

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

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&c.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by
G. B. LITTLE, at the Sign of the
"Three Kings," in the
City of Boston, 1822.

Entered according to Act of Congress,
in the year 1822, by
G. B. LITTLE, in the
District Court of the District of
Massachusetts.

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ZION IS JEHOVAH'S DWELLING.

25

THE CHURCH OF GOD

"For the Lord hath chosen Zion, he hath desired it for his habitation."

PSALM cxxxii. 13.

ZION is Je - hovah's dwelling; There "The King of Kings" appears; Her's is glo - ry.

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far excel - ling All the worldling sees or hears. Zion's walls are e - ver - lasting; Form'd thro' endless

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years to shine; Strength and beauty ne - ver - wasting, Shew their o - ri - gin di - vine.

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2
Zion claims peculiar honour;
High distinction marks her lot;
Light eternal shines upon her;
Her's a sun that fuleth not.
Zion's city hath foundations;
God himself has rais'd her walls;
She survives the wreck of nations;
Zion stands whatever falls.

3
Happy they who now discerning
Zion's glory, thither move!
Earth with all its honours spurning;
Zion is the place they love.
There the Lord his face disclosing,
Fills his people's hearts with joy;
While, from all their toils reposing,
Bliss is theirs without alloy.

4
Brethren, let the prospect cheer us;
Fair the lot that's cast for us.
When we call, our God will hear us;
Happy who are favour'd thus.
Let the timid fear no longer:
What tho' earth and hell oppose!
He who pleads our cause is stronger;
Stronger far than all our foes.

SEE THAT MOUNTAIN HIGH EXALTED

And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house, shall be established in the top of the mountains, and be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it."

ISAIAH. ii. 2.

MODERATO

See that mountain high exalt-ed; 'Tis the mountain of the Lord; Much expos'd and
oft assault-ed; Lov'd of God, by man ab-hor'd; Now it stands a - bove the hills;

See that mountain high exalt-ed; 'Tis the mountain of the Lord; Much expos'd and
oft assault-ed; Lov'd of God, by man ab-hor'd; Now it stands a - bove the hills;

Now its destin'd place it fills, Now its des-tin'd place it fills.

Now its destin'd place it fills, Now its des-tin'd place it fills.

2

O ye mountains, strong and tow'ring,
Boast no more, nor triumph now;
Zion's head sublimely soaring,
Leaves your summits far below:
Know ye, this is God's own hill:
Here Jehovah loves to dwell.

3

Hark, a cry among the nations!
"Come, and let us seek the Lord:
"Vain our former expectations;
"Vain the idols we ador'd:
"Zion's King is God alone:
"Let us bow before his throne."

4

See from ev'ry quarter flowing,
Joyful crowds assemble round:
Love in ev'ry heart is glowing;
Praise is heard in ev'ry sound.
While Jehovah shews his face;
Glory fills the sacred place.

5

Weapons meant for mutual slaughter,
Now are instruments of peace.
They who taste the living water,
Learn from war and strife to cease.
Jesus reigns—the earth is still,
All the nations do his will.

GRACIOUS LORD, MY HEART IS FIXED.

27

PRAISE

"O God, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise."

MODERATO

PSALM cxviii. 1.

Gracious Lord, my heart is fix-ed, Sing I will, and sing of thee:

Gracious Lord, my heart is fix-ed, Sing I will, and sing of thee:

Sin-ce the cup that jus-tice mixed, Thou hast drank, and drank for me: Great de-liv-er!

Sin-ce the cup that jus-tice mixed, Thou hast drank, and drank for me: Great de-liv-er!

Great de-liv-er! Great de-liv-er! Great de-liv-er! Thou hast set the pris-er free.

Great de-liv-er! Great de-liv-er! Great de-liv-er! Thou hast set the pris-er free.

2
Lute and harp, awake to praise him!
All my pow'rs your tribute bring!
Tho' no praise can higher raise him,
(What can higher raise our King?)
Were I silent,
Evn the stones wou'd rise and sing.

3
Many were the chains that bound me;
But the Lord has loos'd them all:
Arms of mercy now surround me;
Favours these, nor few nor small;
Saviour keep me;
Keep thy servant lest he fall.

4
Fair the scene that lies before me:
Life eternal Jesus gives:
While he waves his banner o'er me,
Peace and joy my soul receives:
Sure his promise!
I shall live because he lives.

5
When the world would bid me leave thee
Telling me of shame and loss:
Saviour, guard me lest I grieve thee,
Lest I cease to love thy cross:
This is treasure:
All the rest I count but dross.

YE SAINTS, COME AND JOIN

"Worthy is the Lamb"

REV. v. 12.

Ye saints, come and join in the praise of the Lamb, The theme inexhausted of angels above! They dwell with delight on the sound of his name; And gaze on his glory with rapture and love.

2

See, see to what honours the Saviour is rais'd;
 He sits on a throne, 'tis the throne of the sky.
 Come let us adore him who ought to be prais'd
 And learn with the angels in glory to vie.

3

They sing of the Lamb who to save us was slain;
 We'll take up the theme which we cannot improve;
 And "Worthy the Lamb" cry again and again,
 Till our hearts are inflam'd with the fire of his love.

4

All glory to Jesus, who sits on the throne;
 Let angels and saints spread the sound of his fame.
 We bow to the Lamb, who is worthy alone;
 And give him the praise that belongs to his name.

AWAKE OUR SOULS!

"O God, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise, even with my glory."

PSALM cvii. 1.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The third system features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

A - wake our souls! a wake our tongues! The subject is di - vine! A Saviour's love de -

mands our songs! Let all his people join, Let all his people join, Let all his people join.

2
This Saviour is the mighty God,
Who fills the throne above;
Reveal'd in flesh he shed his blood,
And thus declar'd his love.

3
Jesus, thy love exceeds our thought,
But this we're giv'n to see;
The soul that feels its pow'r is taught
To part with all for thee.

4
And tho' thy love be faintly seen,
What's seen demands our praise;
Without this view we still had been
Engag'd in folly's ways.

5
But when we lay this flesh aside,
And gain the realms of light,
Obscuring clouds no more shall hide
Thy glory from our sight.

6
Then to the praise of love divine,
We'll strike our golden lyres;
With heart and voice we'll sweetly join
The everlasting choirs.

ENDLESS PRAISES

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, &c."

REV. iv. 11.

Endless praises Endless prais - es To our Lord! E - ver

Endless praises Endless prais - es To our Lord! E - ver.

be his name a - - - dor'd! E - - ver be his name a - - - dor'd!

be his name a - - - dor'd! E - - ver be his name a - - - dor'd!

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

2

Angels crown him,
Crown the Lamb!
He is worthy—praise his name.

3

Saints adore him,
Sound his fame
You he saves from endless shame.

4

Saints and angels,
Jointly sing:
Glory, glory to our King!

ARISE, YE SAINTS, ARISE

STATE OF BELIEVERS, A WARFARE.

"He teacheth my hands to war."

PSALM xviii. 34.

ALLEGRO

A - rise, ye saints, a - rise: The Lord our leader is; The foe be - fore his

banner flies: For vic - to - ry is his, For vic - to - ry is his.

2
Behold! he leads the way:
We'll follow where he goes:
We cannot fail to win the day,
Since he subdues our foes.

3
Lead on, Almighty Lord:
Lead on to victory:
Encourag'd by the bright reward,
With joy we'll follow thee.

4
We'll follow thee our guide,
Our Saviour and our King:
We'll follow thee, through grace supplied
From heav'n's eternal spring.

5
We hope to see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

6
This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
'Till faith shall end in sight.

7
'Till of the prize possess,
We hear of war no more;
And, O sweet thought! for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

WE'VE NO ABIDING CITY HERE

STATE OF BELIEVERS, A PILGRIMAGE.

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

HER. xiii. 14.

The musical score is written in a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) with piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "We've no a--bi--ding ci--ty here; This may dis--tress the worldlings mind; But should not cost the saint a tear, Who hopes a better rest to find. Who hopes a bet--ter rest to find, Who hopes a bet--ter rest to find."

2
"We've no abiding city here;"
Sad truth were this to be our home
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3
"We've no abiding city here;"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.

4
"We've no abiding city here;"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name,—the LORD is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5
"We've no abiding city here;"
Methinks I hear the worldling say,
"Your hope is vain, ye fools, forbear,
"For pleasure lies another way."

6
No wonder men should reason thus,
And count our expectations vain;
But did they know the truth like us,
They'd soon adopt a different strain.

7
Did they like us by faith discern
The glorious city of our God,
They too like us, would quickly learn
To walk in Zion's heavenly road.

8
Zion! JEHOVAH is her strength!
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travelers at length,
Within her sacred wall repose.

9
O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

10
But hush, my soul nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his to fix my time of rest.

FROM EGYPT LATELY COME

33

"For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."

HEB. xi. 4.

The musical score is written in a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) with piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final line of the lyrics, which is repeated twice. The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a simple, homophonic style.

From Egypt lately come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our
 From Egypt lately come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our
 better home, Where we our rest shall gain, Where we our rest shall gain. Halle-lujah!
 better home, Where we our rest shall gain, Where we our rest shall gain. Halle-lujah!
 Hallelujah! Hal-le-lujah! We are on our way to God. We are on our way to God.
 Hallelujah! Hal-le-lujah! We are on our way to God. We are on our way to God.

2
 To canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy;
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy.
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

3
 There sin and sorrow cease,
 And every conflict's o'er;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

4
 But hark those distant sounds
 That strike our listning ears?
 They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
 Where God our King appears.
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

5
 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God himself is King
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

6
 We soon shall join the throng,
 Their pleasures we shall share;
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransom'd there.
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

7
 How sweet the prospect is!
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast:
 We're journeying thro' the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.
 Hallelujah!—&c. &c. &c.

WHY THOSE FEARS?
STATE OF BELIEVERS, A VOYAGE.

"What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him!"
ANDANTE

Why those fears? be-hold 'tis Je-sus Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
Why those fears? be-hold 'tis Je-sus Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes Sent to waft us through the deep,
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions To the regions Where the mourn-ers cease to weep.
To the regions To the regions Where the mourn-ers cease to weep.

2
Could we stay where death was hov'ring;
Could we rest on such a shore?
No, the awful truth discover'ing,
We could linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we lov'd before.

3
Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus,
Through the trackless deep move on.

4
Led by that, we brave the ocean;
Led by that, the storms defy:
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh.
Waves obey him
And the storms before him fly.

5
Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste:
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder
Think on toils and danger past.

6
O! what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar:
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more.
Trouble cease
On that tranquil happy shore.

METHINKS I STAND UPON THE ROCK

35

A STATE OF JOYFUL HOPE.

"For from the top of the rocks I behold him" NUMB. xxiii. 9.

Methinks I stand up on the rock Where Balaam stood, and wondring look Upon the scene be-
low; The tents of Jacob goodly seem; The people happy I esteem, Whom God has favour'd so.

Methinks I stand up on the rock Where Balaam stood, and wondring look Upon the scene be-
low; The tents of Jacob goodly seem; The people happy I esteem, Whom God has favour'd so.

2
The sons of Israel stand alone,
Jehovah claims them for his own;
His cause and their's the same:
He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand;
Allots to them a pleasant land,
And calls them by his name.

3
Their toils have almost reach'd a close,
And soon they're destin'd to repose
Within the promis'd land;
Evn now its rising hills are seen,
Enrich'd with everlasting green,
Where Israel soon shall stand.

4
O! Israel, who is like to thee?
A people sav'd, and call'd to be
Peculiar to the Lord!
Thy Shield! he guards thee from the foe;
Thy Sword! he fights thy battles too;
Himself thy great reward!

5
Fear not, tho' many should oppose,
For God is stronger than thy foes,
And makes thy cause his own:
The promis'd land before thee lies,
Go, and possess the glorious prize,
Reserv'd for thee alone.

6
In glory there the King appears,
He wipes away his peoples tears,
And makes their sorrows cease:
From toil and strife they there repose,
And dwell secure from all their foes,
In everlasting peace.

7
Fair emblem of a better rest,
Of which believers are possess,
Beyond material space!
Methinks I see the heav'nly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more;
And long to reach the place.

8
Nor shall I always absent be
From him my soul desires to see,
Within the realms of light
Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,
And not a cloud will then conceal
His glory from my sight.

9
Sweet hope! it makes the coward brave;
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise.
It lifts a worm of earth on high;
Provides him wings, and makes him fly
To mansions in the skies.

HAPPY THEY WHO TRUST IN JESUS!

A STATE OF SECURITY.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty"

PSALM xc. 1.

MODERATO

The musical score is written in C major, 4/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'MODERATO'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

Happy they who trust in Jesus! Sweet their portion is and sure; While the foe on others seizes,
 Happy they who trust in Jesus! Sweet their portion is and sure; While the foe on others seizes,
 God will keep his own secure; Happy people! Happy people! Happy, tho' des-pis'd and poor,
 God will keep his own secure; Happy people! Happy people! Happy, tho' des-pis'd and poor.

2
 Ye whom God has sav'd from error,
 Ye, "Who know the joyful sound,"
 Fear ye not the nightly terror;
 Arms of mercy close you round.
 Dread no evil!
 God will all your foes confound.

3
 Since his love and mercy found you,
 You are precious in his sight:
 Thousands now may fall around you,
 Thousands more be put to flight:
 But his presence
 Keeps you safe by day and night.

4
 Lo! your Saviour never slumbers:
 Ever watchful is his care:
 Tho' you cannot boast of numbers,
 In his strength secure you are:
 Sweet their portion,
 Who our Saviours kindness share.

5
 As the bird beneath her feathers
 Guards the objects of her care,
 So the Lord his children gathers,
 Spreads his wings, and hides them there:
 Thus protected,
 All their foes they boldly dare.