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Columbian and European Harmony :

OR,

BRIDGEWATER COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC.

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City of Boston.

By BARTHOLOMEW BROWN, *A. M.* AND OTHERS.

" There is in ſouls a ſympathy with ſounds,
And, as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs, or martial, briſk, or grave :
Some chord, in uniſon with what we hear,
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."—COWPER.

SECOND EDITION, IMPROVED.

Publiſhed according to Act of Congreſs.

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FEB. 1804.

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Amos Peirce's Property Waltham. 1802

☞ *THE Compilers of this Collection, flattered by the speedy sale of the first Edition, which they consider as an evidence of the favourable opinion of the Public towards the work, have endeavoured to make such improvements in this* SECOND EDITION *as experience and the suggestions of friends have pointed out; and they hope the work will still meet with public patronage.*

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

PREFACE.

MUSIC is juſtly claſſed among the liberal and polite arts. The principles of Harmony alſo form a very curious and not inconſiderable part of Mathematics. But, in a work like this, it is not ſo much an object to teach the abſtruſe principles of Harmony, as to inculcate the art of ſinging. Thoſe who would become proficients in compoſition, or the art of combining ſounds, ſhould conſult the Maſſachuſetts Compiler,* the Encyclopedia, and other works, which explain and develope the doctrine of ſound, and all the proportions of Harmony. Thoſe who wiſh only to qualify themſelves for performing plain Pſalmody, and to furniſh themſelves with a convenient and ſuitable variety of congregational tunes, will, it is hoped, find this work ſufficient for their purpoſes. The Compilers have endeavoured to adapt it to all the variety of time, key, and meaſure, now in uſe in the divine worſhip of the different denominations of Chriſtians. The tunes are chiefly European; but many of them having never been before publiſhed in this country, will have all the novelty and effect of original compoſitions.

As this Collection is intended altogether for congregational uſe, no tunes are inſerted but ſuch as are ſuited to ſome meaſure of ſacred verſe. Many long pieces are, however, ſelected, which will require ſome practice and attention; and in order to facilitate the knowledge and performance of them, where the Adagio or Largo time has been uſed, the Allegro is ſubſtituted. This will not affect the tunes, but merely the mode of performing them; the ſame time in fact being preſerved. The character of the Muſic is ſuch, it is believed, as to accommodate all taſtes. A great proportion of it is the production of the greateſt Maſters, both ancient and modern in Europe; and has the ſanction of general uſe and approbation. None will object, that the muſic is too dull and antiquated; for, after paſſing through all the grades of improvement, men will at laſt come to admire the old ſlow church Muſic; and will conſider the uſe of *Old Hundred* and *Windſor*, as evidence of a correct taſte.

Bridgewater, Dec. 16, 1802.

* The Massachusetts Compiler was printed by, and may be had of Thomas & Andrews.

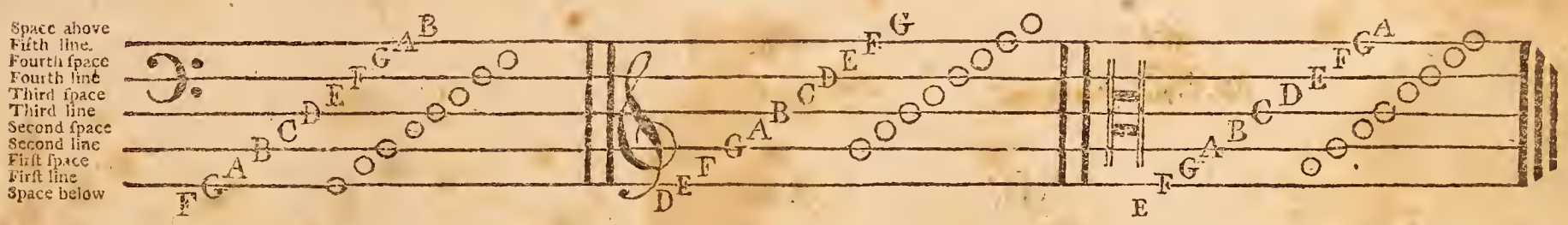
ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the references to Pſalms and Hymns in this work, whenever no expreſs authority is given, Belknap's Collection is underſtood.
The names of all European authors of the tunes are printed in *Roman*, and American in *Italic* characters.
The principal melody, or tenor, is placed next above the baſs.
The metres are expreſſed as follows, viz.

Verſes of	4	lines and 8 ſyllables each,	as Old Hundred,	by L. M.
	4	8 and 6 alternately,	Windſor,	C. M.
	4	6 : 6 : 8 : 6	Dover,	S. M.
	8	6 : 6 : 6 : 6 : 4 : 4 : 4 : 4	Betheſda,	H. M.
	8	5 : 5 : 5 : 5 : 6 : 5 : 6 : 5	St. Michael's,	P. M.
	6	8 each,	St. Helen's,	L. P. M.
	6	8 : 8 : 6 : 8 : 8 : 6	Ganges,	C. P. M.
	6	6 : 6 : 8 : 6 : 6 : 8	Dalſton,	S. P. M.
	4	8 each, with 3 ſyllables in a foot,	Hampton,	8s.
	4	7 each,	Cookham,	7s.
	4	8 and 7 alternately,	Waterford,	8s & 7s.
	6	10 each,	Judgment,	10s.
	6	10 : 10 : 10 : 10 : 11 : 11	Landaff,	10s & 11s.
	6	6 : 6 : 10 : 6 : 6 : 10	Auſpicious Morn,	6s & 10s.

A plain and concise INTRODUCTION *to the* GROUNDS *of* MUSIC.

GAMUT.



A CLIFF *generally* distinguishes some particular part ; it also governs the order of the letters, as it always, wherever it be placed, carries the letter, prefixed to it as above, along with it, from which also it takes its name.

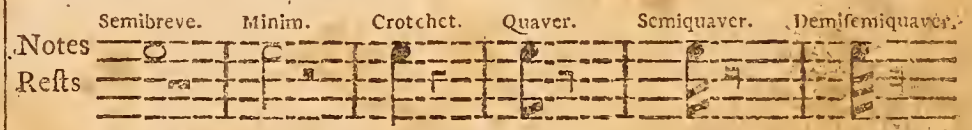
THE natural place for mi is in B

If B be flat, mi is in	E	If F be sharp, mi is in	F
If B and E be flat, mi is in	A	If F and C be sharp, mi is in	C
If B, E, and A be flat, mi is in	D	If F, C, and G be sharp, mi is in	G
If B, E, A and D, be flat, mi is in	G	If F, C, G, and D be sharp, mi is in	D

Above mi are fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la ; and below, are la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa, and then comes mi again.

From mi to fa, and from la to fa, are but half tones.

NAMES and PROPORTIONS of the NOTES and RESTS.



Two minims, or 4 crotchets, or 8 quavers, or 16 semiquavers, or 32 demisemiquavers, are equal to one semibreve.

Muſical Characters.

Stave — FIVE lines whereon muſic is written.

Brace — Shows how many parts are ſung together.

Flat — At the beginning of a tune, governs the mi; and ſet before a note, ſinks it half a tone.

Sharp — At the beginning of a tune, governs the mi; and ſet before a note, raiſes it half a tone.

Natural — Reſtores any note, made flat or ſharp, to its primitive ſound.

Point of Addition — Adds to a note half its original length.

Point of Diminution — Reduces three notes to two of the ſame kind.

Single bar — Divides the time according to the meaſure note.

Double bar — or — Shows the end of a ſtrain.

Cloſe — Shows the end of a tune.

Repeat :S: or — Shows that part of the tune is to be ſung twice.

Figures — Show that the notes under figure 1 are ſung before repeating, and the notes under figure 2 at repeating. If tied together with a ſlur, all are ſung at repeating.

Hold — Shows that the ſound of the note over which it is placed ſhould be continued beyond its cuſtomary length, ſo long as the maſter pleaſes.—☞ In this book, when placed over the treble, it has influence over the corresponding notes in the other parts.

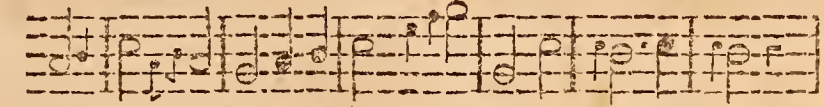
Ledger lines — Are added when the notes go out of the compaſs of the five lines and ſpaces.

Trill — Shows that the note over which it is placed ſhould be ſhaken.

Marks of diſtinction — Require the notes over which they are placed to be ſung emphatically.

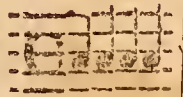
Chooſing notes Give the performer liberty to ſing which he pleaſes; and both may be ſung at the ſame time.

Slur or Tie Shows what number of notes are ſung to one ſyllable.

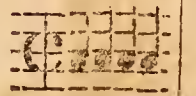
Apoggi-turas 

Are ſmall notes which divide the time of the principal note, unleſs it be followed by a point or reſt, and then they take the whole time of the principal note, and that takes the time of the point or reſt only.

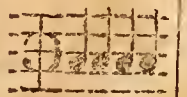
COMMON TIME.

First Mood ADAGIO has 4 beats in a bar, 2 down and 2 up. 4 crotchets or their amount, fill a bar. Accented on the firſt and third. 

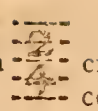
d d u u

Second Largo, has 4 beats, 2 down and 2 up, ½ quicker than the firſt. 4 crotchets in a bar. Accented on the firſt and third.* 

d d u u

Third or Allegro, has 2 beats, 1 down and 1 up. 4 crotchets in a bar. Accented as the preceding. 

d u

Fourth  Has 2 beats, 1 down and one up. Two crotchets in a bar. Accented as the preceding.

d u

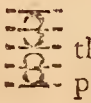
TRIPLE TIME.

First Mood HAS 3 beats, 2 down and 1 up; 3 minims, or their amount, fill a bar. Accented chiefly on the firſt, and faintly on the third.

d d u

Second Has 3 beats, 2 down, and 1 up; three crotchets, or their amount, fill a bar. Accented as the preceding.

d d u

Third  Has three beats, two down, and one up; three quavers fill a bar. Accented as the preceding.

d d u

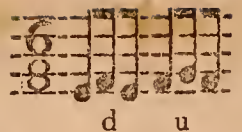
COMPOUND TIME.

First Mood CONTAINS the amount of 6 crotchets in a bar, and has 2 beats, 1 down and 1 up. Accented on the firſt.

d u

* In Italian muſic, Largo is the firſt, and Adagio the ſecond Mood.

Second $\frac{6}{8}$ Has the amount of ſix quavers in a bar, and has 2 beats, 1 down and 1 up. Accented on the firſt.



☞ There are other moods in compound time, ſuch as $\frac{9}{4}$, $\frac{12}{8}$, &c. but not commonly uſed in Pſalmody.

OF THE KEYS.

THERE are but two Keys in muſic, the *ſharp* or *major key*, and the *flat* or *minor key*. If the laſt note in the baſs be next above mi, it is a ſharp; if next below, it is a flat key.

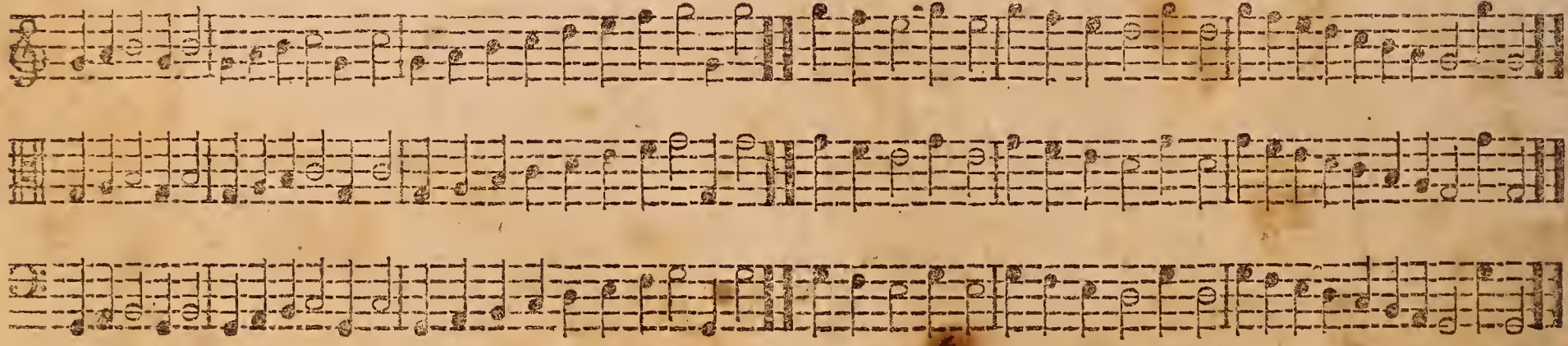
LESSON FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

ASCENDING.

Thirds. Fourths. Eighths.

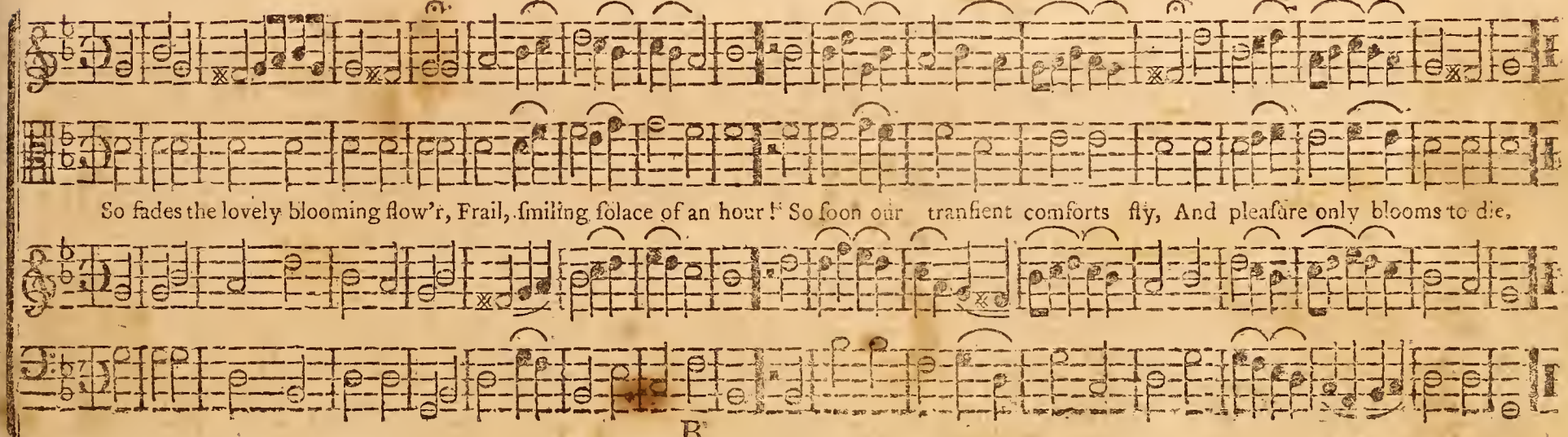
DESCENDING.

Thirds. Fourths. Eighths.

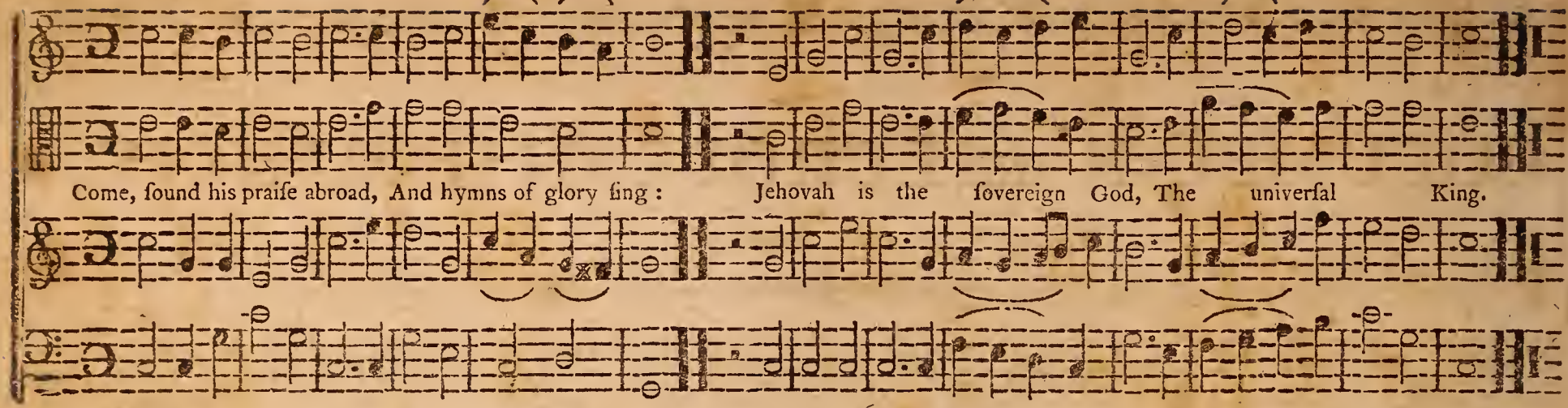


COLUMBIAN AND EUROPEAN HARMONY.

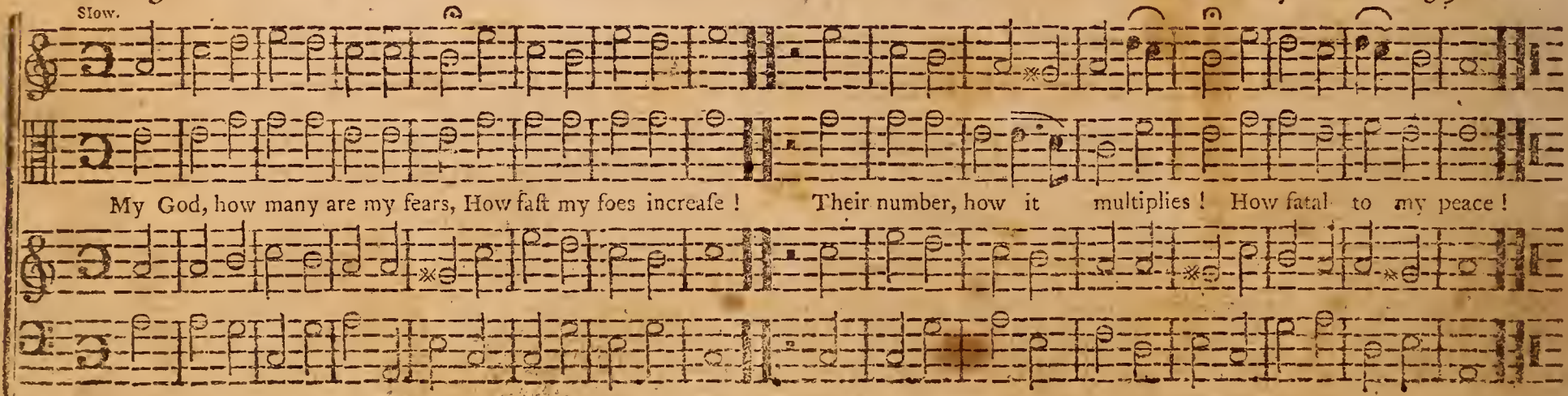
H. 228. MORNING FLOWER. L. M. Leach.

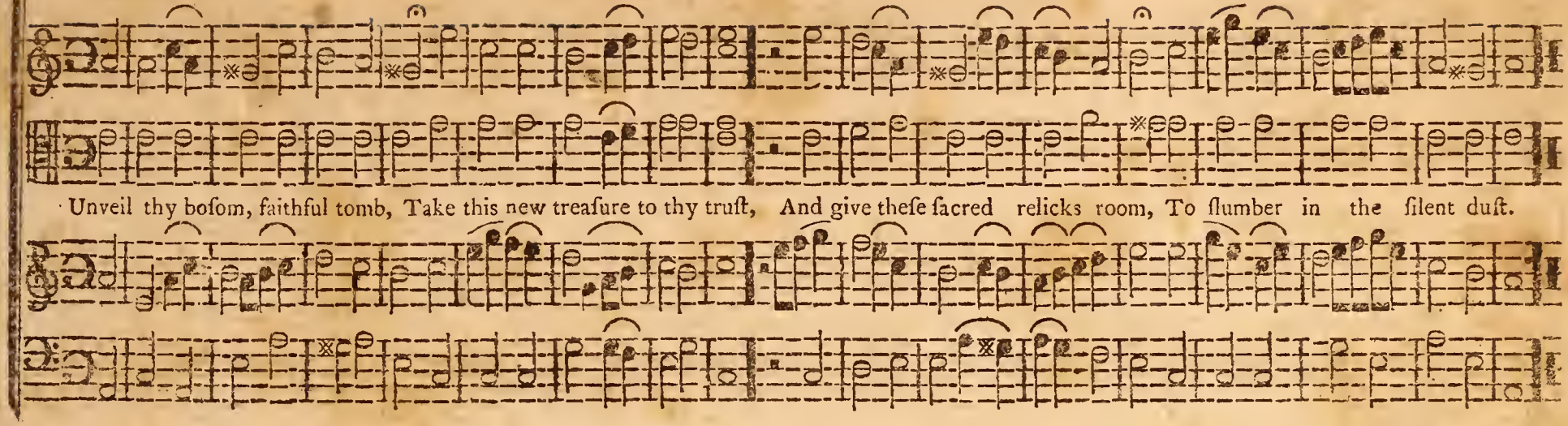


Ps. 95. SILVER STREET. S. M. Smith.

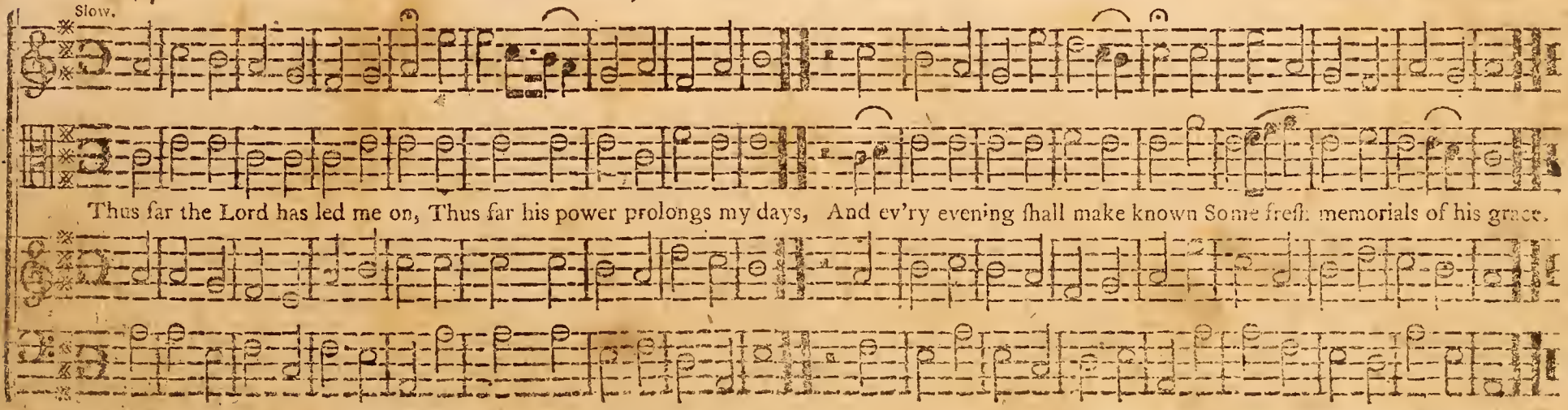


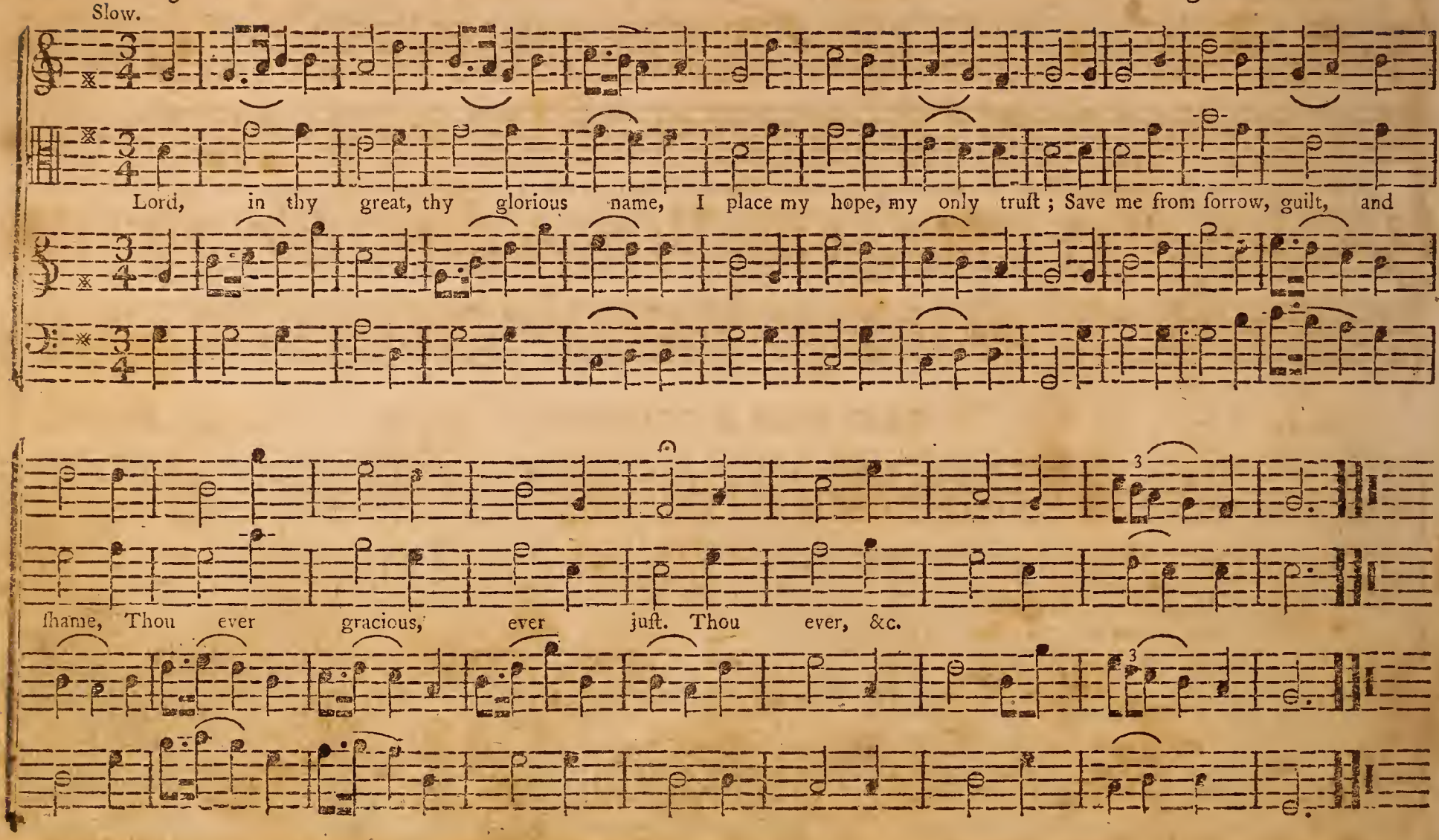
Ps. 3. WINDSOR. C. M. Kirby. A. D. 1592.

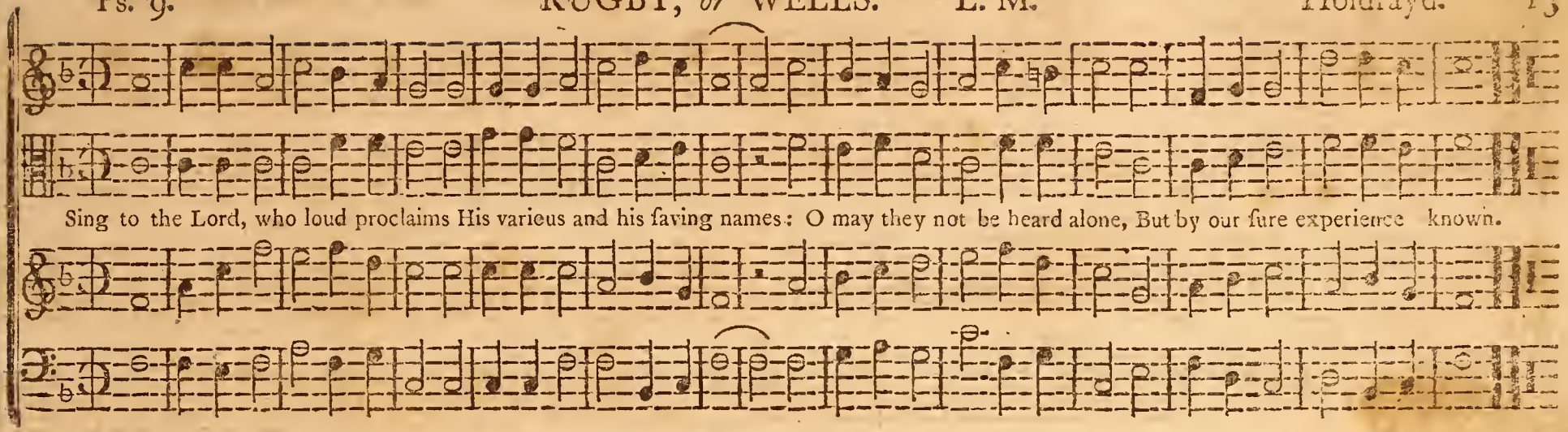




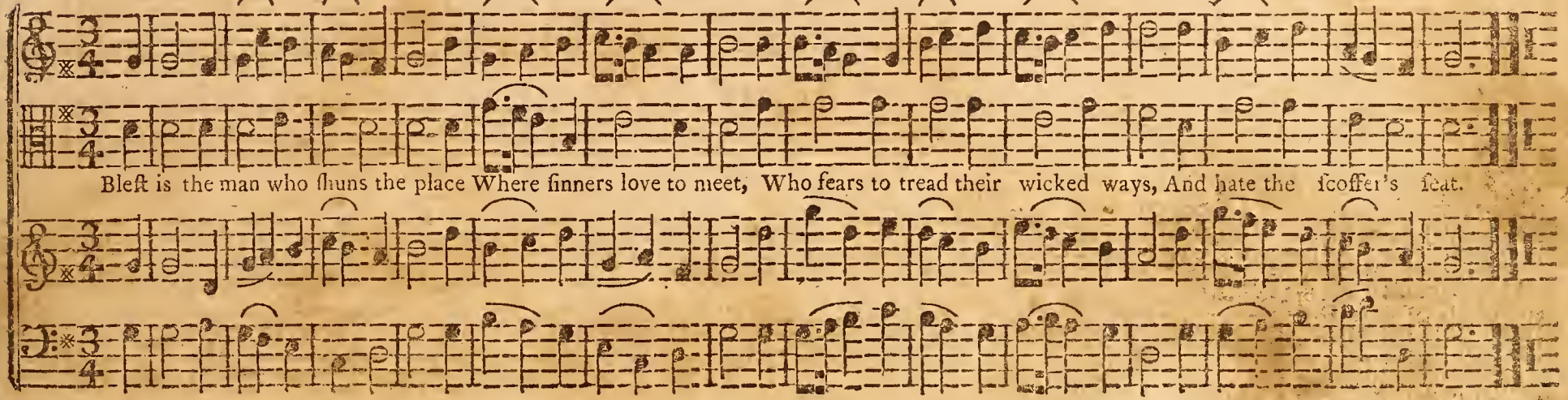
Ps. 4. SAVOY, *or* OLD HUNDRED. L. M. Dr. Douland.

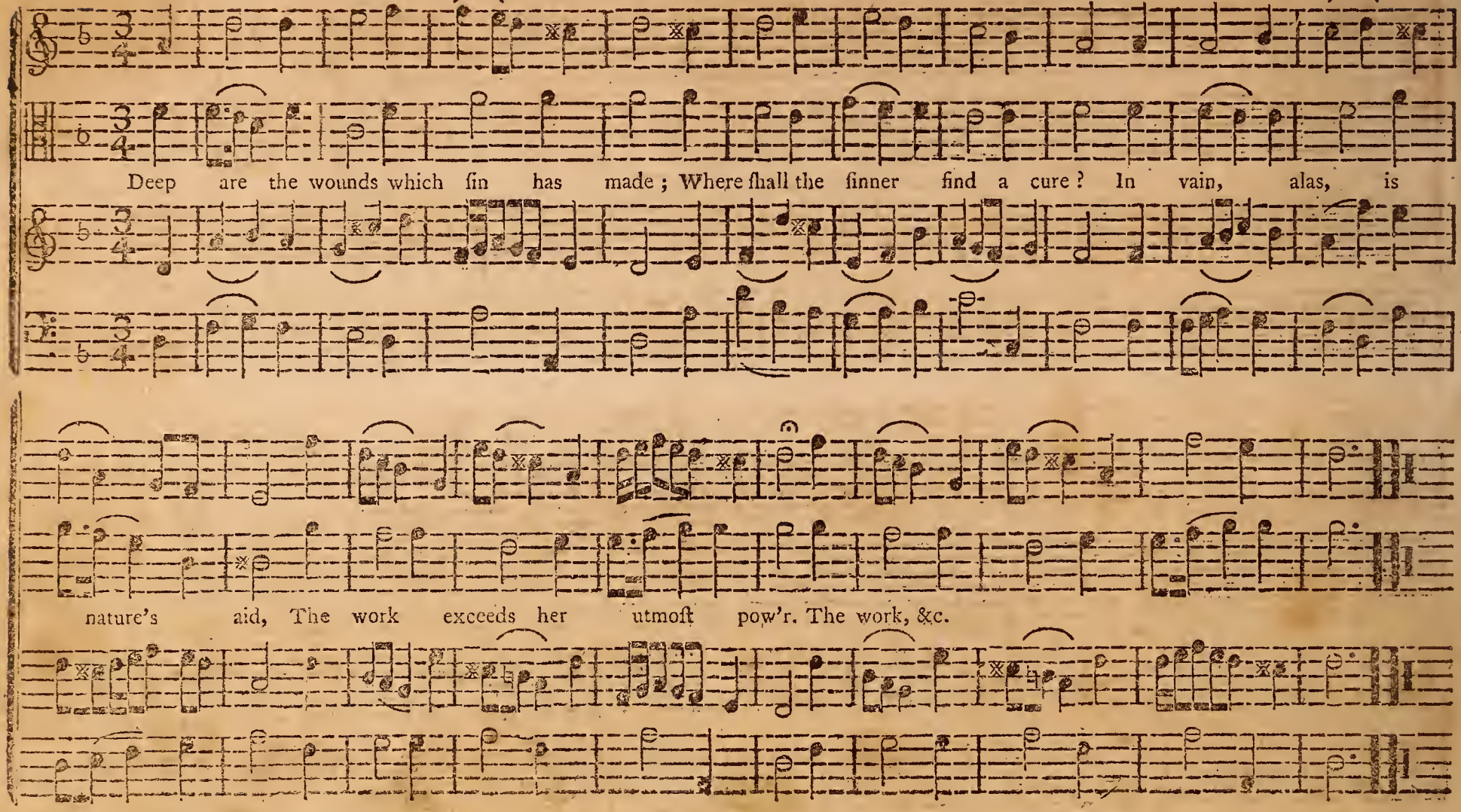


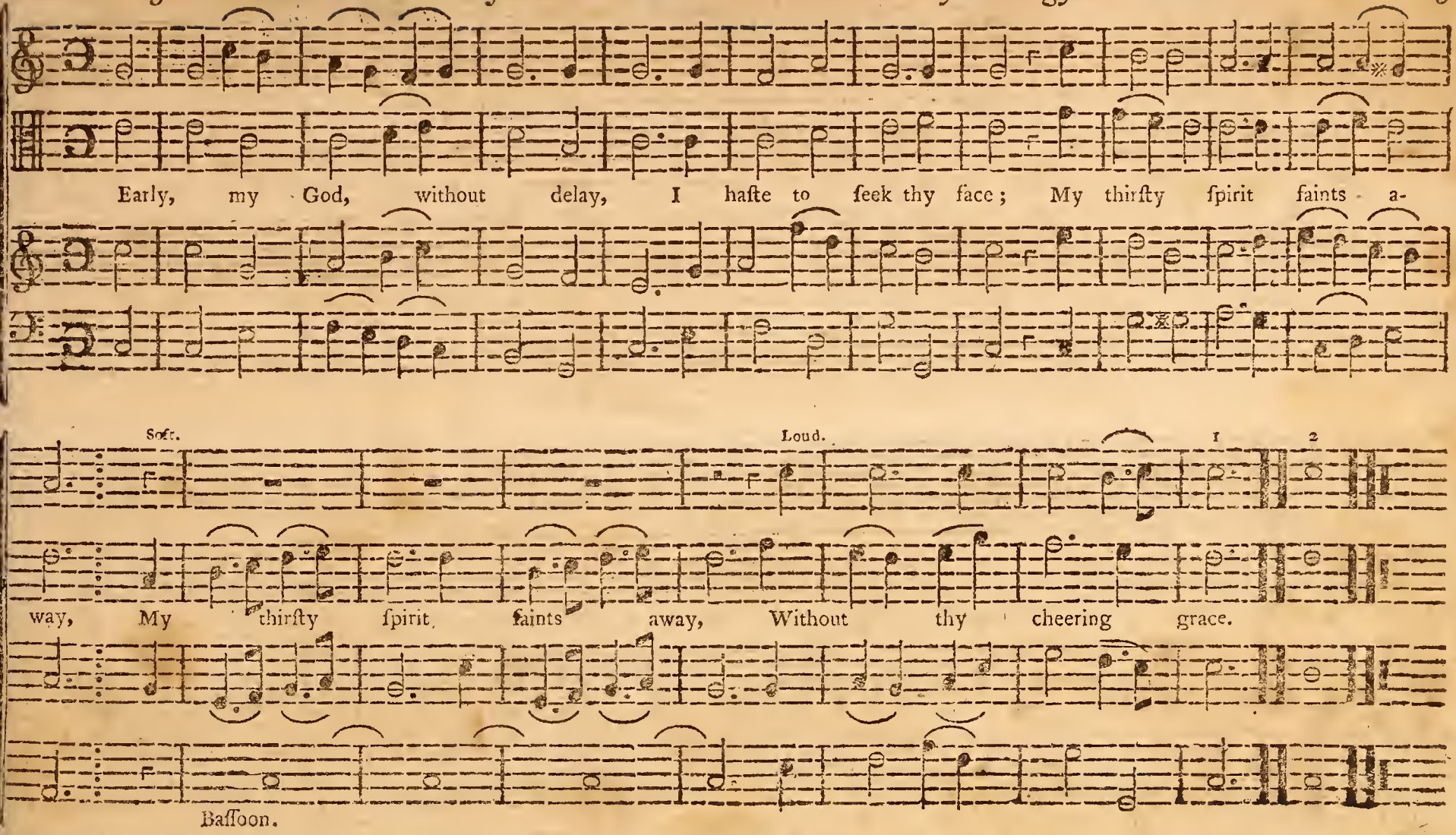

Slow.
Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name, I place my hope, my only truft; Save me from forrow, guilt, and
fhame, Thou ever gracious, ever juft. Thou ever, &c.

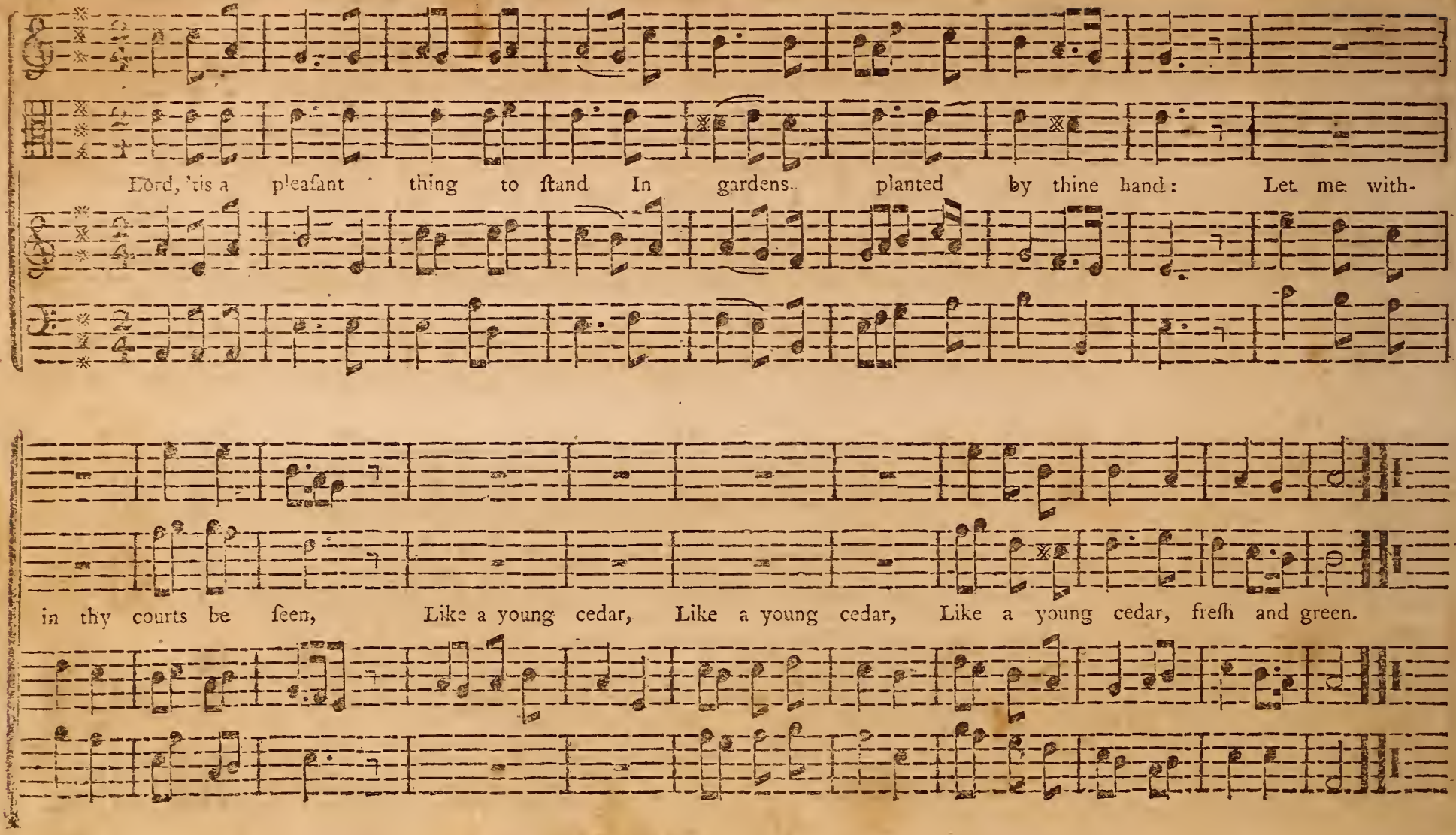


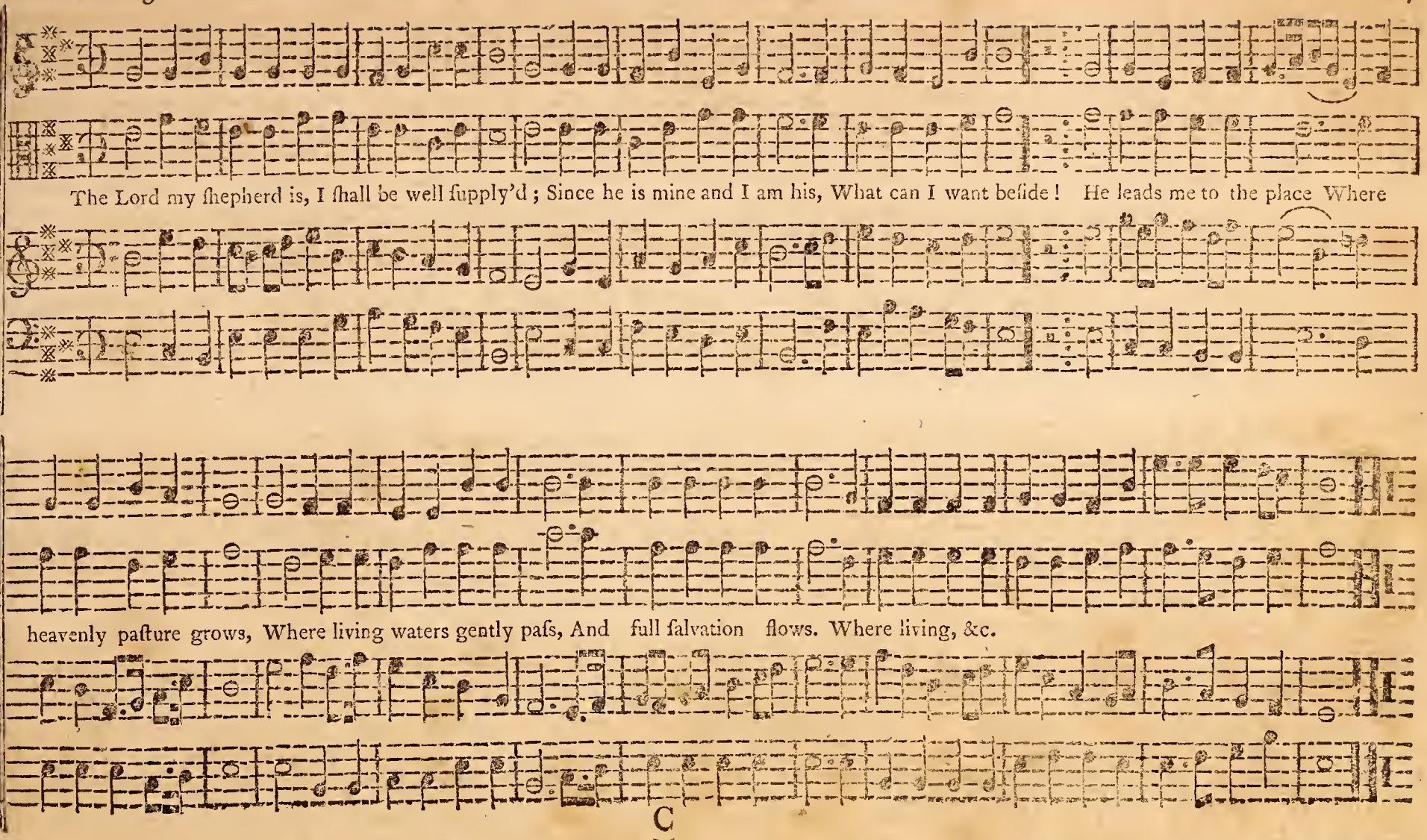
Ps. 1. St. PATRICK's, *or* IRISH. C. M. Williams' Coll.

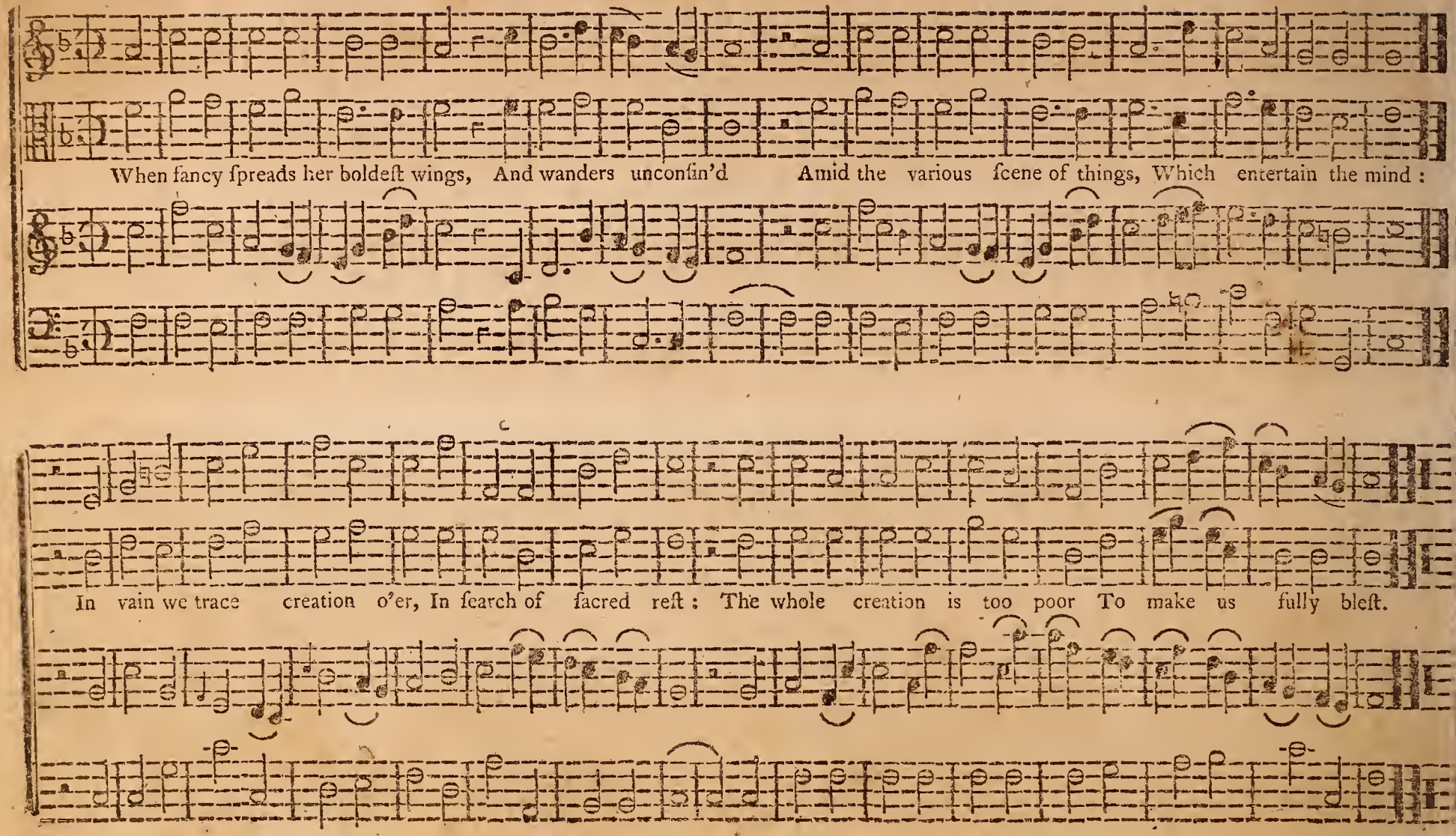


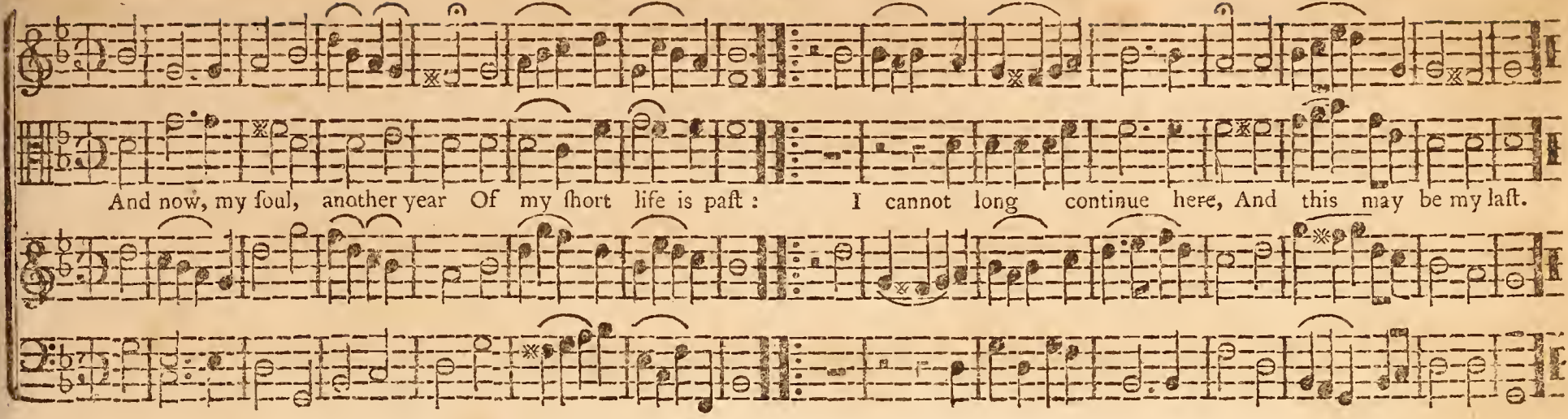

Deep are the wounds which ſin has made; Where ſhall the ſinner find a cure? In vain, alas, is
nature's aid, The work exceeds her utmoſt pow'r. The work, &c.


Early, my God, without delay, I haſte to ſeek thy face; My thirſty ſpirit faints a-
Soft.
Loud.
1
2
way, My thirſty ſpirit faints away, Without thy cheering grace.
Baſſoon.

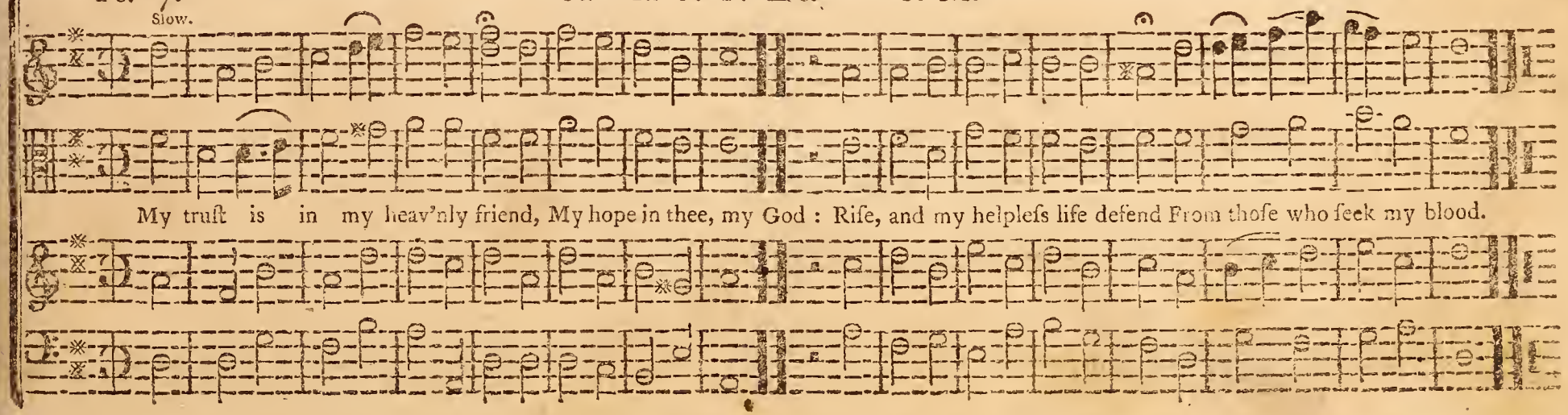

Lord, 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſtand In gardens planted by thine hand: Let me with-
in thy courts be ſeen, Like a young cedar, Like a young cedar, Like a young cedar, freſh and green.

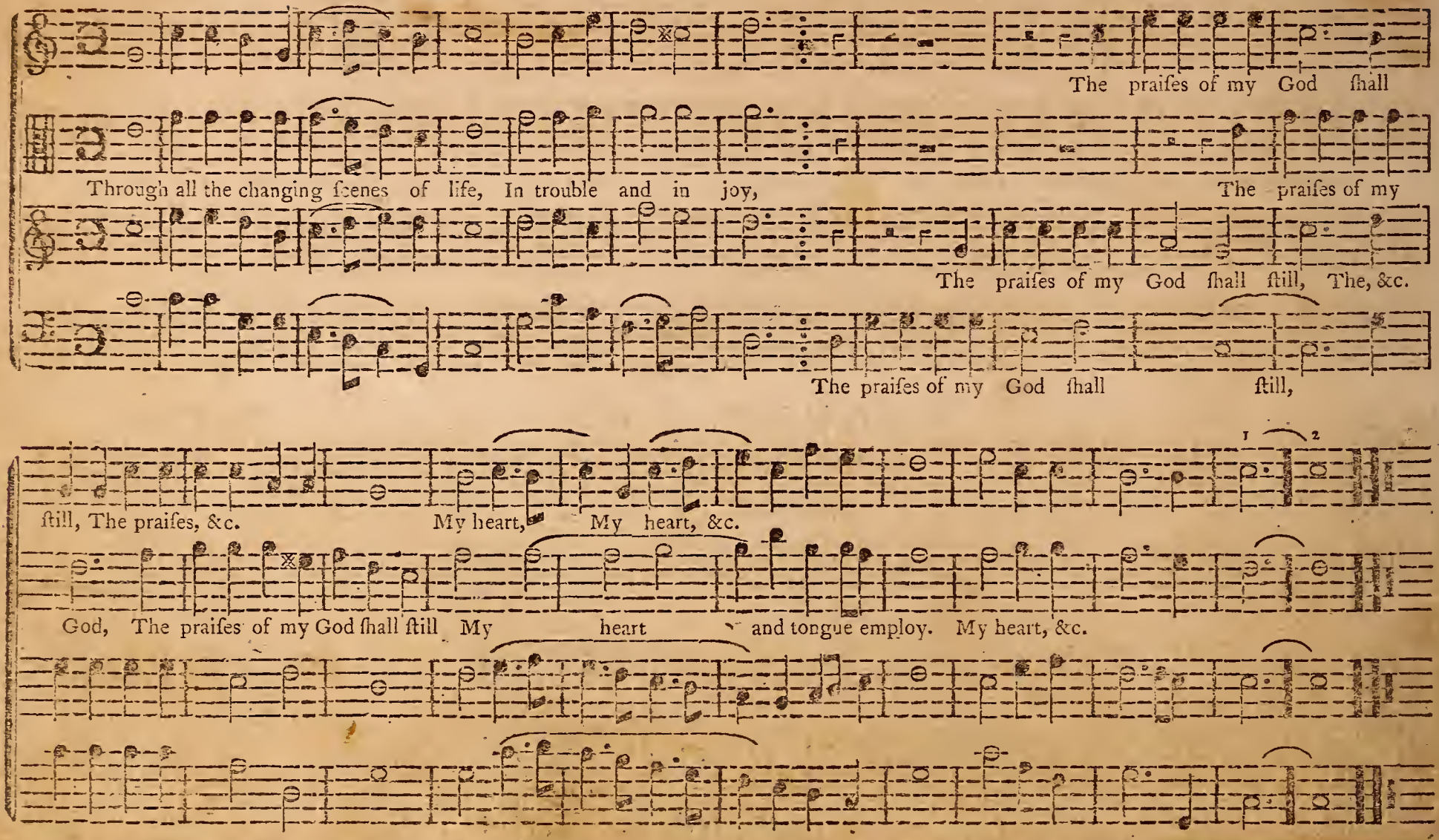

The Lord my ſhepherd is, I ſhall be well ſupply'd; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want beſide! He leads me to the place Where
heavenly paſture grows, Where living waters gently paſs, And full ſalvation flows. Where living, &c.

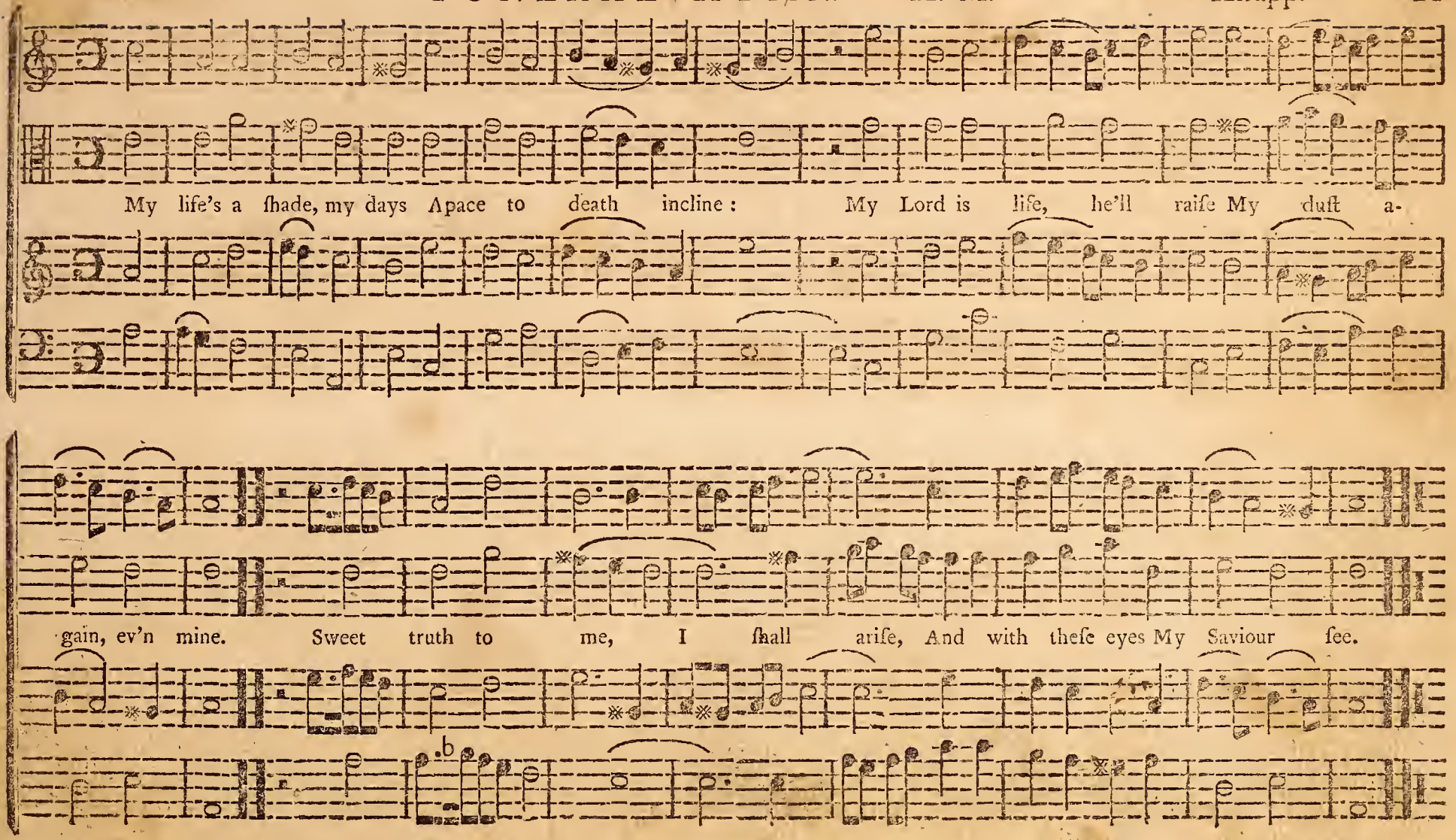

When fancy ſpreads her boldeſt wings, And wanders unconfin'd Amid the various ſcene of things, Which entertain the mind :
In vain we trace creation o'er, In ſearch of ſacred reſt : The whole creation is too poor To make us fully bleſt.

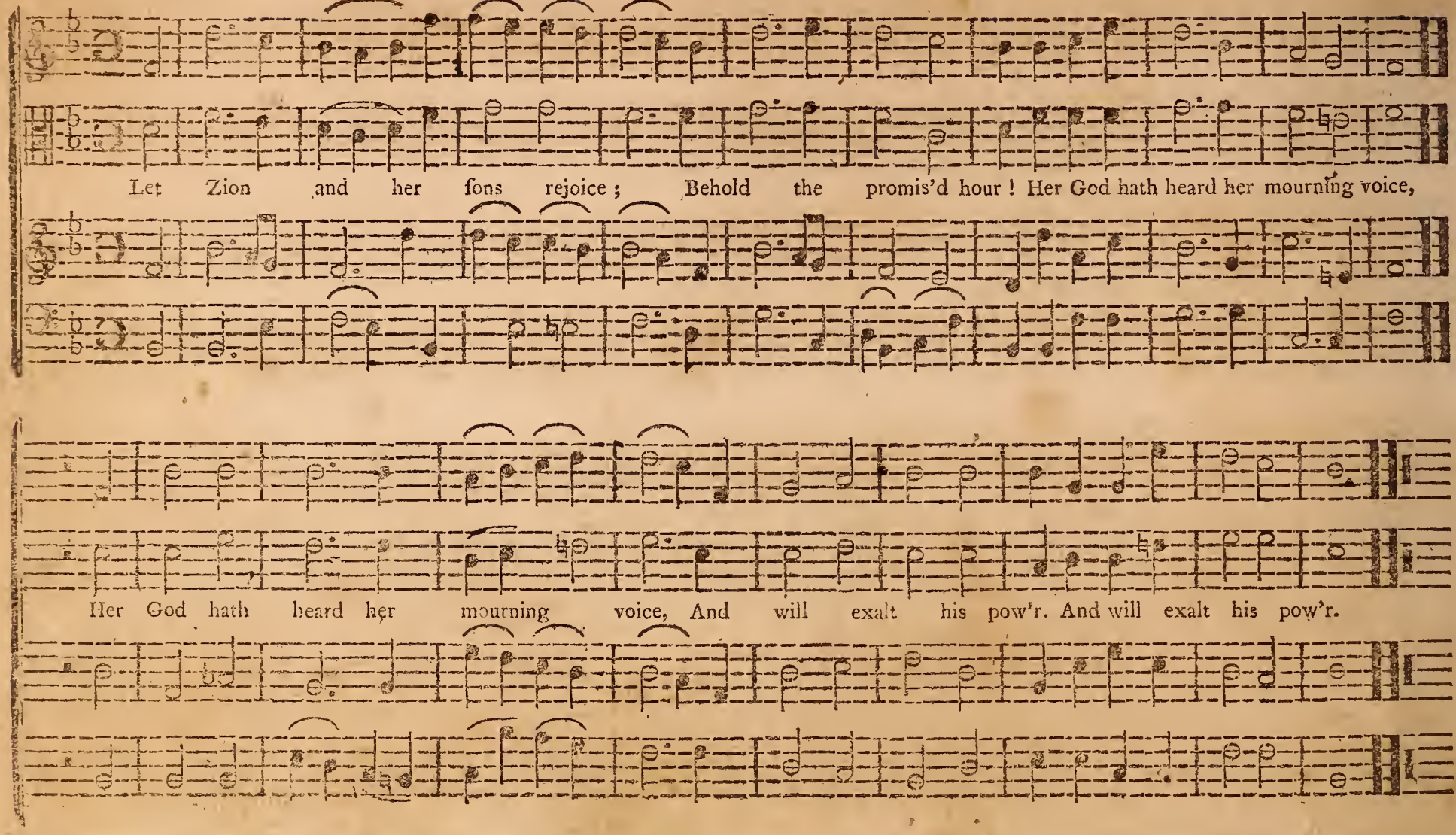


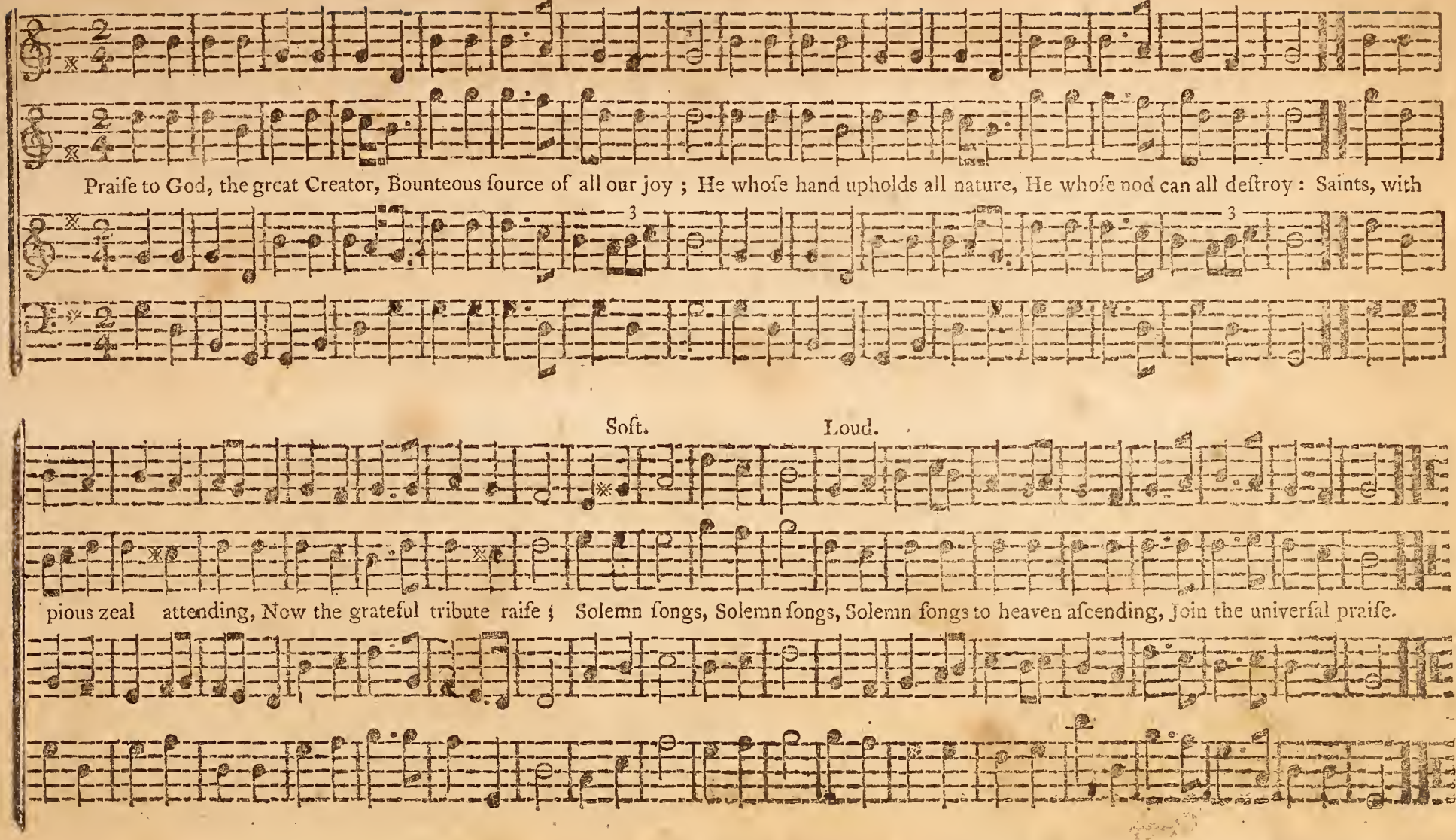
Ps. 7. St. ANNE's. C. M. Dr. Croft.




The praiſes of my God ſhall
Through all the changing ſcenes of life, In trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill, The, &c.
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill,
1 2
ſtill, The praiſes, &c.
My heart, My heart, &c.
God, The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill My heart and tongue employ. My heart, &c.


My life's a ſhade, my days Apace to death incline: My Lord is life, he'll raiſe My duſt a-
gain, ev'n mine. Sweet truth to me, I ſhall ariſe, And with theſe eyes My Saviour ſee.

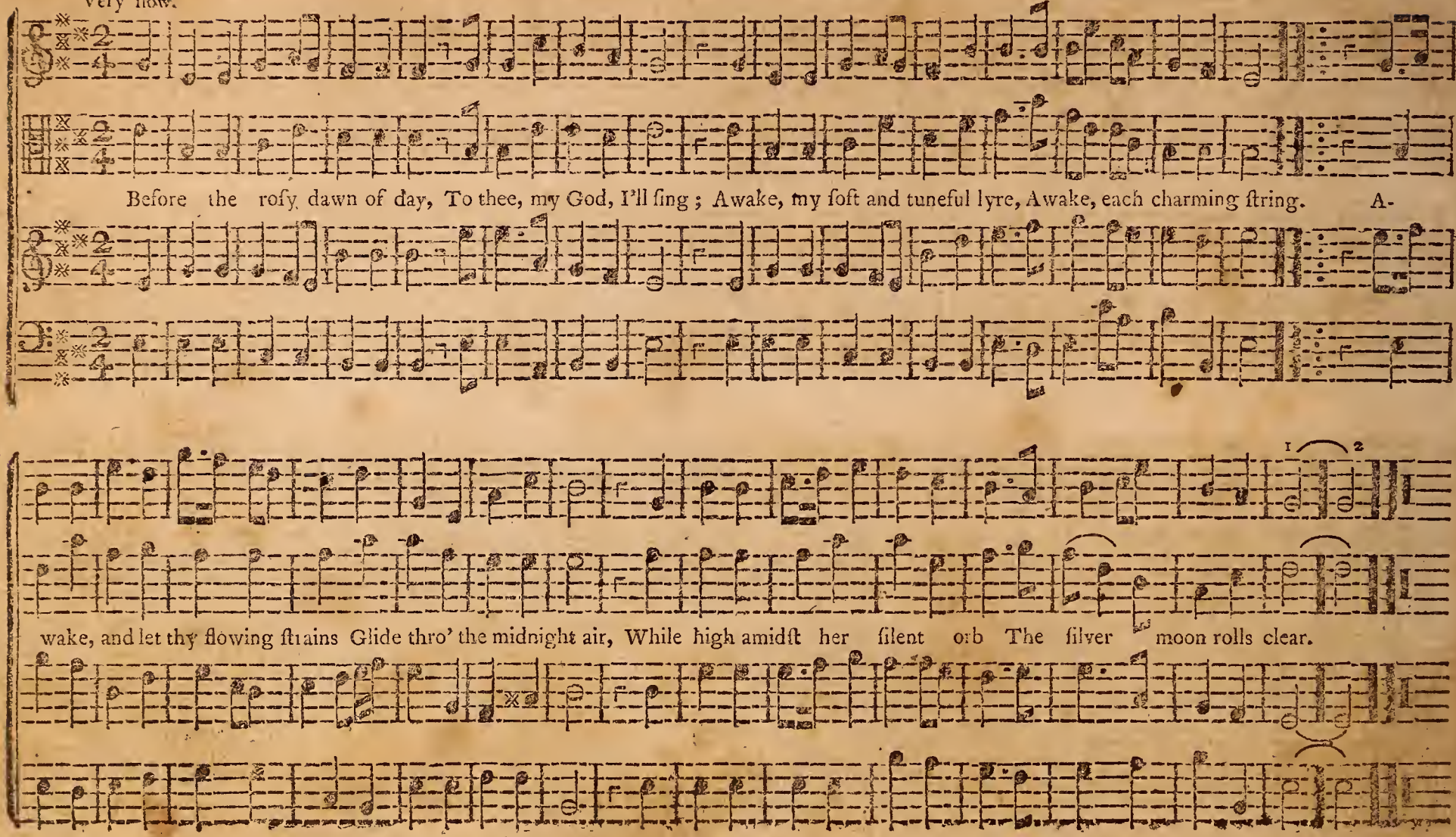

Let Zion and her sons rejoice; Behold the promis'd hour! Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
Her God hath heard her mourning voice, And will exalt his pow'r. And will exalt his pow'r.

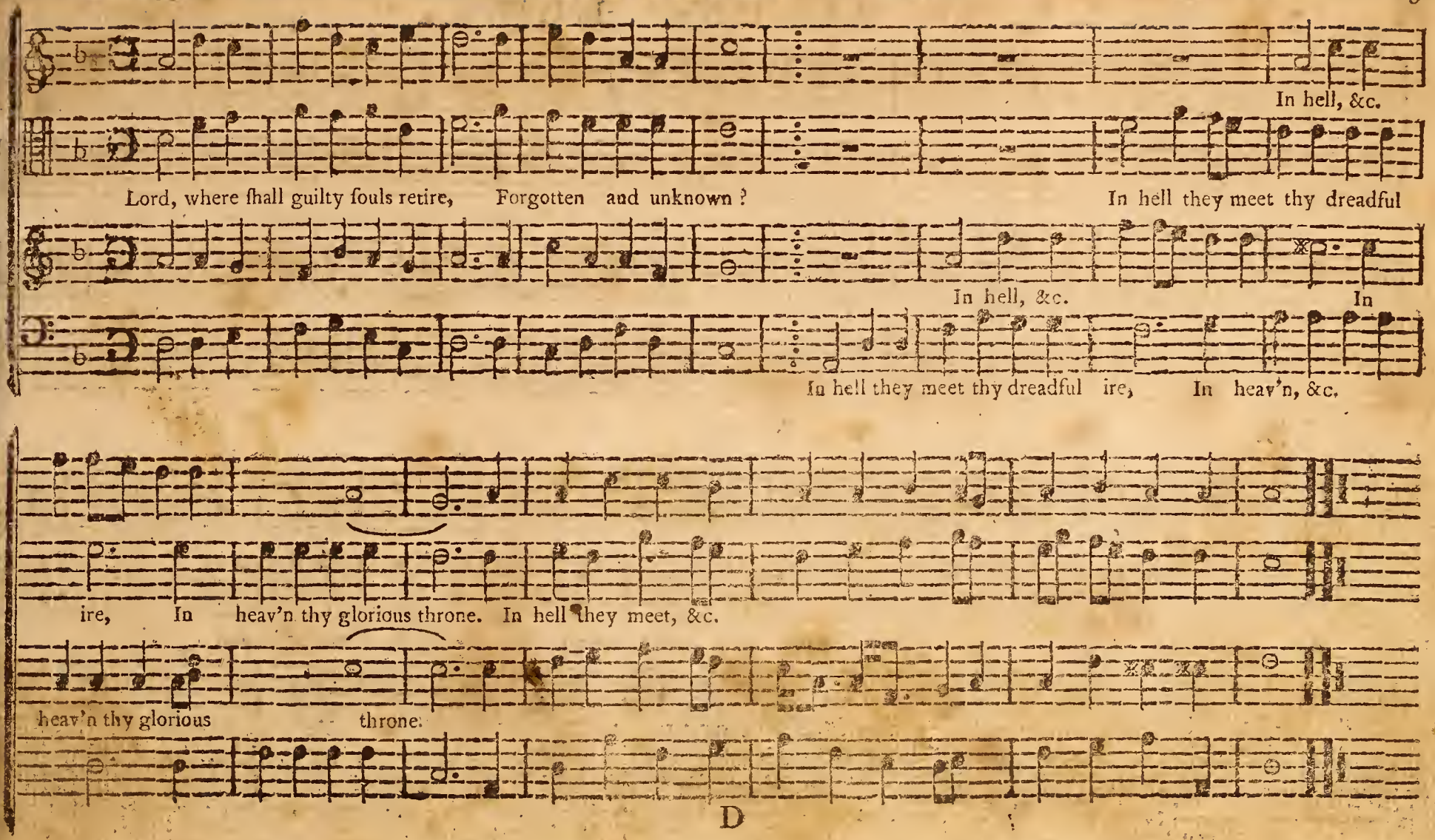

Praiſe to God, the great Creator, Bounteous ſource of all our joy ; He whoſe hand upholds all nature, He whoſe nod can all deſtroy : Saints, with
Soft.
Loud.
pious zeal attending, Now the grateful tribute raiſe ; Solemn ſongs, Solemn ſongs, Solemn ſongs to heaven aſcending, Join the univerſal praiſe.

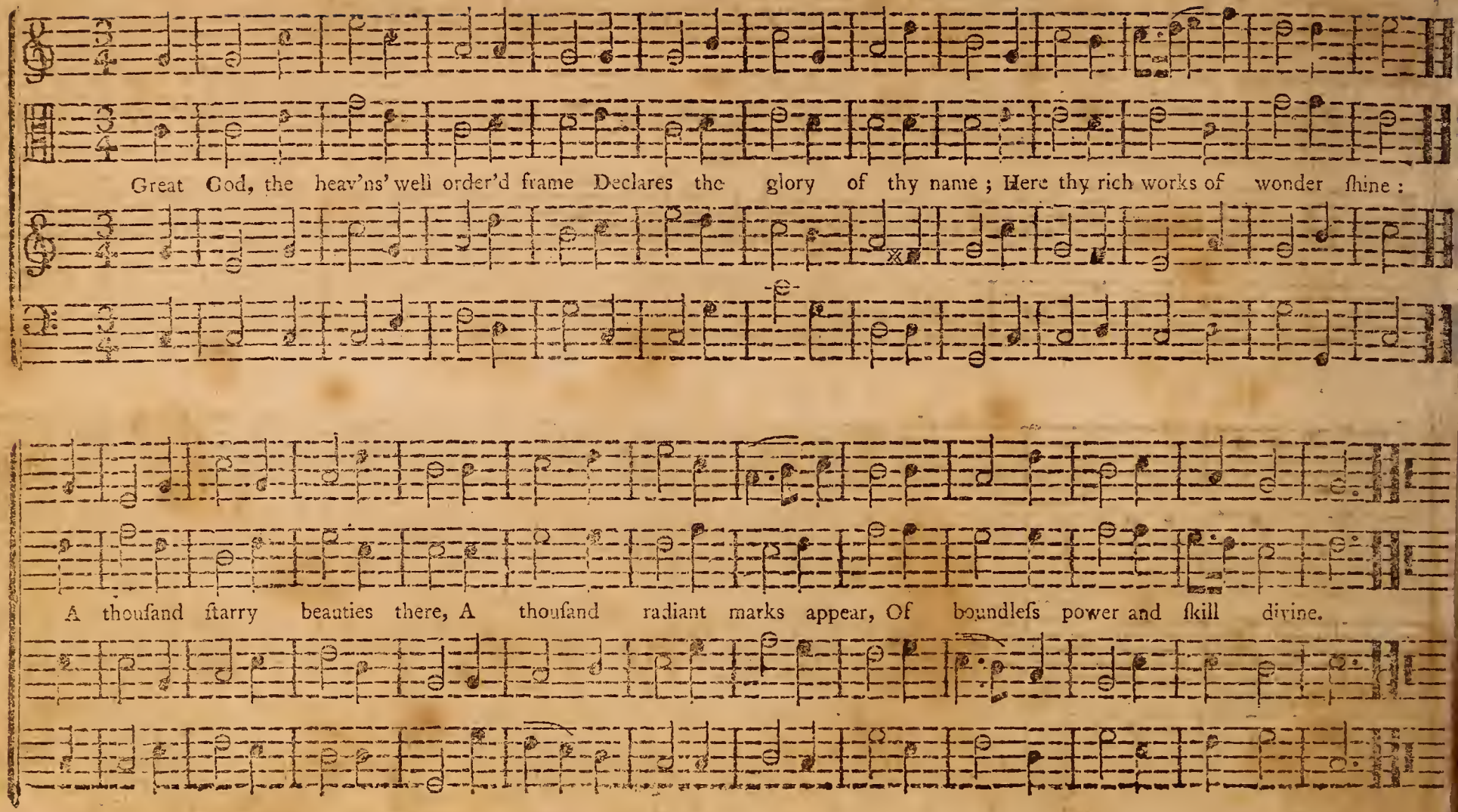
ENFIELD. C. M.

Chandler.

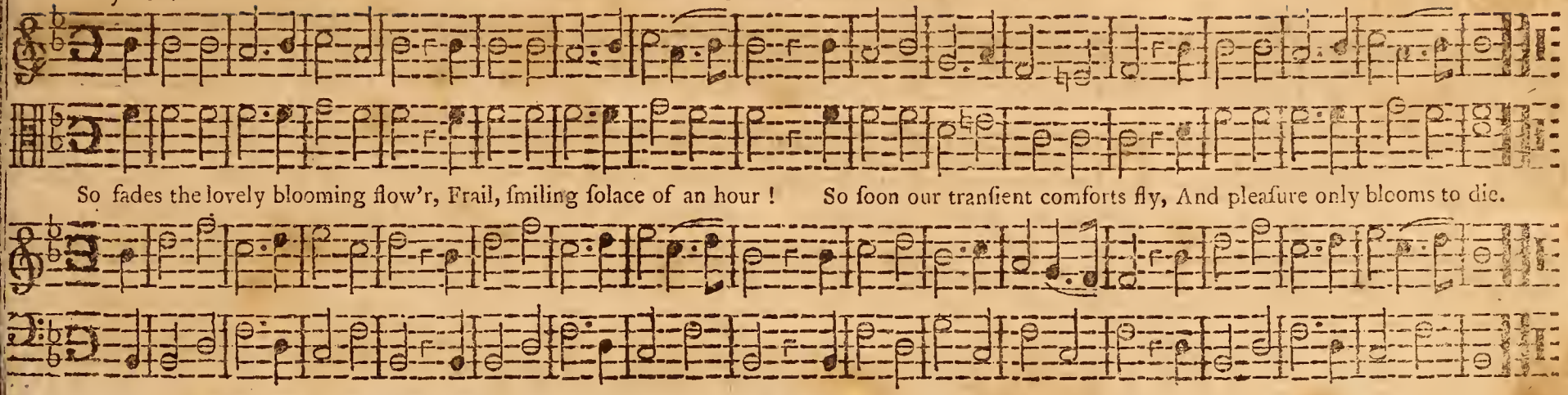
Very ſlow.




In hell, &c.
Lord, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire, Forgotten and unknown ? In hell they meet thy dreadful
In hell, &c. In
In hell they meet thy dreadful ire, In heav'n, &c.
ire, In heav'n thy glorious throne. In hell they meet, &c.
heav'n thy glorious throne.

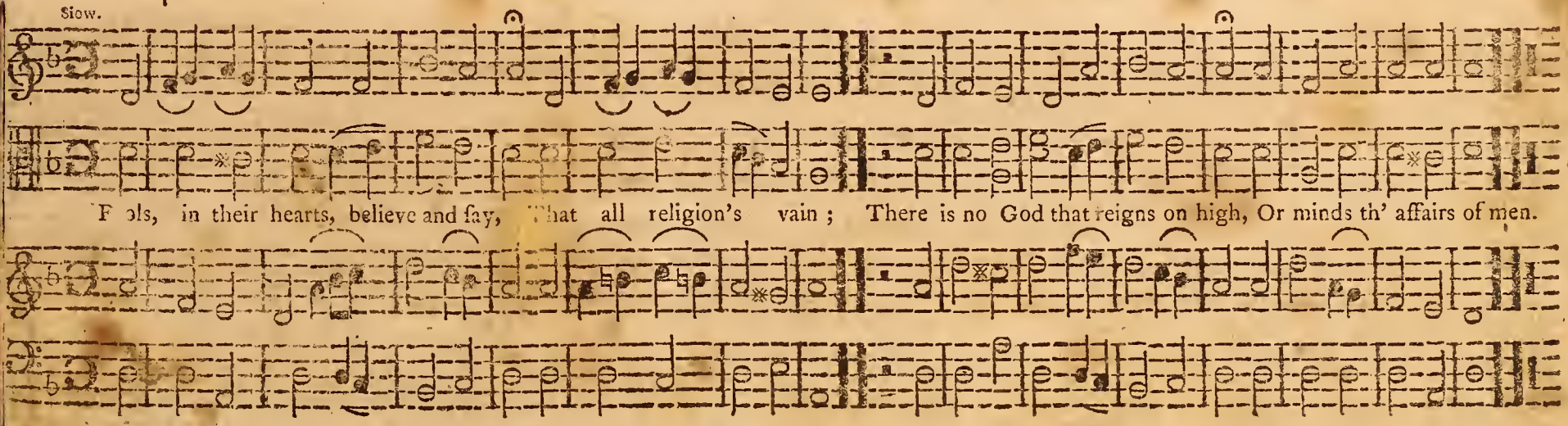

Great God, the heav'ns' well order'd frame Declares the glory of thy name; Here thy rich works of wonder ſhine:
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there, A thouſand radiant marks appear, Of boundleſs power and ſkill divine.

Very ſlow.

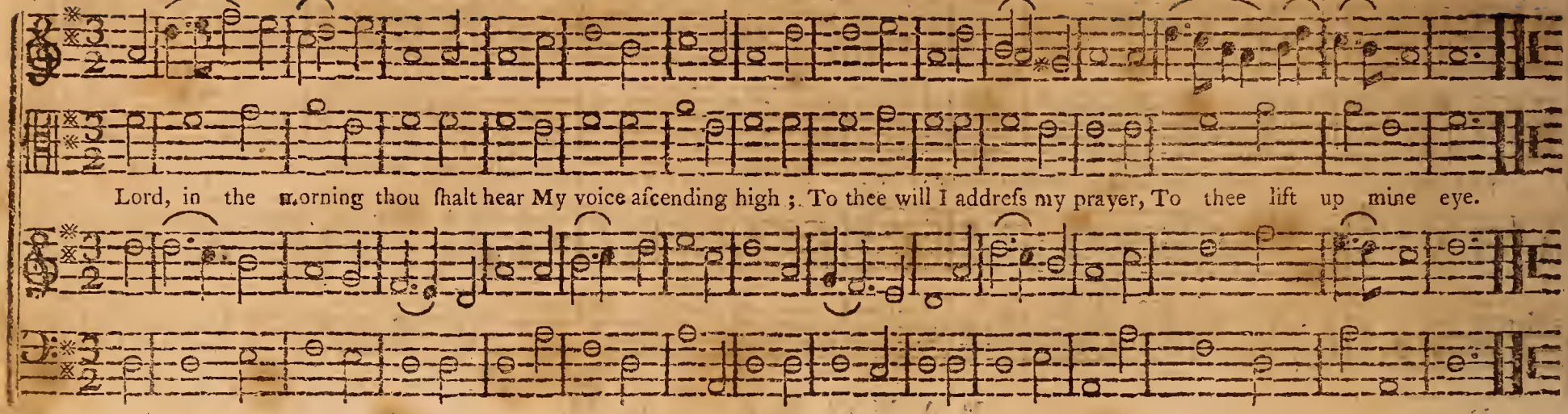


Ps. 14. BANGOR. C. M. Tanſur's Coll.

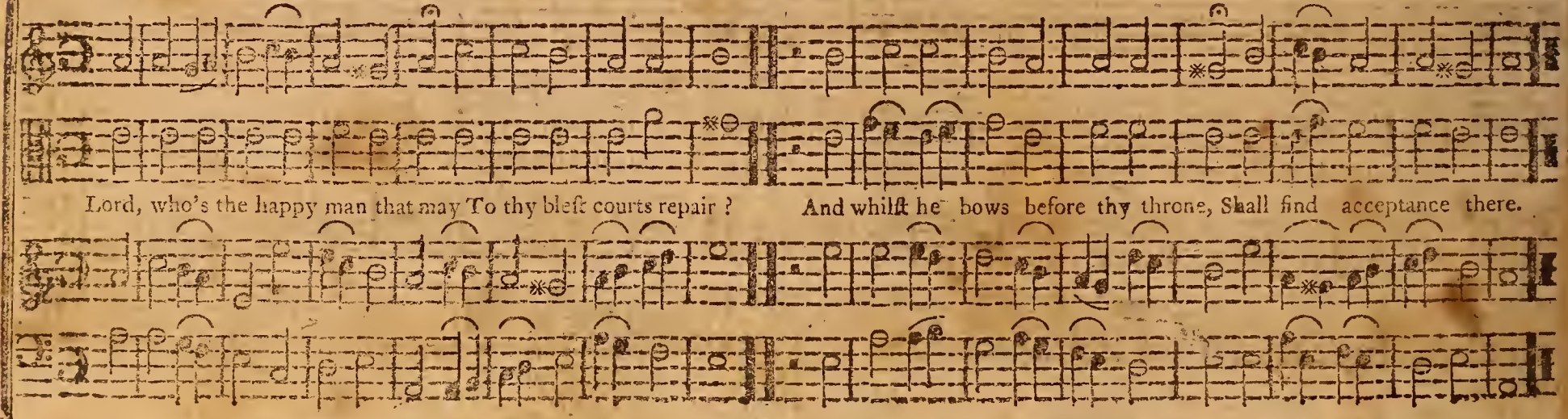
Slow.

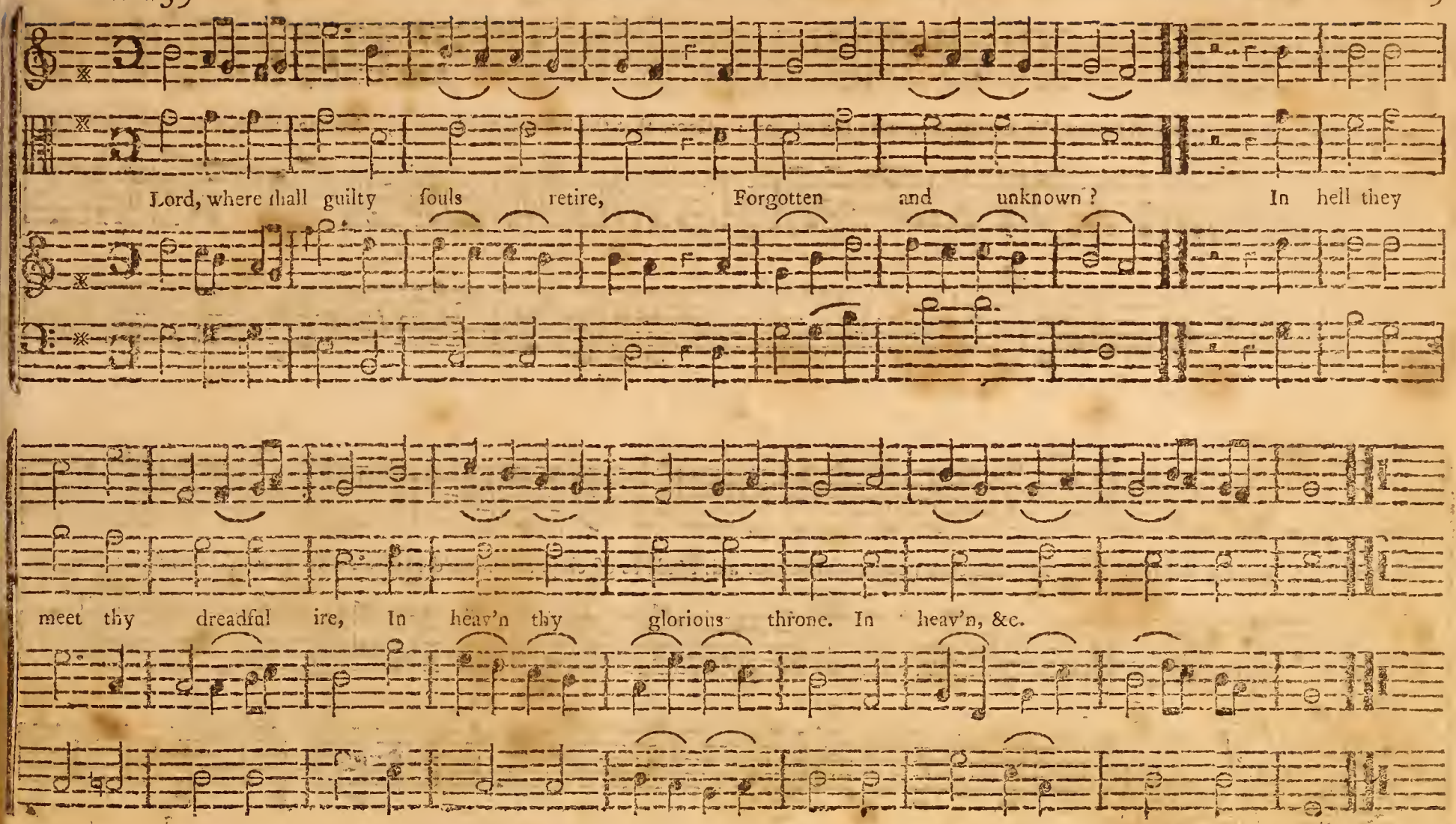


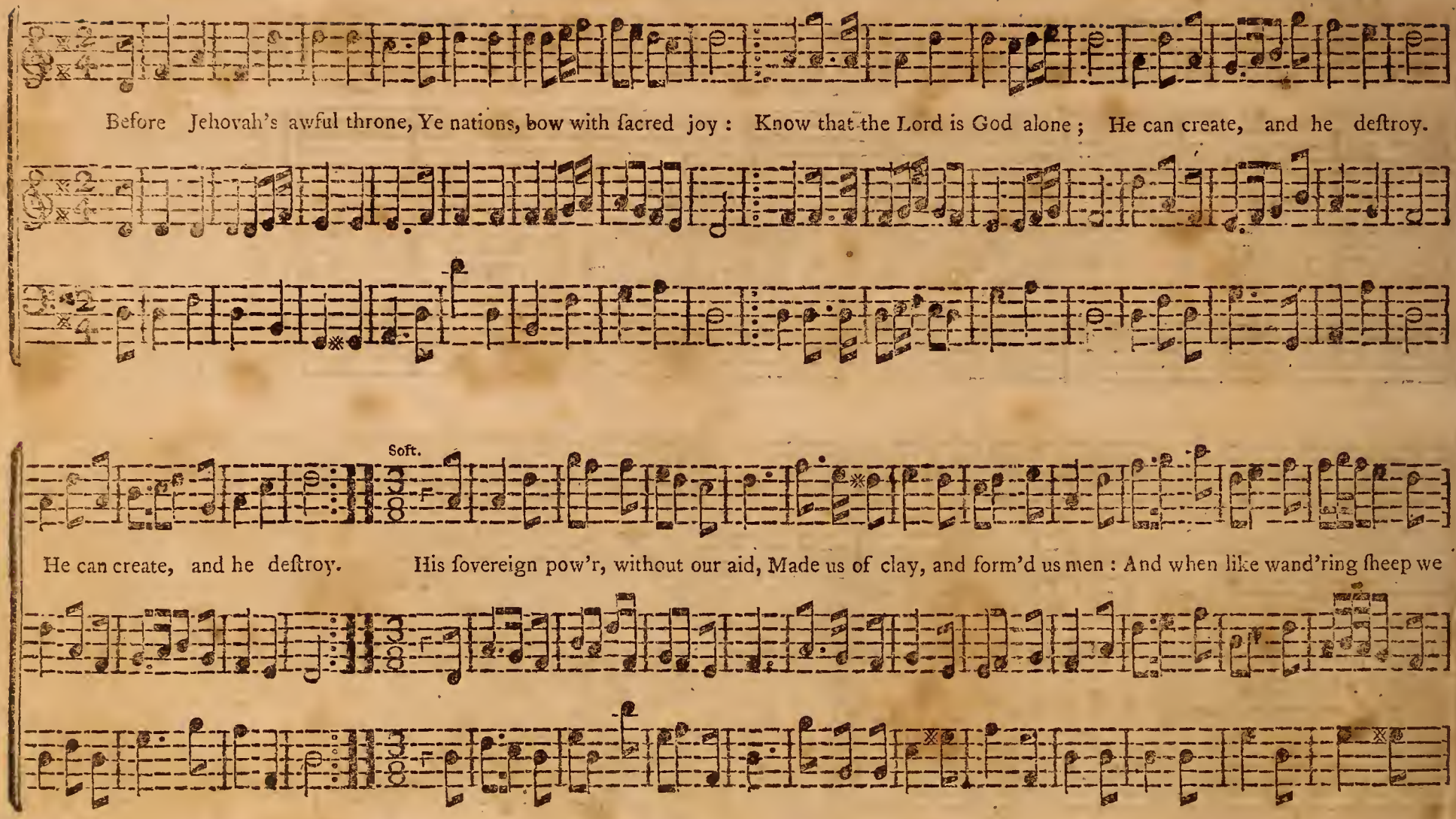
Ps. 5. COLCHESTER-NEW. C. M. Williams' Coll.

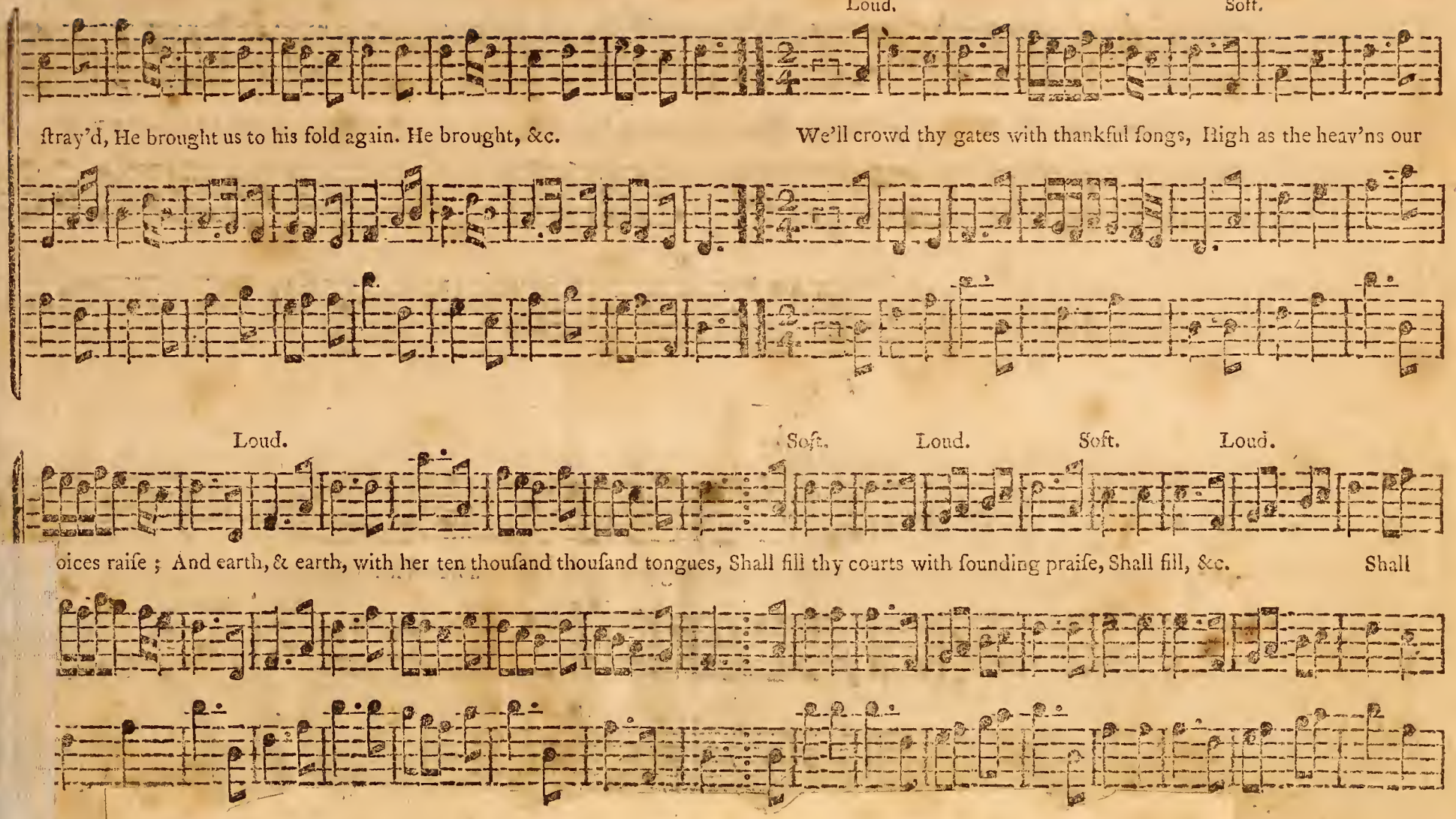


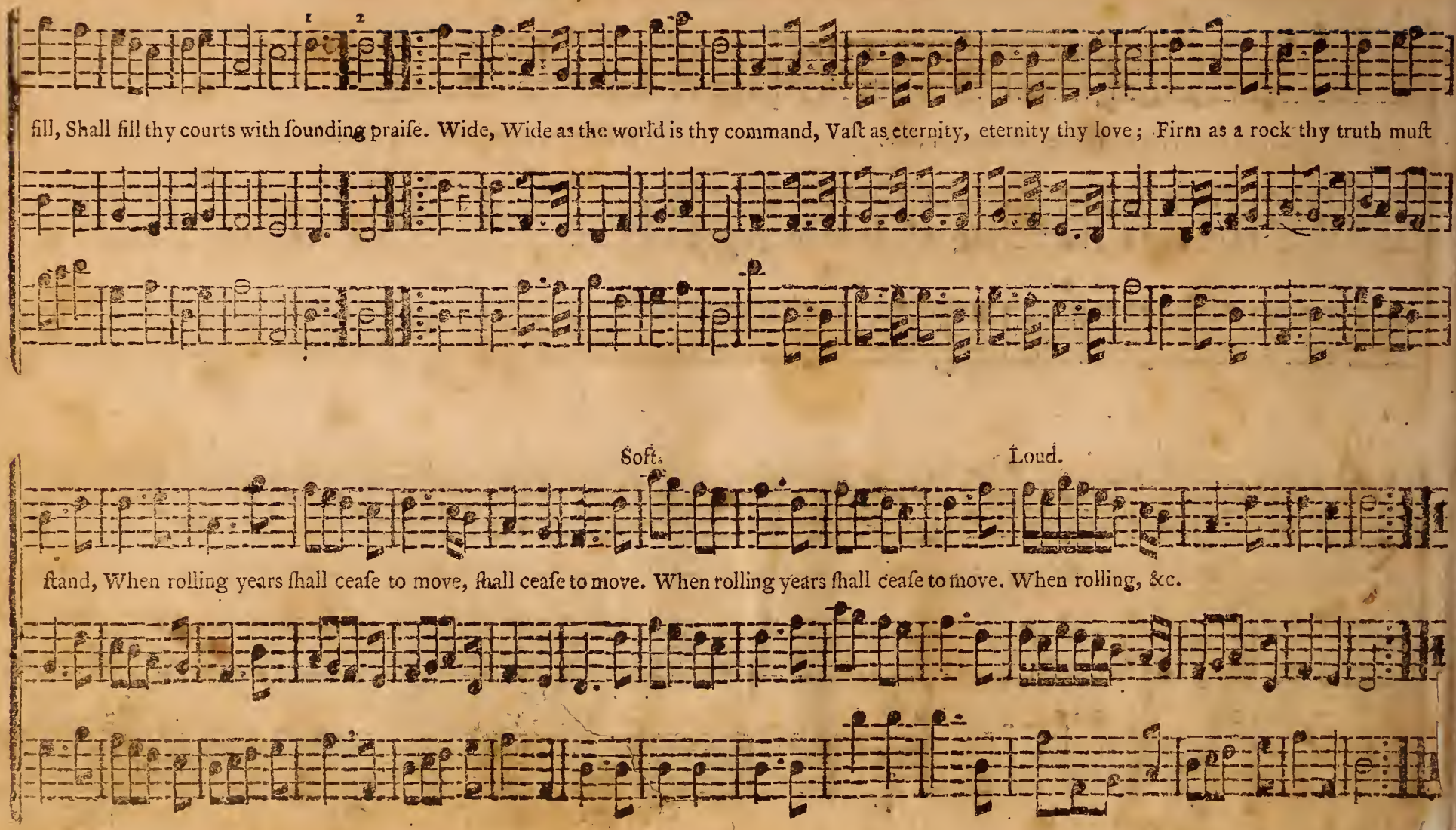
Ps. 15. DURHAM. C. M. Tanſur's Coll.

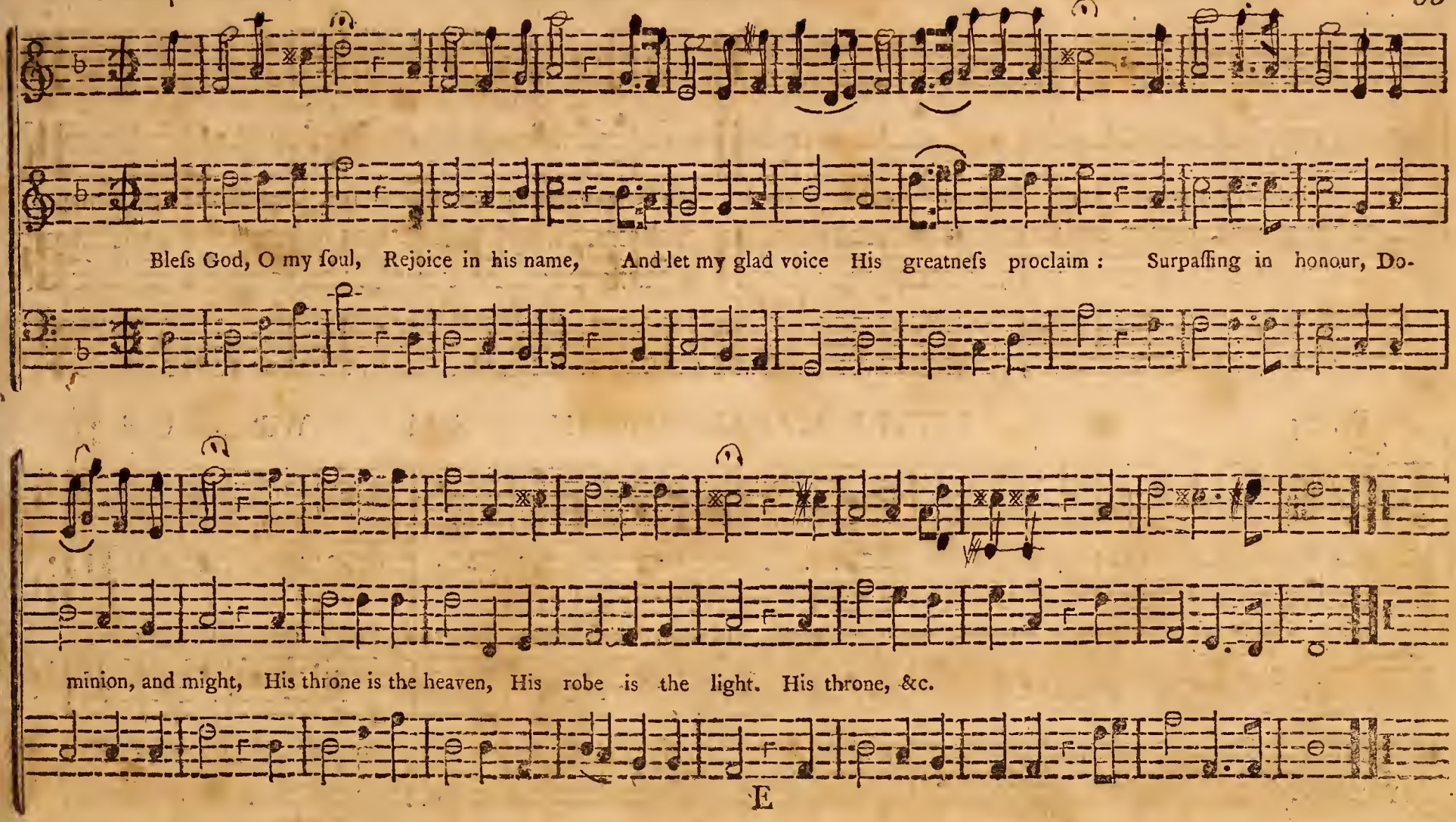



Lord, where shall guilty souls retire, Forgotten and unknown? In hell they
meet thy dreadful ire, In heav'n thy glorious throne. In heav'n, &c.

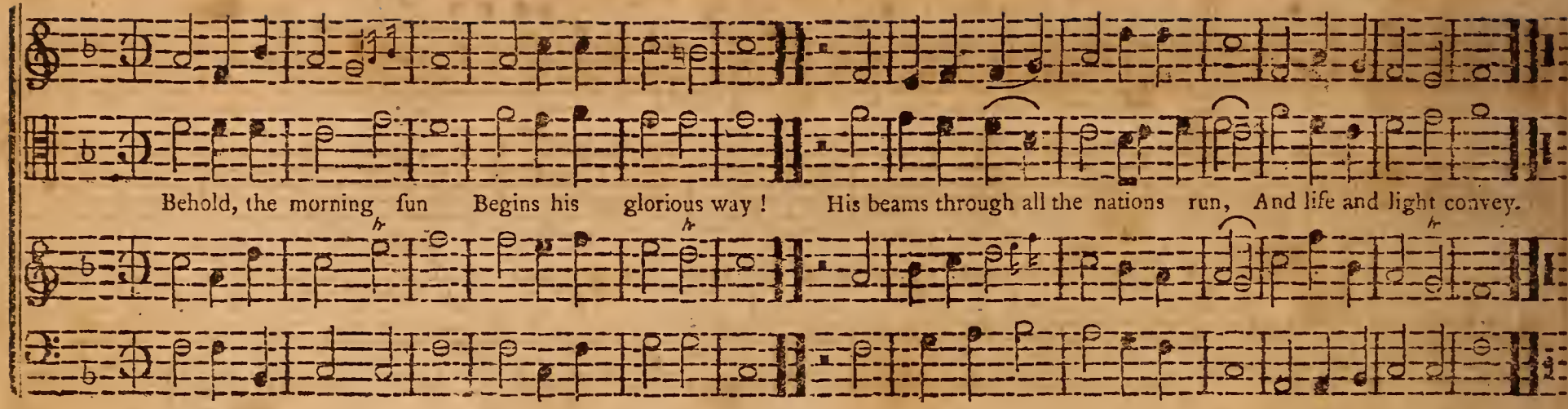

Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with ſacred joy : Know that the Lord is God alone ; He can create, and he deſtroy.
Soft.
He can create, and he deſtroy. His ſovereign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men : And when like wand'ring ſheep we


Loud.
Soft.
ſtray'd, He brought us to his fold again. He brought, &c.
We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs, High as the heav'ns our
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
oices raiſe ; And earth, & earth, with her ten thouſand thouſand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe, Shall fill, &c.
Shall

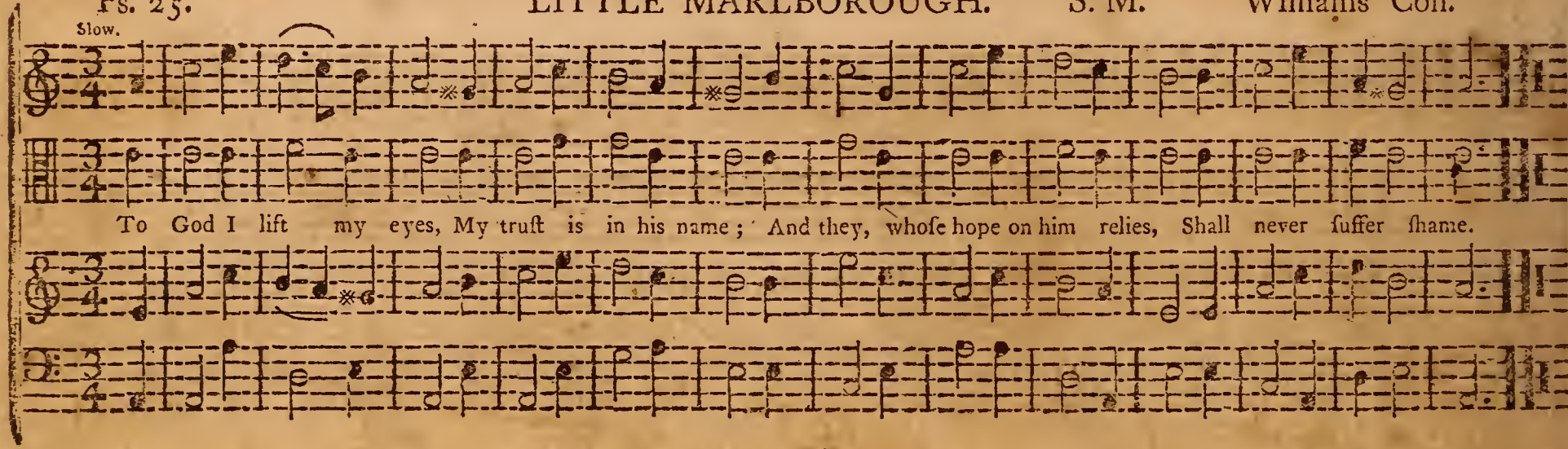

1 2
fill, Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe. Wide, Wide as the world is thy command, Vaſt as eternity, eternity thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth muſt
Soft.
Loud.
ſtand, When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move, ſhall ceaſe to move. When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move. When rolling, &c.

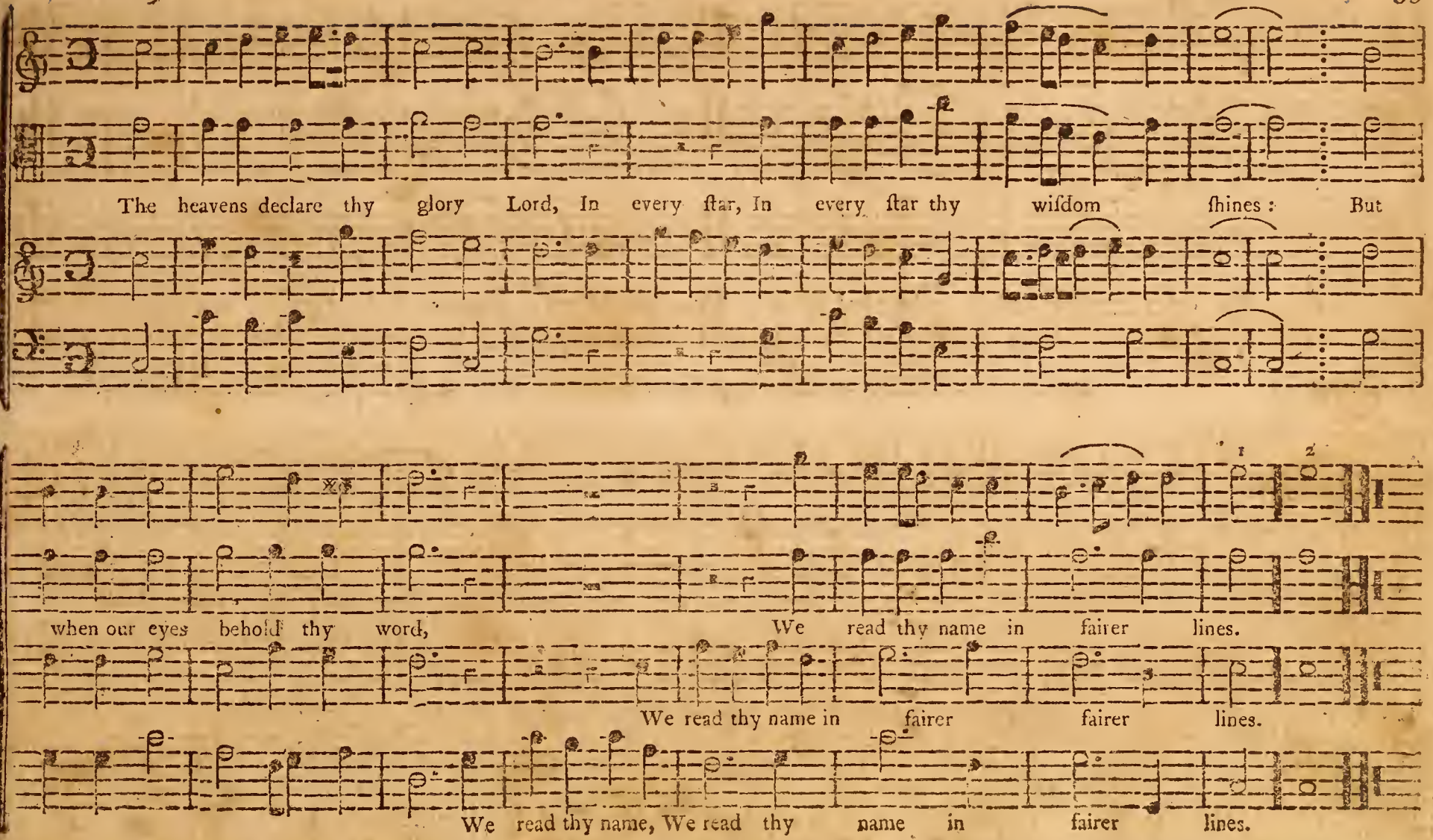

Bleſs God, O my ſoul, Rejoice in his name, And let my glad voice His greatneſs proclaim : Surpaſſing in honour, Do-
minion, and might, His throne is the heaven, His robe is the light. His throne, &c.

Ps. 19. DOVER. S. M. Williams' Coll.

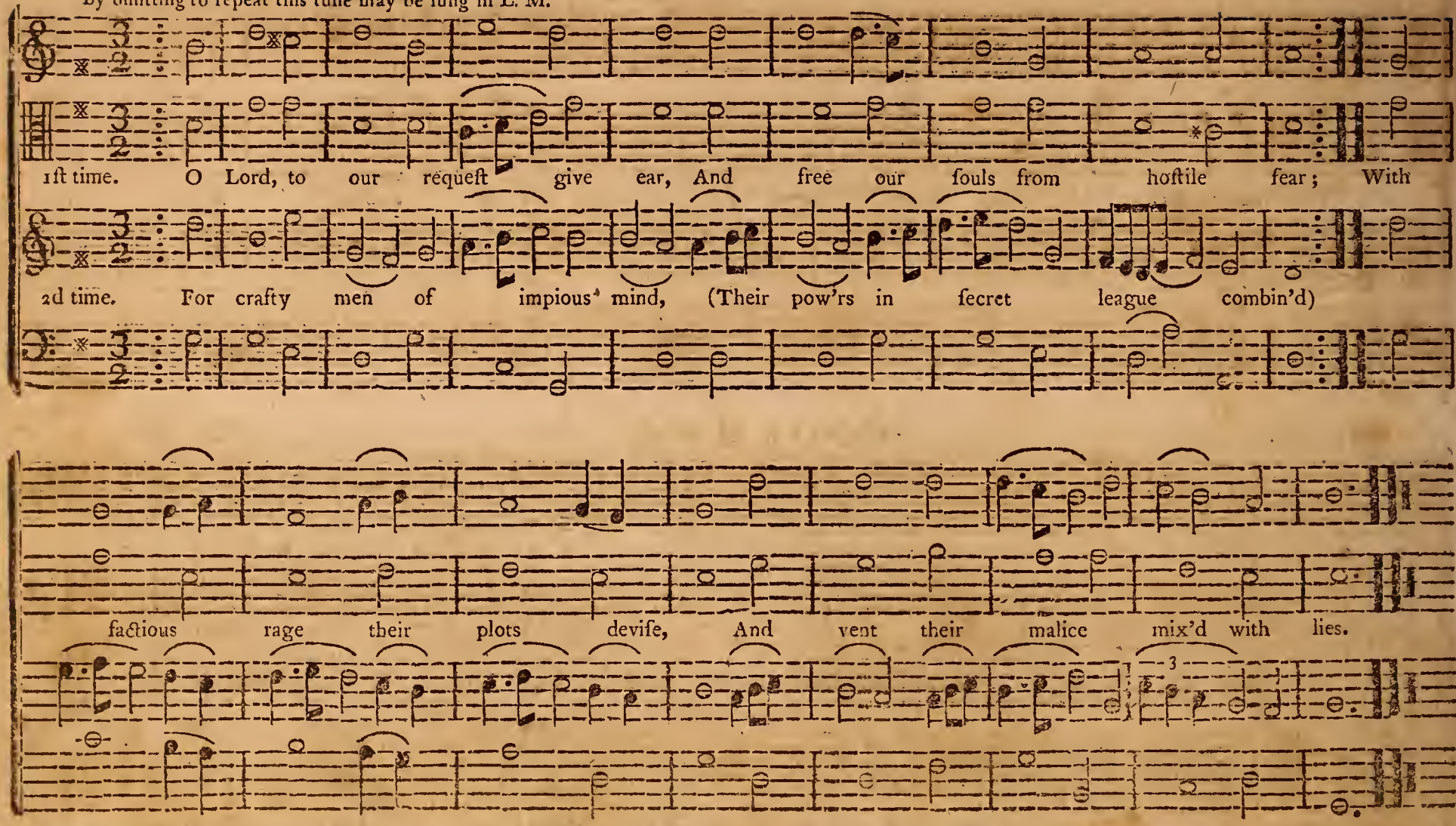


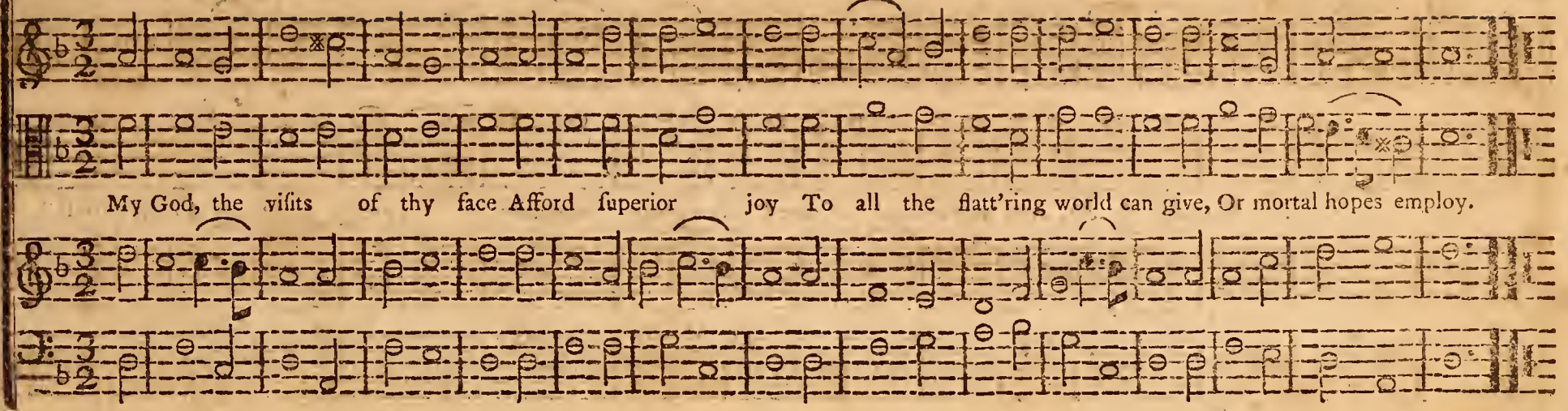
Ps. 25. LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M. Williams' Coll.



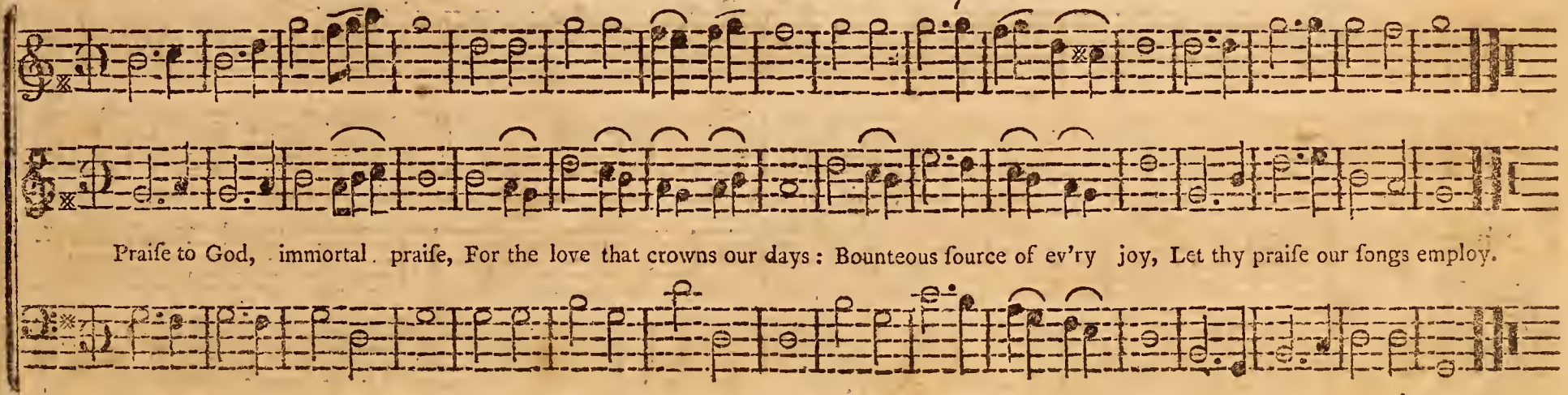

The heavens declare thy glory Lord, In every ſtar, In every ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines: But
when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.
We read thy name in fairer fairer lines.
We read thy name, We read thy name in fairer lines.

By omitting to repeat this tune may be ſung in L. M.

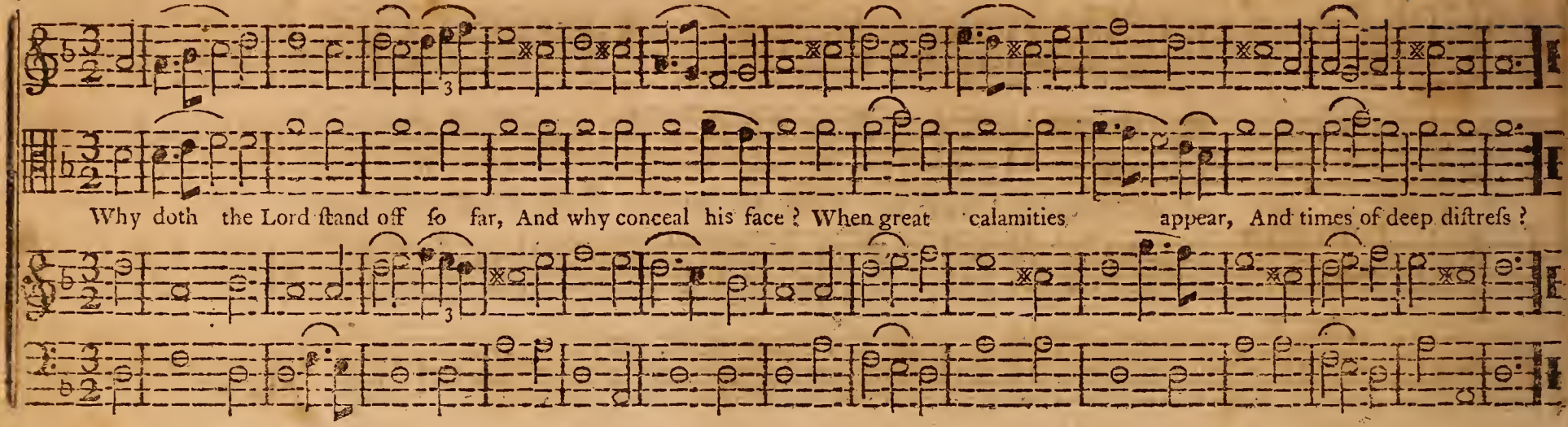




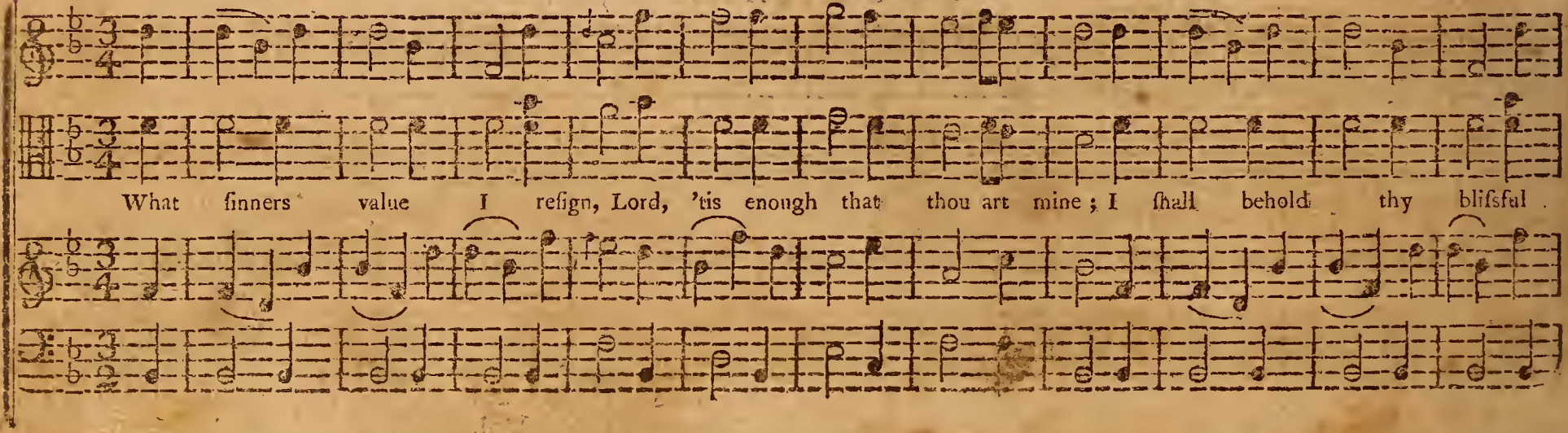
H. 216. COOKHAM. 7s. Har. Sacra.

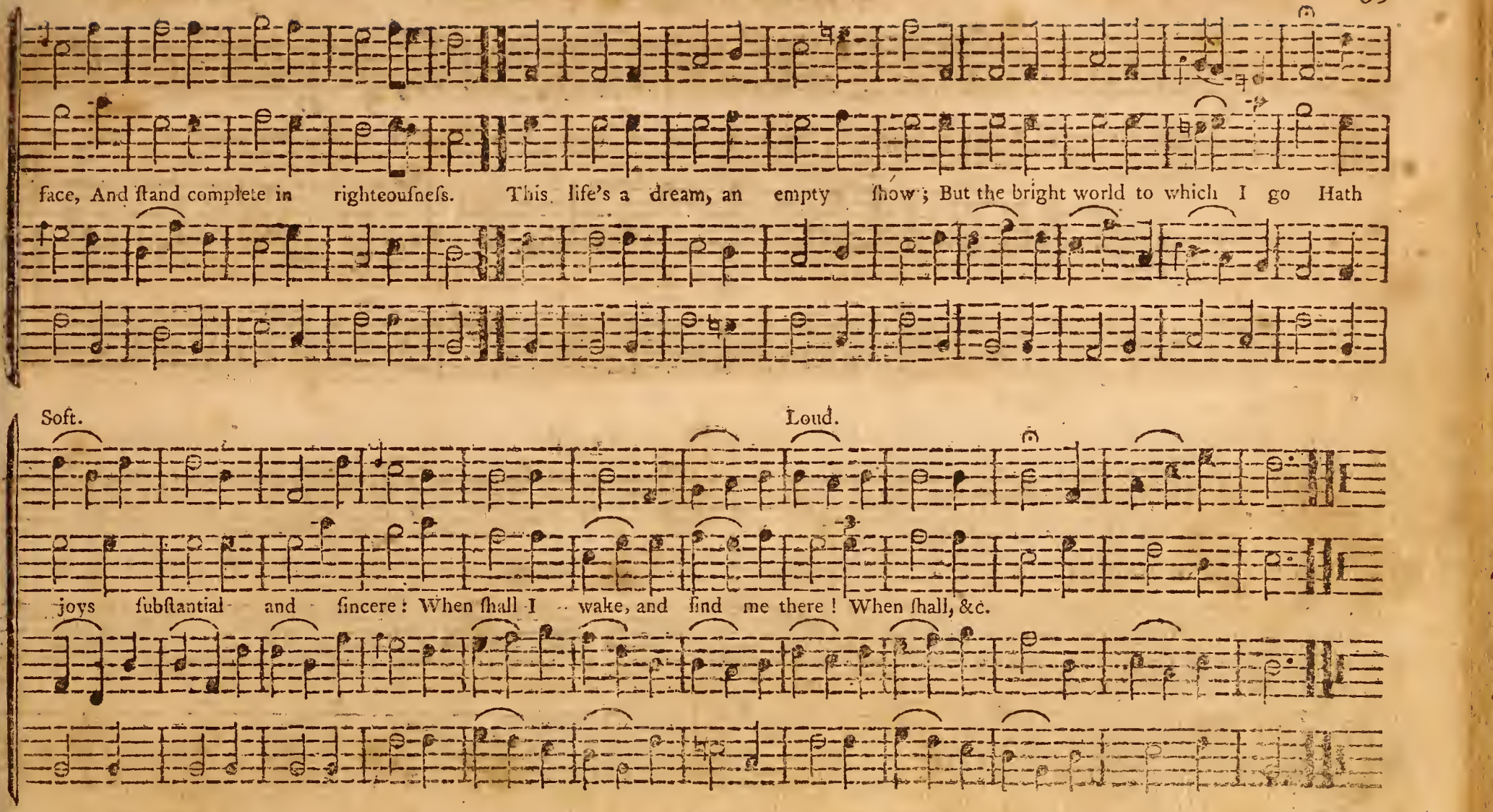


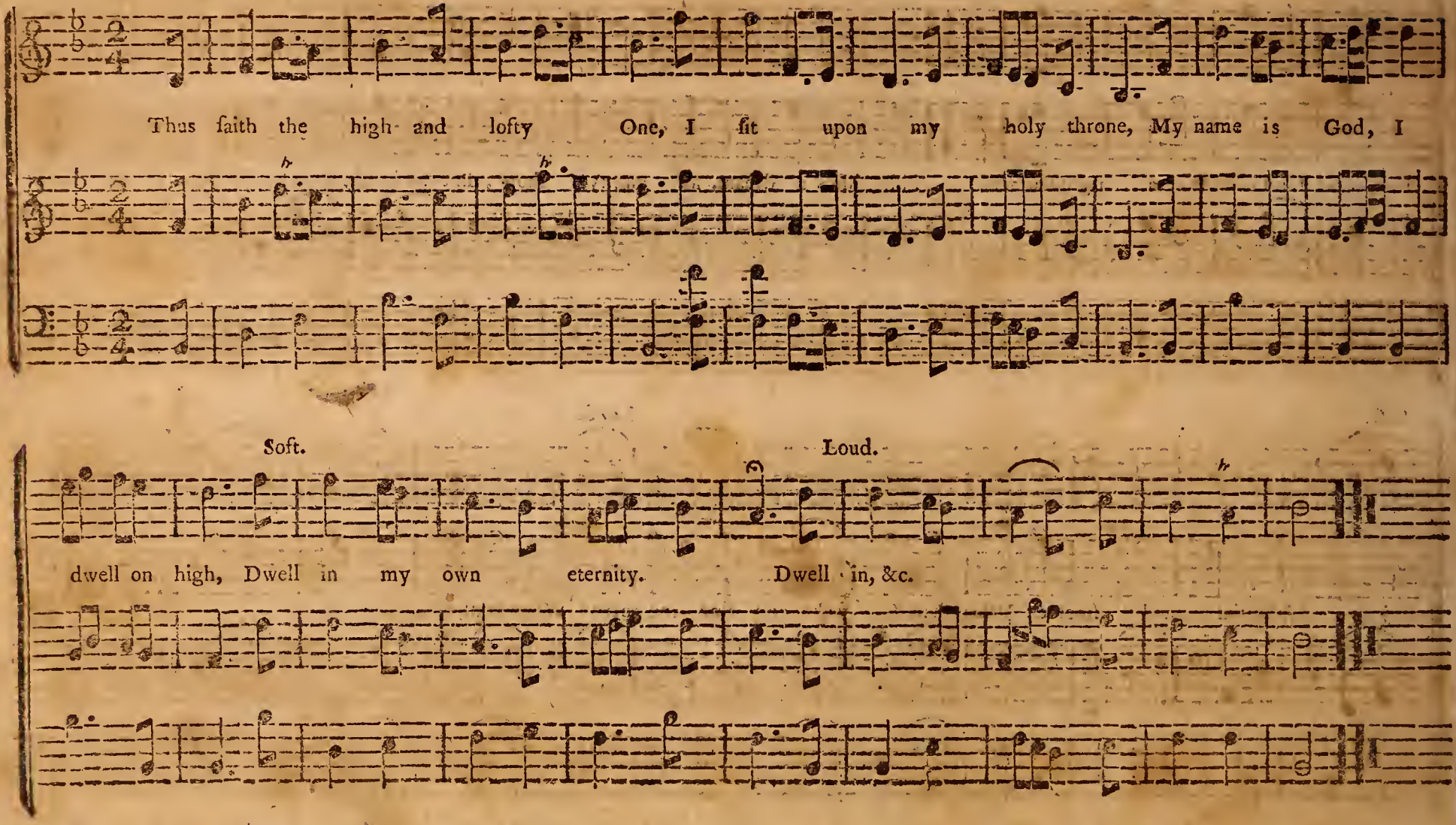
Ps. 10. EVENING HYMN. C. M.



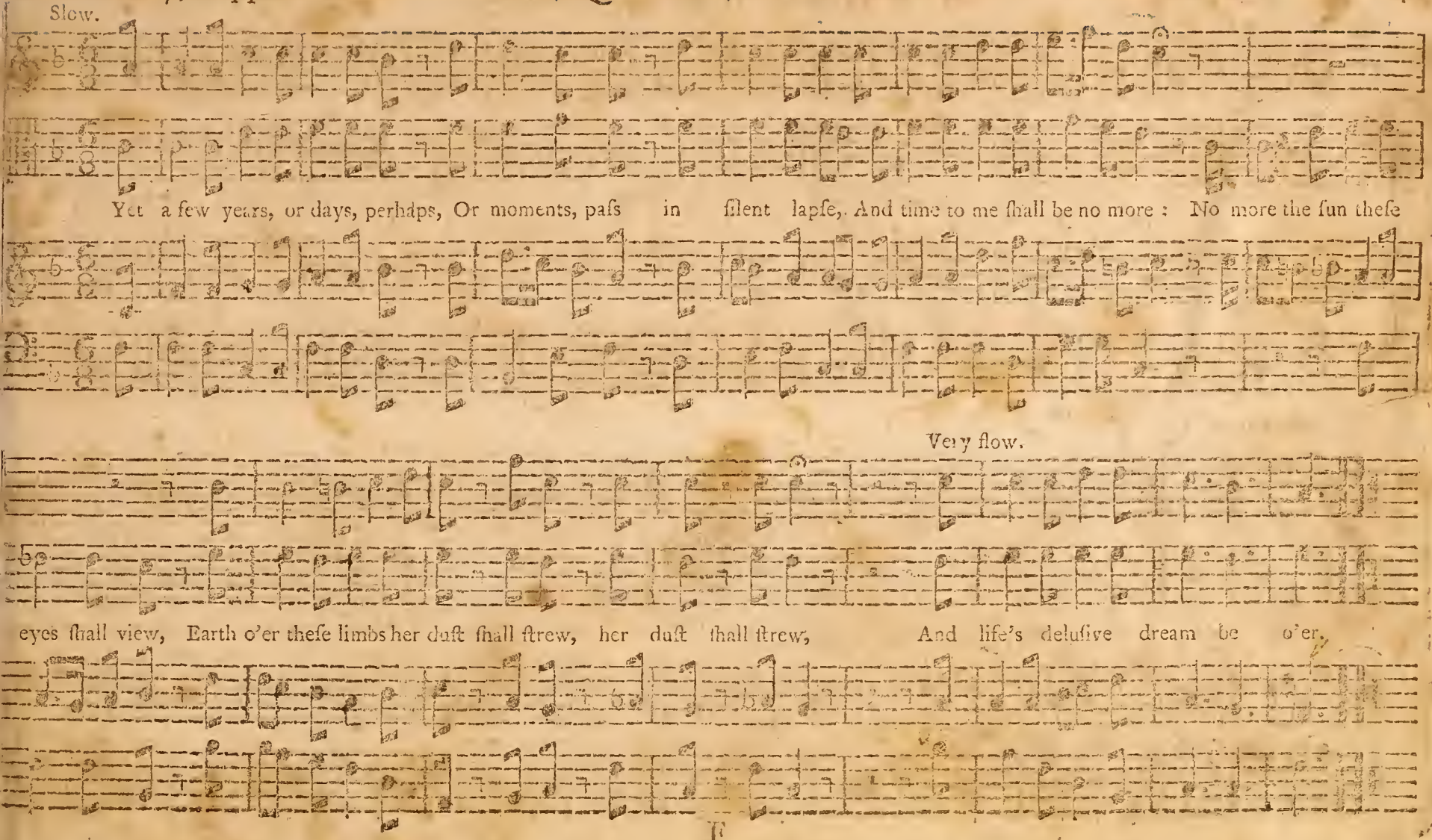
Ps. 17. ITALY. L. M. Sacchini.




face, And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs. This life's a dream, an empty ſhow; But the bright world to which I go Hath
Soft.
Loud.
joys ſubſtantial and ſincere: When ſhall I wake, and find me there! When ſhall, &c.


Thus faith the high and lofty One, I sit upon my holy throne, My name is God, I
Soft.
Loud.
dwell on high, Dwell in my own eternity. Dwell in, &c.

Slow.


Yet a few years, or days, perhaps, Or moments, paſs in ſilent lapſe, And time to me ſhall be no more : No more the ſun theſe
Very flow.
eyes ſhall view, Earth o'er theſe limbs her duſt ſhall ſtrew, her duſt ſhall ſtrew, And life's deluſive dream be o'er.

LORRAIN. L.M.

1st Treble. MOD.

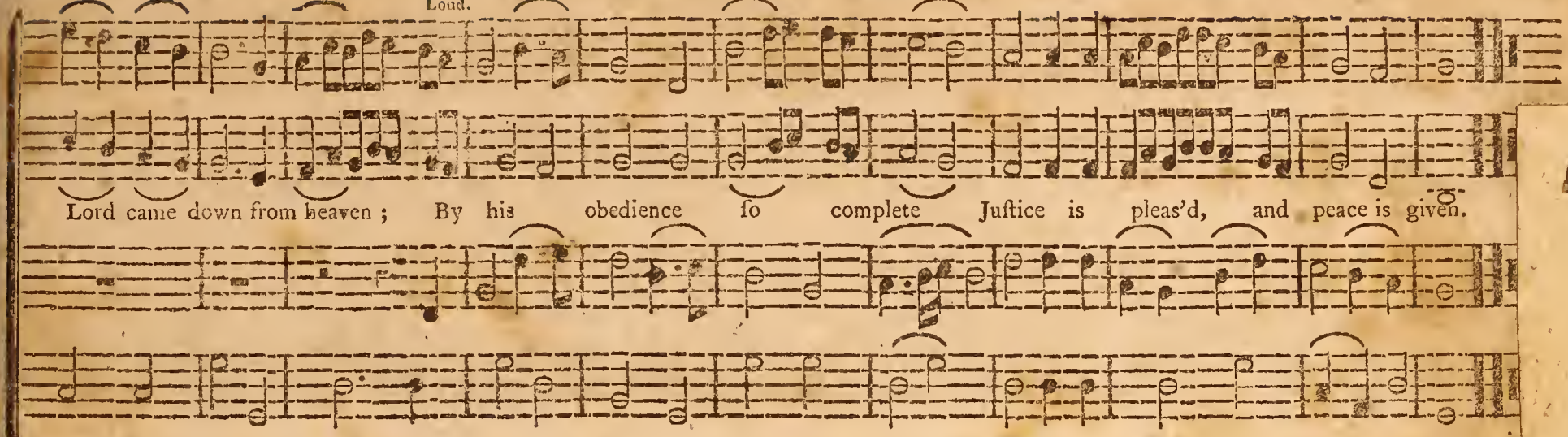
2d Treble.

Salvation is forever nigh The ſouls that fear and truſt the Lord : And grace deſcending

from on high, Freſh hopes of glory ſhall afford. Mercy and truth on earth are met, Since Chriſt the

LORRAIN continued.

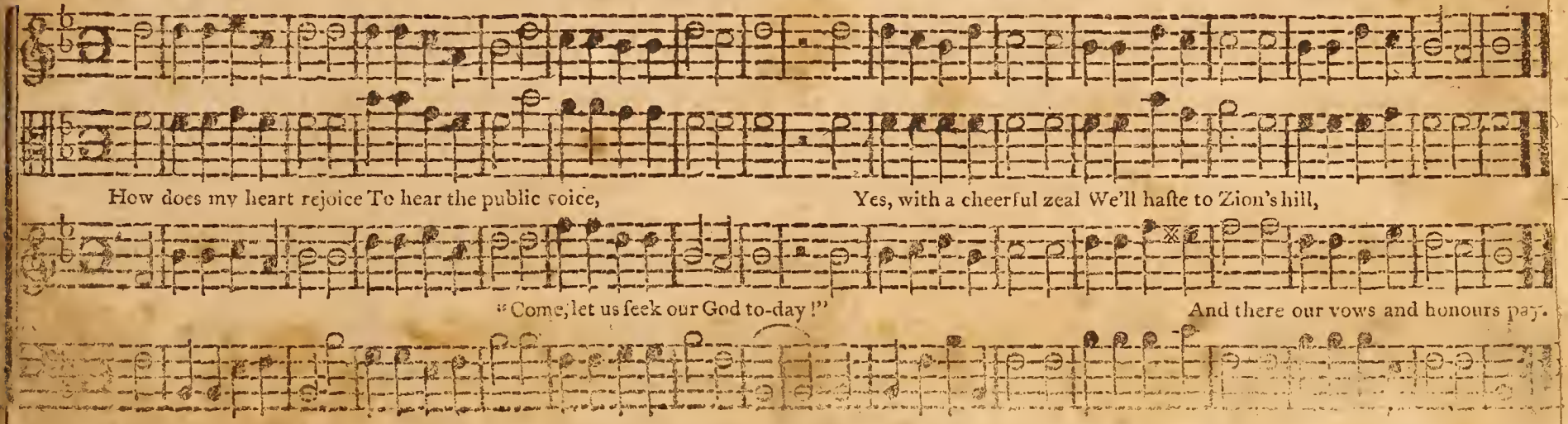
Loud.



Ps. 122.

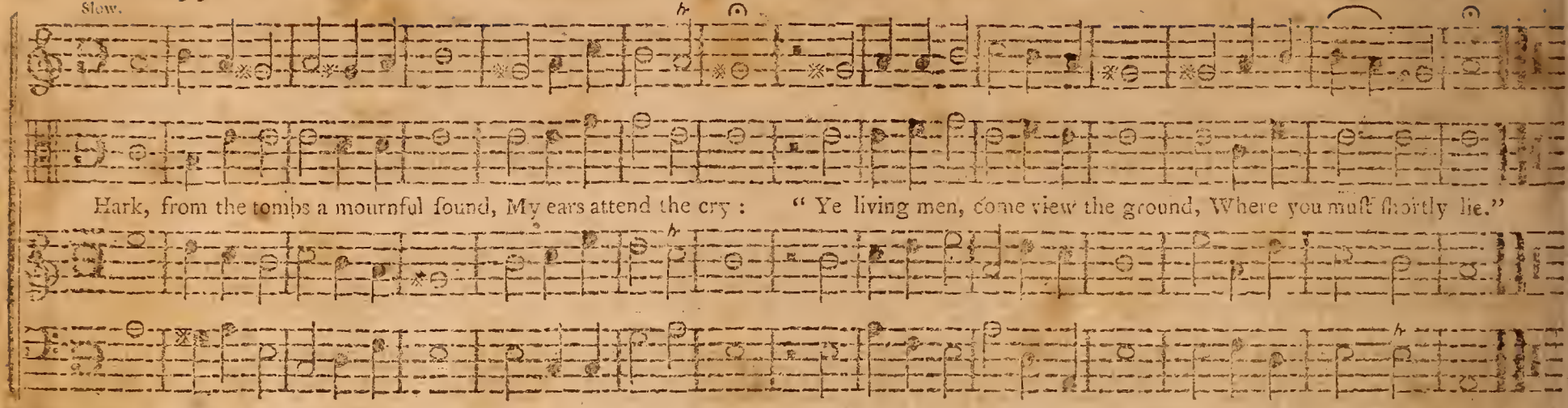
DALSTON. S.P.M.

A. Williams.

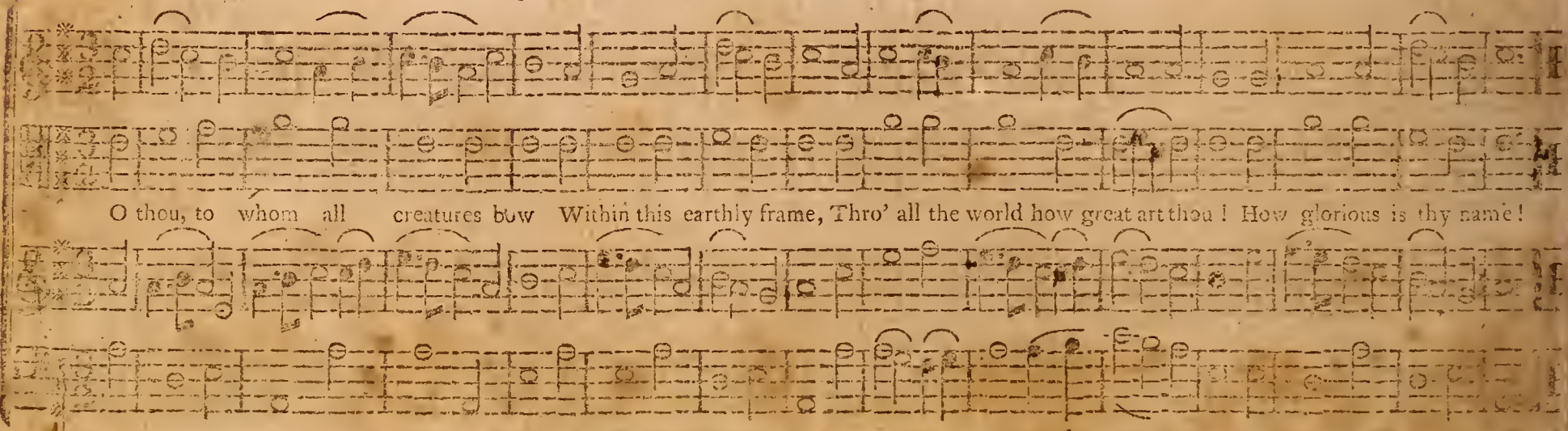


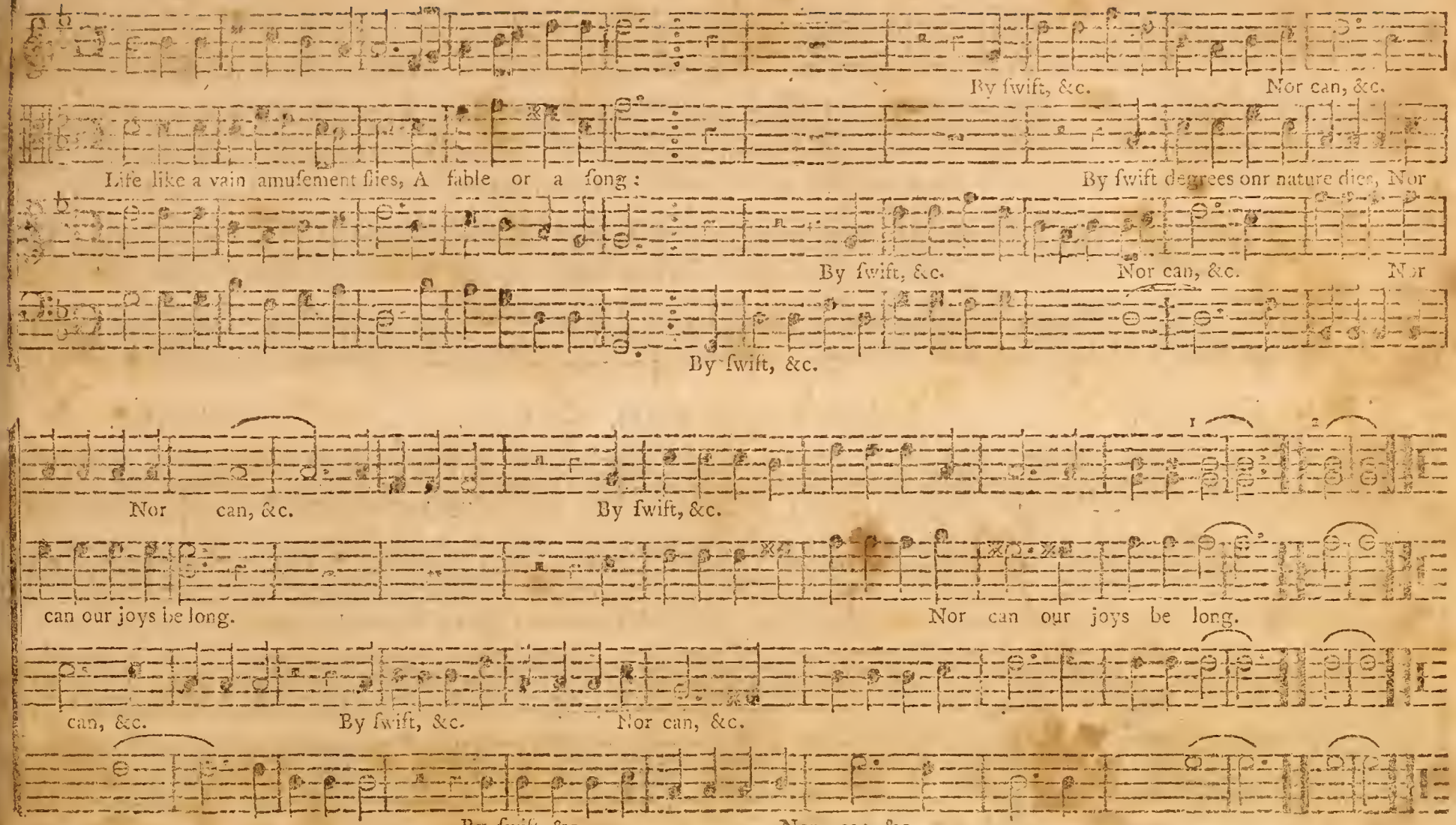
H. 99. FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M. Smith.

Slow.



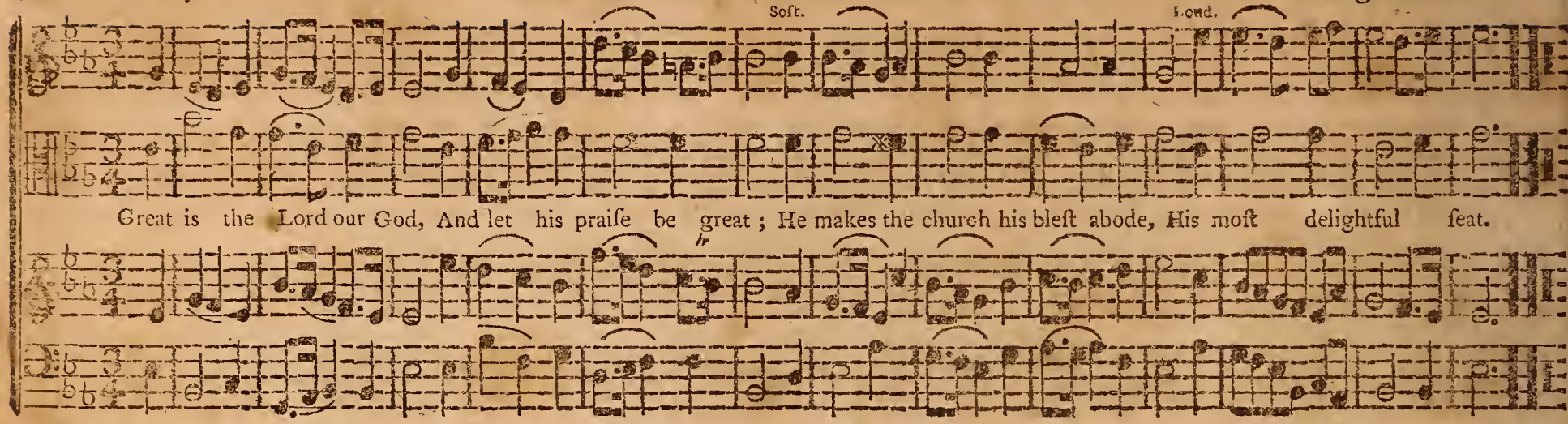
Ps. 8. St. MARTIN's. C. M. Tanfur's Coll.




By ſwift, &c.
Nor can, &c.
Life like a vain amuſement flies, A fable or a ſong:
By ſwift degrees our nature dies, Nor
By ſwift, &c.
Nor can, &c.
Nor
By ſwift, &c.
Nor can, &c.
By ſwift, &c.
can our joys be long.
Nor can our joys be long.
can, &c.
By ſwift, &c.
Nor can, &c.
By ſwift, &c.
Nor can, &c.

MOUNT EPHRAIM. S. M.

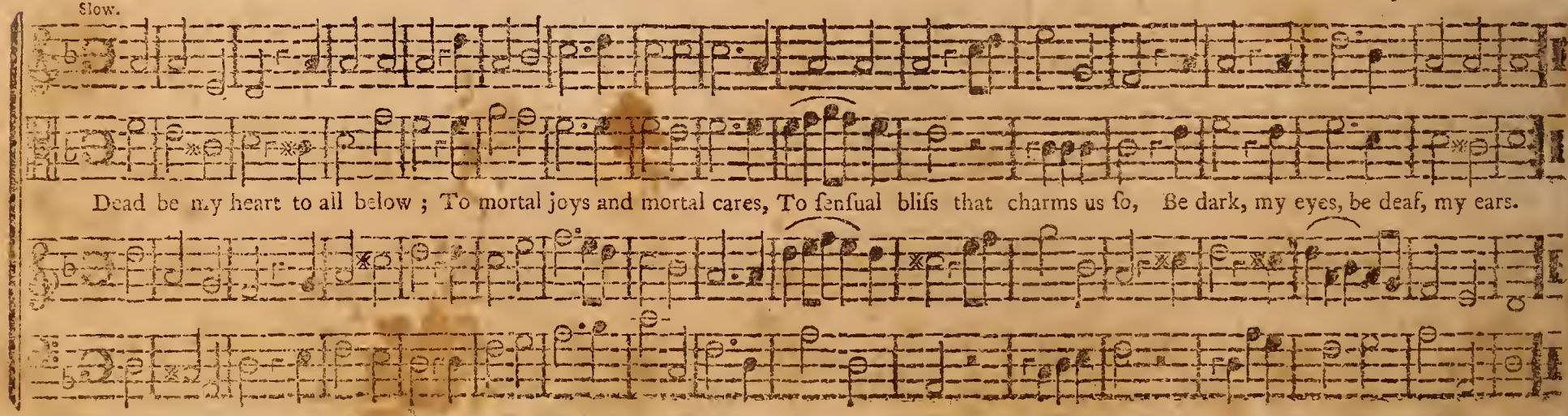
Milgrove.

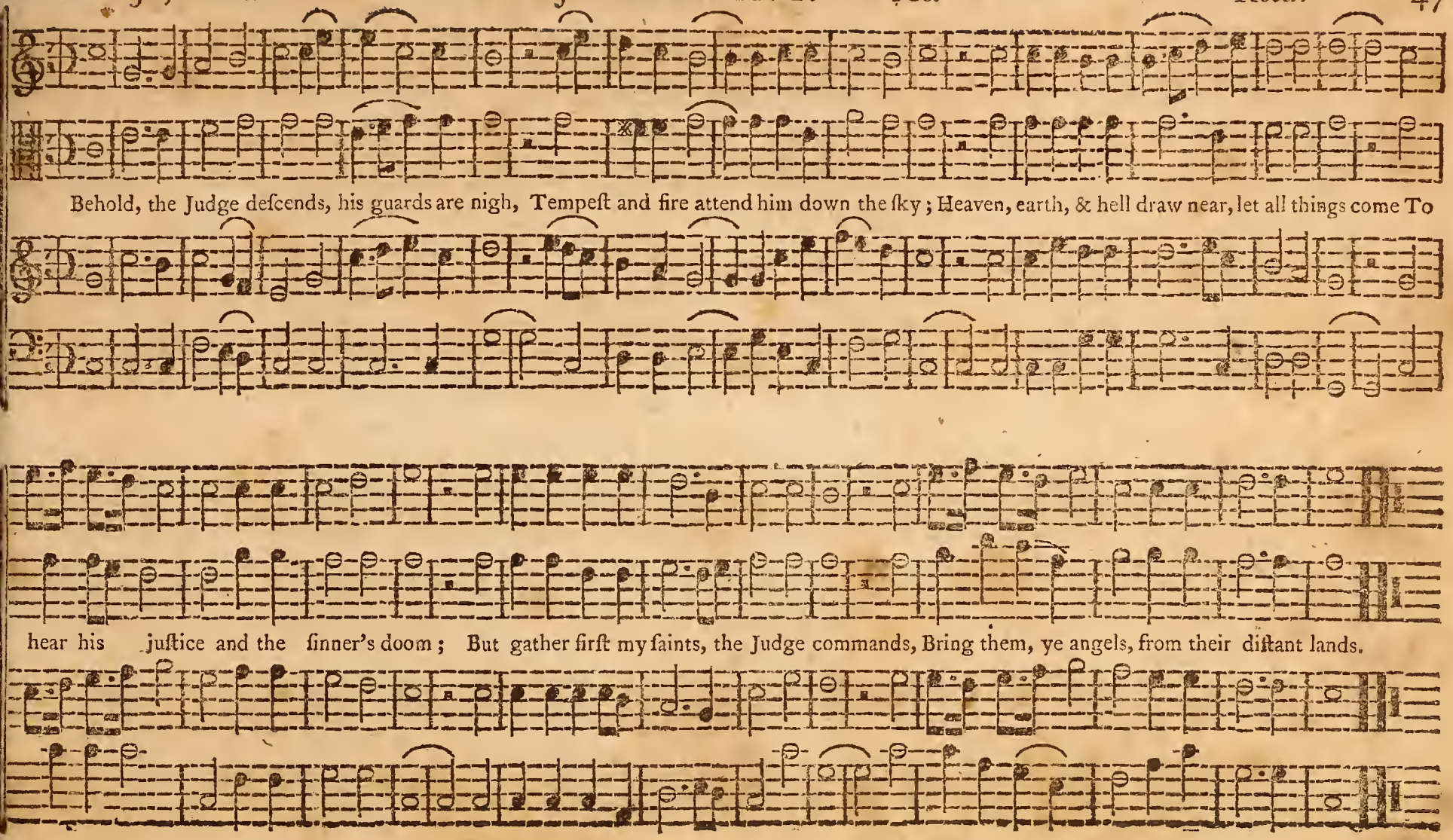


Watts' L. Poems.

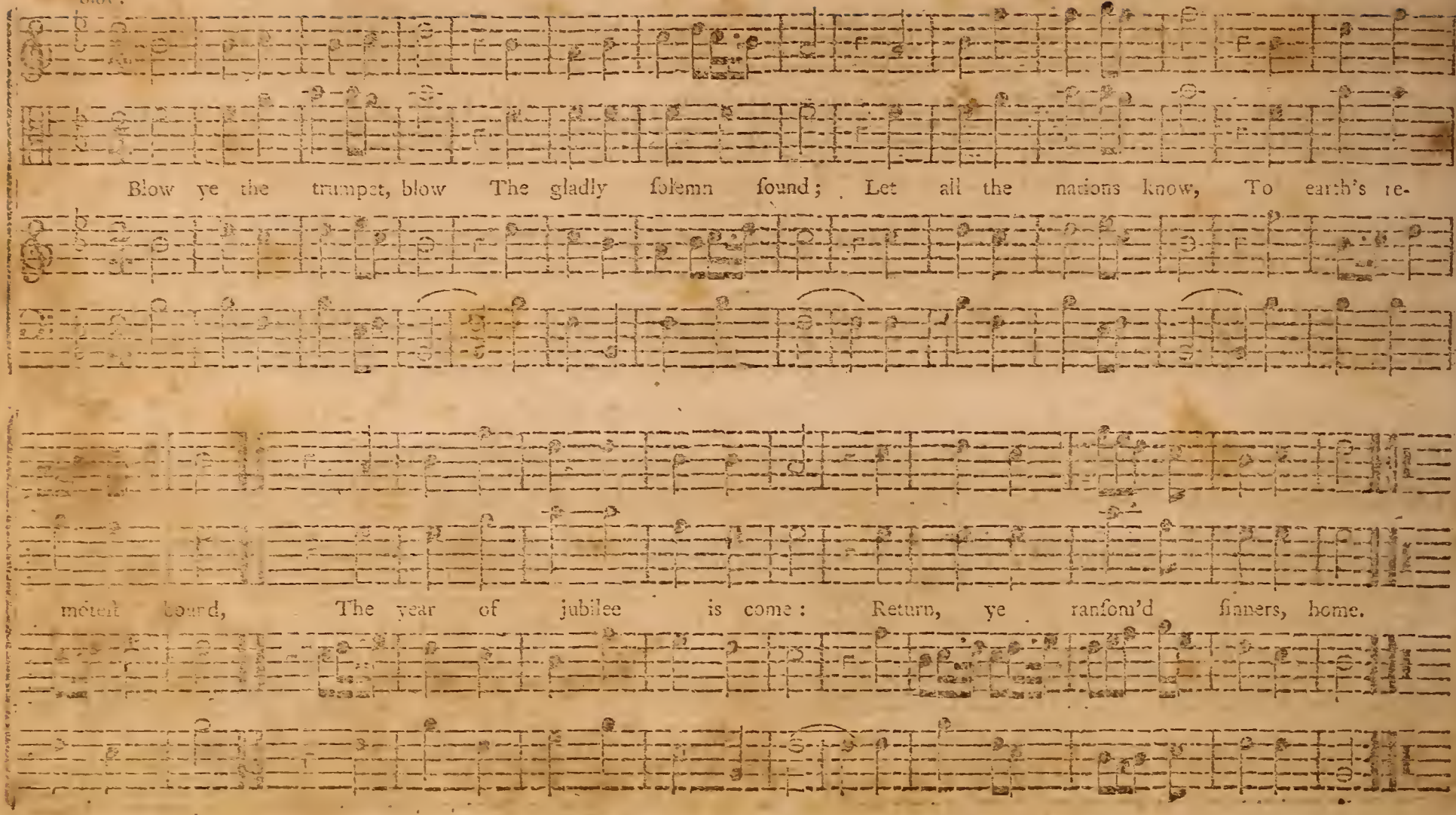
RESIGNATION. L. M.

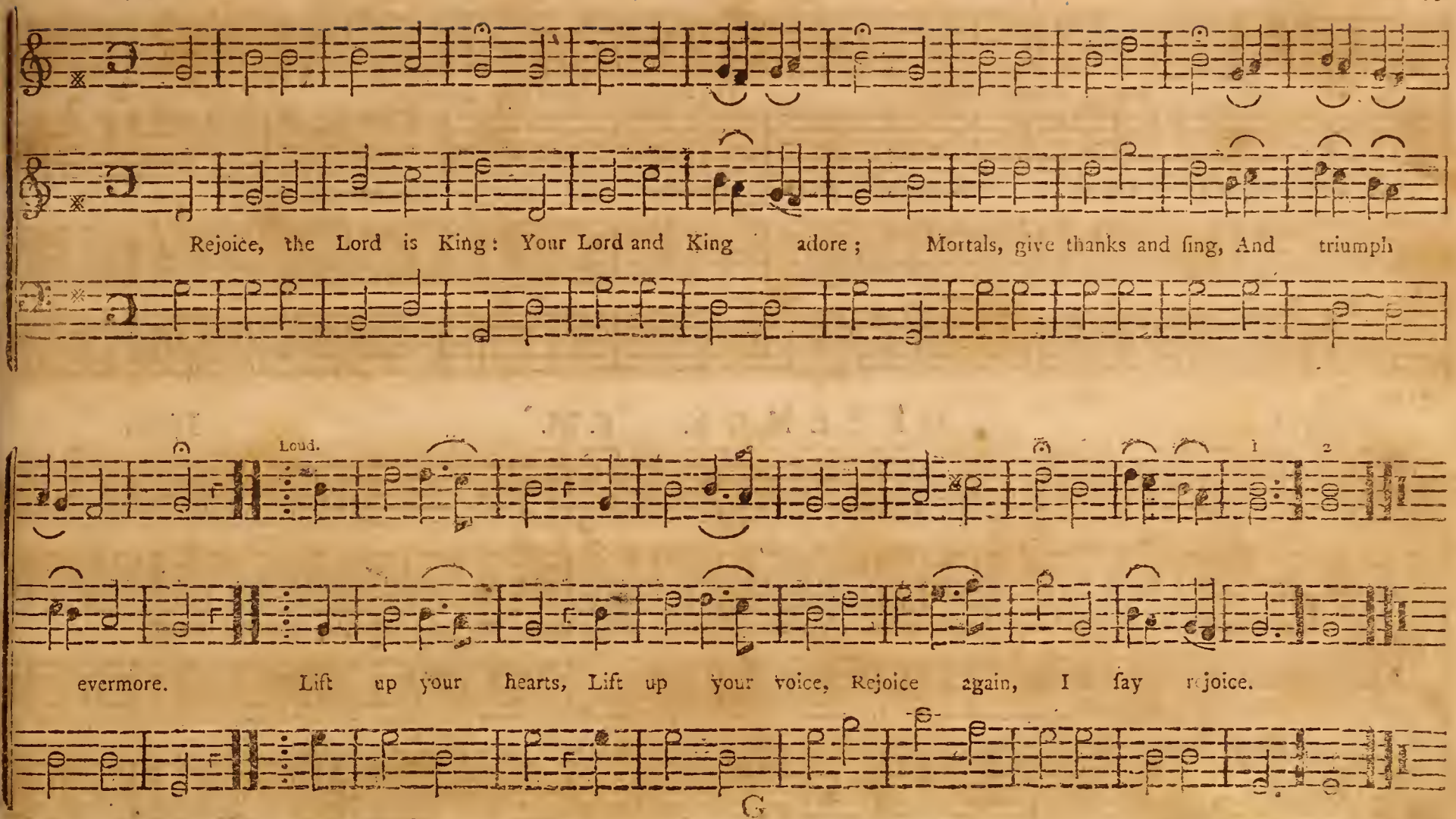
Taylor.



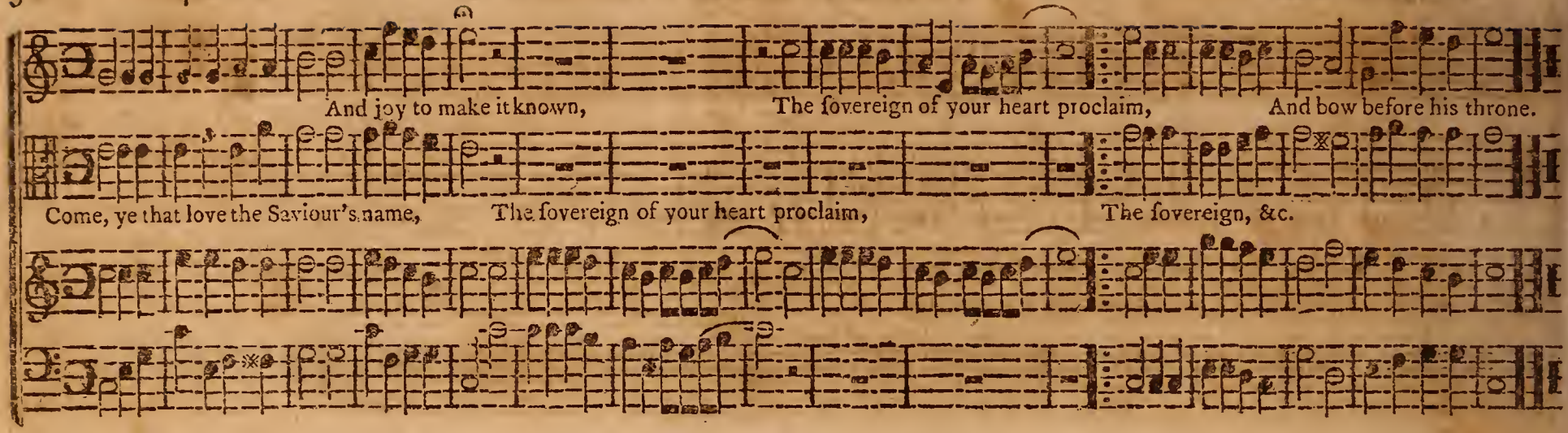

Behold, the Judge defcends, his guards are nigh, Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky; Heaven, earth, & hell draw near, let all things come To
hear his juſtice and the ſinner's doom; But gather firſt my ſaints, the Judge commands, Bring them, ye angels, from their diſtant lands.

Slow.

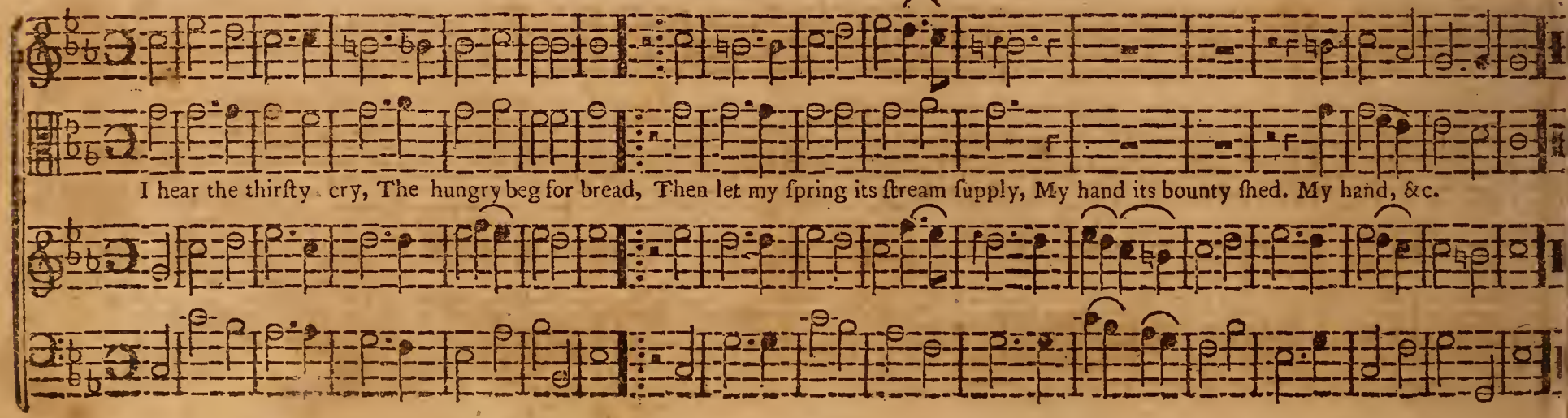

Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's re-
meteri bound, The year of jubilee is come: Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

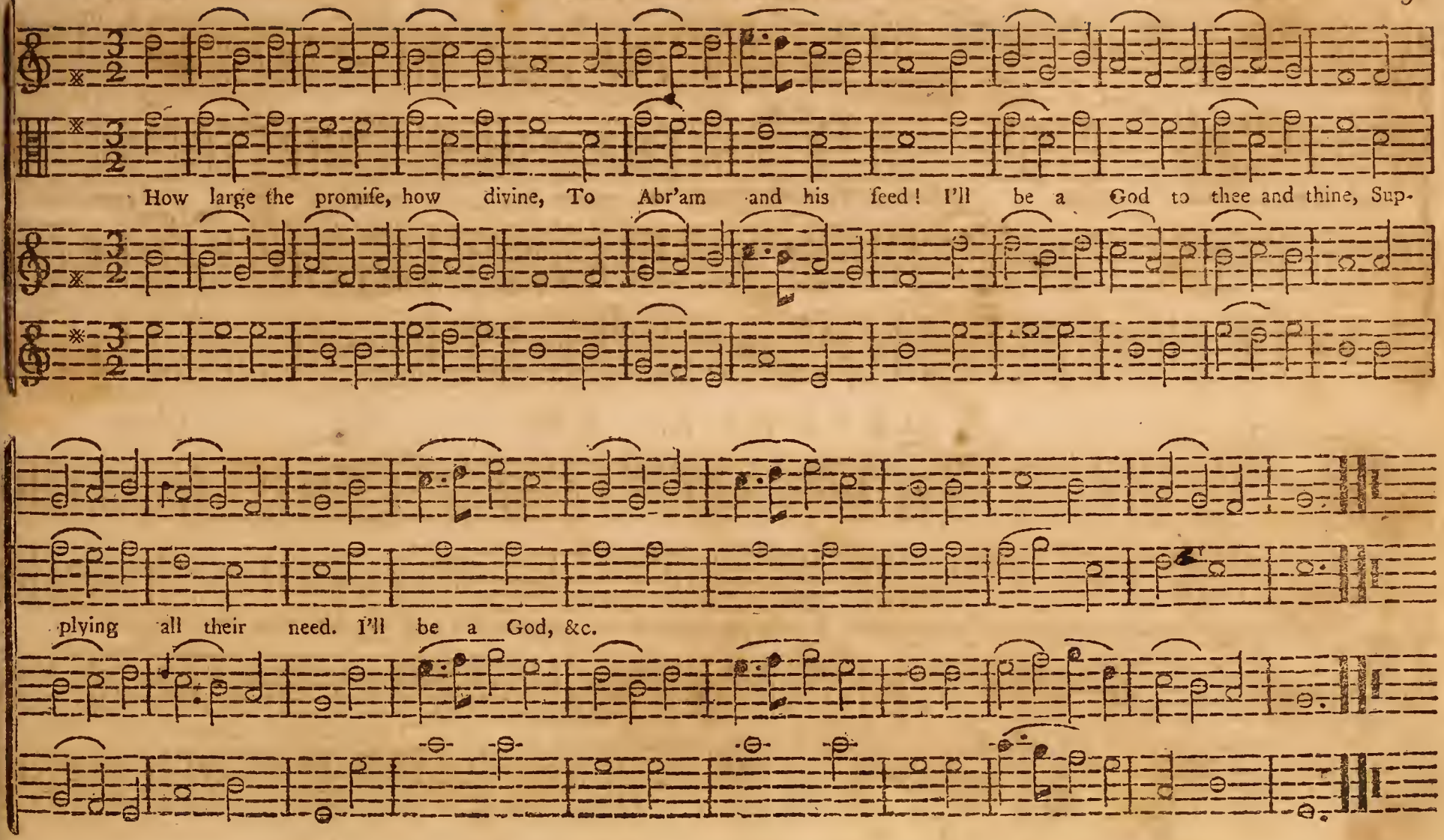

Rejoice, the Lord is King: Your Lord and King adore; Mortals, give thanks and ſing, And triumph
Loud.
1
2
evermore. Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Rejoice again, I ſay rejoice.

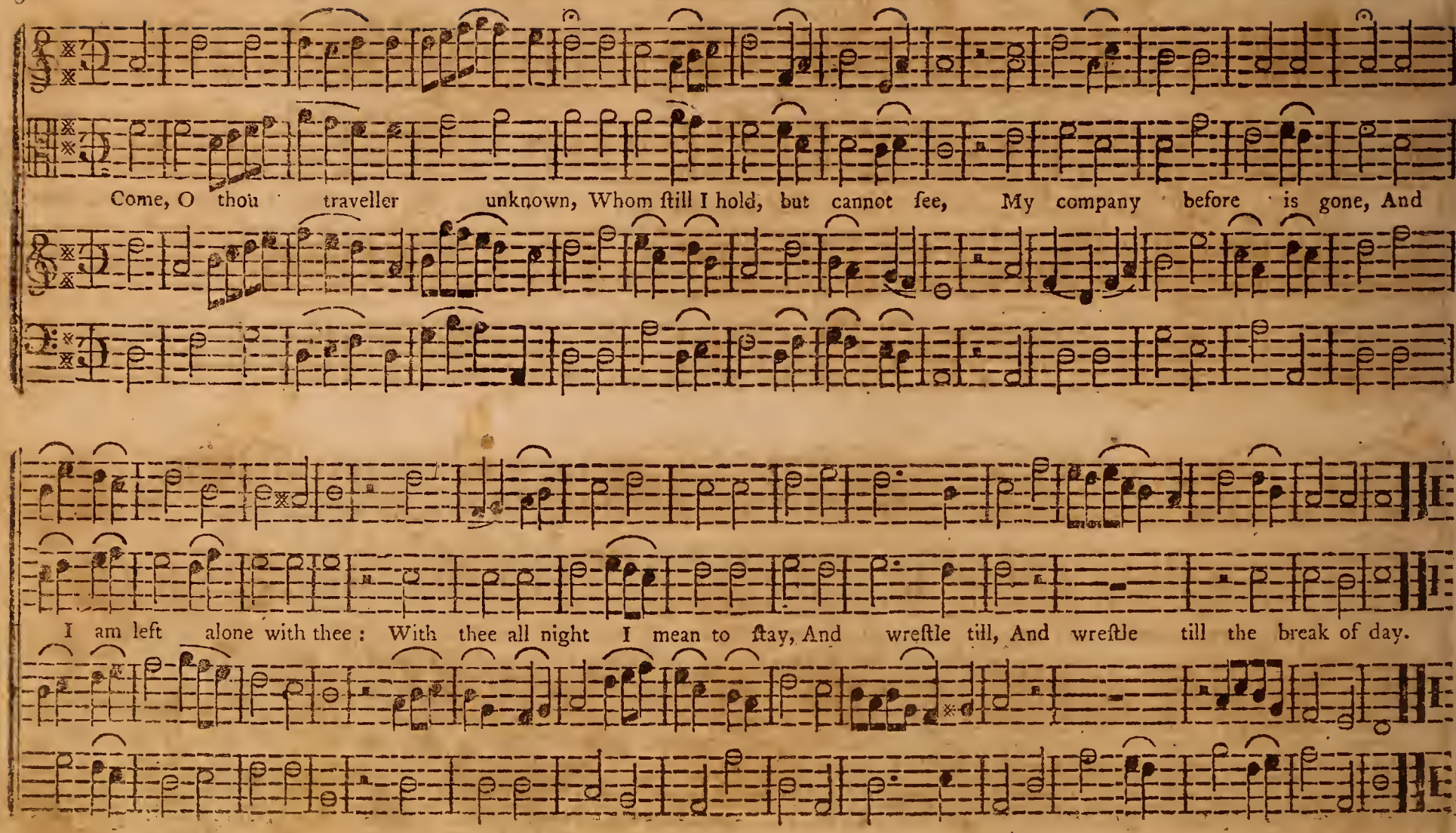
H. 48. St. SEBASTIAN's. C. M. Williams' Coll.

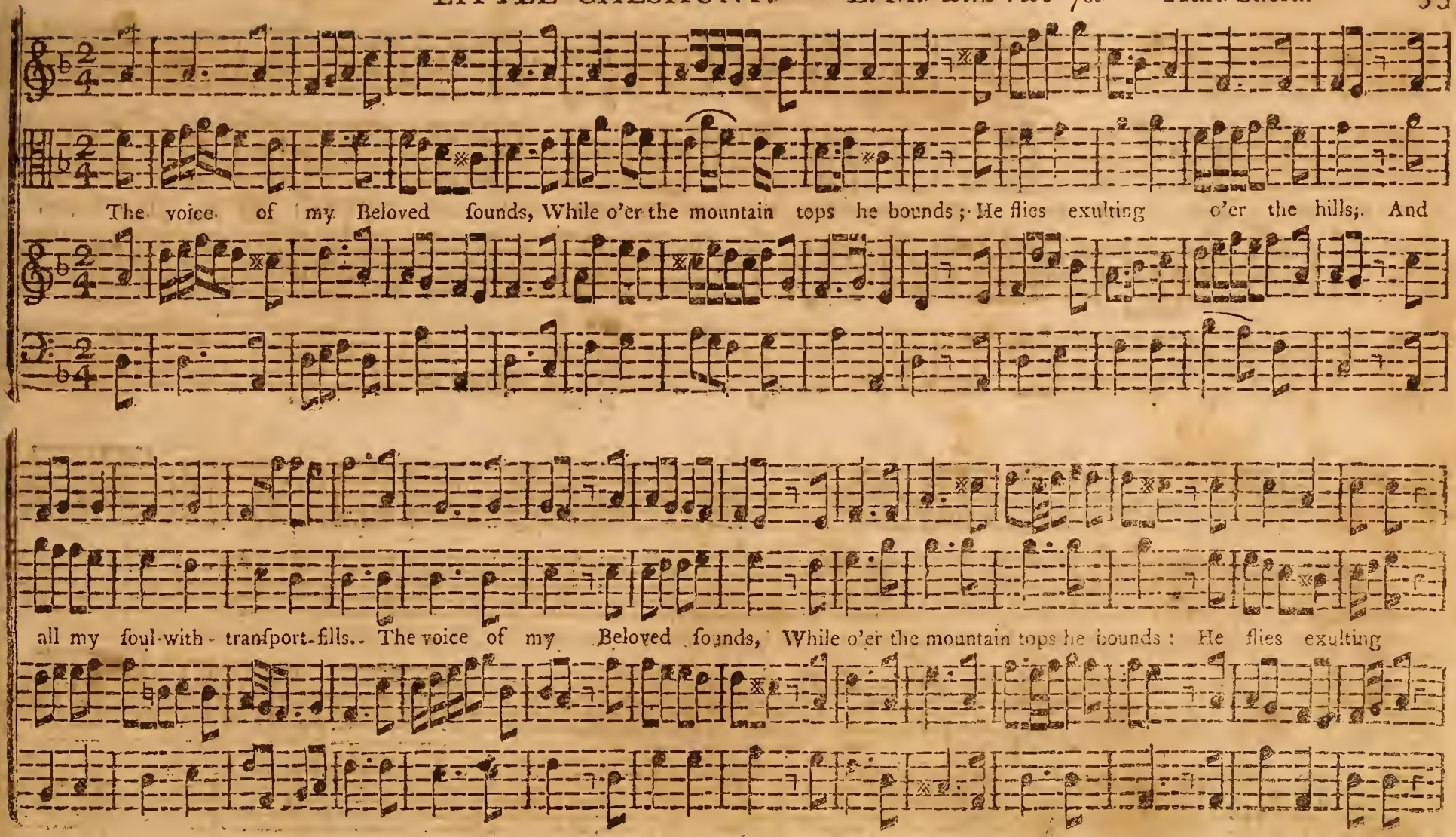


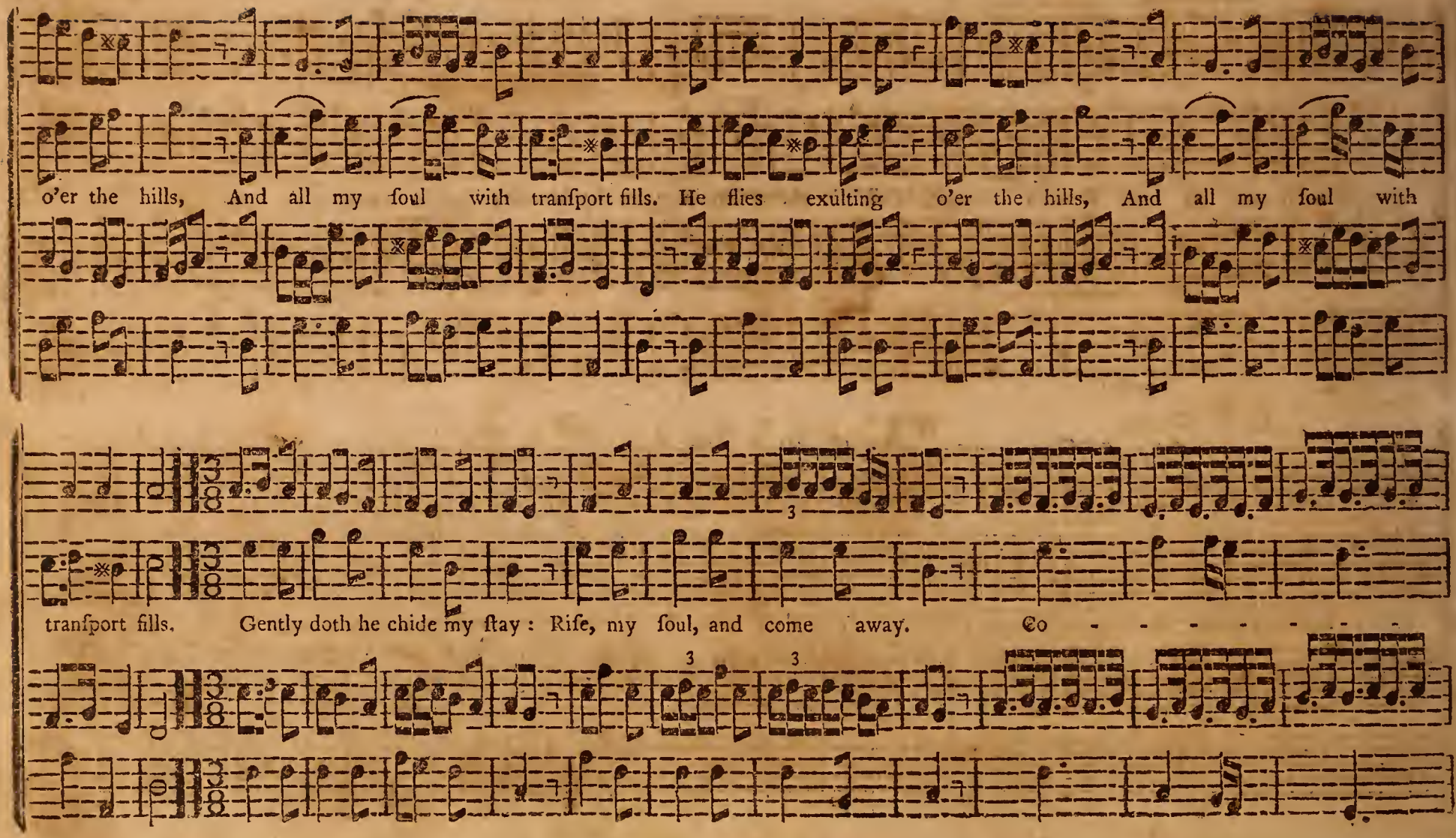
H. 121. DEFENCE. S. M. Dixon.

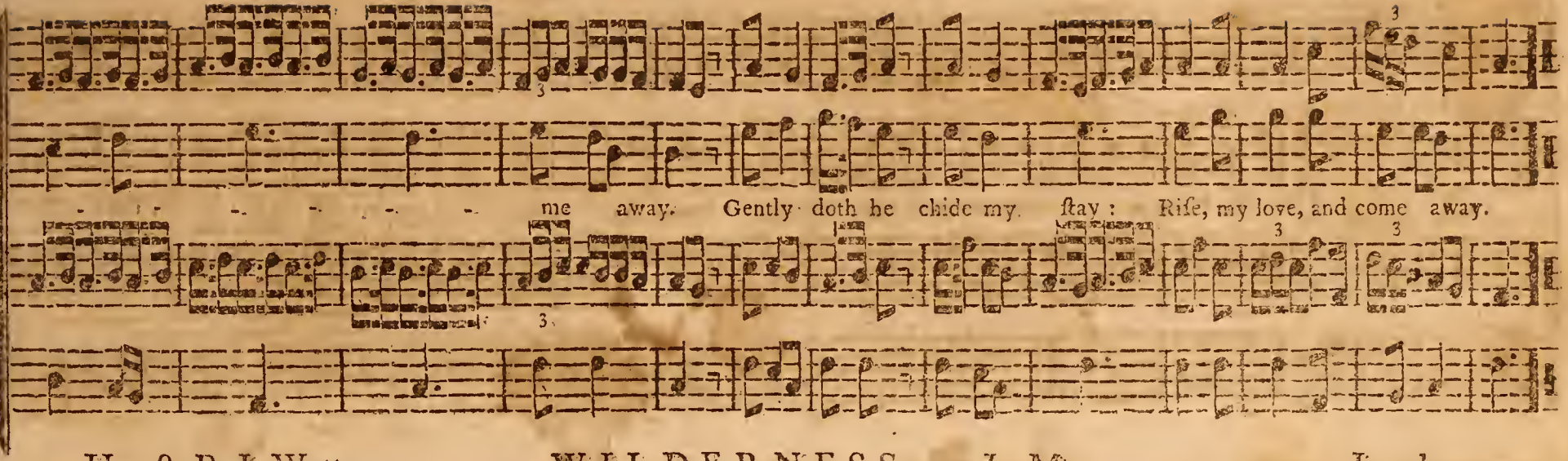



How large the promise, how divine, To Abr'am and his seed! I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup-
plying all their need. I'll be a God, &c.


Come, O thou traveller unknown, Whom ſtill I hold, but cannot ſee, My company before is gone, And
I am left alone with thee: With thee all night I mean to ſtay, And wreſtle till, And wreſtle till the break of day.


The voice of my Beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain tops he bounds; He flies exulting o'er the hills; And
all my soul with transport fills. The voice of my Beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain tops he bounds: He flies exulting

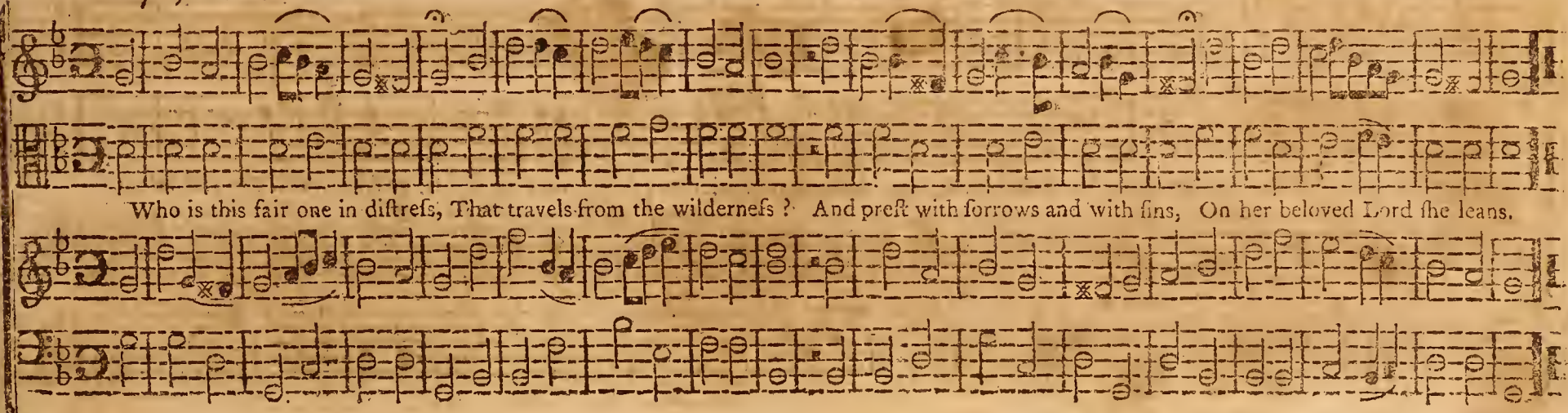

o'er the hills, And all my ſoul with tranſport fills. He flies exulting o'er the hills, And all my ſoul with
tranſport fills. Gently doth he chide my ſtay: Riſe, my ſoul, and come away. Co

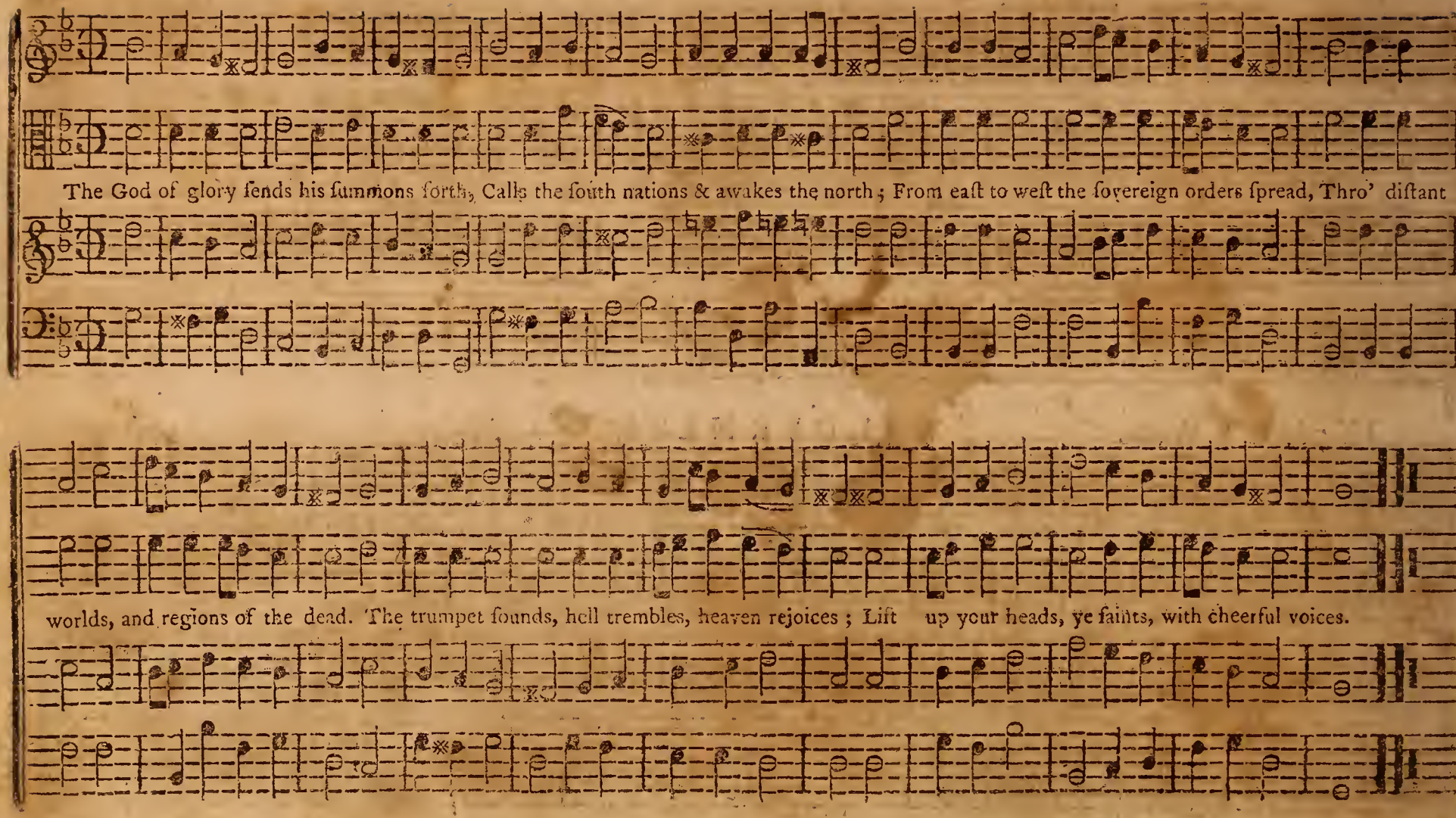


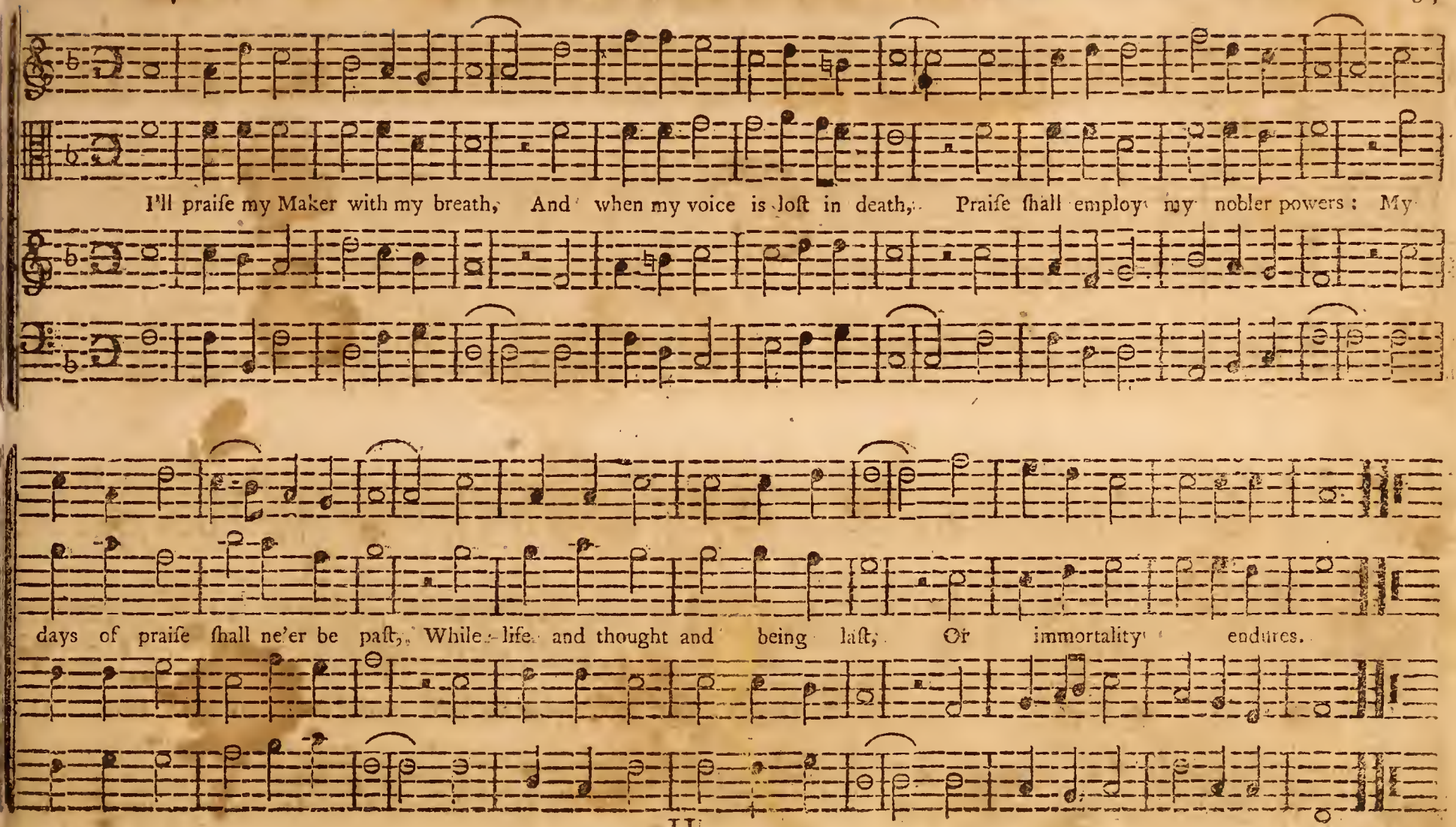
H. 78, B. I. Watts.

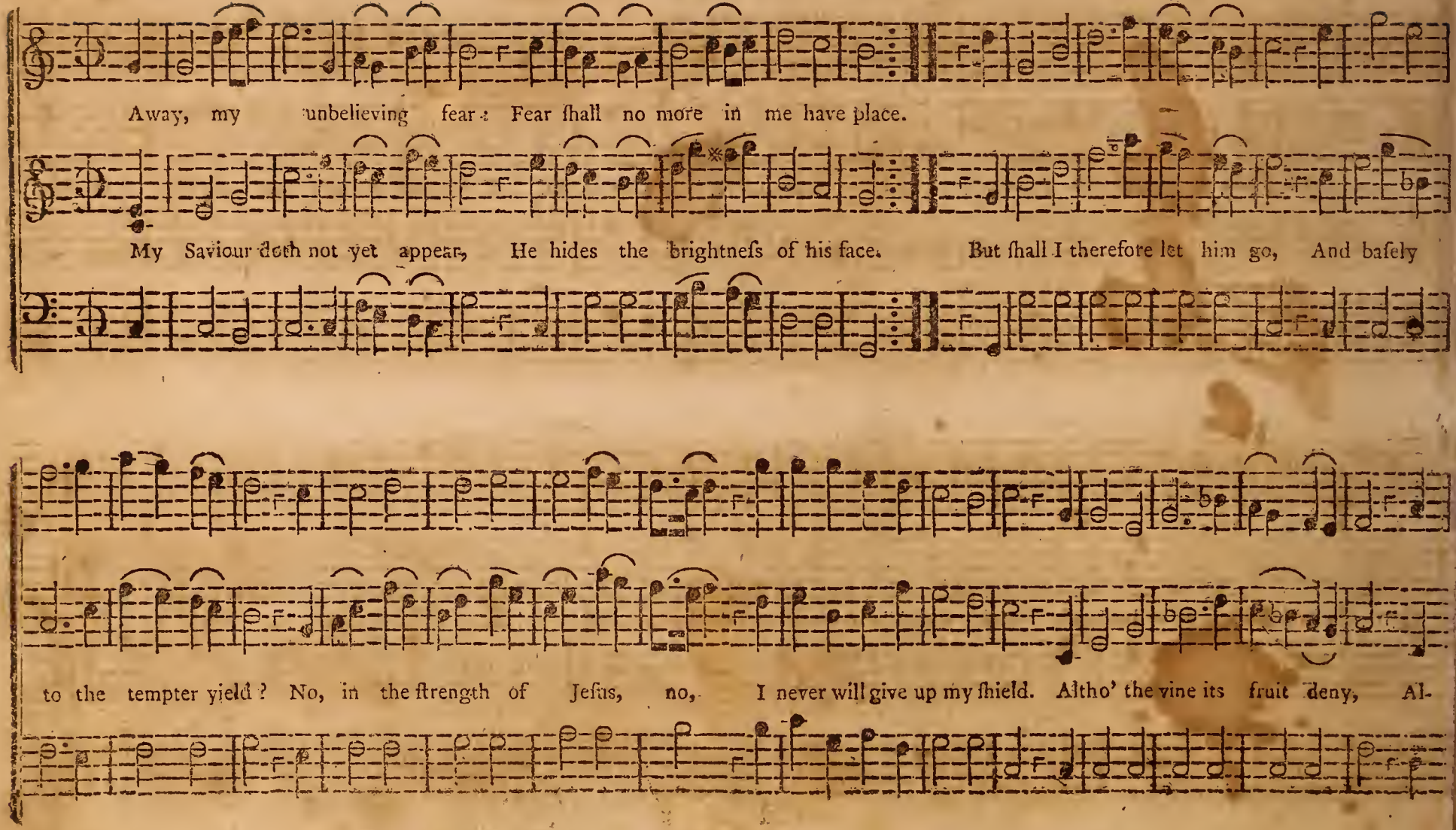
WILDERNESS. L. M.

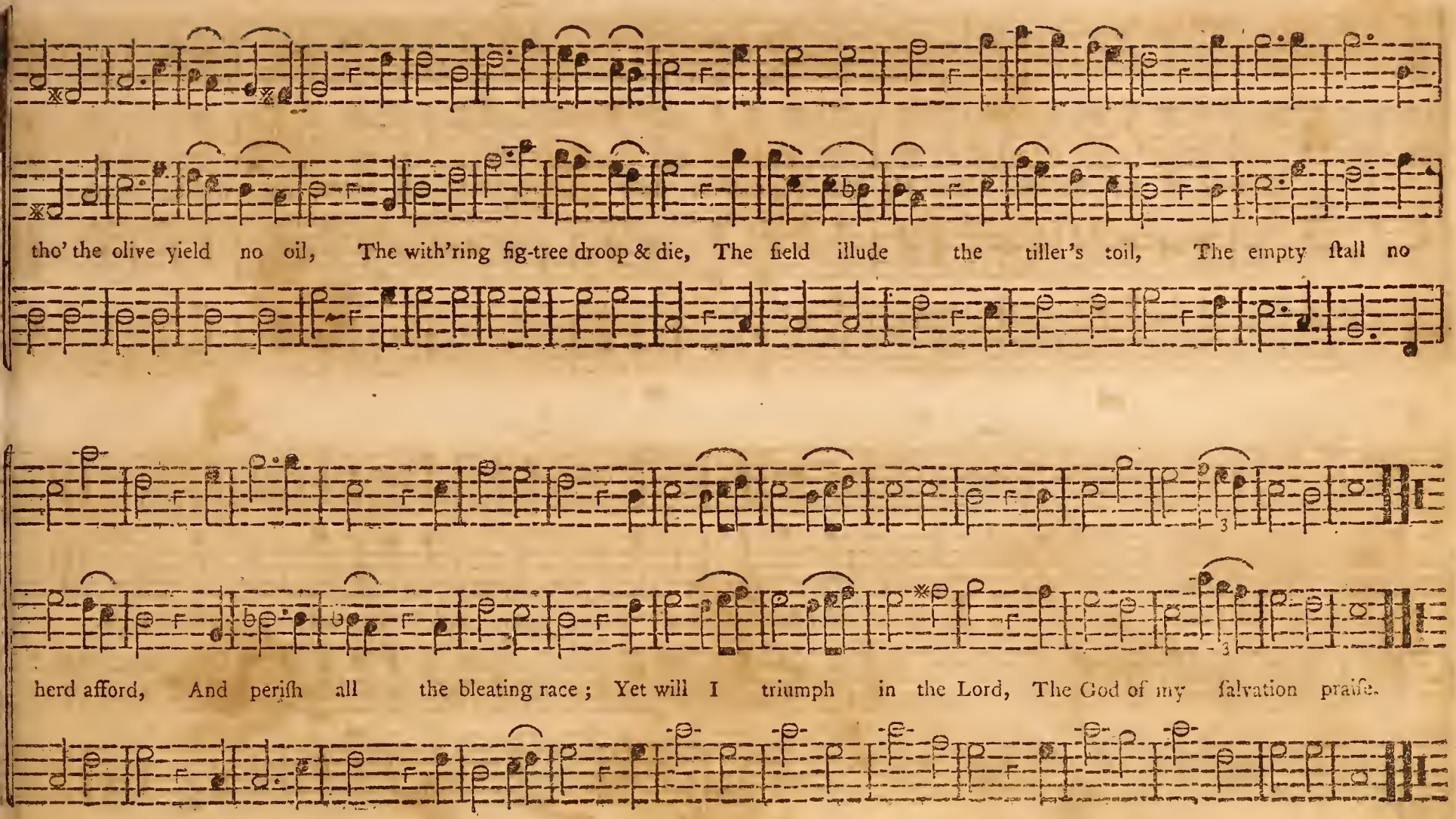
Leach.

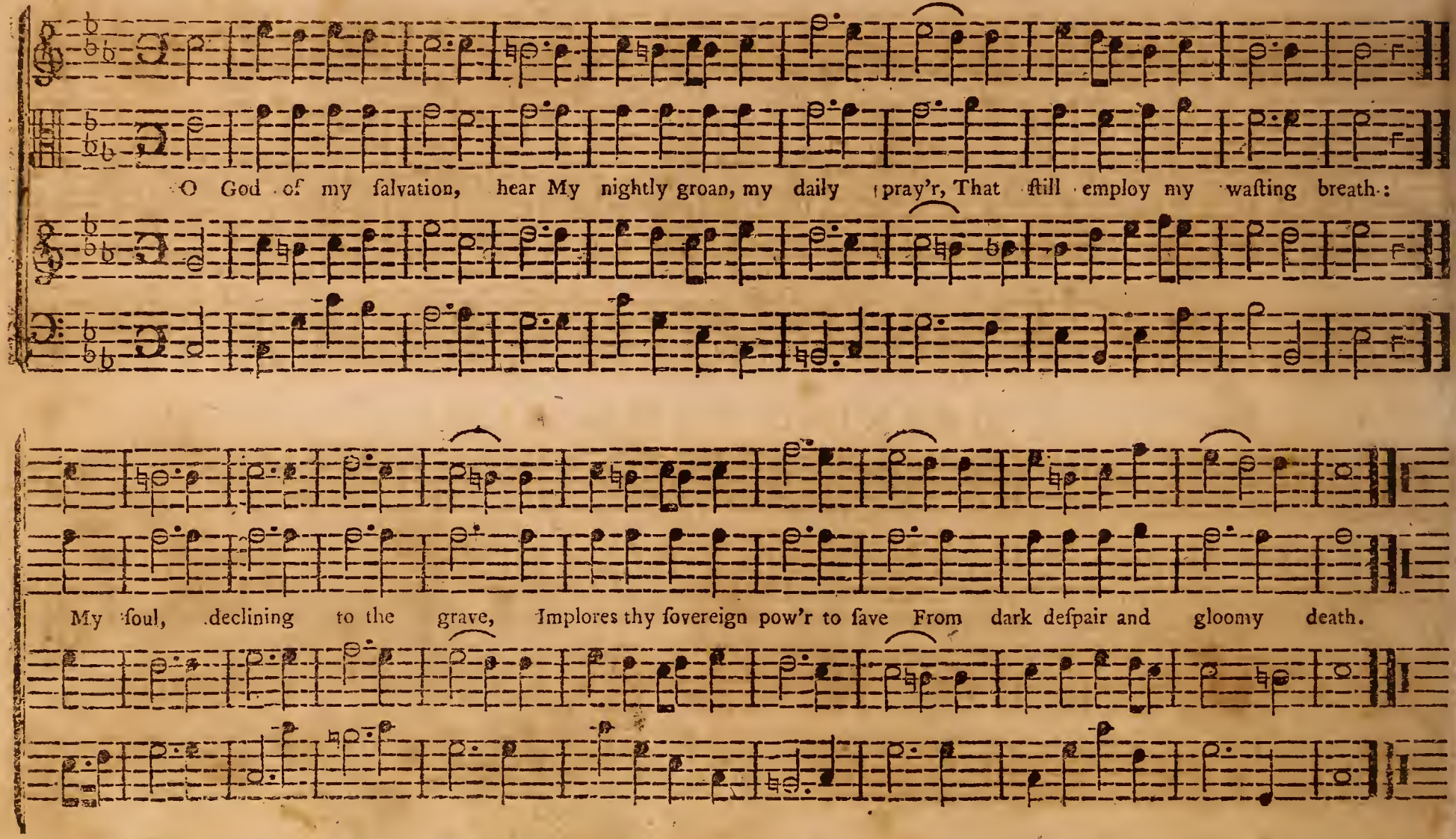


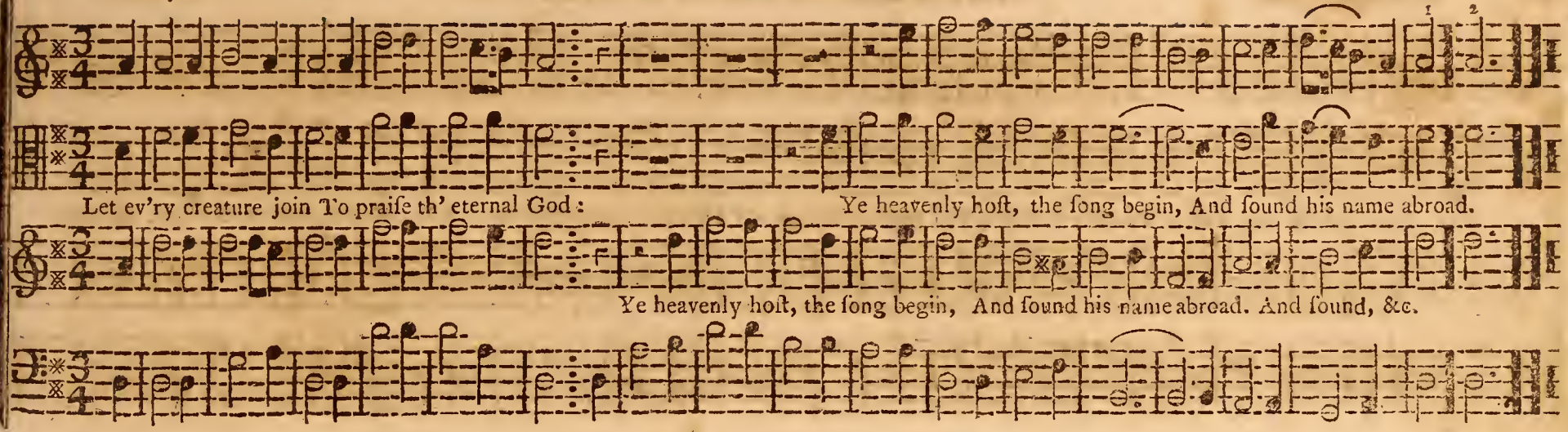

The God of glory ſends his ſummons forth, Calls the ſouth nations & awakes the north; From eaſt to weſt the ſovereign orders ſpread, Thro' diſtant
worlds, and regions of the dead. The trumpet ſounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices; Liſt up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.


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

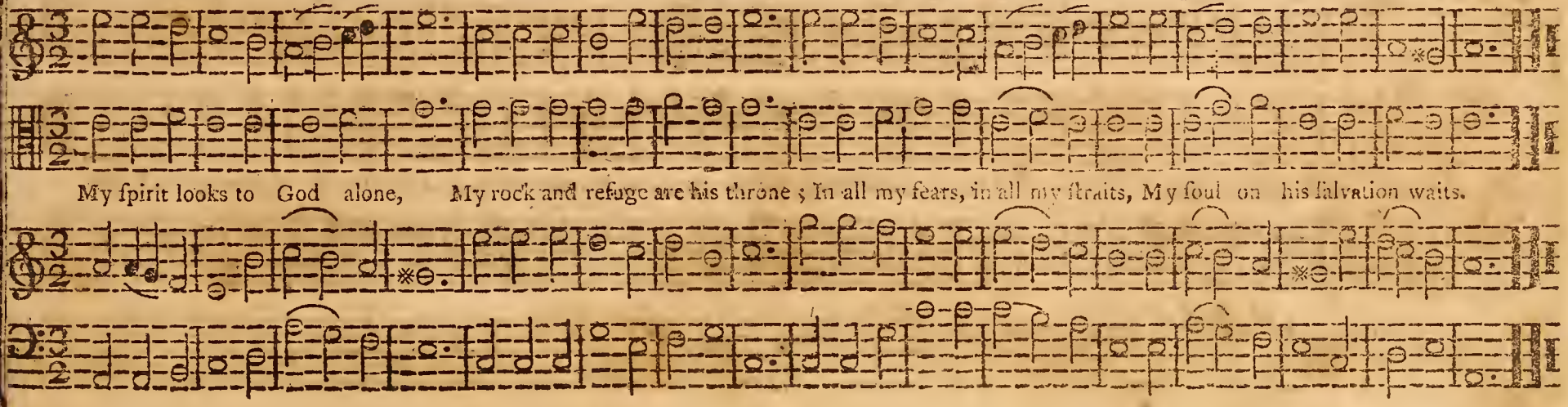

Away, my unbelieving fear: Fear ſhall no more in me have place.
My Saviour doth not yet appear, He hides the brightneſs of his face. But ſhall I therefore let him go, And baſely
to the tempter yield? No, in the ſtrength of Jeſus, no, I never will give up my ſhield. Altho' the vine its fruit deny, Al-

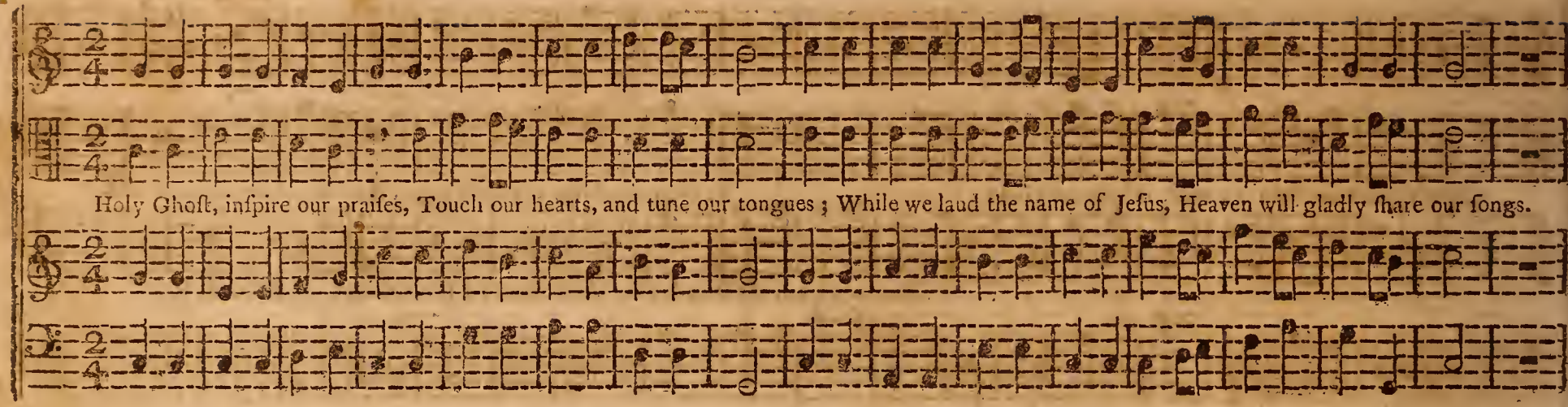

tho' the olive yield no oil, The with'ring fig-tree droop & die, The field illude the tiller's toil, The empty ſtall no
herd afford, And periſh all the bleating race; Yet will I triumph in the Lord, The God of my ſalvation praiſe.

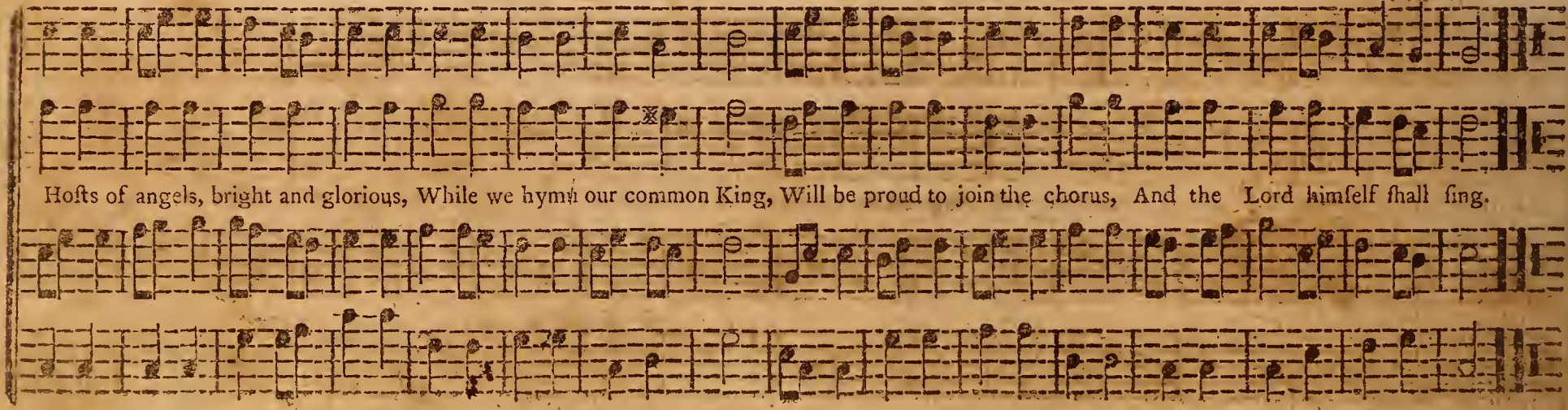

O God of my ſalvation, hear My nightly groan, my daily pray'r, That ſtill employ my waſting breath:
My ſoul, declining to the grave, Implores thy ſovereign pow'r to ſave From dark deſpair and gloomy death.

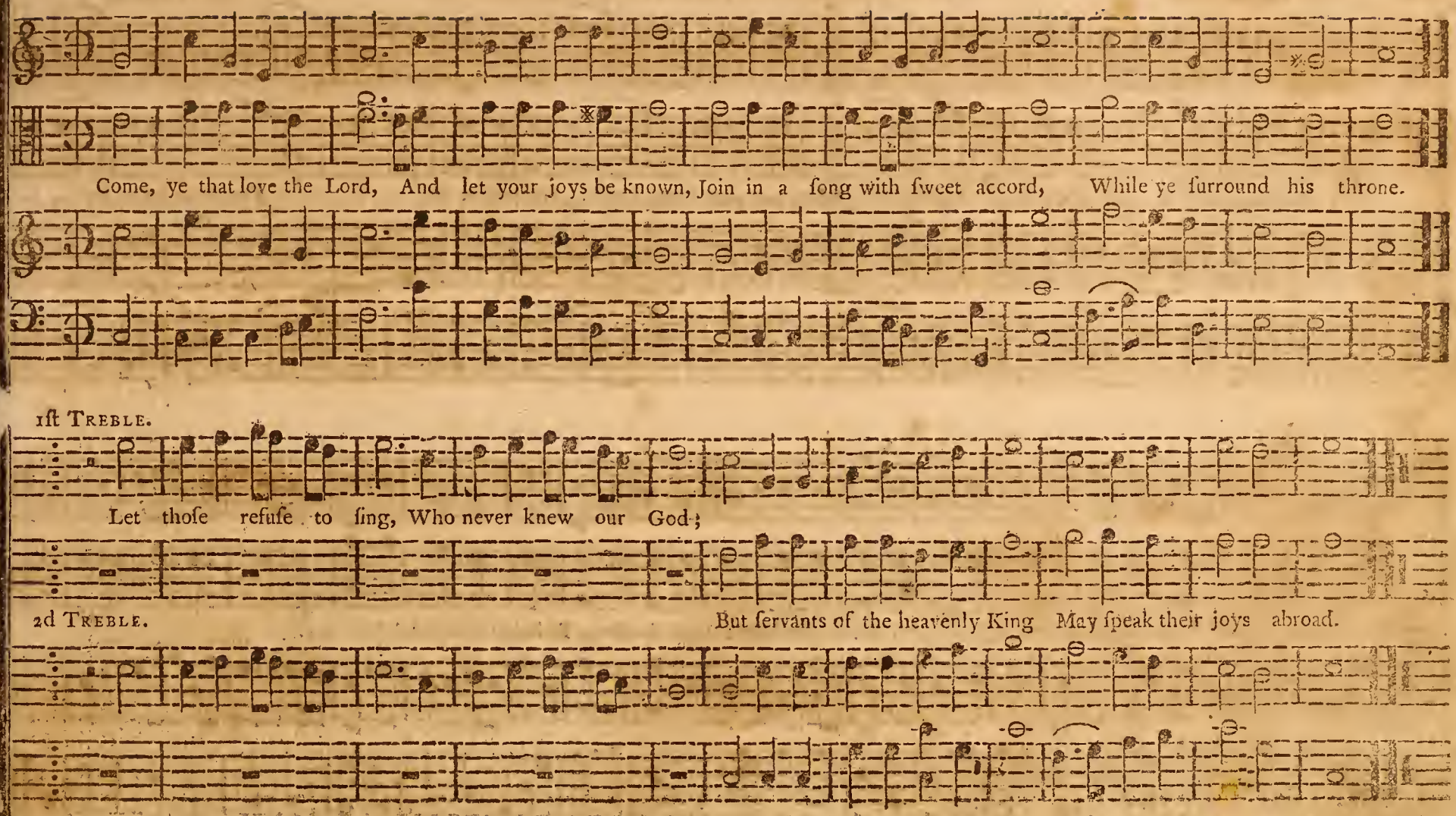


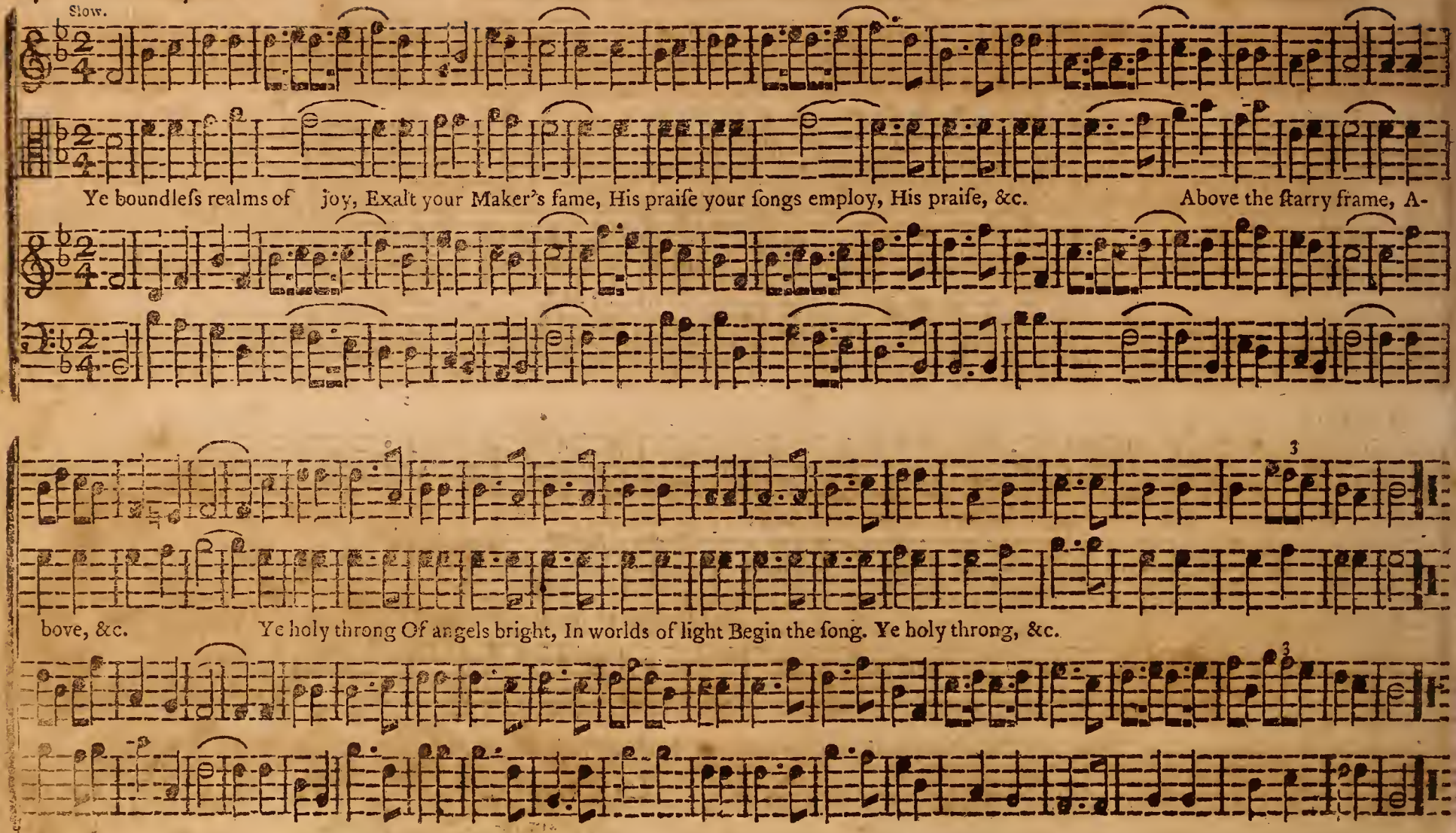
Ps. 62. MORNING HYMN. L. M. Clark.

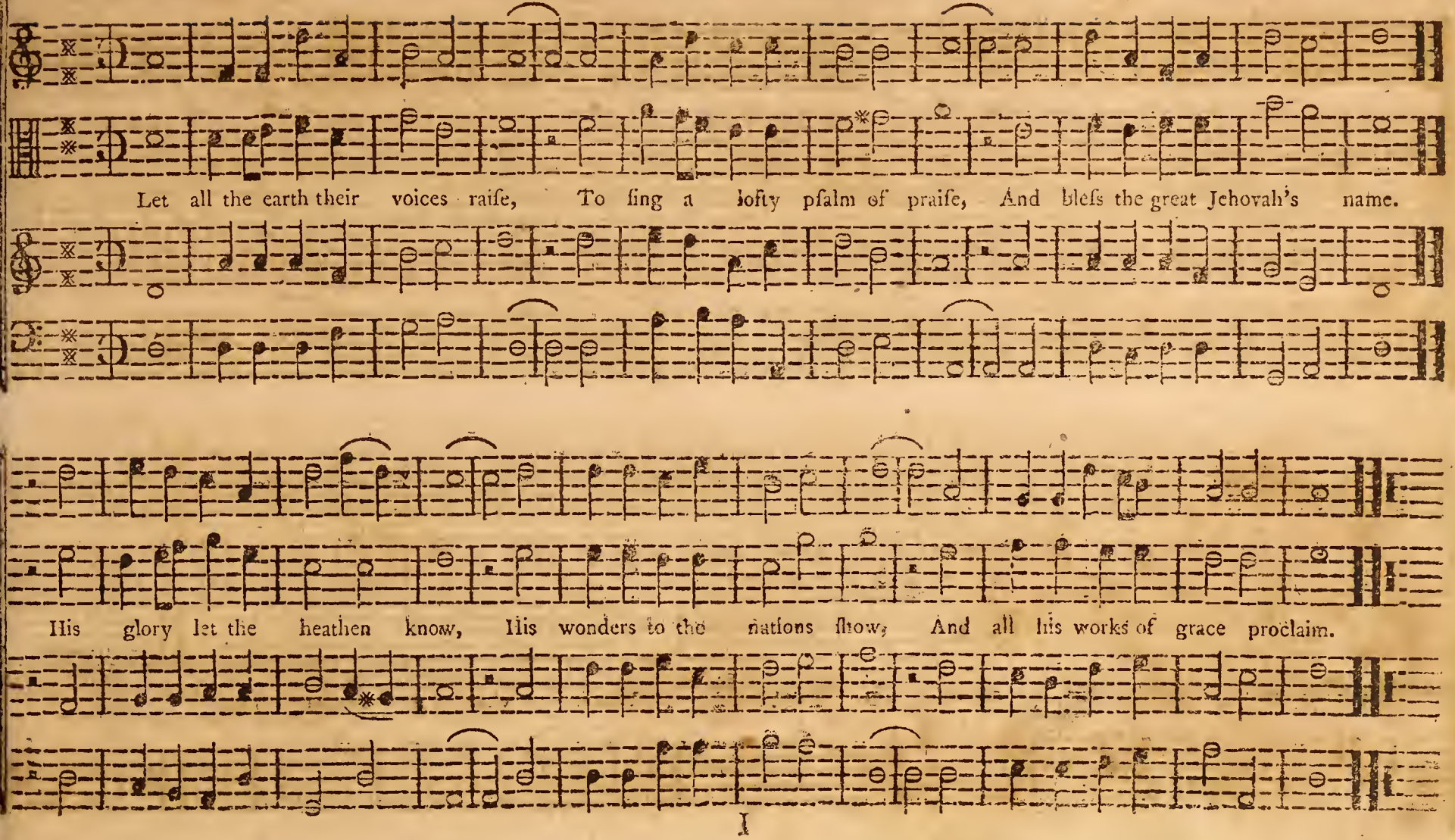


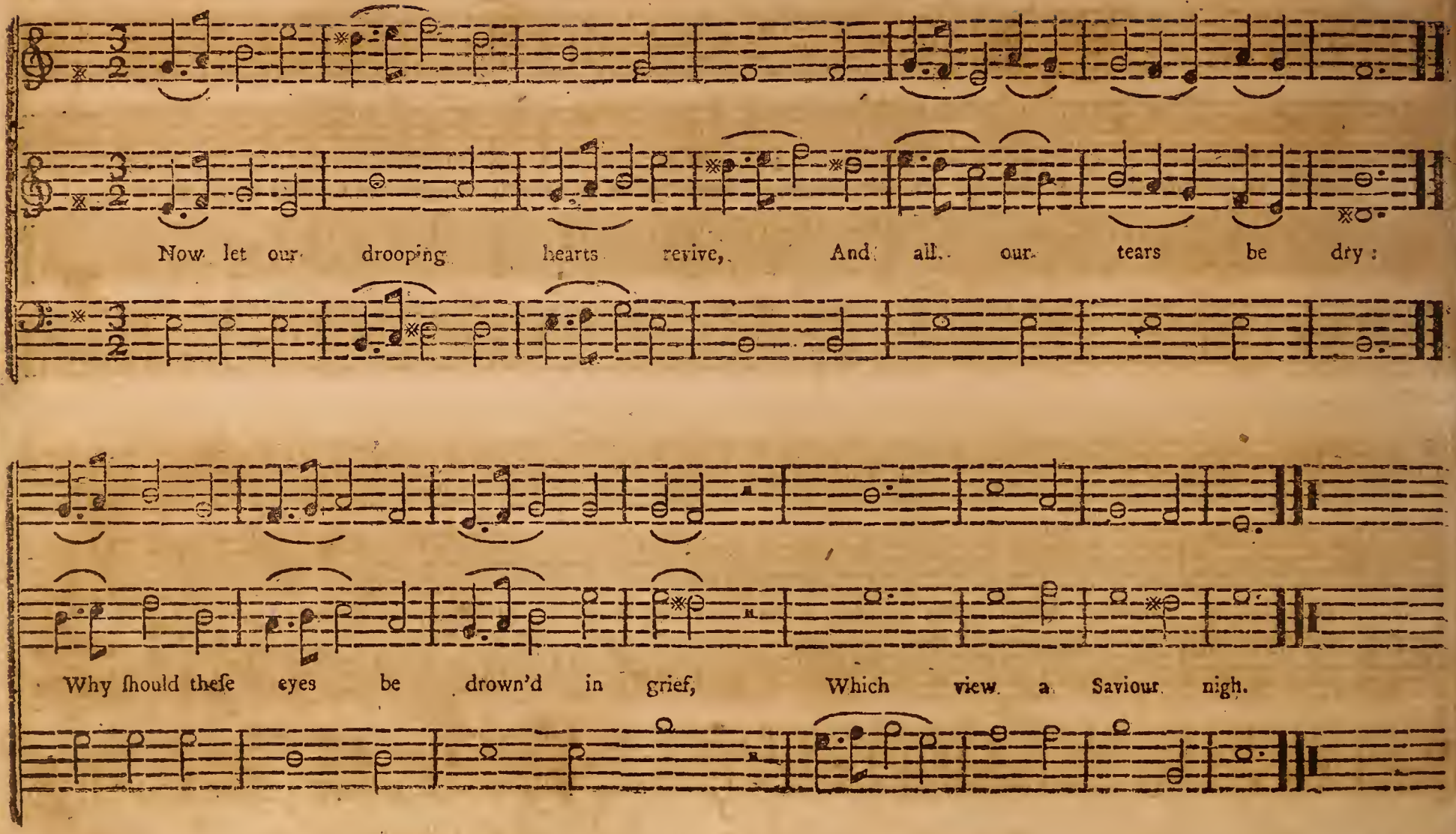

Holy Ghoſt, inſpire our praiſes, Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues; While we laud the name of Jeſus, Heaven will gladly ſhare our ſongs.

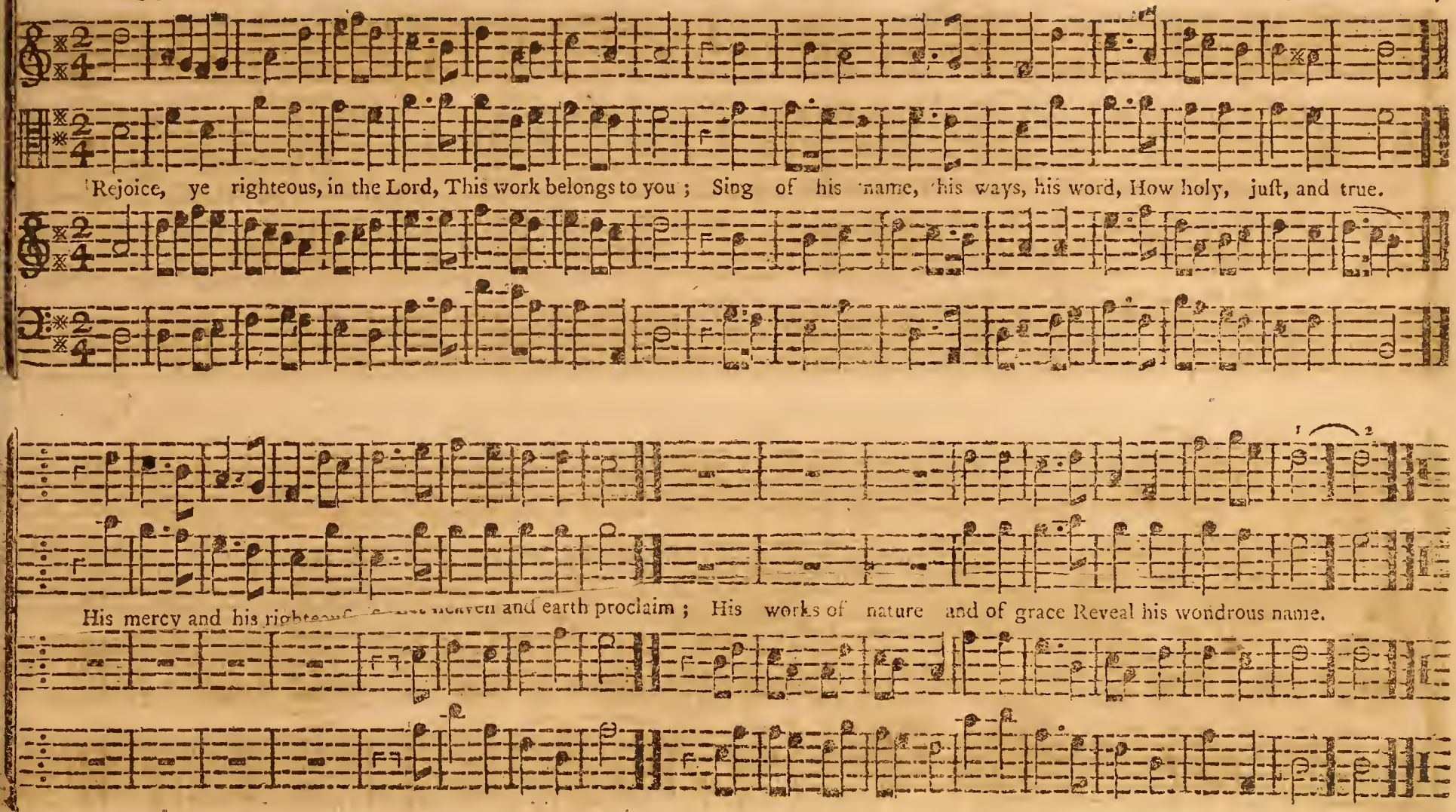

Hoſts of angels, bright and glorious, While we hymn our common King, Will be proud to join the chorus, And the Lord himſelf ſhall ſing.

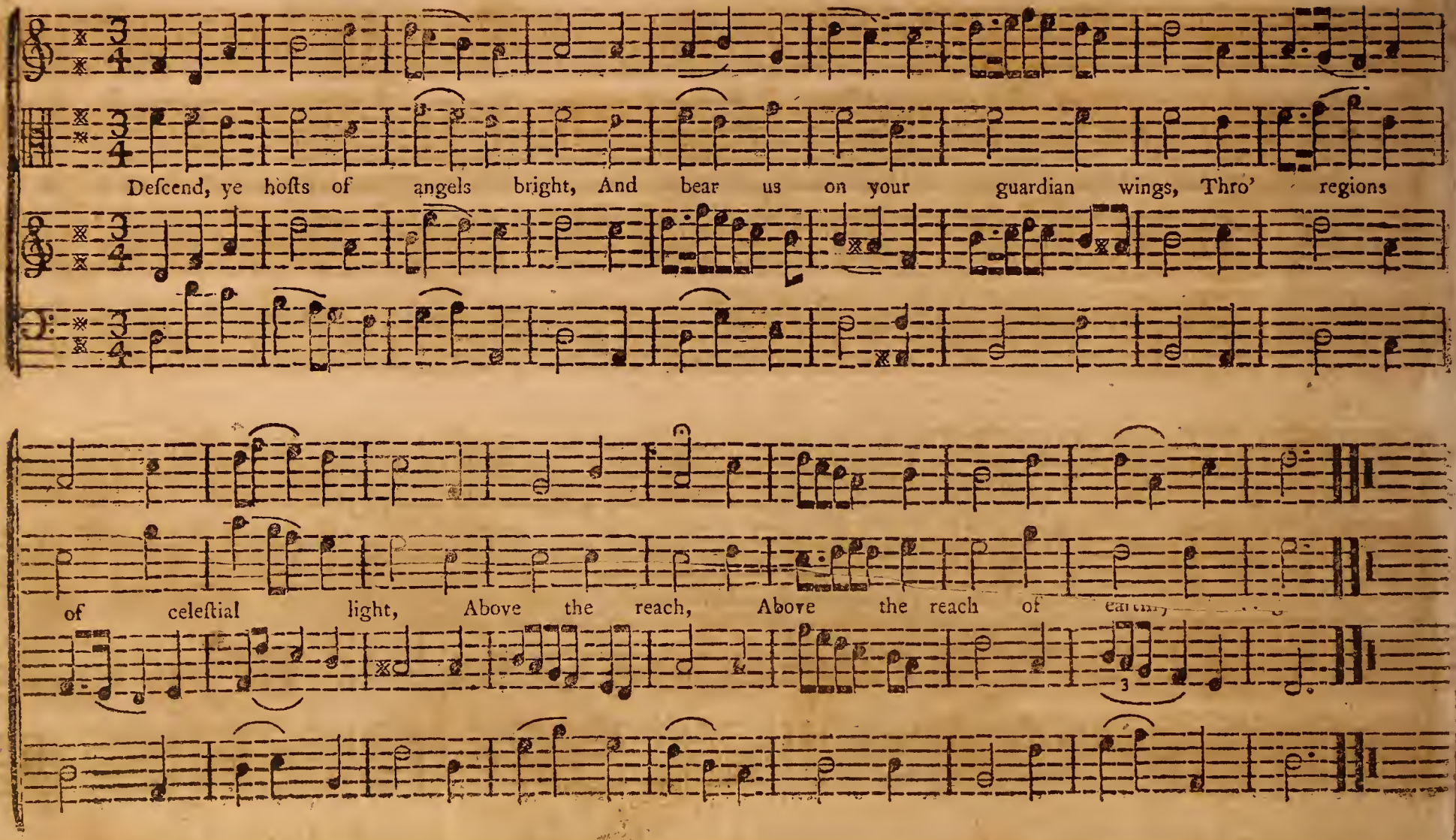

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a ſong with ſweet accord, While ye ſurround his throne.
1ſt Treble.
Let thoſe refuſe to ſing, Who never knew our God;
2d Treble.
But ſervants of the heavenly King May ſpeak their joys abroad.

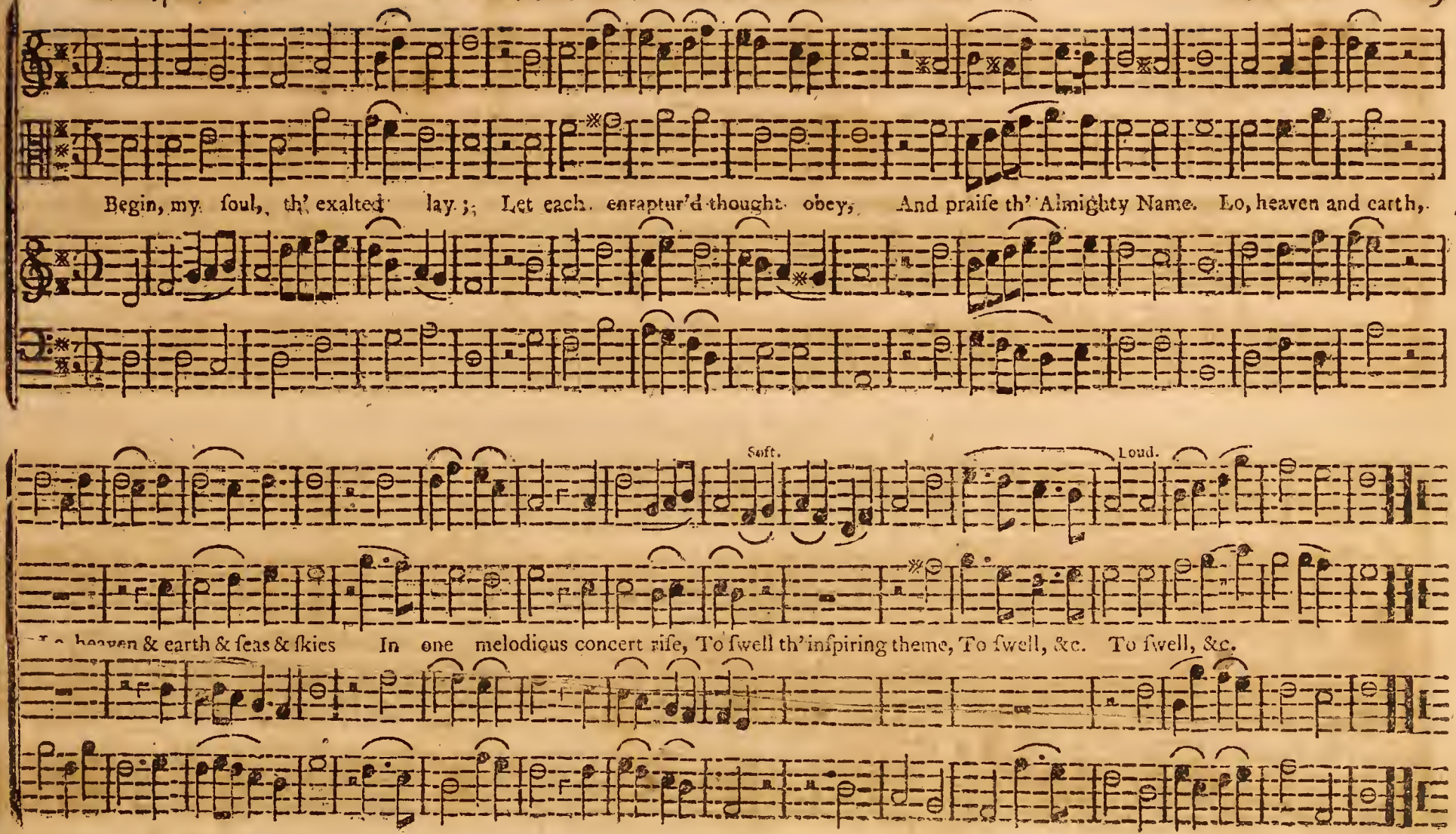

Slow.
Ye boundleſs realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame, His praiſe your ſongs employ, His praiſe, &c.
Above the ſtarry frame, A-
bove, &c.
Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the ſong. Ye holy throng, &c.

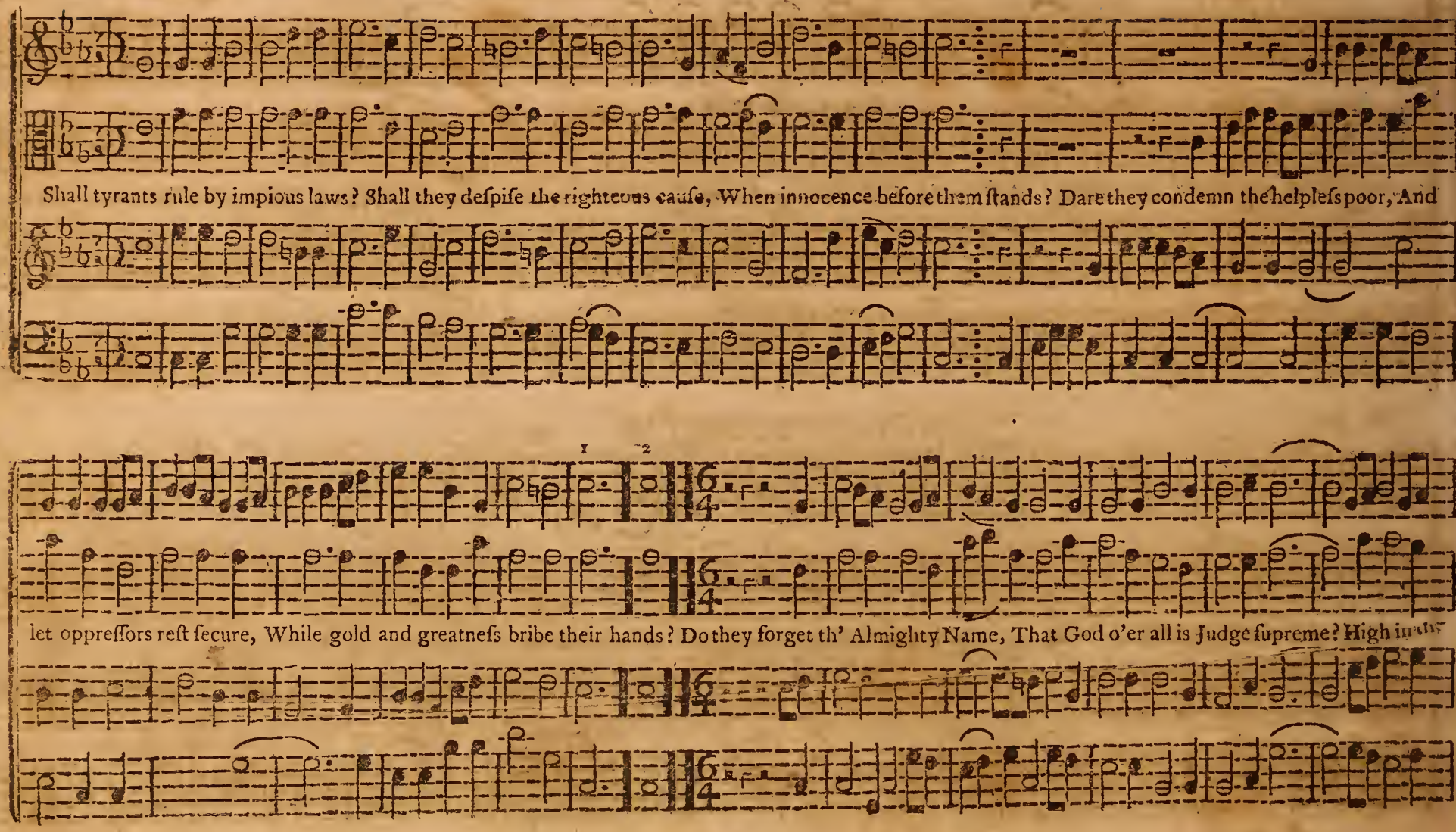

Let all the earth their voices raiſe, To ſing a lofty pſalm of praiſe, And bleſs the great Jehovah's name.
His glory let the heathen know, His wonders to the nations ſhow, And all his works of grace proclaim.


Now let our drooping hearts revive, And all our tears be dry:
Why ſhould theſe eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh.

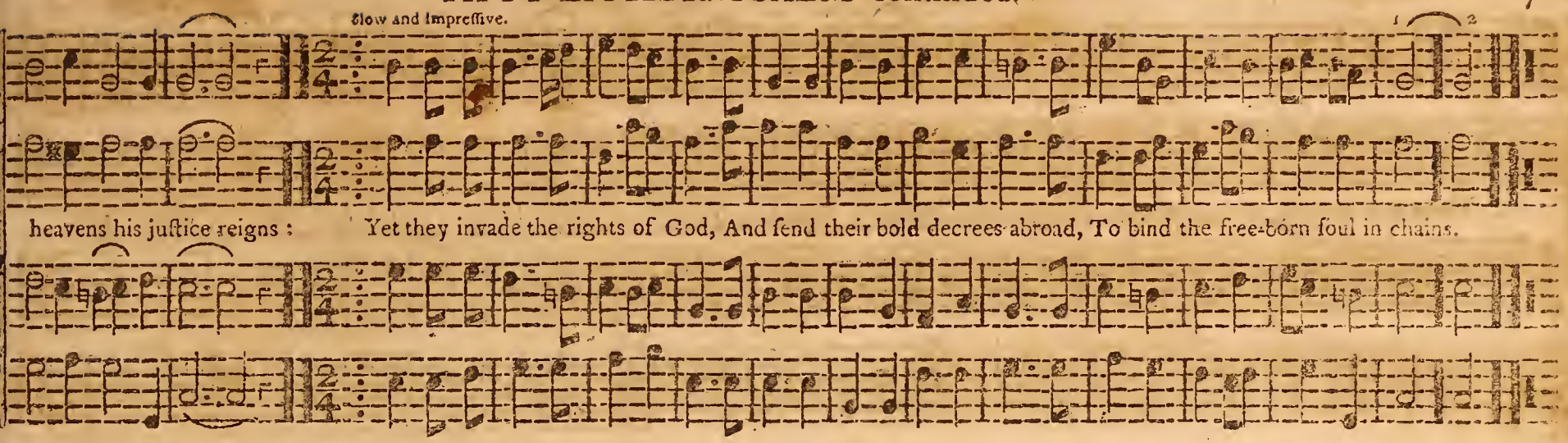

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord, This work belongs to you ; Sing of his name, his ways, his word, How holy, juſt, and true.
His mercy and his righteou[illegible] heaven and earth proclaim ; His works of nature and of grace Reveal his wondrous name.


Deſcend, ye hoſts of angels bright, And bear us on your guardian wings, Thro' regions
of celeſtial light, Above the reach, Above the reach of

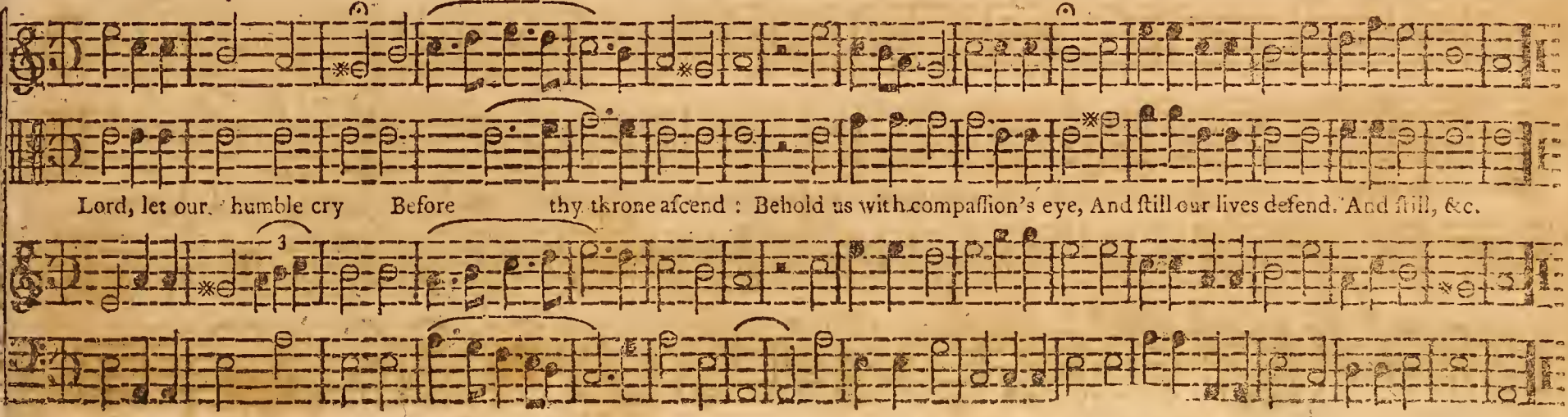

Begin, my ſoul, th' exalted lay; Let each enraptur'd thought obey, And praiſe th' Almighty Name. Lo, heaven and earth,
Soft.
Loud.
To heaven & earth & ſeas & ſkies In one melodious concert riſe, To ſwell th' inſpiring theme, To ſwell, &c. To ſwell, &c.

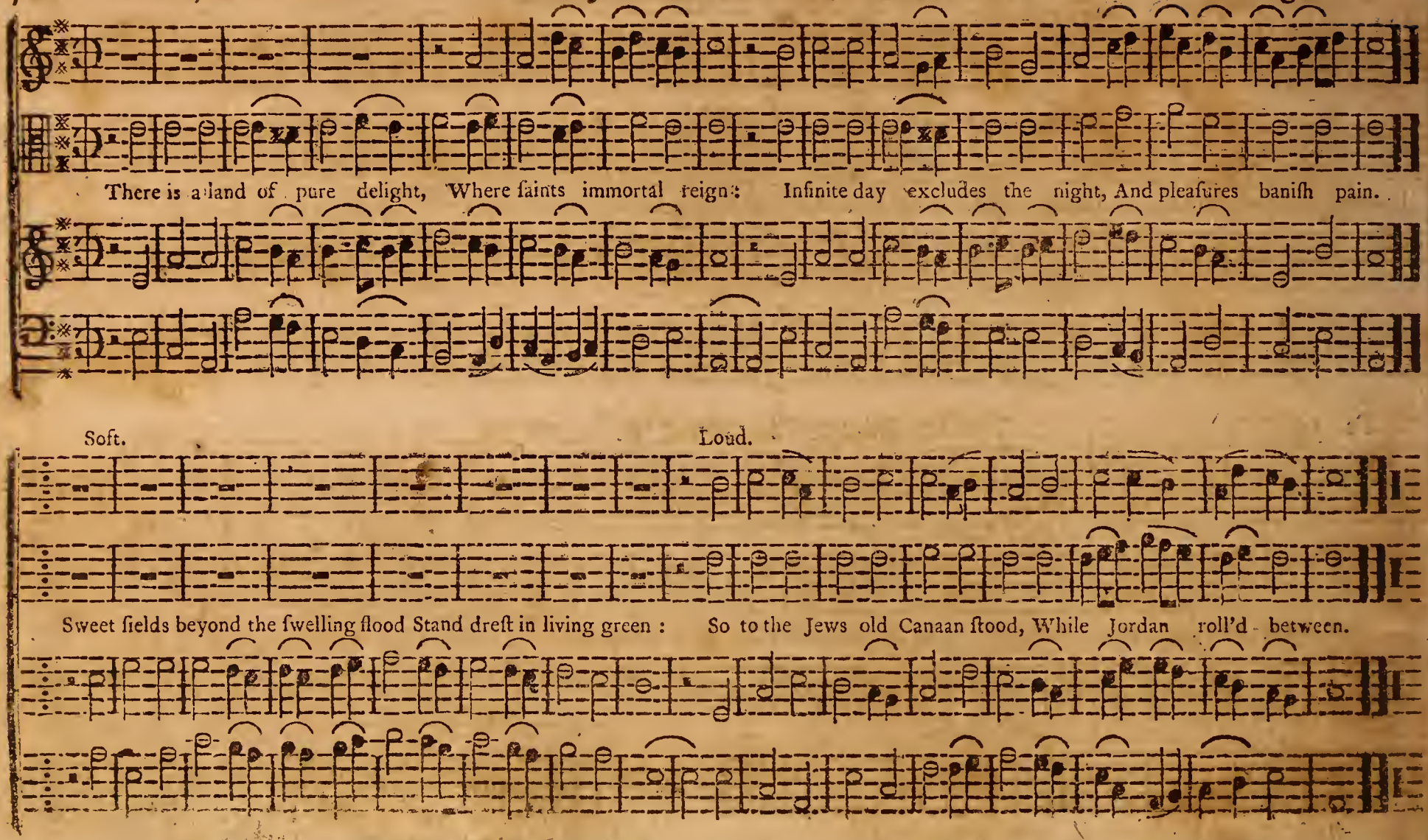

Shall tyrants rule by impious laws? Shall they deſpiſe the righteous cauſe, When innocence before them ſtands? Dare they condemn the helpleſs poor, And
let oppreſſors reſt ſecure, While gold and greatneſs bribe their hands? Do they forget th' Almighty Name, That God o'er all is Judge ſupreme? High in
1
2

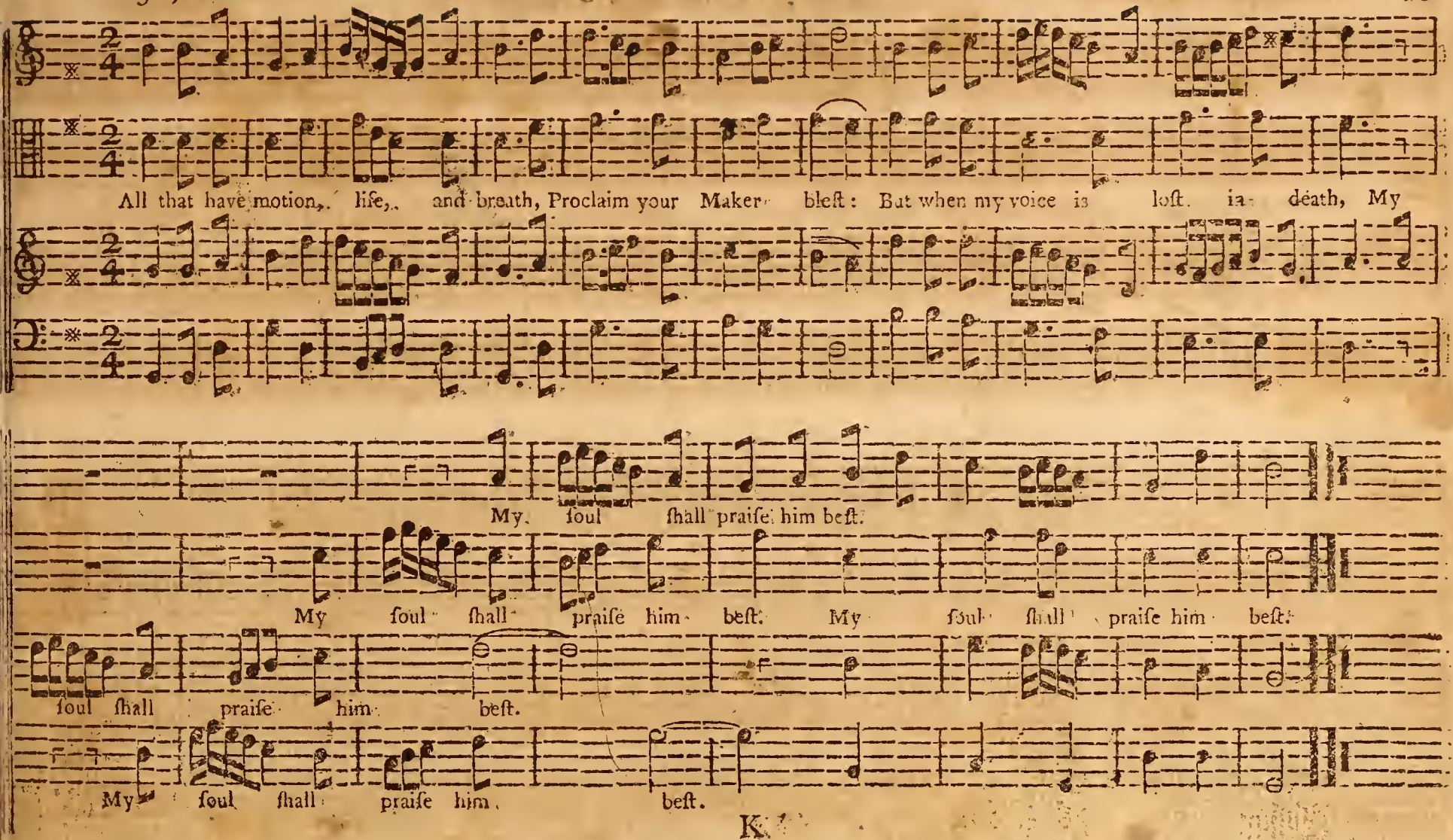
Slow and Impreſſive.

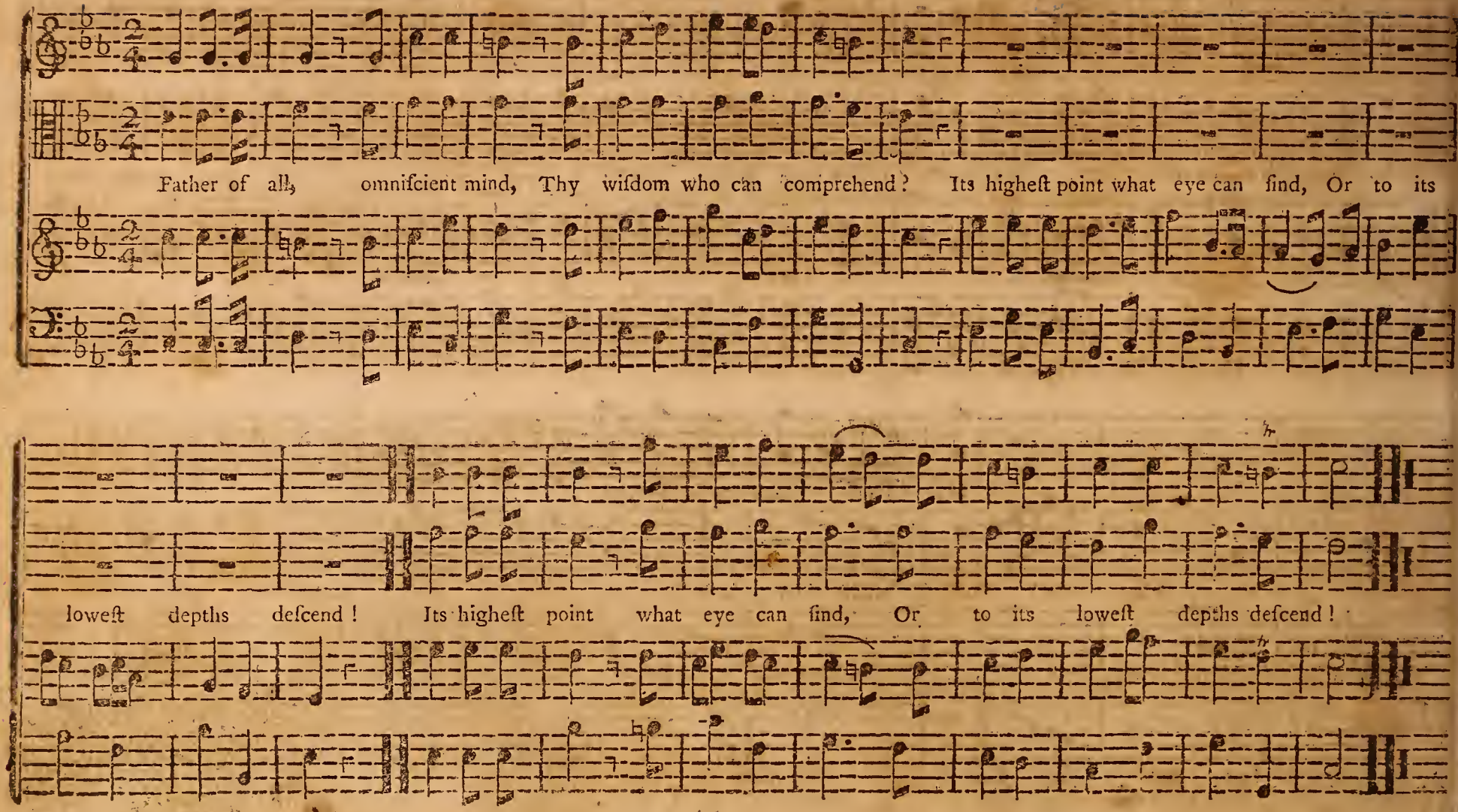


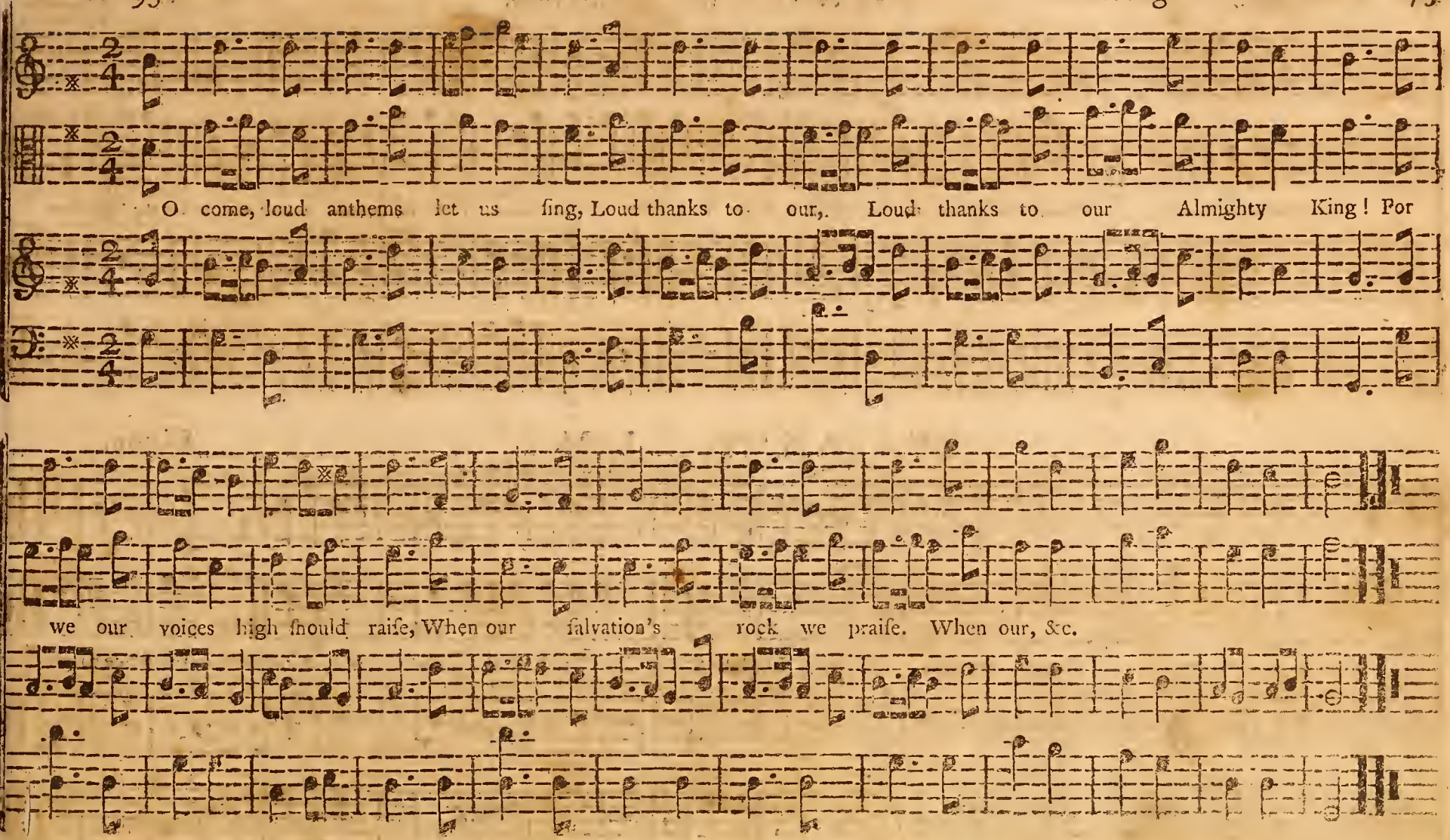
Ps. 59. TWENTY-FIFTH PSALM. S. M. *Gillet.*

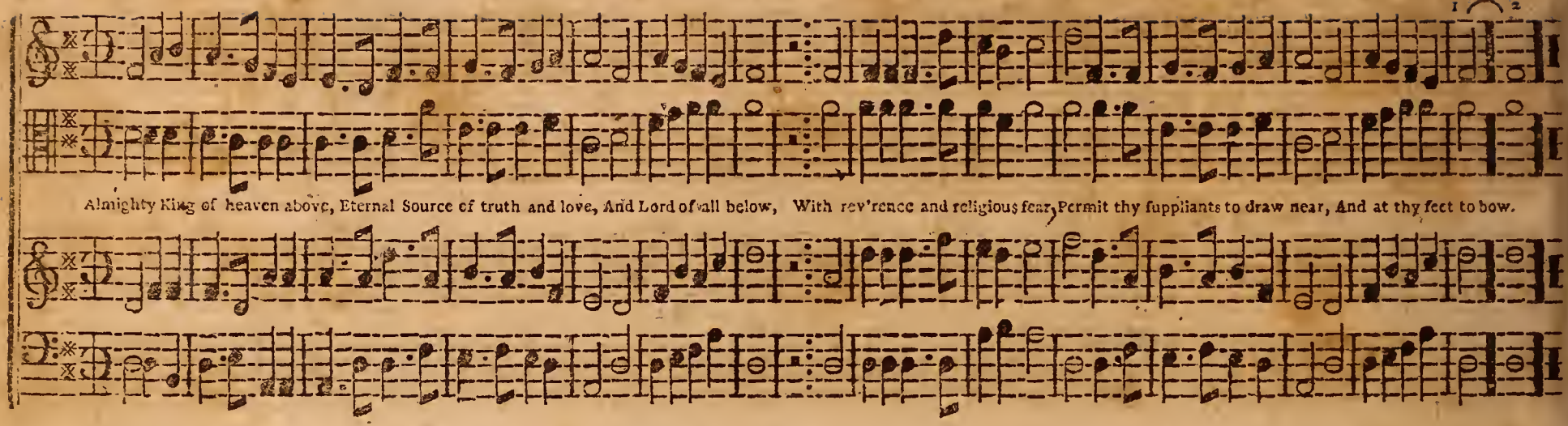



There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign: Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
Soft.
Loud.
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand drest in living green: So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

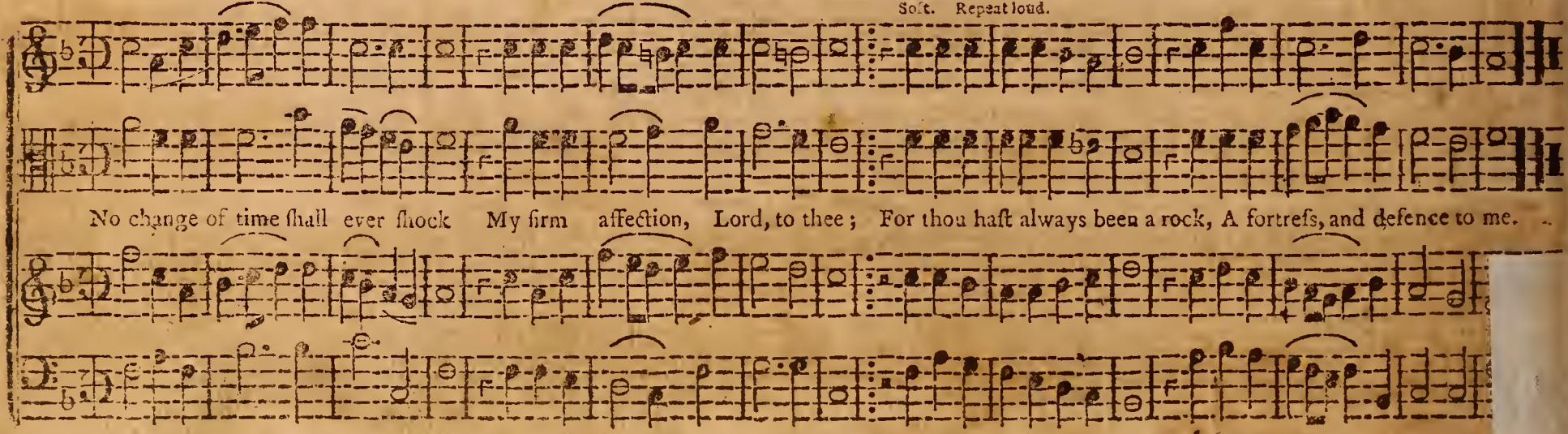

All that have motion, life, and breath, Proclaim your Maker bleſt: But when my voice is loſt in death, My
My ſoul ſhall praiſe him beſt.
My ſoul ſhall praiſe him beſt. My ſoul ſhall praiſe him beſt.
ſoul ſhall praiſe him beſt.
My ſoul ſhall praiſe him, beſt.

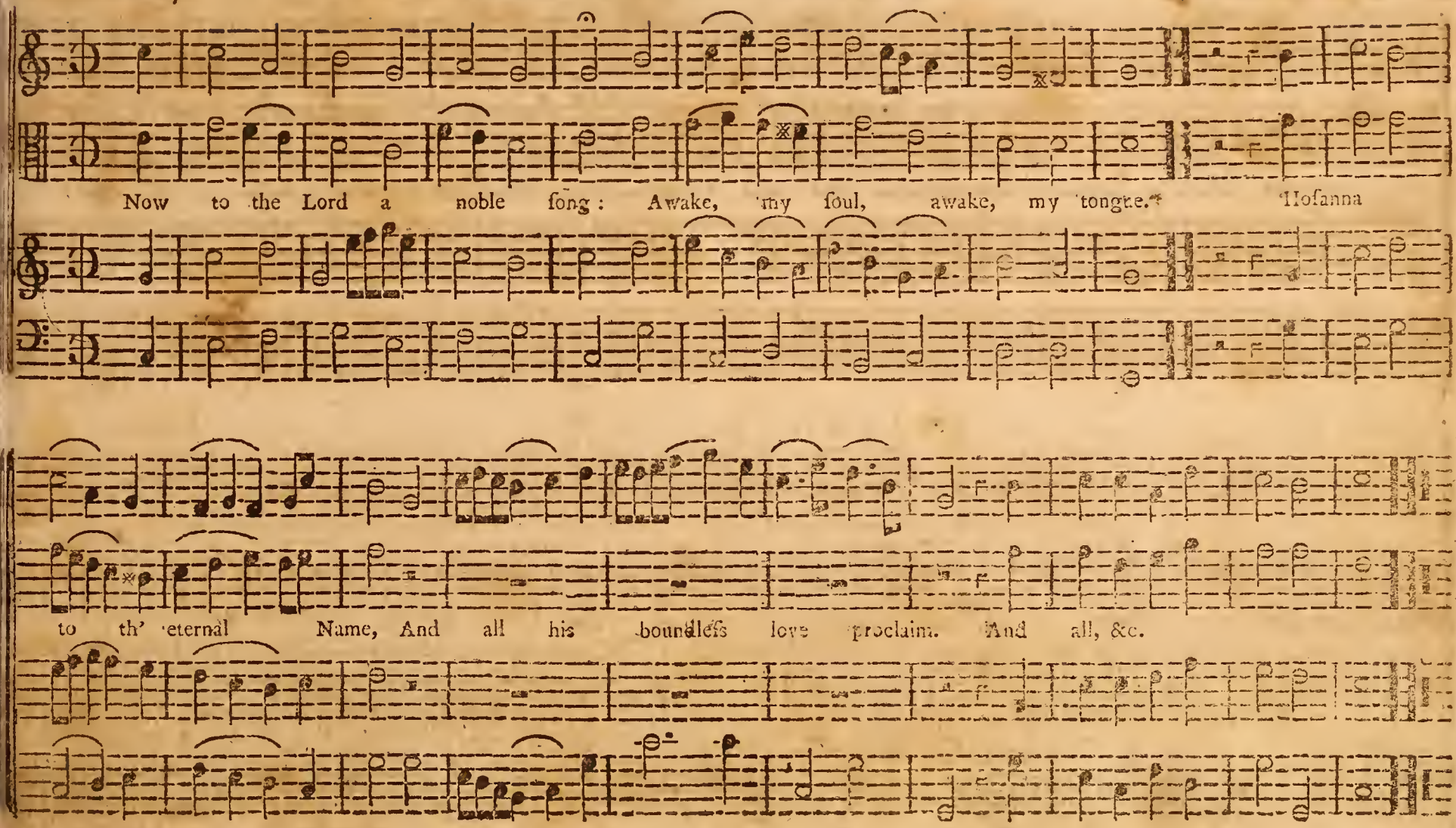

Father of all, omnifcient mind, Thy wifdom who can comprehend? Its higheft point what eye can find, Or to its
loweft depths defcend! Its higheft point what eye can find, Or to its loweft depths defcend!

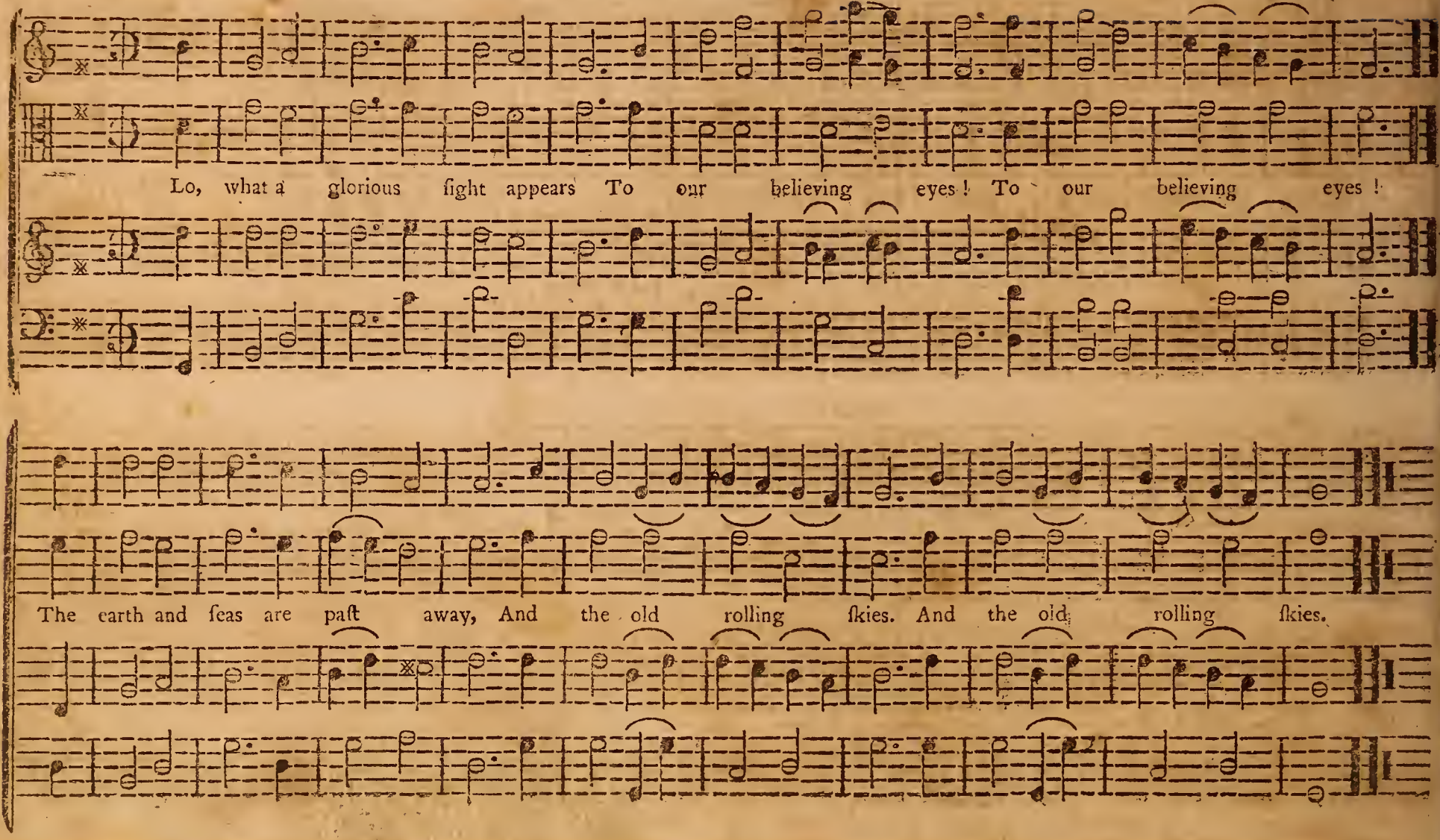

O come, loud anthems let us ſing, Loud thanks to our, Loud thanks to our Almighty King! For
we our voices high ſhould raiſe, When our ſalvation's rock we praiſe. When our, &c.

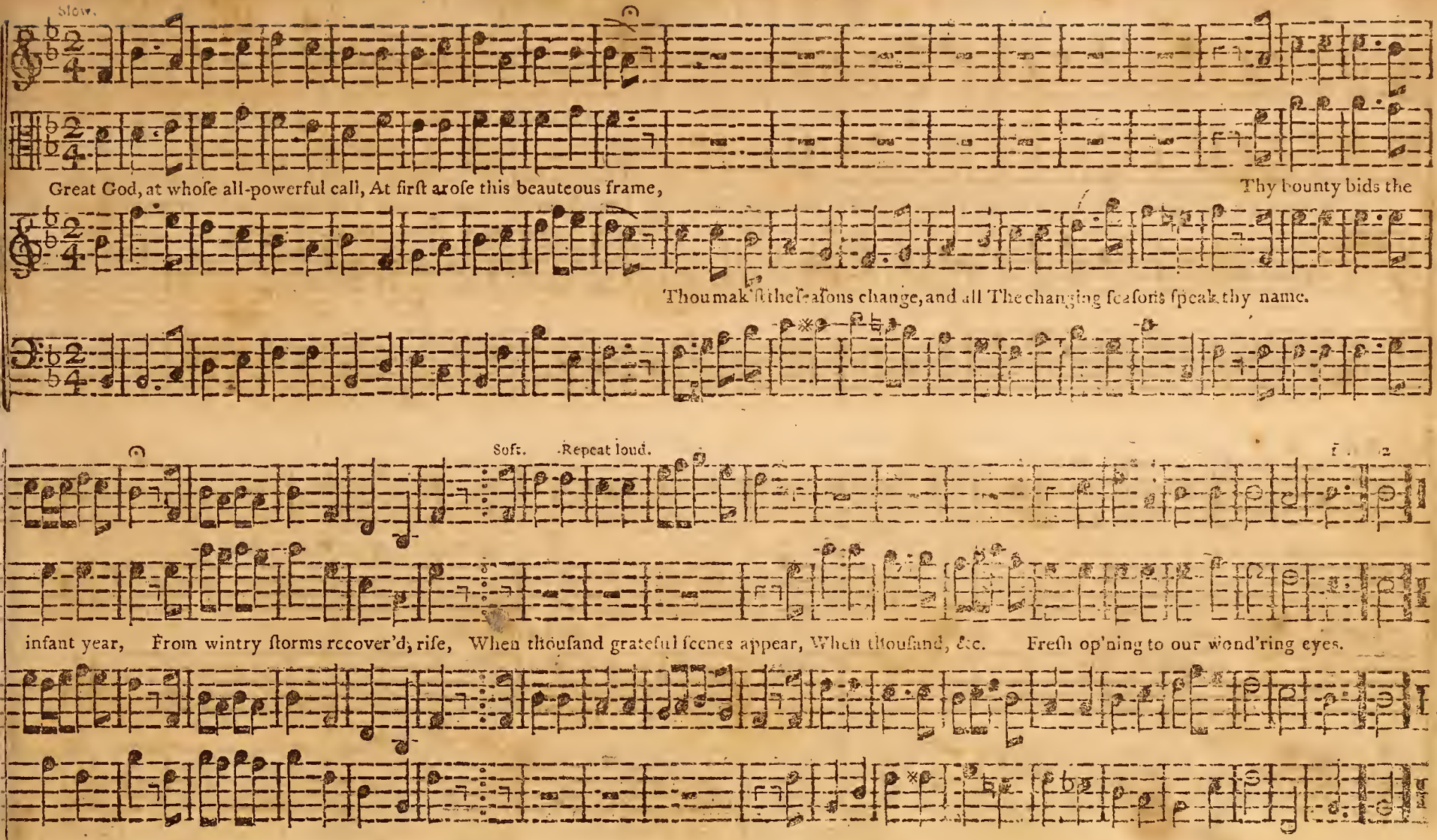


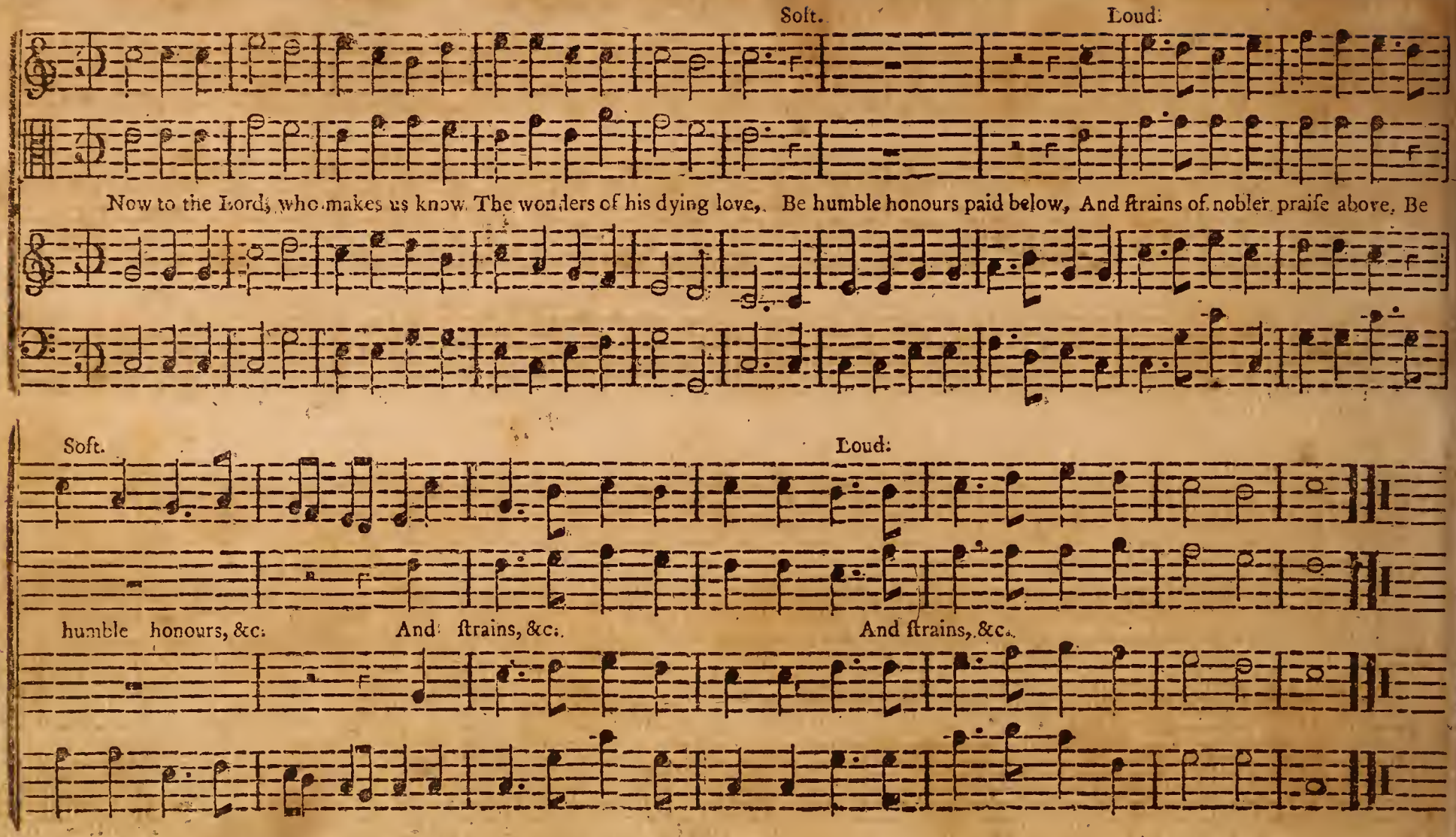
Ps. 18. RELIANCE. L. M. Dixon.

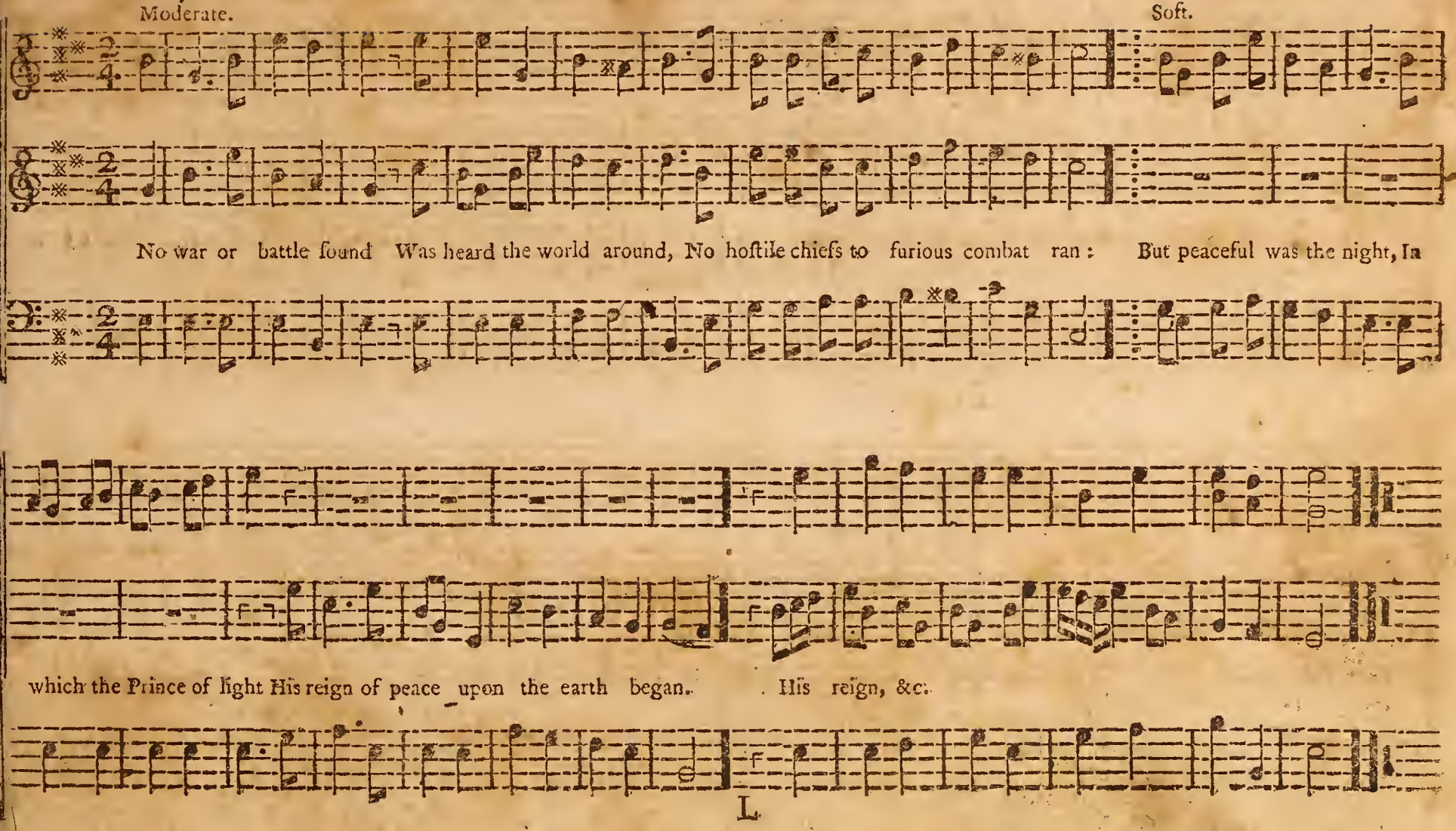


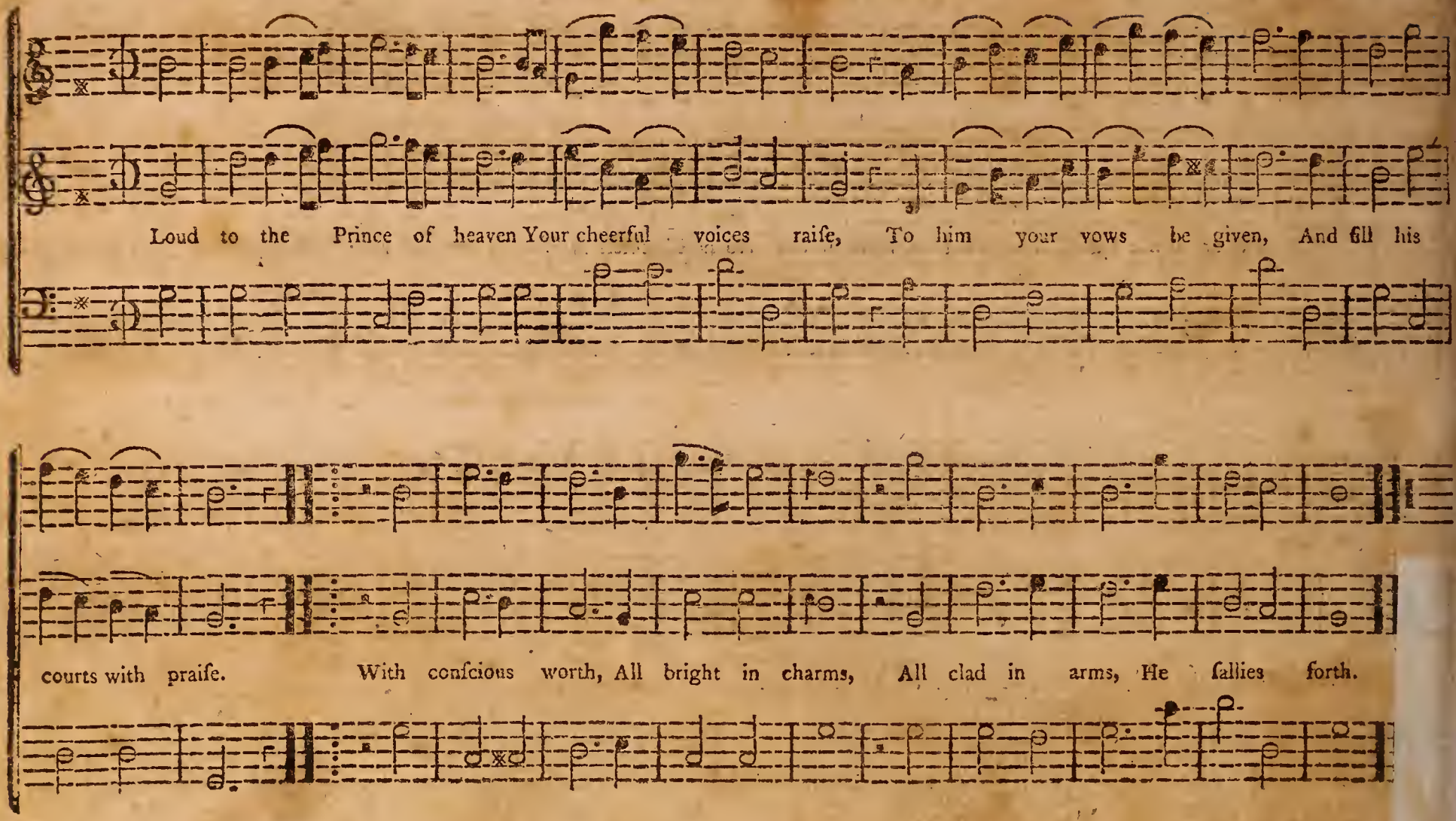

Now to the Lord a noble ſong: Awake, my ſoul, awake, my tongue. Hoſanna
to th' eternal Name, And all his boundleſs love proclaim. And all, &c.

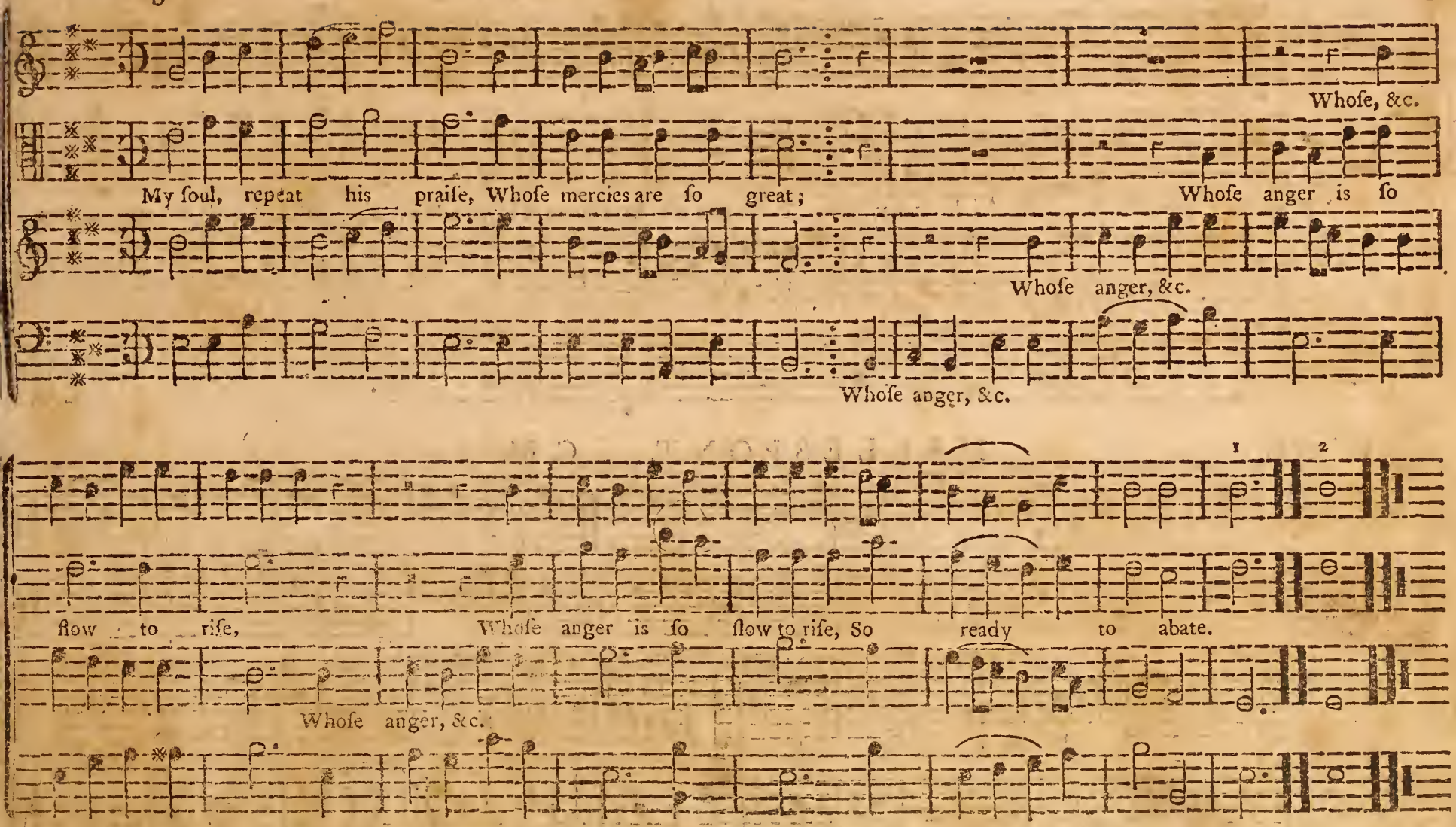

Lo, what a glorious ſight appears To our believing eyes! To our believing eyes!
The earth and ſeas are paſt away, And the old rolling ſkies. And the old rolling ſkies.


Slow.
Great God, at whoſe all-powerful call, At firſt aroſe this beauteous frame,
Thy bounty bids the
Thou mak'ſt the ſeaſons change, and all The changing ſeaſons ſpeak thy name.
Soft.
Repeat loud.
infant year, From wintry ſtorms recover'd, riſe, When thouſand grateful ſcenes appear, When thouſand, &c.
Freſh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.


Soft.
Loud:
Now to the Lord, who makes us know The wonders of his dying love, Be humble honours paid below, And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above, Be
Soft.
Loud:
humble honours, &c:
And ſtrains, &c:
And ſtrains, &c.

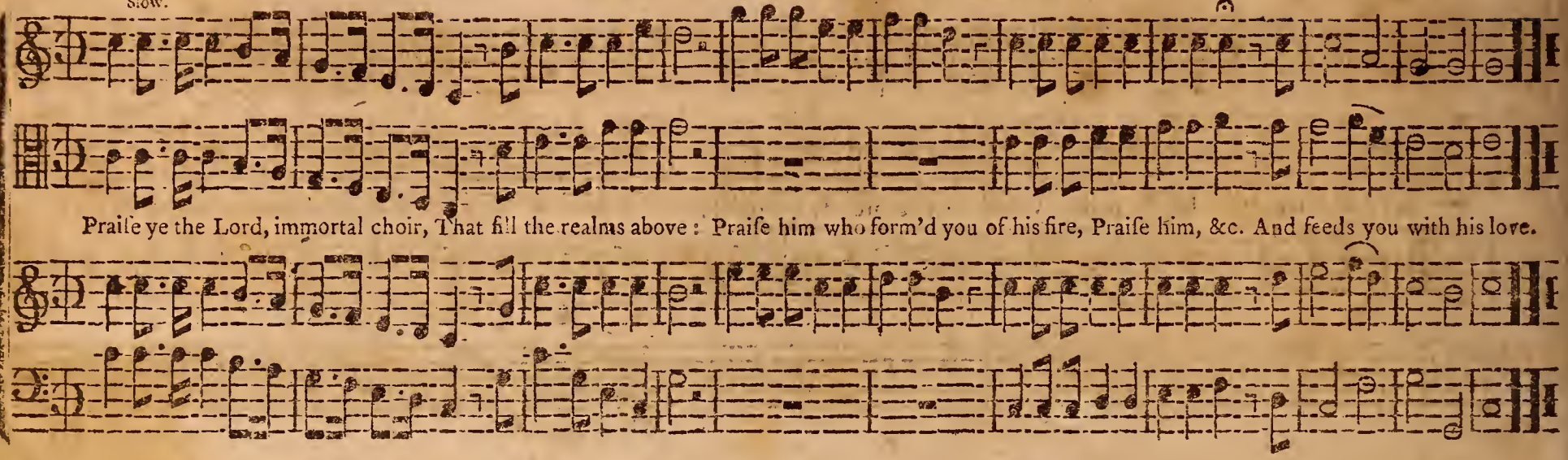

Moderate.
Soft.
No war or battle found Was heard the world around, No hoſtile chiefs to furious combat ran: But peaceful was the night, In
which the Prince of light His reign of peace upon the earth began. His reign, &c.


Loud to the Prince of heaven Your cheerful voices raiſe, To him your vows be given, And fill his
courts with praiſe. With conſcious worth, All bright in charms, All clad in arms, He ſallies forth.

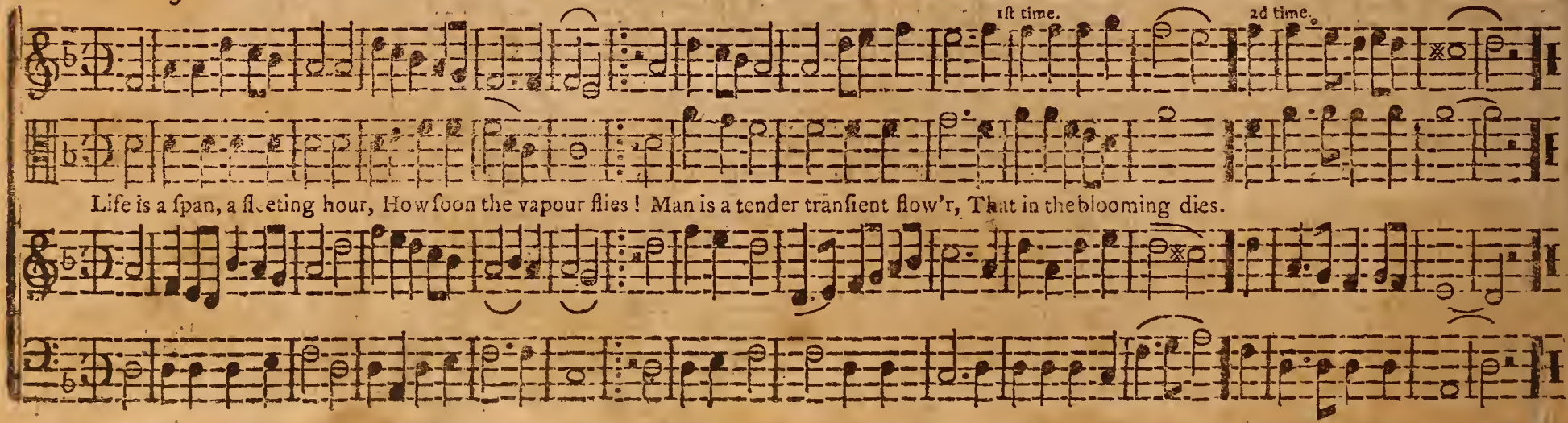

Whoſe, &c.
My ſoul, repeat his praiſe, Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo
Whoſe anger, &c.
Whoſe anger, &c.
1
2
ſlow to riſe,
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe, So ready to abate.
Whoſe anger, &c.

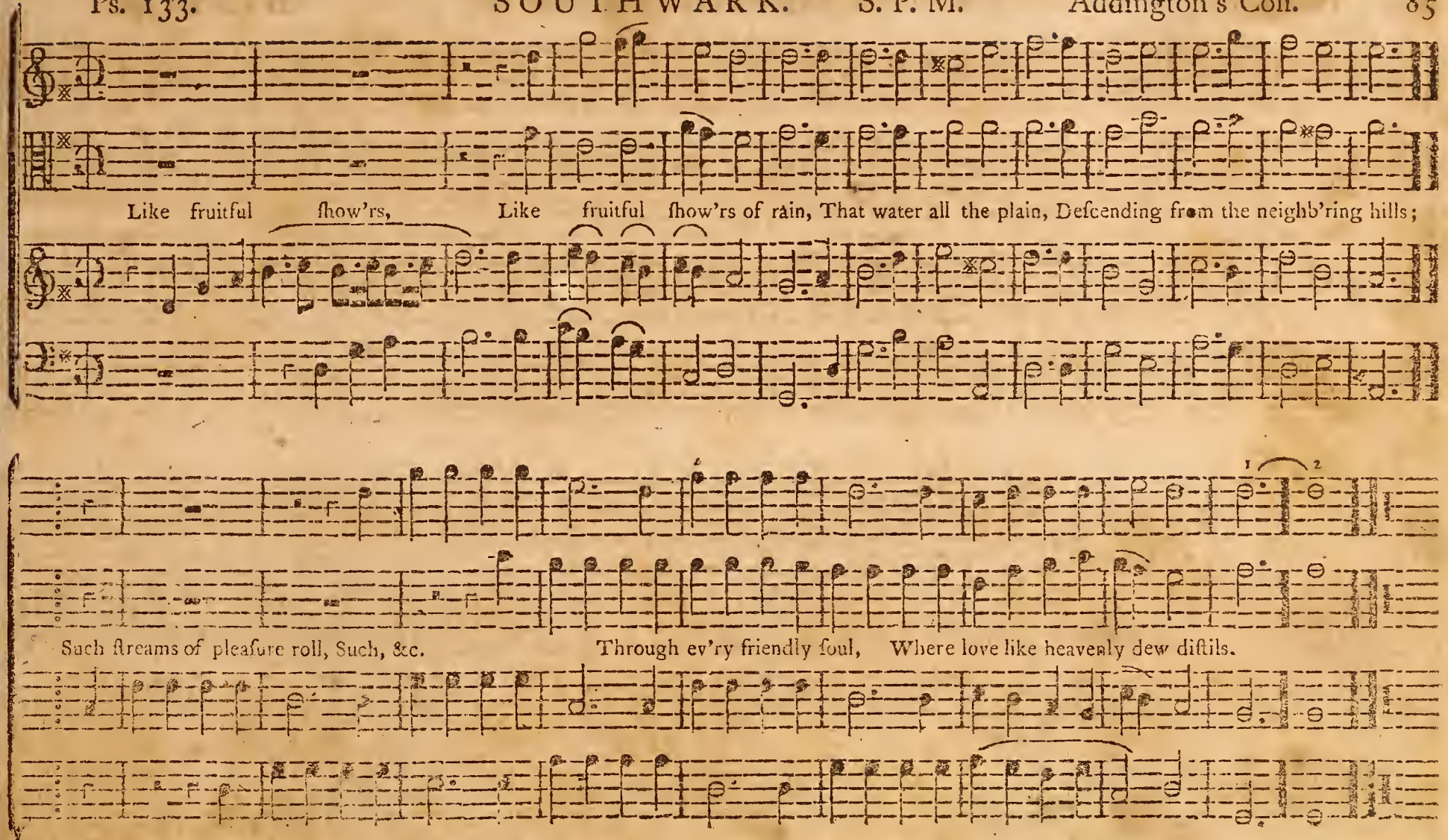
Ps. 148. PEMBROKE. C. M. Dalmer.

Slow.

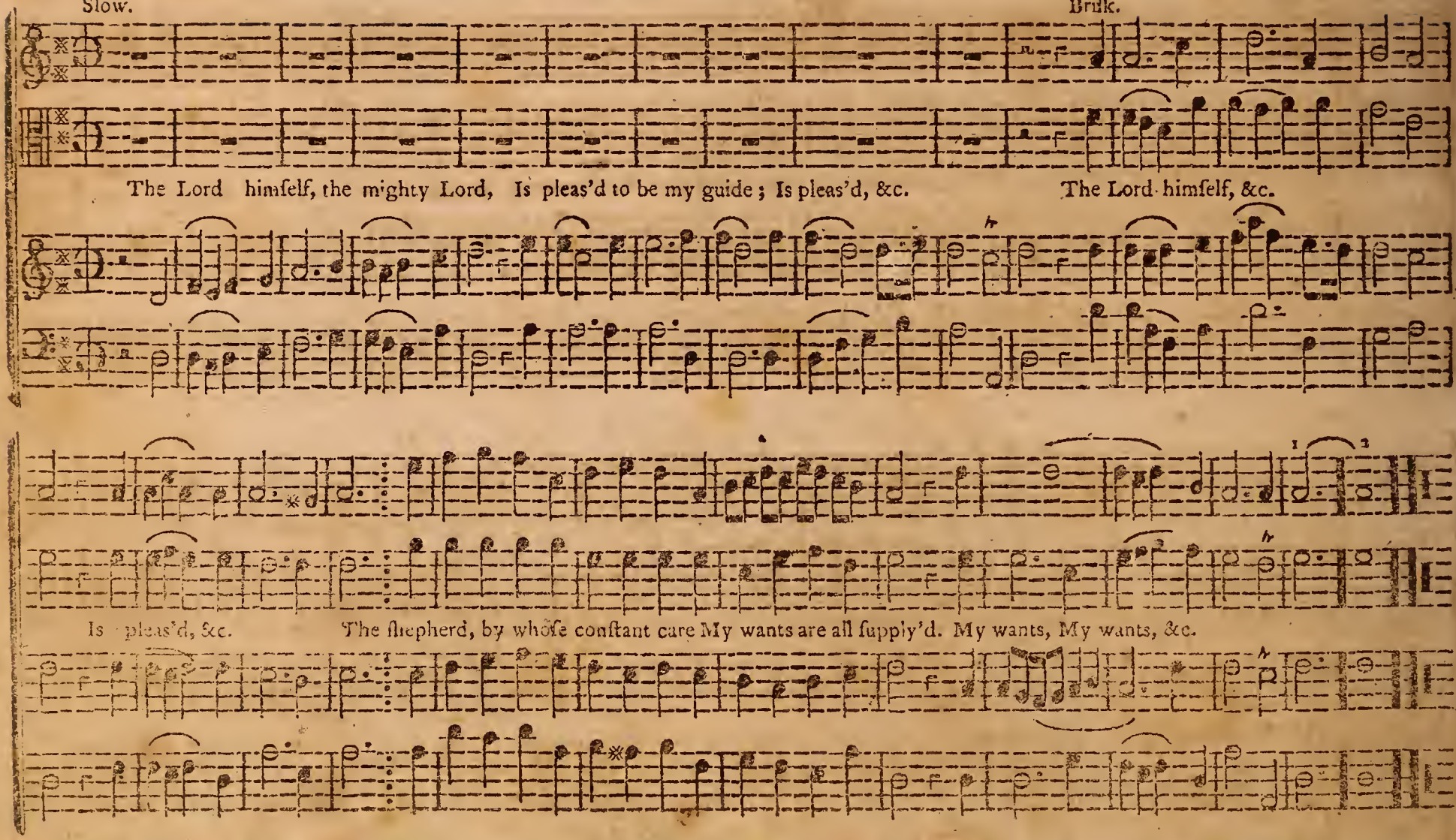


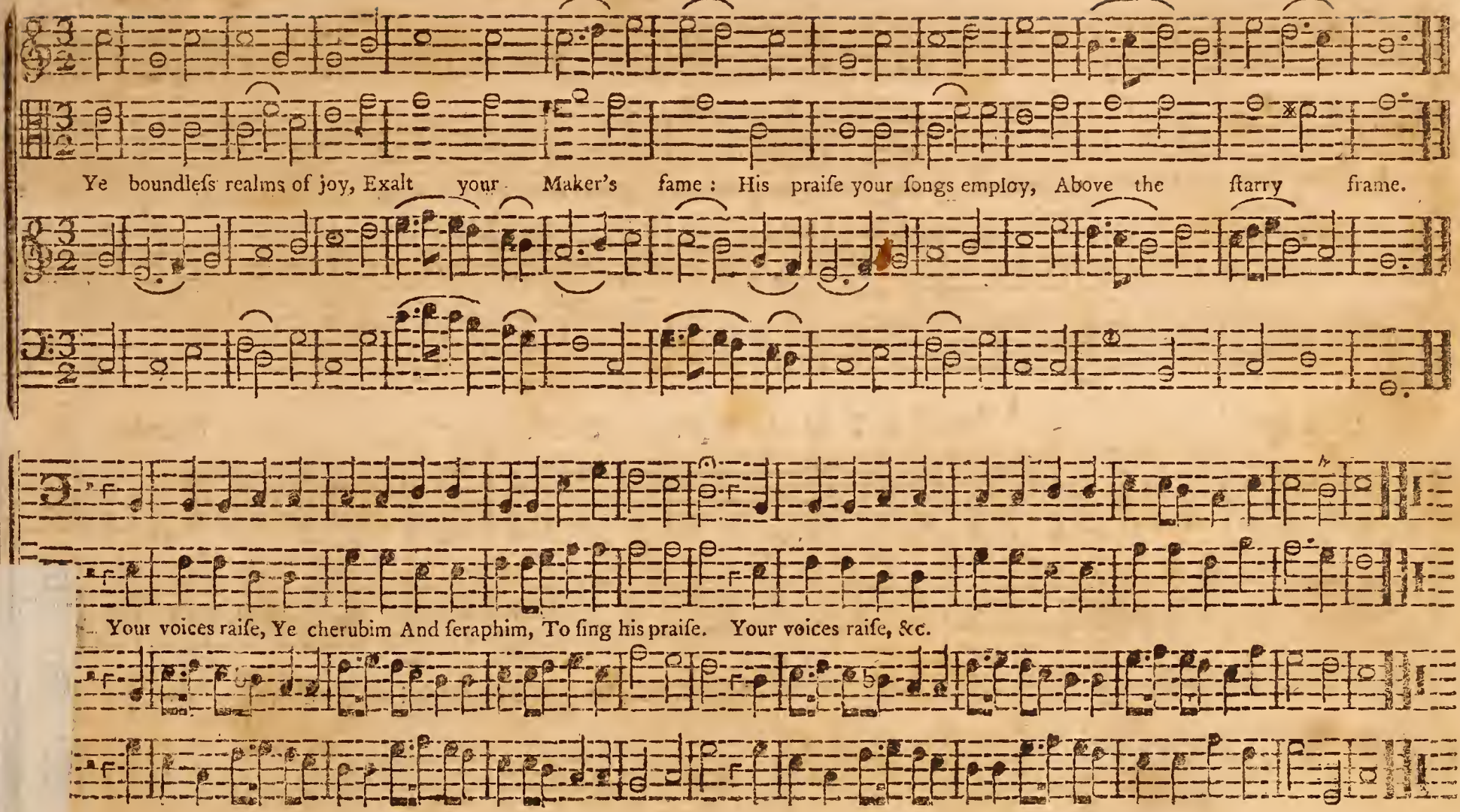
H. 152. HELLESPONT. C. M.




Like fruitful ſhow'rs, Like fruitful ſhow'rs of rain, That water all the plain, Deſcending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such ſtreams of pleaſure roll, Such, &c.
Through ev'ry friendly ſoul, Where love like heavenly dew diſtils.

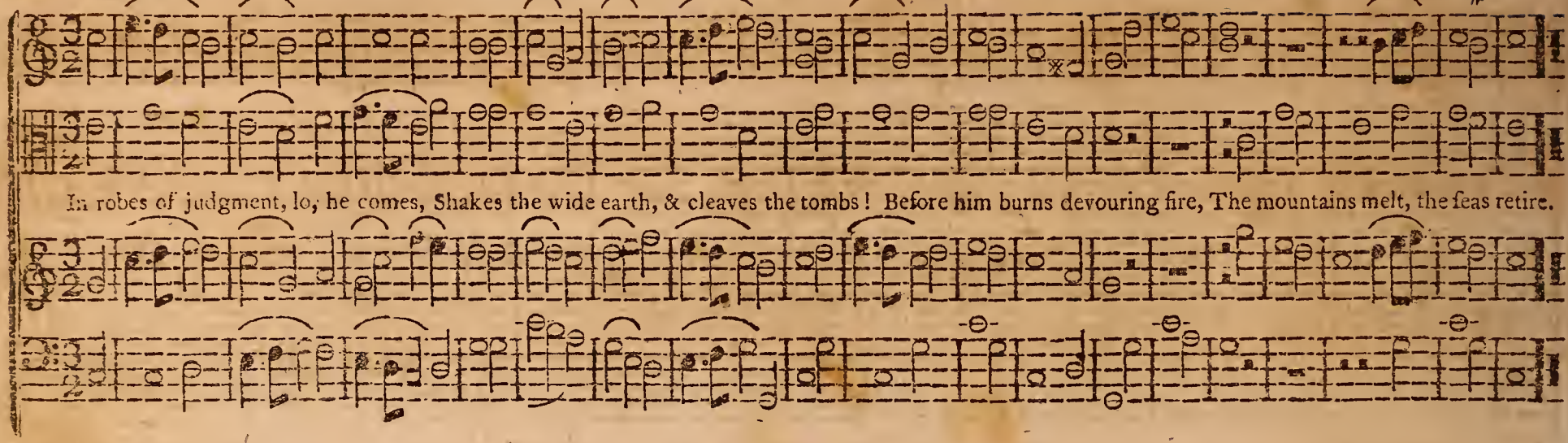
Slow. Brisk.


The Lord himself, the mighty Lord, Is pleas'd to be my guide; Is pleas'd, &c. The Lord himself, &c.
Is pleas'd, &c. The shepherd, by whose constant care My wants are all supply'd. My wants, My wants, &c.


Ye boundleſs realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame: His praiſe your ſongs employ, Above the ſtarry frame.
Your voices raiſe, Ye cherubim And ſeraphim, To ſing his praiſe. Your voices raiſe, &c.

MORETON. L. M.

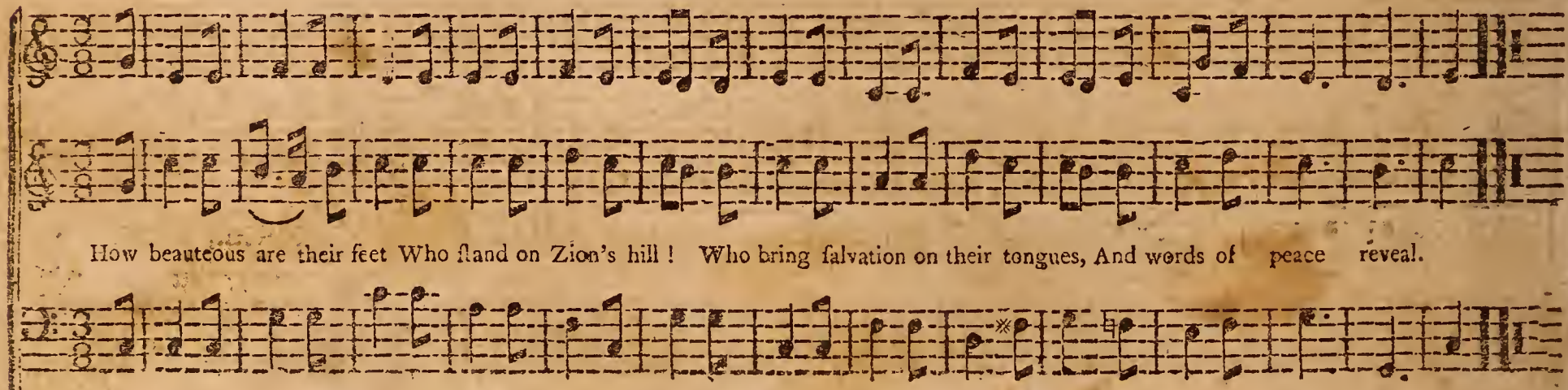
Knapp.

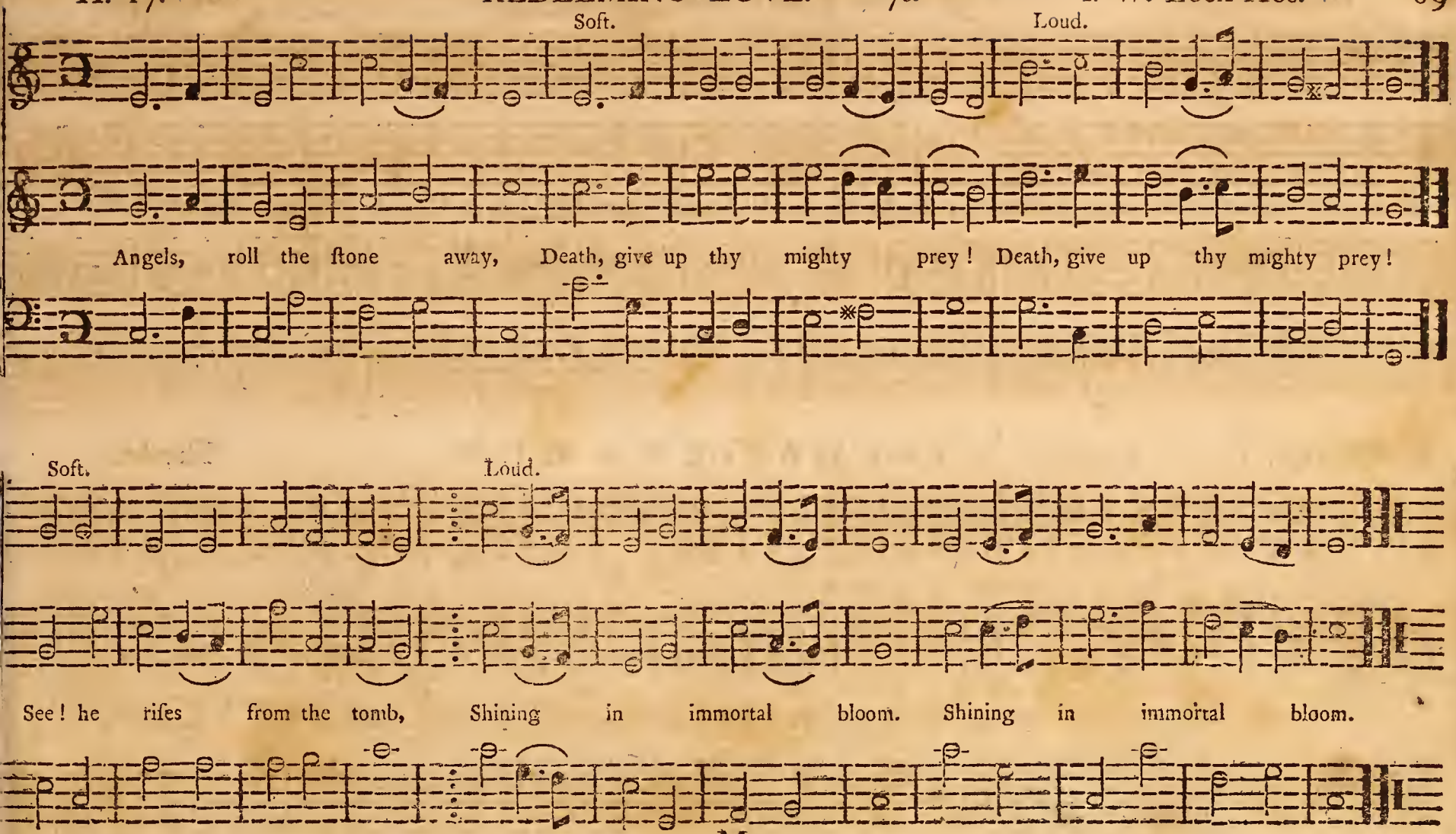


H. 107.

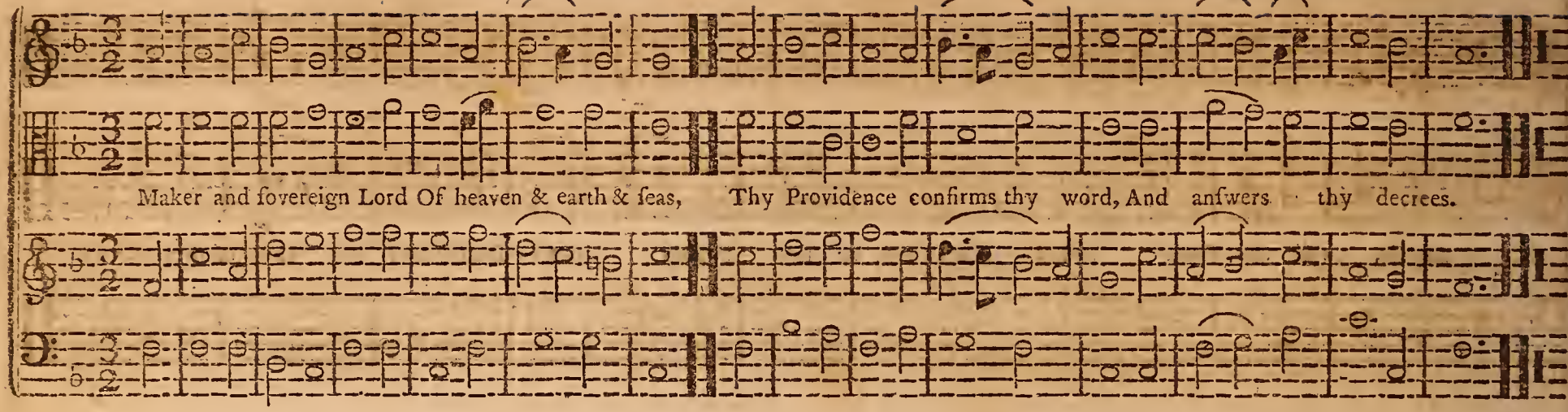
SCITUATE. S. M.

Dalmer.

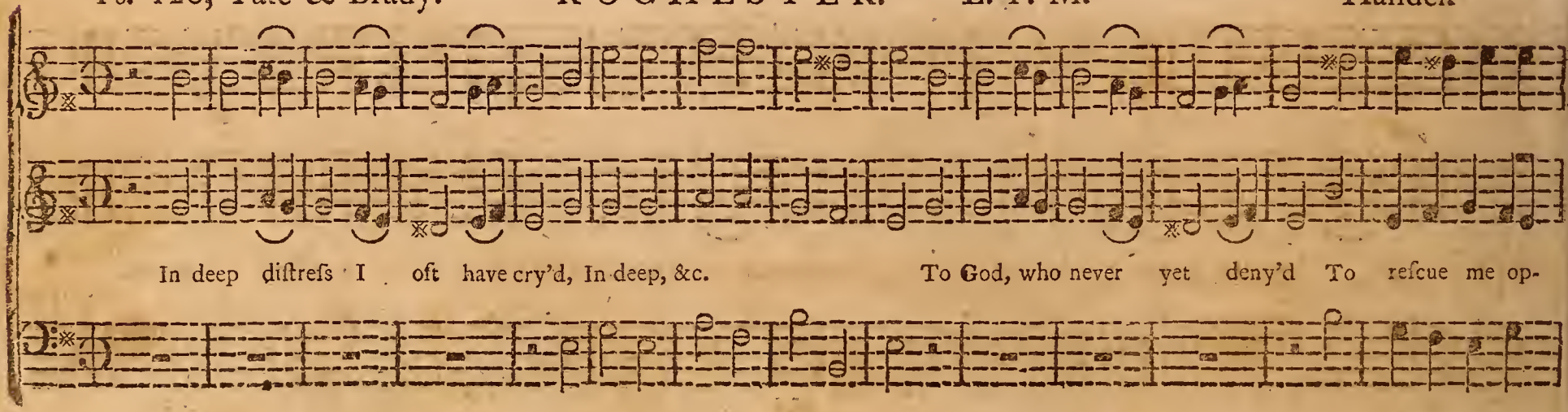


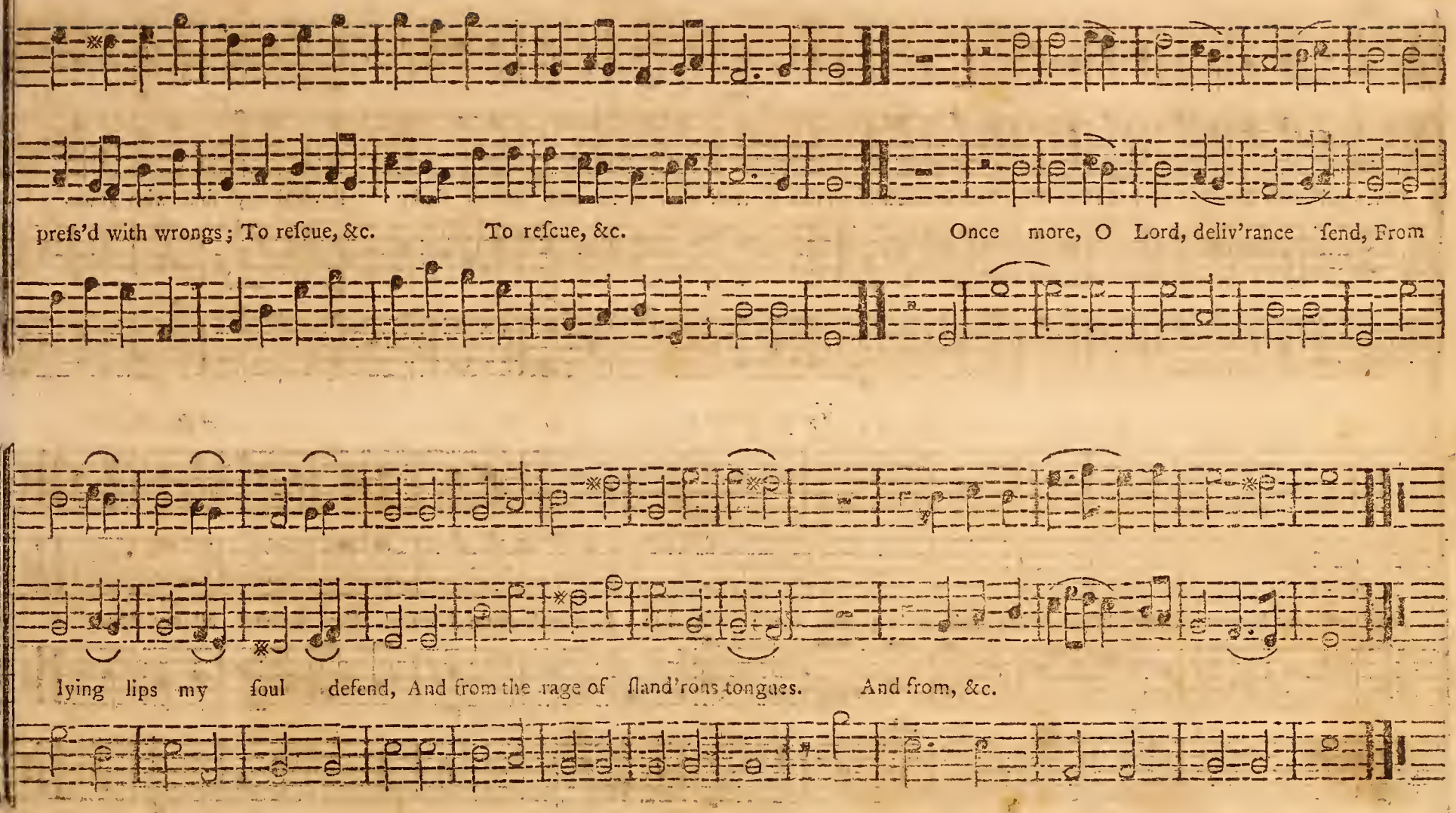

Soft.
Loud.
Angels, roll the ſtone away, Death, give up thy mighty prey! Death, give up thy mighty prey!
Soft.
Loud.
See! he riſes from the tomb, Shining in immortal bloom. Shining in immortal bloom.

Ps. 2. **SUTTON.** S. M. Har. Sacra.

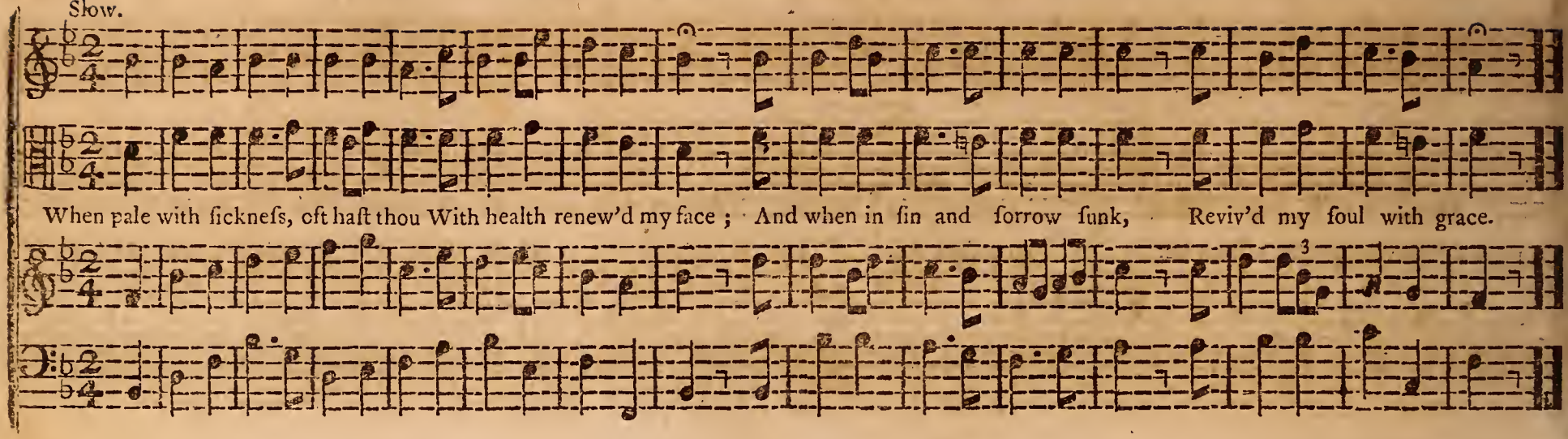


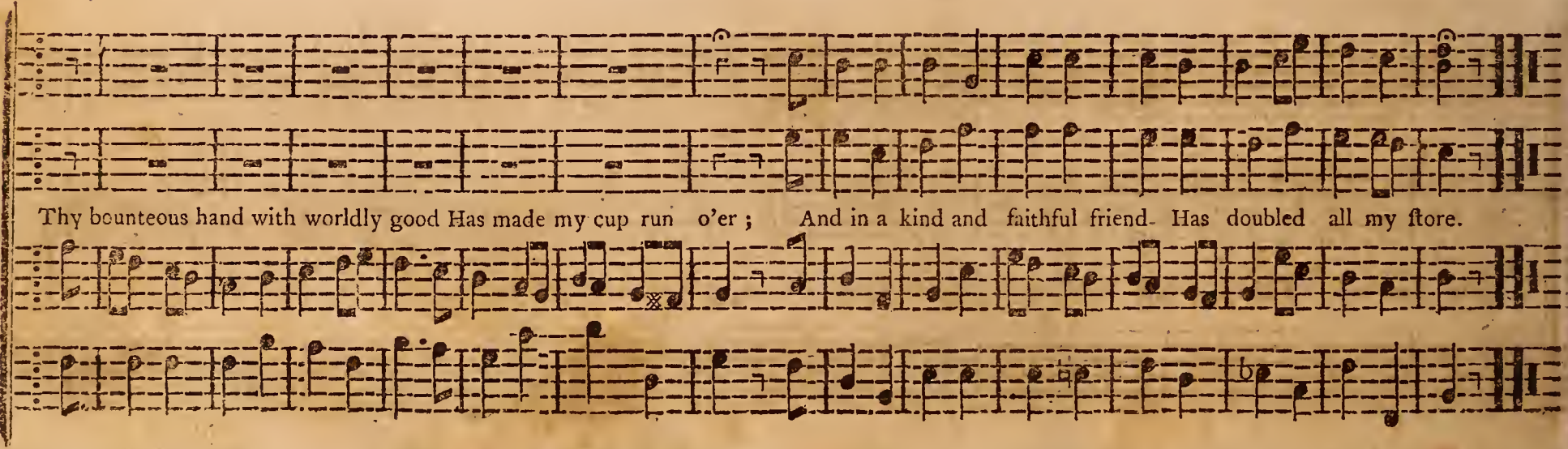
Ps. 120, Tate & Brady. **ROCHESTER.** L. P. M. Handel.

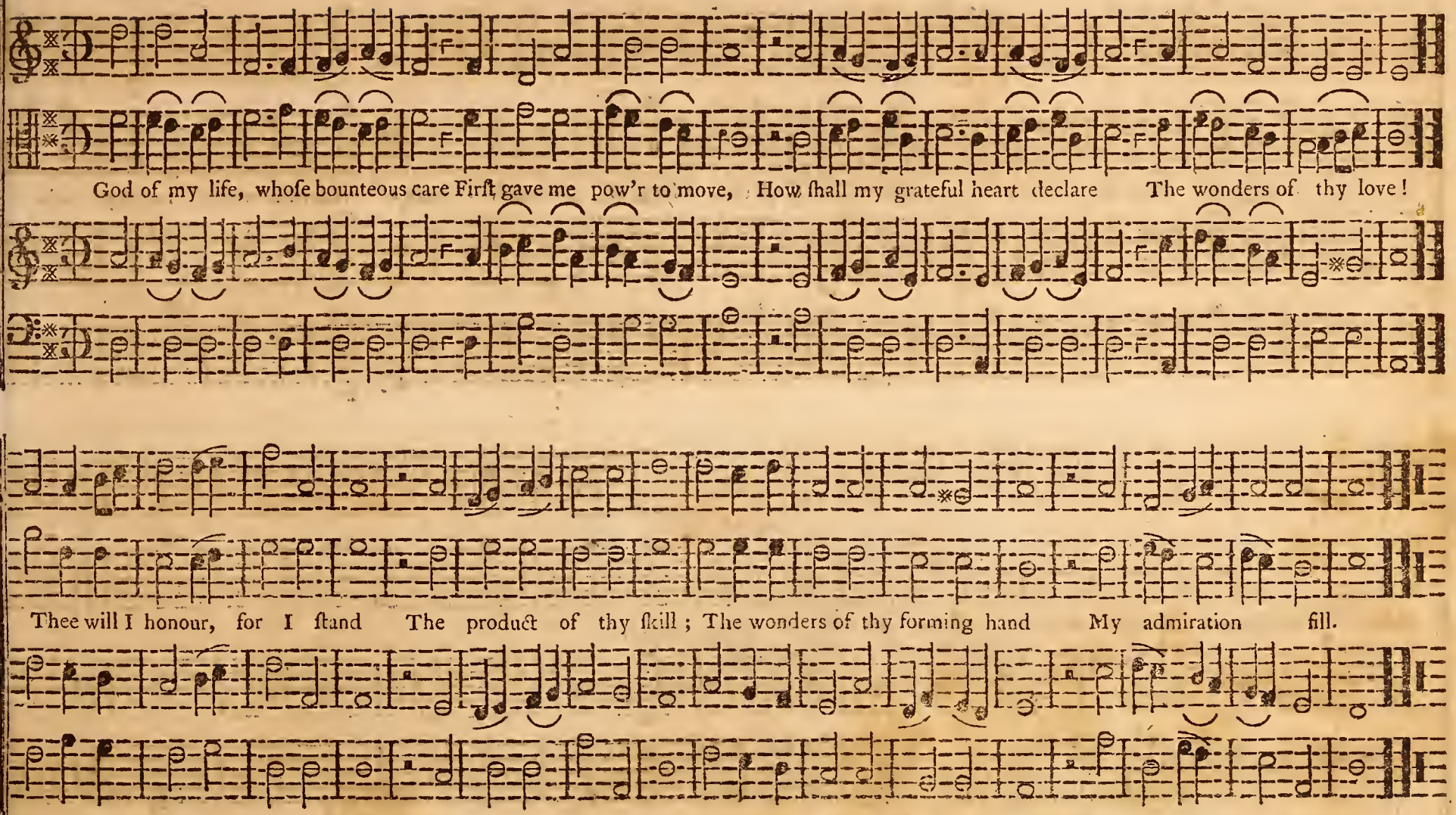


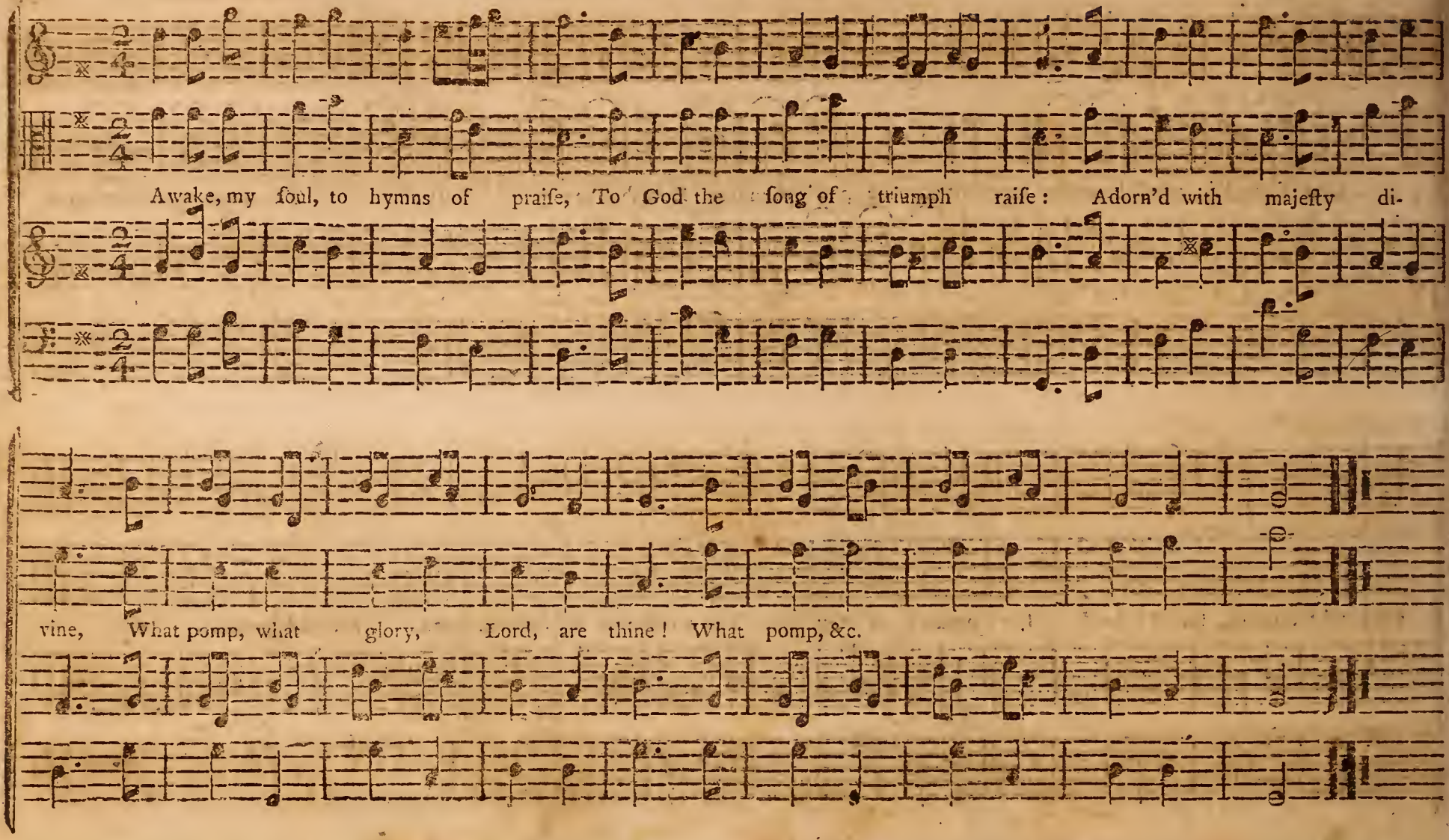

preſs'd with wrongs; To reſcue, &c. To reſcue, &c. Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance ſend, From
lying lips my ſoul defend, And from the rage of ſland'rous tongues. And from, &c.

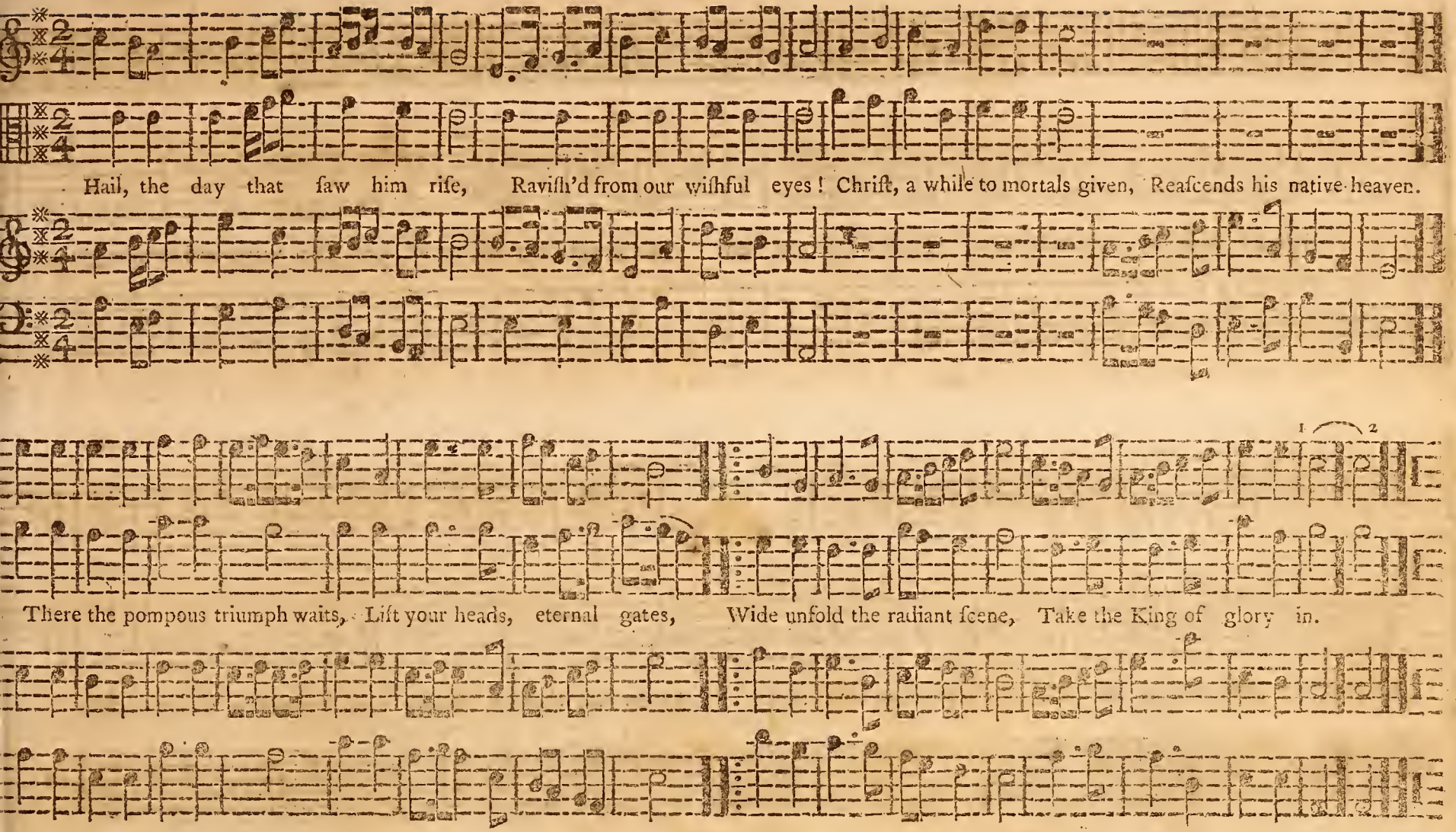
Slow.

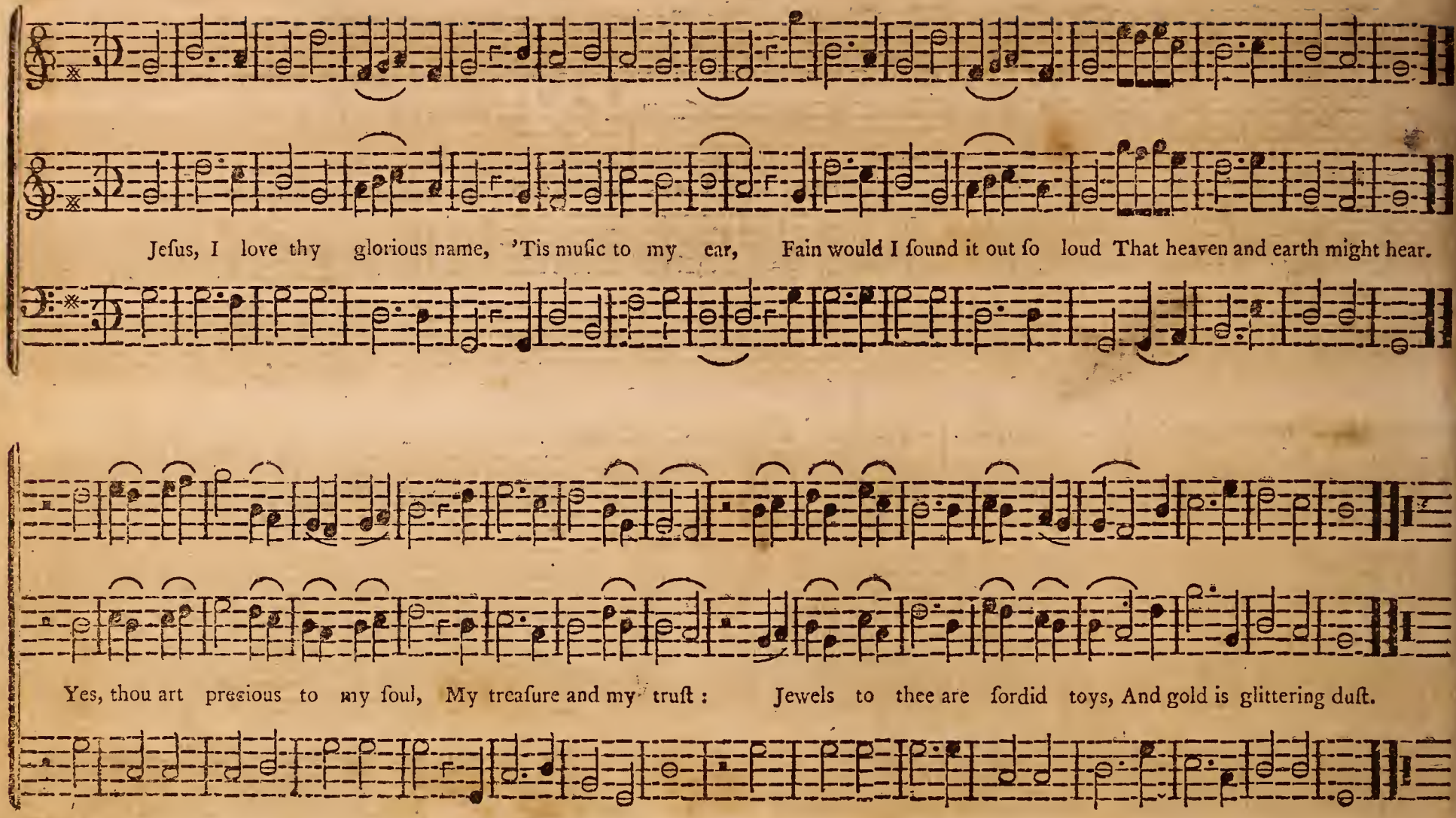

When pale with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou With health renew'd my face ; And when in ſin and ſorrow ſunk, Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

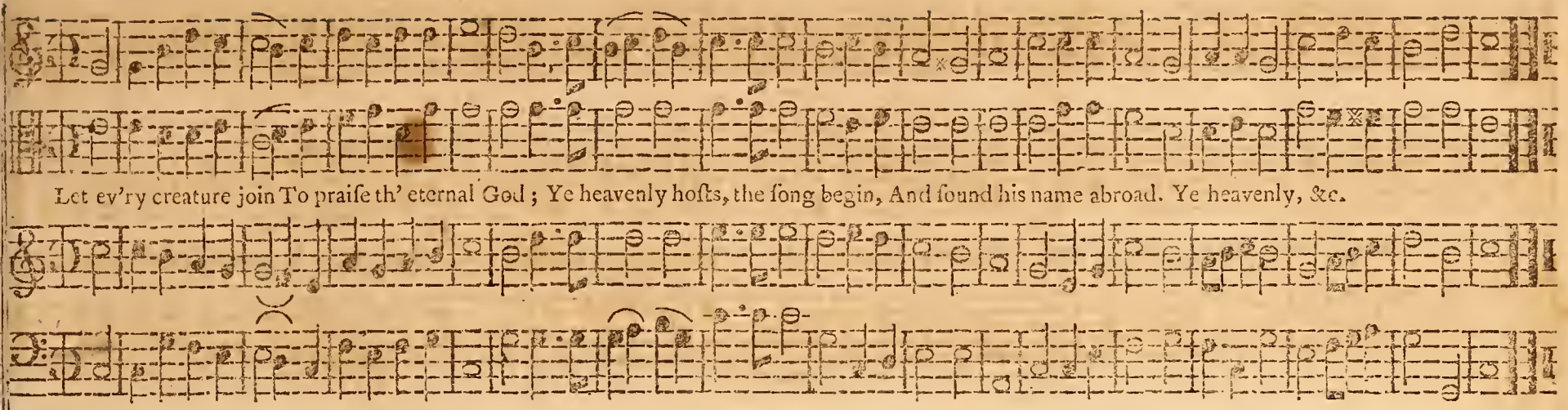

Thy bounteous hand with worldly good Has made my cup run o'er ; And in a kind and faithful friend Has doubled all my ſtore.


God of my life, whoſe bounteous care First gave me pow'r to move, How ſhall my grateful heart declare The wonders of thy love!
Thee will I honour, for I ſtand The product of thy ſkill; The wonders of thy forming hand My admiration fill.

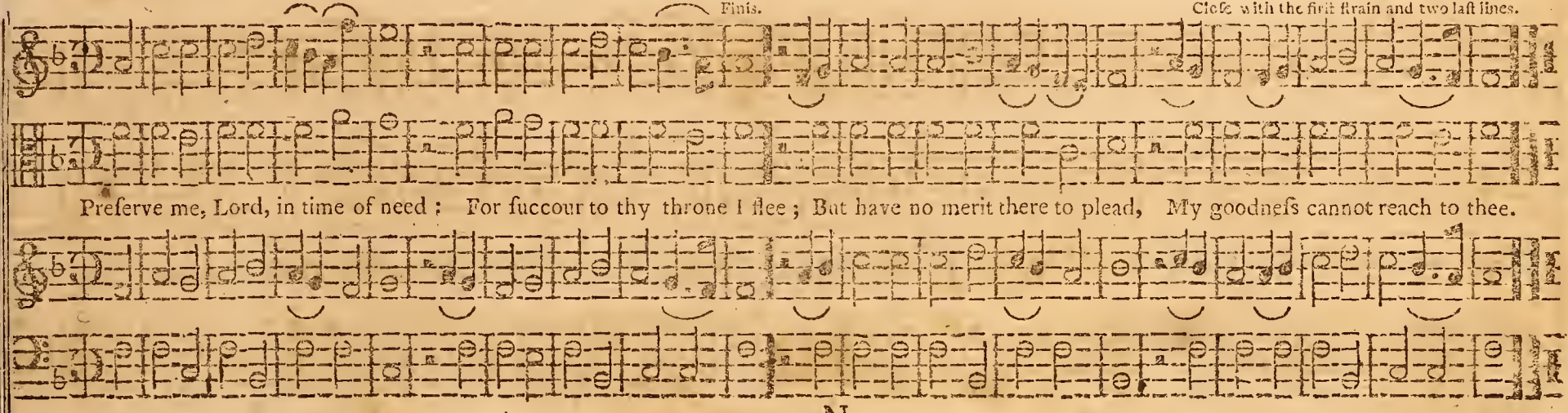

Awake, my ſoul, to hymns of praiſe, To God the ſong of triumph raiſe: Adorn'd with majeſty di-
vine, What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine! What pomp, &c.


Hail, the day that saw him rise, Ravish'd from our wishful eyes! Christ, a while to mortals given, Reascends his native heaven.
There the pompous triumph waits, Lift your heads, eternal gates, Wide unfold the radiant scene, Take the King of glory in.

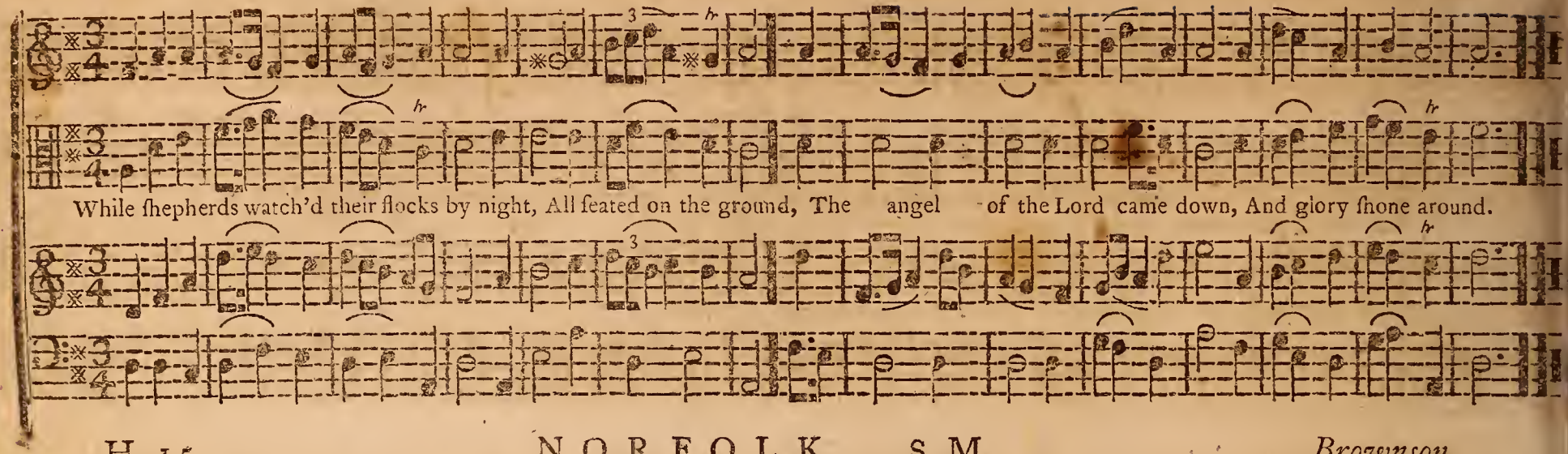

Jesus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis music to my ear, Fain would I sound it out so loud That heaven and earth might hear.
Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My treasure and my trust: Jewels to thee are sordid toys, And gold is glittering dust.



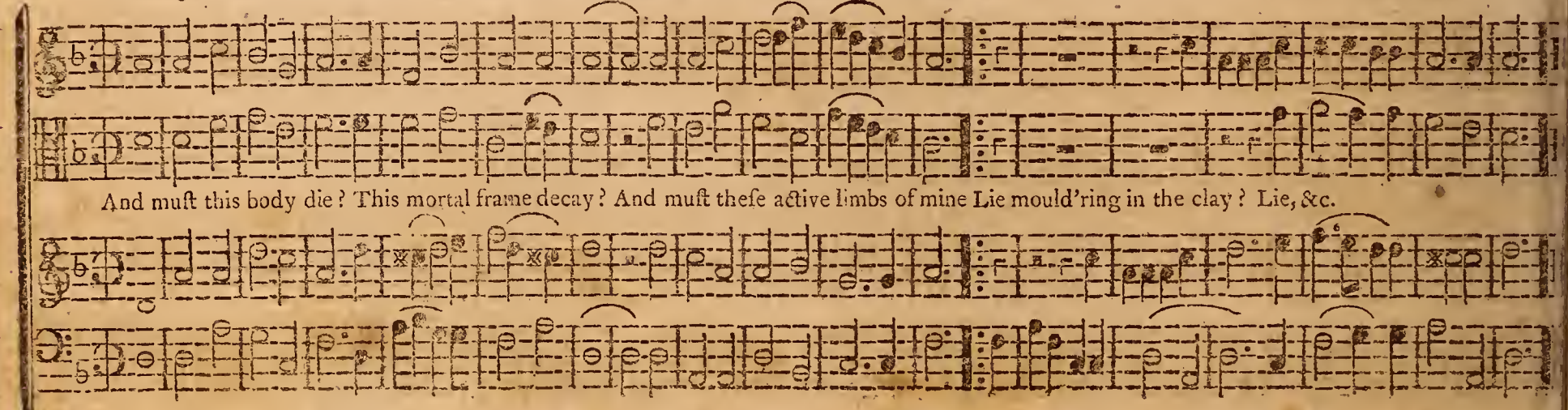
Ps. 16. DRESDEN. L. M. Har. Sacra.

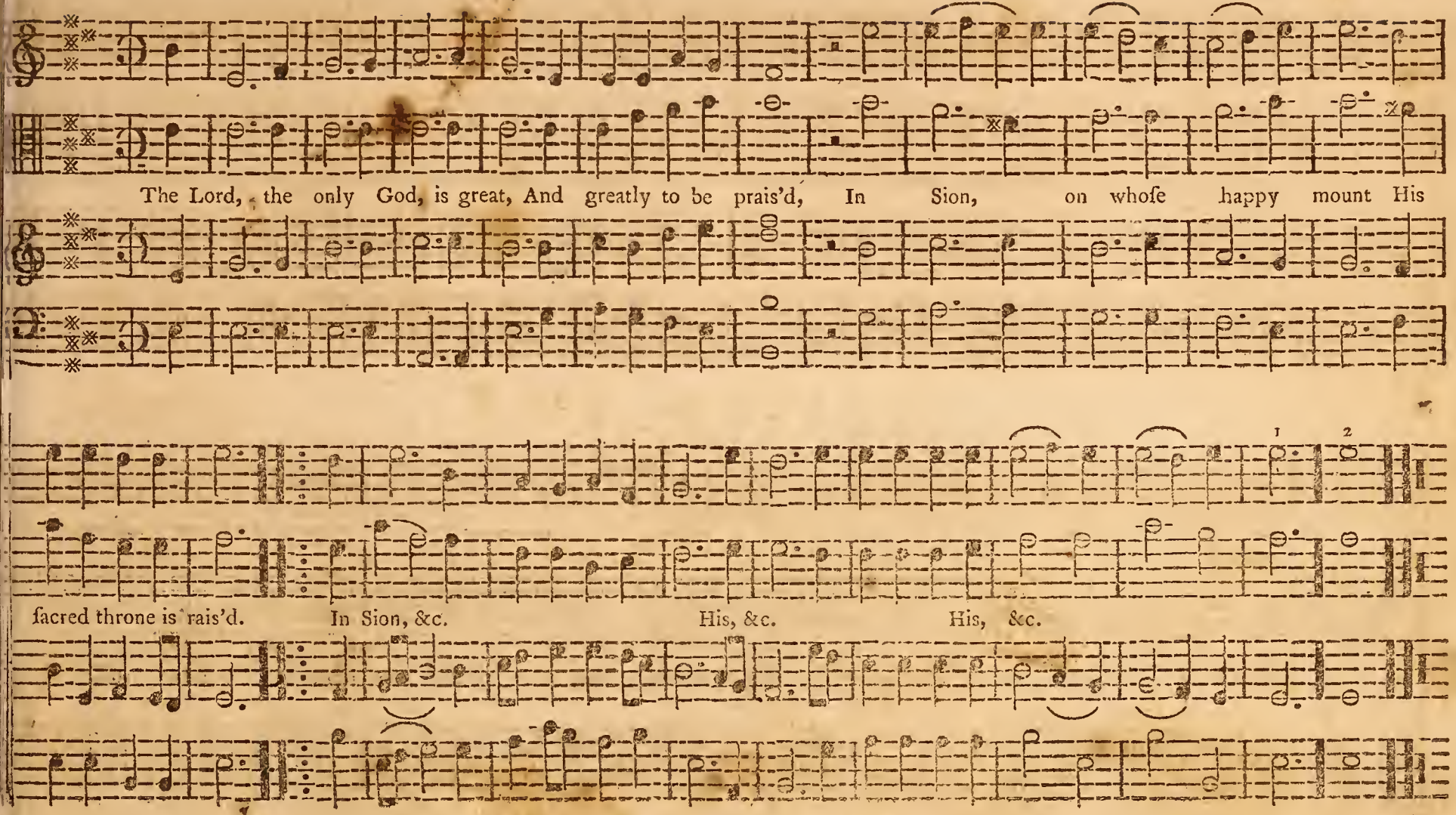


H. 282. BRAINTREE. C. M. Williams' Coll.

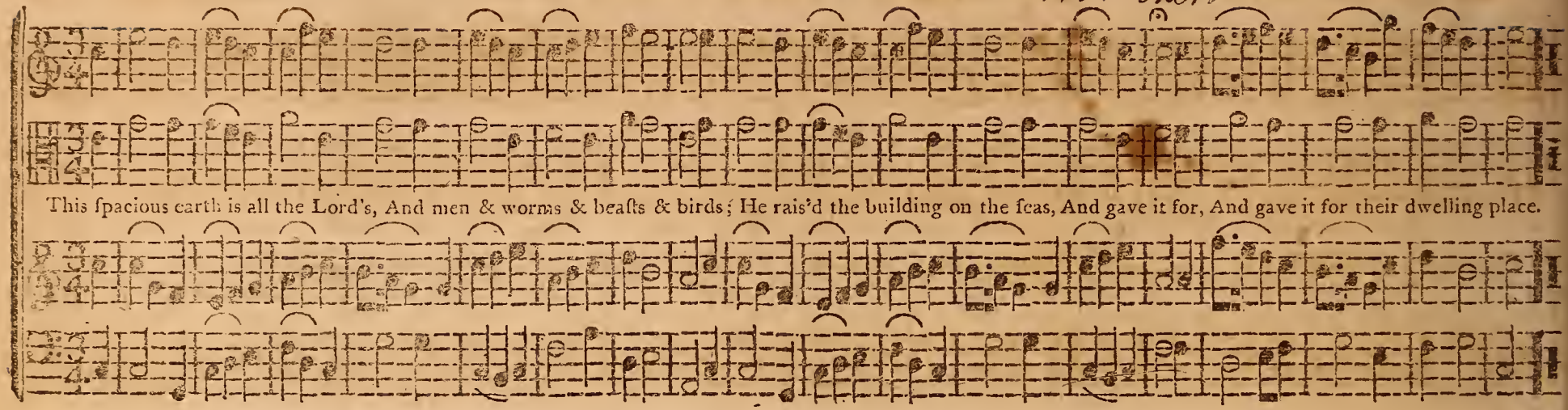


H. 15. NORFOLK. S. M. *Brownson.*

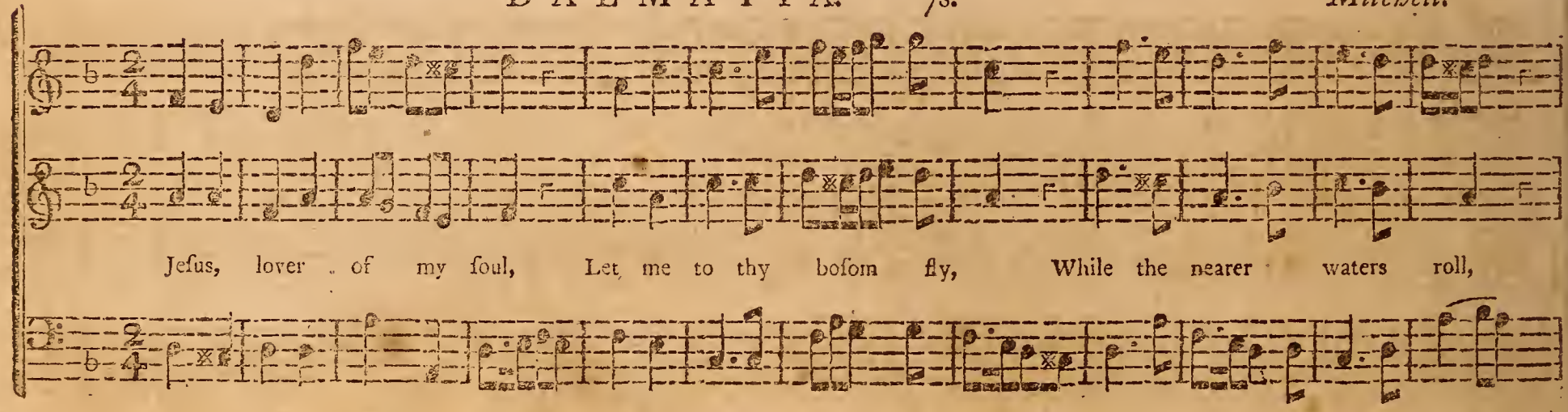


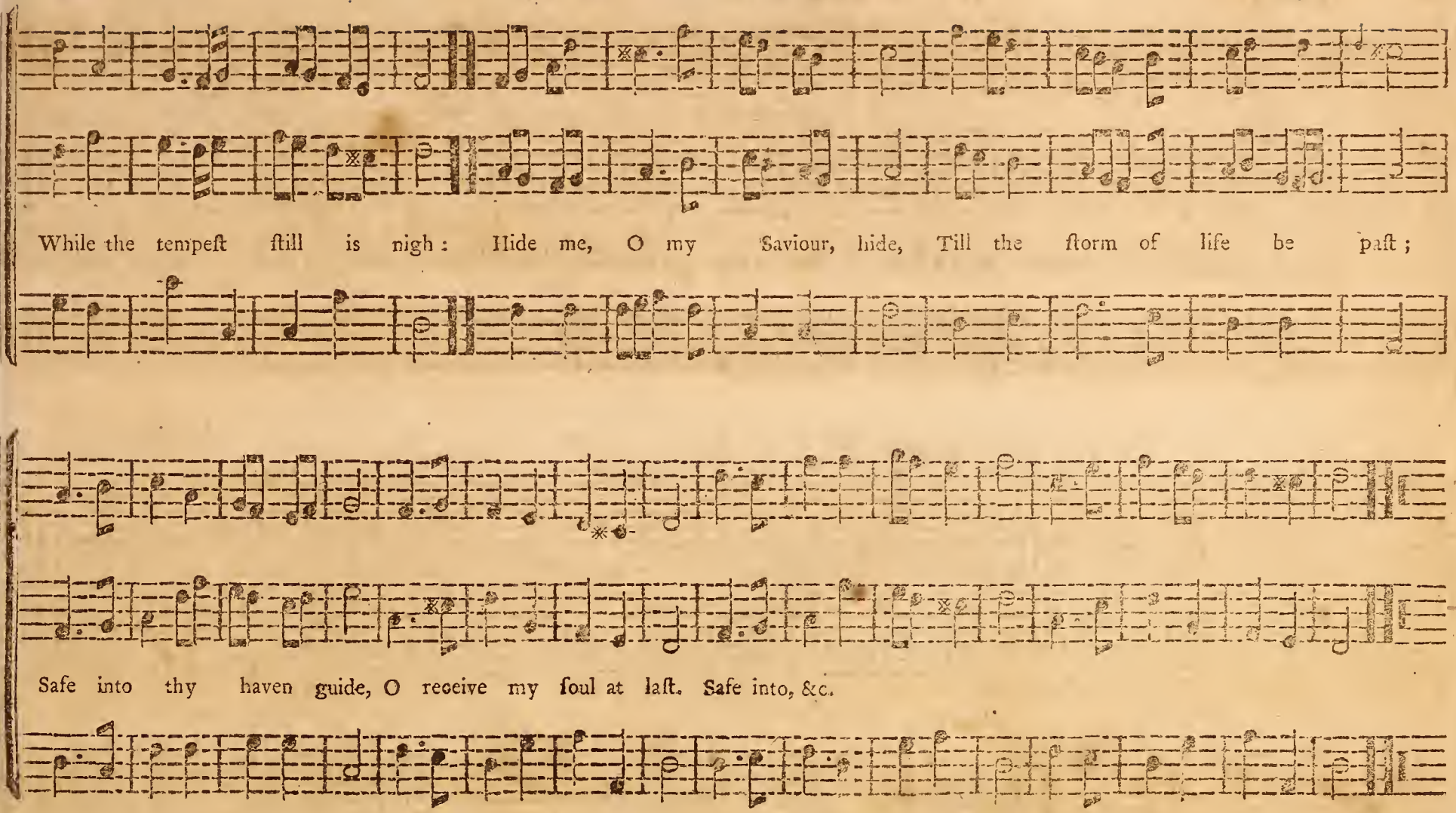

The Lord, the only God, is great, And greatly to be prais'd, In Sion, on whose happy mount His
1
2
sacred throne is rais'd. In Sion, &c. His, &c. His, &c.

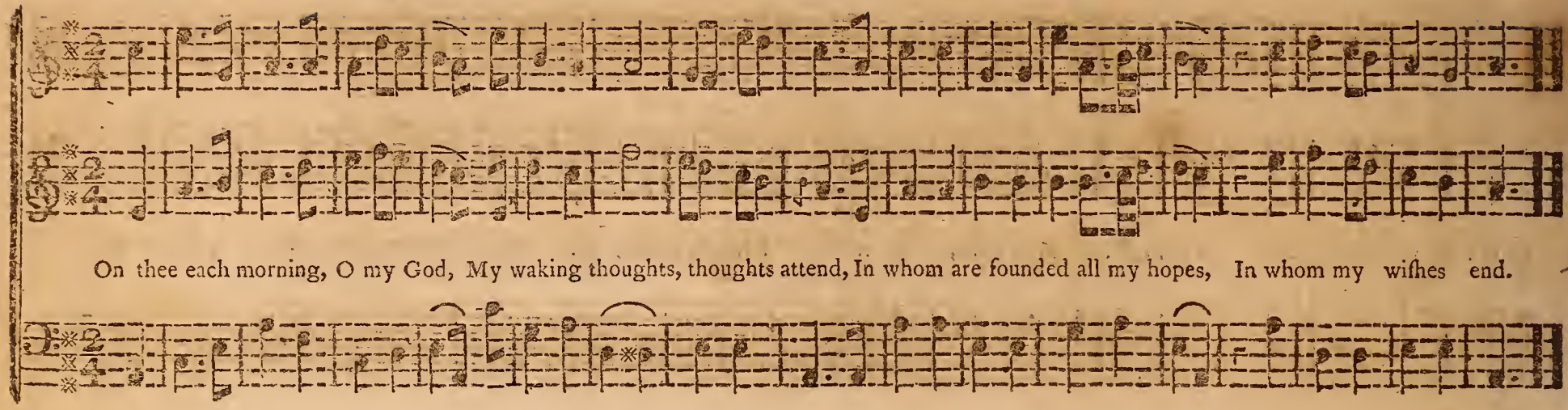
ISLINGTON. L. M. Har. Sacra Williams' Coll.

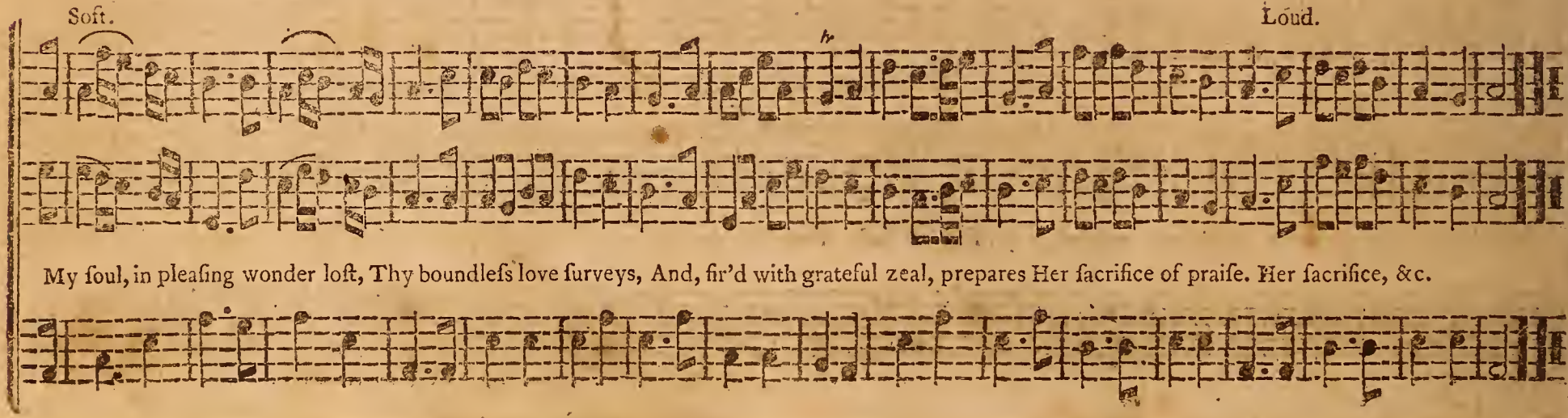


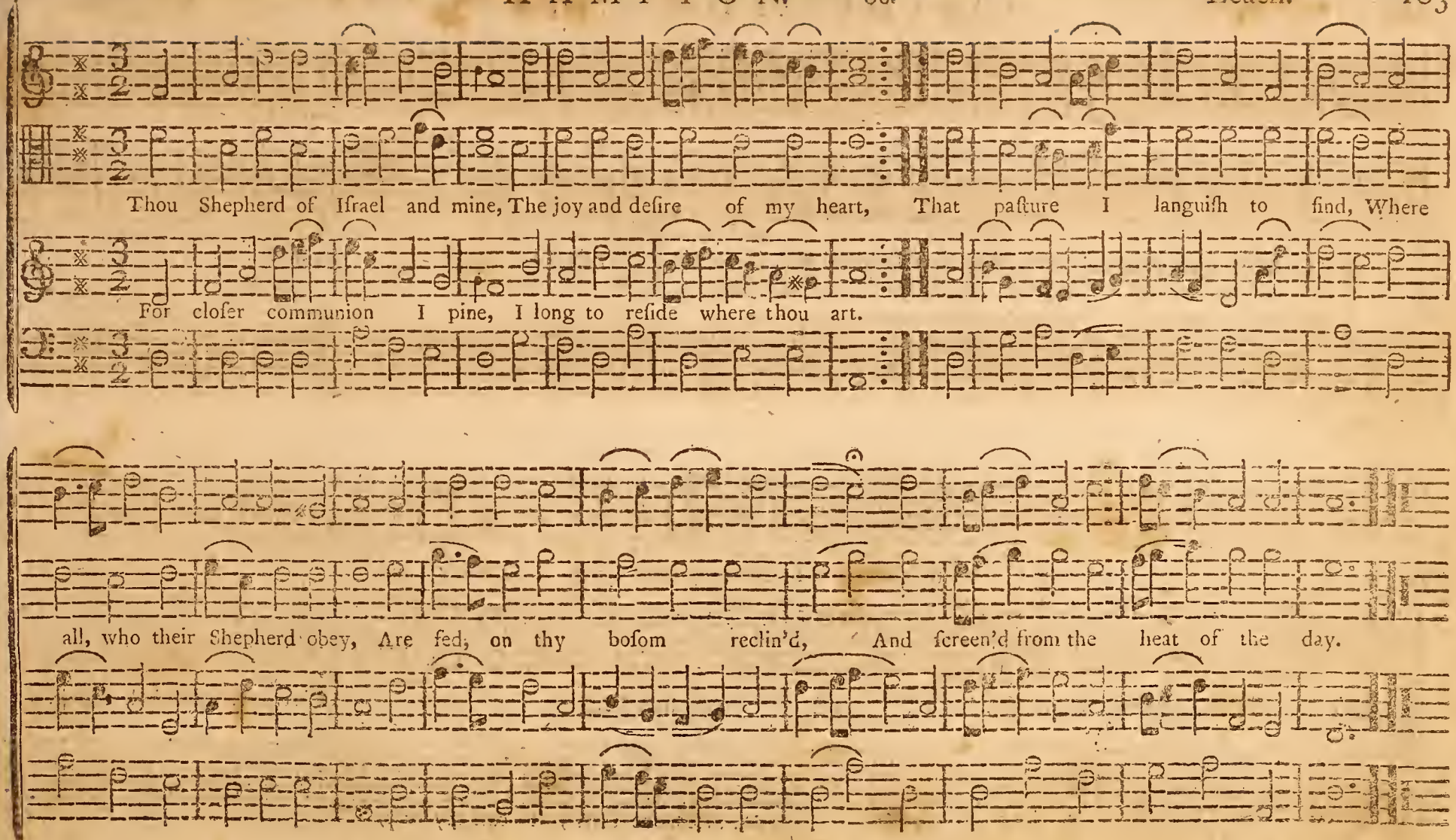
DALMATIA. 7s. *Mitchell.*



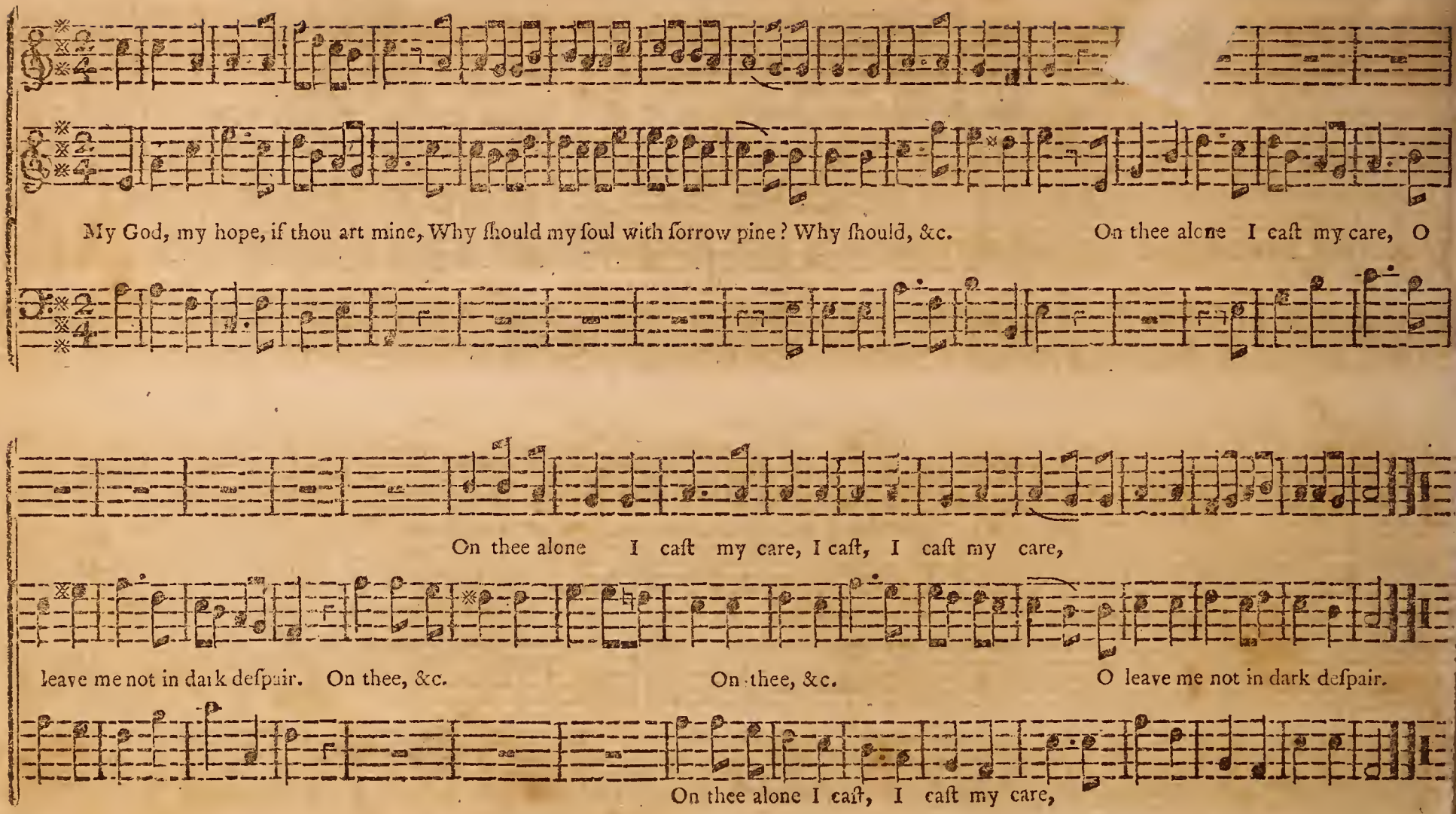

While the tempeſt ſtill is nigh: Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the ſtorm of life be paſt;
Safe into thy haven guide, O receive my ſoul at laſt. Safe into, &c.

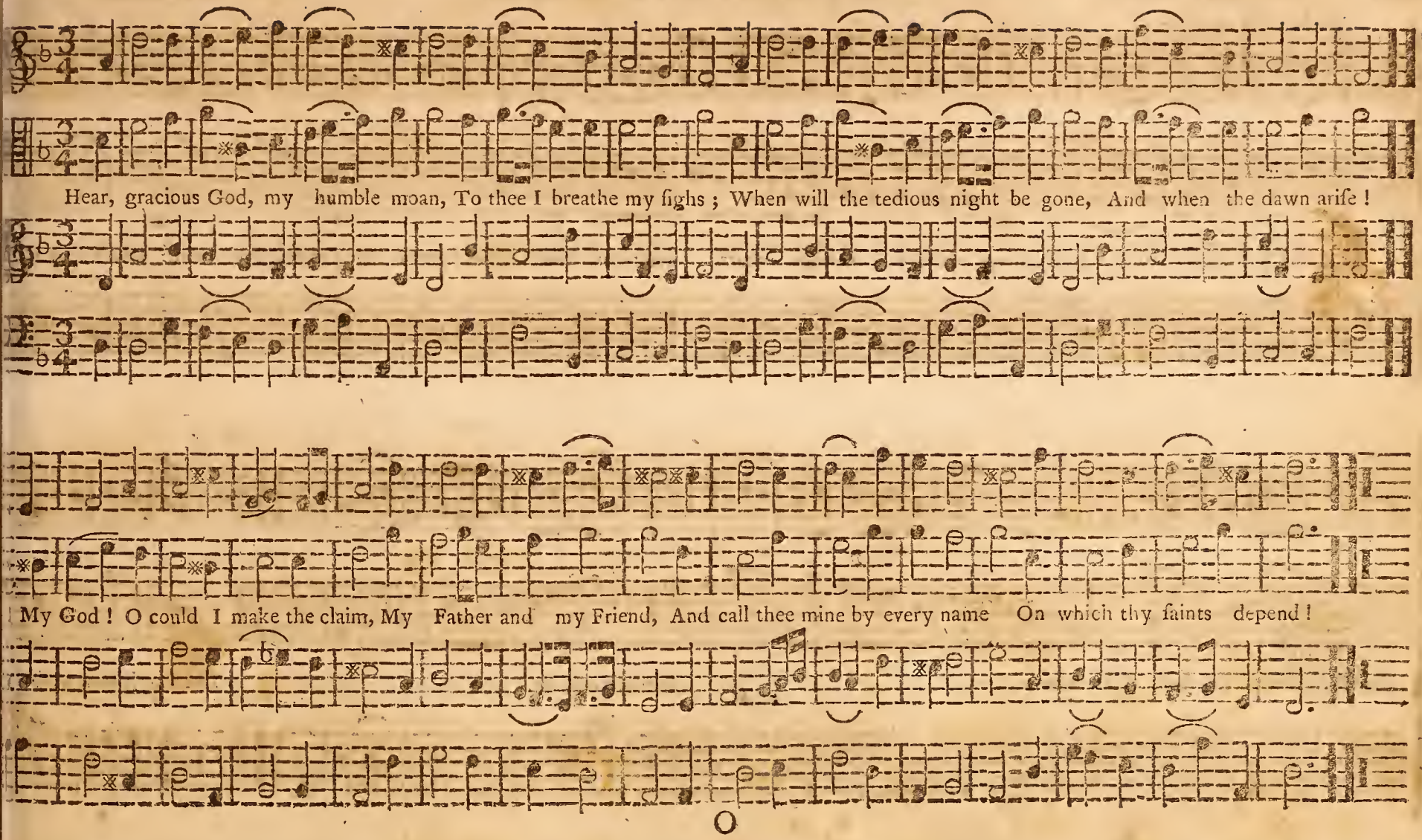

On thee each morning, O my God, My waking thoughts, thoughts attend, In whom are founded all my hopes, In whom my wiſhes end.


Soft.
Loud.
My ſoul, in pleaſing wonder loſt, Thy boundleſs love ſurveys, And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares Her ſacrifice of praiſe. Her ſacrifice, &c.

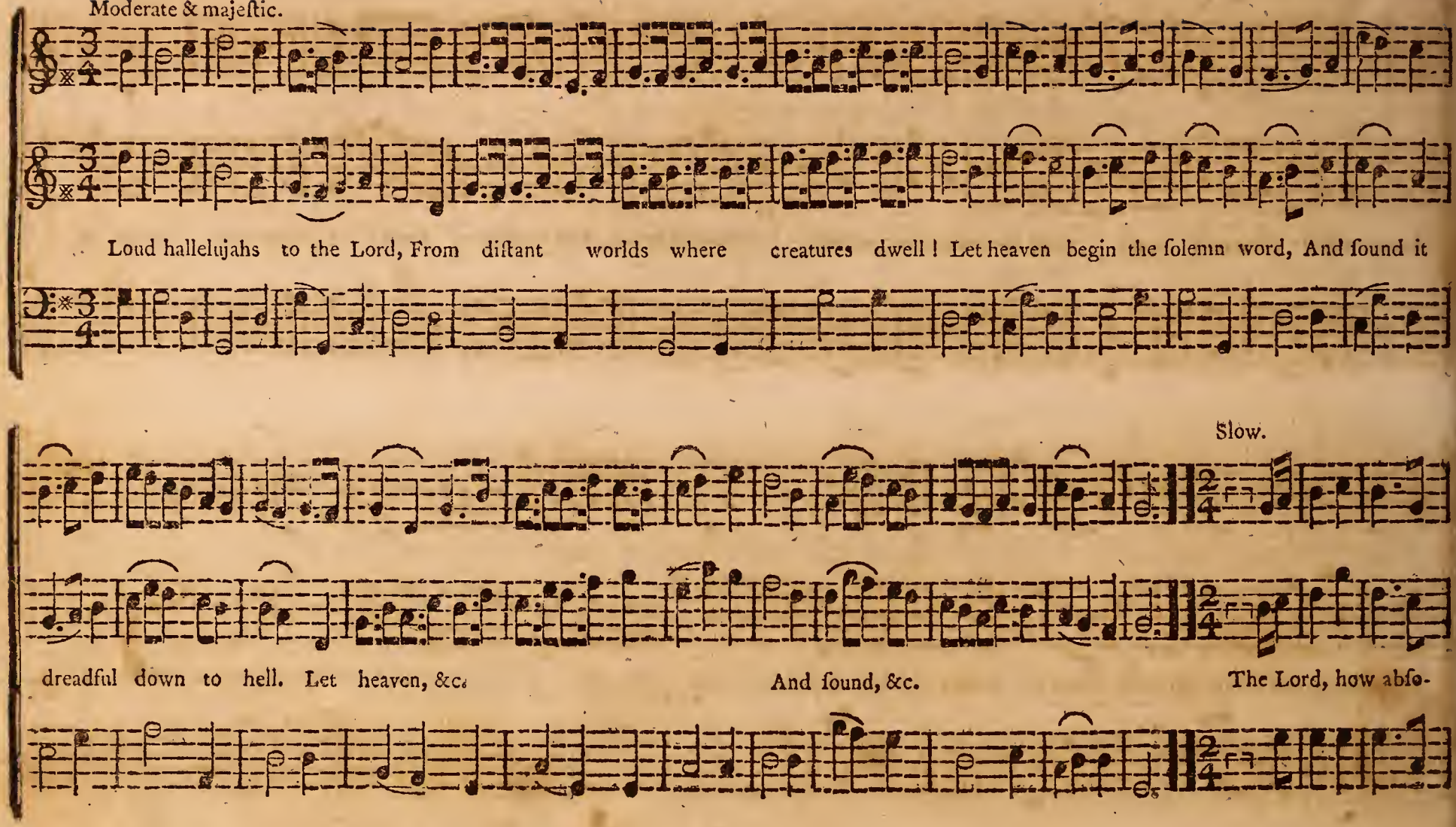

Thou Shepherd of Iſrael and mine, The joy and deſire of my heart, That paſture I languiſh to find, Where
For cloſer communion I pine, I long to reſide where thou art.
all, who their Shepherd obey, Are fed, on thy boſom reclin'd, And ſcreen'd from the heat of the day.

MARSHFIELD. L. M.

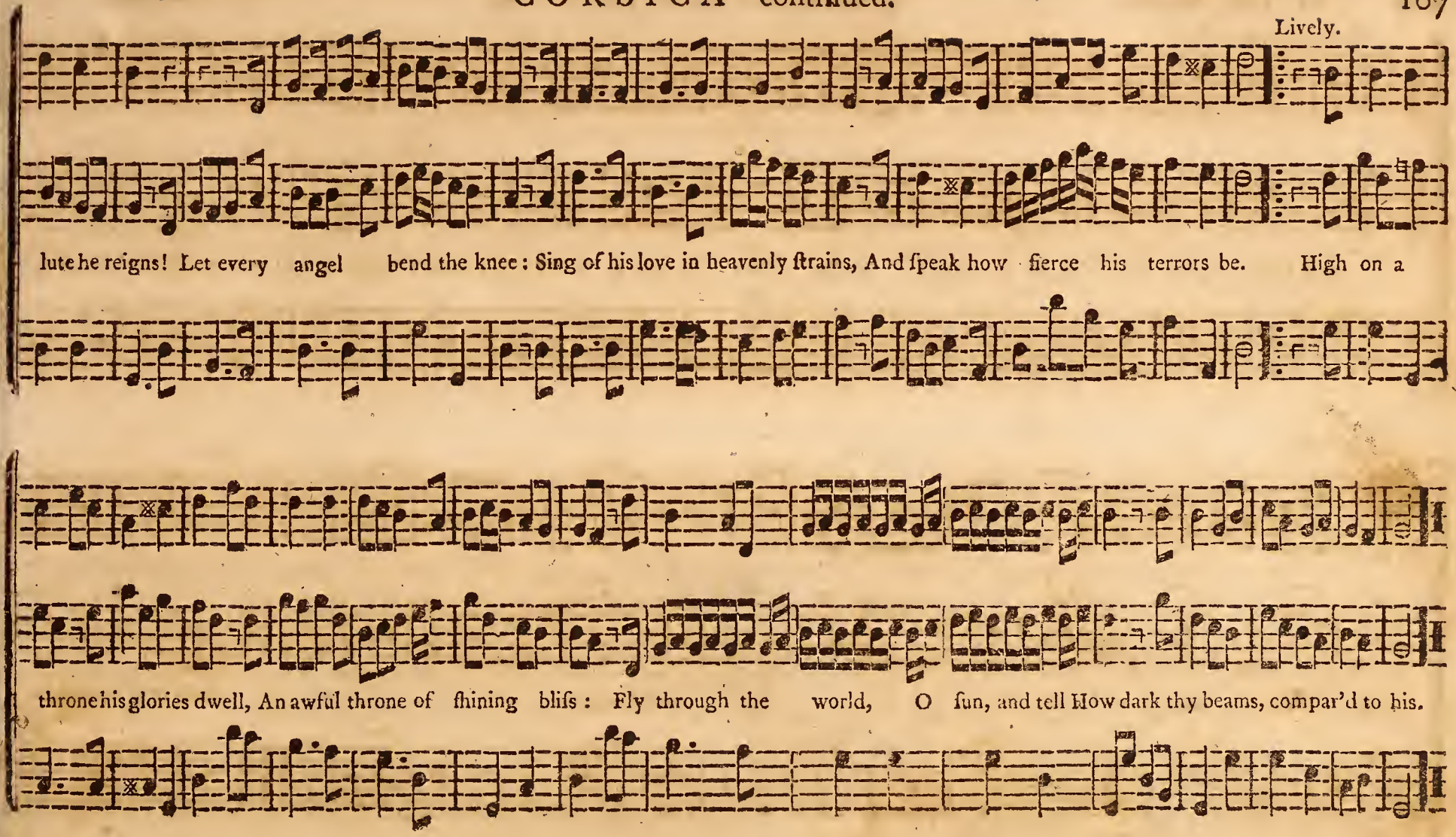


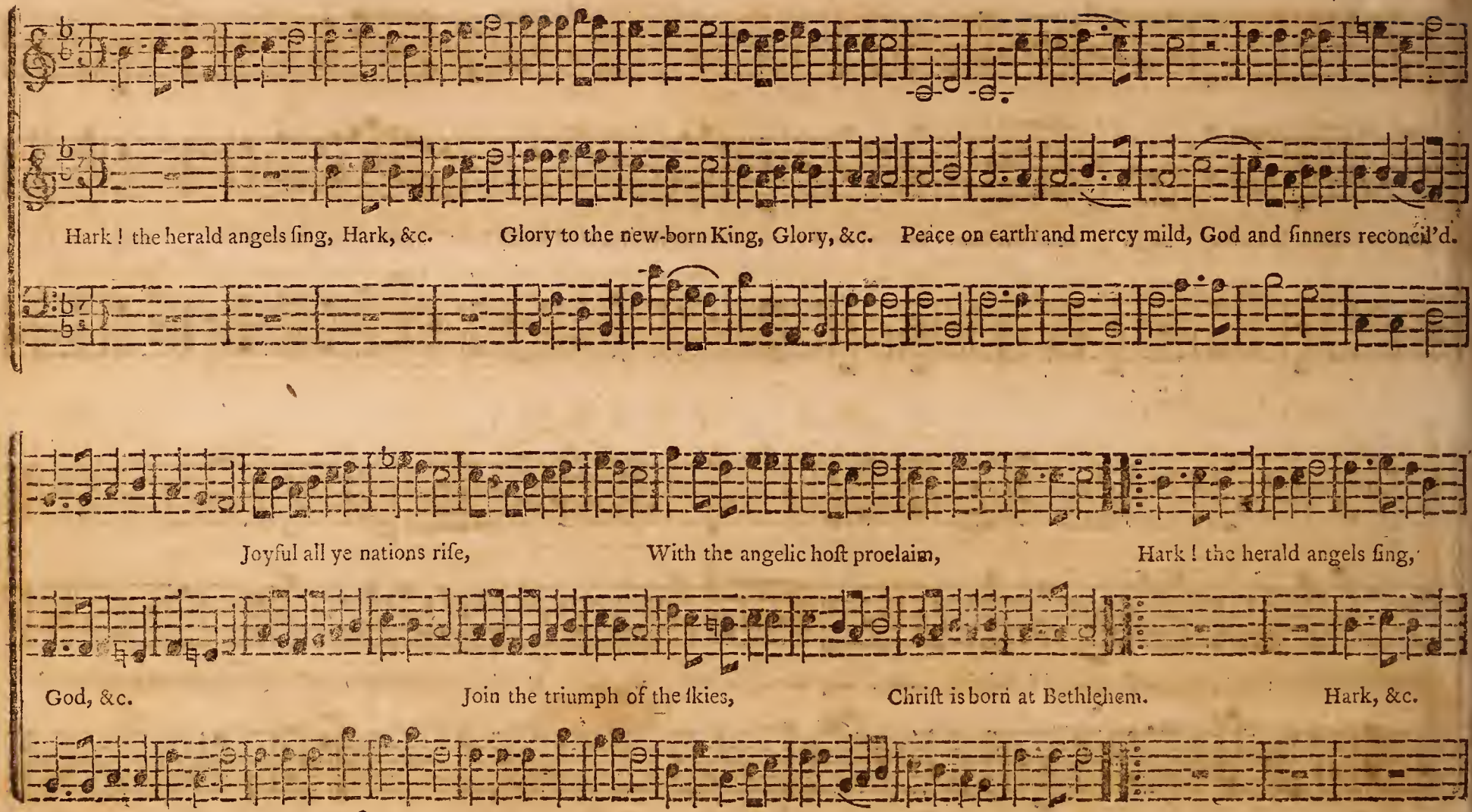

Hear, gracious God, my humble moan, To thee I breathe my sighs ; When will the tedious night be gone, And when the dawn arise !
My God ! O could I make the claim, My Father and my Friend, And call thee mine by every name On which thy saints depend !

Moderate & majeſtic.

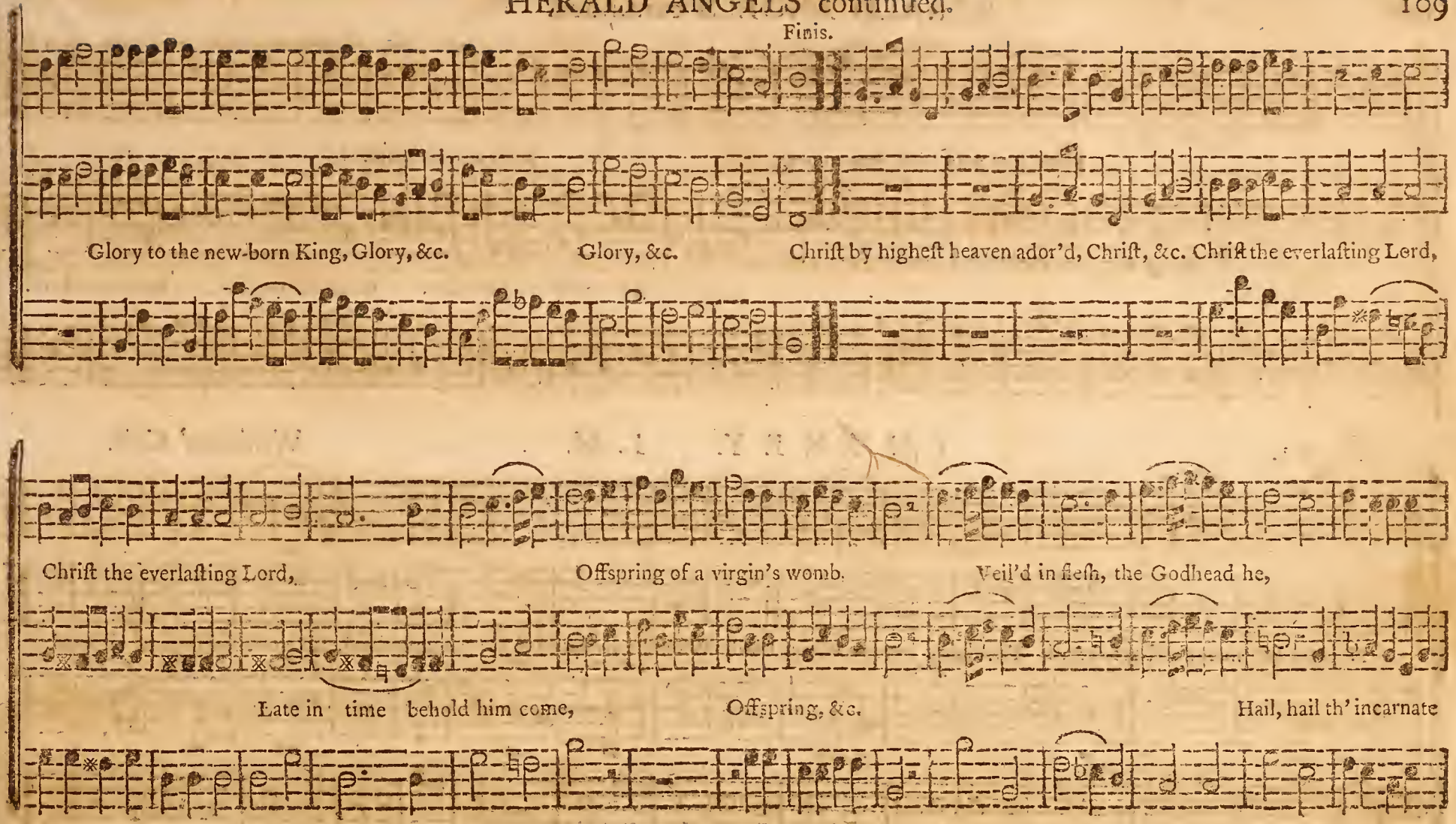


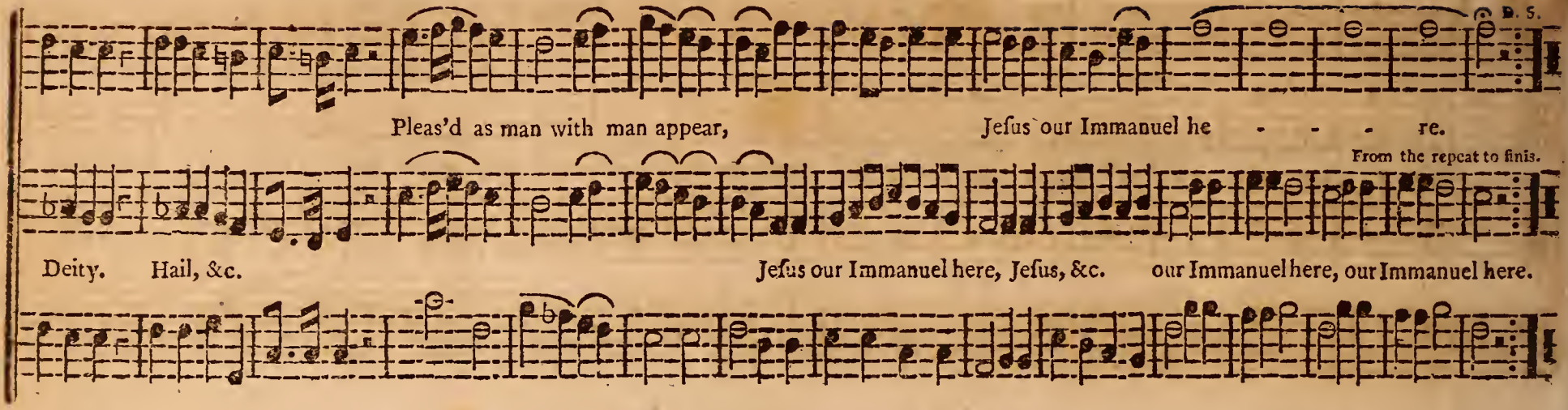
Lively.


lute he reigns! Let every angel bend the knee: Sing of his love in heavenly ſtrains, And ſpeak how fierce his terrors be. High on a
throne his glories dwell, An awful throne of ſhining bliſs: Fly through the world, O ſun, and tell How dark thy beams, compar'd to his.

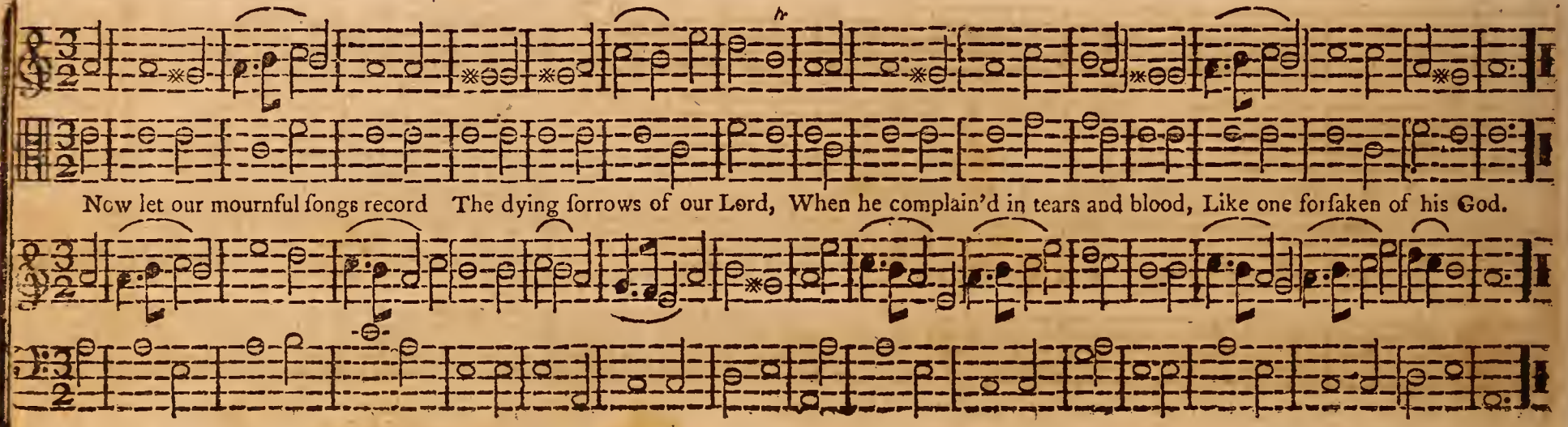

Hark! the herald angels sing, Hark, &c.
Glory to the new-born King, Glory, &c.
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconcil'd.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
With the angelic host proclaim,
Hark! the herald angels sing,
God, &c.
Join the triumph of the skies,
Christ is born at Bethlehem.
Hark, &c.

Finis.

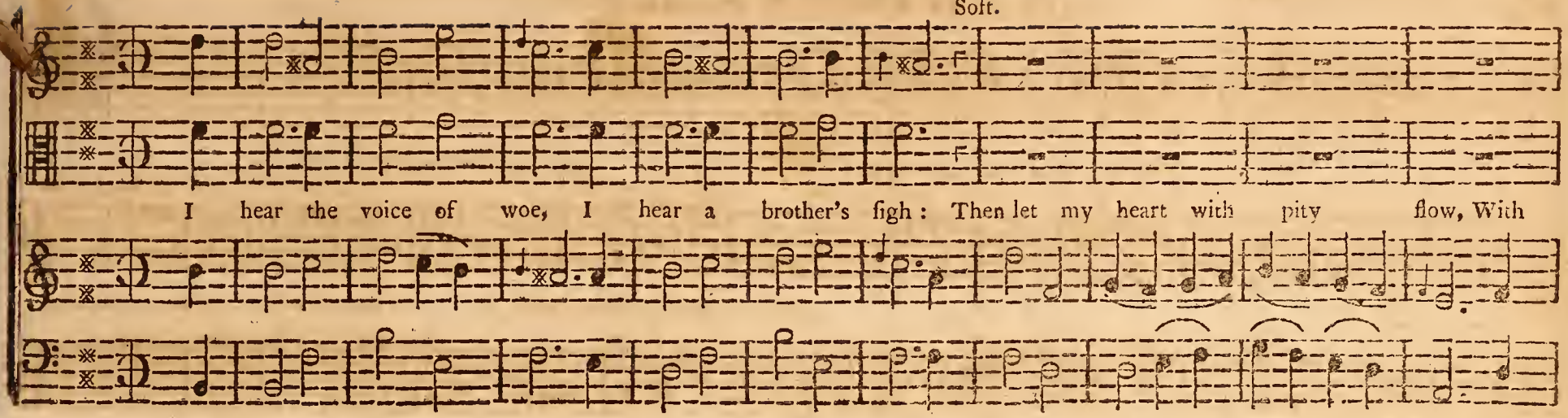

Glory to the new-born King, Glory, &c.
Glory, &c.
Chriſt by higheſt heaven ador'd, Chriſt, &c. Chriſt the everlaſting Lord,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veil'd in fleſh, the Godhead he,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring, &c.
Hail, hail th' incarnate



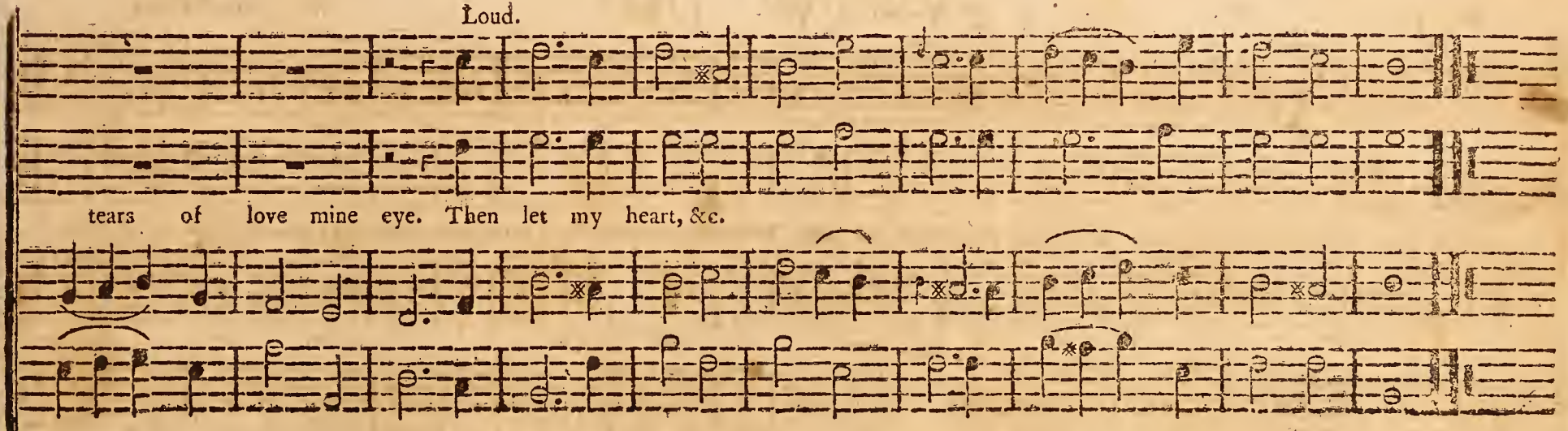
Ps. 22. PUTNEY. L. M. Williams' Coll.



Soft.

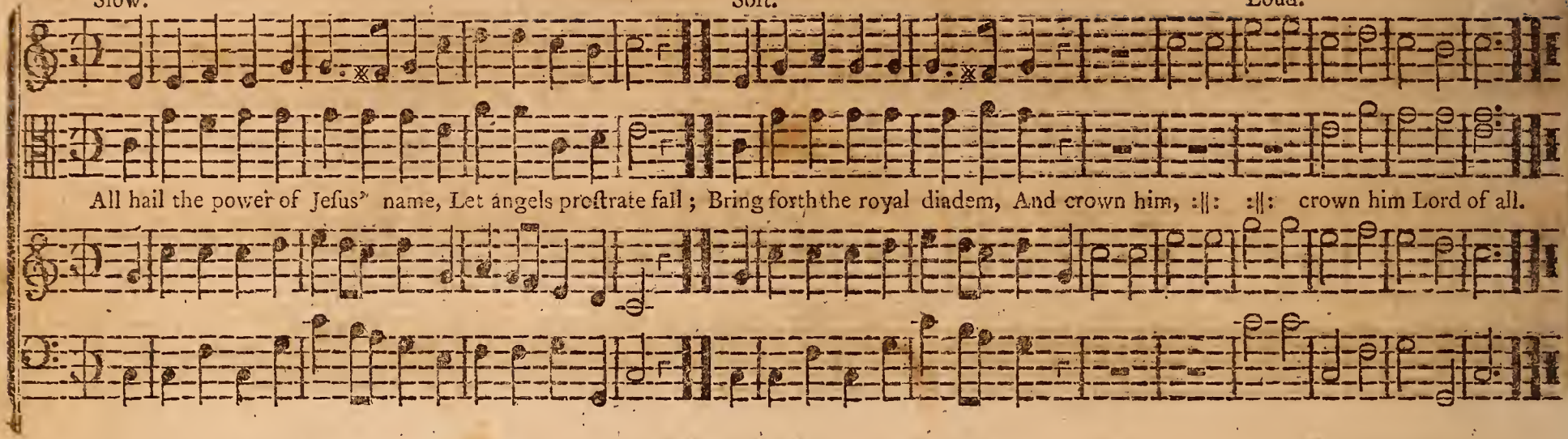

I hear the voice of woe, I hear a brother's sigh: Then let my heart with pity flow, With

Loud.

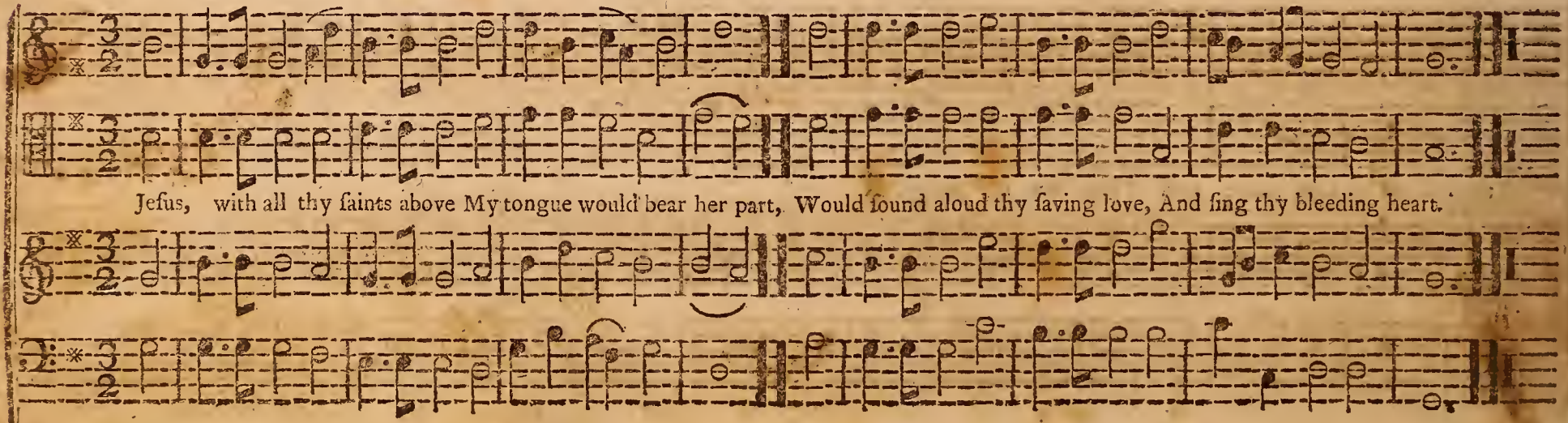

tears of love mine eye. Then let my heart, &c.

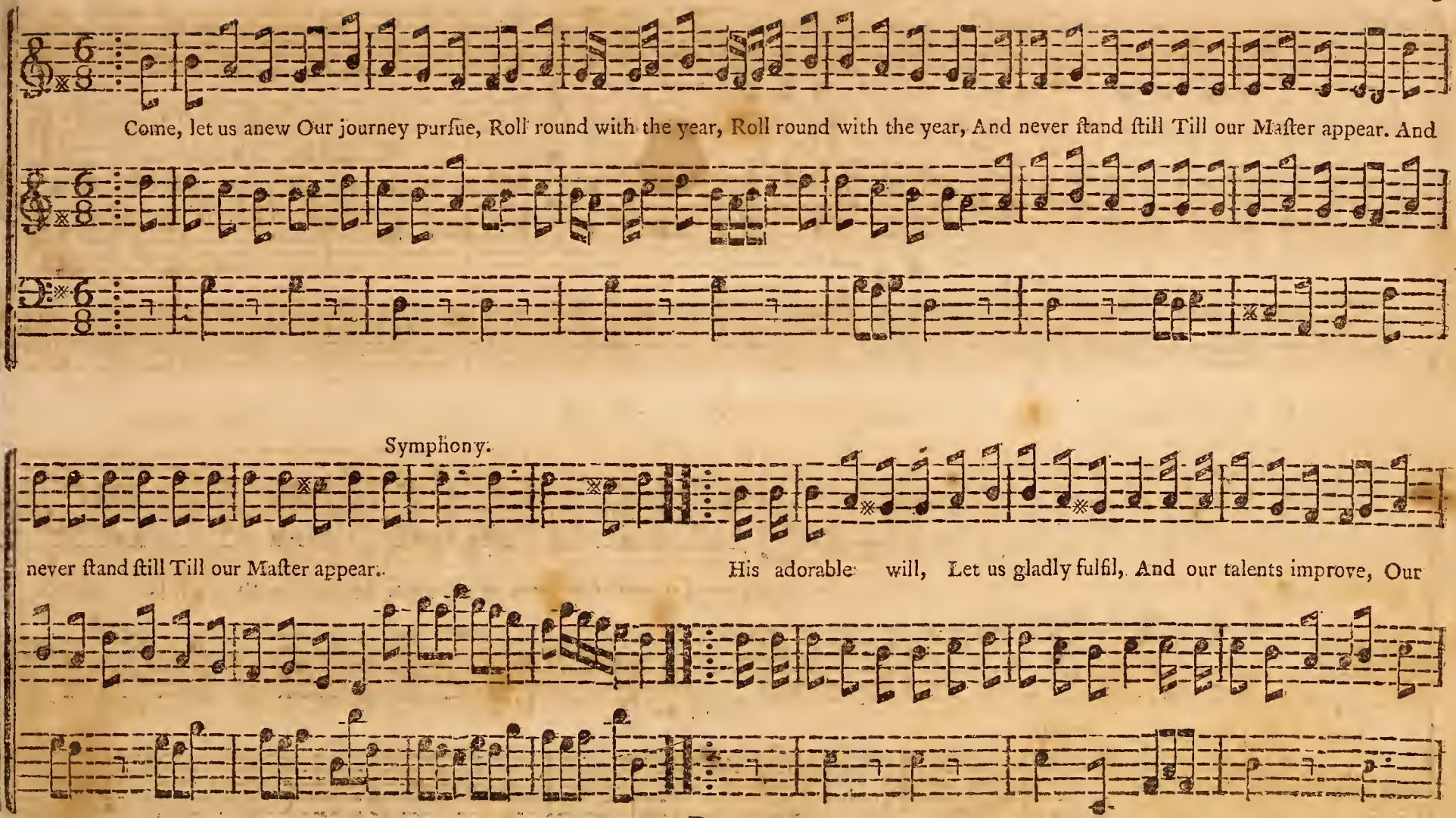
H. 177, Rippon's Coll. MARLBOROUGH. C. M. Shrubsole.

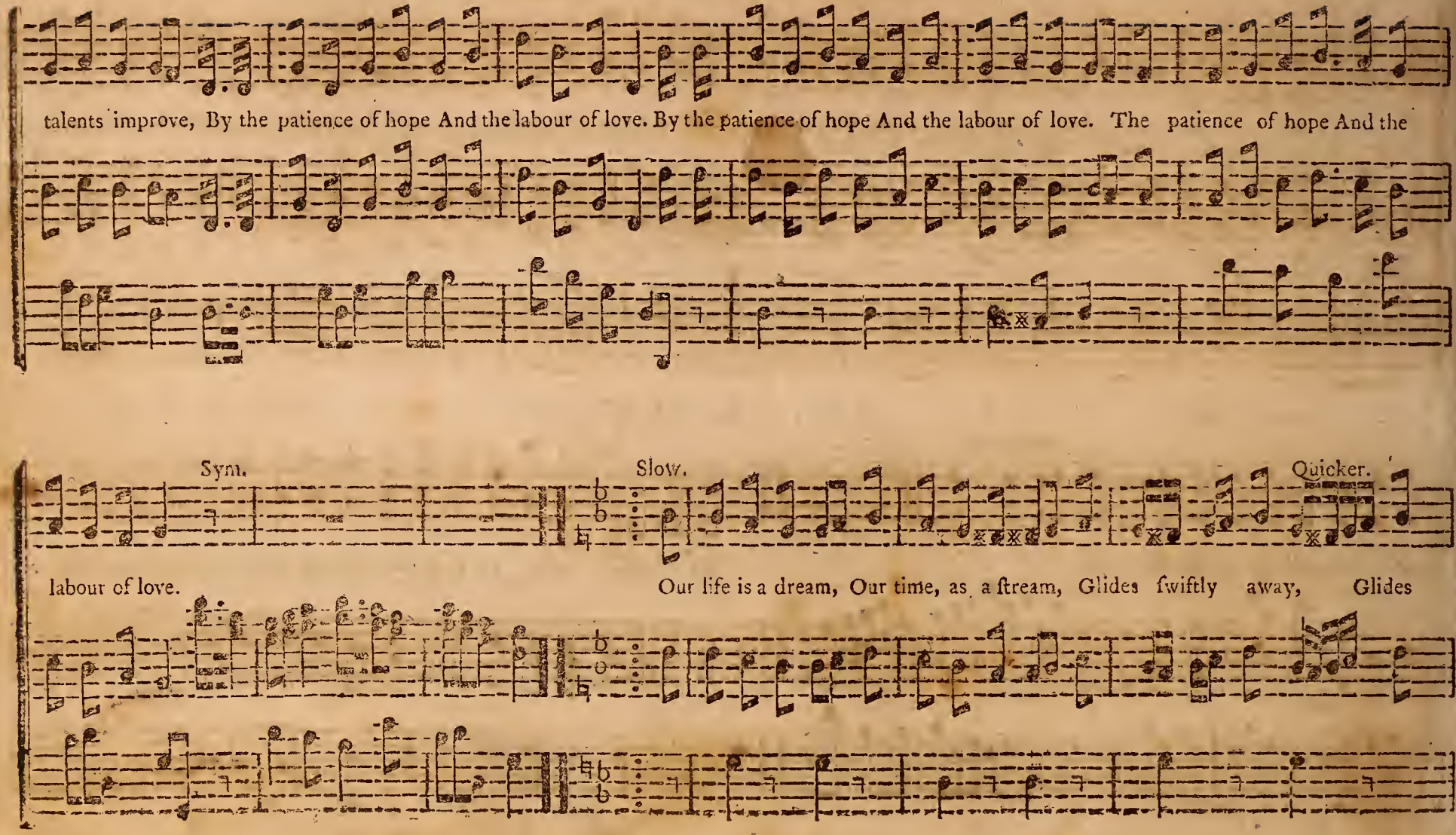
Slow. Soft. Loud.

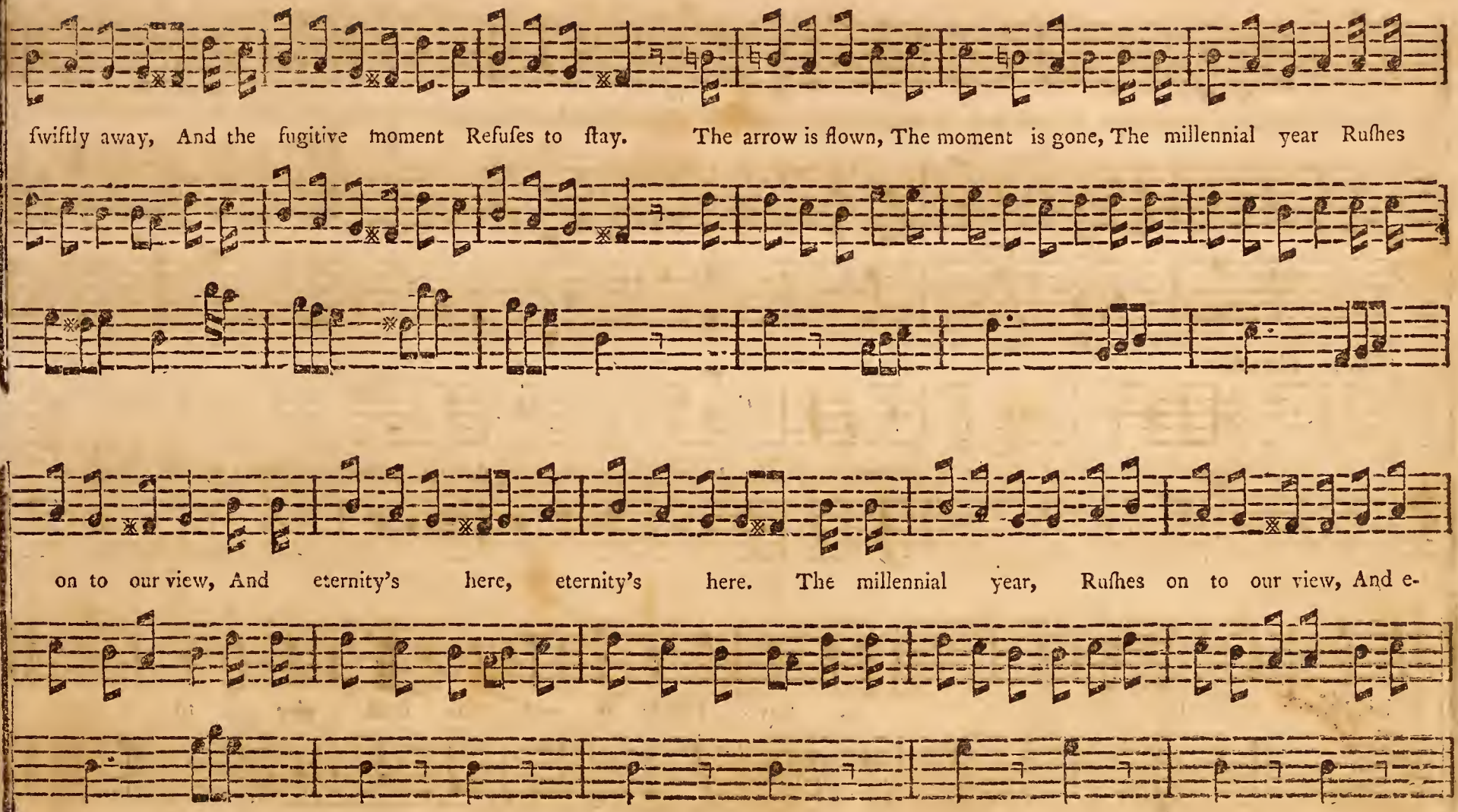


H. 29, B. II, Watts. ARLINGTON. C. M. Dr. Arne.

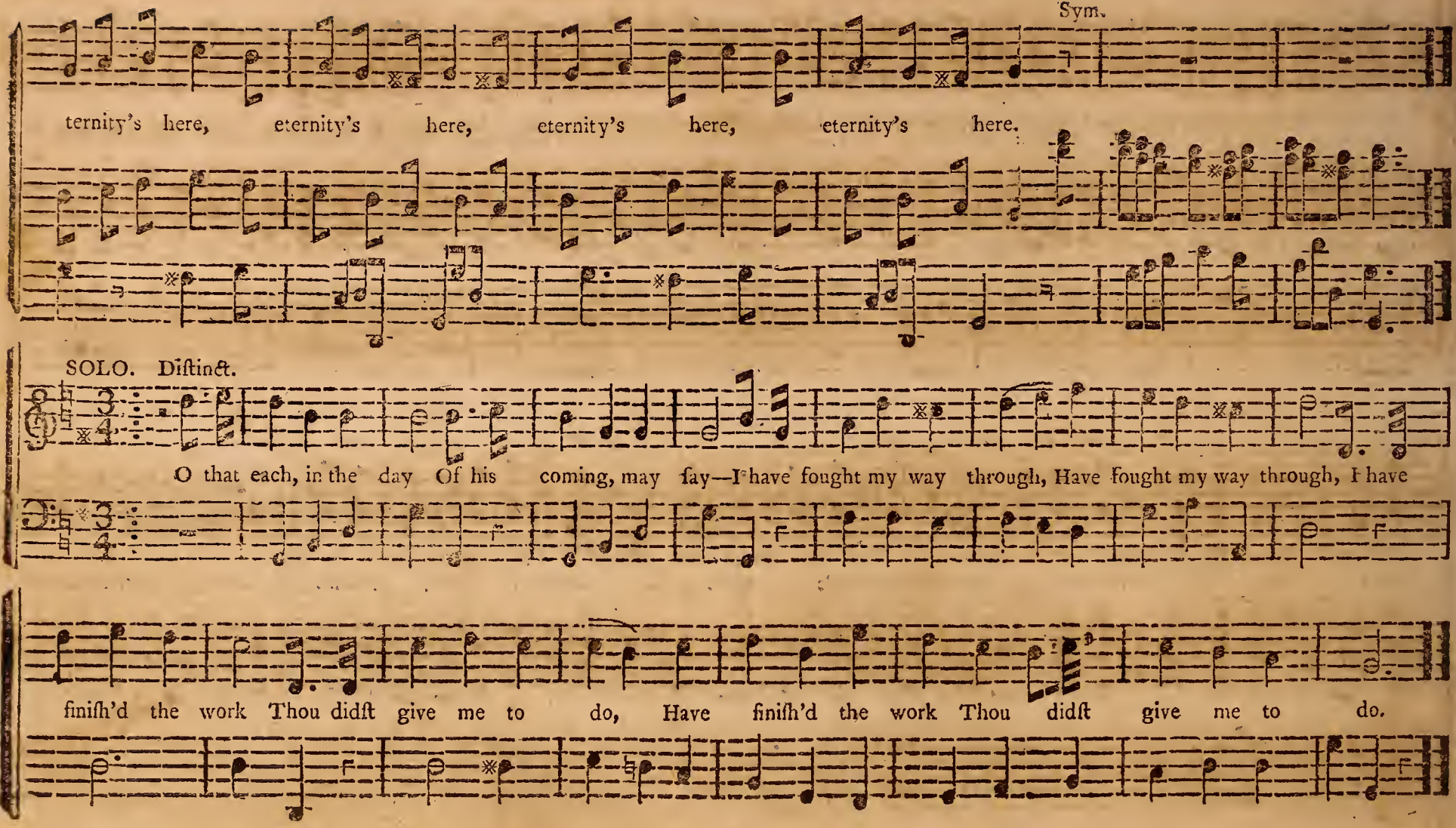


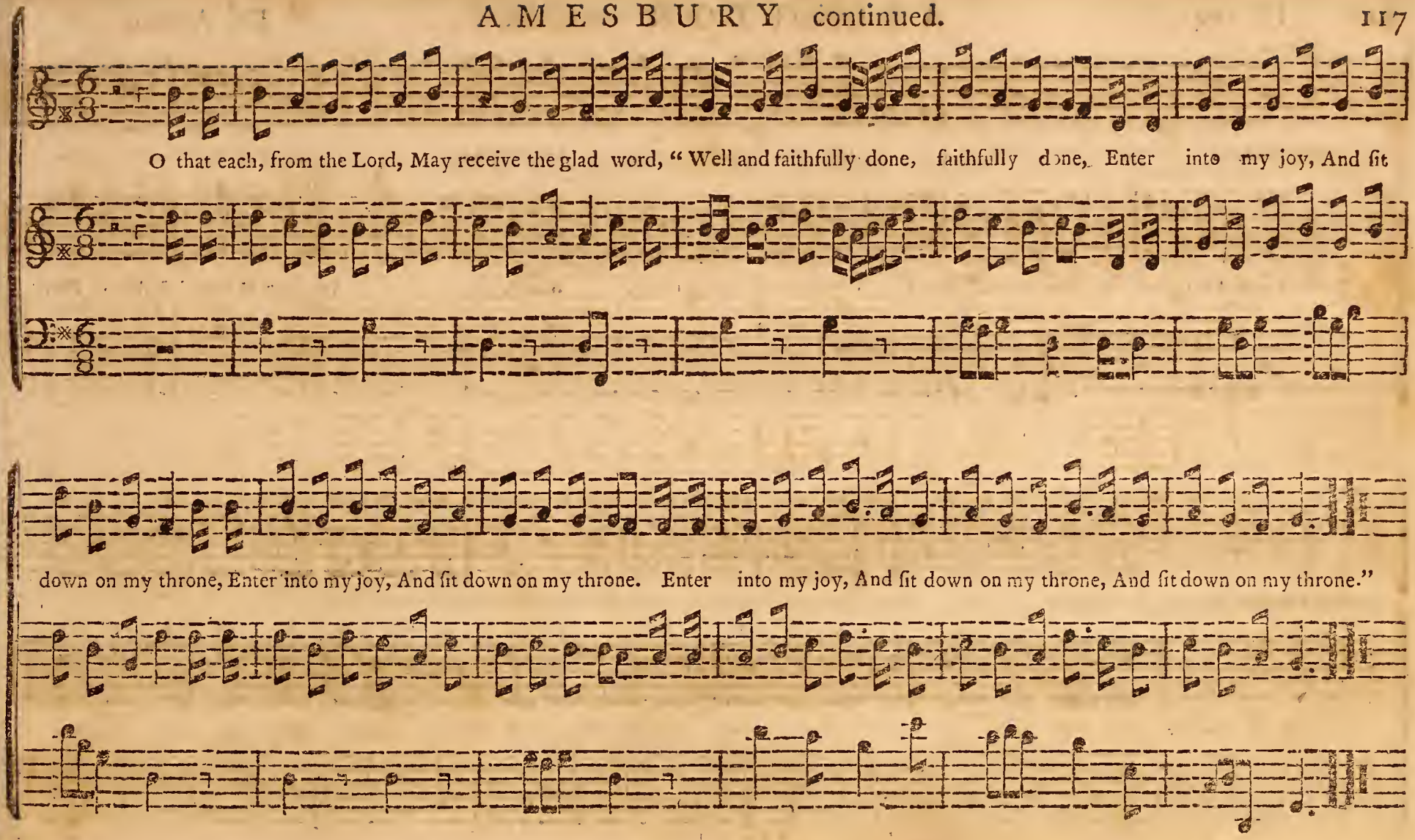

Come, let us anew Our journey purſue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And never ſtand ſtill Till our Maſter appear. And
Symphony.
never ſtand ſtill Till our Maſter appear.
His adorable will, Let us gladly fulfil, And our talents improve, Our


talents improve, By the patience of hope And the labour of love. By the patience of hope And the labour of love. The patience of hope And the
Sym.
Slow.
Quicker.
labour of love.
Our life is a dream, Our time, as a ſtream, Glides ſwiftly away, Glides


swiftly away, And the fugitive moment Refuses to stay. The arrow is flown, The moment is gone, The millennial year Rushes
on to our view, And eternity's here, eternity's here. The millennial year, Rushes on to our view, And e-

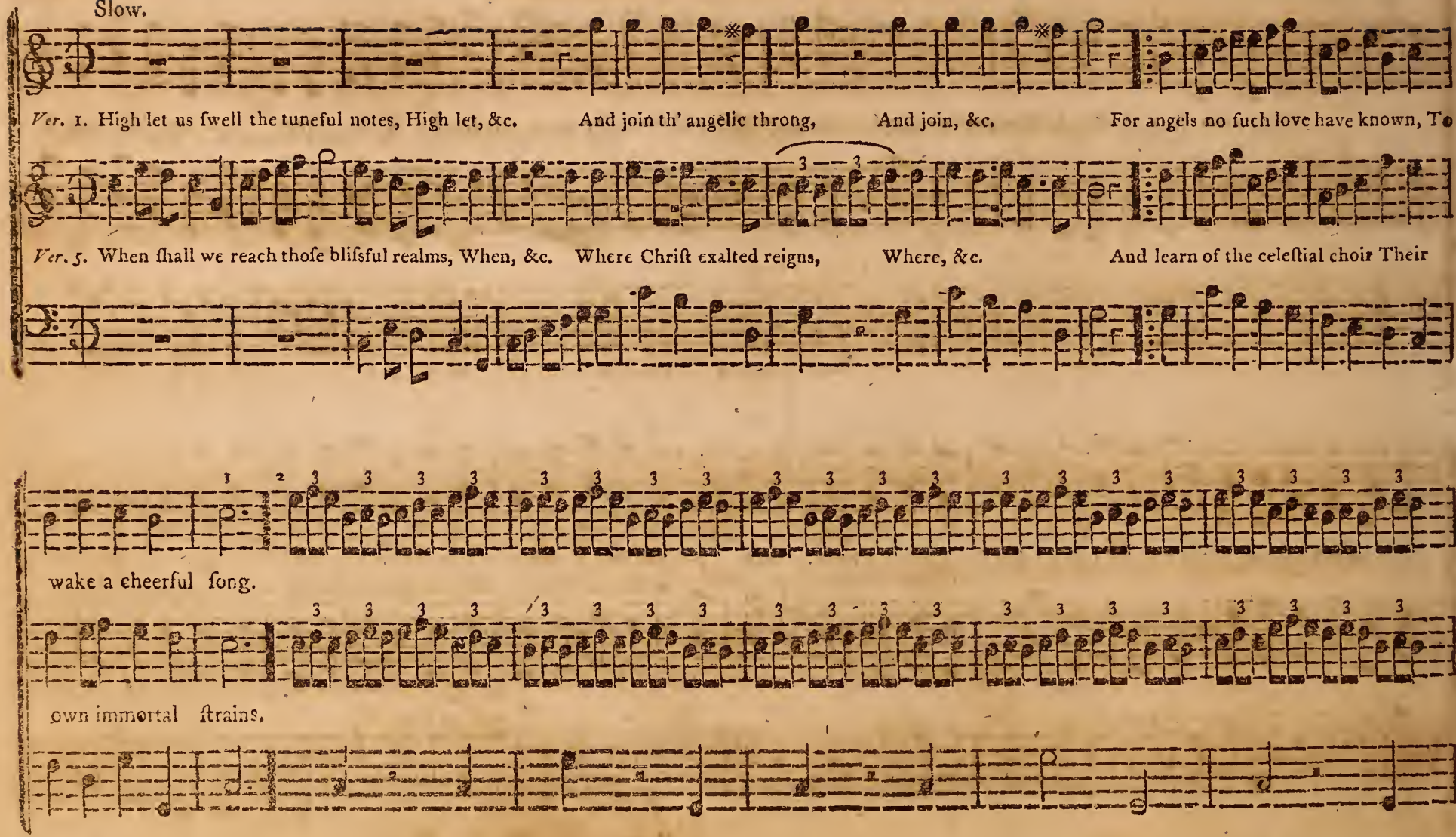
Sym.

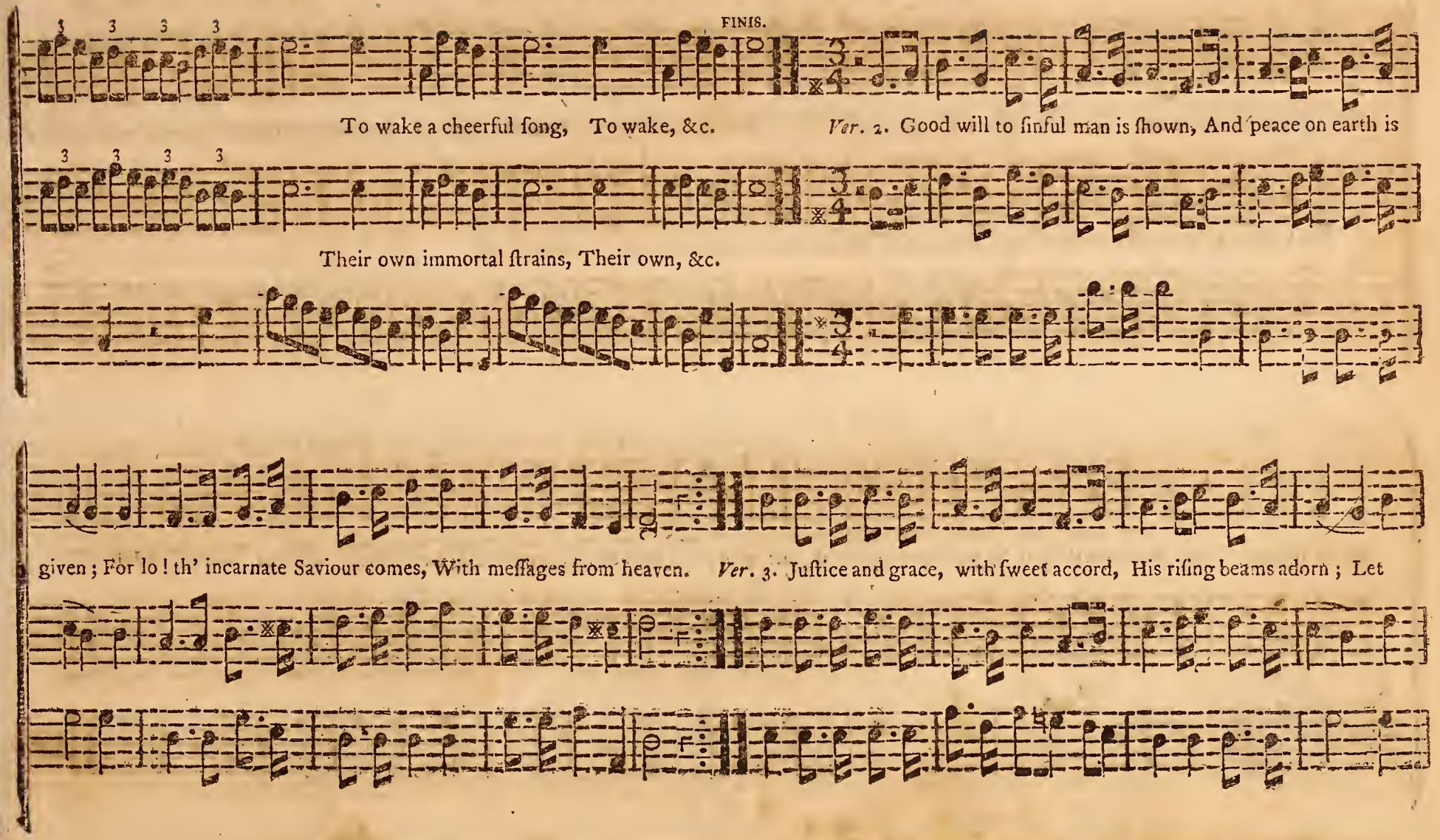

ternity's here, eternity's here, eternity's here, eternity's here.
SOLO. Diſtinct.
O that each, in the day Of his coming, may ſay—I have fought my way through, Have fought my way through, I have
finiſh'd the work Thou didſt give me to do, Have finiſh'd the work Thou didſt give me to do.

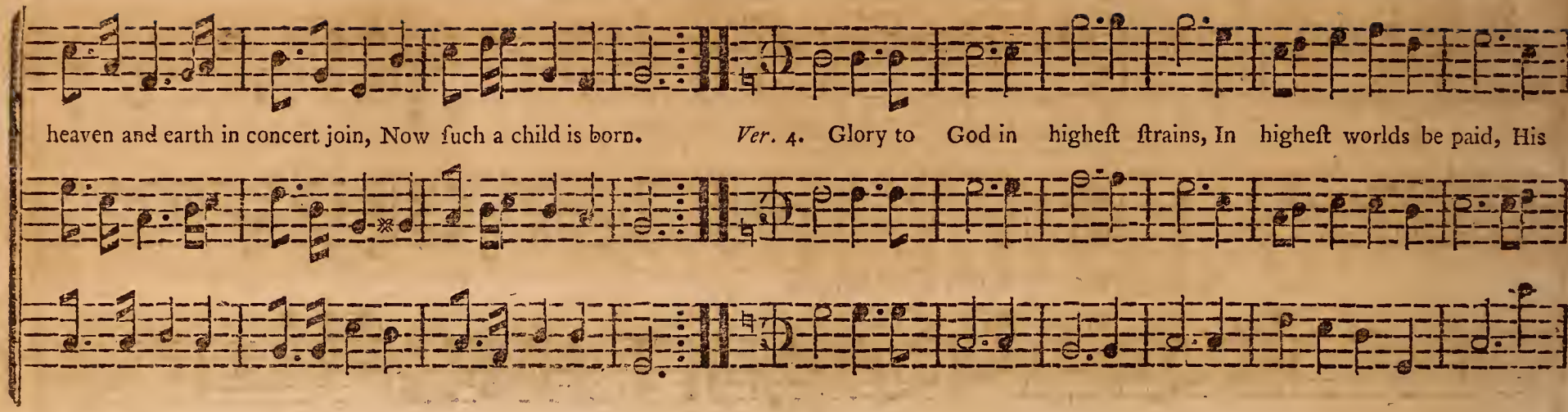

O that each, from the Lord, May receive the glad word, " Well and faithfully done, faithfully done, Enter into my joy, And sit
down on my throne, Enter into my joy, And sit down on my throne. Enter into my joy, And sit down on my throne, And sit down on my throne."

H. 104. ABINGTON. C. M. Dr. Arnold.

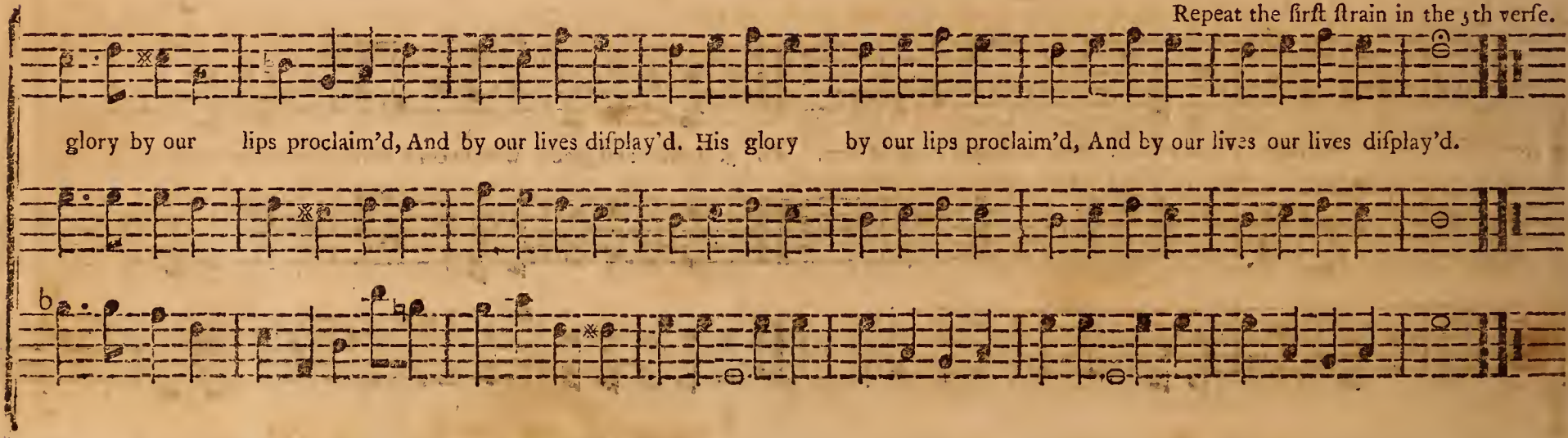
Slow.

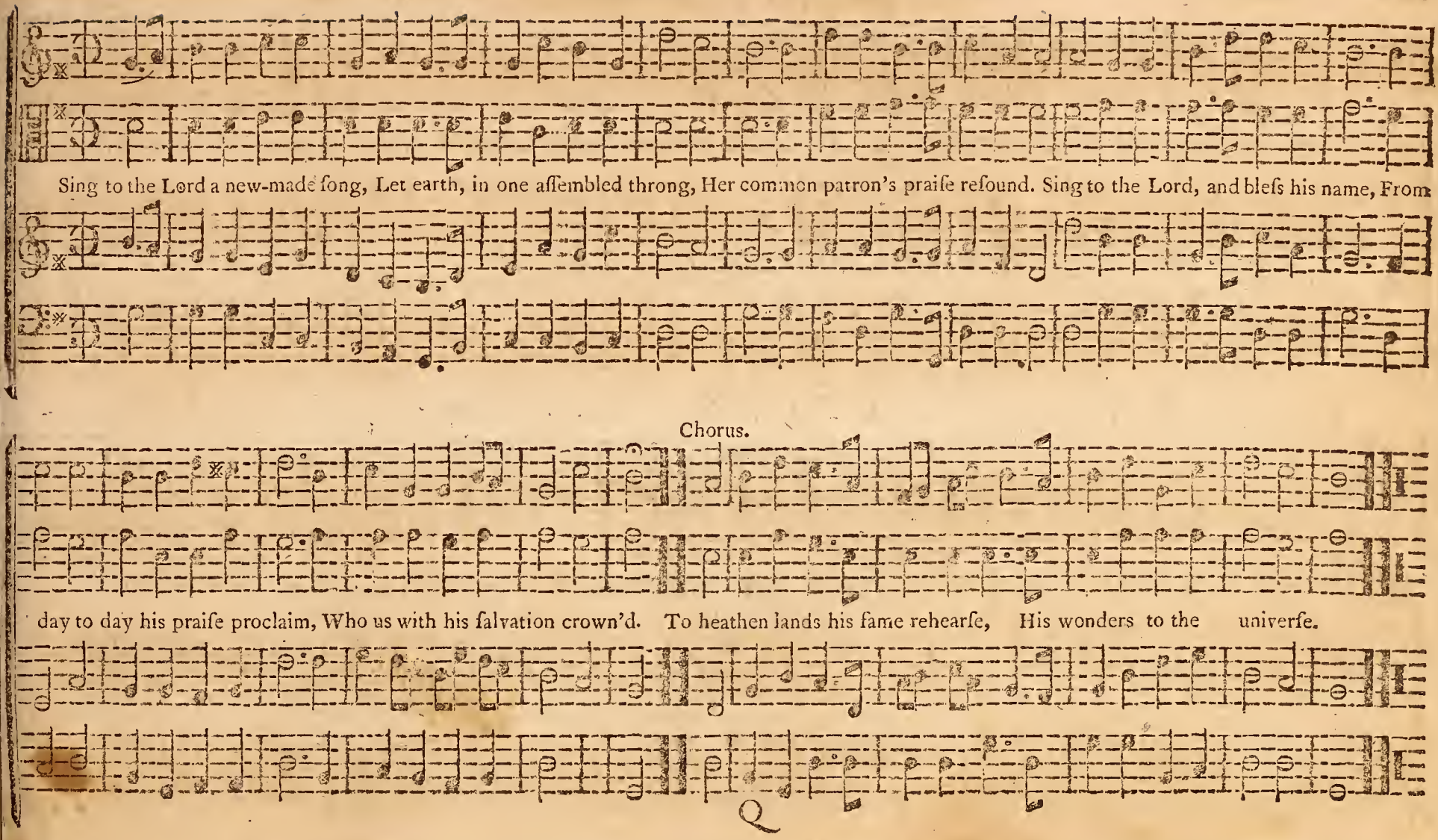


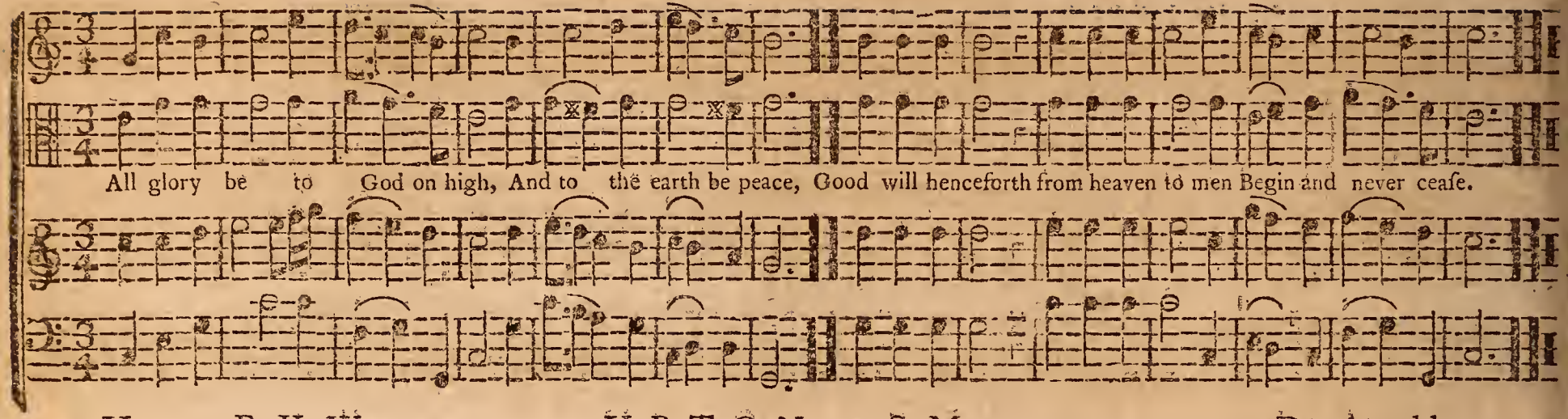

FINIS.
To wake a cheerful ſong, To wake, &c.
Ver. 2. Good will to ſinful man is ſhown, And peace on earth is
Their own immortal ſtrains, Their own, &c.
given; For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes, With meſſages from heaven.
Ver. 3. Juſtice and grace, with ſweet accord, His riſing beams adorn; Let



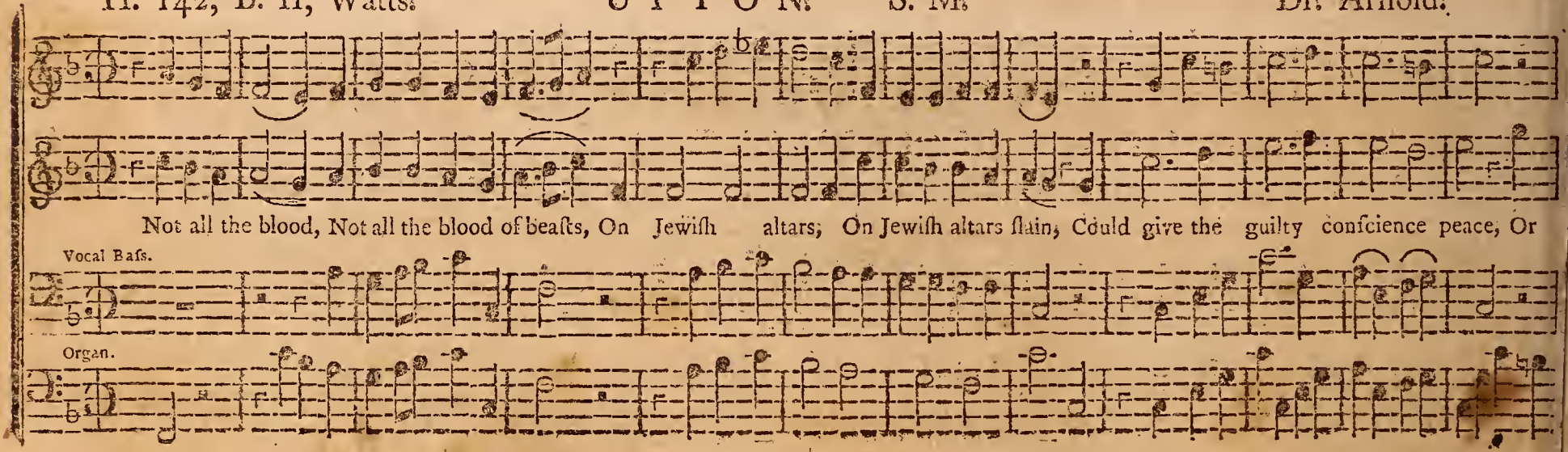
Repeat the firſt ſtrain in the 5th verſe.

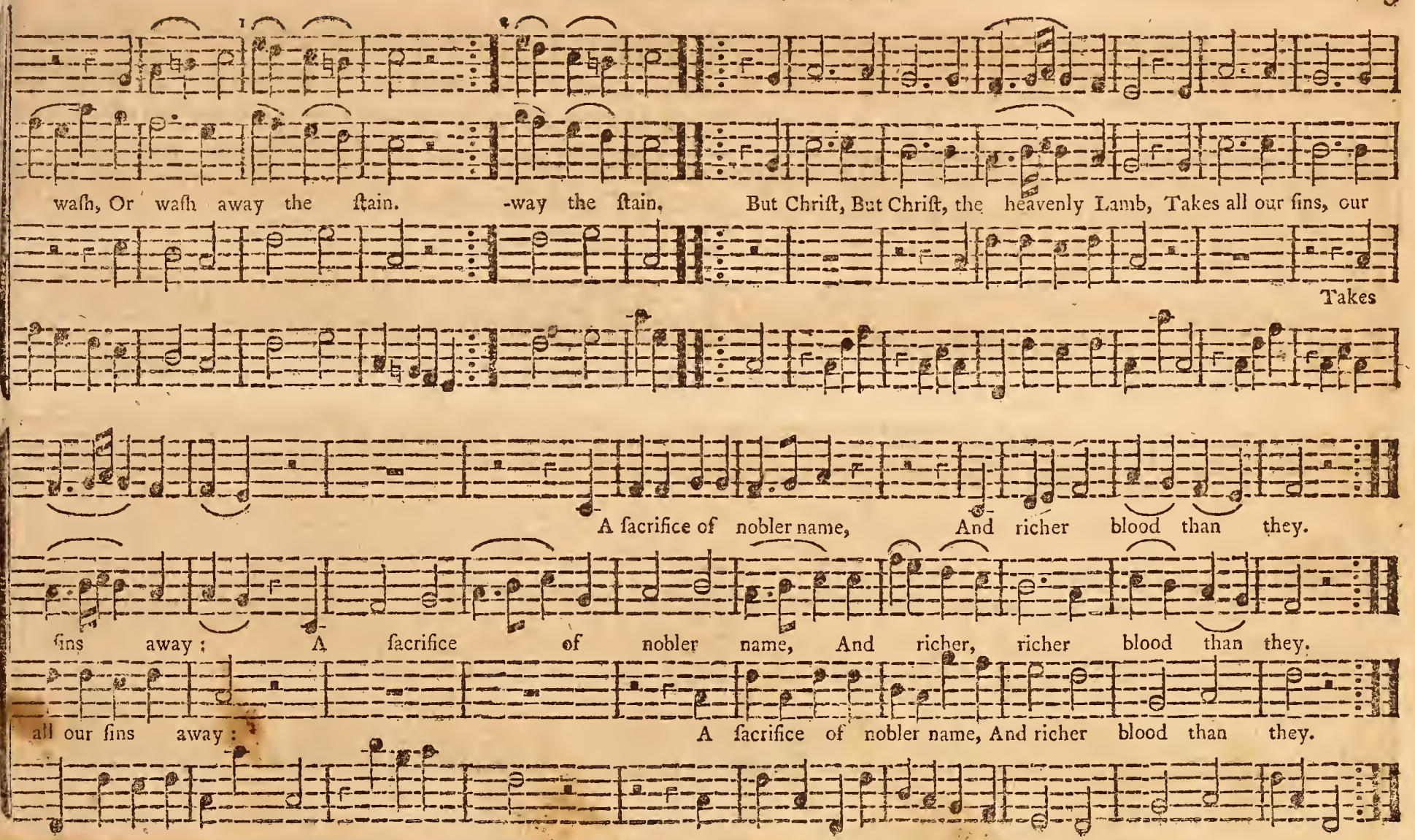


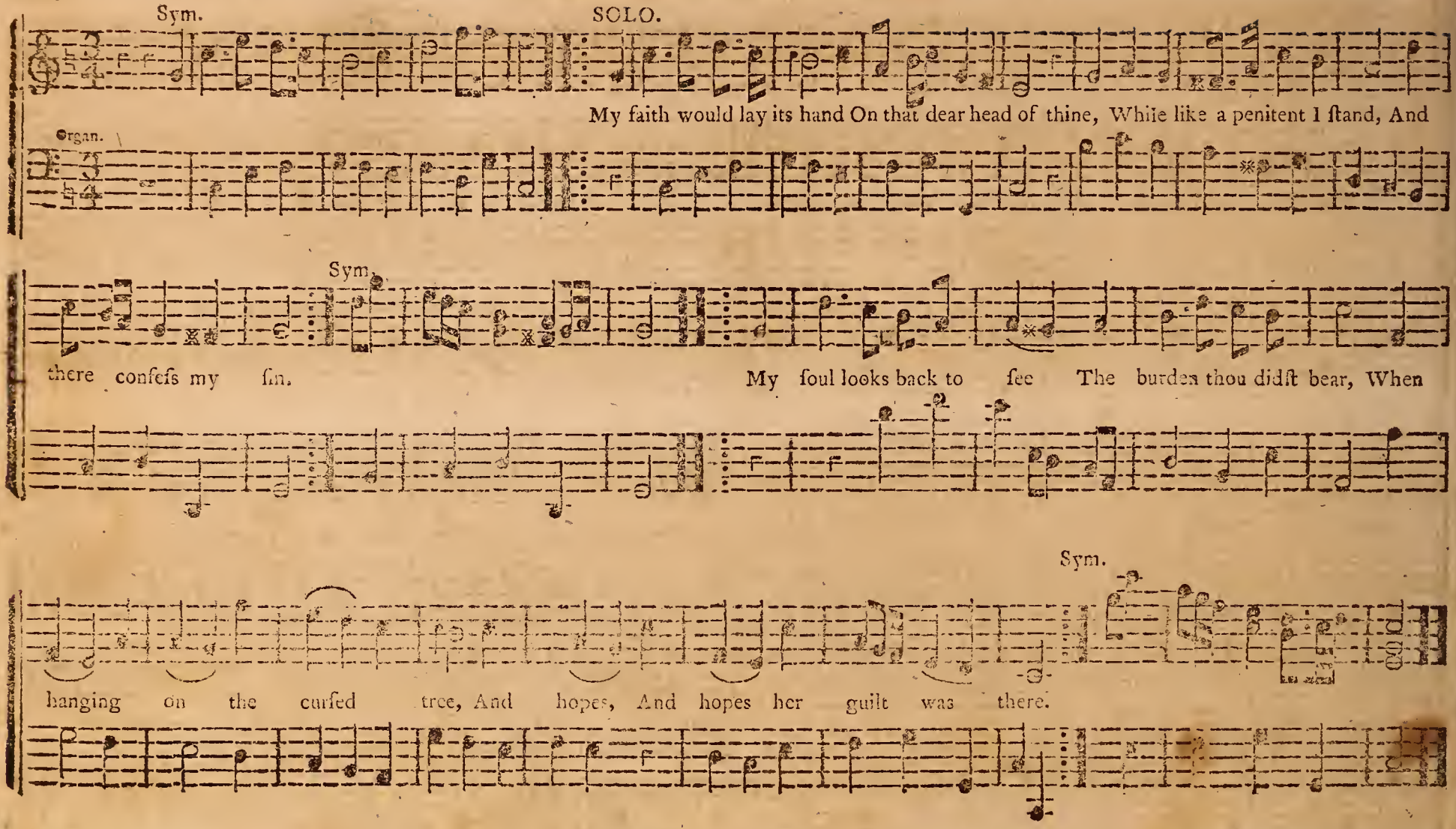

Sing to the Lord a new-made ſong, Let earth, in one aſſembled throng, Her common patron's praiſe reſound. Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his name, From
Chorus.
day to day his praiſe proclaim, Who us with his ſalvation crown'd. To heathen lands his fame rehearſe, His wonders to the univerſe.



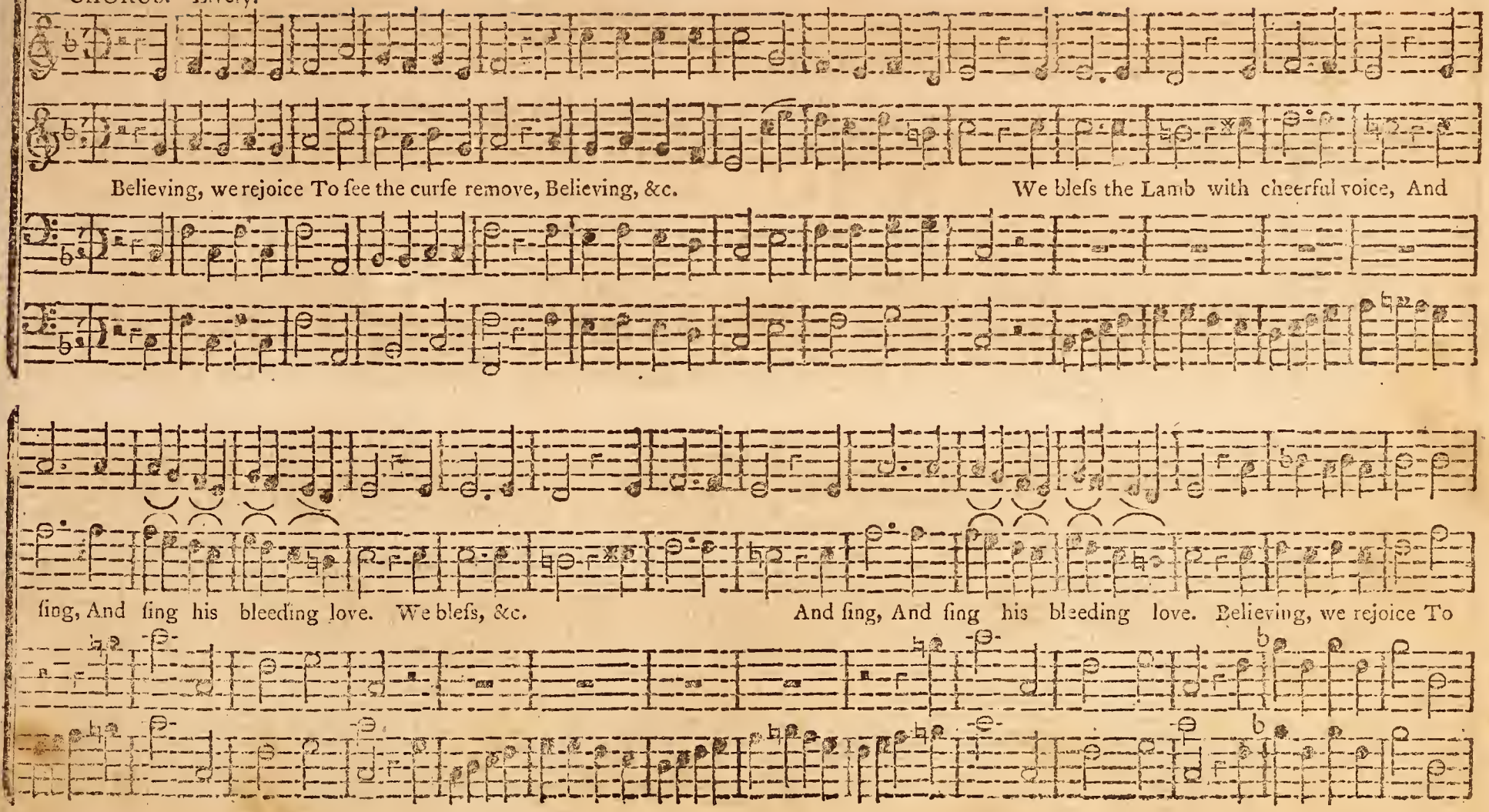
H. 142, B. II, Watts. UPTON. S. M. Dr. Arnold.

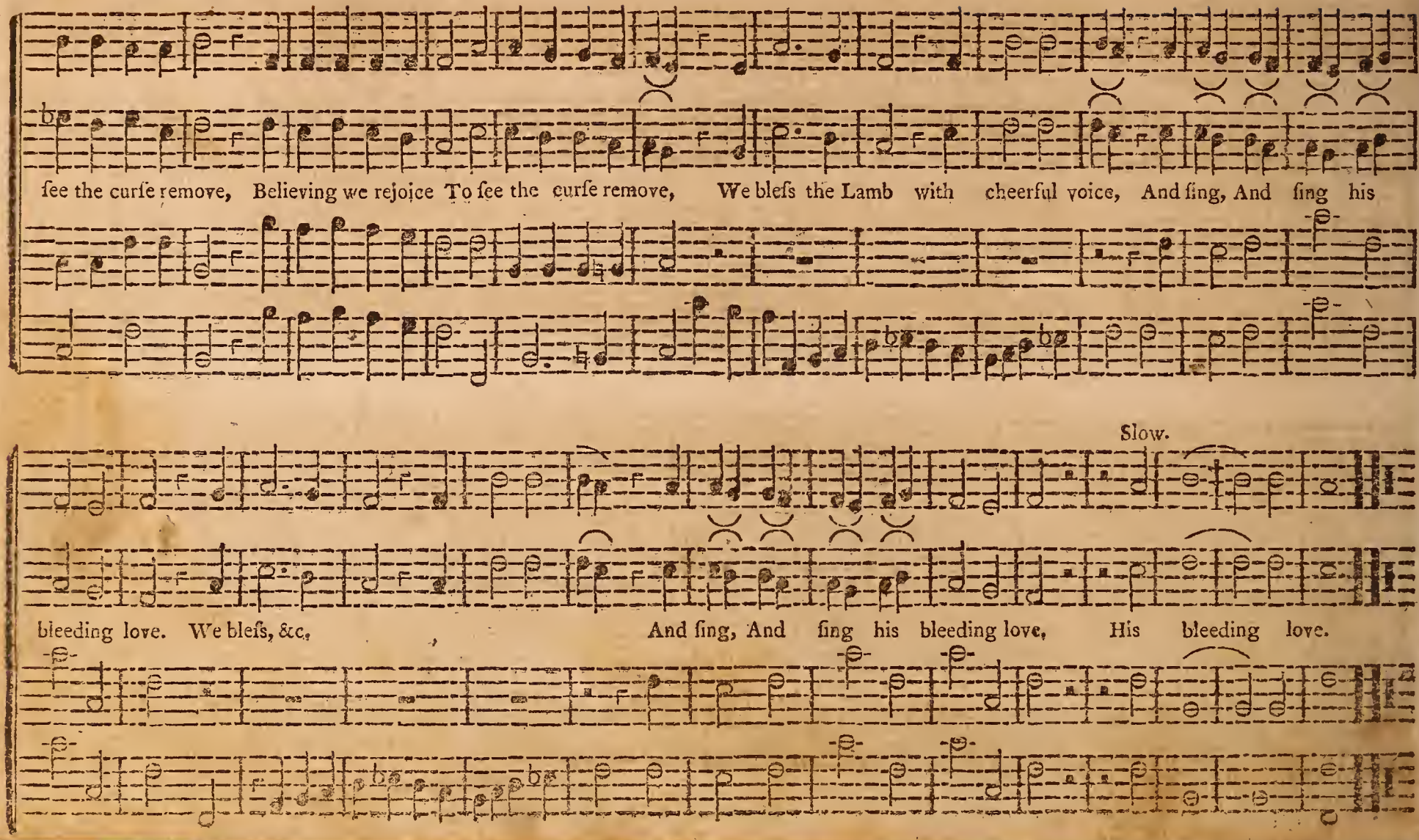



waſh, Or waſh away the ſtain. -way the ſtain, But Chriſt, But Chriſt, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our ſins, our
Takes
A ſacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.
ſins away; A ſacrifice of nobler name, And richer, richer blood than they.
all our ſins away: A ſacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.

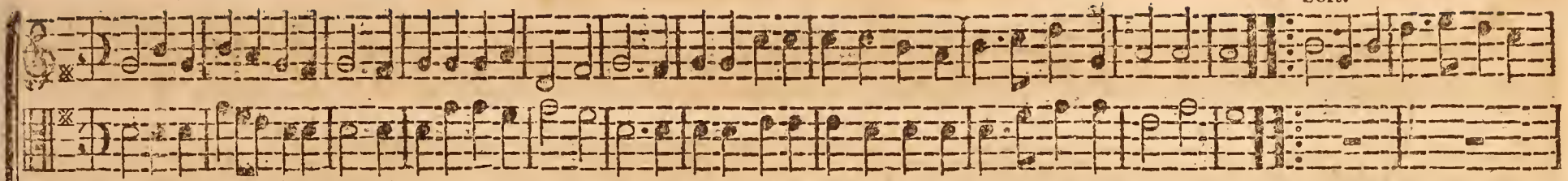

Sym.
SOLO.
My faith would lay its hand On that dear head of thine, While like a penitent I ſtand, And
Organ.
Sym.
there confeſs my ſin.
My ſoul looks back to ſee The burden thou didſt bear, When
Sym.
hanging on the curſed tree, And hopes, And hopes her guilt was there.

CHORUS. Lively.

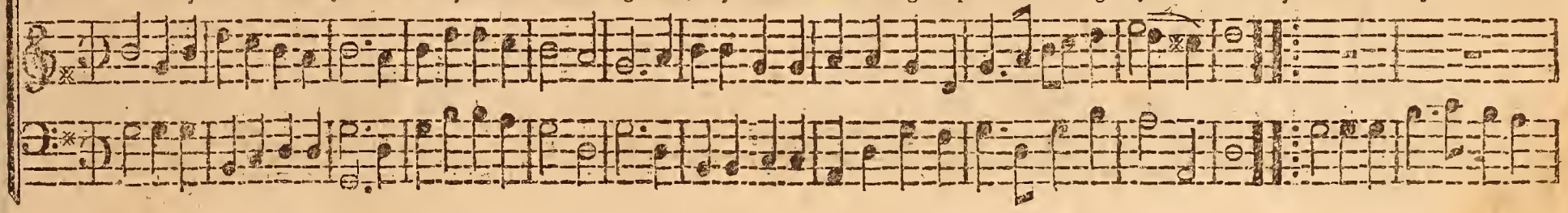



ſee the curſe remove, Believing we rejoice To ſee the curſe remove, We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice, And ſing, And ſing his
Slow.
bleeding love. We bleſs, &c, And ſing, And ſing his bleeding love, His bleeding love.

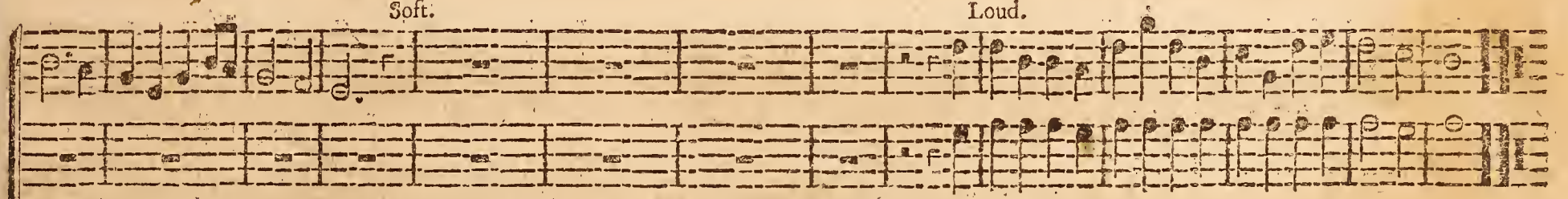
Soft.



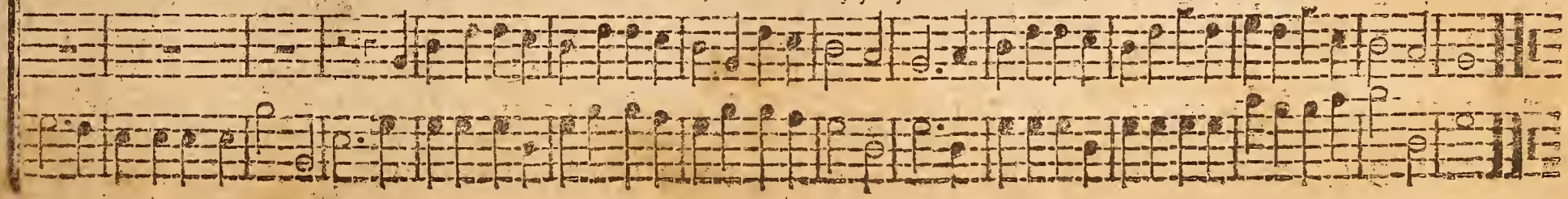
Now can my soul in God rejoice, I feel my Saviour's cheering voice; My heart awakes to sing his praise, And longs to join immortal lays. Hold me, O Jesus, in thine

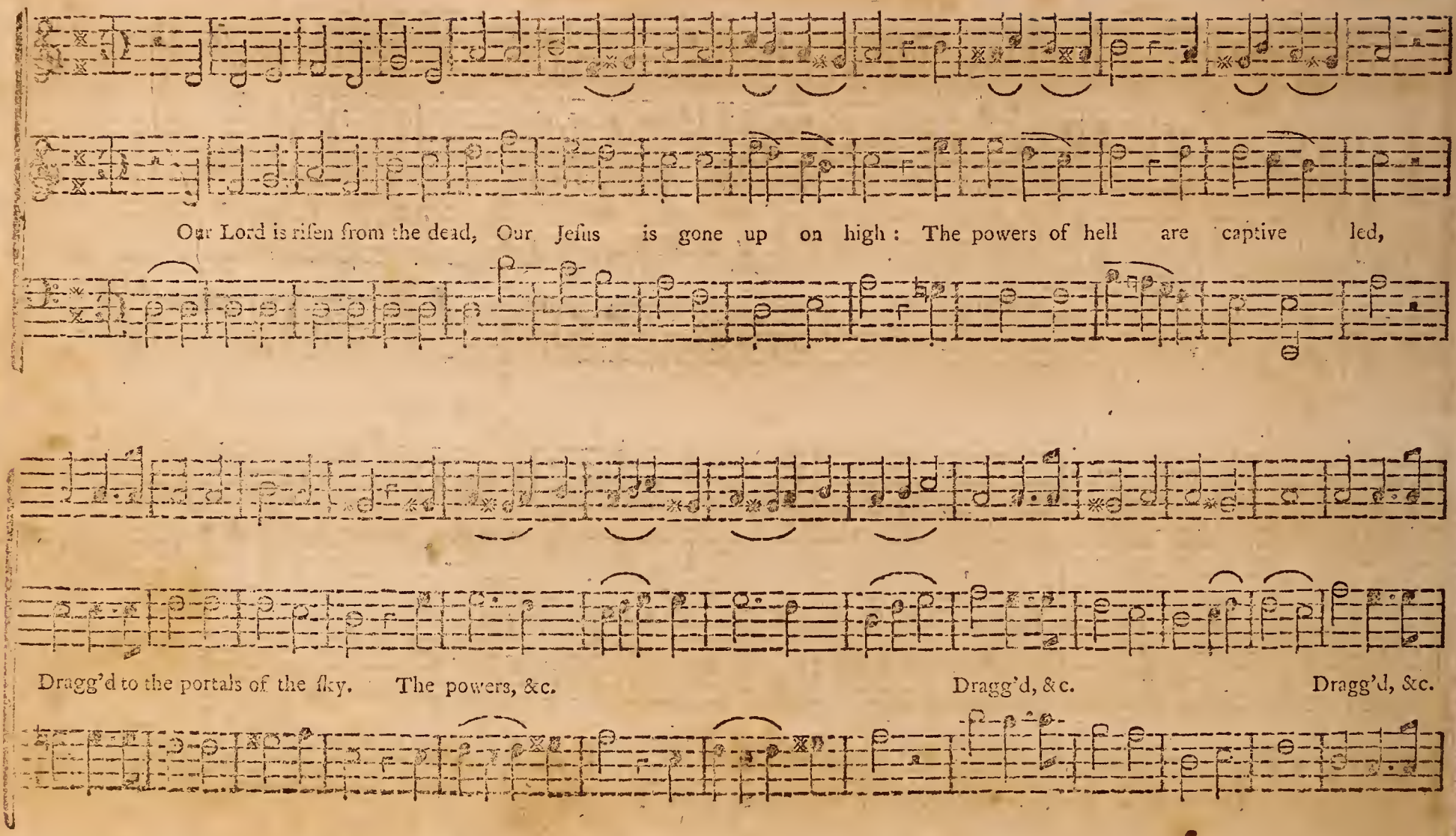


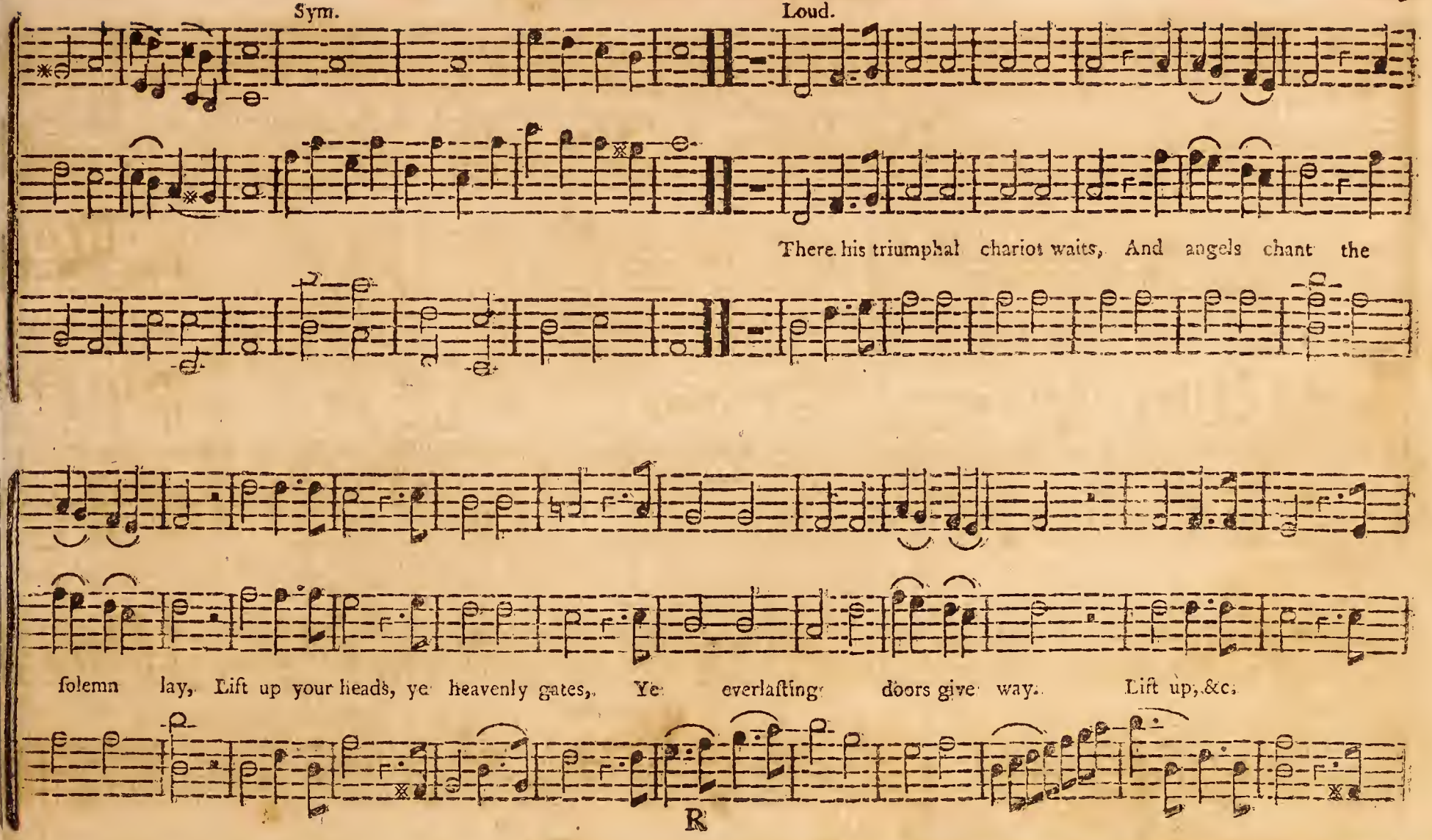
Soft. Loud.



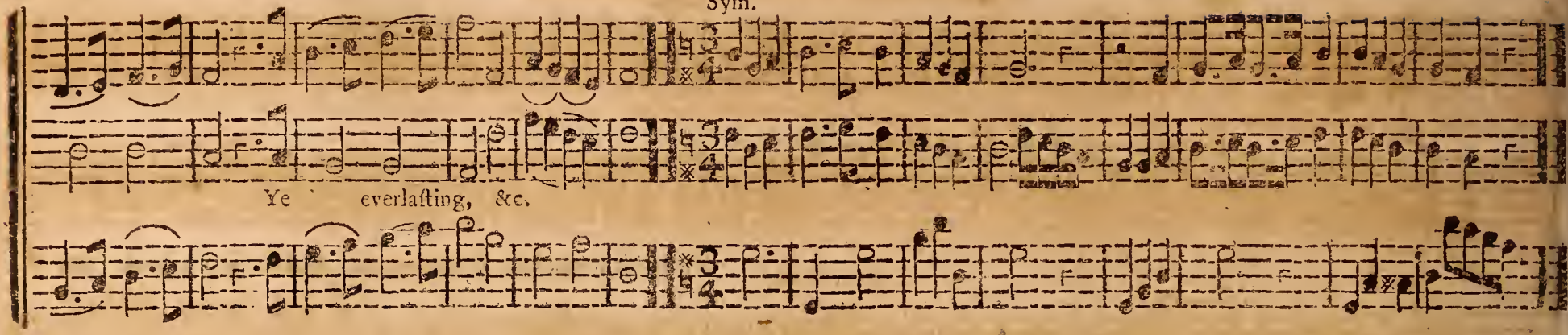
arms, And cheer me with immortal charms, Till I awake in realms above, Forever to enjoy thy love. Till I awake, &c.



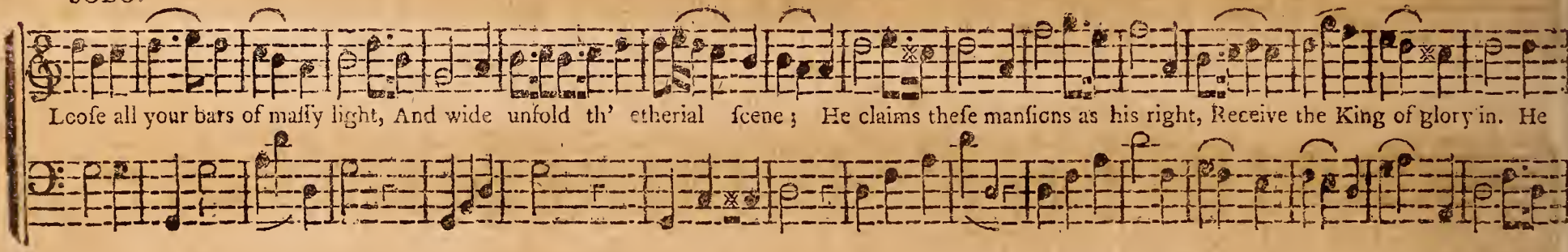

Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high: The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky. The powers, &c.
Dragg'd, &c.
Dragg'd, &c.


Sym.
Loud.
There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the
folemn lay, Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates, Ye everlafting doors give way. Lift up, &c.
R

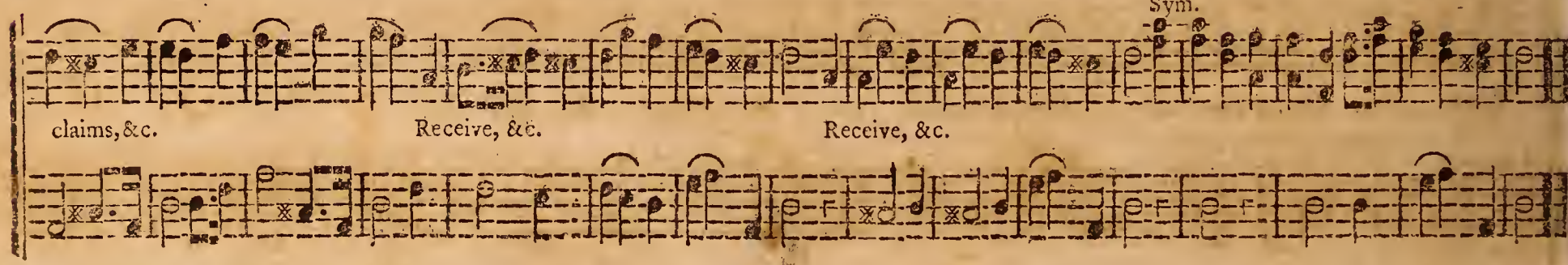
Sym.

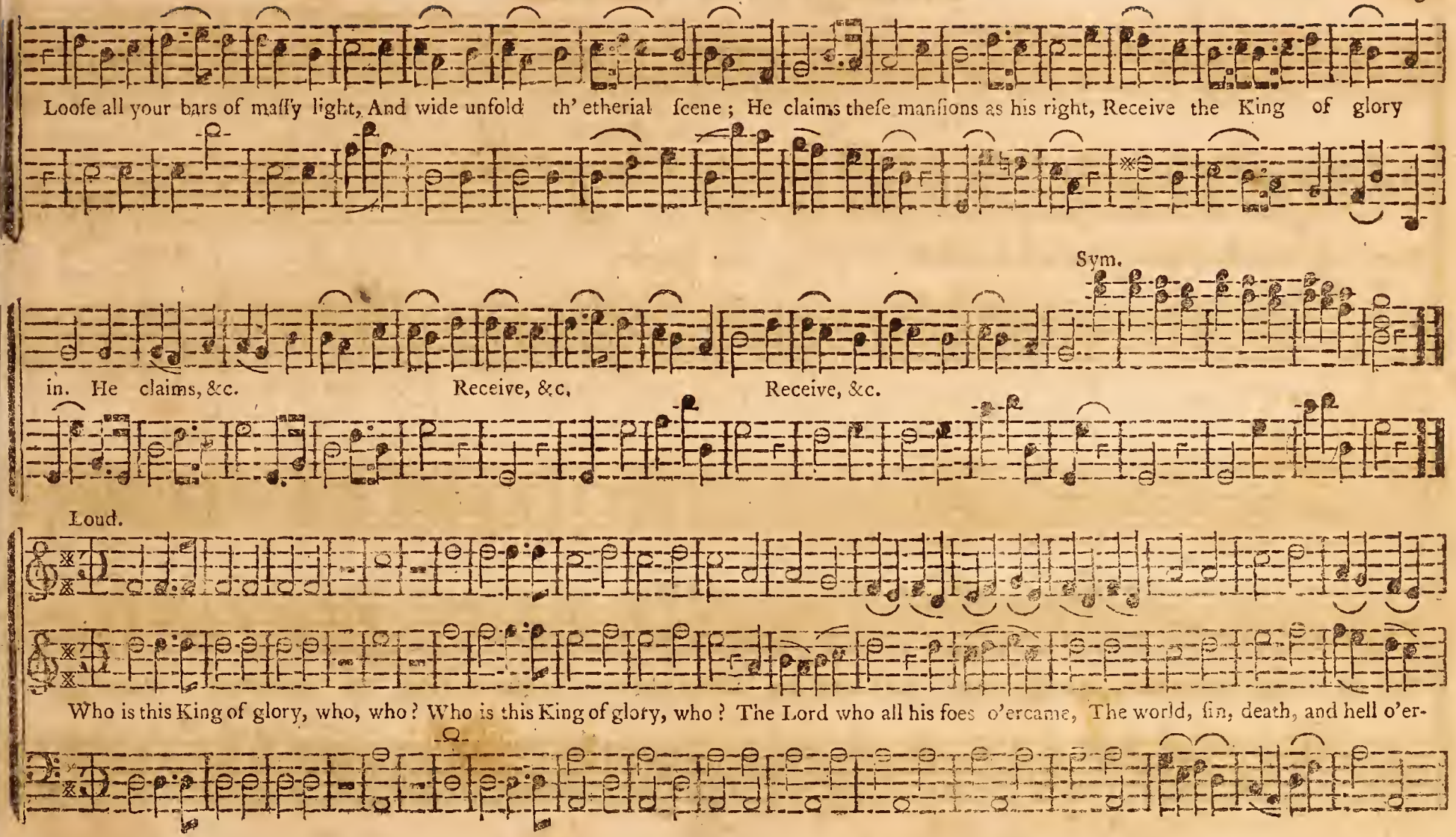

Ye everlasting, &c.

SOLO.


Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold th' etherial scene; He claims these mansions as his right, Receive the King of glory in. He

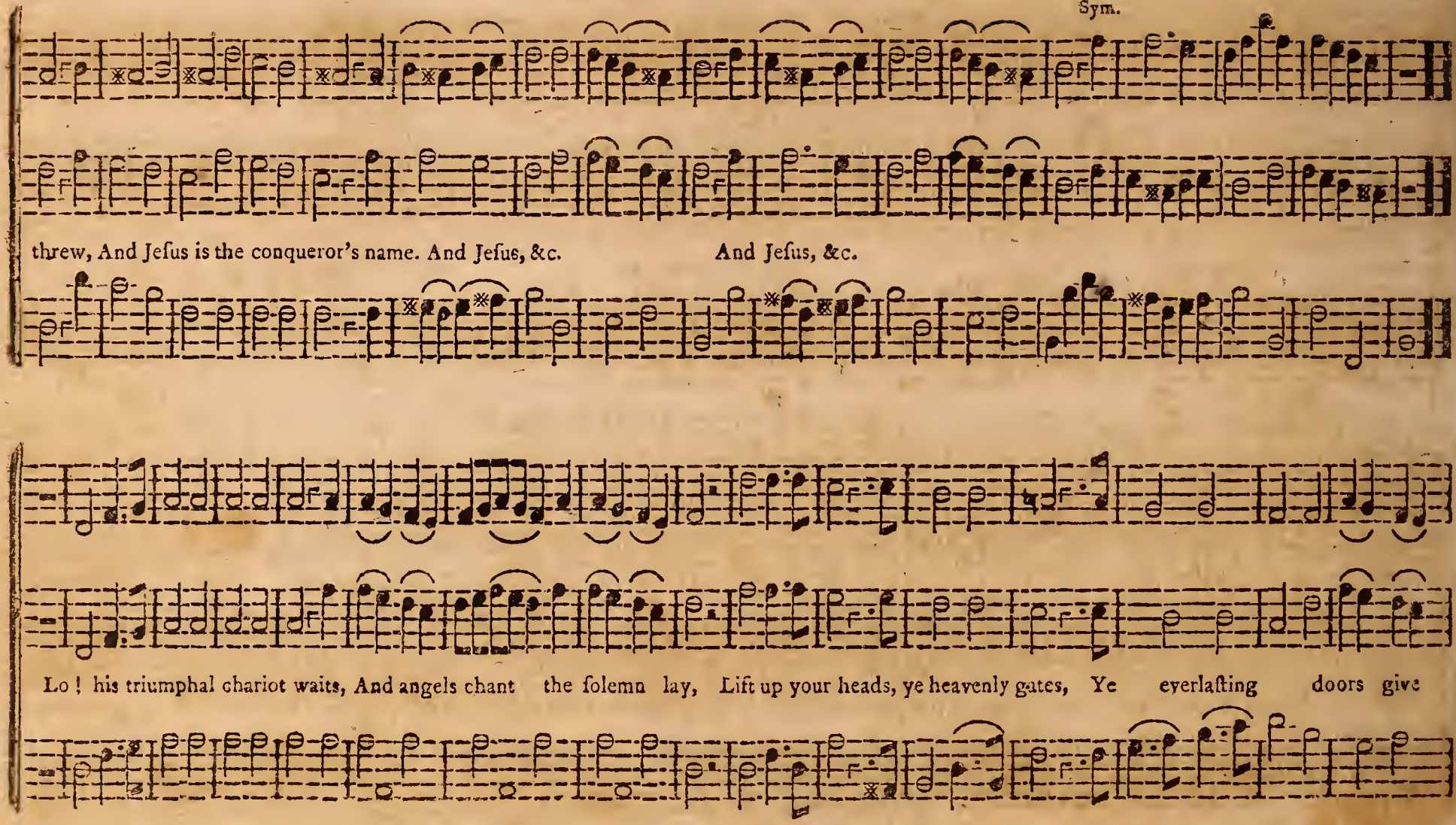
Sym.

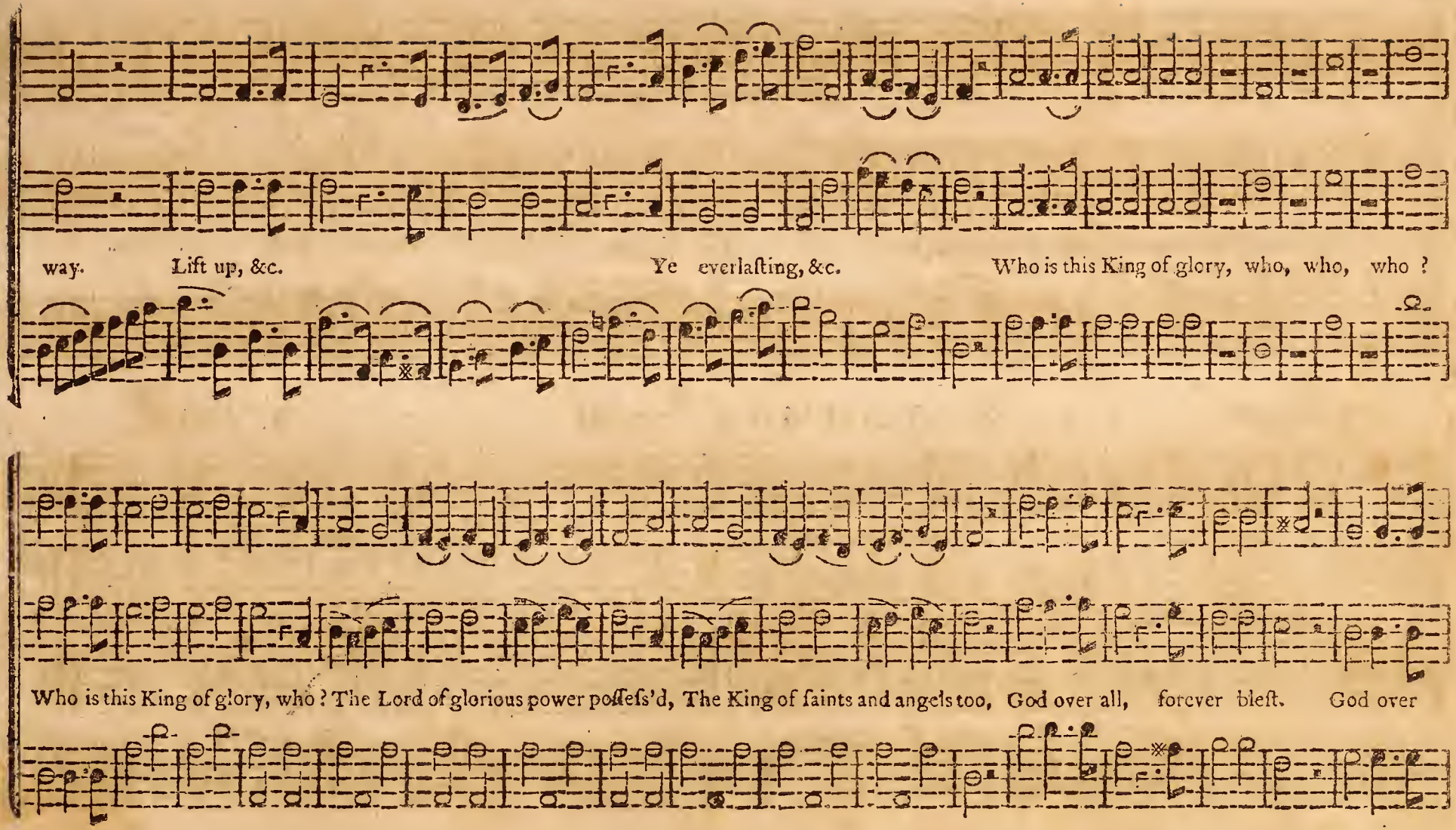

claims, &c.
Receive, &c.
Receive, &c.

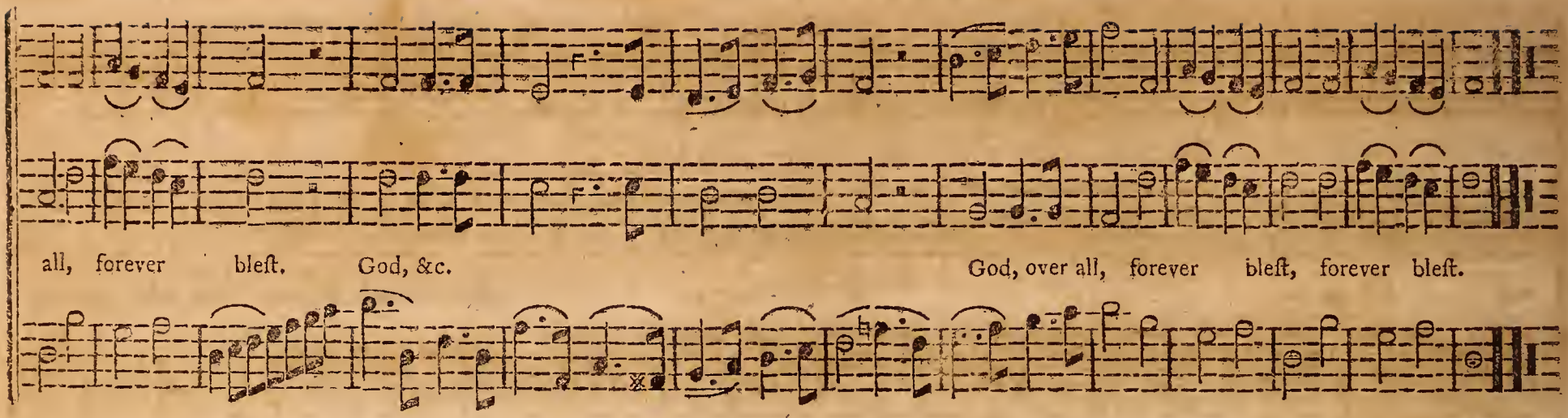

Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold th' etherial scene; He claims these mansions as his right, Receive the King of glory
Sym.
in. He claims, &c.
Receive, &c.
Receive, &c.
Loud.
Who is this King of glory, who, who? Who is this King of glory, who? The Lord who all his foes o'ercame, The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-

CHESHUNT continued.

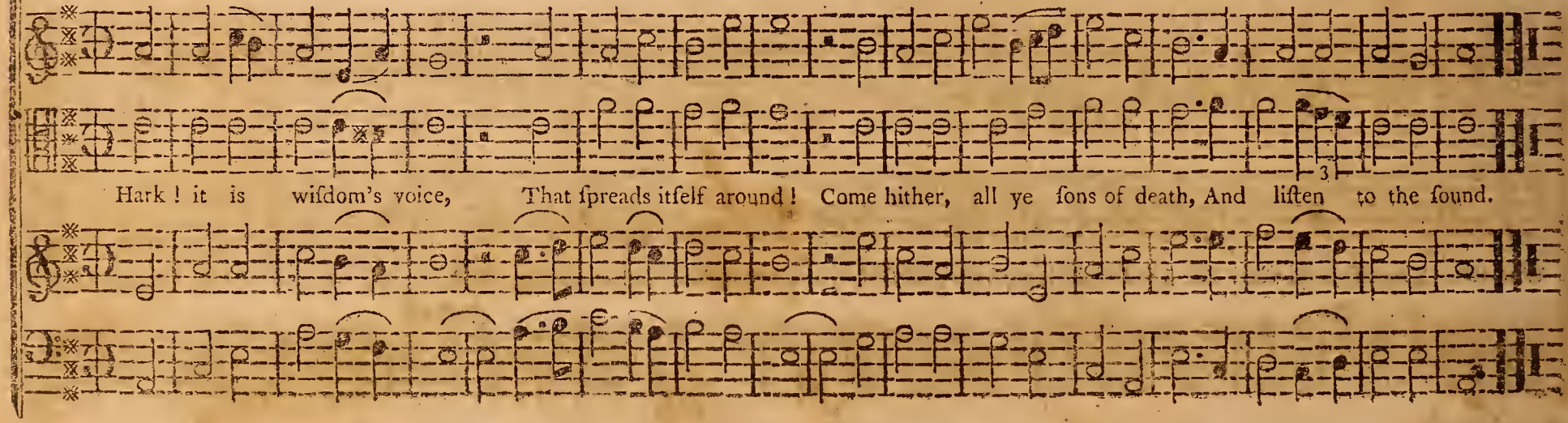
Sym.

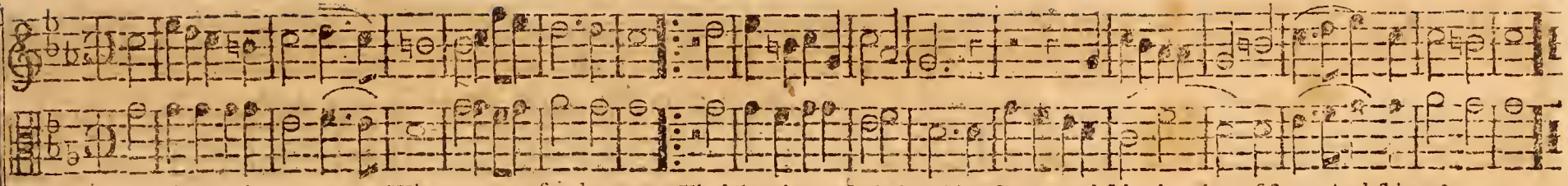



way. Lift up, &c.
Ye everlasting, &c.
Who is this King of glory, who, who, who ?
Who is this King of glory, who ? The Lord of glorious power poſſeſs'd, The King of ſaints and angels too, God over all, forever bleſt. God over

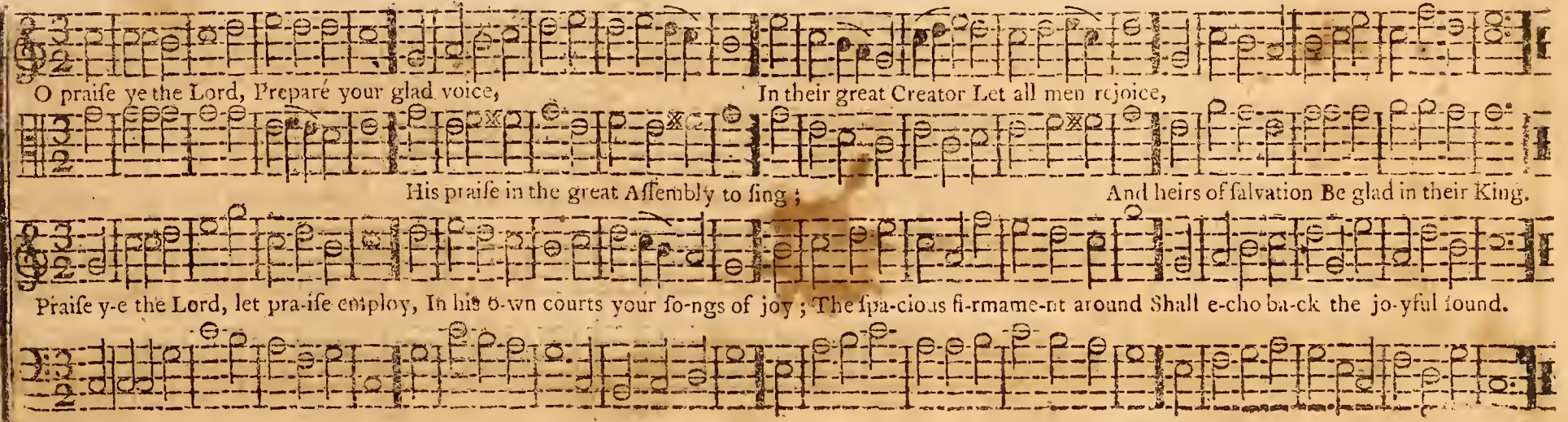


H. 100. St. THOMAS. S. M. A. Williams.



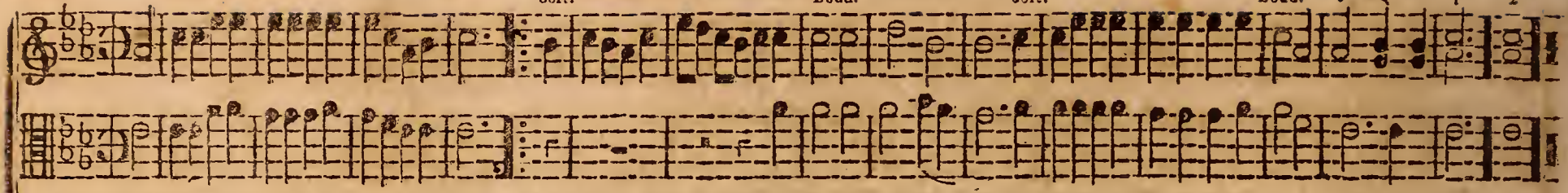


Ps. 149, *or* 150. St. MICHAEL's. P. M. *or* L. M. Handel.

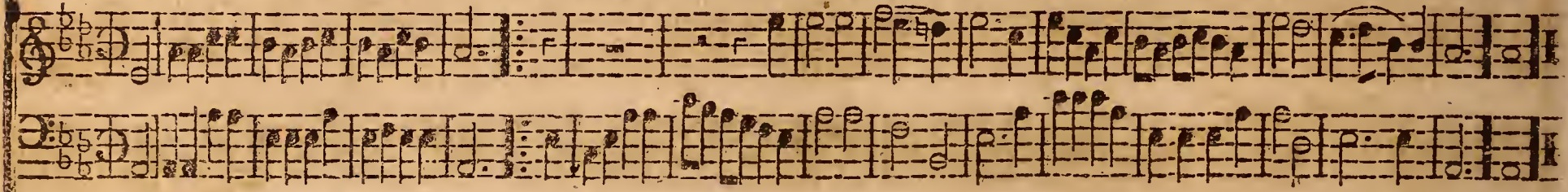


CORONATION. C. M. *Holden.*

Soft. Loud. Soft. Loud. 1 2

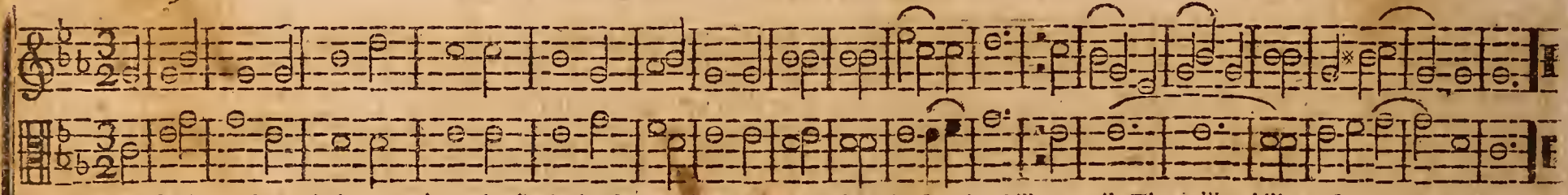


All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all. Bring forth, &c.

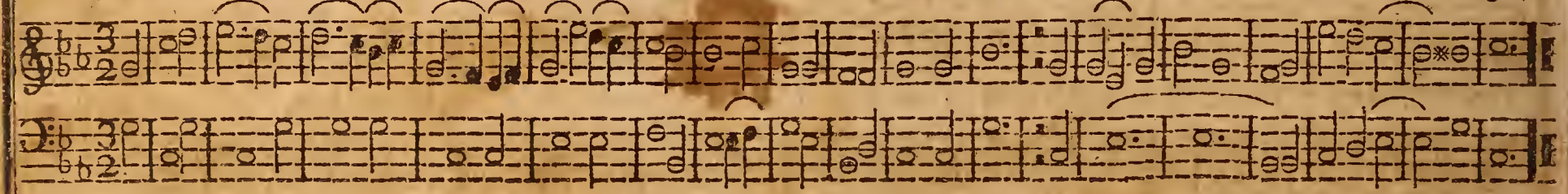


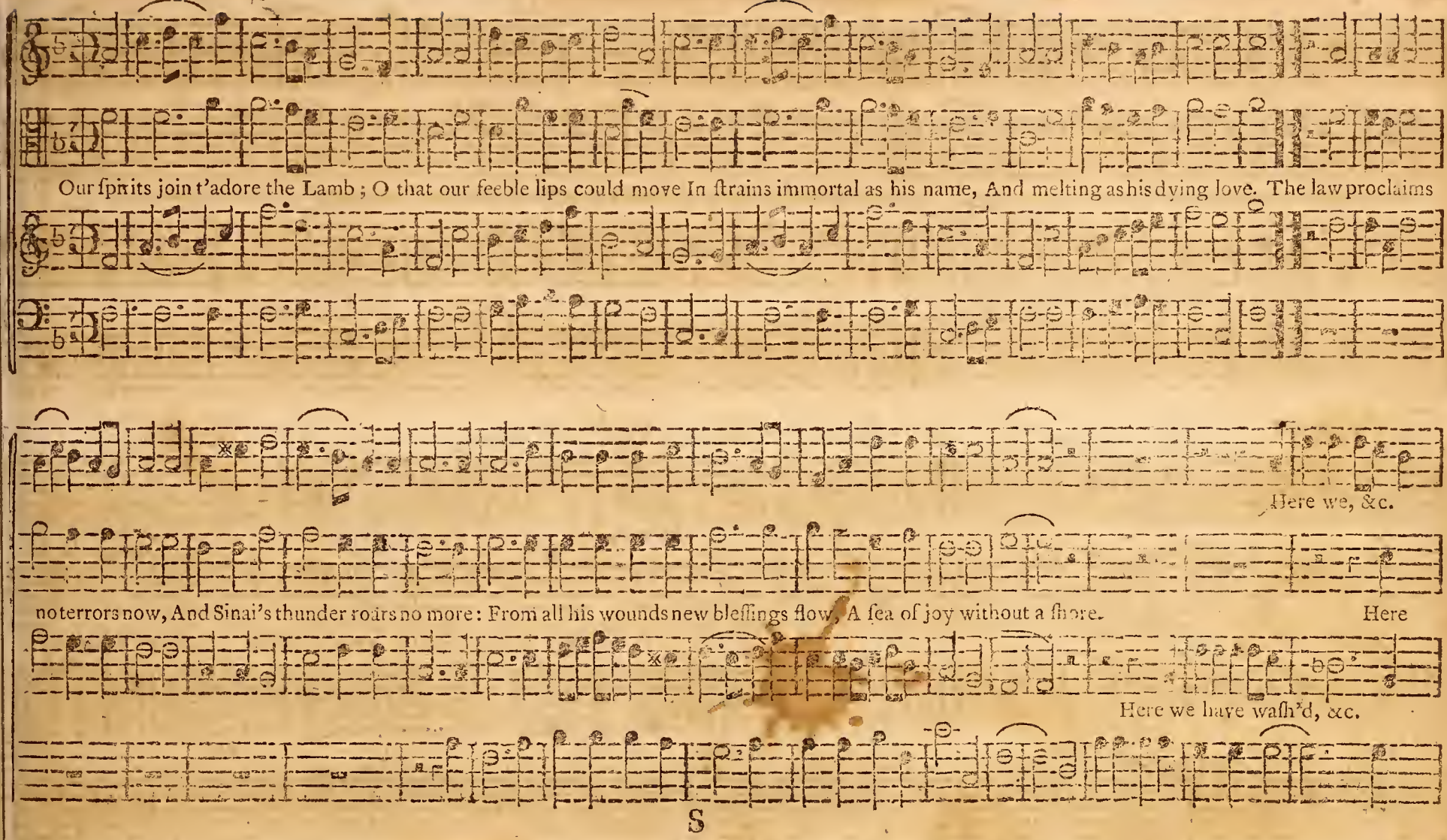
Ps. 89.

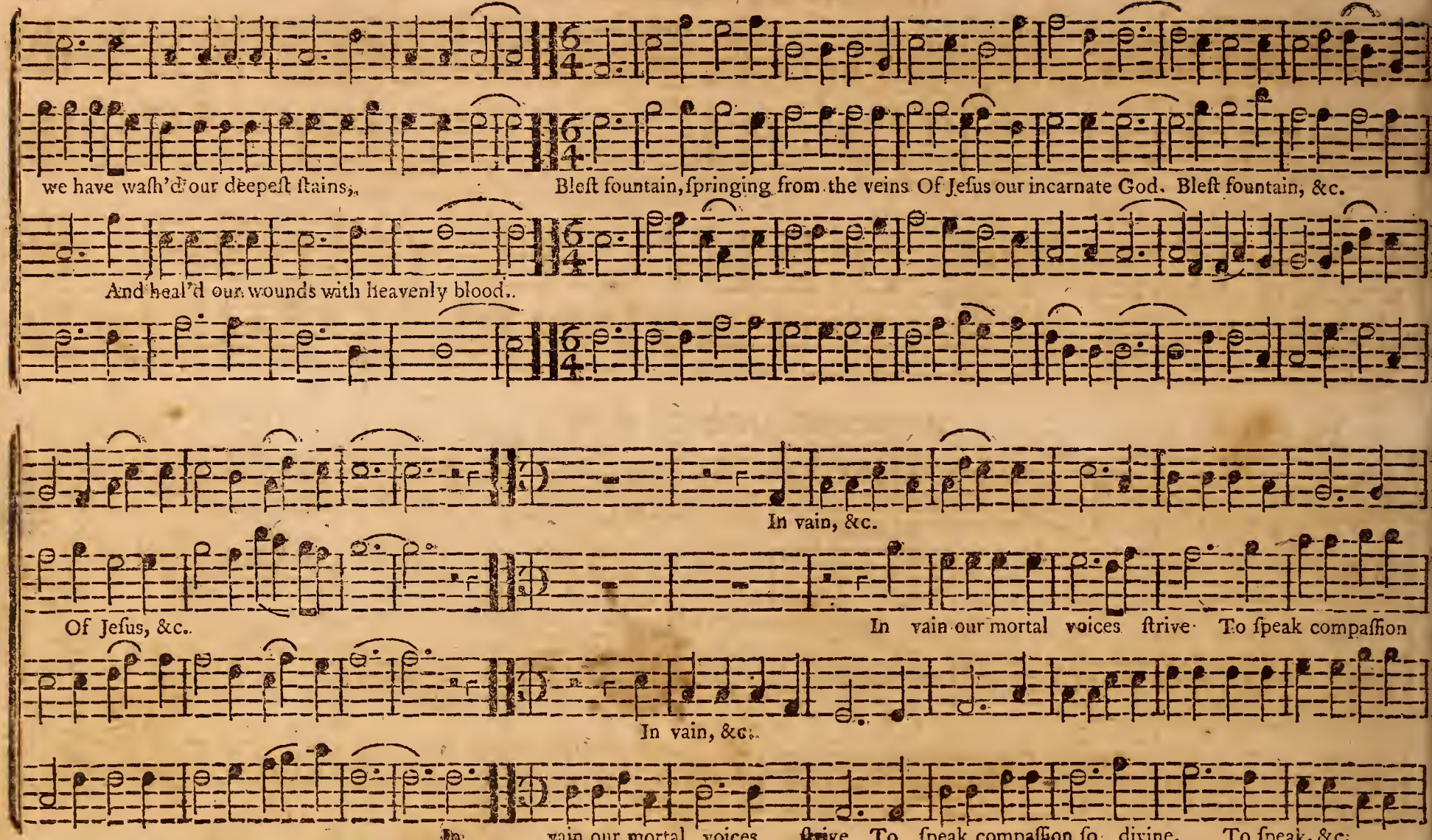
BILLOW. C. M. *Brown.*

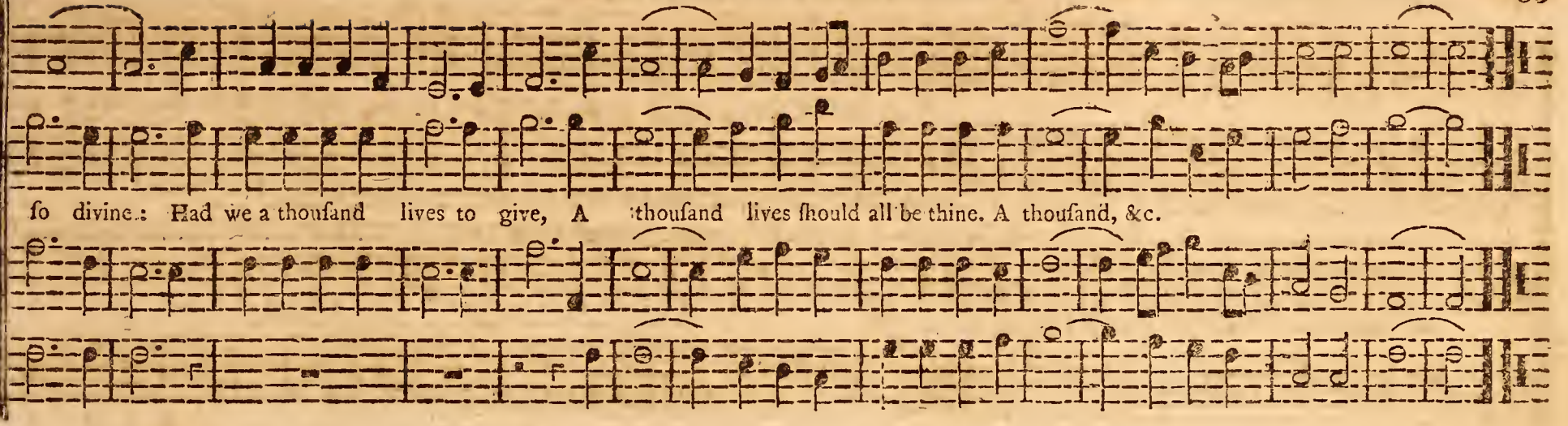


Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the boisterous deep: Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep. The rolling, &c.

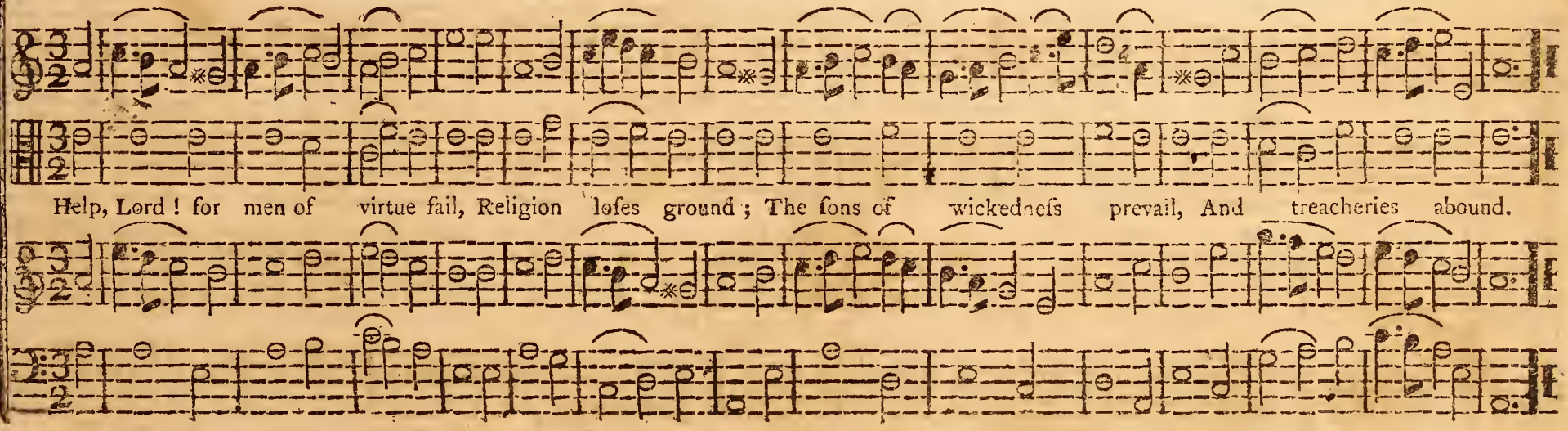



Our ſpirits join t'adore the Lamb; O that our feeble lips could move In ſtrains immortal as his name, And melting as his dying love. The law proclaims
Here we, &c.
no terrors now, And Sinai's thunder roars no more: From all his wounds new bleſſings flow, A ſea of joy without a ſhore.
Here
Here we have waſh'd, &c.

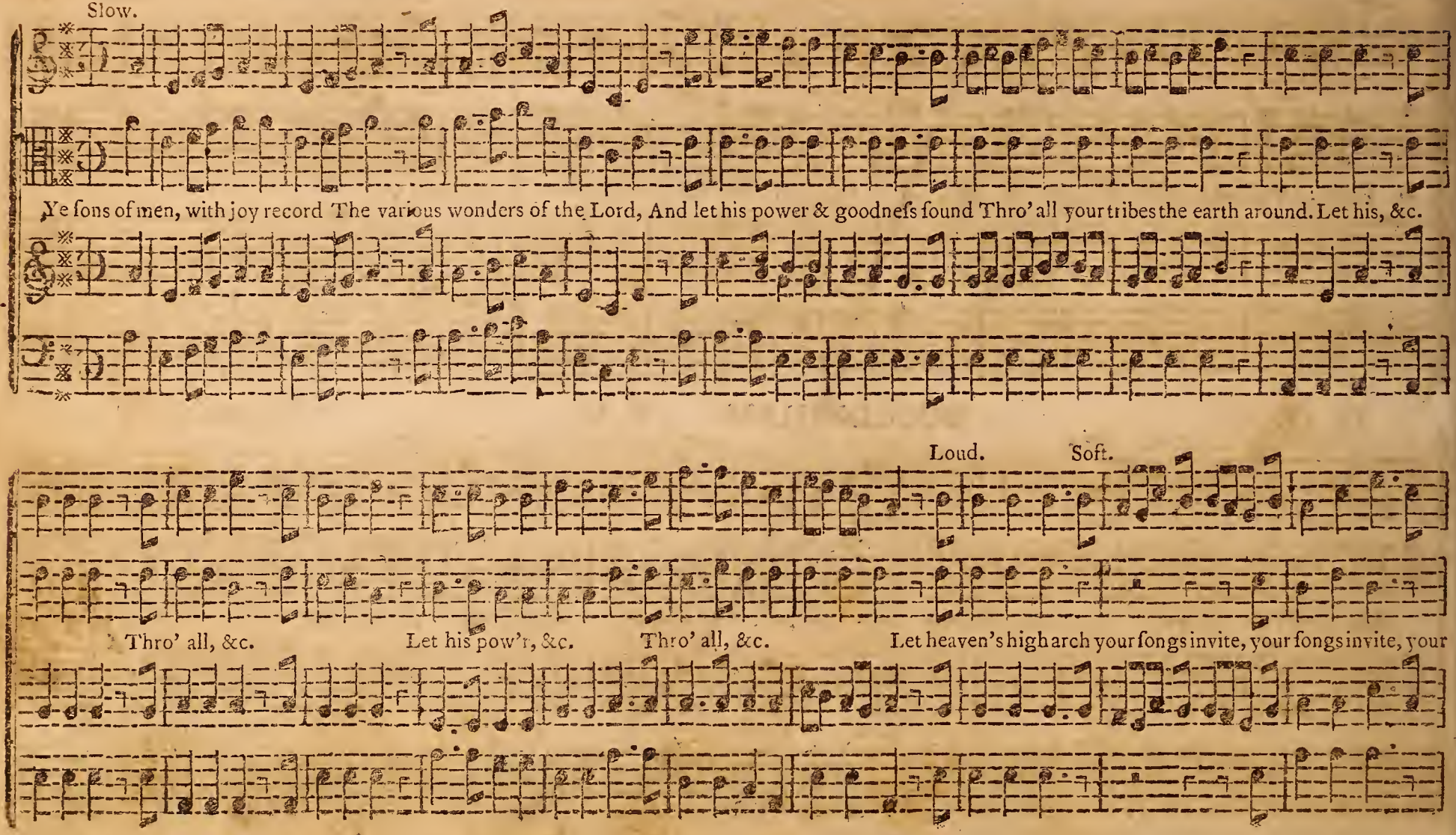

we have waſh'd our deepeſt ſtains,
Bleſt fountain, ſpringing from the veins Of Jeſus our incarnate God. Bleſt fountain, &c.
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood.
In vain, &c.
Of Jeſus, &c.
In vain our mortal voices ſtrive To ſpeak compaſſion
In vain, &c.
In vain our mortal voices ſtrive To ſpeak compaſſion ſo divine, To ſpeak, &c.



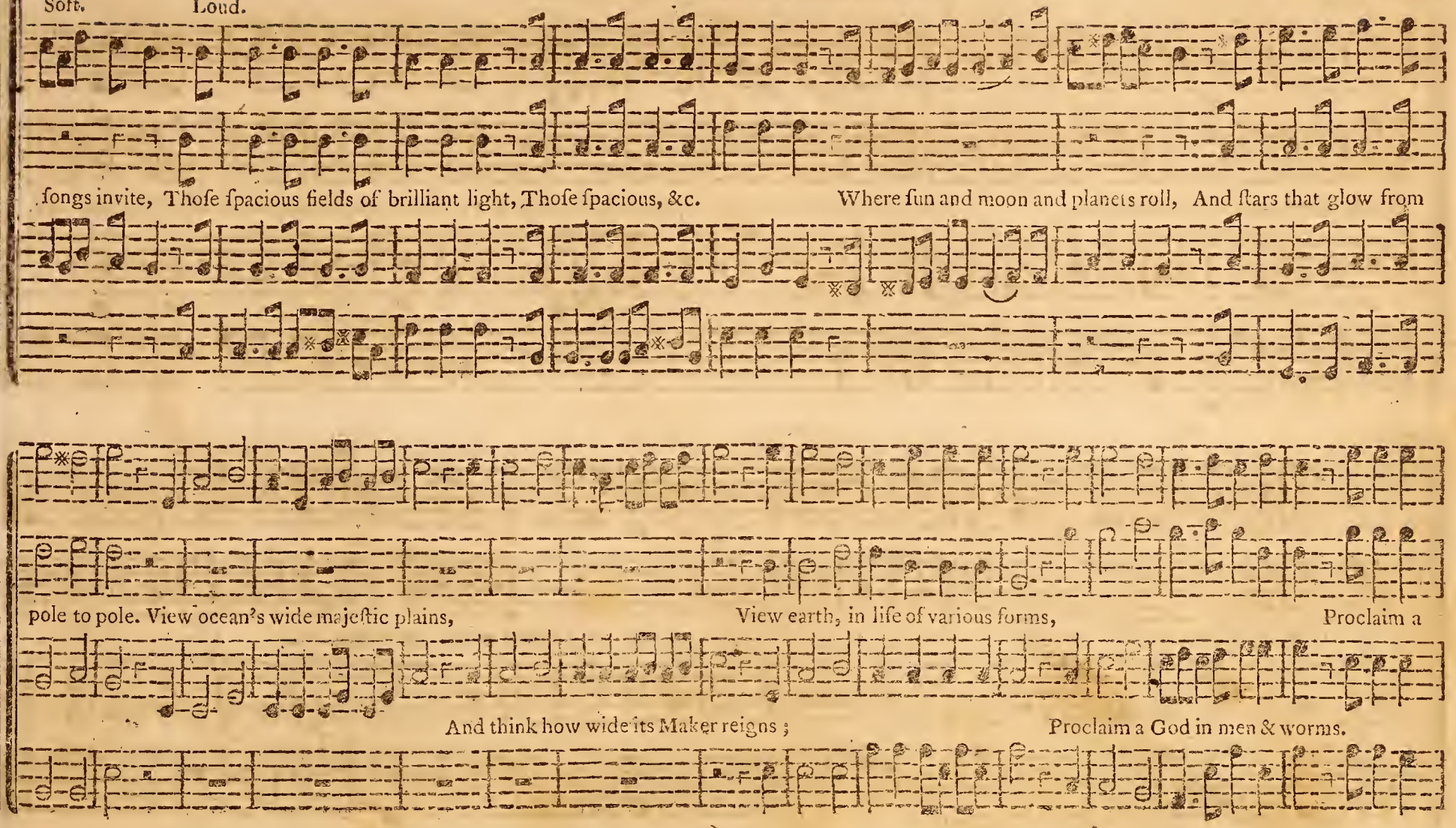
Ps. 12. BUCKINGHAM. C. M. Williams' Coll.

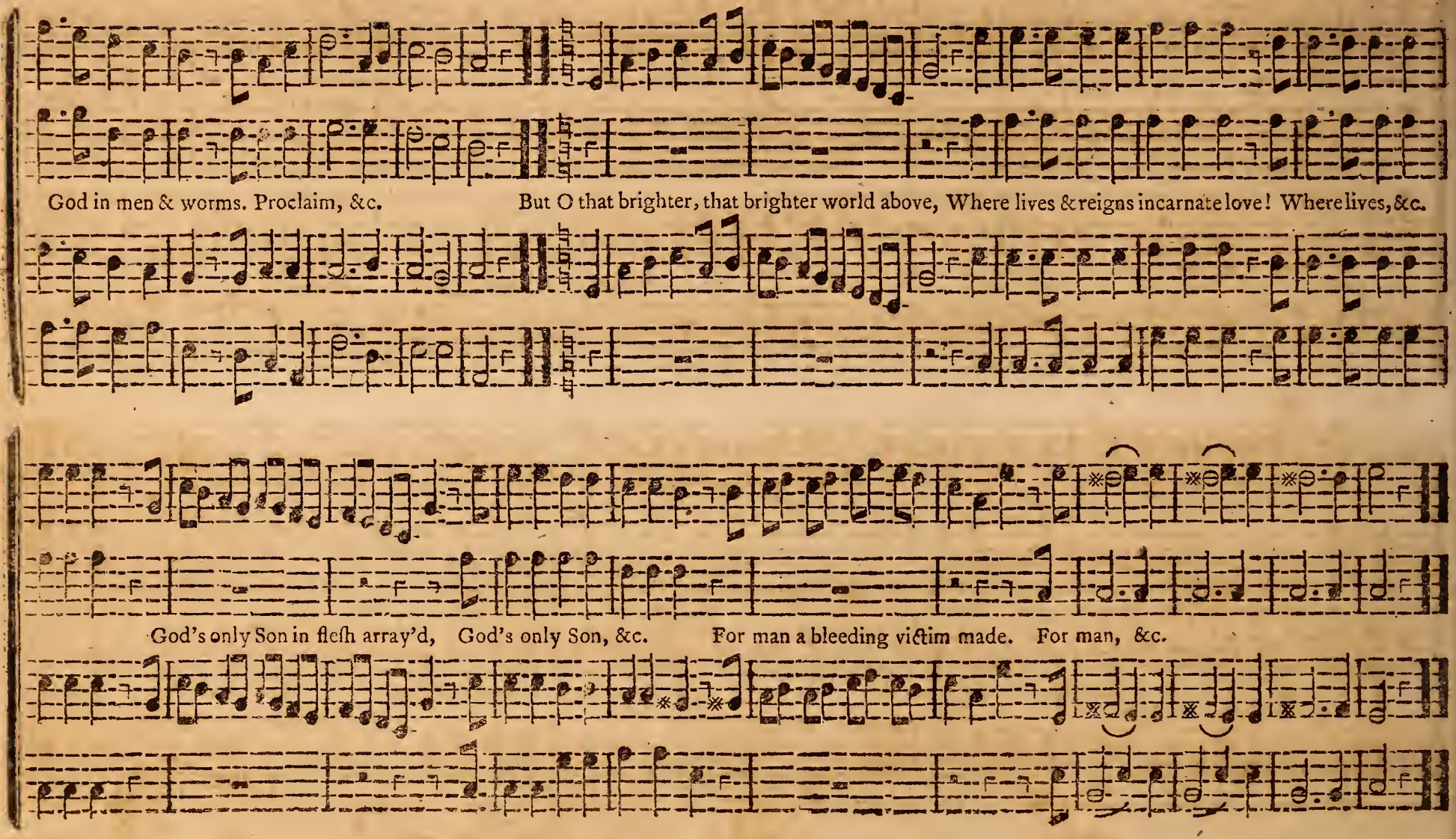


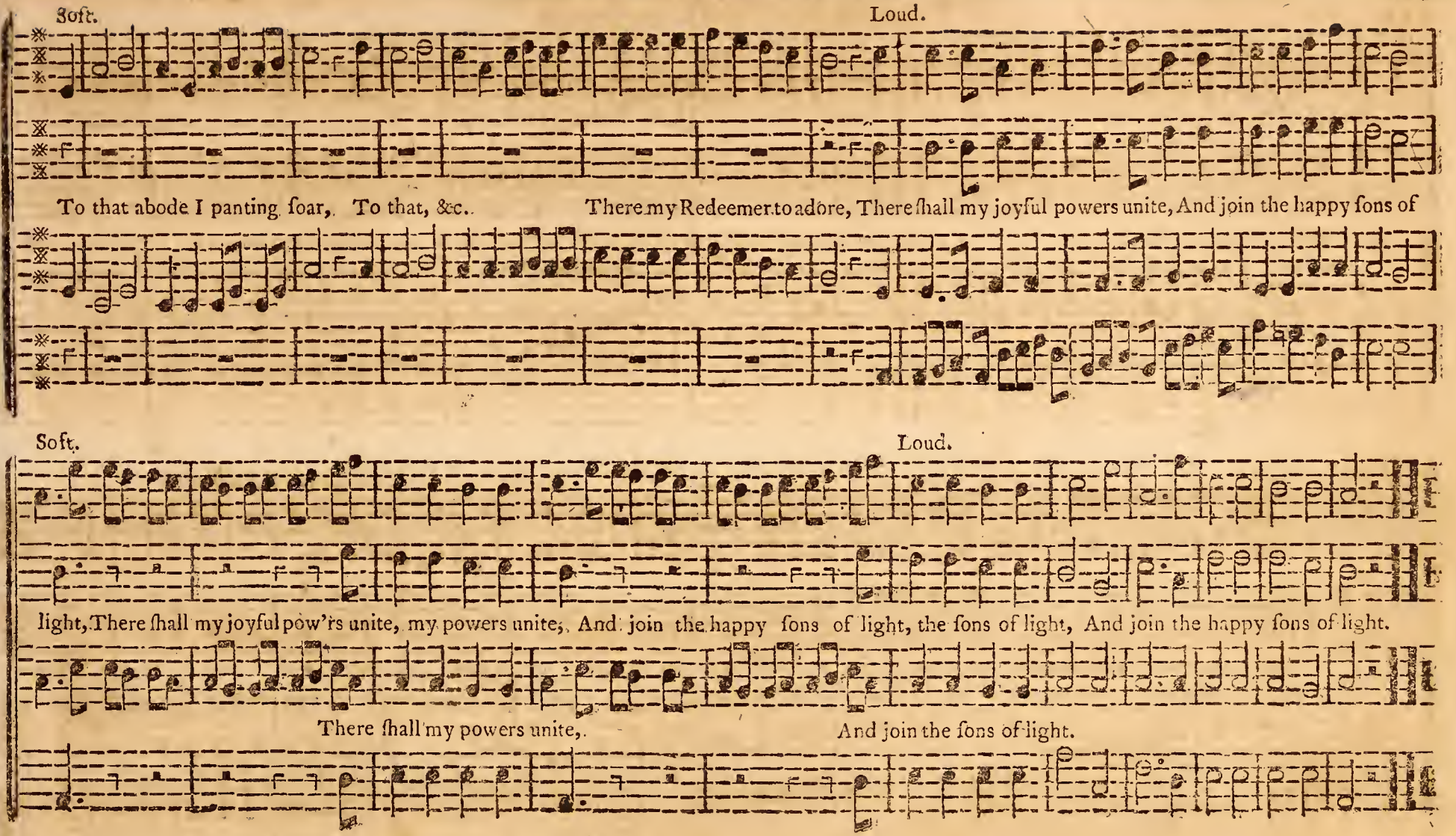
Slow.


Ye sons of men, with joy record The various wonders of the Lord, And let his power & goodness sound Thro' all your tribes the earth around. Let his, &c.
Loud.
Soft.
Thro' all, &c.
Let his pow'r, &c.
Thro' all, &c.
Let heaven's high arch your songs invite, your songs invite, your

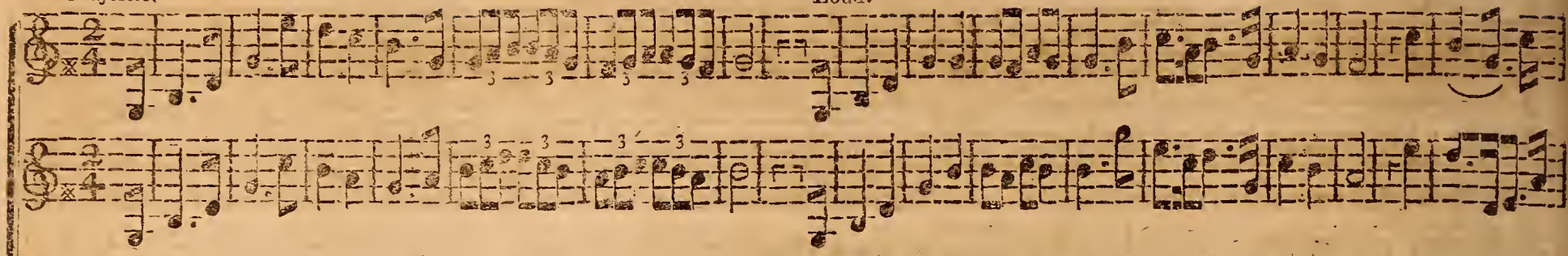
Soft. Loud.


ſongs invite, Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light, Thoſe ſpacious, &c.
Where ſun and moon and planets roll, And ſtars that glow from
pole to pole. View ocean's wide majeſtic plains,
View earth, in life of various forms,
Proclaim a
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
Proclaim a God in men & worms.

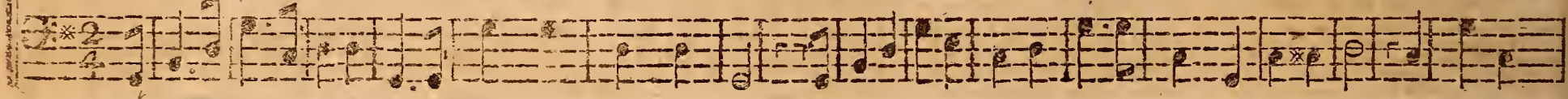

God in men & worms. Proclaim, &c.
But O that brighter, that brighter world above, Where lives & reigns incarnate love! Where lives, &c.
God's only Son in flesh array'd, God's only Son, &c.
For man a bleeding victim made. For man, &c.


Soft.
Loud.
To that abode I panting soar, To that, &c.
There my Redeemer to adore, There shall my joyful powers unite, And join the happy sons of
Soft.
Loud.
light, There shall my joyful pow'rs unite, my powers unite, And join the happy sons of light, the sons of light, And join the happy sons of light.
There shall my powers unite,
And join the sons of light.

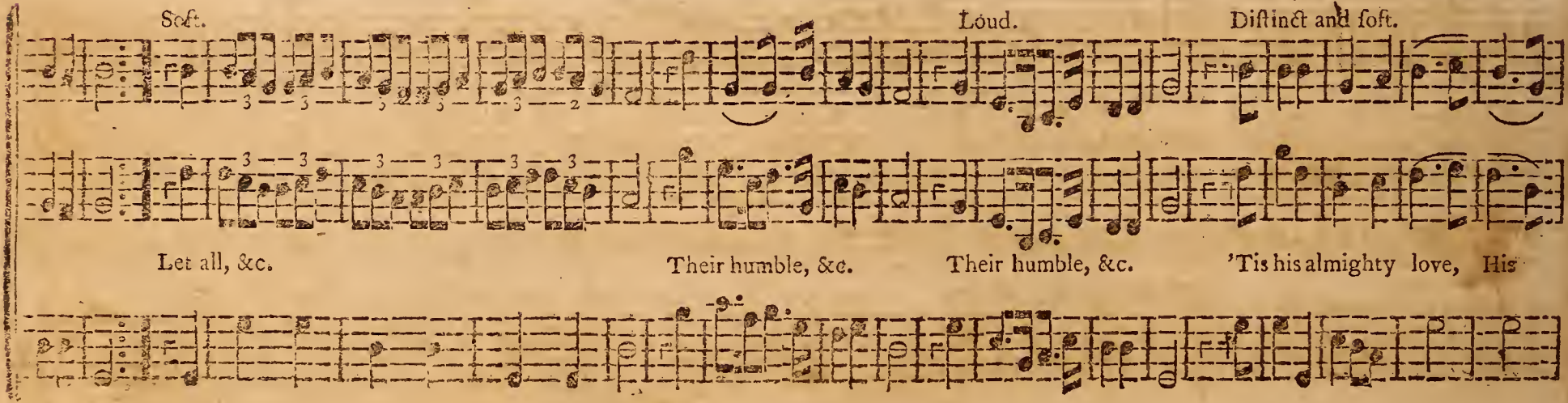
Majeſtic. Loud.



To God, To God, the only wiſe, Our Saviour and our King, Let all the ſaints below the ſkies Their humble praiſes bring. Their humble, &c.

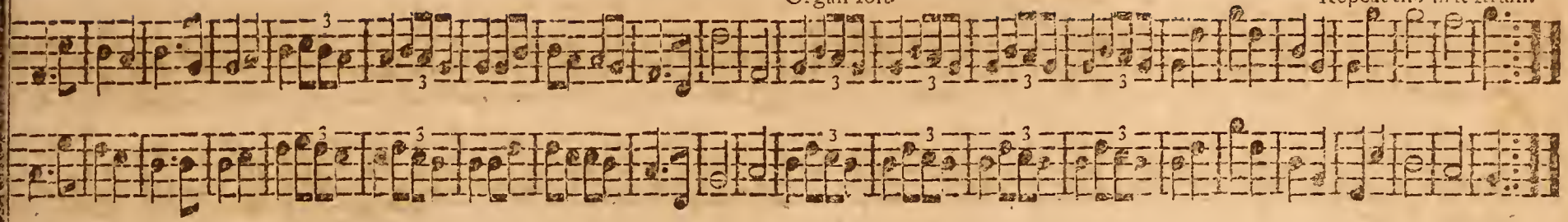


Soft. Loud. Diſtinct and ſoft.

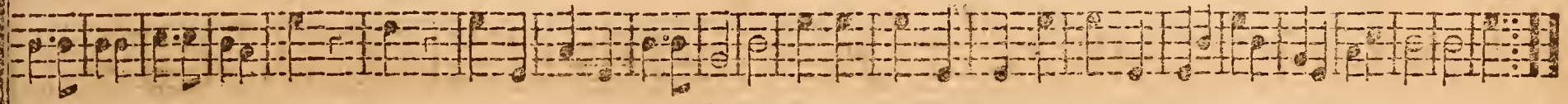


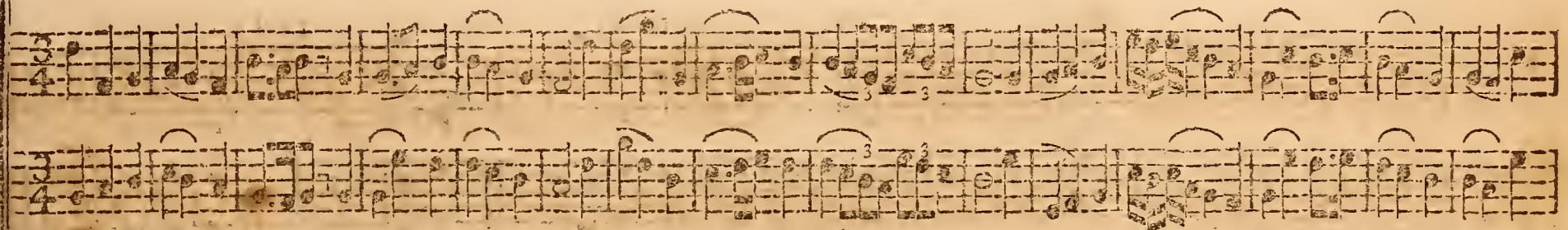
Let all, &c. Their humble, &c. Their humble, &c. 'Tis his almighty love, His

Organ ſoft. Repeat the firſt ſtrain.

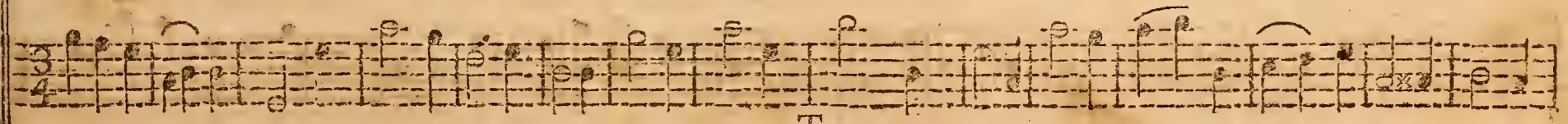


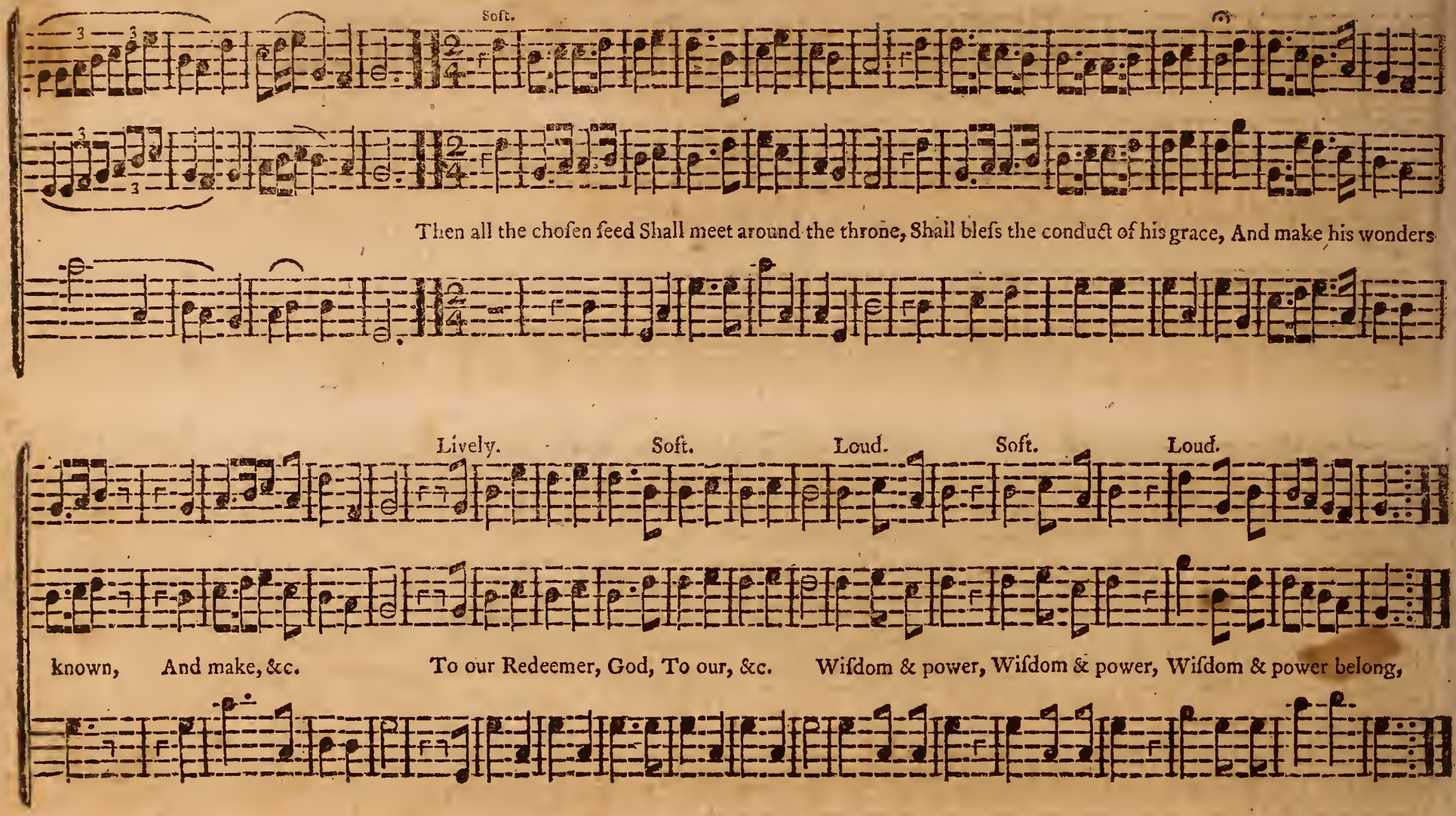
counſel and his care, Preſerve us ſafe from ſin and death, from ſin and death, Preſerve, &c. from ſin and death, from ſin and death, And every hurtful ſnare.

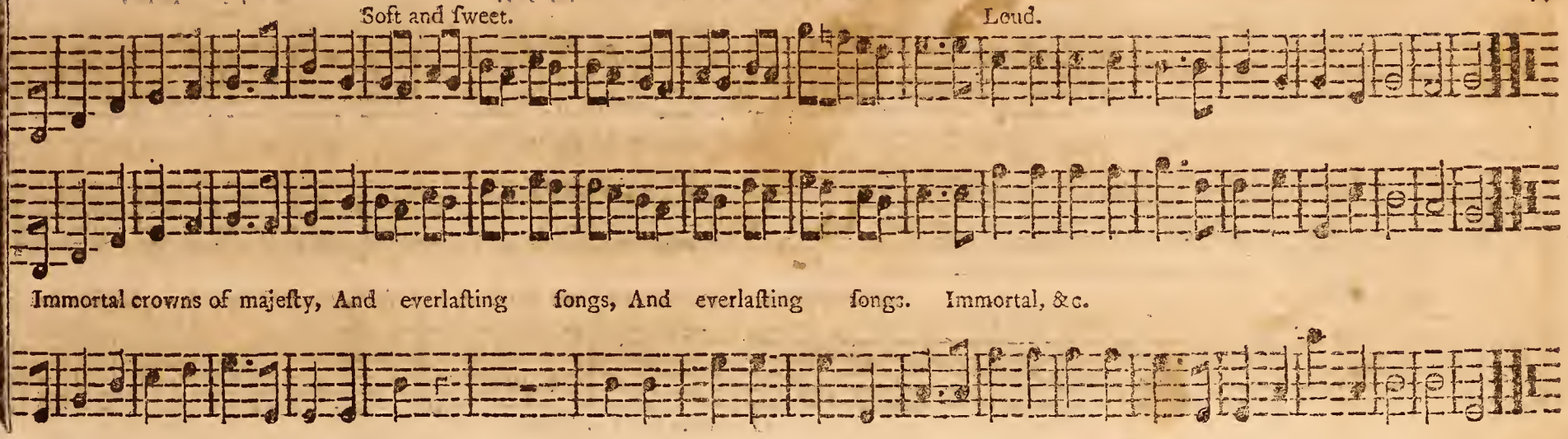




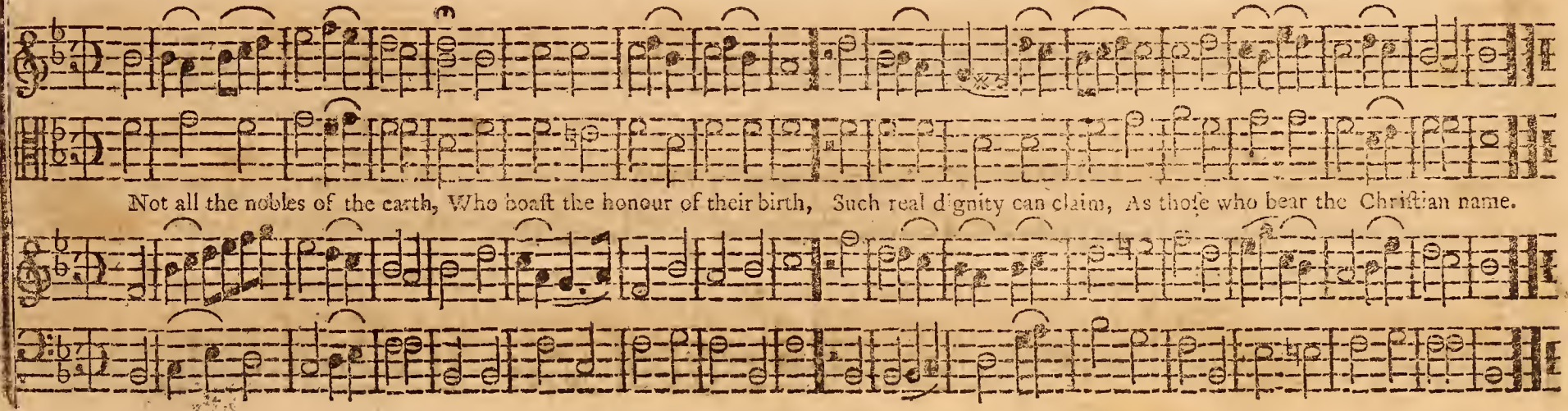
He ſhall preſent his ſaints Unblemiſh'd and complete Before the glory . . . of his face, With joys divinely great, divinely great, With, &c.

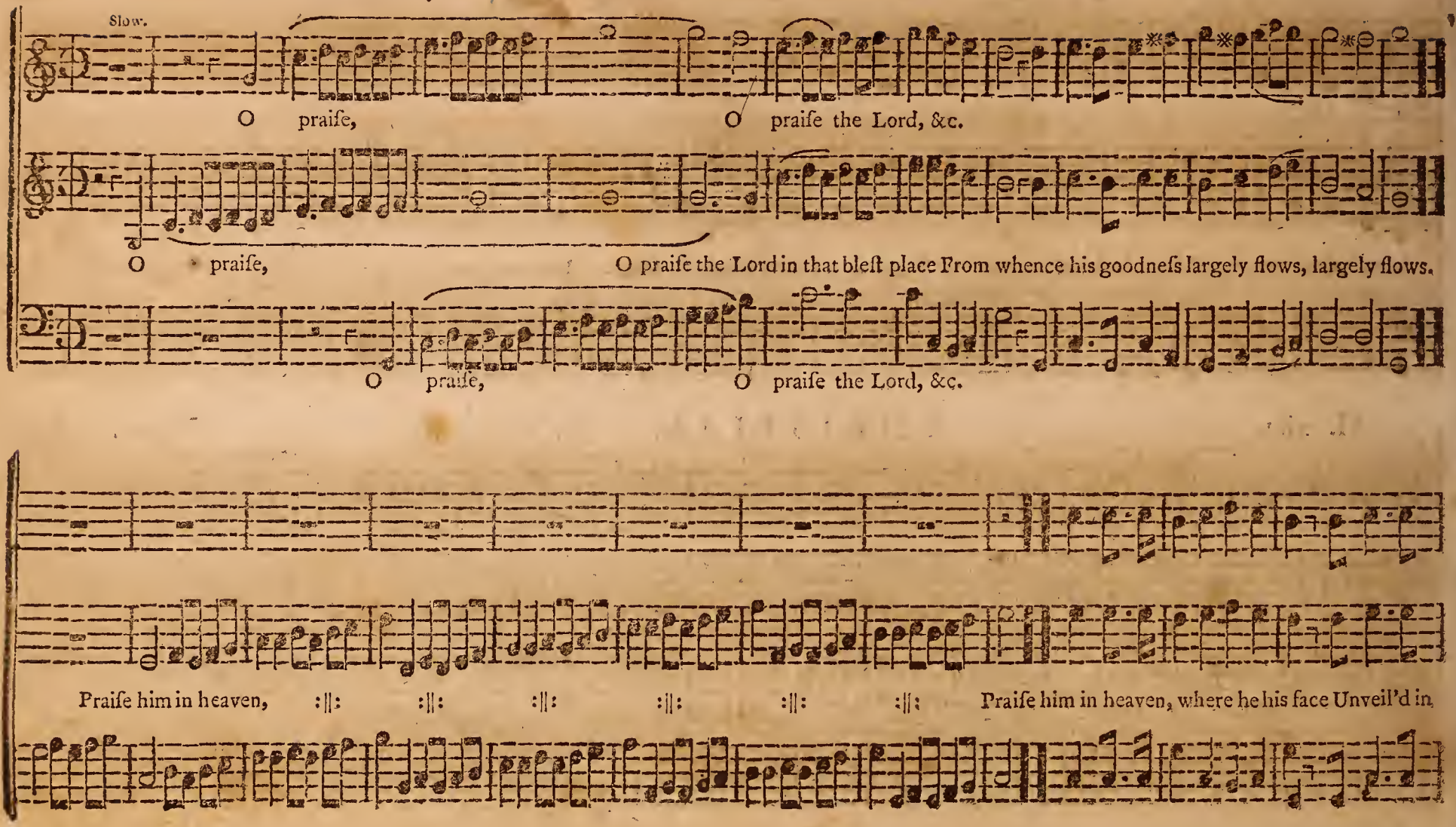


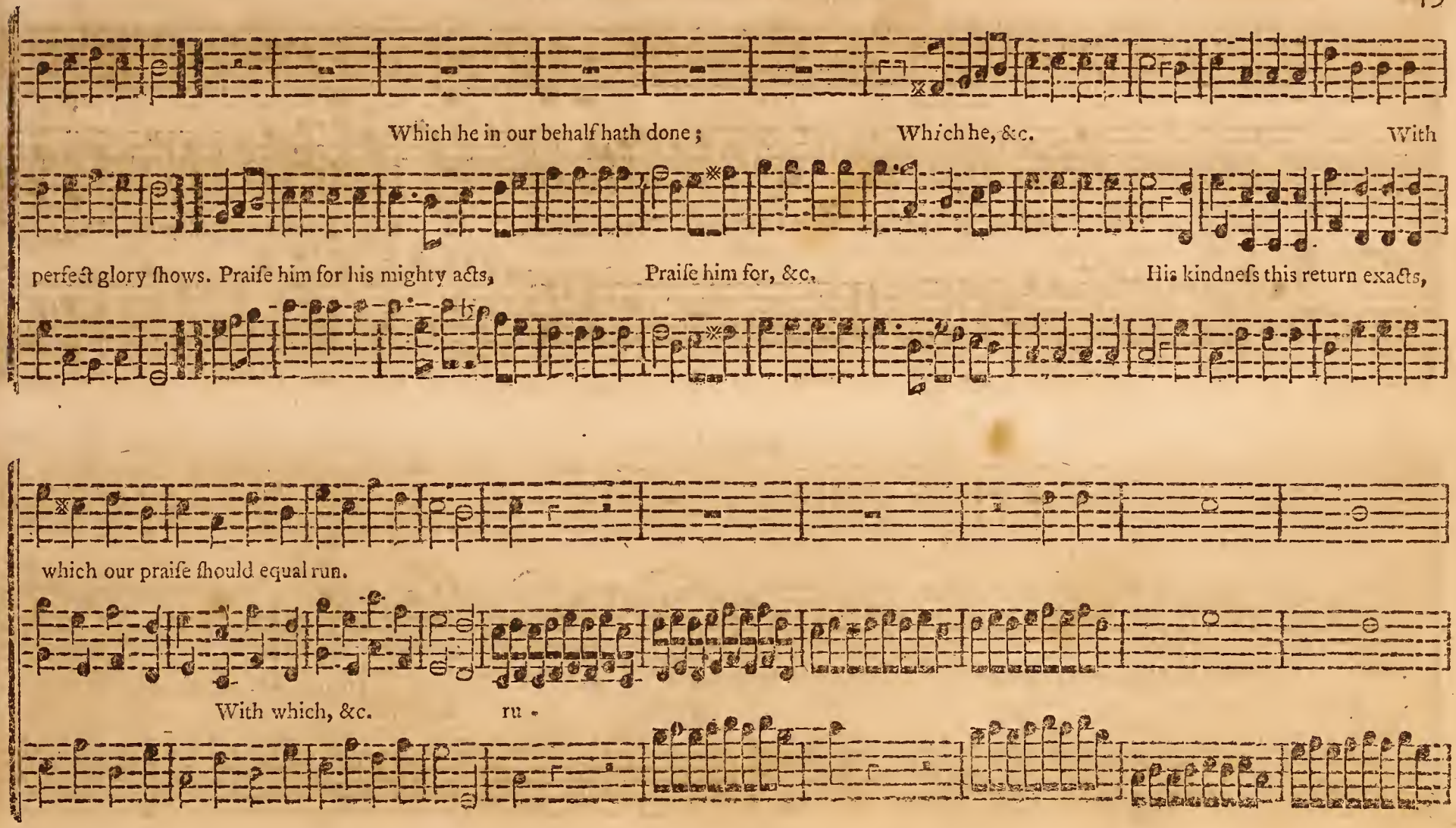

Soft.
Then all the chosen seed Shall meet around the throne, Shall bless the conduct of his grace, And make his wonders
Lively.
Soft.
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
known, And make, &c.
To our Redeemer, God, To our, &c.
Wisdom & power, Wisdom & power, Wisdom & power belong,



H. 281. CHRISTIAN. L. M. Leach.

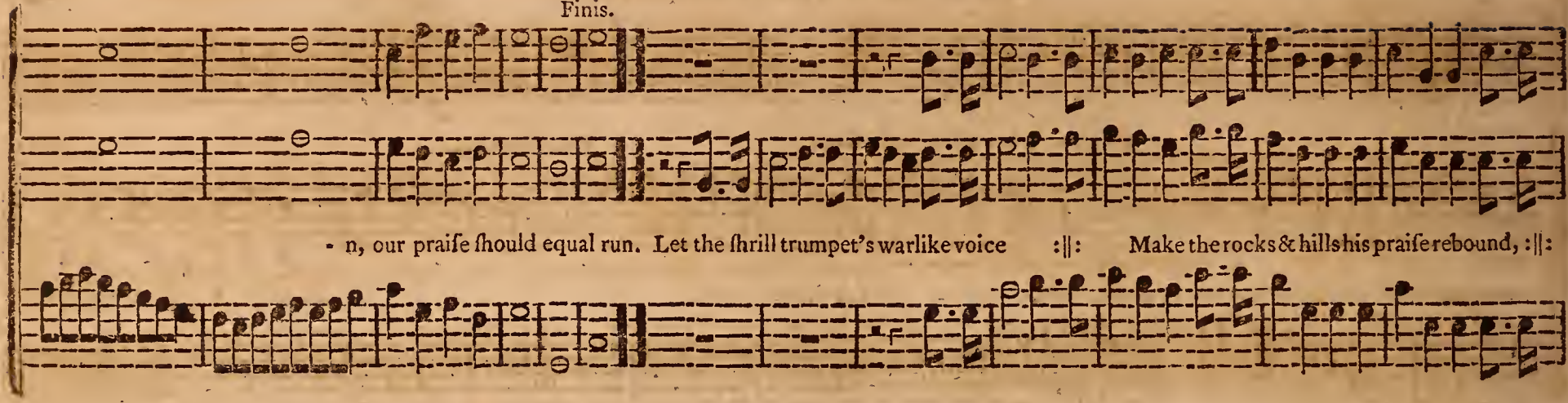



Slow.
O praiſe, O praiſe the Lord, &c.
O praiſe, O praiſe the Lord in that bleſt place From whence his goodneſs largely flows, largely flows.
O praiſe, O praiſe the Lord, &c.
Praiſe him in heaven, :||: :||: :||: :||: :||: :||: Praiſe him in heaven, where he his face Unveil'd in

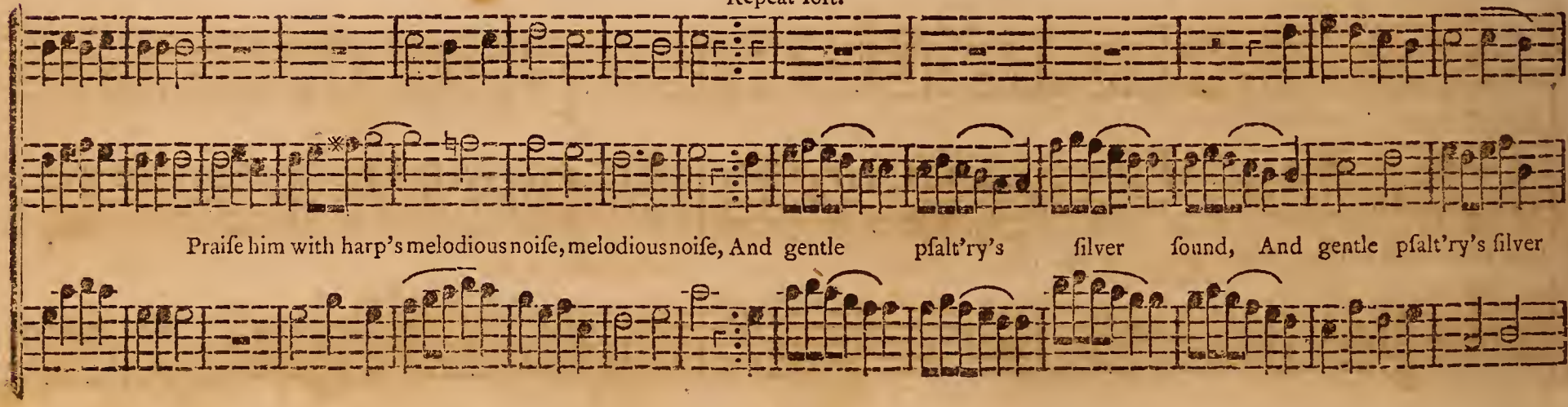

Which he in our behalf hath done ; Which he, &c. With
perfect glory ſhows. Praiſe him for his mighty acts, Praiſe him for, &c. His kindneſs this return exacts,
which our praiſe ſhould equal run.
With which, &c. ru -

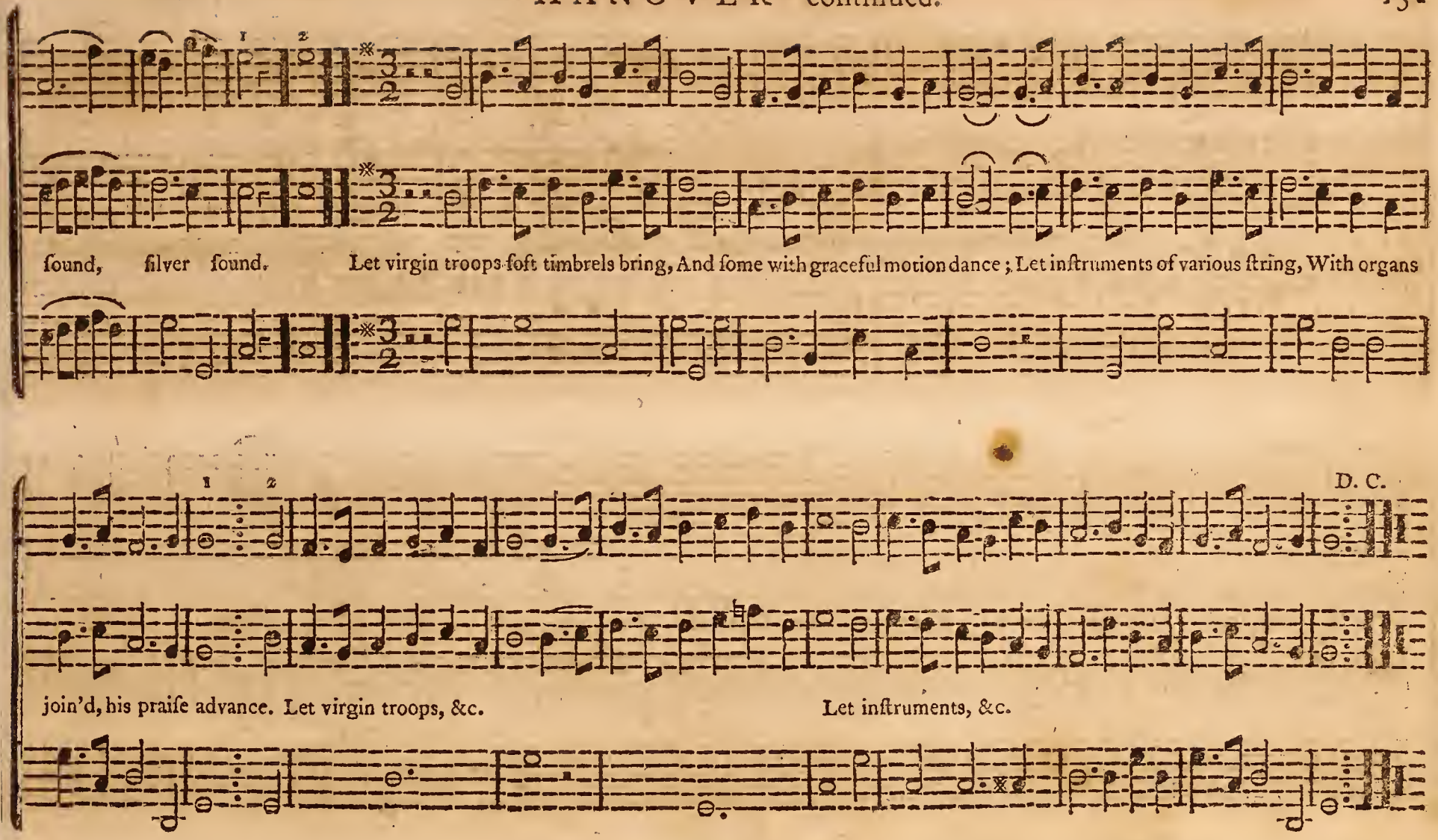
HANOVER continued.

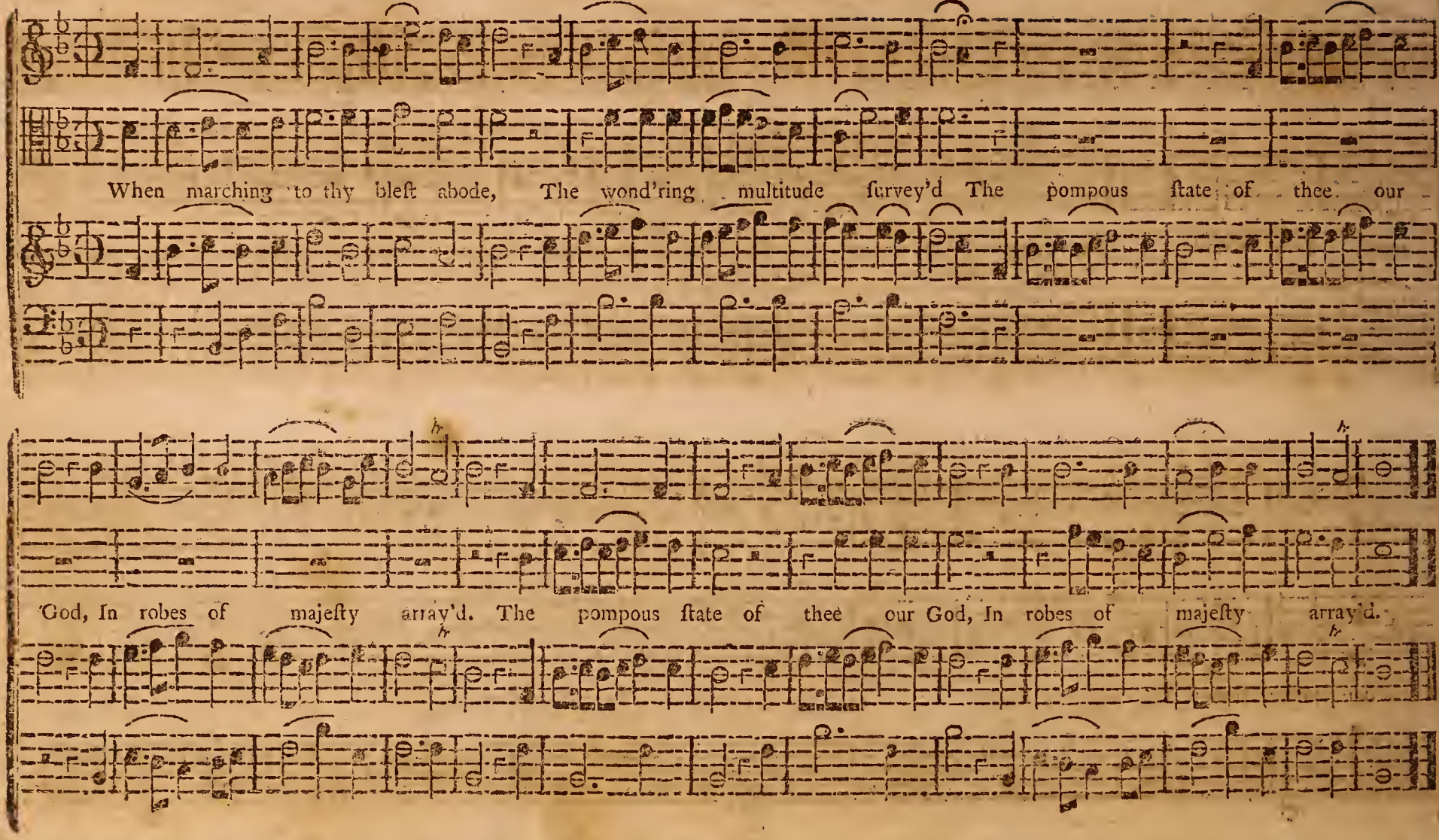
Finis.

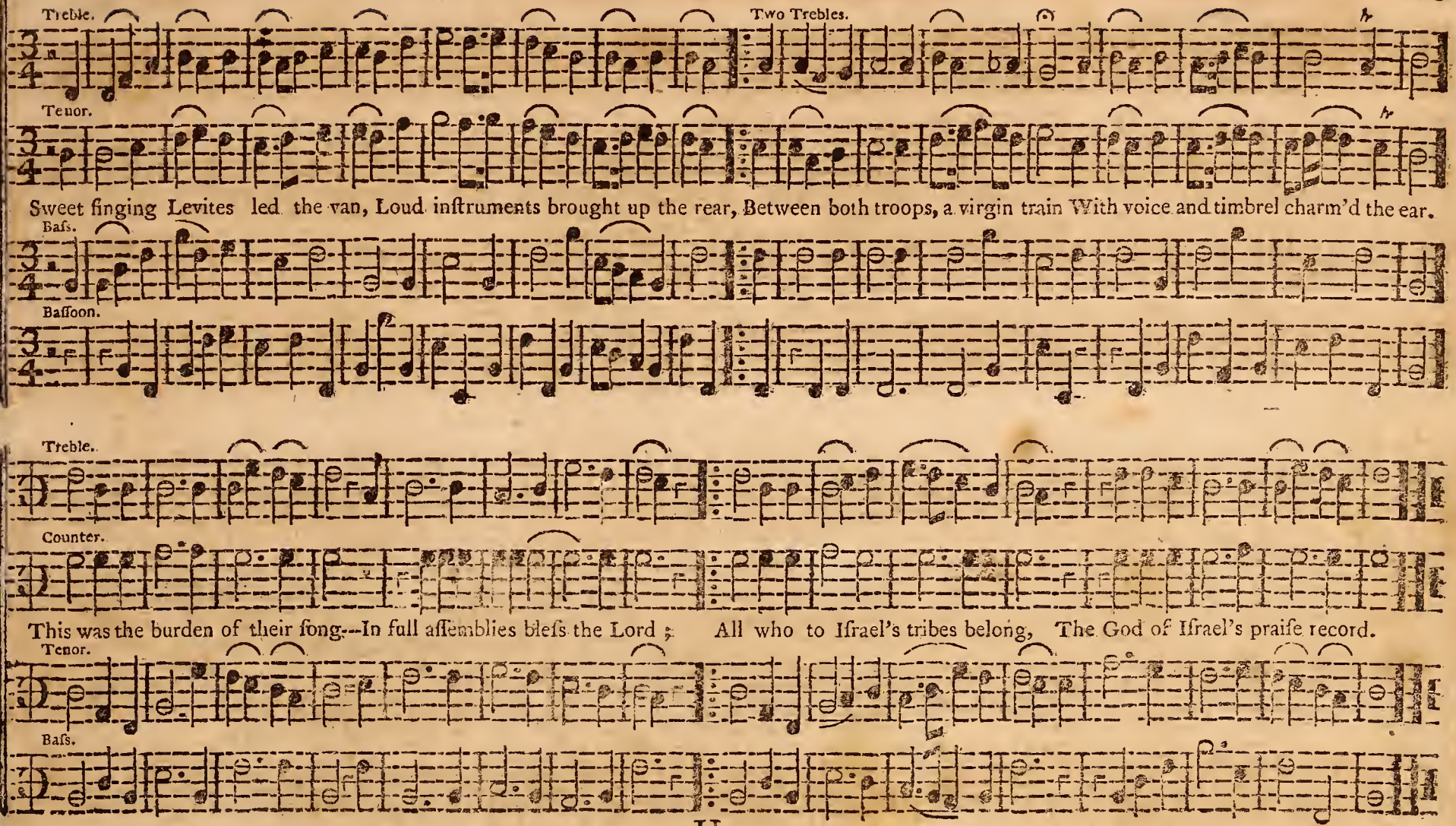


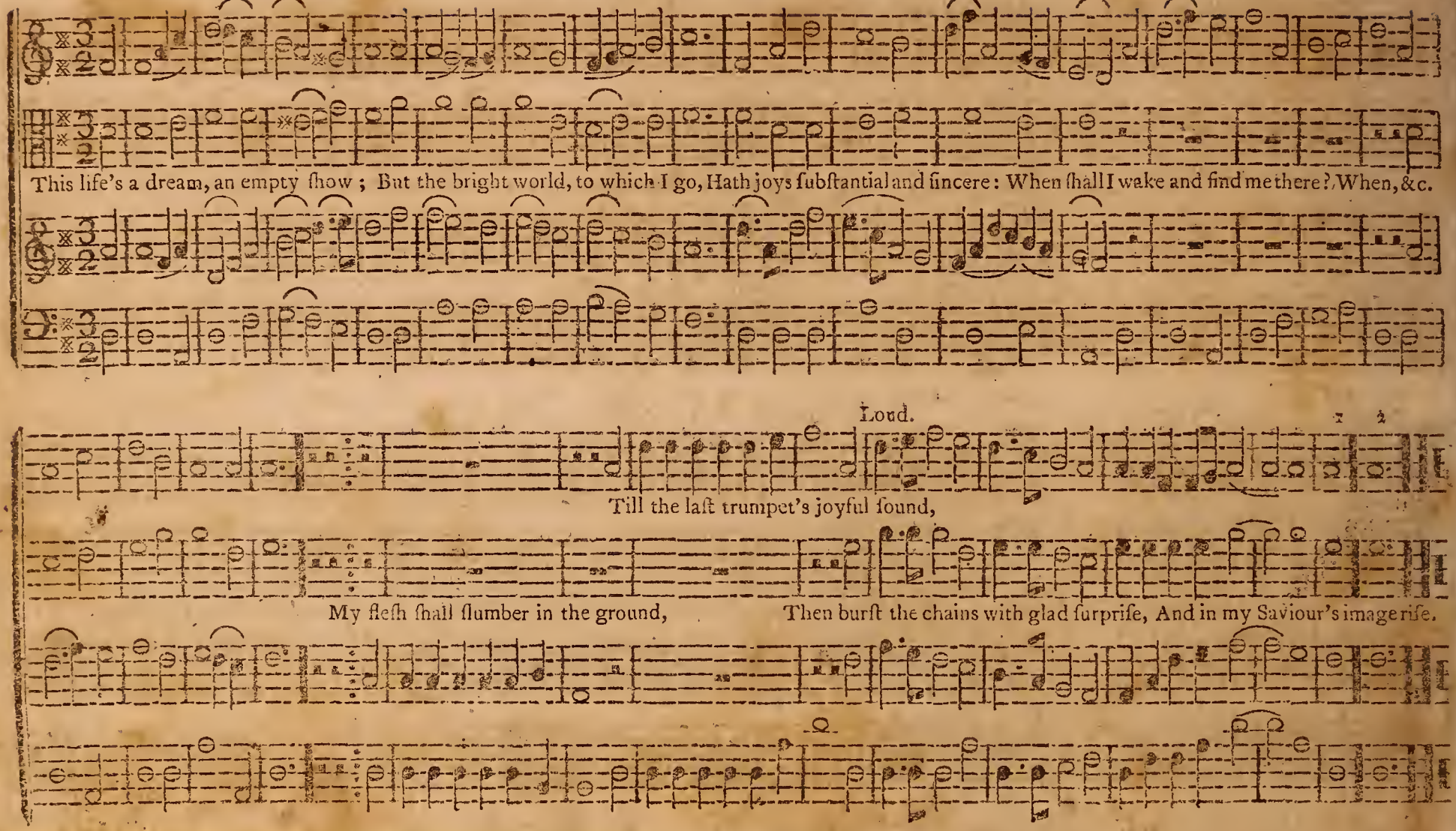
Repeat ſoft.

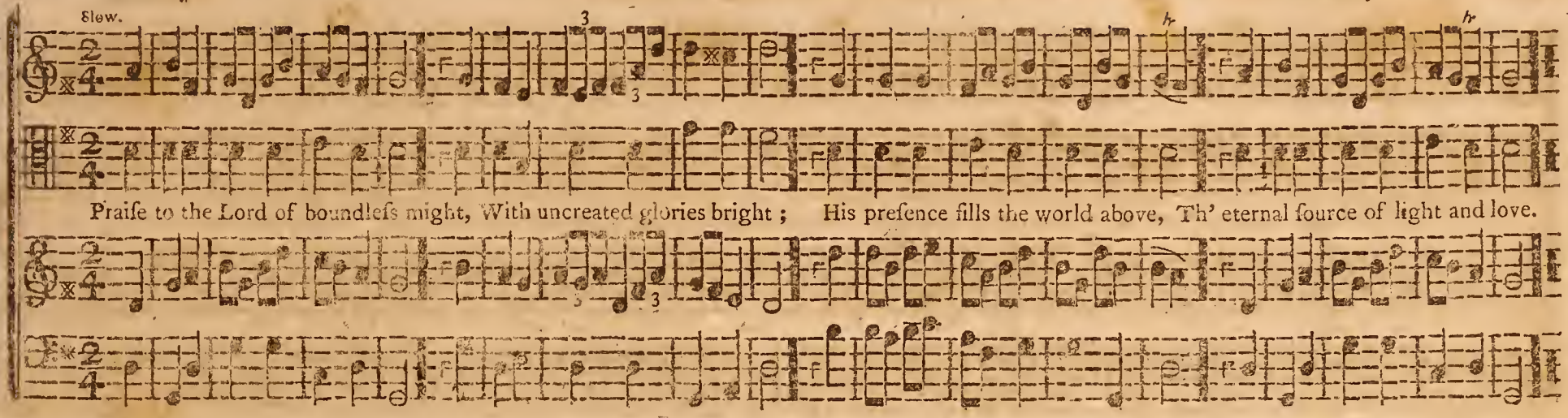



1 2
found, silver found. Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring, And some with graceful motion dance; Let instruments of various string, With organs
1 2
D. C.
join'd, his praise advance. Let virgin troops, &c.
Let instruments, &c.

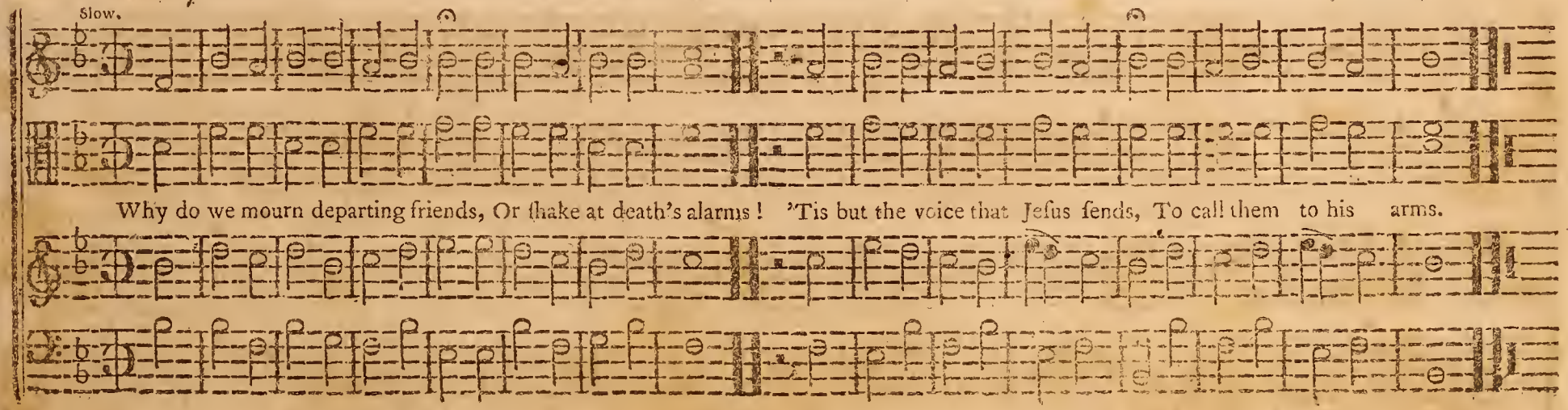

When marching to thy bleſt abode, The wond'ring multitude ſurvey'd The pompous ſtate of thee our
God, In robes of majeſty array'd. The pompous ſtate of thee our God, In robes of majeſty array'd.

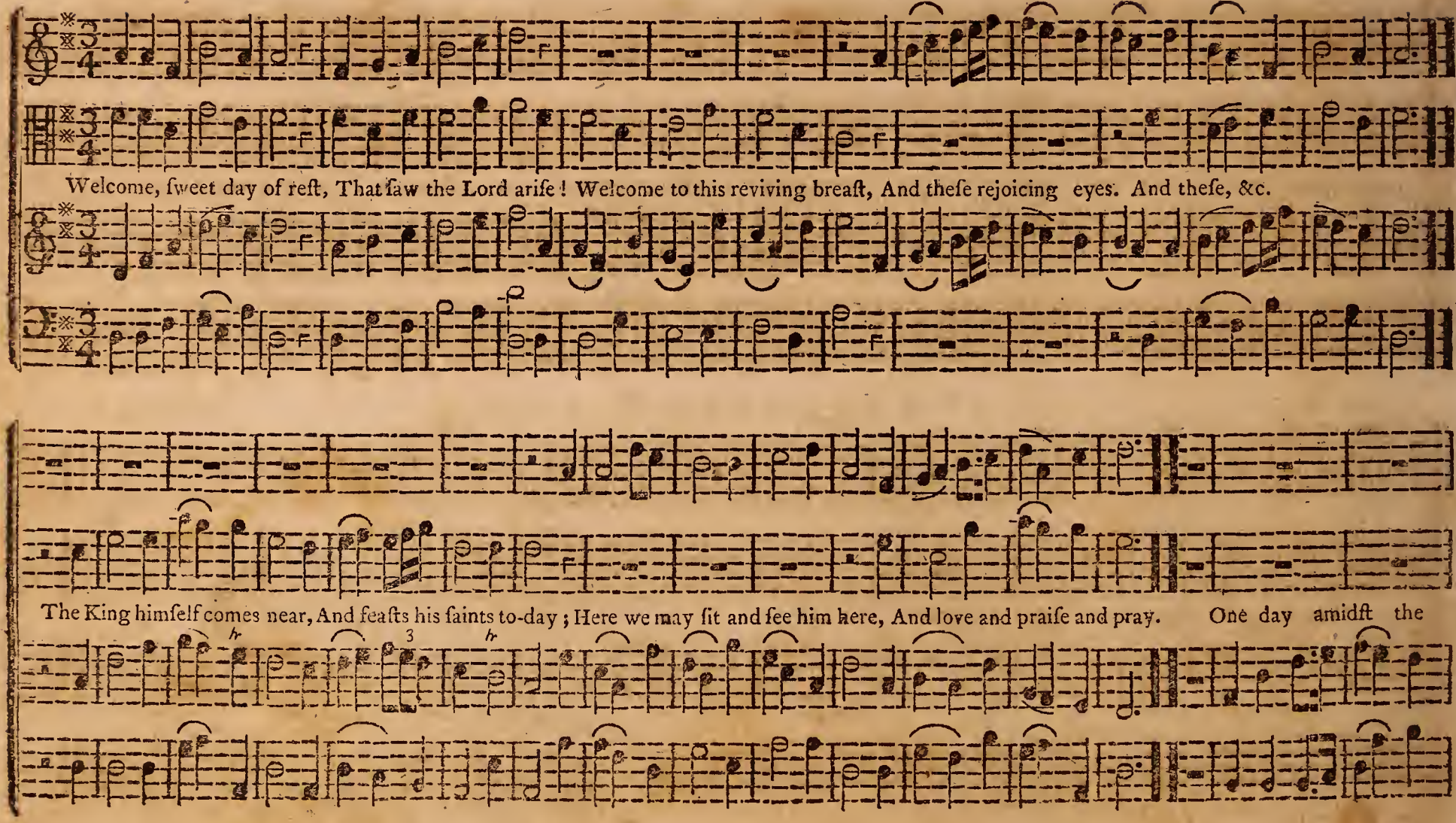

Treble.
Two Trebles.
Tenor.
Sweet finging Levites led the van, Loud inſtruments brought up the rear, Between both troops, a virgin train With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
Baſs.
Baſſoon.
Treble.
Counter.
This was the burden of their ſong.--In full aſſemblies bleſs the Lord ; All who to Iſrael's tribes belong, The God of Iſrael's praiſe record.
Tenor.
Baſs.

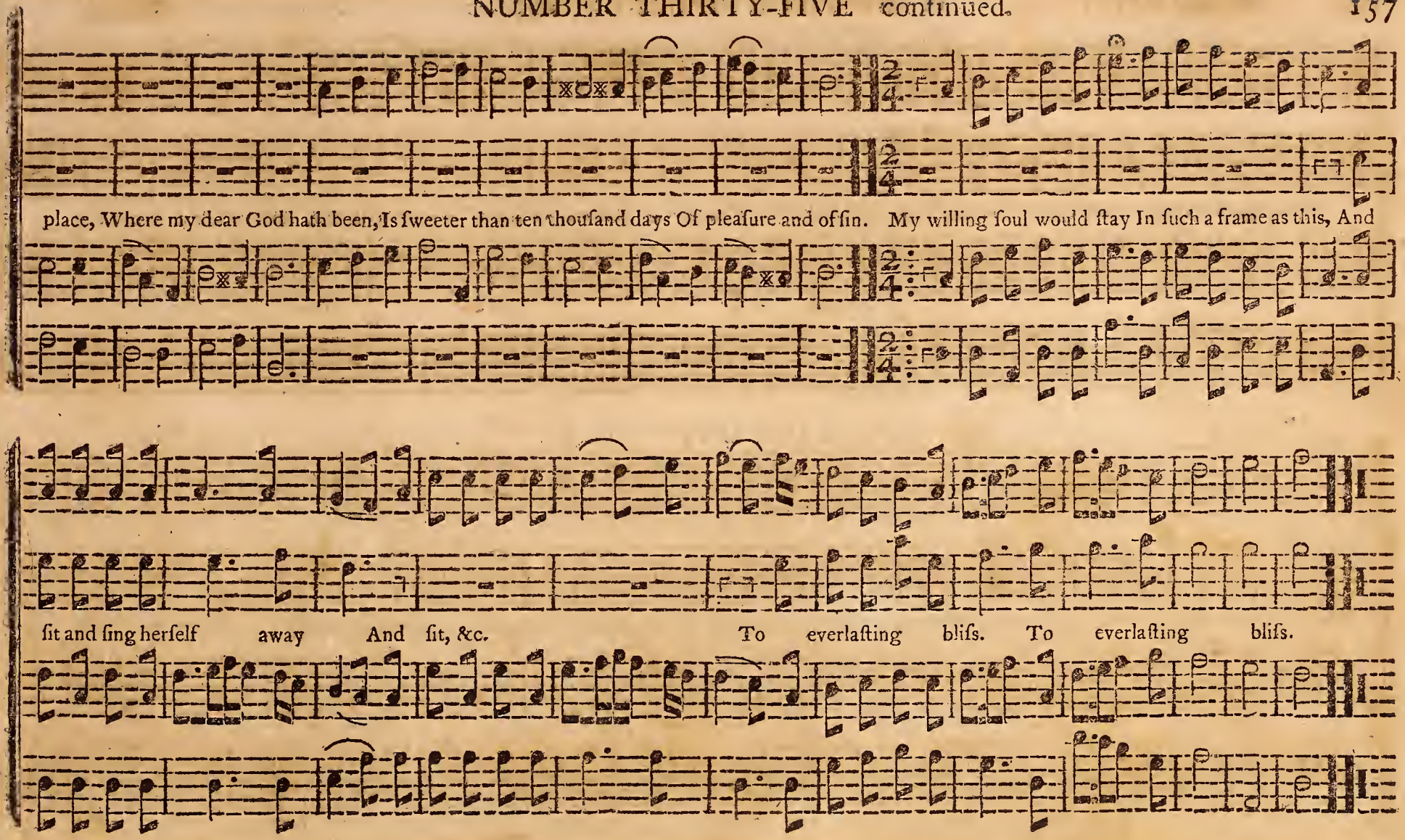

This life's a dream, an empty ſhow ; But the bright world, to which I go, Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere : When ſhall I wake and find me there ? When, &c.
Loud.
Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound,
My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
Then burſt the chains with glad ſurpriſe, And in my Saviour's image riſe.



H. 287. CANTERBURY. C. M. Blancks.



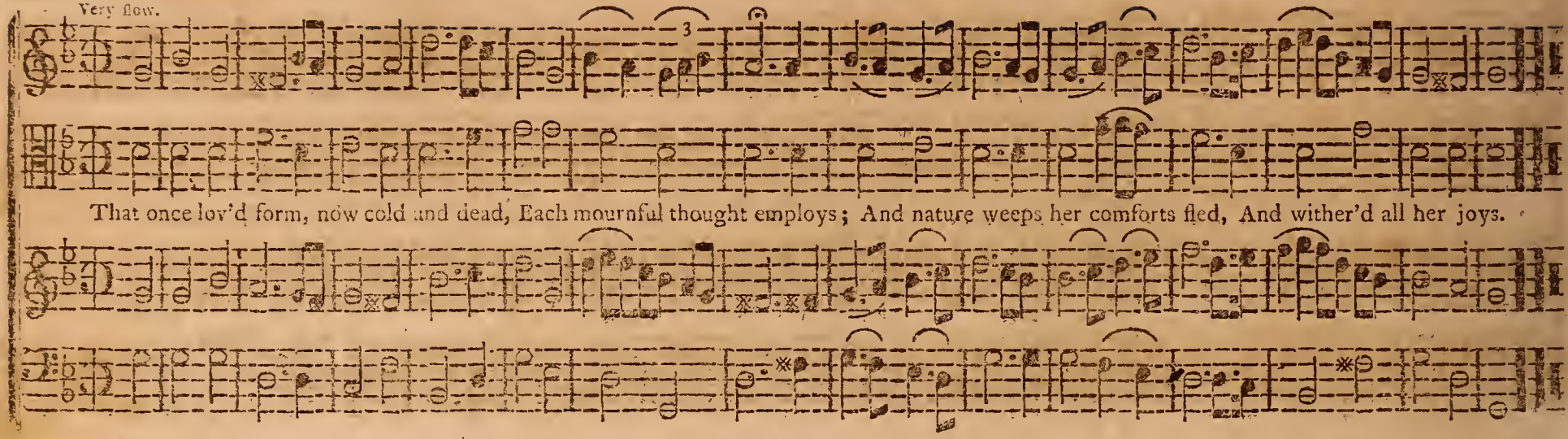

Welcome, ſweet day of reſt, That ſaw the Lord ariſe! Welcome to this reviving breaſt, And theſe rejoicing eyes. And theſe, &c.
The King himſelf comes near, And feaſts his ſaints to-day; Here we may ſit and ſee him here, And love and praiſe and pray. One day amidſt the


place, Where my dear God hath been, Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days Of pleaſure and of ſin. My willing ſoul would ſtay In ſuch a frame as this, And
ſit and ſing herſelf away And ſit, &c. To everlaſting bliſs. To everlaſting bliſs.

NORTHFIELD. C.M.

Brown.—Original.

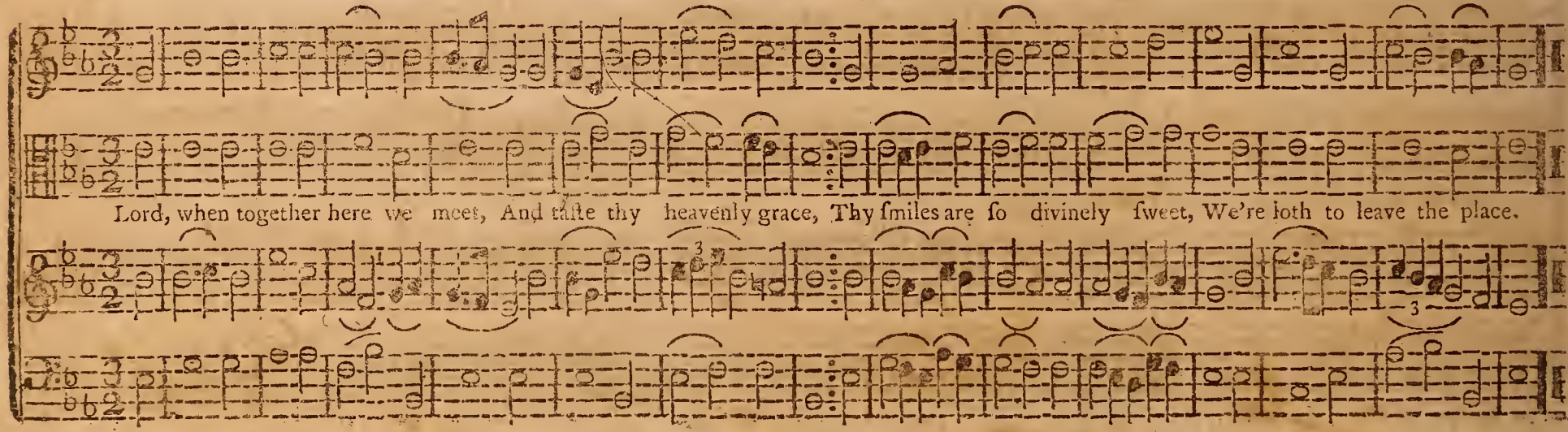
Very flow.



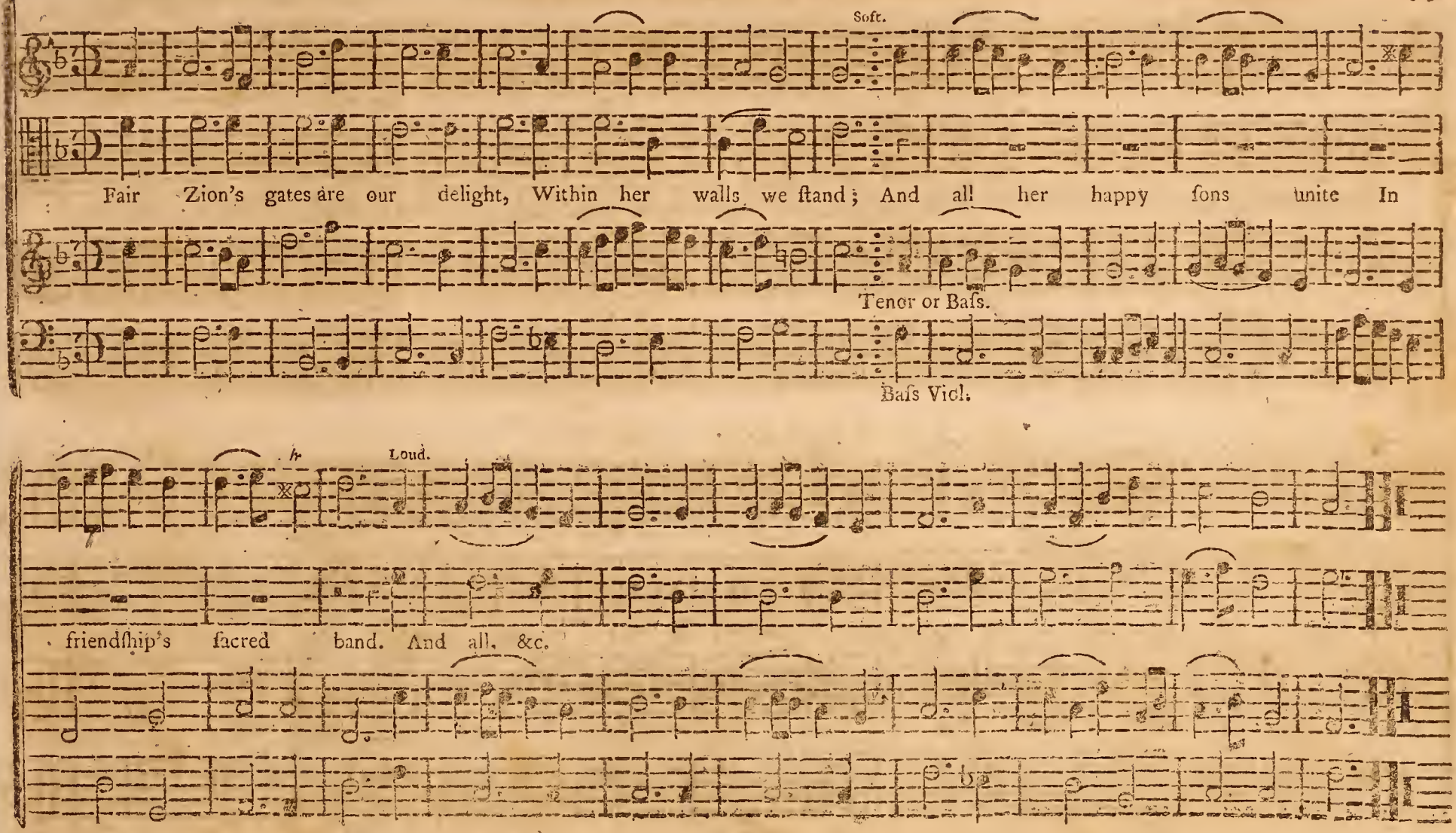
That once lov'd form, now cold and dead, Each mournful thought employs; And nature weeps her comforts fled, And wither'd all her joys.

KENDALL. C. M.

Clark.



Lord, when together here we meet, And taſte thy heavenly grace, Thy ſmiles are ſo divinely ſweet, We're loth to leave the place.


Soft.
Fair Zion's gates are our delight, Within her walls we ſtand; And all her happy ſons unite In
Tenor or Baſs.
Baſs Viol.
Loud.
friendſhip's ſacred band. And all, &c.

Soft.

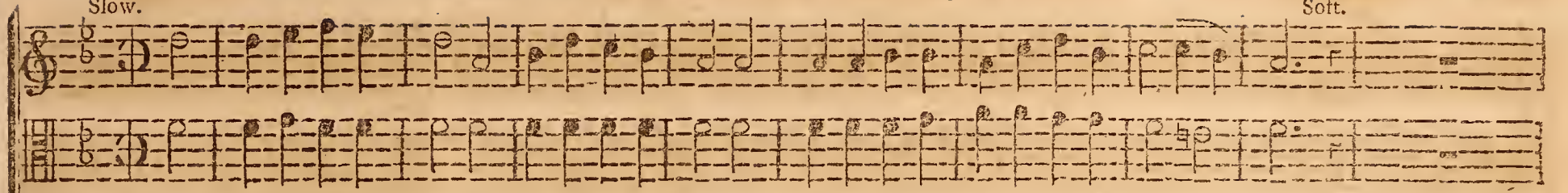
Nor eye hath ſeen, nor ear hath heard, Nor ſenſe nor reaſon known What joys the Father hath prepar'd For thoſe who love his Son. Pure are the

Baſs Viol.

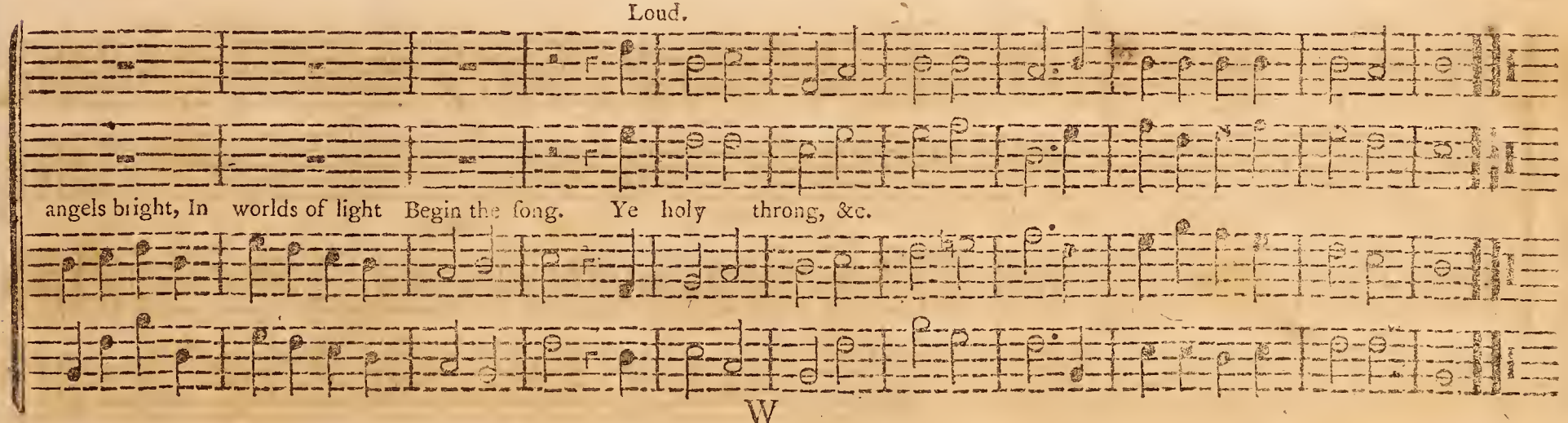
Loud.

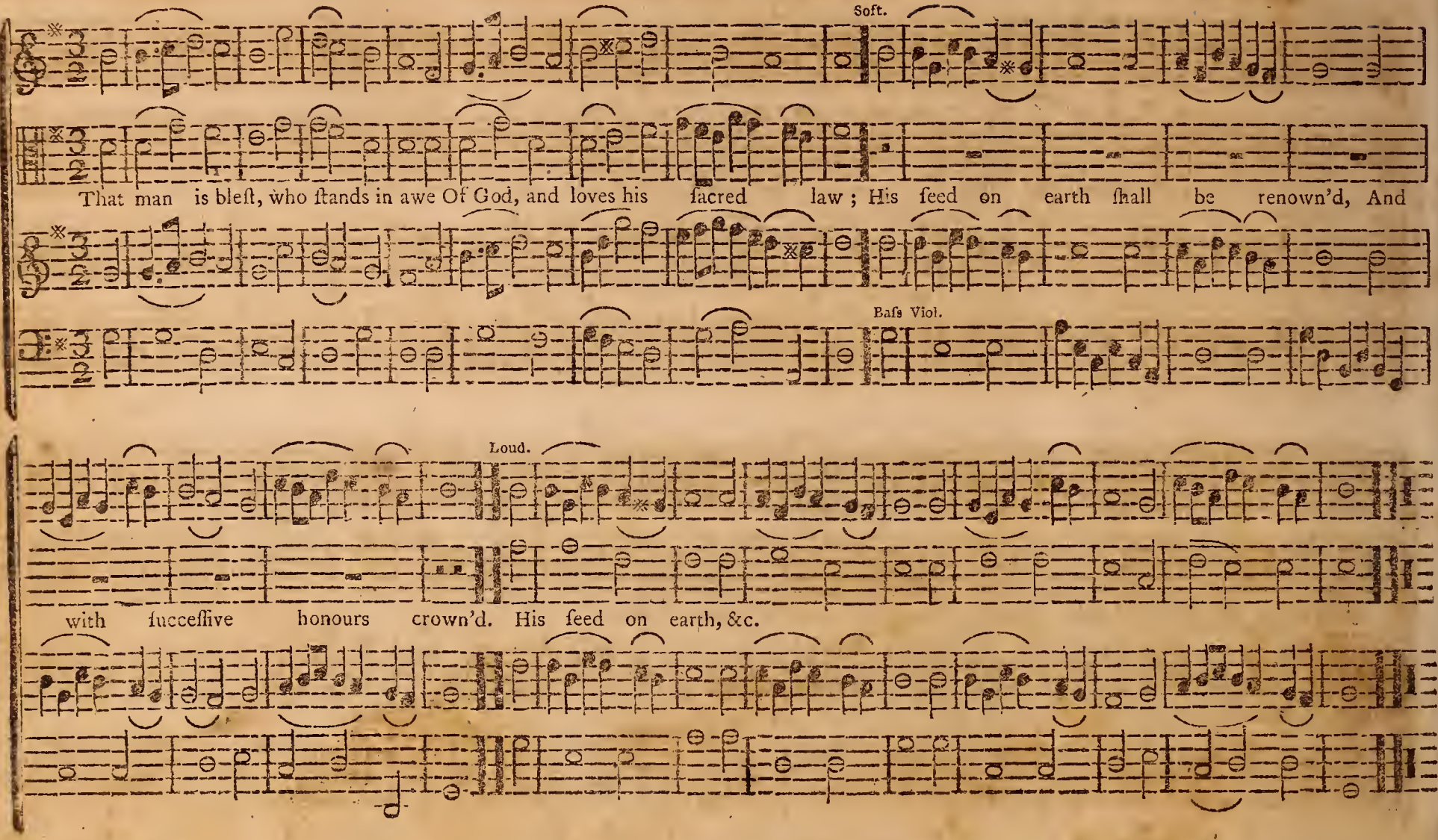
joys above the ſky, And all the region peace; No wanton lip, nor envious eye, Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.

Slow. Soft.

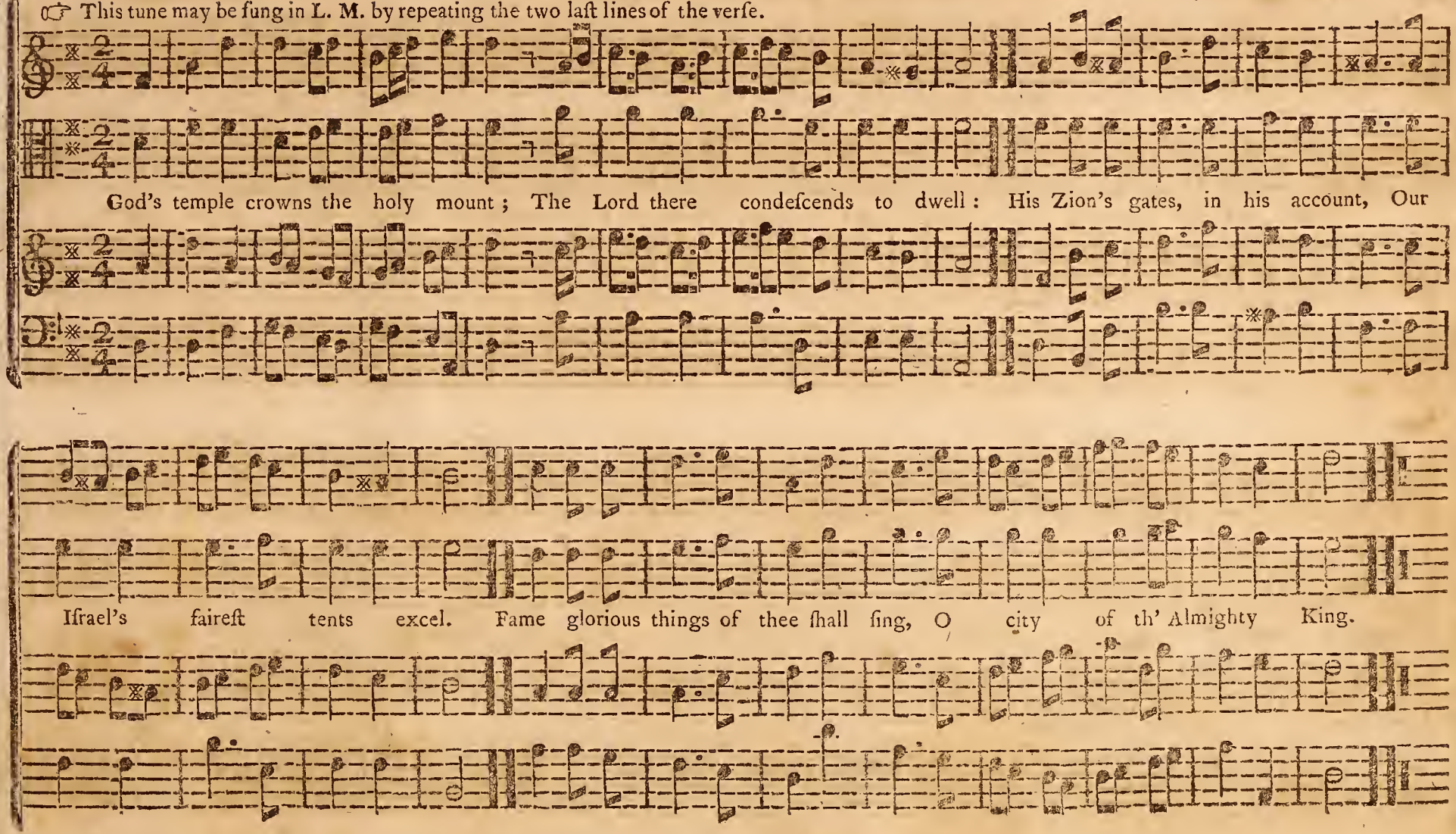


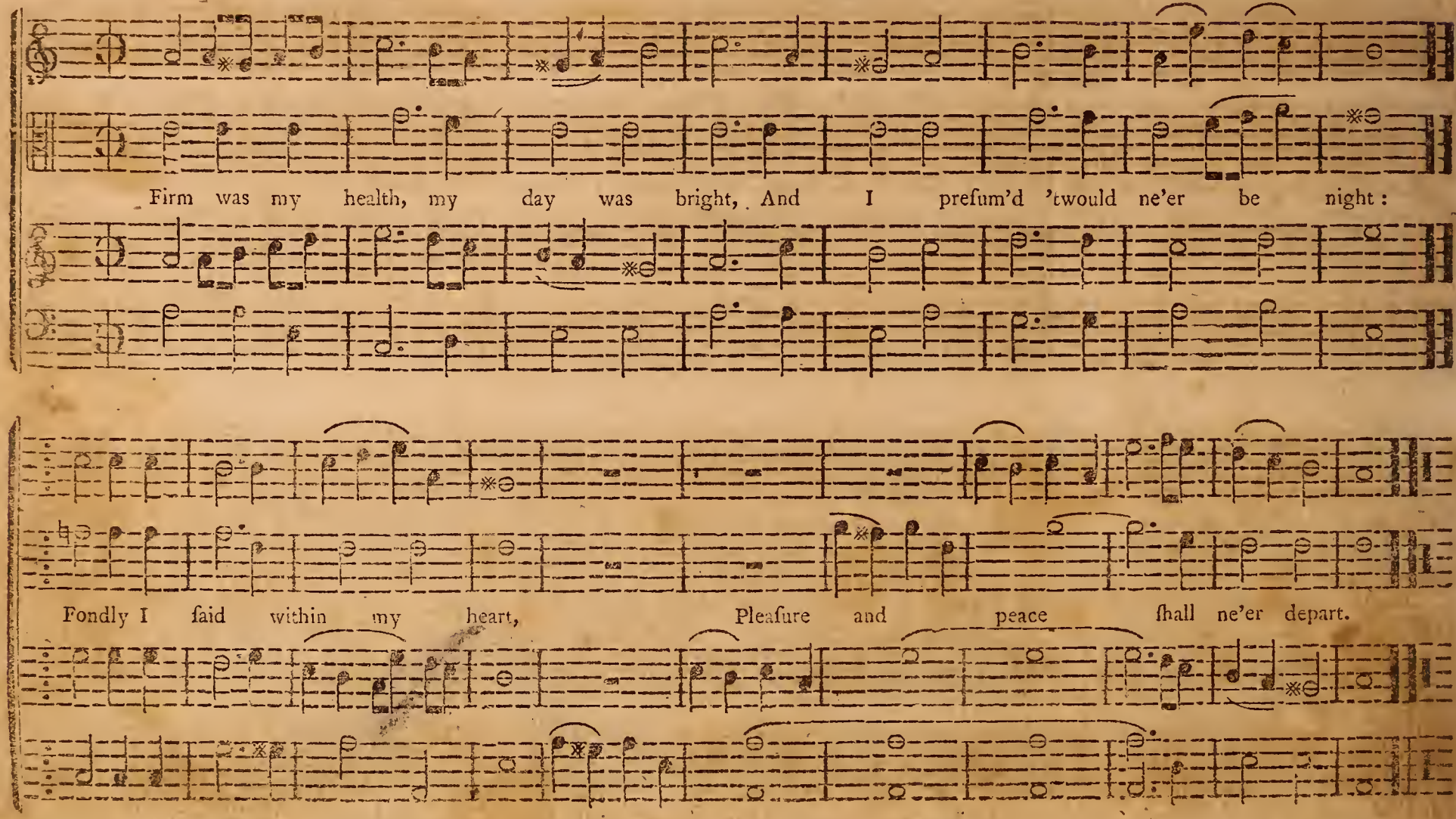
Loud.



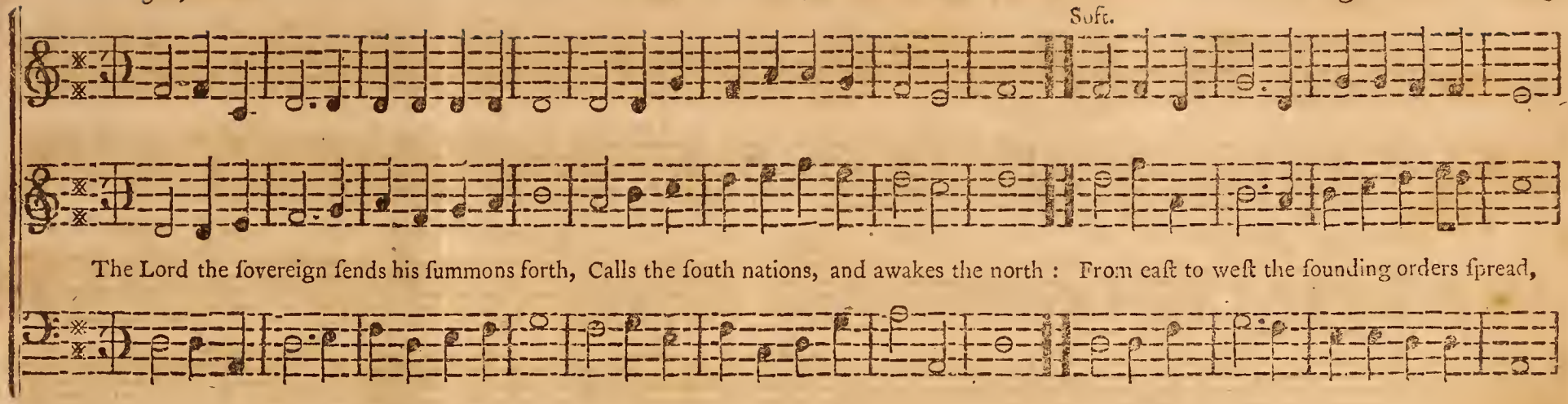

Soft.
That man is bleſt, who ſtands in awe Of God, and loves his ſacred law; His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd, And
Baſs Viol.
Loud.
with ſucceſſive honours crown'd. His ſeed on earth, &c.

☞ This tune may be ſung in L. M. by repeating the two laſt lines of the verſe.



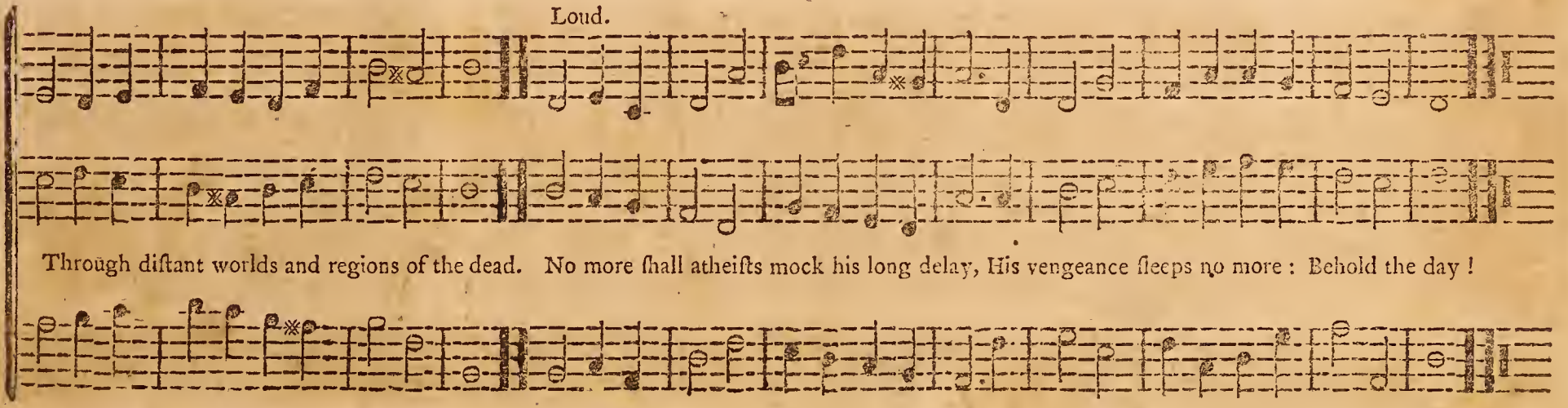

Firm was my health, my day was bright, And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
Fondly I said within my heart, Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

Soft.



The Lord the ſovereign ſends his ſummons forth, Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the north : From eaſt to weſt the ſounding orders ſpread,

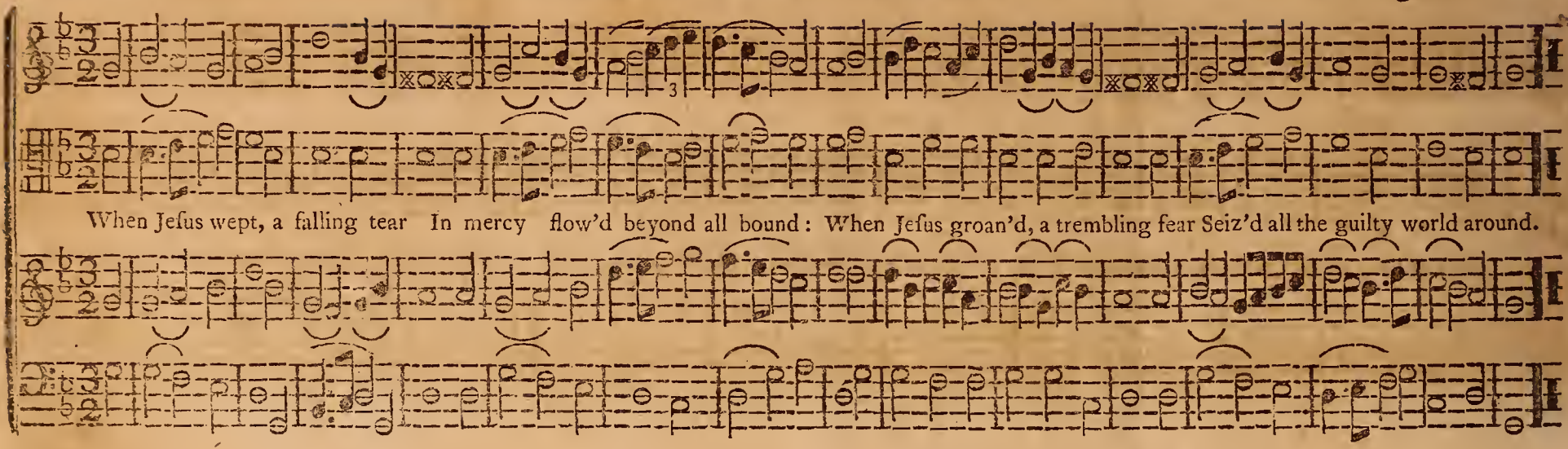
Loud.



Through diſtant worlds and regions of the dead. No more ſhall atheiſts mock his long delay, His vengeance ſleeps no more : Behold the day !

EMMAUS. L. M.

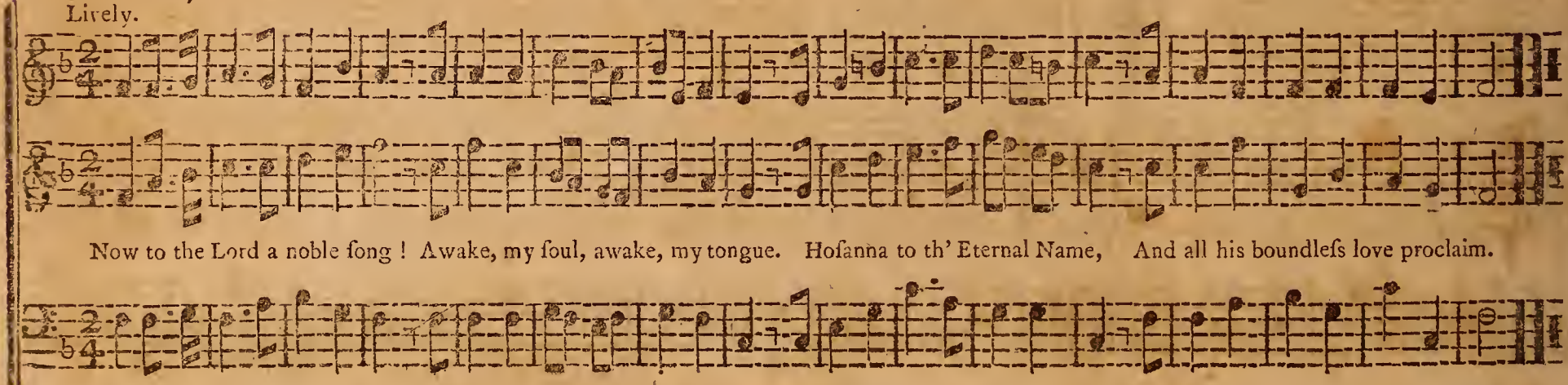
Billings.



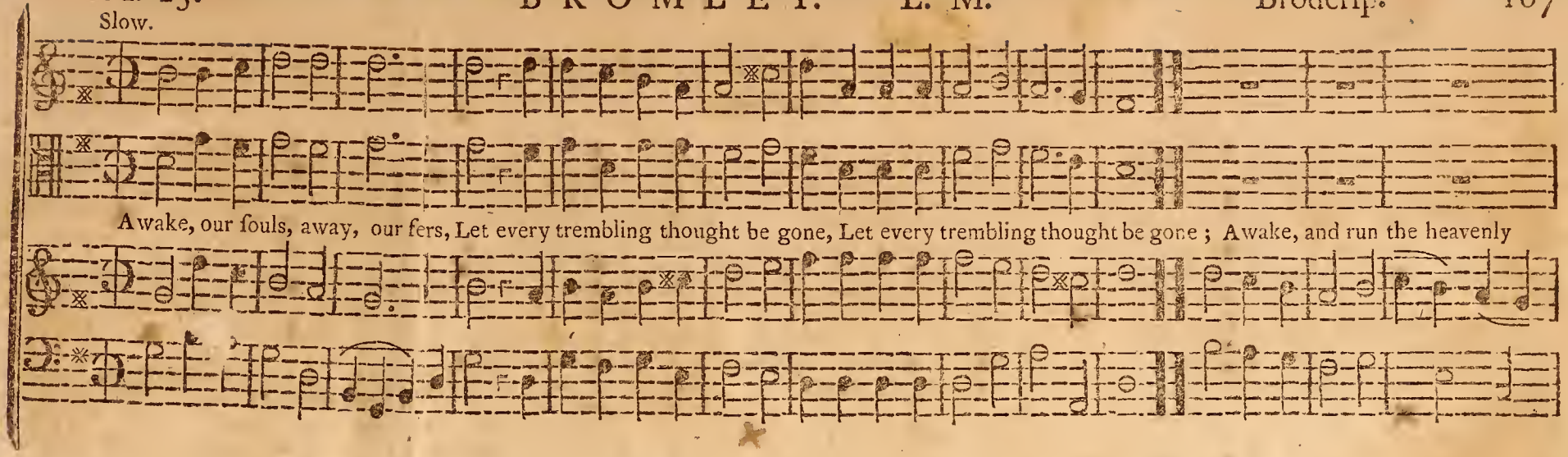
H. 187.

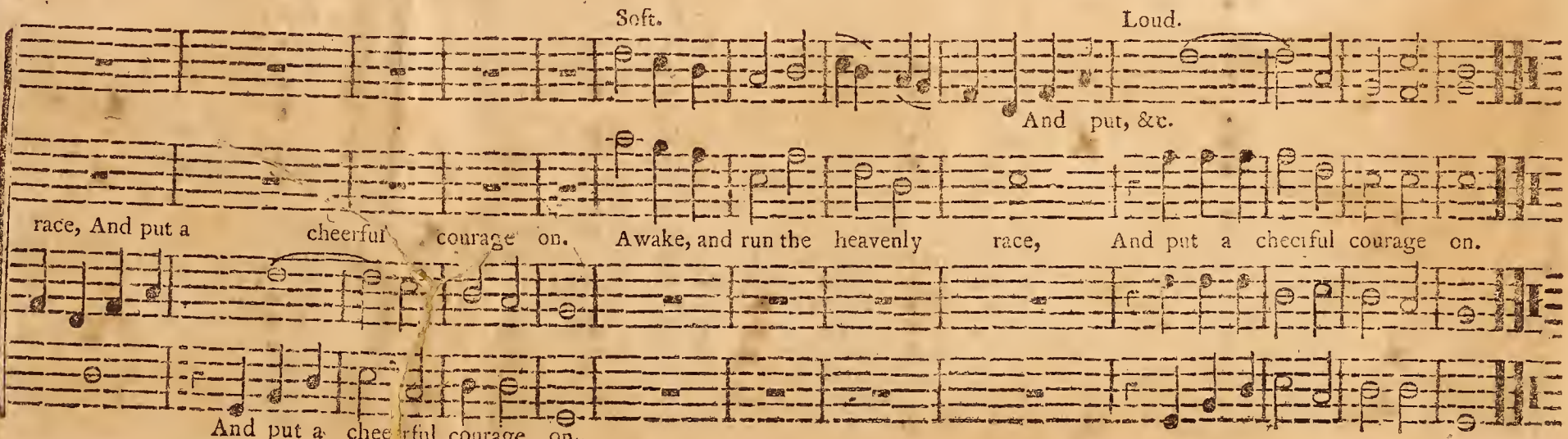
TRURO. L. M.

Williams' Coll.



Slow.


Awake, our ſouls, away, our ſers, Let every trembling thought be gone, Let every trembling thought be gone ; Awake, and run the heavenly


Soft.
Loud.
And put, &c.
race, And put a cheerful courage on. Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on.
And put a cheerful courage on.

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B.P.L. Bindery
DEC 8 1898