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THE
Evangelical Harmony.
CONTAINING, BOSTON PUBLISHED,
A great Variety of AIRS, suitable for DIVINE WORSHIP:
BESIDES
A Number of FAVOURITE PIECES of MUSIC,
SELECTED FROM DIFFERENT AUTHORS;
Chiefly Original.
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
A CONCISE INTRODUCTION to the GROUNDS of MUSIC.

By DANIEL BELKNAP,
Author of the HARMONIST'S COMPANION.

Published according to Act of Congress.

Printed, TYPGRAPHICAL, at BOSTON, for the AUTHOR;
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FAUST'S STATUE, No. 45, Newbury-Street.—SEPT. 1800.

P R E F A C E.

THE encouragement the Editor met with, in the rapid sale of the HARMONIST'S COMPANION, induced him to publish the following sheets. In the selections, which have been made for this Work, few pieces are admitted, which have before appeared in any Collection. It was the design to present the Public with a number of useful and pleasing Airs, the benefit of which has hitherto been denied them. It is also hoped that the progress of Singing Societies will be facilitated, and the improvement of the art in general advanced by the introduction of new music.

THE liberal encouragement given by Subscribers demands the most respectful acknowledgments. The Editor takes pleasure in assuring them, that, in the extracts he has made, great care has been taken to procure good music, and correct copies. That the work may meet their approbation, and the Community's at large, is the sincere wish of

THE EDITOR.

FRAMINGHAM, August, 1800.

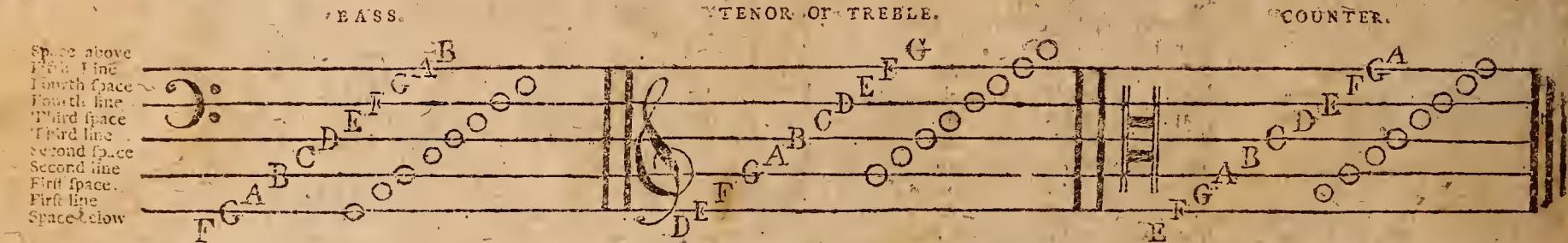
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A CONCISE INTRODUCTION to the GROUNDS of MUSIC.

THE G A M U T.



THE natural place for me, is in B.

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

Above me, are faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, and below, are law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw, and then comes me again.

From me to faw, and law to faw, are but half tones.

Semibreve.	Mimin.	Crotchet.	Quaver.	Semiquaver.	Demisemiquaver.
Notes.	—	—	—	—	—
Rests.	—	—	—	—	—

It takes 2 minims to make one semibreve, 4 crotchets, 8 quavers, 16 semiquavers, or 32 demisemiquavers.

MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

Stave.

FIVE lines whereon music is written.

Ledger line

Is added when the notes go out of the compass of the five lines.

Brace		Show how many parts are sung together.
Flat		Set before a note sinks it half a tone.
Sharp		Raises a note half a tone.
Natural		Restores any note, made flat or sharp, to its primitive sound.
Slur or Tie		Show what number of notes are sung to one syllable.
Point		Adds to a note half its original length.
Figure		Reduces three notes to two of the same kind.
Repeat		Shows that part of the tune is to be sung twice.
Figures		Show that the notes under figure 1 are sung before repeating, and the notes under figure 2, after. If tied together with a slur all are sung after repeating.
Choosing notes		Give the performer liberty to sing which he pleases.
Mark of distinction		Requires the note over which it is placed to be sung emphatically.

Single bar

Divides the time according to the measure note.

Double bar

Shows the end of a strain.

Close

Shows the end of a tune.

COMMON TIME MOODS.

THIS mood requires one minim or its equivalent in other notes to a bar. It has four beats to a bar, two down and two up. The accents fall on the first and third parts of the bar.

Has the same quantity of notes, is beat and accentuated like the first, only one quarter quicker.

Requires the same amount as the preceding, has but two beats to a bar, one down and the other up. It has a full accent on the first, and a weaker on the third part of the bar.

This mood has but one minim to a bar, is beat and accented like the last, only one third quicker.

TRIPLE TIME MOODS.

CONTAINS three minims in a bar; has three beats, two down, and the other up, and is accented on the first.

Second $\frac{5}{4}$ Contains three crotchets in a bar, beat and accented like the first.

COMPOUND TIME MOODS.

First $\frac{6}{4}$ HAS two beats to a bar, which contains six crotchets, accented on the first and fourth.

Second $\frac{6}{8}$ This mood requires six quavers to a bar, is beat and accented like the last.

OF THE KEYS.

THERE are two Keys in music, the *sharp key*, and the *flat key*. If the last note in the Bass be next above me, it is a sharp; if next below, it is a flat key.

MUSICAL TERMS Explained.

AFFECTUOSO, affectionately.

Crescendo or Cres. increasing the sound.

Duetto, two parts together.

Forte or For. loud and full.

Grave, slow.

Moderato or Mod. slacken the time.

Piano or Pia. soft.

Tutt, all voices together.

Vigoroſo, with life and vigour.

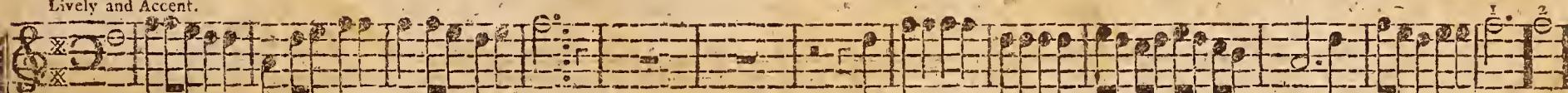
THE
EVANGELICAL HARMONY.

Saybrook.

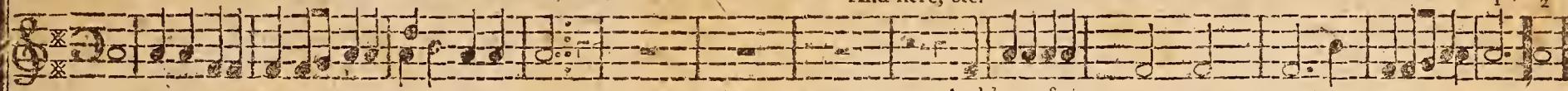
C. M.

For seven voices. By BELKNAP.

Lively and Accent.



And here, &c.



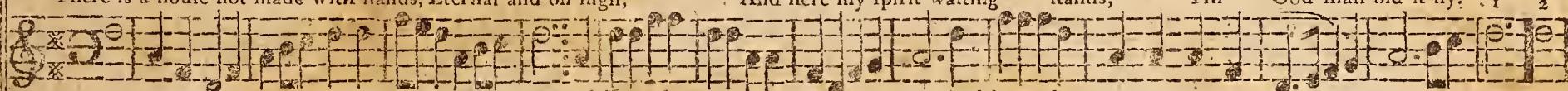
And here, &c.



There is a house not made with hands; Eteral and on high,

And here my spirit waiting stands,

Till God shall bid it fly.



And here, &c.



And here, &c.

Spring.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

He sends his word and melts the snow, The fields no longer mourn.

He calls; &c.

He calls the warmer gales to blow, He, &c.

calls the warmer gales to blow - - - - w,

And bids the spring return,

Summer!

P. M.

BELKNAP.

9



How soon, alas! must summer's sweets decay,
And all her beauties fade and die away!
The spicy shrub, and flow'r with lead inclin'd,



Must perish, leaving not a wreck behind!
Thus the rich growth of the most friendly clime
Must fall a victim to devouring time?



B.

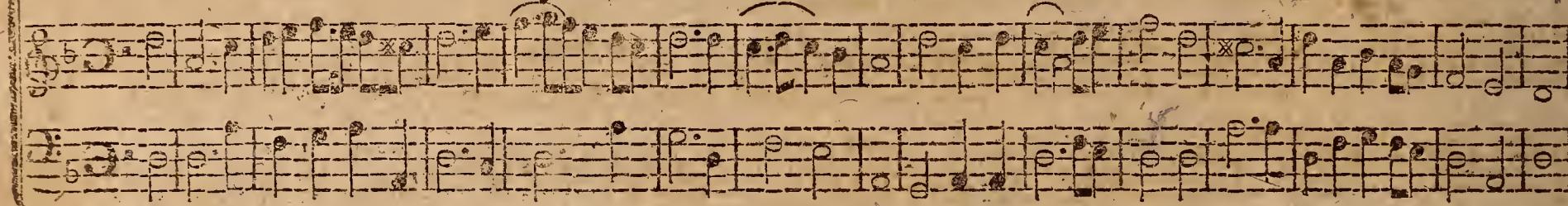
Autumn.

L. M.

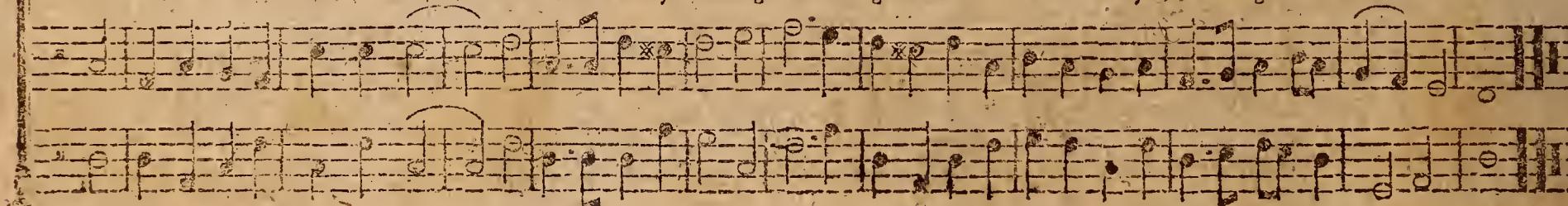
BELKNAP.



'Twas spring, 'twas summer, all was gay; The flow'rs of spring are swept away; Now autumn bends a cloudy brow, And summer's sweets desert the bough.



Now naked and deform'd are seen, The meadows lately drest in green: The groves and fields are disarray'd, The songsters of the wood are fled.



*Winter.**L. M.*

BELKNAP.

11

Pia.

For.

Now clouds the wintry skies deform; In sullen vengeance roars the storm; The snow which from yon mountain fails, The snow which from yon mountain fails Loads leafless trees, and fills the vales.

*Holliston.**S. M.*

BELKNAP.

1 2

Loud to, &c.

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take,

Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord Bid

ev 1 2 ry string awake.

Loud to, &c.

*Triumph.**P. M.**HAMILTON.*

O praise, &c.

O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great Assembly to sing; In
O praise, &c.

O praise, &c.

our great Creator let Israel rejoice, And children of Zion Be glad in their King.

Burlington.

L. M.

HAMILTON.

13



This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world, to which I go,

A continuation of the handwritten musical score. It starts with a bass line in the first measure, followed by three measures of soprano and alto entries. The vocal parts continue with eighth-note patterns. The lyrics "Hath joys substantial, &c." are written above the vocal lines.

Hath joys substantial, &c.

A continuation of the handwritten musical score. It features a bass line in the first measure, followed by three measures of soprano and alto entries. The vocal parts continue with eighth-note patterns.

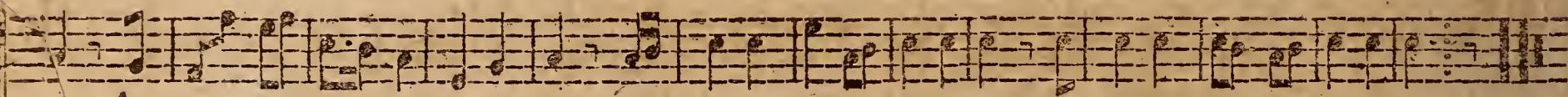
Hath joys substantial and sincere, When shall I wake and find me there, When shall I, &c.

A final section of the handwritten musical score. It starts with a bass line in the first measure, followed by three measures of soprano and alto entries. The vocal parts continue with eighth-note patterns.



My groans and tears and forms of woe Are turn'd to joy and praises now: I throw my sackcloth on the

AIR.



ground, And ease and gladnes gird me round, I throw, &c.



Oronoke.

L. M.

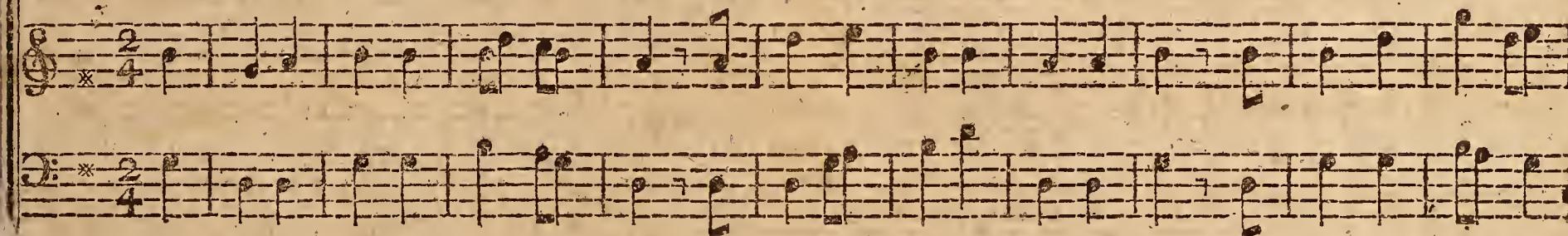
BROWN.

15

AIR.



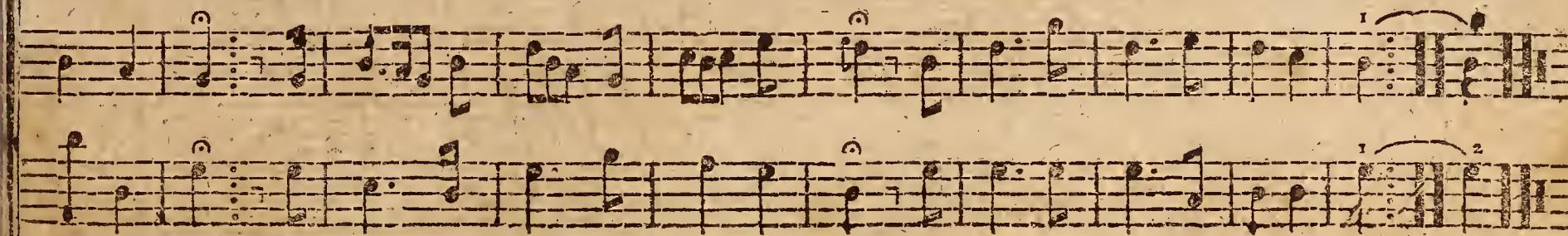
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky, Ten thousand angels



Pia.

For.

fill'd the sky: Those heav'nly guards around thee wait, Like char'ots, that attend thy state.



Greensburg.

C. M.

STONE.



Salvation! Ah, the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure in our ears; A sov'reign balm



for ev'ry wound, A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.



Keene.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

27



Since I have plac'd my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly.



Acton.

L. M.

BELKNAP.



Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell, Till we shall meet again above, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love.

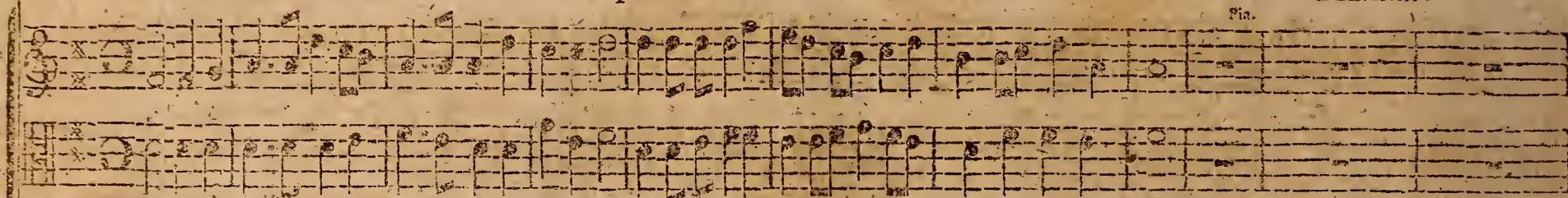


C

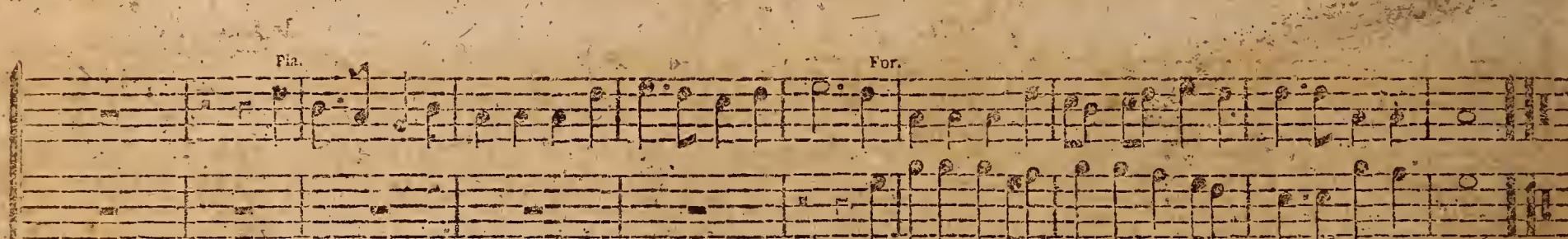
Hampton.

C. M.

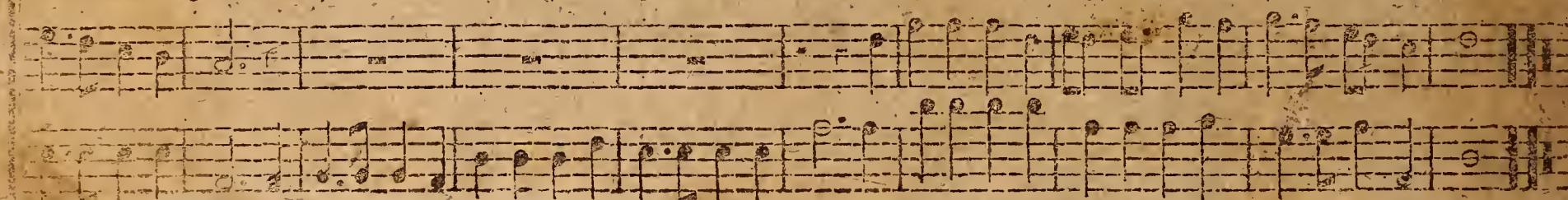
BELKNAP.



Dearest of all the names above, My Jesus and my God; Who can resist thy heavenly love, Or trifle with thy blood? 'Tis by the merits of thy death The



Father smiles again; 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men, 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men.



Carlisle.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

19

Now shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love, &c.

Almighty love inspires my heart,
And
Almighty love, &c.

Almighty love, &c.
Al-

Almighty love, &c.

pleasure tunes my tongue.
Almighty love, &c.

Almighty love, &c.

And pleasures, &c.

Almighty love, &c.

Hatfield.

C. M.

BAIRD.



Ah Lord, ah Lord, what have I done, What will become of me? What shall I say, what shall I do, Or whether shall I flee? By wand'ring I have



lost myself, And here I make my moan; O, whither whither have I stray'd, Ah Lord, Ah Lord, what have I done.



Milton.

C. M.

BAIRD.

21

A handwritten musical score for a single voice and piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line consists of four staves of music, each with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef, with various notes and rests. The lyrics describe moments passing like a flood.

Our moments fly apace, Nor will our minutes stay; Just like a flood our hasty days Are sweeping us away.

Just like a flood, &c.

Just like a flood, &c.

Just like, &c.

like a flood our hasty days Are sweep ing us away, Are, &c.

Medfield.

P. M.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind, The Lord hath eyes, &c.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind, The Lord supports the sinking mind: He

The Lord hath eyes, &c. The Lord hath, &c. The Lord supports, &c.

He helps, &c. He helps, &c.

sends the lab'ring conscience peace: He helps the stranger in distress, The

He helps the stranger, &c.

He helps the stranger, &c. He helps, &c.

Medfield Continued.

23

widow - and the fa - - ther - less; And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

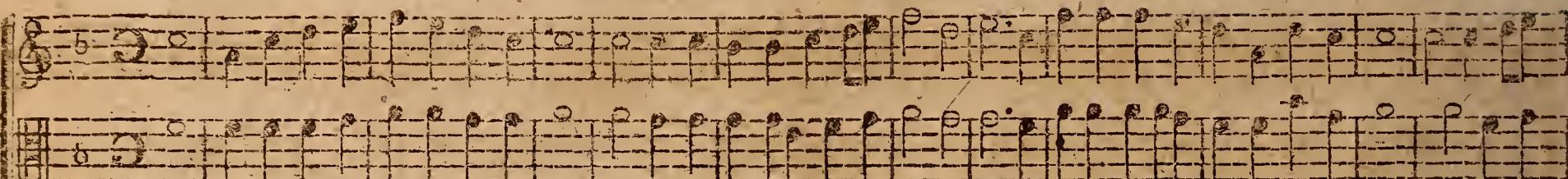
Kingston.

P. M.

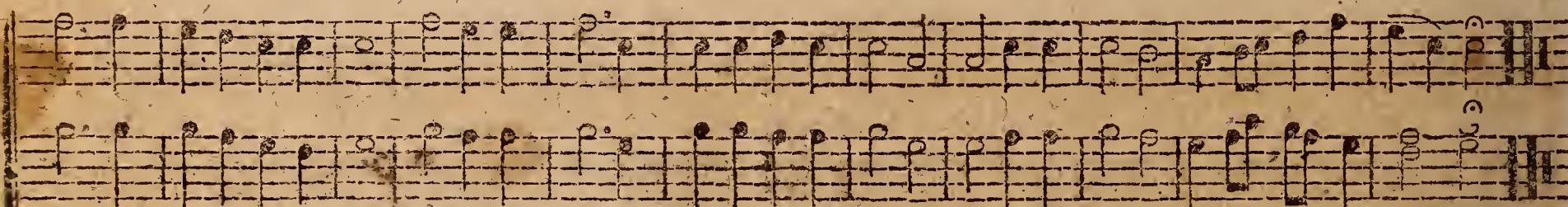
BELKNAP.

Along the banks where Iabel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd; While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.





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



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



Hamburg.

C. M.

HAMILTON.

25

Pia.



There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. Sweet fields be-

AIR.



For.

yond the swelling flood Stand dñe's'd in living green, So to the Jews old Canaan flood While Jordan roll'd between, While Jordan roll'd, While Jordan roll'd, While Jordan roll'd between.



D

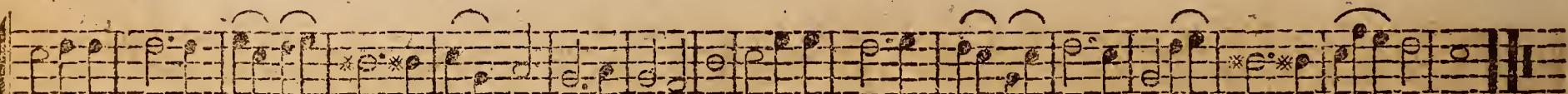
Tyringham.

L. M.

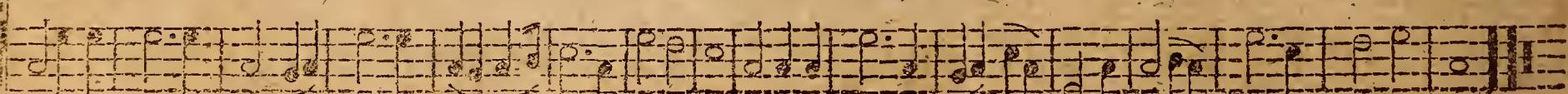
EAGER.



Vain man on foolish pleasures bent, Prepares for his own punishment; What pains, what loathsome maladies, From luxury and lust arise.



The drunkard feels his vitals waste, Yet drowns his health to please his taste, Till all his active pow'r are lost, And fainting life draws near the dust.



Western.

P. M.

STONE.

27



Christ's fountain, tho' rich, From charge is quite clear; The poorer the wretch, The welcomer here. Come

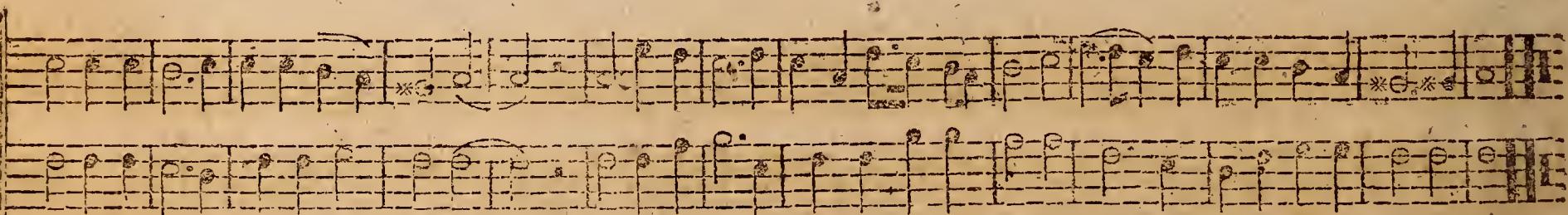


needy, come guilty, Come loathsome and bare; You can't come too filthy, You can't come too filthy, You can't come too filthy, Come just as you are.





Sav'd from the ocean and tempest'ous skies, Reduc'd to dust, here youth and vigour lies; Dire scènes I saw on Boston's boist'rous shore!



Distressing scenes, myself apart have bore! Learn this, ye gay, that life's a transient flow'r, Which grows, and blooms, and withers in an hour.



Schuylkill.

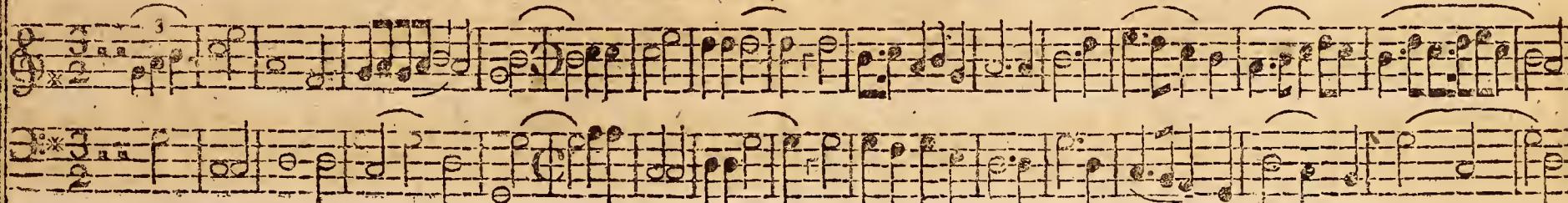
L. M.

STONE.

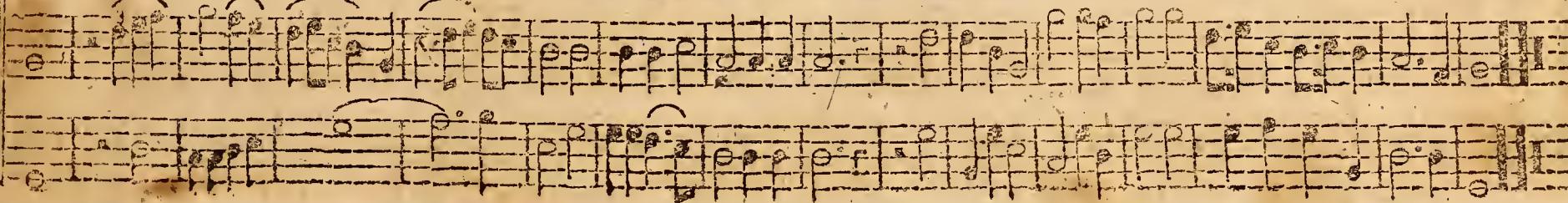
29



Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word, O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue ! But saints who best have known the Lord, Are bound to give the noblest



song. Speak of the wonders of that love Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord ; From all below and all above, Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.



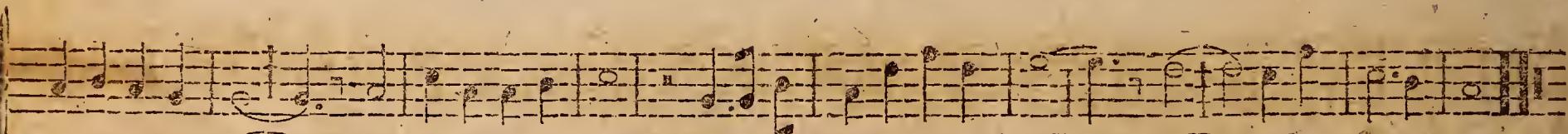
Disconsolation.

C. M.

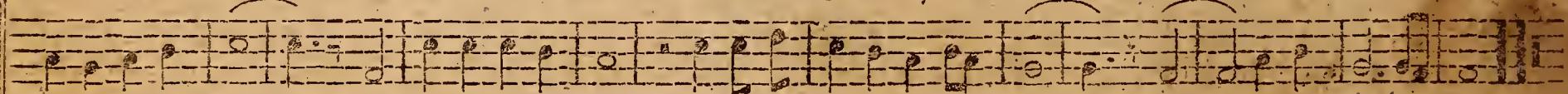
STONE.



As on some lonely building's top The sparrow tells her moan; The sparrow tells her moan, Far from the



tents of joy and hope I sit and grieve alone; Far from the tents of joy and hope I sit and grieve alone.



Milton.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

32



When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale, How sweet the vernal day!

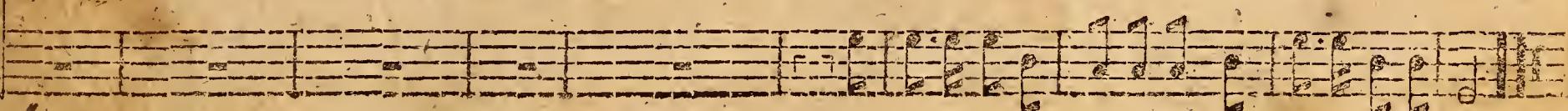
AIR.



Pia.



Hark, how the feather'd warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice.



Complaint.

L. M.

PARMENTER.



Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry, Nor let our sun go down at noon:

Thy



Thy years, &c.



Thy years, &c.



years are one eternal day, Thy years are one eternal day, And must thy children die so soon.



Consummation.

S. M.

BELKNAP.

33

Behold, with awful pomp, The judge prepares to come; Th' arch-angel sounds the dreadful trump, Th' arch-angel sounds the dreadful trump, And wakes the gen'ral doom.

Valediction.

L. M.

BELKNAP.

For.

1

2

Farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home nor stay with you;

Pia.

I'll take my staff and travel on, 'Till I a better world can view.

I'll take my staff and travel on,

E

Conviction.

C. M.

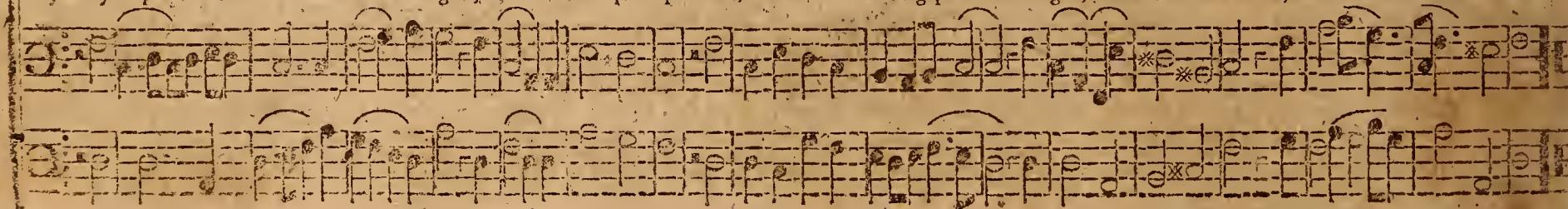
ALLEN.



Lord, how secure my conscience was, And felt no inward dread! I was alive without the law, And thought my sins were dead.



My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright; But since the precept came, With a convincing pow'r and light, I find how vile I am, I find how vile I am.



Chelmsford.

L. M.

35

A handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor/Bass) and piano. The music is arranged in four systems, each consisting of two staves. The top staff of each system is for the soprano voice, the middle staff for the alto, and the bottom staff for the tenor/bass. The piano part is on the right, indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef. The vocal parts are in common time, while the piano part is in 2/4 time. The music is set to a lyrical melody with eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, corresponding to the musical phrases. The score is numbered 35 in the top right corner.

The voice of my Beloved sounds Over the rocks and rising grounds:
O'er hills of guilt and
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief, He
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief, He leaps, he

hills of guilt and seas of grief, O'er hills, &c.
seas of grief, He leaps, he flies to my relief, O'er hills, &c.
leaps, he flies to my relief, O'er hills, &c.
flies to my relief, O'er hills, &c.

*Hopkinton.***L. M.**

Wood.

Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

*Brevity.***C. M.**

Wood.

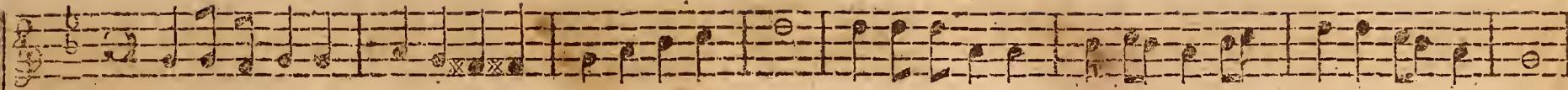
Man, born of woman, like a flow'r, Short liv'd is seen to rise; At morning blooms, at evening hour He withers, falls and dies, He, &c.

Templeton.

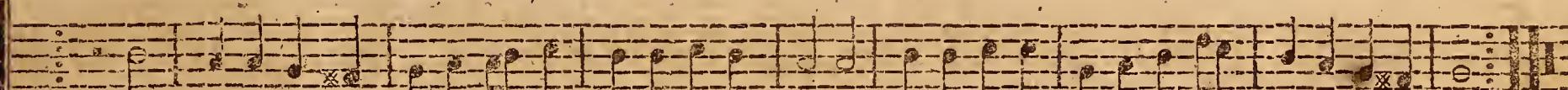
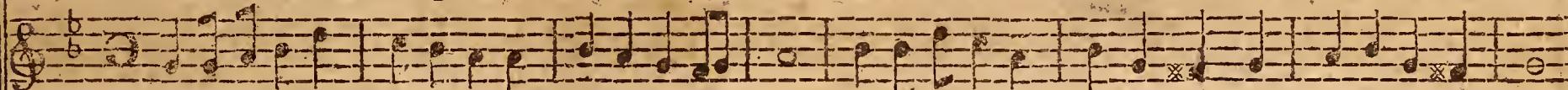
C. M.

WOOD.

37



Not from the dust affliction grows, Nor troubles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes, A sad inheritance,



As sparks break out from burning coals, And still are upwards born, So grief is rooted in our souls, And man grows up to mourn.



Berlin.

P. M.

BELKNAP.

The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes, Are light and majesty : His glories shine With His glories shine With beams so bright, No

His glories shine With beams so bright,

glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight. 1 2

beams so bright, His glories, &c.

mortal eye can bear the sight,

Dissolution.

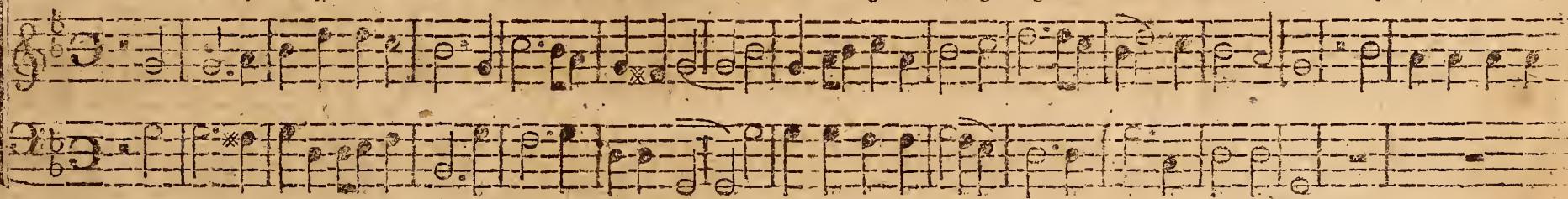
C. M.

BELKNAP.

39



And must my body faint and die, And must this soul remove? Oh, for some guardian angel nigh, To bear it safe above. Jesus, into thy

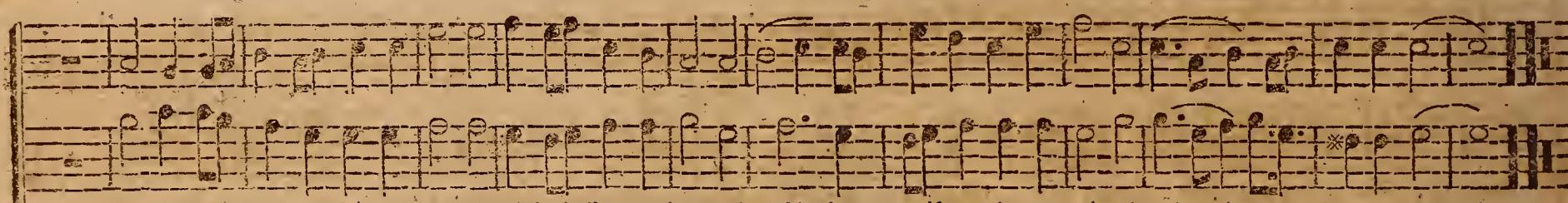
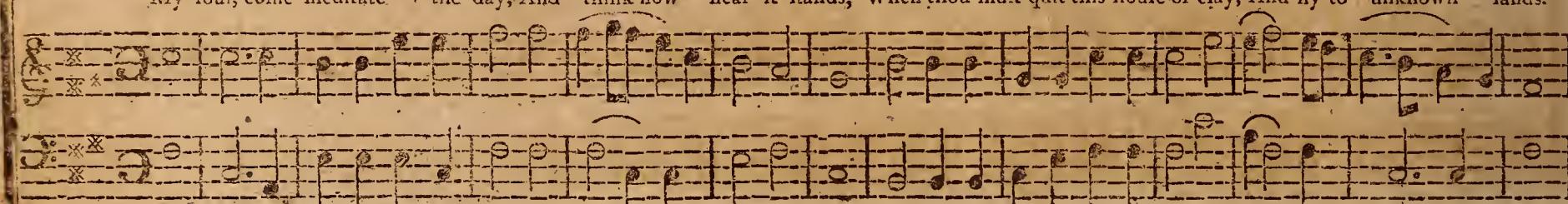


faithful hand, My naked soul I trust; And my flesh waits for thy command, To drop into the dust, And my, &c.

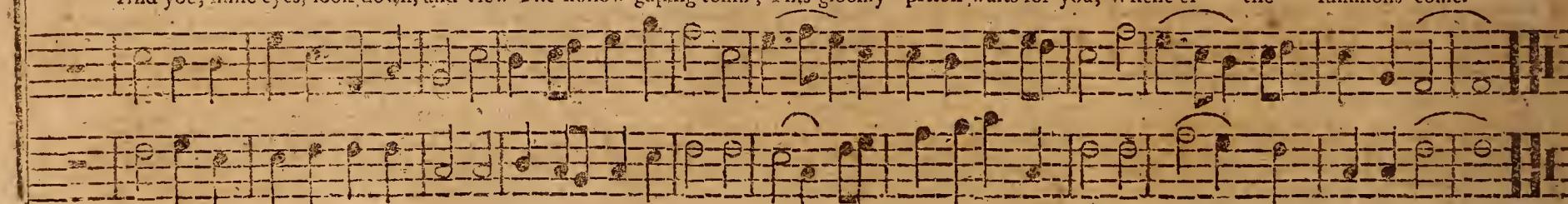




My foul, come meditate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.



And you, mine eyes, look down, and view The hollow gaping tomb ; This gloomy prison waits for you, Whene'er the summons come.



Dedham.

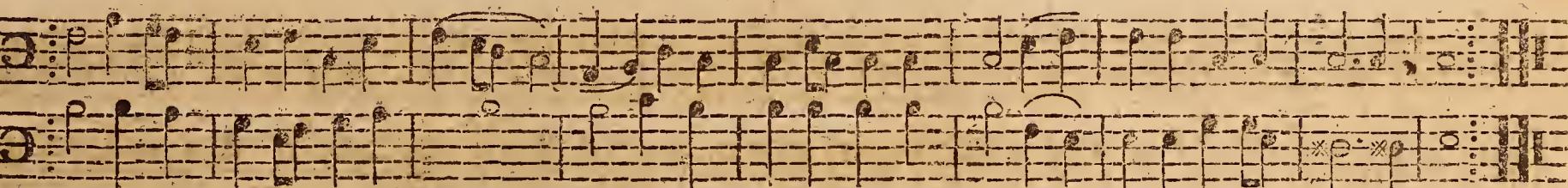
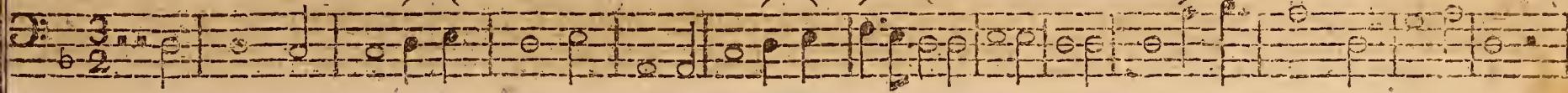
P. M.

BAIRD.

41



As lost in lonely grief I tread The mournful mansions of the dead, Or to some throng'd assembly go;



Through all alike I rove alone, While here forgot and there unknown, The change renew's my piercing woe.



F



The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high, His robes of state are strength and majesty: This wide creation rose at his command,



Built by his word and establish'd by his hand. Long stood his throne e'er he began creation, And his own Godhead is its firm foundation.



Newport.

C. M.

43

Handwritten musical score for 'Newport' in C. M. time signature. The score consists of three staves of music. The lyrics are written below the first staff: "Life is a span, a fleeting hour, How soon the vapour flies! Man is a tender transient flow'r; That in the blooming dis."

Waltham.

L. M.

Handwritten musical score for 'Waltham' in L. M. time signature. The score consists of three staves of music. The lyrics are written below the first staff: "O could I soar to worlds above, That blessed state of peace and love, How gladly would I mount and fly, How gladly would I mount and fly, On angel's wings to joys on high"

Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners, come; I'll give you rest from all your trials, And raise you to my heav'nly home.

Pia.
Cres.

They shall find rest who learn of me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But, passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless, as the wind.

Thyatira.

C. M.

45

Joy to the world, the Lord is come ! Let earth receive her King ; Let ev'ry heart prepare him room, Let ev'ry heart prepare him room; And heav'n and nature sing.

Northborough.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms ; 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

East Needham.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

The little hills, on ev'ry side, Rejoice at falling show'rs,

The meadows drest in all their pride, Per-

The meadows drest in all their pride, Perfume the air with

all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'rs, Perfume, &c.

meadows drest in all their pride, The meadows drest in all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'rs.

fume the air with flow'rs, The meadows, &c.

flow'rs, The, &c.

Amasia.

P. M.

EAGER:

47

Lord of the works above, How pleasant and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are : To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires To see my God.

Goshen.

C.M.

Angelie, &c.

He comes, the royal Conq'ror comes, His legions fill the sky;

Angelie trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him nigh.

Angelie, &c.

And, &c.

Angelie, &c.

And, &c.

New Salem.

C. M.



See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand, With all engaging charms! Hark, how he calls the tender lambs, And takes them to his arms! Hark, how he calls the tender lambs. And takes them to his arms.



Raynham.

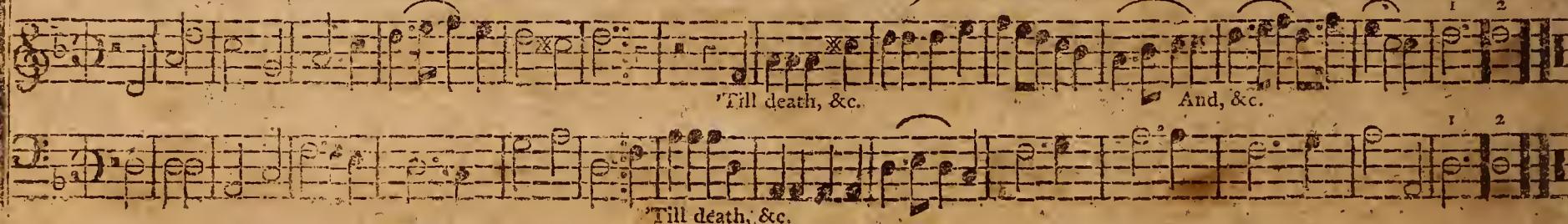
S. M.

BELKNAP.



The spirits of the just, Confin'd in bodies, groan,

Till death, consigns the corpse to dust, And then the conflict's done.



Norfolk.

L. M.

BABCOCK.

49



Now for a tune of lofty praise, To great Jehovah's equal Son; Awake my voice in heav'nly lays, Tell the loud wonders he hath done.



Pla.



Tell the loud wonders he hath done. Sing how he left the worlds of light; And the bright robes he wore above, How



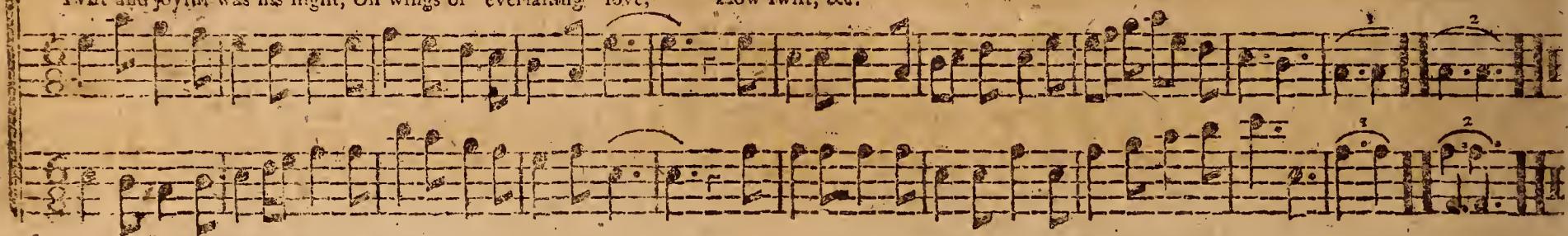
G

Norfolk Continued.

For



Swift and joyful was his flight, On wings of everlasting love; How swift, &c.



Flanders.

C. M.

BABCOCK.



Since I have plac'd my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly, To, &c.



Sunday.

C. M.

BABCOCK.

51

Mod.

Pia.

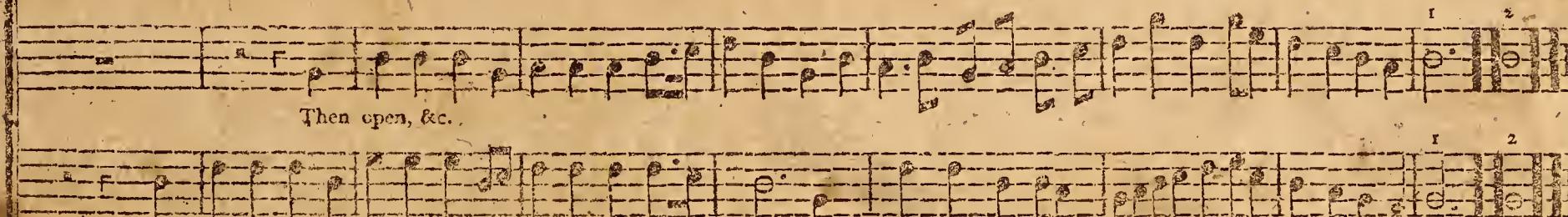
For.



This day is God's, let all the land Exalt their cheerful voice: Lord, we beseech thee, save us now, And make us still rejoice.



Then open, &c.



That I may enter in, and praise My great Deliv'rer there.

open wide, &c.



Morning Hymn.

C. M.

BABCOCK.



Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay, To him that rolls the skies,



Night unto night his name repeats, The day renewes the sound, Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the seasons round.



Newton.

C. M.

BABCOCK

53



My Saviour God, no voice but thine These dying hopes can raise, Speak thy salvation to my soul, And turn these tears to praise. My



Saviour God this broken voice Transported shall proclaim, And call on all th' angelic harps To sound so sweet a name.



My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee; Amidst a thousand tho'ts I rove, Forgetful of my highest

Pia.

love. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heav'nly birth;

Why should I cleave to things below,

Why should I, &c.

Why should I, &c.

Dorchester Continued.

55

should leave to things below, And let my God my Saviour go, Why should, &c.

Exeter. S. M.

And will the God of grace Perpetual silence keep, When bloody men, more fierce than wolves, Devour thy feeble sheep?

How pleas'd and blest was I To hear the people cry, Come, let us seek our God to day:
Yes,
Yes, with a cheerful, &c.

Yes, with, &c.

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We'll haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.
with a cheerful, &c.

And there, &c.

Blue Hill.

L.M.

BELKNAP.

57

Eternal Pow'r, whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God;

In-

Infinite lengths be-

Infinite lengths, &c.

Infinite lengths, &c.

finite lengths beyond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.

yond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.

H.

Southborough.

L. M.

BELKNAP.



See where he sits, See where he sits to



See where he languish'd on the cross; Beneath my fins he groan'd and dy'd:

See where he sits to



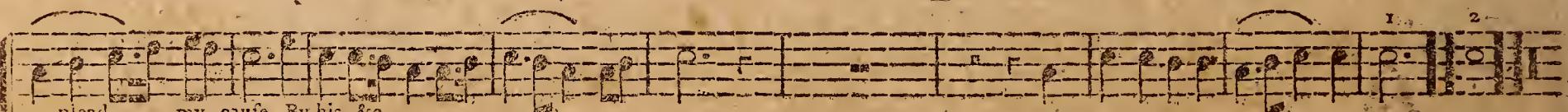
See where, &c.

See where, &c.



See where, &c.

See where, &c.



plead my caufe, By his, &c.



plead my caufe,

By his Almighty

Father's

fide,

By his, &c.



By his, &c.



Syria.

L. M.

BELKNAP.

59

Cres.



The swelling billows know their bound, And in their channels walk their round; Yet thence convey'd by secret veins, They spring on hills, and drench the plains.



Pia.

Fer.



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





There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain, Sweet



fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand drest in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.



Newmark.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

61

Thunder and darkness, fire and

Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare his way;

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on that dreadful day.

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on that dreadful day.

for - m, Lead on that dreadful day.

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on that dreadful day, Thunder, &c.

Tyot.

L. M.

BELKNAP.
Fia.

A handwritten musical score for a three-part setting (Tyot., L. M., and Belknap. Fia.). The music is written on five staves of five-line staff paper. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature varies between common time and 2/4 time. The vocal parts are in soprano range, and the piano part includes bass and treble clefs. The vocal parts sing in unison. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The lyrics describe the transition from night to day, with Aurora veiling her face and Phœbus taking her place, followed by a vision of heaven.

Aurora veils her lovely face When brighter Phœbus takes her place; So glad will grace re-

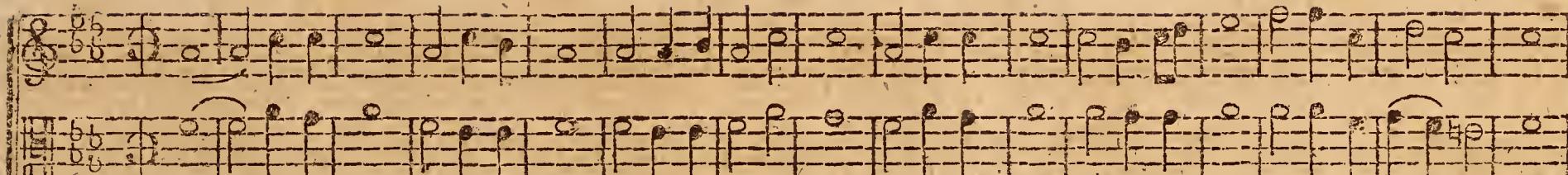
sign her room, To glory, in the heav'ly home, To, &c.

Golgotha.

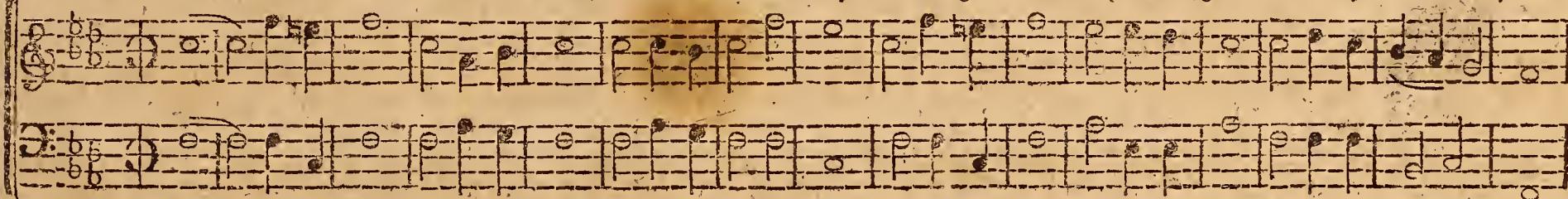
C. M.

BILLINGS.

63

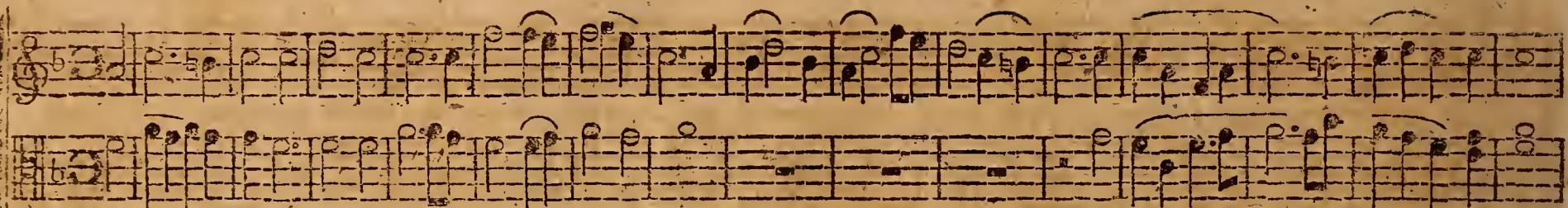


Hark ! from the tombs, a mournful sound, Mine ears attend the cry ; Ye living, men come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.



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





The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'n's most high, And underneath his feet he cast The darkness of the sky.



On cherub and on cherub In Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad; And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.



Funeral Ode.

P. M.

Words by J. LANE. Music by BELKNAP.

65

1. Deep resound the solemn strain, Bid the breathing notes complain, Say, COLUMBIA'S HERO's fled, Say, the world's great CHIEF is dead.

2. All Columbia's bath'd in tears ; All the world in sadness hears : Earth deplores her darling Son, Freedom's first-born, WASHINGTON.

3. Loud the trembling accents rise, Thrill through earth and strike the skies ; Weep, O hills, ye vallies sigh, In sadly solemn sympathy.

4. Breathe your sorrows forth, ye woods, Fountains, forests, fields and floods ; Tell the distant climes our woe, Waft it, all ye winds that blow.

V.

Who shall now defend our coasts,
Guide our councils, lead our hosts?
Heav'n, propitious hear our cry,
Send us help when danger's nigh.

VI.

VENERABLE SHADE, adieu ;
Take the humble tribute due ;
Free'd from tyrants' guilty broils,
Reap the fruit of all thy toils.

VII.

Suns shall blacken, time expire,
Nature sink, ingulf'd in fire :
Still thy mem'ry shall survive,
In our hearts forever live.

VIII.

High enthron'd in realms of light,
Quaff the streams of pure delight,
Join to swell the boundless theme,
Glory to the GREAT SUPREME.

A View of the Temple--a Masonic Ode.

BELKNAP.

Sacred to heav'n, behold the dome appears; Lo, what august solemnity it wears; Angels themselves have deign'd to deck the frame, And beaute-

ous Sheba shall report its fame. When the Queen of the South shall return, To the climes which acknowledge her sway, Where the sun's warmer beams fiercely

burn, The princess with transport shall say, Well worthy my journey I've seen, A monarch, both graceful and wise, Deserving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the

Ode Continued.

67



skies. Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares With equal sense your happiness and cares, Of riches much, but more of wisdom, see, Proportion'd workmanship and masonry



O, charming Sheba, there behold What massy stores of burnish'd gold, Yet richer is our art, Yet richer is our art : Wisdom and beauty both combine, Our



art to raise, our hearts to join. Wisdom and beauty both combine, Our art to raise, our hearts to join. Give to Masonry the prize, Where the fairest choose the wise : Beauty still should wisdom love ;



Ode Continued.



Beauty and order reign above, Beauty and order reign above, Beauty, &c.



Hancock.

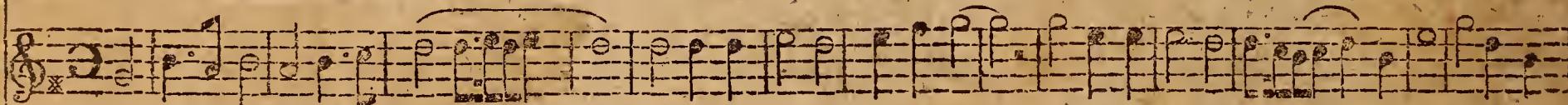
L. M.

BELKNAP.



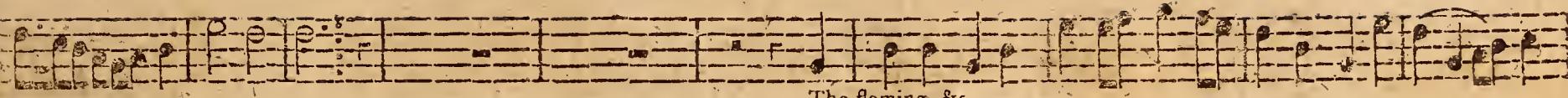
Hark ! from the skies a dreadful sound,

See how the clouds spread o'er the skies ; The thunders roar and shake the ground, And fill the



Hancock Continued.

69



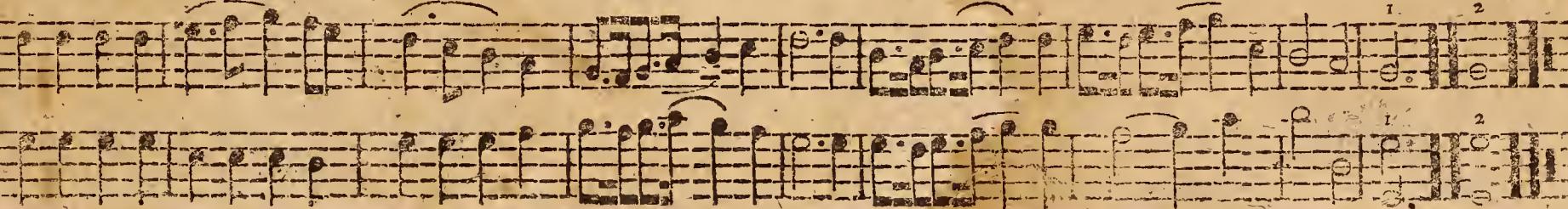
creatures with surprise.

The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal hand; At his command the

The flaming, &c.

The flaming, &c.

storms obey, And flash along at his command, And flash, &c.



Concord.

L. M.

BELKNAP.

Pia.

"Tis finish'd, so the Saviour cry'd, And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd: 'Tis finish'd, &c; the

Fox.

race is run, The battle's fought, the victory won, 'Tis finish'd, &c.

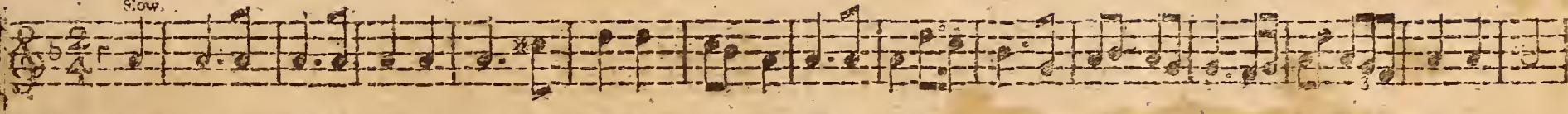
Whale Rock.

C. M.

EELKNAP.

71

SLOW.



Death, 'tis a melancholy day, To those who have no God, When the poor soul is forc'd away, To seek her last abode.

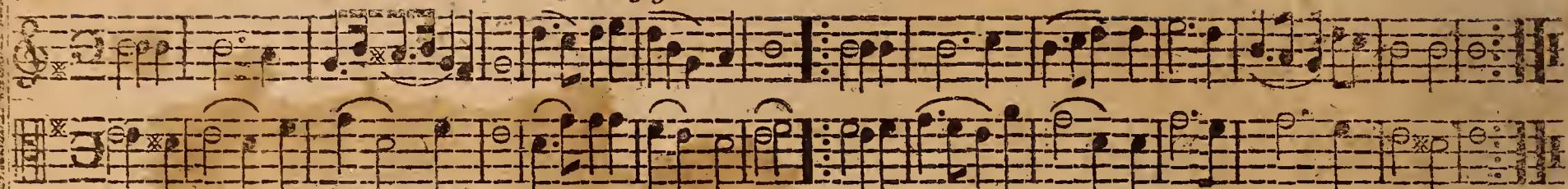


In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes! But guilt; a heavy chain, Still drags her downward from the skies, To darkness, fire and pain.

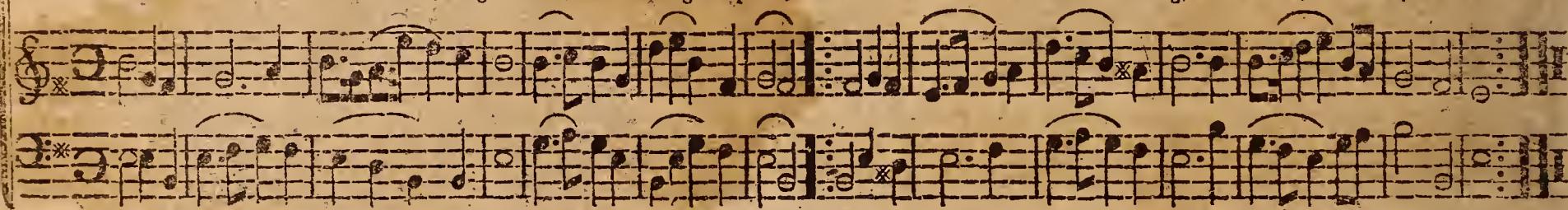


Westford.

C. M.



In a full choir a broken string Groans with a strange surprise; The rest in silence mourn their King, Who bleeds, and loves, and dies.

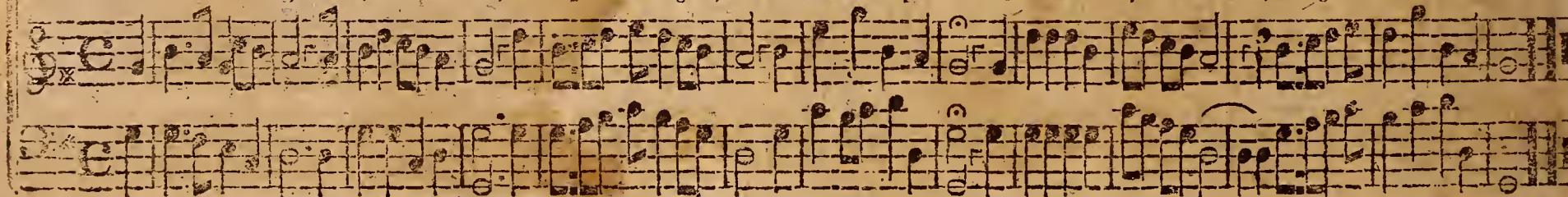


Lynn.

P. M.



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



Vergennes.

P. M.

HAMILTON.

73



Ye vapours, hail and snow, Praise ye th' Almighty Lord, And stormy winds that blow, To execute his

AIR.



word. When lightnings shine, Or thunders roar, Let earth adore His hand divine.



K

74.

Anthem.

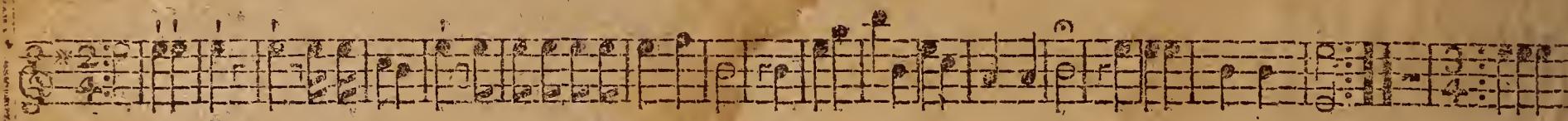
Sung at the Dedication of Sterling Meeting-House, (Massachusetts.)
 Lines by P. CLEAVELAND, A. B. Music by BROWN.

AIR. Brilliant.

Pia.



Hail, glorious day, hail, the assembl'd throng; To dedicate this sacred dome; From ev'ry heart let grateful incense rise, Before Jehovah's throne. Angels, de-



Tutti.



scend, touch each vibrating heart, And on the golden wire of melody, of melody, Conduct our praises To the palace of our God.



Franklin.

Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Contend with their Creator God? Shall we

Behold he puts his trust in none Of all the spirits round his throne; Their nature, when compar'd with his, Are nev-

ever before published.

Names.	Metre.	Key.	Page.	Names.	Metre.	Key.
Milton,	S. M.	b	21	Spring,	C. M.	*
*Medfield,	P. M.	*	22	Summer,	P. M.	b
*Milton,	C. M.	*	31			
44 *Morning Hymn,	C. M.	*	52	Tyot,	L. M.	*
50				*Tyringham,	L. M.	b
79 Newmark,	C. M.	b	61	*Templeton,	C. M.	b
*Newport,	C. M.	b	43	*Thyatira,	C. M.	*
63 *Northborough	C. M.	b	45	*Triumph,	P. M.	*
47 *New Salem,	C. M.	*	48			
16 *Norfolk,	L. M.	*	49	*Valediction,	L. M.	b
Newton,	C. M.	*	53	*Vergennes,	P. M.	*
*Newhaven,	P. M.	*	56			
L. M. 68				Whale Rock,	C. M.	b
C. M. b 20				Westford,	C. M.	b
C. M. *				Western,	P. M.	b
L. M. b 36				*Waltham,	L. M.	*
S. M. *				*Winter,	L. M.	*
11 Raynham,	S. M.	b	48			
17 Southborough,	L. M.	b	58			
P. M. b 23						
Shoreham,	C. M.	*	59			
14 *Leghorn,	L. M.	b	28	*Anthem. Hail glorious day		
54 Lynn,	P. M.	*	72	*Schuylkill,	L. M.	*
40 Majesty,	C. M.	*	64	*Sunday,	C. M.	*
				Saybrook,	C. M.	*

9



R.P.L. Bindery,
DEC 3 1898

