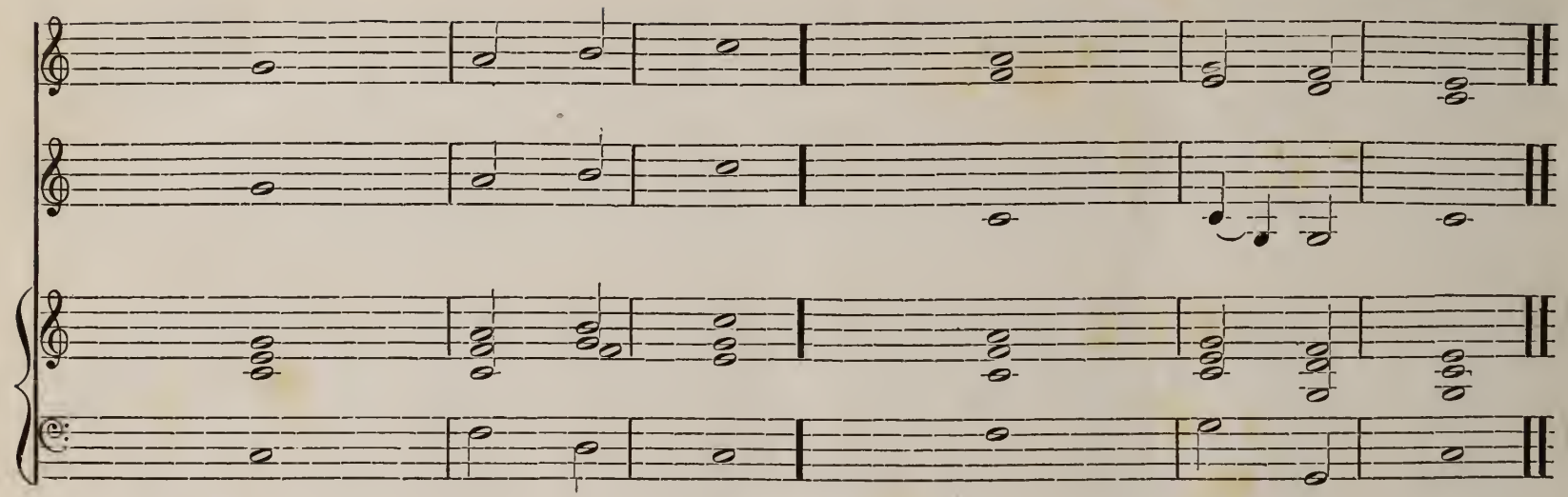
4. In his hand are all the deep places of the earth,
The strength of the | hills is | his — | also.

5. The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands | formed the . . dry | land.

6. O come, let us worship and bow down,
Let us | kneel be . . fore the | Lord our | Maker.—*A . . men.*

CHANT No. 2.

FROM "MASON'S Book of Chants."

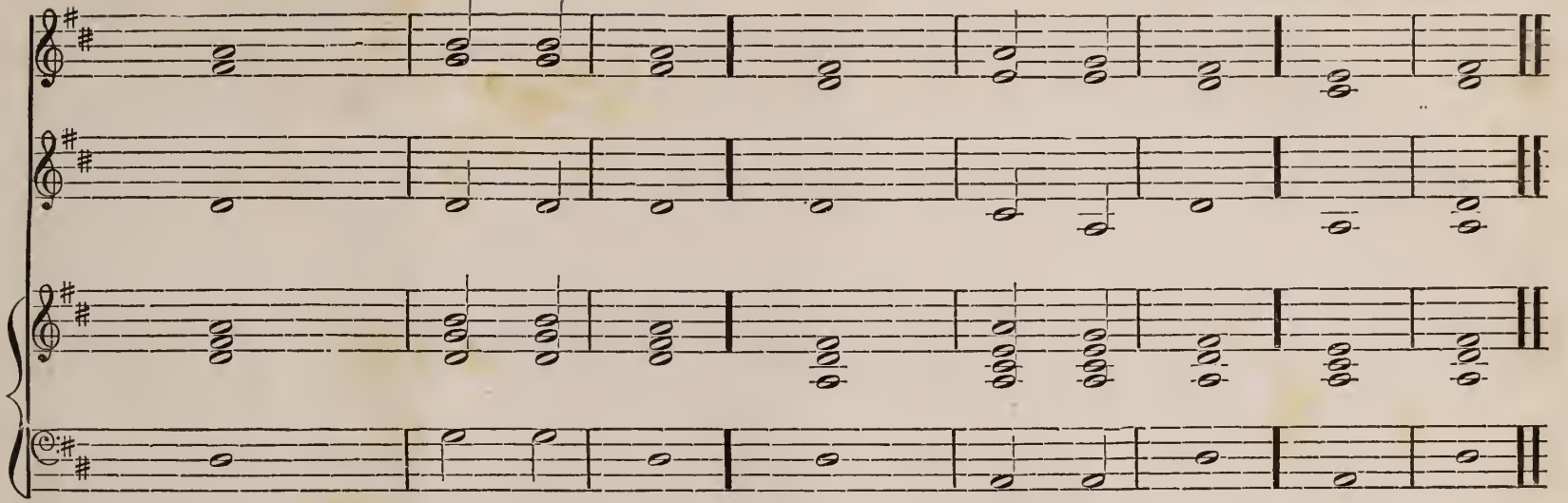


PSALM CXXI.

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 pre- | serve thy | soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in,
   From this time forth, and even forevermore. | *A*— | *men*

CHANT No. 3.

From "MASON'S Book of Chants."

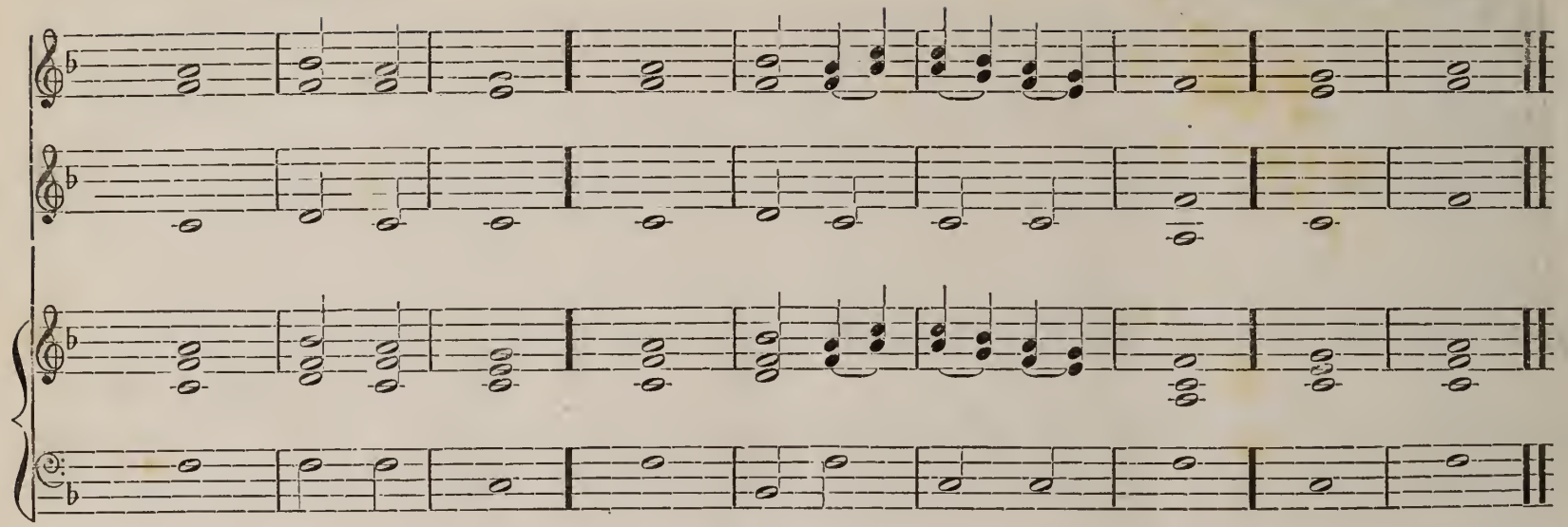


PSALM XXIII.

1. The Lord is my shepherd,
   I | shall not | want;
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
   He leadeth me beside the still | wa -- | ters.
3. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me
   In the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
   I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
   Thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies,
   Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup . . runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
   And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for | ev — | er.—A . . *men.*

CHANT No. 4.

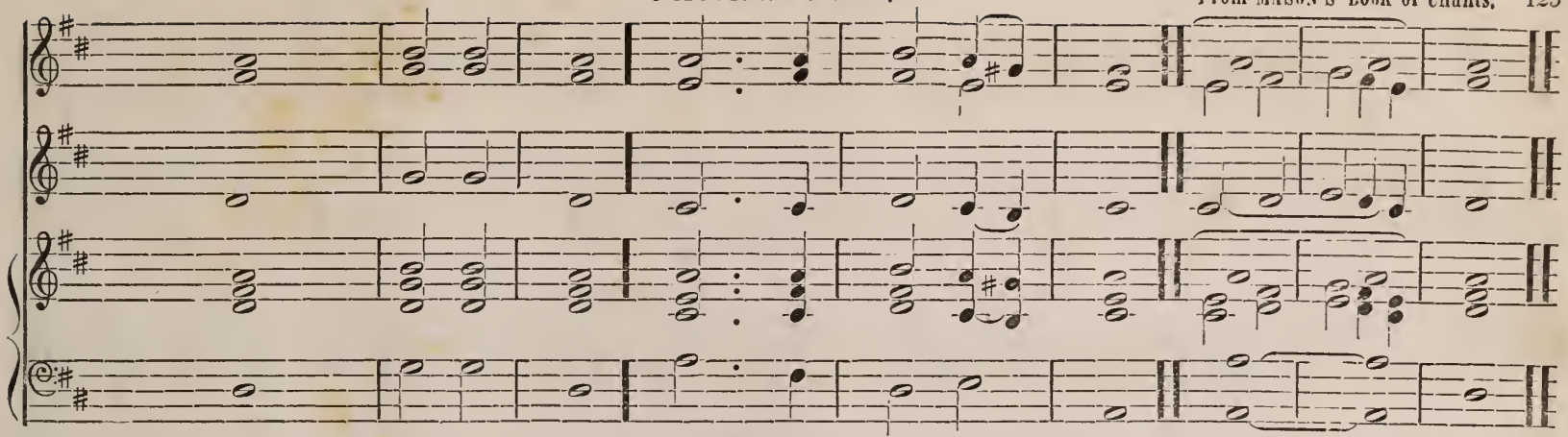
From "MASON'S Book of Chants."



PSALM CIII., 8—14.

1. { The Lord is merciful and gracious,
   { Slow to anger, and a | bundant . . in | mercy;
3. { He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
   { Nor rewarded us according to | our in | iquities.
5. { As far as the east is from the west,
   { So far hath he removed our trans | gressions | from us.
7. { For he knoweth our frame;
   { He remembereth that | we are | dust.
2. { He will not always chide,
   { Neither will he | keep his | anger . . for | ever.
4. { For as the heaven is high above the earth,
   { So great is his mercy toward | them that | fear — | him.
6. { Like as a father pitieth his children,
   { So the Lord pitieth | them that | fear — | him.
8. { He knoweth our frame,
   { He remembereth that | we, that | we are | dust.—*A* | *men.*

CHANT No. 5.



HUMBLE DEVOTION.

1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
My humble pray'r ascends—O | Father, | hear it!
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness:
For- | give its | weakness.

2. I know—I feel how mean, and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice I | pour be- | fore thee:
What can I offer thee, O Thou most holy!
But | sin and | folly.

3. Lord, in thy sight, who ev'ry bosom viewest,
Cold in our warmest vows and | vain our | truest:
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them—
Our | hearts for | get them.

4. We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us:
We hear thy voice, it counsels, .. and it | courts us;
And then we turn away! and still thy kindness
For- | gives our | blindness!

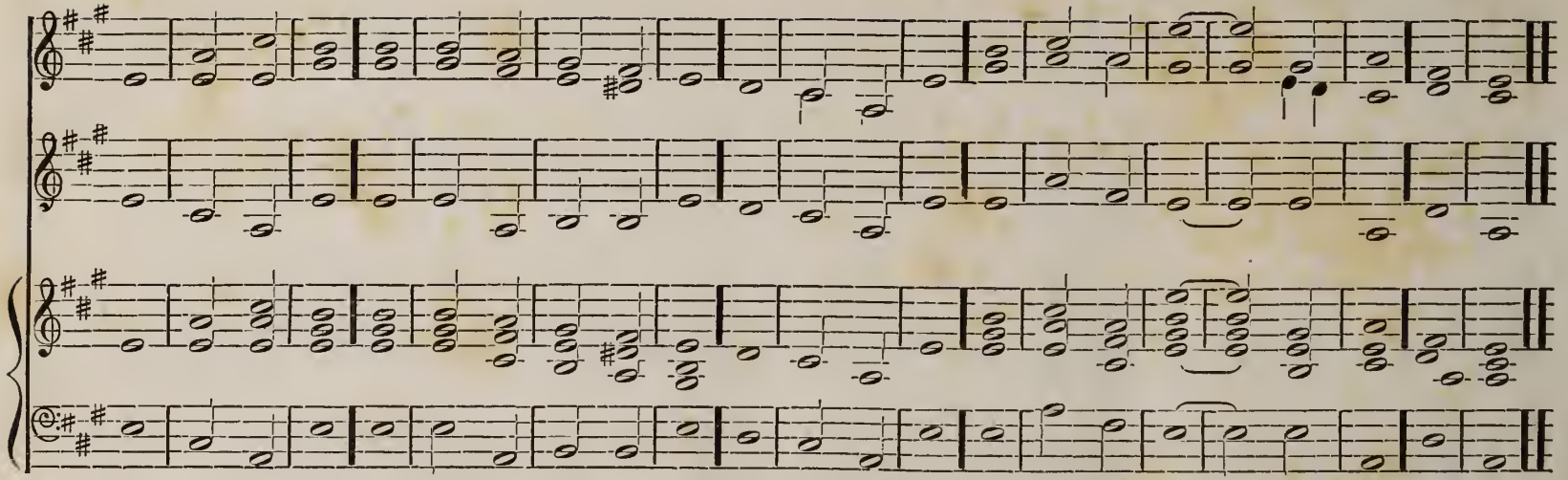
5. Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To ev'ry gen'rous thought and | grateful | feeling!
Oh! who can hear the accents of thy mercy,
And | never | love thee.

6. Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The | seeds of | holiness, | and let them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And | spring e- | ternal.

7. Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and | seraphs .. are the | wardens;
Where every flow'r brought safe through death's dark portal,
Be- | comes im- | mortal. | *A-* | *men.* [*Bowring.*

CHANT No. 6.

"From MASON'S Book of Chants."



STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

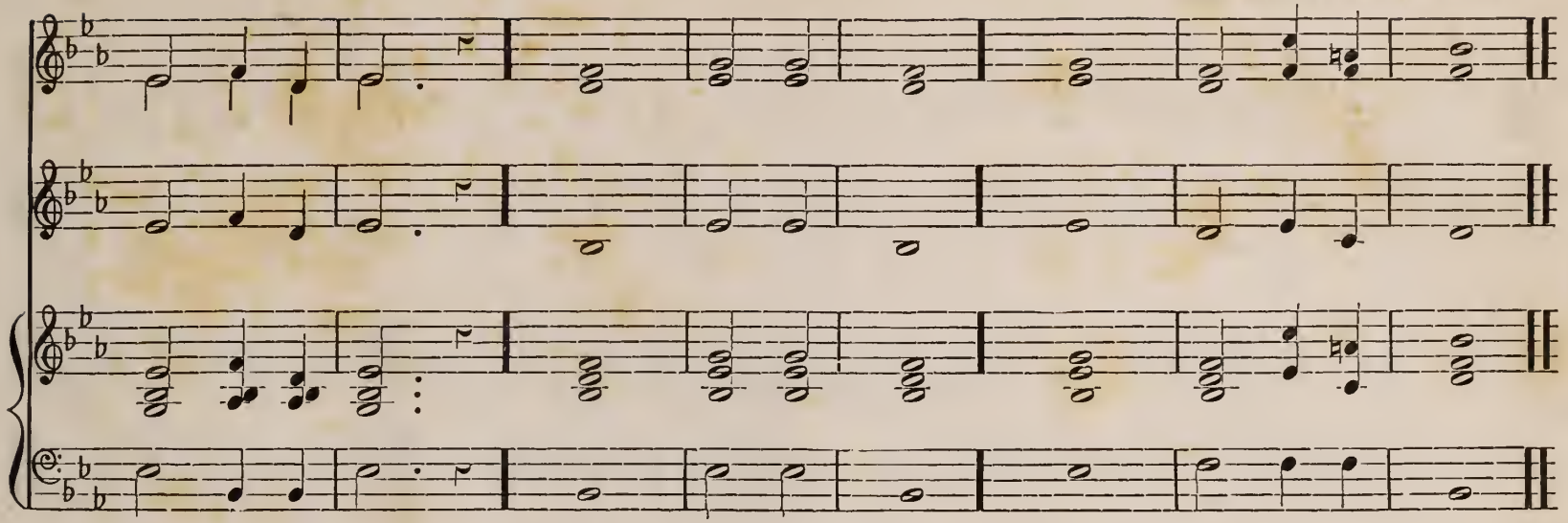
1. When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
   The glittering host be- | stud the | sky,
   One star alone, of all the train,
   Can fix the | sinner's | wandering | eye.
   Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
   From every host, from | ev'ry | gem;
   But one alone, the Savior speaks,—
   It is the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem!

2. Once on the raging seas I rode;
   The storm was loud, the | night was | dark,
   The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd
   The wind that | toss'd my | foundering | bark:
   Deep horror then my vitals froze,
   Death-struck, I ceas'd the | tide to | stem;
   When suddenly a star arose,—
   It was the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem!

3. It was my guide, my light, my all:
   It made my dark fore- | bodings | cease;
   And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
   It | led me .. to the | port of | peace.
   Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
   I'll sing, | first .. in night's | diadem,
   For ever and for evermore,
   The | Star! the | Star of | Bethlehem! | *A-* | *men.* [*H.K. White.*

CHANT. No. 7.

From "MASON'S Book of Chants."



"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 gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun, |
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be | done."

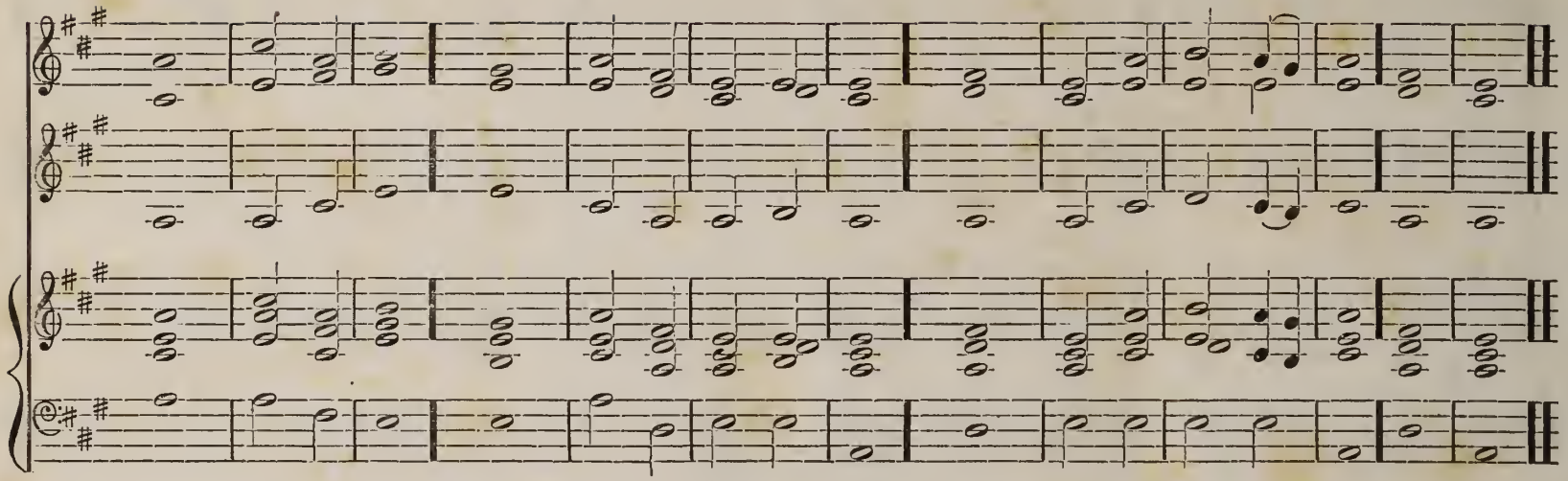
"Thy will be done!" | Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom | one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

Bowring.

Close by repeating the first two measures, *Thy will be done.*

CHANT No. 8.

From "MASON'S Book of Chants."



SEARCHING AFTER GOD.

1. Thou maker of my vital frame,
   Unveil thy face, pro- | nounce thy | name ;
   Shine to my sight, and let the ear
   Which thou hast | form'd, thy | language | hear ;
   Divide ye clouds, and let me see
   The Power that | gives me | leave to | be

2. Where is thy residence ? Oh ! why
   Dost thou avoid my | searching | eye :
   Mysterious being ! Great Unknown
   Say, do the | clouds con- | ceal thy | throne ?
   Or art thou all diffus'd abroad,
   Through boundless | space, a | present | God ?

3. Is there not some delightful art
   To feel thy | presence . . at my | heart ?
   To hear thy whispers, soft and kind,
   In | holy | silence . . of the | mind ?—
   Then rest my thoughts ; no longer roam
   In quest of | joy—for | heaven's at | home ! | *A-* | *men.*

[*Watts.*