№ 80149.94

PURCHASED FROM
SCHOLFIELD FUND

# Columbian and European Harmony:

OR,

# Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music.

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.

*PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.*

PRINTED AT BOSTON,

BY ISAIAH THOMAS AND EBENEZER T. ANDREWS.

Sold by ſaid THOMAS & ANDREWS, and JOHN WEST, Proprietors of the Work, at their reſpective Bookſtores.

DEC. 1802.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Other ed.

Schol.

Feb. 16. 1898.

M.

# PREFACE.

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

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

BRIDGEWATER, *Dec.* 16, 1802.

* The MASSACHUSETTS COMPILER was printed by, and may be had of THOMAS & ANDREWS.

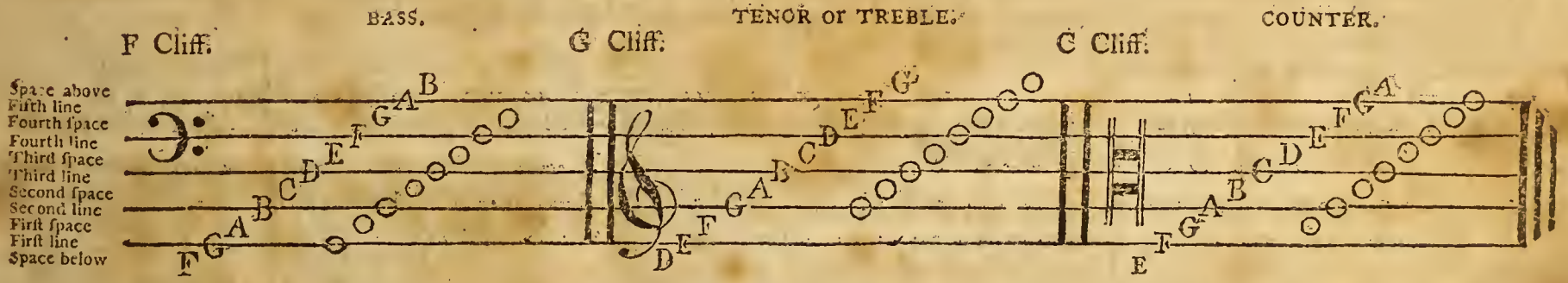
# *ADVERTISEMENT.*

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

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Verſes of 4 lines and | 8 ſyllables each, | as Old 100, | by L. M. |
| 4 | 8 and 6 alternately, | Windſor, | C. M. |
| 4 | 6 : 6 : 8 : 6 | Dover, | S. M. |
| 8 | 6 : 6 : 6 : 6 : 4 : 4 : 4 : 4 | Bethesda, | H. M. |
| 8 | 5 : 5 : 5 : 5 : 6 : 5 : 6 : 5 | St. Michael's, | P. M. |
| 6 | 8 each, | St. Helen's, | L. P. M. |
| 6 | 8 : 8 : 6 : 8 : 8 : 6 | Ganges, | C. P. M. |
| 6 | 6 : 6 : 8 : 6 : 6 : 8 | Dalſton, | S. P. M. |
| 4 | 8 each, with 3 ſyllables in a foot, | Hampton, | 8s. |
| 4 | 7 each, | Cookham, | 7s. |
| 4 | 8 and 7 alternately, | Waterford, | 8s. and 7s. |
| 6 | 10 each, | Judgment, | 10s. |
| 6 | 10 : 10 : 10 : 10 : 11 : 11 | Landaff, | 10s. and 11s. |
| 4 | 11 each, | Hermit, | 11s. |
| 6 | 6 : 6 : 10 : 6 : 6 : 10 | Auſpicious Morn, | 6s. and 10s. |

# *A* PLAIN *and* CONCISE *INTRODUCTION to the GROUNDS of MUSIC.*

## GAMUT.




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

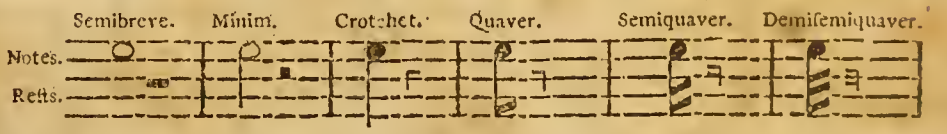
THE natural place for mî, is in B.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| If B be flat, mî is in | E. | If F be ſharp, mî is in | F. |
| If B and E be flat, mî is in | A. | If F and C be ſharp, mî is in | C. |
| If B, E and A be flat, mî is in | D. | If F, C and G be ſharp, mî is in | G. |
| If B, E, A and D be flat, mî is in | G. | If F, C, G and D be ſharp, mî is in | D. |

Above mî are fà, ſōl, là, fà, ſōl, là; and below, are là, ſōl, fà, là, ſōl, fà, and then comes mî again.

From mî to fà, and là to fà, are but half tones.

NAMES and PROPORTIONS of the NOTES and RESTS.




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

# Muſical Characters.

Stave — FIVE lines whereon muſic is written.

Brace — Shews how many parts are ſung together.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Double bar — Shows the end of a ſtrain.

Cloſe — Shows the end of a tune.

Repeats — Show that part of the tune is to be ſung twice.

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

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

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

Trill — ...te, over which it is placed, ſhould ...

Marks of diſtinction — Require ... ...ve placed, to be ſung emp...

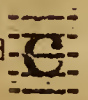
Choosing notes Give the performer liberty to sing which he pleases; and both may be sung at the same time.

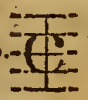
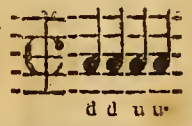
Slur or Tie Shows what number of notes are sung to one syllable.

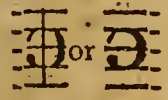
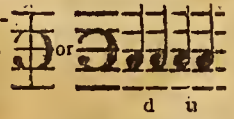
Apoggitu-ras Are small notes which divide the time of the succeeding note, unless it be followed by a point or rest; and then they take the whole time of the succeeding note, and that takes the time of the point or rest only.

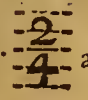
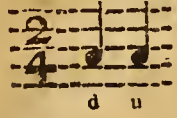
# TIME.

## Common Time.

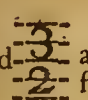
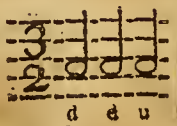
First Mood  ADAGIO, has 4 beats: 4 crotchets, or their amount, fill a bar: 2 beats down, and 2 up. Accented on the first and third.

Second do.  LARGO, has four beats: 4 crotchets in a bar: ¼ quicker than the first: 2 down, and 2 up. Acent on the first and third.* 

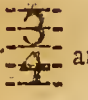
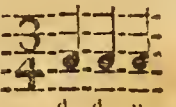
Third do.  ALEGRO, has 2 beats: 4 crotchets in a bar: 1 down, and 1 up. Acented as the preceding. 

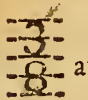
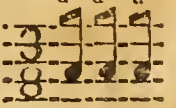
Fourth do.  Has 2 beats: 2 crotchets in a bar: 1 down, and 1 up. Accented as the preceding. 

## Triple Time.

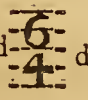
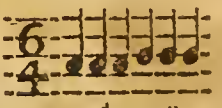
First Mood  HAS 3 beats: 3 minims in a bar: 2 down, and 1 up. Accented chiefly on the first, and faintly on the third. 

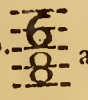
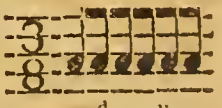
* In Italian Music, Largo is the first and Adagio the second Mood.

Second do.  Has 3 beats: 3 crotchets in a bar: 2 down, and 1 up. Accented as the preceding. 

Third do.  Has 3 beats: 3 quavers in a bar: 2 down, and 1 up. Accented as the preceding. 

## Compound Time.

First Mood  HAS 2 beats: 6 crotchets in a bar: 1 down, and 1 up. Accented on the first. 

Second do.  Has 2 beats: 6 quavers in a bar: 1 down, and 1 up. Accented as above. 

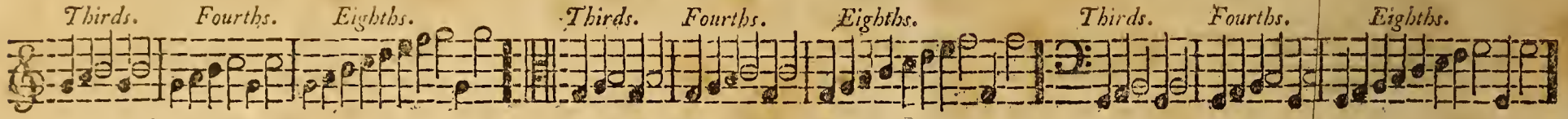
☞ There are other moods in compound time, as $\frac{9}{4}$, $\frac{12}{8}$, &c. but not commonly used in psalmody.

## Of the Keys.

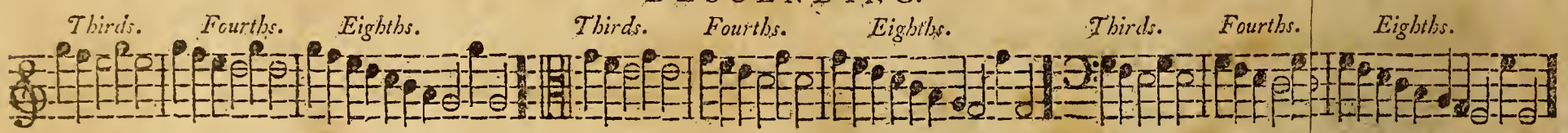
THERE are two Keys in music, the *sharp or major key*, and the *flat or minor key*. If the last note in the bass be next above mi, it is a sharp; if next below, it is a flat key.

# Leſſon for tuning the Voice.

ASCENDING.




DESCENDING.




## *E R R A T A.*

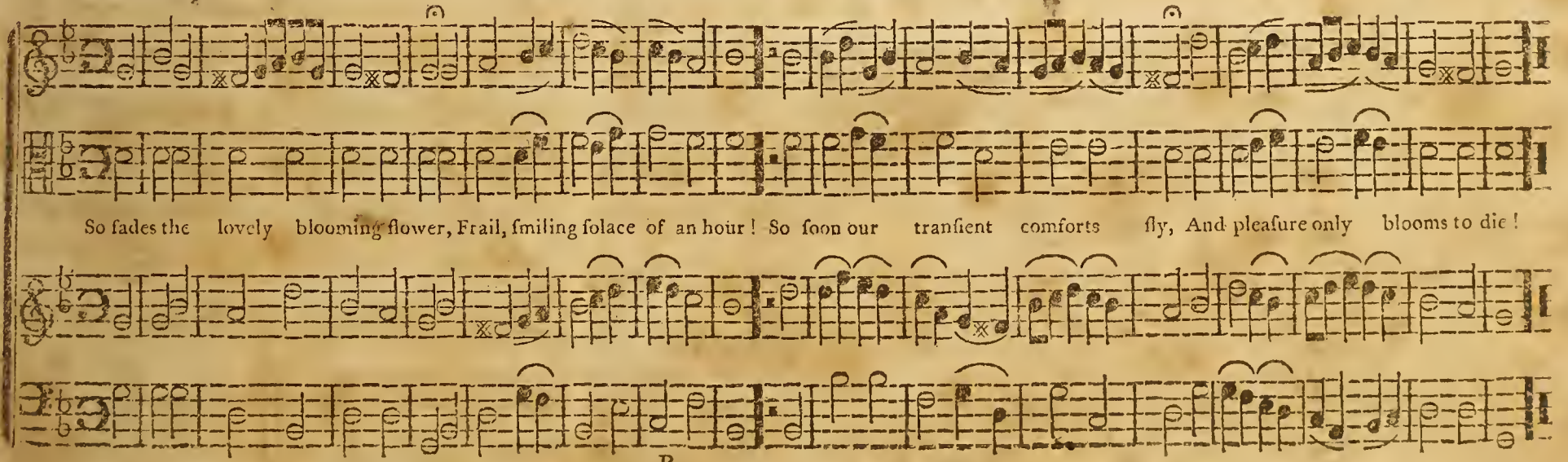
PAGE 11, ſecond baſs ſtave, fifth bar, the firſt note ſhould be a minim; and in the fourteenth bar, the firſt note ſhould e a minim.
13, firſt tenor ſtave after the fourth crotchet, inſert a ſingle bar.
27, ſecond baſs ſtave, after the ſixth crotchet, inſert a ſingle bar. Same ſtave, in the eighth bar, for a crotchet on C inſert a crotchet on B♭.
37, ſecond baſs ſtave, the laſt note ſhould be on D, third line.
45, firſt treble ſtave, fourth bar, the ſecond crotchet ſhould be on D below the firſt line. Same page, firſt tnor ſtave, fourth bar, the crotchet ſhould be on the middle line.
46, ſecond counter ſtave, laſt bar but two, inſert a point at the right of the minim. Same page, ſecond baſs ſtae, laſt note ſhould be on the middle line.
52, firſt tenor ſtave, fourth bar, the firſt quaver ſhould be on the middle line.
58, firſt tenor ſtave, ſtrike out the ſecond ſingle bar.
111, ſecond line, inſtead of *lays*, read *lay*.
113, third baſs ſtave at the beginning, inſtead of a flat, inſert a ſharp on C.
116, firſt baſs ſtave, fourth bar, inſtead of the laſt crotchet, inſert a quaver.
118, firſt baſs ſtave, ſecond bar, inſtead of a crotchet on G, inſert one on F𝄪, fourth line. Do the ſame in thteenth bar alſo.

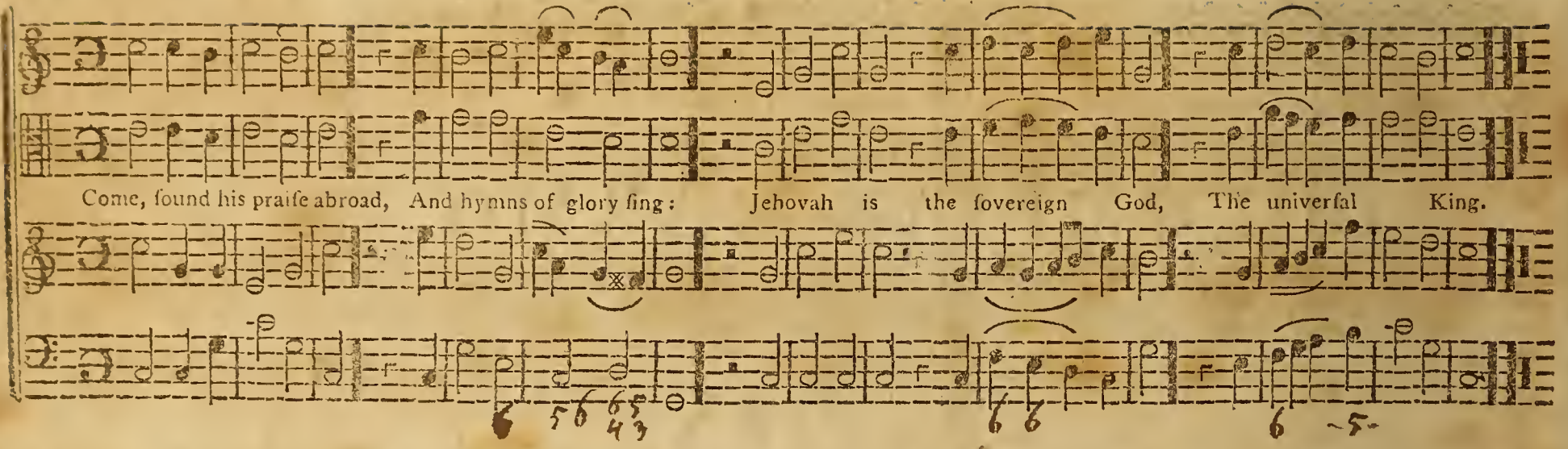
*N. B.* Doubtleſs, by a critical eye, errors will ſtill be diſcovered: yet we preſume they are ſuch as can eaſil be corrected by the ſinger.

THE

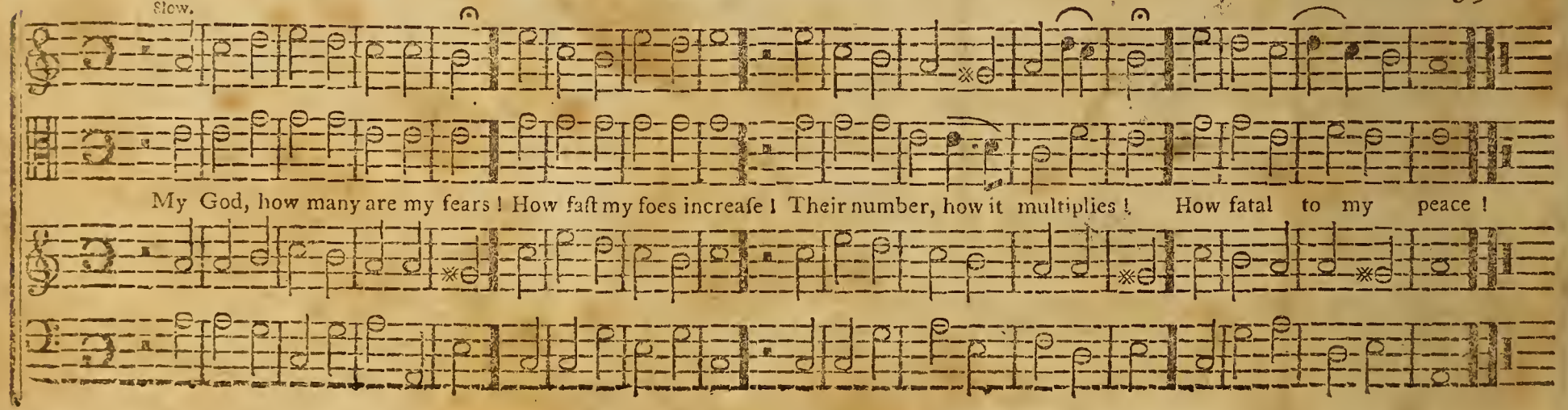
# COLUMBIAN HARMONY, &c.

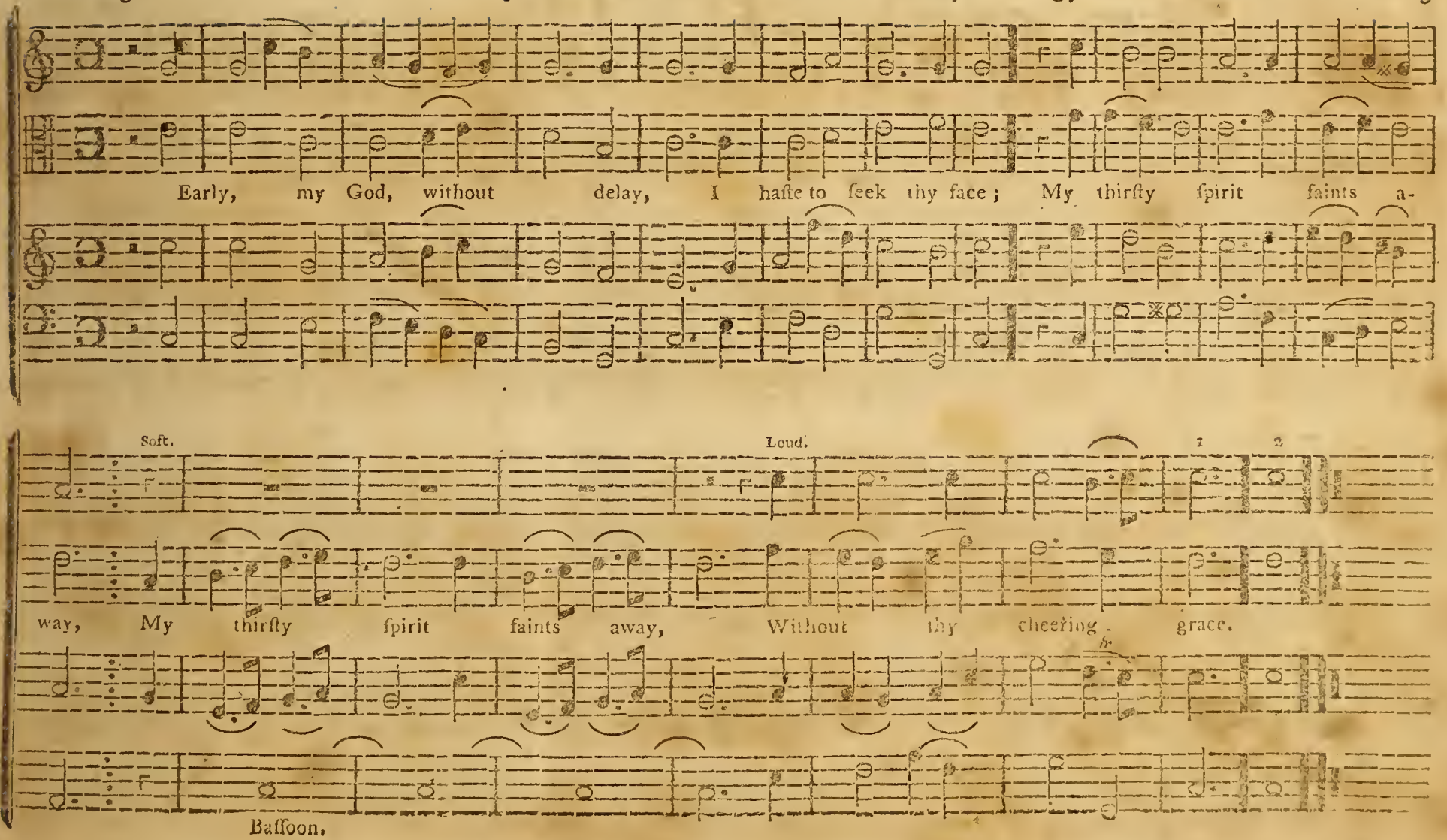
H. 228. MORNING FLOWER. L. M. LEACH.

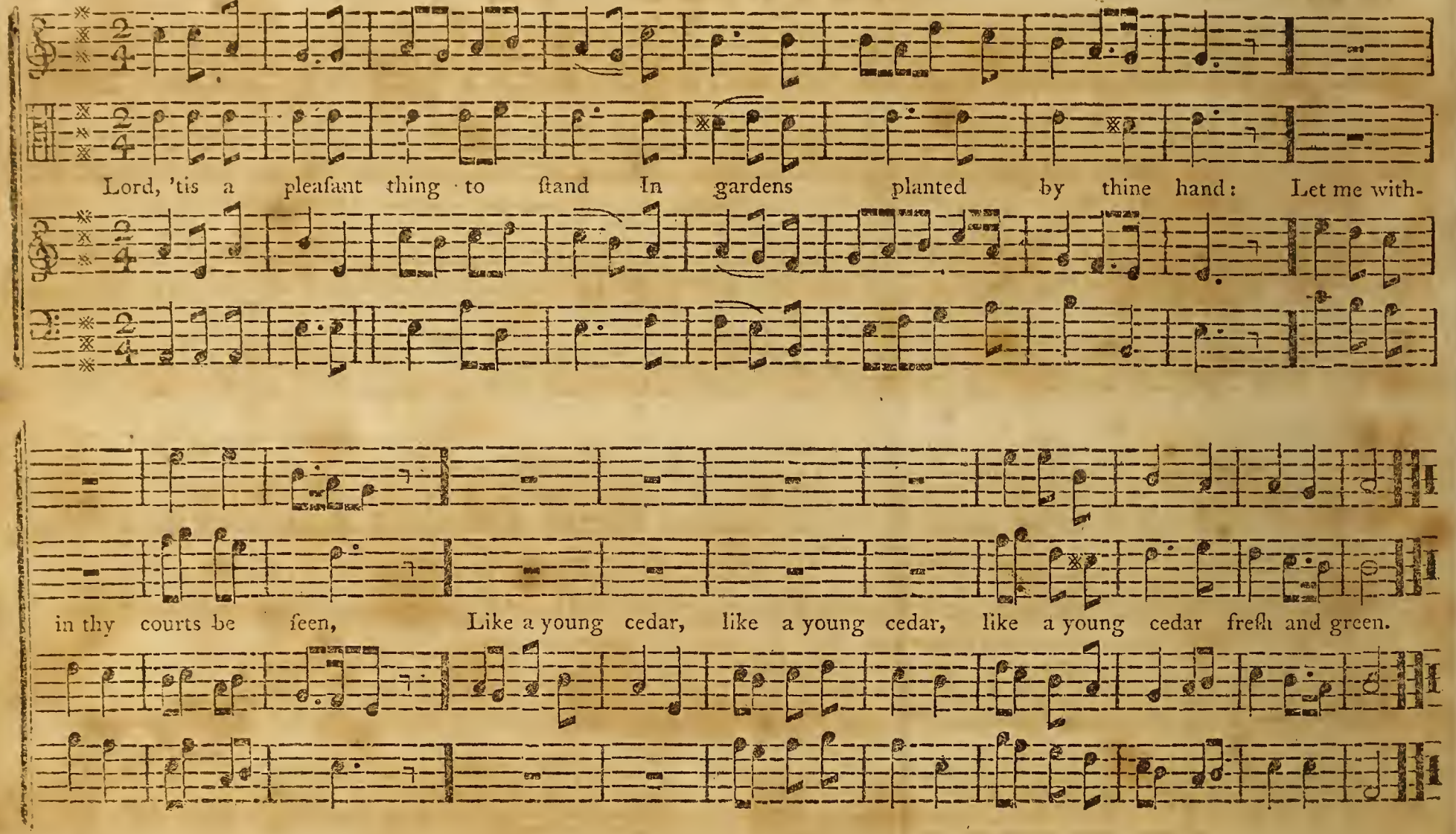


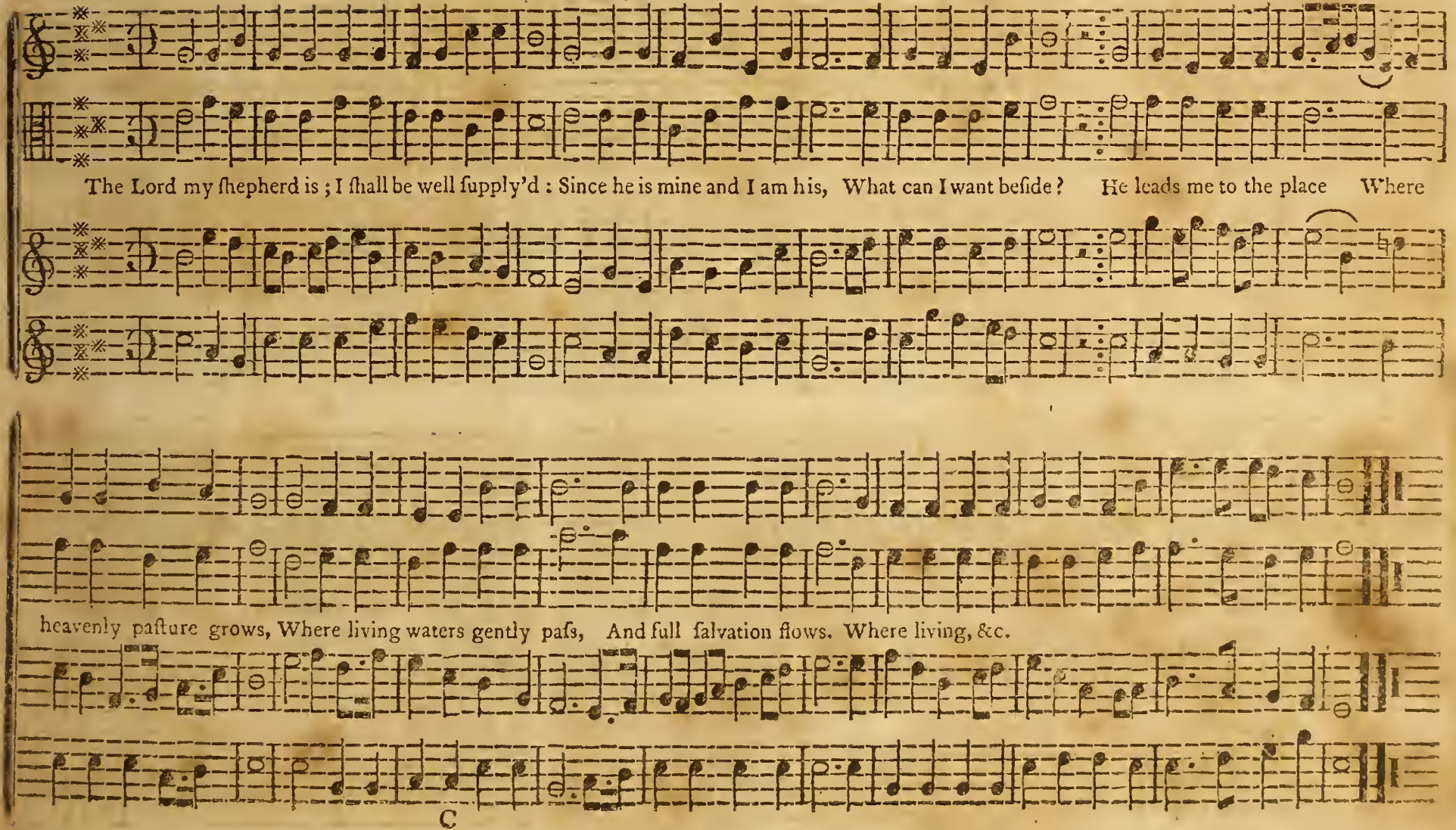


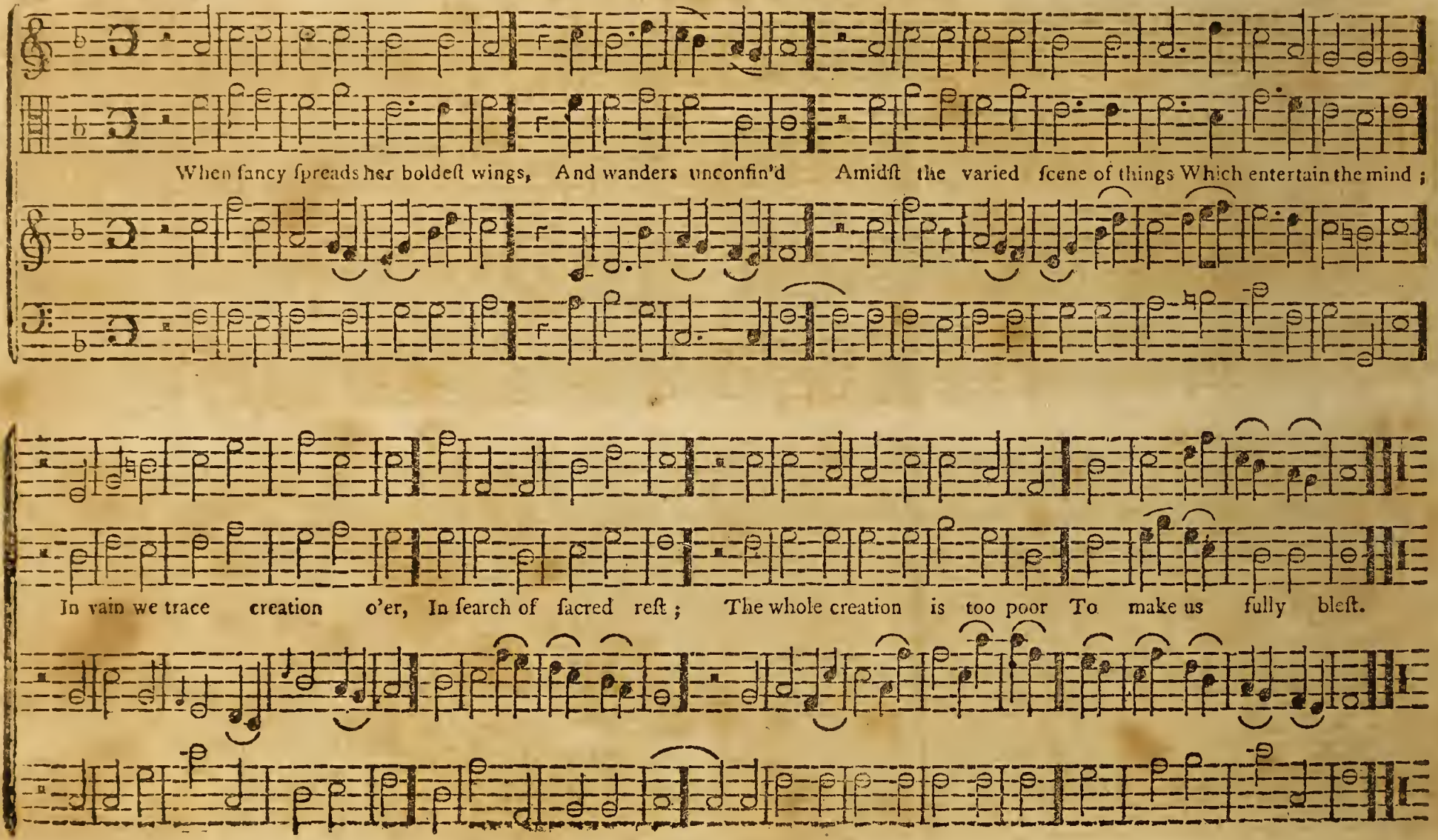

Ps. 3. WINDSOR. C. M. KIRBY. A. D. 1592.

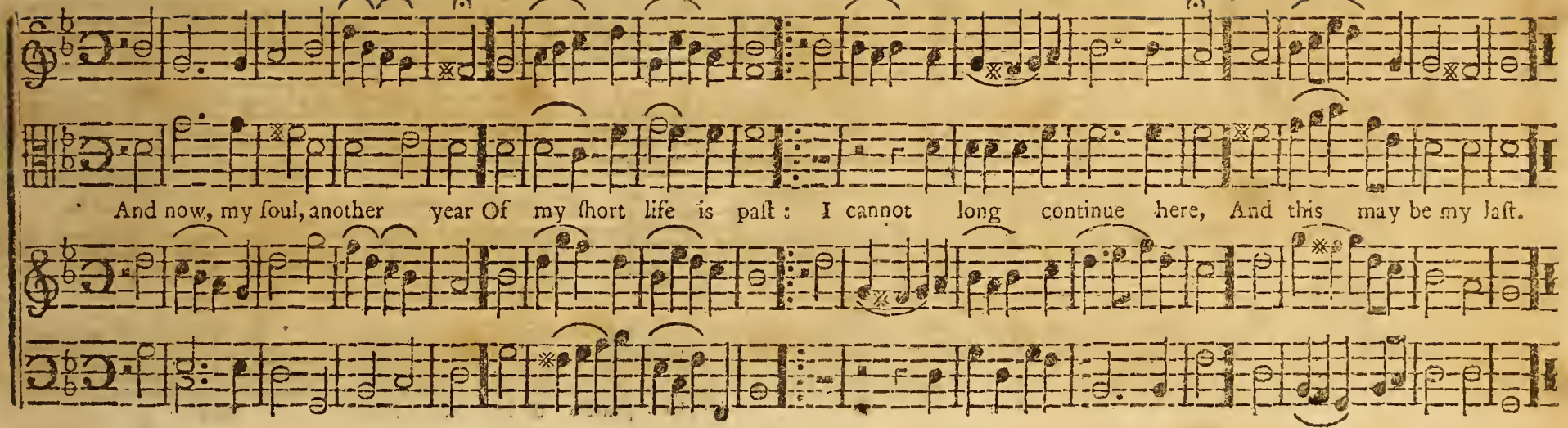



Early, my God, without delay, I haſte to ſeek thy face; My thirſty ſpirit faints a-
Soft.
Loud.
1
2
way, My thirſty ſpirit faints away, Without thy cheering grace.
Baſſoon.

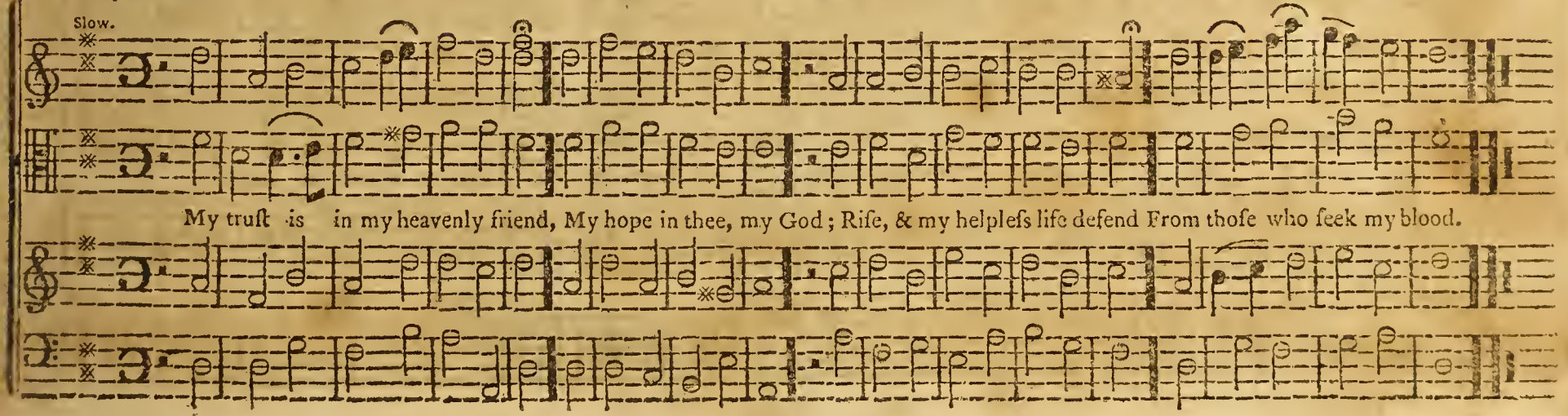

Lord, 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſtand In gardens planted by thine hand: Let me with-
in thy courts be ſeen, Like a young cedar, like a young cedar, like a young cedar freſh and green.

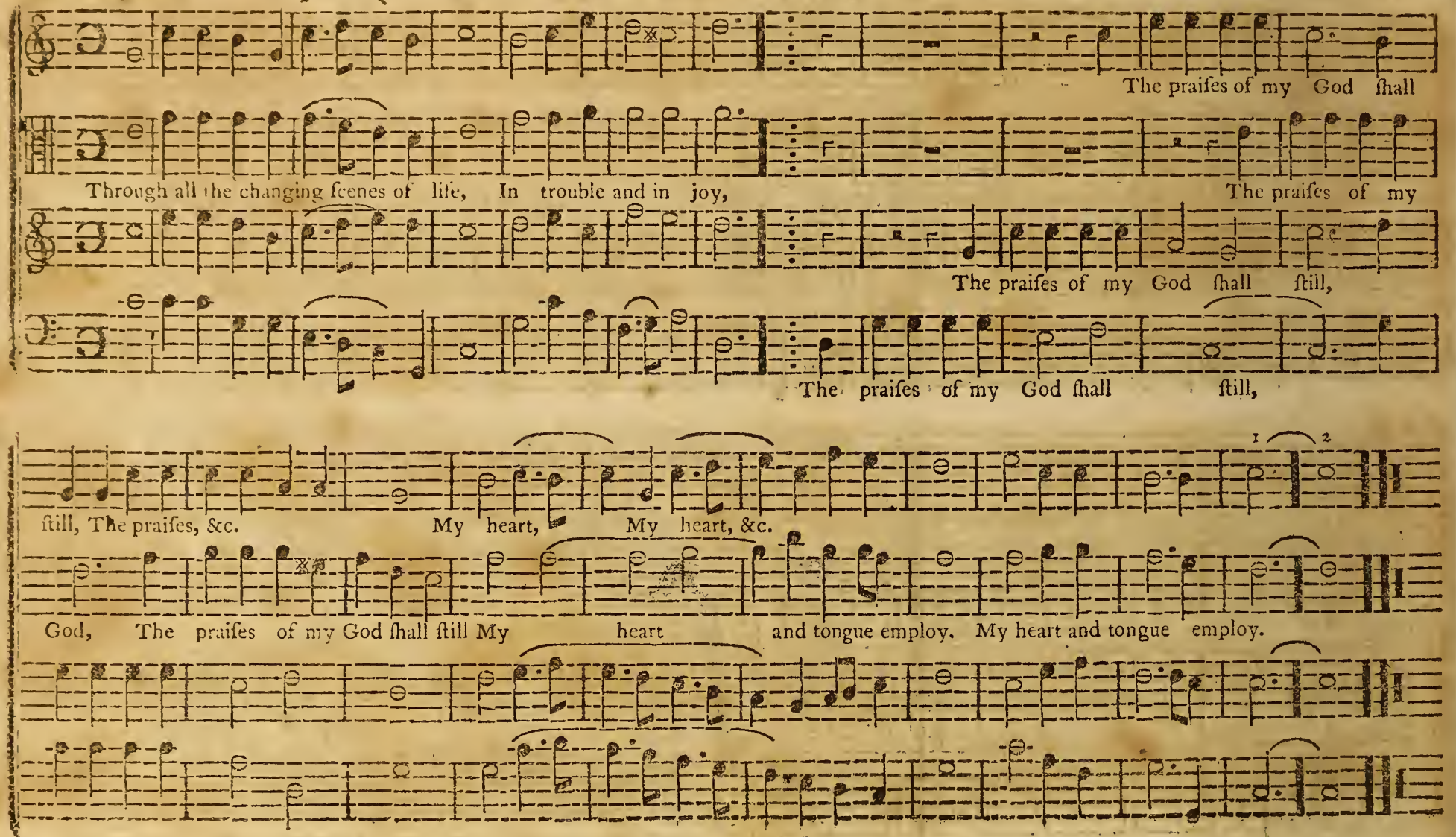

The Lord my ſhepherd is ; I ſhall be well ſupply'd : Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want beſide ? He leads me to the place Where
heavenly paſture grows, Where living waters gently paſs, And full ſalvation flows. Where living, &c.

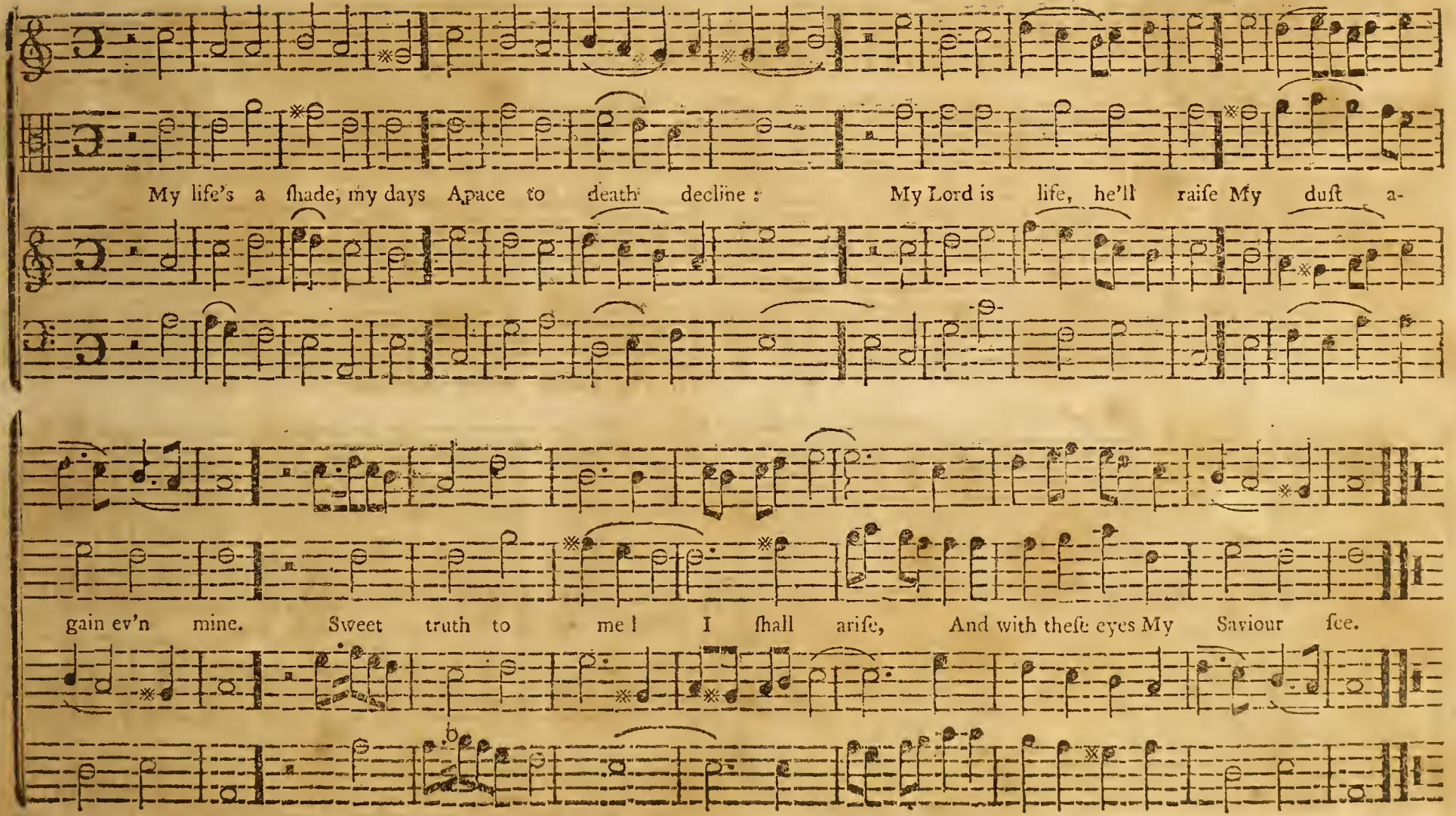

When fancy ſpreads her boldeſt wings, And wanders unconfin'd Amidſt the varied ſcene of things Which entertain the mind ;
In vain we trace creation o'er, In ſearch of ſacred reſt ; The whole creation is too poor To make us fully bleſt.

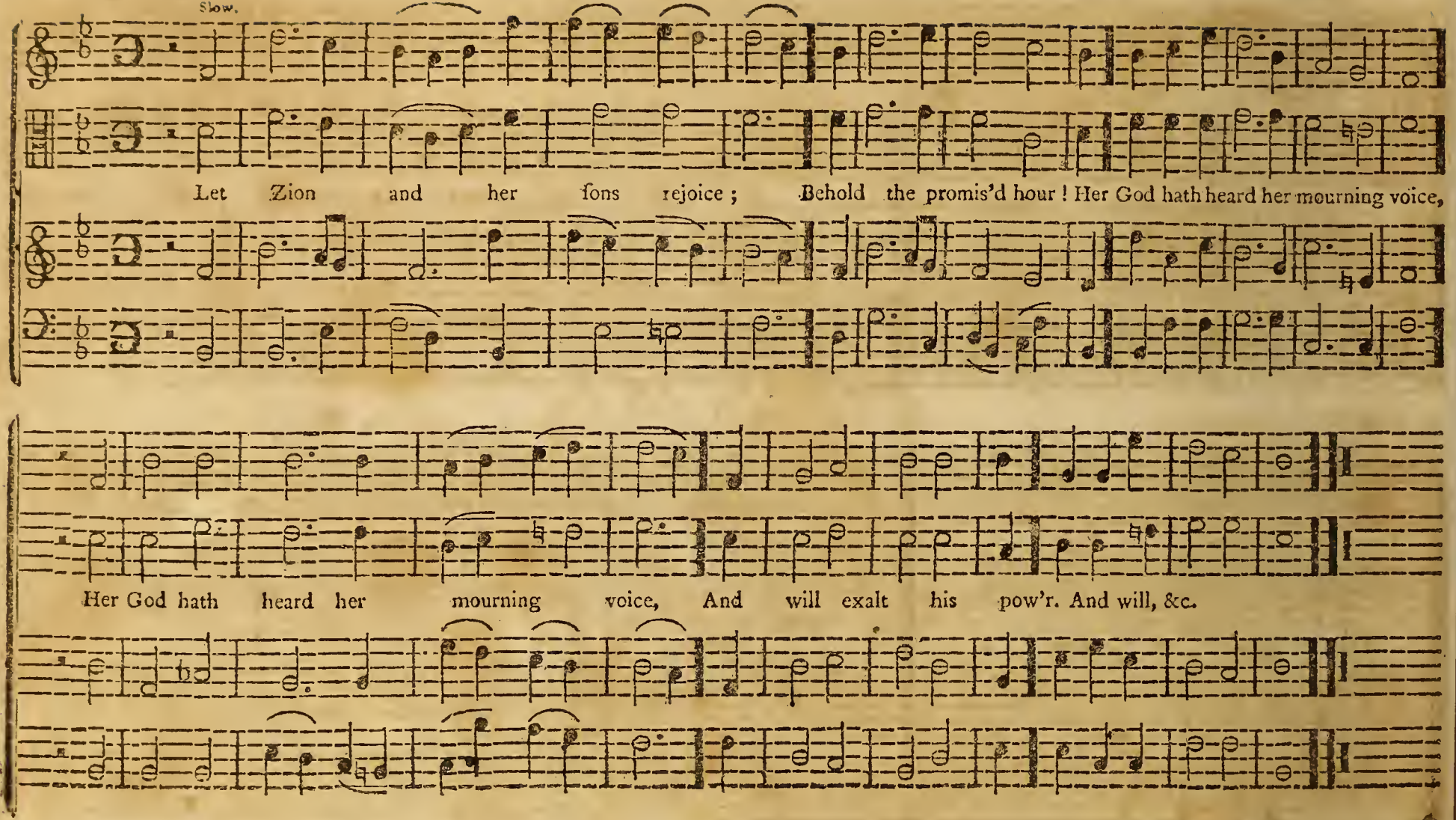


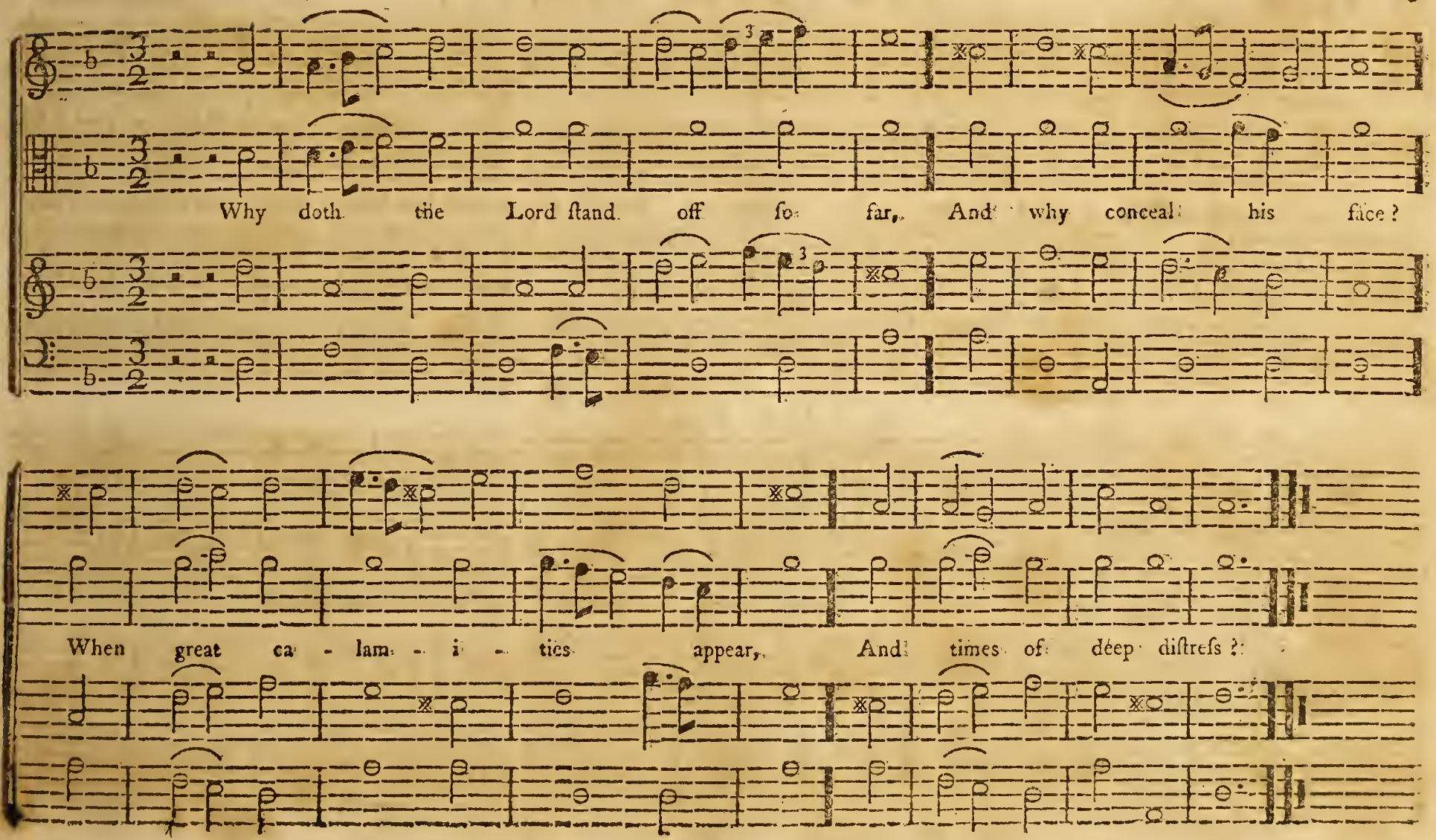

Ps. 7. St. ANNE's. C. M. DR. CROFT.



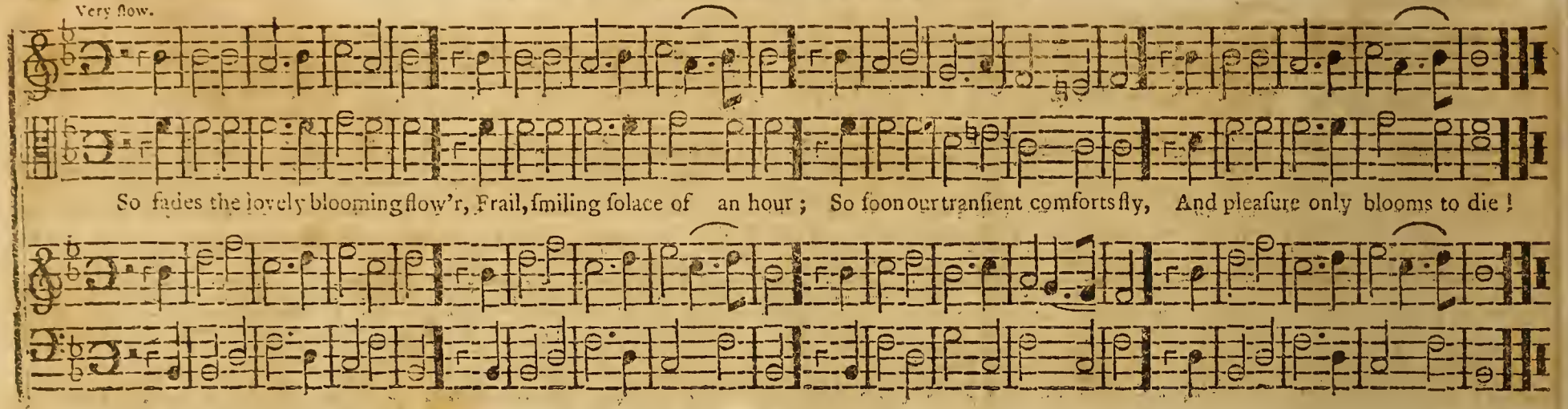

The praiſes of my God ſhall
Through all the changing ſcenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praiſes of my
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill,
ſtill, The praiſes, &c. My heart, My heart, &c.
God, The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill My heart and tongue employ. My heart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


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


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

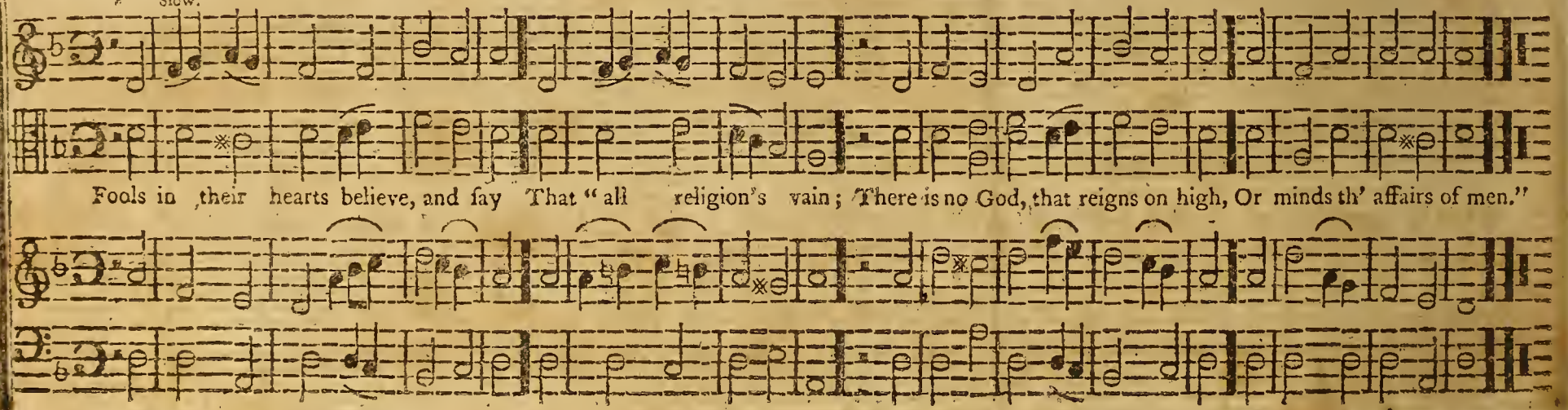

Why doth the Lord ſtand off ſo far, And why conceal his face?
When great ca - lam - i - ties appear, And times of deep diſtreſs?

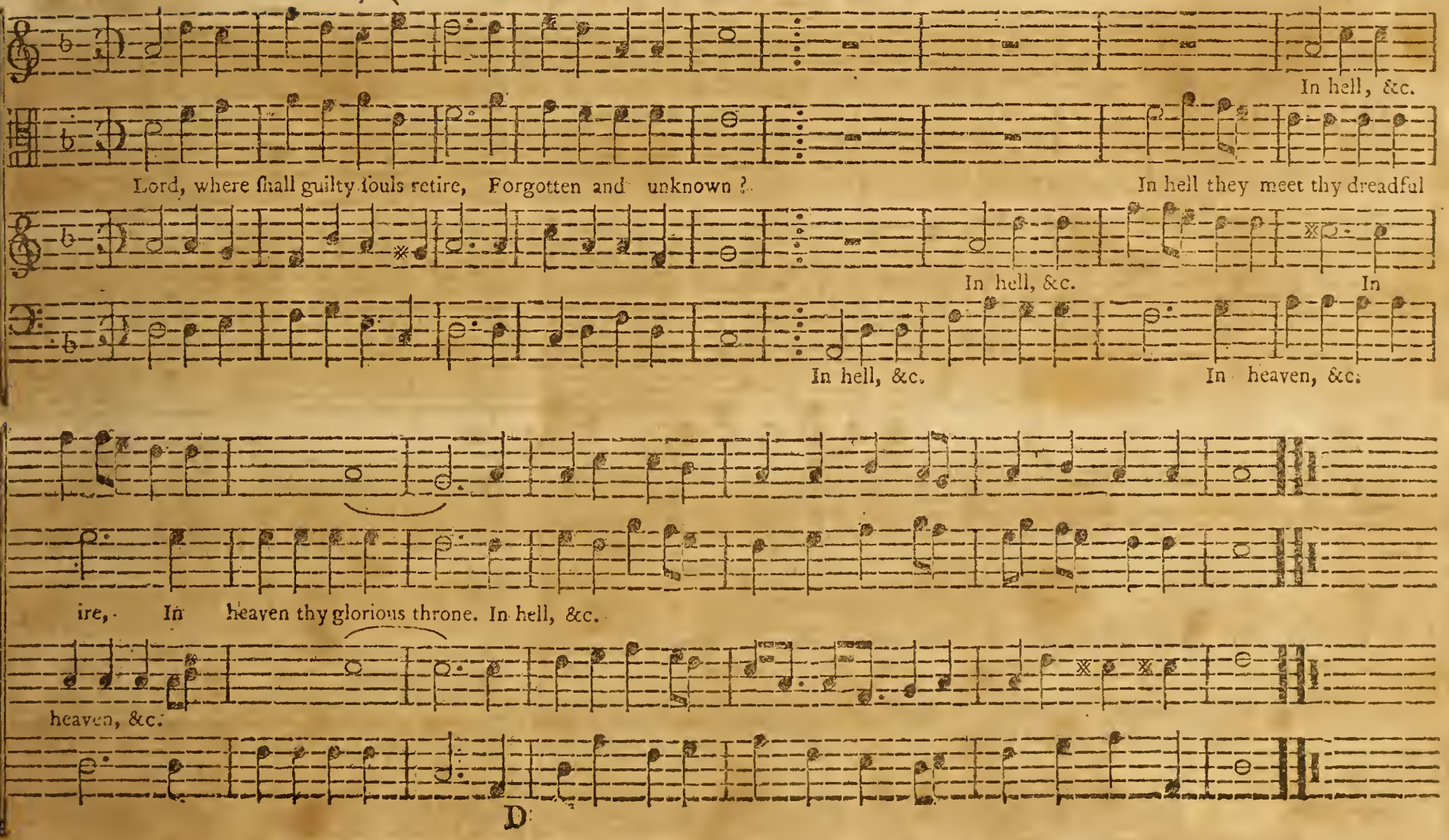
Very flow.



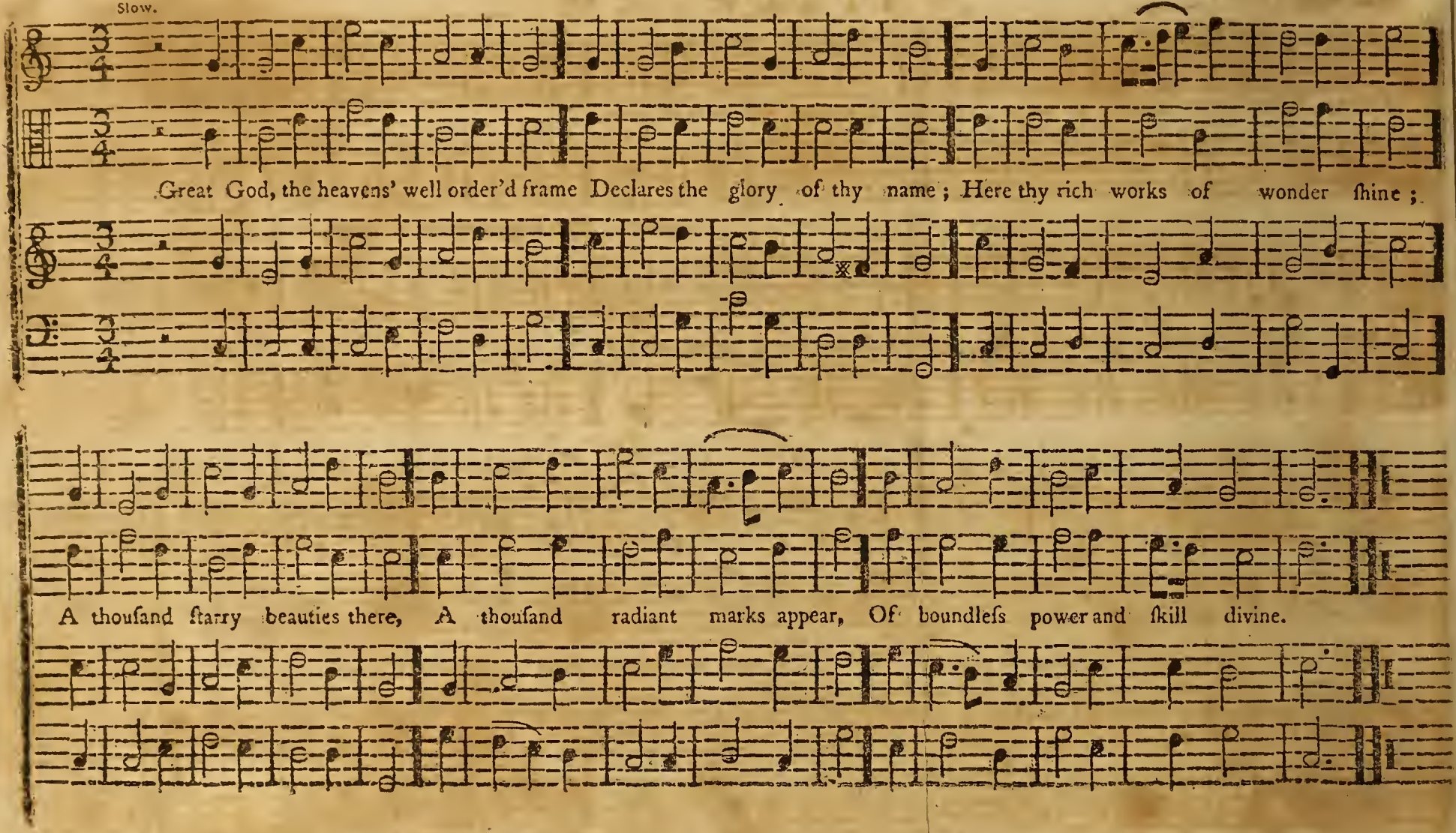

Ps. 14. BANGOR. C. M. TANSUR'S COL.

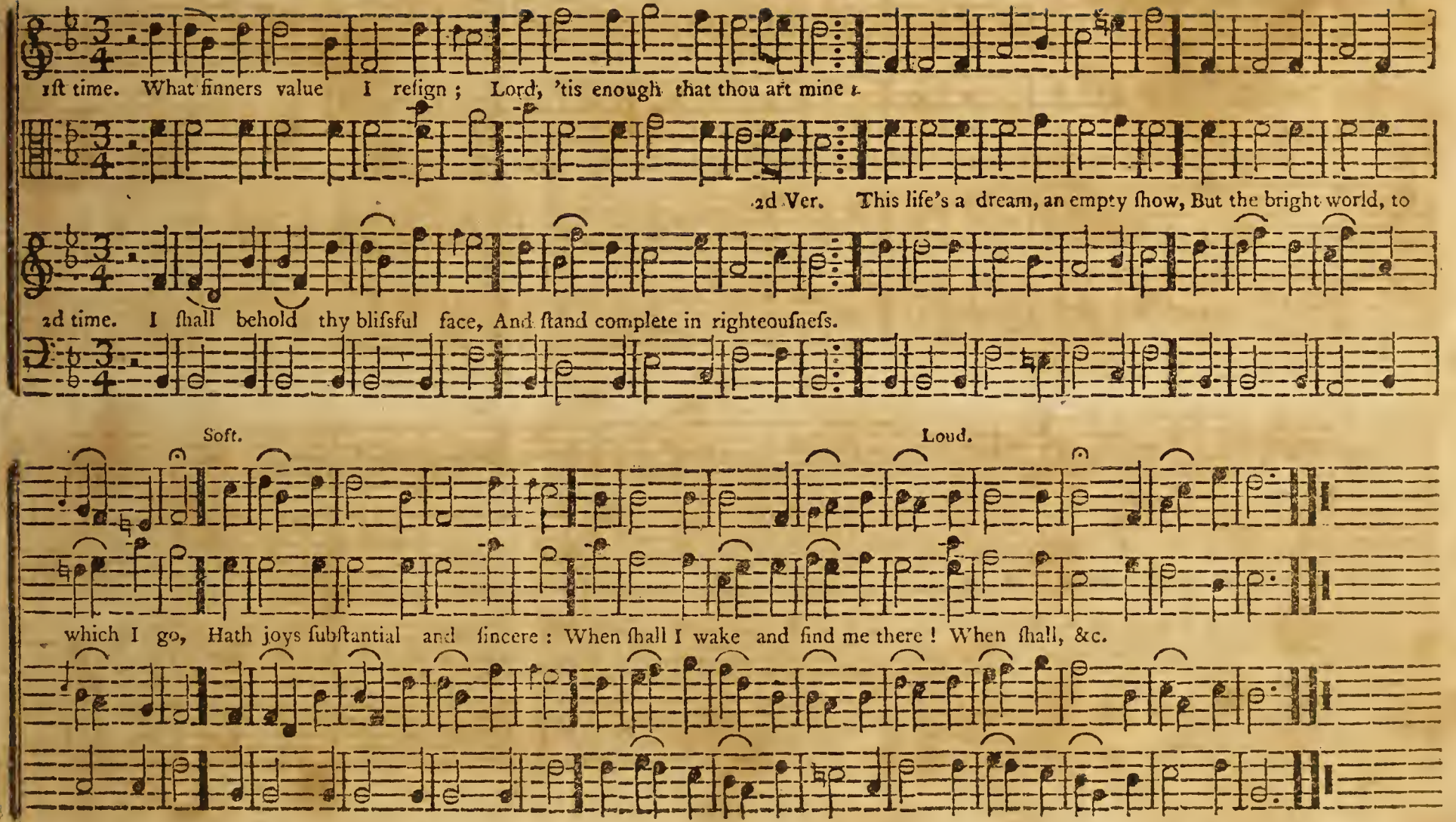
Slow.

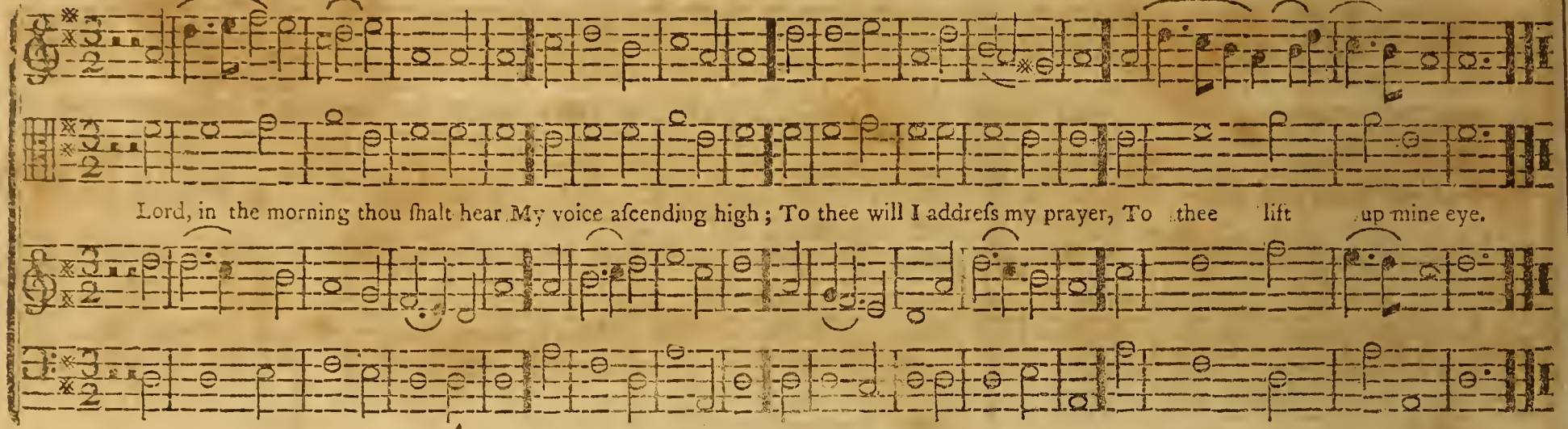



In hell, &c.
Lord, where shall guilty souls retire, Forgotten and unknown ?
In hell they meet thy dreadful
In hell, &c.
In
In hell, &c.
In heaven, &c.
ire, In heaven thy glorious throne. In hell, &c.
heaven, &c.
D

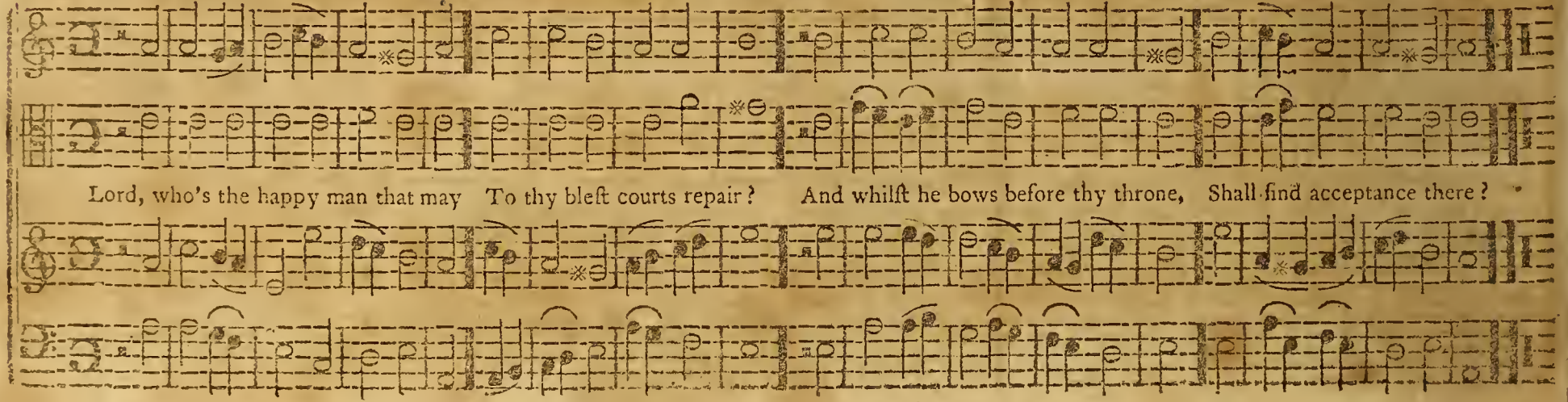
Slow.

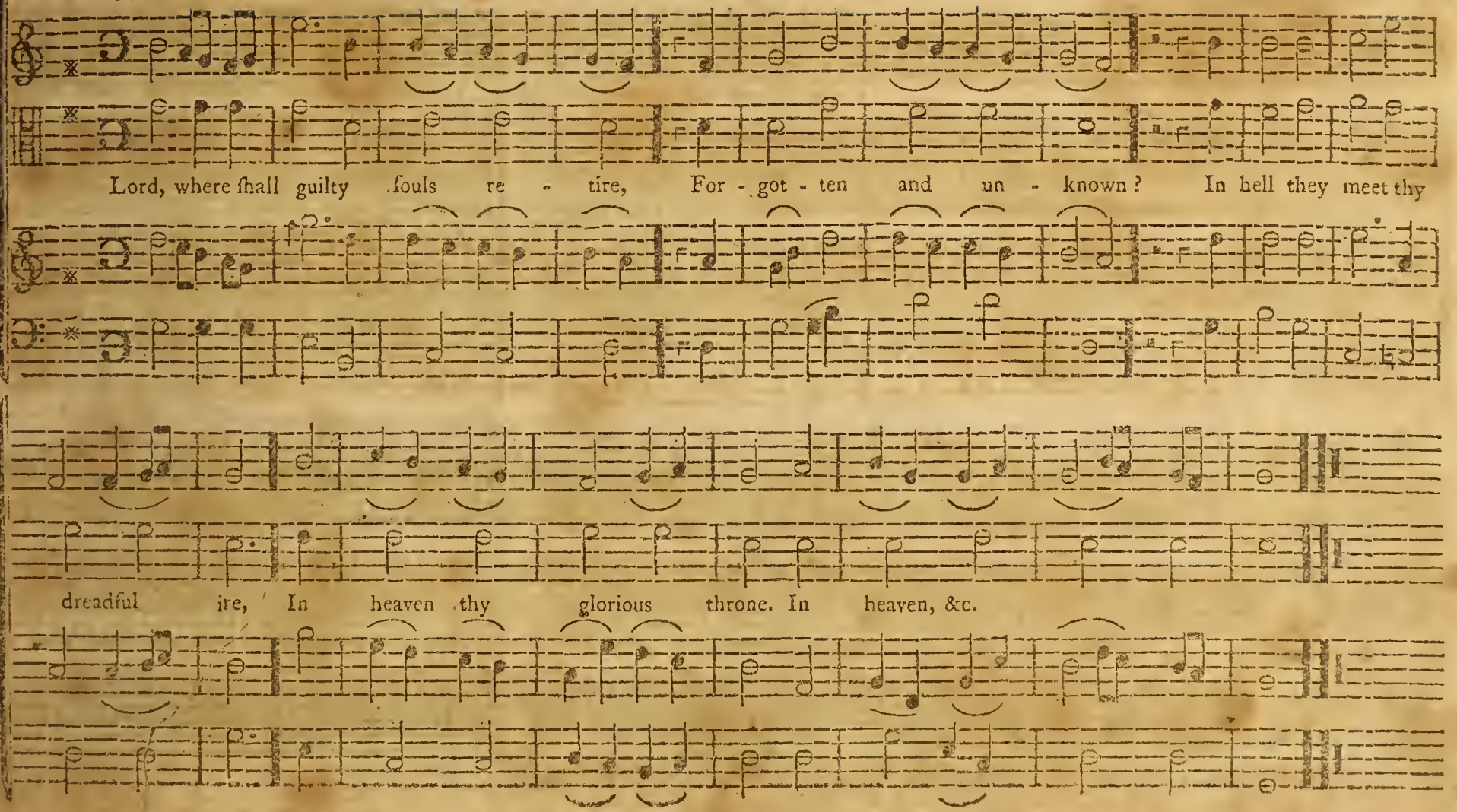

Great God, the heavens' well order'd frame Declares the glory of thy name; Here thy rich works of wonder ſhine;
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there, A thouſand radiant marks appear, Of boundleſs power and ſkill divine.

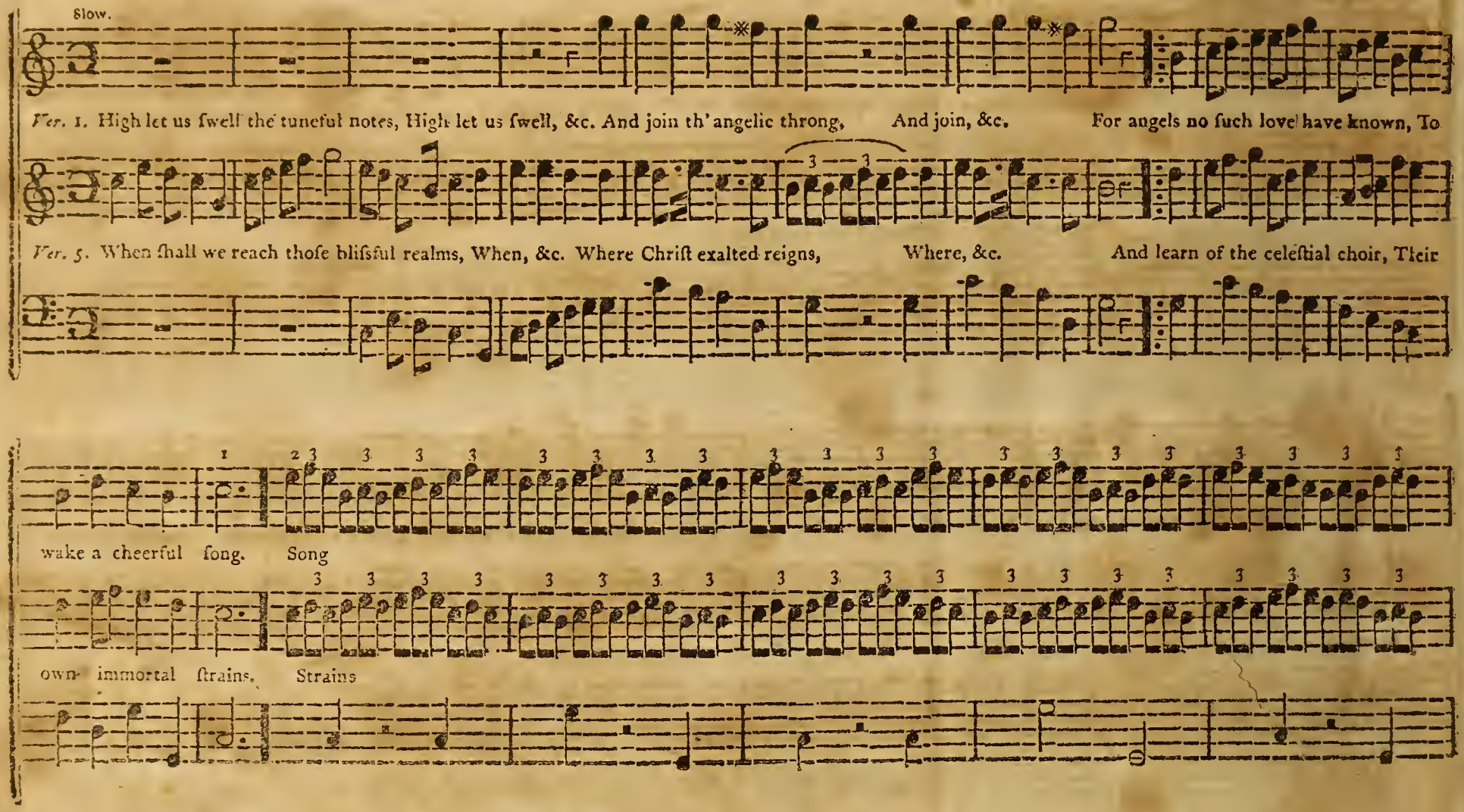

1st time. What ſinners value I reſign ; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
2d Ver. This life's a dream, an empty ſhow, But the bright world, to
2d time. I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face, And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.
Soft.
Loud.
which I go, Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere : When ſhall I wake and find me there ! When ſhall, &c.

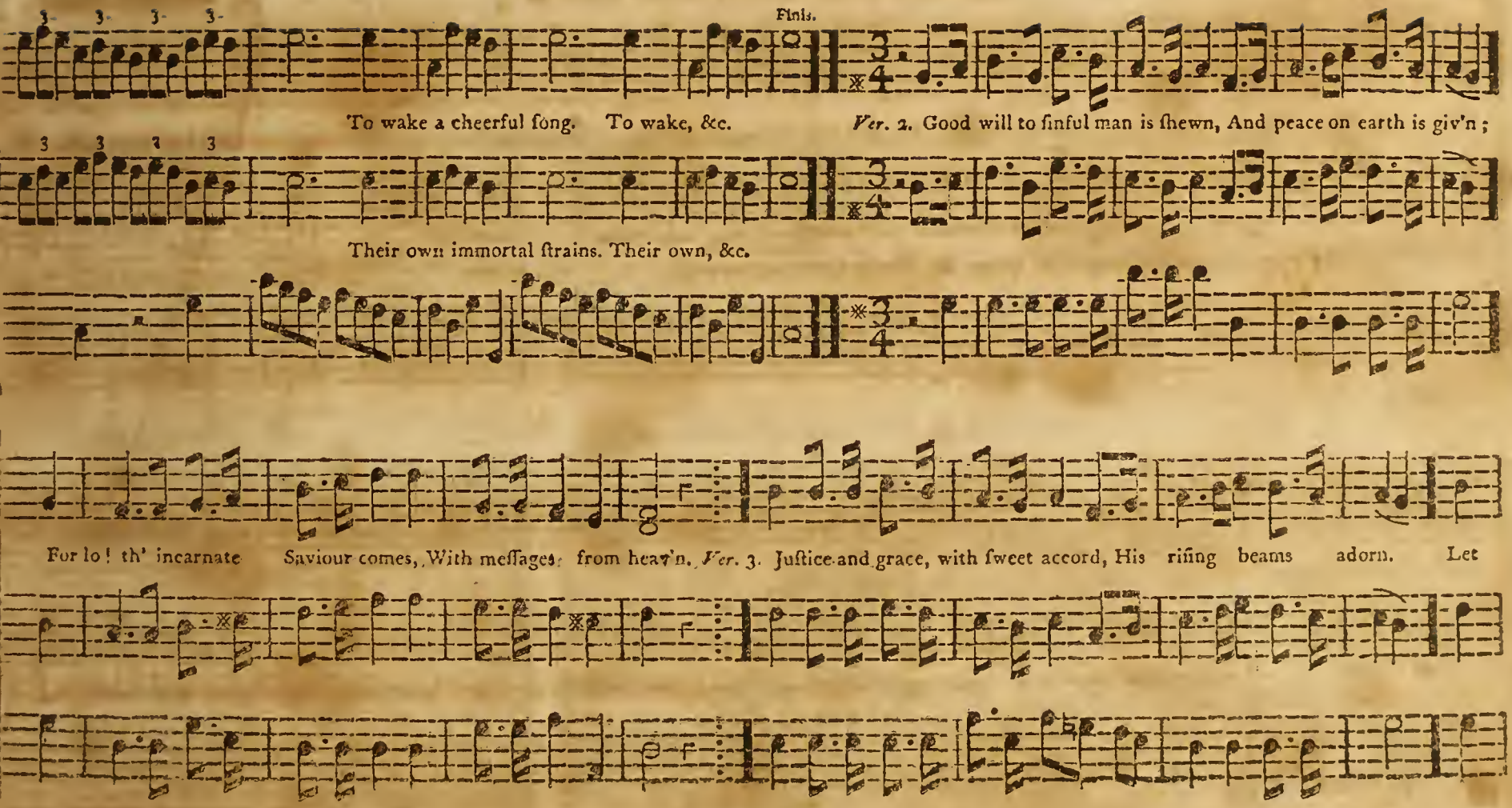


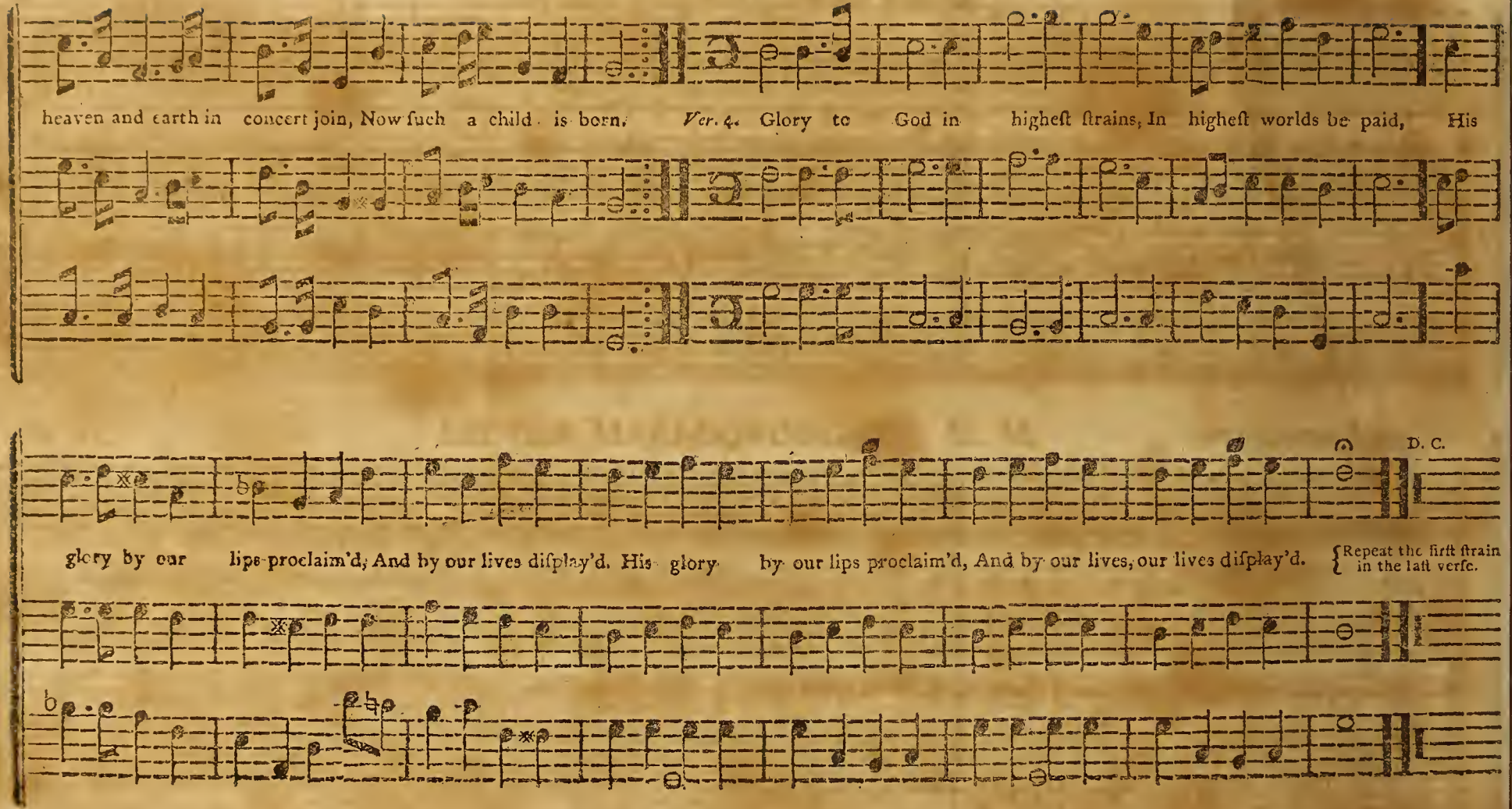

Ps. 15. DURHAM. C. M. TANSUR'S COL.

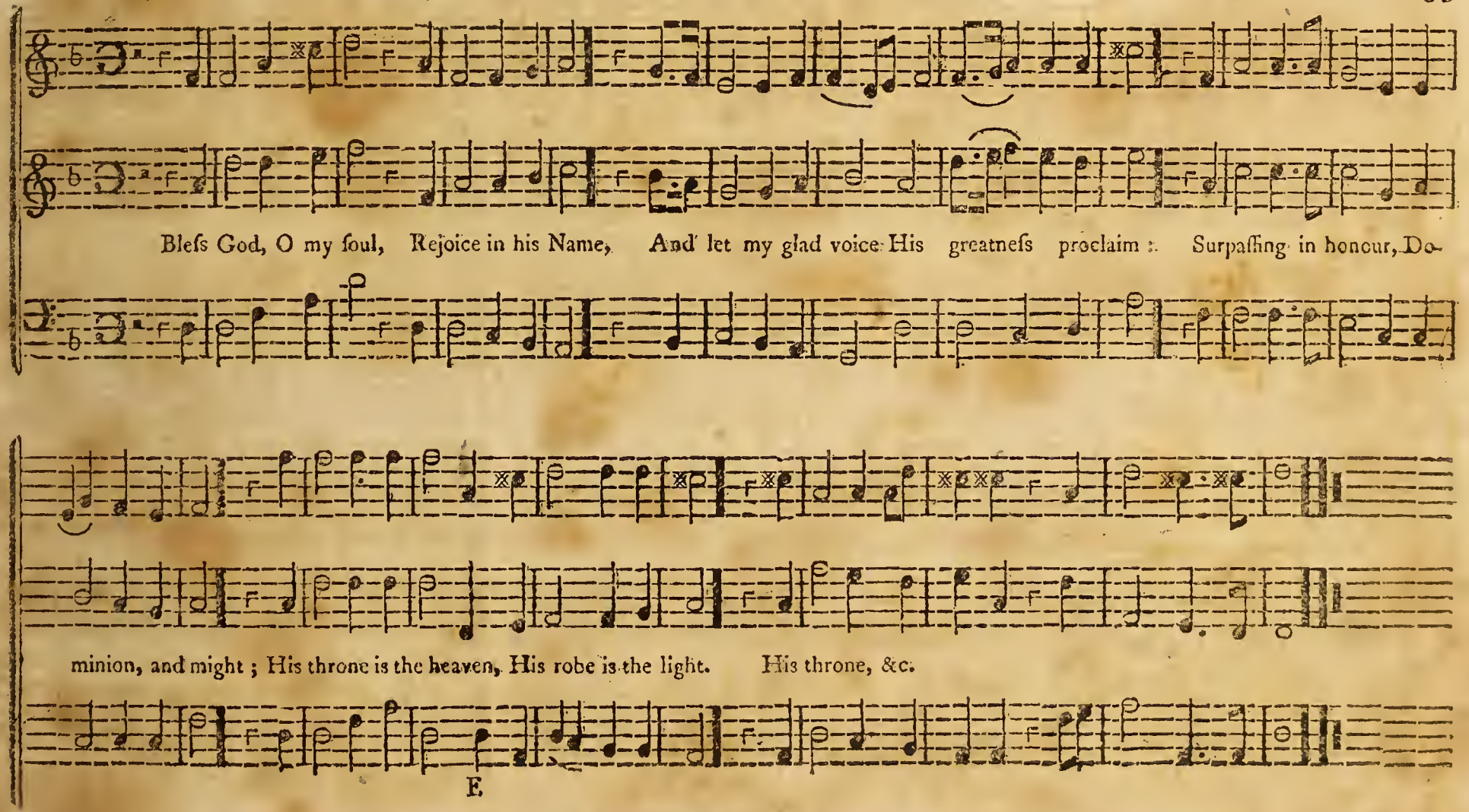



Lord, where ſhall guilty ſouls re - tire, For - got - ten and un - known? In hell they meet thy
dreadful ire, In heaven thy glorious throne. In heaven, &c.

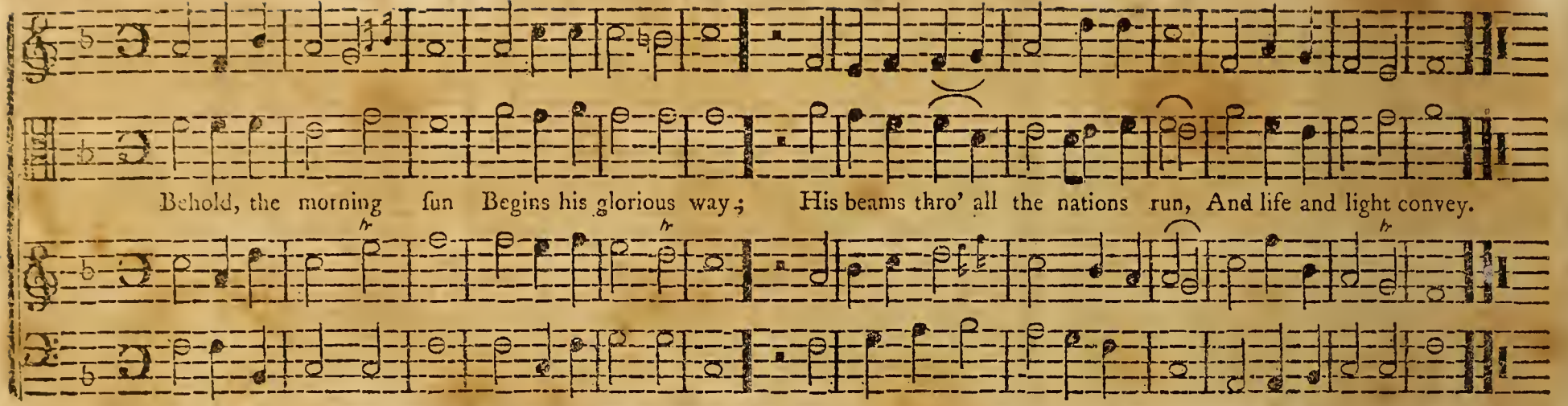

Slow.
Ver. 1. High let us ſwell the tuneful notes, High let us ſwell, &c. And join th' angelic throng, And join, &c. For angels no ſuch love have known, To
Ver. 5. When ſhall we reach thoſe bliſsful realms, When, &c. Where Chriſt exalted reigns, Where, &c. And learn of the celeſtial choir, Their
wake a cheerful ſong. Song
own immortal ſtrains. Strains


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

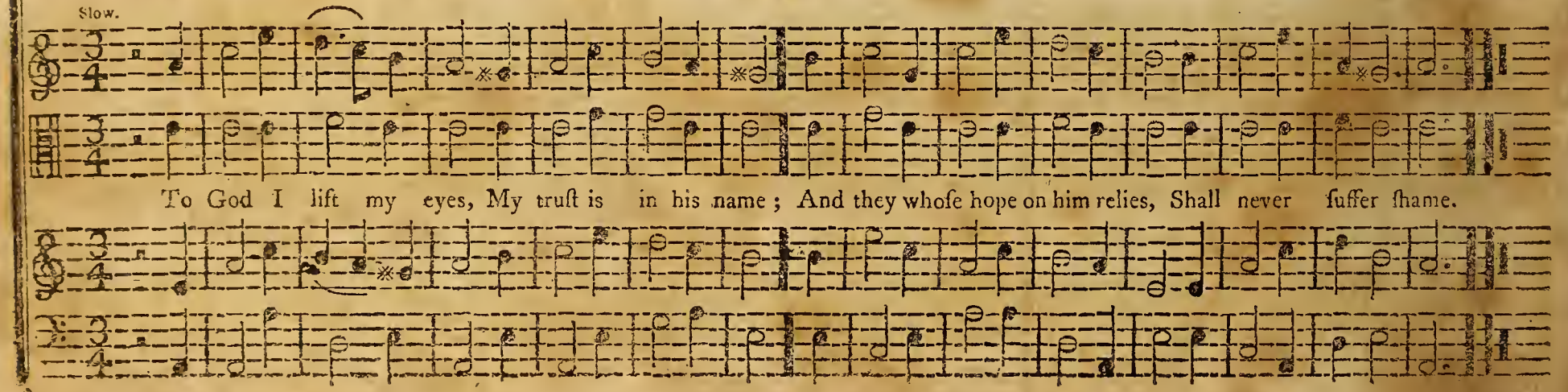

heaven and earth in concert join, Now ſuch a child is born. Ver. 4. Glory to God in higheſt ſtrains, In higheſt worlds be paid, His
glory by our lips proclaim'd, And by our lives diſplay'd. His glory by our lips proclaim'd, And by our lives, our lives diſplay'd.
D. C.
{Repeat the firſt ſtrain in the laſt verſe.

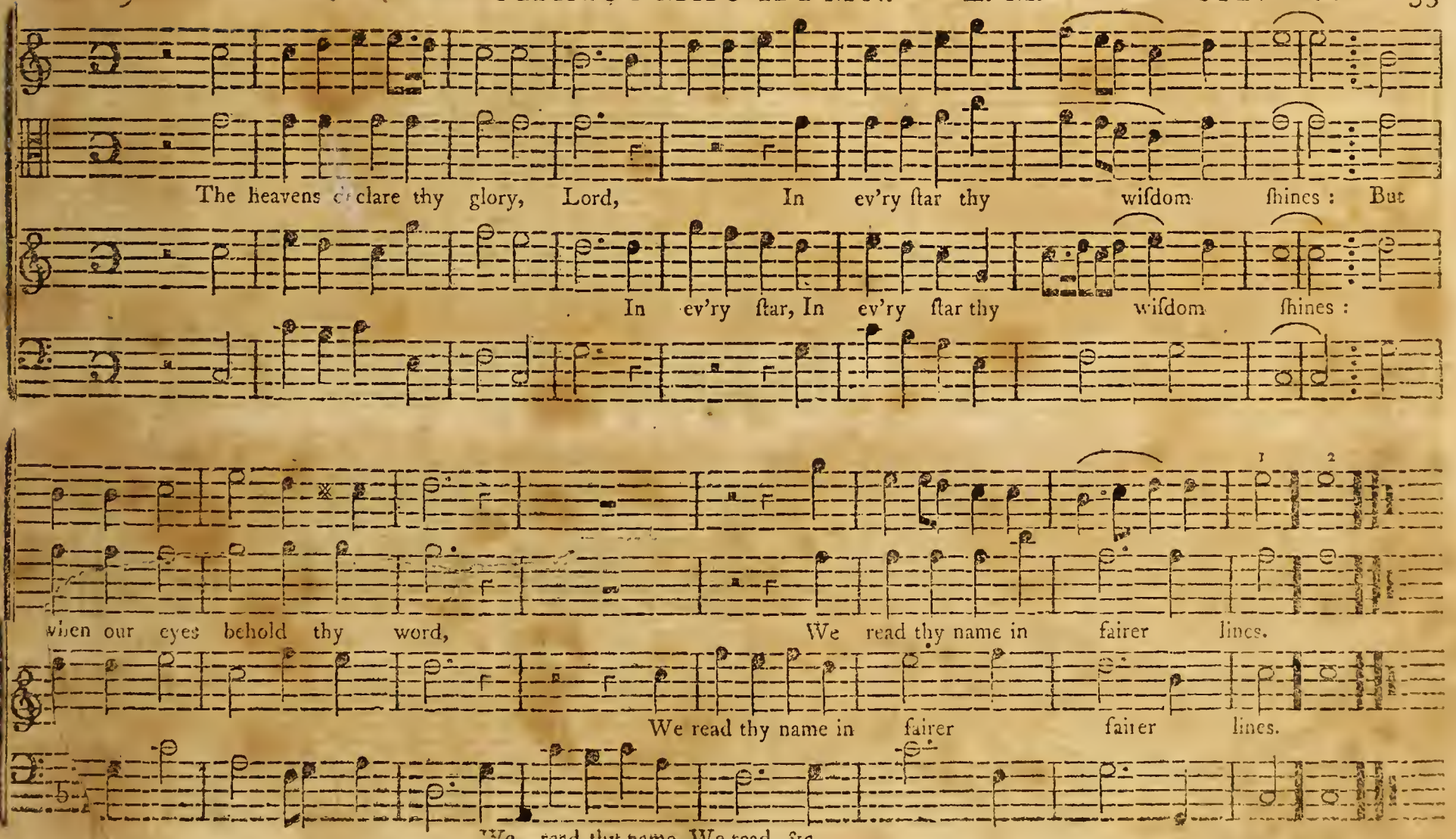

Bleſs God, O my ſoul, Rejoice in his Name, And let my glad voice His greatneſs proclaim: Surpaſſing in honour, Do-
minion, and might; His throne is the heaven, His robe is the light. His throne, &c.
E.

Ps. 19. DOVER. S. M. WILLIAMS' COL.

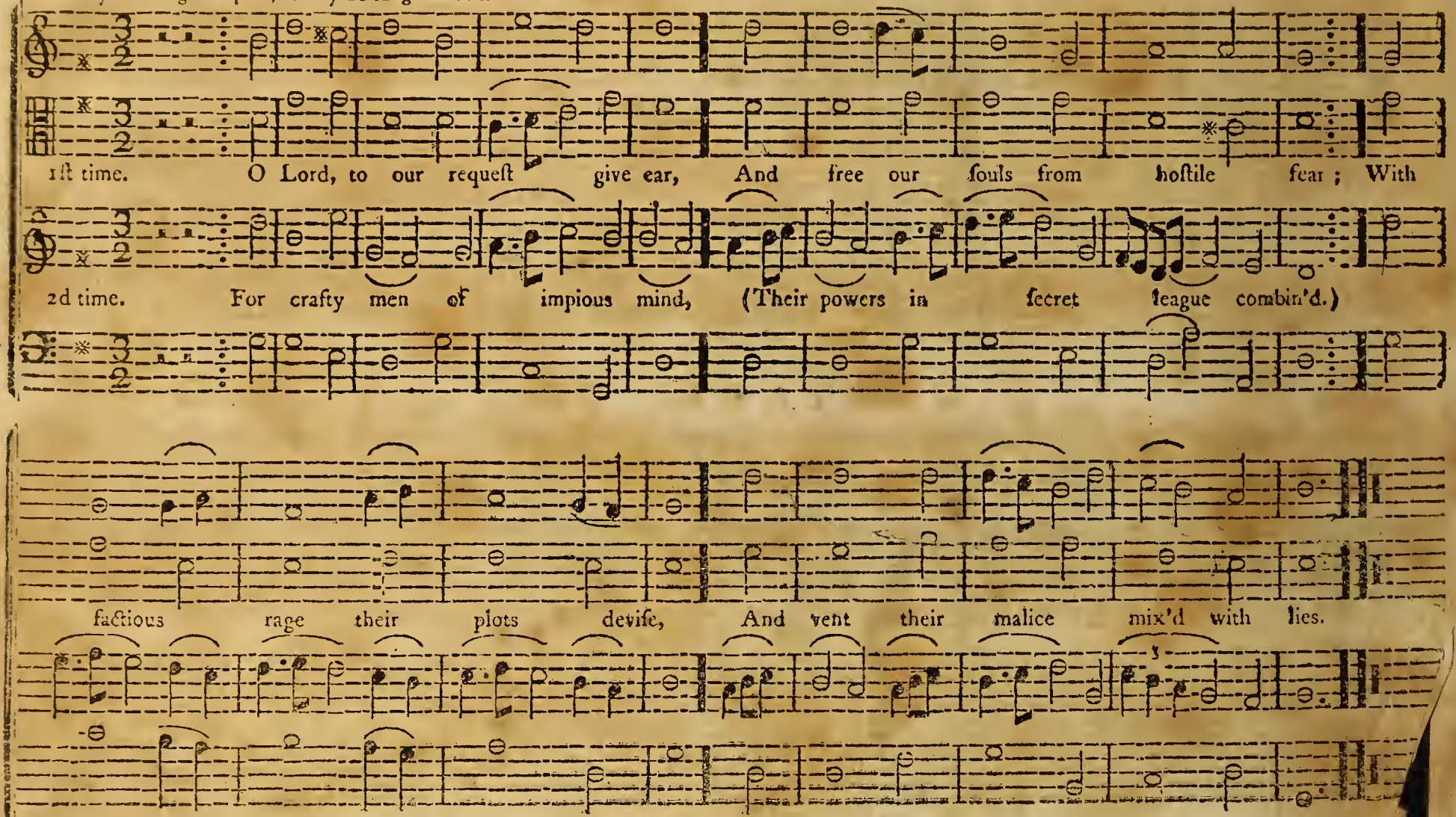


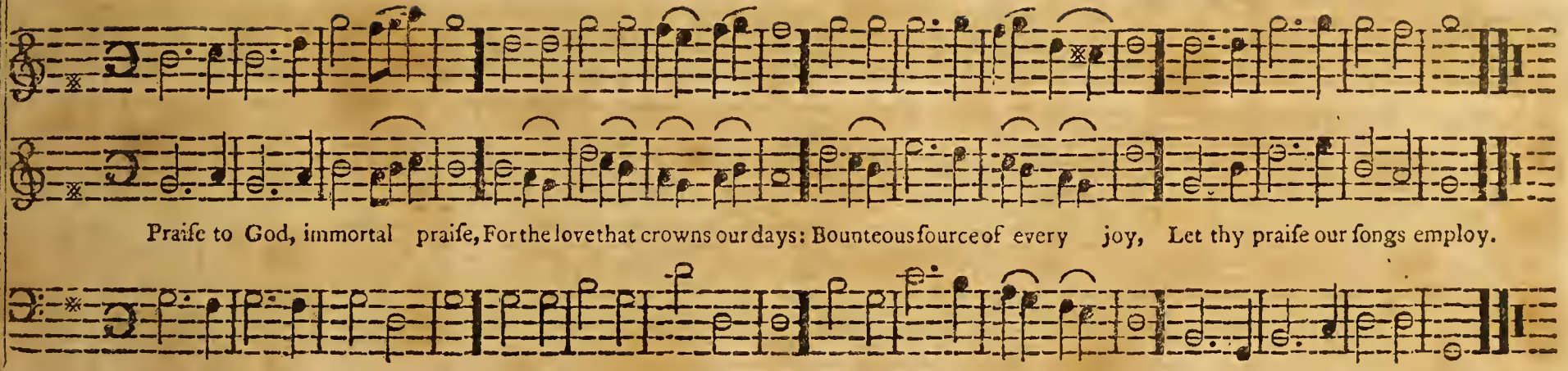

Ps. 25. LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M. WILLIAMS' COL.



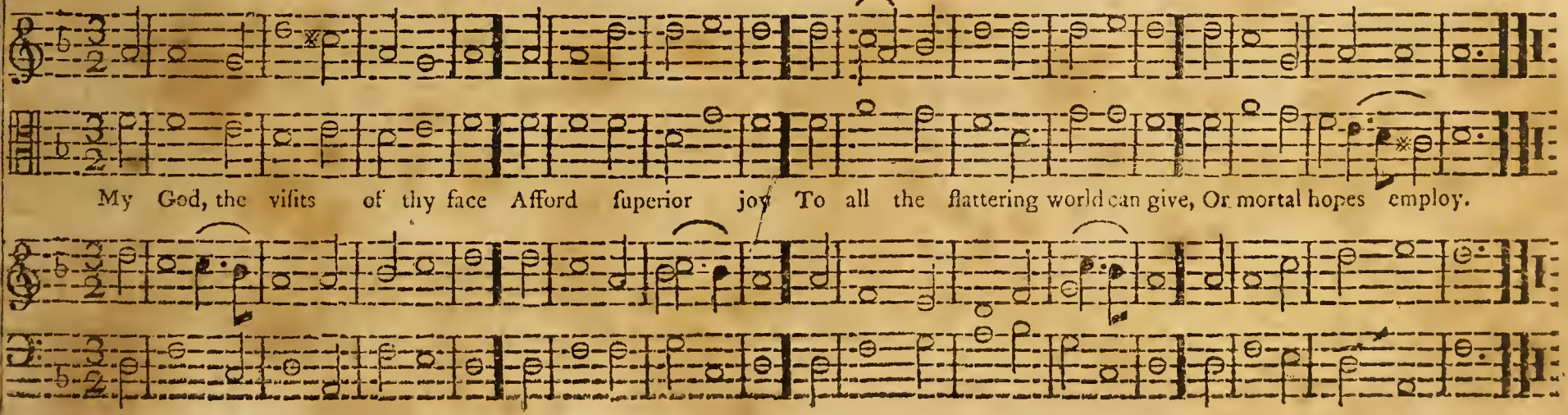

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines: But
In ev'ry ſtar, In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines:
when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.
We read thy name in fairer fairer lines.
We read thy name, We read, &c.

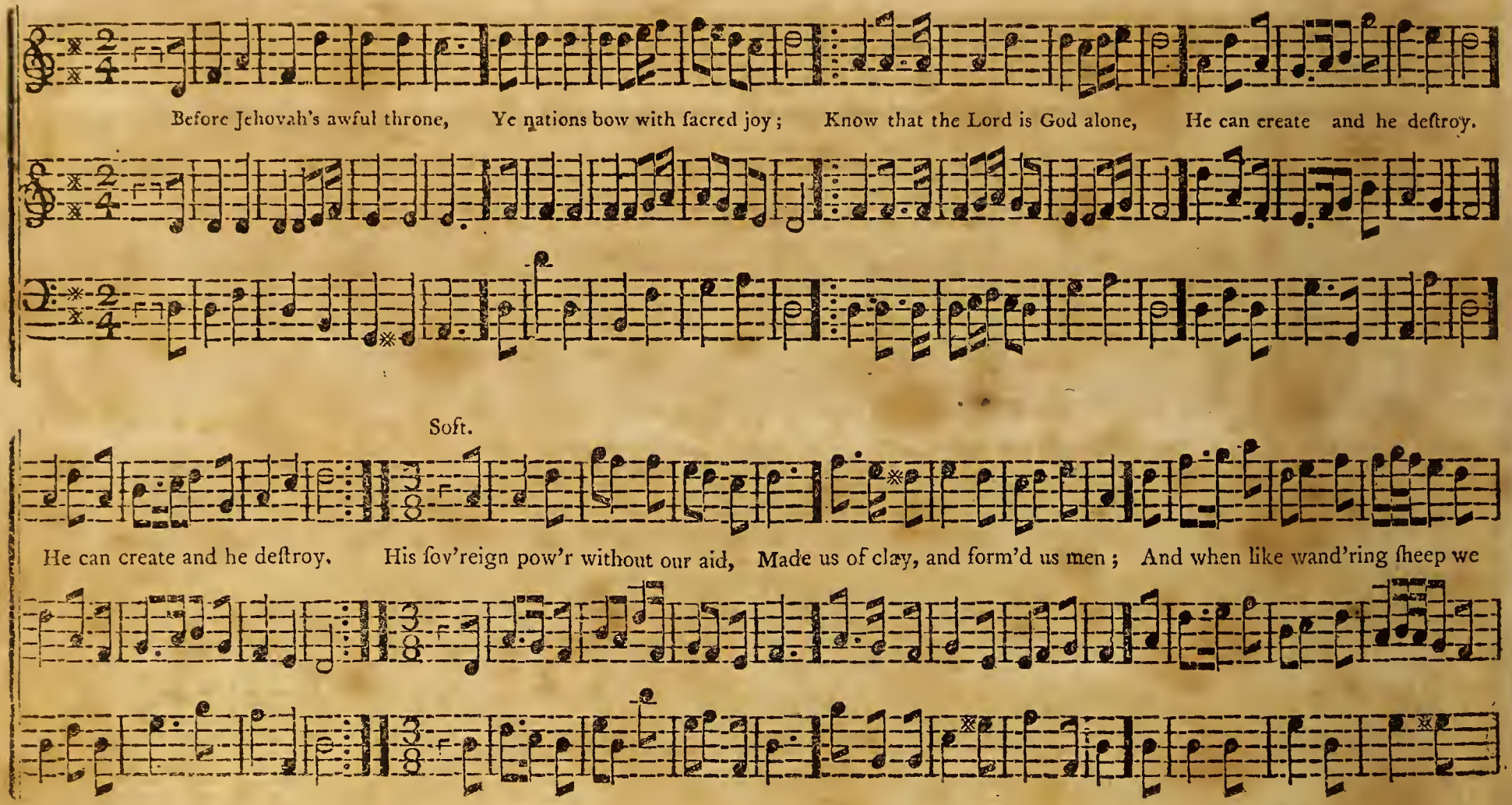
By omitting to repeat, it may be ſung in L. M.



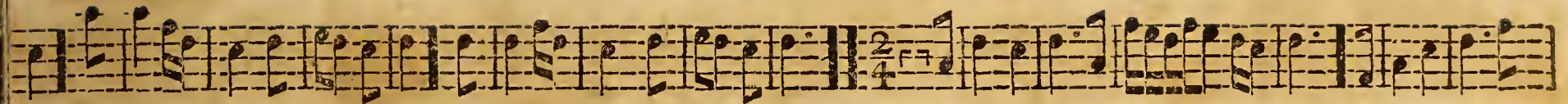



Ps. 17. WANTAGE. C. M. WILLIAMS' COL.

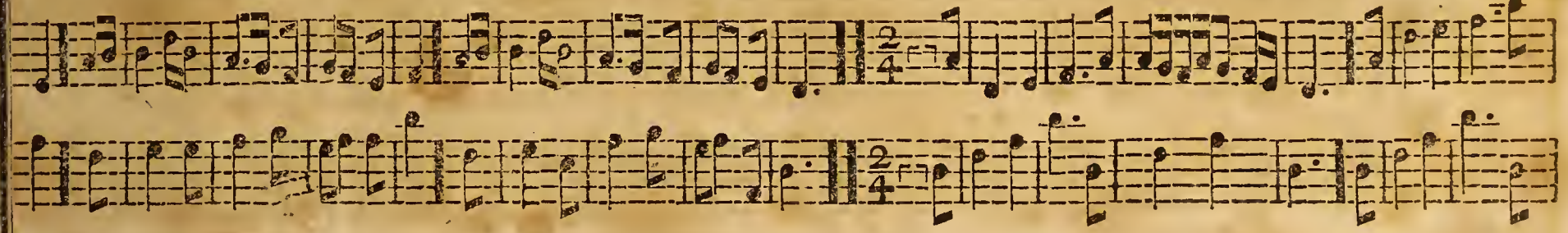



Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with ſacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create and he deſtroy.
Soft.
He can create and he deſtroy. His ſov'reign pow'r without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wand'ring ſheep we

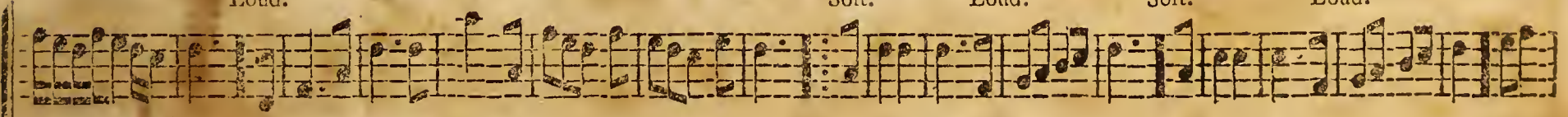
Loud. Soft.



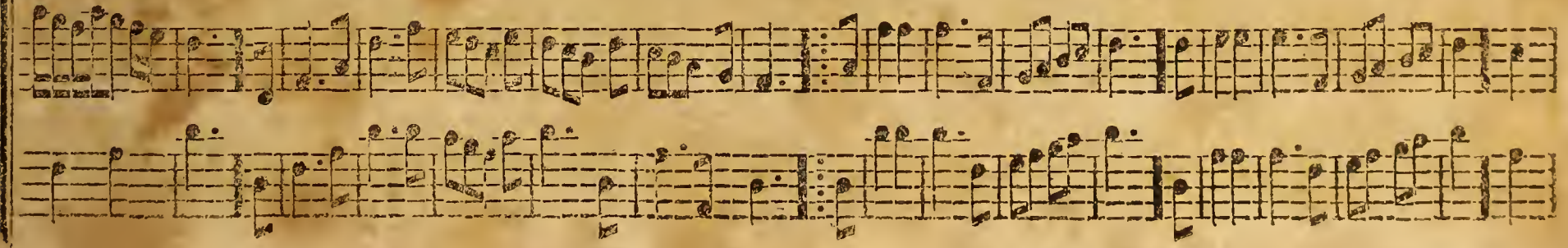
ſtray'd, He brought us to his fold again. He brought us to his fold again. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs, High as the heavens our

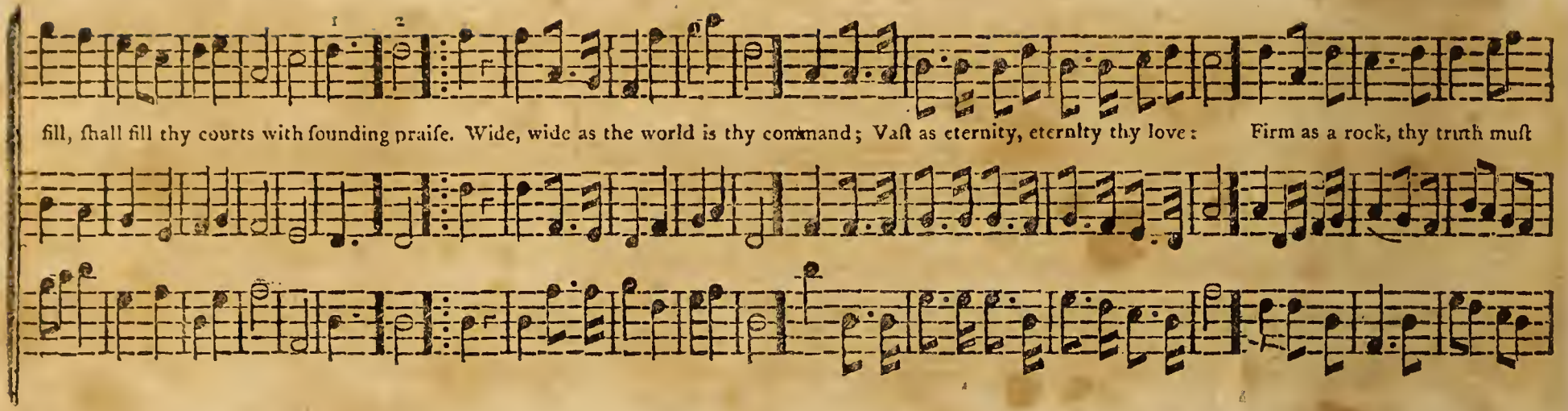


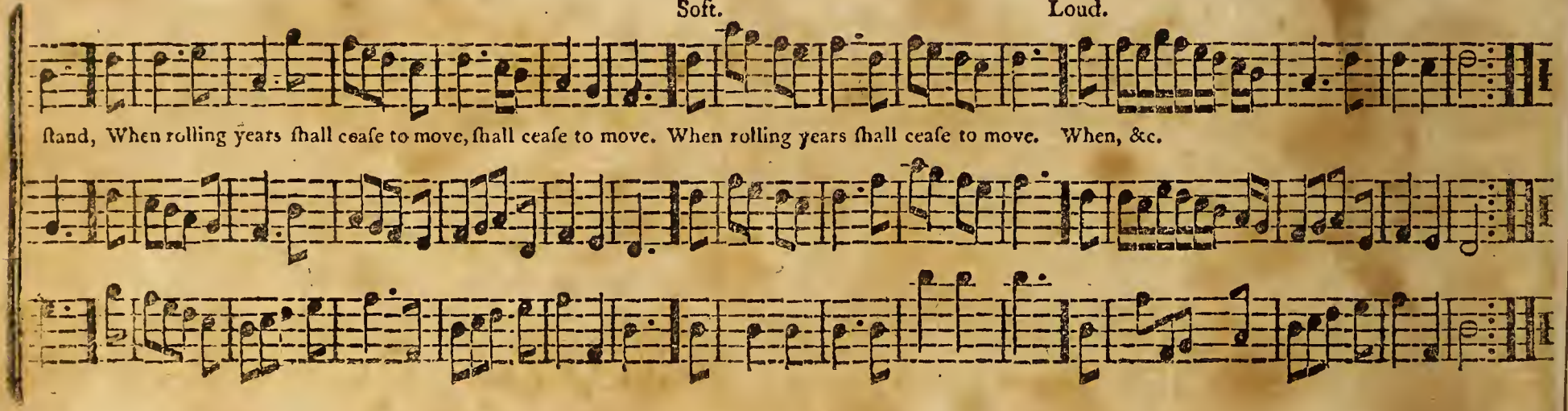
Loud. Soft. Loud. Soft. Loud.

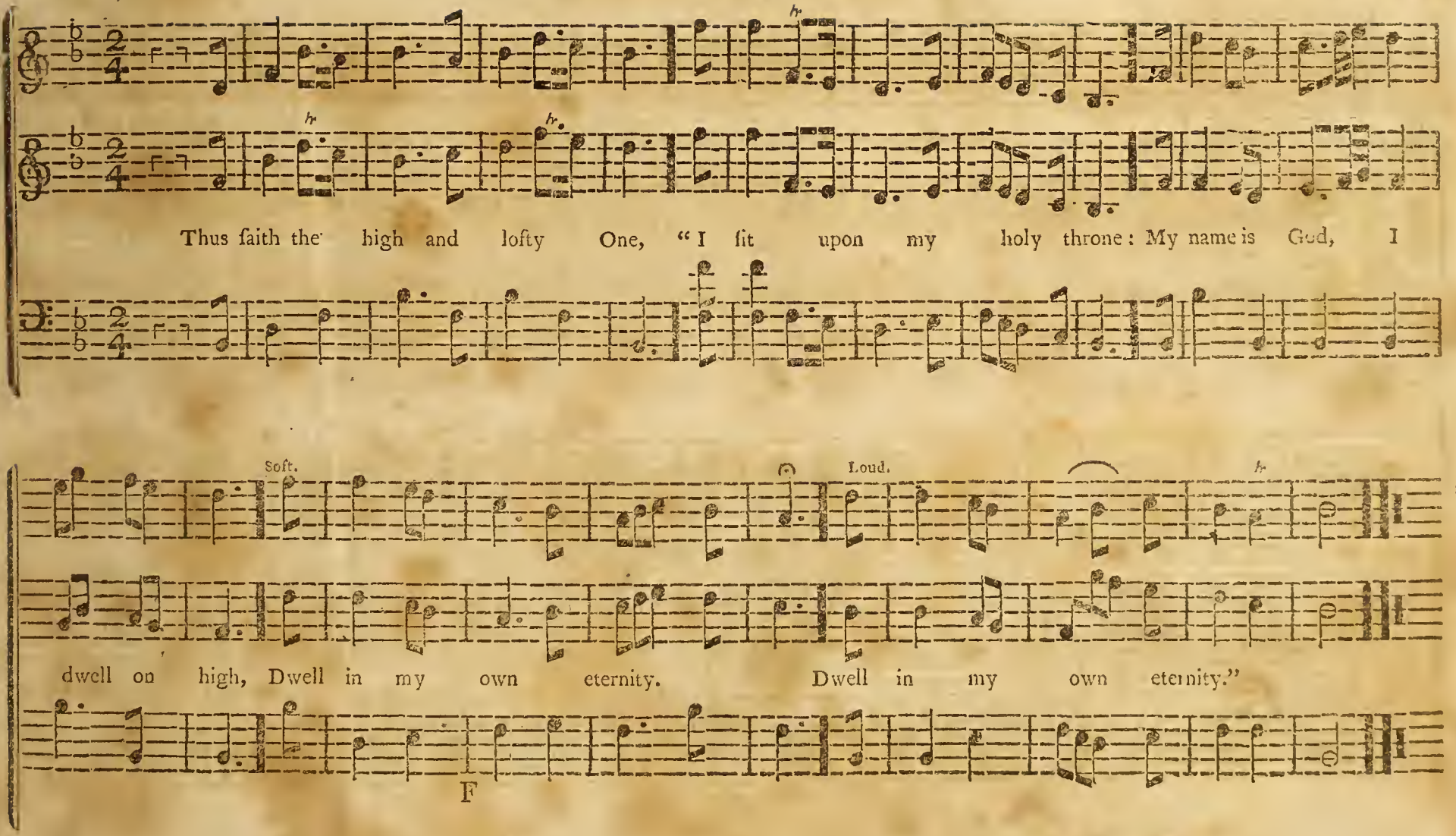


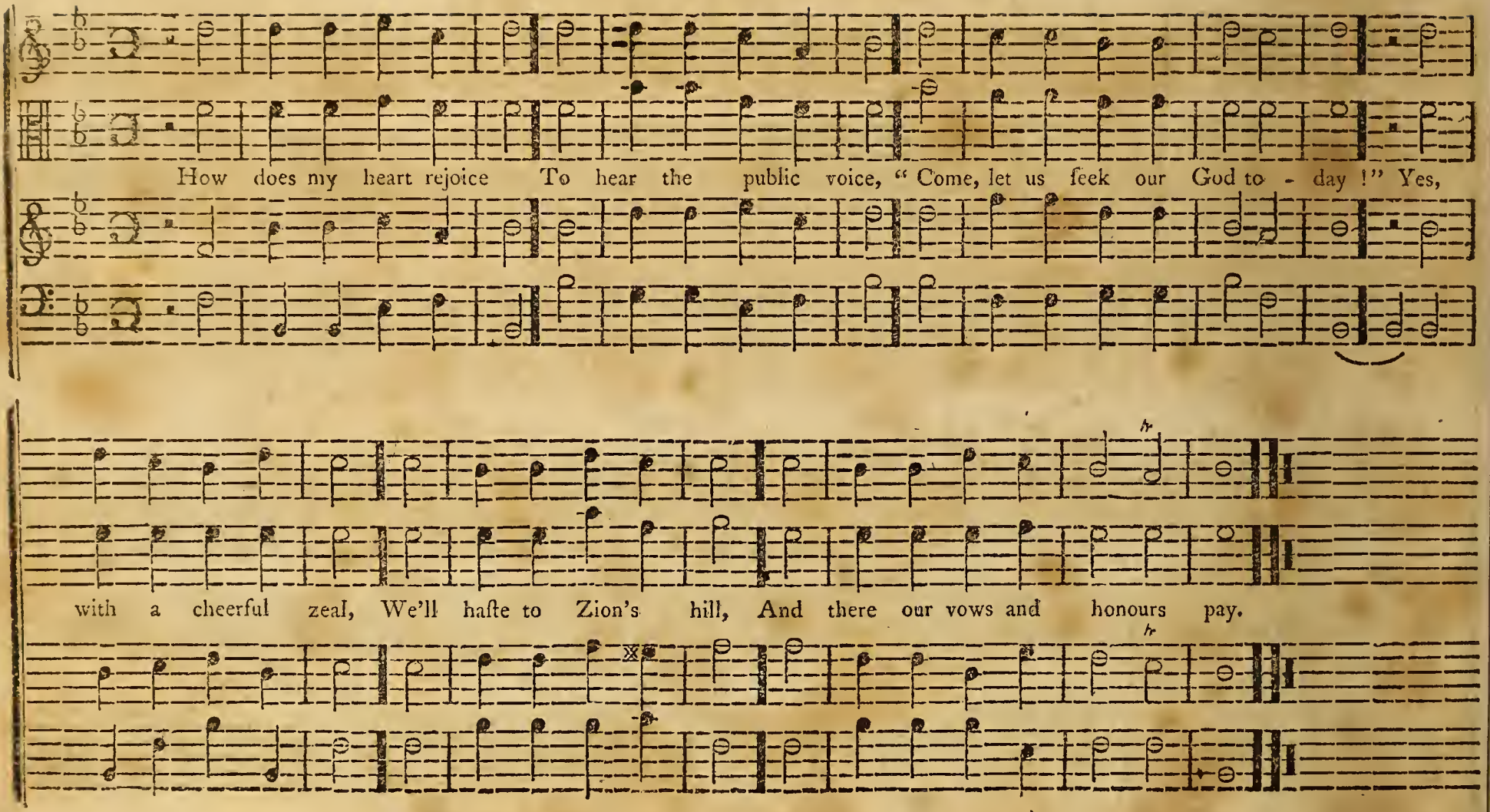
voices raiſe; And earth, and earth with her ten thouſand thouſand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with founding praiſe. Shall fill, &c. Shall

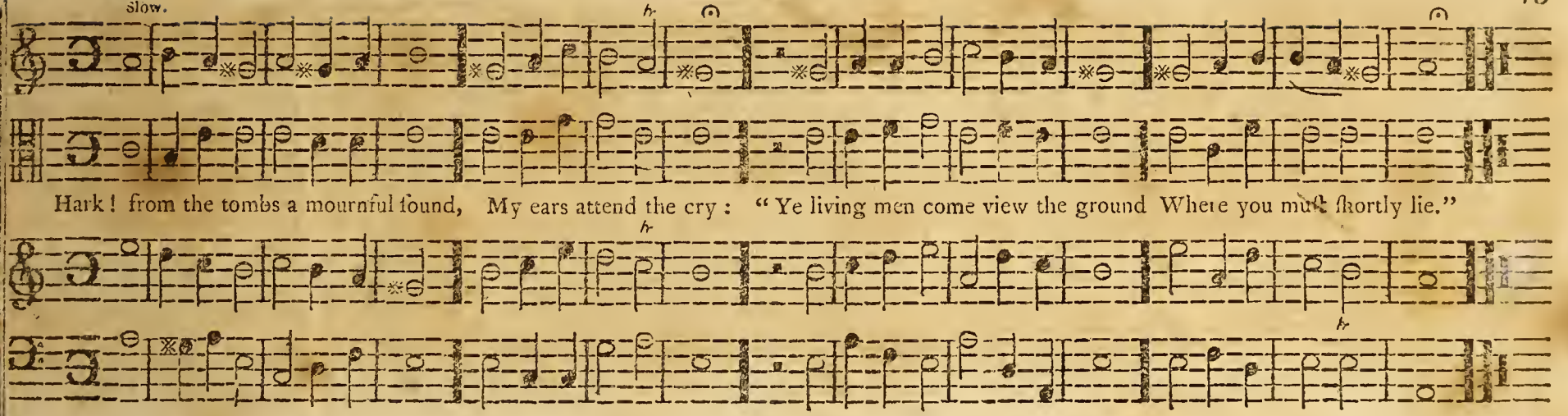



1
2
fill, ſhall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe. Wide, wide as the world is thy command; Vaſt as eternity, eternity thy love: Firm as a rock, thy truth muſt

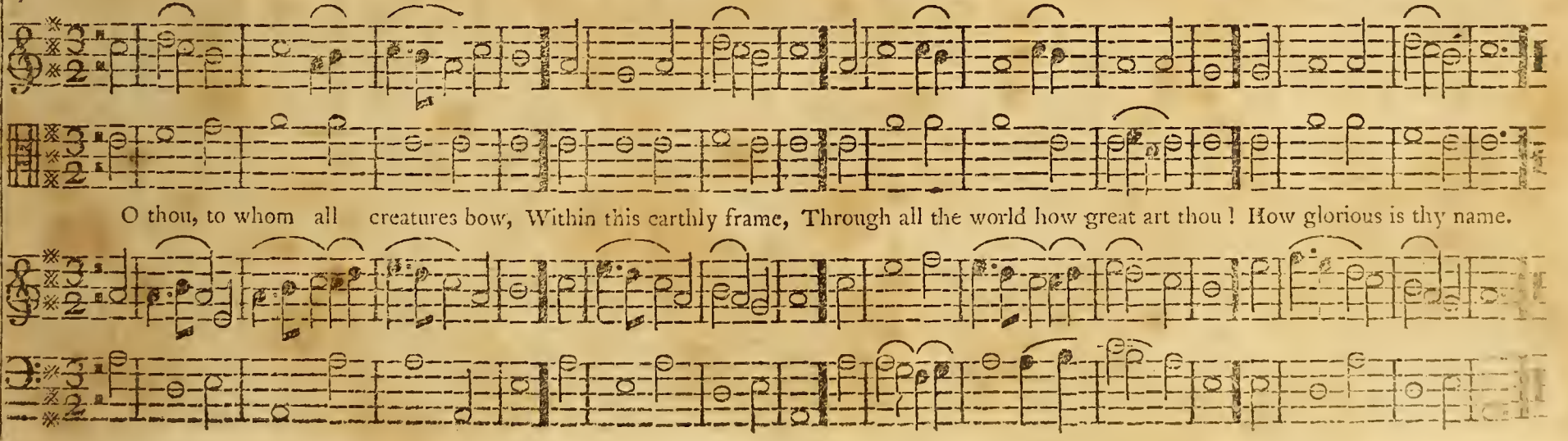

Soft.
Loud.
ſtand, When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move, ſhall ceaſe to move. When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move. When, &c.


Thus saith the high and lofty One, "I sit upon my holy throne: My name is God, I
Soft.
Loud.
dwell on high, Dwell in my own eternity. Dwell in my own eternity."
F


How does my heart rejoice To hear the public voice, "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.




Ps. 8. St. MARTIN's. C. M. TANSUR'S COL.

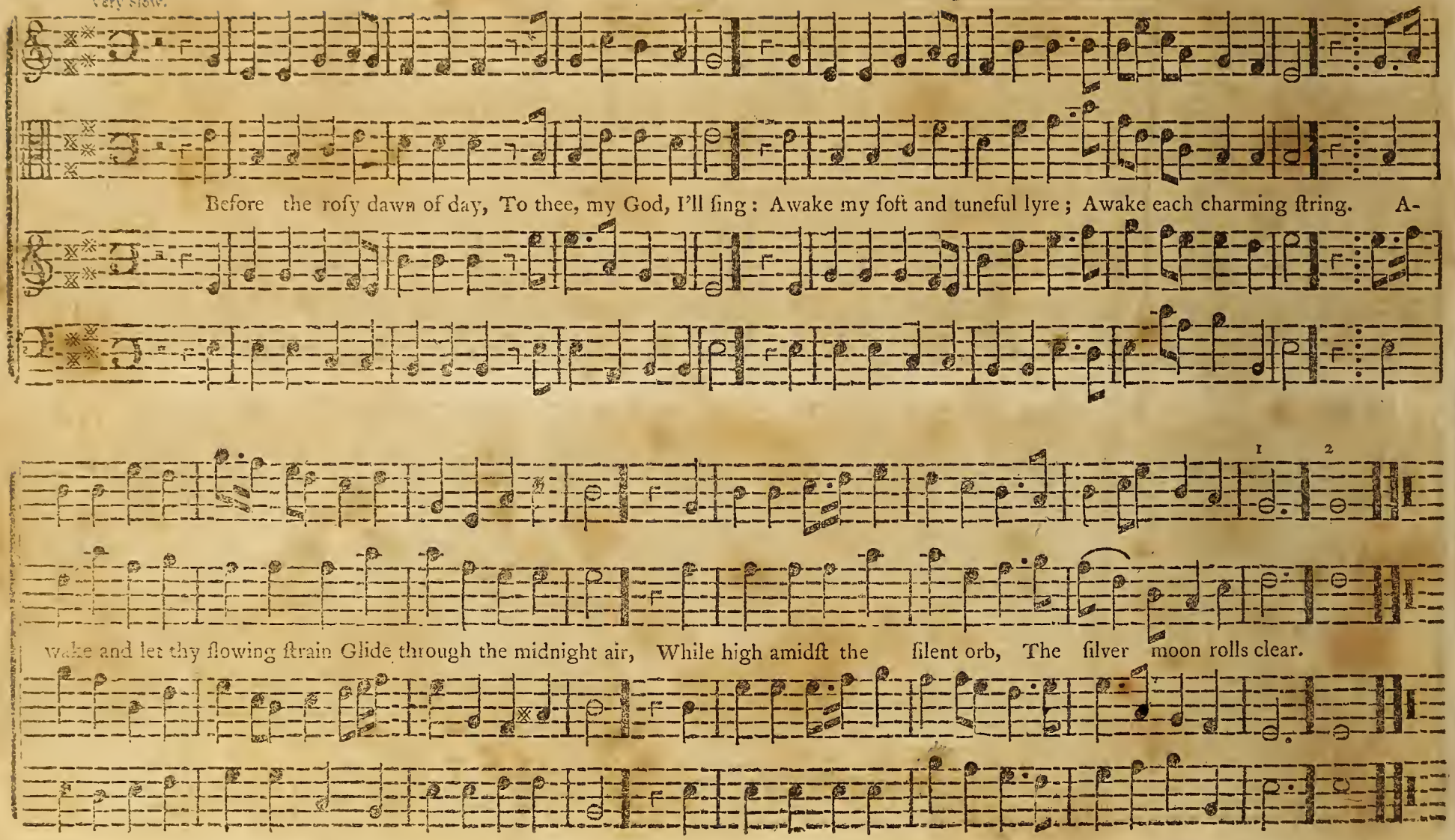


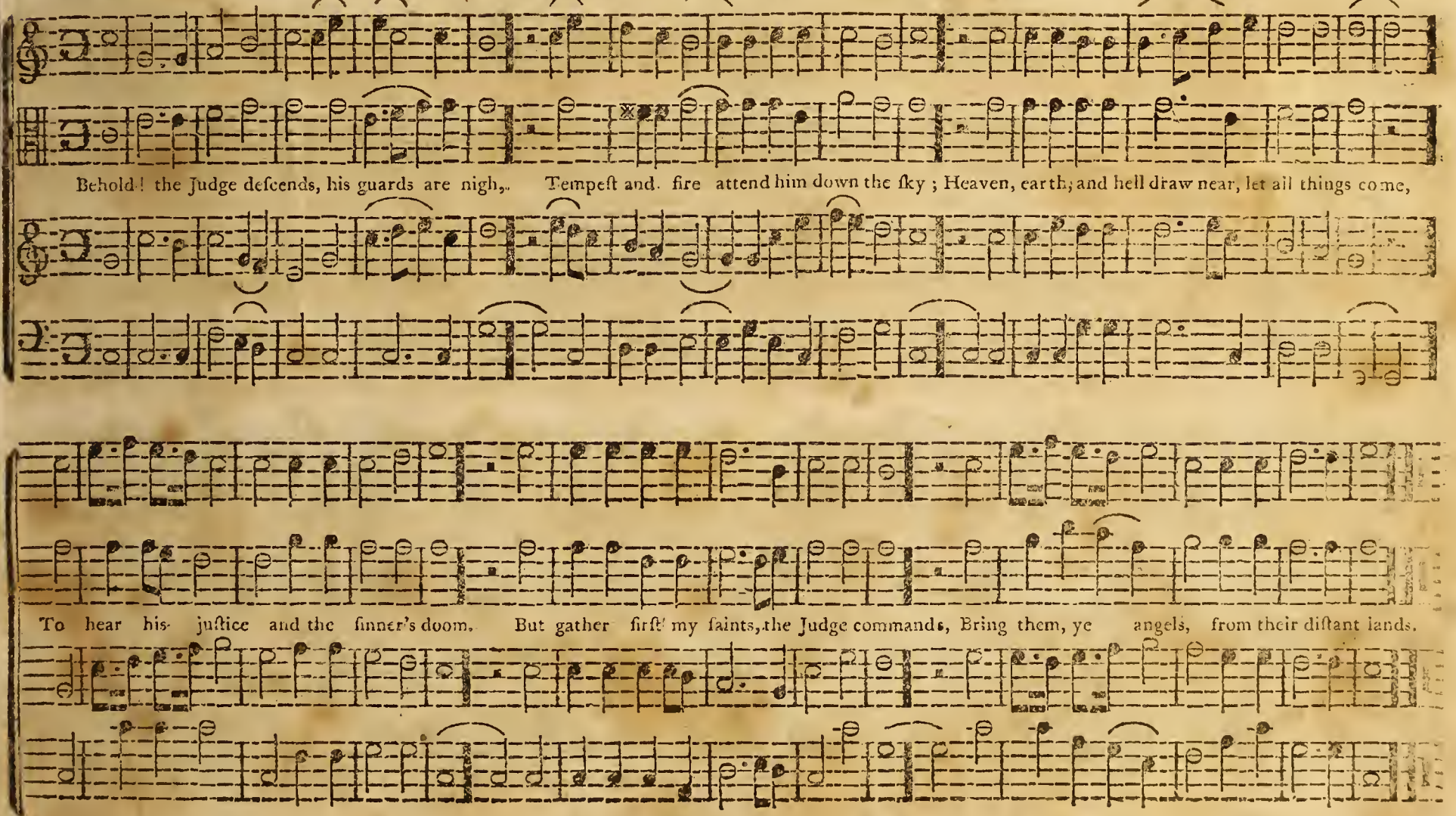
# ENFIELD. C. M.

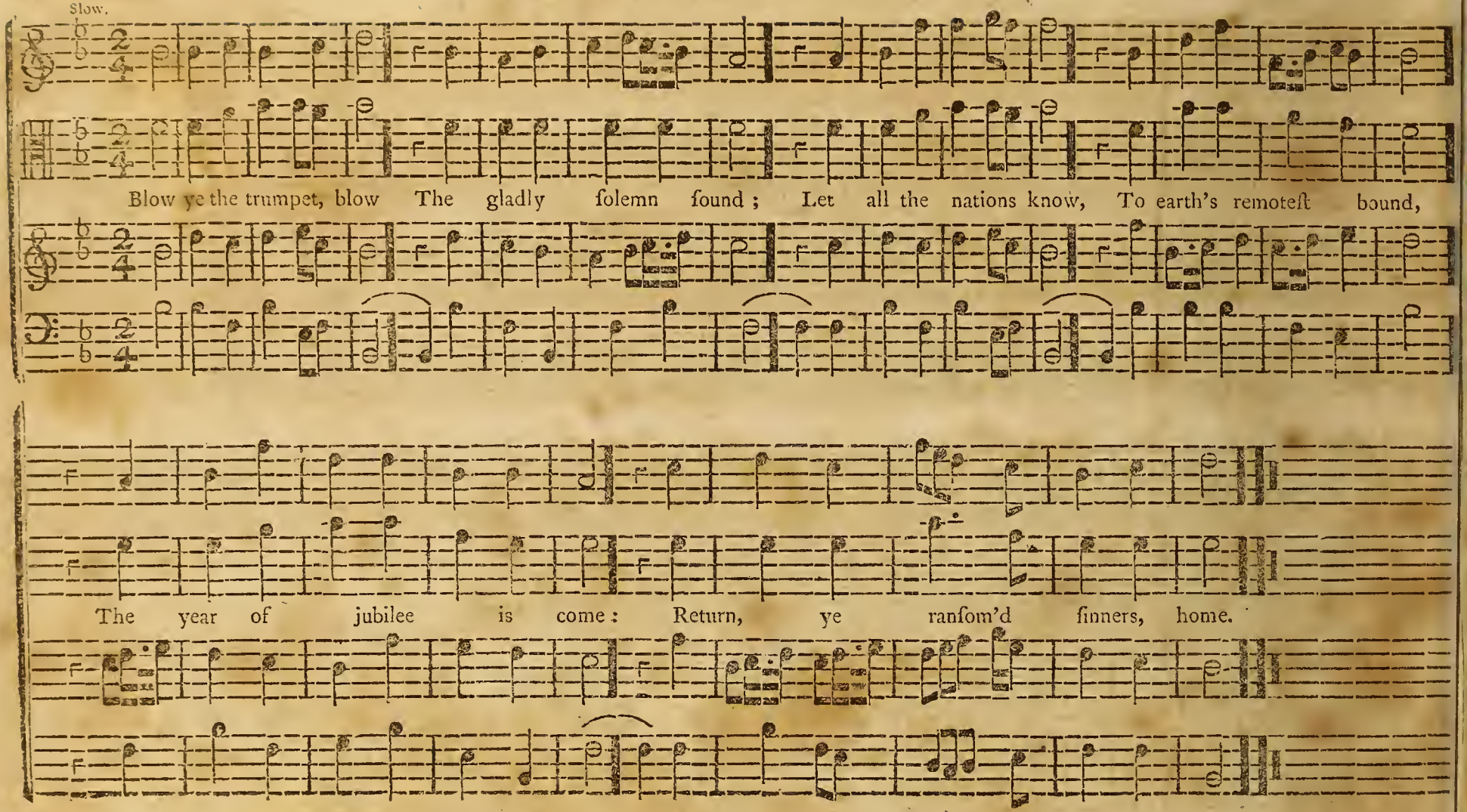
Mt. Ephraim 46
School Street 45

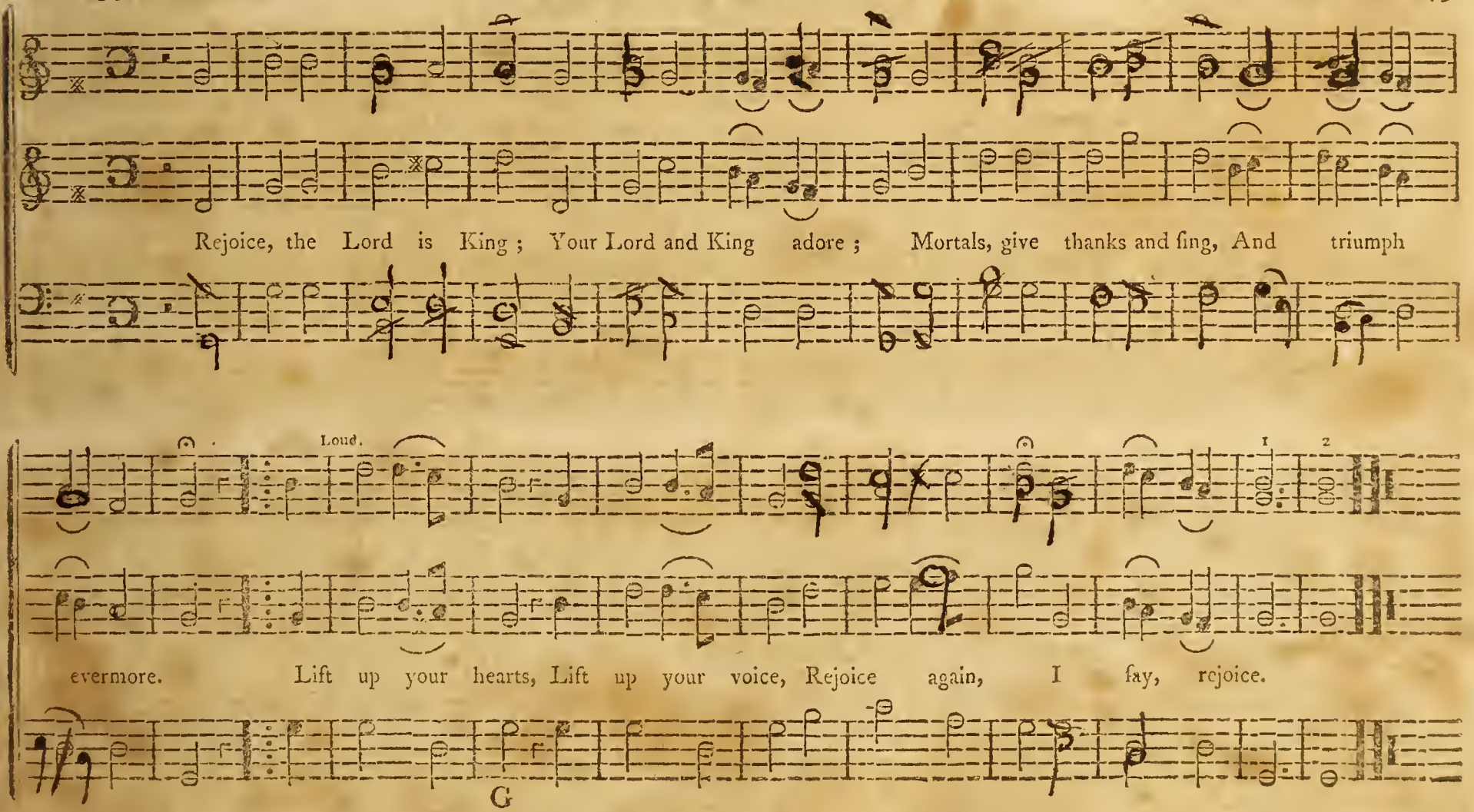
CHANDLER.

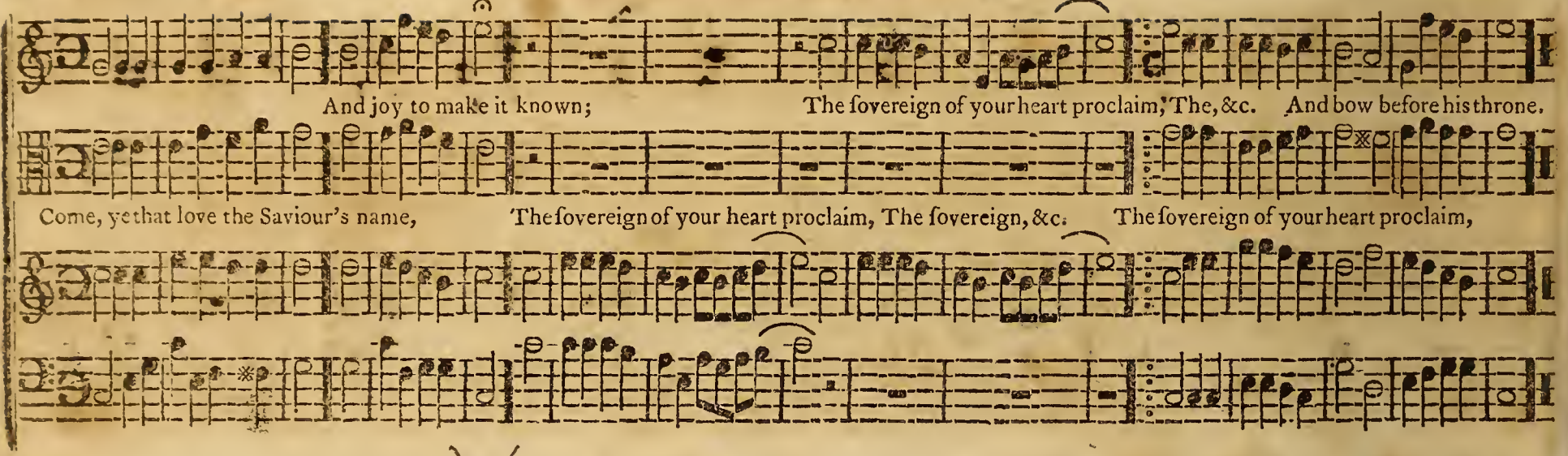
Very slow.



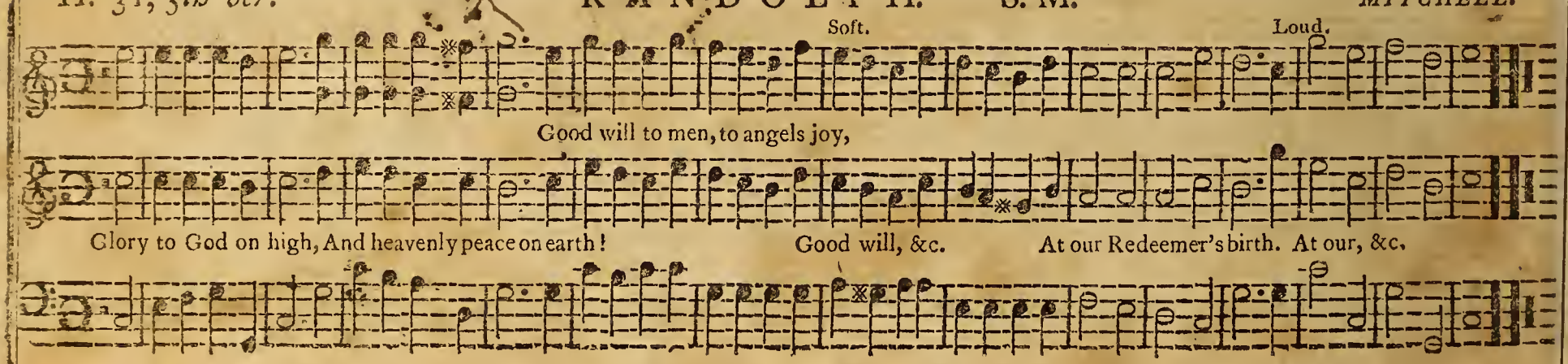

Behold! the Judge descends, his guards are nigh, Tempest and fire attend him down the sky; Heaven, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come,
To hear his justice and the sinner's doom. But gather first my saints, the Judge commands, Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

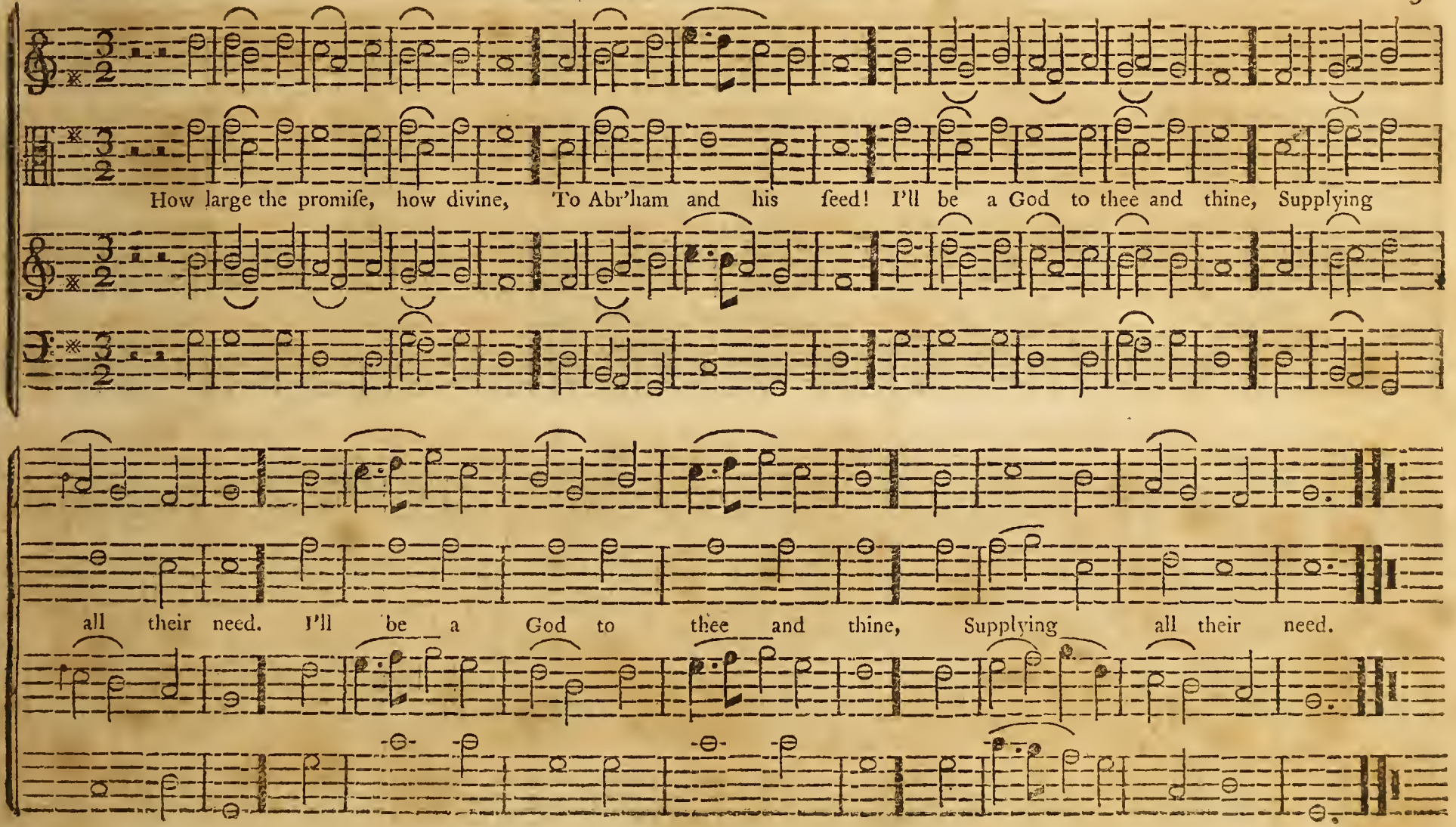

Slow.
Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come: Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

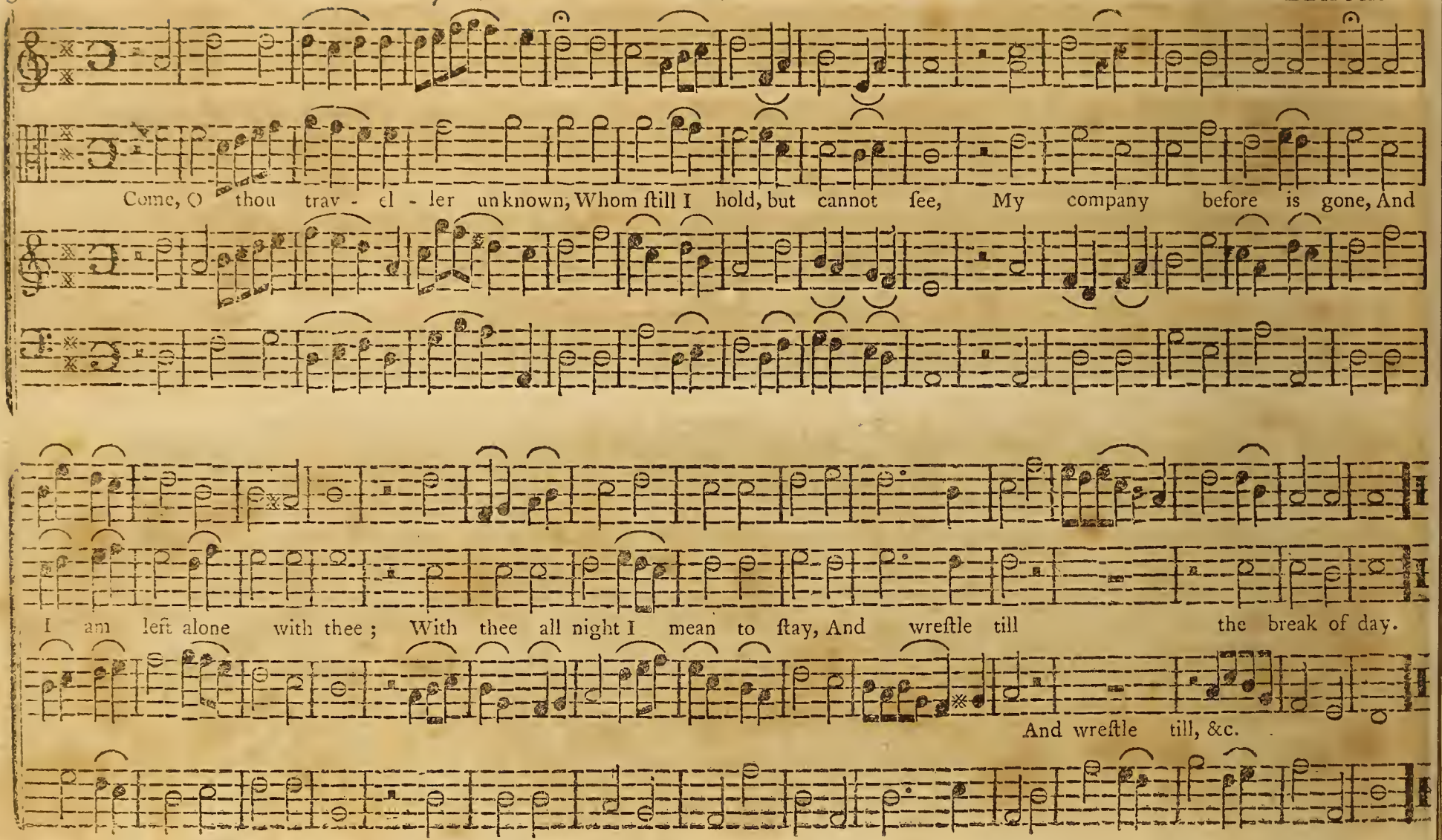

Rejoice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King adore; Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph
Loud.
1 2
evermore. Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Rejoice again, I say, rejoice.

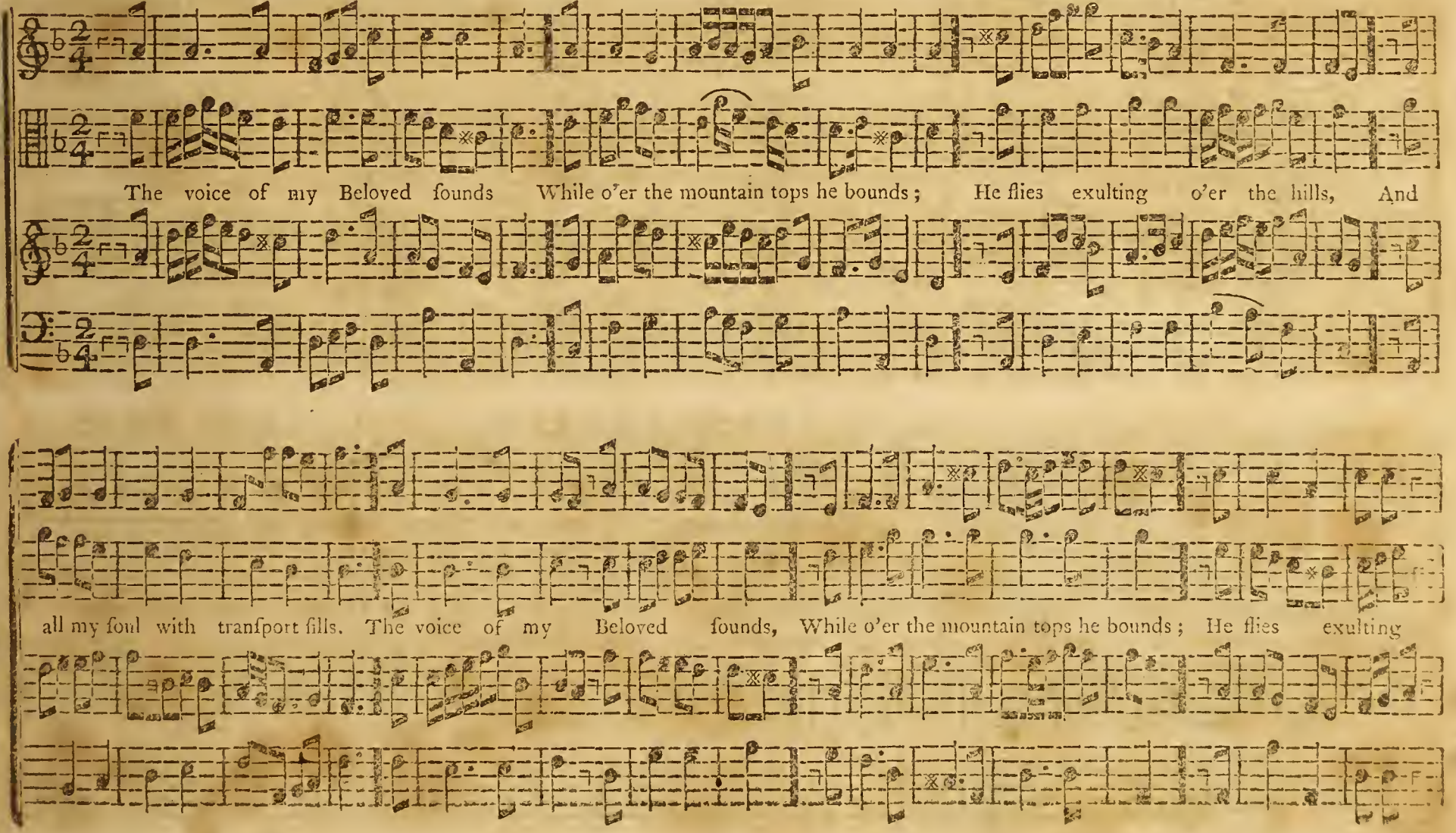


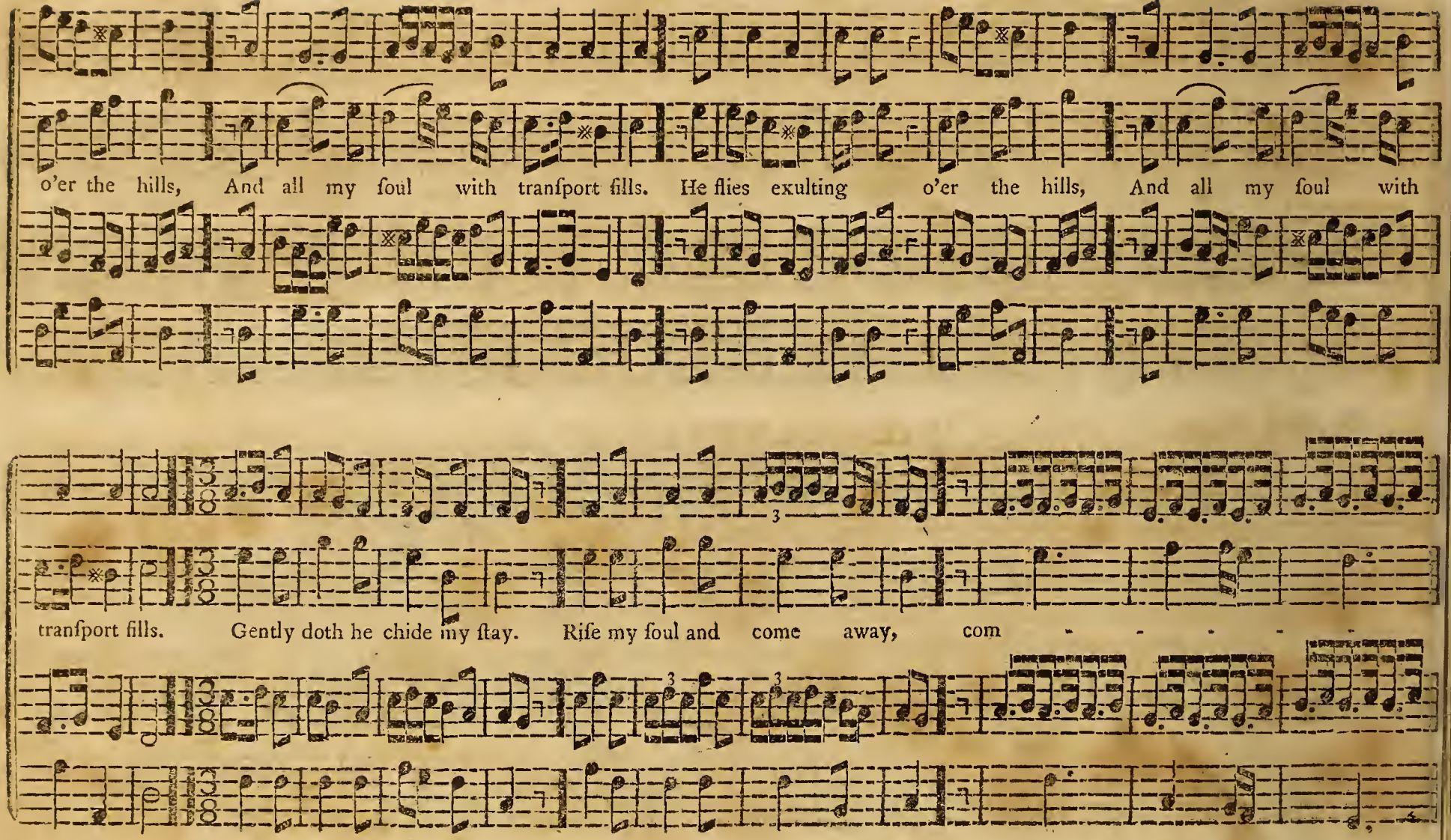

H. 31, *5th ver.* RANDOLPH. S. M. *MITCHELL.*

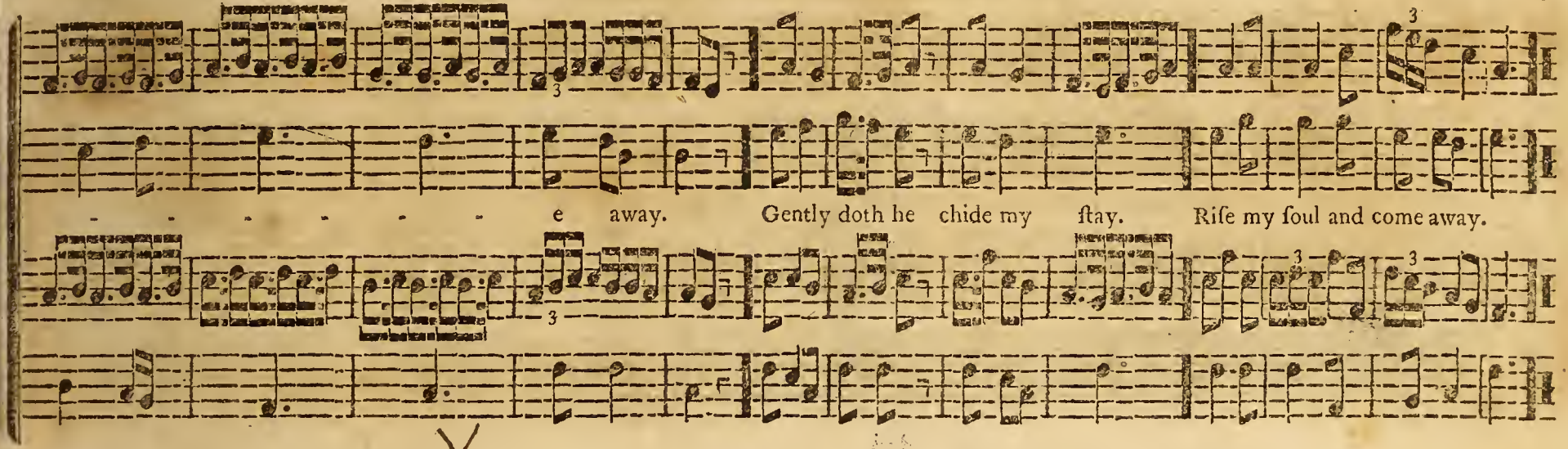



How large the promiſe, how divine, To Abr'ham and his ſeed! I'll be a God to thee and thine, Supplying
all their need. I'll be a God to thee and thine, Supplying all their need.


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


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

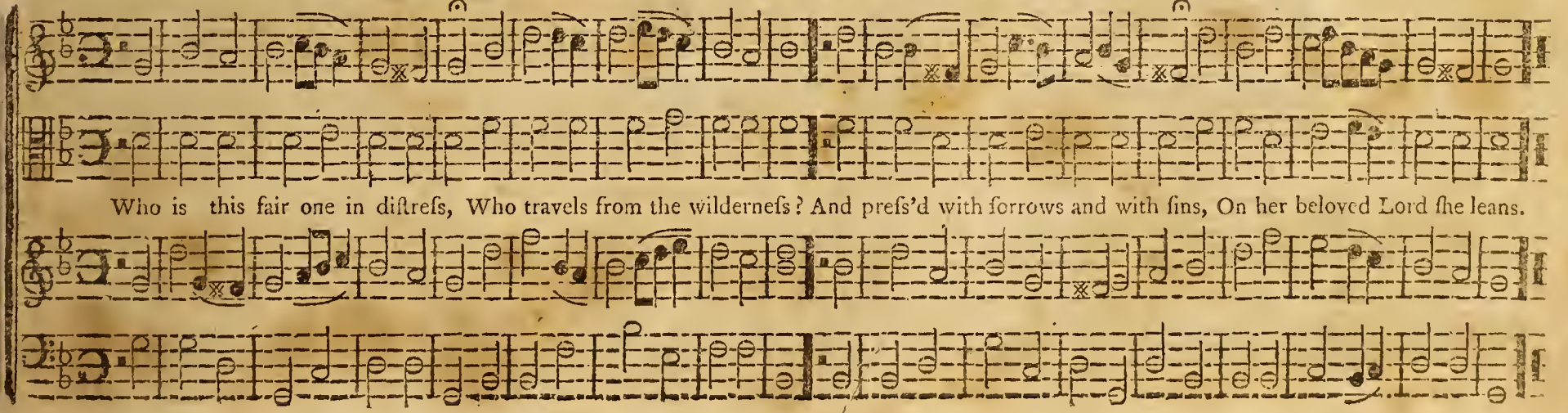

o'er the hills, And all my ſoul with tranſport fills. He flies exulting o'er the hills, And all my ſoul with
tranſport fills. Gently doth he chide my ſtay. Riſe my ſoul and come away, com

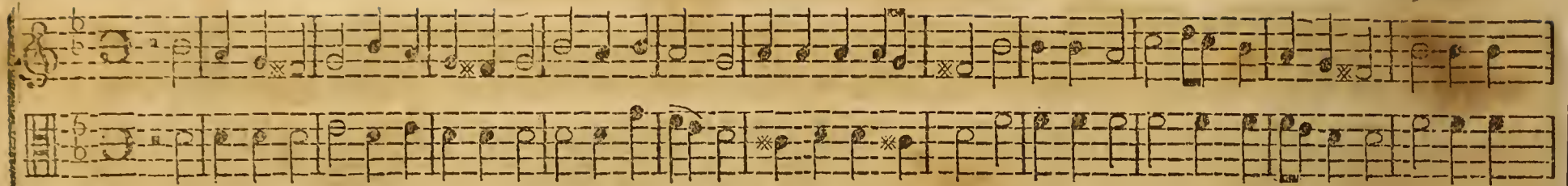



H. 78, B. I. Watts.

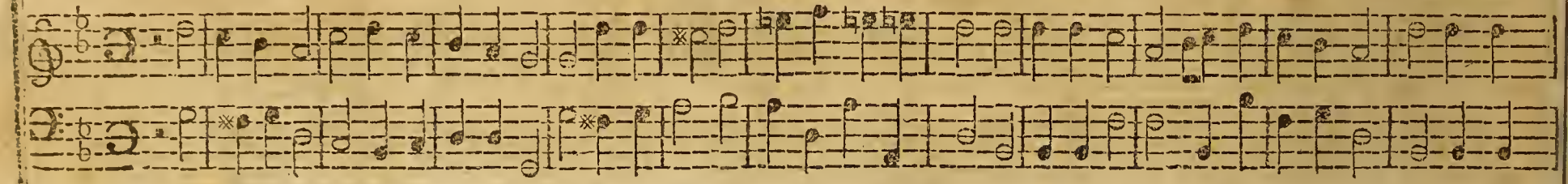
## WILDERNESS. L. M.

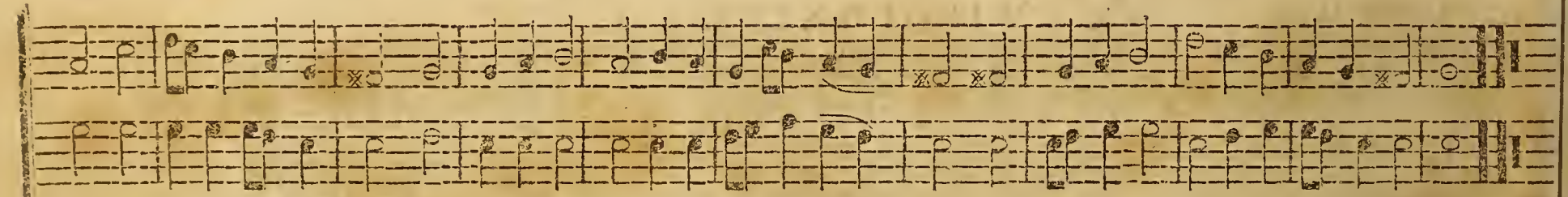
LEACH.



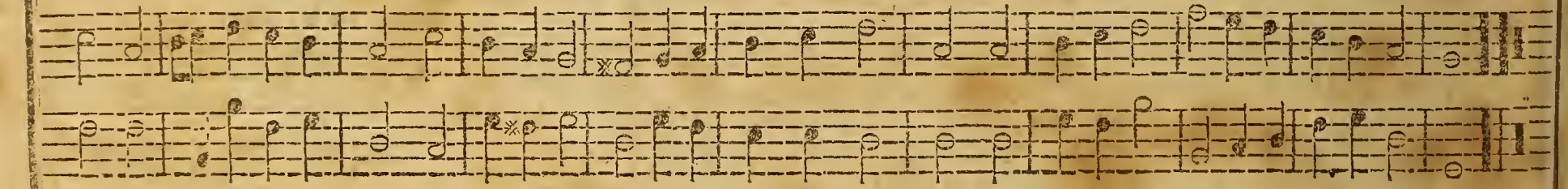


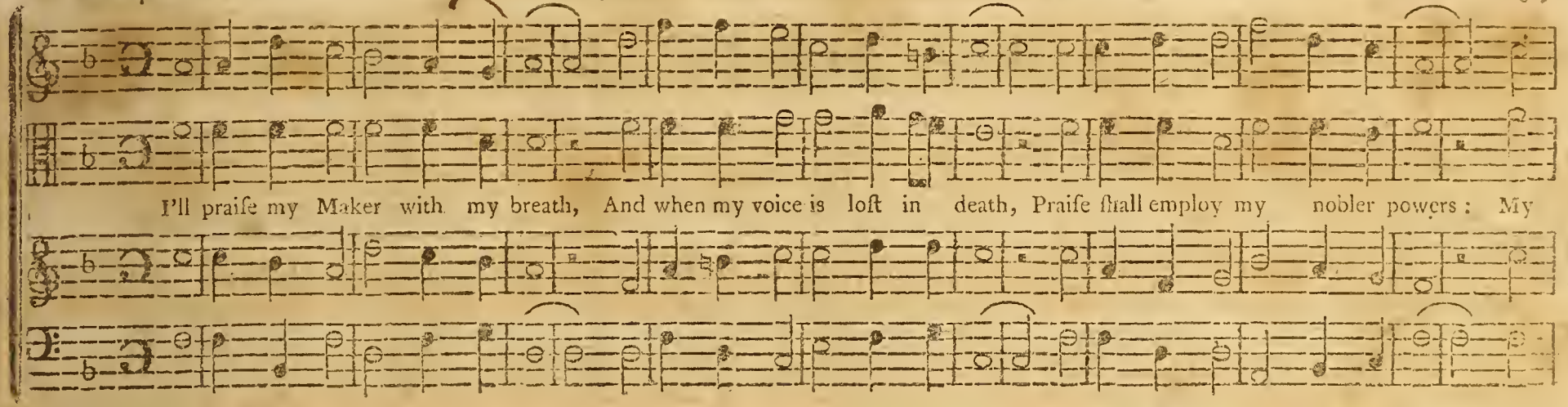
The God of glory ſends his ſummons forth, Calls the ſouth nations and awakes the north; From eaſt to weſt the ſovereign orders-ſpread, 'Thro' diſtant

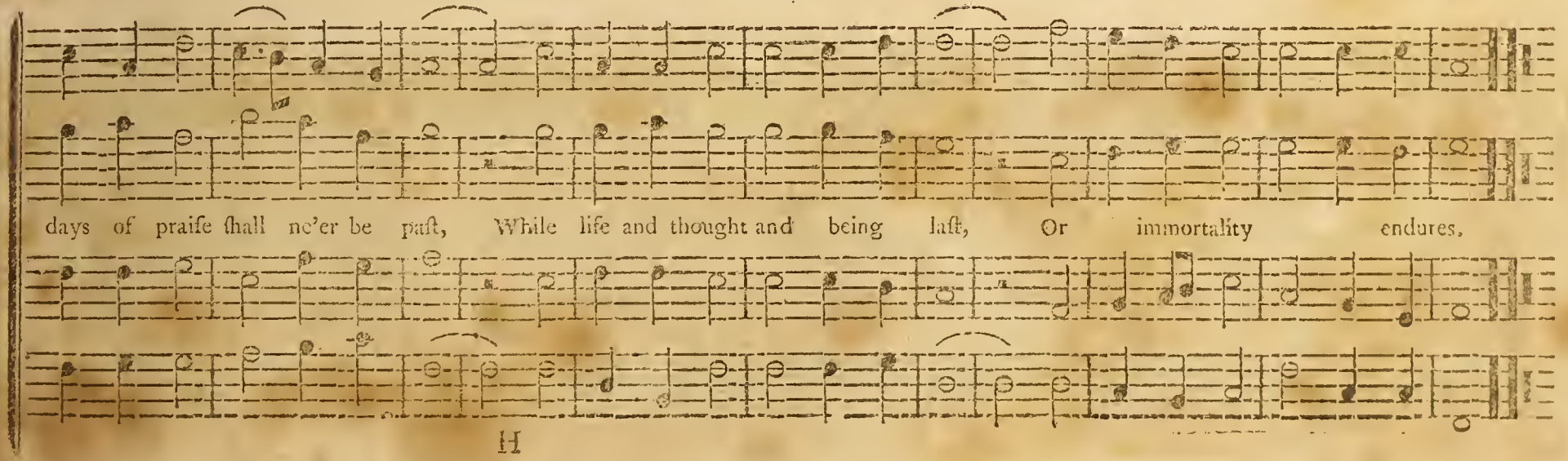


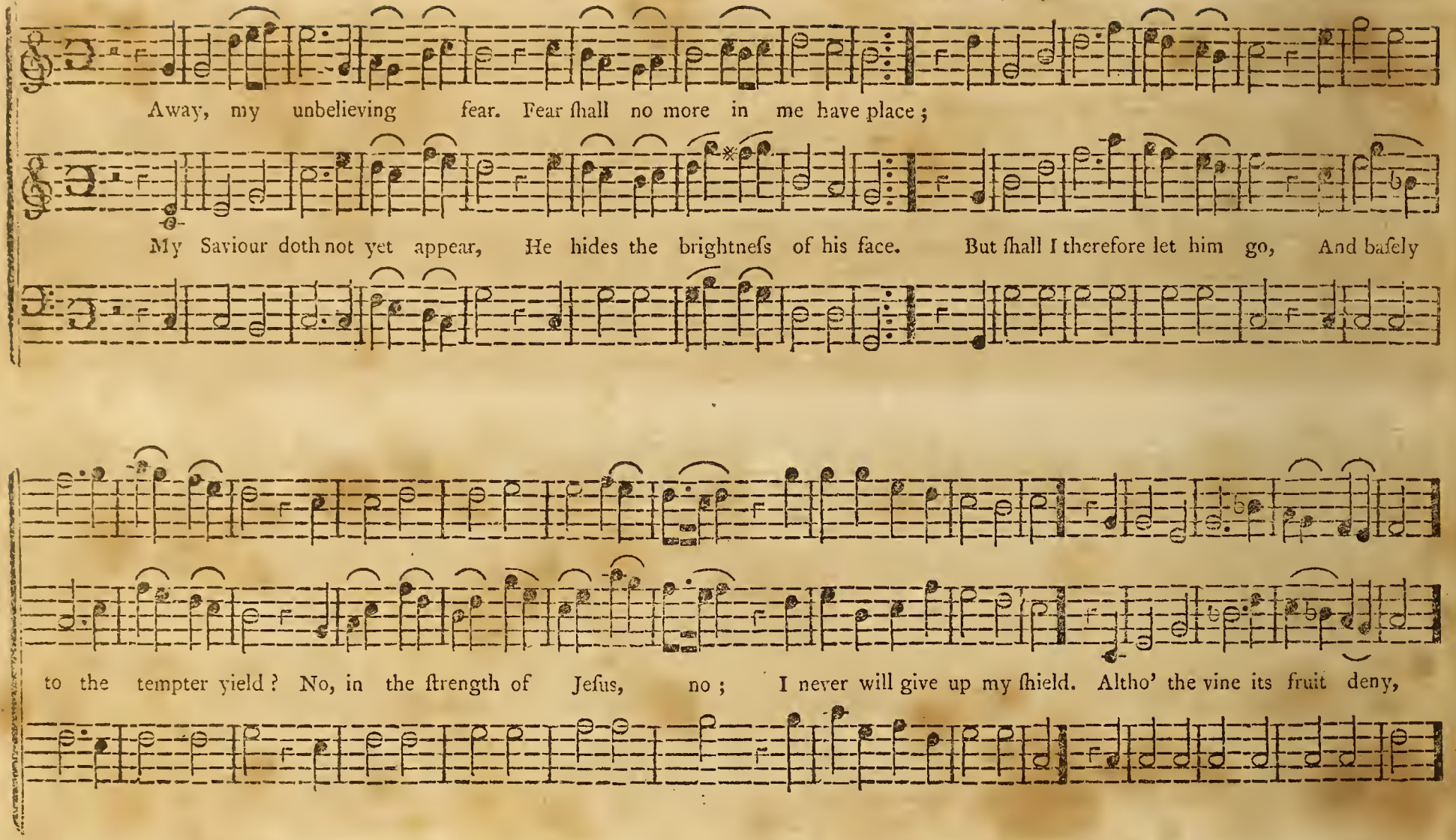


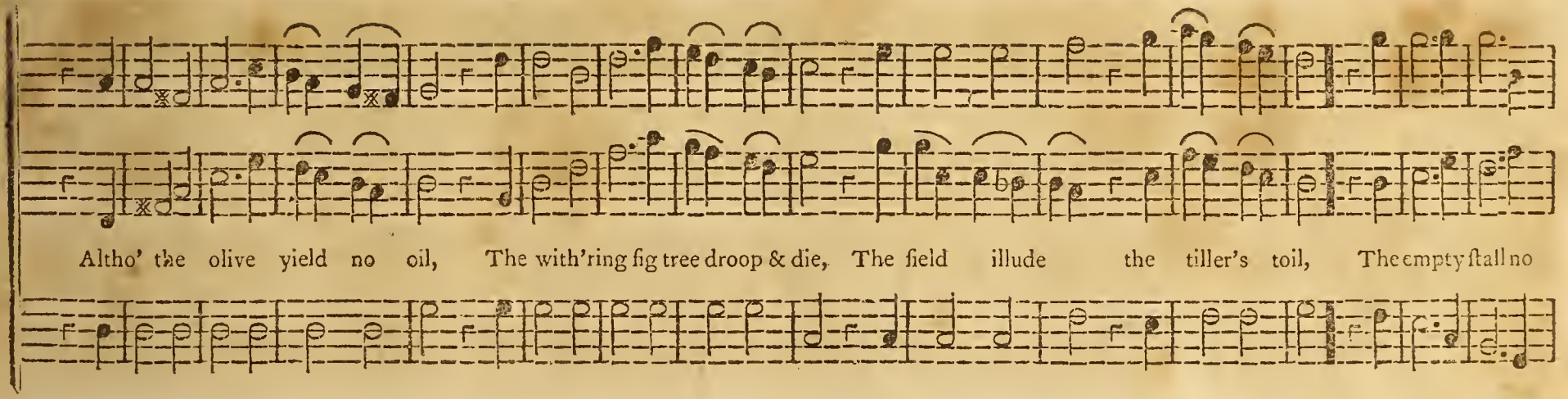
worlds, and regions of the dead. The trumpet ſounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

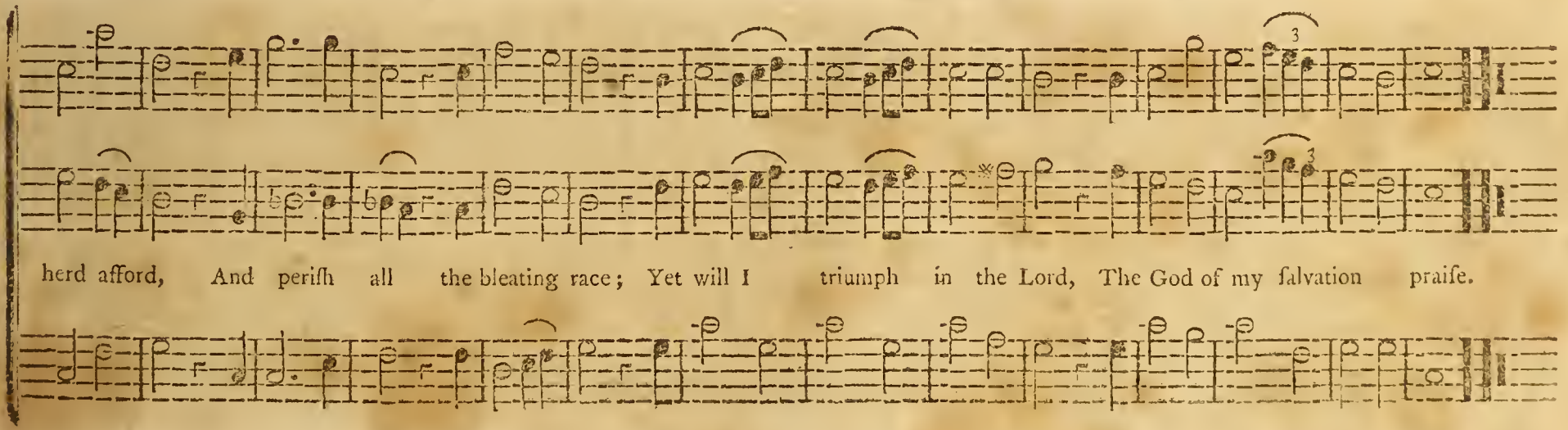


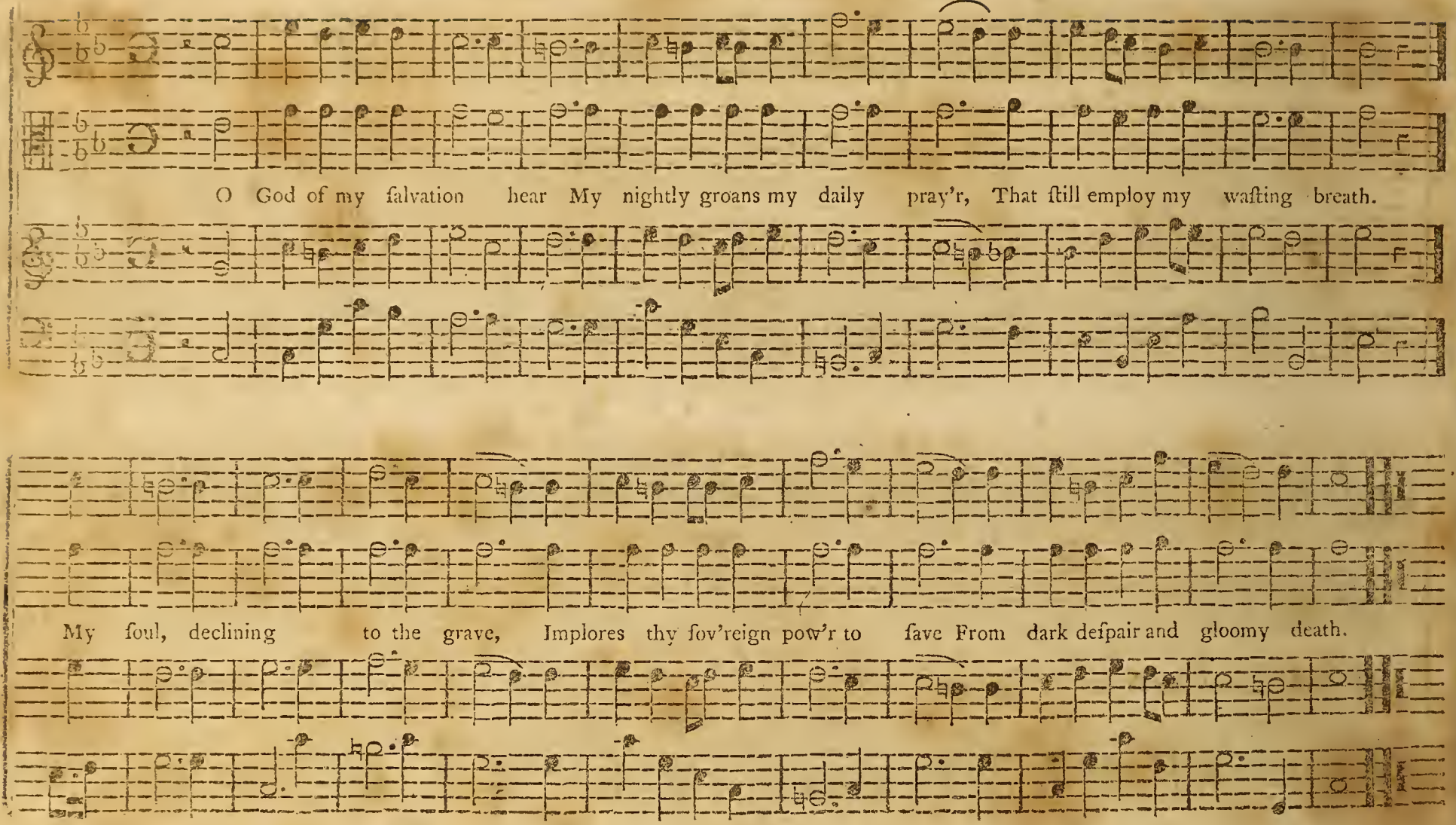

I'll praiſe my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is loſt in death, Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers: My

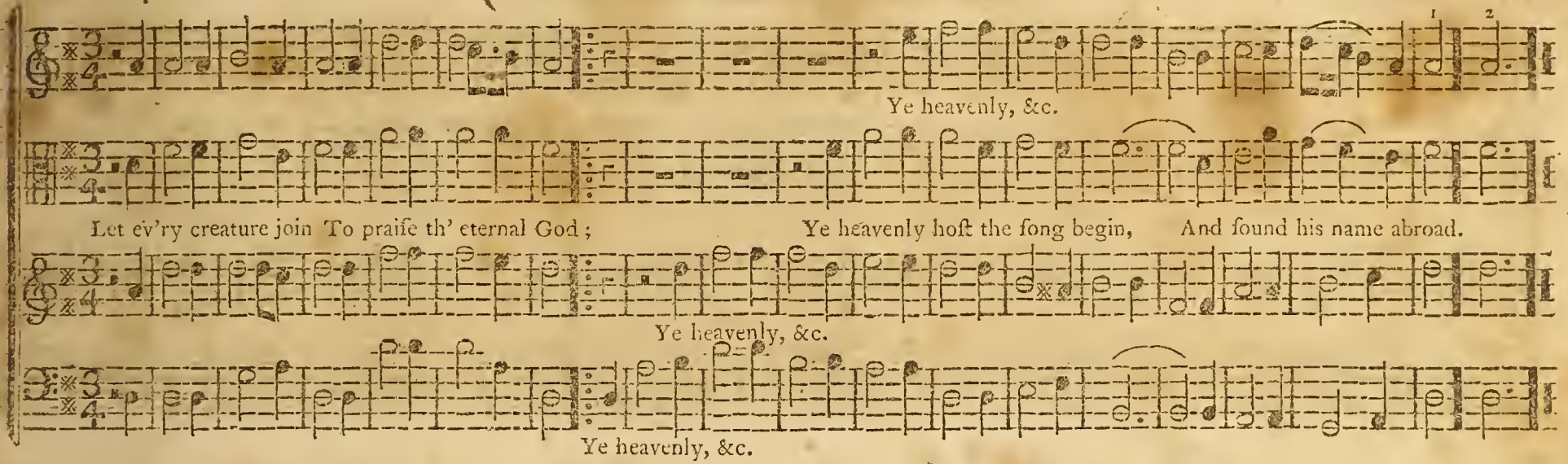

days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt, While life and thought and being laſt, Or immortality endures.


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

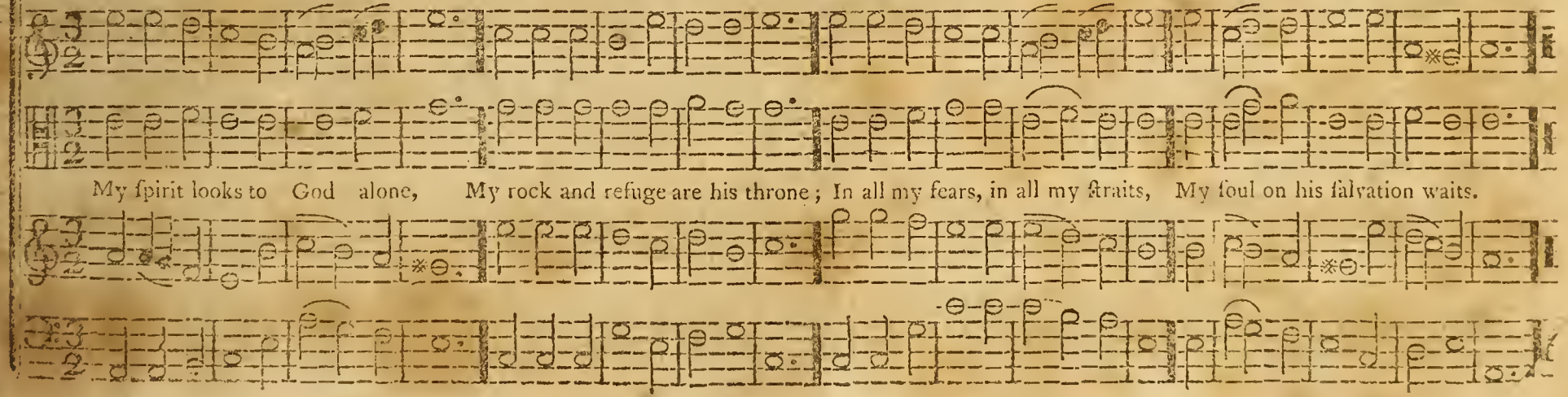

Altho' the olive yield no oil, The with'ring fig tree droop & die, The field illude the tiller's toil, The empty ſtall no

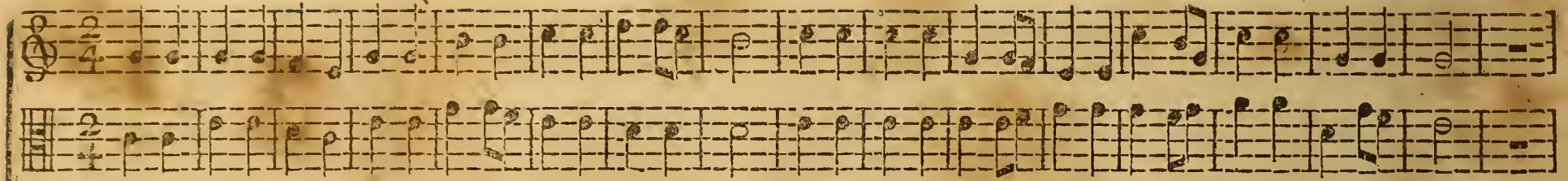

herd afford, And periſh all the bleating race; Yet will I triumph in the Lord, The God of my ſalvation praiſe.


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

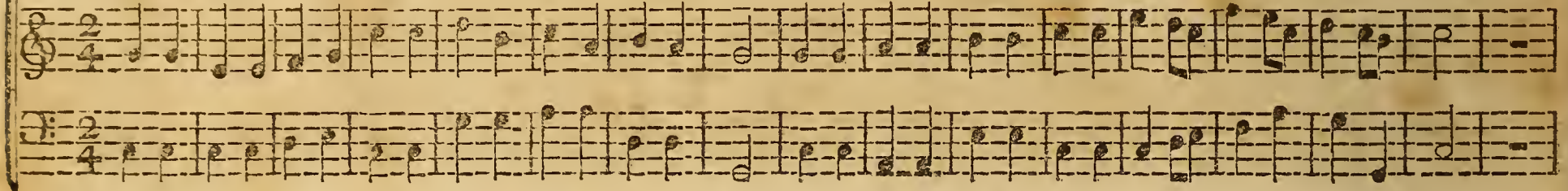


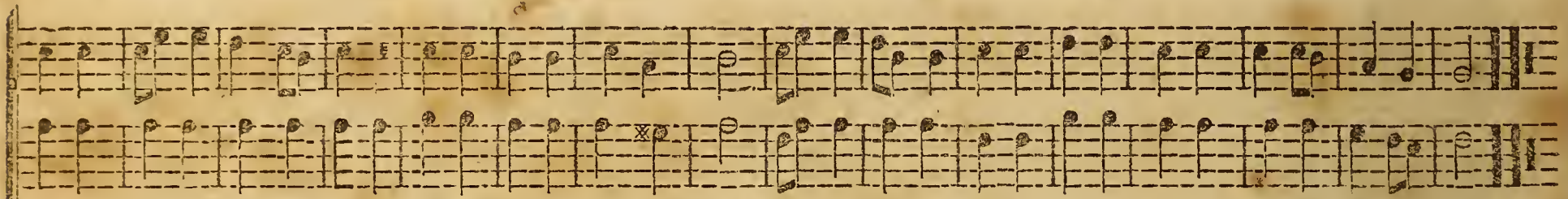

Ps. 62. MORNING HYMN. L. M. CLARK.



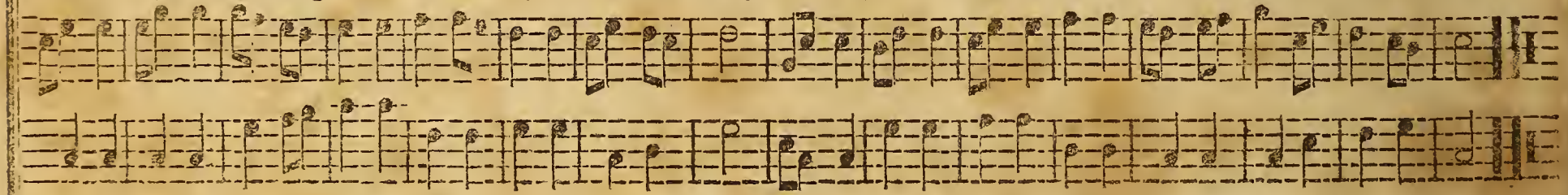


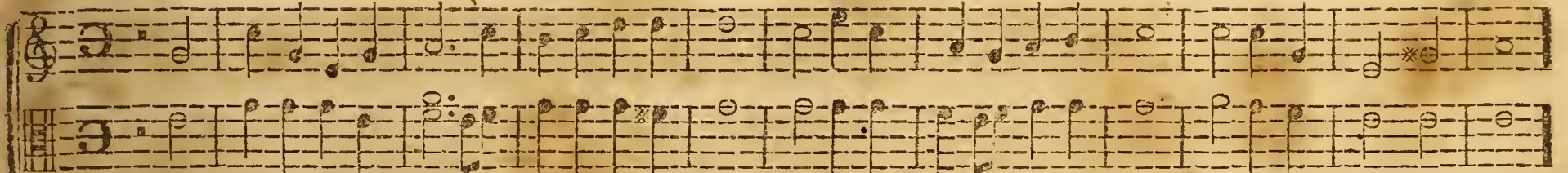
Holy Ghoſt, inſpire our praiſes, Touch our hearts and tune our tongues; While we laud the name of Jeſus, Heav'n will gladly ſhare our ſongs.



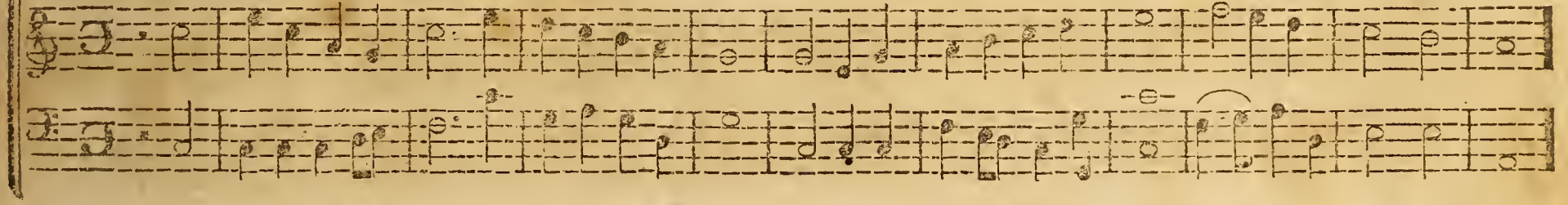


Hoſts of angels bright and glorious, While we hymn our common King, Will be proud to join the chorus: And the Lord himſelf ſhall ſing.

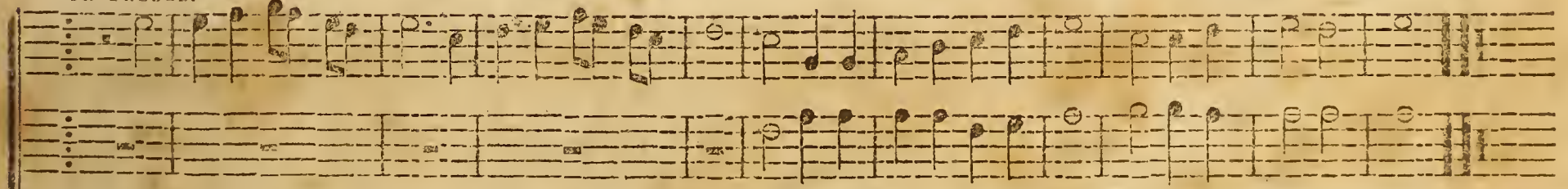




Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a ſong with ſweet accord, While ye ſurround his throne.

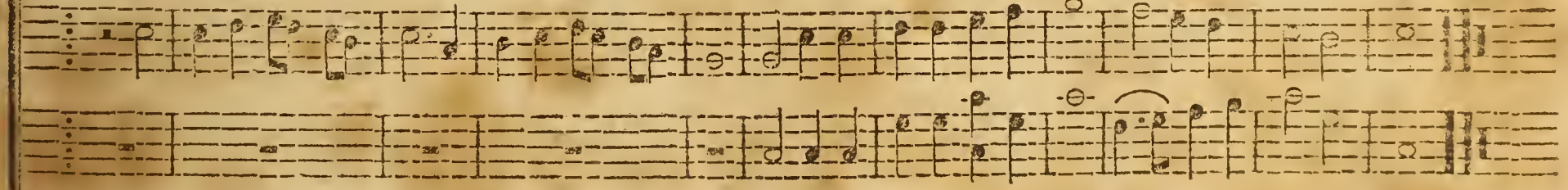


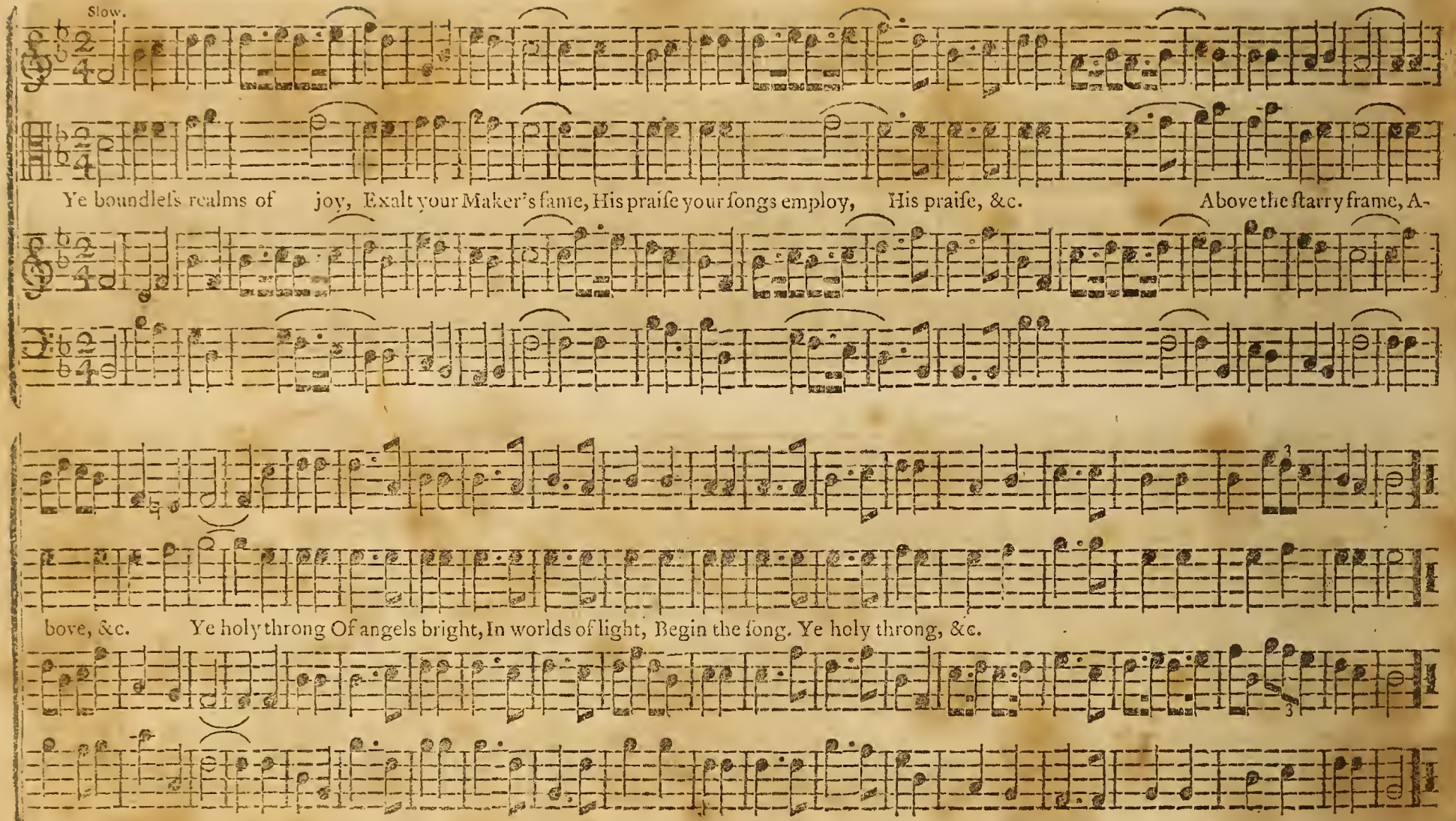
1ſt TREBLE.

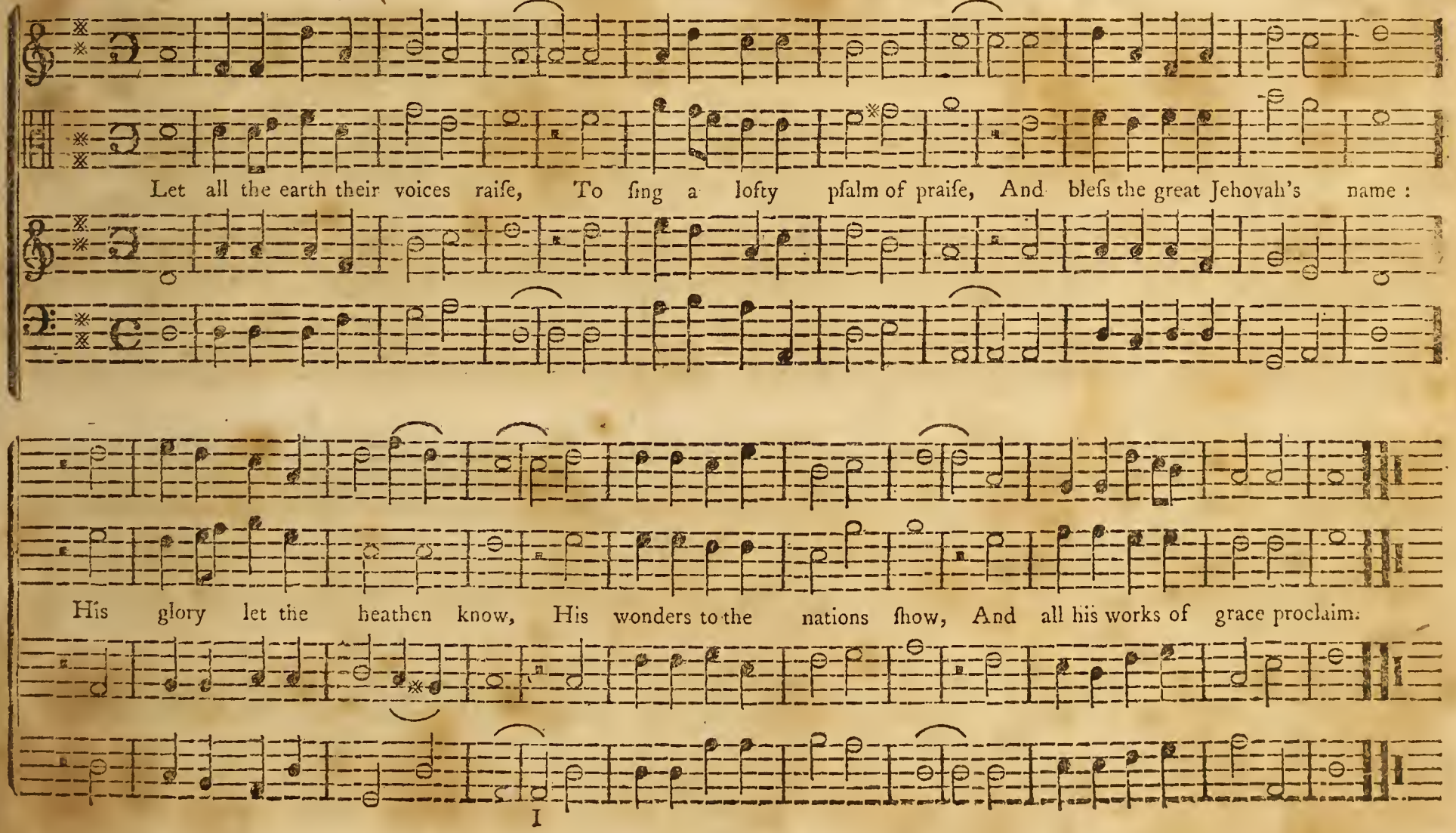


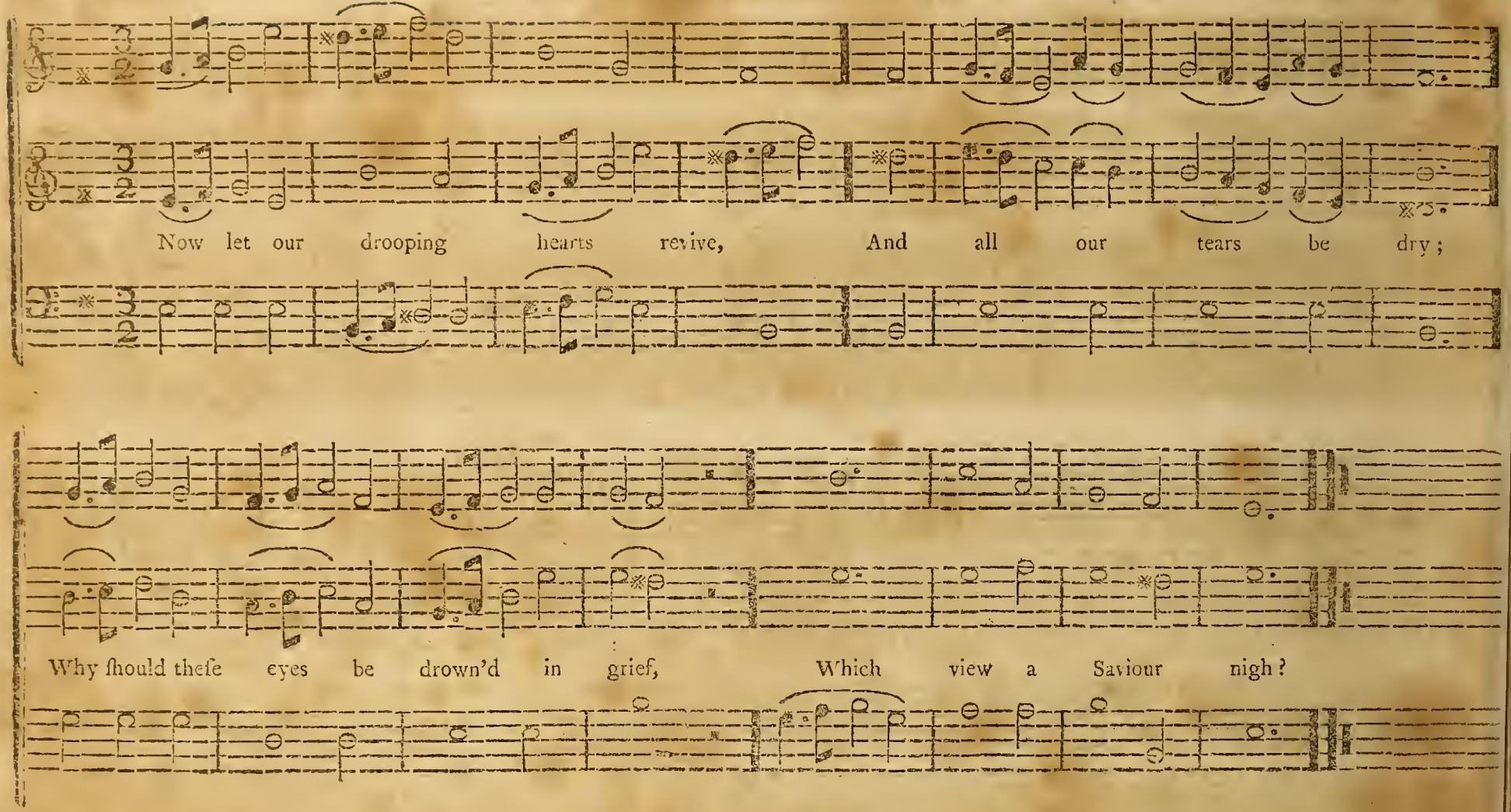
Let thoſe refuſe to ſing, Who never knew our God; But ſervants of the heavenly King May ſpeak their joys abroad.

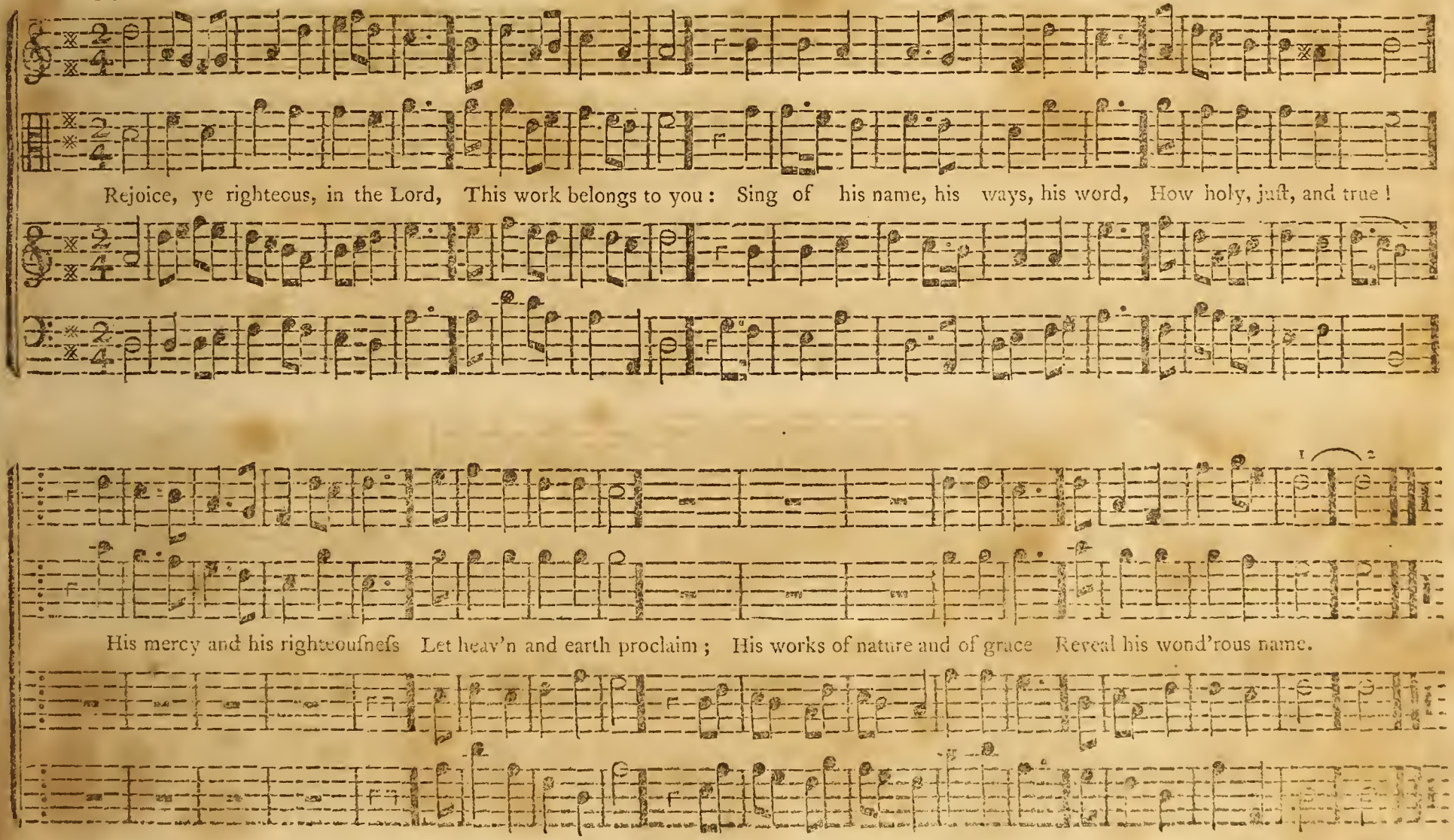
2d TREBLE.

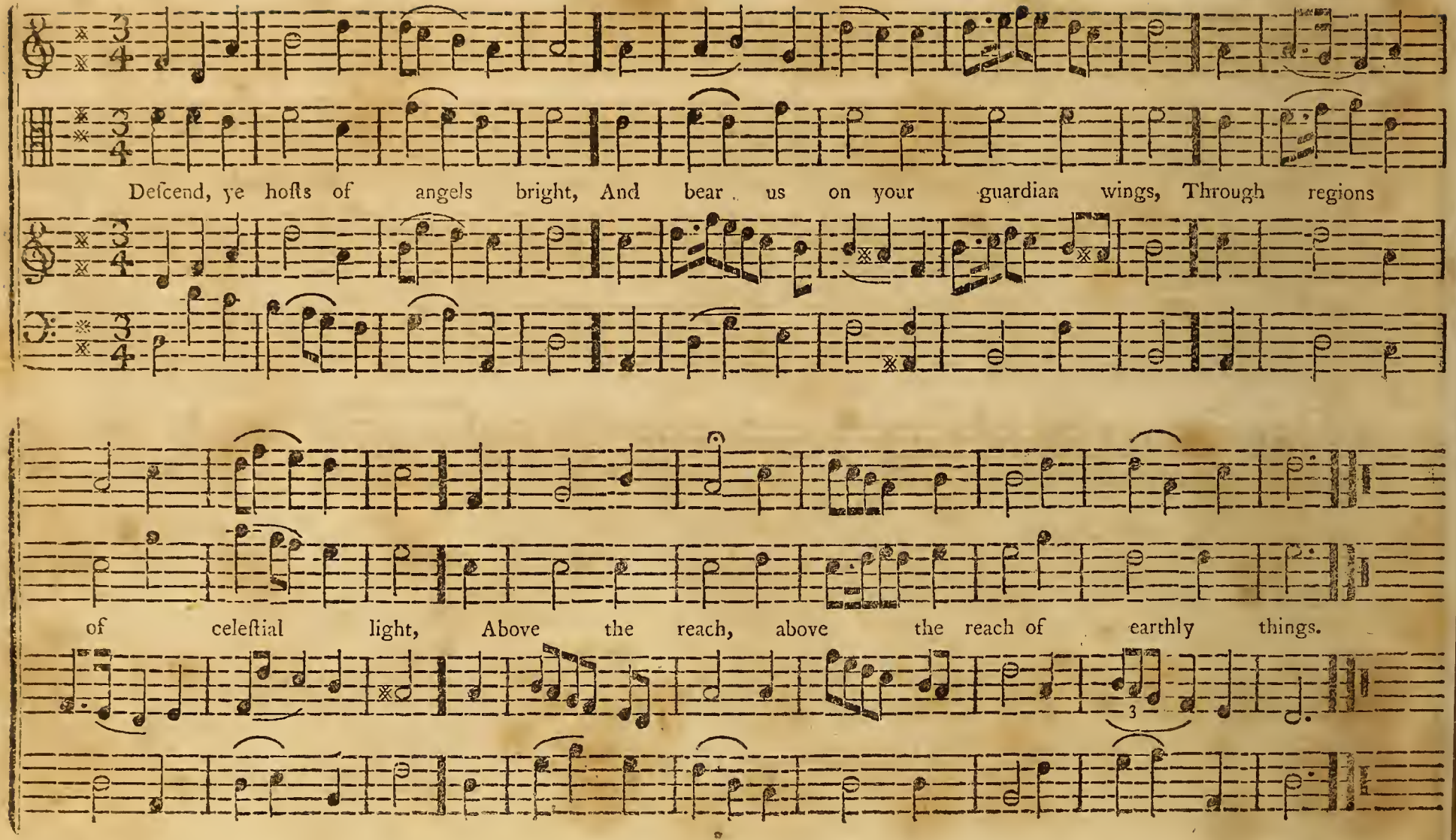


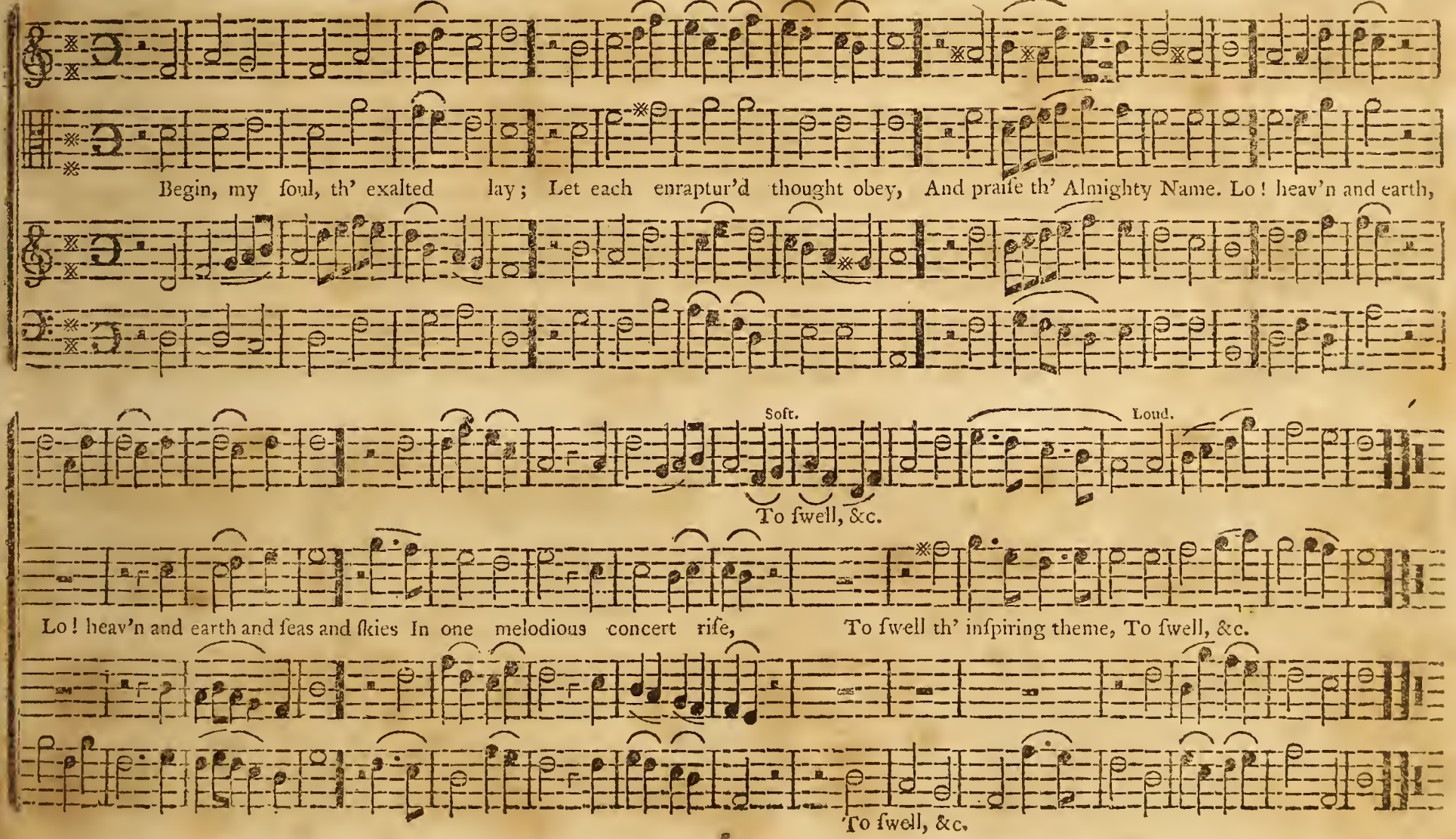

Slow.
Ye boundleſs realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame, His praiſe your ſongs employ, His praiſe, &c. Above the ſtarry frame, A-
bove, &c. Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the ſong. Ye holy throng, &c.

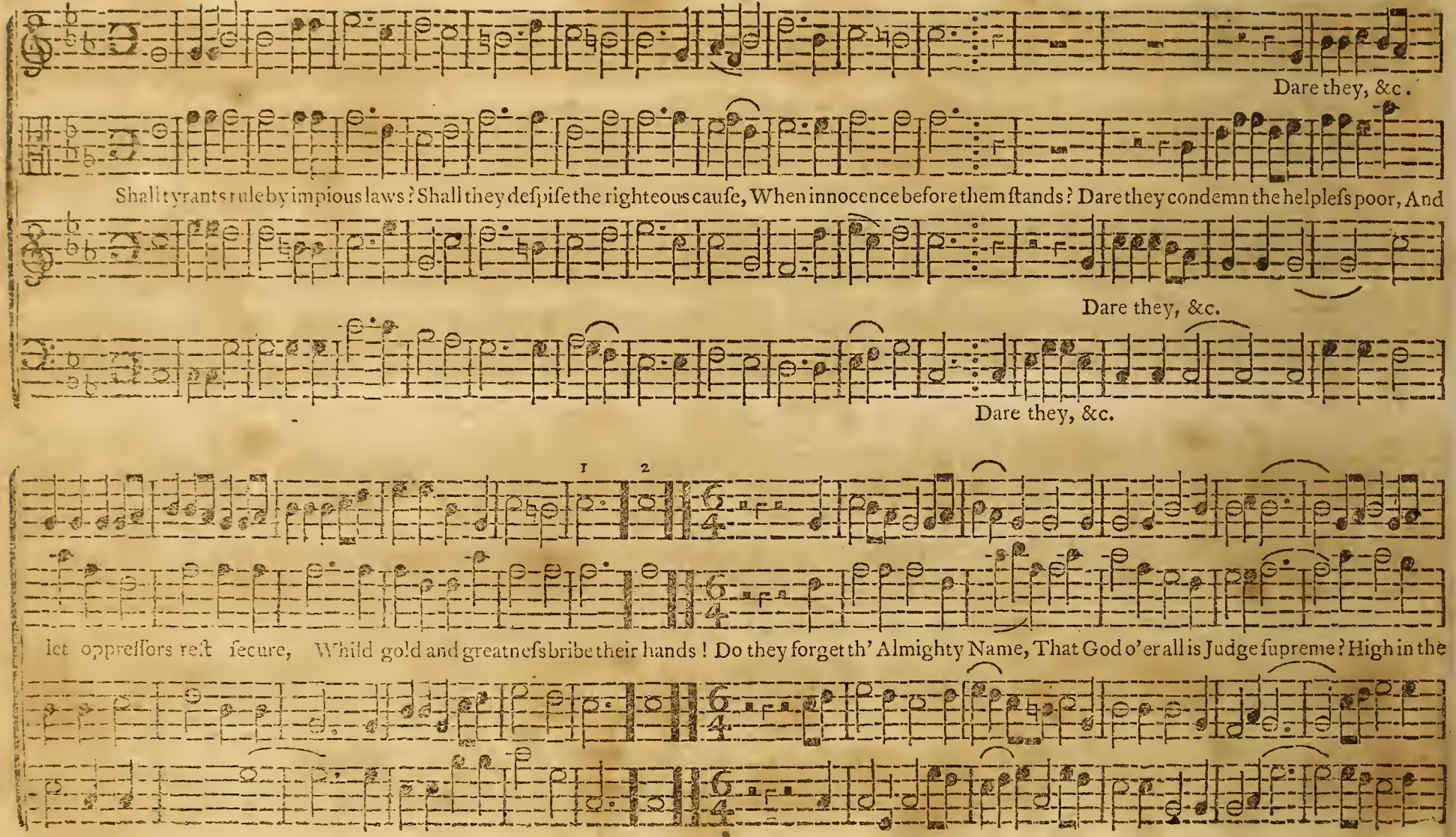

Let all the earth their voices raiſe, To ſing a lofty pſalm of praiſe, And bleſs the great Jehovah's name :
His glory let the heathen know, His wonders to the nations ſhow, And all his works of grace proclaim.

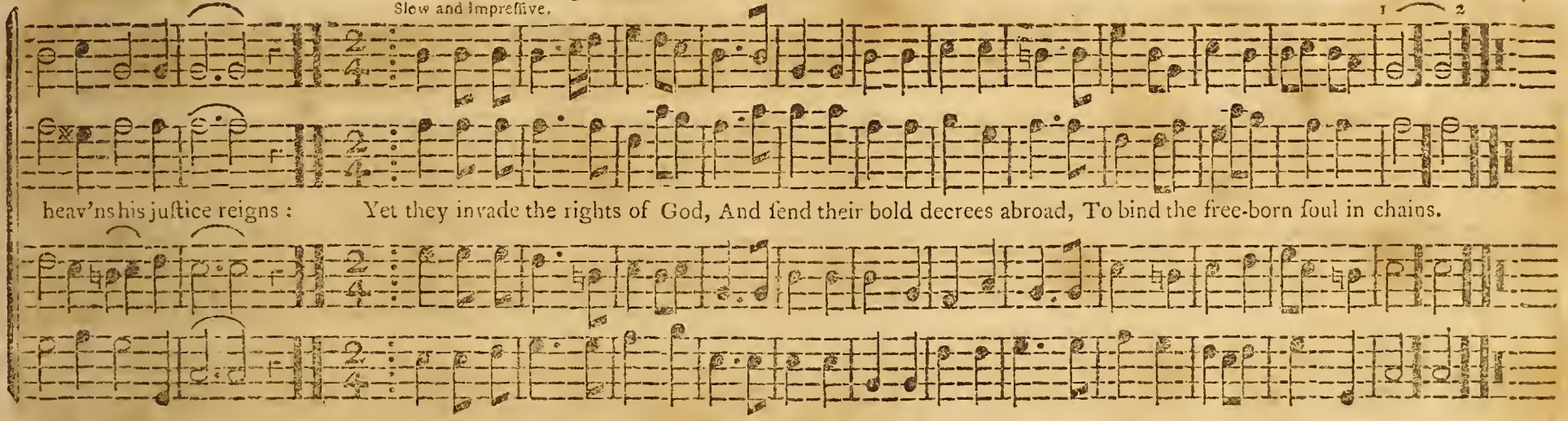

Now let our drooping hearts revive, And all our tears be dry;
Why ſhould theſe eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh?


Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord, This work belongs to you: Sing of his name, his ways, his word, How holy, juſt, and true!
His mercy and his righteouſneſs Let heav'n and earth proclaim; His works of nature and of grace Reveal his wond'rous name.

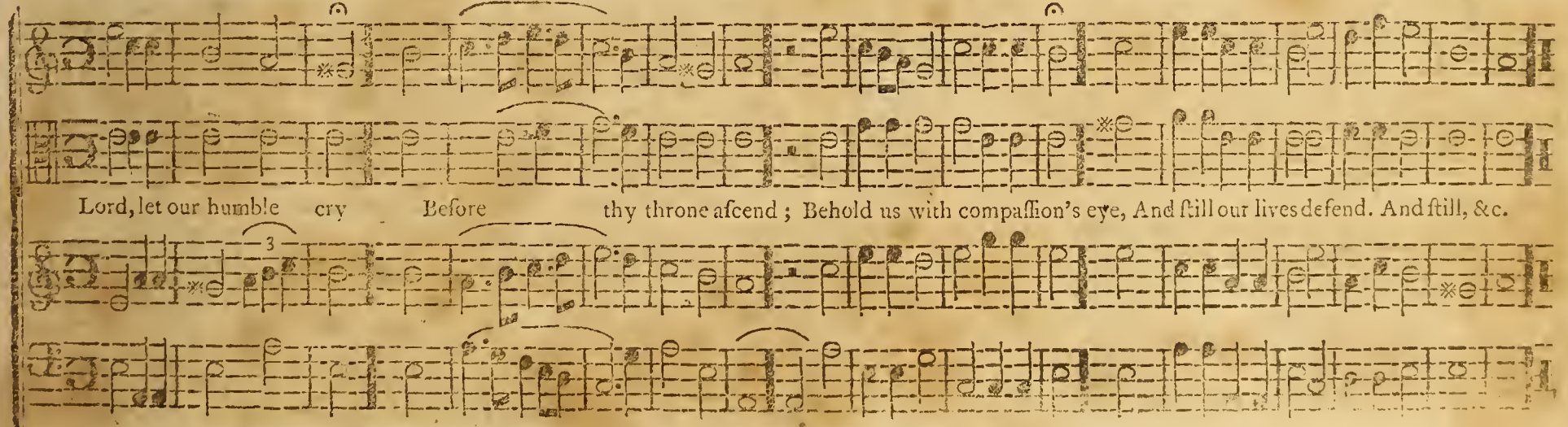

Defcend, ye hofts of angels bright, And bear us on your guardian wings, Through regions
of celeftial light, Above the reach, above the reach of earthly things.


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

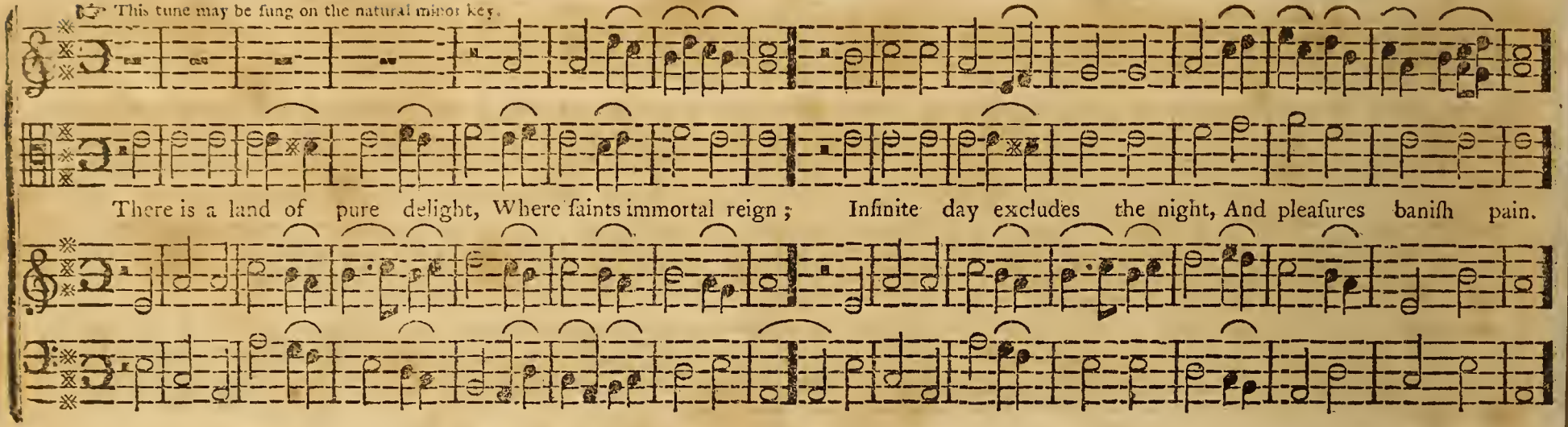

Dare they, &c.
Shall tyrants rule by impious laws? Shall they despise the righteous cause, When innocence before them stands? Dare they condemn the helpless poor, And
Dare they, &c.
Dare they, &c.
1 2
let oppressors rest secure, Whild gold and greatness bribe their hands! Do they forget th' Almighty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

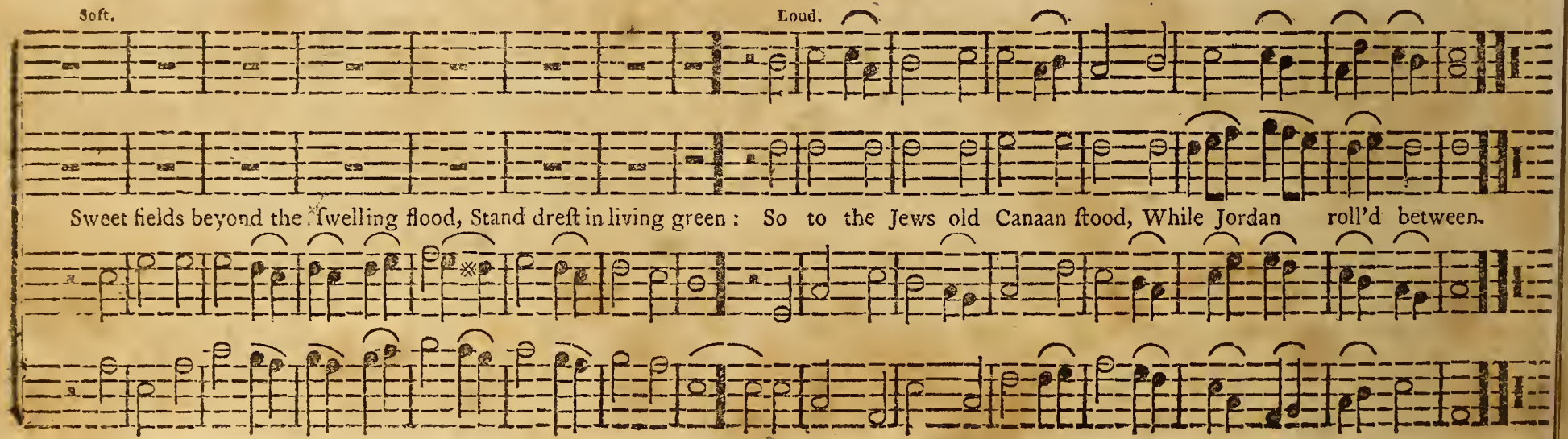


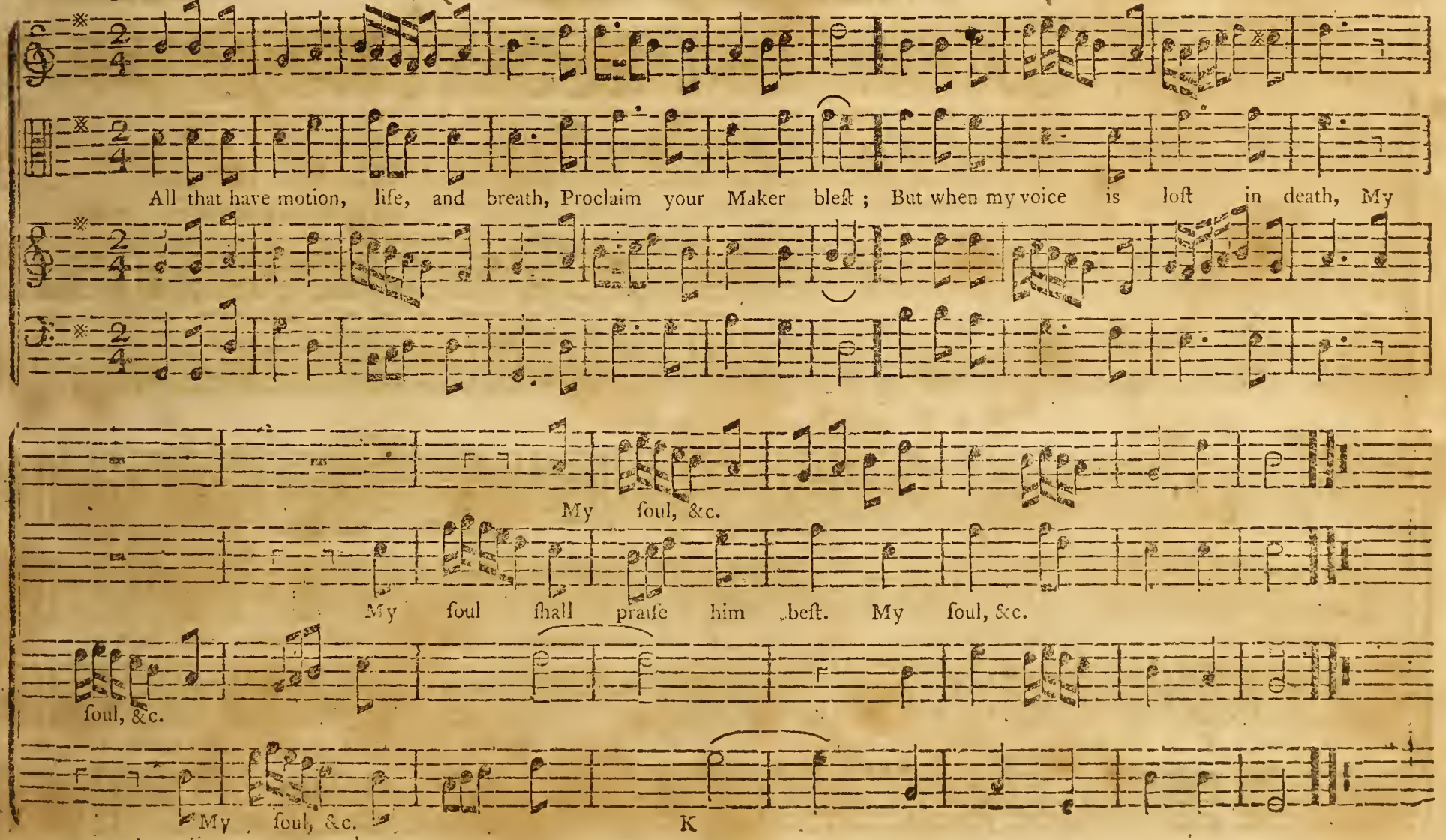

Ps. 59. 25th PSALM. S. M. *GILLET.*



☞ This tune may be ſung on the natural minor key.




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

# PILGRIMS. C. M.



Words by S. Davis, compoſed for the 22d of December.

Soft.

Let children learn the mighty deeds Their Sires achiev'd of old ; And ſtill as time to time ſucceeds, To their's the tale unfold. Here, while we fondly trace the ſcene This joyous day re-

Their pious toils, their juſt rewards, Returning tributes claim; While faithful hiſtory records Each venerable name. Here firſt the temple's votive fane Aſpiring fought the

No longer now the roaming horde Unhallow'd vigils keep ; No more affrighted mothers guard Their cradled infants' ſleep: But ſocial arts, and peaceful homes, This favour'd land en-

Loud.

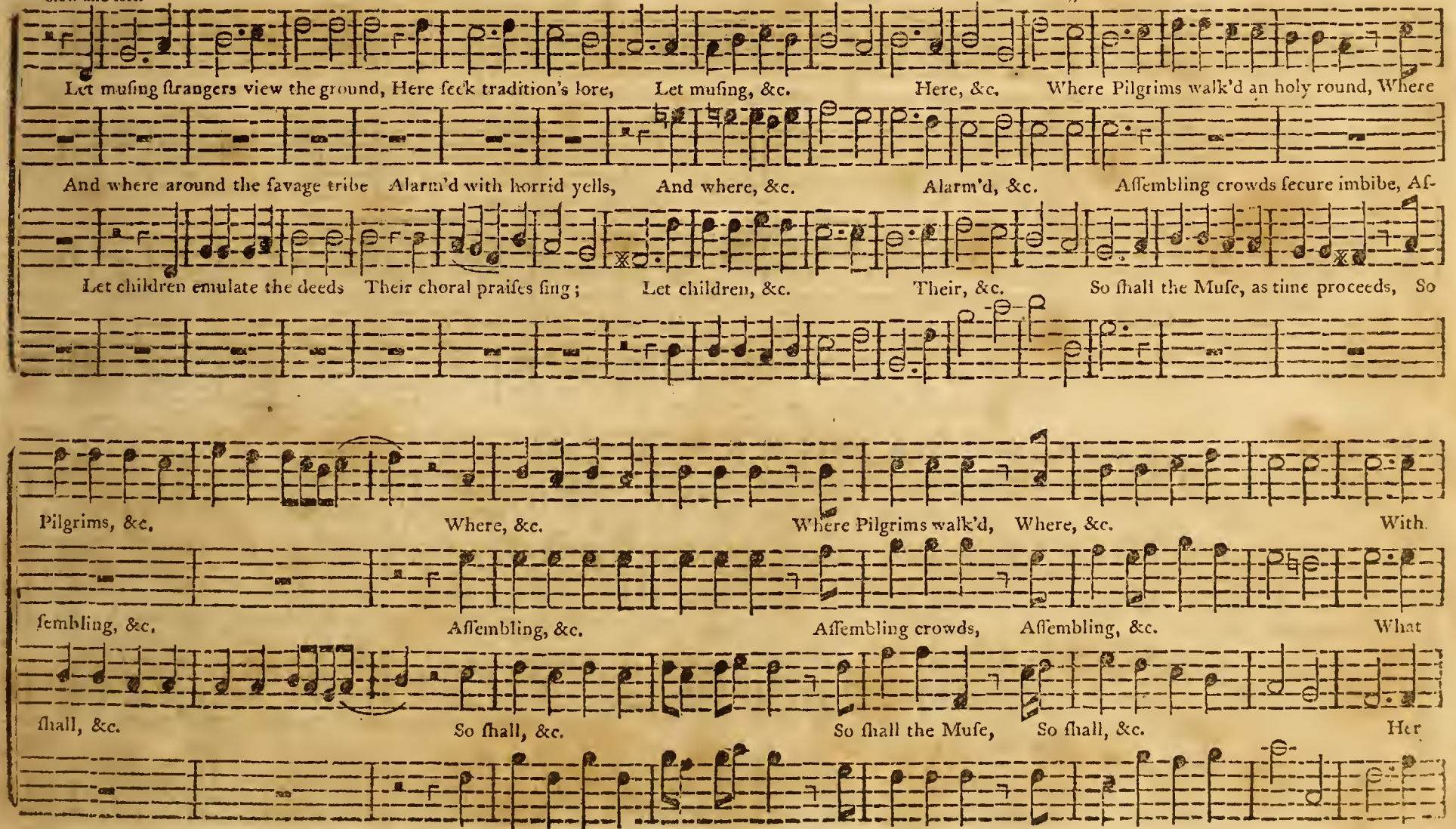
Solemn.

calls, This joyous, :‖: :‖: :‖: day recals, Let youth with rev'rend age, :‖: :‖: convene Within theſe hallow'd walls, Within, &c.

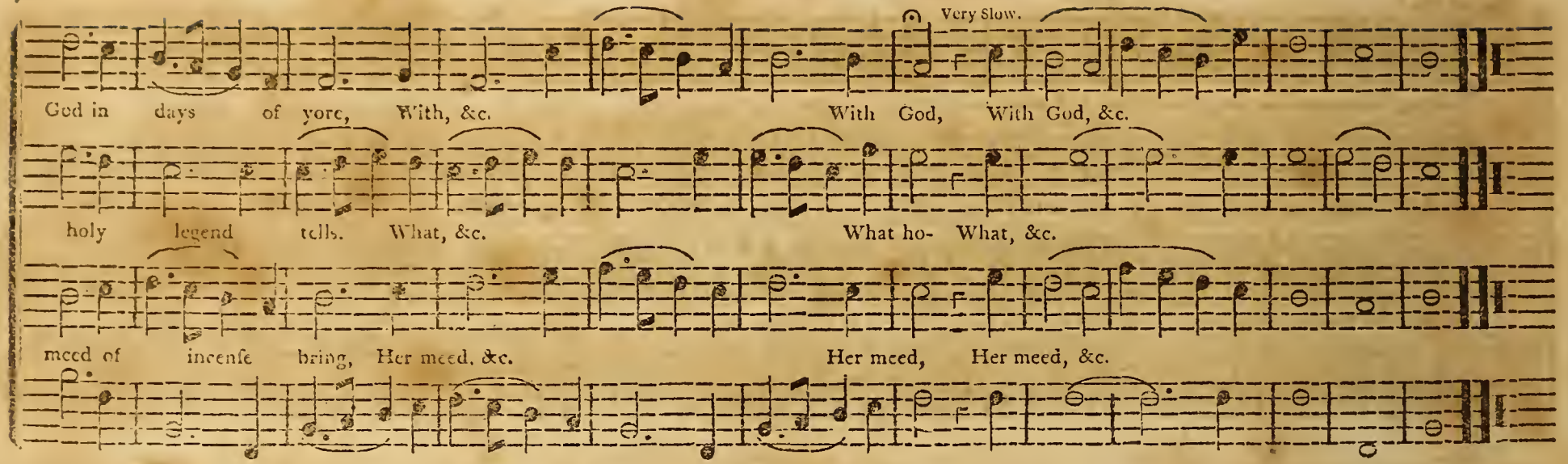
ſkies; Aſpiring, :‖: :‖: :‖: fought the ſkies; And here religion's train, :‖: and here religion's exil'd train Bade ſacred altars riſe, Bade, &c.

dear; This favour'd, :‖: :‖: :‖: land endear; Where fields, & maſts, & domes, :‖: Where fields, & maſts, & riſing domes, With ſcatter'd grace appear, With, &c.

Slow and soft.

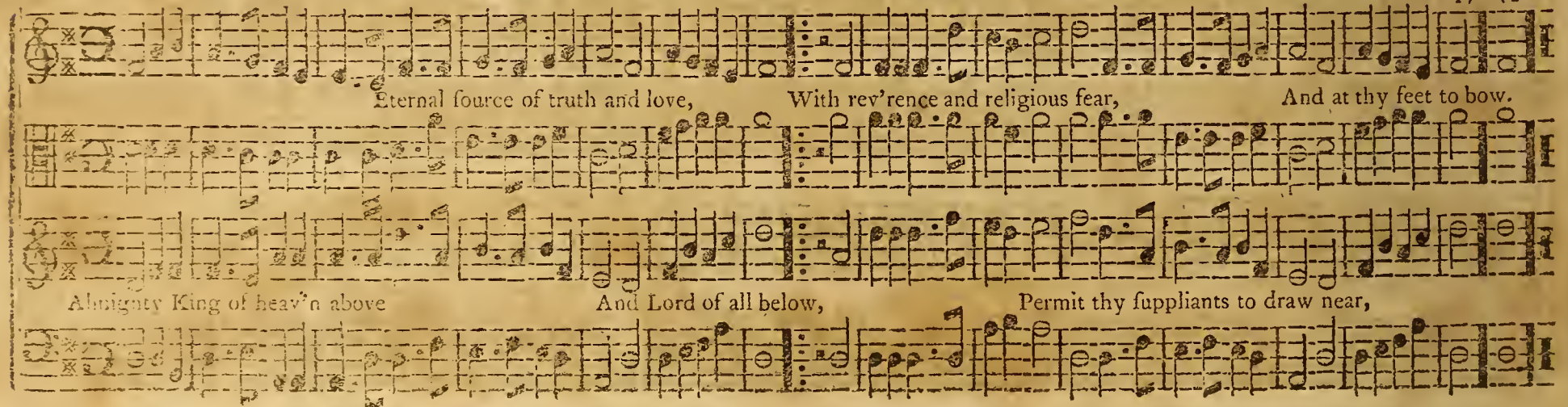


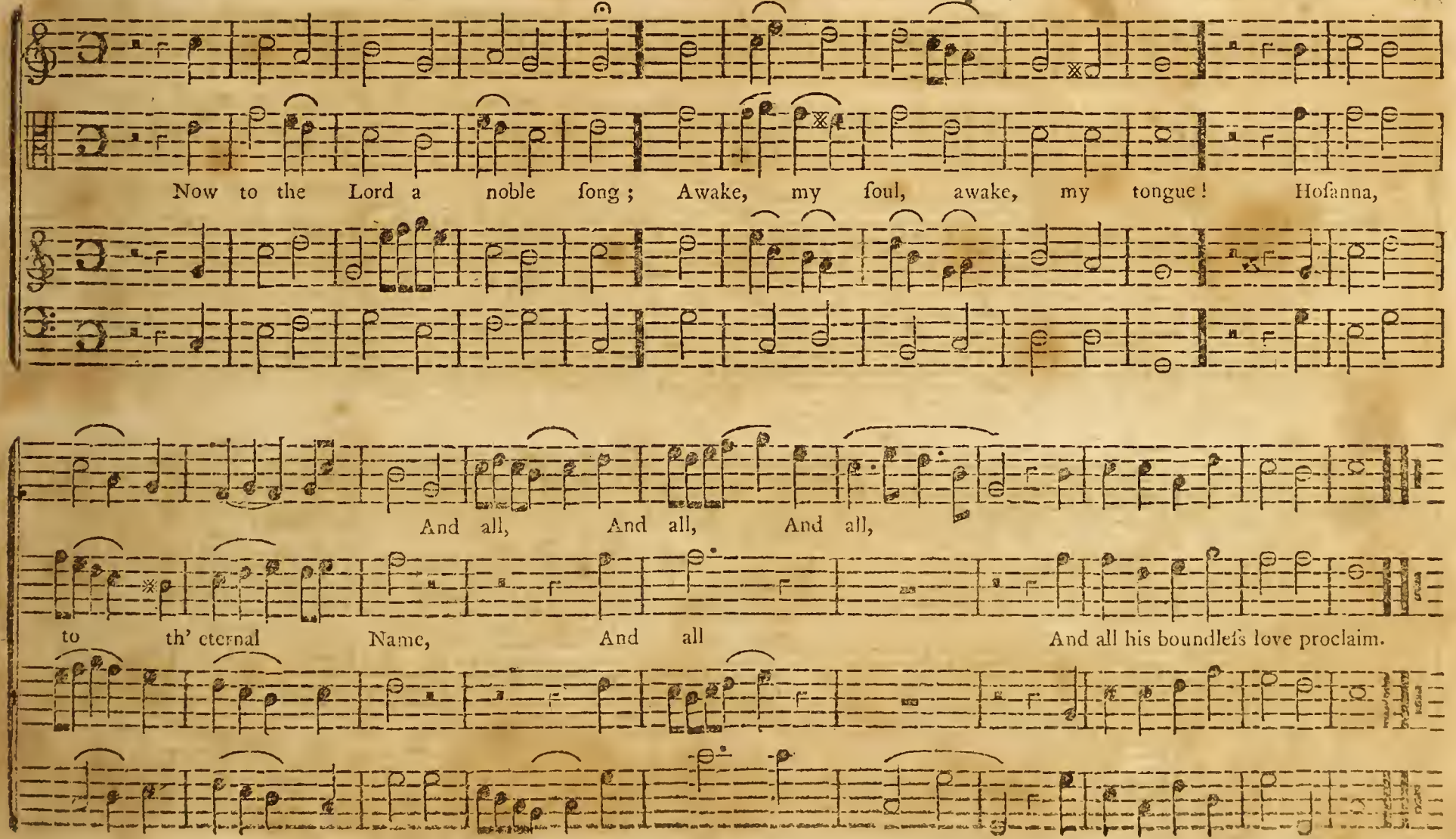
## PILGRIMS Continued.

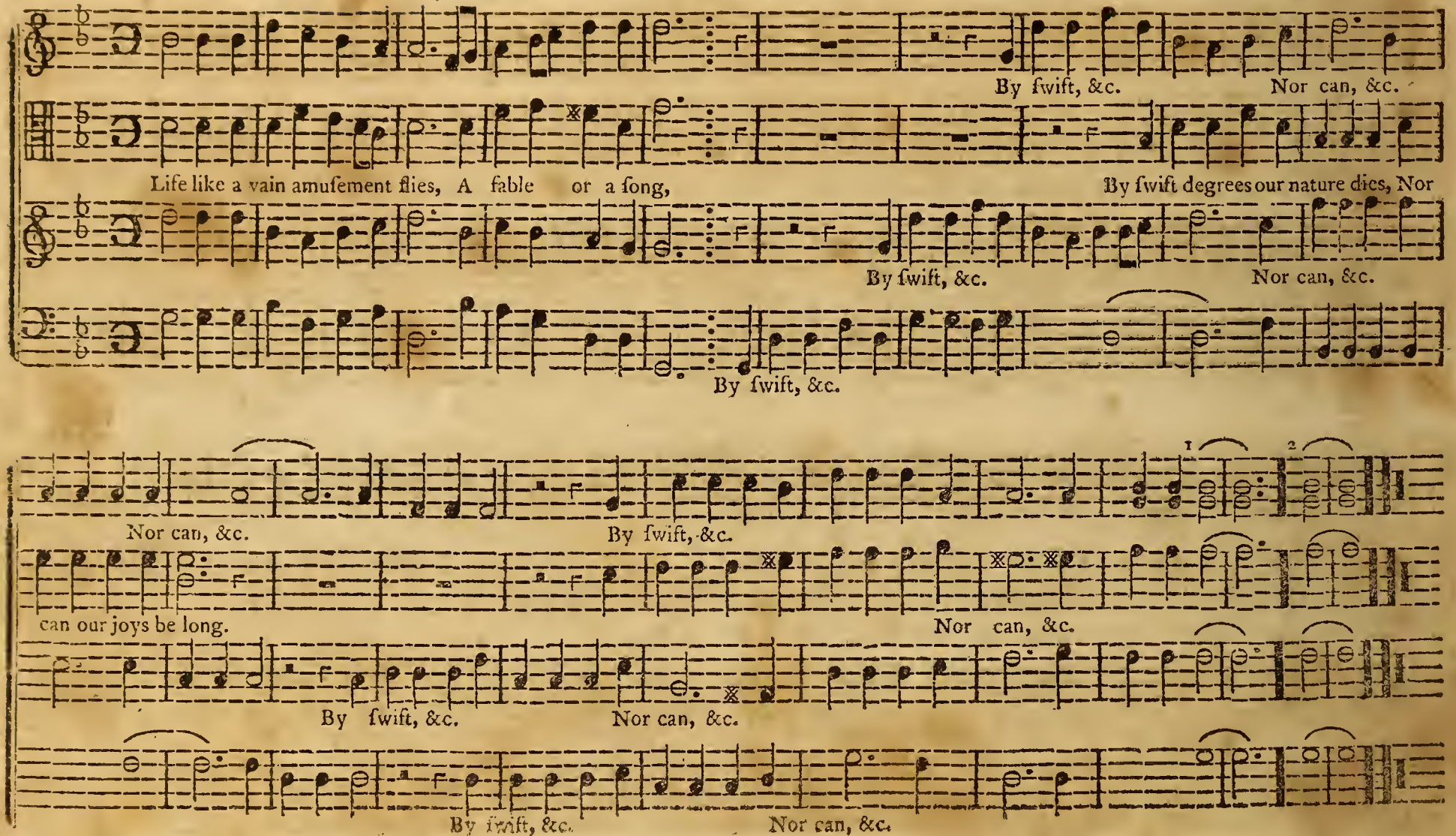


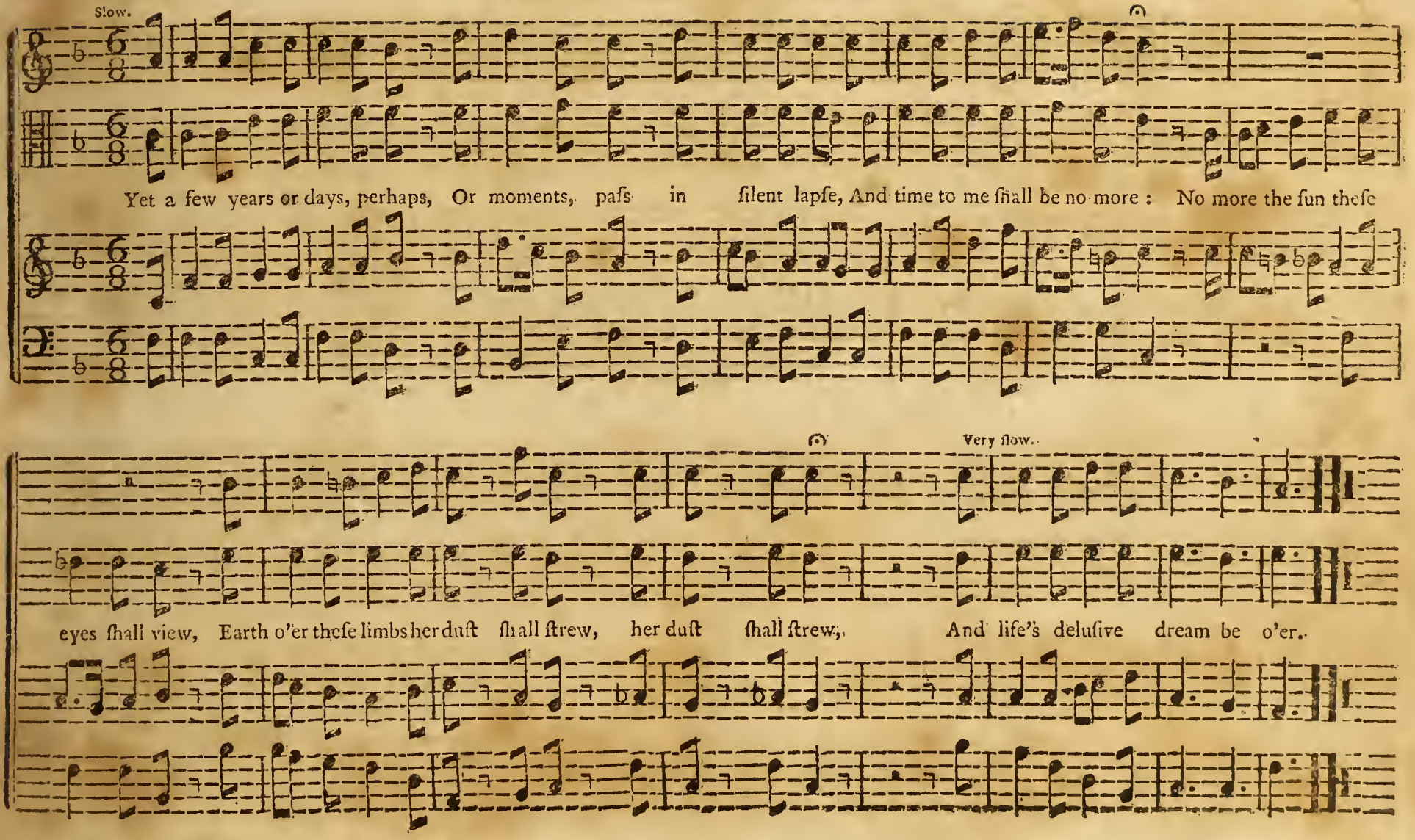

H. 11.

## GANGES. C. P. M.

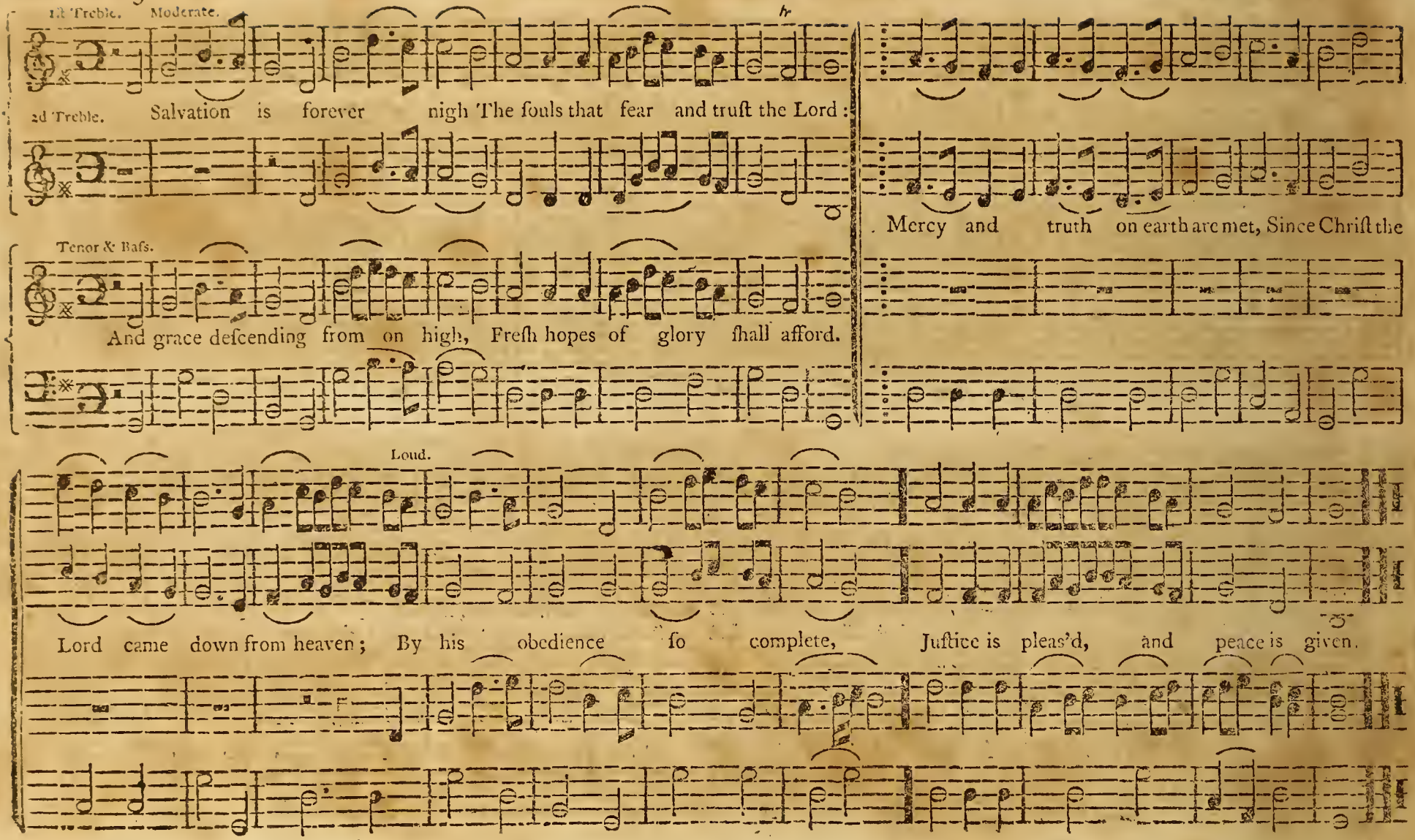


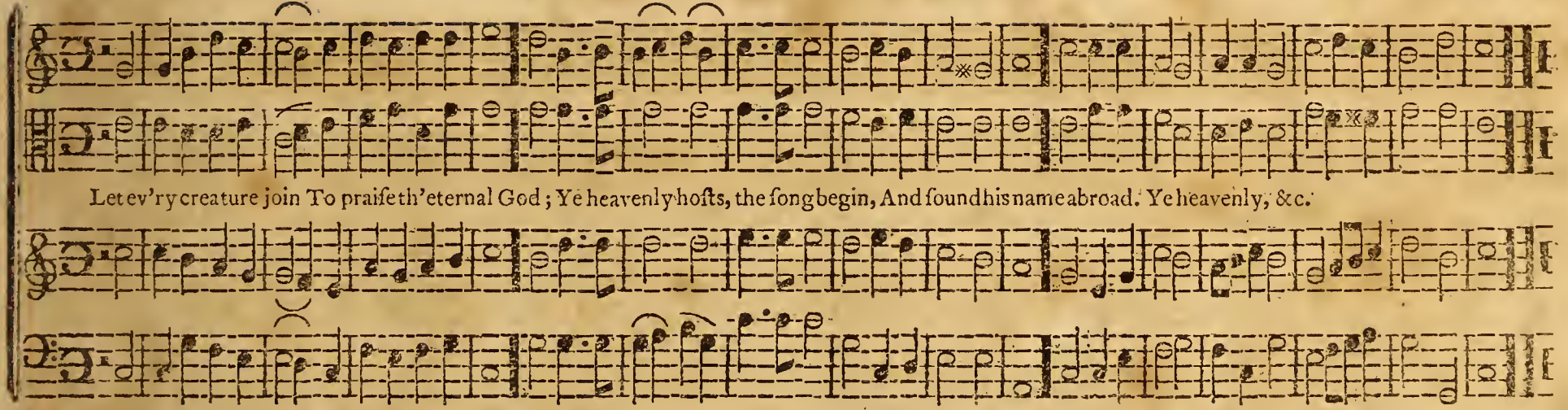

Now to the Lord a noble song; Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue! Hosanna,
And all, And all, And all,
to th' eternal Name, And all
And all his boundless love proclaim.


By ſwift, &c.
Nor can, &c.
Life like a vain amuſement flies, A fable or a ſong,
By ſwift degrees our nature dies, Nor
By ſwift, &c.
Nor can, &c.
By ſwift, &c.
1
2
Nor can, &c.
By ſwift, &c.
can our joys be long.
Nor can, &c.
By ſwift, &c.
Nor can, &c.
By ſwift, &c.
Nor can, &c.

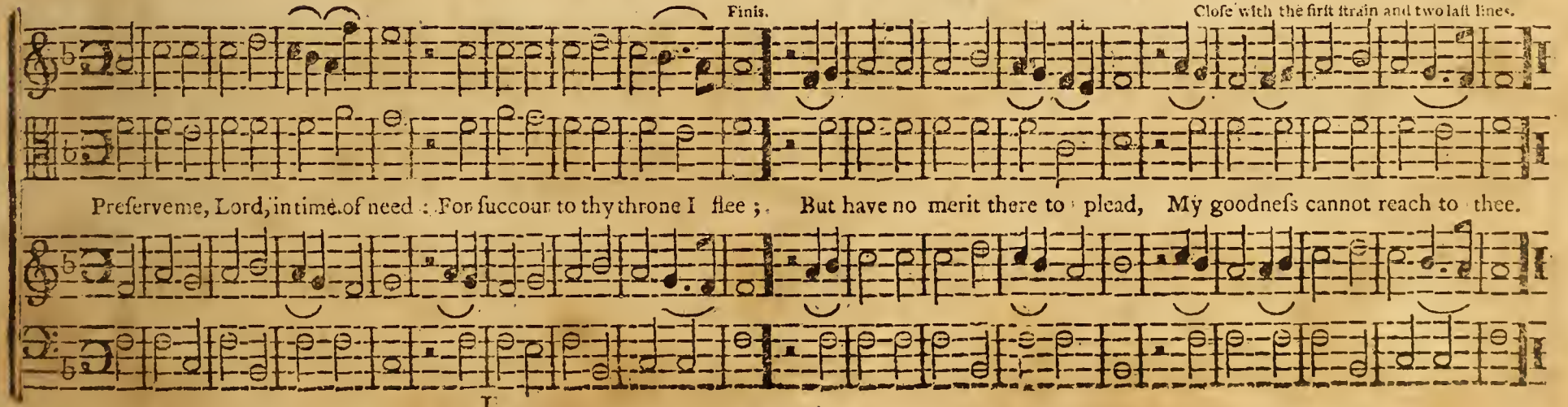

Slow.
Yet a few years or days, perhaps, Or moments, paſs in ſilent lapſe, And time to me ſhall be no more : No more the ſun theſe
Very ſlow.
eyes ſhall view, Earth o'er theſe limbs her duſt ſhall ſtrew, her duſt ſhall ſtrew; And life's deluſive dream be o'er.

# LORRAIN. L.M.

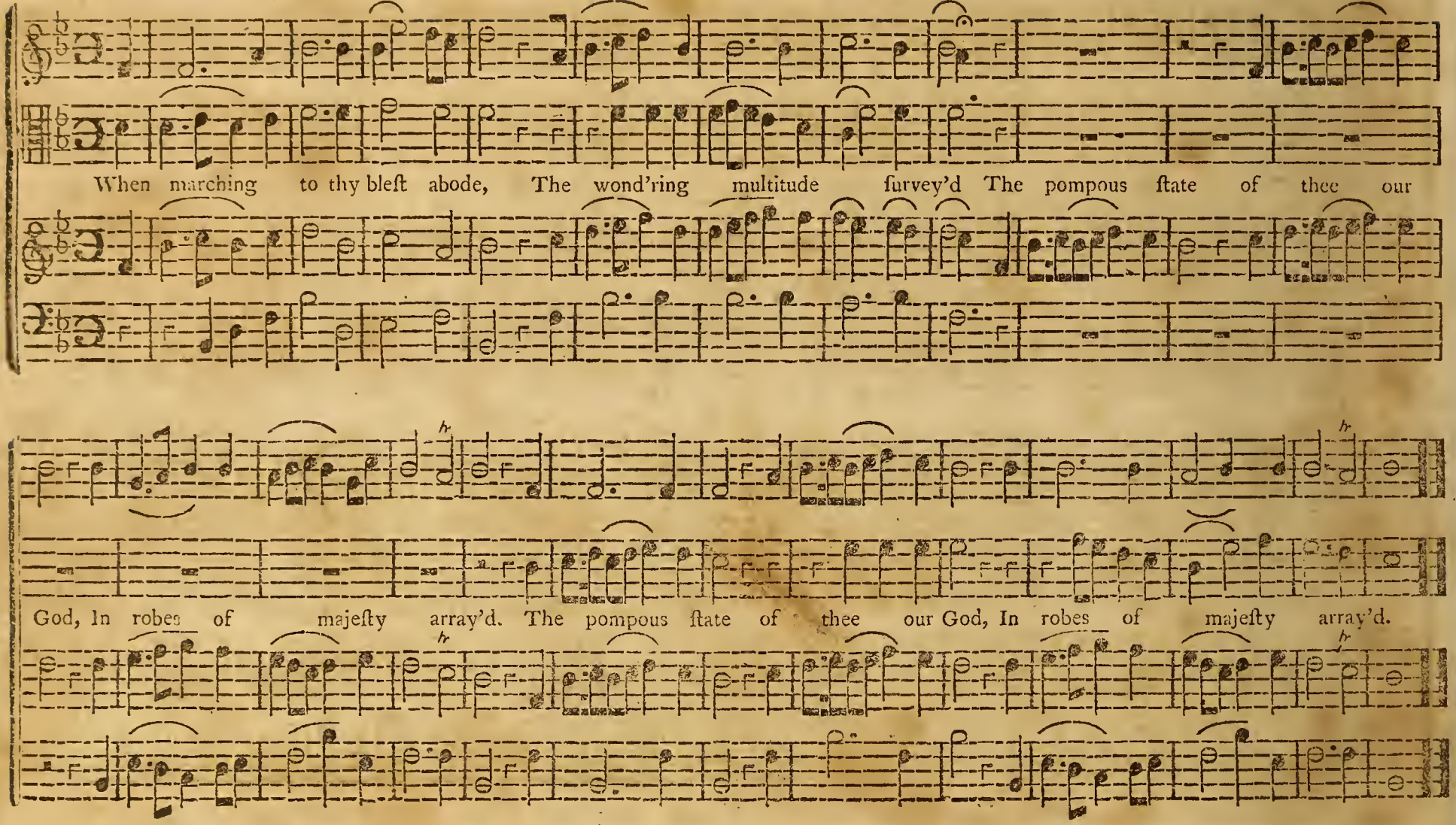

1st Treble. Moderate.
2d Treble. Salvation is forever nigh The fouls that fear and truſt the Lord:
Mercy and truth on earth are met, Since Chriſt the
Tenor & Baſs.
And grace deſcending from on high, Freſh hopes of glory ſhall afford.
Loud.
Lord came down from heaven; By his obedience ſo complete, Juſtice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

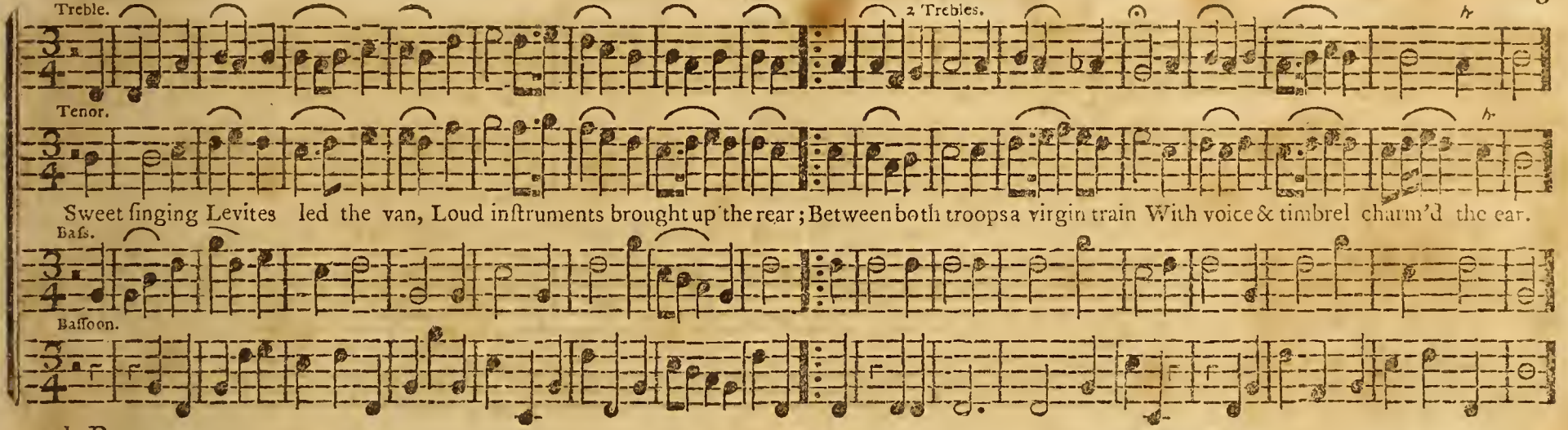



Ps. 16. DRESDEN. L. M. HAR. SACRA.

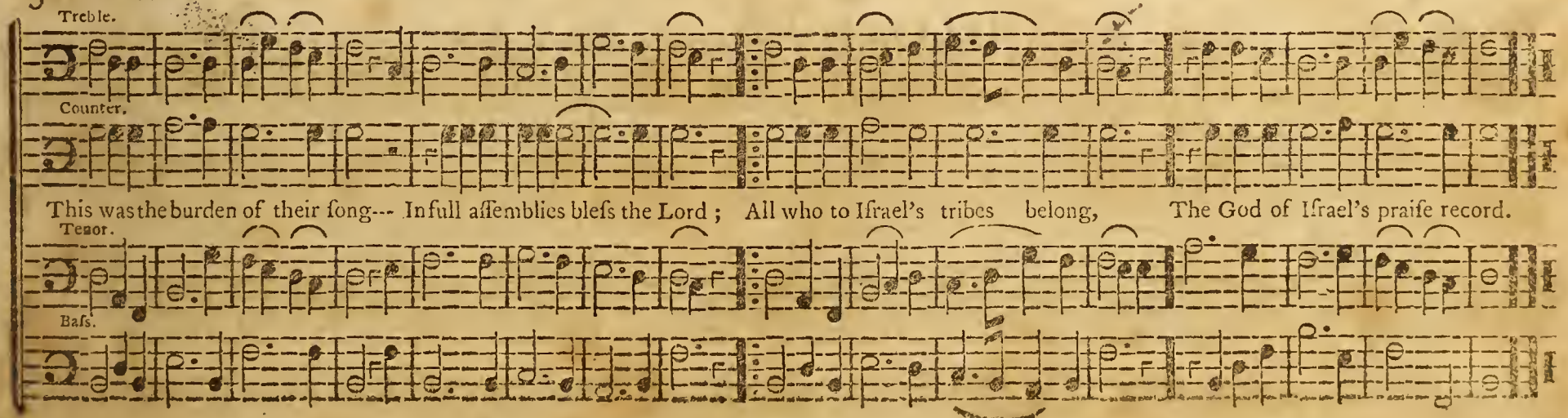


These three verses may be sung as separate tunes.

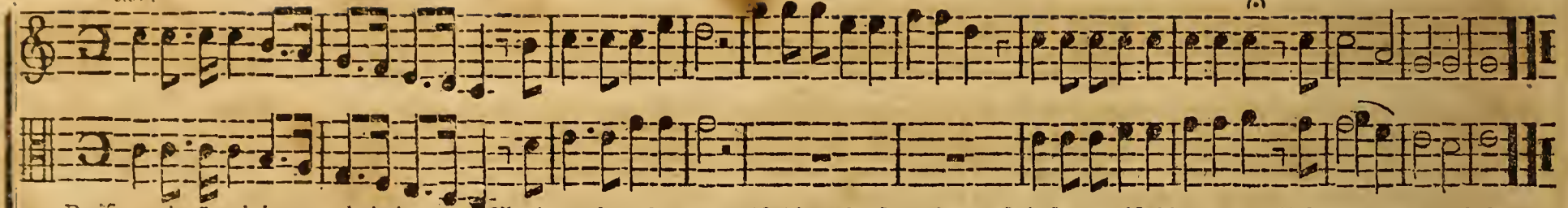



Treble.
2 Trebles.
Tenor.
Sweet singing Levites led the van, Loud instruments brought up the rear; Between both troops a virgin train With voice & timbrel charm'd the ear.
Bass.
Bassoon.

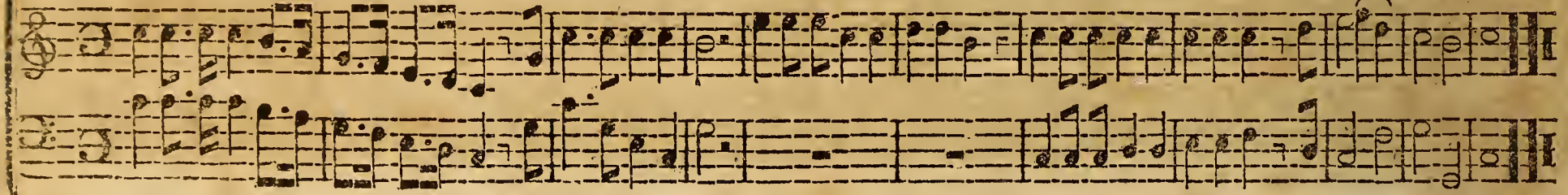
3d Part.


Treble.
Counter.
This was the burden of their song--- In full assemblies bless the Lord; All who to Israel's tribes belong, The God of Israel's praise record.
Tenor.
Bass.

Slow.

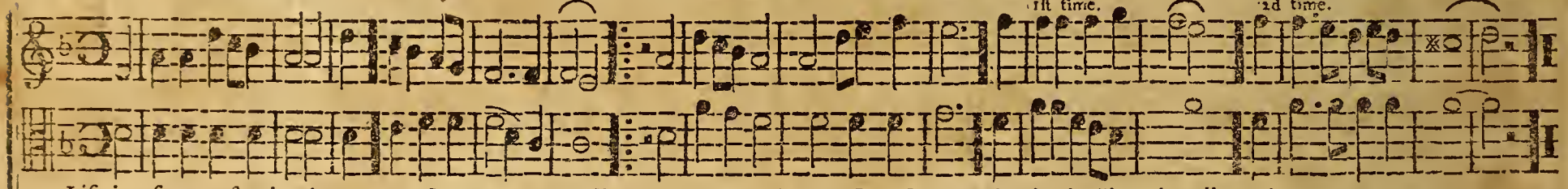


Praiſe ye the Lord, immortal choir, That fills the realms above; Praiſe him who form'd you of his fire, Praiſe him, &c. And feeds you with his love.

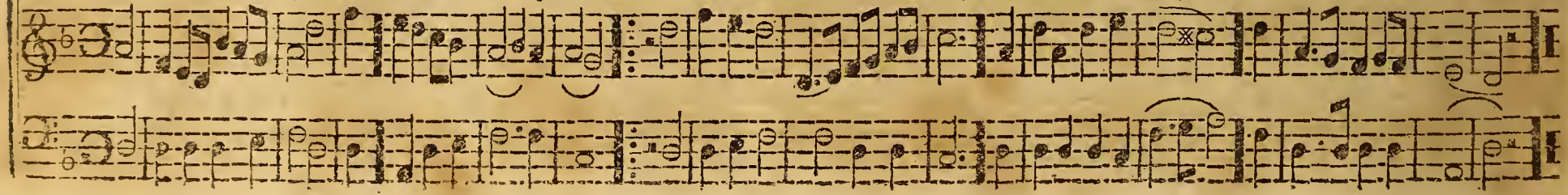


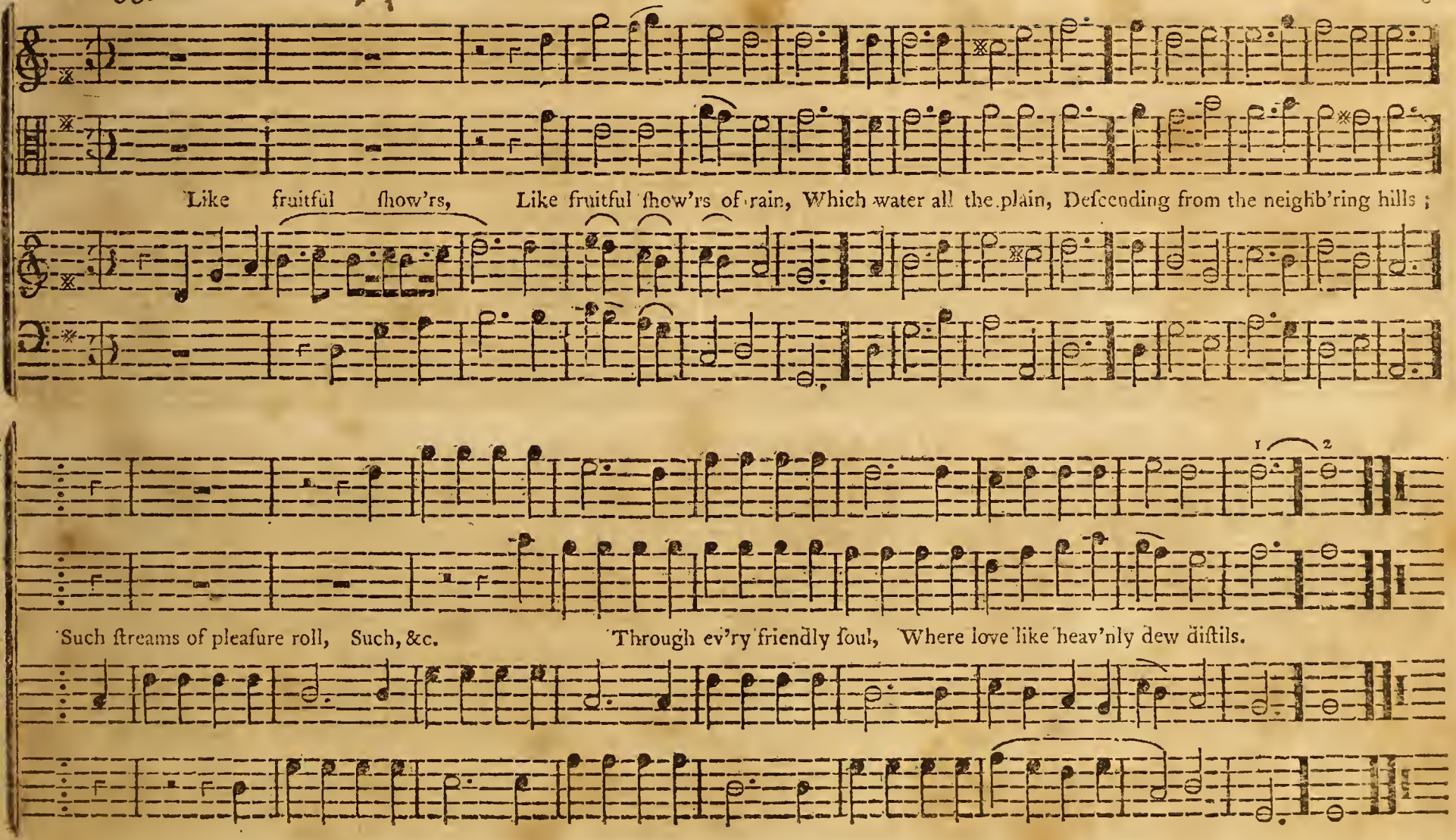
H. 152. HELLESPONT. C. M.

1ſt time. 2d time.

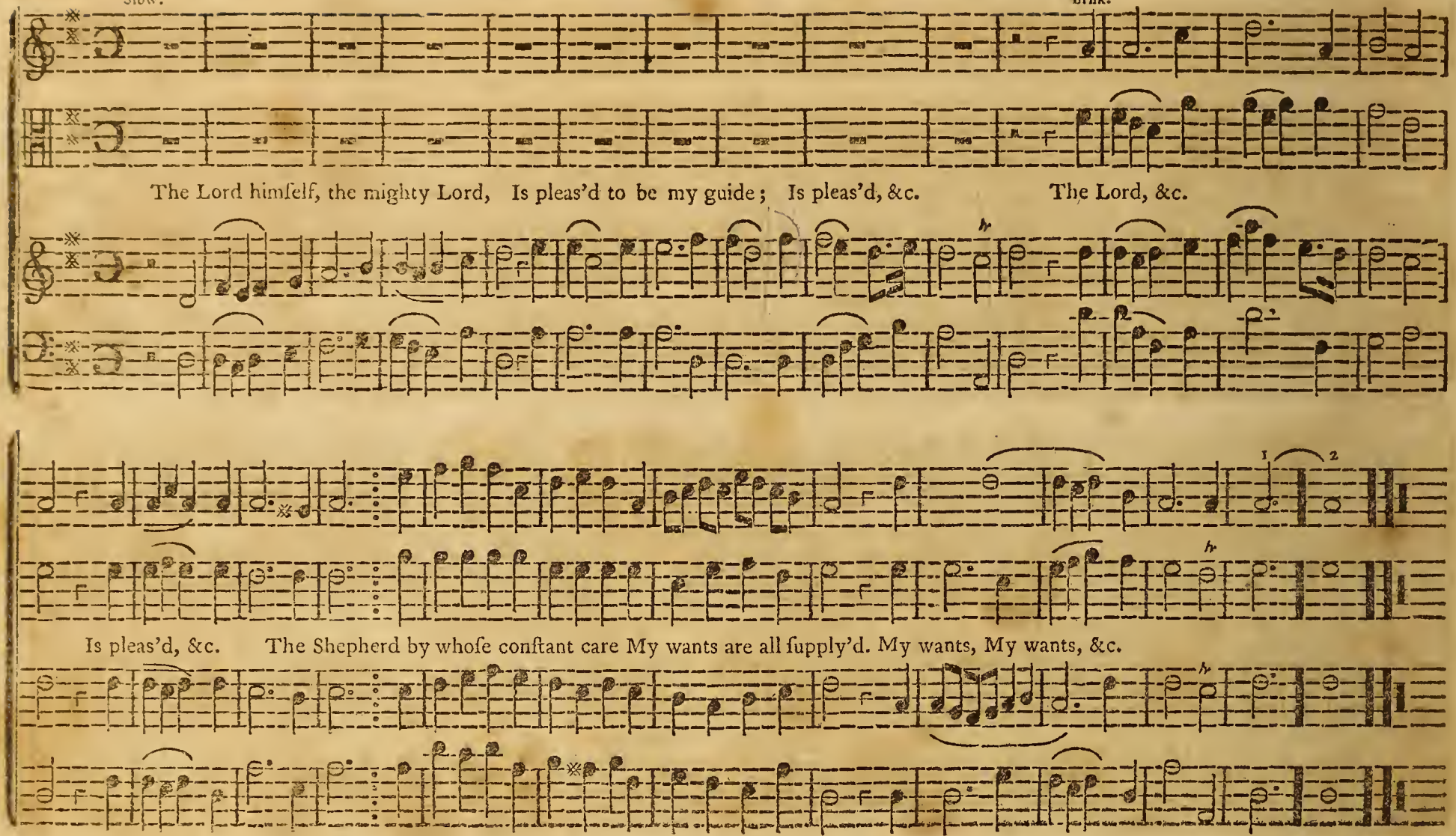


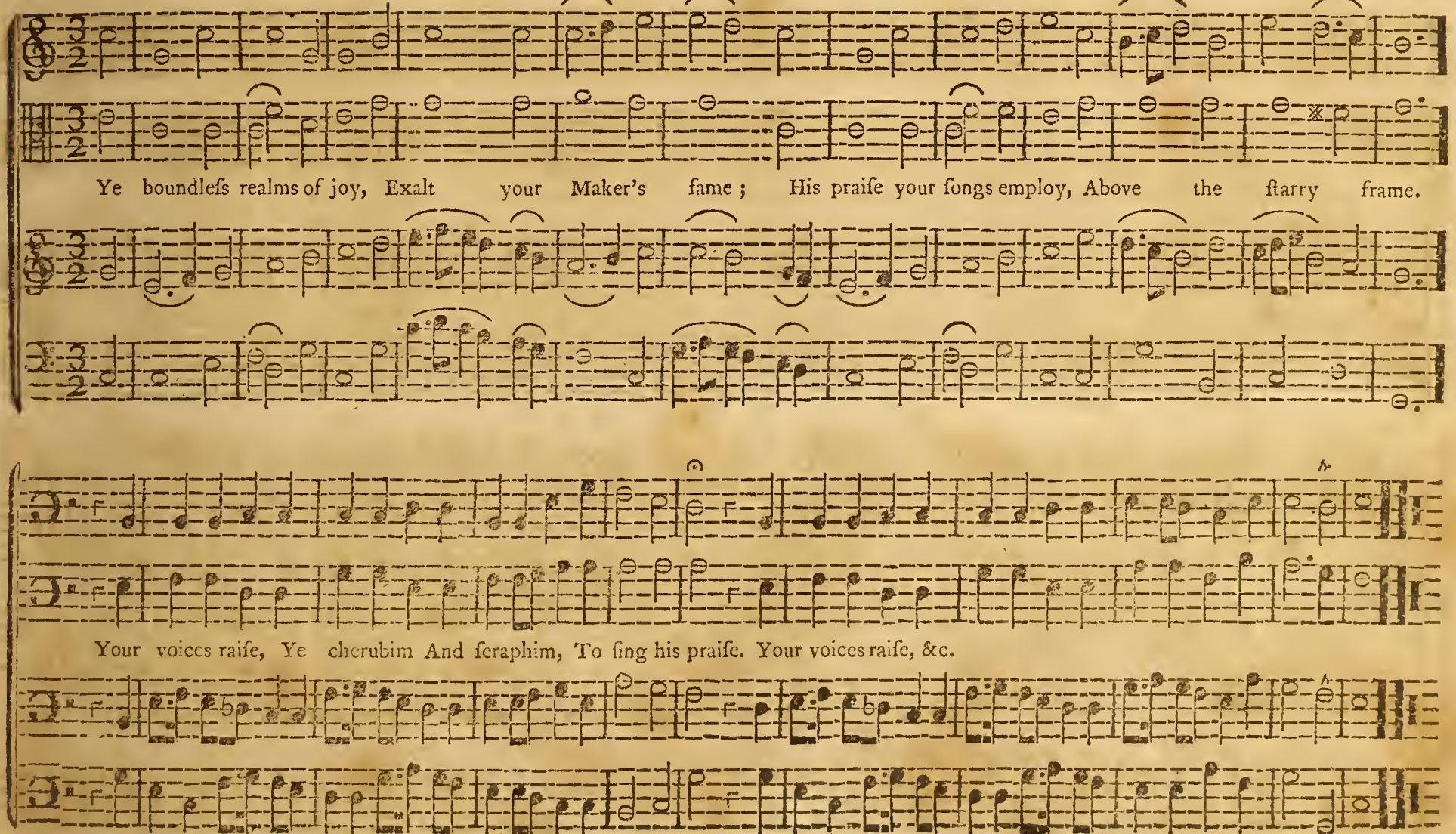
Life is a ſpan, a fleeting hour, How ſoon the vapour flies! Man is a tender tranſient flow'r, That in the blooming dies. That, &c.




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

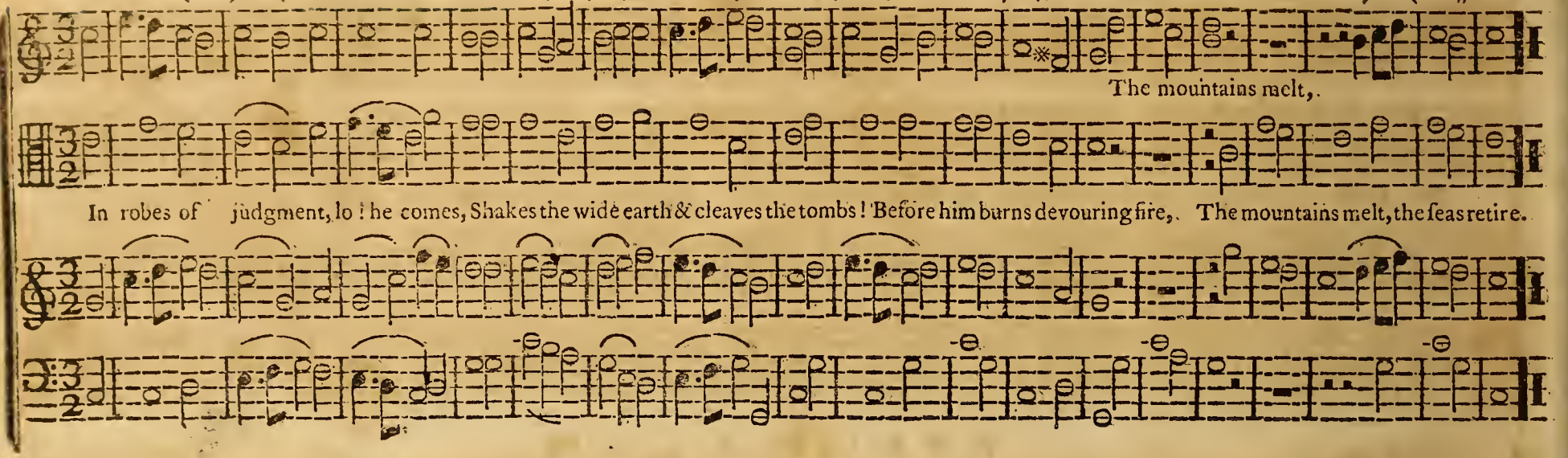
Slow. Brisk.


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


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

## MORETON. L. M.

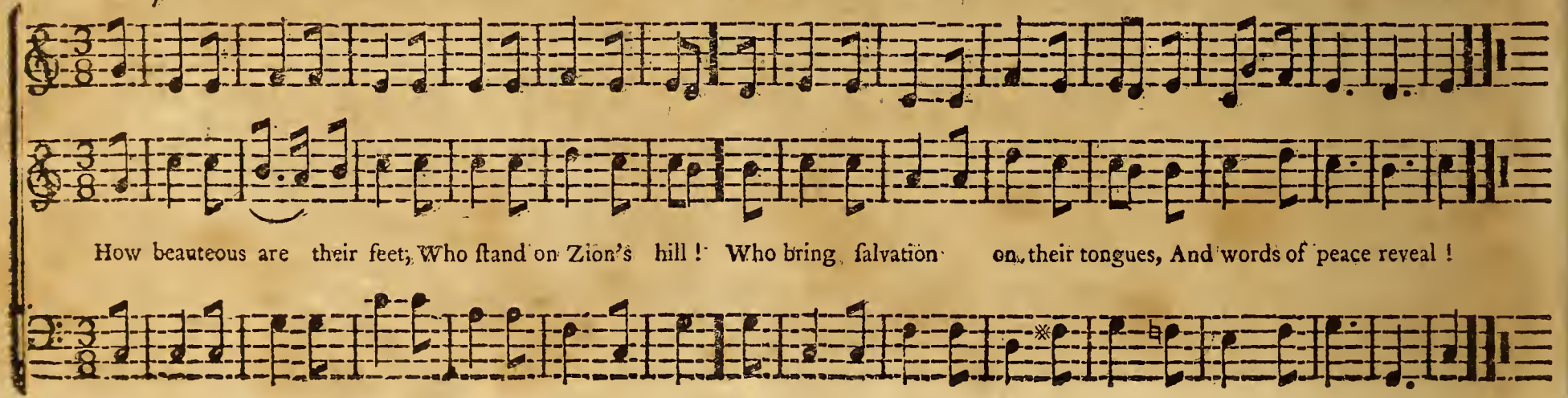
KNAPP.

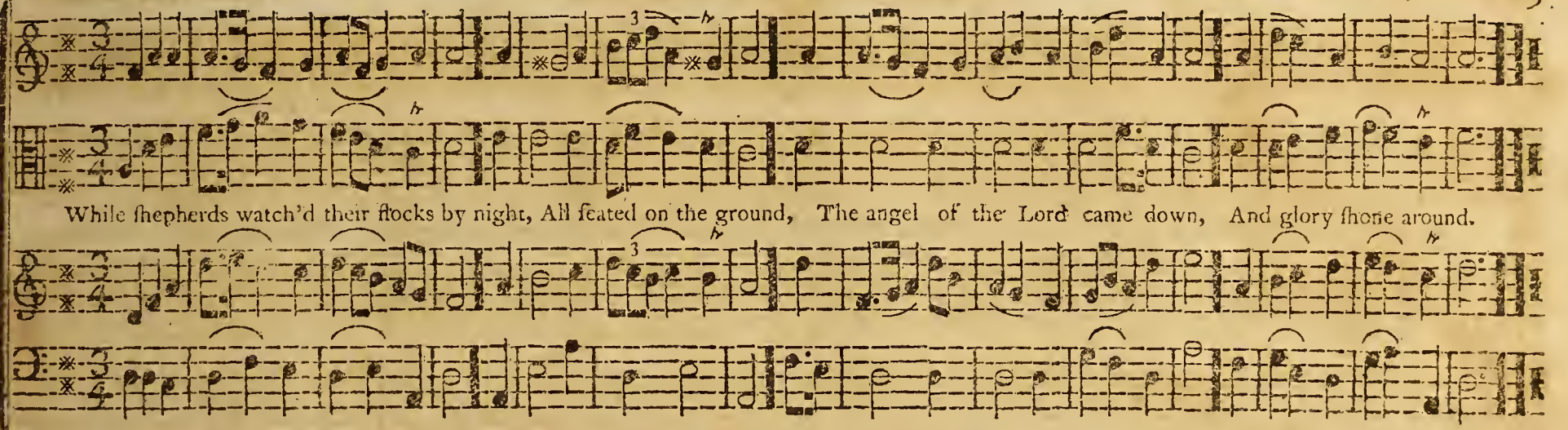



H. 107.

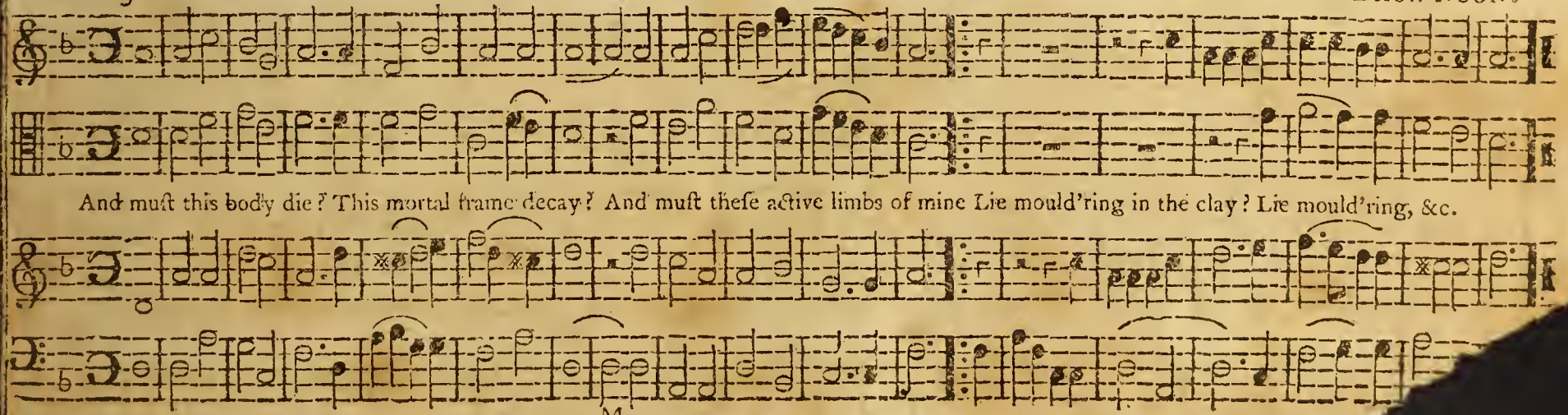
## SCITUATE. S. M.

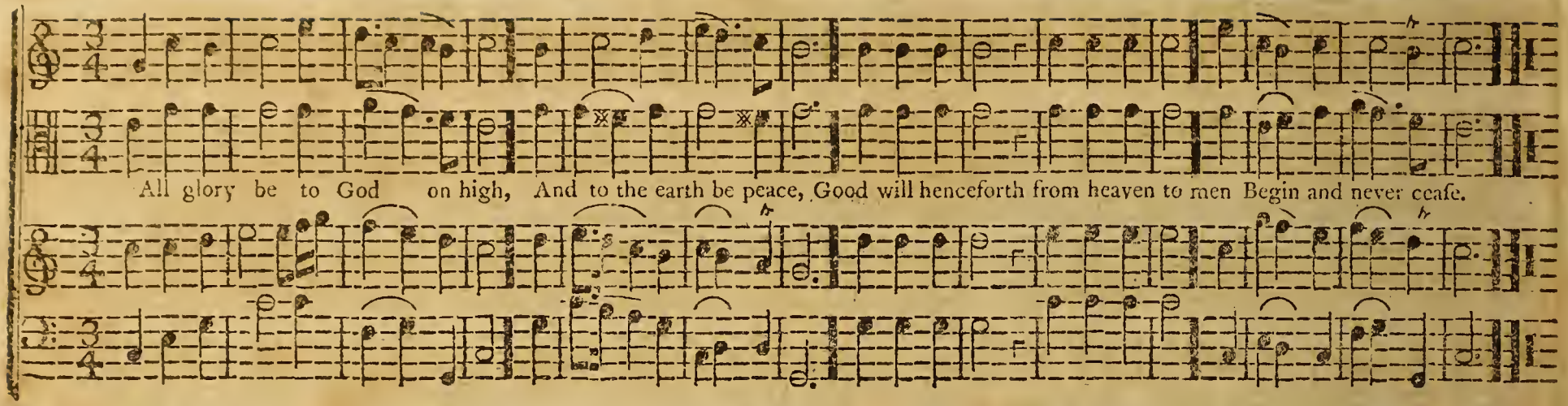
DALMER.



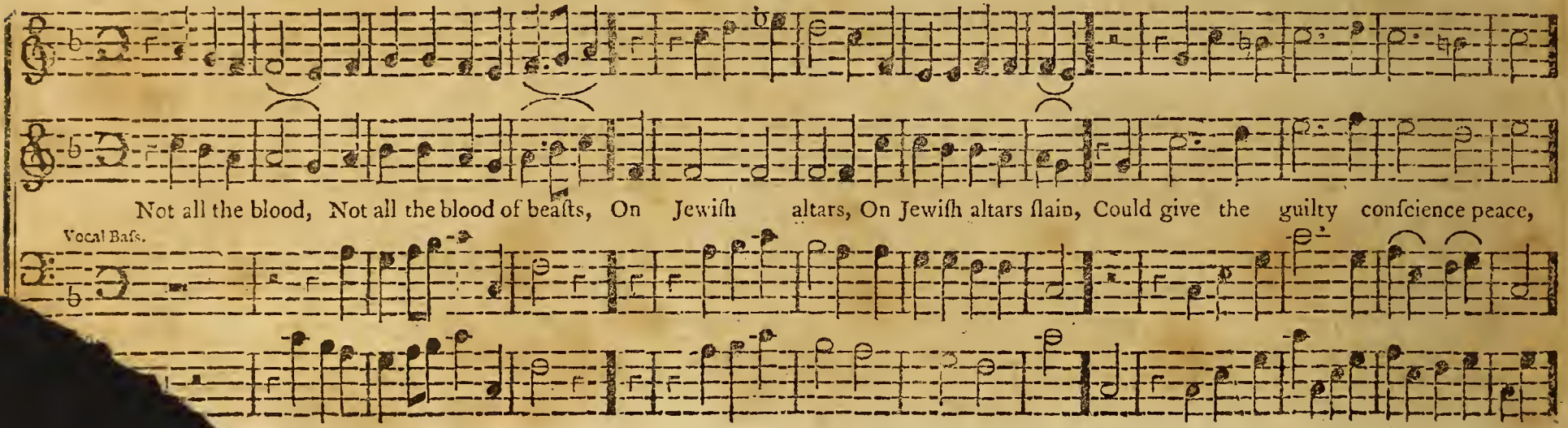


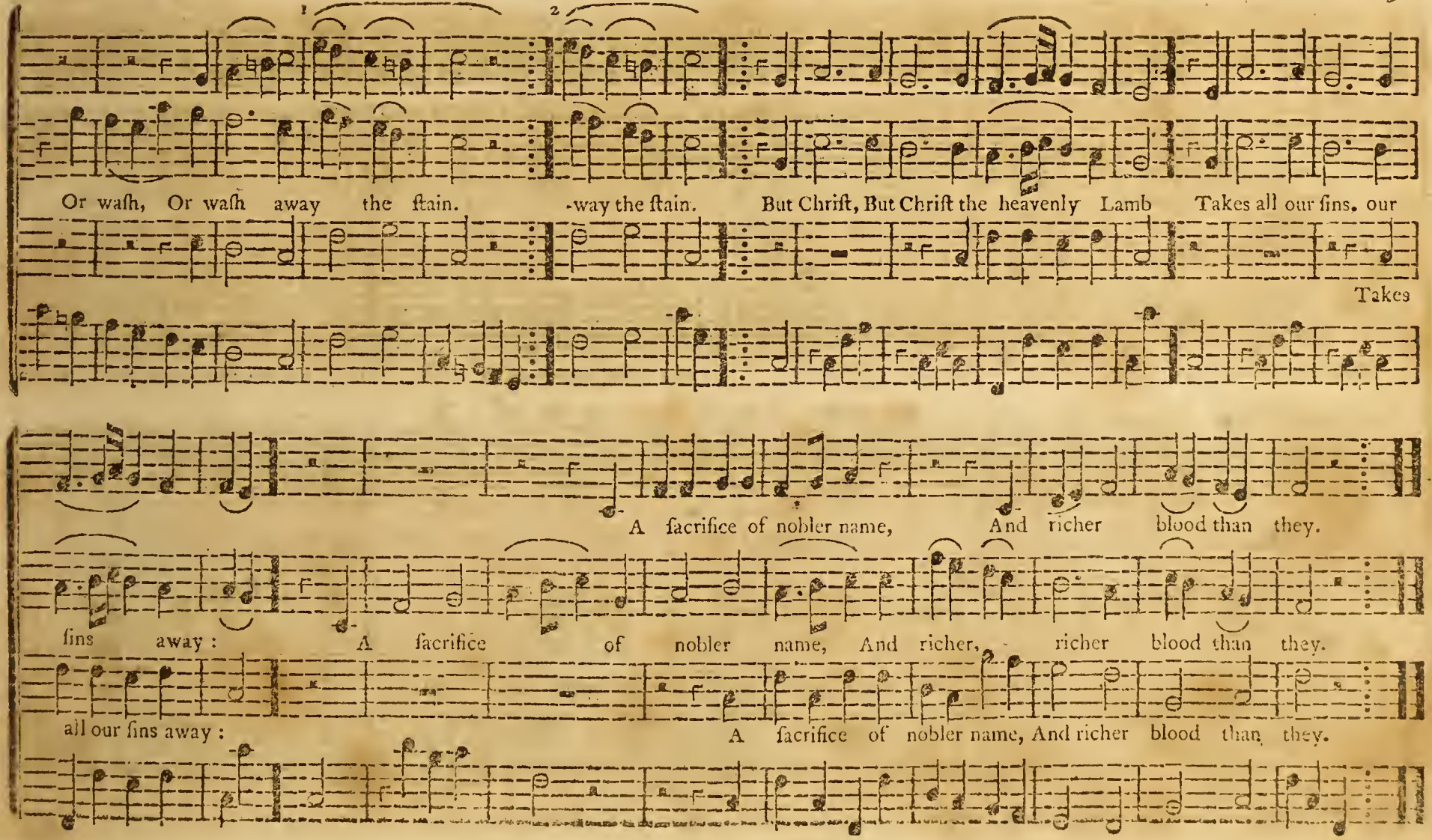

H. 15. NORFOLK. S. M. *BROWNSON.*

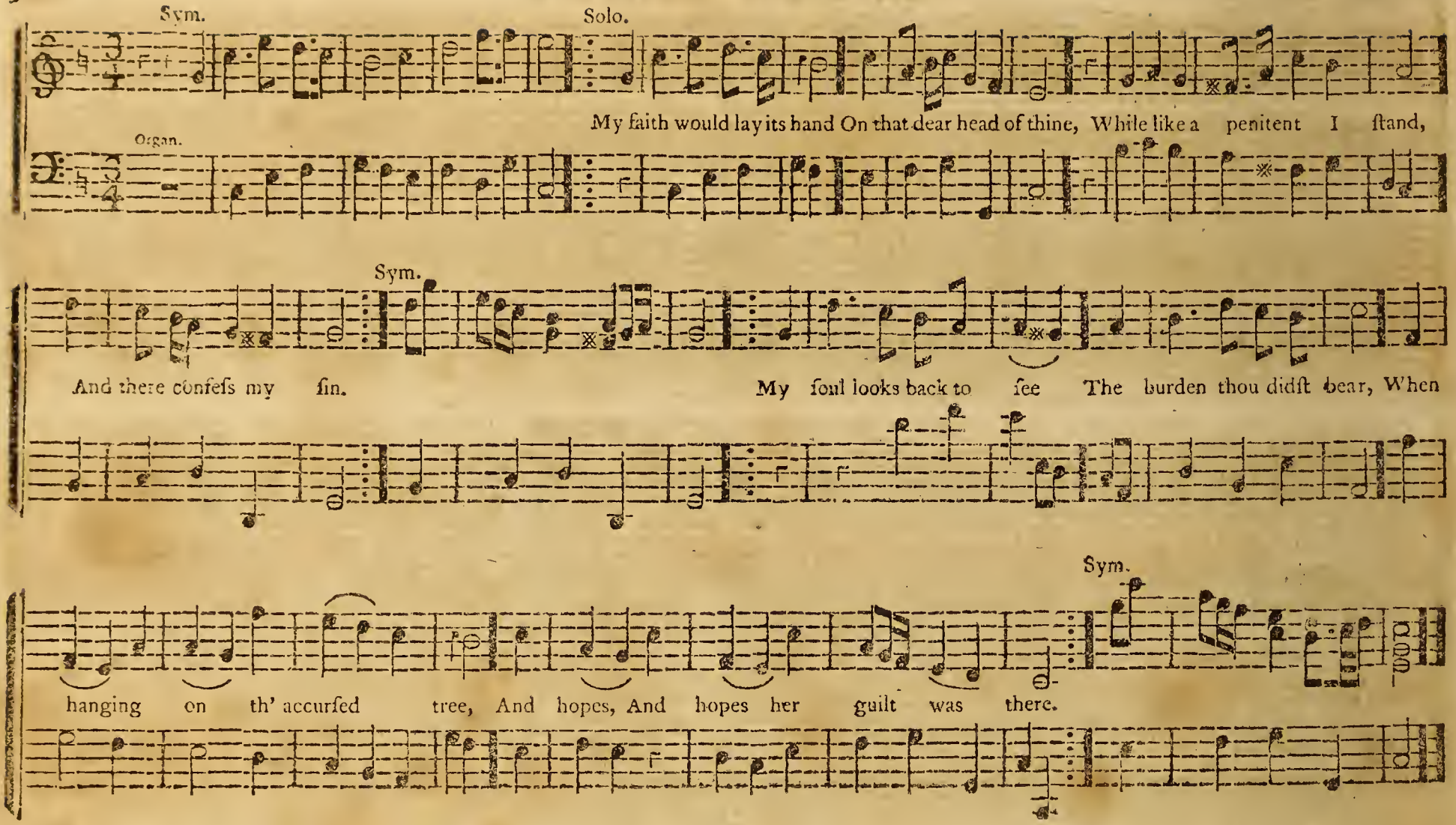




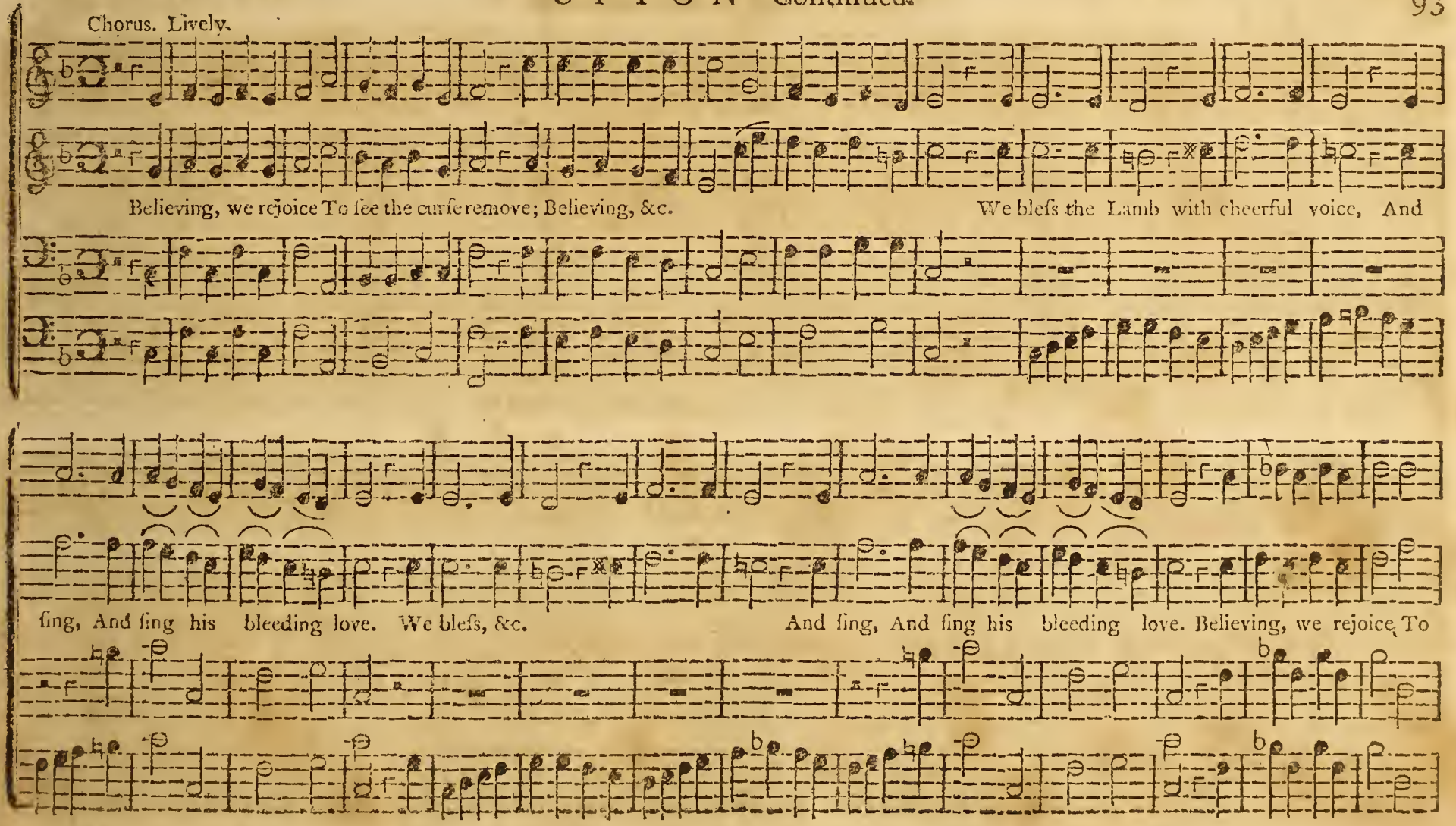

H. 142, B. II. Watts. UPTON. S. M. DR. ARNOLD.

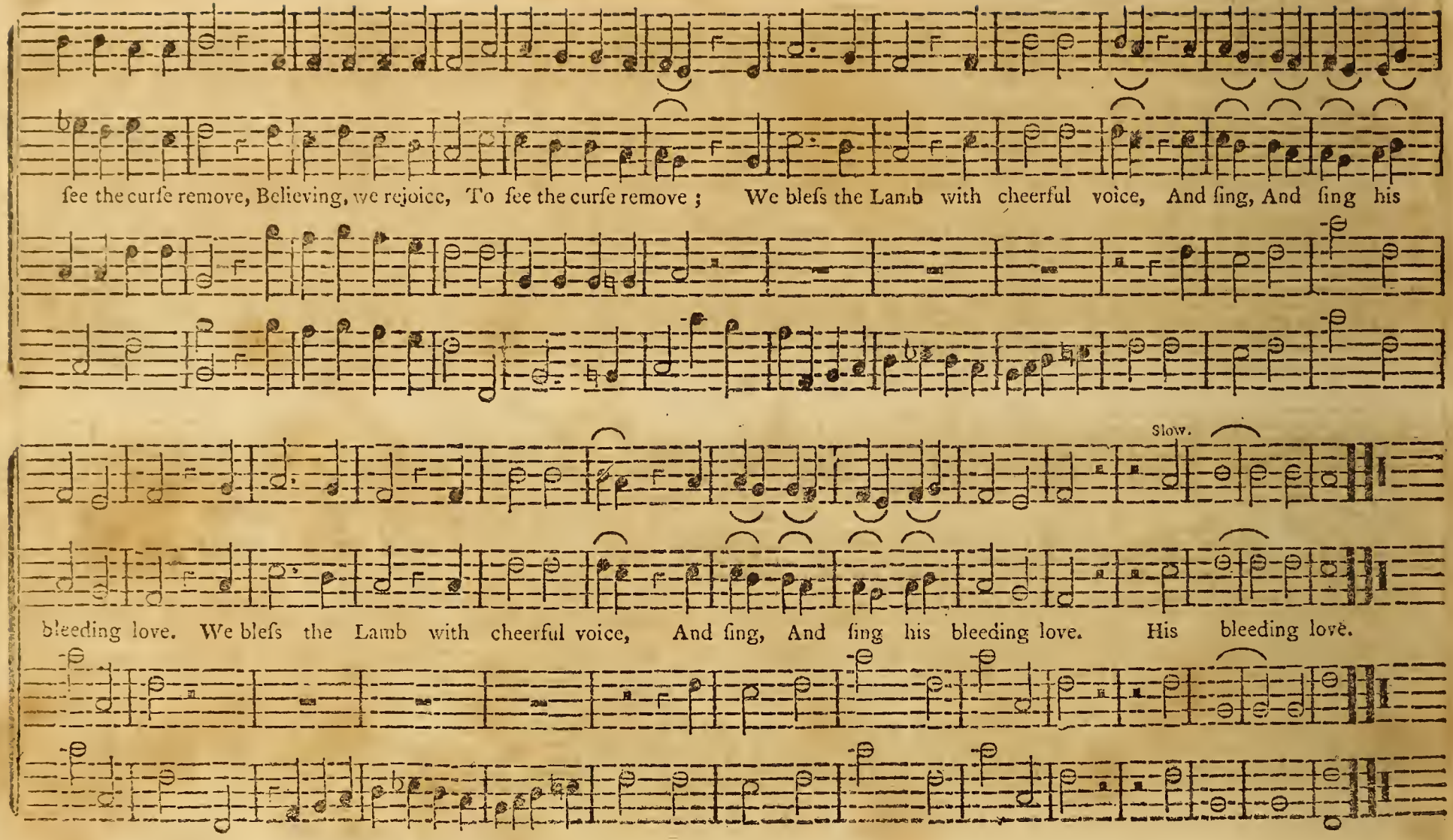


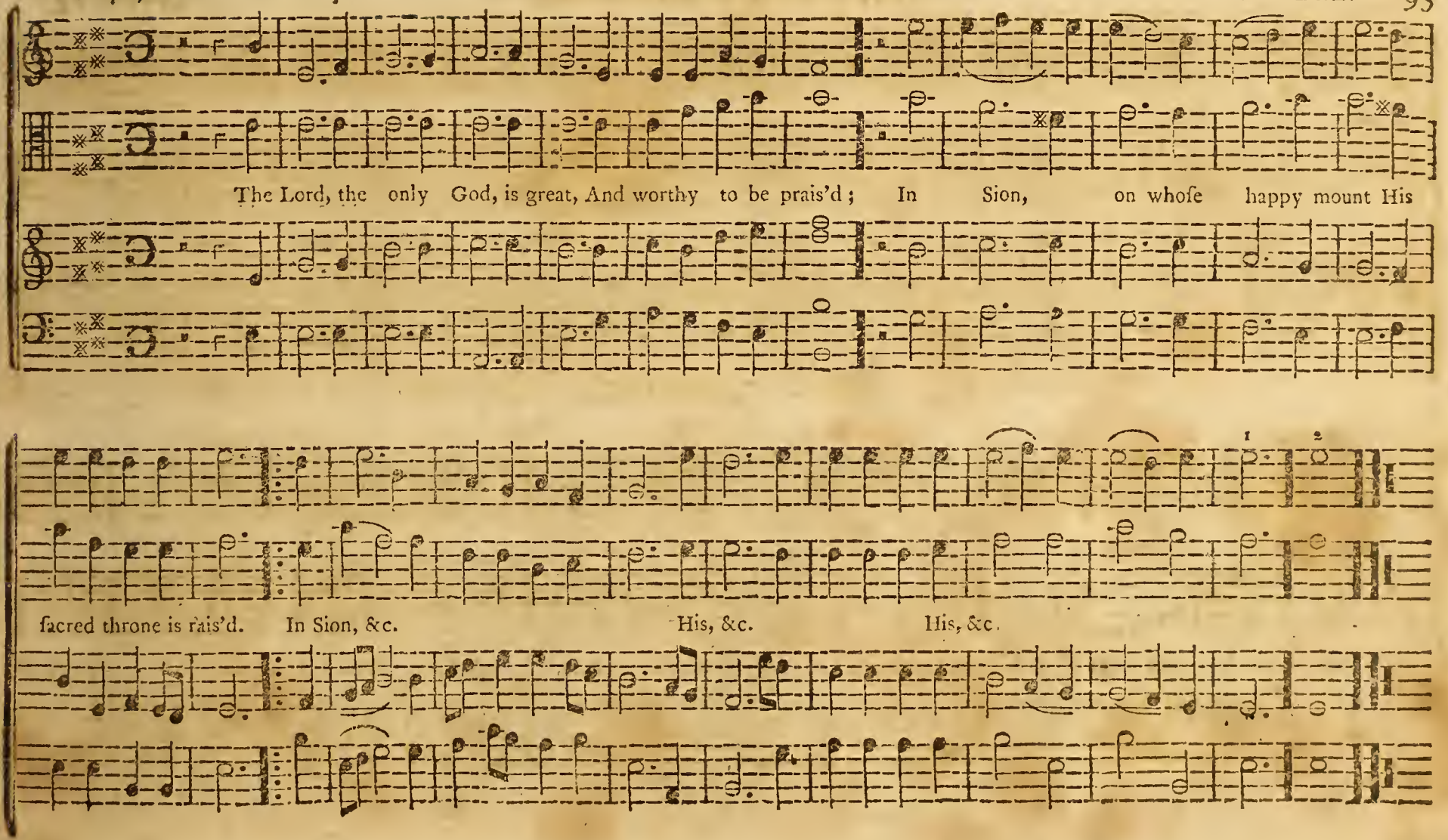

1
2
Or wash, Or wash away the stain. -way the stain. But Christ, But Christ the heavenly Lamb Takes all our sins, our
Takes
A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.
sins away : A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer, richer blood than they.
all our sins away :
A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.

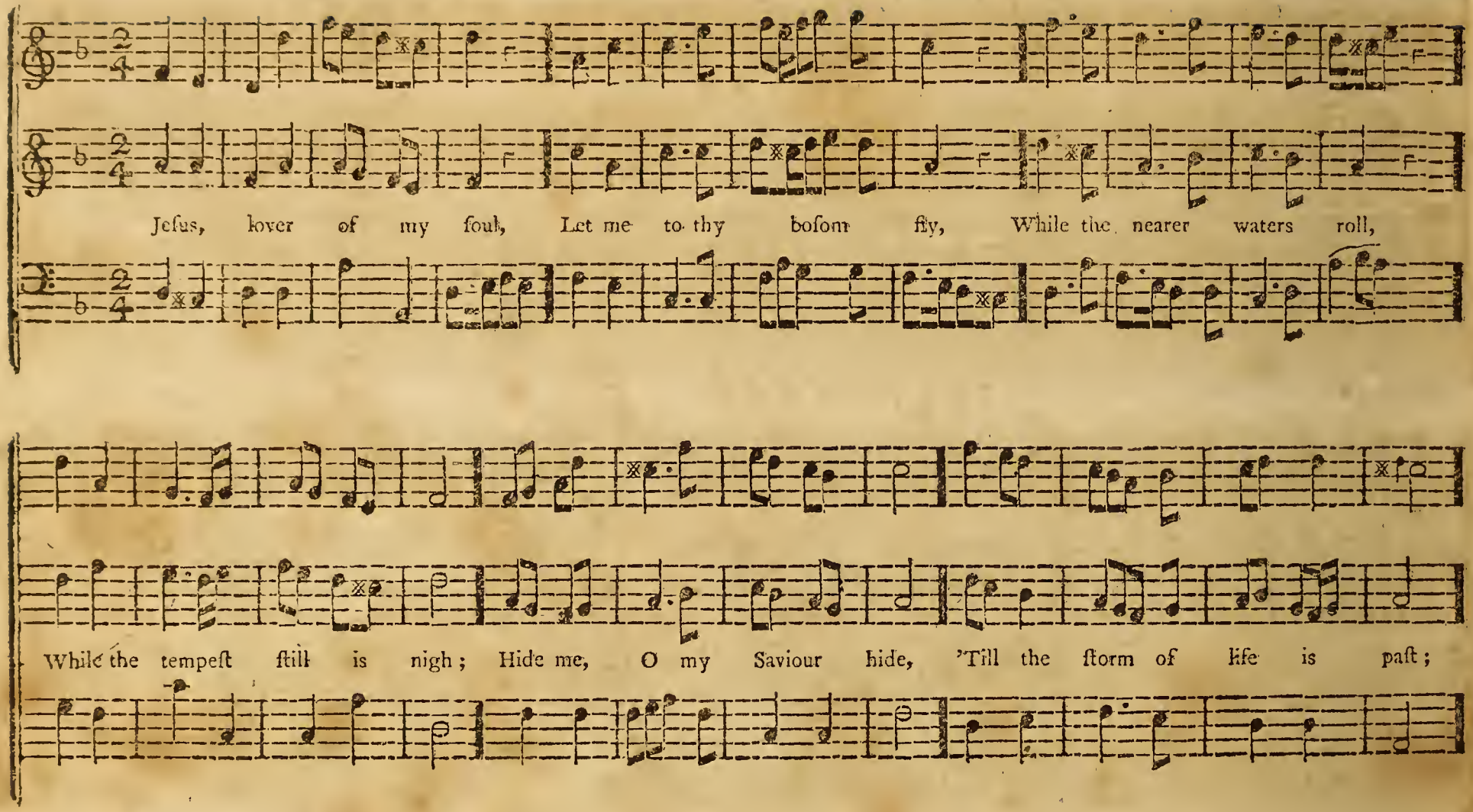

Sym.
Solo.
My faith would lay its hand On that dear head of thine, While like a penitent I ſtand,
Organ.
Sym.
And there confeſs my ſin. My ſoul looks back to ſee The burden thou didſt bear, When
Sym.
hanging on th' accurſed tree, And hopes, And hopes her guilt was there.

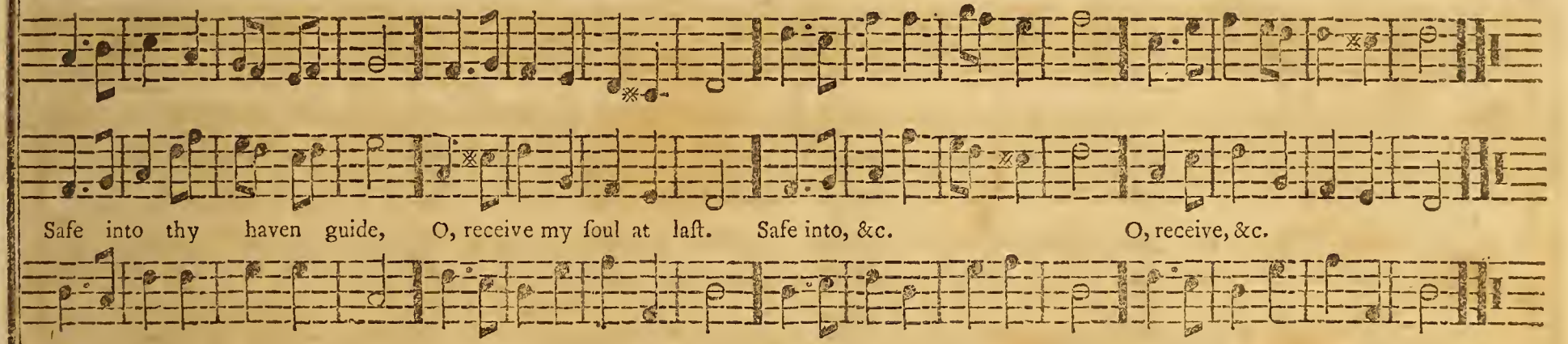
Chorus. Lively.



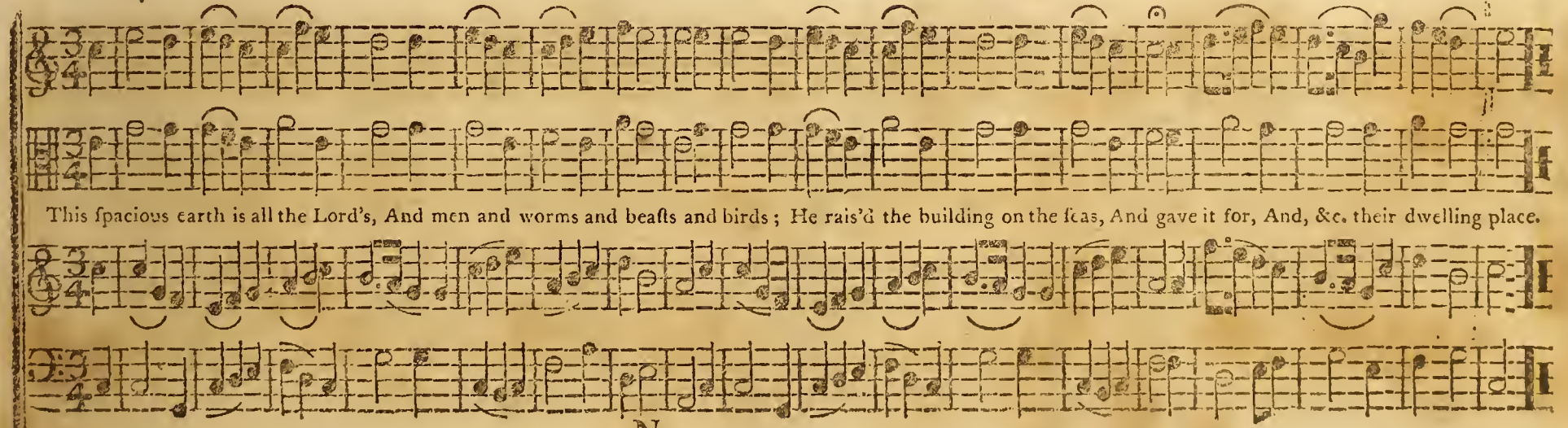

fee the curſe remove, Believing, we rejoice, To fee the curſe remove ; We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice, And ſing, And ſing his
Slow.
bleeding love. We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice, And ſing, And ſing his bleeding love. His bleeding love.

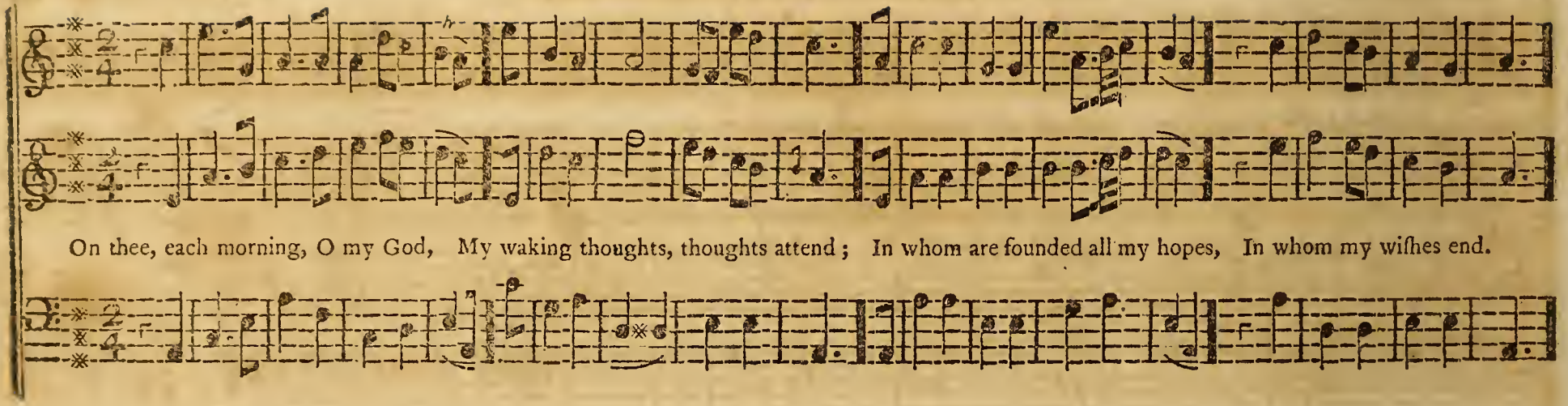

The Lord, the only God, is great, And worthy to be prais'd; In Sion, on whose happy mount His
facred throne is rais'd. In Sion, &c. His, &c. His, &c.


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;

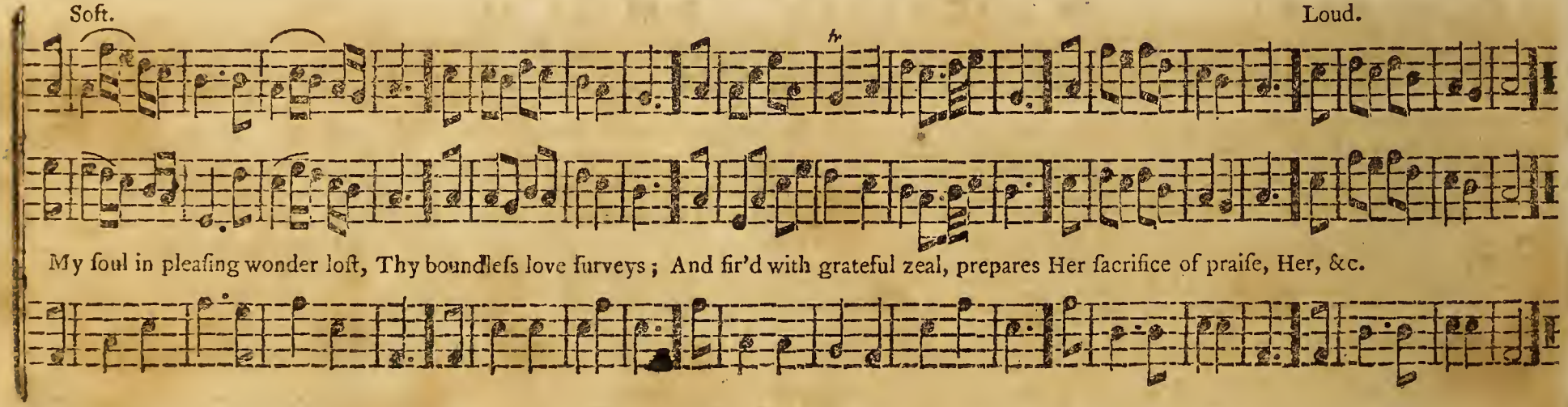



Ps. 24. ISLINGTON. C. M. WILLIAMS' COL.

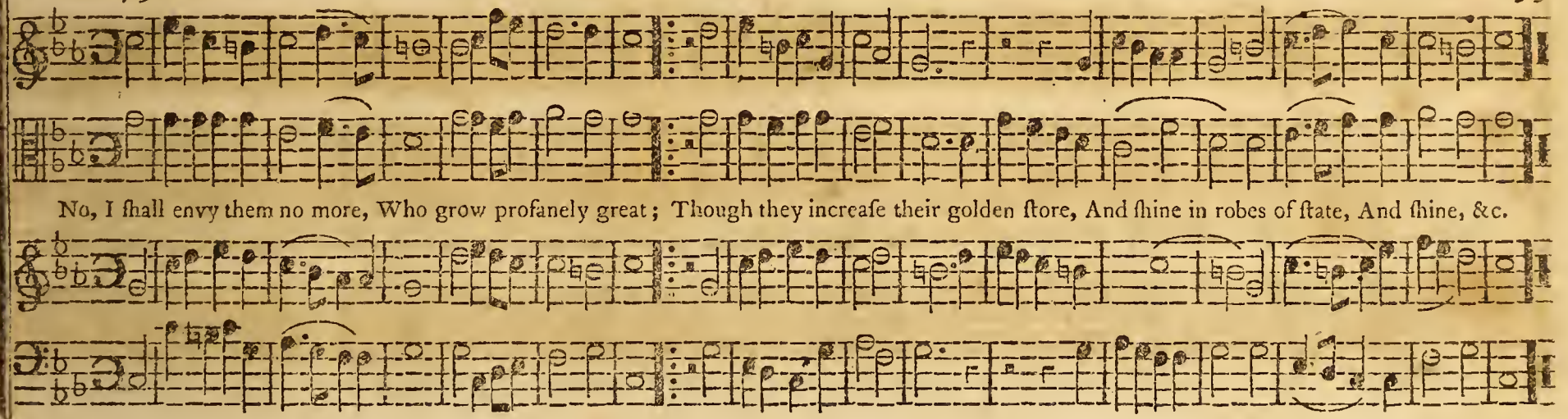




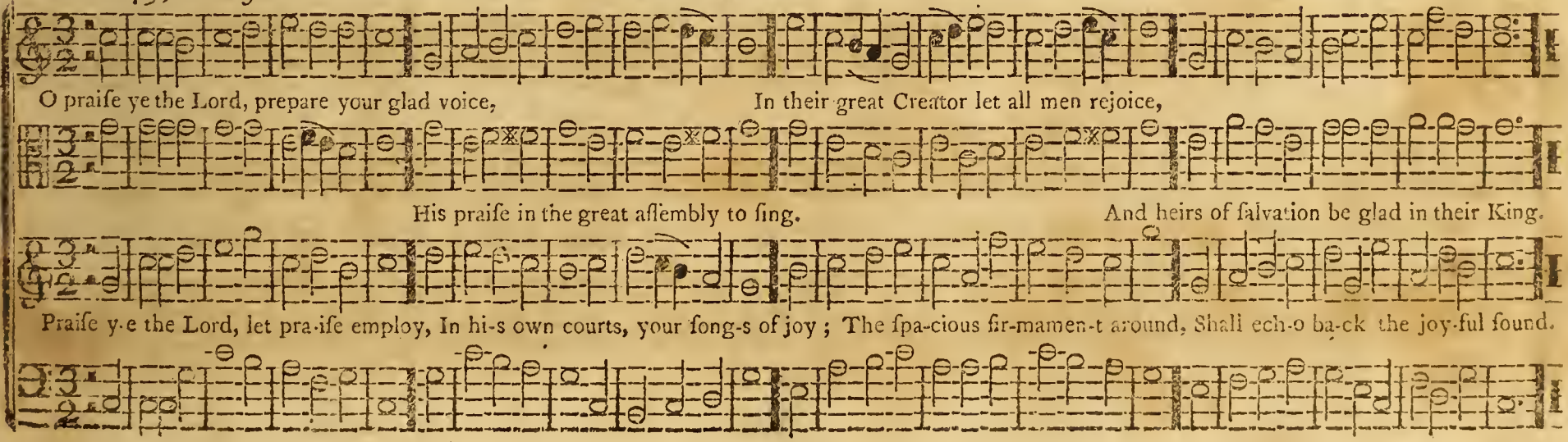
On thee, each morning, O my God, My waking thoughts, thoughts attend; In whom are founded all my hopes, In whom my wiſhes end.

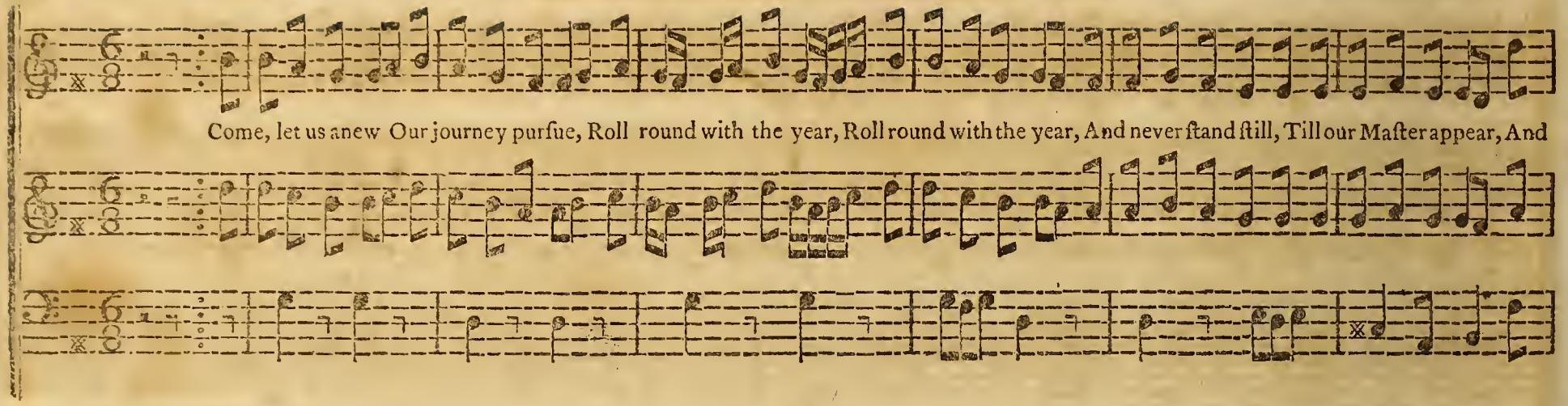


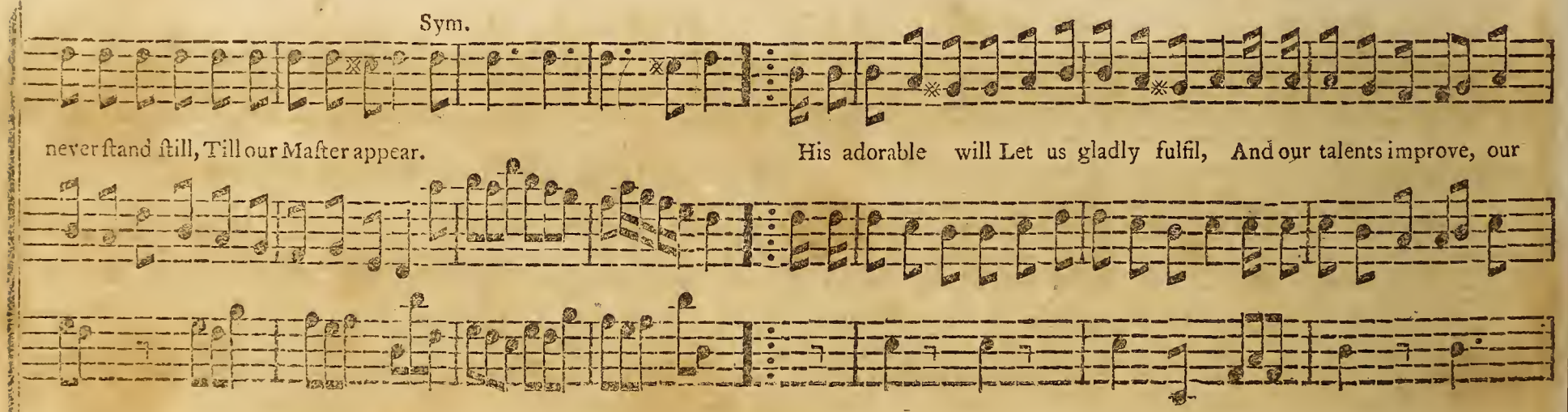

My ſoul in pleaſing wonder loſt, Thy boundleſs love ſurveys; And fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares Her ſacrifice of praiſe, Her, &c.

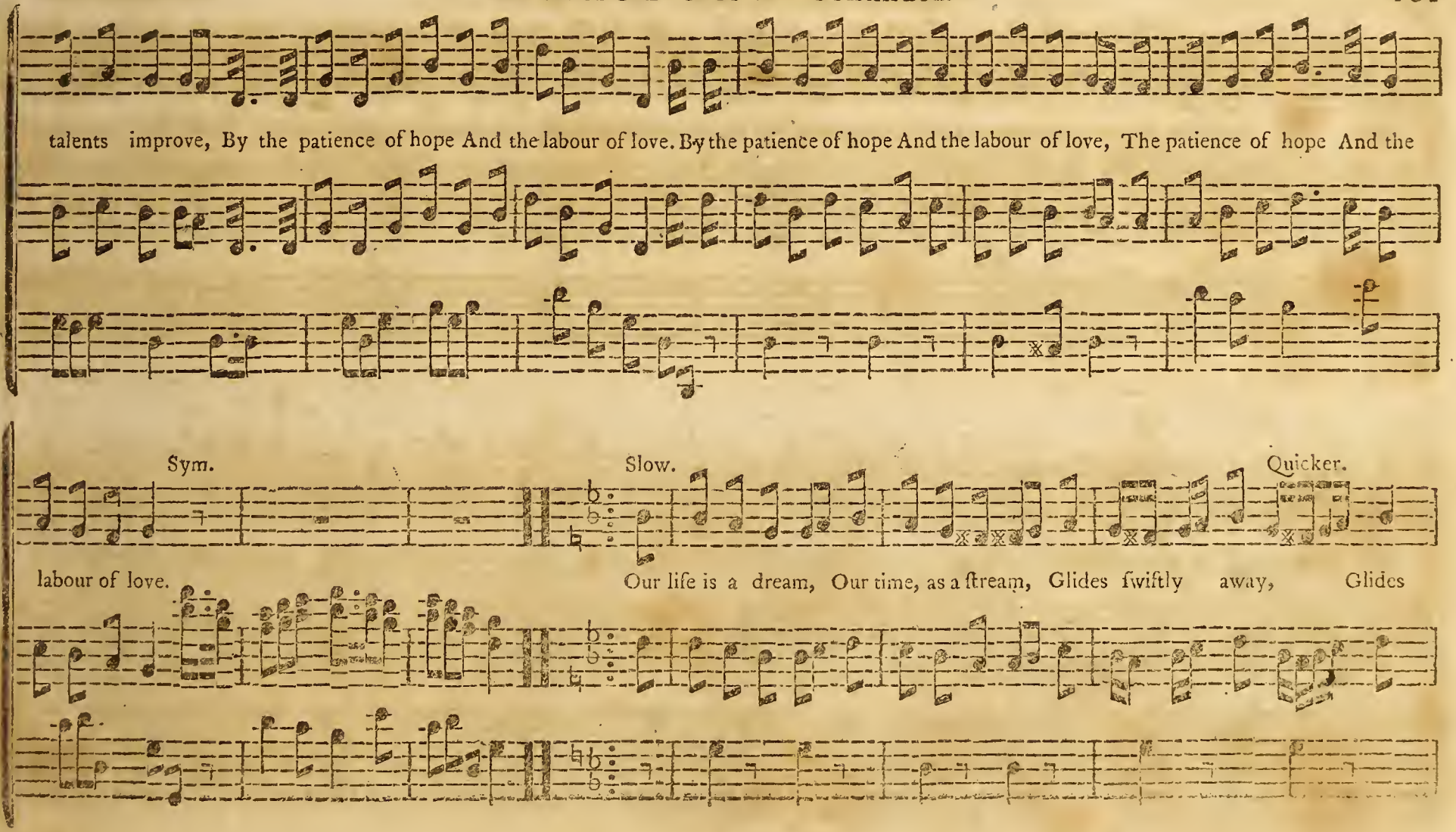



Ps. 149, *or* 150. St. MICHAEL's. P. M. *or* L. M. HANDEL.

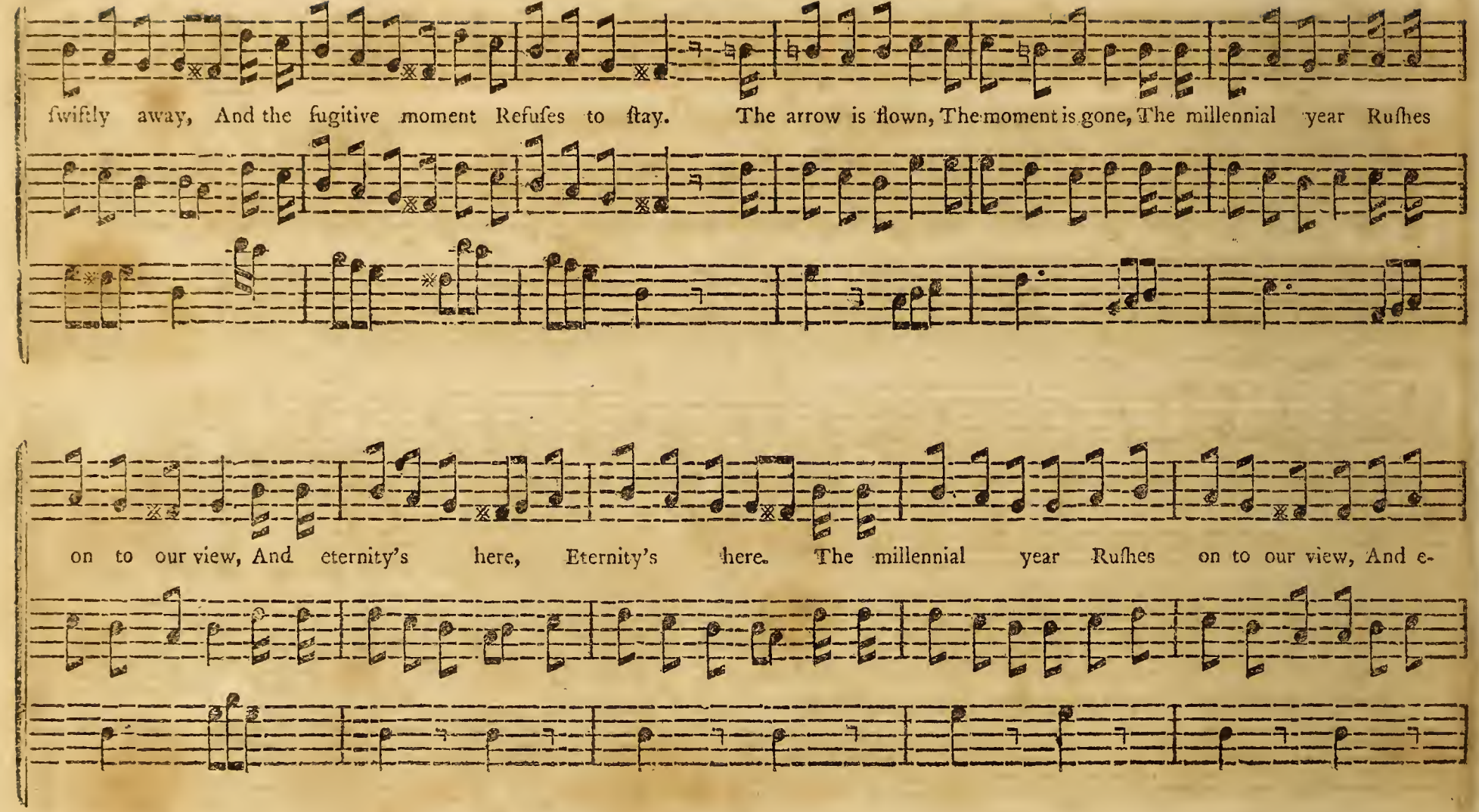


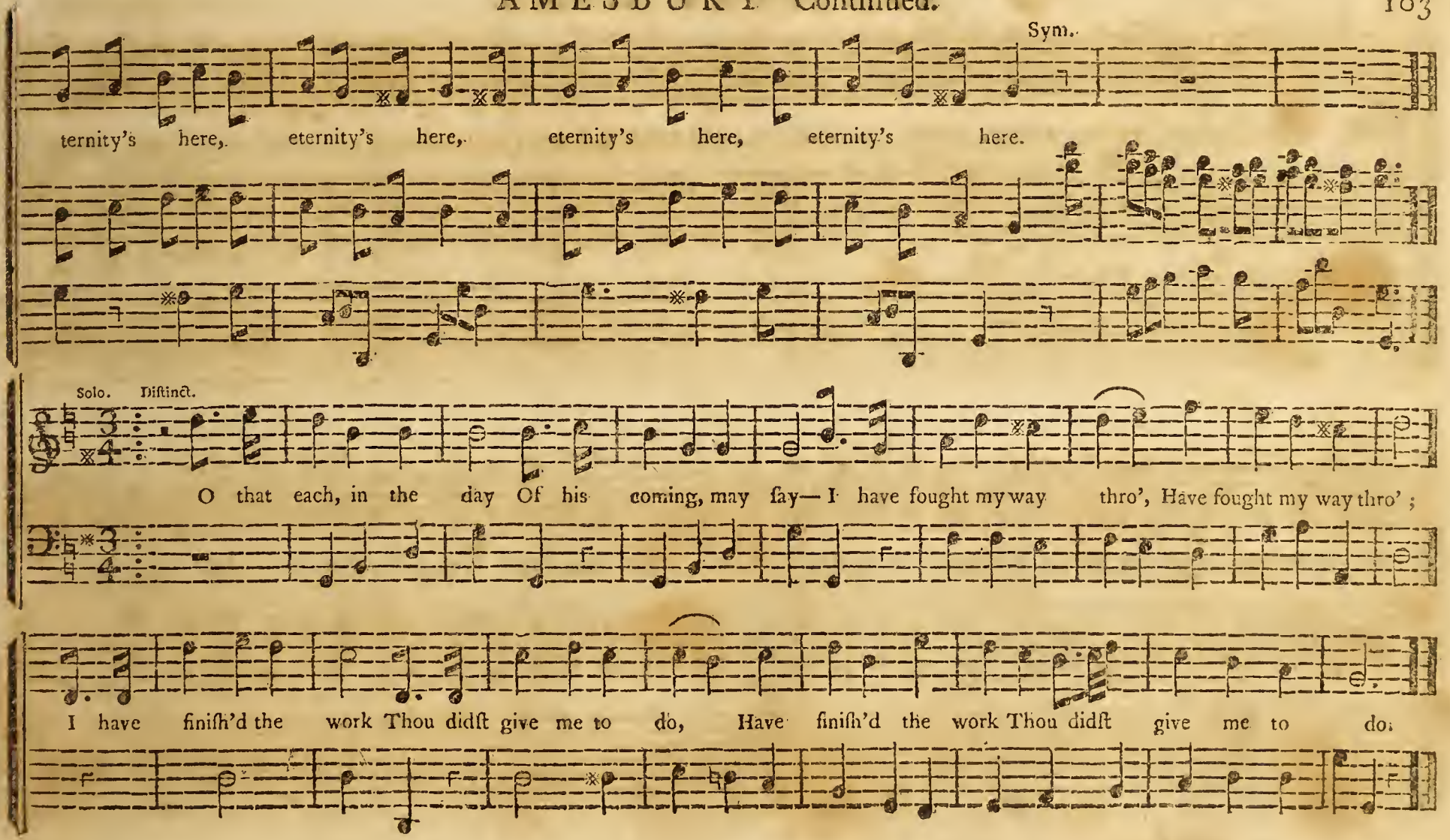

Come, let us anew Our journey purſue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And never ſtand ſtill, Till our Maſter appear, And


Sym.
never ſtand ſtill, Till our Maſter appear.
His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil, And our talents improve, our

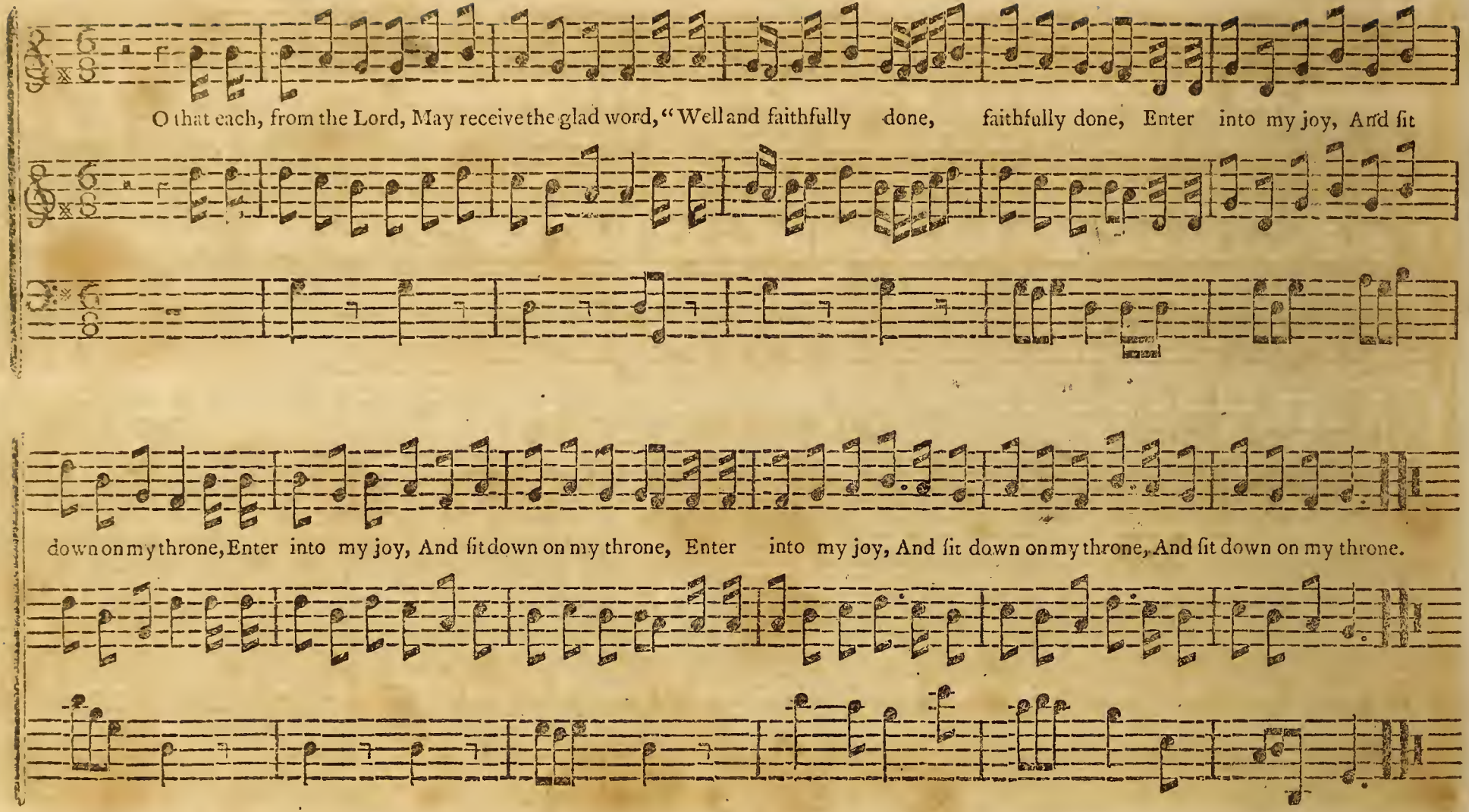

talents improve, By the patience of hope And the labour of love. By the patience of hope And the labour of love, The patience of hope And the
Sym.
Slow.
Quicker.
labour of love.
Our life is a dream, Our time, as a ſtream, Glides ſwiftly away, Glides

# AMESBURY Continued.

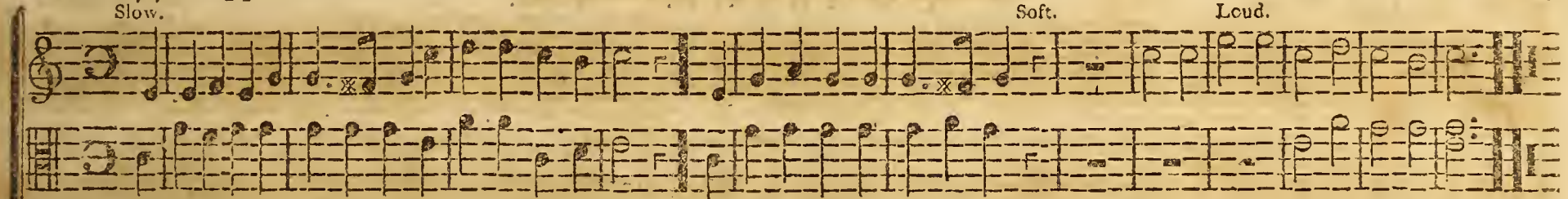



Sym.
ternity's here, eternity's here, eternity's here, eternity's here.
Solo. Distinct.
O that each, in the day Of his coming, may say— I have fought my way thro', Have fought my way thro';
I have finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do, Have finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do.

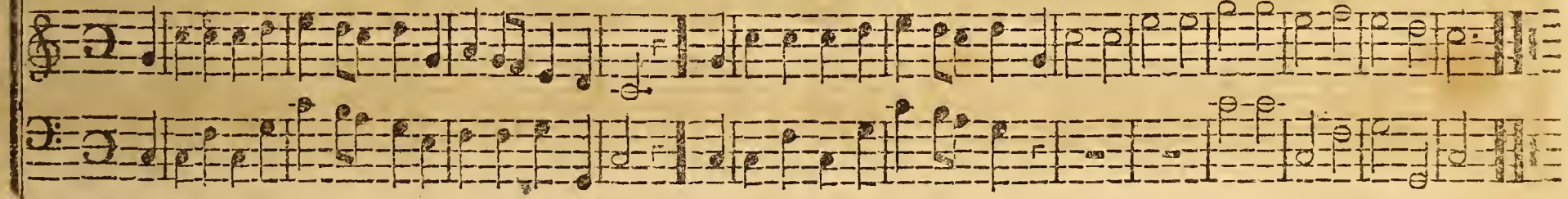
# AMESBURY Continued.



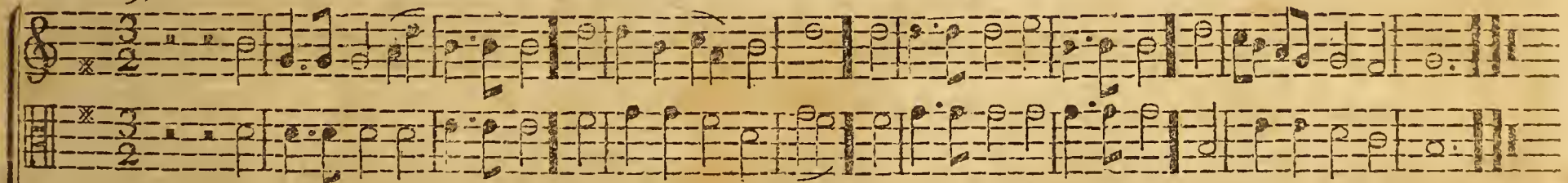
Slow. Soft. Loud.



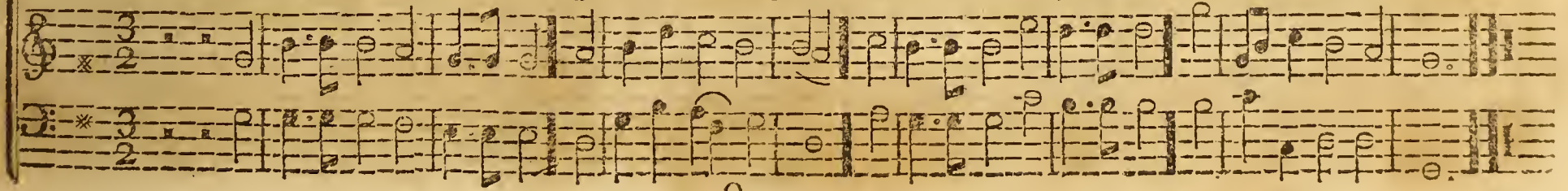
All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him, :‖: :‖: :‖: Lord of all.

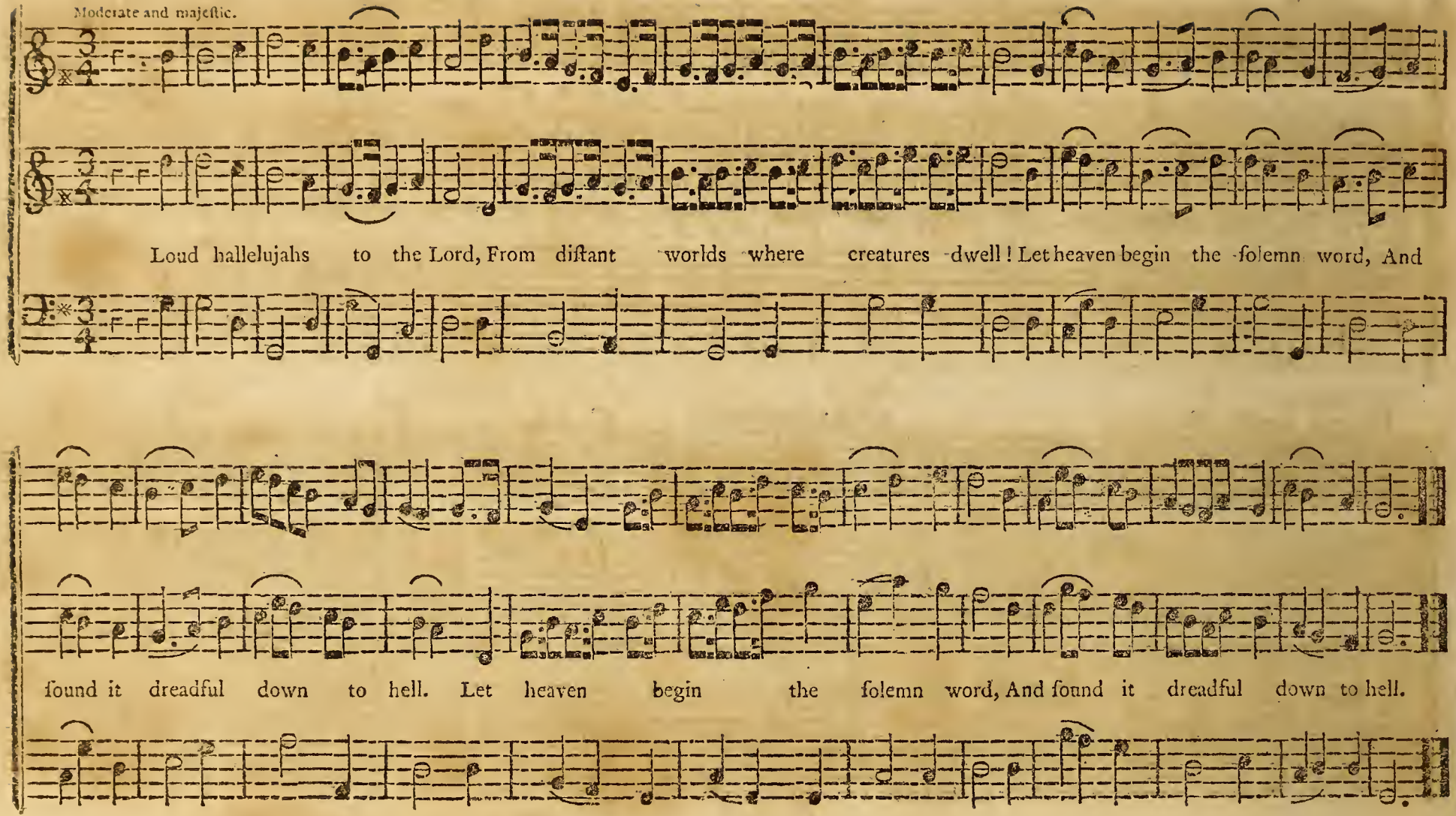


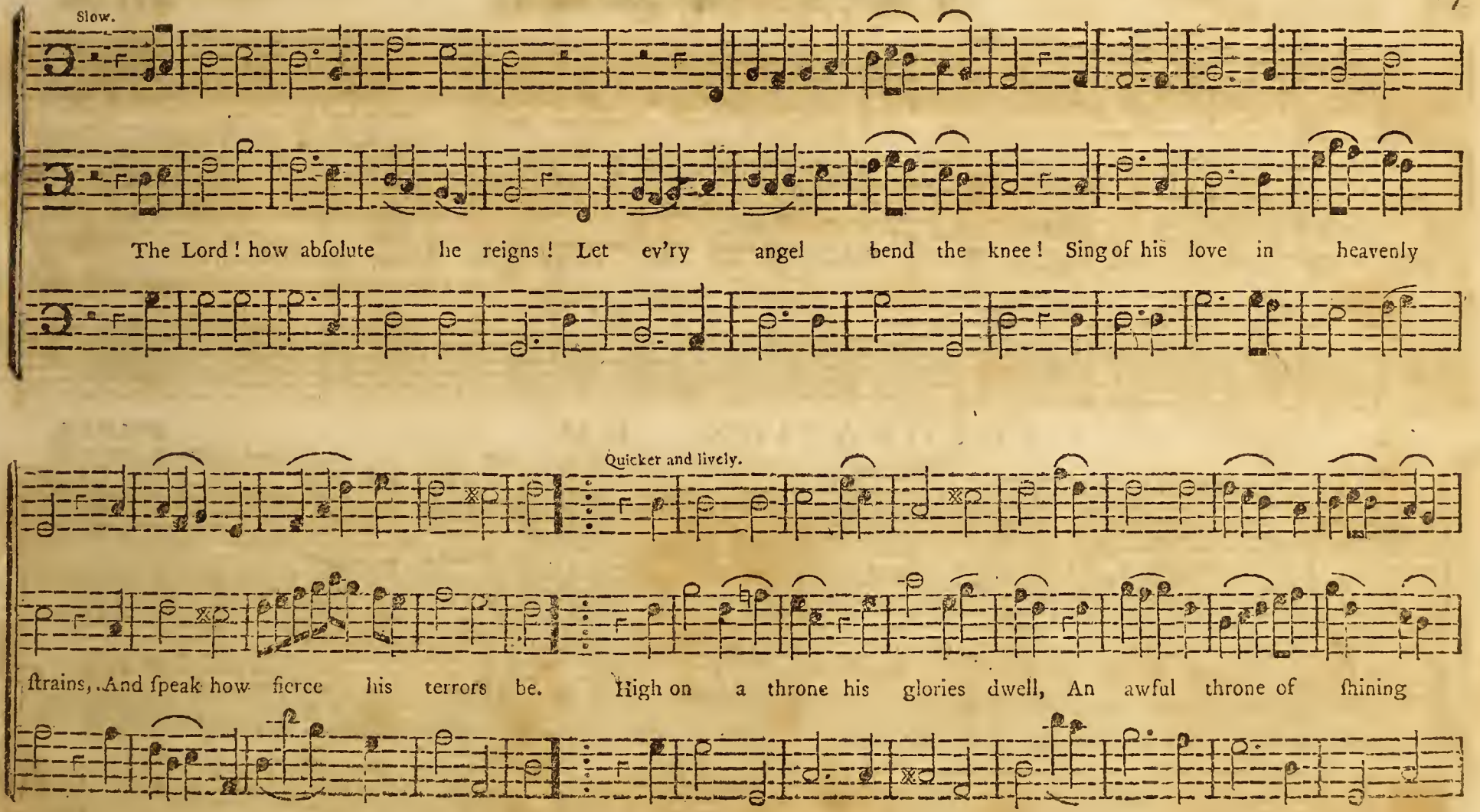
H. 29, B. II. Watts. ARLINGTON. C. M. DR. ARNE.

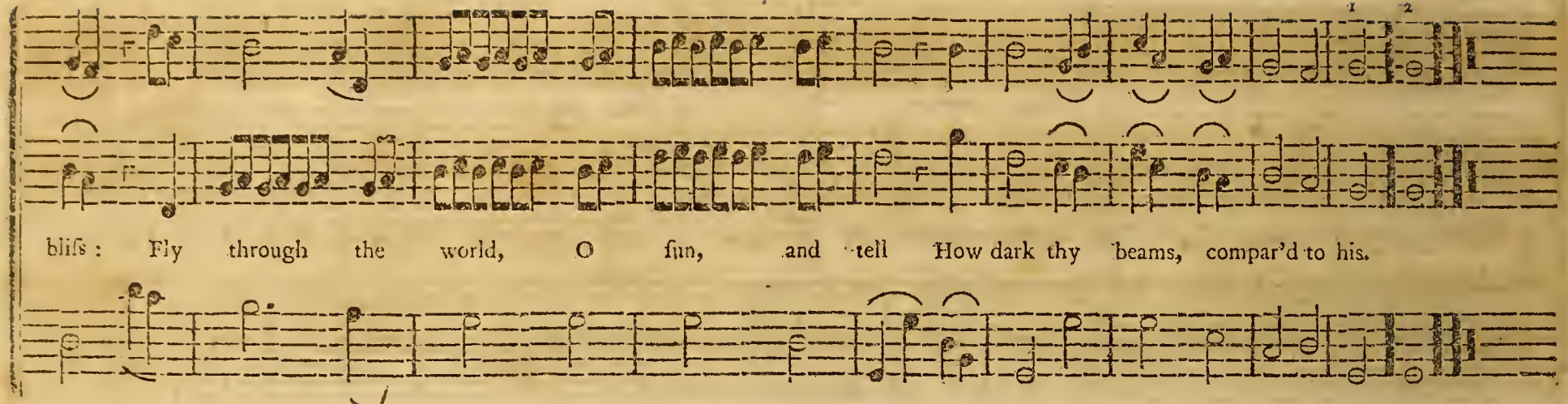


Jesus, with all thy saints above, My tongue would bear her part; Would sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.



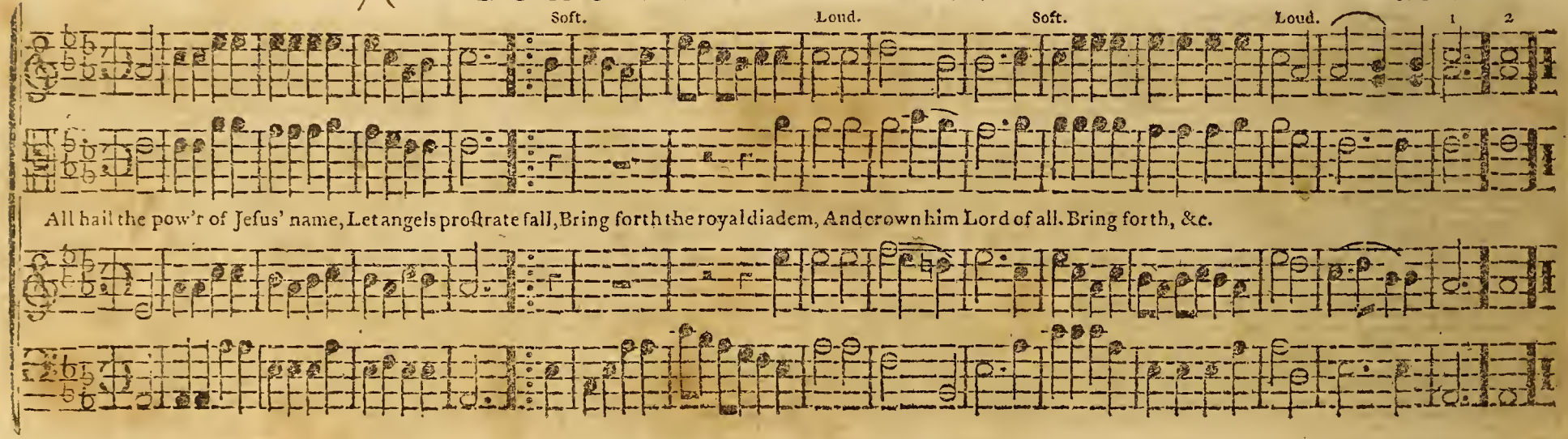

Moderate and majeſtic.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, From diſtant worlds where creatures dwell! Let heaven begin the ſolemn word, And
found it dreadful down to hell. Let heaven begin the ſolemn word, And found it dreadful down to hell.

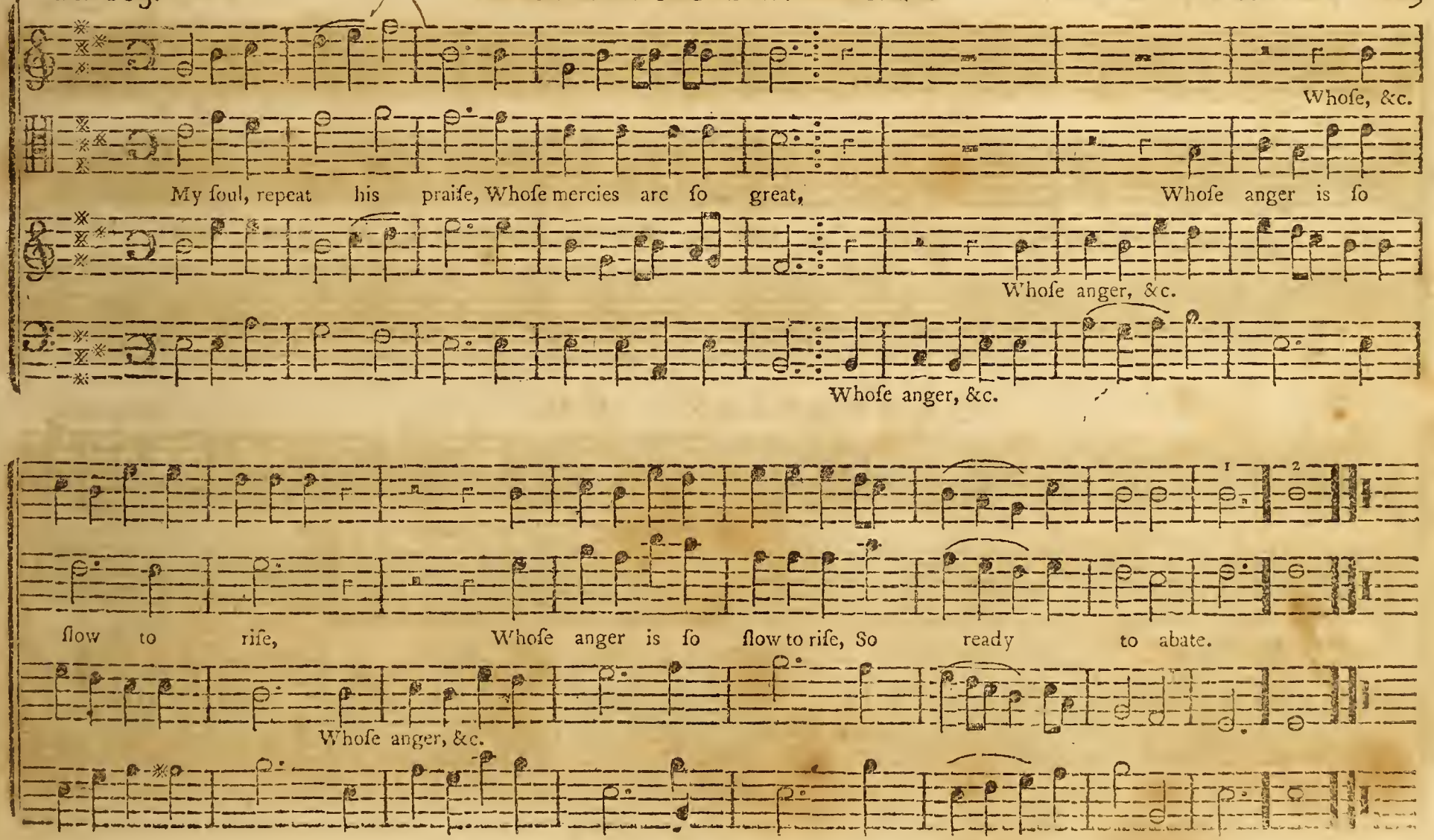

Slow.
The Lord! how abſolute he reigns! Let ev'ry angel bend the knee! Sing of his love in heavenly
Quicker and lively.
ſtrains, And ſpeak how fierce his terrors be. High on a throne his glories dwell, An awful throne of ſhining

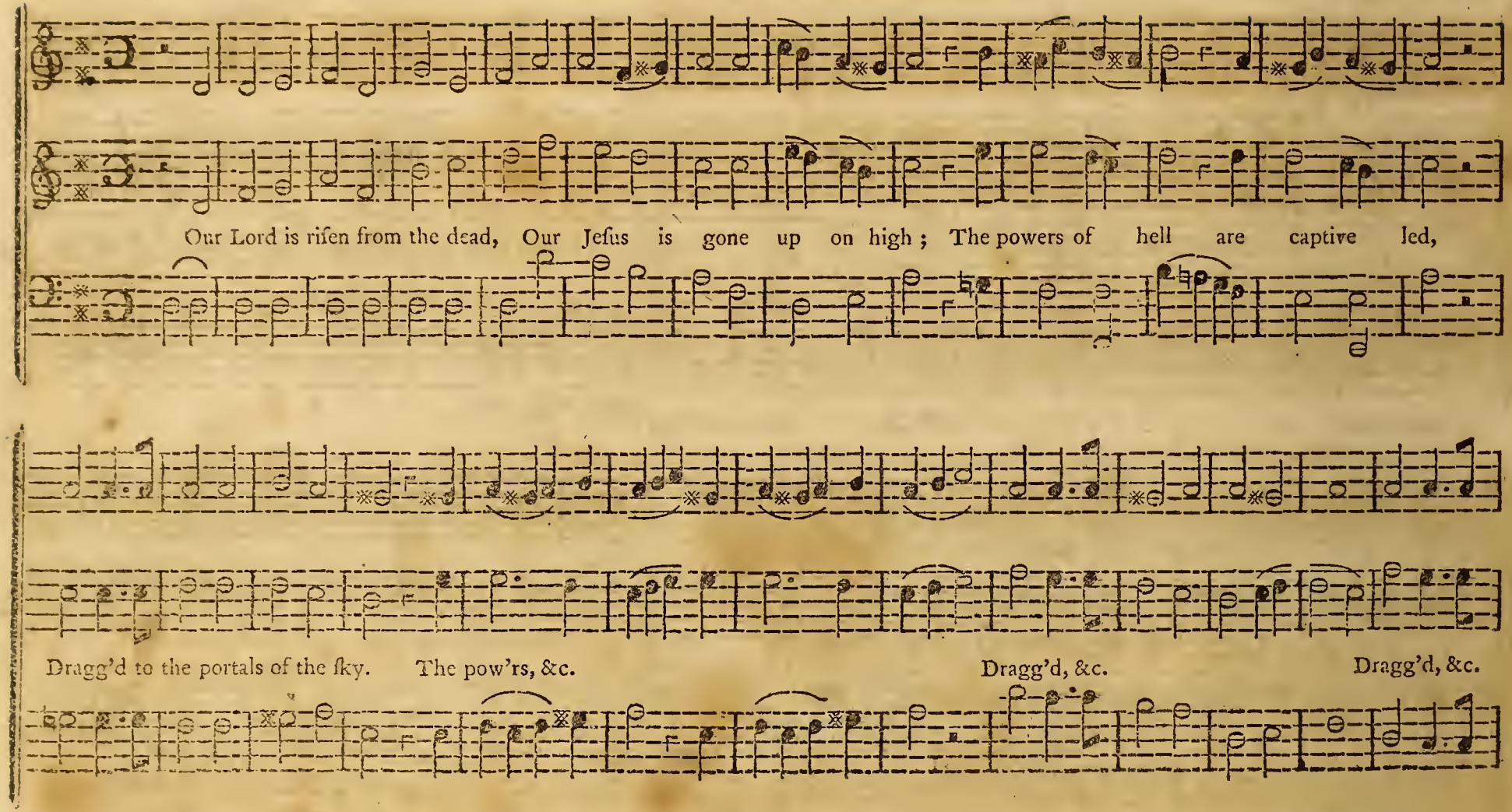



## CORONATION. C.M.

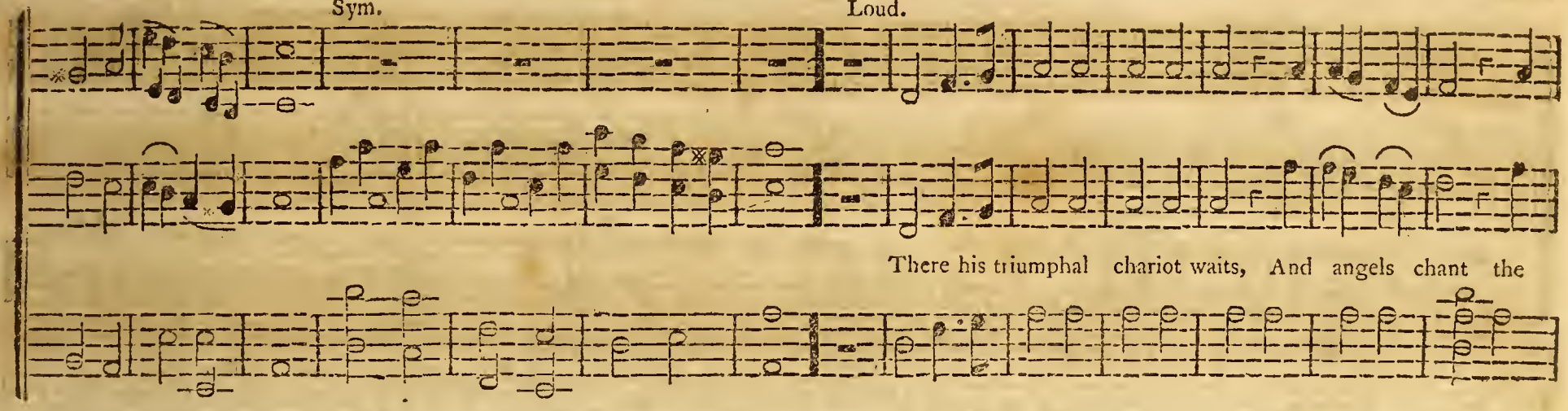
*HOLDEN.*



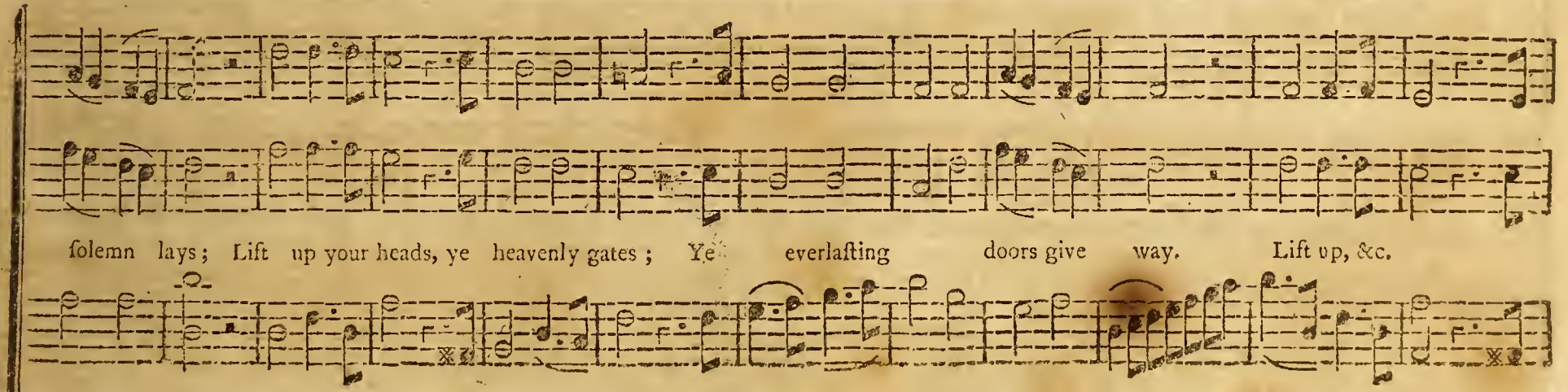

Whoſe, &c.
My ſoul, repeat his praiſe, Whoſe mercies are ſo great, Whoſe anger is ſo
Whoſe anger, &c.
Whoſe anger, &c.
1
2
ſlow to riſe, Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe, So ready to abate.
Whoſe anger, &c.


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

Sym. Loud.



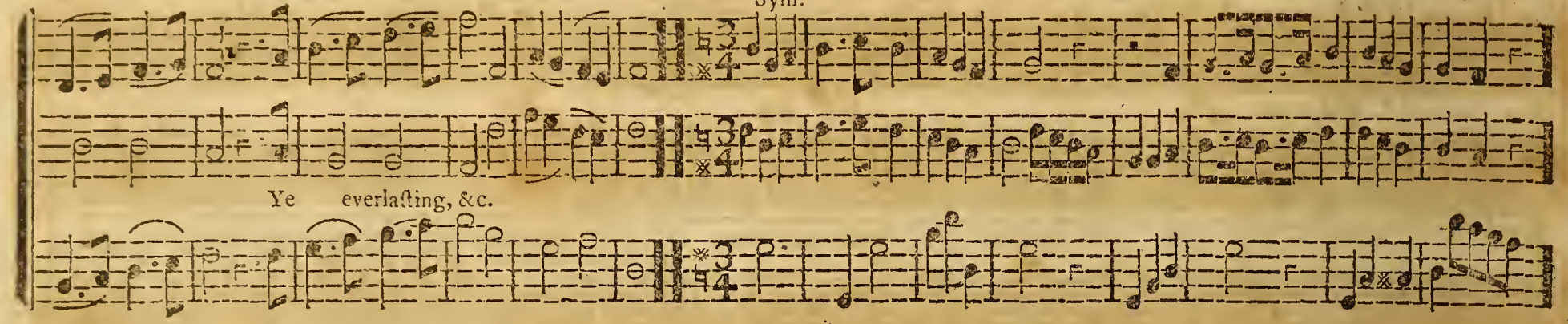
There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the



solemn lays; Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates; Ye everlasting doors give way. Lift up, &c.

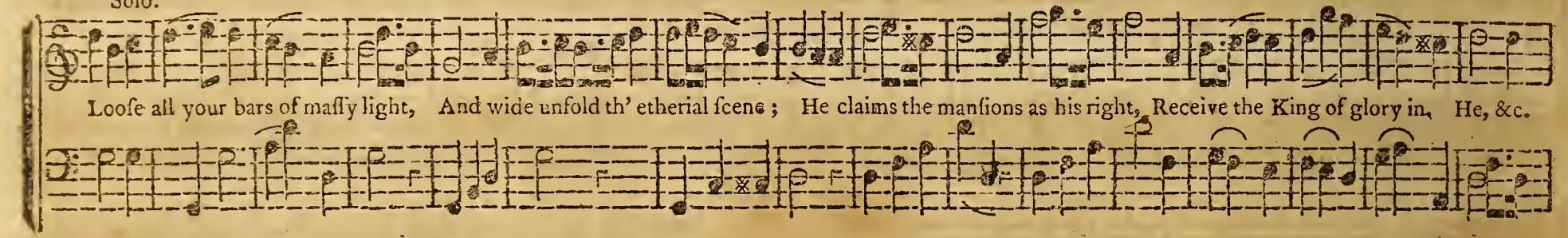
# CHESHUNT Continued.

Sym.



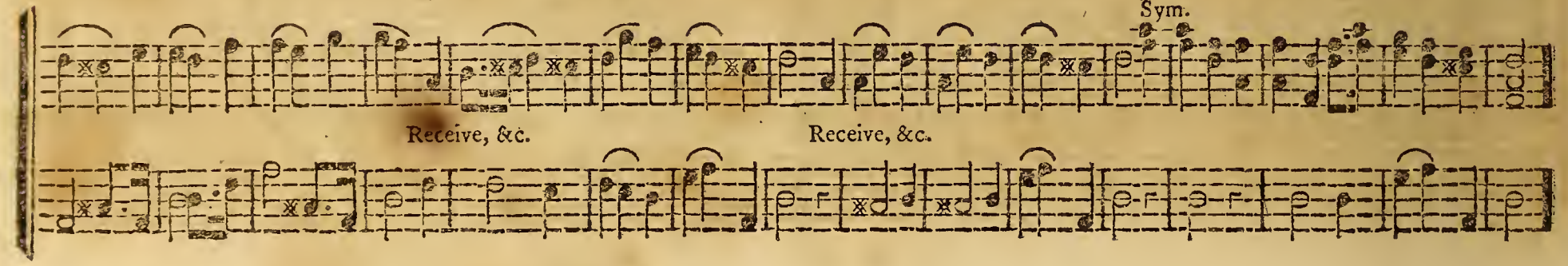
Ye everlasting, &c.

Solo.

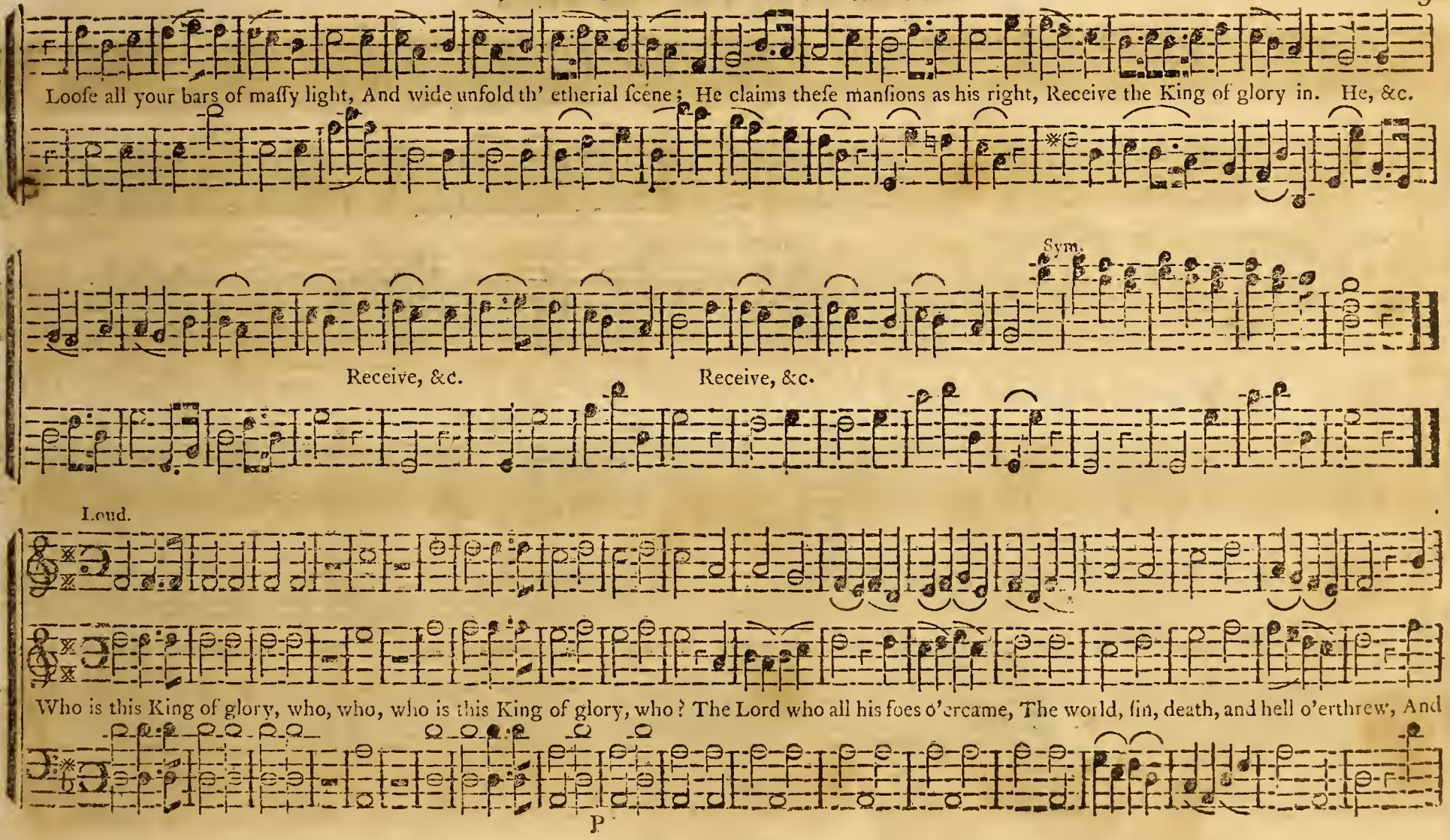


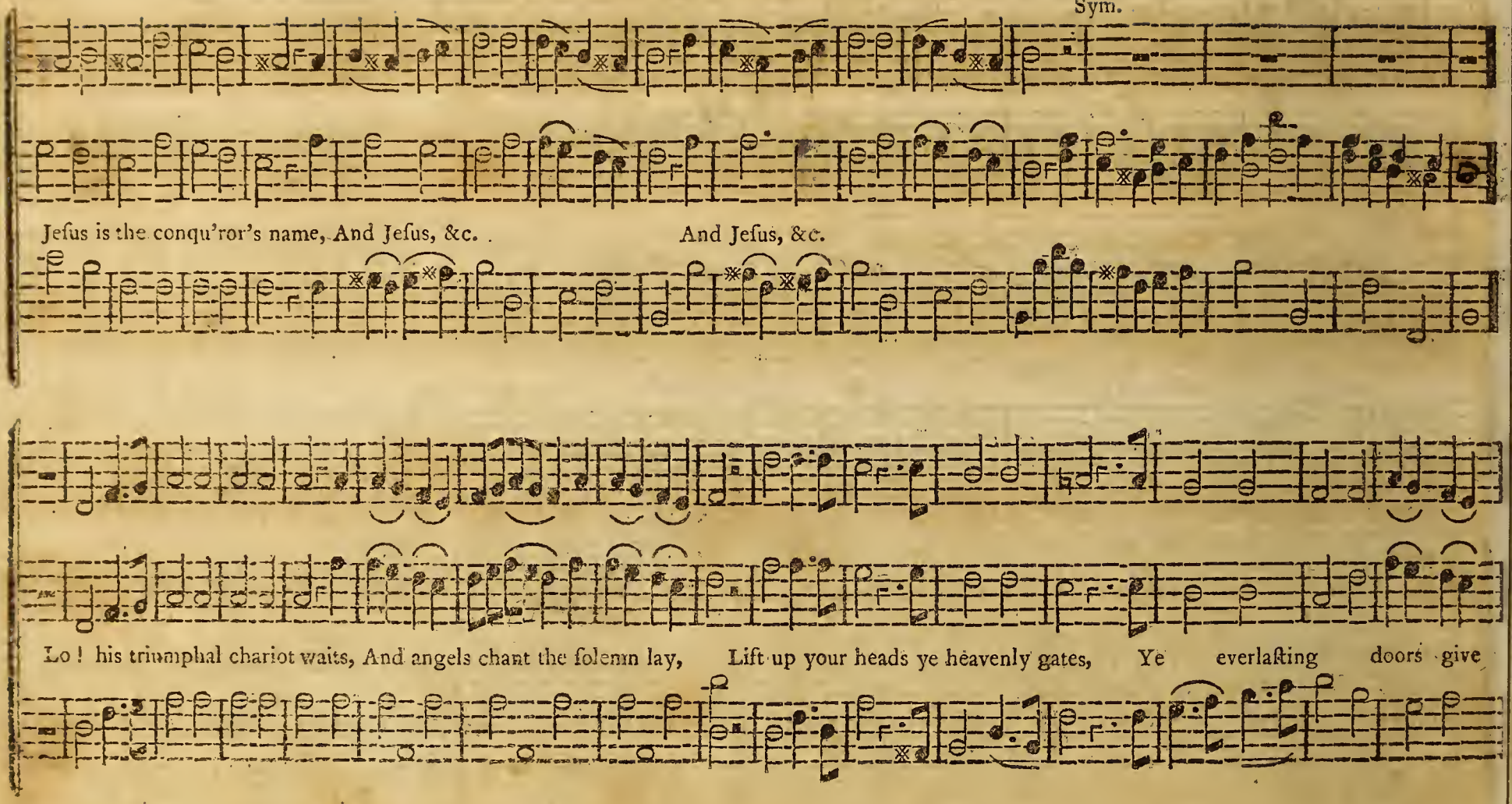
Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold th' etherial scene; He claims the mansions as his right, Receive the King of glory in, He, &c.

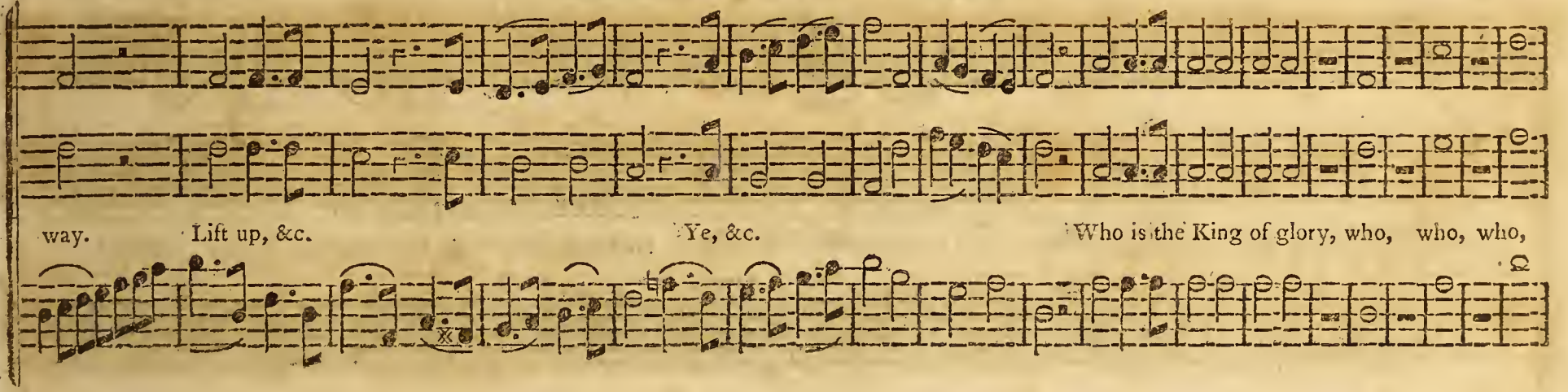
Sym.

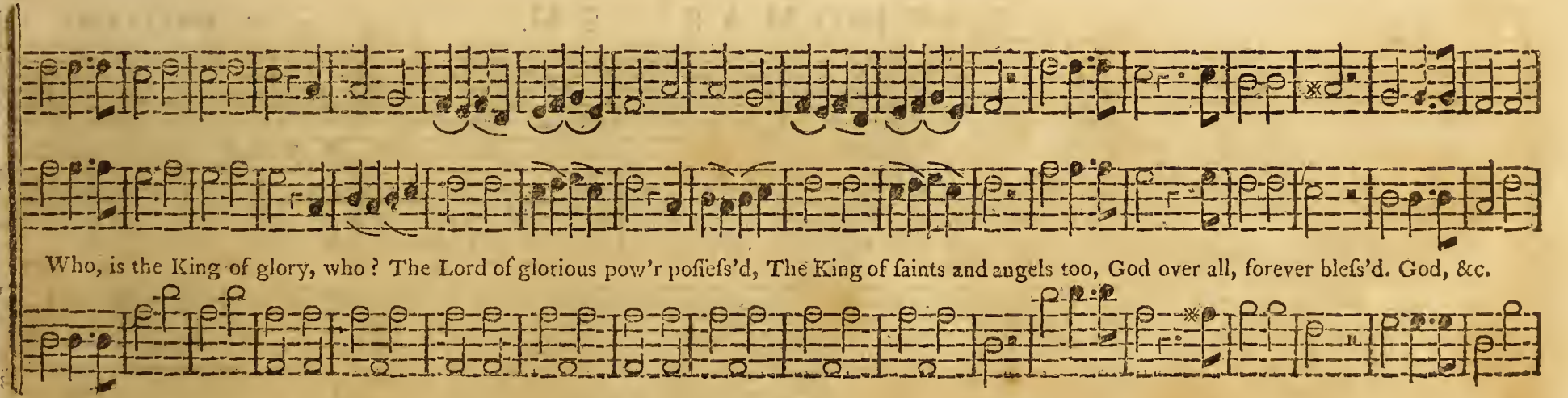


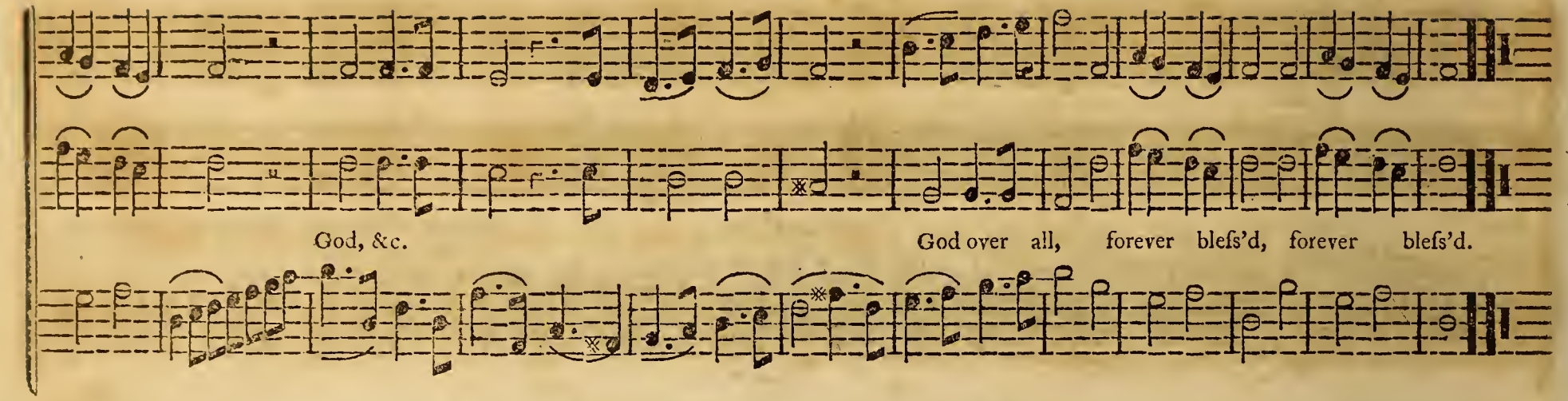
Receive, &c. Receive, &c.


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

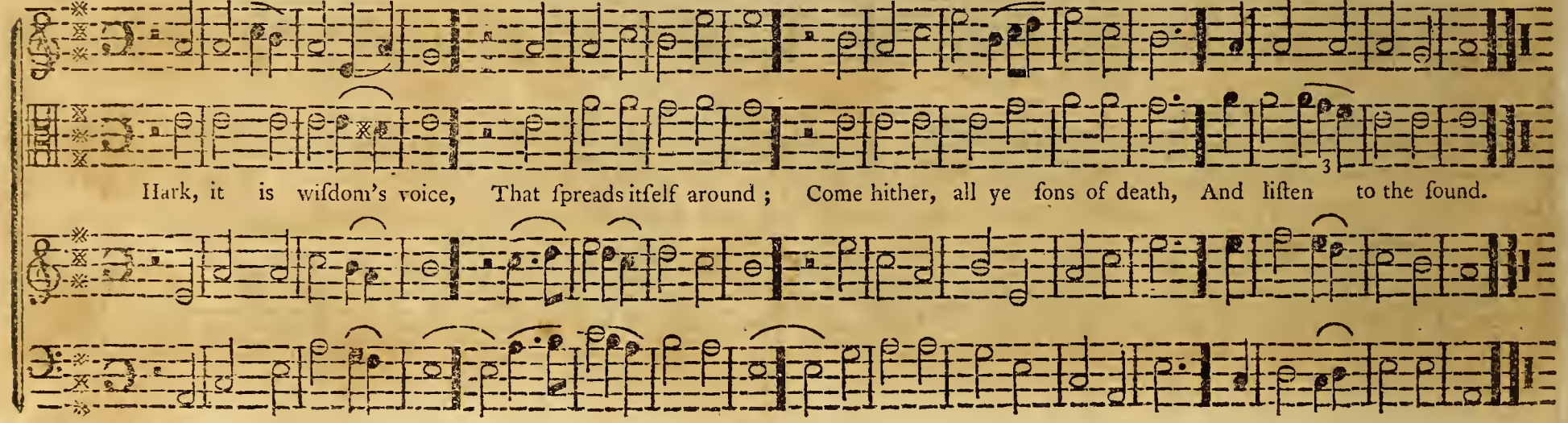

Sym.
Jesus is the conqu'ror's name, And Jesus, &c.
And Jesus, &c.
Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay, Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates, Ye everlasting doors give

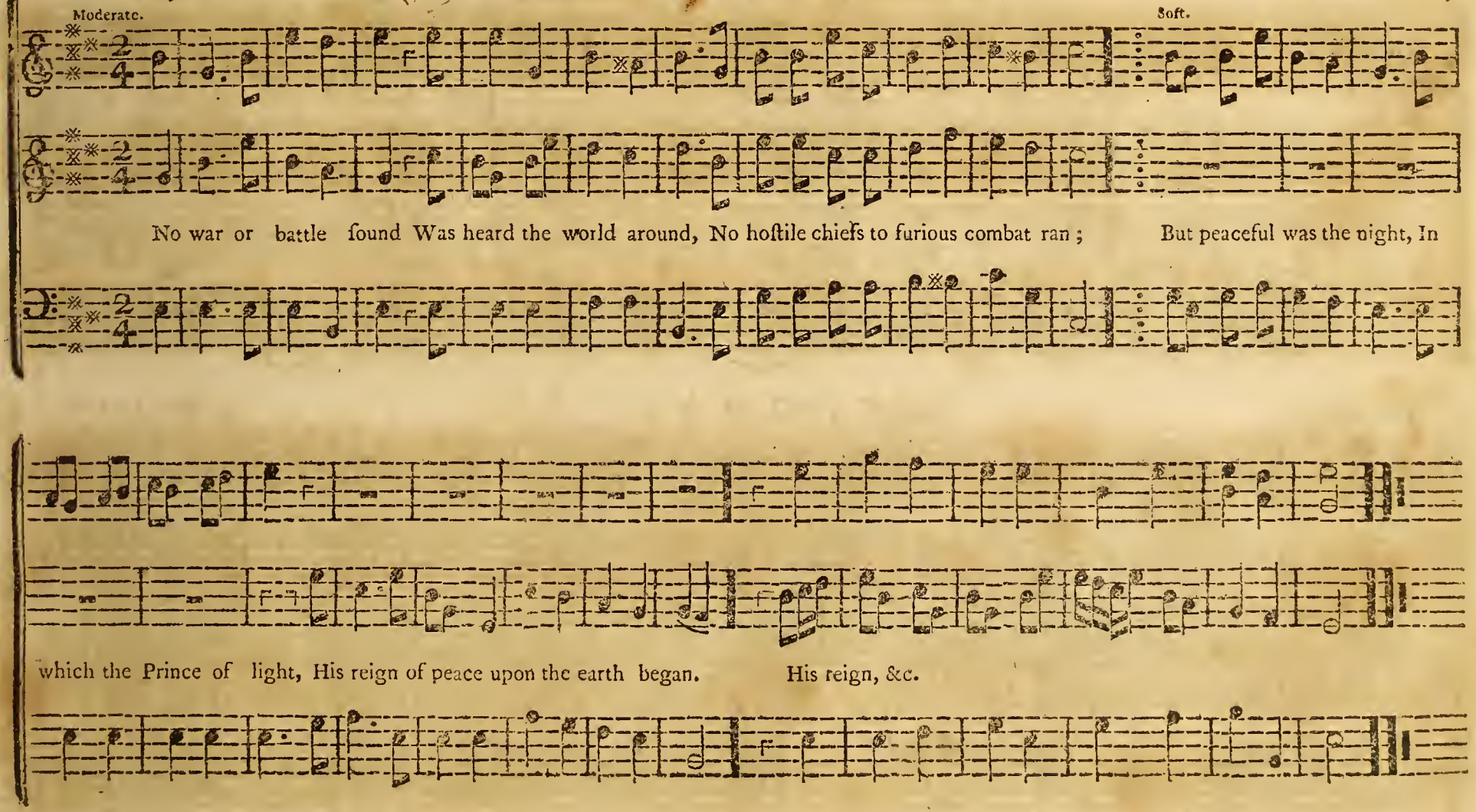

way. Lift up, &c. Ye, &c. Who is the King of glory, who, who, who,

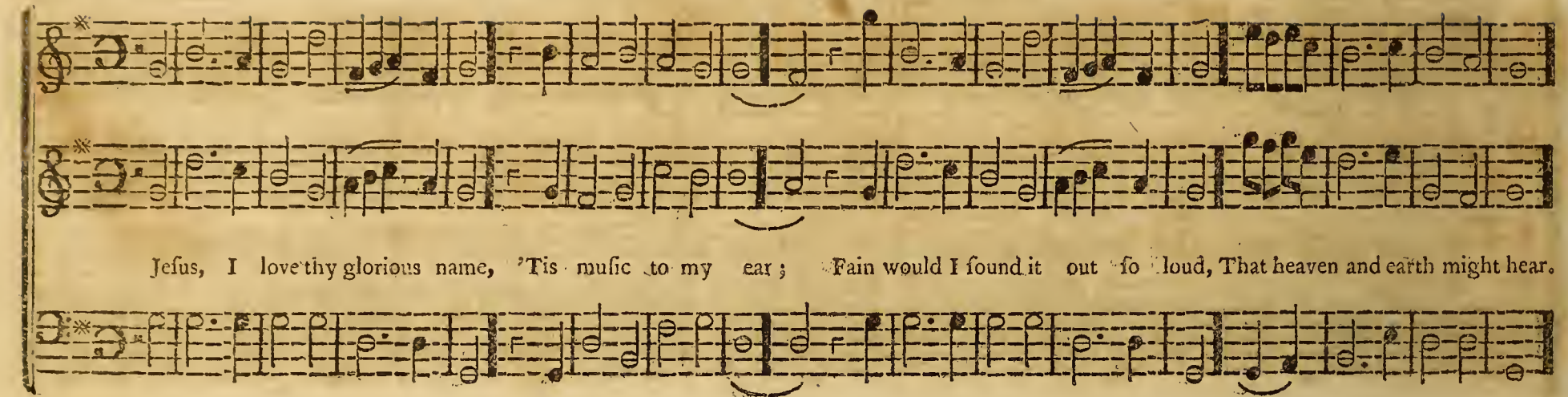

Who, is the King of glory, who ? The Lord of glorious pow'r poſſeſs'd, The King of ſaints and angels too, God over all, forever bleſs'd. God, &c.

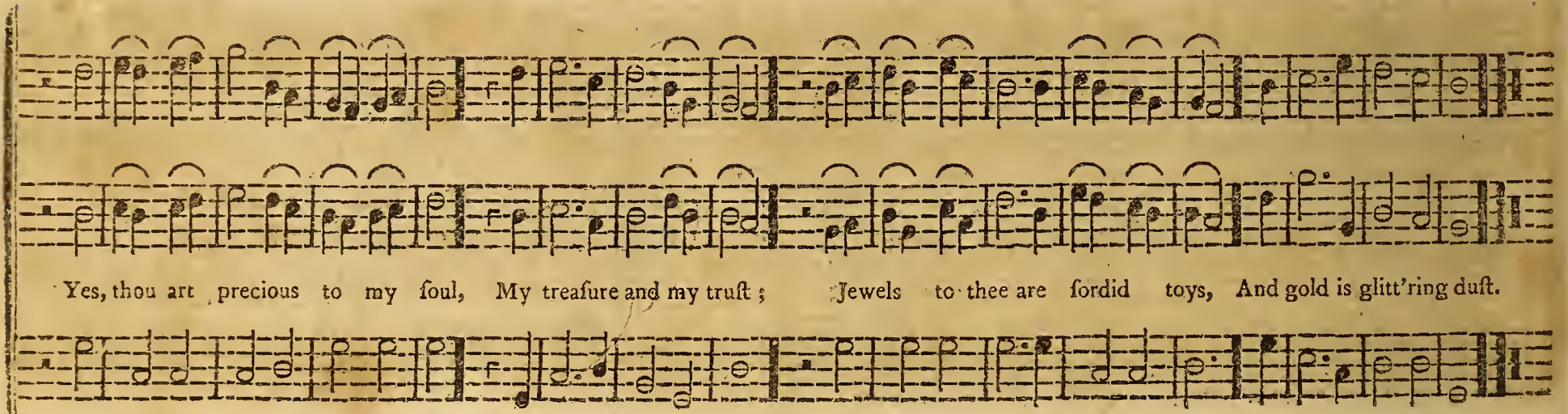


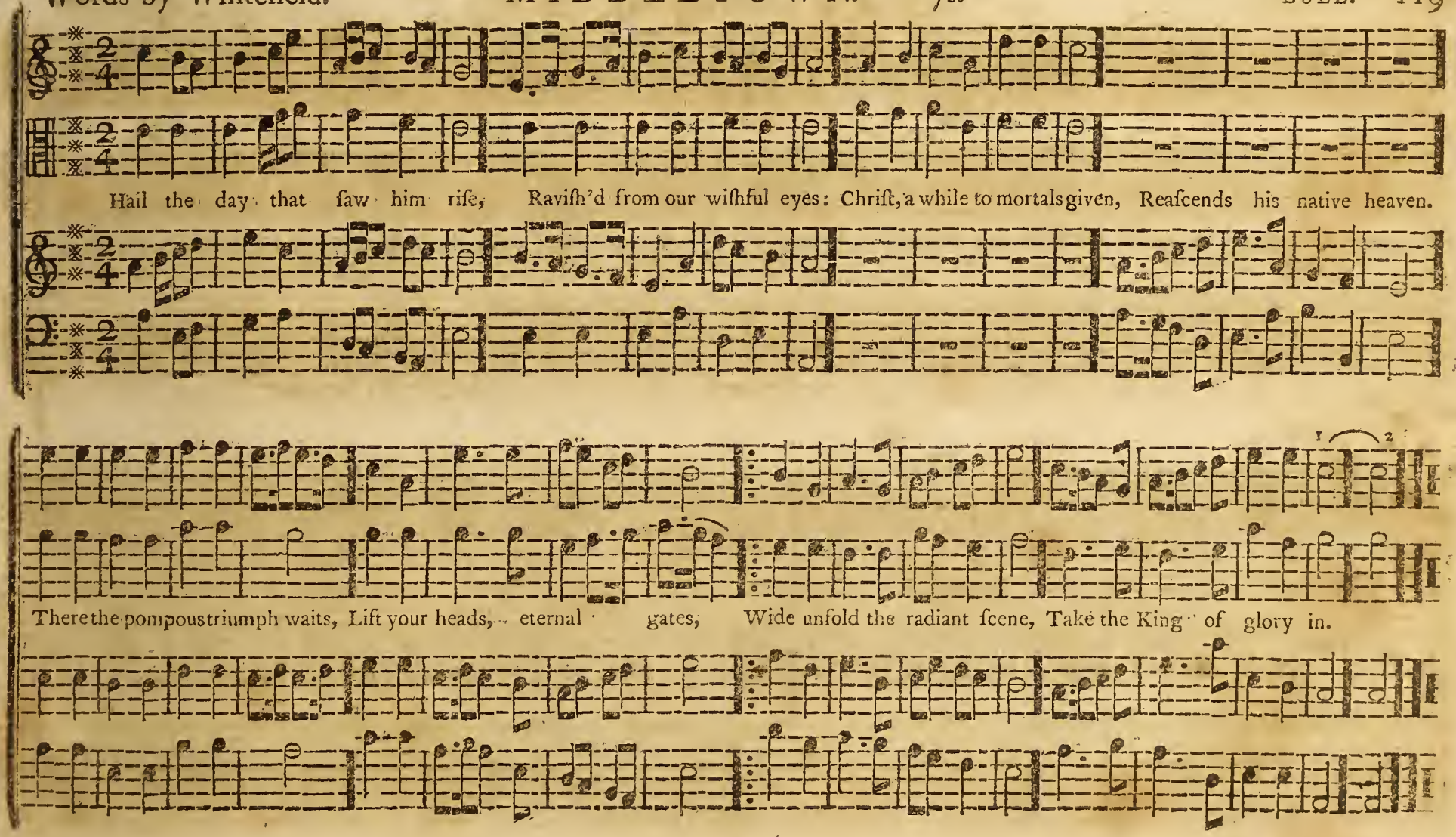

H. 100. St. THOMAS. S. M. A. WILLIAMS.

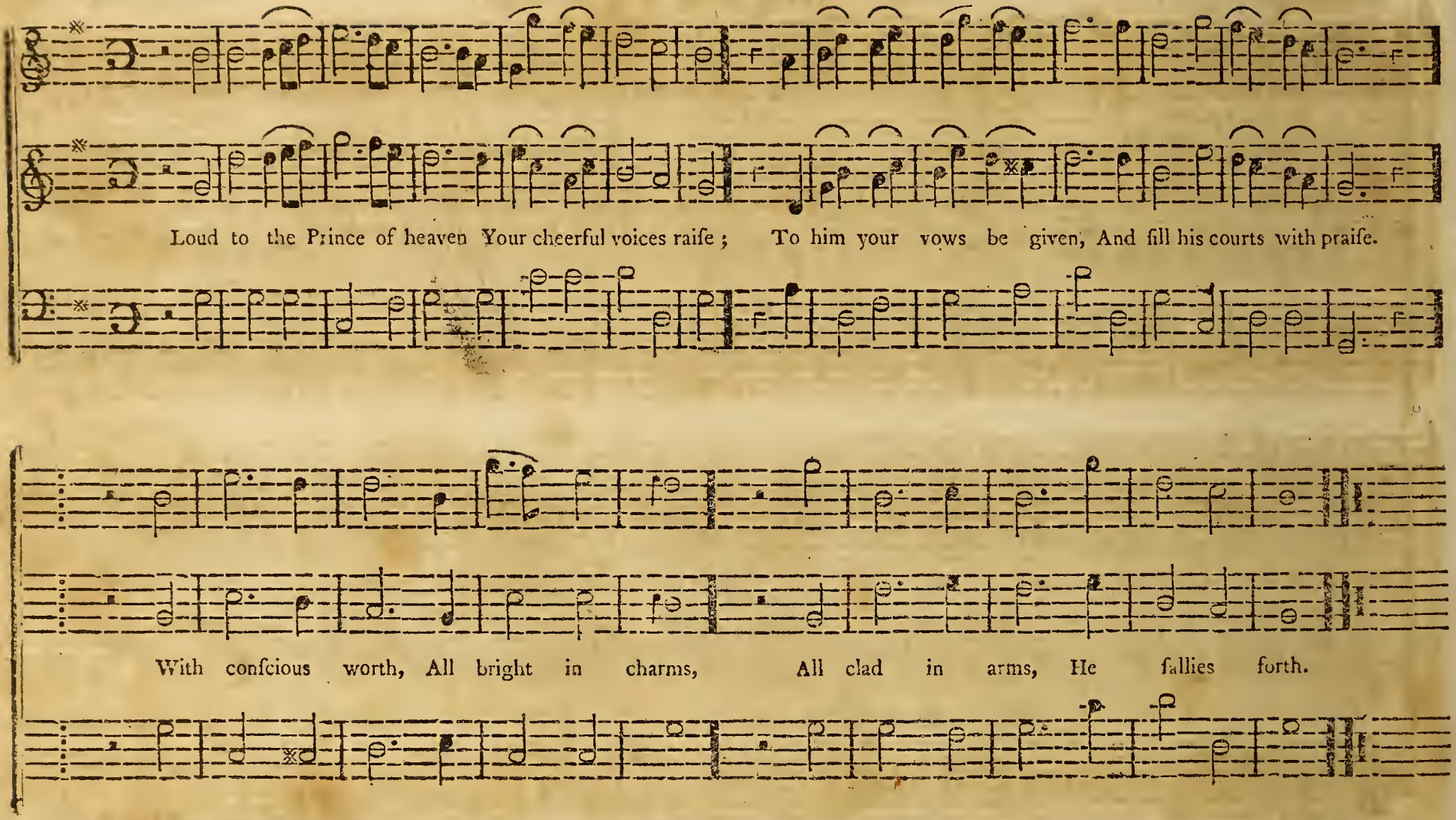


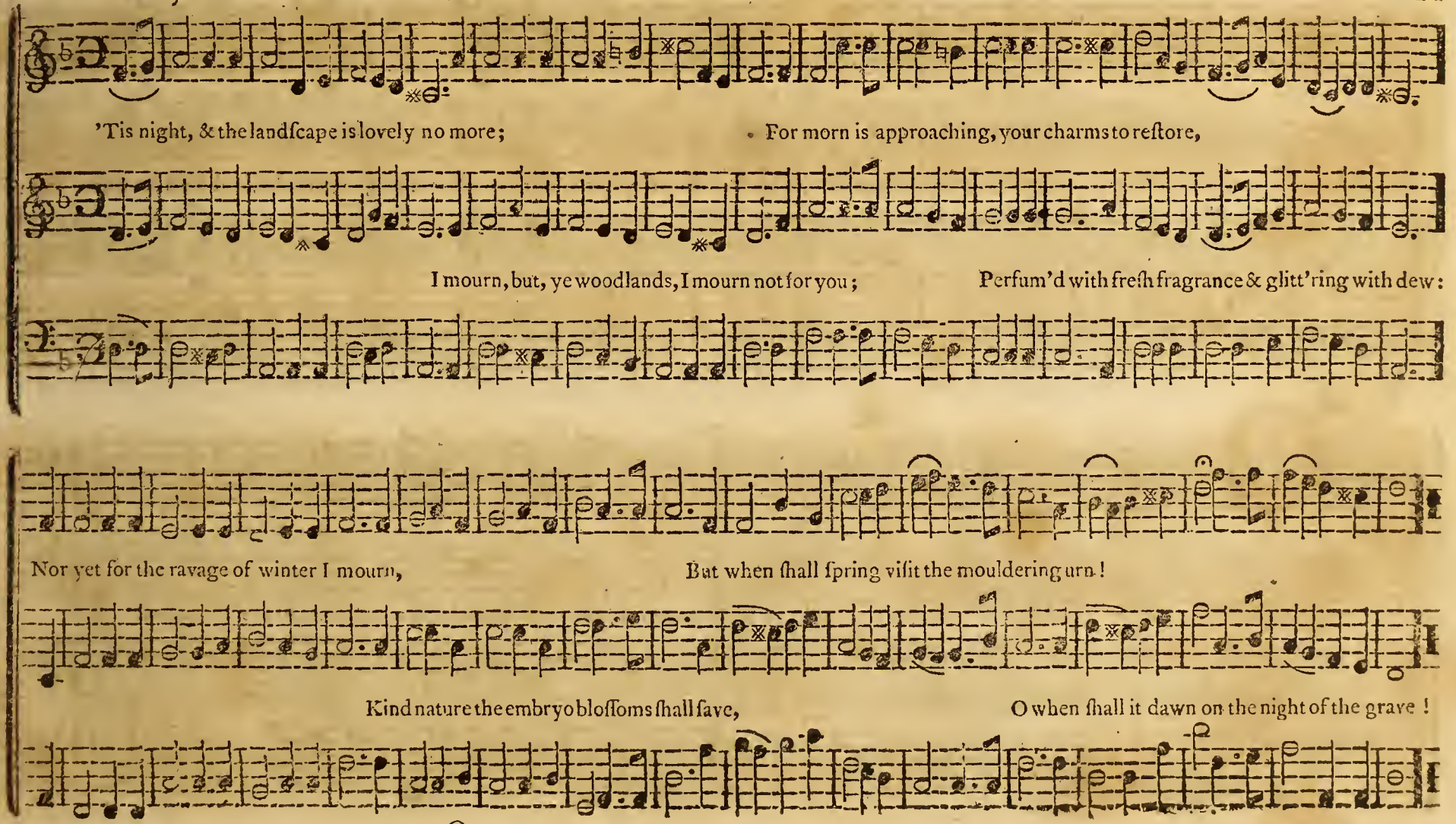

Moderate.
Soft.
No war or battle found Was heard the world around, No hoſtile chiefs to furious combat ran ; But peaceful was the night, In
which the Prince of light, His reign of peace upon the earth began. His reign, &c.

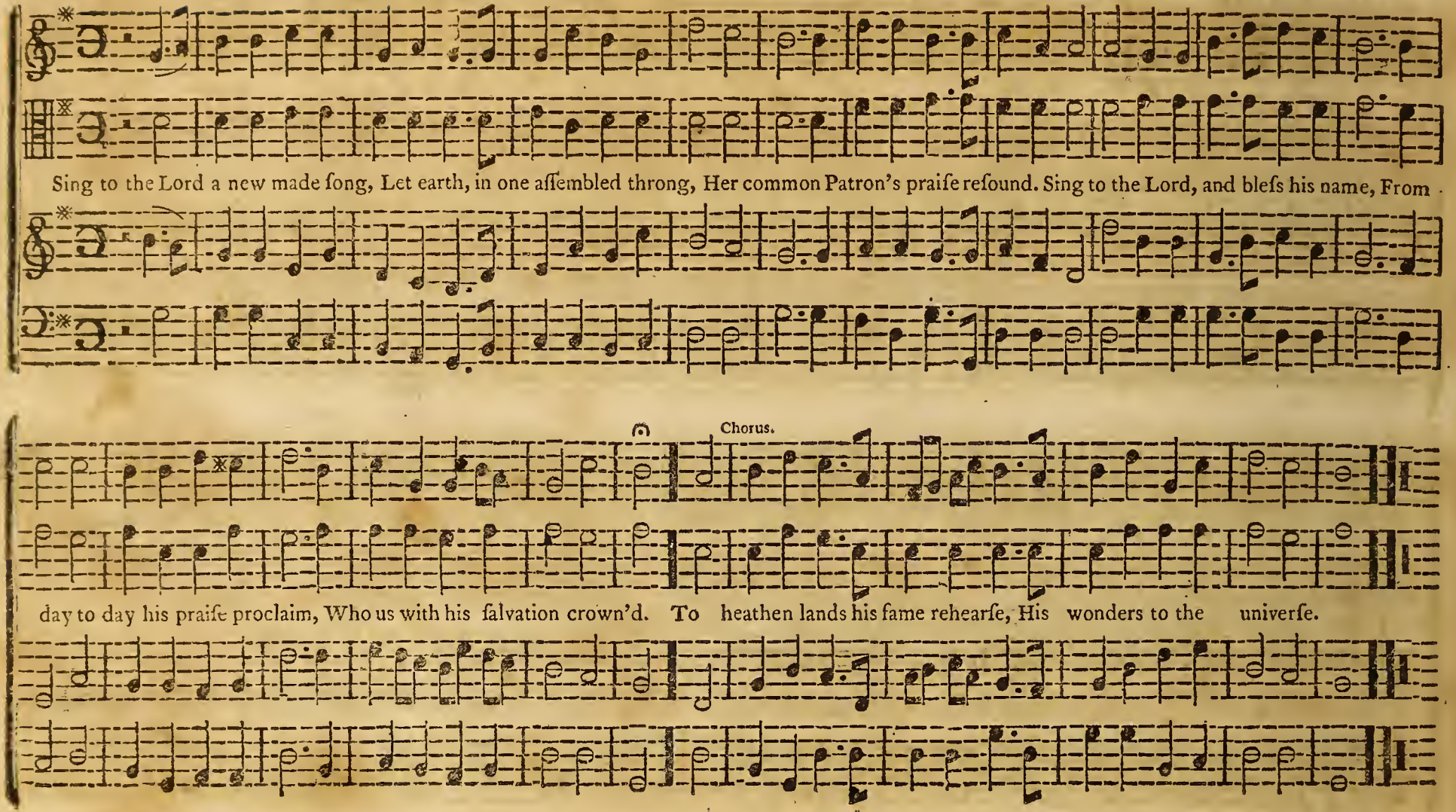

Jesus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heaven and earth might hear.

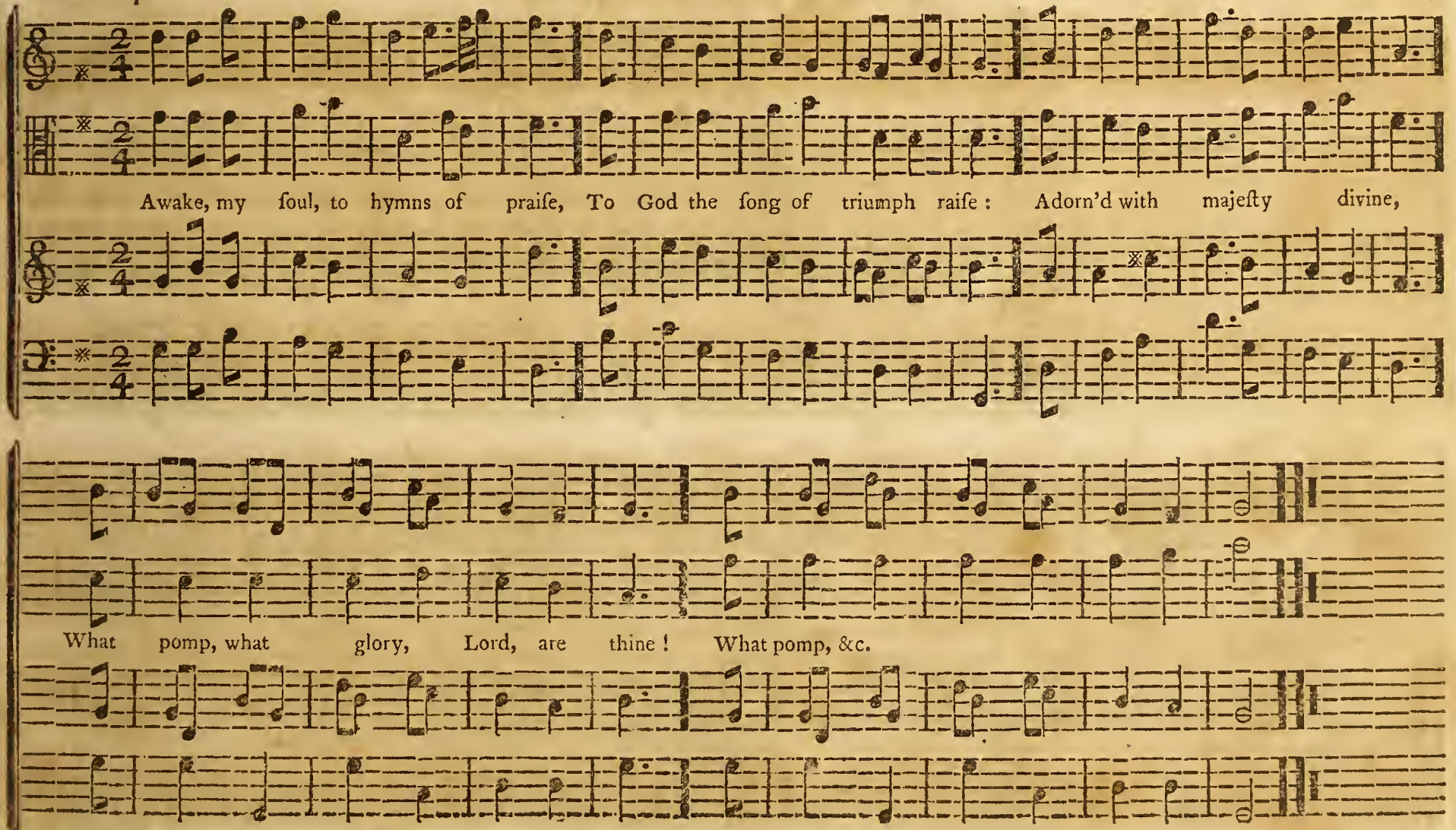

Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My treasure and my trust; Jewels to thee are sordid toys, And gold is glitt'ring dust.


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.

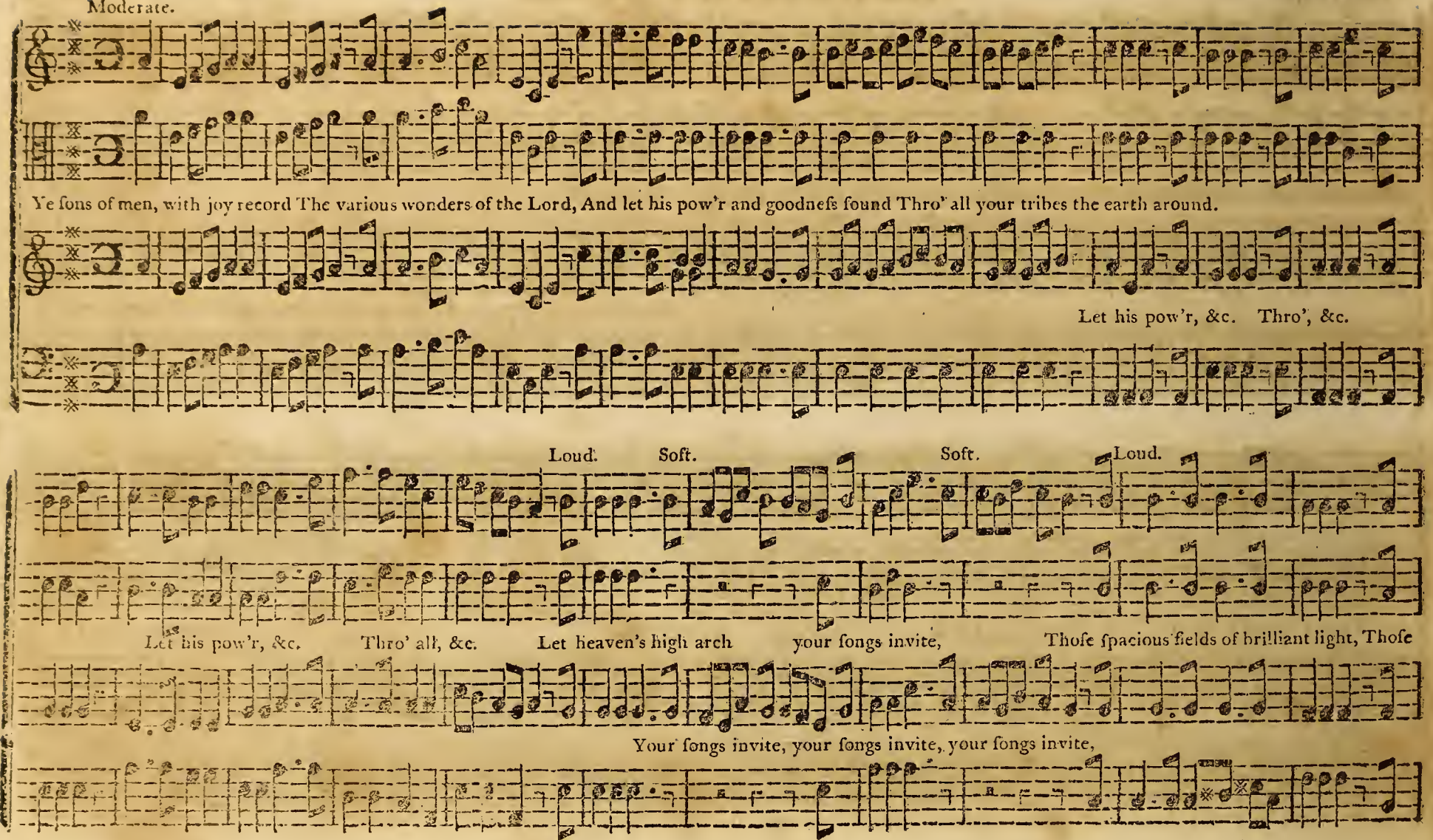

Loud to the Prince of heaven Your cheerful voices raiſe ; To him your vows be given, And fill his courts with praiſe.
With conſcious worth, All bright in charms, All clad in arms, He ſallies forth.

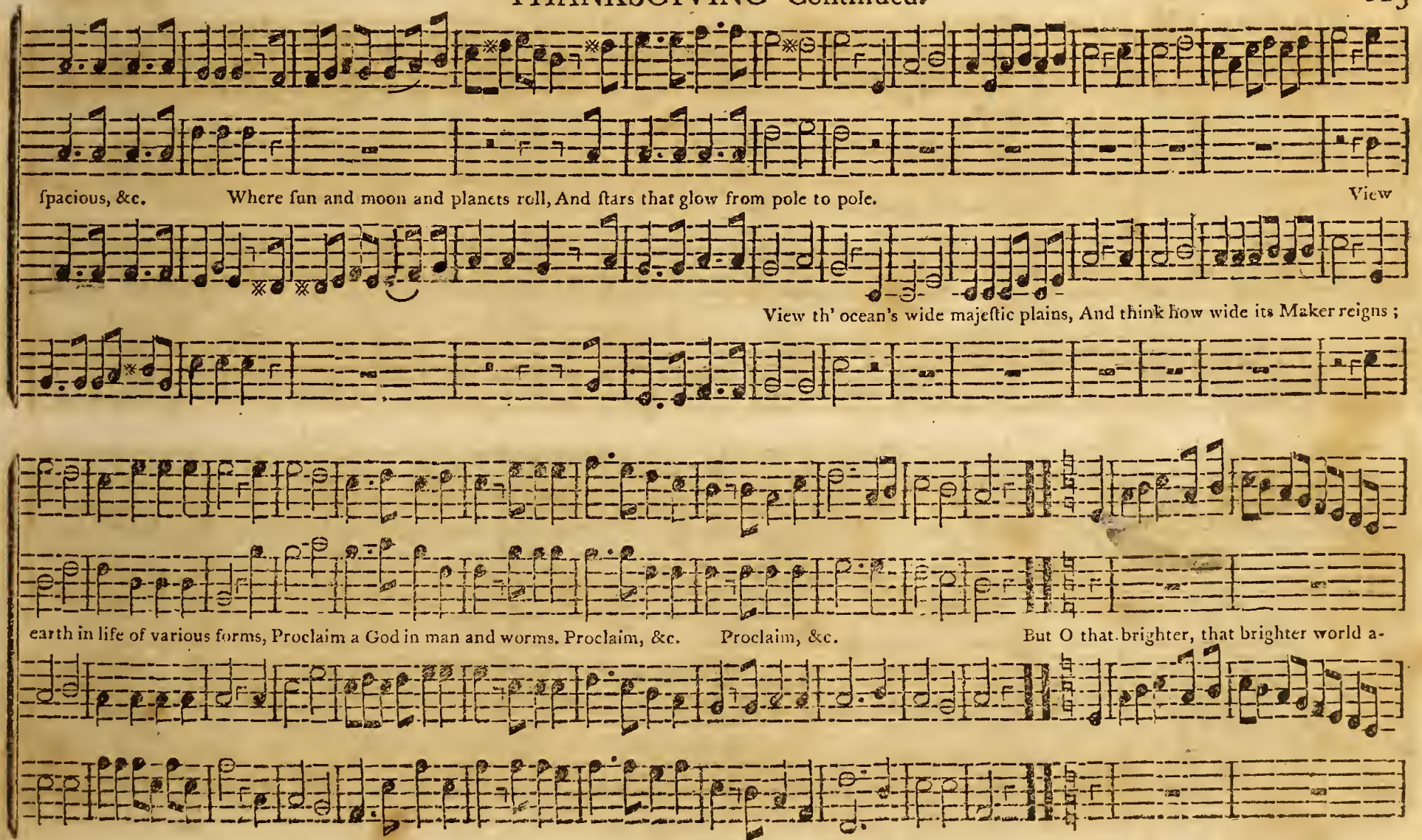

'Tis night, & the landſcape is lovely no more;
For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
Perfum'd with freſh fragrance & glitt'ring with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn!
Kind nature the embryo bloſſoms ſhall ſave,
O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!

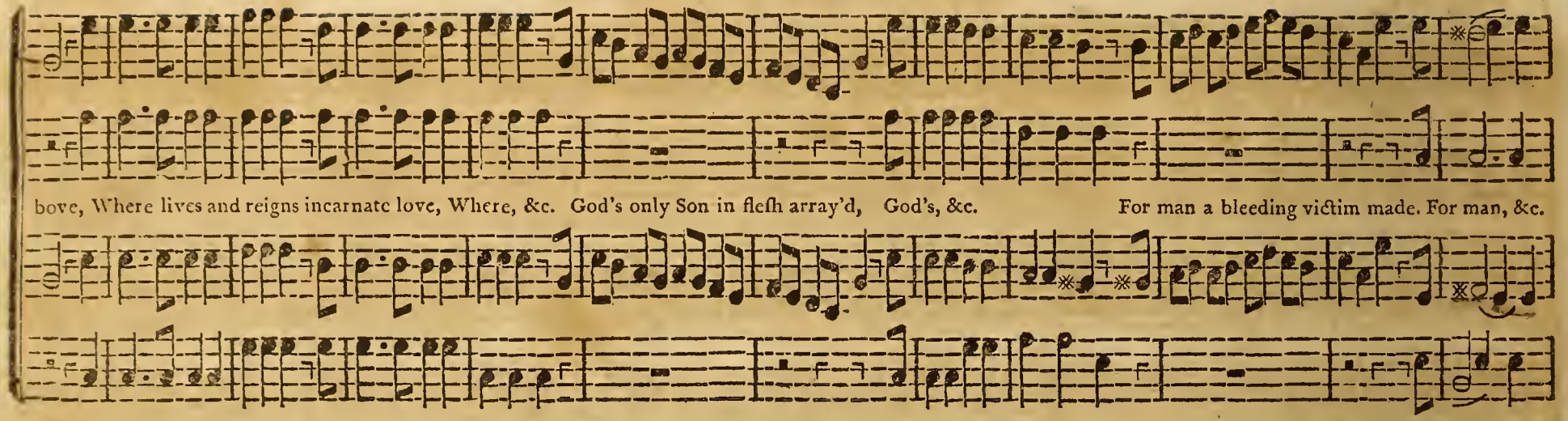

Sing to the Lord a new made ſong, Let earth, in one aſſembled throng, Her common Patron's praiſe reſound. Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his name, From
Chorus.
day to day his praiſe proclaim, Who us with his ſalvation crown'd. To heathen lands his fame rehearſe, His wonders to the univerſe.

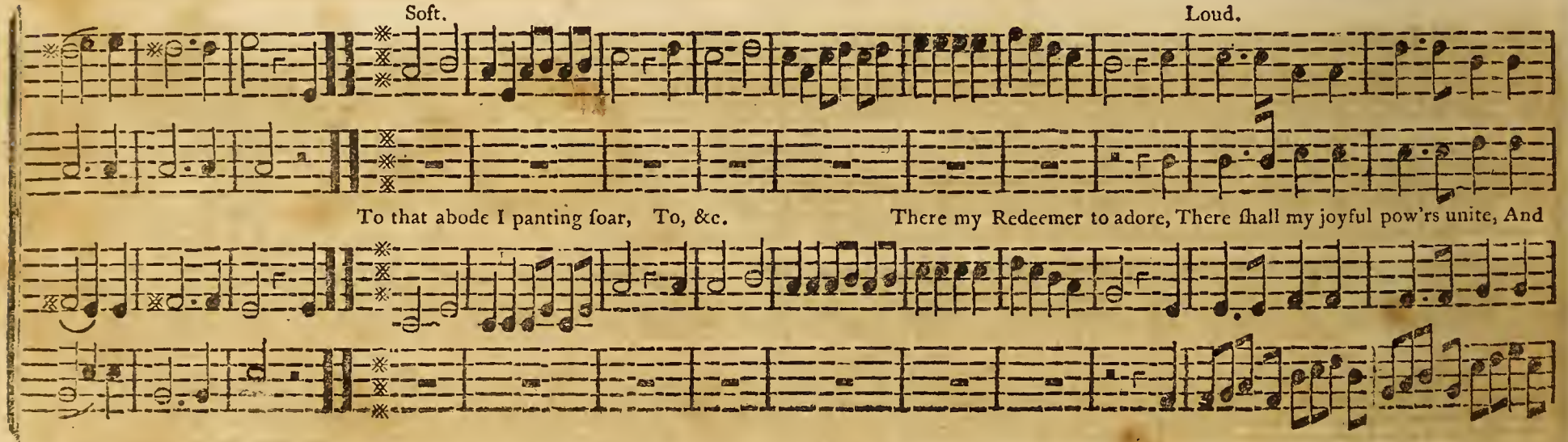

Awake, my soul, to hymns of praise, To God the song of triumph raise: Adorn'd with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine! What pomp, &c.

Moderate.

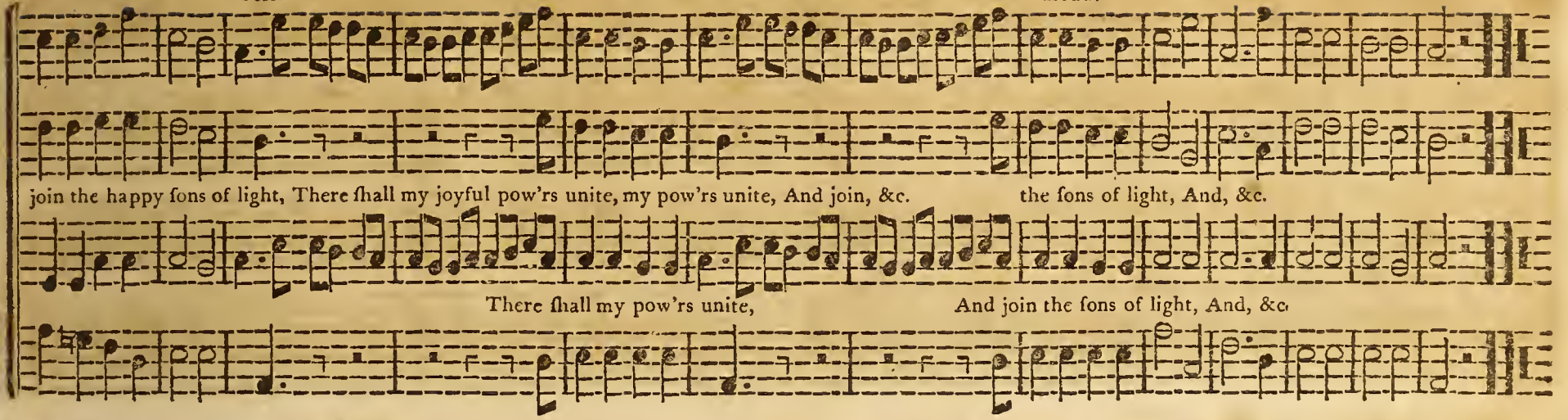

Ye ſons of men, with joy record The various wonders of the Lord, And let his pow'r and goodneſs found Thro' all your tribes the earth around.
Let his pow'r, &c. Thro', &c.
Loud. Soft. Soft. Loud.
Let his pow'r, &c. Thro' all, &c. Let heaven's high arch your ſongs invite, Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light, Thoſe
Your ſongs invite, your ſongs invite, your ſongs invite,


spacious, &c. Where sun and moon and planets roll, And stars that glow from pole to pole. View
View th' ocean's wide majestic plains, And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
earth in life of various forms, Proclaim a God in man and worms. Proclaim, &c. Proclaim, &c. But O that brighter, that brighter world a-

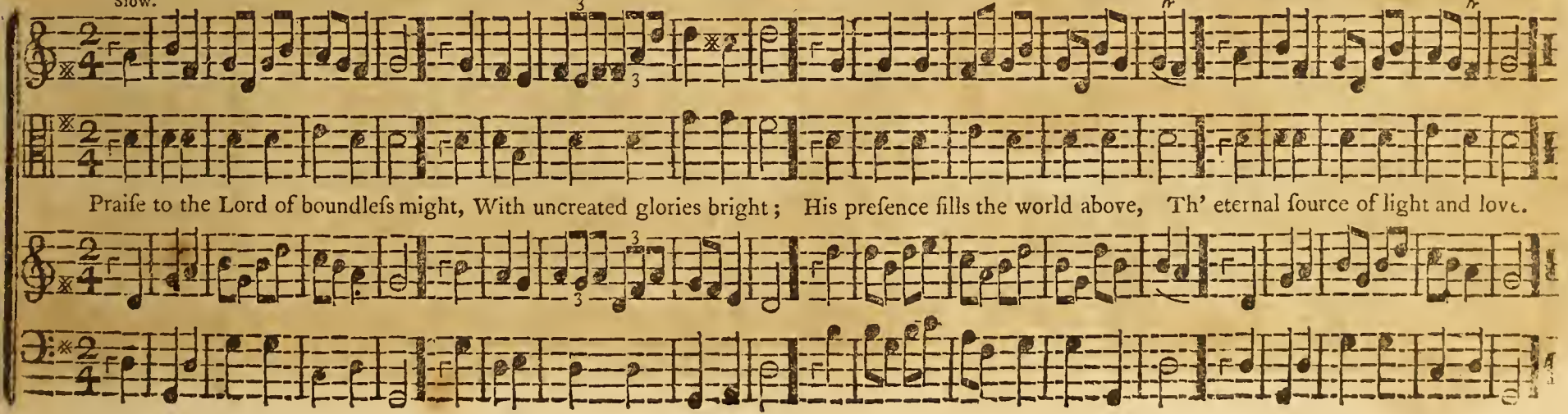

bove, Where lives and reigns incarnate love, Where, &c. God's only Son in flesh array'd, God's, &c. For man a bleeding victim made. For man, &c.


Soft.
Loud.
To that abode I panting soar, To, &c. There my Redeemer to adore, There shall my joyful pow'rs unite, And

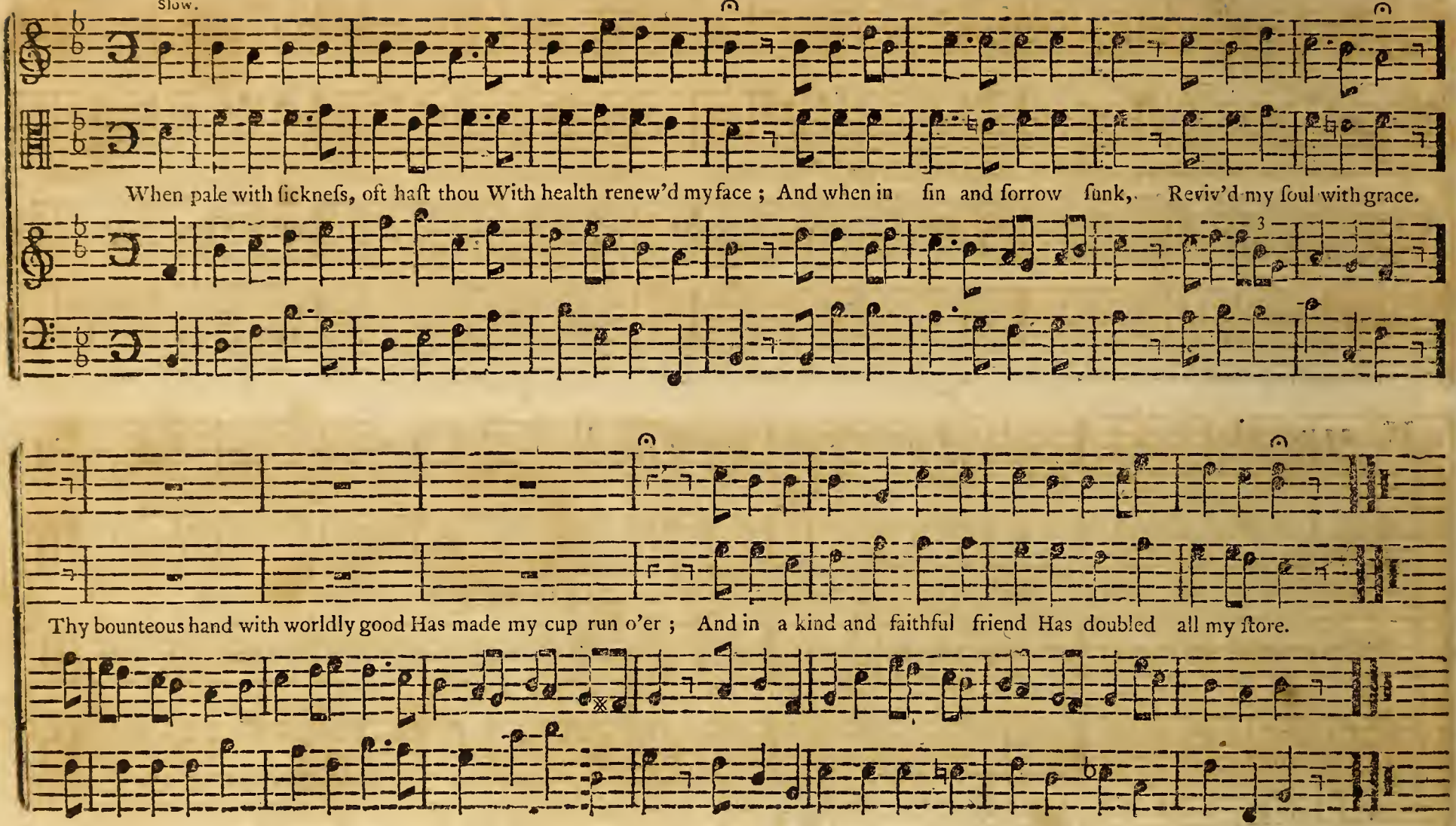
Soft. Loud.

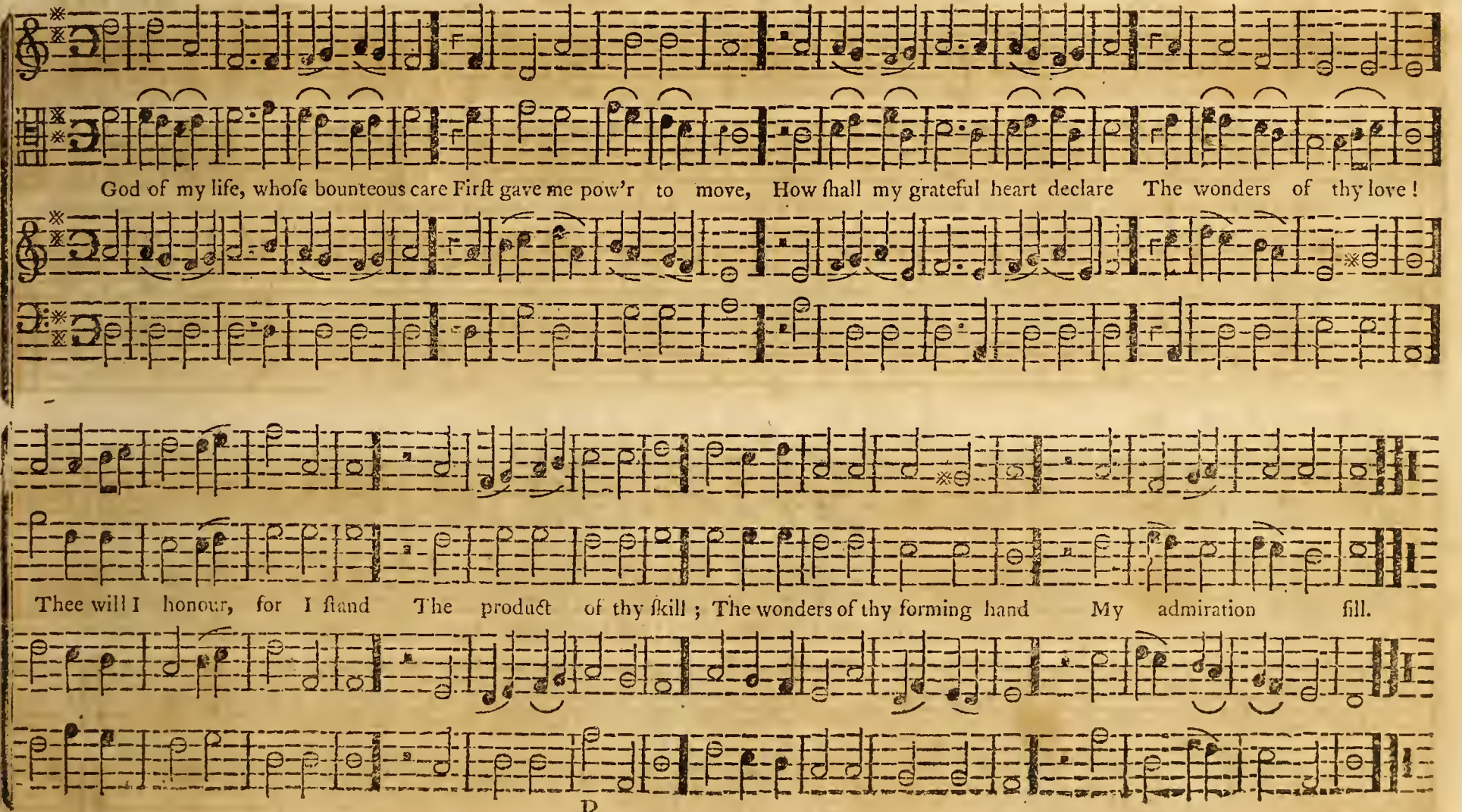


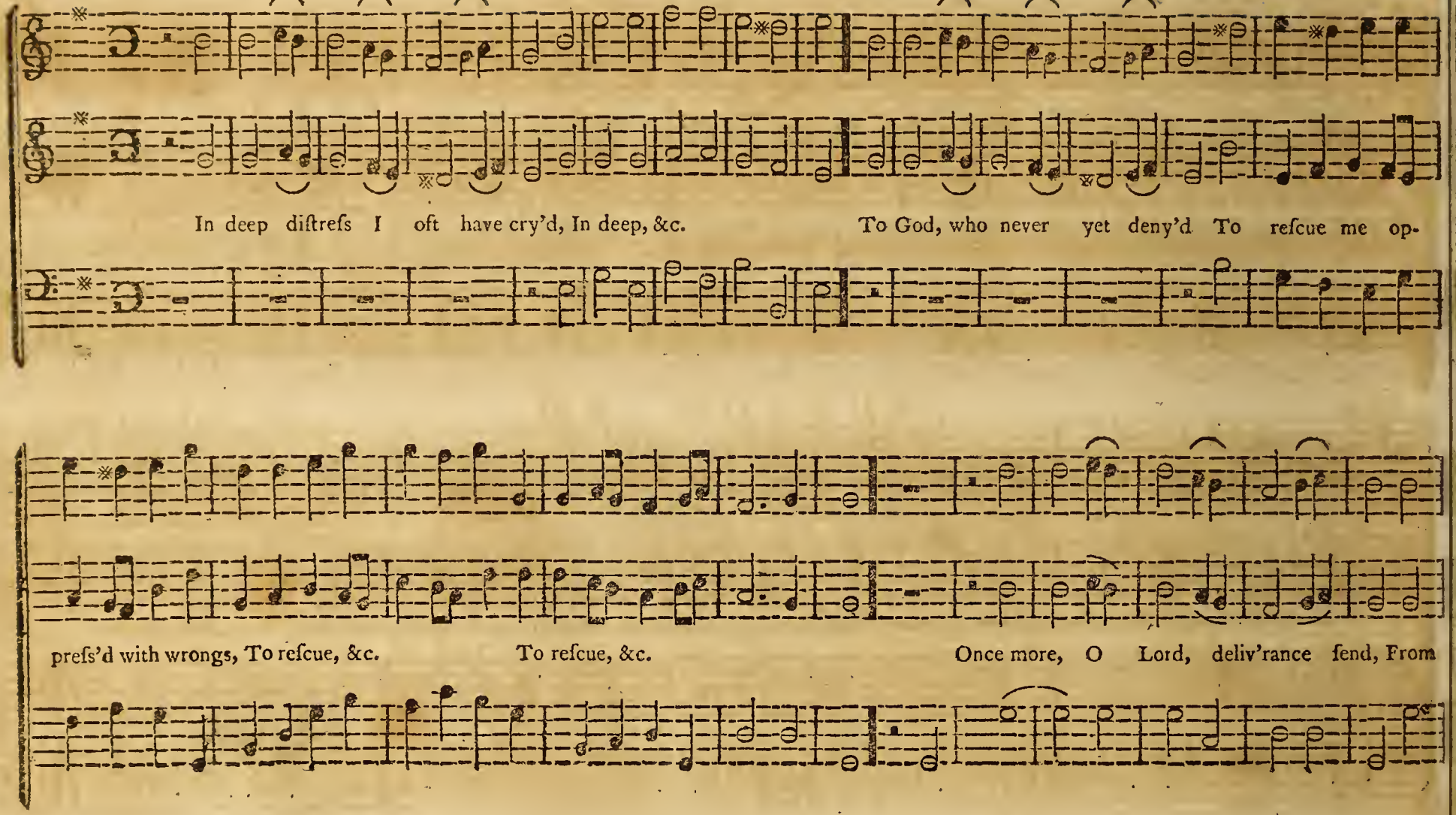

H. 217. PORTUGAL. L. M. THORLEY.

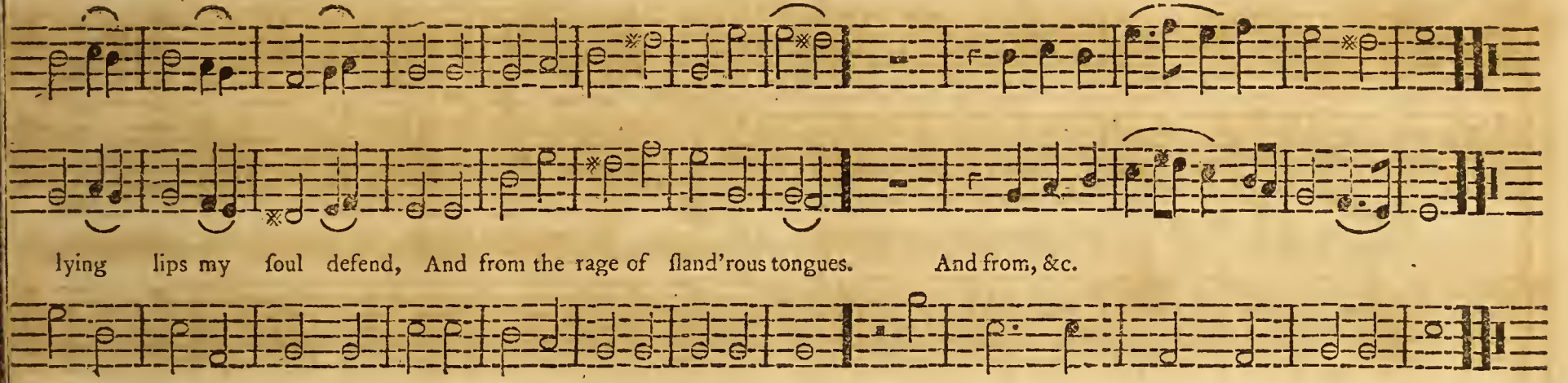


Slow.

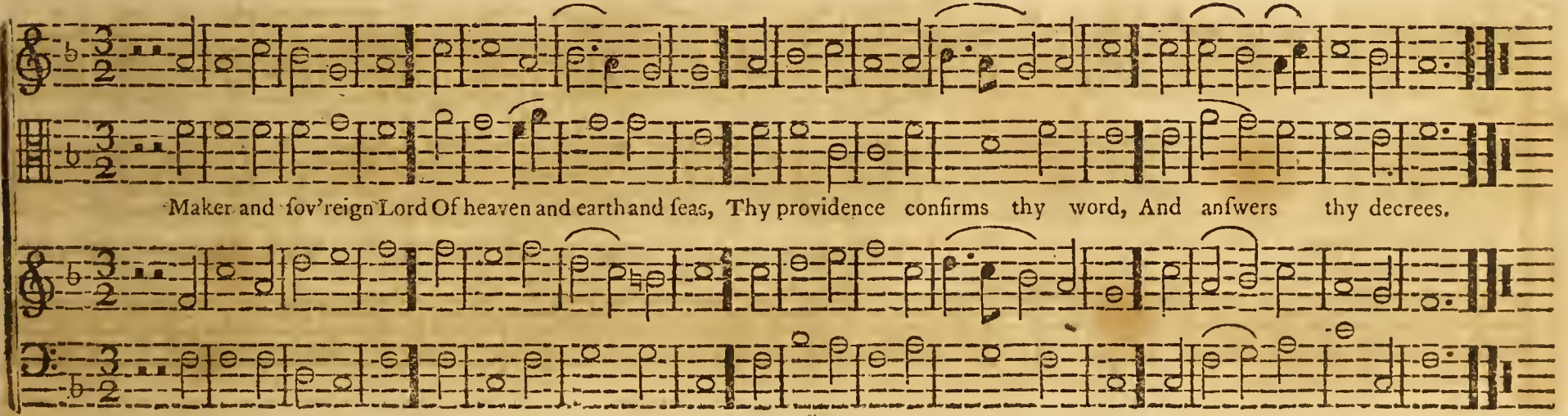

When pale with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou With health renew'd my face ; And when in ſin and ſorrow ſunk, Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.
Thy bounteous hand with worldly good Has made my cup run o'er ; And in a kind and faithful friend Has doubled all my ſtore.


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

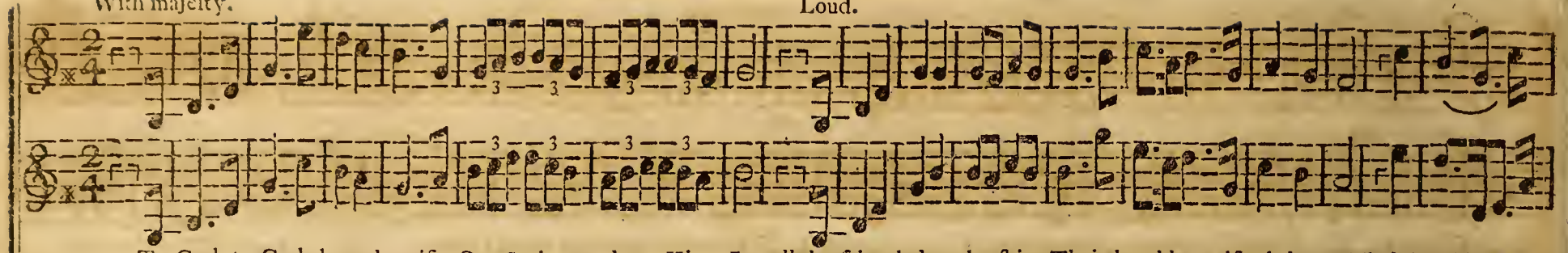

In deep diſtreſs I oft have cry'd, In deep, &c.
To God, who never yet deny'd To reſcue me op-
preſs'd with wrongs, To reſcue, &c.
To reſcue, &c.
Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance ſend, From



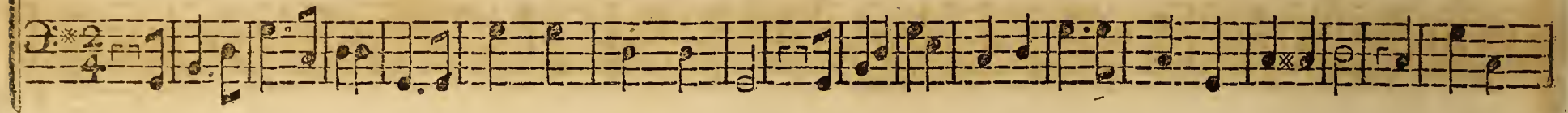

Ps. 2. SUTTON. S. M. HAR. SACRA.



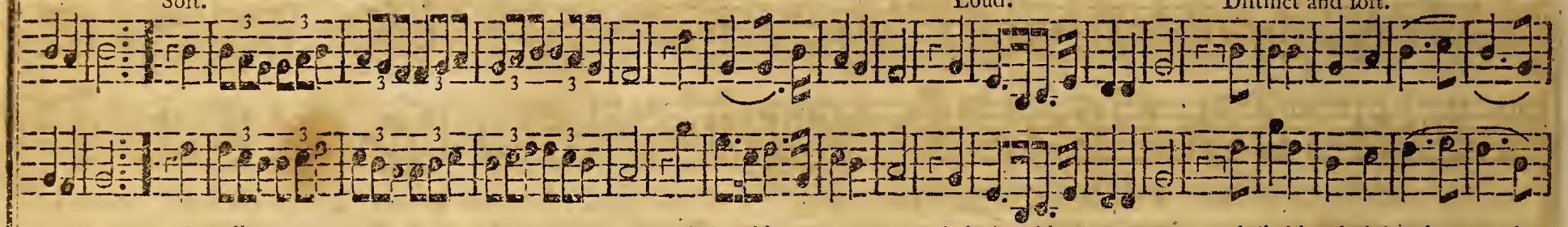
With majesty. Loud.



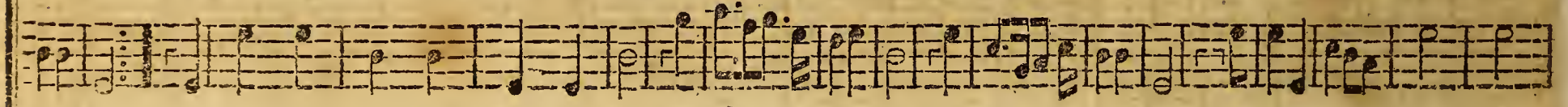
To God, to God the only wise, Our Saviour and our King, Let all the saints below the skies Their humble praises bring. Their humble, &c.



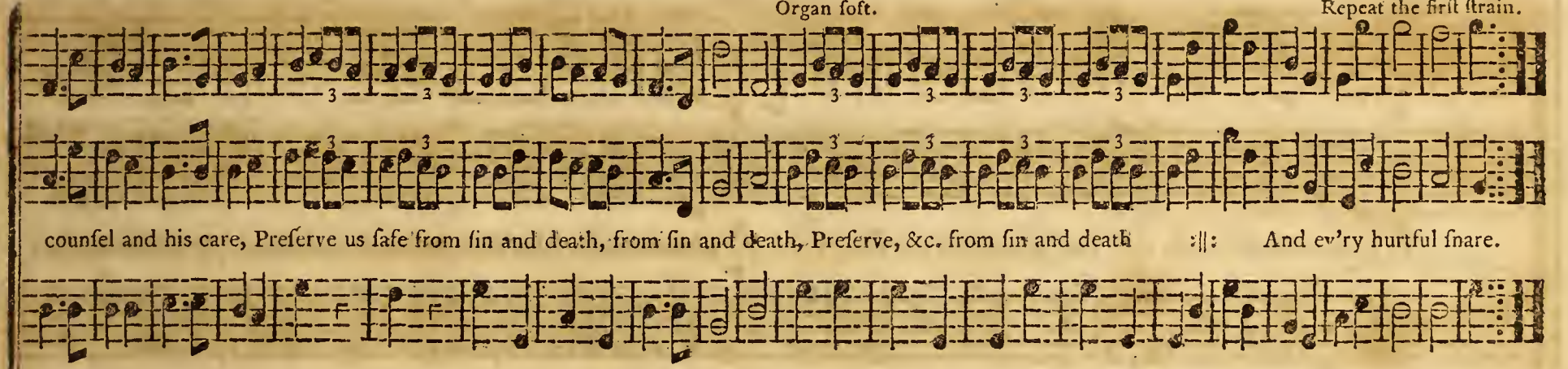
Soft. Loud. Distinct and soft.

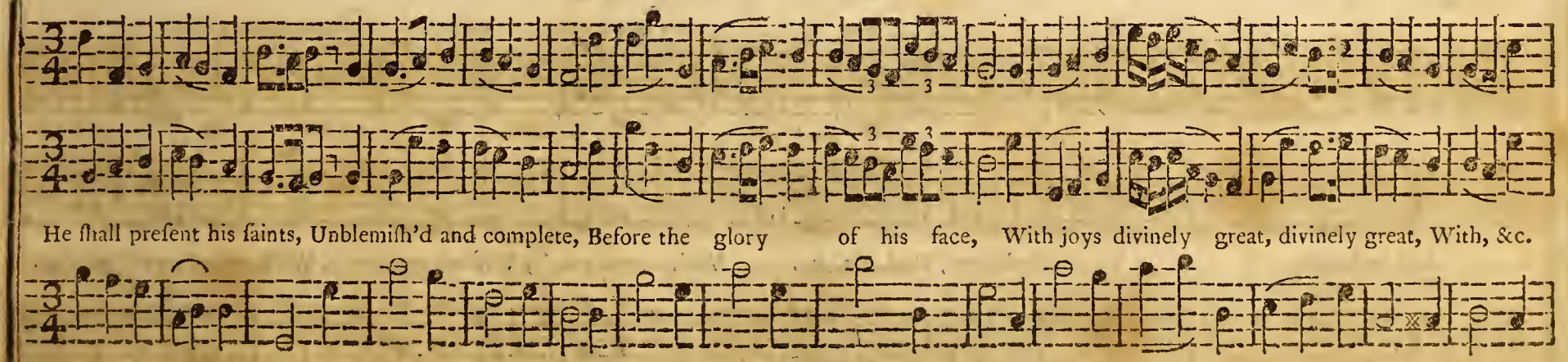


Let all, &c. Their humble, &c. Their humble, &c. 'Tis his Almighty love, His

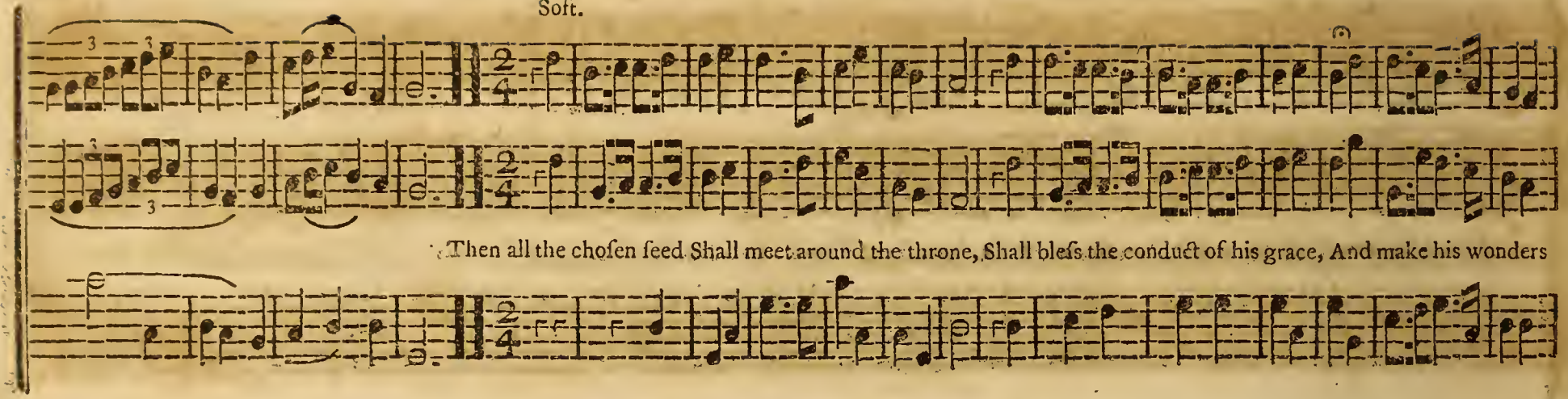


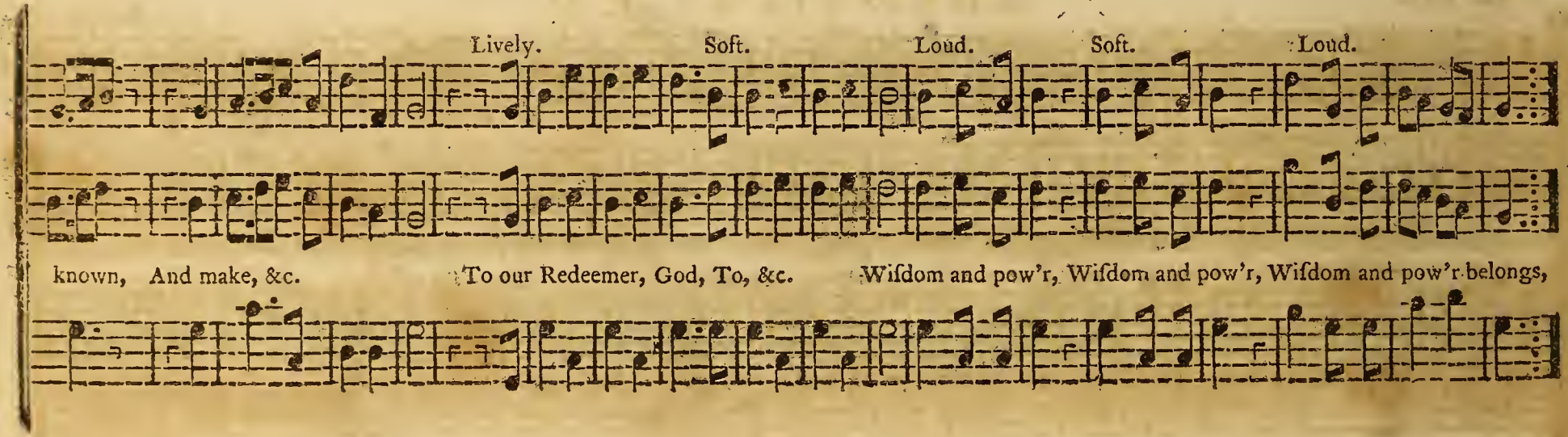
Organ ſoft. Repeat the firſt ſtrain.

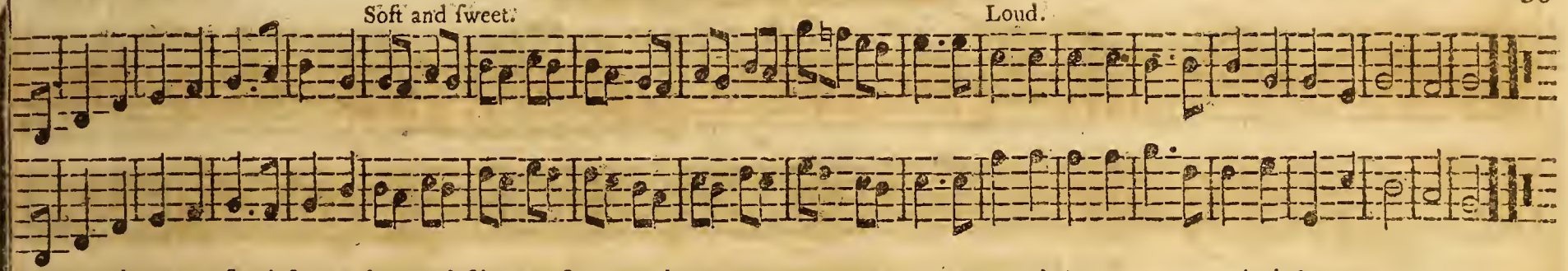


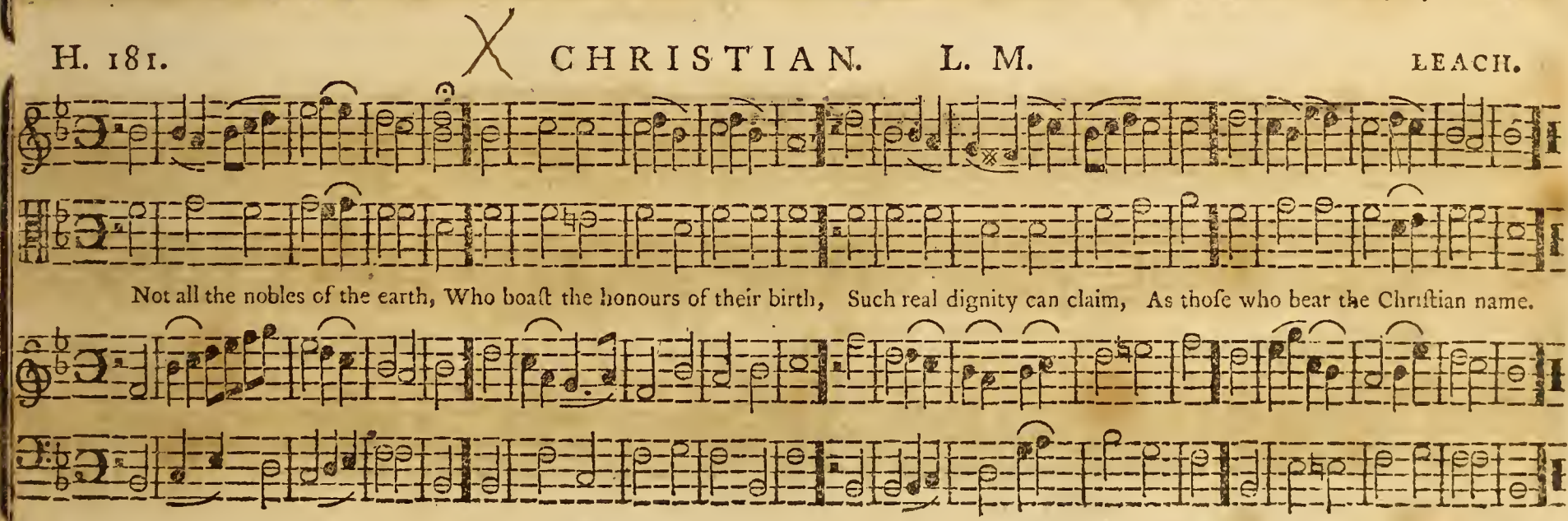
Soft.

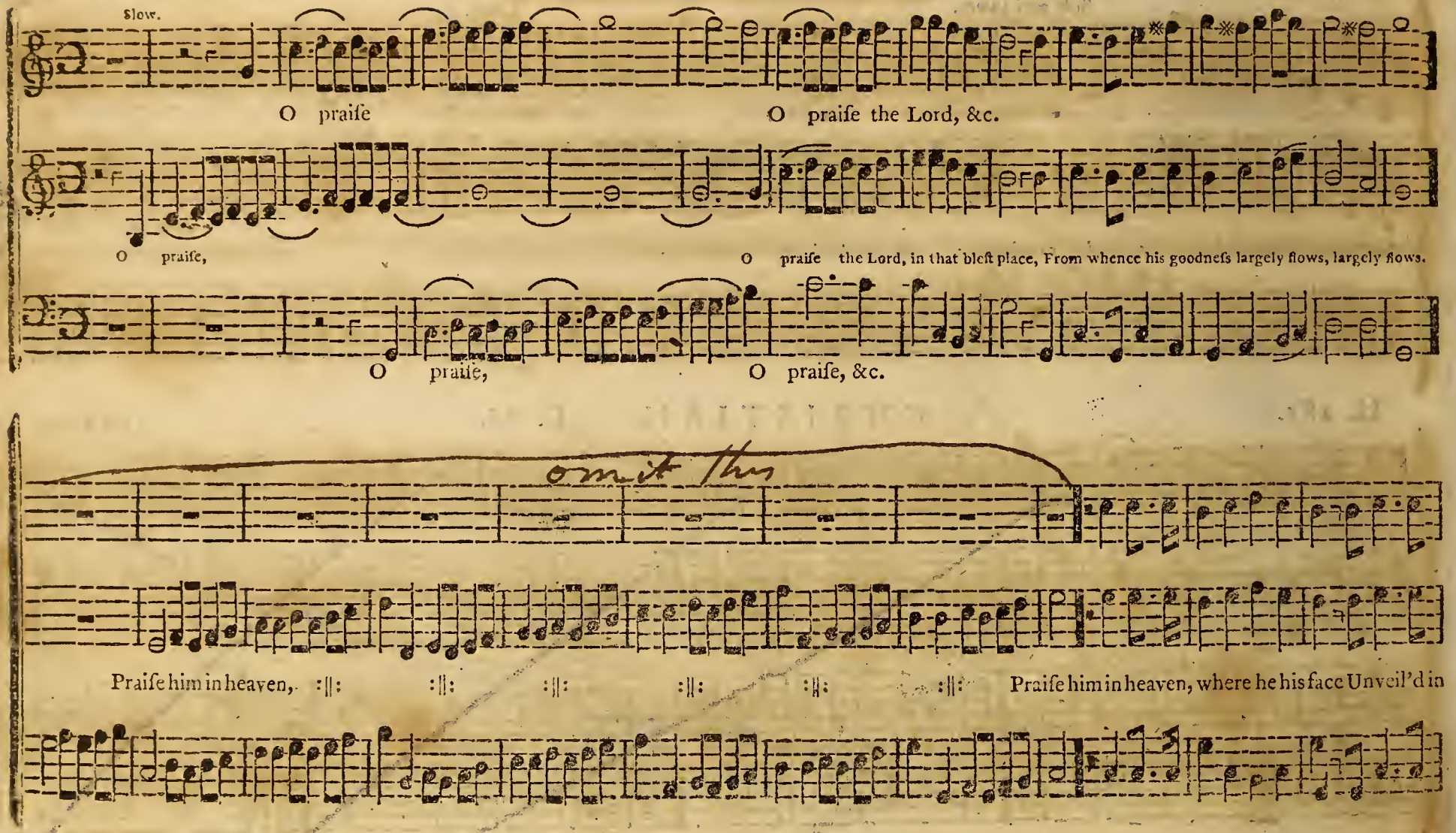

Then all the chosen seed Shall meet around the throne, Shall bless the conduct of his grace, And make his wonders

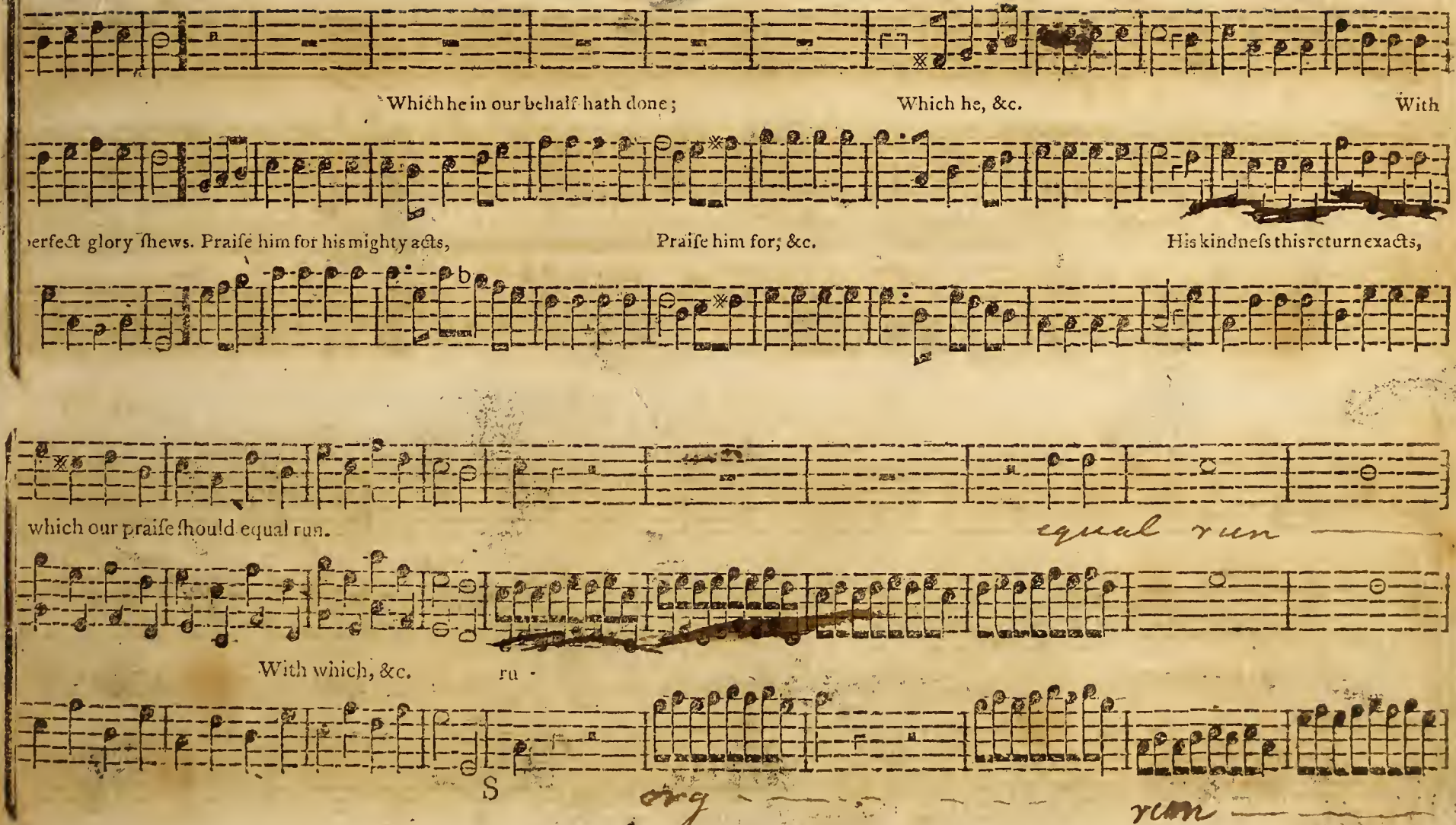

Lively.
Soft.
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
known, And make, &c.
To our Redeemer, God, To, &c.
Wisdom and pow'r, Wisdom and pow'r, Wisdom and pow'r belongs,

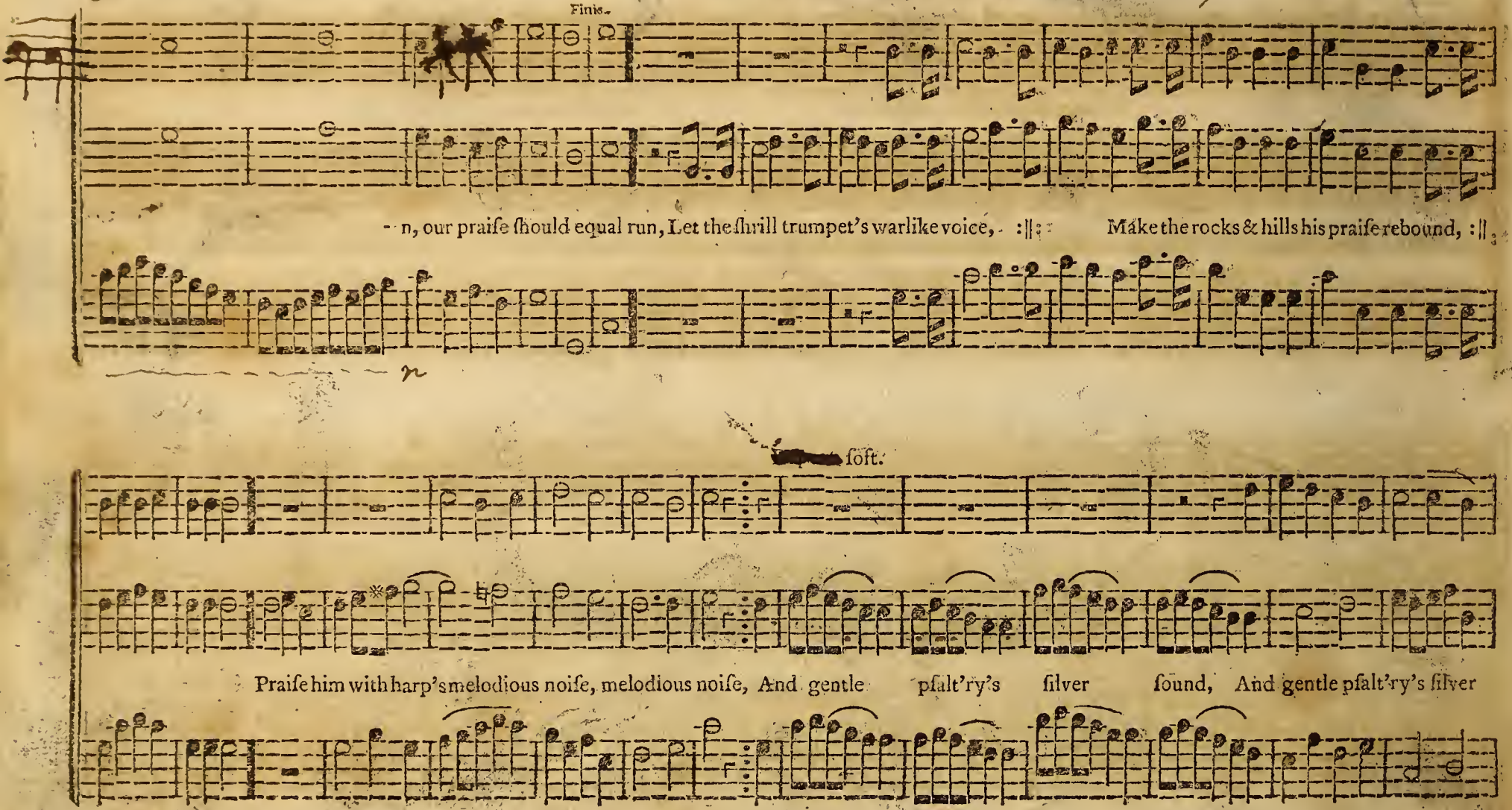


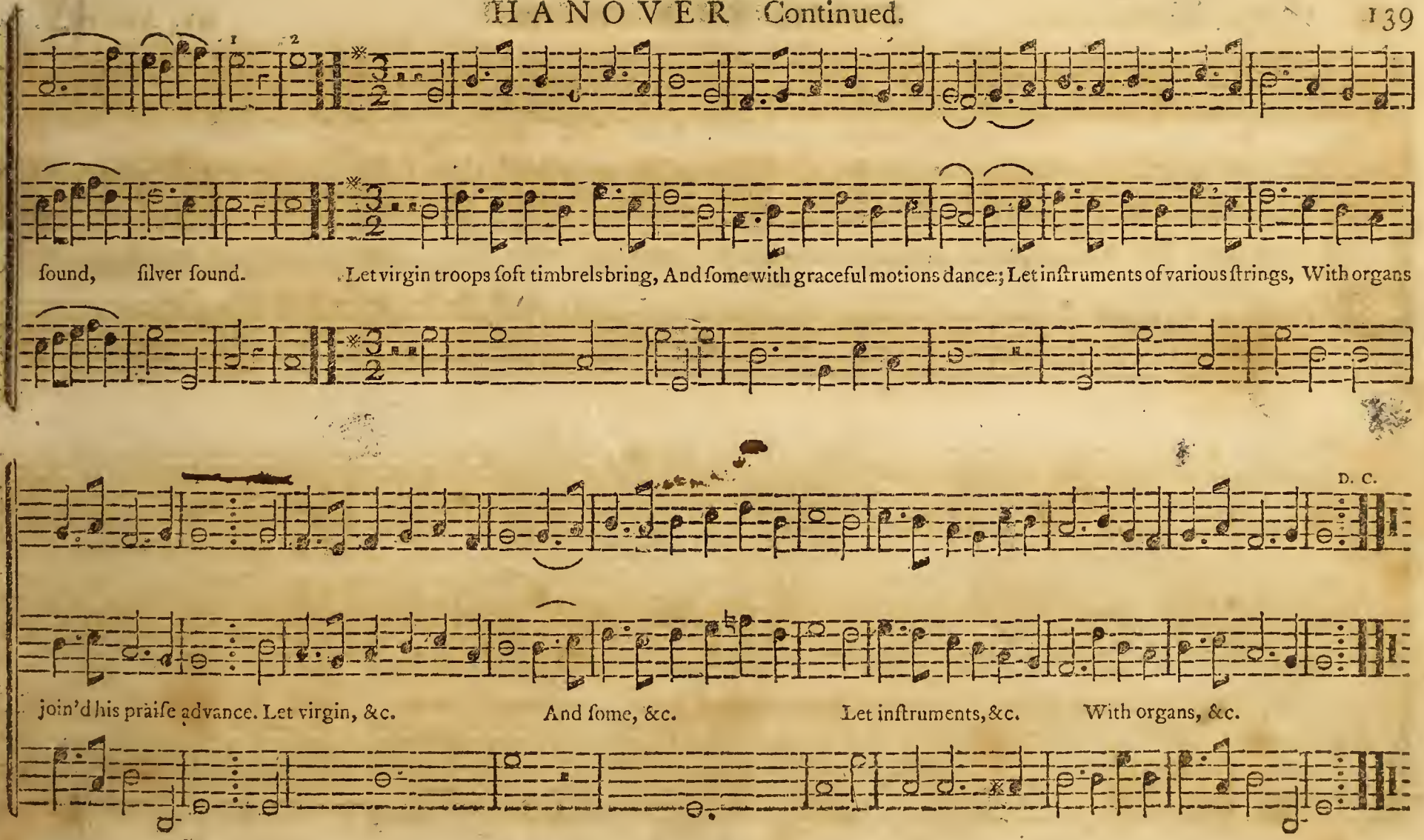

H. 181. CHRISTIAN. L. M. LEACH.

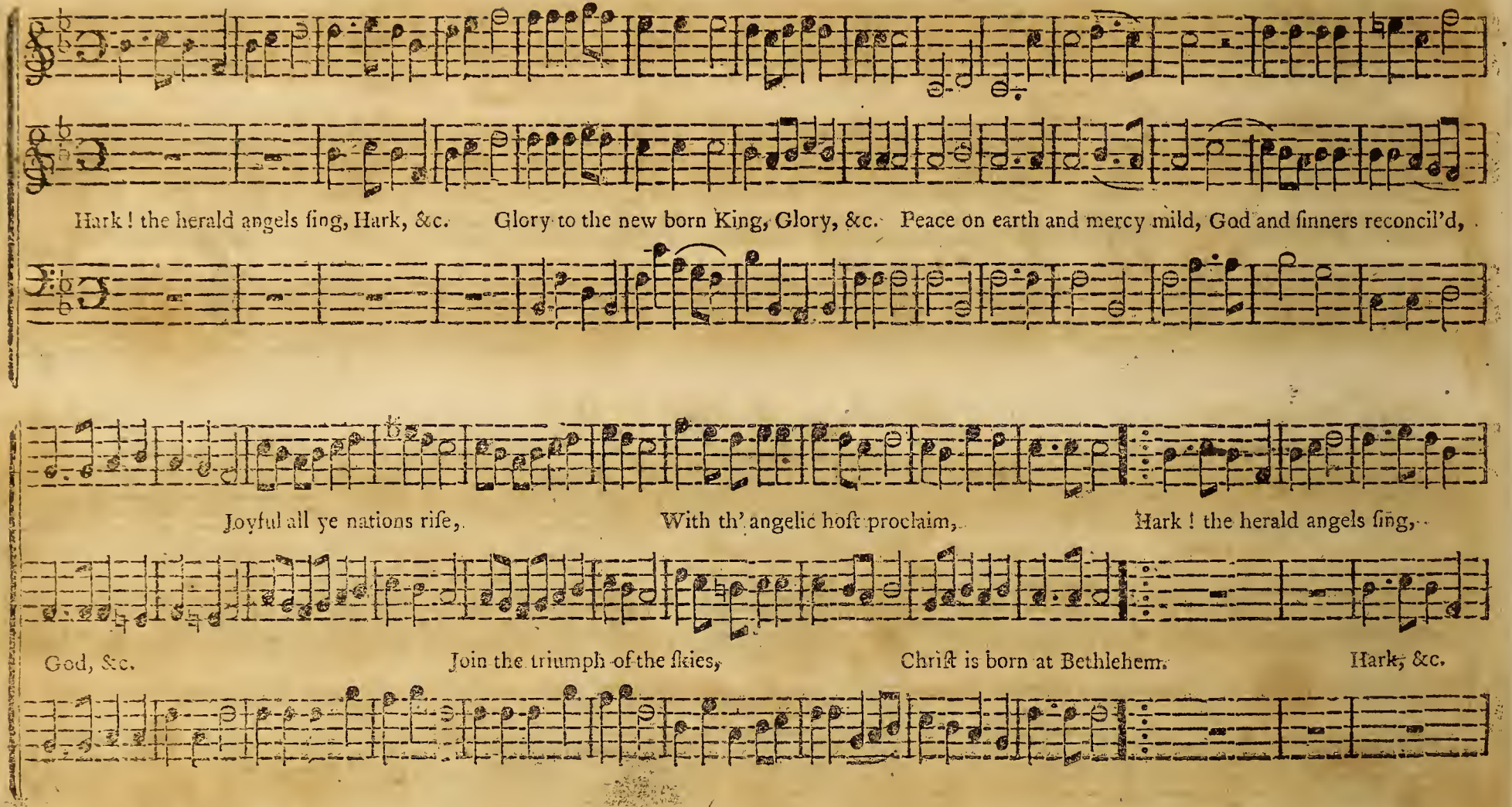



Slow.
O praise
O praise the Lord, &c.
O praise,
O praise the Lord, in that blest place, From whence his goodness largely flows, largely flows.
O praise,
O praise, &c.
omit this
Praise him in heaven, :‖: :‖: :‖: :‖: :‖: :‖:
Praise him in heaven, where he his face Unveil'd in

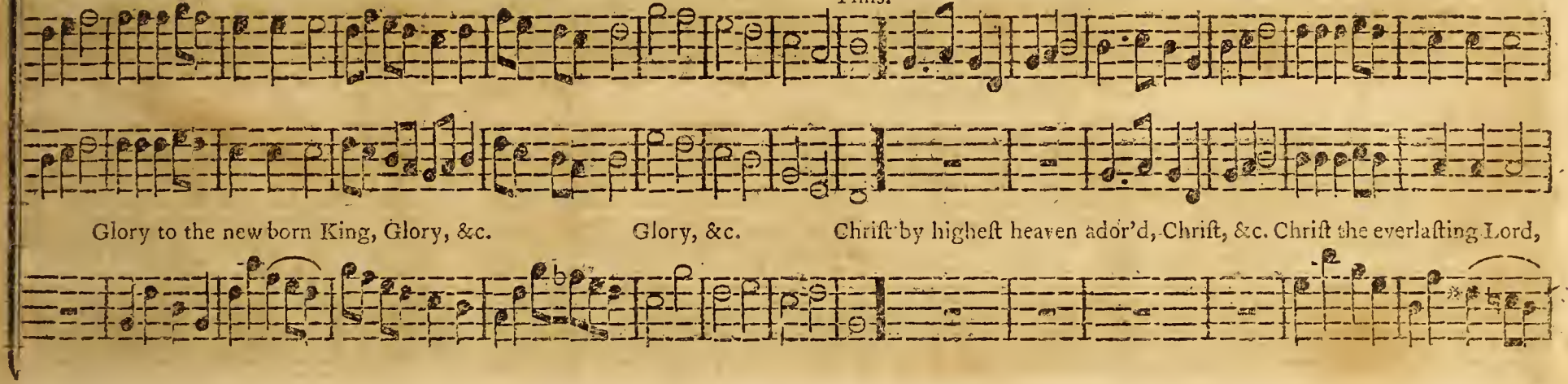

Which he in our behalf hath done;
Which he, &c.
With
perfect glory shews. Praise him for his mighty acts,
Praise him for; &c.
His kindness this return exacts,
which our praise should equal run.
equal run
With which, &c.
ru -
S
org
run

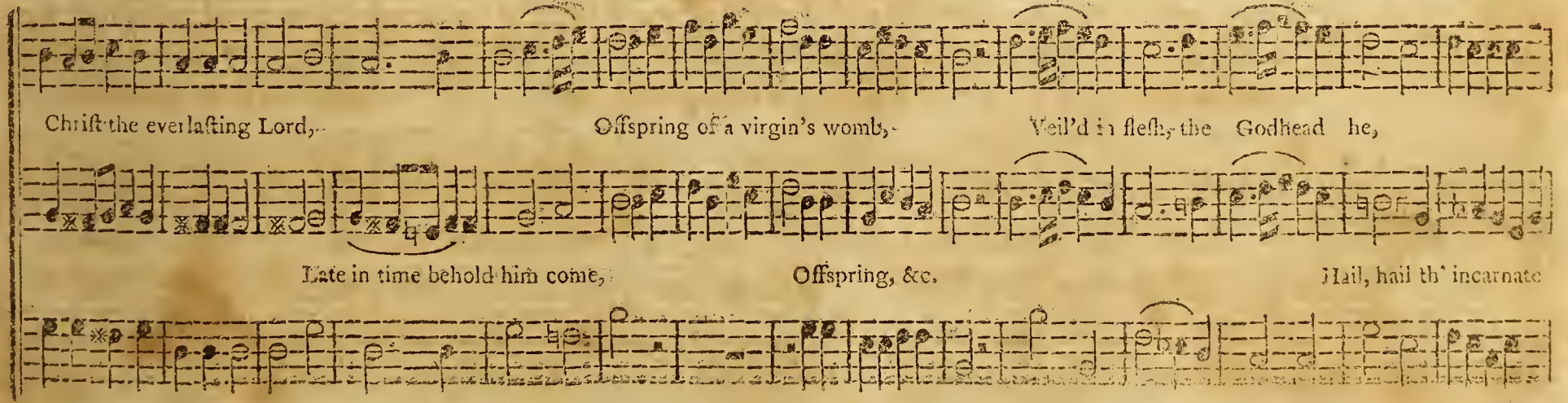

Finis.
- n, our praiſe ſhould equal run, Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice, :‖: Make the rocks & hills his praiſe rebound, :‖
ſoft.
Praiſe him with harp's melodious noiſe, melodious noiſe, And gentle pſalt'ry's ſilver ſound, And gentle pſalt'ry's ſilver


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

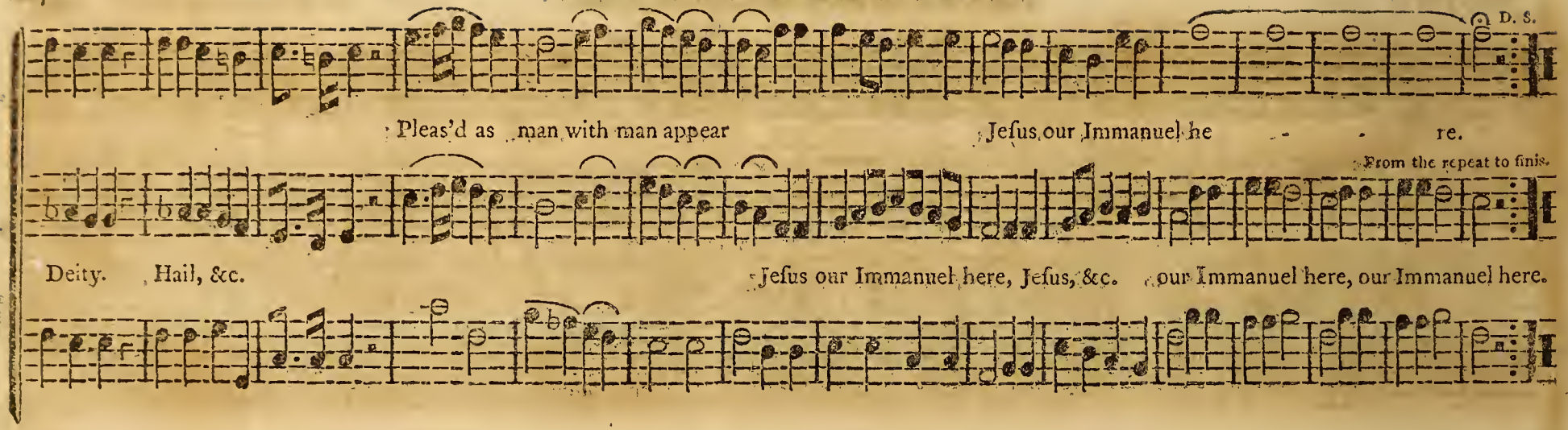

Hark! the herald angels sing, Hark, &c.
Glory to the new born King, Glory, &c.
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconcil'd,
Joyful all ye nations rise,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Hark! the herald angels sing,
God, &c.
Join the triumph of the skies,
Christ is born at Bethlehem.
Hark,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

Finis.


Glory to the new born King, Glory, &c.
Glory, &c.
Chriſt by higheſt heaven ador'd, Chriſt, &c. Chriſt the everlaſting Lord,


Chriſt the everlaſting Lord,
Offspring of a virgin's womb,
Veil'd in fleſh, the Godhead he,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring, &c.
Hail, hail th' incarnate

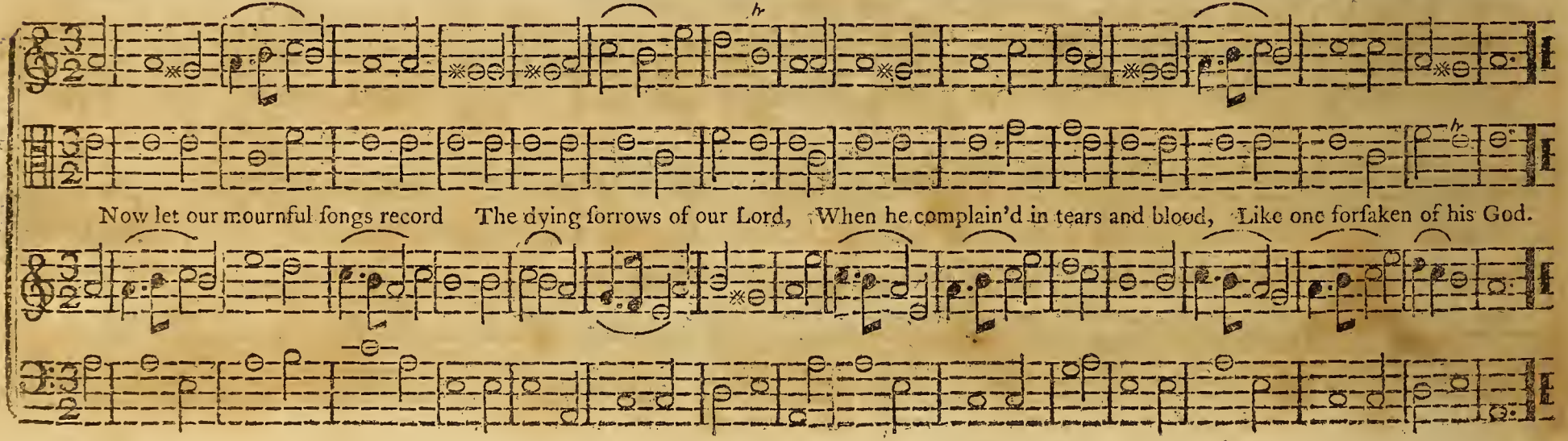
## HERALD ANGELS Continued.

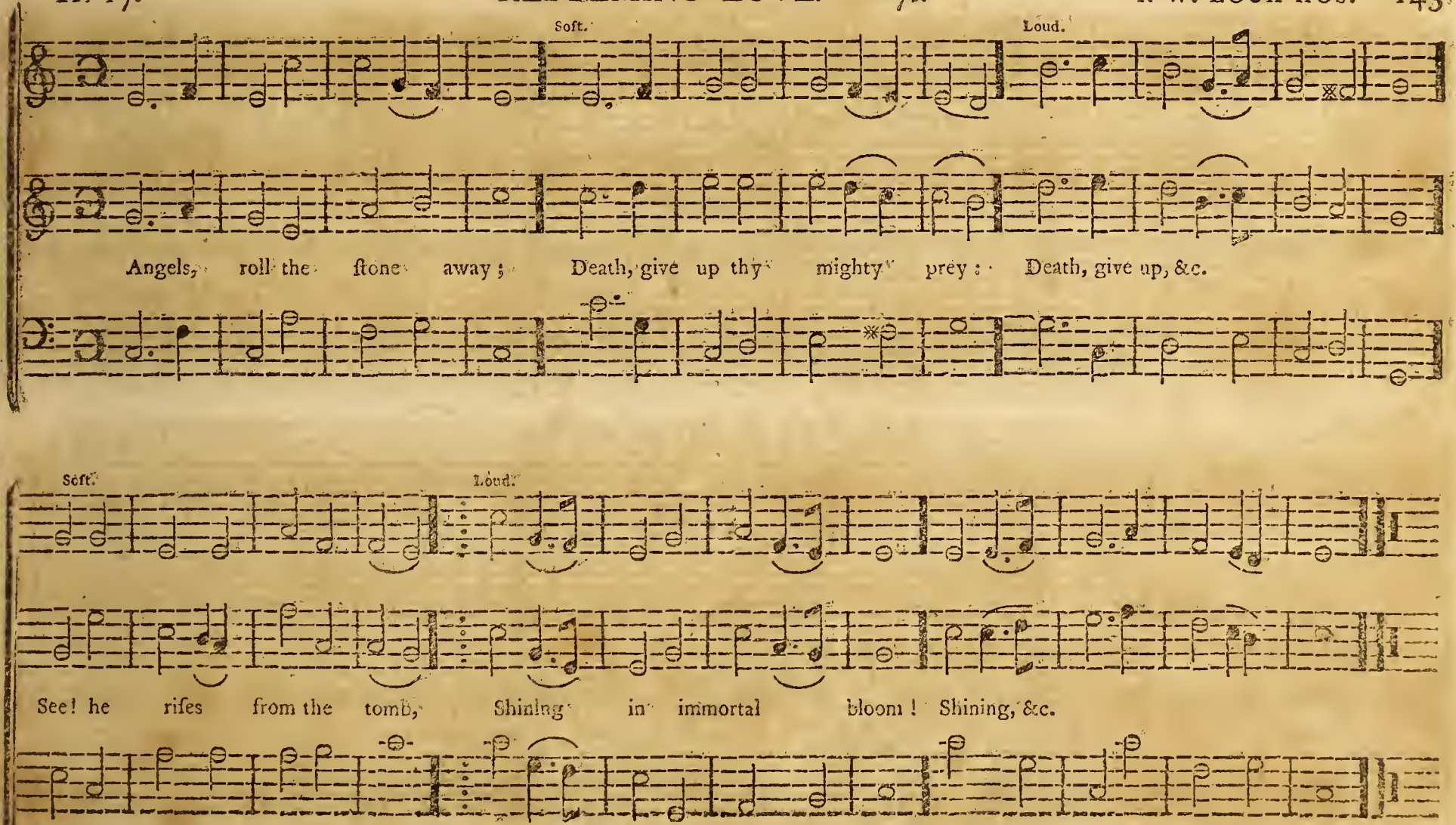


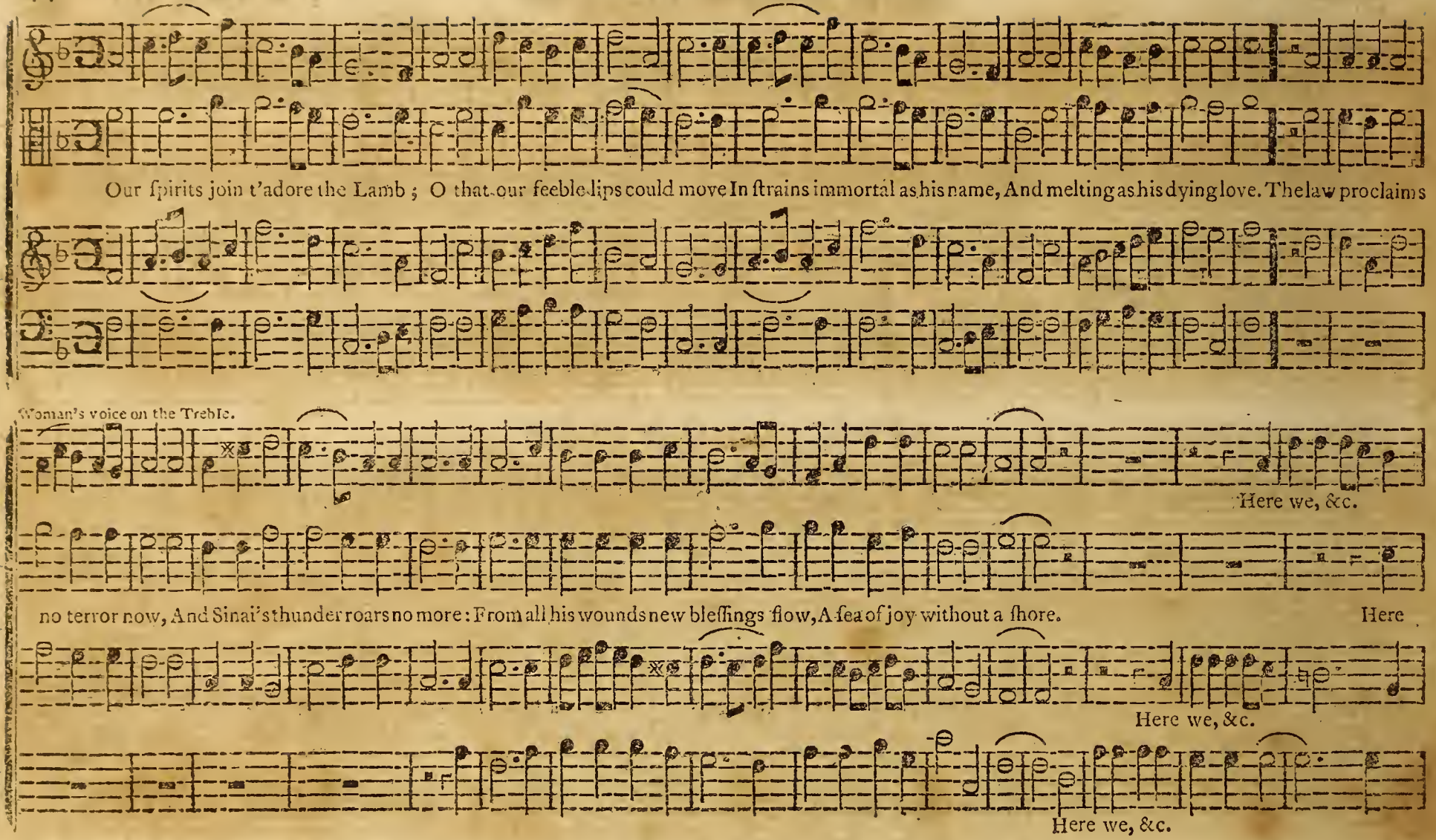

P. 22.

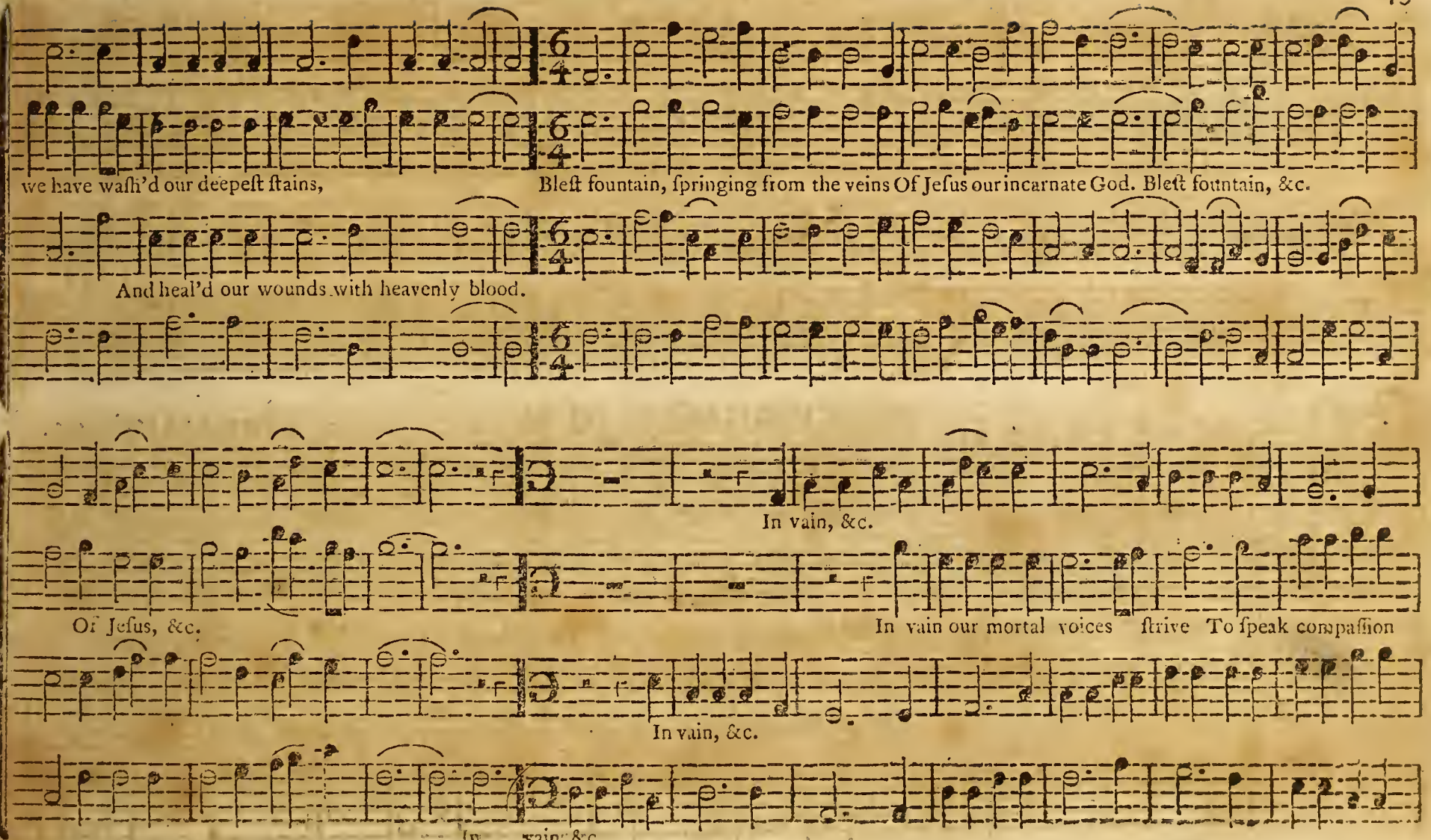
## PUTNEY. L. M.

WILLIAMS' COL.



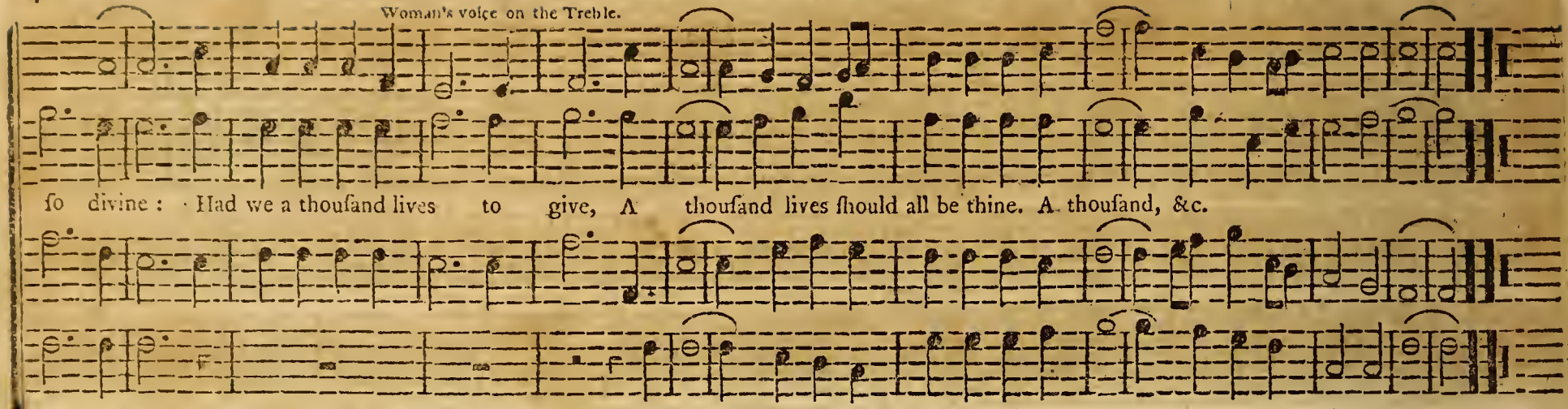

Soft.
Loud.
Angels, roll the ſtone away; Death, give up thy mighty prey: Death, give up, &c.
Soft.
Loud.
See! he riſes from the tomb, Shining in immortal bloom! Shining, &c.


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


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

## ADORATION Continued.

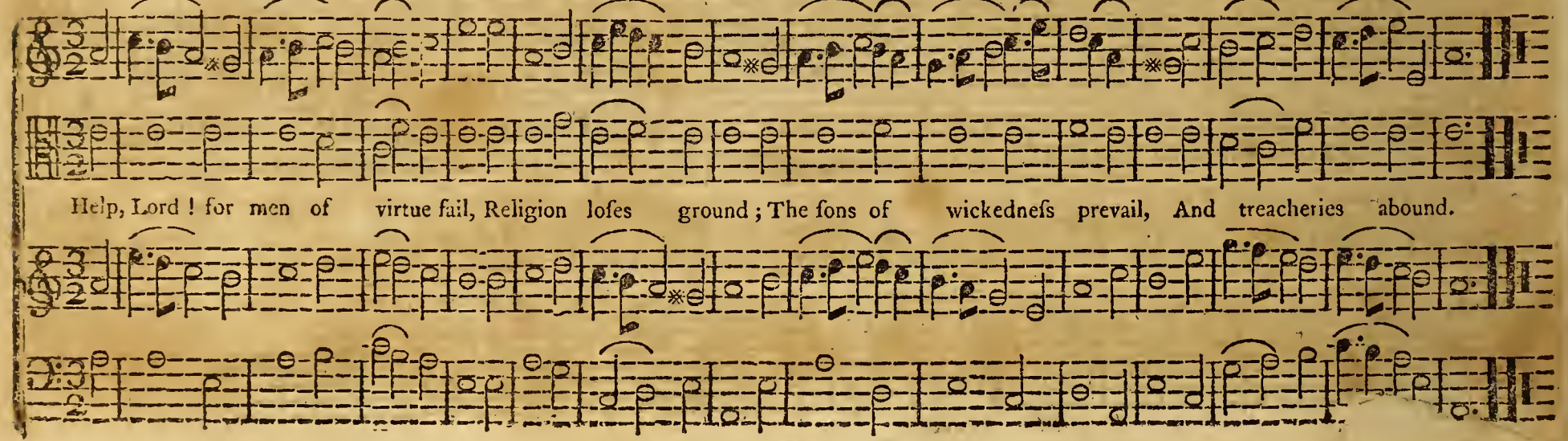
Woman's voice on the Treble.

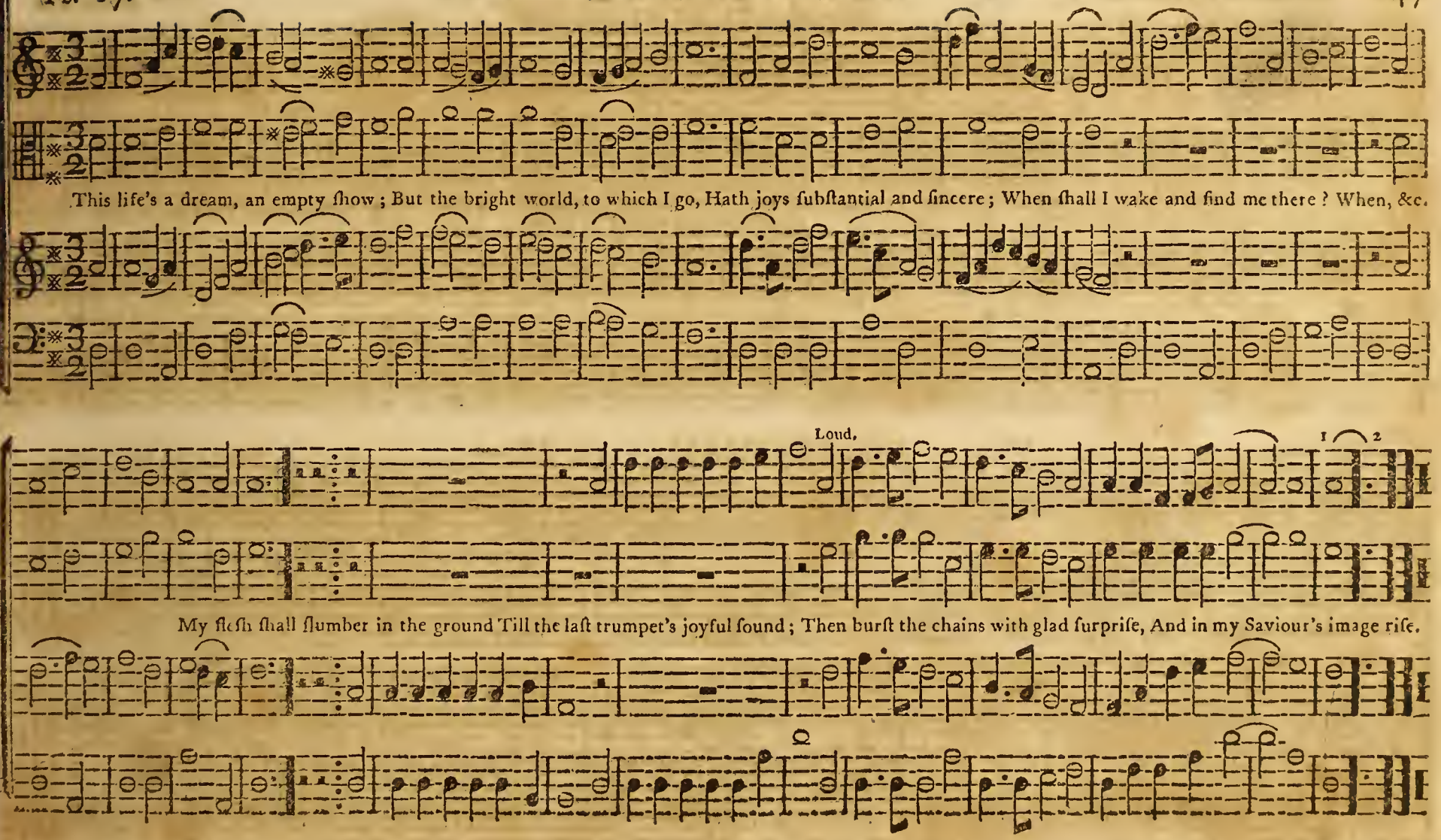


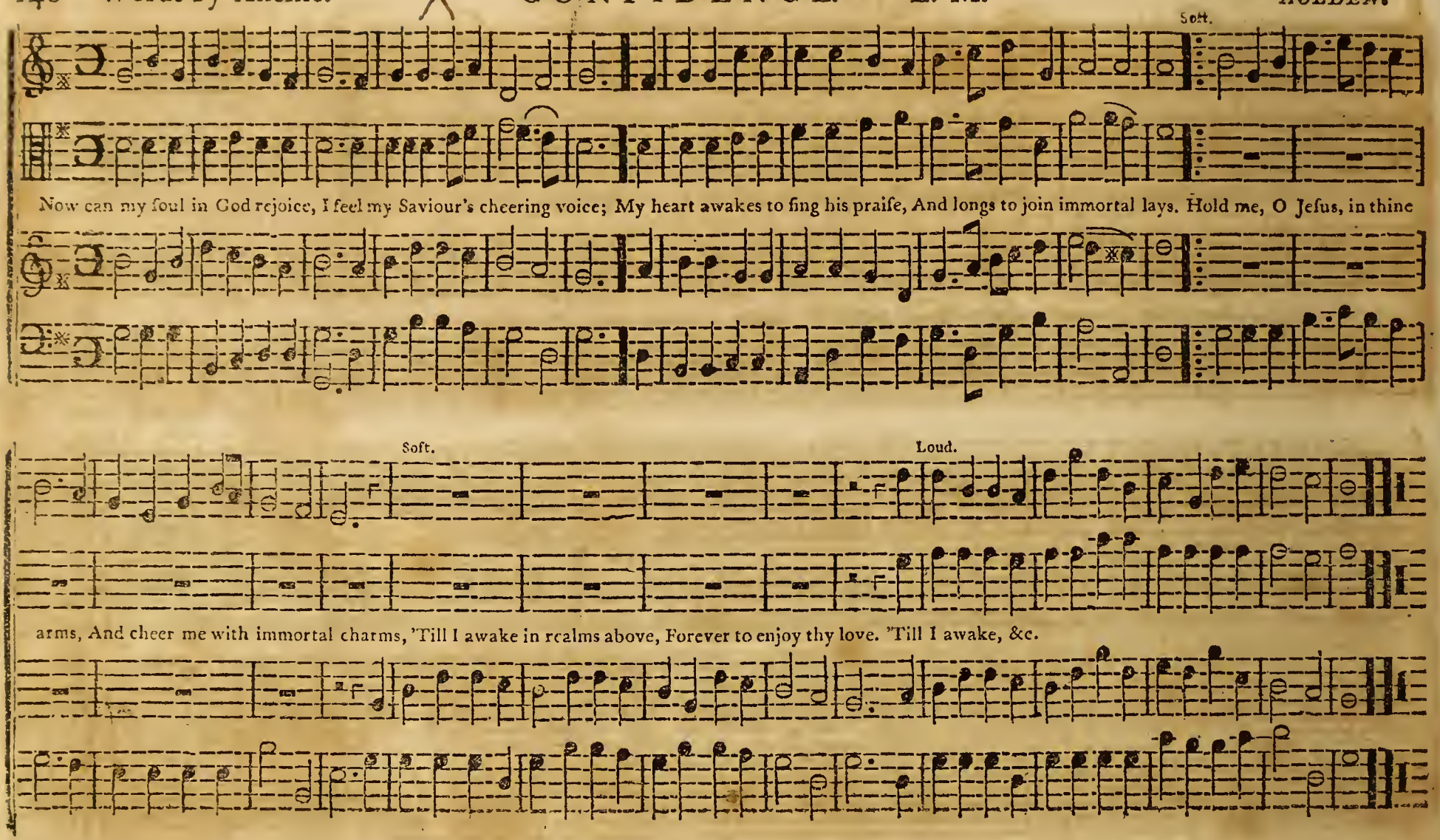

Ps. 12.

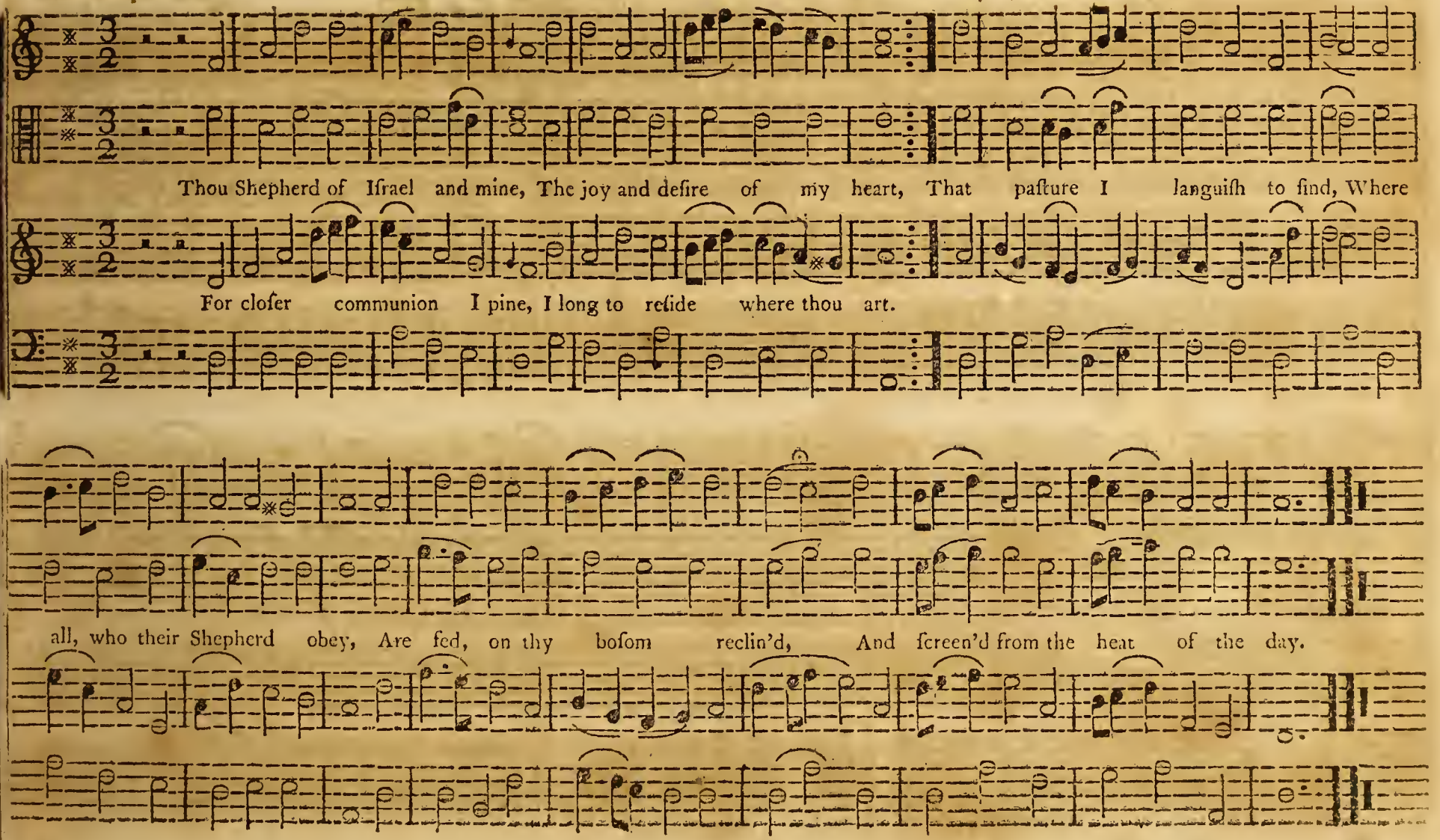
## BUCKINGHAM. C. M.

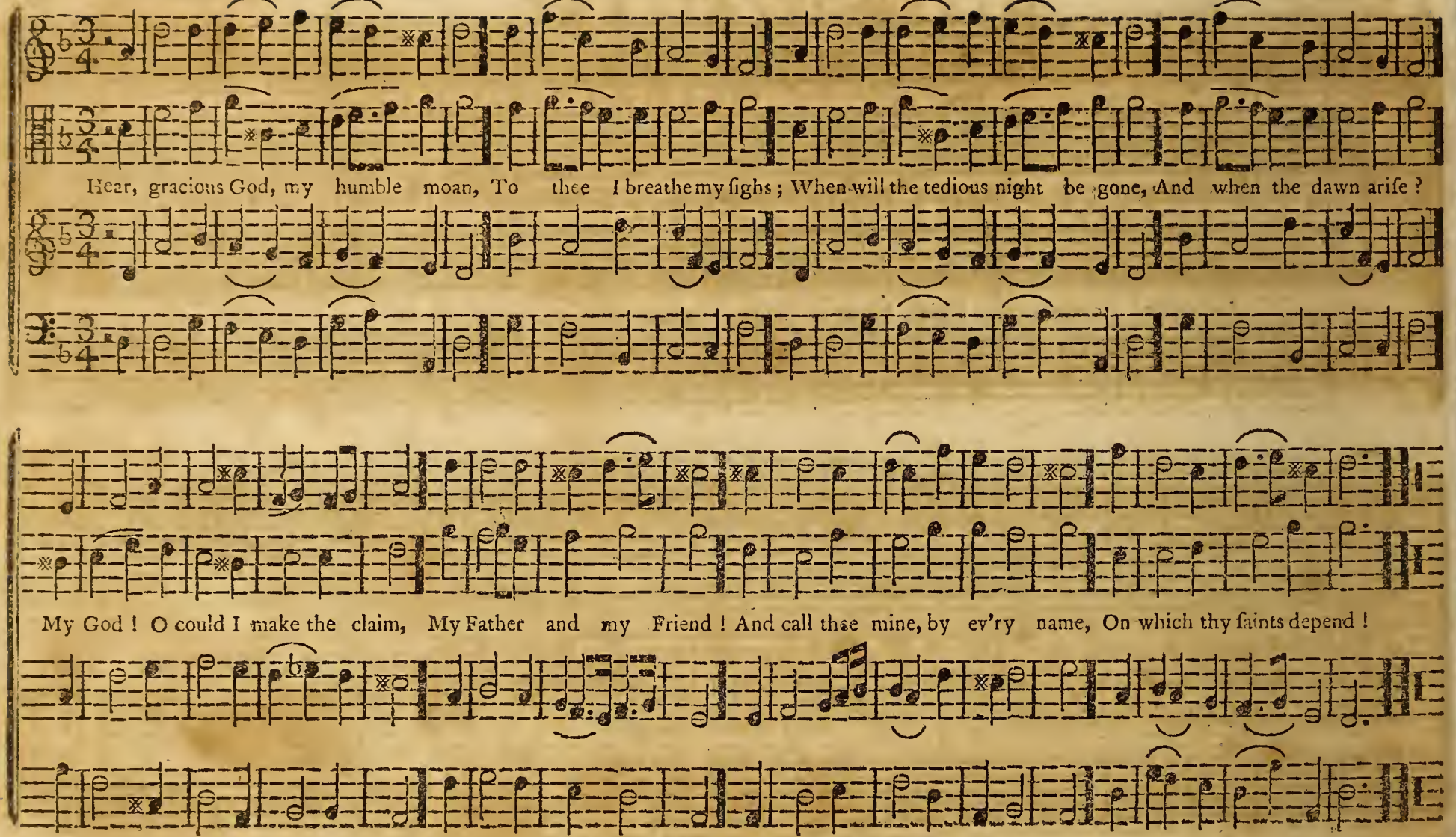
WILLIAMS' COL.

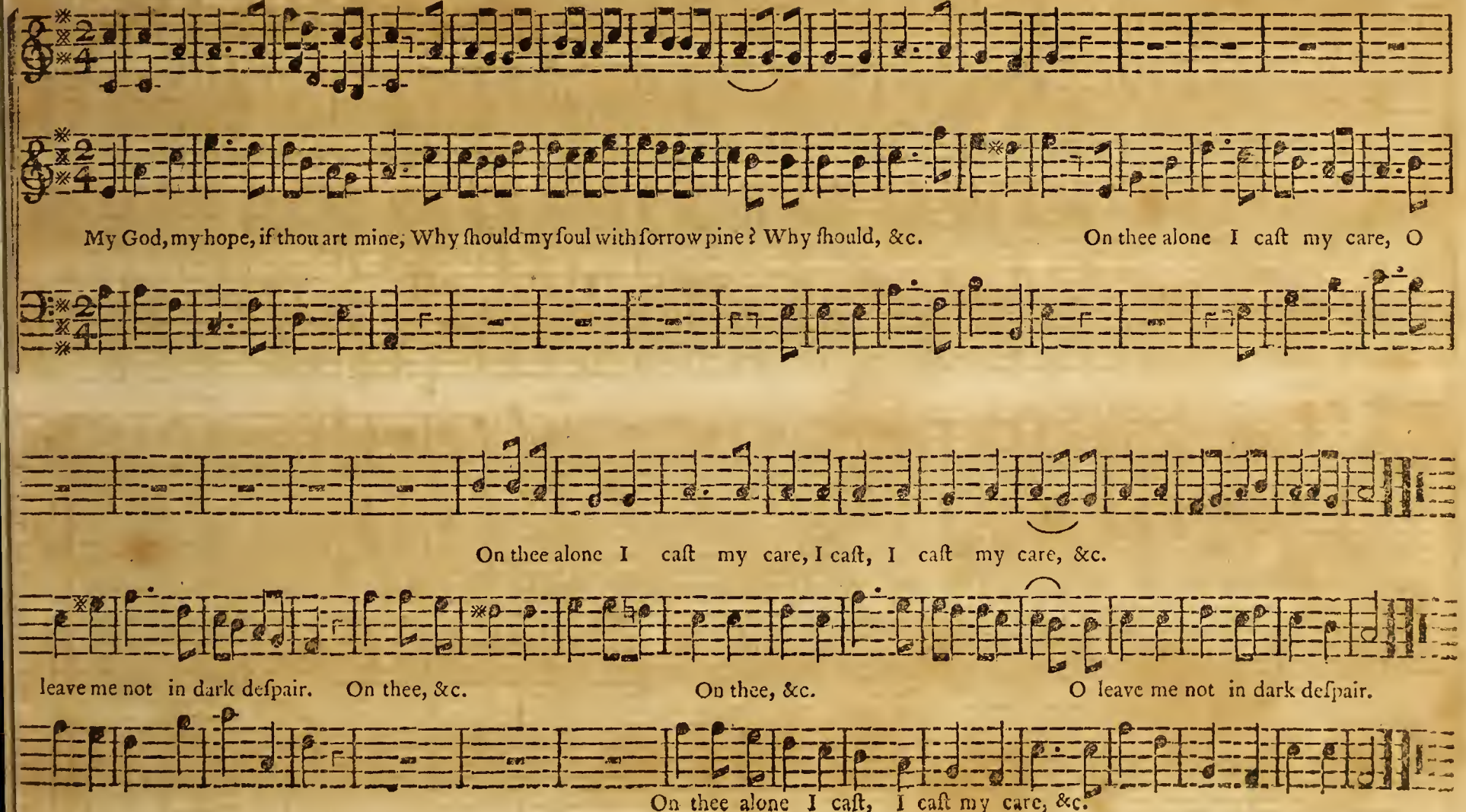



This life's a dream, an empty ſhow; But the bright world, to which I go, Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere; When ſhall I wake and find me there? When, &c.
Loud.
1 2
My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound; Then burſt the chains with glad ſurpriſe, And in my Saviour's image riſe.


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

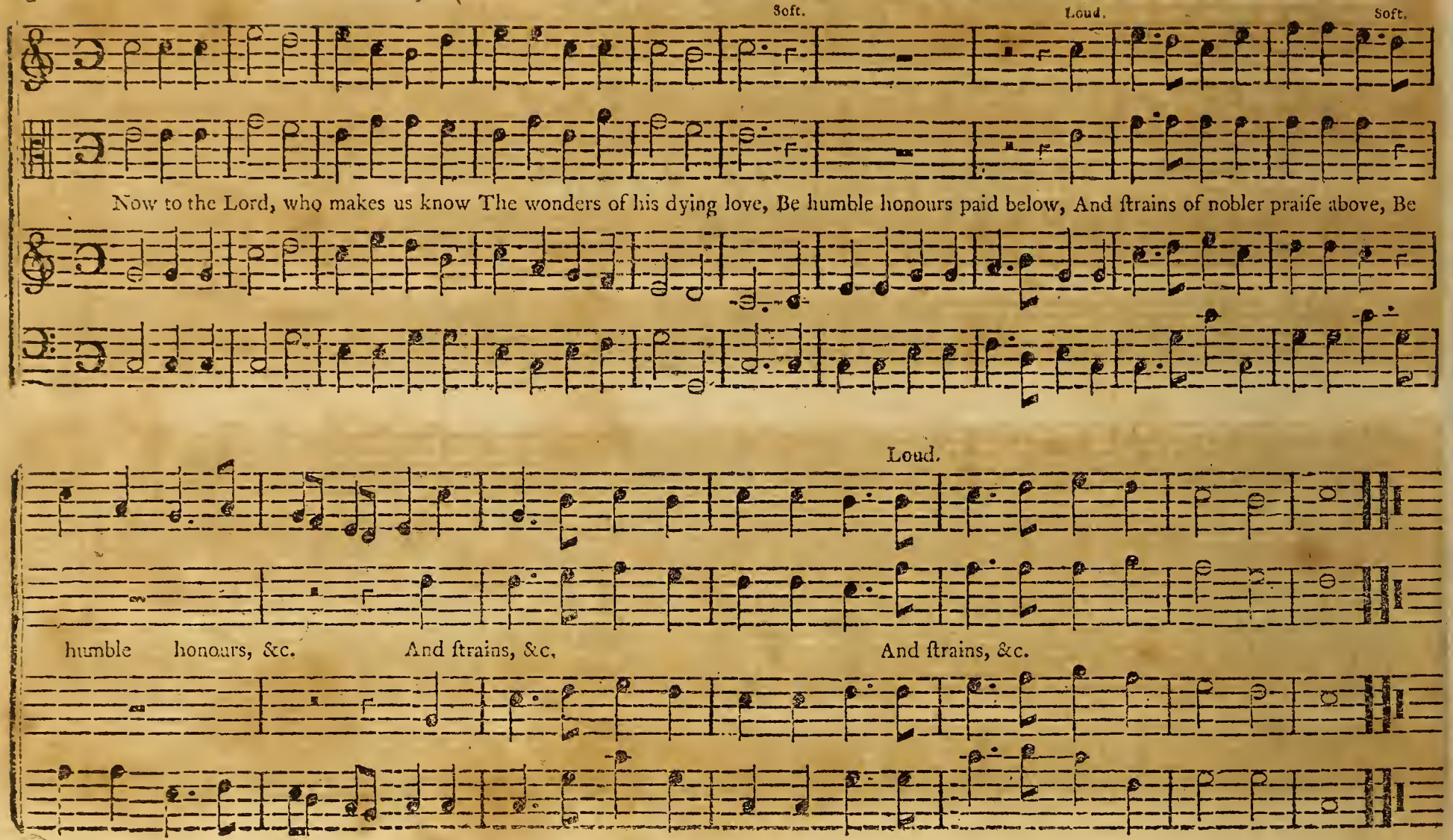

Thou Shepherd of Iſrael and mine, The joy and deſire of my heart, That paſture I languiſh to find, Where
For cloſer communion I pine, I long to reſide where thou art.
all, who their Shepherd obey, Are fed, on thy boſom reclin'd, And ſcreen'd from the heat of the day.

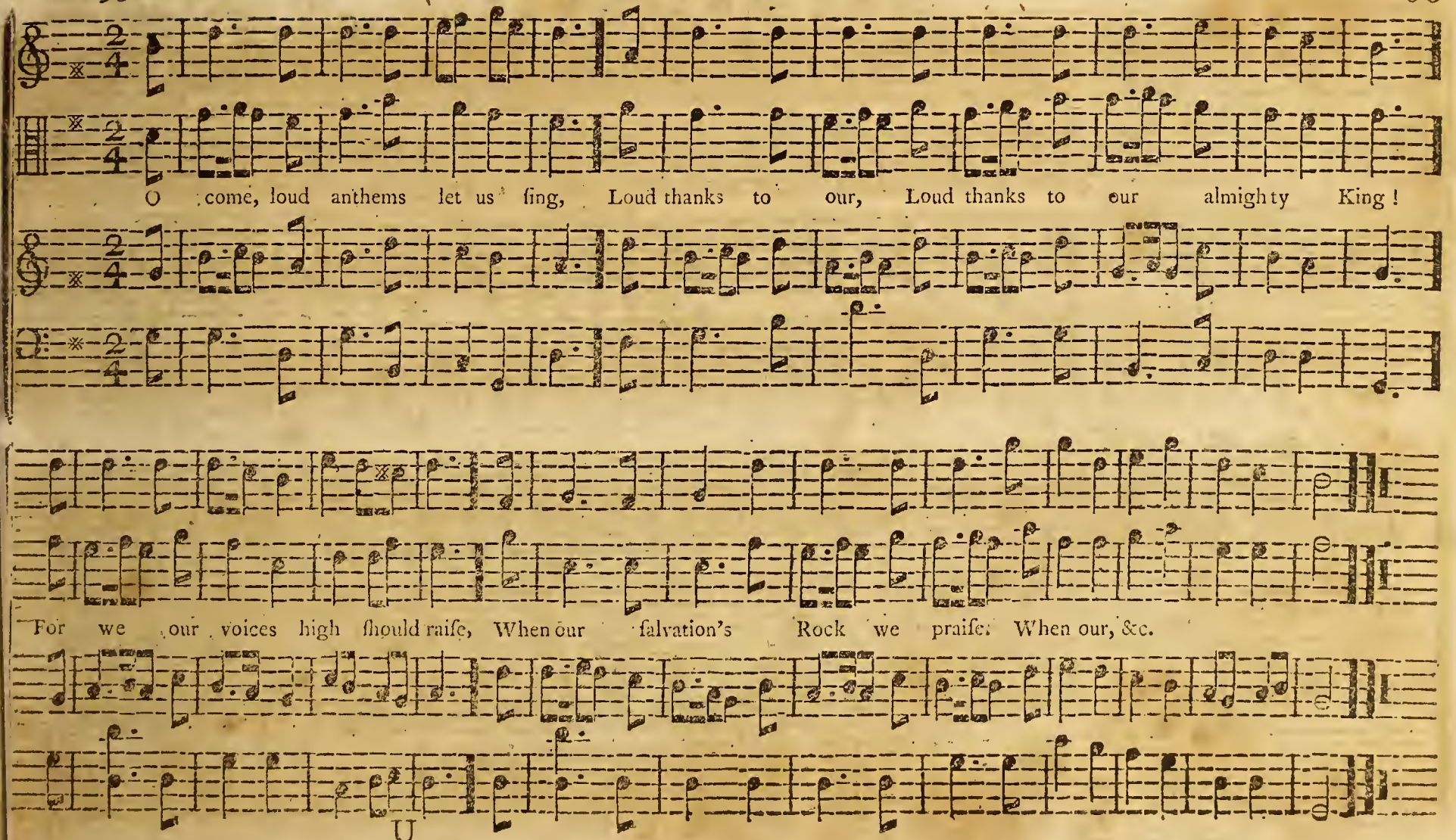

Hear, gracious God, my humble moan, To thee I breathe my sighs; When will the tedious night be gone, And when the dawn arise?
My God! O could I make the claim, My Father and my Friend! And call thee mine, by ev'ry name, On which thy saints depend!

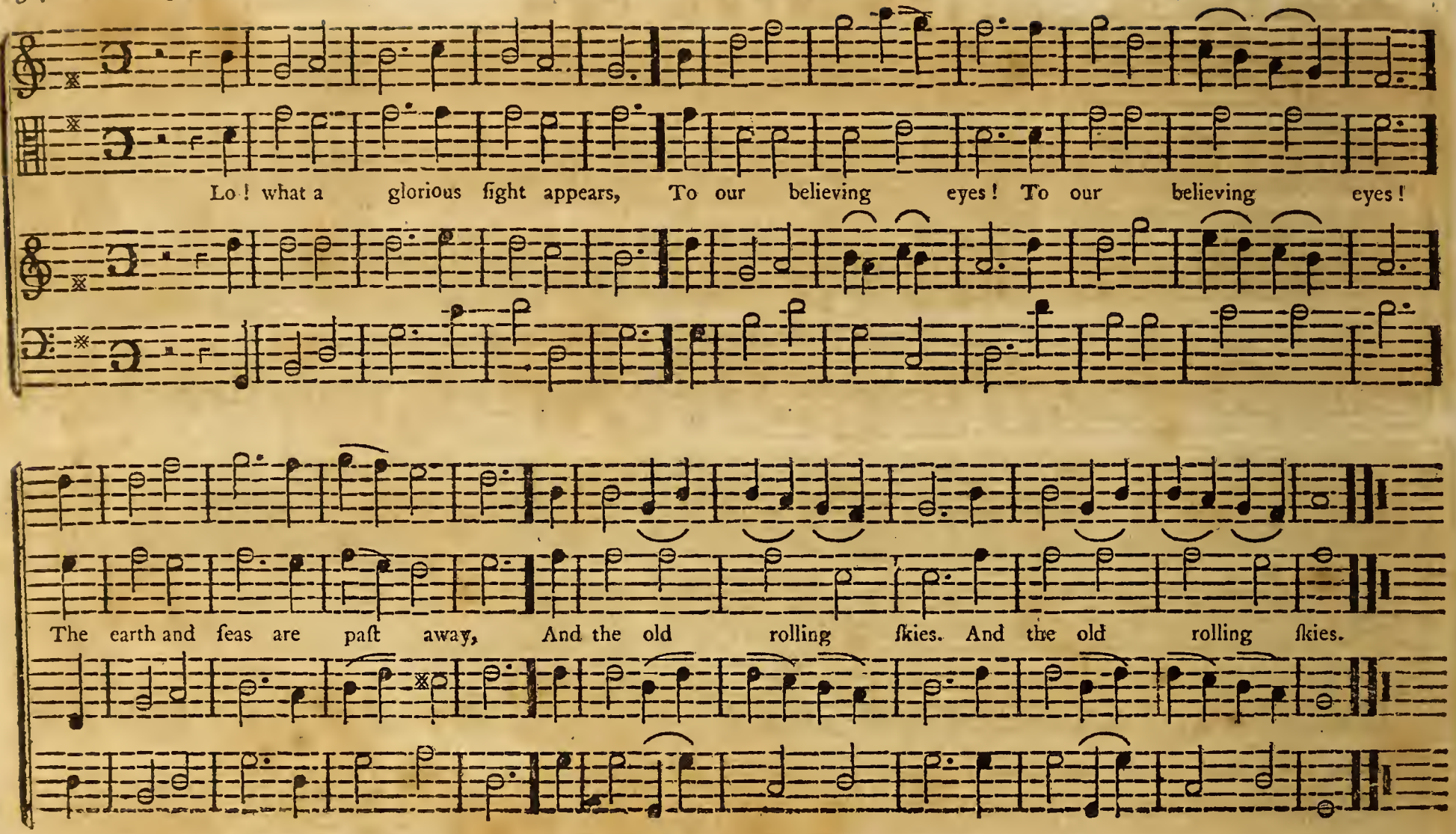

My God, my hope, if thou art mine; Why ſhould my ſoul with ſorrow pine? Why ſhould, &c.
On thee alone I caſt my care, O
On thee alone I caſt my care, I caſt, I caſt my care, &c.
leave me not in dark deſpair. On thee, &c.
On thee, &c.
O leave me not in dark deſpair.
On thee alone I caſt, I caſt my care, &c.

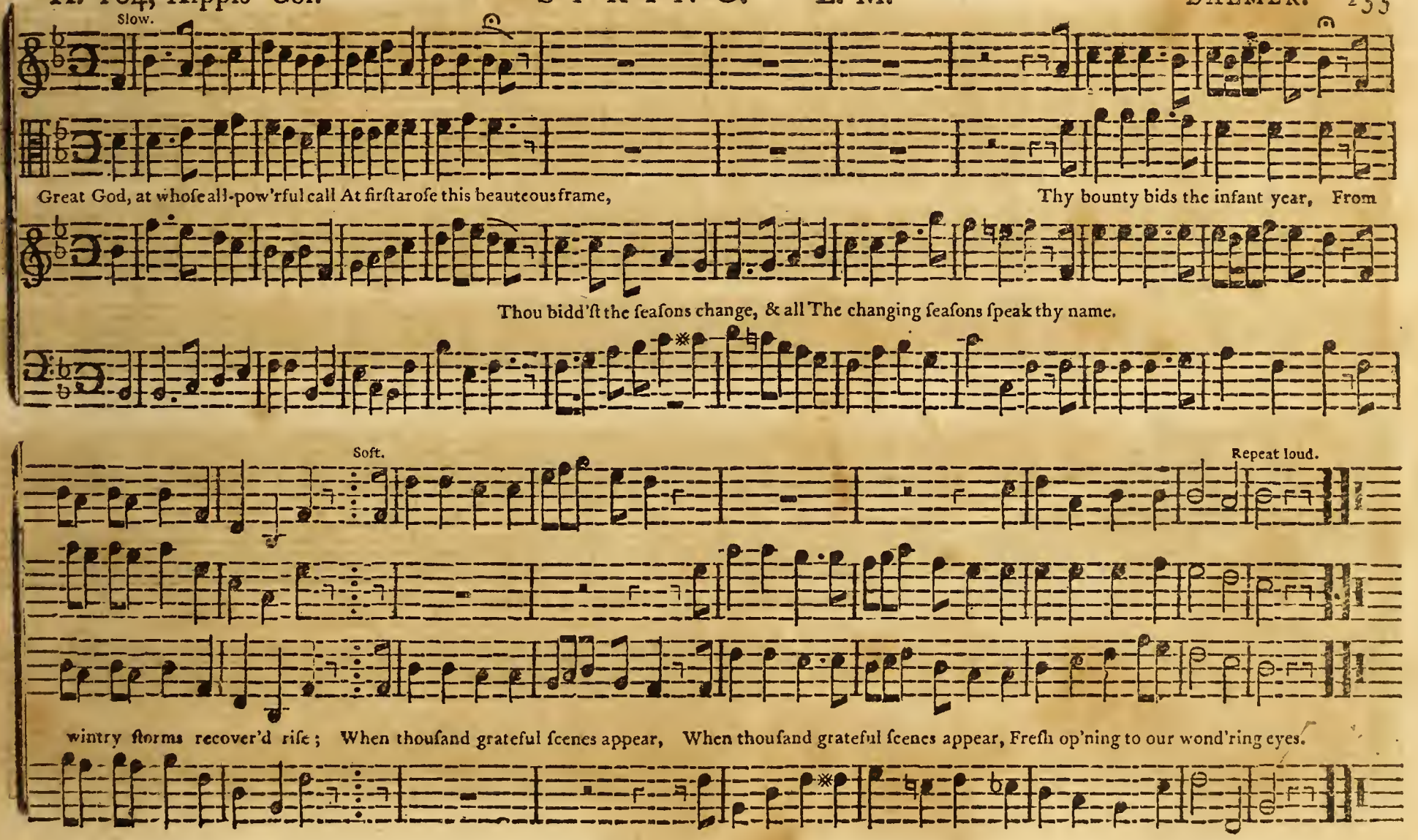
# PERSIA. L. M.

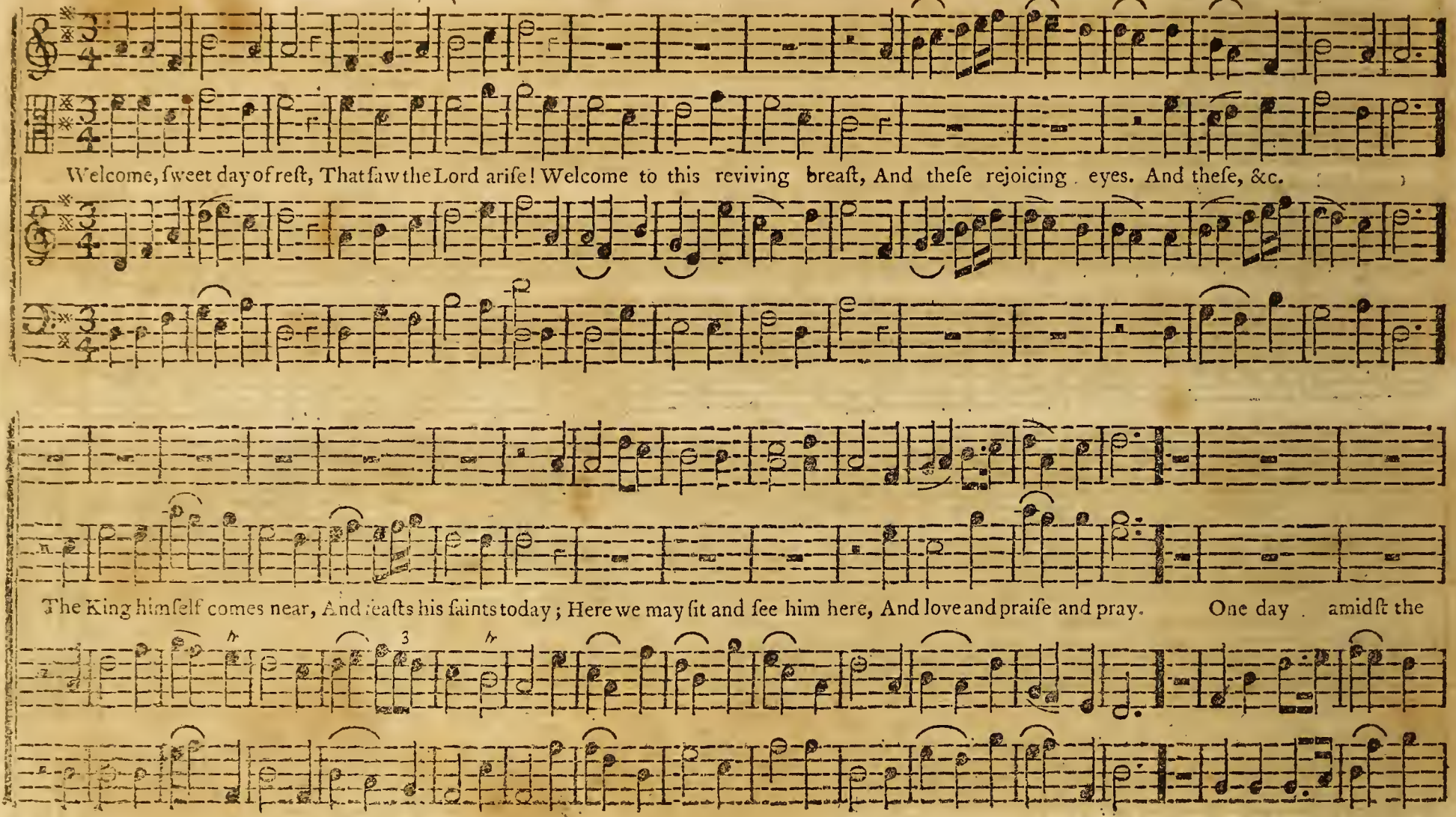
HOLDEN.

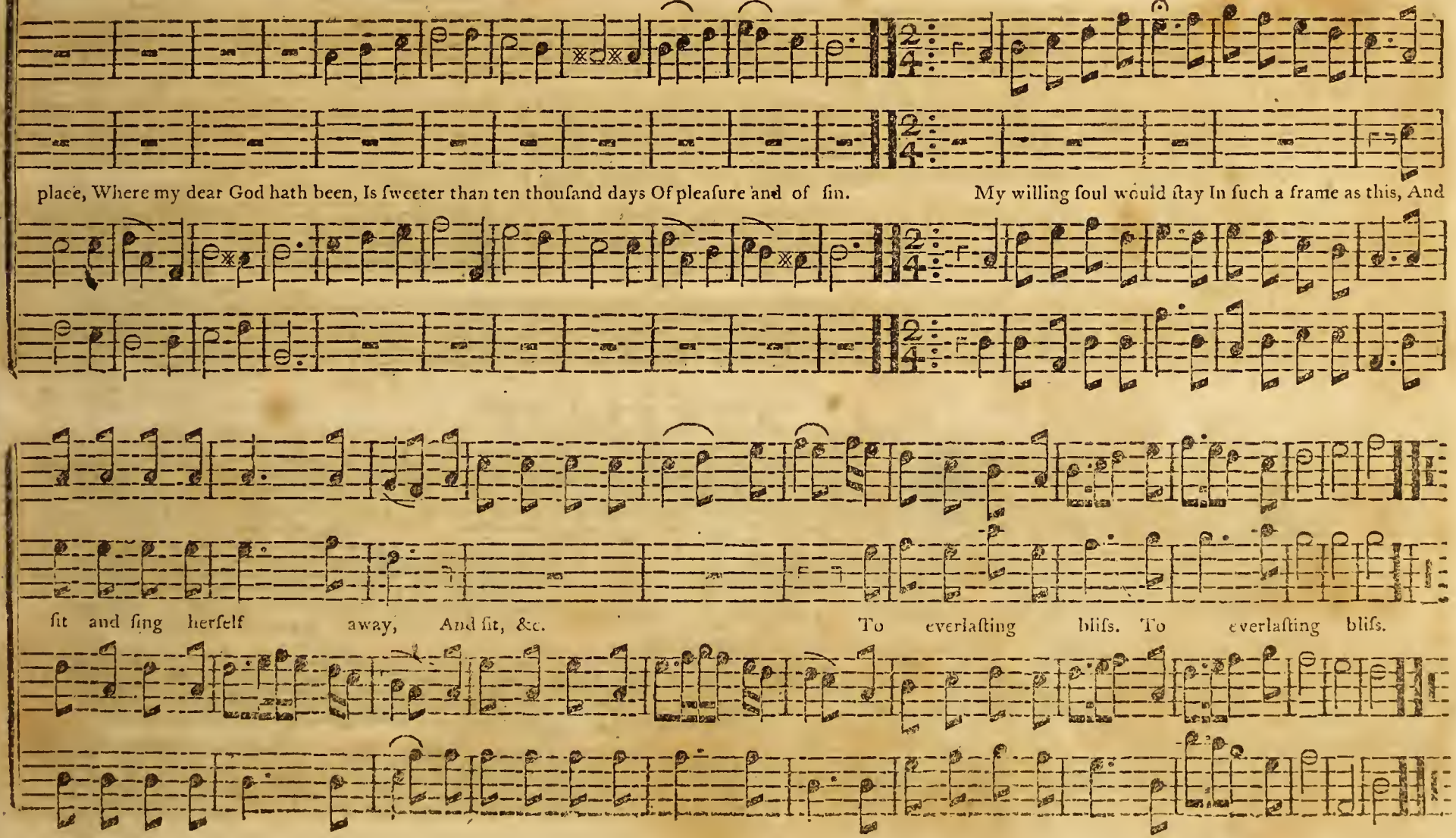


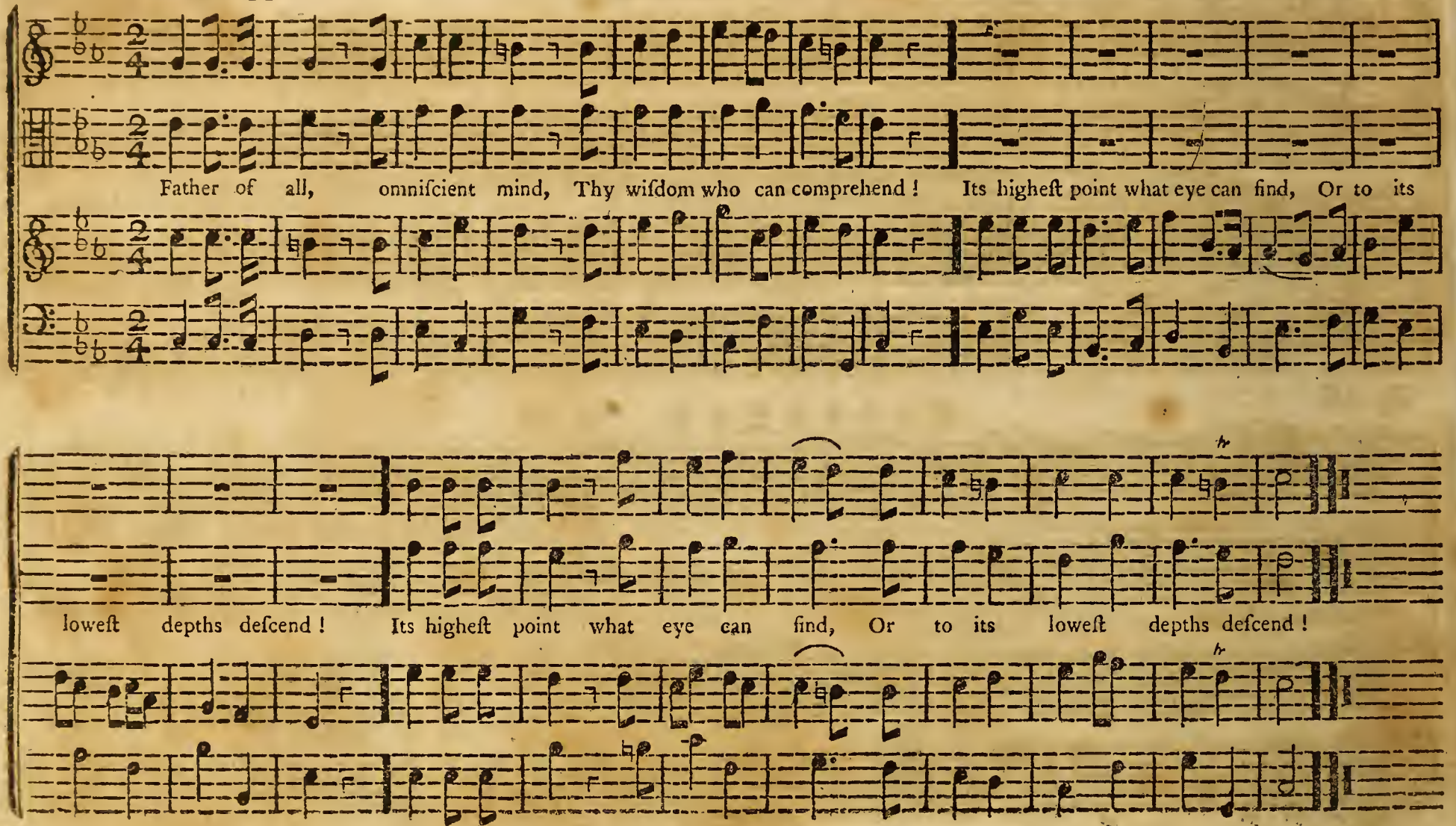

O come, loud anthems let us ſing, Loud thanks to our, Loud thanks to our almighty King!
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe, When our ſalvation's Rock we praiſe. When our, &c.

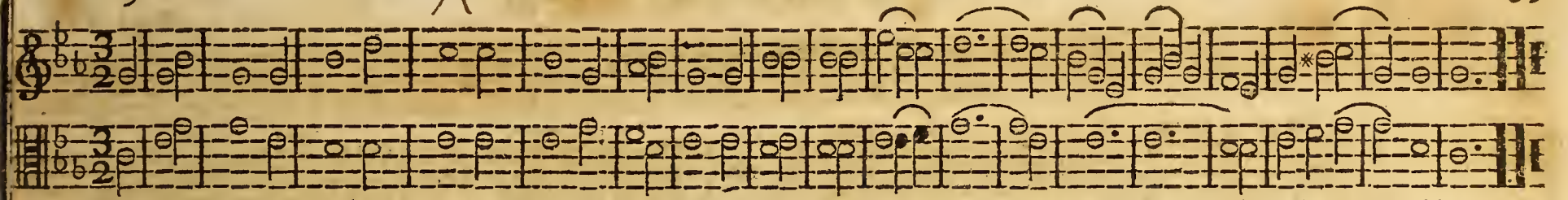

Lo! what a glorious ſight appears, To our believing eyes! To our believing eyes!
The earth and ſeas are paſt away, And the old rolling ſkies. And the old rolling ſkies.


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

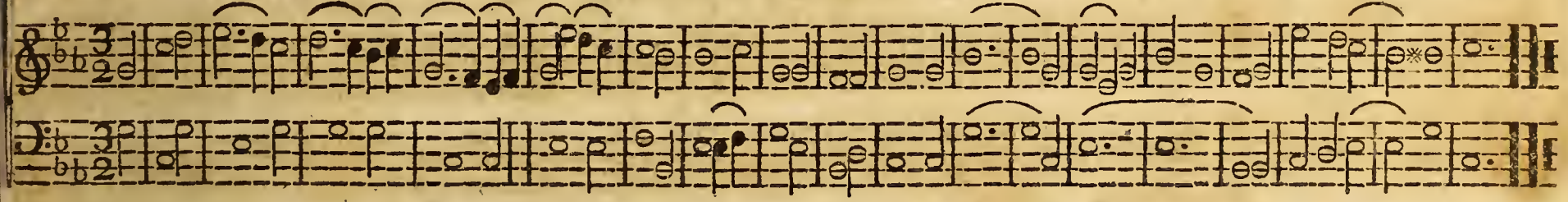

Welcome, ſweet day of reſt, That ſaw the Lord ariſe! Welcome to this reviving breaſt, And theſe rejoicing eyes. And theſe, &c.
The King himſelf comes near, And feaſts his ſaints today; Here we may ſit and ſee him here, And love and praiſe and pray. One day amidſt the


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


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

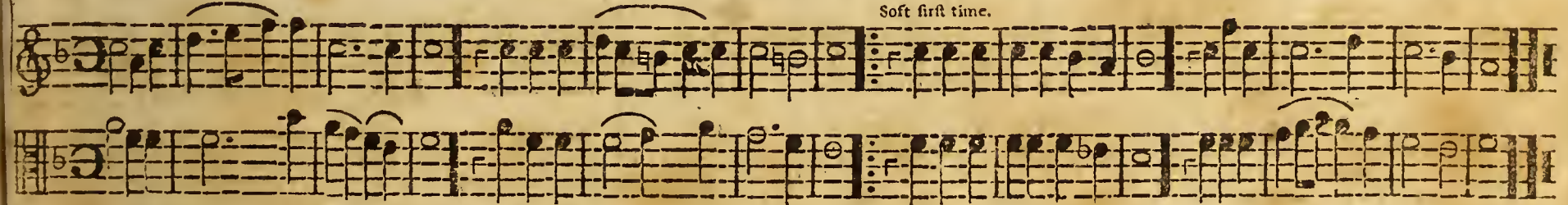


Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the boiſt'rous deep; Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll, The rolling billows ſleep. The rolling, &c.

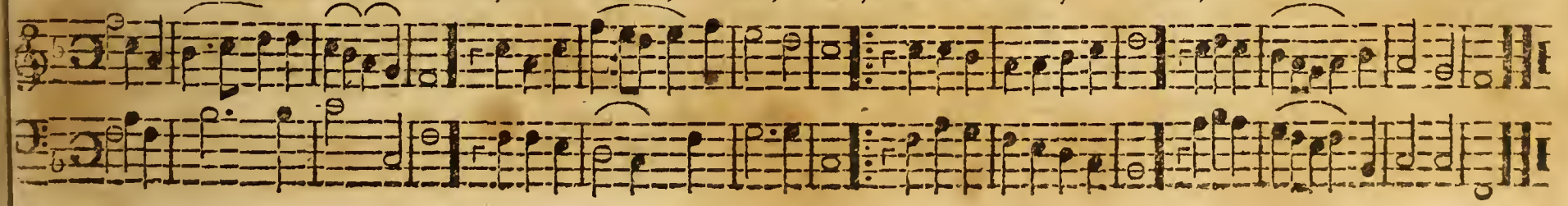


Ps. 18. RELIANCE. L. M. DIXON.

Soft firſt time.



No change of times ſhall ever ſhock My firm affection, Lord, to thee; For thou haſt always been a rock, A fortreſs and defence to me.

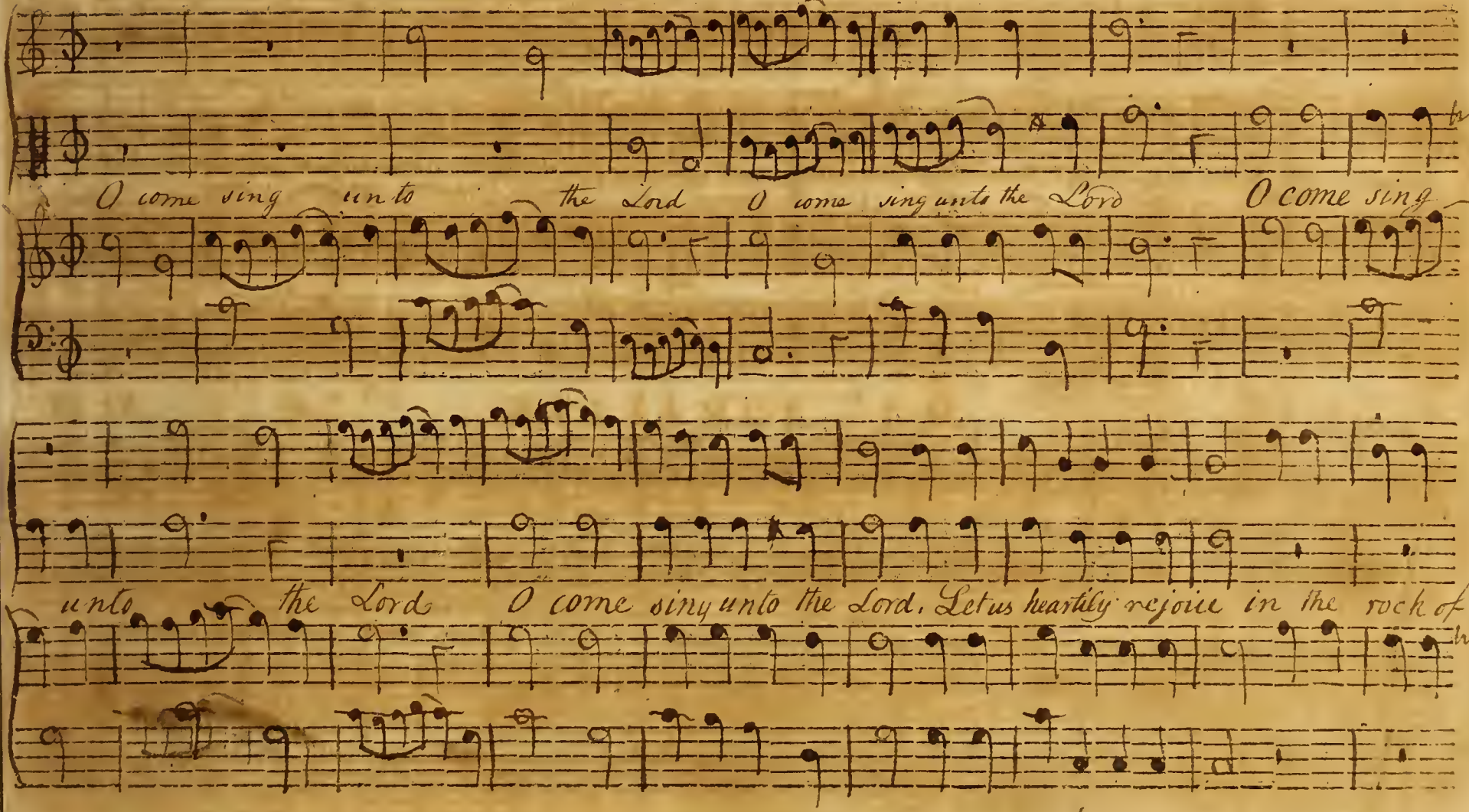


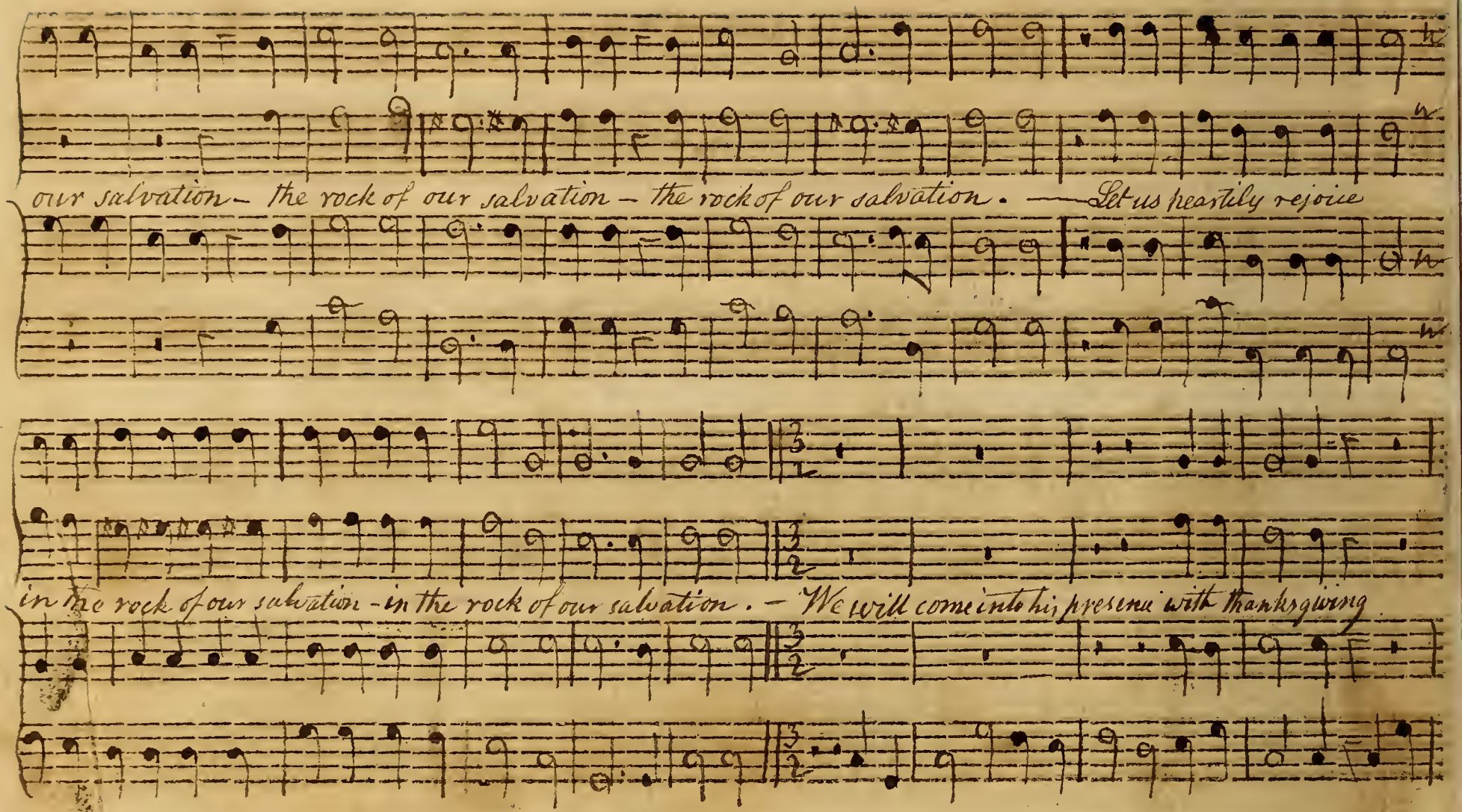
# INDEX.

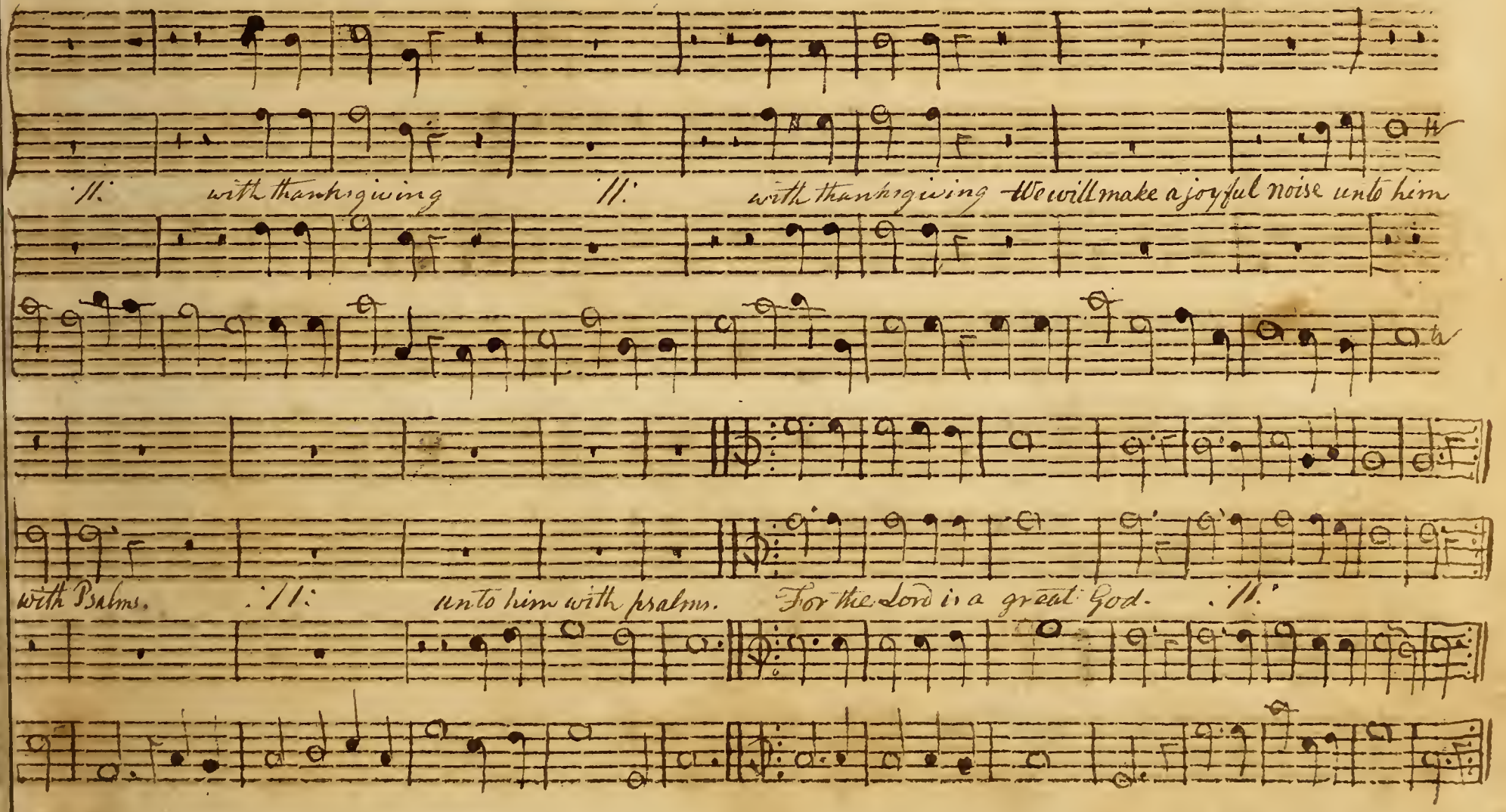

| Names. | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Abington, | C. M. | 30 |
| Adoration, | L. M. | 144 |
| Advent, | C. M. | 22 |
| Ameſbury, | P. M. | 100 |
| Angel, | L. P. M. | 52 |
| Arlington, | C. M. | 105 |
| Arundel, | C. M. | 90 |
| Auſpicious Morn, | 6s & 10s. | 117 |
| Bangor, | C. M. | 24 |
| Bethesda, | H. M. | 48 |
| Billow, | C. M. | 159 |
| Braintree, | C. M. | 89 |
| Bredby, | L. M. | 153 |
| Bridgewater, | C. M. | 19 |
| Buckingham, | C. M. | 146 |
| Carver, | C. M. | 99 |
| Carthage, | L. M. | 158 |
| Caſtle Street, | L. M. | 12 |
| Cheſhunt, | L. M. | 110 |
| Chockſet, | C. M. | 25 |
| Chriſtmas, | C. M. | 154 |
| Chriſtmas Hymn, | L. M. | 35 |
| Chriſtian, | L. M. | 135 |
| Colcheſter New, | C. M. | 28 |
| Condolence, | L. M. | 24 |
| Confidence, | L. M. | 148 |
| Cookham, | 7s. | 37 |
| Coronation, | C. M. | 108 |
| Corſica, | L. M. | 106 |
| Cumberland, | L. P. M. &c. | 36 |
| Dalmatia, | 7s. | 96 |
| Dalſton, | S. P. M. | 42 |
| Denmark, | L. M. | 38 |
| Doomſday, | S. M. | 61 |
| Dorſet, | C. M. | 150 |
| Dover, | S. M. | 34 |
| Dreſden, | L. M. | 81 |
| Dunſtan, | L. M. | 123 |
| Durham, | C. M. | 28 |
| Enfield, | C. M. | 44 |
| Evening Hymn, | C. M. | 23 |
| Exhortation, | H. M. | 87 |
| Funeral Hymn, | H. M. | 21 |
| Funeral Thought, | C. M. | 43 |
| Ganges, | C. P. M. | 76 |
| Habakkuk, | L. M. | 58 |
| Hamilton, | L. M. | 77 |
| Hampton, | 8s. | 149 |
| Hanover, | L. M. | 136 |
| Herald Angels, | 7s. | 140 |
| Helleſpont, | C. M. | 84 |
| Hermit, | 11s. | 121 |
| Humility, | L. P. M. | 60 |
| Iriſh, | C. M. | 13 |
| Iſlington, | C. M. | 97 |
| Italy, | L. M. | 27 |
| Jordan, | C. M. | 72 |
| Judgment, | 10s. | 47 |
| Juſtice, | C. M. | 15 |
| Kingſton, | C. M. | 98 |
| Kippis, | C. M. | 128 |
| Landaff, | 10s & 11s. | 56 |
| Lebanon, | L. M. | 68 |
| Little Cheſhunt, | L. M. &c. | 53 |
| Little Marlborough, | S. M. | 34 |
| Litchfield or Carver, | C. M. | 99 |
| Litchfield, | S. M. | 132 |
| Lorrain, | L. M. | 80 |
| Mansfield, | S. M. | 81 |
| Marlborough, | C. M. | 105 |
| Marſhfield, | L. M. | 151 |
| Middletown, | 7s. | 119 |
| Moreton, | L. M. | 88 |
| Morning Flower, | L. M. | 9 |
| Morning Hymn, | L. M. | 61 |
| Moulines, | C. M. | 118 |
| Mount Ephraim, | S. M. | 46 |
| Mount Zion, | C. P. M. | 69 |
| Nantwich, | L. M. | 41 |
| Newark, | C. M. | 18 |
| Newport, | C. M. | 129 |
| Norfolk, | S. M. | 89 |
| Northampton, | S. M. | 63 |
| No. 35, | S. M. | 156 |
| Old 50th, | 10s & 11s. | 56 |
| Old 100, | L. M. | 11 |
| Orange Street, | C. M. | 86 |
| Pembroke, | C. M. | 84 |
| Pentecoſt, | L. M. | 82 |
| Perſia, | L. M. | 152 |
| *Pilgrims, | C. M. | 74 |
| Pleyel's Hymn, | L. M. | 24 |
| Plymouth, | S. M. | 156 |
| Plymton, | C. M. | 66 |
| Portſmouth, | H. M. | 64 |
| Portugal, | L. M. | 127 |
| Portugueſe Hymn, | L. M. | 16 |
| Pſalm 25th, | S. M. | 71 |
| —— 33d, | C. M. | 67 |
| —— 34th, | C. M. | 20 |
| —— 46th, | L. P. M. | 57 |
| —— 58th, | L. P. M. | 70 |
| Putney, | L. M. | 142 |
| Quincy, | L. P. M. | 79 |
| *Randolph, | S. M. | 50 |
| Redeeming Love, | 7s. | 143 |
| Reſignation, | L. M. | 46 |
| Reliance, | L. M. | 159 |
| Rocheſter, | L. P. M. | 130 |
| Rugby, | L. M. | 13 |
| *Sardis, | C. M. | 78 |
| Savoy, | L. M. | 11 |
| School Street, | 8s & 7s. | 45 |
| Scituate, | S. M. | 88 |
| Sepulchre, | L. M. | 11 |
| Silver Street, | S. M. | 10 |
| Southwark, | S. P. M. | 85 |
| Sparta, | L. P. M. | 122 |
| Spring, | L. M. | 155 |
| Sterling, | S. M. | 17 |
| St. Anne's, | C. M. | 19 |
| St. Helen's, | L. P. M. | 26 |
| *St. Lawrence, | H. M. | 49 |
| St. Martin's, | C. M. | 43 |
| St. Michael's, | P. M. | 99 |
| St. Patrick's, | C. M. | 13 |
| St. Sebaſtian's, | C. M. | 50 |
| St. Thomas, | S. M. | 116 |
| Sutton, | S. M. | 131 |
| Thankſgiving, | L. M. | 124 |
| Tilden, | L. M. | 147 |
| Upton, | S. M. | 90 |
| Virginia, | L. M. | 14 |
| Walſall, | P. M. | 33 |
| Wantage, | C. M. | 37 |
| Wareham, | C. M. | 51 |
| Waterford, | 8s & 7s. | 62 |
| Waybridge, | C. M. | 29 |
| Wells, | L. M. | 13 |
| Weſtford, | H. M. | 120 |
| Whitſunday, | C. M. | 95 |
| Wilderneſs, | L. M. | 55 |
| Williamſburg, | L. P. M. | 65 |
| Windſor, | C. M. | 10 |
| Winbourn, | C. M. | 73 |
| Yarmouth, | S. M. | 109 |

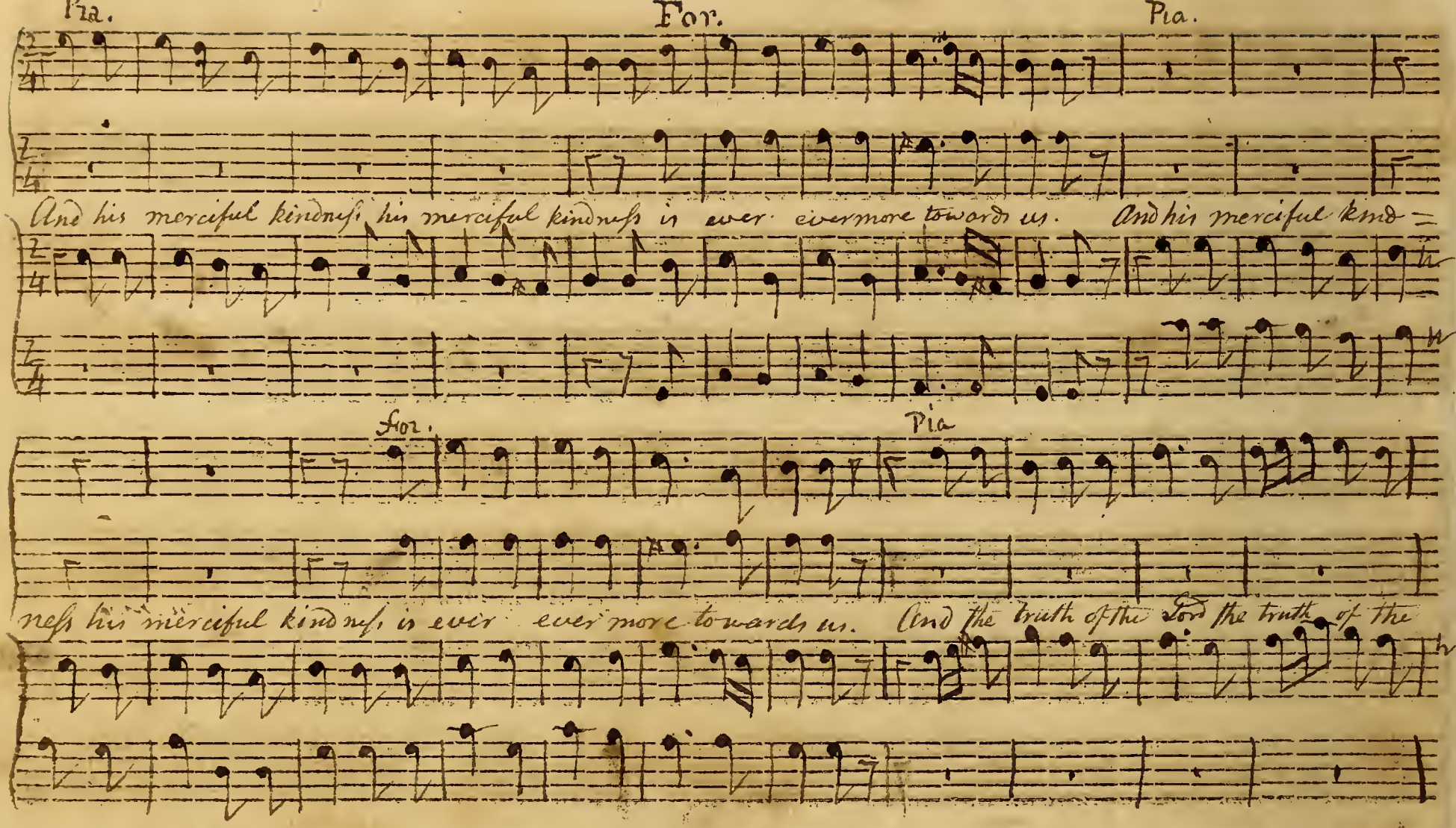

* *Never before publiſhed.*

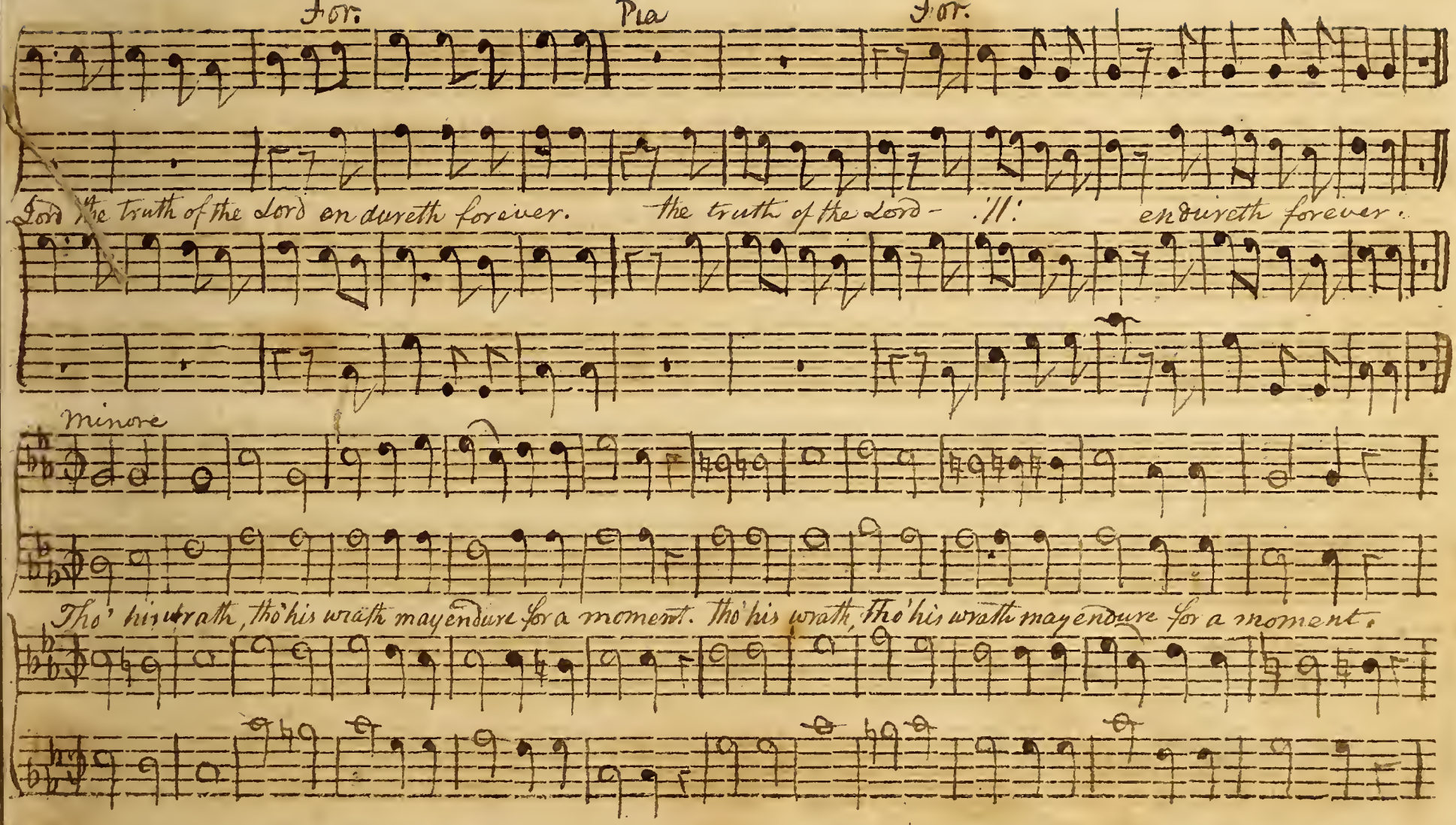
# An Anthem.

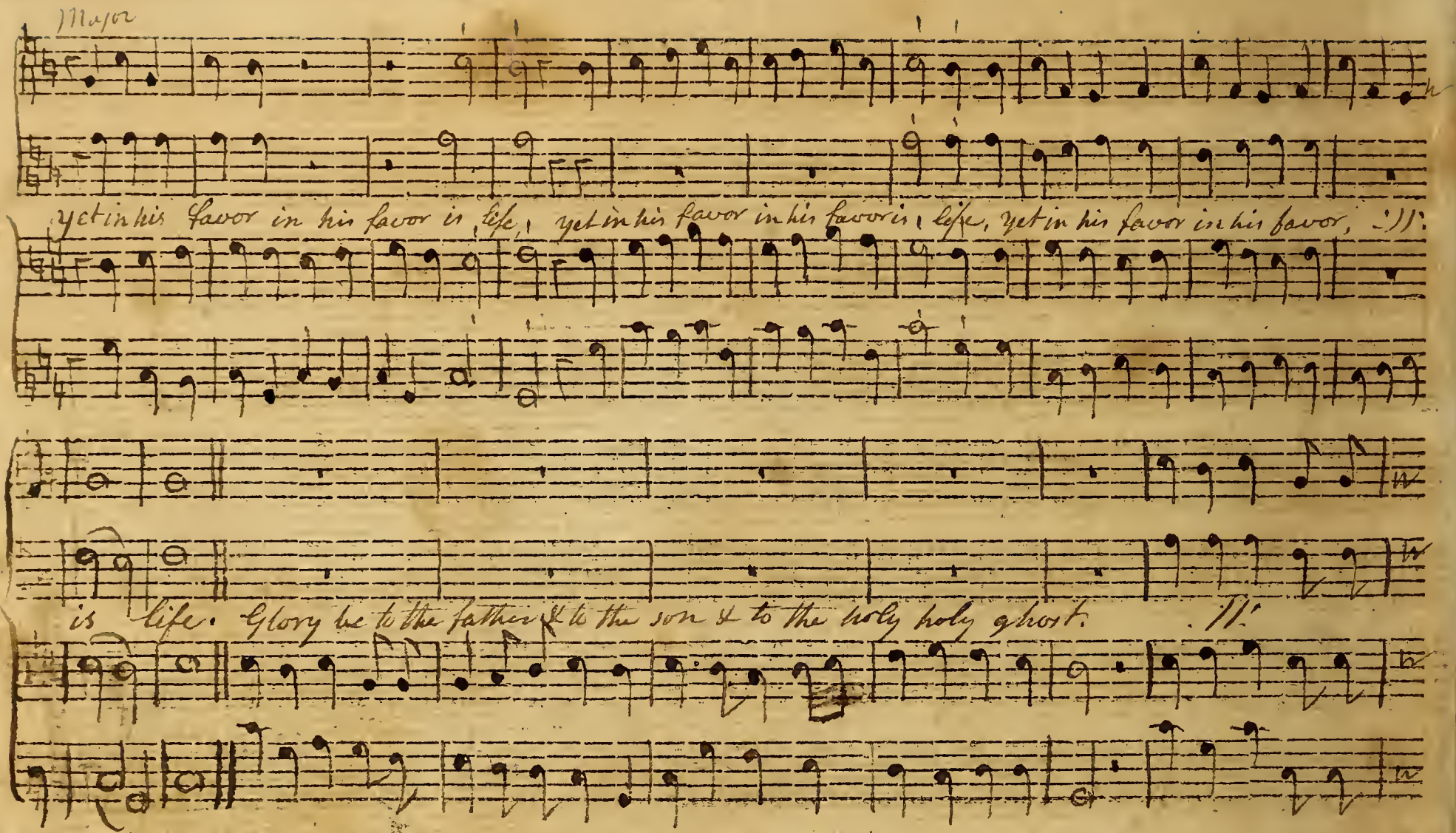

O come sing unto the Lord O come sing unto the Lord O come sing
unto the Lord O come sing unto the Lord. Let us heartily rejoice in the rock of


our salvation – the rock of our salvation – the rock of our salvation. —— Let us heartily rejoice
in the rock of our salvation – in the rock of our salvation. – We will come into his presence with thanksgiving


//: with thanksgiving //: with thanksgiving We will make a joyful noise unto him
with Psalms. //: unto him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God. //:


Pia.
For.
Pia.
And his merciful kindness, his merciful kindness is ever ever more towards us. And his merciful kind=
For.
Pia
ness his merciful kindness is ever ever more towards us. And the truth of the Lord the truth of the


For.
Pia
For.
For the truth of the Lord endureth forever.
the truth of the Lord - .ll.
endureth forever.
minore
Tho' his wrath, tho' his wrath may endure for a moment.
tho' his wrath, tho' his wrath may endure for a moment.


Major
yet in his favor in his favor is life, yet in his favor in his favor is life, yet in his favor in his favor, :||:
is life. Glory be to the father & to the son & to the holy holy ghost. :||: