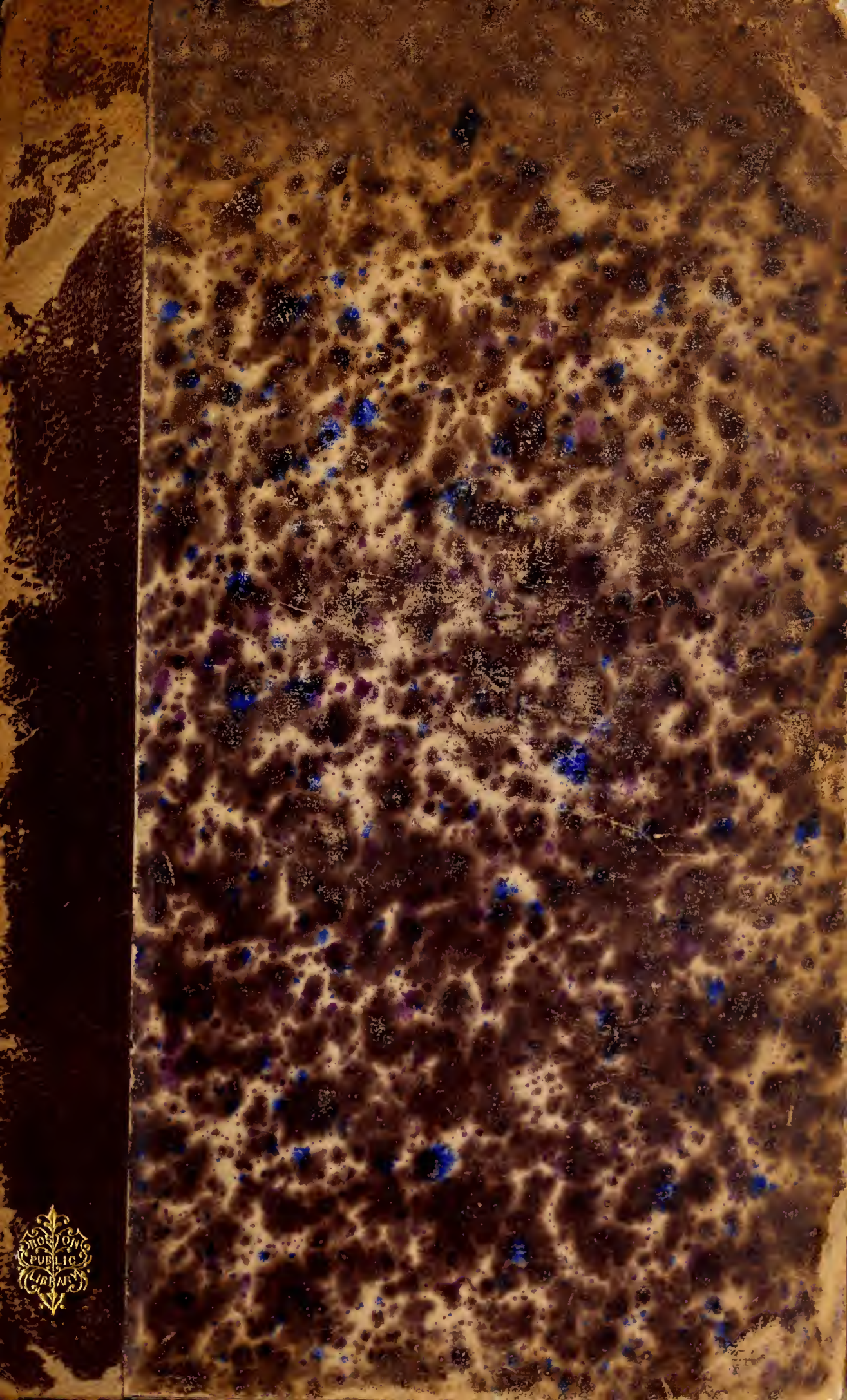




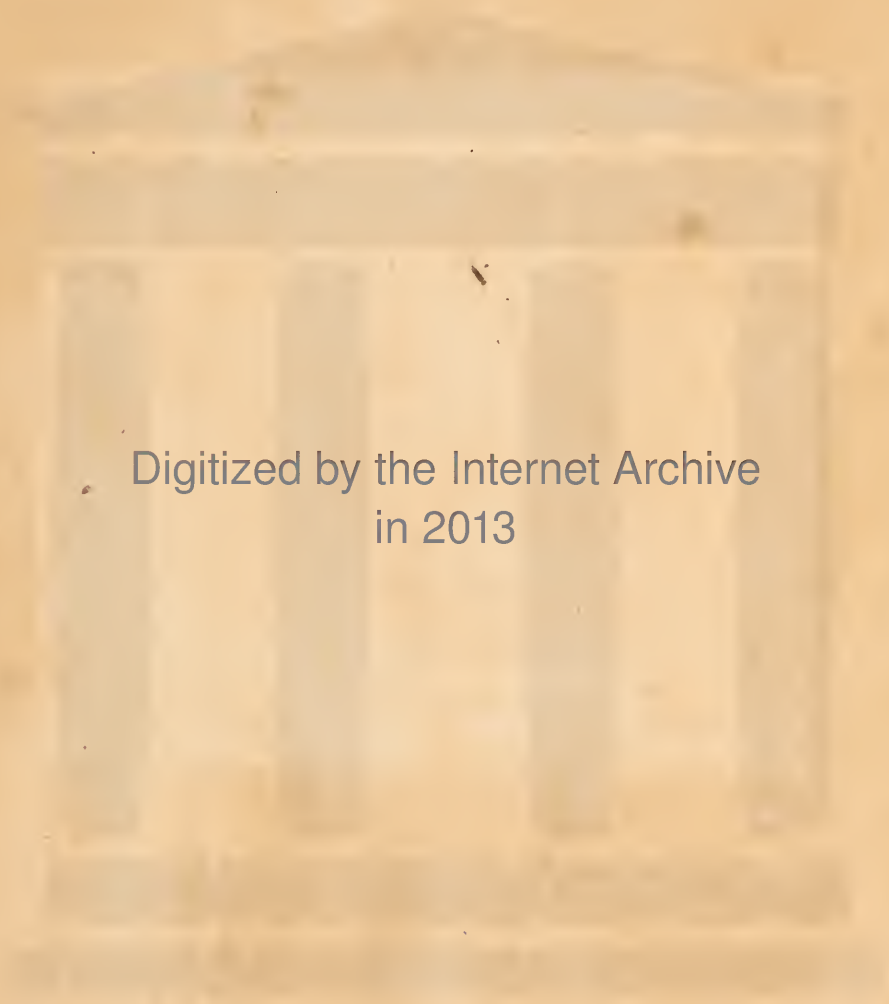
PRESENTED TO THE

★ 8046..19



By Samuel A. Green

Received Nov. 6. 1874 164584



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By Samuel A Green M.D.

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SELECT HARMONY:
THE
FOURTH PART
OF
CHRISTIAN PSALMODY,

CONSISTING OF A VARIETY OF TUNES

OF

APPROVED EXCELLENCE,

SUITED TO THE

VARIOUS SUBJECTS AND METRES

OF THE

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

CONTAINED IN THE

FIRST THREE PARTS.

Second Edition.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG,
No. 50, Cornhill.
1817.

.....
PRINTED BY JAMES LORING.

167.584
Nov. 6/74

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS—to wit:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventh day of January, A. D. 1815, and in the thirty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL WORCESTER, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*:

"Christian Psalmody, in four parts; comprising Dr. Watts's Psalms abridged; Dr. Watts's Hymns abridged; Select Hymns from other Authors; and Select Harmony: together with Directions for Musical Expression. By Samuel Worcester, D. D. Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem."

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

WILLIAM S. SHAW,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG,

Theological Printer and Bookseller, No. 50, Cornhill, Boston,

KEEPS for sale on the most reasonable terms Dr. Scott's Family Bible of the large and small sizes; some very good for aged people, at all prices from 35 dollars to 19 dollars; also, Carey's, Collins's, and other Family Bibles, from \$3,50 to 20 dollars. Any of these can be had with or without a concordance, maps, &c. &c. Also Testaments, and Psalm Books in various bindings, *some elegant*; the Works of Owen, Doddridge, Orton, Watts, Newton, Milner, Scott, Buchanan, Macknight, Campbell, and others; and complete sets of the PANOPLIST in TEN Volumes. LIBRARIES, public or private, liberally supplied. PRINTING done as usual: Sermons, Tracts, &c. executed with accuracy and despatch.

Public patronage is solicited for this establishment, devoted to the printing and vending of Religious Books. Every favor suitably acknowledged.

☞ Those who purchase *five* books of one kind at this store, will always be allowed a *sixth copy gratis*.

SEPT. 1817

RUDIMENTS.

THE Gamut is a scale of musick, comprising seven primary notes. It is divided into three parts, Bass, Tenor or Treble, and Counter, which are distinguished by three different Cliffs; and to the notes are applied the seven letters, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and the four names, m, f, s, l.—very eighth note is considered the same in nature as the first; and is always on the same letter repeated, and of the same name.

THE GAMUT.

F Cliff. BASS. G Cliff. TENOR or TREBLE. C Cliff. COUNTER.

The diagram shows the Gamut scale across three staves. The first staff (BASS) has notes A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The second staff (TENOR or TREBLE) has notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F. The third staff (COUNTER) has notes F, G, A, B, C, D, E. Each note is accompanied by its solfège name: Sol, Fa, La, Mi, Sol, Fa, La. The notes are placed on lines and spaces of the staves, with some notes having accidentals (sharps or flats) to indicate their position relative to the natural scale.

Of the seven primary notes five are whole tones, and two are semitones. In the natural scale, the semitones are between B and C, and E and F; but their places may be altered by flats and sharps.—Mi is the governing note. Ascending in order, above mi the notes are fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la; descending below mi they are la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa; then mi returns.

The natural place for mi is on B. But

If B be flat, mi is on	E	If F be sharp, mi is on	F
If B and E be flat, mi is on	A	If F and C be sharp, mi is on	C
If B, E and A be flat, mi is on	D	If F, C and G be sharp, mi is on	G
If B, E, A and D be flat, mi is on	G	If F, C, G and D be sharp, mi is on	D

MUSICAL NOTES AND RESTS.

1 Semibreve, 2 Minims, 4 Crochets, 8 Quavers, 16 Semiquavers, 32 Demisemiquavers.

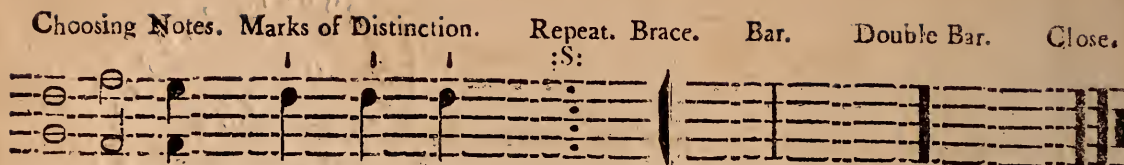
The diagram shows various musical notes and rests on a staff. The notes are labeled with their respective durations: 1 Semibreve, 2 Minims, 4 Crochets, 8 Quavers, 16 Semiquavers, and 32 Demisemiquavers.

The first character in each bar is the note; the other is the rest; the figures, prefixed to their names, shew their proportions to each other.

NOTE. The semibreve rest always fills a bar.

OTHER MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

The diagram shows various musical characters: Flat, Sharp, Natural, Dot, Figure 3, Hold, Ledger line, and Slur. Each character is illustrated with a musical example on a staff.



The five lines, on which the notes of musick are placed, are called a Staff.

A *Flat* at the beginning of a tune changes the place of *mi*; and set before a note, sinks it half a tone.

A *Sharp* at the beginning of a tune changes the place of *mi*; and set before a note, raises it half a tone.

A *Natural* restores a note from flat or sharp to its natural sound.

A *Dot* or Point of Addition, affixed to a note or rest, adds one half to its original length.

The *Figure 3* or Mark of Diminution, reduces three notes to the time of two.

A *Hold* prolongs a note indefinitely.

Ledger Lines are added when notes ascend or descend, beyond the compass of the staff.

A *Slur* connects any number of notes which are to be sung to one syllable.

Choosing Notes give liberty for singing either, or both of them, at pleasure.

Marks of Distinction direct that the notes be sung with emphatical distinctness.

A *Repeat* is placed at the beginning and end of a strain, or passage, which is to be sung twice.

A *Brace* shews how many parts move together.

A *Bar* divides the notes according to the time.

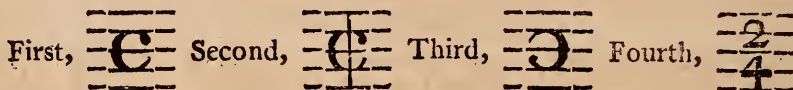
A *Double Bar* denotes the end of a strain of the musick, or of a line of the poetry.

A *Close* shews the end of a tune.

TIME.

Time is of three kinds, Common, Triple, and Compound.

Of Common Time there are four Modes, which are distinguished as follows:



The first three modes have a semibreve or its equivalent in each bar; the last has a minim.

The first mode has *four* beats to a bar, two down and two up, each in a second.

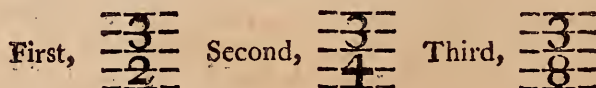
The second mode is like the first, only one fourth faster.

The third mode has *two* beats to a bar, each in a second, one down and one up.

The fourth mode has also two beats to a bar, one fourth quicker than the third.

In all the modes of Common Time, the *accented parts* of the bar are the first and third.

Of Triple Time there are three Modes.



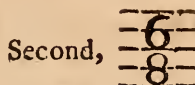
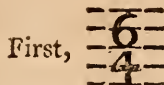
The first mode has three minims or their equivalent in a bar; the second, three crotchets; the third, three quavers.

All the modes of Triple Time have *three* beats to a bar, two down, and one up.

The first mode allows one second to a beat; the second is one fourth faster than the first; and the third, one fourth faster than the second.

In Triple Time, the *principal accent* is on the first part of the bar; a smaller accent on the third.

Of Compound Time, there are two Modes:



The first mode has six crotchets in a bar; and *two* beats, each in a second.

The second mode has six quavers in a bar; and two beats, one fourth faster than the first.

The *accented parts* of the bar in Compound Time, are the first and third.

These rules respecting time may be of use to the learner; yet the movement in the same mode, and in the same tune, is variable, and should be slower or quicker, according to the subject of the song.

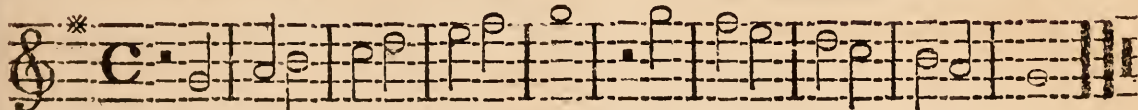
KEYS.

There are two natural keys in musick; viz. A minor and C major.

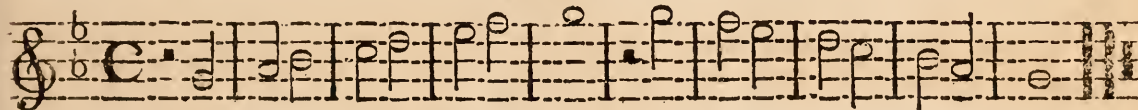
The key note is the last note in the Bass. This note is always either *lâ* or *fâ*, the next below, or the next above *mî*; if *lâ*, it is the minor, or flat key; if *fâ*, it is the major or sharp key. The minor key has the minor third, sixth, and seventh—the major key, the major third, sixth, and seventh—above the key note.

LESSONS FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

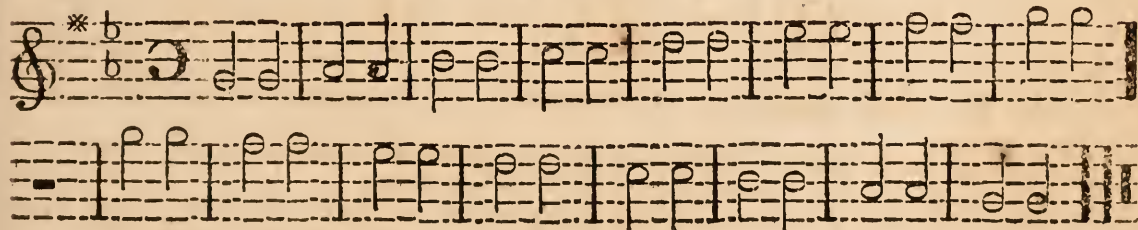
MAJOR KEY.



MINOR KEY.



MAJOR OR MINOR.



A concise explanation of the terms which most commonly occur in Musick.

ADAGIO, very slow.

Allegro, brisk, lively.

Allegretto, a little brisk.

Affettuoso, affectionately.

Andante, distinctly.

Andantino, very distinct.

Biss, twice over.

Calando, soften the tone.

Con Brio, with force.

Con Molto Affetto, with much affection.

Crescendo, increase the tone gradually.

Da Capo, or (D C) repeat the first strain.

Diminuendo, soften the tone gradually.

Dolce, soft and sweet.

Duo, or Duetto, in two parts.

Finale, a concluding Air.

Forte, (or F) loud.

Fortissimo, (or FF) very loud.

Grazioso, gracefully.

Grave, slow, heavy.

Largo, slow.

Larghetto, rather slow.

Legato, smooth, slurred.

Maestoso, bold and grand.

Moderato, moderately.

Non Troppo Presto, not too quick.

Piano, (or P) soft.

Pianissimo, (or P P) very soft.

Presto, quick.

Prestissimo, very quick.

Sempre Piano, soft throughout the movement.

Siciliano, a pathetic air of $\frac{6}{4}$ or $\frac{6}{8}$.

Solo, for one principal instrument, or voice.

Soli, one to each part.

Symphony, for Instruments only.

Tacet, remain silent.

Tempo Minuetto, in minuet time.

Trio, in three parts.

Tutti, all the parts together.

Vivace, with life and spirit.

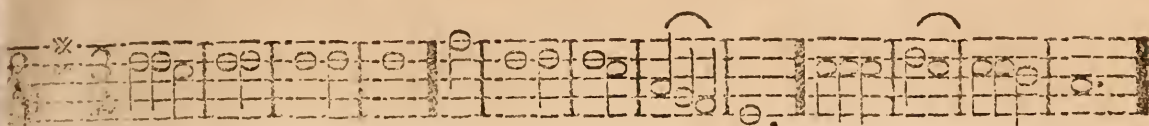
OLD HUNDRED. L. M. *M. Luther.*

AIR. Before Jehovah's awful throne, Know that the Lord is God alone,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:

ALL SAINTS. L. M. *W. Tansur.*

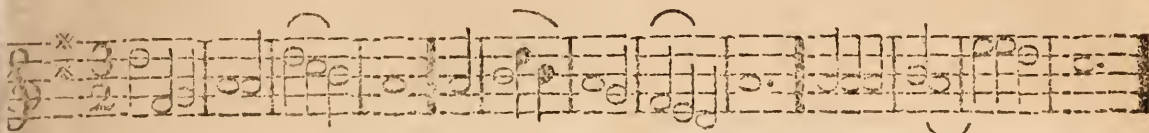
AIR. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise;
He can create, and he destroy.

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

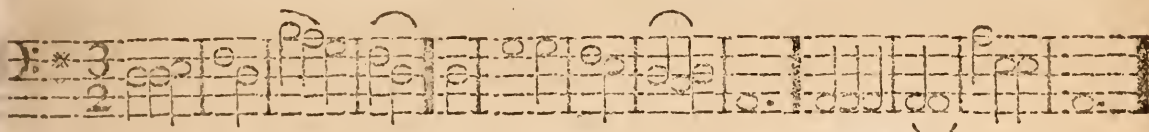


AIR. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,

Th ose heav'nly guards around thee wait,



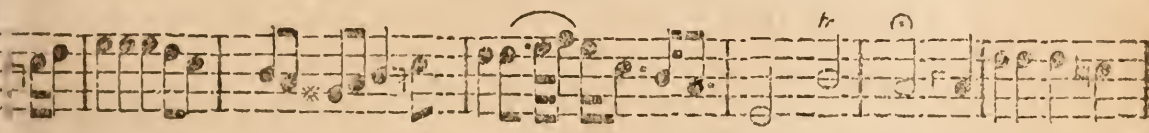
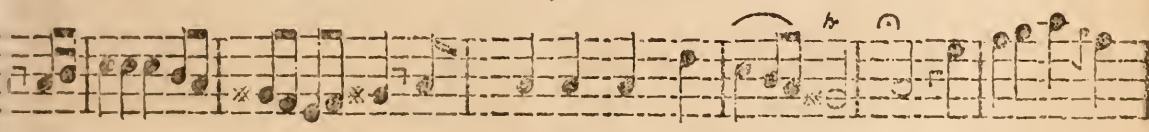
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;



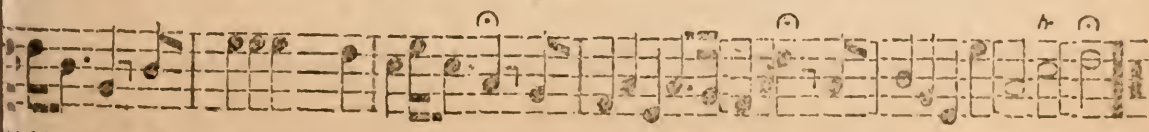
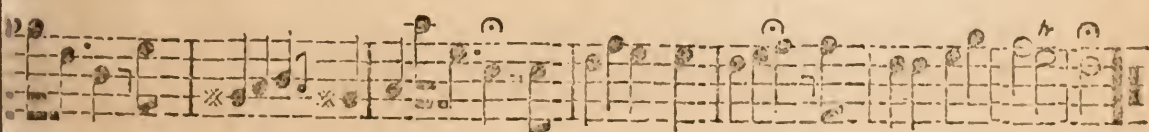
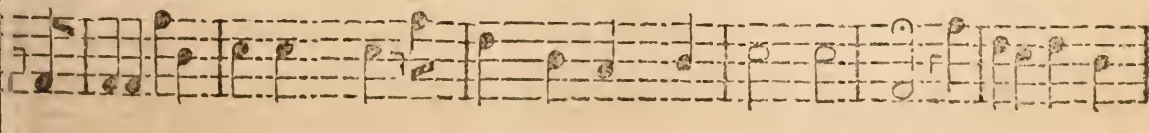
SHEFFIELD. L. M. or L. P. M. *Har. Sac.*



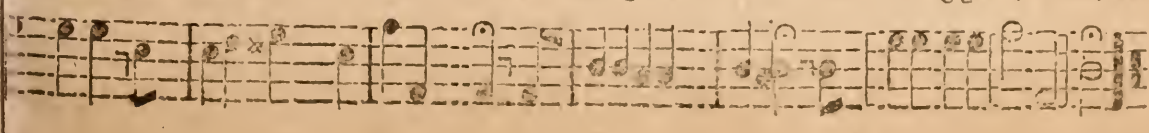
Like chariots that attend thy state Sinners, rejoice, your peace is made, Your Saviour on the cross hath bled,



Your God in Jesus, re-concil'd, On all His works again hath smil'd; Hath grace thro' Christ



l blessing giv'n, To all on earth and all in heav'n, Hath grace thro' Christ and blessing giv'n, To all, &c.

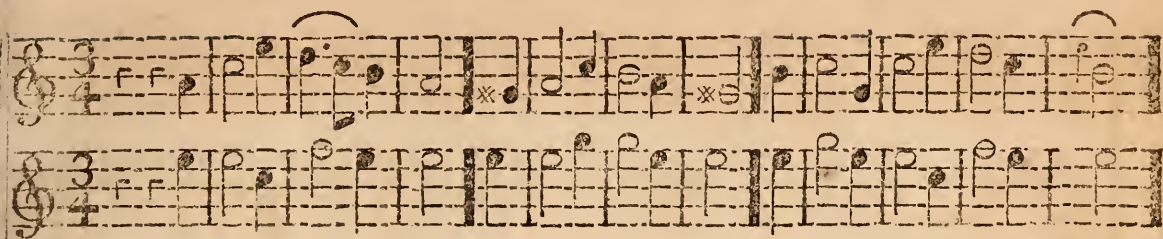


AIR. He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns, Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
Praise him in evan- - gelic strains;

BATH. L. M. *A. Williams' Coll.*

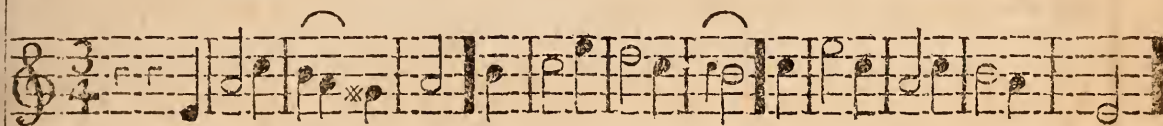
AIR. Life is the time to serve the Lord,
And distant islands join their voice.

And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The time t' insure the great reward;
The vilest sinner may return.

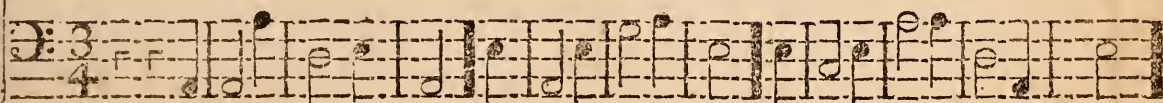


AIR. Welcome, sweet day of rest,

Welcome to this reviving breast



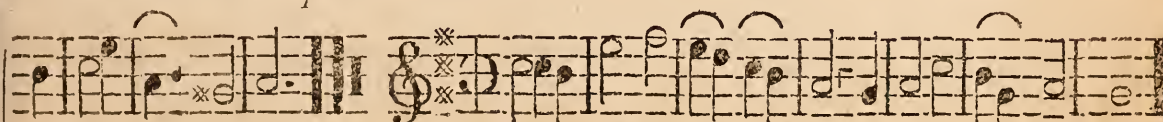
That saw the Lord arise ;



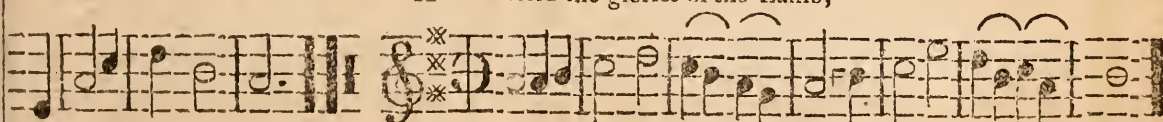
DEVIZES. C. M.

Cozzens.

With spirit.



AIR. Behold the glories of the Lamb,



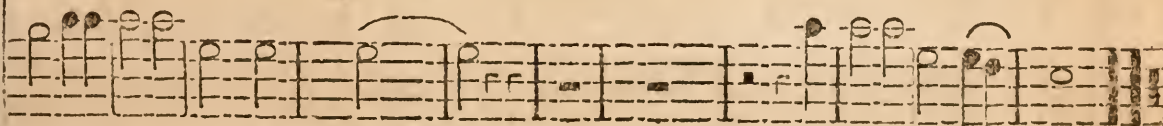
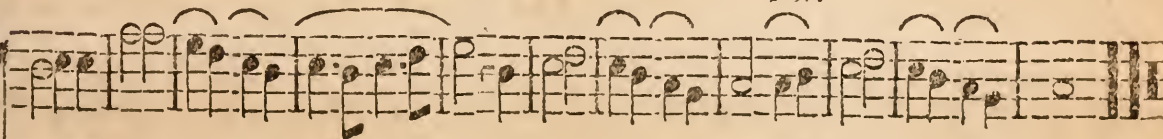
And these rejoicing eyes.

Amidst his Father's throne:



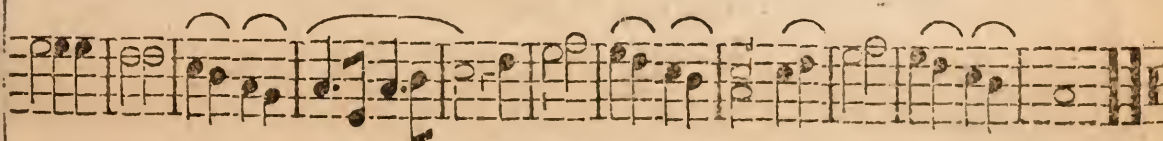
Pia.

For.

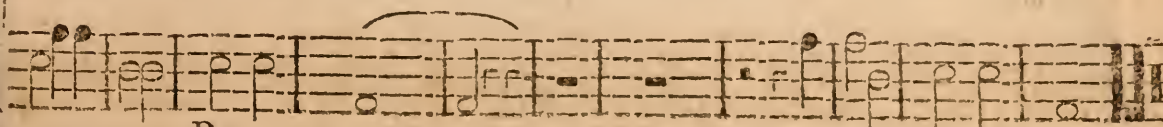


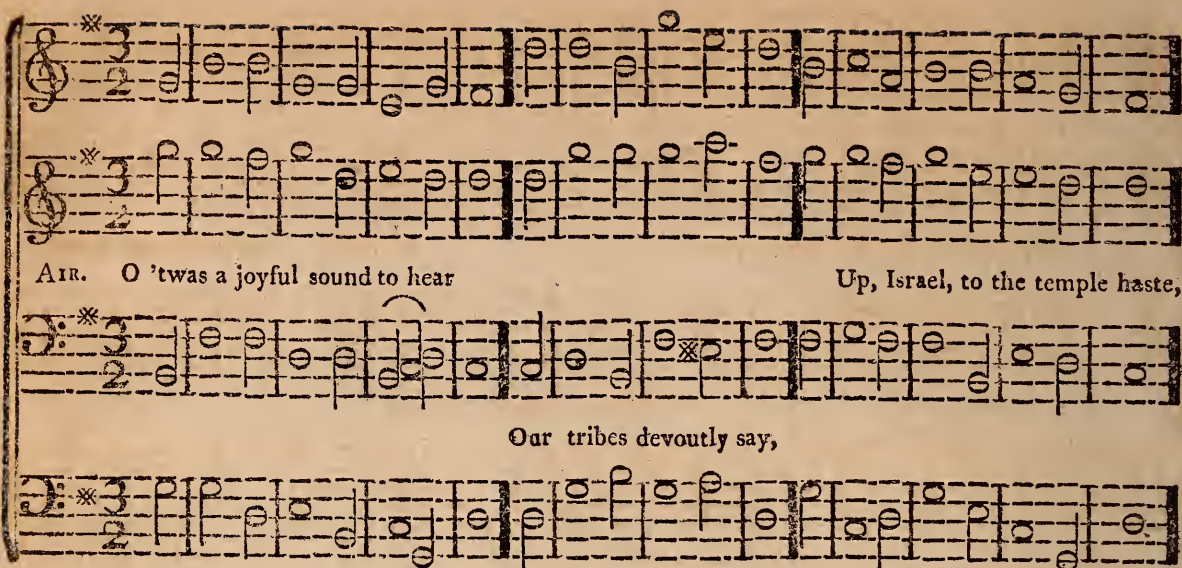
Prepare new honours for his name,

And songs before unknown.



And songs before unknown.



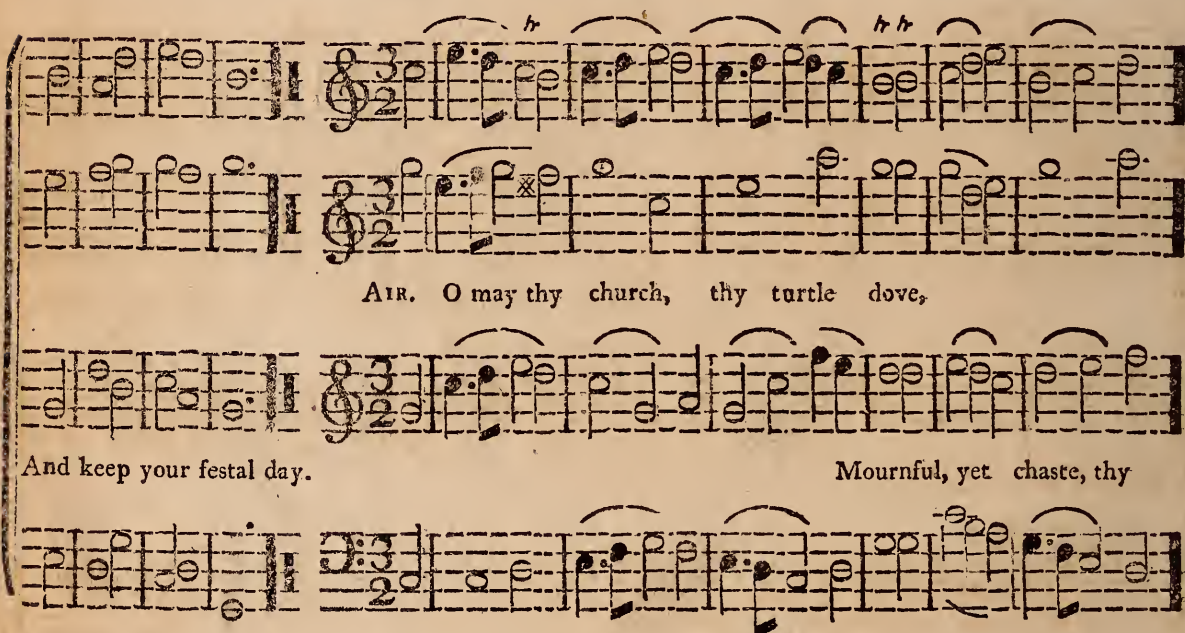


Air. O 'twas a joyful sound to hear

Up, Israel, to the temple haste,

Our tribes devoutly say,

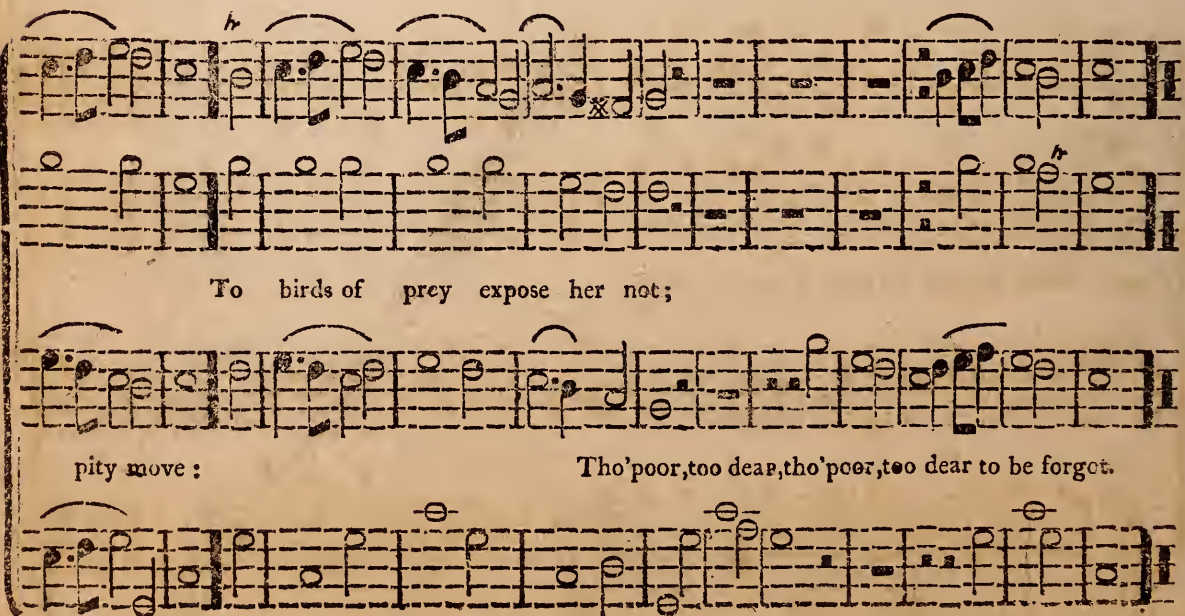
MORETON. C. M.

Dr. Arnold.


Air. O may thy church, thy turtle dove,

And keep your festal day.

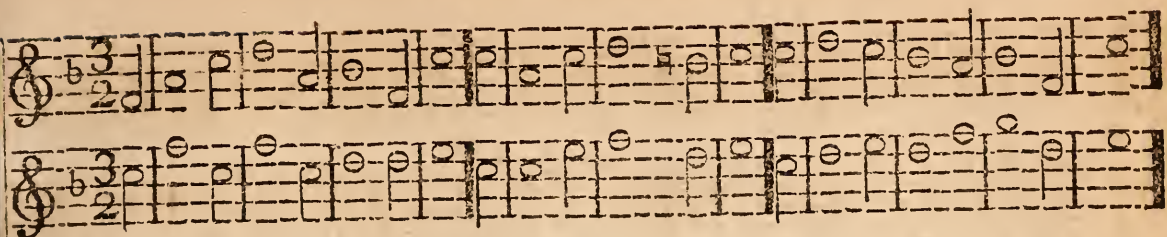
Mournful, yet chaste, thy



To birds of prey expose her not;

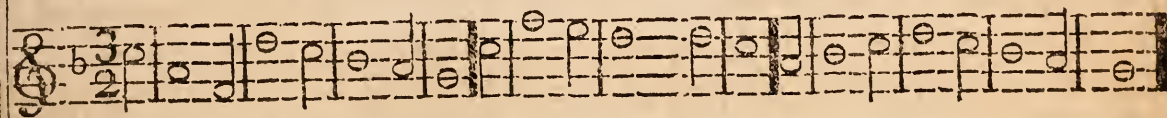
pity move :

Tho' poor, too dear, tho' poor, too dear to be forgot.

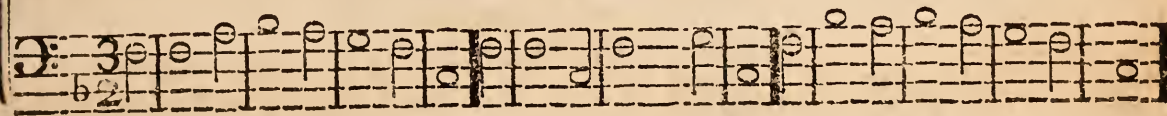


A R. Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,

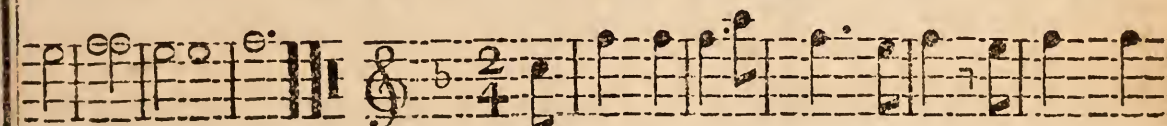
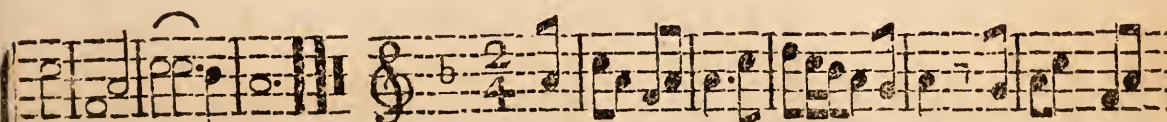
When his salvation is our theme,



And in his strength rejoice;

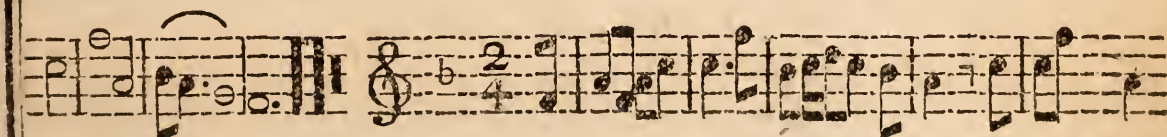


SHOEL. L. M.

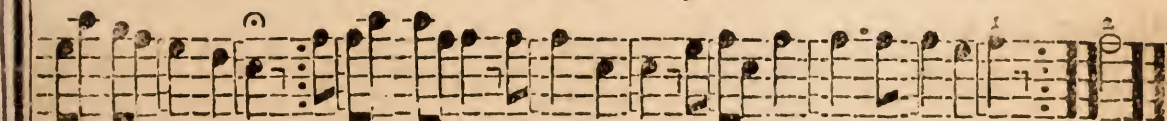
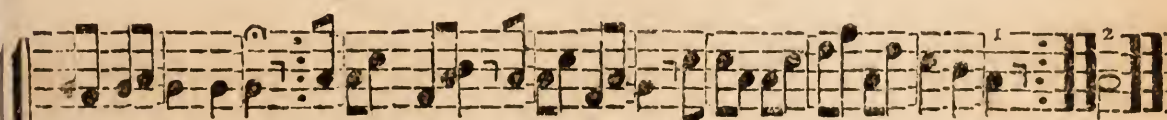
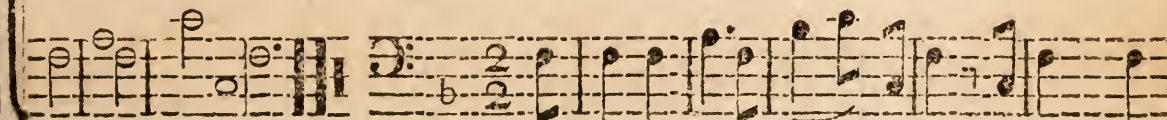


AIR.

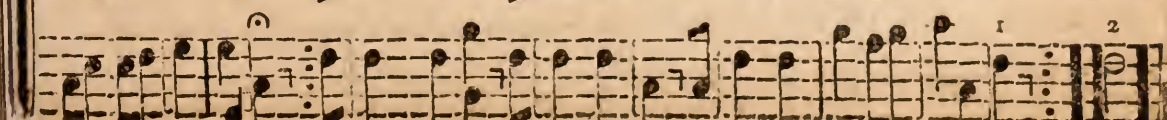
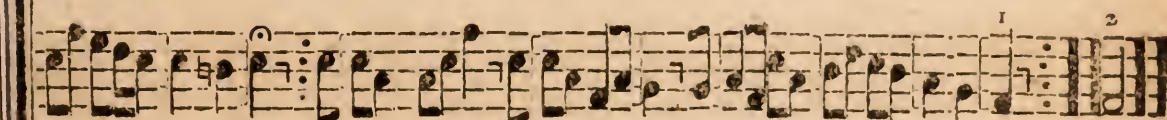
To thee, my God and Saviour, I, By day and

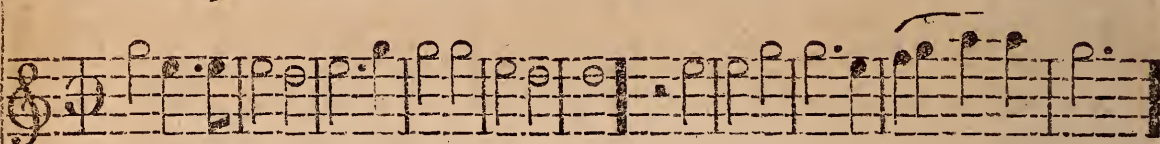
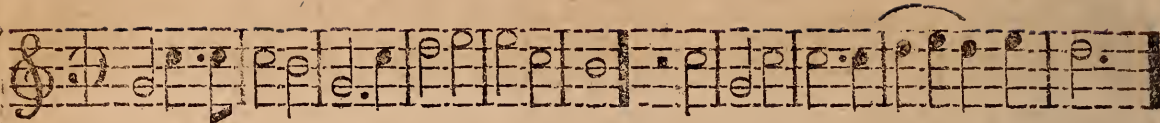


Exalted be our voice.



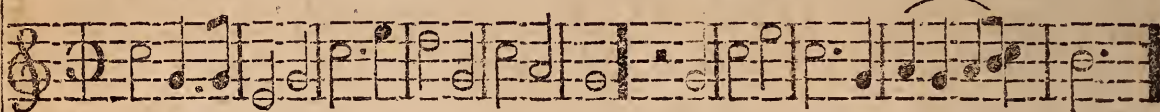
night address my cry; Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear; To my distress incline thine ear.



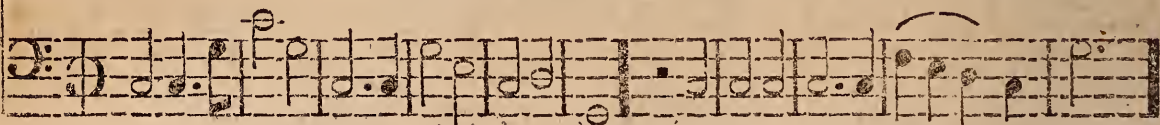


Come, we that love the Lord,

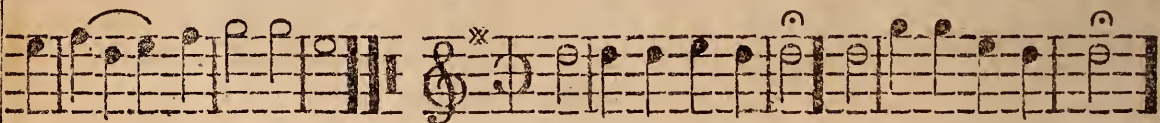
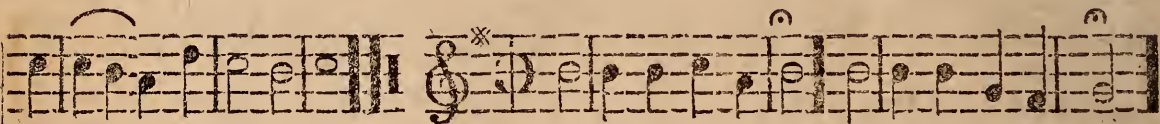
Join in a song with sweet accord,



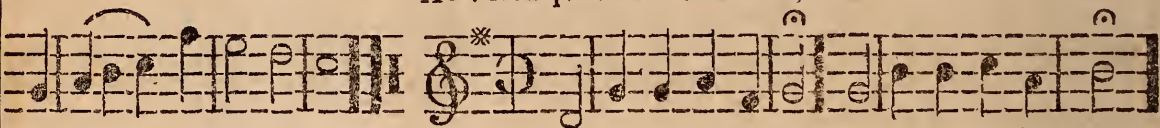
And let our joys be known ;



DALSTON. S. P. M. *A. Williams.*

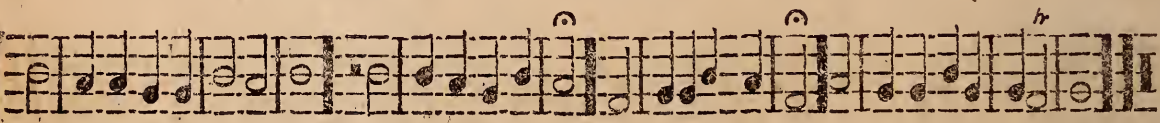
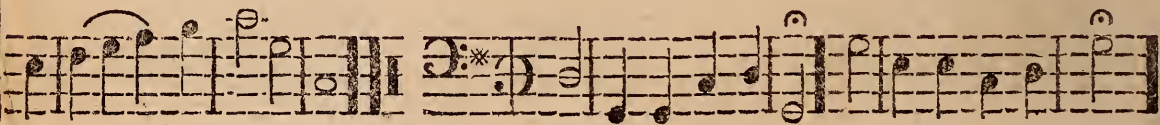


AIR. How pleas'd and blest was I,



And thus surround the throne.

To hear the people cry,

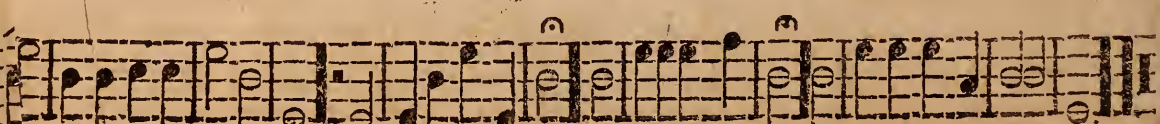


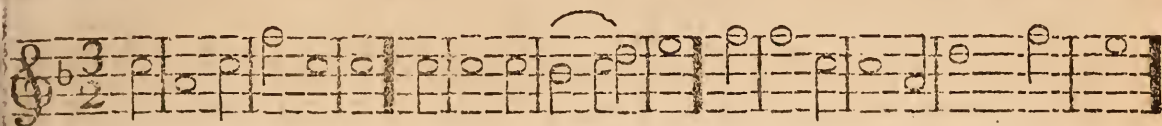
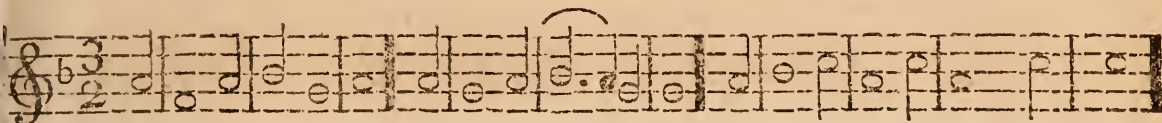
"Come, let us seek our God to day ;"

And there our vows and honours pay.



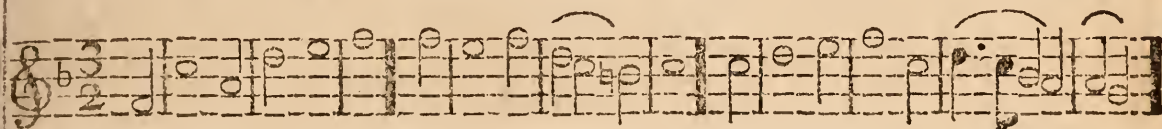
Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill,



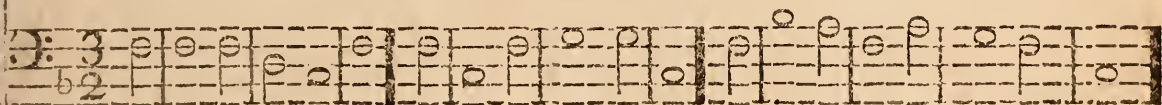


A 1 R. Behold, the lofty sky

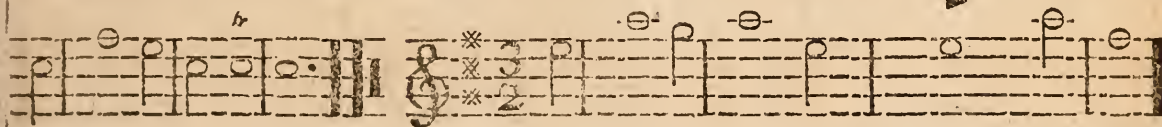
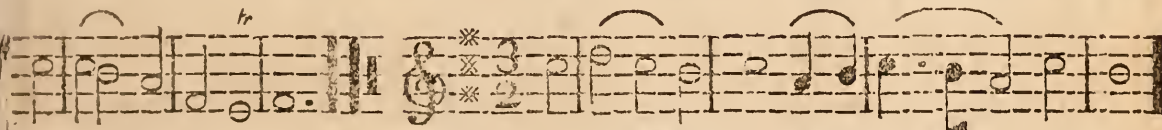
And all his starry works on high



Declares its Maker God.

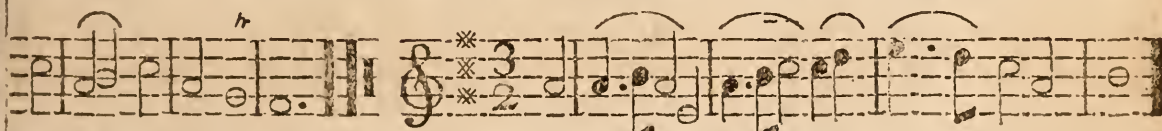


St. MARTIN's. C. M. *W. Tansur.*

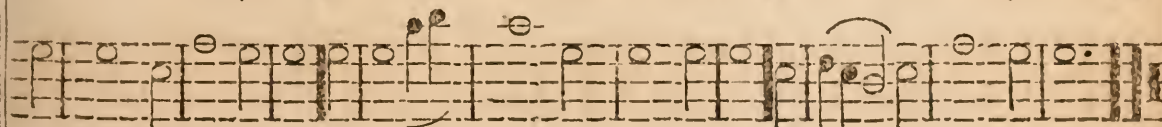
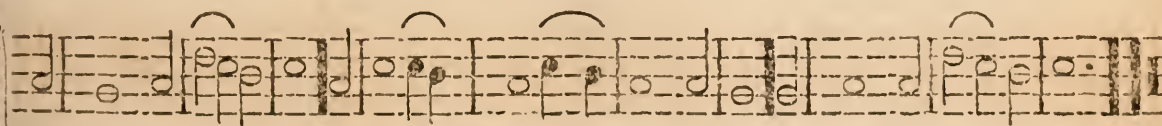
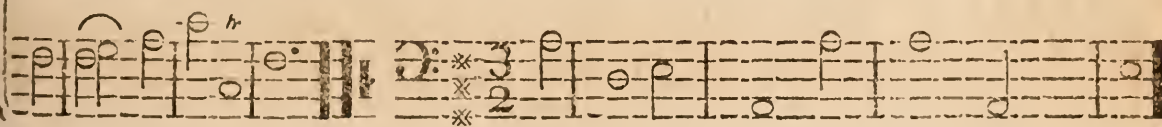


Ans. To our al- - mighty

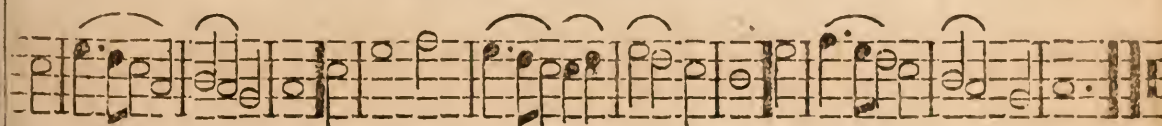
Maker, God,



Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

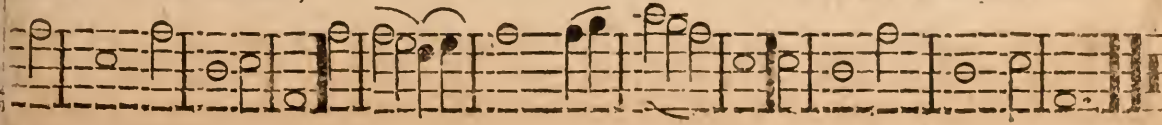


His great sal - va - tion shines abroad,



New honours be address'd;

And makes the nations blest.



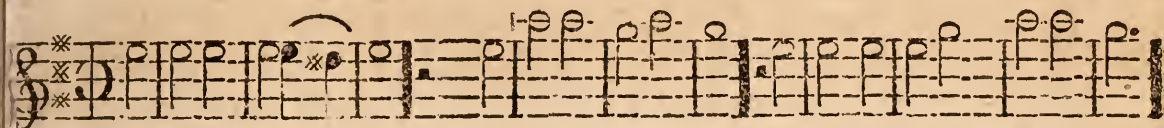
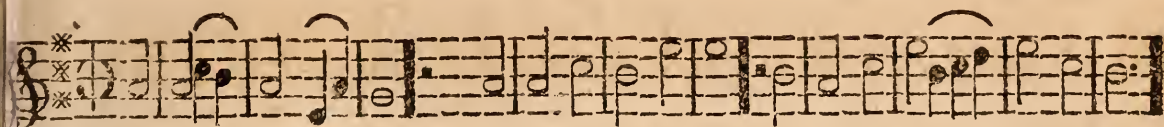
Why do we mourn departing friends? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
Or shake at death's alarms?

READING. C. M.

Har. Sacra.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
To call them to his arms. My voice ascending high;

To thee will I di- - rect my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.



Al . High as the heav'ns are rais'd So far the riches of his grace

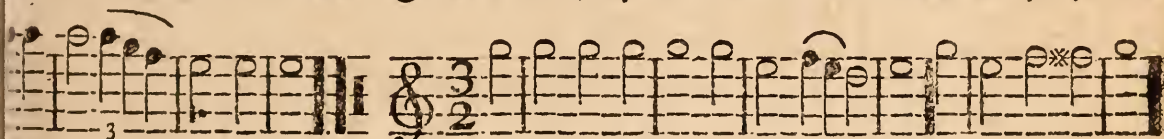
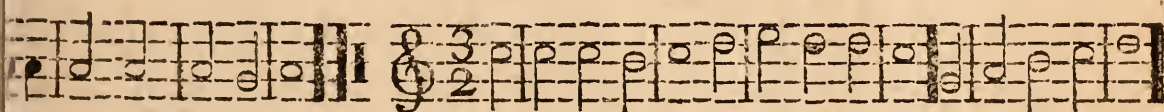


Above the ground we tread,

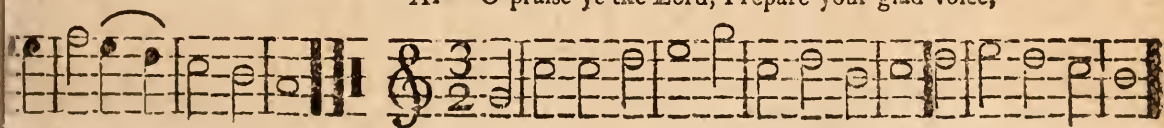


St. MICHAEL's. 5 & 6.

G. F. Handel.

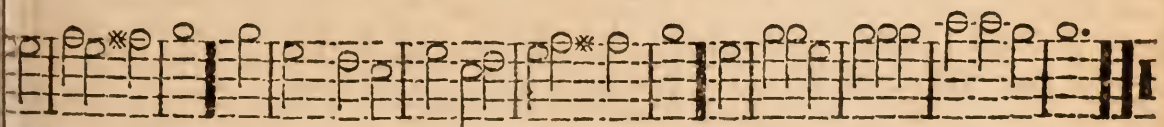
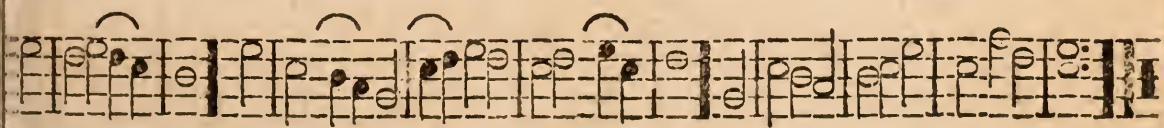
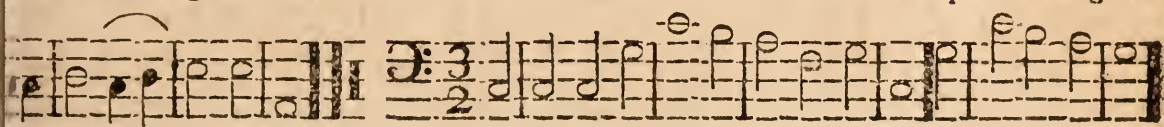


Al O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice,

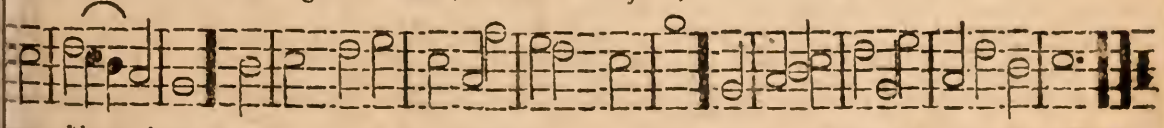


Our highest thoughts exceed

His praise in the great

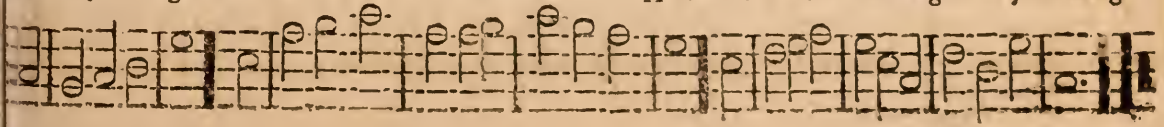


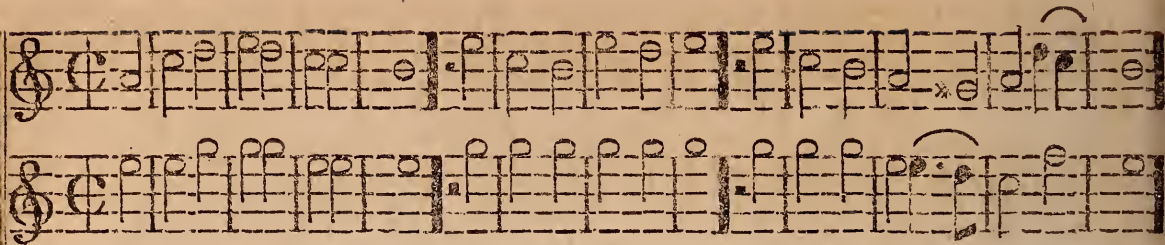
In their great Creator, Let all men rejoice,



Assembly to sing :

And heirs of salvation Be glad in your King.



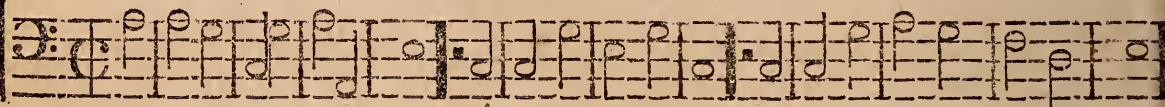


AIR That awful day will surely come,

When I must stand before my Judge,



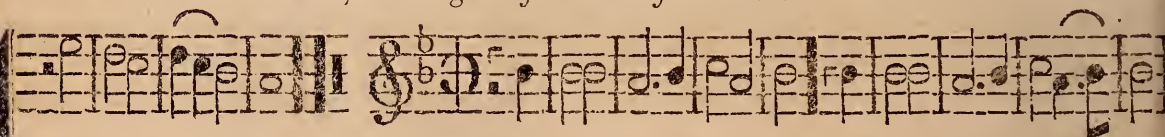
Th' appointed hour makes haste,



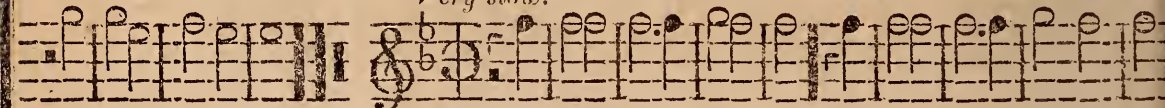
PLEYEL'S. L. M.

J. Pleyel.

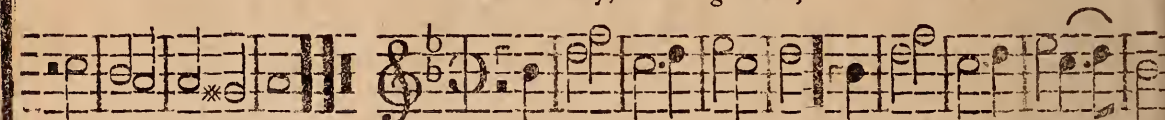
Sevens, omitting the first note of each line.



Very slow.

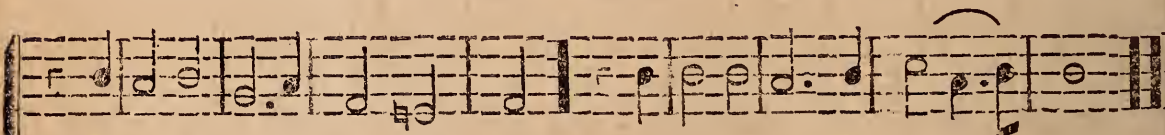
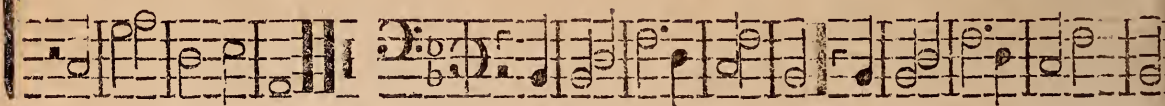


So fades the lovely, blooming flow'r,



And pass the solemn test.

Frail, smiling so'ace of an hour!

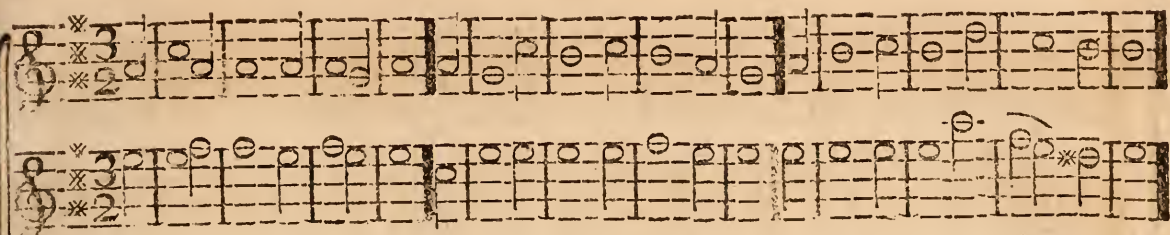


So soon our transient comforts fly,



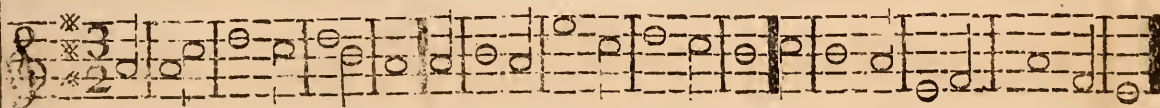
And pleasure only blooms to die



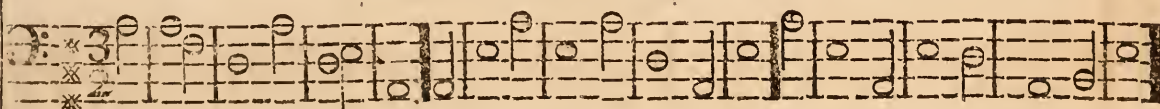


AIR. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,

To shew thy love by morning light,

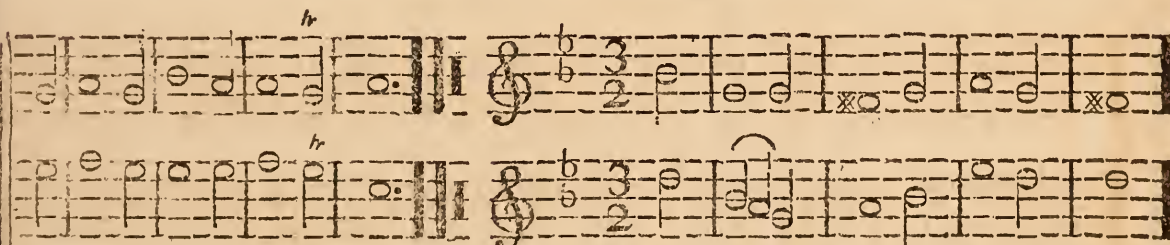


To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,

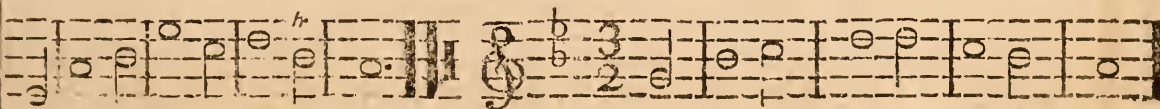


BABYLON. L. M.

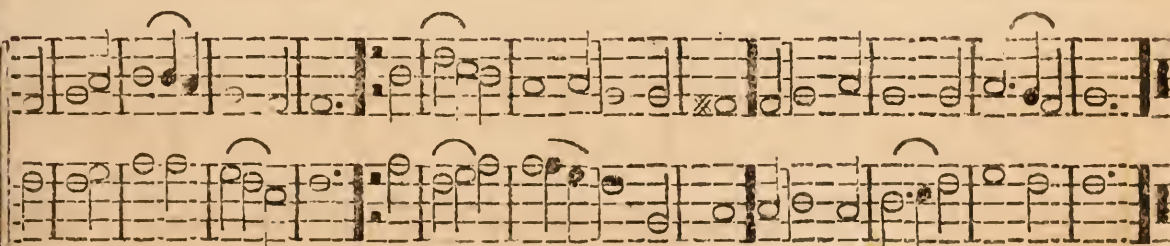
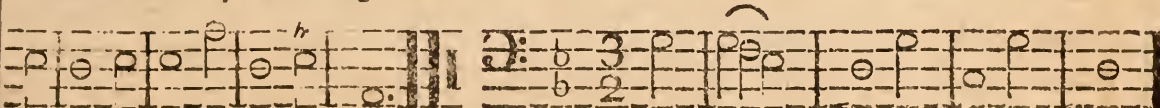
Ravenscroft.



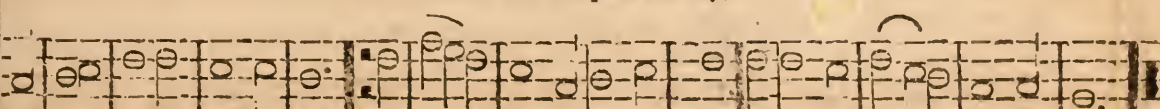
AIR. Man has a soul of vast desires,



And talk of all thy truth at night.

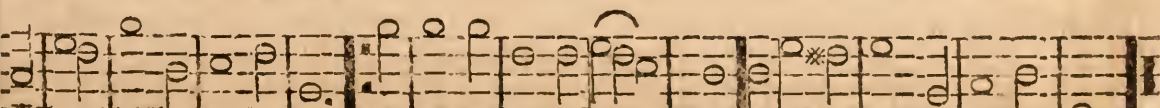


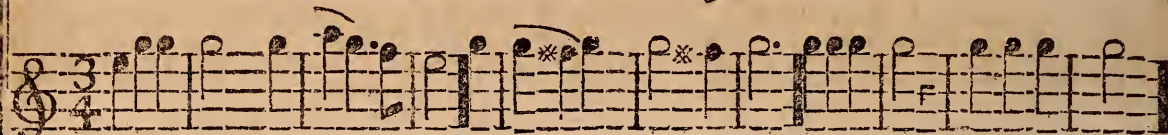
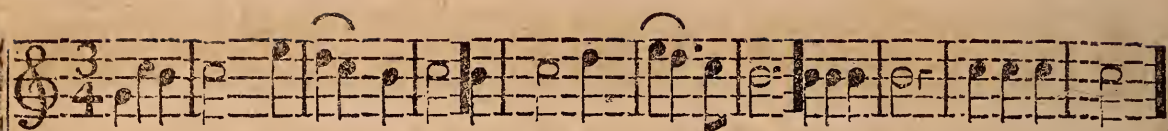
Tost to and fro, his passions fly,



He burns within with restless fires;

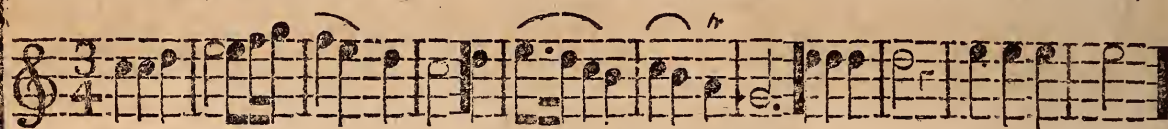
From vanity to vanity.





AIR. All glory be to God on high,

Good will henceforth, from heav'n to men,

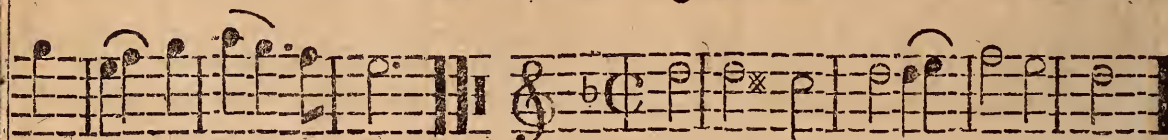
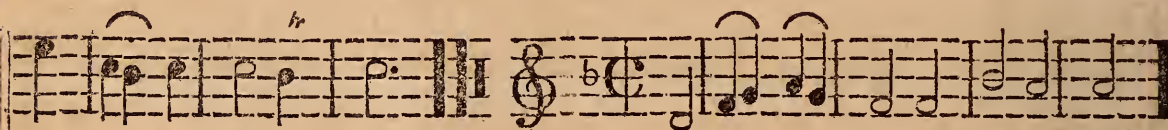


And to the earth be peace;

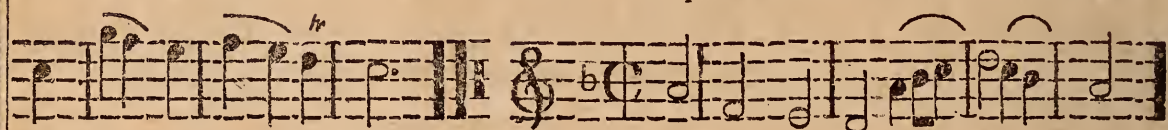


BANGOR. C. M.

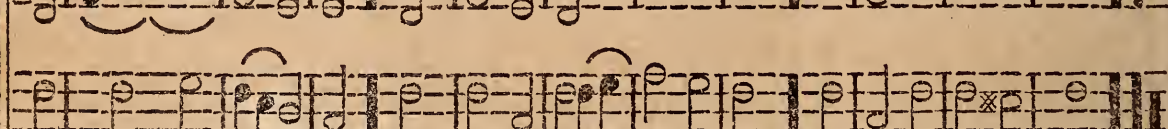
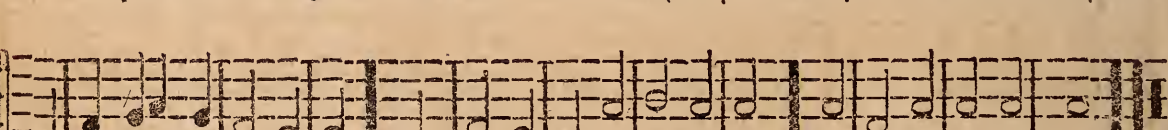
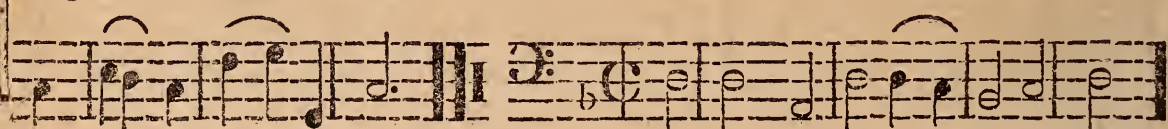
W. Tansur.



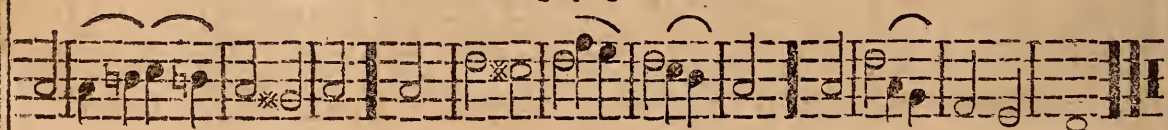
AIR. Stoop down, my tho'ts, that use to rise,



Begin, and never cease.



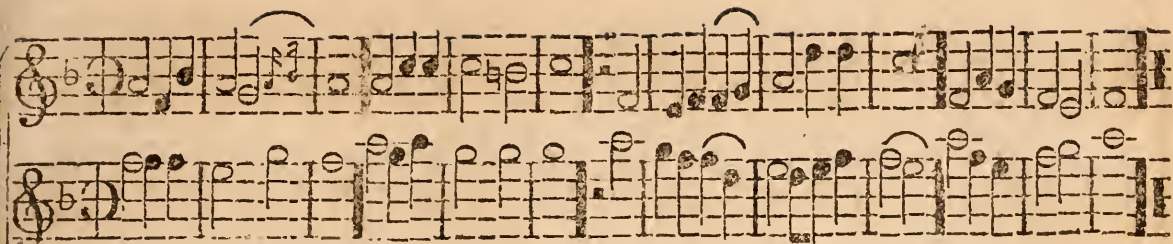
Think how a gasping mortal lies,



Converse a while with death :

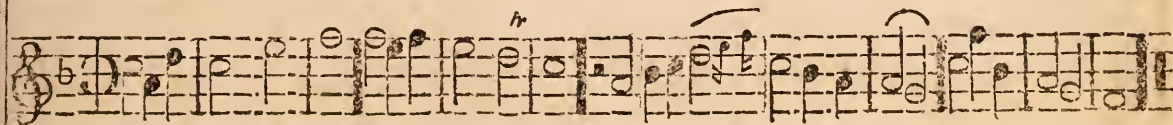
And pants away his breath.





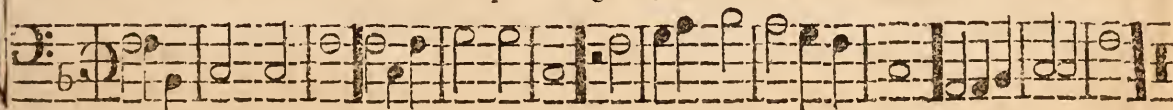
AIR. Great is the Lord our God,

He makes the churches his abode,



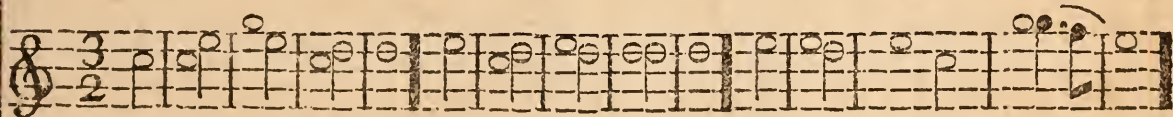
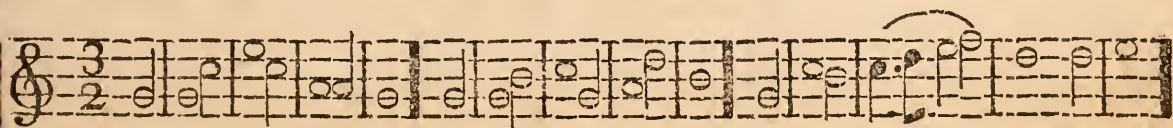
And let his praise be great;

His most delightful seat.



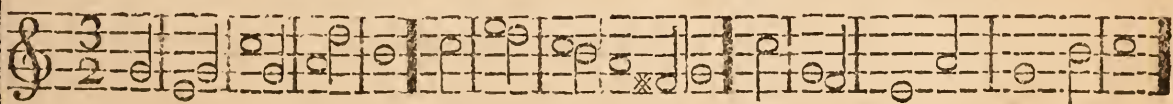
St. HELLEN's. L. P. M.

Jennings.

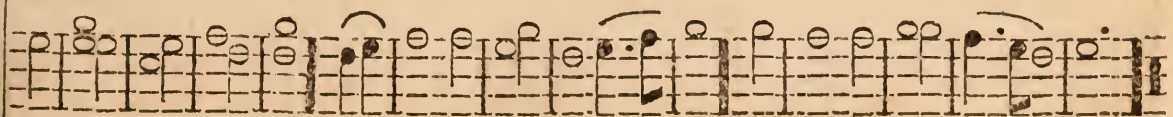
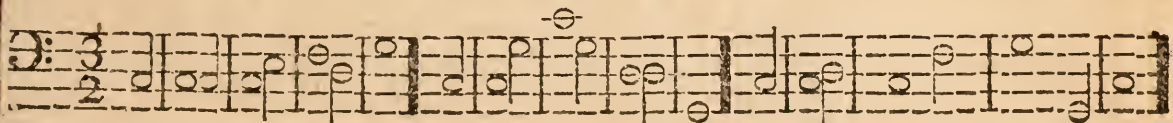


AIR. I'll praise my Maker with my breath;

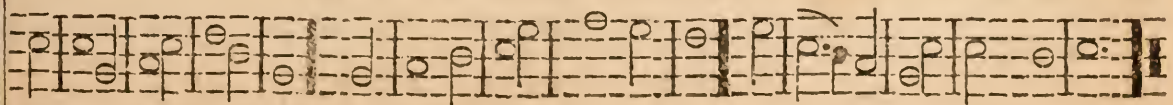
Praise shall employ my nobler pow



And when my voice is lost in death,

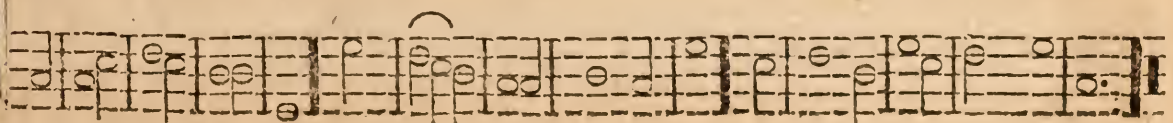


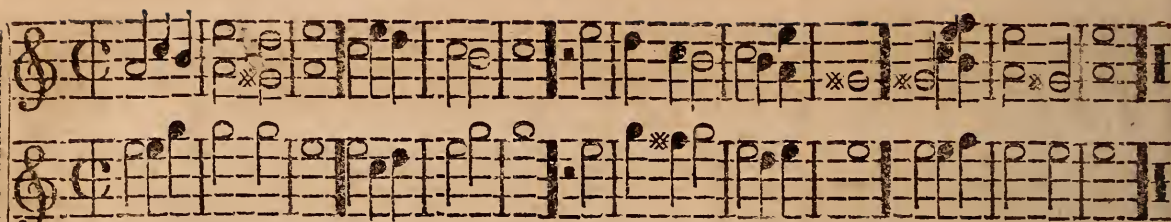
While life, and thought, and being last,



My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

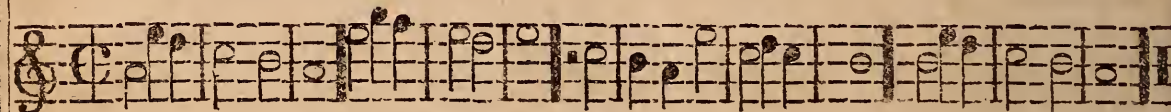
Or immortality endures.





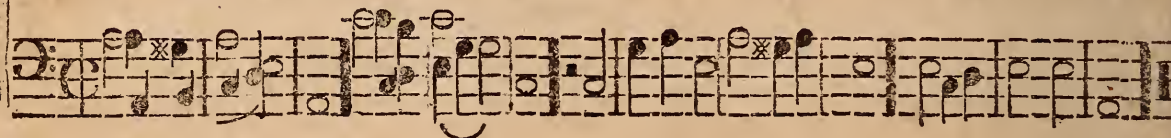
AIR. The Lord my shepherd is,

Since he is mine, and I am his,

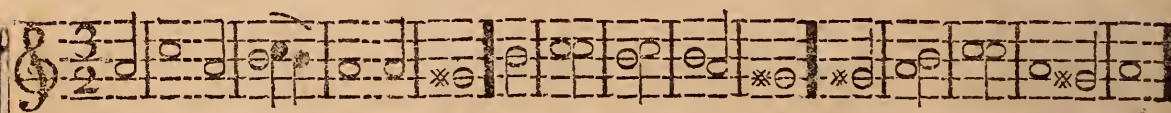


I shall be well supply'd;

What can I want beside?

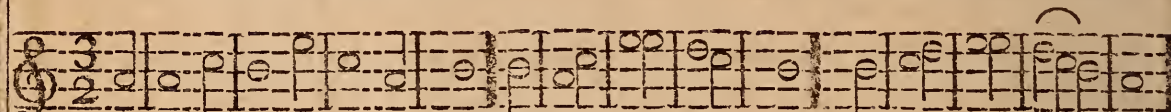


HARLINGTON. L. P. M.

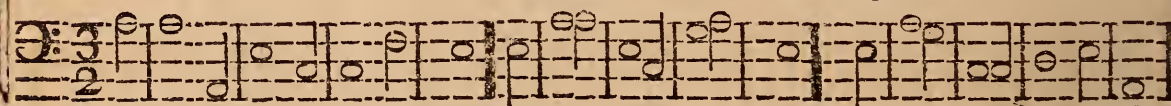


AIR. Think, mighty God, on feeble man,

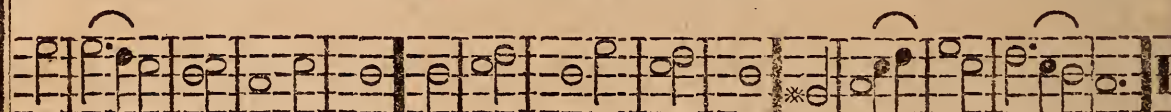
Short from the cradle to the grave.



How few his hours, how short his span;

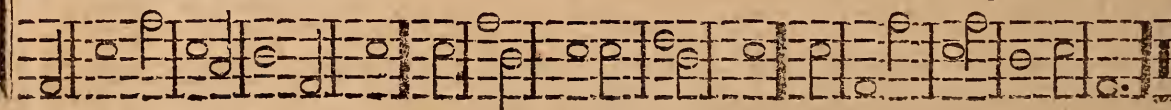


Against the bold demands of death,



Who can secure his vital breath,

With skill to fly or pow'r to save.





Glory to God on high, Let earth and skies reply, Praise ye his name; His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Sing aloud

evermore, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Sing aloud evermore, Worthy the Lamb.

WALWORTH. 10's.

J. Wainwright.

Air.

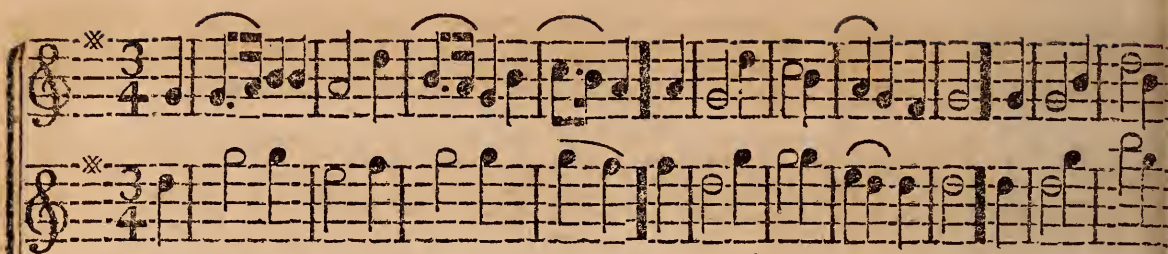


The Lord, the sov'reign, sends his summons forth, From east to west his sounding orders spread,

Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;

No more shall atheists mock his long delay;

Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead: His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day.



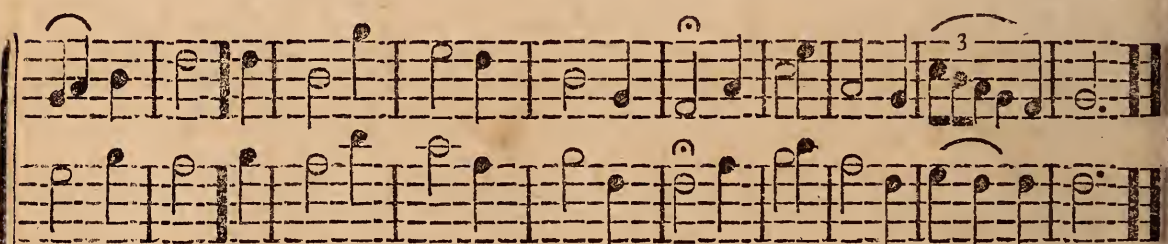
Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise

His nature and his

AIR.



Our hearts and voices in his praise;



works invite

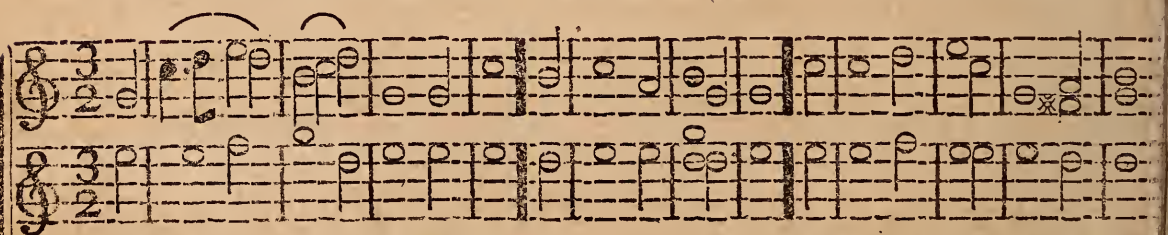
To make this duty our delight.



To make this duty our delight,

COLCHESTER. C. M.

A. Williams.

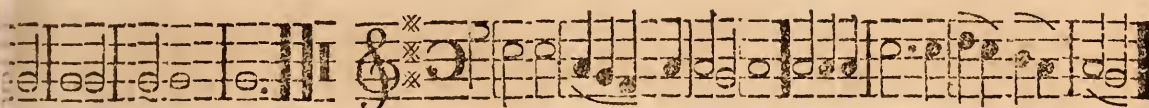


Long as I live I'll bless thy name,
AIR.

My work and joy shall be the same,



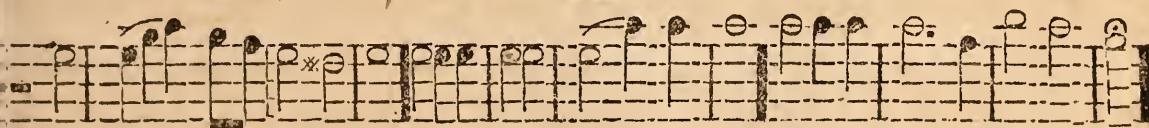
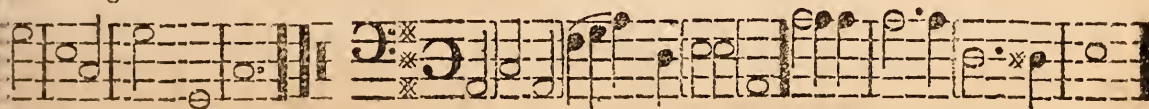
My King, my God of love;



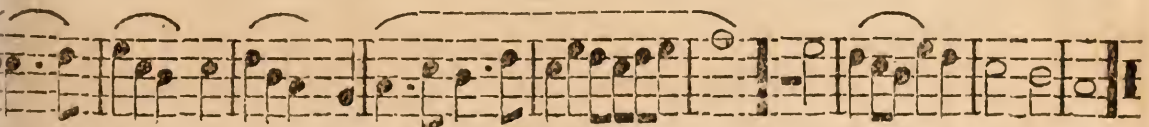
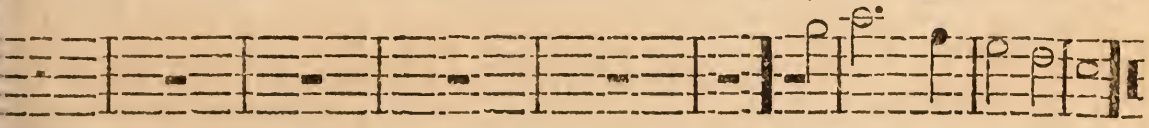
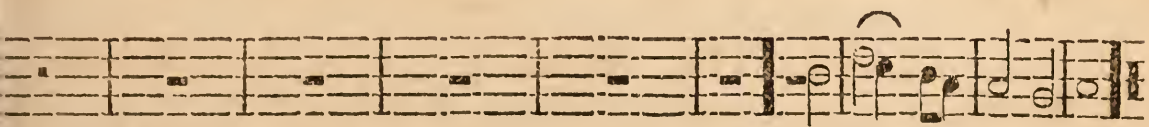
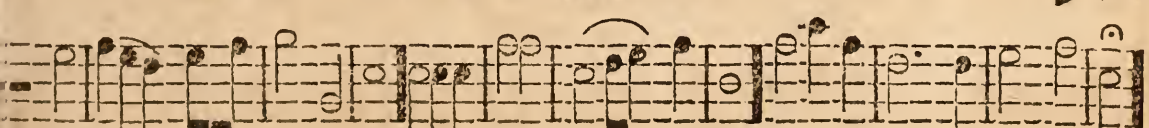
Now let our hearts conspire to raise A cheerful anthem to his praise,



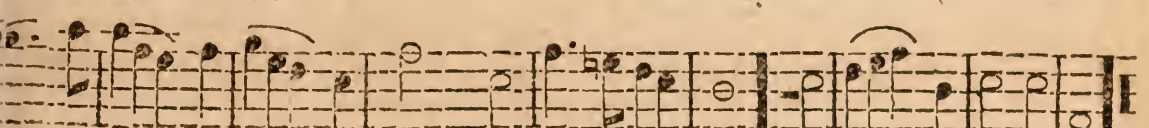
In the bright world above.



Who reigns enthron'd above ; Let music sweet as incense rise, With grateful odours to the skies,



The work of joy and love The work of joy and love.



The work of joy and love.

AIR. Lord of the worlds above, The dwellings of thy love,
How pleasant and how fair Thy earthly temples are!

To thine abode With warm desires
My heart aspires, To see my God.

GUILDFORD. S. M.

Dr. Arnold.

AIR. How glorious was the grace His life and blood the shepherd pays,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke! A ransom for the flock

Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigour on : A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,

AMSTERDAM.

7 & 6.

And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown. God of un - ex - ampled grace,

Redeem - er of man - kind, Matter of e - ternal praise We in Thy passion find;

Still our choicest strains we bring, Still the joyful theme pursue; Thee, the Friend of sinners, sing, Whose love is ev - er new.

Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
And truth which never fail;
Hast'ning to behold Thy face
Without a dimming veil;

We shall see our heav'nly King,
All Thy glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel choir, to sing
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

AIR. Long have I sat beneath the sound, But still how weak my faith is found,
Of thy salvation, Lord;

LEEDS. L. M.

M. Madan.

AIR. Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
And knowledge of thy word. My glory art, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

KIBWORTH. S. M.

Addington's Coll.

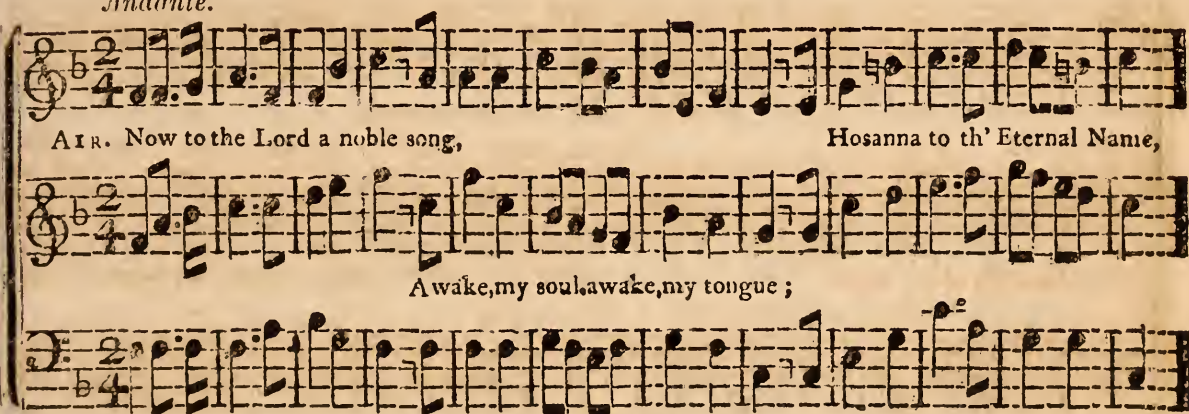
AIR. Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;



But in the worship of my God

I'll spend my daily breath.

TRURO. L. M.

*T. Williams's Coll.**Andante.*


AIR. Now to the Lord a noble song, Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,

Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;

PECKHAM. S. M.

I. Smith.


AIR. The Lord declares his will,

And all his boundless love proclaim,

Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,

And keeps the world in awe; Breaks out his fiery law.

I waited patient for the Lord; He saw me resting on
He bow'd to hear my cry;

SUNDAY. C. M.

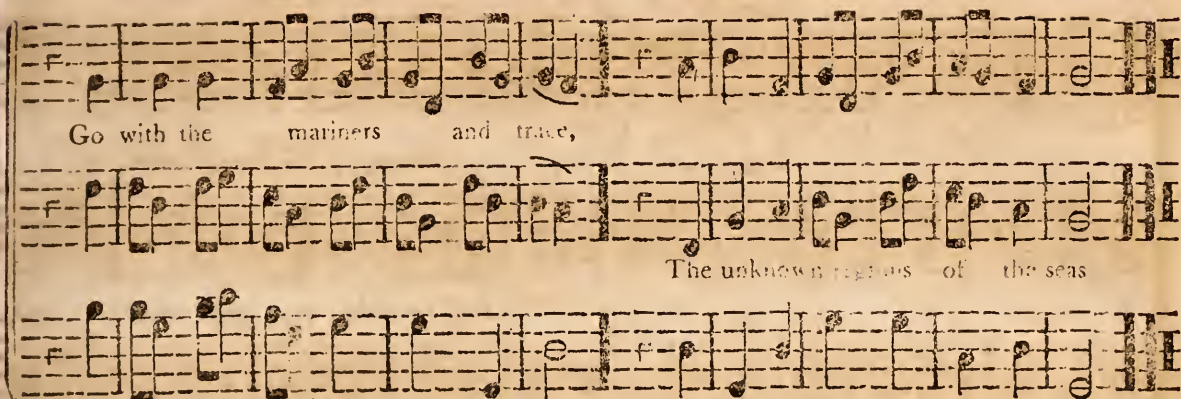
H. Sacra, Min.

his word, AIR. The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
And brought salvation nigh.
Who joyful in harmonious lays,
In concert with the blest, Employ an endless rest.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

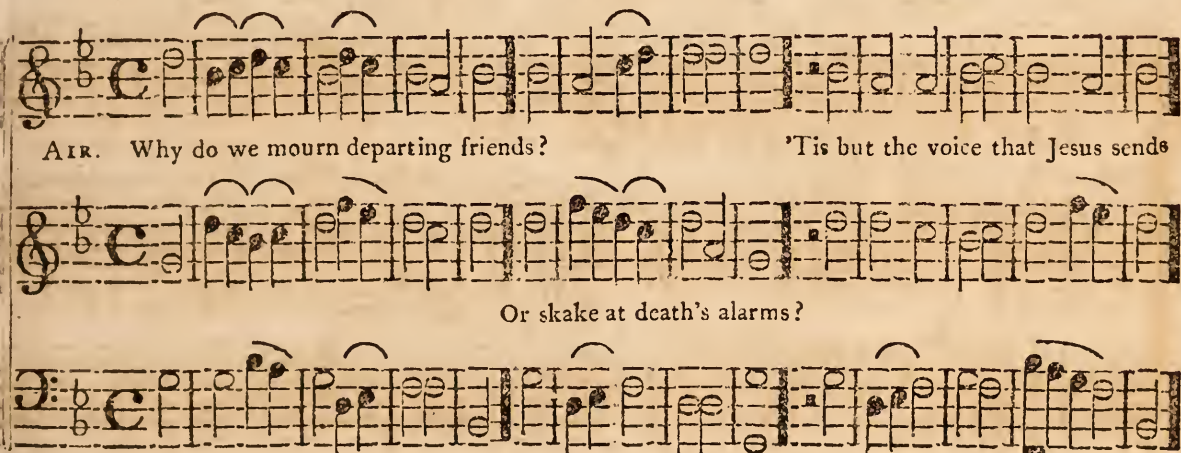
T. Thorley.

AIR. Would you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,



Go with the mariners and trace,
The unknown regions of the seas

ISLE OF WIGHT. C. M.

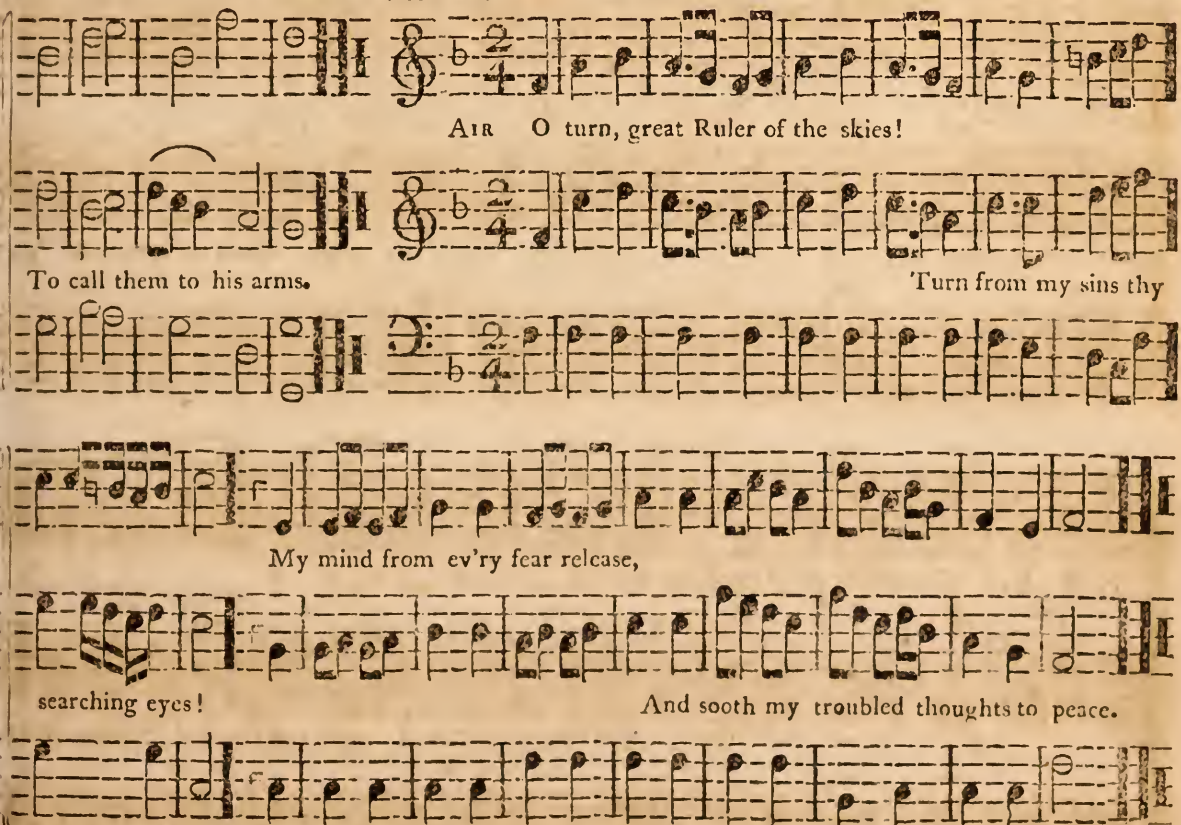


AIR. Why do we mourn departing friends? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
Or shake at death's alarms?

SICILIAN. L. M.

Italian.

Moderato.

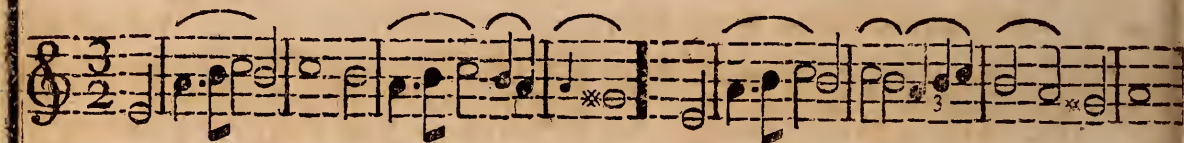


AIR O turn, great Ruler of the skies!
To call them to his arms. 'Turn from my sins thy
My mind from ev'ry fear release,
searching eyes! And sooth my troubled thoughts to peace.

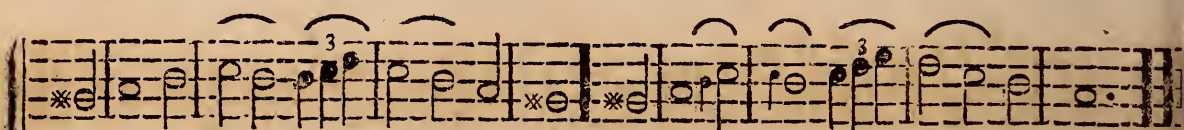
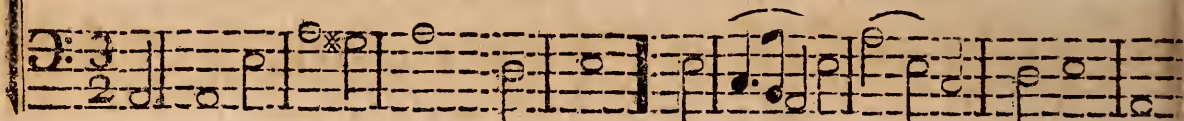
N. B. Omitting the first note of the first and third lines, this tune is 8's and 7's.



Air. Thou, whom my soul admires above



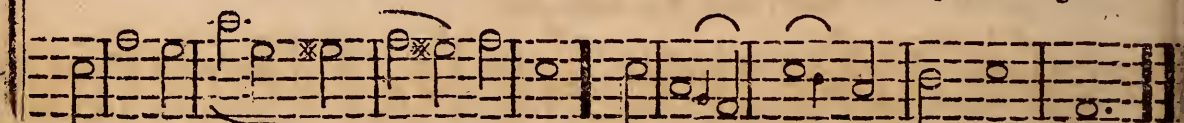
All earthly joy, and earthly love,



Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know



Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

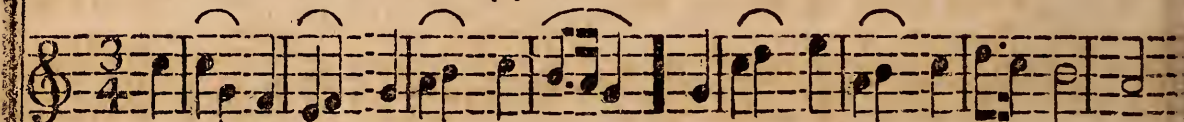


ISLINGTON. L. M.

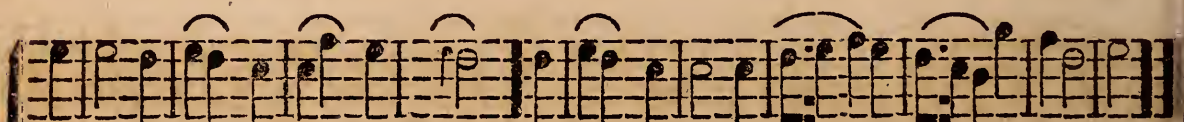
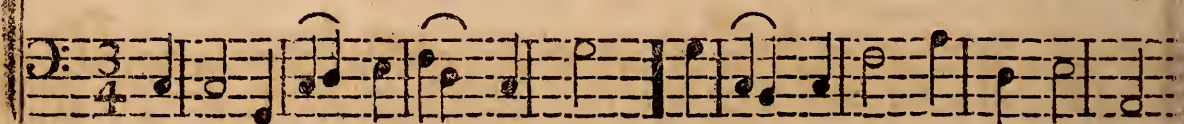
Har. Sac.



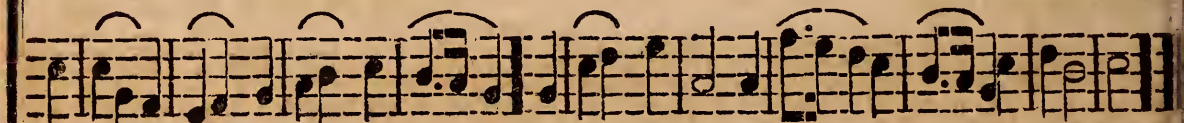
Air. This life's a dream, an empty show;



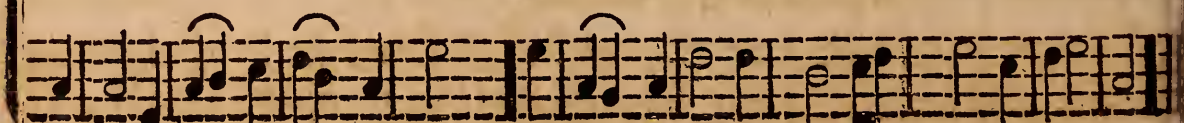
But the bright world to which I go

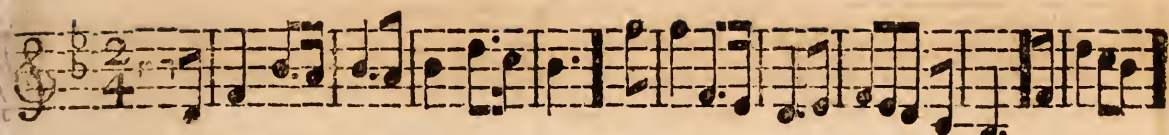


Hath joys substantial and sincere;



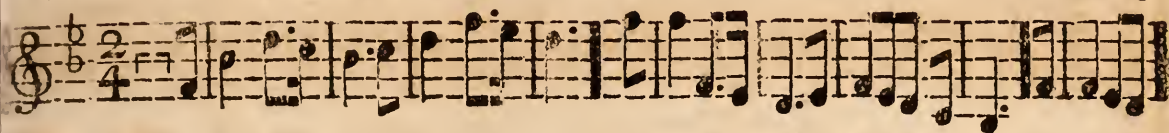
When shall I wake, When shall I wake and find me there?



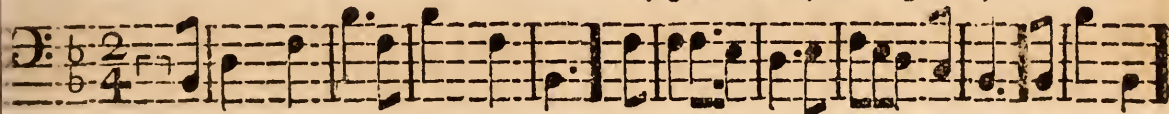


A. R. My God, how endless is thy love!

And morning

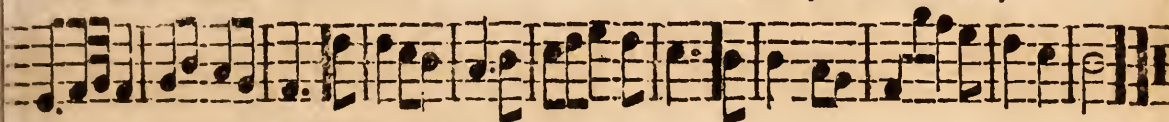


Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,

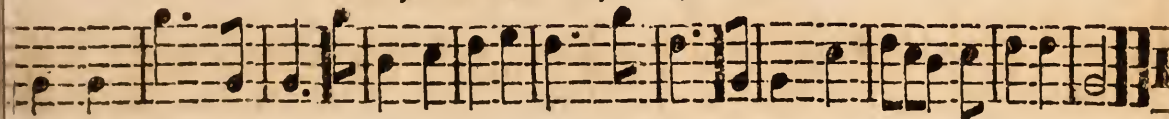


mercies from above,

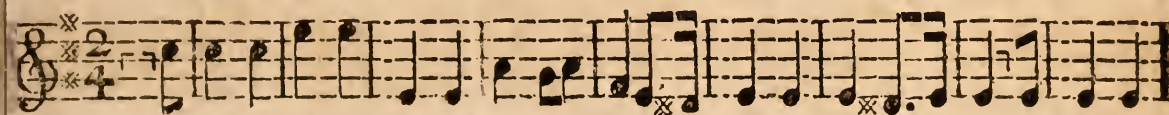
Gently distil like early dew.



Gently distil like early dew,

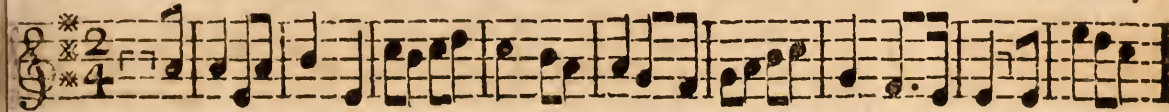


OPORTO. L. M.

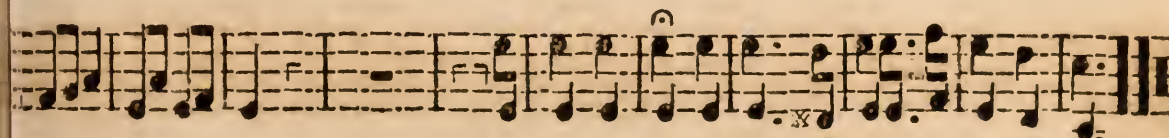
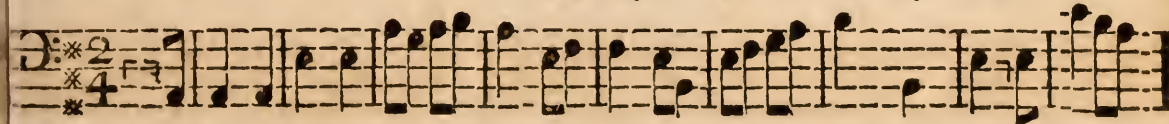
Portuguese Air.

A. R. Exalted Prince of life, we own

'Tis fix'd by

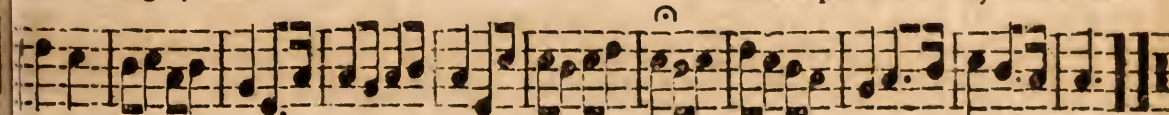


The royal honours of thy throne;



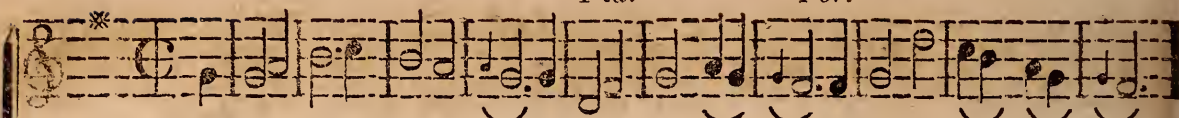
God's almighty hand,

And seraphs bow at thy command.



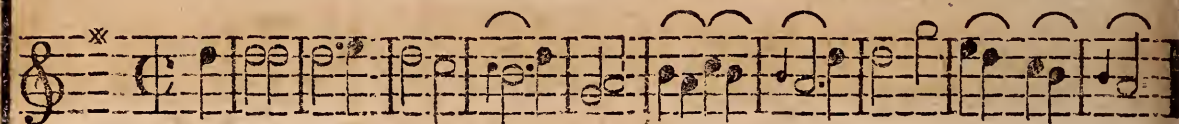
And seraphs bow at thy command,



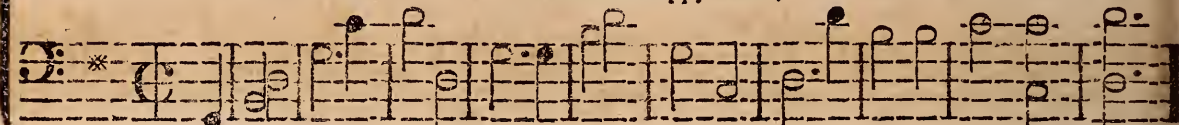
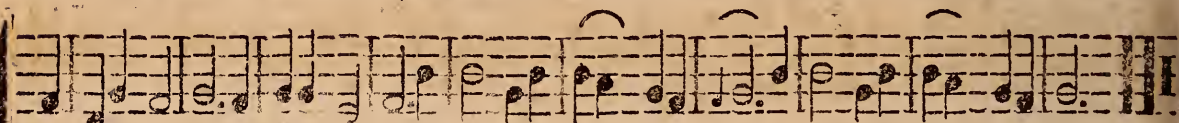
*Pia.**For.*

Air. Lift up your heads in joyful hope,

Salute the happy morn;

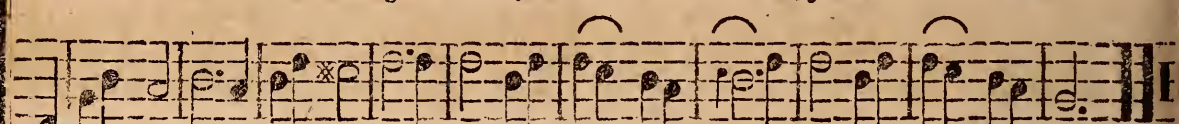


Salute the happy morn,

*Pia.**For.*

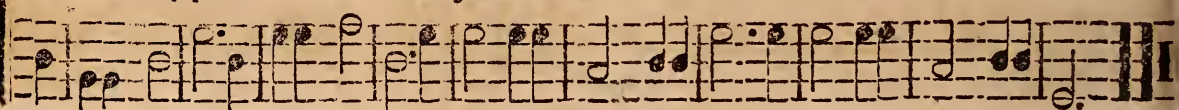
Proclaims the glad hour;

Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!



Each heavenly pow'r

Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!

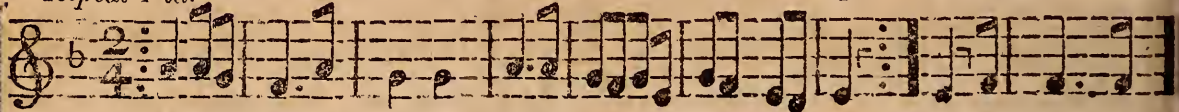


DOXOLOGY. C. M.

T. Williams's Coll.

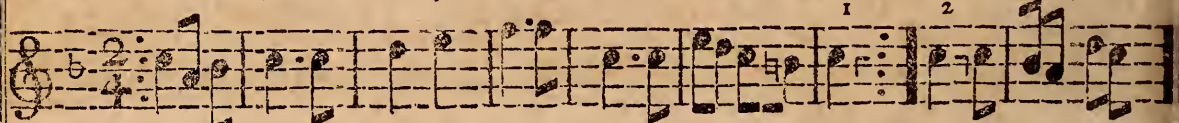
Repeat *Pia.*

1

2 *For.*

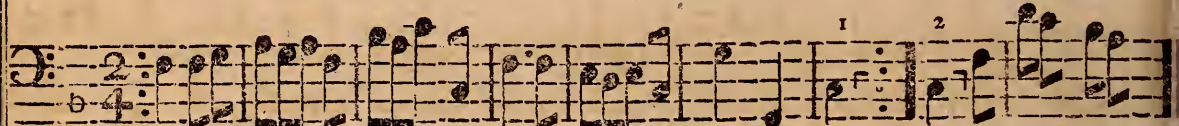
Air. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Be glory

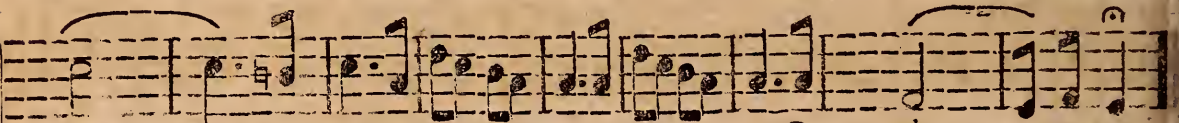


One God, whom we adore—

Be glory as it

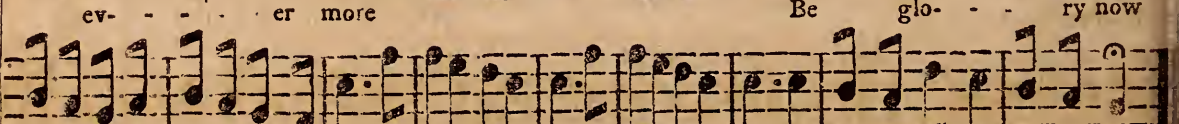


Be glory as it

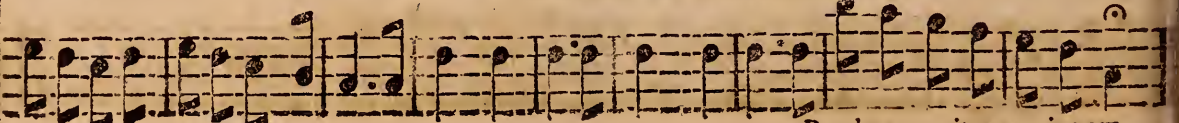
*Pia.**For.*

ev- - - er more

Be glo- - - ry now



was, is now, And shall be evermore, Be glory as it was, is now, Be glory as it was, is now,



Be glory, as it was, is now,

AIR. Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets Midst ten thousand saints and angels

Blow before the bloody sign: See

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

the Crucified shine! Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

NEWCASTLE. 5 & 6.

Har. Sacra.

All thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet; His love we proclaim, His praises repeat; We own him our

Jesus, continually near, To pardon and bless us, And perfect us here. To pardon and bless us, And perfect, &c.

Come Jesus, and loose
The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us
The spiritual song;

Let us without ceasing
Give thanks for Thy grace,
And glory and blessing,
And honour and praise,

A! R. Upward I lift mine eyes, The God, who built the skies,
From God is all my aid; And
God is the tow'r His grace is nigh,
earth and nature made; To which I fly; In ev'ry hour.

WALSAL. 5 & 6.

Har. Sacra.

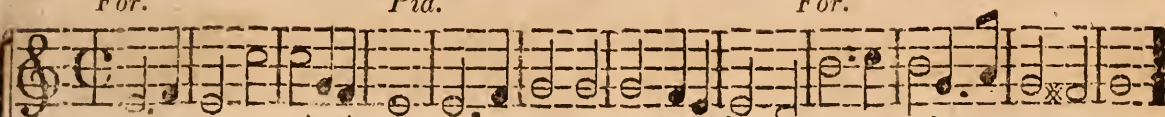
A! R. Ye servants of God, And publish abroad The name all vic-
Your Master proclaim, His wonderful name;
torious His kingdom is glorious, His kingdom is glorious,
Of Jesus extol. And rules over all, And rules over all.

REDEEMING LOVE. 7s. Dr. Worgan. 35

For.

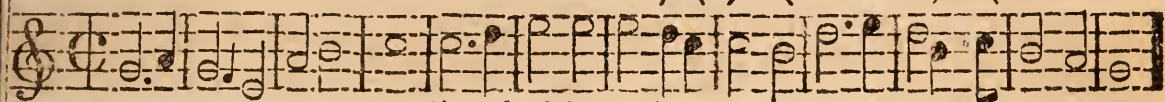
Pia.

For.

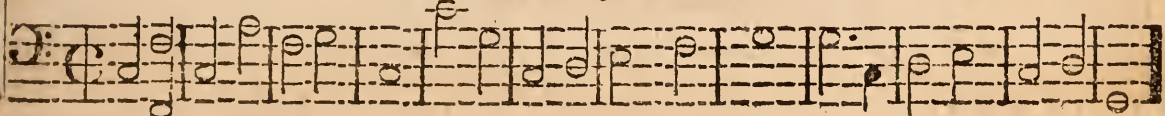


AIR. Now begin the heav'nly theme,

Sing aloud in Jesus' name;

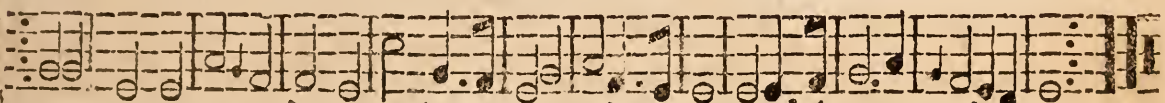


Sing aloud in Jesus' name,

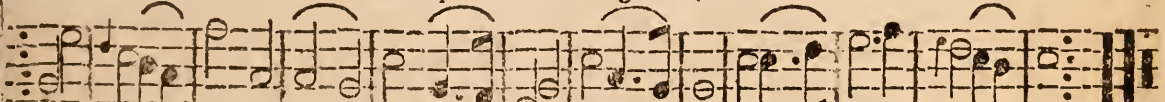


Pia.

For.

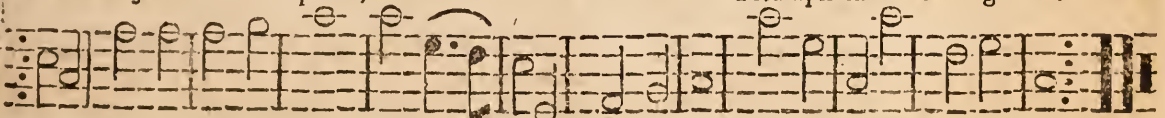


Triumph in redeeming love,



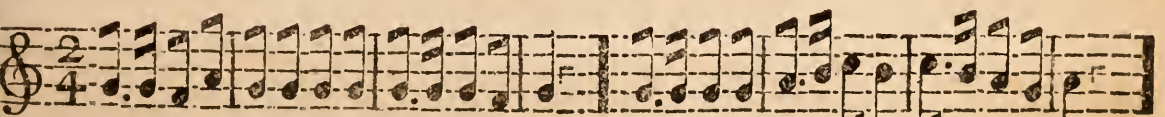
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,

Triumph in redeeming love.



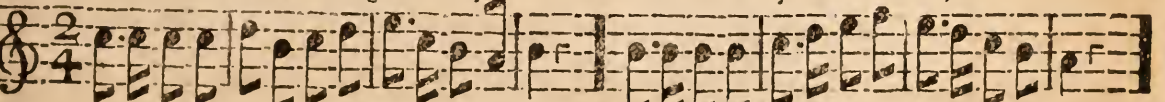
HYMN FIFTH. 7 & 6.

B. Milgrove.



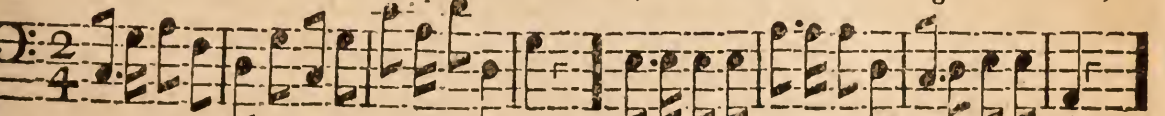
AIR. Praise the Lord, who reigns above,

Praise the holy God of love,



And keeps his courts below;

And all his greatness show;



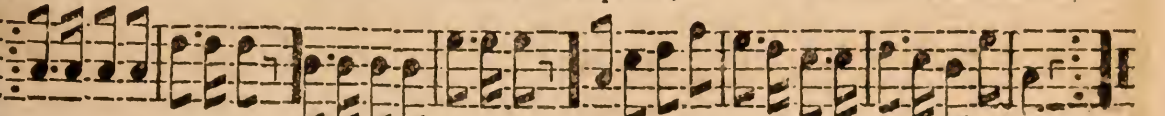
Praise him for his noble deeds,

Him, from whom all good proceeds,



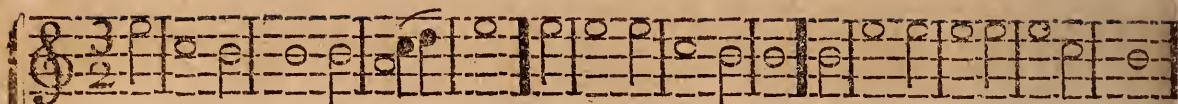
Praise him for his matchless pow'r;

Let heav'n and earth adore.



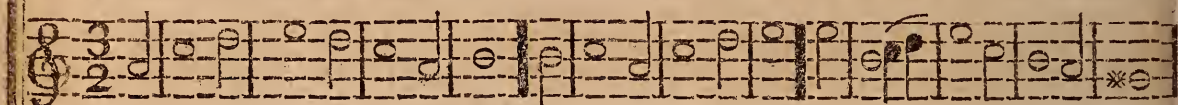
Him, in whom we live and move,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King

Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath;
Let all things praise the Lord.

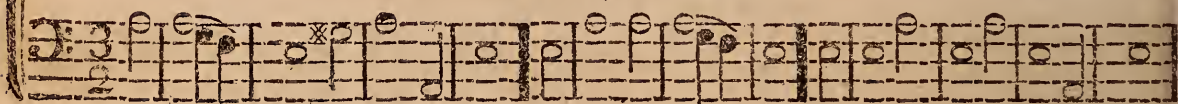


AIR. With rev'rence let the saints appear,

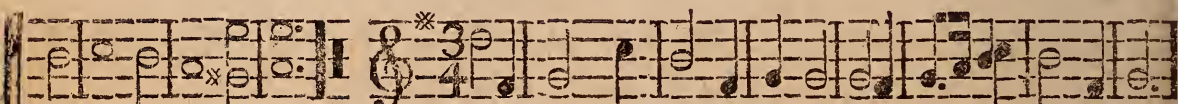
His high commands with rev'rence hear,



And bow before the Lord ;



LOVE DIVINE. 8 & 7.



Love divine, all love excelling!



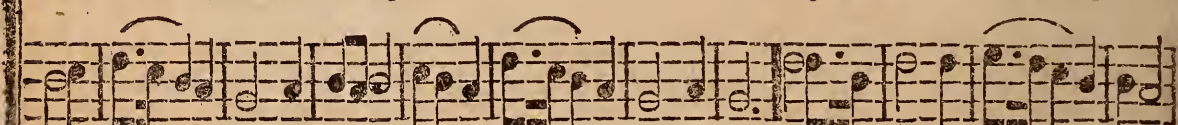
And tremble at his word.

Joy of heaven, to earth come down !

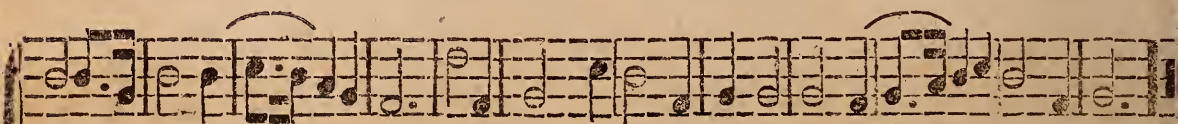


Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;

Jesus, thou art all compassion!

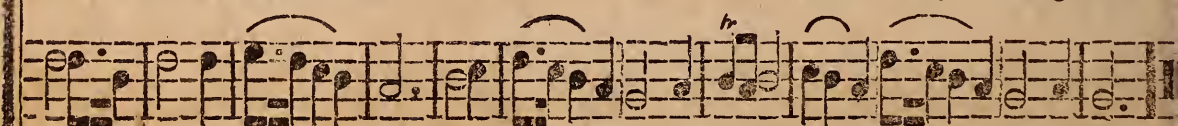


All thy faithful mercies crown.



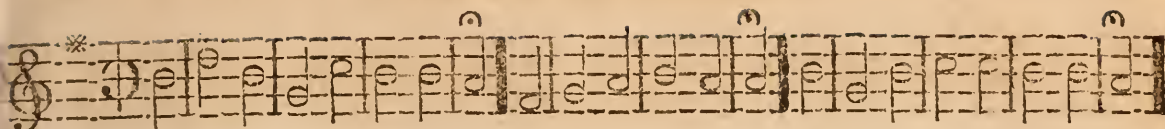
Pure, unbounded love thou art!

Enter ev'ry trembling heart.



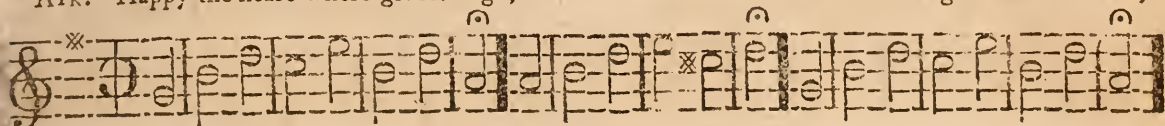
Visit us with thy salvation,



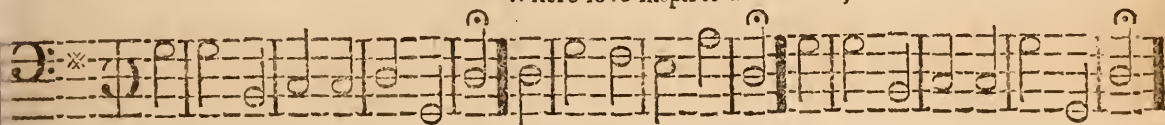


AIR. Happy the heart where graces reign,

Love is the brightest of the train,



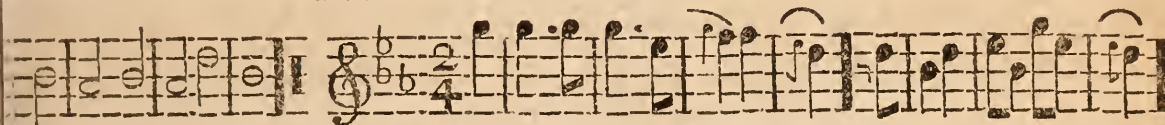
Where love inspires the breast;



HYMN SECOND. C. M.

J. Pleyel.

Tenor.

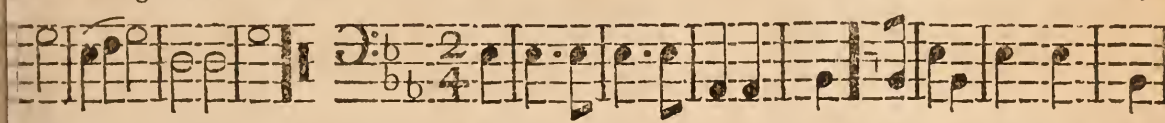


AIR. While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r,



And strengthens all the rest.

Be my vain wishes still'd;

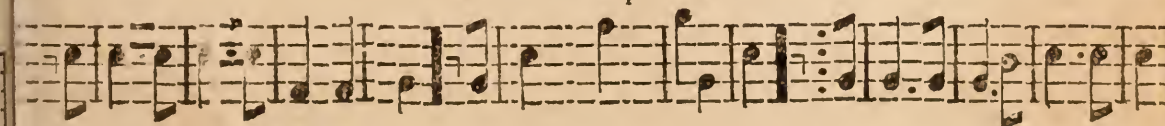


And may this consecrated hour,

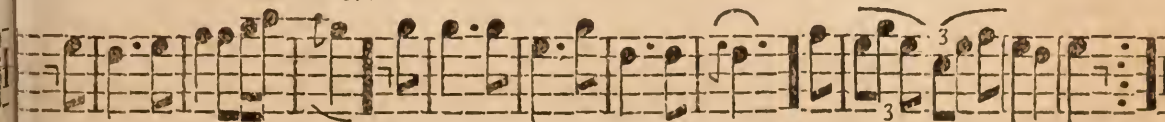
Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestow'd,



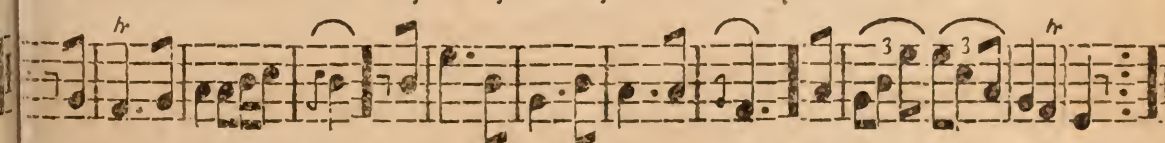
With better hopes be fill'd.



For.

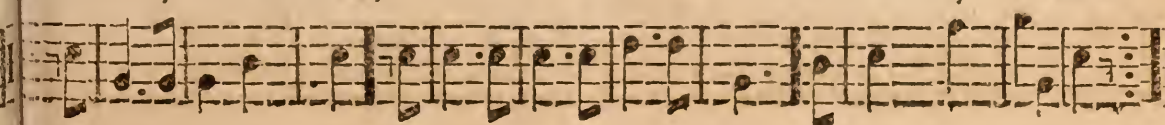


Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,



To thee my tho'ts would soar,

That mercy I adore,



AIR. Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My work and joy shall be the same,
My King, my God of love;

UXBRIDGE. 8s.

Dr. Arne.

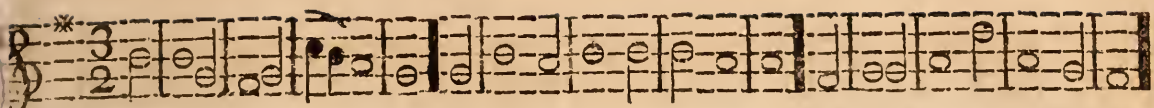
AIR. How sweetly, along the gay mead
In the bright world above. The daises and cowslips are seen!

The flocks, as they carelessly feed, The vines that encircle the bowers,
Rejoice in the beautiful green.

Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod, All rise to the praise of my God.

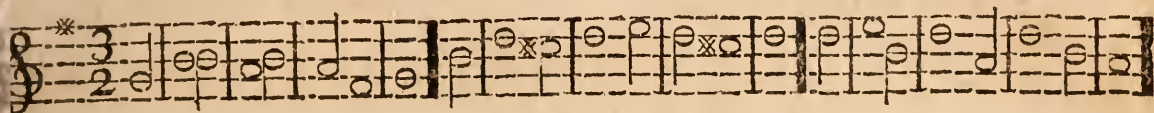
Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call—
Forbid it, devotion and love.

The Lord, who such wonders can raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise—
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

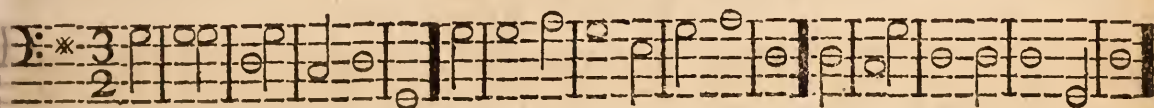


AIR. With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,

Angels shall hear the notes I raise,

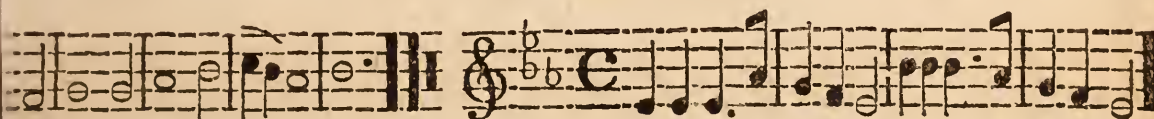


I'll praise my Maker in my song ;

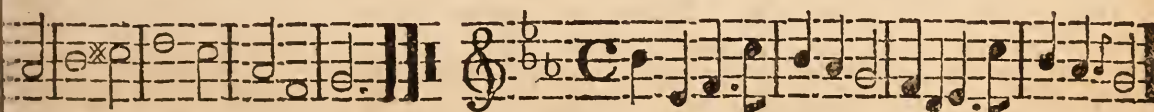


HOTHAM. 7s.

Dr. Madan.

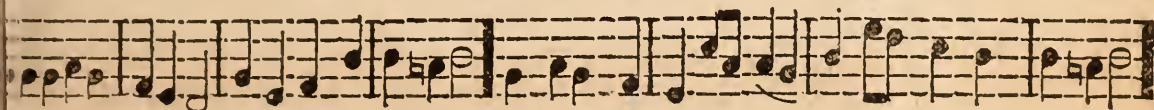
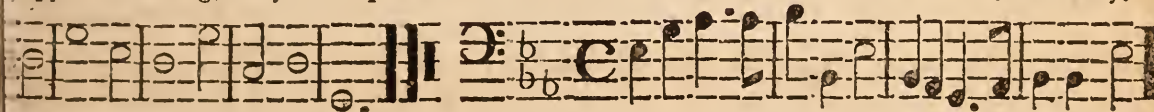


AIR. Jesus, lover of my soul,



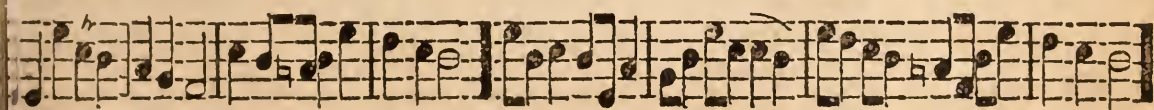
Approve the song, and join the praise.

Let me to thy bosom fly,



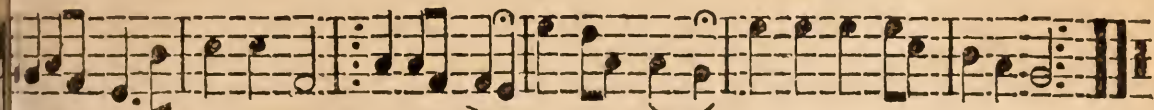
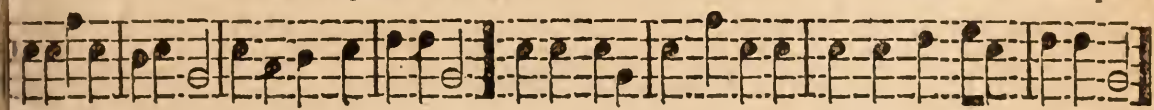
While the nearer waters roll,

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,



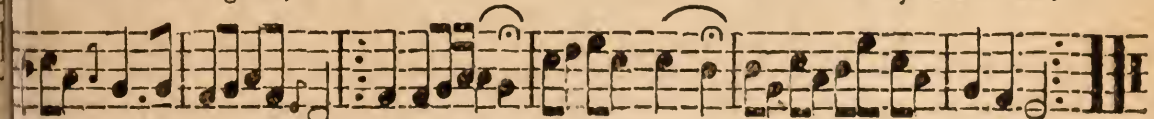
While the tempest still is high.

Till the storm of life be past ;



Safe into the haven guide,

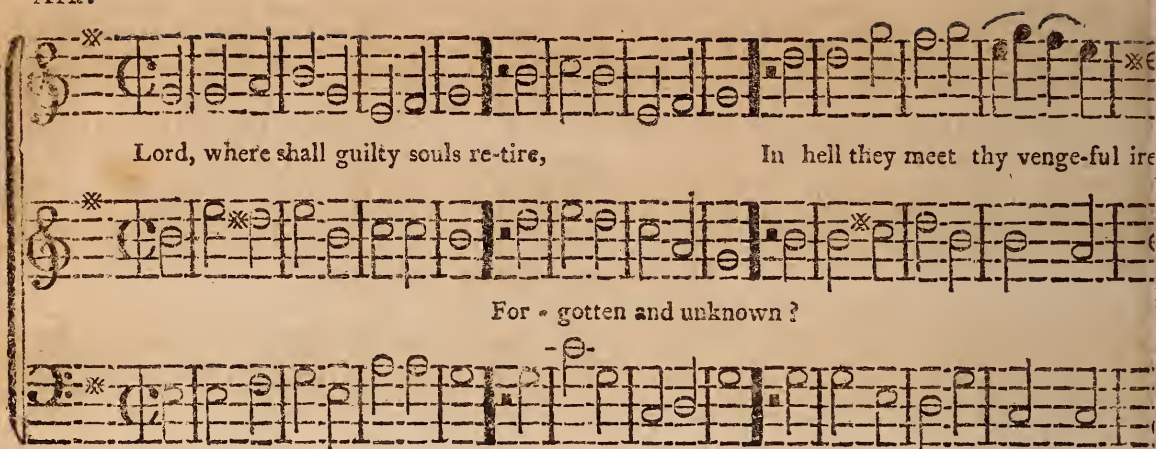
O receive my soul at last.



O receive, O receive,



AIR.



Lord, where shall guilty souls re-tire, In hell they meet thy venge-ful ire

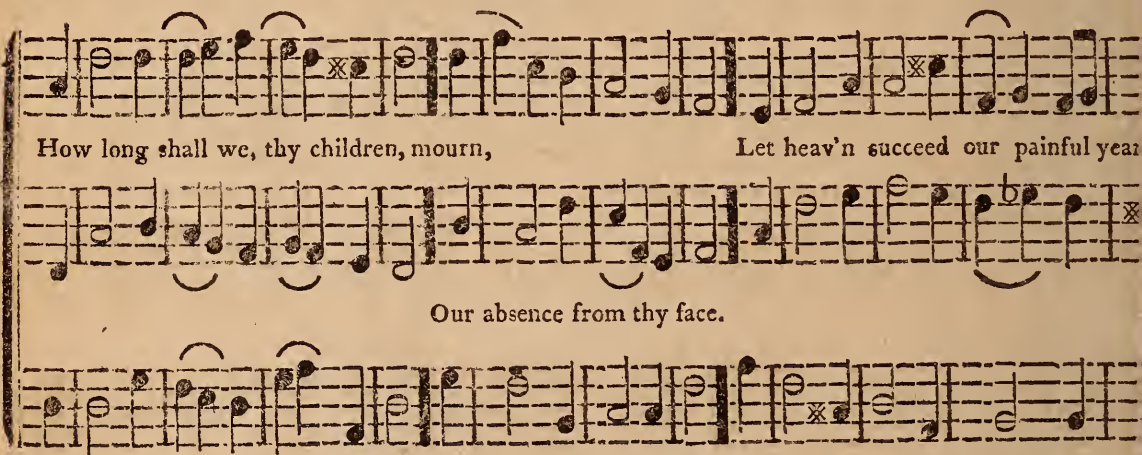
For - gotten and unknown ?

DORSET. C. M.

Dr. Burney.

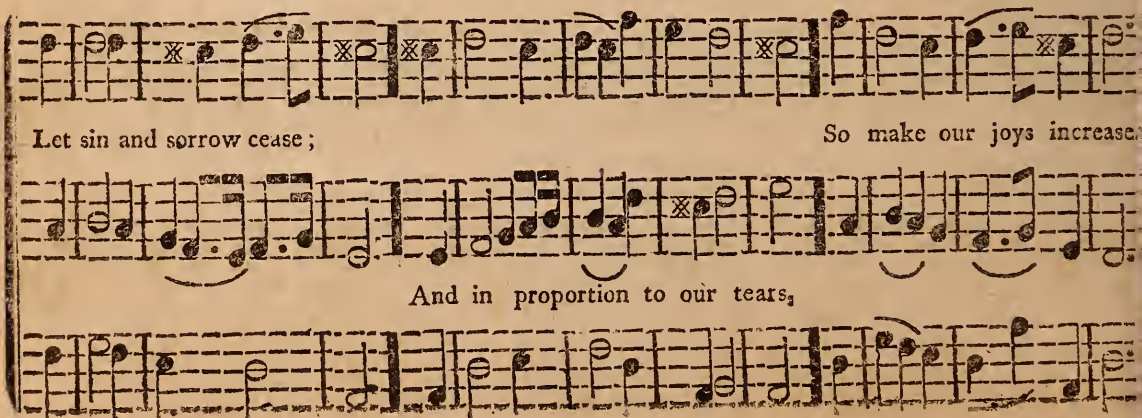

AIR. Return, O God of love, return ;

In heav'n thy glo-rious throne, Earth is a tiresome place



How long shall we, thy children, mourn, Let heav'n succeed our painful year

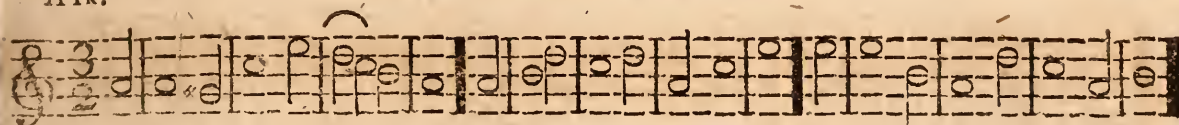
Our absence from thy face.



Let sin and sorrow cease ; So make our joys increase

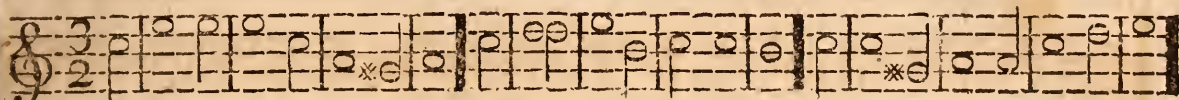
And in proportion to our tears,

AIR.

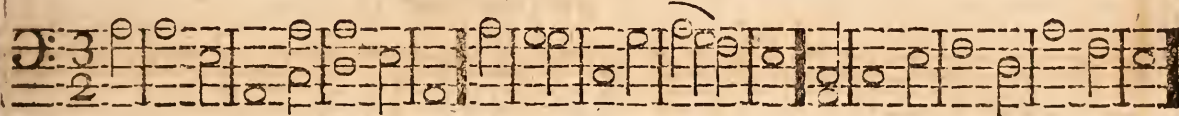


When I survey the wond'rous cross

My richest gain I count but loss,

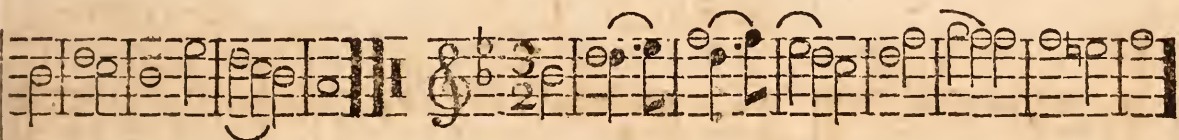


On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,

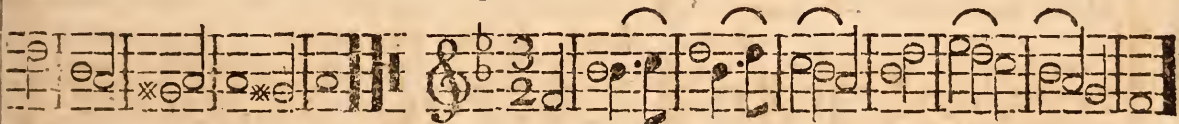


SWANWICK. C. M.

Lucas.

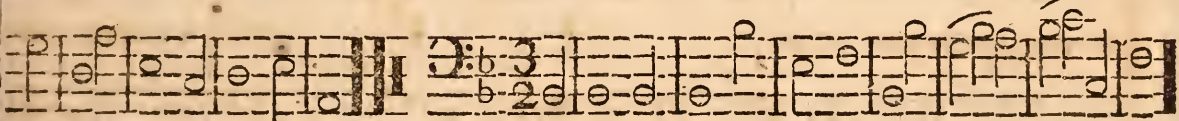


AIR.



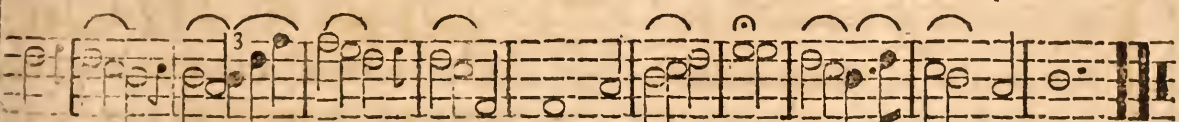
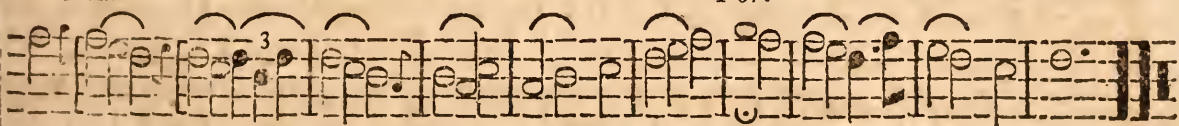
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heav'nly King;

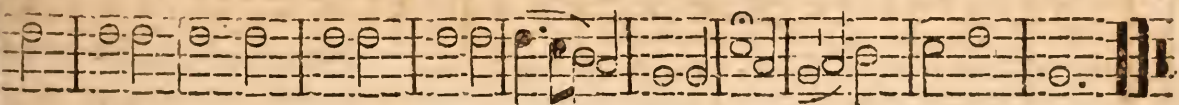


Pia.

For.



Let ev'ry age thy righteous-ness In songs of glory sing, In songs of glory sing.

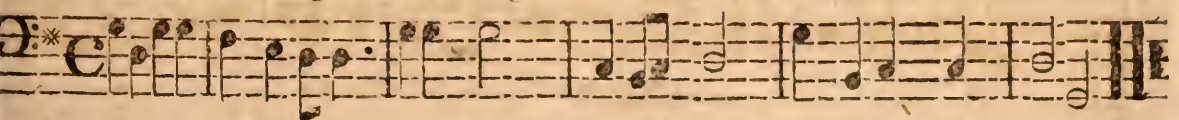


ADORATION. 8 & 6.

Har. Sac.



Praise be to the Father given; Christ he gave, Us to save, Now the heirs of heav-en.



Pay we equal adoration
To the Son; He alone
Wrought out our salvation

Glory to th' Eternal Spirit;
Us He seals, Christ reveals,
And applies His merit.

Worship, honour, thanks, and blessing,
One and Three, give we Thee,
Never, never ceasing.

Tir'd with beholding vanities :

R. Taylor.

Dolce.

AIR. O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,

The toils and follies of the day.

Whom no man can

Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save ;

comfort, whom no man can comfort,

With darkness surrounded, with

In toiling and rowing, in toiling and rowing,

terrors dismay'd,

In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay d.

A. My God, my portion, and my love, I've none but thee in heav'n above,
My everlasting All!

St. ASAPH's. C. M.

B. Milgrove.

Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
AIR. Andante.
Or on this earthly ball. And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known, What wonders shall thy gospel do!
And make thy foes submit.
The num'rous drops, the num'rous drops of morning dew,
Thy converts shall surpass And own thy sov'reign grace.

AIR. Lo, he comes, with clouds descending, Thousand thousand saints at-

Once for favour'd sinners slain!

tending, Hallelujah, Halle- - lujah,

Swell the triumph of his train. Halle- - lujah,

TRINITY. 6 & 4.

F. Giardini.

AIR. Come, thou Almighty King, Help us to praise!

Halle- - lujah, Amen. Help us thy name to sing,

O'er all victorious, Ancient of days.

Father all glorious, Come and reign over us,

AIR. This God is the God we adore, Whose love is as great as his pow'r,

Our faithful, unchangeable friend,

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last, We'll praise him for

And neither knows measure nor end. Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;

BRENTFORD, L. M. *Har. Sac.*

all that is past,

And trust him for all that's to come. Bury'd in shadows of the night,

We lie till Christ restores the light; Wisdom descends, to heal the blind, And chase the darkness of the mind,

AIR. Some seraph lend your heav'nly tongue, That I may raise a lofty song,
Or harp of golden string, To our
Thy names how infinite they be, Boundless thy might and majesty
eternal King. Great Everlasting One!

MUNICH. L. M.

German.

AIR. 'Tis finish'd! 'tis finished! so the Saviour cry'd
And unconfin'd thy throne. Pia. For.
And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd: The battle's fought, the vict'ry's won!

TRIUMPH. 8, 7 & 4.

Lockhart. 47

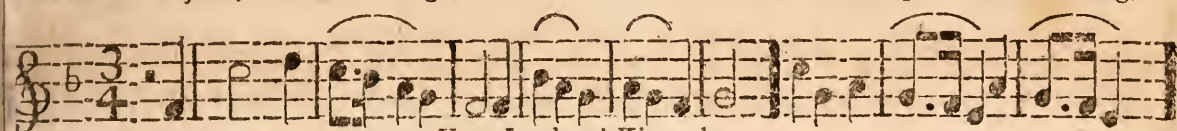
Con Spirito.

Pia.

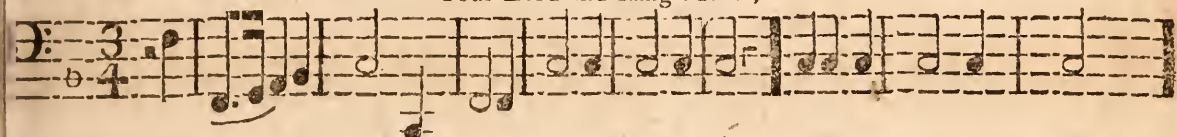


Air. Rejoice, the Lord is King ;

Mortals, give thanks and sing,

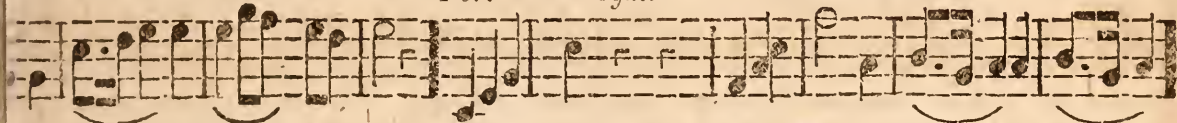


Your Lord and King adore ;



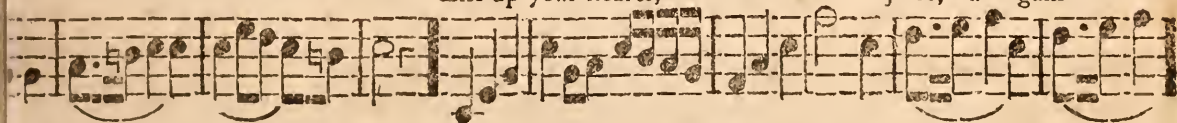
For.

Sym.



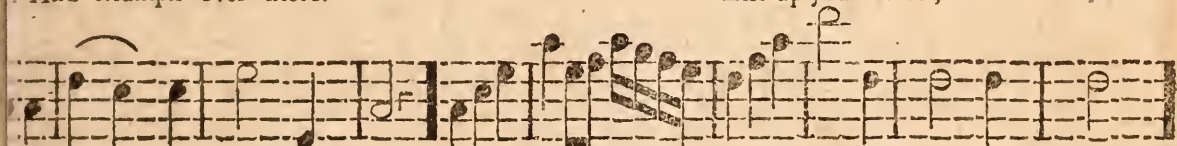
Lift up your hearts,

Rejoice, a - gain



And triumph ever more.

Lift up your voice ;



TAMWORTH. 8, 7 & 4.

Lockhart.

Pomposo.

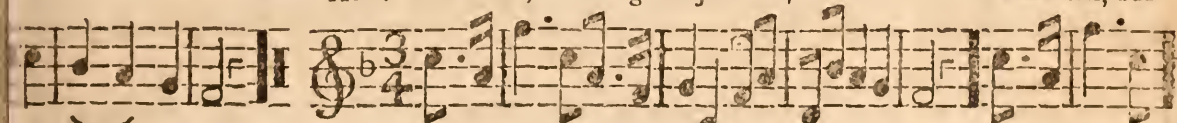
Pia.

For.



Air. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,

I am weak, but



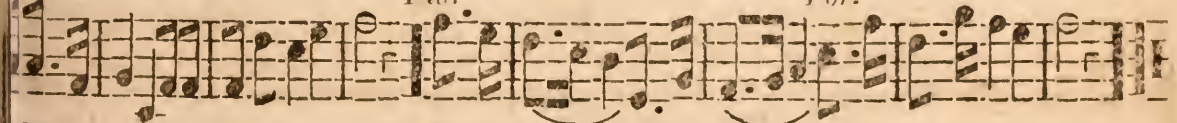
I say, rejoice.

Pilgrim through this barren land ;



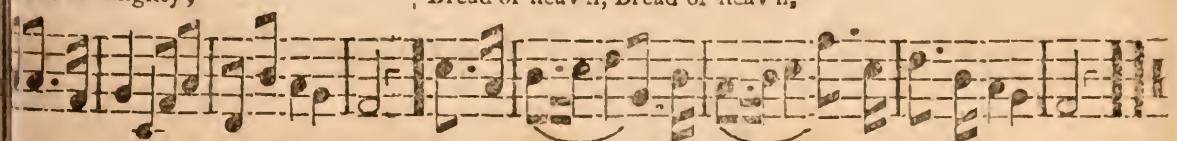
Pia.

For.



thou art mighty ;

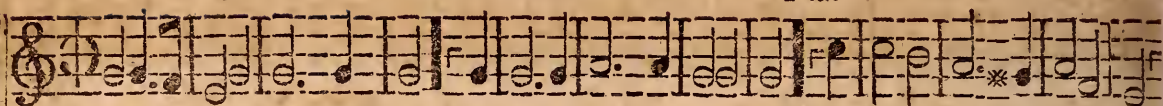
Bread of heav'n, Bread of heav'n,



Hold me with thy pow'ful hand ;

Feed me, till I want no more.



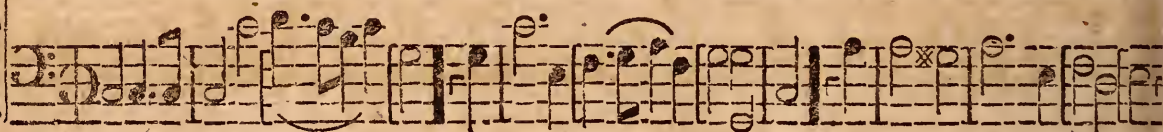
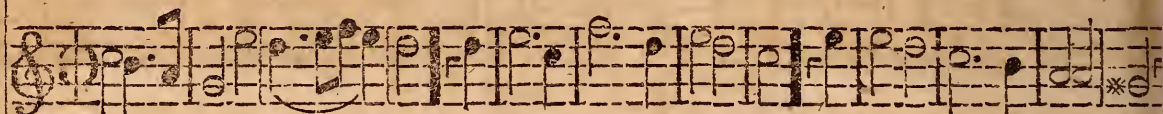
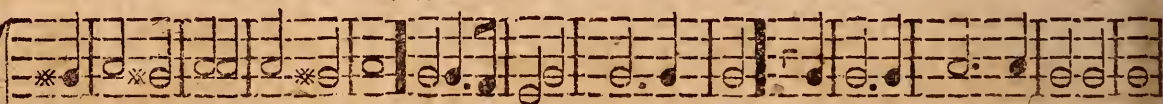
Pia.

AIR. Jesus! we bow before thy feet ;

Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,

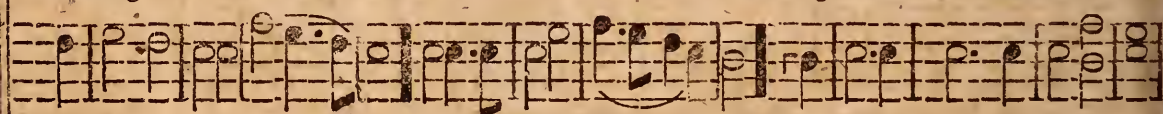


Thy table 'is di - vinely stor'd!

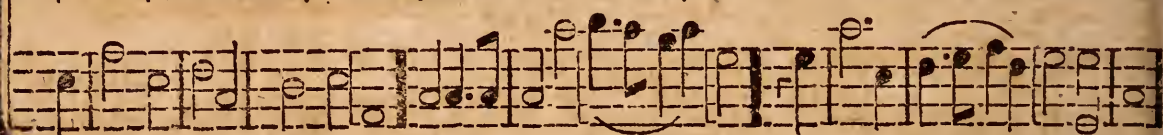
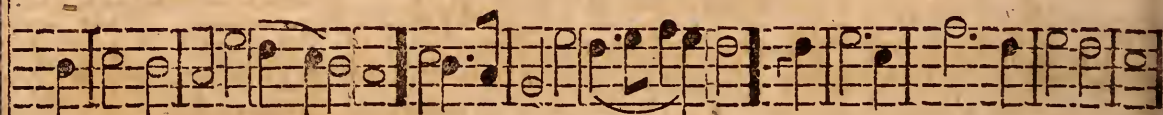
*For.*

'Tis living bread ; we thank thee, Lord !

'Tis living bread ; we thank thee, Lord

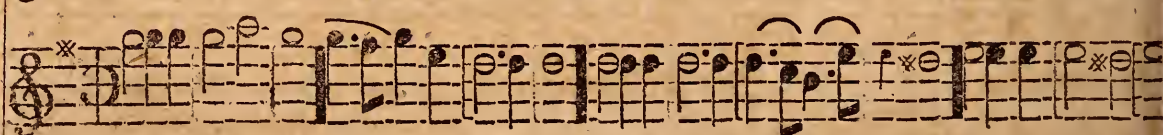
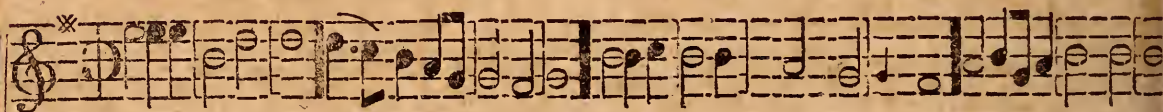


Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,



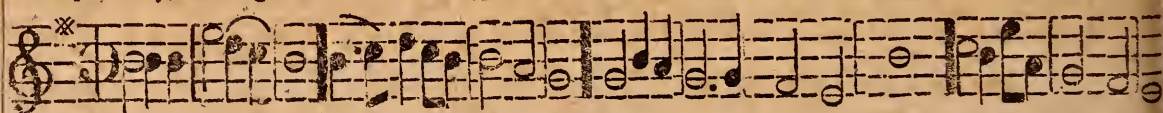
BINGHAM. S. M.

T. Jackson.



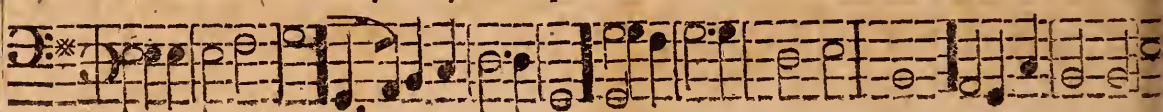
My thirsty, fainting soul,

Not travellers in desert lands,



Thy mercy does implore ;

Can pant for water more



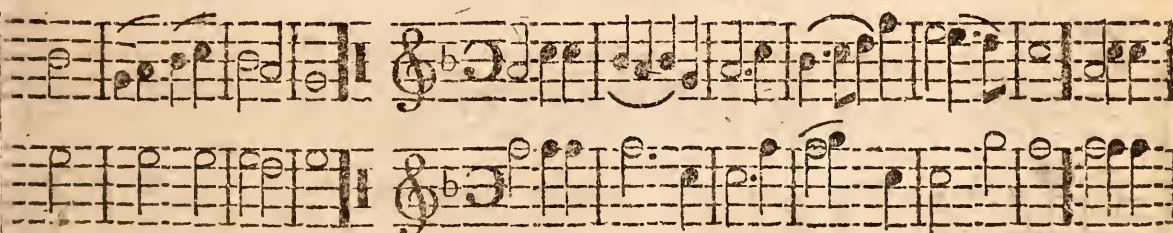


AIR. Ah, when shall I awake From sin's soft soothing pow'r, The slumber from my spirit shake,

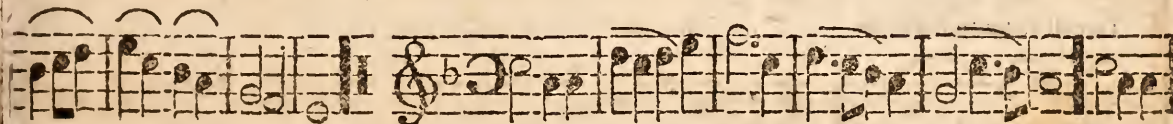


ALLERTON. H. M.

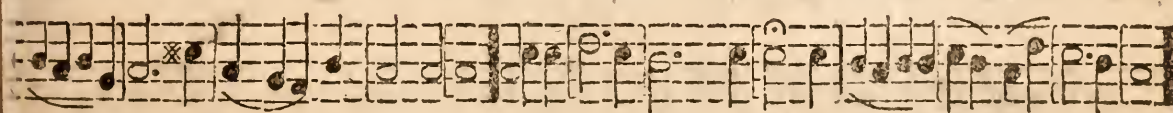
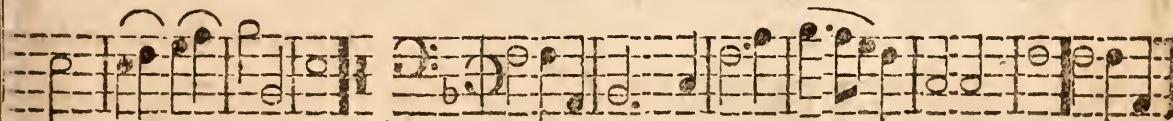
Dixon.



And rise to fall no more. Forth in the flow - 'ry spring, The birds on



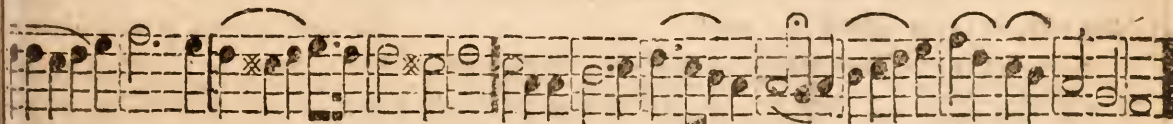
We see thy beauty move ;



branches sing

Wide flush the hills ;

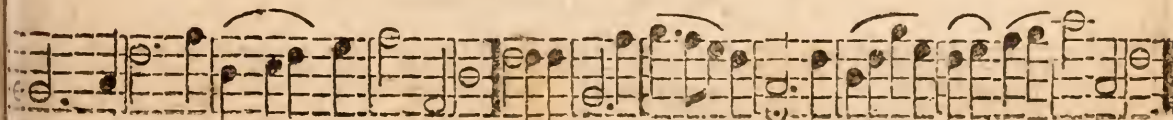
De - vo - tion's calm

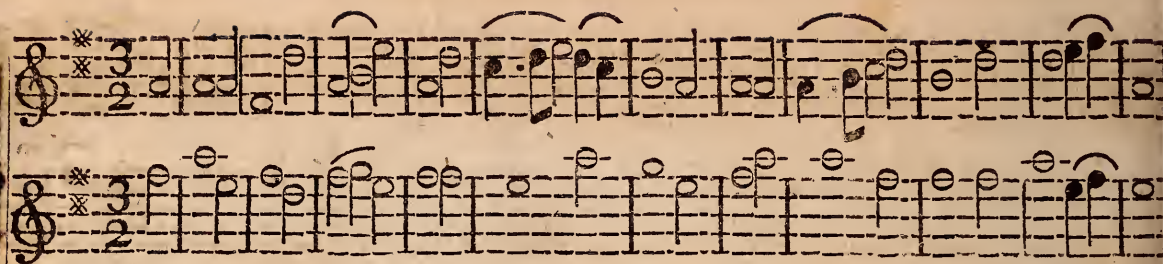


Thy ten - der - ness and love ;

The air is balm ;

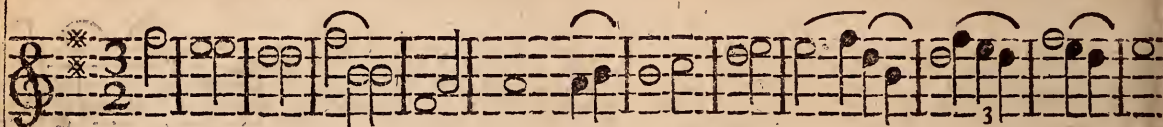
Our bosom fills.



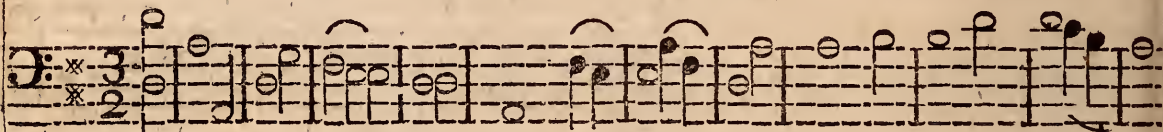


AIR. Why do we mourn departing friends?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends.

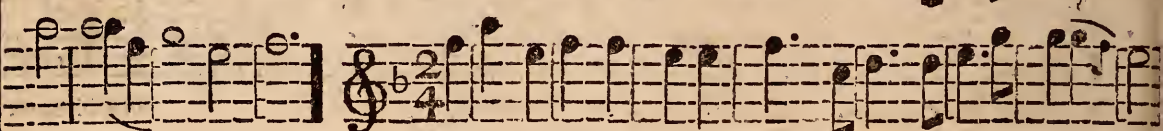
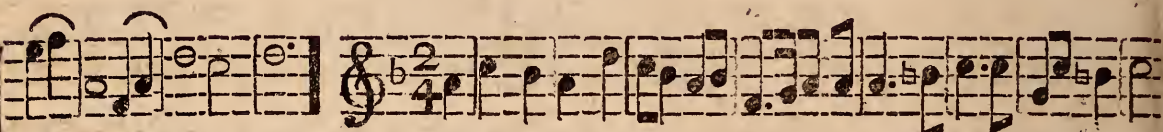


Or shake at death's alarms?



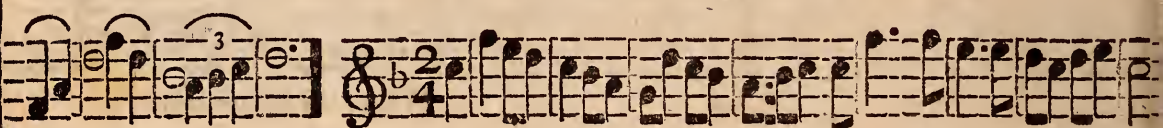
WELDON. L. M.

Costellow.

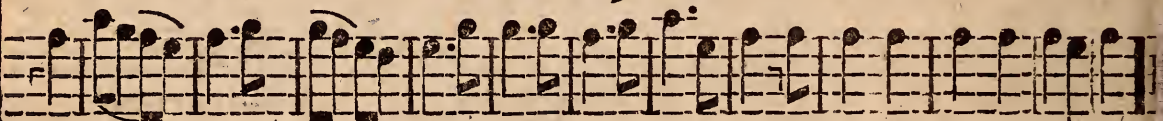
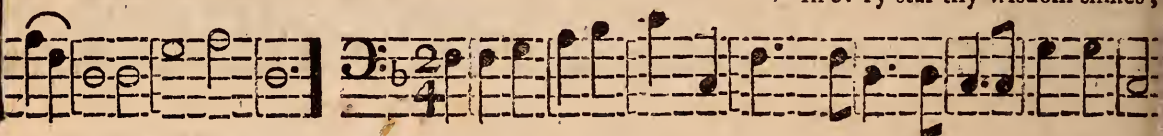


To call them to his arms.

The heav'n's declare thy glory, Lord,

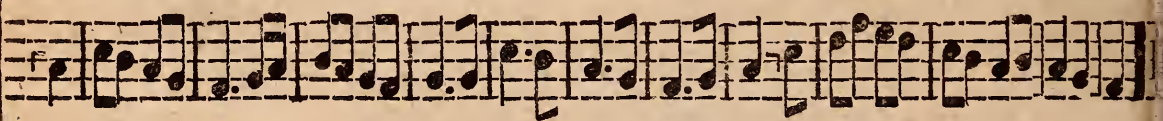


In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;

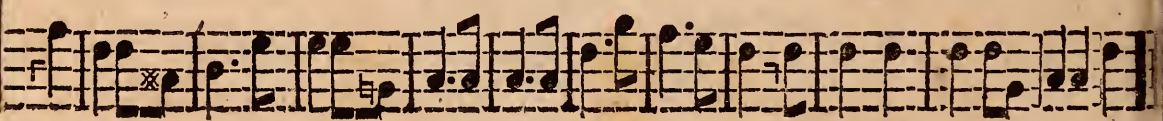


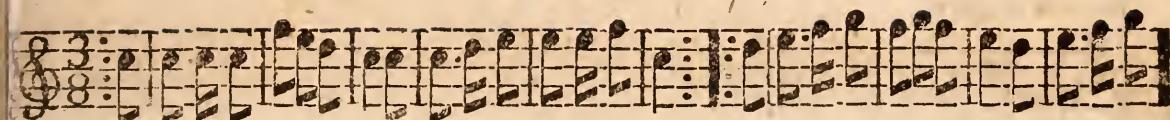
But when our eyes behold thy word,

We read thy name in fairer lines.



We read thy name in fair - er lines.





Ah lovely appearance of death!
No sight upon earth is so fair;

With solemn delight I survey,

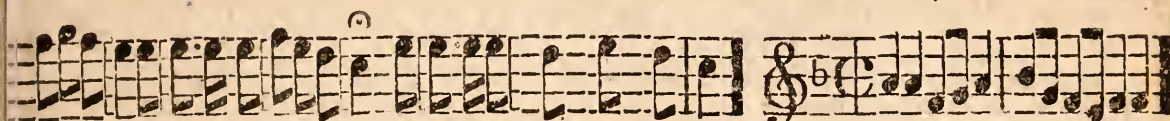


Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare.

The corpse when the



CALVARY. 8's. & 7's.



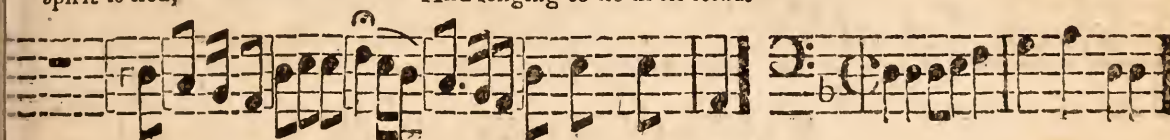
In love with the beautiful clay,

Dying Friend of sinners, hear us,



spirit is fled,

And longing to lie in its stead.



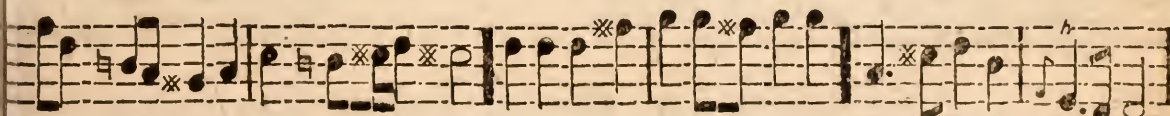
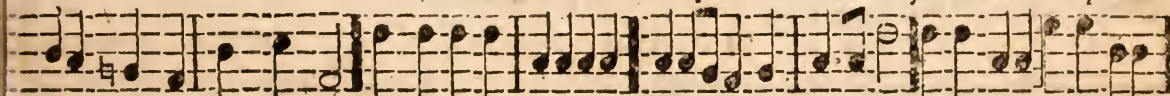
Humbly at thy cross who lie;

Now th' ungodly justify;



In Thine ordinance be near us,

Let Thy bowels of compassion

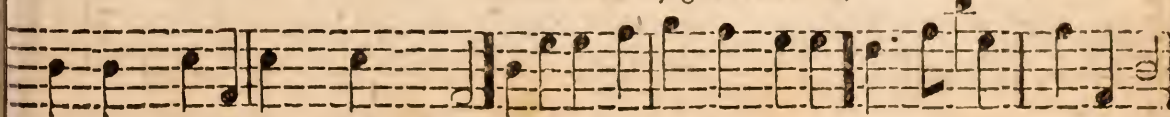


To thy ransom'd creatures move,

God of truth and God of love.

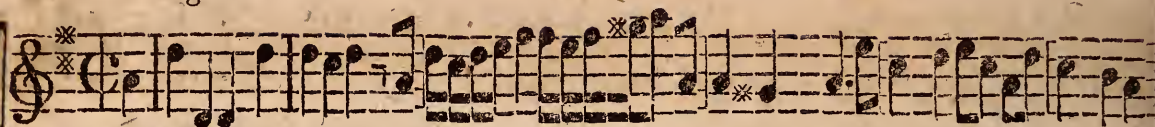


Show us all thy great salvation,



By Thy meritorious dying,
Save us from this death of sin;
By Thy precious blood applying
Make our inmost nature clean.

Give us worthily t' adore Thee,
Thou our full Redeemer be;
Give us pardon, grace, and glory,
Peace, and power, and heaven in Thee.

Andante Allegro.

Ye saints and servants of the Lord,

His sacred name forever bless;

AIR.



The triumphs of his name record,

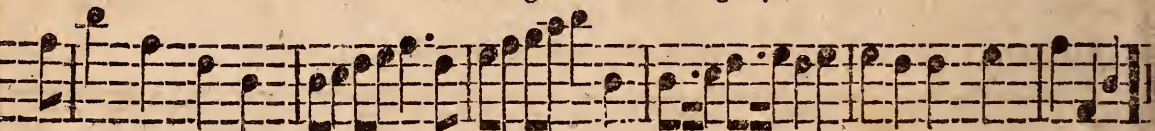


Where'er the circling sun displays

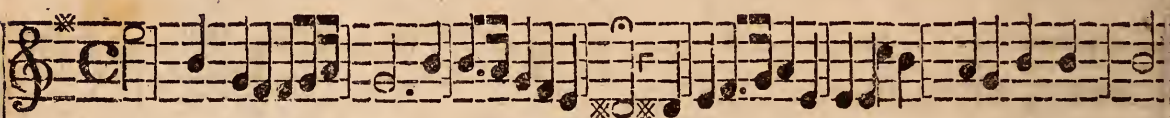
Due praise to his great name address.



His rising beams or setting rays,

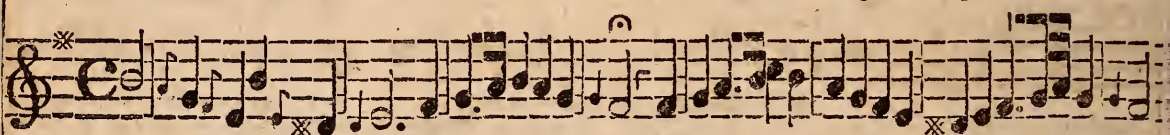


NATIVITY HYMN. S. M.



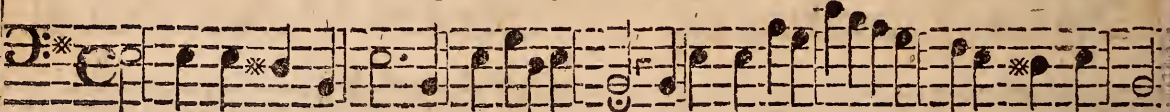
Father, our hearts we lift

And bless thee for the precious gift



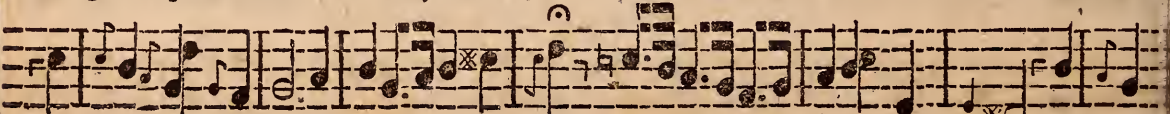
Up to Thy gracious throne,

Of Thine incarnate Son.

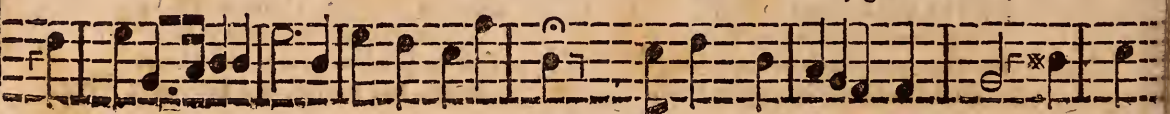


The gift unspeakable We thankf. lly receive;

And to



And to the world Thy goodness tell,



Thy glory live, And to Thy glory live. Sons of men, be - hold from
 far, Ja - cob's Star, that gilds the night,
 Hail the long expected Star;
 Guides bewilder'd nature right. Wars or pes - ti -
 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
 lence below; Ush'ring in the Prince of peace,
 Wars it bids and tumults cease,

Mild he shines on all beneath,
 Piercing through the shades of death,
 Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
 Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, far off and near,
 Haste, to see your God appear;
 Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
 Meet Him manifested there.

CONSOLATION. L. M.

Ah, lovely appearance of death, Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
No sight upon earth is so fair; Ca

with a dead bo - dy com - pare. The corpse, when the spir - it is fled,
With solemn delight I sur - vey Ia

love with the beau - ti - ful clay, And longing to lie in its stead.
And longing to lie in its stead,

DRESDEN. L. M.

He dies, the heav'nly Lover dies; On my poor heart strings; deep He lies
The tidings strike a doleful sound In the cold cavern

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two He shed a thousand drops for you,
 of the ground. On the dear bosom of your God ;

DEVOTION. L. P. M.

Costellow.

A thousand drops of richer blood. Soon as the morn salutes your eyes,
 AIR. *Andant.*
 And from sweet
 Think on the Author of the light,
Sotto voce.
 sleep refresh'd you rise, And praise him for that glorious sight ;
 For.
 His mercy in - fi - nite adore ;
 His goodness in - fi - nite implore.

See, how beauteous on the mountains Is to guide us to the fountains
Are their feet whose blest design

That o'erflow with bliss divine. His abounding grace proclaim;
While these heralds of salvation, Let his friends in

HAMPTON. 7's.

B. Milgrove.

Vivace.

Angels, roll the rock away,
every nation Death, yield up thy
Gladly join to spread his fame.

See! he rises from the tomb,
mighty prey; Glowing with immortal bloom.

Adagio piano e con Lamento.

AIR. From lowest depths of wo, Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
To God I send my cry; And graciously reply.

CLARKE's. 7s. & 6s.

Je sus drinks the bitter cup; The wine press treads alone, Tears the graves and mountains
O, my God, he dies for me, I feel the mortal smart; See him hanging on the
up By his ex - pir - ing groan; Lo, the pow'r of heav'n he shakes, Nature in con-
tree, A sight, that breaks my heart. O, that all to Thee might turn! Sinners, ye may
vul - sion lies; Earth's profoundest centre quakes, The great Im - man - uel dies,
love Him too; Look on Him, ye pierc'd, and mourn For One who bled for you.

AIR.

The Lord sup - plies his people's need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pastures

fresh he makes them feed, Be - side the liv - - ing stream, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

TUNBRIDGE. C. M.

Williams's Coll.

Andante. *Pia.*

AIR. There is a fountain fill'd with blood And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,

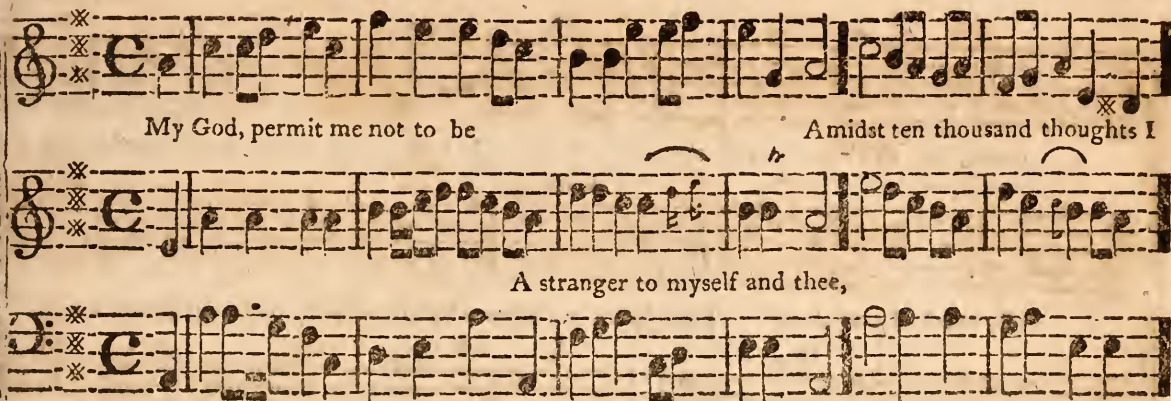
Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And

For.

Lose all their guilty stains,

sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Animato.



My God, permit me not to be Amidst ten thousand thoughts I
A stranger to myself and thee,

SHEPHERD'S SONG.



rove, Angels speak, let man give ear ; Sent from high
Forgetful of my highest love. Welcome tidings, to retrieve us From our fall
They are nigh, And forbid our fear, And forbid our fear. News they bring us of salvation, Sounds of
Born for all, Christ is born to save us, Christ is born to save us ; Born his creatures to restore. A bject
joy, to employ Ev'ry tongue and nation, Ev'ry tongue and na - tion.
earth Sees His birth, Whom the heav'ns adore, Whom the heav'ns a - dore.

Come, let us arise, And aim at the prize, The hope of our calling on this side the skies.

By works let us show That JESUS we know; While steadily on to perfection we go

We rest on his word, We shall be restor'd To his image; the servant shall be, as his LORD.

Then let us not stop,
But continue in hope,
Rejoicing, 'till all in his image wake up

Thus, thus, let us stay,
And wait for the day,
When the angels are sent, to conduct us away;

His purity share,
His character bear,
And the truth of his hallowing promise declare.

When with joy we remove
To our brethren above,
And fly up to heav'n in a chariot of love.

PILGRIM. 2—8s. & 1—6.

Tender.

How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from ev'ry anxious thought, From worldly

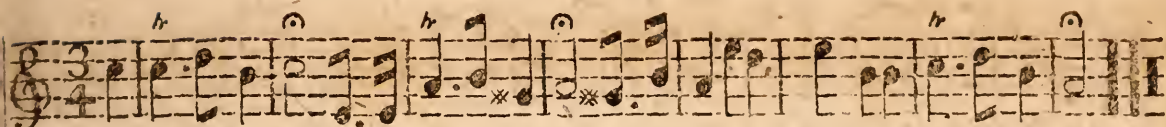
His happiness in part is mine, Already sav'd from self design, From ev'ry

hope and fear! From worldly hope and fear. Confin'd to neither court, nor cell, His

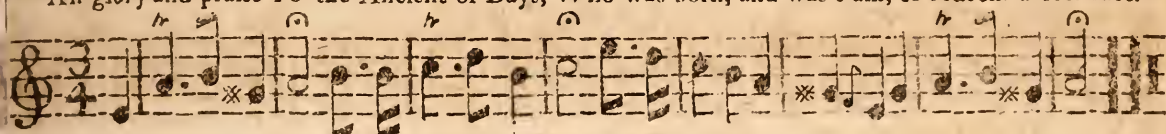
creature love; From ev'ry creature love. Blest with the scorn of finite good, My

soul disdains on earth to dwell, He only sojourns here, He only sojourns here.

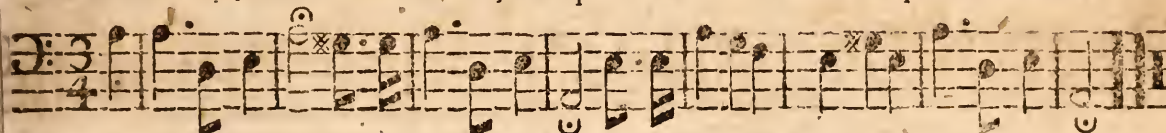
soul is lighten'd of its load, And seeks the things above, And seeks the things above.



All glory and praise To the Ancient of Days, Who was born, and was slain, to redeem a lost race.



Salvation to God, Who carried our load, And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.



Yes, LORD, we are thine,
And gladly resign

How, when it shall be,
We cannot foresee ;

our souls, to be fill'd with the fulness divine.

But O, let us live, let us die unto Thee.

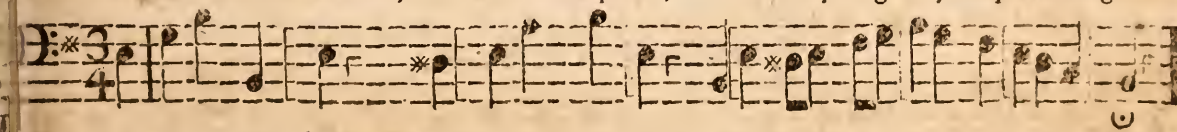
GRATITUDE.



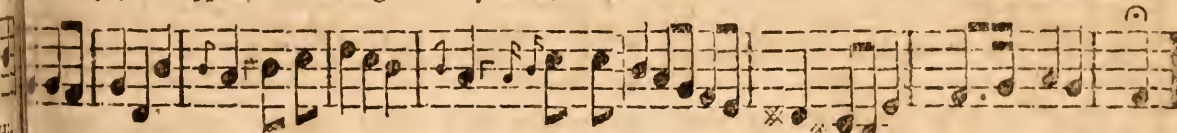
O God of all grace, Thy goodness we praise ; Thy Son Thou hast given, to die in our place.



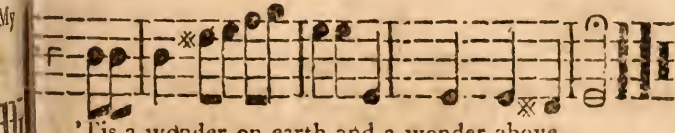
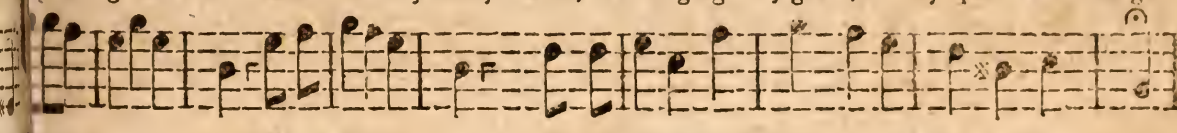
He hath ransom'd our race ; O how shall we praise, Or worthily sing Thy unspeakable grace ?



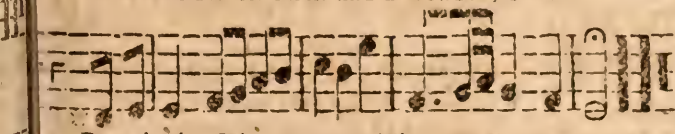
With joy we approve The design of Thy love ; 'Tis a wonder on earth and a wonder above.



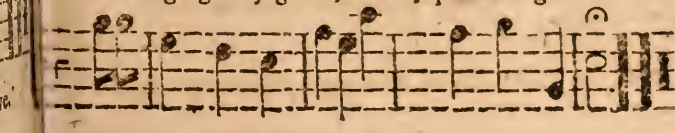
Nothing else will we know In our journey below ; But singing Thy grace, to Thy par - a - dise go.



'Tis a wonder on earth and a wonder above.



But, singing Thy grace, to Thy paradise go.



Nay, and when we remove
To the mansions above,
Our heav'n shall still be, to sing of Thy love.
'Tis a happy employ!
We there shall enjoy
A fulness of pleasure, that never can cloy,

Air How large the promise, how divine, I'll be a God to thee and thine,
To Abrah'm and his seed,

Supplying all their need. Supply - ing all their need.
I'll be a God to thee and thine,

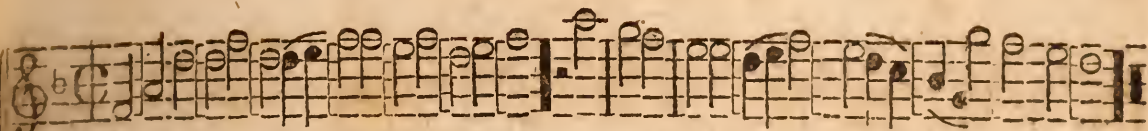
FAIRFAX. S. P. M.

Jesus, shall I never be firmly grounded unto Thee? Never by thy work
O, how wavering is my mind, Tost about by ev'ry wind! O, how quickly doth

a - bide, Never in thy love reside?
my heart From the living God depart!

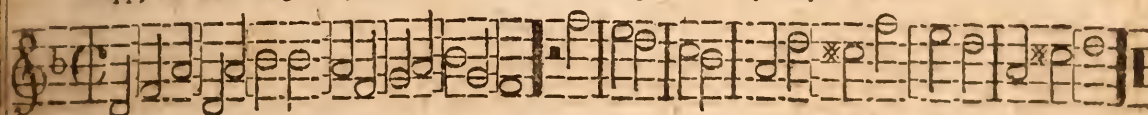
Easily I fall away,
Never am I at one stay;
Strong in faith I seem this hour,
Stript the next of all my pow'r.

Seek, O seek me, Lord, again,
Let not all thy gifts be vain;
Comfort to my soul restore,
Come, and never leave me more.



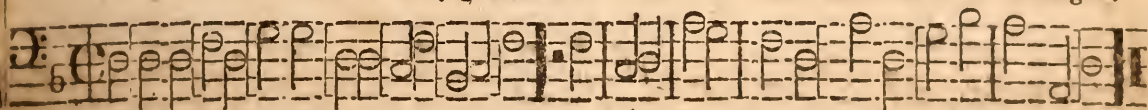
Happy the soul, to Jesus join'd,

Walking in all thy ways, we find



And sav'd by grace alone;

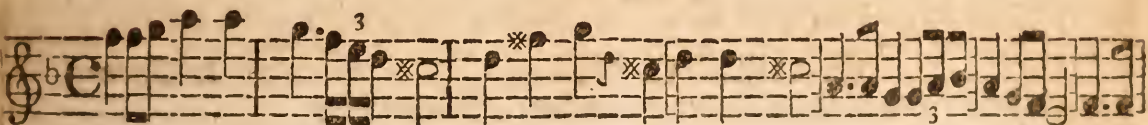
Our heav'n on earth begun.



The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
Thee in thy glorious realms they praise,
And bow before thy throne;

We in the kingdom of thy grace,
The kingdoms are but one.
The Holy to the Holiest leads,
From hence our spirits rise;
And he, who in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

St. JOHN's. 6—7s.



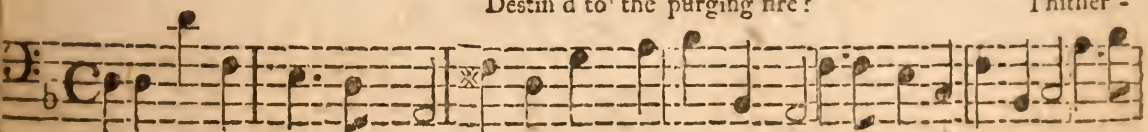
Weary world, when will it end,

Fain I would to heav'n ascend;



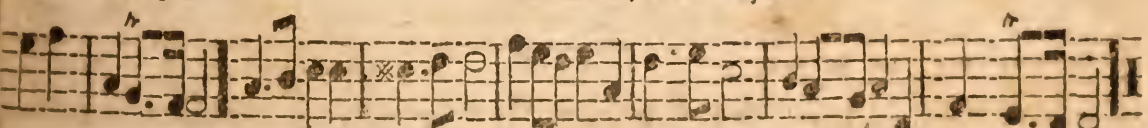
Destin'd to the purging fire?

Thither -



ward I still aspire.

Let me die, to see Thy face,



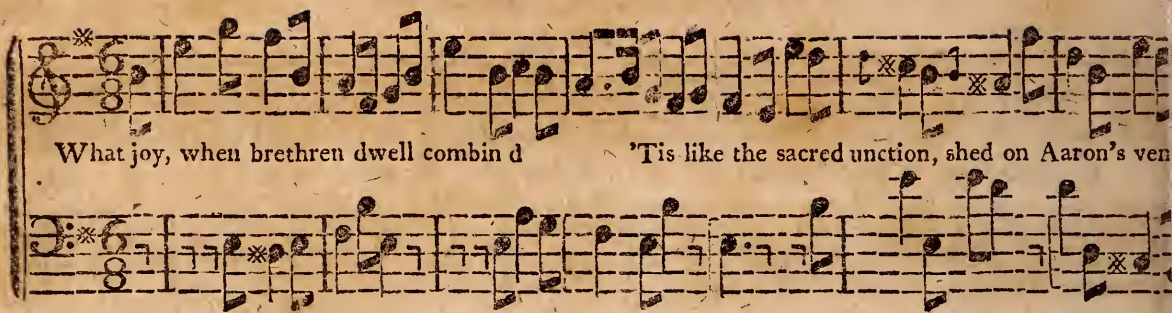
Savior this is not my place,

Let me die, to see Thy face.



O, cut short Thy work in me,
Make a speedy end of sin,
Set my heart at liberty,
Bring the heav'nly nature in;
Seal me to redemption's day,
Bear my new born soul away.

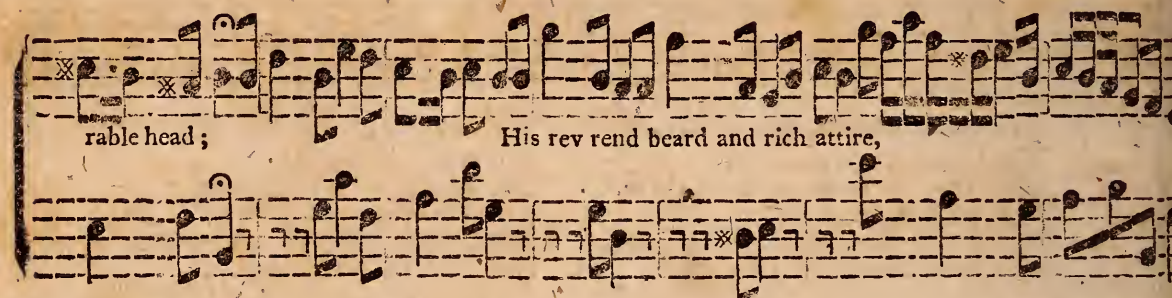
For this only thing I wait,
This, for which I here was born:
Raise me to my first estate,
Bid me to Thy arms return;
Let me to Thine image rise,
Give me back my paradise.



What joy, when brethren dwell combin'd

'Tis like the sacred unction, shed on Aaron's ven

In pious unity of mind!



rable head;

His rev'rend beard and rich attire,

When bath'd in fragrancy respire

His rev'rend beard and rich attire.

Like dews, which, trickling from the sky,
In pearly drops on Hermon lie;
Or balmy vapours which distil

On Zion's consecrated hill
For there the Lord His blessing plac'd,
And these with life eternal grac'd.

STADE. C. M.

I. Burney.

Hymn of Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.



AIR. Our little bark, on boist'rous seas,

Without one cheerful beam of hope

By cruel tempest tost,

N. B. The hallelujah to be sung only at the end of the fourth and fifth verses.



Ex-pect-ing to be lost.

Halle-lujah, A-men.

Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah,

2 We to the Lord in humble pray'r
Breath'd out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts
We begg'd return of peace.

3 The stormy winds did cease to blow,
The waves no more did roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to each soul.

4 Oh! may our grateful, trembling hearts
Sweet hallelujah's sing
To him who hath our lives preserv'd,
Our Saviour and our King.

5 Let us proclaim to all the world,
With heart and voice, again,
And tell the wonders he hath done
For us, the sons of men.

To Thee, my God, I hourly sigh, But not for golden stores ; Nor covet I the
brightest gems On the rich eastern shores, On the rich eastern shores.

TABOR.

Har. Sac.

Come, let us attend, My companion and friend, If thy heart be as mine ; If for
To a taste of the banquet above,
Jesus it pine ; Come up into the chariot of love ; Come up into the cha-
If thy heart be, as mine ; If for Jesus it pine ;

riot of love ; Come up into the chariot of love.

Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath ;
With the prophet we soar
To that heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve ;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies ;
For the heaven of heavens is love.

*Adagio.**Pia.*

AIR.

Few are our days, those few we dream away, Sure is our fate, to moulder in the clay.

*For.**Pia.**For.**Pia.*

Rise, immortal soul, above thine earthly fate, Time yet is thine. but soon it is too late.

Lo, midnight's gloom invites the pensive mind,
Pale is the scene, but shadows there you'll find:
Rise, immortal soul, shun glooms, pursue thy flight,
Lest hence thy fate be like the gloomy night.

Hark from the grave, oblivion's doleful tones,
There shall our names be moulder'd like our bones,
Rise, immortal soul, that hence thy fame may shine,
Time flies and ends, eternity is thine.

BICESTER. L. M.

*B. Milgrove.**Moderato.**Pia.*

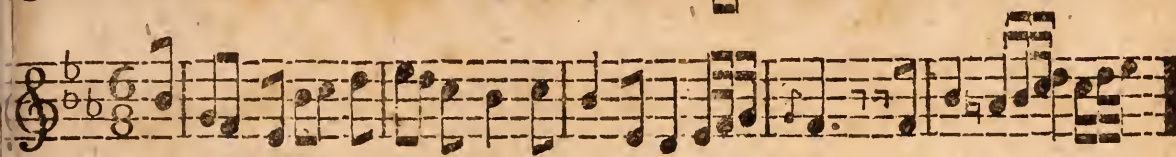
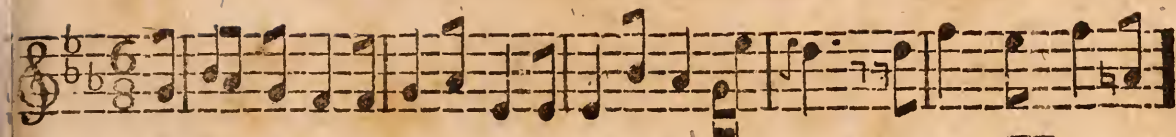
AIR. Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon,

Pia.

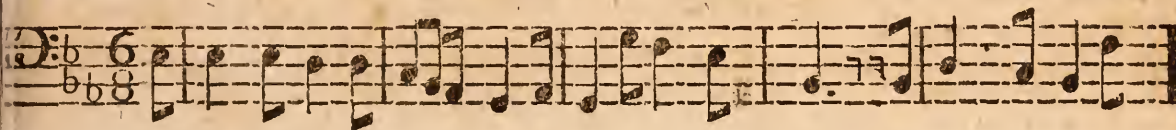
His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace,

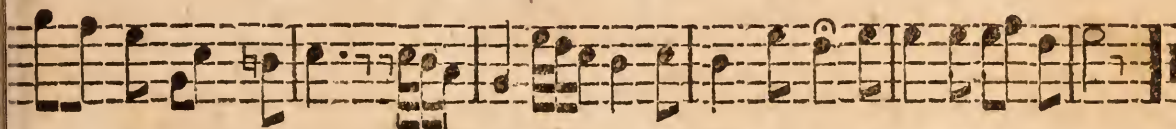
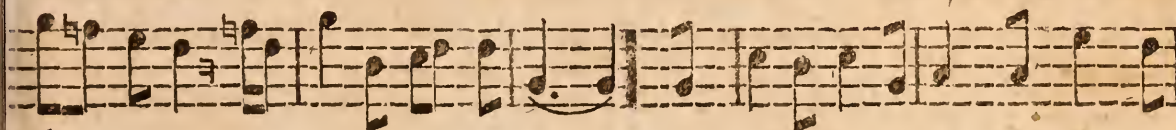
This is the way I long have sought.
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burthen long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.



And let this feeble / body fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit the



mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high; Shall join the disembodied saints, And



find its long sought rest (That only bliss, for which it pants) In the Redeemer's breast.



3 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,

And wipe away His servants' tears,
And take His exiles home.

5 O, what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.

6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conq'ring palins they bear.
7 O, what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet,

With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
And worship at thy feet?

8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away ;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Adagio Maestoso.

Father, Father, how wide thy glory shines! Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
How high thy wonders rise! By thousand thro'

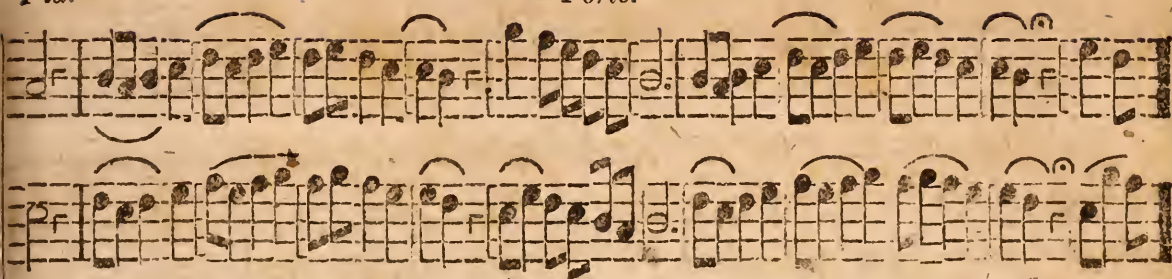
Pia.

the skies. Those motions speak thy skill; We read thy patience still.
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r, And on the wings of ev'ry hour,

Andante Grazioso.

But when we view thy great design Where vengeance and compassion join,
To save rebellious worms, In their divinest

Tasto Solo.

*Pia.**Forte.*

Here the whole Deity is known ;

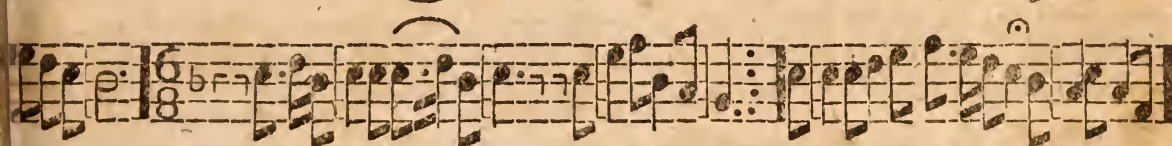
Which of the glories brightest shone,



forms ;

Nor dare a creature guess,

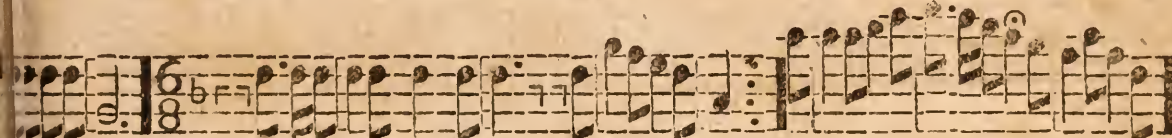
The jus-

*Siciliana Andante.*

tice or the grace.

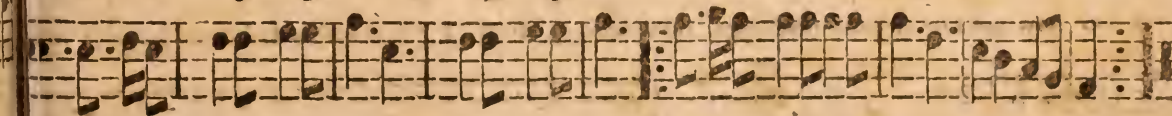
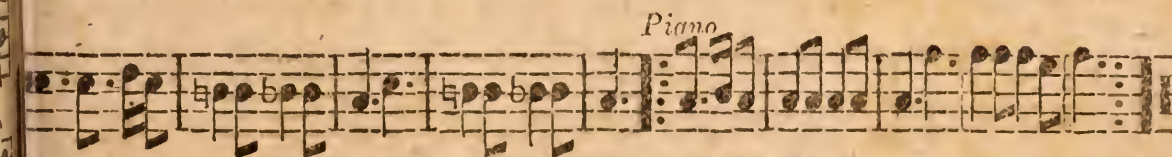
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;

And try their choicest



Now the full glories of the Lamb

Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,

*Tasto Solo.*

rains.

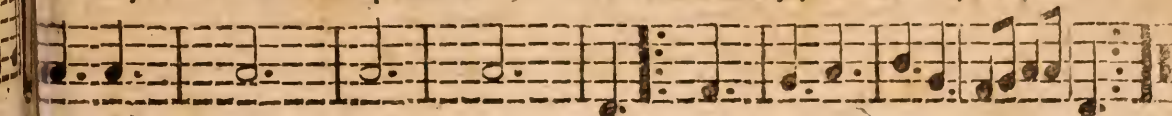
In that immortal song !

And love command my tongue.



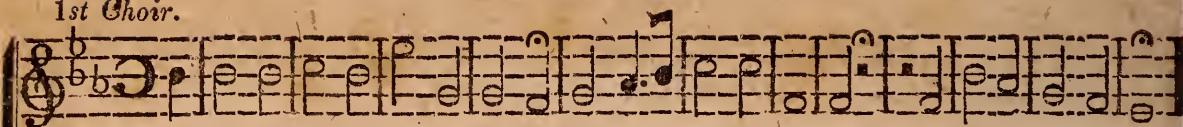
O may I bear some humble part

Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,

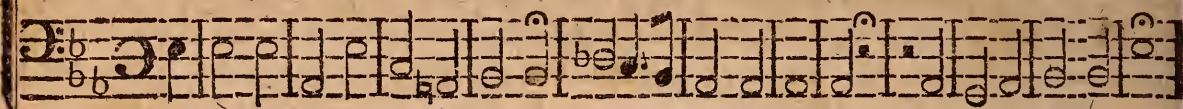


REVERENCE.

1st Choir.



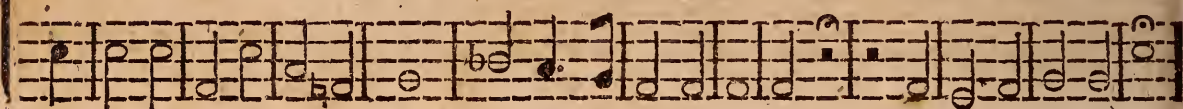
The Lord is in his holy temple; Let all the earth keep silence, keep silence before him.



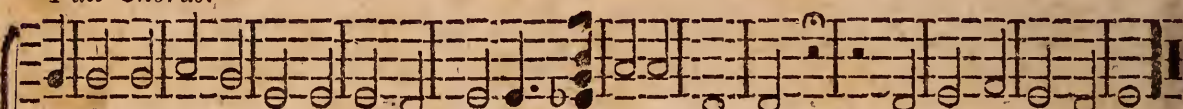
2d Choir.



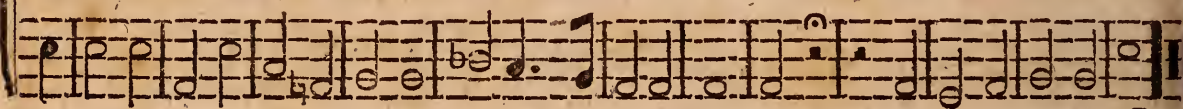
The Lord is in his holy temple; Let all the earth keep silence, keep silence before him.



Full Chorus.

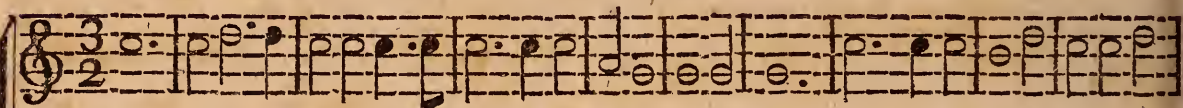


The Lord is in his holy temple; Let all the earth keep silence, keep silence before him.

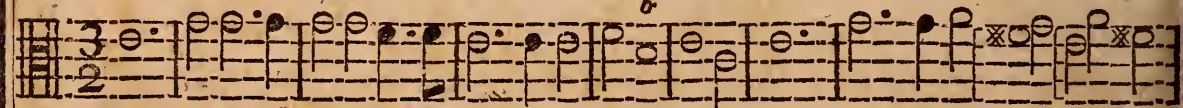


HOUSE OF GOD.

Dr. Croft.



O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts! my soul hath a desire and longing to



O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts! my soul hath a desire and longing to



O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts! my soul hath a desire and longing to



enter, to enter into the courts of the Lord! my heart and my flesh re - - - - - joyce, re, - - - - - joyce.

enter, to enter into the courts of the Lord! my heart and my flesh re - - - - - joyce, re - - - - - joyce - - -

enter, to enter into the courts of the Lord! my heart and my flesh re - - - - - joyce, - - - - -

re - - - - - joyce, re - - - - - joyce in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they

- - - - - in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they

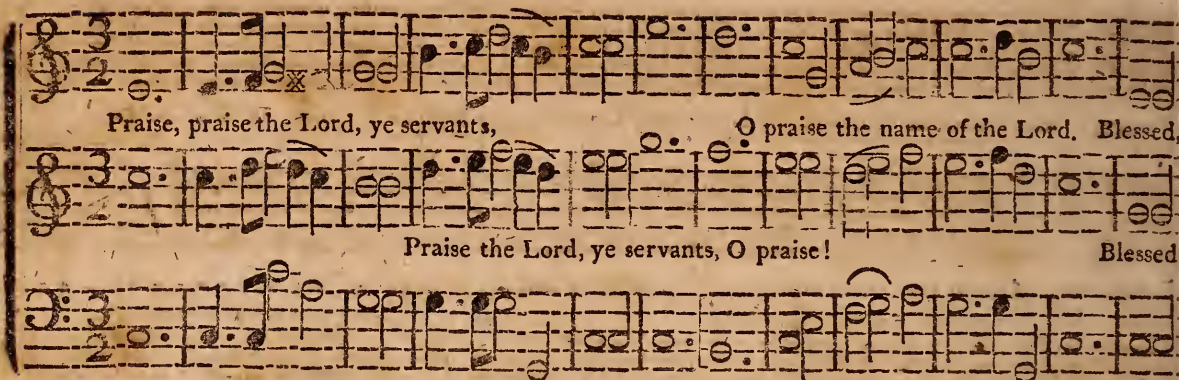
re - - - - - joyce in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they

re - - - - - joyce, re - - - - - joyce in the living God, Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they

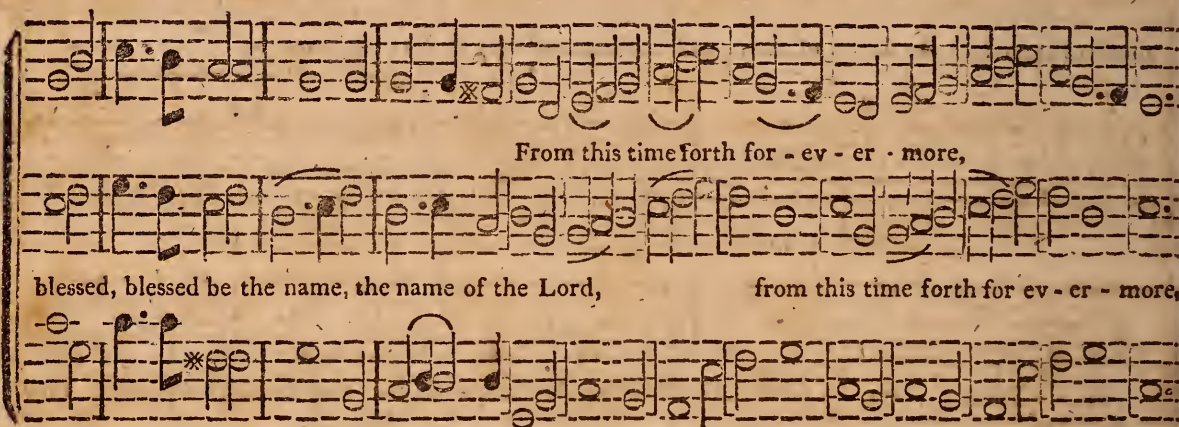
will always be praising thee. Halle-lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah.

will always be praising thee Halle-lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah.

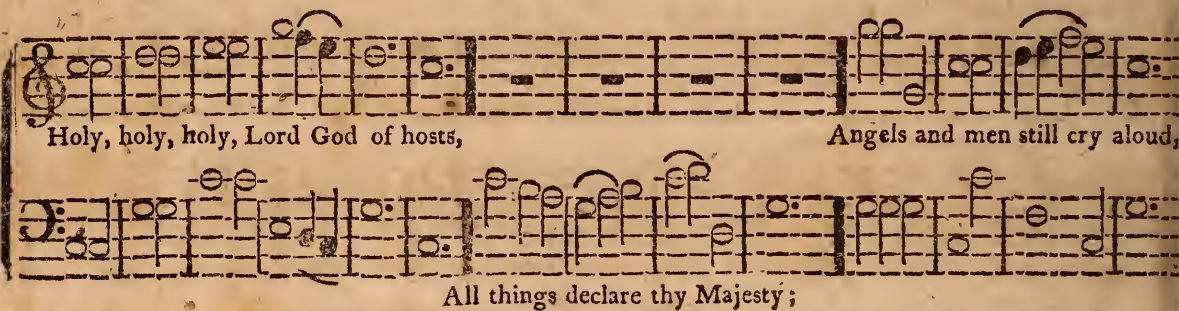
will always be praising thee. Halle-lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lujah.



Praise, praise the Lord, ye servants, O praise the name of the Lord. Blessed,
Praise the Lord, ye servants, O praise! Blessed



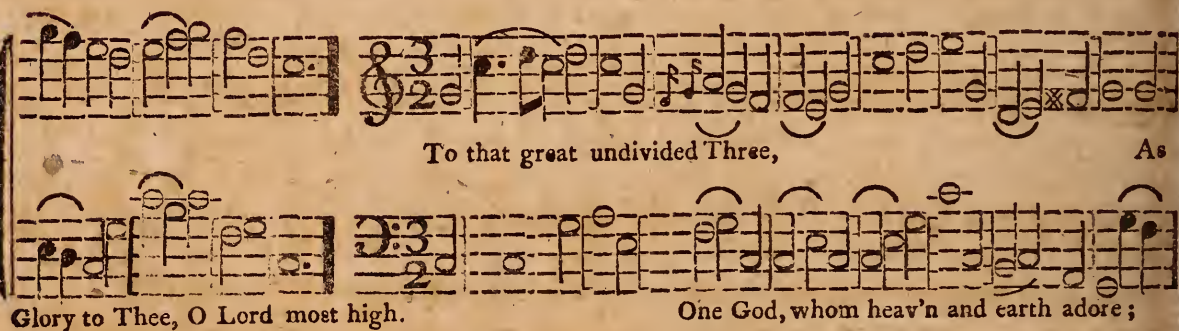
From this time forth for - ev - er - more,
blessed, blessed be the name, the name of the Lord, from this time forth for ev - er - more,



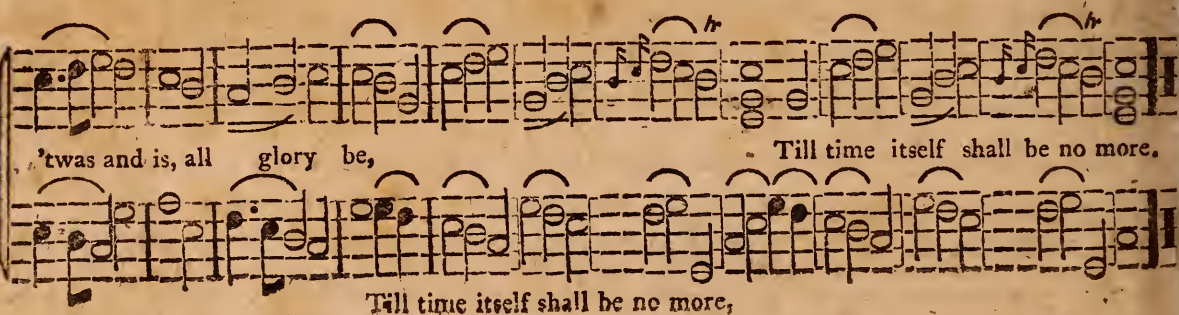
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, Angels and men still cry aloud,
All things declare thy Majesty;

ASCRPTION.

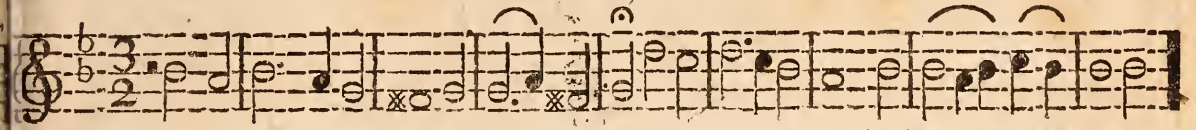
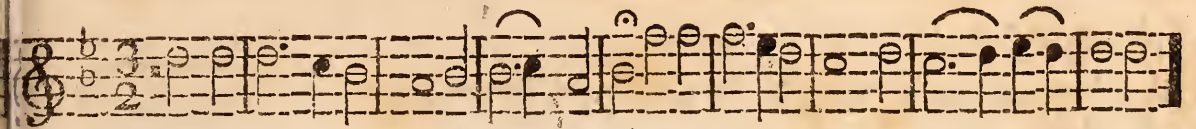
Har. Sac.



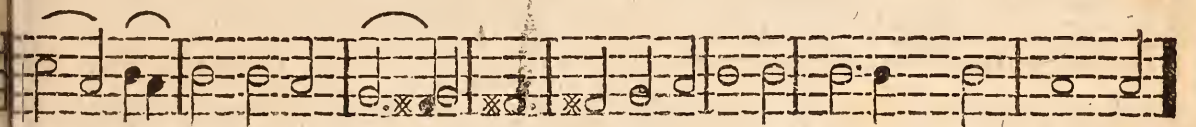
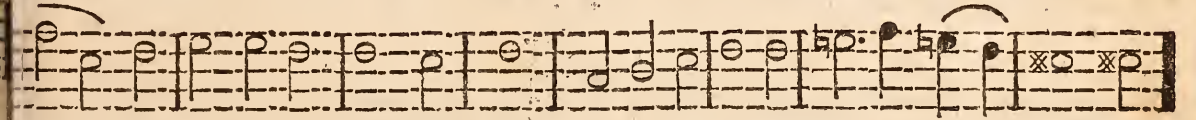
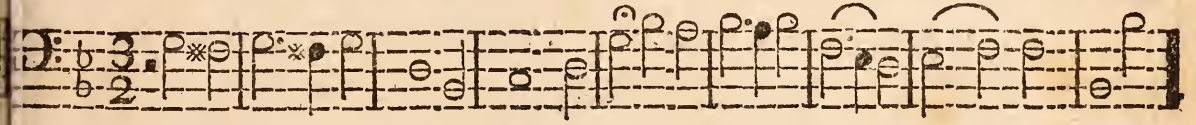
To that great undivided Three, As
Glory to Thee, O Lord most high. One God, whom heav'n and earth adore;



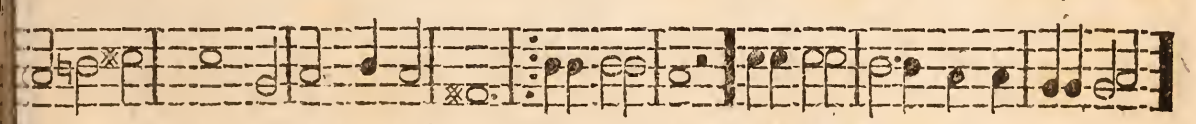
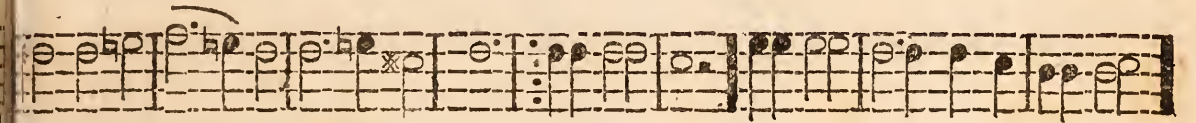
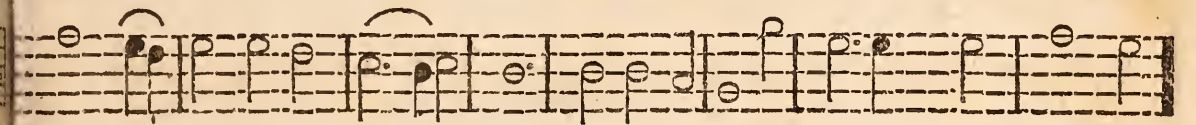
'twas and is, all glory be, Till time itself shall be no more.
Till time itself shall be no more,



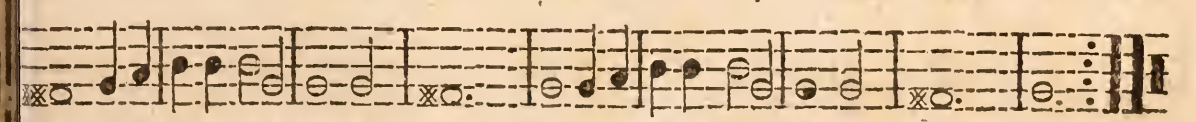
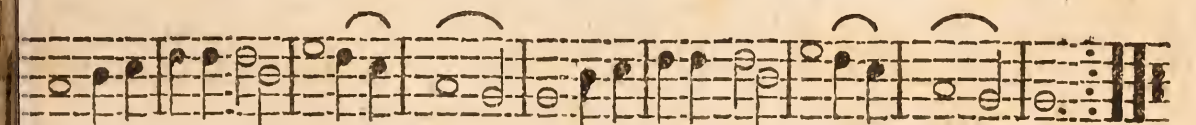
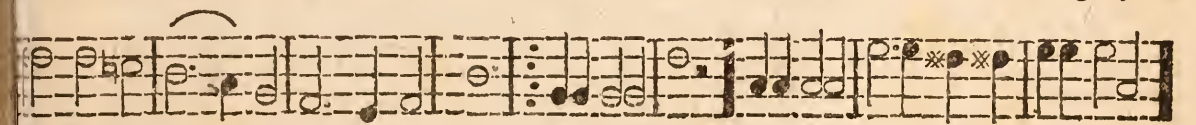
I will always give thanks unto the Lord, I will always give thanks unto the Lord, His



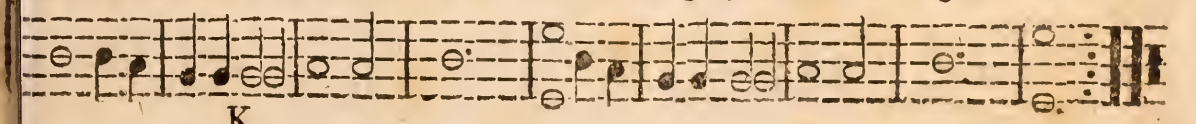
praise shall ever be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord,

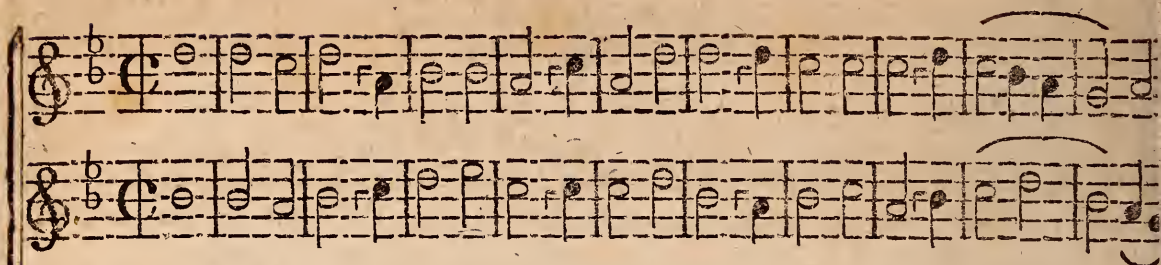


the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. Praise the Lord with me, Praise the, &c. and let us magnify his

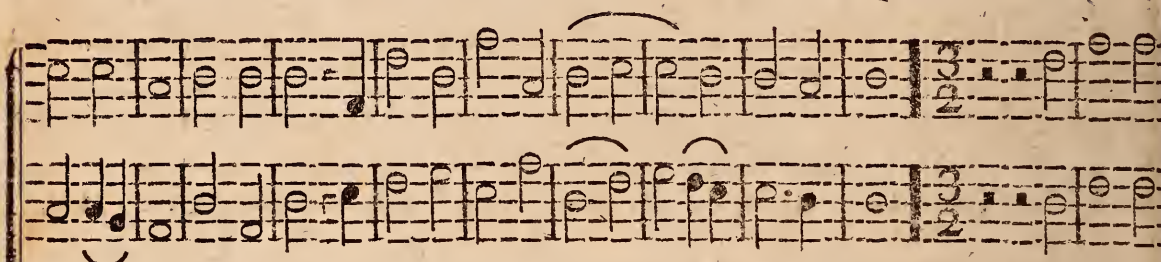
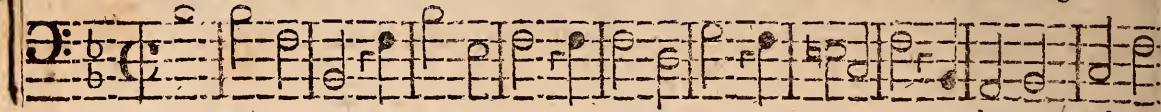


name, let us magnify his name to - geth - er, let us magnify his name to - geth - er.

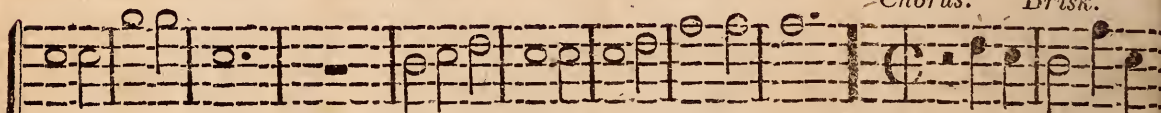


Brisk.

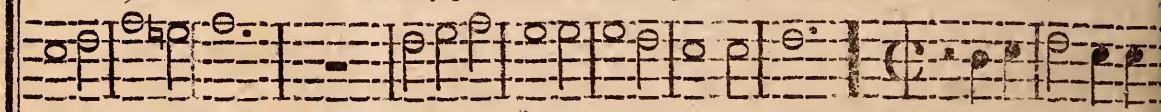
O praise the Lord with one consent, O praise the Lord with one consent, And mag - ni -



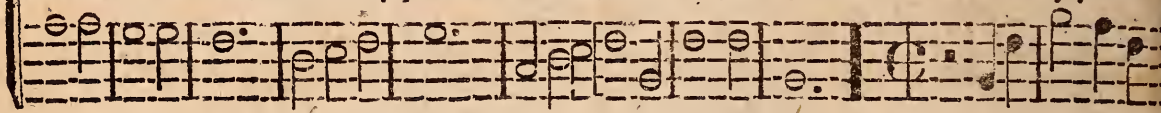
fy his name; Praise the Lord with one consent, and mag - ni - fy his name : Let all the

*Chorus. Brisk.*

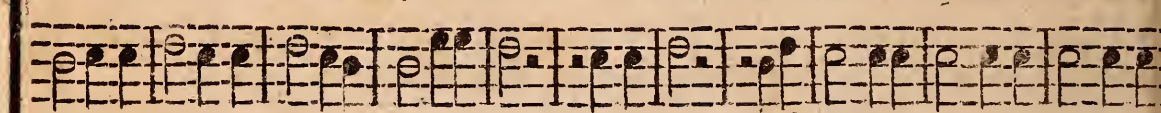
His worthy praise, His worthy praise proclaim.



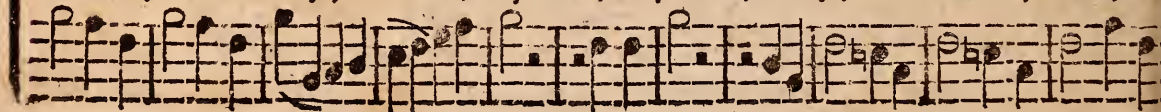
servants of the Lord, His worthy praise, His worthy, worthy praise proclaim. O be joyful in



His worthy praise, His worthy, worthy praise proclaim.



God, all ye lands, O be joyful in God, all ye lands, all ye lands, O be joyful in God, all ye lands, O be



joyful in God, all ye lands; Make his praise glorious: O be joyful in God, all ye lands, in God, all ye

in God all ye lands,

lands, O be joyful in God, all ye lands O be joyful in God, all ye lands, Make his praise glorious.

O be joyful in God, all ye lands.

BENEDICTION.

Slow.

Slow.

O pray for the peace,

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

Peace

O pray for the peace,

Peace be within thy walls

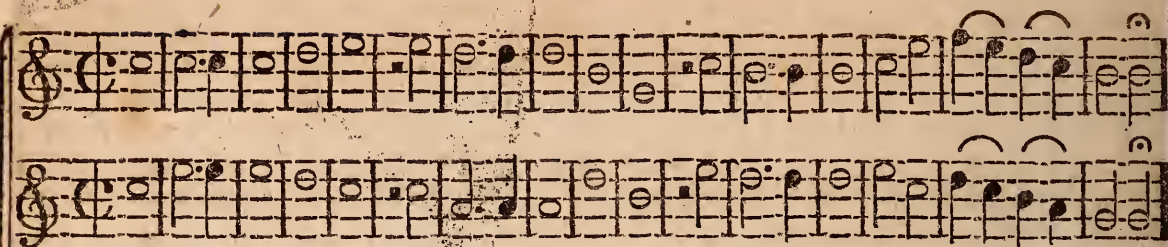
Vivace.

be within thy walls,

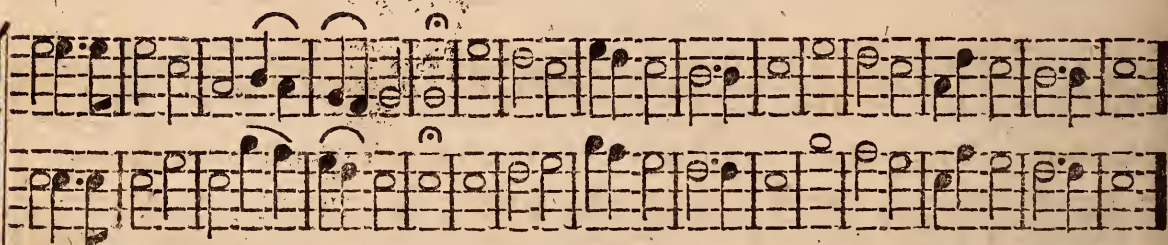
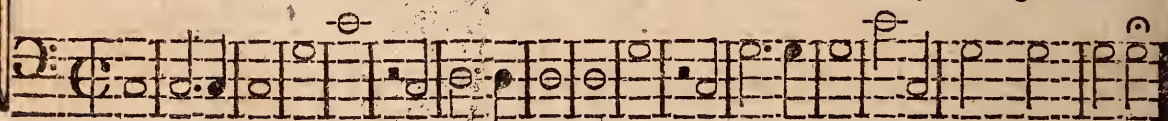
Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness

Peace be within thy walls,

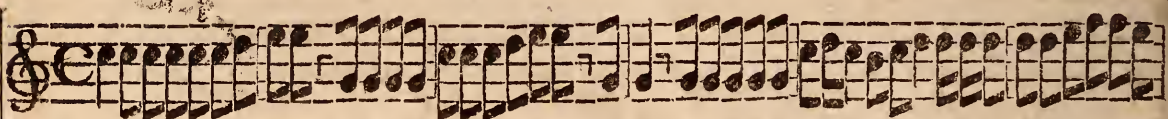
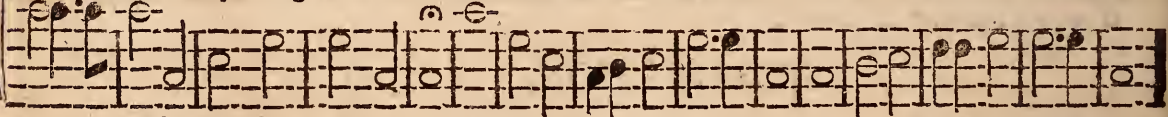
and plenteousness within thy palaces.



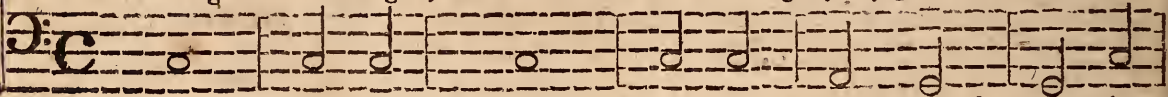
How excellent, O Lord, How excellent, O Lord, How excellent is thy loving kindness!



How excellent is thy loving kindness! For with thee is the fountain of life, For with thee is the fountain, &c.



Therefore with angels and arch angels, we laud and magnify thy glorious name;



and with all the company of Heaven, evermore praising thee, and saying,

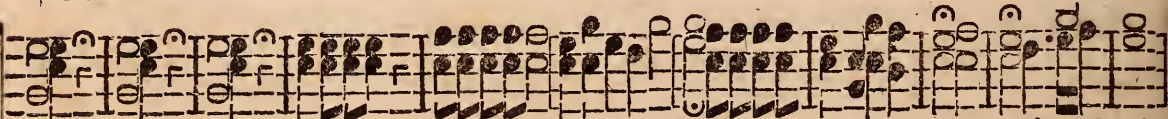


Holy holy, holy Lord God of Hosts, Glory be to thee, O Lord most high, Amen, Amen.

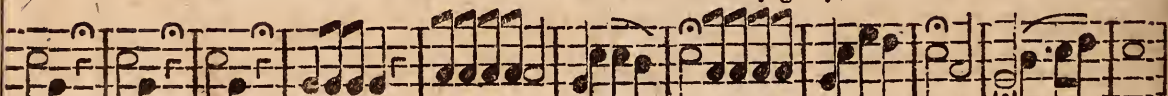


heaven and earth are full of thy glory,

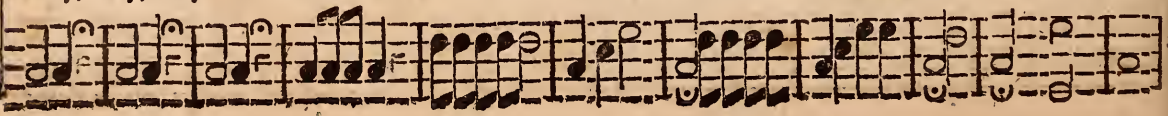
Full Chorus.

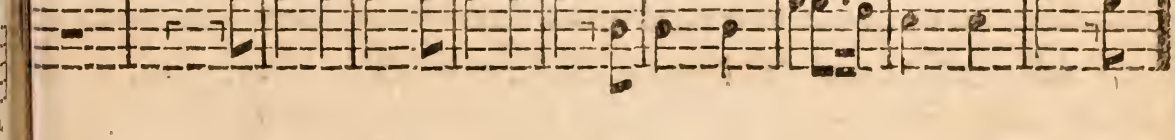
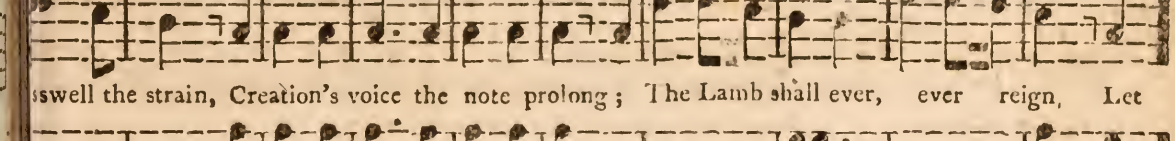
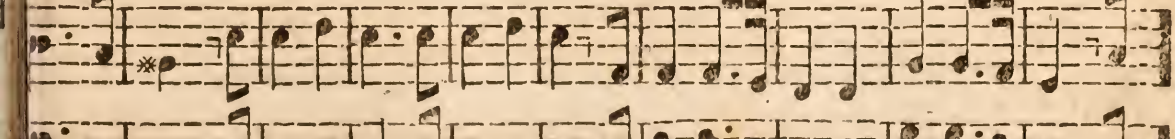
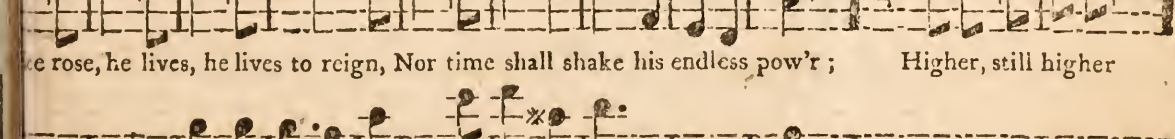
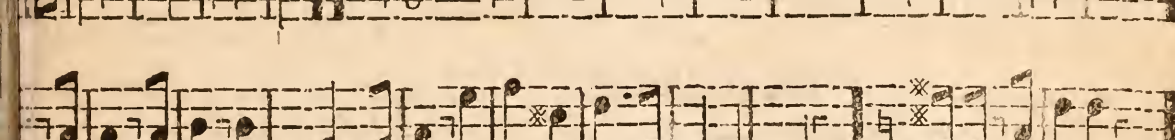
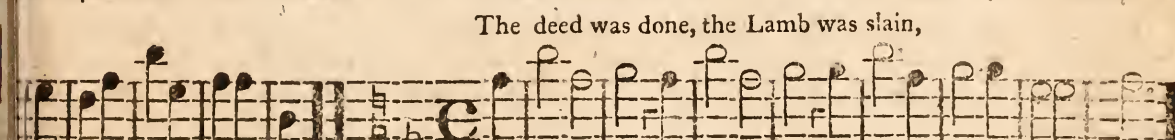
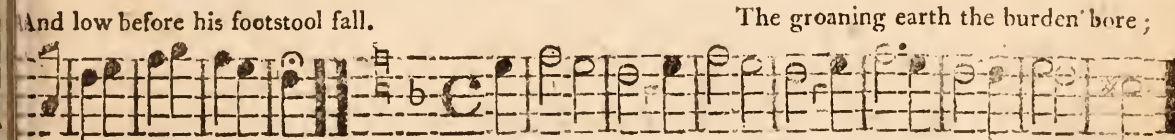
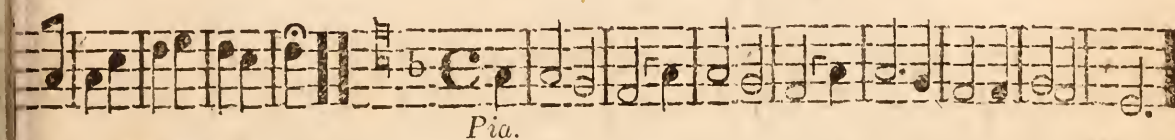
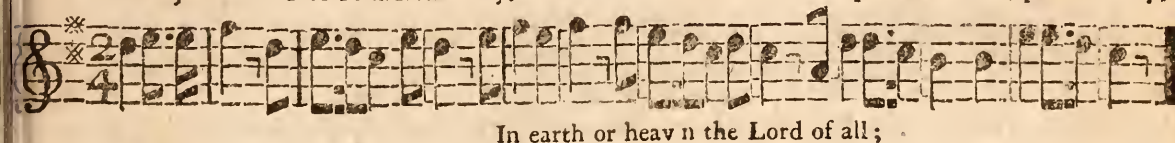
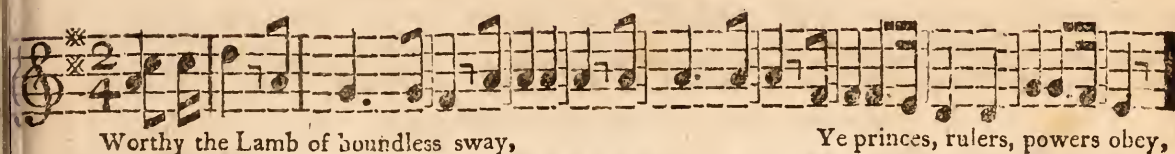


Heaven and earth are full of thy glory,



Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts, Glory be to thee, O Lord most high, Amen, Amen.





Forte. *Dim.* *Cres.* *Forte.* *Pia.*

Hallelujahs crown the song. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen, Amen, Amen, Hallelujah Amen

Forte.

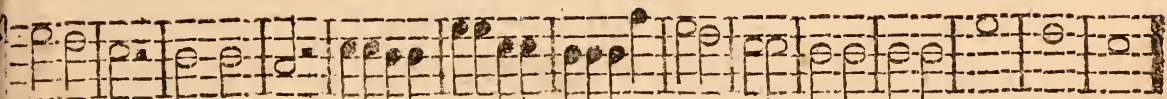
Hallelujah, Amen, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen, hallelujah Amen.

BEATITUDE.

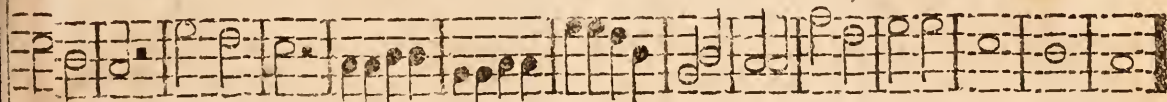
I heard a voice from heav'n, I heard a voice from heav'n, write from henceforth, write from

saying unto me, saying unto me, Write, write,

henceforth, blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord. Even so, even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest,



from their labours, from their labours from their labours,



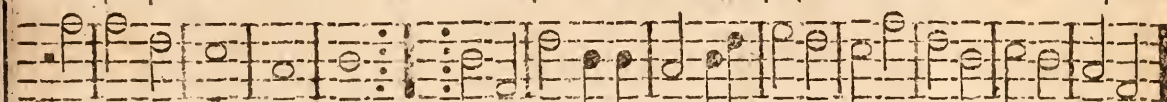
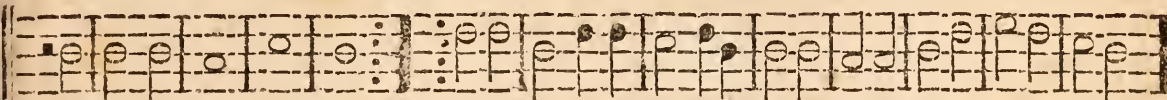
for they rest, for they rest from their labours,

and their works do follow them.



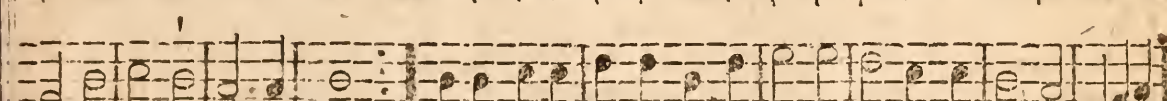
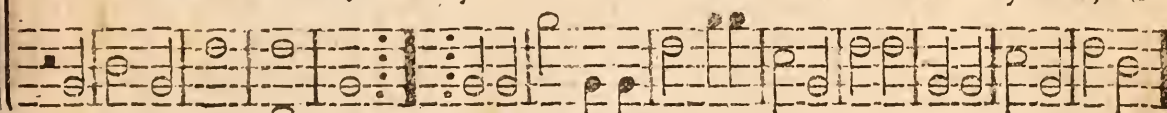
GLORIA PATRI.

This part may be performed by itself at pleasure.



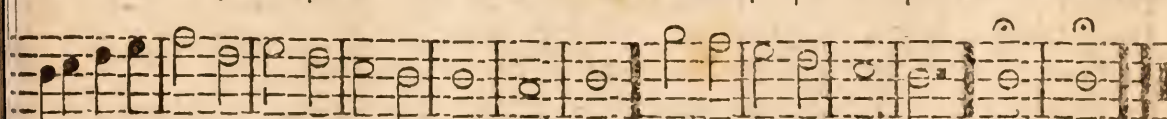
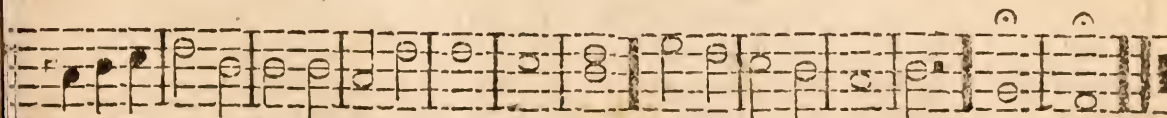
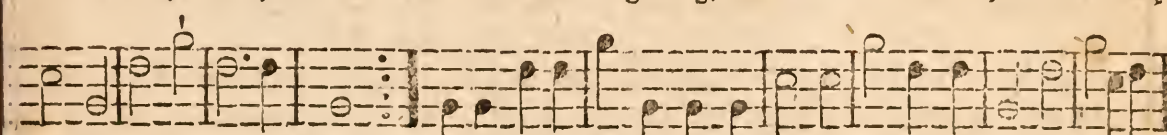
their works do follow them.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, and

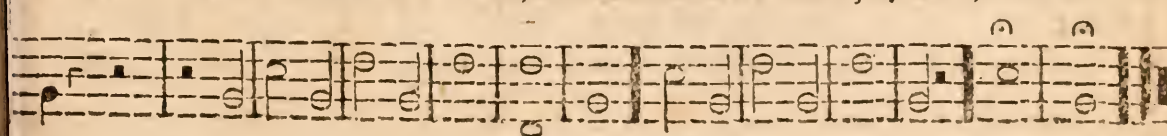


to the Holy, Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without

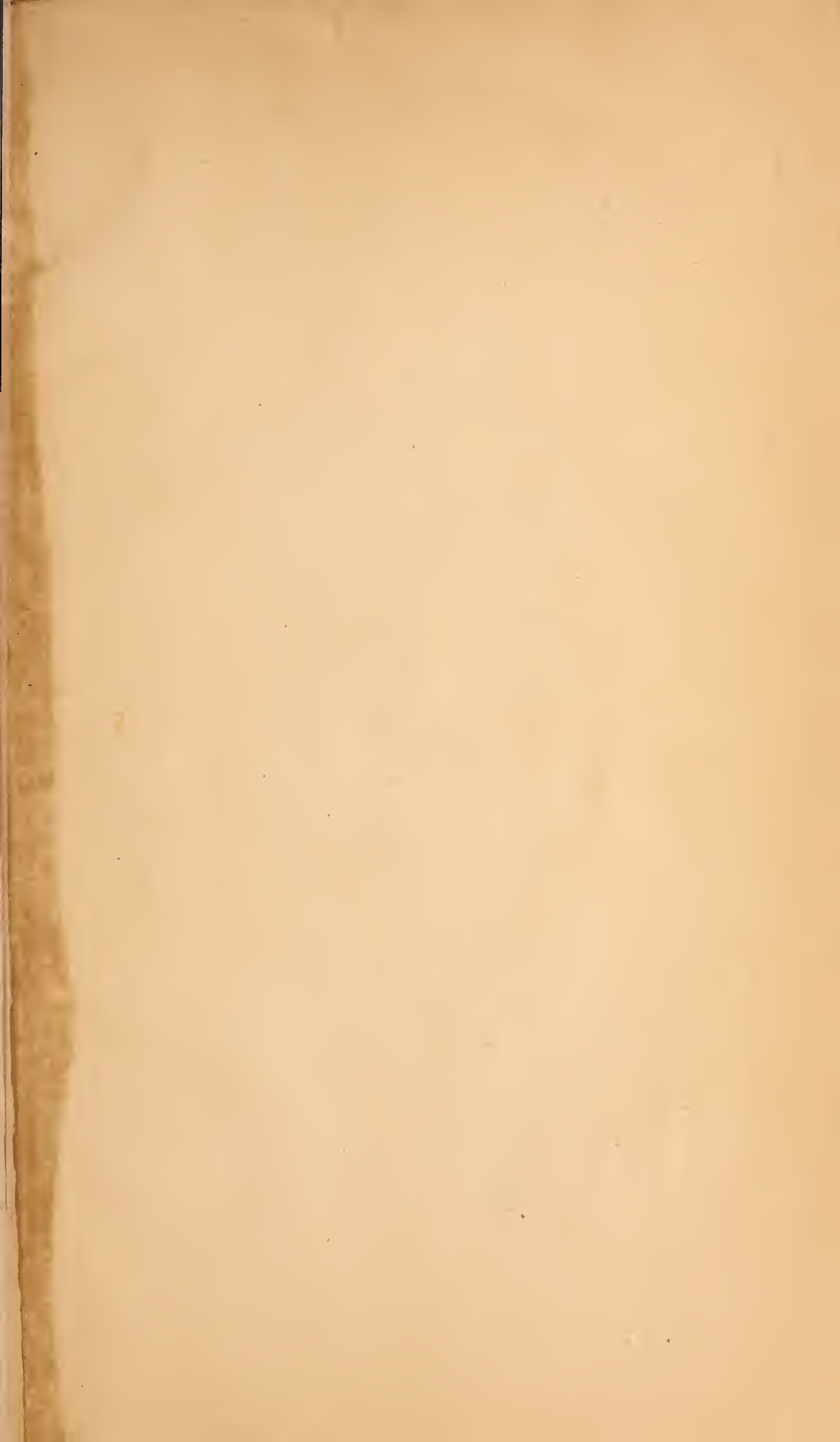


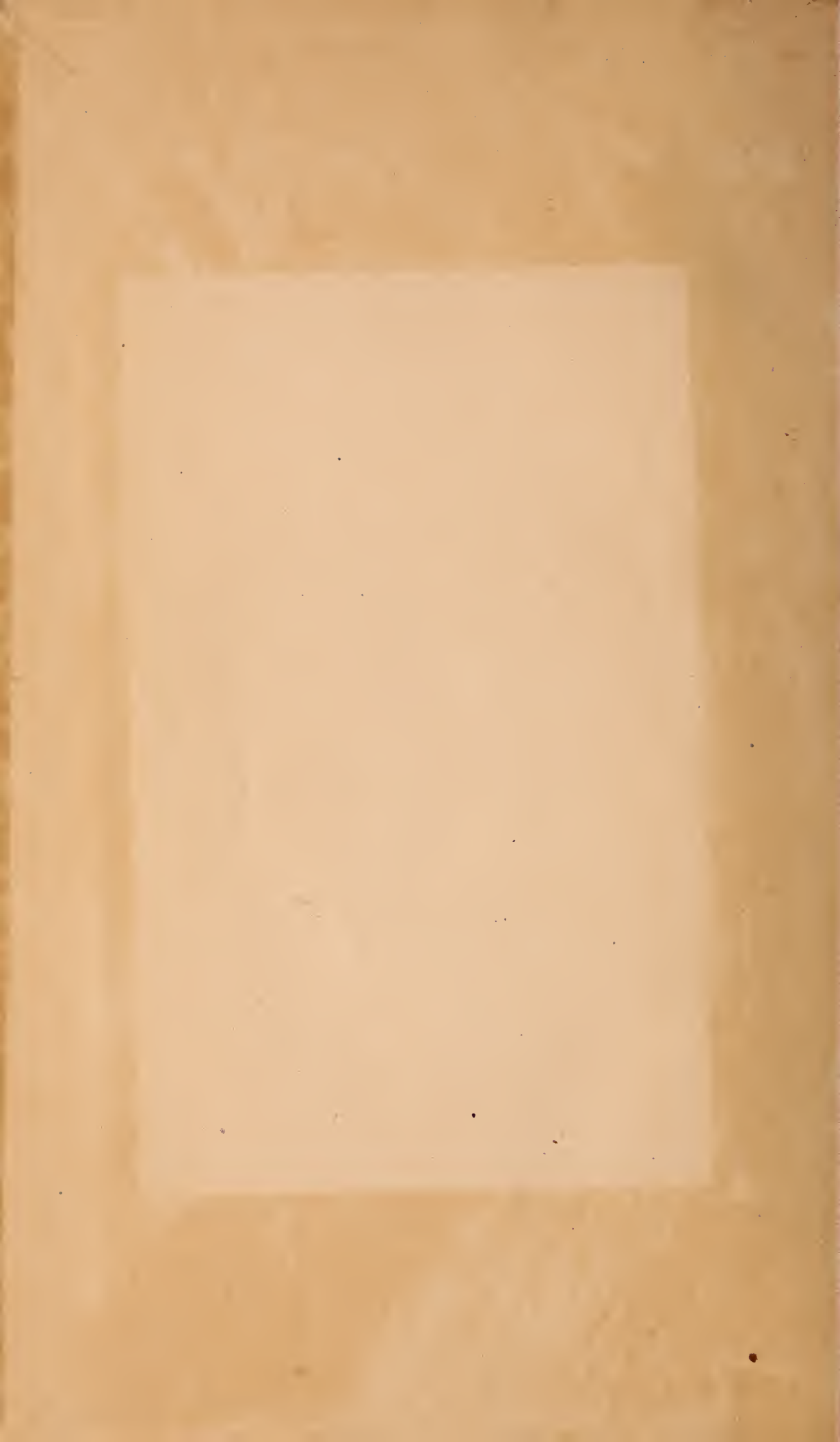
end, world without end, world without end, world without end. Hallelujah, Amen, Amen.



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