



Friendship


Anonymous Author, before 1803
Irregular meter


Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.


A minor
Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

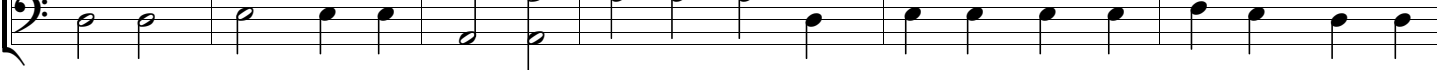
Tr.  5
1. The rea-son why we love friend-ship, We will de - ny to no — man, For how shall,
2. On the feast days, in an - cient times, Our Je - sus stood thus cry - ing, That who - so
3. Let us who have be - gun to taste The sweets of this sal - va - tion, Come fol - low,
4. The sa - cred ties of our friend-ship U - nite all lo - ving Chris - tians, In glo - ry,


T.  8
5. The bliss ex - qui - site is flo - wing, The friends of Je - sus shou - ting, Such rap - tures,
6. The sin - ner is now la - men - ting, He sees the grand pro - ces - sion, Mar - ching, mar -


B. 

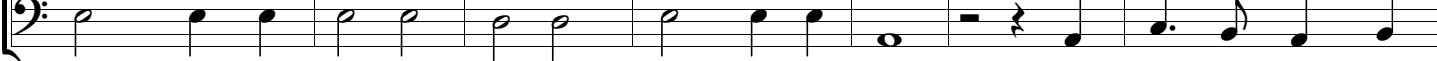
Tr.  10
how shall, how shall we be, Who are thus formed for hap - pi - ness, E'er slight a lo - ving
thirs-teth, let eve - ry man Come un - to me and free - ly drink, And thus be saved from
fol - low, we'll fol - low on; Be - lieve, and we shall o - ver - come, Re - fil - ling all temp -
in glo - ry they shall live; No time or place shall e'er change them, And death shall ne'er dis -

T.  8
rap - tures flow from his word! The an - gels are joined in con - cert, While Je - sus stands in -
ching to the daz - zling throne; His fright - ful soul is a - lar - med, With star - tled eyes a -

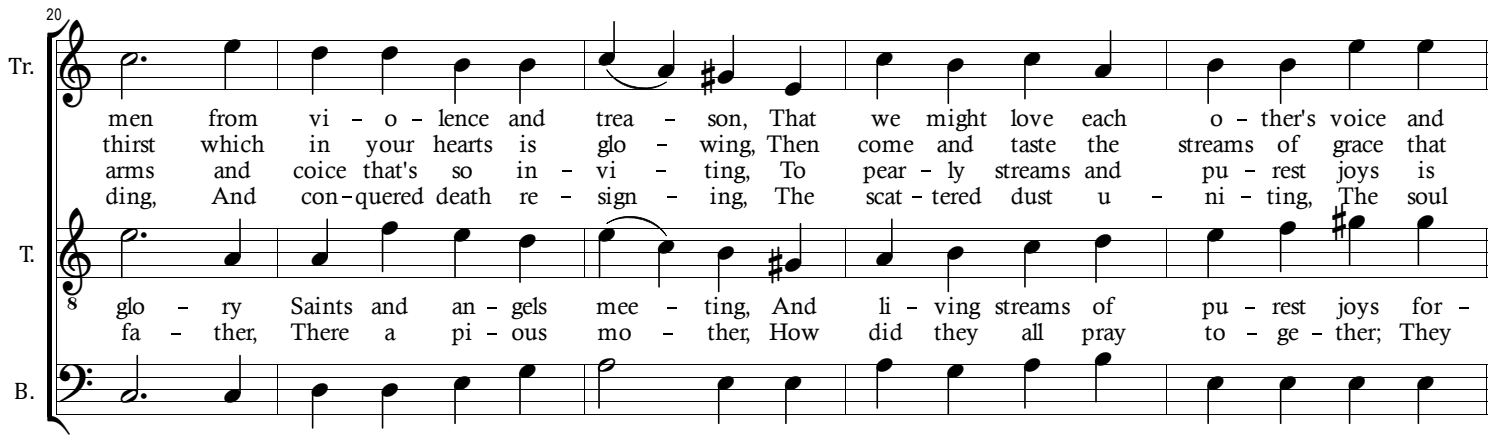
B. 

Tr.  15
Chris - tian, Since Je - sus, Je - sus died on the tree. For to de - li - ver
dy - ing; For sure - ly there is none else that can Quench the im - mor - tal
ta - tion; Since Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus was born. Je - sus with out - stretched
solve them. U - ni - ted as one they that be - lieve. When Ga - brief's trump soun -

T.  8
vi - ting, Come on, come on, bles - sed of the Lord. Be - hold the crowns of
ma - zed; Fare - well, for I am for - ev - er gone. Be - hold a god - ly

B. 

20

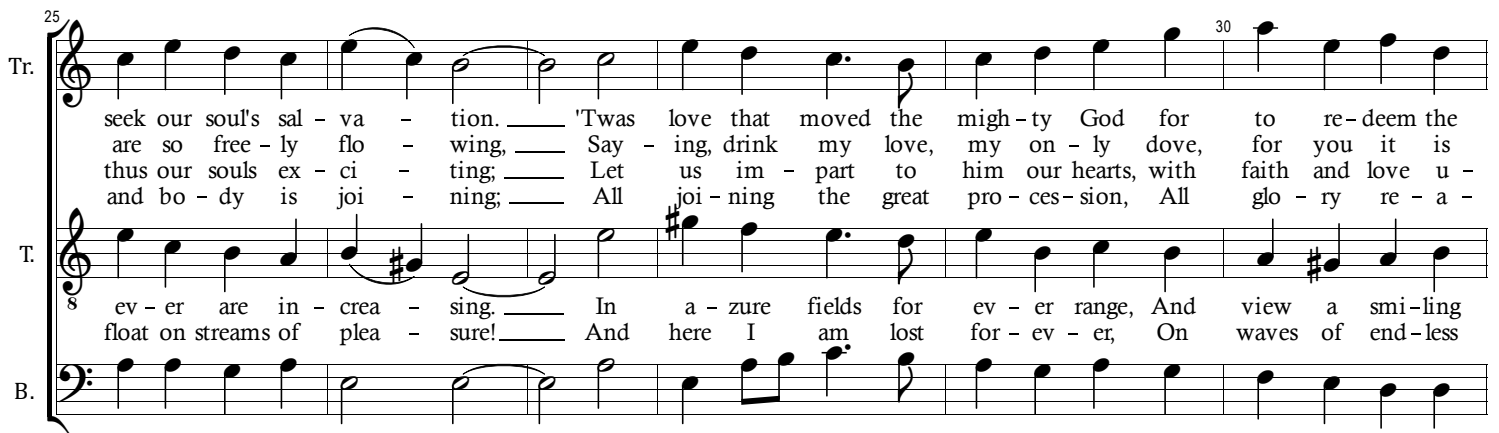


Tr.
men from vi - o - lence and trea - son, That we might love each o - ther's voice and
thirst which in your hearts is glo - wing, Then come and taste the streams of grace that
arms and coice that's so in - vi - ting, To pear - ly streams and pu - rest joys is
ding, And con - quered death re - sign - ing, The scat - tered dust u - ni - ting, The soul

T.
8 glo - ry Saints and an - gels mee - ting, And li - ving streams of pu - rest joys for -
fa - ther, There a pi - ous mo - ther, How did they all pray to - ge - ther; They

B.

25

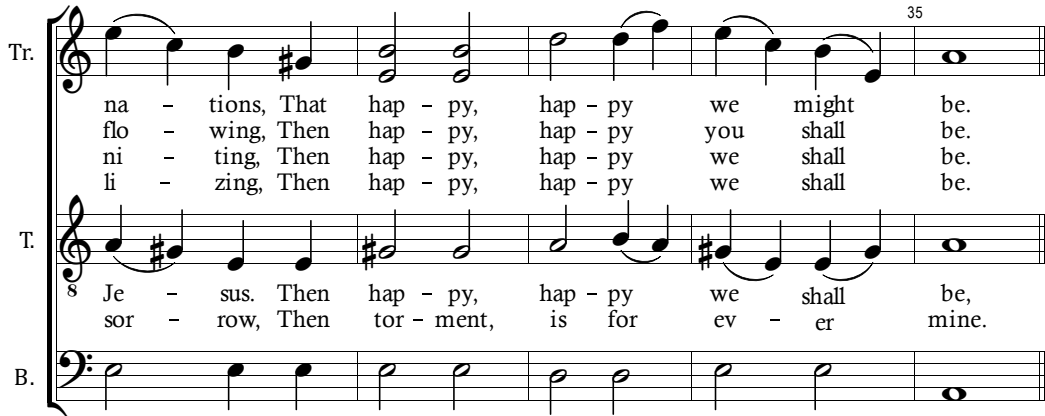


Tr.
seek our soul's sal - va - tion. 'Twas love that moved the migh - ty God for to re - deem the
are so free - ly flo - wing, Say - ing, drink my love, my on - ly dove, for you it is
thus our souls ex - ci - ting, Let us im - part to him our hearts, with faith and love u -
and bo - dy is joi - ning; All joi - ning the great pro - ces - sion, All glo - ry re - a -

T.
8 ev - er are in - crea - sing. In a - zure fields for ev - er range, And view a smi - ling
float on streams of plea - sure! And here I am lost for - ev - er, On waves of end - less

B.

35



Tr.
na - tions, That hap - py, hap - py we might be.
flo - wing, Then hap - py, hap - py you shall be.
ni - ting, Then hap - py, hap - py we shall be.
li - zing, Then hap - py, hap - py we shall be.

T.
8 Je - sus. Then hap - py, hap - py we shall be,
sor - row, Then tor - ment, is for ev - er mine.

B.

Based on the old Irish air *Savourneen Deelish* (O Fond Darling)
(Samuel Bayard, quoted in Jackson 1952, no. 198).