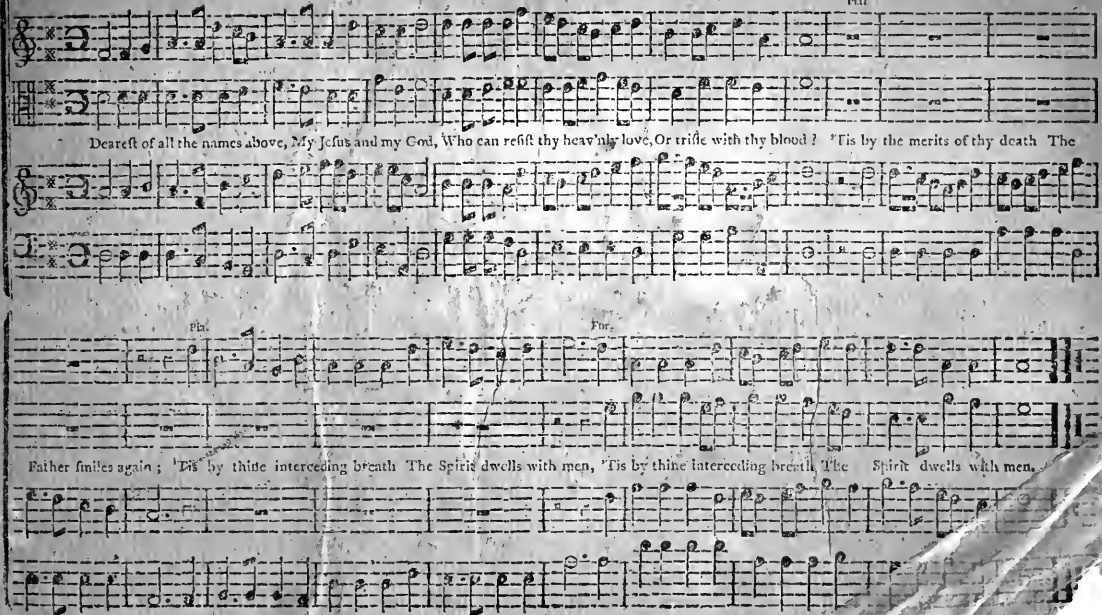
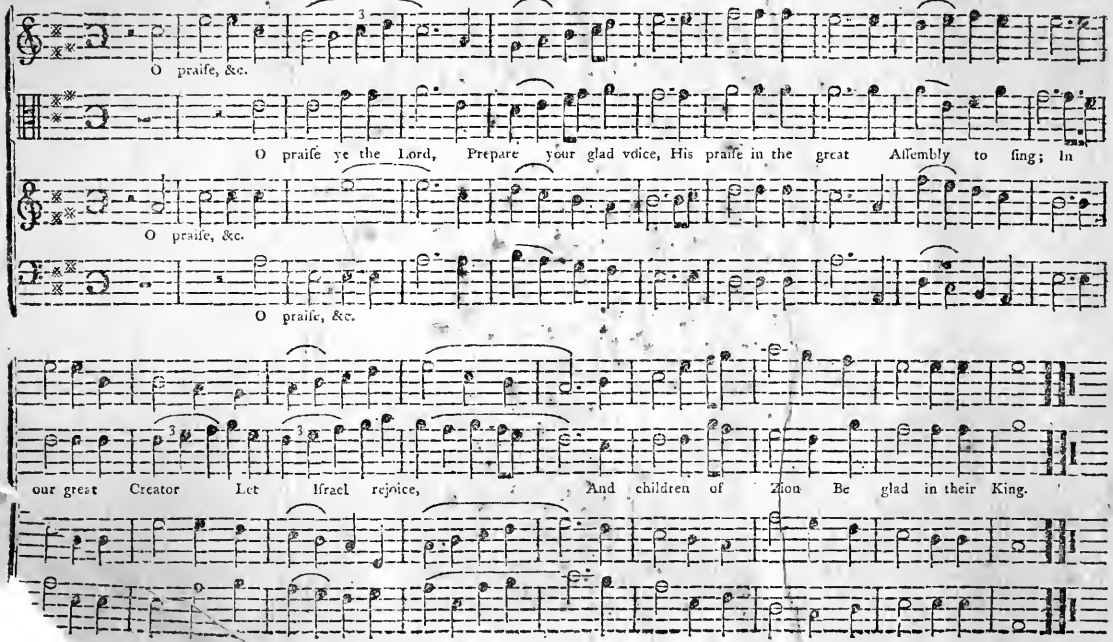
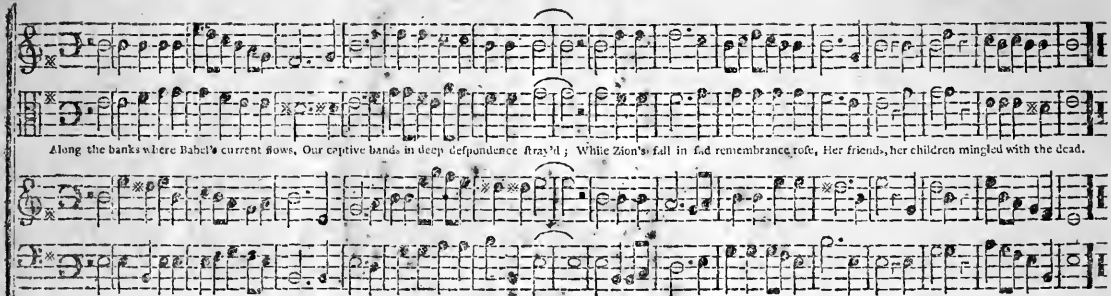
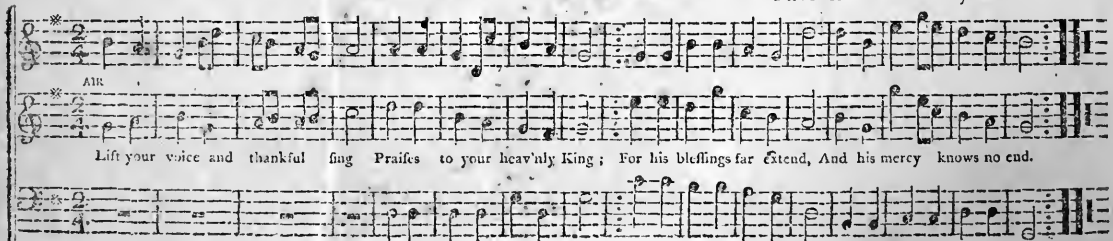
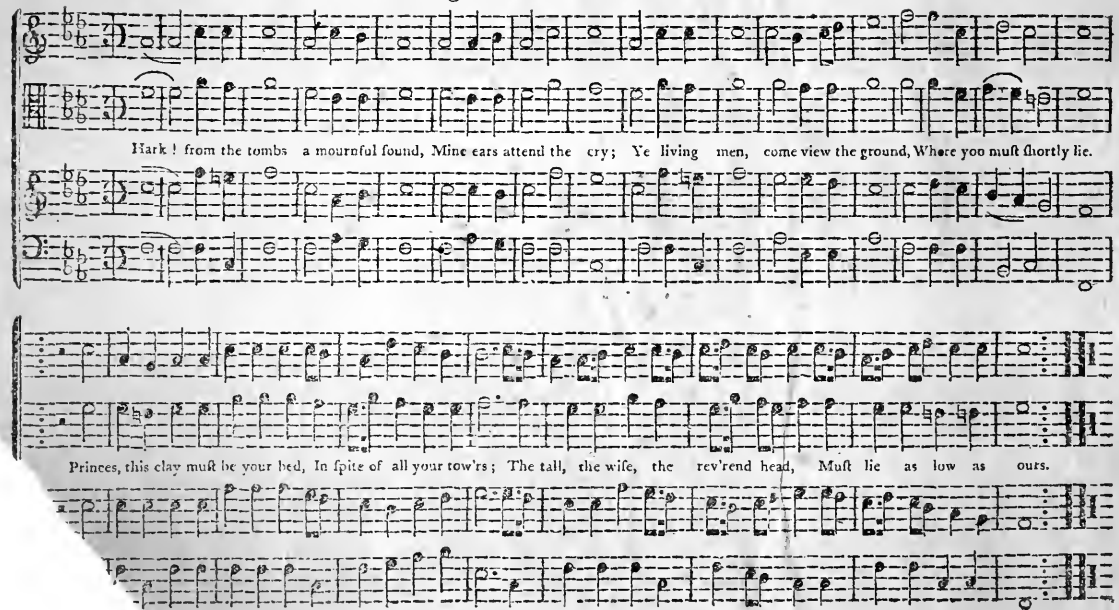

Dearest of all the names above, My Jesus and my God, Who can resist thy heav'nly love, Or trifle with thy blood? 'Tis by the merits of thy death The
Father smiles again; 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men, 'Tis by thine interceding breath, The Spirit dwells with men.


O praiſe, &c.
O praiſe ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praiſe in the great Aſſembly to ſing; In
O praiſe, &c.
O praiſe, &c.
our great Creator Let Iſrael rejoice, And children of Zion Be glad in their King.

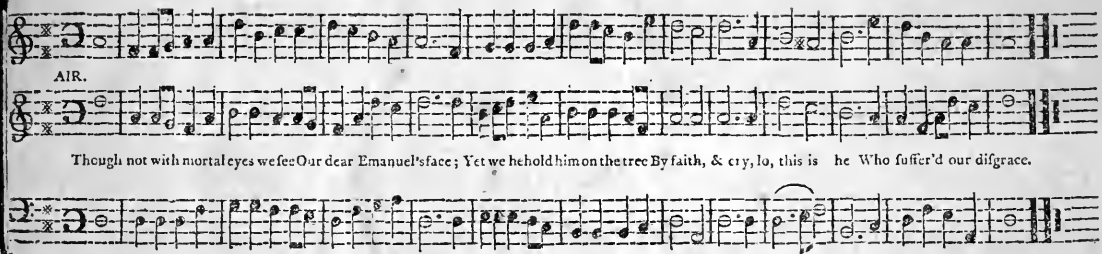


Elim. All Sevens. BABCOCK. Words by Merrick.

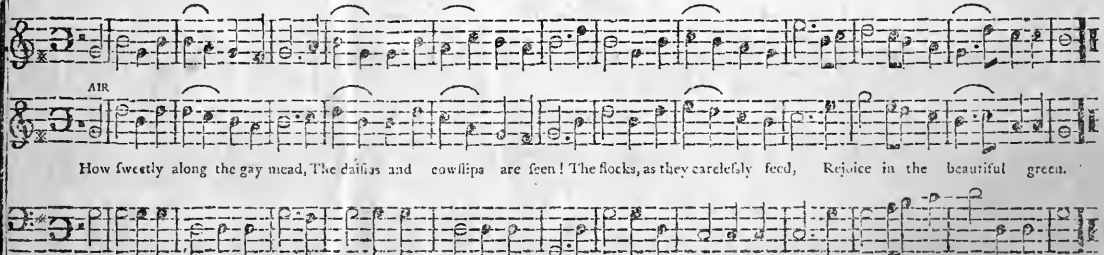



Hark! from the tombs a mournful sound, Mine ears attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.
Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours.

Sharon. P. M.

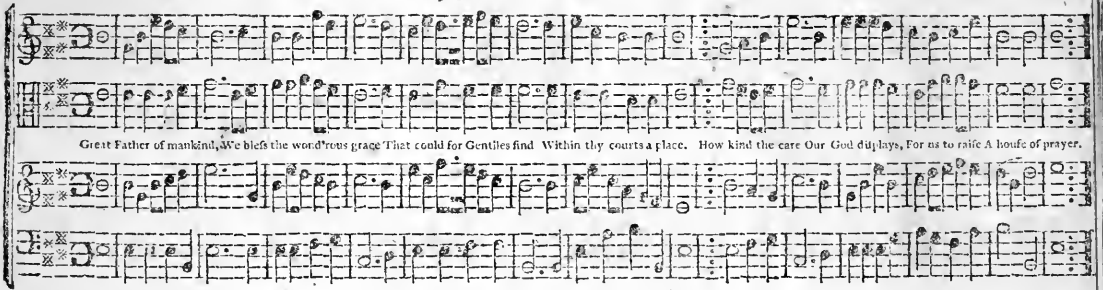


Pelham. P. M.



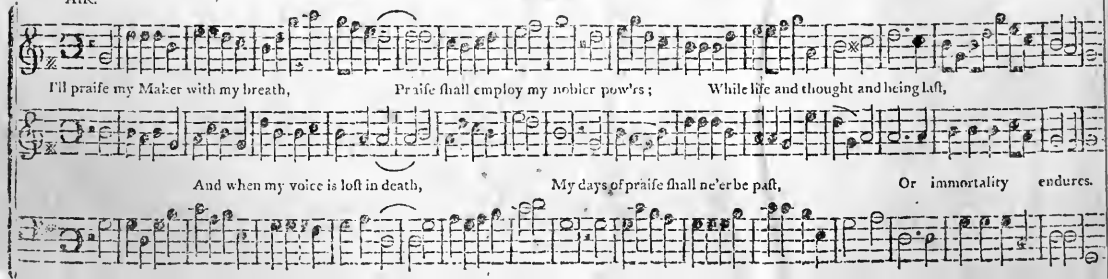
Boylston. H. M.

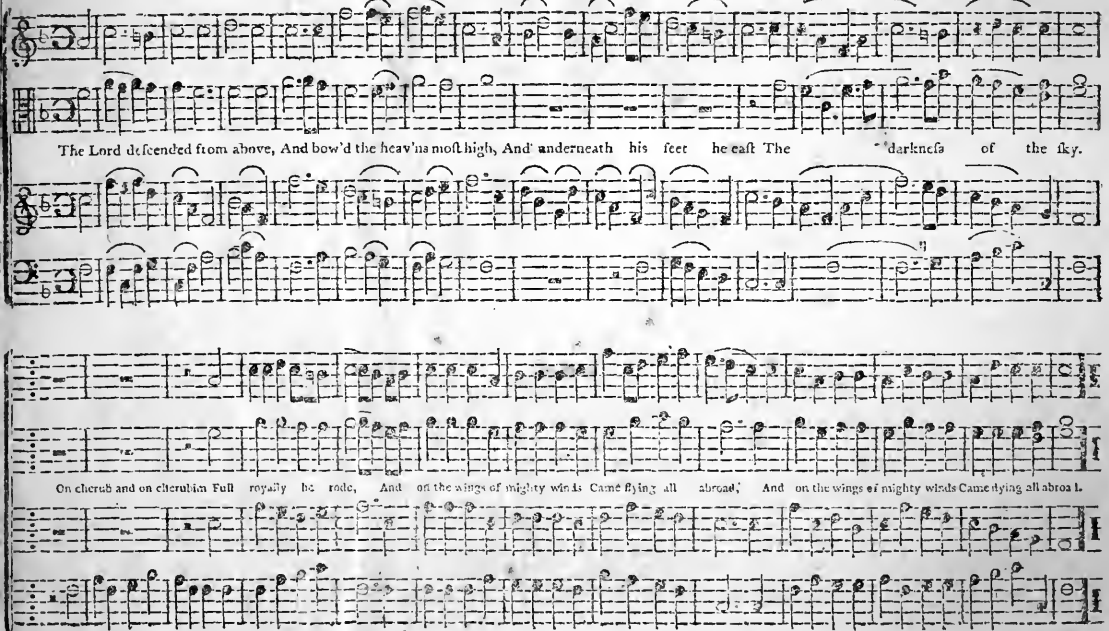
BELKNAP.



Deerfield. P. M.

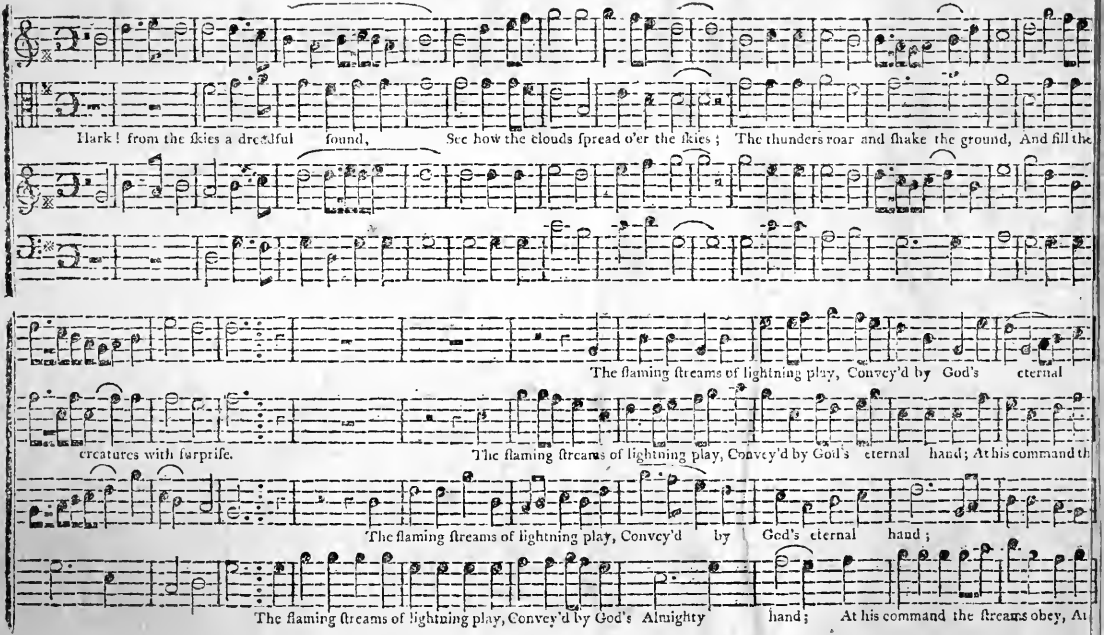
AIR.

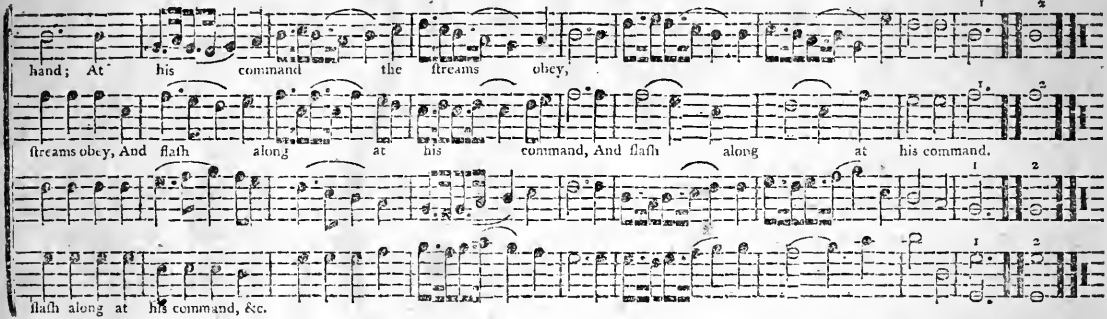



The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high, And underneath his feet he cast The darkness of the sky.
On cherub and on cherubim Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.

Hancock. L. M.

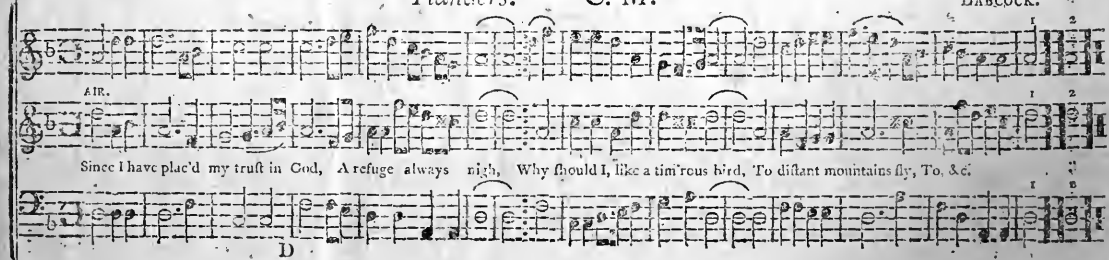
BELKNAP.

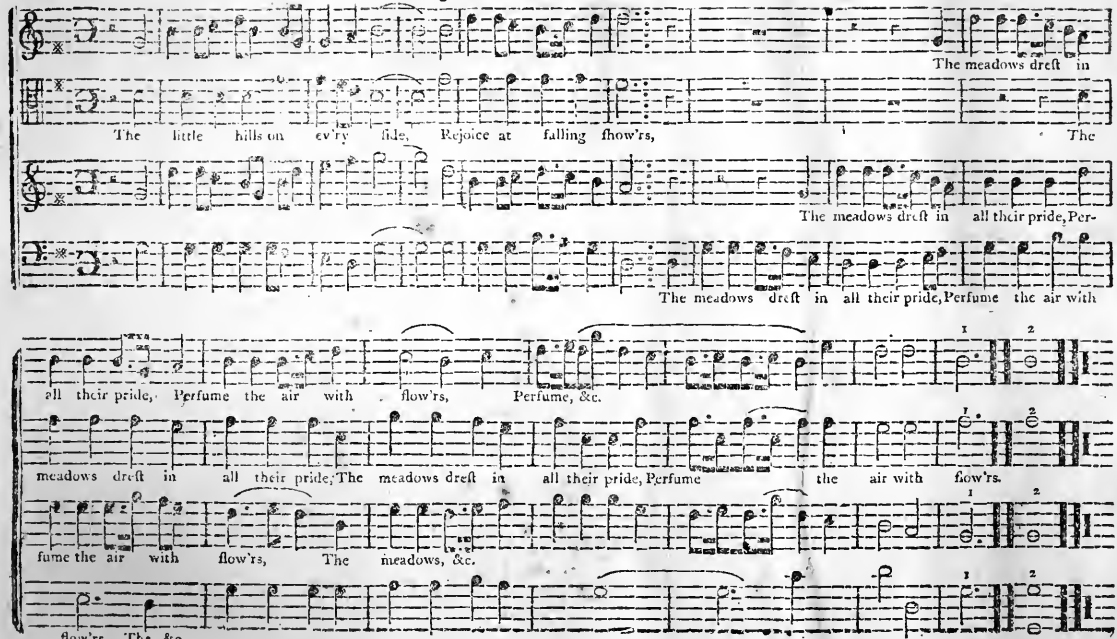


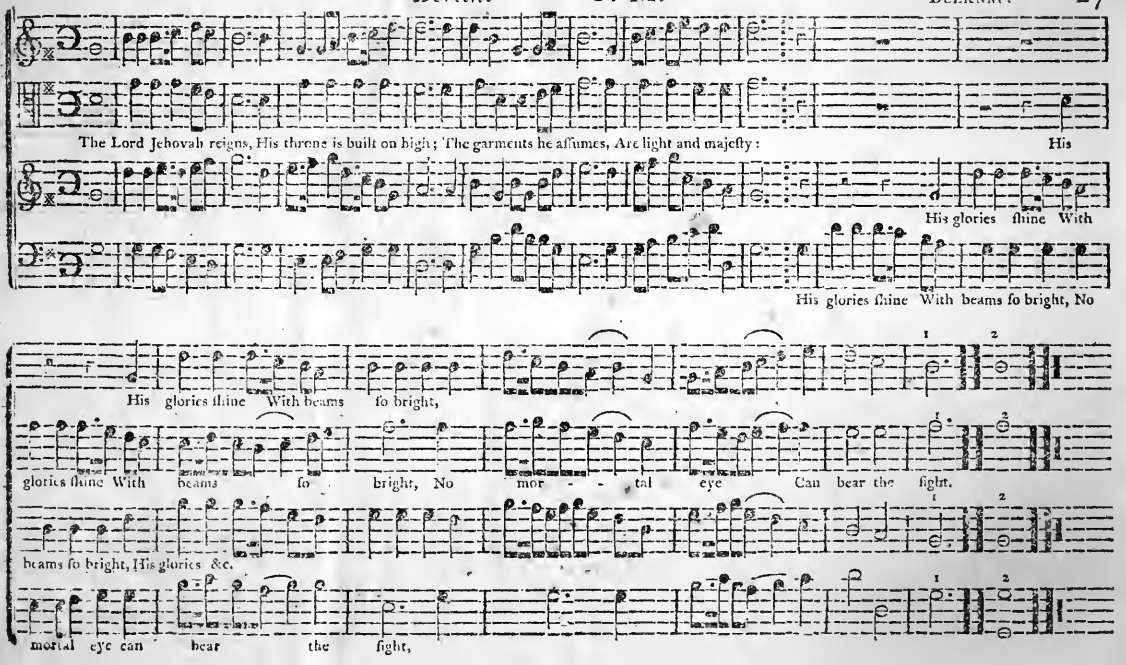


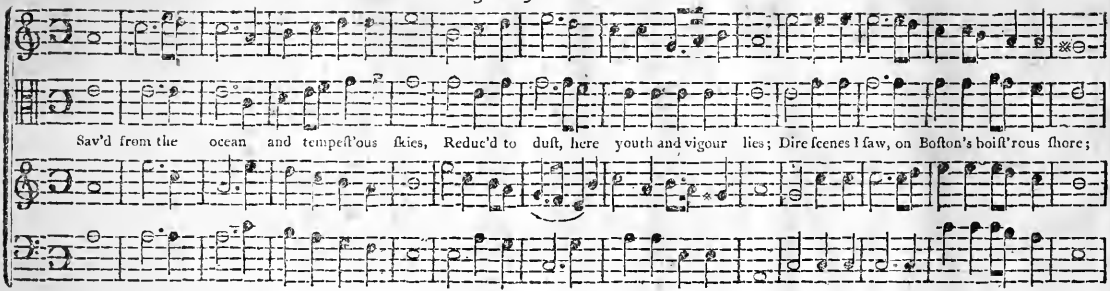
Flanders. C. M.

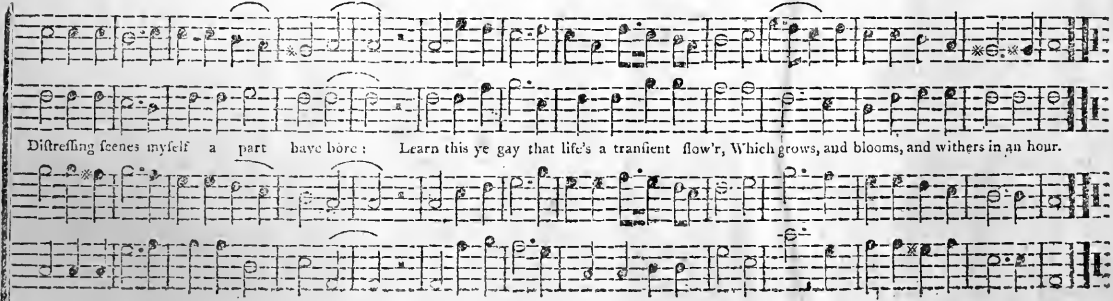
BABCOCK.

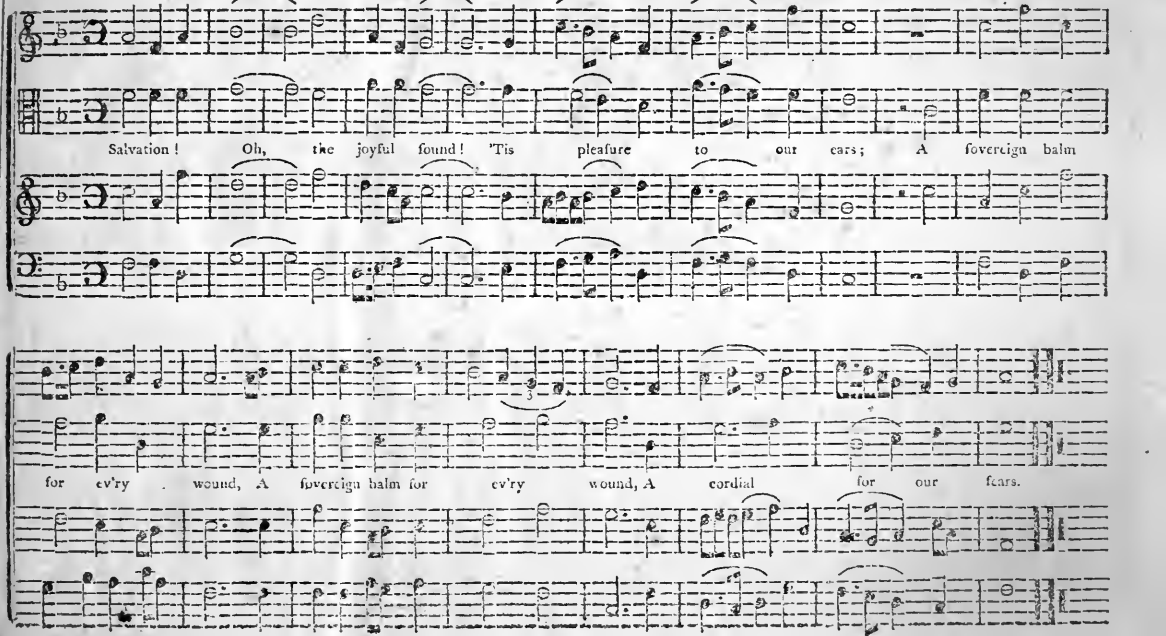


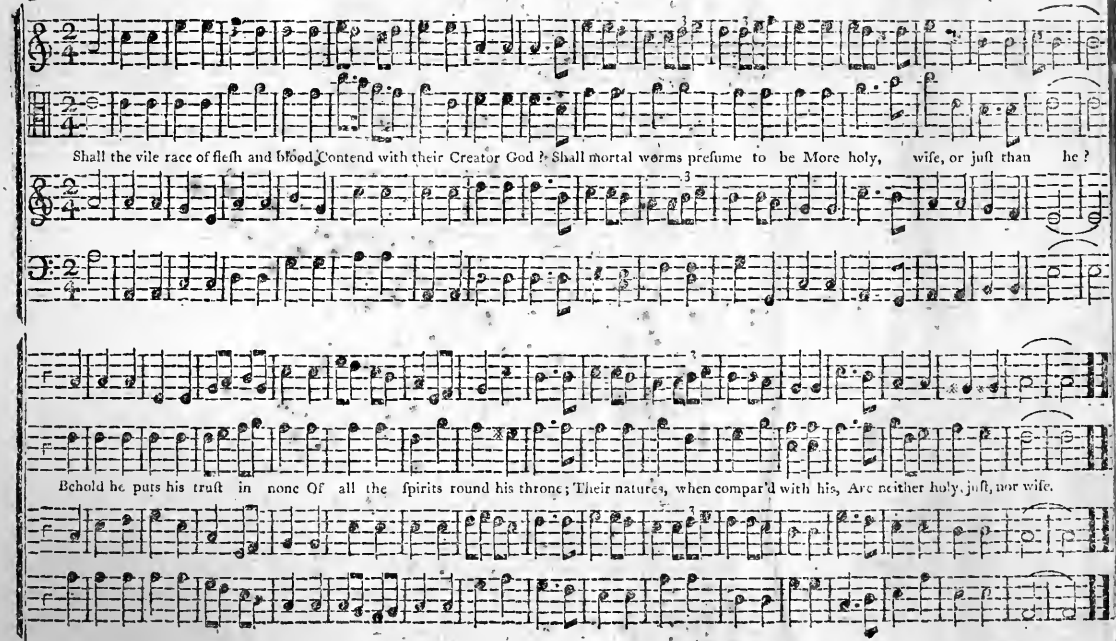

The meadows dreſt in
The little hills on ev'ry ſide, Rejoice at falling ſhow'rs,
The
The meadows dreſt in all their pride, Per-
The meadows dreſt in all their pride, Perfume the air with
all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'rs, Perfume, &c.
meadows dreſt in all their pride; The meadows dreſt in all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'rs.
fume the air with flow'rs, The meadows, &c.
flow'rs, The, &c.


The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he aſſumes, Are light and majeſty: His
His glories ſhine With
His glories ſhine With beams ſo bright, No
His glories ſhine With beams ſo bright,
glories ſhine With beams ſo bright, No mor - - tal eye Can bear the ſight.
beams ſo bright, His glories &c.
mortal eye can bear the ſight,


Sav'd from the ocean and tempeſt'ous ſkies, Reduc'd to duſt, here youth and vigour lies; Dire ſcenes I ſaw, on Boſton's boiſt'rous ſhore;

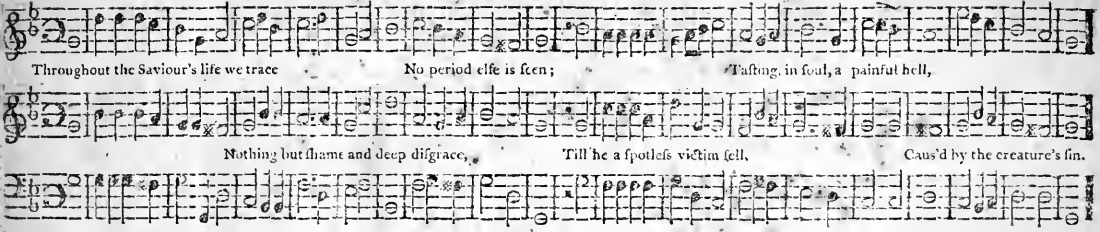

Diſtreſſing ſcenes myſelf a part have bore: Learn this ye gay that life's a tranſient flow'r, Which grows, and blooms, and withers in an hour.


Salvation! Oh, the joyful found! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm
for ev'ry wound, A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.


Shall the vile race of flesh and blood, Contend with their Creator God? Shall mortal worms presume to be More holy, wise, or just than he?
Behold he puts his trust in none Of all the spirits round his throne; Their natures, when compar'd with his, Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

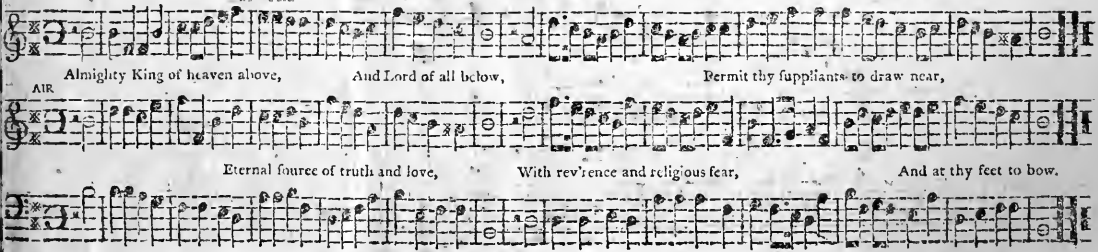
Brimfield. P. M.

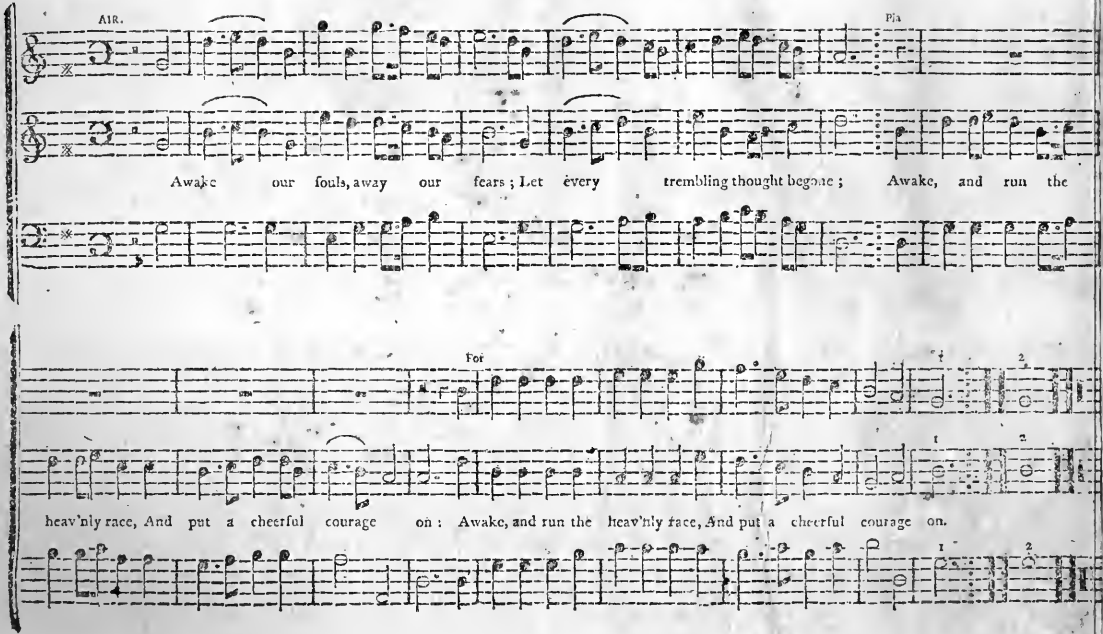
AIR.

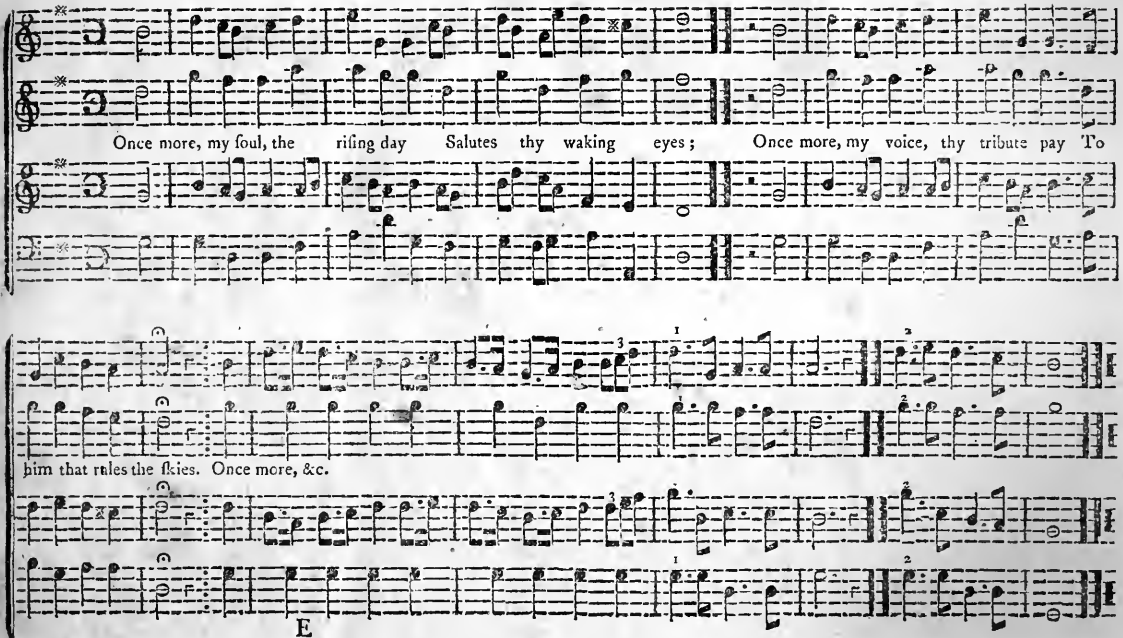


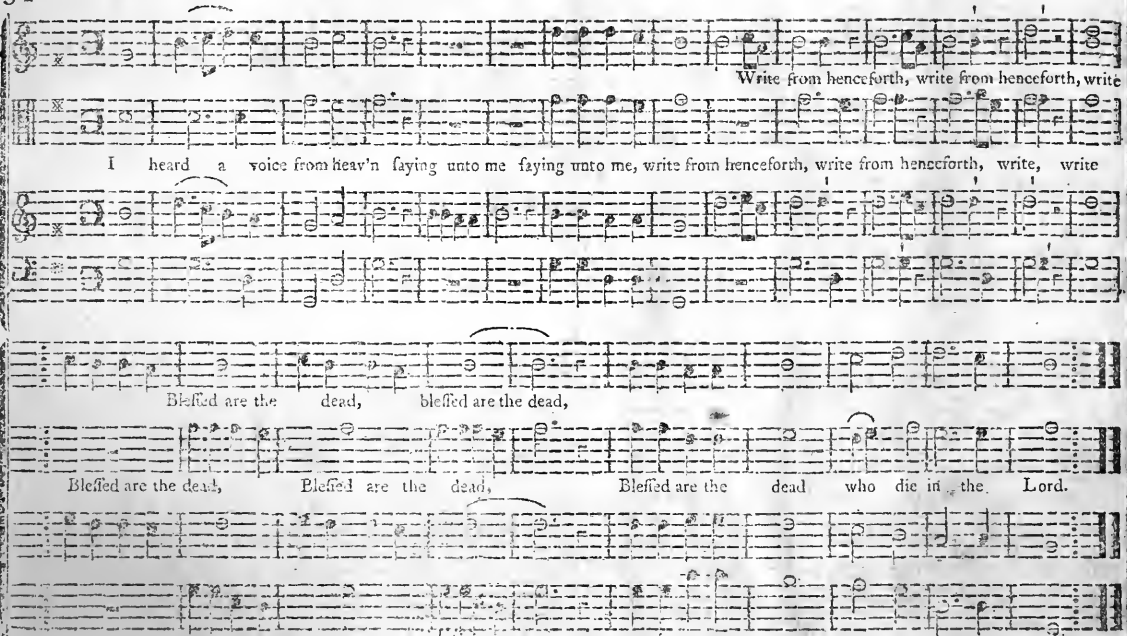
Williamſtown. P. M.

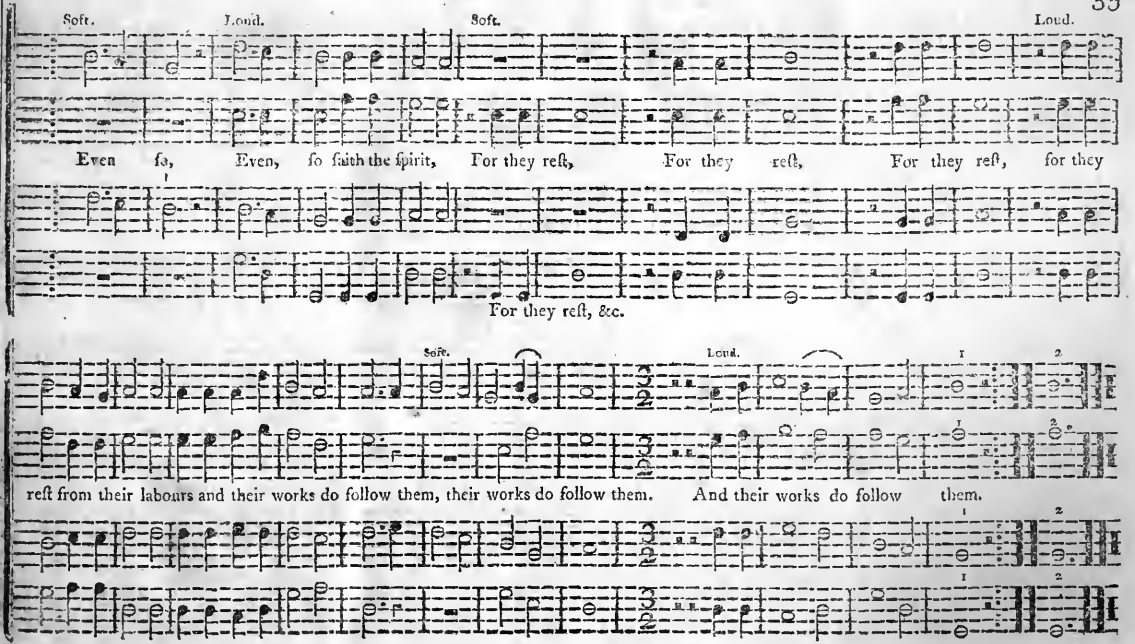
BELKNAP.




AIR.
Awake our souls, away our fears; Let every trembling thought begone; Awake, and run the
For
heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on: Awake, and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

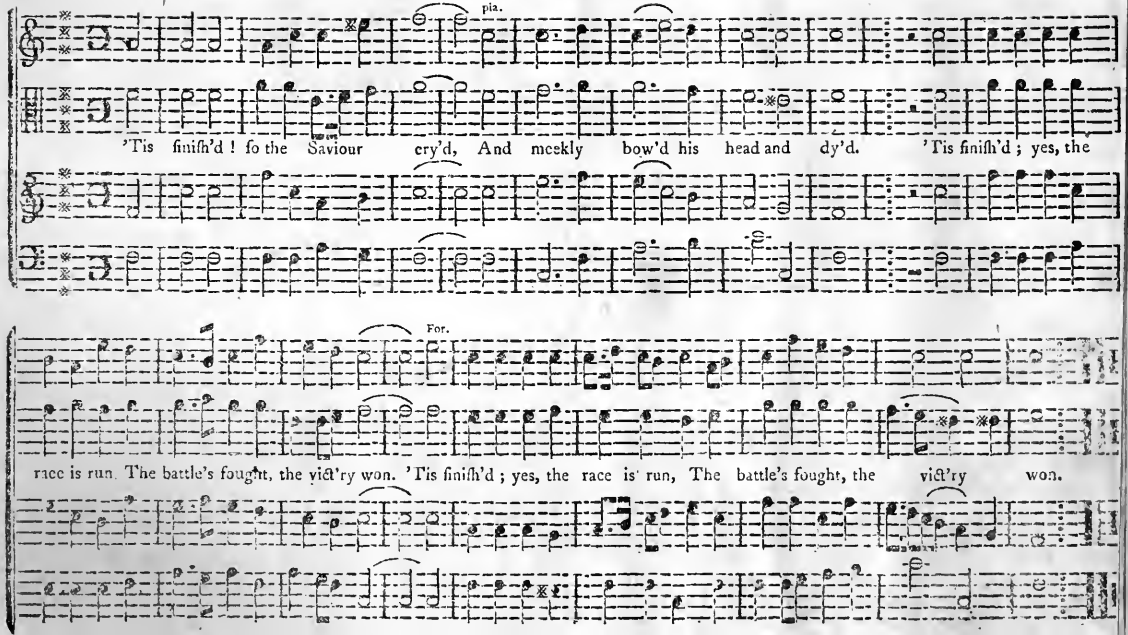

Once more, my ſoul, the riſing day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To
him that rules the ſkies. Once more, &c.
E

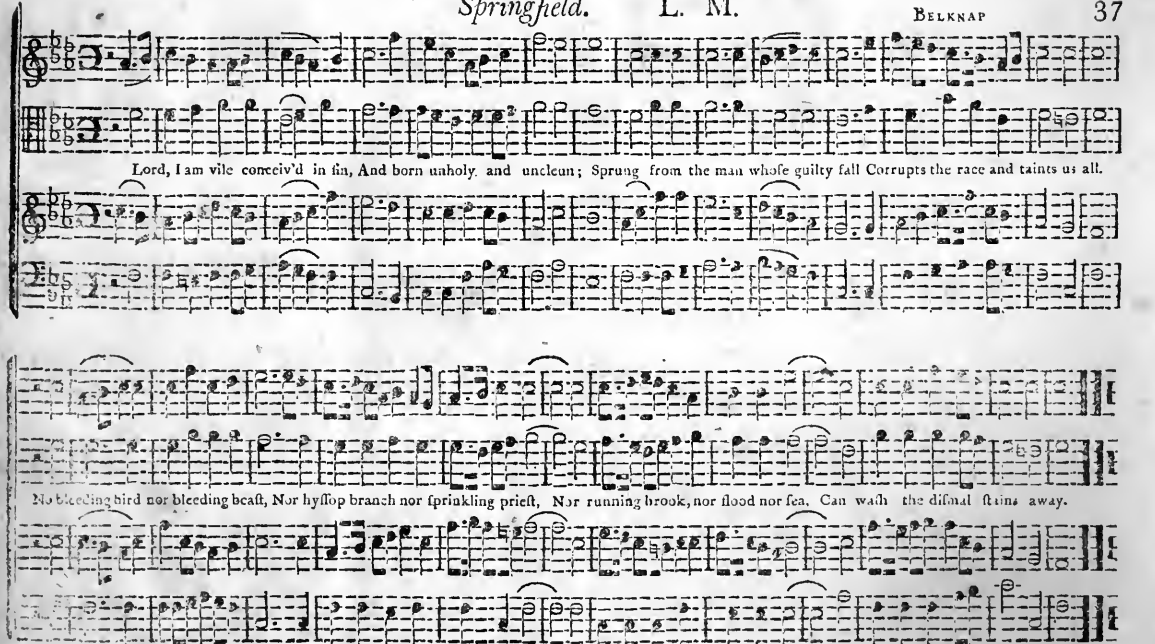

Write from henceforth, write from henceforth, write
I heard a voice from heav'n saying unto me saying unto me, write from henceforth, write from henceforth, write, write
Bleſſed are the dead, bleſſed are the dead,
Bleſſed are the dead, Bleſſed are the dead, Bleſſed are the dead who die in the Lord.


Soft.
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
Even ſo, Even, ſo ſaith the ſpirit, For they reſt, For they reſt, For they reſt, for they
For they reſt, &c.
Soft.
Loud.
1
2
reſt from their labours and their works do follow them, their works do follow them. And their works do follow them.
1
2
1
2

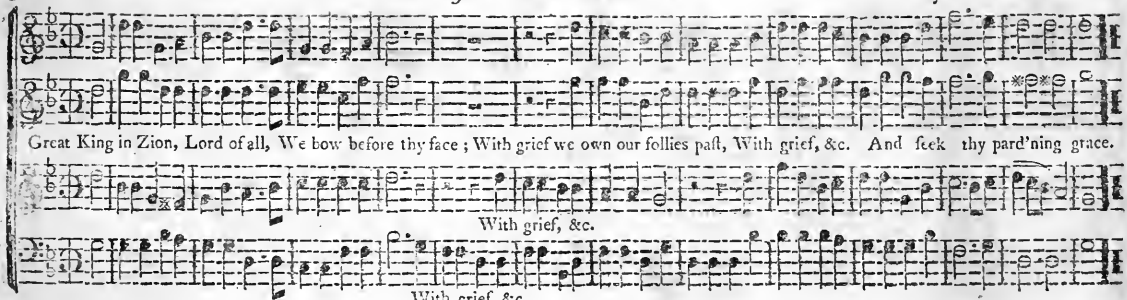
Concord L. M.

BELKNAP.




Lord, I am vile conceiv'd in ſin, And born unholy and unclean; Sprung from the man whoſe guilty fall Corrupts the race and taints us all.
No bleeding bird nor bleeding beaſt, Nor hyſſop branch nor ſprinkling prieſt, Nor running brook, nor flood nor ſea, Can waſh the diſmal ſtains away.

Reſolution, C. M. For Faſt Day. HOLDEN.

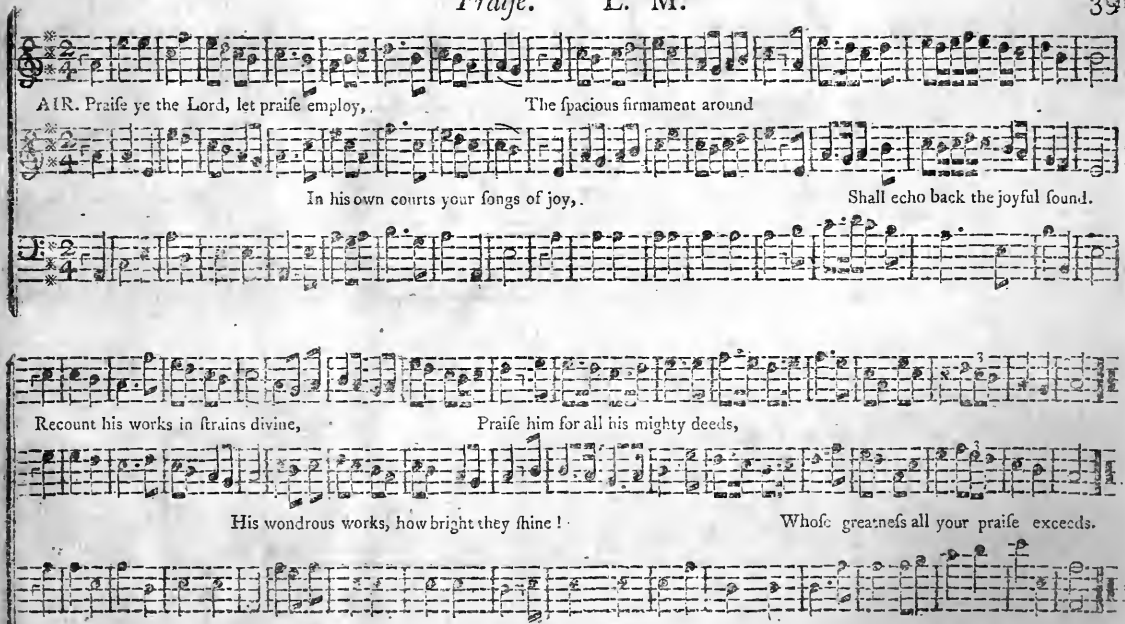


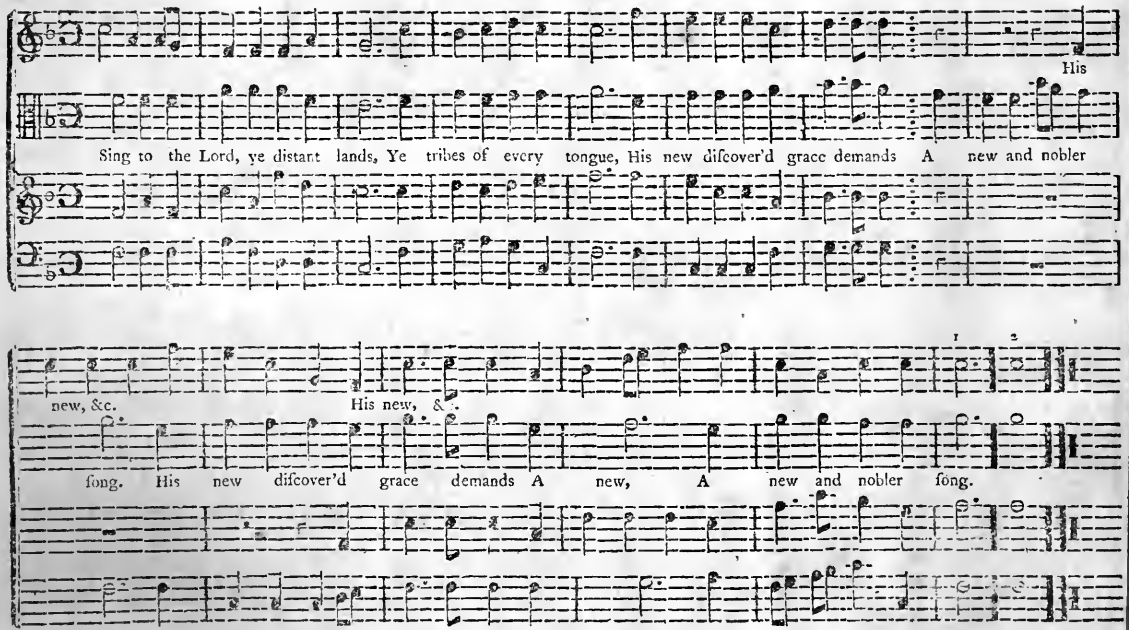
2 While we invoke thine awful name
In this appointed rite,
May love divine inſpire our ſongs,
And fill our ſouls with light.

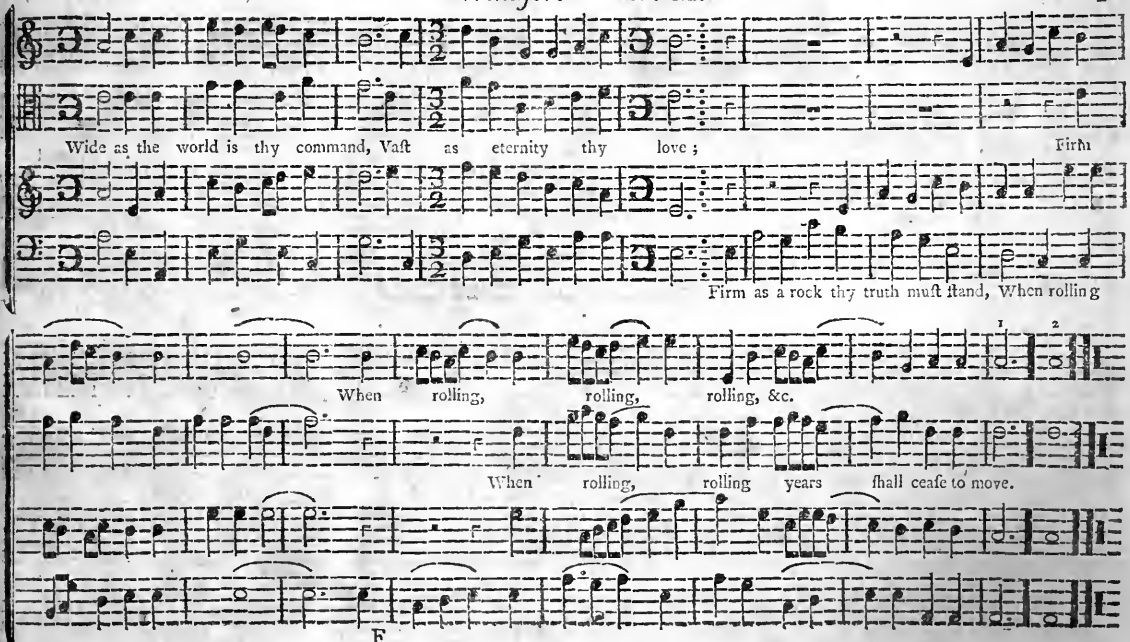
3 Near to thy ſeat would we approach,
And find acceptance there.
Jeſus, by thy own ſacrifice,
Preſent our ardent prayer.

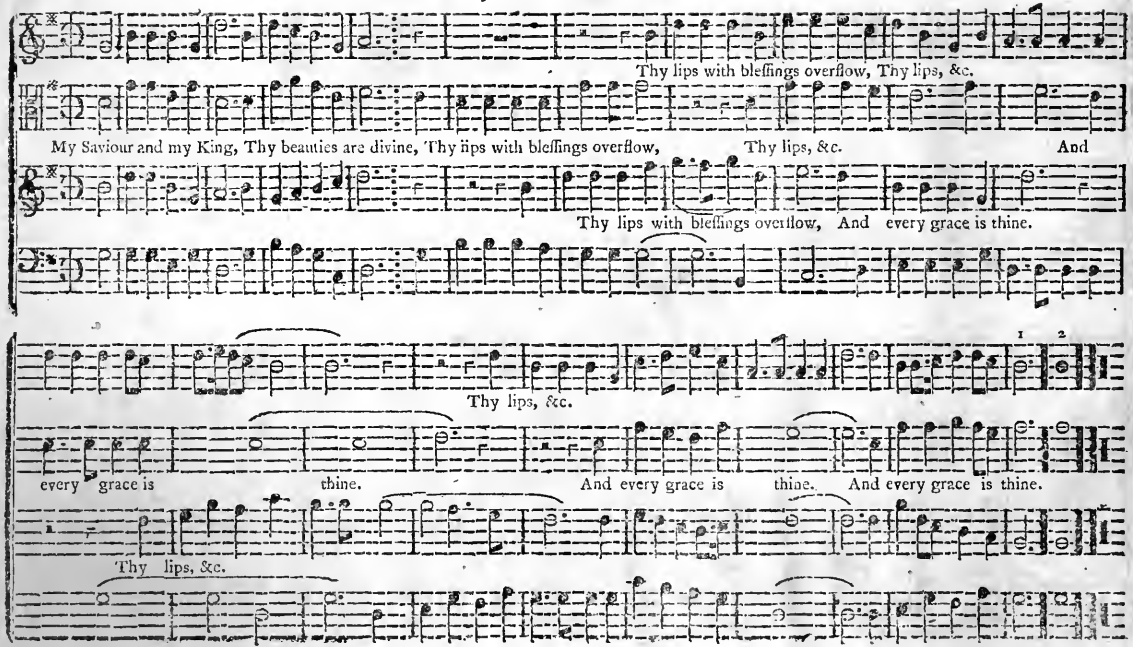
4 A grateful tribute, Lord, inſpire,
For all thy mercies paſt :
Let goodneſs crown each future day,
While months and years ſhall laſt.

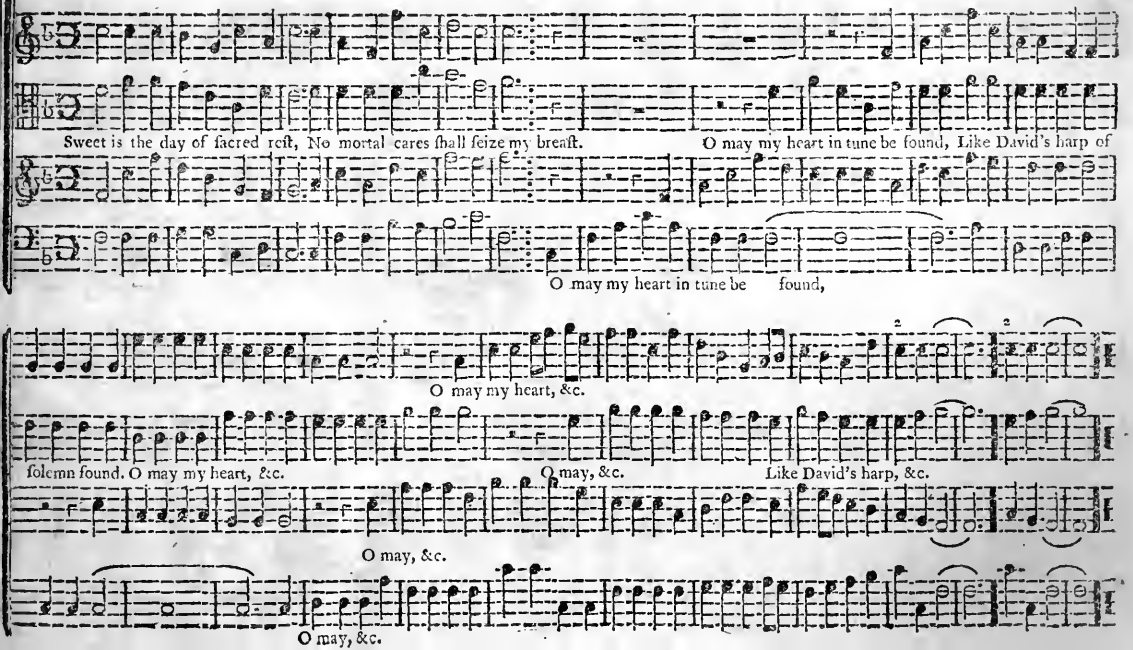
5 Before thy throne, great God, we bring
Our highly favour'd land
Be thou our never failing friend,
And guide us by thine hand.

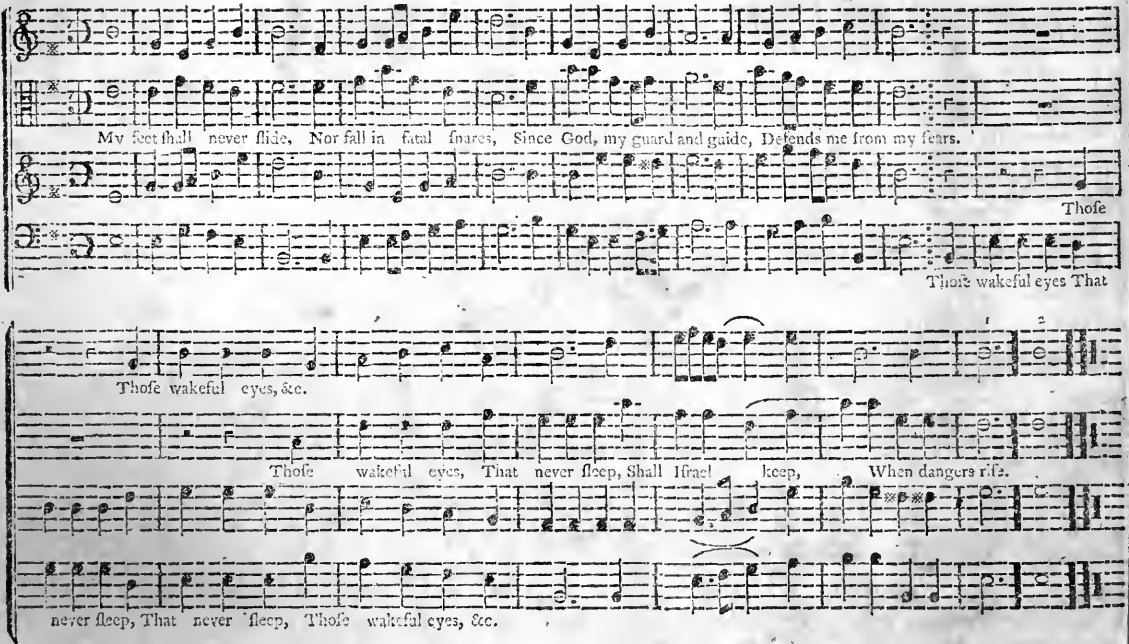

AIR. Praiſe ye the Lord, let praiſe employ,
The ſpacious firmament around
In his own courts your ſongs of joy,
Shall echo back the joyful ſound.
Recount his works in ſtrains divine,
Praiſe him for all his mighty deeds,
His wondrous works, how bright they ſhine!
Whoſe greatneſs all your praiſe exceeds.

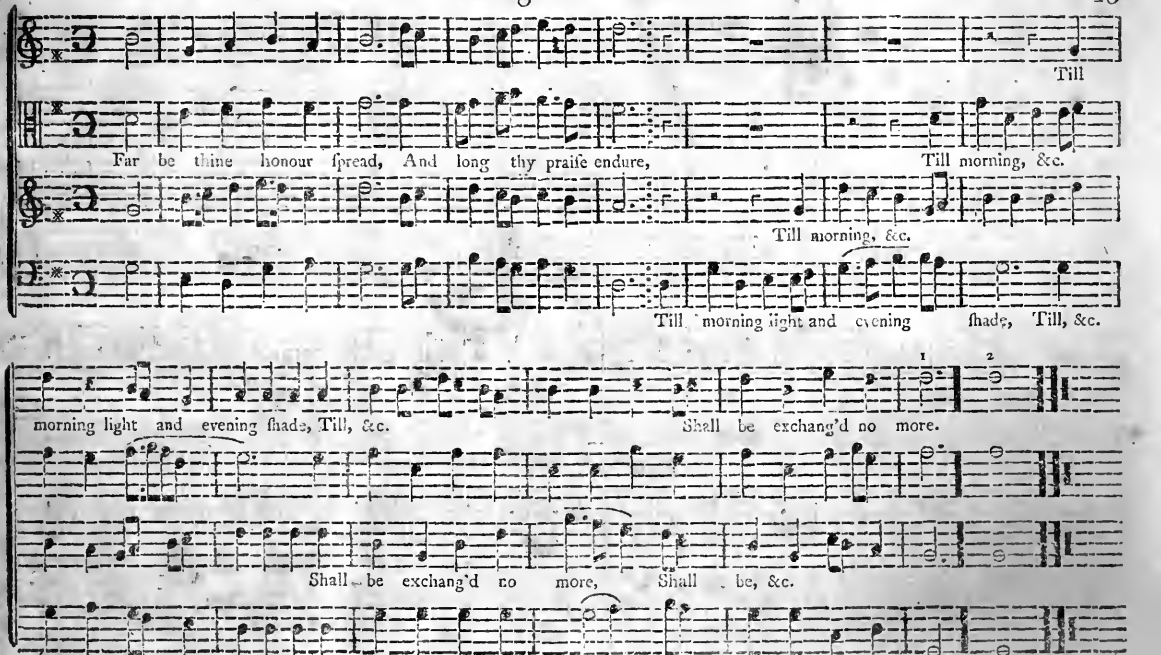

His
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of every tongue, His new difcover'd grace demands A new and nobler
new, &c.
His new, &
fong. His new difcover'd grace demands A new, A new and nobler fong.

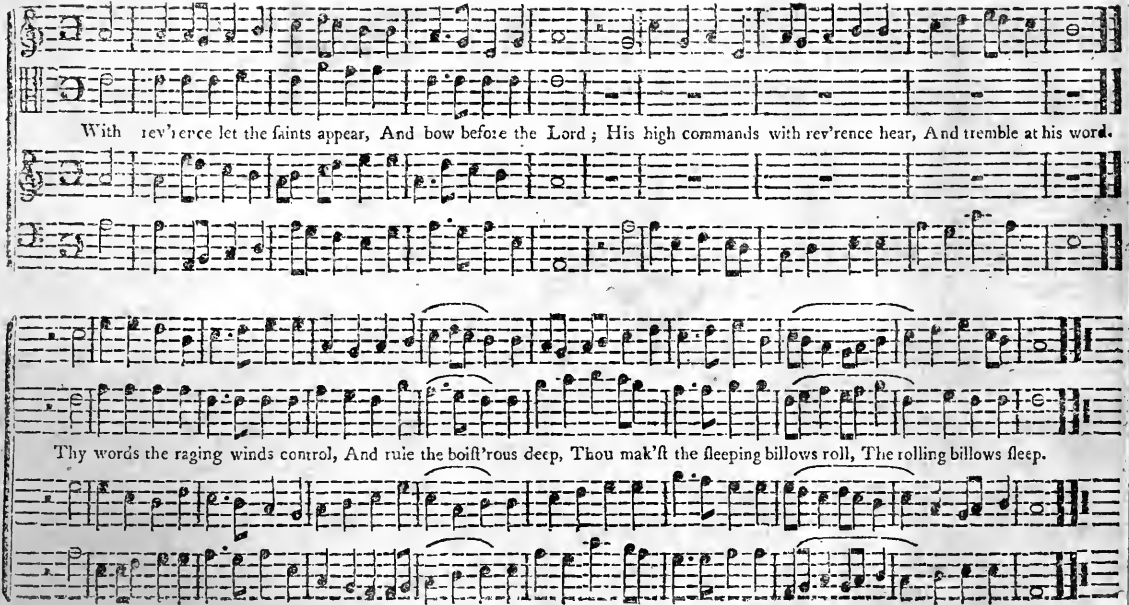

Wide as the world is thy command, Vaft as eternity thy love;
Firm
Firm as a rock thy truth muft ſtand, When rolling
When rolling, rolling, rolling, &c.
When rolling, rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.
F

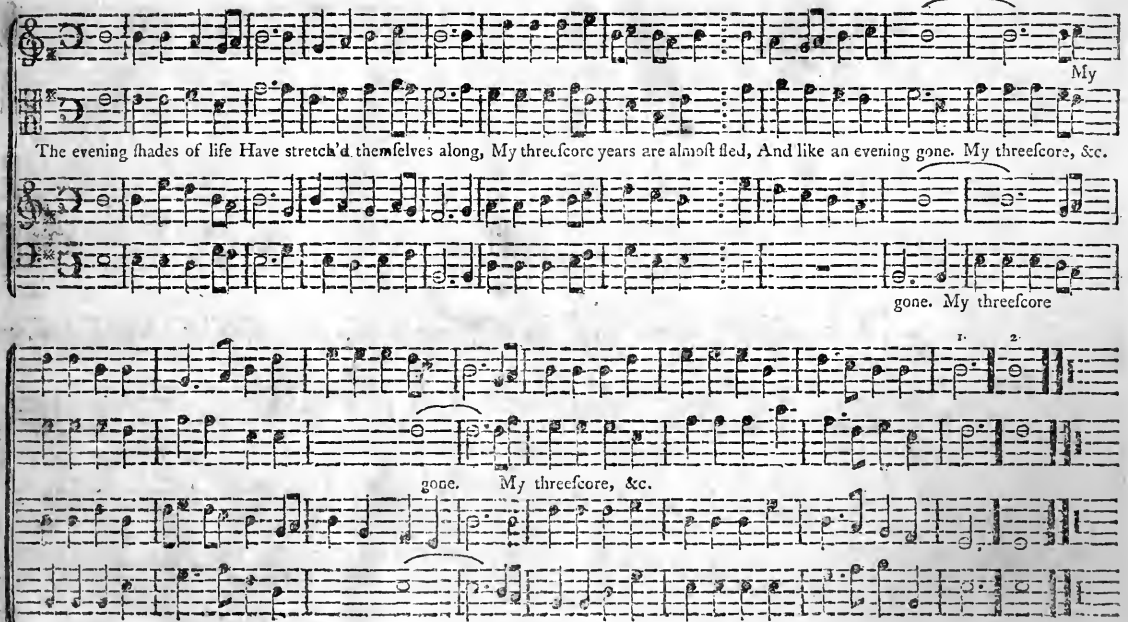

Thy lips with bleſſings overflow, Thy lips, &c.
My Saviour and my King, Thy beauties are divine, Thy lips with bleſſings overflow, Thy lips, &c. And
Thy lips with bleſſings overflow, And every grace is thine.
1 2
Thy lips, &c.
every grace is thine. And every grace is thine. And every grace is thine.
Thy lips, &c.

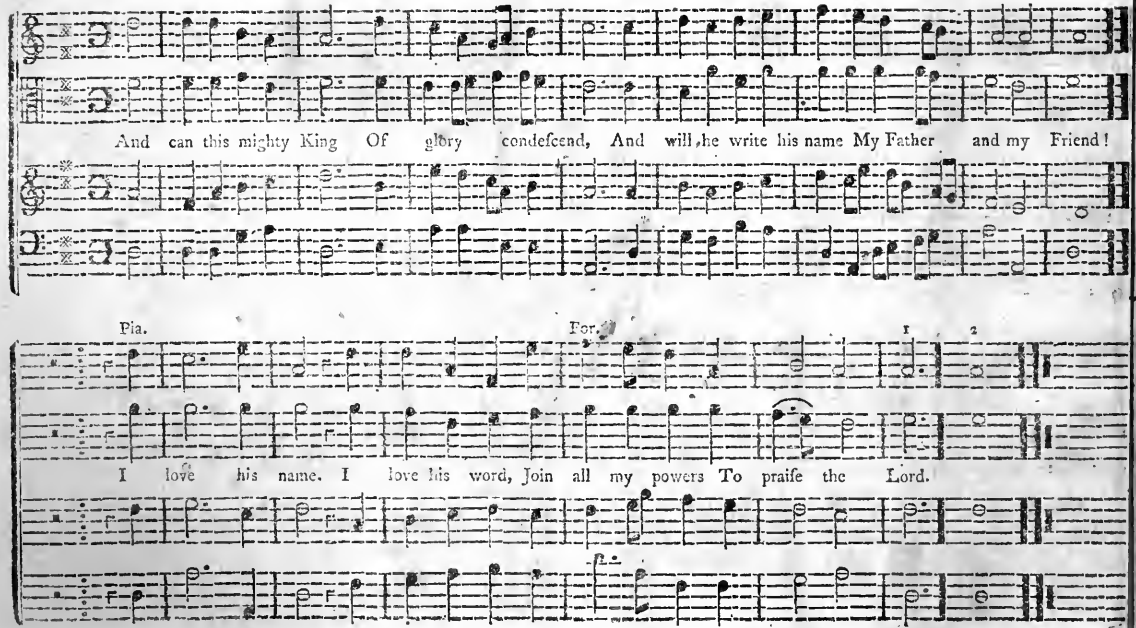

Sweet is the day of facred reft, No mortal cares fhall feize my breaft.
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of
O may my heart in tune be found,
O may my heart, &c.
folemn found. O may my heart, &c.
O may, &c.
Like David's harp, &c.
O may, &c.
O may, &c.

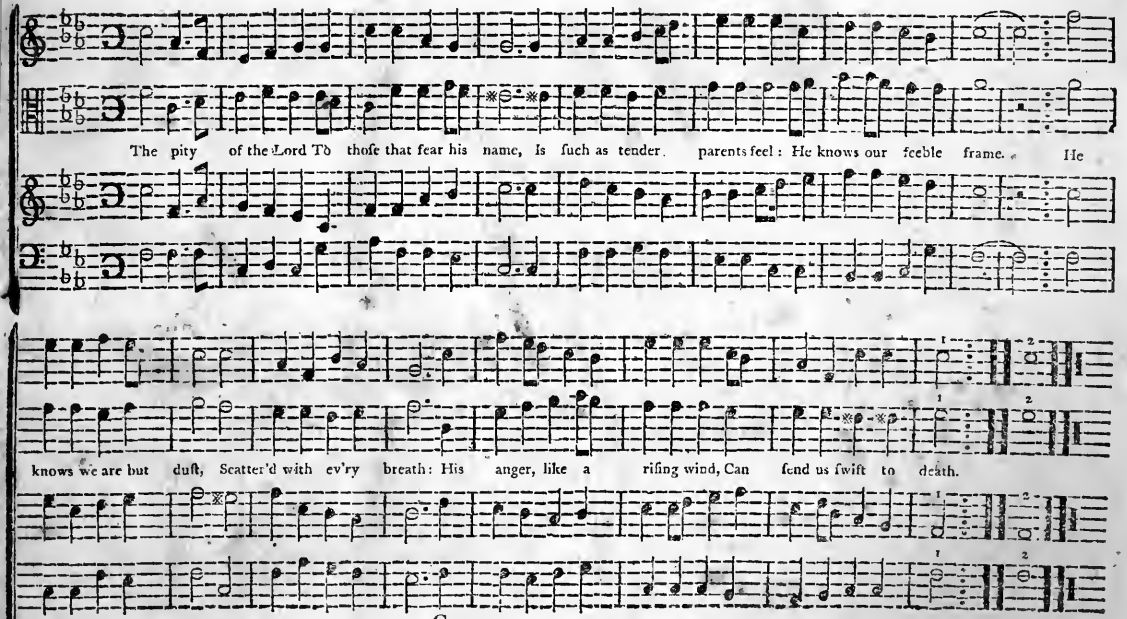

My feet shall never slide, Nor fall in fatal snares, Since God, my guard and guide, Defends me from my fears.
Those
Those wakeful eyes That
Those wakeful eyes, &c.
Those wakeful eyes, That never sleep, Shall Israel keep, When dangers rise.
never sleep, That never sleep, Those wakeful eyes, &c.


Till
Far be thine honour ſpread, And long thy praiſe endure, Till morning, &c.
Till morning, &c.
Till morning light and evening ſhade, Till, &c.
1
2
morning light and evening ſhade, Till, &c. Shall be exchang'd no more.
Shall be exchang'd no more, Shall be, &c.

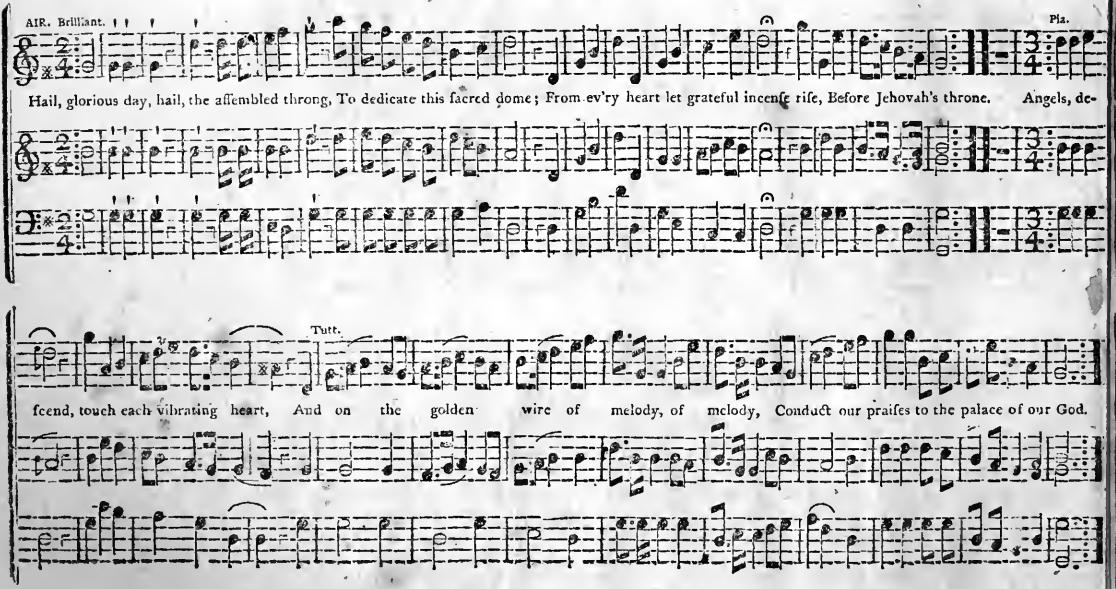

With rev'rence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word.
Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the boist'rous deep, Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep.

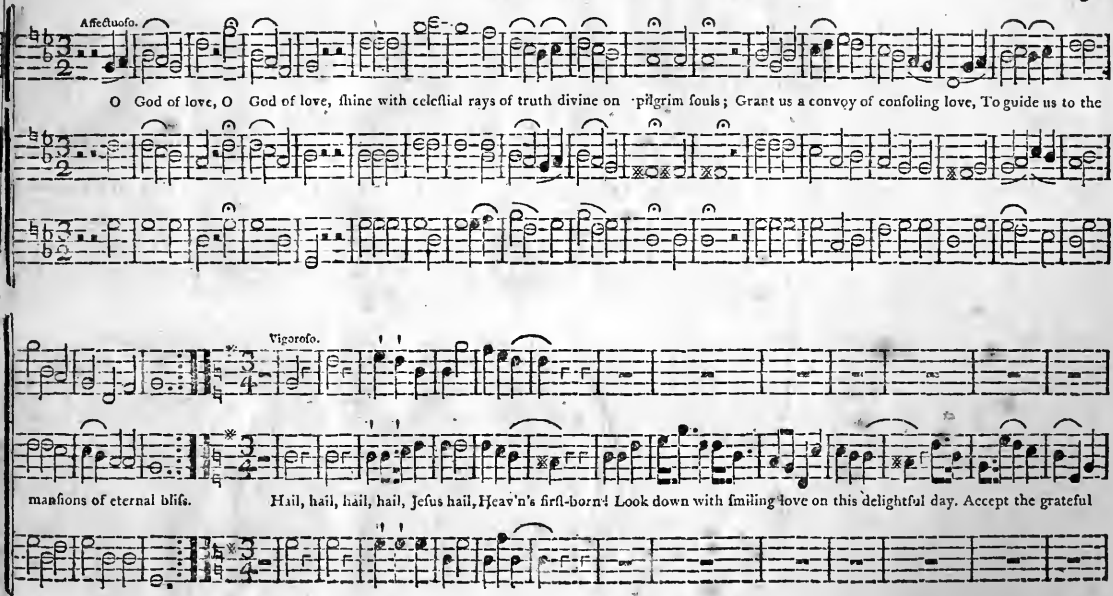

My
The evening ſhades of life Have ſtretch'd themſelves along, My threeſcore years are almoſt fled, And like an evening gone. My threeſcore, &c.
gone. My threeſcore
1.
2.
gone. My threeſcore, &c.

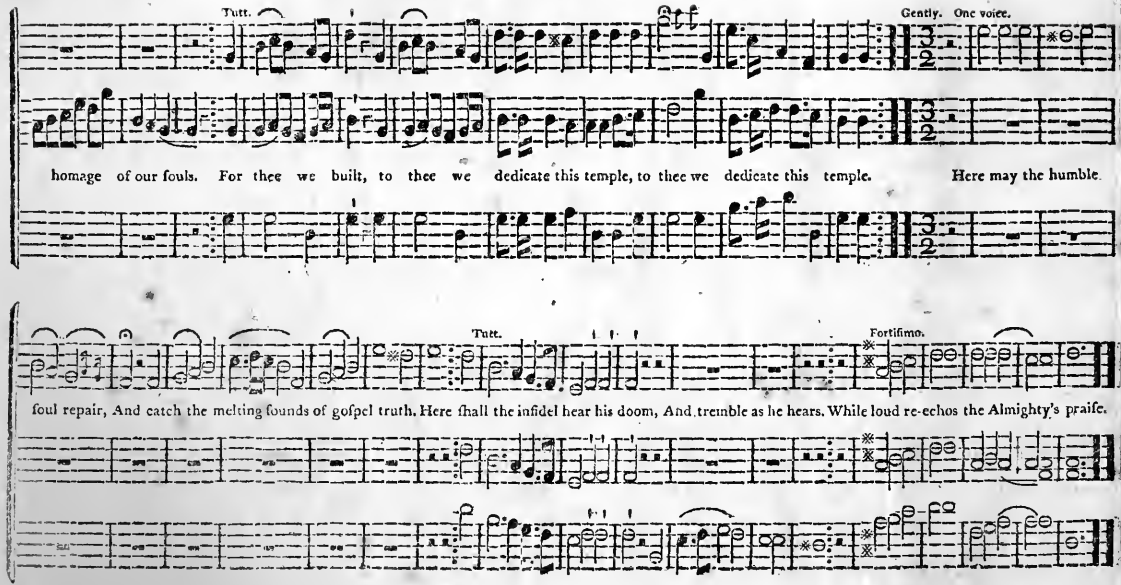

And can this mighty King Of glory condefcend, And will he write his name My Father and my Friend!
Pia.
For.
1
2
I love his name. I love his word, Join all my powers To praife the Lord.

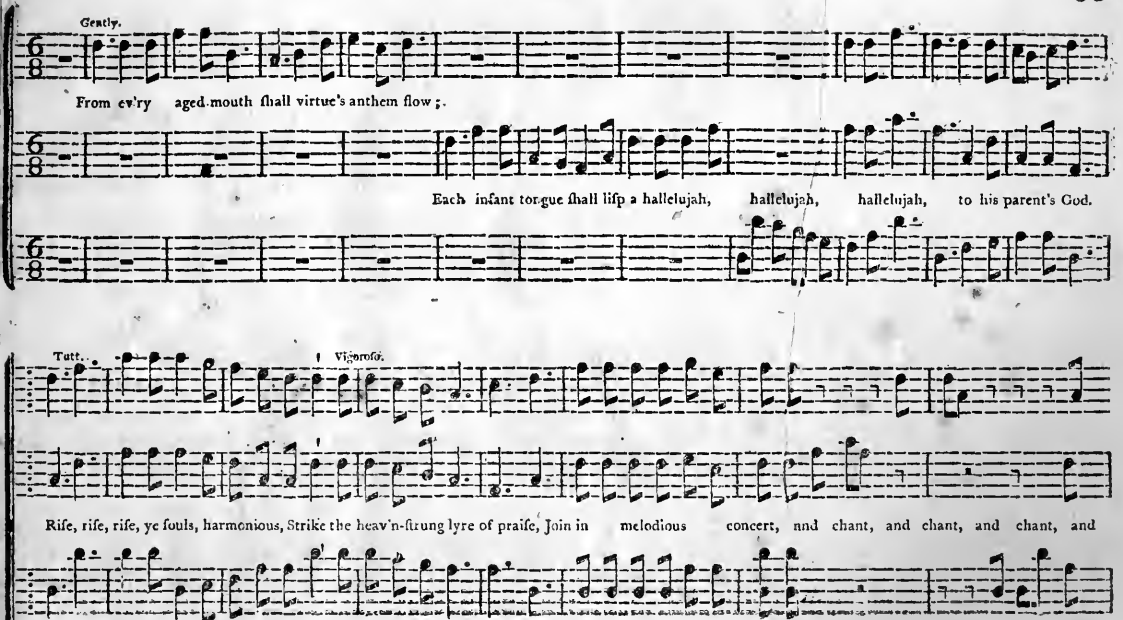

The pity of the Lord To thoſe that fear his name, Is ſuch as tender parents feel: He knows our feeble frame. He
knows we are but duſt, Scatter'd with ev'ry breath: His anger, like a riſing wind, Can ſend us ſwift to death.

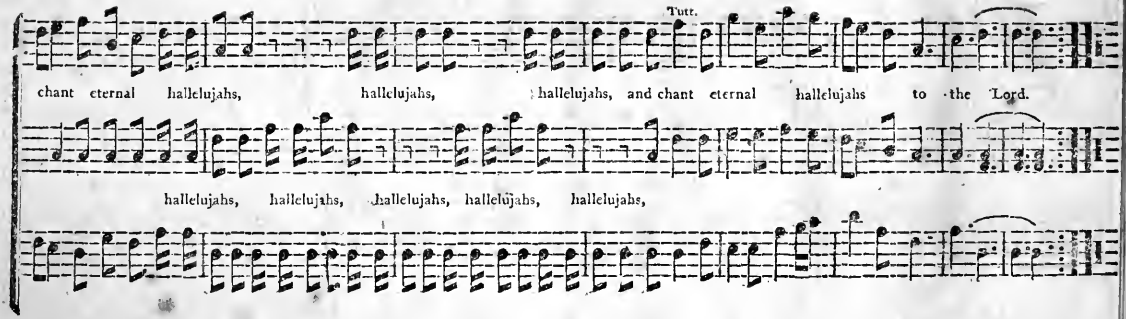
Sung at the Dedication of Sterling Meeting-Houſe, (Maſſachuſetts.)
Lines by P. CLEAVELAND, A. B. *Muſic by* BROWN.




Affectuoso.
O God of love, O God of love, ſhine with celeſtial rays of truth divine on pilgrim ſouls; Grant us a convoy of conſoling love, To guide us to the
Vigoroſo.
manſions of eternal bliſs.
Hail, hail, hail, hail, Jeſus hail, Heav'n's firſt-born! Look down with ſmiling love on this delightful day. Accept the grateful

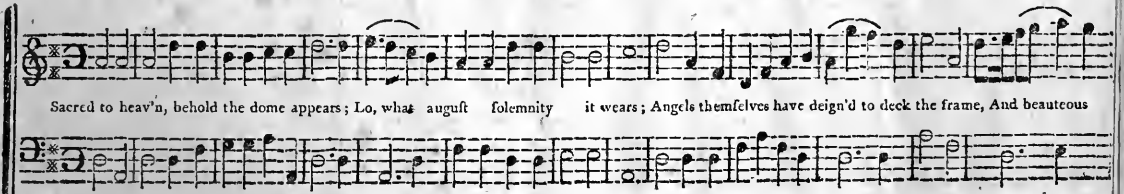

Tutt.
Gently. One voice.
homage of our fouls. For thee we built, to thee we dedicate this temple, to thee we dedicate this temple. Here may the humble
Tutt.
Fortiſimo.
foul repair, And catch the melting ſounds of goſpel truth. Here ſhall the infidel hear his doom, And tremble as he hears. While loud re-echos the Almighty's praiſe.

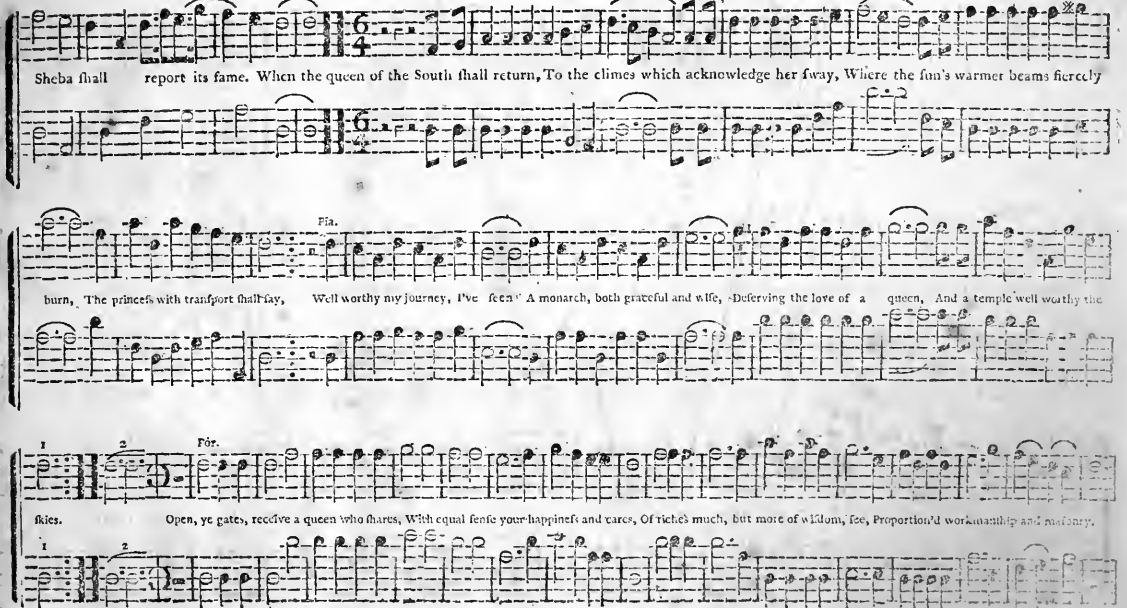

Gently.
From ev'ry aged mouth ſhall virtue's anthem flow;
Each infant tongue ſhall liſp a hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, to his parent's God.
Tutt.
Vigoroſo.
Riſe, riſe, riſe, ye ſouls, harmonious, Strike the heav'n-ſtrung lyre of praiſe, Join in melodious concert, and chant, and chant, and chant, and

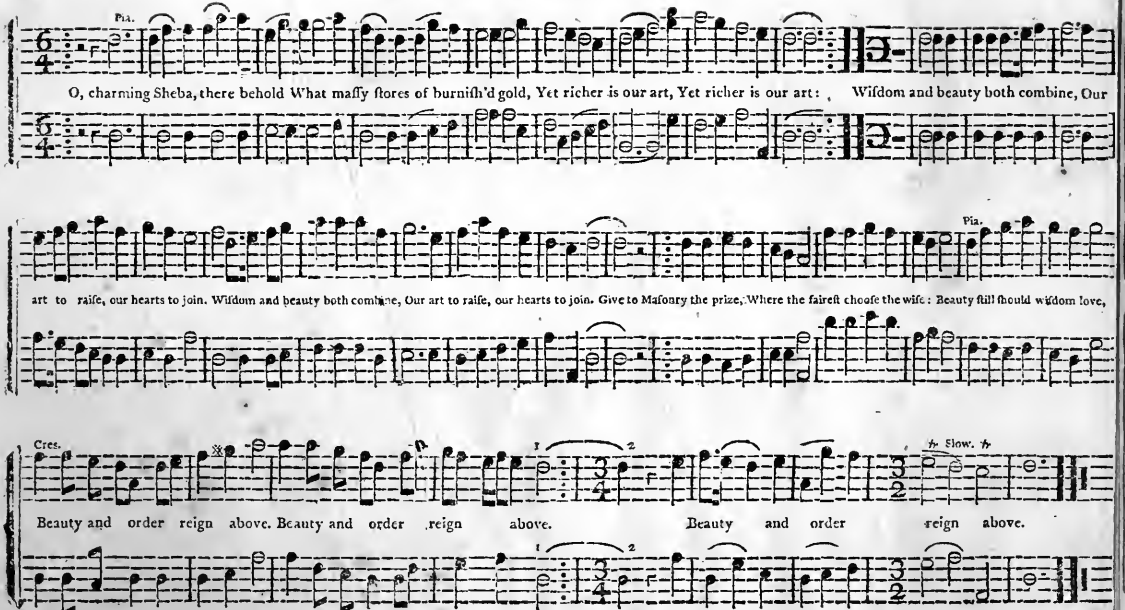


A View of the Temple---a Maſonic Ode.

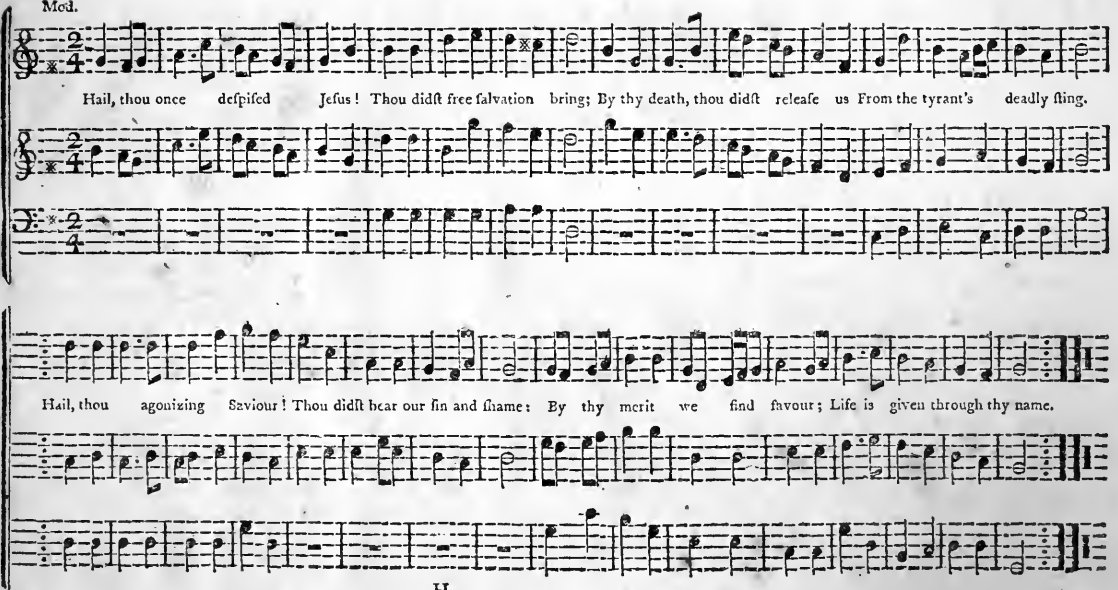
BELKNAP.




Sheba shall report its fame. When the queen of the South shall return, To the climes which acknowledge her sway, Where the sun's warmer beams fiercely
burn, The princess with transport shall say, Well worthy my journey, I've seen A monarch, both graceful and wise, Deserving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the
skies. Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares, With equal sense your happiness and cares, Of riches much, but more of wisdom, see, Proportion'd workmanship and masonry.
Fin.
For.
1
2

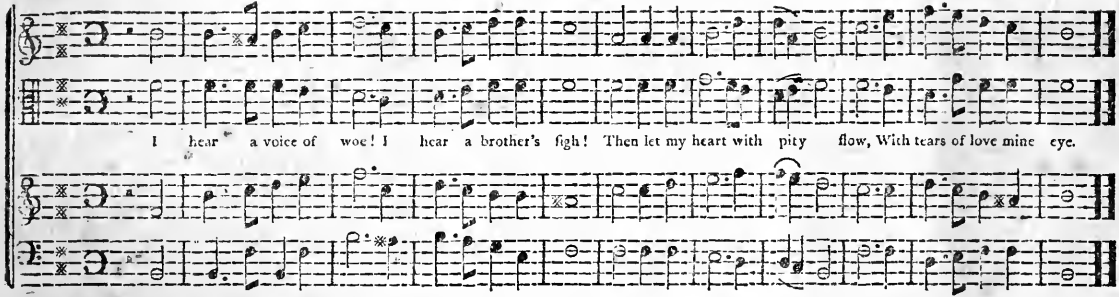

Pia.
O, charming Sheba, there behold What maſſy ſtores of burniſh'd gold, Yet richer is our art, Yet richer is our art: Wiſdom and beauty both combine, Our
art to raiſe, our hearts to join. Wiſdom and beauty both combine, Our art to raiſe, our hearts to join. Give to Maſonry the prize, Where the faireſt chooſe the wife: Beauty ſtill ſhould wiſdom love,
Pia.
Cres.
Slow.
Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign above.

Mod.

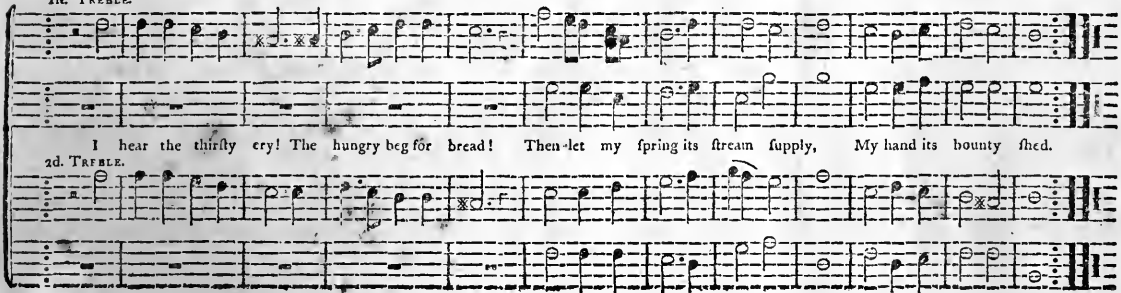

Hail, thou once despised Jesus! Thou didst free salvation bring; By thy death, thou didst release us From the tyrant's deadly sting.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour! Thou didst bear our sin and shame: By thy merit we find favour; Life is given through thy name.

No. 8. S. M.

MANN.

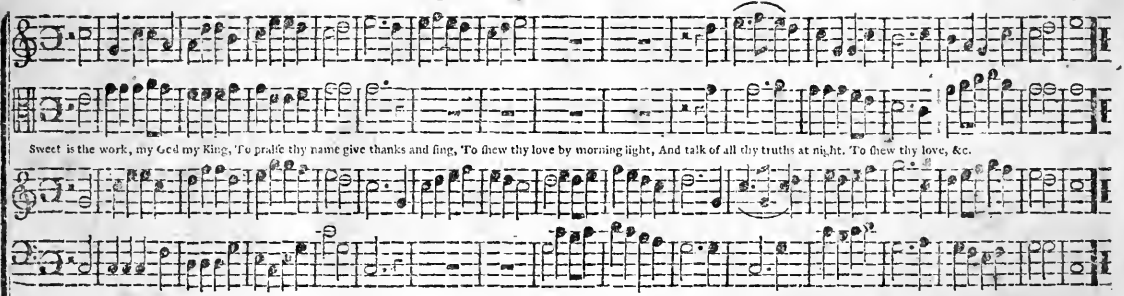


1ſt. TREBLE.



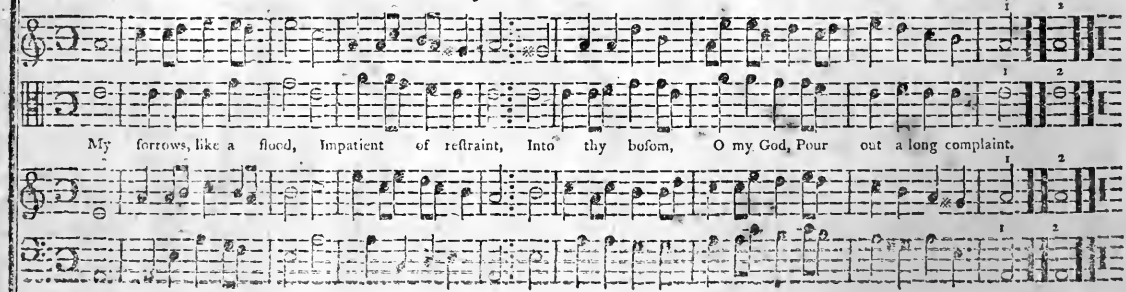
Norfolk. L. M.

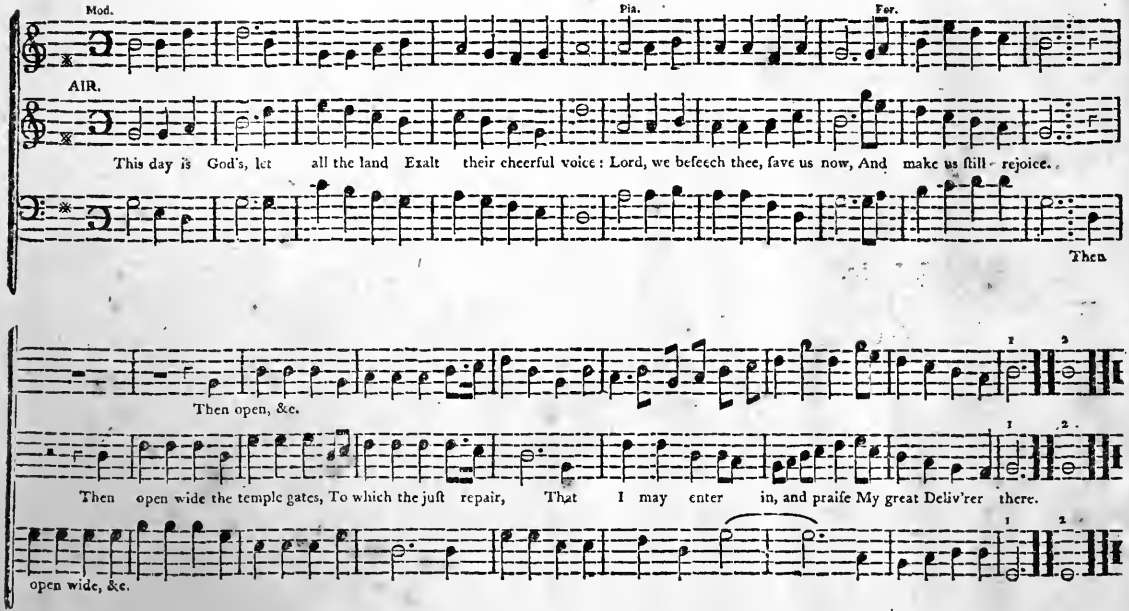
CAPIN.

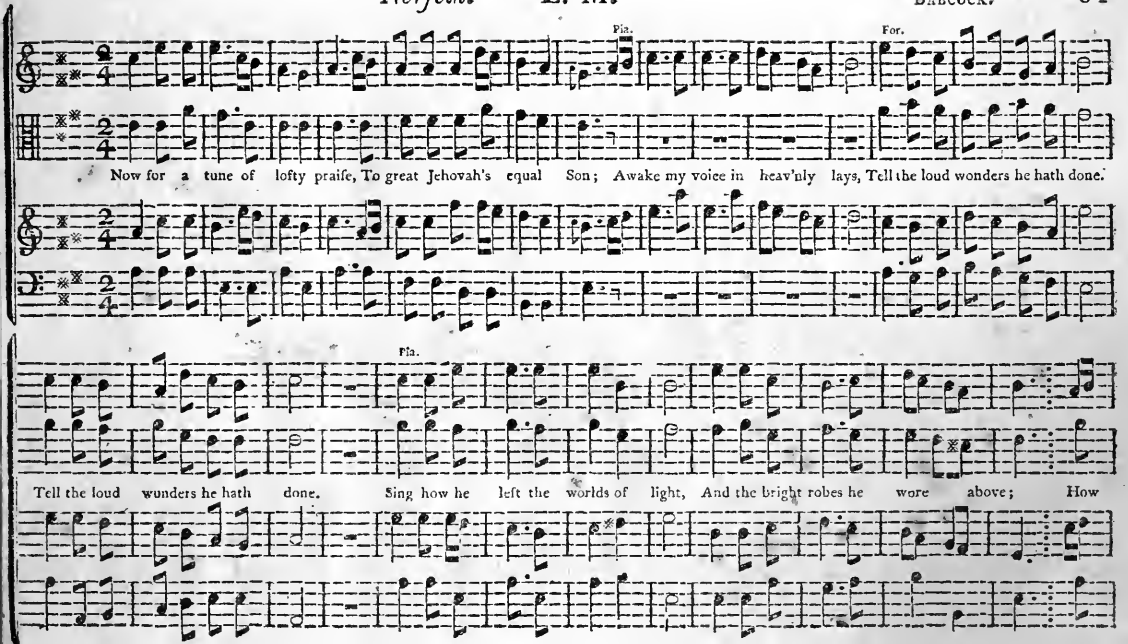


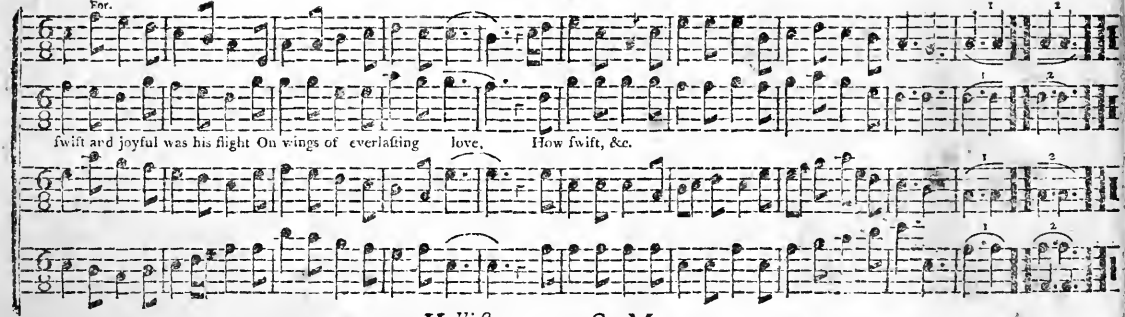
Roxbury. S. M.

BELKNAP.



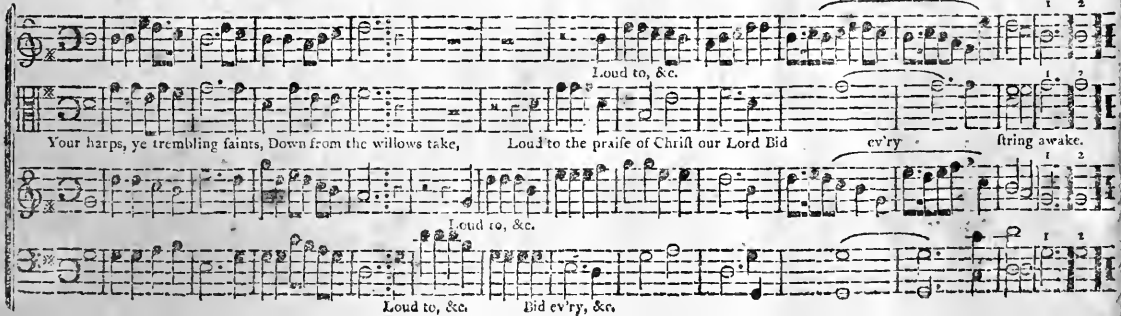

Mod.
Pia.
For.
AIR.
This day is God's, let all the land Exalt their cheerful voice: Lord, we beseech thee, save us now, And make us still rejoice.
Then
Then open, &c.
Then open wide the temple gates, To which the just repair, That I may enter in, and praise My great Deliv'rer there.
open wide, &c.

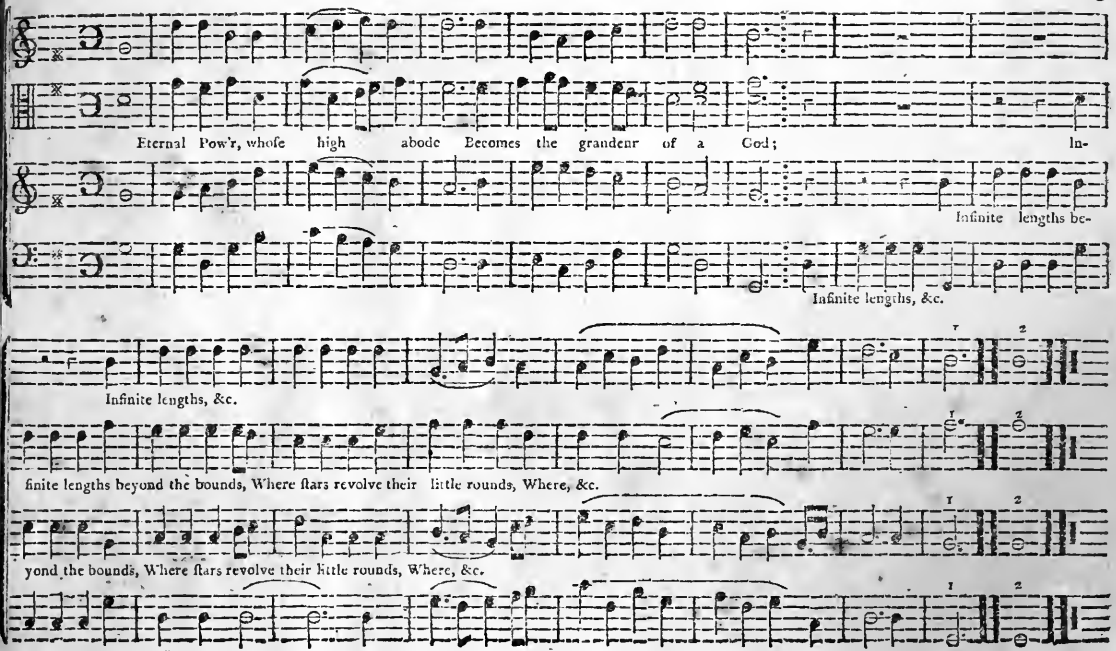

Pia.
For.
Now for a tune of lofty praise, To great Jehovah's equal Son; Awake my voice in heav'nly lays, Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
Pia.
Tell the loud wunders he hath done. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And the bright robes he wore above; How

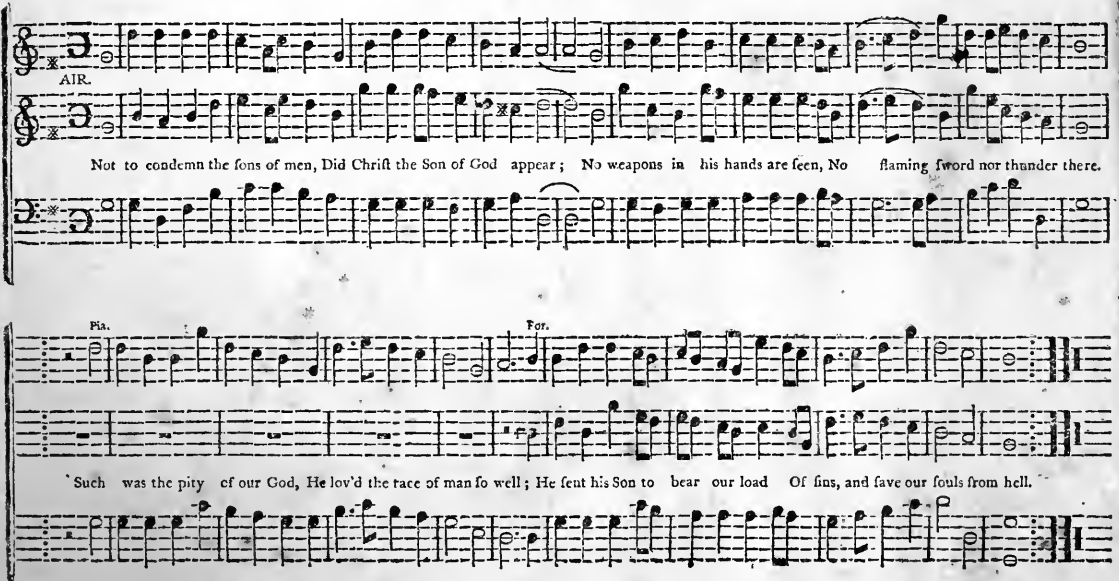


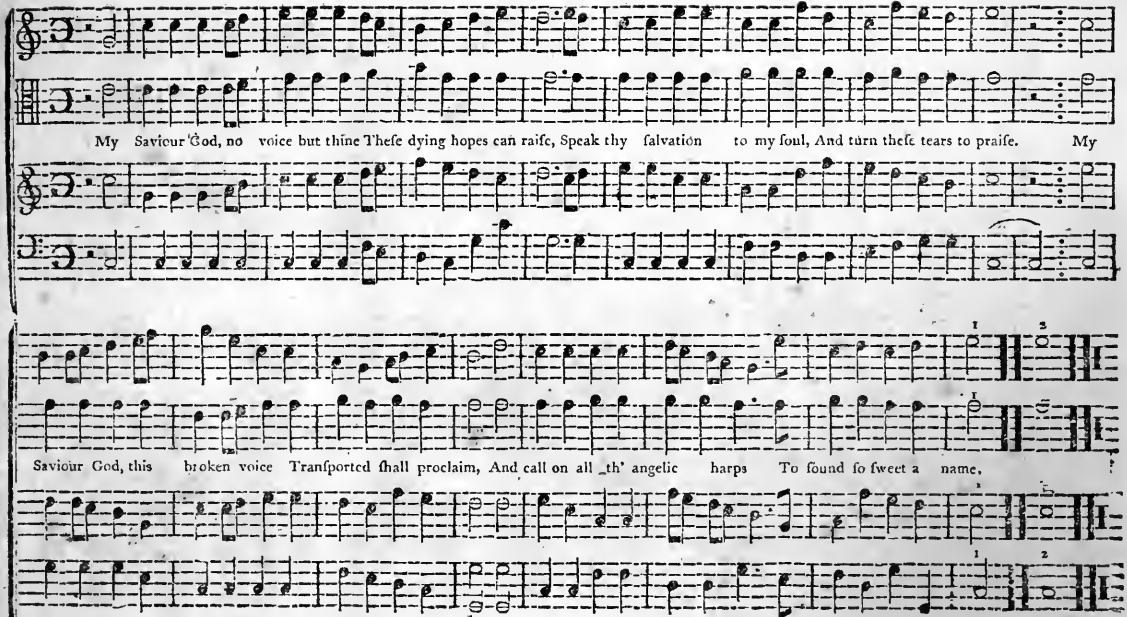
Hollifton. S. M.

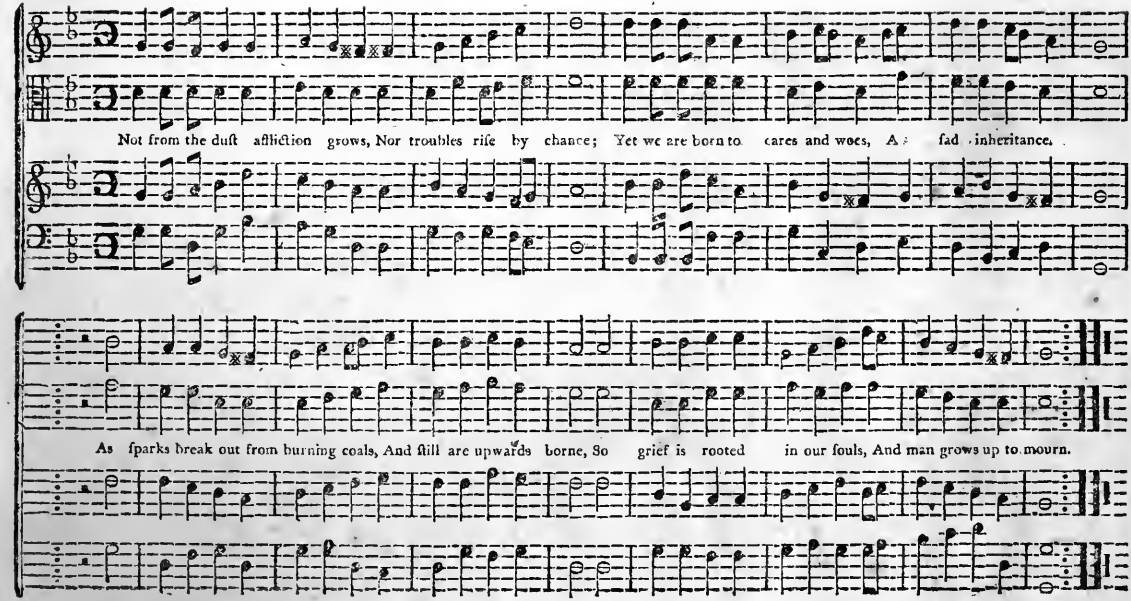
BELKNAP.

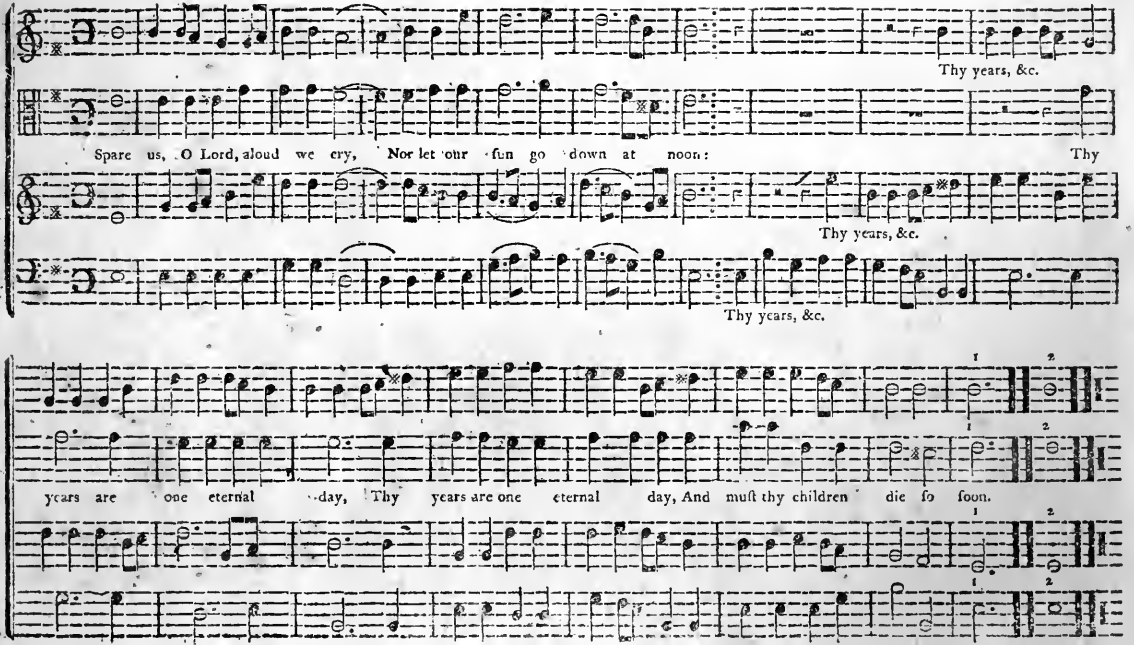



Eternal Pow'r, whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God; In-
Infinite lengths be-
Infinite lengths, &c.
Infinite lengths, &c.
finite lengths beyond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.
yond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.


AIR.
Not to condemn the ſons of men, Did Chriſt the Son of God appear; No weapons in his hands are ſeen, No flaming ſword nor thunder there.
Pia.
For.
Such was the pity of our God, He lov'd the race of man ſo well; He ſent his Son to bear our load Of ſins, and ſave our ſouls from hell.

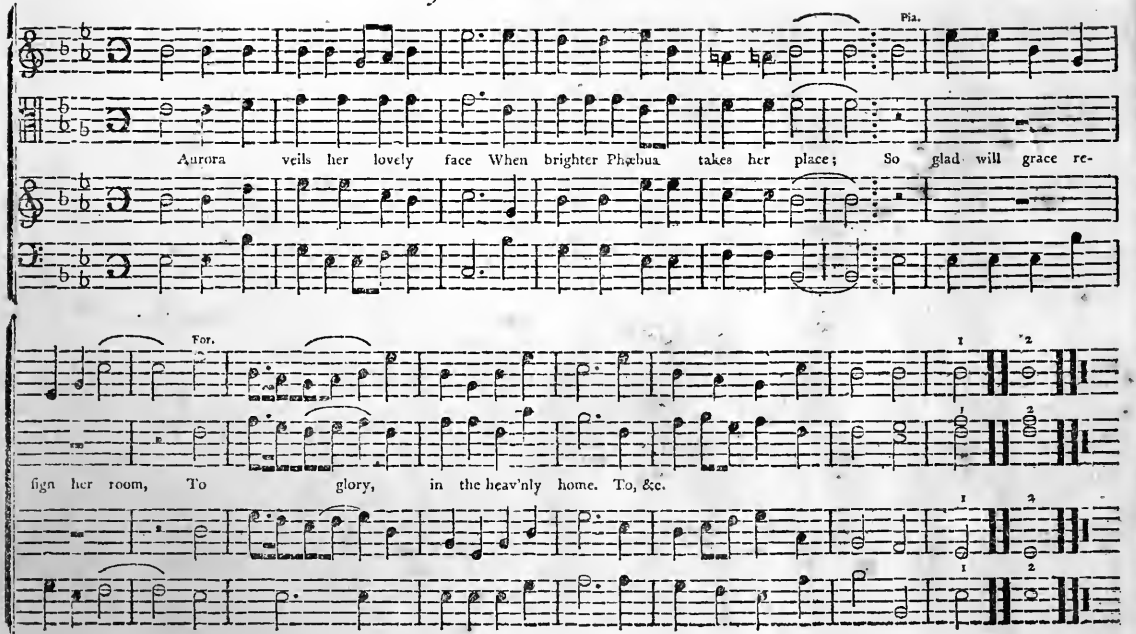

My Saviour God, no voice but thine Theſe dying hopes can raiſe, Speak thy ſalvation to my ſoul, And turn theſe tears to praiſe. My
Saviour God, this broken voice Tranſported ſhall proclaim, And call on all th' angelic harps To ſound ſo ſweet a name.


Not from the duſt affliction grows, Nor troubles riſe by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes, A ſad inheritance.
As ſparks break out from burning coals, And ſtill are upwards borne, So grief is rooted in our ſouls, And man grows up to mourn.

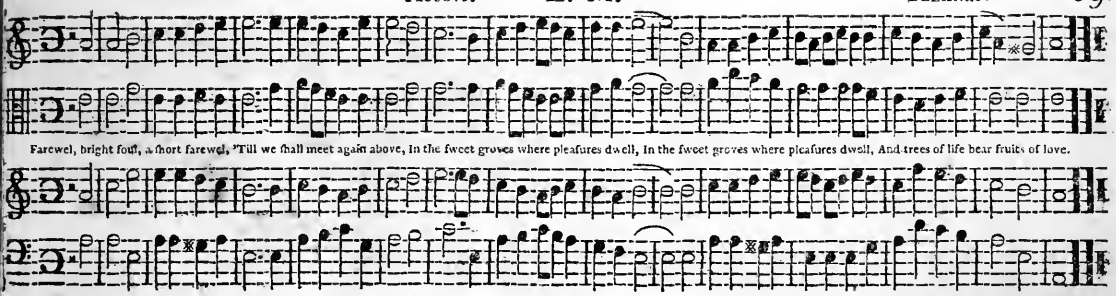

Thy years, &c.
Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry, Nor let our ſun go down at noon: Thy
Thy years, &c.
Thy years, &c.
years are one eternal day, Thy years are one eternal day, And muſt thy children die ſo ſoon.

Tyot. L. M.

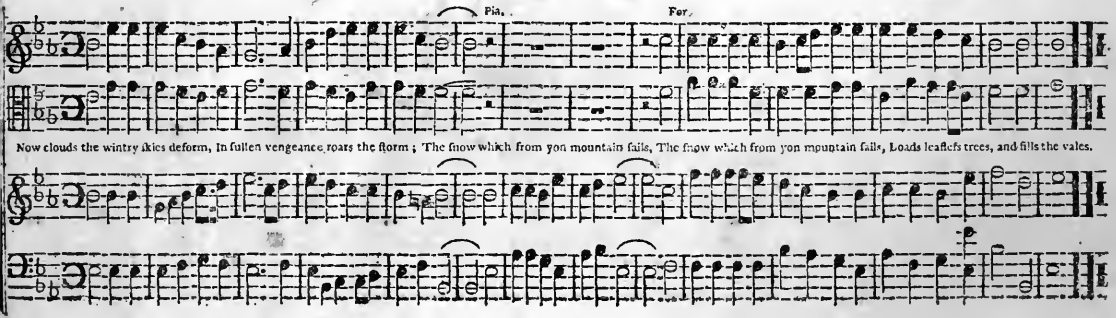
BELKNAP.

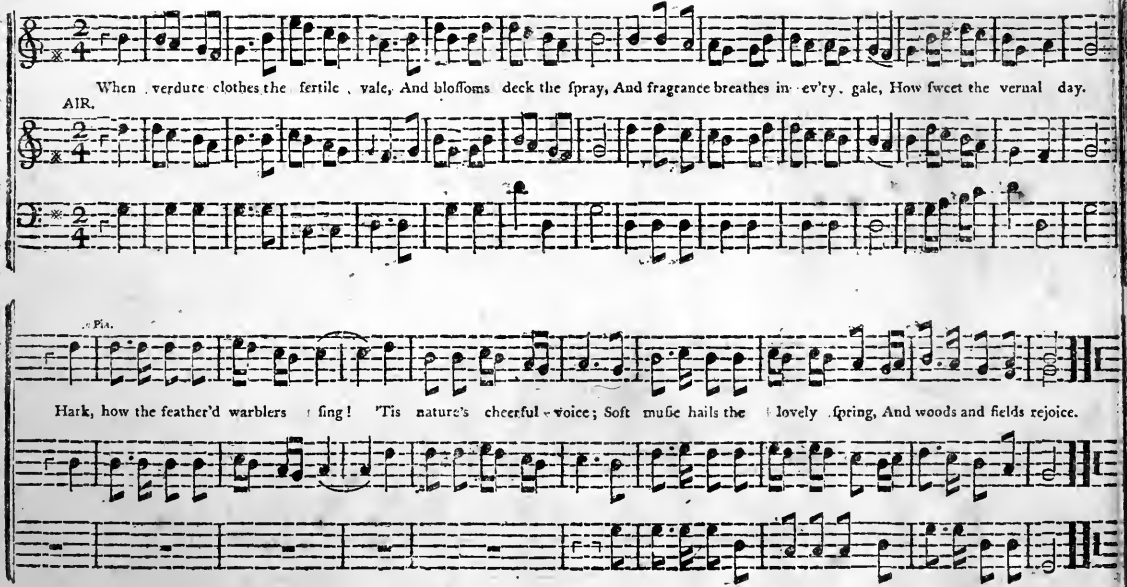


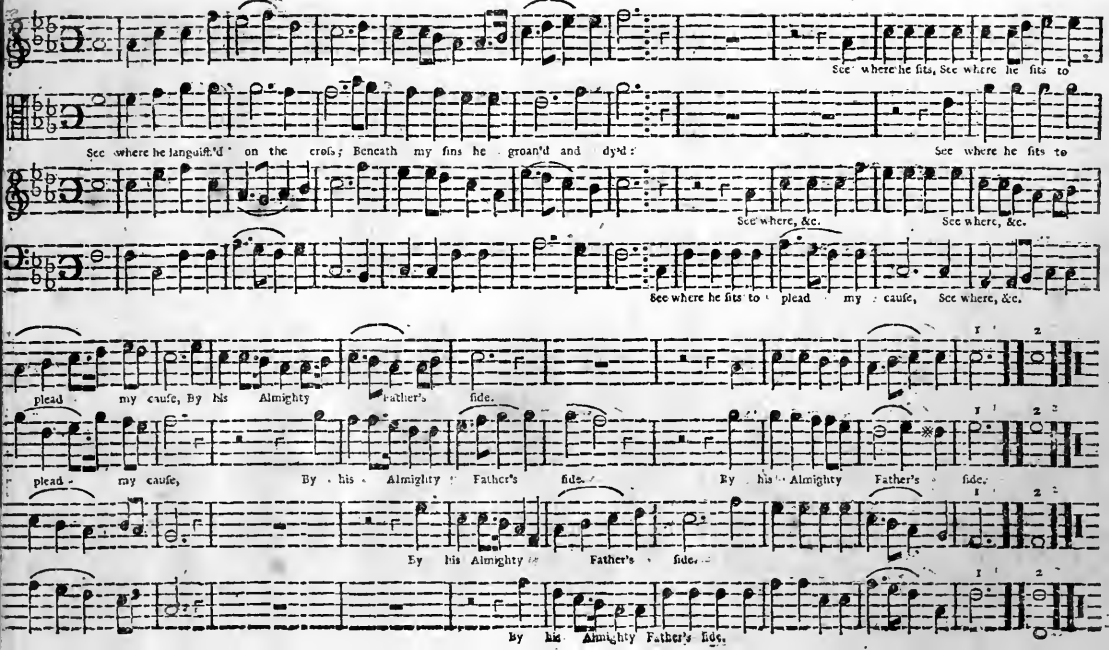
Action. L. M. BELKNAP.

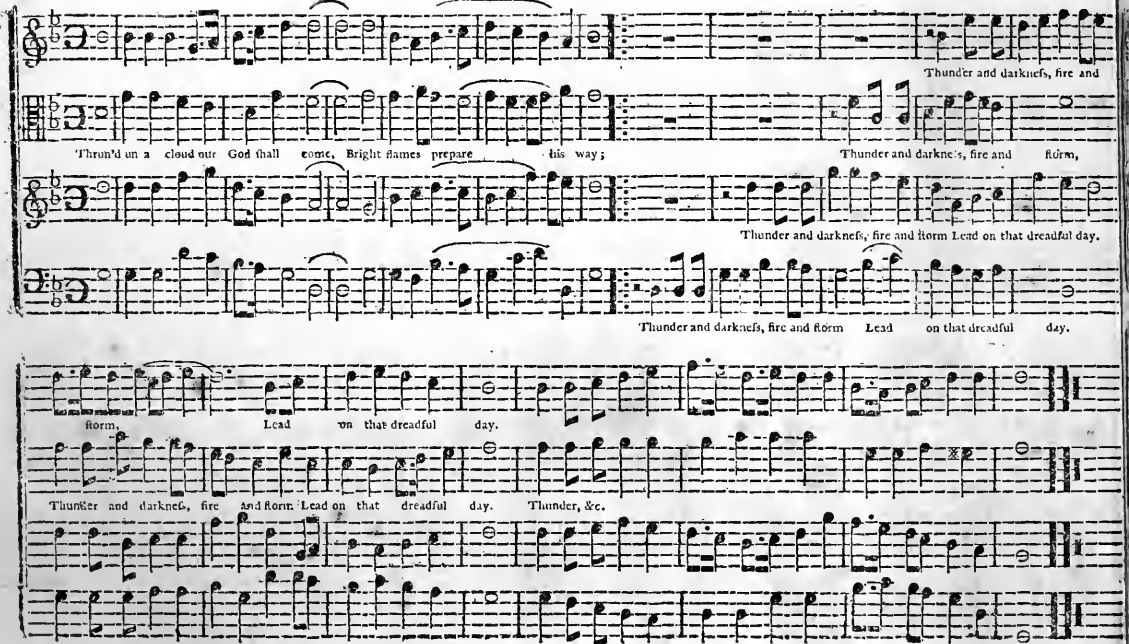


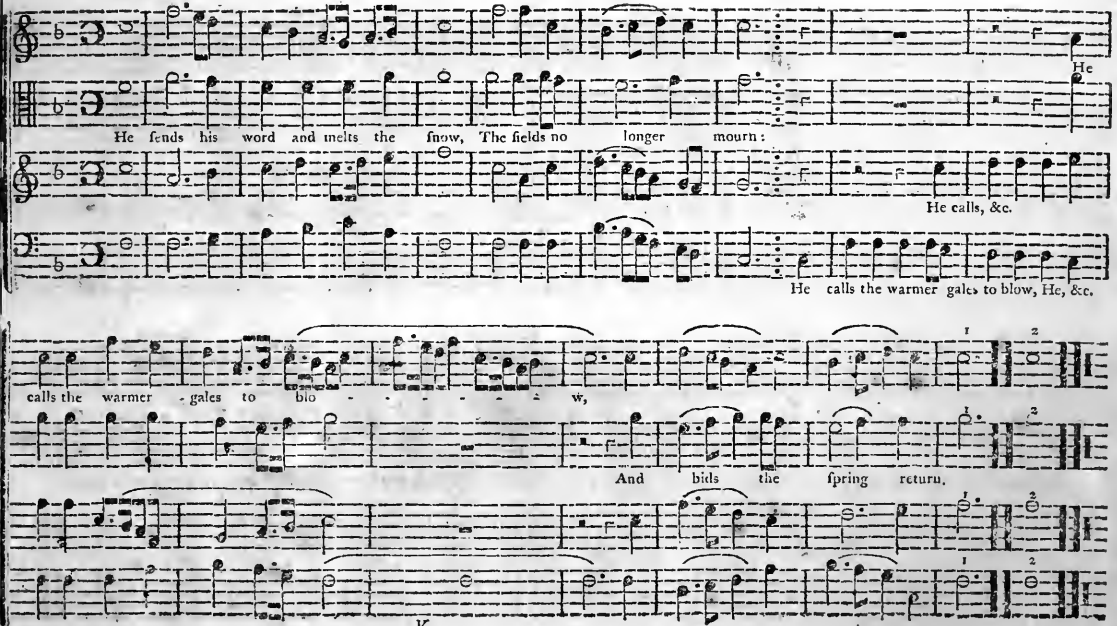
Winter. L. M. BELKNAP.

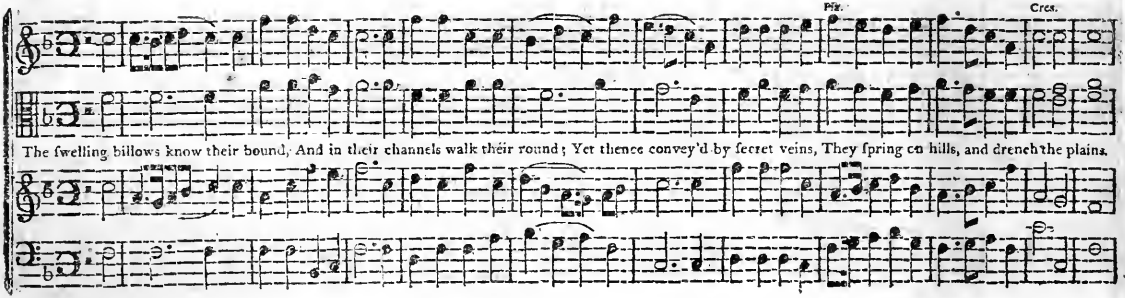


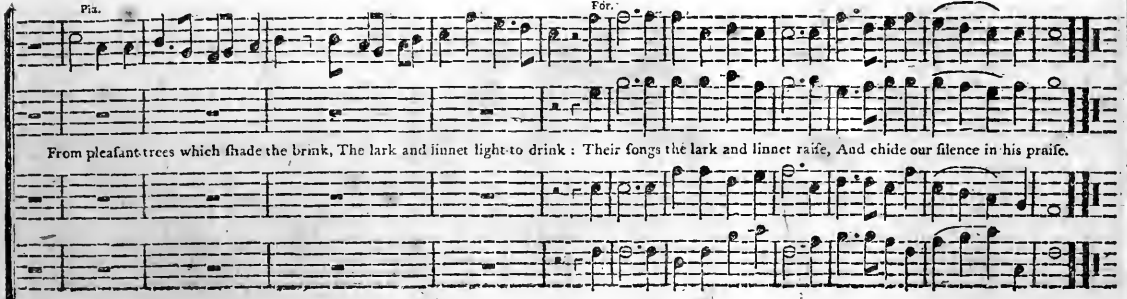

When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And bloſſoms deck the ſpray, And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale, How ſweet the vernal day.
AIR.
Pia.
Hark, how the feather'd warblers ſing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft muſic hails the lovely ſpring, And woods and fields rejoice.


See where he fits, See where he fits to
See where he languish'd on the cross; Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd:
See where he fits to
See where, &c.
See where, &c.
See where he fits to plead my cause, See where, &c.
plead my cause, By his Almighty Father's side.
plead my cause, By his Almighty Father's side. By his Almighty Father's side.
By his Almighty Father's side.
By his Almighty Father's side.

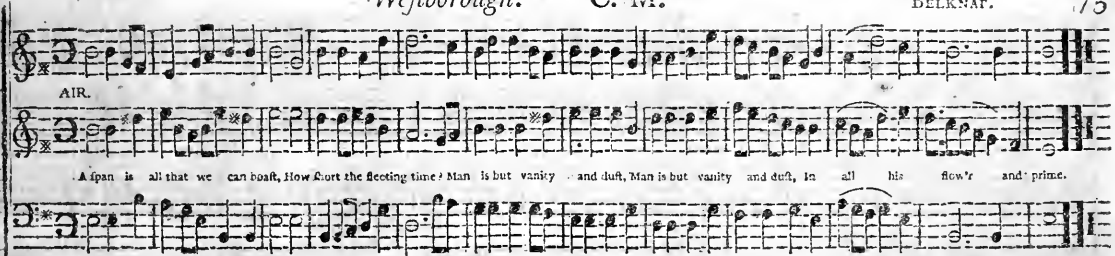

Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on that dreadful day.
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on that dreadful day.
storm.
Lead on that dreadful day.
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on that dreadful day. Thunder, &c.


He
He ſends his word and melts the ſnow, The fields no longer mourn:
He calls, &c.
He calls the warmer gales to blow, He, &c.
calls the warmer gales to blo - - - - - w,
And bids the ſpring return,

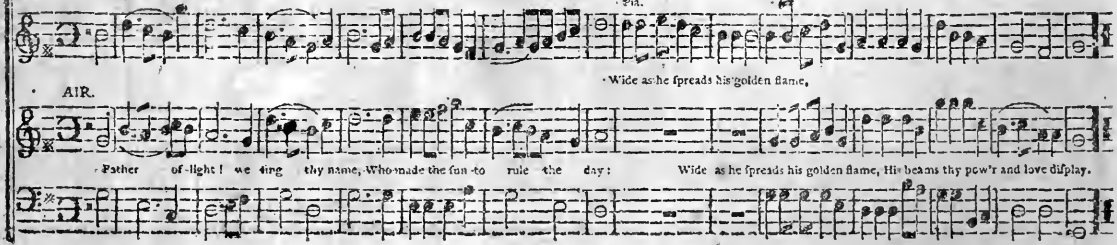

Pia.
Cres.
The ſwelling billows know their bound, And in their channels walk their round; Yet thence convey'd by ſecret veins, They ſpring on hills, and drench the plains.

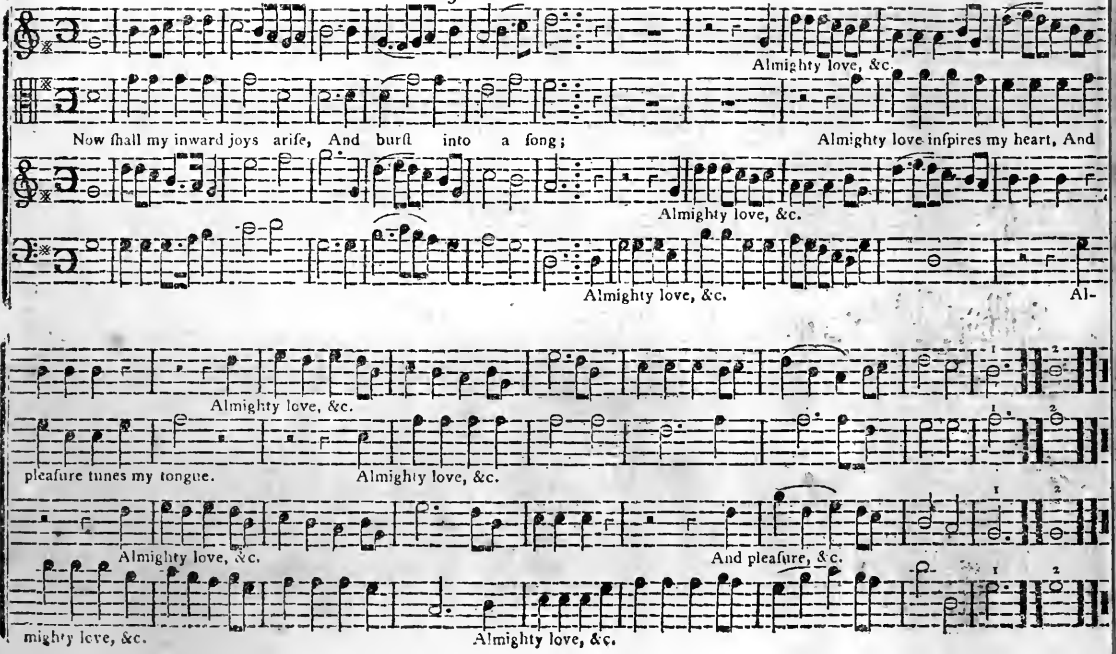

Pia.
For.
From pleaſant trees which ſhade the brink, The lark and linnet light to drink: Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe, And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.

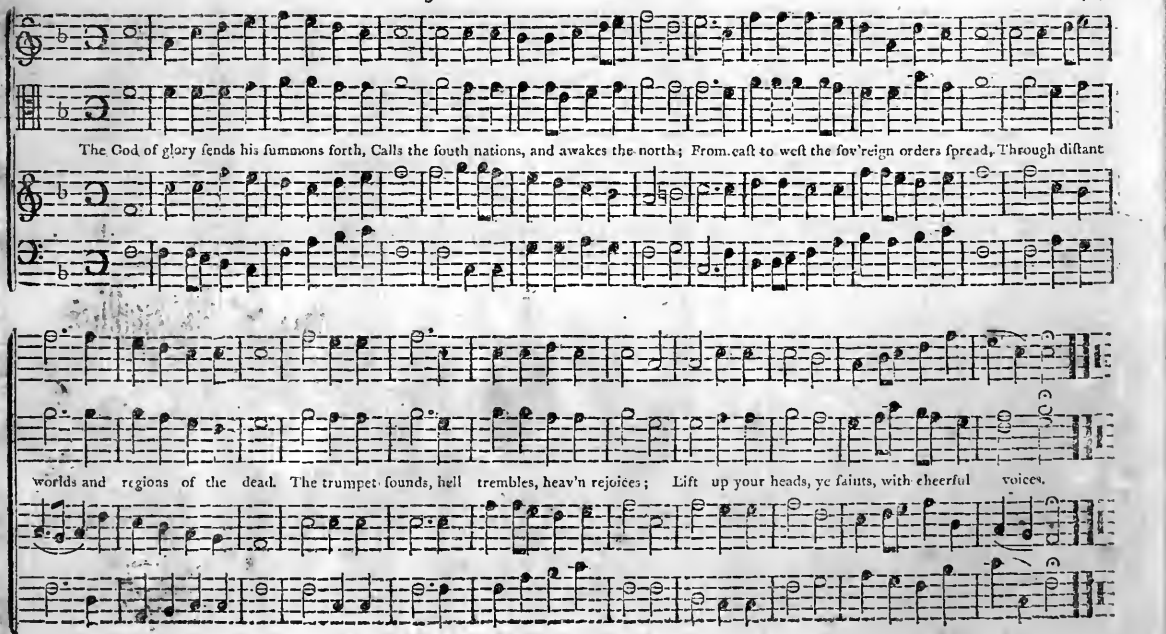
Weſtborough. C. M.



New Bedford. L. M.

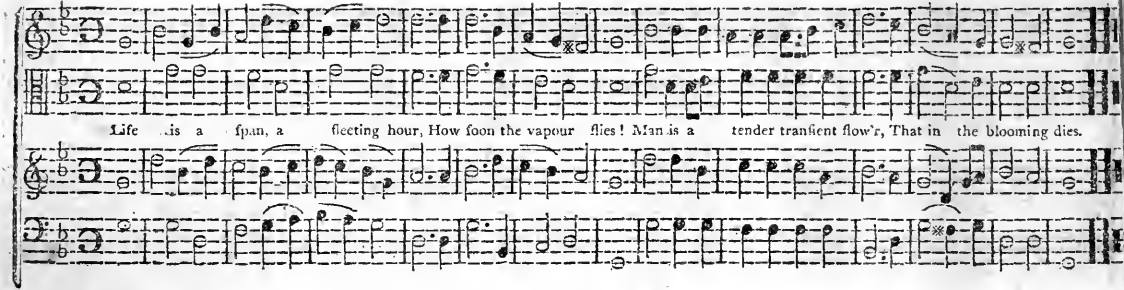



Almighty love, &c.
Now ſhall my inward joys ariſe, And burſt into a ſong;
Almighty love inſpires my heart, And
Almighty love, &c.
Almighty love, &c.
Al-
Almighty love, &c.
pleaſure tunes my tongue.
Almighty love, &c.
Almighty love, &c.
And pleaſure, &c.
mighty love, &c.
Almighty love, &c.


The God of glory ſends his ſummons forth, Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the north; From eaſt to weſt the ſov'reign orders ſpread, Through diſtant
worlds and regions of the dead. The trumpet ſounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

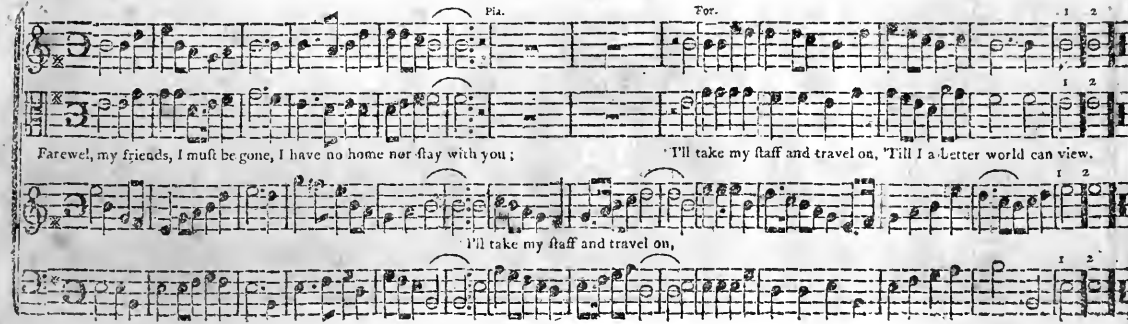
Newport. C. M.

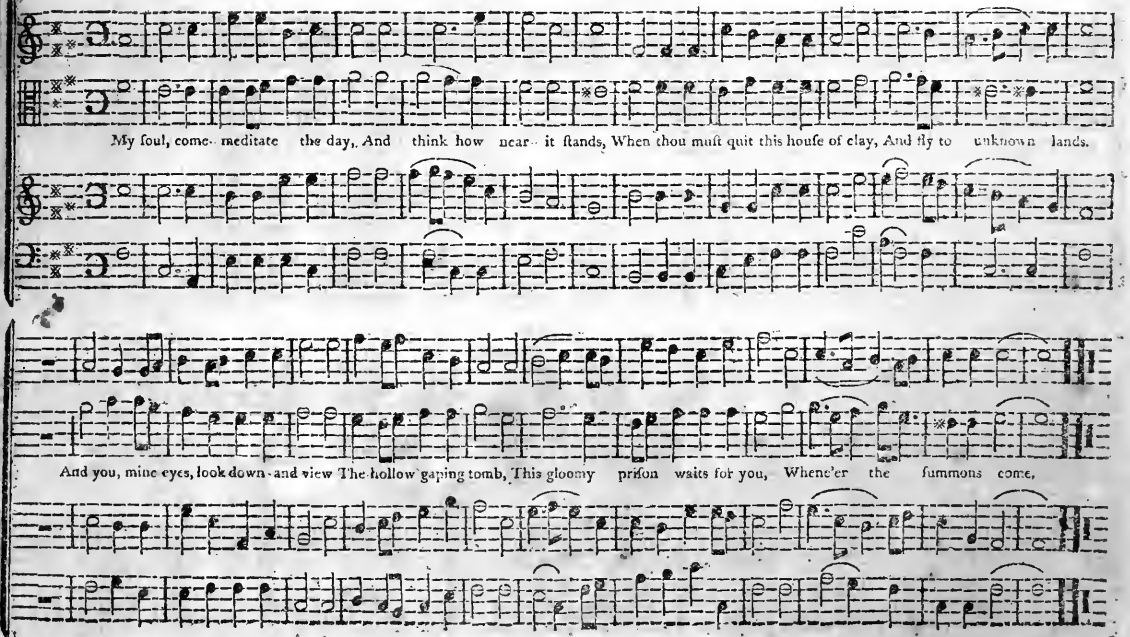
BELKNAP.

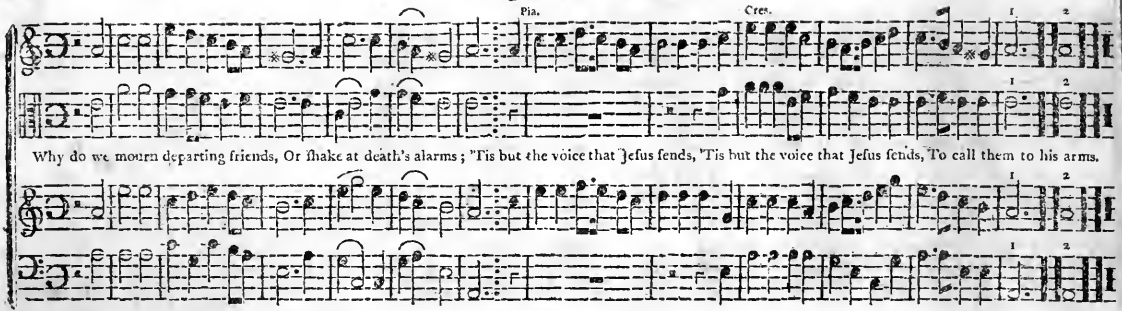


Valediction. L. M.

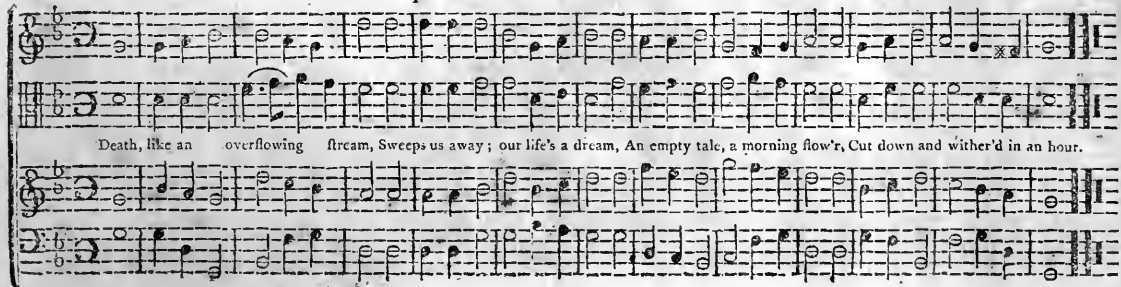
BELKNAP.

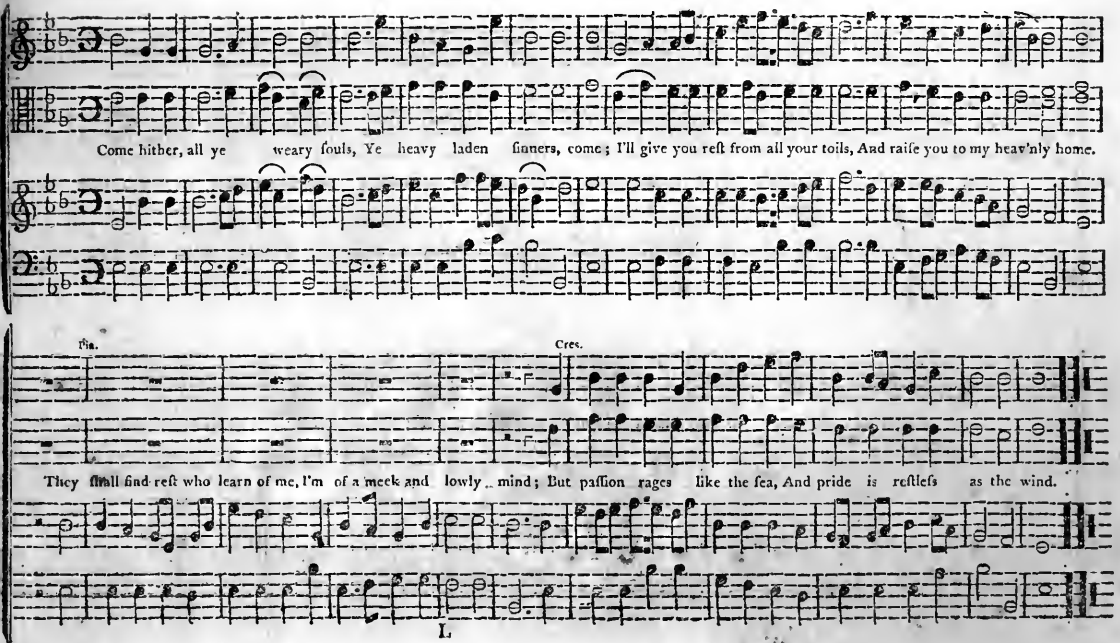



My soul, come- meditate the day, And think how near it ſtands, When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay, And fly to unknown lands.
And you, mine eyes, look down and view The hollow gaping tomb, This gloomy priſon waits for you, Whene'er the ſummons come,

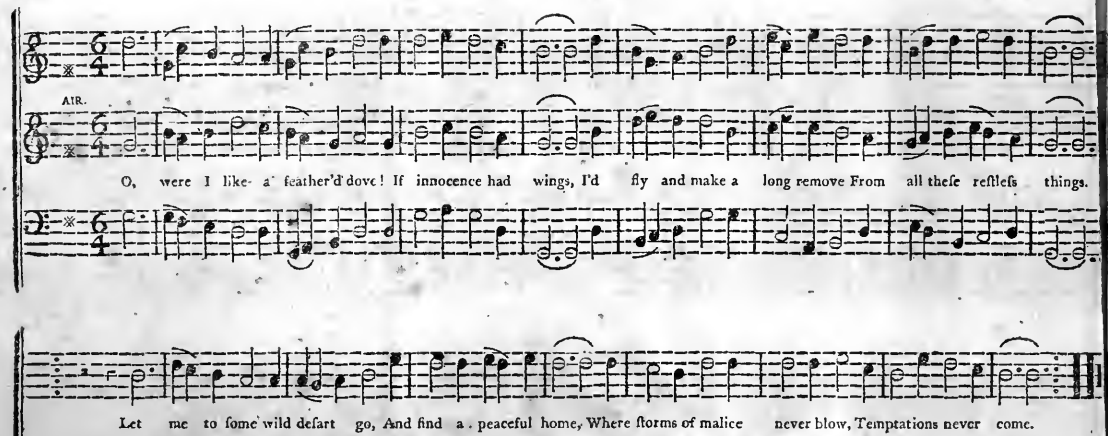


Hopkinton. L. M. WOOD.



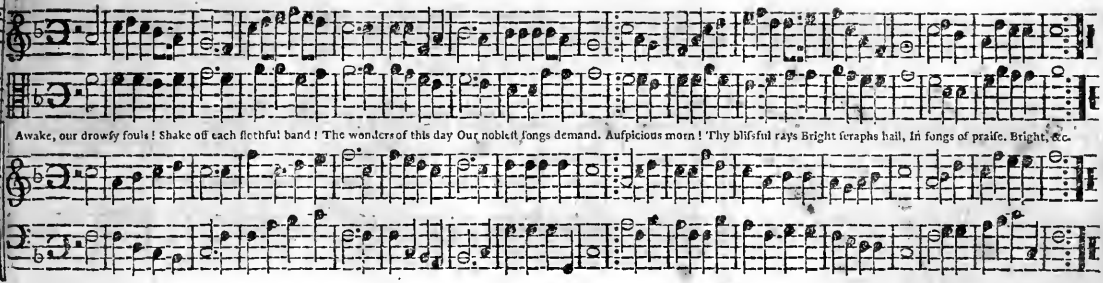

Come hither, all ye weary ſouls, Ye heavy laden ſinners, come; I'll give you reſt from all your toils, And raiſe you to my heav'nly home.
Dia.
Cres.
They ſhall find reſt who learn of me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But paſſion rages like the ſea, And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.

AIR.


O, were I like- a feather'd dove! If innocence had wings, I'd fly and make a long remove From all these reftleſs things.
Let me to ſome wild deſart go, And find a peaceful home, Where ſtorms of malice never blow, Temptations never come.

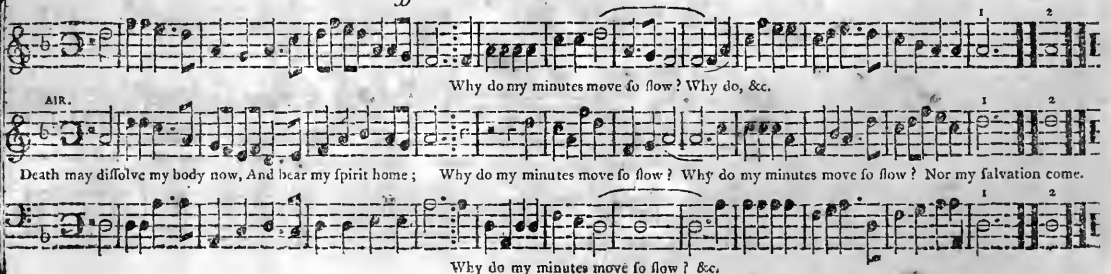
Liverpool. H. M.

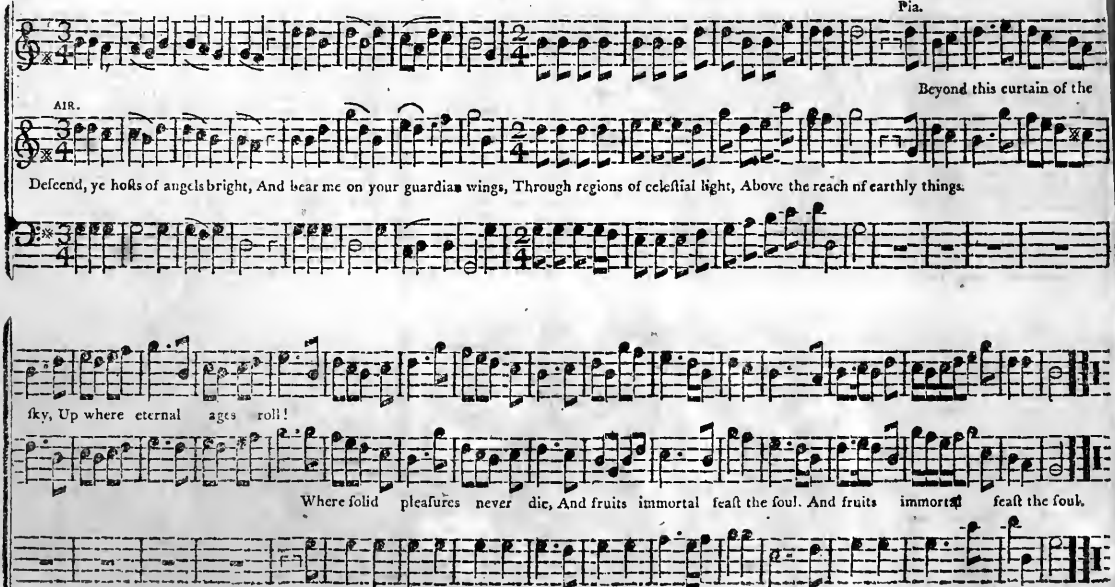
CAPEN.

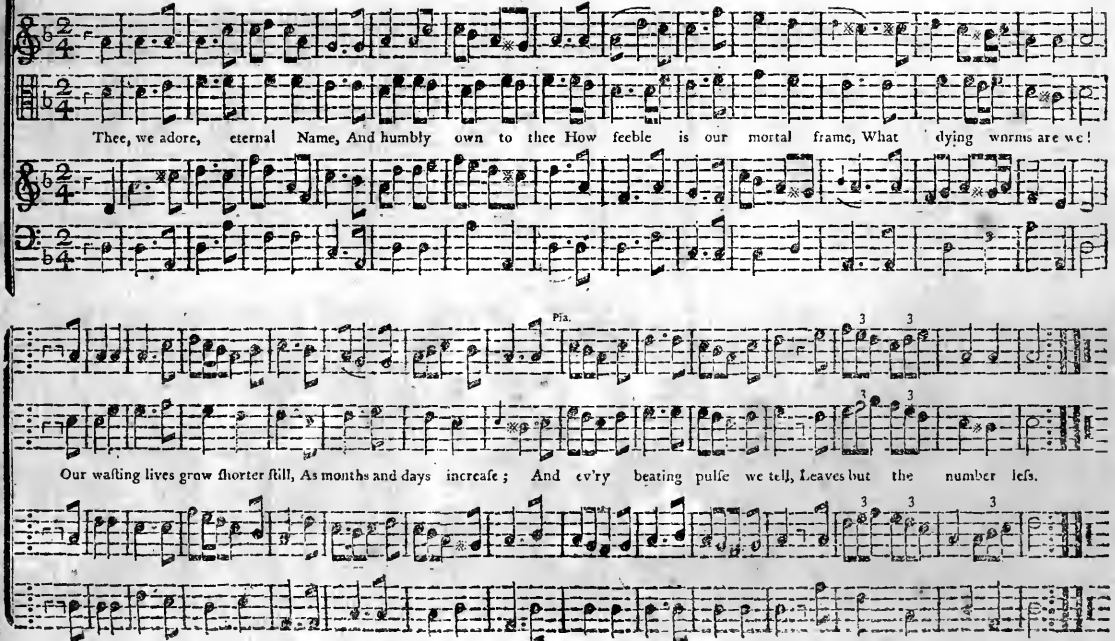


Dissolution. C. M.

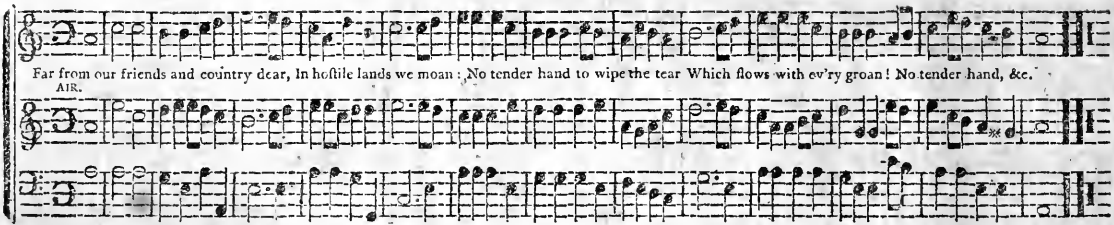
A. How.



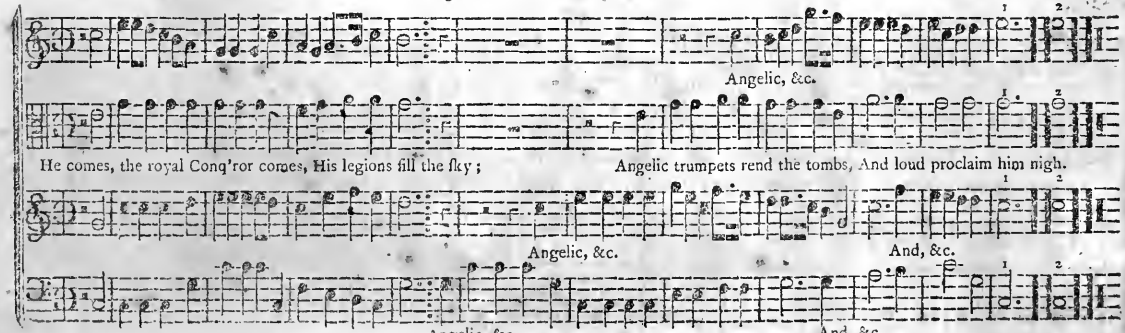

Pia.
Beyond this curtain of the
AIR.
Defcend, ye hofts of angels bright, And bear me on your guardian wings, Through regions of celeftial light, Above the reach nf earthly things.
fky, Up where eternal ages roll!
Where folid pleafures never die, And fruits immortal feaft the foul. And fruits immortal feaft the foul.

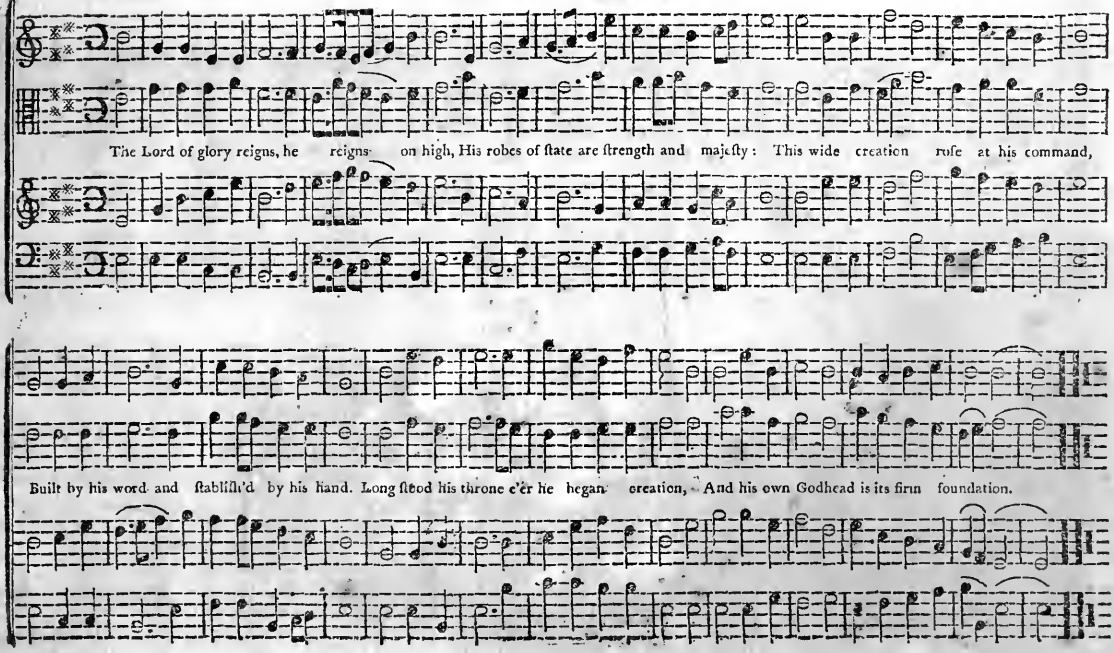

Thee, we adore, eternal Name, And humbly own to thee How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we!
Pia.
Our wasting lives grow shorter still, As months and days increase; And ev'ry beating pulse we tell, Leaves but the number less.

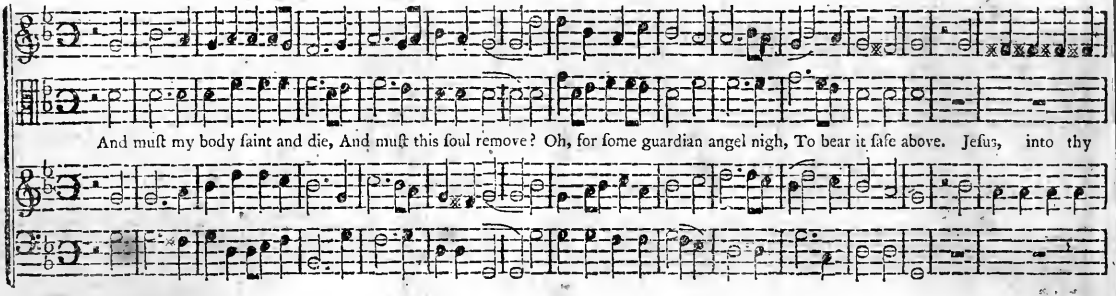
Dalton. C. M.



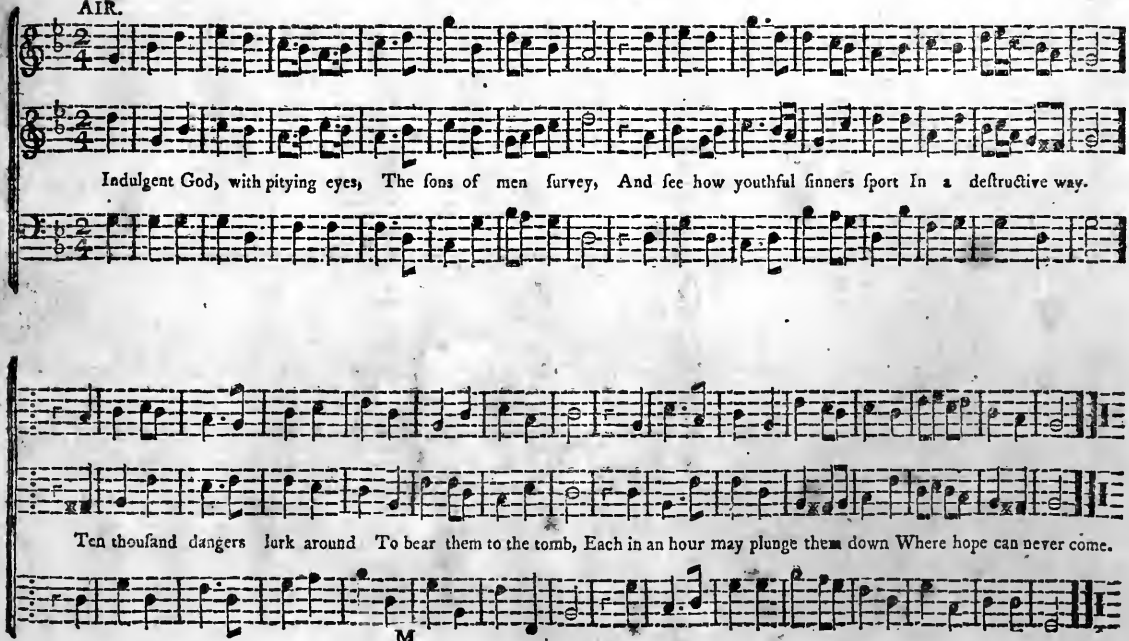
Goſhen. C. M.

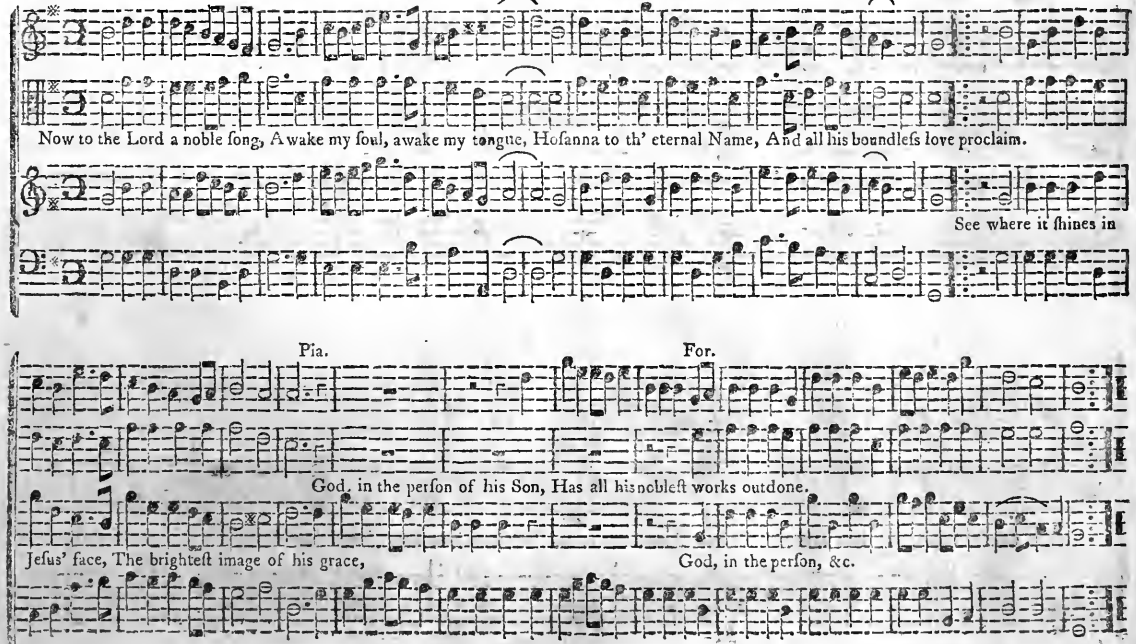


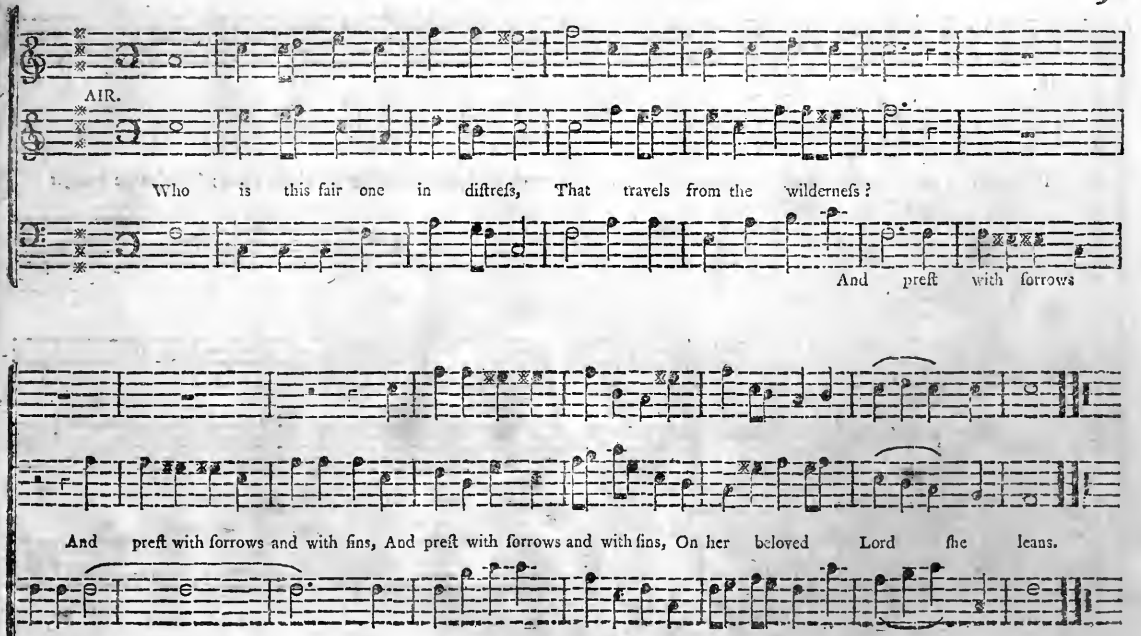

The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high, His robes of ſtate are ſtrength and majeſty: This wide creation roſe at his command,
Built by his word and ſtabliſh'd by his hand. Long ſtood his throne e'er he began creation, And his own Godhead is its firm foundation.

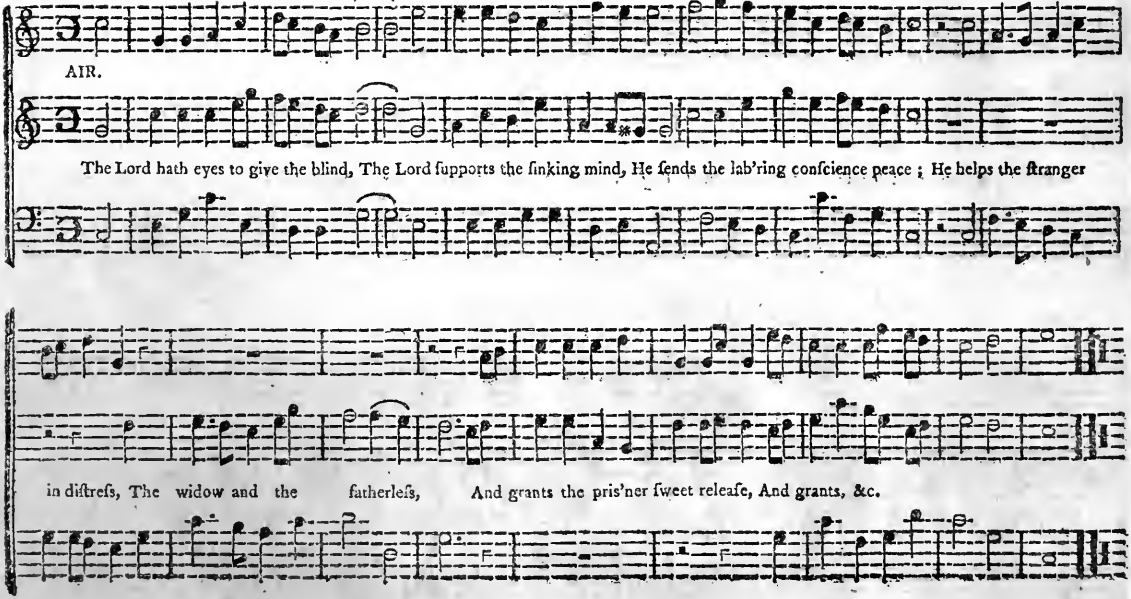

And muſt my body faint and die, And muſt this ſoul remove? Oh, for ſome guardian angel nigh, To bear it ſafe above. Jeſus, into thy
faithful hand, My naked ſoul I truſt; And my fleſh waits for thy command, To drop into the duſt. And my fleſh waits for thy command, To drop into the duſt.

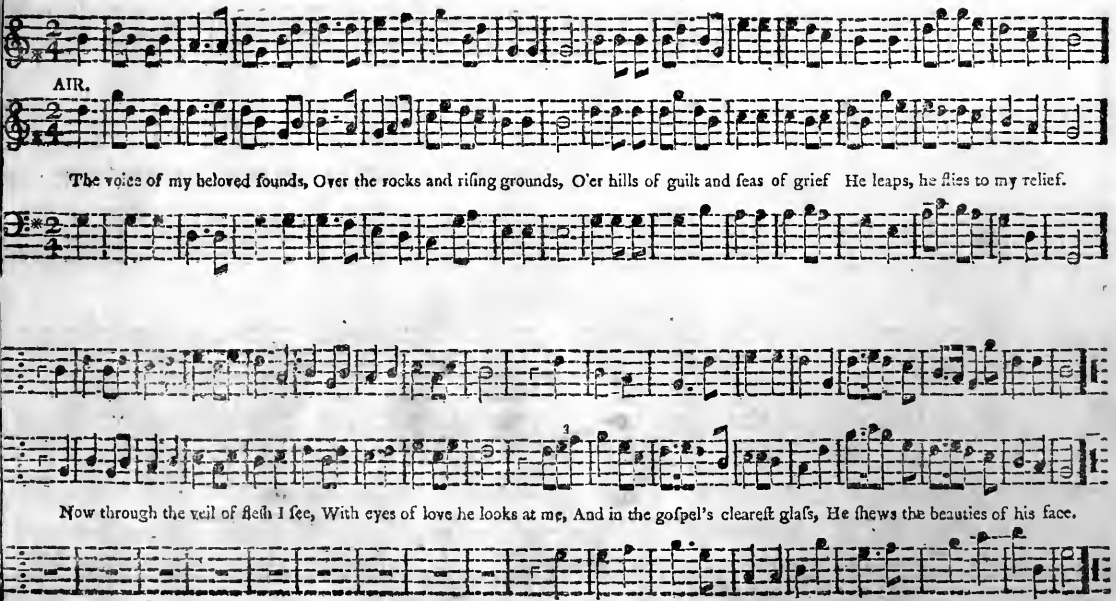
AIR.

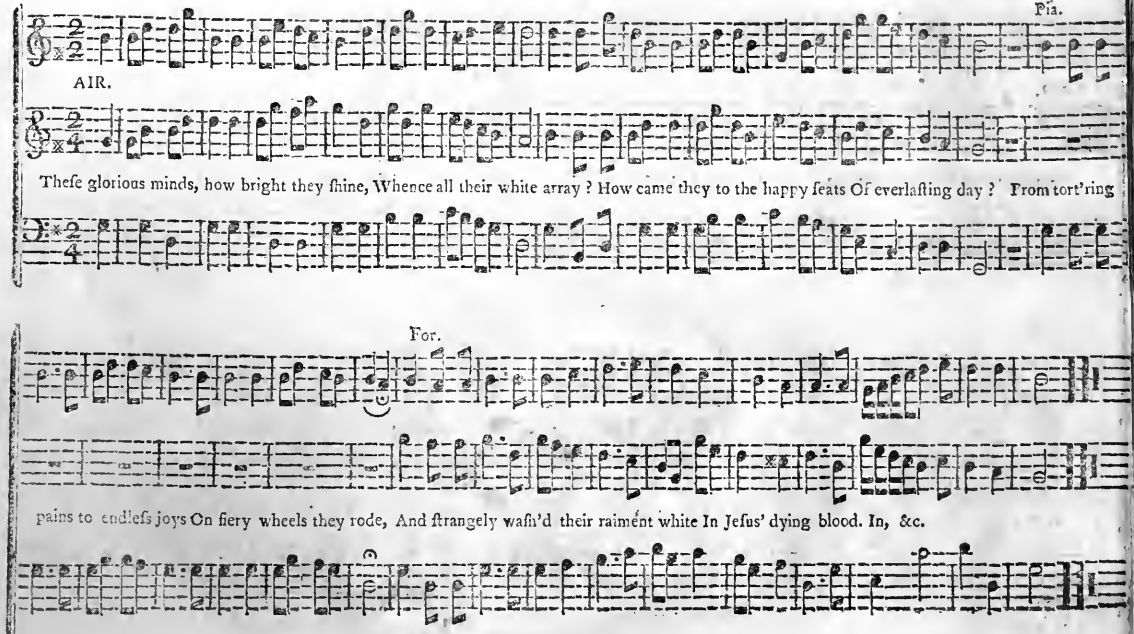

Indulgent God, with pitying eyes, The ſons of men ſurvey, And ſee how youthful ſinners ſport In a deſtructive way.
Ten thouſand dangers lurk around To bear them to the tomb, Each in an hour may plunge them down Where hope can never come.

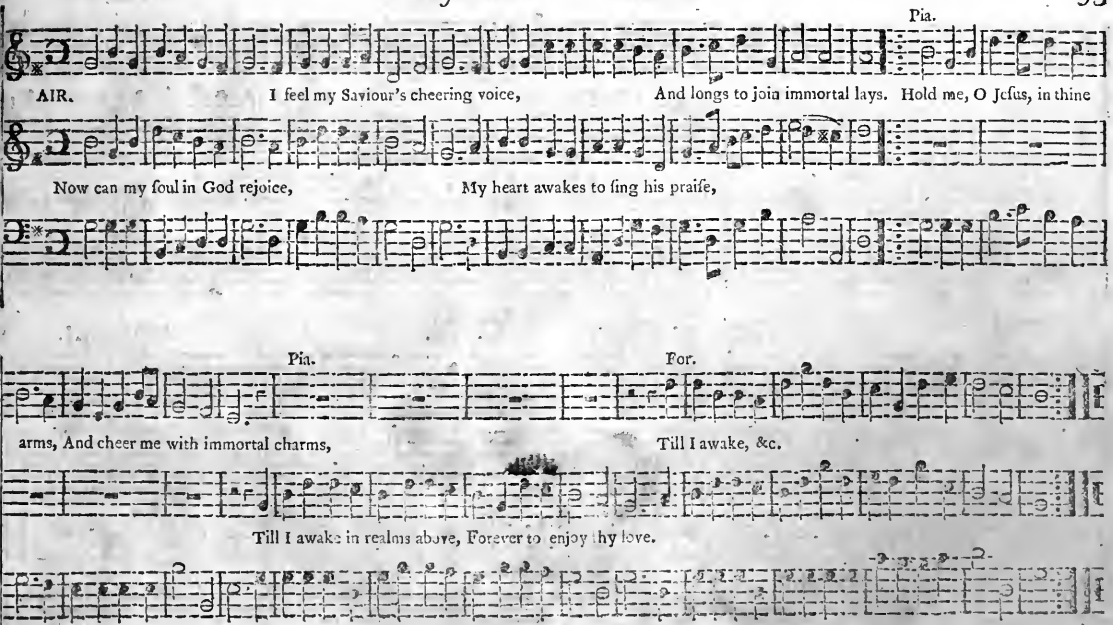

Now to the Lord a noble ſong, Awake my ſoul, awake my tongue, Hoſanna to th' eternal Name, And all his boundleſs love proclaim.
See where it ſhines in
Pia.
For.
God, in the perſon of his Son, Has all his nobleſt works outdone.
Jeſus' face, The brighteſt image of his grace,
God, in the perſon, &c.


AIR.
Who is this fair one in diſtreſs, That travels from the wilderneſs?
And preſt with ſorrows
And preſt with ſorrows and with ſins, And preſt with ſorrows and with ſins, On her beloved Lord ſhe leans.

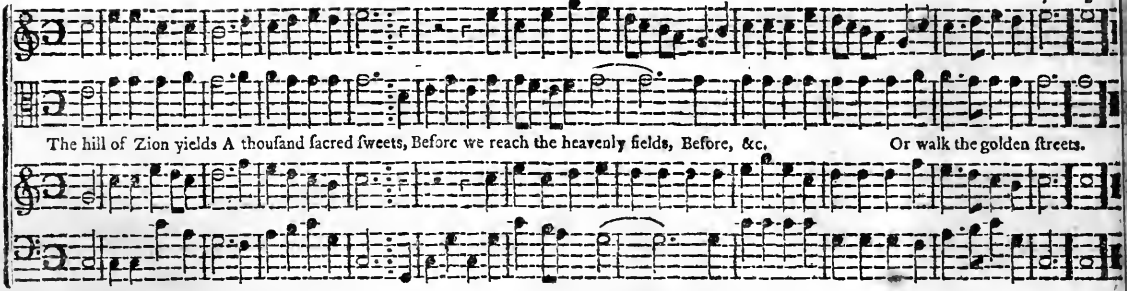

AIR.
The Lord hath eyes to give the blind, The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind, He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace ; He helps the ſtranger
in diſtreſs, The widow and the fatherleſs, And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe, And grants, &c.


AIR.
The voice of my beloved founds, Over the rocks and rising grounds, O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief He leaps, he flies to my relief.
Now through the veil of flesh I see, With eyes of love he looks at me, And in the gospel's cleareſt glaſs, He ſhews the beauties of his face.

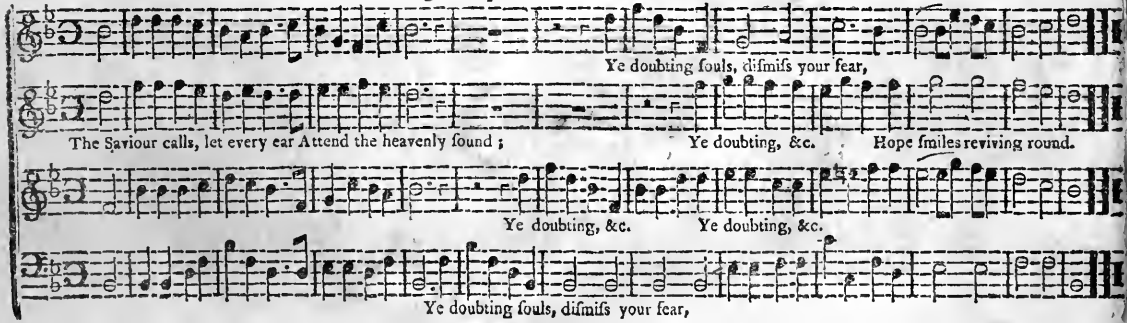

Pia.
AIR.
These glorious minds, how bright they shine, Whence all their white array? How came they to the happy seats Of everlasting day? From tort'ring
For.
pains to endless joys On fiery wheels they rode, And strangely wash'd their raiment white In Jesus' dying blood. In, &c.

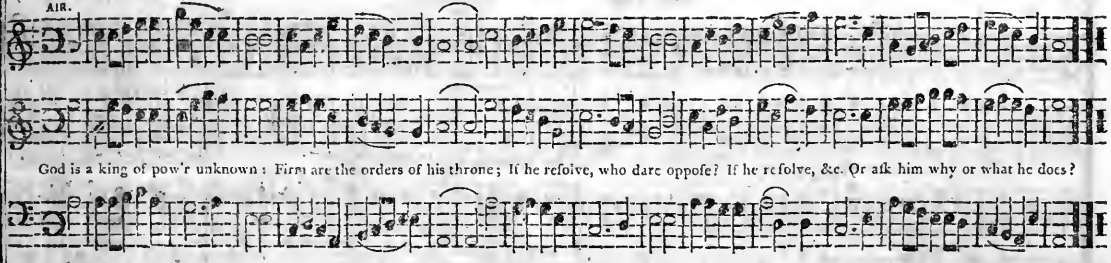

Pia.
AIR. I feel my Saviour's cheering voice, And longs to join immortal lays. Hold me, O Jesus, in thine
Now can my soul in God rejoice, My heart awakes to sing his praise,
Pia. For.
arms, And cheer me with immortal charms, Till I awake, &c.
Till I awake in realms above, Forever to enjoy thy love.

Concord. S. M. HOLDEN.



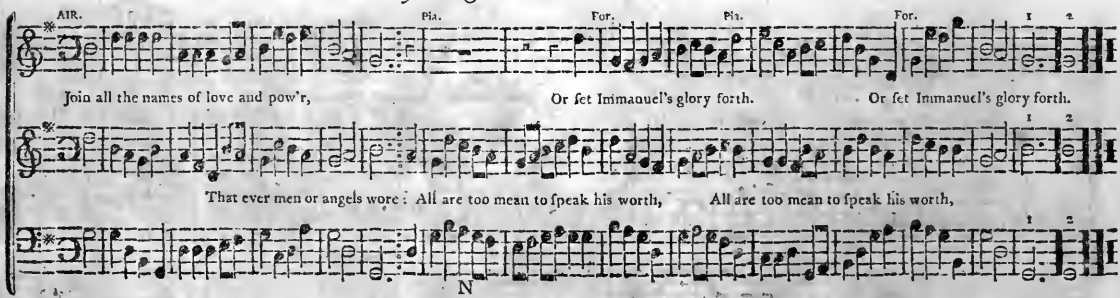
Reviving Hope. C. M. HOLDEN.





Fryeburgh. L. M.

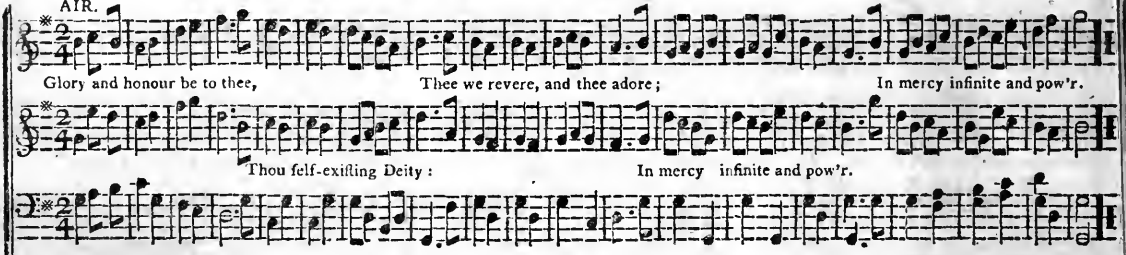
ALBEE.



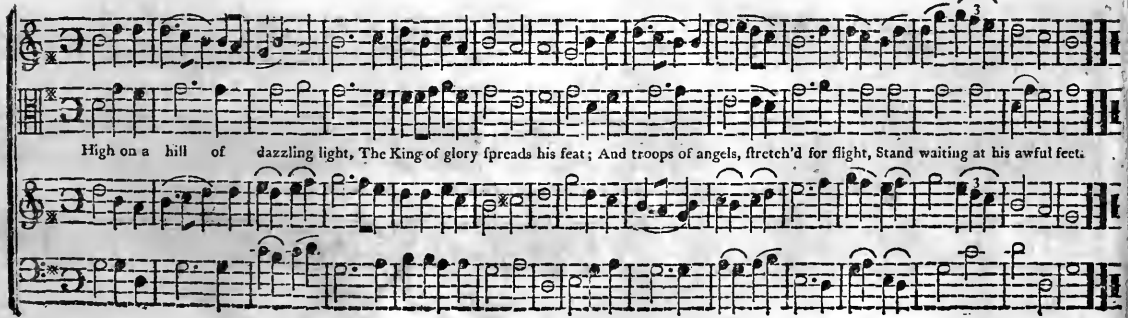
Hamilton. L. M.

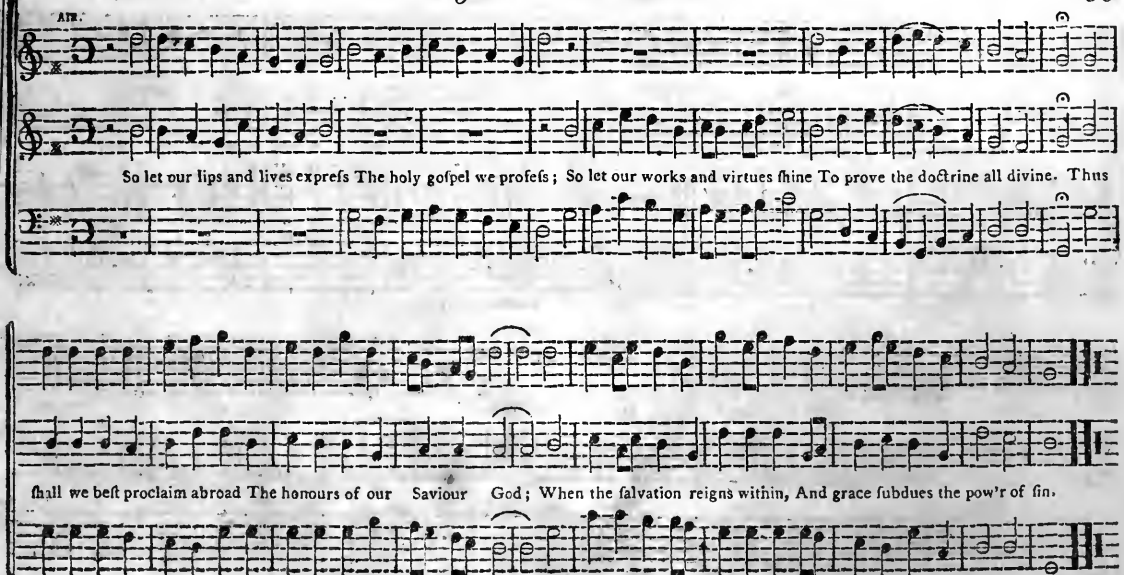
ALBEE.

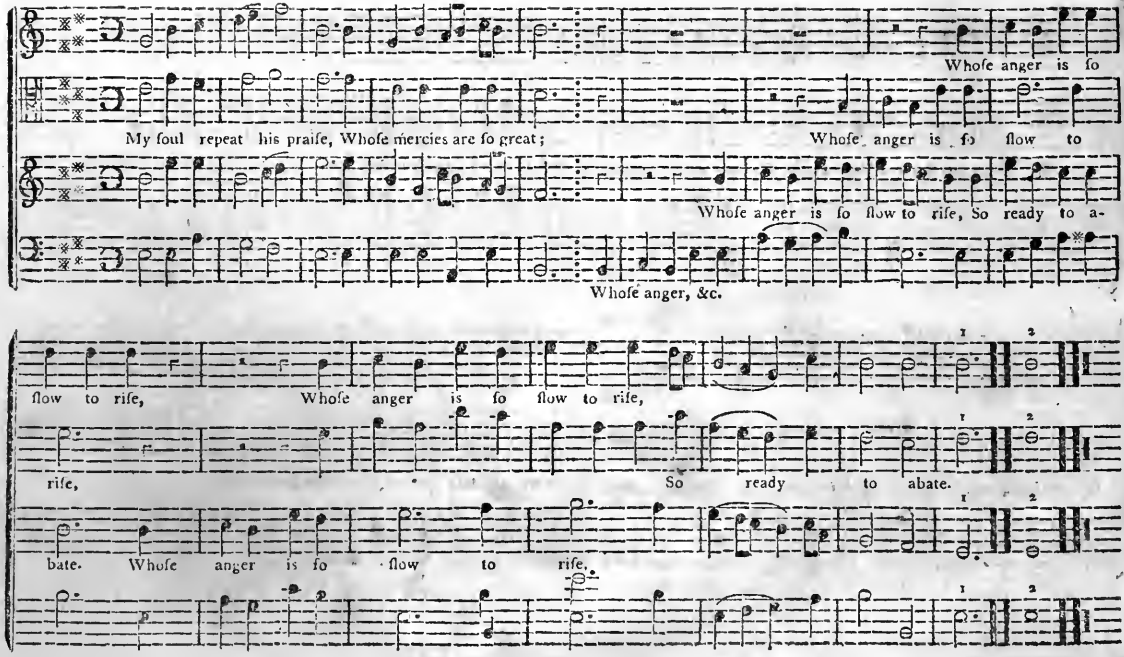
AIR.



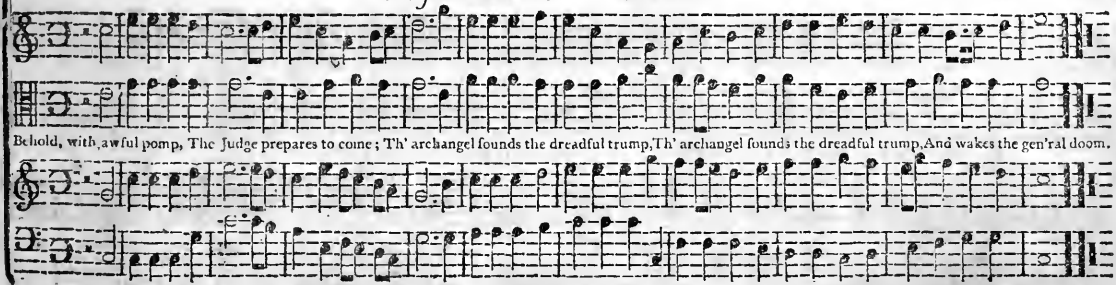
Corniſh. L. M.




AIR.
So let our lips and lives expreſs The holy gofpel we profeſs; So let our works and virtues ſhine To prove the doctrine all divine. Thus
ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad The honours of our Saviour God; When the ſalvation reigns within, And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

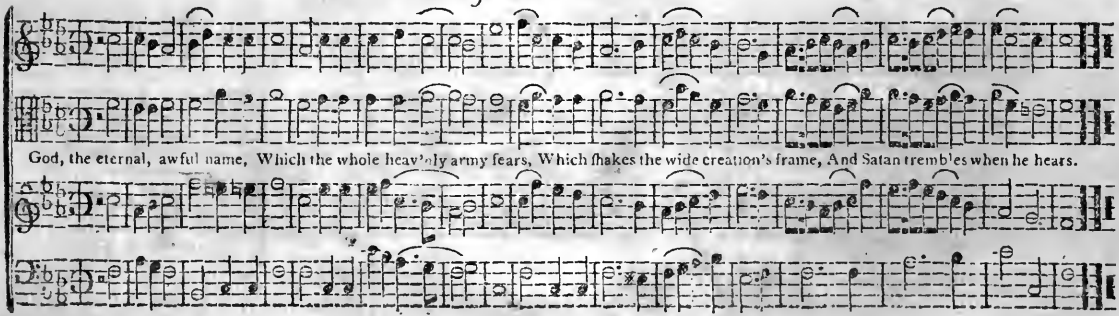

Whofe anger is fo
My foul repeat his praife, Whofe mercies are fo great;
Whofe anger is fo flow to
Whofe anger is fo flow to rife, So ready to a-
Whofe anger, &c.
flow to rife,
Whofe anger is fo flow to rife,
rife,
So ready to abate.
bate. Whofe anger is fo flow to rife.

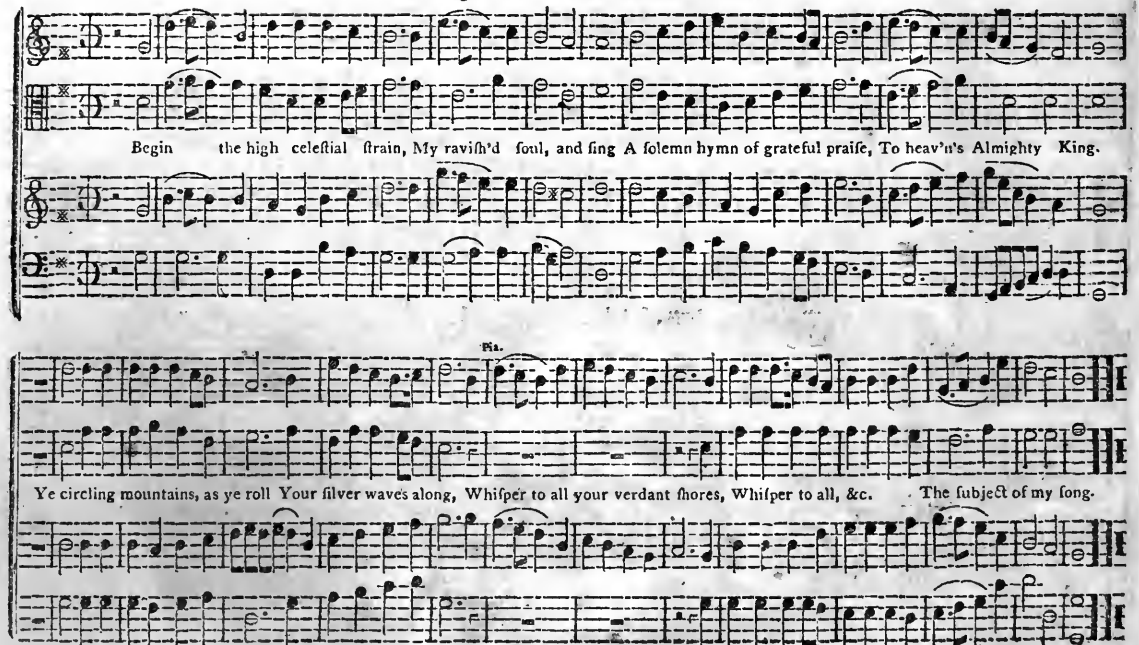
Consummation. S. M.

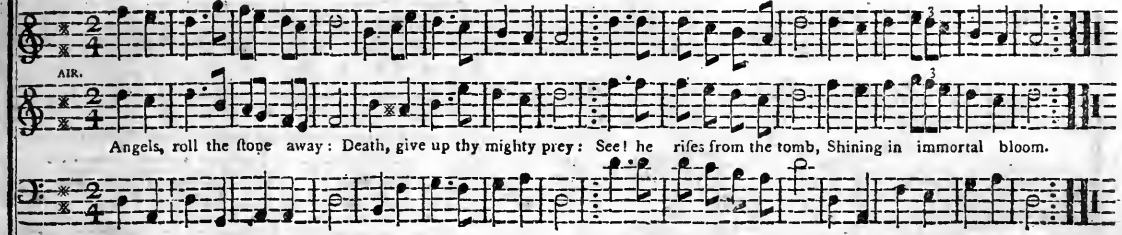


Pittsford. L. M.

BELKNAP.

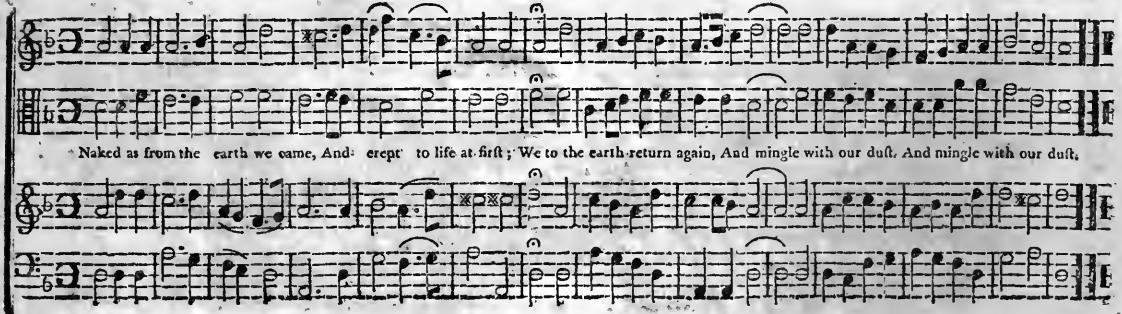


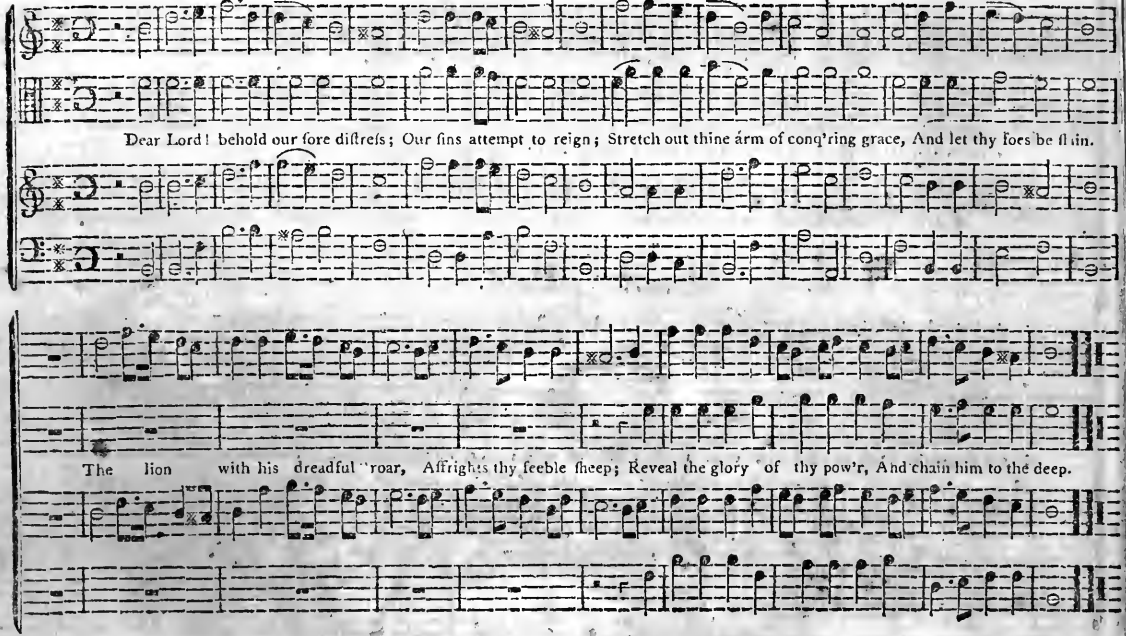

Begin the high celeſtial ſtrain, My raviſh'd ſoul, and ſing A ſolemn hymn of grateful praiſe, To heav'n's Almighty King.
Ye circling mountains, as ye roll Your ſilver waves along, Whiſper to all your verdant ſhores, Whiſper to all, &c. The ſubject of my ſong.

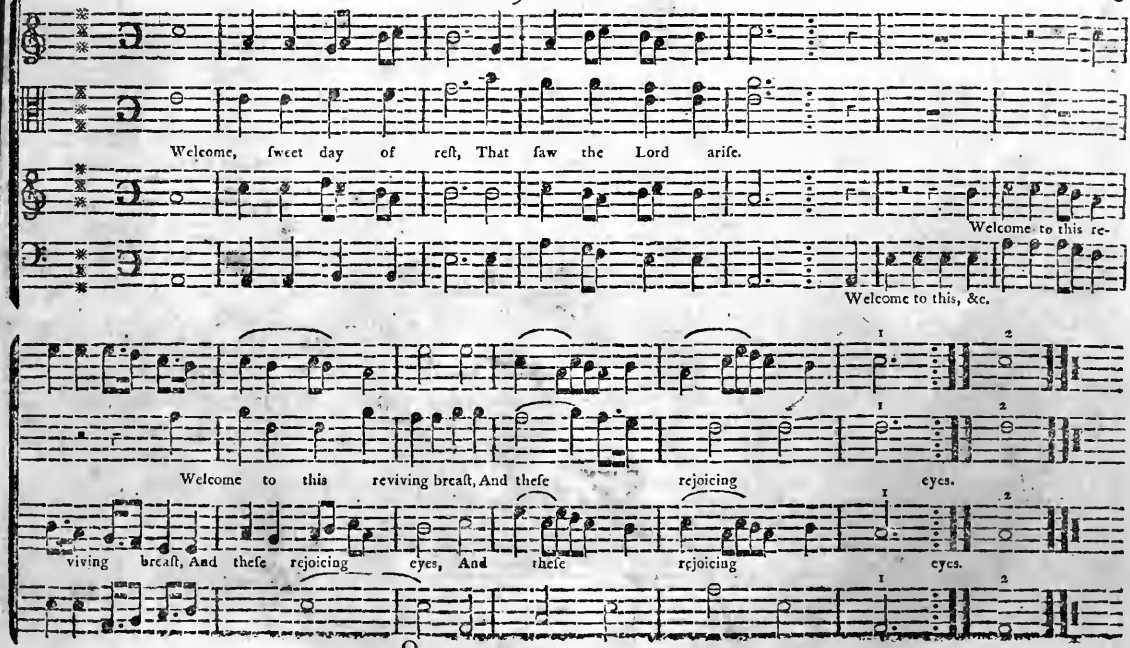


Dover. C. M.

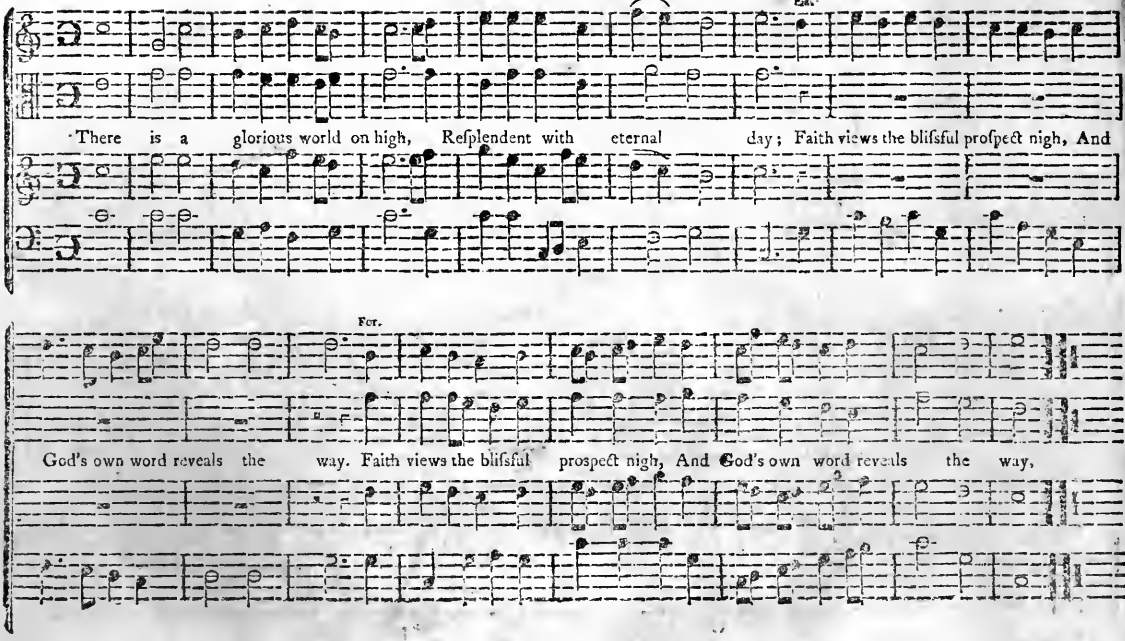
BELKNAP.

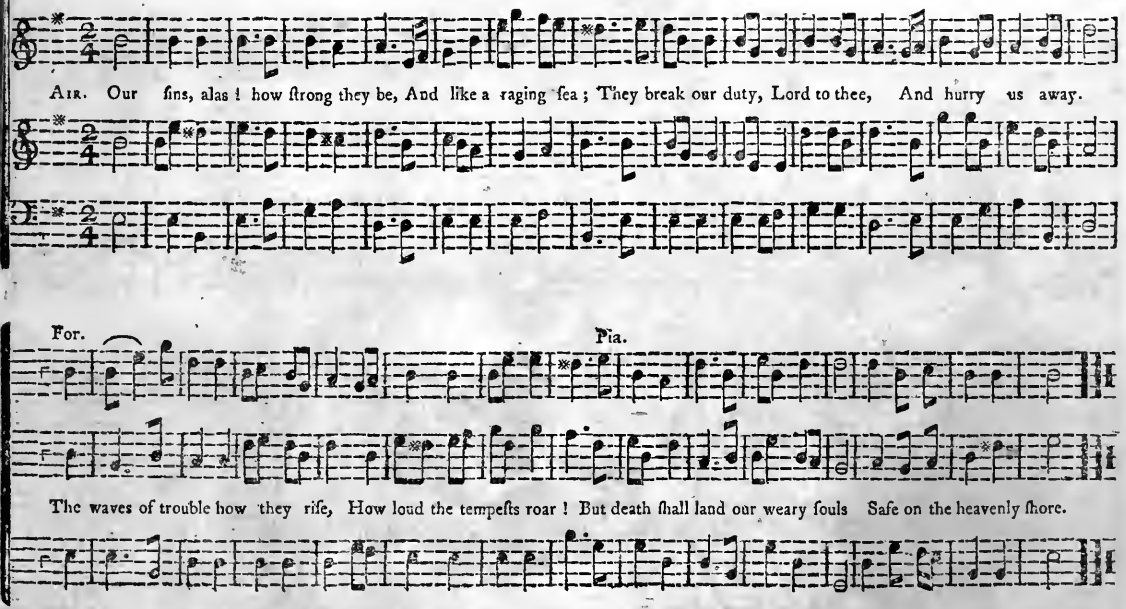



Dear Lord! behold our sore distress; Our sins attempt to reign; Stretch out thine arm of conq'ring grace, And let thy foes be slain.
The lion with his dreadful roar, Affrights thy feeble sheep; Reveal the glory of thy pow'r, And chain him to the deep.

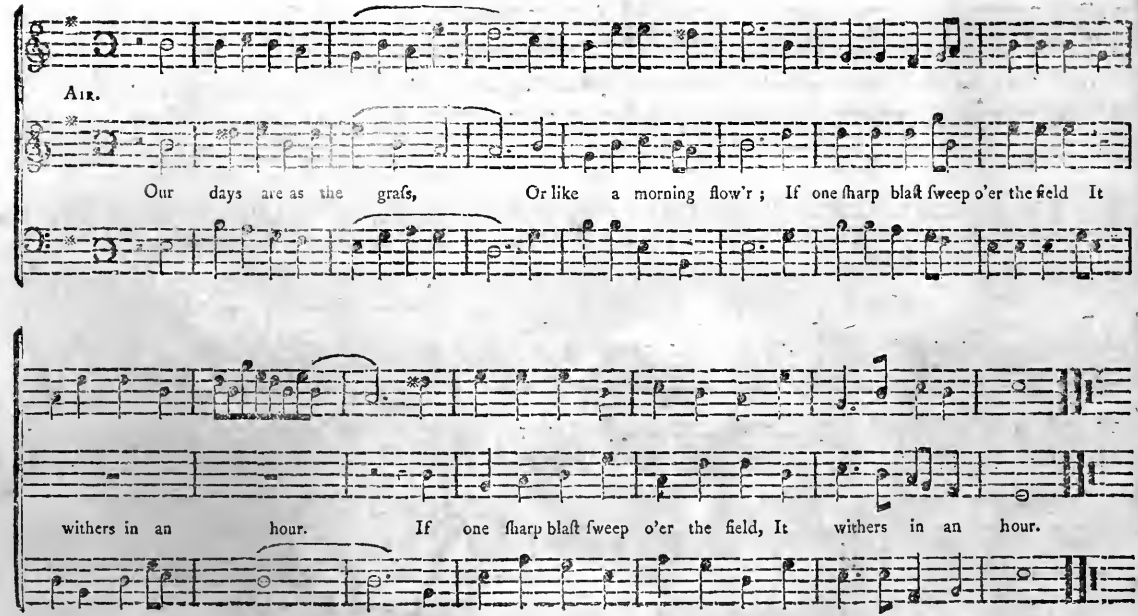

Welcome, ſweet day of reſt, That ſaw the Lord ariſe.
Welcome to this re-
Welcome to this, &c.
Welcome to this reviving breaſt, And theſe rejoicing eyes.
viving breaſt, And theſe rejoicing eyes, And theſe rejoicing eyes.

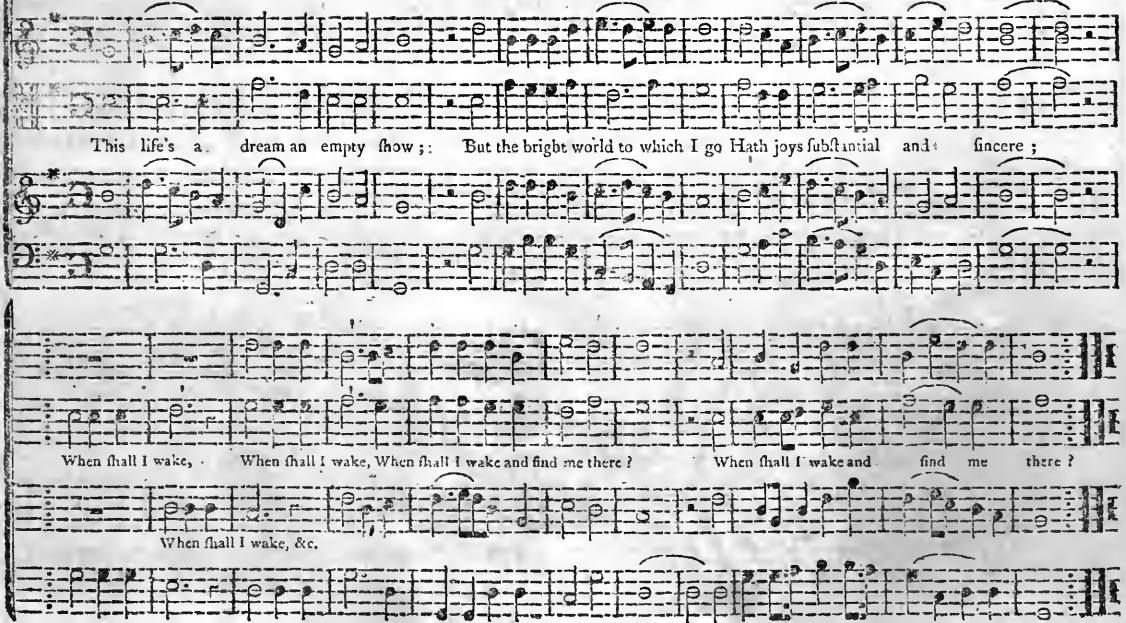
Hotham. L. M.


Dim.
There is a glorious world on high, Reſplendent with eternal day; Faith views the bliſsful proſpect nigh, And
For.
God's own word reveals the way. Faith views the bliſsful proſpect nigh, And God's own word reveals the way,


AIR. Our sins, alas! how strong they be, And like a raging sea; They break our duty, Lord to thee, And hurry us away.
For.
Pia.
The waves of trouble how they rise, How loud the tempests roar! But death shall land our weary souls Safe on the heavenly shore.

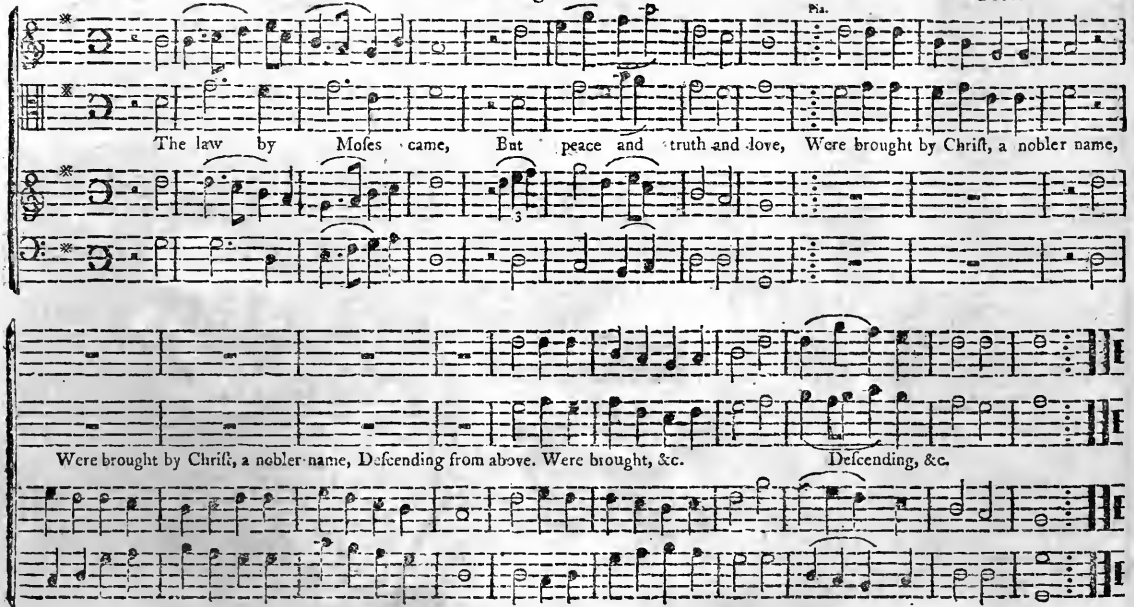
Conway. S. M.

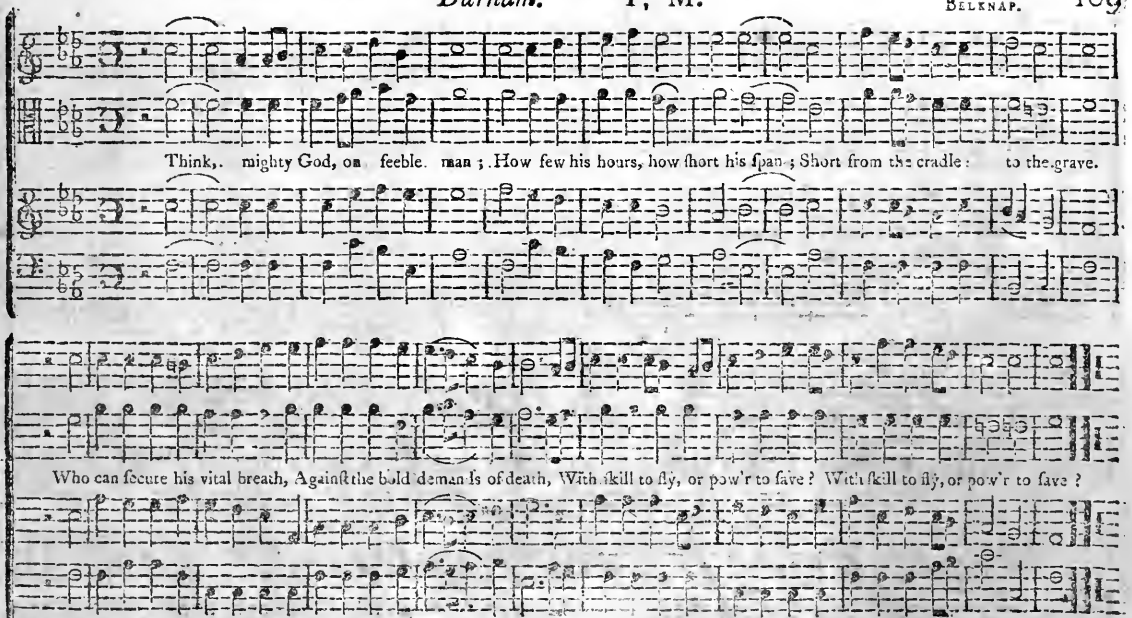

Air.
Our days are as the graſs, Or like a morning flow'r ; If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field It
withers in an hour. If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.


This life's a dream an empty ſhow; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake, When ſhall I wake, When ſhall I wake and find me there? When ſhall I wake and find me there?
When ſhall I wake, &c.

Lunenburgh. S. M.

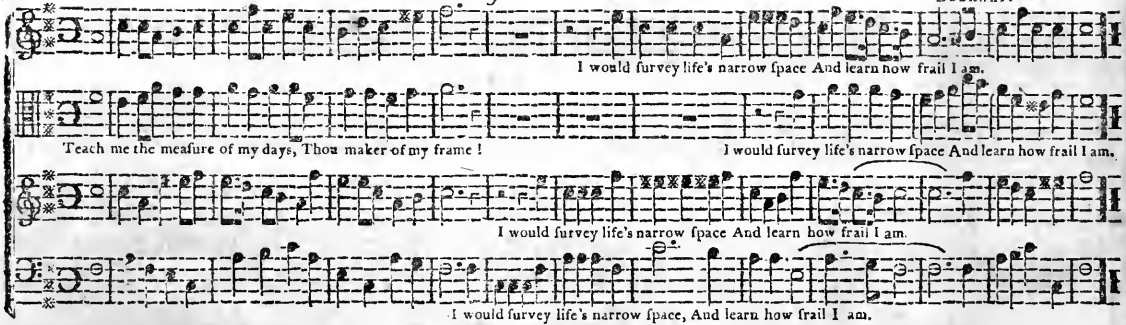
E. Carr.




Think, mighty God, on feeble man; How few his hours, how short his span; Short from the cradle to the grave.
Who can secure his vital breath, Against the bold demands of death, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save? With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

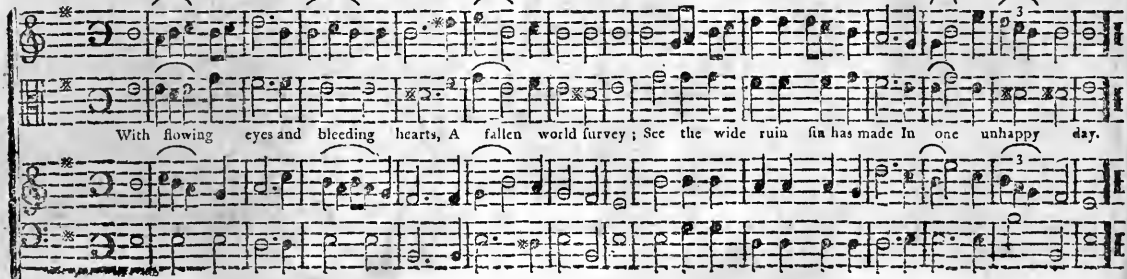
Penobscot. C. M.

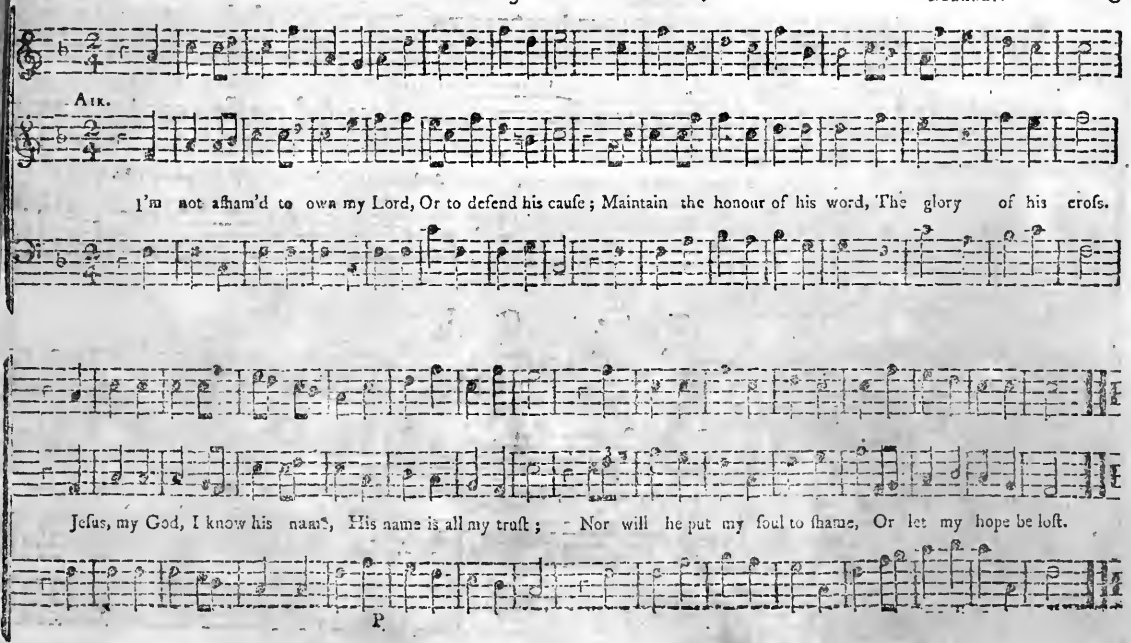
BELKNAP.



Belfast. C. M.

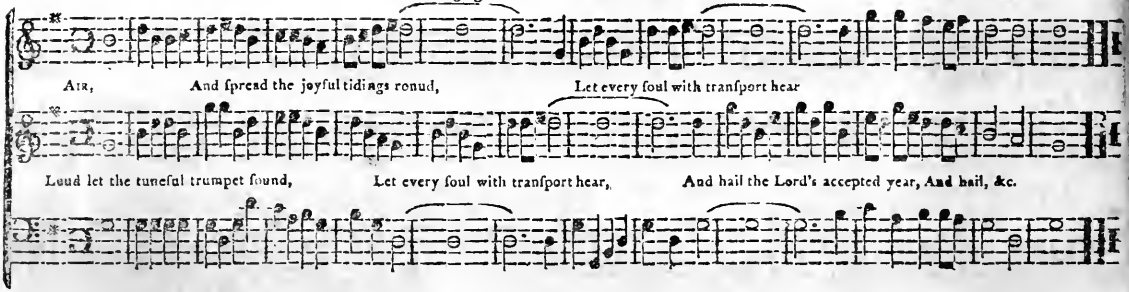
BELKNAP.



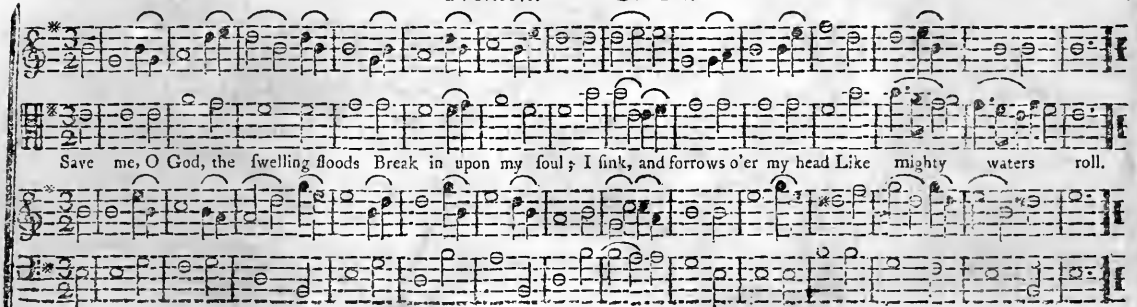

AIR.
I'm not aſham'd to own my Lord, Or to defend his cauſe; Maintain the honour of his word, The glory of his croſs.
Jeſus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my truſt; Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame, Or let my hope be loſt.
P.

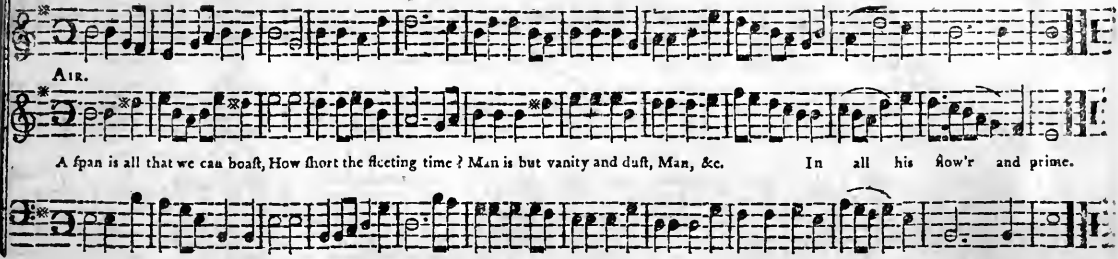
Aſhford. L. M.

BELKNAP



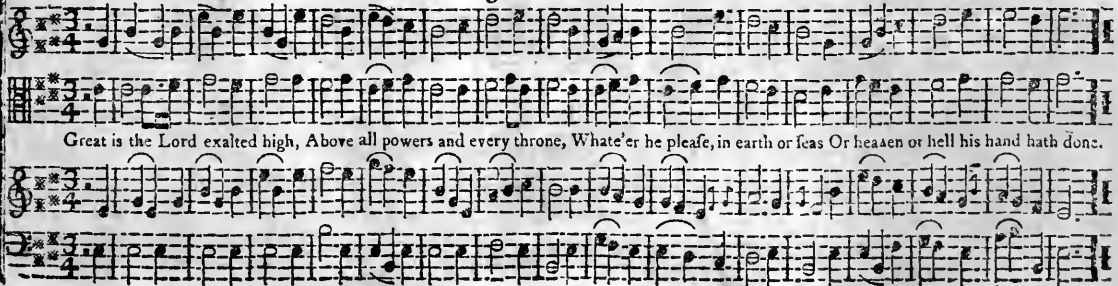
Trenton. C. M.



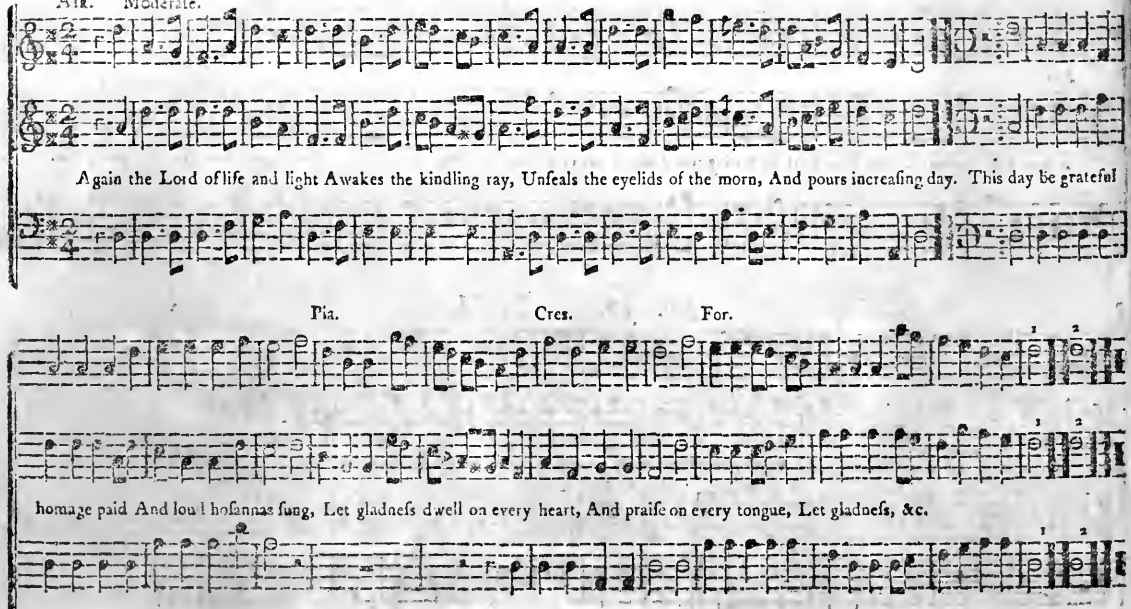

AIR.
A span is all that we can boast, How short the fleeting time? Man is but vanity and dust, Man, &c. In all his flow'r and prime.

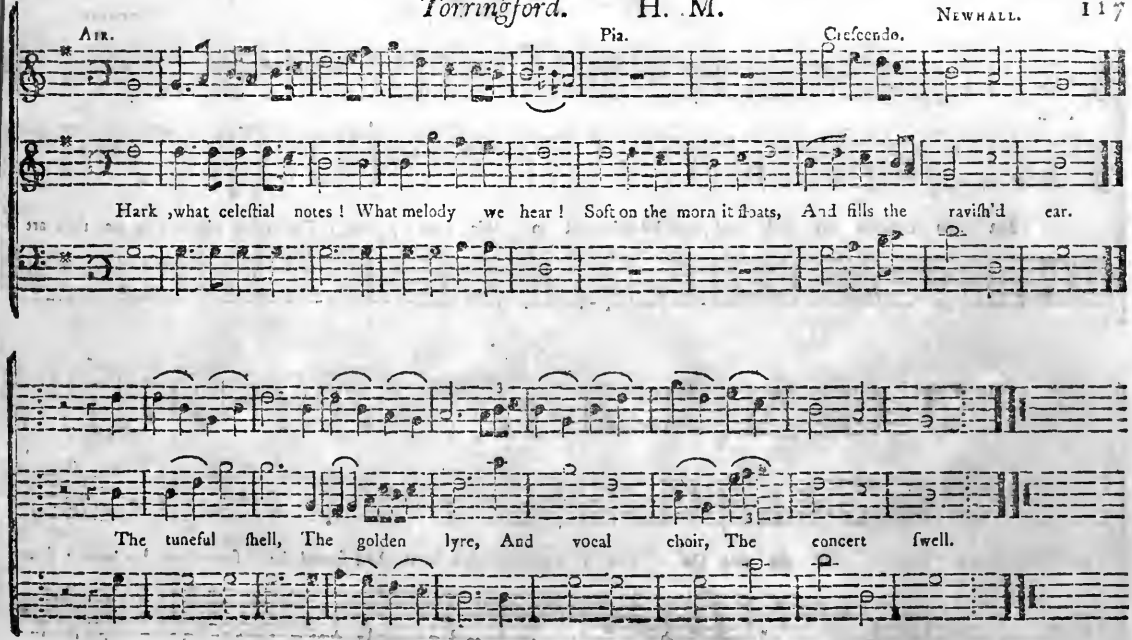
No. 30. L. M.

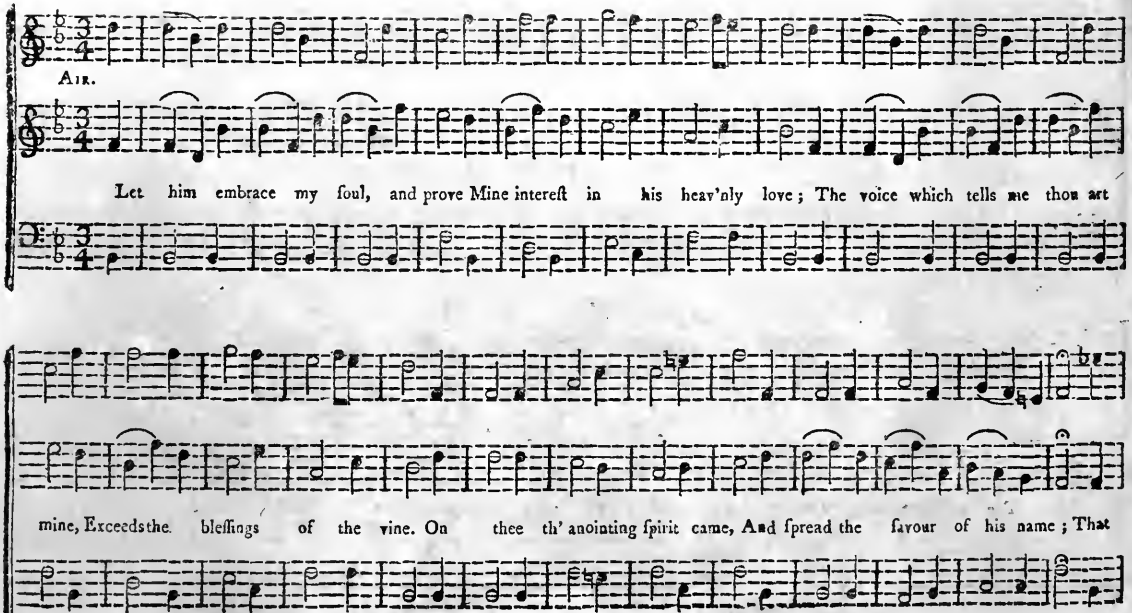
MANN.

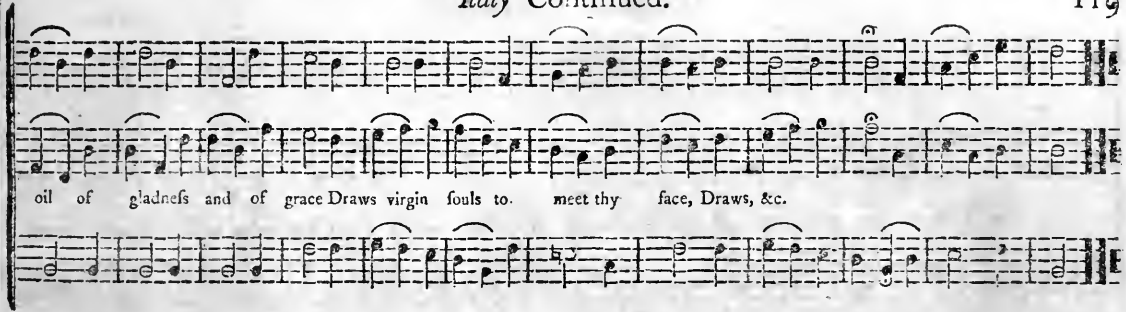

Great is the Lord exalted high, Above all powers and every throne, Whate'er he pleaſe, in earth or ſeas Or heaven or hell his hand hath done.

AIR. Moderate.



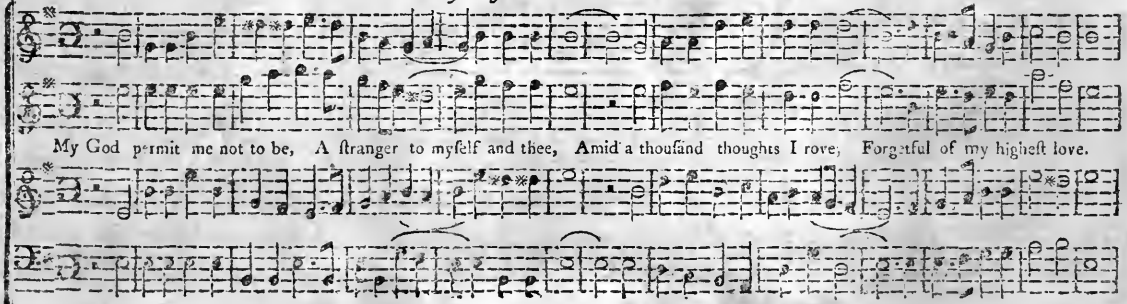

AIR.
Pia.
Crescendo.
Hark ,what celestial notes ! What melody we hear ! Soft on the morn it floats, And fills the raviſh'd ear.
The tuneful ſhell, The golden lyre, And vocal choir, The concert ſwell.

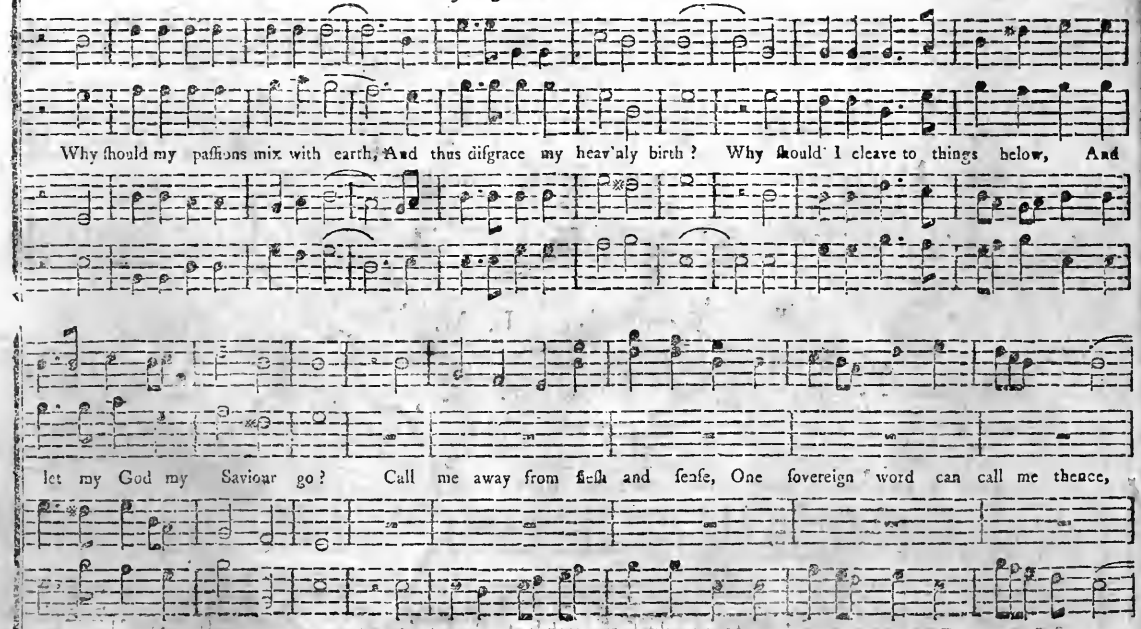

AIR.
Let him embrace my ſoul, and prove Mine intereſt in his heav'nly love; The voice which tells me thou art
mine, Exceeds the bleſſings of the vine. On thee th' anointing ſpirit came, And ſpread the ſavour of his name; That

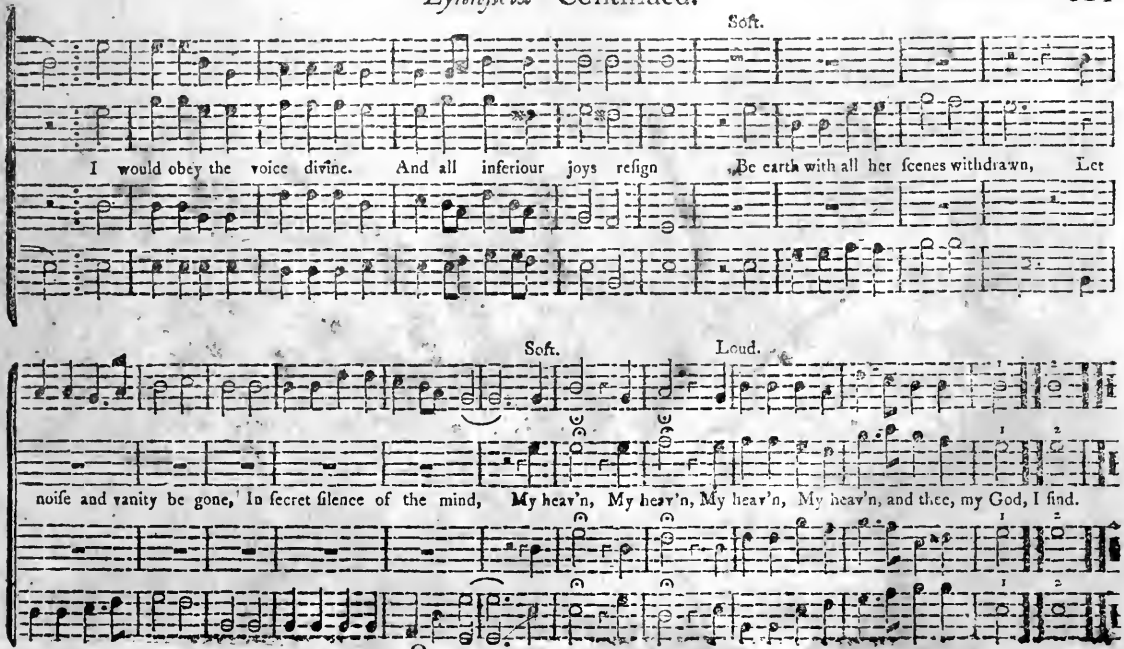


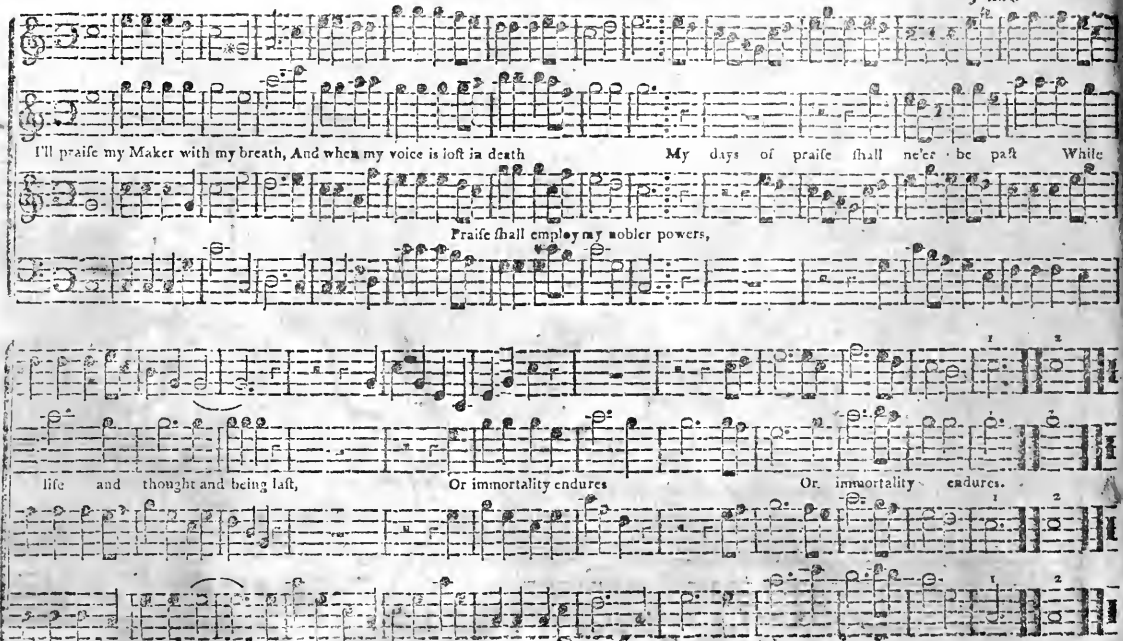
Lynnfield. L. M.

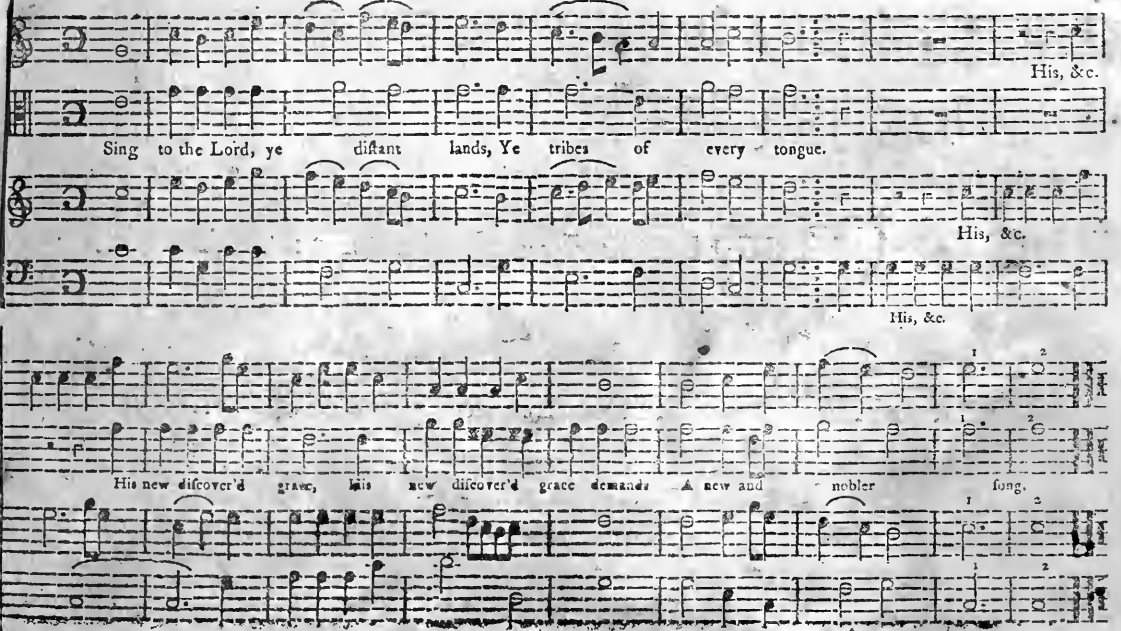
HOLDEN.

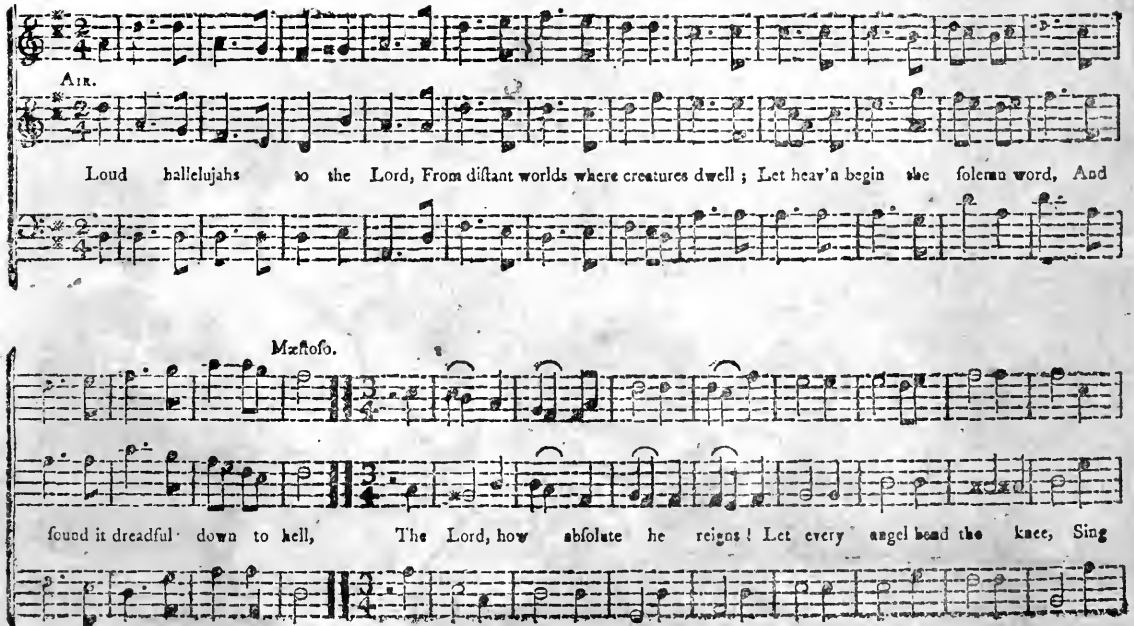



Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth, And thus diſgrace my heav'nly birth? Why ſhould I cleave to things below, And
let my God my Saviour go? Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe, One ſovereign word can call me thence,


Soft.
I would obey the voice divine. And all inferiour joys resign Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn, Let
Soft.
Loud.
noise and vanity be gone, In secret silence of the mind, My heav'n, My heav'n, My heav'n, My heav'n, and thee, my God, I find.


I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death My days of praise shall ne'er be past While
Praise shall employ my nobler powers,
life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures Or immortality endures.


His, &c.
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of every tongue.
His, &c.
His, &c.
His new discover'd grace, his new discover'd grace demands A new and nobler song.


Air.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell; Let heav'n begin the solemn word, And
Maestoso.
sound it dreadful down to hell, The Lord, how absolute he reigns! Let every angel bend the knee, Sing

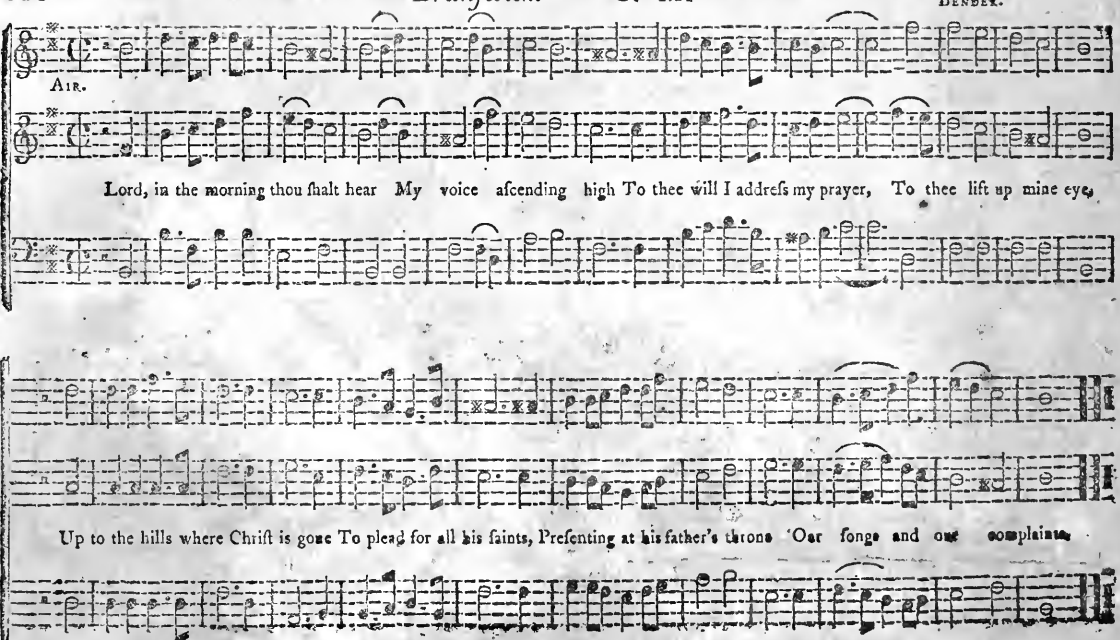
Pia

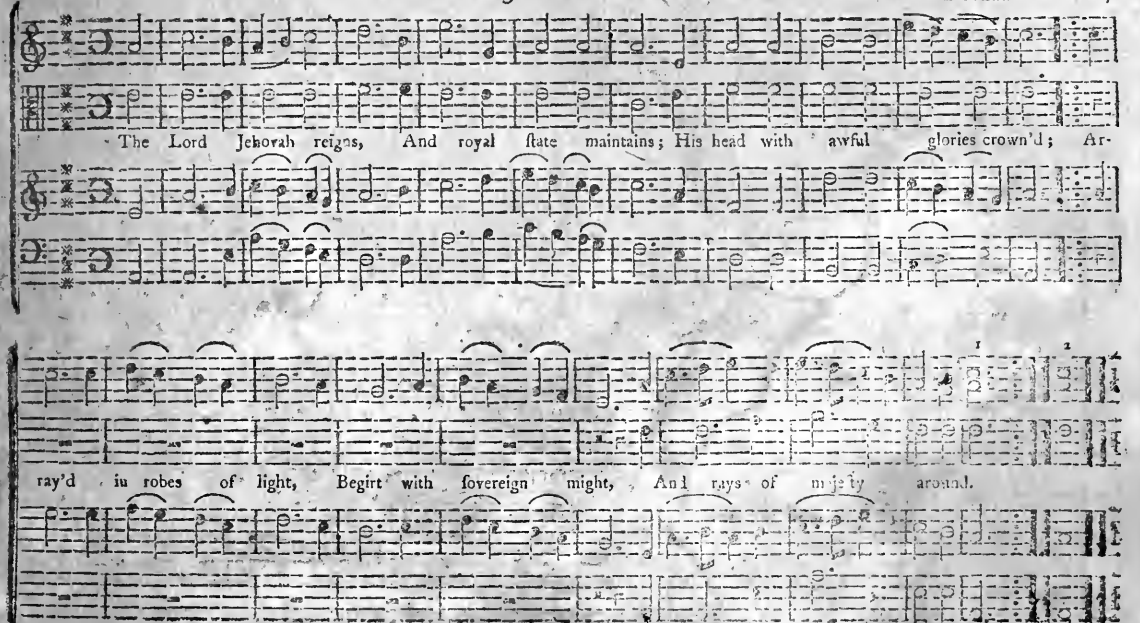
of his love in heav'nly ſtrains, In heav'nly ſtrains, In heav'nly ſtrains, And ſpeak how fierce his terrours be.

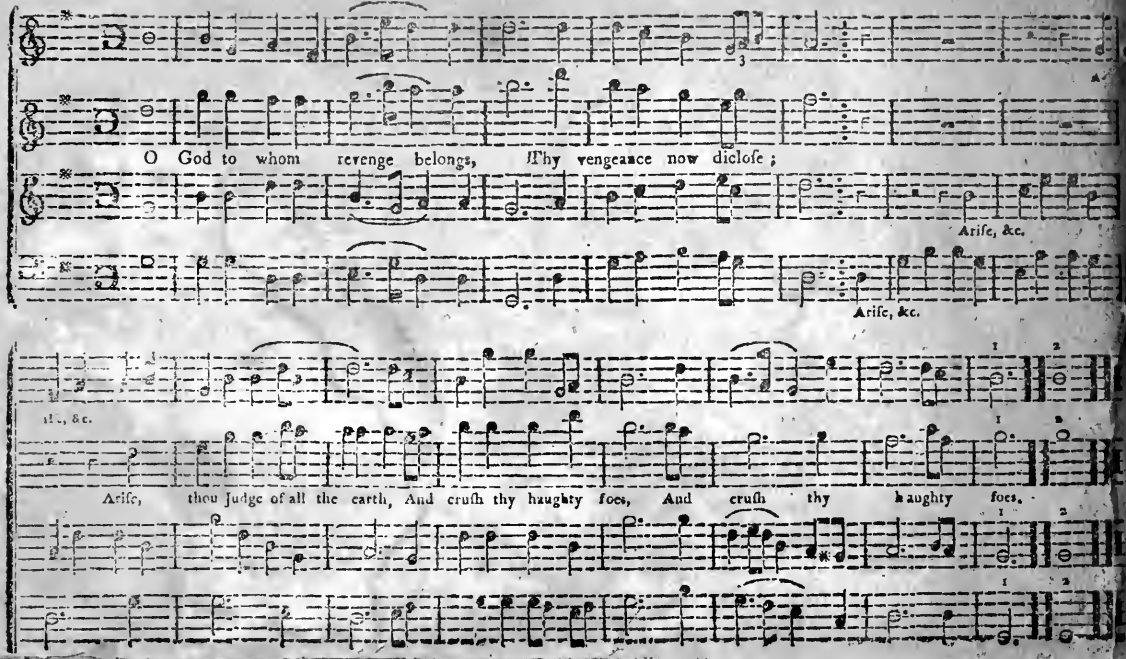
Keene. C. M.

BELKNAP.

Since I have plac'd my truſt in God, A refuge always nigh, Why ſhould I like a tim'rous bird, To diſtant mountains fly.


AIR.
Lord, in the morning thou ſhalt hear My voice aſcending high To thee will I addreſs my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye,
Up to the hills where Chriſt is gone To plead for all his ſaints, Preſenting at his father's throne Our ſongs and our complaints.


The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains; His head with awful glories crown'd; Ar-
ray'd in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of majesty around.


O God to whom revenge belongs, Thy vengeance now discloſe;
Ariſe, &c.
Ariſe, &c.
Ariſe, &c.
Ariſe, thou Judge of all the earth, And cruſh thy haughty foes, And cruſh thy haughty foes.