

Friendship

Anonymous Author, before 1803
Irregular meter

Treble-Tenor-Bass from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805;
Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2017.

A minor
Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

Tr. ⁵ ¹⁰

1. The rea-son why we love friendship. We will de - ny to no ___ man, For how shall, how shall, how shall we be, Who are thus formed for happiness, E'er

C.

2. On the feast days, in ancient times, Our Je - sus stood thus cry - ing. That whoso thirsteth, let eve - ry man Come un-to me and free-ly drink, And

T.

3. Let us who have be - gun to taste The sweets of this sal - va - tion, Come fol - low, fol - low, we'll fol - low on, Be-lieve, and we shall o-ver-come, Re-

B.

Tr. ¹⁵ ²⁰

1. slight a lo-ving Chris - tian, Since Je - sus, Je - sus died on the tree. For to de - li - ver men from vi-o-lence and treason, That we might love each

C.

2. thus be saved from dy - ing; For sure-ly there is none else that can Quench the immortal thirst which in your hearts is glowing; Then come and taste the

T.

3. -fil-ling all temp - ta - tion; Since Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus was born. Jesus with out-stretched arms, and voice that's so inviting. To pearly streams of

B.

Tr. 25 30 35

1. other's voice and seek our soul's sal-va-tion. 'Twas love that moved the mighty God for to redeem the na - tions, That hap-py, hap - py we might be.

C. 2. streams of grace which are so freely flo-wing Say - ing drink my love, my only dove, for you it is a flo - wing, Then hap-py, hap - py you shall be.

T. 3. purest joys, is thus our souls ex-ci - ting; Let us im-part to him our hearts, with faith and love u - ni - ting, Then hap-py, hap - py we shall be.

B.

4. The sacred ties of friendship
 Unite all loving Christians.
 In glory, in glory they shall live;
 No time or place shall change them.
 And death shall ne'er dissolve them.
 United, united are they that believe,
 When Gabriel's trumpet sounding,
 And conquered death resigning,
 The scattered dust uniting,
 The soul and body joining.
 All join the great procession,
 And glory realizing,
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

5. The bliss exquisite flowing,
 The friends of Jesus shouting;
 Such raptures, raptures flow from his word?
 The angels join in concert.
 While Jesus stands inviting,
 Come, come on ye blessed of the Lord,
 Behold the crowns of glory
 And saints and angels meeting,
 And living streams of purest joys
 For ever are increasing;
 In azure fields for ever range;
 And view a smiling Jesus.
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

6. The sinner's now lamenting,
 He fees the grand procession
 A marching, marching to the dazzling throne;
 His frightful soul alarmed,
 With startled eyes amazed.
 Farewell, farewell, I am for ever gone;
 Behold a godly father!
 And there a pious mother,
 How did they pray together,
 They float on streams of pleasure!
 And I am lost for ever,
 On waves of endless sorrow,
 Then torment, torment is for ever mine.

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