SOLO. 2d TREBLE.

The Lord is come—the heav'ns proclaim His birth—the na - - tions love - his name; An un - known star - - di- -

SOLO.

TTL

rects - the road, - - Of east - ern sag - es to their God, Of east - - ern sag - - es to their God.

TUTTL

PRESTO.

BOSTON. L. M. M

From the American Harp. *

SOLO. 2d TREBLE.

My God, my King, thy - va - rious praise, Shall fill the - remnant of - my - days; Thy grace employ my hum - ble tongue, Till

SOLO. *

ORGAN. AD LIBITUM.

* This passage may be sung alternately by Male, and Female voices.

TUTTI.

CRESC:

death, and glo - ry raise the song. Thy grace em - ploy my - hum - ble tongue, Till death and glo - ry raise the song.

TUTTI.

CRESC.

* The *American Harp*, A large collection of new and original Church Music, lately published by Hilliard, Gray, & Co. No. 134, Washington Street, Boston.

ALLEGRETTO.

BRENT. L. M. M

S. Holyok's Coll.
With alterations.

E - ter - nal spir - it we con - fess, And sing the won - ders of thy grace; Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down, From God the fath - er - and the son.

ALLEGRETTO.

PALMIS. L. M. M

S. Holyok's Coll.
With alterations.

SOLO. 2d TREBLE. TUTTI.

Lord we - a - dore thy vast de - signs, Th'obscure a - byss of prov - i - dence; Too deep to sound with mor tal lines, Too dark to view with feeble sense.

SOLO.

ALLEGRO ASSAI. **CAPITOL, OR ALLENTOWN. L. M.** M ♯ (or L. M. 6 lines.) B. Holt.

The Lord will come, the earth shall quake, The hills their fix - - - ed seat for - sake;

Repeats for L. M. 6 lines.

And withering from the vault of night; The stars with - draw their fee - ble light, The stars with - draw - their fee - ble light.

CHORAL.

BRECKNOCK. L. M. M

So let our lips and lives ex - press, The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess; So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di - vine.

ALLEGRO.

EVENING HYMN. L. M. M

Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the pow'rs with-in me join, In work and wor-ship so di-vine.

92 MODERATO. **PARK STREET CHURCH. L. M.** M #

SOLO. TUTTI.

Had I - the tongues of Greeks and Jews, And nobler speech than an - gel's use; If love be absent, I - am found, Like tinkling brass—an emp - ty sound.

SOLO. TUTTI.

ALLEGRO. **OLD SOUTH CHURCH. L. M.** M #

High on a hill of dazzling light, The king - of glo - ry spreads his seat; And troops of an - gel's stretch'd for flight, Stand waiting round his awful feet.

CHAPMAN. L. M.

M #

He - that - hath made - - his ref - uge God, Shall find - - - a most - - se - cure - a - - bode;

Shall find a &c.

SOLO. 2d. TREBLE.

TUTTI.

Shall walk - all - day - be - neath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head, And there at night shall rest his head.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

OTIS. L. M. M

Thrice hap - py man! who fears - the Lord, - Loves his com - mands, and trusts his - word; Honor and peace his

SOLO. 2d TREBLE. TUTTI.

days at - tend, And bless - ings on - his - seed de - - scend, And blessings on his seed de - scend.

SOLO. TUTTI.

CHORALMENTE. **WILDERNESS. L. M.** M b Leach.

From the Village Harmony.

Who is this fair one in dis-tress, That trav-els from the wil-der-ness? And press'd with sor-rows and with sins, On her be-loved Lord she leans.

ALLEGRETTO. **DENTON. L. M.** M # *From the American Harp.*

2d. TREBLE. SOLO. TUTTI.

Great God, at-tend, while Zi-on sings, The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex-ceeds a thou-sand days of mirth.

SOLO. TUTTI.

ALLEGRO.

NAHANT. L. M. M

From the American Harp.

My soul, thy great Cre - - a - - tor praise, When cloth'd in - - his - - ce - - les - tial rays;

SOLO. M. TREBLE.

TUTTI.

He - in - full - - maj - - es - - ty ap - - pears, And like a robe, - his - glo - ry wears.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

MODERATO.

BERA, OR RICKMANSWORTH. L. M. M

Great God attend while Zi - on sings, The joy that from thy pres - ence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thousand days of mirth.

MODERATO.

FLORIDA. L. M. M

My God, how endless is thy love; Thy gifts are ev' - ry ev'ning new; And morning mer - cies from a - bove, Gently dis - til like ear - ly dew.

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.

LENOX. L. M.

M b

Old Style.

Come, dear - est Lord, make no de - lay, For slowly ev' - ry moment wears; Fly wing'd time, and roll - a - way, These te - dious rounds of sluggish years.

or 8 va.

UNISON.

ALLEGRETTO.
QUASI ANDANTINO.

CENCHREA CHANT. L. M.

M #

From the American Harp

Why droops my soul with guilt oppress! Whence these wild tumults in my breast! Is there no balm to heal my wound! No kind phy - si - cian to be found?

ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO.

HAYDN, or St. Oave's. L. M. M♯

Hudson.

Glad Si on of thy tri - umph heard, And Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd, Because thy righteous judgments, Lord, Have pa - gan pride and pow'r destroy'd.

ANDANTINO QUASI ALLEGRETTO.

CROWLE. C. M. M♭

Dr. Green.

Life is a span, a fleeting hour, How soon the va - por flies! - - Man is a ten - der, transient flow'r, That e'en in blooming dies.

ANDANTE.

MEDWAY. L. M. M

Pergolesi.

My God, permit me - not to be, A stranger to myself and thee; Amidst ten thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

ADDISON. C. M. M

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing - soul surveys; Transported with the view, I'm lost, In won - der love, and praise.

MODERATO.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

Where beau - ty clothes - the fer - tile vale, - And blossoms on - the spray; - - - - And fra - grance breathes in

SOLO.

TUTTI.

ev - - 'ry gale, - How sweet - the ver - - nal day! How sweet - the ver - - nal day! - - - -

UN POCO ALEGRETTO.

HAVANNA. C. M. M

Dr. Harrington.

E - ter - nal source of joys di - vine, To thee my soul as - pires; Oh! could I say, the Lord is mine! 'Tis all my soul - de - sires.

MODERATO.

COMMUNION. C. M. M

Hymn Chant.

S. Hill.

Here at thy ta - ble, Lord, we meet, To feed on food di - vine; Thy bo - dy is the bread we eat, Thy pre - cious blood the wine.

ALLEGRO.

VENI CREATOR. C. M.

M #

Steffani.
With alterations.

Come, Ho - ly Ghost, - Cre - a - - - tor come, In-spire the souls of thine, - In - spire - - the souls of thine;

SOLO.

TUTTI.

Till ev - - 'ry heart - which thou hast - made, - Is fill'd - with grace - di - vine; - - - Is fill'd - with grace - - di - vine. - -

SOLO.

TUTTI.

UN POCO ALLEGRETTO.

DUNKENFIELD. C. M.

M b

R. Harrison.

Thee, we a - dore, e - - ter - nal name, And humbly own to thee; How fee - ble is - our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we!

ANDANTINO.

POLAND. C. M.

M b

Swan.

God of my life look gen - tly down, Be - hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

ALLEGRO.

DURHAM. C. M. M

Hark! 'tis - our heav'nly lead - ers voice, From his - tri - - umphant seat; Midst all - the wars tu - mult - uous noise, How pow'rful and - how sweet!

CHORAL.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. M

I. Clark.

Some ser - aph lend your heav'n - ly tongue, Or harp of gol - den string; That I may raise a lof - ty song, To our e - ter - nal king.

96 ALLEGRETTO. **DEERFIELD.** C. M. M b Two Stanzas. W. Billings. *With alterations.*

Great God, how frail a thing is man! How swift his minutes pass! His age contracts within a span, He blooms and dies like grass!

SECOND STANZA.

And must my moments thus decline? And must I sink to death? To thee my spi - rit I resign, Thou Maker of my breath.

ALLEGRETTO.

DEDHAM. C. M. M

SOLO.

Come, happy souls approach your God, With new me - lo - dious songs; Come, tender to Al - mighty grace, The trib - ute of your tongues, The trib - ute of your tongues.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

ALLEGRO.

BROOMSGROVE. C. M. M

2d. TREBLE.

O render thanks and bless the Lord, Invoke his ho - ly name; Acquaint the nations with his deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim, His matchless, &c.

ALLEGRETTO.

NEW ENGLAND HYMN. C. M. M

Firm as the earth, thy gos - - - pel stands, My Lord, - my hope my - trust; If I am

SOLO.

found - in Je - sus' hands, My soul - can ne'er - - be - lost, - My soul - can ne'er - be lost.

TUTTI.

MODERATO.

ALEXANDER. C. M. M

SOLO. TUTTI.

Of jus-tice and-of grace-I sing, And pay-my God-my vows; Thy grace-and jus-tice, heav'nly King, Teach me-to rule my house.

SOLO. TUTTI.

MODERATO

SWANWICK. C. M. M

Lucas.

SOLO. 2d. TREBLE. TUTTI.

Soon shall the glorious morning dawn, When all thy saints shall rise; And cloth'd in their immortal bloom, At-tend thee to-the skies; - Attend thee to the skies.

SOLO. TUTTI.

ALLEGRETTO.

CHURCHYARD. C. M.

M b

Hark! from the tombs a - dole - ful sound, My ears, at - tend the cry— Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where

UNISON.

V. 3. Great God is &c.

V. 4. We'll

you must short - ly lie, - - Where you - must short - ly lie. - - ‡ We'll rise a - - bove the sky.

CODA.

F.

HYMN FINE.

F.

rise - a - bove the sky. ‡ CODA.

ALLEGRETTO.

TRINITY. C. M. M

King James.

TUTTI.

Let chil - dren hear the migh - ty deeds Which God per - form'd of old; Which in - our young - er years we saw, And which our fathers told.

SOLO. TUTTI.

ALLEGRETTO.

EMMAUS. C. M. M

SOLO. 2d TREBLE. TUTTI.

Give thanks to God—in - voke his name, And tell - the world his grace; Sound through the earth his deeds of fame, That all may seek his face.

SOLO. TUTTI.

ALLA CAPELLA.

BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M.

M #

Hymn Chant.

Lord, who a - mong the sons of men, May vis - it thine a - bode? He, who has hands from mis - chief clean, Whose heart is right with God.

CHORALMENTE.

WANTAGE. C. M.

M b

Tenor.

'Twas in the watches of the night, I thought up - on thy pow'r; I keep thy love - ly face in sight, A - mid the dark - est hour.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

ST. PATRICK'S. C. M.

M #

Williams Coll.

Blest is the man who shuns the place, Where sinners love to meet; Who fears to tread their wick - ed ways, And hates the scof - fer

ALLEGRO.

VIRGINIA. C. M.

M #

Browson.
With alteration

Thy word the rag - ing winds con - trol, And rule the boist'rous deep; Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The roll - - - ing billows sleep, The rolling bil - lo

ALLEGRO ASSAI. **FARRINGDON. C. M.** Two Stanzas. M # *With alterations.*

Hence from my soul, sad thoughts be-gone, And leave me - to my - joys; - - - - My tongue shall triumph in my God, And make a - joy - ful - noise.

SECOND STANZA.

SOLO. TUTTI.

Dark - ness and doubts had - - - veil'd - - my - - mind, And - drown'd my - head in tears, - - - - - Till

SOLO. TUTTI.

SOLO. TUTTI.

sovereign grace with - - shi - - ning - rays, Dis - pell'd - - my - - gloo-my fears, Dis - pell'd my gloo - - my - - fears.

SOLO. TUTTI.

WESTFORD. C. M.

ALLEGRO. M #

Come, let us join - our cheer - ful songs, With angels round - the - throne; Ten thousand thousand are - their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

ALLEGRETTO.

NEW LITCHFIELD. C. M. M

SOLO. 2d TREBLE.

TUTTI.

What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun; It gives a light - to ev' - - ry age, It gives but bor - rows none.

SOLO.

CHORAL.

ENOCH. C. M. M b or M

Ye earthly van - i - ties de - part, For - ev - er hence re - move; Je - sus a - lone deserves my heart, And ev'ry thought of love.

ALLEGRO.

CLAPTON. C. M. M

Hymn Chant.

Jones.

Oh! praise the Lord with one con - sent, And mag - ni - fy his name; Let all the ser - vants of the Lord, His wor - thy praise pro - claim.

UNISON.

UNISON.

UN POCO STACCATO.

MELODY. C. M. M

Leach.

The Original Composition.

2d. Treble.

Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs, With an - gels round the throne; Ten thous - and, thous - and are - their tongues, But all - their joys - are one.

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

MARLOW. C. M.

Hymn Chant.

Major Mode.

2d. TREBLE.

1. Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God - their voices raise; Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

ALLEGRETTO.

MARLOW. C. M.

Hymn Chant.

Minor Mode.

2d TREBLE.

2. And let them say ' how dreadful, Lord, In all - thy works art thou; Beneath thy pow'r, thy stubborn foes Shall all be forc'd to bow.

When trou-ble fills my soul with grief, Oh hide not, Lord, thy face; For I can hope for no re - lief, Un- aid - ed by thy grace.

CHORAL. FUNERAL HYMN, OR MILLER. C. M. Major Mode. Dr. Miller.

In vain we lav - ish out our lives, To gath-er emp - ty wind; The choicest blessing earth can yield, Will starve a hun -gry mind.

120 ANDANTINO E CANTABILE. **MENTOR. C. M.** M # J. Harrod.

In thee, great God, with songs of praise, our fa - vor'd realms rejoice, And blest with thy sal - vation raise, To heav'n their cheer - ful voice.

ALLG. MODERATO. **PIOUS HYMN. C. M.** M b

Re - turn, O God of love, re - turn; Earth is a tiresome place; How long shall we, thy chil - dren mourn, Our ab - sence from thy face?

UN POCO ALLEGRO.

St. JOHN'S. C. M. M

How precious is - the book - di - vine, By in - spi - - ra - tion giv'n! Bright as - a lamp - its doc - trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.

SOLO. TUTTI.

ALLA BREVE.

NEW PATMOS. C. M. M # Hymn Chant.

Sing to the Lord ye dis - tant lands, Sing loud with sol - emn voice; Let ev' - ry tongue ex - alt his praise and ev' - ry heart re - joice.

UN POCO STACCATO. 16

122 MODERATO. **CHINA. C. M.** M # Swan.

Why do we mourn de - - part ing friends? Or shake - - - at death's a - larm's; 'Tis but - the voice that Je-sus sends, To call them to his arms.

ALLEGRETTO. **IRISH. C. M.** M # A. Williams.

Now shall my in - ward joys - a - rise, And burst in - - to a song; Al - migh - ty love - - in - spires - my heart, - And pleasure tunes my tongue.

ALLEGRO.

NEW HUDSON. C. M. M

O for a shout of sac - red joy, To thee the Sov'reign King: Let ev' - ry land their tongues em - ploy, And hymns of tri - umph sing.

CHORAL.

LUTZERN. C. M. M

Sing to the Lord ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of ev' - ry tongue; His new dis - cover'd grace de - mands, A new and no - bler song.

UN POCO ALLEGRO.

LANESBORO'. C. M. M

SOLO. TUTTI.

Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spi - rit faints a - way— My thirs - ty spir - it faints a - way, Without thy cheering grace.

SOLO. TUTTI.

ORGAN. VOICE.

CHORAL.

WESTMORELAND. C. M. Two Stanzas. M # German Choral.

FINE.

I'm not asham'd to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause, Maintain the hon - or of his name, The glo - ry of his cross.

FINE.

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

NEW CONWAY. C. M. M

SOLO.

Come let us lift our joy - ful eyes, Up to - - the courts a - bove, And smile - - - to SOLO. see - our

SOLO.

fa - - ther - there, And smile - - - to see - - our fa - - ther - there, Up - on a throne of love.

TUTTI.

SOLO.

TUTTL.

ALLEGRO MODERATO

BARBY. C. M. M

At morn, at noon, at night I'll praise, O Lord, thy sa - cred name; With joy my thankful voice I'll raise, Thy goodness I'll proclaim.

ALLEGRO ASSAI

NEW LYNN. C. M. M

E - ter - nal Wis - dom, thee we praise, Thee, all thy crea - tures sing; While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas, And heav'ns high palace ring, And heav'ns high pal - ace ring.

UNISON.