No. M.486.27

Sewall Fund

THE

Psalmodist's Assistant:

CONTAINING

AN ORIGINAL COMPOSITION OF PSALM AND HYMN TUNES;

TOGETHER WITH

A Number of FAVOURITE PIECES from different Authors.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSIC.

BY ABIJAH FORBUSH.

SECOND EDITION.

Boston:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY MANNING & LORING, No. 2, CORNHILL.....1806.

District of Massachusetts, to wit:

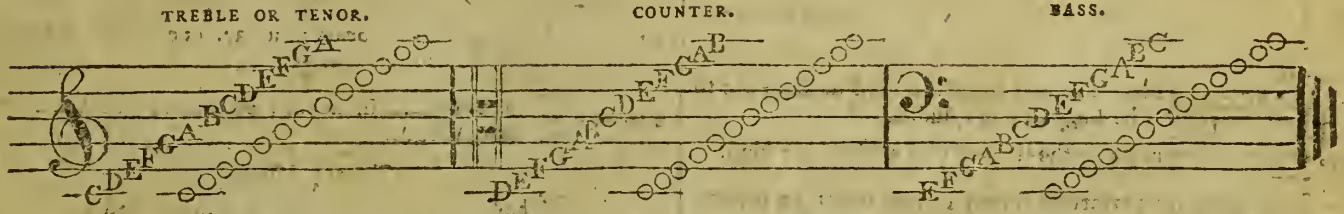
BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the tenth day of September, in the thirty-first year of the independence of the United States of America, Messrs. Manning & Loring, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:—"The Psalmodist's Assistant: containing an Original Composition of Psalm and Hymn Tunes; together with a Number of favourite Pieces from different Authors. To which is prefixed, an Introduction to the Grounds of Music. By Abijah Forbush.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" also to an Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

WILLIAM S. SHAW, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

An INTRODUCTION *to the* GROUNDS *of* MUSIC.

GAMUT.

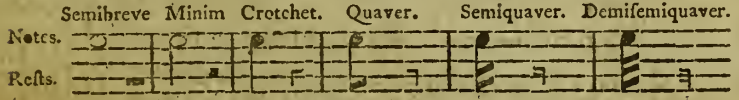


Above mi is twice fa, ſol, la, and below mi is twice la, ſol, fa, and then comes mi again, either way.

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

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.



The ſemibreve is now the longeſt note uſed in muſic.

The minim is but half the length of the ſemibreve.

The crotchet is but half the length of the minim.

The quaver is but half the length of the crotchet.

The ſemiquaver is but half the length of the quaver.

The demiſemiquaver is but half the length of the ſemiquaver.

Thus, one ſemibreve contains two minims, or four crotchets, or eight quavers, or ſixteen ſemiquavers, or thirty-two demiſemiquavers.

Reſts are notes of ſilence, which ſignify that you muſt be ſilent ſo long time as it takes to ſound the notes they repreſent.

A ſtave is the five lines with their ſpaces, on which the notes are written.

Ledger line is added to the ſtave when notes aſcend or deſcend a line above or below.

A flat ♭ ſinks a note half a tone.

A ſharp ♯ raiſes a note half a tone.

Flats or ſharps ſet at the beginning of a tune, have their influence on the ſame letters through the tune.

A natural ♮ reſtores a note to its primitive ſound.

Point of addition adds one third to the length of the note.

A hold 𝄐 ſignifies that the note or reſt over which it is placed ſhould be continued longer than uſual.

Mark of diſtinction requires the note over which it is placed to be ſung emphatically.

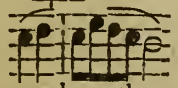
A ſlur or tie  ſhews that the notes included in them are to be ſung to one ſyllable.

Figure 3, reduces three notes to the time of two of the ſame kind.

Chooſing notes give the performer liberty to ſing which he pleaſes.

Repeats :s: ſhew what part of the tune is to be ſung over again.

Figures, 1, 2, ſet over a tune, ſhew that the note under figure 1, is ſung before the repeat, and the note under figure 2, is ſung the ſecond time, omitting the note under figure 1: but if the notes are tied together with a ſlur, they are both to be ſung after repeating.

A bar divides the time into equal parts, according to the meaſure note.

Double bar or ſhews the end of a ſtrain.

A cloſe ſhews a tune to be ended.

A brace ſhews how many parts are ſung together.

Common Time Moods.

Adagio has four beats in a bar, two down and two up; each beat performed in a ſecond.

Largo has four beats in a bar, two down and two up; each beat a quarter quicker than ſeconds.

Allegro or has two beats in a bar, one down and one up; each beat performed in a ſecond.

2 from 4 has two beats in a bar; performed one third quicker than Allegro.

Triple Moods.

3 to 2 has three beats in a bar, two down and one up; each performed in a ſecond.

3 from 4 has three beats in a bar, two down and one up; each performed one quarter quicker than ſeconds.

Compound Moods.

6 to 4 has two beats in a bar, one down and one up; each performed in a ſecond.

6 from 8 has two beats in a bar, one down and one up; each performed one quarter quicker than ſeconds.

In Common Time moods, the accent is on the firſt and third parts of the bar; in Triple Time, the firſt part only; in Compound Time, the firſt and fourth parts of the bar.

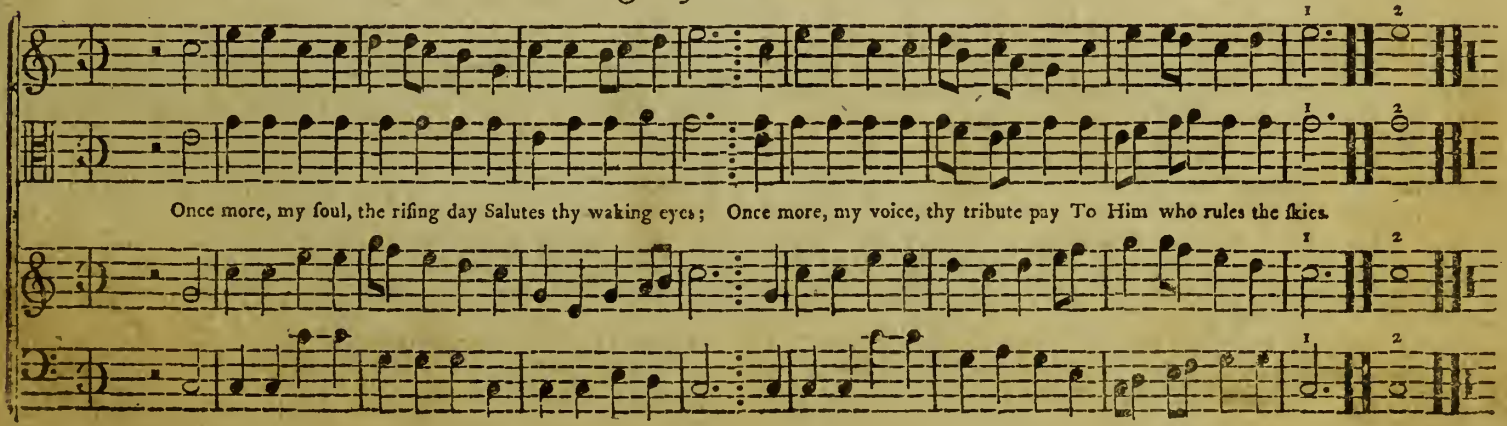
Of the Keys.

There are two keys in muſic, the ſharp key and the flat key. If the third above the laſt note in the baſs contains two whole tones, the tune is on a ſharp key; but if only a tone and ſemi-tone, it is on a flat key.

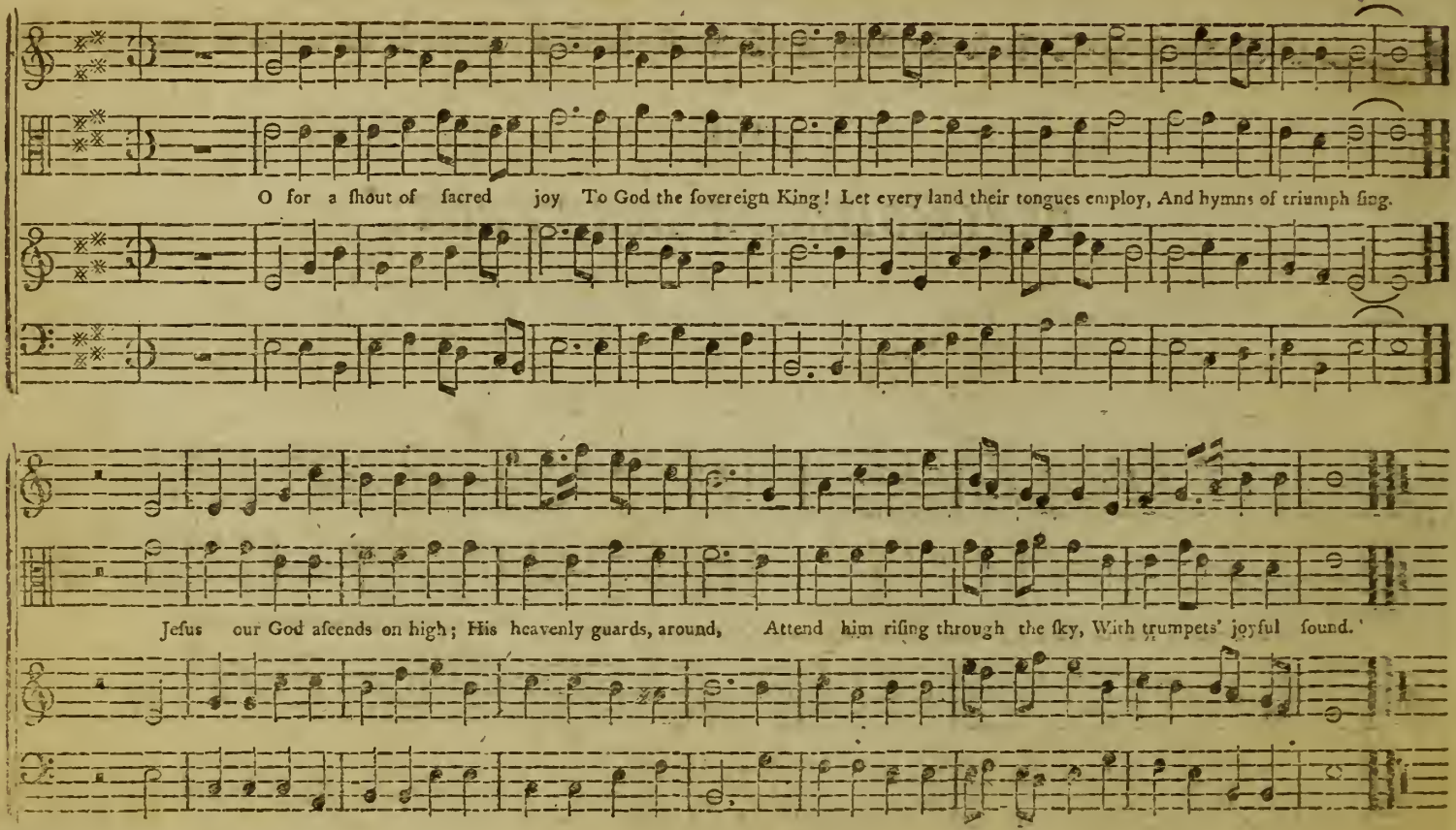
THE

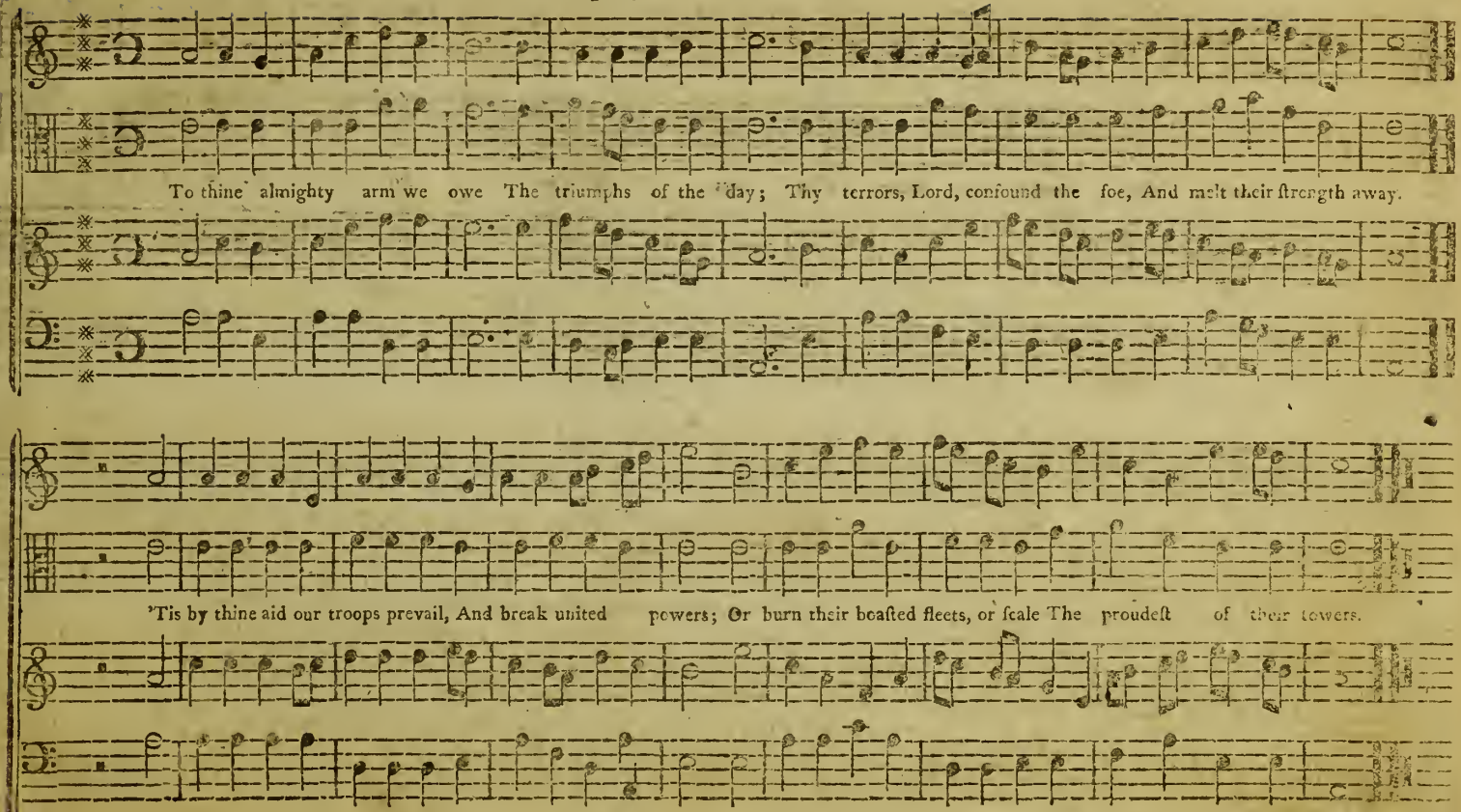
PSALMODIST'S ASSISTANT.

Morning Hymn. C. M.

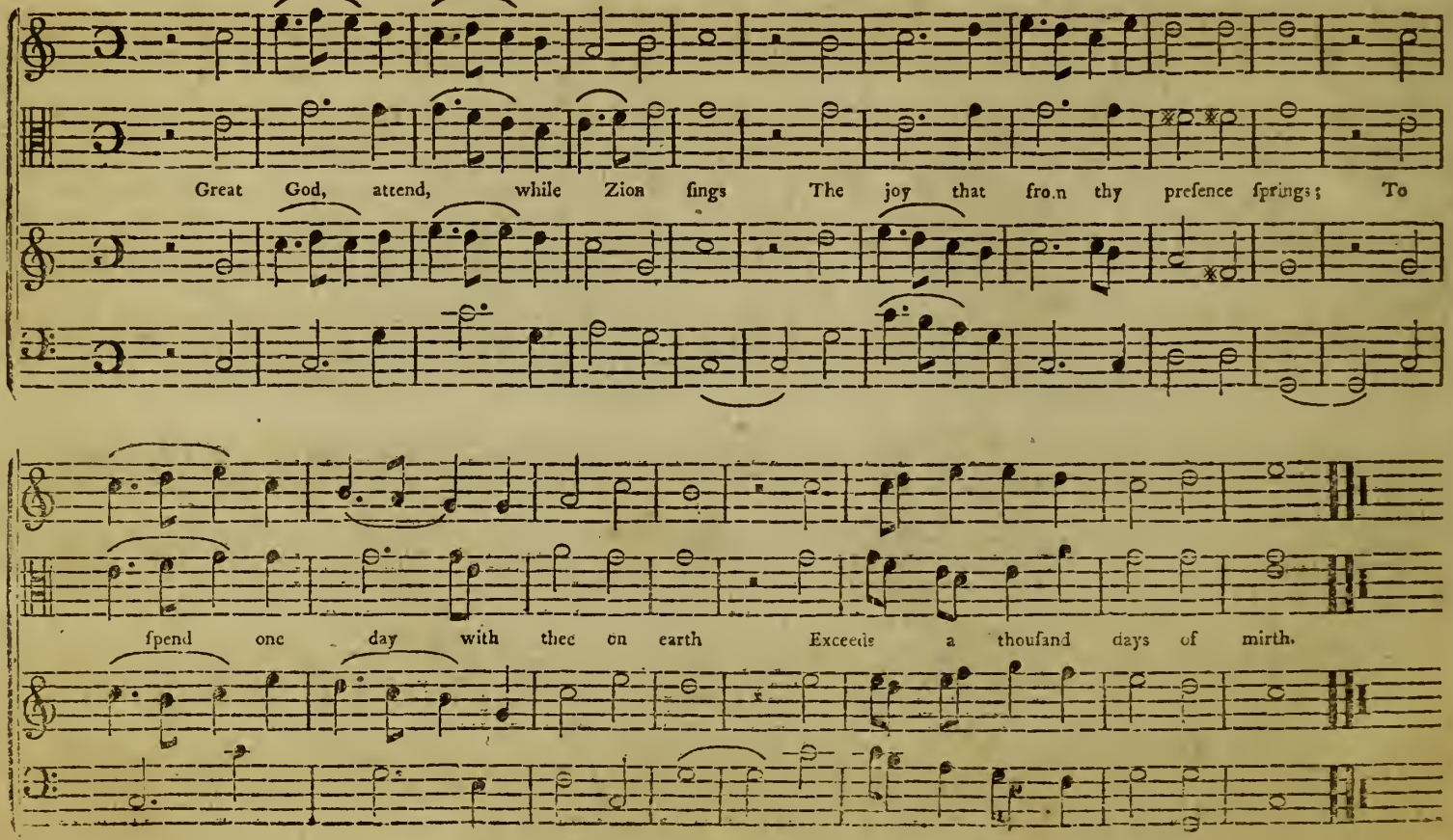


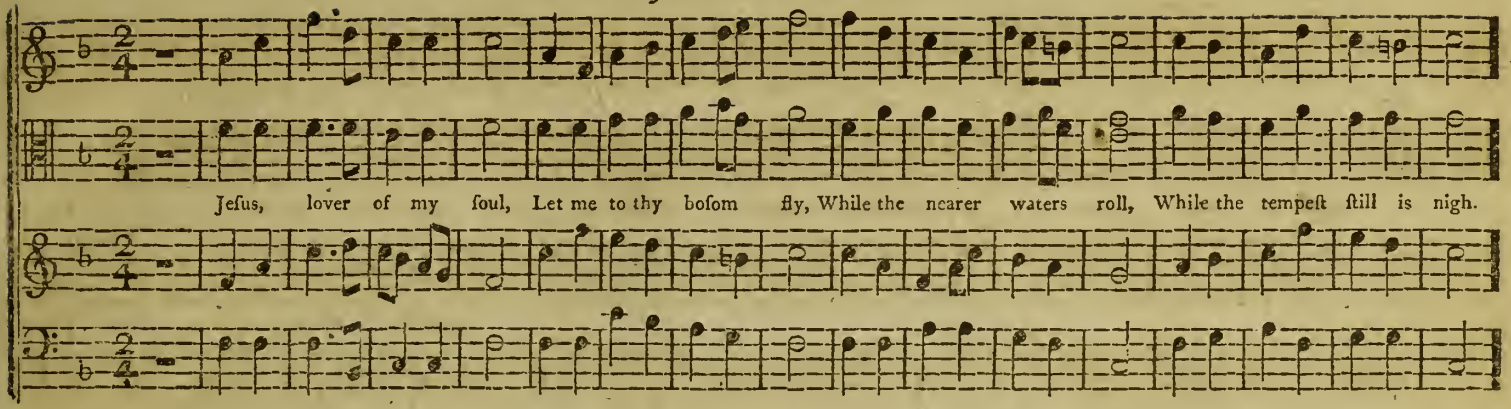
Celebration. C. M.

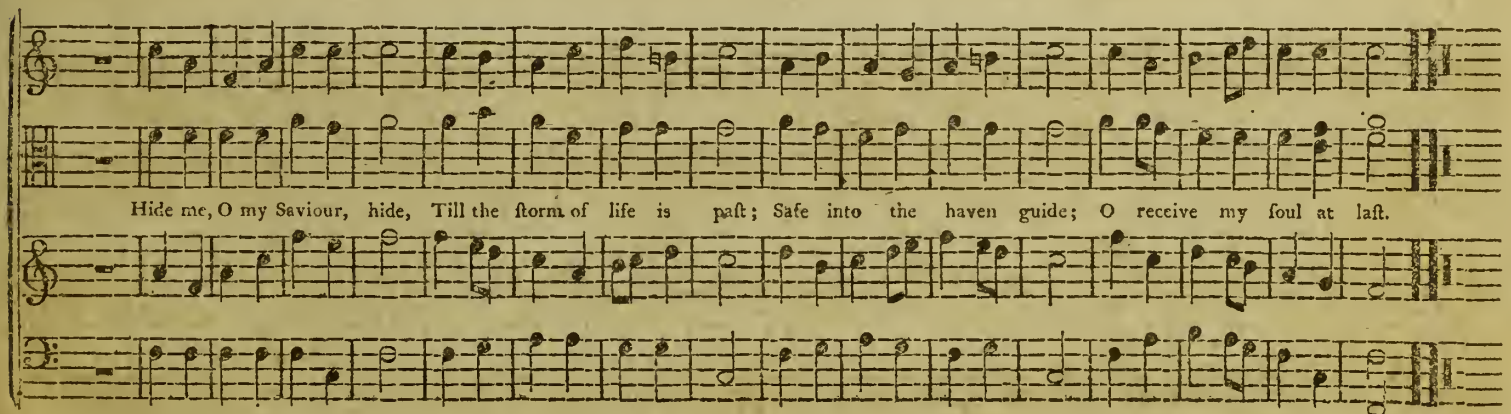


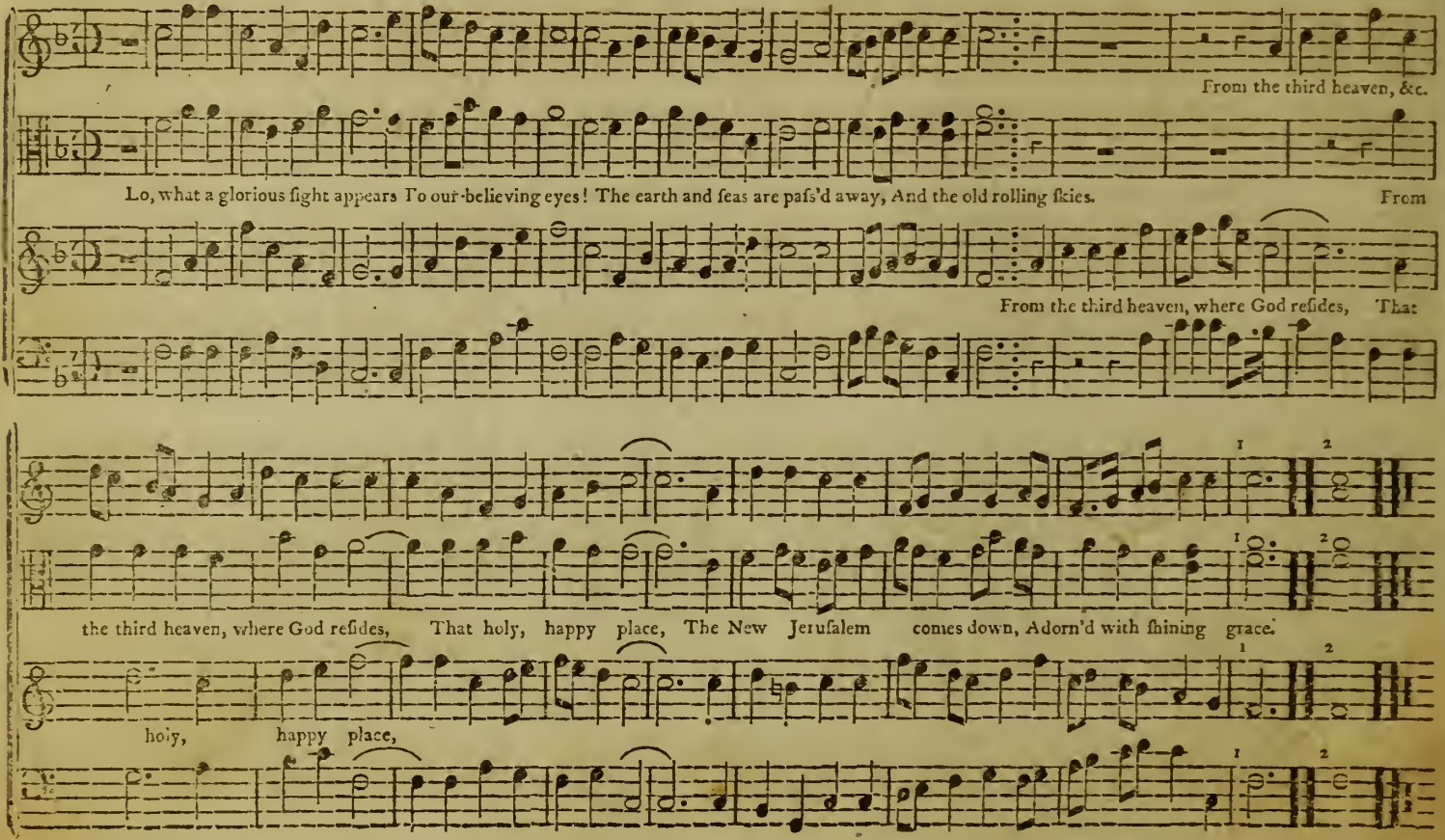

To thine almighty arm we owe The triumphs of the day; Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe, And melt their ſtrength away.
'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail, And break united powers; Or burn their boaſted fleets, or ſcale The proudeſt of their towers.

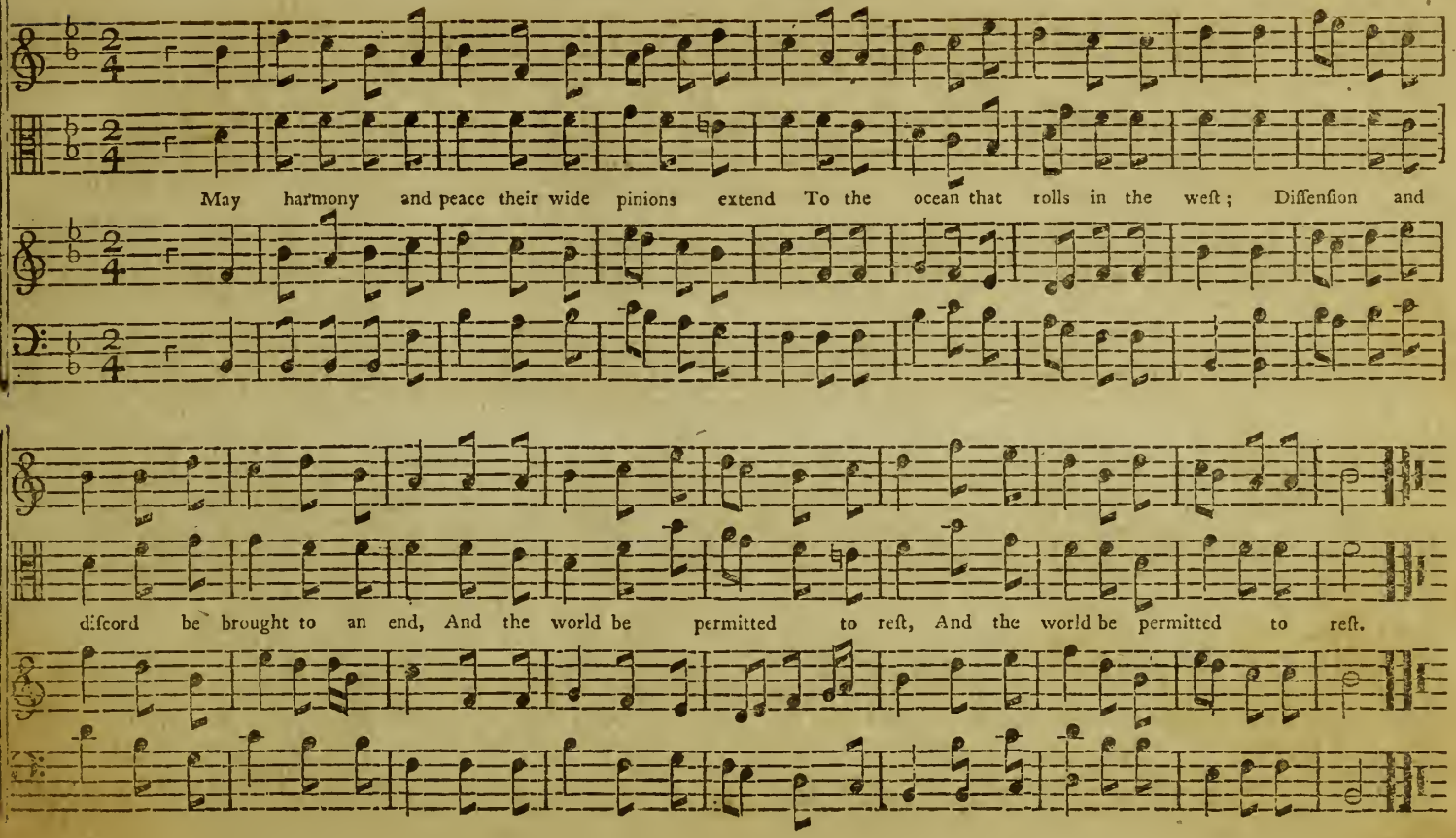
Zion. L. M.


Great God, attend, while Zion ſings The joy that from thy preſence ſprings; To
ſpend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thouſand days of mirth.

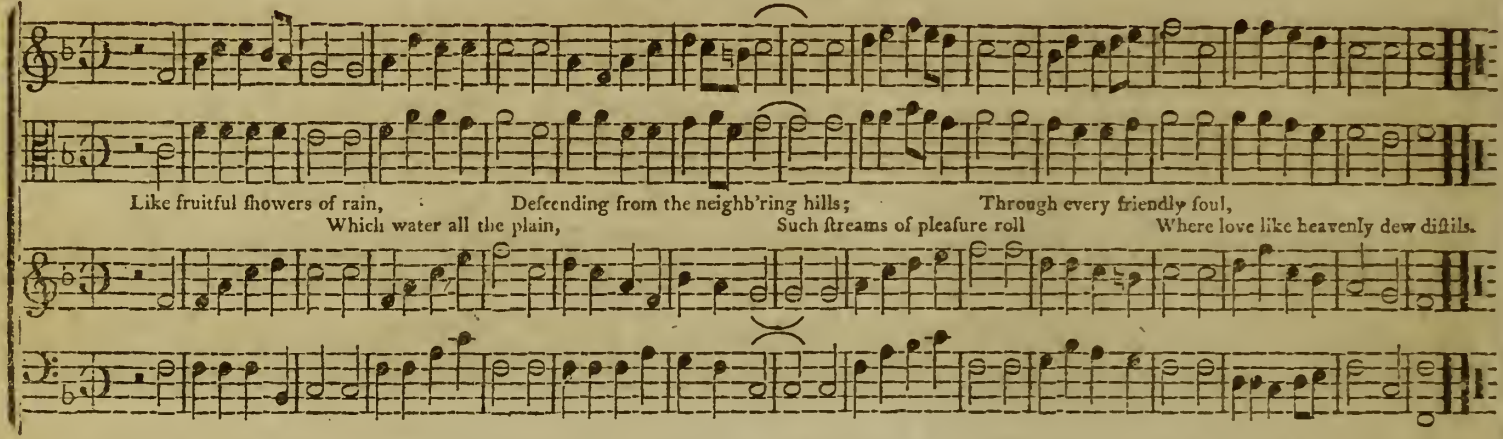

Jeſus, lover of my ſoul, Let me to thy boſom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempeſt ſtill is nigh.


Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the ſtorm of life is paſt; Safe into the haven guide; O receive my ſoul at laſt.

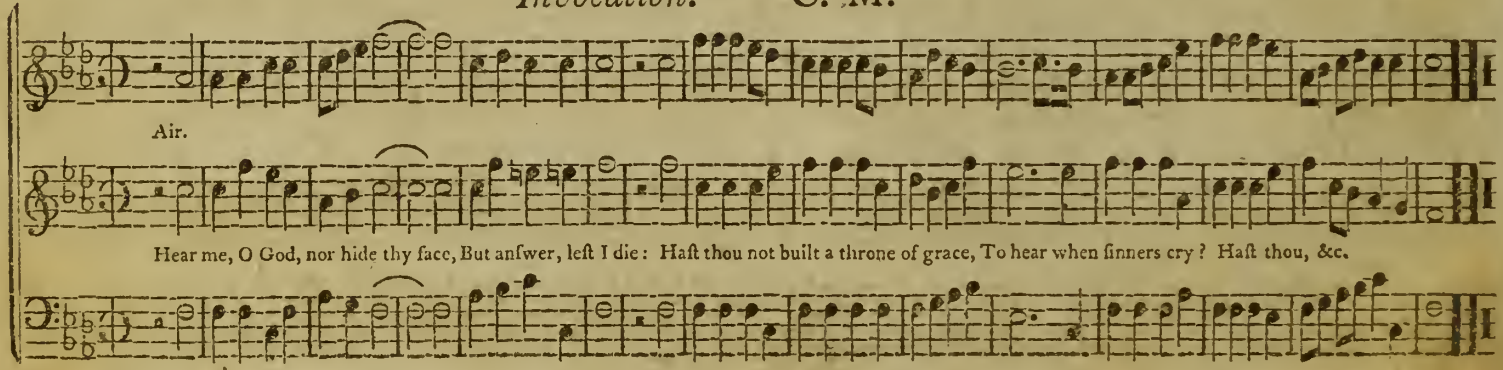

From the third heaven, &c.
Lo, what a glorious ſight appears To our believing eyes! The earth and ſeas are paſs'd away, And the old rolling ſkies.
From
From the third heaven, where God reſides, That
the third heaven, where God reſides, That holy, happy place, The New Jeruſalem comes down, Adorn'd with ſhining grace.
holy, happy place,

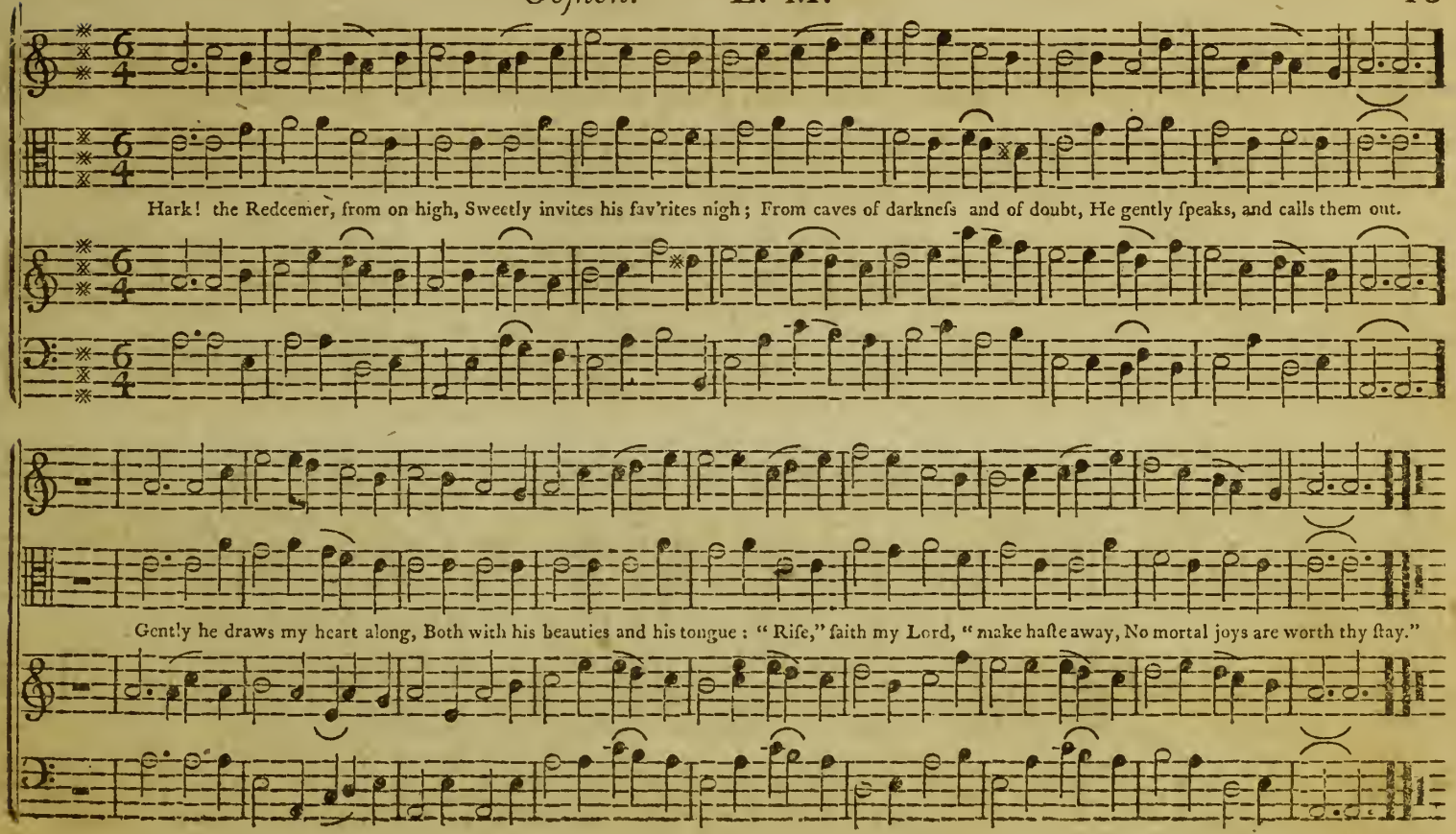

f
May harmony and peace their wide pinions extend To the ocean that rolls in the weſt; Diſſenſion and
diſcord be brought to an end, And the world be permitted to reſt, And the world be permitted to reſt.

Hermon. P. M.

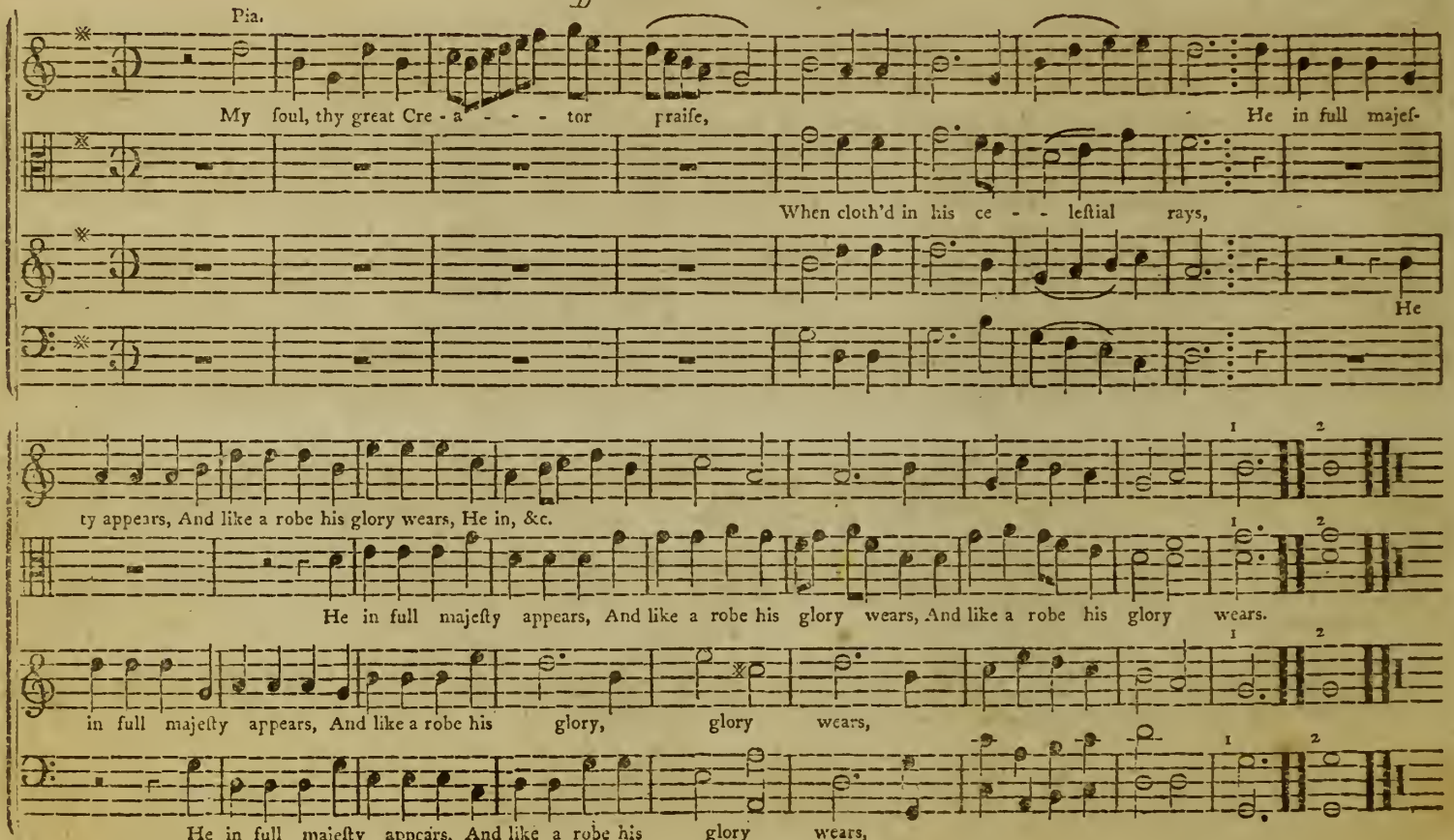


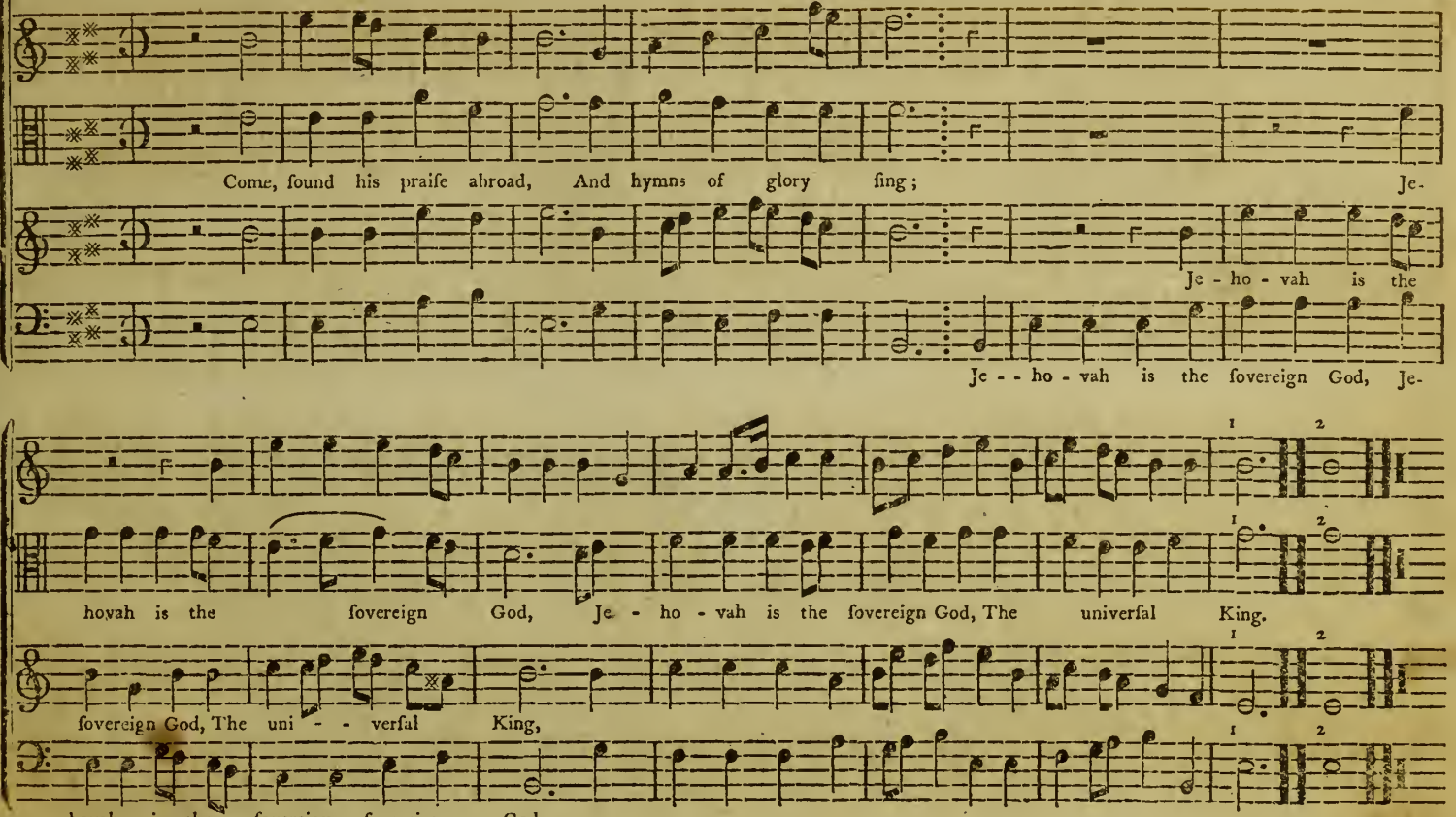
Invocation. C. M.



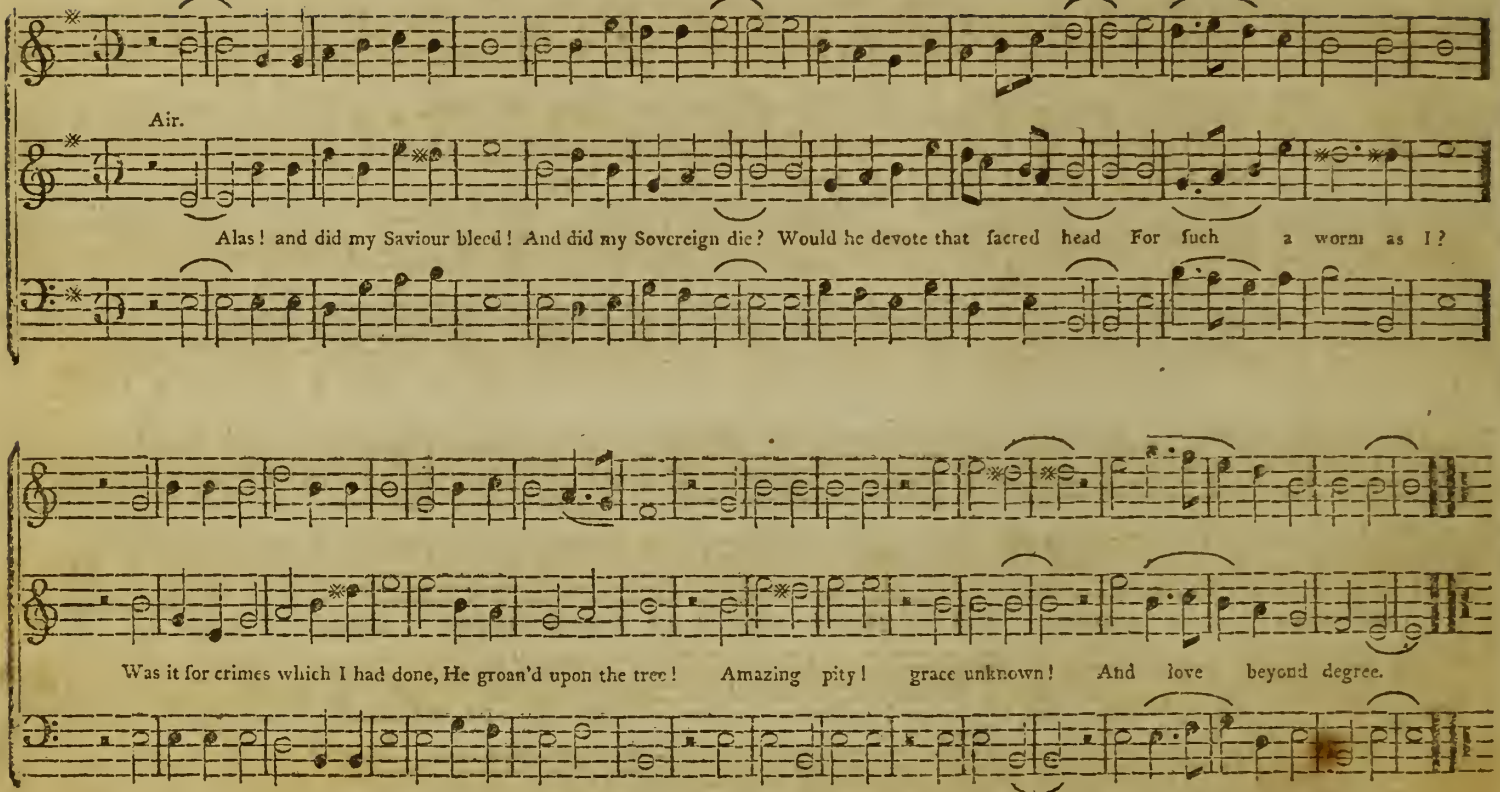

Hark! the Redeemer, from on high, Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh; From caves of darkneſs and of doubt, He gently ſpeaks, and calls them out.
Gently he draws my heart along, Both with his beauties and his tongue: "Riſe," ſaith my Lord, "make haſte away, No mortal joys are worth thy ſtay."

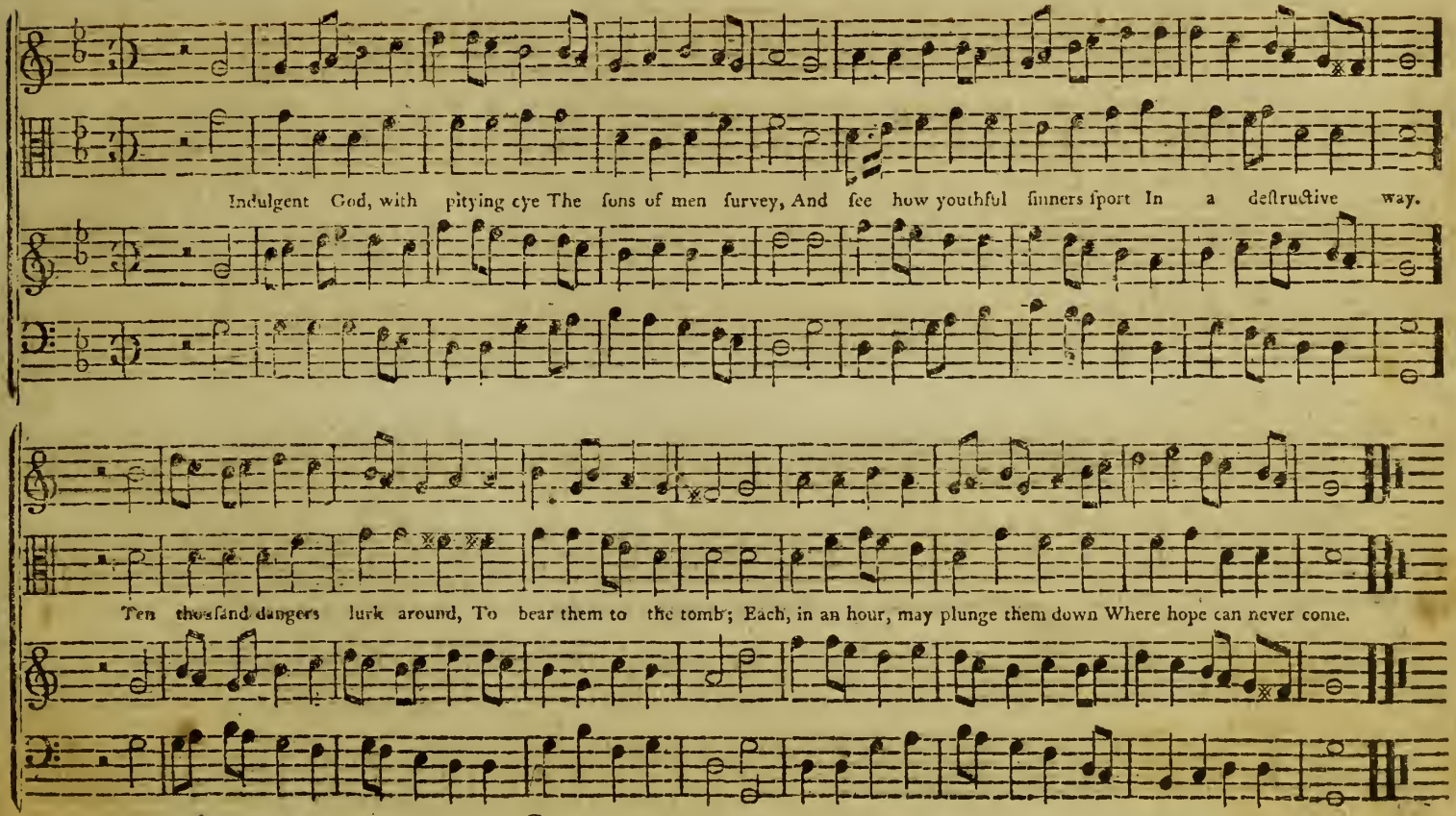
Eſſex. L. M.

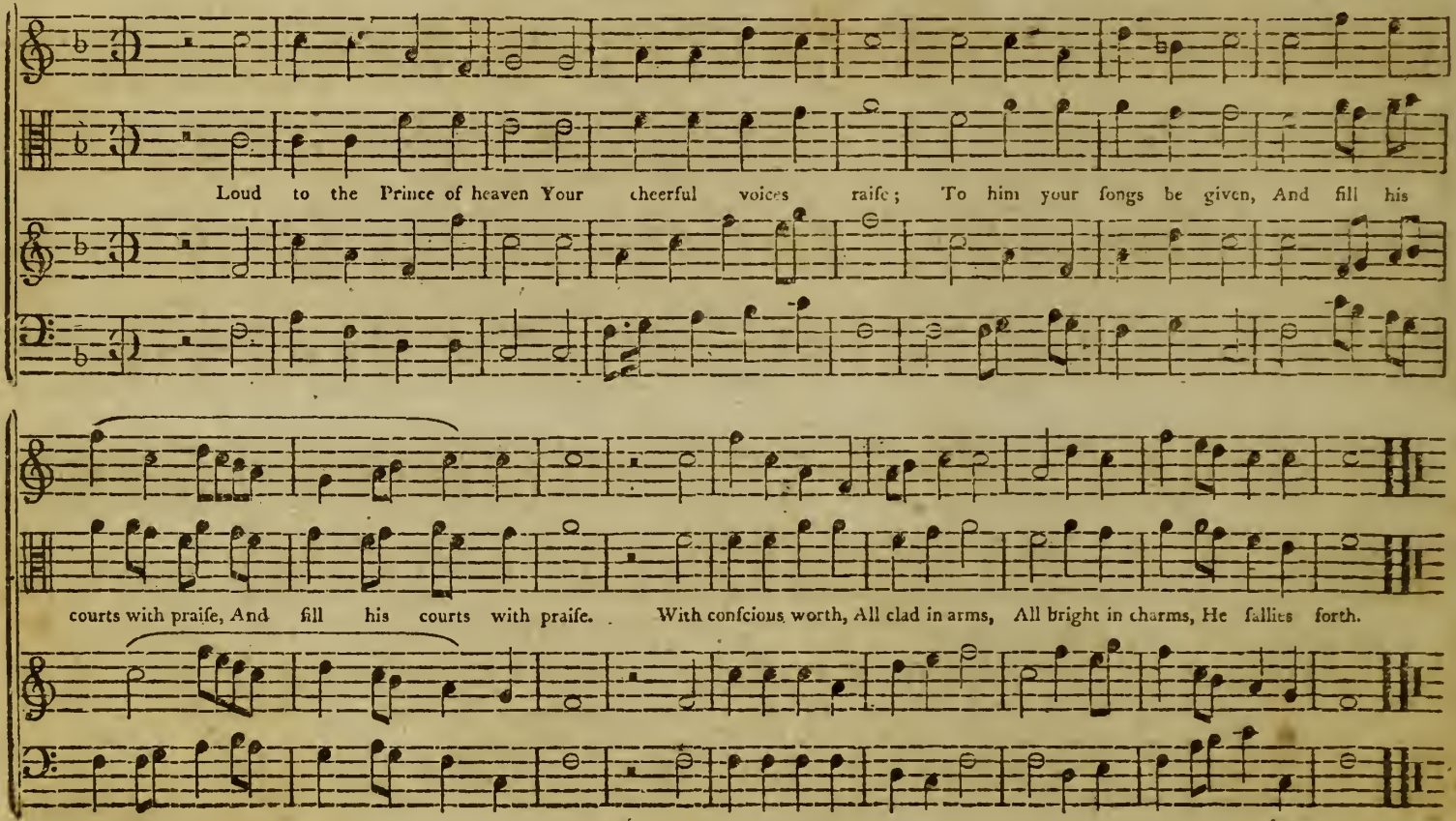

Pia.
My ſoul, thy great Cre - a - - - - tor praiſe,
He in full majeſ-
When cloth'd in his ce - - leſtial rays,
He
ty appears, And like a robe his glory wears, He in, &c.
He in full majeſty appears, And like a robe his glory wears, And like a robe his glory wears.
in full majeſty appears, And like a robe his glory, glory wears,
He in full majeſty appears, And like a robe his glory wears,

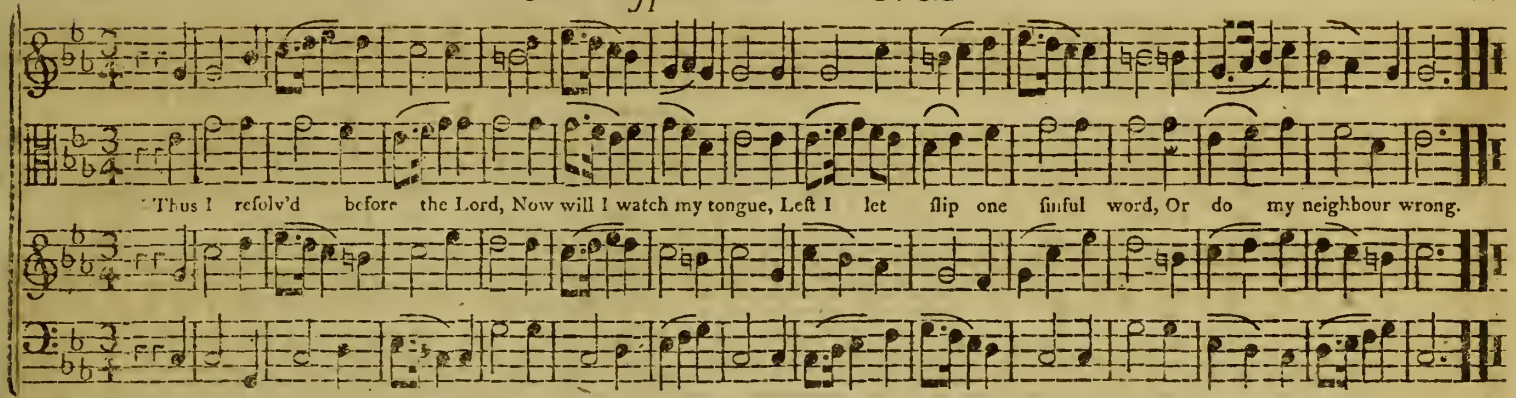

Come, found his praiſe abroad, And hymns of glory ſing; Je-
Je - ho - vah is the
Je - - ho - vah is the ſovereign God, Je-
hovah is the ſovereign God, Je - ho - vah is the ſovereign God, The univerſal King.
ſovereign God, The uni - - verſal King,
hovah is the ſovereign, ſovereign God,

Crucifixion. C. M.

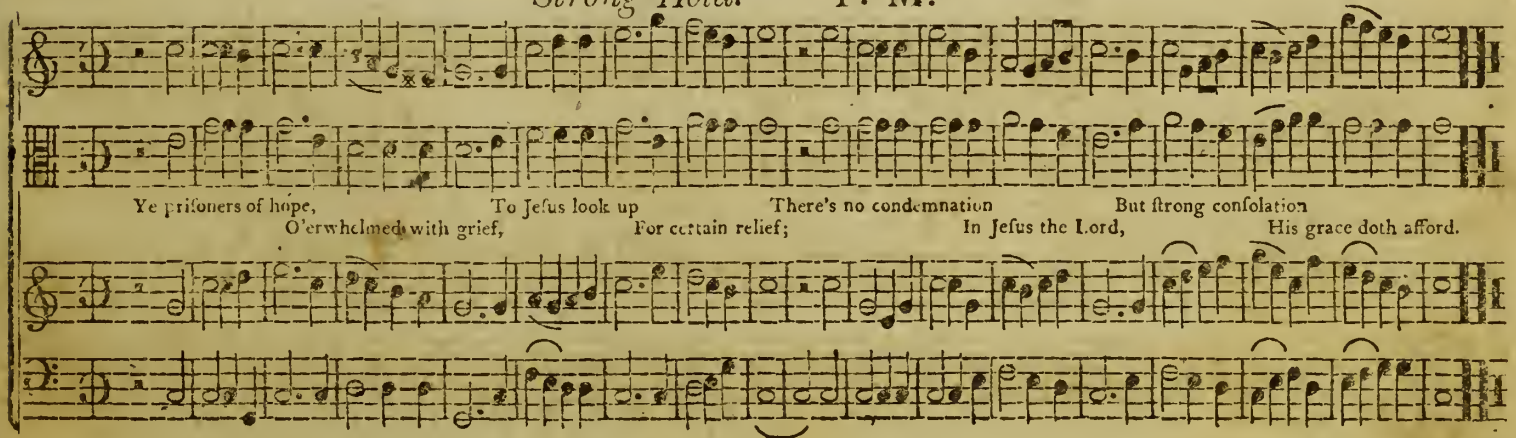



Indulgent God, with pitying eye The sons of men survey, And see how youthful sinners sport In a destructive way.
Ten thousand dangers lurk around, To bear them to the tomb; Each, in an hour, may plunge them down Where hope can never come.

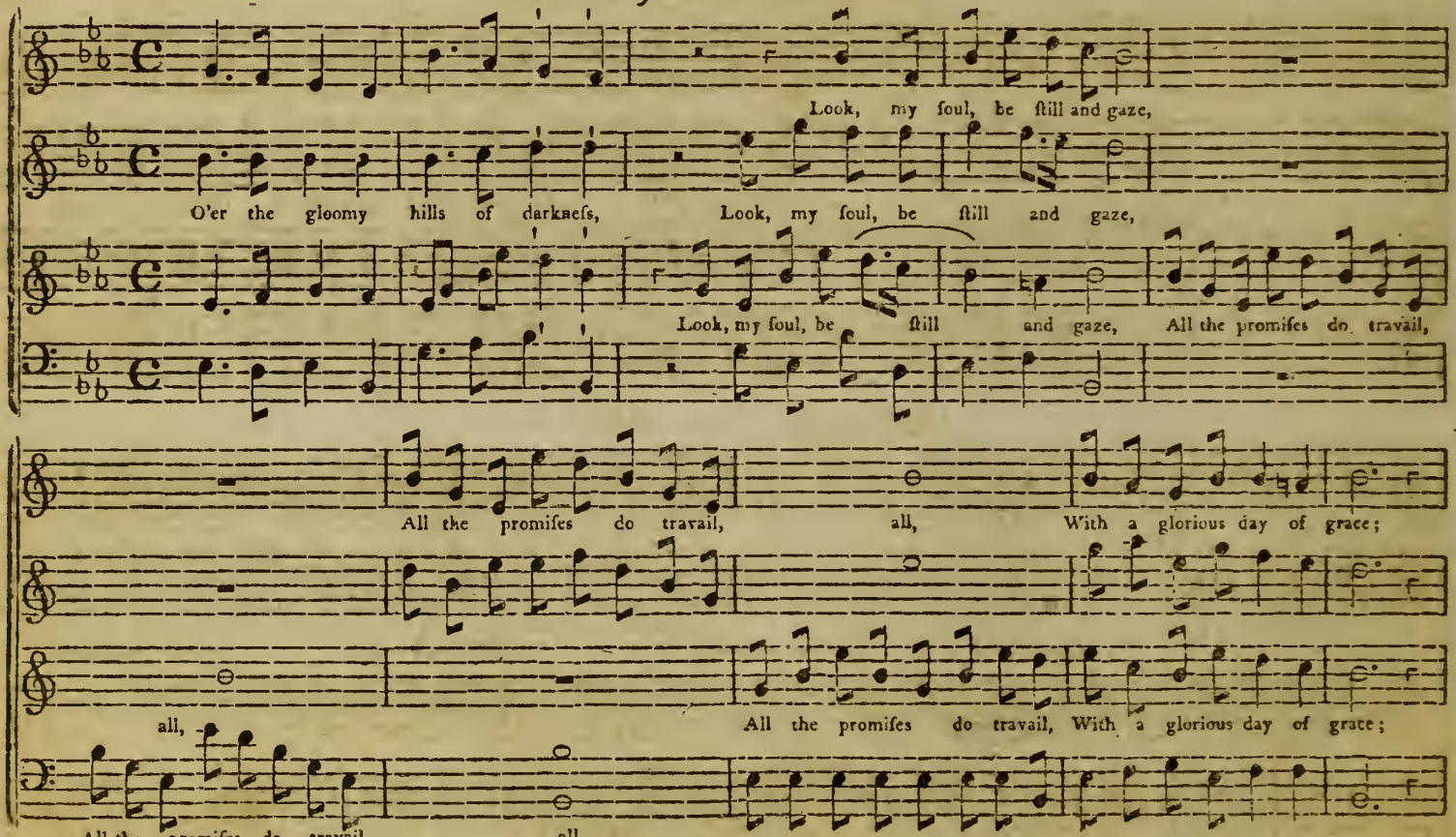

Loud to the Prince of heaven Your cheerful voices raiſe; To him your ſongs be given, And fill his
courts with praiſe, And fill his courts with praiſe. With conſcious worth, All clad in arms, All bright in charms, He ſallies forth.

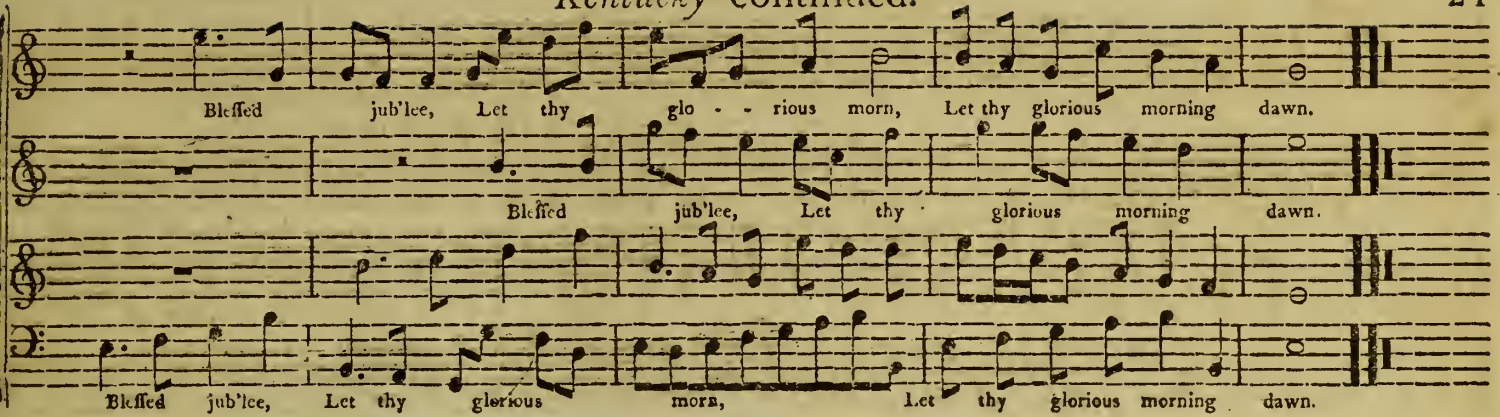


Strong Hold. P. M.



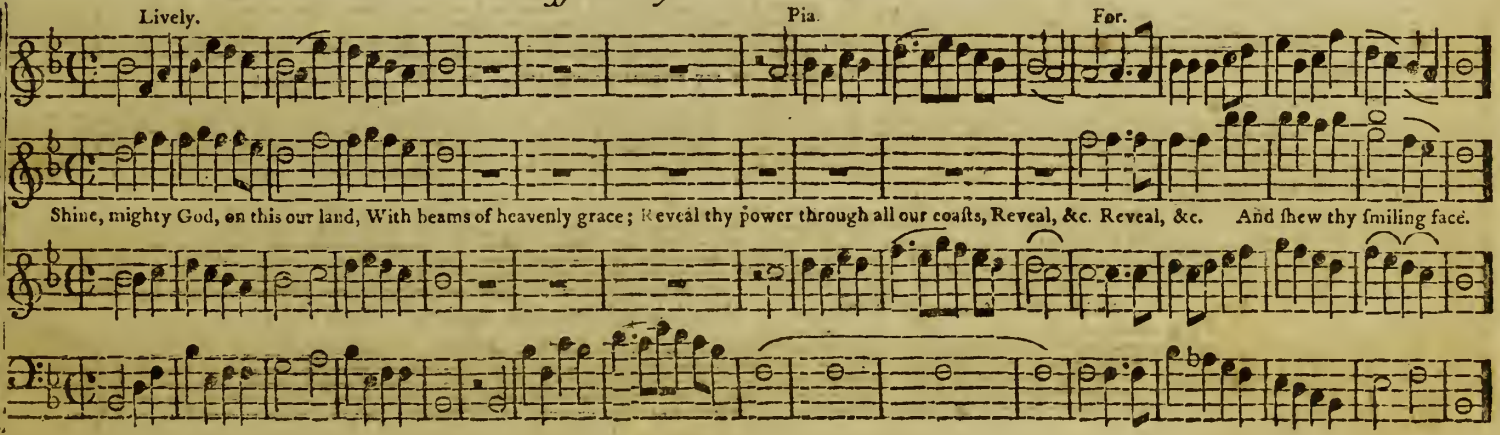
Kentucky. P. M.


Look, my ſoul, be ſtill and gaze,
O'er the gloomy hills of darkneſs, Look, my ſoul, be ſtill and gaze,
Look, my ſoul, be ſtill and gaze, All the promiſes do travail,
All the promiſes do travail, all, With a glorious day of grace;
all, All the promiſes do travail, With a glorious day of grace;
All the promiſes do travail, all,

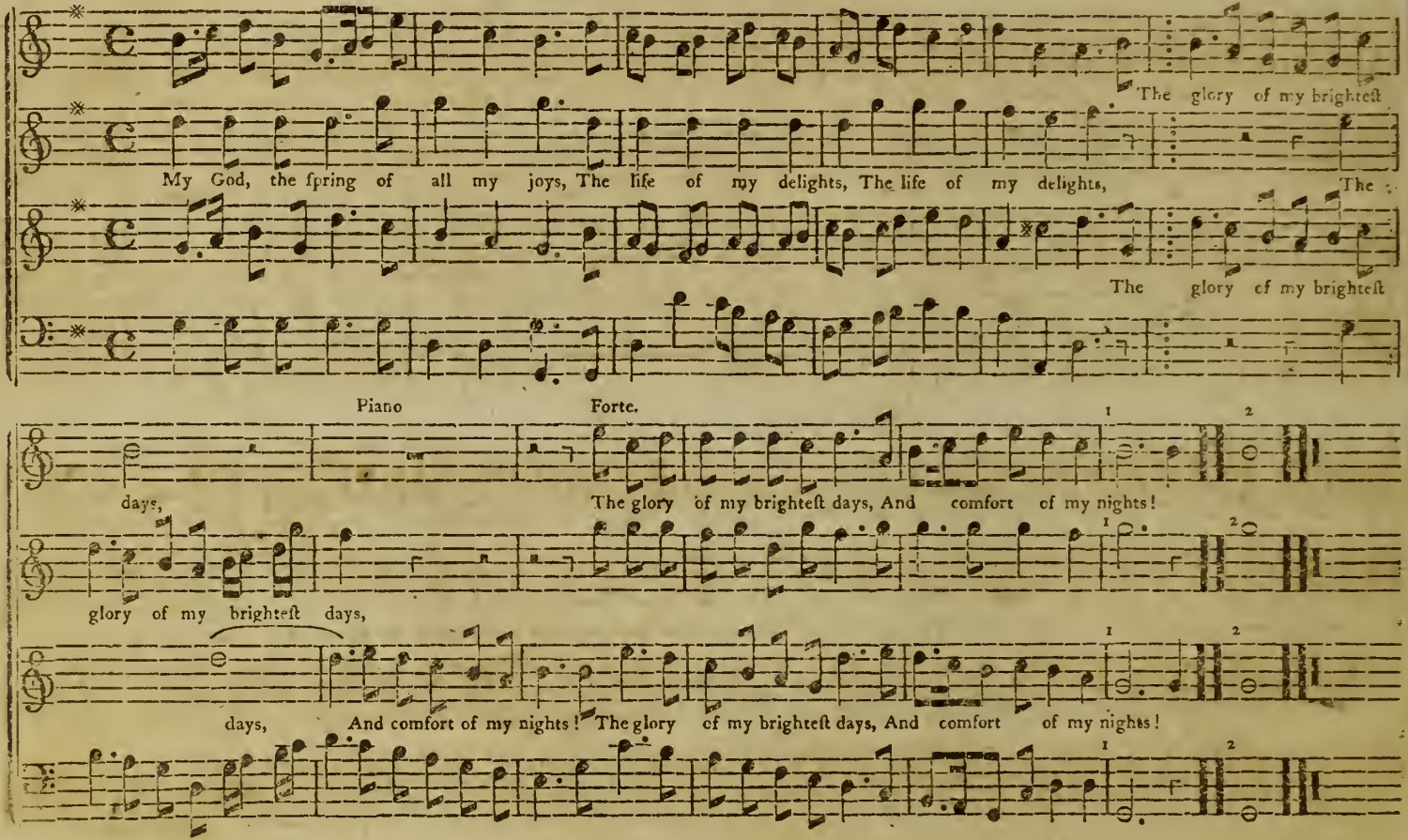


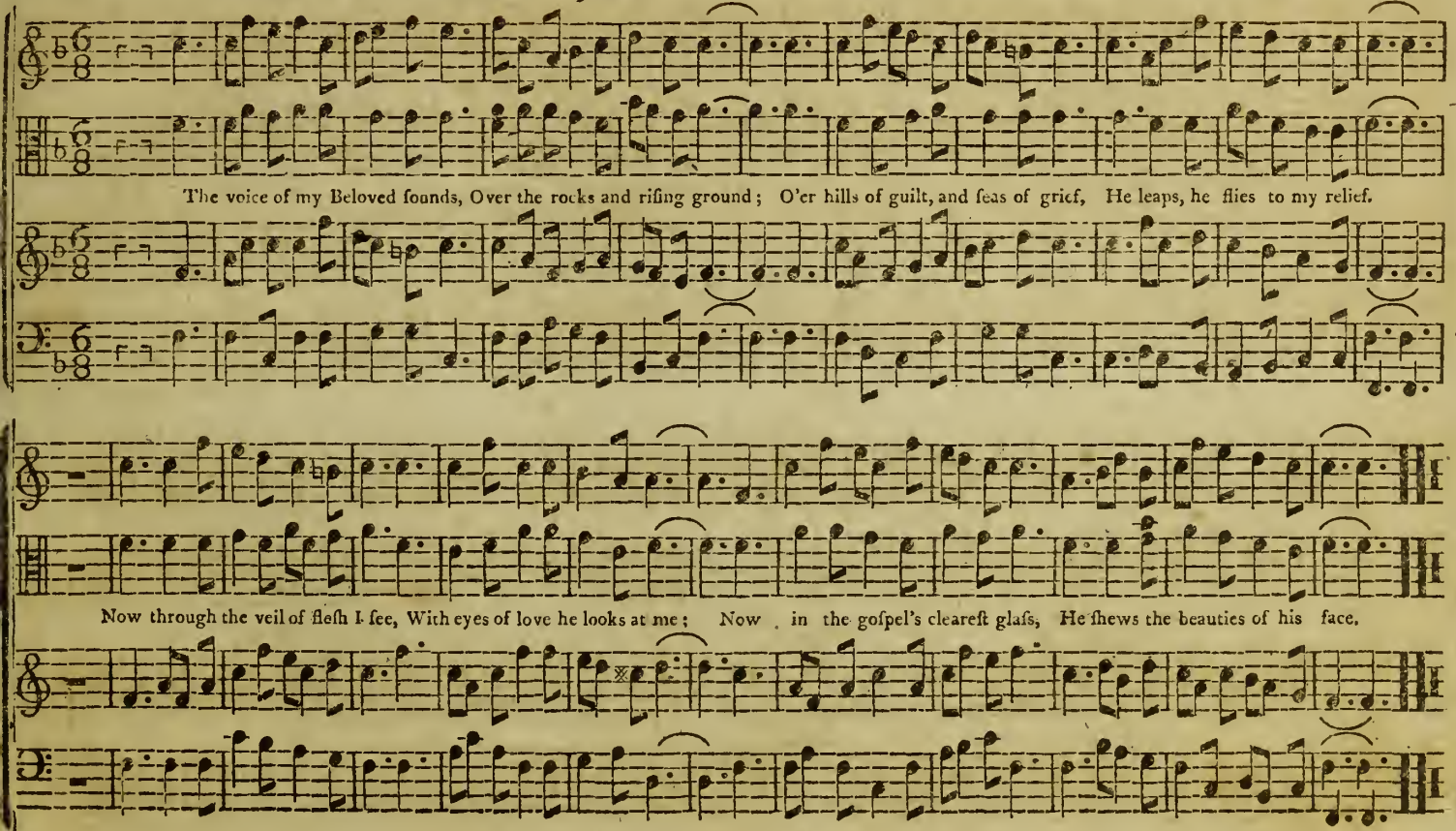
Miſſionary. C. M.

RIPPON'S SEL.

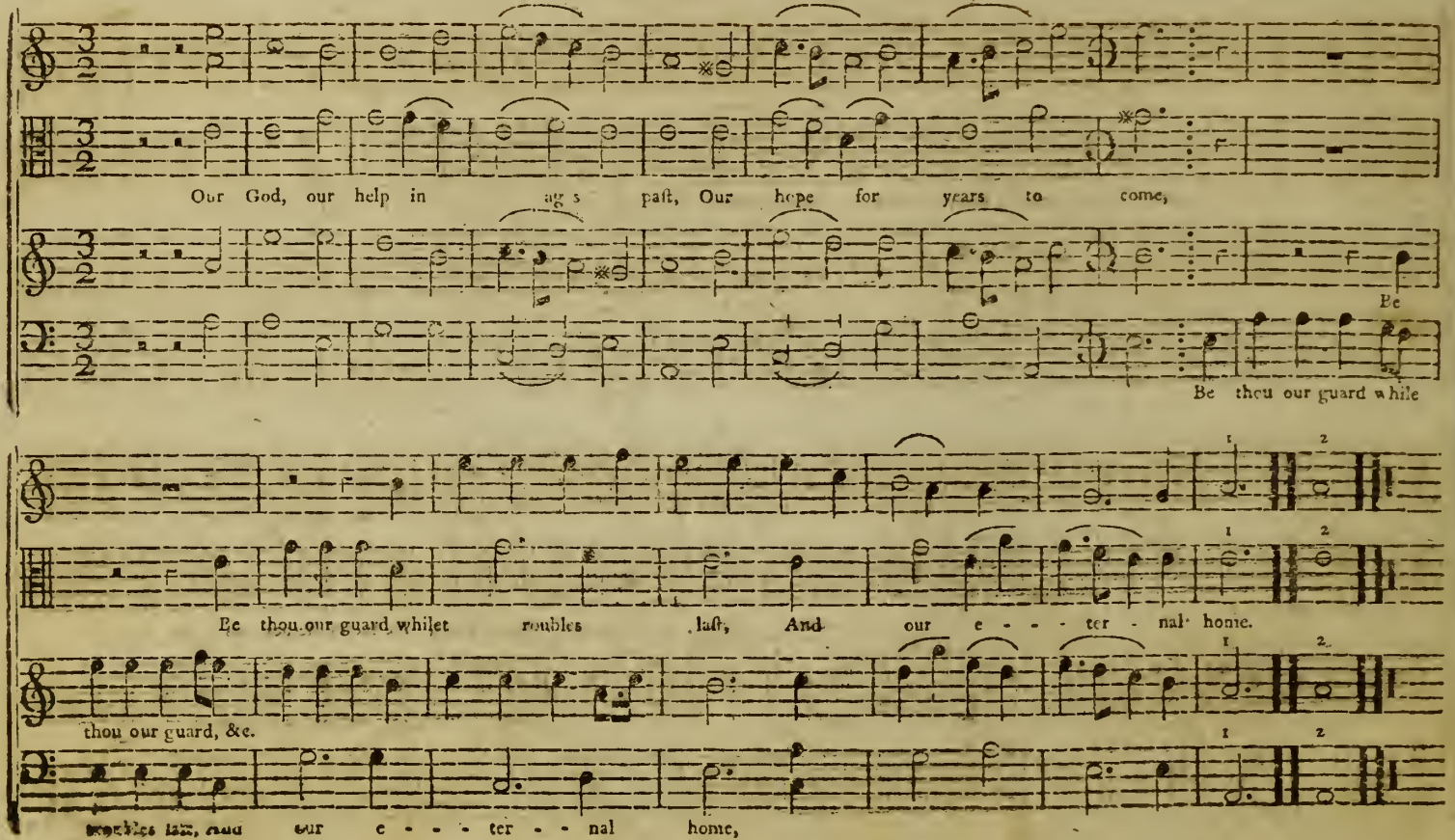


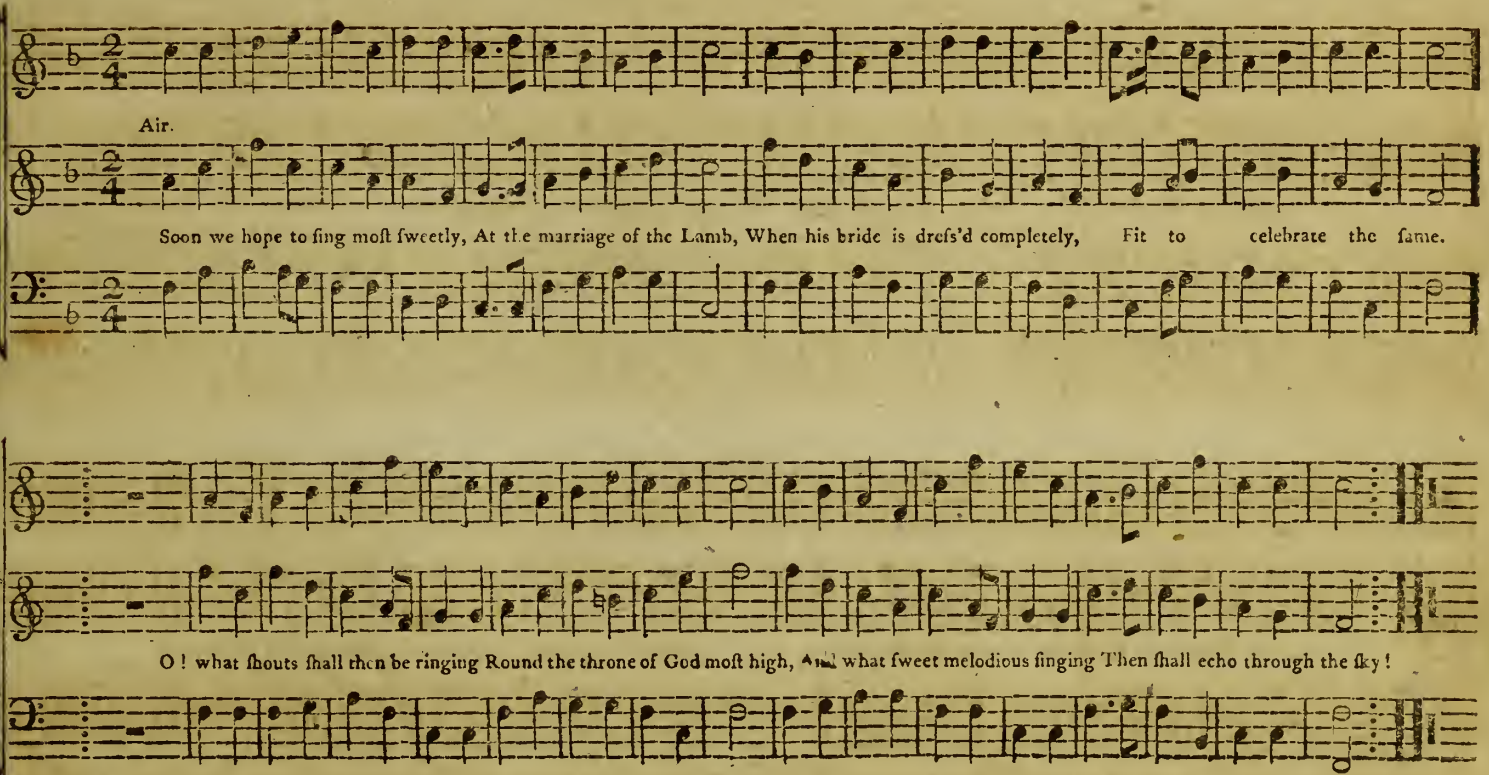
Stillman. C. M.

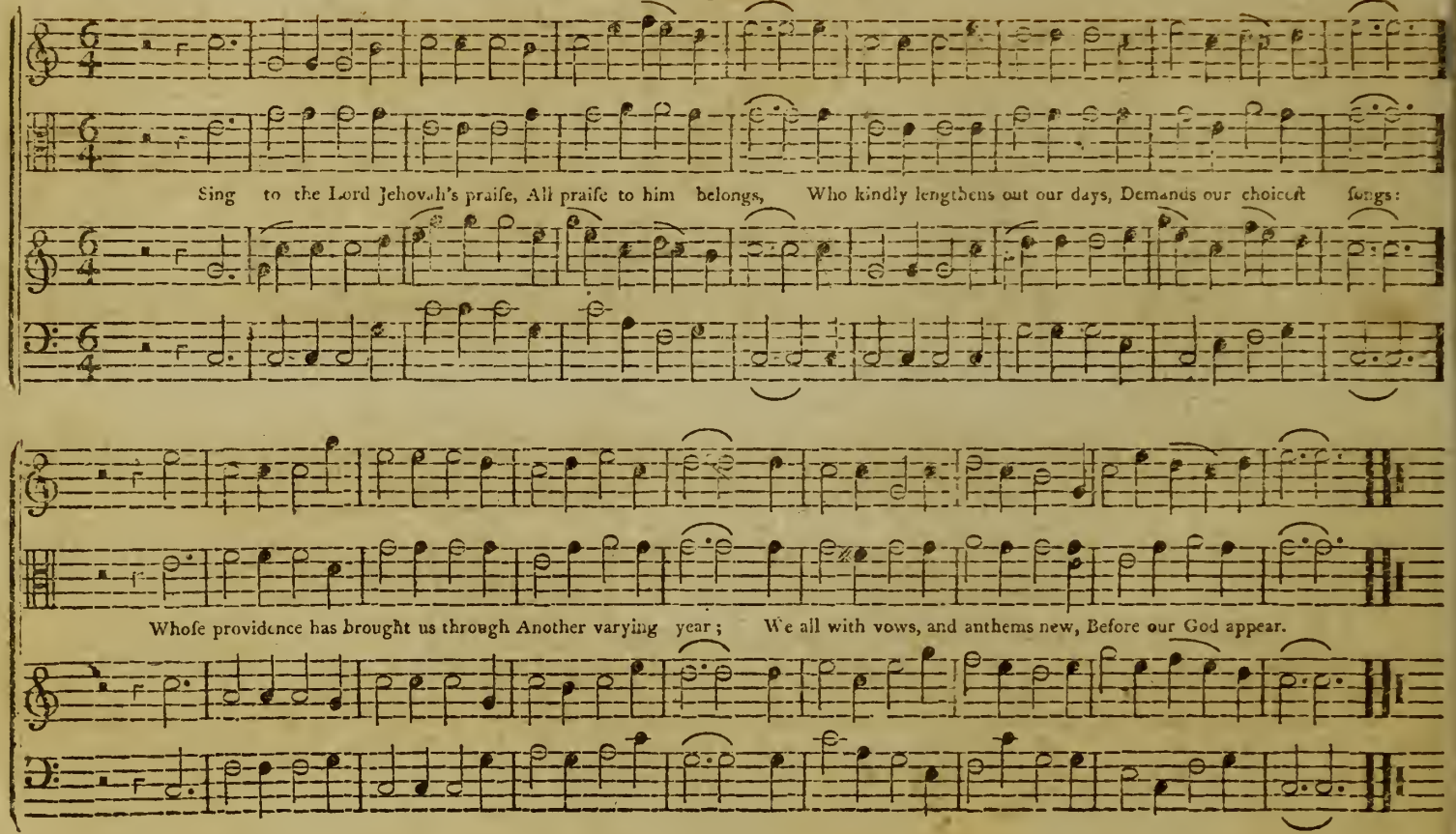

The glory of my brighteſt
My God, the ſpring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The life of my delights, The
The glory of my brighteſt
Piano Forte.
days, The glory of my brighteſt days, And comfort of my nights!
glory of my brighteſt days,
days, And comfort of my nights! The glory of my brighteſt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

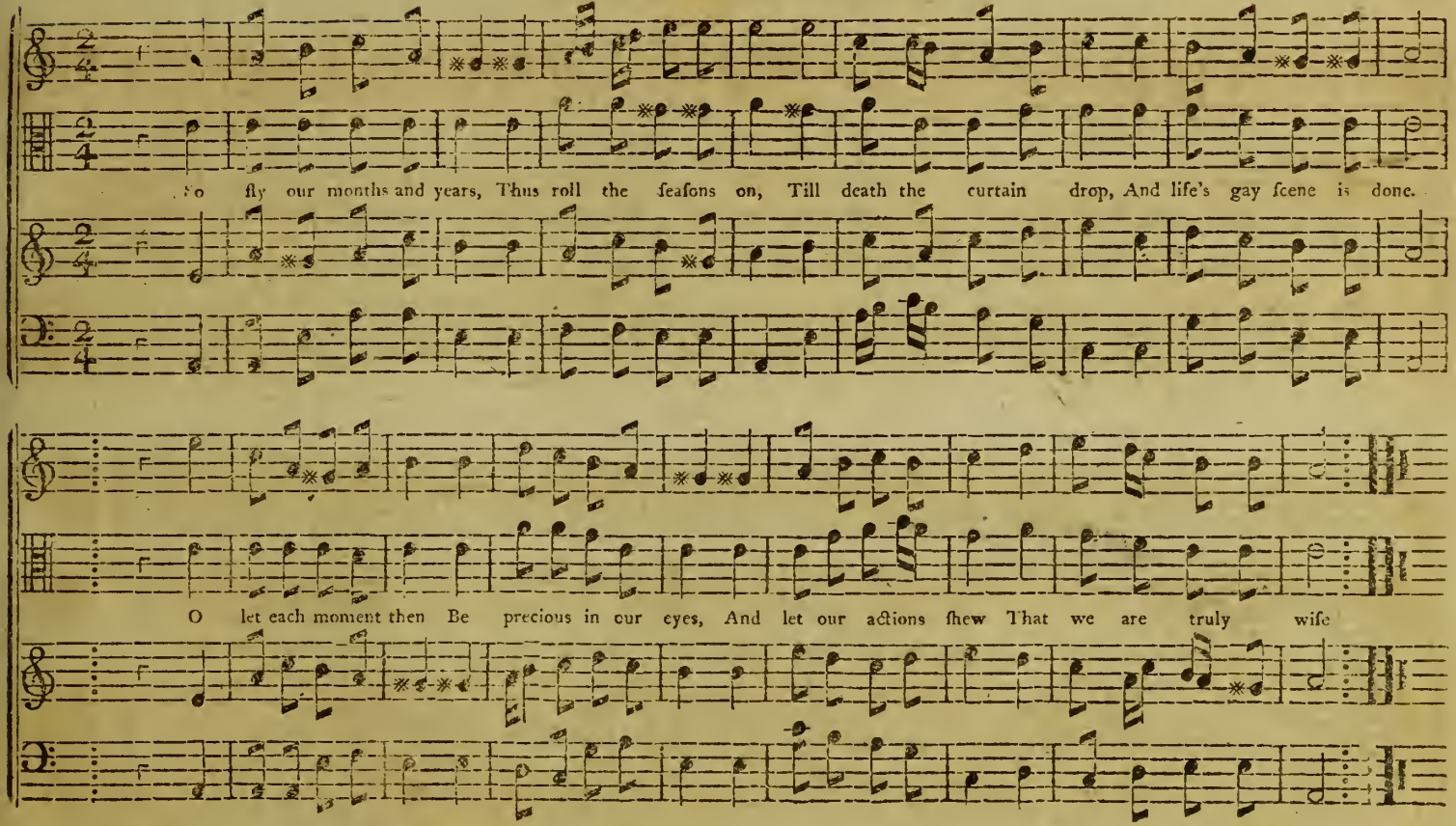

The voice of my Beloved founds, Over the rocks and rifing ground; O'er hills of guilt, and feas of grief, He leaps, he flies to my relief.
Now through the veil of flefh I fee, With eyes of love he looks at me; Now in the gofpel's cleareft glafs, He fhews the beauties of his face.

Protection. C. M.

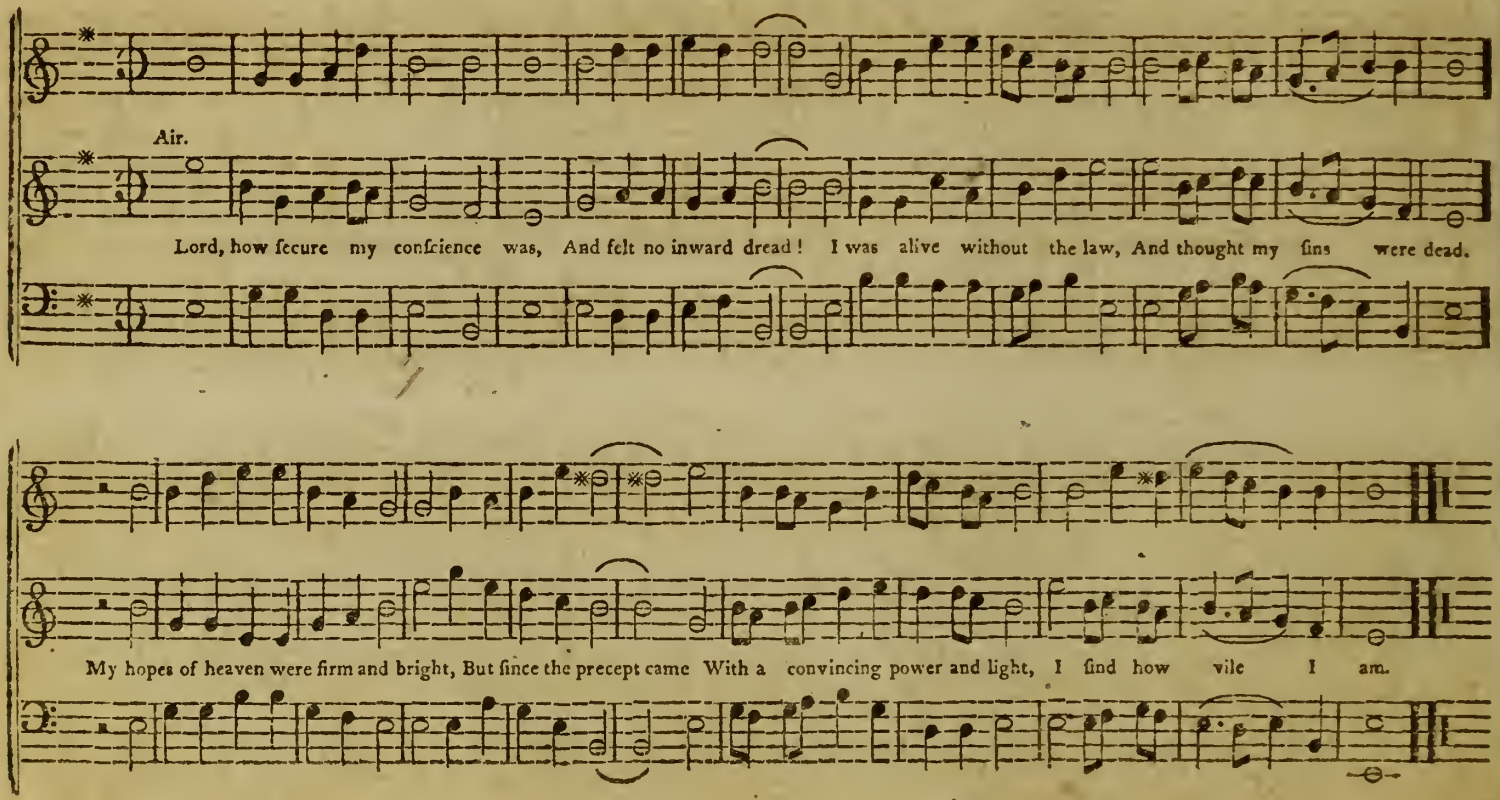


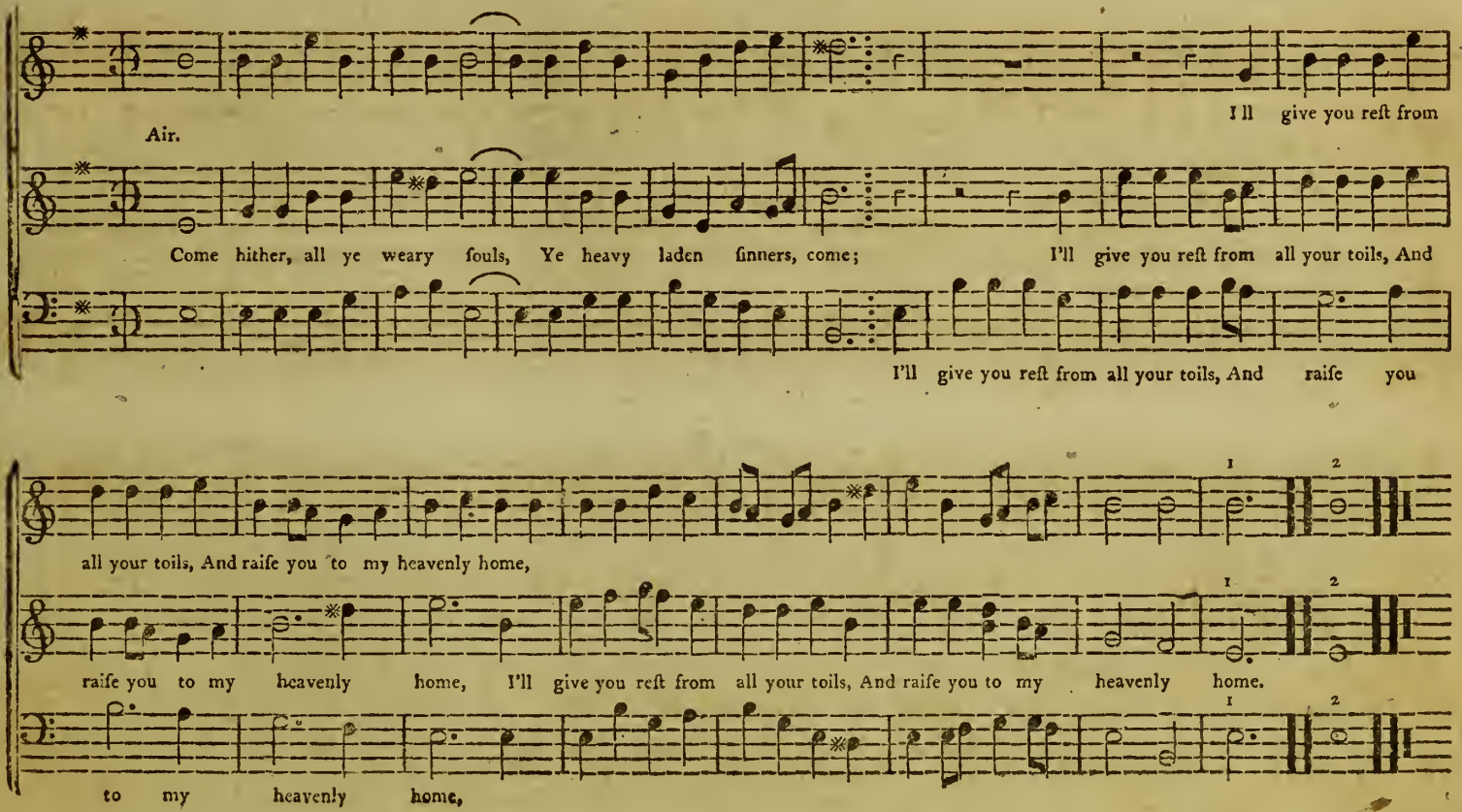

Air.
Soon we hope to ſing moſt ſweetly, At the marriage of the Lamb, When his bride is dreſs'd completely, Fit to celebrate the ſame.
O! what ſhouts ſhall then be ringing Round the throne of God moſt high, And what ſweet melodious ſinging Then ſhall echo through the ſky!


Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praiſe, All praiſe to him belongs, Who kindly lengthens out our days, Demands our choiceſt ſongs:
Whoſe providence has brought us through Another varying year; We all with vows, and anthems new, Before our God appear.

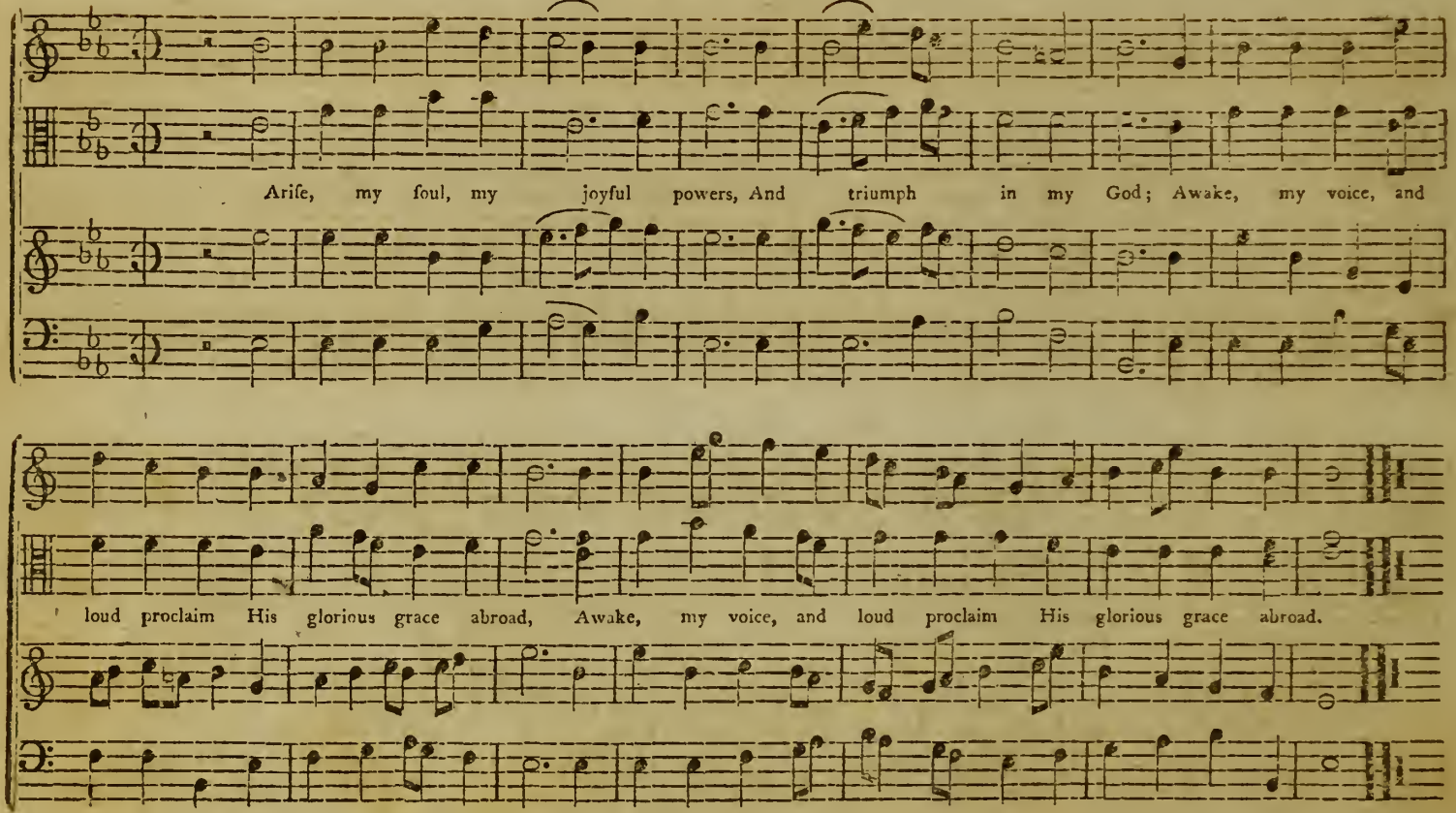

So fly our months and years, Thus roll the ſeaſons on, Till death the curtain drop, And life's gay ſcene is done.
O let each moment then Be precious in our eyes, And let our actions ſhew That we are truly wiſe

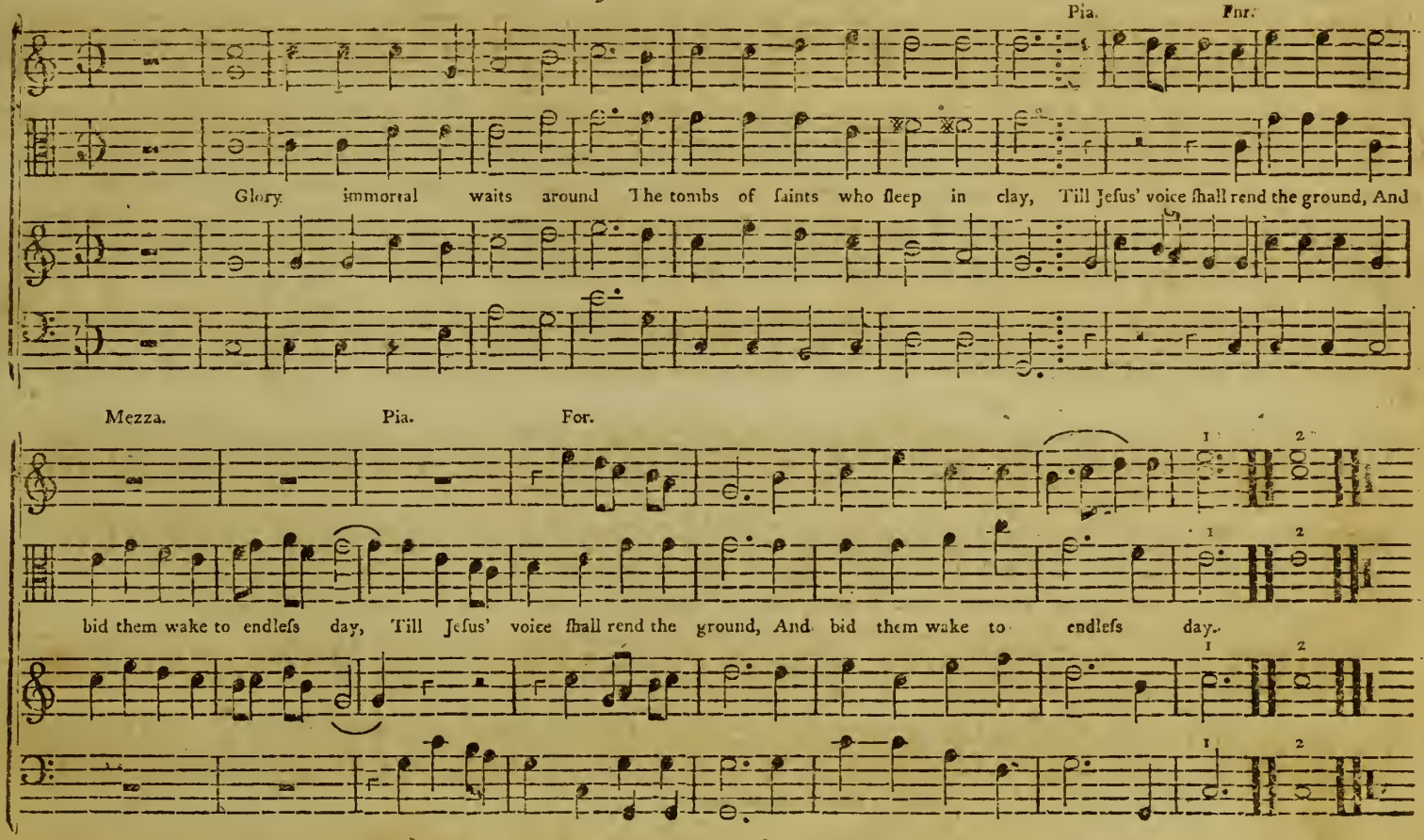
Conviction. C. M.

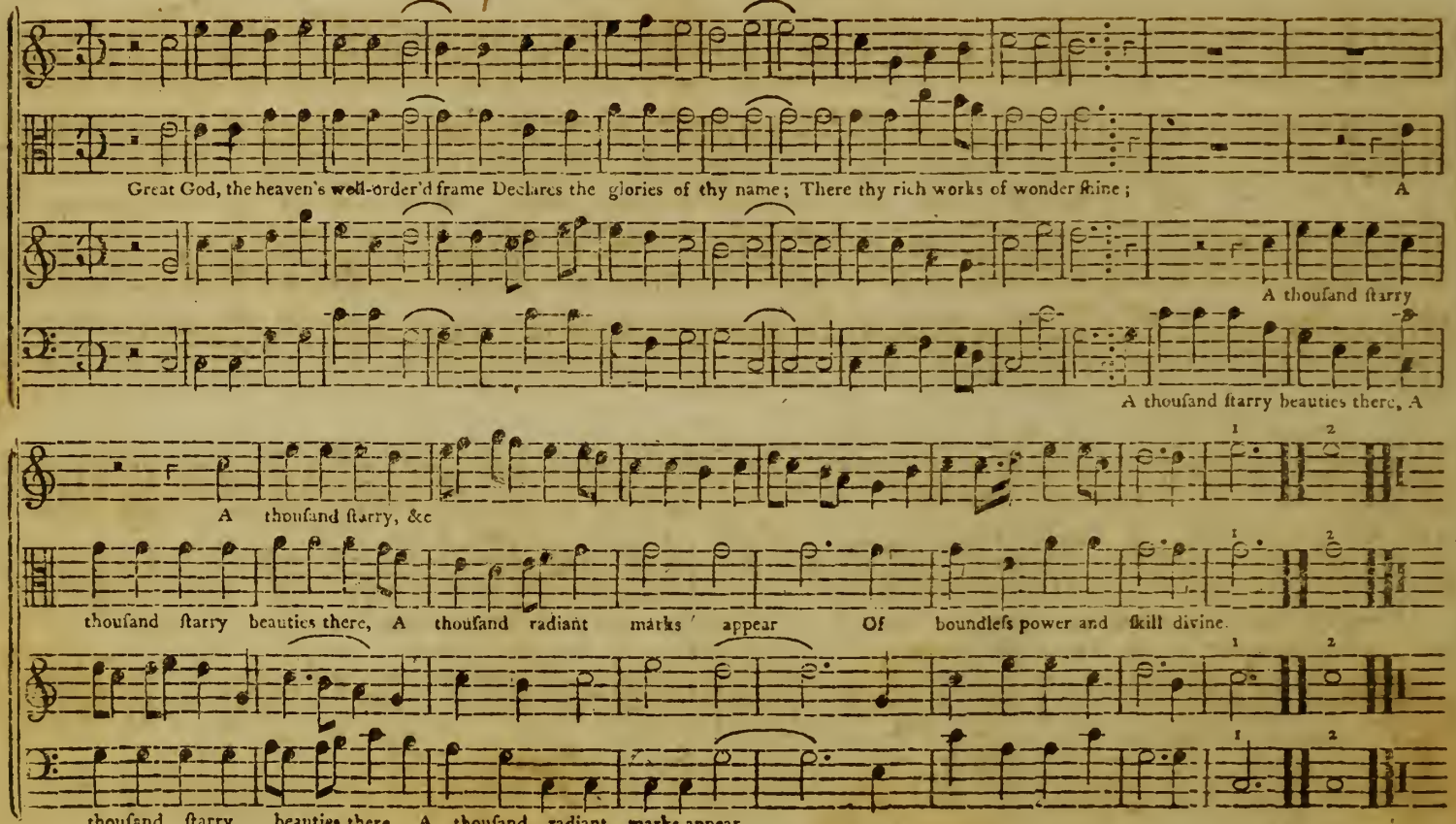


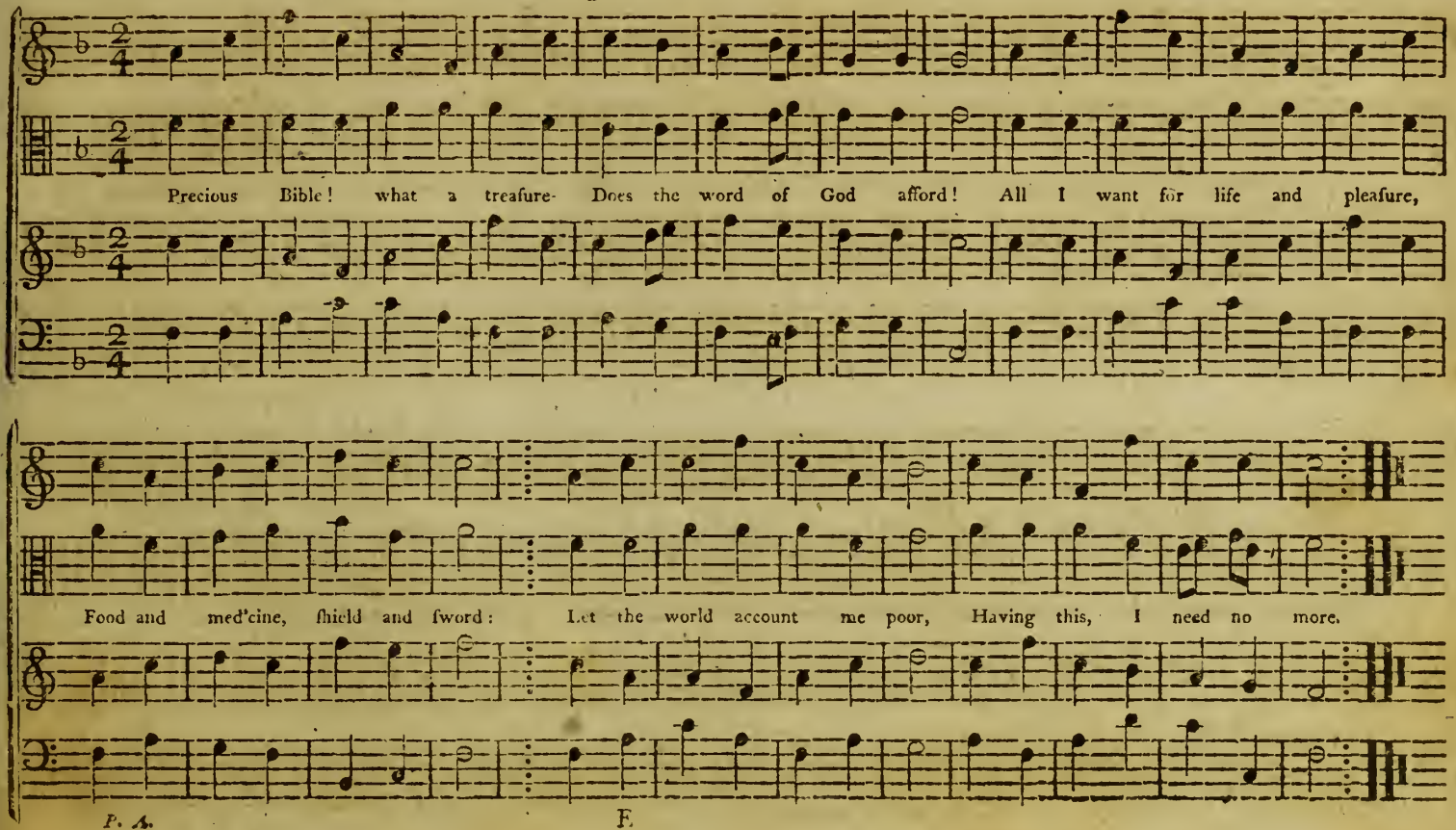

I ll give you reſt from
Air.
Come hither, all ye weary ſouls, Ye heavy laden ſinners, come; I'll give you reſt from all your toils, And
I'll give you reſt from all your toils, And raiſe you
all your toils, And raiſe you to my heavenly home,
raiſe you to my heavenly home, I'll give you reſt from all your toils, And raiſe you to my heavenly home.
to my heavenly home,

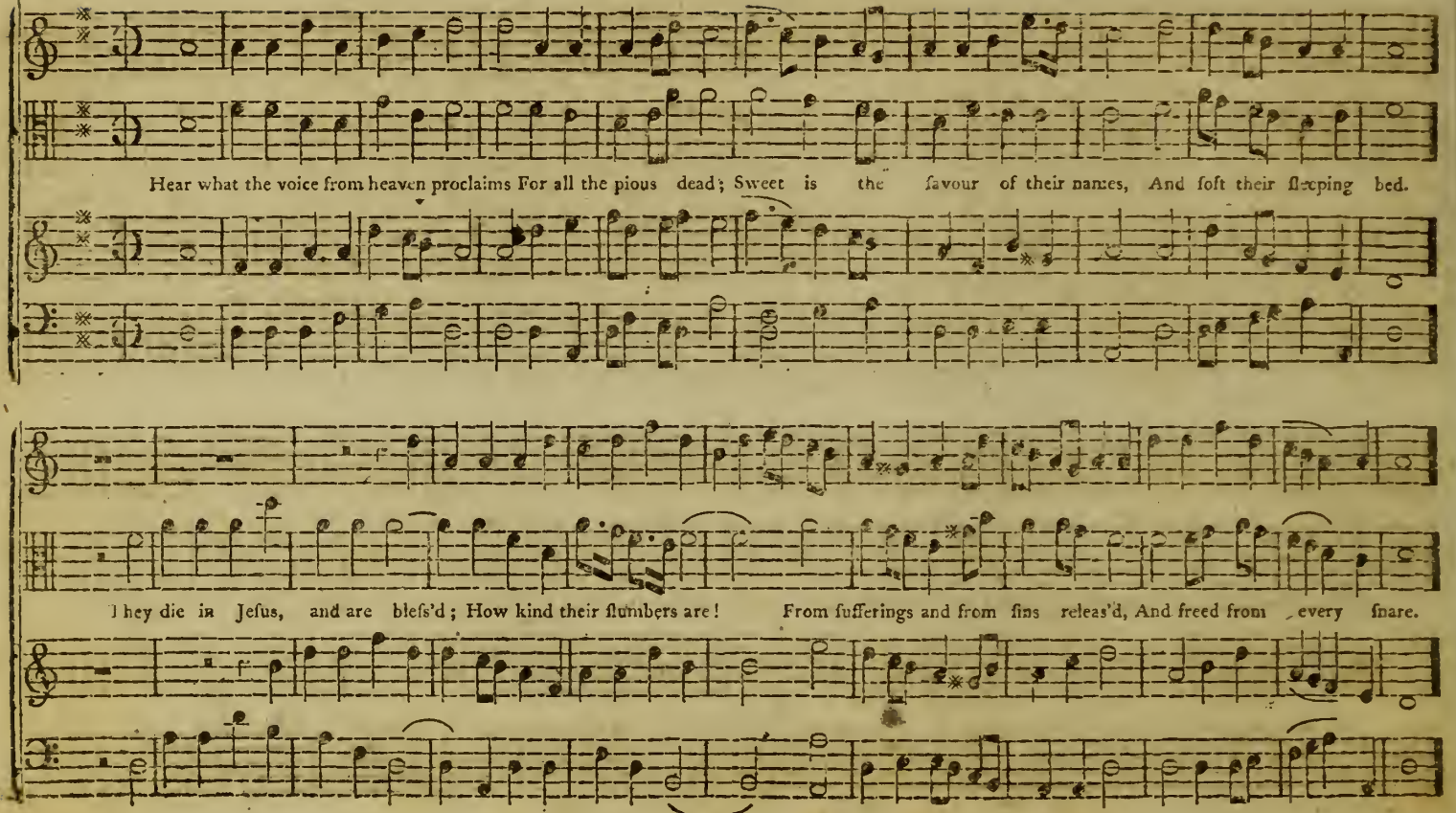
Triumph. C. M.

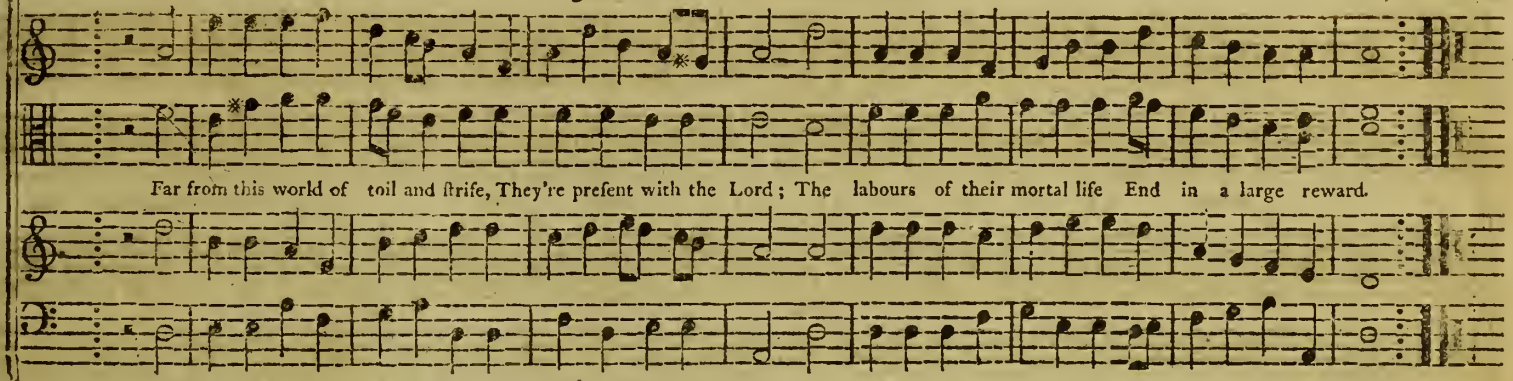

Arise, my soul, my joyful powers, And triumph in my God; Awake, my voice, and
loud proclaim His glorious grace abroad, Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim His glorious grace abroad.


Pia. For.
Glory immortal waits around The tombs of ſaints who ſleep in clay, Till Jeſus' voice ſhall rend the ground, And
Mezza. Pia. For.
bid them wake to endleſs day, Till Jeſus' voice ſhall rend the ground, And bid them wake to endleſs day.

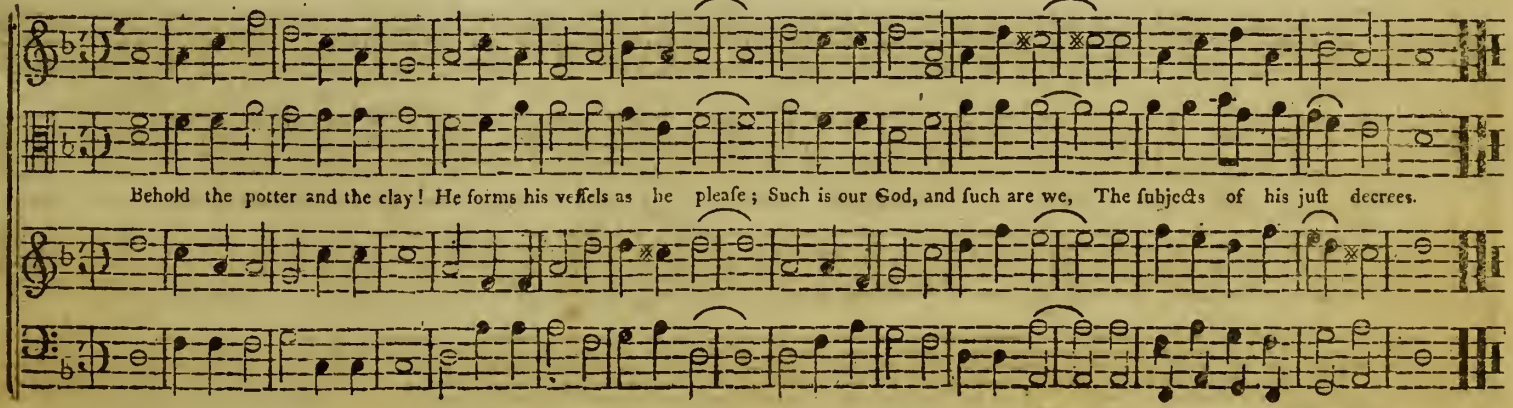

Great God, the heaven's well-order'd frame Declares the glories of thy name; There thy rich works of wonder ſhine; A
A thouſand ſtarry
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there, A
A thouſand ſtarry, &c
thouſand ſtarry beauties there, A thouſand radiant marks appear Of boundleſs power and ſkill divine.
thouſand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

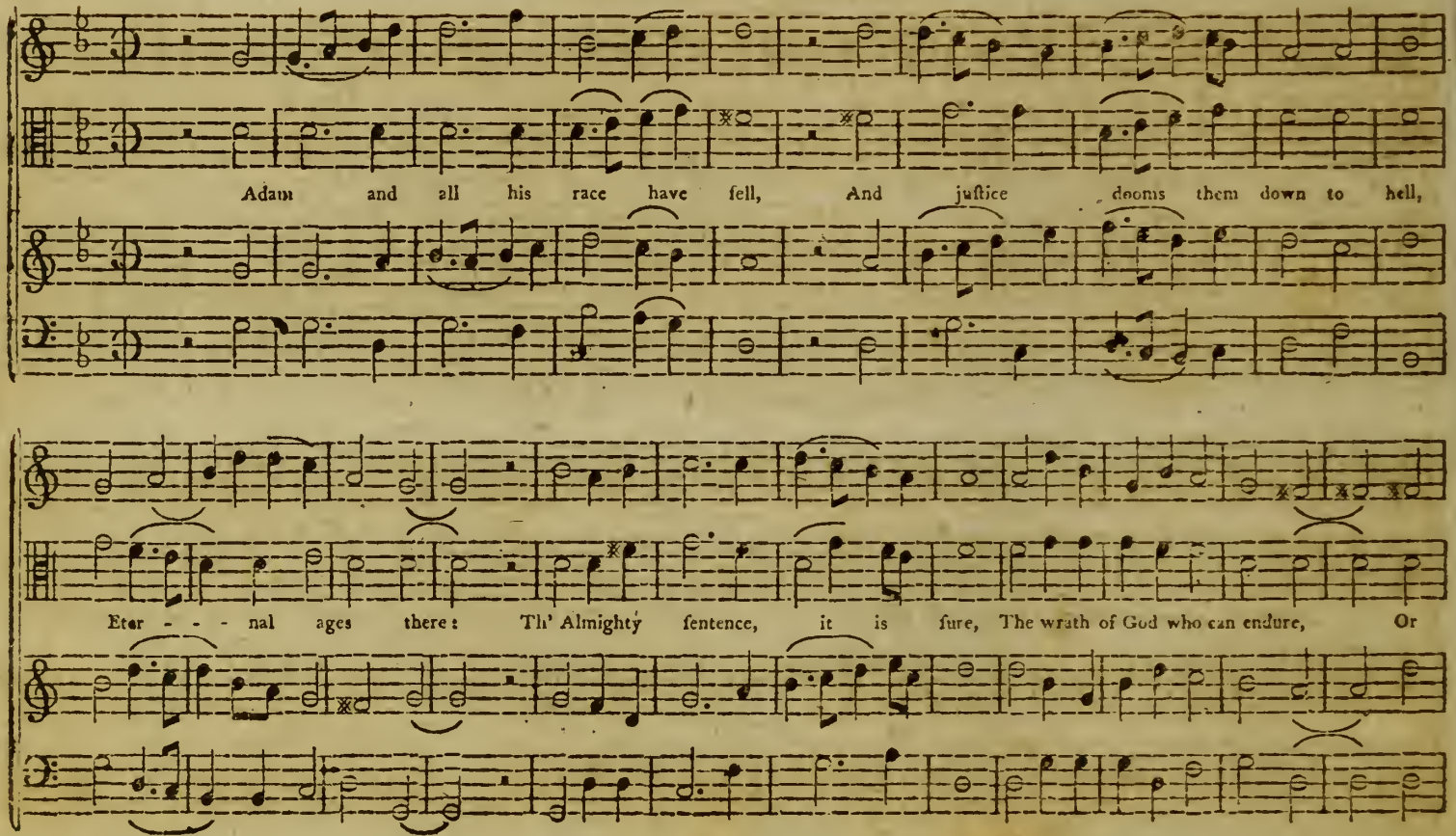

Precious Bible! what a treasure- Does the word of God afford! All I want for life and pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword: Let the world account me poor, Having this, I need no more.

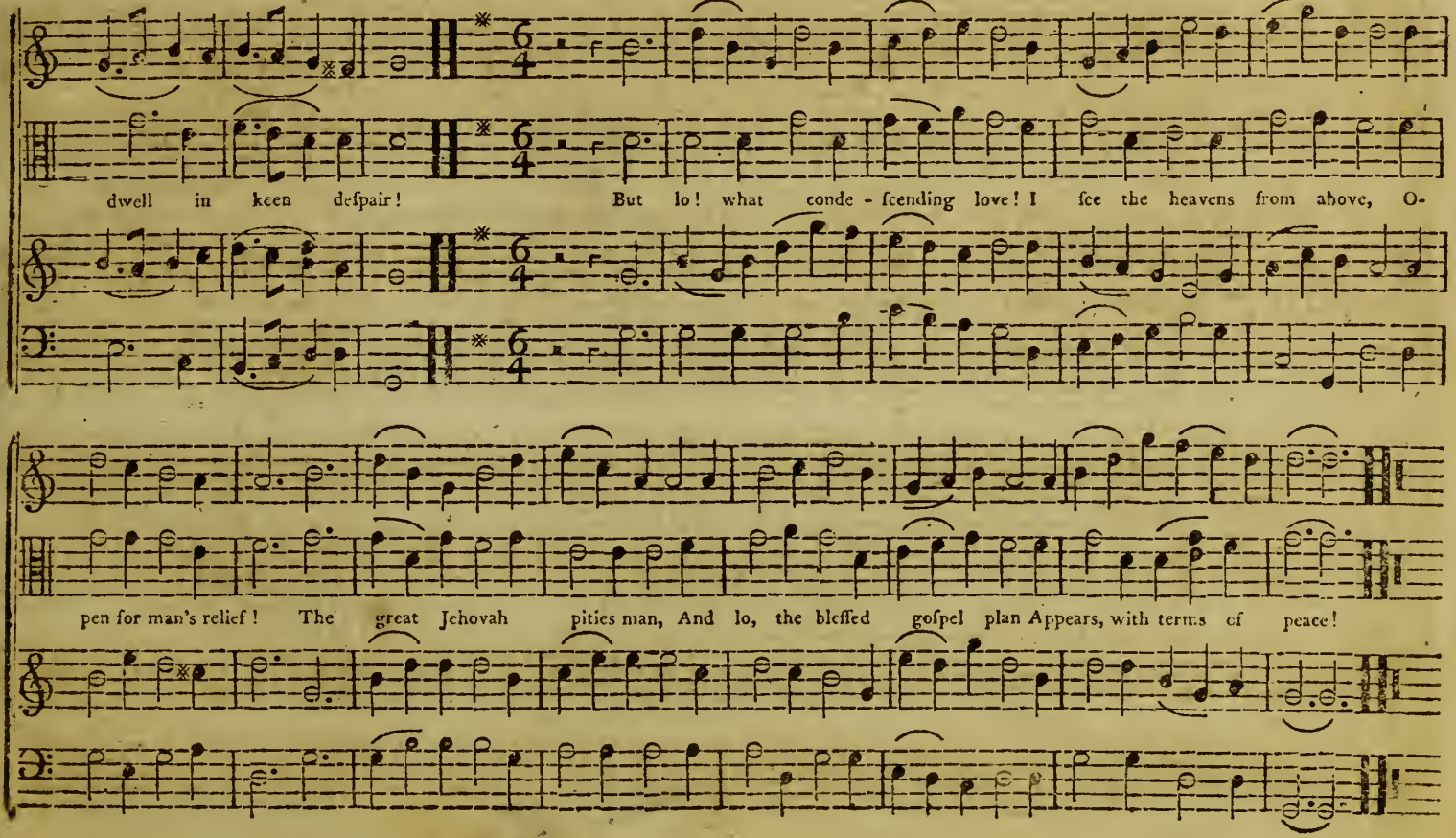

Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims For all the pious dead; Sweet is the favour of their names, And ſoft their ſleeping bed.
They die in Jeſus, and are bleſs'd; How kind their ſlumbers are! From ſufferings and from ſins releas'd, And freed from every ſnare.



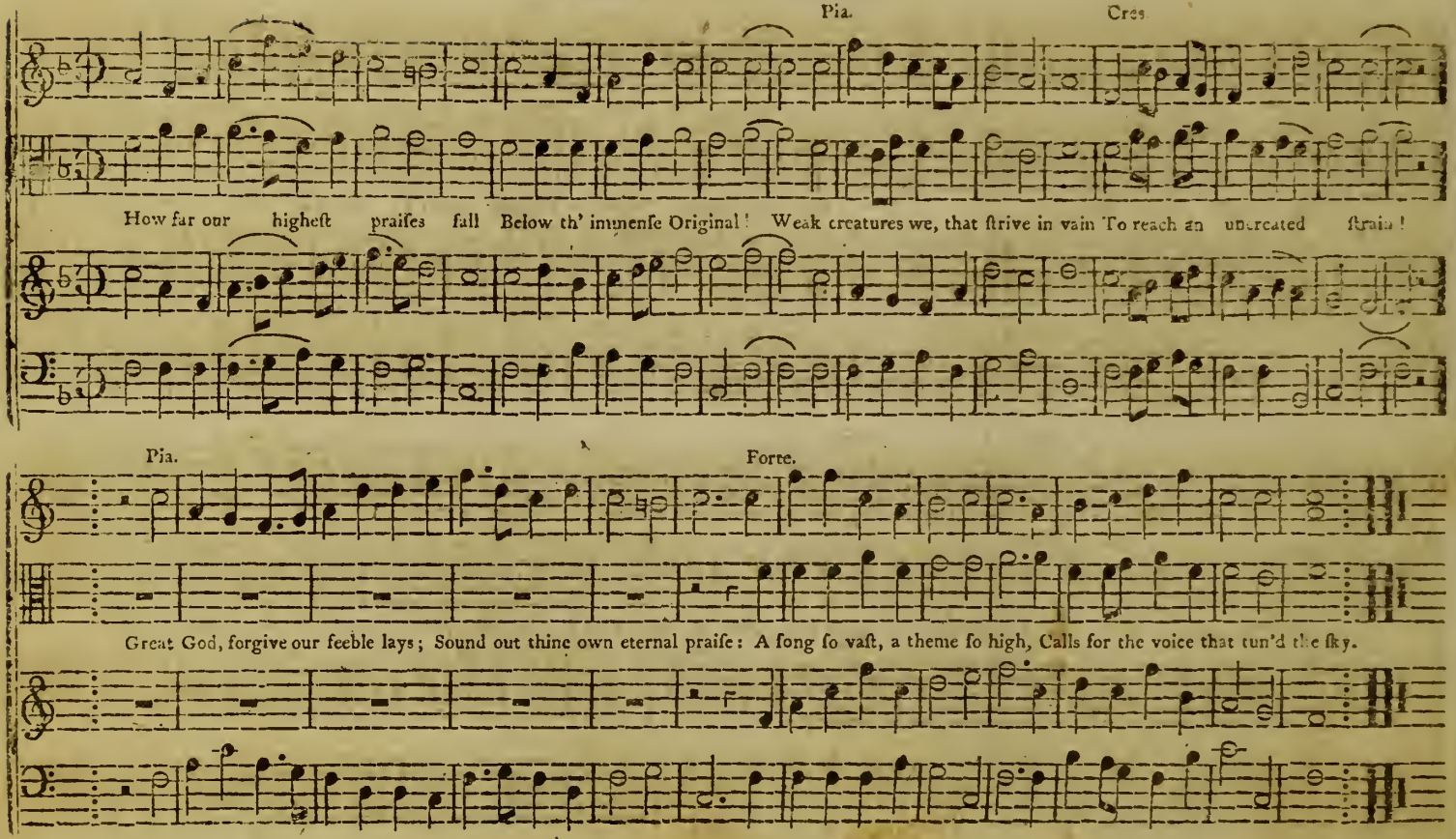
Predeſtination. L. M.

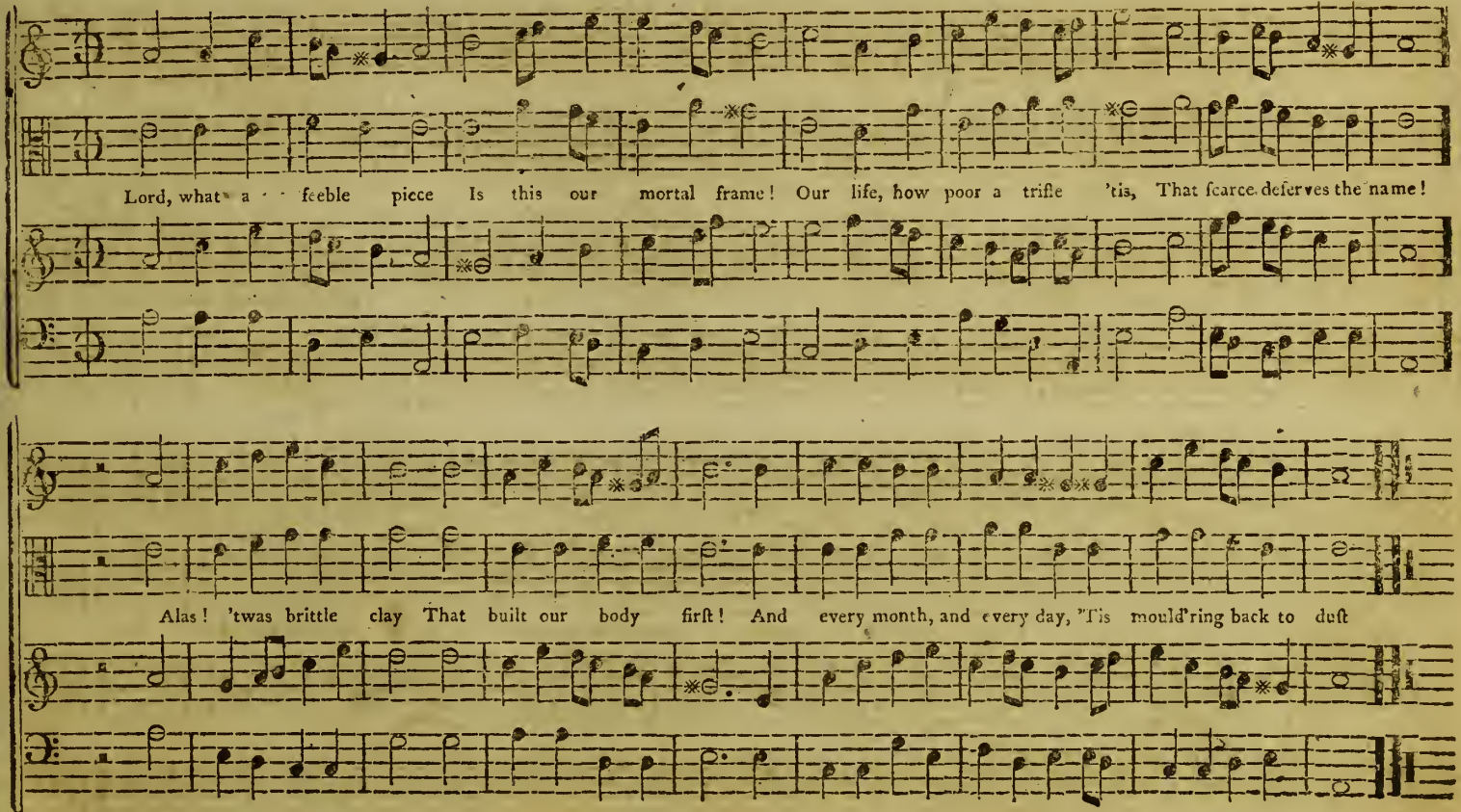



Adam and all his race have fell, And juſtice dooms them down to hell,
Eter - - - nal ages there: Th' Almighty ſentence, it is ſure, The wrath of God who can endure, Or

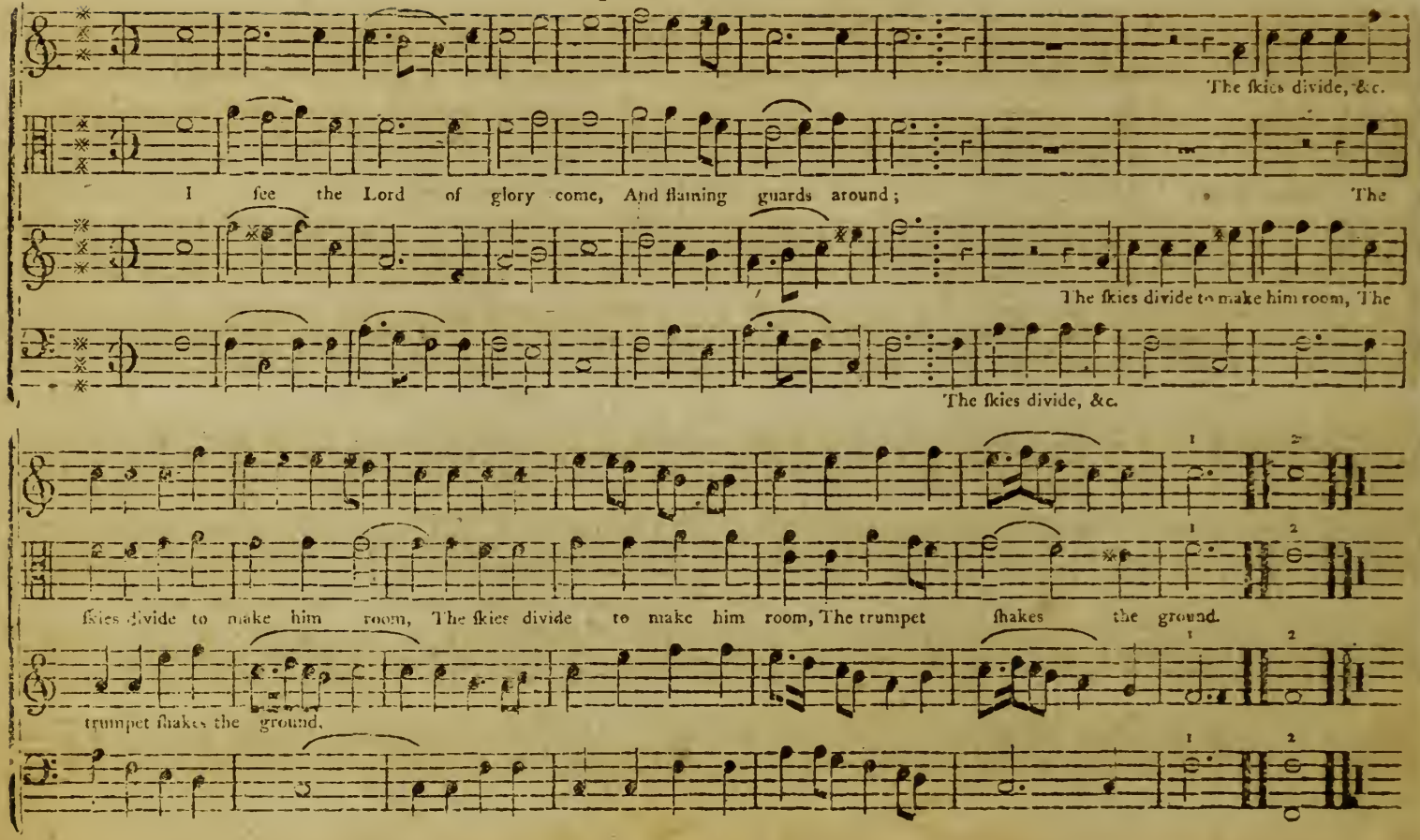

dwell in keen deſpair! But lo! what conde - ſcending love! I ſee the heavens from above, O-
pen for man's relief! The great Jehovah pities man, And lo, the bleſſed goſpel plan Appears, with terms of peace!

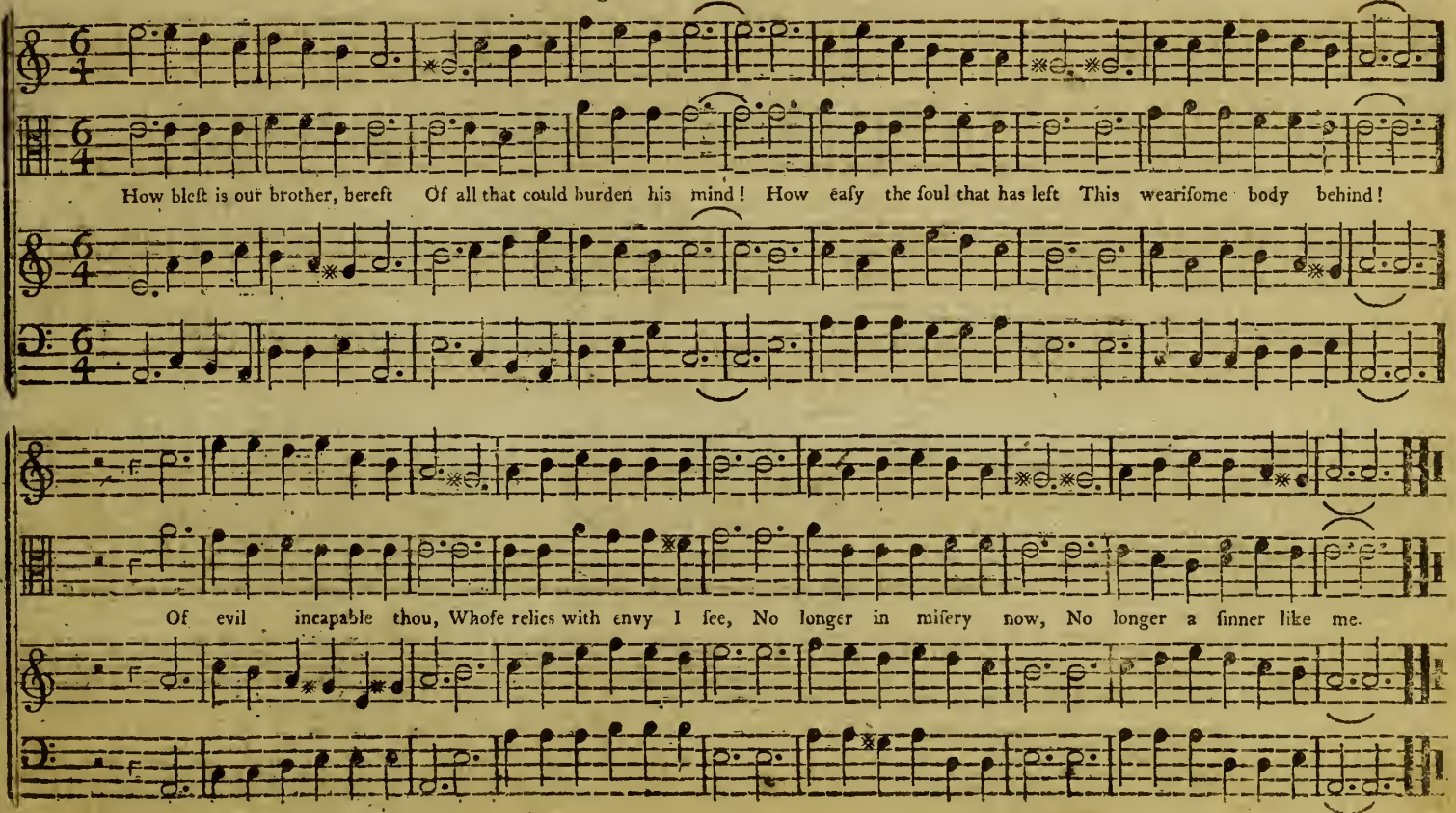
Milton. L. M.

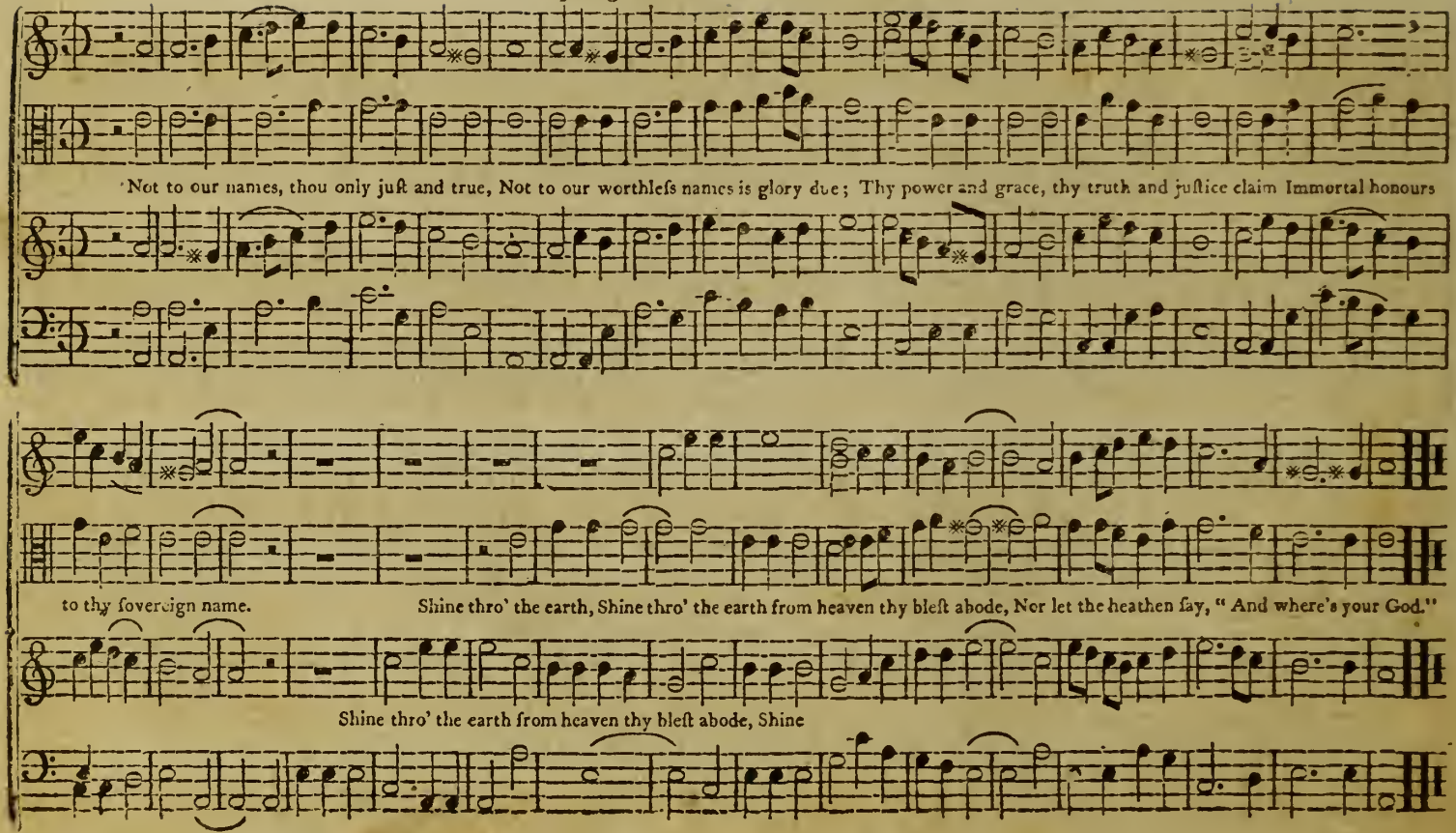

Pia.
Cres
How far our higheſt praiſes fall Below th' immenſe Original! Weak creatures we, that ſtrive in vain To reach an uncreated ſtrain!
Pia.
Forte.
Great God, forgive our feeble lays; Sound out thine own eternal praiſe: A ſong ſo vaſt, a theme ſo high, Calls for the voice that tun'd the ſky.

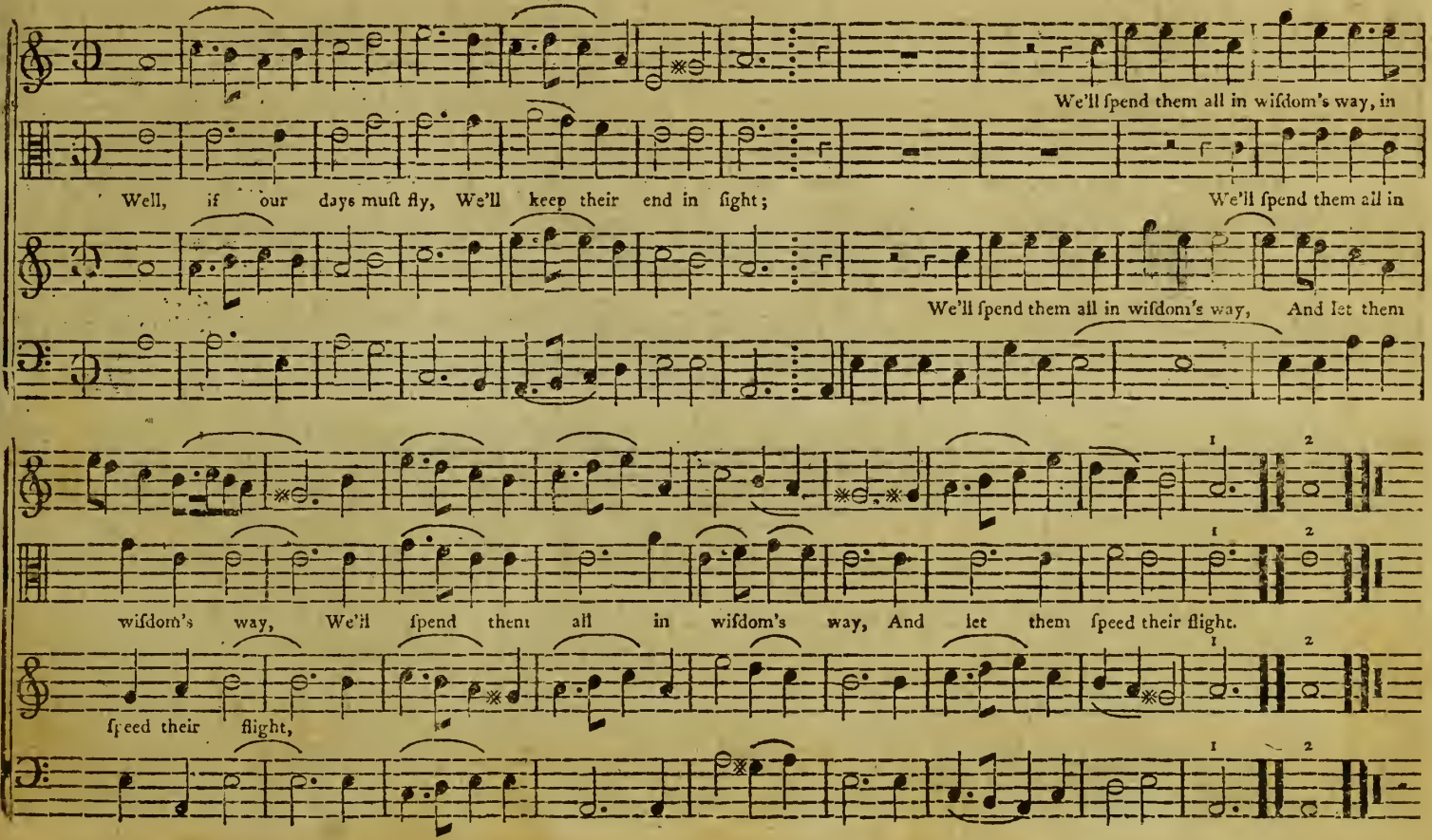

Lord, what a feeble piece Is this our mortal frame! Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis, That scarce deserves the name!
Alas! 'twas brittle clay That built our body first! And every month, and every day, 'Tis mould'ring back to dust

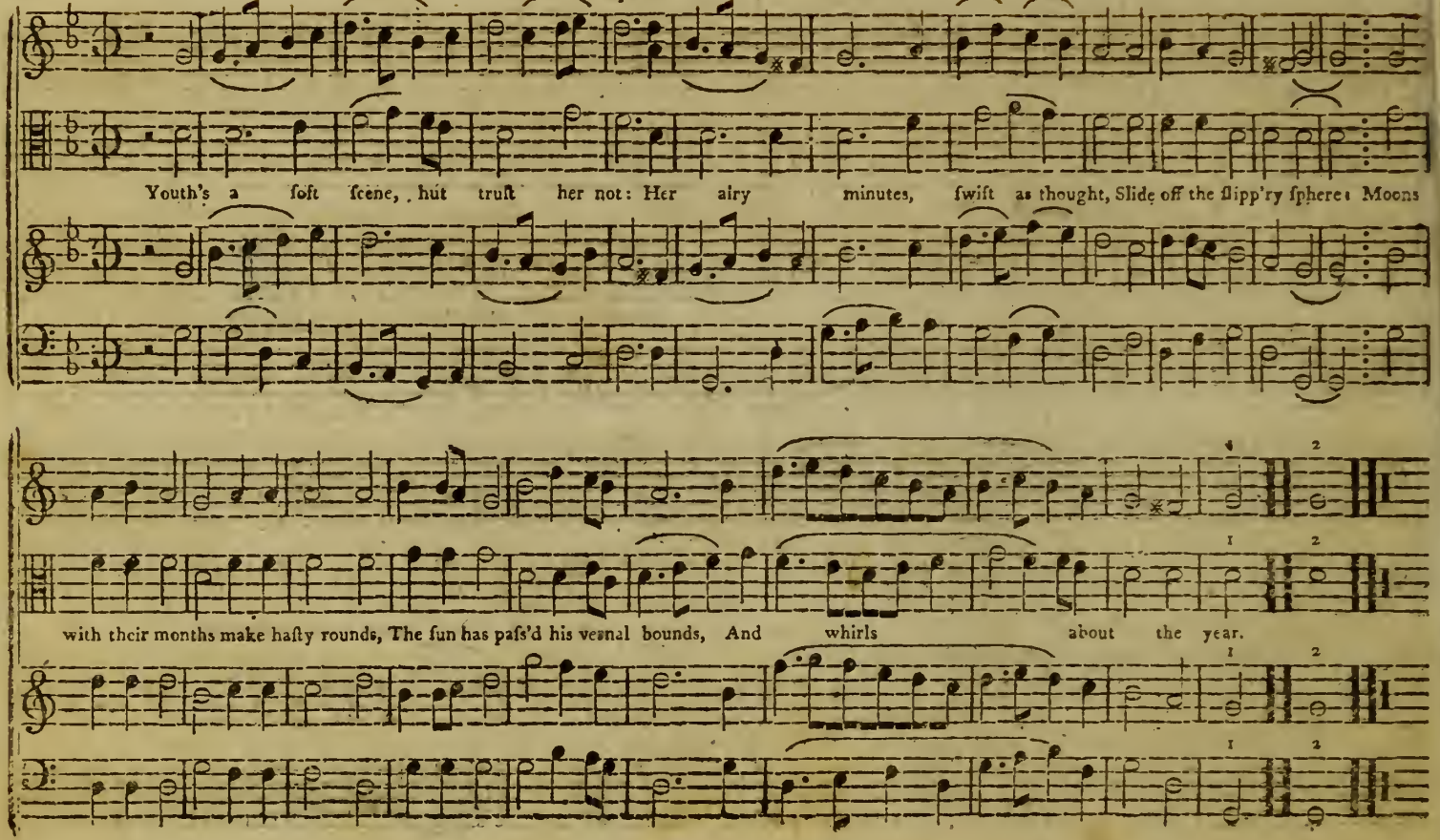
Cuſhan. C. M.

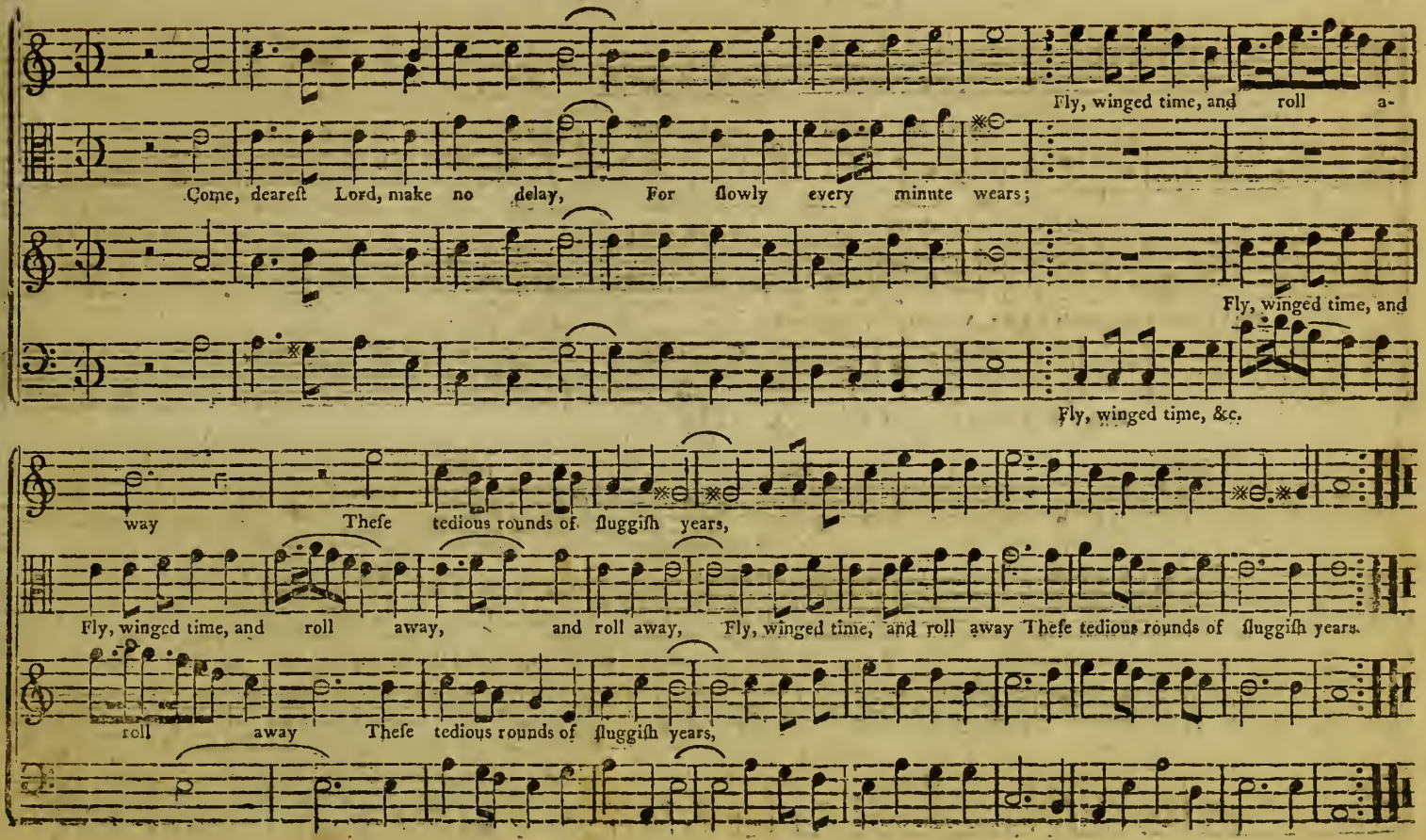

The ſkies divide, &c.
I ſee the Lord of glory come, And flaming guards around; The
The ſkies divide to make him room, The
The ſkies divide, &c.
ſkies divide to make him room, The ſkies divide to make him room, The trumpet ſhakes the ground.
trumpet ſhakes the ground.


How bleſt is our brother, bereft Of all that could burden his mind! How eaſy the ſoul that has left This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou, Whoſe relics with envy I ſee, No longer in miſery now, No longer a ſinner like me.

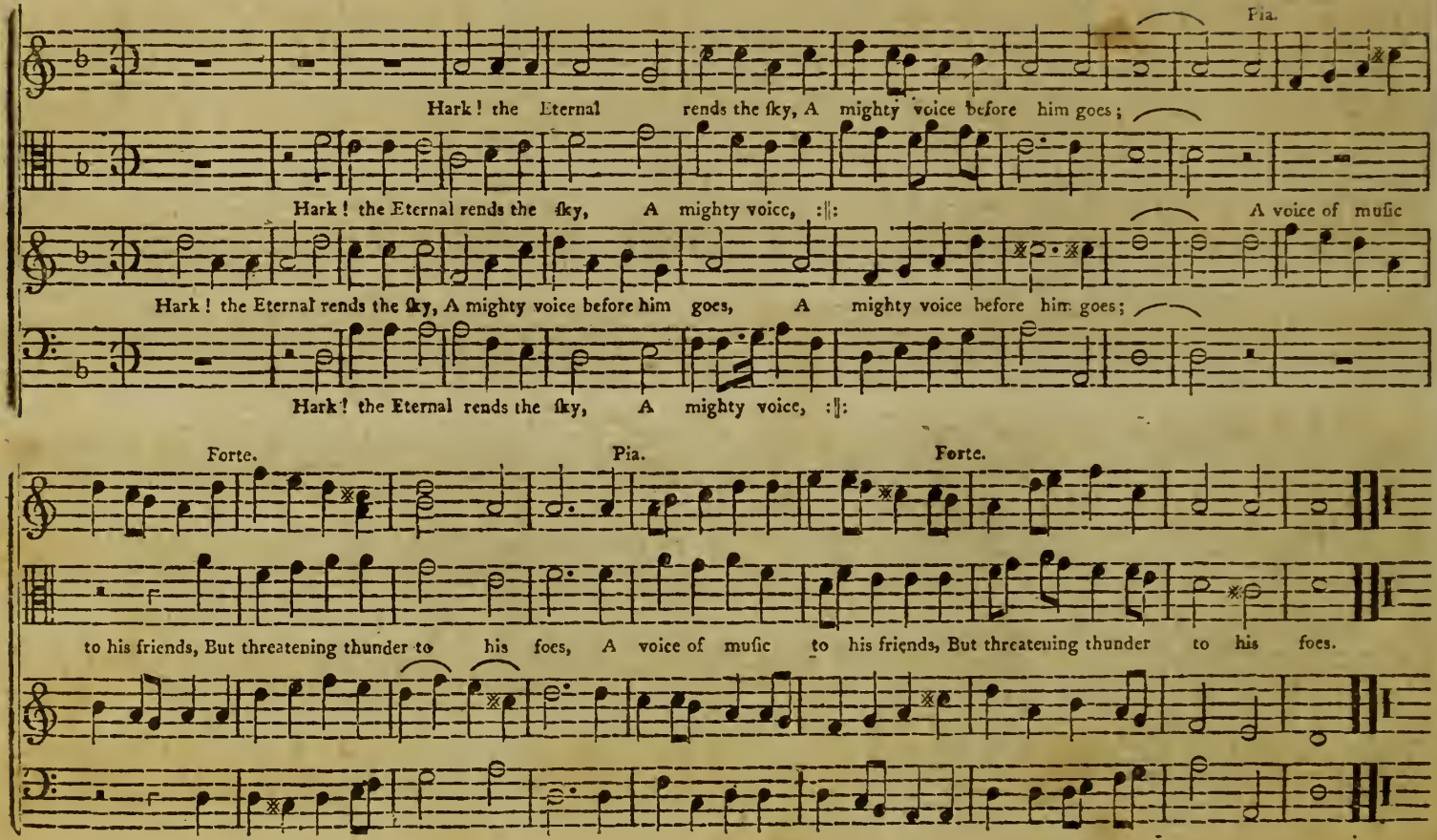

Not to our names, thou only just and true, Not to our worthless names is glory due; Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim Immortal honours
to thy sovereign name.
Shine thro' the earth, Shine thro' the earth from heaven thy blest abode, Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God."
Shine thro' the earth from heaven thy blest abode, Shine

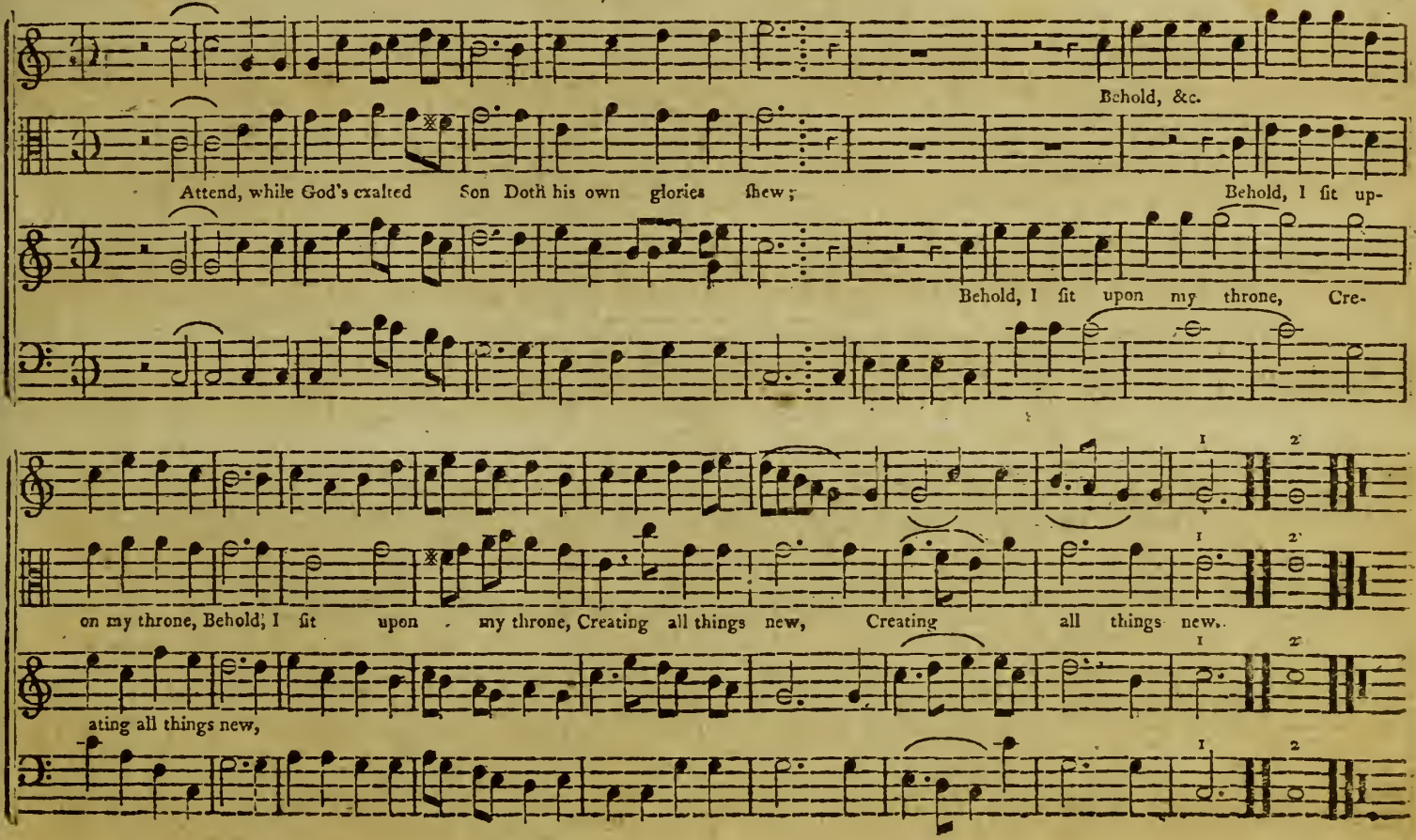

We'll ſpend them all in wiſdom's way, in
Well, if our days muſt fly, We'll keep their end in ſight;
We'll ſpend them all in
We'll ſpend them all in wiſdom's way, And let them
wiſdom's way, We'll ſpend them all in wiſdom's way, And let them ſpeed their flight.
ſpeed their flight,


Youth's a ſoft ſcene, hut truſt her not: Her airy minutes, ſwift as thought, Slide off the ſlipp'ry ſphere: Moons
with their months make haſty rounds, The ſun has paſs'd his vernal bounds, And whirls about the year.

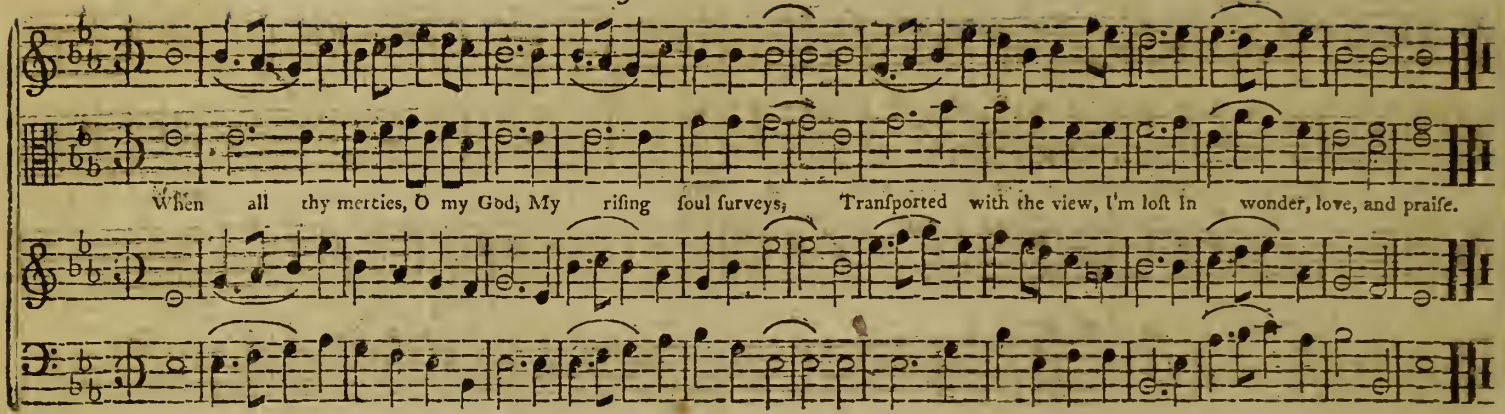

Fly, winged time, and roll a-
Come, dearest Lord, make no delay, For slowly every minute wears;
Fly, winged time, and
Fly, winged time, &c.
way These tedious rounds of sluggish years,
Fly, winged time, and roll away, and roll away, Fly, winged time, and roll away These tedious rounds of sluggish years.
roll away These tedious rounds of sluggish years,

Admiration. L. M.

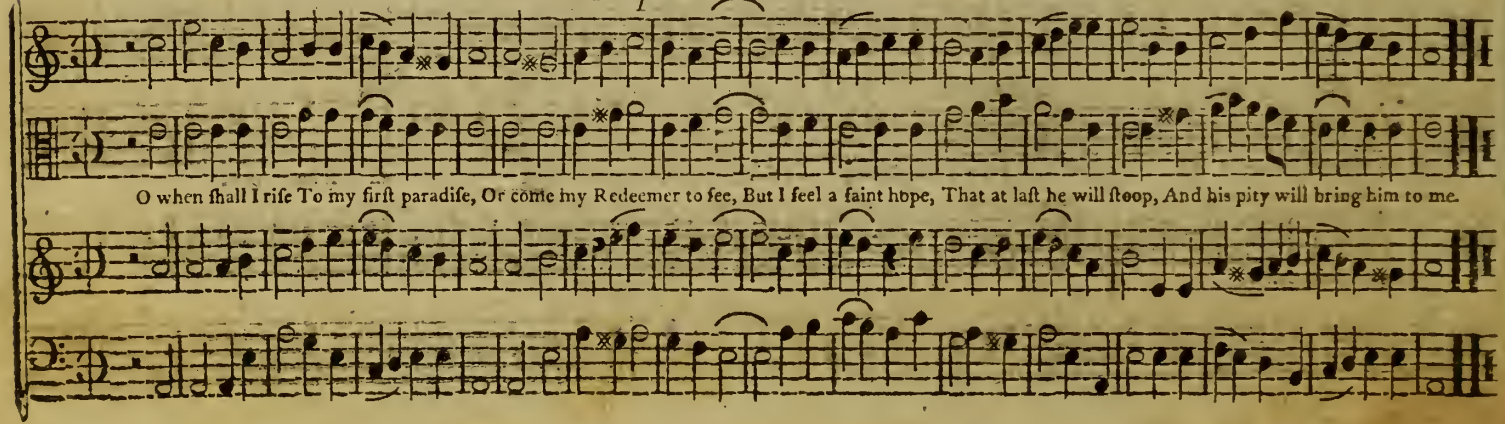


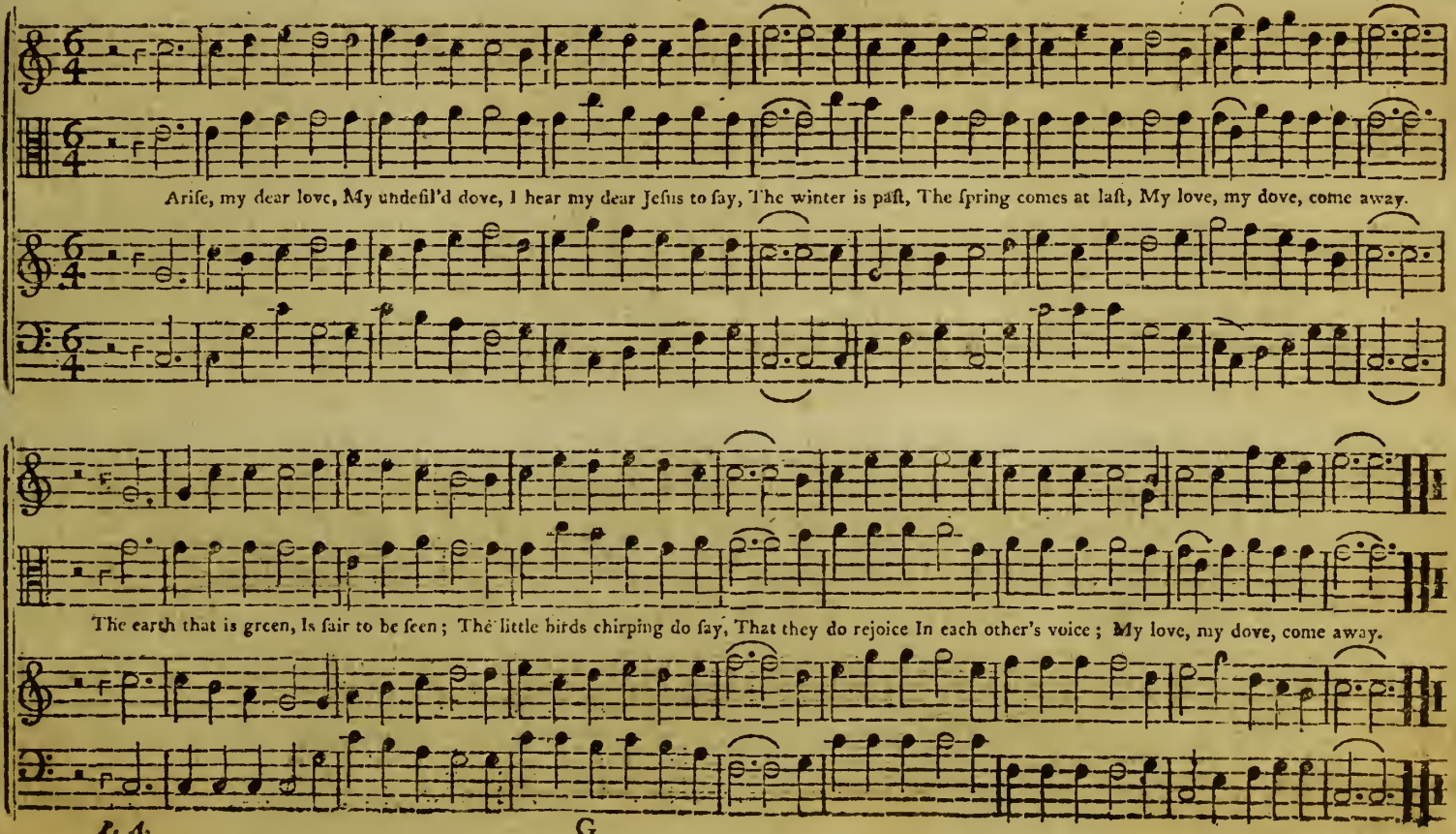

Behold, &c.
Attend, while God's exalted Son Doth his own glories shew;
Behold, I sit up-
Behold, I sit upon my throne, Cre-
on my throne, Behold, I sit upon my throne, Creating all things new, Creating all things new.
ating all things new,

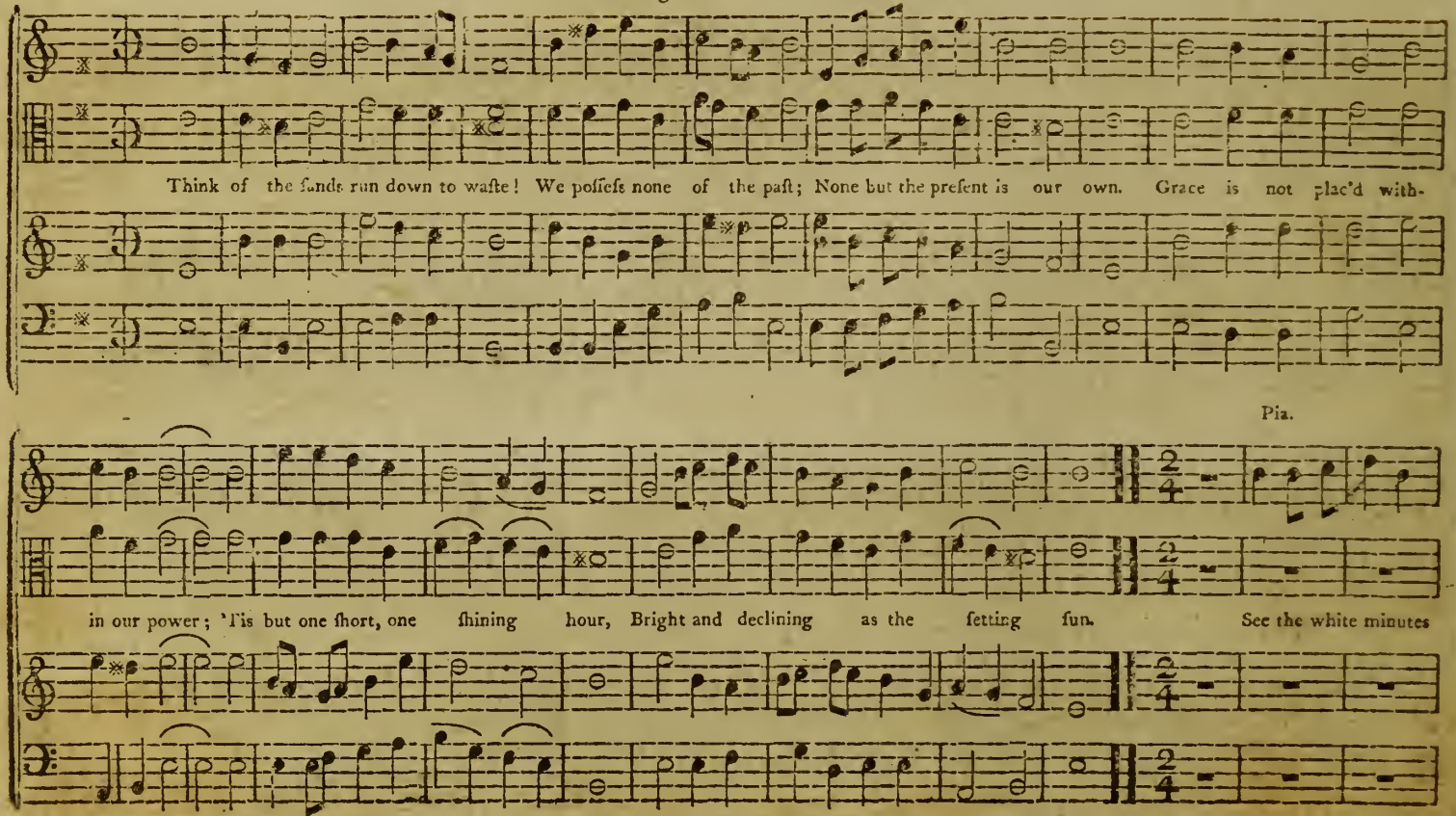
Addiſon. C. M.

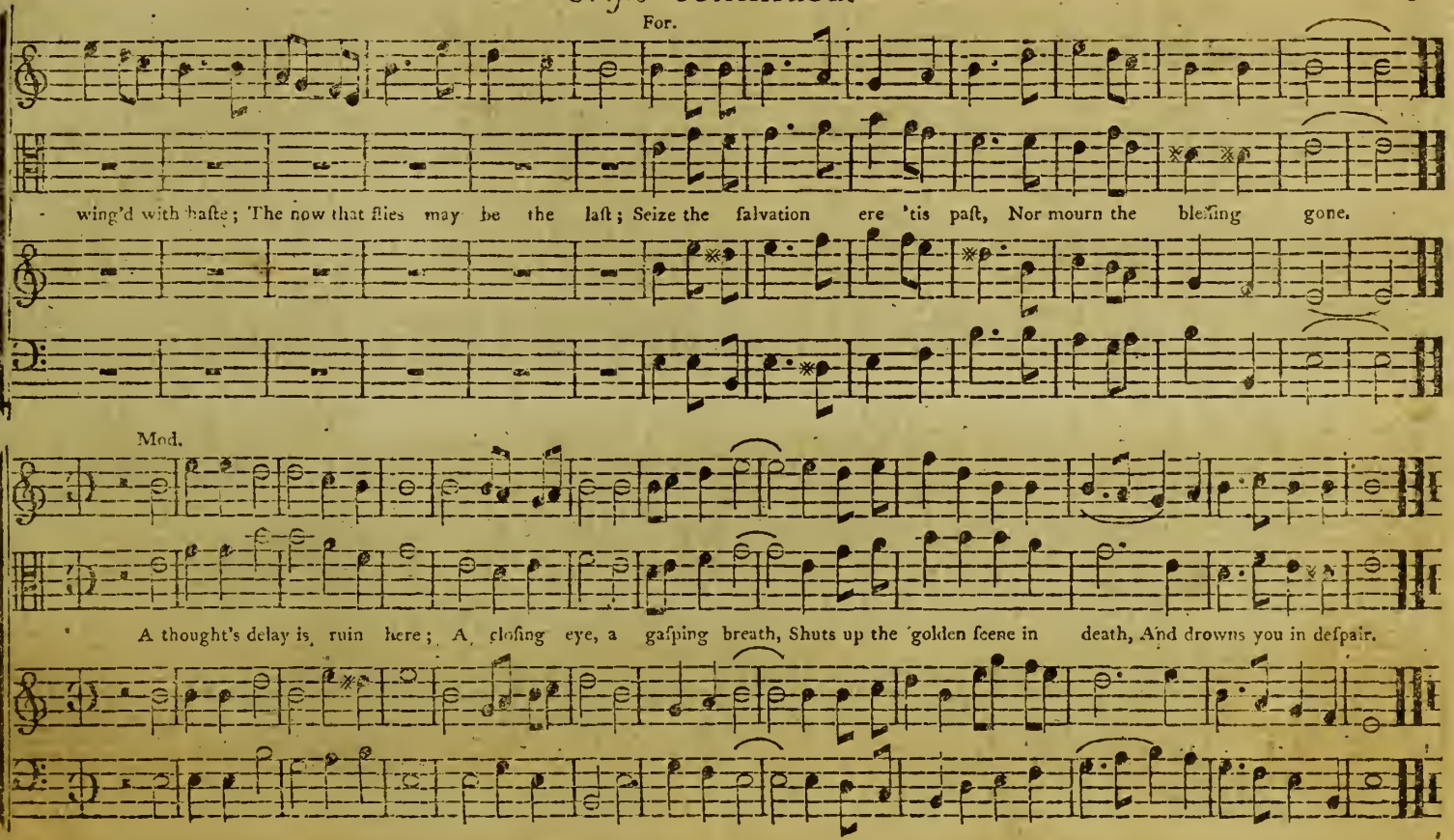


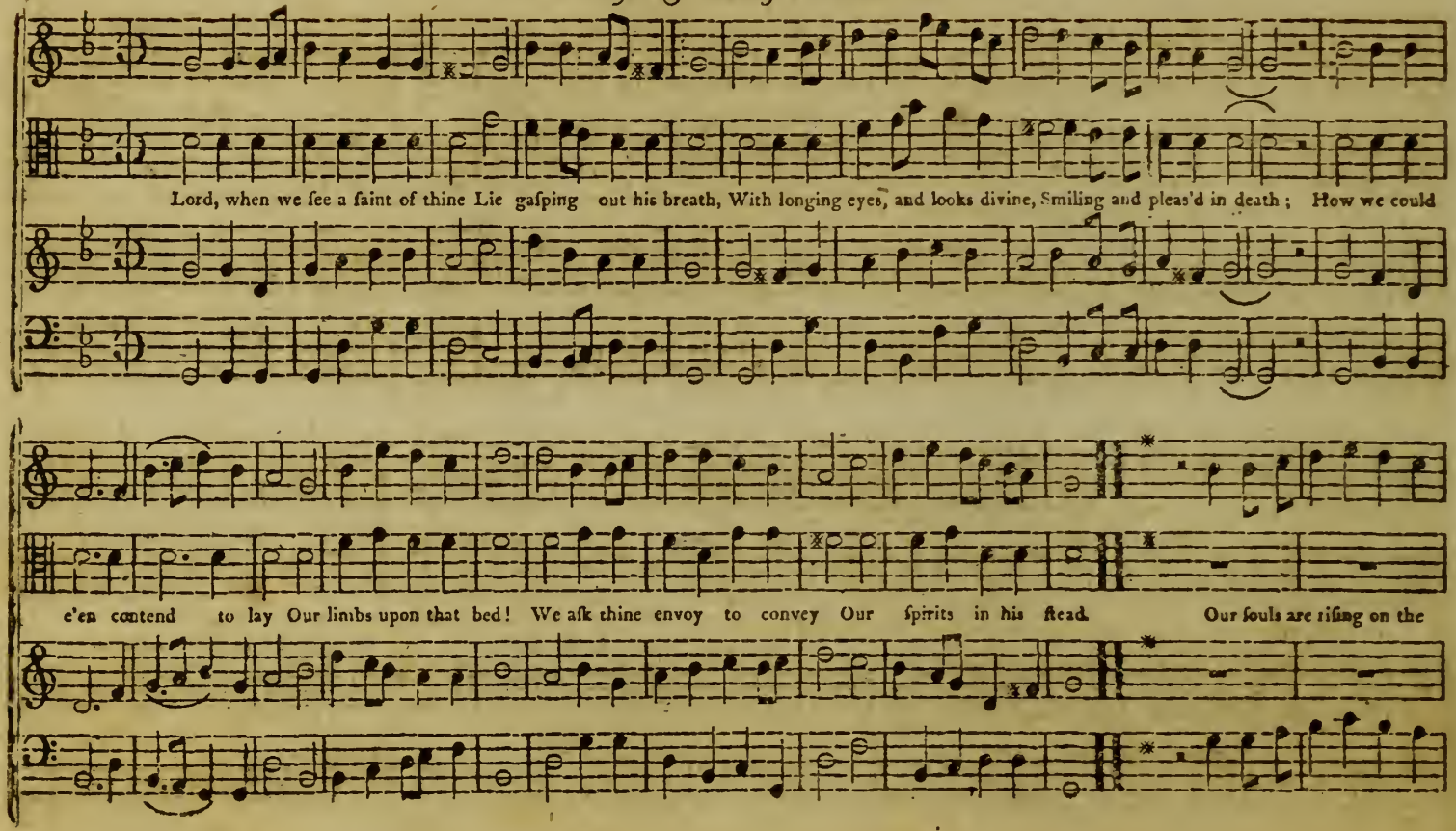
Hope. P. M.

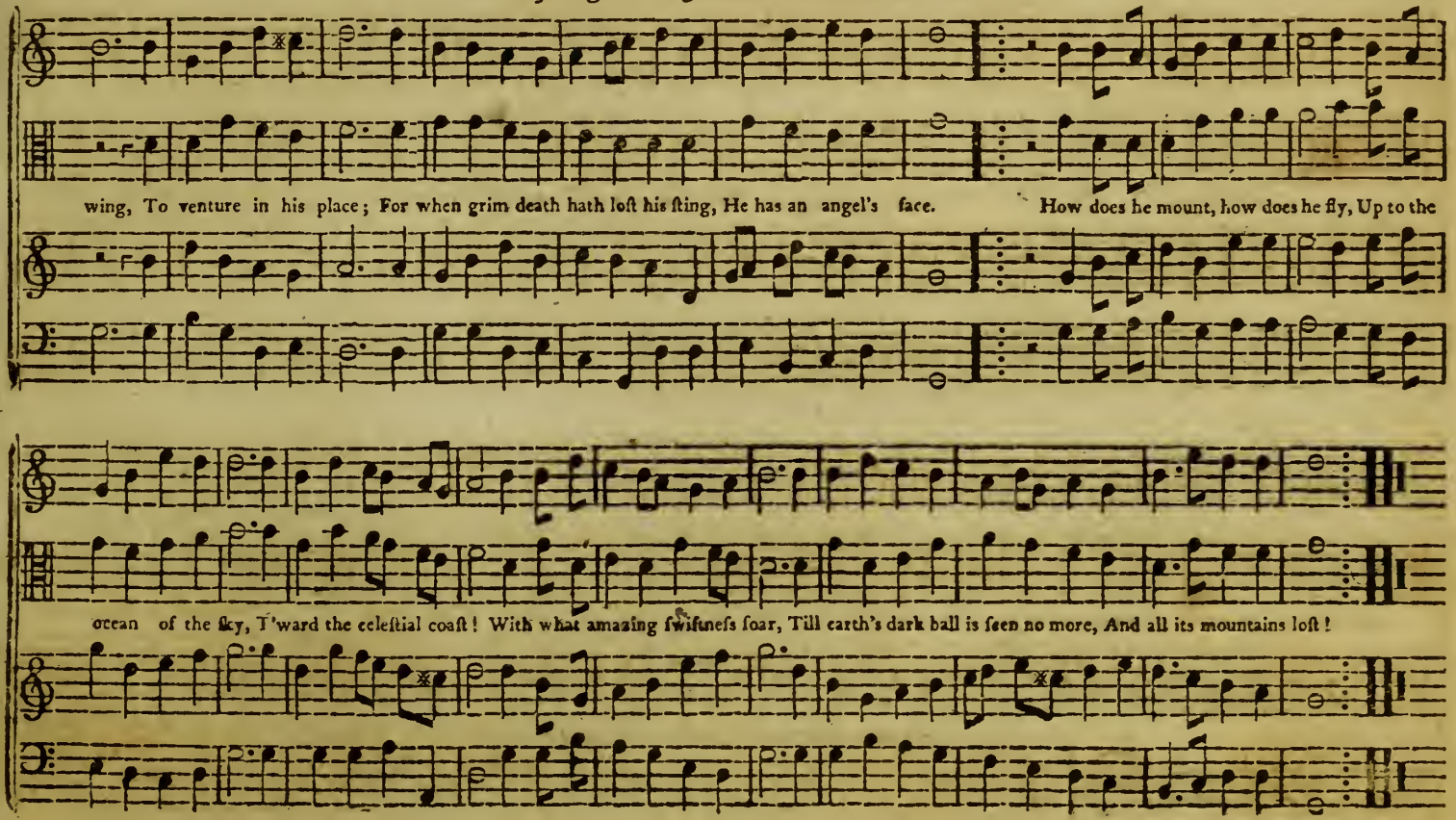



Arise, my dear love, My undefil'd dove, I hear my dear Jesus to say, The winter is past, The spring comes at last, My love, my dove, come away.
The earth that is green, Is fair to be seen; The little birds chirping do say, That they do rejoice In each other's voice; My love, my dove, come away.

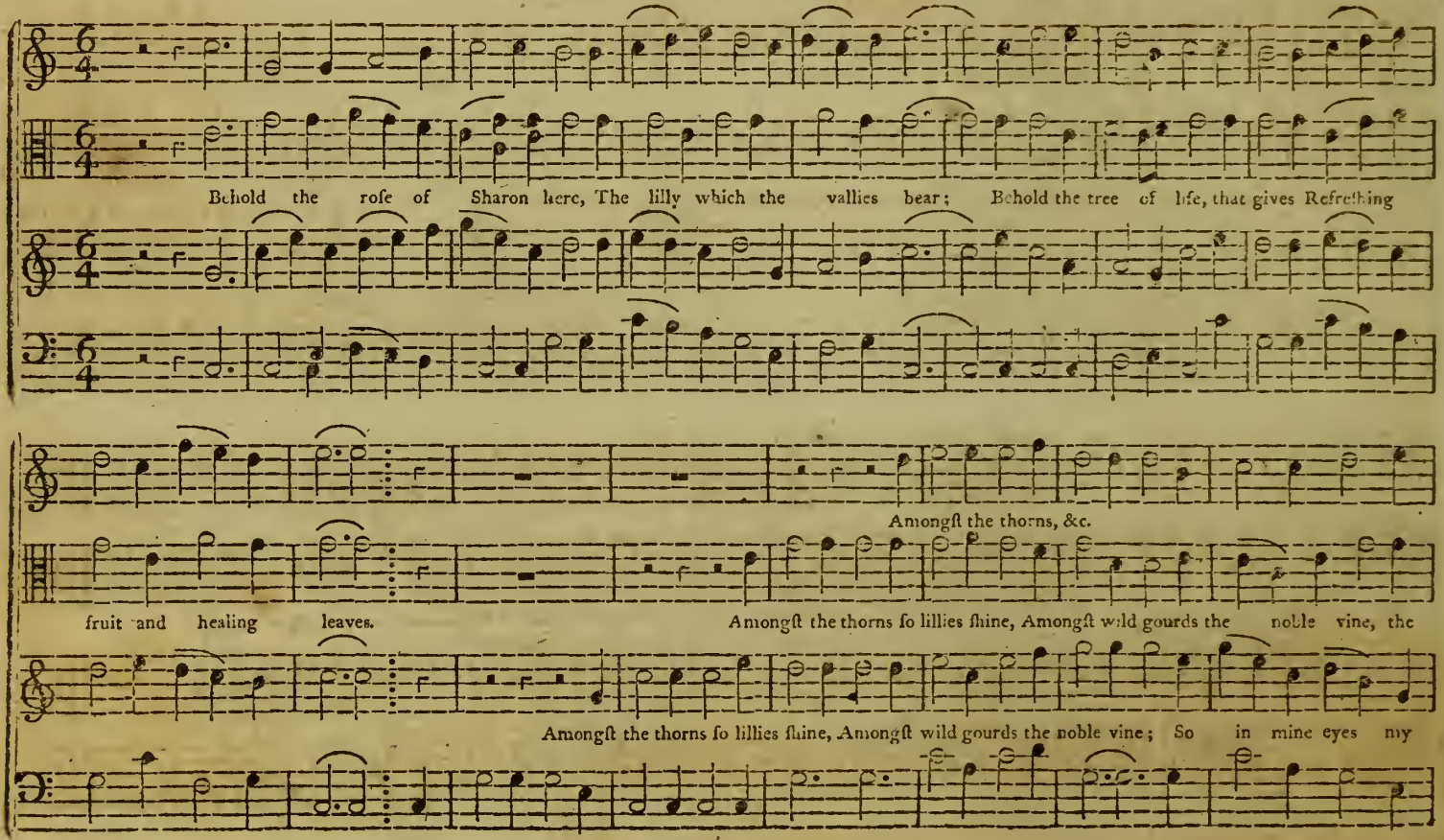

Think of the ſands run down to waſte! We poſſeſs none of the paſt; None but the preſent is our own. Grace is not plac'd with-
Pia.
in our power; 'Tis but one ſhort, one ſhining hour, Bright and declining as the ſetting ſun. See the white minutes

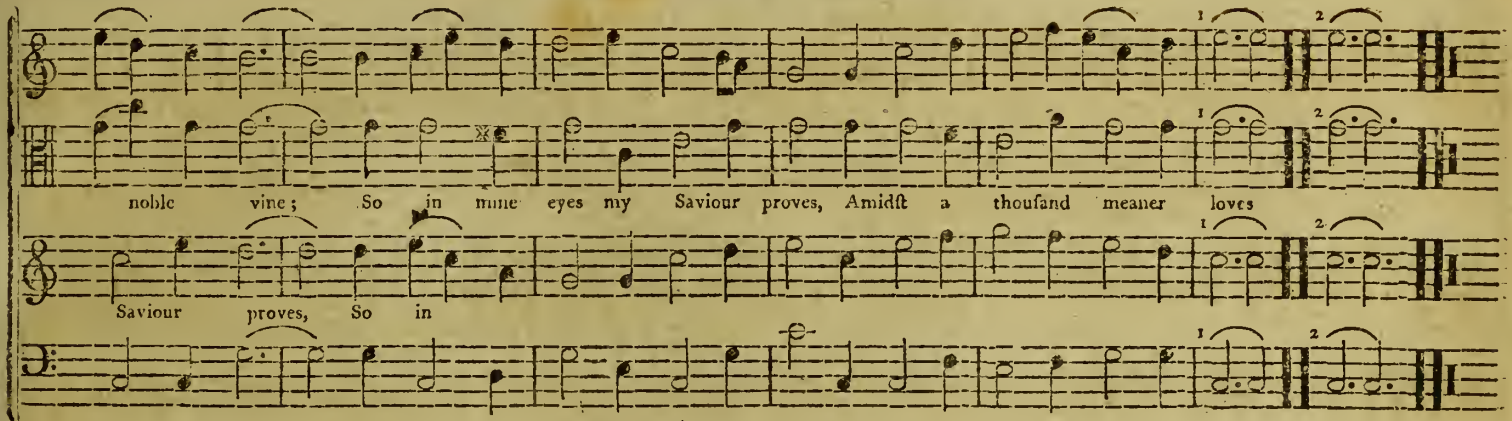

For.
wing'd with haſte; The now that flies may be the laſt; Seize the ſalvation ere 'tis paſt, Nor mourn the bleſſing gone.
Mod.
A thought's delay is ruin here; A cloſing eye, a gaſping breath, Shuts up the golden ſcene in death, And drowns you in deſpair.


Lord, when we ſee a ſaint of thine Lie gaſping out his breath, With longing eyes, and looks divine, Smiling and pleas'd in death; How we could
e'en contend to lay Our limbs upon that bed! We aſk thine envoy to convey Our ſpirits in his ſtead. Our ſouls are riſing on the

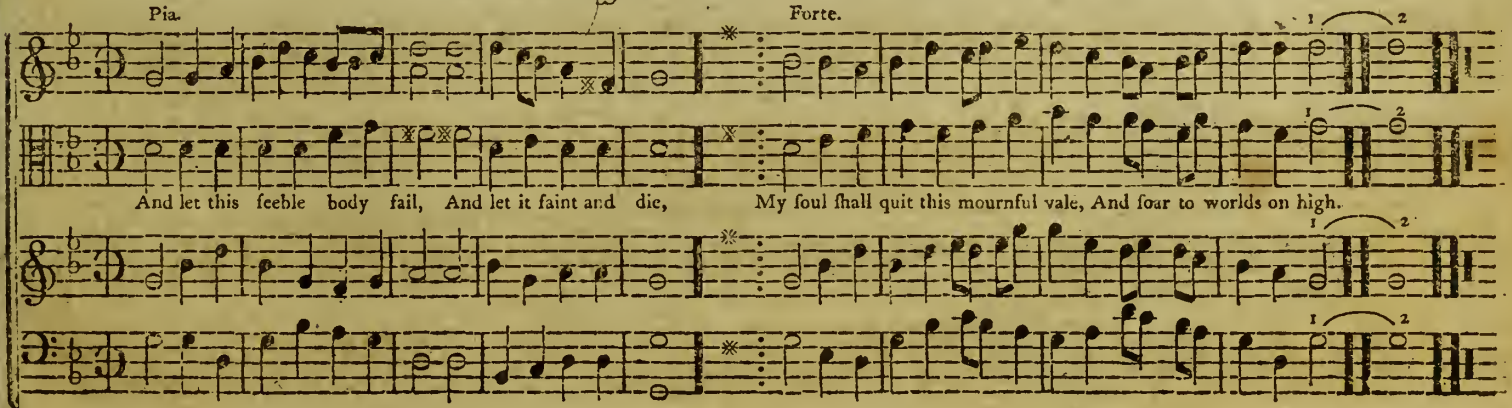

wing, To venture in his place; For when grim death hath loſt his ſting, He has an angel's face. How does he mount, how does he fly, Up to the
ocean of the ſky, T'ward the celeſtial coaſt! With what amazing ſwiftneſs ſoar, Till earth's dark ball is ſeen no more, And all its mountains loſt!

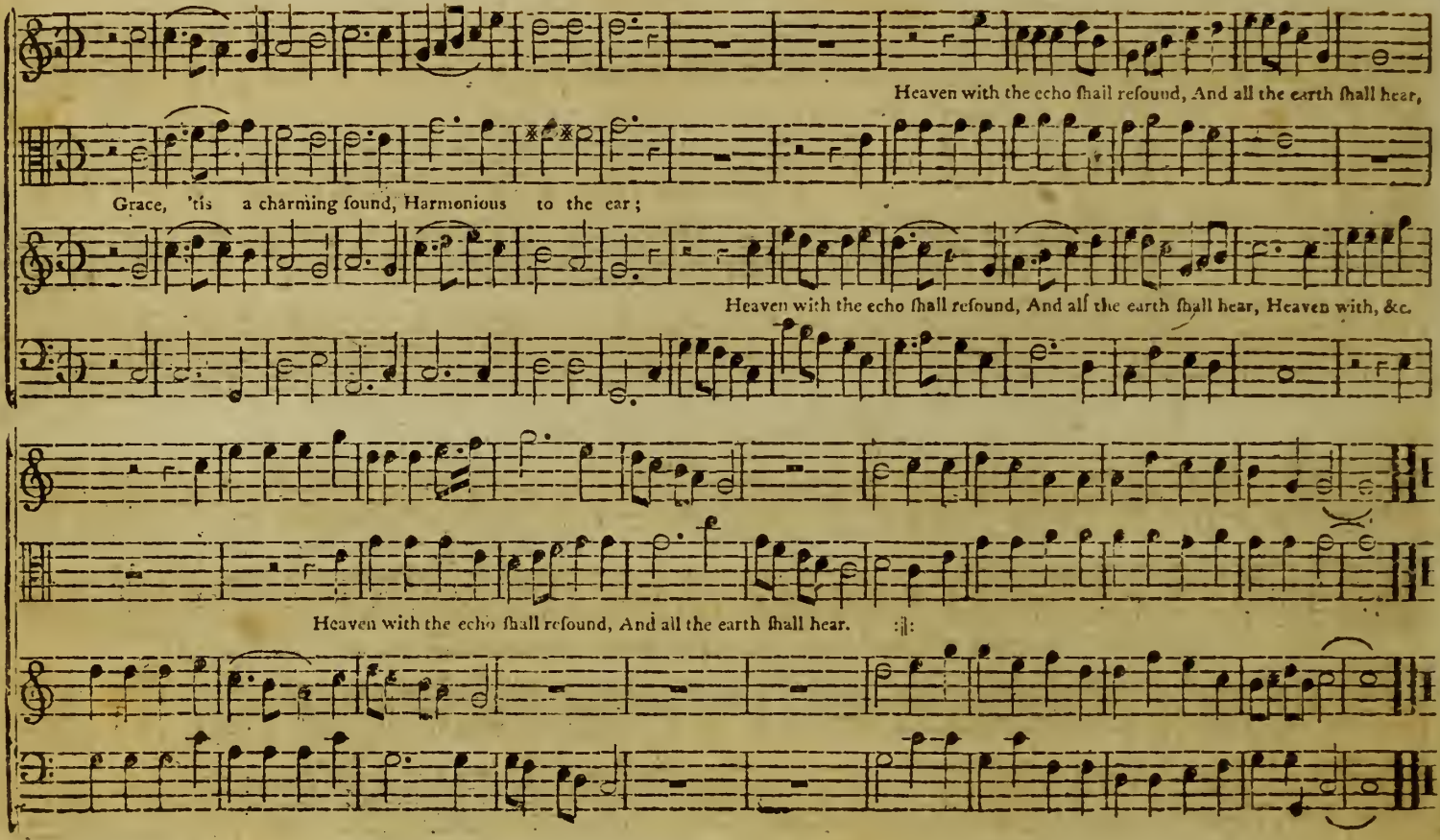
Sharon. L. M.

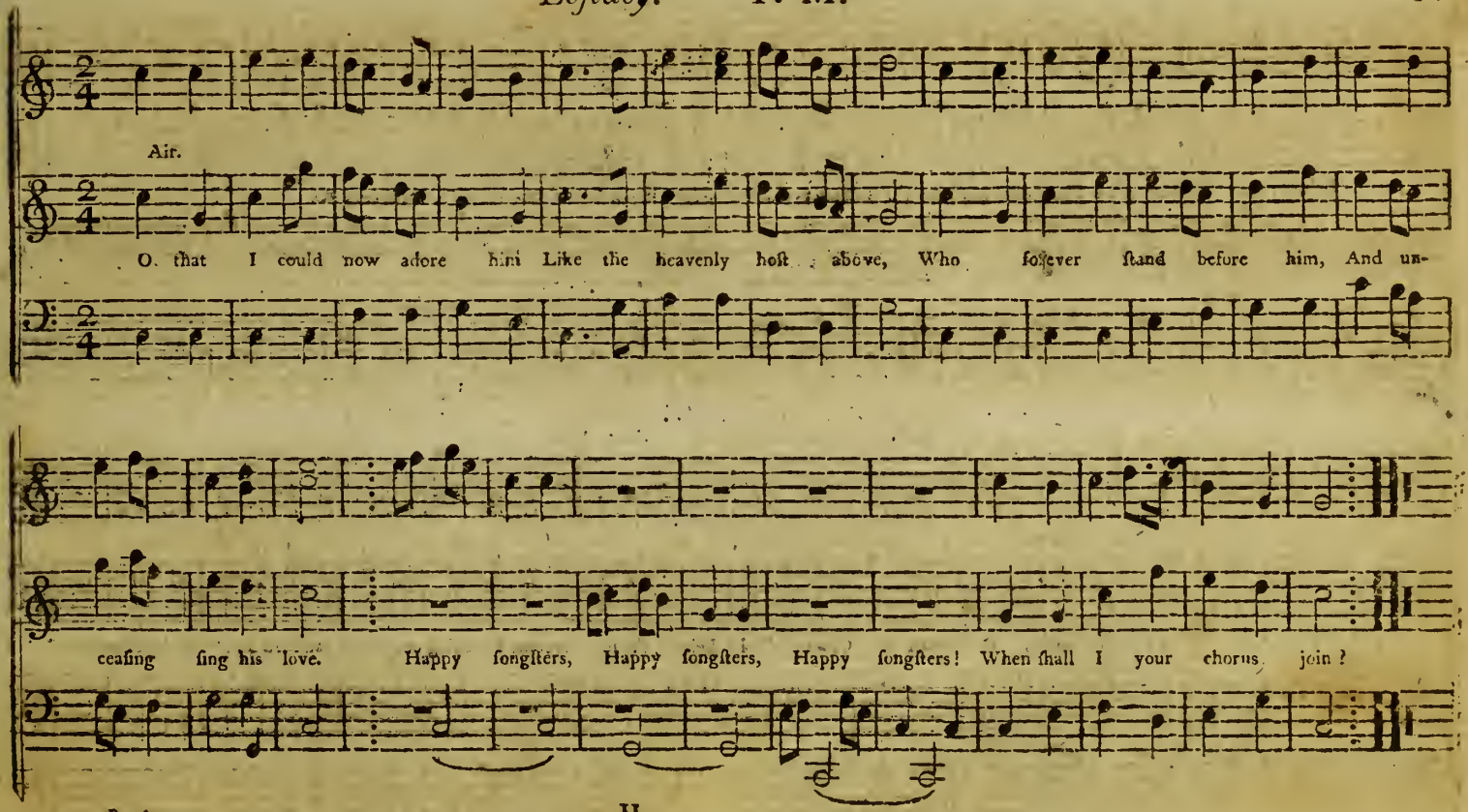

Behold the roſe of Sharon here, The lilly which the vallies bear; Behold the tree of life, that gives Refreſhing
Amongſt the thorns, &c.
fruit and healing leaves.
Amongſt the thorns ſo lillies ſhine, Amongſt wild gourds the noble vine, the
Amongſt the thorns ſo lillies ſhine, Amongſt wild gourds the noble vine; So in mine eyes my



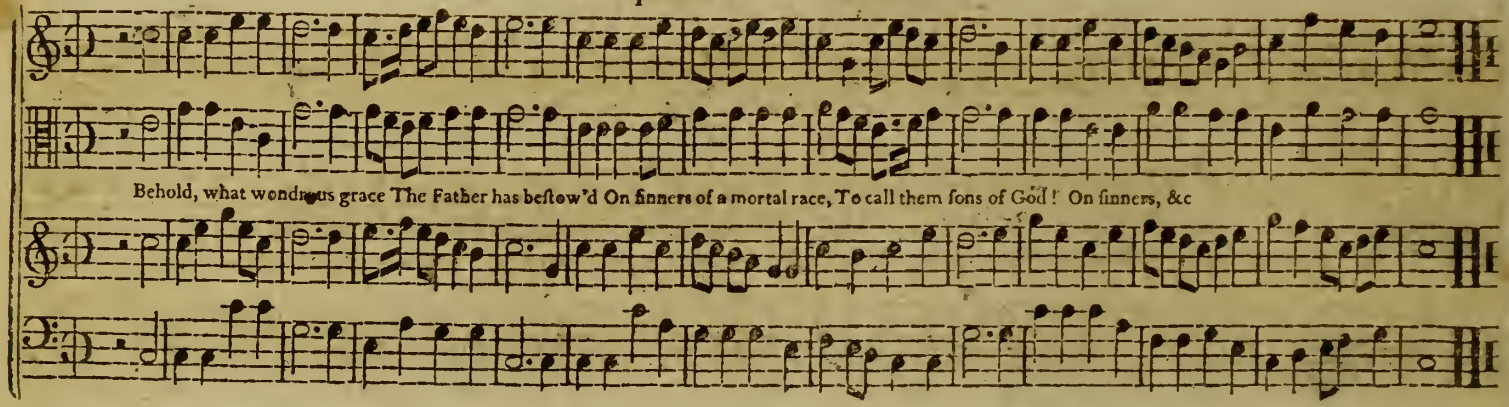
Diſſolution. C. M.



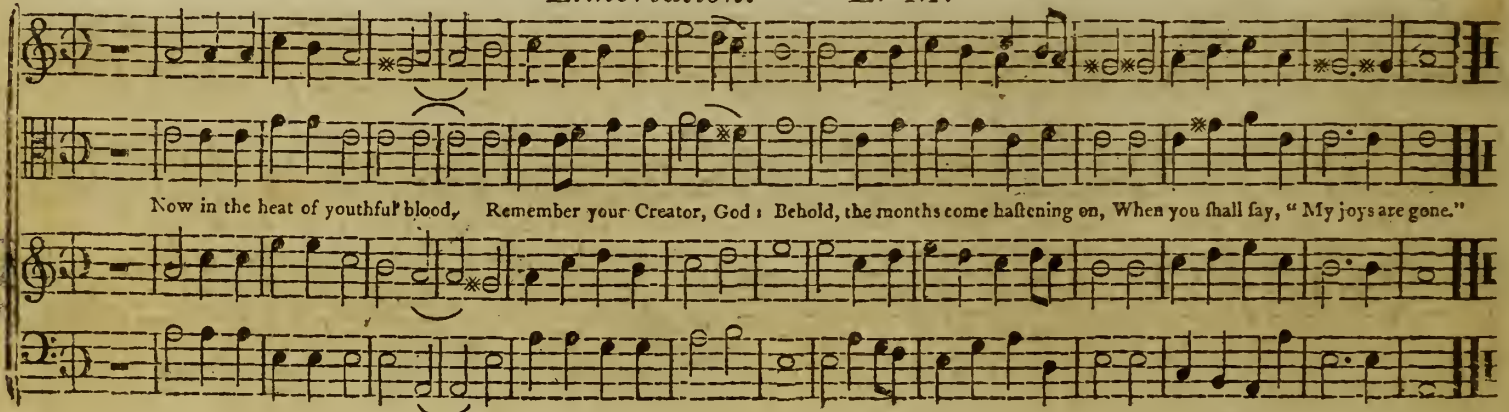

Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear,
Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear, Heaven with, &c.
Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear. :||:

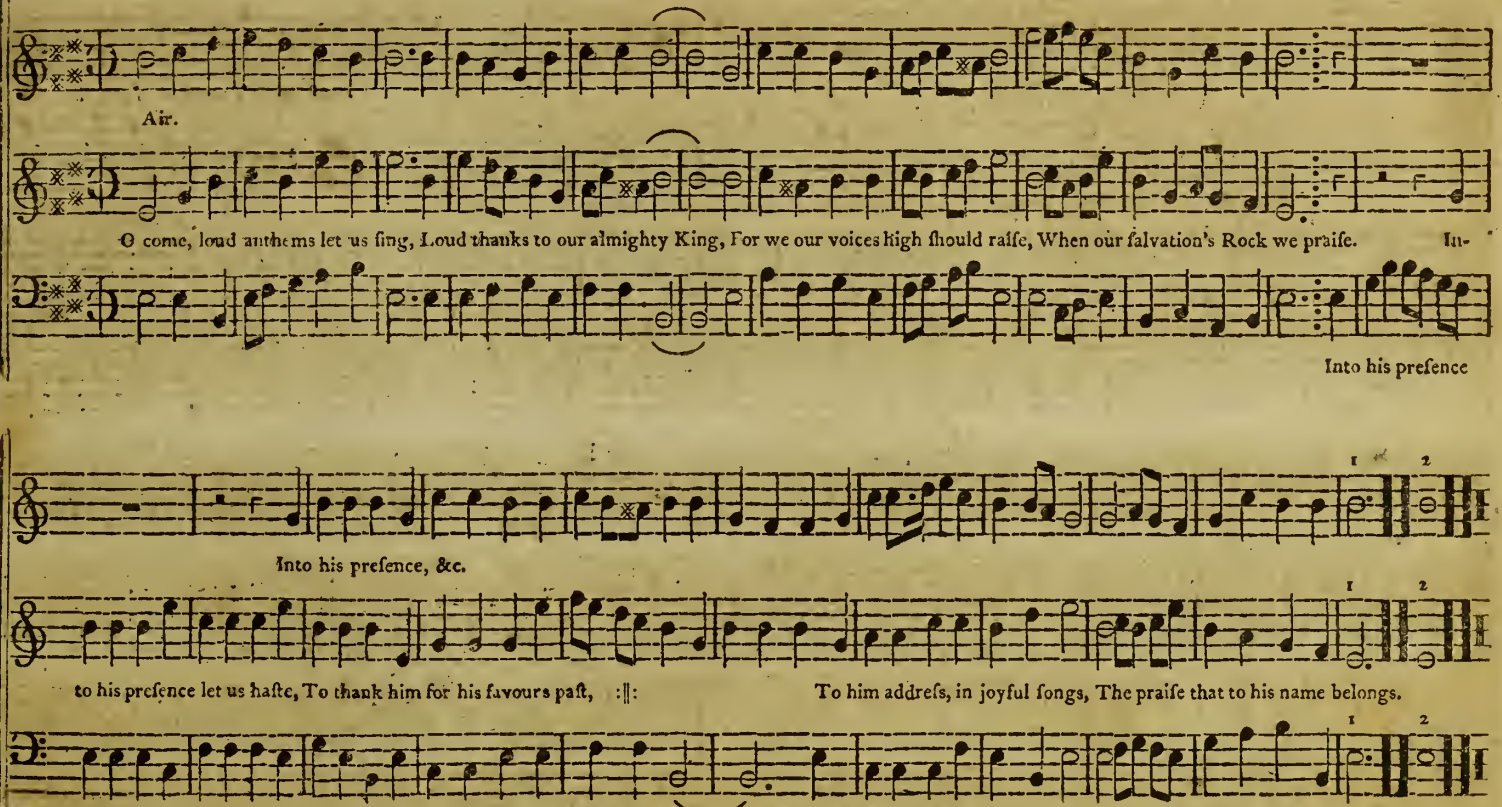

Air.
O that I could now adore him Like the heavenly host above, Who forever stand before him, And un-
ceasing sing his love. Happy songsters, Happy songsters, Happy songsters! When shall I your chorus join?

Adoption. S. M.

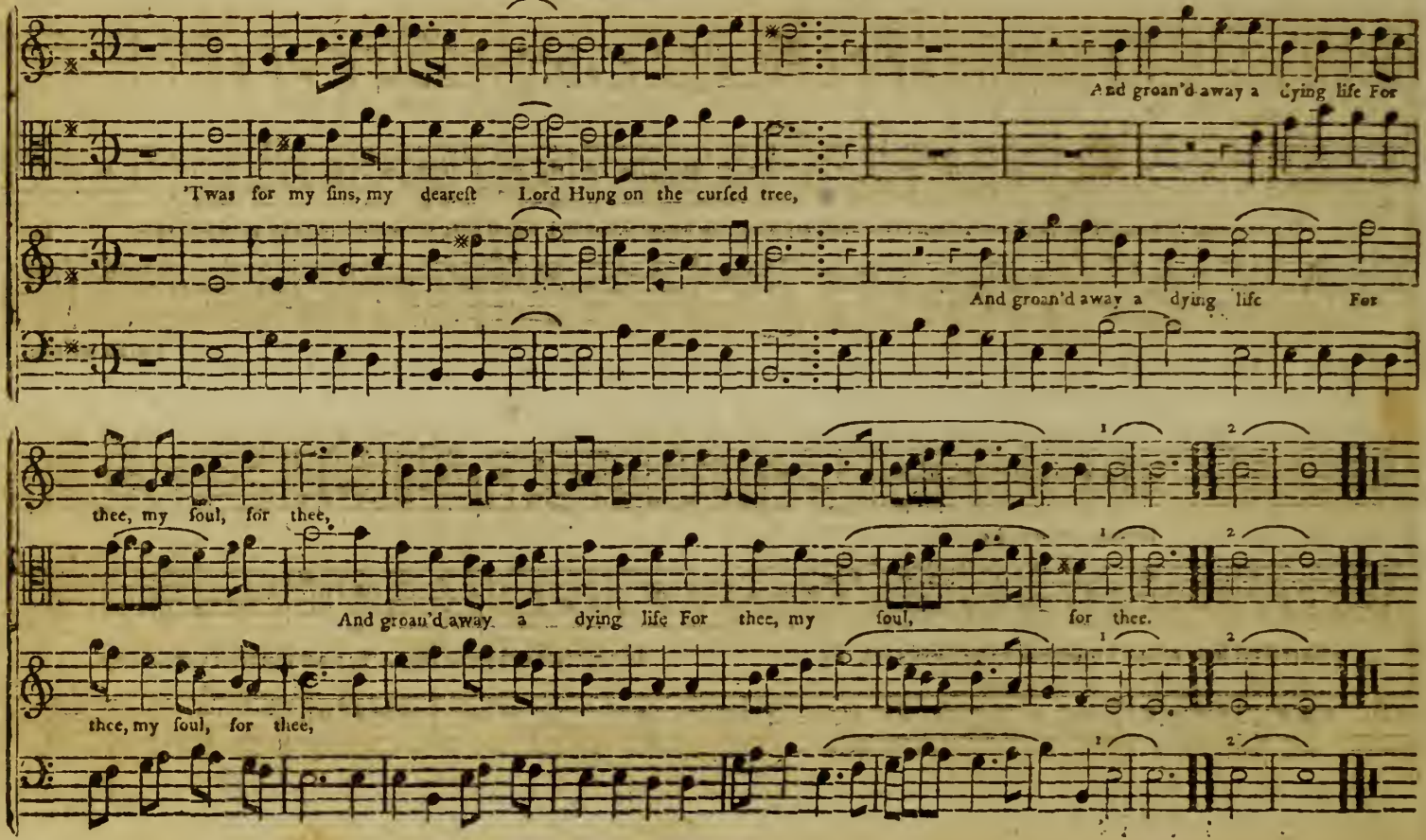


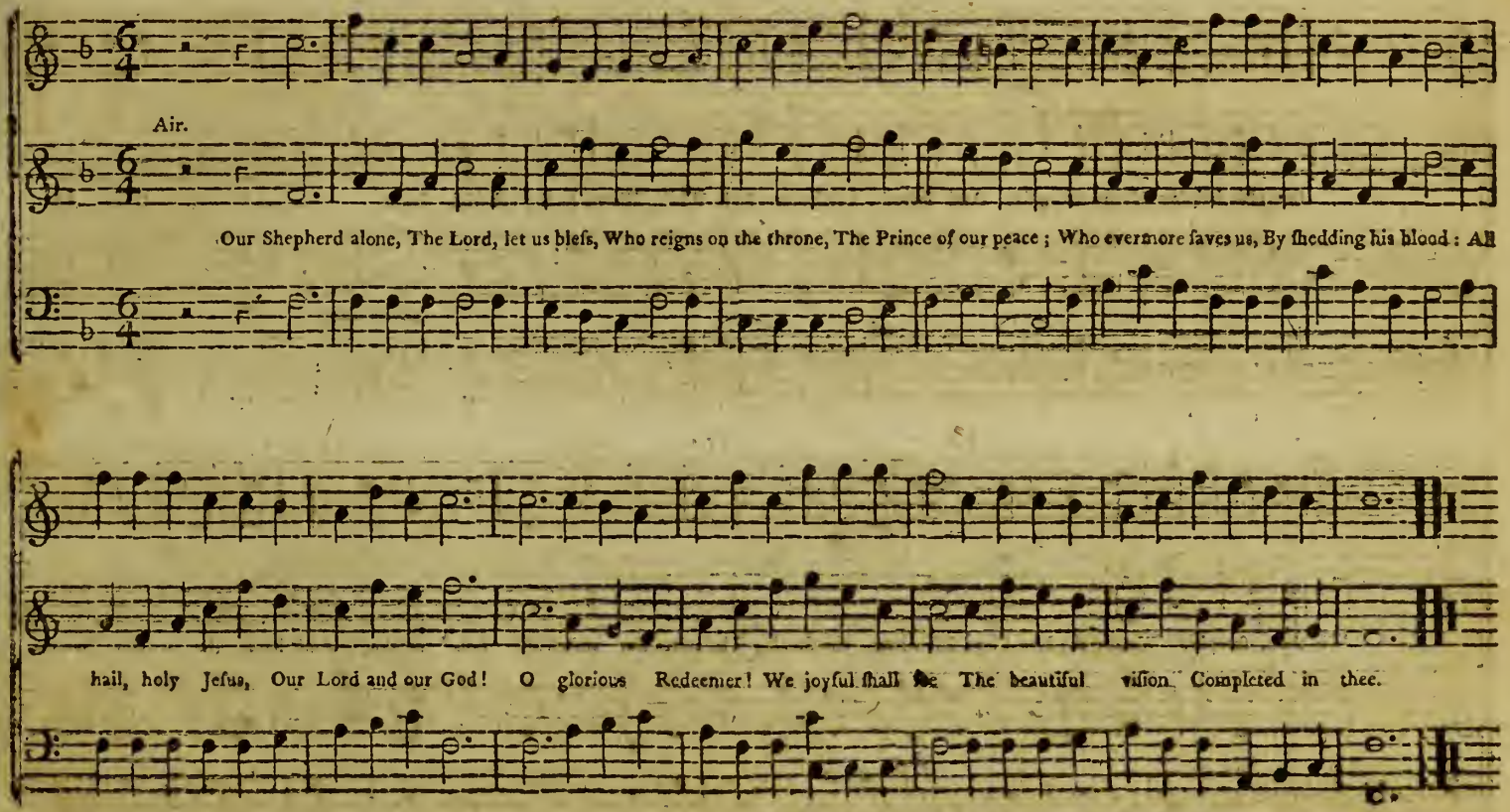
Exhortation. L. M.



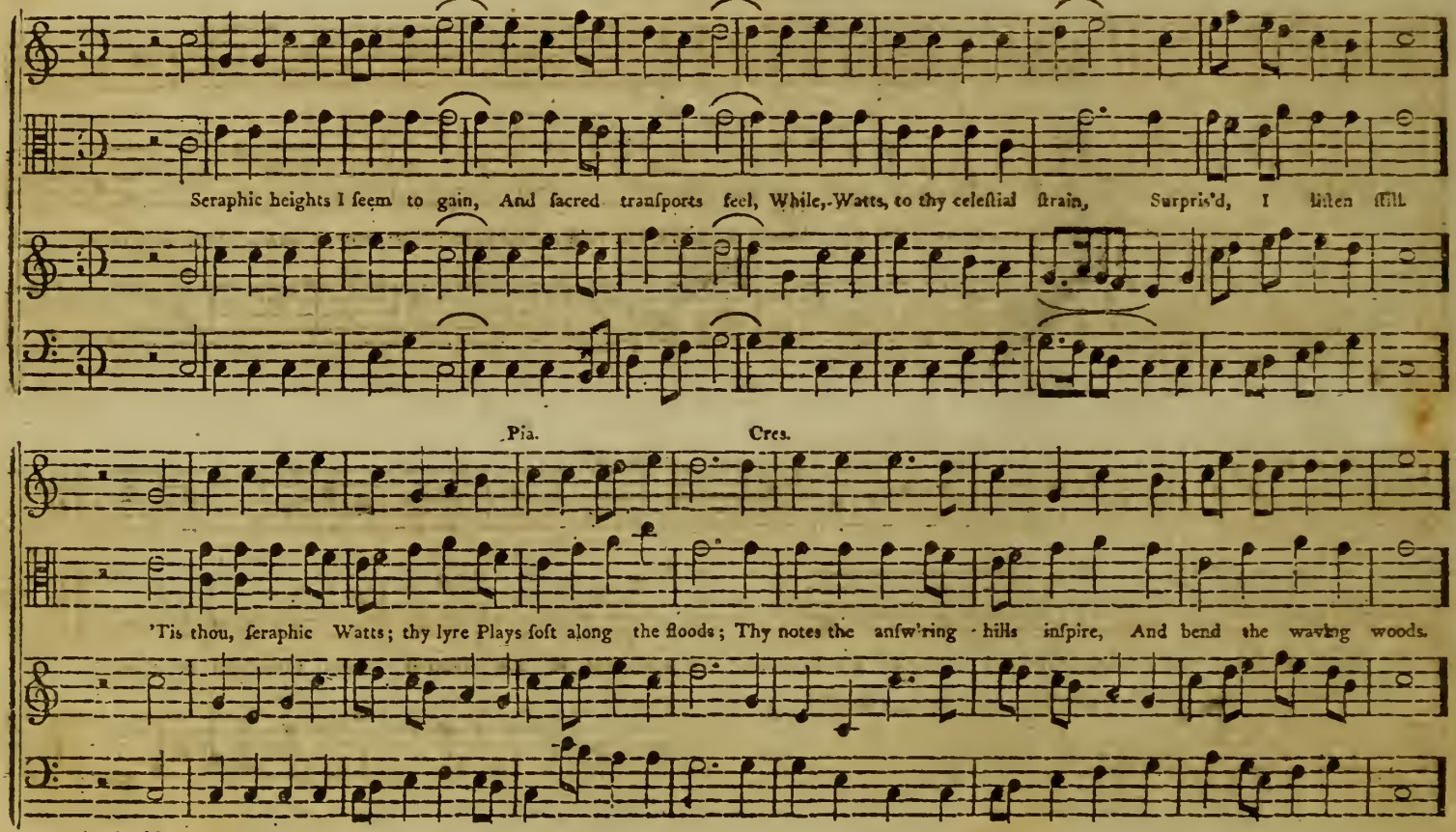

Air.
O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our almighty King, For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise. In-
Into his presence
Into his presence, &c.
to his presence let us haste, To thank him for his favours past, :‖: To him address, in joyful songs, The praise that to his name belongs.

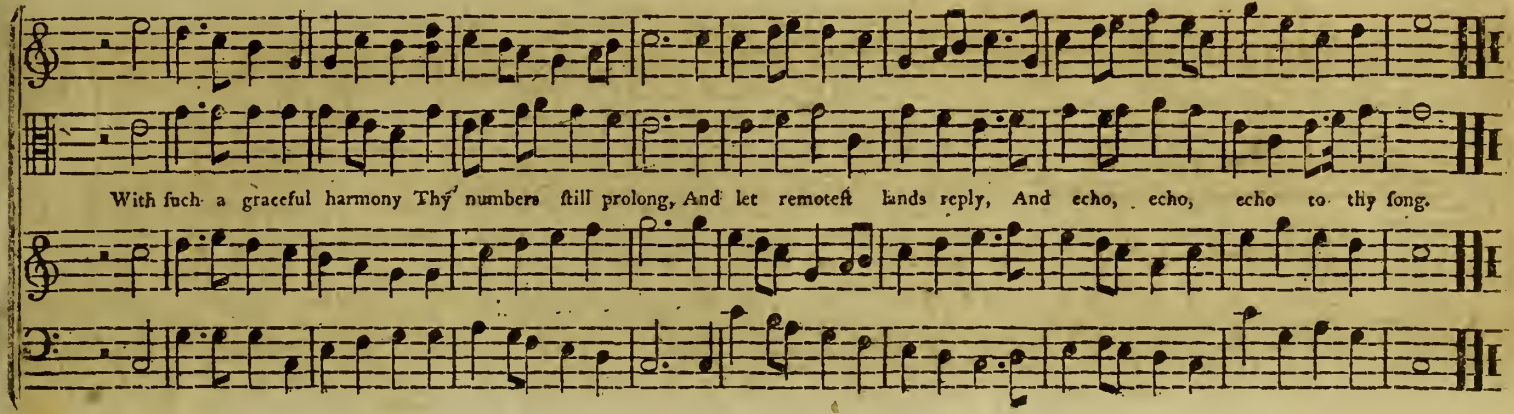
Atonement. C. M.



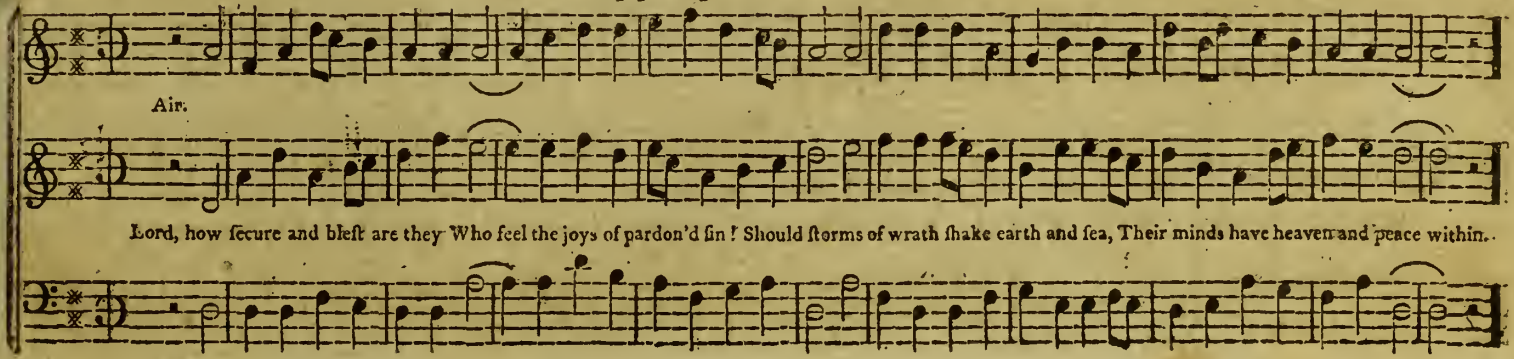

Air.
Our Shepherd alone, The Lord, let us bless, Who reigns on the throne, The Prince of our peace ; Who evermore saves us, By shedding his blood : All
hail, holy Jesus, Our Lord and our God! O glorious Redeemer! We joyful shall see The beautiful vision Completed in thee.

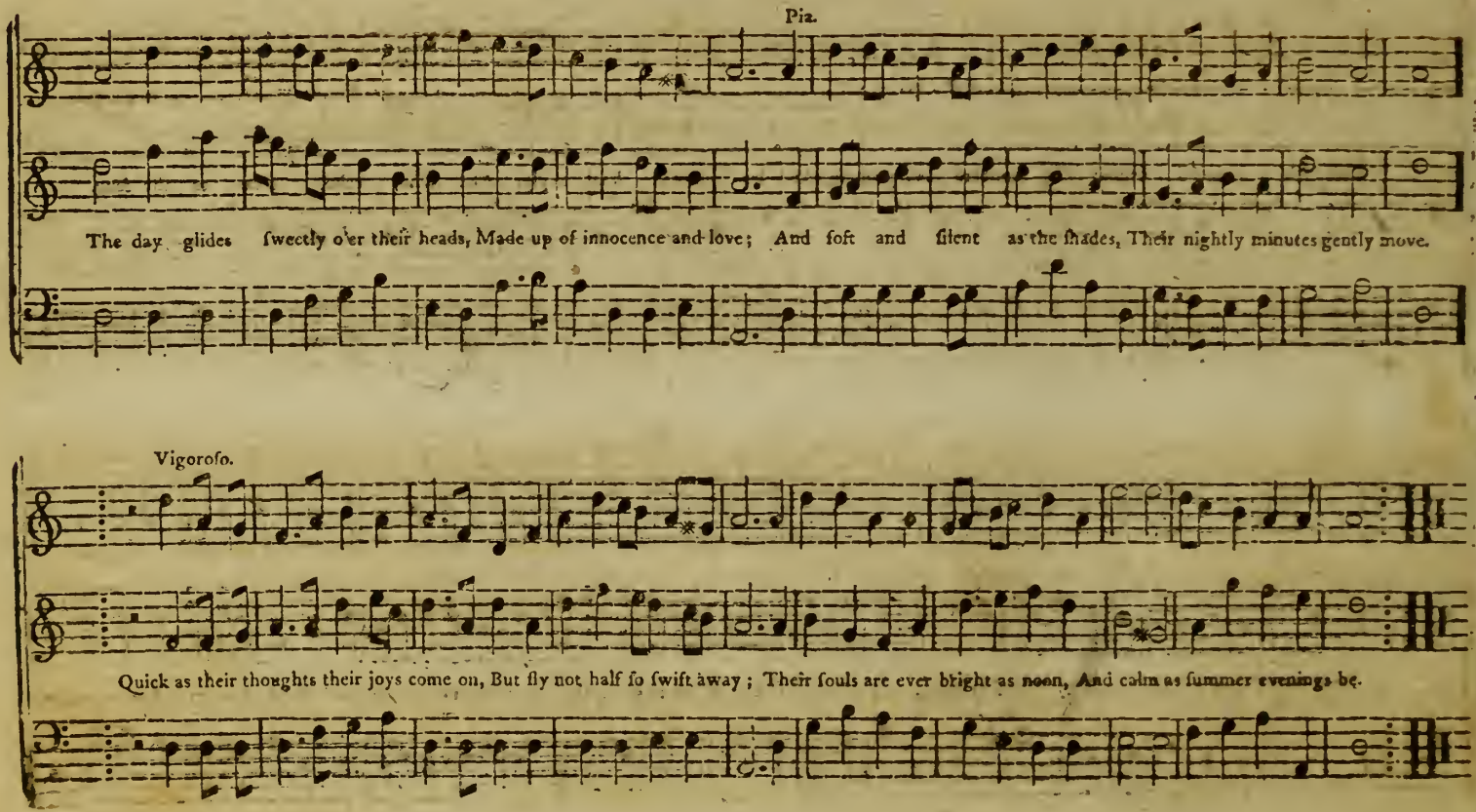
Veneration. C. M.



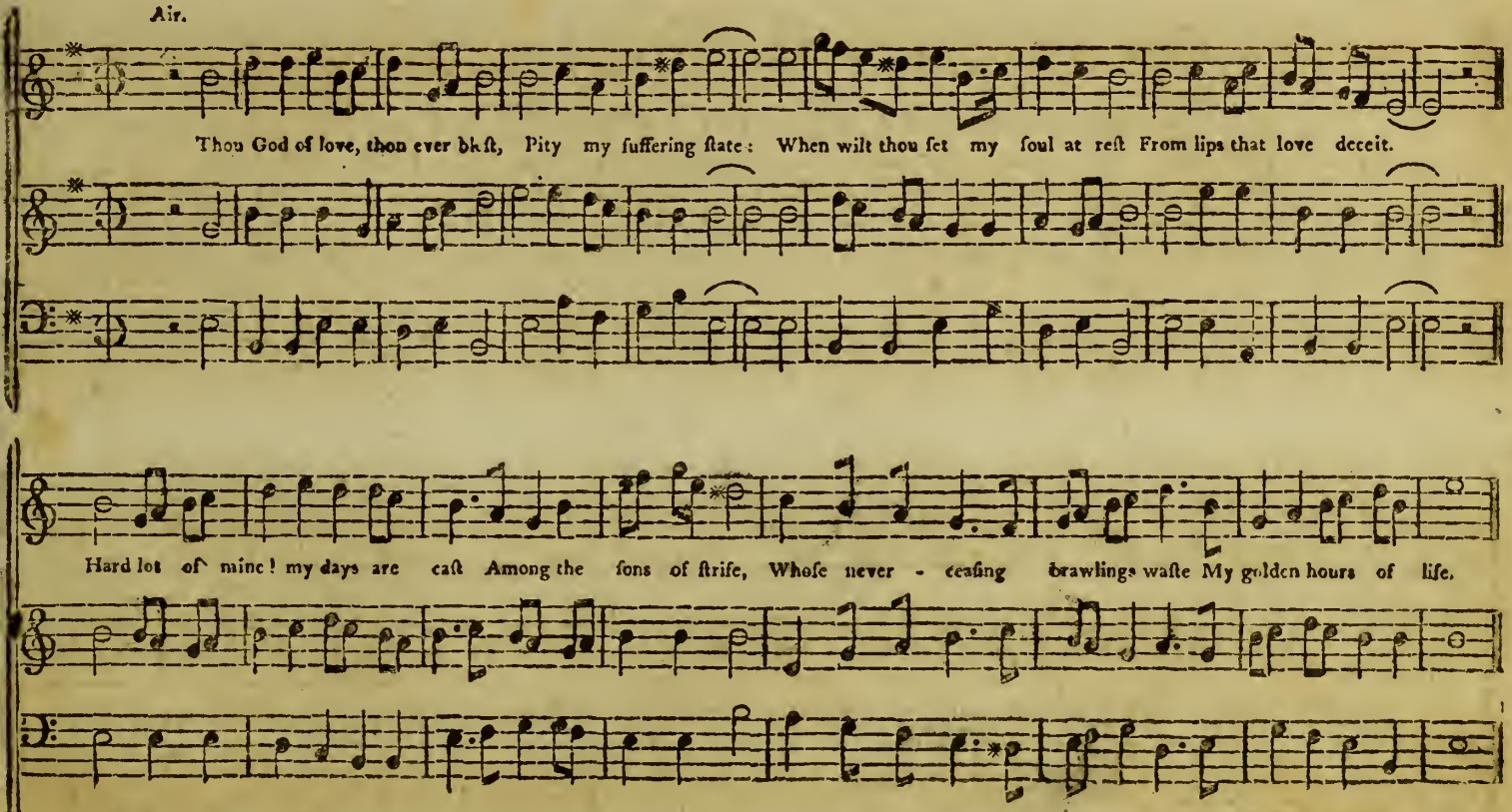


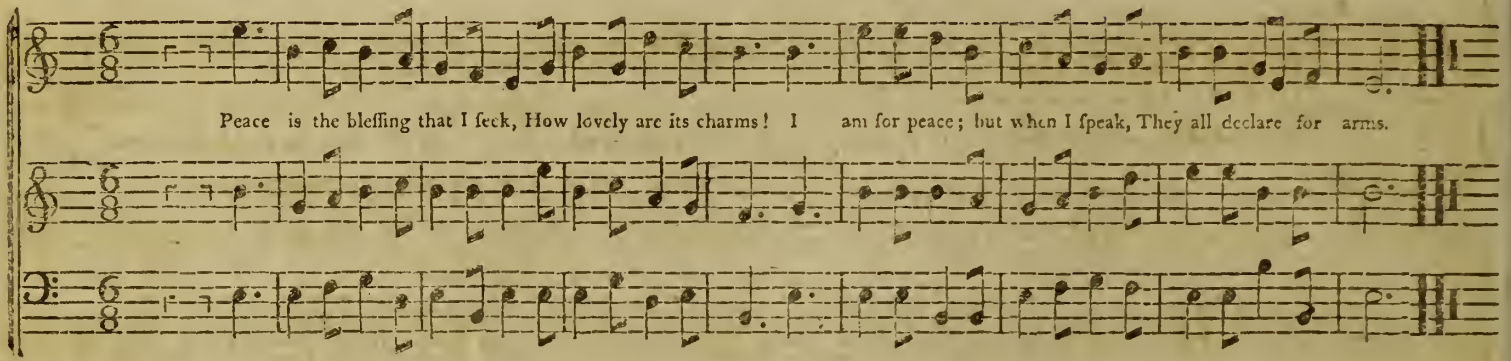
Happineſs. L. M.



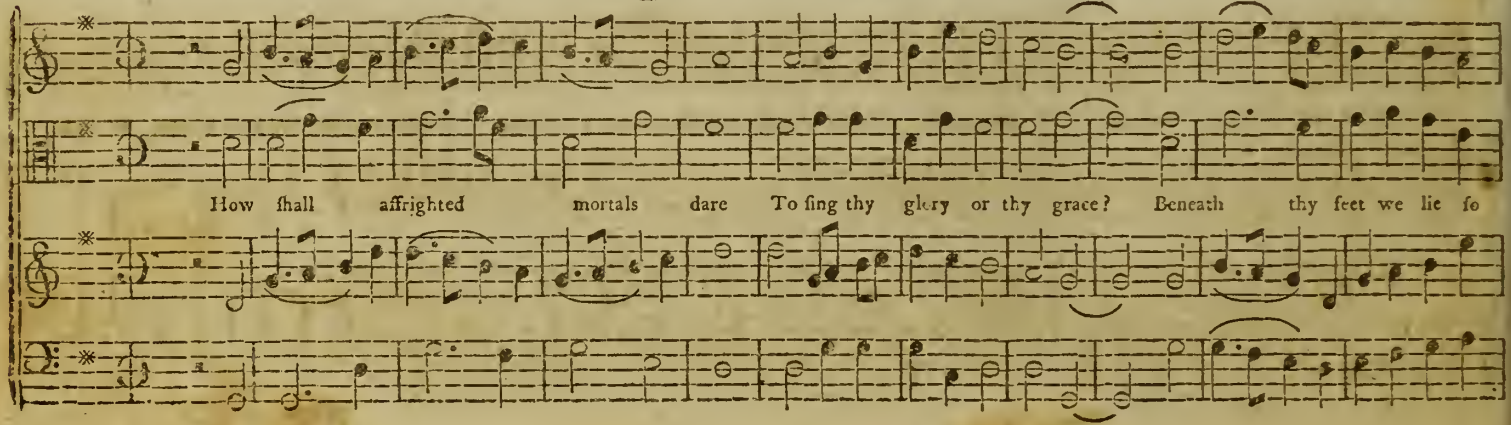

Pia.
The day glides ſweetly o'er their heads, Made up of innocence and love; And ſoft and ſilent as the ſhades, Their nightly minutes gently move.
Vigoroſo.
Quick as their thoughts their joys come on, But fly not half ſo ſwift away; Their ſouls are ever bright as noon, And calm as ſummer evenings be.

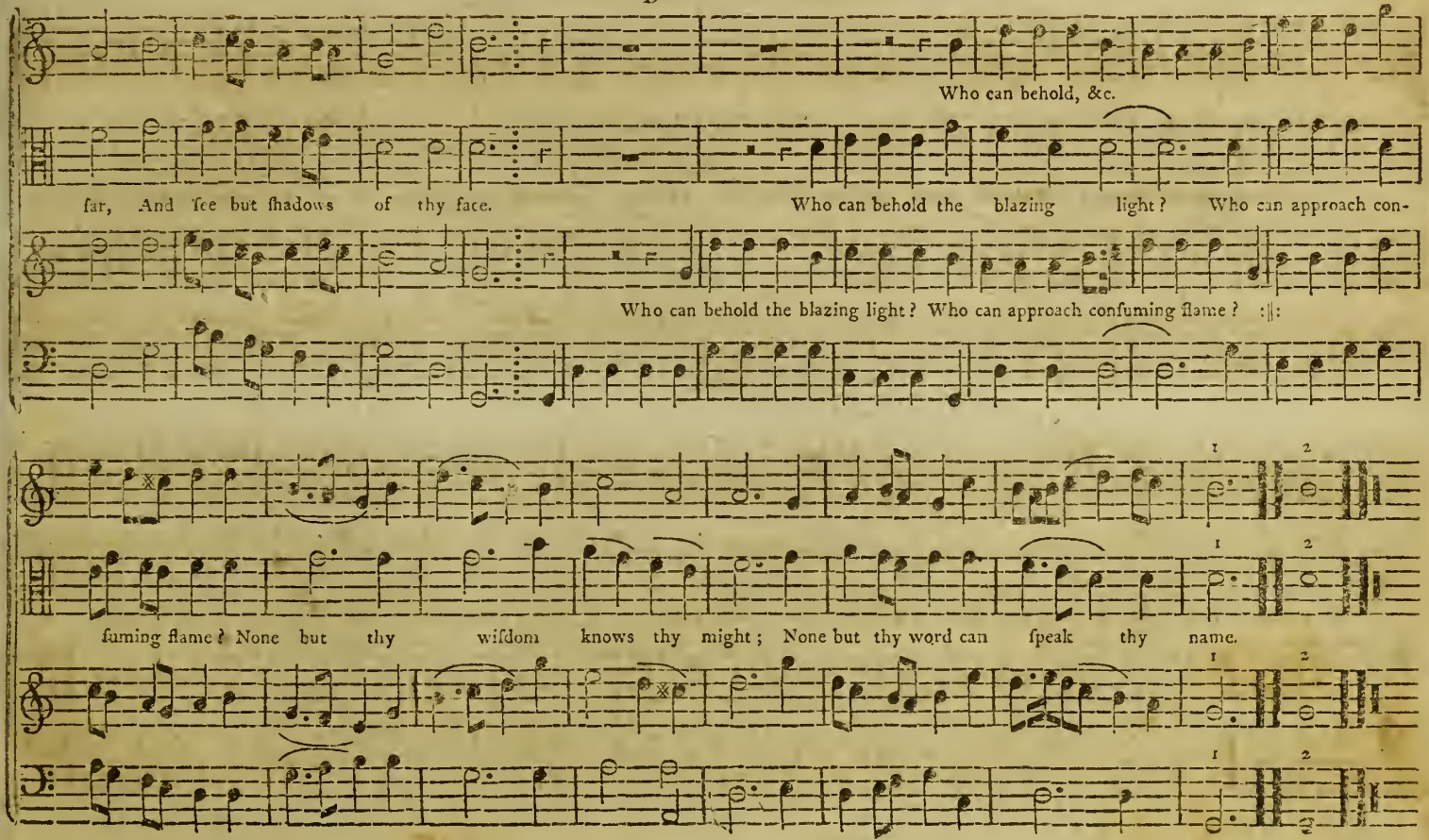
Air.

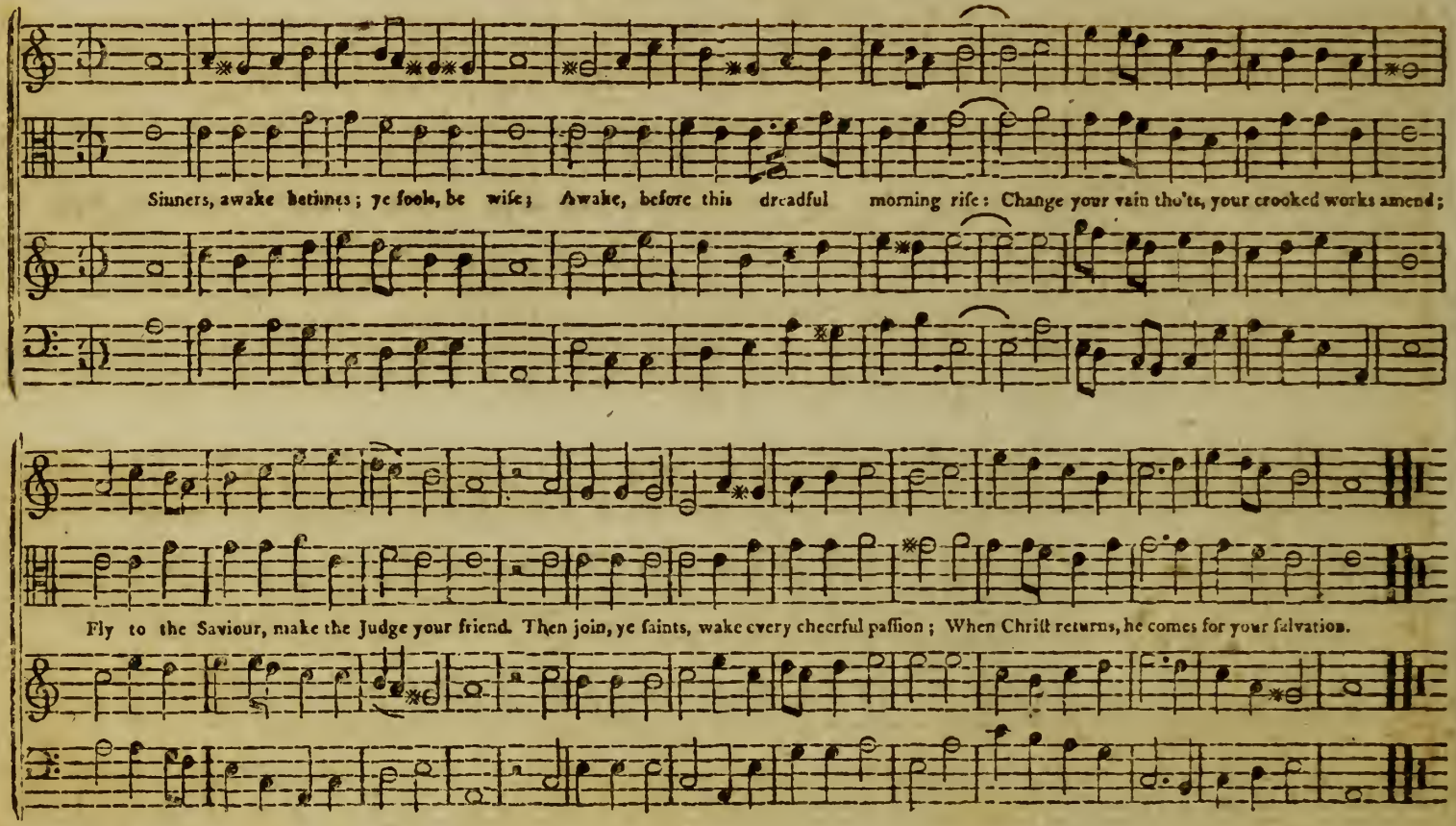

Thou God of love, thou ever bleſt, Pity my ſuffering ſtate: When wilt thou ſet my ſoul at reſt From lips that love deceit.
Hard lot of mine! my days are caſt Among the ſons of ſtrife, Whoſe never-ceaſing brawlings waſte My golden hours of life.

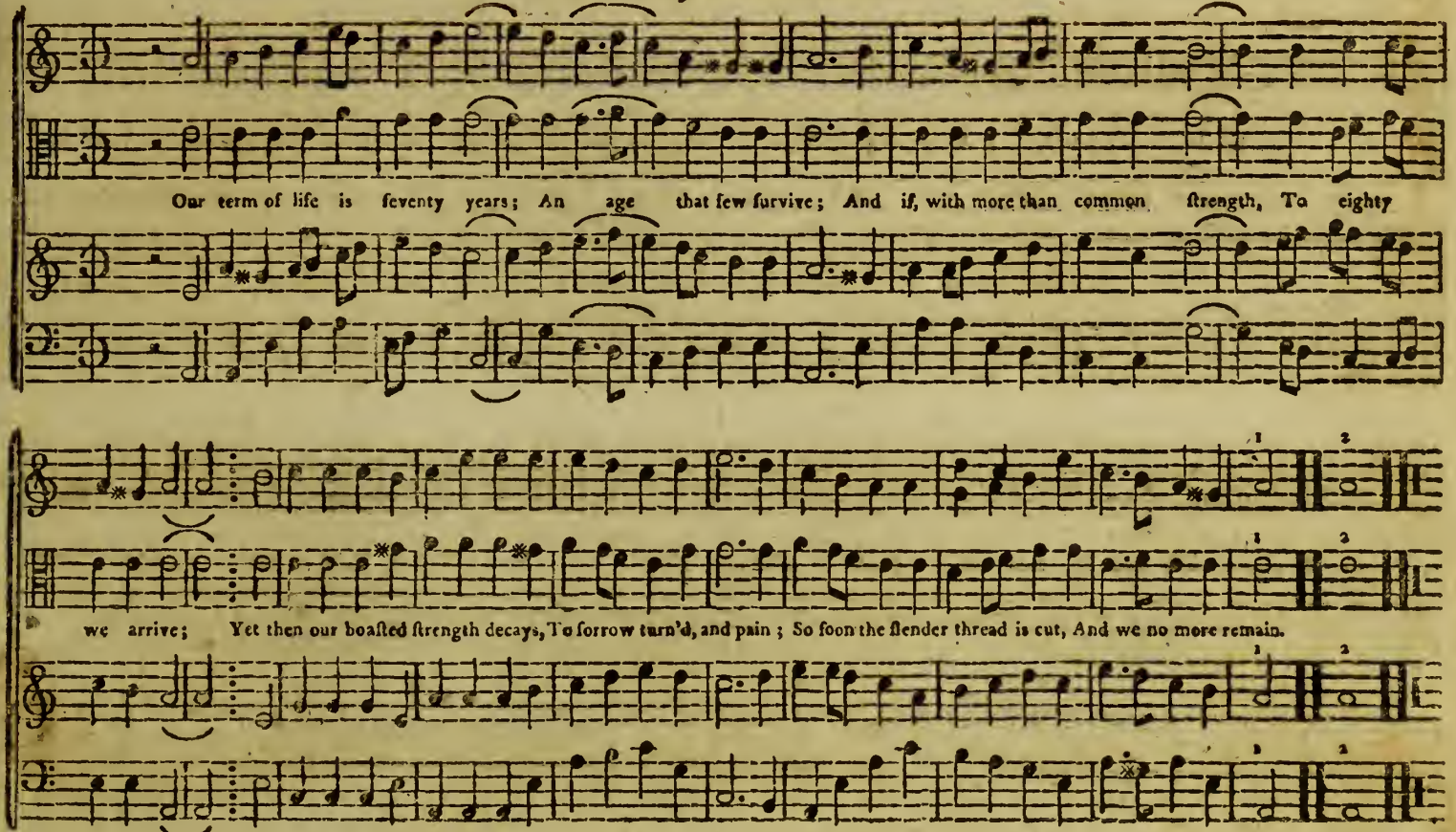


Tenneſſee. L. M.



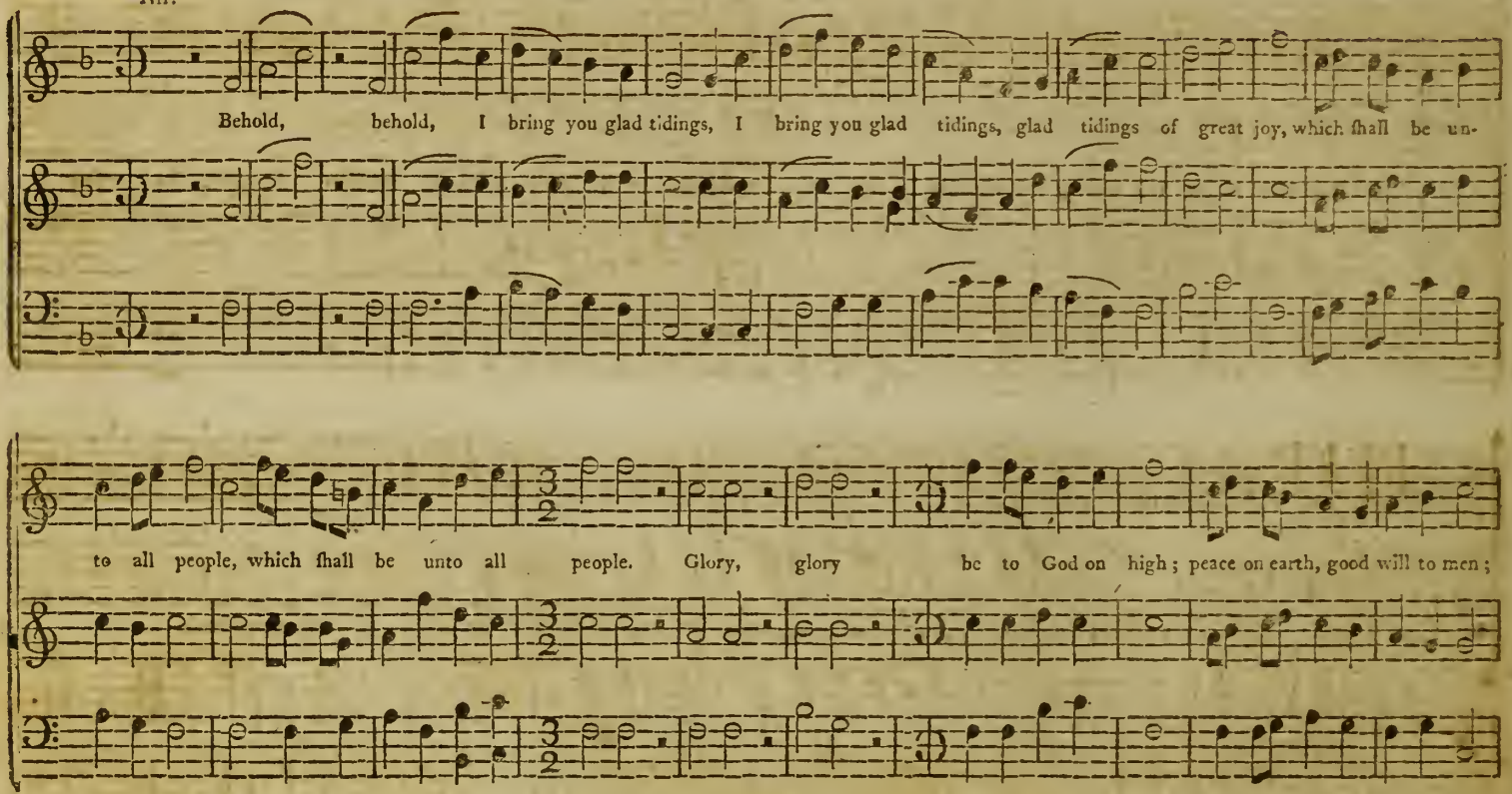

Who can behold, &c.
far, And ſee but ſhadows of thy face.
Who can behold the blazing light? Who can approach con-
Who can behold the blazing light? Who can approach conſuming flame? :‖:
1 2
ſuming flame? None but thy wiſdom knows thy might; None but thy word can ſpeak thy name.

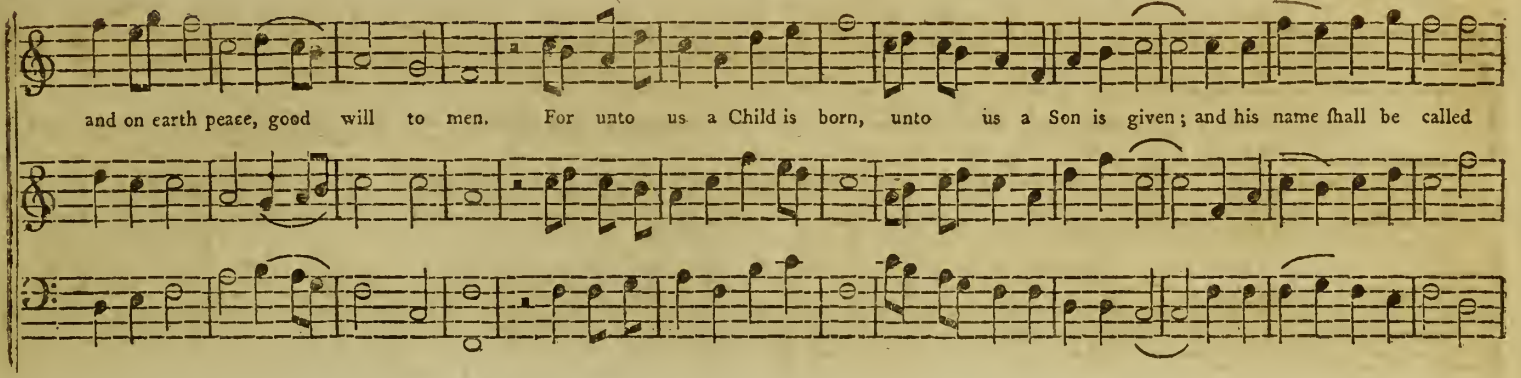

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise; Awake, before this dreadful morning rise: Change your vain tho'ts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend. Then join, ye saints, wake every cheerful passion; When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

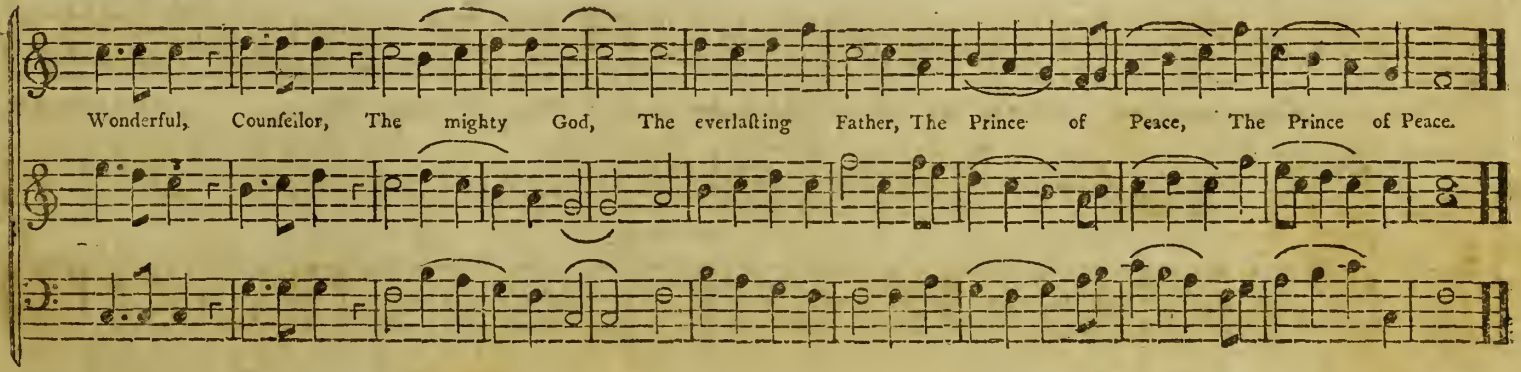

Our term of life is seventy years; An age that few survive; And if, with more than common strength, To eighty
we arrive; Yet then our boasted strength decays, To sorrow turn'd, and pain; So soon the slender thread is cut, And we no more remain.

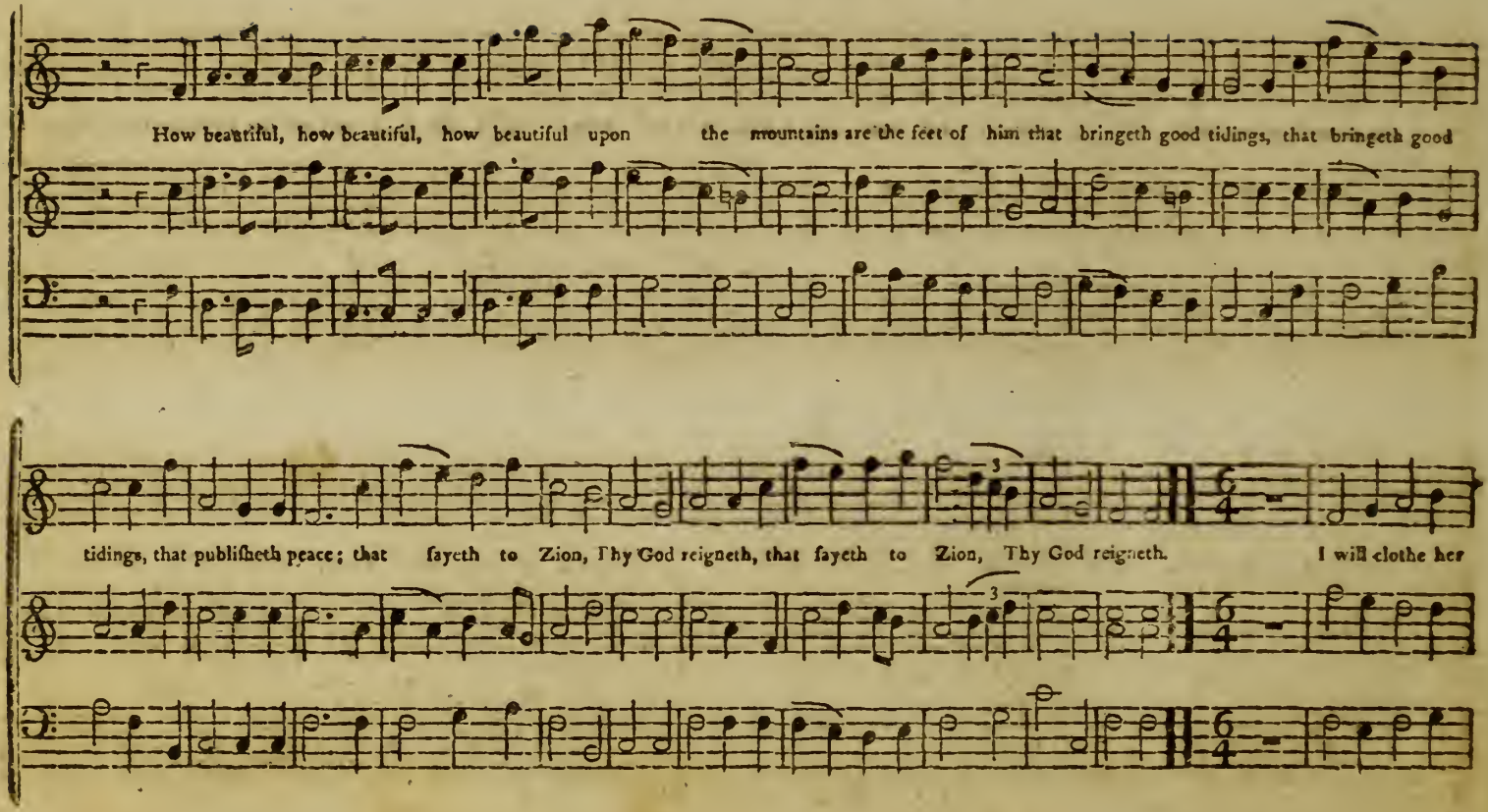
Anthem. From fundry Scriptures.

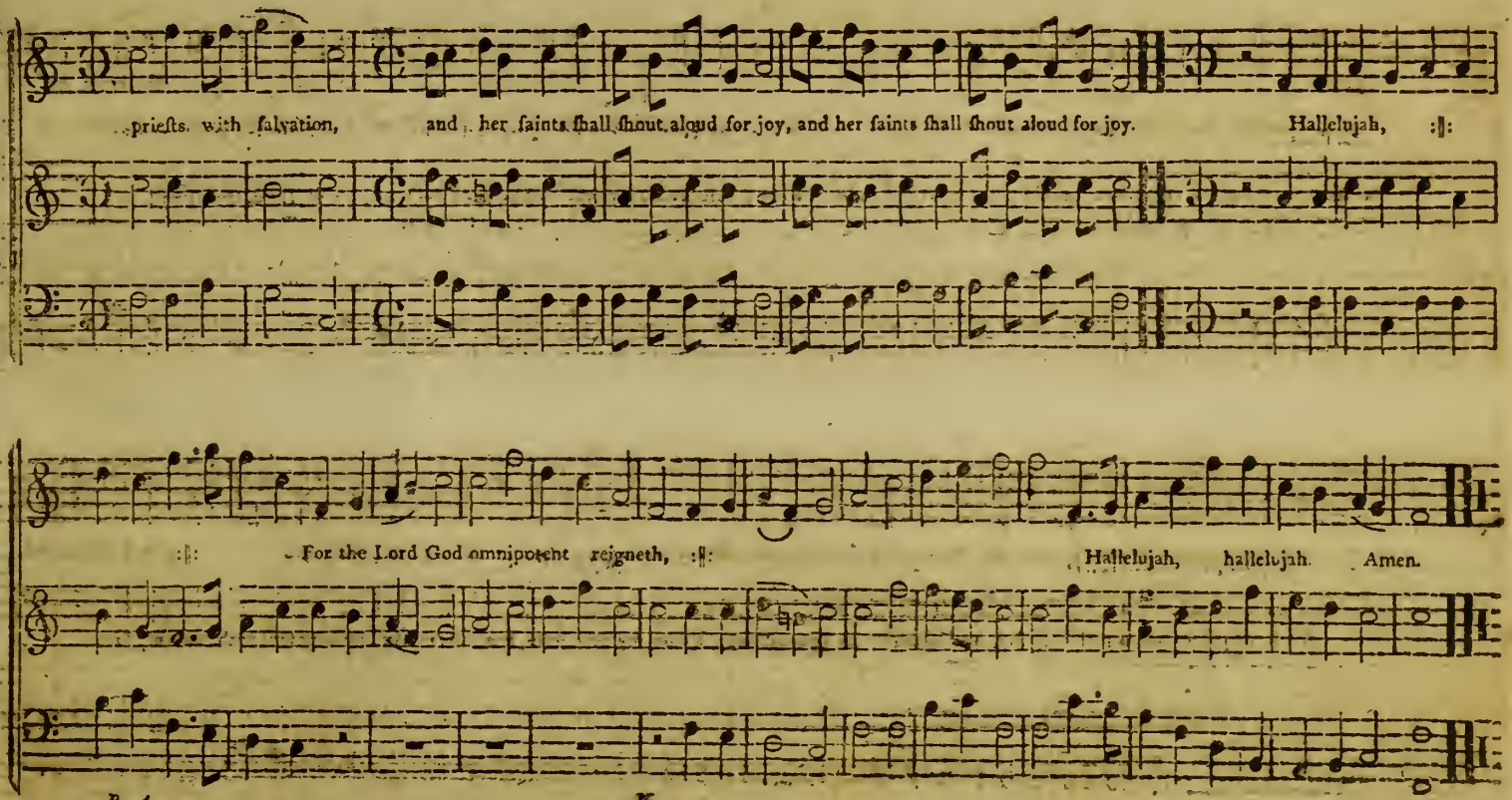
Air.




and on earth peace, good will to men. For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and his name shall be called

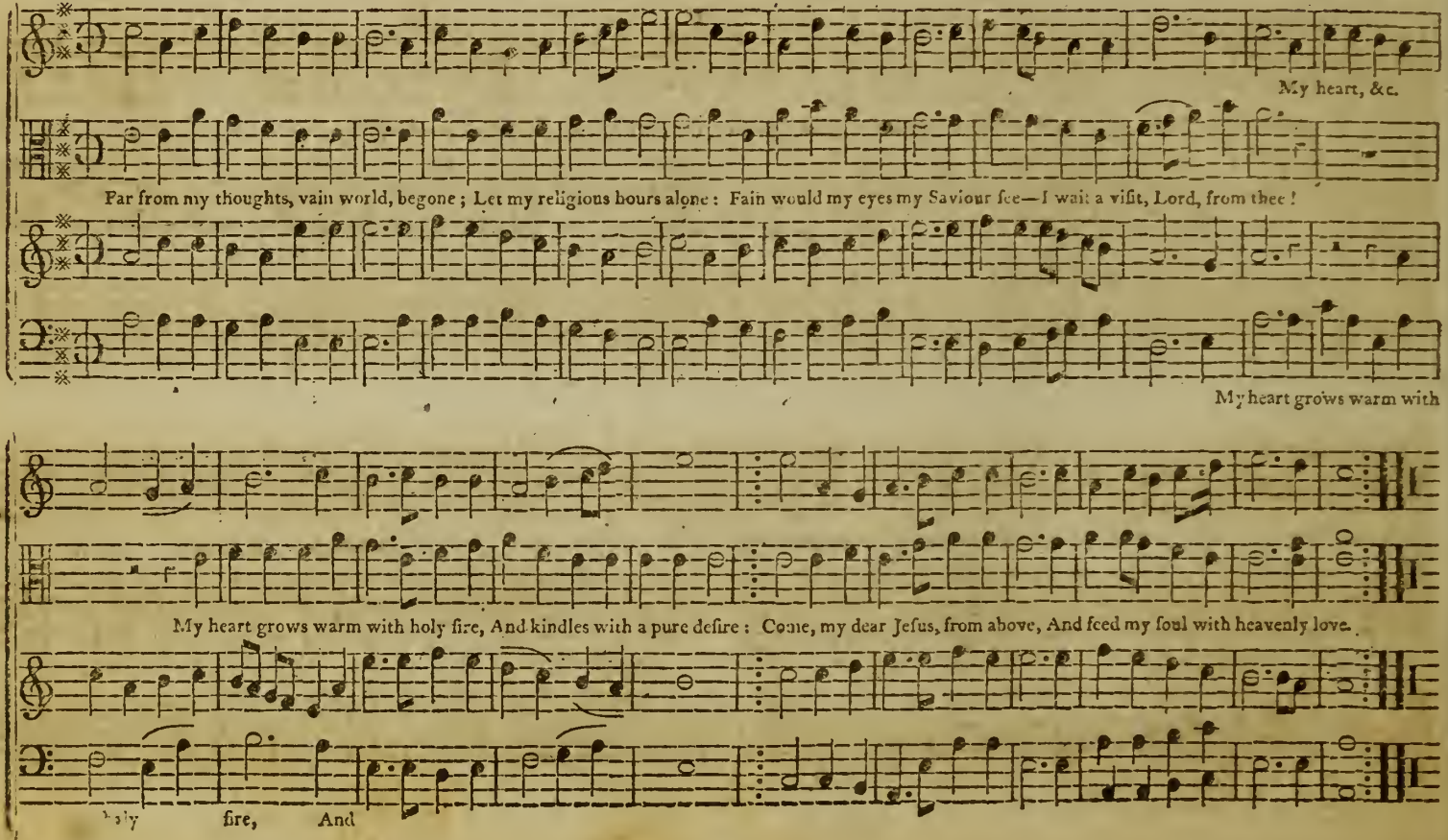

Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace, The Prince of Peace.

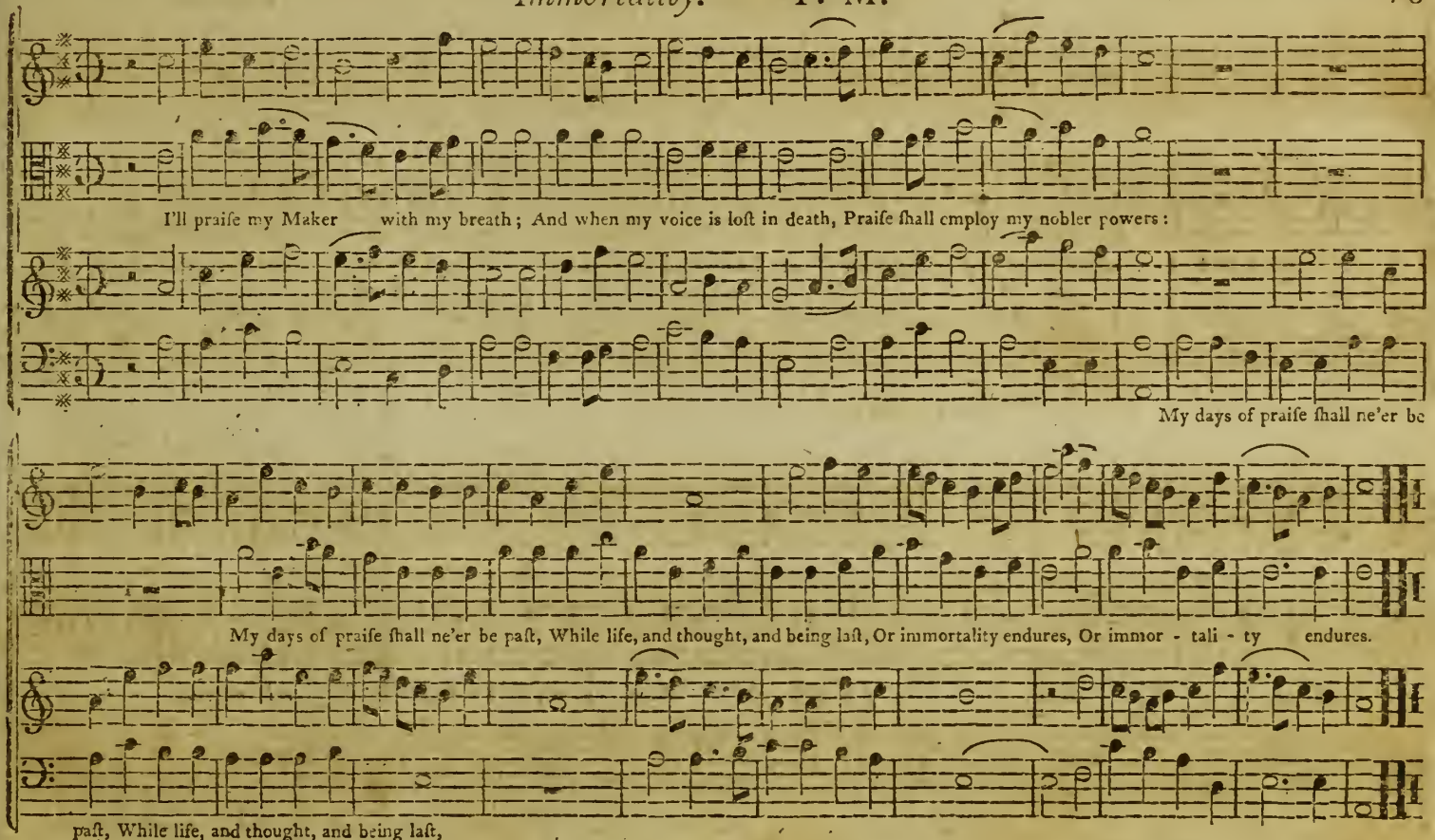

How beautiful, how beautiful, how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that bringeth good
tidings, that publisheth peace; that fayeth to Zion, Thy God reigneth, that fayeth to Zion, Thy God reigneth. I will clothe her

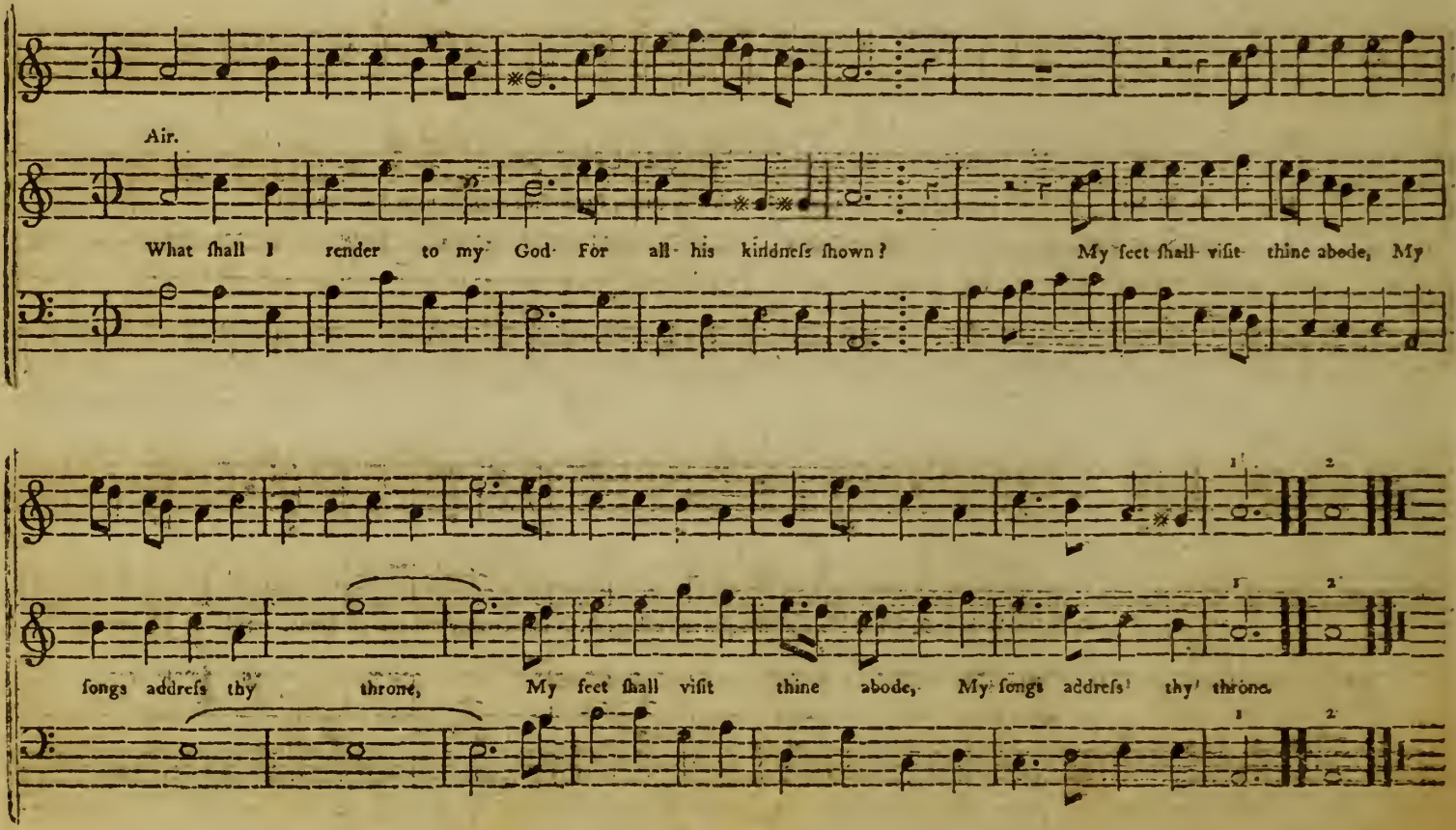

priests. with salvation, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy. Hallelujah,
For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.

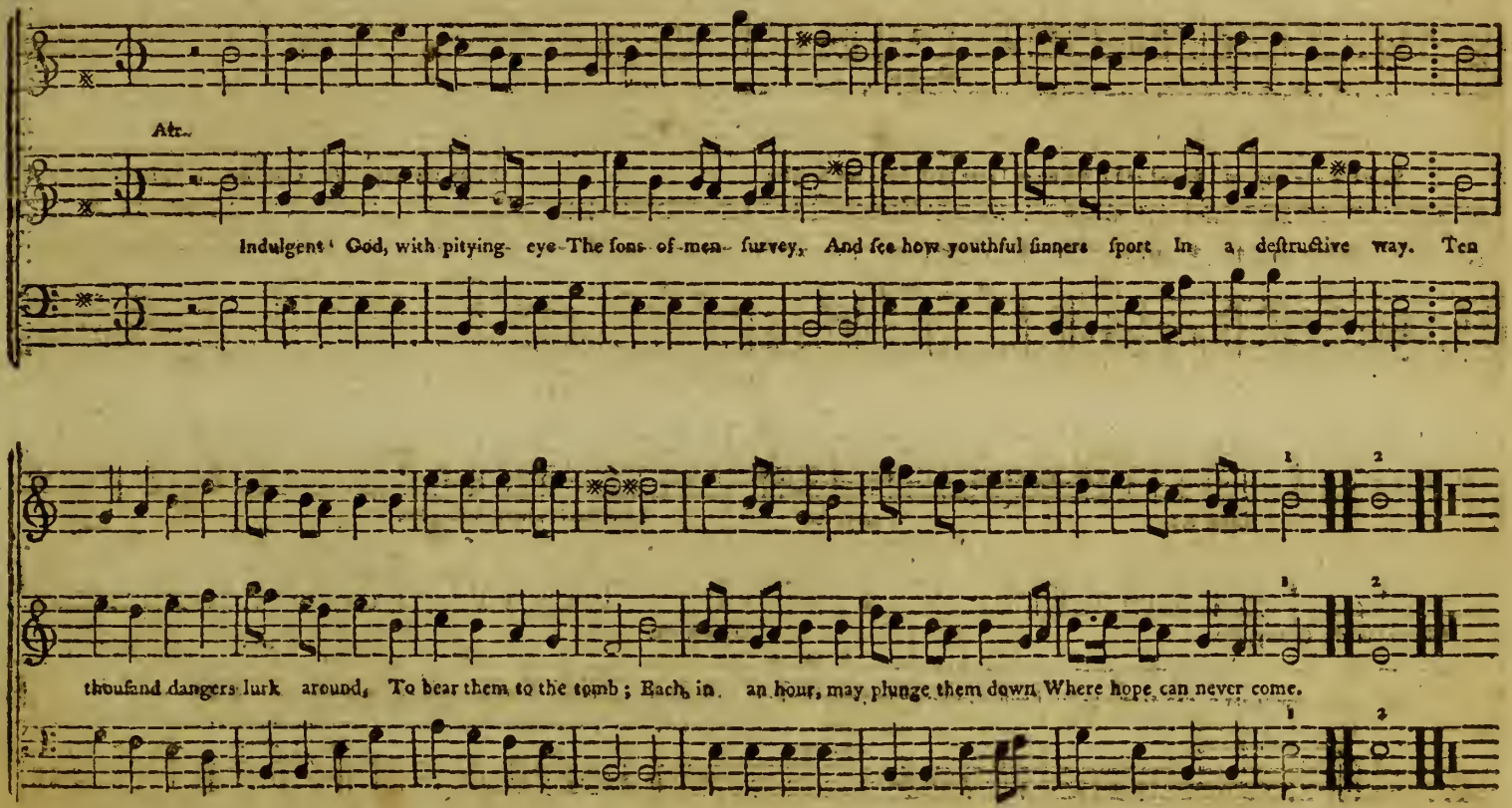
Retirement. L. M.

GODDARD.

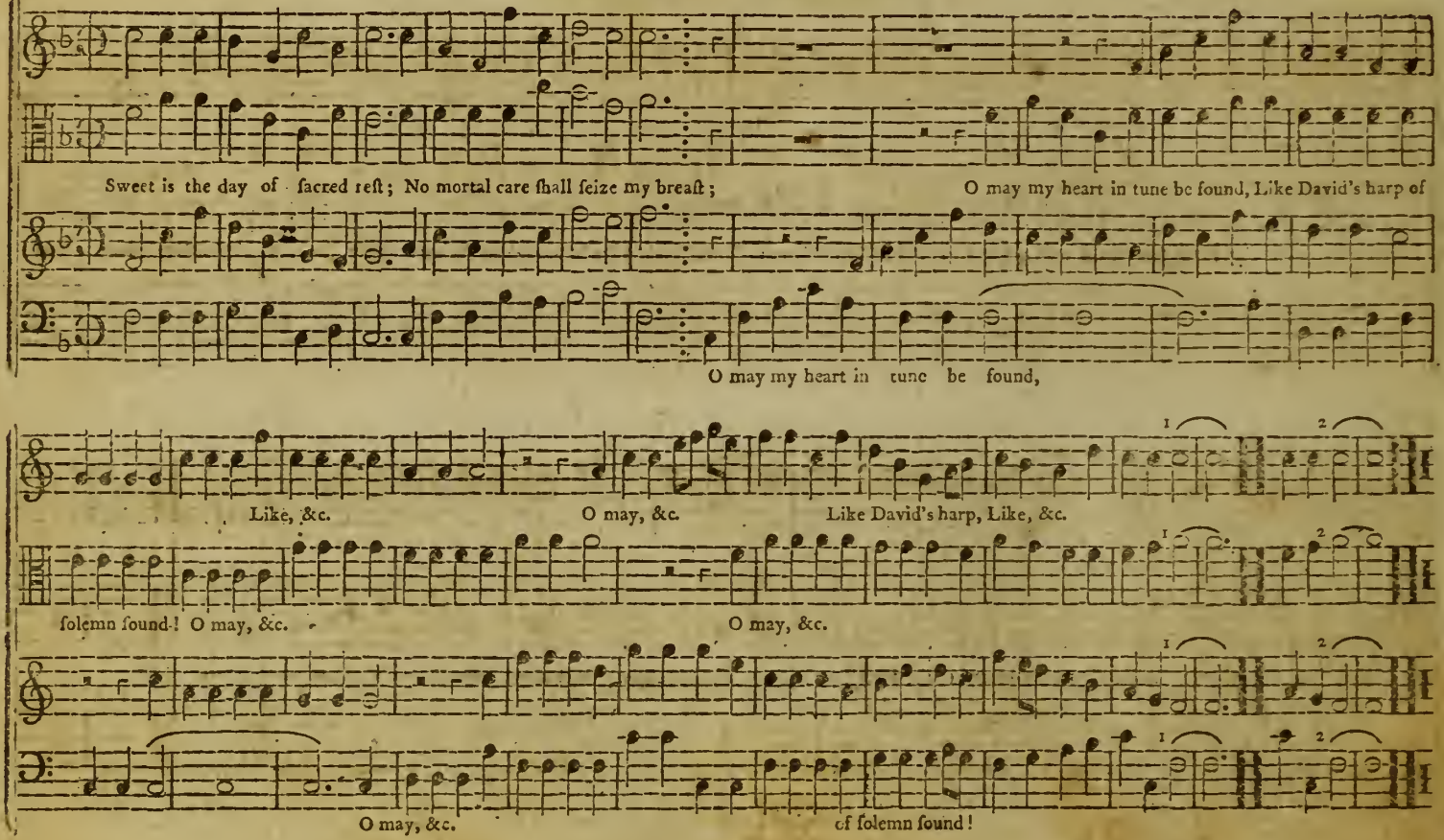


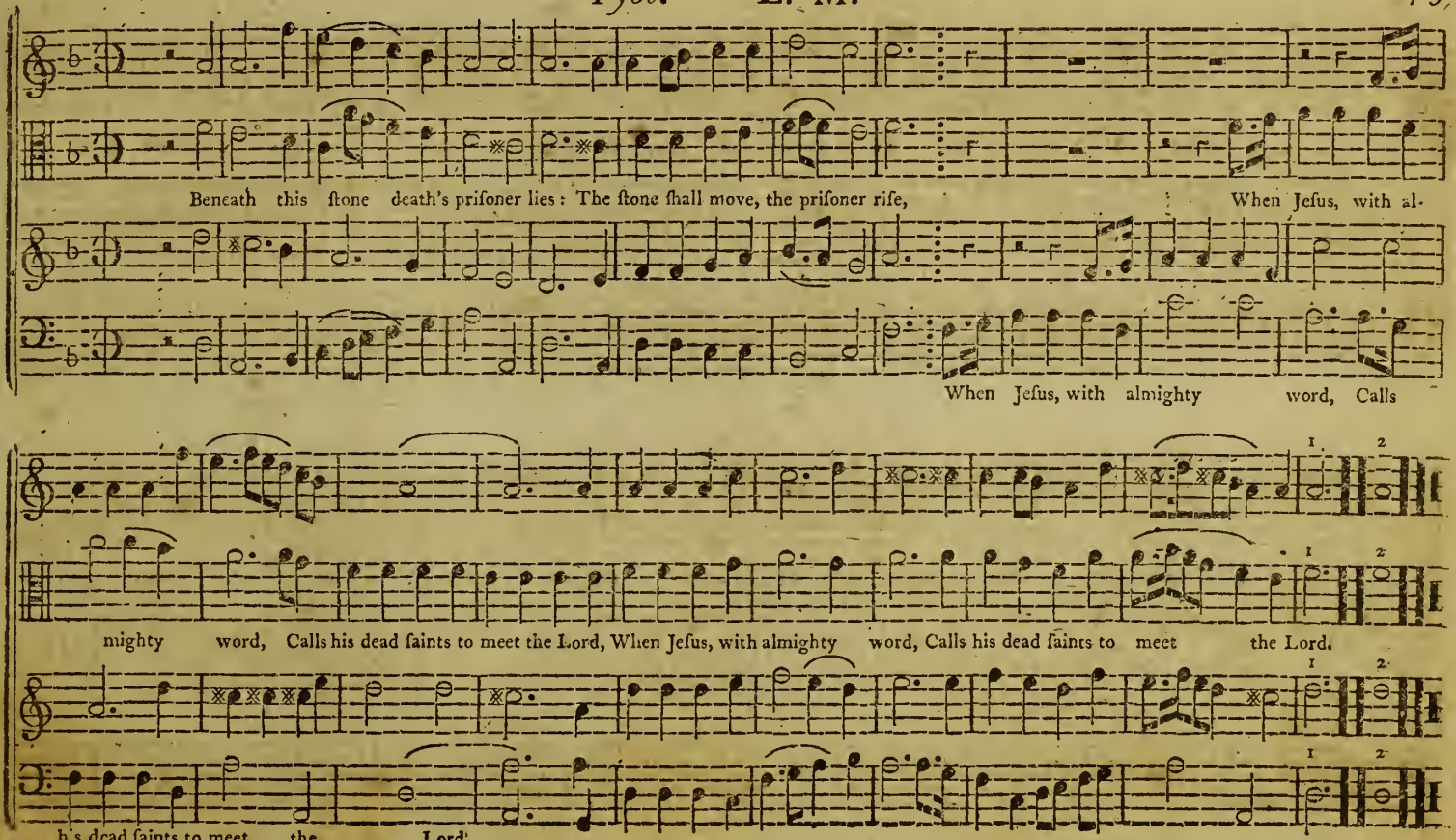

I'll praiſe my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is loſt in death, Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt, While life, and thought, and being laſt, Or immortality endures, Or immor - tali - ty endures.
paſt, While life, and thought,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


Air.
What shall I render to my God For all his kindness shown? My feet shall visit thine abode, My
songs address thy throne, My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address thy throne.

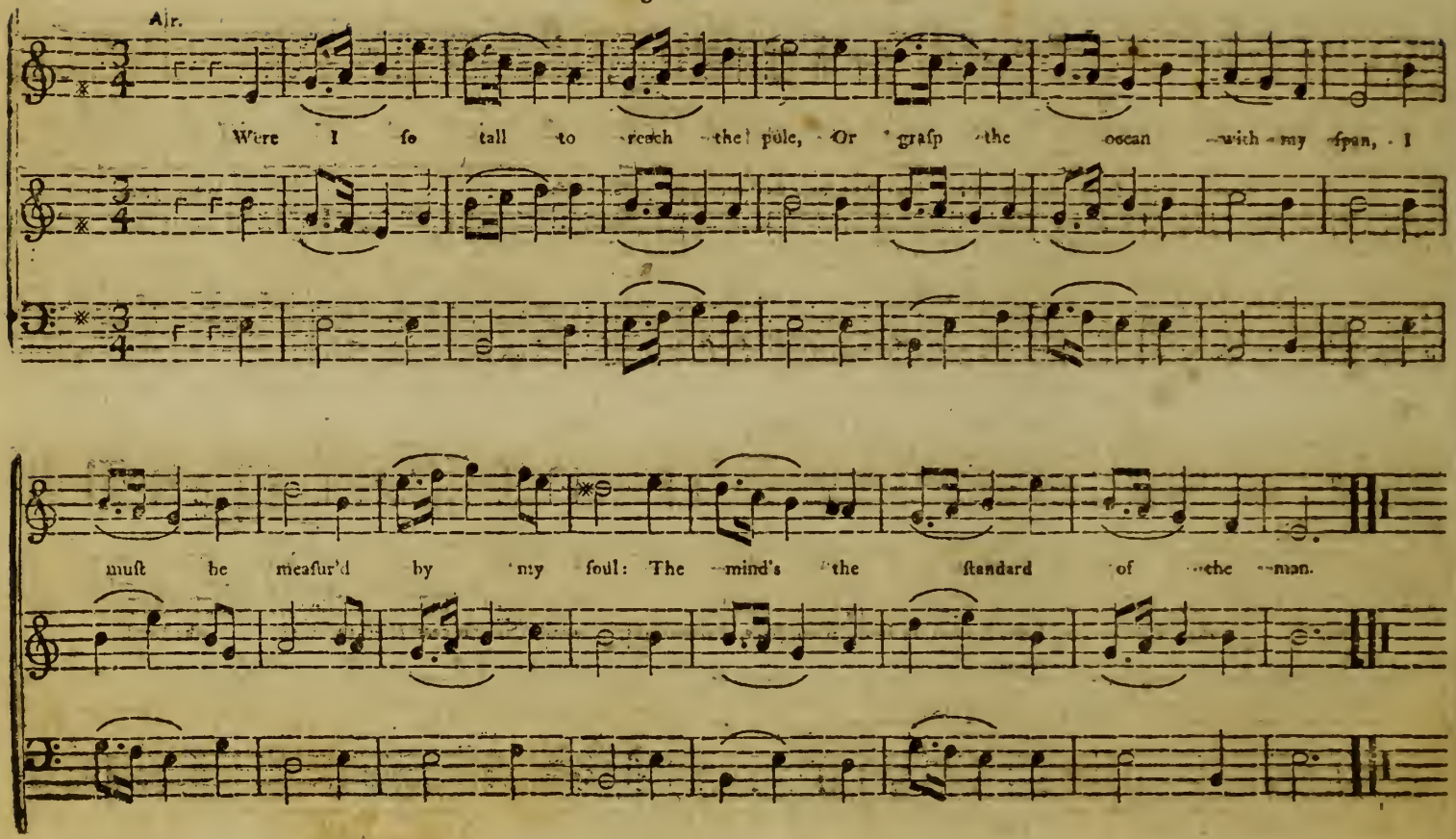

Atr.
Indulgent God, with pitying eye The ſons of men ſurvey, And ſee how youthful ſinners ſport In a deſtructive way. Ten
thouſand dangers lurk around, To bear them to the tomb; Each in an hour, may plunge them down Where hope can never come.

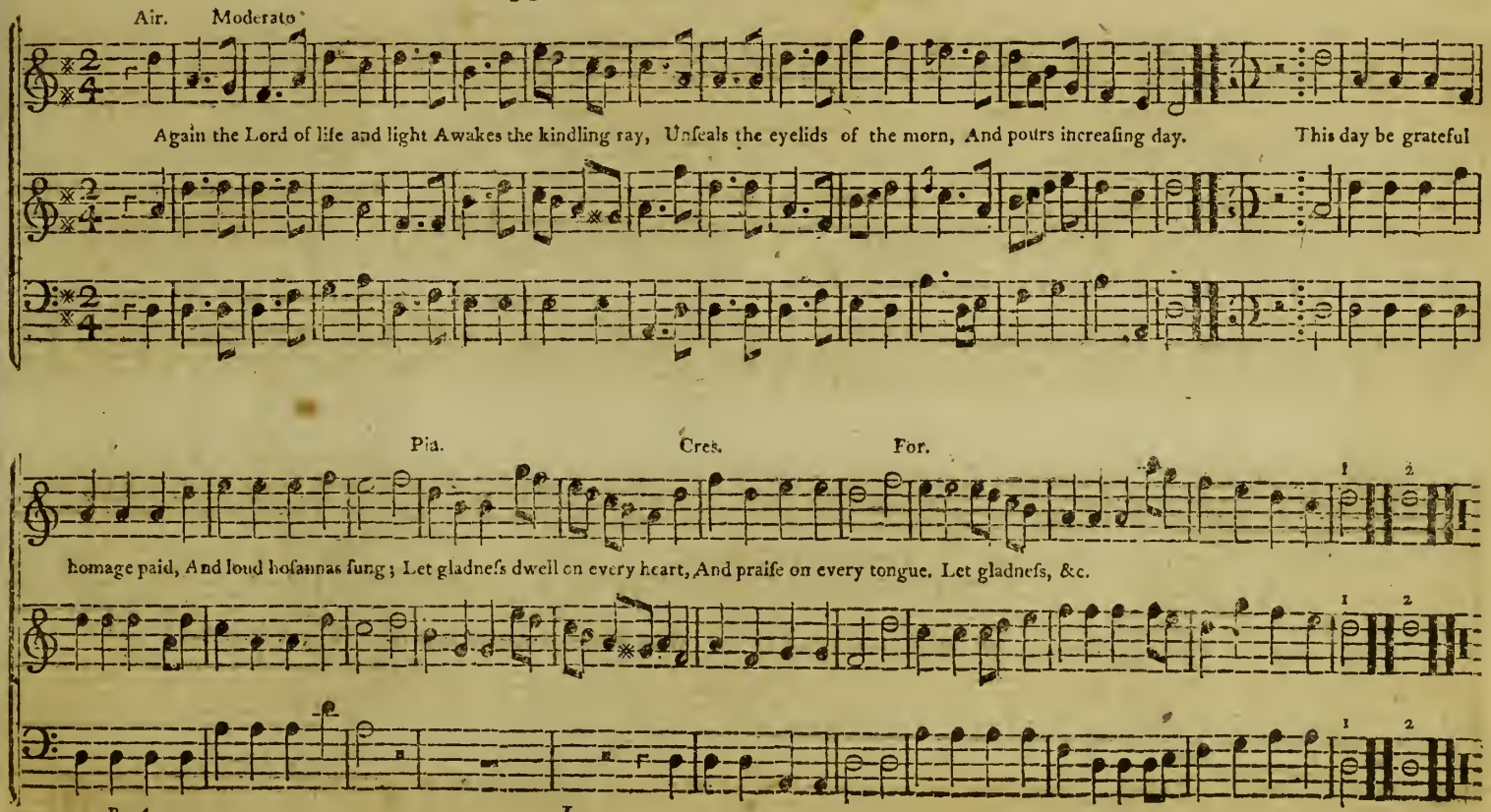
Devotion. L. M.


Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like, &c.
O may, &c.
Like David's harp, Like, &c.
solemn sound! O may, &c.
O may, &c.
O may, &c.
of solemn sound!

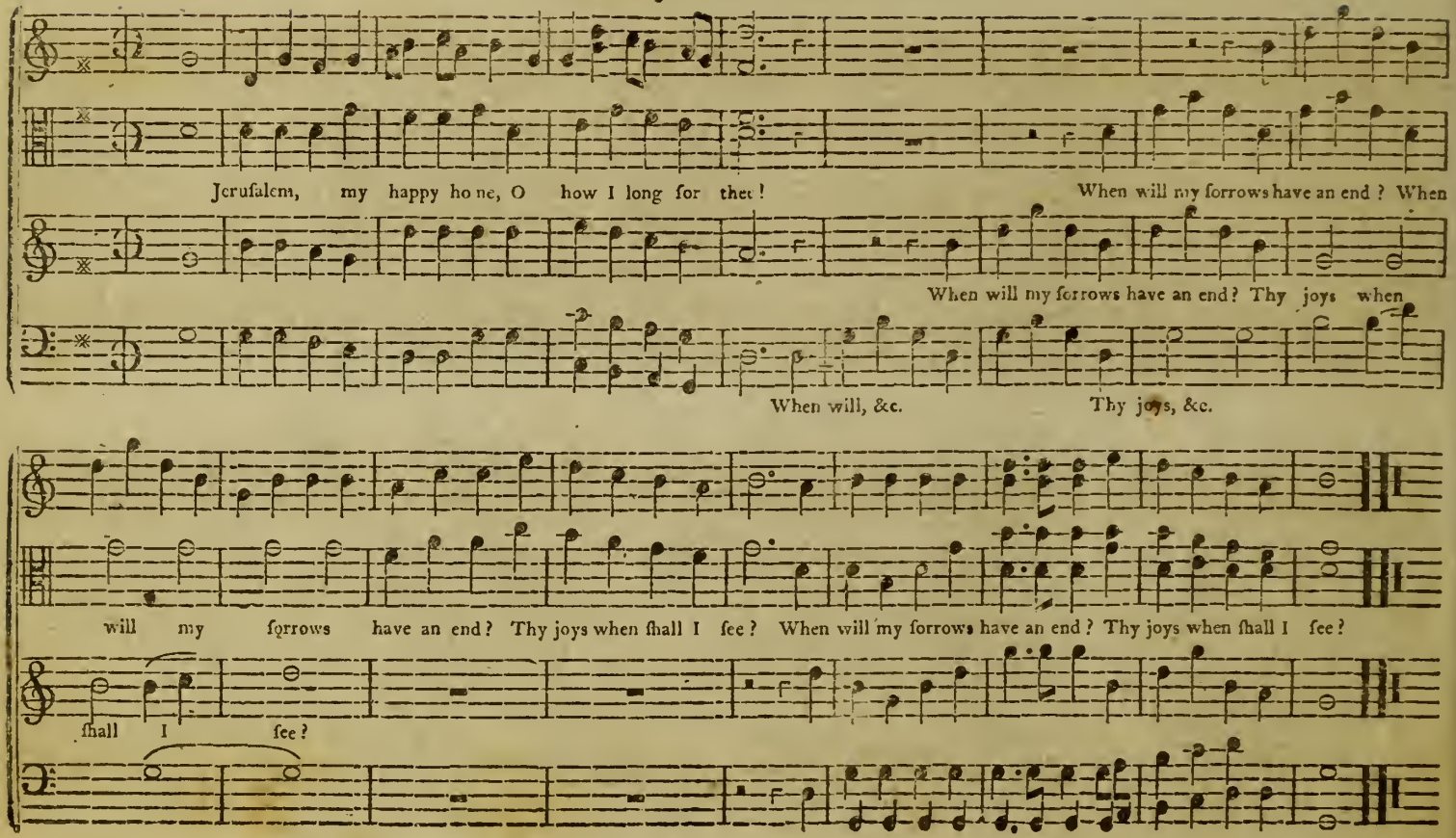

Beneath this ſtone death's priſoner lies: The ſtone ſhall move, the priſoner riſe, When Jeſus, with al-
When Jeſus, with almighty word, Calls
mighty word, Calls his dead ſaints to meet the Lord, When Jeſus, with almighty word, Calls his dead ſaints to meet the Lord.
his dead ſaints to meet the Lord,

Dimenſion. L. M.

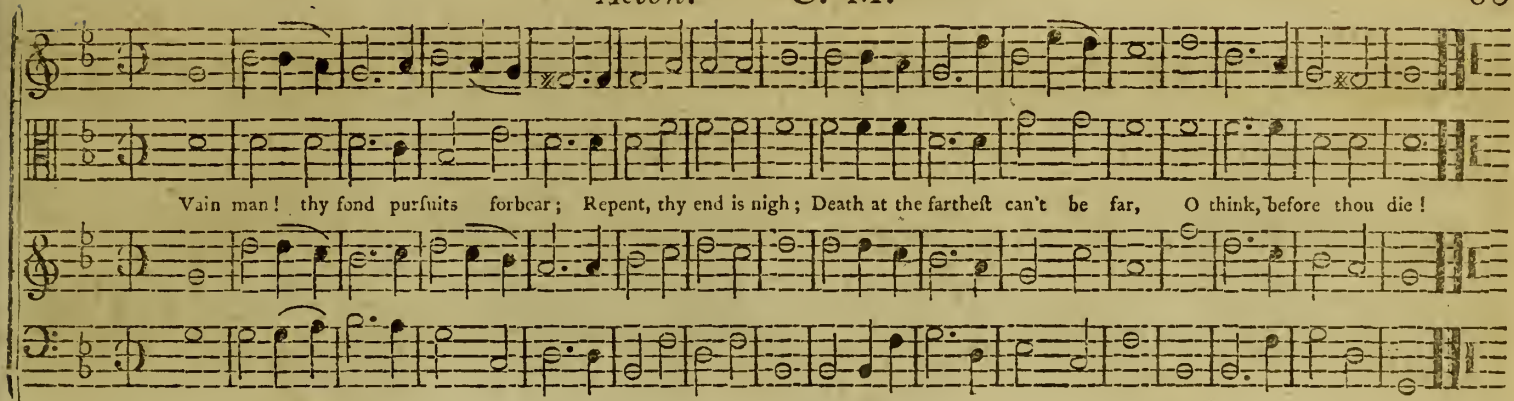



Air. Moderato
Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unſeals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increaſing day. This day be grateful
Pia.
Cres.
For.
homage paid, And loud hoſannas ſung; Let gladneſs dwell on every heart, And praiſe on every tongue. Let gladneſs, &c.
P. A.

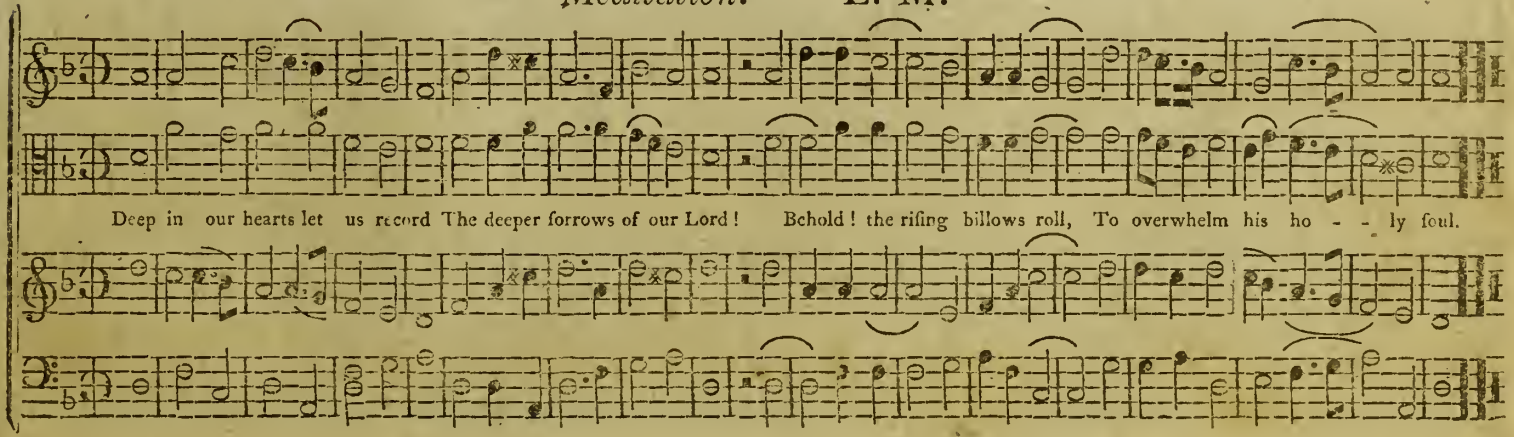
Heavenly Ode. C. M.



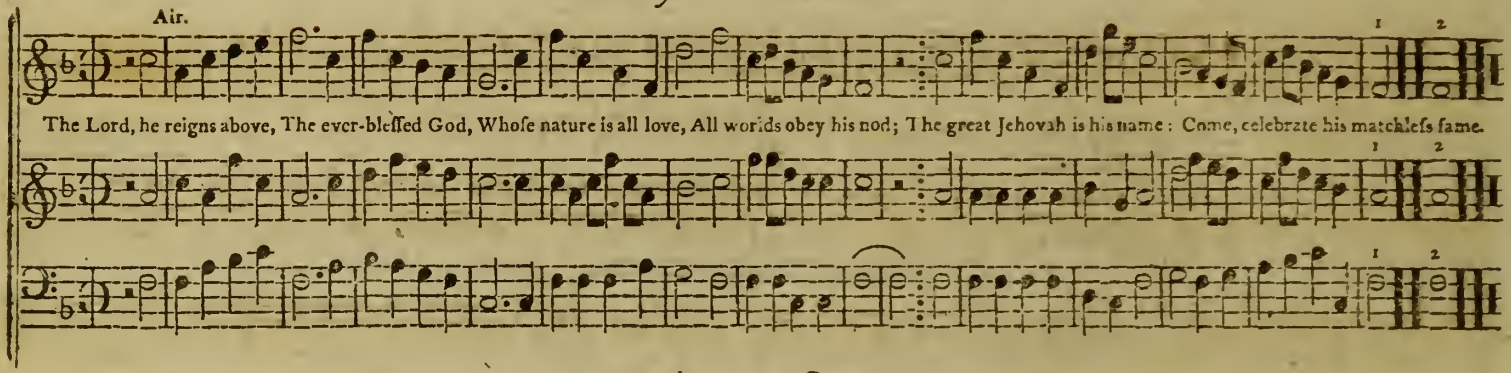
Acton. C. M.



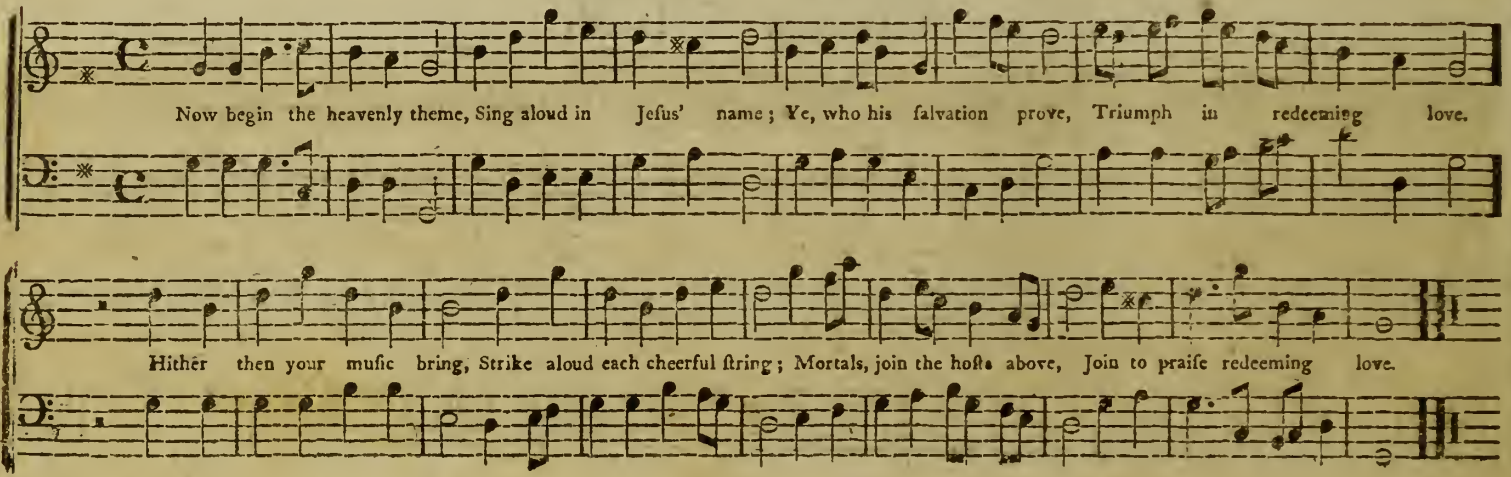
Meditation. L. M.

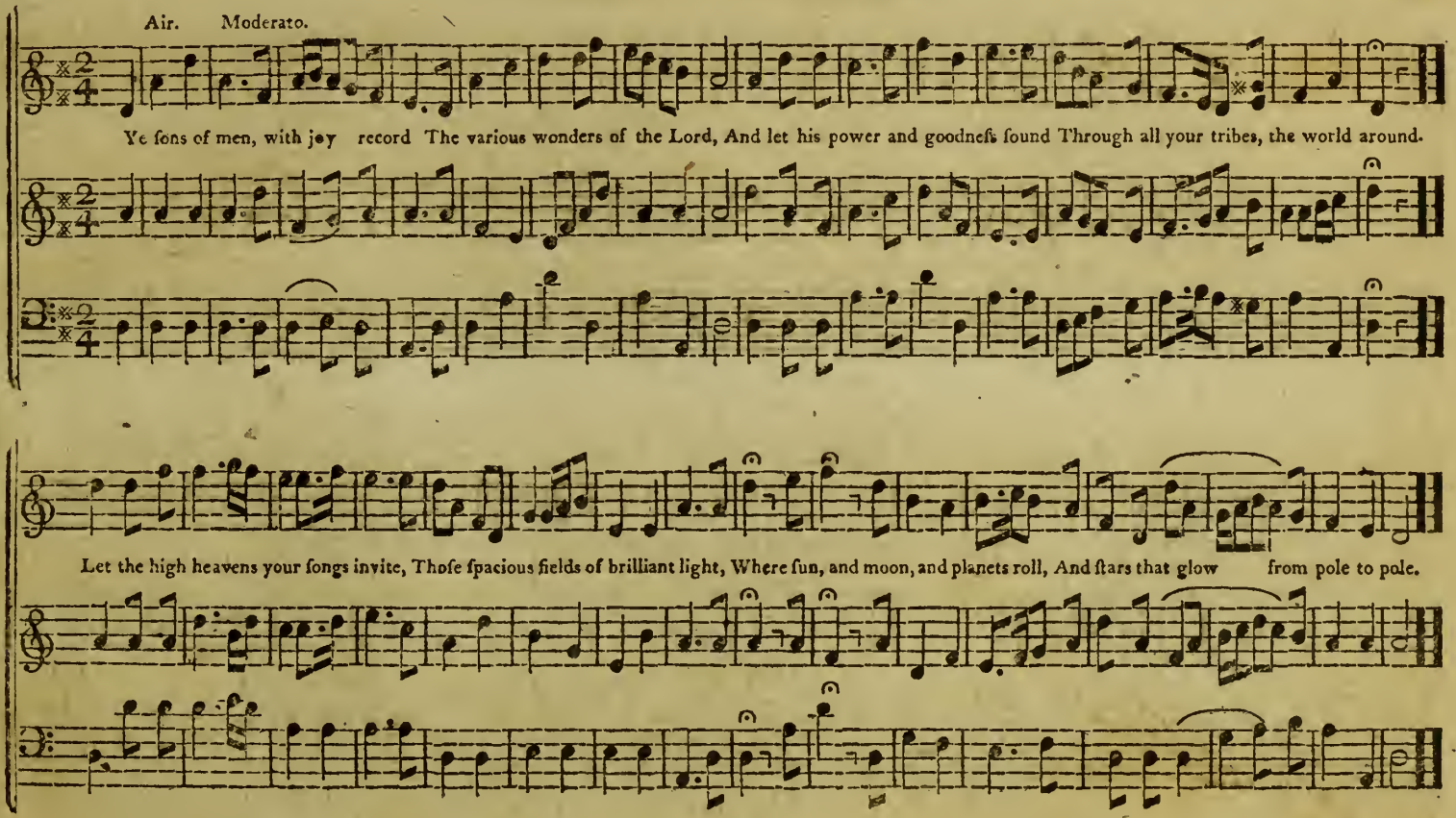


Air.

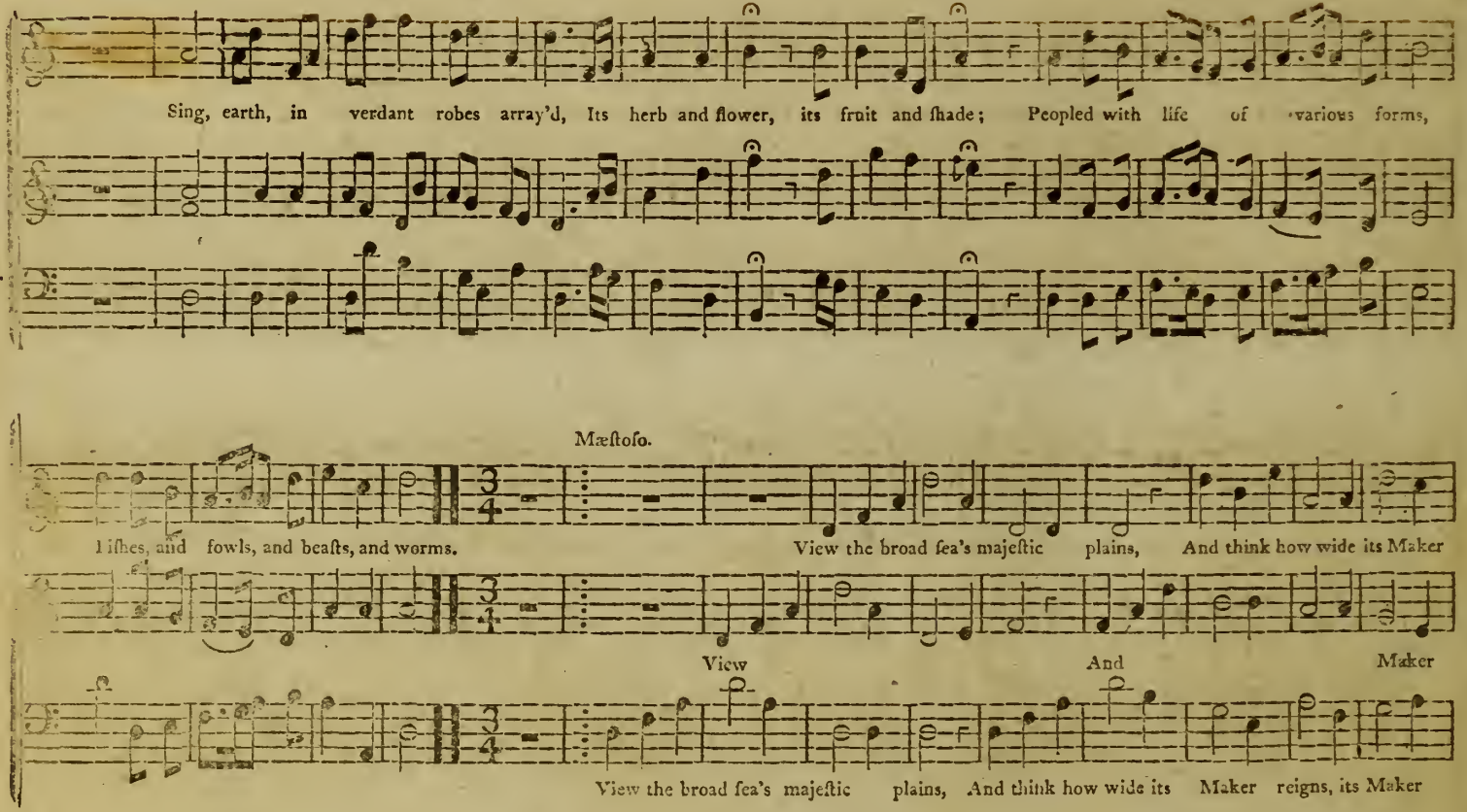


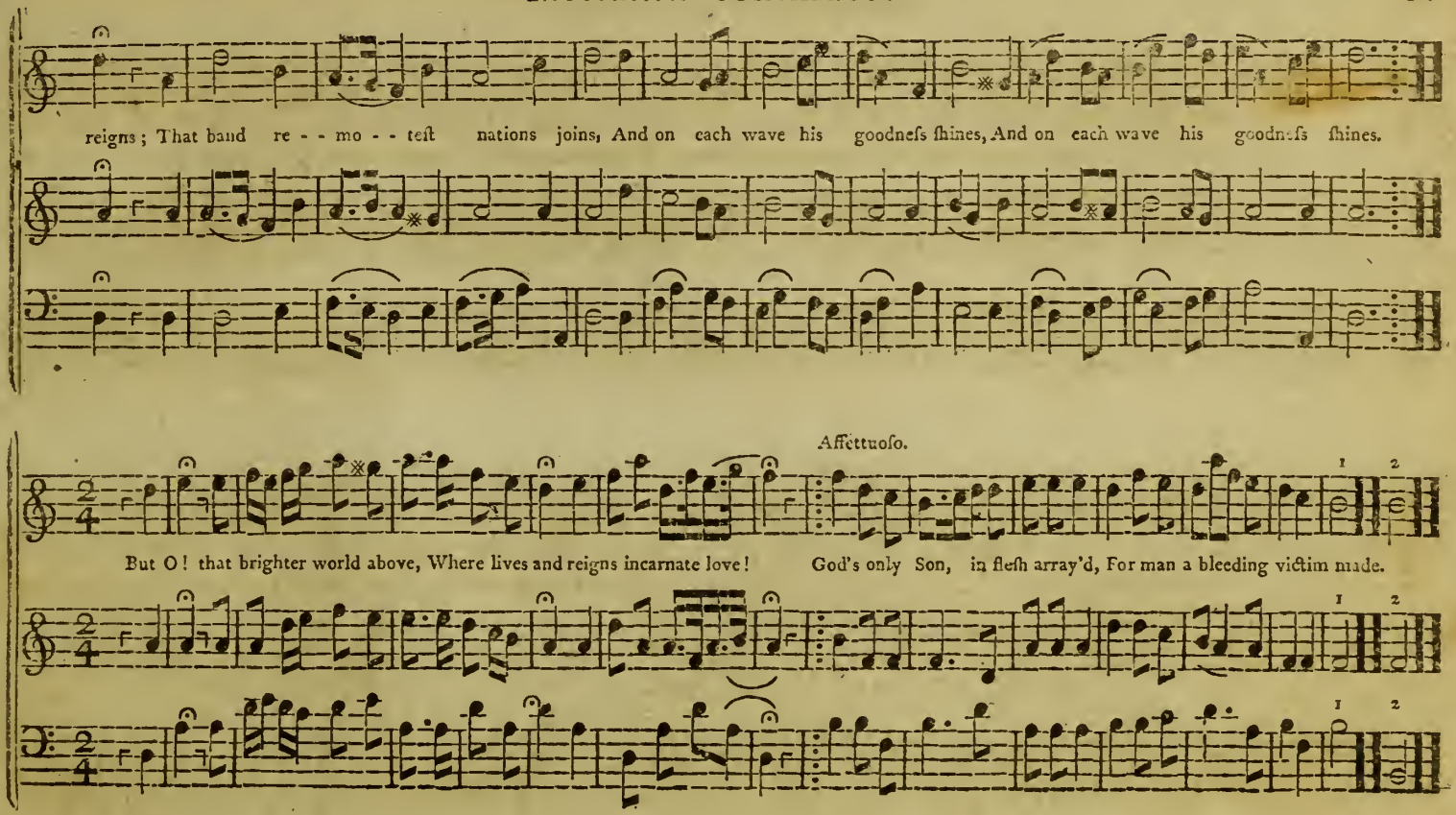
Samaria. Sevens.

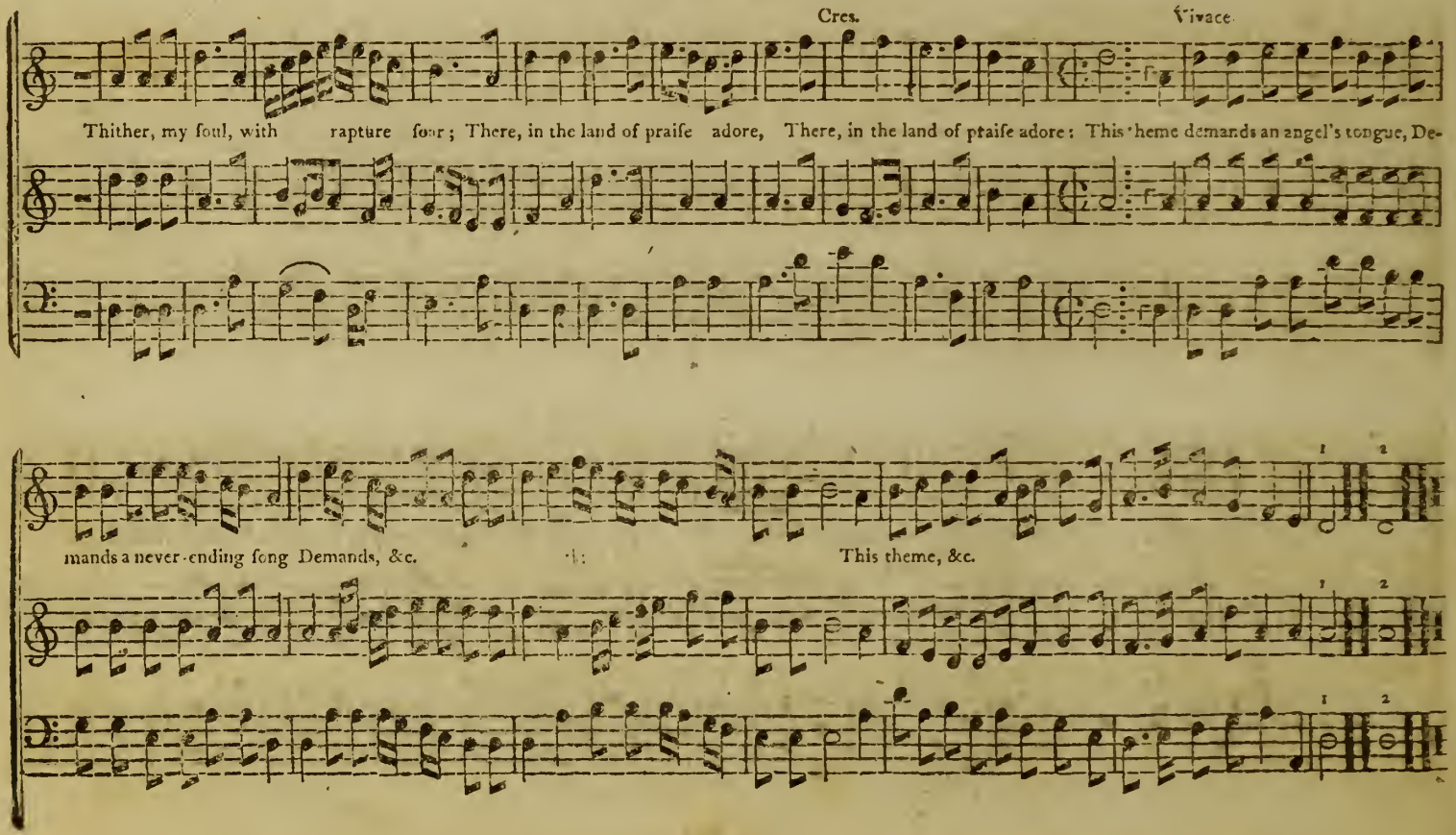



Air. Moderato.
Ye ſons of men, with joy record The various wonders of the Lord, And let his power and goodneſs ſound Through all your tribes, the world around.
Let the high heavens your ſongs invite, Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light, Where ſun, and moon, and planets roll, And ſtars that glow from pole to pole.

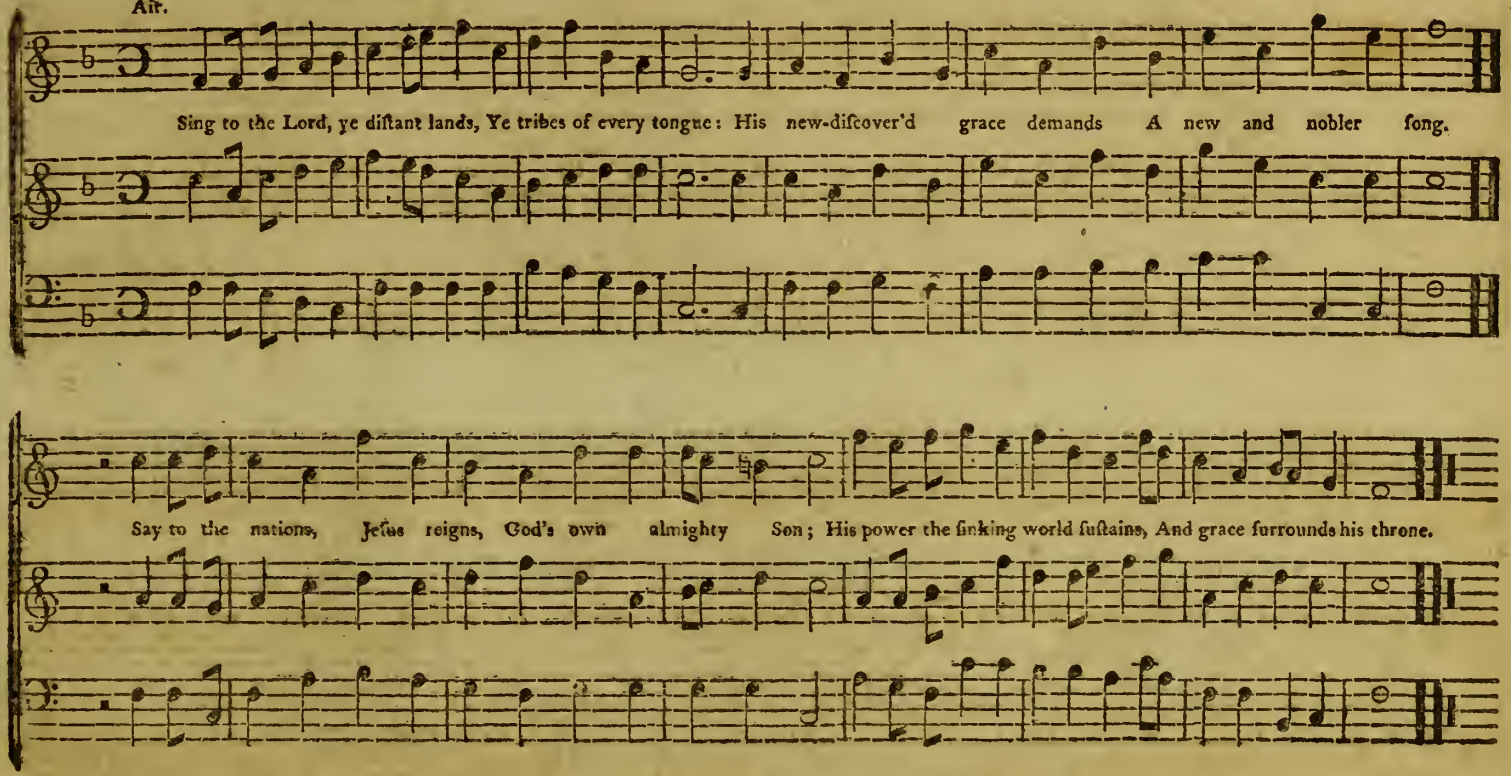
Invocation continued.

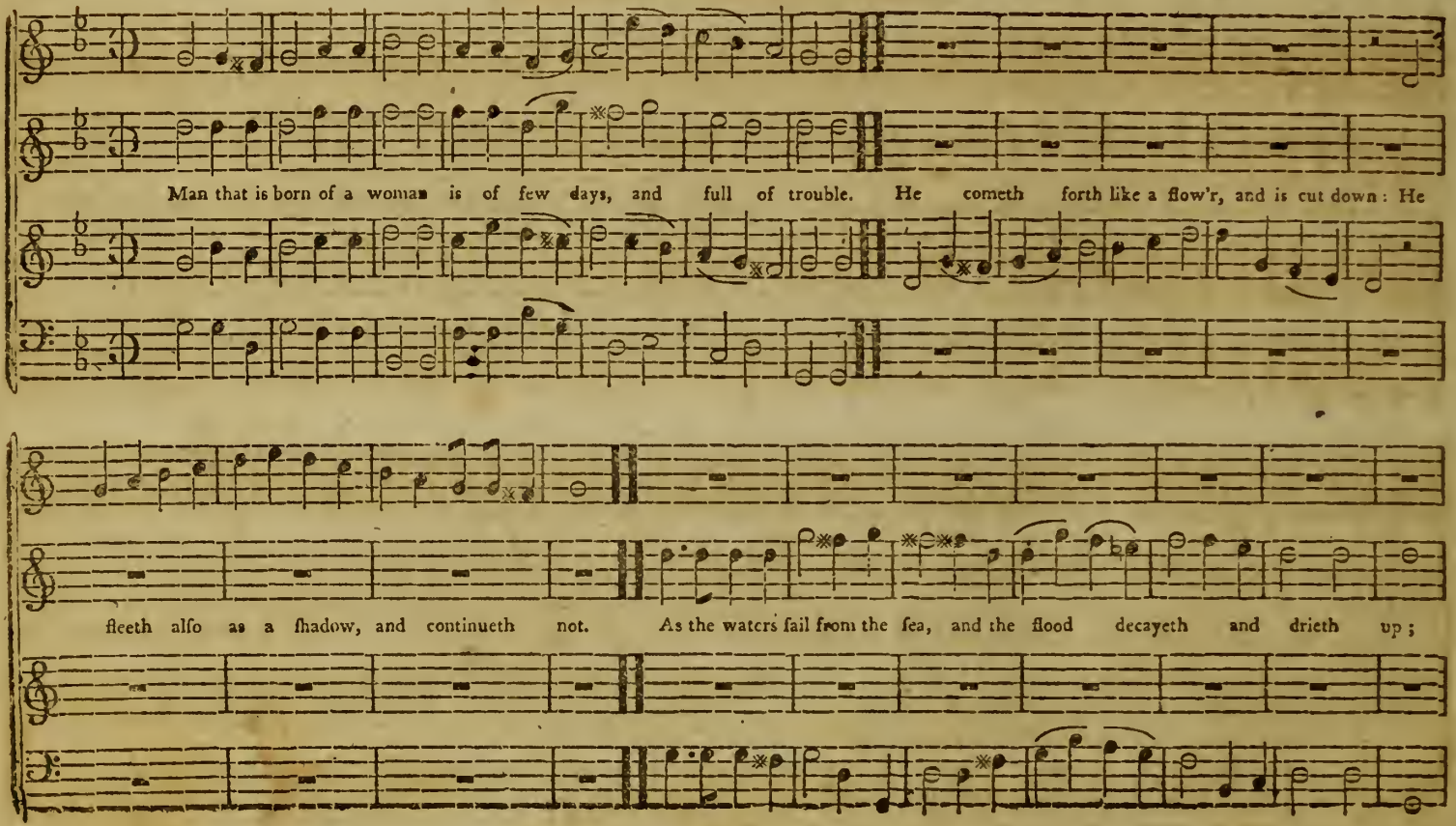


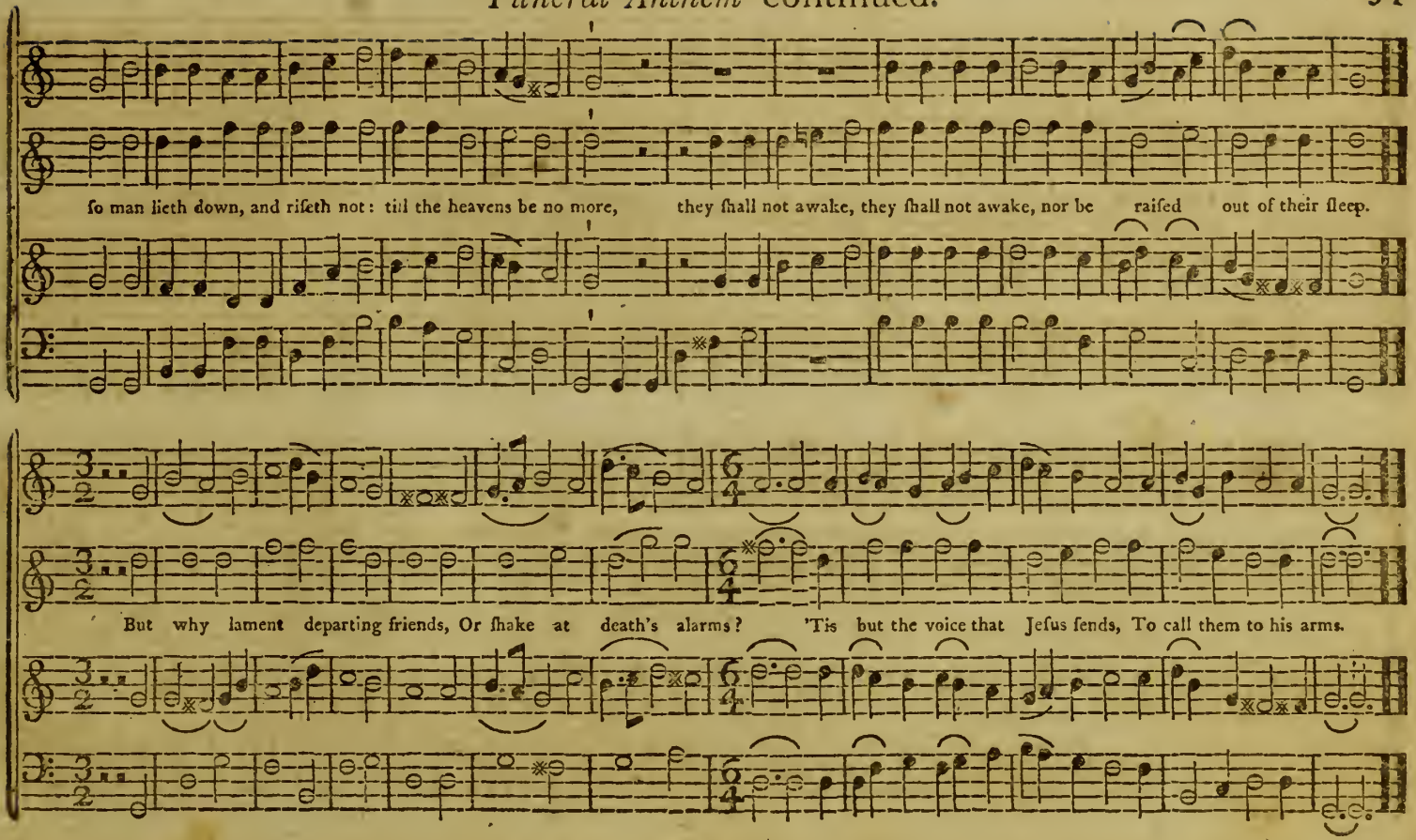

reigns; That band re - - mo - - teſt nations joins, And on each wave his goodneſs ſhines, And on each wave his goodneſs ſhines.
Affettuoſo.
But O! that brighter world above, Where lives and reigns incarnate love! God's only Son, in fleſh array'd, For man a bleeding victim made.

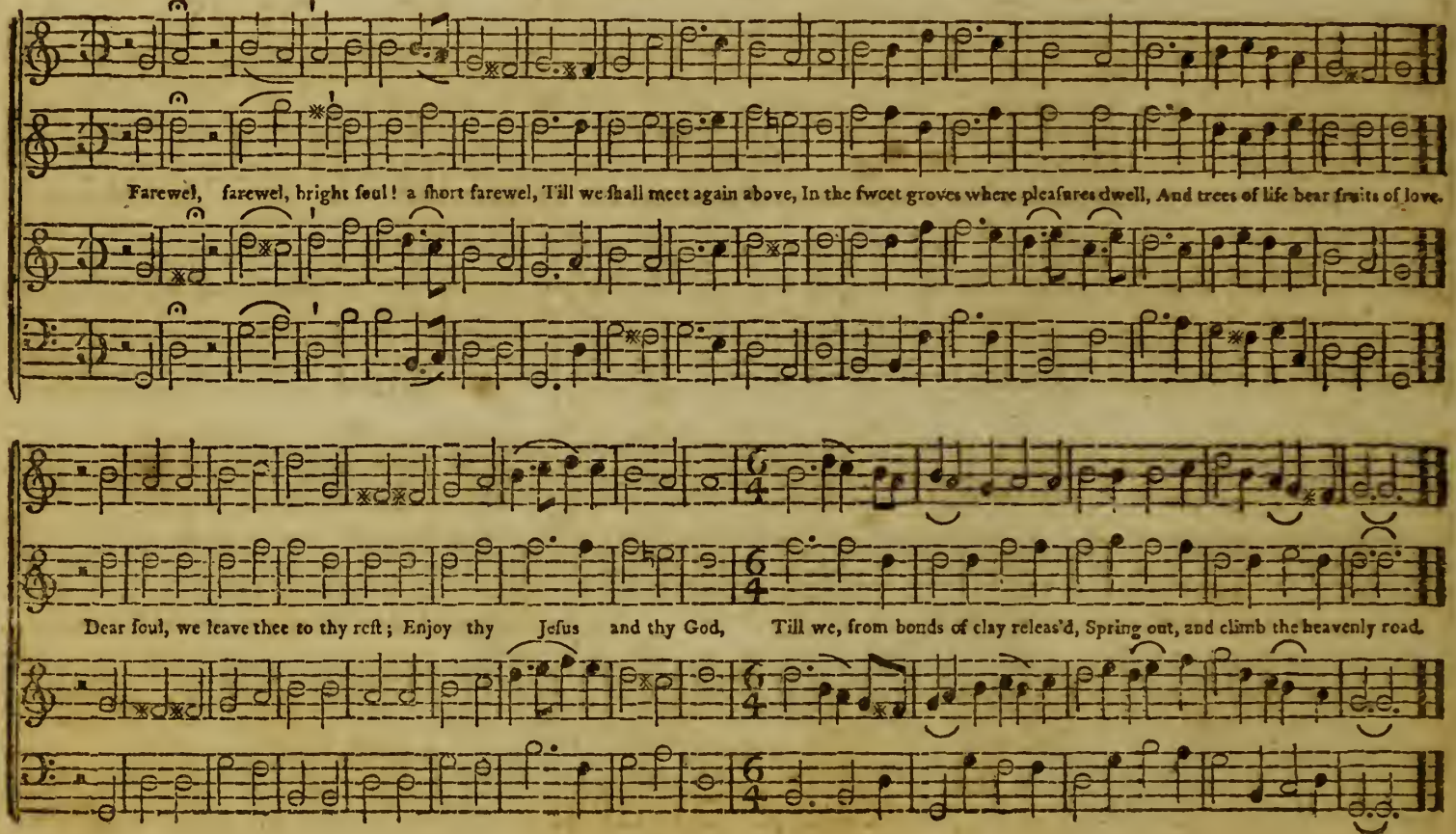

Cres.
Vivace.
Thither, my soul, with rapture soar; There, in the land of praise adore, There, in the land of praise adore: This theme demands an angel's tongue, De-
mands a never-ending song Demands, &c.
This theme, &c.

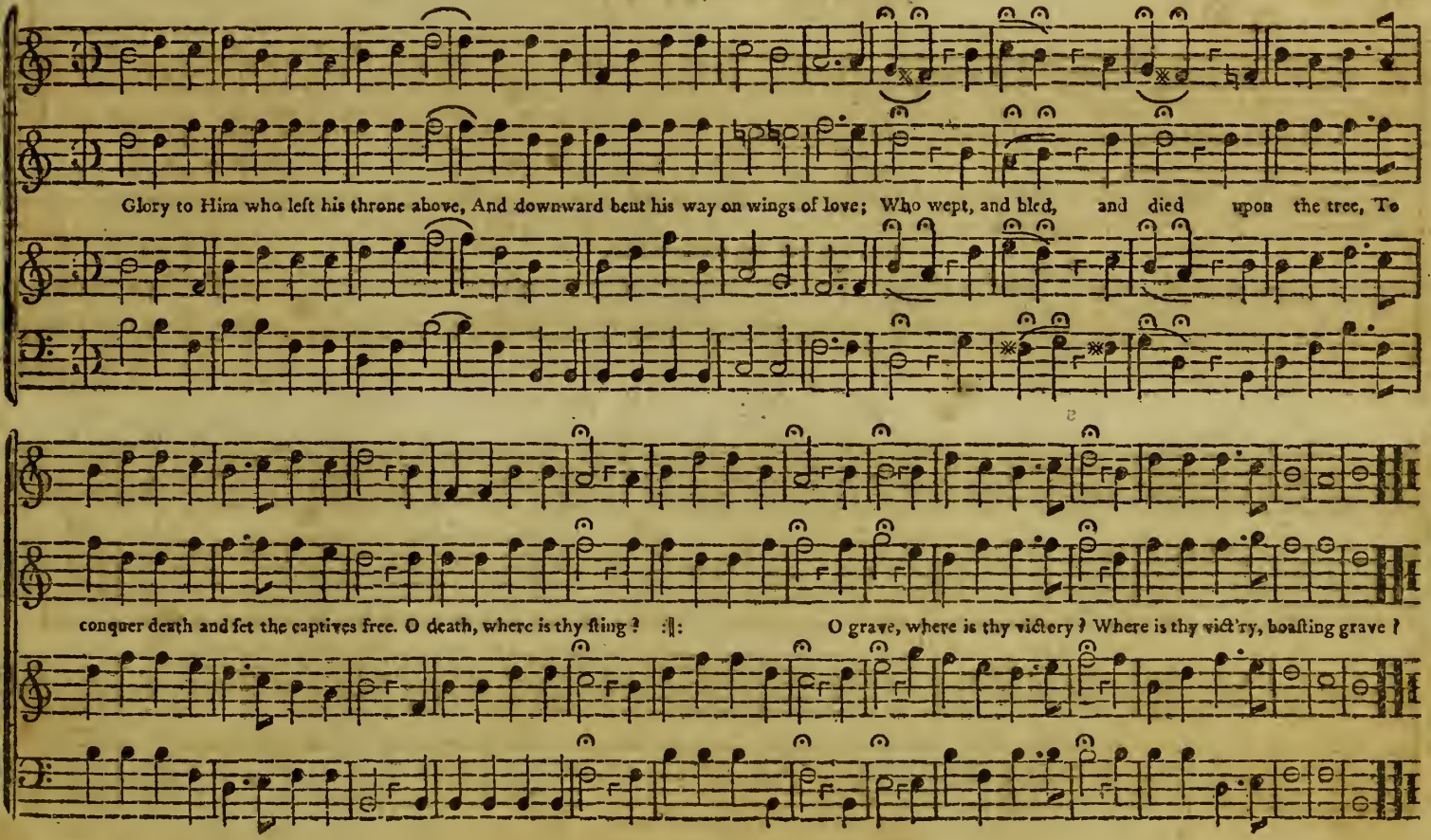
Air.


Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of every tongue: His new-discover'd grace demands A new and nobler song.
Say to the nations, Jesus reigns, God's own almighty Son; His power the sinking world sustains, And grace surrounds his throne.


Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flow'r, and is cut down: He
fleeth alſo as a ſhadow, and continueth not. As the waters fail from the ſea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up;

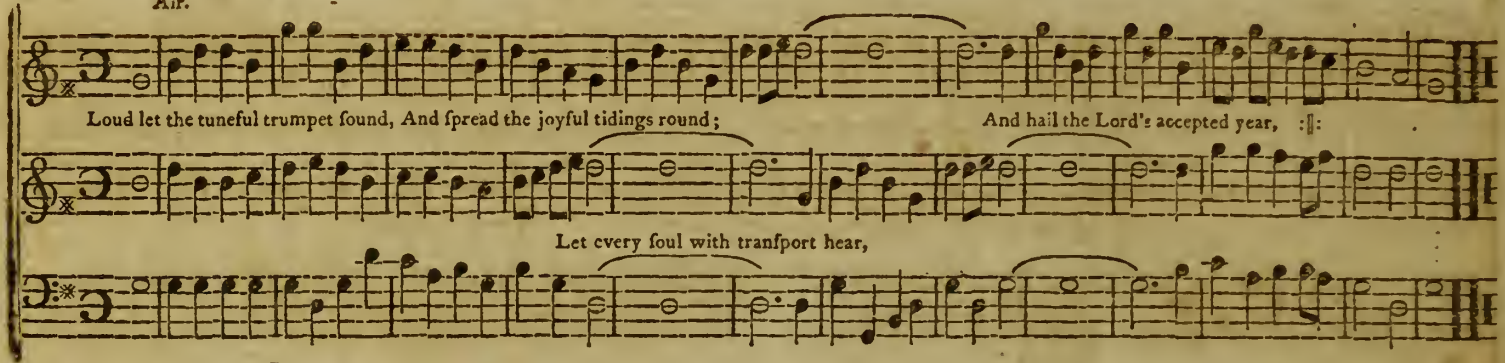

ſo man lieth down, and riſeth not: till the heavens be no more, they ſhall not awake, they ſhall not awake, nor be raiſed out of their ſleep.
But why lament departing friends, Or ſhake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends, To call them to his arms.


Farewel, farewel, bright ſoul! a ſhort farewel, Till we ſhall meet again above, In the ſweet groves where pleaſures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love.
Dear ſoul, we leave thee to thy reſt; Enjoy thy Jeſus and thy God, Till we, from bonds of clay releas'd, Spring out, and climb the heavenly road.

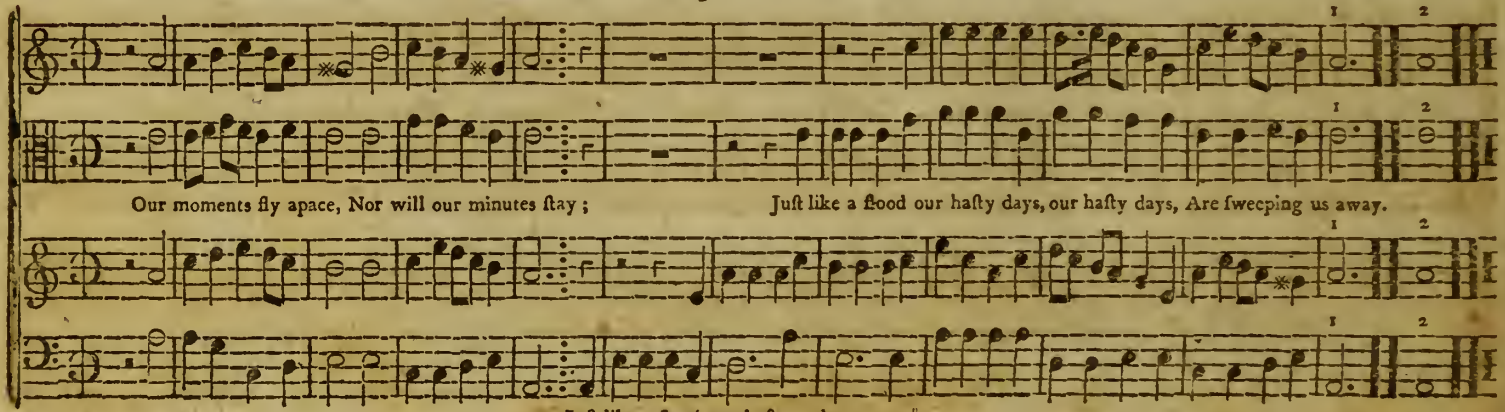

Glory to Him who left his throne above, And downward bent his way on wings of love; Who wept, and bled, and died upon the tree, To
conquer death and set the captives free. O death, where is thy sting? :‖: O grave, where is thy victory? Where is thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

Aſhford. L. M.

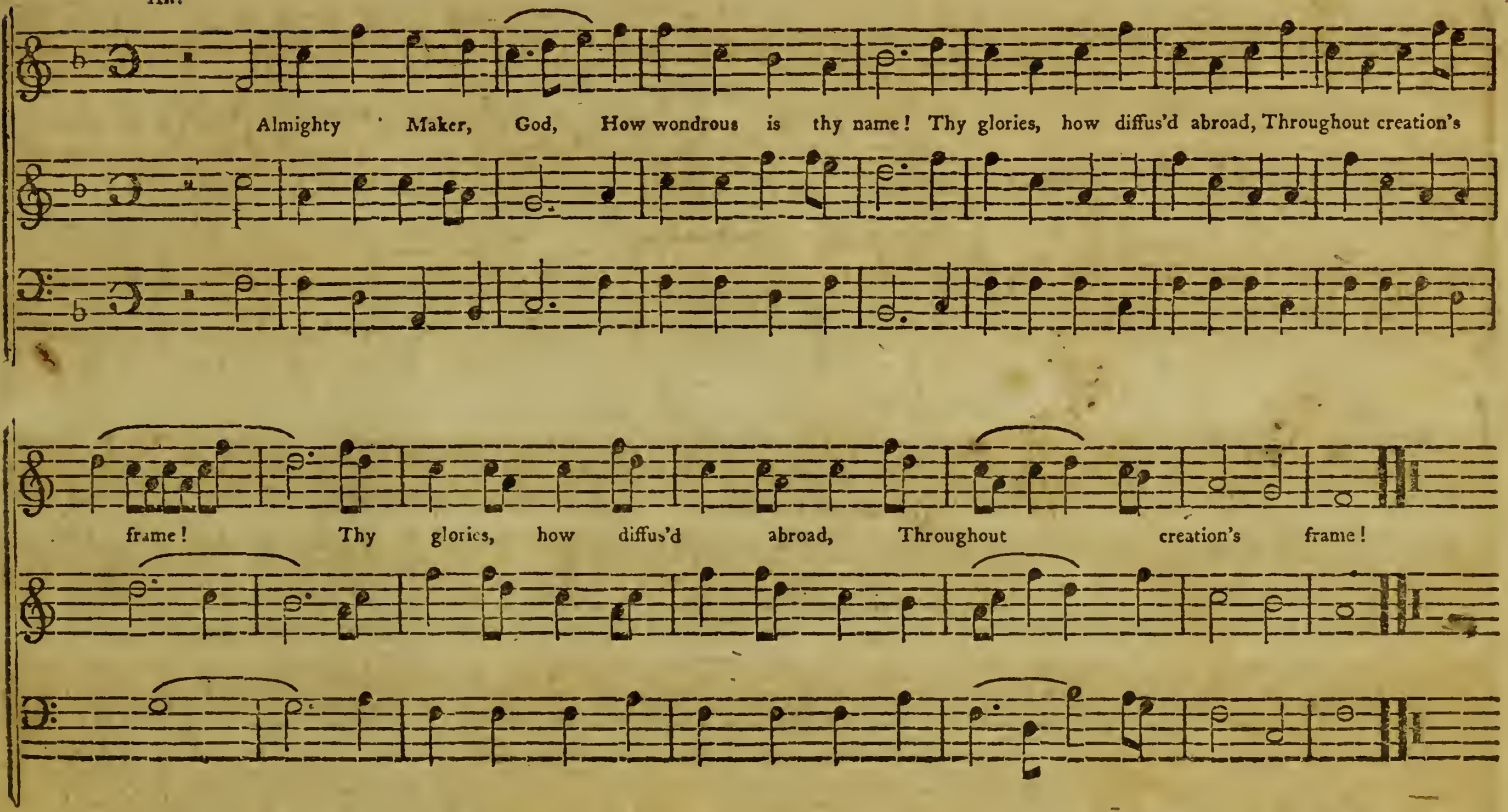
Air.

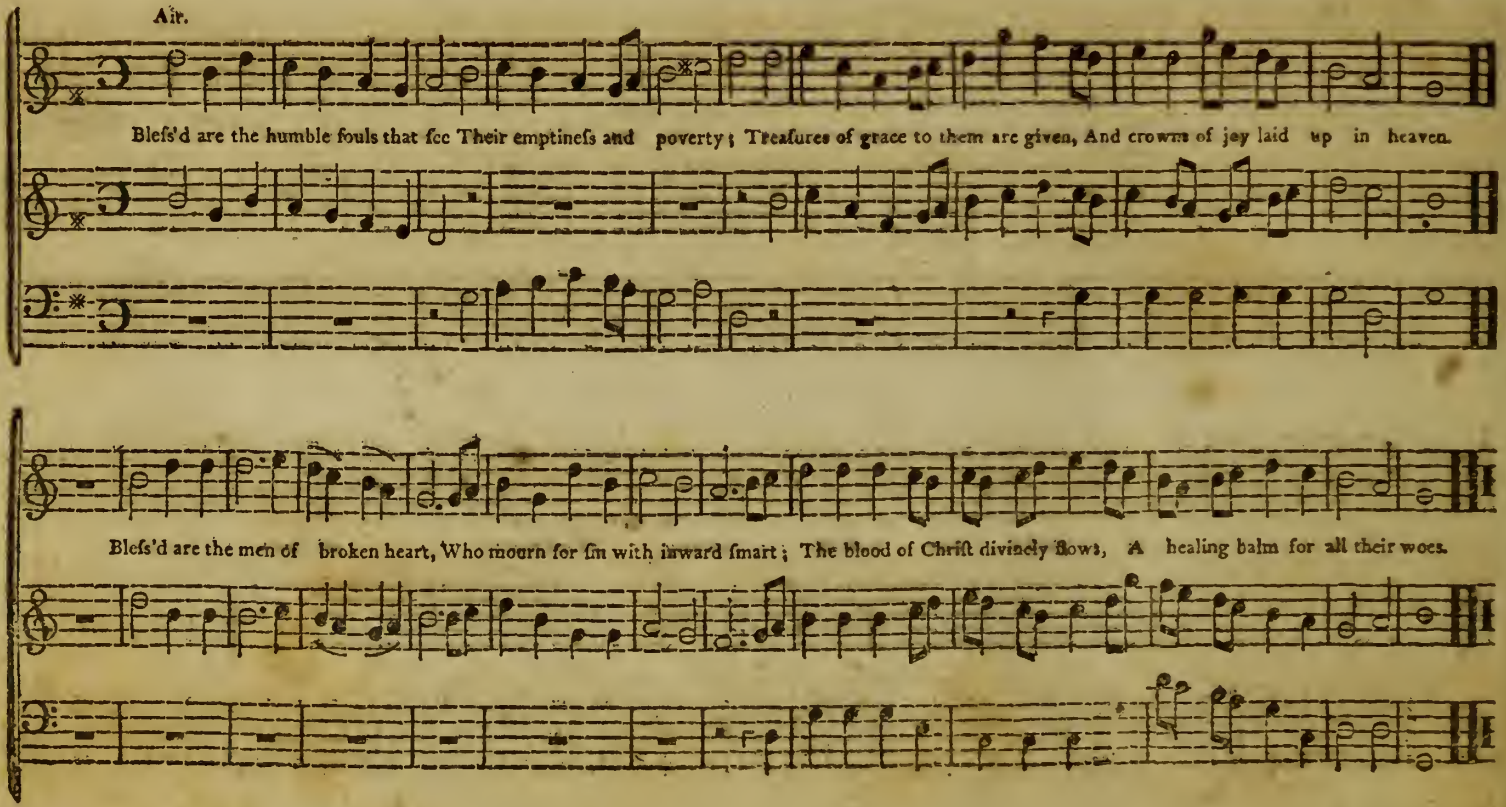


Mortality. S. M.

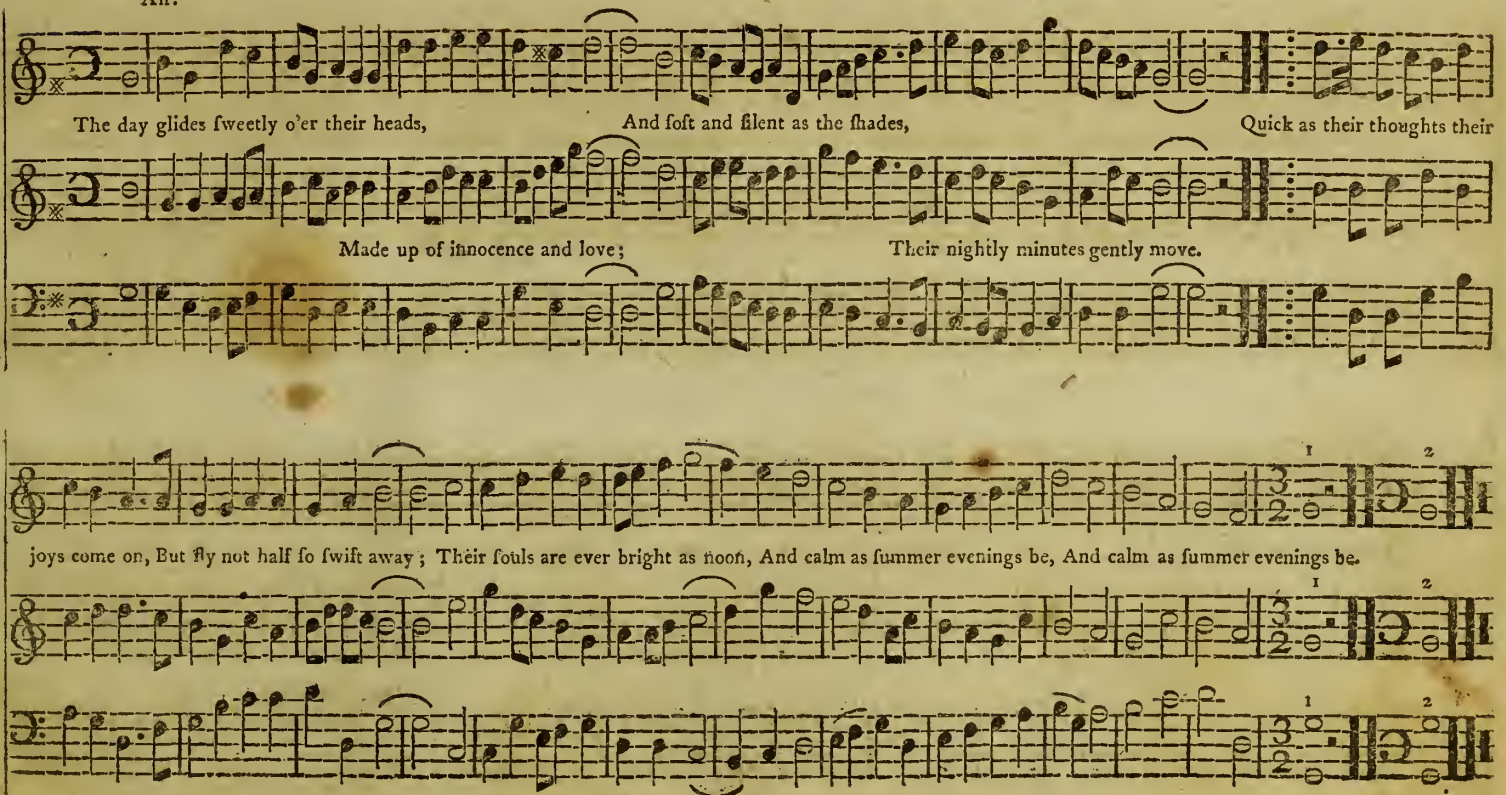


Air.


Almighty Maker, God, How wondrous is thy name! Thy glories, how diffus'd abroad, Throughout creation's
frame! Thy glories, how diffus'd abroad, Throughout creation's frame!

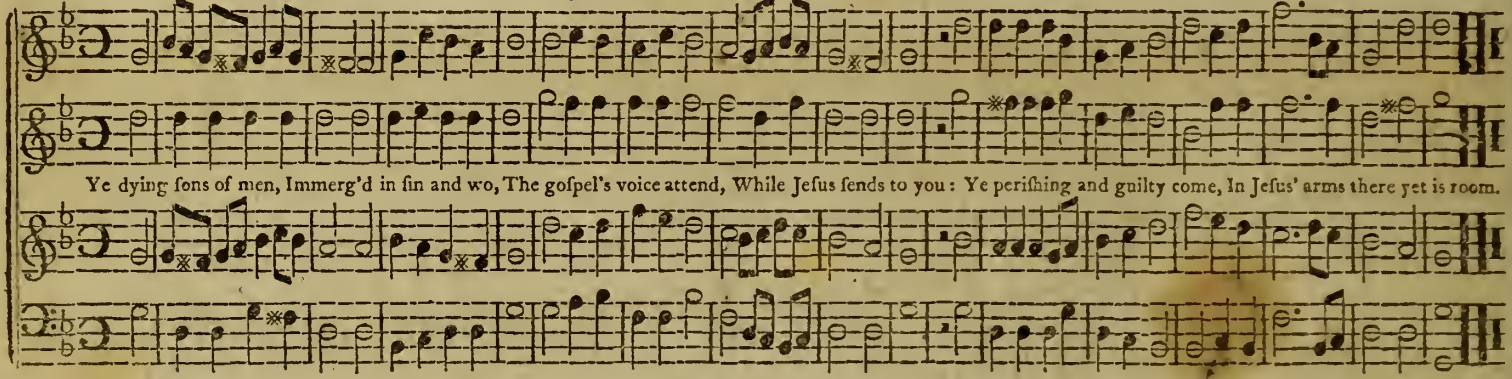

Air.
Blefs'd are the humble fouls that fee Their emptineſs and poverty; Treaſures of grace to them are given, And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
Blefs'd are the men of broken heart, Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart; The blood of Chriſt divinely flows, A healing balm for all their woes.

Air.


The day glides ſweetly o'er their heads, And ſoft and ſilent as the ſhades, Quick as their thoughts their
Made up of innocence and love; Their nightly minutes gently move.
joys come on, But fly not half ſo ſwift away; Their ſouls are ever bright as noon, And calm as ſummer evenings be, And calm as ſummer evenings be.

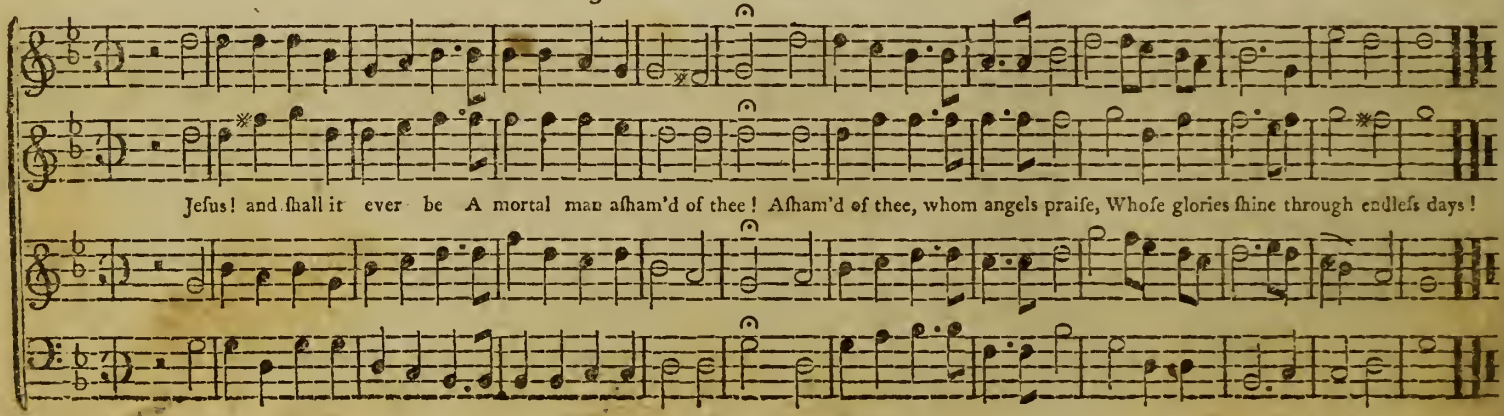
Goſpel Voice. H. M.

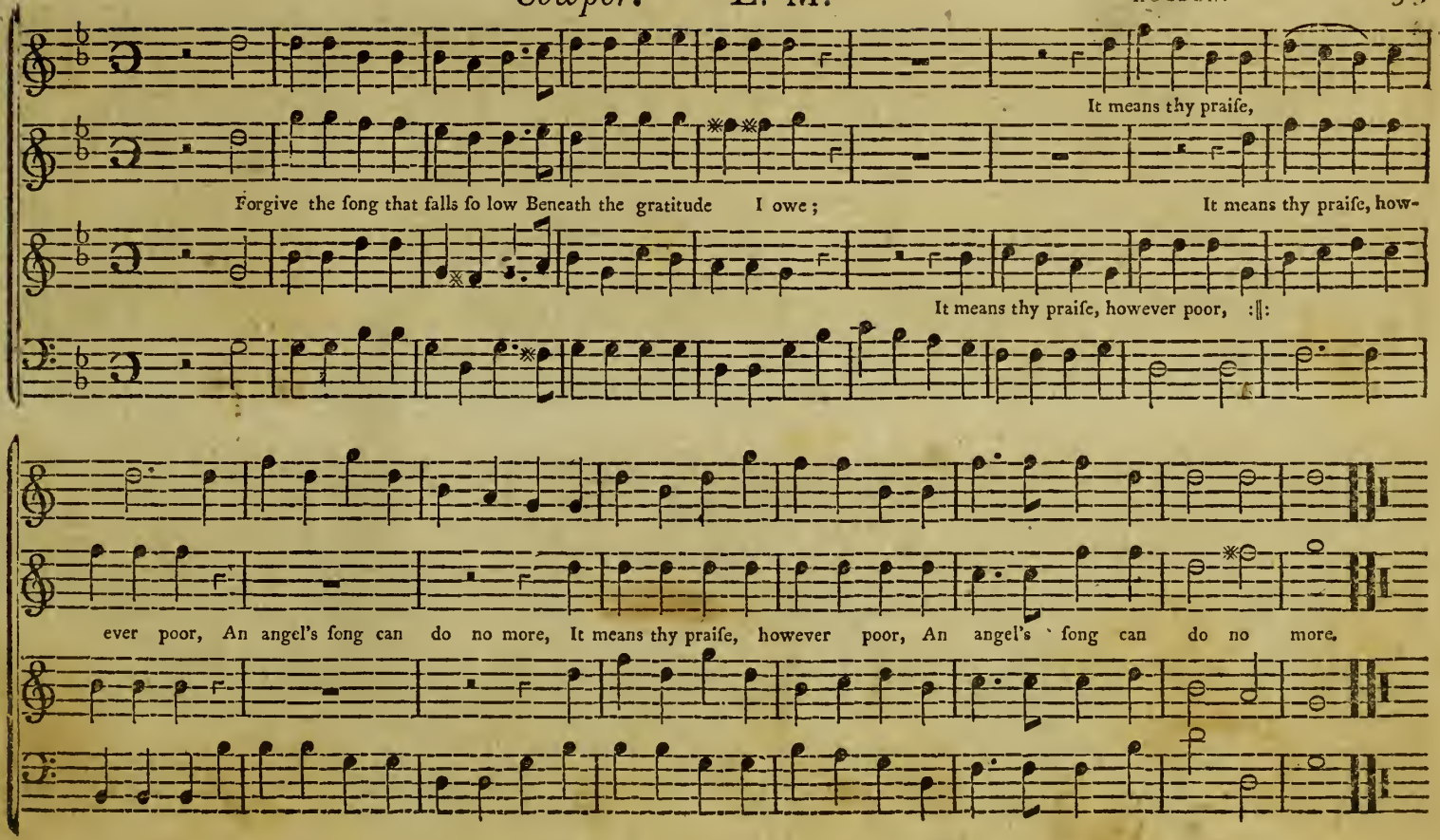
HOLDEN.



Benſalem. L. M.

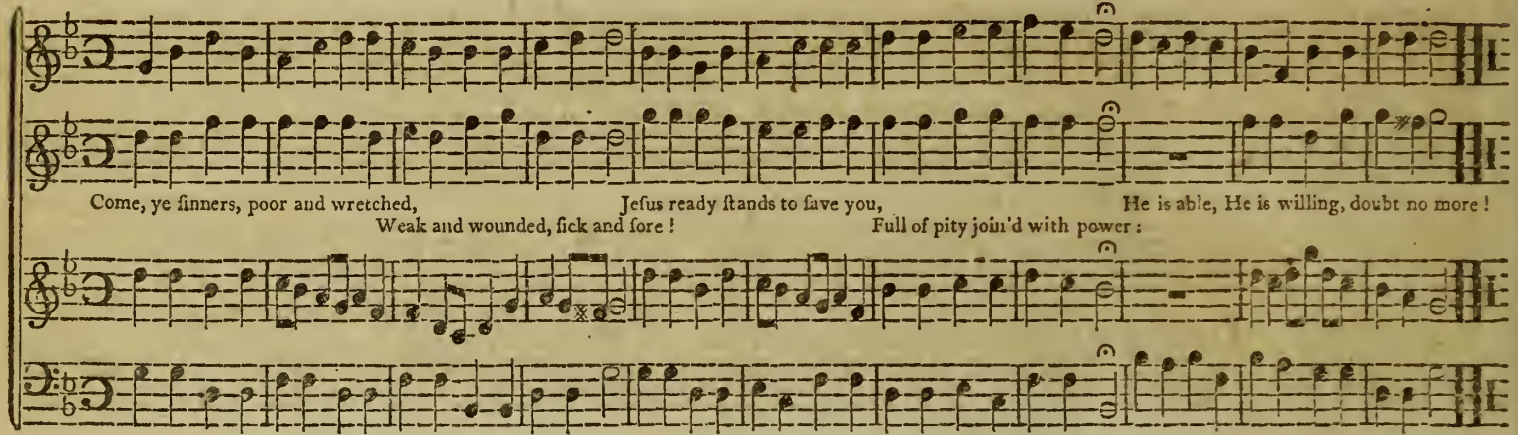
HOLDEN.




It means thy praiſe,
Forgive the ſong that falls ſo low Beneath the gratitude I owe;
It means thy praiſe, how-
It means thy praiſe, however poor, :‖:
ever poor, An angel's ſong can do no more, It means thy praiſe, however poor, An angel's ſong can do no more.

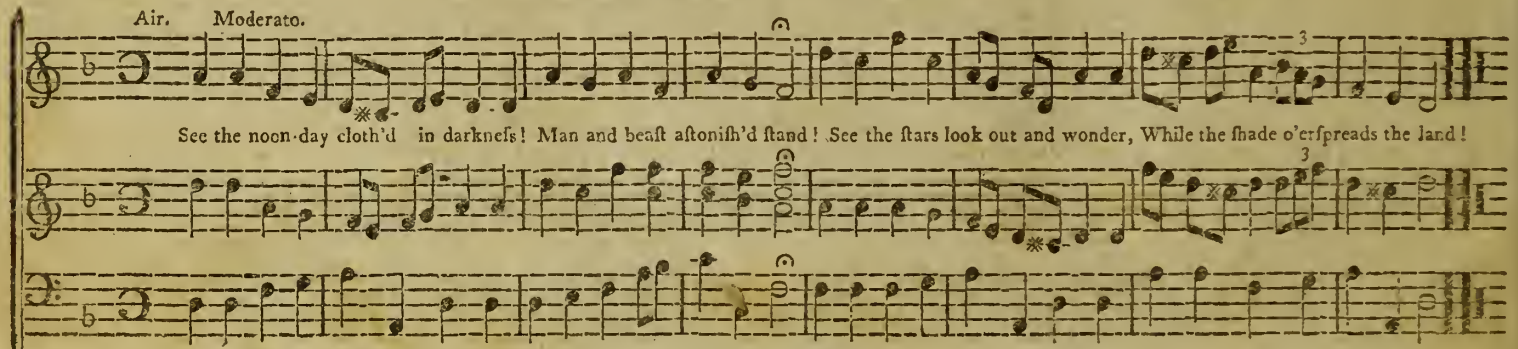
Welcome. P. M.

HOLDEN.

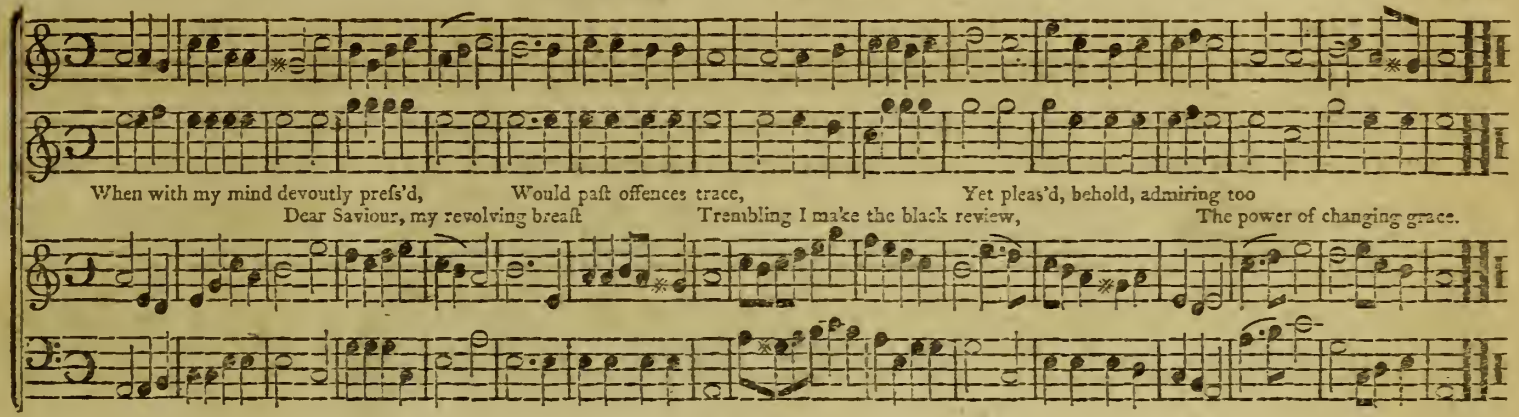


*Phenomena.** P. M.

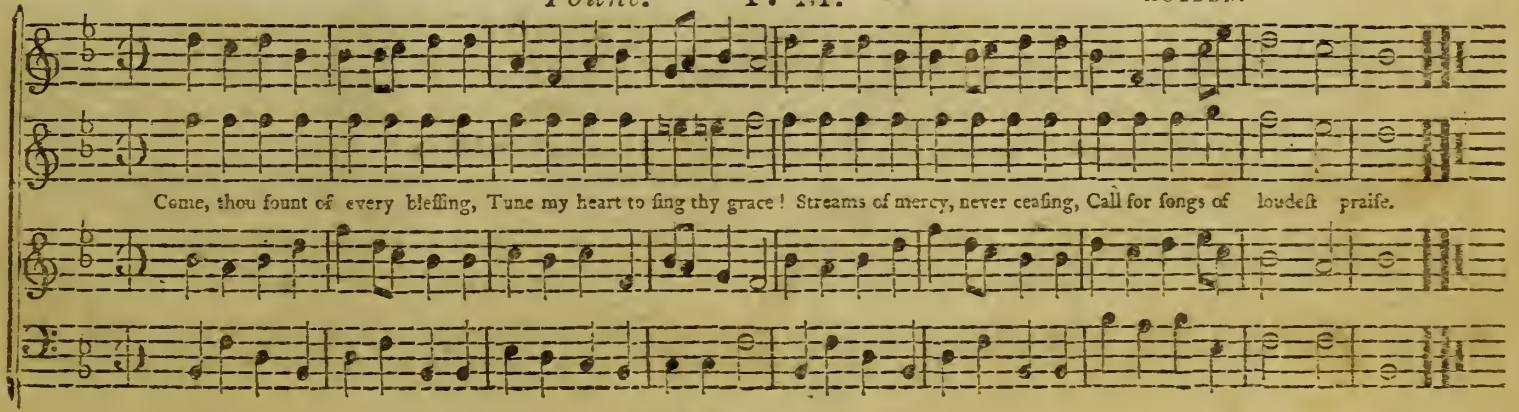
HOLDEN.

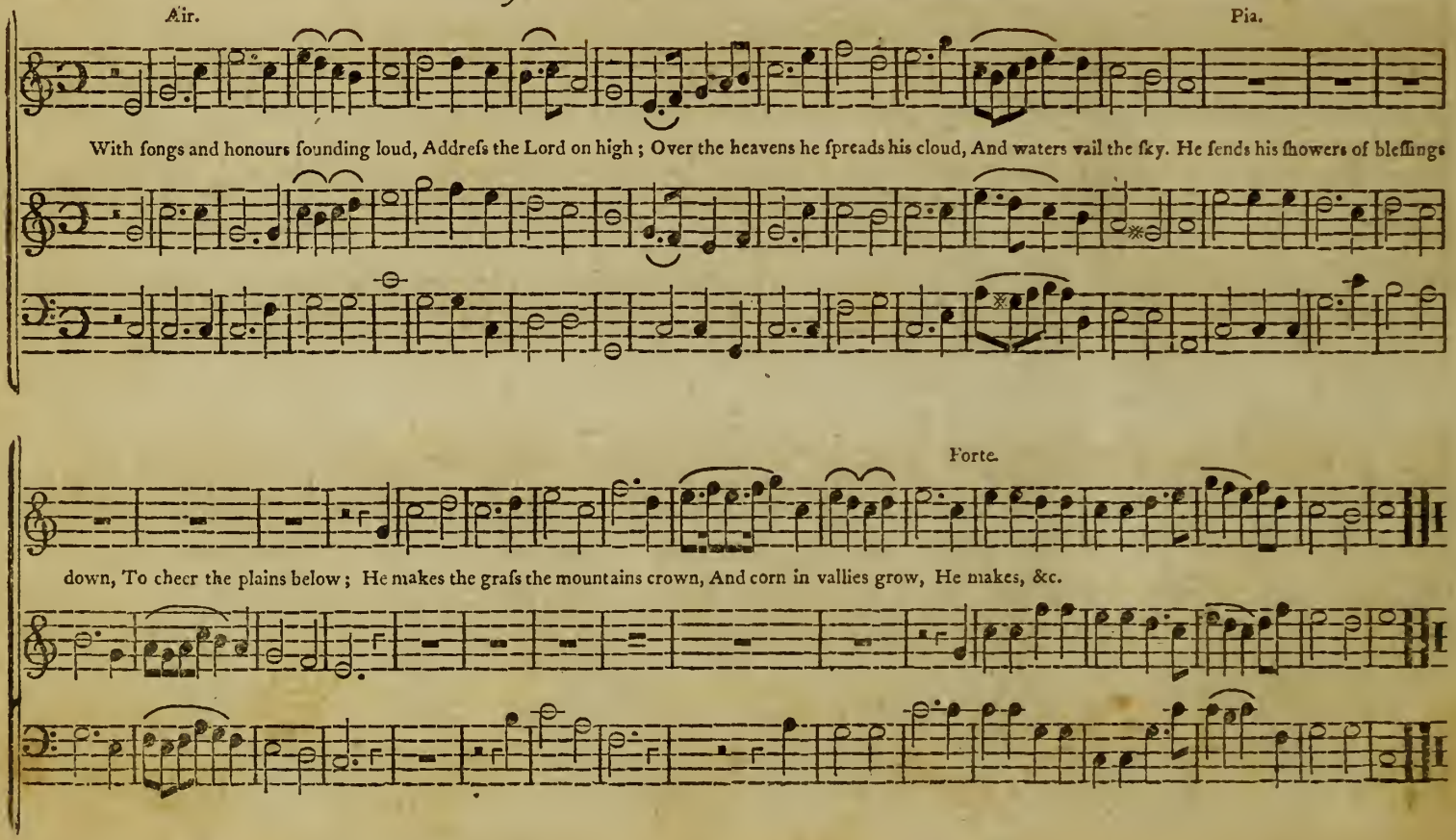


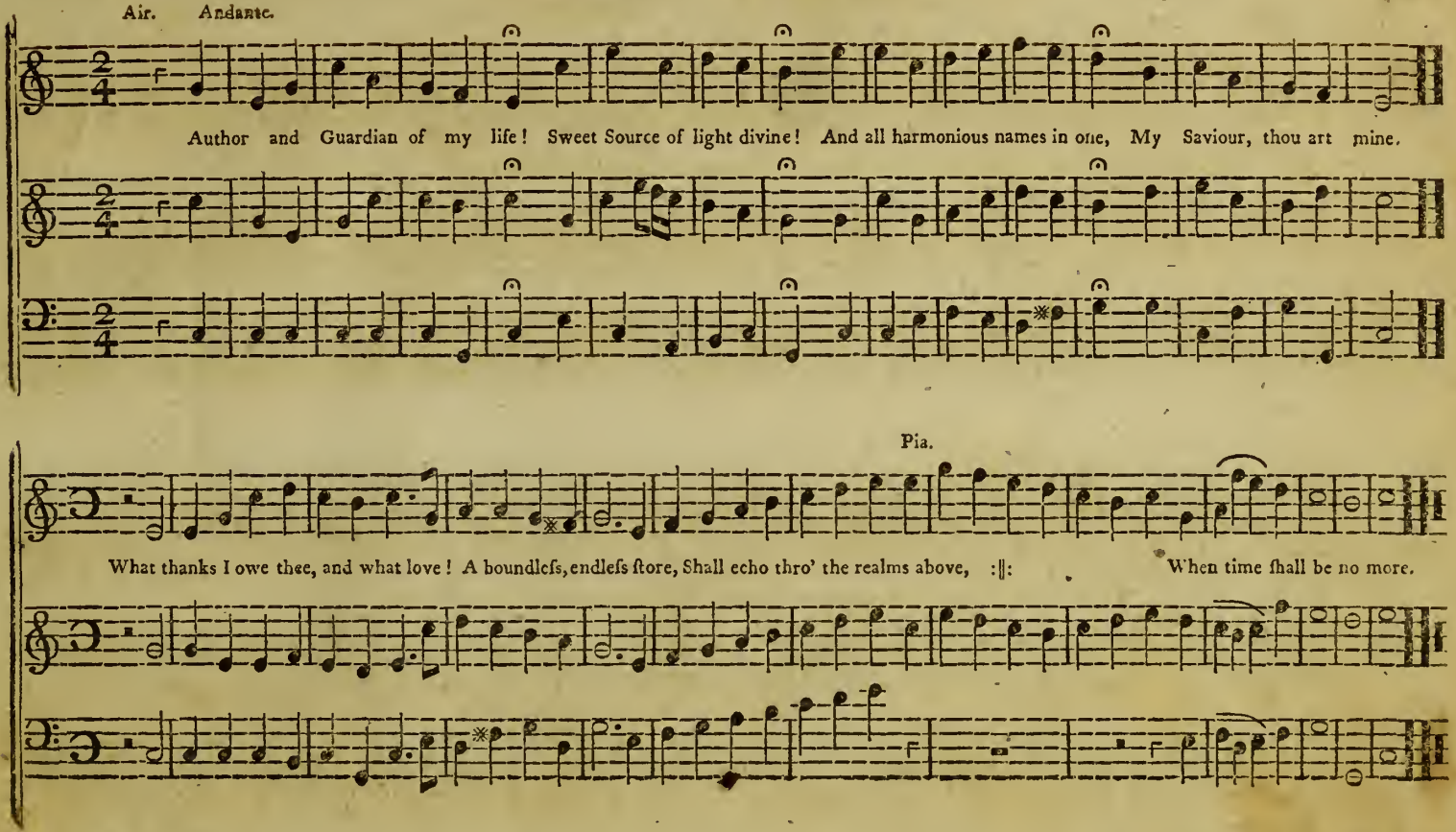
* Written on the total eclipſe of the Sun, June 16, 1806.



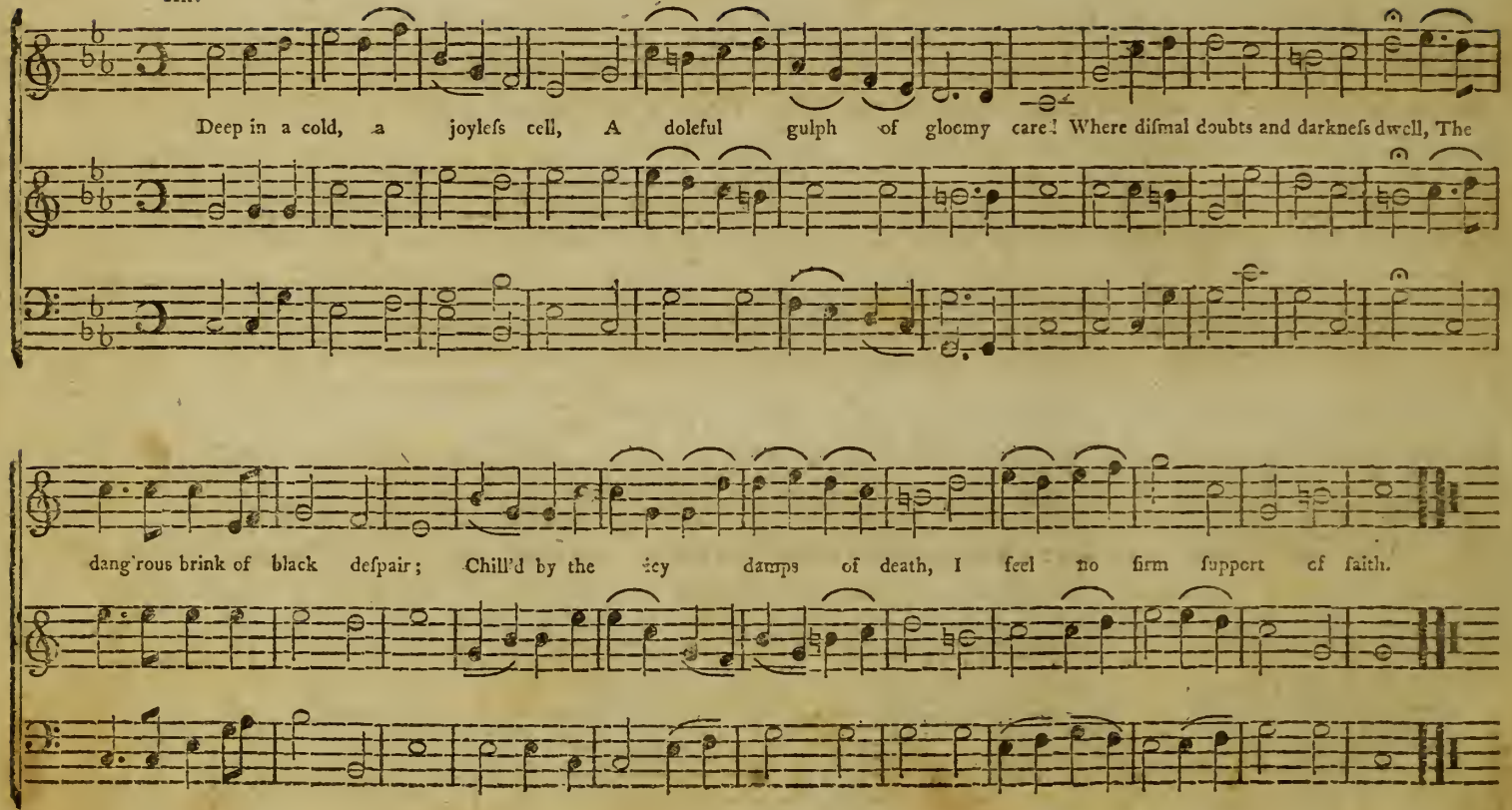
Fount. P. M. HOLDEN.

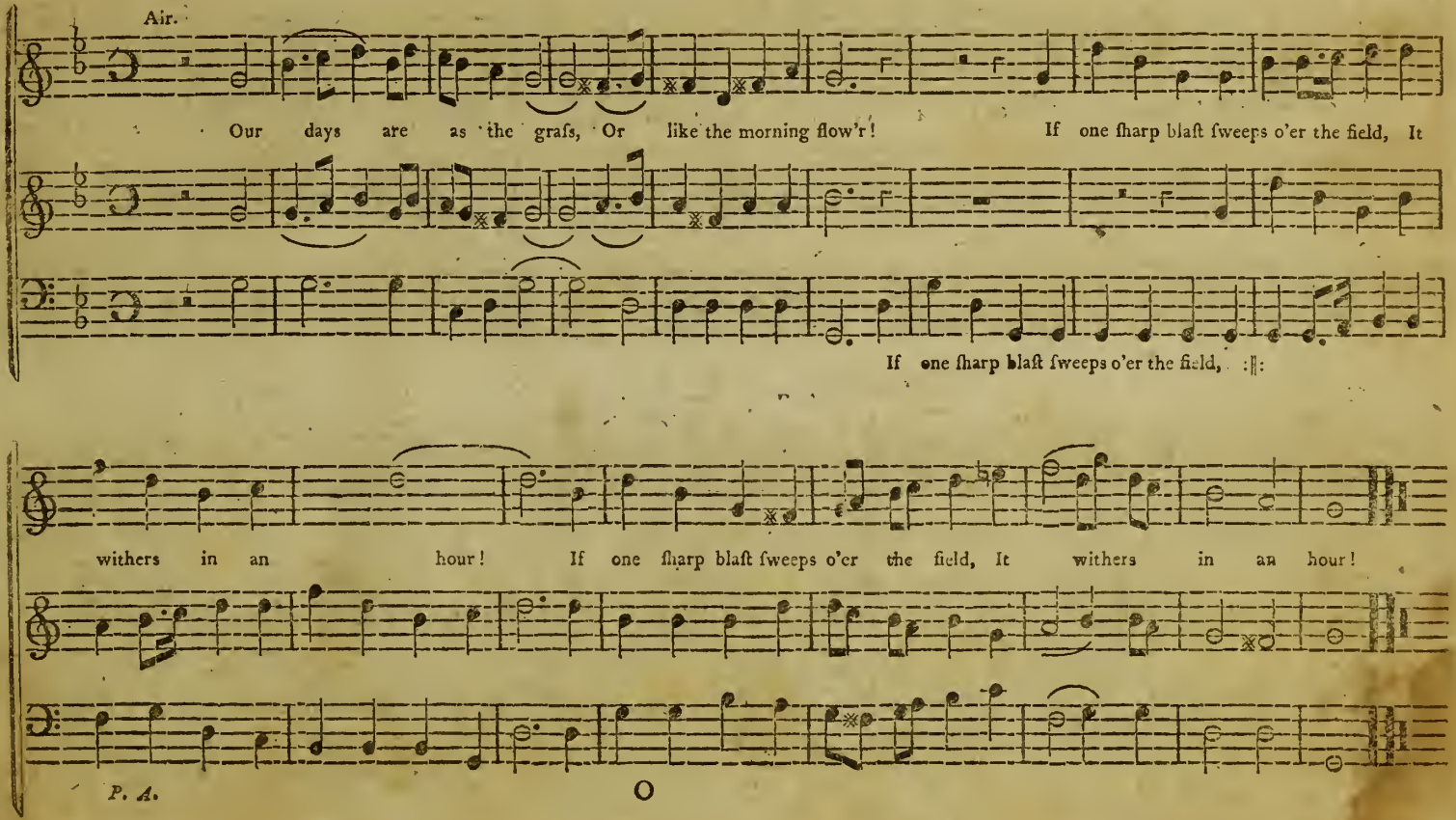



Air.
Pia.
With ſongs and honours ſounding loud, Addreſs the Lord on high ; Over the heavens he ſpreads his cloud, And waters vail the ſky. He ſends his ſhowers of bleſſings
Forte.
down, To cheer the plains below ; He makes the graſs the mountains crown, And corn in vallies grow, He makes, &c.


Air. Andante.
Author and Guardian of my life! Sweet Source of light divine! And all harmonious names in one, My Saviour, thou art mine.
Pia.
What thanks I owe thee, and what love! A boundleſs, endleſs ſtore, Shall echo thro' the realms above, :‖: When time ſhall be no more.

Air.

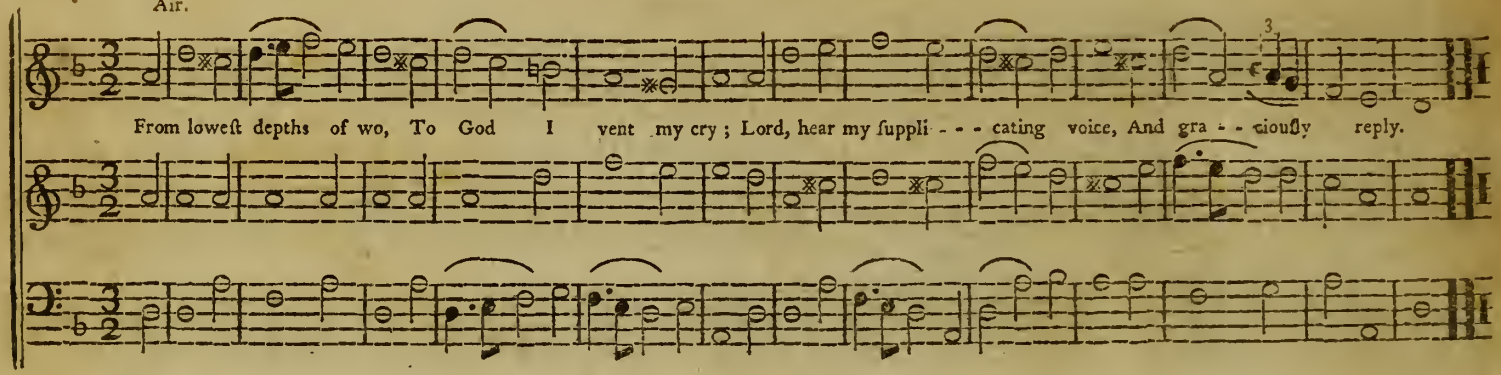

Deep in a cold, a joyleſs cell, A doleful gulph of gloomy care! Where diſmal doubts and darkneſs dwell, The
dang'rous brink of black deſpair; Chill'd by the icy damps of death, I feel no firm ſupport of faith.


Air.
Our days are as the graſs, Or like the morning flow'r! If one ſharp blaſt ſweeps o'er the field, It
If one ſharp blaſt ſweeps o'er the field, :‖:
withers in an hour! If one ſharp blaſt ſweeps o'er the field, It withers in an hour!

Portland. S. M.

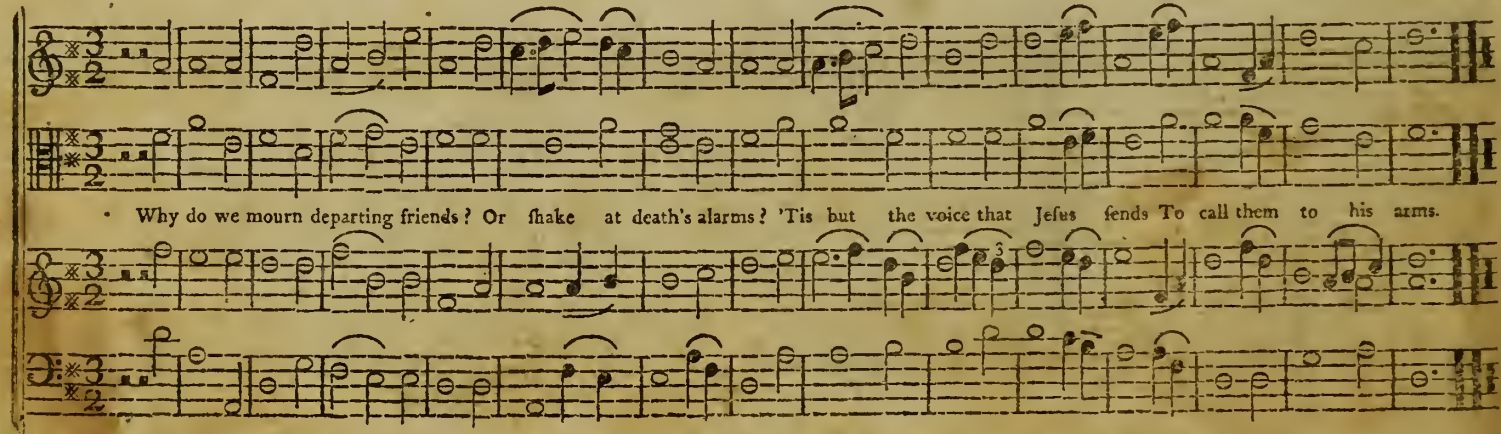
COOPER.

Air.

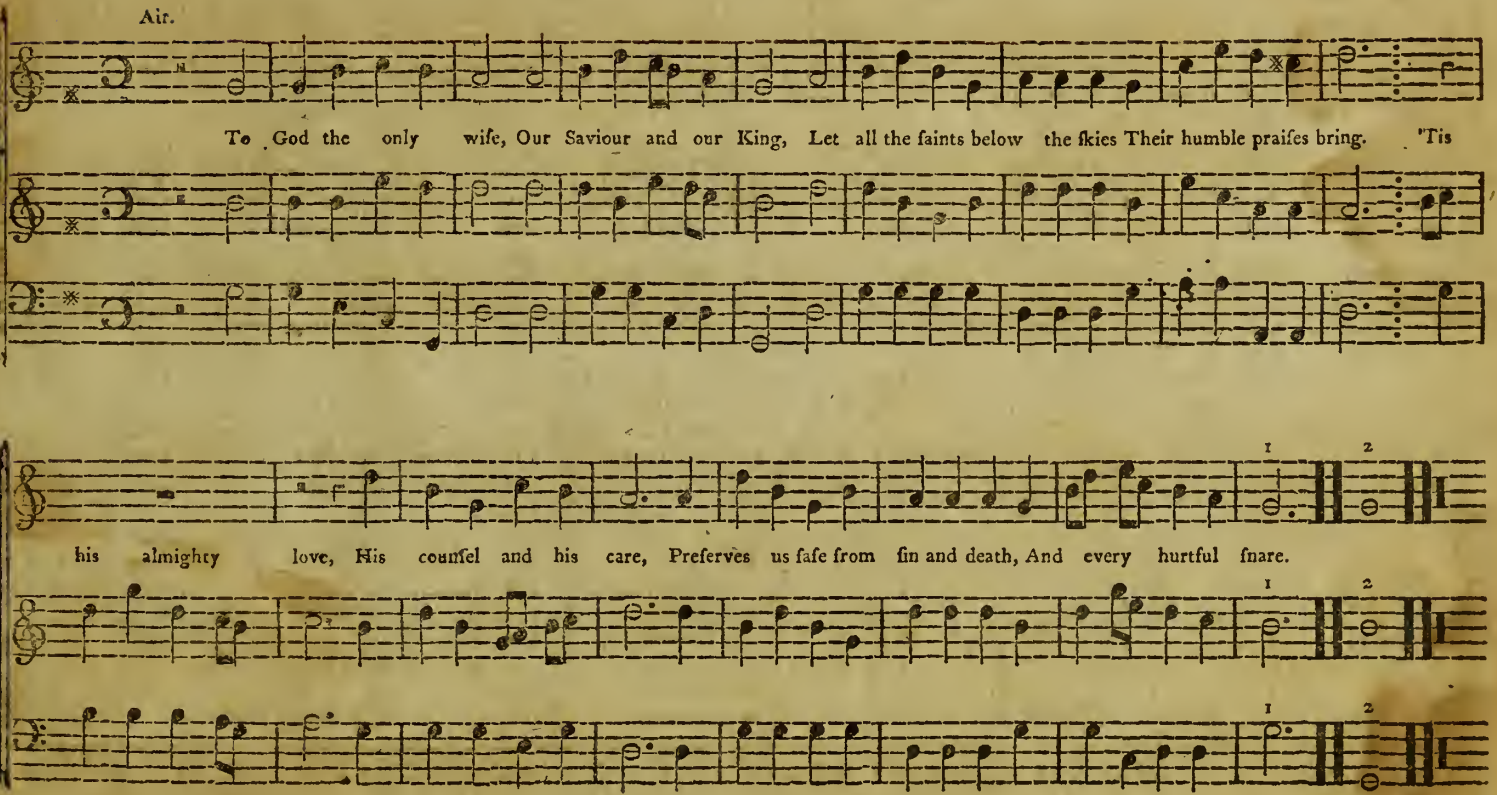


China. C. M.

SWAN.



Air.


To God the only wife, Our Saviour and our King, Let all the faints below the fkies Their humble praifes bring. 'Tis
his almighty love, His counfel and his care, Preferves us fafe from fin and death, And every hurtful fnare.
1
2

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☞ *Tunes with this mark (*) were never before published.*

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