

THE
VIRGINIA HARMONY;
A NEW AND CHOICE SELECTION OF
PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS AND SET PIECES,
In three and four parts, some of which have never before been published.
PREPARED FOR THE USE OF
SINGING SOCIETIES, TEACHERS OF SACRED MUSIC, AND INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION.
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
AN INTRODUCTION EXPLANATORY OF THE SYSTEM,
AND
A SERIES OF PROGRESSIVE LESSONS.

BY DAVID L. CLAYTON & JAMES P. CARRELL.

"O let us sing unto the Lord, for it is pleasant."—PSALMS.

WINCHESTER:

PRINTED BY SAMUEL H. DAVIS.

1831.

WESTERN DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA—TO WIT:

Be it remembered, That, on the eleventh day of March, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, DAVID L. CLAYTON, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit: "The Virginia Harmony; a new and choice selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems and Set Pieces, in three and four parts, some of which have never before been published.—Prepared for the use of Singing Societies, Teachers of Sacred Music, and Individual Instruction.—To which is prefixed An Introduction Explanatory of the System, and A Series of Progressive Lessons. By DAVID L. CLAYTON & JAMES P. CARRELL. 'O let us sing unto the Lord, for it is pleasant.'—*Psalms.*—The right whereof he claims as proprietor, in conformity to an act of Congress entitled "An act to amend the several acts respecting copy rights."

A copy—Teste,

J. Y. DODDRIDGE,

Clerk of the Western District of Virginia.

PREFACE.

IN the selection of tunes for this book, the compilers have endeavored to make choice of such pieces as they thought useful, and suited to the objects of Divine worship in a public or private capacity. They have therefore passed by many of the light airs to be found in several of the recent publications in this country; and, with the exception of a few pieces, have confined themselves chiefly to the plain psalmody of the most eminent composers to whose works they had access, interspersing a few original tunes composed by J. P. CARRELL. The authors' names are given so far as they could be ascertained.

The tunes are inserted according to the different meters—the plainer pieces precede those of more difficult performance.

Where the *counter* is used it will generally be found at the top. In a few of the tunes, however, the second line presents the counter; and, in one or two instances, this part is written in the low key. It is hoped that these deviations will not be objected to, as persons having any skill in music can at sight distinguish such part.

The *bass* is universally the lowest part; the next above is the *air*, or the leading part; the third from the lowest, with a few exceptions, is the *treble*, by some called *tenor*.

It would be proper to give some directions relative to the manner in which the different parts should be performed; but, as all teachers of music and leaders of choirs, who understand their business, can in a few words direct this matter, it is left to them, hoping that all who may feel disposed to use this work will attend to the few directions given, and be able to supply what is wanting.

The object of singing should be, to express those lively sensations which animate the christian's bosom—to give vent to those feelings which prosperity or adversity is calculated to produce in the minds of rational beings: these, upon due consideration, will direct to the choice of a fit subject, as well as the proper manner of its performance—to the sublime and lofty airs, or to the solemn and pathetic. All affectation should be banished from the mind while singing; and the finer feelings of the soul, guided by reason, should govern in the performance of this pleasant duty.

It were well if the teachers of sacred psalmody possessed the spirit that ought to govern the song of praise to God—so that they might inspire, as it were, intuitively, the bosoms of the youth they instruct, with a proper regard for the subject of their studies, and a disposition to sing with the *spirit* as well as with the understanding.

PREPARE

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

ARTICLE I.—OF MUSIC.

Music is the science of harmonical sounds, and is represented to the understanding by certain appropriate characters, which are explained in the following articles.

ART. II.—OF THE STAFF.

A *staff* is five parallel lines, upon which and their intermediate spaces music is generally written—thus:

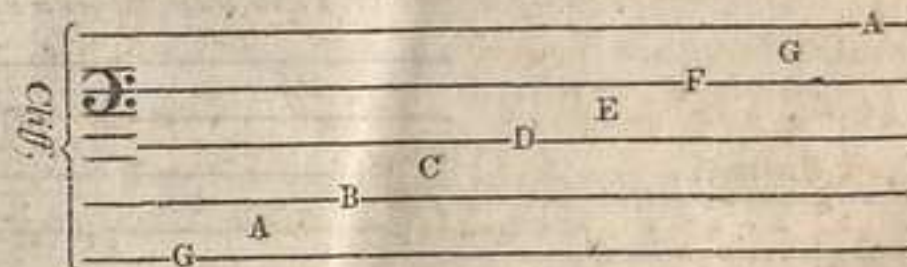


When the music exceeds the compass of the *staff*, short lines, called *ledger* lines, are added, thus:

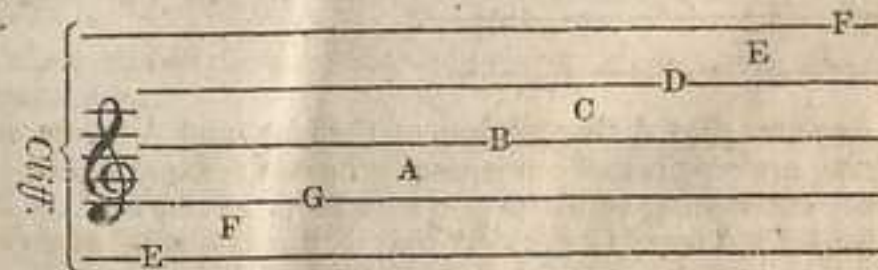


As many ledger lines may be supplied as the extent of the music requires. The first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, are used for representing the lines and spaces of the *staff*: these seven letters embrace the seven primitive sounds in music, the first letter, A, being repeated to complete

the *octave*. When the tune goes beyond this compass, the same series is repeated to the extent of the tune. The order of the letters upon the *bass staff* is as follows:



The order of the same letters upon the *treble*, *tenor*, and *counter staves*, is as follows:



In reading these letters you begin with the lowest line of each staff, and proceed upwards.

ART. III.—OF THE CLIFF.

A character called a *cliff* is placed at the beginning of the staff in every piece

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

of music, and shows the situation of the letters in the several parts. In this work there are only two *cliffs* used—that which stands on F in the foregoing example of the bass, and that which stands on G in the succeeding example of the other parts. They are called the *F cliff* and *G cliff*, after the letters representing the lines upon which they stand. These characters (the *cliffs*;) serve to designate the parts of the tune, as well as to govern the situation of the letters.

ART. IV.—CONNEXION OF THE PARTS IN MUSIC.

The connexion between the *treble*, *tenor*, and *counter* staves, and the *bass* staff, is as follows:



Hence it appears that A the *fifth line* of the bass, and A the *second space* in the other parts, are equal, and consequently have the same sound. The same letter, in every succeeding series, is also considered as one and the same sound, or unison: as, for instance, G the *first line* of the bass staff, and G the *second line* of the treble staff, have the same union of sound—yet the latter is an octave (an eighth) above the former.

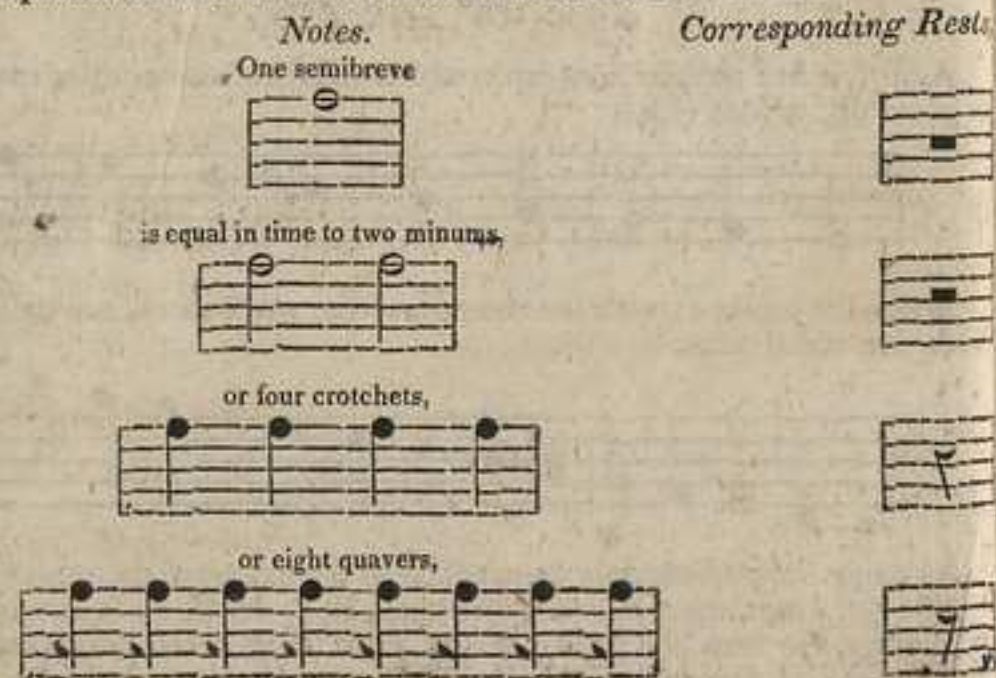
The foregoing example comprises two octaves, and comprehends the extent of most voices; yet some persons are so gifted by nature as to be able to sound other notes distinctly beyond this compass, especially in the ascending scale.

ART. V.—OF NOTES AND RESTS.

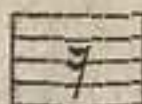
There are six different sorts of notes now in use, with their corresponding *rests*, or marks of silence, as follows:



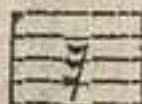
The proportion of time which one note bears to another is as follows:



or sixteen semiquavers,



or thirty-two demisemiquavers.



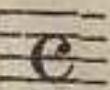
The rests require silence to be kept as long as the notes are sounding after which they are respectively named. A semibreve rest is always used to fill every measure requiring an entire cessation of sound, in all moods of time.

ART. VI.—OF TIME AND ITS MEASURES.

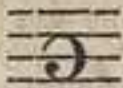
There are three kinds of *time* in general use, viz: *common*, *triple*, and *compound*. Each of these has its particular degree of swiftness, which is denoted by marks set on the staff at the commencement of the tunes, called *moods*. Common time is divided by an equal number of beats, as two or four. Triple time has an odd number, say three. Compound time has also two motions or beats in a measure.

The measure of each mood is the quantity in notes or rests requisite to fill the space between each single bar in such mood of time.

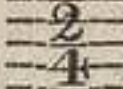
In common time there are four moods.

1st mood  is the slowest movement. It has a semibreve for the measure note, or the quantity of a semibreve in notes or rests—four beats in a measure, two down and two up, performed in the time of four seconds.

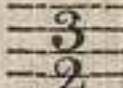
2d mood  has the same measure note, or its quantity—two beats, one down and one up, and performed a third quicker than the first.

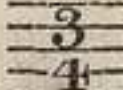
3d mood  has also the same measure note or its quantity, beat in the same manner with the last, in the time of two seconds.

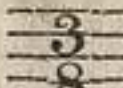
The accent* in these three moods generally falls on the first and third parts of the bar.

4th mood  has a minum for the measure note, beat like the last, but one-third quicker. This mood is reckoned to have but one accent.

In triple time there are three moods.

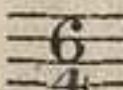
1st mood  has three minums in a measure, and three beats, two down and one up, performed in the time of three seconds.

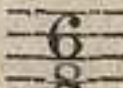
2d mood  has three crotchets in a measure, beat like the last, but one-third quicker.

3d mood  has three quavers in a measure, beat in the same manner, occupying the time of a second and a half.

In these three moods there is reckoned but one accent, which falls on the first part of the measure.

In compound time there are two moods.

1st mood  contains six crotchets in a measure—has two beats, one down and one up, performed in the time of two seconds, accented on the first and fourth notes.

2d mood  has six quavers in a measure, and two beats, performed one-third quicker than the last, and accented on the first and fourth notes.

*For the definition of the accent, and the manner of beating time, see the twelfth practical lesson.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

In singing, the hand should fall at the beginning of every measure, in all the moods of time.

The manner of keeping time is hereafter explained, in the 12th lesson of the progressive series.

A table showing the quantity of notes appertaining to each of the moods of time, with the accented notes marked a.

COMPOUND TIME.

1st mood.	2d mood.	3d mood.	4th mood.

TRIPLE TIME.

1st mood.	2d mood.	3d mood.

COMPOUND TIME.

1st mood.	2d mood.

With regard to the *accent*, it is proper, however, to remark, that it must always correspond with the feet or accented parts of the lines, so as to give the greater effect to the sentiments of the composer. The above rules of accentuation are therefore only general in their application. When one note fills the measure there is but one accent; the sound is commenced rather soft, increasing till half the time expires, then gradually decreasing till the measure is completed. See lessons 1, 2, and 12.

ART. VII.—OF MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

1 <i>Flat.</i> 	2 <i>Sharp.</i> 	3 <i>Natural.</i> 	4 <i>Point.</i> 	5 <i>Slur.</i>
6 <i>Figure.</i> 	7 <i>Hold.</i> 	8 <i>Repeat.</i> 	9 <i>Choice notes.</i> 	10 <i>Apogiatures.</i>
11 <i>Trill.</i> 	12 <i>Staccato.</i> 	13 <i>Driving notes.</i> 	18.— <i>Brace.</i> 	
14 <i>Figures.</i> 	15 <i>Single bar.</i> 	16 <i>Double bar.</i> 		
17 <i>Close.</i> 				

EXPLANATION OF THE FOREGOING CHARACTERS.

1. A *flat* set before a note sinks it half a tone.
2. A *sharp* raises a note half a tone.
3. A *natural* takes away the effect of the *flat* or *sharp* upon the note or notes which succeed it in that measure.

[NOTE.—The *flats* and *sharps*, except those used for the *signature* of the tune, govern those notes only of the measure in which they are used. The

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

13

natural is subject to the same limitation, except where the signature of the piece is changed by it.]

4. A *point* at the right of a note adds to it half its usual length.
5. A *slur* shows how many notes are sung to one syllable. When quavers, &c. are connected by the *dash* necessary to their form, the *slur* may be omitted.
6. The *figure 3* placed under or over any three notes sung to one syllable, reduces them to the length of two of the same kind: or, in other words, their usual length is reduced one-third.
7. A *hold* is intended to show that the note under it may be continued at the pleasure of the performer. It is most commonly used with the last note of the line. The duration of the *rest* is affected by it in the same way.
8. A *repeat*.—The first of these characters denotes what part of the *tune* is to be sung twice. The second character (:||:) directs a repetition of the preceding words to which the tune is sung.
9. *Choice notes* give the performer liberty to sing which notes he pleases; but he should keep to the upper or lower course, without passing from one to the other, otherwise he will destroy the effect intended by the composer.
[NOTE.—In tunes where the parts move by *thirds*, the *air* always occupies the upper course.]
10. *Apogiaturs*, or *grace notes*, indicate a sliding of the voice from one to another, which take their time from the large note to which they are affixed—the principal note only being *named* by the performer.
11. A *trill* shows that the note over which it is placed should be warbled. It is generally used in the *cadences*, most commonly affecting the note preceding the last. It often performs the same office as the *grace notes*.
12. A *staccato* directs the note under it to be sung emphatically—the sound being full, but somewhat shortened.
13. *Driving notes* are those whose sounds are continued to the same syllable, although divided by the bar.
14. The *figures 1* and *2* are terms used in the repeated measures of a tune, the note under figure 1 being first sung—the note under figure 2 takes its place in the repeat. When these notes are connected by a *slur*, both are performed in the repeat.

15. A *single bar* is used for dividing the time into equal measures.
16. A *double bar* shows the end of a strain or line.
17. A *close* shows the end of a tune.
18. A *brace* is used for connecting all the parts of the same tune.

ART. VIII.—OF SINGING SYLLABLES, AND PATENT NOTES.

In singing *notes* it is common to express them by four certain syllables, viz: *fa, sol, la, mi*. It is therefore an irksome task, with most persons, to acquire such a knowledge of the lines and spaces, through the various transpositions dependant on the *signature*, as to enable them to give each note its proper name, indicated by one of those four syllables. This difficulty has, however, been almost entirely obviated, by using four characteristic notes, whose shape at once determines their name, as well as their relative quantity: they are called *patent notes*, on account of their author's having obtained a patent for the invention, and are the kind used in this book. Their name, shape and quantity, is exhibited in the following table, which must be familiarized by every singer who has not previously become well acquainted with the round notes:

<i>Fa</i>—triangle	<i>Sol</i>—round
<i>La</i>—square	<i>Mi</i>—diamond

Of each kind there are six different notes, viz: *semibreve, minum, crotchet, quaver, semiquaver, and demisemiquaver*, whose names and proportions have already been explained, in the fifth article of these rudiments.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

ART. IX.—OF THE KEYS.

There are two natural keys in music—*C* the sharp or major, and *A* the flat or minor. In the major key the semitones lie between the 3d and 4th and 7th and 8th notes of the octave, both in ascending and descending. In the flat key the semitones lie between the 2d, 3d, 7th and 8th, in ascending, but in descending between the 6th and 5th and the 3d and 2d. In the following example the notes between which the semitones lie are connected by a slur:

Major key, or key of C.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

fa sol la fa sol la mi fa fa mi la sol la la sol fa

Minor key, or key of A.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

la mi fa sol la fa sol la la sol fa la sol fa mi la

This peculiarity of the semitones in the flat key is rendered necessary in the application of its harmonies, especially in the *cadences*, the sounds being thereby rendered more agreeable to the ear. In the sharp key, also, the semitone be-

tween the 3d and 4th is generally removed by a *sharp* prefixed to the 4th, in order to perfect the harmony.

The *key* note of every piece of music is the last note of the bass, and generally the last note of the *air*. It is always found above or below the *mi*: if above, it is a sharp key—if below, it is a flat key, as in the preceding examples. The sharp key, also, has two full tones between the 1st and 3d in the ascent; whereas in the flat key there is but a tone and a half.

ART. X.—TRANSPPOSITION OF THE KEYS.

The transposition of a key is the removal of a tune higher or lower on the staff than its natural place, by assuming another letter for the key note, and adapting the semitones to the assumed key by means of flats or sharps placed immediately after the clef: this is called the *signature* of the key. The difference in the effect of flats and sharps for the signature is, that the latter make all the notes, as indicated by an instrument, half a tone higher than the former.

The following table shows the transposition of the key by flats and sharps:

Major, or sharp keys.

Minor, or flat keys.



From the foregoing examples the learner will be enabled to perceive the necessity of the transposition of keys: for, if all tunes were written on the same key, there would be but little variety—but, by a change of keys, every variety the octave can afford is at our command.

It may be proper to observe here, that the signature affects every note throughout the whole piece falling on the same letter (or the same line or space), unless contradicted by a *natural*, or by the accidental flats or sharps. Thus: if the signature is B flat, every note falling on that letter must be sunk half a tone in instrumental performances. If a sharp be its signature, all the notes falling on F must be raised half a tone; and so of as many flats or sharps as the signature embraces.

ART. XL.—HOW TO FIND THE KEY NOTE, AND THE ORDER OF SINGING THE FOUR SYLLABLES TO THE NOTES.

It is stated in the preceding article, that the key note of every piece is always above *mi* if a sharp key, and below *mi* if a flat key; and the letters upon the staff never being changed by the signature, the following method is adopted for finding the *mi* (by some called the *master note*, because by it the order of the others is governed,) in every transposition of the key, as applied to the tunes in most books, which must be particularly impressed on the memory, especially in reading the round notes.

The natural place for *mi* on the staff (when there are no flats nor sharps at the beginning,) is in B; but

If B be flat, <i>mi</i> is in	- - - E	If F be sharp, <i>mi</i> is in	- - - F
If B and E, <i>mi</i> is in	- - - A	If F and G, <i>mi</i> is in	- - - C
If B, E, and A, <i>mi</i> is in	- - - D	If F, C, and G, it is in	- - - G
If B, E, A and D, be flat, <i>mi</i> is in	G	If F, C, G and D, be sharp, it is in	D

When the *mi* is found, the order of singing the syllables appropriated to the

notes, in *ascending*, is, *fa, sol, la—fa, sol, la*—and then the *mi* comes again. In *descending*, the order is, *la, sol, fa—la, sol, fa*—and then the *mi* comes as before.

Many of these directions may seem to be superfluous, when tunes are written with the *patent notes*, whose forms are significant of their names, as well as their proportions; but even with these advantages, it will greatly facilitate the learner's improvement if he will familiarize to himself all the rules here laid down. This will also enable him to sing, without much difficulty, the tunes written with the common round notes, and will enlarge his views on many important points connected with sacred psalmody.

Having laid down such rules as are deemed necessary to an understanding of the principles of the science of sacred music, to a certain limited extent, we come next to their application, in a series of progressive lessons, which ought to be explained to learners by the teacher, in their adaptation to the preceding rules. Learners should be taught to give to notes such occasional swell and decrease of sound, as a proper expression demands. The degrees of sound should generally correspond with the proportions of the notes. Thus: a semibreve should be sounded louder than a minum—a minum louder than a crotchet, &c.

The first lesson is introduced in semibreves, without regard to any sort of time.

LESSON I.—ON THE GAMUT.



The notes in the Gamut are intended to be sung very slow, and each note in

one breath, beginning quite soft, and gradually increasing to the middle of the note, then decreasing the sound till the note is finished.

LESSON II.—THE SAME SERIES REPEATED IN CROTCHETS.



Four of the notes (or the space between each bar) are intended to be sung in one breath, each note to have its proper intonation.

LESSON III.—PROGRESSION OF INTERVALS, ASCENDING.

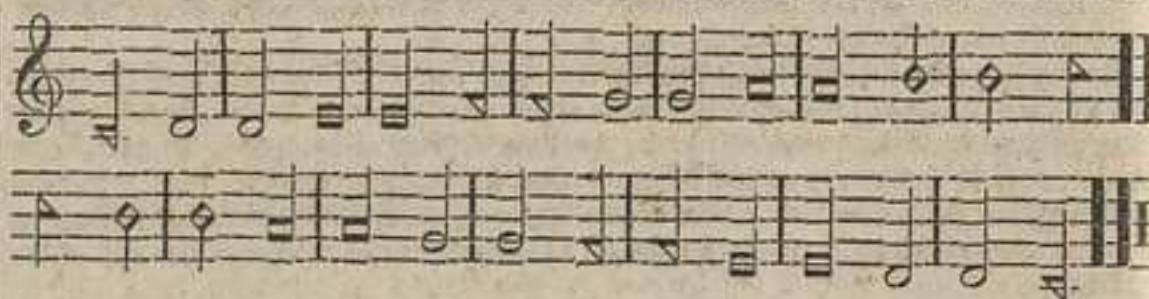
[NOTE.—By *intervals* is meant the several intermediate tones and semitones between the octaves.]



LESSON IV.—PROGRESSION OF INTERVALS, DESCENDING.



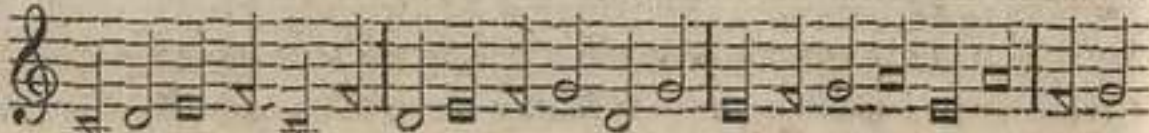
LESSON V.—PROGRESSION OF SECONDS, ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.



LESSON VI.—PROGRESSION OF THIRDS, ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.



LESSON VII.—PROGRESSION OF FOURTHS, ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.

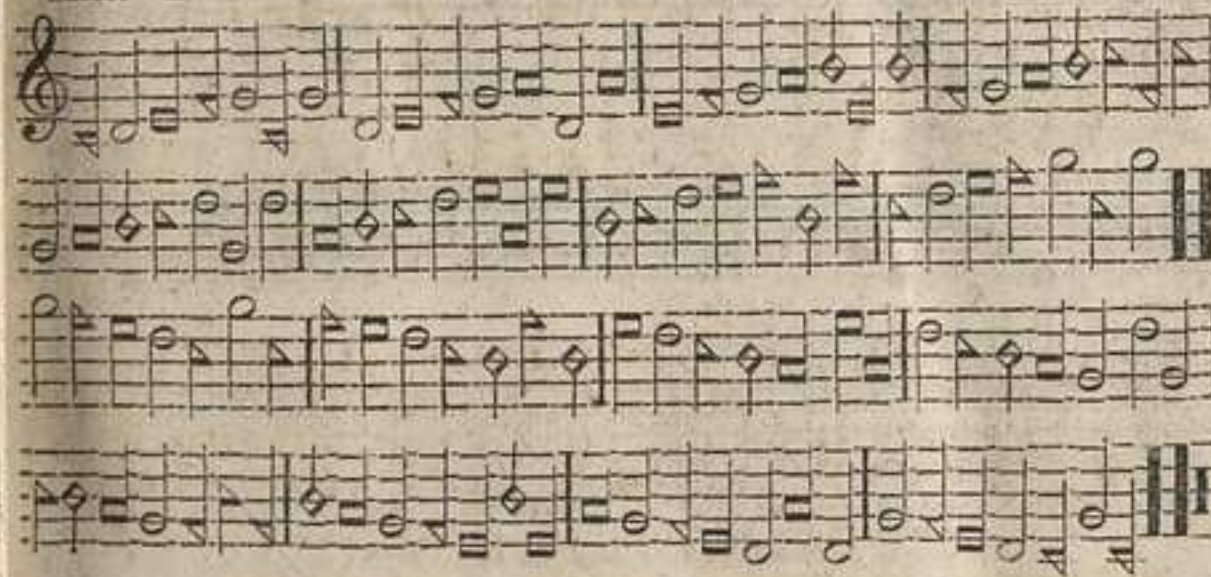


THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

xiii



LESSON VIII.—PROGRESSION OF FIFTHS, ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.



LESSON IX.—PROGRESSION OF SIXTHS, ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.



LESSON X.—PROGRESSION OF SEVENTHS, ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.



LESSON XI.—PROGRESSION OF OCTAVES, ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.



LESSON XII.—BEATING TIME.

It is indispensable, especially when singing in *concert*, that the time in each

mood should be regularly measured: this is commonly done with the hand, and in vocal psalmody is called *beating time*. The following method is recommended:—In the first mood of common time, when crotchets fill the measure, let the fingers of the right hand fall on the desk or table, or upon whatever you beat, while sounding the *first* note; for the *second*, bring down the wrist; for the *third*, raise the hand a little, at the same time moving it about three inches to the left; for the *fourth*, bring the hand to its first position. In the 2d, 3d, and 4th moods of common time, and in compound time, the hand is to fall for the first beat, and rise for the second, there being but two motions. In triple time, omit the third motion used in the first mood of common time. It is well, in commencing the practice of beating time, to perform it *gracefully*—recollecting not to let the *head* participate with the movement of the *hand*. The accent generally coincides with one or more of the motions, or beats. By *accent* is understood a fuller sound of the voice on certain parts of the measure than the rest—the accented notes agreeing with the accented syllables, and the unaccented notes agreeing with the unaccented syllables of the verse. In the first mood of common time, when crotchets fill the measure, the accents will correspond with the first and third beats. In the 2d and 3d moods, the accent agrees with the *commencement* of each movement; but in the 4th mood (in crotchets) with the first beat,—and so of triple time. (See article 6th and 7th.) In semibreves, however, there is, properly speaking, but *one* accent—or, in other words, the sound swells and then decreases. A little practice, with a good teacher, will render these explanations quite intelligible; and the motions will soon become agreeable, though at first they may appear rather uncouth, or even unnecessary.

PROGRESSION OF THIRDS, IN CROTCHETS AND SEMIBREVES.

LESSON XIII.—ON HARMONIES. *Triple and common time.*

[NOTE.—The figures in this lesson refer to the chords—as 3d, 5th, 8th or octave from the key note]

*Exercises on the F cliff, for bass voices.*

A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS;

Some of which are used in this work.

Adagio, or *ado*—slow.
Ad libitum—at discretion.
Affettuoso—tenderly and affectionate—performed in moderate time.
Air—generally means what the ear realizes from harmony. In a special sense it is the leading part.
Allegro—brisk, gay.
Allegretto—not so quick as *allegro*.
Alto, or *altus*—the counter tenor.
Andante—distinct, exact and soothing.
Andantino—in a similar style, but one degree quicker than *andante*.
Anthem—a portion of scripture set to music.
Bass—the lowest part in harmony.
Breve—an ancient note, containing two semi-breves.
Canto, or *cantus*—the treble. In a harmony of vocal parts it denotes the leading part.

Cantabile—in a graceful and melodious style.
Chorus—full—all the voices.
Con spirito—with spirit.
Contra tenor—the part assigned to the highest men's voices.
Crescendo, or *cres.*—increase the sound.
Da capo, or *D. C.*—to return and conclude with the first strain.
Diminuendo, or *dim.*—to diminish the sound.
Doloroso—in a plaintive or doleful style.
Duetto } a composition written expressly for
Duett } two voices or instruments.
Duo }
Finale—the last movement of a piece.
Forte, *for*, or *F.*—loud.
Fortissimo—loud as possible.
Fugua, or *fuga*—a composition in which a subject is successively repeated or imitated in two or more parts.

Grave—heavy, referring both to the style of the composition and the execution.
Grazioso—gracefully.
Largo—the slowest degree in the movement.
Larghetto—not quite so slow as *largo*.
Maestoso—with strength, firmness and majesty.
Mezza—moderate; as *mezza*, *piano*, moderately, or rather soft.
Mezza voce—moderate strength of voice, and in a pleasing manner.
Moderato—moderately.
Organo, or *org.*—the organ part.
Piano, *pia.* or *p.*—soft.
Plaintive—mournfully.
Primo—the first, or leading part.
Recitative—a kind of musical recitation, between speaking and singing.
Semitone—the smallest interval used in music.

Score—three or more parts, connected by a brace, are said to be in *score*.
Secondo—the second voice or instrument.
Solo—a piece of music for one voice or instrument.
Spiritoso—with spirit.
Staccato—very distinct, short and emphatic.
Symphony, or *sym.*—a part for instruments & lone.
Tacit—silent.
Tempo—time; as *a tempo*, in true time.
Tutti—full, or all together, after a *solo*.
Trio—music for three voices or instruments.
Unison, or *unis*—when all parts unite in one sound, or succession of sounds.
Vigorouso—with strength and energy.
Vivace—brisk and animated.
Volte—turn over.
Volte subito—turn over quick.

THE VIRGINIA HARMONY.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

Think, O my soul! the dreadful day, When this incensed God, Shall rend the skies, and burn the seas, And fling his wrath abroad.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and common time (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many whole and half notes. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff provides a bass line. The lyrics are: 'Think, O my soul! the dreadful day, When this incensed God, Shall rend the skies, and burn the seas, And fling his wrath abroad.' The word 'abroad.' is at the end of the third staff. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the final notes of the first and second staves.

PRIMROSE. C. M.

Chapin.

17



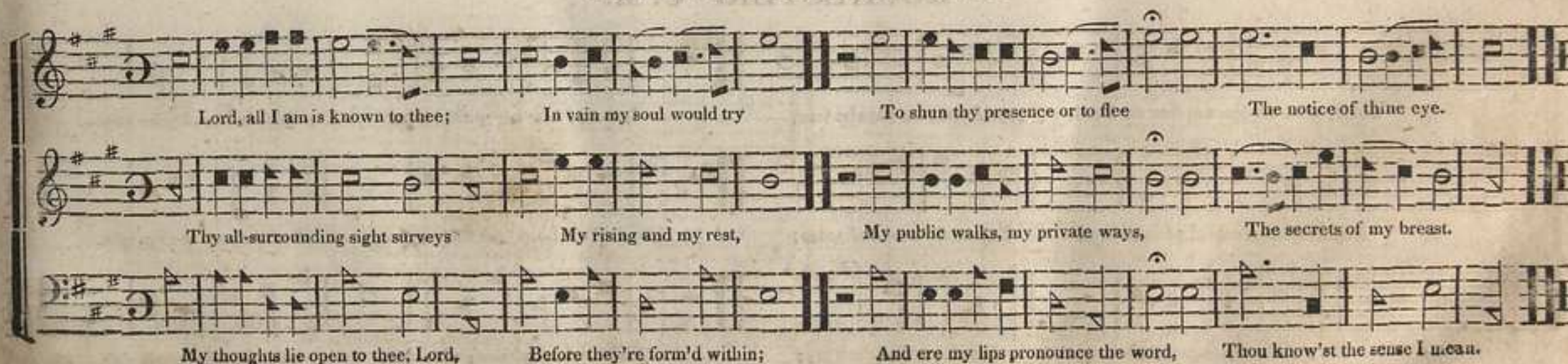
Salvation! O the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.

Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs: Salvation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell up on our tongues.

C

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



Lord, all I am is known to thee; In vain my soul would try To shun thy presence or to flee The notice of thine eye.

Thy all-surrounding sight surveys My rising and my rest, My public walks, my private ways, The secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord, Before they're form'd within; And ere my lips pronounce the word, Thou know'st the sense I mean.

NORWICH. C. M.



Jesus, great shepherd of the sheep, To thee for help we fly: Thy little flock in safety keep, For, oh! the wolf is nigh.

He comes, of hellish malice full, To scatter, tear and slay; He seizes ev'ry straggling soul As his own lawful prey.

Us into thy protection take, And gather with thine arm; Unless the fold we first forsake, The wolf can never harm.

ROCHESTER. C. M.



Come, children, learn to fear the Lord; And that your days be long, Let not a false nor spiteful word Be found upon your tongue.

Depart from mischief, practise love, Pursue the works of peace; So shall the Lord your ways approve, And set your souls at ease.

His eyes awake to guard the just, His ears attend their cry; When broken spirits dwell in dust, The God of grace is nigh.

HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

19



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 dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

There everlasting spring abides, And never with'ring flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides, This heav'nly land from ours.

MEAR. C. M.

Brown



In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace he there reveals; To heav'n your joy and wonders raise, For there his glory dwells.

CHINA. C. M.

Swan.

Affettuoso.

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

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

Chapin.

When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

WARWICK. C. M.

Stanley.

21

How shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite unknown!
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. C. M.

Slow.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follow'r of the Lamb?
Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

PARADISE. C. M.

Mezza voce. 2d treble.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night,

And pia

tenor.

pleasures banish pain, And pleasures banish pain, for.

PATMOS. C. M.

Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims, For all the pious dead;

Sweet

PATMOS—Continued.

23

pia. *for.*

And soft their sleeping bed. Sweet is the savour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed.

is the savour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed.

pia. *for.*

And soft their sleeping bed. And soft their sleeping bed.

MILE'S LANE. C. M.

Shrubsole.

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him, And crown him, And crown him Lord of all.

PLEASANT HILL. C. M.

Nicholson.

And let this feeble body fail, And let it faint or die; }
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high: }

Shall join the disembodied saints, And find its long-sought rest, That only bliss for

MISSIONARY. C. M.

which it pants, In the Redeemer's breast.

Great God! the nations of the earth, Are by creation thine;

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

I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there!
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conq'ring palms they bear.

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!

solo.

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

I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliv'rer come;
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

MISSIONARY—Continued.

25

duo. *for.*

And in thy works, by all beheld, And in thy works, by all beheld, Thy ancient glories shine.

D

DETROIT. C. M.

Bradshaw.

Do I not love thee, O my Lord? Behold my heart and see; And turn each cursed idol out, That dares to rival thee.

Do I not love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love,—
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Does not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

HEAVENLY JOY.

J. Cole.

Lift up your hearts to things above, Ye foll'wers of the Lamb, And join with us to praise his love, And glorify his name.

And join with us to praise his love, And glorify his name.

To Jesus's name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end;
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
The King is now our Friend.

We, for his sake, count all things loss,
On earthly things look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

DEVIZES. C. M.

J. Tucker.

With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy wonders

O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

DEVIZES—Continued.

27

I'll proclaim; Thou sov'reign judge of right and wrong, Wilt put my foes to shame, Wilt put my foes to shame.

SUFFIELD. C. M.

King.

Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame; I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prune.

See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain:
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore—
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

EUSTACY. C. M.

Seth Ely.

allegro.

Now let me rise, Now let me rise, Now let me rise and join their song, And be an angel too: My heart, my heart, my

ear, my tongue, My heart, my heart, my ear, my tongue, My heart, my heart, my ear, my tongue, Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,
And so my zeal shall rise:
O for some heavenly notes, to bear
My passions to the skies!

There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

With glorious clouds encompassed round, Whom angels dimly see, Will the unsearchable be found, Or God appear to me? Will

he forsake his throne above, Himself to worms impart? Answer, thou man of grief and love, And speak it to my heart.

In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suffering Son of man?
The streaming blood divine?

Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

SALVATION. C. M.

Boyd.

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, }
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve— }

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Hath like a mountain rose; I know his

MESSIAH. C. M.

courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.

Amidst the shouts of num'rous friends,
 Of hosts divinely bright,
 The judge in solemn pomp descends,
 Array'd in robes of light:

His head and hairs are white as snow,
 His eyes a fiery flame,
 A radiant crown adorns his brow,
 And Jesus is his name.

"He comes! he comes to judge the world," Aloud th' archangel cries;
 While thunders roll from pole to pole, And lightnings cleave the skies! }

Writ on his thigh his name appears,
 And scars his vict'ries tell;
 Lo! in his hand the Conquerer bears
 The keys of death and hell:

So he ascends the judgment seat,
 And at his dread command
 Myriads of creatures round his feet
 In solemn silence stand.

MESSIAH—*Continued.*

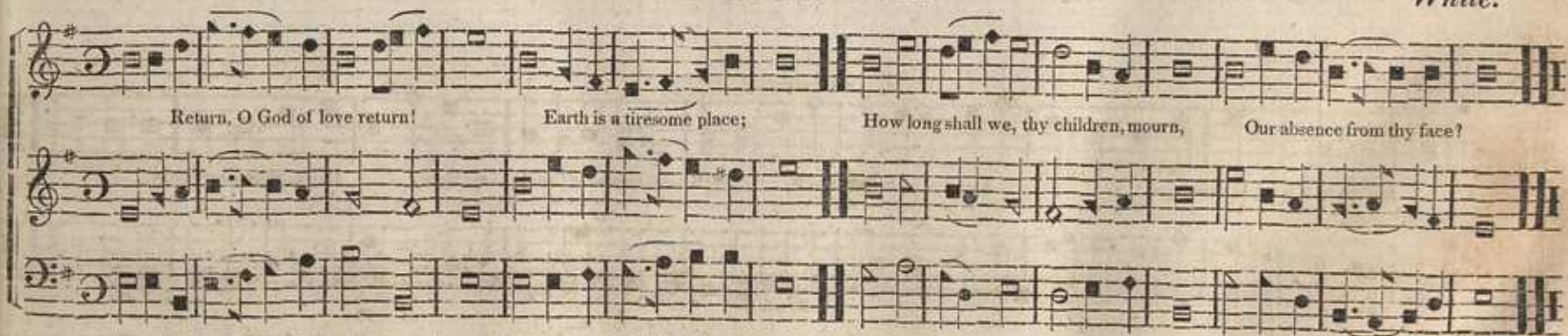
31



Th' affrighted nations hear the sound, And upward lift their eyes; The slumb'ring tenants of the ground, In living armies rise.

GEORGIA. C. M.

White.



Return, O God of love return! Earth is a tiresome place; How long shall we, thy children, mourn, Our absence from thy face?

Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done,
Meet a divine reward.

O! were I like a feather'd dove, And innocence had wings, I'd fly, and make a long remove From all these restless things.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

Let me to some wild desert go, And find a peaceful home, Where storms of malice never blow, And sorrows never come.

The second system of music also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Handel.

33

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory shone around.

E

ARABIA. C. M.

Carrell.

Lord, what a wretched land is this, That yields us no supply; No cheering fruits nor wholesome trees, Nor streams of living joy, Nor streams of living joy.

EGTHORN. C. M.

T. Clark

Air cheerful. Arise, my soul, my joyful pow'rs, And triumph in my God; Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
 Awake! A-
 wake, my voice, and loud proclaim. His
 voice, and loud proclaim. His
 Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim His glorious grace abroad, His glorious grace abroad.
 Awake!

DEVOTION. C. M.

Pleyel. 35

Slow.

O joyful sound of gospel grace, Christ shall in me appear; I, even I, shall see his face; I shall be holy here.

The glorious crown of righteousness, To me reach'd out I view; Conq'ror through him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

Leach.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

Dr. Randel.

But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one. How vast must their advantage be, How great their pleasure prove,

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

CAMBRIDGE—Continued.

37



True love is like that precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Run down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Herman's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill:

For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the Almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
And joys eternal spring.

TRIBULATION. C. M.

Davisson.



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

Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear,
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long forever there.

See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recovering grace.

He is a God of sov'reign love,
'That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

GENEVA. C. M.

J. Cole.

Air.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost

for.

lost in wonder, love and praise.

lost in wonder, love and praise.

lost in wonder, love and praise.

ANTICIPATION. C. M. DOUBLE.

Carrell.

Andante.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy

ANTICIPATION—Continued.

39



land, Where my possessions lie: O' the transporting, rapt'rous scene, That rises to my sight; Sweet fields, array'd in living green, And rivers of delight.

DUBLIN. C. M.

Kirby.



Lord, what is man, poor feeble man? Born of the earth at first, His life a shadow, light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust.

O what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wond'rous is his love!

O God, my heart is fully bent To magnify thy name, To magnify thy name; My tongue, with cheerful pra.

O God, my heart is fully bent To magnify thy name, To magnify thy name; pra.

O God, my heart is fully bent To magnify thy name, To magnify thy name; My tongue, with cheerful

To magnify thy name, To magnify thy name.

for. My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise, Shall celebrate thy fame.

songs of praise, Shall celebrate thy fame. My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise Shall celebrate thy fame.

songs of praise, Shall celebrate thy fame. My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise, Shall celebrate thy fame.

Shall celebrate thy fame.

When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. And

F

wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes; I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

Then shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

MOUNT TABOR. C. M.

Leach.

Let all the earth, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honor of his

name, And sound his glorious praise,
And sound his glorious praise.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

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

WILTSHIRE. C. M.

Stephenson.

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy, The

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

WILTSHIRE—Continued.

43

praises of my God shall still, The praises of my God shall still, My heart and tongue employ, My heart and tongue employ.

CONSOLATION. C. M.

Dean.

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

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

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays

On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand:
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

A thousand wretch'd souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

alto.

Now shall my head be lifted high, Above my foes around, And songs of joy and victory, Within thy temple sound—

Within thy temple

Within, &c.

sound, sound, Within thy temple sound.

sound.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

pia.
The angel of the Lord came

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came

pia.
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

down, And glory shone around,
And glory shone around.

for.
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
"The heav'nly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

RAINBOW. C. M.

Swan.

The sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal pow'r; The sea grows calm at thy command,

The sea grows calm at

The sea grows 2

cease to roar.

And tempests cease to roar, And tempests cease to roar, And tempests cease to roar, thy command, And tempests cease to roar.

Around whose throne And
 Thou great and sov'reign Lord of all, Whom heav'nly hosts obey, Around whose throne dread thunders roll, And livid lightnings
 Around, Around,
 Around whose throne, &c.
 livid lightnings play, play, play, And Around, &c.
 play, And livid lightnings play, And livid lightnings play, Around whose throne, &c.
 thunders roll, And livid play, play, Around
 And livid lightnings play, Around

CLIFFORD. C. M.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1:

Vocal: To Zion's hill I lift my eyes, From thence expecting aid, From Zion's hill and Zion's God, From

Piano: Accompaniment for the first system.

System 2:

Vocal: Zion's hill and Zion's God, Who heav'n and earth hath made, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

Piano: Accompaniment for the second system.

System 3:

Vocal: Who heav'n and earth hath made.

Piano: Accompaniment for the third system.

Performance markings include *pia.* (piano) above the first vocal staff and *for.* (forte) above the first and third vocal staves of the second system.

MOUNT CARMEL. C. M.

J. Cole.

49

Awake, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

piu.

G

for.
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

for.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

Then wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

THE DYING PENITENT.

Carrell.

andante.

As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He pour'd salvation on a wretch That languish'd at his side.

His crimes, with inward grief and shame, The penitent confess'd, Then turn'd his dying eyes on Christ, And thus his pray'r address'd:

"Jesus, thou son and heir of heav'n, Thou spotless Lamb of God, I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears, And well'ring in thy blood.

"Yet quickly from these scenes of wo, In triumph thou shalt rise, Burst through the gloomy shades of death, And shine above the skies.

"Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death!
Let me a sharer be."

His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies—
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

WALSAL. C. M.

Williams. 51

Why should the children of a King, Go mourning all their days? Great Comforter descend, and bring Some tokens of thy grace.

This musical score is for the hymn 'WALSAL. C. M.' by Williams. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody in the treble clef, a vocal harmony in the treble clef, and a bass line in the bass clef. The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the first staff. The music features various note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and bar lines.

FAIRFIELD. C. M.

With rev'rence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high command with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word. ::

This musical score is for the hymn 'FAIRFIELD. C. M.' It consists of three staves: a vocal melody in the treble clef, a vocal harmony in the treble clef, and a bass line in the bass clef. The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the first staff. The music features various note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and bar lines. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the final measures of the first staff.

PILGRIM. C. M.

How happy ev'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiv'n; } A country far from mortal sight, Yet O! by faith, I see The land of rest,
This earth, he cries, is not my place—I seek my place in heav'n: }

SALFORD. C. M.

Leach.

the saint's delight, The heav'n prepar'd for me.

With joy we meditate the grace Of our High Priest, Of our High Priest above;

O! what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day:

We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

O! would he more of heav'n bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransom'd spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek:

In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

SALFORD—Continued.

53

His heart is made, His heart is made, His heart is made of tenderness, His bow - - - els melt with love.

His bowels melt with love.

ASBURY. C. M.

Behold the Saviour of mankind, Nail'd to the shameful tree; How vast the love that him inclin'd, To bleed and die, To bleed and die for thee.

To bleed and die for thee.

WESLEY. C. M.

Moore.

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
 My soul dissolves away;
 Dear Sov'reign whirl the seasons round,
 Dear Sov'reign whirl the seasons round,
 Dear Sov'reign whirl the seasons round, Dear Sov'reign whirl the seasons round, And

seasons round, And bring, And bring, And bring the promis'd day.
 bring, And bring the promis'd day, And bring the promis'd day.

MEDITATION. C. M.

Little.

My soul, come meditate the day, And think how near it stands, When

MEDITATION—Continued.

55

thou must quit this house of clay, • And fly to unknown lands, And fly to unknown lands.

The musical score consists of three staves. The first staff contains the lyrics and a melodic line with various note values and rests. The second and third staves continue the melody with similar notation, including some triplets and dynamic markings.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Luther.

O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's rock we praise.

The musical score is arranged in three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It features a series of half notes and quarter notes, with some measures containing rests. The second and third staves continue the melody, with the third staff showing a more complex rhythmic pattern including eighth notes and sixteenth notes.

Ye nations round the earth, rejoice,
Before the Lord, your sov'reign king;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongue his glory sing.

HAMILTON. L. M.

Leach.

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see,

HAMILTON—Continued.

57

want a visit, Lord, from thee.

I want a visit, Lord, from thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, O my Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

Haste, then, but with a smiling face;
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

H

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

Chapin.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To shew thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.



The morning flow'rs display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold, As careless of the noon-tide heats, As fearless of the ev'ning cold.

Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast, Parch'd by the sun's directer ray, The momentary glories waste, The short-liv'd beauties die away.

CASTLE-STREET. L. M.



Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name, I place my hope, my only trust; Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame, Thou ever

gracious, ever just, Thou ever gracious, ever just,

Sinner, obey the gospel word; Haste to the supper

of my Lord; Be wise to know your gracious day; All things are ready, come away, All things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.

Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,

LANGPORT. L. M.

T. Clark.

The faith that sweetly works by love.
He that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode:

LANGPORT—Continued.

61

for.

pla.

for.

Shall walk all day beneath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head, And there at night shall rest his head.

DEVOTION. L. M.

Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophet 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 a burden long has been, Because I was not sav'd from sin.

LEBANON. L. M.

Carrell.

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast; Let every soul be Jesus' guest: Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The invitation is to all: Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.

Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd; Ye restless wand'ers after rest; Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind; In Christ a hearty welcome find.

NEW SABBATH. L. M.

spiritto. Jesus, my Saviour, brother, friend, On whom I cast my every care; On whom for all things *pla.*

TRIUMPH. L. M.

J. Cole. 63

I depend, for, Inspire, and then accept my pray'r.

Triumphant Zion! lift thy head From dust and darkness

and the dead; Though humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

God, from on high, has heard thy pray'r,
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, ::
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
 In songs of praise divinely sing;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

In every land begin the song;
 To every land the strains belong;
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise!

INVITATION. L. M.

Kimbal. 65

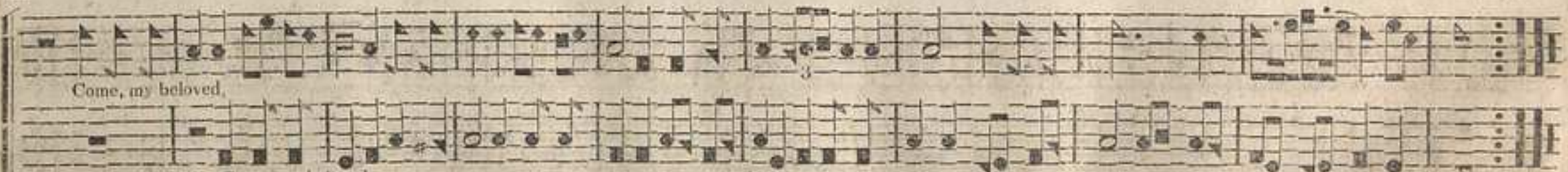


Hark! the Redeemer from on high, Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh; From caves of darkness and of doubt, He gently speaks and calls us out.



Come, my be-

Come, my beloved, haste a-

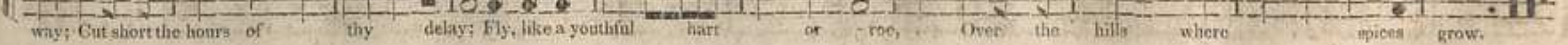


Come, my beloved,

Come, my beloved,



loved, haste away; Cut short the hours of thy delay: Fly, like a youthful hart or roe, Over the hills where spices grow.



way; Cut short the hours of thy delay: Fly, like a youthful hart or roe, Over the hills where spices grow.

BERWICK. L. M.

He comes! he comes! the Judge severe! The seventh trumpet speaks him near; His lightnings flash, his thunders

The first system of the musical score for 'Berwick, L. M.' consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests. A double bar line with repeat dots appears after the first measure of each staff.

roll; How welcome to the faithful soul. His lightnings flash, his thunders roll; How welcome to the faithful soul.

The second system of the musical score continues with four staves in the same key signature and time signature. It follows the same musical notation style as the first system, with various note values and rests. A double bar line with repeat dots is also present in this system.

MAGDALEN. L. M.

Dr. Tallis. 67

My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee; Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.

SUPPLICATION. L. M.

Chapin.

Shew pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive! Let a repenting rebel live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

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

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

KIMBOLTON. L. M.

J. Williams.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy

truths at night,
And talk of all thy truths at night.

Deep are his counsels, and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne—
Though gloomy clouds his way surround—
Justice is their eternal ground.

In robes of judgment, lo! he comes—
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

CALCUTTA. L. M.

Jarman.

spiritu
He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Praise him in evangelic strains;

His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

CALCUTTA—Continued.

69

Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And distant islands join their voice, And distant islands join their voice.

WINDHAM. L. M.

Reed.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveller.

TRURO. L. M.

G. F. Handle.

Now to the Lord a noble song! Awake, my soul, awake my tongue; Hosanna to th' eternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

PETERSBURG. L. M.

My God, how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new; And morning mercies from above, Gently de-

scend like early dew, Gently descend like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowy powers.

WILTON. L. M.

Cuzens.

Go worship at Immanuel's feet; See in his face what

I yield myself to thy command,
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs and praise.

WILTON—Continued.

71

wonders meet; Earth is too narrow to express His worth, his glory, or his grace. His worth, his glory, or his grace.

pia. for.

HARWINGTON. L. M.

Ely.

The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh, When righteous persons fall around, When tender friends and kindred die. :||

Yet not one anxious, murr'ring thought,
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' Almighty, ever-living Friend,

Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

BERLIN. L. M.

The great archangel's tramp shall sound, While twice ten thousand thunders roar, Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground, And

This musical score is for the hymn 'BERLIN. L. M.' It consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music features a variety of note values, including eighth, quarter, and half notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple staves.

DERBY, NEW. L. M.

makes the greedy sea restore. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;

This musical score is for the hymn 'DERBY, NEW. L. M.' It consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth, quarter, and half notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple staves.

DERBY, NEW—Continued.

73



Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

K WINCHESTER. L. M.

tenor.
2d treble.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

Sinners, obey the gospel word! Haste to the supper of my Lord; Be wise to know your gracious

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are placed below the staves, aligned with the corresponding measures of music.

day, All things are ready, come away, All things are ready, come away.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same notation as the first system. The lyrics continue across the staves, with the phrase 'All things are ready, come away' appearing twice, once under the second and third staves, and once under the third and fourth staves.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

SALEM. L. M.

Bocelle. 75

He dies! the friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn darkness veils the skies! A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

TENDER THOUGHT. L. M.

Davisson.

Arise, my tender thoughts, arise, To torrents melt my streaming eyes; And thou, my heart, with anguish feel, Those evils which thou canst not heal.

See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused, the soul undone.

See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men!
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

SEABURY. L. M.

J. Cole.

Now let our mournful songs record The dying sorrows of our Lord; When he complain'd in tears of blood, As one forsaken of his God.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;
"He rescued others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save."

"This is the man did once pretend
God was his Father and his friend;
If God, the blessed, lov'd him so,
Why doth he fail to help him now?"

O barb'rous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts,
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God hath left him in their power.

EASTBOURNE. L. M.

T. Clark.

Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate to endless joy, And



yet we dread to enter there, And yet we dread to enter there.



very slow. *soft.* *loud.*

'Tis finish'd! 'tis finish'd! so the Saviour cried,
'Tis finish'd! 'tis finish'd! all that heav'n decreed,



And meekly bow'd his head and died: 'Tis finish'd! yes, the race is run, The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
And all the ancient prophets said, Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd, In thee, the Saviour of mankind.

'Tis finish'd! Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

'Tis finish'd! man is reconcil'd
To God, and pow'rs of darkness spoil'd;
Peace, love and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful man.

'Tis finish'd! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd! let the echo fly
Through heav'n and hell, through earth and sky!

When shall thy love constrain, And force me to thy breast? When shall my soul return again, To her eternal rest?

HOPE. S. M.

And can I yet delay, My little all to give? To tear my soul from earth away, For Jesus to receive?

Nay, but I yield, I yield—
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own the conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh take,
And seal me ever thine!

Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.

ALBION. S. M.

Boyd. 79

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, ::

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Handel.

Jesus, my Lord, attend Thy feeble creature's cry;
And show thyself the sinner's friend, And set me up on high.

From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release;
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.

Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea;
My present and eternal peace
Are both deriv'd from thee.

Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

NINETY-THIRD. S. M.

Chapin.

O may thy pow'ful word Inspire a feeble worm, To rush into thy kingdom, Lord, And take it, as by storm.

O may we all improve The grace already giv'n, To seize the crown of perfect love, And scale the mount of heav'n.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Stanley.

The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well supply'd; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

EVENING HYMN. S. M.

Carrell.

81

The day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon unrobe us all,
Of what we here possess'd.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

L

QUEBEC. S. M.

White.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and feast, and pray.

DURHAM. S. M.

Ah! whither should I go, Burthen'd, and sick, and faint? To whom should I my troubles show, And pour out my complaint?
 My Saviour bids me come, Ah! why do I delay? He calls the weary sinner home, And yet from him I stay.

HANTS. S. M.

Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, Myself, my residue of days, *pia.* I consecrate to *for* thee, I consecrate to thee.
 Thy ransom'd servant, I, Restore to thee thine own: And from this moment, live or die, Will serve my God alone, Will serve my God alone

ASHFORD. S. M.

Clark. 83

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill, That bring salvation on their tongue, And words of peace reveal, And words of peace reveal.

INGLIS. S. M.

J. Cole.

I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine abode, The church our bless'd Redeemer sav'd, With his own precious blood.

These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.

In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

FALCON-STREET. S. M.

J. Smith.

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.

plac. *for.* *plac.* *for.*

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

Clark. 85

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with sweet ac-

Join in a song with sweet accord,

Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne, ::::

cord, a song with sweet accord,

Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne, ::::

O that I could repent! O that I could believe, Thou, by thy voice, the

Thou, by thy voice, the marble

marble rent, Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent, The rock in sander cleave.

rent,

Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

Saviour and prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.

Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

Ye heav'nly hosts

Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God; Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin, Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin, And sound his name abroad.

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef melody. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef melody. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

And moon with paler rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.

Thou sun, with golden beams, And moon with paler rays.

This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef melody. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef melody. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics continue below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

THACHER. S. M.

Handel.

Glory to God on high, Our peace is made with heav'n; The Son of God came down to die, That we might be forgiv'n.

His precious blood was shed, His body bruise'd for sin; Remember this in eating bread, And this in drinking wine.

Approach his royal board, In his rich garments clad; Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord, And ev'ry heart be glad.

CAMBERWELL. S. M.

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill, That bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.

How charming is their voice, So sweet the tidings are: "Zion behold thy Saviour, King, He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears, That hear the joyful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found.

IDUMEA. S. M.

89

My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I cannot live if thou remove, For thou art all in all.

The smilings of thy face, How amiable they are; 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace, And no where else but there.

M

EGYPT. S. M.

Leach.

And must this body die? This well-wrought frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay?

Corruption, earth, and worms, Shall but refine this flesh, Till my triumphant spirit comes, To put it on afresh.

And am I born to die? To lay this body down? And must my trembling spirit fly Into a world unknown?

A land of deepest shade, Unpierc'd by human thought, The dreary regions of the dead, Where all things are forgot.

COMPLAINT. S. M.

Carrell.

Ah! whither should I go, Burden'd, and sick, and faint? To whom should I my troubles show, And pour out my complaint?

My Saviour bids me come;
Ah, why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

Some cursed thing unknown,
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret, bosom sin.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

Williams. 91



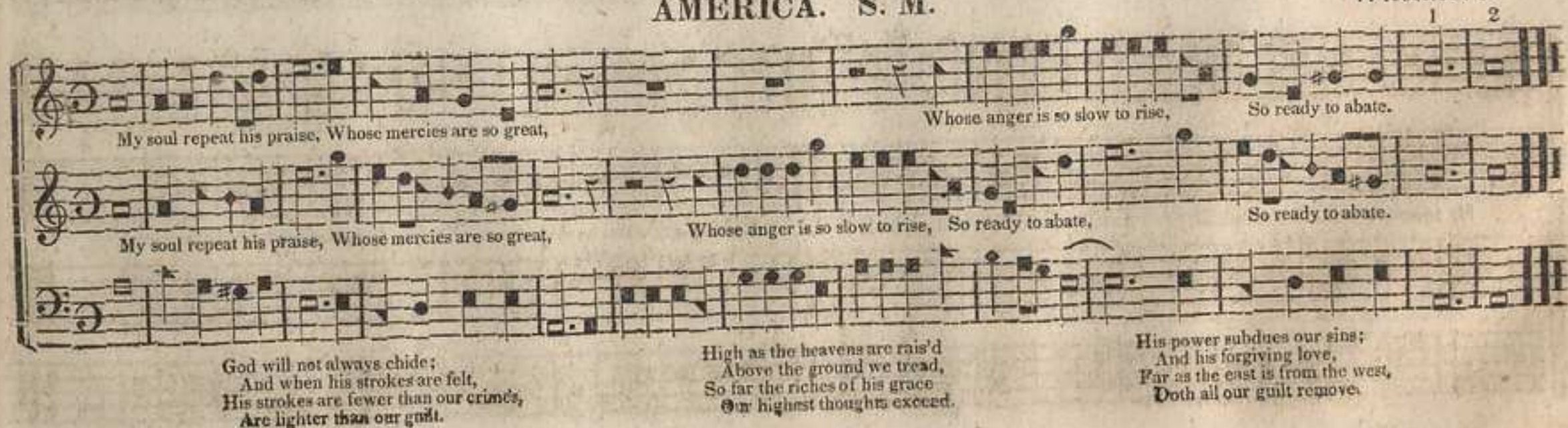
Lord, what a feeble piece, Is this, our mortal frame! Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis, That scarce deserves a name.

Alas! 'twas brittle clay, That built our bodies first; And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day, 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

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

AMERICA. S. M.

Whetmore.



My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
Are lighter than our guilt.

High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

LEXINGTON. 6 lines—8's.

Carrell.

affettuoso.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye.

My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend: My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

BROADMEAD. 6 lines—8's.

Shoel. 93

spinto.

O! thou whom fain my soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know,
This veil of un-belief re-
two trills.
p^{mo}

move, And show me all thy goodness, show;
Jesus, thyself in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

for.

TUNBRIDGE. 6 lines—8's.

Clark.

Saviour from sin, I wait to prove
 That Jesus is thy healing name;
 To lose, when perfected in love, What-

e'er I have, or can, or am: I stay me on thy faithful word, The servant shall be as his Lord.

PERSEVERANCE. 6 lines—8's.

Carrell. 95



In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man who died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire, Come, and in me delight to rest; Drawn by the love of strong de-

sire, O come and consecrate my breast! The temple of my soul prepare, And fix thy sacred presence there.

The musical score consists of six staves. The first four staves are grouped together, and the last two are grouped together. Each staff contains musical notation with lyrics written below it. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are written in a simple, clear font.

NEWCOURT. 6 lines—8's.

H. Bond.

97

O Jesus, source of calm repose, Thy like nor man nor angel knows, Fairest among ten thousand fair;

N

E'en those whom death's sad fetters bound, Whom thickest darkness compass'd round, Find light and life, if thou appear.

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers;

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures.

The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;
 He sends the lub'ring conscience peace;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

BURNHAM. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

T. Clark.

99



Ye virgin souls, arise!

With all the dead awake!

Unto salvation wise,

Oil in your vessels take:



Ye virgin souls, arise!

With all the dead awake!

Unto salvation wise,

Oil in your vessels take:



Upstarting at the midnight cry,

Upstarting at the midnight cry,

"Behold!

Behold!

the heav'nly bridegroom's nigh!"



Upstarting at the midnight cry,

Upstarting at the midnight cry,

"Behold!

Behold!

the heav'nly bridegroom's nigh!"



Upstarting at the midnight cry, the midnight cry,

He comes! he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward—
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend,
Your Head to glorify—
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

PORTSMOUTH, NEW. 4 6's & 3 8's.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound, To earth's remotest bound,

The year of jubilee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home; The year of jubilee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

CARMARTHEN. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

101

Rejoice! the Lord is King; Your Lord and King adore: Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph evermore:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; Rejoice! again I say rejoice! Rejoice! again I say rejoice!

The musical score is written on four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. There are repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) at the end of the first and second systems. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

Let earth and heav'n agree, Angels and men be join'd, To celebrate with me, The Saviour of mankind;
 Jesus! transporting sound! The joy of earth and heav'n; No other help is found, No other name is giv'n,
 Jesus! harmonious name! It charms the hosts above; They evermore proclaim, And wonder at his love;

for.
 T' adore the all-atoning Lamb, And bless the sound of Jesus's name; T' adore the all-atoning Lamb, And bless the sound of Jesus's name.
 for.
 By which we can salvation have; But Jesus came the world to save. By which we can salvation have; But Jesus came the world to save.
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze, 'Tis heav'n to see our Jesus's face. 'Tis all their happiness to gaze, 'Tis heav'n to see our Jesus's face.

JUBILEE. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Carrell. 103

Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners home, Return, &c.

pia. *for.*

CONFIDENCE. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Arise, my soul, arise,
The bleeding sacrifice

Shake off thy guilty fears,
In my behalf appears:

Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

1 2

Thou

Nor burning heats by day, Nor blasts of ev'ning air, Shall take my health away, If God be with me there: Thou art my sun, and

Thou art my sun, and thou my shade, To

By night or noon,

thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon. Thou art my sun, and thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon.

Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;

0

A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.

moderate.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To fetch thy ransom'd people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as

I love to meet among them now, Before thy gracious feet to bow, Though vilest of them all: But can I bear the piercing

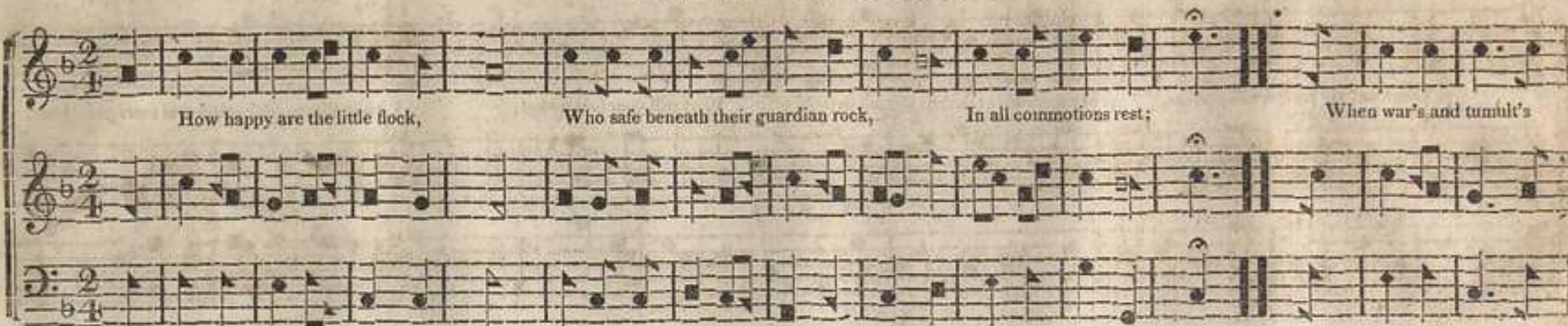
Prevent, prevent it by thy grace; Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place, In the accepted day: Thy pard'ning voice, O let me

I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand? Be found at thy right hand?

thought! What if my name shall be left out, When thou for them shalt call? When thou for them shalt call?

hear. To still my unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray, Nor let me fall, I pray.

Let me among thy saints be found
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring;
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.



How happy are the little flock,
Who safe beneath their guardian rock,
In all commotions rest;
When war's and tumult's



waves run high,
Unmov'd above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesus's breast.

This happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From ev'ry creature love;
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant;
For things by nature felt and seen,
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear,
For mine I humbly claim;
Better than daughters, or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscrib'd with Jesus's name.

STEUBENVILLE. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Seth Ely.

Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bodies feel; A while forget your griefs and fears, And

look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill.

Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Look forward to that heav'nly place,
 The saints' secure abode;
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.

WILLOUGHBY. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Be it my only wisdom here, To serve the Lord with

O may I still from sin depart;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be giv'n;
 And let me through thy spirit know,
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heav'n.

WILLOUGHBY—*Continued.*

109



filial fear, With loving gratitude; Superior sense may I display, By shunning ev'ry evil way, And cleaving to the good.

SICILIAN HYMN. 4 lines—7's.



Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O, do not our suit disdain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

CONDOLENCE. 4 lines—7's.

Pleyel.

Hark! a voice divides the sky; Happy are the faithful dead! In the Lord who sweetly die, They from all their troubles freed!

COOKHAM. 4 lines—7's.

Rippon.

Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey let us sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son;
Bids us undimay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HARTS. 4 lines—7's.

111



Jesus, full of grace for me, Help my soul's infirmity! Grant the supplicating grace, Give me pow'r to seek thy face.

Hear a feeble sinner groan,
Burden'd with a heart of stone;
Take the heart of stone away,
Give me will and pow'r to pray.

Help a poor and needy soul;
Make the wilderness a pool;
Pour salvation from above;
Bless me with a flood of love!

For thy mercy's sake alone,
Let the miracle be done:
Take my heart of stone away,
Give me pow'r and will to pray.

VALLEY. 4 lines—7's.



Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey let us sing; Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to their new-born King, "Glory to their new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild,

God and sinners reconcil'd, God and sinners reconcil'd."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing on his wings.

STAUNTON. 6 lines—7's.

Carrell.

Weary souls, that wander wide, From the central

Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die!
Born to raise the sons of earth!
Born to give them second birth!



Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown!
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

O believe the record true,
God to you his son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too—
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's orig'nal promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Bless'd in Christ this moment be,
Bless'd to all eternity!

P

BOZRAH. 8 lines—7's.



Who is this that comes from far, Clad in garments dipp'd in blood? } "I, that speak in righteousness, Son of God and man I am; Mighty to redeem your race, Jesus is your Saviour's name."
Strong, triumphant traveller! Is he man, or is he God? }

REFUGE. 8 lines—7's.

Carrell.

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last!

ALMA. 4 lines—7's.

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost, One in three, and three in one, As by the celestial host,

Let thy will on earth be done; Praise by all to thee be giv'n, Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my heart, but make it new.

If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me, for thy service claim
All I have and all I am.

Now, O God! thine own I am—
Now I give thee back thine own—
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame.
Consecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thine happy I,
Happier still if thine I die.

MIDDLETOWN. 8 lines—7's.

Hail the day that saw him rise, Ravish'd from our wishful eyes: Christ awhile to mortals giv'n, Re-ascends his native heav'n.

There the pompous triumph waits; Lift your heads, eternal gates, Wide unfold the radiant scene, Take the King of glory in.

EXULTATION. 8 lines—7's.

117



Burst, ye em'rald gates, and bring To my raptured vision, All th' extatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian.



Lo! we lift our longing eyes, Break, ye intervening skies; Sun of righteousness, arise! Ope the gates of Paradise!

Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station—
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation—
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy one."

Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays—
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song—
Sweetest notes on mortal's tongue—
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, flows along—

GRATITUDE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Now we'll all, with grateful spirits, Join to bless the Prince of Peace; Praise him for imparted favors, Praise him for im- parted favors, Praise him for im-

parted favors, Praise him for displays of grace: Lovely temple, Lovely temple, Lovely temple, When the Saviour's in the place. Lovely temple, Lovely temple,

CALVARY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Stanley. 119

affettuoso.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary; See! it rends the rocks asunder,

pia. slow.

Shakes the earth and veils the sky; "It is finish'd! It is finish'd!" Hear the dying Saviour cry.

pia. slow.

TAMWORTH. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Lockhart.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
I am weak, but thou art mighty.

Pilgrim through this barren land;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

cheerful. *slow. pin.* *for.* *atempo.*

JORDAN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Jesus ready stands to save you,

Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Full of pity, love and pow'r:

He is able, He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

First system of musical notation for 'Ebenezer'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a bass staff, and a piano accompaniment staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise:

Q

Second system of musical notation for 'Ebenezer'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a bass staff, and a piano accompaniment staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it— Mount of thy redeeming love!

Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer—
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7.

Love divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
 Fix us in thy humble dwelling—
 All thy faithful mercies crown:

Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest.

Take away our bent of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

QUEENSBOROUGH. 8, 7.

T. Clark.

123

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves.

Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise: Teach me some me-
 mezza voce. 2d treble. pia.

Instrumental

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves.

lacious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, Praise the mount, Praise the mount— I'm fix'd upon it— Mount of thy redeeming love.
 for.

Vocal.

KERSHAW. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Christ, to all believers precious,

Partners in his patience here:
Lord of Lords, shall soon appear:

Mark the token, Mark the token, Mark the token,
Of his heav'nly kingdom near.

ADVOCATE. 8. 7.

Saviour, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my weary, troubled spirit,
Now finds rest with thee, my God:

I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin or Satan cannot hurt me
While my Saviour is so nigh.

Now I'll sing a Saviour's merit,—
Tell the world of his dear name,—
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same:

He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find;
Whomso'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

HUMILIATION. 8, 7.

125

Jesus, full of all compassion, Hear the humble suppliant's cry; } Guilty, but with heart relenting, Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
 Let me know thy great salvation, Ere I languish, faint and die! } Overwhelm'd with helpless grief, Send, O send me quick relief.

SION. 8 lines—S's.

Miller.

Away with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall recover our home; The city of saints shall appear, The day of eternity come:
 From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our native abode, The house of our Father above, The palace of angels and God.

AUTUMN. 8, 7.



See the leaves around us falling, Dry and wither'd, to the ground, }
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling, In a sad and solemn sound— }
 "Sons of Adam, (once in Eden, Where, like us, he blighted fell,) Hear the lesson

"Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the path of pleasure tread,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead:

"What though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay with health and many a grace,
 Let no cloudless sky deceive you—
 Summer gives to autumn place."

FUNERAL HYMN, 8 lines—8's

Jas. P. Carrell.


are reading, Mark the awful truth we tell."

Rejoice for a brother deceas'd, Our loss is his infinite gain; A soul out of prison re-

Our brother the haven hath gain'd, Outflying the tempest and wind; His rest he hath sooner ob-

FUNERAL HYMN—Continued.

127



leas'd, And freed from its bodily pain: With songs let us follow his flight, And mount with his spirit above, Escap'd to the mansions of light. And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

tain'd, And left his companions behind; Still toss'd on a sea of distress, Hard toiling to make the blest shore, Where all is assurance and peace, And sorrow and sin are no more.

SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL. 8 lines—8's.



Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, For closer communion I pine, I long to reside where thou art: The pasture I languish to

find, Where all who their Shepherd obey, Are fed on, Are fed on, Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd, And screen'd from the heat of the day.

GREEN-FIELDS. 8 lines—8's.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs,

When Jesus no longer I see;
Have all lost their sweetness to me:

The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look

gay, But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:

While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there:

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

PENSFORD. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

129

Hearken to the solemn voice, The awful midnight cry! Waiting souls, rejoice! rejoice! And see the Bridegroom nigh! Lo! he

R

comes to keep his word, Light and joy his looks impart; Go ye forth to meet your Lord, And meet him in your heart, And meet him in your heart.

pia. *ser.*

THE PILGRIM'S SONG. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

Carrell.

spirito.



Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things, T'wards heav'n, thy native place: Sun, and moon, and stars decay,

Rivers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fires, ascending, seek the sun— Both speed them to their source: Thus a soul that's born of God,



Time shall soon the earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away, To seats prepared above.

Pants to view his glorious face, Upwards tends to his abode, To rest in his embrace.

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

EUPHRATES. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.

Clark. 131

Lamb of God, whose dying love We now recall to mind, Send the answer from above, And let us mercy find: Think on

us who think on thee, And ev'ry struggling soul release! O remember Calvary, And bid us go in peace.

Lamb of God, for sinners slain, To thee I humbly pray: Heal me of my grief and pain— O take my sins away: From this bondage, Lord, release, No longer let me

MENDON. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.

be oppress'd; Jesus, master, seal my peace, And take me to thy breast.

Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt—
Thy mercy is for me:

Vain, delusive world, adieu, With all of creature-good; Only Jesus I pursue, Who

Let me, then, obtain the grace,
And be of Paradise possess'd;
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

MENDON—Continued.

133



bought me with his blood!

All thy pleasures I forego,

* I trample on thy wealth and pride;

Only Jesus will I know,

And Jesus crucified!

Other knowledge I disdain—
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain—
He tasted death for me!

Me to save from endless wo,
The sin-aton-ing victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

BROWNSVILLE. 11, 9.



How happy are they, who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure above!

Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace, Of a soul in its earliest love!

Jesus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Peter, I Would fain, like Peter, weep: Let me

be by grace restor'd— On me be all long-suff'ring shown; Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Saviour, Prince, anthon'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:

Give what I have long implored—
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

LYONS. 10, 10, 11, 11.

135

Begone, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear:
 By pray'r let me wrestle and he will perform;
 With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm.

HANOVER. 10, 10, 11, 11.

Handel.

O what shall I do, my Saviour to praise? So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace!
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem, The weakest believer that hangs upon him!

Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name, And meekly agree to follow the Lamb; To trace thine example, the world to disdain, And constantly

for, trample, And constantly trample, And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

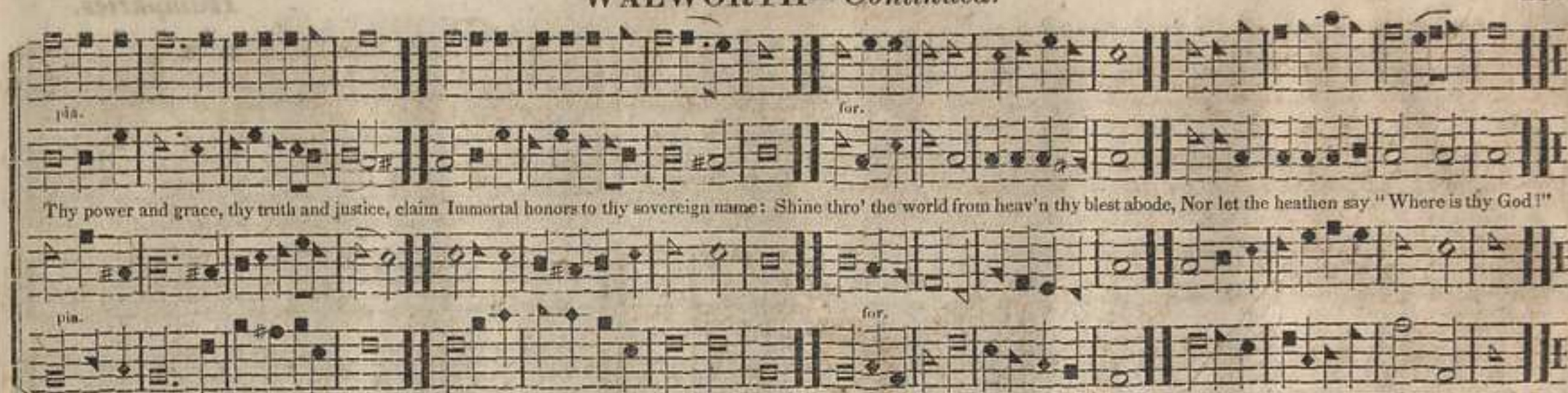
WALWORTH. 10's.

Wainwright.

Not to our names, thou only just and true, Not to our worthless names is glory due;

WALWORTH—Continued.

137



pia. *for.*

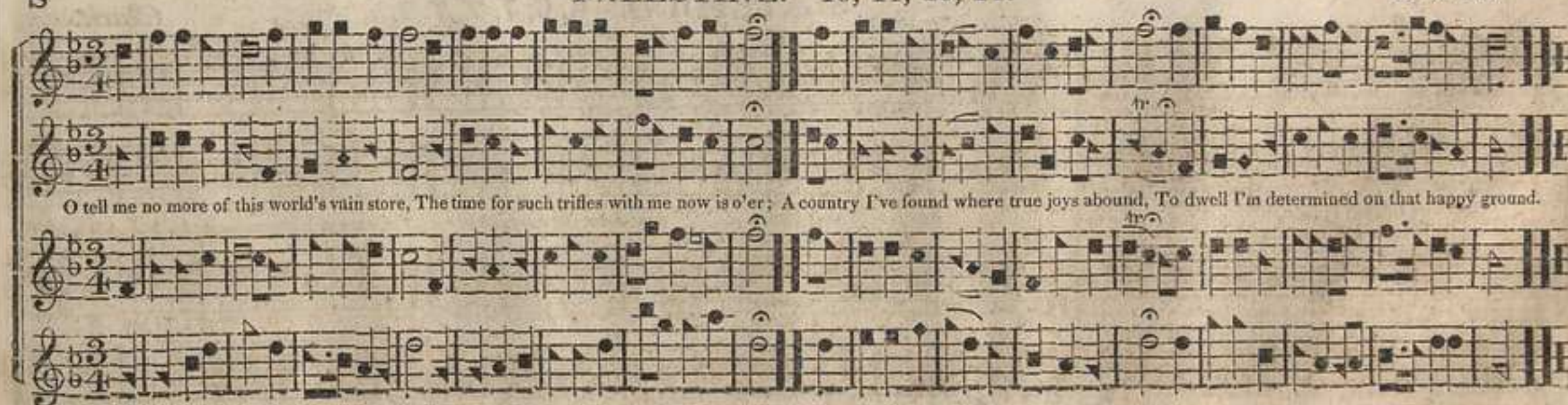
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice, claim Immortal honors to thy sovereign name: Shine thro' the world from heav'n thy blest abode, Nor let the heathen say "Where is thy God!"

pia. *for.*

S

PALESTINE. 10, 11, 10, 11.

Carrell.



tr. *tr.*

O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er; A country I've found where true joys abound, To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

tr. *tr.*

EXULTATION. 11, 9.

Humphries.

Come, away to the skies! my beloved arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day come exulting away.

SLATEFORD. 6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Clark.

And with singing to Zion return. Again we lift our voice, And shout our solemn joy! Cause of highest rapture this, Raptures

SLATEFORD—Continued.

LENA. 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7. *Bellnap.* 139

that shall never fail; See a soul, escap'd to bliss, Keep the christian festival!

See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping! hear him crying!

See his burthen'd bosom heave! Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him! Dying sinners, look and live!

air. allegro.

Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master appear; His a-do-ra-ble

p'a. for.

will let us gladly fulfil, And our talents improve, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone—
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

O that each, in the day of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through—
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done—
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne!"

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. 8's, &c.

141

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The middle staff is also in treble clef and contains a similar melody. The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

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

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

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with three staves. It follows the same instrumental arrangement as the first system, with treble and bass clefs and a common time signature. The melody and accompaniment continue, ending with a final cadence marked by a double bar line.

I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more:

Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving friends farewell!

Farewell, farewell, farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss:
I'll leave you here, and travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is;
I'll march, &c.

Farewell, farewell, farewell, dear brethren in the Lord;
To you I'm bound with cords of love:
But we believe his gracious word—
We all ere long shall meet above;
I'll march, &c.

Farewell, farewell, farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I'll march, &c.

GOSPEL TRUMPET. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 4.

Hark how the gospel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the earth the echo bounds! And Jesus, by redeeming blood, Is bringing sinners back to God, And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.

WARWICK. 8, 8, 8, 8, 7, 7.

Milgrove.

The voice of my beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds: He flies exulting o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport fills: Gently

The scatter'd clouds are fled at last; The rain is gone, the winter's past; The lovely vernal flow'rs appear; The warbling choir enchants our ear: Now with

ADESTE FIDELES. 11's. *Webbe.*

doth he chide my stay, Gently doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come away."

sweetly pensive moan, Now with sweetly pensive moan, Coos the turtle dove alone.

Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To

O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension, Our

Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet: To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour! O come and let us worship, :: O come and let us worship at his feet.

praise and our rev'rence are an off'ring meet: Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us! O come and let us worship, :: O come and let us worship at his feet.

HYMN FOR MINISTERS.

Beaumont.

Moderato.

Welcome, welcome, blessed servant, Messenger of Jesus's grace: O how beautiful the feet of him that brings good news of

Give reward of grace and glory, To thy faithful lab'rer dear; Let the incense of our hearts, be Offer'd up in faith and

peace; Bless him to us, Bless him to us, This we beg for Jesus's sake.

pray'r; Bless, O bless him, Bless, O bless him, Now, henceforth, for-ev-er-more.

Dearest Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love;
Pour thy grace upon the people,
That thy truth they may approve.
Bless, O bless them! bless, O bless them!
From thy shining seat above.

WESTFORD.

Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;

I wait a visit, Lord, from thee; Fain would my eyes my

Let my religious hours alone;

Far from my thoughts, vain world begone!

Fain would my eyes my Saviour see; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee; Fain would my eyes my

Saviour see; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire: Come, my dear Jesus, from above, And feed my

WESTFORD.—Continued.

145

soul with heav'nly love. Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare! How sweet thine entertainments are! Never did angels taste, above, Redeeming grace and dying love.

T HOME. 11's.

slow.

Gay pleasures and palaces! mention them not! 'Tis only in heav'n that pain is forgot; 'Tis only in mansions pre-

HOME—Continued.

par'd for the bless'd, That souls of believers can ever find rest. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

par'd for the bless'd, That souls of believers can ever find rest. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

THE WORLD A FLEETING SHOW. 8, 6, 8, 8, 7.

This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion giv'n; This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion giv'n;

This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion giv'n; This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion giv'n; The

THE WORLD A FLEETING SHOW—Continued.

147



The tears of wo Deceitful shine, De - ceit - ful flow, There's nothing true but
 smiles of joy, The tears of wo, De - ceit - ful shine, De - ceit - ful flow, There's nothing true but
 The tears of wo, The tears of wo, De - ceit - ful shine, De - ceit - ful shine, De - ceit - ful flow.



heav'n, There's nothing true but heav'n, There's nothing true but heav'n.
 heav'n, There's nothing true but heav'n, There's nothing true but heav'n.
 heav'n, There's nothing true but heav'n, There's nothing true but heav'n.

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
 There's nothing bright but heav'n!

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driv'n;
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way,—
 There's nothing calm but heav'n!

Andante maestoso.

Before Je - ho - vah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can cre-

for.

ate, and he destroy, He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.

affetuoso.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay, and



form'd us men; And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold again, He brought us to his fold again.

Chorus with spirit.



We'll crowd thy gates with grateful songs, High as the heav'ns our voices raise, And earth, And earth, with her ten thousand, thousand

pia. *for.*

tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

pia. *for.* *pia.* *for.*

Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty, thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When

rassento.

rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

FUNERAL ANTHEM. Rev. xiv. 13.

W. Billings.

maestoso.

mezza voce.

I heard a great voice from heav'n, saying unto me, Write from henceforth, Write from henceforth, Write from henceforth, Blessed are the dead which

FUNERAL ANTHEM—*Continued.*

die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, for they rest, for they rest, for they rest, for they rest from their labors, from their labors,

from their labors, And their works, And their works do follow, follow, And their works do follow them; They do follow them.

POLAND.

Husband.

153

vigoroso.

Beyond, beyond the glittering, starry skies, Far as th' eternal hills, Far as th' eternal hills, There, in the boundless realms of

The first system of music is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo marking is 'vigoroso.' The lyrics are: 'Beyond, beyond the glittering, starry skies, Far as th' eternal hills, Far as th' eternal hills, There, in the boundless realms of'.

light, Our dear Redeemer dwells, Our dear Redeemer dwells, Im - mor - tal angels, bright and fair, In countless armies shine; At

The second system of music continues the melody. It features a trill (tr) in the voice part. The lyrics are: 'light, Our dear Redeemer dwells, Our dear Redeemer dwells, Im - mor - tal angels, bright and fair, In countless armies shine; At'.

U

his right hand, with golden harps, They offer songs divine, At his right hand, with golden harps, They offer songs divine.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It features a trill (tr) in the voice part. The lyrics are: 'his right hand, with golden harps, They offer songs divine, At his right hand, with golden harps, They offer songs divine.'

POLAND—Continued.

CHORUS. *spinto.*

The musical score for the Chorus is written for three staves in 2/4 time. The melody is marked *spinto*. The lyrics are: "They brought his chariot from above, To bear him to the throne; Clapp'd their triumphant, Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried, The glorious work is done." The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests, with repeat signs and trill ornaments.

They brought his chariot from above, To bear him to the throne; Clapp'd their triumphant, Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried, The glorious work is done.

BELIEVER'S CONSOLATION.

moderato.

second time for.

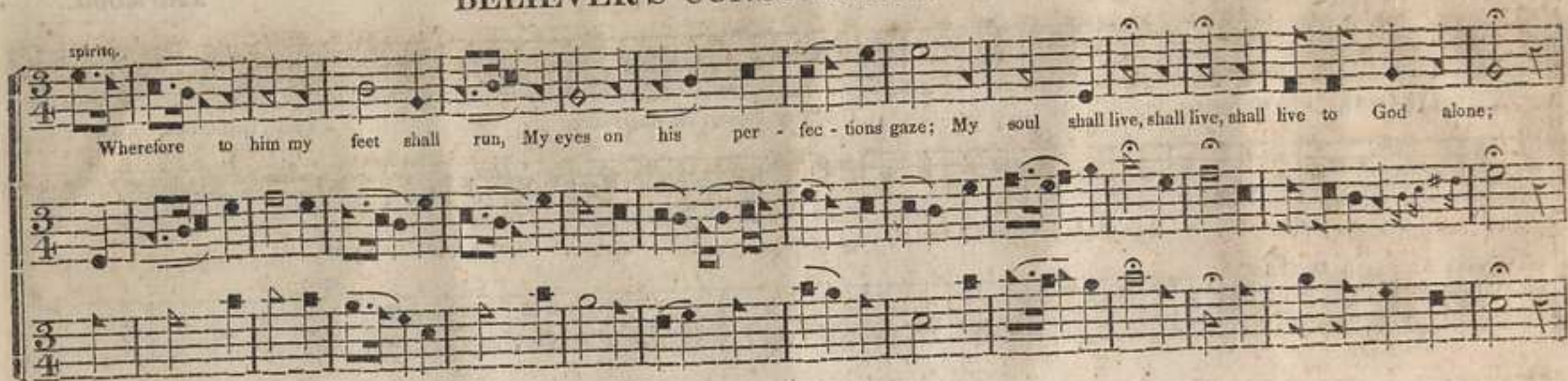
The musical score for 'BELIEVER'S CONSOLATION' is written for two staves in common time (C). The melody is marked *moderato*. The lyrics are: "My soul, My soul, Through my Redeemer's care, Sav'd, Sav'd from the second death I feel; My eyes from tears of dark, of dark despair, My feet from falling, My feet from falling, My feet from falling into hell." The score includes various musical notations such as quarter notes, eighth notes, and rests, with repeat signs and trill ornaments.

My soul, My soul, Through my Redeemer's care, Sav'd, Sav'd from the second death I feel; My eyes from tears of dark, of dark despair, My feet from falling, My feet from falling, My feet from falling into hell.

BELIEVER'S CONSOLATION—Continued.

155

spirit.



Wherefore to him my feet shall run, My eyes on his per - fec - tions gaze; My soul shall live, shall live, shall live to God alone;

tr



And all with - in me shout his praise, And all within me, all within me, And all, And all within me shout his praise.

tr 2d time for.

moderate.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying; Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,

Quit, O quit this mortal frame; O the pain, the bliss of dying! And

1 for

Hark! Hark! they whisper; angels say, they whisper; angels say,

let me languish into life. Hark! they whisper; angels say, they whisper; angels say, Hark! Hark! they

Hark! they whisper; angels say.

DYING CHRISTIAN—Continued.

157

pi. *for.*



What is this absorbs me quite? Steals my
whisper; angels say, Sister spirit, come away, Sister spirit, come away. What is this absorbs me quite? Steals my

cres. *pi.* *cres.* *pi.*



senses, shuts my sight? Drowns my spirit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
senses, shuts my sight? Drowns my spirit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

DYING CHRISTIAN—Continued.

pia. *andante.* *for.* *dim.* *cres.* *virace.* *for.* *1 1 1*

The world recedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n opens on my eyes; My ears with sounds se - ra - phic ring. Lend, lend your wings; I mount! I fly! O

The world recedes, it disappears, Heav'n opens on my eyes; My ears with sounds se - ra - phic ring. Lend, lend your wings; I mount! I fly! O

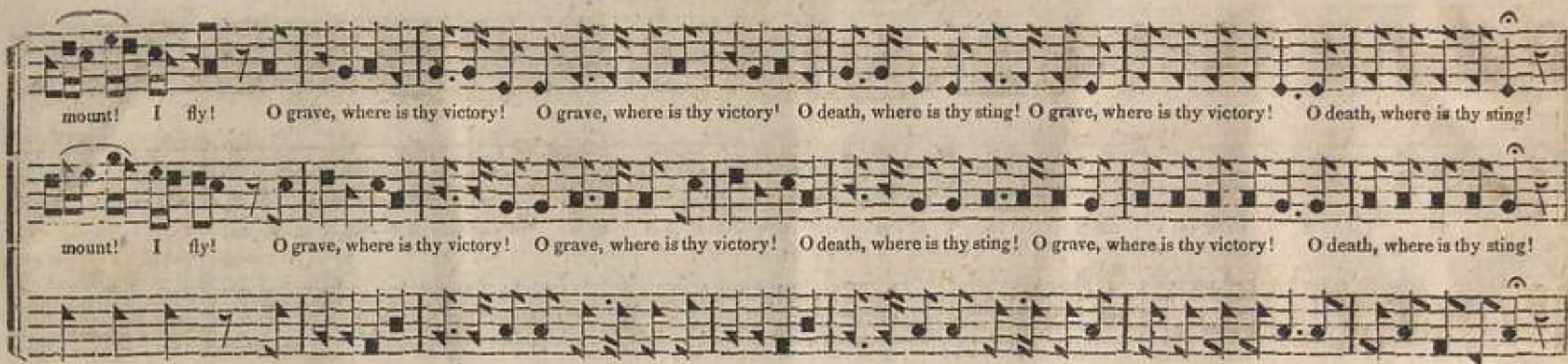
pia.

grave, where is thy victory! O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting! Lend, lend your wings; I

grave, where is thy victory! O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting! Lend, lend your wings; I

DYING CHRISTIAN—*Continued.*

159



mount! I fly! O grave, where is thy victory! O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!



Lend, lend your wings; I mount! I fly! O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry! thy vic-to-ry! O death, O death, where is thy sting!

adagio.

EASTER ANTHEM.

lively.

The Lord is ris'n in - - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Now is

Now is Christ the first fruits of them that slept.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, And become the first fruits of them that slept.

Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

EASTER ANTHEM—Continued.

161



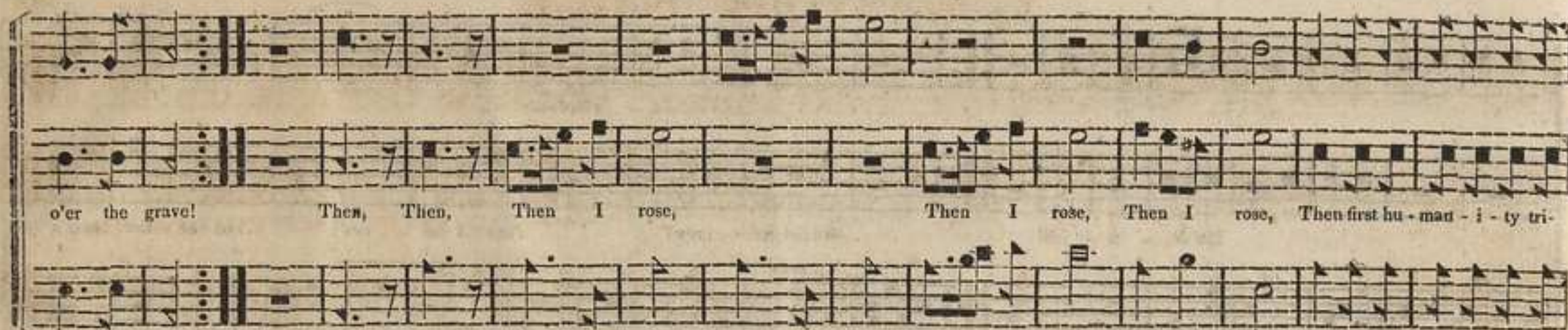
And did he rise?

Hal-le - lu - jah! And did he rise? And did he rise? Did he rise? Hear it, ye

V



nations, hear it, O ye dead! He rose, He rose, He burst the bars of death! He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd

EASTER ANTHEM—*Continued.*


o'er the grave! Then, Then, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose, Then first hu-man-i-ty tri-



umphant past the crystal ports of light, And seiz'd e-ter-nal youth. Man, all im-mor-tal, hail! hail!

EASTER ANTHEM—Continued.

163

Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glory, Man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glory, Man's the boundless bliss.

HEAVENLY VISION. From Revelation.

French.

marcato. I beheld, and lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Stood before the Lamb; And they had palms

I beheld, and lo!

HEAVENLY VISION—Continued.

in their hands, and they cease not, day nor night, singing Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty, Which was and is, and

is to come, Which was and is, and is to come. And I heard a mighty angel fly ing through the midat of heav'n,

HEAVENLY VISION—Continued.

165

cres. *dolorosa.*



crying with a loud voice, Wo! Wo! Wo! Wo be unto the earth, by reason of the trumpet which is

dim. *cres.* *plaintive.*



yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gath - er - ed themselves to-

HEAVENLY VISION—*Continued.*

gether, and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne; for the

great day of his wrath is come, And who shall be able to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

167

Adeate Fideles	P. M. 142	Eastbourne	L. M. 76	Little Marlborough	S. M. 91	Repentance	P. M. 134
Advocate	P. M. 124	Easter Anthem	160	Love Divine	P. M. 122	Rochester	C. M. 18
Albion	S. M. 79	Ebenezer	P. M. 121	Luton	L. M. 53	Rockbridge	L. M. 57
Alma	P. M. 114	Egthorn	C. M. 34	Lyons	P. M. 135	Roseland	P. M. 136
America	S. M. 91	Egypt	S. M. 89	Magdalen	L. M. 67	Saint Thomas	S. M. 79
Anticipation	C. M. 38	Euphrates	P. M. 131	Mear	C. M. 19	Salem	L. M. 75
Arabia	C. M. 33	Eustacy	C. M. 23	Meditation	C. M. 54	Salford	C. M. 52
Asbury	C. M. 53	Evening Hymn	S. M. 31	Mendon	P. M. 132	Salvation	C. M. 30
Ashford	S. M. 83	Exaltation	P. M. 117	Messiah	C. M. 30	Seabury	L. M. 76
Autumn	P. M. 128	Exultation	P. M. 133	Middletown	P. M. 116	Sharon	L. M. 64
Aylesbury	S. M. 90	Fairfield	C. M. 51	Miles's Lane	C. M. 23	Shepherd of Israel	P. M. 127
Believer's Consolation	154	Falcon-street	S. M. 84	Missionary	C. M. 24	Shirland	S. M. 80
Berlin	L. M. 72	Funeral Anthem	151	Mount Carmel	C. M. 49	Sicilian Hymn	P. M. 109
Berwick	L. M. 66	Funeral Hymn	P. M. 126	Mount Pleasant	C. M. 36	Sion	P. M. 125
Bishop	L. M. 59	Geneva	C. M. 38	Mount Tabor	C. M. 42	Slateford	P. M. 138
Bozrah	P. M. 113	Georgia	C. M. 31	Munich	L. M. 77	Solitude	C. M. 32
Broadmead	P. M. 93	Gorham	P. M. 105	Newburgh	S. M. 87	Staunton	P. M. 112
Brownsville	P. M. 133	Gospel Trumpet	P. M. 142	Newcourt	P. M. 97	Steubenville	P. M. 108
Burnham	P. M. 99	Gratitude	P. M. 118	New-Sabbath	L. M. 62	Suffield	C. M. 27
Calcutta	L. M. 63	Green-fields	P. M. 123	Newton	L. M. 74	Supplication	L. M. 67
Calvary	P. M. 119	Greenwich, New	P. M. 102	New-Year	P. M. 140	Sussex	C. M. 29
Camberwell	S. M. 88	Hamilton	L. M. 56	Ninety-Fifth	C. M. 20	Tamworth	P. M. 120
Cambridge	C. M. 36	Hanover	P. M. 135	Ninety-Third	S. M. 80	Tender Thought	L. M. 75
Canterbury	C. M. 40	Hants	S. M. 82	Norwich	C. M. 13	Thacher	S. M. 88
Carmarthen	P. M. 101	Harmony Grove	C. M. 19	Old Hundred	L. M. 55	The World a Fleeting Show	P. M. 146
Castle-street	L. M. 53	Harts	P. M. 111	Palestine	P. M. 137	Tribulation	C. M. 37
China	C. M. 20	Harwington	L. M. 71	Paradise	C. M. 22	Triumph	L. M. 63
Christian Soldier	C. M. 21	Heavenly Joy	C. M. 26	Patmos	C. M. 22	Truro	L. M. 69
Christmas	C. M. 33	Heavenly Vision	163	Pensford	P. M. 129	Tunbridge	P. M. 94
Clifford	C. M. 46	Home	P. M. 145	Perseverance	P. M. 95	Turin	P. M. 115
Complaint	S. M. 90	Hope	S. M. 73	Peterborough	C. M. 16	Valley	P. M. 111
Condolence	P. M. 110	Humiliation	P. M. 125	Petersburgh	L. M. 70	Victory	C. M. 44
Confidence	P. M. 103	Hymn for Ministers	143	Pilgrim	C. M. 52	Walsal	C. M. 51
Cookham	P. M. 110	Idumea	S. M. 89	Pilgrim's Farewell	P. M. 141	Walworth	P. M. 136
Consolation	C. M. 43	Iuglis	S. M. 83	Pilgrim's Song	P. M. 130	Warwick	C. M. 21
Cranbrook	S. M. 85	Intercession	P. M. 132	Pisgah	C. M. 41	Warwick	P. M. 142
Delight	P. M. 104	Invitation	L. M. 65	Pleasant Hill	C. M. 24	Watchman	S. M. 78
Denmark	143	Jordan	P. M. 130	Poland	153	Wells	L. M. 56
Derby, New	L. M. 72	Jubilee	P. M. 103	Portsmouth, New	P. M. 100	Wesley	C. M. 54
Detroit	C. M. 25	Judea	C. M. 45	Portugal	L. M. 60	Westbury	P. M. 106
Devizes	C. M. 26	Kershaw	P. M. 124	Praise	P. M. 93	Westford	144
Devotion	C. M. 35	Kimbolton	L. M. 63	Primrose	C. M. 17	Westminster	C. M. 47
Devotion	L. M. 61	Langport	L. M. 60	Quebec	S. M. 31	Willoughby	P. M. 108
Dublin	C. M. 39	Lebanon	L. M. 62	Queensborough	P. M. 123	Wilton	L. M. 70
Durham	S. M. 82	Ledbury	P. M. 96	Rainbow	C. M. 46	Wiltshire	C. M. 42
Dying Christian	156	Lena	P. M. 139	Redeeming Love	P. M. 112	Winchester	L. M. 73
Dying Penitent	C. M. 59	Lexington	P. M. 92	Refuge	P. M. 114	Windham	L. M. 69

Clayton, David L

"

M 2117

C 6145

1836

Case