



Rachel Daveys hymn Book
Rachel Davey

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THIS BOOK PRESENTED BY

Dr. Sidney A. Rosenberg

Rachel Dancy

WILLIAM
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A
WOODLAND ROAD
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COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

WITH

TUNES AFFIXED;

For the use of the

Young Ladies' Academy

OF

Philadelphia.

7

By JOHN POOR, A. M. *Principal.*



Ra

PHILADELPHIA—

Printed and sold by JOHN M'CULLOCH, No. 1,
North Third-street.—1794.

Rachel Dancy her Book 1794

Rachel Daveys Book

dated 1794

To pleasures secured to this

steal this Book

my honest friend dont steal
this Book for fear the geatis
will be your end Rachel

Daveys
Book

Sum

Bravo

16	31	61	4
19	21	71	2
18	51	81	2

66 THE SONG OF PRAISE is an act of the delightful, and excellent, that we find at every sense of Deity, authorised by the example of all nations, and universally received into the solemnities of public worship. Under the *Jewish dispensation*, the Holy Spirit of God directed to this expression of homage, as peculiarly becoming the *place where his honour dwelleth*. The book of *Psalms*, as the name itself imports, was adapted to the voice of song. And the author of those invaluable odes well knew the sweetness, dignity, and animation that were hereby added to the sacred service of the temple. With what rapture do they describe its effects; with what fervour do they call upon their fellow-worshippers to join in this delightful duty—*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O thou Most High. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely. O sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord all the earth: sing unto the Lord; bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.* Nor hath Christianity dispensed with religious song as an unmeaning ceremony, or an unprofitable sacrifice. It commands us to address the Father *in spirit and in truth*; but it, nevertheless, enjoins those outward acknowledgements that fitly express and cherish the pious temper. Our blessed Lord was pleased to consecrate this act of worship by his own example, under circumstances the most affecting. He concluded the celebration of that supper, which was the memorial of his dying love, by an hymn of praise. And his apostles frequently exhort to the observance of this duty. *Let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord.*

DIVINE SONG is undoubtedly the language of nature. It originates from our frame and constitution. Do lofty contemplation, elevated joy, and fervour of affection, give beauty and dignity to *language*, and associate with the charms of POETRY, by a kindred law which the Creator hath established, they pleasingly unite with strains of sweet and solemn HARMONY. And there are two principal views in which Music will appear to render eminent service to the sacrifice of praise:—

In the 1st place, it suitably EXPRESSES the sentiments of Devotion, and the sublime delight which religion is fitted to inspire. Joy is the natural effect of praise, and song the proper accompaniment of joy. *Be merry, or glad, let him sing psalms.* And singing is not only a general indication of delight, but expressive also of the prevailing sentiments and passions of the mind. It can accommodate itself to the various modifications of *love and joy*, the essence of a devotional temper. It hath lofty strains for the sublimity of admiration, plaintive accents which becomes the tear of penitence and sorrow; it can adopt the humble plea of supplication, or swell in the bolder notes of thank-

Rachel Darvey 1796

not only ^{to} recently expresses, but powerfully EXCITES and IMPROVES the devout affections. It is the prerogative of this noble art to cheer and invigorate the mind, to still the tumultuous passions, to calm the troubled thoughts, and to fix the wandering attention. And hereby she happily composes and prepares the heart for the exercises of public worship. But she further boasts a wondrous efficacy in leading to that peculiar temper which becomes the *subject* of praise, and is favourable to religious impression. She can strike the mind with solemnity and awe, or melt with tenderness and love; can animate with hope and gladness, or call forth the sensations of devout and affectionate sorrow. Even separate and unconnected, she can influence the various passions and movements of the soul. But she naturally seeks an alliance, and must be joined with becoming sentiments and language in order to produce her full and proper effect. And never is her energy so conspicuous and delightful, as when consecrated to the service of religion, and employed in *the courts of the living God*. Here she displays her noblest use and her brightest glory. Here alone she meets with themes that fill the capacity of an immortal mind, and claim its noblest powers and affections. What voice of song so honourable, so elevating and delightful? To whom shall the breath ascend in melodious accents, if not to Him who first inspired it? Where shall admiration take her loftiest flight, but to the throne of the everlasting Jehovah? Or what shall *awake our glory*, and kindle our warmest gratitude, if not the remembrance of his daily mercies, and the praises of redeeming love? When the union of the heart and voice is thus happily arranged; when sublime subjects of praise are accompanied with expressive harmony, and the pleasures of genuine devotion heightened by the charms of singing, we participate of the most pure, rational, noble, and exquisite enjoyments that human nature is capable of receiving. The soul forgets her confinement with the body, is elevated beyond the cares and tumults of this mortal state, and seems for a while transported to the blissful regions of perfect love and joy. And it is worthy of remark, that the sacred writings delight to represent the heavenly felicity under this image. And though such language be allowed to be figurative; though *eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love him*; yet our most natural, our most just conceptions of the happiness of the heavenly world, is that which we have been describing, viz. sublime devotion, accompanied with rapturous delight.

But besides the more immediate propriety and use of Divine Song in the ordinances of religion, its *indirect* advantages have a claim to our regard. It is not only in itself delightful and profitable, but it gives animation to the other parts of public worship. It relieves the attention, recruits the exhausted spirits, and begets a happy composure.

and tranquillity. It is peculiarly agreeable as a social act, and that in which every person may be employed. Nor is it the least of its benefits, that it associates pleasing ideas with divine worship, and makes us *glad when we go into the house of the Lord*. It is also a bond of union in religious societies, promotes the regular attendance of their members, and seldom fails of adding to their numbers. The early Christians found their account in a remarkable attachment to psalmody, and almost every rising sect have availed themselves of its important delights and advantages. It must be confessed, that where pleasure is the sole attraction; the motive is of an inferior nature. But is it not a commendable policy to promote regular attendance upon places of worship, by any means that are not reprehensible? Will not the most beneficial consequences probably ensue? Is there not every reason to expect that persons who frequent the house of God with this view alone, will not be uninterested in the other services of religion.—That they who come to sing may learn to pray, that they whose only wish was to be entertained may find themselves instructed and improved.

Such is the happy tendency of well-regulated song in the house of God. But alas! how seldom is this part of the service accompanied with its proper effect. It was the remark of an eminent writer, too applicable to the present time, that "*the worship in which we should most resemble the inhabitants of Heaven, is the worst performed upon earth.*" His pious labours have greatly enriched the *matter* of song, and hereby contributed to remove one cause of this complaint, but in the *manner* there still remains a miserable defect. Too often does a disgraceful silence prevail to the utter neglect of this duty. Too often are dissonance and discord substituted for the charms of melody and harmony; and the *singing* performed in a way so carelessly and indecently, that, as the same writer observes, "*instead of elevating our devotions to the most divine and delightful sensations, it awakens our regret, and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us.*"

But is this owing to causes that cannot be removed, or doth it not imply reproach and blame? Will not truth oblige us to confess, that the fault rests not in the want of natural taste and abilities, nor of sufficient leisure, but in gross carelessness and neglect? Moderate attention and application would surmount every difficulty, and lead to a suitable proficiency in this happy art. An exercise so pleasing and attractive, seems only to want regulation and method."

Rachel Daveys Harrison.

Book

Jan 1900

|| *Handwritten musical notation in a single staff, likely a vocal line, with various notes and rests.* ||

A COLLECTION of PSALMS and HYMNS, &c.

WESTON FAVEL. C. M.

* *Handwritten musical notation in a single staff, likely a vocal line, with various notes and rests.*

Handwritten musical notation in a single staff, likely a vocal line, with various notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation in a single staff, likely a vocal line, with various notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation in a single staff, likely a vocal line, with various notes and rests.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

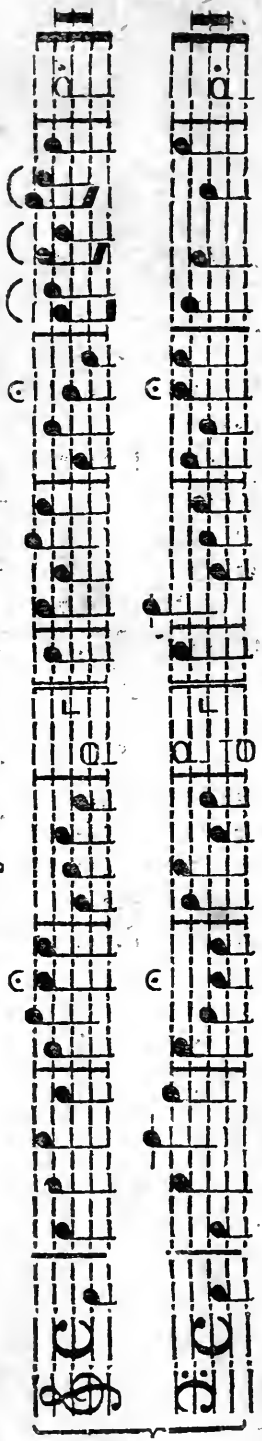
When once it enters 'to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

The starry heav'n's thy rules obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these, thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.

But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is ev'ry page :
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.



THEE we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame?
 What dying worms are we.

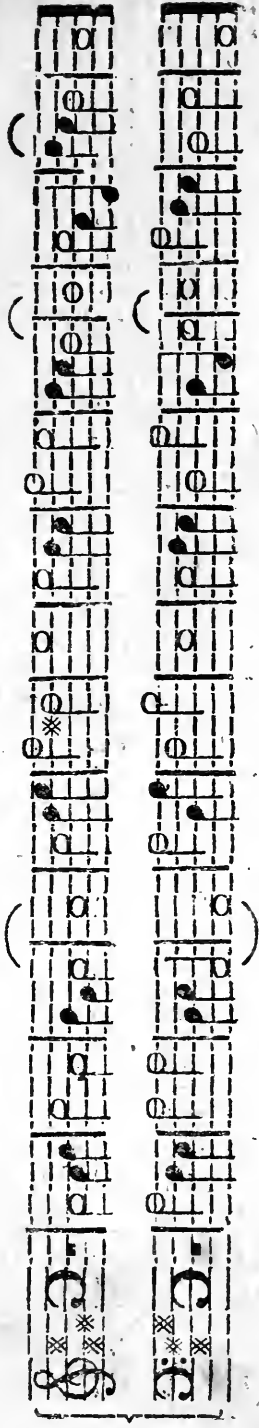
Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase,
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

Good God! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things?
 Th' eternal states of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy, or endless wo,
 Attends on ev'ry breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death!



WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,

O God of holiness?

Whom will the Lord admit to dwell

So near his throne of grace.

The man that walk, in pious ways,

And works with righteous hands;

And trust's his Maker's promis'd grace,

And follows his commands.

He speaks the meaning of his heart,

Nor flanders with his tongue;

Will scarce believe an ill report,

Nor do his neighbour wrong.

The wealthy sinner he contemns,

Loves all that fear the Lord;

And though to his own hurt he swears,

Still he performs his word.

His hand disdains a golden bribe,

And never wrongs the poor;

This man shall dwell with God on earth,

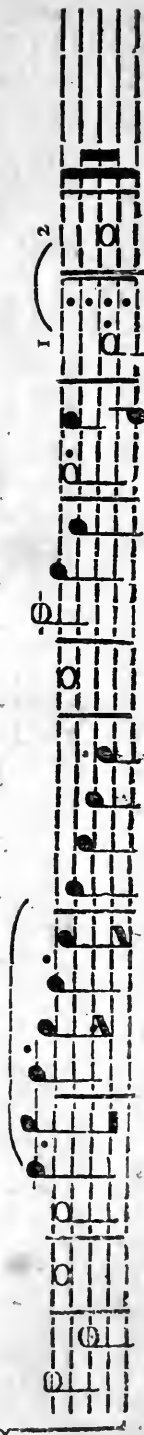
And find his heav'n secure.

O that the joyful day was come

To finish our distress;

When God shall bring his children home

Our songs shall never cease.



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

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to rescue me came.

Their drooping hearts are soon refresh'd,
Who look to him for aid :
Desir'd success in ev'ry face,
A cheerful air display'd.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliv'rance he affords to all,
Who on his succour trust.

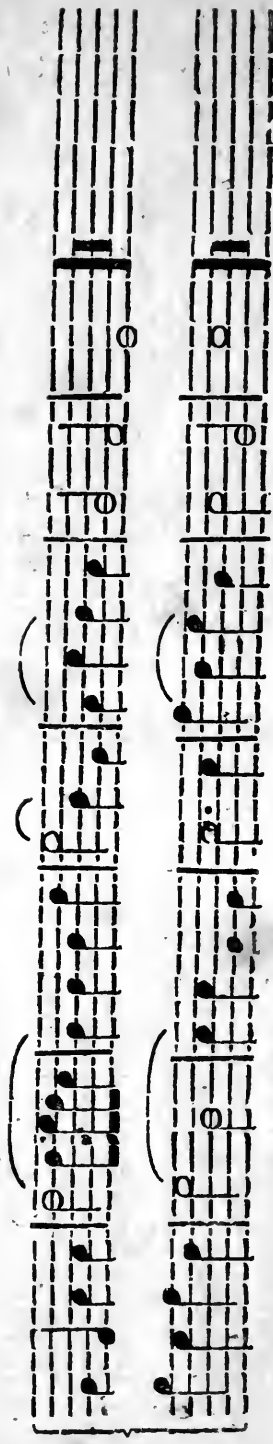
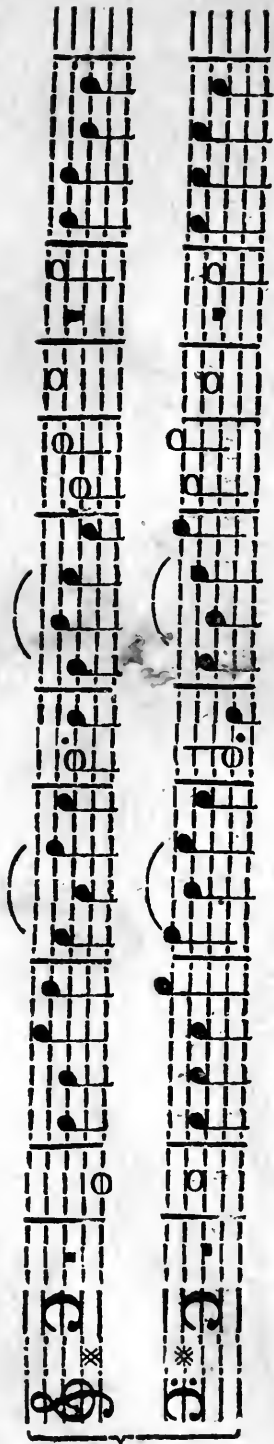
O ! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest'd they are, and only they
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye faints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide,
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supply'd.

VIRGINIA. C. M.

[12



Henry Thomas

Old age, with all her dismal train,
 Invades your golden years
 With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
 And death that never spares.

What will you do when light departs,
 And leaves your withering eyes,
 Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
 From the superior skies?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
 Or stand before his feat,
 While nature's old supporters bow,
 Nor bear their tottering weight?

Can you expect your feeble arms
 Shall make a strong defence,
 When death with terrible alarms,
 Summons the prisoner hence?

CHILDREN, to your Creator God,
 Your early honours pay,
 While vanity and youthful blood
 Would tempt your thoughts astray.

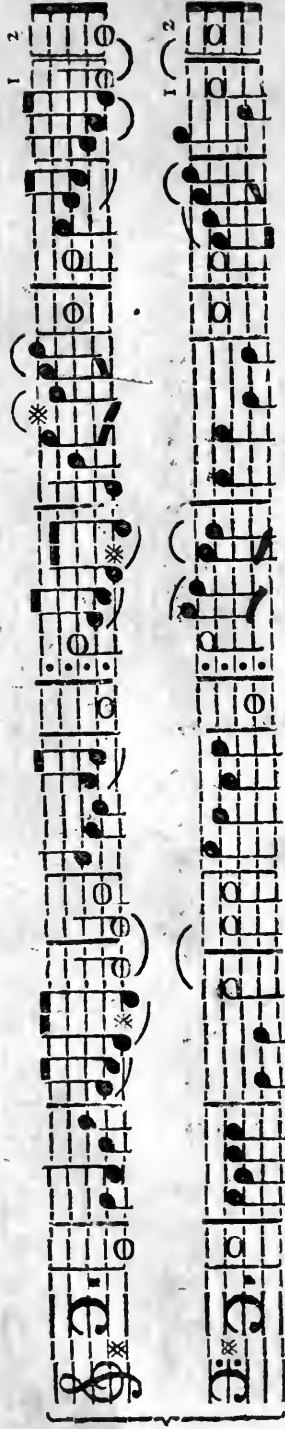
The memory of his mighty name,
 Demands your first regard;
 Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
 Till you have loved the Lord.

Be wise, and make his favour sure,
 Before the mournful days,
 When youth and mirth are known no more,
 And life and strength decays.

No more the blessings of a feast
 Shall relish on the tongue:
 The heavy ear forgets the taste
 And pleasure of a song.

SUFFIELD. C. M. 39th Psalm, D. W.

[14



TEACH me the measure of my days,

Thou Maker of my frame;

I would survey life's narrow space,

And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,

An inch or two of time;

Man is but vanity and dust,

In all his flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move,

Like shadows o'er the plain;

They rage and strive, desire and love,

But all the noise is vain.

Some walk in honours gaudy shew,

Some dig for golden ore;

They toil for heirs they know not who,

And straight are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for then

From creatures, earth and dust,

They make our expectations vain,

And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,

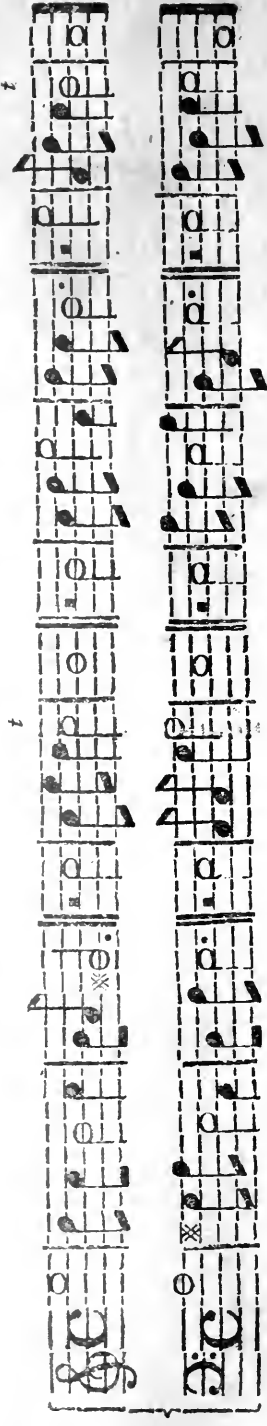
My fond desires recal!

I give my mortal interest up,

And make my God my all.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

[15]

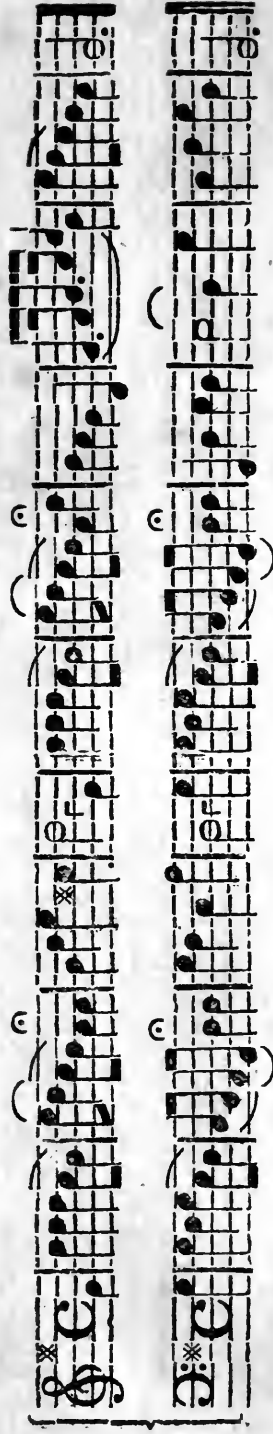


HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry;
“Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow’rs;
The tall, the wife, the rev’rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.”

Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more.

Grant us the pow’r of quick’ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We’ll rise above the sky.



WHILE Shepherds watch their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he; for mighty dread

Had seiz'd their troubled mind;

Glad tidings of great joy I bring

To you, and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day

Is born, of David's line,

The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;

And this shall be the sign—

The heav'nly babe you there shall find,

To human view display'd,

All meanly wrapt in swadling bands,

And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith

Appear'd a shining throng

Of angels, praising God, who thus

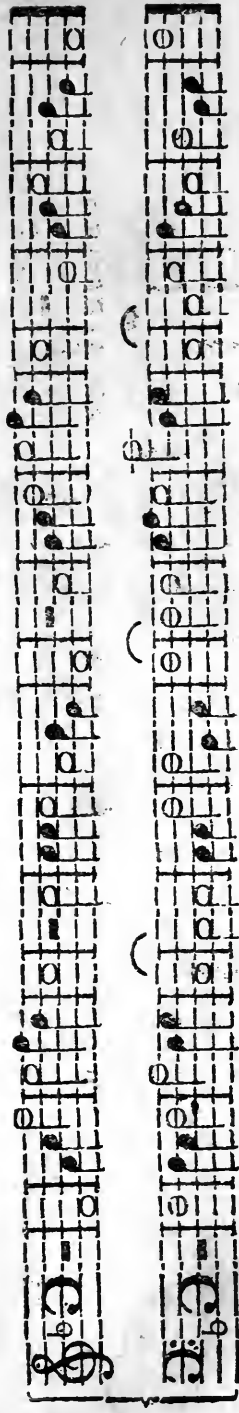
Address'd their joyful song:

All glory be to God on high,

And to the earth be peace,

Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men,

Begin and never cease.



SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rekel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

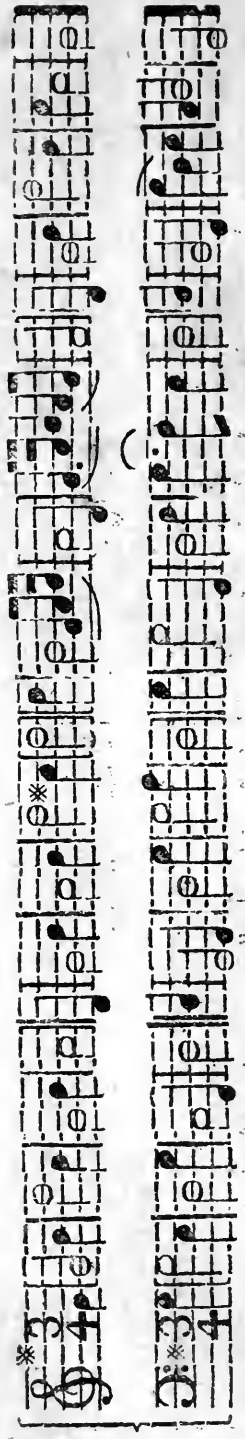
My crimes are great, but not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace:
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

O! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.



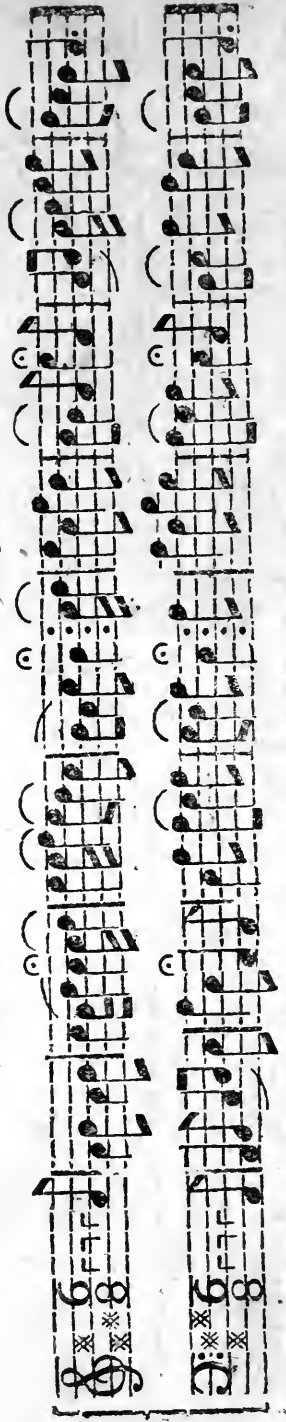
GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings:
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and with-holds
No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee—
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.



LORD what is man, when made at first;
 Adam the offspring of the dust;
 That thou shouldst set him and his race,
 But just below an angel's place.—

That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
 And make him Lord of all below;
 Make every beast and bird submit,
 And lay the fishes at his feet.

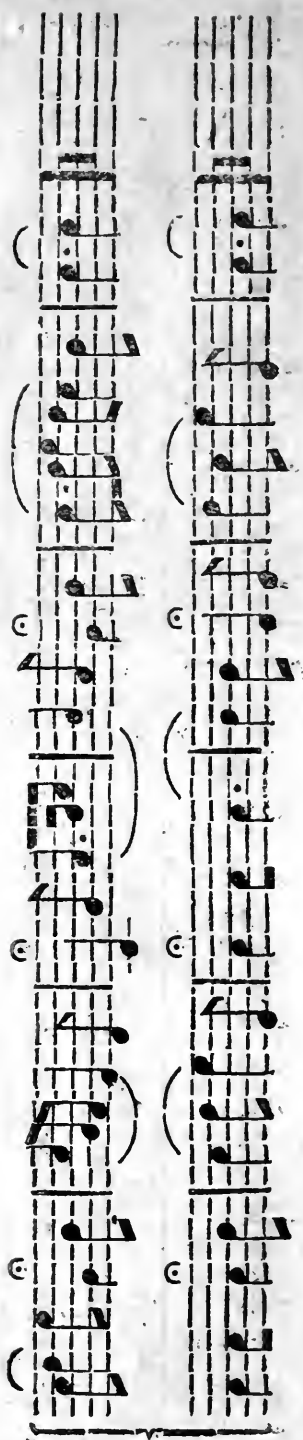
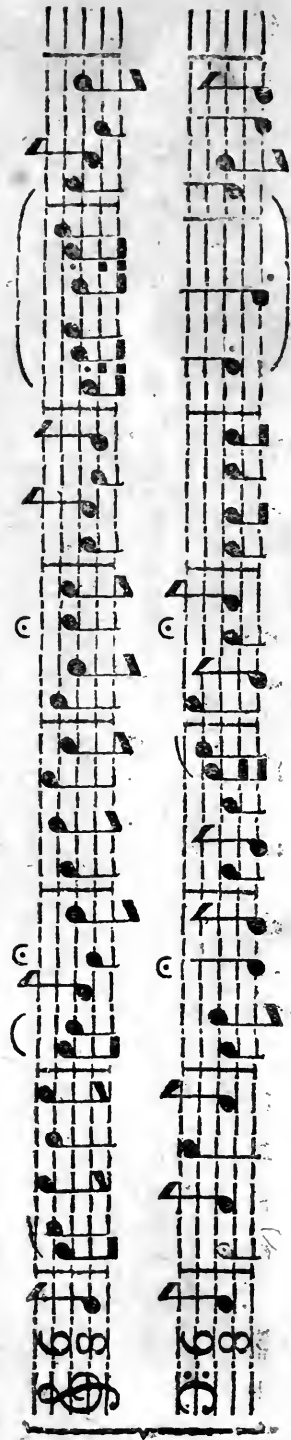
But O! what brighter glories wait
 To crown the second Adam's state;
 What honours shall thy Son adorn,
 Who condescended to be born.

See him below his angels made,
 Behold him number'd with the dead,
 To save a ruin'd world from sin:
 But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

The world to come, redeem'd from all
 The miseries that attend the fall;
 New-made, and glorious, shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

C I V. L. M. 104th Psalm, D. W.

[20



MY soul, thy great Creator praise,
When cloth'd in his celestial rays;
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariots, when he flies
On winged storms, across the skies.

Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance, or his love.

The world's foundation by his hand
Is pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains flood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

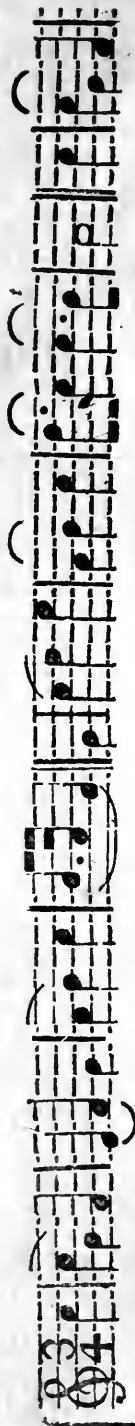
The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Refrething streams, by secret veins,
Break from the hills, and drench the plains.

He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go:
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

ISLINGTON. L. M.

[22]



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.

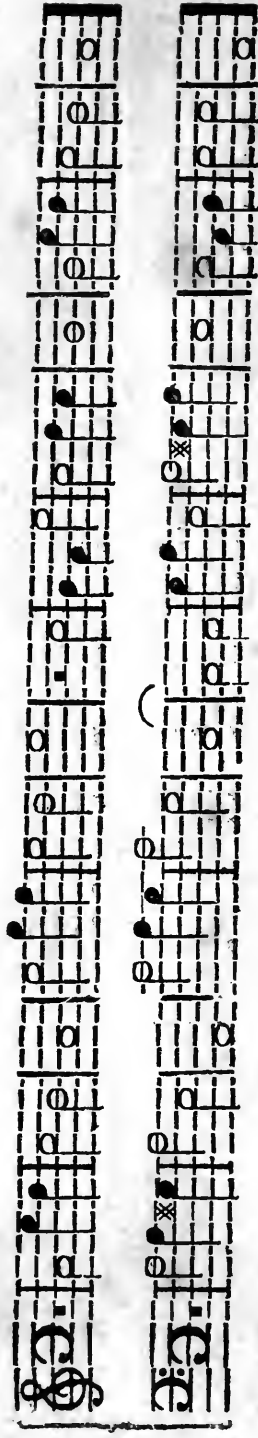
O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near—and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trump's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
The early blessings of his name.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen:



BEHOLD the lofty sky

Declares it's maker God,

And all the starry works on high

Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

The darkness and the light

Still keep their course the same;

While night to day, and day to night,

Divinely teach his name.

In ev'ry diff'rent land

Their gen'ral voice is known;

They show the wonders of his hand,

And orders of his throne.

Ye Christian lands rejoice,

Here he reveals his word:

We are not left to nature's voice,

To bid us know the Lord.

His statutes and commands

Are set before our eyes,

He puts his gospel in our hands,

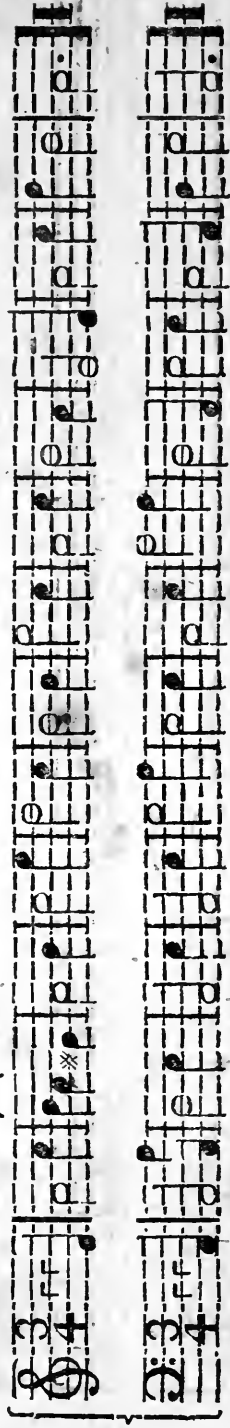
Where our salvation lies.

His laws are just and pure;

His truth without deceit;

His promises for ever sure,

And his rewards are great.



I Lift my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair:
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And ev'ry humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

From beams of dawning light,
Till ev'ning shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing eyes.

Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth:
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

For his own goodness sake,
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

Handwritten musical notation on two staves. The notation is written on five-line staves with various notes, rests, and symbols. The bottom staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes many notes with stems, some with flags or beams, and several measures with rests. There are also some symbols that look like '3' and '4' at the bottom of the staves.

Handwritten musical notation on two staves. The notation includes various notes, rests, and symbols such as 't', '3', and '2'.

THE man is ever blest'd
 Who shuns the finner's ways;
 Among their council never stands,
 Nor takes the scorner's seat.

But makes the law of God
 His study and delight,
 Amidst the labours of the day,
 And watches of the night.

He like a tree shall thrive,
 With waters near the root;
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
 His works are heav'nly fruit.

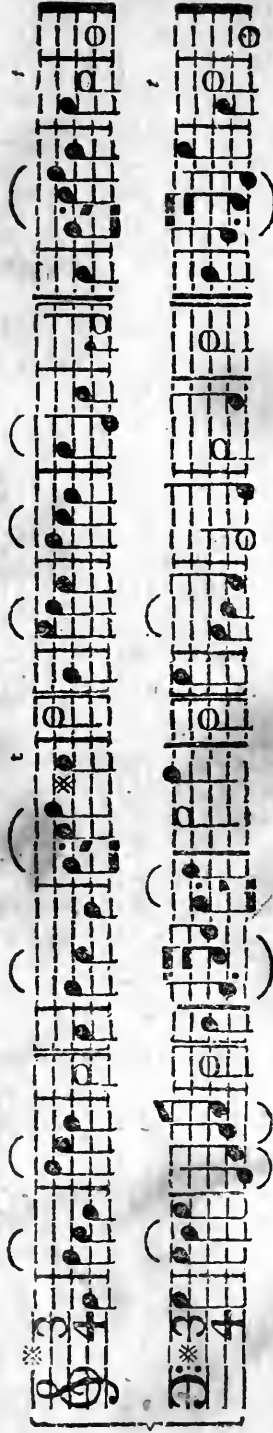
Not so th' ungodly race,
 They no such blessings find;
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
 Before the driving wind.

How shall they bear to stand
 Before that judgment seat;
 Where all the faints, at Christ's right hand,
 In full assembly meet?

He knows and he approves
 The way the righteous go;
 But sinners, and their works, shall meet
 A dreadful overthrow.

Packed Darry Hor Book

NEW CASTLE. S. M. 48th Psalm, D. W.



FAR as thy name is known,

The world declares thy praise;

Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne

Their songs of honour raise.

With joy thy people stand

On Zion's chosen hill,

Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,

And counsels of thy will.

Let strangers walk around

The city where we dwell,

Compass and view thine holy ground,

And mark the building well.

The orders of thy house,

The worship of thy court,

The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,

And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise!

How glorious to behold!

Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,

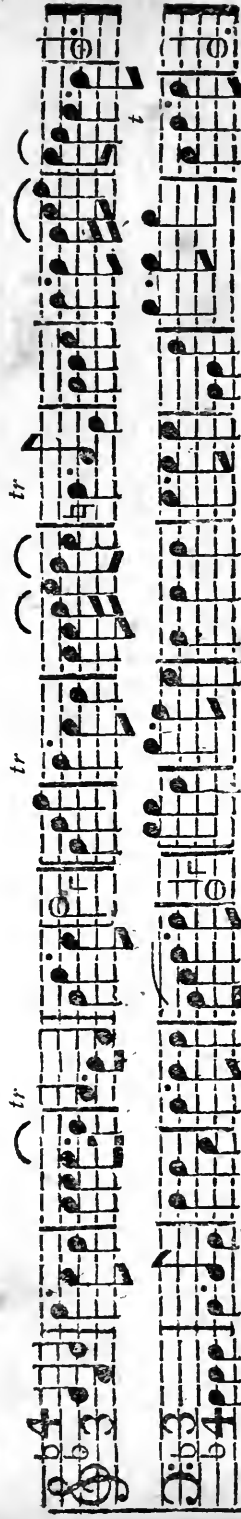
And rites adorn'd with gold.

The God we worship now,

Will guide us till we die;

Will be our God while here below,

And ours above the sky.



COME thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise.
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Let thine almighty aid,
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be stay'd—
Lord, hear our call.

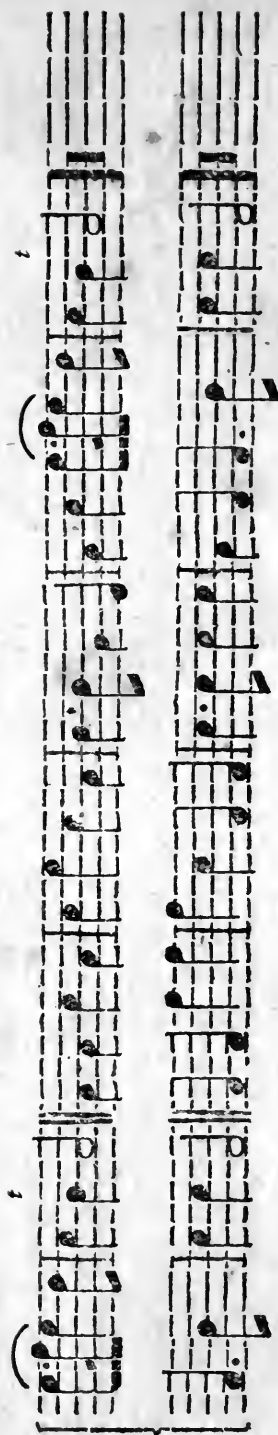
Come thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayers attend.
Come and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

Come holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore.
His sov'reign Majesty,
May we in glory be,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

LITTLETON. P. M.

[30



Lo! he cometh, countless trumpets
Blow before the bloody sign:
Midst ten thousand faints and angels,
See the crucified shine.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Welcome! welcome! bleeding lamb!

Now his merit by the harpers,
Thro' th' eternal deep refounds:
Now resplendant shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds.
They who pierc'd him, they who, &c.
Shall at his appearing wail.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must ashamed
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to judgment, come to judgment, &c.
Stand before the Son of Man.

Saints, who love him, view his glory
Shining in his bruited face;

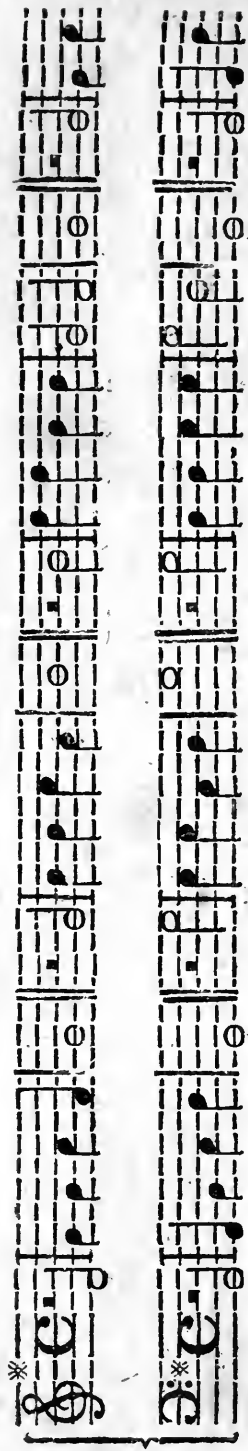
His dear perion on the rainbow,
Now his people's head shall rise:
Happy mourners! happy mourners! &c.
Lo! in clouds he comes! he comes!

Now redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear;
All his people, once rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Now the promis'd kingdom comes!

View him smiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry evil to destroy:
All the nations now shall sing him
Songs of everlasting joy.
O come quickly, O come, &c.
Hallelujah, come, Lord come.

DALSTON. P. M. 122d Psalm, D.W.

[32



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

Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
 In thee our tribes appear
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

My tongue repeats her vows,
 " Peace to this sacred house !
 " For here my friends and kindred dwell ;
 " And since my glorious God
 " Makes thee his blest abode,
 " My soul shall ever love thee well."

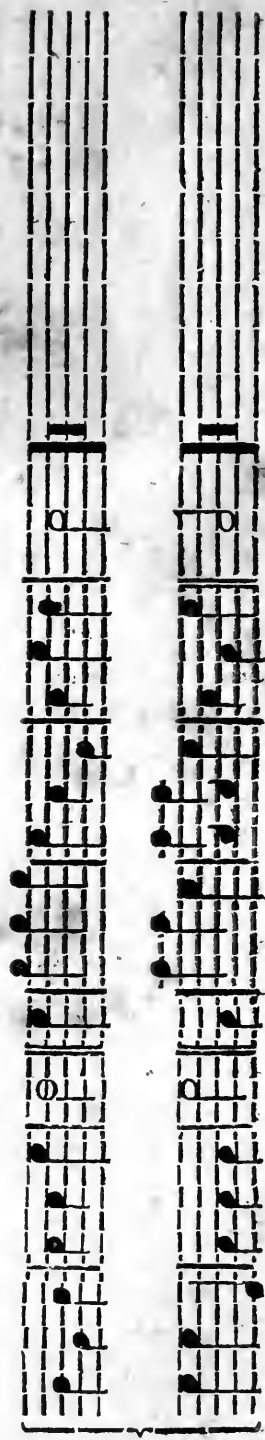
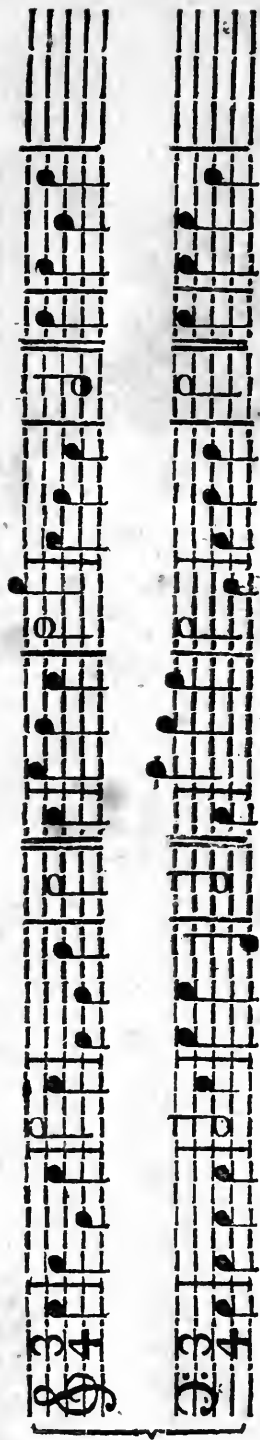


There David's greater Son
 Has fix'd his royal throne,
 He sits for grace and judgment there ;
 He bids the faints be glad,
 He makes the sinners sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait
 To bless the soul of every guest ;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest !

C H E S H U N T. P. M.

[34



Come sinners attend and make no delay,
 Good news from a friend I bring you to day,
 Glad news of salvation come now and receive,
 There's no condemnation to them that believe.

Then only believe, and trust in his name;
 He will not deceive, nor put you to shame:
 But fully supply you with all things in store;
 Nor will he deny you, because you are poor.

Now praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great assembly to sing;
 In our great Creator, let Israel rejoice,
 And children of Zion be glad in their king.

Let them his great name extol in the dance;
 With timbrel and harp his praises express;
 Who always takes pleasure his faints to advance,
 And with his salvation the humble to bless.

By angels in heav'n of every degree,
 And faints upon earth all praise be address'd
 To God in three Persons, one God ever blest;
 As it has been, now is, and always shall be.

Here, faith the Lord, ye angels, spread their thrones,
 And near me set my fav'rites and my sons;
 Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
 E'er time began,—'tis your divine reward

Richard Durey

L E N O X. P. M. 148th Psalm, D. W.

[36



Ye tribes of Adam, join
 With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright,
 In worlds of light,
 Begin the song.

The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By his supreme command.
 He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came,
 To praise the Lord.

Virgins, and youths, engage
 To found his praise divine,
 While infancy and age
 Their feeble voices join.

Wide as he reigns
 ' His name be sung
 By ev'ry tongue,
 In endless strains.

Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above;
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love.
 While earth and sky
 Attempt his praise,
 His saints shall raise
 His honours high.

Rachel

BETHESDA. P. M. 84th Psalm, D. W.

[38



LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are!
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires,
 To see my God.

The sparrow for her young,
 With pleasure seeks a nest,
 And wand'ring swallows long
 To find their wonted rest:

My spirit faints,
 With equal zeal,
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints.

O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!

They praise thee still;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 'Till each arrives at length,
 'Till each in heav'n appears.

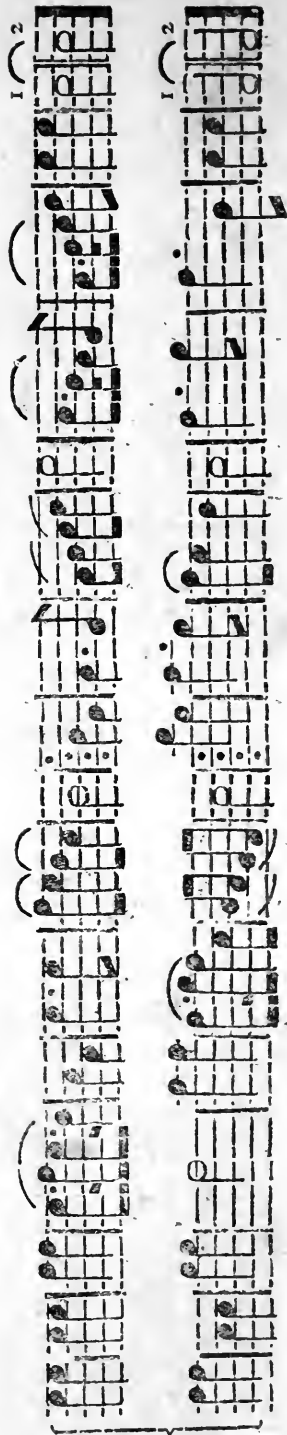
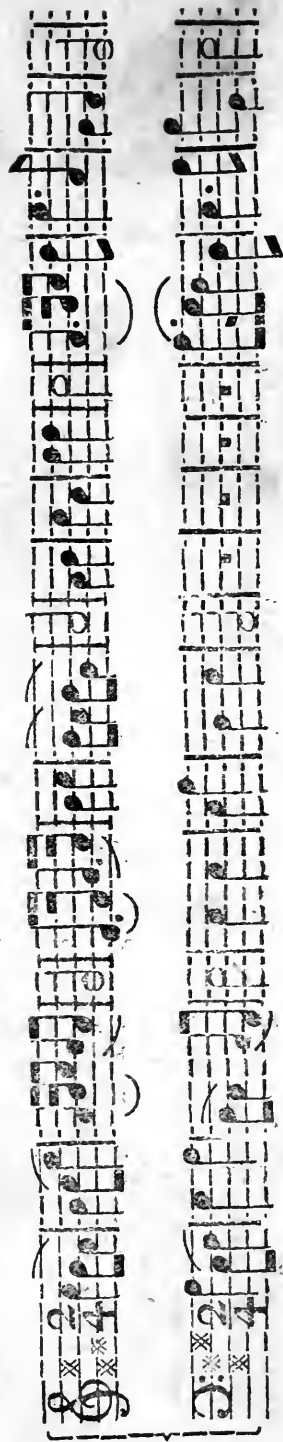
O glorious feat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet.

To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside:

Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door,
 Than shine in courts.

MIDDLETON. P. M. 65th Hymn, D. W.

[40



HAIL the day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
 Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native heav'n.
 There the pompous triumph waits:
 "Lift your heads, eternal gates!
 "Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 "Take the King of glory in!"

Him though highest heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own:
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads;
 Next himself prepares our place;
 Harbinger of human race.

Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our head to-day;
 See thy faithful servants see,
 Ever gazing up to thee!
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Poll'wing thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love,
 Looking, when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home;
 There we shall with thee remain;
 Part'ners of this endless reign;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

A M S T E R D A M . P . M . 8 o t h H y m n , D . W .

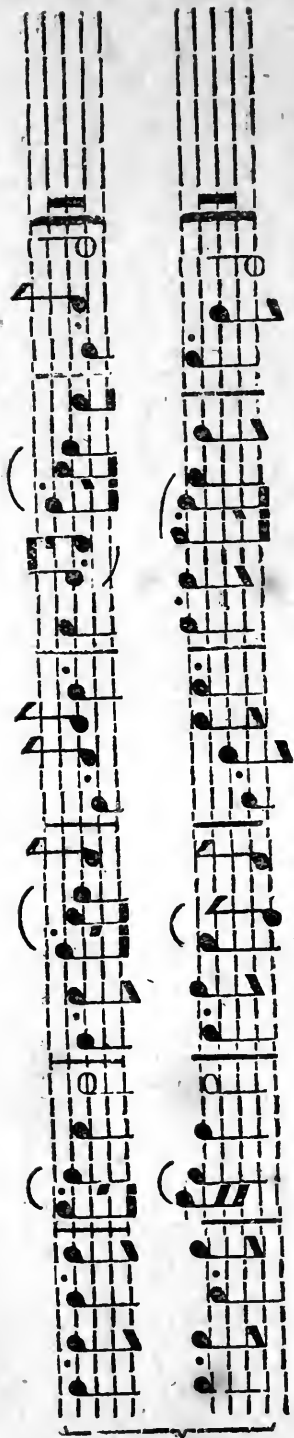
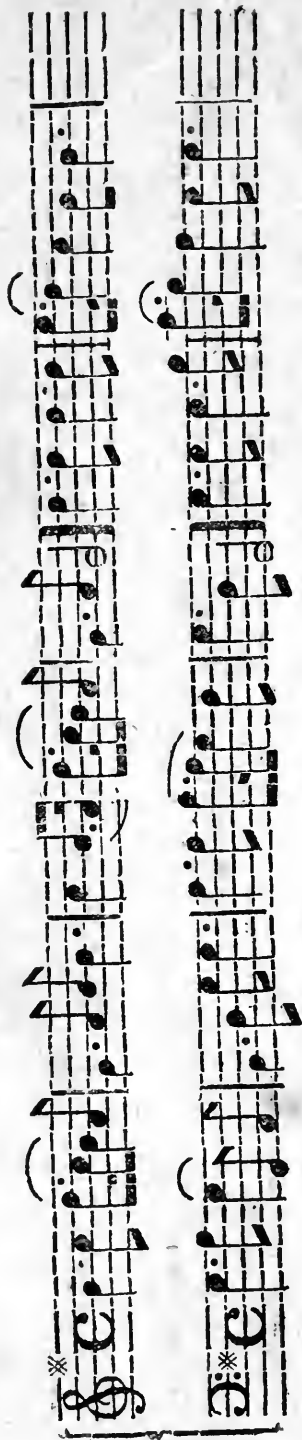
[42



RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace :
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course :
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source.
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n,
 All our sorrows left below
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.



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

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast,
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.
 Take away the power of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith, as it's beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave,
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure unspotted may we be,
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee;
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 'Till in heaven we take our place,
 'Till we cast our crown before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

A NEW HYMN for CHRISTMAS-DAY. C. M.

[46

The musical score is written for a hymn in C major, 3/4 time. It consists of six staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The second staff is a bass clef. The third and fourth staves are treble clefs. The fifth and sixth staves are bass clefs. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many whole and half notes, and some eighth notes. There are several measures with a 'C' time signature, indicating common time. The score is divided into systems by brackets. The first system contains the first two staves. The second system contains the next two staves. The third system contains the final two staves.

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