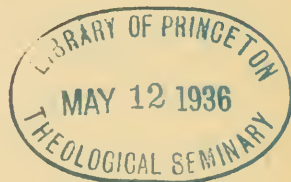


PLYMOUTH COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND TUNES;

FOR THE



USE OF CHRISTIAN CONGREGATIONS.

Compiled by Henry Ward Beecher

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REST. 11s & 10s.

CH. BEECHER.

1. When winds are rag-ing o'er the up-per o-cean, And billows wild contend with an-gry

roar. 'Tis said, far down, beneath the wild commotion, That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

675. 11s & 10s.

2. Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.
3. So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.
4. Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.
5. O Rest of rests! O Peace, serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fullness of joy, for ever and for ever.

MRS. STOWE.

676. 11s & 10s.

1. STILL, still with Thee—when purple morn-ing breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-light,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

2. Alone with Thee—amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
3. As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.
4. Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven.
5. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-shading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

6. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.

MRS. STOWE.

677. 11s.

"Abide in me."

1. THAT mystic word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord!
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.
2. Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love,
Each half-formed purpose and dark
thought of sin
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine—calm and
divine.
3. As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its
own—
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around
it thrown.
4. The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand
divine;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the
chords,
Till every note and string shall answer
Thine.
5. Abide in me: there have been moments
pure,
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy
power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and, passion
hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the
hour.
6. These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me—and they shall ever be;
I pray Thee now fulfill my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

MRS. STOWE.

678. 10s.

1. ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me
abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
be?
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

LYTE.

679. 10s.

1. My feet are worn and weary with the
march
Over the rough road and up the steep
hill-side;
O city of our God! I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful
waters glide.
2. My hands are weary, toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat;
O city of our God! I fain would rest,—
I sigh to gain Thy glorious mercy-seat.
3. My garments, travel-worn and stained with
dust,
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd
my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteous-
ness!
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded
ray.
4. My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety, and scorn upon the earth;
O city of our God! within Thy walls
All—all are clothed again with Thy new
birth.
5. My heart is weary of its own deep sin,—
Sinning, repenting, sinning still again;
When shall my soul Thy glorious presence
feel,
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from
stain?
6. Patience, poor soul! the Saviour's feet were
worn;
The Saviour's heart and hands were
weary too;
His garments stained, and travel-worn, and
old;
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.
7. Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy
rest;
O city of our God! we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls,—Home of the loved
and blest.