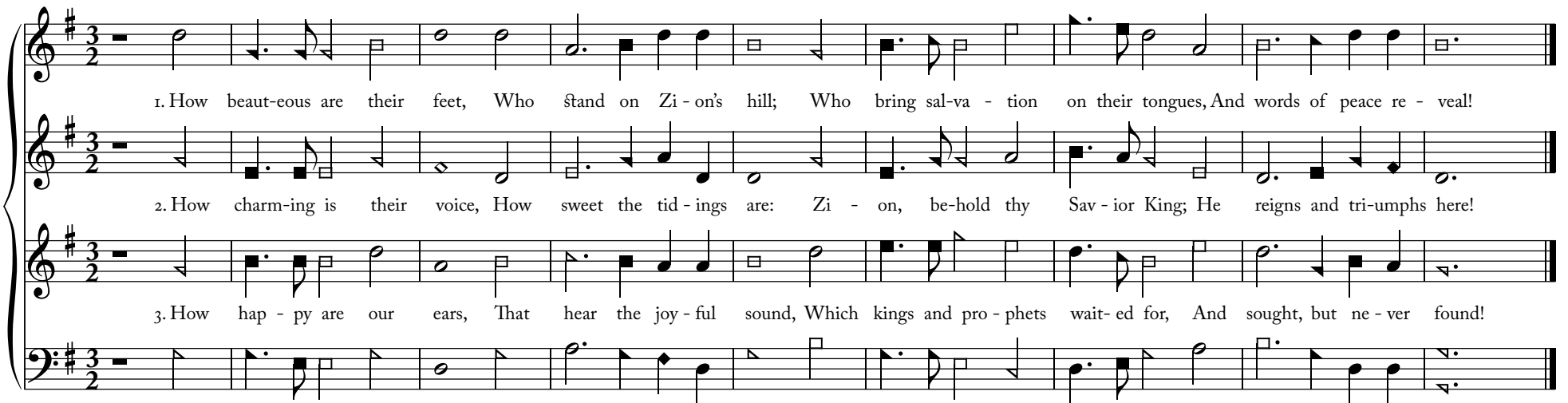


NEASDEN LANE. S.M.

G Major Isaac Watts, 1707.

Aldous, 2012.



1. How beautiful are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal!

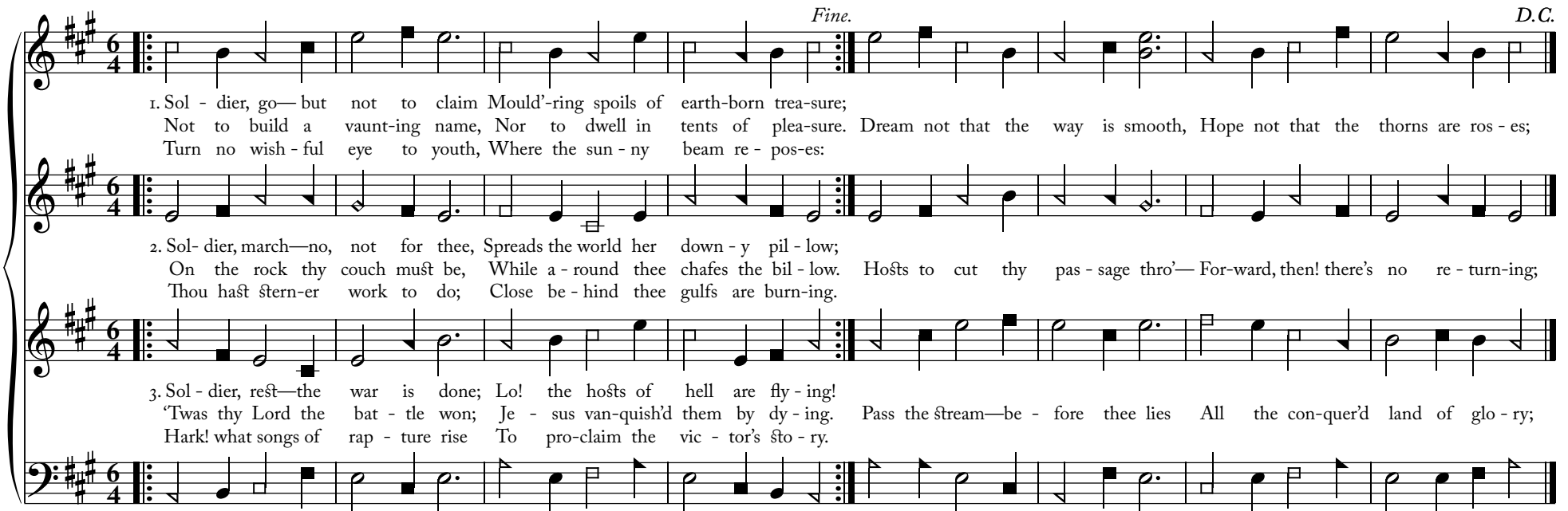
2. How charming is their voice, How sweet the tidings are: Zion, behold thy Savior King; He reigns and triumphs here!

3. How happy are our ears, That hear the joyful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found!

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND. 7s & 8s. (Double.)

A Major Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, c. 1825.

Aldous, 2012.



Fine. *D.C.*

1. Sol-dier, go—but not to claim Mould'ring spoils of earth-born trea-sure;
Not to build a vaunt-ing name, Nor to dwell in tents of plea-sure. Dream not that the way is smooth, Hope not that the thorns are ros-es;
Turn no wish-ful eye to youth, Where the sun-ny beam re-pos-es:

2. Sol-dier, march—no, not for thee, Spreads the world her down-y pil-low;
On the rock thy couch must be, While a-round thee chafes the bil-low. Hosts to cut thy pas-sage thro'—For-ward, then! there's no re-turn-ing;
Thou hast stern-er work to do; Close be-hind thee gulfs are burn-ing.

3. Sol-dier, rest—the war is done; Lo! the hosts of hell are fly-ing!
'Twas thy Lord the bat-tle won; Je-sus van-quish'd them by dy-ing. Pass the stream—be-fore thee lies All the con-quer'd land of glo-ry;
Hark! what songs of rap-ture rise To pro-claim the vic-tor's sto-ry.