



Henry Caber

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1.

Gospel Blessings.

My gospel companions how lovely they are,

c c d e d e Le d c

There's no earthly treasure so precious & fair;

I love this relation, this bond of true peace,

e^g g q^a q^a q^a | e^g ag | e d

O may I maintain it with endless increase.

c ag e q c d e Le d c ♯

I'm thankful to God for his goodness to me,
And for that salvation by which I am free;
While many poor creatures are sinking in woe,
And know not the gospel where true comforts flow.

3

I love good Believers who bear a full cross,
They're like golden jewels refined from dross;

And I do rejoice in their lovely increase,
 And pray God to bless them, in mercy & peace.

4.

O Brethren & Sisters, what blessings we feel,
 How great is our comfort when filled with zeal.
 The way is so easy to those who obey,
 No hardship nor bondage appear in the way.

5.

For heaven's so nigh us, thro' such a strait pass,
 To view its bright glories we need not a glass;
 A happyfied conscience that sinners ne'er feel,
 Brings heaven within us in exercising our zeal.

6.

O let us take courage, be valiant & bold,
 There's nothing to hinder the true hearted soul;
 Let's cleave to the pathway to mansions above,
 And strengthen each other in purified love.

7.

Let those who are doubtful & choose their own way,
 Relinquish the cross & refuse to obey,
 Their portion is misery & sorrow at best,
 Their grief will be greater than tongue can express.

But those who are subjects of goodness & truth,
 Will flourish & bloom like the morning of youth,
 Good angels will guard them, & help them along,
 Then let us rejoice and, forever be strong.

Holy Habitation.

Lord thy name shall be exalted,
 || a g e e d e e e d e

By the humble & the pure;
 d d d e d d e e

Thou hast gathered those that halted,
 y e e e e e d e g

Thou art calling in the poor.

Thou dost comfort the afflicted,

And relieve the Fatherless.

Helpless orphans are protected

Thou show the way of holiness.

2

Fill my soul with true thanks giving,
Fill my mouth with songs of praise;
Those who feel their spirits living,
Every grateful feeling raise.
Rise my soul, rejoice forever,
Praise the resurrection morn,
Praise the hand that formed my mother,
Praise the day that she was born.

Blessed way of free salvation,
 Blessed cross that we maintain,
 Prize the holy habitation
 Where the gifts of God remain.
 Blessed food how sweet & pleasant,
 Blessed is our heavenly fare,
 When the love of God is present
 It is heaven ev'ry where.

2

Can I ever fret or murmur,
 Or be lifeless, dull, or cold,
 Where an everlasting summer,
 Such fine beauties does unfold.
 Here's the oil & wine inviting,
 Here the milk & honey flows,
 Many precious gifts uniting,
 Here the blooming lilly grows.

Here the tender vine & myrtle
 Spread sweet odors all around,
 Soeely virgins dance in circles
 To the harp's melodious sound.
 Holy Angels guard my spirit
 In the path my Parents trod,
 That I may a right inherit
 On the holy mount of God.

Contentment in the Gospel.

When'er my busy thoughts do roam

♪ a e ā u y u ā b
 On things which are abroad,

 ā e d e d e.

I feel contented with my home,

♪ b ā u y u ā b

And thankful to my God.

 e e ā u y u ||

7.
This world's a motley scene at best,

My ^a ^e ^d e t g ^e ^d ^t ^a

My sense it can't divert,

Its ^g ^a ^a troubled ^e ^d ^t ^a waters ^e ^d ^t ^a cannot ^e ^d ^t ^a rest

But ^e ^e ^a ^g ^a ^t ^a ^g cast ^e ^e ^a ^g ^a ^t ^a ^g up ^e ^e ^a ^g ^a ^t ^a ^g mire ^e ^e ^a ^g ^a ^t ^a ^g & ^e ^e ^a ^g ^a ^t ^a ^g dirt.

2

The rich can boast but not in truth,
The poor are much distress'd;

But I was called in my youth

And with the gospel bless'd.

How many wander in the street

Quite destitute of food,

While I have heavenly fruit, to eat,

And every thing that's good.

The rich & proud can never share
 The dainties of my meal,
 They cannot boast such ^{blessed} heavenly fare,
 Nor taste the bliss I feel.
 The gospel which has set me free
 Supplies my every need;
 Then let contentment dwell with me,
 For I am rich indeed.

4.

Here I can walk the heavenly road
 With my companions dear,
 Here I enjoy a blest abode,
 And all my treasure's here.
 Let others walk in devious ways,
 Which lead to death & hell,
 Here, I resolve to spend my days
 Where Christ's true followers dwell.

Zion Shall be Pure.

How Dissatisfaction will roll thro' the mind,



1. Of those who are lovers of sin,

2. True happiness never for them, was design'd,

3. Their judgements at length must roll in.

How long shall the wicked abide with the just?



O heavens, how long shall it be?

Shall Zion like Sodom, with Acham be cur'd

4. And never be wholly made free?

5. And never be wholly made free?

Shall those who continue to do their own will,
 And give their profession the lie,
 Go on a lost nature of lust to fulfil,
 And all righteous counsel defy?
 Shall those vile offenders continue secure?
 The day is advancing along,
 To try who is honest enough to endure,
 The work of a glorified throng.

By the laws of Mount Zion the wicked must flee
 To some other region or place,
 For they & the righteous can never agree,
 While running the true gospel race.
 As chaff by the fan from the wheat must be blown,
 So wicked men all must depart,
 Before the true God or his lebrist they have known
 Who dwell in a sin hating heart.

But those who are loyal to Zion's great King,
 In their independence must stand;
 A soul undefiled, a conscience that's clean,
 With ornament heaven's pure band.
 Then lift up your heads ye afflicted & say,
 The orders of God are my shield,
 So in His pure order of Zion, I'll stay,
 To no other order I'll yield.

5

My conscience shall witness I never will stray,
 My Brethren & Sisters shall know
 That I am determined to keep in the way,
 For where or to whom should I go.
 In Zion are treasures which flow in rich streams
 Of pure union, & pure praise;
 Then why should I hearken to Satan's base words
 Which are but deception, & lies.

This world is a scene of destruction & woe,
 And all its amusements are vain,
 Then why should I stoop to enjoyments so low,
 Which end in affliction & pain.

The way to Mount Zion is certain & sure,
 It is guarded by Angels, with care,
 And those who are faithful to keep themselves pure
Will find an inheritance there.

Invitation to Souls.

The Angels are sounding on their golden trumpets,

They sound, & resound, from the heavenly shores.

Inviting all kindreds, all nations, & people,

To come, come to Zion, & wonder no more.

The trumpets are sounding, the dead, to awaken,
 Awake, & arise, from your slumbers & come,
 I come all ye wand'ring, forlorn, & forsaken
 The Lord hath prepared for his people a home.

3

I come to the city of the new Jerusalem,
 The bright shining city, of God & the Lamb;
 Where Saints & Arc-angels, & happyfied spirits,
 Are now singing praises to the great I am.

Children's Blessings.

How I prize my lovely treasure,

Sent from Zion's spotted dove,

Now I realize, with pleasure,

Precious Mother Lucy's love.

Princess of the heavenly graces,

Glorified with Christ above,

Joined in Mother Anne's embraces,

Clothed with beauty, & with love,

God's dear child, & his dear dove,

Come, Thou blessed of my Father,

Saith the well beloved Son,

2

Take the crown, for you prepared,

Take the kingdom you have won.

Heaven opens wide her portals,

To receive the happy guest;

Now she wears the crown immortal,

With the first born heirs of rest.

With the first born heirs of rest.

With the first born heirs of rest.

Mother's chaste & holy spirit
 Sits upon the Father's throne,
 Life eternal, to inherit,
 That her virtuous life has won.
 Well done, good & faithful Mother,
 Now receive thy just reward,
 In the Kingdom with thy Savior,
 Reap the glory with thy Lord.

2

How thy children rise & bless thee,
 Unborn millions will thee praise,
 With loud anthems, they'll address thee,
 And their thankful voices raise.
 While they imitate thy virtues,
 While thy goodness they extoll,
 They will bless the name of Mother,
 Who prepared a way for all.

5.

Zion's borders thou hast strengthened,
 And her walls hast fortified;
 Every cord thy hand hath lengthened,
 And adorned her like a bride.
 Thou hast beautified her towers,
 Thou hast set her gates of pearl,
 Thou hast given strength & power
 Every banner to unfurl.

6.

Beauty reigns all round her borders
 Where thy holy feet have trod,
 Truth & justice, peace & order
 In the power & gift of God.
 Lord, let Mother's name be graven
 On the tables of our hearts,
 Seal us with the hand of Heaven,
 Never let thy love depart.

True Seed.

How easy the cord that unites^{us} in one,

How precious, this oneness of mind,

For one precious treasure thus jointly we run,

This unity Christ has enjoined.

Our heavenly Parents possess but one throne,

One kingdom they strive to obtain,

One seed has been planted, & when fully grown,

There will be no break in the chain.

And as we may travel in true faithfulness,
 Partake of one bread that is pure,
 Thro' much tribulation we're called to progress
 According as we can endure.

This is a great blessing, that God does bestow,
 This deep tribulation we feel;
 It leads to the valley that's humble & low,
 Remote from a high minded zeal.

3

Far, down in this valley our Saviour is found,
 Christ walks in this humble retreat,
 His sorrows & sufferings may often abound
 Where grows the true genuine wheat.
 We find here that fountain, whose waters are pure
 The soil is not barren nor dry,
 Where flows that repentance which makes the soul pure
 Unseen & unknown by great J.

In humiliation is comfort & peace,
 Unfelt by the great & the high;
 A sweet consolation that finds an increase,
 Because the true comforter's nigh.
 Now let our sweet union increase & abound,
 Let nothing our spirits divide
 But patiently travel quite thro' this low ground,
 To reign with the Bridegroom & Bride.

Lion Triumphant.

O Lion arise like a beautiful morning,
 And let thy fair brightness extend far abroad;
 For all shall confess it, on earth & in heaven,
 That thou hast descended from none else but God.
 Tho' many may rage & remonstrate against thee
 Thy holy foundation forever shall stand,
 Unshaken by slander, or proach, or by envy
 Upon this fair soil of America's land.

Then come our Believers, & be separated
 From all that's offensive to this holy cause,
 And follow Christ's precepts, & live his example,
 Regardless of all other precepts & laws.
 Tho' ye may meet trials, temptations, & conflicts,
 And sore tribulation upon you may fall.
 Yet you shall conquer, & her faithful children
 Shall come out victorious over them all.

Final Settlement.

No longer I'll delay, my little all to give.

^{e y} a u e d & ^{re} ed e b a y
 I'll tear my soul from death away & in the gospel live;

^{e y} a a e u d d & ^{re} ed e d d & ||
 See now I yield, I yield; I can hold back no more.

^{e y} y e y a & ^{re} ed e b a y
 I sink by living faith compel'd & own the conqueror.

^{e y} u u e a e d ^{re} ed e b a a ||||

This day I all forsake, my life, my all, resign,
 Here, precious Mother, take, & take & seal me ever thine;
 You now possess me whole, nor once from me remove,
 Settle & fix my lurking soul in thy parental love.

3

The gospel now I see is my eternal all,
 If once this pearl is hid from me to ruin I must fall;
 Come seraphs, guard my road, descend & help me thro',
 Ye Elders that are near to God, I feel my need of you.

4

Now flesh & sense be still while home to God I steer,
 I'll settle up with my own will, it cannot travel here.
 My daily cross I'll bear, in steps that Jesus trod,
 I'll keep good order every where, this is the way to God.

5

My life I now will square by truth's unerring line,
 No matter what I have to bear, eternal life is mine;
 My voice on earth shall ring while I this treasure gain,
 Angels & saints shall hear me sing thro' endless days; Amen.

Farewell Discouragement.

No matter what trials await me below,
Since thro' tribulation my spirit must go;
Should winds sweep o'er Buzhan, till her tall oaks bend,
I'll stoop 'neath their branches not stop to contend.

2

There's one who has promised to stand by my side,
And point the way for me, & waters divide;
With a pillar of fire to lead my dark way,
And a cloud for a shadow in this burning day.
I'll follow my leaders thro' flood & thro' flame,
And gain in bright glory, a conqueror's name;
So farewell dispondence, discouragement too,
I'll press my way onward nor tarry with you.

My Home in Paradise.

I'm on my journey home to the mansions of rest,

c. d e c d g g Le d d c

Where no sorrow can reach me, nor trouble molest,

g g l g g g Le d d c e l g

Where the bright saints & angels in one holy band

g. f e e e Le d d g l g

Round the throne of Jehovah in purity stand.

c c c e d e Le d d c

My home, my happy home, in the paradise above

g. f e e e Le d d d g l e l g

I shall soon be at home, I shall soon be at home.

g g a. d e e (e d) g g (e d) e (e d) c f f

I'm on my journey home to that city so bright,

Where my soul will be clad with a garment of light,

Where my happy spirit with rapture will sing,

In sweet anthems of praise to my Savior & King.

le hors.

I'm on my journey home & there's nought here below,
 I shall ever desire in that land where I go;
 So while here I remain I will leave all behind,
 That is not clean & pure & completely refined.

Chorus.

2

I'm on my journey home where my mother has gone,
 And the Angels of love tune their heavenly song;
 Where my soul will be crown'd with a happy reward,
 If I'm faithful to keep the commands of the Lord.

Chorus.

Unraptured joy.

My spirit all winged in sweet liberty,
 ♪ ♪ e ♪ ♪ c ♪ ♪ a ♪ ♪ ♪

With angels now soars to the land of the free,
 ♪ ♪ e ♪ c d e ♪ ♪ d e ♪ ♪ e ♪ d

Crowded in garments the justified wear;
 ♪ ♪ c ♪ ♪ a ♪ ♪ a ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Shorten my journey I long to be there.

G e e d e l l G e d d e c

With music, heavenly music, transported along,

c d e e d e l l c d e e d d

Entraptured with the beauty, of the conquerors song.

G e c d e l l d c b, g a. f

With music, heavenly music, transported along,

g g g a b c g a f a g g

Entraptured with the beauty of the conquerors song.

g c c c d e l a a g g d d c f

2

Rejoice, O my soul in the conquest you gain,
 While over the power of darkness you reign;
 O'ertopping while thus they in triumph do bear,
 Boas upward to regions so lovely & fair.

Chorus.

From the East.

My Journey Home.

I'm breaking to my home,

3
||

G e a . l e d e c

To a fairer sweeter clime,

L i l e d e

Beyond vain Earth's enchantments

And the fleeting things of time.

g a a c e d e c ::

Adieu, ye fading pleasures,

||: g e c e d e c c

That seek my peace to spoil;

g a g d e i

I'm bound for yonder climate,

g c e . c e e c e e

Beyond this Earth's turmoil.

(s) g . l d e c ::||:—



Pain, joy, I would not ask for,
 They're but a passing dream,
 Or like a transient bubble
 That glitters on the stream.
 Adieu, ye boasted fancies,
 Ye siren songs, farewell,
 In strains of holier accent,
 My heart & voice shall swell.

Canterbury.

Hour of Prayer.

How blest is the season when calm & retired,

The soul is by feeling angelic inspired,

Away from the troubles of life, & its care,

Unpleasant & sweet, is the hour of prayer, so the hour of prayer

2

27.

No gloomy forebodings, no darkness is felt;
The soul before God in repentance does melt;
And Heaven's bright hosts, seem to kneel with us then,
So sacredly best is the hour of prayer.

3

What heavenly peace does our feelings impress,
When Christ is there with us our spirits to bless,
For 'tis his delight as his words do declare,
To meet with Saints at the hour of prayer.

4

When he was on Earth, worn with sorrow & grief,
And no earthly power could afford him relief;
How often did he to the desert repair,
And there by himself spend the hour of prayer.

5

When thro' heavy trials, our souls are weigh'd down,
And hope seems to fail us, & friends wear a frown,
Then when joy of nature can ever compare
With what the soul feels at the hour of prayer.

Blest hour of retirement, what joy is in thee,
 A season most precious of seasons to me,
 A time in which I can for heaven prepare.

O Best of all hours is the hours of prayer.
 Howard.

Views of the Future.

Do we think what a treasure the gospel will be,

When our souls from all struggles with nature are free;

When the unbounded regions of glory are ours,

And our spirits pathway lies always mid heavenly flowers.

The sun that we now see will fade from our sight,
 As the stars softly melt in the morning's clear light.

And our spirits made pure by the gospel's bright fire,
Will rise thro' eternity higher and higher

3.

O then let us press onward the goal we may win,
And our souls may be cleansed from the nature of sin;
By the cross that our Saviour & Mother did bear,
By watching, by mekness, by love & by prayer.

First Rounders.

O dear children, you are called

By the gospel in this day,

So work out your own salvation,

O press on make no delay.

Far beyond this vale of sorrow,
 On fair Canaan's happy shore,
 Are prepared happy mansions,

O, they're for the faithful soul.

2

See the faithful, the first founders
 Swiftly passing to that clime,
 Mother calls them to her mansions
 Far beyond this vale of time.

O how fast, they're taken from us,
 Dying to her kind embrace,
 Soon there will be none among us
 Who have seen our Mother's face.

Let us then be faithful children,
 Make the gospel our delight,
 That their mantle may rest upon,
 When they're taken from our sight.
 Let us gain their love, & blessing,
 Be their true & rightful heirs,
 That in peace they may go, saying
 Take the labor of our years

2.

Let us keep the gospel holy,
 Which they're leaving to our trust,
 And to our successors give it
 As our Parents have to us.
 Be so meek, so pure & holy,
 And such charity impart,
 As our Parents have extended,
 Who received from Mother's heart.

This to Mother will endear us,
 Yea, & round our Saviors throne,
 With our Parents she'll caress us
 When on Earth our work is done.
 Far beyond this vale of sorrow,
 With the holy, pure & clean,
 We can join the endless chous,
 Sing the song of the redeemed.

Salm of Sorrow. Sept 42. Day of Sorrow

Rise my soul for inspiration

a u b c d e f e d c

Wakes the solemn song for thee,

g a y e d c d e

O prepare for tribulation,

e f g a b e b a g e

This thy certain lot shall be;

e f g a e d e b a c a

God has promised no exemption,
u at e e qe u q e

All his children must be tried,
et q us e u q u

All who share the great redemption,
u ay e ed e d et q

Purchas'd by the Lamb & Bride.
et q a et e b u

2

Think ye not the way is rougher,
Than when Jesus went before,
Think what Mother had to suffer,
What her faithful followers bore;
On the cross behold him languish
While a scoffing world derided,
Think of Mother's bitter anguish
In her icy prison bound.

Truly Missings them were given,
 Angels did their hearts sustain,
 While the dreadful wrath of Heaven
 Oft descended like the rain.
 Then thro' grief thy soul depresses,
 Rolling o'er thee like the waves,
 Still remember him that blesses,
 Still regard the hand that saves.

4

Tho' thy path is paved with sorrow,
 Oft bedew'd with many tears,
 Bear thee on to day, to morrow
 God may banish all thy fears.
 Hope in him, for thou shalt praise him
 So shall every honest soul,
 He who loves, believes, obeys him
 While unceasing ages roll.

Now his goodness thou discernest,
 Praise & bless his holy name,
 Soon this vestment thou returnest,
 To the dust from whence it came.
 In thy Saviour's love prevailing,
 Why should sorrow bear thee down,
 Press thee on with zeal unfading,
 Then no one shall take thy crown.

Why is fear, thy heart pervading,
 Angels guard thy path along,
 O prepare the robe unfading,
 Soon to join the ransomed throng,
 Where triumphing songs repeating,
 Heavenly scenes your eyes explore,
 Where thy living joys completing,
 Pleasures flow forever more.

Who Leads us back to Paradise,

Since man was lost from Edens bowers,

What has not God his maker done,

To gain him back to heavens high towers,

For ages since the world began.

Bright angels, on their dazzling wings

His ancient walks of life survey,

To Prophets, Patriarchs & Kings

Their Heavenly banners they display.

On glowing Horeb's mountain high,
 While Israel's shepherd guards his care,
 The burning bush attracts his eye
 And lo! Jehovah's voice was there.
 What signs & wonders now were shown,
 The race he bears on eagles wings,
 Who did in chains of bondage groan,
 And for their sakes admonished King.

54

3rd Verse omitted see p. 42.

But still they wander, far away,
 And worship Idols, gods of gold,
 The law from Sinia disobey'd
 From whence Jehovah's thunder roll'd.
 At length the Sons of God rejoice,
 The morning stars together sing
 "Mefuak's Horn", the angels voice
 Proclaims Emanuel, prince & King.

Our infant Lord, his birthright shows,
 His Father's business was his own,
 He bore their grief, relieve'd their woes,
 And made the great redemption known.
 What virtues did his life adorn!

His voice revives the very dead!
 But men, his mission treat with scorn,
 He hath not where to lay his head.

B.

On Calvary's hill behold he dies,
 But rising, offers gifts to men,
 Alas! the world his claim denies,
 And desolation reigns again.
 But now, what music greets our ears,
 The Angels tune their harps of gold,
 Arise, O man, dispel thy fears,
 Eternal glories now unfold.

The marriage of the Lamb has come,
 In Ophir's gold, his Bride is seen,
 Behold ye blind, confess ye dumb,
 Our long predicted King & Queen,
 With order now the Church arise,
 And Zion's glory shines afar,
 While thousands view with joyful eyes,
 A guide as sure as Beth'leem's star.

8

And thus when all had seem'd to fail,
 By Wisdom, from the throne above,
 Did woman's power divine prevail,
 To prove to man that God is love.
 Who found this pearl of greatest price?
 Who had this power to compass man?
 Who leads us back to paradise?
 With joy we answer Mother Ann.

When there was neither dew, nor rain,
 He gave them water from the rock,
 And on Arabia's thirsty plain,
 From heaven he feeds his erring flock.
 He leads them out to Canaan's land,
 Makes inspiration still their boon,
 The sun, on Gibeon's mount to stand
 And over Ajalon the noon.

Dawn of Day.

Hark! hear the jubal trumpet, the cry of the midnight voice,
 Behold the Bridegroom cometh, arise & trim your lamp,
 The dawn of day is breaking, the Prince of Peace shall reign,
 When all who stand in Zion are cleansed from every stain.

Come forth, ye lovely virgins, all ye who stand upright,
 Prepare to meet your Savior, by walking in the light.
 No veil shall hide the secret, that in the dark is done,
 The lamp that's lit in Zion will search out every one.

3

Zion shall grow & flourish, her beauty shall increase,
 And all her lovely borders abound with love & peace.
 Gods work is slow, but sure, his promise will not fail,
 All those who walk in Zion ^{reign} over sin & death shall reign.

4

Press ye on, on move, swiftly & never look behind;
 The prize is set before you, a glorious crown will find
 If in pure gospel order you in subjection walk,
 And sacrifice vain pleasure & bow unto Gods work.

New Lebanon 1858.

Longworth
57

Hidden Manna. Geneva - Ballad -

My soul immortal cannot live

On gross material things,

And all the wealth this world can give

No lasting comfort brings;

Then let me labor for that meat,

Which ever will endure;

That food which saints & Angels eat,

The hidden manna pure.

O Father give me daily bread
 And wine that's ever new,
 No famine then I need to dread,
 Nor what my foes can do.
 While anxious cares of earthly joys,
 So many millions drown'd,
 My spirit feasts on inward joys,
 And pities those around!

3

The earth is promised to the meek,
 Eternal life beside,
 If heavens Kingdom they will seek
 Their Father will provide.

He feeds the ravens, when they cry,
 He clothes the smiling mead,
 And will he not my wants supply
 With every thing I need?

O then let nothing rob my soul,
 Nor any doubts prevail;
 For while eternal ages roll,
 His goodness will not fail.

I need but little here below,
 I've little time to learn;
 Then O the world to which I go,
 Shall be my great concern.

Golden Harvest.

The armies of Heaven, with banners unfurled,
 Are now going forth from the heavenly world,
 To ripen the earth, & gather into
 The garner of the Lord, the faithful & true.

Now shout in your rickles bright angels & reaps,
 That the children of earth no longer may sleep;
 For the time is fulfilled, & signs do appear,
 Of the Great Golden Harvest, & jubilee year.

2

The millenial day by Prophets foretold
 Is beginning to dawn while its glories unfold
 The promise of God no one need distrust
 For he who has promised is faithful & just
 All hail the bright day let the nations be glad
 The King & the Queen in white garments arrayed
 The feast is prepared & all may come in
 Who there on the altar with sacrifice join
 New Lebanon North Family

Healing Balm.

No more of guilt, no more remorse,

|| We've found the healing balm,

No more of tempests, O rejoice,

How sweet, how still the calm.

Surrounded here with trees of life,

Here heavenly virtues bloom,

And far, from Edom's land of strife,

We've found a peaceful home.

|||

Here everlasting streams of love
 Flow gently thro' the vale,
 And here the little harmless dove
 No vulture dare assail,
 The tree of life unfolds its leaves,
 And spreads its branches wide,
 Beneath the lovely shade it gives
 The gentle lambs abide.

O, what a lovely paradise,
 This shall be our abode,
 For this all else we'll sacrifice
 And spend our lives to God.
 For this we'll leave Old Egypt's shore,
 Brave every wind & tide,
 Tho' Pharaoh's host against us roar,
 In Zion we'll abide.

Living Increase.

Come look at this new living order,

! e e a b c d e b a

And see the foundation of peace,

a b c d e b a

Oh! how lovely thy borders

e e a b c d e b a

Which show forth a living increase,

g a b c d e b a

Thy subjects are ever employed

e f g a b c

In works of both virtue & love,

f e g d e

The evil must all be destroyed,

e f c b c a b c d

To lay up a treasure above.

c d e a b e a

The Earth must again be redeemed,
 From all that encumbers the ground,
 As Prophets in spirits have dreamed,
Salvation in him is found.
 New Heavens & Earth are creating,
 In which every soul must awake,
 Long time has the spirit been waiting,
 That we might all evil forsake.

Now all who have freely forsaken
 The ties of old nature so strong,
 Shall sweep thro' the tempest unshaken
 By satans' delusion & wrong.
 With music & dancing delighted,
 From sorrow they find their release,
 Their songs in Mount Zion united
 Shall sound with eternal increase.

Chosen of the Lord. For music see last verse

How blessed are the pure in heart
 From vile affections free,
 The fruits of goodness they impart,
 Where ever they may be.

Let me be numbered with the just
 In word, & thought, & deed,
 And live a life, that will ensure
 God's help in time of need.

2

Now the whole armor I'll put on
 And fight my passage thro',
 To where the faithful all have gone,
 The pure and holy few.
 Lord, help me walk this lowly road,
 And leave all else behind,
 That when to purity I've come,
 Eternal life I'll find.

Now in the morning of the day,
 The gospel trumpet sounds,
 For volunteers, & I'll obey
 And tread the wine press round.
 I'll follow those whose gone before,
 And have the prize possess'd,
 Who've all their dying scenes pass'd over
 And enter'd into rest.

L

This bright, this pure, celestial way,
 For ages was not given,
 I'm thankful I enjoy this day
 With Saints who are in heaven.
 For Prophets, Kings, & holy men,
 Did long to reach this light,
 Yet linger'd out their days, in pain,
 And died without the sight.

I will not flinch by day, or night,

c. e d d e e e

I will not cease the war,

d e d g a g.

While ever there's a foe to fight,

g c a g a g e d e g

Or walk my castle over,

g e d d e e

My pride I sell, I'll gladly stain,

g g e d e e d e

I'll sacrifice my all,

e d d e e d.

I must, I will, the victory gain,

g c e e g e e d

Let who may stand or fall.

e g g e d e

Gospel Truth.

Hail gospel truth, thou precious gem,

How rich, thou lovely diadem.

Revealed in these last days.

No fear that in the ocean lies,

No lucid orb, that gilds the skies;

Is half so rich, so bright a prize,

As thy life giving rays.

Not all the gold of Ophir mines,

Not precious gems, nor stones that shine,
Can be compared to thee.

56.

Not all the gold that monarchs wear,
Nor diamonds, which their crowns may bear,
Can with the gospel truth compare,
This gem belongs to me.

3

Since with this treasure I am blest,
Let gratitude pervade my breast.
For peace shall dwell with me.
Yea, let me safely keep this prize,
'T will make me humble, meek & wise,
I'll open the doors of Paradise,
And there's where I shall be.

4

Who would resign this great reward,
For all the wealth that worlds afford,
Or pleasures Earth can give.
Or who would bow to earthly Kings,
Or lust, or pride, or carnal things,

And lose this precious pearl, that brings
Our souls with God to live.

3

Let kings enjoy their sordid dues,
And priests pay homage to their lues,
The gospel treasure's mine.

When earthly things are swept away,
And carnal men, in anguish lay,
This treasure never will decay,
But always brighter shine.

New Day.

Hail the bright morning, of life giving love,

|| e. d c a a g a e d e e

We'll banish all evil away,

e. d e a b a g a.

We'll travel together to mansions above,

e. d e a a g a e d e e

For an everlasting new day.

There, there will the sons of the King & the Queen,
 One love, everlasting be fed,

And there will the Daughters of glory be seen,
 All drinking new wine from the ~~head~~.

The voice of the spirit now sweetly does call,
 The bride saith, "come, come away,"
 Let him that now heareth reach to all,
 Come on without further delay.

For time is so swiftly a passing along,
 Continually seeming to say,
 "O work away children & quit away wrong,
 O work ye now while it is day!"

South Union

Holy Dominion.

To thee, Holy Saviour, all power is given,

$\underline{c\bar{d}}$ e $\underline{e\bar{e}}$ $\underline{e\bar{d}}$ $\underline{c\bar{d}}$ $\underline{e\bar{d}}$ $\underline{e\bar{d}}$ $\underline{e\bar{d}}$ $\underline{c\bar{c}}$

All spirits & elements feel thy controll,

d $\underline{e\bar{g}}$ $\underline{g\bar{g}}$ $\underline{a\bar{g}}$ $\underline{a\bar{g}}$ c $\underline{e\bar{g}}$ $\underline{d\bar{d}}$ $\underline{e\bar{e}}$

All power thou hast, both on earth & in Heaven,

$\underline{c\bar{d}}$ $\underline{e\bar{e}}$ $\underline{a\bar{a}}$ c $\underline{a\bar{a}}$ e $\underline{e\bar{d}}$ $\underline{d\bar{c}}$ $\underline{c\bar{c}}$

To thee I surrender in body & soul,

$\underline{d\bar{e}}$ e $\underline{c\bar{a}}$ $\underline{g\bar{a}}$ $\underline{g\bar{e}}$ $\underline{d\bar{d}}$ $\underline{e\bar{e}}$ $\underline{f\bar{f}}$ $\underline{f\bar{f}}$

Lord, what ever spirit to thee is offensive,

$\underline{e\bar{d}}$ $\underline{a\bar{b}}$ $\underline{a\bar{c}}$ $\underline{c\bar{d}}$ e $\underline{e\bar{d}}$ $\underline{d\bar{c}}$ $\underline{a\bar{a}}$

I pray thee to cast out of me, with thy word,

$\underline{g\bar{g}}$ $\underline{a\bar{c}}$ c $\underline{c\bar{d}}$ e c $\underline{d\bar{d}}$ $\underline{f\bar{f}}$

Thy holy dominion, so bright & extensive,

$\underline{e\bar{d}}$ $\underline{c\bar{d}}$ $\underline{c\bar{a}}$ $\underline{a\bar{c}}$ e $\underline{e\bar{d}}$ $\underline{d\bar{c}}$ $\underline{c\bar{c}}$

For one selfish spirit no room can afford,

$\underline{e\bar{a}}$ $\underline{g\bar{a}}$ $\underline{g\bar{e}}$ e $\underline{d\bar{d}}$ $\underline{e\bar{e}}$ $\underline{f\bar{f}}$

Chas out all this lovely & happy dominion,
 No room for the spirit can ever be found,
 Which claims its own way its ~~own~~ right of opinion,
 Its own partial union, & stands its own ground.
 O every such spirit I pray thee to banish,
 And send far away from the path I pursue,
 Before the true pow'r of thy word they shall vanish,
 And never again their dominion renew.

O banish, kind Saviour, whatever thou hatest
 And cast out power from this heart of mine,
 That restless ambition, that seeks to be greatest,
 And thinks with the lustre of Heaven, to shine;
 This favor I seek with unyielding desire,
 O let me be one with the least of thy flock;
 My soul has escaped the unquenchable fire,
 And now with true joy, I will build on the rock.
 Howard 5548.

Humble Heart.

Whence comes this bright celestial light,

a. b. c. d. e. f. g. a. 1

That cause produces this,

c. d. e. f. g. a. 1

A Heaven, opens to my sight,

a. b. c. d. e. f. g. a. 1

Bright scenes of joy & bliss:

c. d. e. f. g. a. 1

O Lord Jehovah! art thou here?

a. b. c. d. e. f. g. a. 1

This light proclaims thou art,

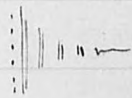
a. b. c. d. e. f. g. a. 1

I am indeed, I'm always near,

a. b. c. d. e. f. g. a. 1

Unto the humble heart.

a. b. c. d. e. f. g. a. 1



The proud & lofty I despise,
 But bless the meek & low;
 I hear the humble soul that cries,
 And comfort I'll bestow.
 Of all the trees among the wood,
 I've chose one little vine,
 The meek & low are nigh to me,
 The humble heart is mine.

Tall cedars fall before the wind,
 The tempest breaks the oak;
 While slender vines will bow & bend,
 And rise beneath the stroke;
 I've chosen me one little grove,
 And set my lovely vine,
 Here, in my vineyard I will row;
 The humble heart is mine.

Of all the fowls that beat the air,
 I've chose one little Dove;
 I've made her spotted, white & fair,
 The object of my love.
 Her feathers are like purest gold,
 With glory she does shine,
 She is a beauty to be hold;
 The humble heart is mine.

5

Of all the kinds that rove at large
 I've chose one little flock,
 And those, I make my lovely charge,
 Before them I will walk.
 Their constant shepherd I will be,
 And all their ways refine,
 And these shall serve & reverence me;
 The humble heart is mine.

Of all the sects that fill the lands,
 One little band I've chose;
 And led them forth by my right hand,
 And placed my love on those.
 These lovely objects of my love
 Around my heart shall twine,
 My flock, my vineyard & my Dove;
 The humble heart is mine.

My Anchor is Secured.

No adverse winds my course shall bend,

All dangers I am braving,

I'll steer my bark towards the ark,

Where Mother's standards waving,

The billows roar I'll just show,

My anchor is secured;

I'll seek & strive till I arrive,

In port, where life's insured.

With zeal I'll sweep the foaming deeps,

And take my crop with pleasure,

And labor more to have in store

An everlasting treasure.

I'll watch & pray to keep the way,

As Christ's example teaches;

I'll not complain, but strive to gain

The never failing riches.

This we may know, what e'er we sow,
 The same must be expected;
 Tares are not wheat, wild oats are cheat,
 Such fruit will be rejected.
 To say I love my God above,
 And set great store by Mothers,
 Is all deceit, if I should hate
 My sister or my Brother.

Again, unless my righteousness
 Exceeds the Anti-christians,
 My hopes shall fail, when God shall call,
 My faith & works in question.
 Where few can meet in union sweet,
 A humble mind possessing,
 Christ will be there, & grant their prayer,
 And give the Mother's blessing.

I'll kiss the rod that's sent of God,
 Be patient, meek & humble;
 No heavy stroke shall me provoke,
 To murmur, fret or grumble.
 Then I can say, Blessed day,
 I have received with pleasure;
 That blessed peace which will increase
 And be my lasting treasure.

Wm. Anne Seew.

All things here on earth revealed,

Indicate a first great cause,

From whose right, there's naught concealed,

All omniscient are his laws.

68.

Every thot, & word & action,
 909 9 9 9 9 9 9 9

All lie open to his view,
 e 9 9 9 e d(2) 9

None can hide the least transaction,
 9 9 9 9 e d(2) 9 9

We are seen in all we do.

c d 2 9 e d c d :||| " "

Mortals here may try to cover,
 And conceal their sins awhile,
 There's a God who will uncover,
 And expose the deepest guile.
 True as Heaven e'er existed,
 Watchmen there their vigils keep,
 Every veil, shall yet be lifted;
 There's an eye that never sleeps.

Altho' conscience seems to plumber,
 And resigns its sweet controll;
 Yet each deed records its number,
 Deeply engraven on the soul.

And from these the soul eternal,
 Takes impressions, day by day;
 Whether spiritual or carnal,
 Good or evil, yea or nay.

4

Who can hide a guilty conscience?
 Fearful state of sin & woe,
 Who can grope thro' time unconscious?
 And their standing never know.?

Who can smother flames unceasing?
 Keep concealed the gnawing worm?
 Shame & guilt their load increasing,
 Nor with inward horror quirm?

We may seek to veil from mortals,
 Seeds which cannot bear the light,
 Can we hide from the immortals?
 That surround us day & night?
 Are not thousands now beholding
 Every action, word & way?
 And our very thro's unfolding
 In the blaze of endless day?

6

Have not those who stand connected
 With the source of truth & light?
 Many secret sins detected?
 And exposed to mortal sight?
 Are not all our words & actions?
 Fruits which mortal eyes can view?
 Is a truth without deception,
 We are seen, yea, thro' & thro'.

But the honest, pure & holy,
 Never fear the searching light,
 Knowing, 'twill increase their glory
 To appear in open sight.

These shall stand the test triumphant,
 Joyful that their state is known,
 Glowing, like the stars effulgent,
 Shining round Jehovah's throne.

Ardent Desires.

O how I long to feel the eternal power of God,

f . d c u c y e g g c d de f

And freely take my fill, of wine & living bread.

ed ee a f d d c u g ac c

Except of this I eat, I must with hunger starve,

g u g c e d e g g e de d
 c e d e g e de d

This blessed treasure I do want for this I daily strive.

de g g g e c e d e d c g e g e c .

Lord, let Thy searching power now quicken every heart,
 Let love & union flow, may each ~~one~~ have a part
 Souls must awake from sleep for God is surely here,
 'Tis time the bands of death, to break, & to the call give ears

Oh soul arise, move on, nor fear the powers of hell,
 Be valiant firm & strong, this with the clouds dispell.
 Come on ye lovely band, let heavenly music ring,
 I'll march with you to canaan-land & loud hosannas sing.

Mother's Blessing.

My spirit is thirsting for that which is lasting,

g^a c g g g e g a c c d e

The food that in Zion doth grow,

a e g g e d c c a

His Mother's pure blessing, it is worth possessing,

g^a c g g g e g a c c d e

The richest of all that we know,

c e g g e d c o. ||

It's mortification & true tribulation

g a g g g c c e d c a g

Will bring us to search, & to see

g a c c d c e d.

On what a foundation we have our relations

g a g g g c c e d c a g e

And truly find out where we be.

g a c c d c c a. ||||

Such souls as are honest all darkness will banish

And right in obedience we'll stand;

Their souls be a purging, they'll bear with the penance

'Tis that which the gospel demands.

Obedience to render, be loving and tender,

In all that we find for to do.

If we have been idle our tongues did not bidle,

Come, let us all set out anew.

We'll rise in the morning, pray let us take warning,
 And do as we've often been told,
 Our zeal be renewing, our journey pursuing,
 And put away all that is old.
 Then a Mother will love us, & own us, & bless us,
 And give us a robe that is white,
 We'll wear it, we'll wear it, for Mother prepared it,
 To give to such souls as do right.

I am fainting.

Oh Lord thy holy power impart,

For my support appear;
 Pure quick'ning spirit, fill my heart

With thy most holy fear.

P

Descend, thou pure anointing oil,

From thy bright golden bowl,

Upon my needy spirit - smile

And feed my hungry soul.

2

Bright seraphims, my soul befriend,
Grew near, Celestial Dove;

And thy sweet consolation lend,
And fill my soul with love.

I've tasted, - O! thy love is good,
I want a full supply;

O Lord, without this precious food
My soul must surely die.

Fair tree of life on Zion's shore,
 Thy healing leaves impart;
 O let me feel thy sacred power,
 Like balsam, to my heart.
 Pure crystal river freely roll,
 Flow down thy golden banks,
 And let thy waters fill my soul
 With gratitude & thanks.

4.

Release not thy flame, thou holy fire,
 Thy furnace let me feel,
 Consume the dross, is my desire,
 And give me life & zeal.
 How many blessings daily flow,
 Yet I am craving more,
 True thankfulness, Lord bestow,
 I will thy name adore.

Church of God.

Lion arise, break forth in songs

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

Of everlasting joy;

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

To God eternal praise belongs,

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

Who does thy foes destroy.

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

Thou Church of God, awake, awake,

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

For light beams from on high,

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

From earth & dust thy garments shake,

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

Thy glory draweth nigh.

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

To raise thee high above the earth,
 God will his power employ,
 He'll turn thy mourning into mirth,
 Thy sorrow into joy.

I'm shining robes thyself array,
 Put on thy garments pure,
 Thy kings shall lead thee in a way
 Both holy safe & sure.

He'll bring thy wandering children home,
 And gather those without,
 And, with a wall of jasper stone
 He'll guard thee round about.
 He'll feed thy little ones with food,
 And their protector be,
 And nothing that is for thy good
 Will he withhold from thee.

In thee, the Lord shall place his name,
 And make thee his delight,
 And place on thee a diadem
 Divinely fair & bright.
 And thou shalt be the dwelling place
 Of him that reigns above,
 Yea, thou shalt be adorned with grace,
 And everlasting love.

5. This

The joy of nations thou shalt be,
 A bright & shining light,
 For God is in the midst of thee
 To keep thee day & night.
 His arm shall be thy sure defence,
 That thou canst never fall,
 And shining saints shall gird their loins
 Within thy glorious walls.

2. This-

Praise Zion praise thy King
 And make his name thy trust
 With joy & triumph loudly sing
 For he is true & just.
 O Zion sing with thankful voice
 Thy great Redeemer's praise,
 In his Almighty Power rejoice
 Thro' out eternal days.

Honest Souls Reward.

3
 There's a bright celestial treasury
 Safely stored in realms above,
 For the upright, pure & holy
 Objects of Jehovah's love.

There, in everlasting brightness,
c cd e e f e cd c

Guarded by the hand of God,
c G d c (d) d

It remains secure forever.
e d c c (a) (ca) (ag) e

'Tis the honest souls reward.
y (ib) c a y (ab) e

e

There's a crown & O! how brilliant
Are the gems that shine there in,
Prize divine, a heavenly emblem
Of a soul unstain'd with sin.
For the honest pure & holy,
Are as kings & priests to God;
And this shining crown ^{of beauty} so holy,
Is the honest souls reward.

With the ^{ransomed} holy saints in glory.

Shall their names be there enroll'd,

With the ^{choicest jewel of the crown} ransomed of Jehovah,

Praise his name on harps of Gold.

Yea, within that holy city,

They shall reign with Christ their Lord,
And to them shall thrones be given;
'Tis the honest souls reward.

4.

Soon will that bright land of glory

Be my happy peaceful home;

Soon, with brothers' lovely children

In the New Jerusalem.

With loud songs & sweet Hosanna's,

I will spread her name abroad,

For this her I gain the conquest;

'Tis the honest souls reward.

Harvard. 1843.

Heavenly Riches.

Adieu, ye fleeting pleasures,

We transient joys of time;

Come home, my grateful feelings,

Reflect on things divine.

I'm bound with Mother's children,

To share the precious prize;

And gain the heavenly riches,

All others I despise.

|| " " ~

My lovely gospel kindred
 My soul is bound to you,
 With ties of pure affection,
 And love that's ever true.

No mines of gold or silver,
 Can tempt my soul to roam,
 From Zion's peaceful borders,
 My precious happy home.

3

To be a child of Mother,
 And feel her tender care,
 To know that I am worthy
 And of her blessing share,
 Completes the joy of heaven
 And forms the lovely crown,
 For which with mother's children,
 My life I do lay down.

Purity.

O purity, most precious prize,

Thou art so dear to me,
That I can freely sacrifice

My life, my all, for thee.

Of all my loves thou art the best,

And nearest to my heart;

With thee I find sweet peace & rest,

From thee I'll never part.

|||

There's naught on earth that I can see
 With thee I can compare,
 Tho' many fall from purity,
 And sink in dark despair,
 O Mother, do extend thy hand,
 And clothe me with thy power,
 That I in purity may stand
 In the most trying hour.

3

The pure are meek, yet always bold,
 Their count'naunces serene,
 They have a prize worth more than gold,
 A conscience pure & clean.
 These ornament the heavens above,
 And claim on earth a place,
 All men shall know them by their love,
 Good works, & holy faith.

May this pure faith with me abide,
 Protect me day & night;
 And never let me turn aside
 From truth & gospel light.
 May purity remain with me,
 When lifes short thread is spun,
 That then, I may hear Father say,
 "My child, thou' hast well done."

Union Plant.

We love the precious union plant,

We love to see it growing,

It is the life of every saint;

We feel its virtues flowing.

This plant is found in vallies low,

Increased by cultivation;

And it will flourish there & grow,

And fill the New Creation.

Now, to its branches we'll resort,

And fruits most lucious gather,

'Tis here we find Divine support

On which we'll live forever.

This union plant will bear the rule

By Wisdom's hand protected,

And love, cementing soul to soul,

Until our work is perfected.

If we our gospel lead obey
 And live in sweet communion,
 They'll guide us safely on our way,
 To mansions of pure union.
 Here in these mansions we shall find
 New streams of consolation,
 And here the plants of love divine,
 Will fill the New Creation.

Beautiful Branch.

When Christ the Messiah first preached salvation,
 His kingdom was small, but his power was great;
 He was the first founder of the New Creation,
 His gospel first opened the strait narrow gate.

Hail! thou pure gospel of endless salvation,

Thou lend us thy power to help us along;

Away from this world, & all carnal relation

To share in the joy of the heavenly throne.

— y a c a 29 e d e 99 a 11 —

Behold the great day of eternal salvation,
Which long was foreseen by the Fathers of old;
It is now come to light by this last revelation
According to that which the prophets foretold.
Hail! thou bright Father of endless salvation, &c.

The celestial Dove from the fields of communion
Where millions & millions of Angels agree,
Has brist in her hands, as a pledge of her union,
A beautiful branch of the great union tree.
Hail! thou bright Mother of endless salvation &c.

This branch from the great union tree is now growing

And many are blest with the arbor of peace;
 Sweet rivers of union from Zion are flowing,
 And thousands shall see their eternal increase.
 Hail! thou brighter fountain of endless salvation.

Living Shepherd.

I am the living Shepherd of all my precious sheep,

That stay within my pastures I will forever keep.

My life is not too precious, I freely lay it down

To save my chosen people from wolves that howl around.

I am the goodly Shepherd, my sheep do hear my voice,

To strangers they'll not hearken, they'll follow me of choice

My little lambs I carry & fold them in my arms,

Thus under my protection, they're free from every harm.

I am the Son that's open, my fold is large & clean,
 I lead to living fountains, to pastures large & green.
 No wolf shall ever harm them nor rav'nous beak's of prey,
 If they are always careful upon my ground to stay.

4

But O! my lambs I warn you, that strangers are about,
 They're trying to entice you & get you scatter'd out,
 They're throwing in their darkness, their pride & carnal lust
 Discouragement & weakness, & every thing that's curs'd.

5

My precious sheep come hearken, come follow me along,
 I'll guide you thro' the darkness you shall not suffer wrong.
 I'll slay those hearts before you, all fleshly lusts cut down,
 The basest wolf that travels the Devil's forest round.

6.

If any choose to scatter & wander in the dark,
 Remember you're in danger in every step you take.
 But all who keep their union, & feed around my tent,
 They shall escape all dangers that Devils can invent.

New Living Way

Upon the foundation of Zion I'll stand,
 a d c d e d d e g g a

Which God has crected in this favored land;
 a g g g e d e d d d

The true gospel treasures are here kept in store,
 v d c d e d d e g g a

Consisting of virtue eternal & pure.
 c a g g g e d e d d d

I'm thankful to God for this New Living Way,
 a a g g a g g a g a e d d

The manifestation of Mother's bright day,
 e d e c e a g g e d d

No veil left to cover, the gospel is plain,
 e d c d e d d e g g a

By which we're made able salvation to gain.
 c a g g g e d e d d d

So why should I linger or halt in this day,
Or foolishly trifle my moments away,
I can but with sorrow bewail & repent.

And cry for my moments already mispent.

Yet now the kind mercies of heaven are free,
Most amply I feel them extended to me;

The sweet consolation & motherly care,

Is that which constrains me to break forth in prayer.

3.

O Father & Mother, make me a good child,

More humble, obedient, more simple & mild;

More tender of feeling, more able to pray,

And every pure order of God to obey.

Bless me with union, pure union & love,

That I may in heavenly virtues improve;

So shall I remain in thy dwelling secure,

And I shall desire to wander no more.

Lovely Olive Tree.

More pure love we want to feel,

|| e q u q u q k

More obedience, life & zeal;

e | q q a ca a ||

More united we must be,

e | q q q q k

To the lovely Olive Tree.

e d e a u q a ||||

Every branch must fill its place,

Tree, from every thing that's base;

When the sap will freely flow,

And ⁱⁿ union we will go.

3

Satan cannot touch one branch,

Nor change the form in which they stand;

Heavenly love and purity,

Is the substance of the tree.

Flow depart, discord and strife,
 We have found the tree of life;
 Let our union freely flow,
 That this lovely tree may grow.

57

Union, is the golden bowl,
 Truly one in heart & soul;
 We receive the oil of love,
 Truly flowing from above.

Adieu to Earthly Pleasure.

Farewell all earthly glory, I bid you all adieu,

Farewell, all earthly pleasure, I want no more of you;

I want my union grounded on the eternal soil;

Beyond the power of Satan, where sin cannot defile.

g. d. e. d. c. c. g. i. e. c. g. . l. e. d. e. f.

I want my name engraven among the righteous found.

Crying, holy, holy Father, and wear a glorious crown;

For the sake of such pure riches, I'm willing to pass thro,

And every thing that's for me, I'll count it my just due.

I'm willing to be purged & bear a daily cross,

Until my soul is cleansed from every kind of dross.

I've felt a trying furnace, & felt its piercing pain,
The fruits of it are holy the gold doth still remain.

†

All earthly tribulation is but a moment here,
And then, if we are faithful, a glorious crown shall wear.
We shall be called holy, and on angels good,
Rejoicing in bright glory before the throne of God.

The Lord our Comforter.

The Lord has again in his temple appeared.

The voice of rejoicing and gladness is heard;

The Bridegroom & Bride, have now uttered their voice.

And all their companions in union rejoice.

Then come to Mount Zion, a ^{hanging} ^{garden} for the mind,

A mountain, that's flowing with milk & new wine;

The hill of Salvation their spirits renew,

Where sweet consolation descends like ^{the} dew.

3"
 For thus saith the Lord, I've returned to be
 A comfort to all who will call upon me;
 A lamp to the wanderer, a couch to the frail,
 A certain ⁱⁿ protection that never will fail.

The desert of Zion begins to be seen,

99.

Like Eden, a garden delightfully green,
With fruits, & with flowers of various kinds,
And beautiful bowers composed of vines.

5th

Break forth into singing ye heavens above,
Ye mountains rejoice in a sonnet of love;
The hills & the ~~captives~~ ^{the} vallies, in raptures may tell,
Jehovah hath comforted all that do well.

6th

As dew saith the Lord unto Israel I'll be,
And he shall grow up as a young Olive Tree;
His branches shall spread, & his beauty increase;
His shade shall be called the Arbor of Peace.

7th 2th

The children of Zion their voices shall raise
In songs of thanksgiving & anthems of praise;
To heavens protectors, & Zion's great friend,
From whom every blessing to mortals descends.

View of Zion.

On times' wide ocean we were toss'd,

u e d b a e y a

Borne by a feeble bark;

a y a e d e.

Exposed forever to be lost

e y a a y a e d

Still wafted to the ark;

W^ho in the ark that safely glides

e y a y e d e u a d

O'er this tempestuous deep,

e a a y a a.

Where raging winds, & foaming tides,

u y e d e a a d d y

Can never wreck the ship.

u e e b e a. || ~~~~~

When we are safe on board this ark
 With all our sins confessed,
 While we regard th' unerring mark,
 We gain the land of rest:
 A Heavenly Compass is our guide,
 The sun is shining bright,
 Now o'er the waves we safely ride
 With Zion's port in sight.

3"

Here streams of love like rivers flow,
 The tempests' rage no more;
 But peaceful breezes gently blow
 And waft us to the shore.
 On Zion's shore, that happy land!
 What wonders I survey!
 Lo! on her banks a joyful band
 Of spotless virgins play.

No
 There numerous hosts from distant lands

Unite in heavenly songs,

The harps of God are in their hands,

His praises on their tongues.

No
 Their heads with crowns of glory shine,

Their robes, how spotted white!

No
 Their heavenly movements, how divine!

Is a transporting sight.

5.

No sin can ever enter there,

No sorrows, or dismay,

No gloomy night, no dark despair,

But one eternal day.

No adverse winds can intervene,

No turbid waters roll;

But joys eternal fill the scene

And happy the soul.

Fellow Travelers.

Come on fellow trav'lers, to Lion we're going,

The cost we have counted, the score is complete;

The world with its beauty still darker is growing

From which we forever intend to retreat.

We'll pass thro' all stoms, to the mansions of glory

Where trials & suffering will find us no more,

We then ~~then~~ shall delight to repeat the glad story

And join the bright chorus of thousands before,

This world of vain glory is not worth possessing
 The reason of which we can easily tell;

It is because it deprives us of far greater blessings,
 And souls who pursue it scarce ever do well.

But if we resign all that time can take from us,
 And patiently walk in the straight narrow road,

We will find greater blessings, according to promise,
 Besides a more permanent place of abode.

3"

While here on this earth we will face every trial,
 That losses & crosses may bring to our view;

And still be increasing in true self-denial,

Will selfish old nature we wholly subdue.

Then let us be cheerful, while passing all dangers,

We soon shall arrive where the conflict will cease;

No more on this earth to be out among strangers,

But safely repose in the mansions of peace.

What I Love.

I love the blessed gospel revealed by Mother Ann,

Which shows such tender mercy to poor benighted man.

I love her testimony, it does awake my soul,

To see the floods of evil that daily round me roll.

I love my precious Elders who minister the word,
To cleanse the sanctuary, & make more room for God.

I love my Elders' blessing, for this I daily strive,

I love some tribulation to keep my soul alive.

3"

I love the gospel furnace, because I'm always sure,

That, by its cleansing virtue, my soul is made more pure.

I love a good believer whose faith is firm & strong,

I hate a halting shaker who must be dragged along.

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The reason of which we can easily tell;

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That, by its cleansing virtue, my soul is made more pure.

I love a good believer whose faith is firm & strong,
I hate a halting shaker who must be dragged along.

I love my faithful Brethren, who floods of evil stems,
 I love my faithful Sisters who persevere with them.
 I love my Brethren's union, I prize it more than gold,
 I love my Sisters union, this union feeds my soul.

5

I love a good cross bearer, who neither limps or halts,
 But presses on his journey & rectifies his faults.
 I hate my carnal nature with all its vile contents,
 I hate to see vile passions rise up among the saints.

6.

I love the blessed order in which the church does stand,
 Established by Christ Jesus, & our blest Mother Ann,
 Tho' hell's infernal legions should all agree as one,
 Against this sacred orders they will be overcome.

Lion's Army.

Come gird on your armor, ye children of Lions

And bid all that's evil a final adieu;

The promise of God you may safely rely on,

For he, who has promised, is faithful to true.

And all who will conquer their own fallen natures,

And that evil seed which the enemy's sown,

Will stand in relation to God, their creators

And, sit down with Christ in his heavenly throne.

Our souls are delighted with this cheering promise,
 We're ready to march at the word of command;
 Our armor & weapons, no one can take from us,
 If we in true order & purity stand.

Adieu then, forever, to all that is carnal,
 Our own sinful lives we can freely lay down,
 To fight the good fight, to obtain life eternal,
 And be rightful heirs to a heavenly crown.

3"

Lo! all who set out for the kingdom of heaven
 How boldly come up to the help of the Lord,
 What greater encouragement could have been given
 Than what is recorded in his holy word.

A highway is cast up & faithfully cleared,
 That Zion in order may safely proceed,
 The bulwarks are strong & the standard is reared,
 We see the fulfilment of what was decreed.

O Zion, rejoice, thy Redeemer doth bless thee,
 Be glad, for Jehovah delighteth in thee,
 Fear not persecution nor those who oppress thee,
 For surely their sons will come tending to thee.
 For God hath declared that all who despise thee
 Shall bow themselves down to the soles of thy feet;
 The Lord is thy refuge, then let it suffice thee,
 With heartfelt devotion his praise to repeat.

5-11

Break forth into singing with sweet animation,
 Let innocent virgins rejoice in the dance,
 Send forth the glad tidings of final salvation,
 As you to the mansions of glory advance.
 Fear not little flock, 'tis your Father's good pleasure,
 To give you the kingdom for which you contend,
 And make you joint heirs to a heavenly treasure,
 If you stand unshaken & firm to the end.

Nov 21 x 1853

Source of Light.

I love that God who reigns above

Who formed my precious soul,

I love that holy source of love

From whence all blessings roll;

I love that searching, gospel fire,

That frees my soul from sin;

All heavenly gifts I do admire,

They're what I glory in.

Handwritten musical notation at the bottom of the page.

I love that holy source of light
 By which I daily stir,
 I love the soul that walks upright
 And strives to persevere.
 I love the mortifying cross,
 I love the fruit it brings,
 Vea, sure it is of greater worth
 Than all created things.

I love the holy orders too,
 That daily guard my feet;
 This heavenly way I will pursue,
 I never will retreat.
 Tho' heavy trials weigh me down,
 Yet trust shall be my stay,
 And I will gain a lasting crown
 That never will decay.

Our time on earth is short at best,
 Its length is but a span;
 And in this world there is no rest,
 For poor benighted man.
 But soon we'll reach that bliss abode,
 Where sorrows are no more,
 And dwell in union with our God,
 On the eternal shore.

Virtue of Love.

Pure love is the sunbeam that brightens our pathway

And gleams in dark hours of earth

It turneth its sorrows to gladness & joy

And fills us with transporting mirth

It is a beacon of light to the mariners bark
 To direct them to Lebanon's shore
 When safe in that harbor they'll joyfully sing

Sweet praises to God ever more

The realms of bright seraphs with praises resound,
 In honor to Him that was slain;
 For His holy love, that his mission proclaimed,
 That man his true order might gain.

O let me possess this bright treasure of heaven,
 To prepare me for regions above,

That there, with the parsonic of God I can dwell,
 The Anthem of undying love.

Chosen Spot.

How pleasant the streams as they flow from the fountain,

u. g e e d c d e g g g e

On this holy Mount of the Lord:

e e a g e g a.

Encircling thy borders, O Beautiful Mountain,

e e c a g a a u e a g e

Stand hosts of bright angels of God.

e e c a g e g a.

No wonder the earth with the heavens are blended,

e e d e g e e d e d e a.

And forests with music resound,

u a d e g e d e.

For y. on this mount, has Jehovah descended,

e d e e e c a g a a g e

And shed his bright glory around.

e e c a g e g a.

From this chosen spot, saith divine inspiration,
 The Most High shall utter his voice,
 Proclaiming his laws to all kindreds & nations,
 And causing the weak to rejoice.
 O Lord, we will praise & forever adore thee,
 For righteous & holy art thou.
 On this holy mount we will worship before thee,
 And round thy pure altar will bow.

Wisdoms Valley

Address to Mother Wisdom.

O holy Mother Wisdom, the that is most sublime,

a. b. c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

Thou art my tender Mother & ever will be mine,

a. b. c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

For I will not forsake thee this promise I will give,

a. b. c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

For thou in love hast blessed me & caused my soul to live

a. b. c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

I lend thy holy power, & help me keep my vow;
 That I in resignation to thee may ever bow.
 That Satan, with his forces, may tempt my soul in vain,
 And of thy child of pleasure forever may remain.

Blessings of Prayer. Page 156.

Author of my eternal rest,

Clara Mithras

|| 9 a ag e c 9 ag 9

Before thy throne to pure I best;

9 a ag c 9 ag 9

|| My soul shall bow in solemn prayer,

For thou Almighty God art there.

My soul shall bow in solemn prayer,

For thou Almighty God art there.

9 a a 9 e a e d c

Retired away from earthly noise,
 What happiness my soul enjoys;
 'Tis sweetly blest, remote from care,
 For thou Almighty God art there.

3

No earthly charms however bright,
 Yields such unspeakable delight:
 'Tis hdy place, the place of prayer,
 For Thou Almighty God art there.

4

Celestial glories there appear,
 While smiling, angels hover near;
 Immortal joys with us to share,
 For thou Almighty God art there.

3

And while I pass my days below,
 This gift of prayer O Lord bestow;
 And for thy courts may I prepare,
 For thou Almighty God art there.

There, my enraptured soul shall sing,
 And join the Seraphs on the wing,
 Thy praise & glory to declare,
 For thou Almighty God art there.

Contentment in the Gospel.

Whene'er my busy thoughts roam on things that are abroad,

|| a b c d a g e a a b a c t e t e ||

I feel contented with my home, & thankful to my God.

|| b a a g e a a b i e e c a g u ||

This world's a motley scene at best, my senses can't discern,

|| a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z ||

Its troubled waters cannot pur but cast up mire & dirt.

|| t e d t a g a t a g i e a g a k a || -

The rich can boast, but not in truth, the poor! how much distressed!

But I was called in my youth with the gospel blest.

How many wander in the streets quite destitute of food;

While I have heavenly fruit to eat & everything that's good.

The rich & proud can never share, the dainties of my meal,
 They cannot boast such blessed fare, nor taste the bliss I feel.
 The gospel which has made me free supplies my every need,
 I then let contentment dwell with me, for I am rich indeed.

24"

Here I can walk the heavenly road, with my companions dear,
 Here I enjoy a blest abode, & all my treasures here.
 Let others walk in devious ways, which lead to death & hell,
 Here I'm resolved to spend my days, where Christ's true followers dwell.

God my Dependance.

Lord, I pray in mercy hear me, for to thee I humbly cry;

Over thy angels gather near me, & my daily wants supply.

O thou merciful protector, all the comfort of the just,

Be my constant, kind director, for in thee alone I trust.

What's this world, but vain delusion, showing off its colour gay,
 Certain sorrow & confusion in the final bear the sway.
 I can cover nothing earthly, O my God in mercy give
 Unto me, thy Blessings holy, while upon this earth I live.

3"

What can satisfy my spirit & support my weary soul,
 Save the prize, I must inherit, or to ruin give up all.
 To earth with all its boasted pleasures, fading charms, that do amaze,
 Never can bring those lasting treasures which my spirit would enjoy.

4"

But the Blessings of thy kingdom, Lord, most freely do impart;
 Let the cords of gospel union, bind thy goodness to my heart.
 May thy holy searching fire, cleanse & purify within;
 Purge out every base desire, hindering me the prize to win.

5"

O God, I long for perfect heaven, my immortal mind to cheer,
 When will this to me be given free from each oppressive fear?

When the cross is all my treasure, every inward foe subdued,
 Then will come that heavenly treasure, happiness the general good.

Help me on, all righteous & other angel like my heart preframe,
 So that nothing I should rather do, than glorify thy name.
 Be I pray thee, my attendance, for my work is but begun,
 Just Creator, my Dependance, not my will, but thine be done.

From Greenland.

Happy Hour.

I'm thankful for that power, which saves my soul from sin;

e: d d c c a d d c d e f g e d

I'll ever bless the hour that I was gathered in,

e: d d c c a d d c d e e f d c

The lovely fold in Zion, where peace & comfort reigns,

u a f g e g a c e f a a g e g

It is here I am resolved, ever, to spend my days.

u. g g e d c d e d c d e d c

I'm praising my Creator, my holy God above,
 Who has my soul enrobed with his celestial love;
 O God of love, I thank thee for thy redeeming grace,
 'Tis by thy power I'm saved, from every thing that's base.

3

Of all the heavenly objects that e'er my eyes do see,
 I'm sure my heart is plac'd, most steadfastly, on thee.
 Forever, ever, forever, while I remain in time,
 To thee I'll be devoted, my life my all is thine.

New Lebanon 1857

Gentle Whispers.

Lord, unveil thy sacred presence,

While we lift our hearts in prayer;

May thy kind and gentle whispers

a e g a e g a
 a e g a e g a
 a e g a e g a

W
Fill our souls with solemn fear.

c c b̄ a g e t q a
Here we bow before thine altar,

∴ e e d e e l e d e a c
Thy rich blessings to receive;

a a a b̄ d e e d e
Send those sweet transparent waters,

e d e c d e b̄ a g e
Which will every soul revive.

c a a y e e t q a
Humbly we implore thy favors,
While we here together meet;

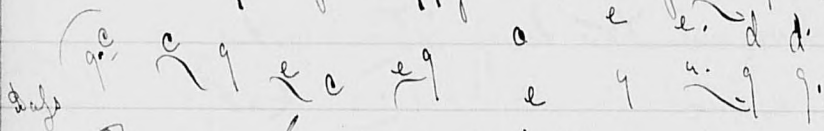
May we feel those lovely waters,
Flowing from thy mercy seat.

God of love, extend thy blessing,
To support us day by day,

That we may be Mothers' children,
Travelling in thy holy way.

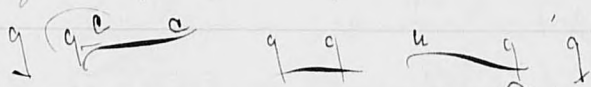
That Bitter Land

There is a peaceful happy land, far, far away,

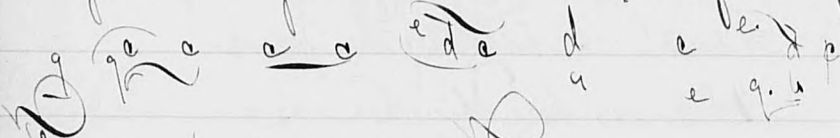


Beyond this world of sin & woe,

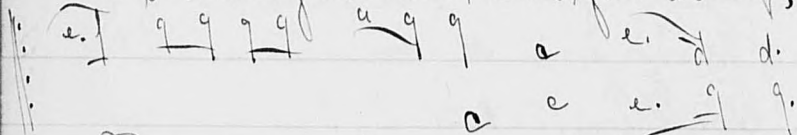
Beyond the scenes of time below,



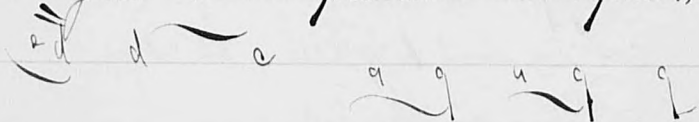
Beyond all things that mortals know, far, far away.



There is a lovely Paradise, far, far away,



Beyond Earth's pleasures & her pain,



Where peace & purity do reign,

I — 9 9 9 9 9

On Canaan's fair & happy plains, Far, far away,

I — c c c c d d 9 e e

2

There is a silent calm repose, Far, far away;

Where storms & floods descend no more.

— Nor tempests howl nor billows roar,

On heaven's bright celestial shore, Far, far away

There is a quiet heavenly rest, Far, far away

Far, far beyond this earthly clime,

The pains of life, the cares of time
To mansions holy, pure, sublime, Far, far away

1857

Gospel Orders.

Gospel orders I'll obey,

| e c d e d e y^{ny}

This a self denying way;

e d e d e d e d e

Here I find a daily cross

y a c o. d e d e d

Which does save from sin & loss.

e a e a y e d e ||||

O the love, without control,

Which is shown unto my soul.

I am called to enter in

leaving from the paths of sin.

3

What a privilege I possess,

In Mount Zion to be blessed;

How thankful I should be,

That my soul can now be free.

Free from sins' unlawful claims,
 Free from nature's gauling chains;
 I will be a subject child,
 Keep a spirit meek & mild.

3

Nothing now can stand the test
 But the deeds of righteousness;
 Nature, must be done away,
 And no longer bear the sway.

6

Gospel works & pure desires,
 Truly are what God requires;
 He'll no other one up hold
 But the meek & upright soul.

7

My good faith & works I hold, like an honest upright soul
 When my soul will comfort find, Of the pure & heavenly kind

Prophets' Prayer.

O Heavenly Father, to thee we'll draw nigh,

Four forth the desires of our souls;

In thy holy wisdom O do hear our cry,

And do thou our spirits console!

O Guide us in thy holy way;

Protect us from all that is harm;

O suffer not one of this flock to astray,

Support us with thy holy arms.

O suffer not Satan to have the control,
 To captivate souls is his day;
 And draw them away from thy true living pool,
 Or scatter from thy holy way,
 Roll back, O thou deep swelling flood,
 And do thou my chosen no harm,
 For I am the holy the true living God,
 Upholding with thy righteous arm.

Conventbury 1849

Remember Me.

Remember me while here I stay, a pilgrim & a stranger;

Remember me from day to day who always was in danger

Remember me in deep distress, in trials & temptations;

Remember me I give me rest, Crown me with salvation.

Remember me I give me rest, Crown me with salvation.

Remember me I give me rest, Crown me with salvation.

Remember me I give me rest, Crown me with salvation.

Remember me I give me rest, Crown me with salvation.

- 1. Remember me when troubles roll, & sorrows, without measure,
- 2. Remember me in trying scenes & in each joyful hour;
- 3. Remember me & fill my soul with heavenly joy & pleasure,
- 4. Remember me & let me lean upon thy holy power.

Remember me when life grows dim, & youthful hours are past
 Remember me & let my theme be all for thee most blest.
 Remember me, O Lord, at last, when here my days are ended;
 Remember me may I be blest by all my gospel kindred.

Petition for Youth.

Mighty God I praise & bless thee

O my everlasting rock,

Dear with me while I address thee

In behalf of Mother's flock.

Make them perfect, clean & holy

c c d c g a u u g g

Well established in the truth;

u u u g c g g g

Set a tenfold weight of glory

u u u g g e d c u

Rest upon the faithful youth.

c c d e e e d c p

2

Bear them up thro' every trial;

Lead them gently by the hand;

Nurse the blooming trees of Zion,

Which adorn thy holy land.

Those whose minds are separated

From the world of wickedness,

Those whose hearts are consecrated

Unto thee in righteousness.

Teach them how to love & fear thee,
 Let them on thy strength rely,
 Pour thy blessings on them freely,
 Hear their hearty fervent cry.
 O dear children, stand unmoved,
 Be as steadfast as a rock;
 In Jehovah's sight approved,
 Bound in union with his flock.

Li"

¹² 'Tis my wish my heart's desire
¹³ That you gain this precious gem,
¹⁴ That you truly may acquire
 Mother's robe, a diddem.
 Arm yourselves against temptation,
 Love to tread the humble vale;
 When you pass thro' tribulation
 Power let your courage fail.

Keep a quiet meek behavior,
 Free from nature's vile controll;
 Let the love of Christ the Savior
 Reign triumphant in each soul.
 Strict obedience, due subjection,
 To your head in all you do,
 Sacred virtue with discretion
 Will dear children bear you thro.
 6th

Every good to you is given,
 You've the treasure that endures;
 You shall hold the keys of heav'n,
 Mothers' jewels will be yours.
 Sealed with Christ's most holy number,
 Everlasting life to gain,
 In your souls thro' every member
 Let the precious Savior reign.

Gospel of Love.

What language is able, how shall I reveal

So my brethren & sisters my love;

My love to the gospel, how thankful I feel

For the gospel which worketh by love.

By love, by union, & love,

For the gospel which worketh by love.

The language is feeble my sense to reveal,
Yet obedience to heaven above.

May picture how thankful, how grateful I feel,
For the gospel which worketh by love;

By love, by union & love;
For the gospel which worketh by love.

3

Like our blessed Savior, humble I'll be,
I'll be gentle & meek as a dove,
By this my good brethren & sisters may see
That the gospel has filled me with love,
With love, with union & love,
That the gospel has filled me with love.

Rich Blessings:

O what a rich blessing my soul is possessing,

More precious than gold is this heavenly way;

A pure gospel treasure my soul seeks with pleasure,

Let this be my labor by night & by day.

My calling is great & I must be improving

at e e e g e e c a a g e

Each moment of time as it passes along,

c c c d e d e e d e

And now, on my journey be swiftly a moving,

c a a g e e e d e

Let this be my labor, let this be my song.

f e e a b a g u
2

I'll fill my small measure of this blessed treasure,

and as it grows wider, I'll labor for more;

When as I move forward I've nothing that's borrowed

But always a plenty to settle my score.

And if some are needy, I will not be greedy,

I'll give them a morsel from my little store;

Then I shall have plenty tho' I should feed twenty,

And if it grows scanty I'll labor for more.

This treasure is given so freely from Heaven
 I cannot withhold it tho' I should be poor;
 I freely received it, & freely I'll give it,
 And this gives me vigor to labor for more.
 In this I am blessed, with treasure possessed,
 And God will increase it & help me along,
 With joy & thanksgiving I'm making my living,
 This shall be my labor, this shall be my song.

Issachar Bates.

Vain World.

Farewell, farewell, vain world farewell,

I find no rest in thee;

Thy greatest pleasures form a Hell
 Too dark & sad for me.

Alas! alas! I have too long,

Preferred thy sinful crowd,

I've listened to your siren song,

While mercy called aloud!

2

Farewell, vain world, I say once more,

I'm bound for Canaan's land,

I see a happy world before,

Prepared at God's right hand.

On life's tempestuous sea I sail,

While countless billows roll;

But Christ my pilot will not fail

With him I trust my soul.

He can command the roaring tide,
 And silence all my foes;
 With courage safely I can ride
 Thro' every wind that blows.
 Then, as I daily homeward steer,
 Towards the land of peace;
 The world does less & less appear,
 And all its charms decrease.

4

Tho' shining millions sail'd before,
 Who gained the port above,
 Found nothing in old Babel's towers
 That they could prize or love.
 That everlasting glory bright
 Will tarnish all below,
 Just as the sun's meridian light
 Forbids the stars to glow.

Reward of the Obedient.

Behold the bright angelic band

e f d d e. a d e u

That hover round the soul,

Who in obedience firmly stands

g c e g a f
g g g u g g g d.

When storms of sorrow roll,

Who walk the self-denying way,

That leads to joys above,

Like Christ their Lord they watch & pray

And share his holy love,

c g. i d e f

Immortal joys at his right hand,
 Will be their pure reward;
 With saints, on fair Emmanuel's land
 They join to praise the Lord.
 Infinite hosts of Angels there,
 Will waft their happy songs;
 And to his throne their praises bear
 To whom all praise belongs.

There, clad in shining garments, they
 Shall walk the glittering streets;
 On golden instruments they'll play,
 In songs divinely sweet.
 O glorious band! I seem to hear
 Them chant their songs of love,
 In that bright city which is called
 Jerusalem above.

In heavenly ranks I see them march
 In shining robes of white,
 Thro' heavens' divine celestial arch
 Of which God is the light.
 O rapturous sight! O when shall I
 Join that bright band so blest;
 When shall we meet no more to part,
 In that bright land of rest.

1852

Grateful Remembrance.

O blessed Saviour, blessed Saviour;

How kindly thou hast dealt with me,
 Let of

One, singled from among the millions;

And by thy gospel made so free.

The Earth her riches & her glory
e e l y u y * a y e

See all her hono confer on me,
d e l y a e d e l y u

I never can reject my call, nor
i a a e l e d t a

Sacrifice my faith in thee.
e d l e d t a

2

O blessed Mother, blessed Mother,
What strength to me thou didst impart,
How oft assuage my bitter sorrows
And sooth an aching broken heart.
Can I forget thy loving kindness,
Thy tender care for ones small;
O never, never will I leave thee,
Thou art my love my life my all.

Harvard 1852

Happy Anticipation

I'm working, I'm working, for Heaven my home;

e l y e e u a y e l y d b c

Soon in those bright mansions my spirit shall roam,

y a a c d a d e c d e f

Sweet joy there awaits me, the assurance I have,

e d a a e b u y y u a e y

Thar Seraphs will greet me & welcome me there,

y a c c a d e d a b c d e c

Home, home, we pilgrims on Earth, We'll soon be at home.

g e b f d e d d c b y a b f e l y e d e f

2

Then labor, O labor, yea labor with zeal;

We'll ne'er drop our weapons the contest to yield;

But by tribulation we'll wash our robes white,

To gain our salvation, all sin bring to light.

Home, home, the prospect is brightening, We'll soon be at home.

Be valiant, be valiant, with courage move on;
 Rejoice in the dances, unite in the song;
 The prospect is cheering, a crown we shall win,
 And death we're not fearing, when free from all sin.
 Home, home, to glory we're hastening, We'll soon be at home.

7/1842

Gospel Treasure

Father grant me thy protection

Be my guide both night & day,
 Set me walk with circumspection

In a self-denying way.

Fill my soul with mother's spirit,

Let thy love be my support,

d l q e d ca e

That I may a right inherit *

e de e. d d e ae e

In the mansions of thy Court.

a a q e l q a

Thou' this valley safely bear me,

Let thy mercy still attend;

Let no evil thot's environ me,

Be my Father & my Friend.

Clothe my soul with Mother's spirits,

Make me peaceful as a dove;

That I may a right inherit

In the mansions of thy love.

3

In this dreadful day of trouble

Bitter vengeance to repay,

Set my watchfulness be double
 In this great eventful day,
 Set our blessed Mothers spirit
 Find in me a resting place,
 That I may a right inherit,
 In the mansions of thy grace.

4.

Let those judgements be a warning unto all who seek the light,
 Tho' it is so bright a morning, after morning come the night.
 Shield my soul with Mothers spirit, every evil to destroy;
 That I may a right inherit in the mansions of thy joy.

5

This kind promise thou hast given, like a Father & a Friend,
 To continue with thy chosen, till the world shall have an end.
 Come thou sin destroying spirit, let thy soul be thy abode;
 That I may a right inherit in the mansions of my God.

Boundless Grace.

What solemn feelings rise & flow thro' every sense,

|| a-d e . g e dē d cd e g " ye g ||

Who can't behold without surprise the passing great events.

g b g c c l e l g " g e dē p ||

Is this the glorious day that God has ushered in?

|| g g ae c e g e a a d e z p ||

Is this the great & last display to save the soul from sin?

p c l e c l e l g g a g e dē p ||

2

Is this the favored place on God's extensive earth?

Selected by His boundless grace to fix the heavenly birth?

Are we the chosen few who have been gathered in?

While countless millions never knew the road that leads from sin.

3

Here we are truly bless'd with blessings manifold,

And many treasures here possessed more precious are than gold.

We're blessed in many ways, we're blessed in many things;
And we enjoy far happier days than Princes, Lords or Kings.

2

We have a heavenly bread; we're ~~blessed~~ fed with Angels food,
We've all that one could ask or need, to make us truly good.

Why then should we delay or any slackness feel?
Why not press forward on our way with all our faith & zeal?

3

Let us renew those bands, which bind us to obey
Our gospel orders & commands & keep in the way,
If we are not secured by Mother's golden chain,
We are exposed to be allured & drawn to sin again.

6.

But if we still pursue this way so bright & pure,
And persevere till we get thro', & heavenly bliss secure,
Then we shall see & know what now by faith we view,
Where living waters always flow & joy forever new.

Lion's Glory

Coronation

Joy to the world - Ballad

O Lion rise, gird on thy sword, go forth to meet the foe;

ed e de q. d ed de e e q ag e y

Trust in thy Gods eternal word to bear the conquer thro'.

f ag el f. Le da d e q. e ed a p

What tho' the powers of Hell combine, thy onward course to stay;

q a c d. e c ag a q a c e c p

Almighty truth with power divine, alone will clear the way.

f e e f. e q u u q q q e e de u p

2

Behold the rich, the heavenly prize that lies beyond the race,
With raptured joy lift up thine eyes to heaven thy dwelling place.
Where in that celestial land, thy children all shall meet,
And there in one harmonious band the heavenly strains repeat.

3

Then rise & cloth thyself with power, O Lion, bright & fair,
Nations unnumbered from afar shall yet thy praise declare.

The Lord shall cause thy shining gates with beauty to increase,
And on thy walls a standard raise, of everlasting peace.

Let thy children one & all, in heavenly concert blend,
To swell the song, redeeming love, to earth's remotest end;
Let anthems of eternal praise thy sweet employment be,
Thou art his holy dwelling place & he delights in thee.

My Mother.

Mother I do love thee, I love thy holy way,
 I love that God that saved thee white on the raging sea.
 I love that guardian Angel who by the Lord's command,
 So safe by did conduct thee to this most favored land.

O ever blessed Mother, thou didst impart to me,
 Thy pure & holy spirit that I might walk with thee.
 By thee, O blessed Mother, my soul is saved from sin,
 And in this holy spirit time heaven did begin.

3

For thee O blessed Mother, I give my life my all
 In love & veneration obey thy holy call.
 By thee O blessed Mother, salvation now is wrought;
 Thy children do adore thee for what thy suffering brought.

4

O happy these thine offspring, who live on Angels food,
 Who have forsaken pleasures to gain a Mothers good:
 In praise & in thanksgiving, with them I will adore
 The blessed name of Mother when time shall be no more.

Zion the City of God..

Glorious things of thee are spoken

c. g c. d e e e d c

Zion, city of our God:

e d c a c e d c f

He whose word cannot be broken

c. g c. d e e e d c

Form'd thee for his own abode.

e d c u c e d c f

On the rock of ages founded,

g. e g. a y e d c

What can shake thy sure abode?

g. e g. a y e d e d

With salvation's walls surrounded

c. g c. d e e e d c

Thou may'st smile of all thy foes.

e d c u c e d c f

In the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons & daughters
 And all fear & want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage,
 Grace which like their Lord the giver
 Never fails from age to age.

3

Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud & fire appears;
 For a glory & a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, & shade by day;
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them when they pray.

Bless inhabitants of Zion,
 Happy in their pure abode;
 Jesus whom their souls rely on
 Makes them Kings, & Priests to God.
 'Tis His love, His people raises
 Over self, to reign as kings.
 And as priests, His solemn praises
 Each for a share offering bring.

5

Savior, if in Zion's City,
 I thro' grace a member am.
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name.
 Fading is the worldlings' pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp & show;
 Solid joys & lasting pleasure
 None but Zion's children know.

West

Heavenly Comfort.

What heavenly comfort Jehovah's allotted

To those who are faithful to bear the full cross;

Enveloped with salvation, a conscience unspotted,

Here's heavenly comfort devoid of remorse.

There's comfort in sorrow, in weeping & sighing;

And comfort in singing, & dancing, & mirth;

They've comfort in living, & comfort in dying,

They've comfort in heaven & comfort on earth.

- 'Tis heavenly comfort to follow our Savior,
 There's heavenly comfort in doing his will;
 There's heavenly comfort in Christ's love & favor,
 'Tis comfort & blessing the foe to repel.
 'Tis heavenly comfort to imitate Mother,
 Sweet comfort we find to be little & low;
 2/ In union there's heavenly comfort we know.
 1/ 'Tis heavenly comfort to love on another,

3.

There's comfort attached to deep tribulation
 Because the true comforter then will be nigh;
 There's heavenly comfort in regeneration,
 To live in the spirit, & let the flesh die.
 With comfort we feast on the heavenly manna,
 Tho' some tribulation is mixed there in,
 With heavenly comfort we'll shout the hosanna,
 When we are redeemed from the nature of sin.

Gratitude to Mother.

My Mother, O my Mother, my soul is bound to thee;

ed c-c c-d :g g a-g e d-c p

I never will forsake thee tho' tempted I may be.

g-c c-c c-c e d-c c-o c-c d

I feel thy tender mercy like balm to my heart,

ed c-g c-c gg g a-a u-g g

And from thy holy precepts I never will depart.

g d-d d-d g-g a-d e-d p

I bear with me my Mother, while I am treading the

g-c c-c c-g e-e d d-d d-e d

For in my sweet conflicts I often think of you;

ed c-c c-c :g g g h-a u-g g

And, when in deepest sorrow, I've felt your cheering love

g e-e e-d c-c c-c d e-l g

Distilling on my spirit like dewdrops from above.

g-c c-c c-c ll l g-g d-d g

Accept my grateful feelings, a recompense tho' small;
 For your unwearied kindness extended over all;
 What blessing half so soothing in this cold world below,
 As to feel we have a Mother, who sympathy does show.
 Her chaste & holy spirit I feel is drawing near,
 Her arm of love's extended to guard her children dear;
 Her voice in sweetest accents, breaks on the balmy air,
 O come my loving children & of my blessing share.

3

I'll feed your souls when hungry, when thirsty give you drink,
 Life's crystal fount I'll open & lead you to the brink:
 O come my lovely children & share a Mother's joy,
 I'll clothe your souls with gladness, your foes I will destroy.
 Who can deny their Mother nor heed her warning voice,
 Thus grieve her holy spirit by an unhallowed choice:
 My Mother, O my Mother, my soul is bound ^{to} thee,
 I never will forsake thee tho' tempt'd I may be.

L. E. Sears

Praise to Mother.

O ye shining hosts of Heaven,

c. i. d. p. c. c. c. a. q.

Whose bright harps do sweetly ring,

q. ac. c. e. d. d. p.

Come, O come & gather near me,

l. e. a. e. q. u. q. q. q.

While my Mother's praise I sing.

c. p. e. d. e. d. e. p.

Raise your notes of joy melodious,

q. c. c. c. d. d. c. a. q.

Set your music sound on high;

l. p. a. a. q. c. p.

Swell the theme so blest & glorious,

c. d. c. q. e. d. e. q. q.

O ye seraphs, as you fly.

c. e. d. a. c. d. p.

O ye little rills & fountains
 As you wind your peaceful way,
 Join the hills & joyful mountains,
 As they skip & sweetly play.
 Let your notes of sweet thanksgiving
 Roll, & roll, & roll along;
 To my ever blessed Mother
 Endless praises do belong.

3

Ye let praise & adoration
 Thrill the vast creation sound,
 She who bro't our souls salvation
 Is with Christ in glory crown'd.
 O my Mother I will praise thee,
 All on earth I've spent my days;
 When with shining saints in glory
 Join the long loud sound of praise.
 Howard, 1840.

Lovely City.

A lovely city God has built, & set upon a hill;

g c e q d e q q q e b c d e f

No sin can enter there, or guilt, no hatred or self-will.

e a q q q a l e d e f q. e e d e f

Around it he has raised a wall of everlasting might

g e a. c e e f e c e d e f d e f q

And being such, it cannot fall, for all his works are right.

g l e c e e f q q l q c d. e b. q f.

Upon the walls are towers high, of watchfulness & care,

And when the enemy draws nigh the guard is everywhere.

The aged, middle aged & youth, the holy, just & pure,

Are armed with loyalty & truth & thus they dwell secure.

3

Their greetings are of sweetest love, their dress is neat & clean,

In holy order they do move thro' every passing scene:

In loyalty to Christ their King they ever do remain,

His praise they all delight to sing, His love they truly gain.

And for all those in distress?

Is my heart delighted when others are blest?

And do I their happiness seek?

Or am I a striving their peace to molest?

I call on my conscience to speak,

3

For by this criterion I now can decide

And know just the truth of the case;

If I have that love that will stand beside

It will my proud nature abuse.

4

I shall not be haughty, & lofty, & high,

But little, & simple, & mild;

Yea, I shall esteem others better than I,

And be a obedient child.

5

This love is the prize I have set out to gain.

The true bond of union & peace,
 I have a good measure already obtained
 But still need a further increase.

And this is the love I will lay up in store,
 For this is the union I prize,
 I'll strive to be little, that I may gain more,
 For no other gift will suffice.

Harvest Visitation.

The Lord His vineyard comes to dress,

The gathering time is near,

O may the fruits of righteousness

On every branch appear.

His Father's will, & Mother's too,

||: *ed e d ed e e e*
 This truth we can't dispute;

e e e e e e e
 That we should all set out anew

e e e e e e e
 To gain more heavenly fruit,

e e e e e e e
 2

This harvest yields much joy & peace,

We laborers feel a care,

That, while we gather the increase

We purge out every tare.

Lord may thy garners be supplied

With good & precious wheat,

And what the truth cannot abide

We'll burn as chaff & cheat.

In strict obedience to our lead,
Who're marching on before,
We are supplied with every need
From mothers heavenly store,
May we abound with grateful thanks
For blessing such as these,
Such worship in the heavenly ranks,
Our heavenly Parents please.

4

How precious is the harvest day
Which we are laboring in,
Its' pure, its bright & piercing ray
Discloses every sin;
The living truth is gaining ground,
See Zion now arise,
Diffusing heavenly gifts around
Such gifts we highly prize.

In all these precious gifts of God
 We labor for a share,
 O may we bear the chast'ning rod,
 For any idol spare.
 Let the refining fire increase,
 And burn up every wrong,
 That we may grow in love & peace
 And join the heavenly throng.

Gospel Beauty

Now while I view with great delight the gospel in its beauty,

I see its subjects keen & bright, all cheerful in their duty;

A recompense for all their toils by day & night receiving;

No enemy can take their spoils while in sweet union living.

And should I know and miss the mark, the way of God is holy,
 His gracious hand prepared the art, to save the meek & lowly;
 Then in the gospel I confide for life & endless pleasure,
 In mother's fold I will abide to reap a fruitful treasure.

3

So when I bid this world farewell & march to Zion's towers;
 With living saints O! may I dwell in unions lovely bowers,
 Where Christ & Mother with their flock, shall fill the heavenly place,
 And thro' the peaceful regions walk adorned with gospel graces.

2

No sin can ever enter there, or wicked workers prosper,
 For such can have no lot or share in this redeeming gospel.
 Then let us keep the pure commands, work out our own salvation,
 And with the righteous number stand redeemed from desolation.

Union Plant.

We love the precious union plant,

|| ♪ ^a ^g ^a ^c ^{ed} ^a ^a
 We love to see it growing,

^c ^g ^g ^a ^c ♪ ♪
 It is the life of every saint,

♪ ^a ^g ^a ^c ^{ed} ^c ^d
 We feel its virtues flowing.

♪ ^g ^g ^g ^g ^{ed} ♪ ♪ ||
 This plant is found in vallies low,

|| ^c ^d ^e ^d ^c ^c ^{ed} ♪ ♪
 Increased by cultivation;

^g ^e ^d ^{ed} ♪ ♪
 And it will flourish there, & grow,

♪ ^d ^e ^a ^c ^g ^g ^a
 And fill the new creation.

^c ^{ed} ^c ^a ^c ^c |||

Now to its branches we'll resort,
 And fruits most luscious gather;
 'Tis here we find divine supports,
 On which we live forever,
 This union plant will bear the rule,
 By wisdoms' hand protected;
 And love cementing soul to soul,
 Until our work's perfected.

3

If we our gospel lead obey,
 And live in sweet communion,
 They'll guide us on our heavenly way
 To mansions of pure union.
 Here in these mansions we shall find
 New streams of consolation,
 And here the plant of love divine
 Will fill the New Creation,

Prayer for the Captive.

Dark is the cloud that rests over the nation,

Wild is the war-cry that pierces the air;

God's heavy judgements spread wide desolation,

Strong hearts are bow'd in the depths of despair.

Lord may the bands of the captive be broken,
 O may this struggle bring true liberty;
 Teach man that there is a heaven-born token,
 And that the truth can alone make him free.

Guide Zion's children in this trying hour;
 Keep us dependant on thy love & care,
 Down in the valley we find thy true power,
 Lord in thy mercy still guide us there.

Star in the East.

O Blood Redeemer & Heavenly Lamb,

Pure offering of God the eternal I am,

In thy holy spirit O help me to pray,

To thee, as I travel my heavenly way.

For while on my journey dark storms ^{belide}

And then, O my Saviour, my soul needs a guide,

Until I arrive where the tempest has ceased

I must have a way mark, a star in the east.

Beyond this vain world is a City most fair,
 I've heard of its glories & long to be there;
 My course is strait forward, I'm bound to that happy
 Which lies at the end of the true Christian race,
 I've had a sweet porttaste, my soul has been filled
 Of blessings from thence, which like dews are distilled
 Here fruits grow, abundant on which all may feed,
 Who follow the waymark the star in the east.

3

Then why should I fear tho' a host should arise,
 My course to retard or my faith to despise,
 I fear not ten thousand such armies as those,
 In Christ & my Mother my trust I repose,
 This warfare is mighty, & always will be,
 My sword is from Mother she gave it to me;
 With this I will fight till my soul is released,
 And follow my waymark - the star in the east.

O then with what transport I'll hasten above,
 To join the sweet songs in the city of love;
 My blessed Redeemer to praise & adore,
 Who guarded my soul till the conflict was o'er.
 A garment of holiness then I shall wear,
 The treasure I've gained I shall find it safe there,
 And my thankful feelings will then be increased,
 For that precious waymark — the star in the east,
Heav'ward.

Let me go to my Rest.

O my home is above in that city of love
 || a d e e e l e d d d
 Where the righteous eternally reign;
 l g u e a g e d d
 And I long to be there, in its glories to share,
 T d e l e d d d l g a l g
 Free from sickness & sorrow & pain.
 o e d d l e d d e

176.

On that heavenly land shining angels do stand,

||: c g g e e f. y a l g

With their raiment as white as the snow,

c c d d l e d d d d

Do those mansions so blest, where my soul will find rest

c a g g a g c c d e l d d

I shall go, I shall go, I shall go.

d d e e g d d e ||:

2

There no more I shall weep, for my Saviour does weep,

And protect all the lambs of the fold;

Wipe away all their tears & dispel all their fears.

And to them heaven's treasures unfold.

Then the sweet song of praise which the seraphs do raise

As they soar on their bright golden wings;

When I join them above in those regions of love,

I shall sing, I shall sing, I shall sing.

O then why should I grieve for the joys which I leave,
 Since they're fleeting & transient at best,
 Earth has nothing to give to induce me to leave,
 Let me go, let me go to my rest.
 Then as nothing below can true comfort bestow
 And my spirit such pleasures disown,
 I will hasten above in that city of love,
 There's my home, there's my home, there's my home.

PraisetotheSavior

What tribute or what song of praise,

To thee my Savior shall I praise,

For thy unbounded favor.

||

My sweetest songs or fervent prayer,

||: $\overset{\text{e}}{\text{f}} \quad \text{g} \quad \text{g} \quad \overset{\text{a}}{\text{f}} \quad \text{f} \quad \overset{\text{a}}{\text{f}} \quad \text{g}$

The debt I owe, can never declare,

$\text{f} \quad \text{e} \quad \overset{\text{a}}{\text{f}} \quad \overset{\text{e}}{\text{d}} \quad \text{e} \quad \overset{\text{e}}{\text{f}} \quad \text{d}$

My ever-blessed Saviour.

$\overset{\text{e}}{\text{d}} \quad \text{e} \quad \overset{\text{e}}{\text{f}} \quad \overset{\text{e}}{\text{d}} \quad \text{f} \quad \text{f} \quad ||: \text{—}$

To angels notes should I aspire,

Or ask an angels heavenly lyre,

Such as they use in glory;

My thanks to thee could not be told,

That thou hast called me to thy fold,

To worship & adore thee.

I had my part the power to sing,

Thy praises O my Heavenly King,

With those who love & fear thee.

Away from earth, on wings of love,
I'd soar to that bright land of love,
To dwell forever near thee.

Oh Saviour may I learn of thee,
Thy meekness & humility,
That gift which thou hast given.
That when in dust this body lies,
My soul to thy bright throne may rise,
And sing thy praise in heaven.

Leland

How I love these precious gifts

That flow in our communion.

Tho' billows roll we are not left,

Ope still support our union.

Spread thy pure angelic wings,

Around us, precious Savior,

For thy remembrance always brings

Pure love to one another

Lord, wilt thou grant my fervent prayer

My daily supplications

Protect the youth from every snare,

Which robs them of salvation.

May they continue in thy love,

Give them the gospel treasure,

And let their spirits soar above,

All carnal joy & pleasure.

Lord, let their days be bright & clear,
 Let no dark clouds surround them,
 Teach them thy love & Godly fear,
 And let no sin confound them
 Lord sanctify them to thy truth
 Thy word is pure & holy,
 For Zion's sake protect the youth
 To share thy endless glory.

I give thy servants power & strength, To shun each vile temptation;
 And grant them in the trying hour, Thy peace & consolation.
 Let not thy mercy be with-drawn From those who love & fear thee,
 But in thy way still help them on Till they can see thee clearly.

Lord let thy gifts be fully known To those who stand appointed,
 To be the watchmen in Zion, For they are thine anointed,
 Reveal to them thy holy will Pour on them thine anointing,
 To lead thy chosen people still The way of thine appointing.

O de to Contentment.

Come, contentment lovely guest,

Raign unrivalled in my breast,

Thou alone wilt do;

Thou alone canst fill my soul,

Every passion canst controll,

When the stormy billows roll

Thou canst bear me thro'.

Nothing on this earth below,
 Naught that heaven can bestow,
 Fills the soul with peace;
 If contentment dwells not there,
 All is dreary dark & bare,
 She alone, makes heavenly fare,
 She alone is bliss.

But, content will not abide
 With a soul puffed up with pride,
 Neither will she stay,
 With a soul defiled with lust,
 Nor with him who is unjust;
 He who covets she'll not trust,
 But will flee away.

Hypocrites who sneak around,
 Hunting flesh on holy ground,

1841
Peace will never find,
He who covers up his sins,
Lo! his torment then begins;
He who is idle never wins,
True content of mind.

All the Lordlings of the earth,
All their boast — what is it worth,
Nothing but a show,
All the wealth that kings possess,
All their vain & gaudy dress,
All, is splendid wretchedness,
Peace they never know.

In humiliation low,
Where the heavenly virtues grow,
There, contentment is found.

O I'll tread this lowly vale
 And its living breath inhale,
 Catch the odors on the gale,
 Richly spread around.

Where there is no sin concealed,
 Where the heart has been revealed,
 There content is near
 Whoso will his sins confess,
 Live a life of righteousness,
 God, that soul will surely bless,
 Peace will soon appear.

Where no vultures eye hath seen,
 Where no Lion's paw has been,
 Resignation's vale,
 Where the flesh is crucified,

Where the selfish will's denied,
 There, contentment will abide,
 There alone will stay.

Far from lust & pride & strife,
 In a pure & virgin life,
 Heris true peace of mind.
 With contentment-hand in hand,
 I'll explore this happy land,
 Moving with a virgin band,
 Who alone are blest.

S d e m o n o r k.

This is the burden of my song.

Never to look abroad for wrong,

y u u e u u g e e

I find enough to do at home,
 With all my best exertions.
 Then why seek evil in another,
 Or try to injure a dear brother;
 Such are not children of our maker,
 But slaves to basest passions.

How easy for the carnal mind,
 Evil in other souls to find,
 While to our own how very blind!

They're scarcely worth observing.

But when old nature don't confound us

And we survey the saints around us

We find the good, - the just, surround us

Of heaven how deserving.

O may I ever more be wise,
 And make aright use of my eyes,
 If it be a fool I miss the prize,
 For lack of self-denial.
 This searching self (if you believe me,
 And my experience don't deceive me)
 Is solemn work, then do not leave me,
 But help me bear the trial.

Henceforth be this my daily toil,
 At home, to cultivate the soil,
 A faulting serpent shall not coil.
 Within my breast, I'll kill it. (?!?)
 This work will make me kind & clever,
 To all around me, yea forever.

Then love & joy & peace will never,
Leave my soul, but fill it.

Now in this resurrection morn,
We can't believe they're heaven-born,
Who shun the rose but pluck the thorn,
That they may torment others
For here in Gods fragrant bowers,
Where heaven sends such lovely showers,
We seek the buds, the opening flowers,
Kind Sisters & kind Brothers.
L. L.

Bright & Happy Land.

Lord in thy kinder mercy

e. d. e. e. d. e. e. t

Do hear my humble cry

t. e. a. a. g. u

Strengthen and support me
 g u. b c a y a

When dangers are nigh;
 e d e e

Protect me I pray thee,
 y a a u c e f

And lead me safely on,
 g a. s u a e

To that bright & happy land,
 a d e. e d c e

Where my holy Savior's gone.
 e a a. a u y a

When heavy tribulation
 Shall weigh my spirit down;
 And floods of grief and sorrow
 On every hand surround;
 Protect me, &c.

When thro' the clouds of darkness
 No cheering ray I see,
 I lift my eyes to heaven
 And look for help from thee,
 Protect me, &c.

And when the time arrives
 For my soul to leave this clay;
 And soar away to mansions
 Of everlasting day,
 Protect me, &c.

Harvard P. 2, 2

The Better Land.

There is a peaceful happy land, Far, far, away

Beyond this world of sin & woe,

Beyond the scenes of time below,

Beyond all things that mortals know,

Far, far, away.

There is a lovely Paradise, Far, far, away.

Beyond Earth's pleasures & her pain,

Where peace & purity do reign,

Far, far, away.

193
On Canaan's fair & happy plains,

g c c c d
g g g g g
d a g e c
g g

2.

There is a silent, calm repose

Far, far, away,

Where storms & floods descend no more,
Nor tempests howl, nor billows roar,

On Heaven's bright, celestial shore,

Far, far, away.

There is a quiet heavenly rest,

Far, far, away,

Far, far beyond this earthly time,

The pains of life, the cares of time,

In mansions holy, pure, sublime,

Far, far, away.

194. 11

Come let Us be Faithful.

O may Mother's precepts thro' time be remembered
And faithfully kept by her children in truth;
That her holy spirit may still remain with us.
To comfort and strengthen both aged & youth.

2.

Come let us be faithful to honor the gospel,
And keep the good counsel which Mother has given;
That we may rejoice when we meet our kind parent
Again in full love in the mansions of heaven.

When all of Mother's children will unite together,
 And give thanks to God for the ills they have borne,
 They'll praise him forever in loud Alleluia,
 Saw his holy King down when time is no more.

The Lord, It will be Done.

This is the substance of my prayer.

O Lord for thy peculiar care.

Thy hand that caused the stars to glow.

Do send us blessings here below.

For we the subjects of thy name.

ky a g a a e e a a

With all our hearts thy mercy claim
 And crave thy pure parental care
 To guard us safe from every snare.

A joyful sound twill truly be
 To those who are from bondage free.
 To hear the voice, my children come
 Come to your blest immortal home
 For you've been faithful to my call
 And labored hard to give up all
 To gain the prize of promised rest.
 That faithful souls, do here profess.

Then let us on our journey move.
 Cemented in pure gospel love.
 Tilly we arrive and enter in.
 With those who are redeemed from sin.
 When we can join with spirits there
 We'll sing our Saviour's heartfelt prayer.
 Lord not my will but thine be done.
 Will be the song of one.

Gordons River

O Gordon blest Gordon thy waters so pure

c d e e e g e d e e a a

Will cleanse to the utmost all who will endure

e d e e e c a g e e d c.

The washing so holy and will enter in

e d e e e c a a a e e g.

By honest confession confession of sin

c d e e g e e g g g a g. !!!

Thy waters so healing more sacred must be
 Than Marpar Abana or streams flowing free
 In Heathen Damascus where God is unknown
 Where self is the Idol they worship and own

But our God is mighty a consuming fire

Destroying the stubble of carnal desire

Our Priesthood is holy and touched with our grief

Drinks deep of our sorrow and brings us relief

Then let us go surely the race that we run
We read by the swift it is not always won
Of victory eternal we cannot be sure
Who mighty in battle except we endure

All is Consecrated

Oh handle with care and in Gods holy fear
~~Oh handle with care and in Gods holy fear~~

What is to his name consecrated
e c a g e d c d d

His Holy indeed to his service designed
g g a t h c e e c e a g g

And is to the work dedicated
g a g g g e d e e ||:

To build Him an House in which he will place
g e e c e c d e d d e d

His name and his glory make known
e c e a g a e g

And nothing unholy that worketh a lie

e c c e e e e 9 9 a 9.
 Within his pure Temple shall come
 e d c e e a 9 9 a c e
 :||

2

The soil too is sacred devoted to God

And is to His Church dedicated

Yea all that in duty is handled by us

All is to his name Consecrated

When this we consider and carefully view

The blessings of life we enjoy

A conscience must warningly call to us all

Beware that you nothing destroy

3

For know in the realms of that bright spirit land

Where dwelleth the spirit immortal

Each one will find wanting when carefully weighed

The wasted and lavished morsel

Let nothing be wasted by ease or neglect

Let nothing be squandered or lost
 These cometh a day when on each one I'll call
 And each one will forward the cost

So rise every one and put far far away
 The spirit ungrateful unholy
 And fear ye the Lord in His work and His power
 And seek but His honor and glory
 For thus He ordains a harvest indeed
 A season to reap what He's sown
 Prepare and be ready, yea each one for one
 To render Him what is His own

Morning Star

O brighter than the morning star
 Is the heart that's pure and free

g a c e c d e a c g a
 c c d t e d c d

And the light that's ever glowing there
 c c d d l l e e d c d e d

The star of purity

g a c d e e
 The sun may wane & the stars go down
 c e l l l a l e

And reign of time be o'er
 d c l a l e d

But the living faith in the heart that's pure
 c d e e e d c l e d

Shall live forever more
 c e g a t c

The gems within the Ocean deep

l l c c c d e a c l l
 And wealth her caverns bear
 c d d e d c d

Let the Ocean and her caverns keep
 c c d l l e e d c d e d

In darkness hidden there

^e ^a ^g ^{ed} ^c ^c
 But O Almighty Father send
 e e q q q a q e

Thy Angels from above
 d c q a q e d.

To kindle within my soul the fire
 e a e e e ed c q e d

Of Purity and Love

c e q a t c ||||

Crown of Victory

May the furnace heat refine me

^q ^q ^c ^c ^c ^a ^q
 Till no dross in me remain
 e e e ed e

^g ^a
 Till my holy Saviour's image
 c e e c q q q e d

In my heart is clearly seen

May I bear the rod of chastening

Proving me a rightful heir

Till my spirit pure and spotless

With my Mother will compare

2

Blessed Mother kind and tender

Ever watchful over me

Praise and thanks to thee I render

For this way of purity

Thou didst tread a path of sorrow

Mortal never trod before

Paved a pathway up to glory

To lost innocence restore

Mother tis for this I bless thee
 That the way of life I see
 That my feet were ever guided
 To this path of purity
 When the hand of grief lay heavy,
 And my soul did mourn and sigh
 Then to soothe my stricken spirit
 Thou my Mother didst draw nigh

4

Ere the bands of sin and sorrow
 Did my helpless soul enthrall
 To the fold of peace and safety
 Blessed Mother thou didst call
 Never will I cease to praise thee
 For this pure and holy way
 Teach me now most precious Mother
 How to live from day to day

5

Over

How to gain those heavenly graces
 Which thy faithful children wear
 How to walk with circumspection
 And my daily cross to bear
 May thy pure and holy gospel
 Have its perfect work in me
 Till I am an Overcomer
 Crowned at last with victory

Lizzie Persons Harvard
 1868

Consecration.

Lord to deeper consecration

g e c c c e g

O accept our solemn vow

a a c g . e e g g

While in humble adoration

c d e d e h a a.

Round thy altar here we bow

g g g c c d h g

Thou but chasteneth in mercy
c d e d e h a a-

We will nearer draw to thee
g g a g g ab d

Blessed be thy name Jehovah
c g e e c c e g

Bless'd to all eternity
a a a a ah d

Thee O Father we'll adore
c d e c g ab d

Bless and honor evermore
e e e e e h d

All thy judgements are bless blessings
Tender mercies in disguise
Freely shall our sweetest praises
Ever to thy throne arise
While we sing aloud thy glory
How our hearts with joy do swell
Drawing nearer nearer to thee

Thee who doesth all things well
Our Father we implore
Bless thy children evermore

O that all might taste thy goodness
Come and from thy hand be bless'd
With an everjoyous fulness
Of divinely blepful rest
See our souls are fill'd with goodness
While we utter praise to thee
Thou hast banish'd all our sadness
From all sorrow made us free
Loving Father Gracious Parent
We are thine forever more

Spirit of my Savior

Praying spirit of my Savior

c d | e g d e | c a

In my heart O find a place

c c d | e f e d c | d

Help me when the night is darkest

g a | g e g e | d c

When upon the desert wast

a g | g a c d e | c ||:

When the day seems drear and cloudy

g a | a g e a | g e

And sweet hope would fain resign

c c d | e e e | e g e | e

Blessed Savior be thou near me

g a | g e g g | e d c

Prayerful spirit be thou mine

a g | a c e d e | c ||: |||

Over

Peaceful spirit of my savior
 Canst thou find a place with me
 Give me power to calm the tempest
 While upon lifes billowy sea
 I would have my words and actions
 Bend subservient to thy will
 That when wrath my bosom enters
 I can whisper Peace be still

Steadfast spirit of my savior
 Thy enduranc shall be mine
 Like thee may I shun the tempter
 Scorn my birthright to resign
 Like thee may I stand unyielding
 To the lurking charms of ease
 Over self to reign triumphant
 Seeking God alone to please

Loving spirit of my Savior
 Take possession of my heart
 When offences grieve my spirit
 Will't thou them thy balm impart
 Aid me to recall thy sorrows
 On thy crucifixion day
 When in sweet forgiving accents
 Father forgive them thou didst say

Blessed Savior thy example
 Ever shall be my Polar Star
 Guiding me thro' storms & tempest
 Pointing on to joys afar
 Prayerful Peaceful Steadfast - Holy
 Loving and Forgiving free
 Blessed spirit of my Saviour
 Ever ever dwell with me

A Calver

Golden Moments

Golden moments flit away

v d e e l l e d.

Let us then make no delay

e q l e l d e e l

To improve them while we may

e q a q l l a q q l

In sincere devotion In sincere devotion

f d e e d d d l e l q j e d e l e l l l

Thus we shall be growing wise
Winning more the heavenly prize
And shall thus from nature rise
To be pure in spirit To be pure in spirit

O I will have living zeal
That the power of oft may feel
Which will soul and body heal
Giving life immortal Giving life immortal

Joyful that the work's begun
For the prize we all may run
And secure what Mother won
Everlasting glory Everlasting glory

So the cross we'll bear in time
Fitting us for yonder clime
Where our joys will be sublime
Our increase eternal Our increase eternal

Harvard Aug 10 1869

By Thomas Hammond

Christmas Offering.

Sweetest music softly stealing
x̣¹ q̣ q̣ ṛ ḷ ḍ | ḍ ḍ c̣ ẹ

O'er our hearts in tuneful chime
ḷ ẹ q̣ q̣ ẹ | c̣ ẹ ẹ q̣

Shall in joyous notes revealing
ḷ ẹ ẹ q̣ ẹ ḷ ḍ ḍ ẹ

Swell the song of olden time
ḷ q̣ q̣ ẹ q̣ q̣ | ḷ ẹ ḍ q̣ |

When the morning star was beaming
q̣ q̣ q̣ q̣ | ḷ ẹ q̣ c̣ ẹ

Angels sang of peace and love
ḷ ḍ ḍ ḍ ḍ | ẹ ẹ f̣

many souls awoke from dreaming
ḷ q̣ q̣ q̣ | ẹ ẹ ạ q̣ ẹ

Hail'd the light from Heaven above
ḷ ẹ ẹ q̣ ẹ | ḷ ḍ ẹ f̣

Glad some sound we echo still Peace on earth to all good will.
ḍ ẹ ḍ ḍ | q̣ ḷ q̣ q̣ | ẹ ẹ ẹ ẹ ḍ ḍ |

F

Wake we now to joy and gladness
 Christ the Saviour we have found
 Banish from our hearts all sadness
 And in deeds of love abound
 Now the fount of good unsealing
 Let us all our souls up fill
 And in kindly Christian feeling
 Breathe sweet peace and speak goodwill
 Glad some sound we echo still
 Peace on earth to all good will!

P

P

Main
Spirituals
p. 15

Consecration

I give my heart to God I give it

c e f | g g g g | g e

Voice and tongue to praise His name

c e | g g a a | g g

I have life to Him I live it

g a b | c d c c a

Hands to Him devote the same

g g | a g e d | e

I've a field to sow and reap it

c d | c d d e e c

And must reap what'er it grows

a c | c g g a d f

I've a paradise I'll keep it

c d e | c g g a g

For it blossoms as the rose

g e | d d e d f

Give a conscience thus protected,
 Worth a throne and diadem;
 Give a mansion well selected
 In the New Jerusalem,
 Hence I have in this connection,
 Thus prepared a happy home,
 Such a home, that my affection
 Does not, will not, cannot roam.

I have feet, with God they're walking,
 For with gospel peace they're shod;
 Most familiarly I'm talking
 As I take my walk with God.
 I have thought, the greatest treasure,
 That the Universe can bring,
 There is no material treasure,
 Which can such possessions bring.

I have ears to hear the story,
 Men and angels love to tell;
 Eyes to see the rising glory,
 Which shall Zion's triumph swell.
 I have prayer, to God I make it;
 While mine eye his throne surveys,
 I've a golden harp, I'll wake it,
 To a song of endless praise.
 Howard, Mass.

Heavenly Gird.

Ye are all marching on

$\frac{6}{8}$ e f, g g g h

through the shadows of time

a a, e e e e

To our beautiful beautiful home

g g i c a e h a g, e e

Where amid the green bowers of wisdom and love

e l, q q q t d d, e e c c

In the sunshine of truth we will count

q q t e t d e, c c

The will ring of the blessings of life that abound

i c c q q t q e q q d e, c

For the upright the faithful and holy

q q c t e, t d q e c

And gather the flowers of virtue and peace.

c i c q q q e e l q q q c c

As we travel to regions of glory.

q q t c d e f d e i c c || me

Oh! sadly we're leaving the lowlands of Earth

Where we dwell amid the phantoms that perish

Where the promise of pleasure but ended in pain

And vain were the hopes that we cherished

O'cheering the thot we've obeyed the high call
And have entered the sphere of progression
We'll toil for the treasure of immortal worth
O'er only abiding possession.

We've tasted the bliss of the heavenly state
And have found the rich pearl of salvation
The pure inspiration of eternal truth,
As the joy of our virgin relation;

Then upward through trial our watchword ^{will} be
In the light that is ever increasing
Redemption's the goal we're determined to win,
For this will our strife be unceasing.

Aspiration

O heaven sweet empire of my song,
 Celestial clime of heavenly bliss,
 Realm of the pure angelic throng,
 Bright land of glowing happiness,
 My soul is strong with love divine
 Sweet joys around my heart entwine
 My spirit soars to spheres above,
 Where all is harmony and love,

My spirit soars to spheres above,
Where all is harmony and love.
2nd

Lo! earth her wealth & splendor boast,
Her coronets and wreaths display,
Her heroes, kings, and nobles boast,
Ephemeral glories of a day,
His pomp is all a transient joy,
For higher themes my thoughts employ,
I contemplate &c.

There is a realm where all is love,
Where naught but virtue sheds perfume
Where living peace is ever seen,
Where joys eternal are in bloom,
My spirit views the bless'd domain
Where souls redeemed in triumph reign.

Transporting in the spheres above
 Where all is harmony and love
 Transporting &c. ~

Elysian fields their glories bright,
 Resplendant on my prison shed,
 And virgin souls in loved lips light,
 Among these fadeless beauties tread.
 O, hallowed spirits, blissful clime,
 I crave your happiness sublime,
 A birth-right in the spheres above
 Where all is harmony and love,
 A birth-right &c. ~

Elder Calvin Reed ~
 2nd Order.

Quietness -

When I survey the world around,

H H e l q e t e b l e d e e

With raging tempests tossed,

e d l q q d e l l q l l

I'm glad a peaceful home I've found

e l q. e e b l e d e d

On Zion's coast - on Zion's coast.

q l q l l q. b e d e e l l

This world is filled with storms of strife

l l e l q. q q l e l l q q l l d

My mind it can't decoy,

d e l l l e l q l q l l

While here the fruits of quiet life

e d l e d e . a q l e d e

I do enjoy.

l d d e e l l l

Not all earth's treasures, can dissuade
 Nor turn me by disguise,
 Death's fatal dart beneath her shade
 Of glory lies - of glory lies
 Her gay and shining pomp holds fast,
 A treasure not her own,
 To lure the mind from virtues ^{with}
 To fate unknown.

3rd

O may I never meet the snare,
 Of her feigned happiness,
 A peaceful life I choose to share
 In quietness - in quietness.
 Her friends encircled with their ^{care}
 My soul with love care,
 And swarms of concord greet my ^{ears}
 With cheerfulness.

over

Here are the joys I love to feel;
 Here I delight to dwell,
 Let eart^h her treasures now conceal
 These do excel — these do excel.
 If troubles do my mind oppress,
 This prospect cheers my soul
 That far beyond this mournful vale
Sweet comforts roll.

From Canterbury
 1875.