THE

Ancient Lyre,

OR

Boston Professional Musical Society's Collection

OF

Church Music.

CHORAL. **OLD HUNDRED.** L. M. M ♯ Martin Luther.

TENOR.

2d. TREBLE.

Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky; So let it be on earth display'd, Till thou art here as there obey'd.

ALLEGRETTO.

BLENDON. L. M. M

Giardini.

Not an original Hymn

How pleasant how di - - vinely fair, O Lord of hosts thy dwel - lings are; With long de sire my spirit faints, To meet th'assemblies of - thy saints.

ALLEGRO.

STONEFIELD. L. M. M

Stanley.

SOLO. TUTTI.

God of - the seas, thine awful voice Bids all the rolling waves rejoice; And one soft word of thy - command, Can sink them si-lent on the sand.

SOLO. TUTTI.

VOICE OR ORGAN.

ALLEGRO.

COSTELLOW. L. M. M

Be earth with all her scenes with - drawn, Let noise and van - - - - i - - - ty - be - gone, In se - cret silence of the mind, My heav'n—and there my God I find.

ALLEGRETTO.

BOWEN. L. M. M

Haydn.

Not an original Hymn.

Up to the fields where an-gels lie, And living wa-ters gent - ly roll; Fain would my thoughts as - cend on high, But sin hangs hea - vy on my soul.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

M #

Hatton.

Lord when thou didst as - cend on high, Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky, Those heav'nly guards a - round thee wait, Like chariots that - - at - tend thy state.

ANDANTE AMOROSO.

GERMANY. L. M.

M #

L.V. Beethoven.

No original Hymn.

Softly the shade of ev' - ning falls, Sprinkling the earth with dew - y tears, While nature's voice to slumber calls, And si - lence reigns a - mid the spheres.

ALLEGRO.

WINCHELSEA. L. M. M♯

Prelleur.

In - cumbent on the bending sky, The Lord de - scended from on high, And bade the dark - ness of the pole, Be - neath his feet tremendous roll.

CHORAL.

HAMSTER. L. M. M♭

How soon, O Lord, will life de - cay! How soon the world will pass a - way, Ah! what can mor - tal friends a - vail, When heart and strength and life shall fail

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

THE SEAMAN'S SONG. L. M.

M #

T. Williams's Coll. ALTERED.

Oh praise - - the - Lord in that - - blest place, - From whence his goodness large - ly flows; Praise him in heav'n where

UNISON.

he his face - - Un- veiled - - - in - - - per - - fect glo - - - ry - shows, Un - veiled in per - fect glo - - ry shows.

UNISON.

ALLEGRETTO.

NEW SABBATH. L. M. M

Isaac Smith. 13

For thee, - O God, - our constant praise, In Zi-on waits, thy cho - sen seat, Our promis'd al-tars we - will raise, And there our zeal-ous vows complete.

UN POCO ALLEGRETTO.

NEW BRIDGEPORT. L. M. M

How shall the sons of men - - ap - pear, Great God, be - fore thine aw - ful bar? - - How may the guil-ty hope - to find, Ac-cep - tance with th' e-ter - nal mind?

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. M

At an - chor laid, re - mote from home, Toil - ing, I cry sweet spir - - it, come; Ce - lestial breeze, no lon - ger stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.

ALLEGRETTO.

MUSIC. L. M. M

Dr. Arne.

With alterations, from the Village Harmony.

All pow'r and grace to God - be - long, He is - my strength and he - my song; He comes, my Saviour from his throne, He comes to bring sal - va - tion down.

ALLEGRO.

CAMDEN. L. M. M

O hap - py day, that fix'd my choice, On thee my Sa - vior and my - God; - Well may this glow - ing heart re-

SOLO.

- - joice, And tell its rap - tures all - a - - - - broad, And tell its rap - - - tures all a - broad.

TUTTI.

SOLO.

TUTTI

CHORAL.

MONMOUTH. L. M.

M #

M. Luther.

My God, in whom are all the springs, Of boundless love and grace unknown; Hide me be - neath thy spreading wings, Till the dark cloud is o - ver - blown.

MODERATO.

NEW RALSTON. L. M.

M #

Hail! hail once more aus - picious morn, On which our heavenly King was born; Let all on earth their voices raise, And sing loud anthems to his praise.

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

PARIS. L. M.

M #

Billings.

Praise ye the Lord, 't is good to raise, Our hearts and voi - ces in - his - praise; His nat - ure and his works in - vite, To make this du - ty our de - light.

CHORAL.

ARNSTADT. L. M.

M b

Re - mem - ber Lord, our mor - tal state, How frail our life—how short the date! Where is the man that draws his breath, Safe from disease, secure from death?

UN POCO ADAGIO.

GILMORE. L. M.

M ♭

To thee, O Lord, I raise my cries, My fer-vent pray'r in mer-cy hear; For ru-in waits my trembling soul, If thou re-fuse a gracious ear.

UN POCO ALLEGRO.

NORFOLK. L. M.

M #

Lord, I will bless thee all - - my days, The praise shall dwell up-on my tongue; My soul shall glo - - ry in thy grace, While saints rejoice to hear - - the song.

ALLA CAPELLA.

TRURO. L. M. M

Dr. C. Burney.

Now to the Lord a no - ble song, Awake my heart a - wake my tongue; Ho - san - na to th'e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

UN POCO ALLEGRO.

LUTON. L. M. M

Burder.

With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my mak - er in my song, Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song and join the praise

ALLEGRO.

ELLENTHORPE. L. M. M

Linley.

Loud swell the pealing or-gan's notes! Breathe forth your souls in raptures high! In praises men with an - gels join;—Music's the language of the sky.

CHORAL.

TRENTON. L. M. M

W. Shield.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel ar - mor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where thy great Captain—Savior's gone.

PARK STREET. L. M.

ALLEGRETTO.

M#

Venua.
No original Hymn.

2d. TREBLE.

Hark! how the cho - - ral song - - of heav'n, Swells full of peace and joy - - - a - - - - bove.

Hark! how they strike their gol - den harps, And raise their tune - ful notes - - of love, And raise their tune - - ful notes of love.

UN POCO ALLEGRETTO.

CUMBERLAND. L. M. M

Carey.

SOLO.

2d. TREBLE OR TENOR.

TUTTI.

My soul, in - spir'd with sa - cred love, God's ho - ly name for - ev - er bless; Of all his - - fa-vors mind-ful - prove, And still thy grateful hand con-fess.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.

BATH. L. M. M

Oh let me, gracious Lord, ex - tend, My view to life's ap - proaching end! What are my day's?—a span their line; And what my age compared with thine.

4 CHORAL STYLE.

TIMSBURY. L. M. M

L. Smith.

2d. TREBLE.

Je - - ho - vah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and maj-es - - ty; His glo -ries shine with beams so - bright, No - mor-tal can sus- tain the - sight.

CHORAL STYLE.

NEW-MARKET. L. M. M

Dr. Wainwright.

2d. TREBLE.

Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song, My song on them shall ev - - er - - dwell; - To a- ges yet unborn, my tongue- - Thy - never fail - ing truth shall tell.

UNISON.

Je-sus demands the voice of joy, Loud through the land let triumph ring; His hon-ors should your songs employ, Let glorious praises hail the King.

UNISON.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

MORNING HYMN. L. M.

M #

Costellow.
From the Village Harmony.

2d. TREBLE.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

The earth, O Lord, is ev - er thine, Its peopled realms, and weal- thy stores; Built - on - the floods - by power - di - vine,-The waves are ramparts to - the shores.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

ALLEGRETTO.

BRENTFORD. L. M.

M #

Harmo. Sacra. Minor.

SOLO.

2d. TREBLE OR BASE.

TUTTI.

The earth, O Lord, is ev - er thine, Its peopled realms, and weal-thy stores; Built on - - the floods by power di - vine, The waves are ramparts to - - the shores.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

THE HOLY CITY. L. M. M

From the American Harp.

'T was by an or - der from the Lord, The ancient pro - phets spoke his word; His spir - it did their tongues inspire, And warm their hearts with heav'nly fire.

ITALY. L. M. Two Stanzas. M

UN POCO ALLEGRETTO.

By Zacchini.

From the Village Harmony.

SOLO. TUTTI.

Be - fore the heav'ns were spread abroad, From ev - er - lasting was the word; With God he was—the word was God! And must divinely be adored.

SOLO. TUTTI.

By his own pow'r were all things made, By him sup - - port - ed all - - things stand; He is the

whole - cre - a - - tion's head, And an - - gels fly at his com - mand, And an - - gels fly at his - command.

ALLA CAPELLA.

NATIONAL CHANT. L. M. M # Double Hymn Chant.

Sweet is the scene when christians die, When ho - ly souls re - tire to rest; How mildly beams the clos - ing eye, How gently heaves th'expir - ing breast!

Verse 3. 3d Stanza.

ALLA CAPELLA.
UN POCO STACCATO.

NATIONAL CHANT. L. M. M # Second Stanza.

Each Stanza may be used separately.

Praise ye the Lord, ex - alt his name, While in his ho - ly courts ye wait, Ye saints, that to his house be - long, Or stand attending at his gate.

UN POCO STACCATO.

☞ Triumphant smiles the vic - tor's brow, Fann'd by some guardian an - gels wing; O grave! where is thy vict'ry now, And where, O death where is thy sting?

ALLEGRO MODERATO. **PORTUGAL. L. M.** M # T. Thorley.

SOLO.

How love - ly, how di - - vine - ly sweet, O Lord, thy sa - cred courts ap - - pear! Fain

SOLO.

TUTTI.

would my long - - ing pas - - sions meet, The glo - ries of thy pres - ence there.

TUTTI.

UN POCO ALLEGRO.

NEW MEDWAY. L. M. M

Hymn.
Or short Anthem.

Go, worship at - Im - manu-el's - feet, See in - his face what won - - ders meet; Earth is - too nar - row to - - ex - - press, His - worth his

CODA ANTHEM.

FF ALLO: VIVACE.

glo - - ry or - - his grace, His worth, his glo - - ry or - - his grace. Blessed be the Lord God of Is ra - el, A - - - - - men.

HYMN FINE.

ANDANTE.

WINCHESTER. L. M. M

Old German Choral, altered by Dr. Craft.

My God, accept my early vows, Like morning incense in - thy house, And let my mighty worship rise, Sweet as the ev'ning sacri - fice.

ALLEGRO.

ALFRETON. L. M. M

W. Beastall.

1M TREBLE.

Great God,-whose u - ni - ver - sal sway, The known and unknown worlds o - bey; Now give the kingdom to thy Son,- Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

ORGAN

2 ALLO: MODERATO.

MEETING CHANT. L. M. M # Hymn Chant.

Lord, thou hast called thy grace to mind, Thou hast reversed our hea- vy doom; So God for - gave, when Israel sinned, And brought his wand'ring captives home.

UN POCO STACCATO.

ALLA BREVE.

CATHEDRAL CHANT. L. M. M # Hymn Chant.

I will ex - tol thee, Lord, on high, At thy command dis - ea - ses fly; Who, but a God, can speak and save, From the dark bor - ders of the grave?

UNISON.

UN POCO STACCATO.

ALLEGRO.

ROTHWELL. L. M. M

Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake my soul, a - wake my tongue; Ho - sanna to th'e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

UNISON.

ALLEGRETTO.

HEIDELBERG. L. M. M

He lives—the great Re - deem - er lives! What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives! And now, be - fore - his fath - er God, He pleads the merits of - his blood.

34 ALLEGRO MODERATO. **SOUTH BOSTON. L. M. or L. P. M.** M #

He reigns, the Lord, the Sa - viour reigns, Sing to his name in lof - - ty strains; Let all the earth in songs rejoice, And

in his praise ex - alt their voice. Let all the earth in songs rejoice, And in his praise ex - - alt their voice.

2d. TREBLE.

Praise ye the Lord—my heart - shall - join, In work so - pleas - ant, - - so - - - di - - - vine; My days of - praise shall

SOLO. TUTTI.

ne'er - be - past, While life, - - and - thought, and - be - - - ing - - last, While life, and. - thought, - and - be - ing last.

SOLO. TUTTI.

UN POCO ALLEGRETTO.

MOLSDORF. L. M. M

SOLO. 2d TREBLE or TENOR.

When I sur - - vey the wond' - rous Cross, On which the Prince of glo - - ry died; My rich - - est gain I count - but loss, And

ORGAN.

TUTTI.

pour con - tempt on all - my pride. My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - - tempt on all - my pride.

TUTTI.

ALLEGRETTO.

BLUE HILL. L. M. M

24 TREBLE.

Jesus! And shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - sham'd of thee; A - sham'd of thee whom angels praise, Whose glo - ries shine through endless days.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

BLUE ISLAND. L. M. M

How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In un - ion sweet ac - - cord - ing minds; How swift the heav' - nly course they run; Whose faith, whose hopes, whose hearts are one.

38 UN POCO ALLEGRO.

SEASONS. L. M. M

Pleyel.
Not an original Hymn.

SOLO. TUTTI.

Thy goodness Lord doth crown the year, Thy paths drop fatness all - a - round; And barren wilds - thy praise - declare, And vo - cal hills - return the sound.

SOLO. TUTTI.

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.

EVENING HYMN. L. M. M b

J. Clark.

Sleep, downy sleep, come close my eyes, Tir'd with be - hold - ing van - i - ties! Welcome, sweet sleep, that driv'st away, The toils and follies of - the day.

MODERATO.

ETTINGHAM. L. M.

M #

SOLO. Tenor or 2d. Treble. TUTTI.

At an - chor laid, re-mote from home, Toil - ing I cry, sweet spi - rit come; Ce - les - tial breeze, no long-er stay, But swell my sails and speed my way.

SOLO. ORGAN. TUTTI.

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

WITHINGTON. L. M.

M #

When I sur - vey the wond'rous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died; My rich-est gain I count my loss, - - And pour contempt on all my pride.

D

MODERATO E LAMENTOSO.

ARMLEY. L. M.

M ♭

T. Williams.

From deep dis - tress, and trou - bled thoughts, To thee, my God, I rais'd my cry; If thou se - verely mark our faults, Oh! who could stand be - fore thine eye?

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

SHOEL. L. M.

M #

Shoel.

2d. Treble.

In - dul - gent Lord, thy goodness reigns Through all the wide, ce - les - tial plains; And thence the streams redundant flow, And cheer th'abodes of men below.

ALLA BREVE. **NEW STERLING. L. M.** M # **Hymn Chant.**

O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - mighty King! For we our voices high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

UN POCO ALLEGRO. **STODDARD. L. M.** M # Stevenson. *With alterations.*

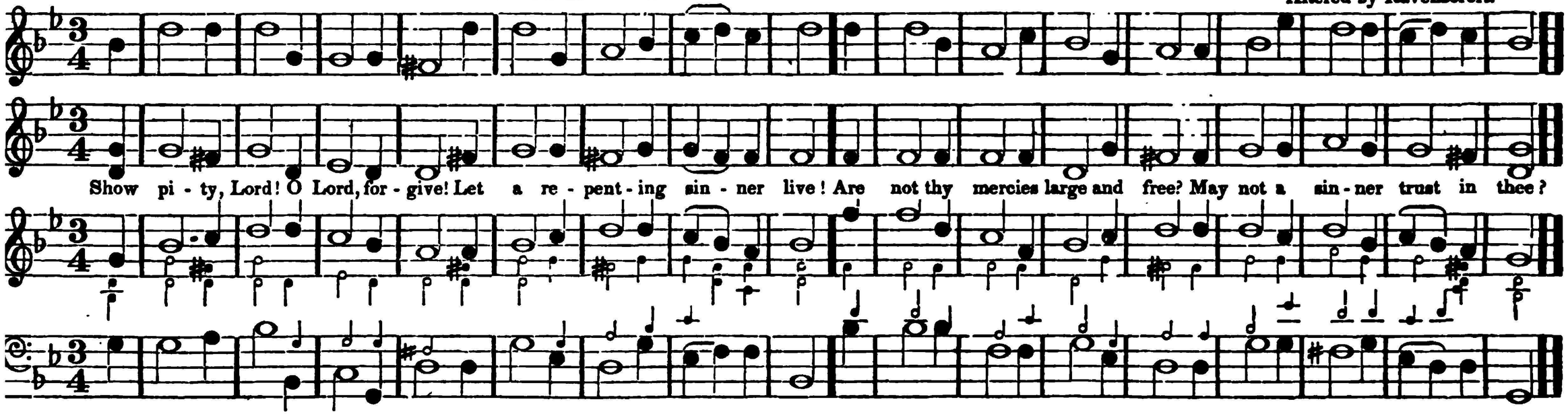
Great God, in - dulge my humble claim, Thou art my hope—my joy—my rest; The glo - ries that com - pose thy name, Stand all en - gag'd to make me blest.

2 ANDANTINO CHORALMENTE.

BABYLON. L. M.

M b

German Choral.
Altered by Ravenscroft.

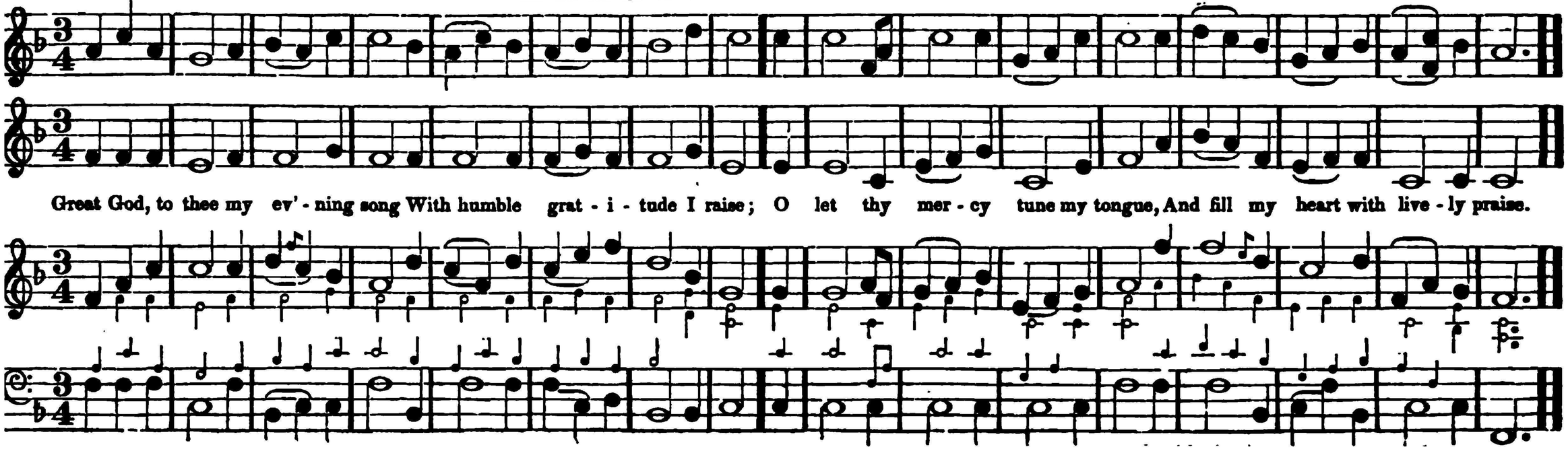


UN POCO ALLEGRO.

LEEDS. L. M.

M #

Dr. Madan.



UN POCO ALLEGRO.

NANTWICH. L. M.

M #

M. Madan.

O all ye peo - ple shout and sing, Ho - san - na - to your heav'n - ly - King, Where'er the - suns bright

UNISON

glo - - ries shine, Ye nations, praise his name di - vine, Ye na - tions - praise his - name di - vine.

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

WARRINGTON. L. M. M

Just are thy ways, and true - thy word, Great rock of my - se - cure a - bode; Who is a God be - side the Lord, Or where's a re - fuge like our God.

ALLEGRO.

PILESGROVE. L. M. M

A - wake, my tongue thy tribute bring, To him who gave thee pow'r - to sing; Praise him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom and of love.

ALLEGRETTO.

LEYDEN. L. M.

M #

Costellow.

Je - ho - vah reigns - - his throne is high, His robes - are light - - and maj - - es - - ty; His glo - ry

shines - - with beams so bright, No mor- - tal can - - sus - tain the sight, No mor - - tal can sustain the sight.

UNISON.

ALLEGRO ANIMOSO.

OLD LITCHFIELD. L. M. M

Let ev' - - ry - crea - ture rise - - and - bring, Pe - - cu - - liar - hon - ors to - - our - King;

An - gels - de - scend - with songs - - a - - gain, And earth - re - peat the - loud A - men.