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Samuel Capen

BRIDGEWATER COLLECTION

OF

Sacred Musick.

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.

Third Edition....Published according to Act of Congress.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS & ANDREWS AND J. WEST & Co. PROPRIETORS OF THE WORK,
AND SOLD AT THEIR RESPECTIVE BOOKSTORES....OCT. 1810.

.....

J. T. BUCKINGHAM, PRINTER, WINTER-STREET.

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PREFACE.

MUSICK is justly classed among the liberal and polite arts. The principles of Harmony also form a very curious and not inconsiderable part of Mathematicks. 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 develop 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 tunes 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 generally 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 Musick is such, it is believed, as to accommodate all religious societies. A large 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 should object, that the Musick 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 Musick ; and will consider the use of Old Hundred and Windsor as evidence of a correct taste.

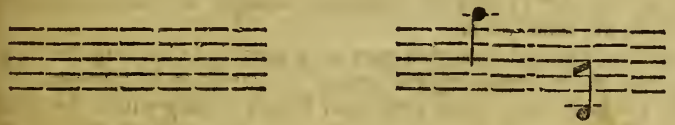
Bridgewater, Dec. 16, 1802.

ERRATA.

The 3d note in the Tenor of Condolence should be on the upper line.
First note in the Tenor of Limerick should be on C.
First note in the Base of Carthage should be on C.
The notes in the 9th bar of the first stave in the Tenor of Tolland should be pointed and measured as the notes are in the Treble, in the same bar.
The first note in the fourth bar of the first stave in the Tenor of Ellenborough should be on C.
In the last bar but one in the Tenor of St. Helen's, the first note should be on C, and the last on B.
The second note in the Base of Chapel should stand on C ledger.
The first note in the 6th bar of the second stave in the Base of Rockbridge should be on G.

Rudiments of Musick.

MUSICK is written on five lines, drawn over each other, and in the intermediate spaces, which, together, are called a *Staff*. If the notes ascend or descend beyond the staff, short lines are added, called Ledger Lines : thus,



The lines and spaces of the stave are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet, every eighth being a repetition of the same series. The situation of these letters on the staff is known by a character at the beginning, called a *Clef*, which represents a letter, and is always placed on a line. The Clefs used in this book are three, viz. the F (or Base) Clef, the G (or Treble) Clef, and the C (or Counter) Clef. The F Clef is placed on the fourth line, and therefore that line is called F ; the G Clef is placed on the second line, which is therefore called G ; and the C Clef is placed on the third line, which is therefore called C. The situations of the other letters on the Staff are ascertained from these three. Thus,

There are but seven original sounds or tones (every eighth being the same in nature as the first,) five of which are whole tones, and two are semitones. The semitones are found between B and C, and between E and F.

In singing, to the notes are applied the syllables, Mi, fa, sol, la, in the following order, viz. Above the Mi, are fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la; and below the Mi, are la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa; after which the Mi returns, either ascending or descending.

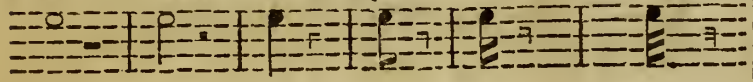
If no Flat or Sharp is at the beginning of a tune, Me is in B; but

If B be Flat, If B and E, If B, E and A, If B, E, A & D } Me is in { E, A, D, G

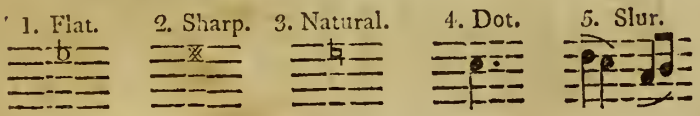
If F be Sharp, If F and C, If F, C, and G, If F, C, G, & D } Me is in { F, C, G, D

The Notes are six in number; and to each note belongs a Rest, or note of silence, of the same name and duration. The names of the notes, and their forms and proportions, are as follows:

1 *semibreve* = 2 *minims* = 4 *crotchets*=8 *quavers*=16 *semiquavers*=32 *demisemiquavers.*



Other musical characters are,



1. A *Flat*, set before a note, sinks it half a tone.
2. A *Sharp*, set before a note, raises it half a tone.
3. A *Natural* restores a note made flat or sharp, to its original sound.
4. A *Dot*, after a note, adds to it one half of its original length.
5. A *Slur* is drawn over or under those notes which are sung to one syllable.
6. The *Hold* shews that the sound of the note over which it is placed may be continued longer than its usual time. ☞ In this book, when placed over the Treble, its influence extends to the corresponding notes in the other parts.
7. The *Repeat* shews what part of a tune is to be sung twice, and is placed at the beginning and end of the strain to be repeated.
8. *Choice Notes* give the performer liberty to sing which he pleases.
9. The *Figure* 3, over or under three notes, directs that they be performed in the time of two of the same kind.
10. The *Trill* shews that the notes over which it is placed should be shaken.
11. The *Appogiatura* 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.
12. A *Bar*, divides the tune into equal parts, according to its measure note.
13. A *Double Bar* shows the end of a strain.
14. The *Brace* connects those parts of a tune which move together.

OF TIME.

There are three kinds of time, viz. Common, Triple, and Compound.

Common Time may be expressed by four modes :

First Mode. Second Mode. Third Mode. Fourth Mode.

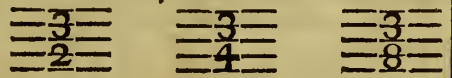
The first is the slowest mode, containing four crotchets in a bar. It has four beats, two down and two up ; and is performed in four seconds.

The second mode is beat as the first, but one fourth faster.

The third mode has two beats in a bar, one down and one up, and is performed in two seconds.

The fourth mode is beat as the third, but performed one fourth faster. ☞ In all the modes of common time, the accent falls on the first and third parts of the bar.

Triple Time has three modes ; First Mode. Second Mode. Third Mode.

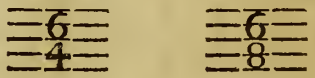


The first mode has three minims in a bar, each minim sounded in a second of time ; and is performed with three beats to a bar, the two first with the hand down, and the last with it up.

The second mode has three crotchets in a bar ; the time measured as in the first mode, but performed one fourth faster.

The third mode has three quavers in a bar ; the time measured as in the preceding modes, but performed one fourth faster than the second mode. ☞ In Triple time, the accent falls principally on the first, and faintly on the third parts of the bar, in all the modes.

Compound Time has two modes ; First Mode. Second Mode.



The first mode contains six crotchets in a bar ; three sung with the hand down, and three with it up, in the time of two seconds. It is accented on the first part of the bar.

The second mode has six quavers in a bar ; performed like the first mode, but one fourth faster. Accented as the preceding.

OF THE KEYS.

There are two Keys in Musick, the Sharp or Major Key, and the Flat or Minor Key. If the last note in the Base (which is called the Key note) be next above the Mi, the tune is in the Major Key ; if next below the Mi, it is in the Minor Key.

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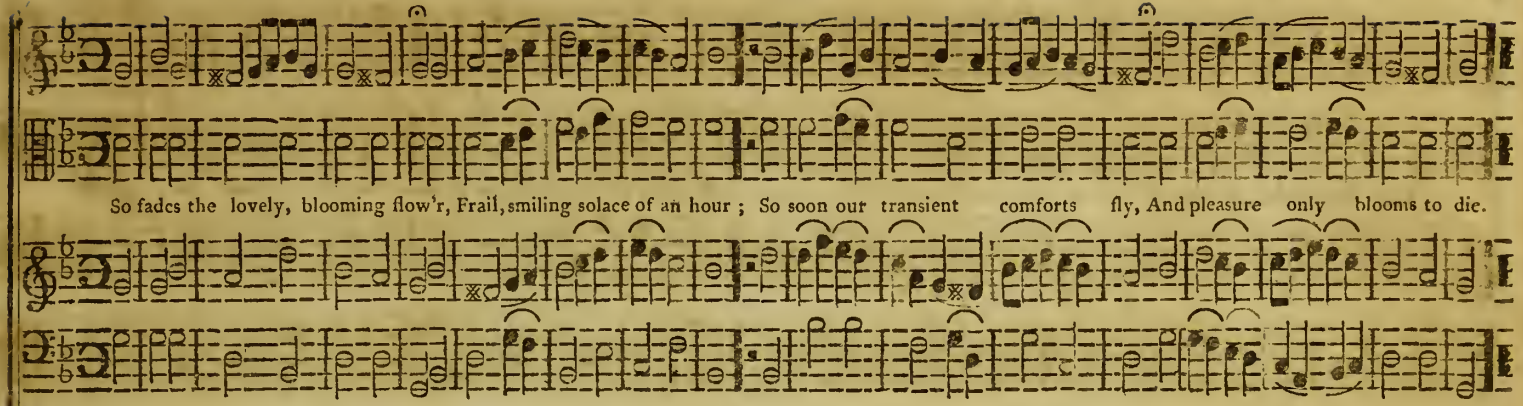
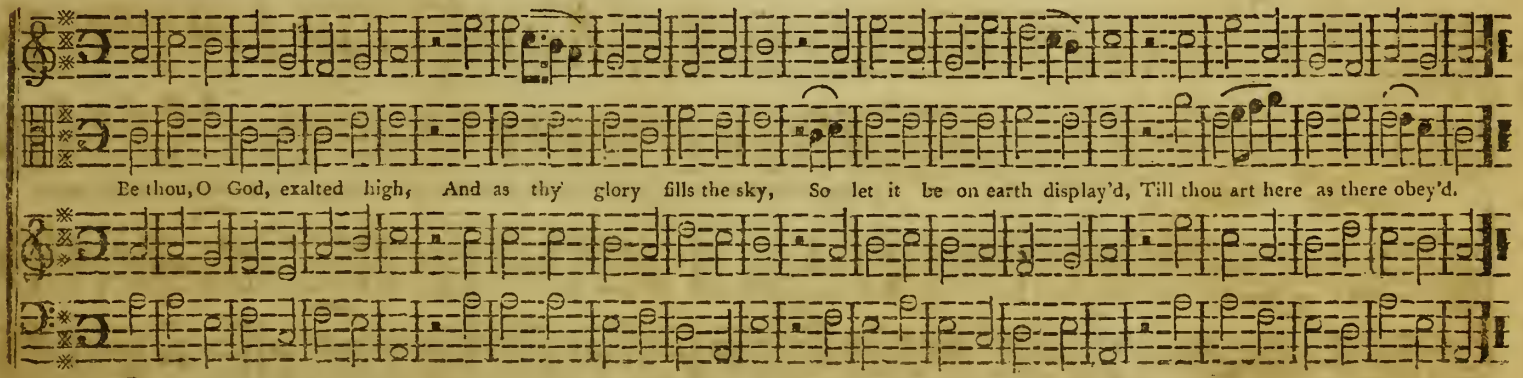
* This Tune has been ascribed to Bull, but the tenor or melody is coeval with Old-Hundred and Landaff, these three being the oldest tunes now in use.



OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



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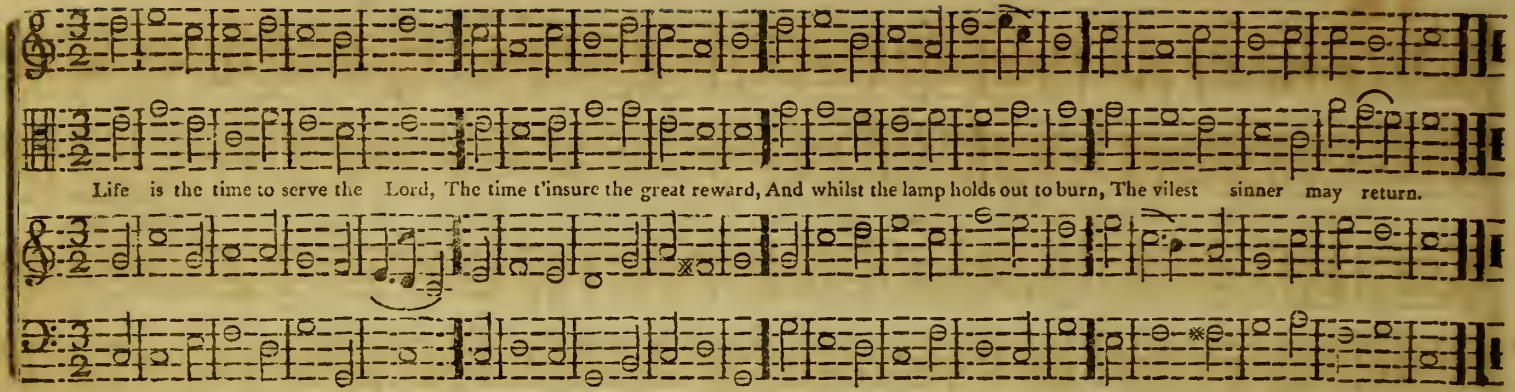
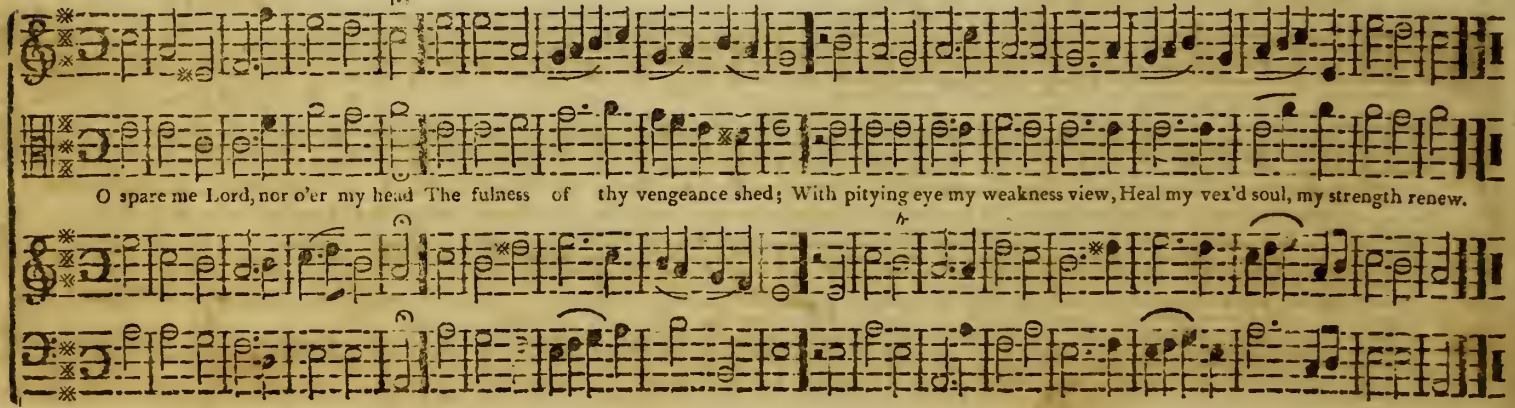
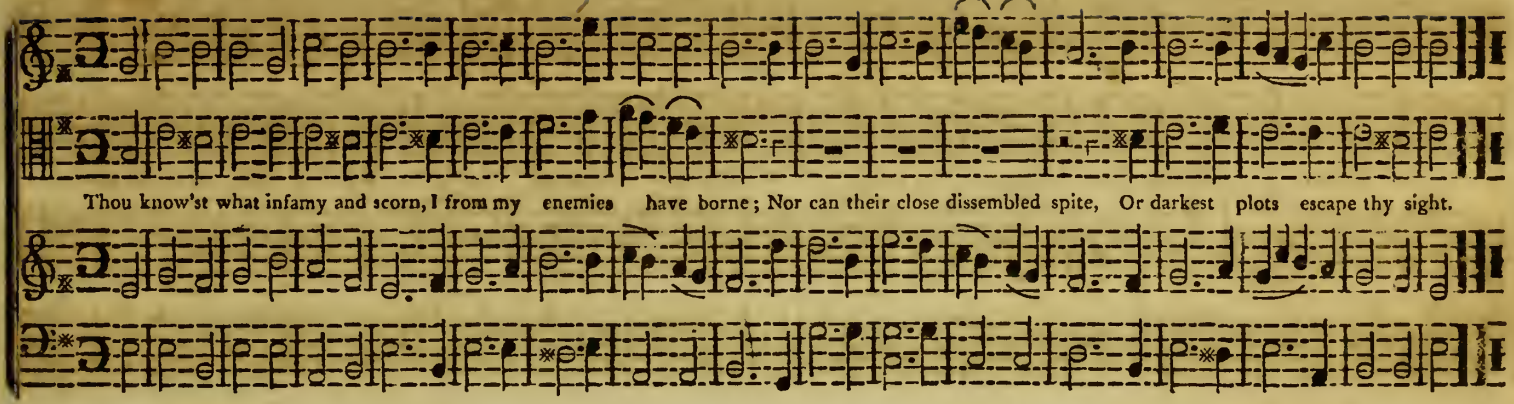
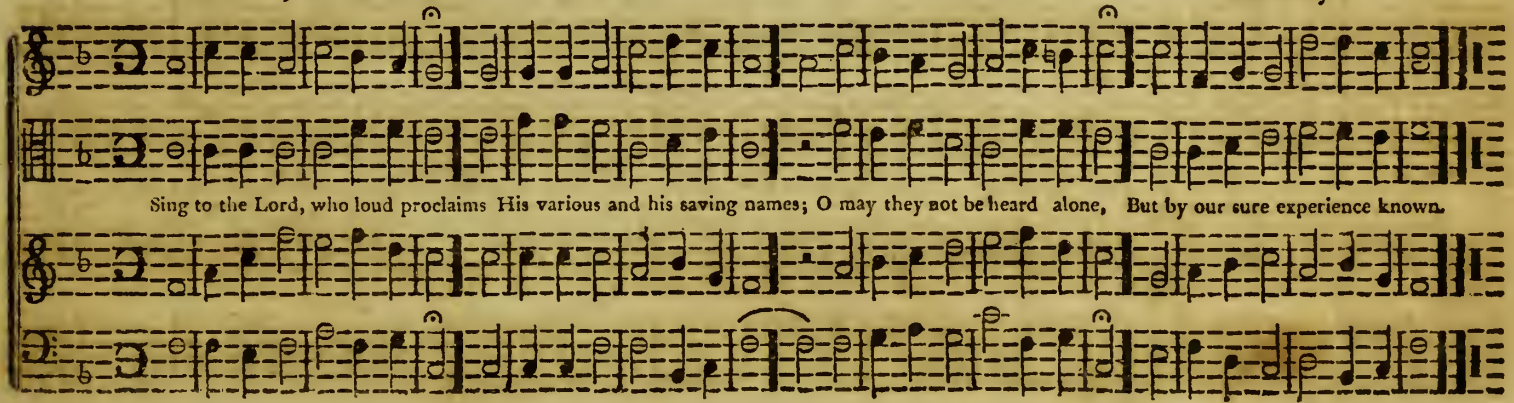


ROCKINGHAM. L. M. Costellow.

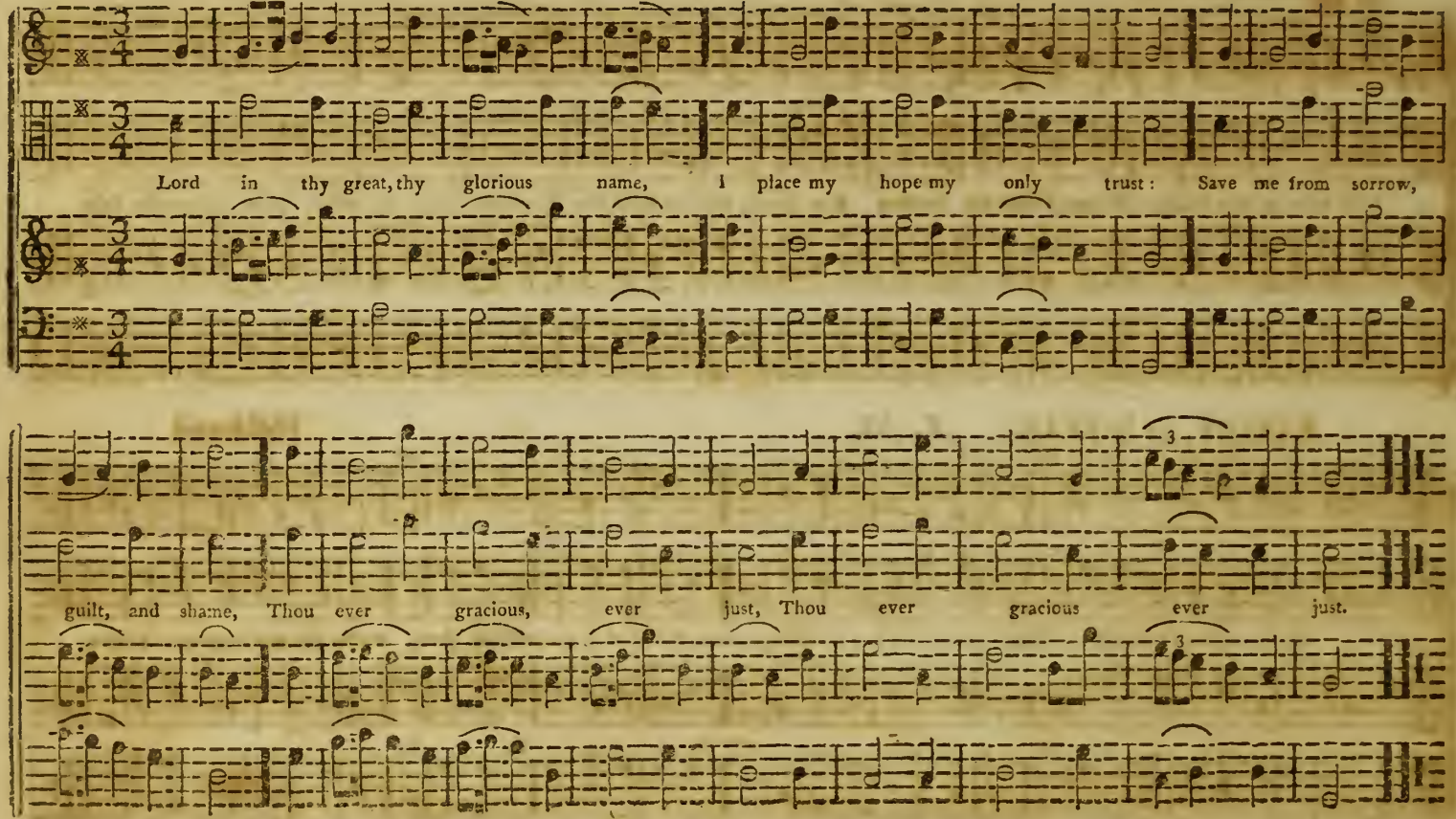


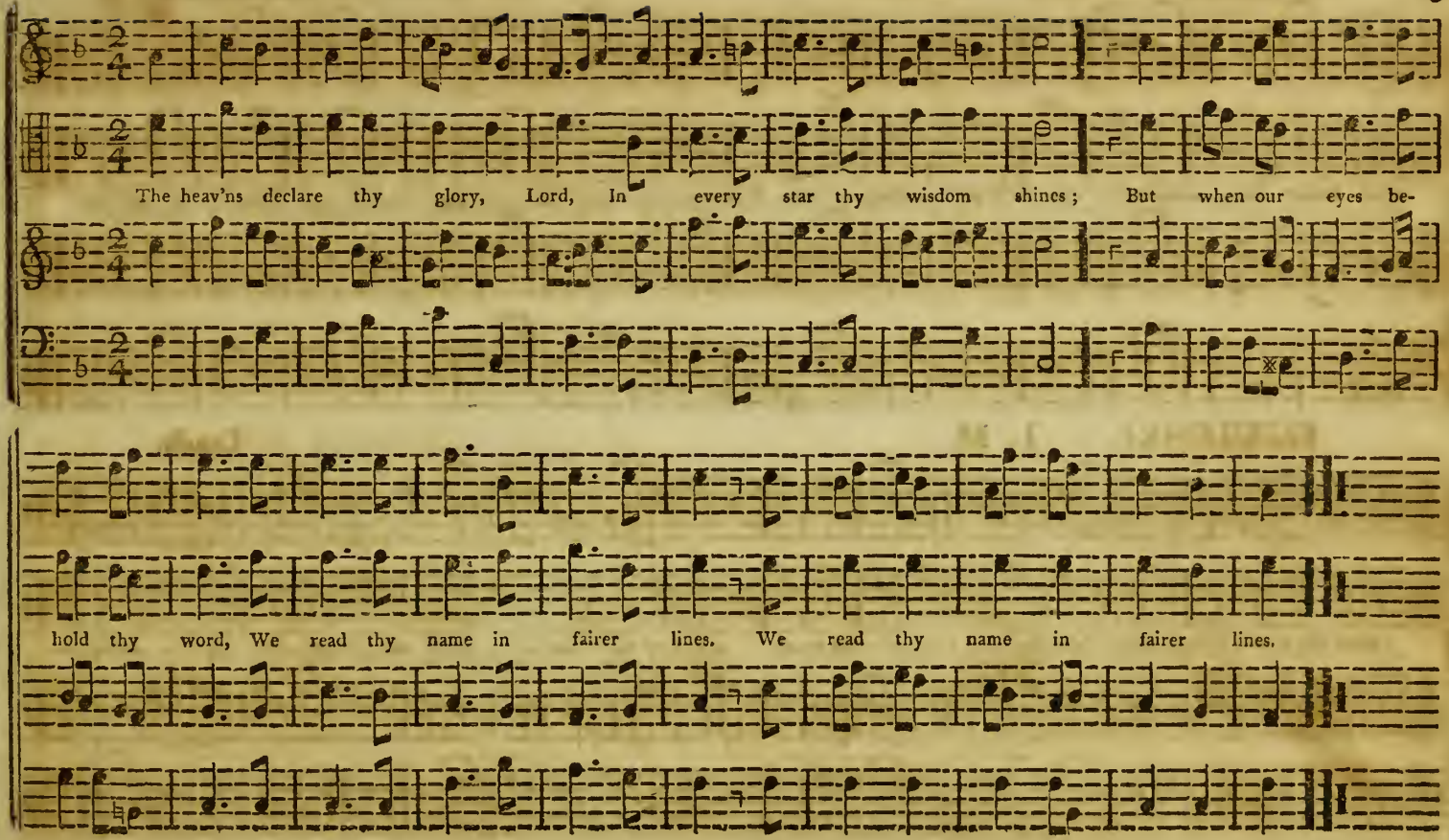


RUGBY, or WELLS. L. M. Holdrayd.

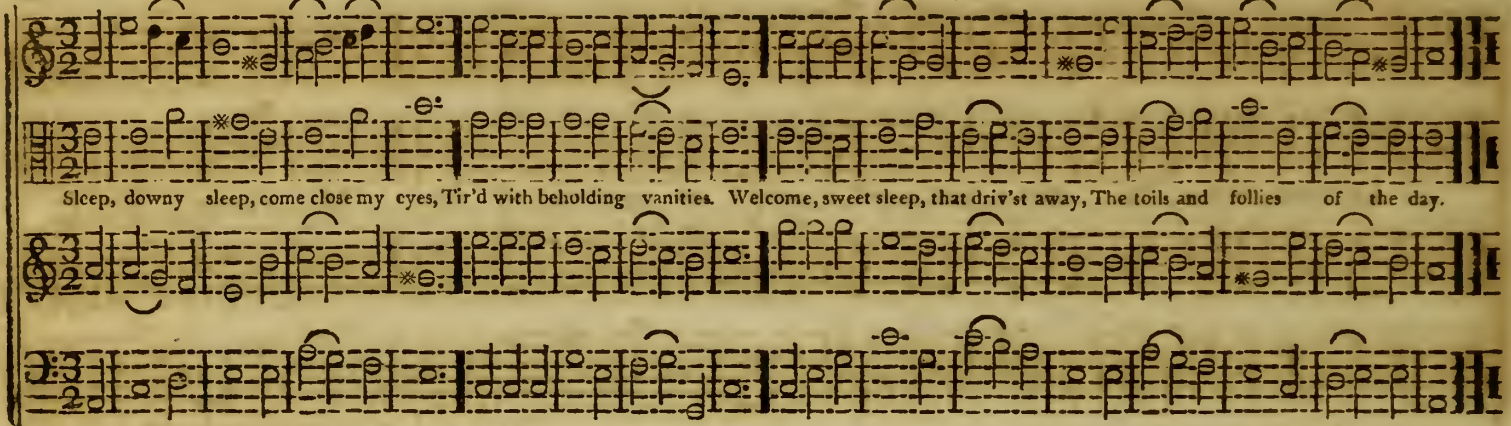


CASTLE-STREET. L. M.

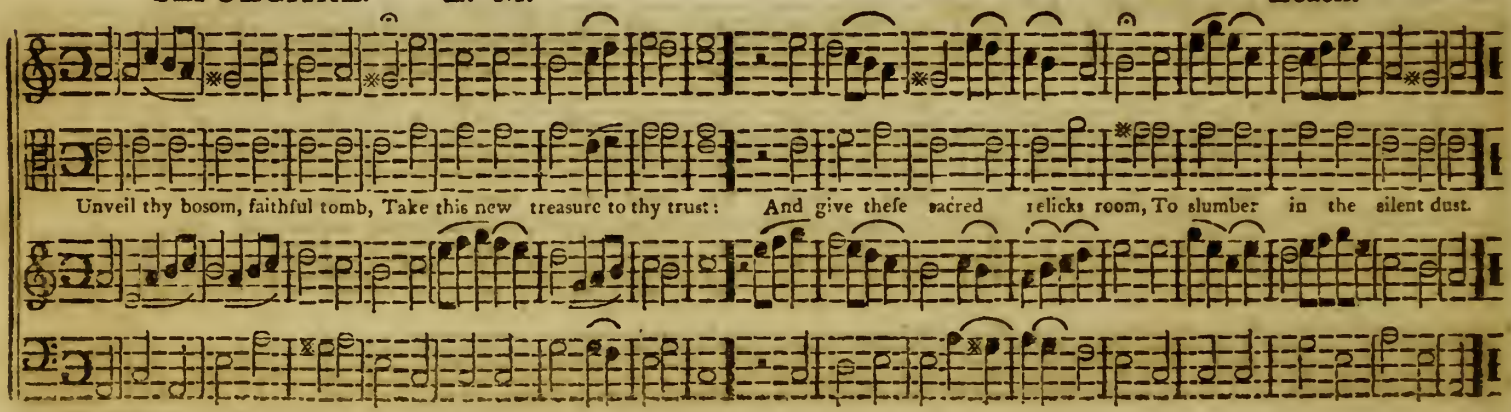


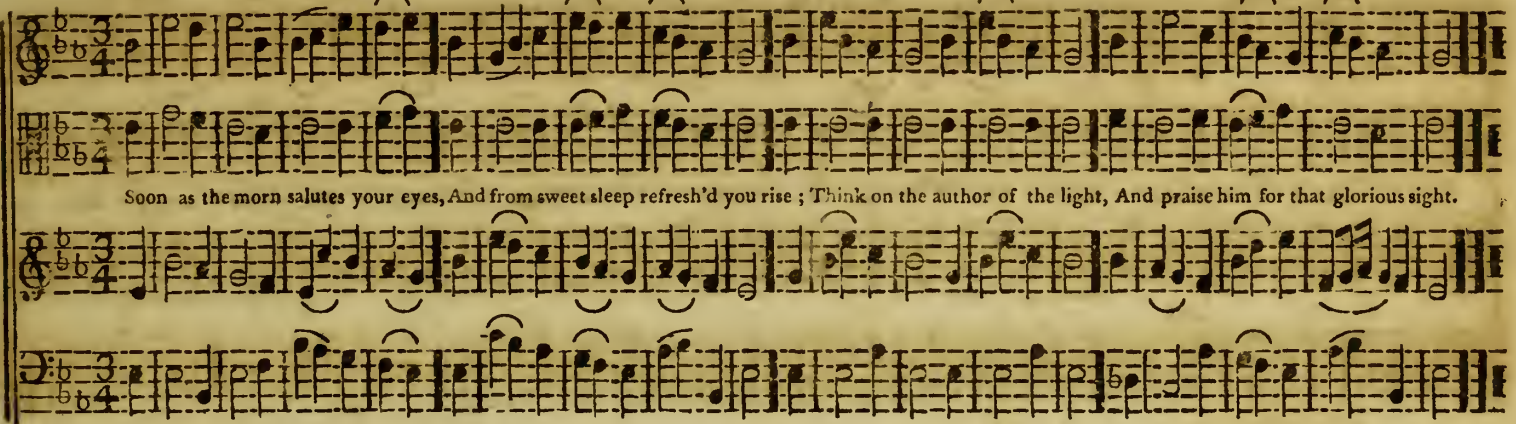

The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes be-
hold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines. We read thy name in fairer lines.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

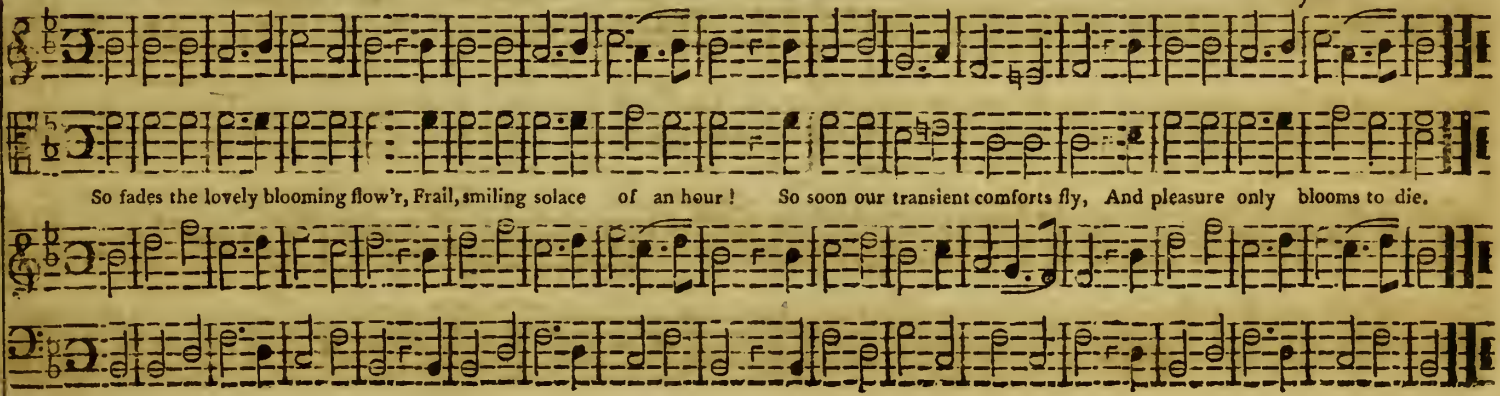


SEPULCHRE. L. M. Leach.



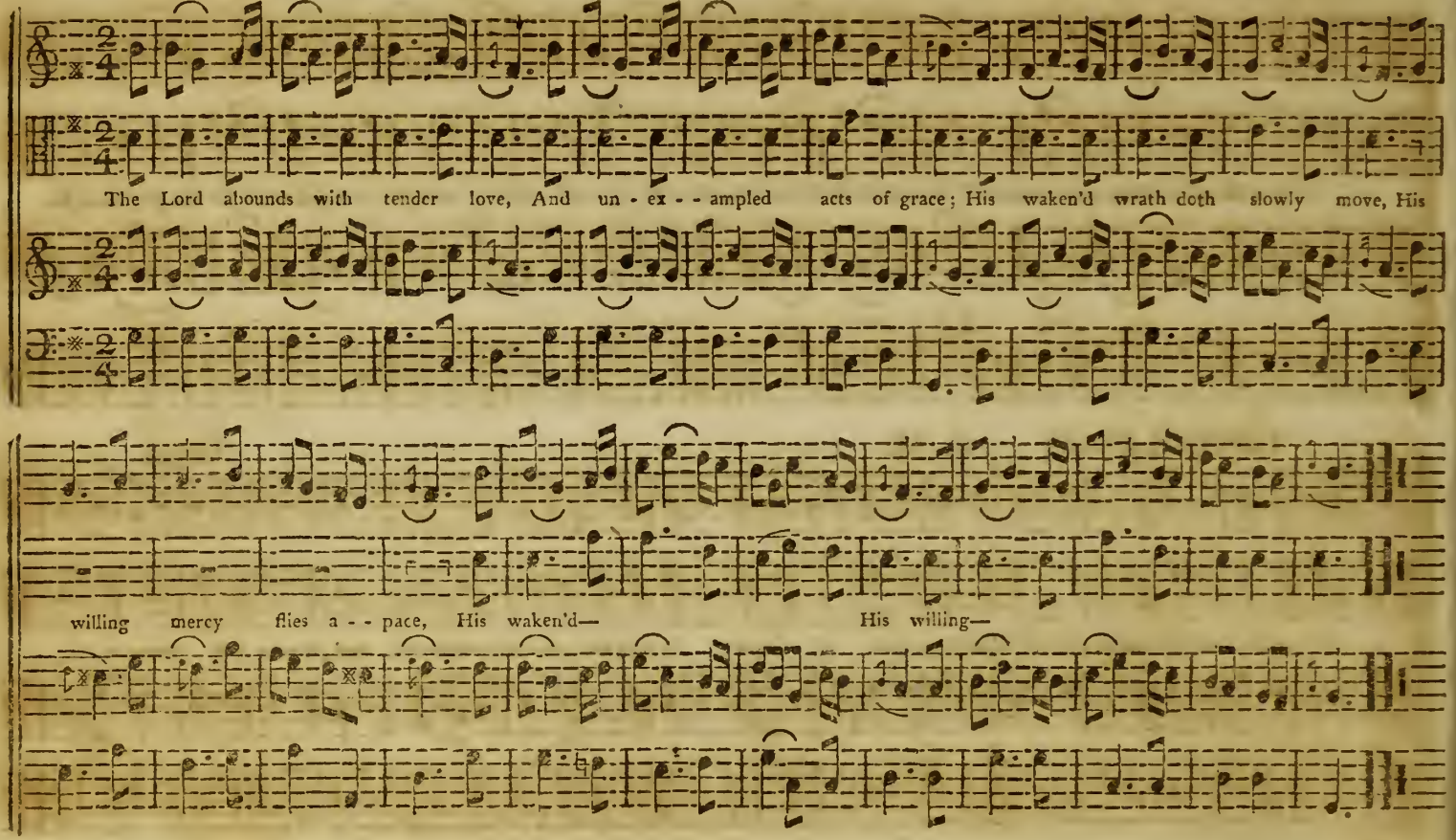


CONDOLENCE. C. M. Pleyel.



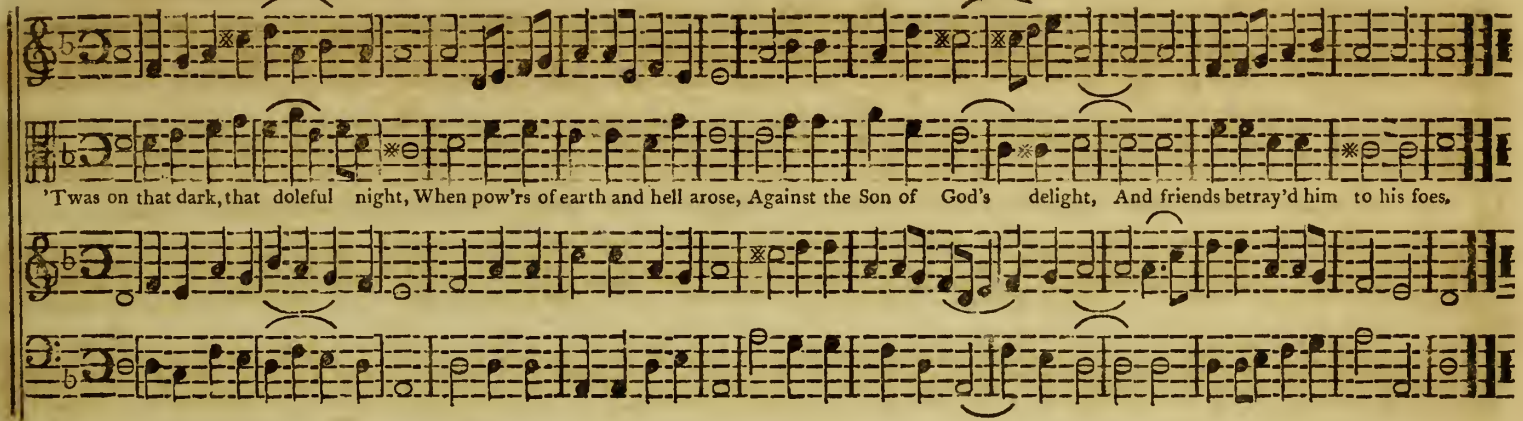
GRANBY. L. M.

Dixon.



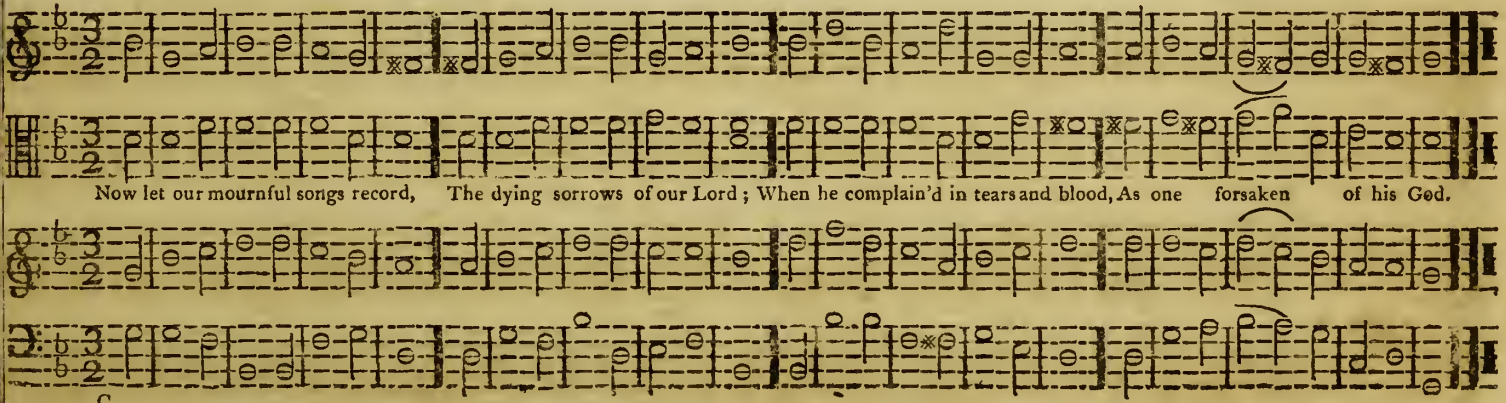
SHELBURNE. L. M.

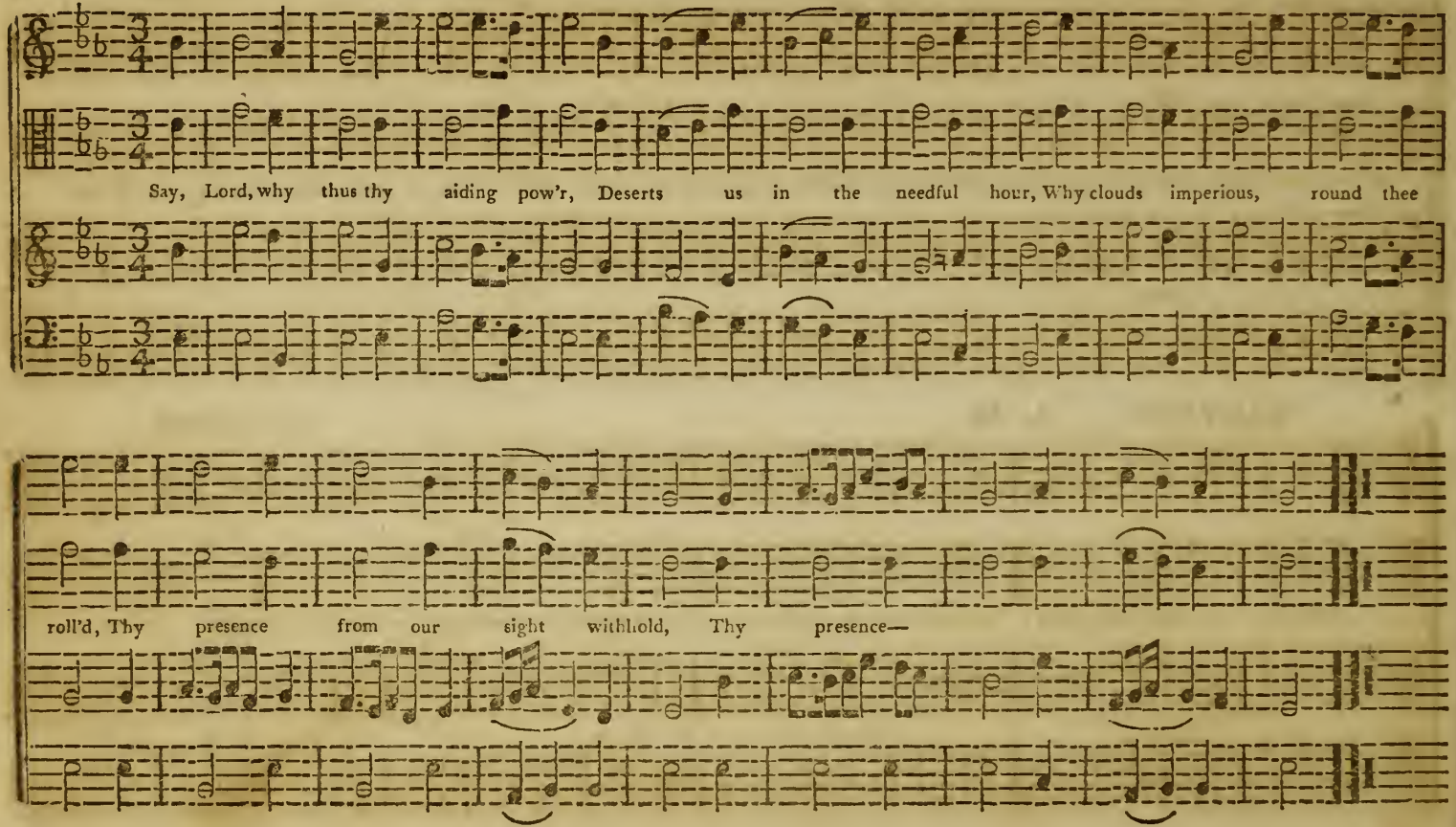
King.

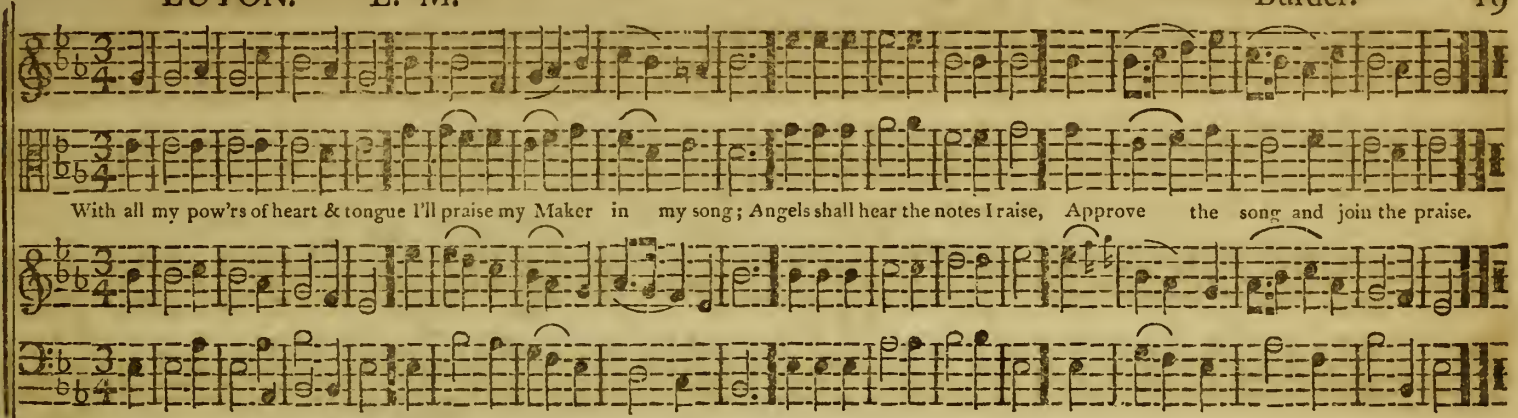


BABYLON. L. M.

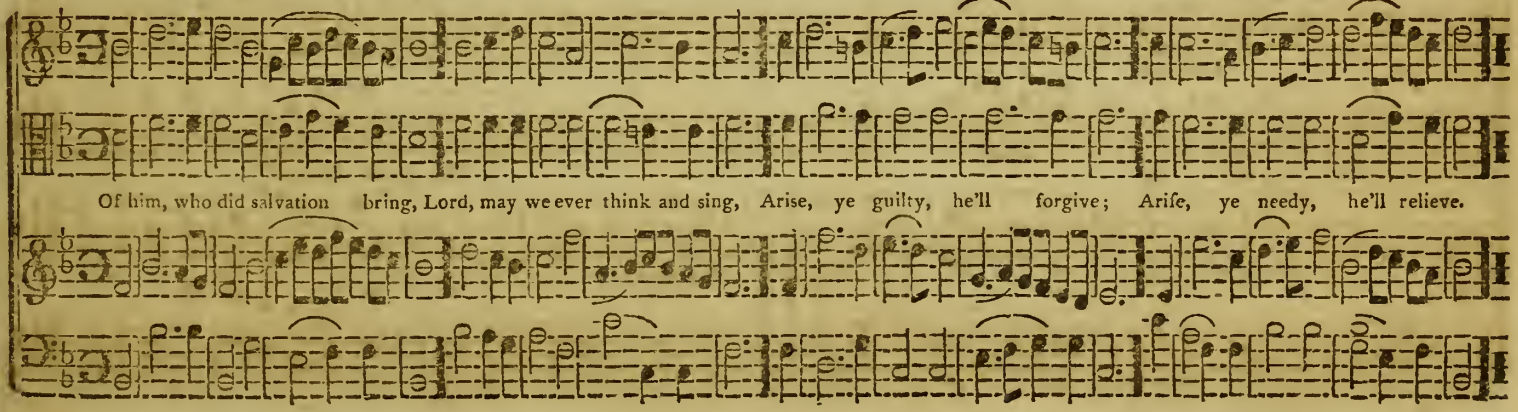
Ravenscroft.

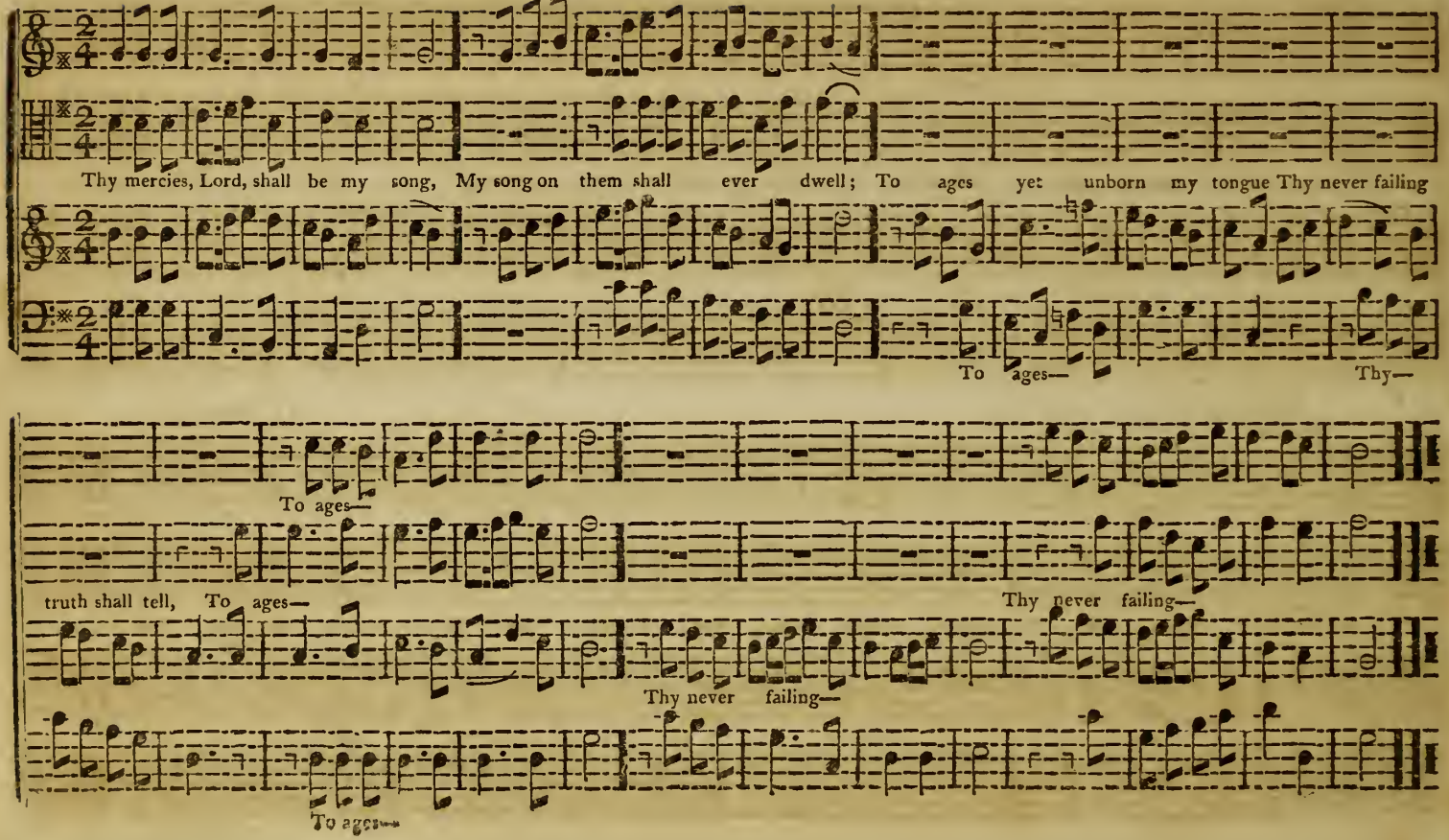


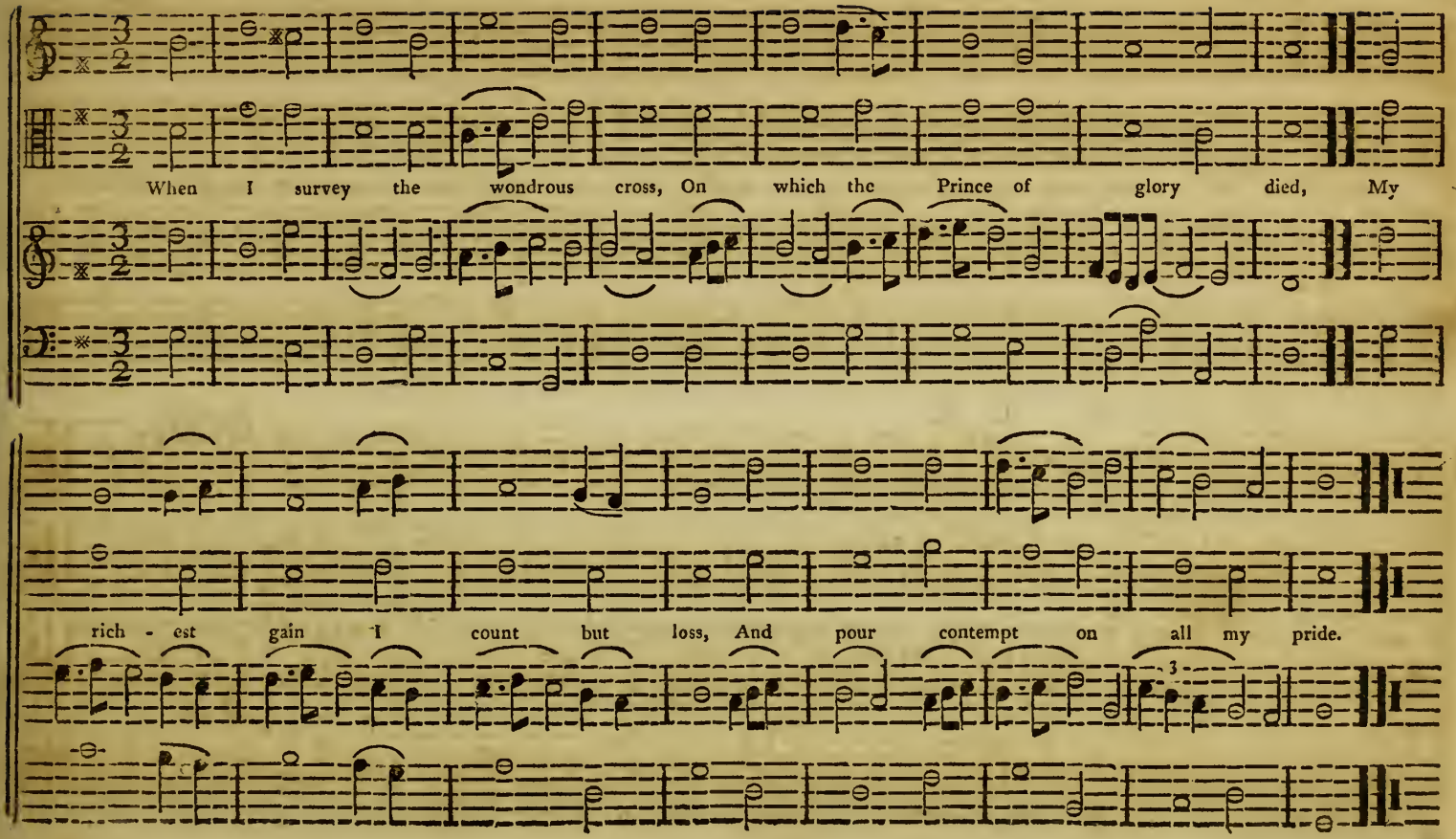

Say, Lord, why thus thy aiding pow'r, Deserts us in the needful hour, Why clouds imperious, round thee
roll'd, Thy presence from our sight withhold, Thy presence—



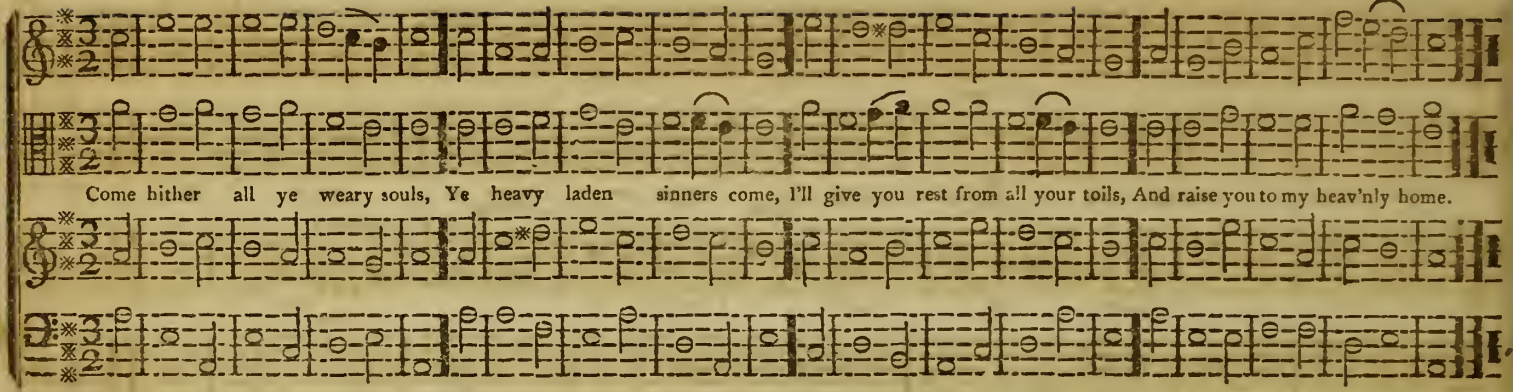
MILBANK. L. M. C. Burney.




Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song, My song on them shall ever dwell; To ages yet unborn my tongue Thy never failing
To ages—
Thy—
To ages—
truth shall tell, To ages—
Thy never failing—
Thy never failing—
To ages—

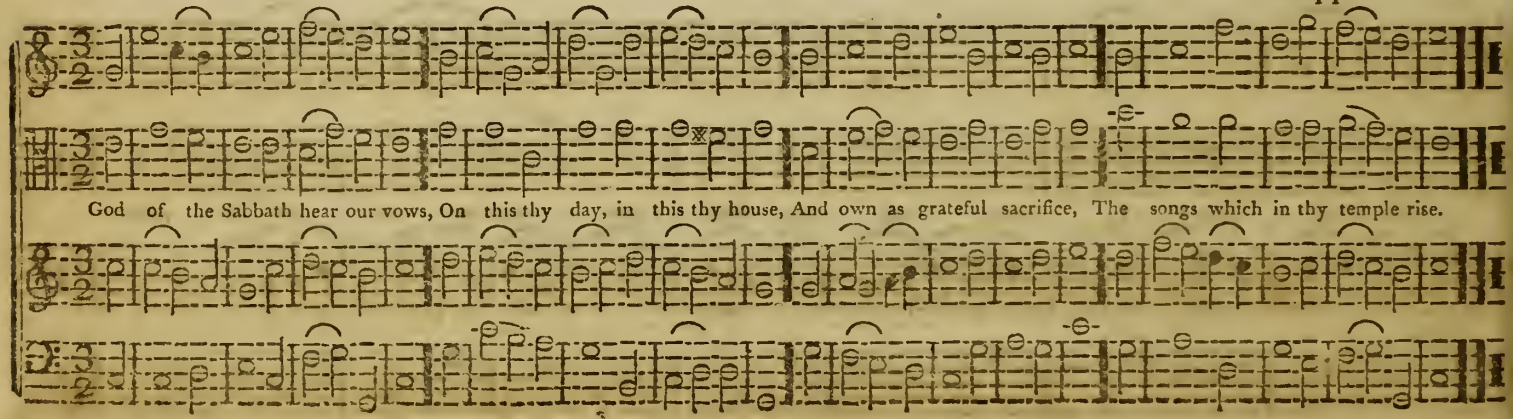

When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory died, My
rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

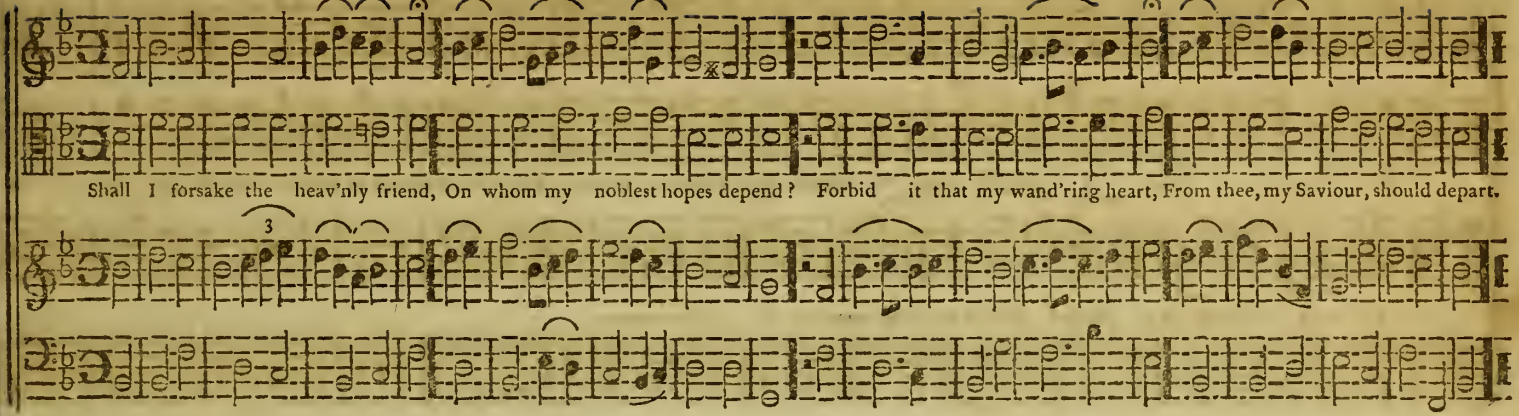
BATH. L. M.



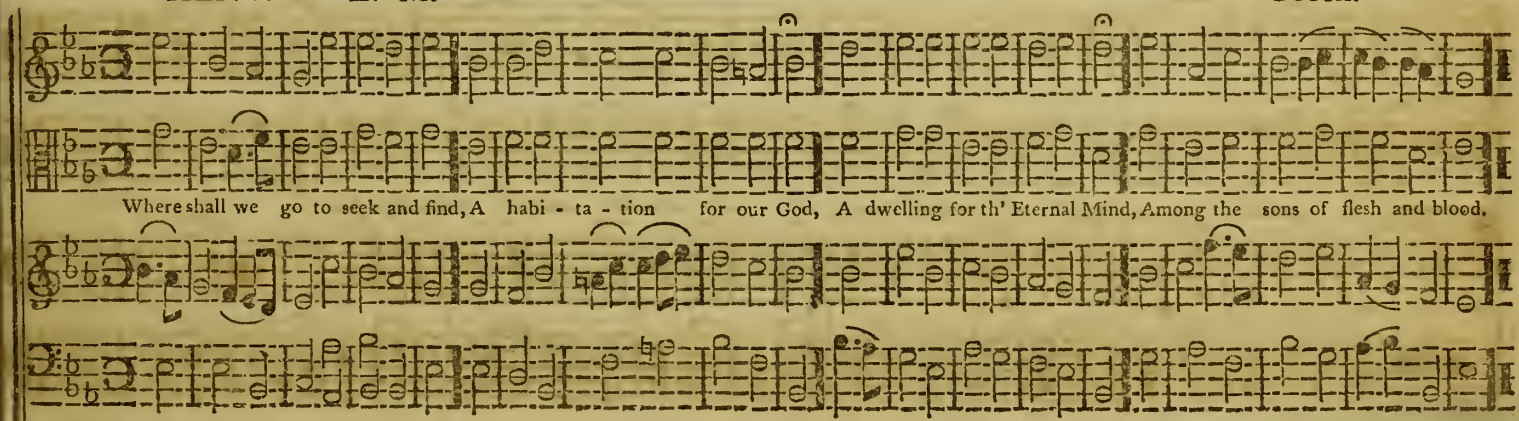
ALL SAINTS. L. M.

Knapp.



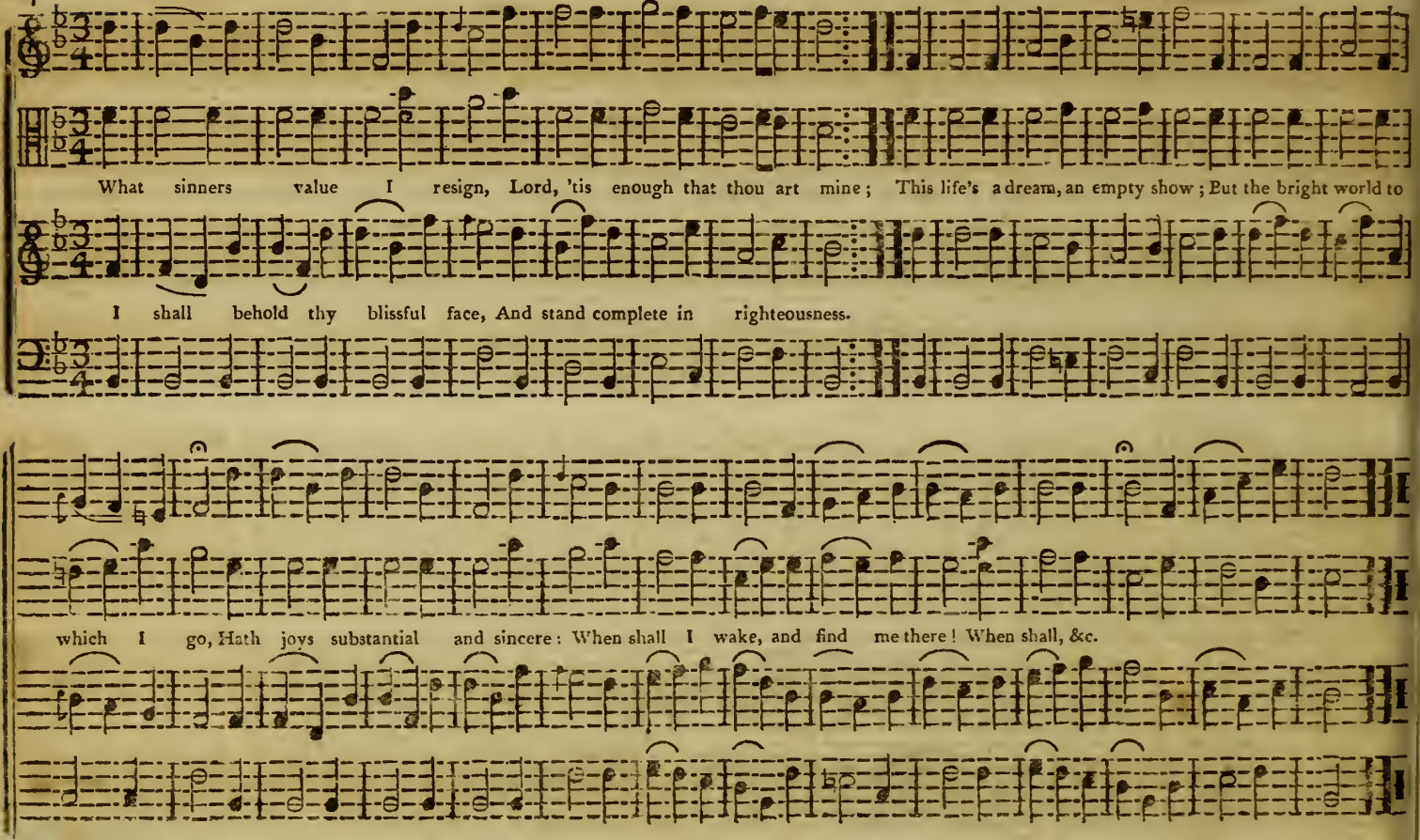


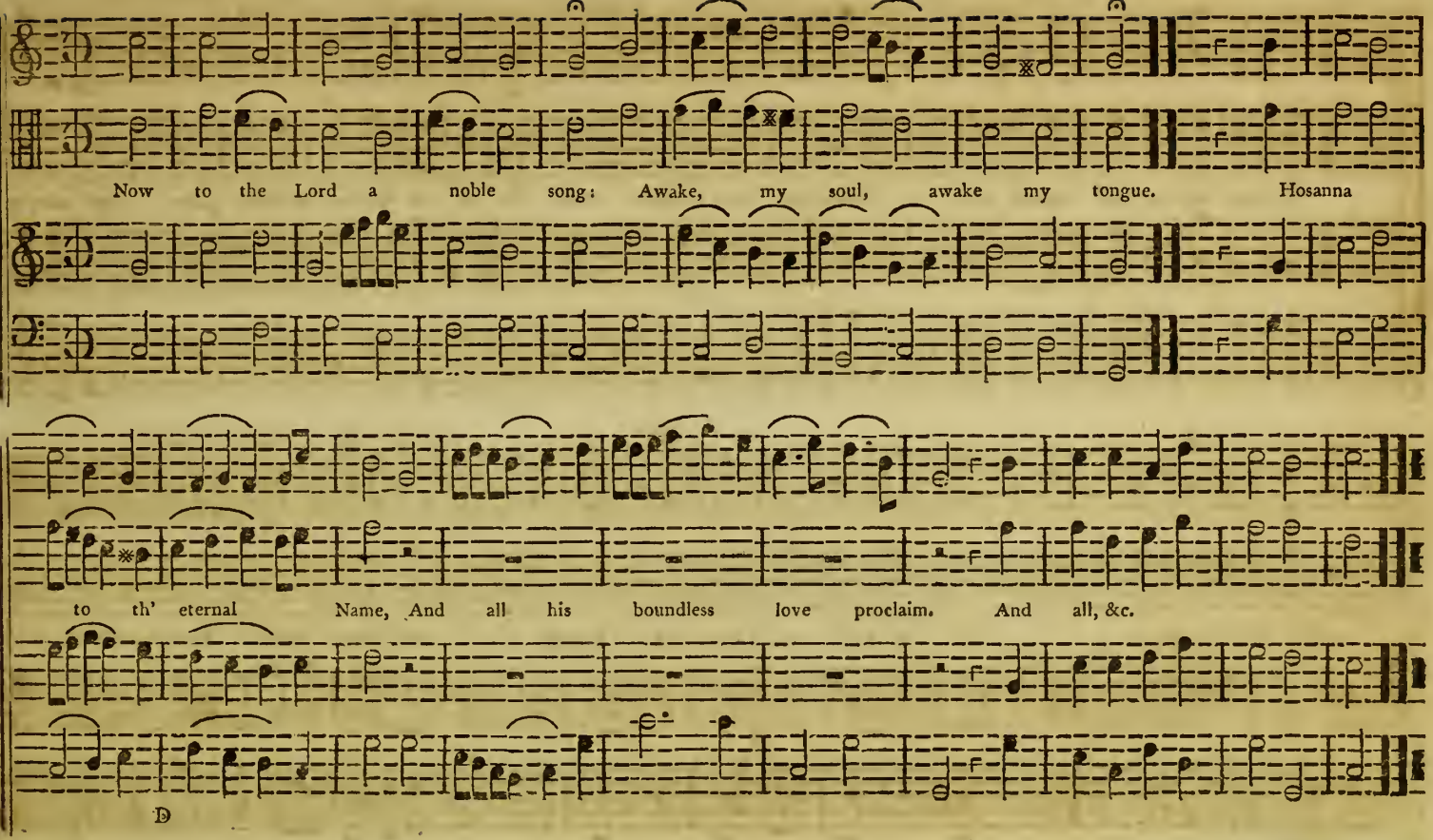
KENT. L. M. Green.



ITALY. L. M.

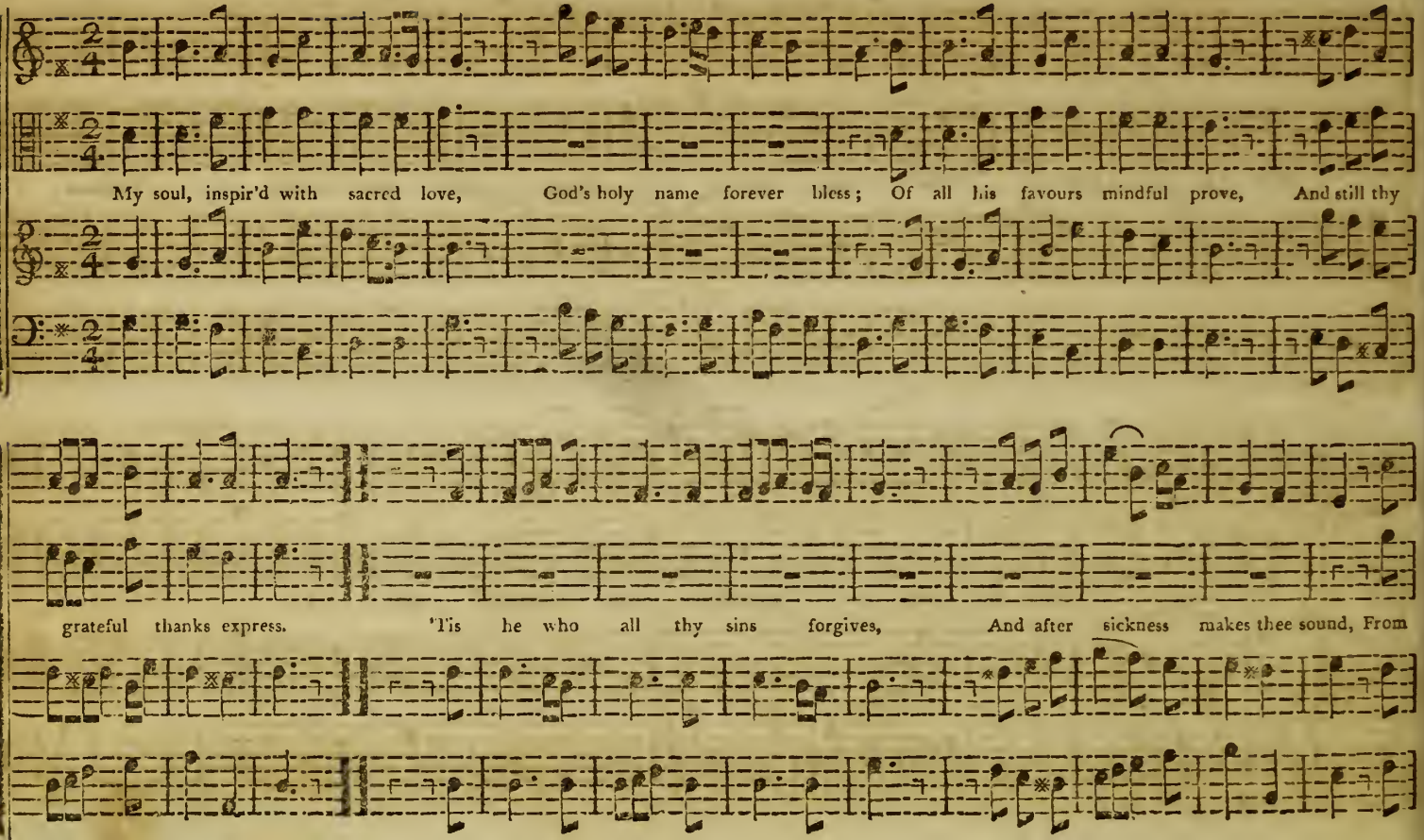
Sacchini.

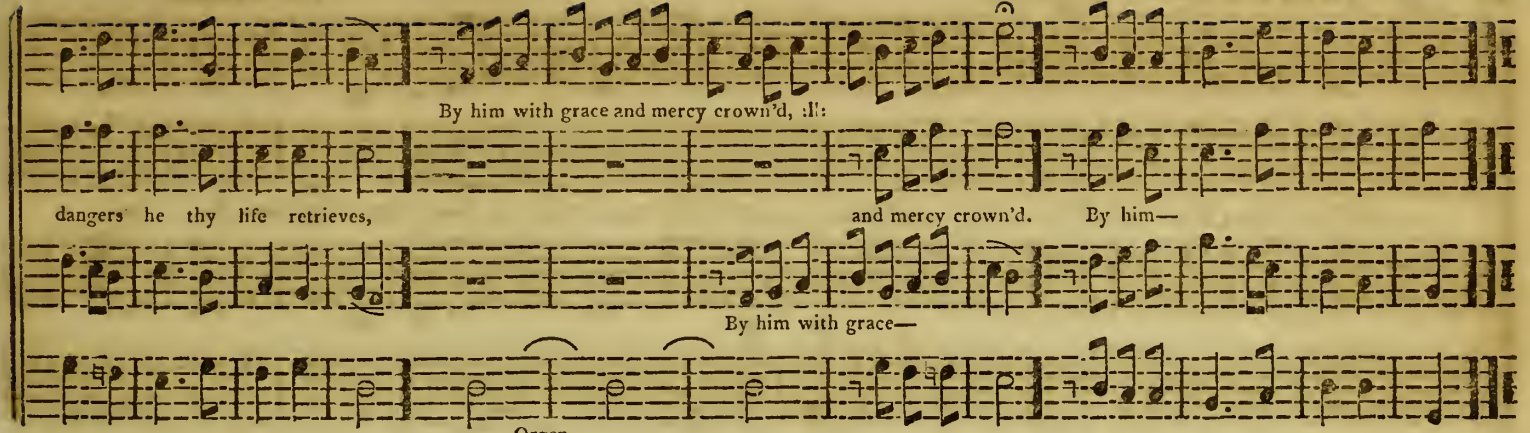



Now to the Lord a noble song: Awake, my soul, awake my tongue. Hosanna
to th' eternal Name, And all his boundless love proclaim. And all, &c.
D

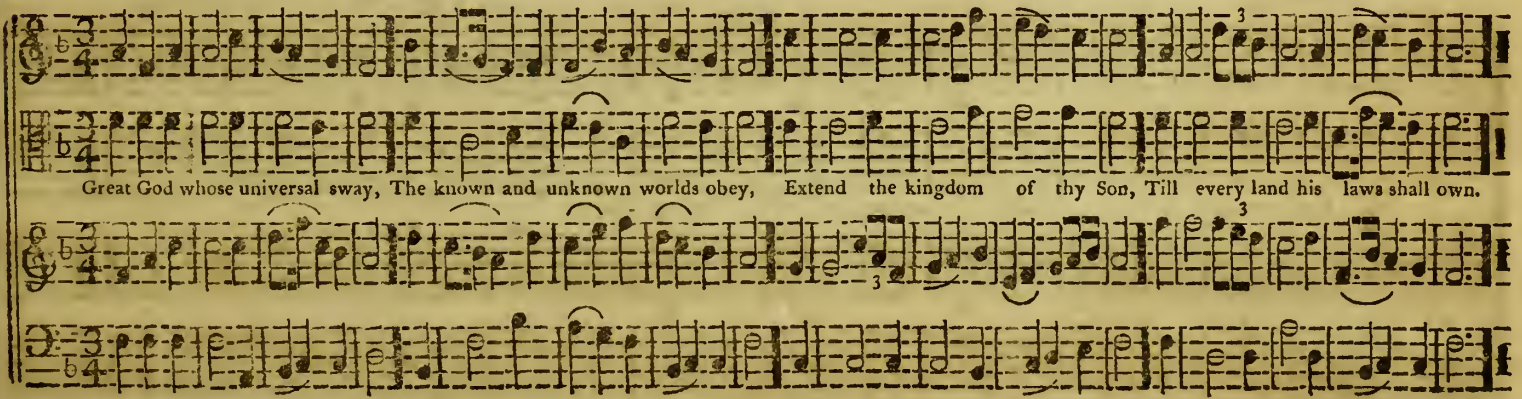
CONWAY. L. M.

Dixon.



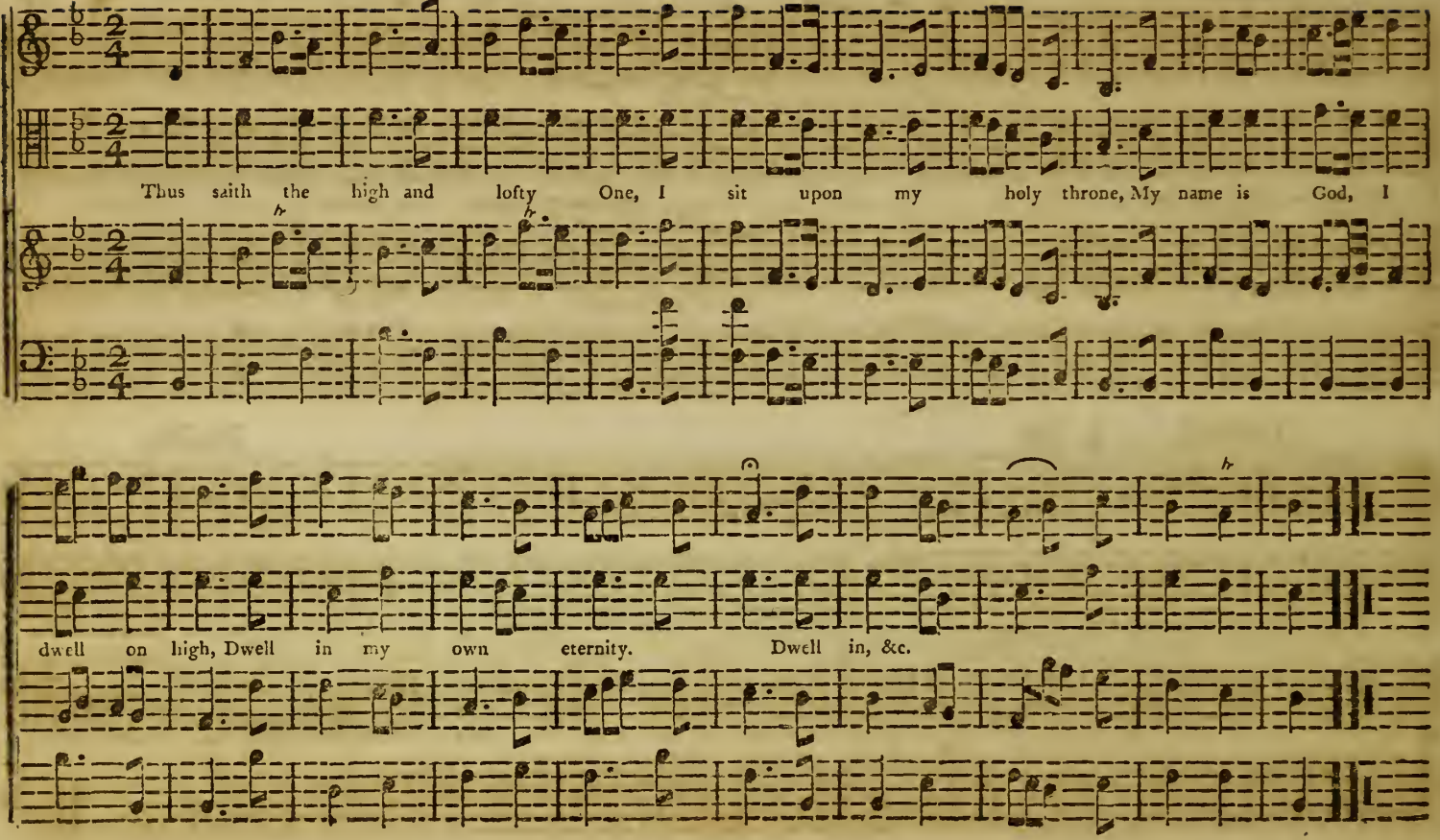


LEEDS. L. M. Madan.

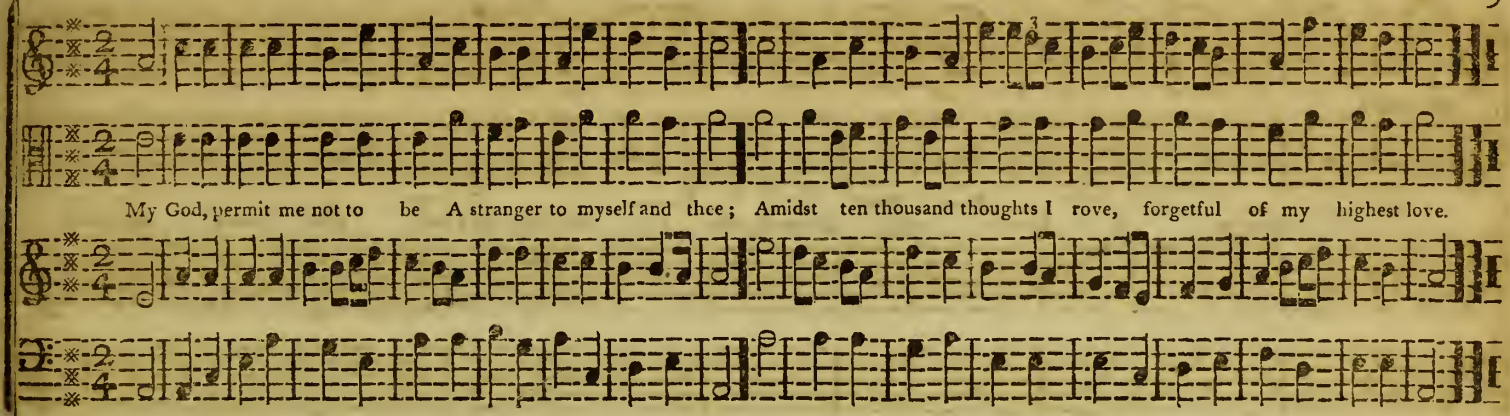


NANTWICH. L. M.

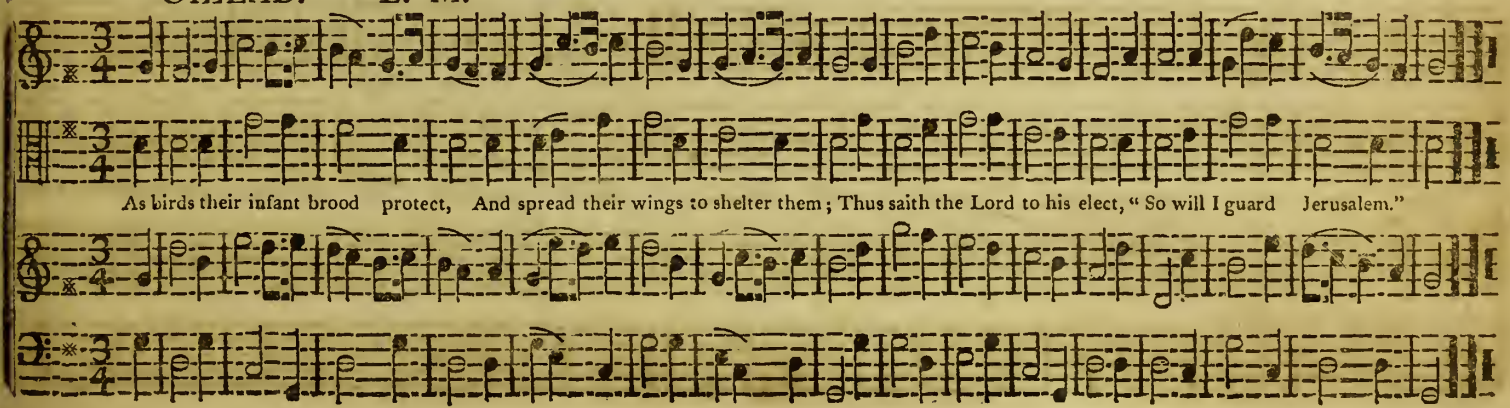
Dr. Madan.



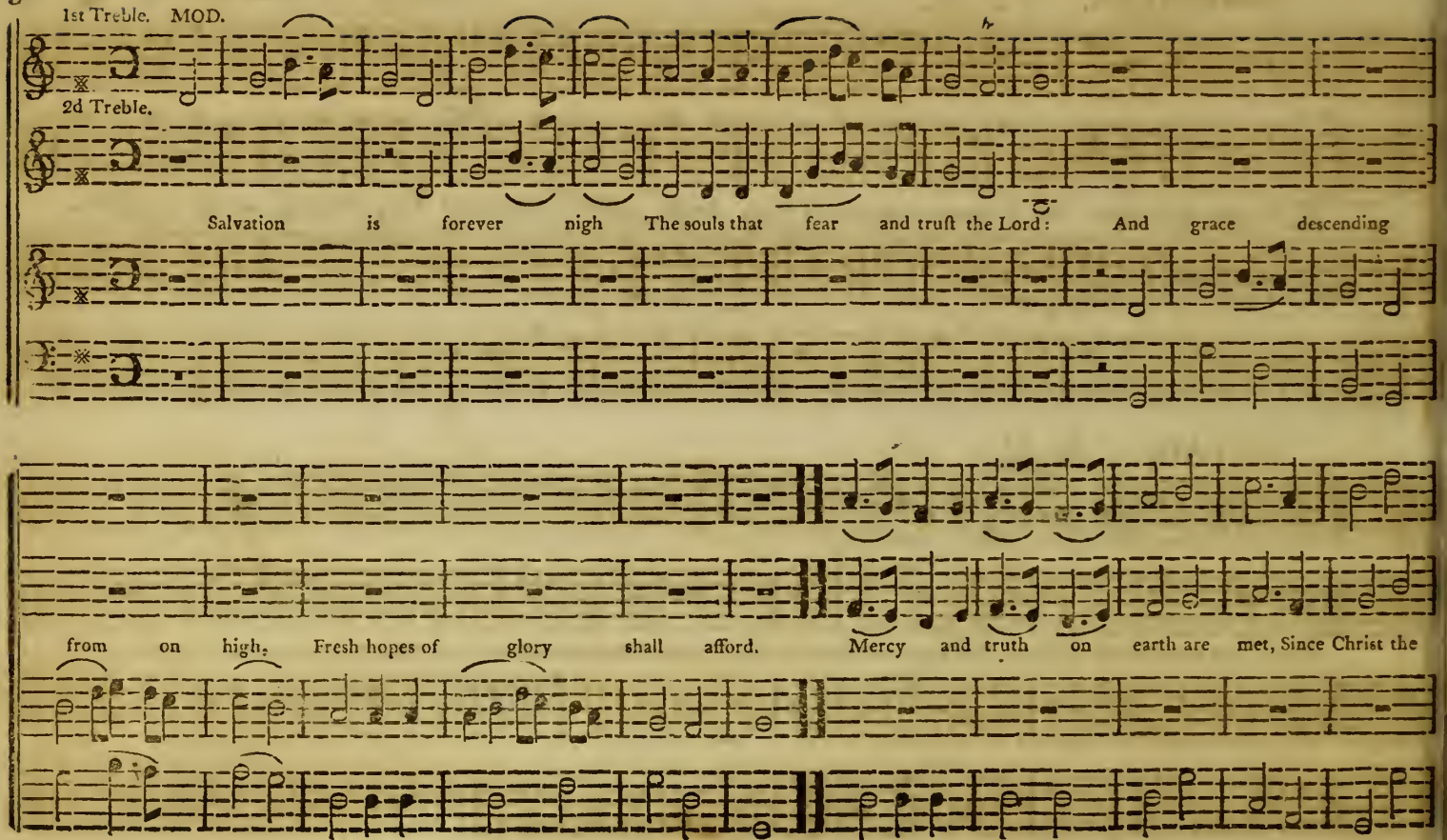
MAGDALEN. L. M.



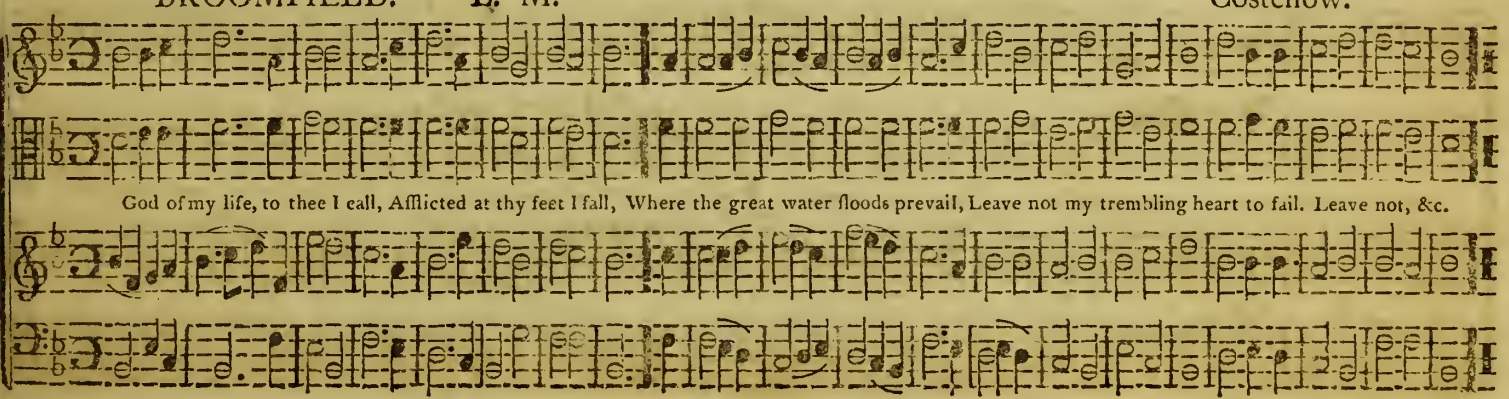
GILEAD. L. M.

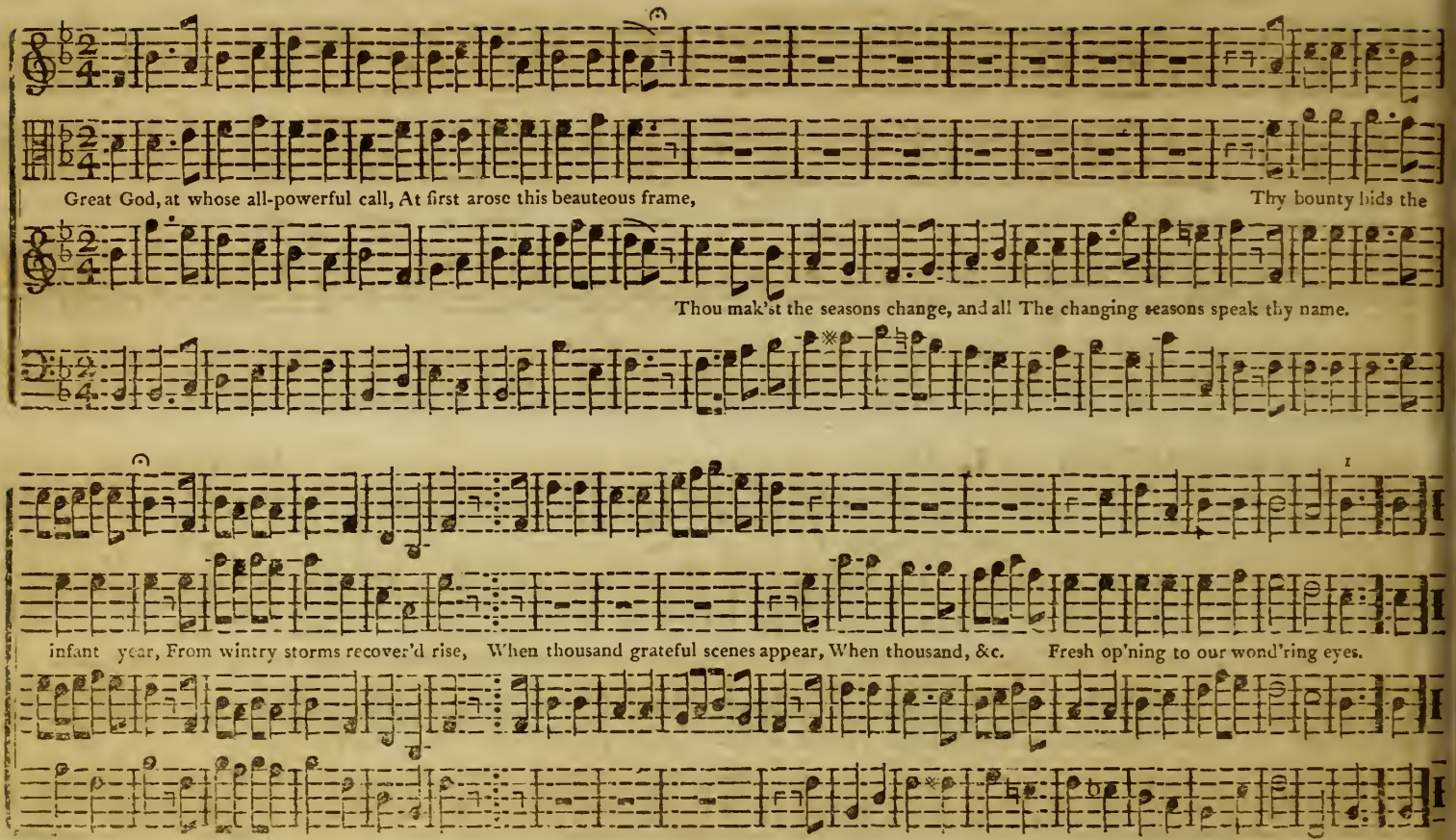


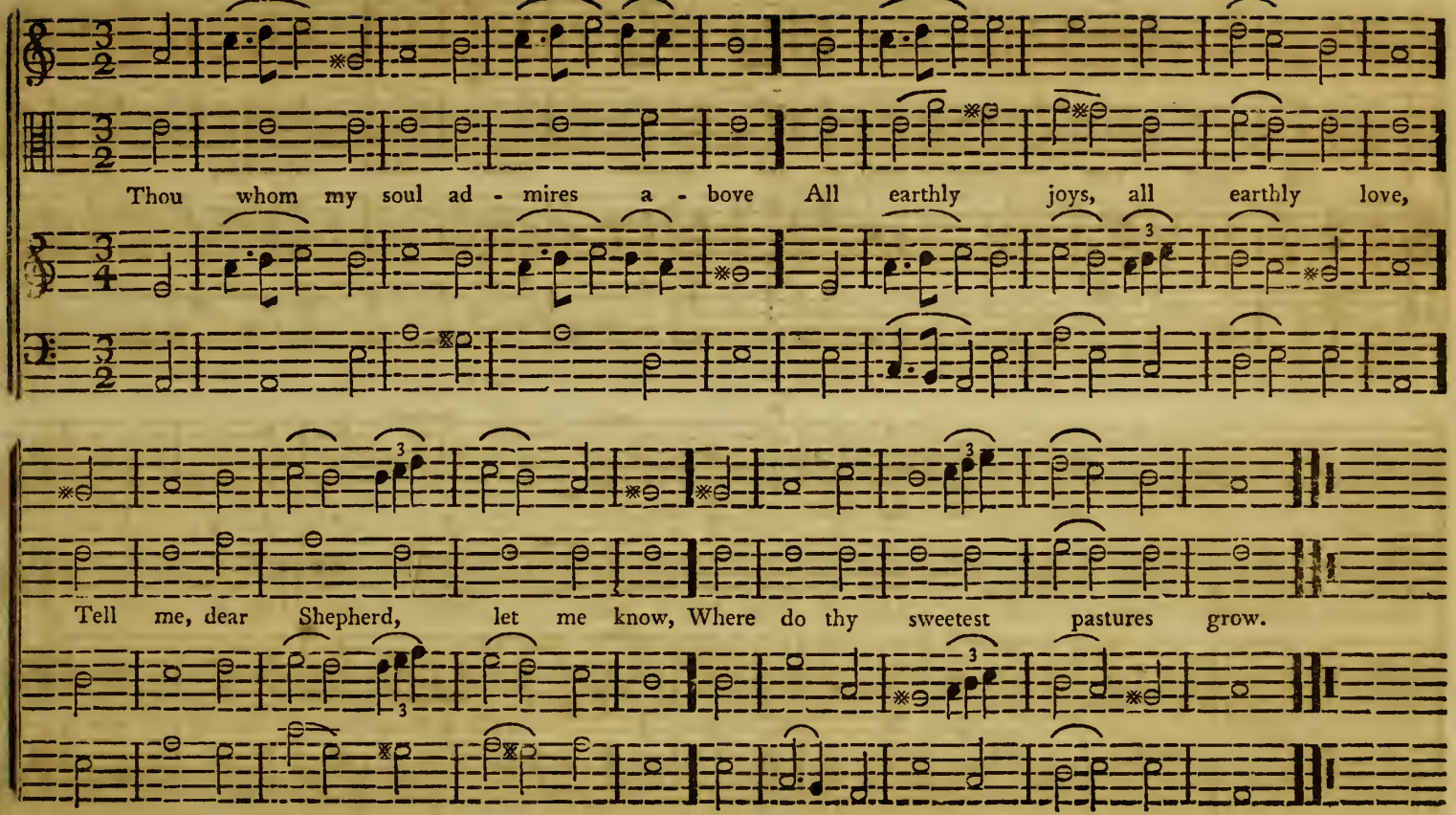
LORRAIN. L. M.


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

BROOMFIELD. L. M. Costellow.

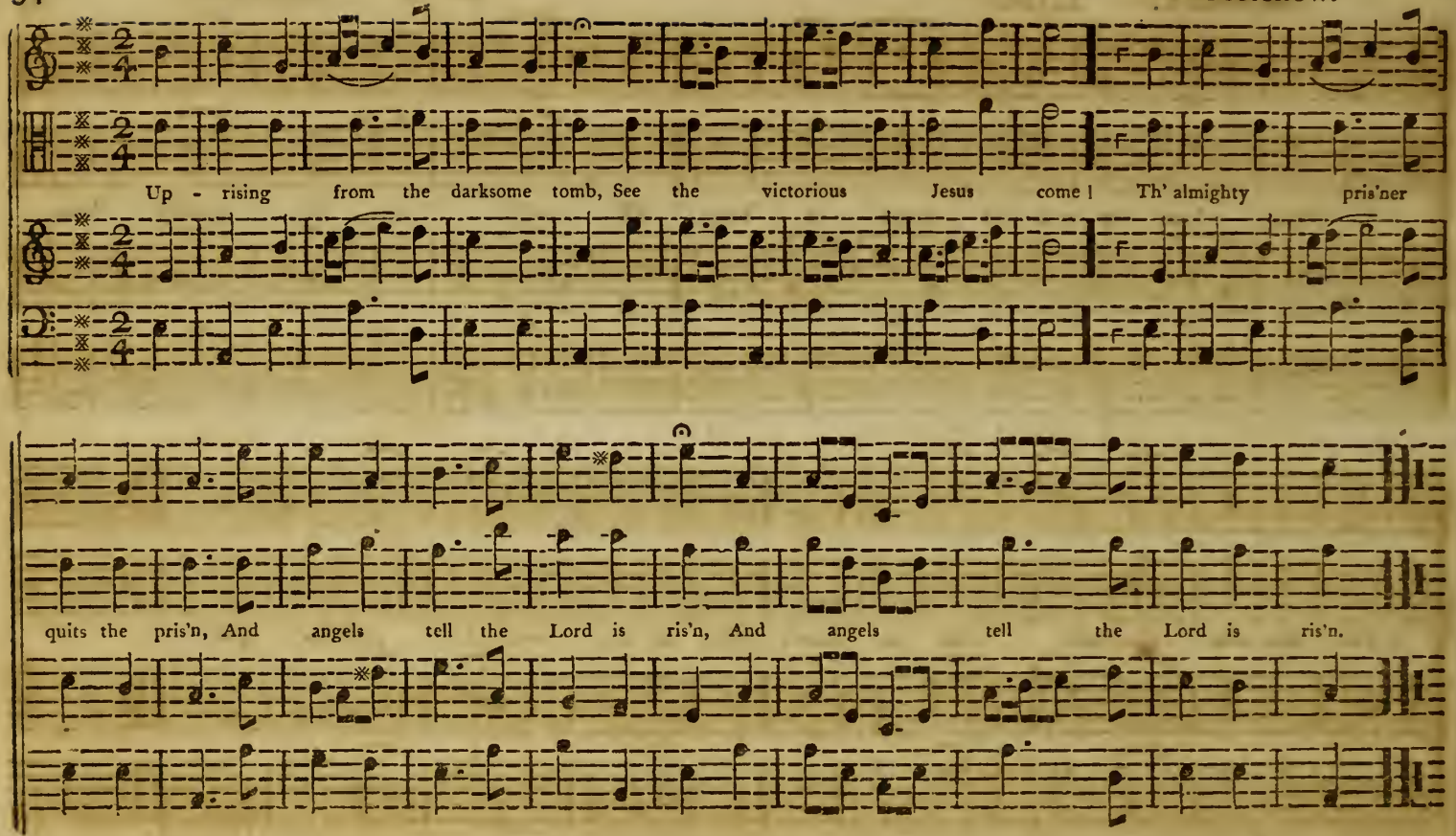



Great God, at whose all-powerful call, At first arose this beauteous frame,
Thy bounty bids the
Thou mak'st the seasons change, and all The changing seasons speak thy name.
infant year, From wintry storms recover'd rise, When thousand grateful scenes appear, When thousand, &c.
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring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

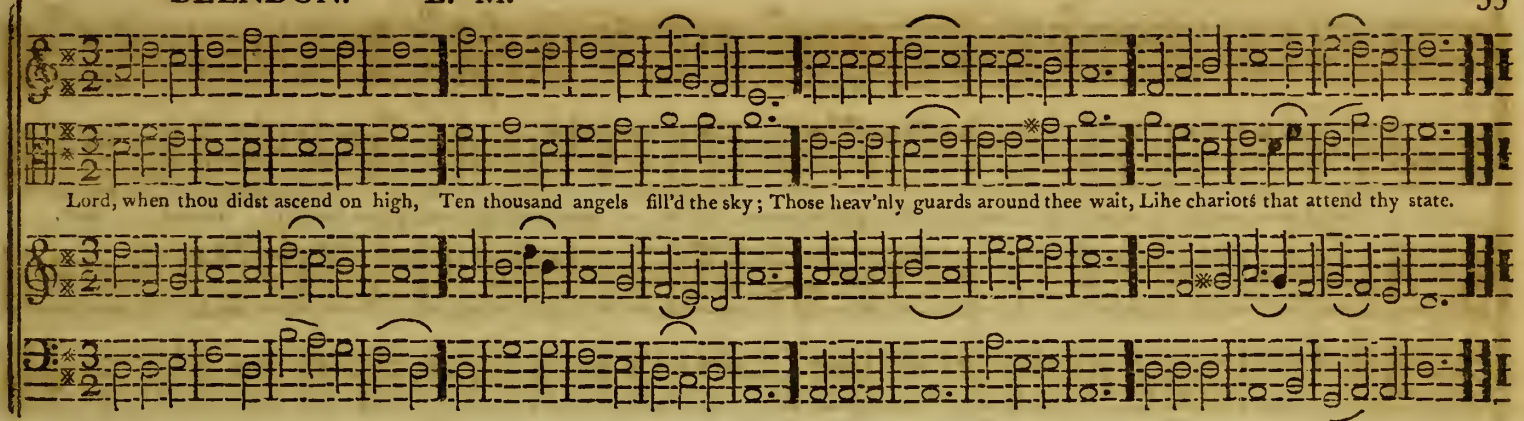

Thou whom my soul ad - mires a - bove All earthly joys, all earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow.

LEYDEN. L. M.

Costellow.

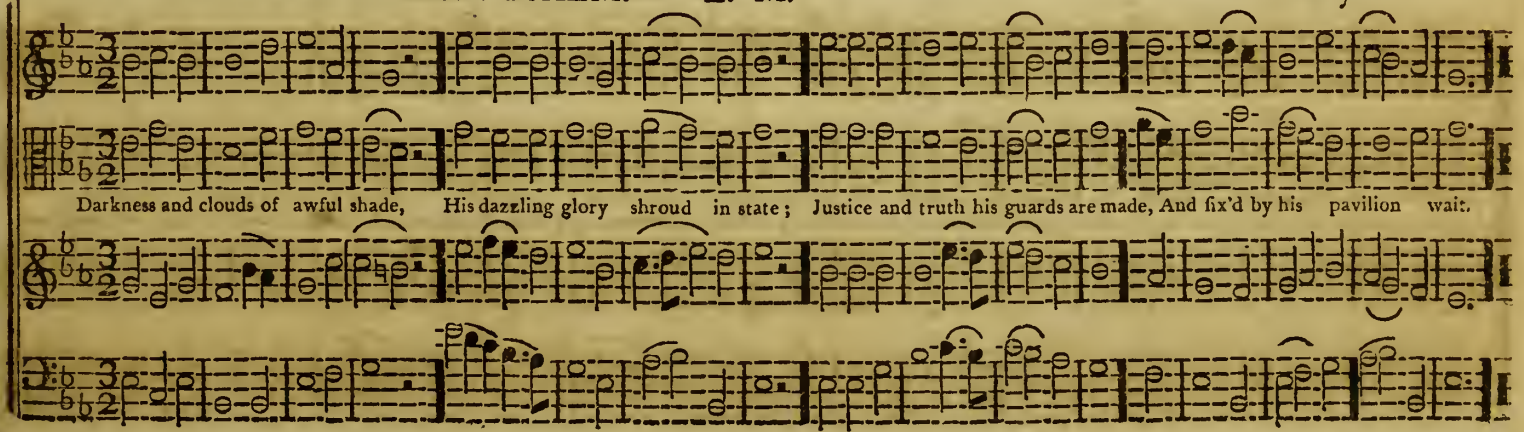


BLENDON. L. M.



NINETY-SEVENTH PSALM. L. M.

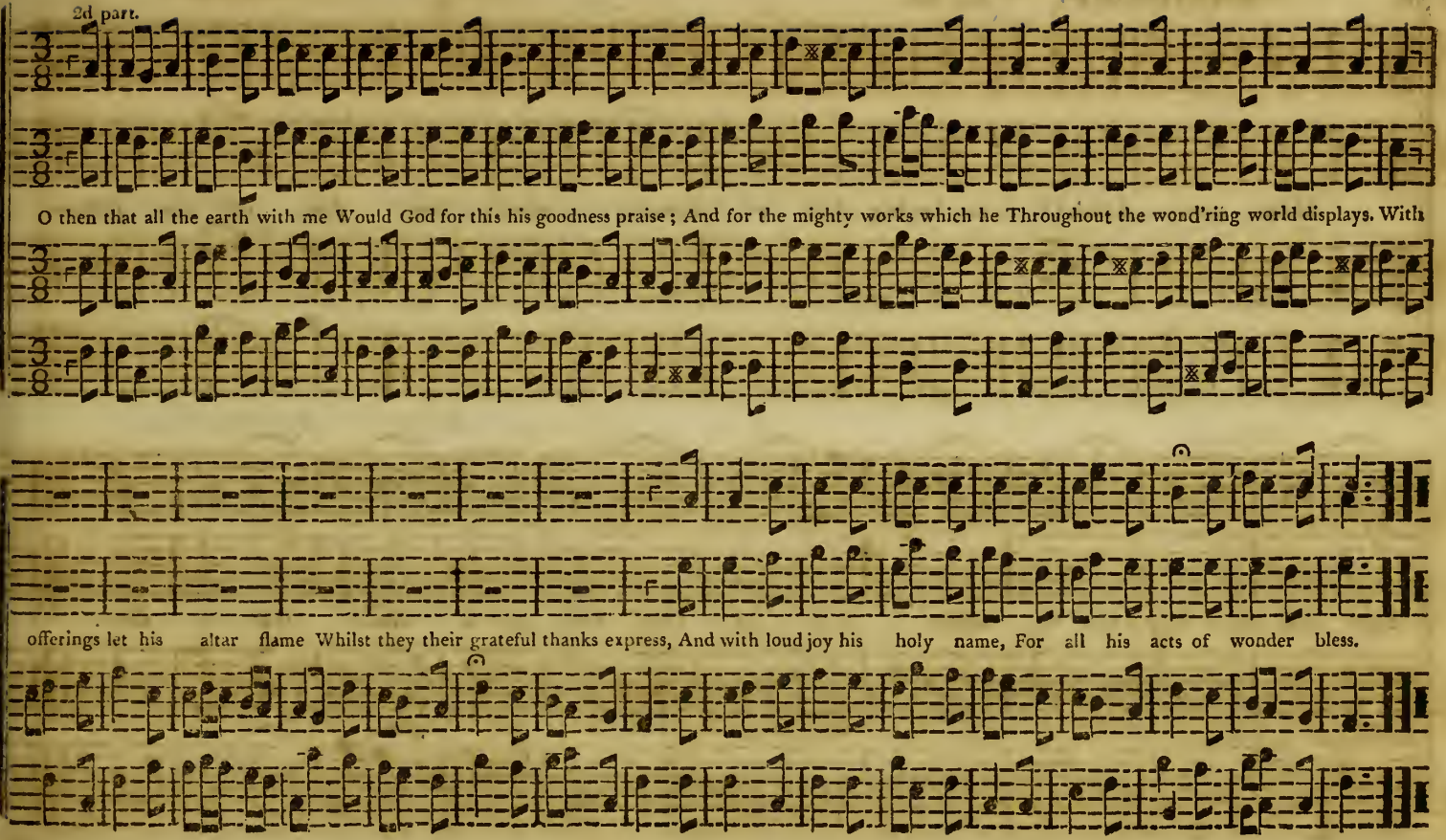
Tuckey.



WENDELL. L. M.

Dixon.

2d part.

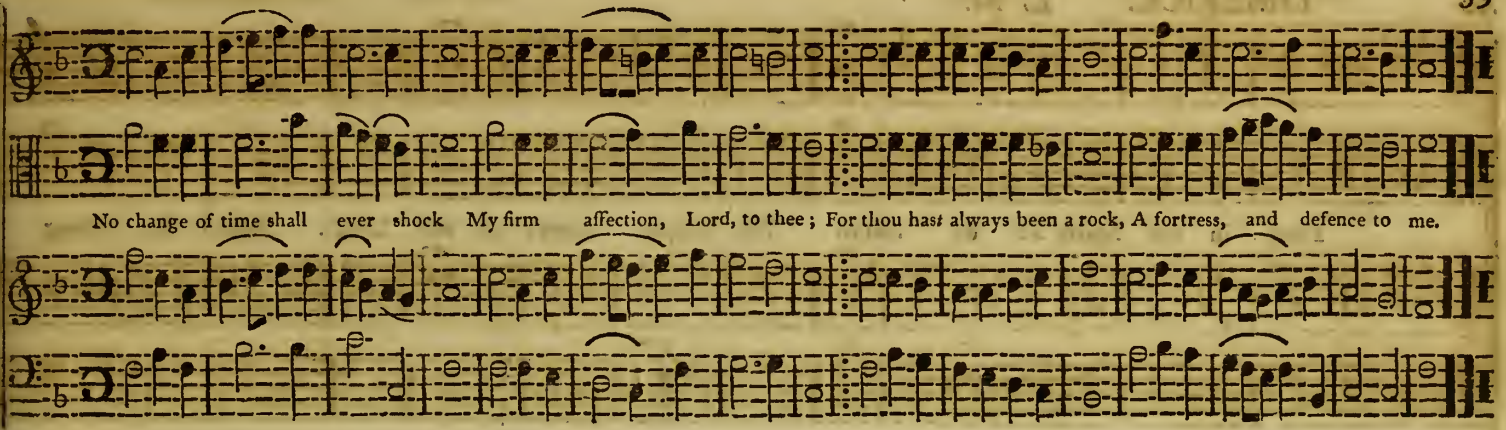

O then that all the earth with me Would God for this his goodness praise ; And for the mighty works which he Throughout the wond'ring world displays. With
offerings let his altar flame Whilst they their grateful thanks express, And with loud joy his holy name, For all his acts of wonder bless.

BATHFORD. L. M.

Shew pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a repenting rebel live: Are not thy mercies
large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee? May not a sinner trust in thee?

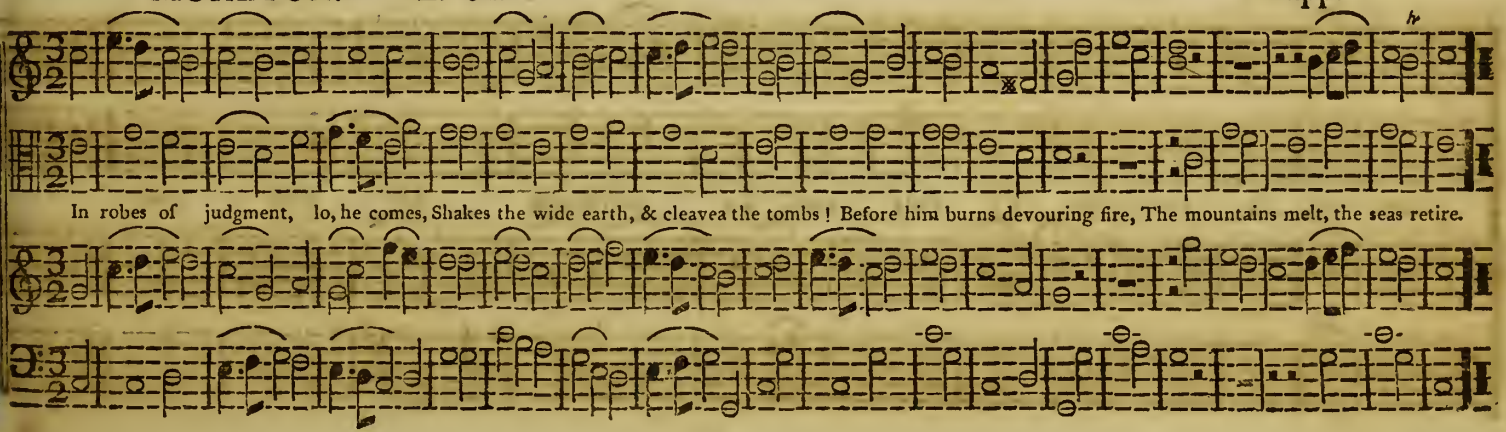
RELIANCE. L. M.

Dixon.

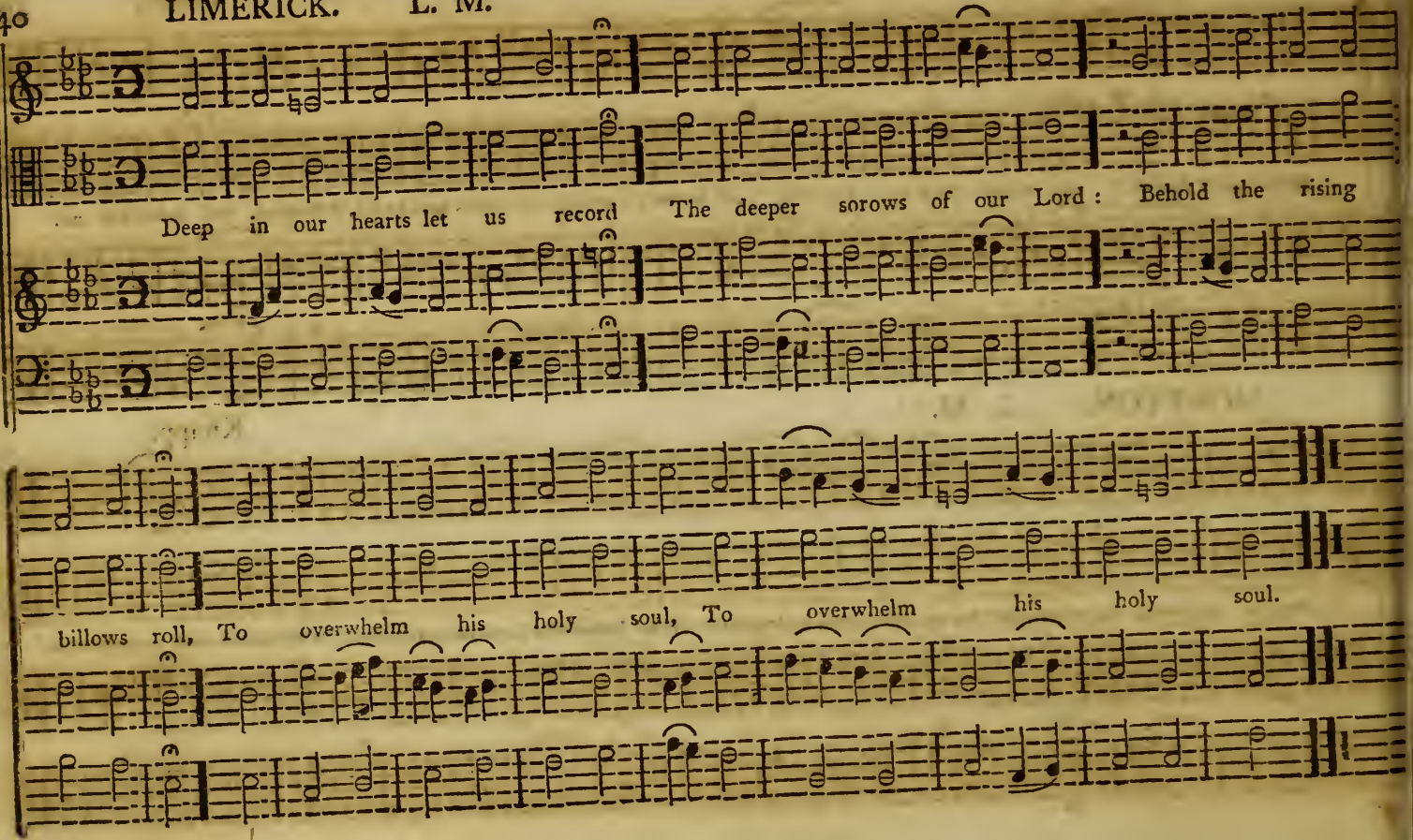


MORETON. L. M.

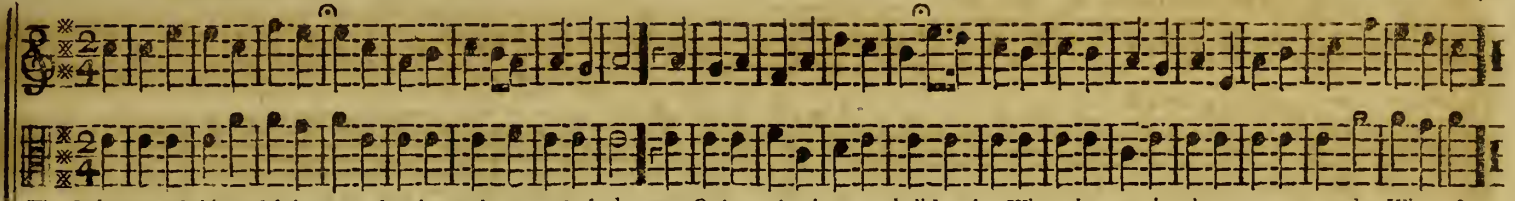
Knapp.



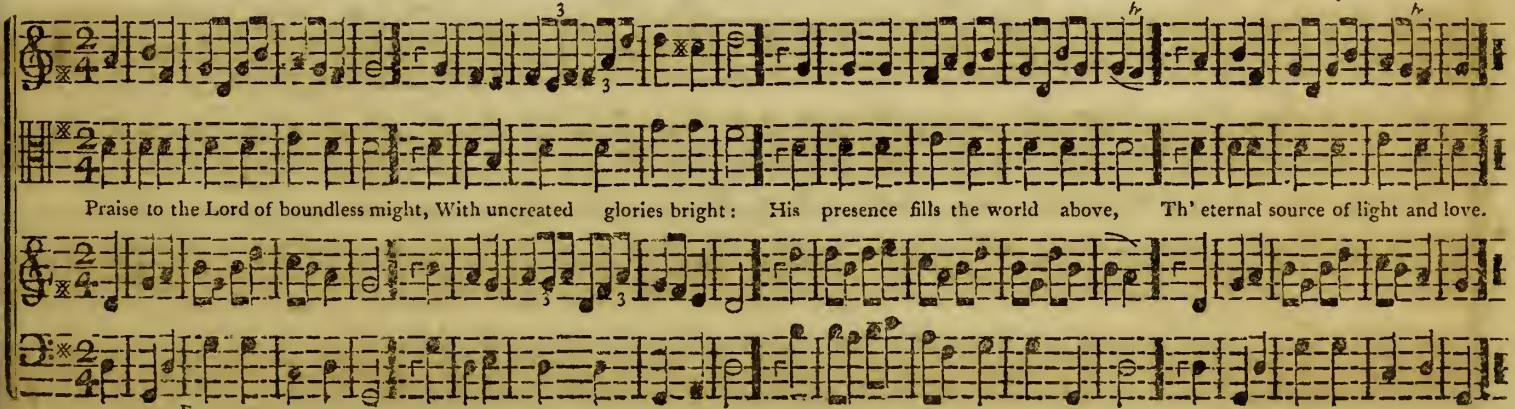
LIMERICK. L. M.


Deep in our hearts let us record The deeper sorows of our Lord: Behold the rising
billows roll, To overwhelm his holy soul, To overwhelm his holy soul.

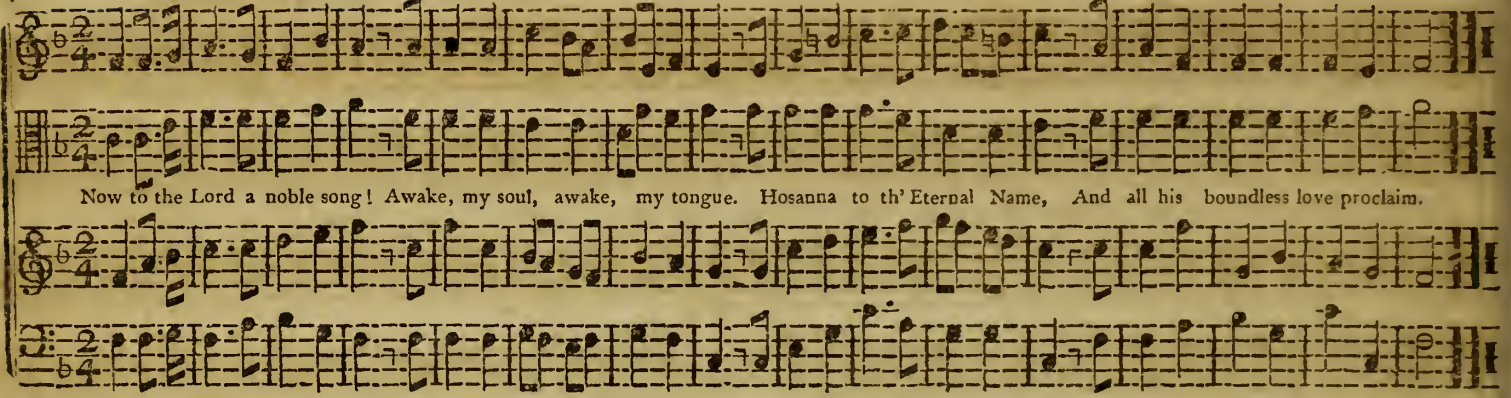
MONMOUTH. L. M.



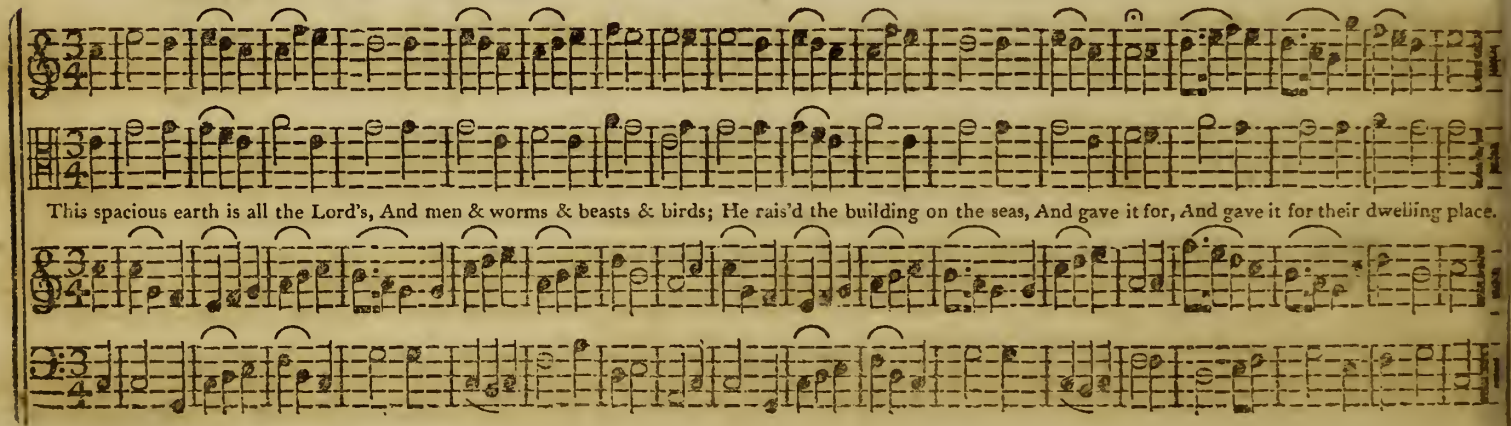
PORTUGAL. L. M. Thorley.

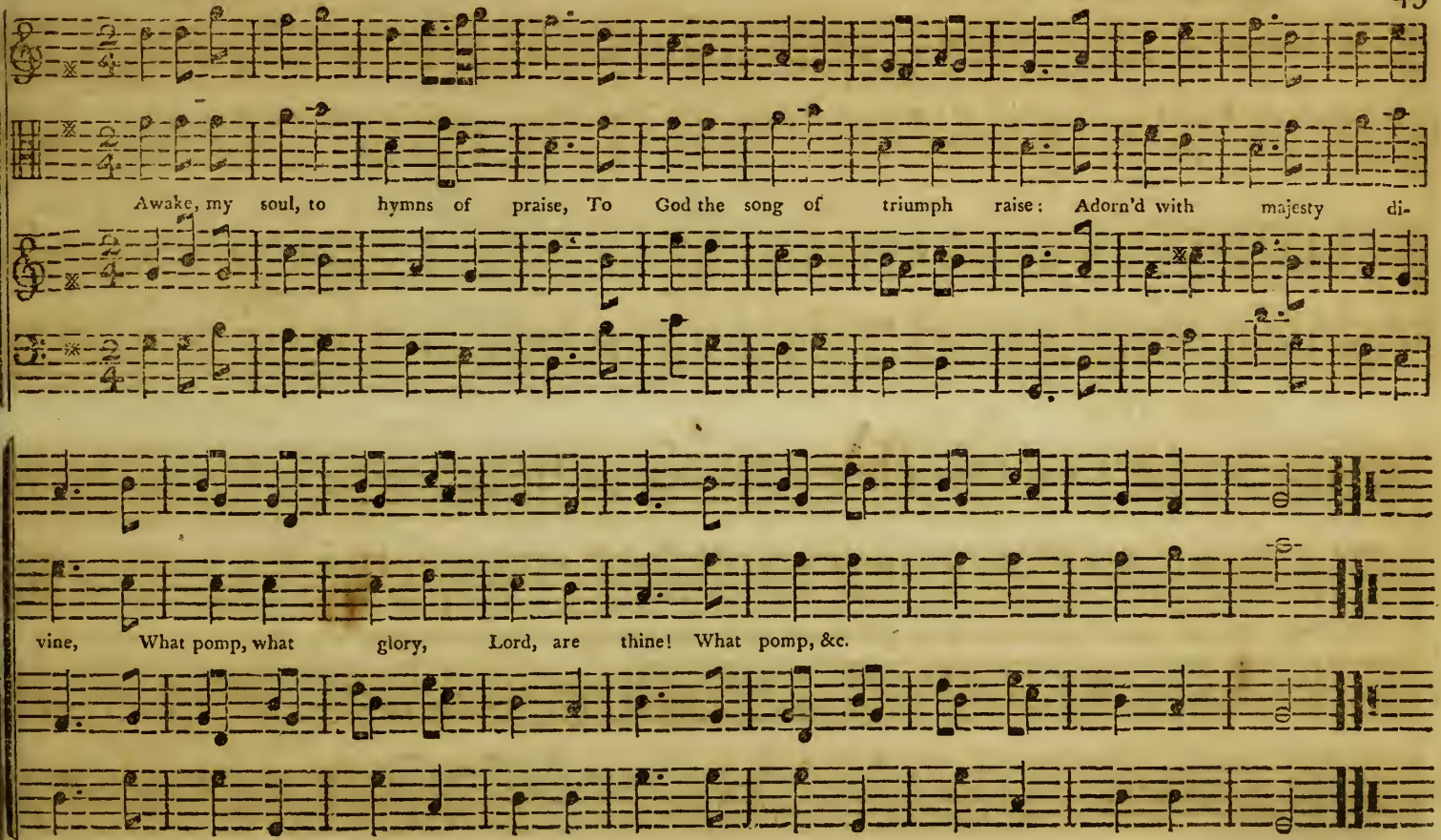


TRURO. L. M.



ISLINGTON. L. M.

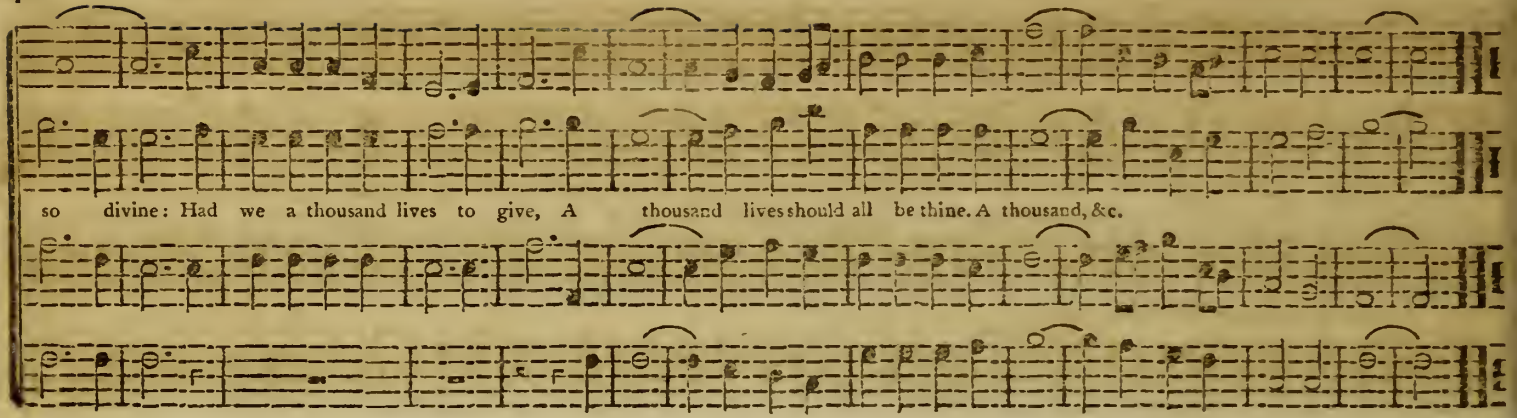



Awake, my soul, to hymns of praise, To God the song of triumph raise: Adorn'd with majesty di-
vine, What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine! What pomp, &c.

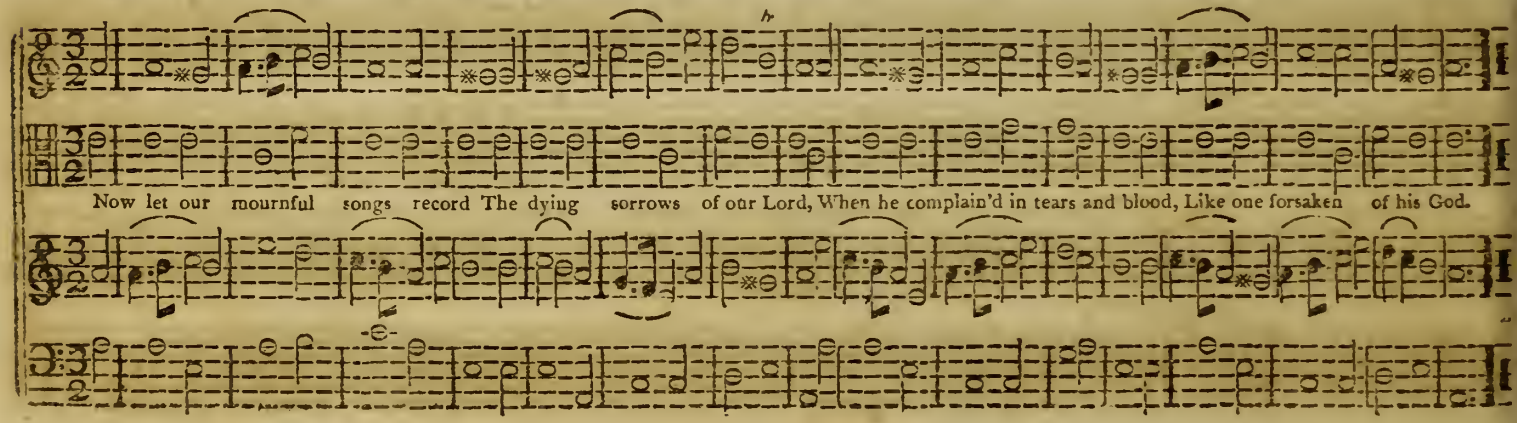
ADORATION. L. M.

Mitchell.

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.


so divine: Had we a thousand lives to give, A thousand lives should all be thine. A thousand, &c.

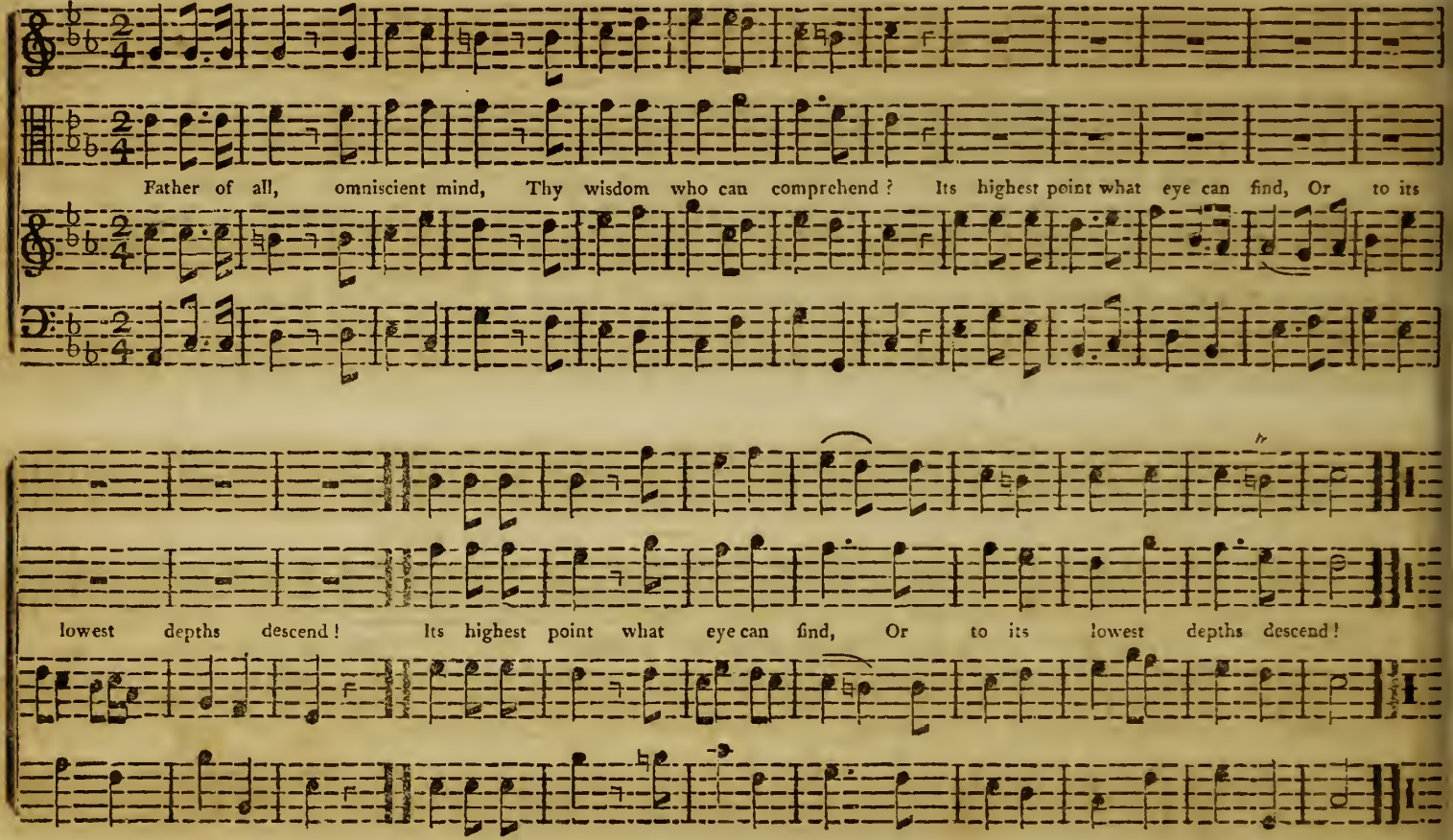
PUTNEY. L. M.

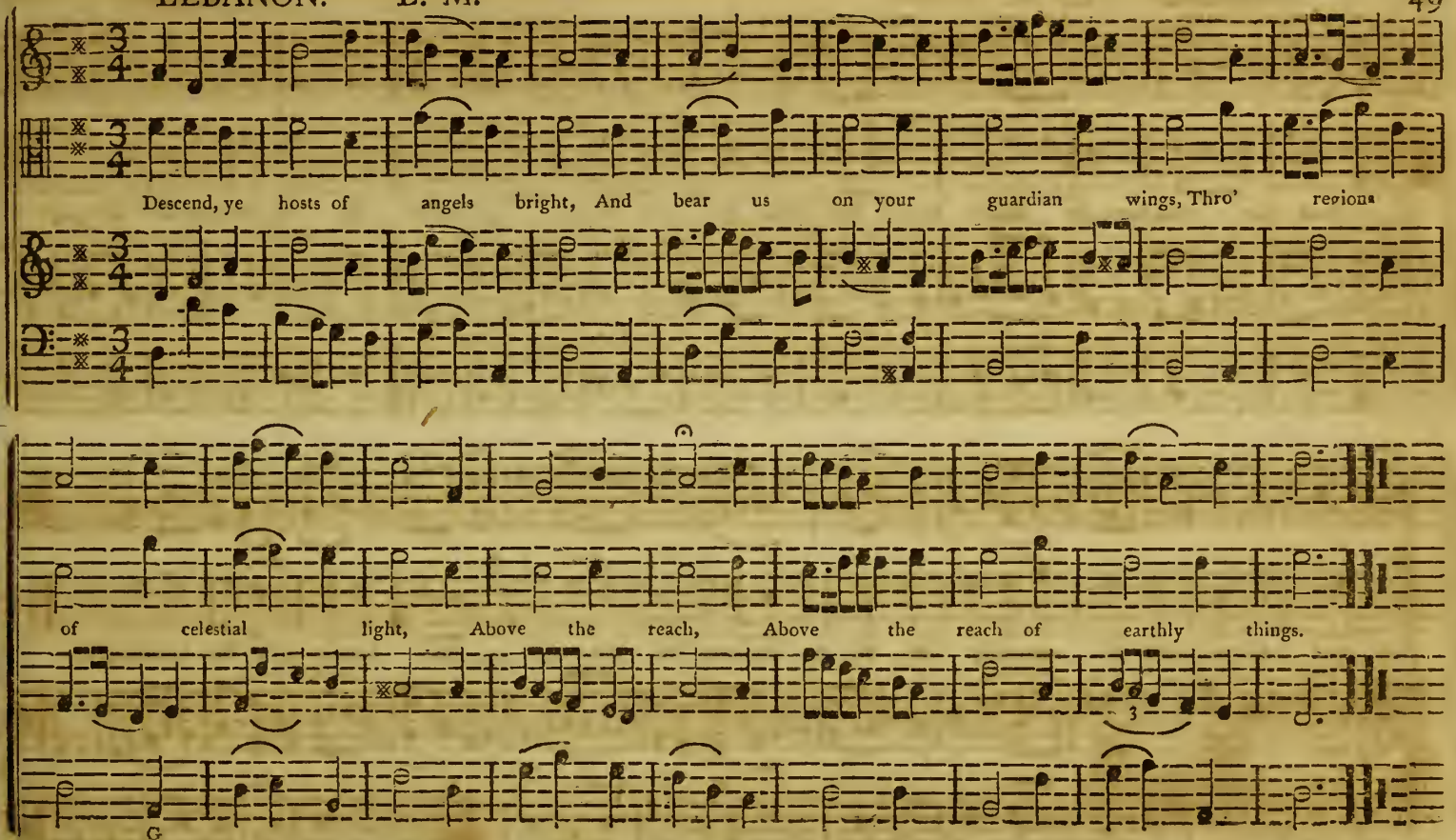

Now let our mournful songs record The dying sorrows of our Lord, When he complain'd in tears and blood, Like one forsaken of his God.

Awake, our souls, away, our fears, Let every trembling thought be gone, Let every trembling thought be gone; Awake, and run the heavenly
And put, &c.
race, and put a cheerful courage on. Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

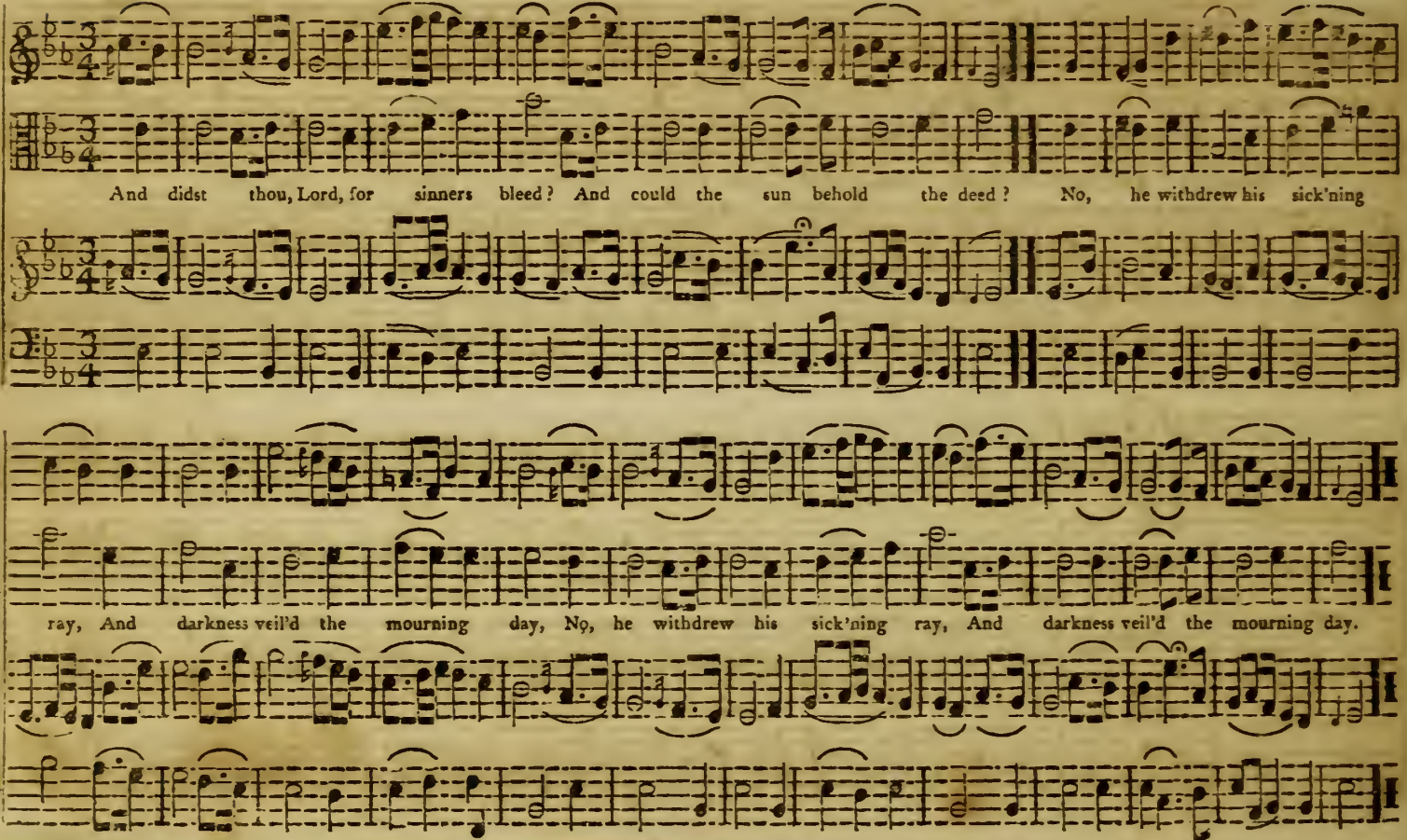
CARTHAGE. L. M.

Dalmer.




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 earthly things.
3
G

MUSICK. L. M. Dr. Arne.

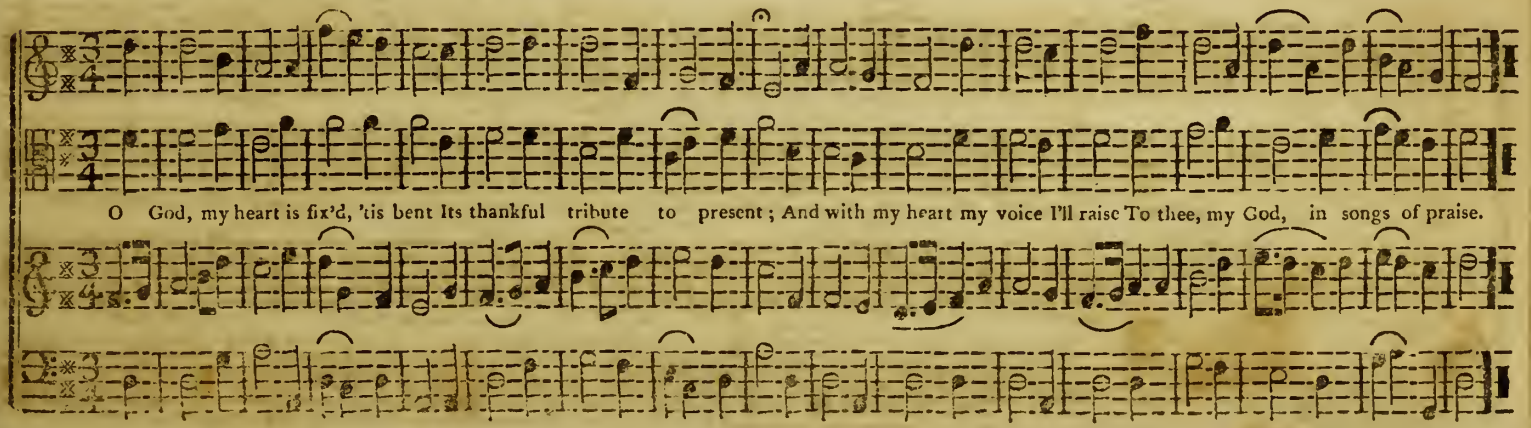


DRESDEN. L. M.

Finis. Close with the first strain and two last lines,

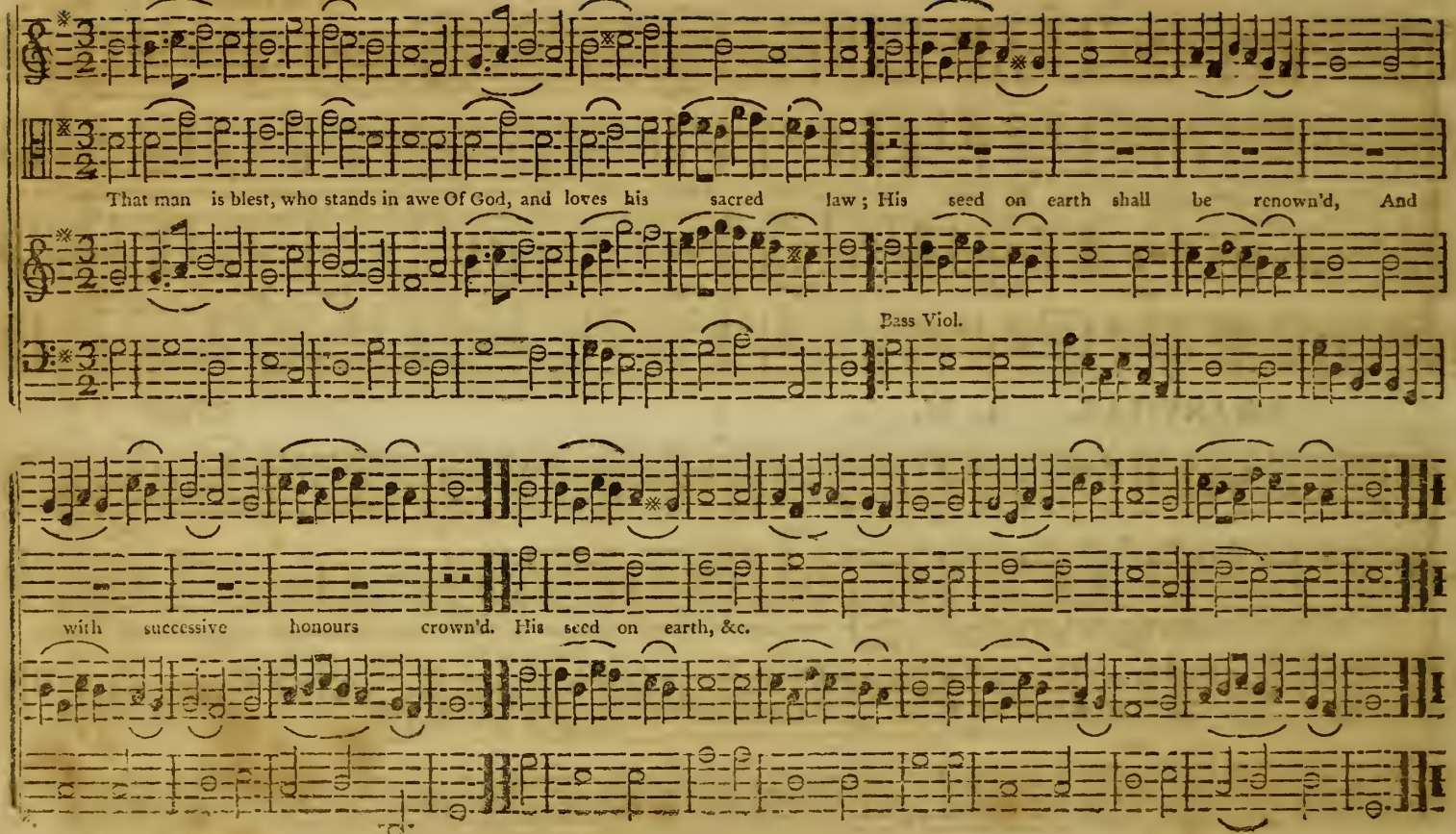
GRANVILLE. L. M.

Dixon.

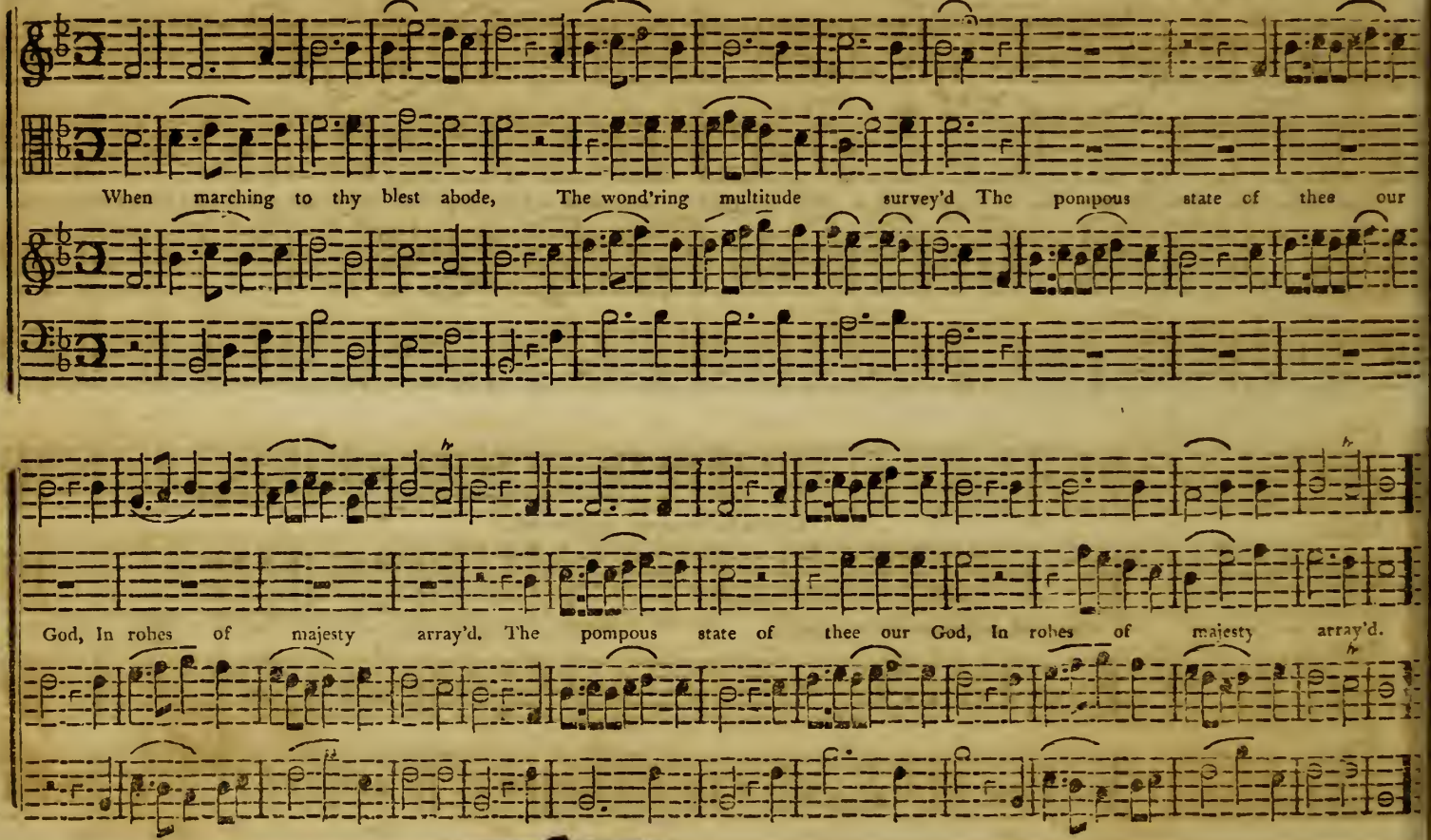


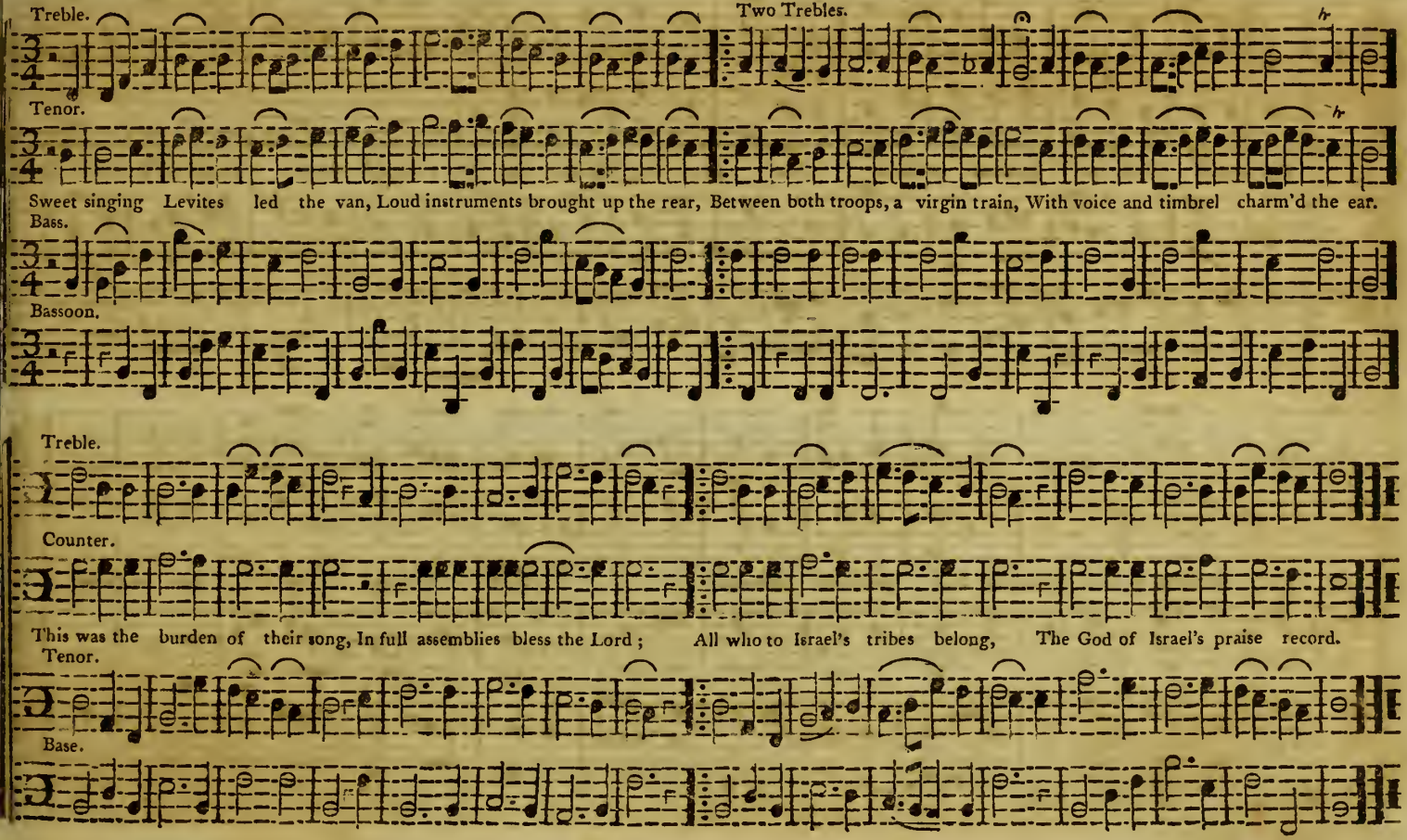
LIBERALITY. L. M.

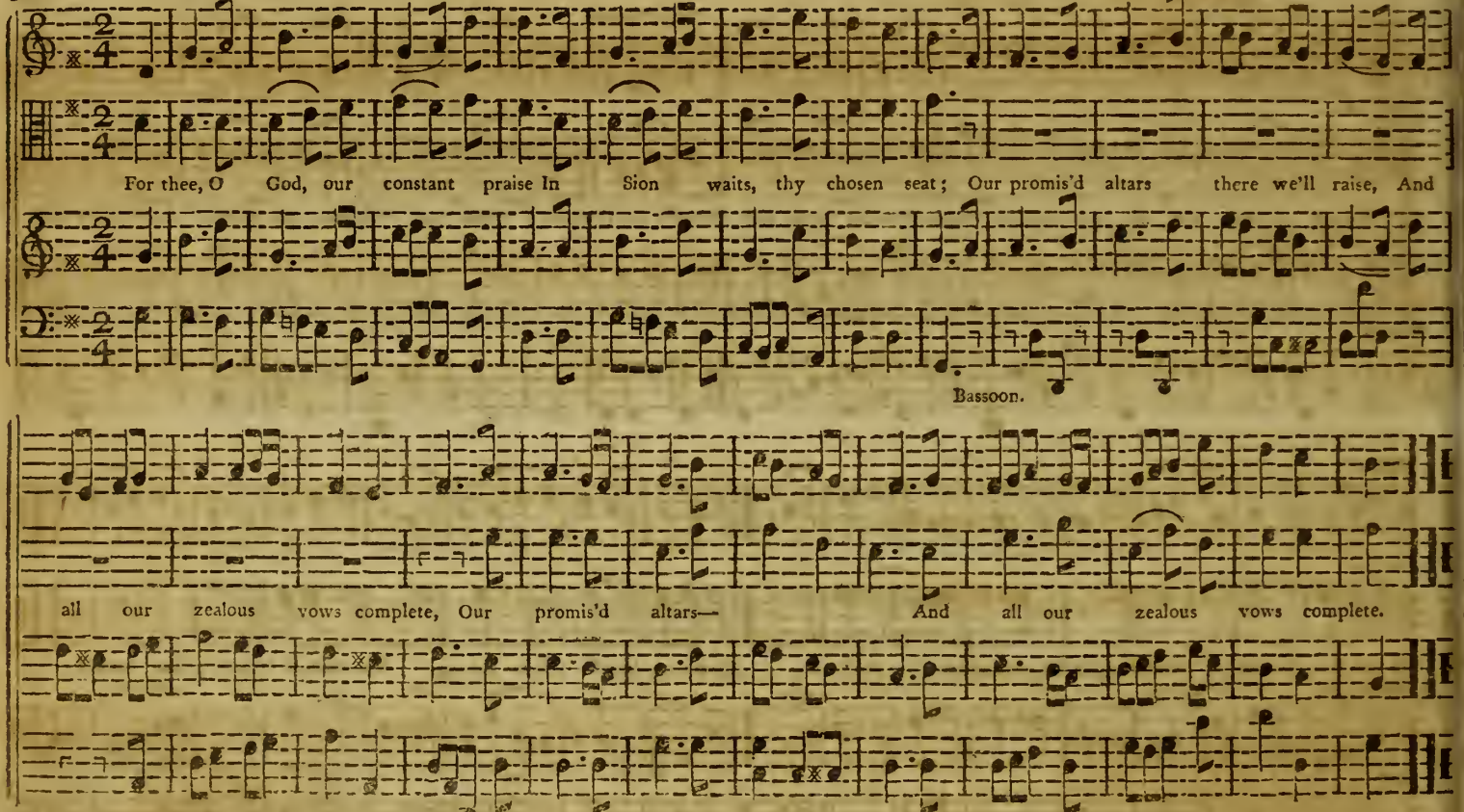
Dixon.



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.
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.

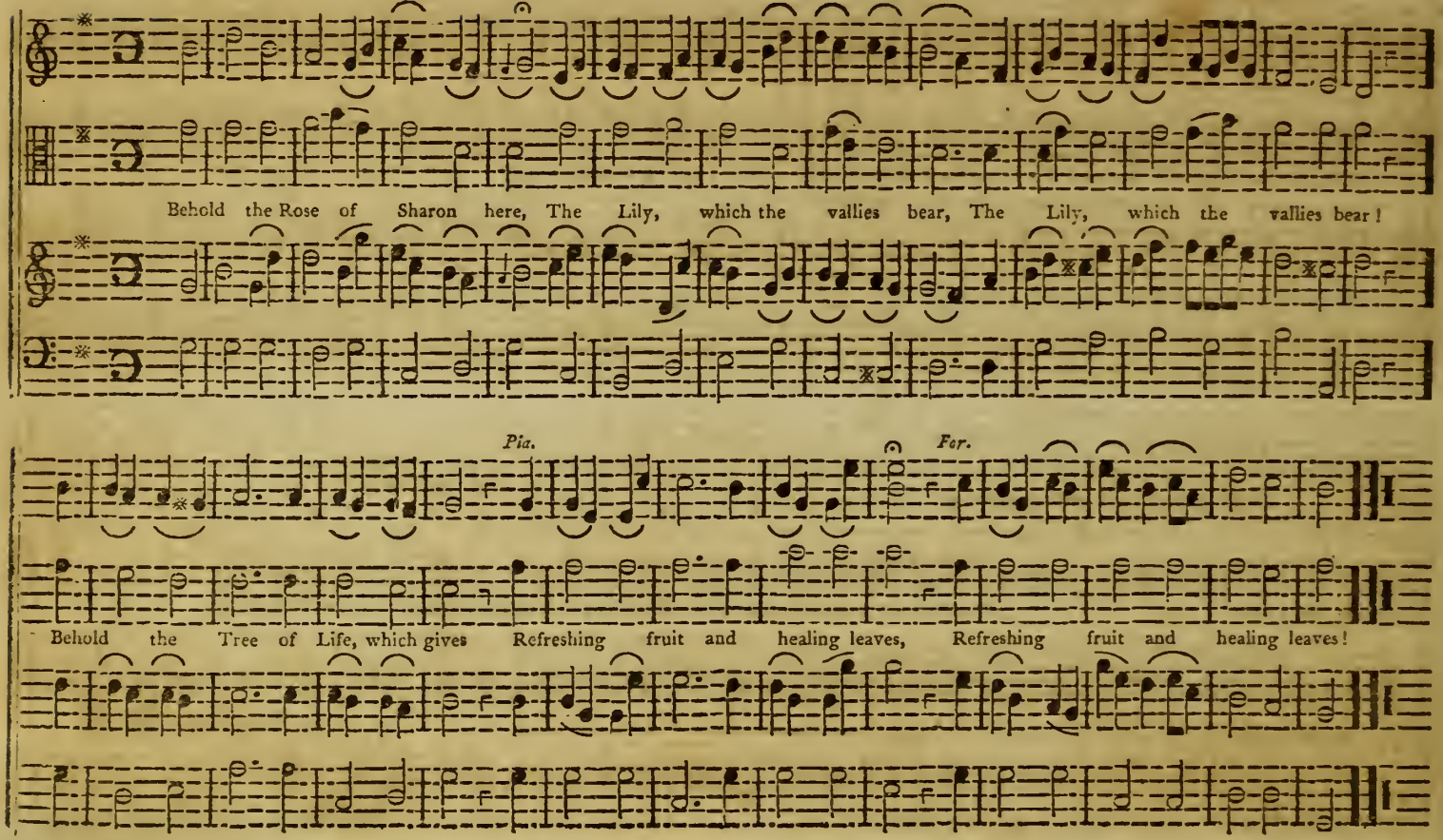

When marching to thy blest abode, The wond'ring multitude survey'd The pompous state of thee our
God, In robes of majesty array'd. The pompous state of thee our God, In robes of majesty array'd.

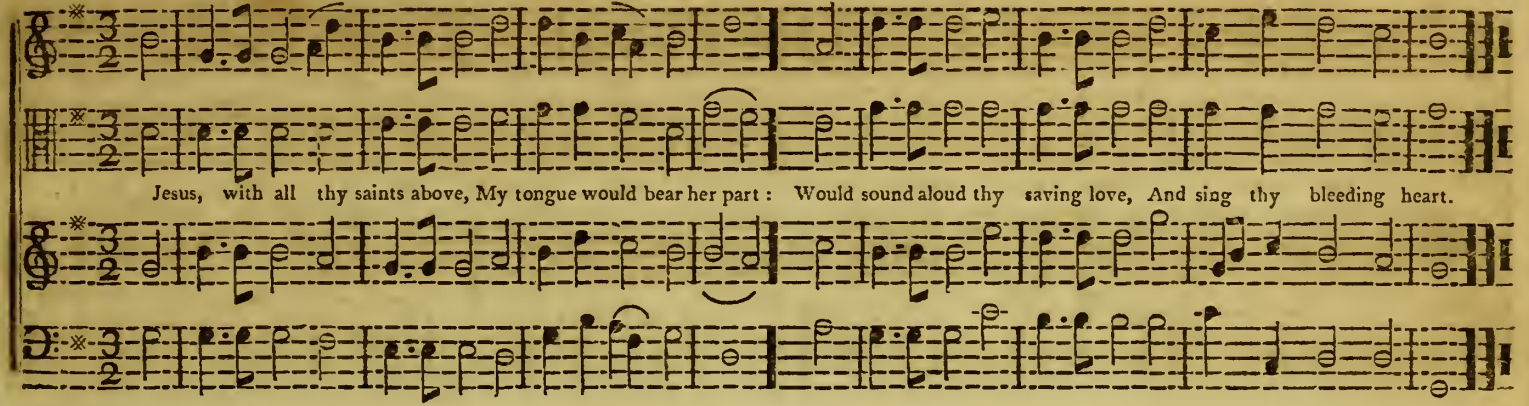

Treble.
Two Trebles.
Tenor.
Sweet singing Levites led the van, Loud instruments brought up the rear, Between both troops, a virgin train, With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
Bass.
Bassoon.
Treble.
Counter.
This was the burden of their song, In full assemblies bless the Lord ; All who to Israel's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


For thee, O God, our constant praise In Sion waits, thy chosen seat; Our promis'd altars there we'll raise, And
Bassoon.
all our zealous vows complete, Our promis'd altars— And all our zealous vows complete.
Voice.

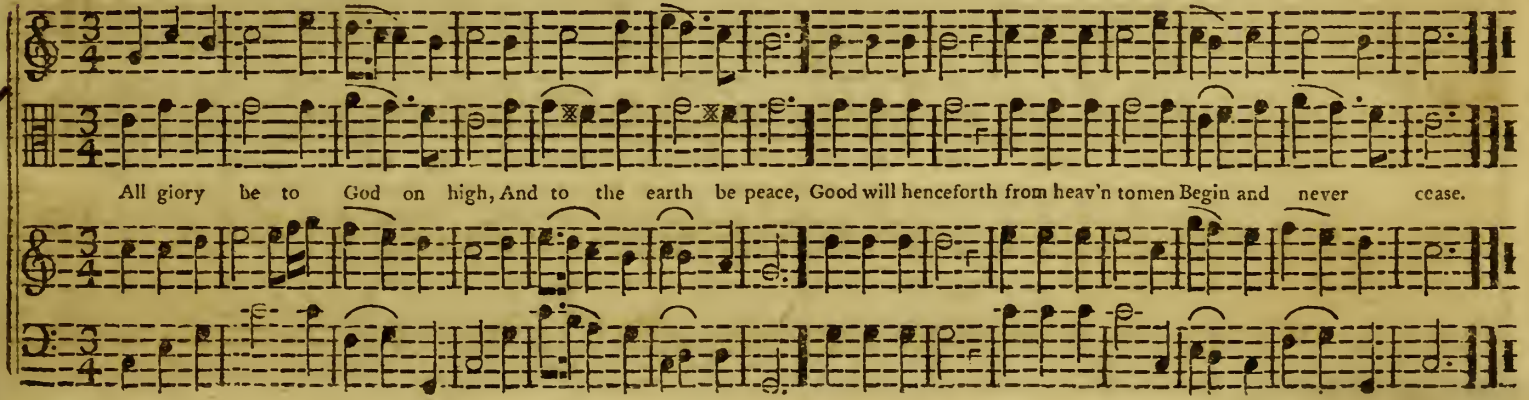
God gives his mercies to be spent, Your hoard will do your souls no good ; Gold is a blessing only lent, Repaid by giving others food. The world's es-
To buy their peace you sell your own
teem is but a bribe, To The slave of a vain glorious tribe, Who hate you while they make you known. Who hate—

MARTIN'S LANE. L. M.



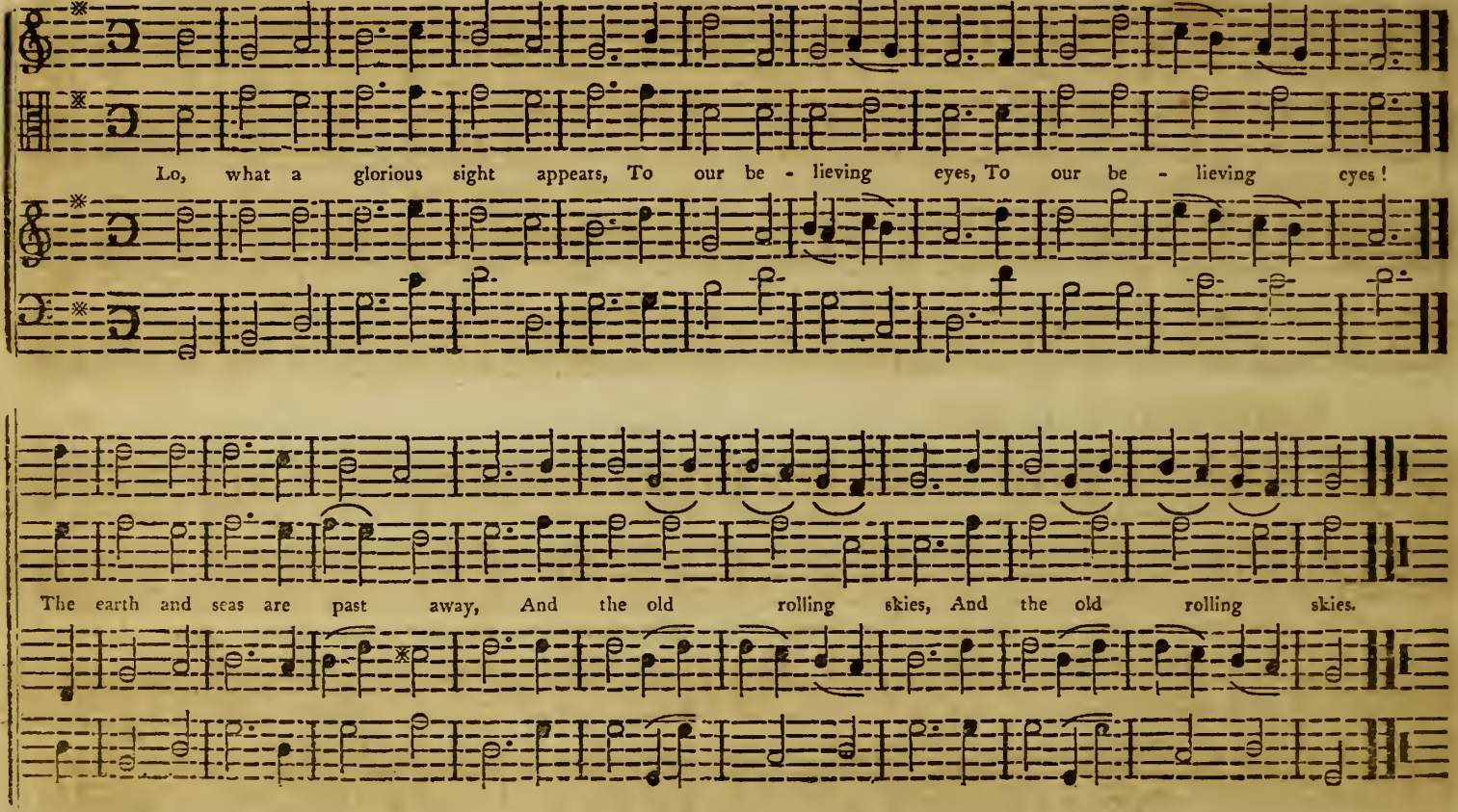

Jesus, with all thy saints above, My tongue would bear her part : Would sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.

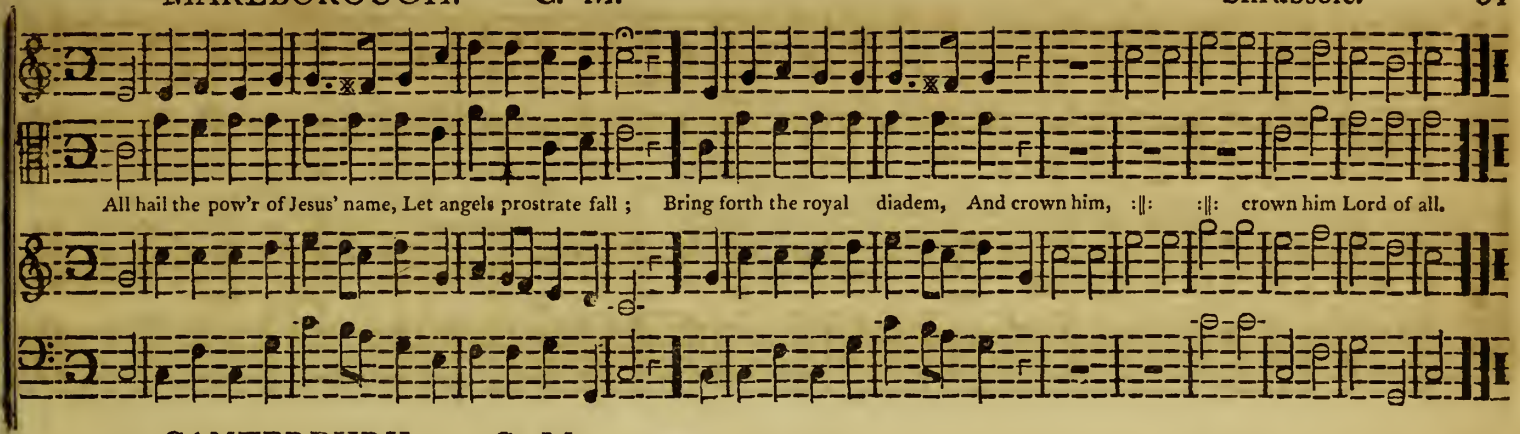
ARUNDEL. C. M.


All glory be to God on high, And to the earth be peace, Good will henceforth from heav'n to men Begin and never cease.

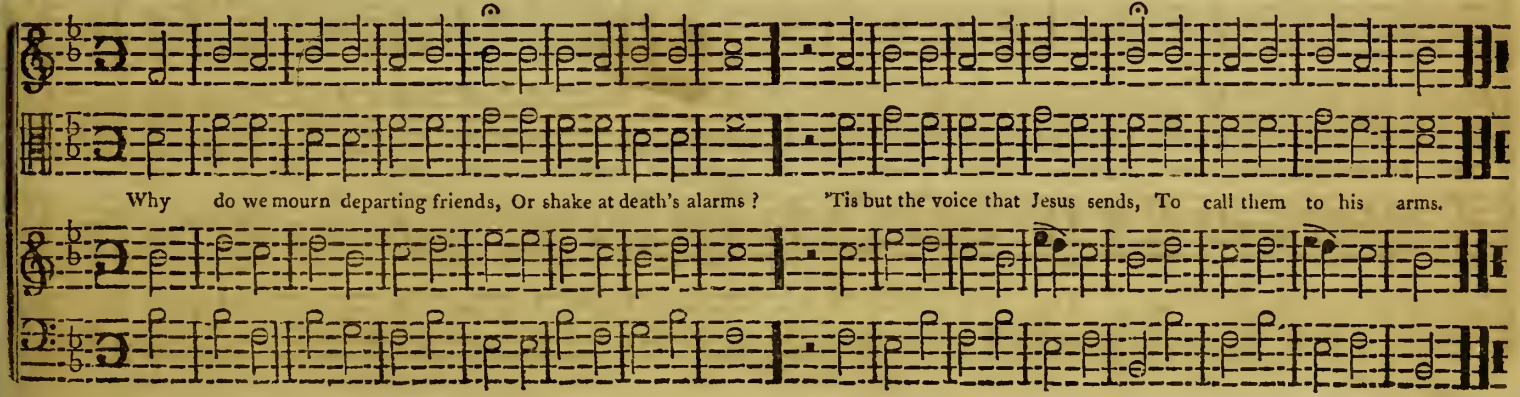
CHRISTMAS. C. M.

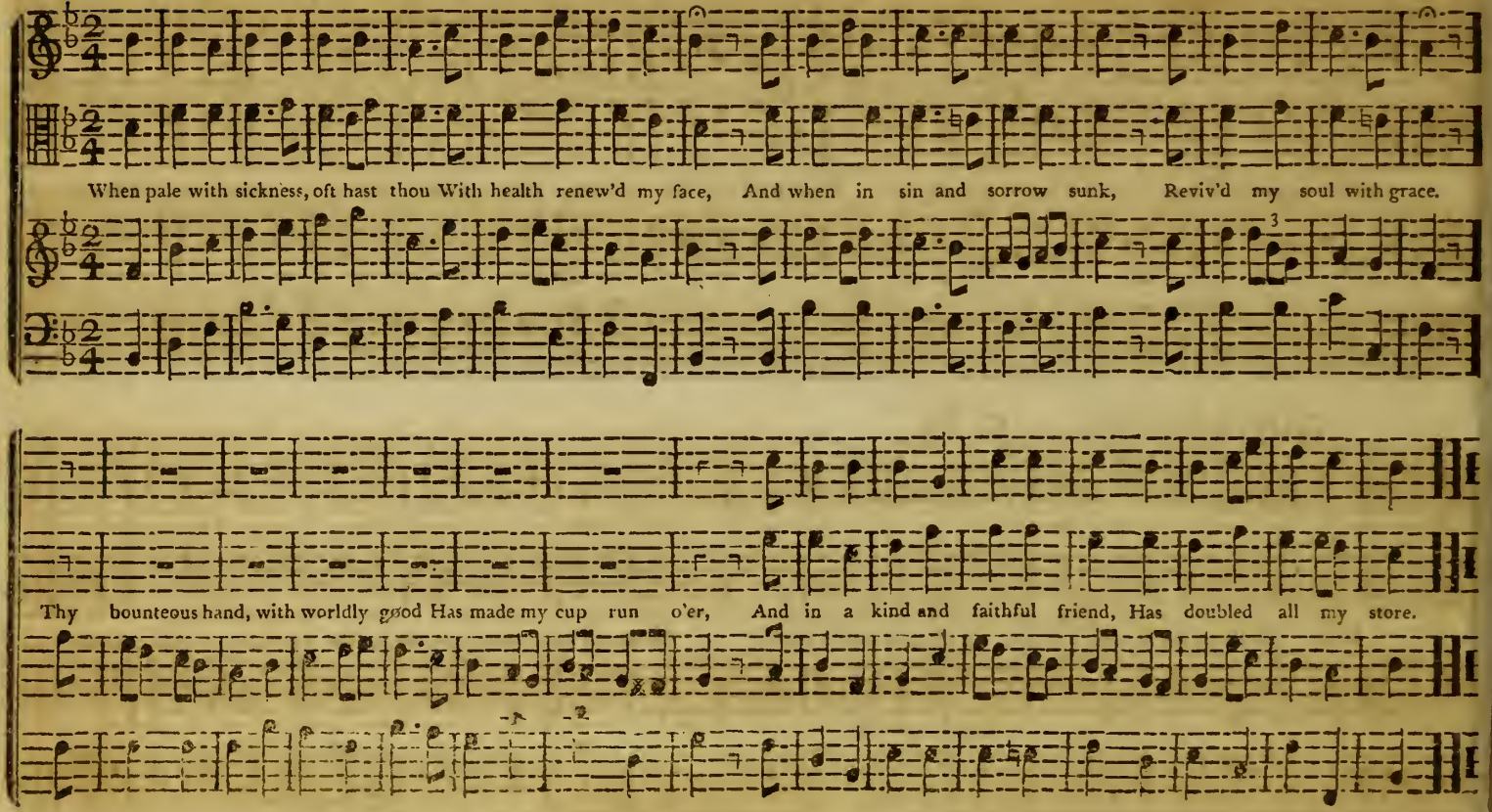
Dr. Madan.

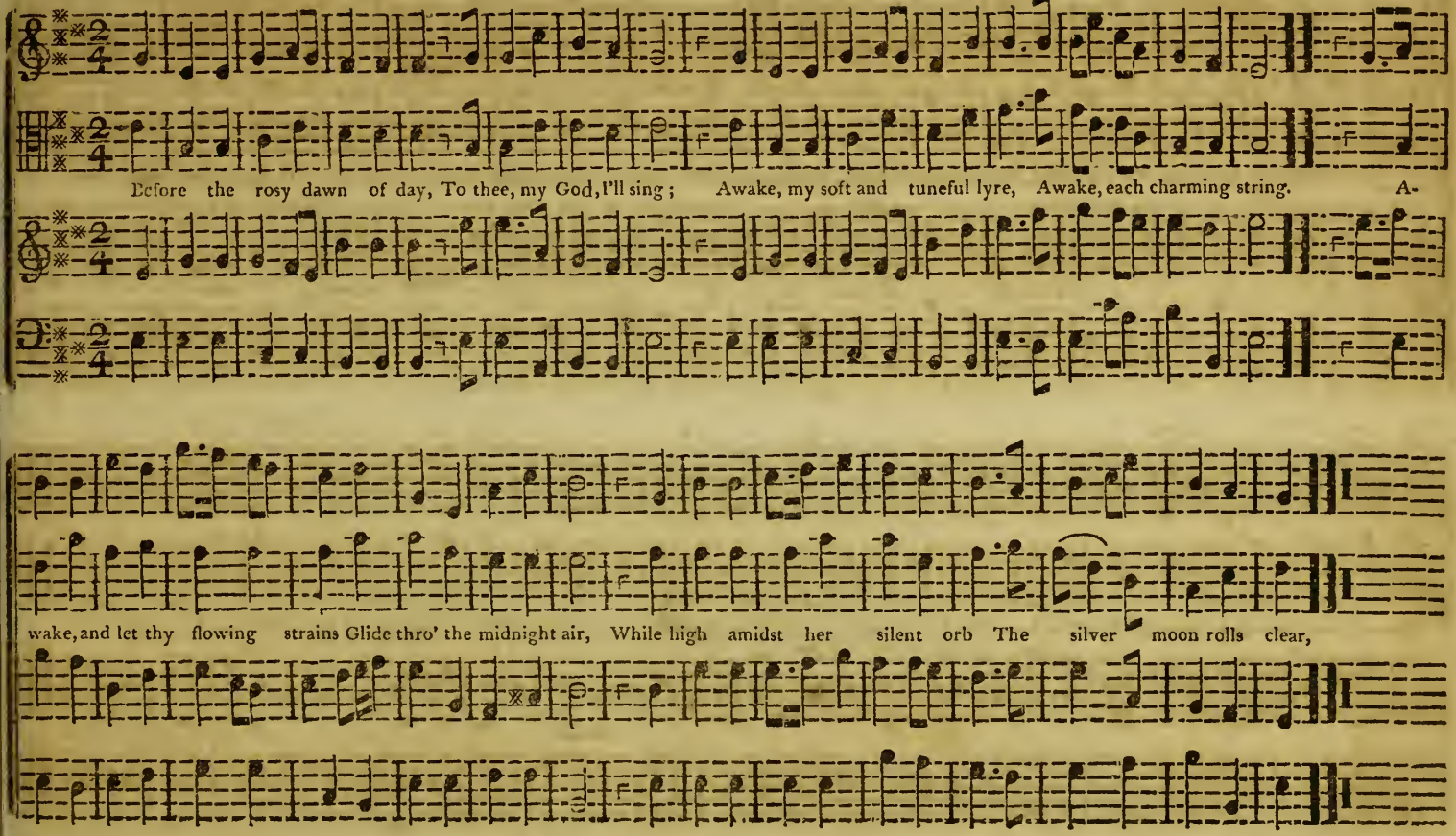




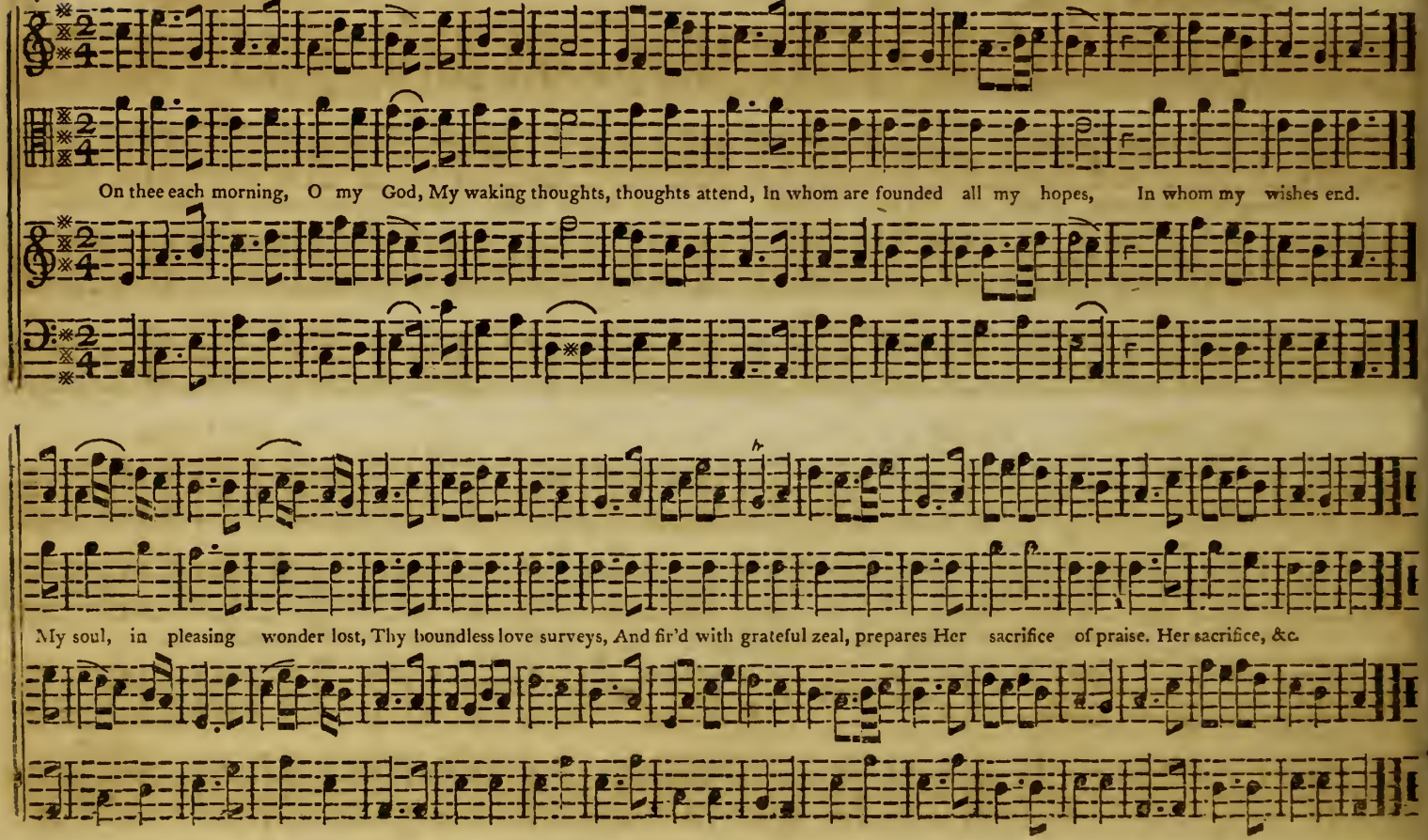
CANTERBURY. C. M.

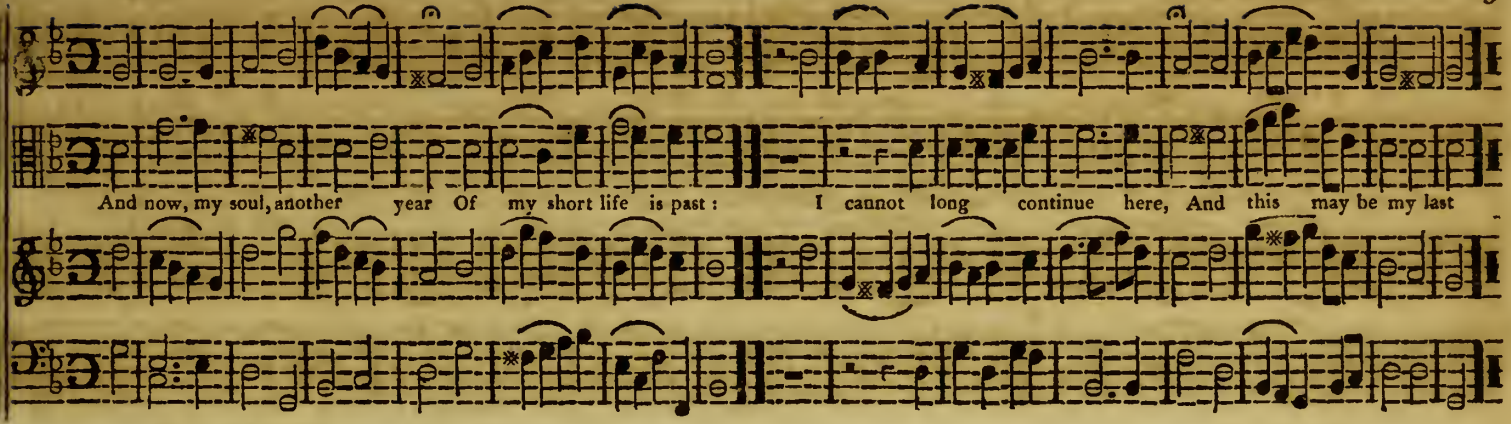



When pale with sickness, oft hast thou With health renew'd my face, And when in sin and sorrow sunk, Reviv'd my soul with grace.
Thy bounteous hand, with worldly good Has made my cup run o'er, And in a kind and faithful friend, Has doubled all my store.

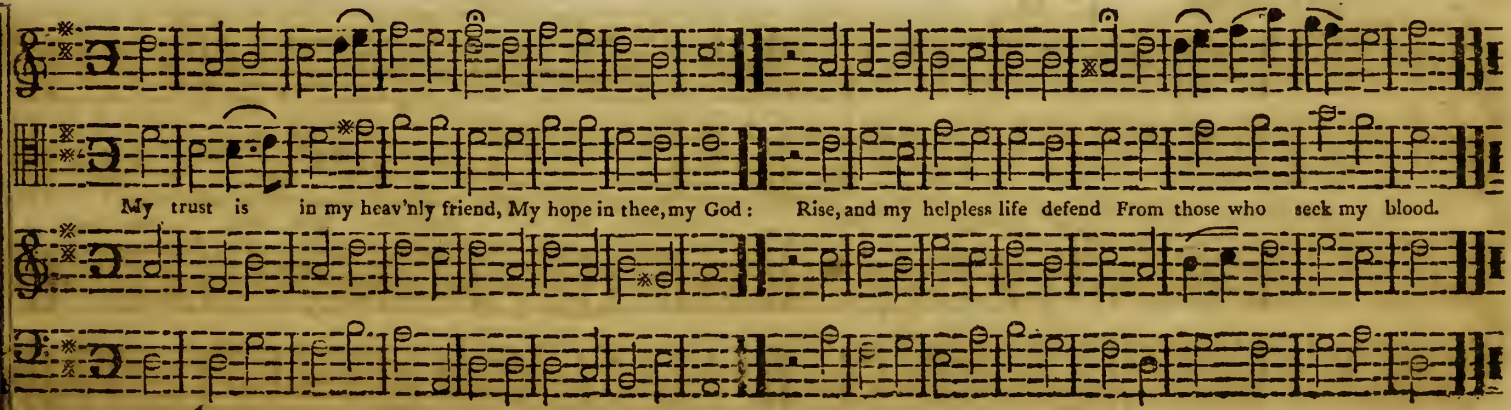

Before the rosy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing; Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre, Awake, each charming string. A-
wake, and let thy flowing strains Glide thro' the midnight air, While high amidst her silent orb The silver moon rolls clear,

KINGSTON. C. M. Dr. Madan.



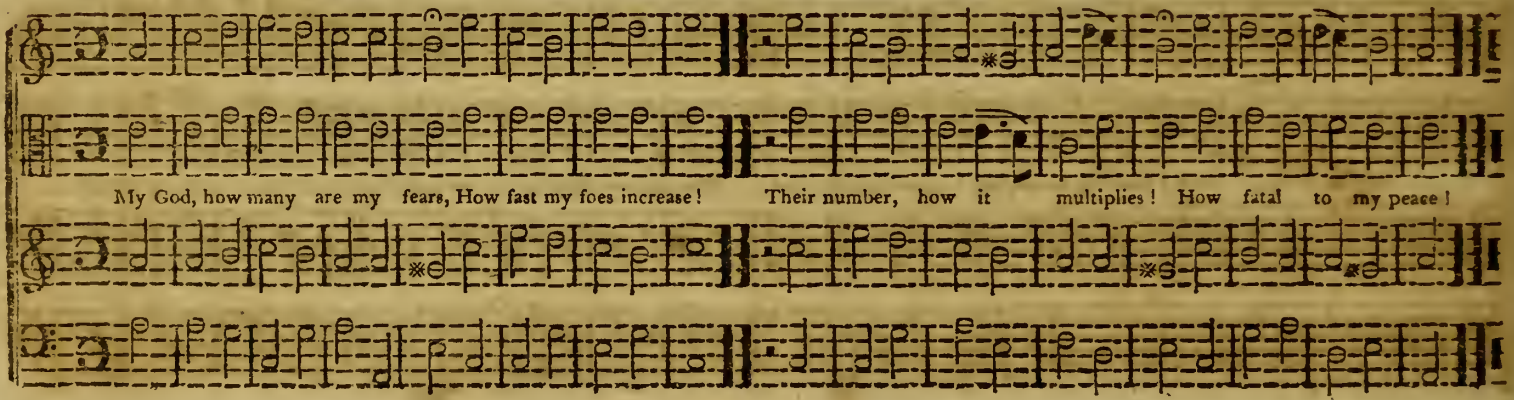


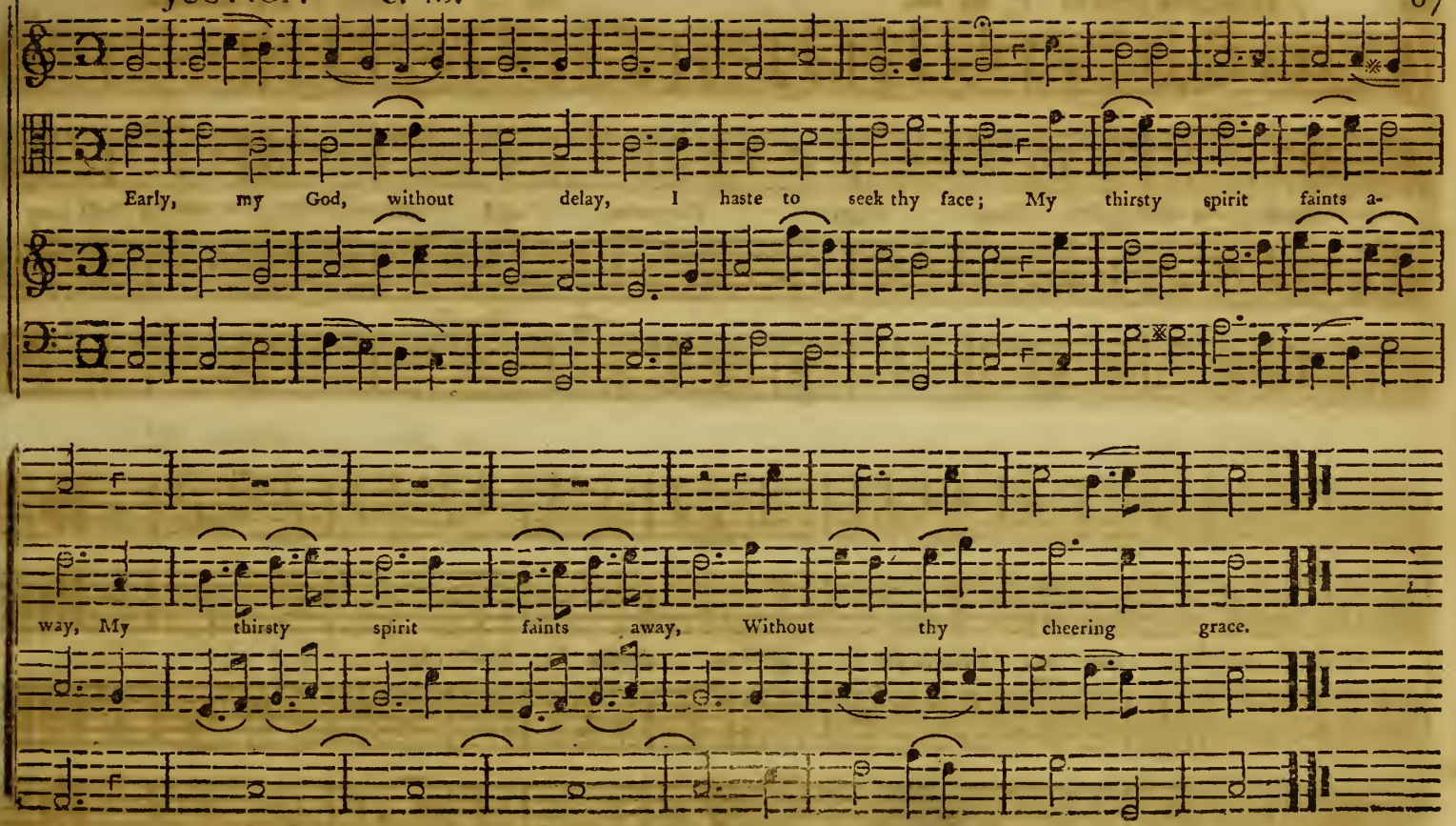
ST. ANNE's. C. M. Dr. Croft.



BRAINTREE. C. M.

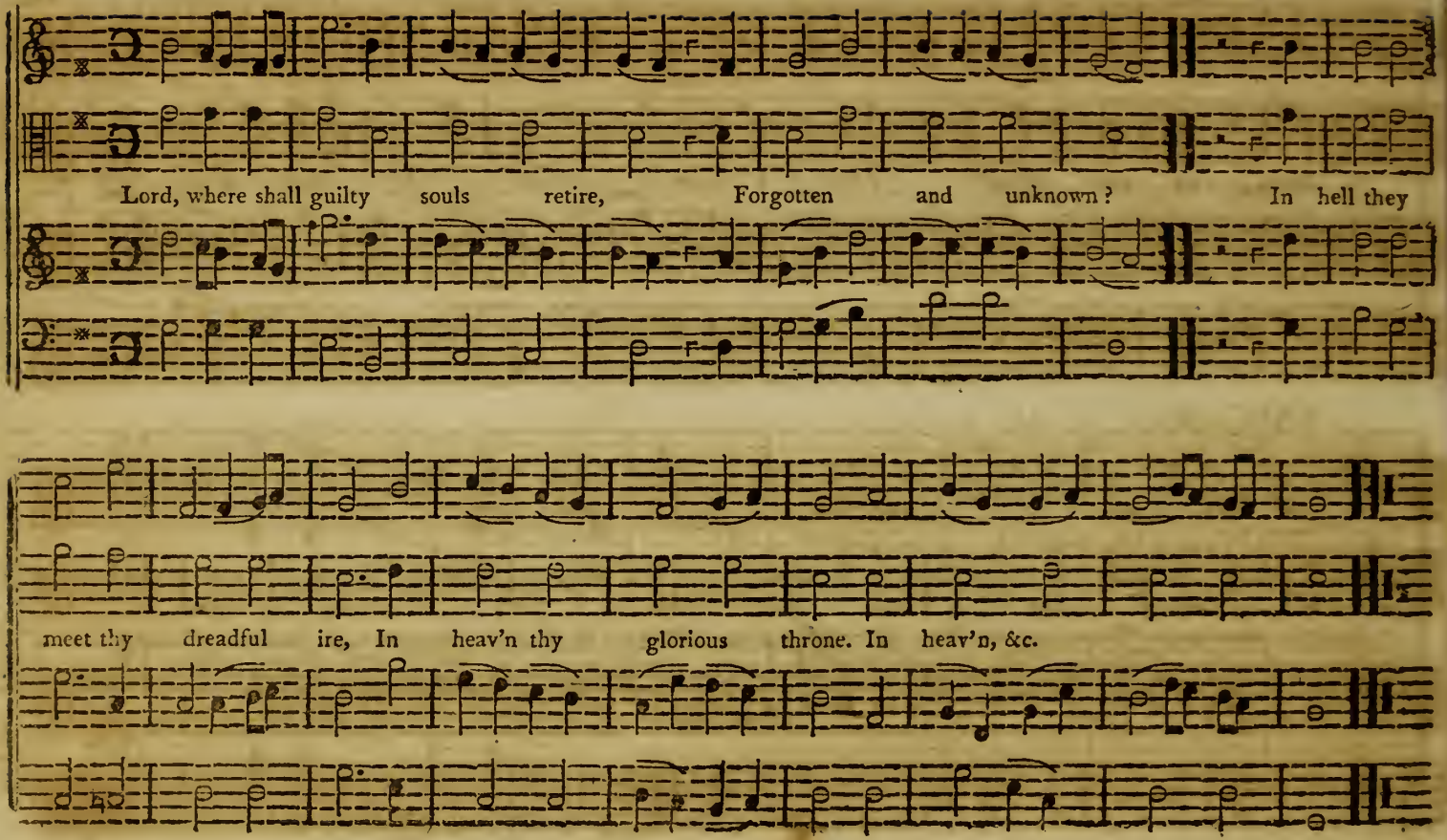
WINDSOR. C. M.



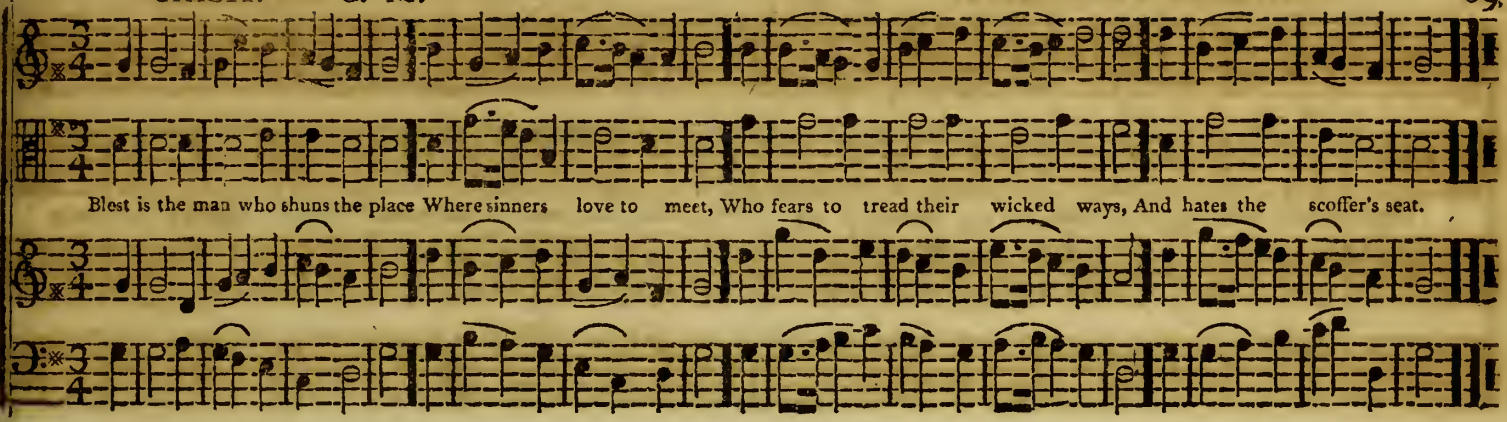

Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints a-
way, My thirsty spirit faints away, Without thy cheering grace.

WAYBRIDGE. C. M.

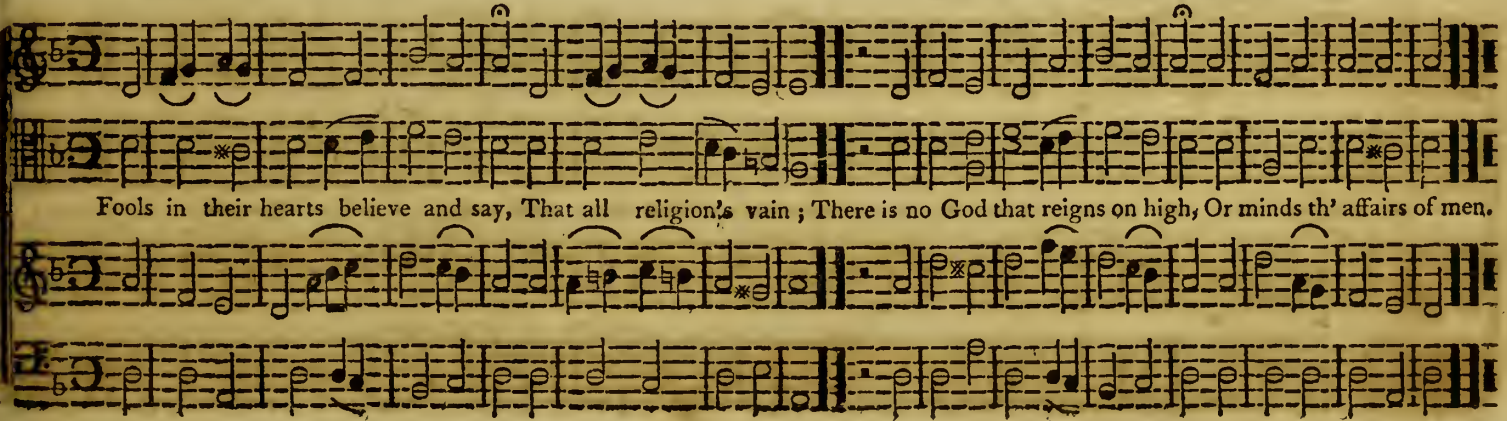
Dr. Madan.



IRISH. C. M.

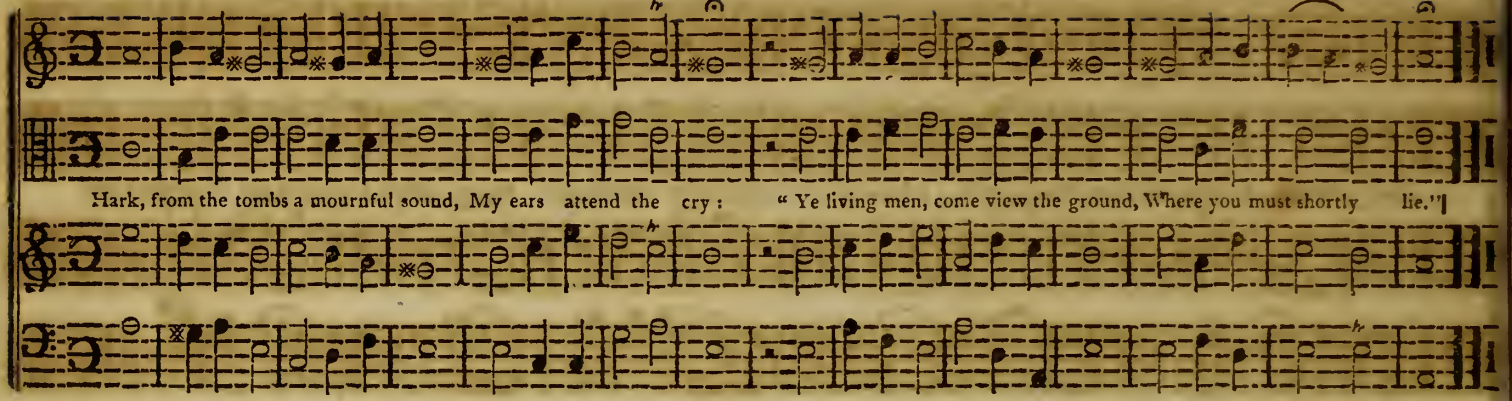


BANGOR. C. M.

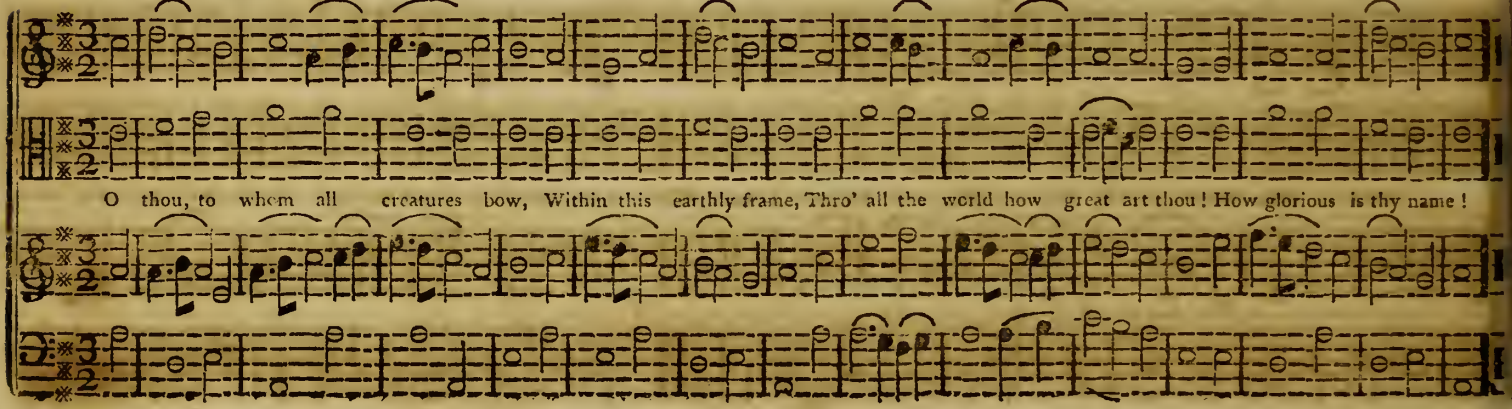


FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

Smith.

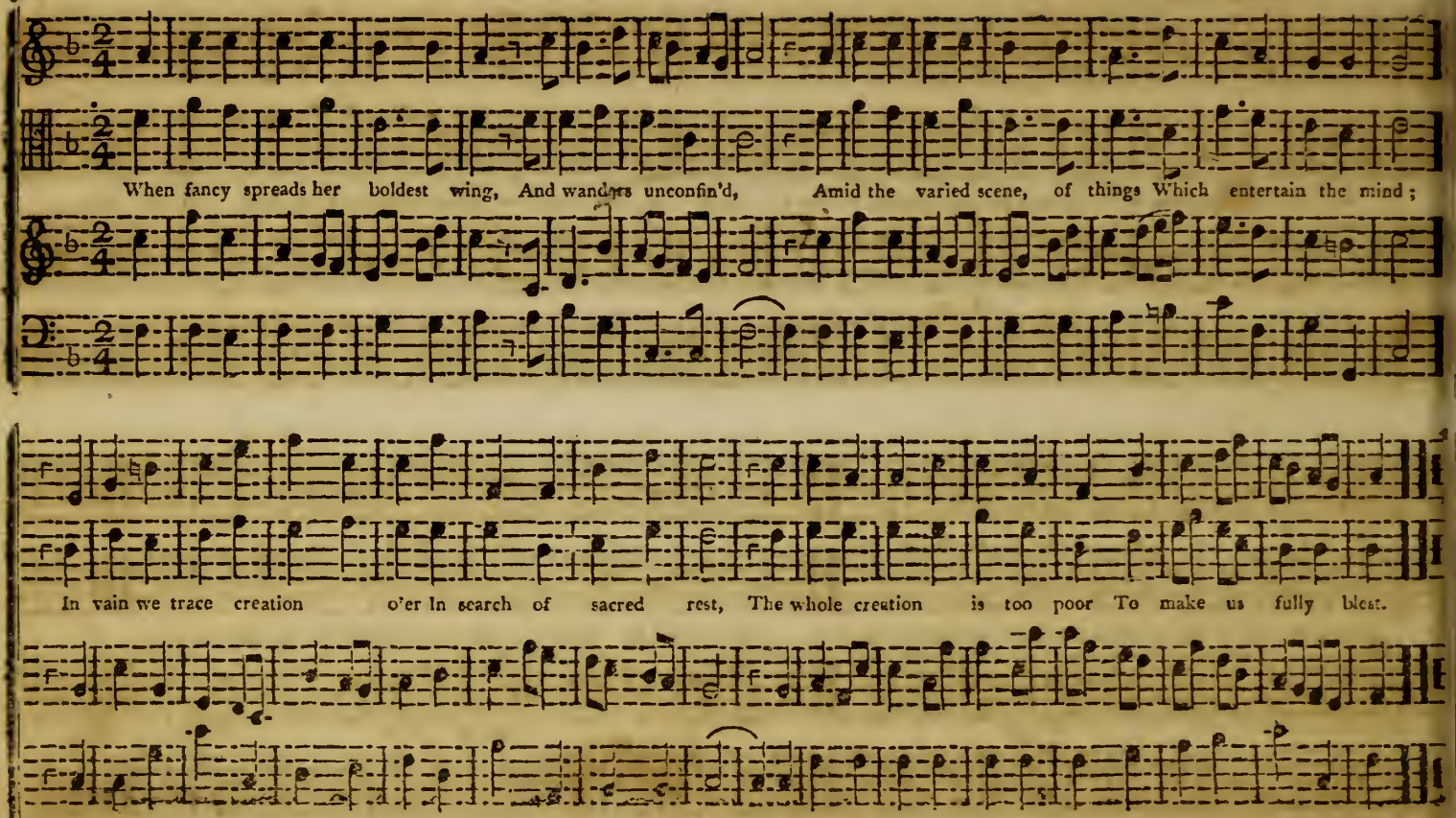


St. MARTIN's. C. M.



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 righteousness Let heav'n and earth proclaim ; His works of nature and of grace, Reveal his wondrous name.

NEWARK. C. M. Dr. Arne.



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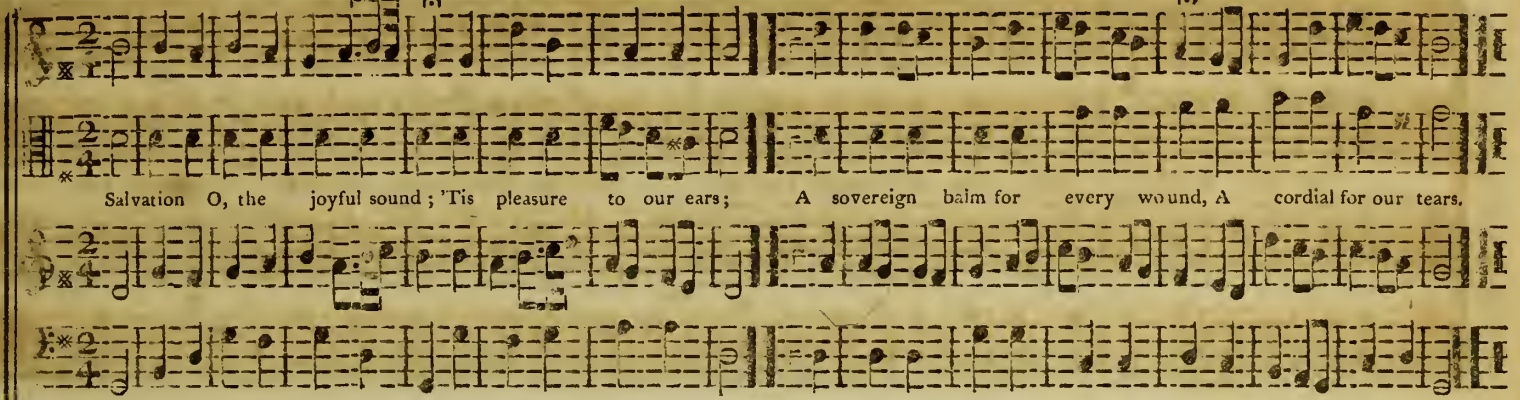
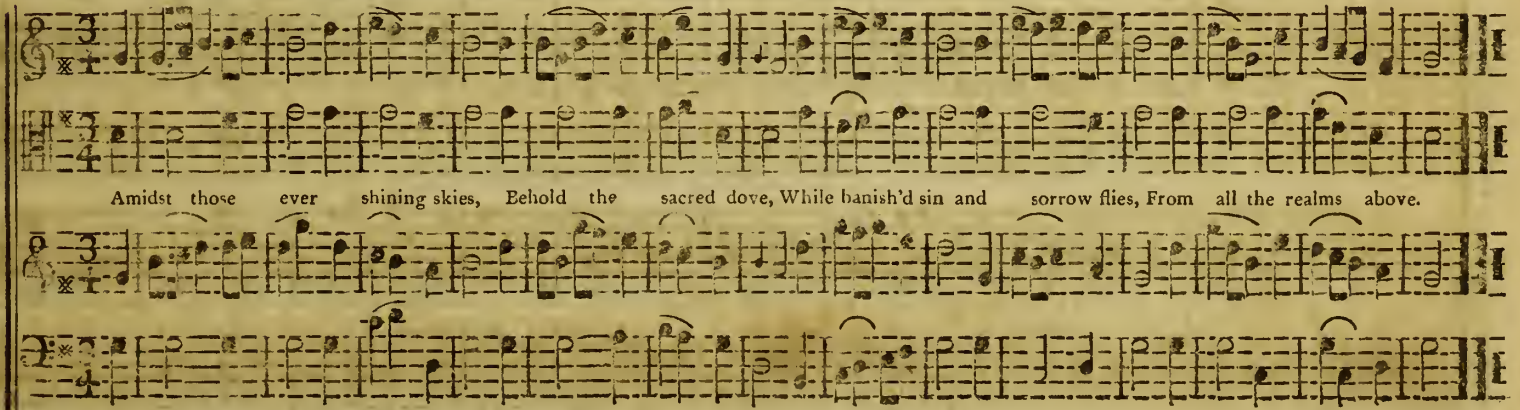
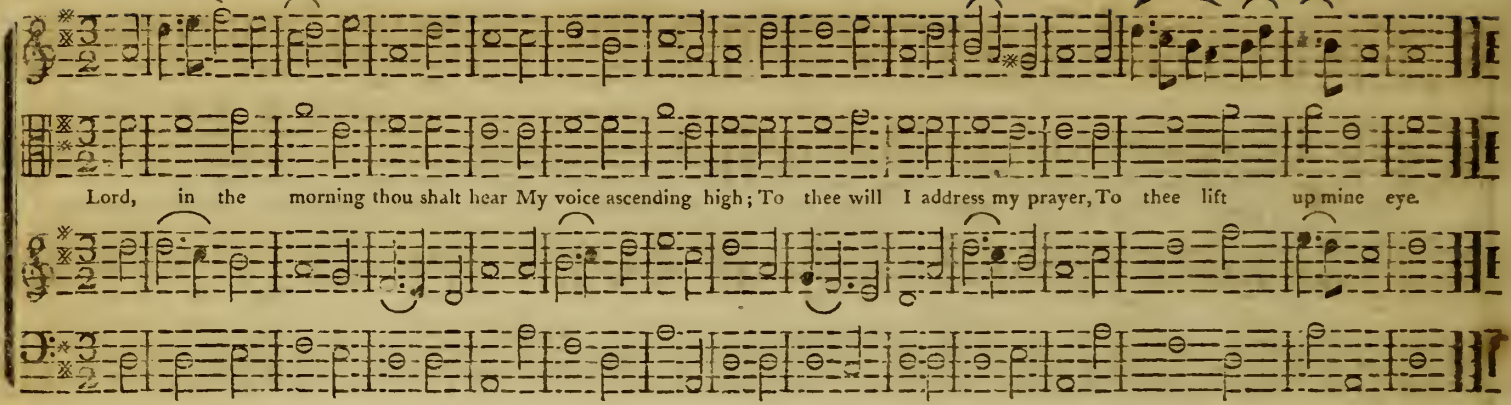


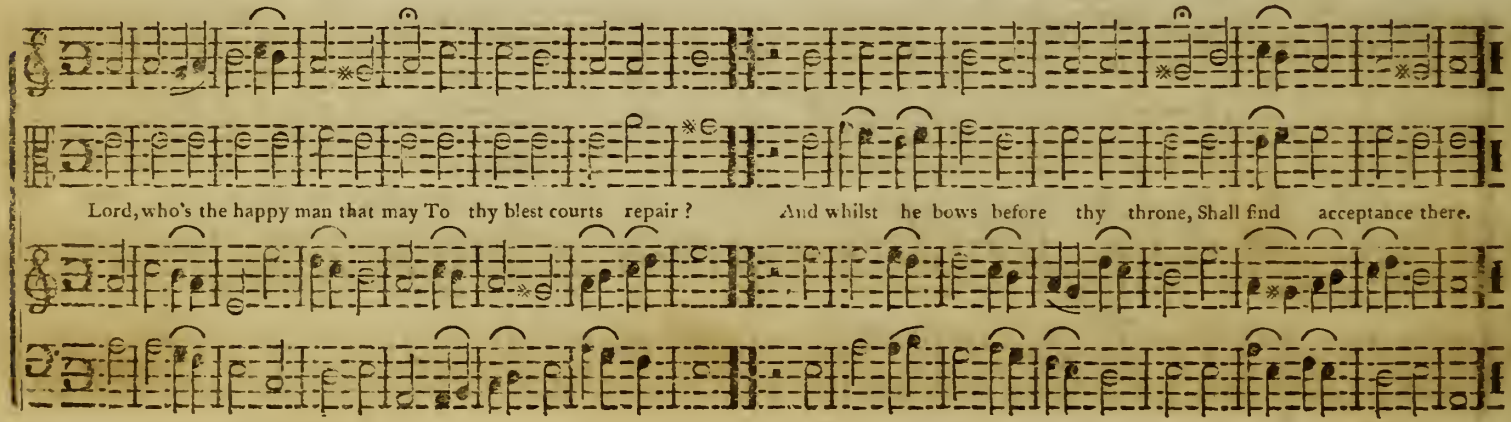
ROCKLAND. C. M.



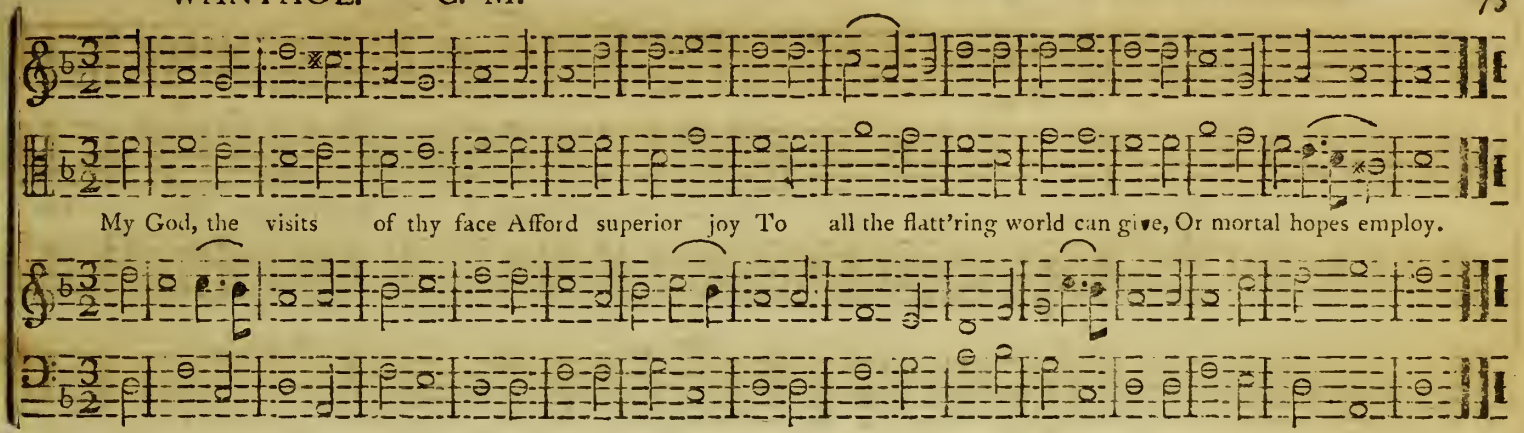
COLCHESTER. C. M.



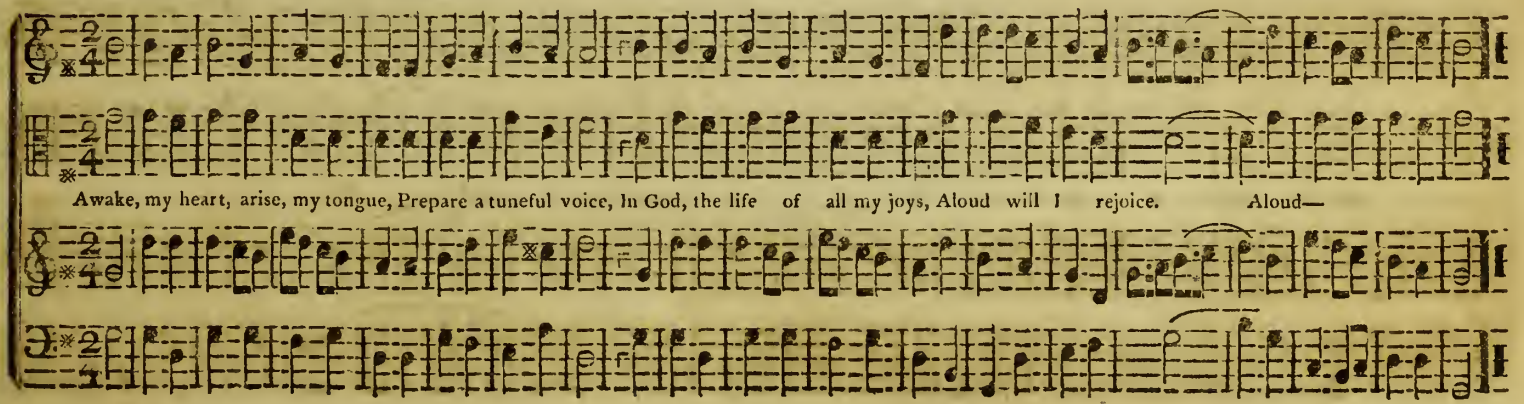
DURHAM. C. M.



WANTAGE. C. M.



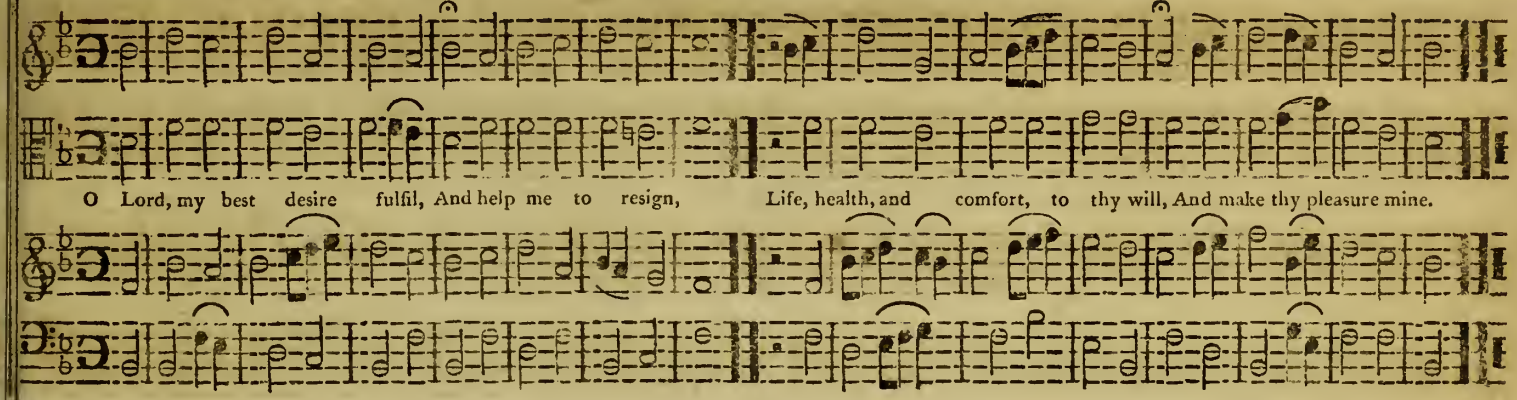
BRAY. C. M.



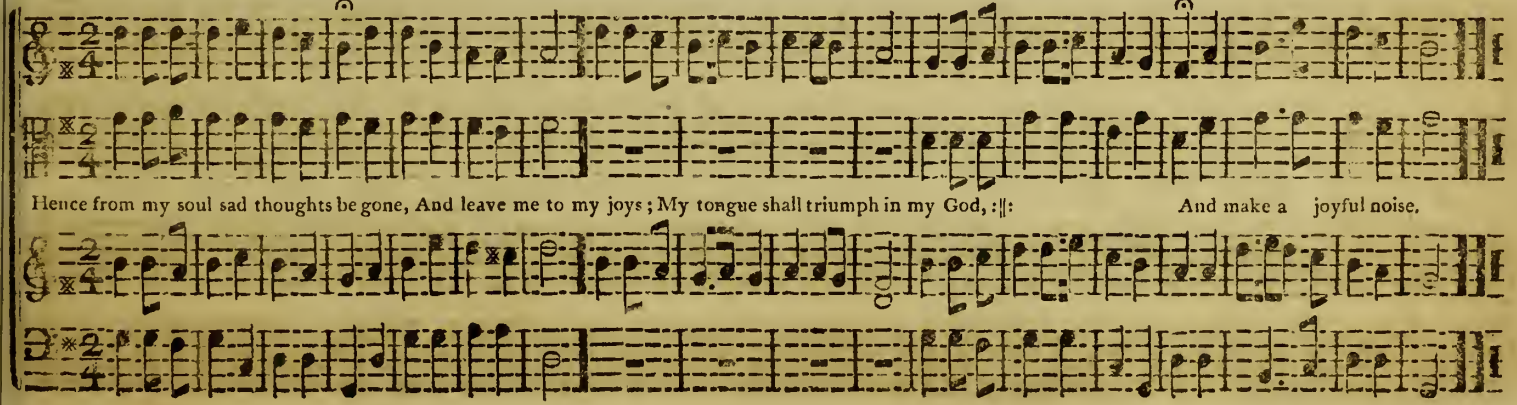
ABINGTON. C. M.

Dr. Arnold.

GREEN. C. M.

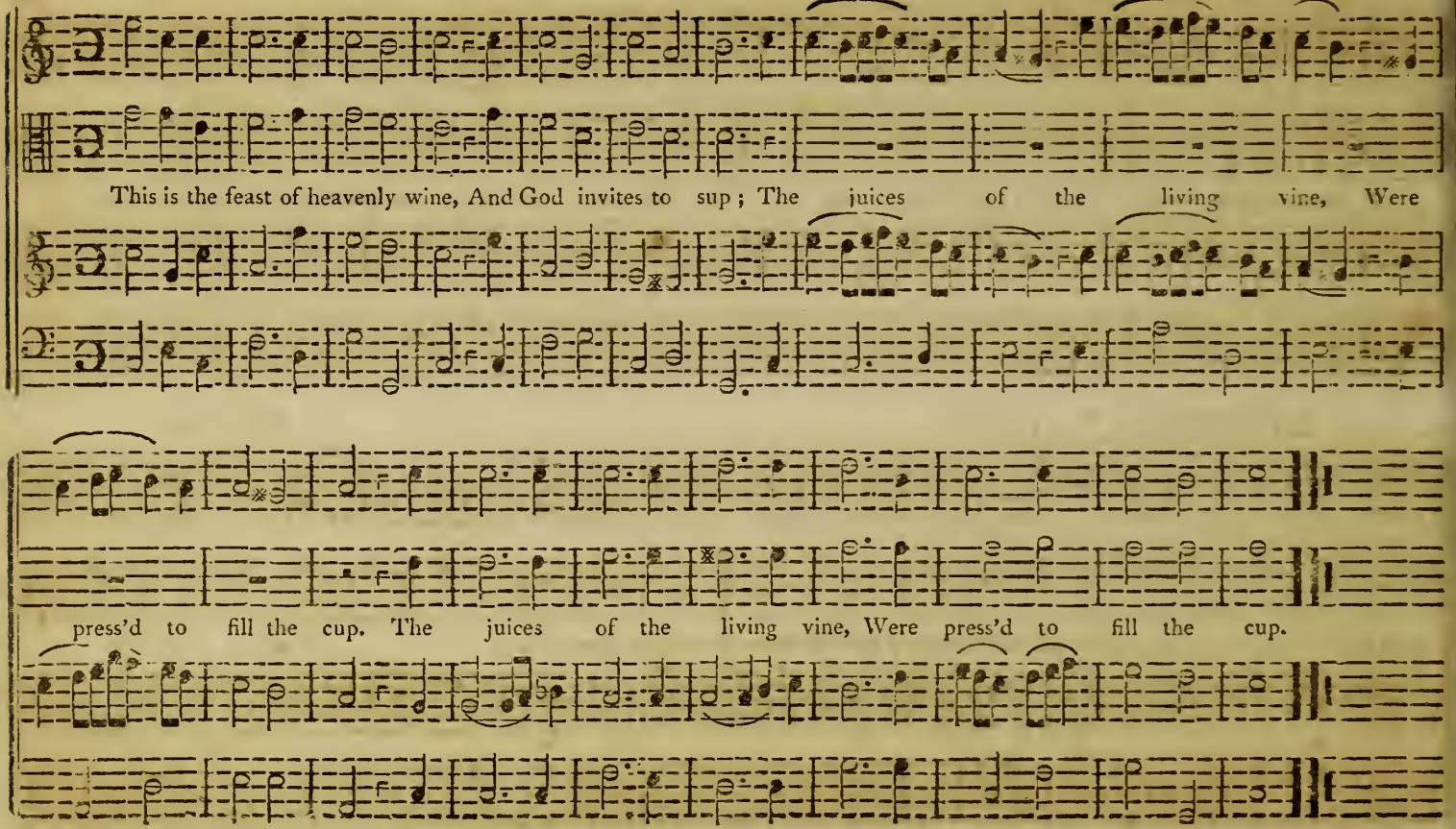


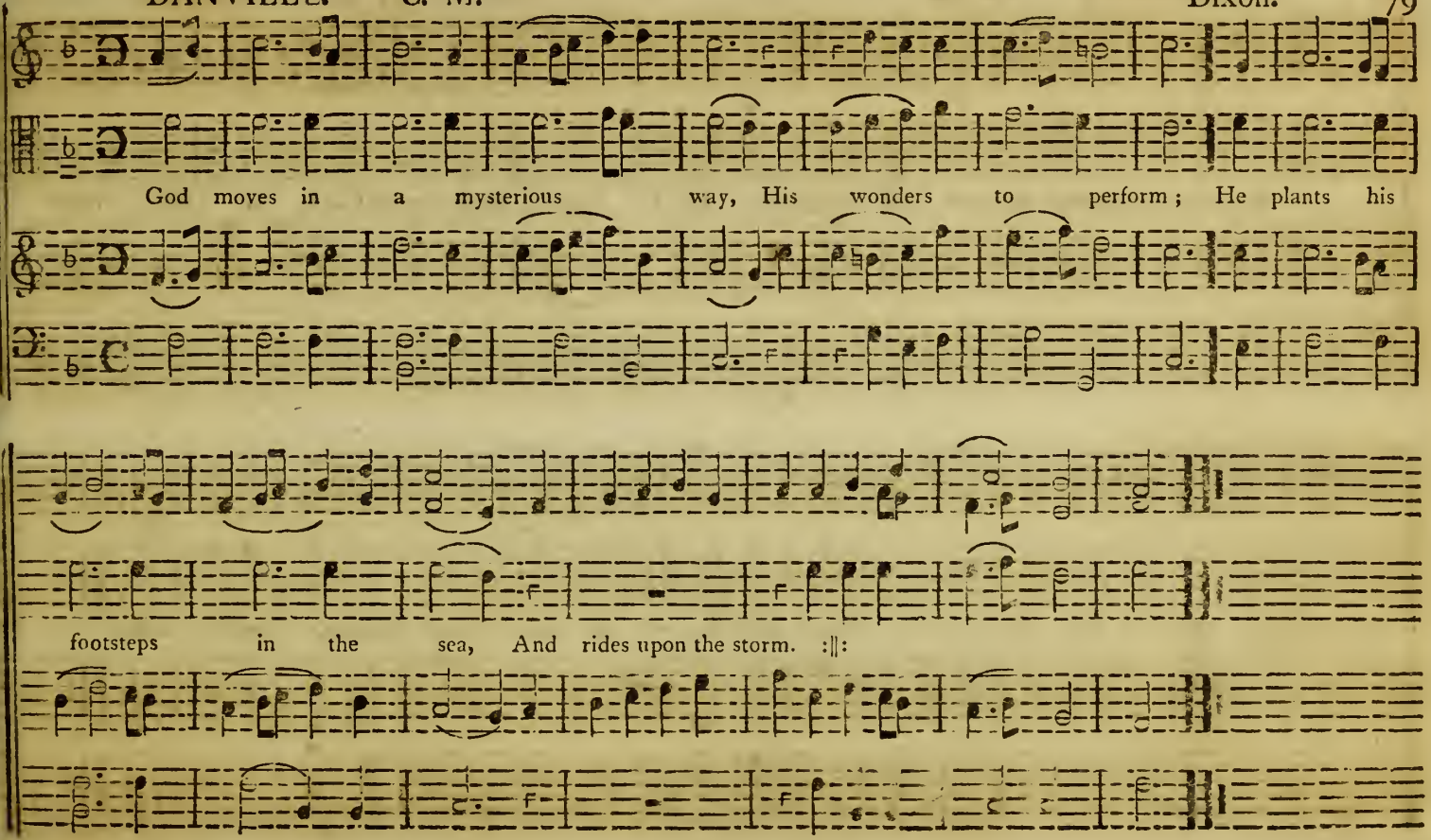
STAMFORD. C. M. Milgrove.

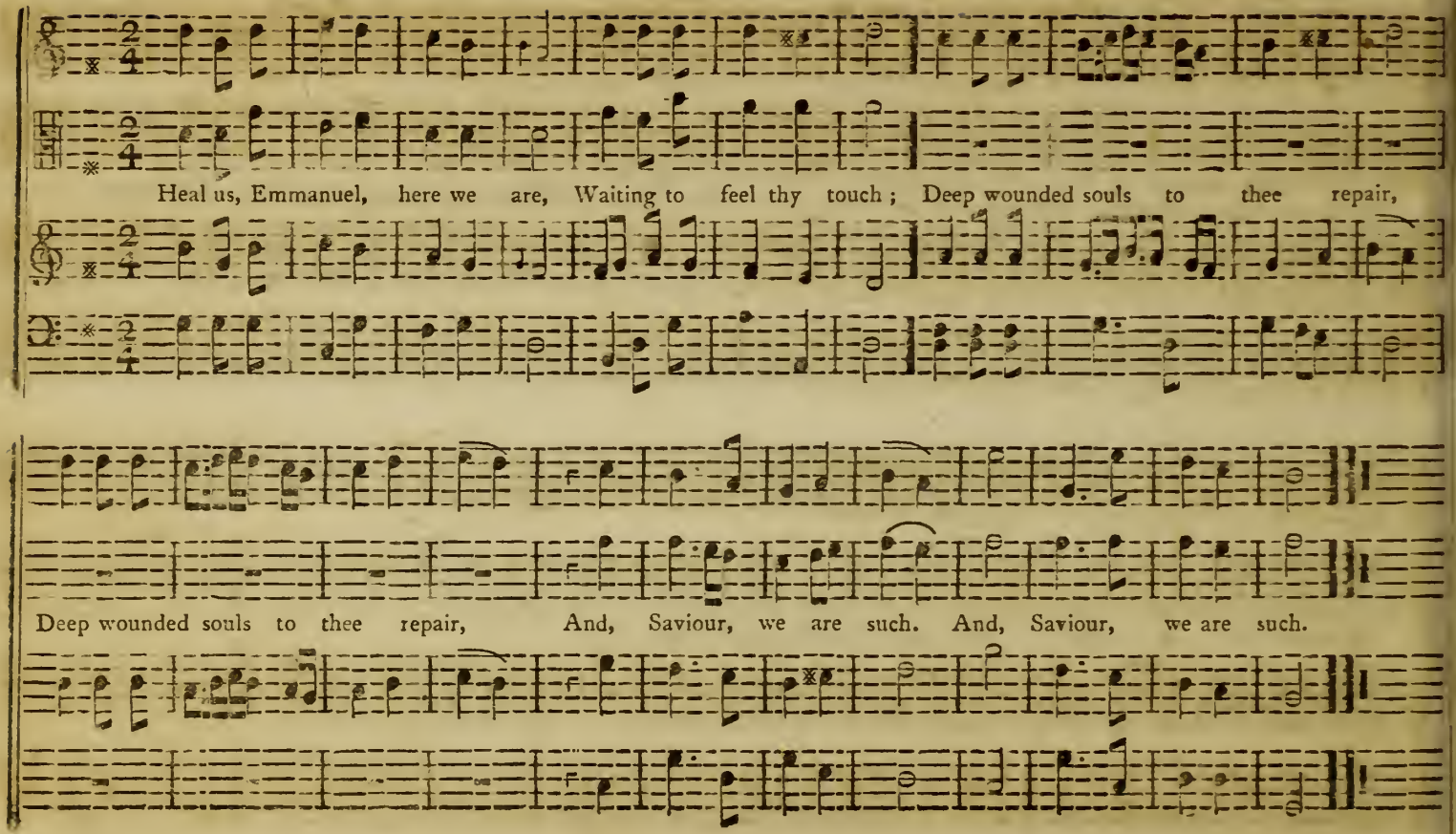


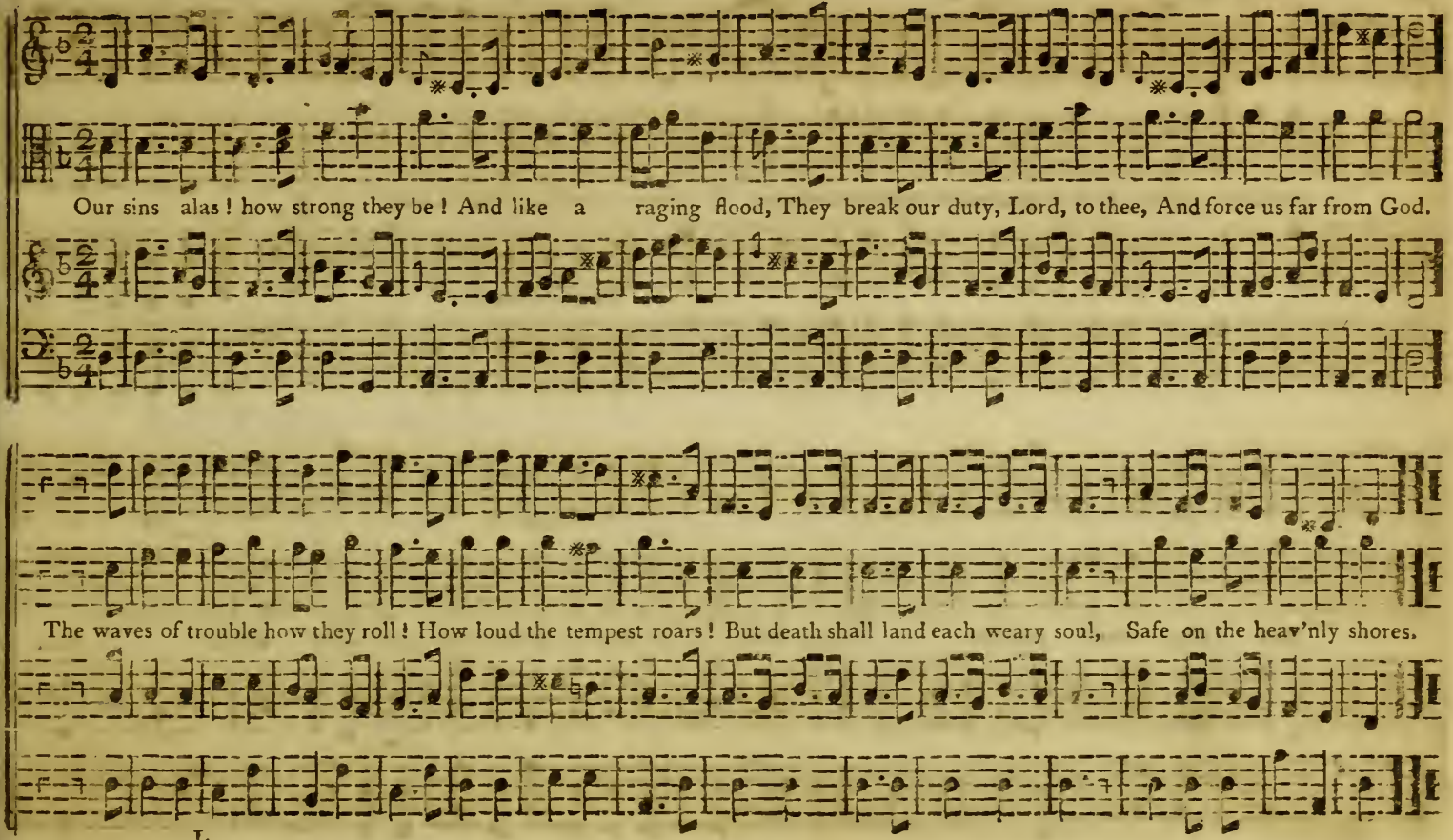
FULBOURN. C. M.

W. Barker.

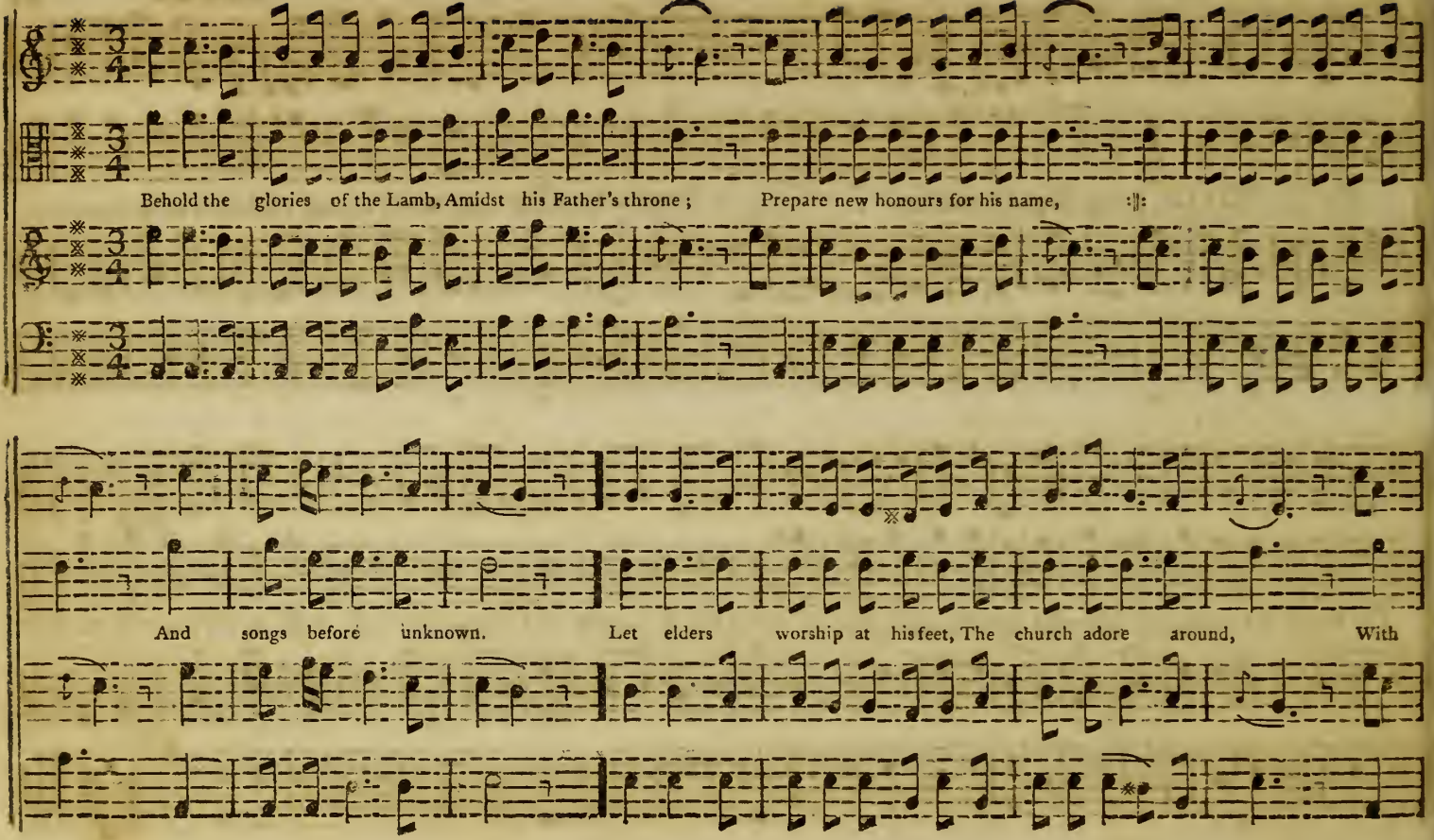


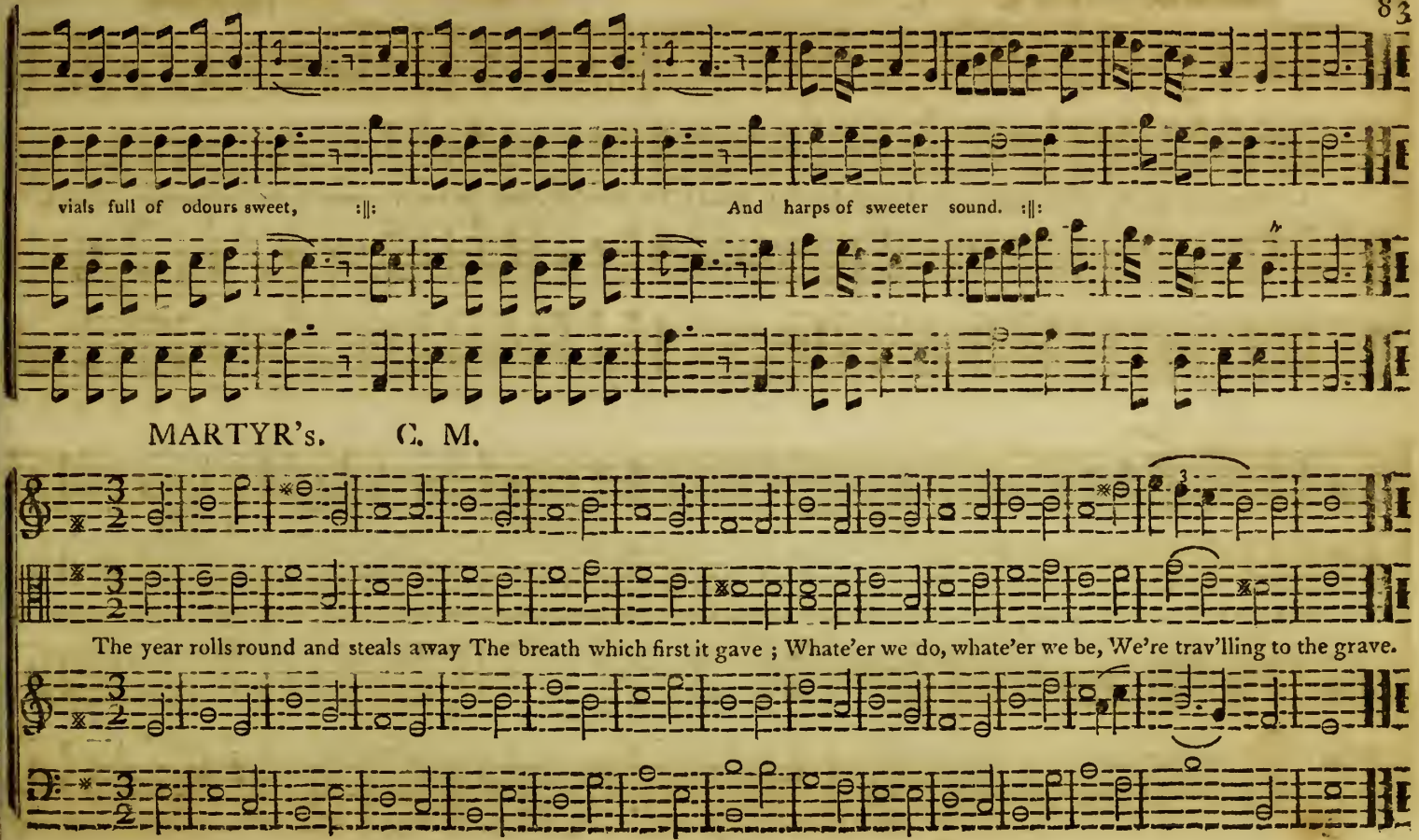

God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He plants his
footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm. :‖:


Heal us, Emmanuel, here we are, Waiting to feel thy touch; Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
Deep wounded souls to thee repair, And, Saviour, we are such. And, Saviour, we are such.

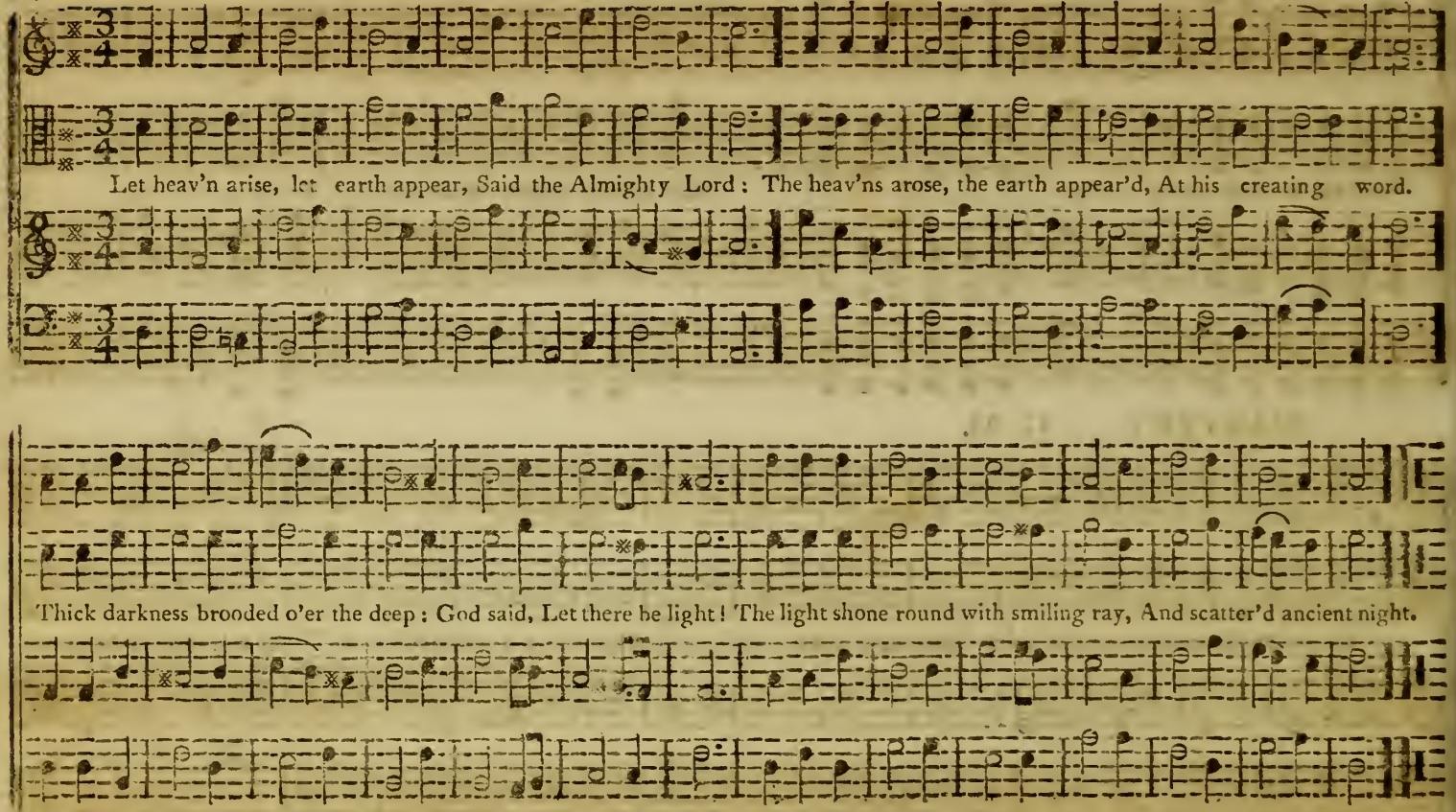

Our sins alas! how strong they be! And like a raging flood, They break our duty, Lord, to thee, And force us far from God.
The waves of trouble how they roll! How loud the tempest roars! But death shall land each weary soul, Safe on the heav'nly shores.

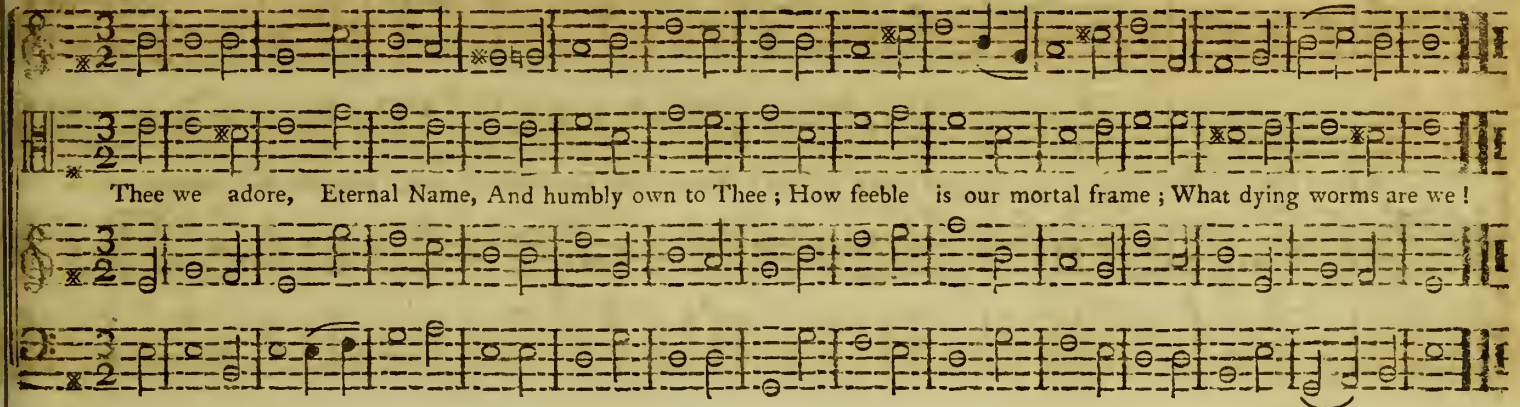
PARMA. C. M.


Behold the glories of the Lamb, Amidst his Father's throne ; Prepare new honours for his name, :||:
And songs before unknown. Let elders worship at his feet, The church adore around, With

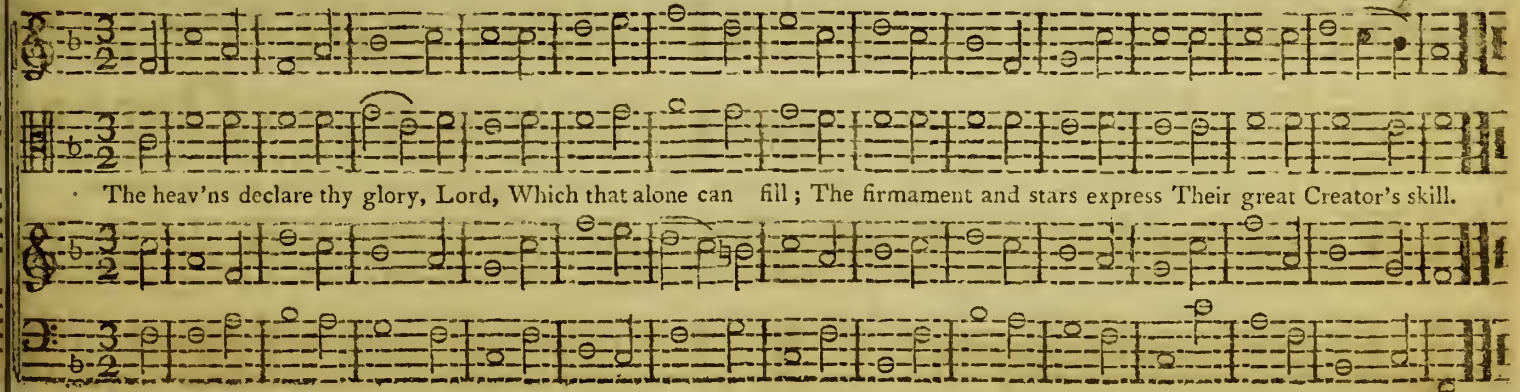

vials full of odours sweet, :||: And harps of sweeter sound. :||:
MARTYR's. C. M.
The year rolls round and steals away The breath which first it gave ; Whate'er we do, whate'er we be, We're trav'lling to the grave.

St. MATTHEW's. C. M. Dr. Croft.

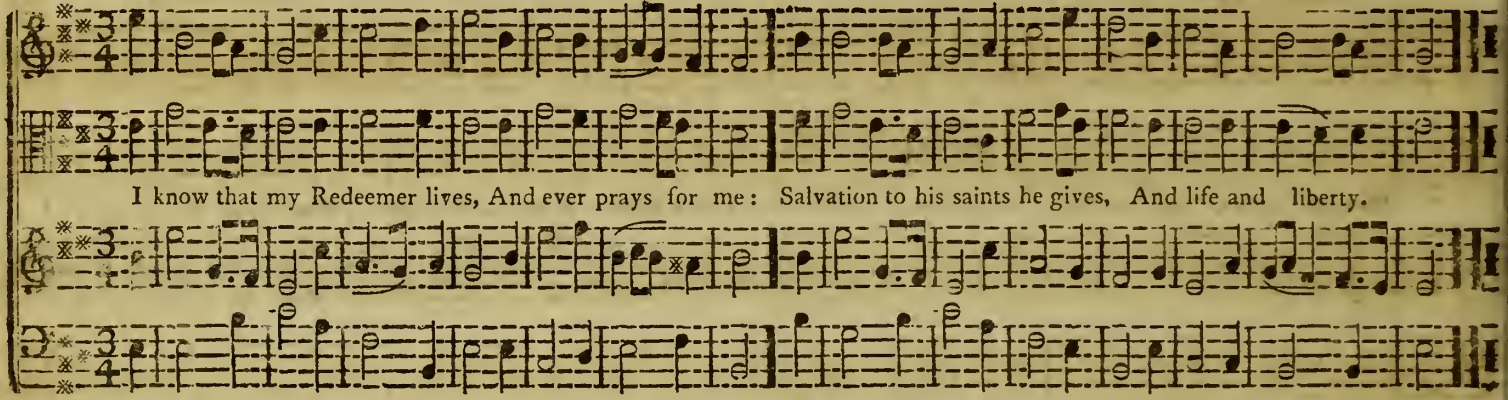




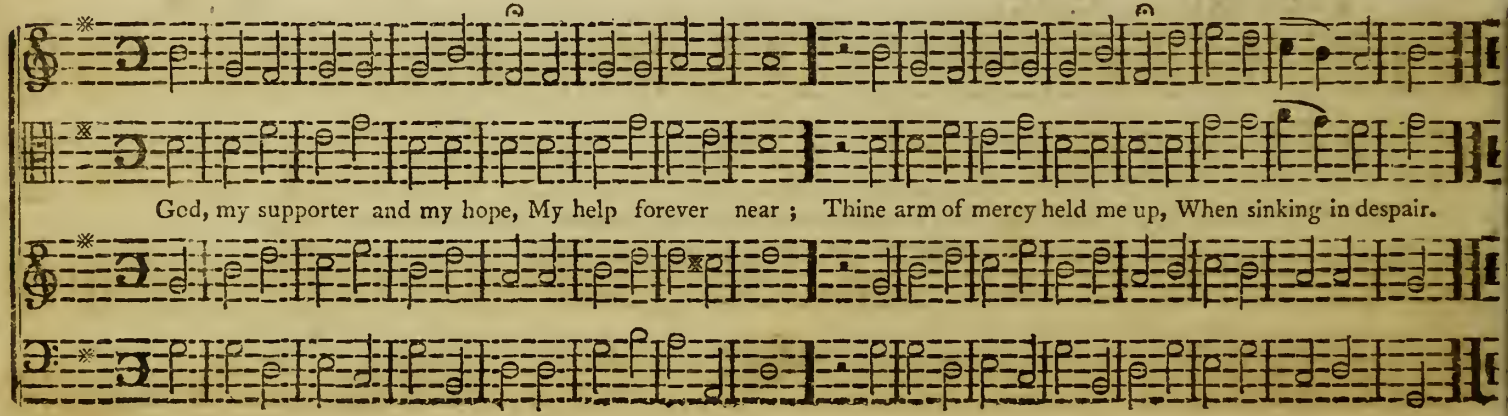
BEDFORD. C. M. Wheall.

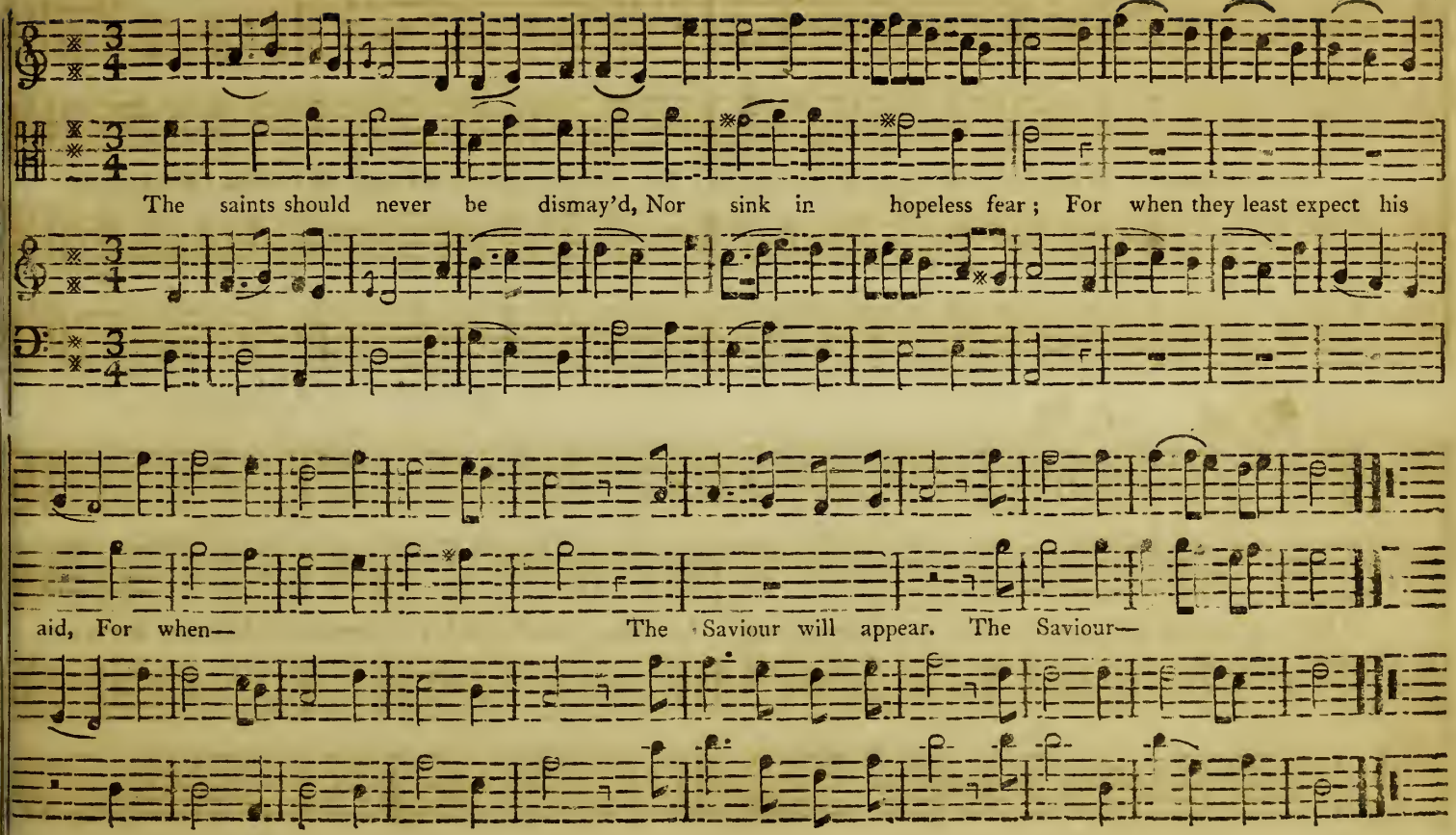


MESSIAH. C. M. Handel.



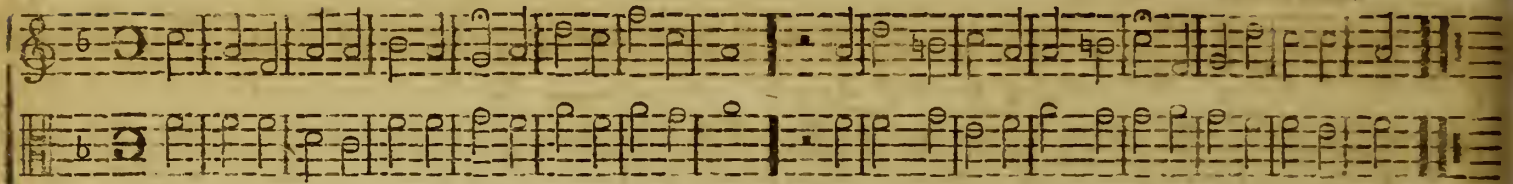
YORK. C. M. Milton.



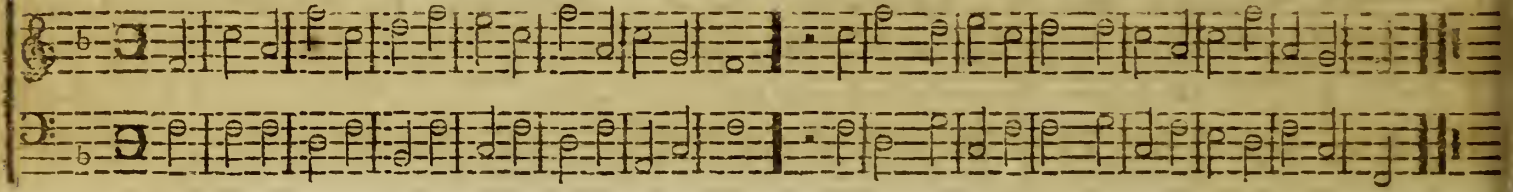

The saints should never be dismay'd, Nor sink in hopeless fear; For when they least expect his
aid, For when—
The Saviour will appear. The Saviour—

LONDON. C. M.

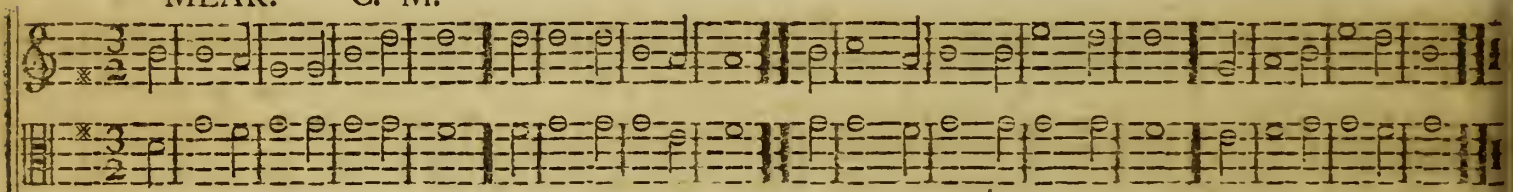
Dr. Croft.



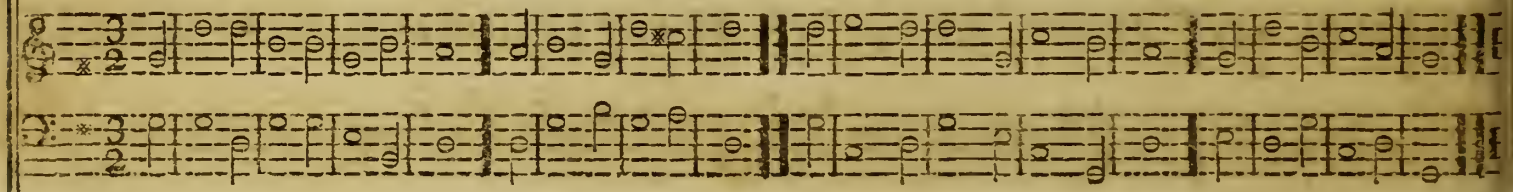
My God, the life of all my joys, The spring of my delights ; The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights.

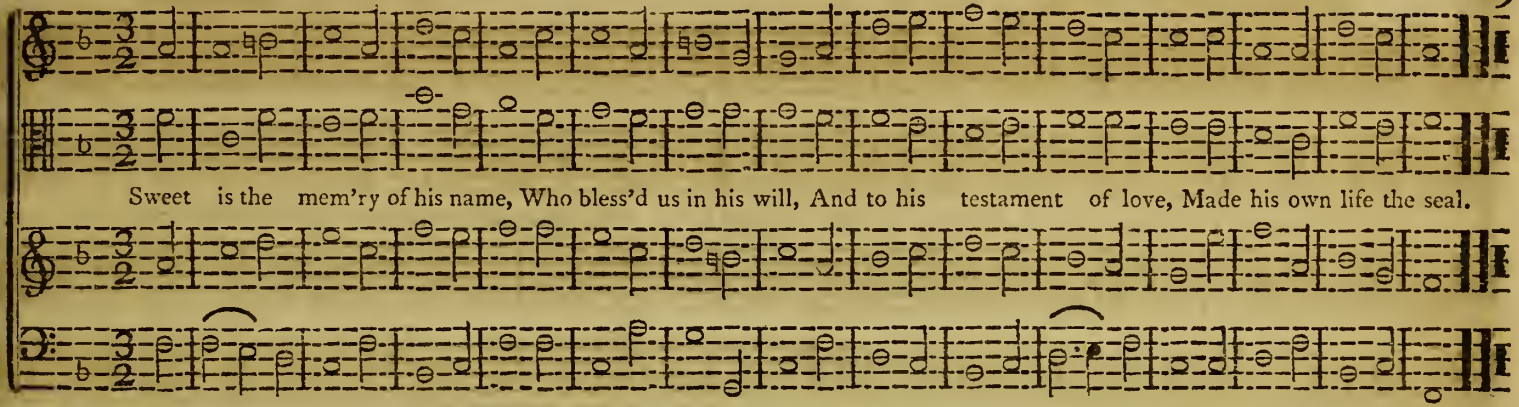


MEAR. C. M.

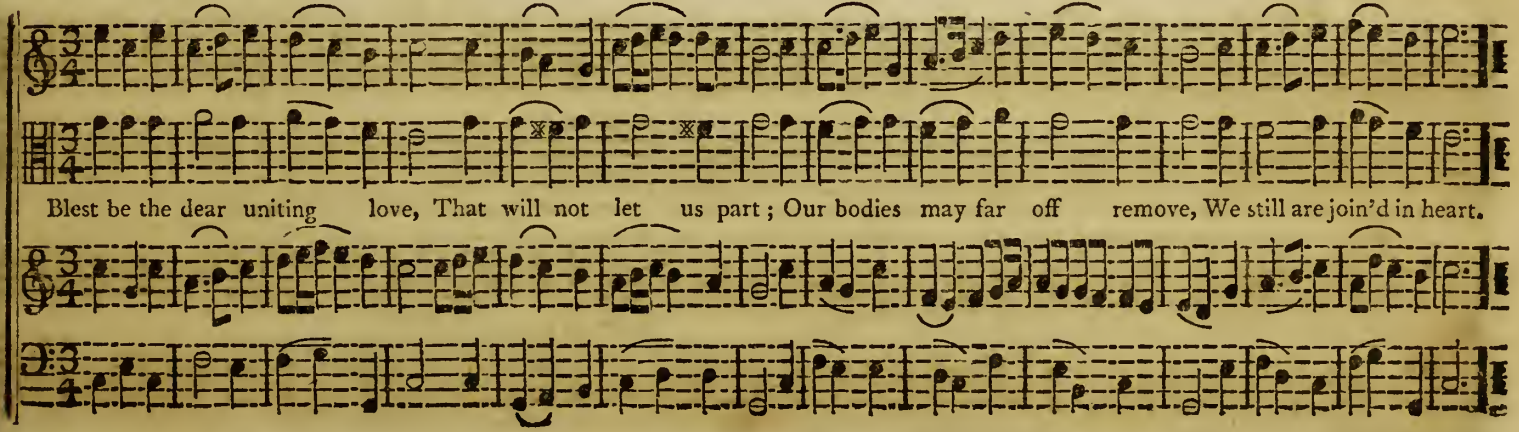


Let faith and joy and duty join, One general song to raise ; Let saints in earth and heav'n combine, In harmony and praise.

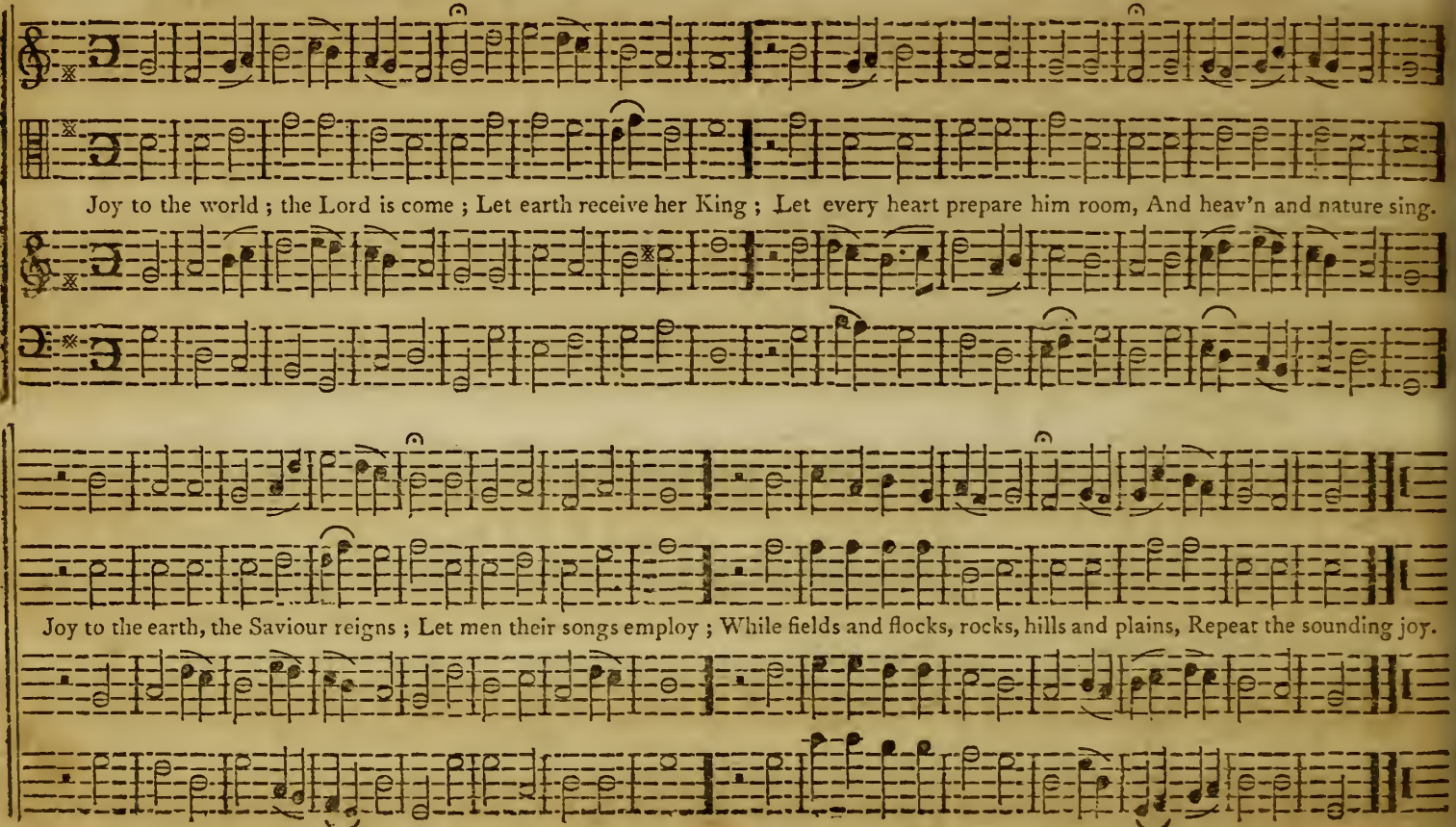


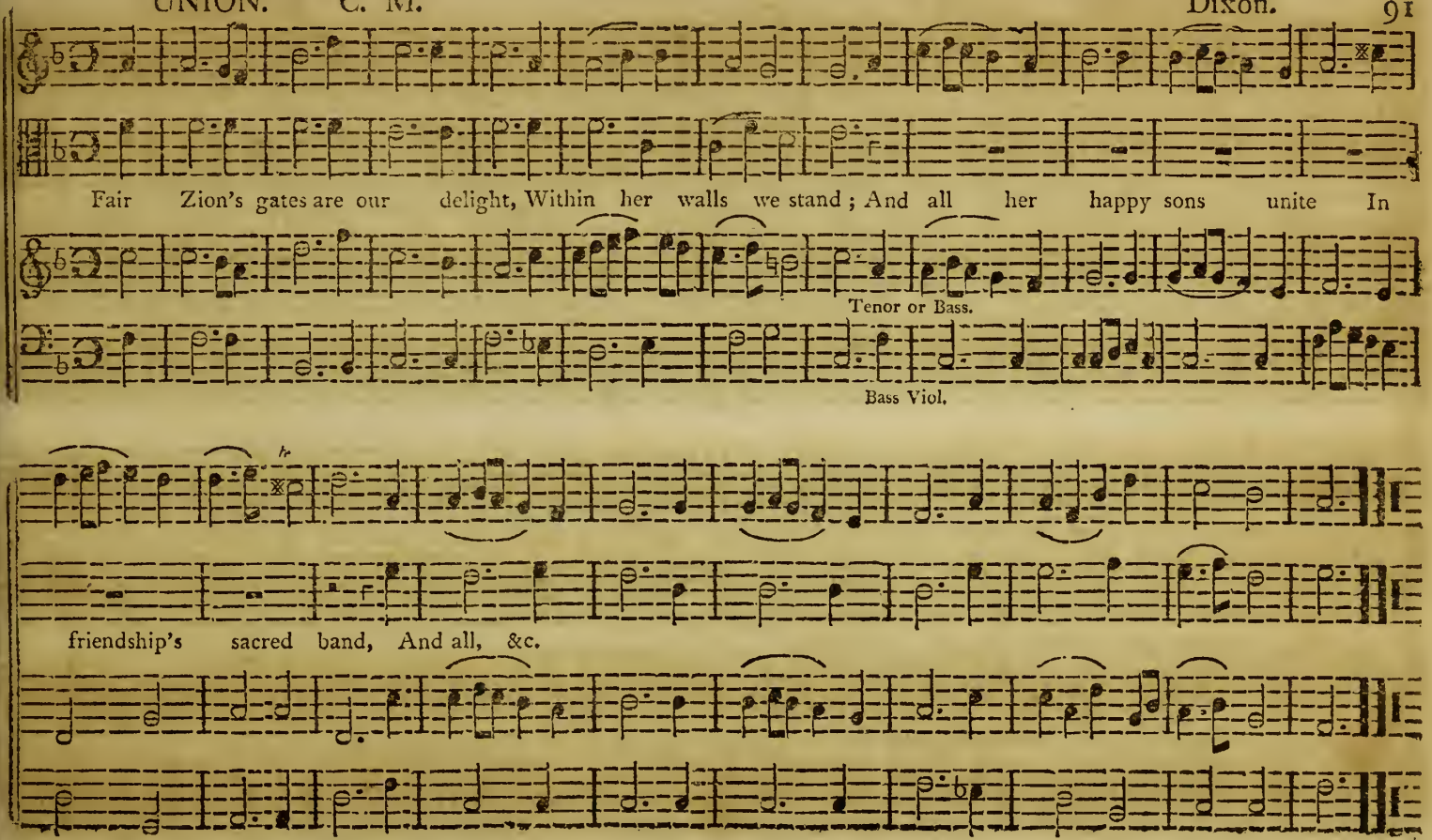


LINCOLN. C. M. Coombs.



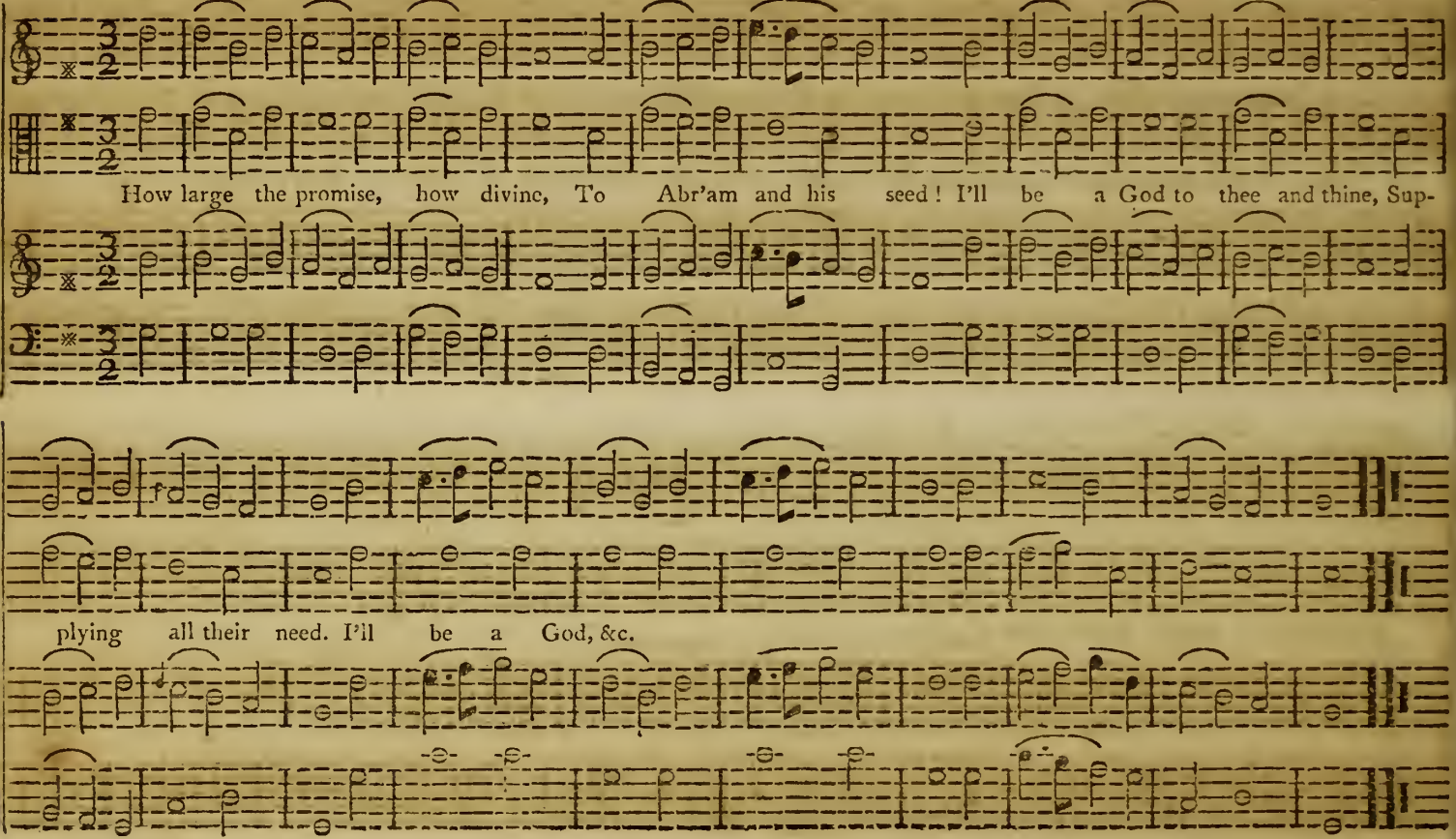
GREAT MILTON. C. M.

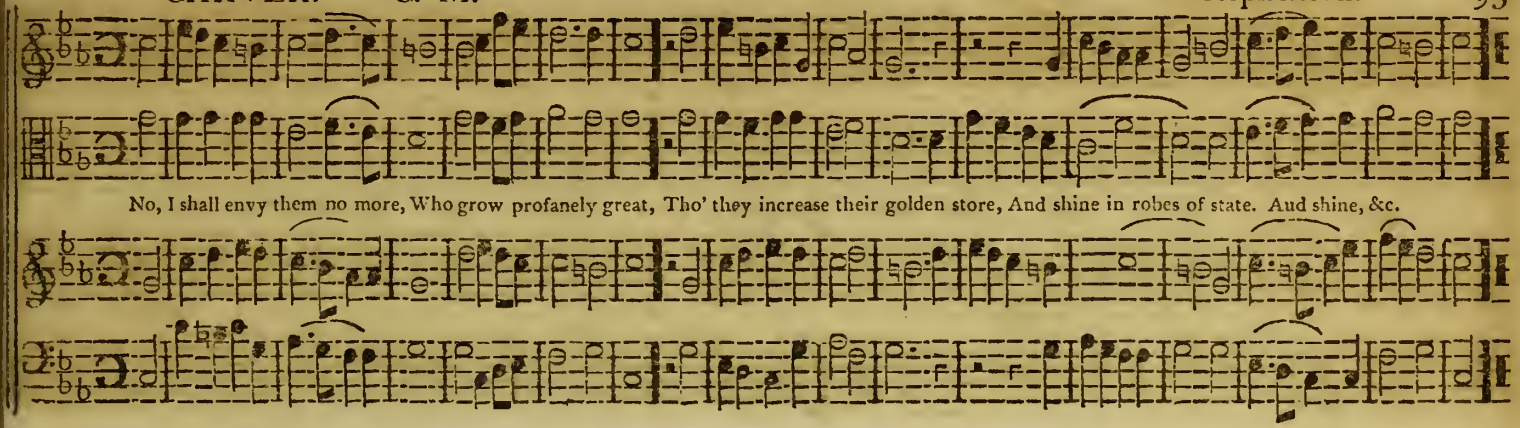



Fair Zion's gates are our delight, Within her walls we stand; And all her happy sons unite In
Tenor or Bass.
Bass Viol.
friendship's sacred band, And all, &c.

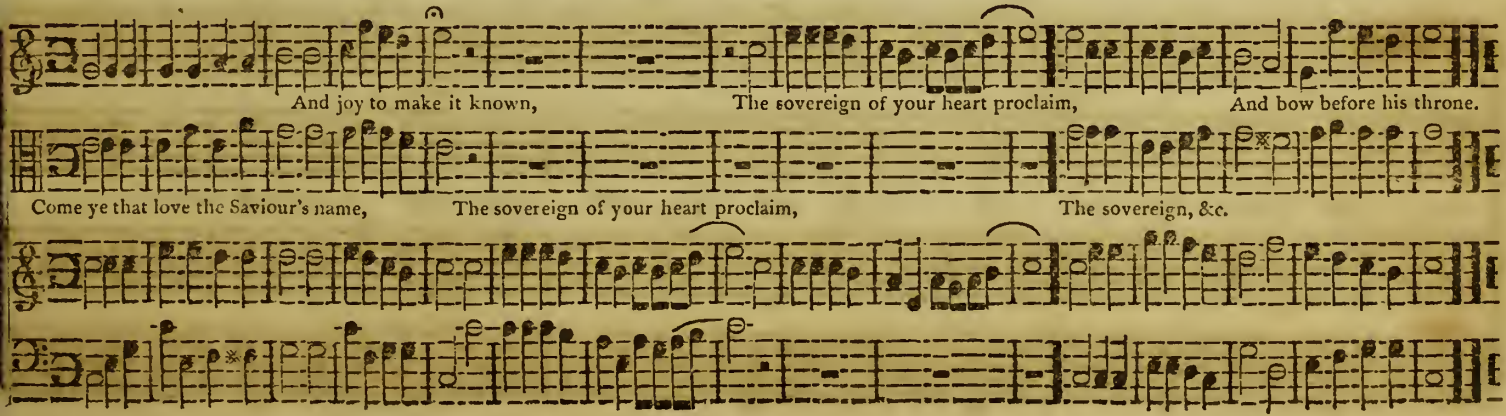
WAREHAM. C. M.

Dr. Arnold.



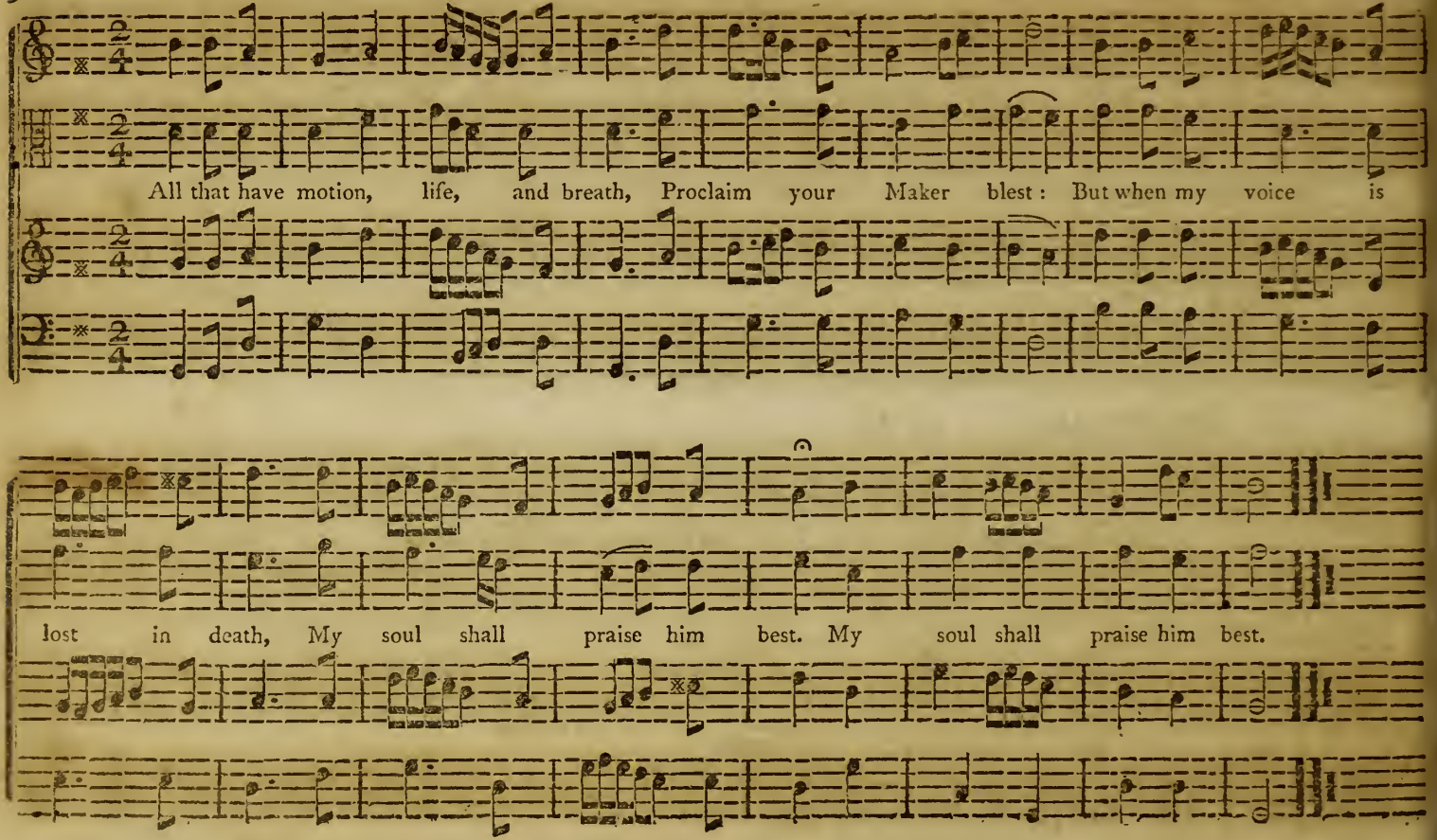


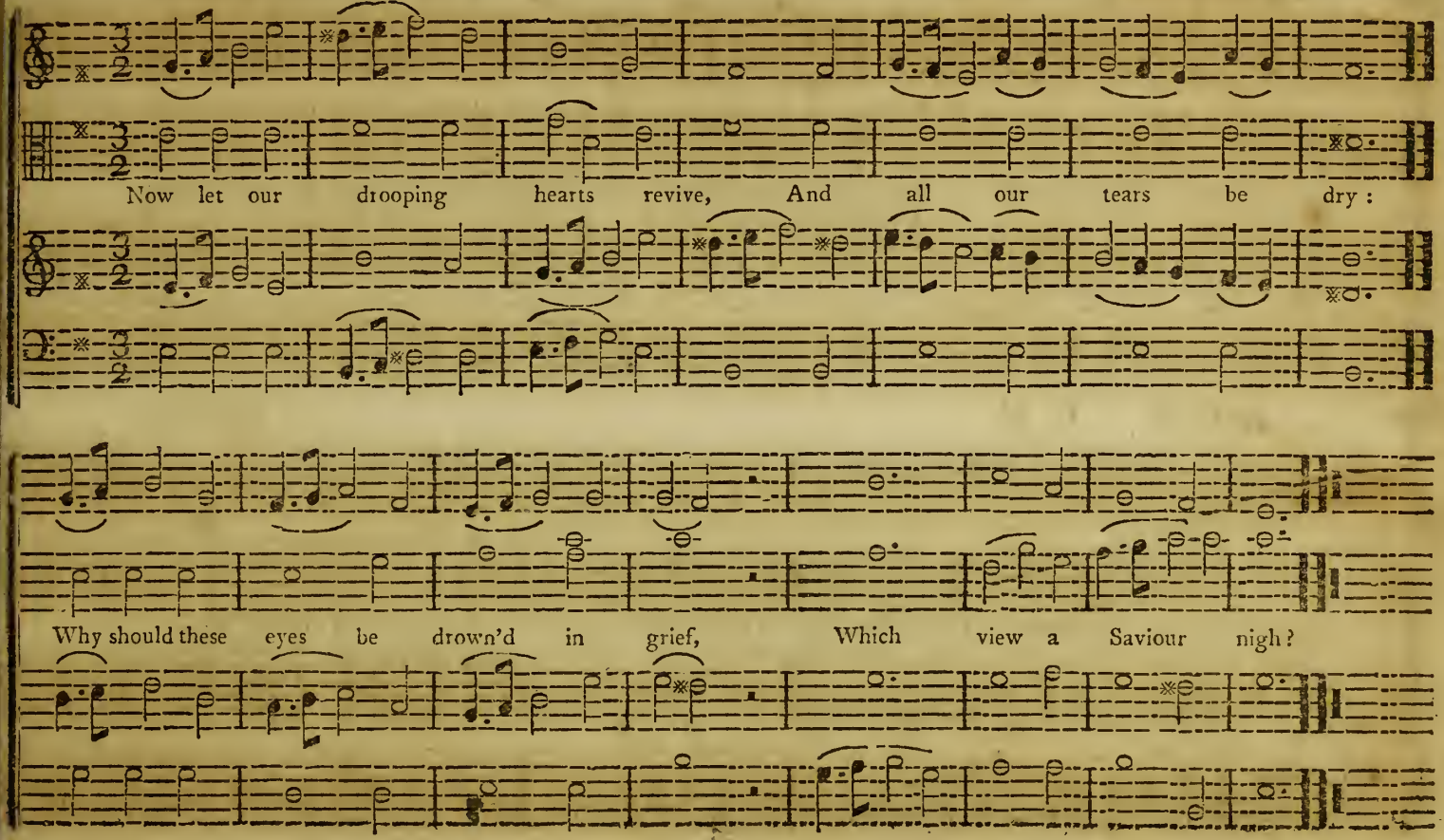
St. SEBASTIAN's. C. M.



WINBOURN. C. M.

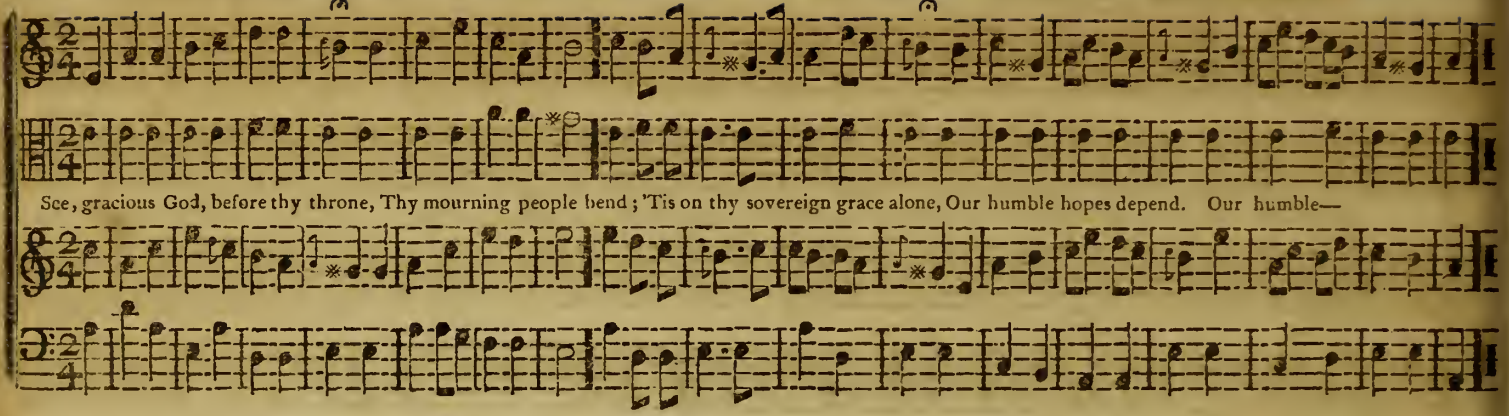
Cuzens.




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?

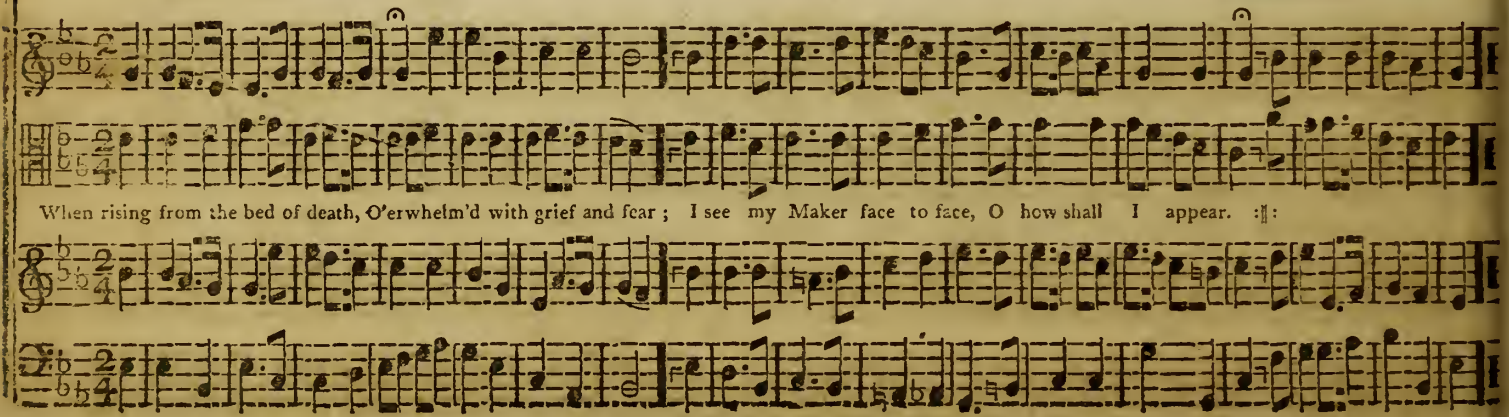
CHAPEL. C. M.

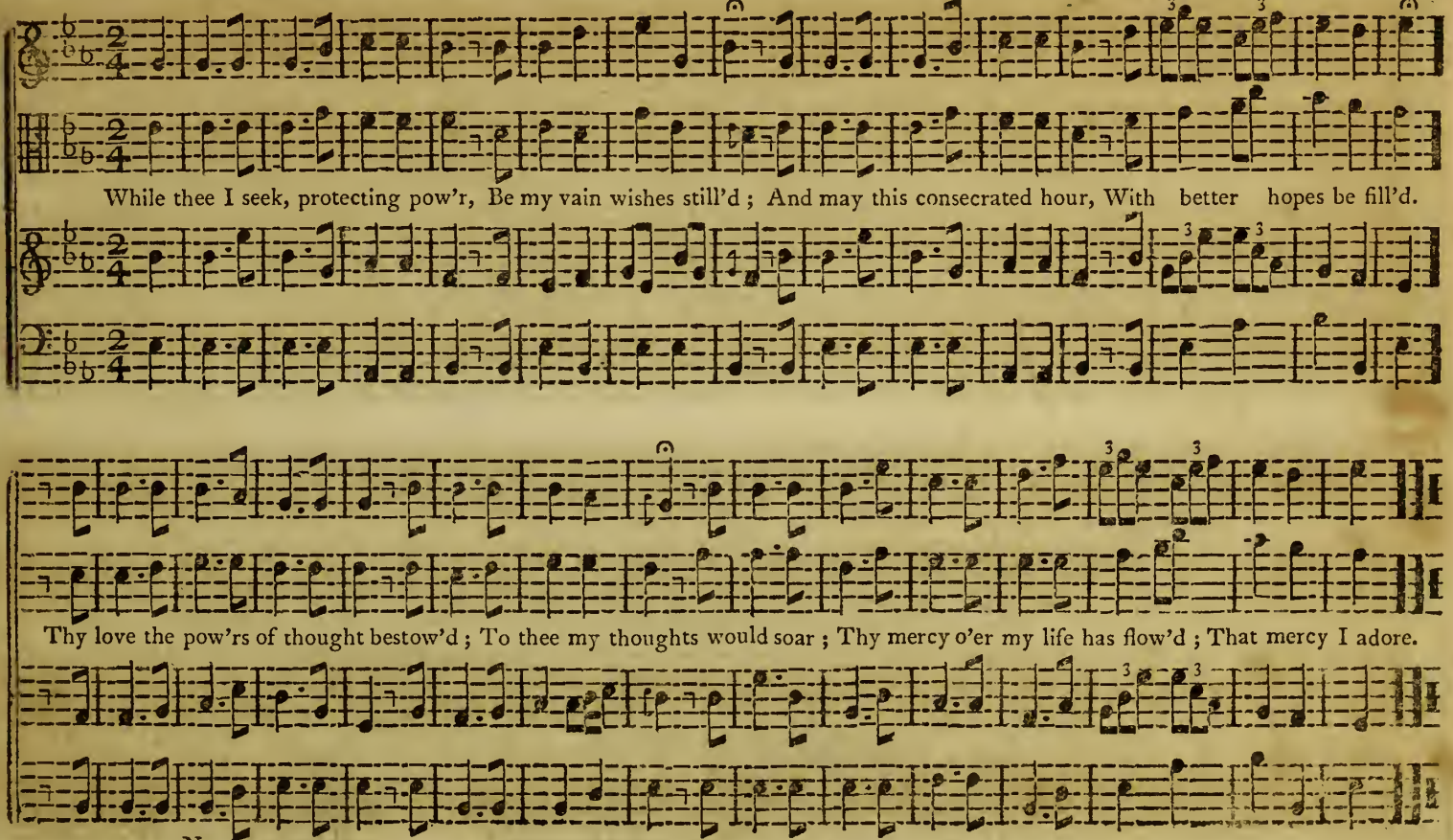
T. Williams.



MILAN. C. M.

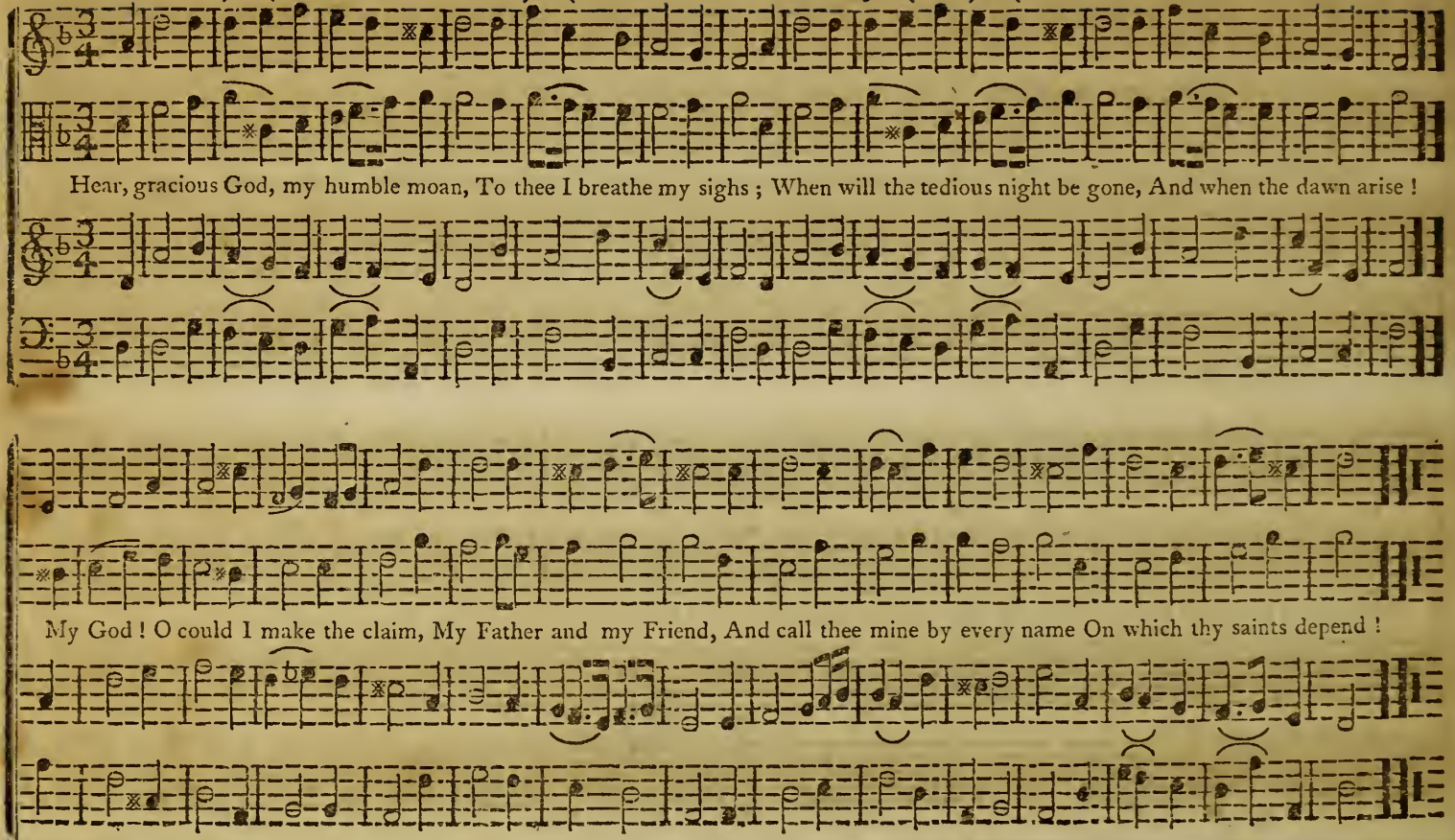
Costellow.



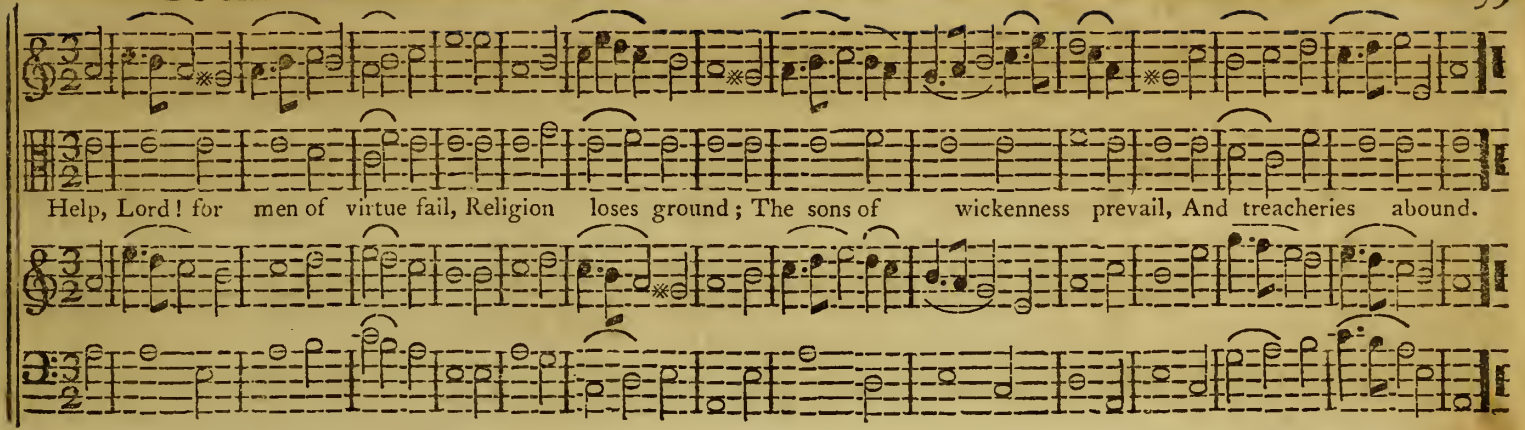

While thee I seek, protecting pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd ; And may this consecrated hour, With better hopes be fill'd.
Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd ; To thee my thoughts would soar ; Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ; That mercy I adore.

DORSET. C. M.

W. Burney.

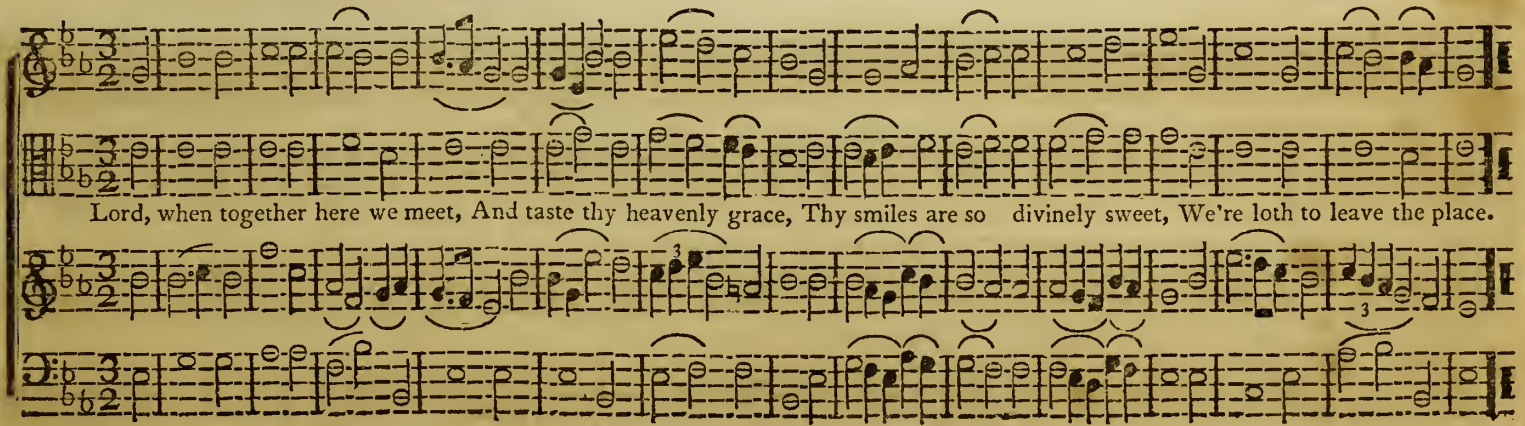


BUCKINGHAM. C. M.

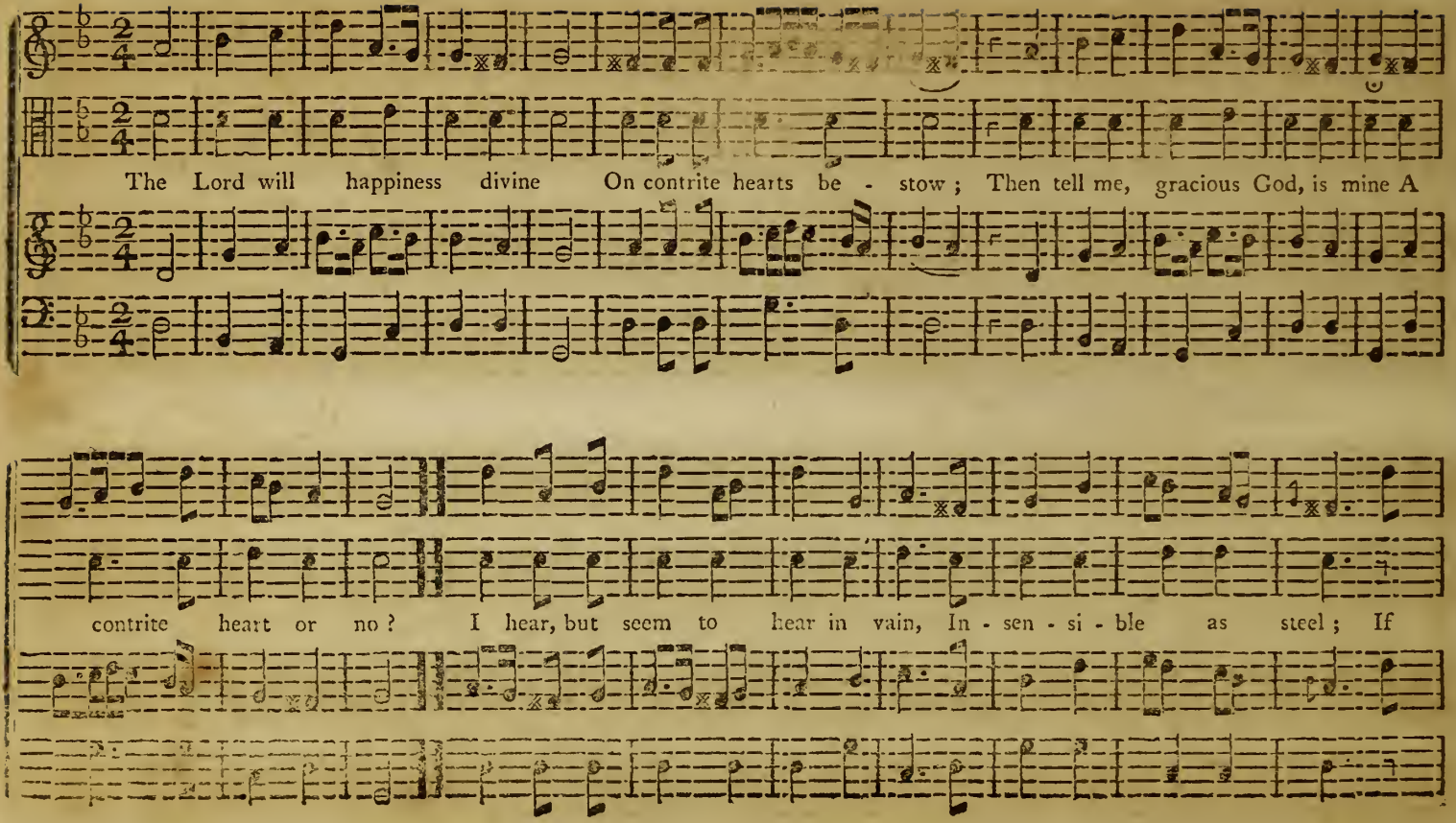


KENDALL. C. M.

Clark.



ORANGE. C. M.

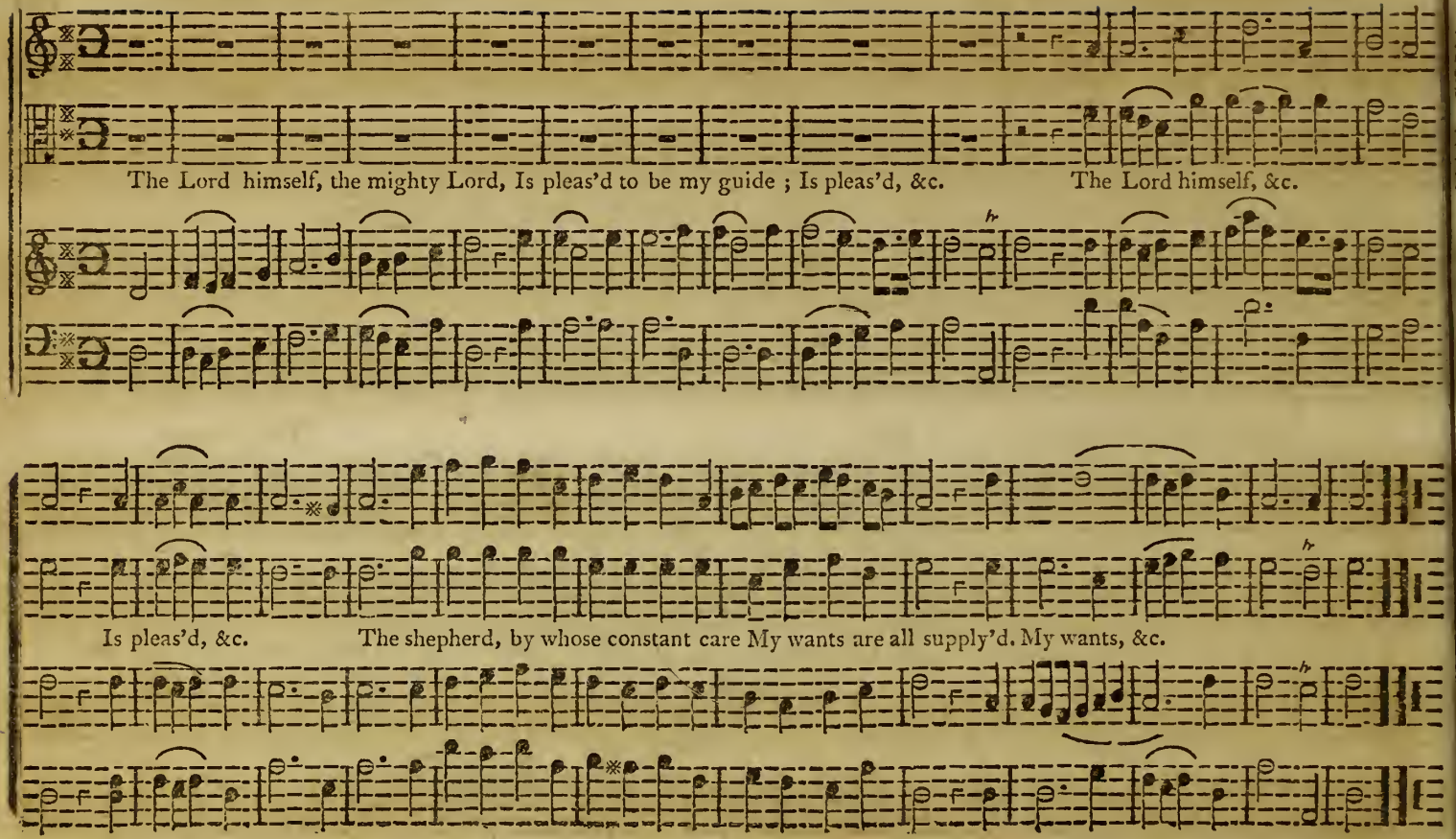

The Lord will happiness divine On contrite hearts be - stow; Then tell me, gracious God, is mine A
contrite heart or no? I hear, but seem to hear in vain, In - sen - si - ble as steel; If

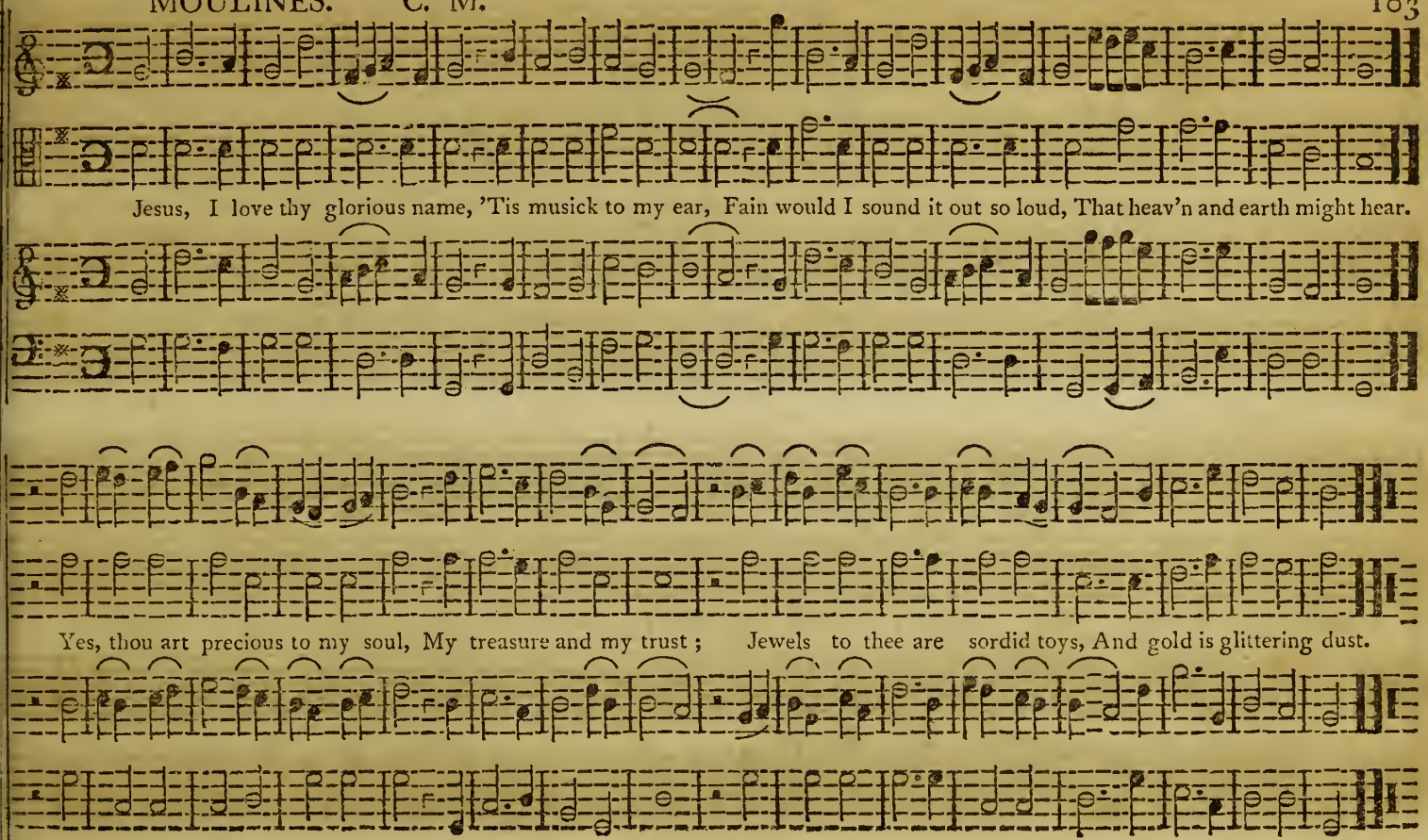
aught is felt, 'tis only pain, To find I cannot feel, To find, &c.

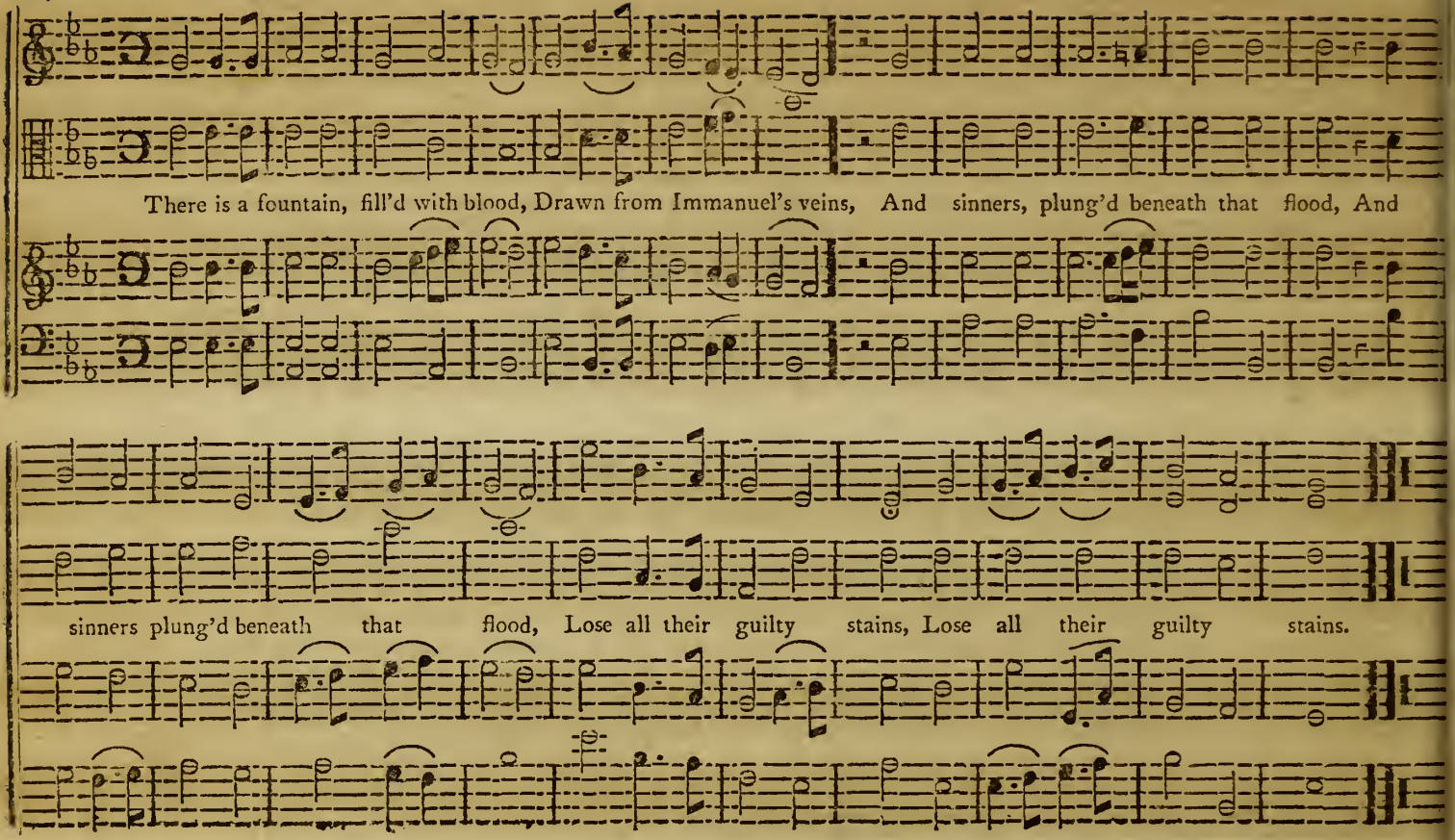
BROOMSGROVE. C. M. Dr. Green.

My God, I cry with ev'ry breath, For some kind pow'r to save, To break the yoke of sin and death, And thus redeem the slave.

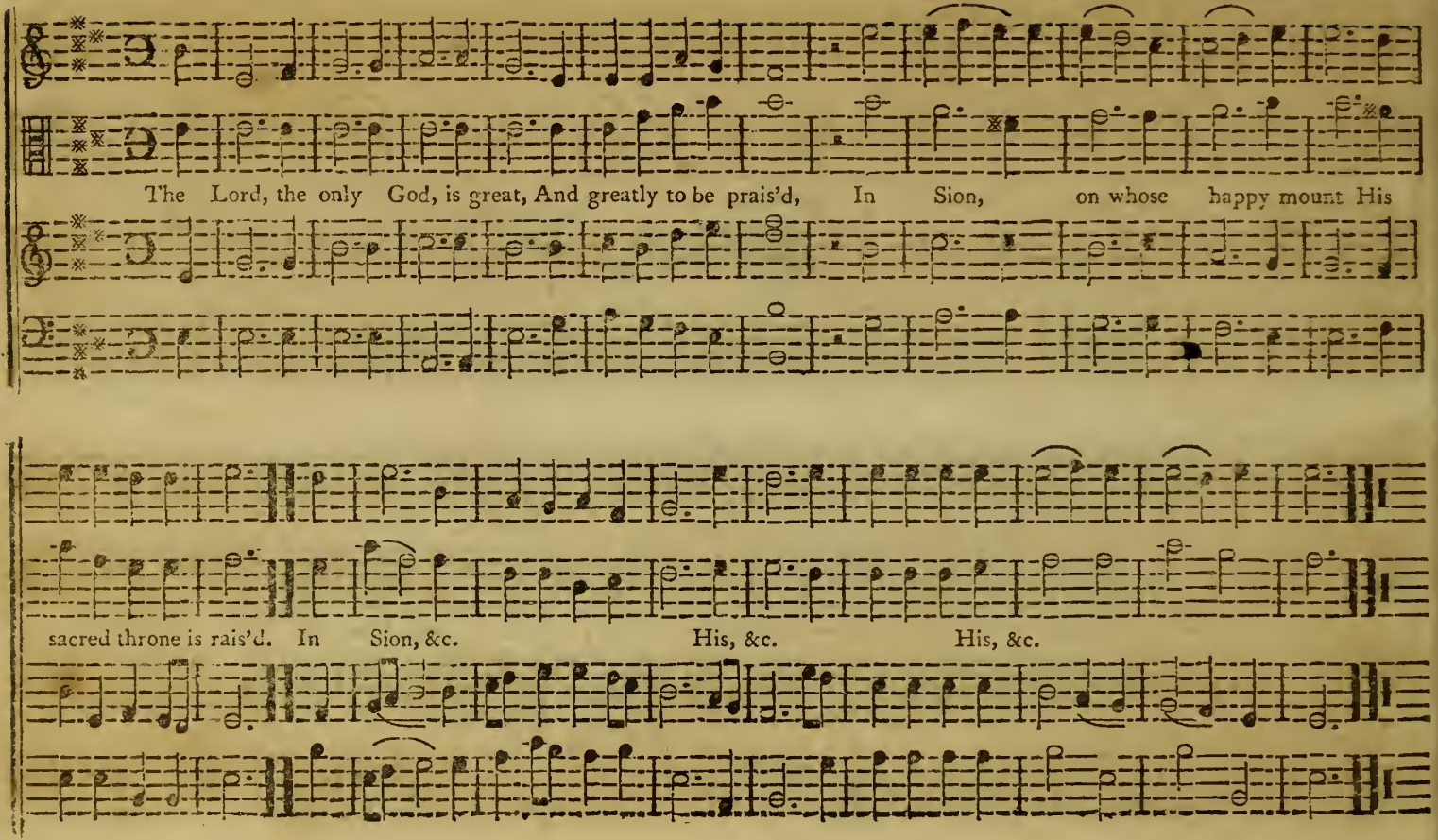
ORANGE STREET. C. M.



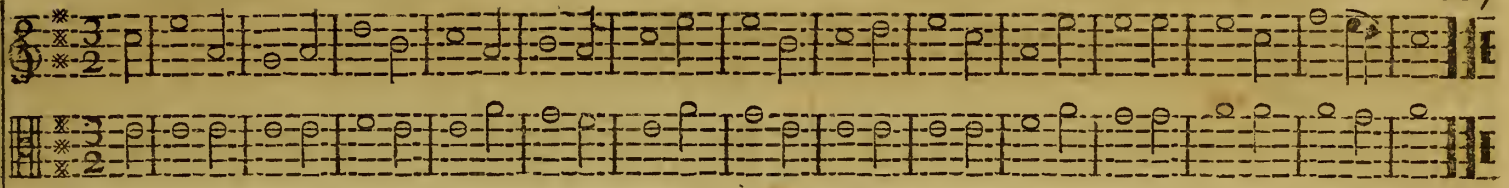

Jesus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis musick to my ear, Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear.
Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My treasure and my trust ; Jewels to thee are sordid toys, And gold is glittering dust.


There is a fountain, fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, And
sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

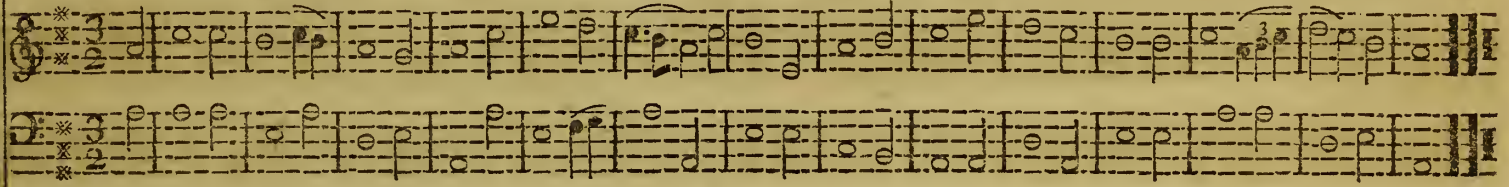
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor sense nor reason known What joys the Father hath prepar'd For those who love his Son. Pure are the
Bass Viol.
joys above the sky, And all the region peace; No wanton lip, nor envious eye, Can see or taste the bliss.


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

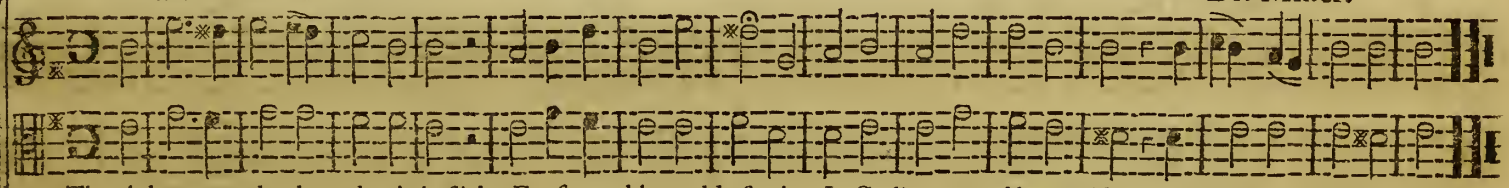
BARBY. C. M.



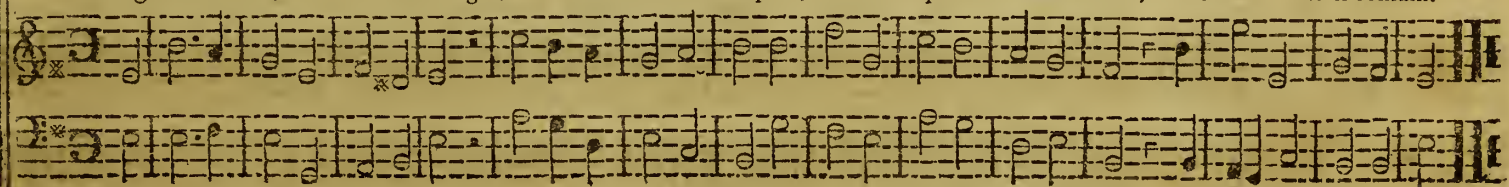
Not ocean's countless sands exceed The blessings of the skies ; With night's descending shades they fall, With morning splendors rise.



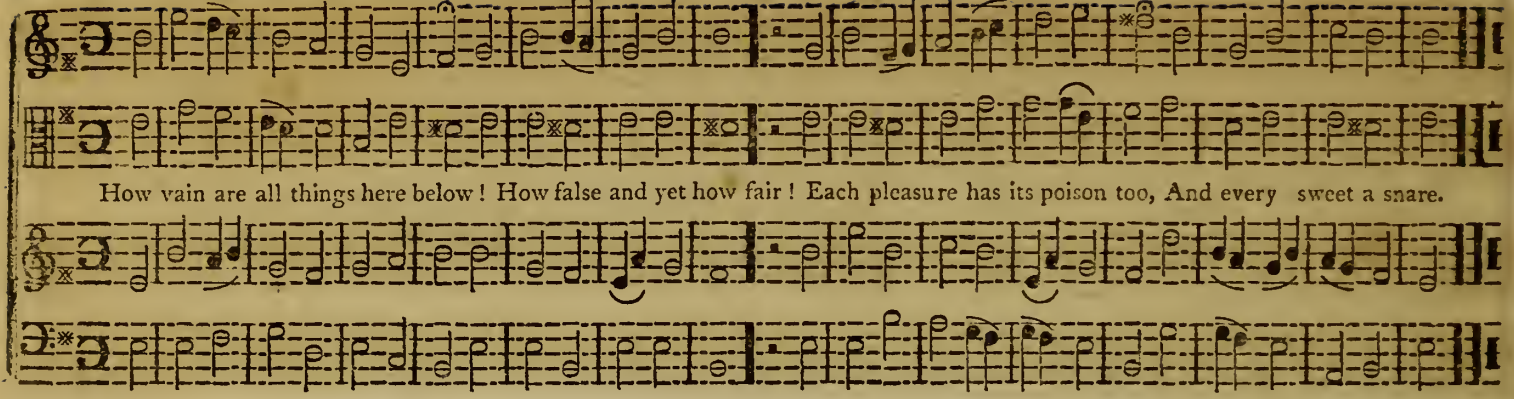
FUNERAL HYMN. C. M. Dr. Miller.



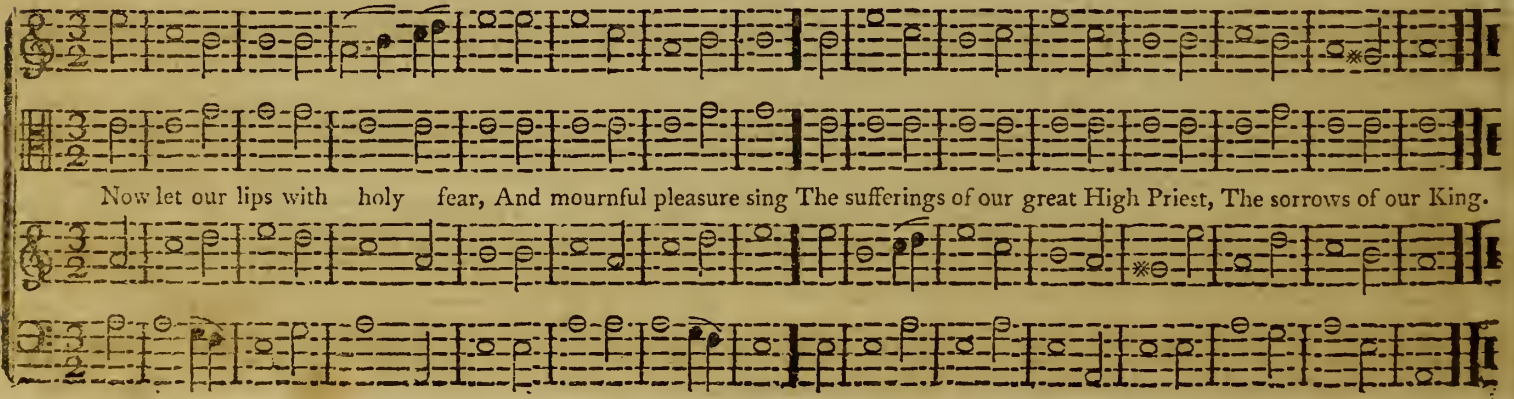
The righteous souls, that take their flight, Far from this world of pain, In God's paternal bosom blest, Forever shall remain.



GREENWALK. C. M.

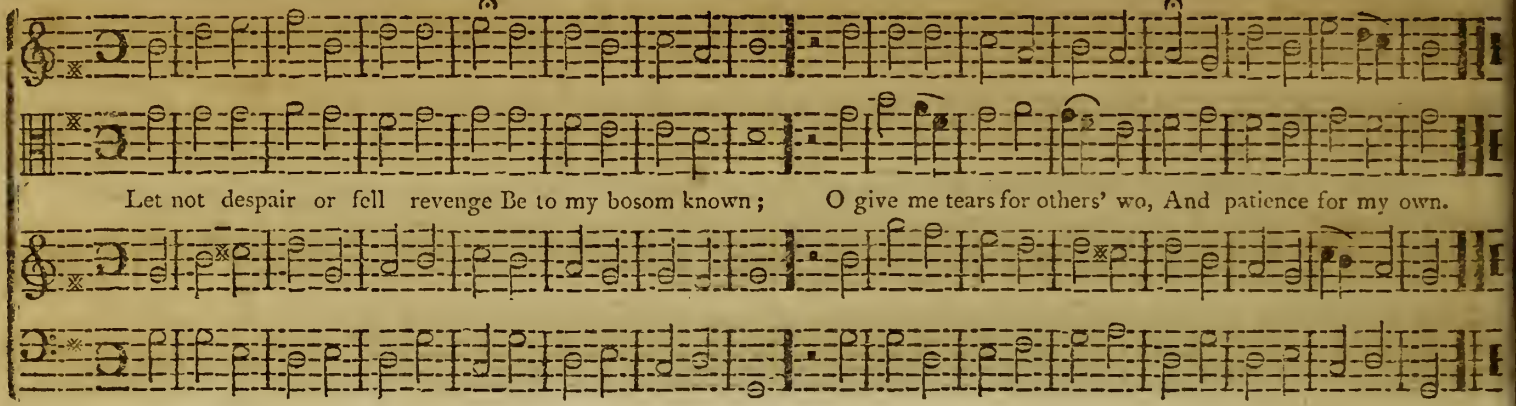


PLYMOUTH. C. M.

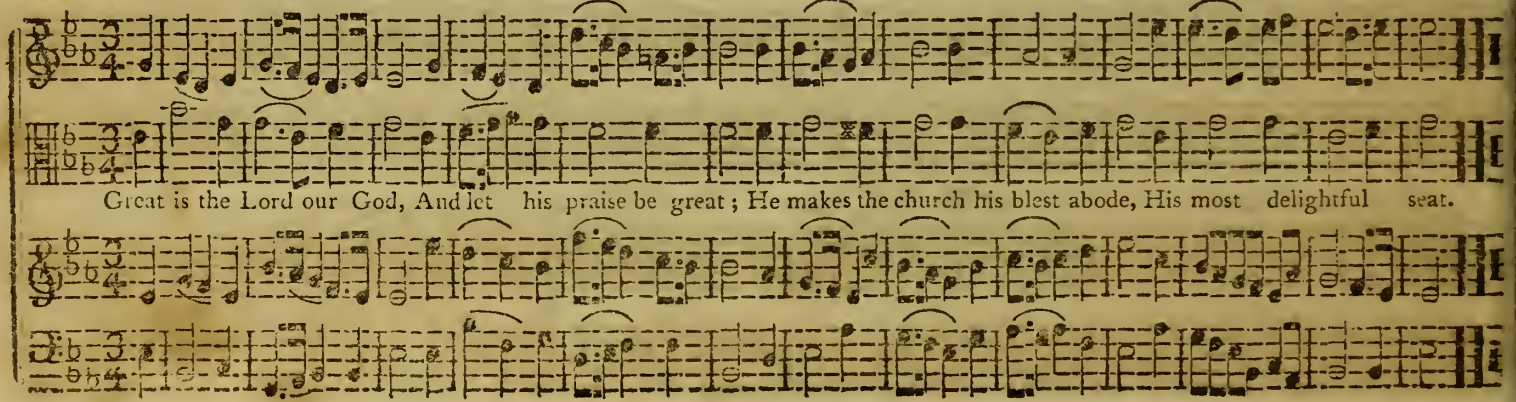


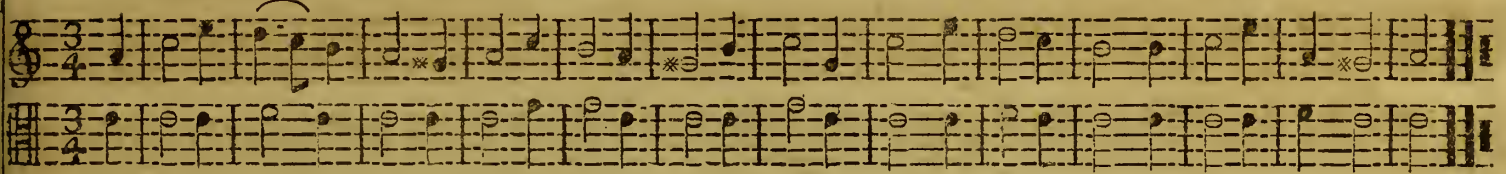
With earnest longings of the mind, To thee, my God, I look; So pants the hunted hart to find,
And taste the cooling brook.

DUNDEE. C. M.

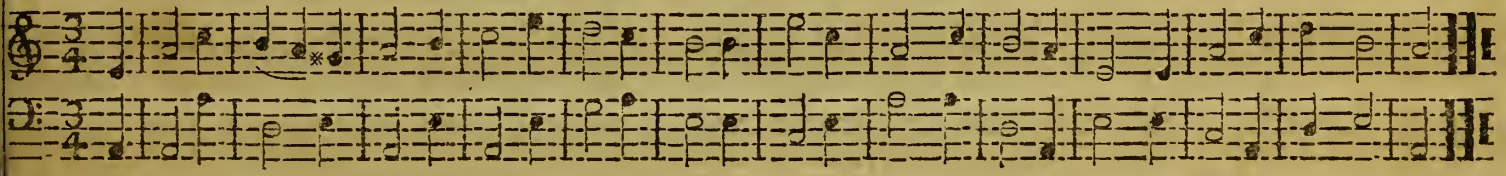


MOUNT EPHRAIM. S. M. Milgrove.

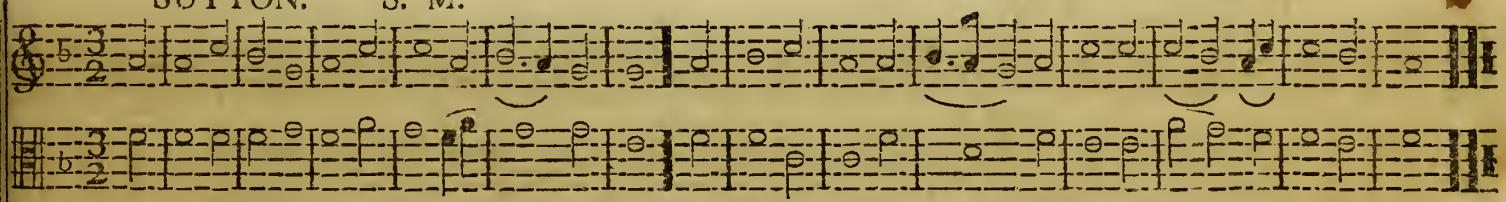




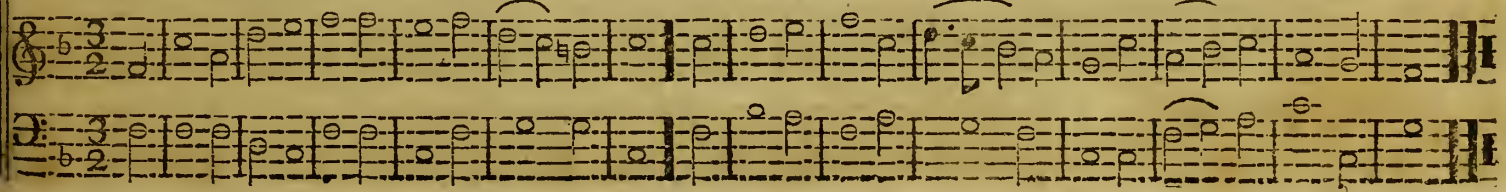
O thou, whose mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh, Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears From ev'ry weeping eye.



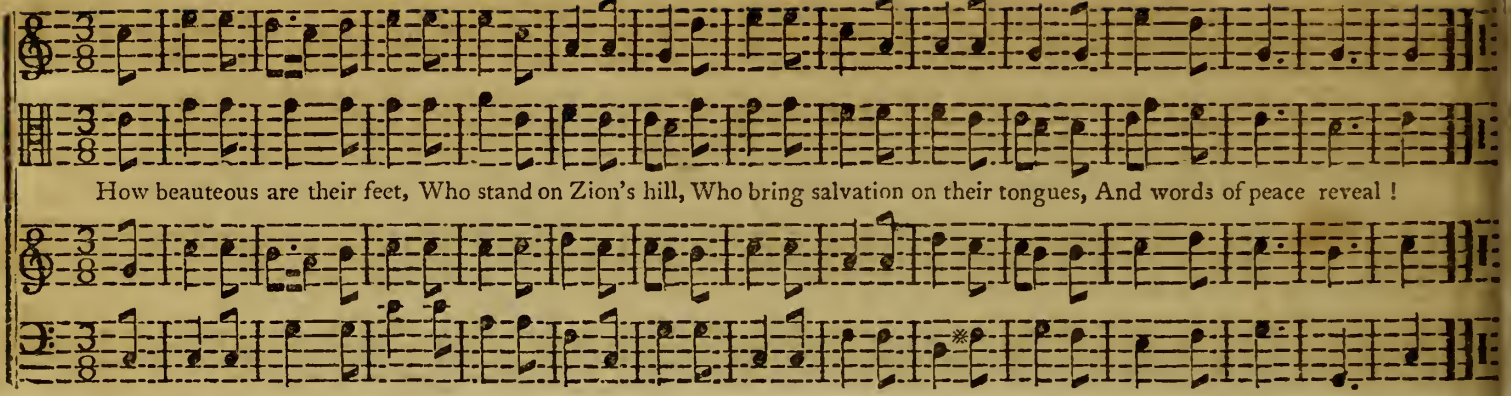
SUTTON. S. M.



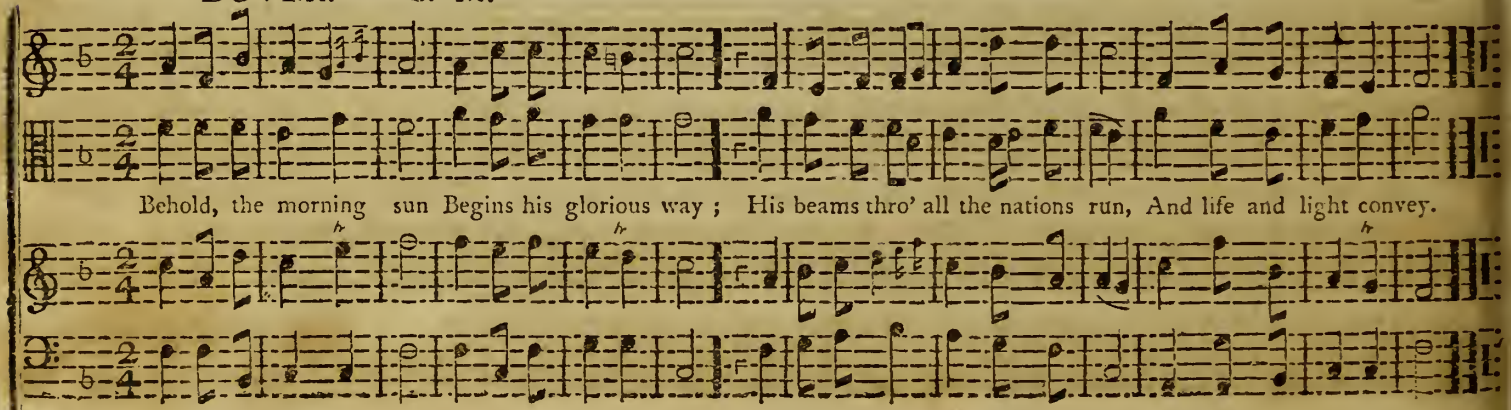
Maker and sov'reign Lord Of heav'n and earth and seas, Thy providence confirms thy word, And answers thy decrees.

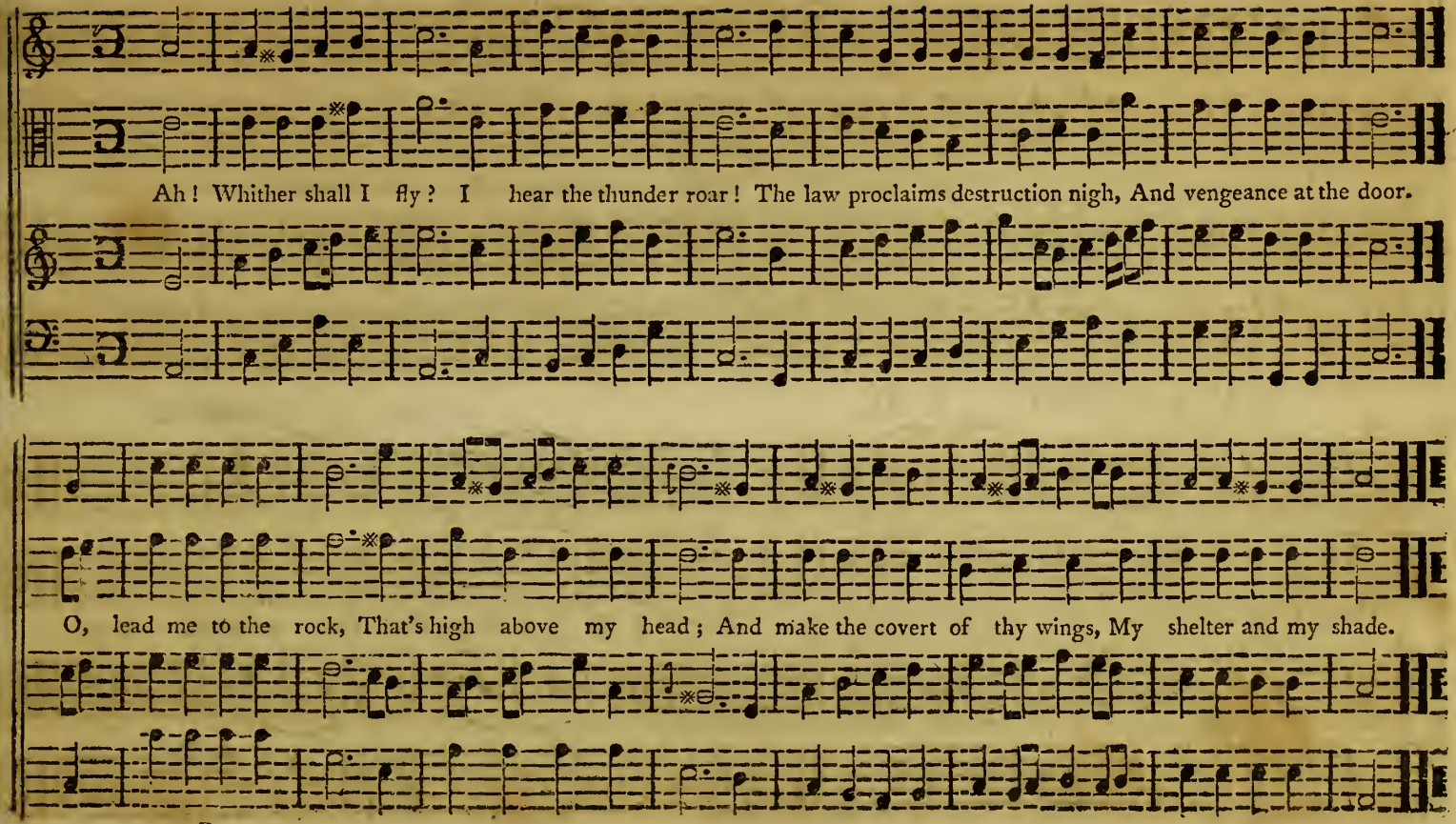


SCITUATE. S. M. Dalmer.

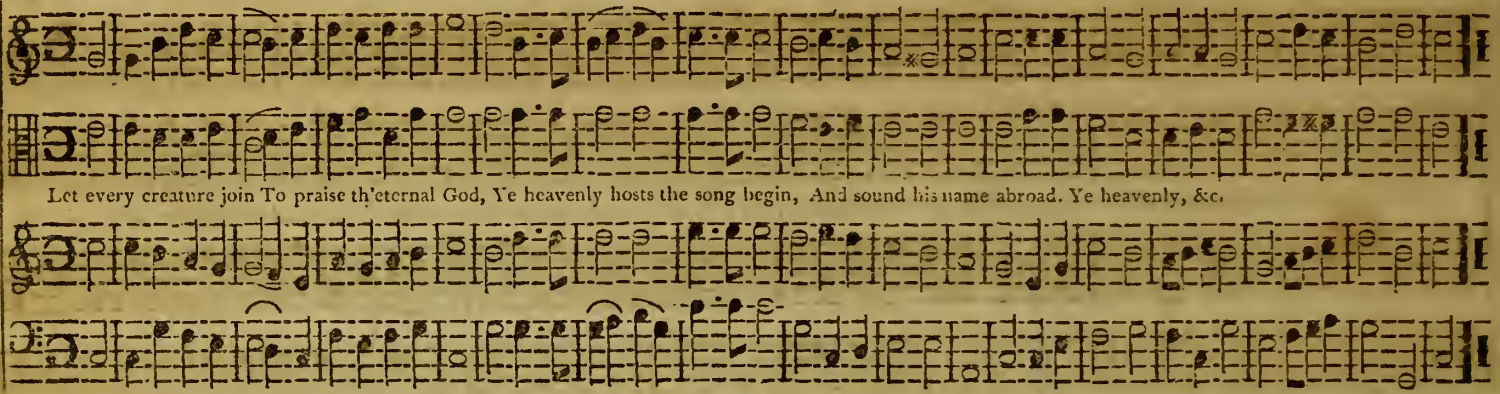


DOVER. S. M.

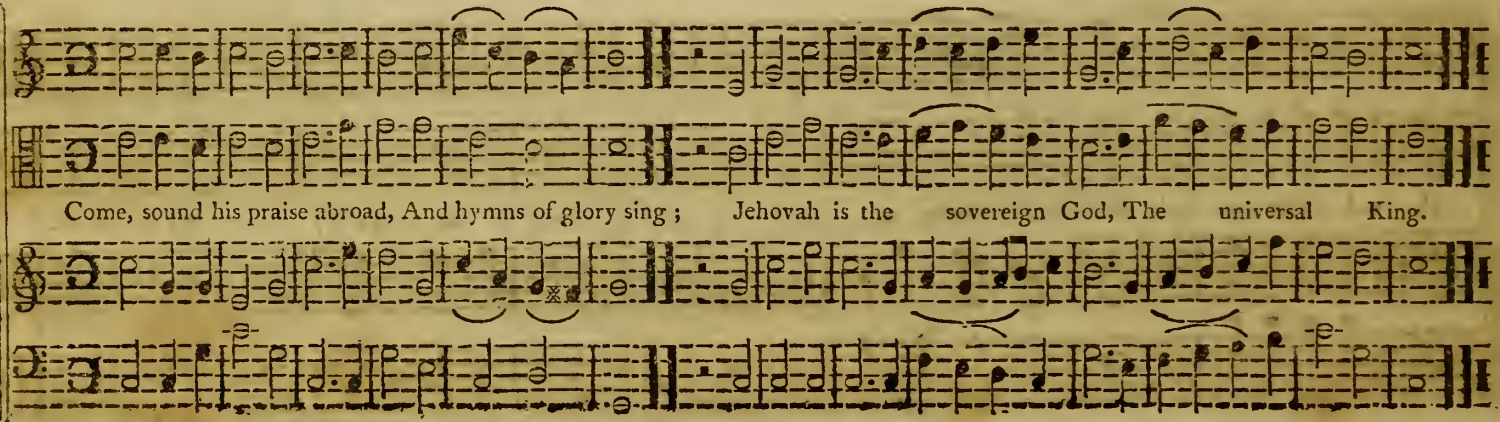


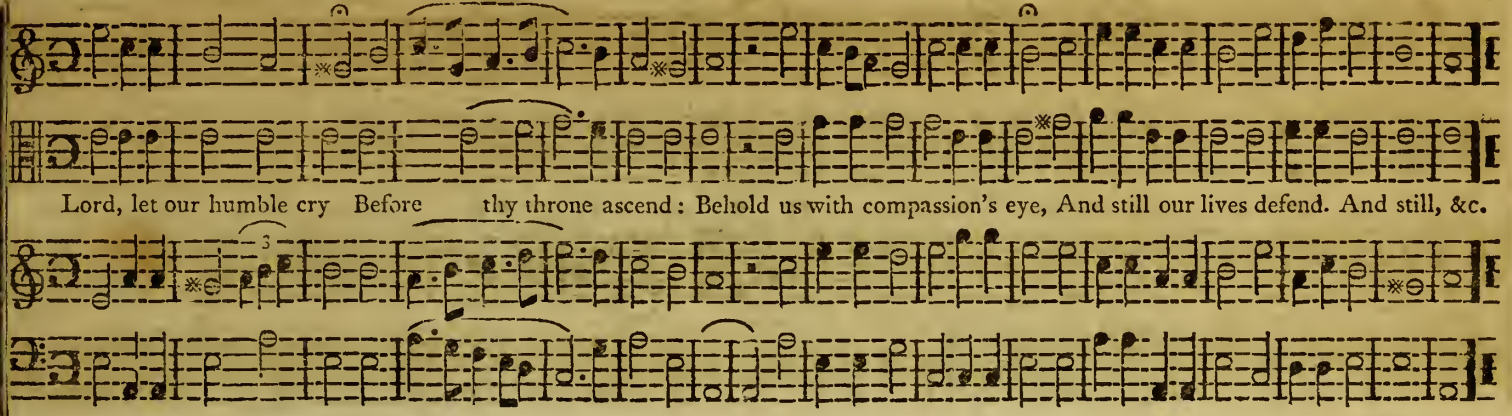

Ah! Whither shall I fly? I hear the thunder roar! The law proclaims destruction nigh, And vengeance at the door.
O, lead me to the rock, That's high above my head; And make the covert of thy wings, My shelter and my shade.
P

MANSFIELD. S. M.

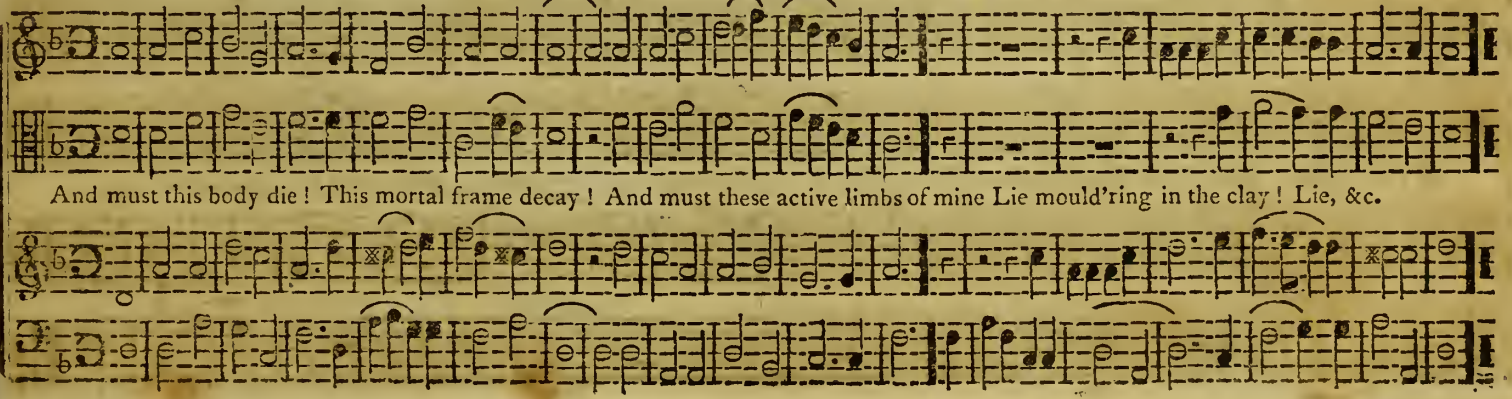


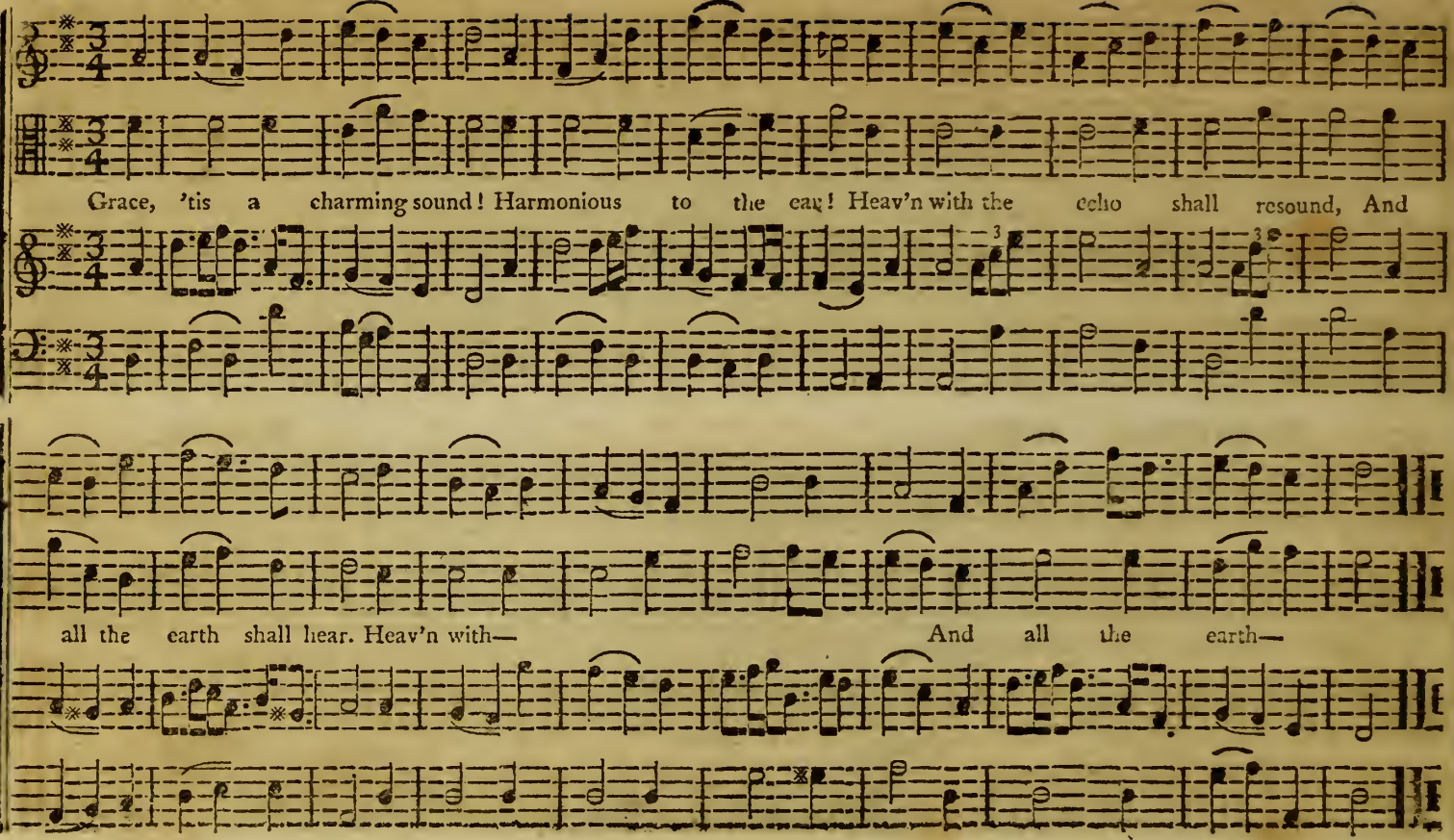
SILVER-STREET. S. M. Smith.





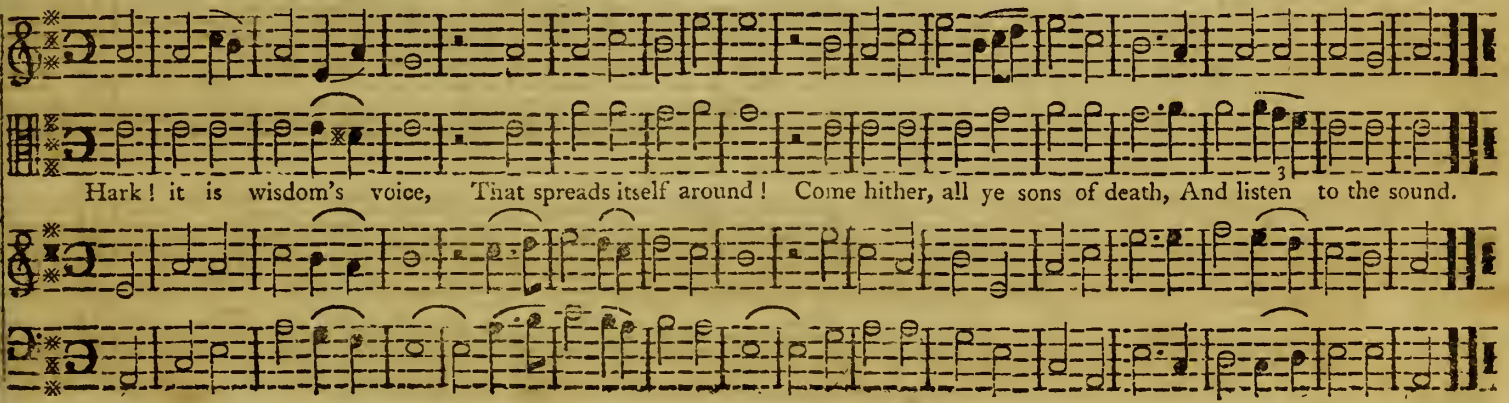
NORFOLK. S. M. Brownson.

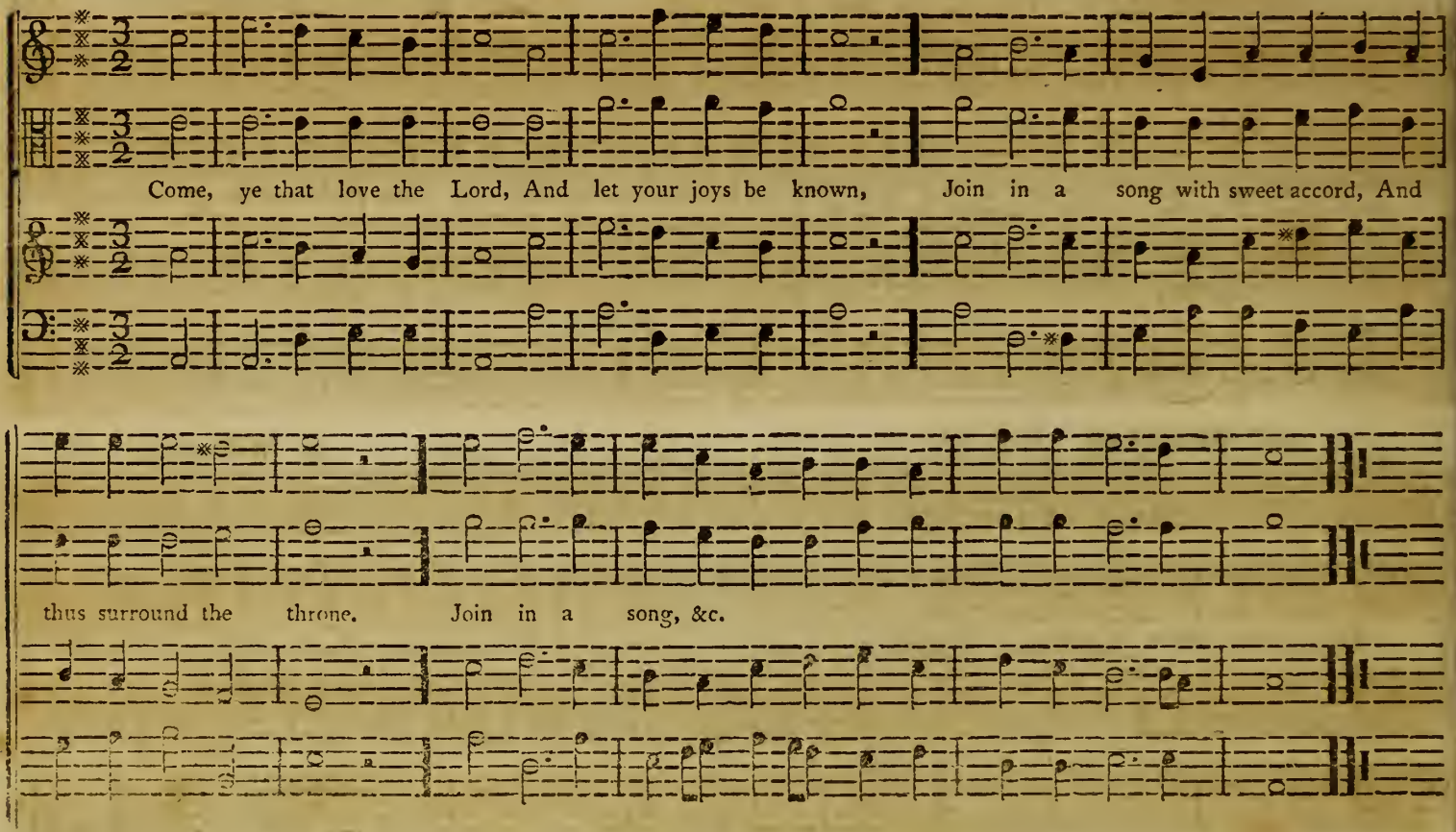


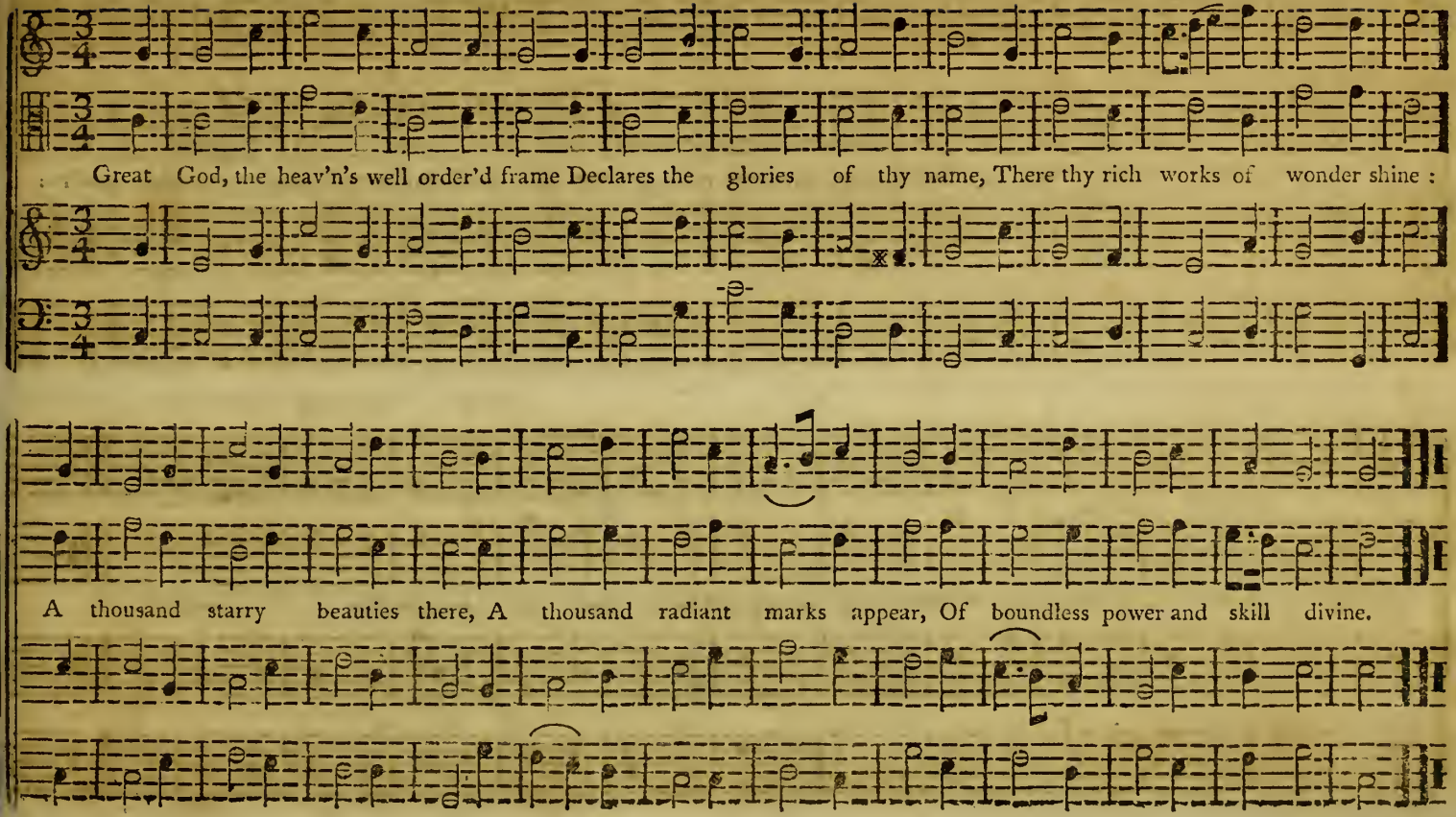

Grace, 'tis a charming sound! Harmonious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And
all the earth shall hear. Heav'n with—
And all the earth—

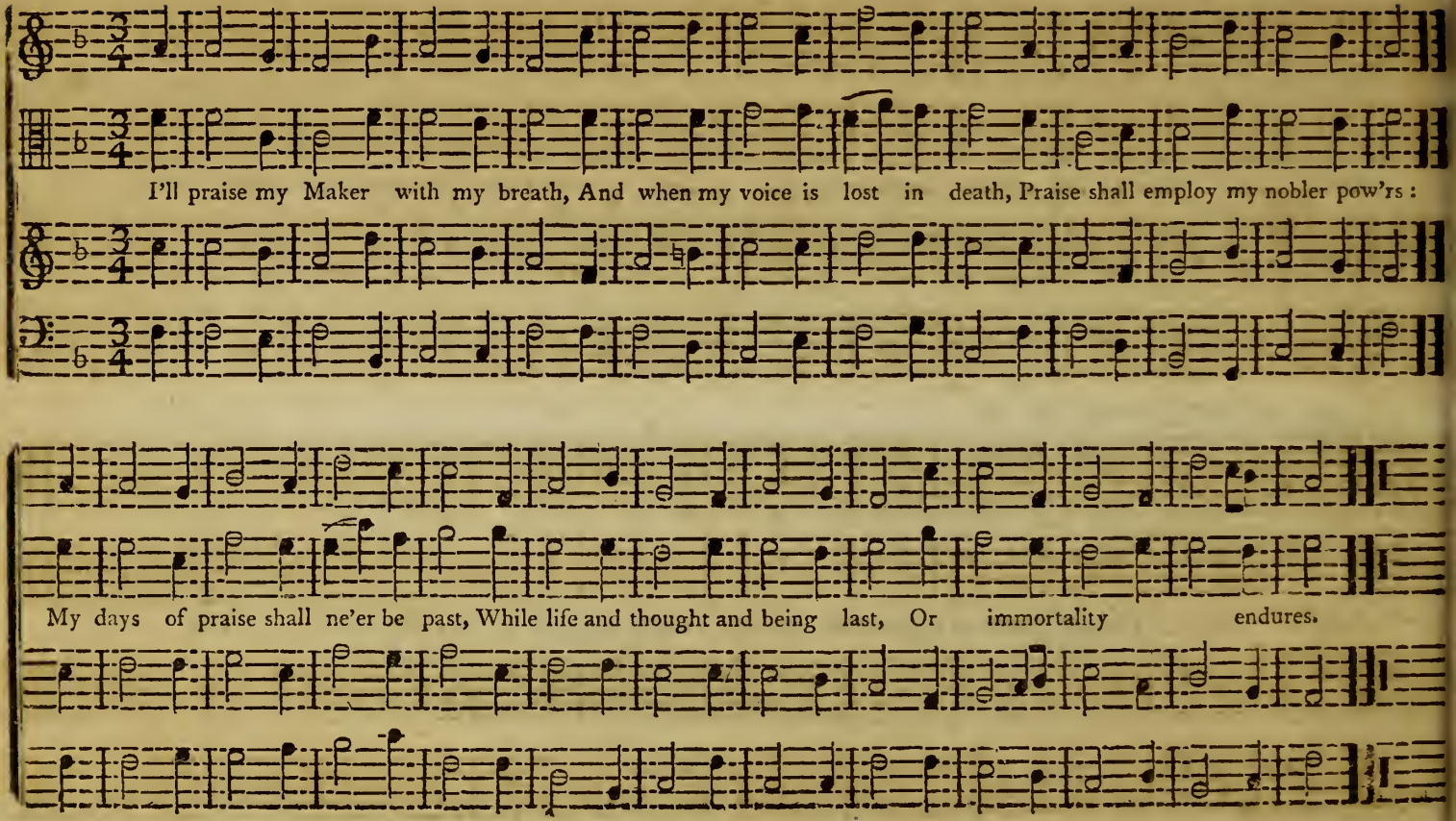
ST. SIMON's. S. M.

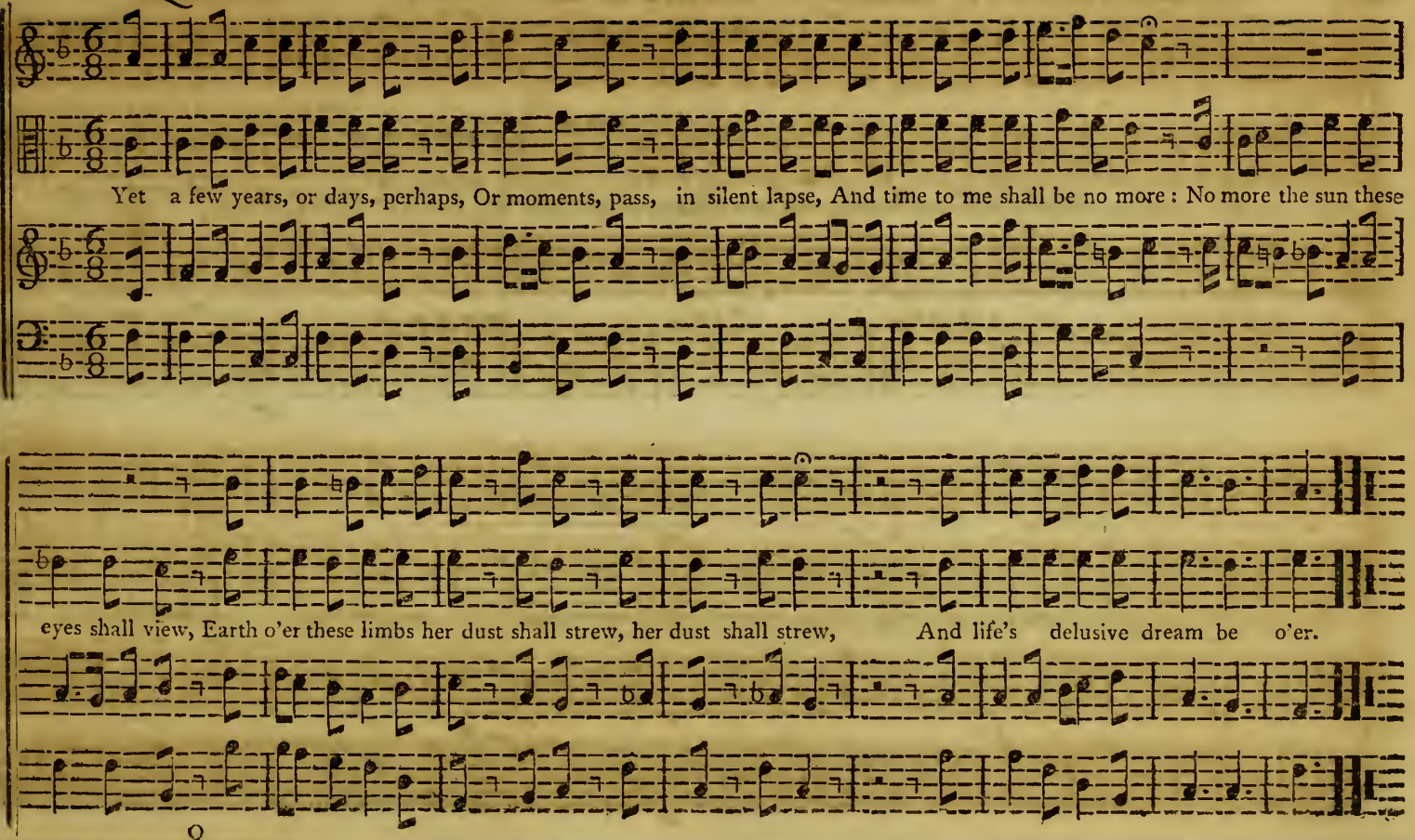
ST. THOMAS. S. M. A. Williams.

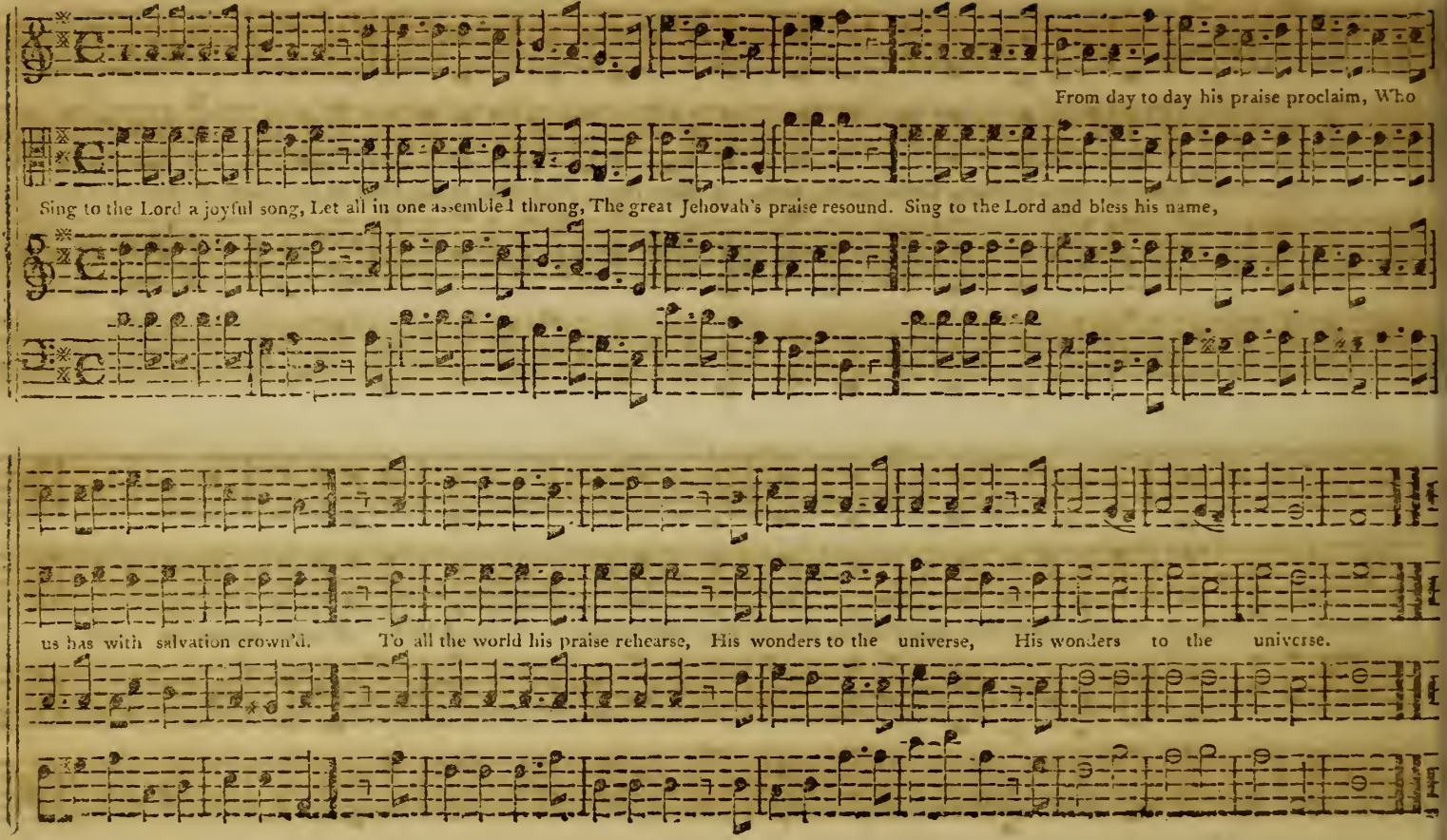


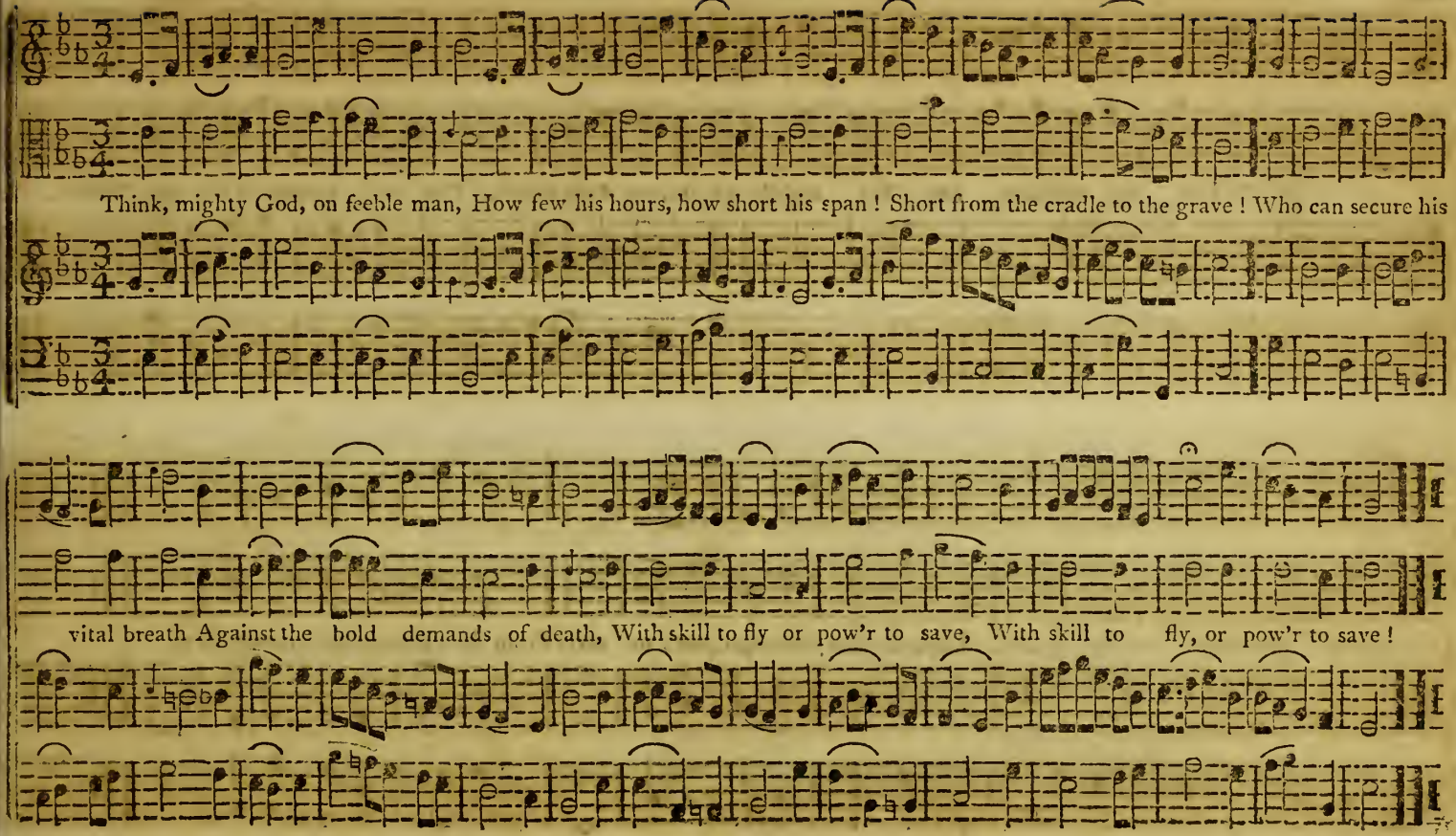

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
thus surround the throne. Join in a song, &c.

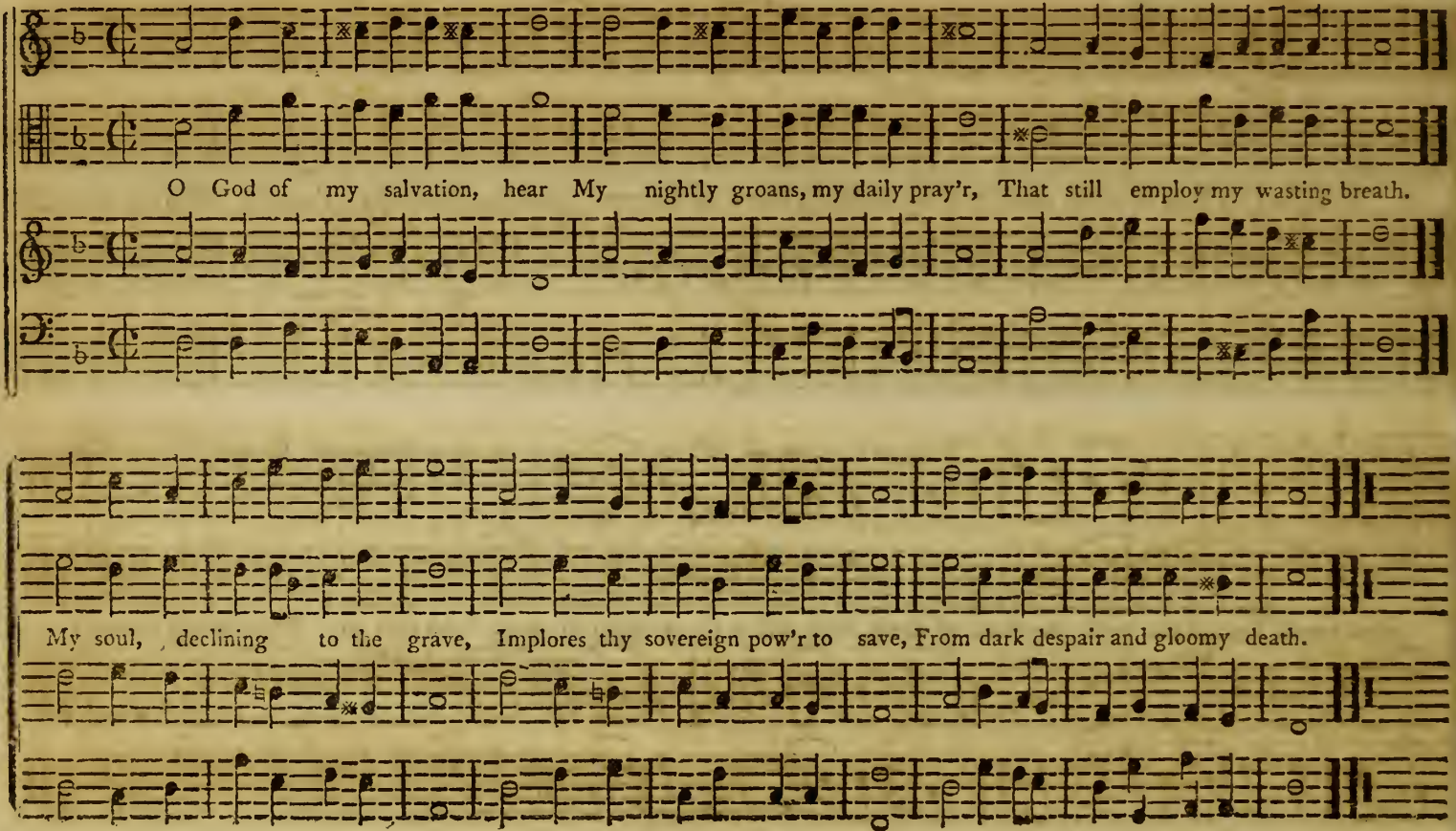

Great God, the heav'n's well order'd frame Declares the glories of thy name, There thy rich works of wonder shine :
A thousand starry beauties there, A thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless power and skill divine.


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

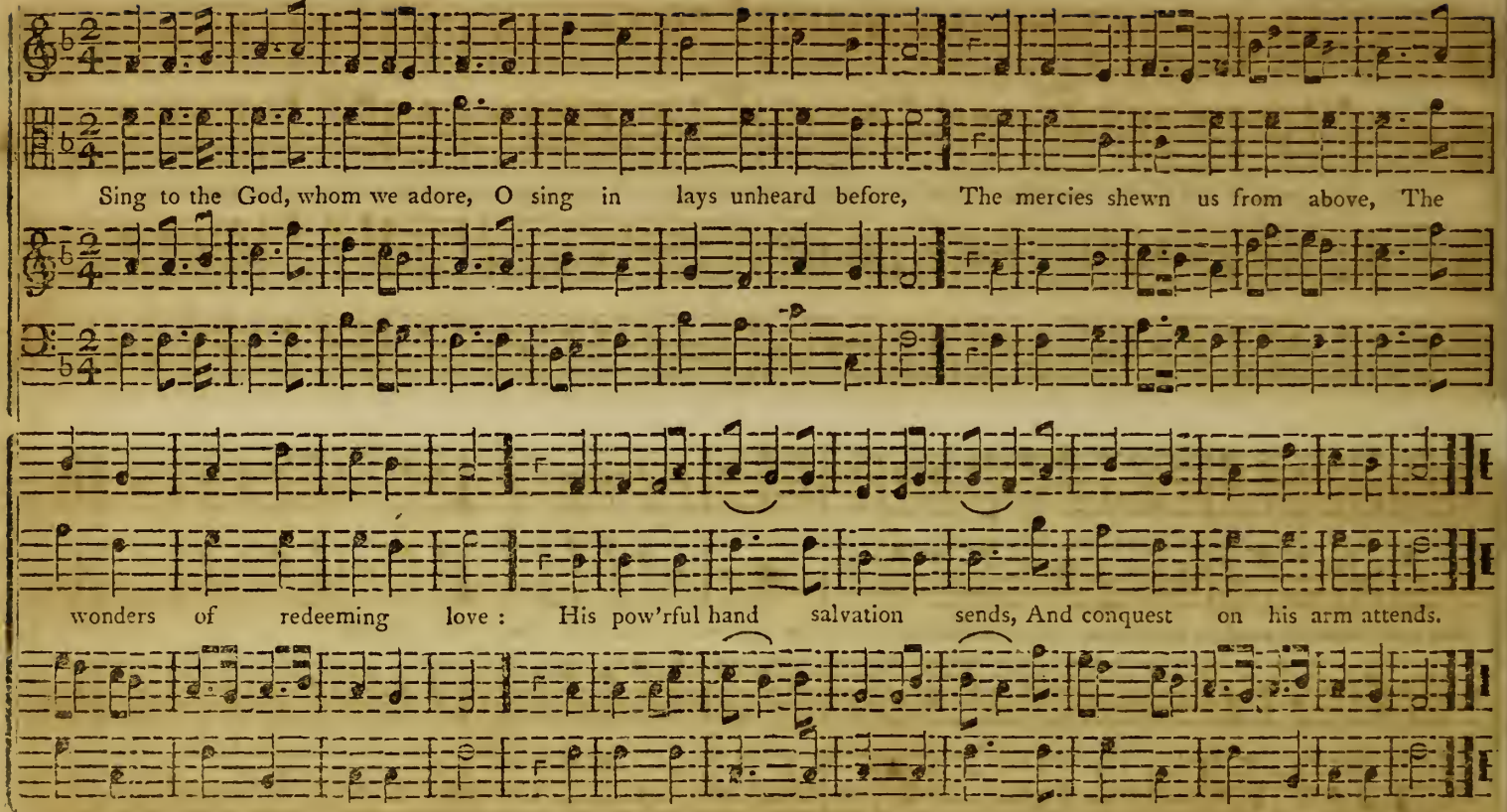

Yet a few years, or days, perhaps, Or moments, pass, in silent lapse, And time to me shall be no more: No more the sun these
eyes shall view, Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew, her dust shall strew, And life's delusive dream be o'er.


From day to day his praise proclaim, Who
Sing to the Lord a joyful song, Let all in one assembled throng, The great Jehovah's praise resound. Sing to the Lord and bless his name,
us has with salvation crown'd. To all the world his praise rehearse, His wonders to the universe, His wonders to the universe.


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

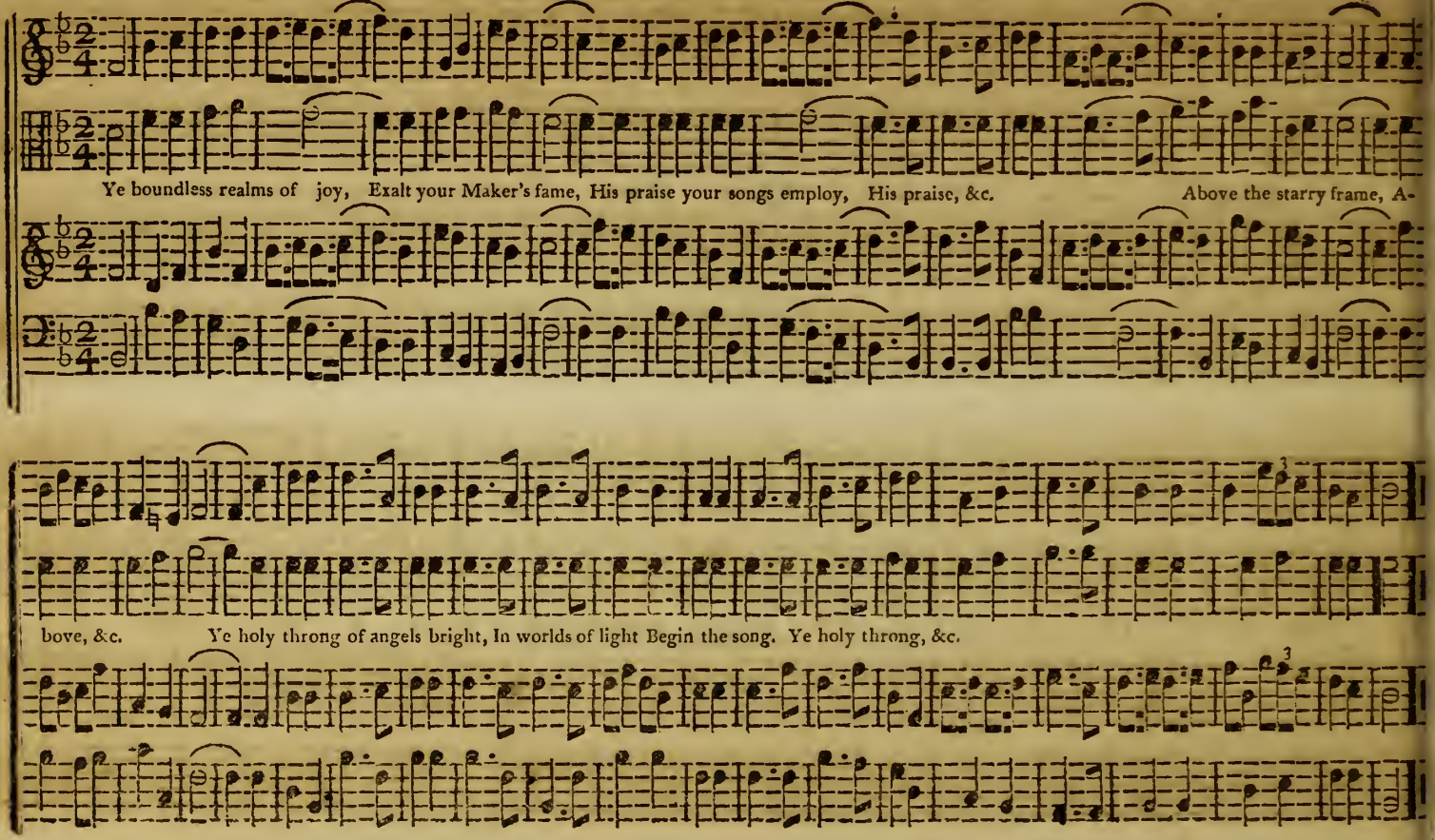

O God of my salvation, hear My nightly groans, my daily pray'r, That still employ my wasting breath.
My soul, declining to the grave, Implores thy sovereign pow'r to save, From dark despair and gloomy death.

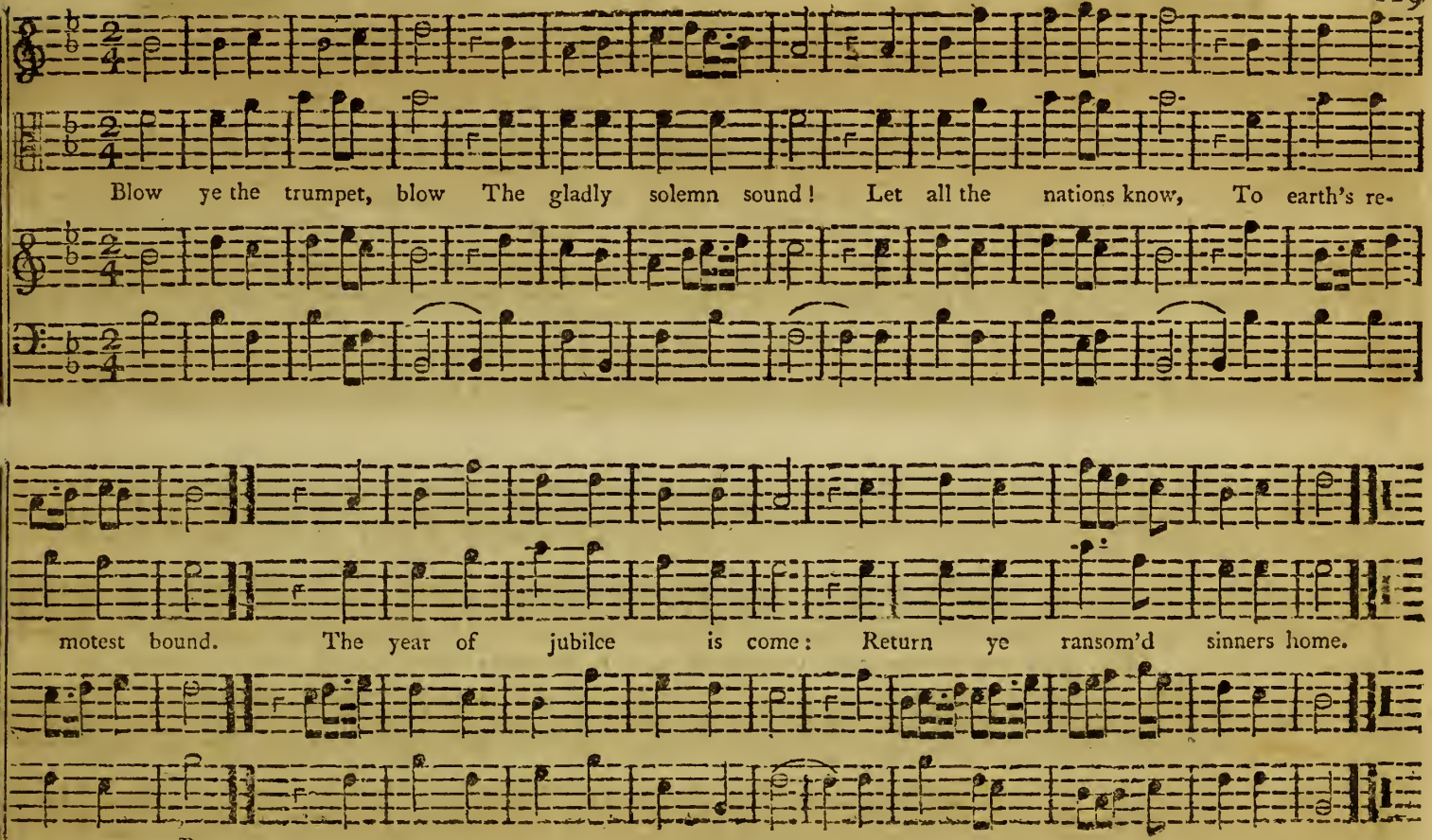
Ye holy souls, in God rejoice, Your Maker's praise becomes your voice, Great is your theme, your songs be new. Great is your theme, &c.
Sing of his name, his word, his ways, His works of nature and of grace, How wise and holy, just and true ! How wise, &c.

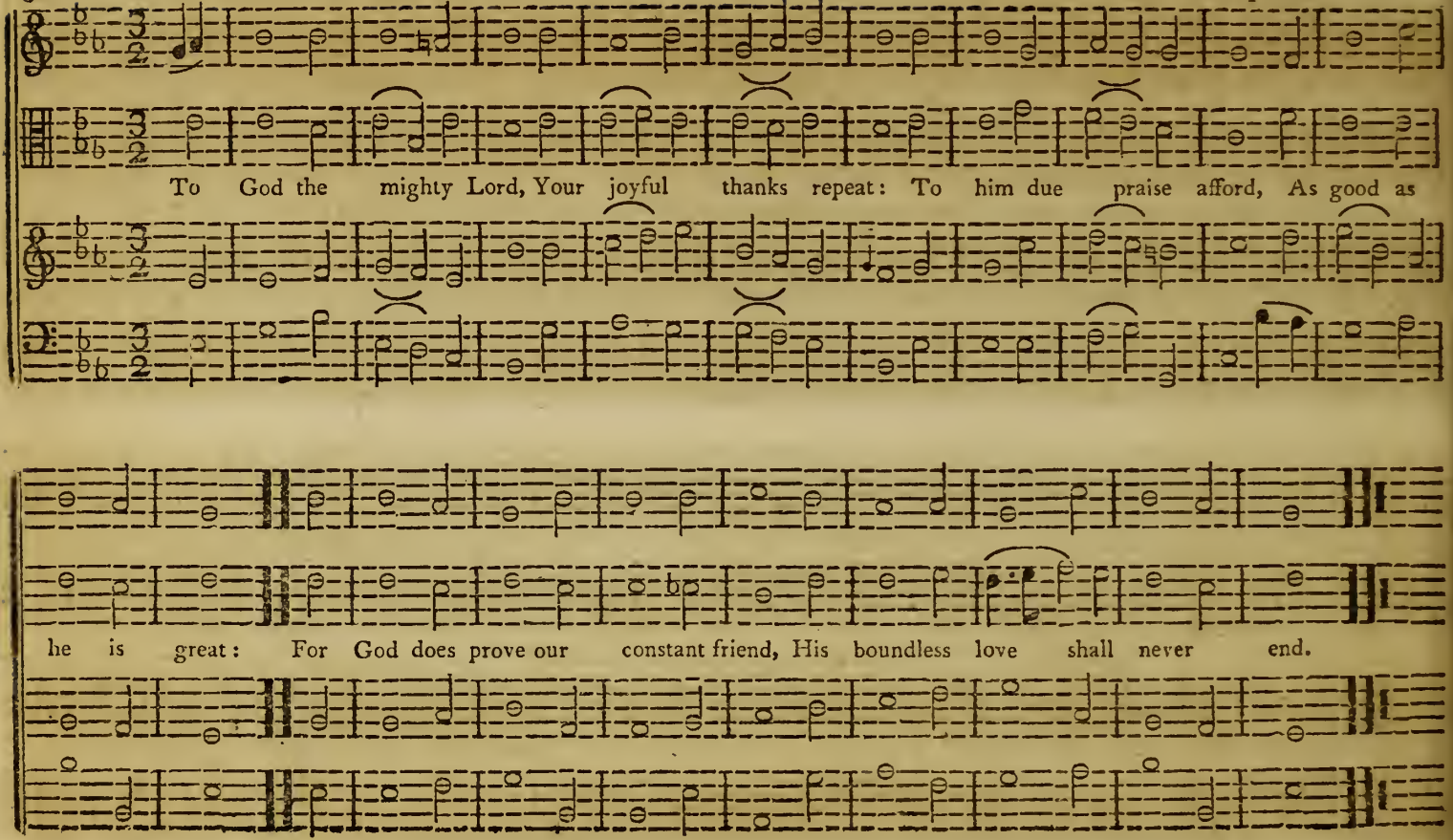


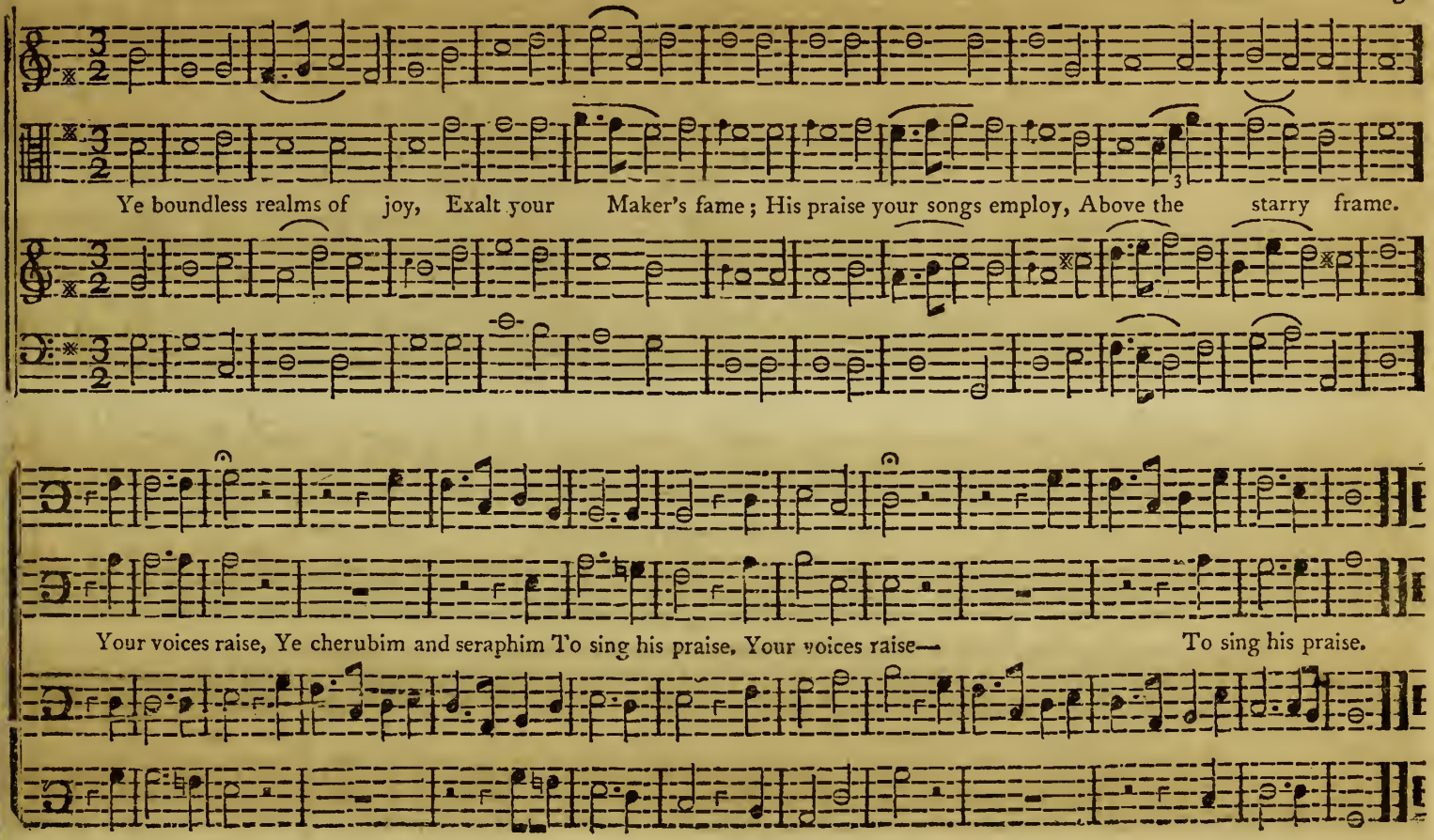
N. B. Long Metre Six Line Stanzas, in couplets like the above, may be sung in any L. M. tunes, particularly Cumberland, Musick, Dresden, Morning Hymn, &c. by repeating a part of the tune when necessary.

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


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.

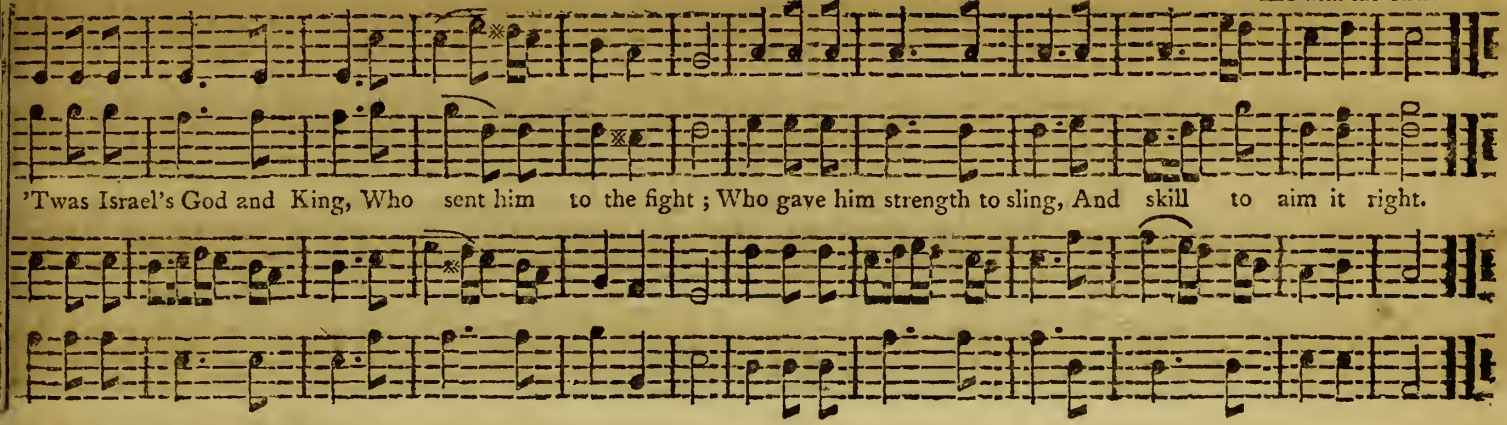

Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know, To earth's re-
motest bound. The year of jubilee is come: Return ye ransom'd sinners home.


To God the mighty Lord, Your joyful thanks repeat: To him due praise afford, As good as
he is great: For God does prove our constant friend, His boundless love shall never end.

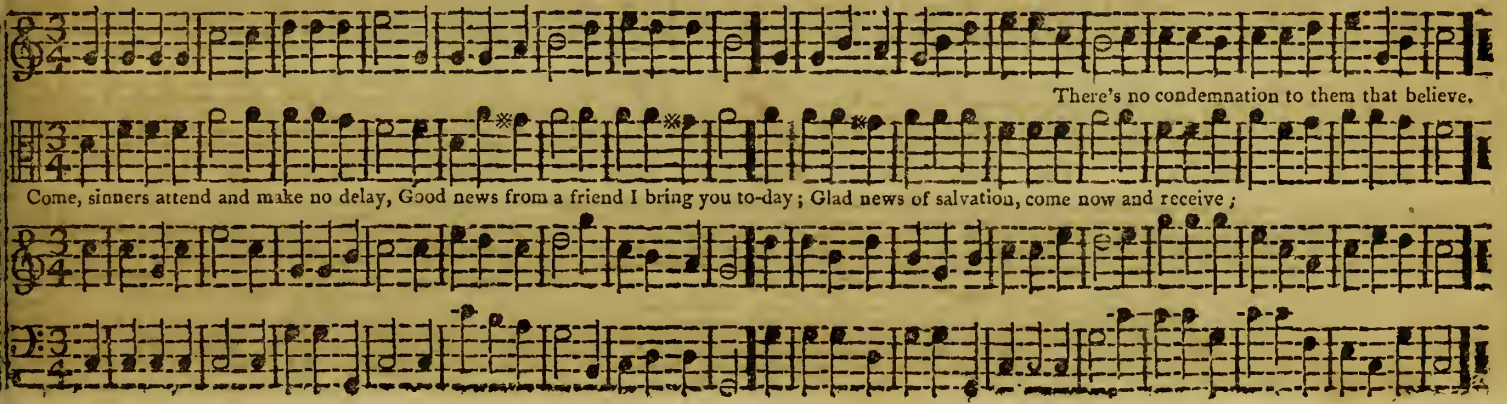

Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; His praise your songs employ, Above the starry frame.
Your voices raise, Ye cherubim and seraphim To sing his praise, Your voices raise— To sing his praise.

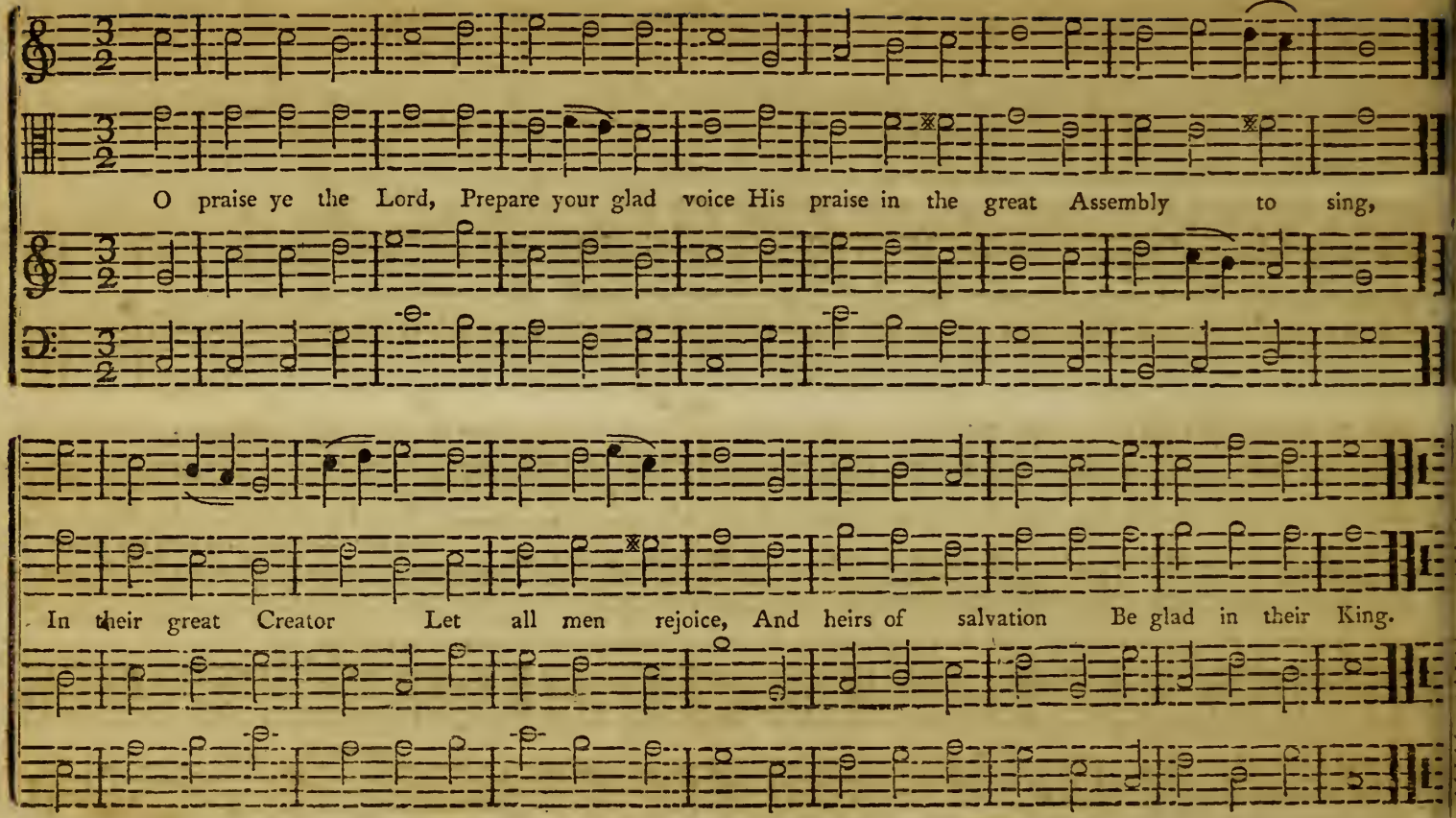
By whom was David taught, To aim the dreadful blow, When he Goliath fought, And laid the Gittite low. And laid—
Chorus.
1st Verse.
No sword nor spear the stripling took, But chose a pebble from the brook. No sword— But chose—
2d Verse.
Ye feeble saints your strength endures, Because young David's God is yours. Ye feeble— Because—

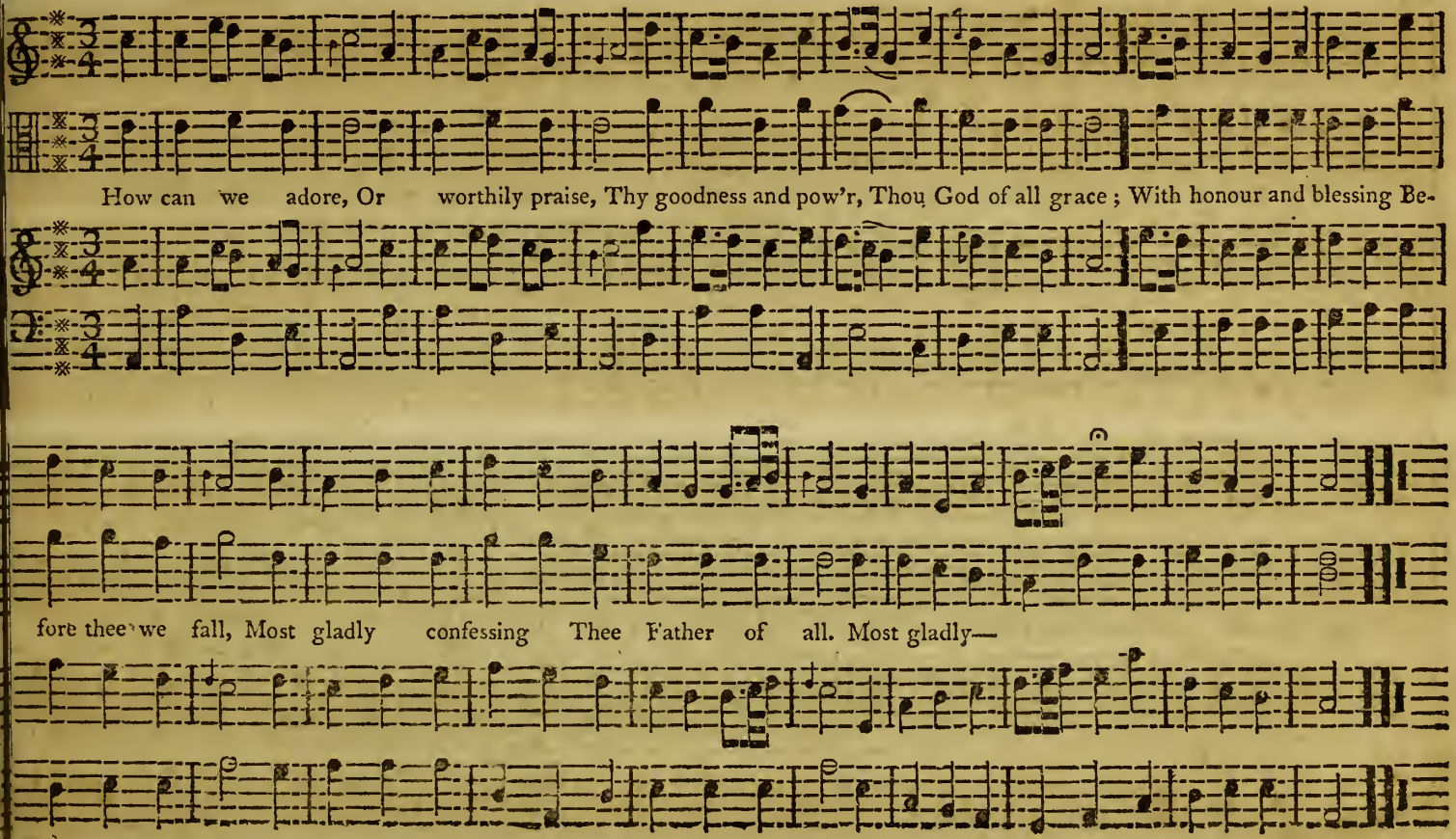
End with the Chorus.

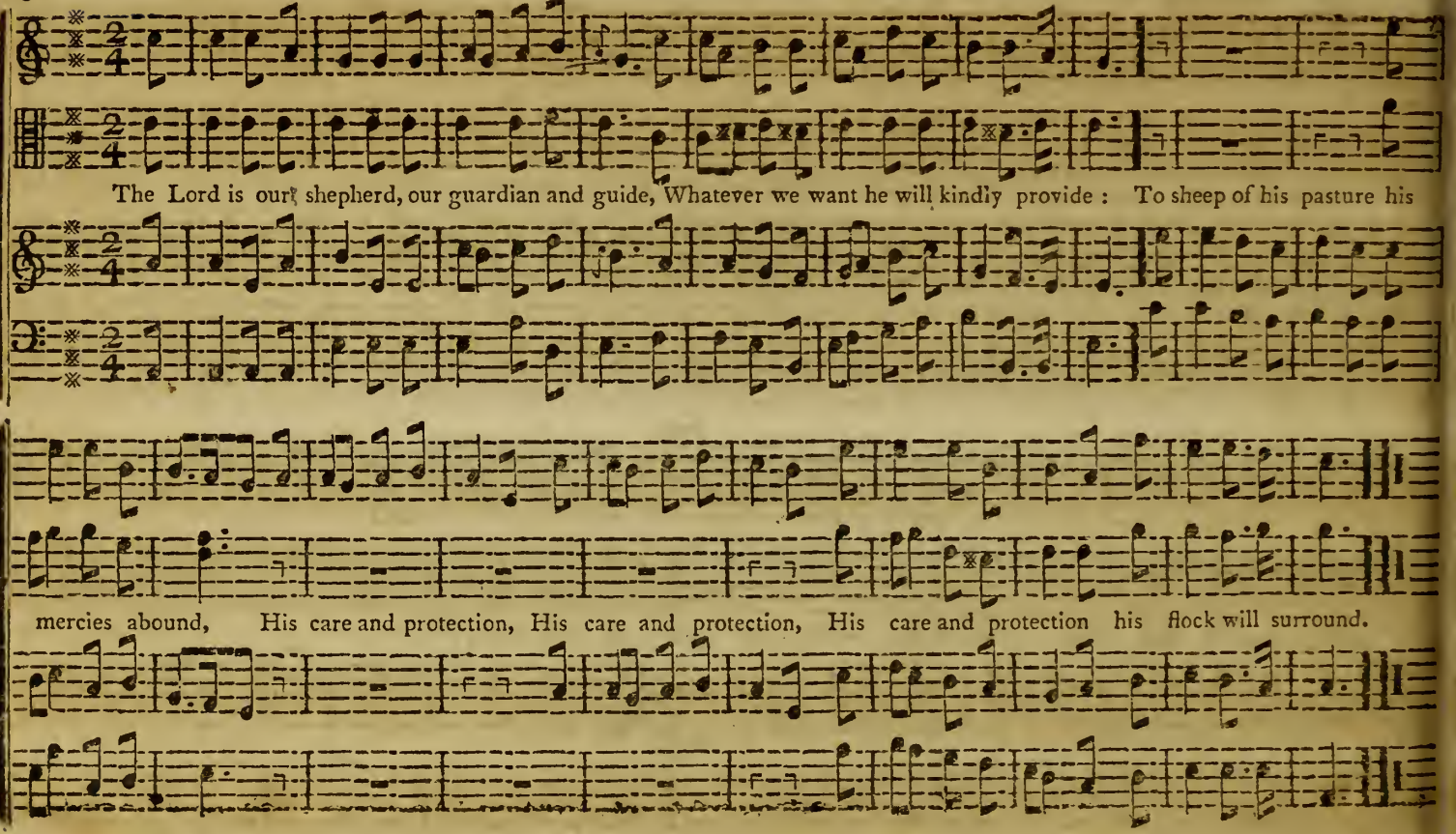


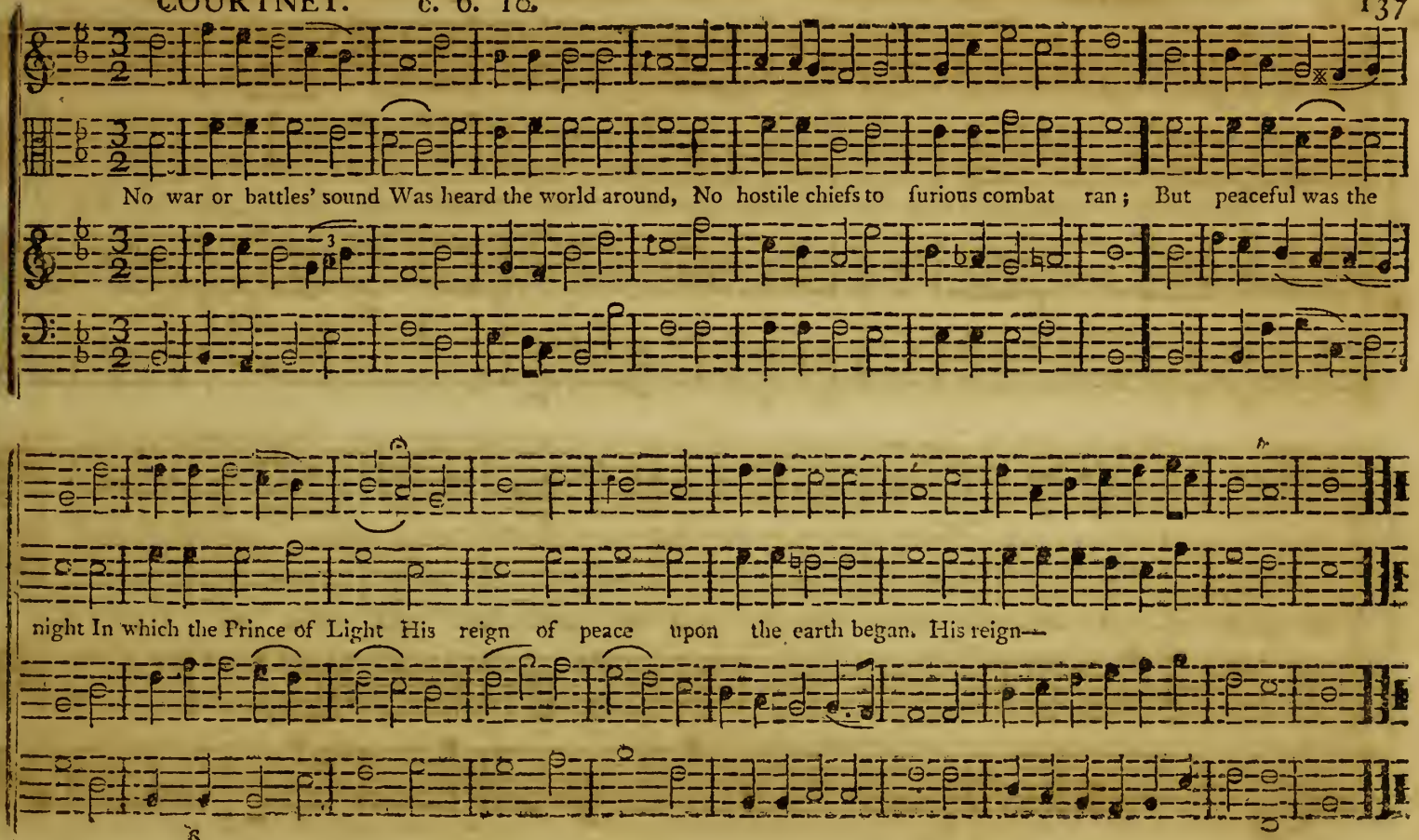
CHESHUNT. P. M. A. Williams.




O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice His praise in the great Assembly to sing,
In their great Creator Let all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation Be glad in their King.

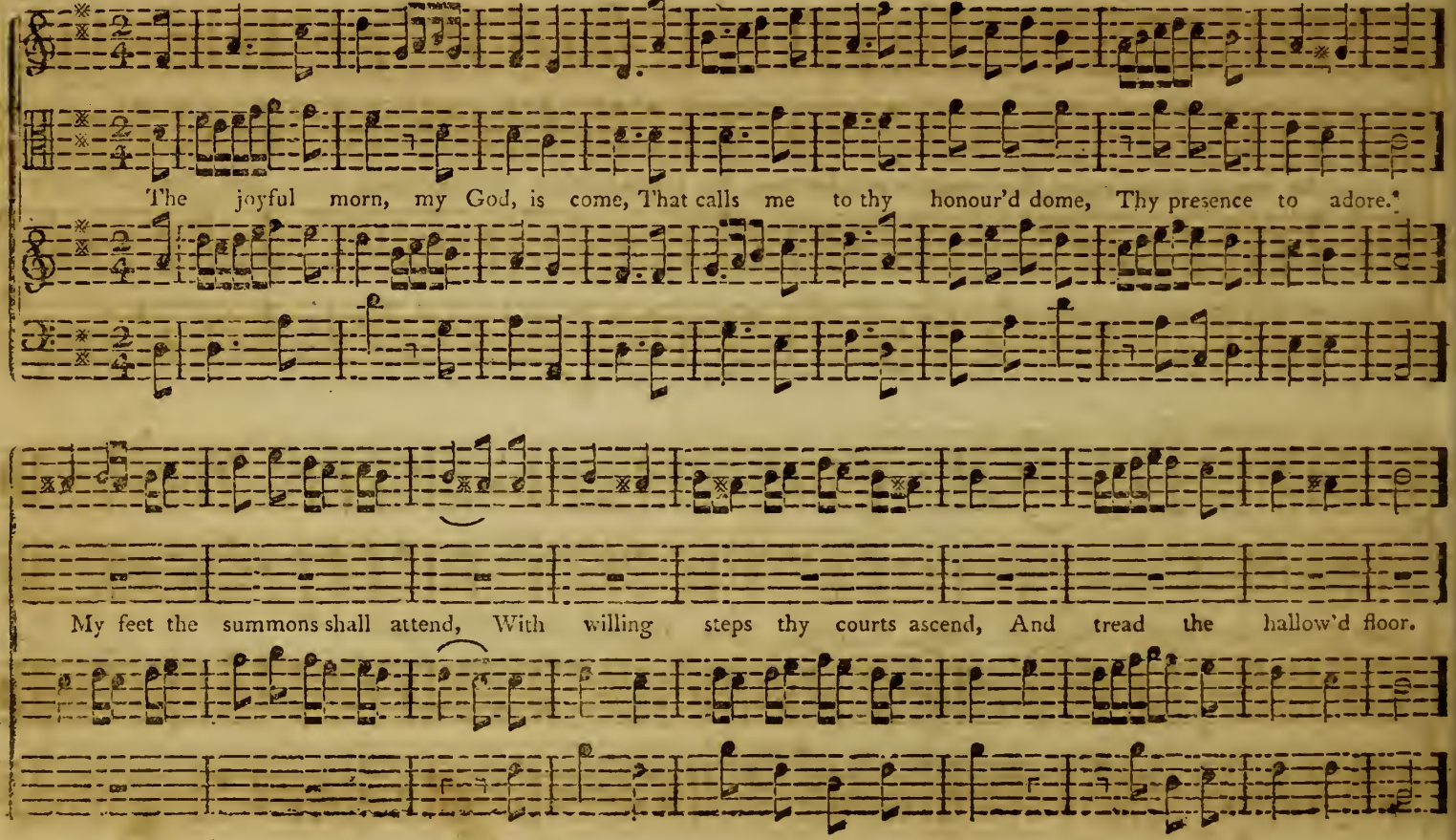

How can we adore, Or worthily praise, Thy goodness and pow'r, Thou God of all grace; With honour and blessing Be-
fore thee we fall, Most gladly confessing Thee Father of all. Most gladly—

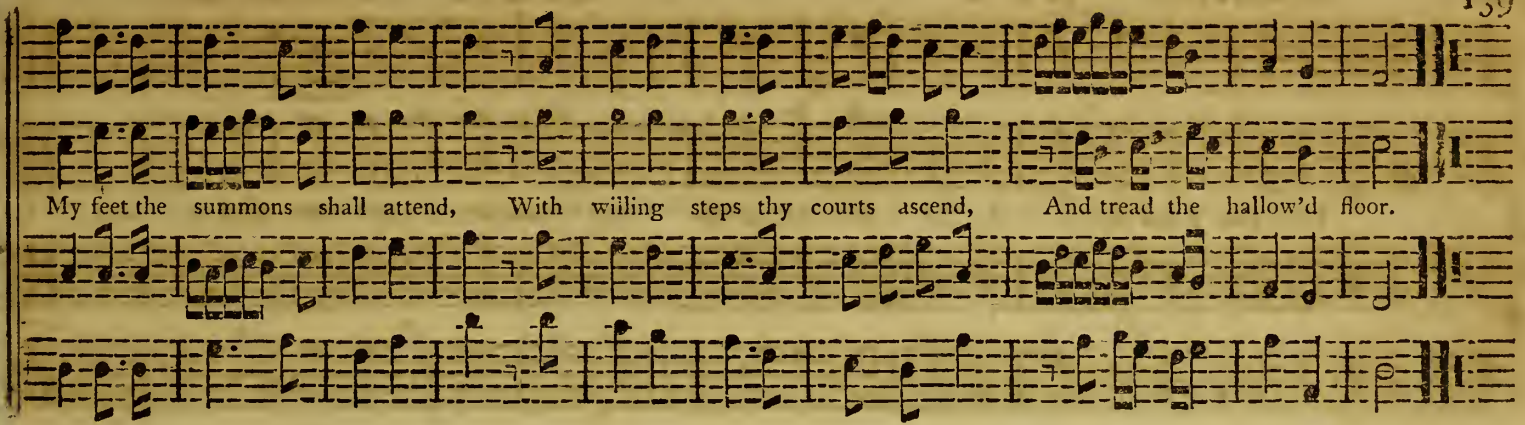

The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide, Whatever we want he will kindly provide : To sheep of his pasture his
mercies abound, His care and protection, His care and protection, His care and protection his flock will surround.


No war or battles' sound 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—

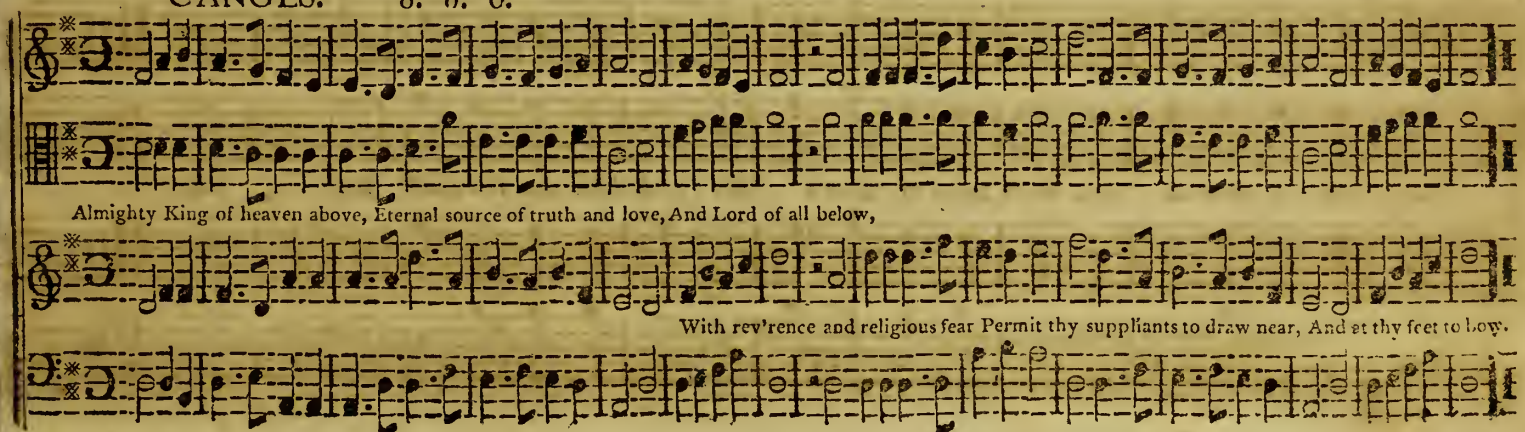
BALTIMORE. 8. 8. 6.

J. Walker.

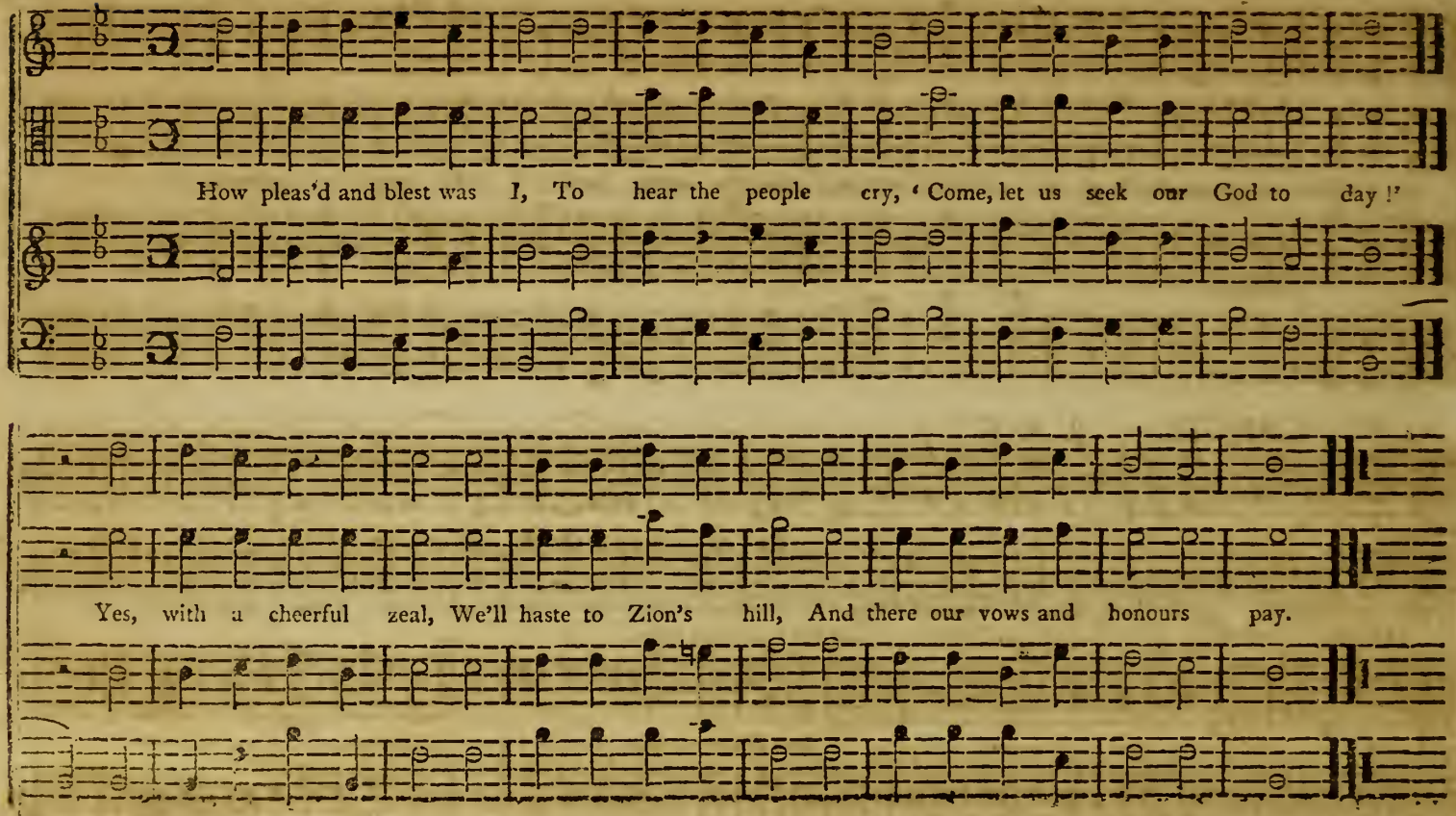



My feet the summons shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

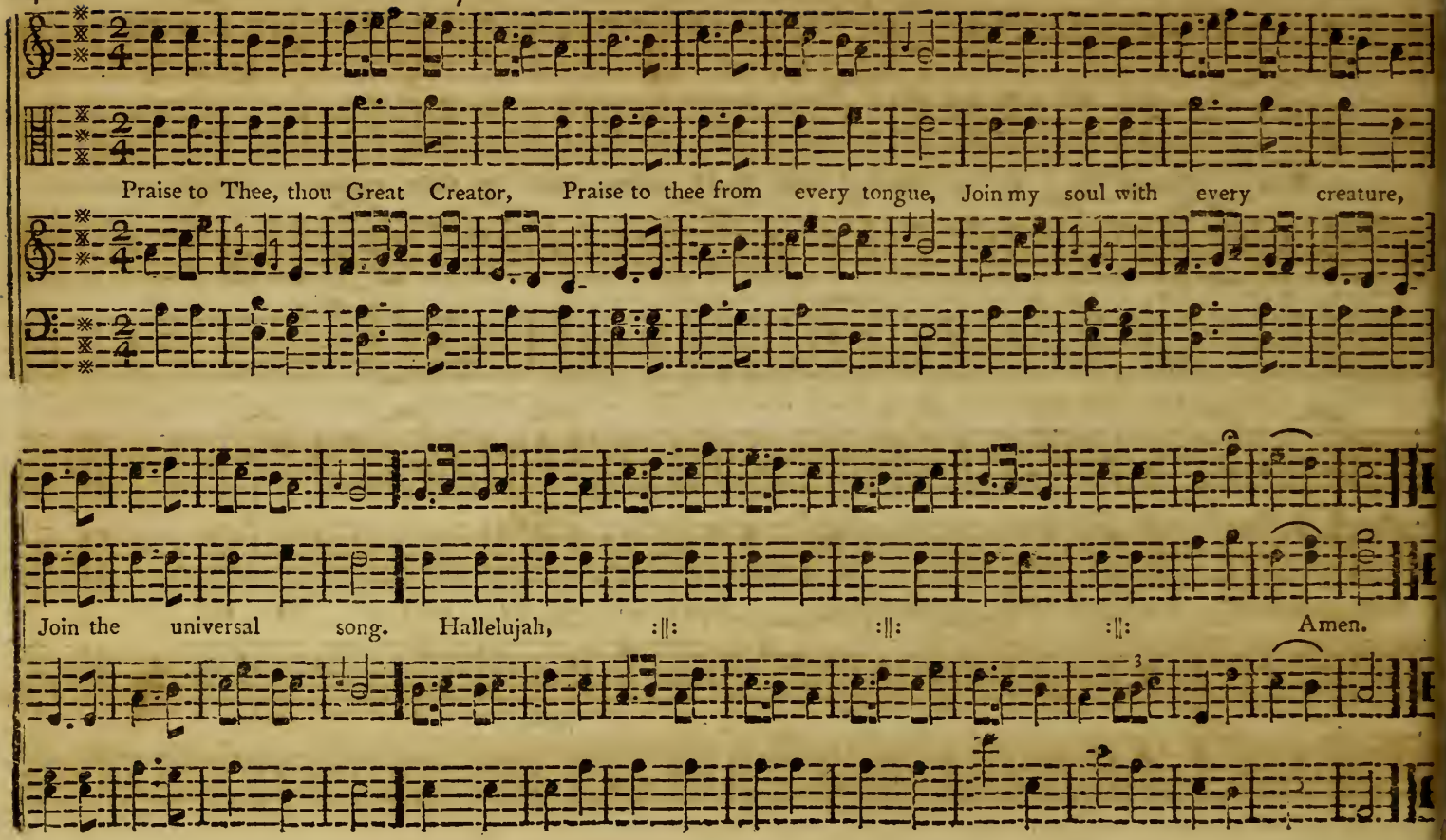
GANGES. 8. 8. 6.


Almighty King of heaven above, Eternal source of truth and love, And Lord of all below,
With rev'rence and religious fear Permit thy suppliants to draw near, And at thy feet to bow.

DALSTON. 6. 6. 8.

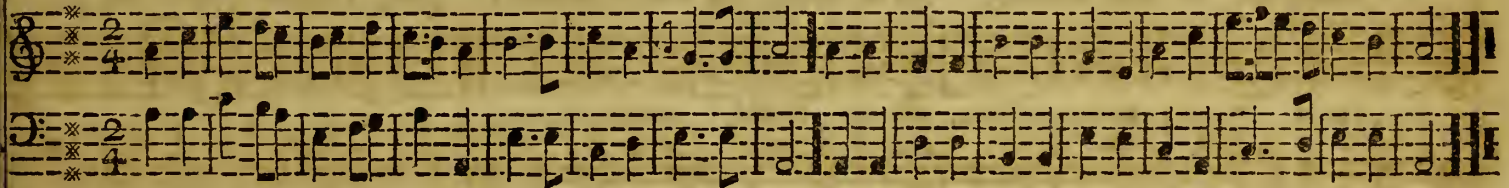

How pleas'd and blest was I, To hear the people cry, 'Come, let us seek our God to day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We'll haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay.

How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree, Each in their proper station move!
And each fulfil their part, With sympathising heart, In all the cares of life and love.

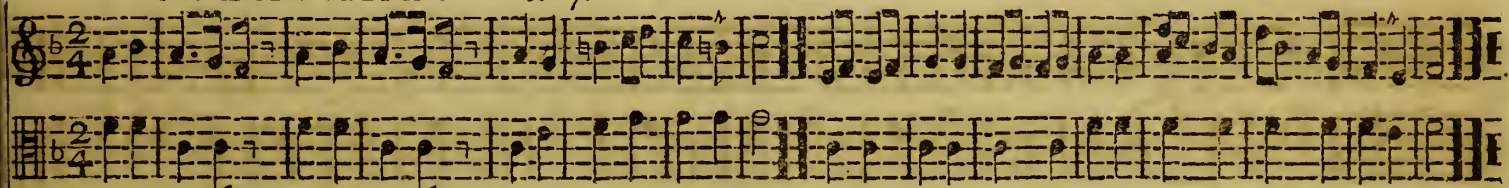

Praise to Thee, thou Great Creator, Praise to thee from every tongue, Join my soul with every creature,
Join the universal song. Hallelujah, :‖: :‖: :‖: Amen.

LITTLETON. 8. 7.

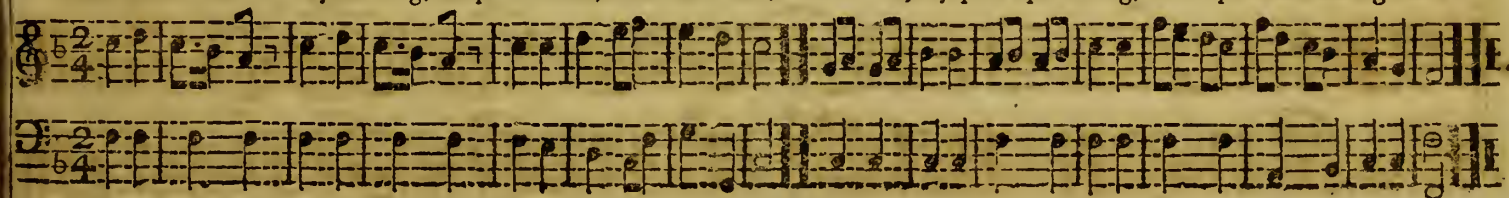
Lo! he cometh, countless trumpets Blow before the bloody sign, 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels See the crucified shine.



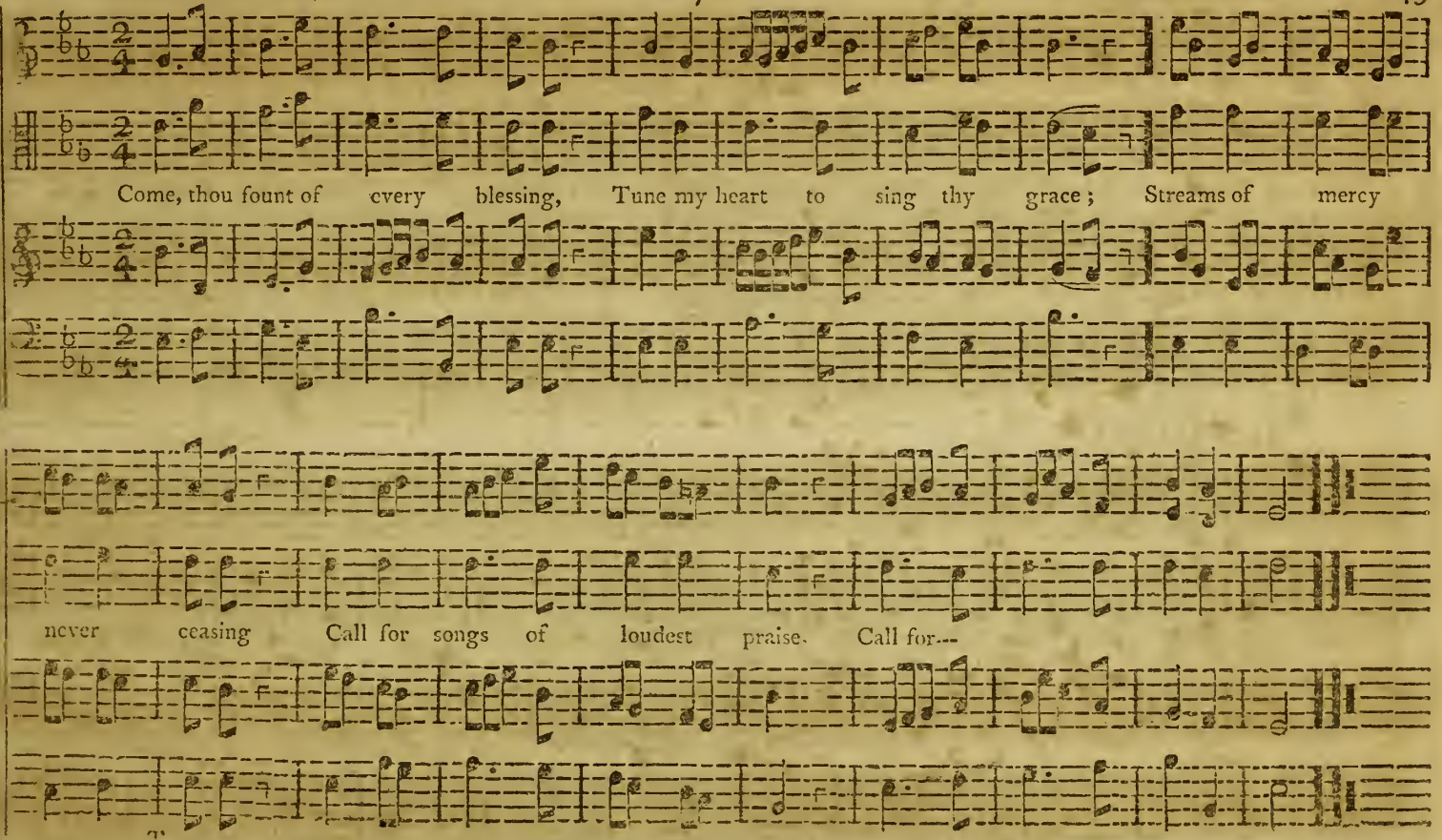
SICILIAN HYMN. 8. 7.

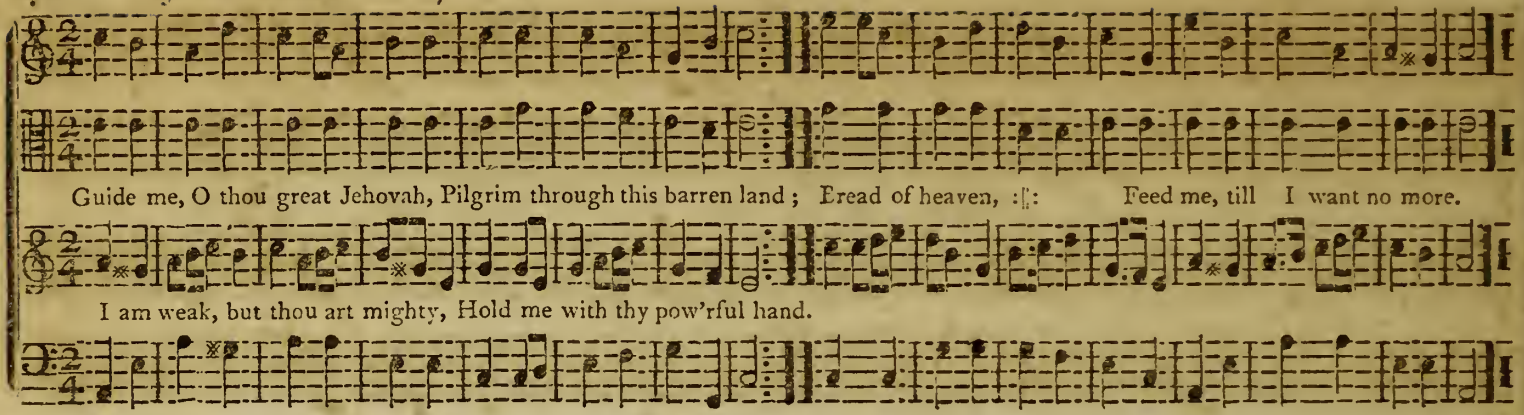


Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, Hope and comfort from above; Let us each, thy peace possessing, Triumph in redeeming love.

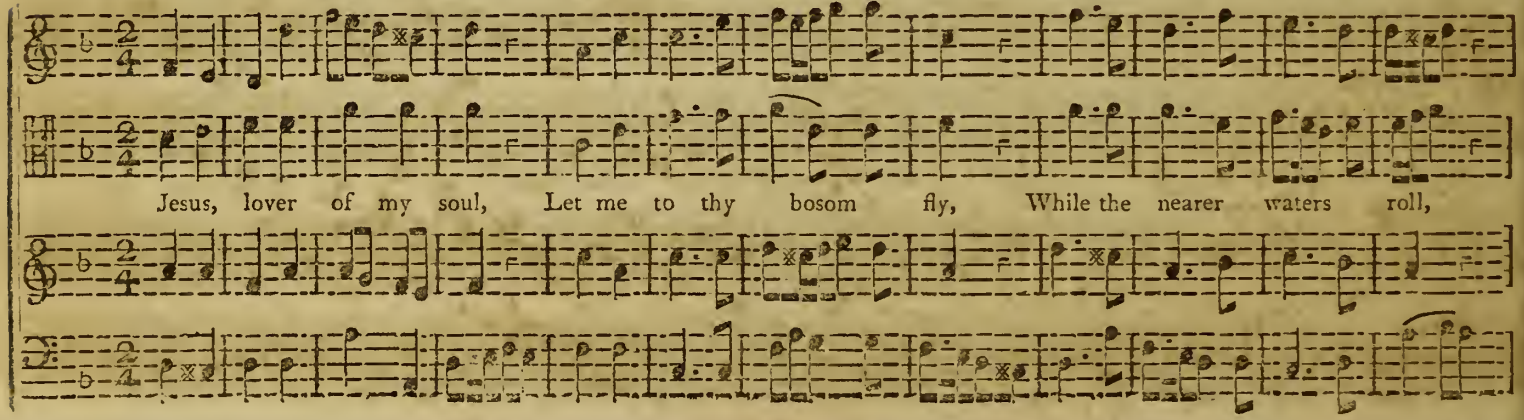


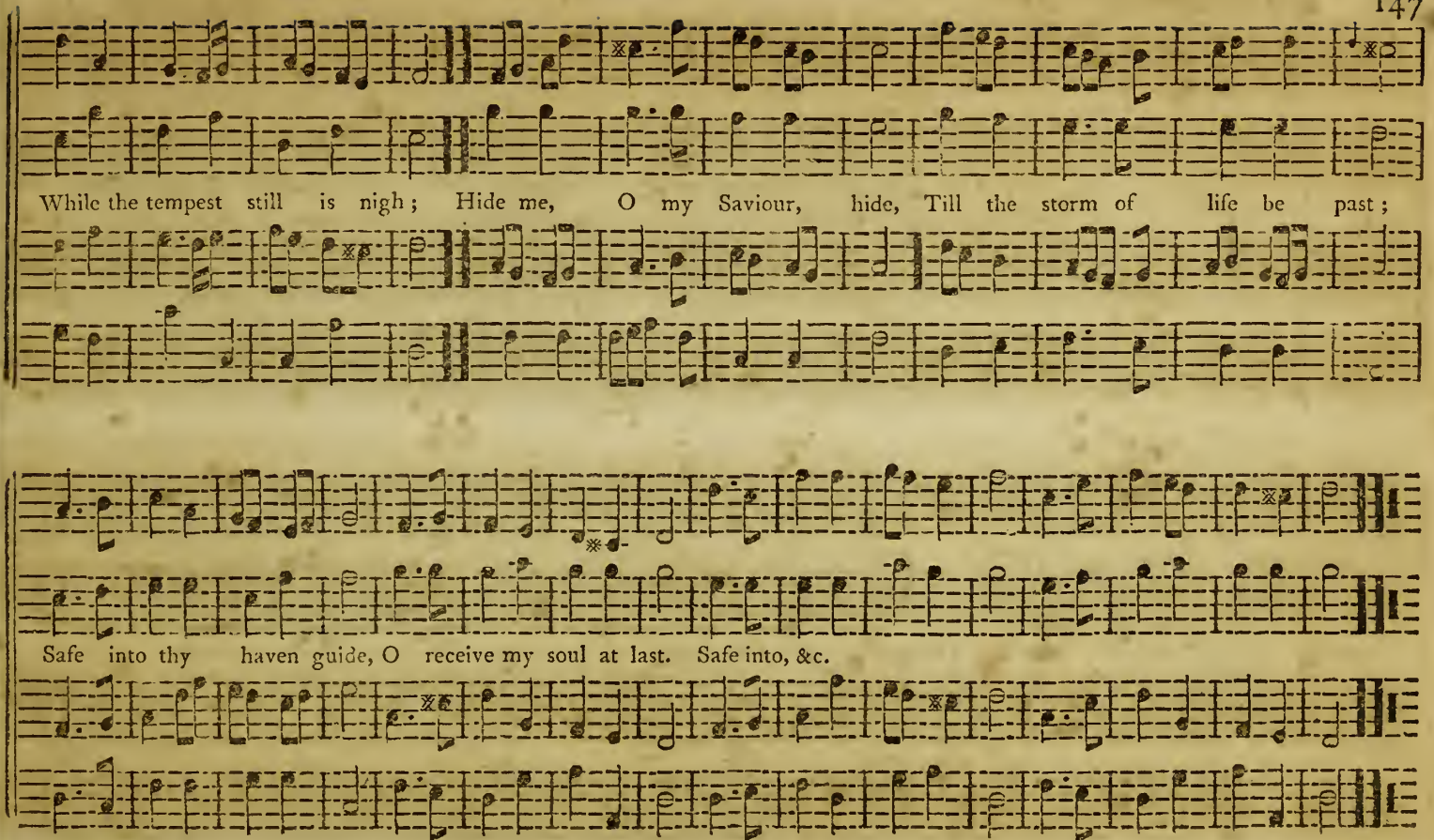
Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down! Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown.
Pure, unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.

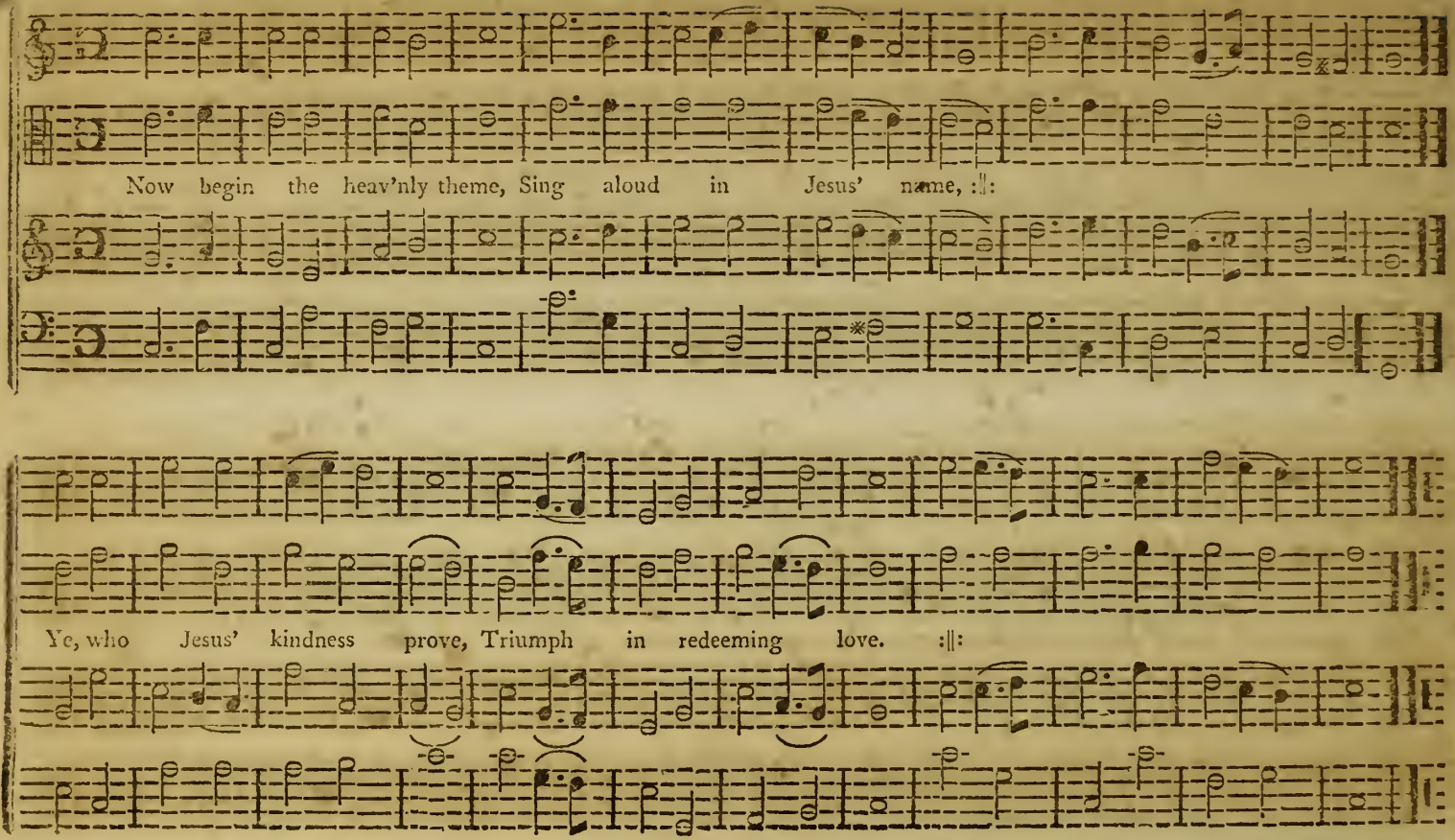

Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy
never ceasing Call for songs of loudest praise. Call for---

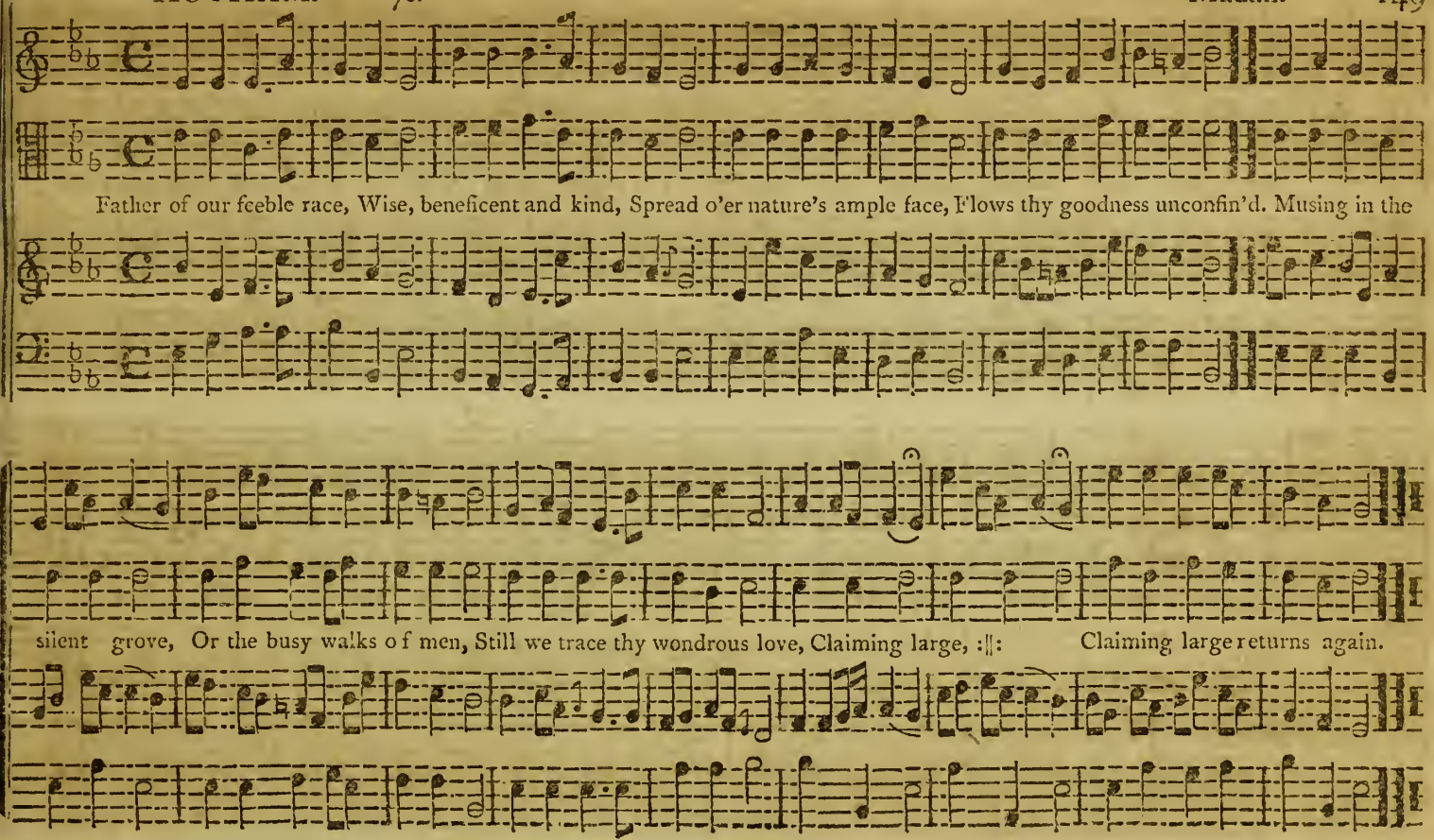


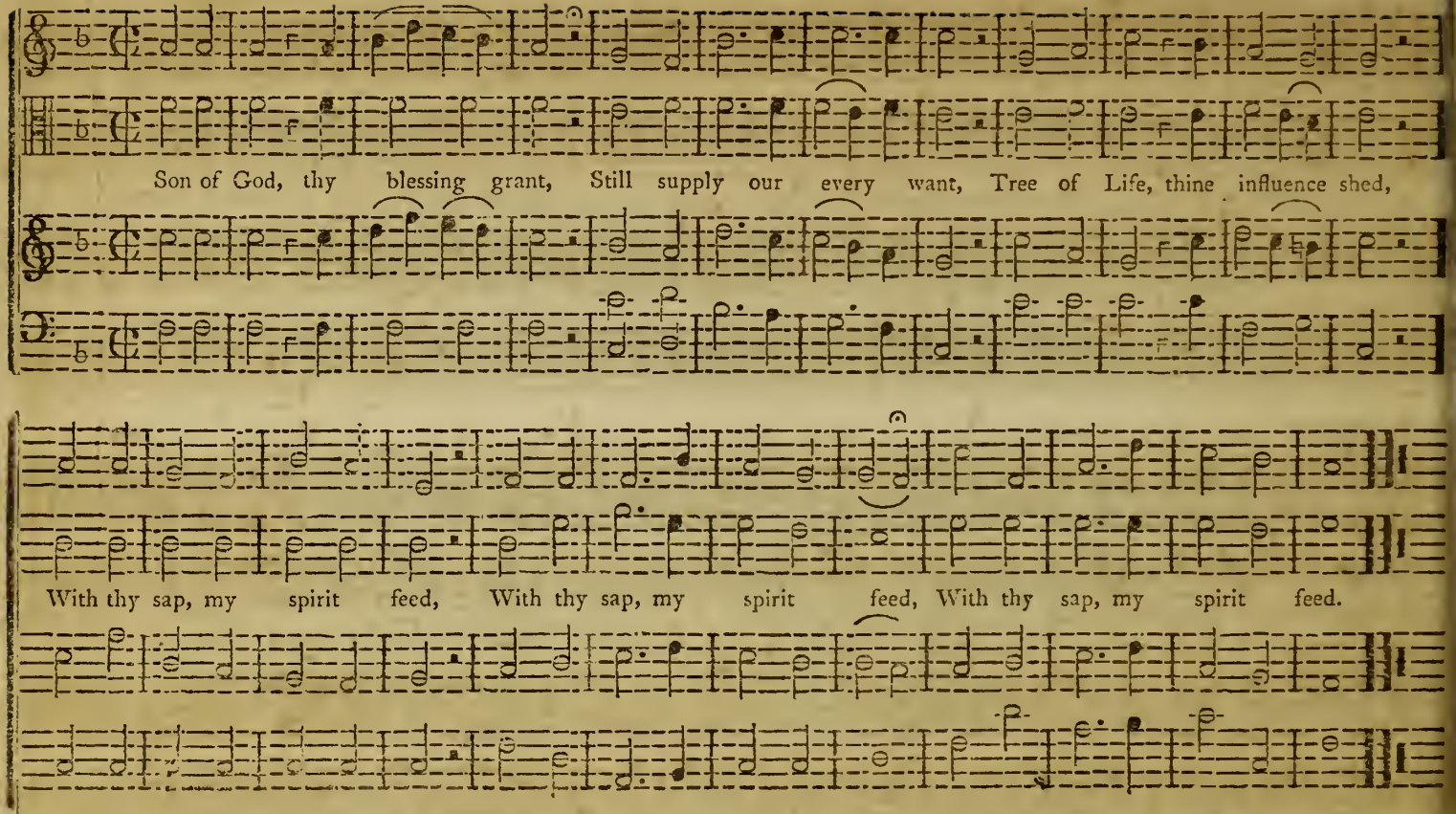
DALMATIA. 7s. Mitchell.

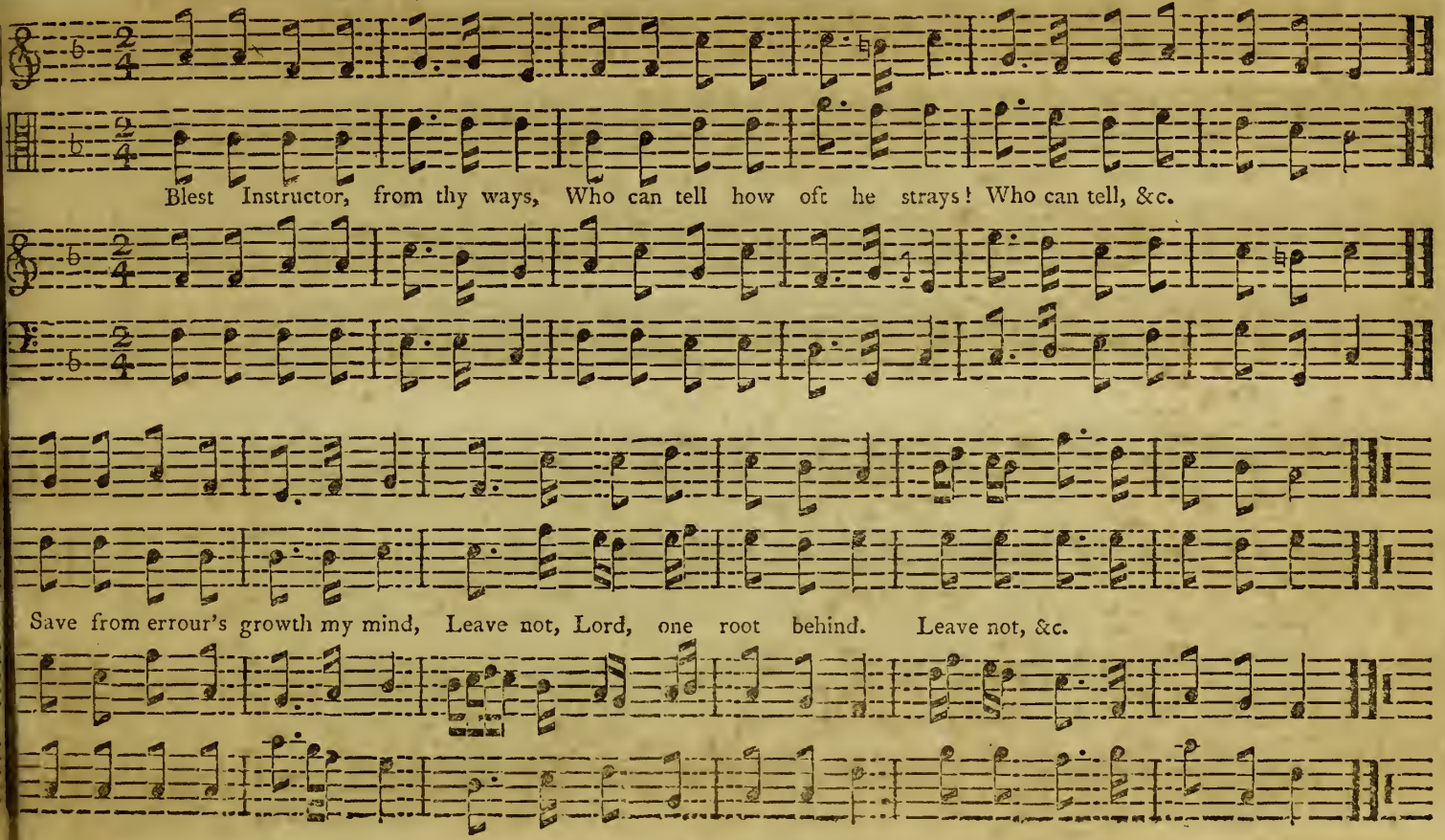


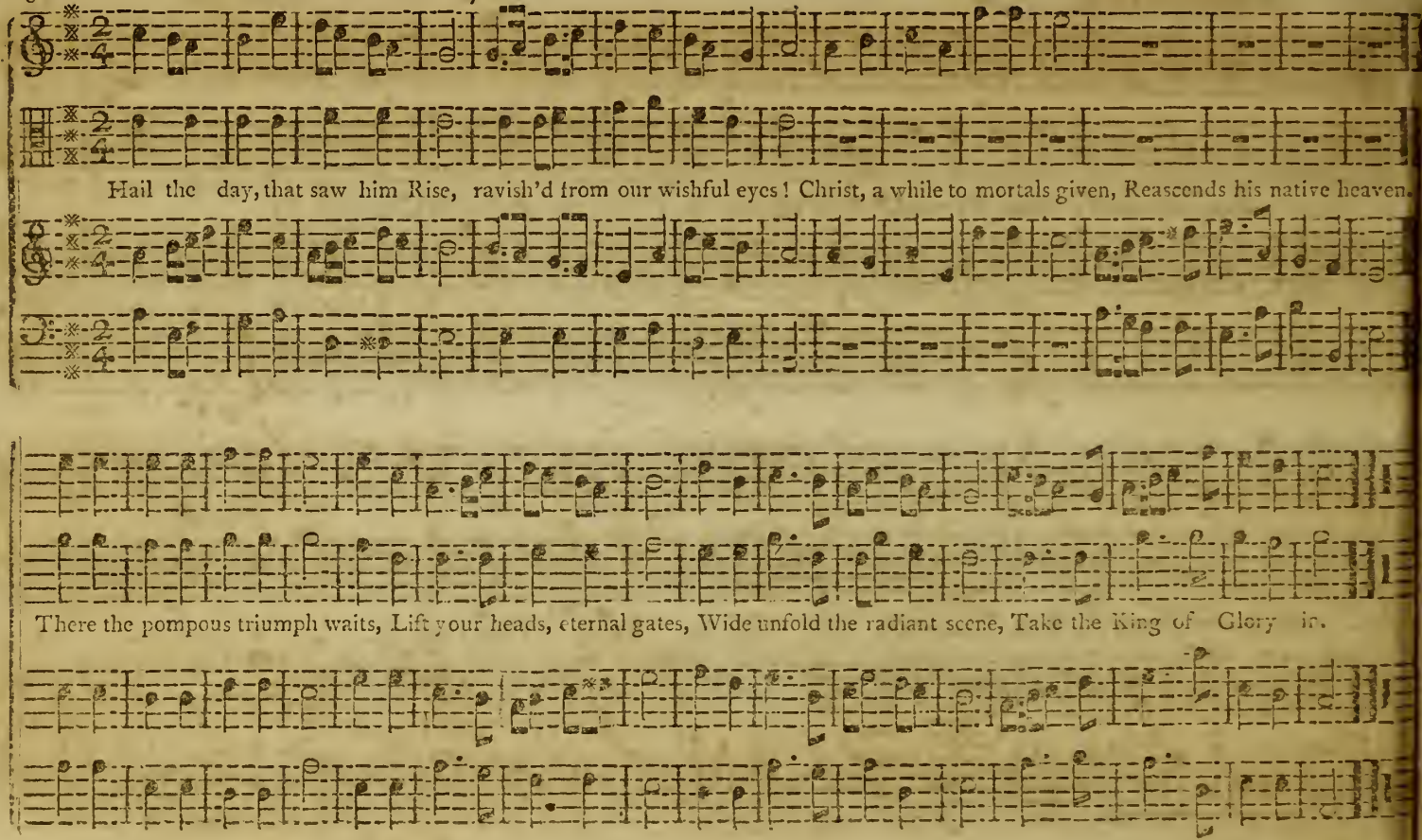

While the tempest still is nigh; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into thy haven guide, O receive my soul at last. Safe into, &c.

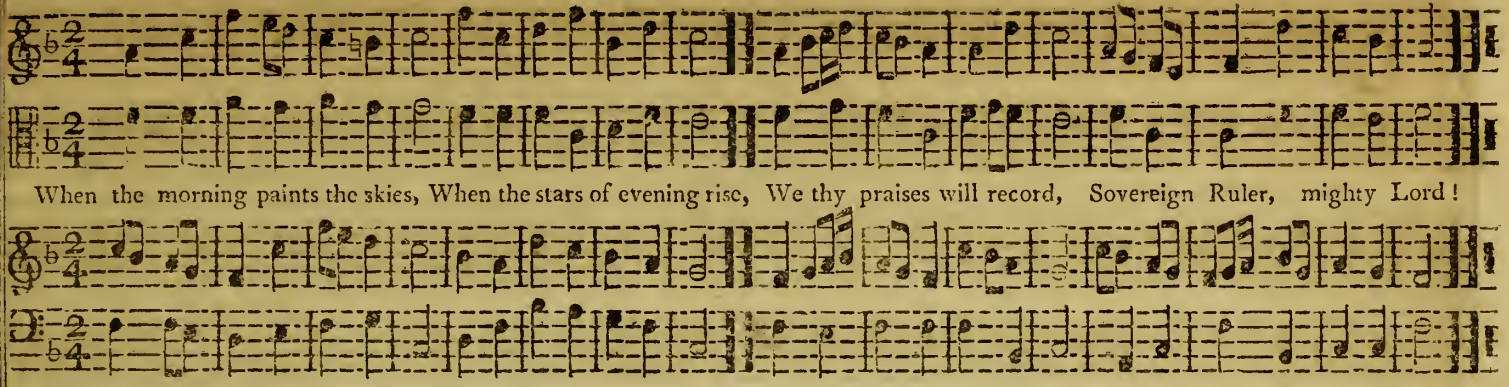

Now begin the heav'nly theme, Sing aloud in Jesus' name, :‖:
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove, Triumph in redeeming love. :‖:


Father of our feeble race, Wise, beneficent and kind, Spread o'er nature's ample face, Flows thy goodness unconfin'd. Musing in the
silent grove, Or the busy walks of men, Still we trace thy wondrous love, Claiming large, :‖: Claiming large returns again.

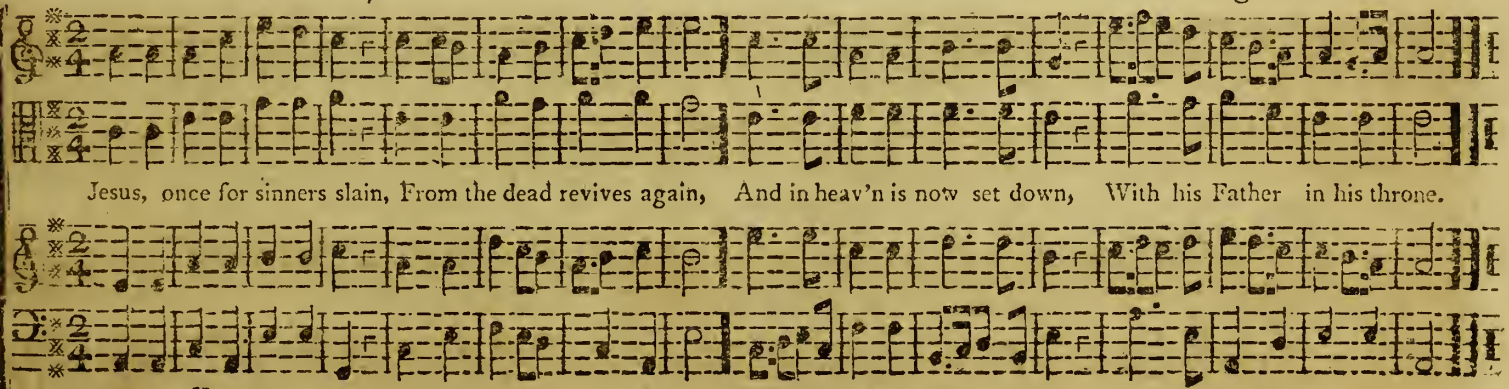

Son of God, thy blessing grant, Still supply our every want, Tree of Life, thine influence shed,
With thy sap, my spirit feed, With thy sap, my spirit feed, With thy sap, my spirit feed.

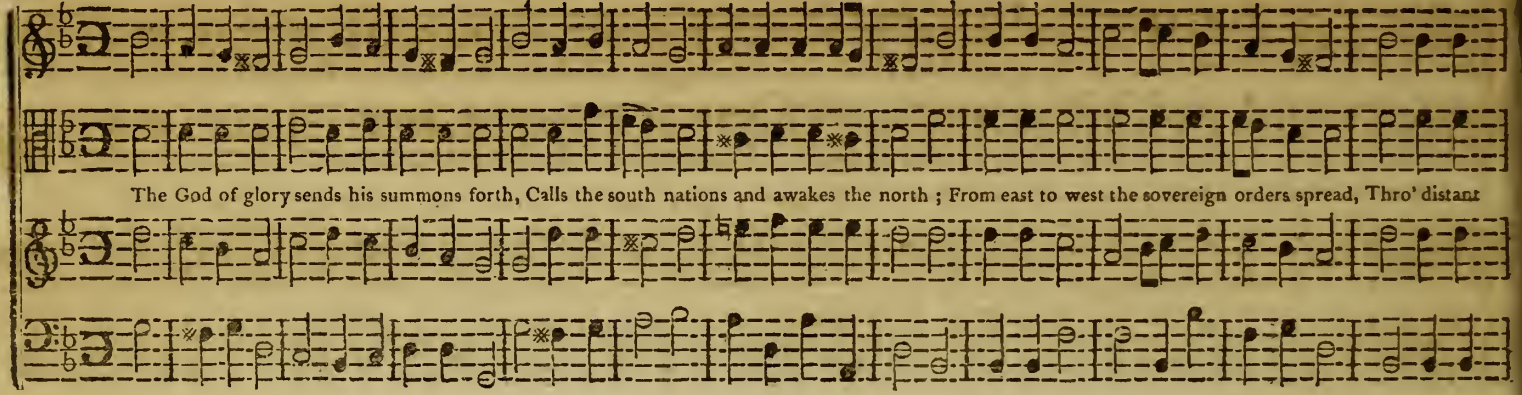

Blest Instructor, from thy ways, Who can tell how oft he strays! Who can tell, &c.
Save from errour's growth my mind, Leave not, Lord, one root behind. Leave not, &c.


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.



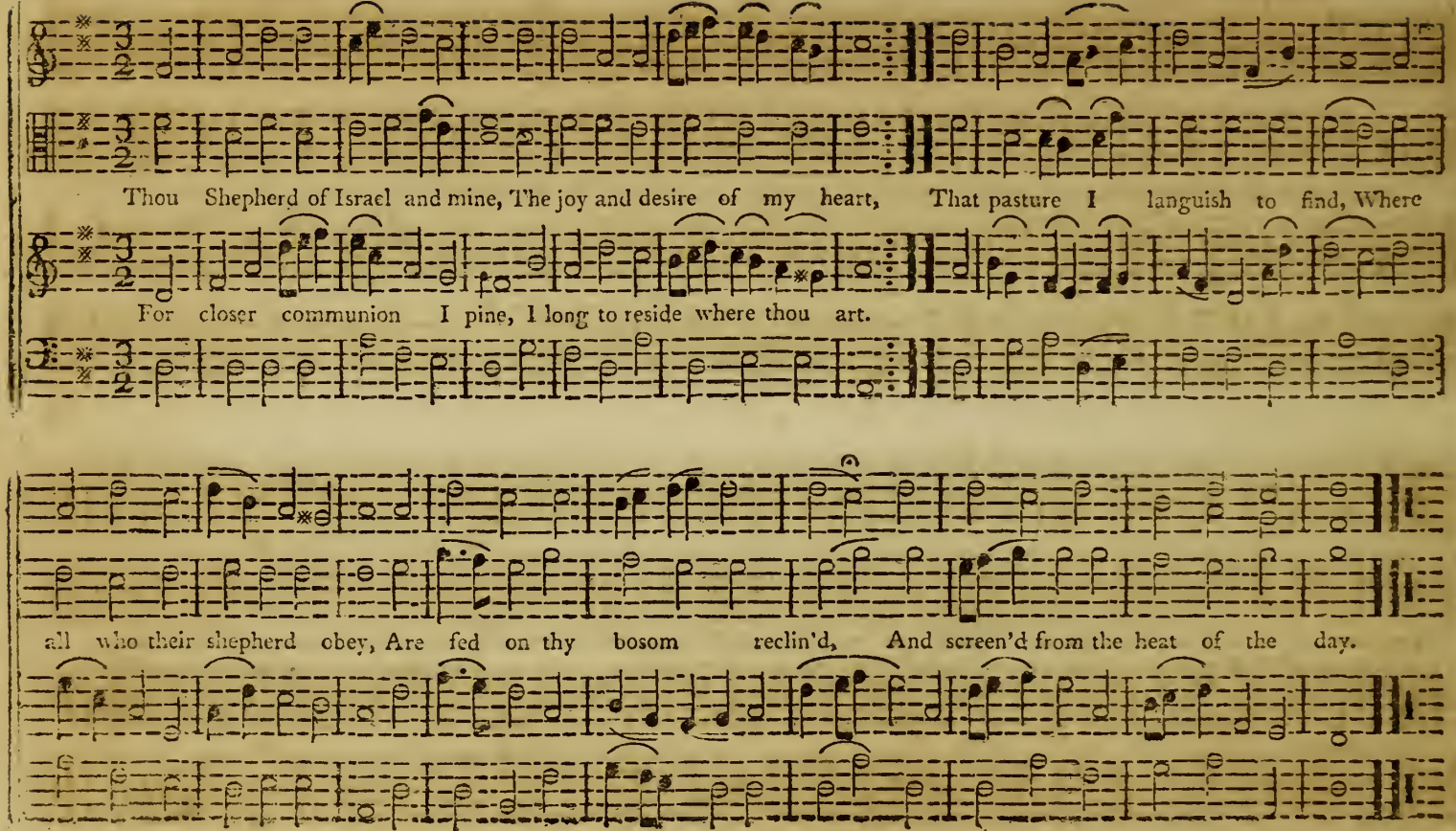
HART's. 7s. Milgrove.

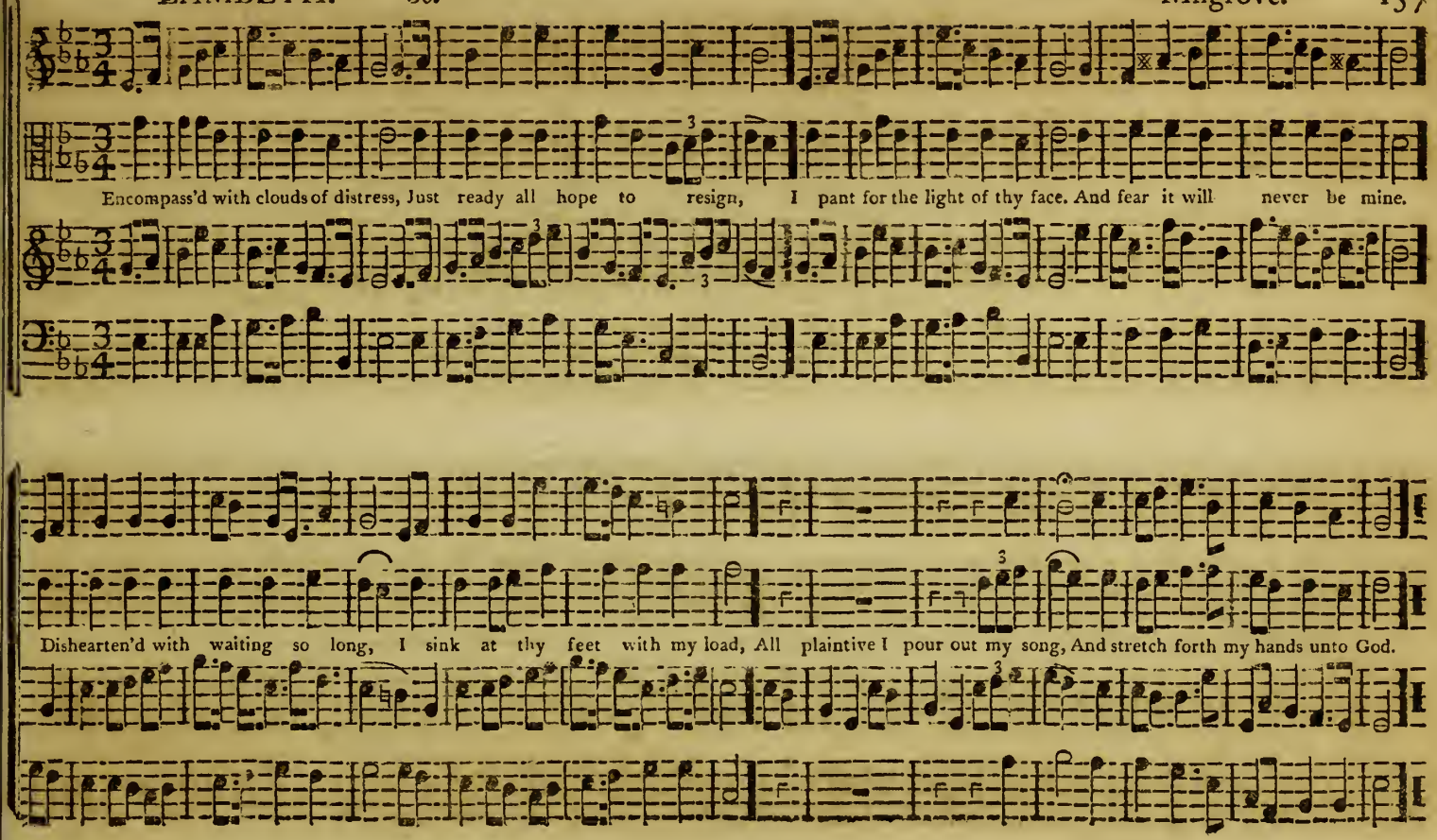


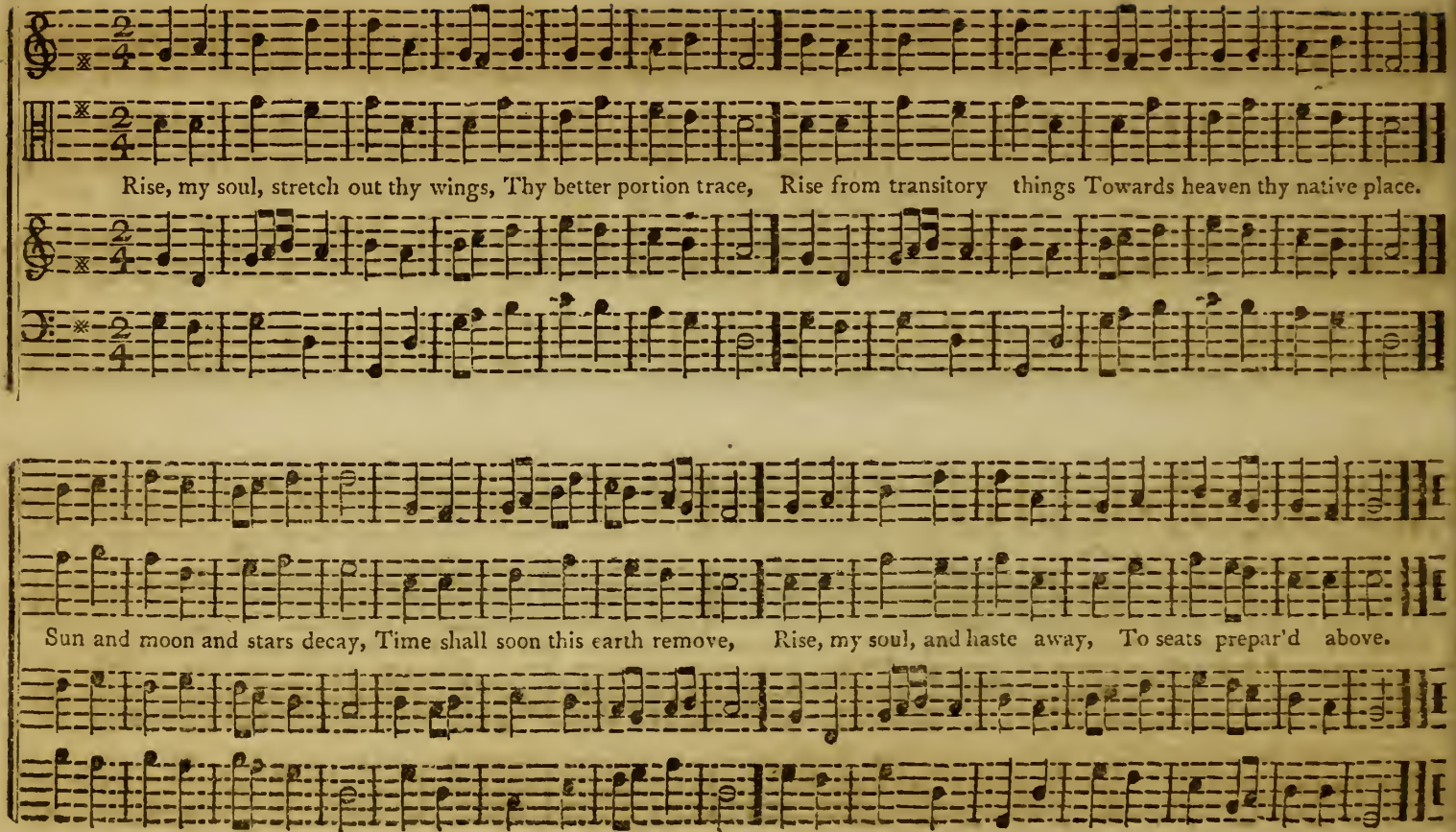

The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north ; From east to west the sovereign orders spread, Thro' distant

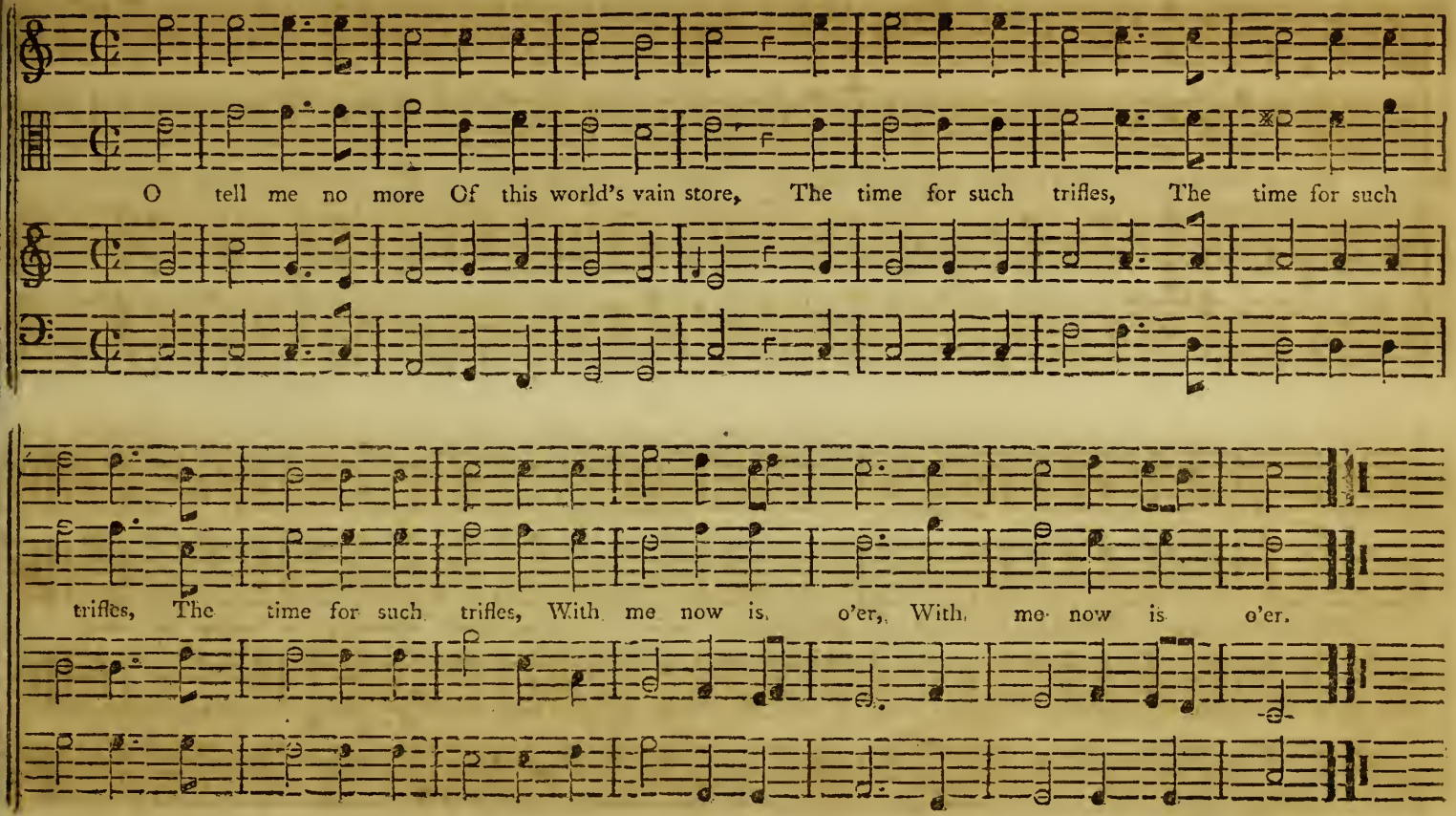
worlds, and regions of the dead. The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices ; Lift up your heads, Ye saints, with cheerful voices.

Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh, Tempest and fire attend him down the sky; Heaven, earth, and 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.

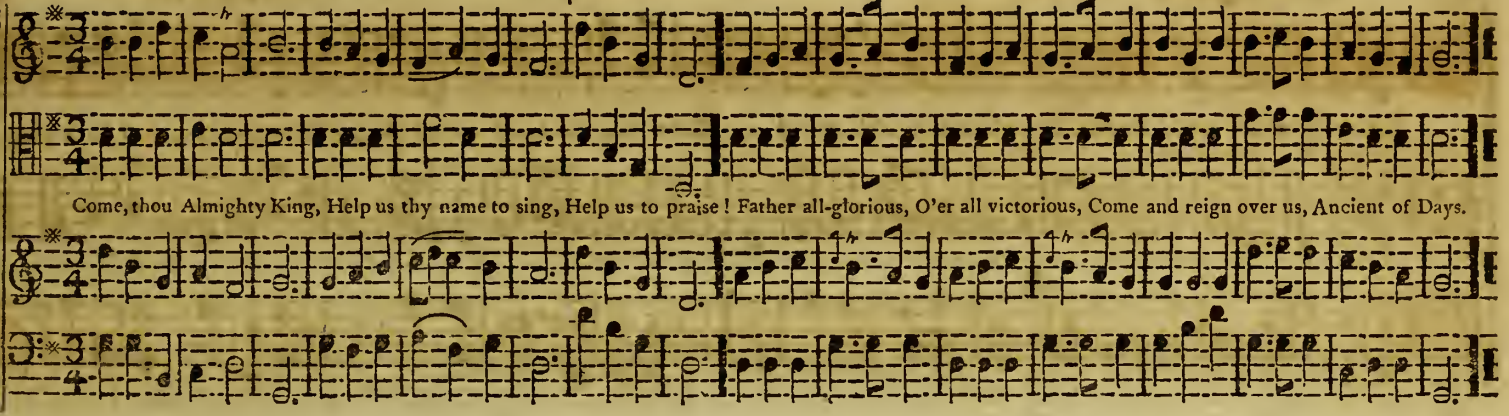

Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, That pasture I languish to find, Where
For closer communion I pine, I long to reside where thou art.
all who their shepherd obey, Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd, And screen'd from the heat of the day.


Encompass'd with clouds of distress, Just ready all hope to resign, I pant for the light of thy face. And fear it will never be mine.
Dishearten'd with waiting so long, I sink at thy feet with my load, All plaintive I pour out my song, And stretch forth my hands unto God.

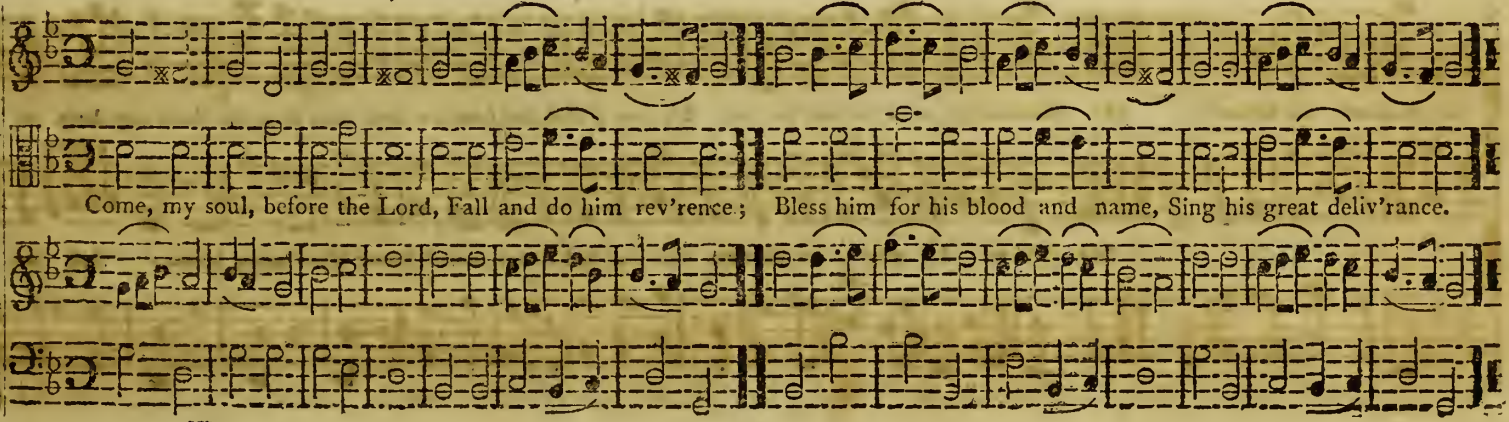

Rise, my soul, stretch out thy wings, Thy better portion trace, Rise from transitory things Towards heaven thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove, Rise, my soul, and haste away, To seats prepar'd above.

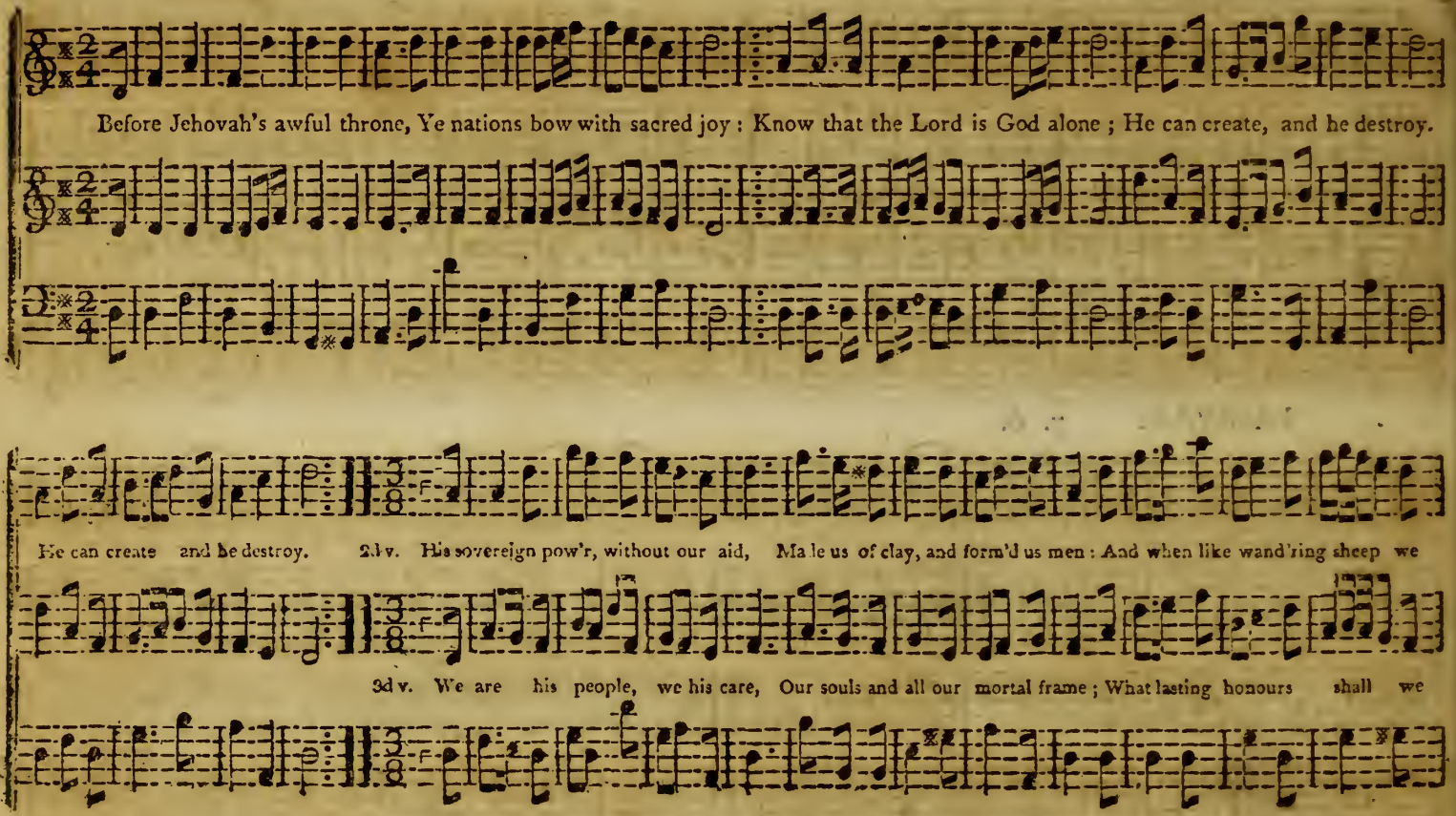

O tell me no more Of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles, The time for such
trifles, The time for such trifles, With me now is o'er, With me now is o'er.

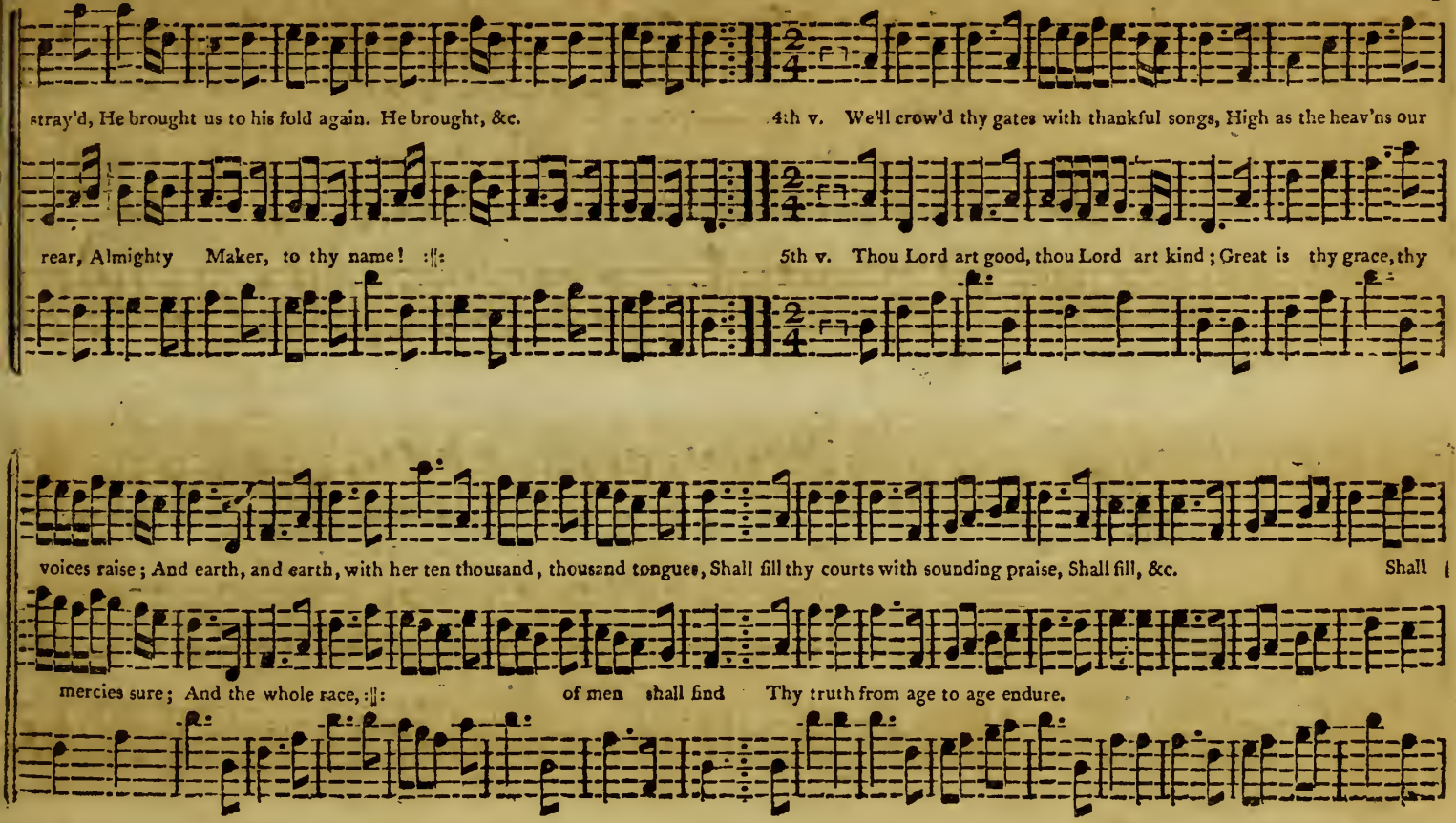
Glory to God on high, Let earth and skies reply, Praise ye his name : His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore, Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Sing aloud evermore, Worthy the Lamb.

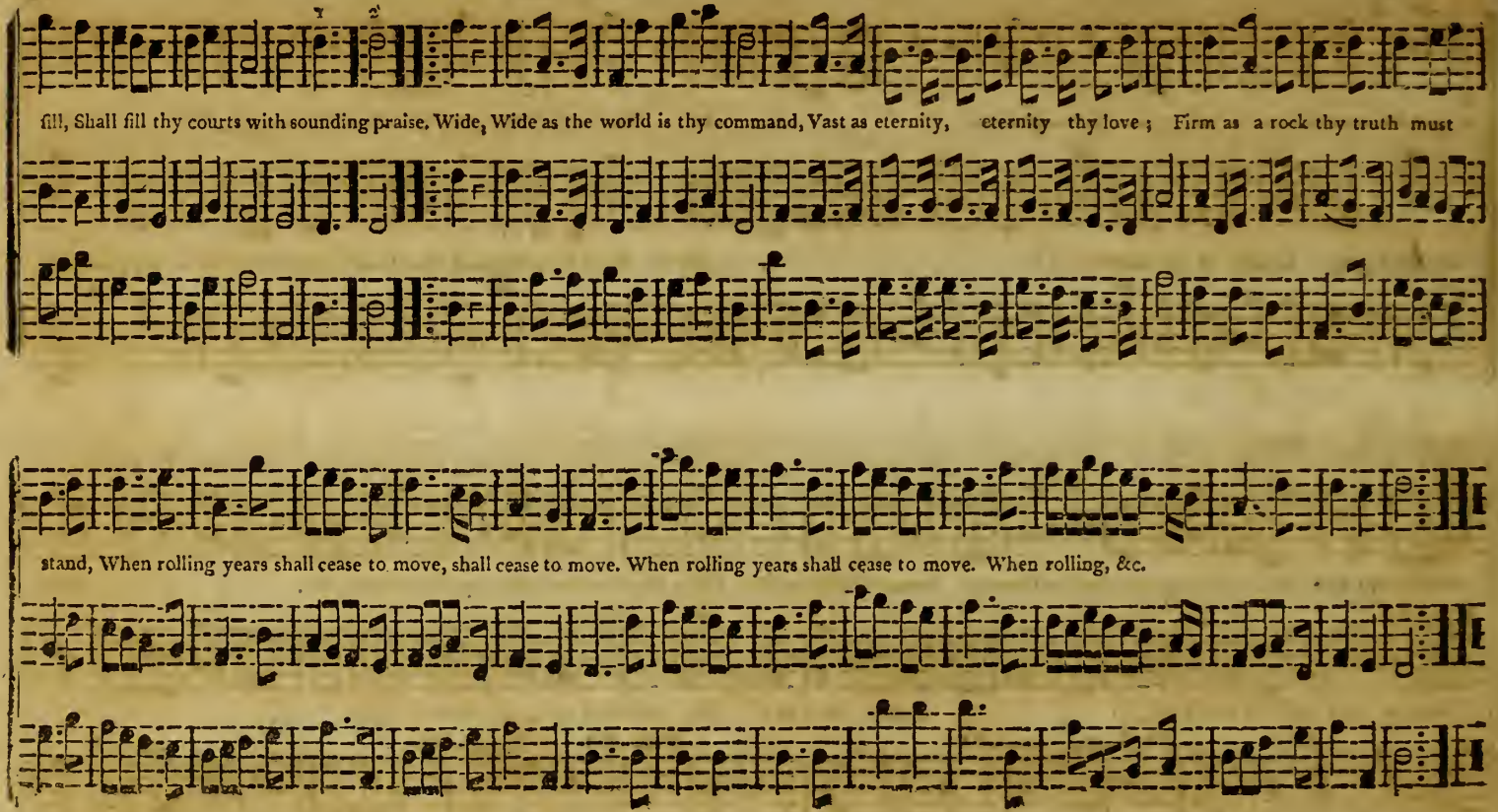

Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all-glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

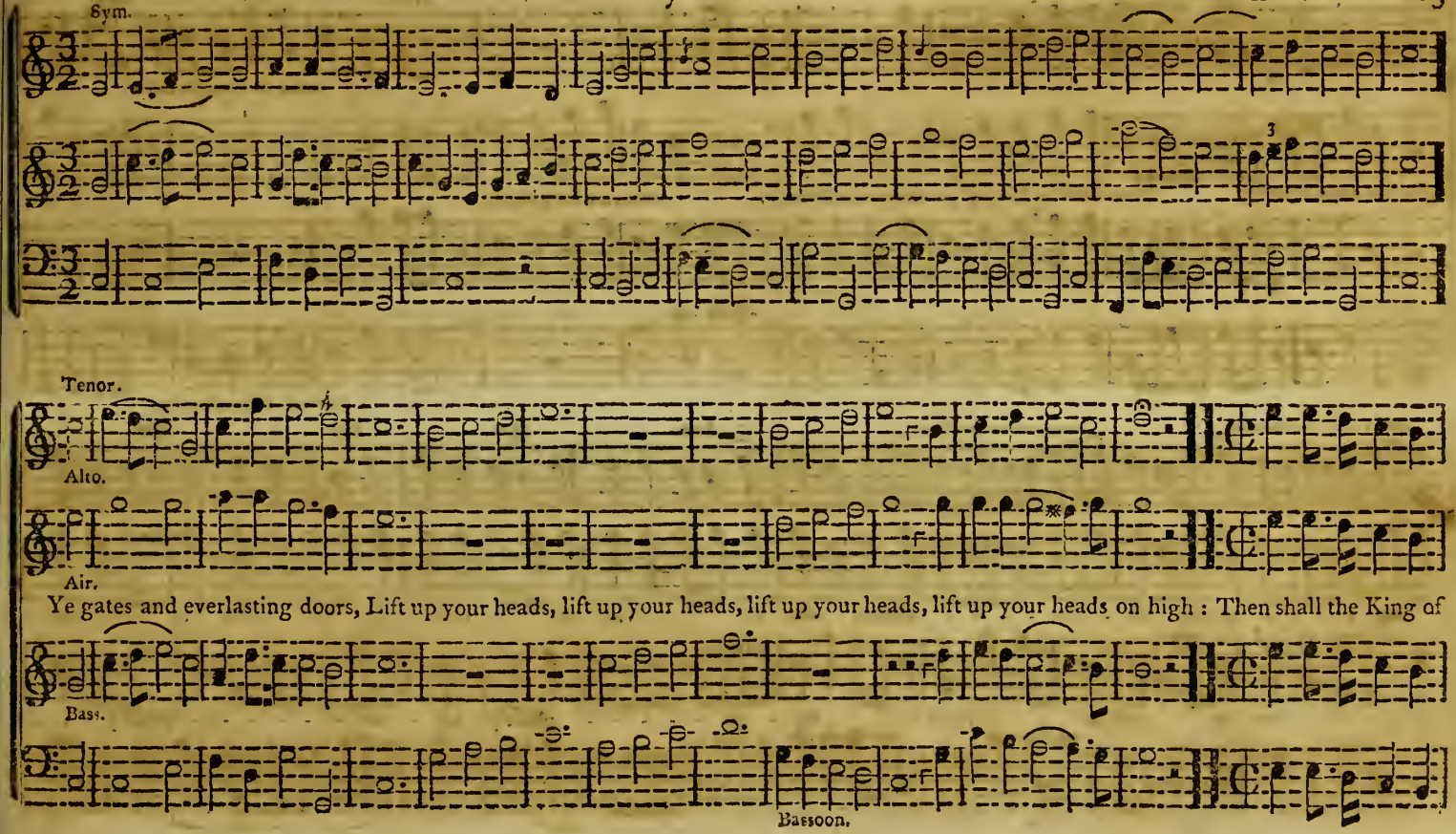
FAIRFAX. 7. 6.

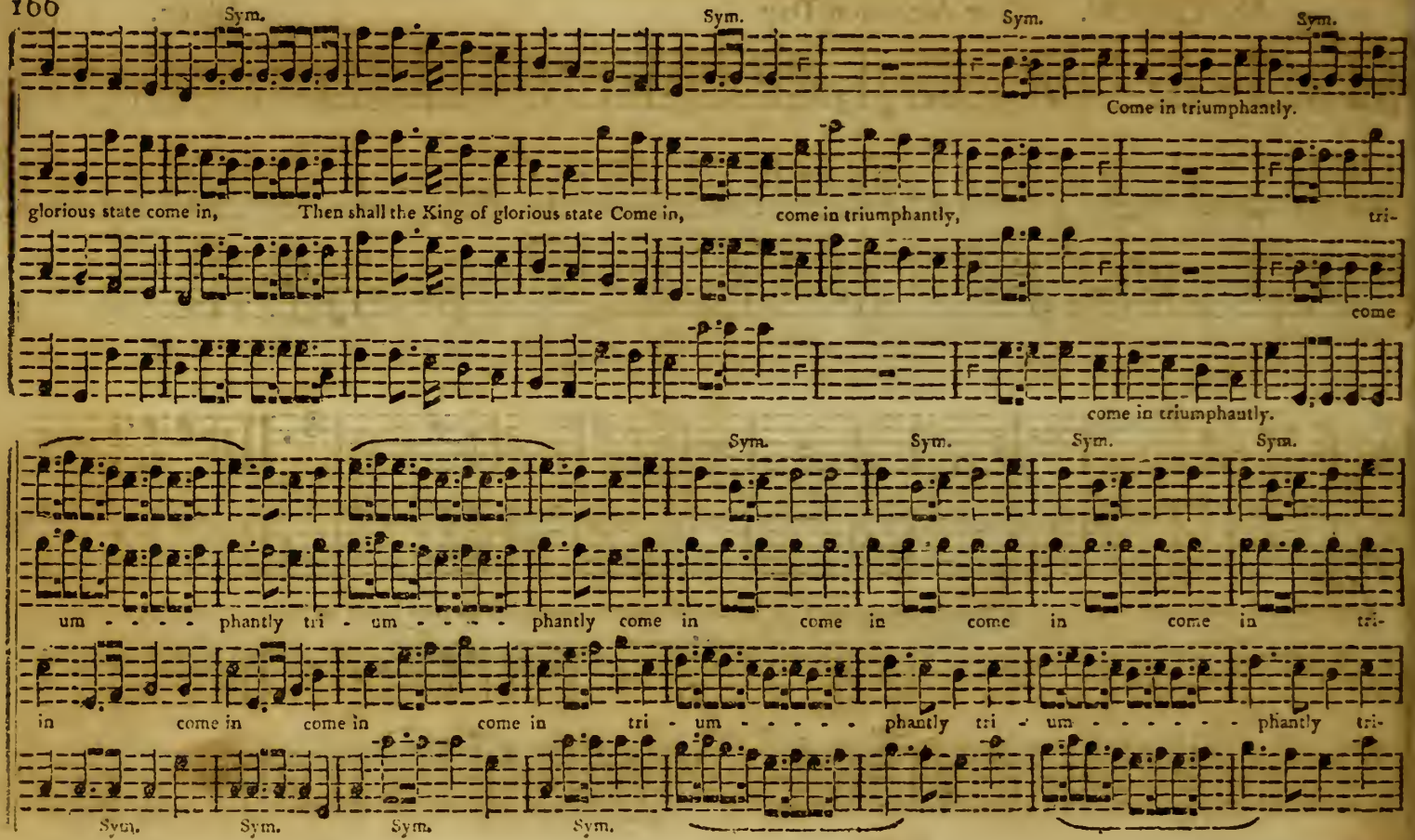

Come, my soul, before the Lord, Fall and do him rev'rence; Bless him for his blood and name, Sing his great deliv'rance.


Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy : Know that the Lord is God alone ; He can create, and he destroy.
He can create and he destroy.
2d v. His sovereign pow'r, without our aid, Ma le us of clay, and form'd us men : And when like wand'ring sheep we
3d v. We are his people, we his care, Our souls and all our mortal frame ; What lasting honours shall we


stray'd, He brought us to his fold again. He brought, &c.
4th v. We'll crow'd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our
rear, Almighty Maker, to thy name! :‖:
5th v. Thou Lord art good, thou Lord art kind; Great is thy grace, thy
voices raise; And earth, and earth, with her ten thousand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill, &c.
Shall
mercies sure; And the whole race, :‖:
of men shall find Thy truth from age to age endure.


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
stand, When rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move. When rolling years shall cease to move. When rolling, &c.


Sym.
Tenor.
Alto.
Air.
Ye gates and everlasting doors, Lift up your heads, lift up your heads, lift up your heads, lift up your heads on high : Then shall the King of
Bass.
Bassoon.


Sym.
Sym.
Sym.
Sym.
Come in triumphantly.
glorious state come in, Then shall the King of glorious state Come in, come in triumphantly, tri-
come
come in triumphantly.
Sym.
Sym.
Sym.
Sym.
um - - - - phantly tri - um - - - - phantly come in come in come in come in tri-
in come in come in come in tri - um - - - - - phantly tri - um - - - - - - phantly tri-
Sym.
Sym.
Sym.
Sym.

Sym.
Sym.
Sym.
Sym.
umphantly triumphantly come in
come in
triumphantly triumphantly come in
come in
come in
triumphant-
Adagio.
Accompt.
Tenor Solo.
The great and
Treble Solo. Moderately.
ly come in tri - um - phantly.
Who,
Who is the King of glo - - rious state?
Bassoon.

Fu Chorus. Brisk.

FINIS.