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THE

NEW-ENGLAND SELECTION;

OR

Plain Psalmodist;

CONTAINING

A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO PSALMODY, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS:

AND A VARIETY OF TUNES SUITED TO PUBLIC WORSHIP,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY JOEL READ.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM, FOR THE AUTHOR.
1808.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUL 19 19
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

L. S. BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the seventeenth day of September, in the thirty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, JOEL READ, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following to wit:

"The New-England Selection, or Plain Psalmodist; containing a Short Introduction to Psalmody, for the use of Schools: and a variety of tunes suited to public worship, original and selected, by JOEL READ."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, intitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act intitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, intitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical, and other Prints."

WILLIAM S. SHAW,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

THE publiſher of this book having been frequently employed in the ſale of Singing Books for ſeveral years paſt, is led to conclude that he has ſome knowledge of that kind of Pſalm tunes which are uſed in the various parts of New-England, where has been converſant with thoſe who teach vocal Muſic, and lead in publick worſhipping aſſemblies; and although he has not inſerted all the Pſalm tunes made uſe of, yet he flatters himſelf he has a ſufficient number for any ſociety to perform, and more than is generally learned by any one choir of Singers. He has endeavoured to publiſh ſuch as are now in uſe in many pariſhes, together with ſuch others as he thinks will meet the approbation of a majority (not to ſay all) the teachers and choriſters in whoſe hands it may come: he has aimed to ſupply a ſufficient number for the ſeveral metres of the Pſalms and Hymns in Dr. Watts, Tate and Brady, and Dr. Belknap's Verſions, in both the cheerful and plaintive keys. Many of the following pieces he has heard performed with ſatisfaction and applauſe. Some others have been highly approved of, and recommended by judges of muſic on whom he can rely. Thoſe which are new, he truſts will meet the approbation of thoſe who examine and perform them with care and candor; and he earneſtly recommends it to the conſideration of thoſe who ſuperintend Singing Schools, in New-England, to practice ſuch tunes in the Schools as will be ſuitable for publick worſhip, having regard to the different metres, keys, &c.

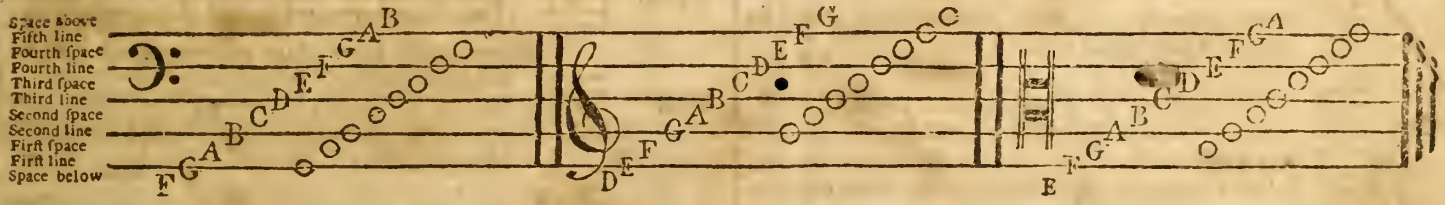
With regard to the rules he has endeavoured to be ſhort; not thinking it neceſſary to publiſh any conſiderable explanation, as he apprehends very few inſtances occur where any perſon undertakes to learn without an inſtructor; and thoſe who undertake to teach Singing Schools, are or ought to be learned before hand, and the Maſſachuſetts Compiler, or ſome other treatiſe calculated for the purpoſe, will of courſe be ſtudied by them. The following Rules he conſiders ſufficient for practiſing plain Pſalmody.

Attleborough, Sept. 10, [illegible]

A plain and concise INTRODUCTION *to the* GROUNDS *of* MUSIC.

GAMUT.

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



A CLIFF *generally* distinguishes some particular part; it also governs the order of the letters, as it always, where it is placed, carries the letter, prefixed to it as above, along with it, from which also it takes its name.

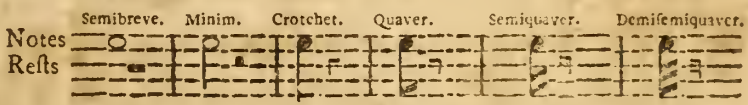
THE natural place for mi is in B

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

Above mi are fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la; and below are la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa, and then comes mi again.

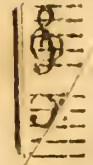
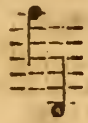
From mi to fa, and from la to fa [illegible] half tones.

NAMES and PROPORTIONS of the NOTES and RESTS.



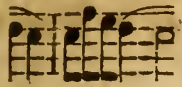
Two minims, or 4 crotchets, or 8 quavers, or 16 semiquavers, or 32 demisemiquavers, are equal to one semibreve; the semibreve rest is also a bar rest, in all moods of time.

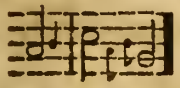
Muſical Characters.

Stave	FIVE lines whereon muſic is writtten.
Brace 	Shows how many parts are ſung together.
Flat	At the beginning of a tune, governs the mi; and ſet before a note, ſinks it half a tone.
Sharp	At the beginning of a tune, governs the mi; and ſet before a note, raiſes it half a tone.
Natural	Reſtores any note, made flat or ſharp, to its primitive ſound.
Point of Addition	Adds to a note half its original length.
Point of Diminution	Reduces three notes to the time of two of the ſame kind.
Single bar	Divides the time according to the meaſure note.
Double bar or	Shows the end of a ſtrain.
Cloſe	Shows the end of a tune.
Repeat :S: or	Shows that part of the tune is to be ſung twice.
Figures	Show that the notes under figure 1 are ſung before repeating, and the notes under figure 2 at repeating. If tied together with a ſlur, all are ſung at repeating.
Hold	Shows that the ſound of the note over which it is placed ſhould be continued beyond its cuſtomary length, ſo long as the maſter pleaſes —☞ In this book, when placed over the treble, it has influence over the correſponding notes in the other parts.
Ledger lines 	Are added when the notes go out of the compaſs of the five lines and ſpaces.
Trill	Shows that the note over which it is placed ſhould be ſhaken.
Marks of diſtinction	Require the notes over which they are placed to be ſung emphatically.

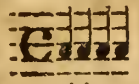
are but

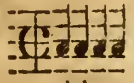
Choosing notes — Give the performer liberty to sing which he pleases; and both may be sung at the same time, though not with the same voice.

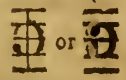
Slur or Tie —  Shows what number of notes are sung to one syllable.

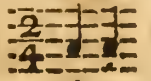
Apoggiturас —  Are small notes which divide the time of the principal note, unless it be followed by a point or rest, and then they take the whole time of the principal note, and that takes the time of the point or rest only.

COMMON TIME.

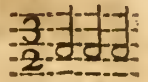
First Mood — ADAGIO has 4 beats in a bar, 2 down and 2 up. 4 crotchets, or their amount, fill a bar.  d d u u

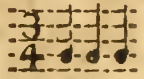
Second — Largo, has 4 beats, 2 down and 2 up, ¼ quicker than the first. 4 crotchets in a bar.  d d u u

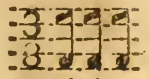
Third —  Allegro, has 2 beats, 1 down and 1 up. 4 crotchets in a bar. d u

Fourth — Has 2 beats, 1 down and 1 up. Two crotchets in a bar.  d u

TRIPLE TIME.

First Mood — HAS 3 beats, 2 down and 1 up; 3 minims, or their amount, fill a bar.  d d u

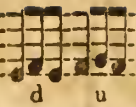
Second — Has three beats, two down, and one up; three crotchets or their amount, fill a bar.  d d u

Third — Has three beats, two down, and one up; three quavers fill a bar.  d d u

COMPOUND TIME.

First Mood. — CONTAINS the amount of 6 crotchets in a bar, and has 2 beats, 1 down and 1 up. Accented on the first part of each beat. d

Second 6/8 Has the amount of ſix quavers in a bar, and has 2 beats, 1 down and 1 up. Accented on the firſt part of each beat.



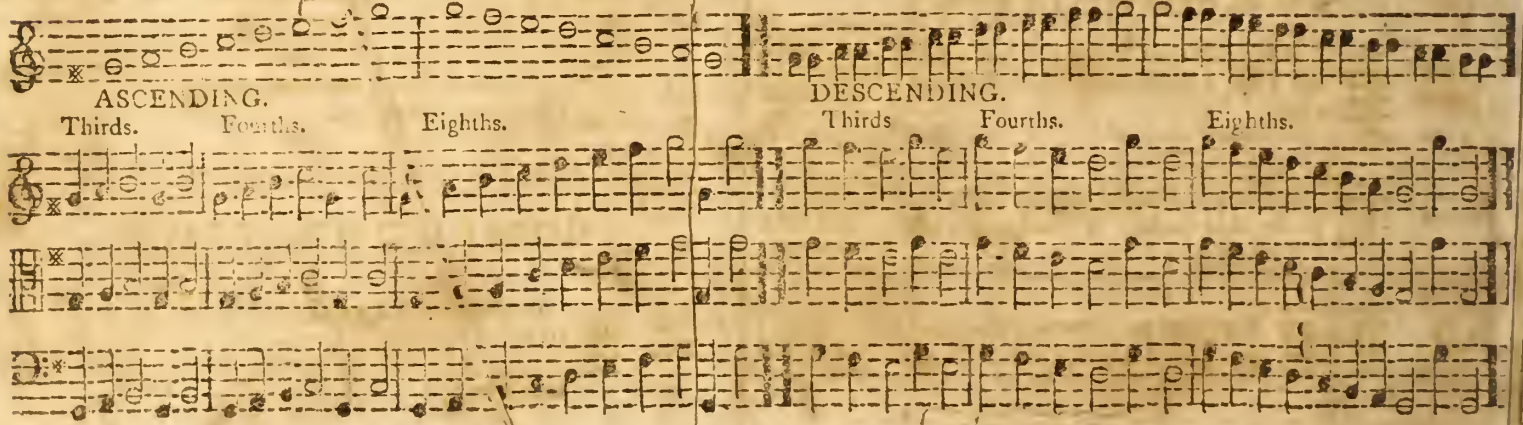
☞ There are other moods in compound time, ſuch as 9/4, 12/8, &c. but not commonly uſed in Pſalmody.

OF THE KEYS.

THERE are but two Keys in muſick, the *ſharp* or *major key*, and the *flat* or *minor key*. If the laſt note in the baſs be next above mi, it is a ſharp; if next below, it is a flat Key.

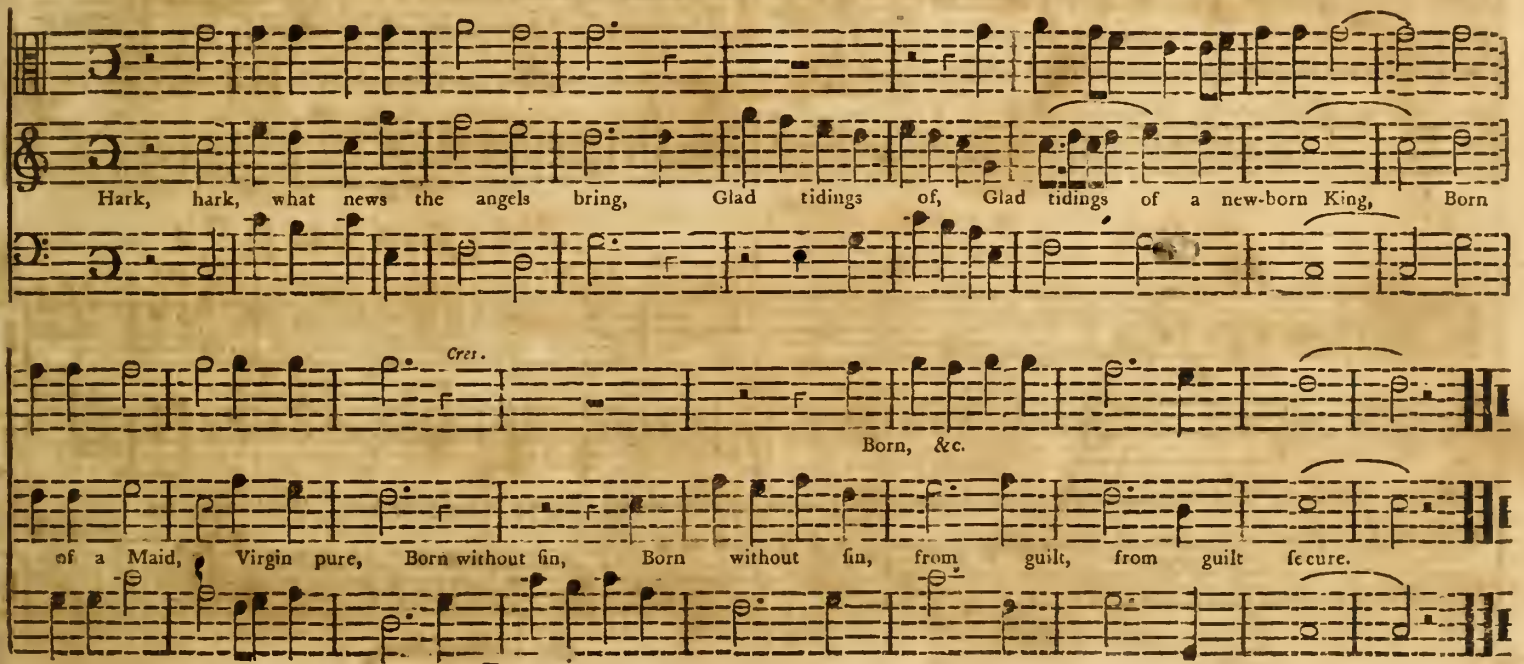
LESSON FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

OCTAVES, Aſcending and Deſcending.

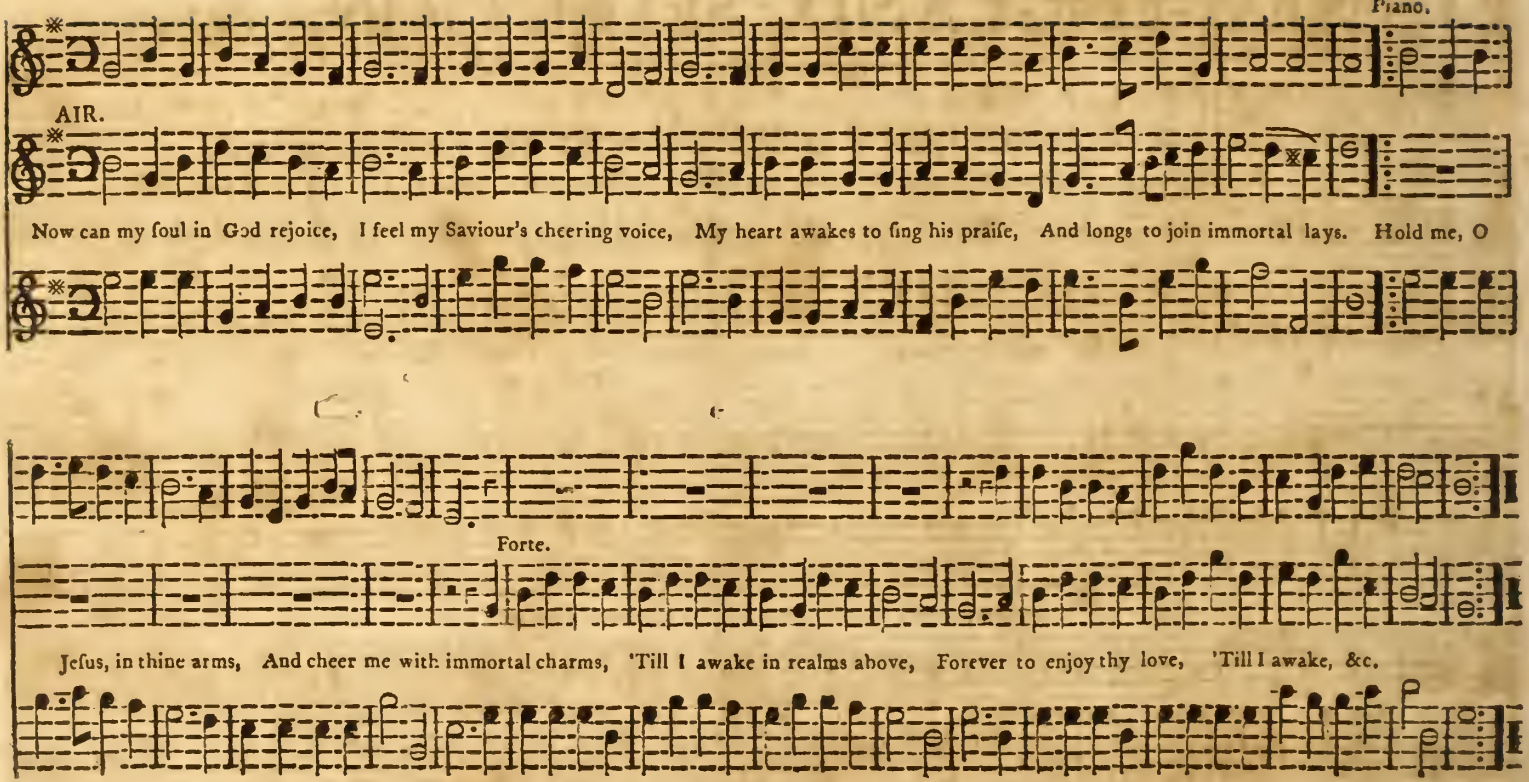


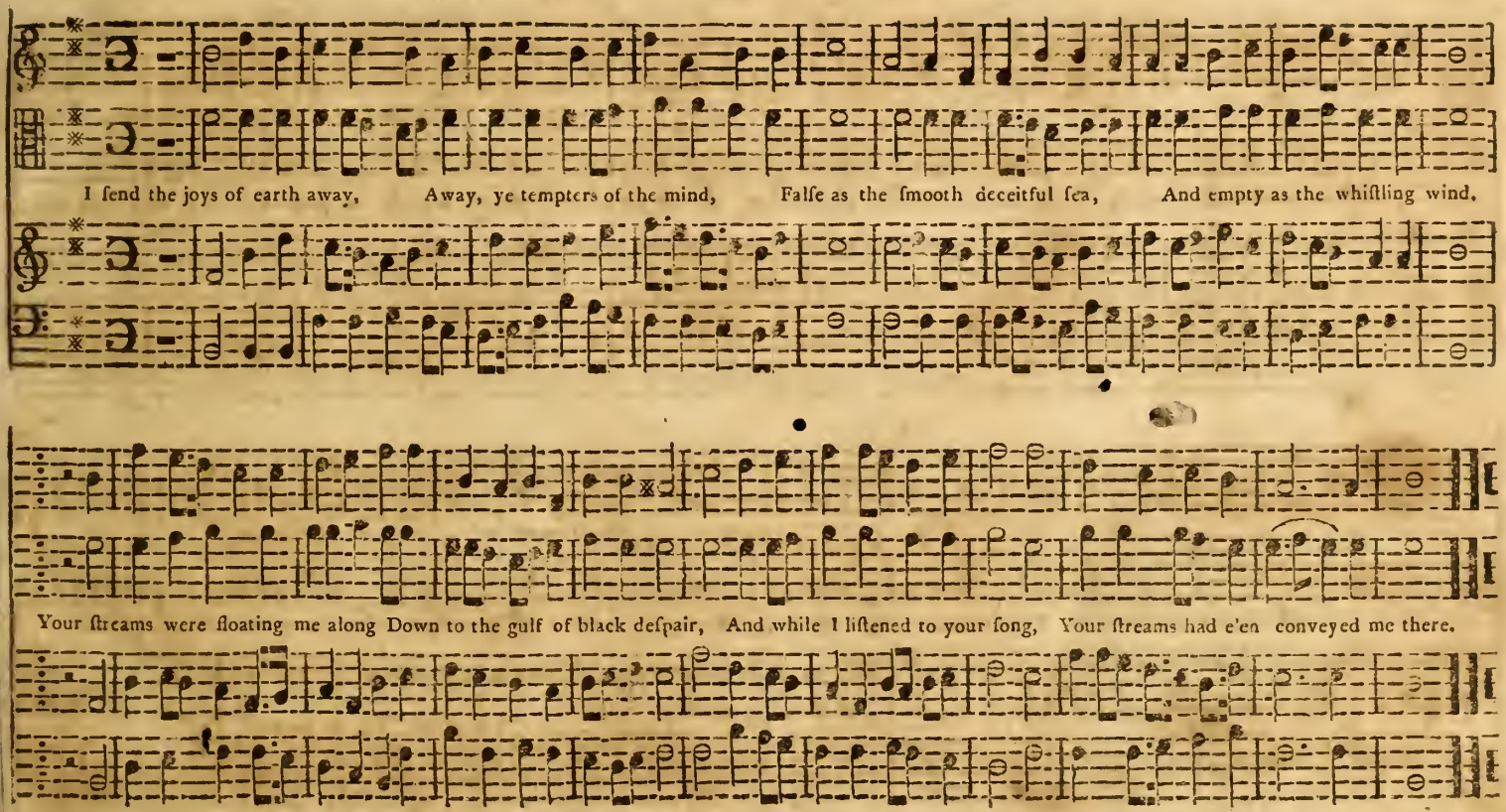
NEW-ENGLAND SELECTION, &c.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. L. M.

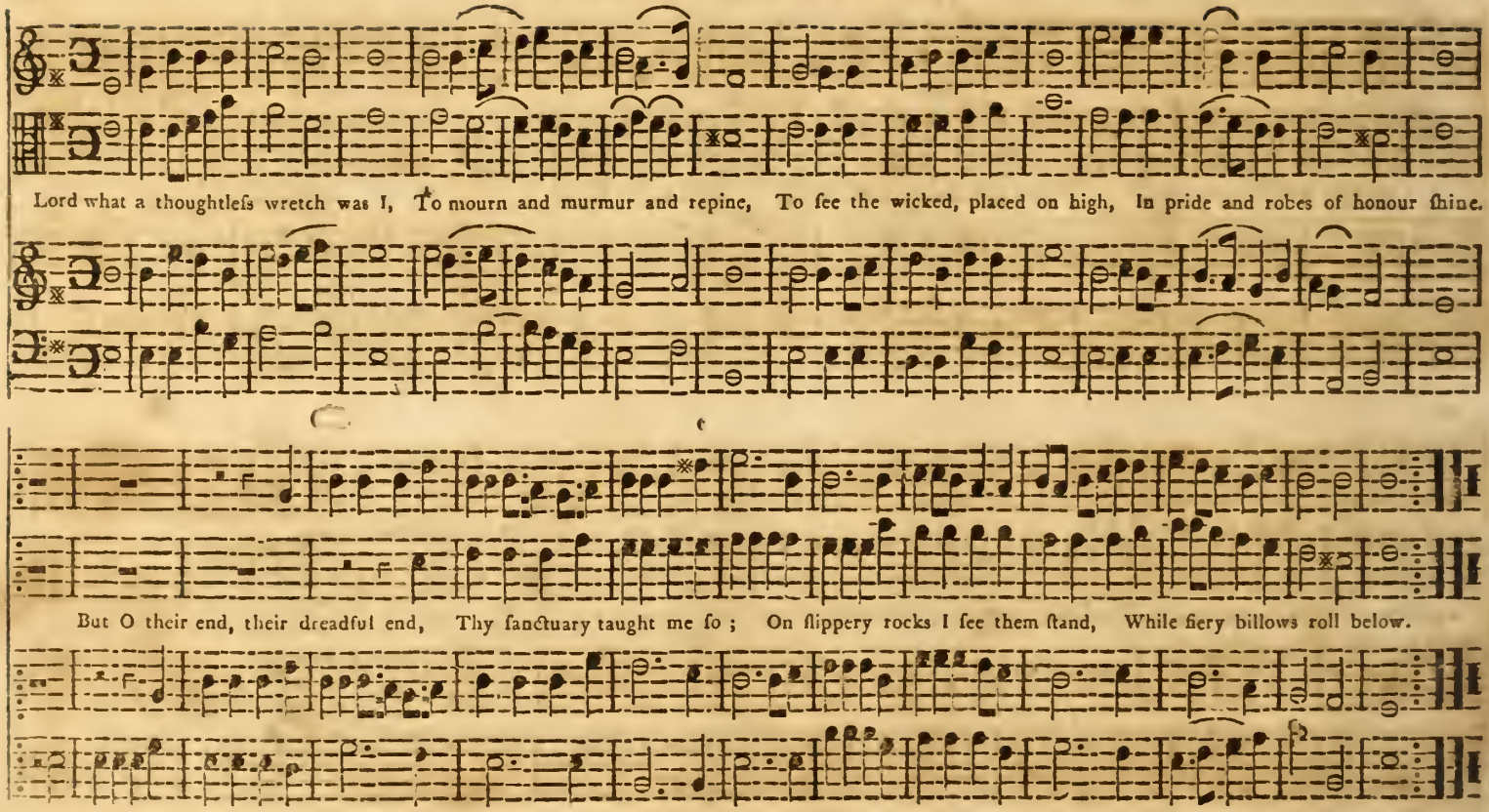


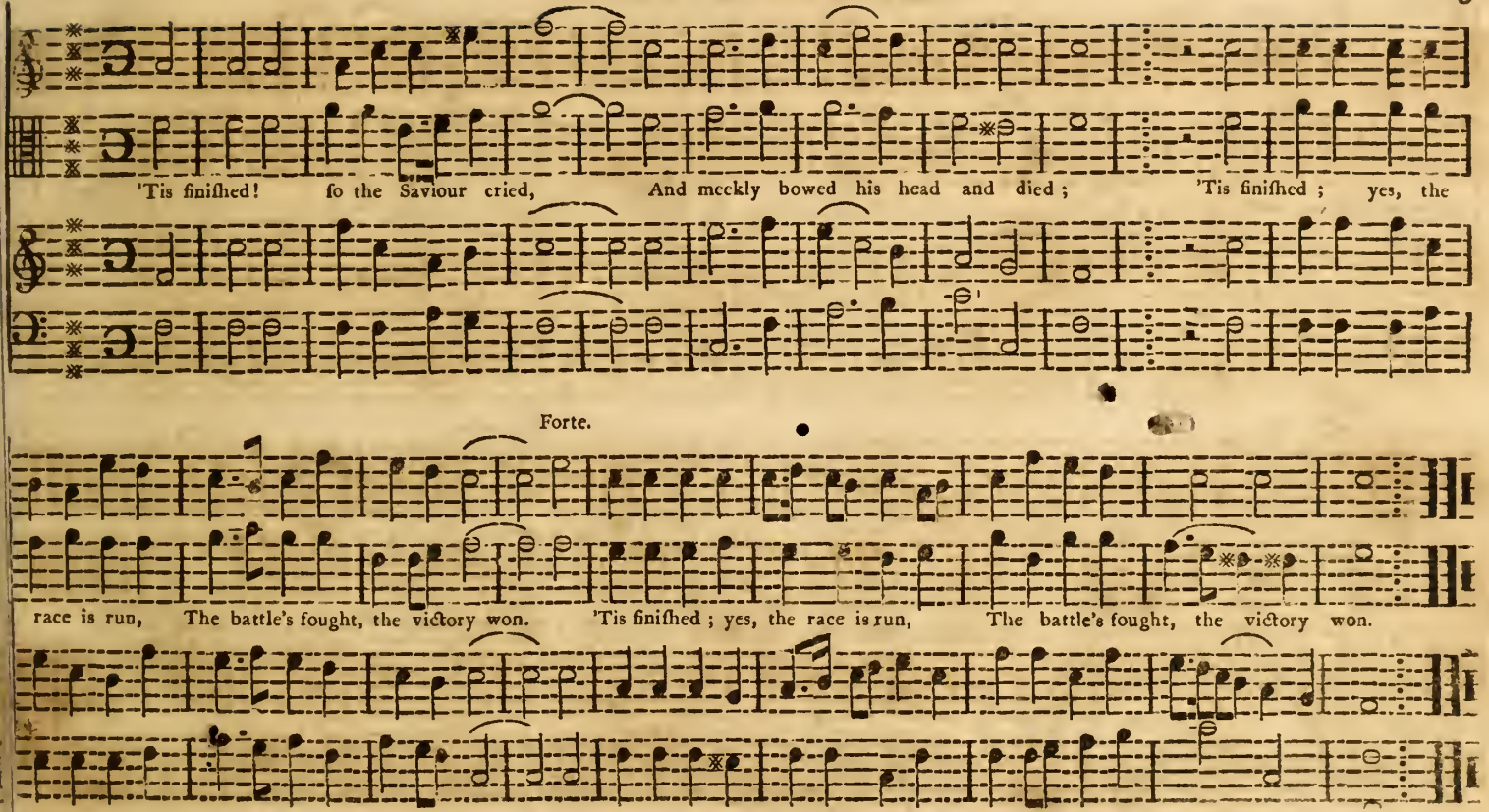
CONFIDENCE. L. M.



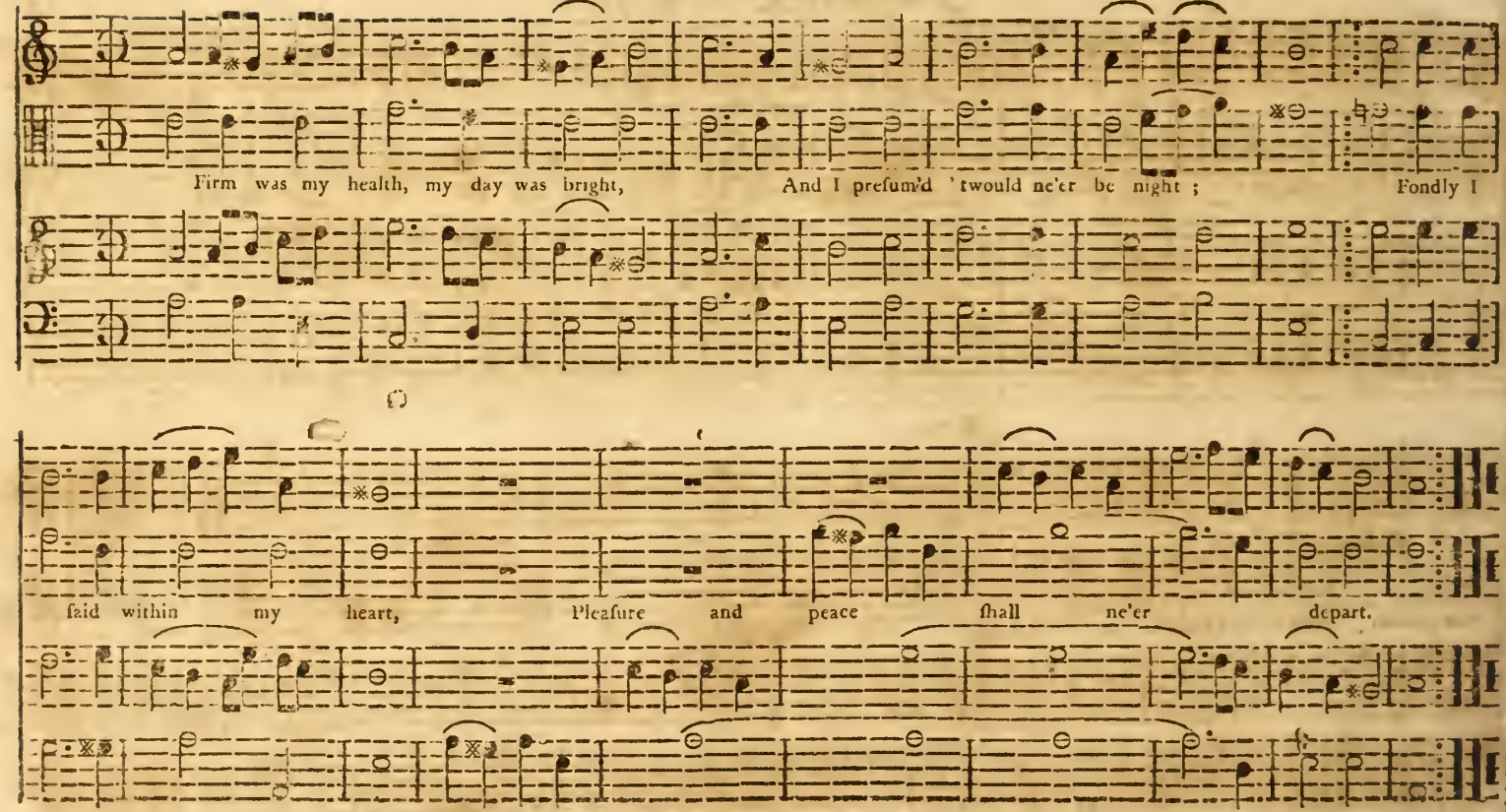

I ſend the joys of earth away, Away, ye tempters of the mind, Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful ſea, And empty as the whiſtling wind,
Your ſtreams were floating me along Down to the gulf of black deſpair, And while I liſtened to your ſong, Your ſtreams had e'en conveyed me there.

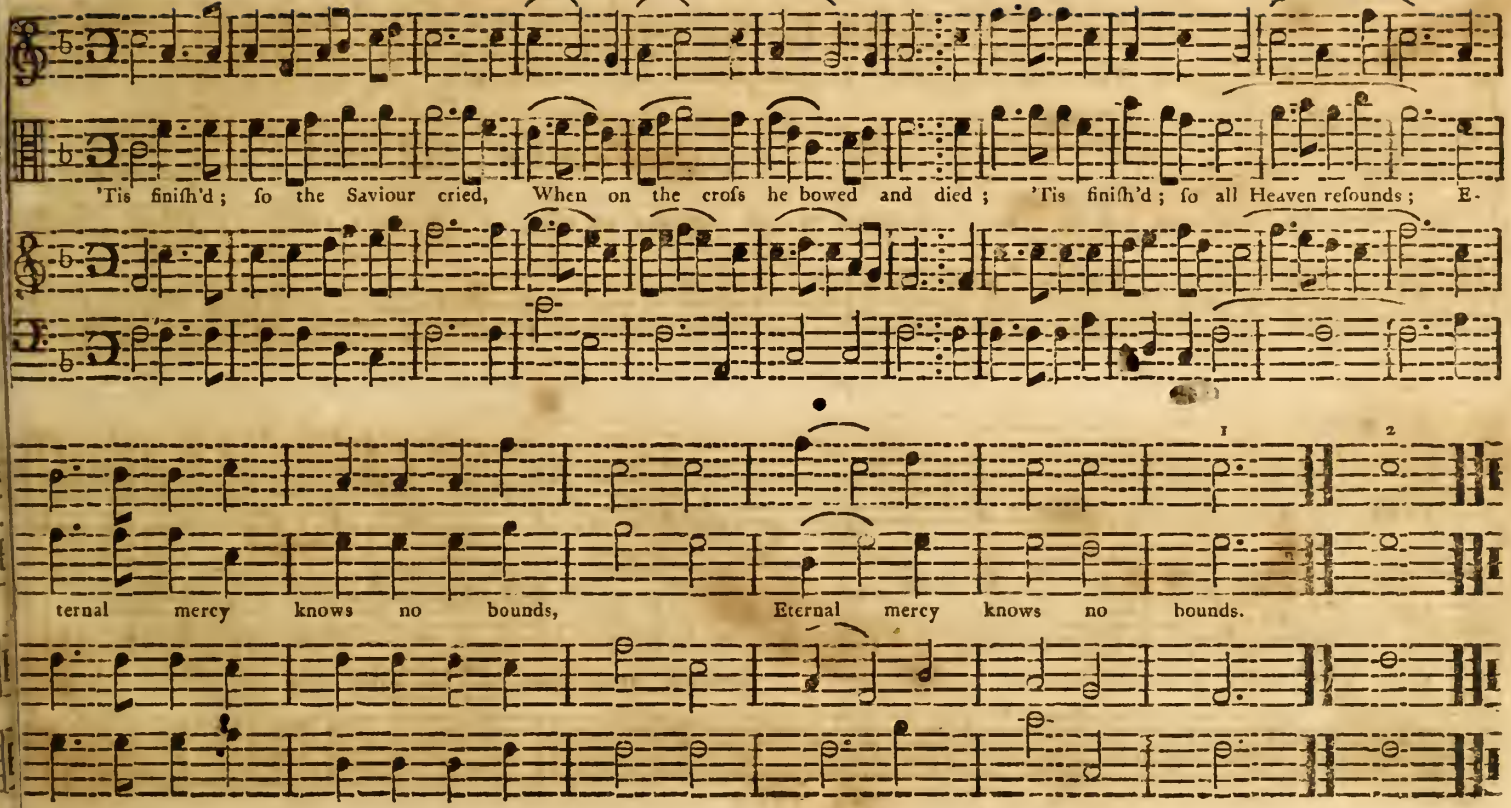
GREENWICH. L. M.

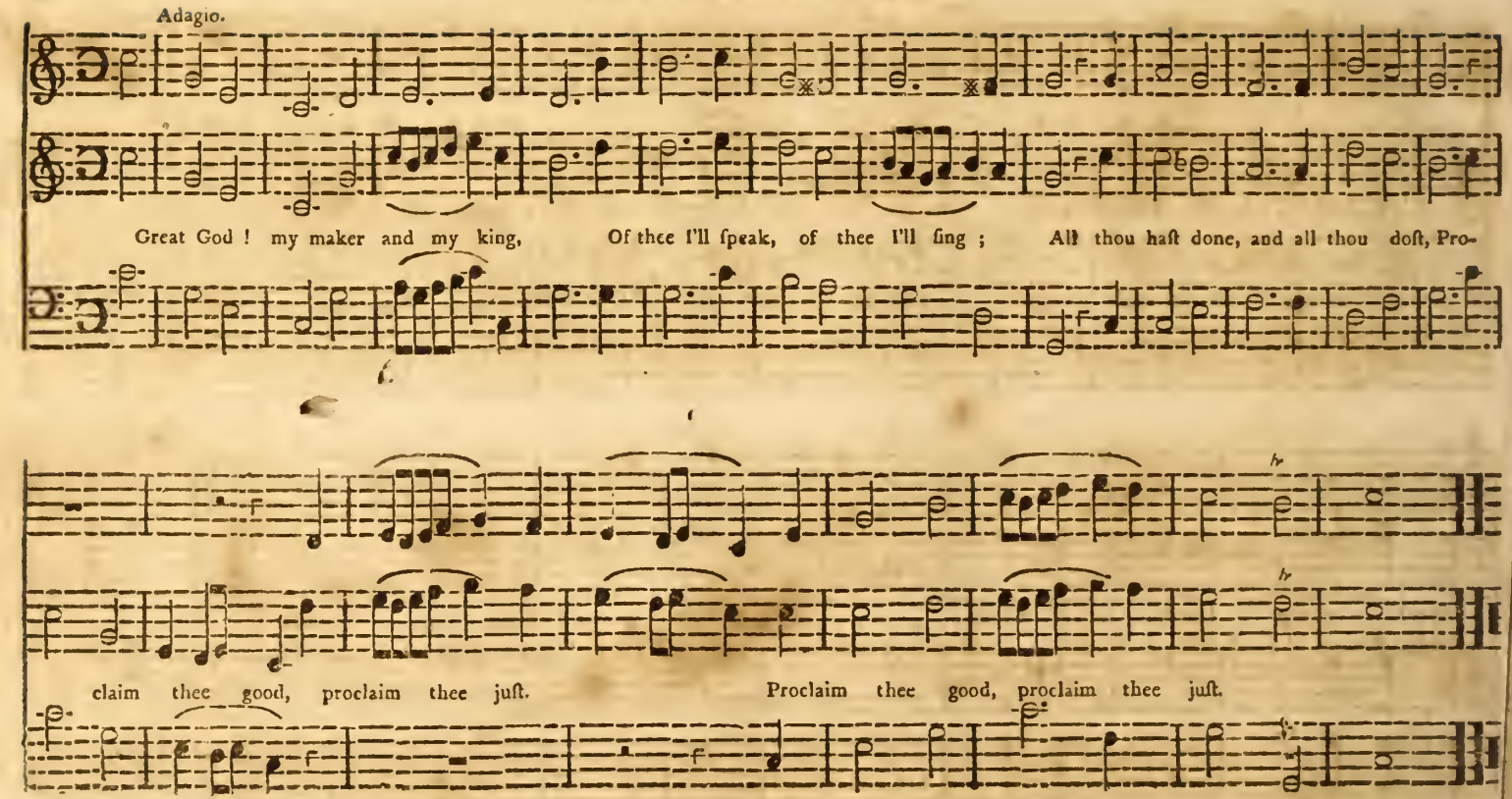


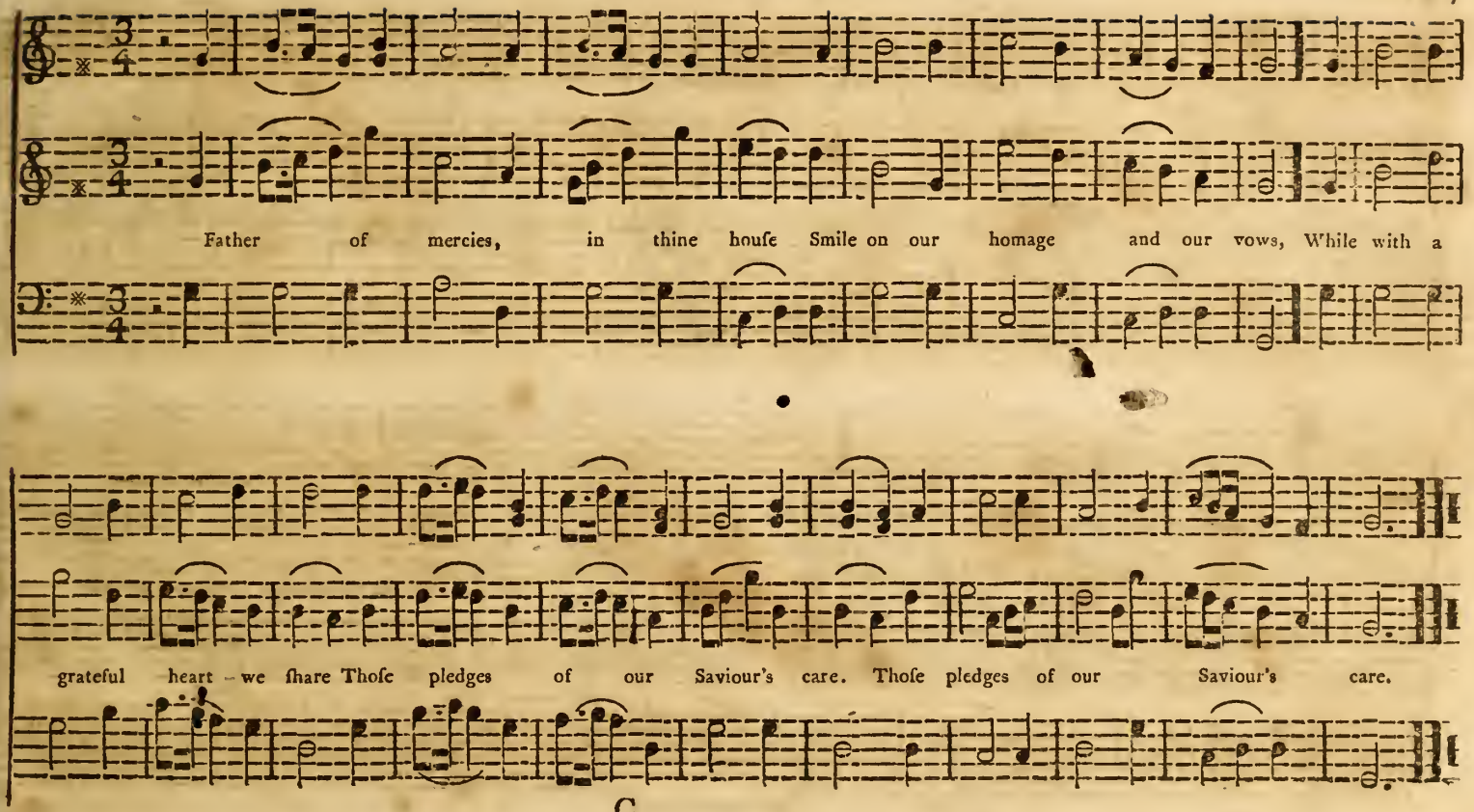

'Tis finiſhed! ſo the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head and died; 'Tis finiſhed; yes, the
Forte.
race is run, The battle's fought, the victory won. 'Tis finiſhed; yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the victory won.

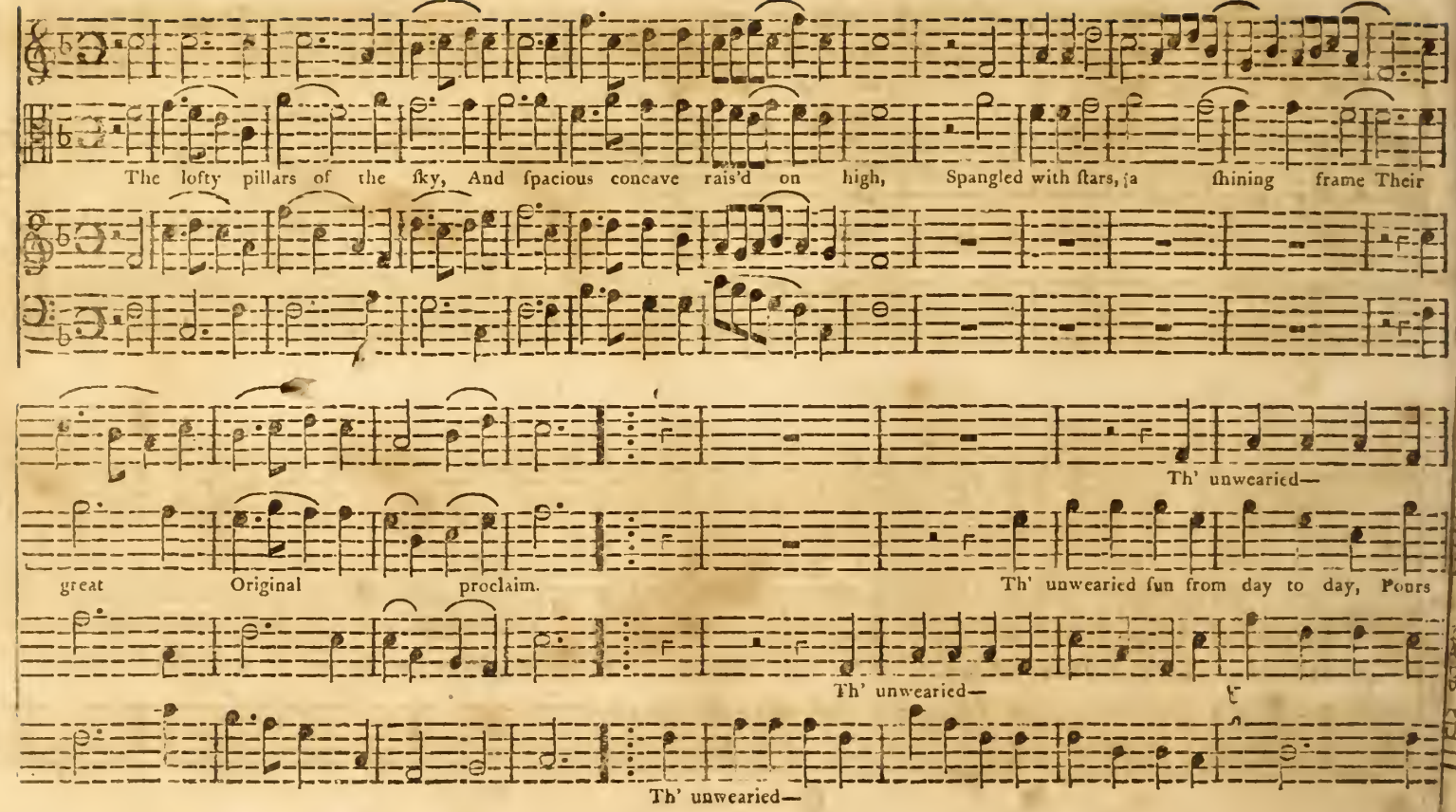
WOBURN. L. M.

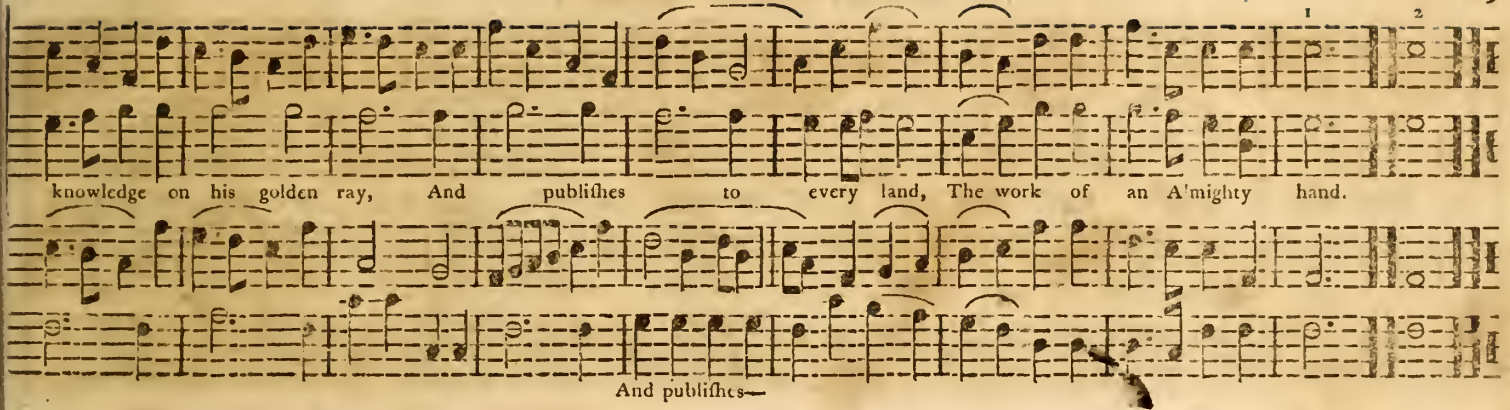

Firm was my health, my day was bright, And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ; Fondly I
said within my heart, Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.


'Tis finish'd; so the Saviour cried, When on the cross he bowed and died; 'Tis finish'd; so all Heaven resounds; E-
1
2
ternal mercy knows no bounds, Eternal mercy knows no bounds.

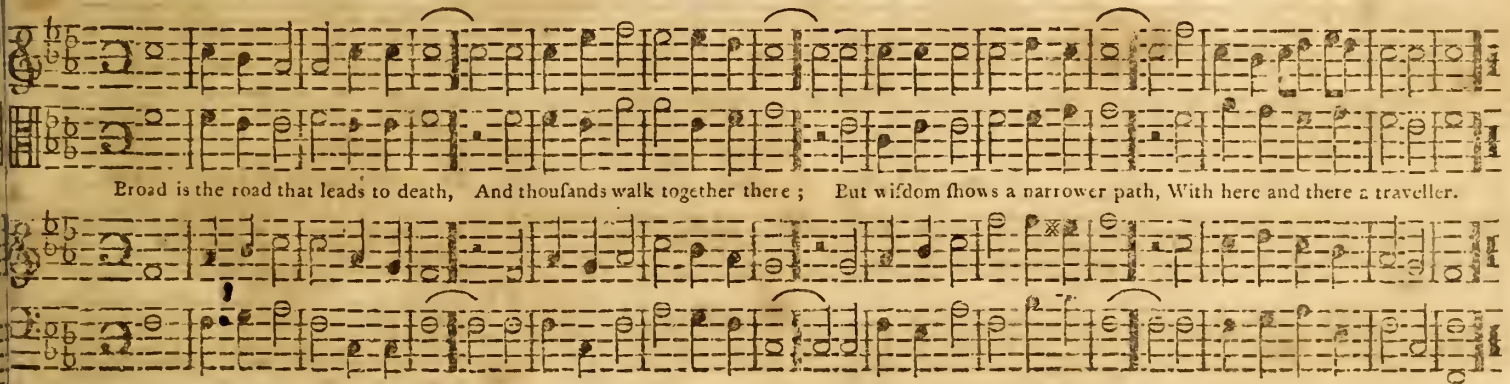

Adagio.
Great God ! my maker and my king, Of thee I'll ſpeak, of thee I'll ſing ; All thou haſt done, and all thou doſt, Pro-
claim thee good, proclaim thee juſt. Proclaim thee good, proclaim thee juſt.


Father of mercies, in thine houſe Smile on our homage and our vows, While with a
grateful heart we ſhare Thoſe pledges of our Saviour's care. Thoſe pledges of our Saviour's care.

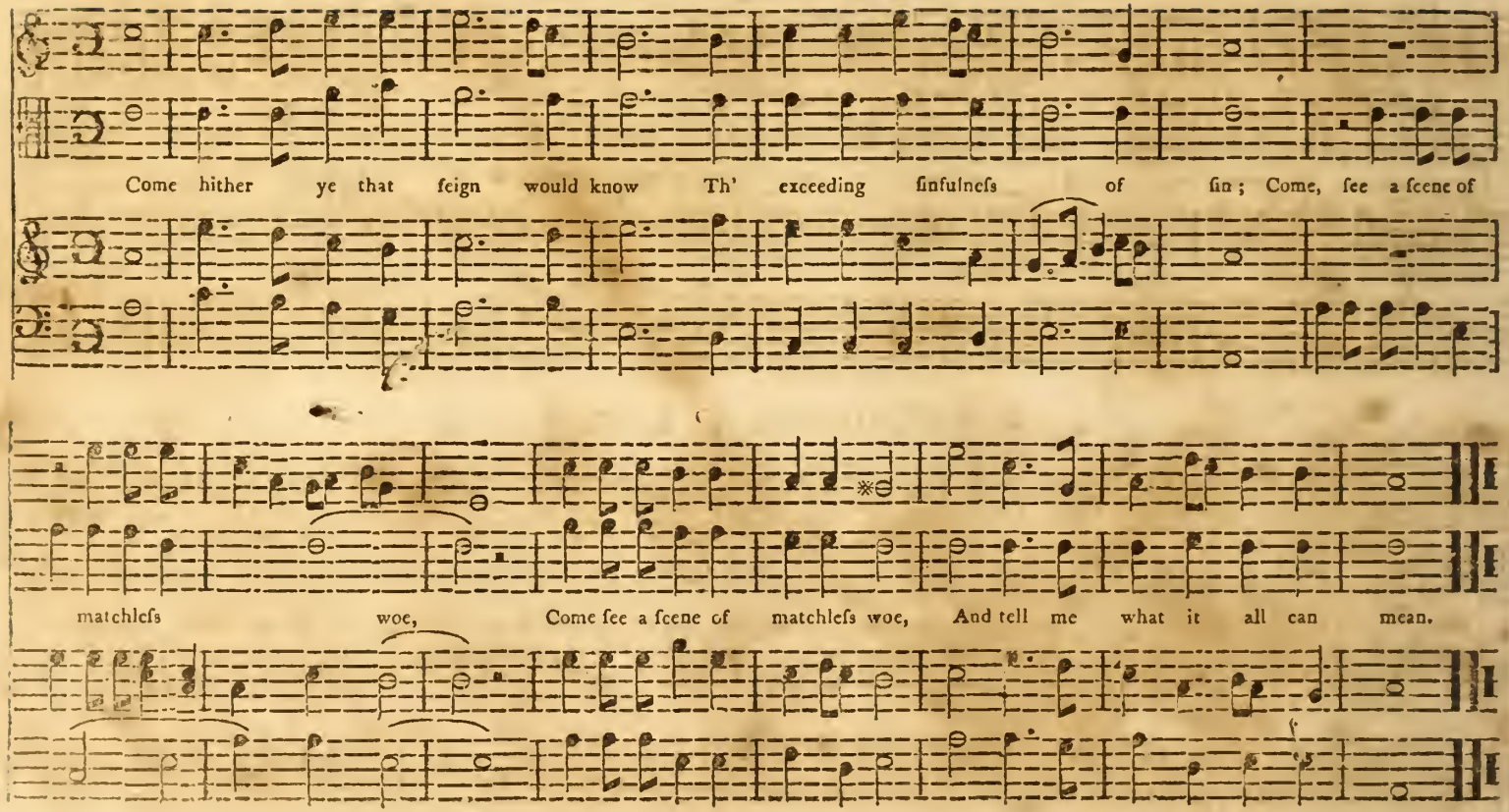

The lofty pillars of the ſky, And ſpacious concave rais'd on high, Spangled with ſtars, ja ſhining frame Their
Th' unwearied—
great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied ſun from day to day, Pours
Th' unwearied—
Th' unwearied—


knowledge on his golden ray, And publiſhes to every land, The work of an Al'mighty hand.
And publiſhes—

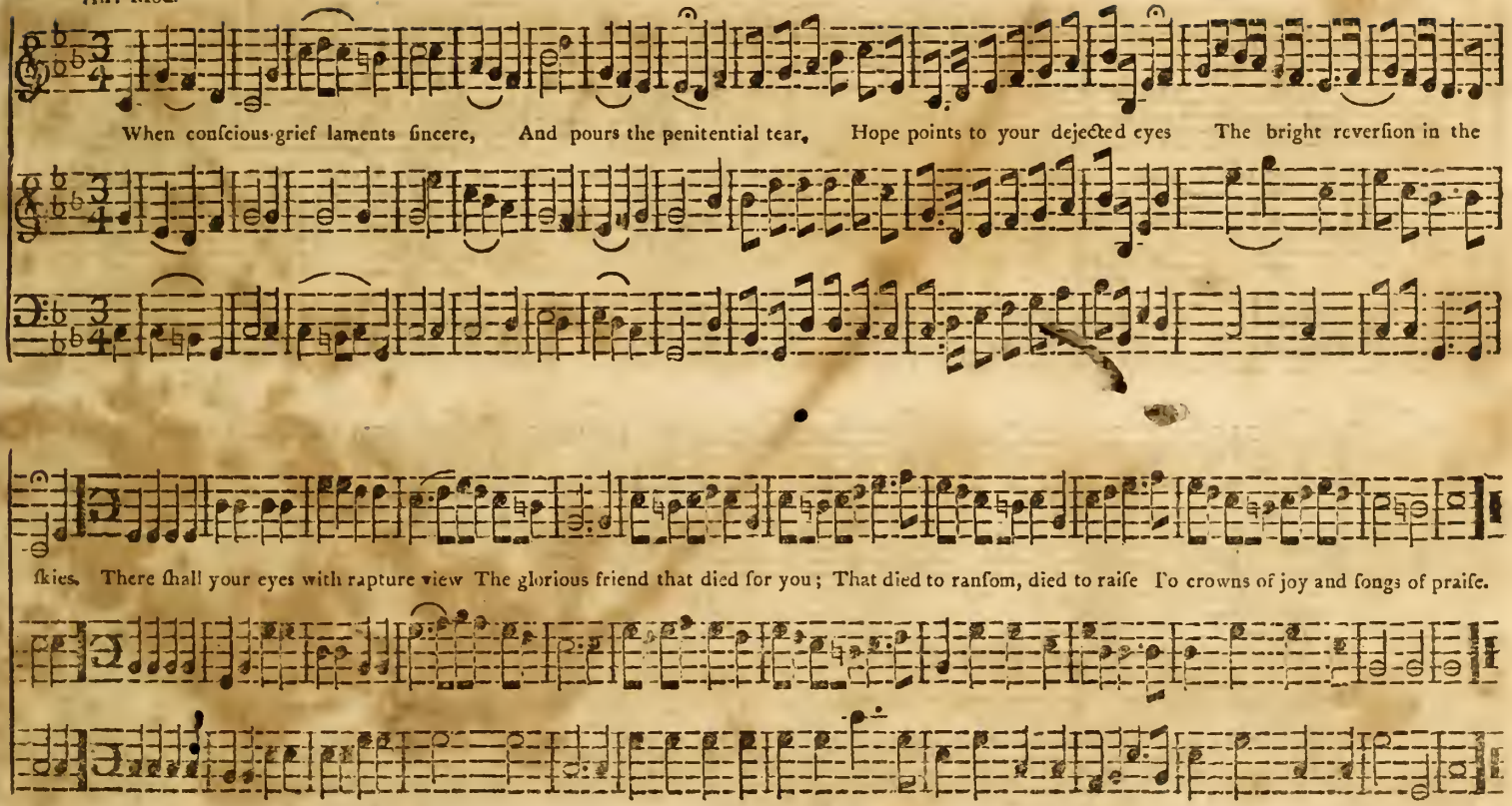
WINDHAM. • L. M.

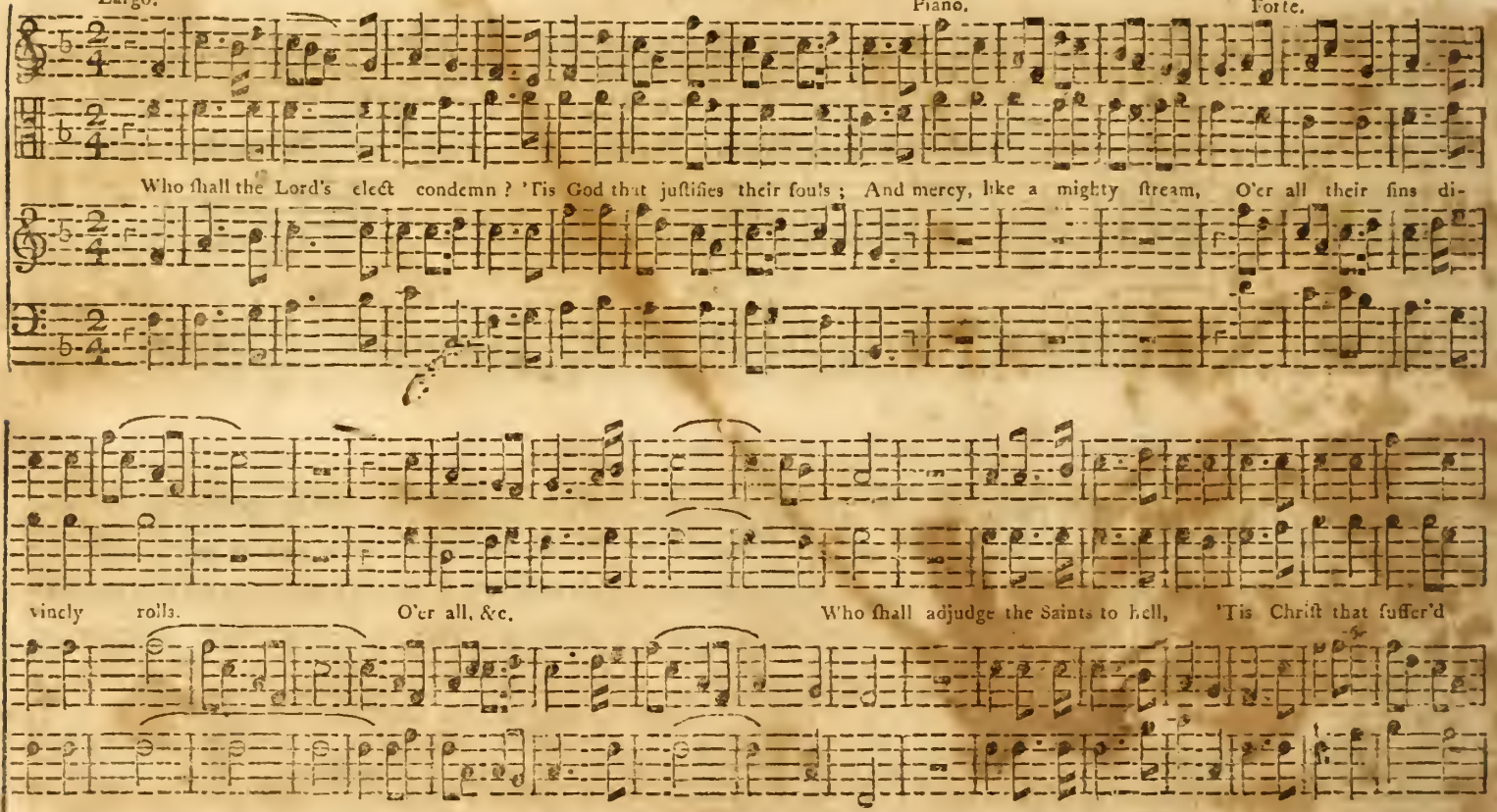

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thouſands walk together there ; But wiſdom ſhows a narrower path, With here and there a traveller.

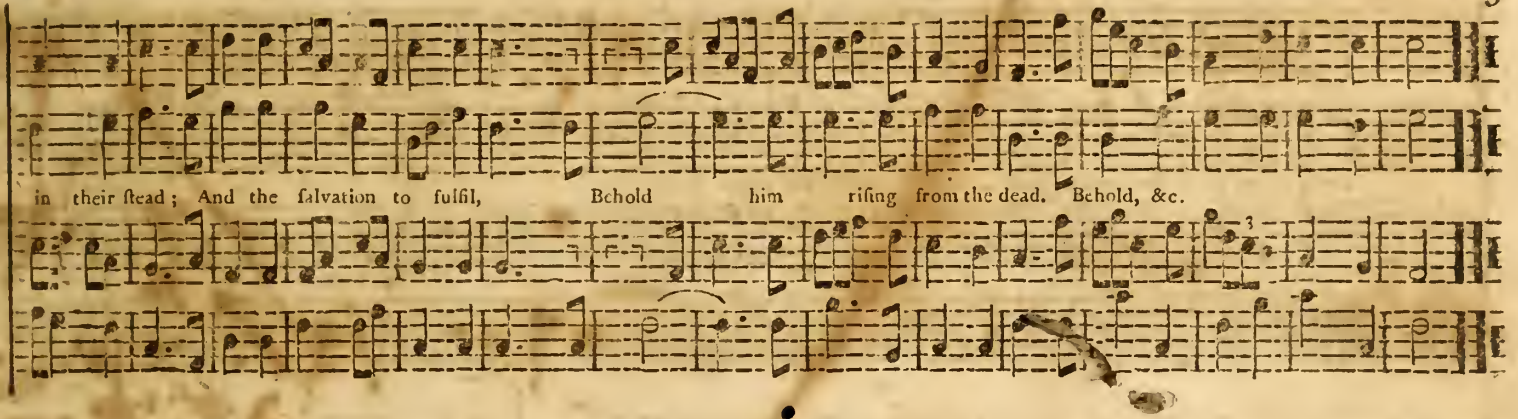
PANTON. L. M.


Come hither ye that feign would know Th' exceeding ſinfulneſs of ſin; Come, ſee a ſcene of
matchleſs woe, Come ſee a ſcene of matchleſs woe, And tell me what it all can mean.

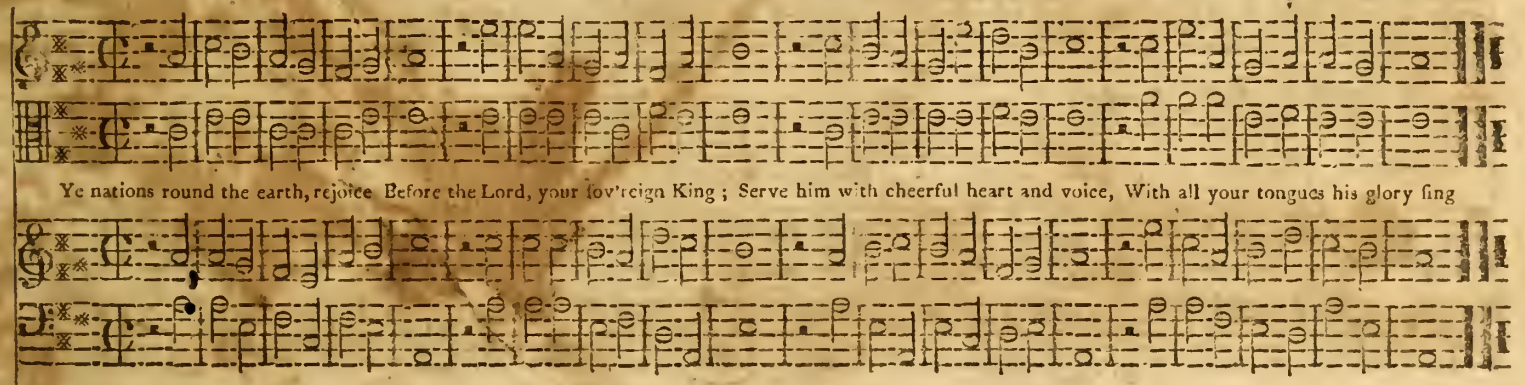
Air. Mod.

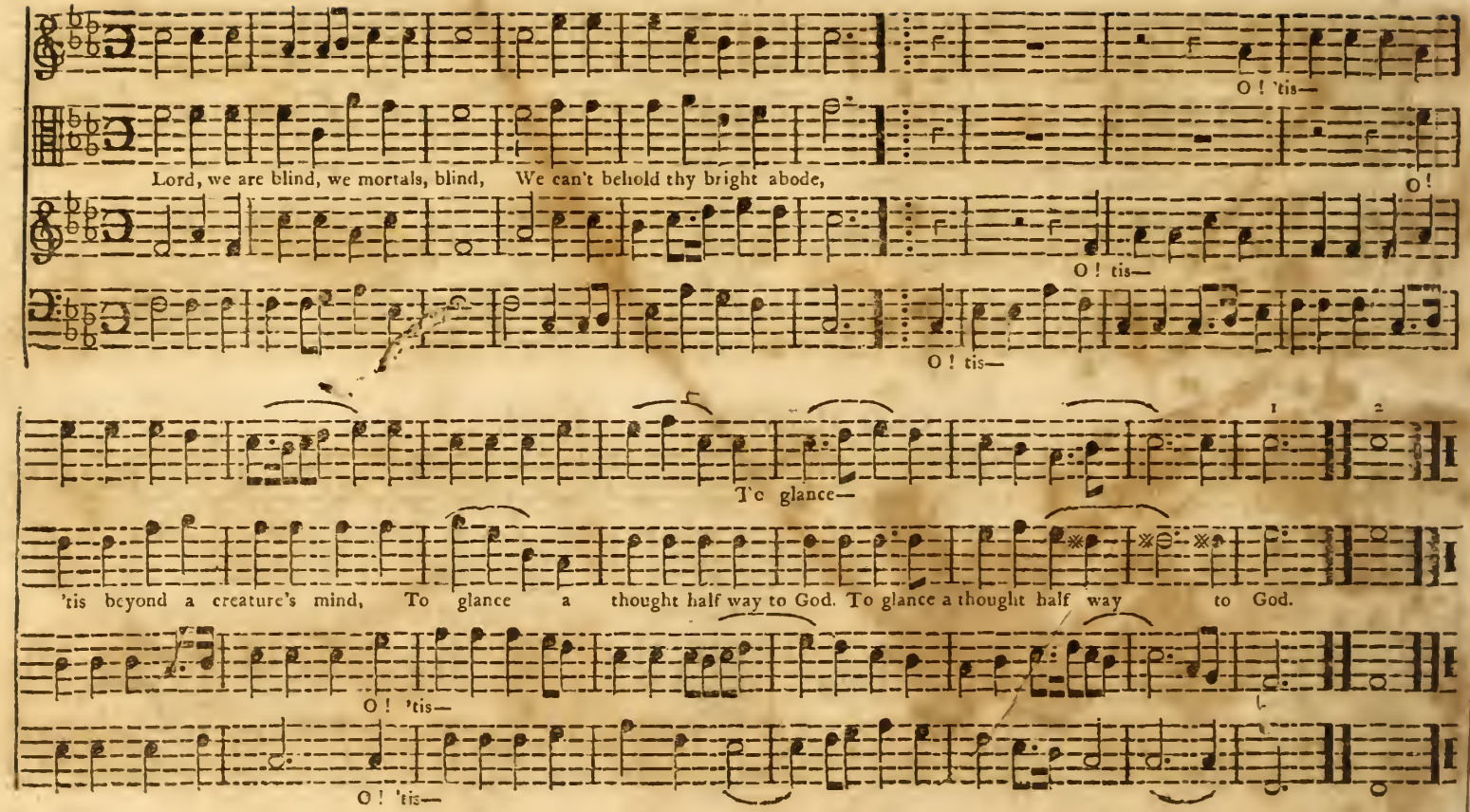

When conſcious grief laments ſincere, And pours the penitential tear, Hope points to your dejected eyes The bright reverſion in the
ſkies. There ſhall your eyes with rapture view The glorious friend that died for you; That died to ranſom, died to raiſe To crowns of joy and ſongs of praiſe.

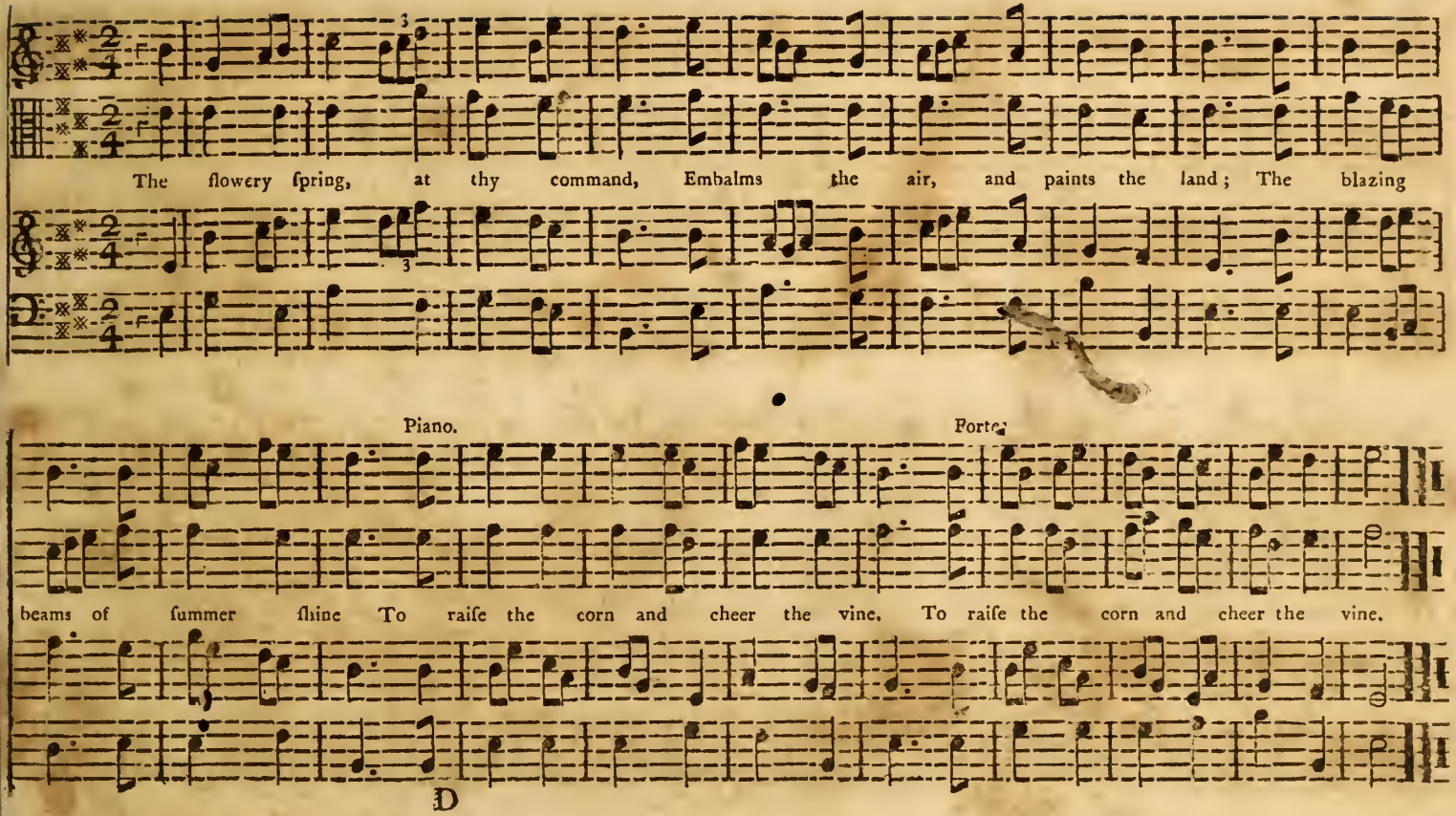

Largo.
Piano.
Forte.
Who ſhall the Lord's elect condemn ? 'Tis God that juſtifies their ſouls ; And mercy, like a mighty ſtream, O'er all their ſins di-
vinely rolls.
O'er all, &c.
Who ſhall adjudge the Saints to hell, 'Tis Chriſt that ſuffer'd



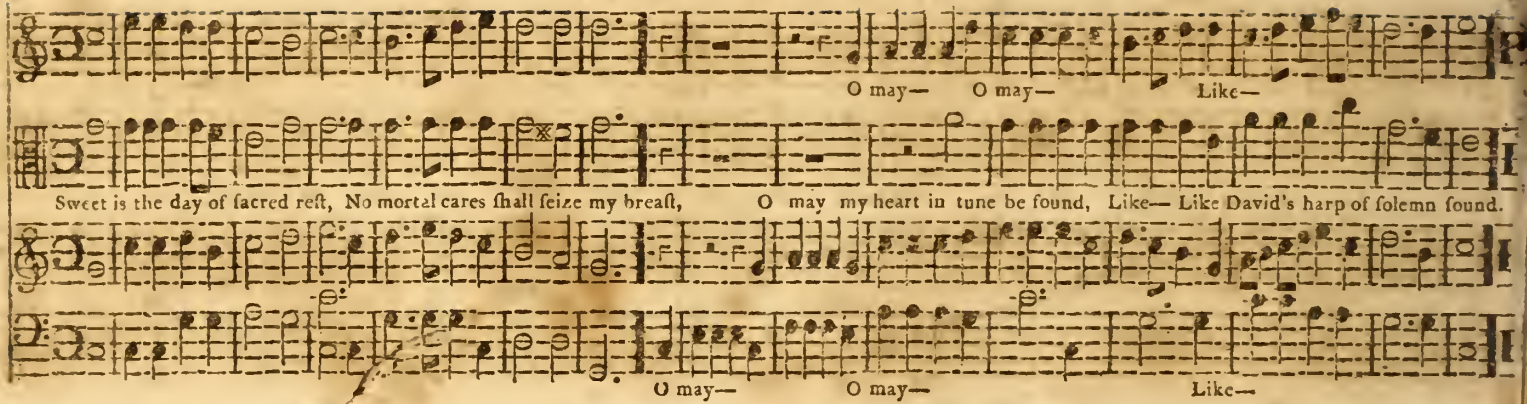
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



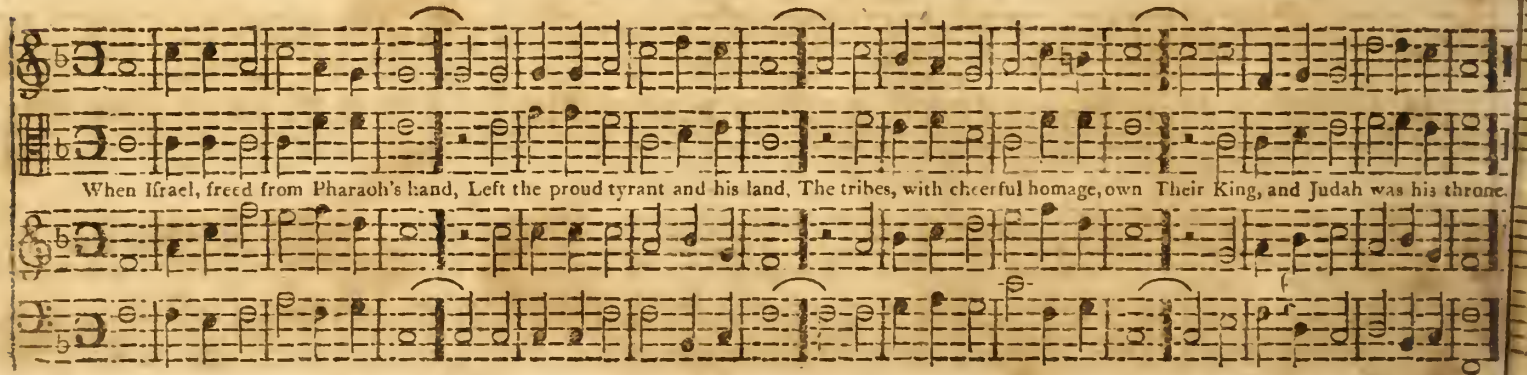

O ! 'tis—
Lord, we are blind, we mortals, blind, We can't behold thy bright abode,
O !
O ! tis—
O ! tis—
1
2
To glance—
'tis beyond a creature's mind, To glance a thought half way to God. To glance a thought half way to God.
O ! 'tis—
O ! 'tis—

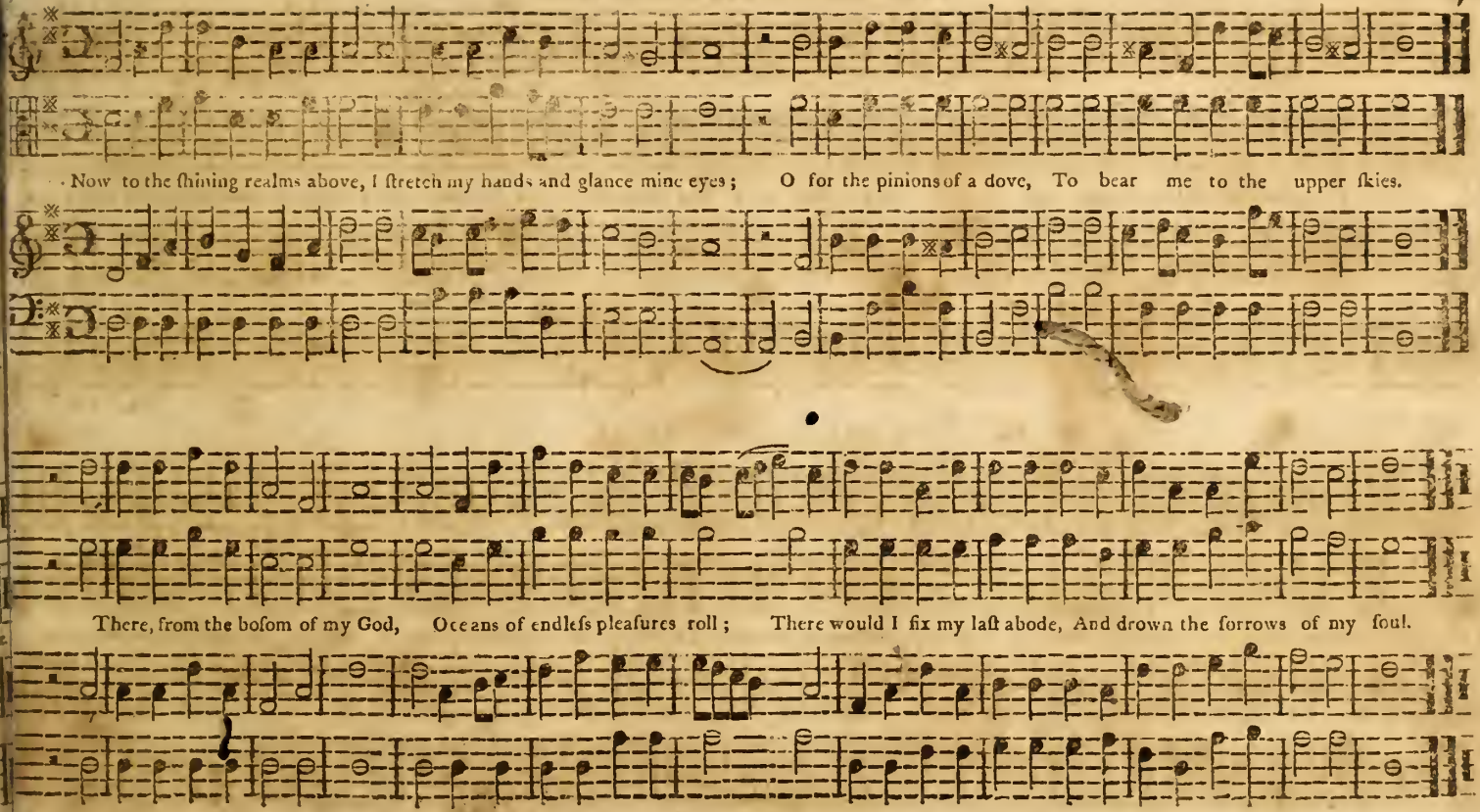

The flowery ſpring, at thy command, Embalms the air, and paints the land; The blazing
Piano.
Forte.
beams of ſummer ſhine To raiſe the corn and cheer the vine, To raiſe the corn and cheer the vine.
D

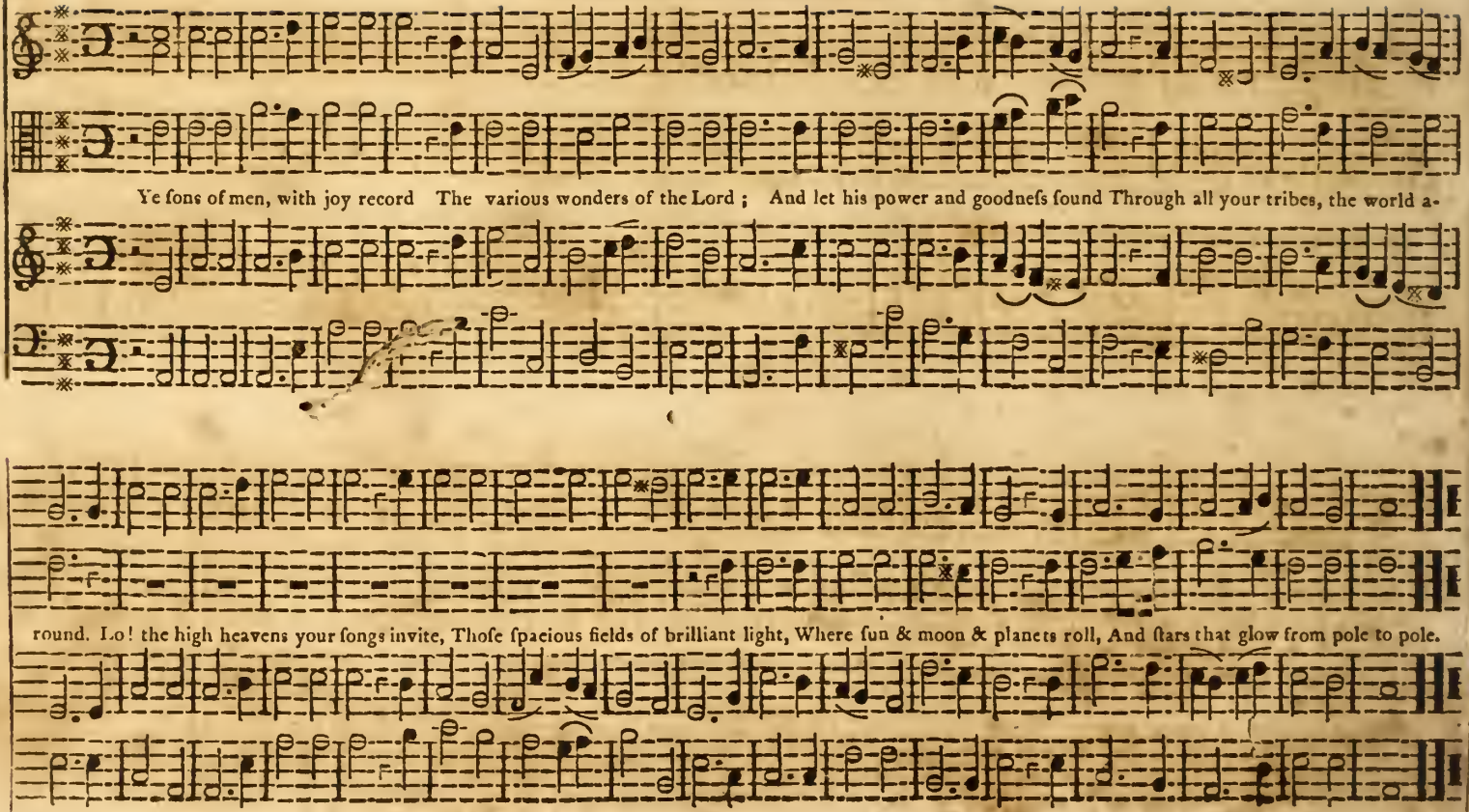
DEVOTION. L. M.

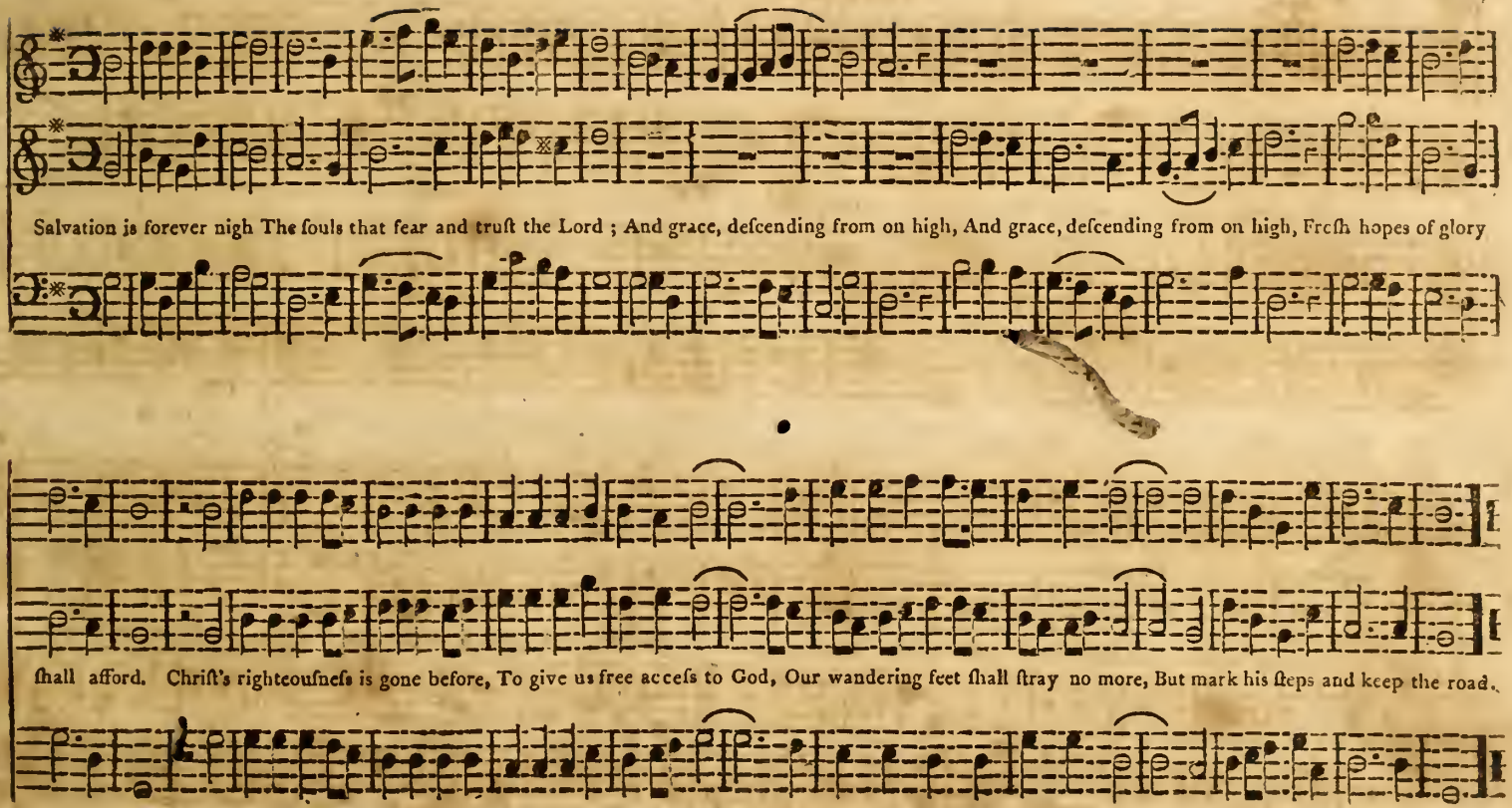


WELLS. L. M.

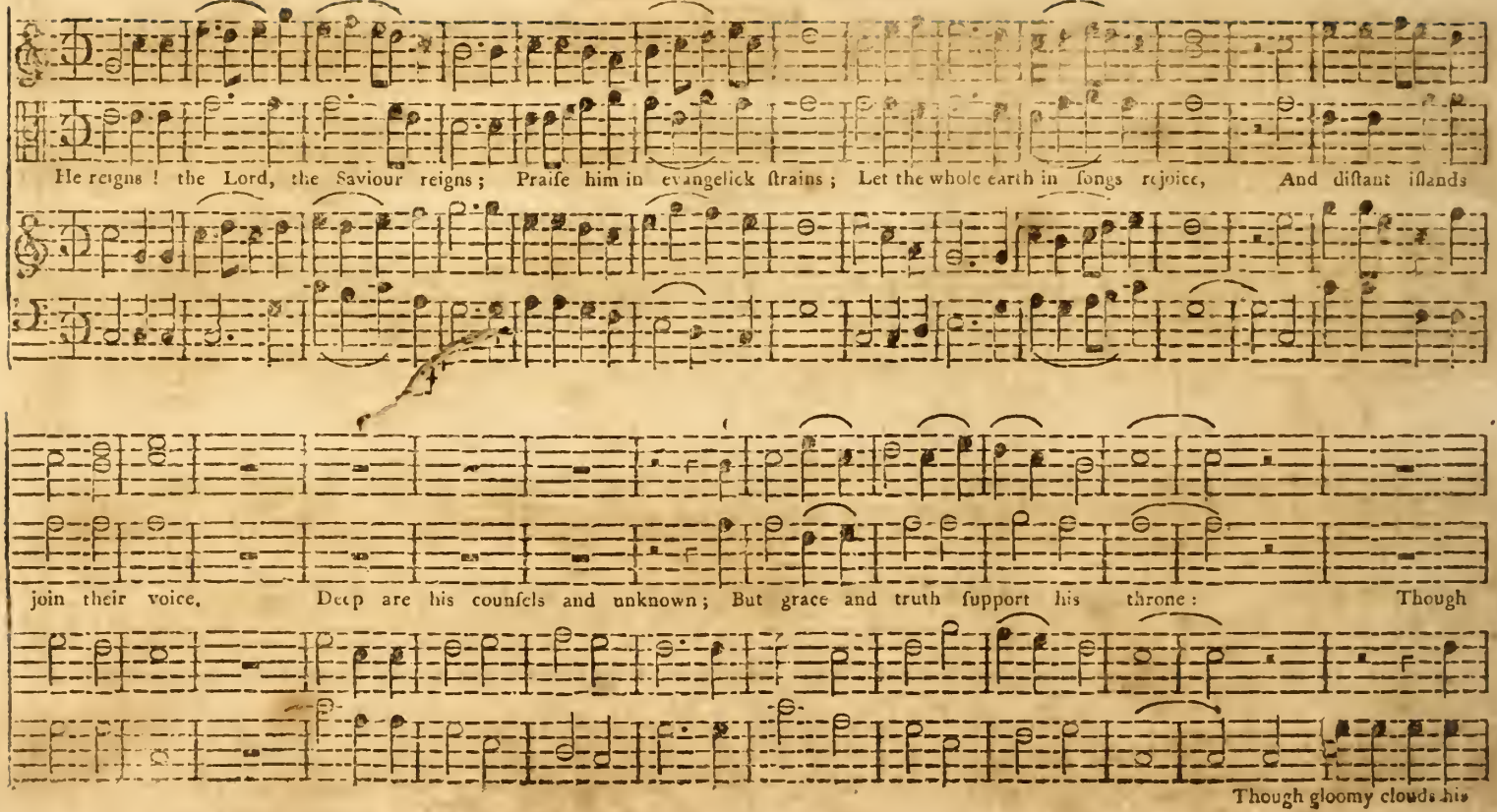


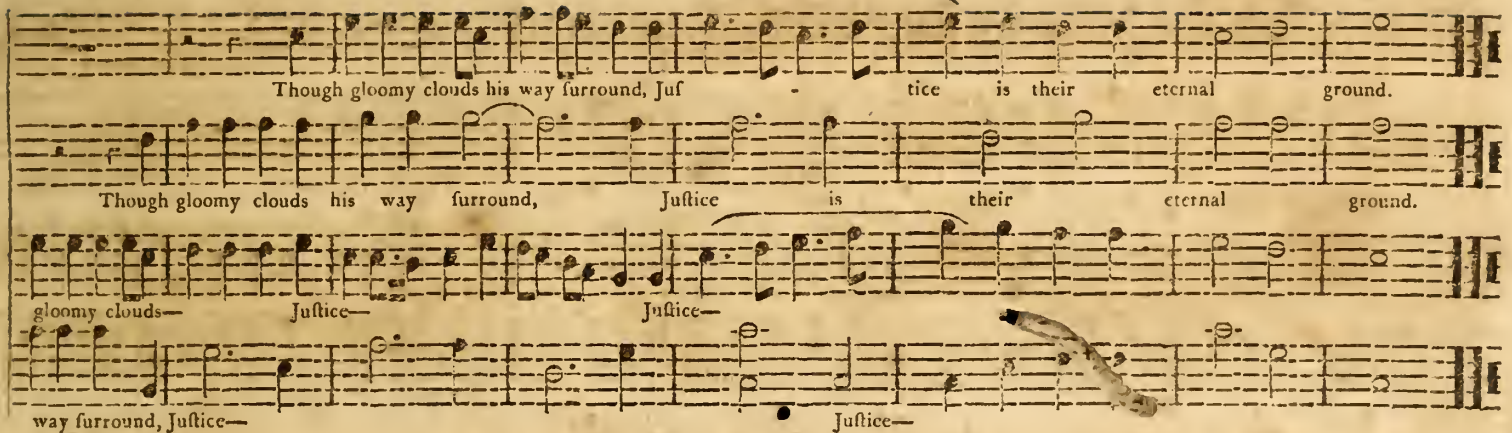

Now to the ſhining realms above, I ſtretch my hands and glance mine eyes; O for the pinions of a dove, To bear me to the upper ſkies.
There, from the boſom of my God, Oceans of endleſs pleaſures roll; There would I fix my laſt abode, And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.


Ye ſons of men, with joy record The various wonders of the Lord ; And let his power and goodneſs ſound Through all your tribes, the world a-
round. Lo! the high heavens your ſongs invite, Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light, Where ſun & moon & planets roll, And ſtars that glow from pole to pole.

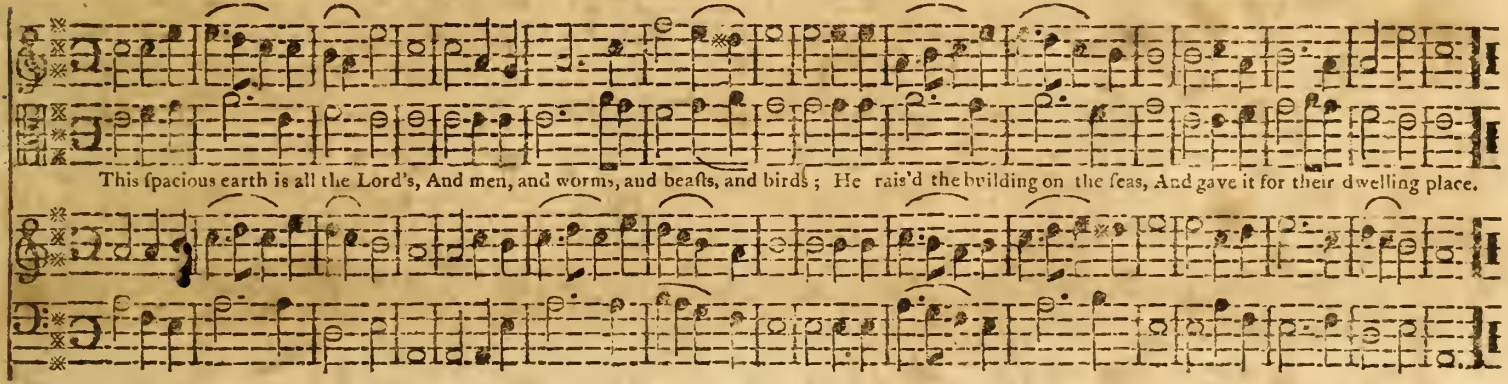

Salvation is forever nigh The ſouls that fear and truſt the Lord ; And grace, deſcending from on high, And grace, deſcending from on high, Freſh hopes of glory
ſhall afford. Chriſt's righteouſneſs is gone before, To give us free acceſs to God, Our wandering feet ſhall ſtray no more, But mark his ſteps and keep the road.

JUSTICE. L. M.

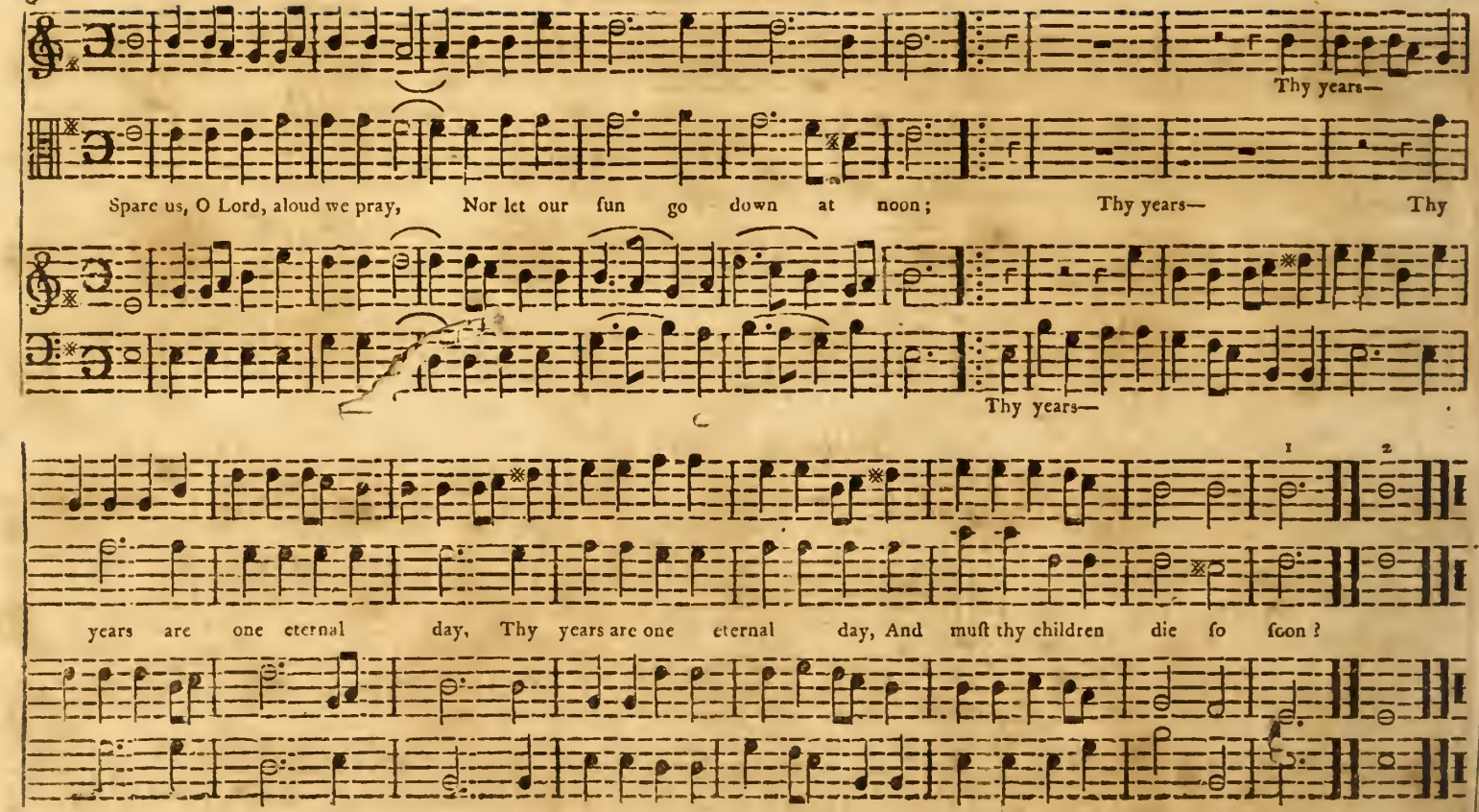

He reigns ! the Lord, the Saviour reigns; Praiſe him in evangelick ſtrains; Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice, And diſtant iſlands
join their voice, Deep are his counſels and unknown; But grace and truth ſupport his throne: Though
Though gloomy clouds his


Though gloomy clouds his way ſurround, Juſ - tice is their eternal ground.
Though gloomy clouds his way ſurround, Juſtice is their eternal ground.
gloomy clouds— Juſtice— Juſtice—
way ſurround, Juſtice— Juſtice—

PARIS. L. M.


This ſpacious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and worms, and beaſts, and birds; He rais'd the building on the ſeas, And gave it for their dwelling place.

COMPLAINT. L. M.



FAIRLEE. L. M.

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

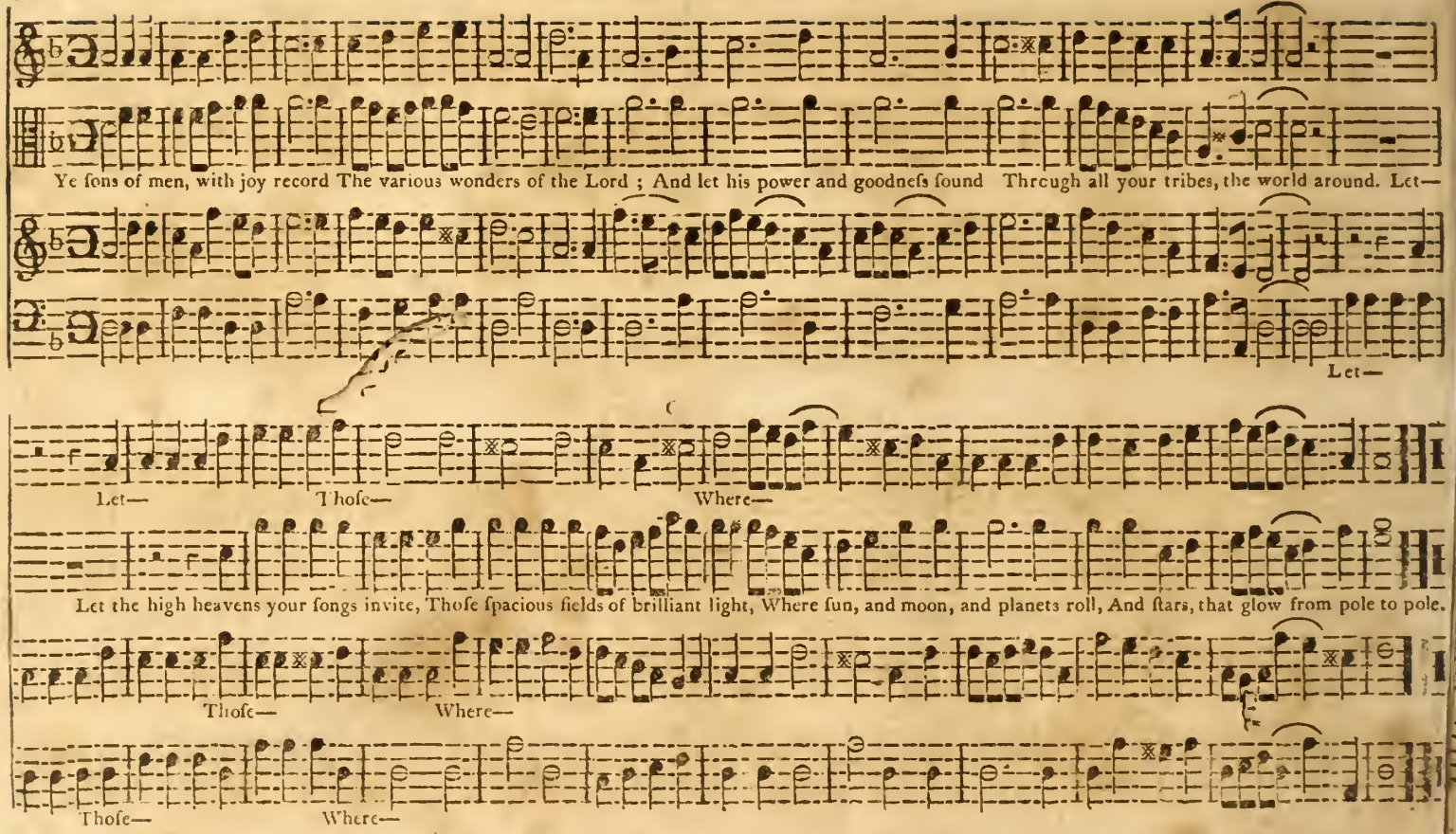
RUSSIA. L. M.

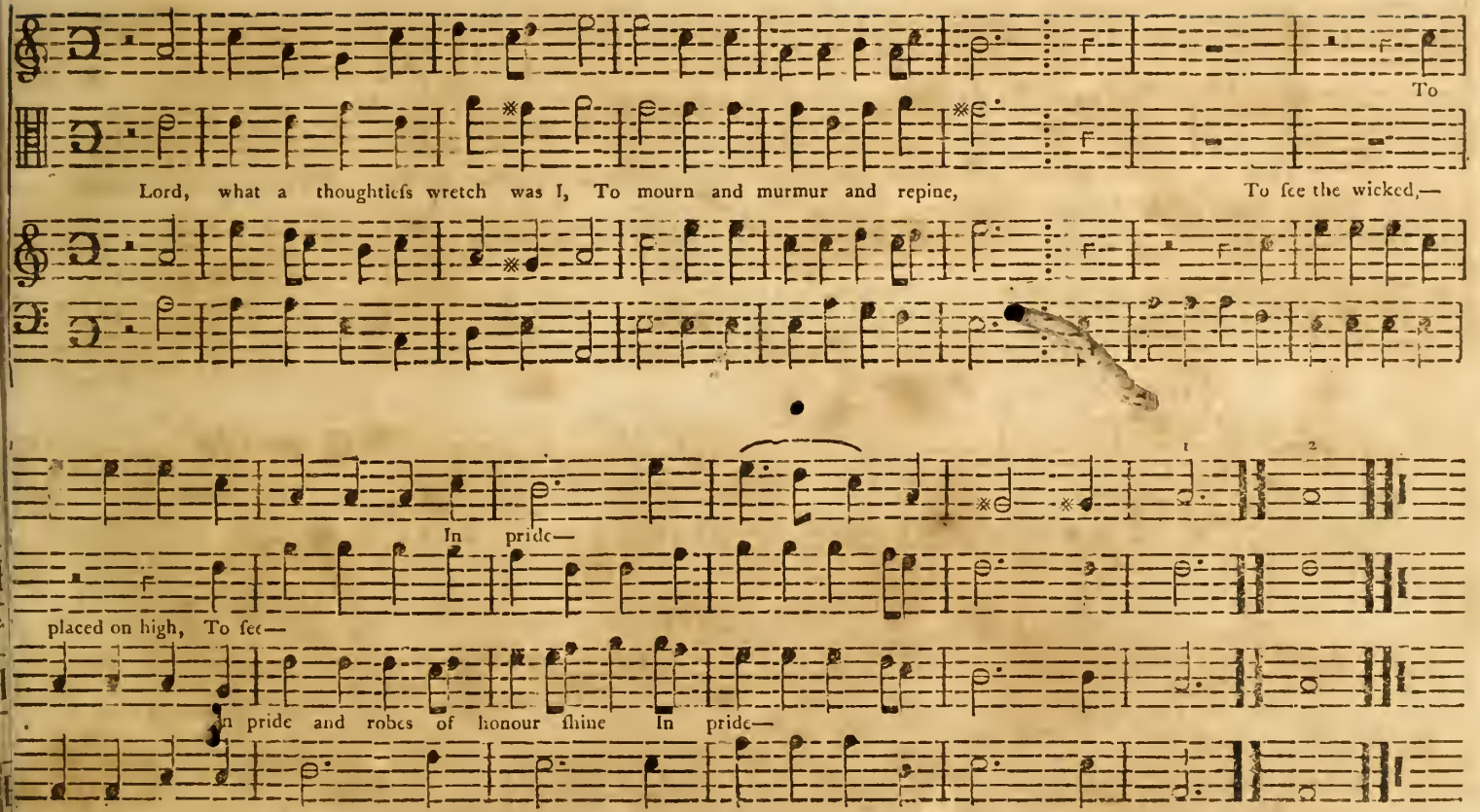
Laid—

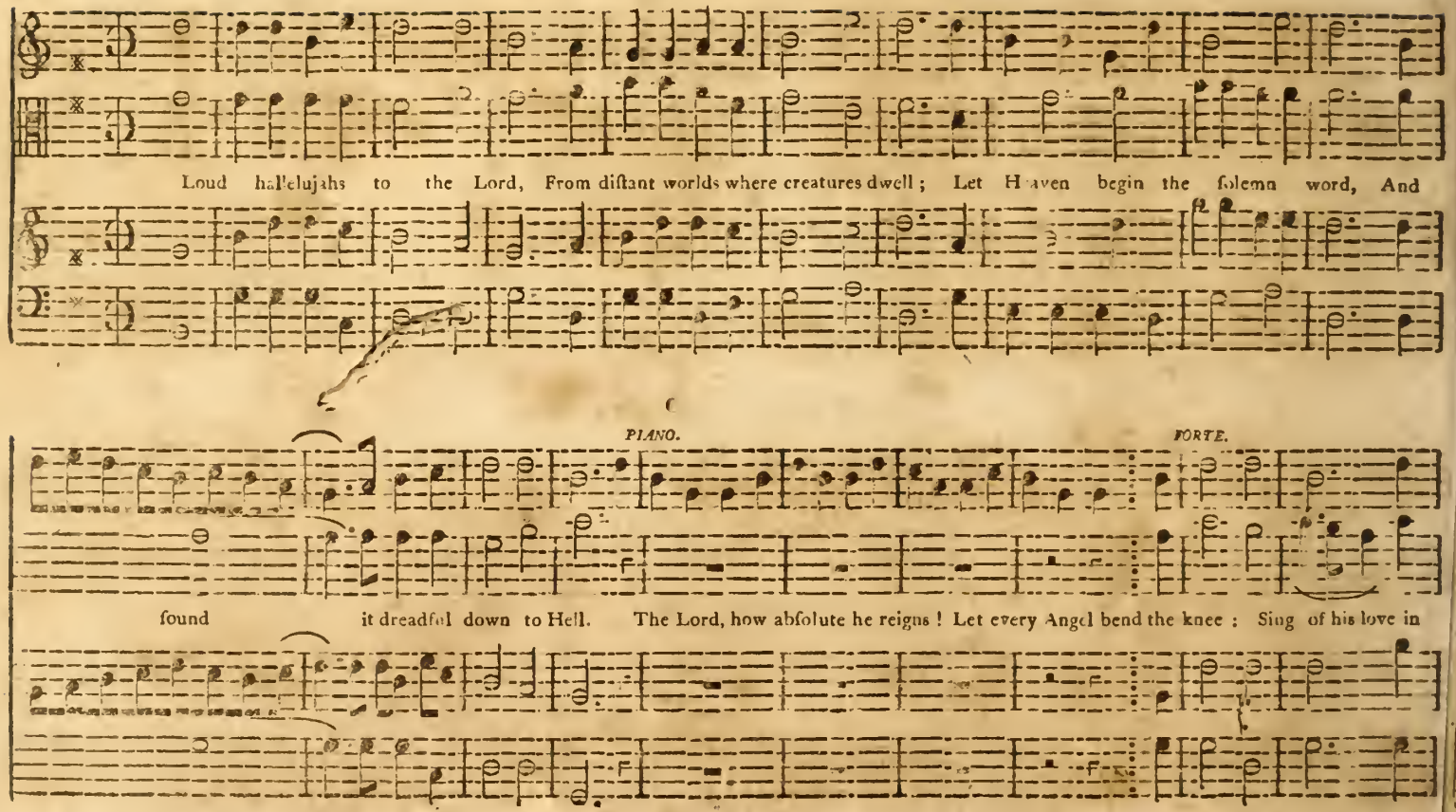
Falſe are the men of high degree, The baſer ſort are vanity; Laid in the balance, both appear Light as a puff of empty air.

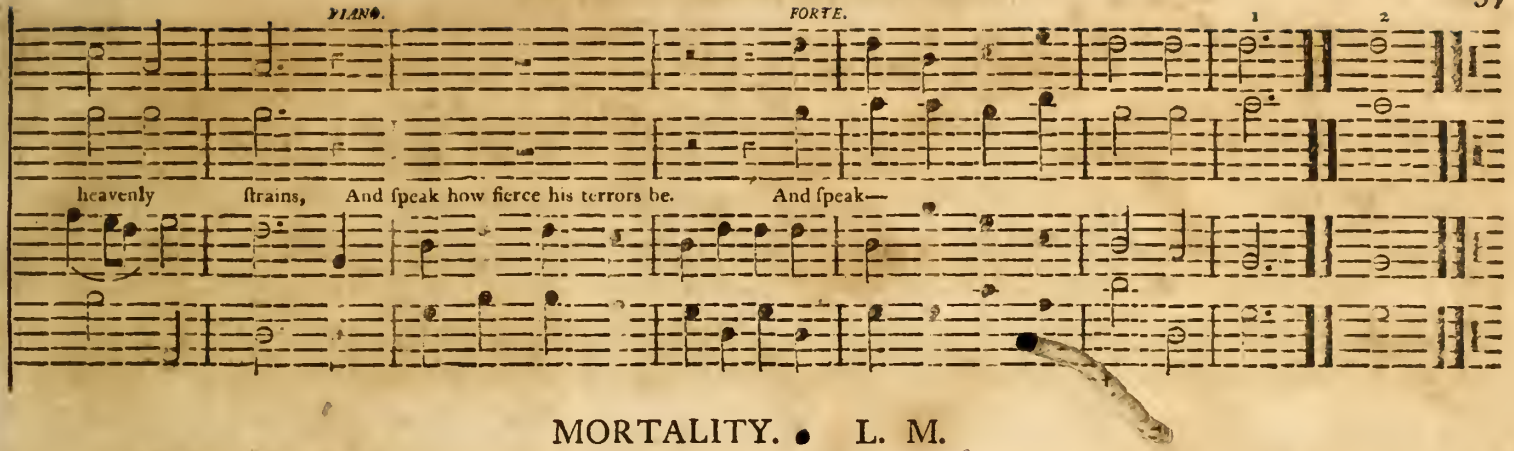
Laid— Light—

MONTAGUE. L. M.

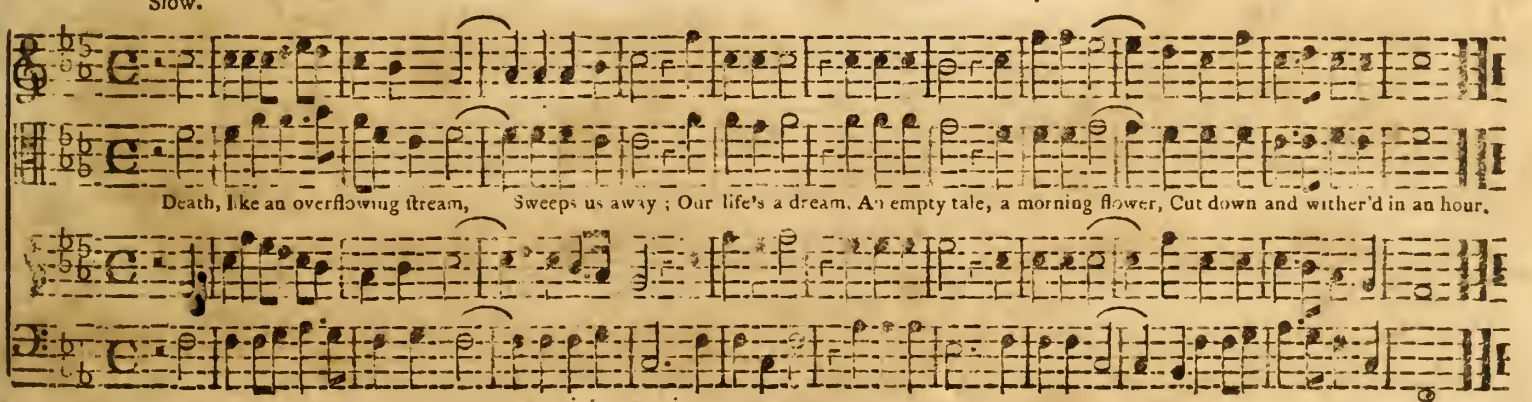

Ye ſons of men, with joy record The various wonders of the Lord ; And let his power and goodneſs found Through all your tribes, the world around. Let—
Let—
Let— Thoſe— Where—
Let the high heavens your ſongs invite, Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light, Where ſun, and moon, and planets roll, And ſtars, that glow from pole to pole.
Thoſe— Where—
Thoſe— Where—


To
Lord, what a thoughtleſs wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and repine, To ſee the wicked,—
In pride—
placed on high, To ſee—
In pride and robes of honour ſhine In pride—

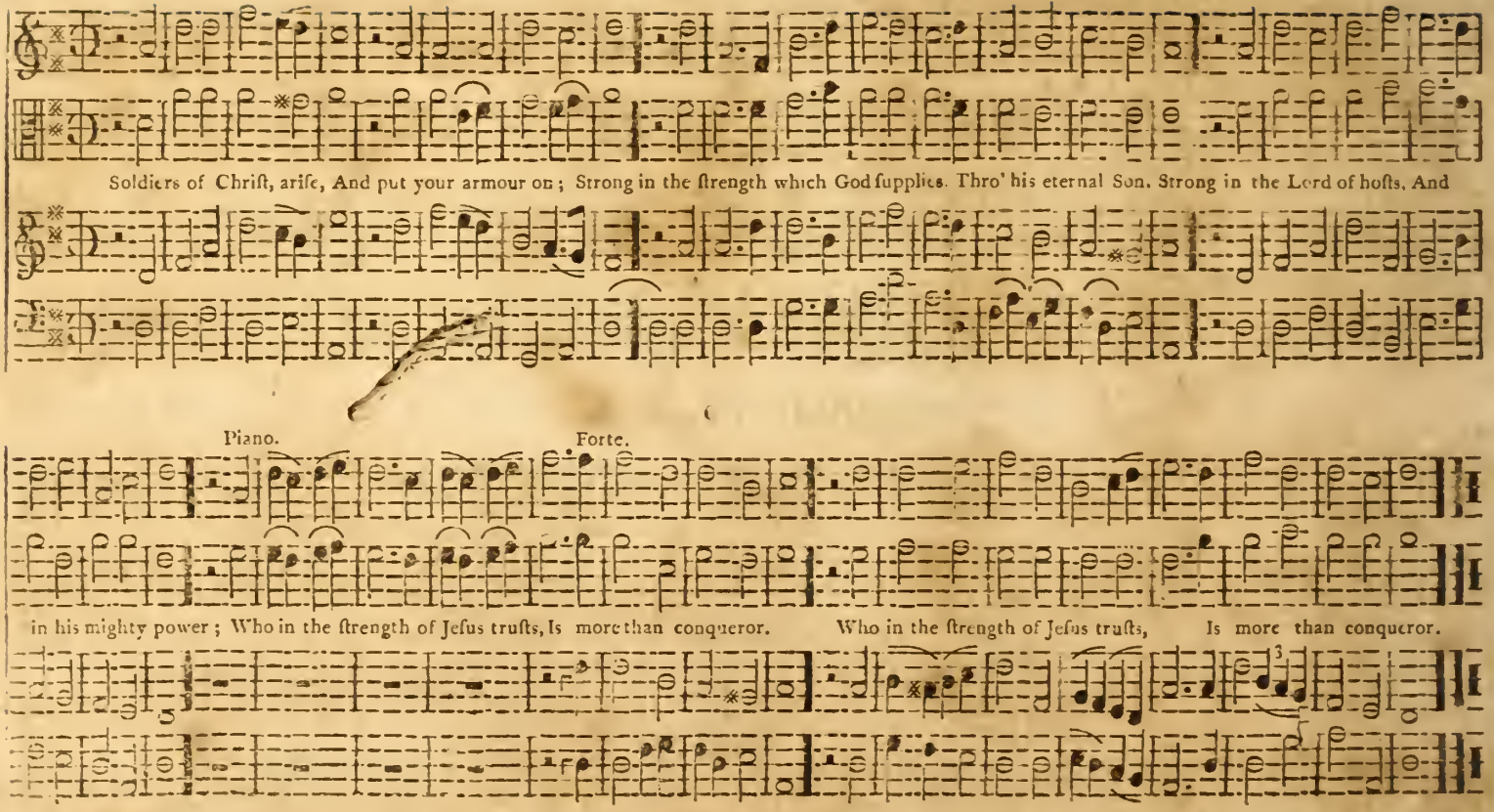

Loud hal'elujahs to the Lord, From diſtant worlds where creatures dwell; Let Heaven begin the ſolemn word, And
PIANO.
FORTE.
found it dreadful down to Hell. The Lord, how abſolute he reigns! Let every Angel bend the knee; Sing of his love in



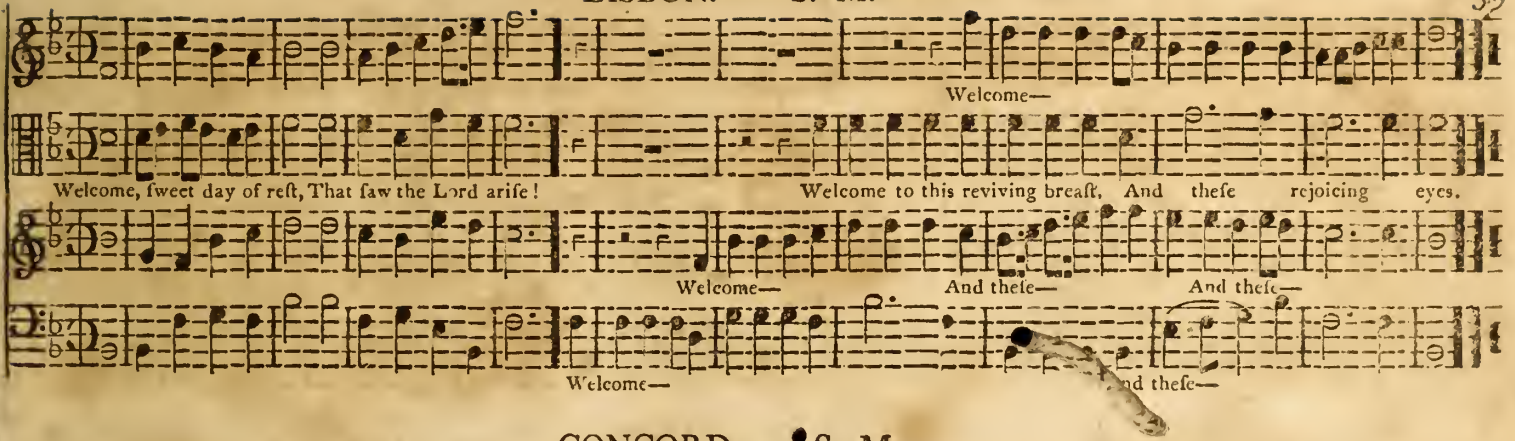
MORTALITY. L. M.



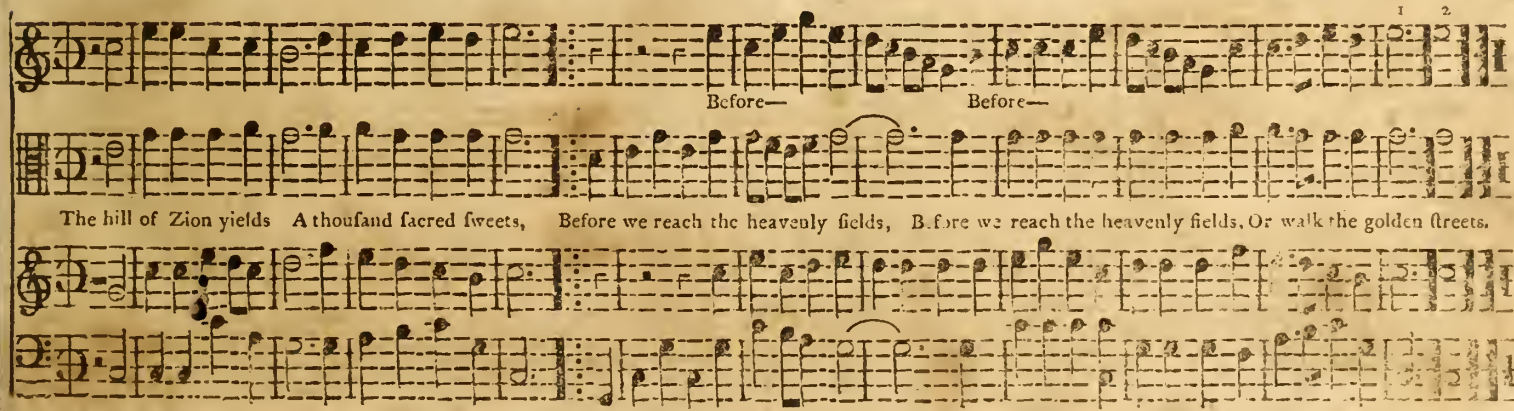
CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 8. M.



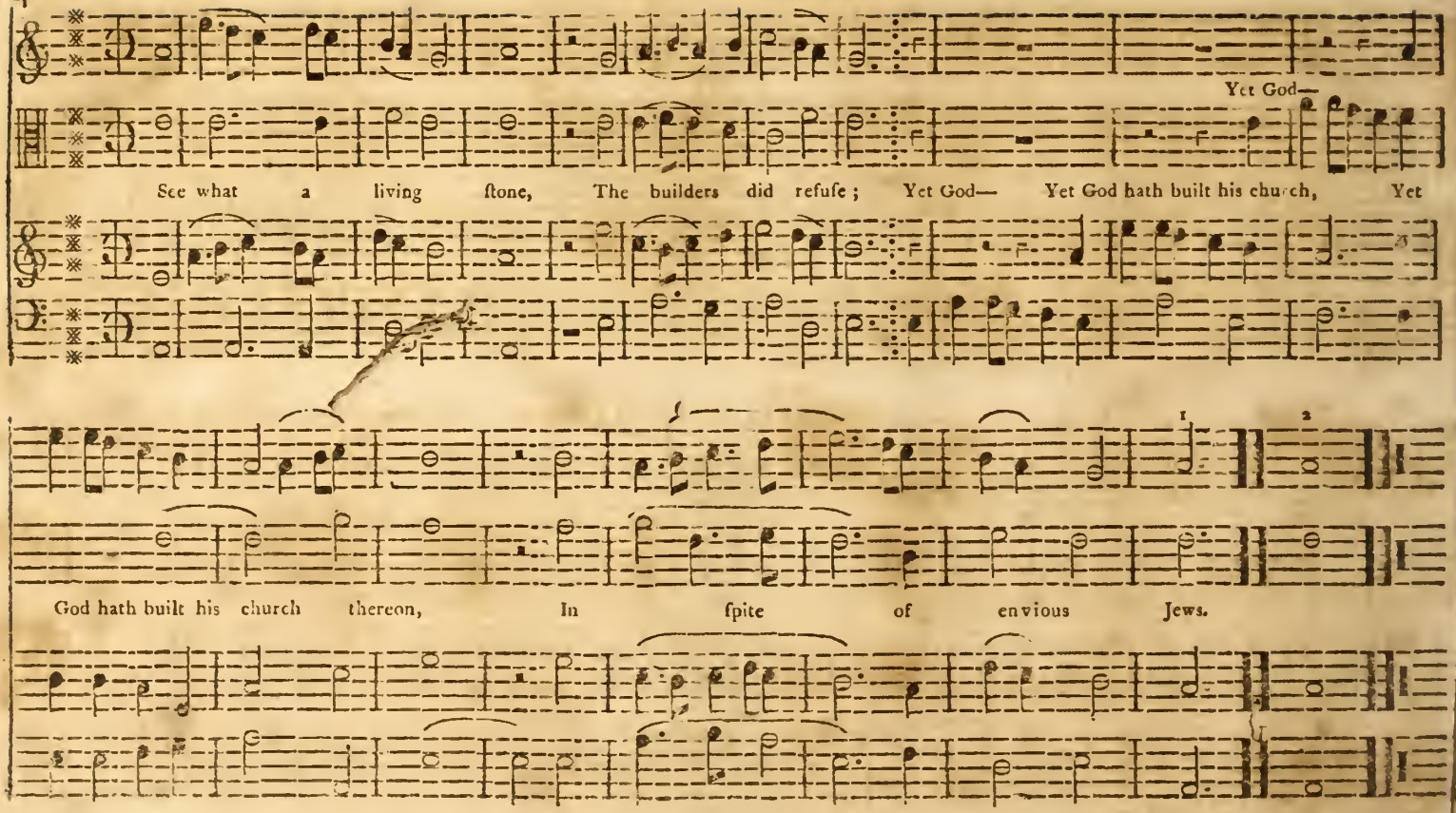
LISBON. S. M.

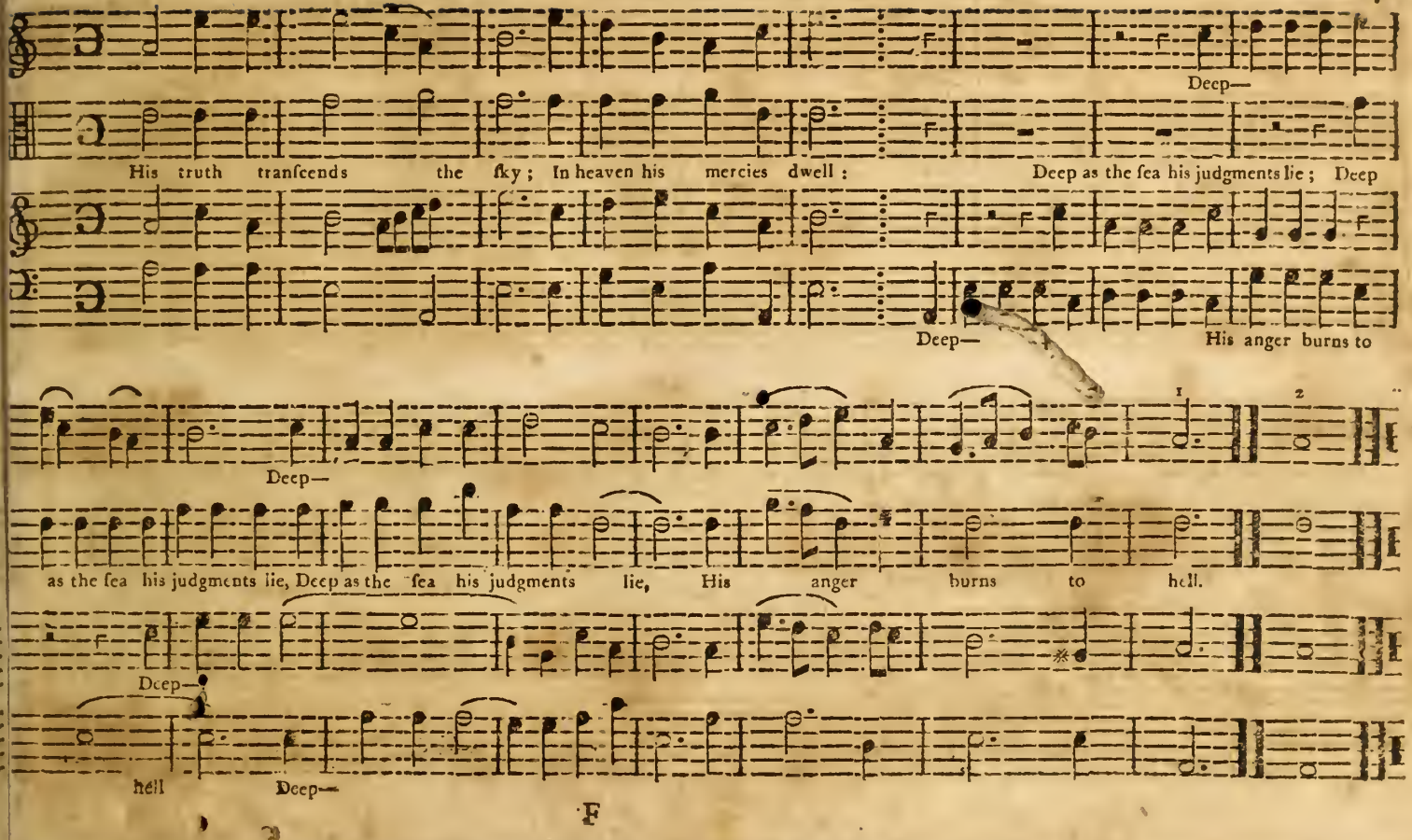


CONCORD. S. M.

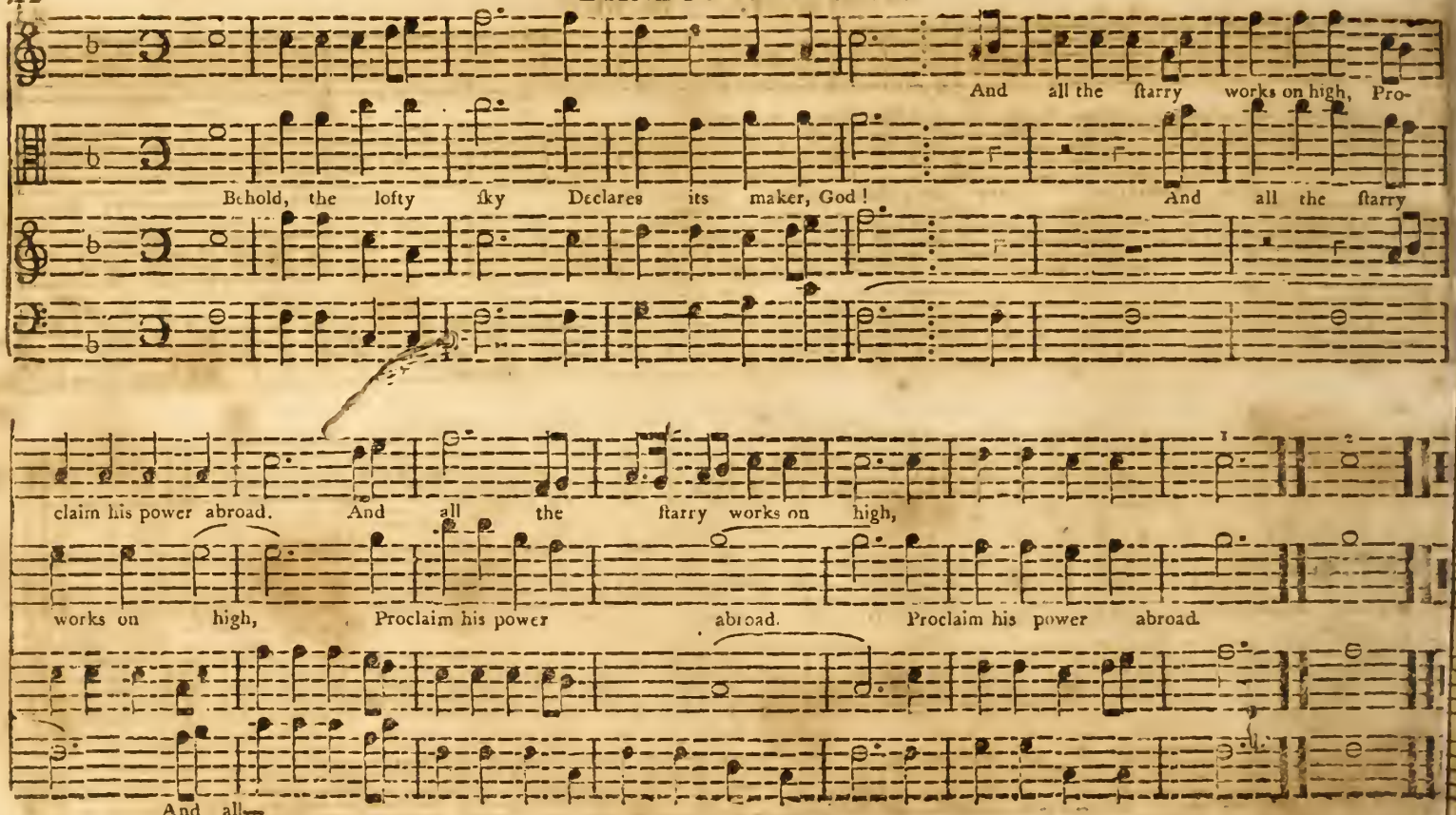


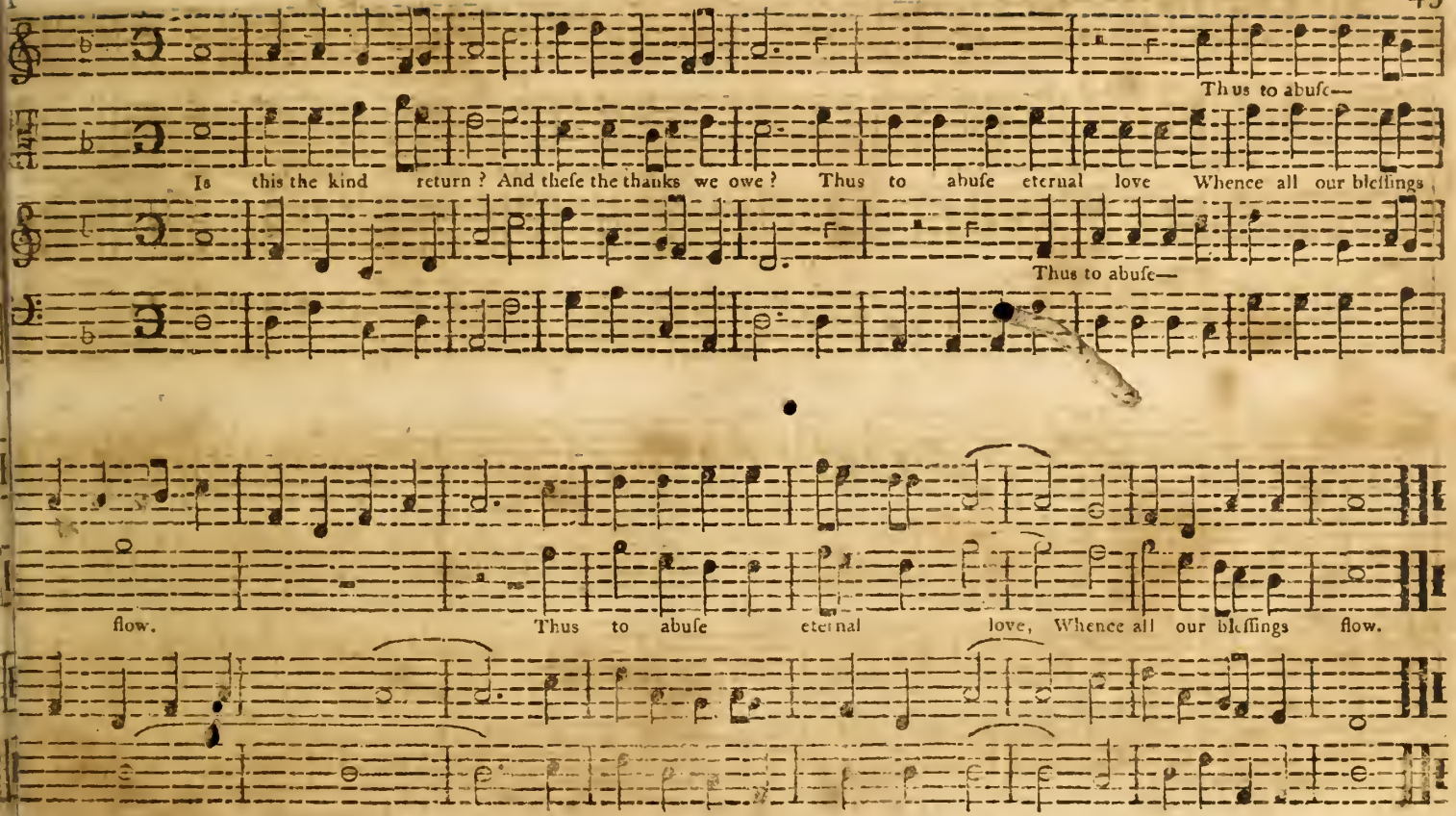
STAFFORD. S. M.

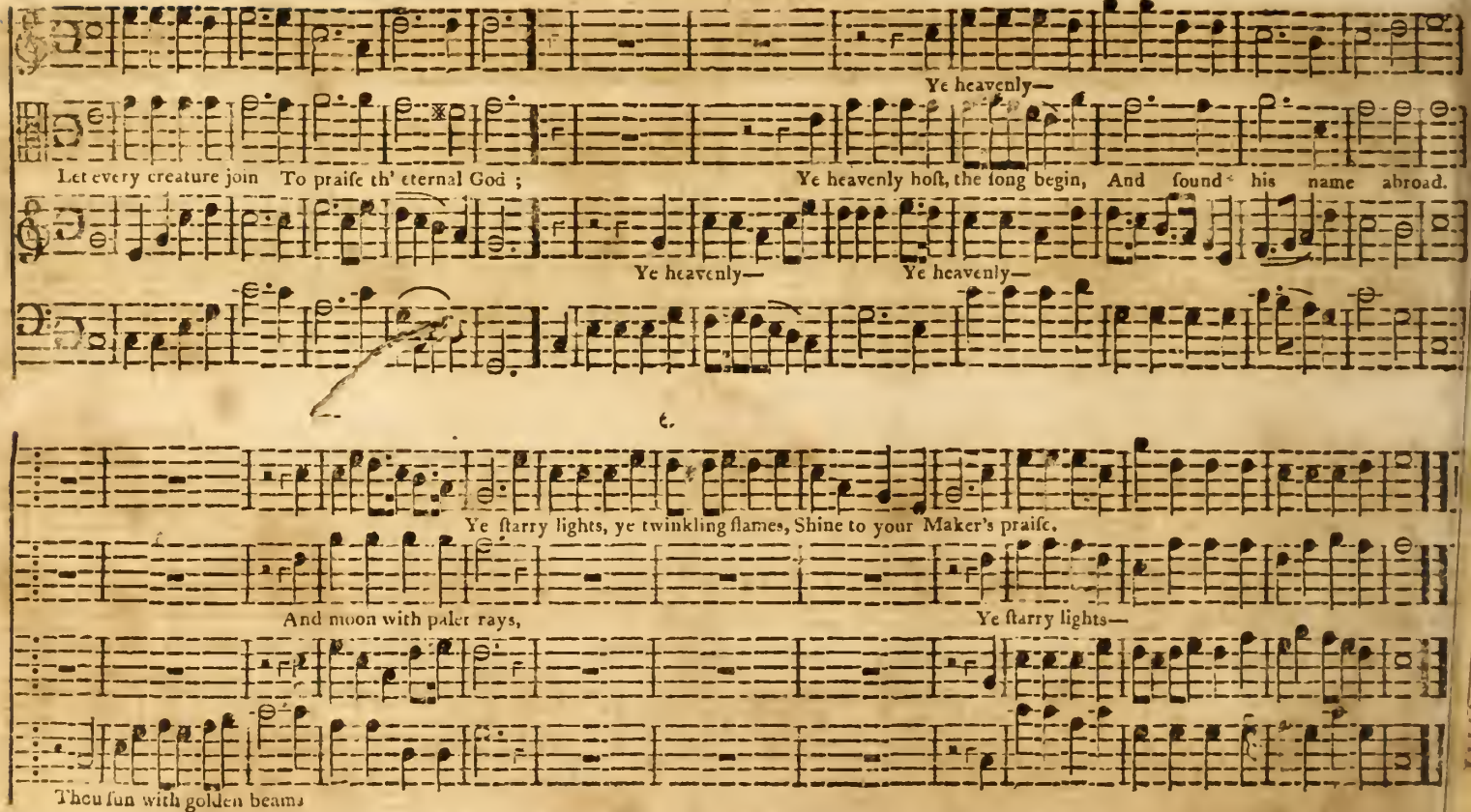

Yet God—
See what a living ſtone, The builders did refuſe; Yet God— Yet God hath built his church, Yet
1
2
God hath built his church thereon, In ſpite of envious Jews.

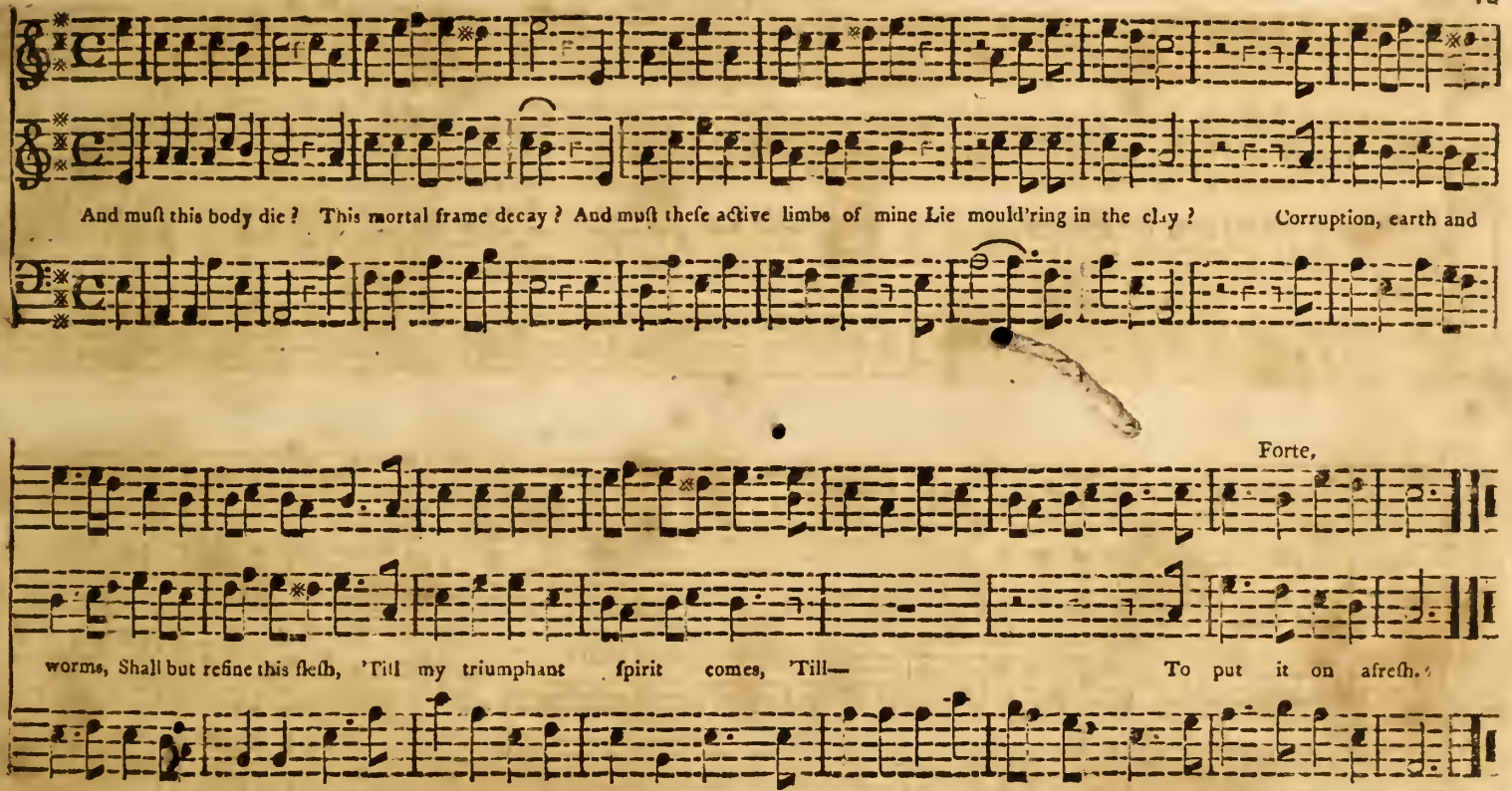

Deep—
His truth transcends the sky; In heaven his mercies dwell: Deep as the sea his judgments lie; Deep
Deep— His anger burns to
Deep—
as the sea his judgments lie, Deep as the sea his judgments lie, His anger burns to hell.
Deep—
hell Deep—

DANBURY. S. M.

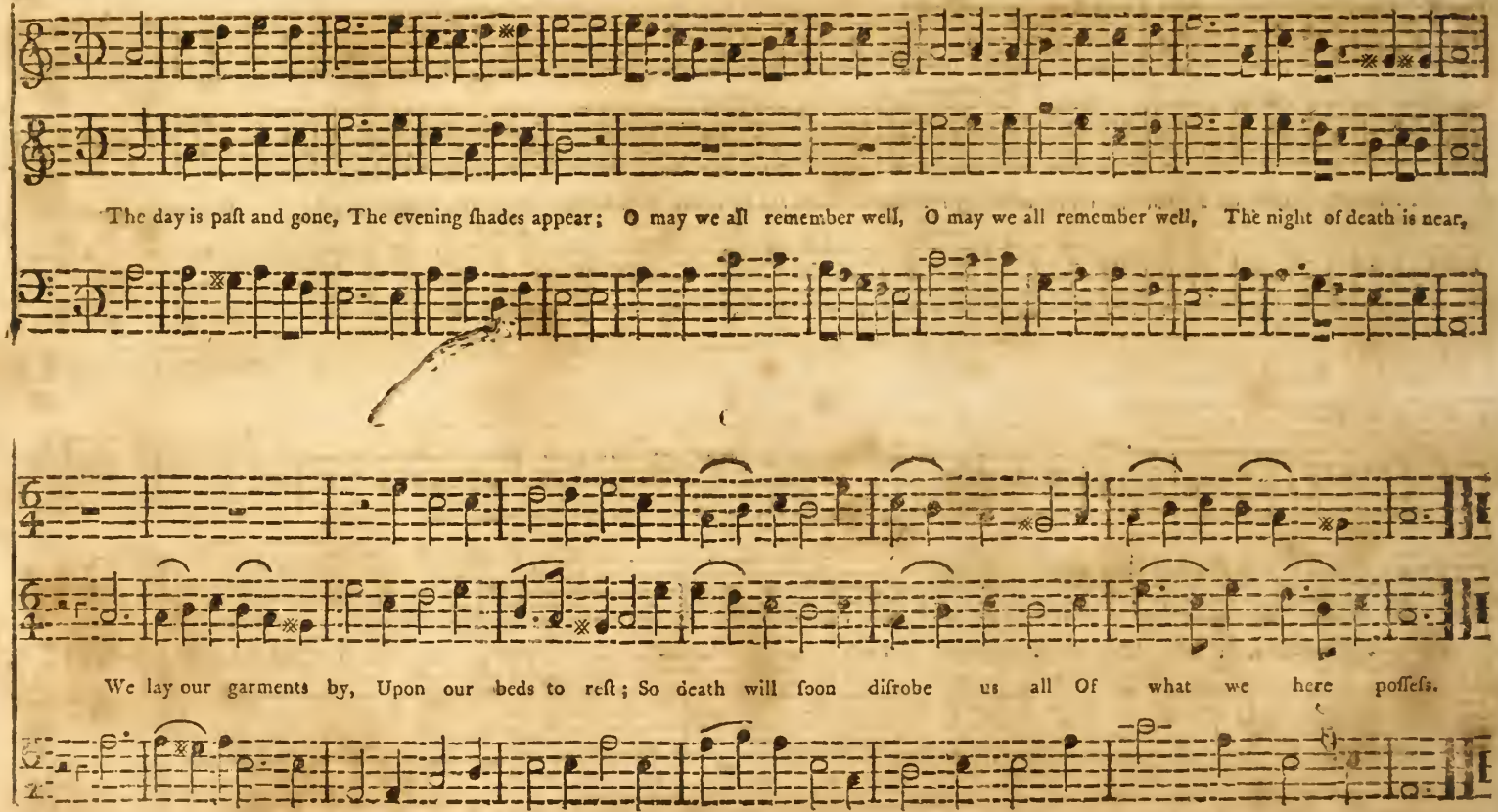

And all the ſtarry works on high, Pro-
Behold, the lofty ſky Declares its maker, God! And all the ſtarry
claim his power abroad. And all the ſtarry works on high,
works on high, Proclaim his power abroad. Proclaim his power abroad.
And all—

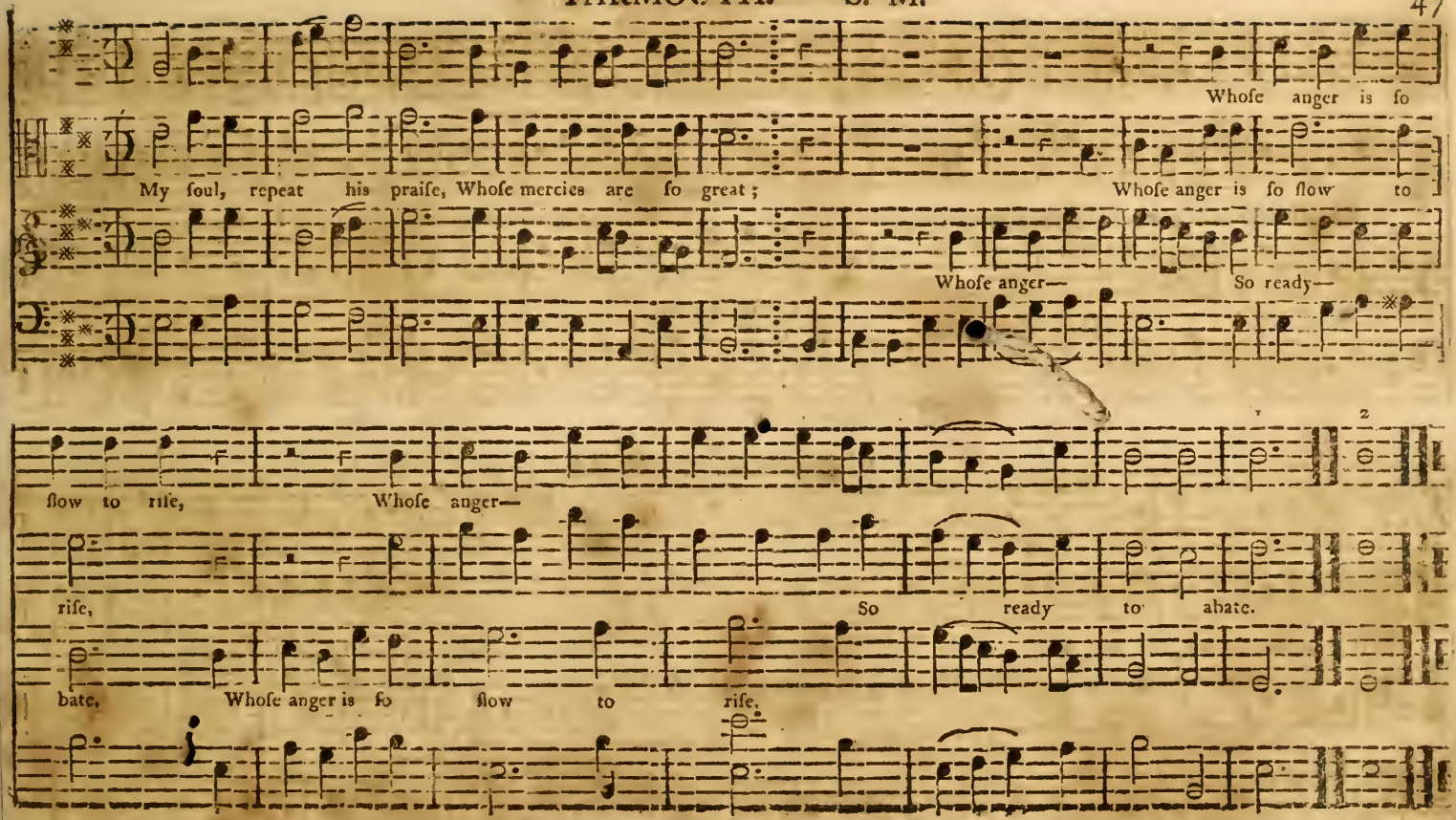

Thus to abuſe—
Is this the kind return? And theſe the thanks we owe? Thus to abuſe eternal love Whence all our bleſſings
Thus to abuſe—
flow. Thus to abuſe eternal love, Whence all our bleſſings flow.


Ye heavenly—
Let every creature join To praiſe th' eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hoſt, the ſong begin, And found his name abroad.
Ye heavenly—
Ye heavenly—
Ye ſtarry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praiſe.
And moon with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights—
Thou ſun with golden beams

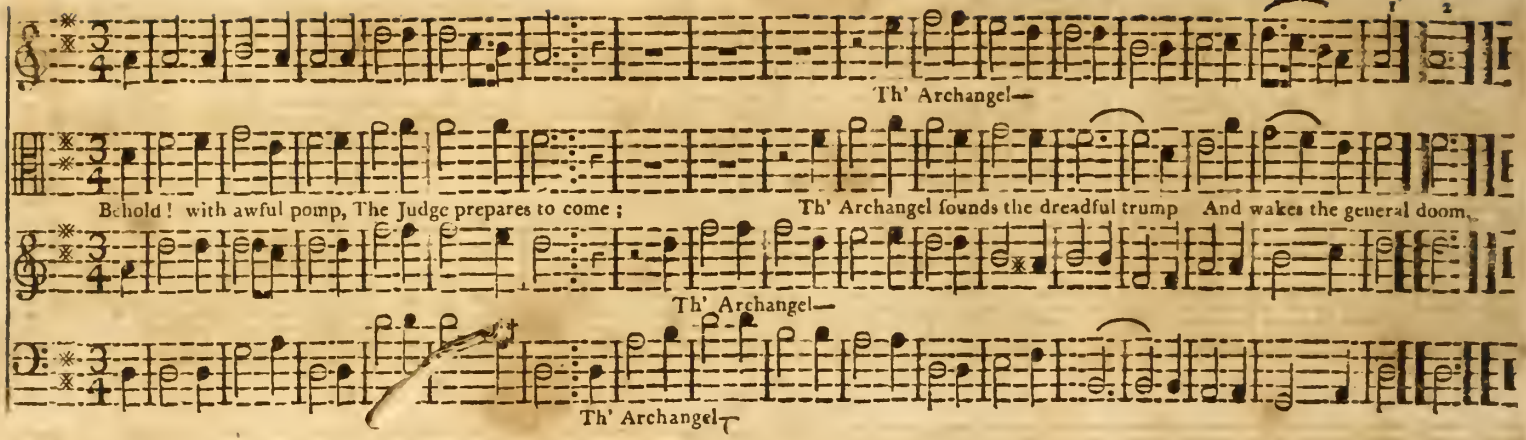

And must this body die? This mortal frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay? Corruption, earth and
Forte,
worms, Shall but refine this flesh, 'Till my triumphant spirit comes, 'Till— To put it on afresh.

EVENING HYMN. 8. M.

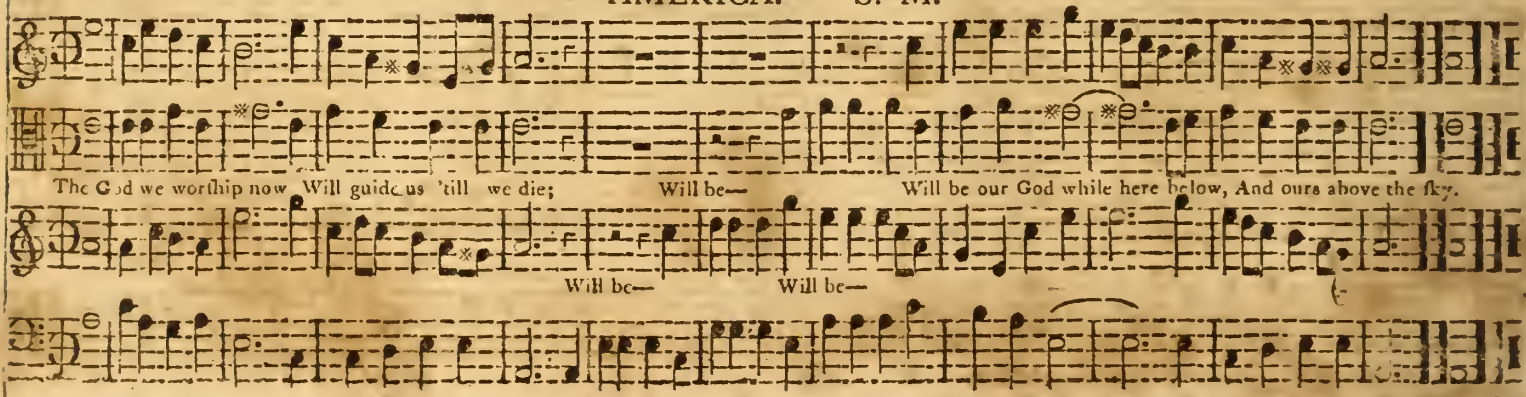


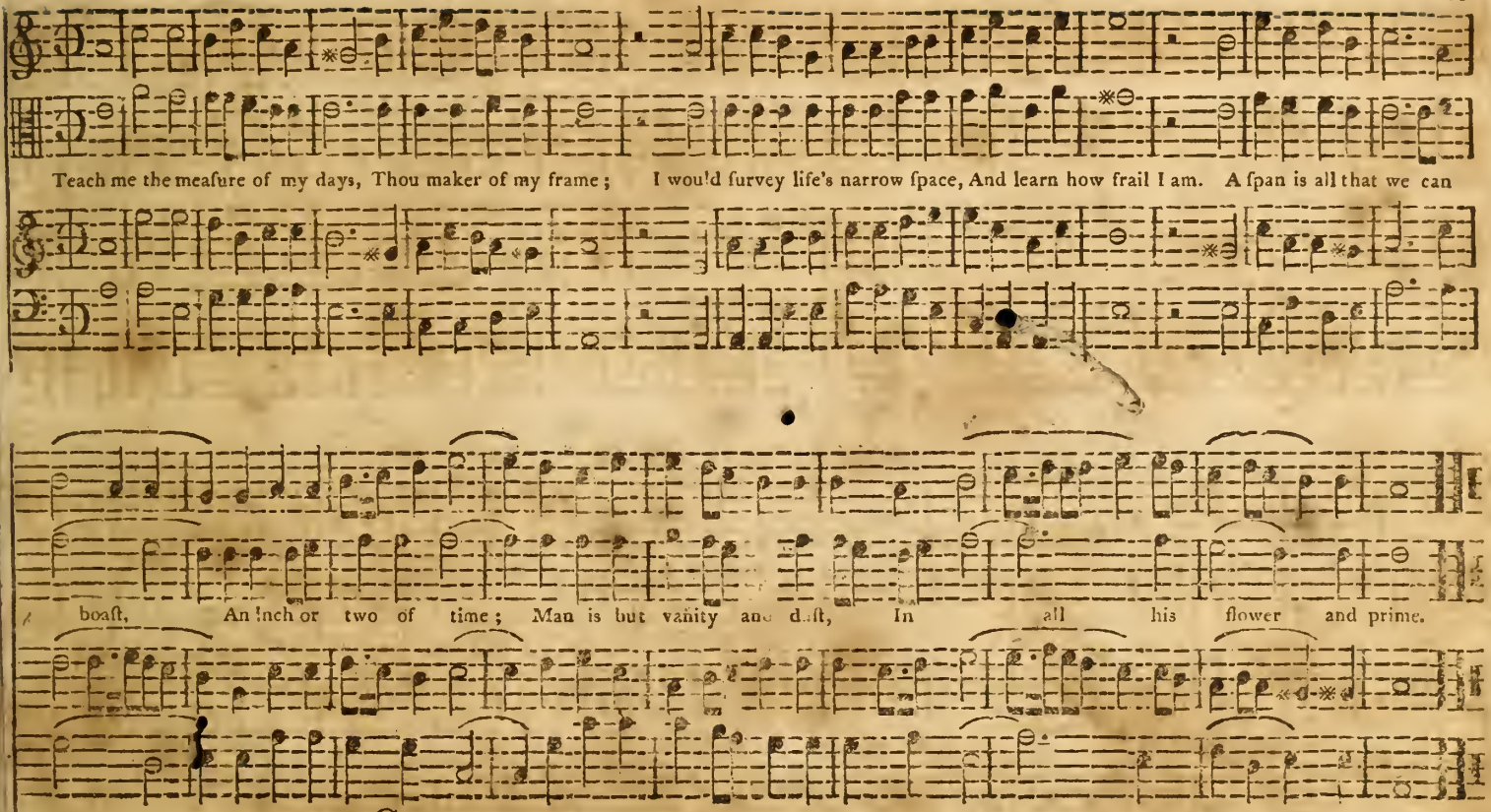

Whoſe anger is ſo
My ſoul, repeat his praiſe, Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to
Whoſe anger—
So ready—
1
2
ſlow to riſe,
Whoſe anger—
riſe,
So ready to abate.
bate,
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,

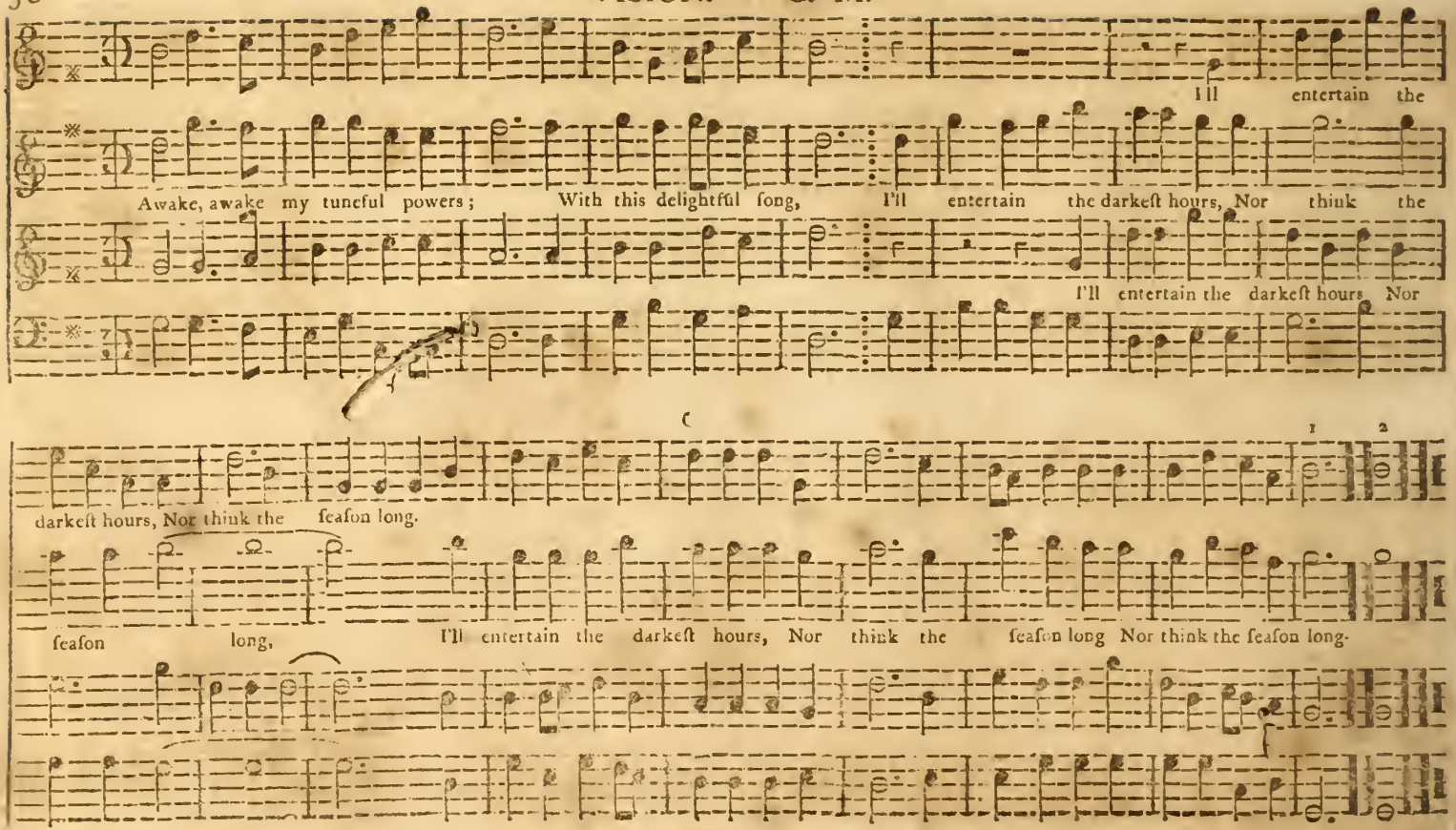
DOOMSDAY. S. M.

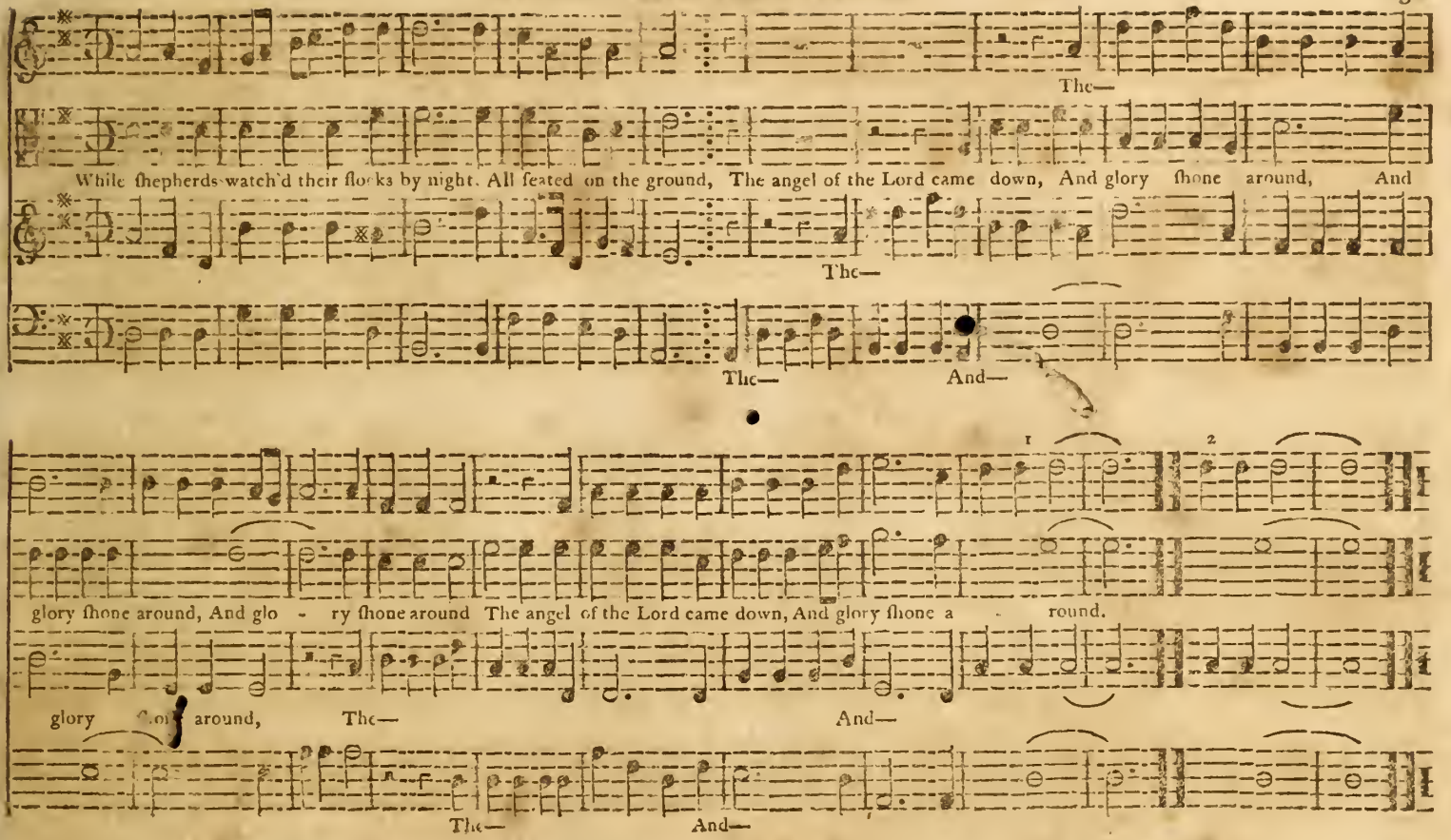


AMERICA. S. M.

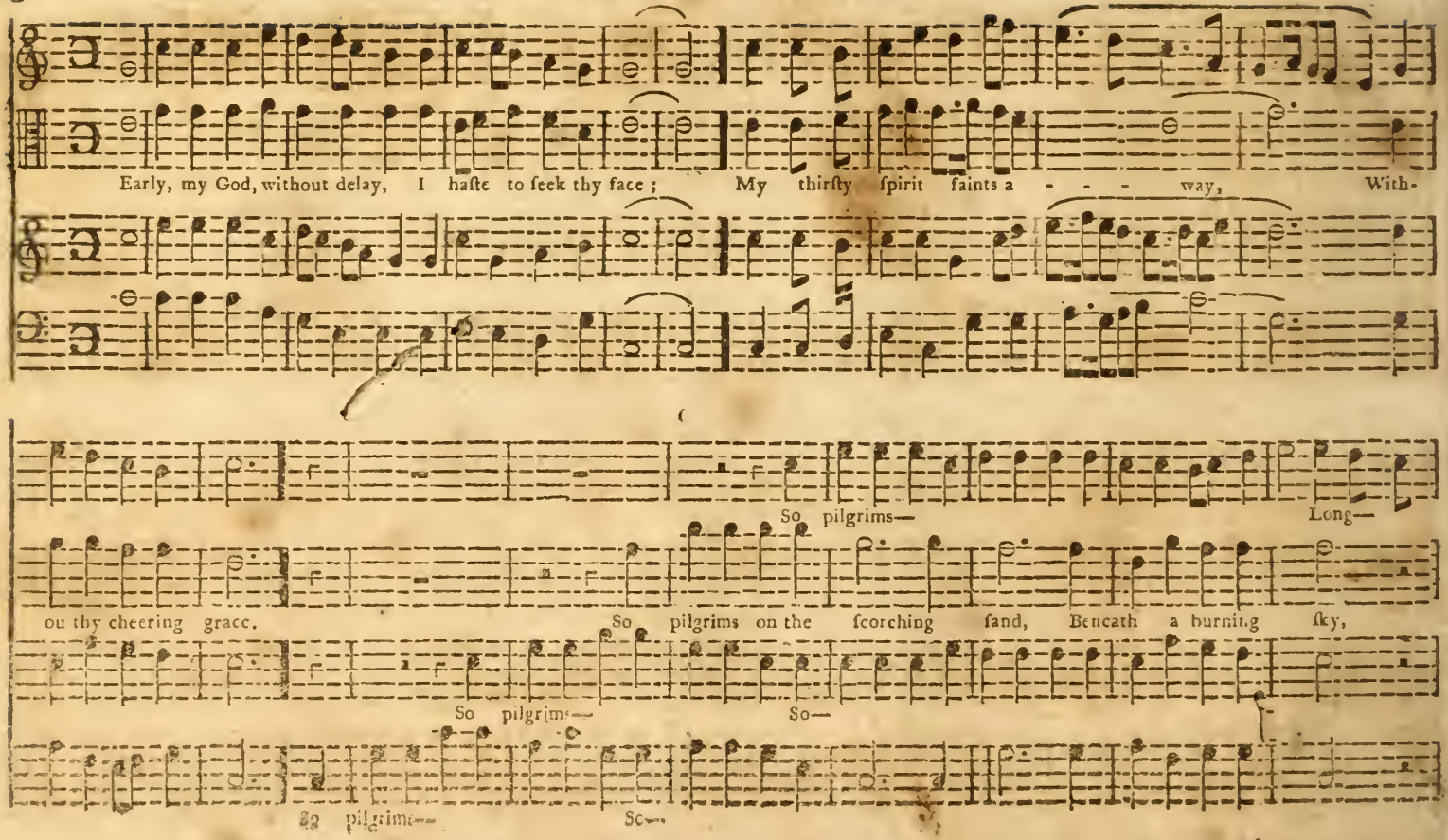


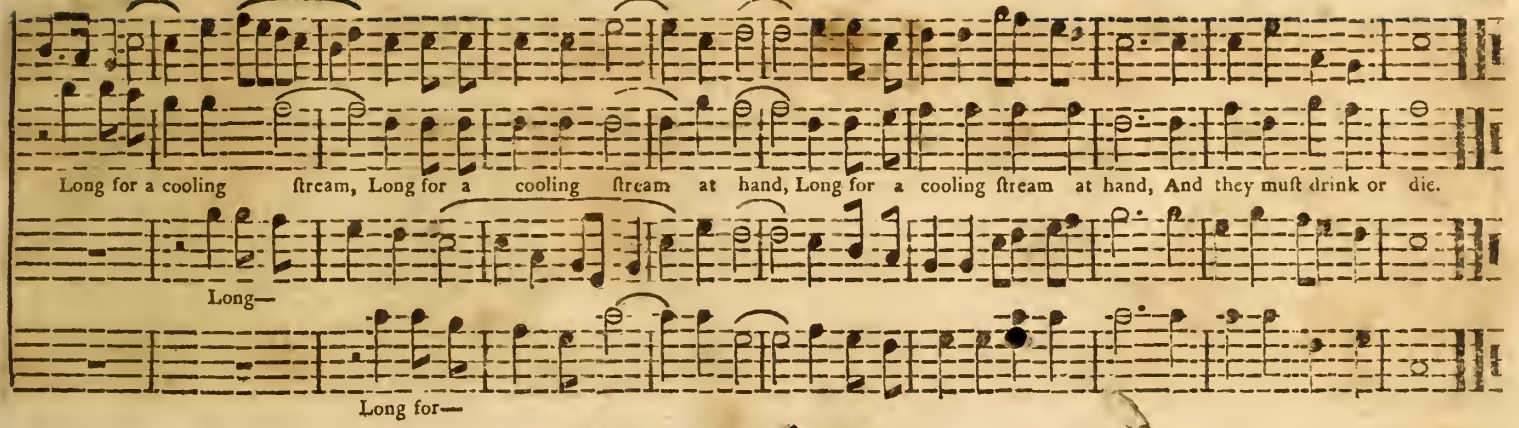

Teach me the meaſure of my days, Thou maker of my frame; I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace, And learn how frail I am. A ſpan is all that we can
boaſt, An inch or two of time; Man is but vanity and duſt, In all his flower and prime.
G


I'll entertain the
Awake, awake my tuneful powers; With this delightful ſong, I'll entertain the darkeſt hours, Nor think the
I'll entertain the darkeſt hours Nor
darkeſt hours, Nor think the ſeaſon long.
ſeaſon long, I'll entertain the darkeſt hours, Nor think the ſeaſon long Nor think the ſeaſon long.

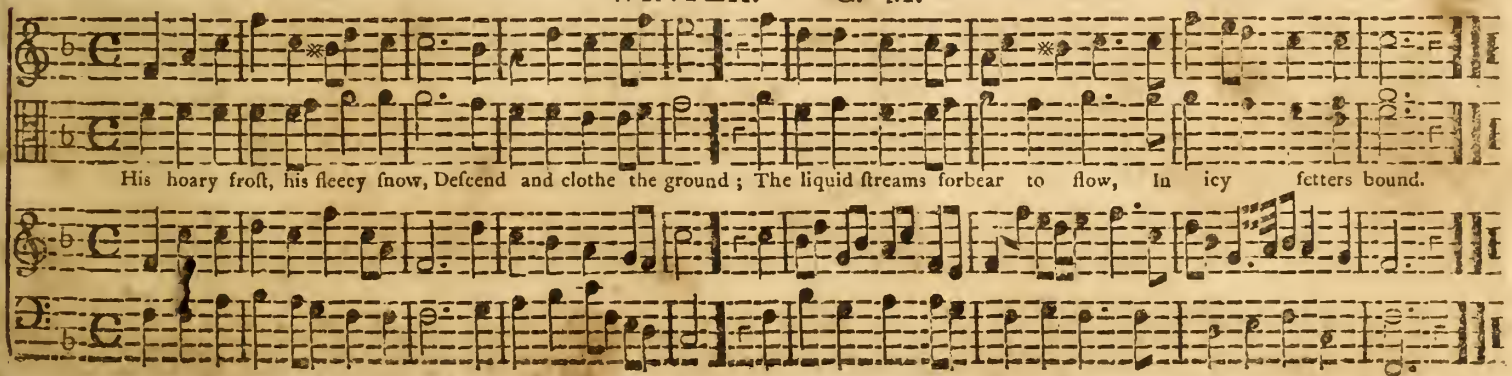

The—
While ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night. All ſeated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory ſhone around, And
The—
The— And—
1 2
glory ſhone around, And glo - ry ſhone around The angel of the Lord came down, And glory ſhone a - round.
glory ſhone around, The— And—
The— And—

MONTGOMERY. C. M.

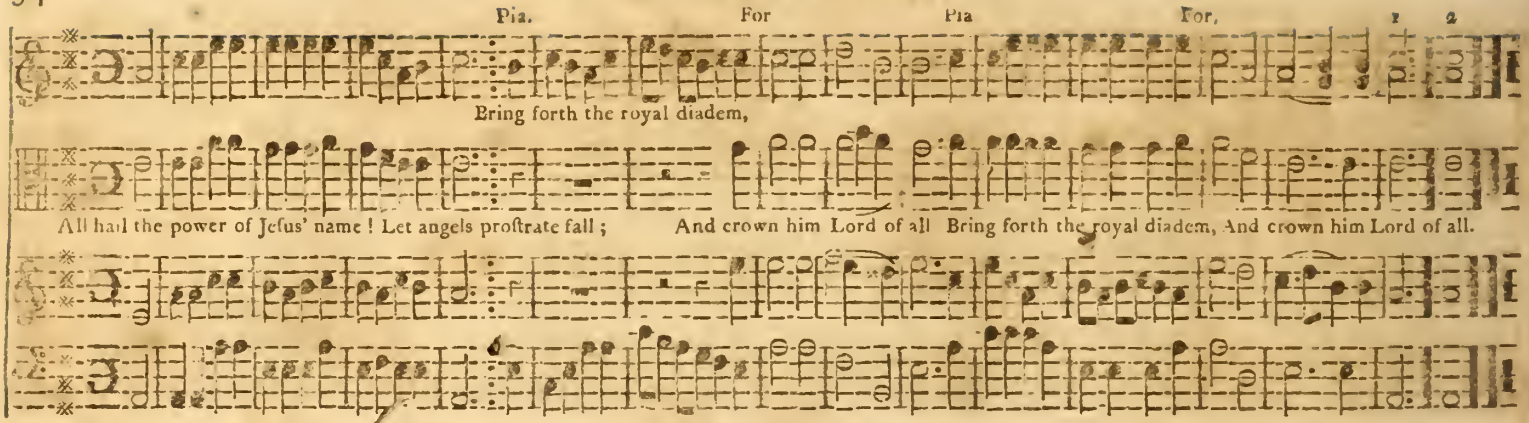



Long for a cooling ſtream, Long for a cooling ſtream at hand, Long for a cooling ſtream at hand, And they muſt drink or die.
Long—
Long for—

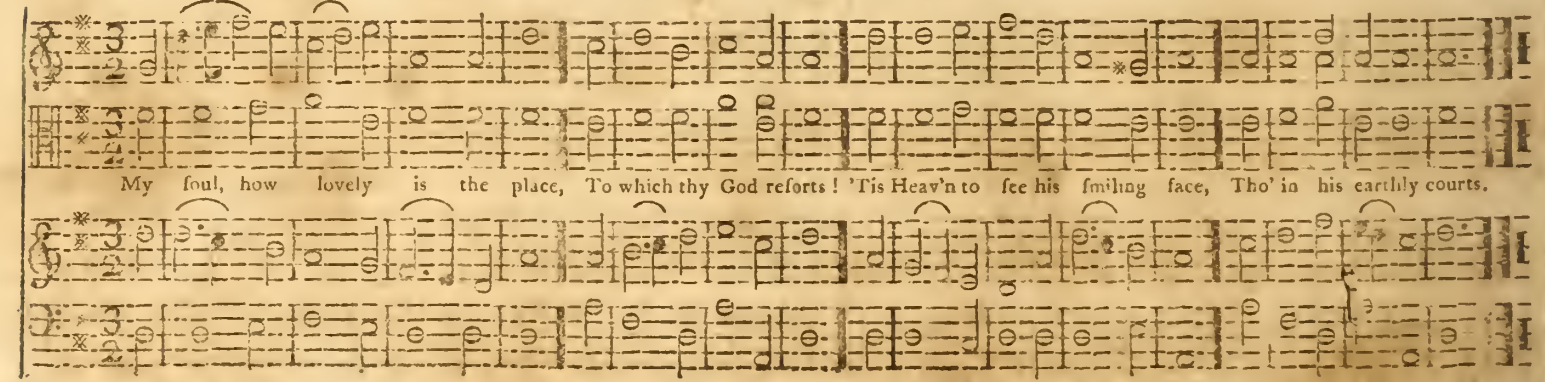
WINTER. C. M.


His hoary froſt, his fleecy ſnow, Deſcend and clothe the ground; The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow, In icy fetters bound.

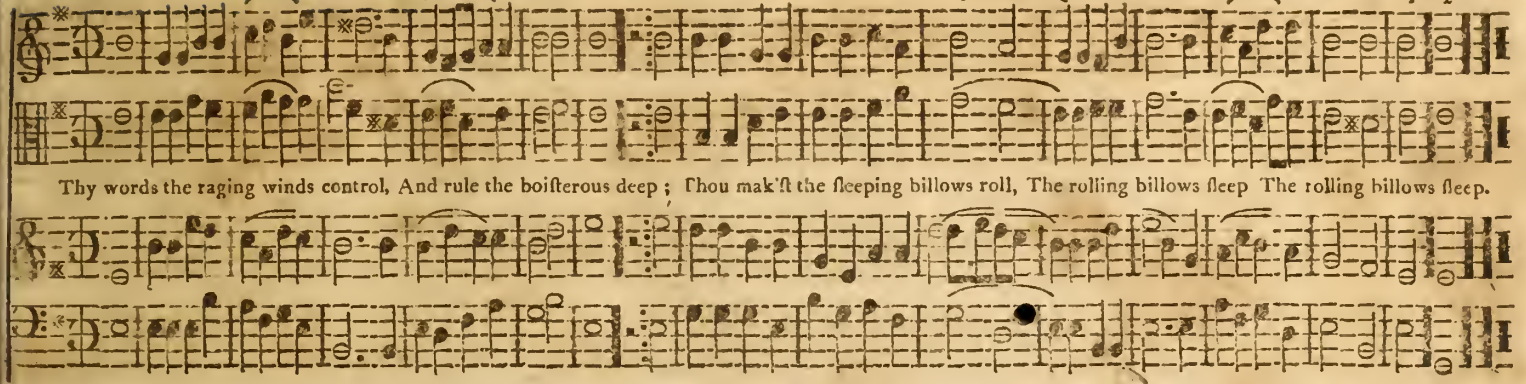
CORONATION. C. M.



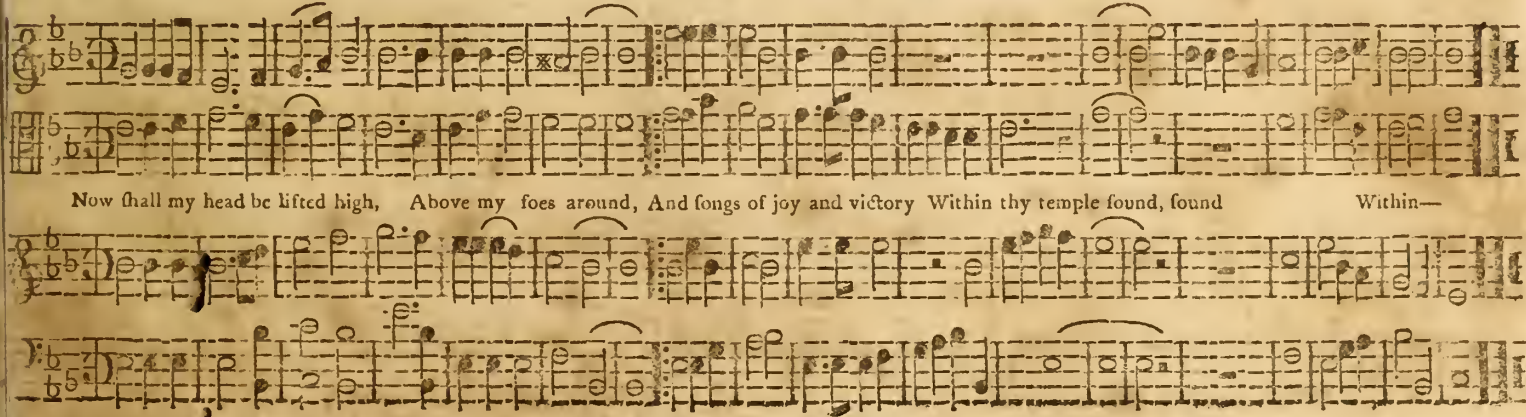
COLCHESTER. C. M.



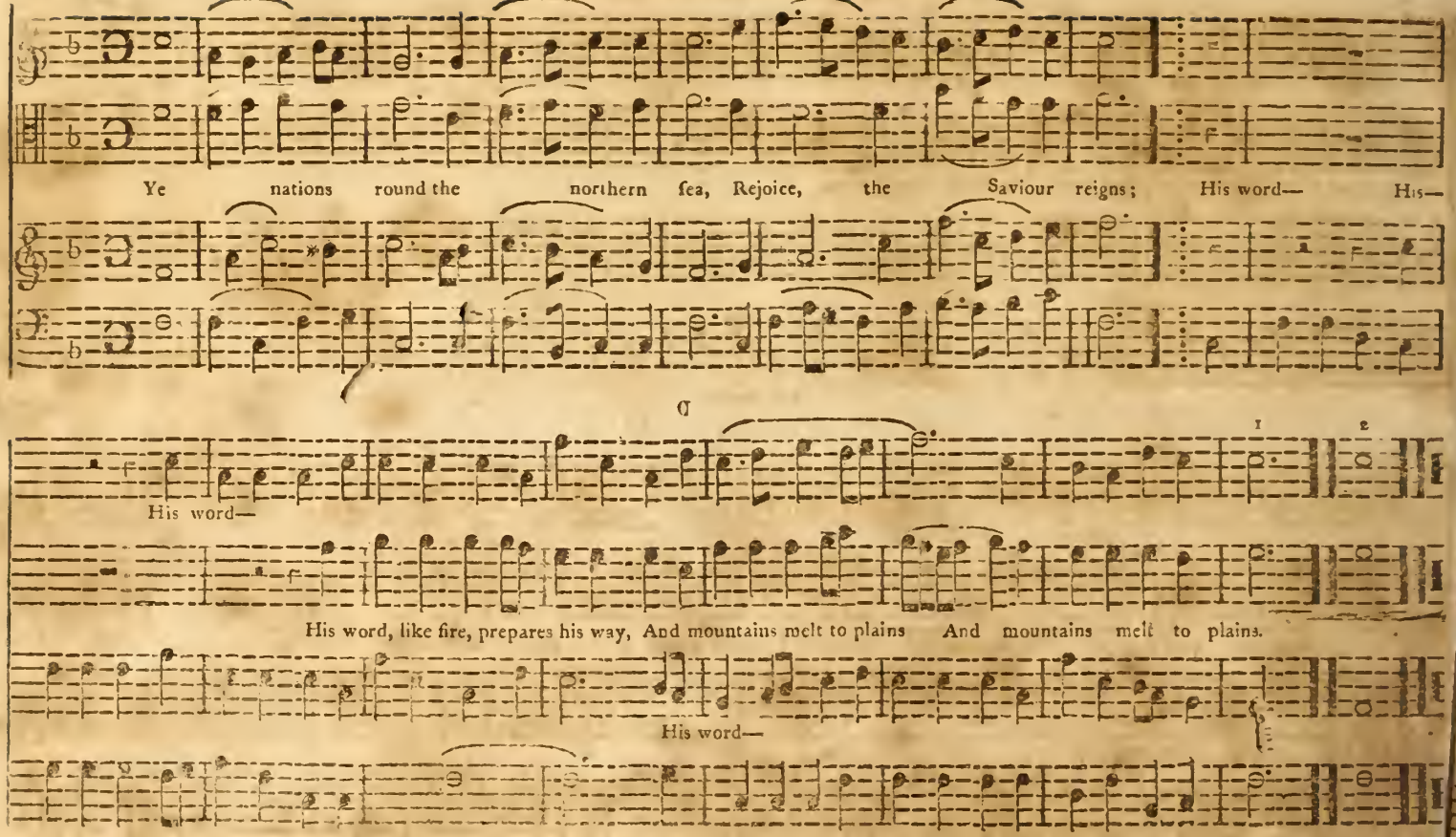
VIRGINIA. C. M.

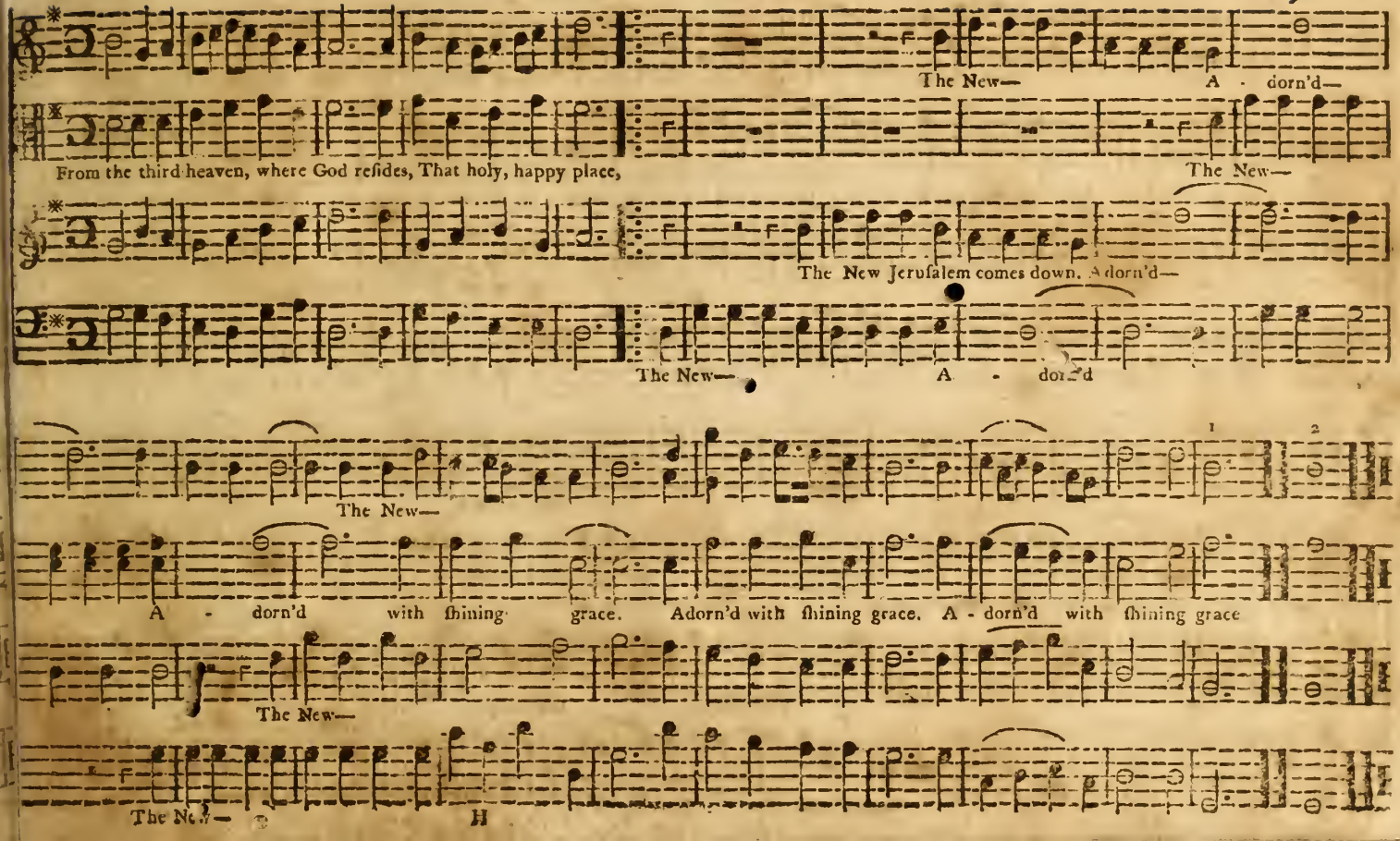


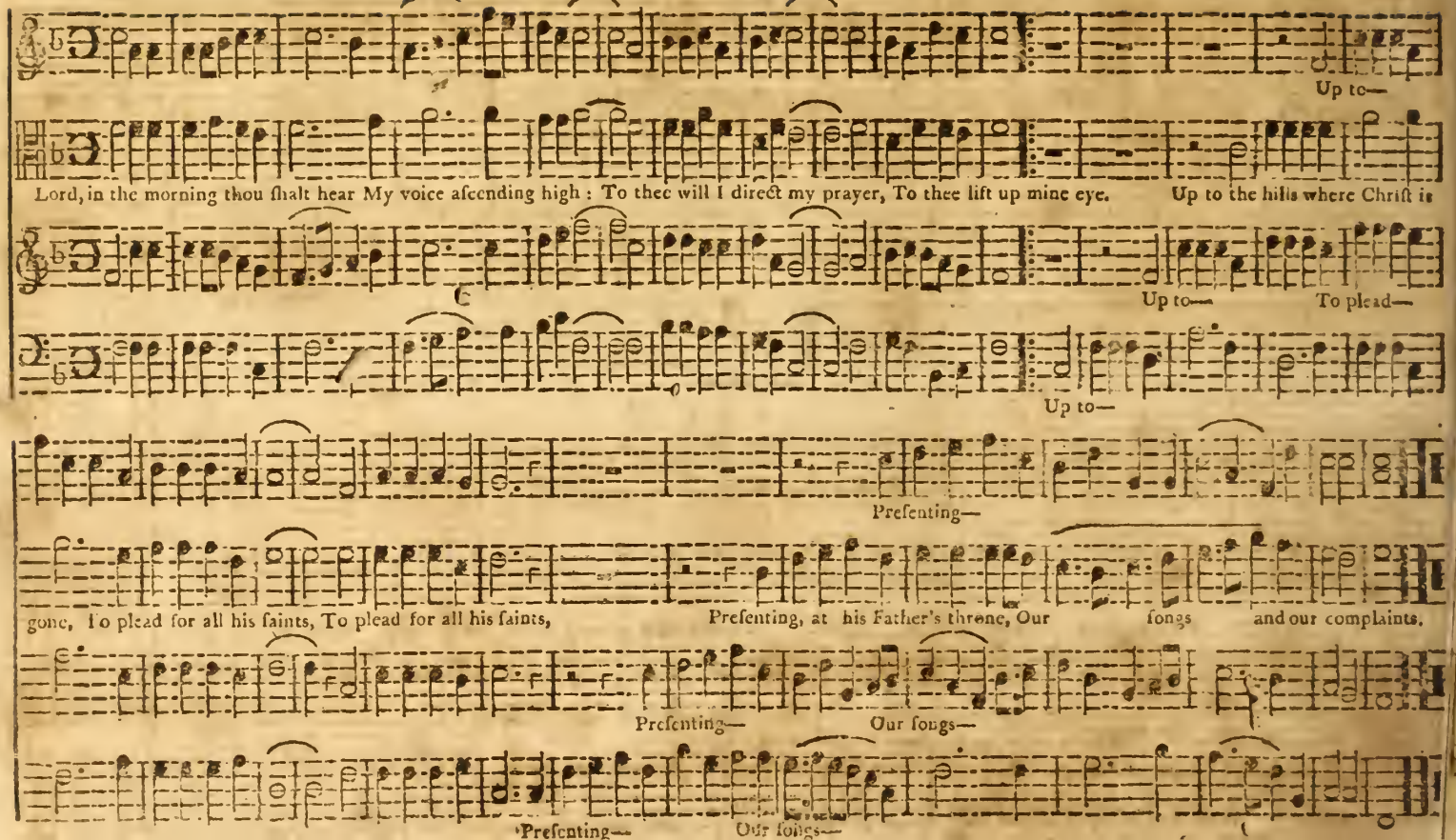
VICTORY. C. M.

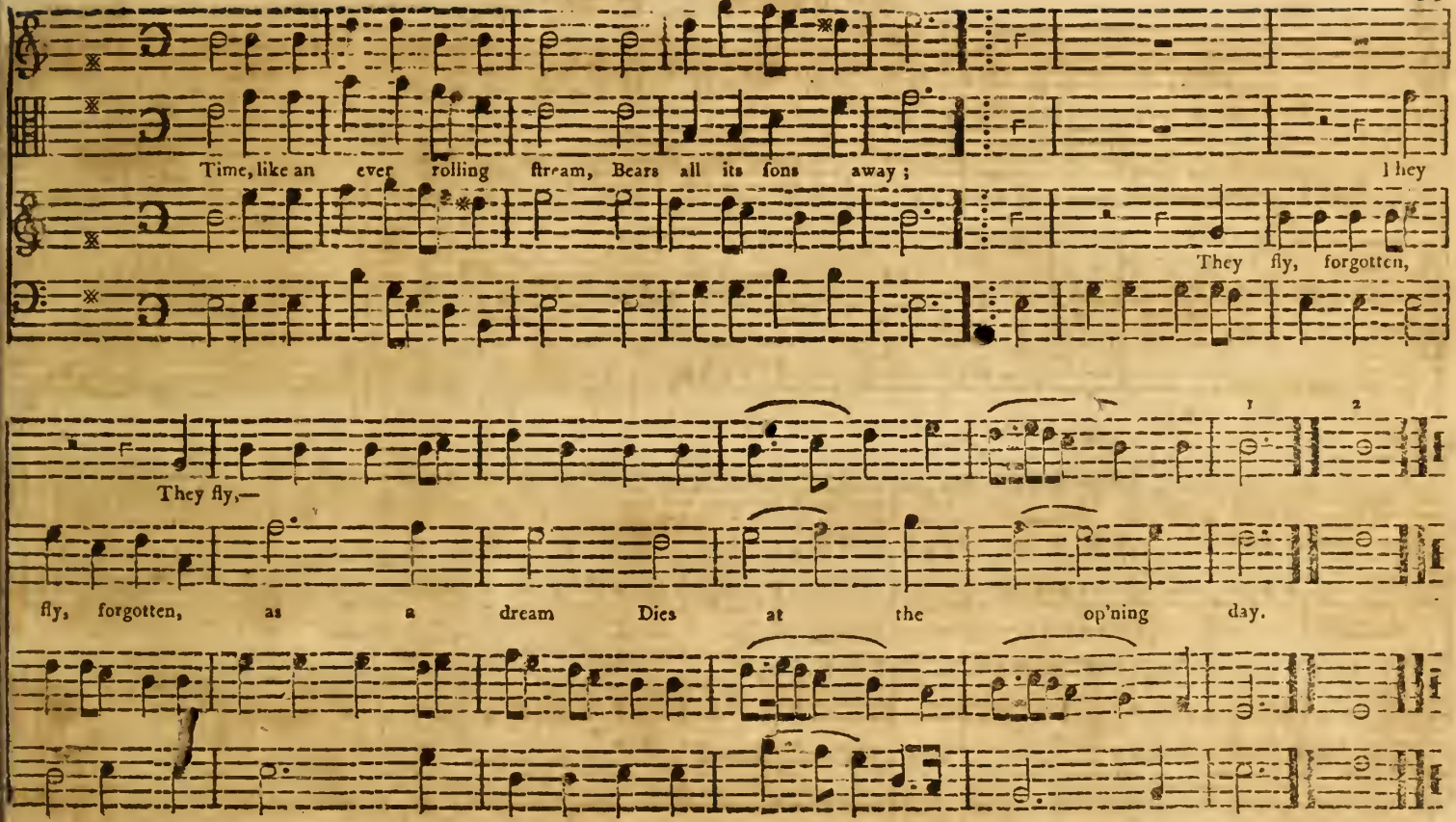


EXHORTATION. C. M.

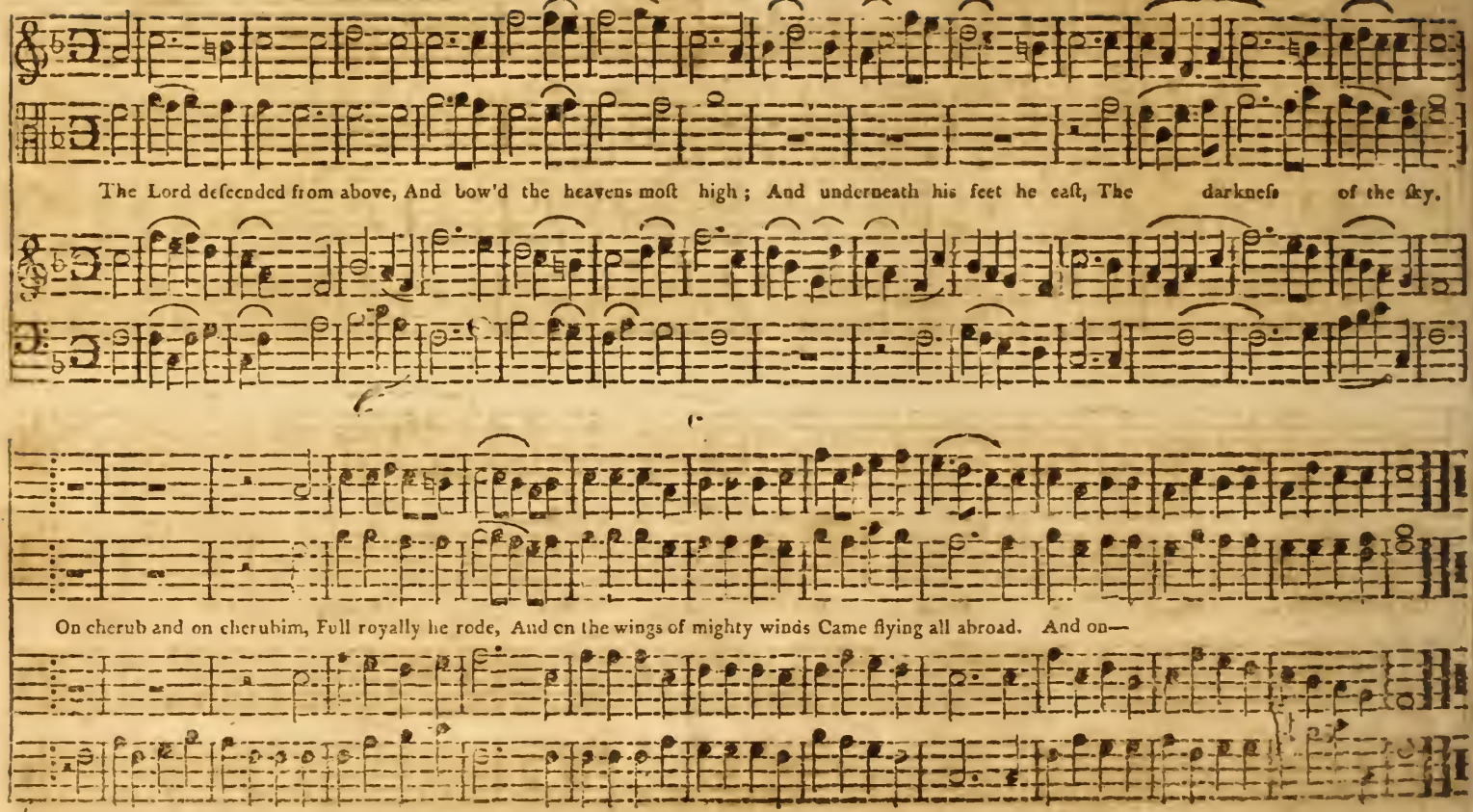


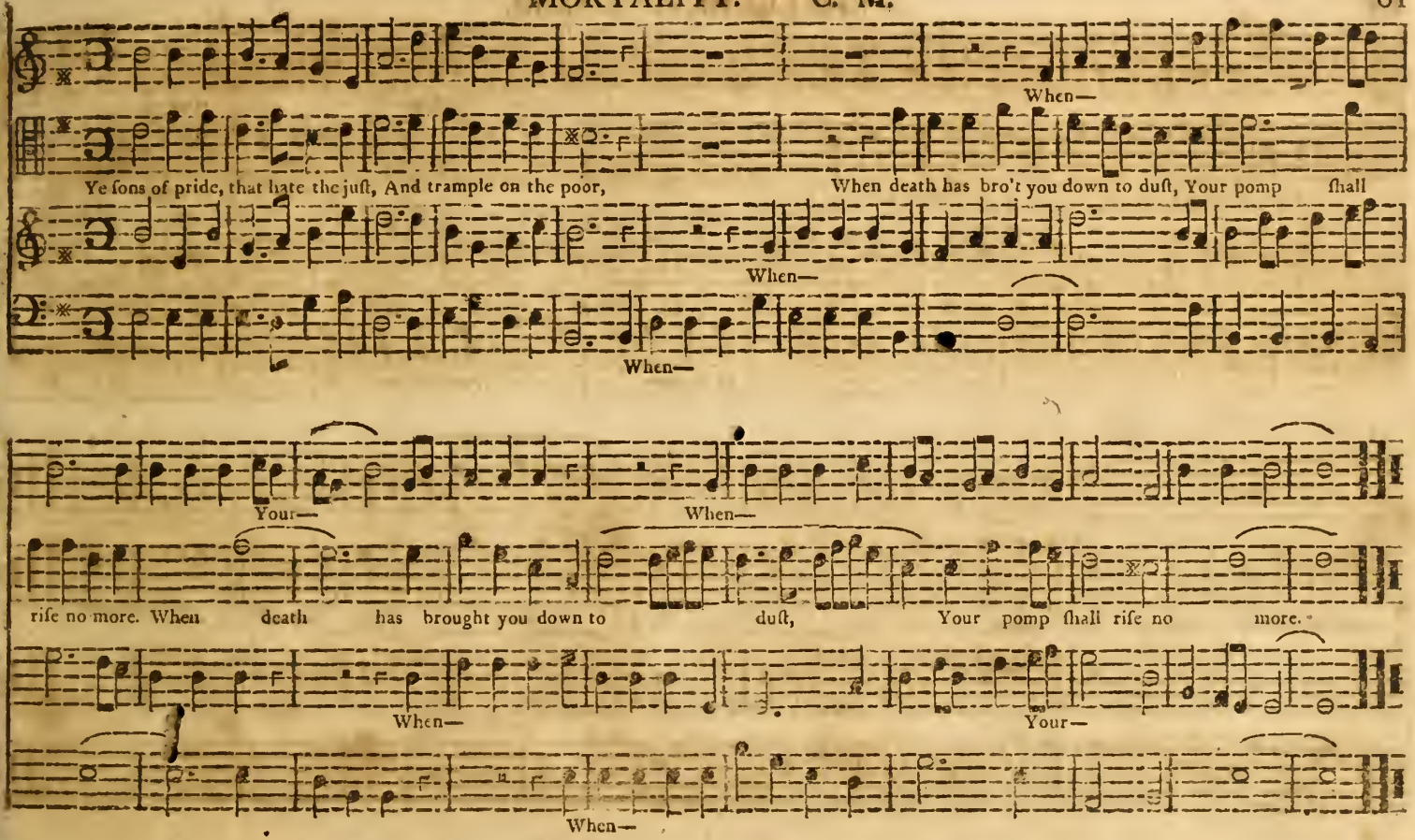

The New— A - dorn'd—
From the third heaven, where God reſides, That holy, happy place,
The New—
The New Jeruſalem comes down. Adorn'd—
The New— A - dorn'd
The New—
A - dorn'd with ſhining grace. Adorn'd with ſhining grace. A - dorn'd with ſhining grace
The New—
The New—


Up to—
Lord, in the morning thou ſhalt hear My voice aſcending high : To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. Up to the hills where Chriſt is
Up to— To plead—
Up to—
Preſenting—
gone, To plead for all his ſaints, To plead for all his ſaints, Preſenting, at his Father's throne, Our ſongs and our complaints.
Preſenting— Our ſongs—
Preſenting— Our ſongs—

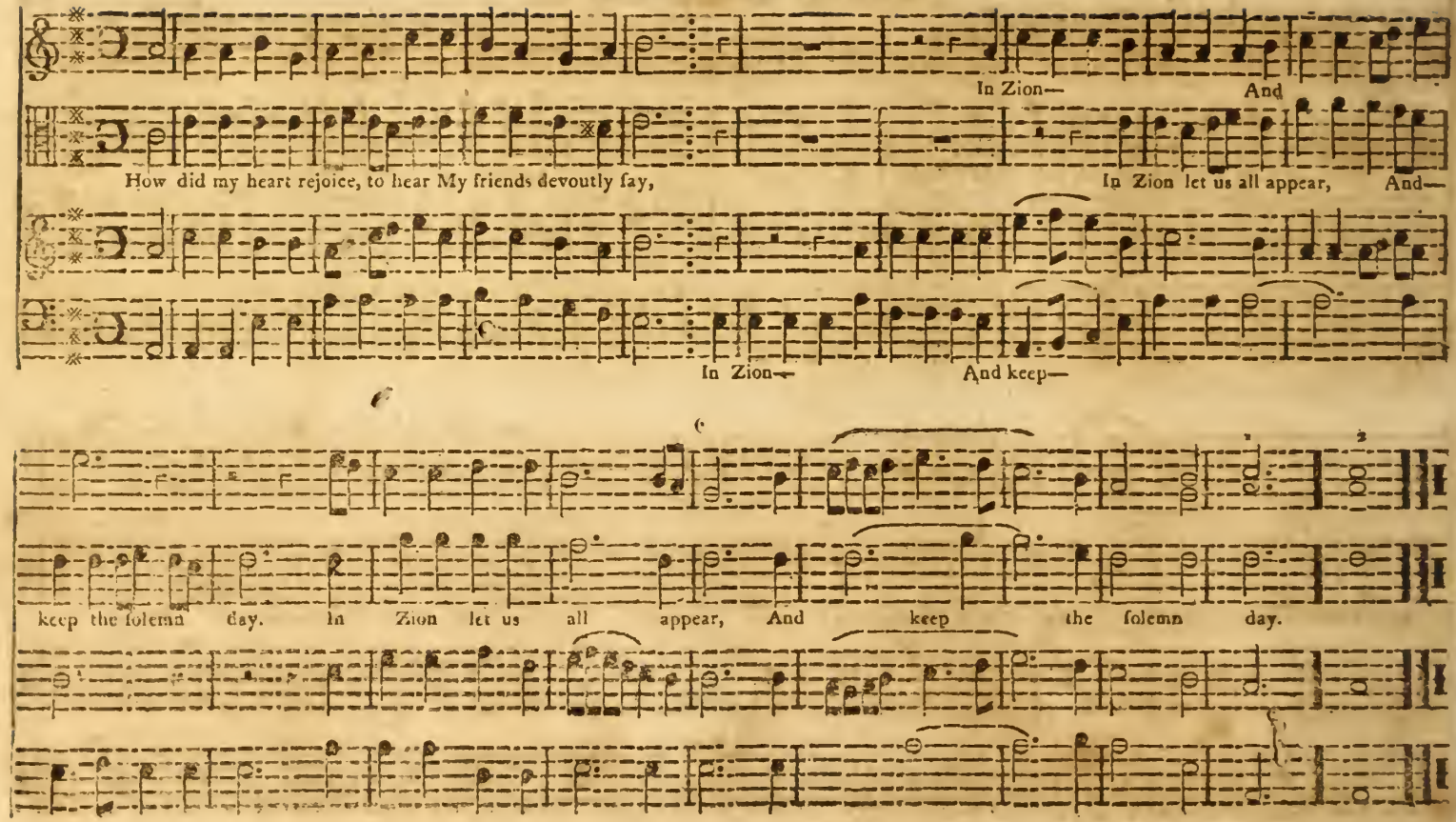

Time, like an ever rolling ſtream, Bears all its ſons away ; They
They fly, forgotten,
They fly,—
fly, forgotten, as a dream Dies at the op'ning day.

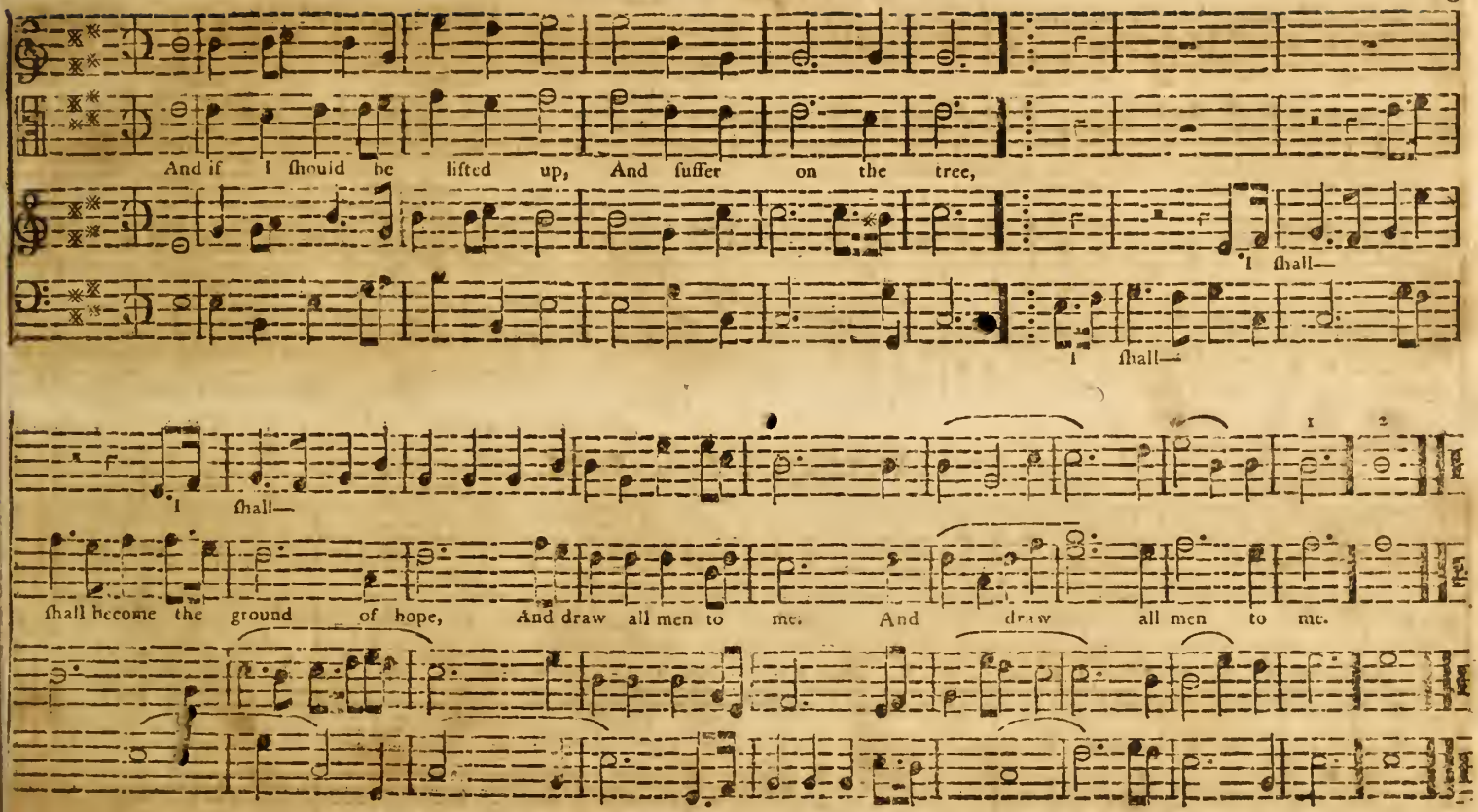
MAJESTY. C. M.


The Lord defcended from above, And bow'd the heavens moſt high; And underneath his feet he caſt, The darkneſs of the ſky.
On cherub and on cherubim, Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad. And on—

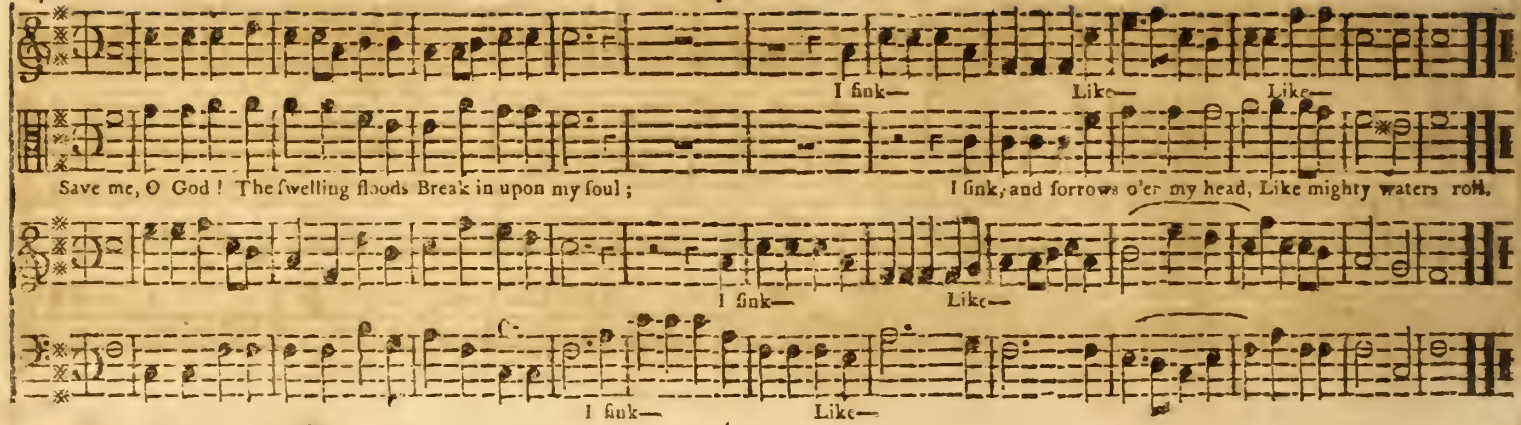

When—
Ye ſons of pride, that hate the juſt, And trample on the poor,
When death has bro't you down to duſt, Your pomp ſhall
When—
When—
Your—
When—
riſe no more. When death has brought you down to duſt, Your pomp ſhall riſe no more.
When—
Your—
When—

SHELBURNE. C. M.

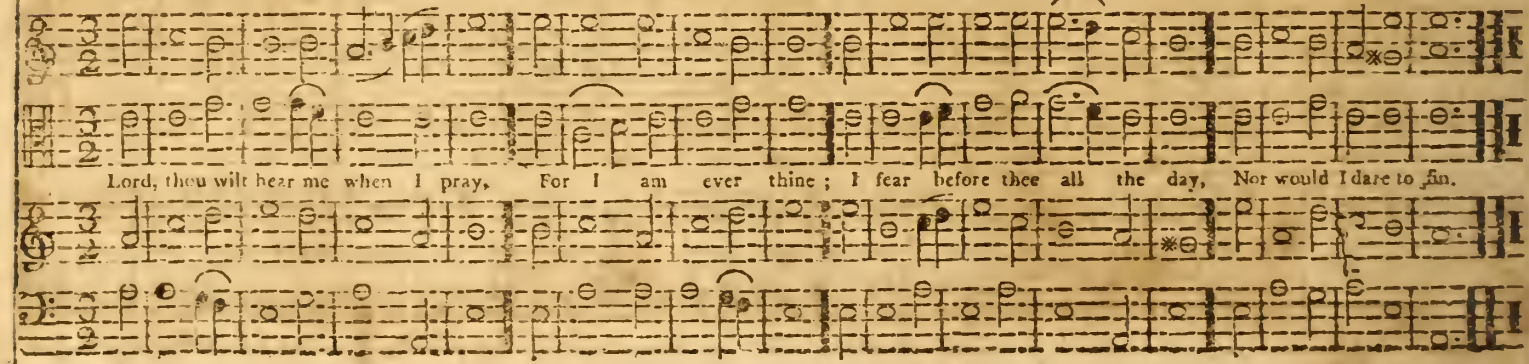


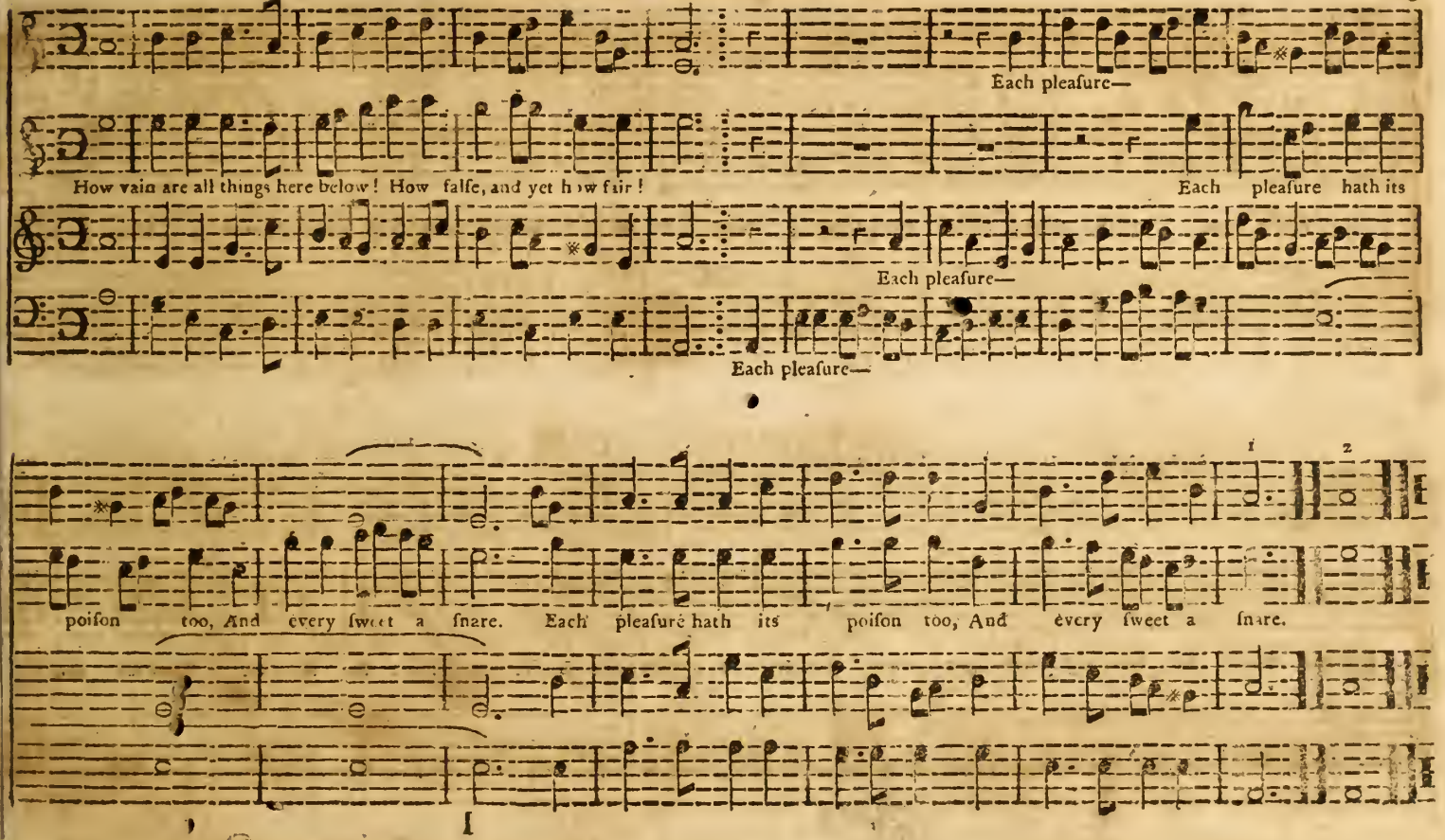

And if I should be lifted up, And suffer on the tree,
I shall—
I shall—
I shall—
shall become the ground of hope, And draw all men to me. And draw all men to me.

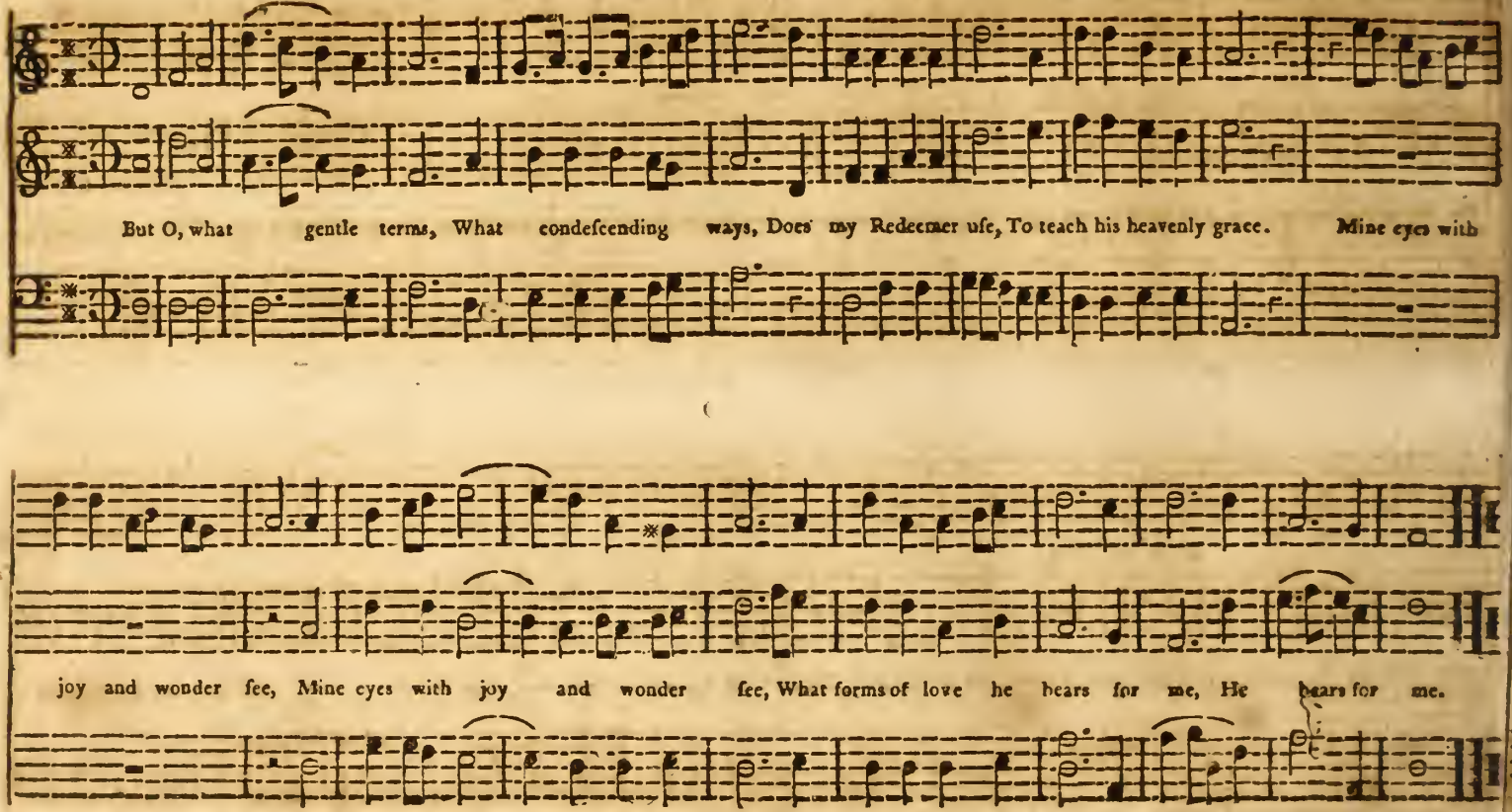
SUTTON. C. M.

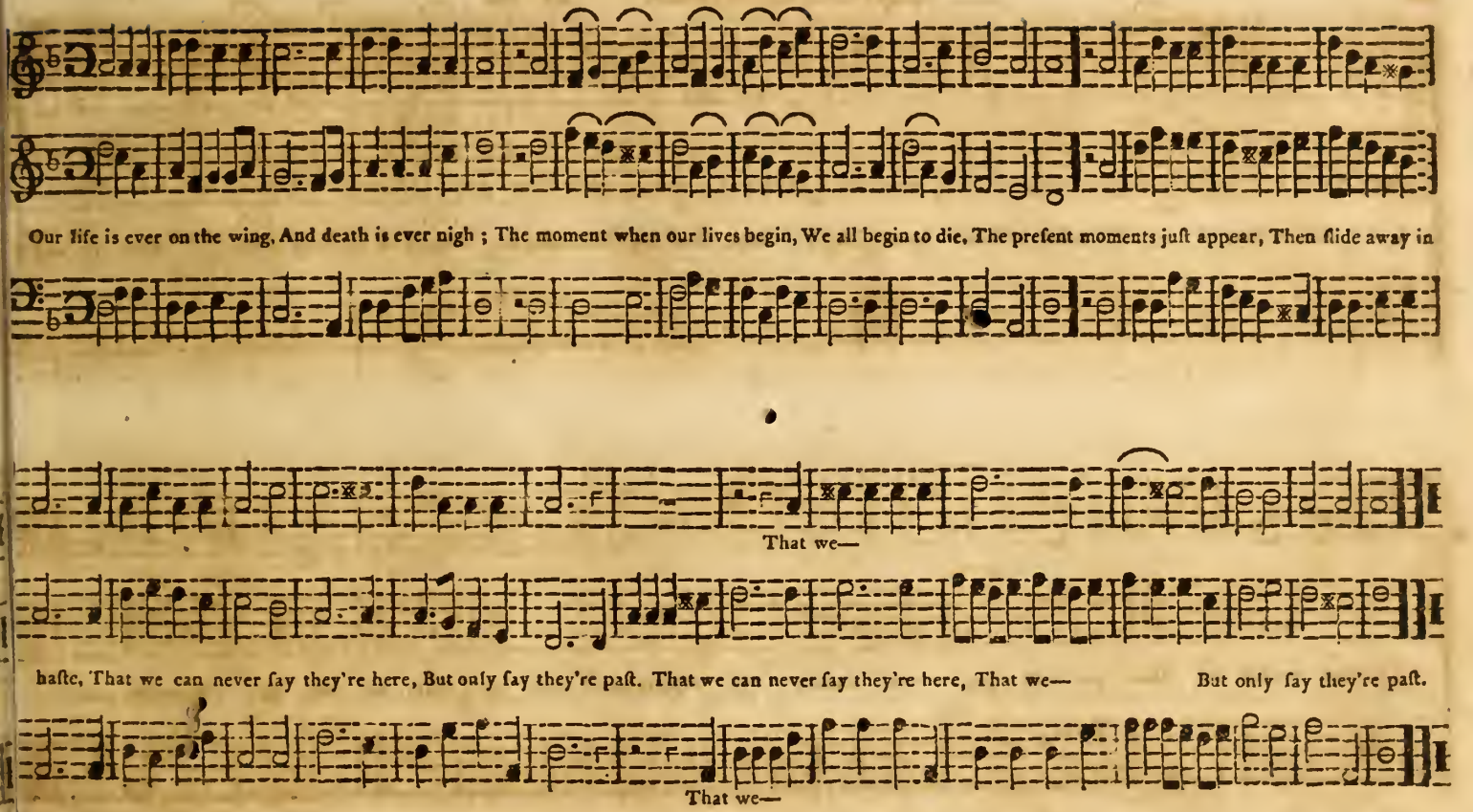


PLYMOUTH. C. M.

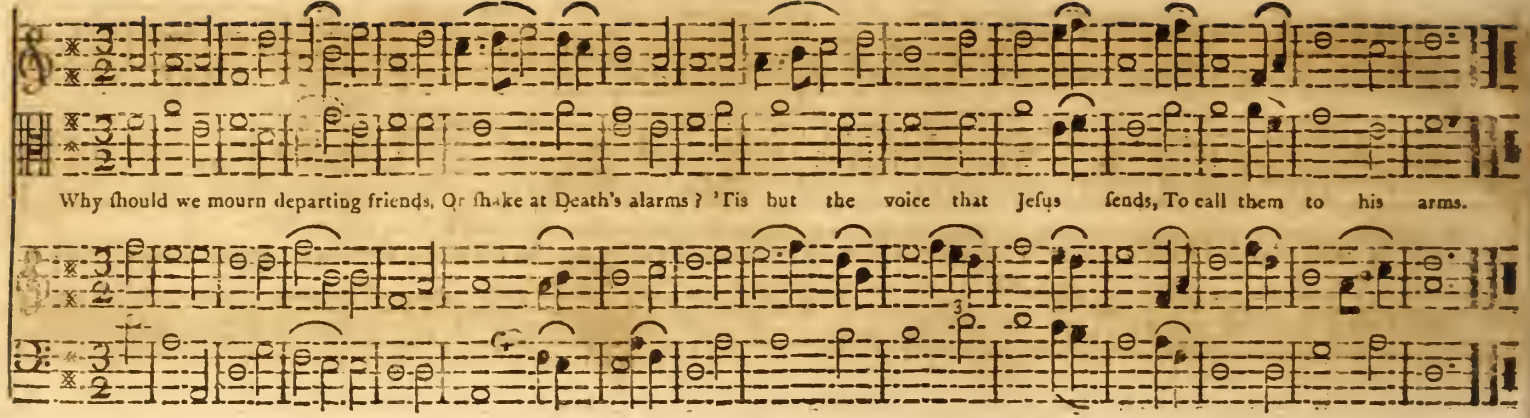



Each pleaſure—
How vain are all things here below! How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its
Each pleaſure—
Each pleaſure—
poiſon too, And every ſweet a ſnare. Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too, And every ſweet a ſnare.
1
2

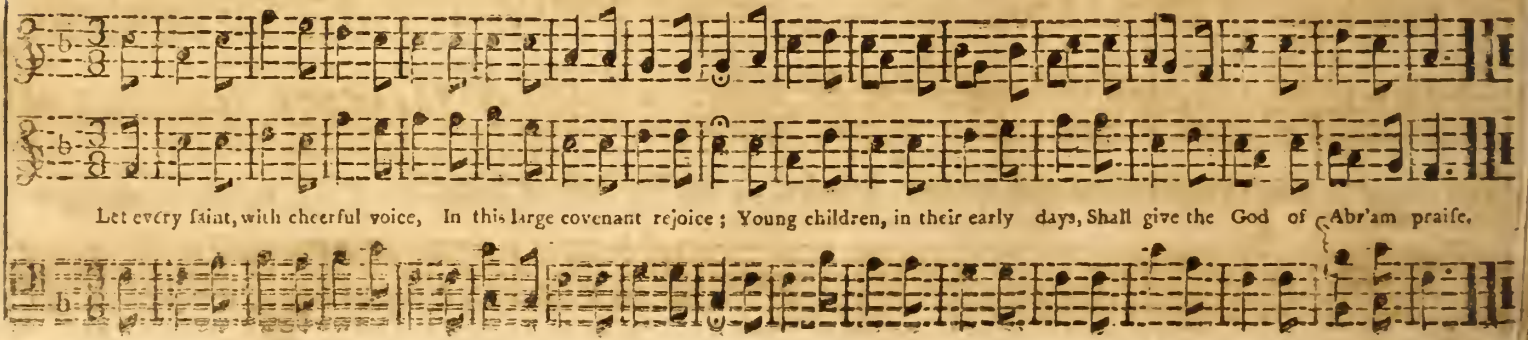

But O, what gentle terms, What condefcending ways, Does my Redeemer uſe, To teach his heavenly grace. Mine eyes with
joy and wonder ſee, Mine eyes with joy and wonder ſee, What forms of love he bears for me, He bears for me.

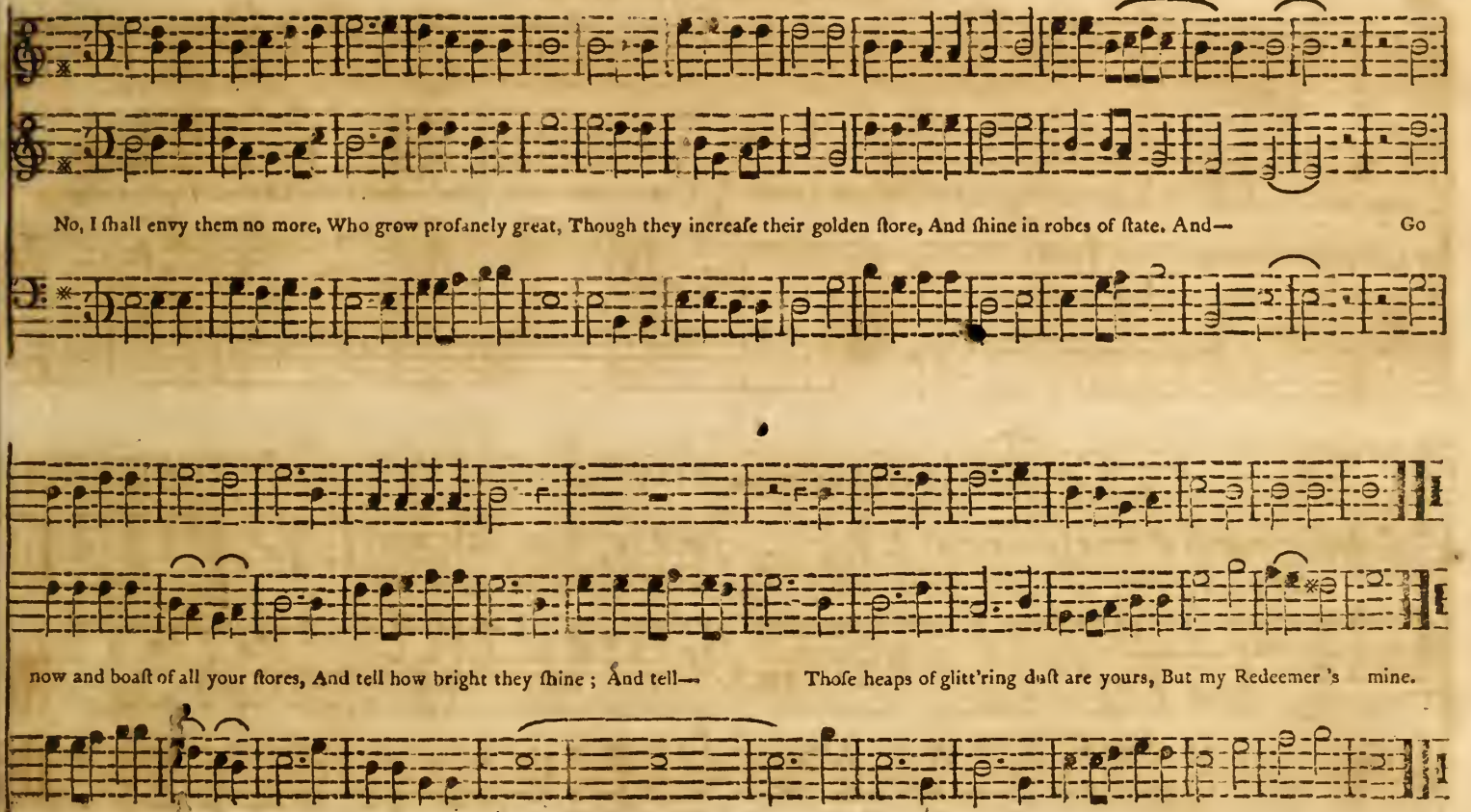

Our life is ever on the wing, And death is ever nigh ; The moment when our lives begin, We all begin to die, The preſent moments juſt appear, Then ſlide away in
That we—
haſte, That we can never ſay they're here, But only ſay they're paſt. That we can never ſay they're here, That we— But only ſay they're paſt.
That we—

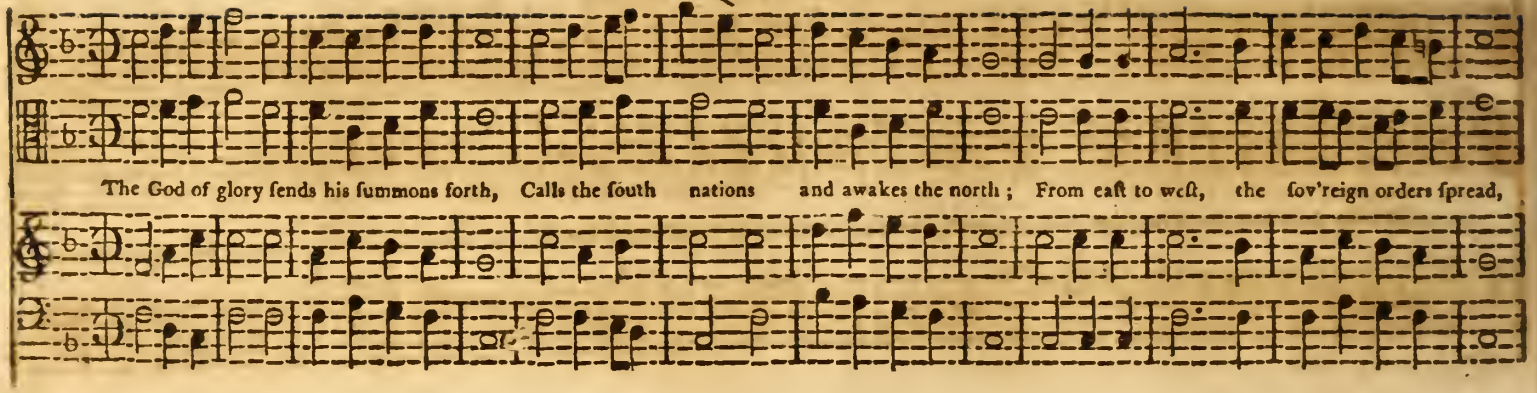
CHINA. C. M.

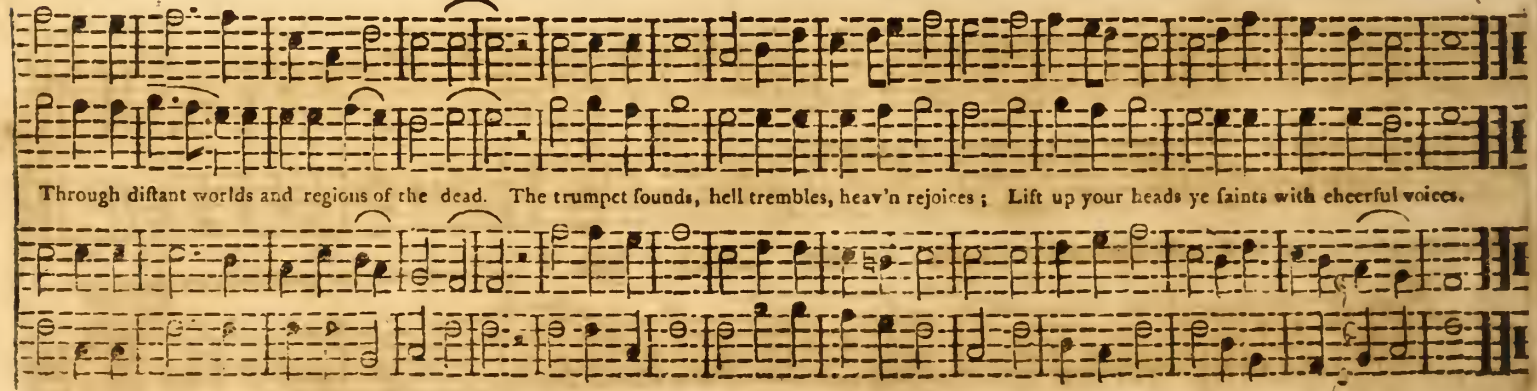


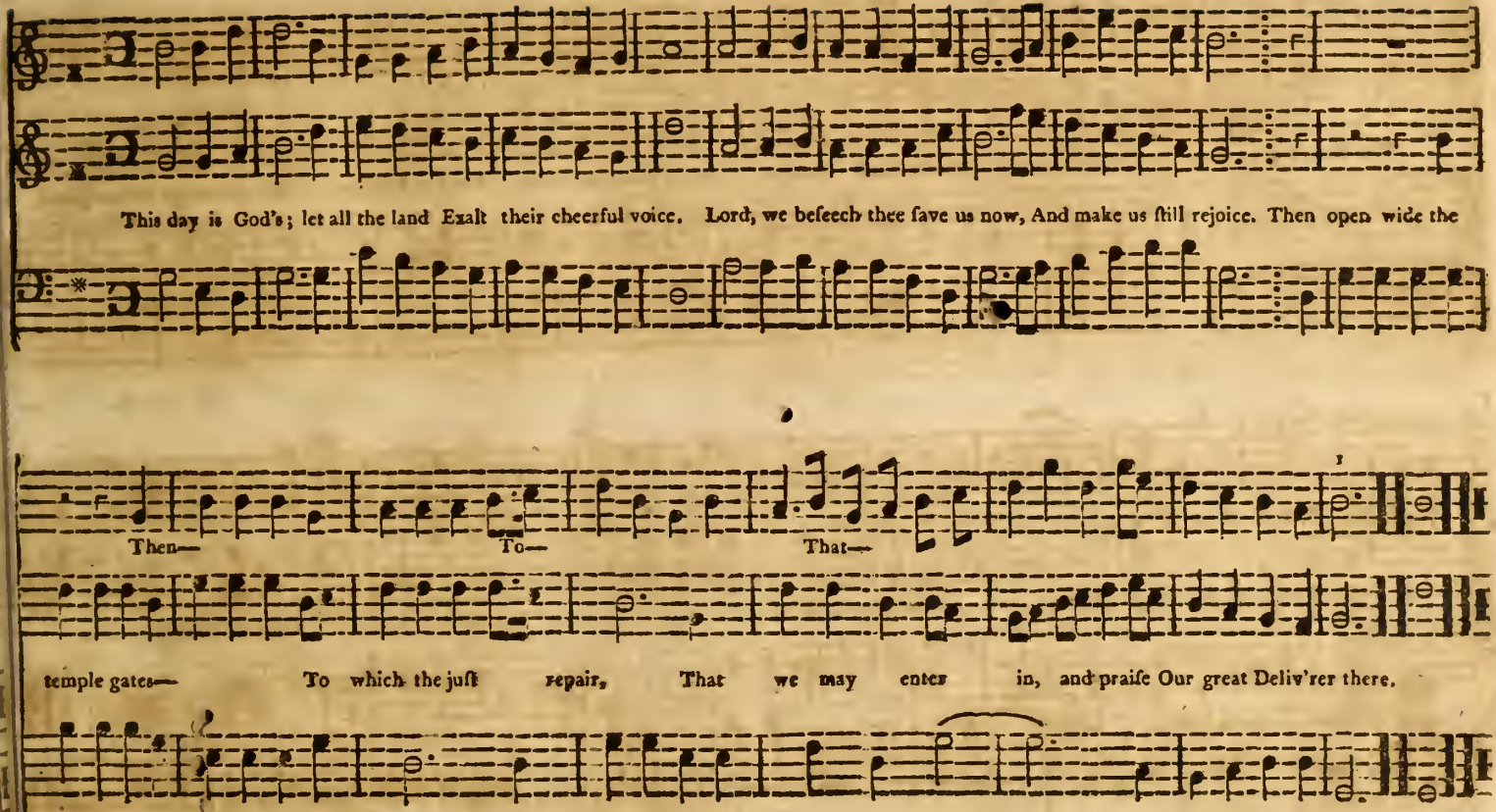
HAPPINESS. L. M.

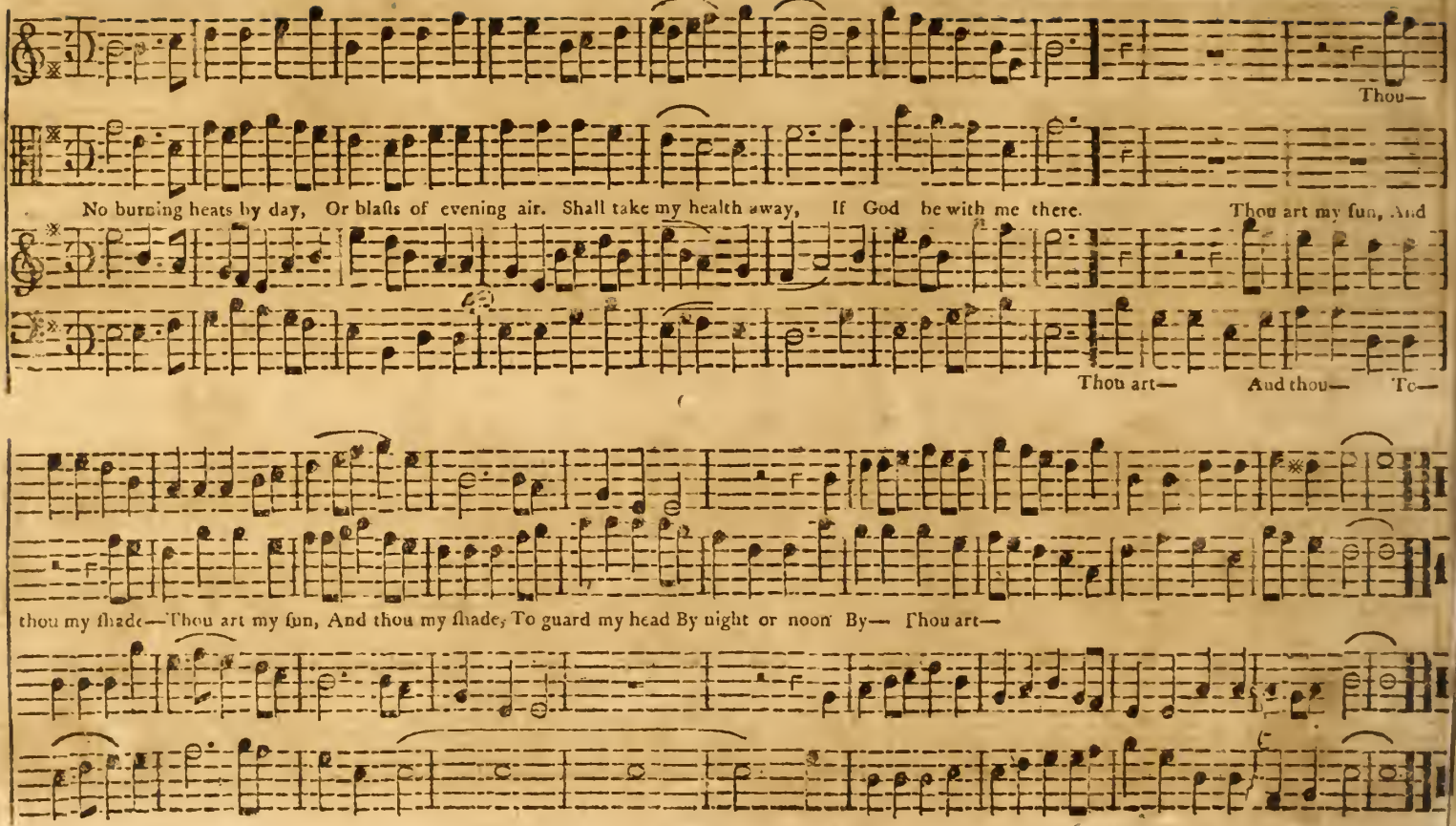


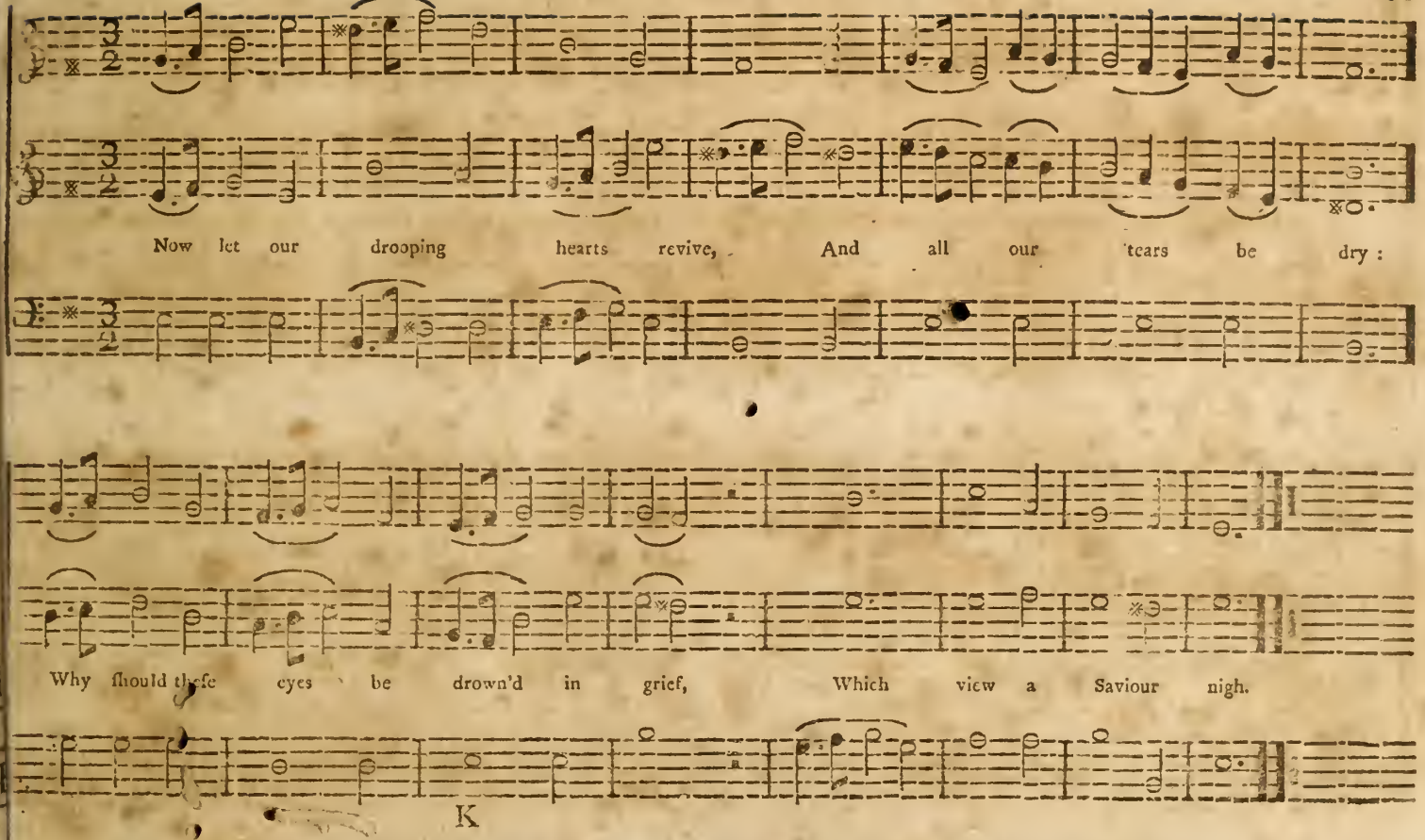

No, I ſhall envy them no more, Who grow profanely great, Though they increaſe their golden ſtore, And ſhine in robes of ſtate. And— Go
now and boaſt of all your ſtores, And tell how bright they ſhine ; And tell— Thoſe heaps of glitt'ring duſt are yours, But my Redeemer 's mine.

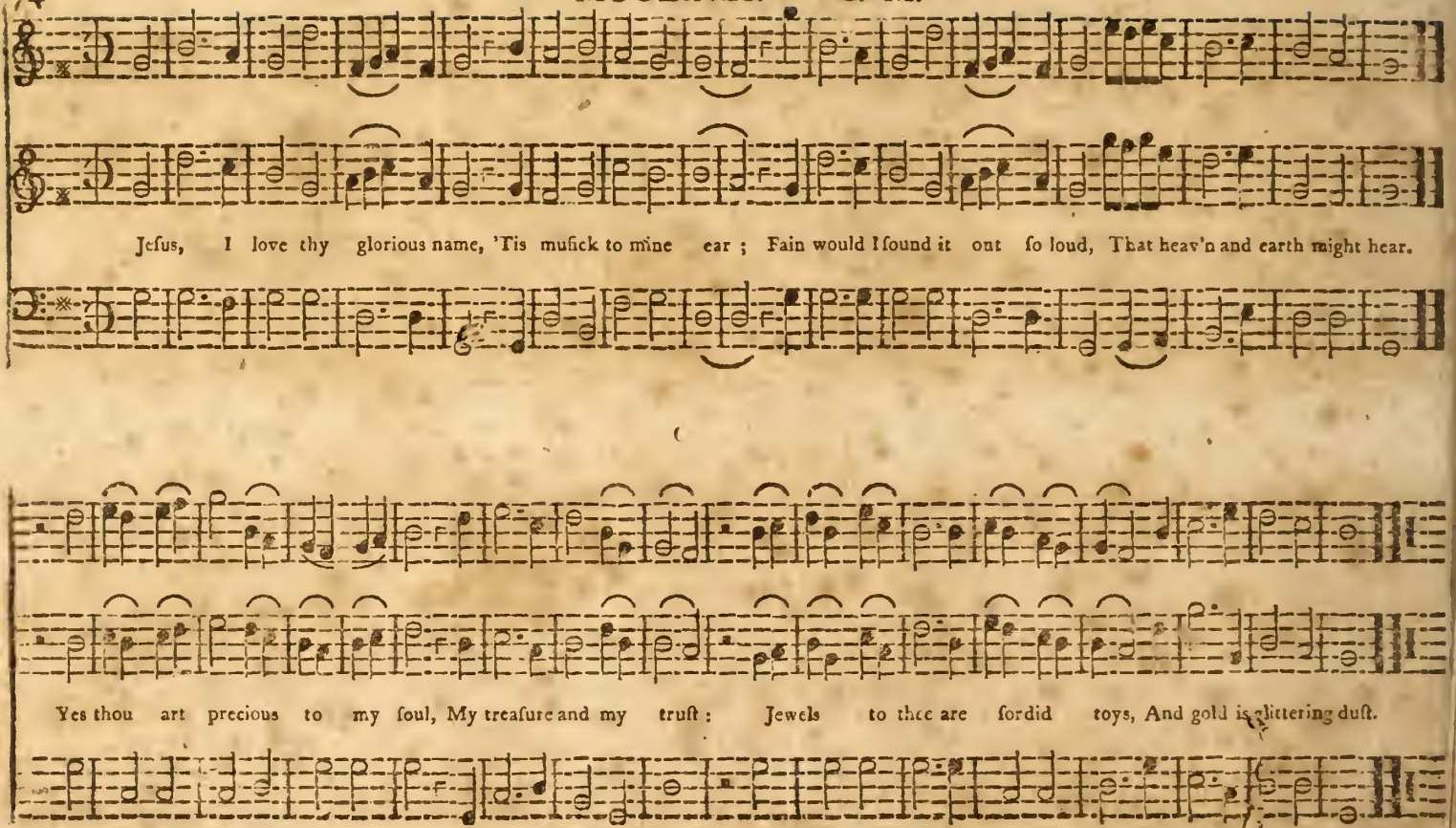

The God of glory ſends his ſummons forth, Calls the ſouth nations and awakes the north; From eaſt to weſt, the ſov'reign orders ſpread,


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

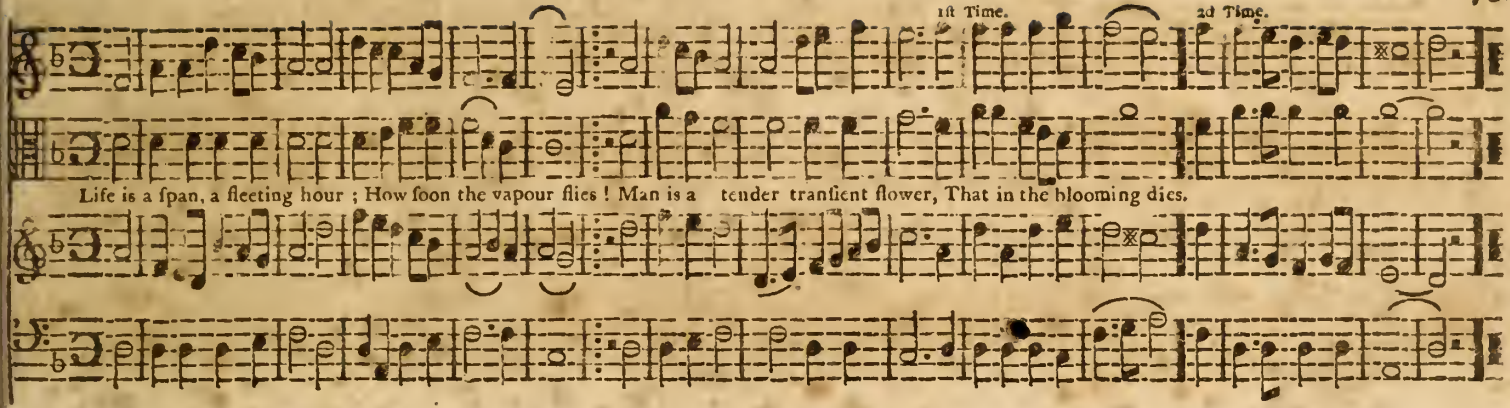

This day is God's; let all the land Exalt their cheerful voice. Lord, we beſeech thee ſave us now, And make us ſtill rejoice. Then open wide the
Then—
To—
That—
temple gates— To which the juſt repair, That we may enter in, and praiſe Our great Deliv'rer there.


Thou—
No burning heats by day, Or blaſts of evening air. Shall take my health away, If God be with me there. Thou art my ſun, And
Thou art— And thou— To—
thou my ſhade—Thou art my ſun, And thou my ſhade, To guard my head By night or noon By— Thou art—

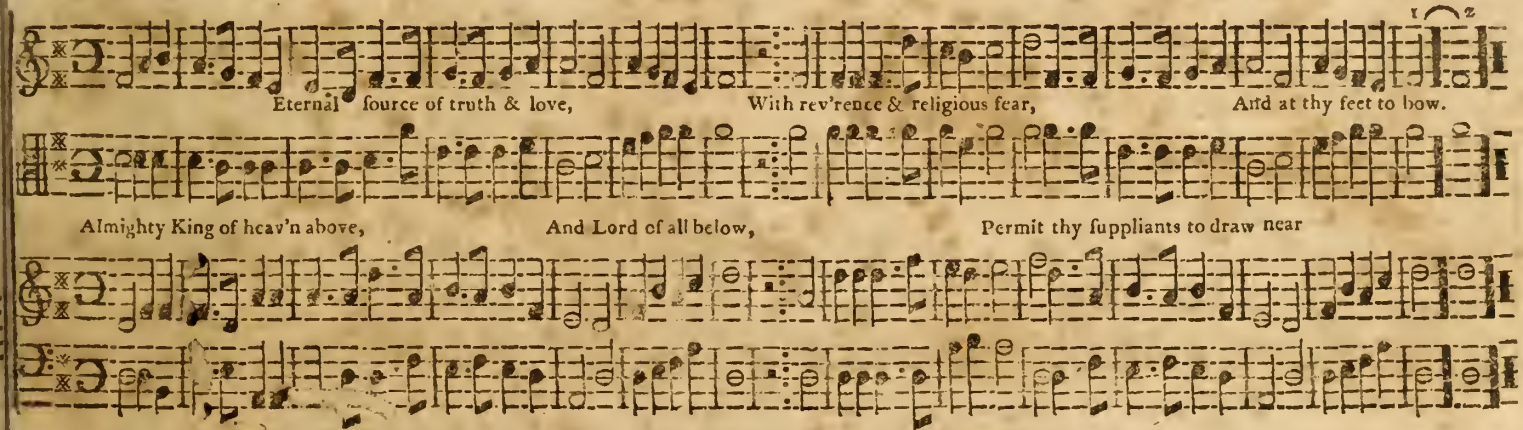

Now let our drooping hearts revive, And all our tears be dry :
Why ſhould theſe eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh.


Jesus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis musick to mine ear ; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear.
Yes thou art precious to my soul, My treasure and my trust : Jewels to thee are sordid toys, And gold is glittering dust.

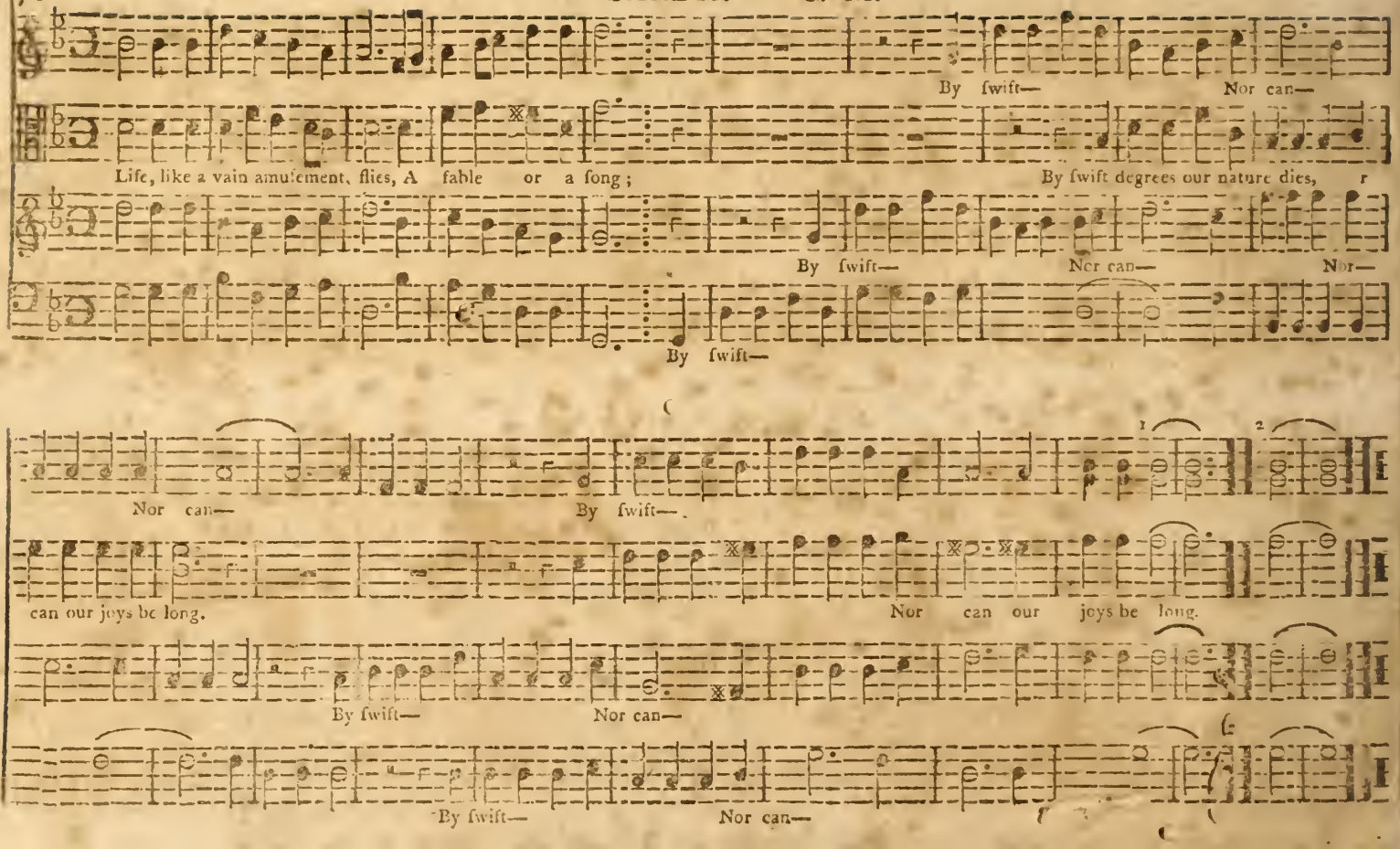
HELLESPONT. C. M.

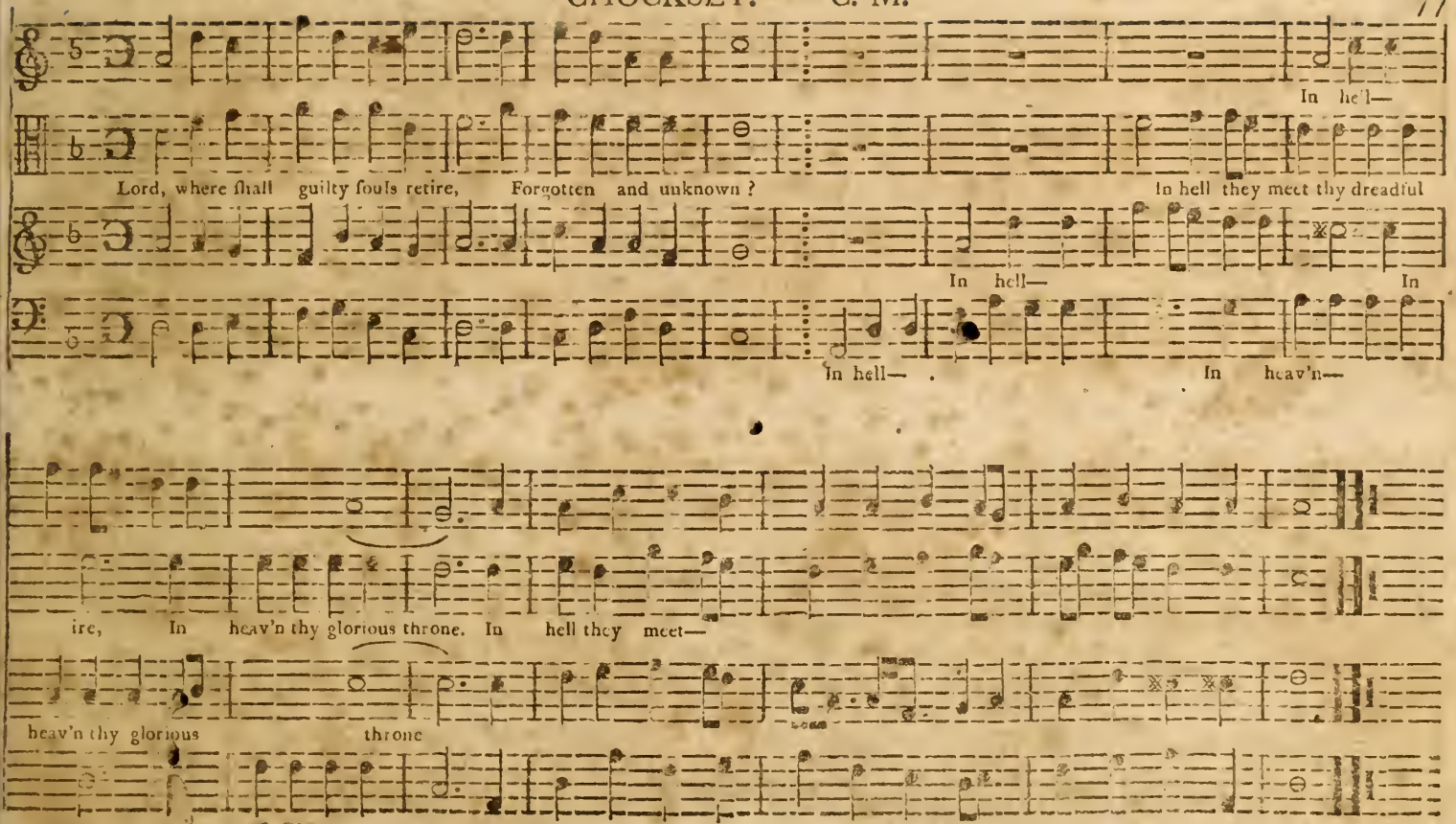


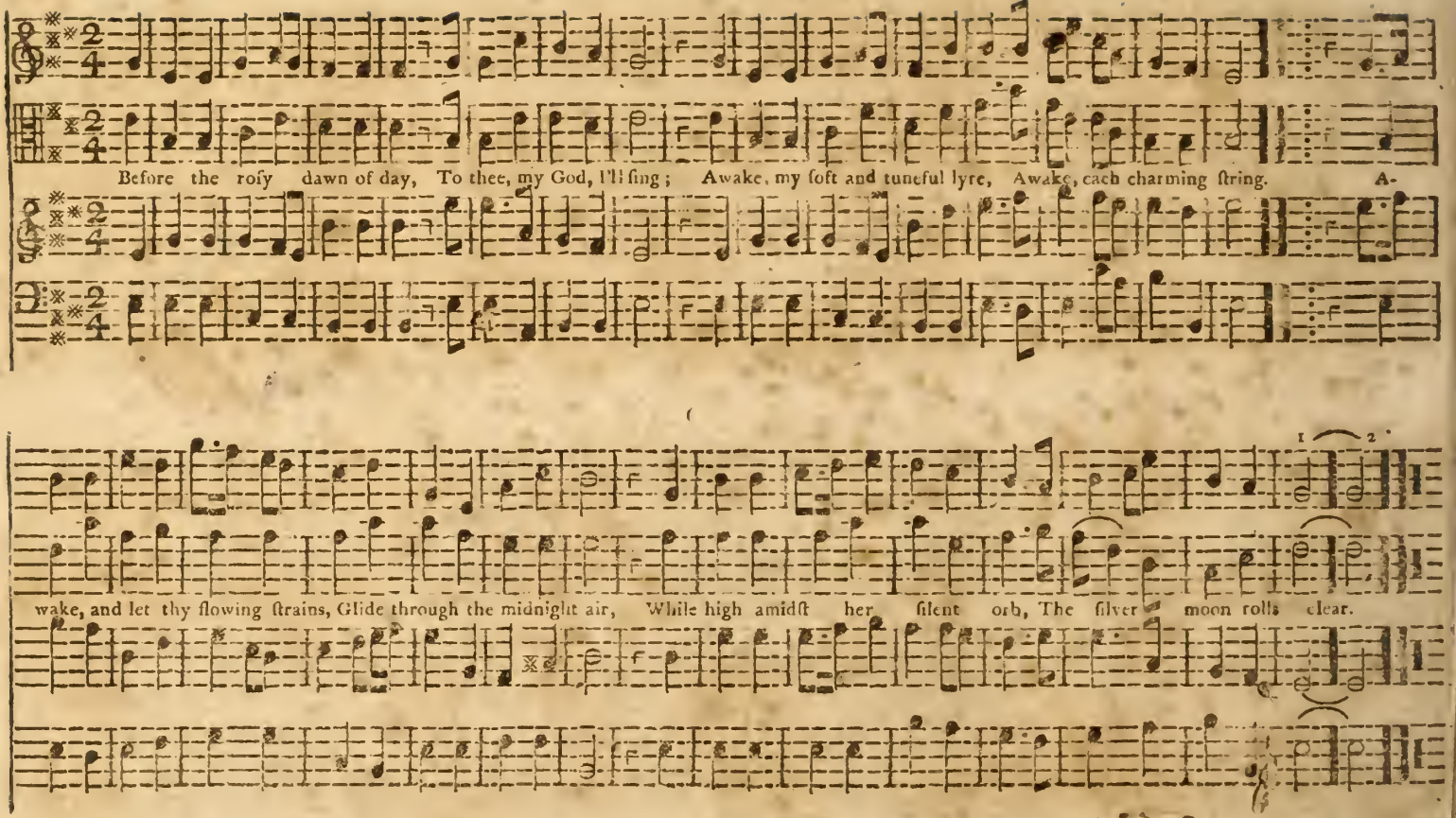
GANGES. C. P. M.



SARDIS. C. M.


By ſwift— Nor can—
Life, like a vain amuſement, flies, A fable or a ſong;
By ſwift degrees our nature dies,
By ſwift— Nor can— Nor—
By ſwift—
Nor can— By ſwift—
1
2
can our joys be long.
Nor can our joys be long.
By ſwift— Nor can—
By ſwift— Nor can—


In hell—
Lord, where shall guilty souls retire, Forgotten and unknown ?
In hell they meet thy dreadful
In hell—
In
In hell—
In heav'n—
ire, In heav'n thy glorious throne. In hell they meet—
heav'n thy glorious throne


Before the roſy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll ſing; Awake, my ſoft and tuneful lyre, Awake, each charming ſtring. A-
wake, and let thy flowing ſtrains, Glide through the midnight air, While high amidſt her ſilent orb, The ſilver moon rolls clear.
1
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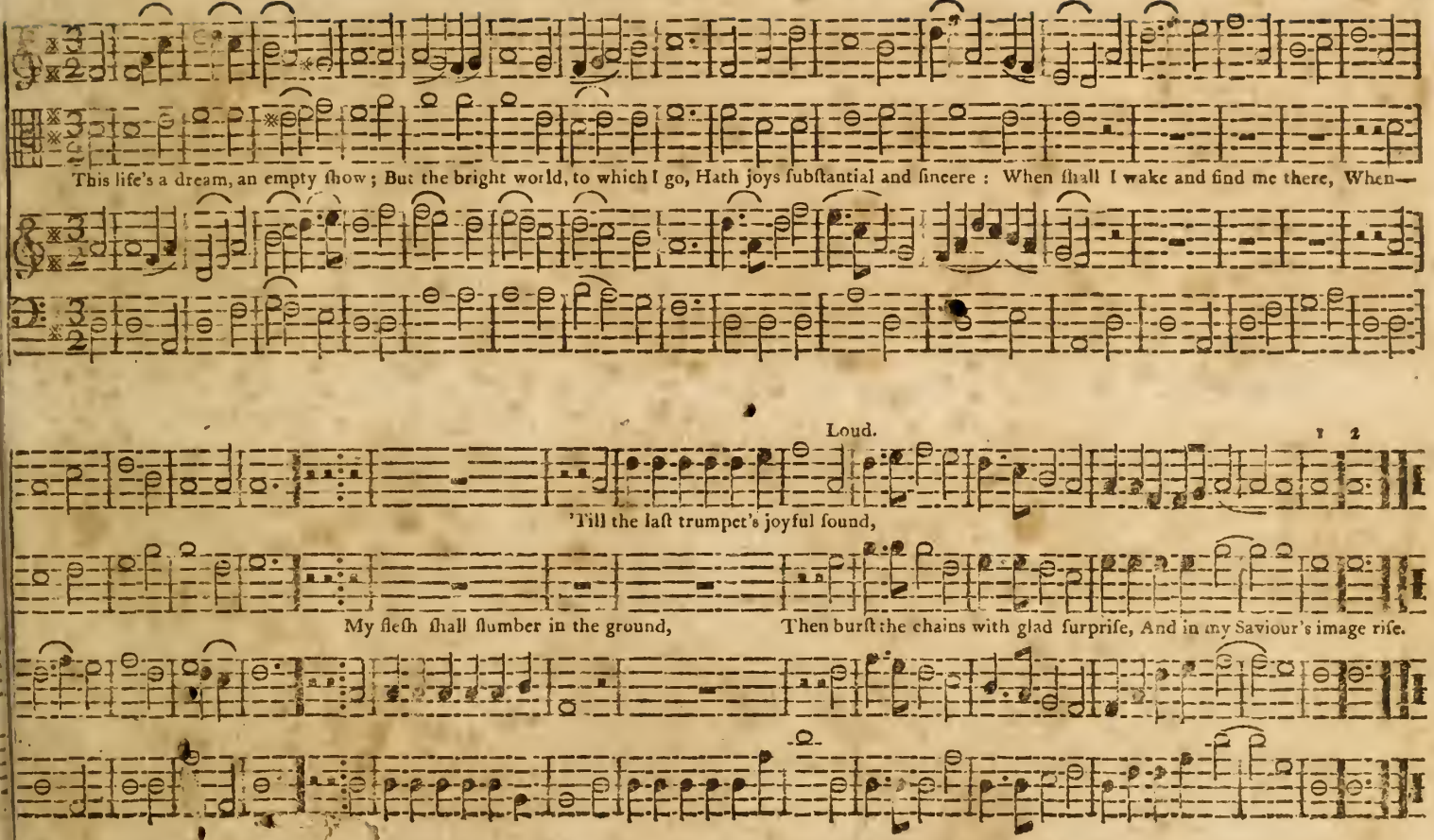
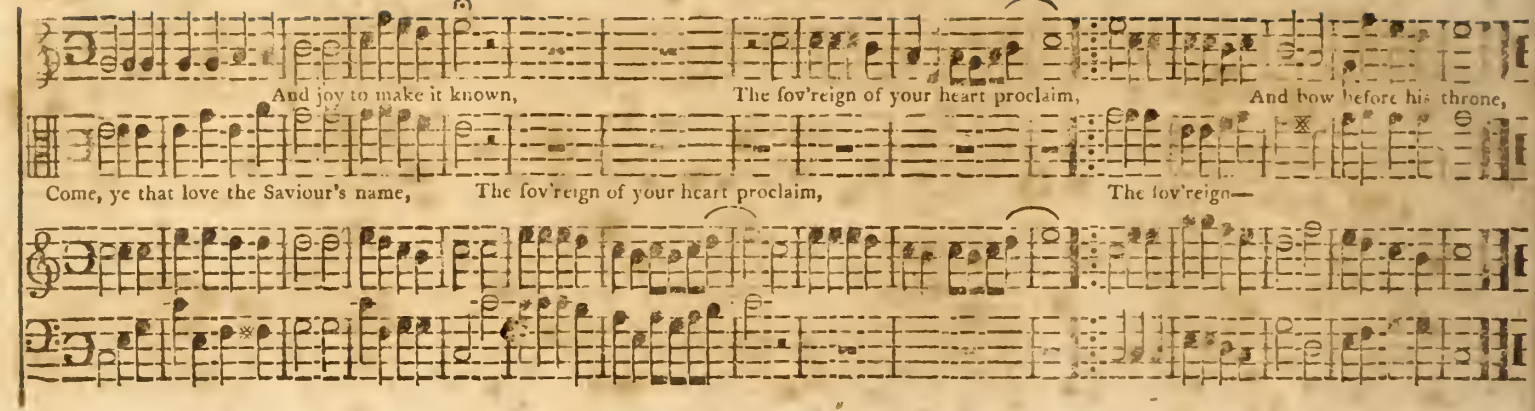
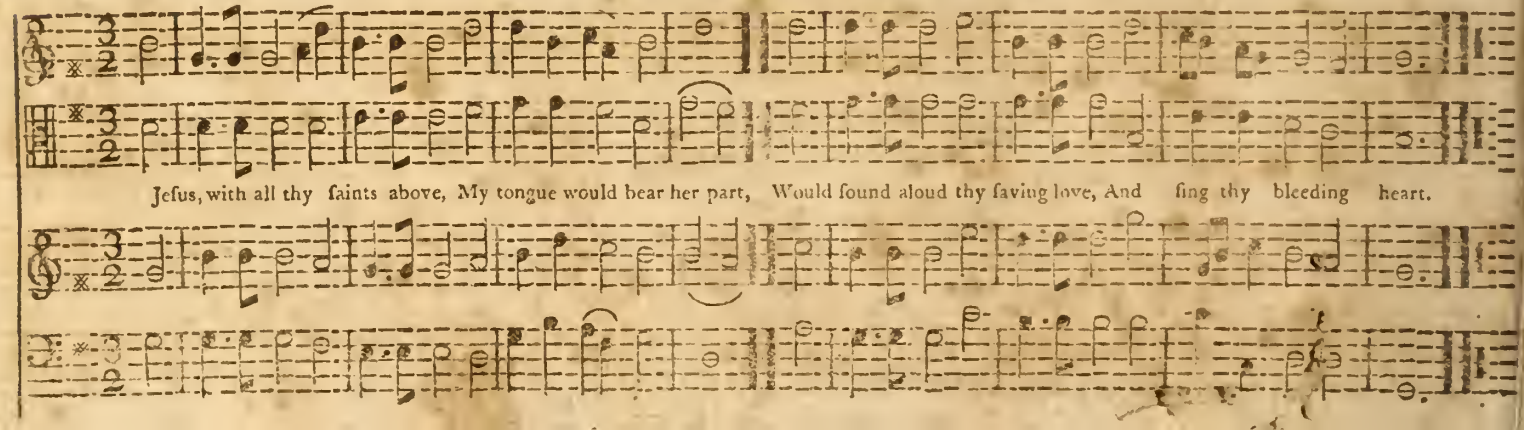
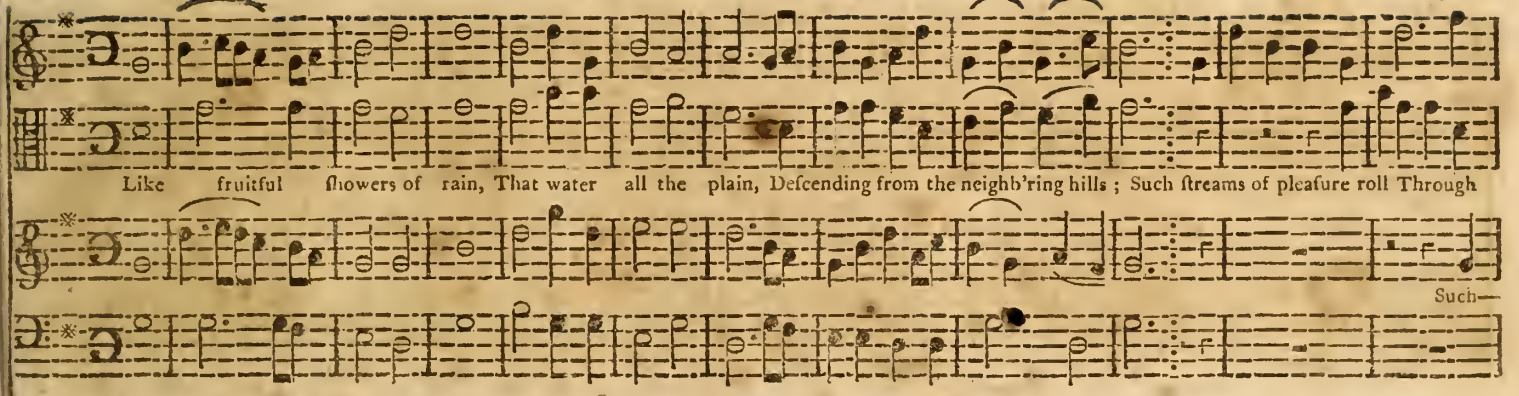

This life's a dream, an empty ſhow; But the bright world, to which I go, Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere: When ſhall I wake and find me there, When—
Loud.
'Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound,
My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground, Then burſt the chains with glad ſurpriſe, And in my Saviour's image riſe.

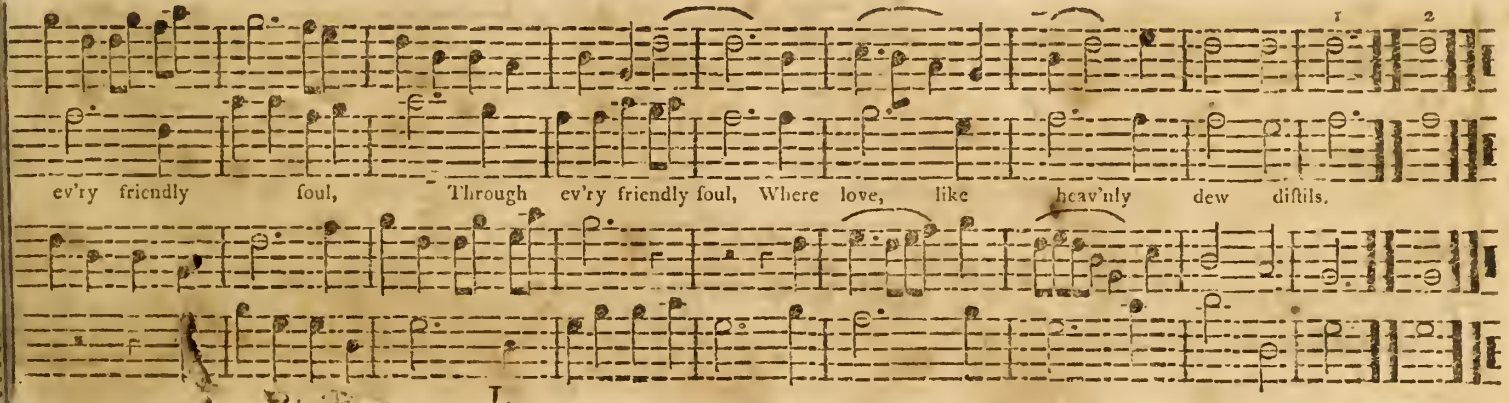
St. SEBASTIAN's. C. M.



ARLINGTON. C. M.




Like fruitful ſhowers of rain, That water all the plain, Deſcending from the neighb'ring hills ; Such ſtreams of pleaſure roll Through
Such—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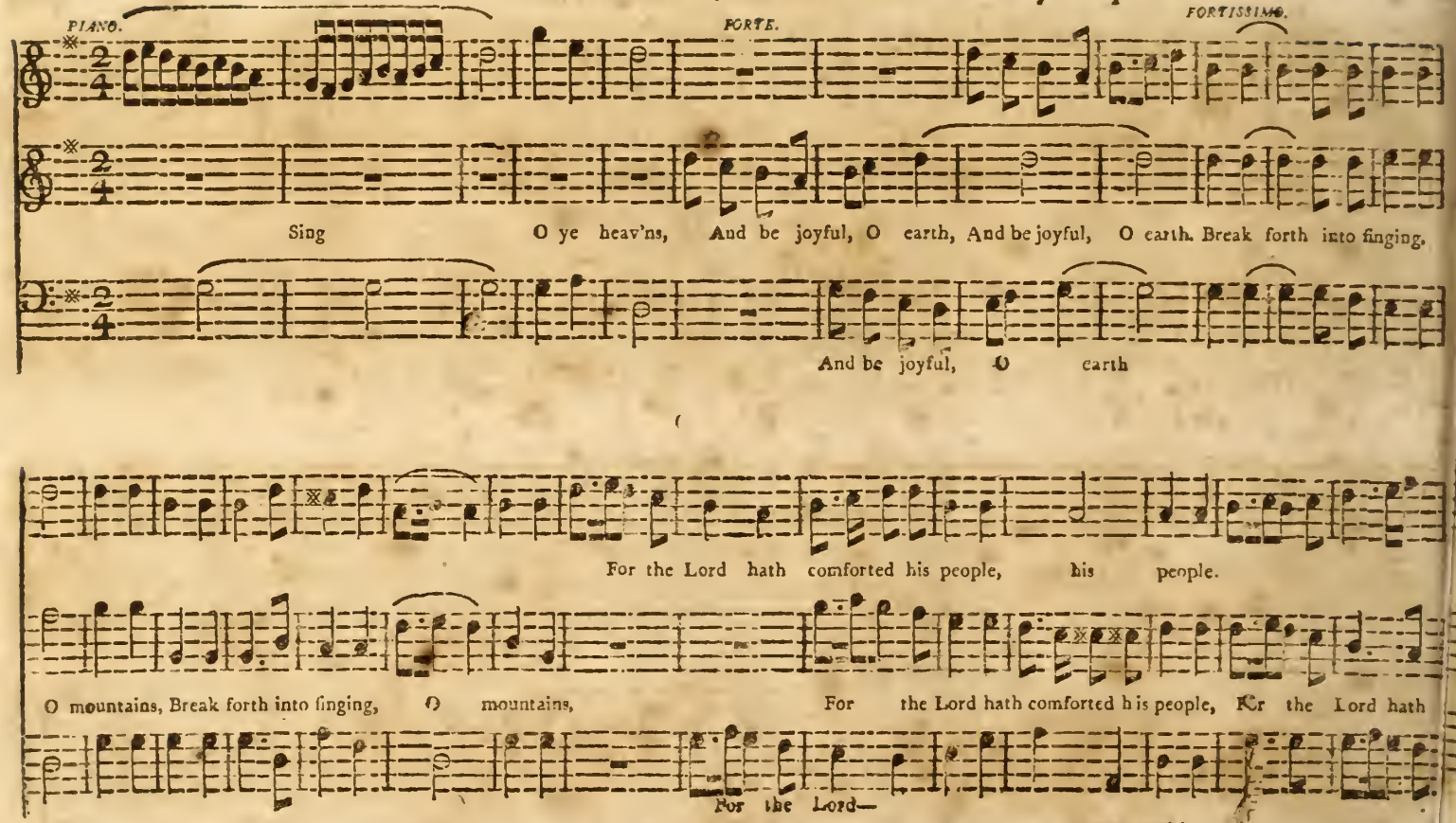
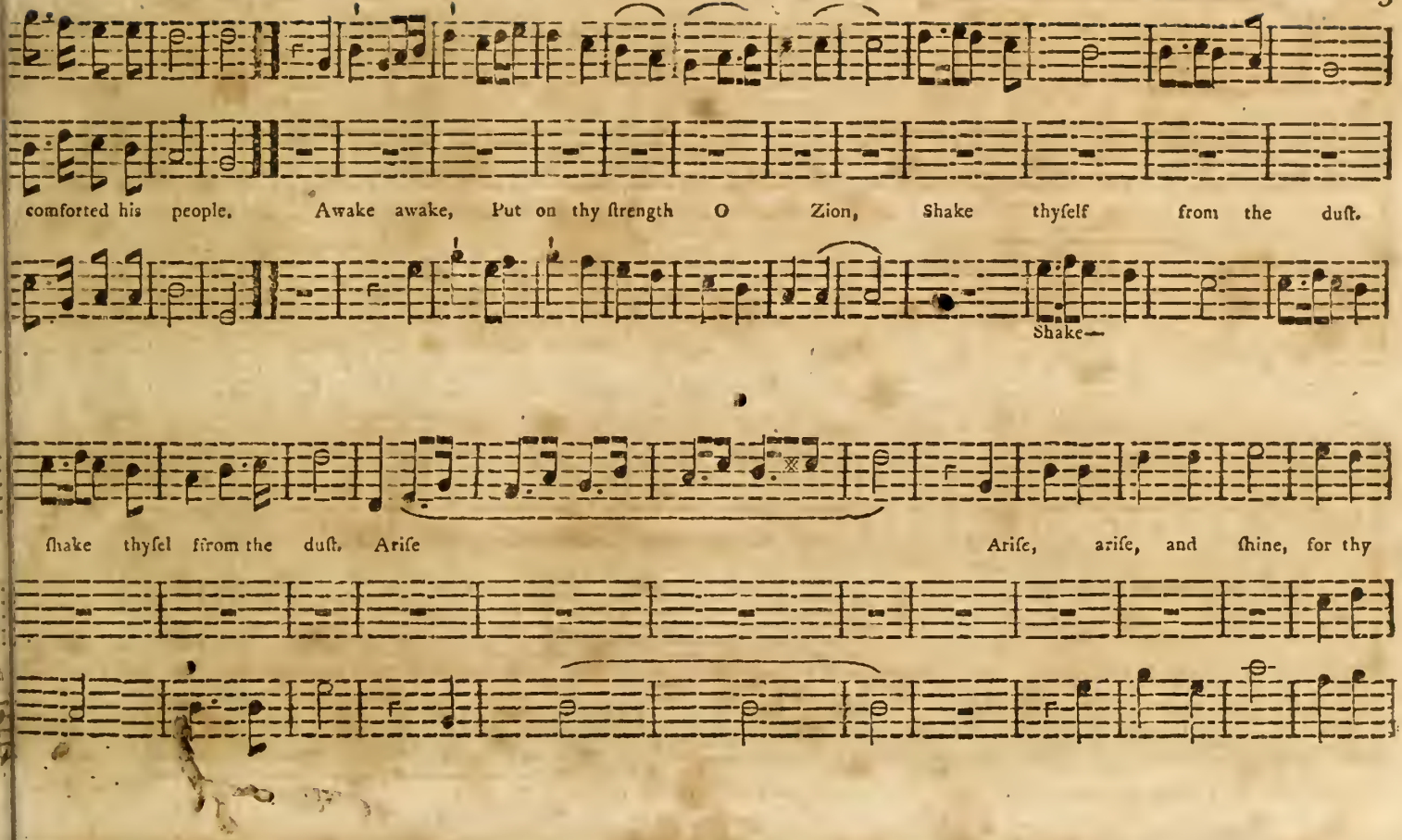
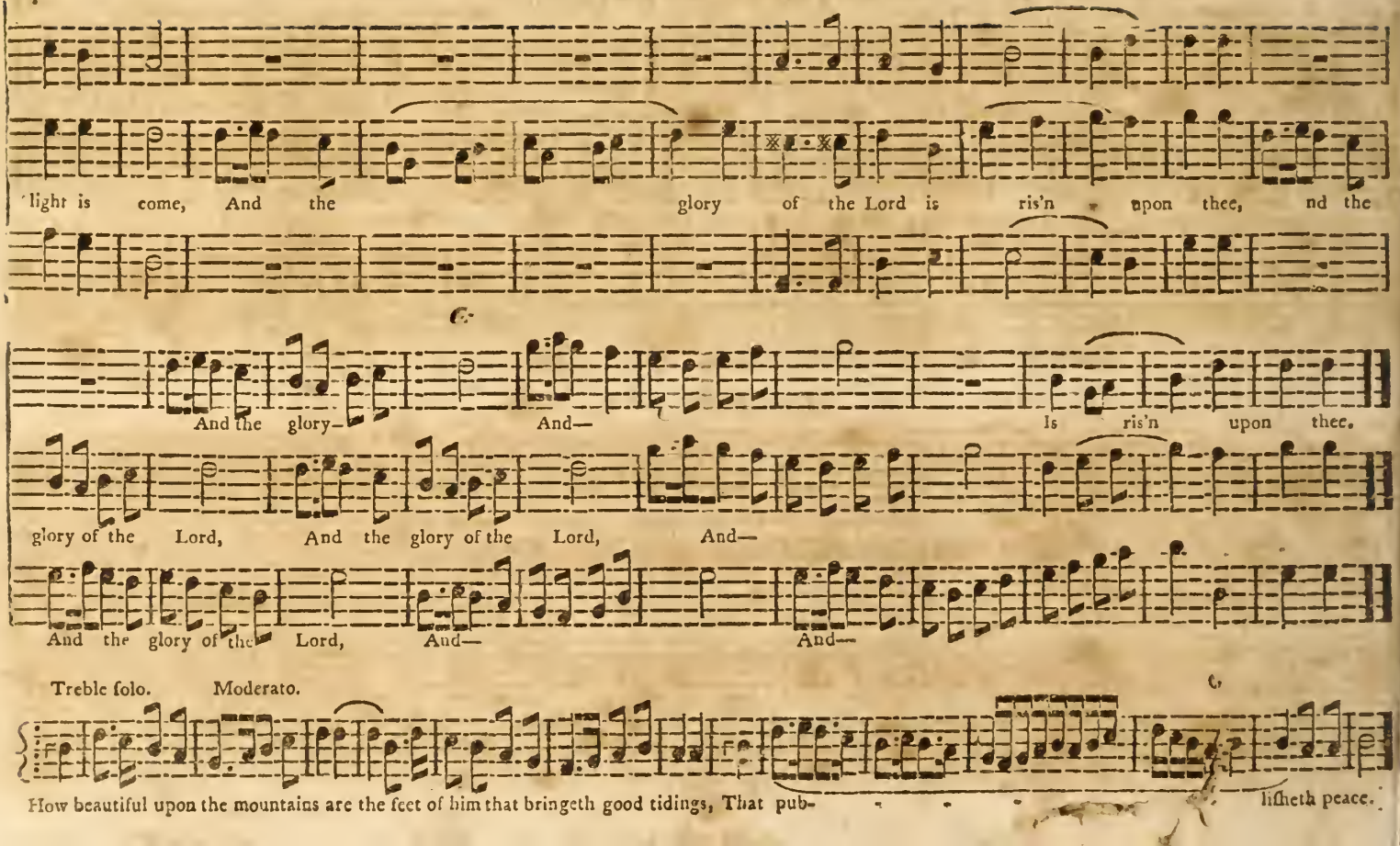
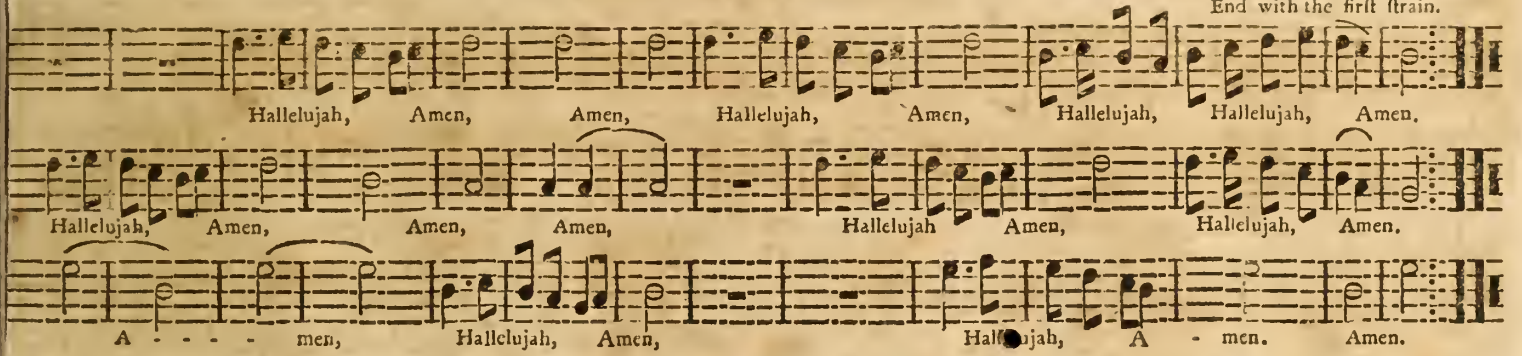
ev'ry friendly foul, Through ev'ry friendly foul, Where love, like heav'nly dew diſtils.


PIANO.
FORTE.
FORTISSIMO.
Sing O ye heav'ns, And be joyful, O earth, And be joyful, O earth. Break forth into finging,
And be joyful, O earth
For the Lord hath comforted his people, his people.
O mountains, Break forth into finging, O mountains, For the Lord hath comforted his people, For the Lord hath
For the Lord—

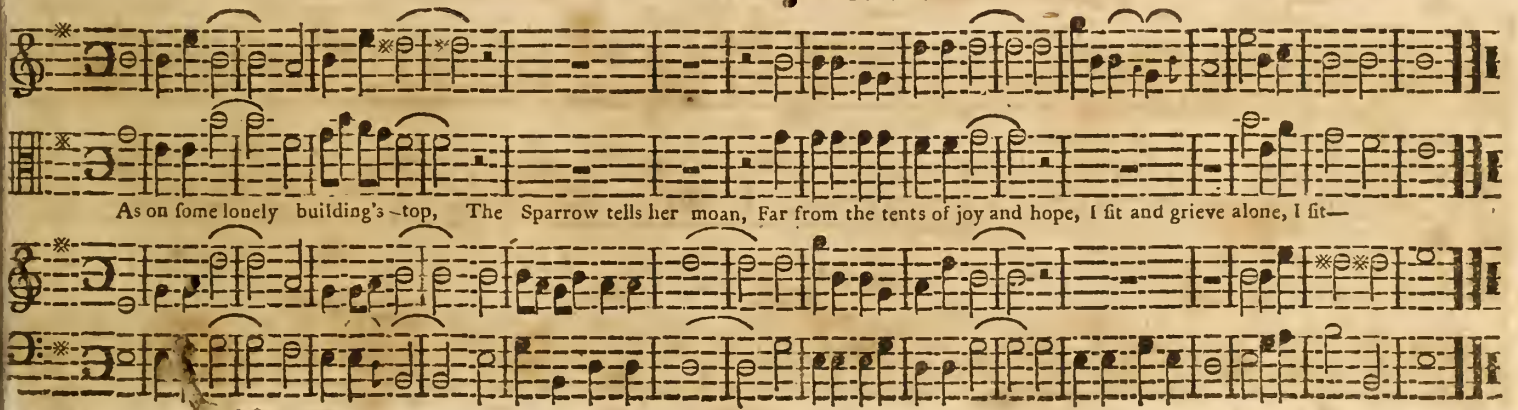

comforted his people. Awake awake, Put on thy ſtrength O Zion, Shake thyſelf from the duſt.
Shake—
ſhake thyſel from the duſt. Ariſe Ariſe, ariſe, and ſhine, for thy

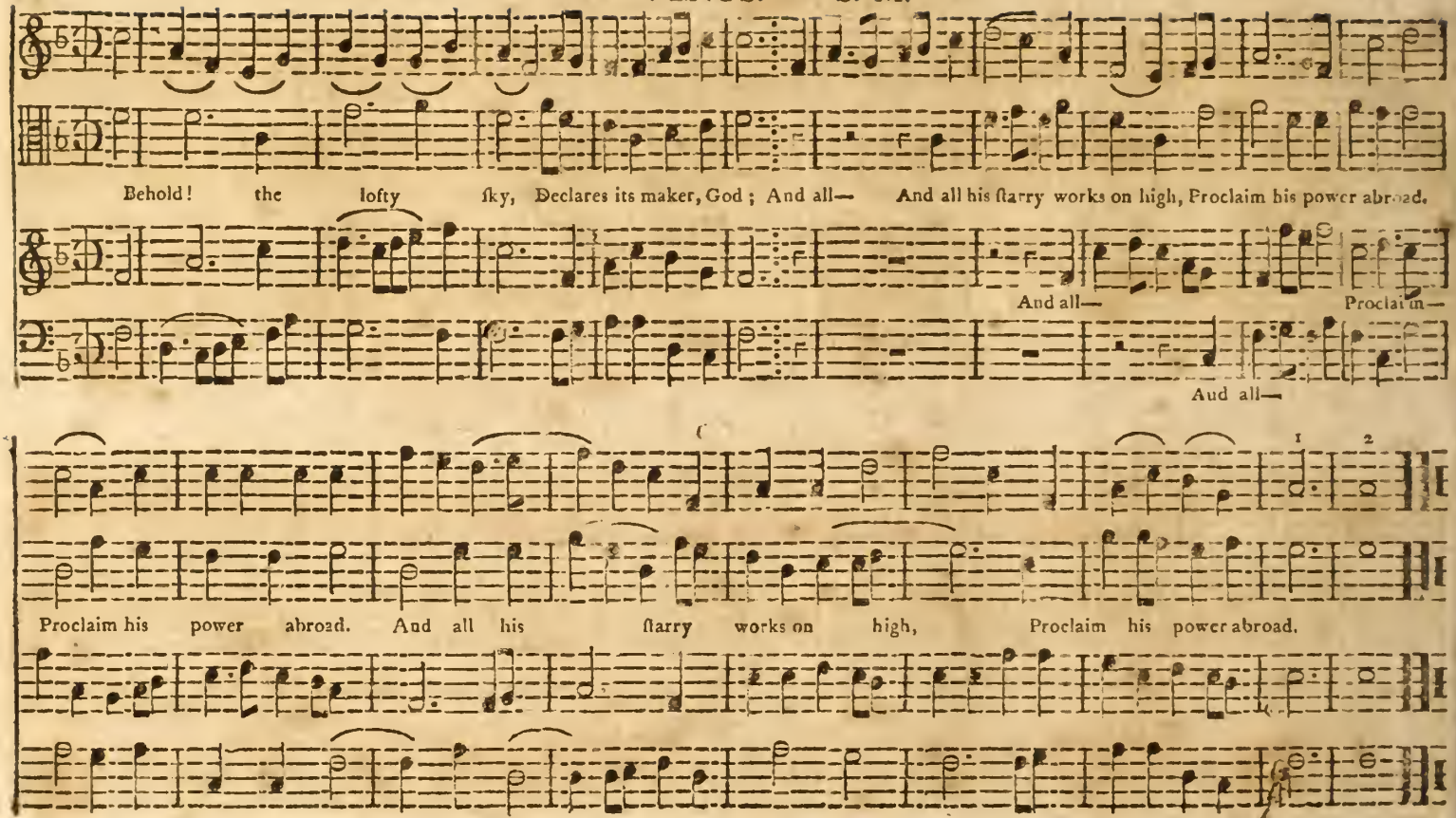

light is come, And the glory of the Lord is ris'n upon thee, nd the
C.
And the glory— And— Is ris'n upon thee.
glory of the Lord, And the glory of the Lord, And—
And the glory of the Lord, And— And—
Treble solo. Moderato.
C.
How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, That pub- lisheth peace.

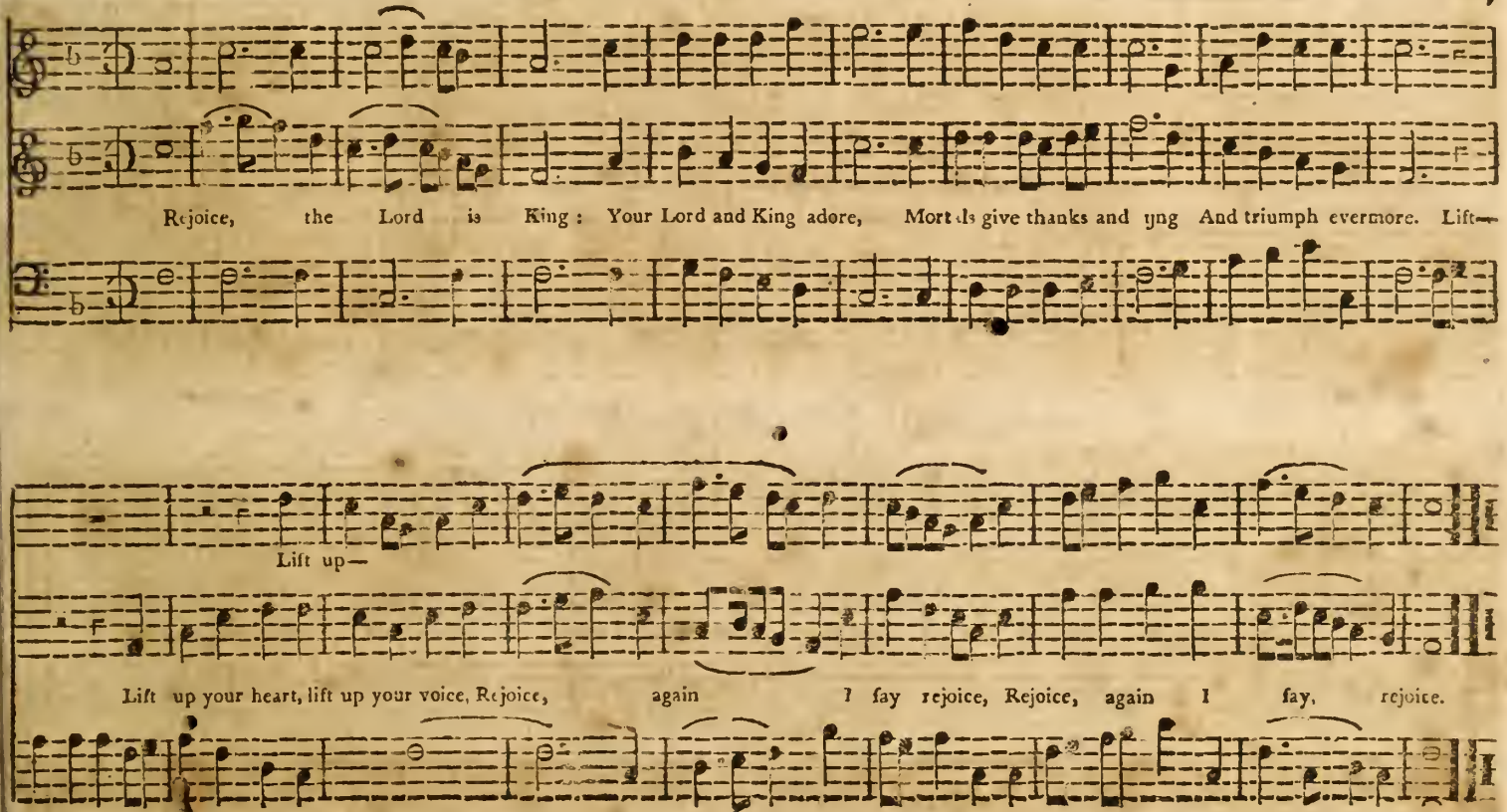
End with the firſt ſtrain.

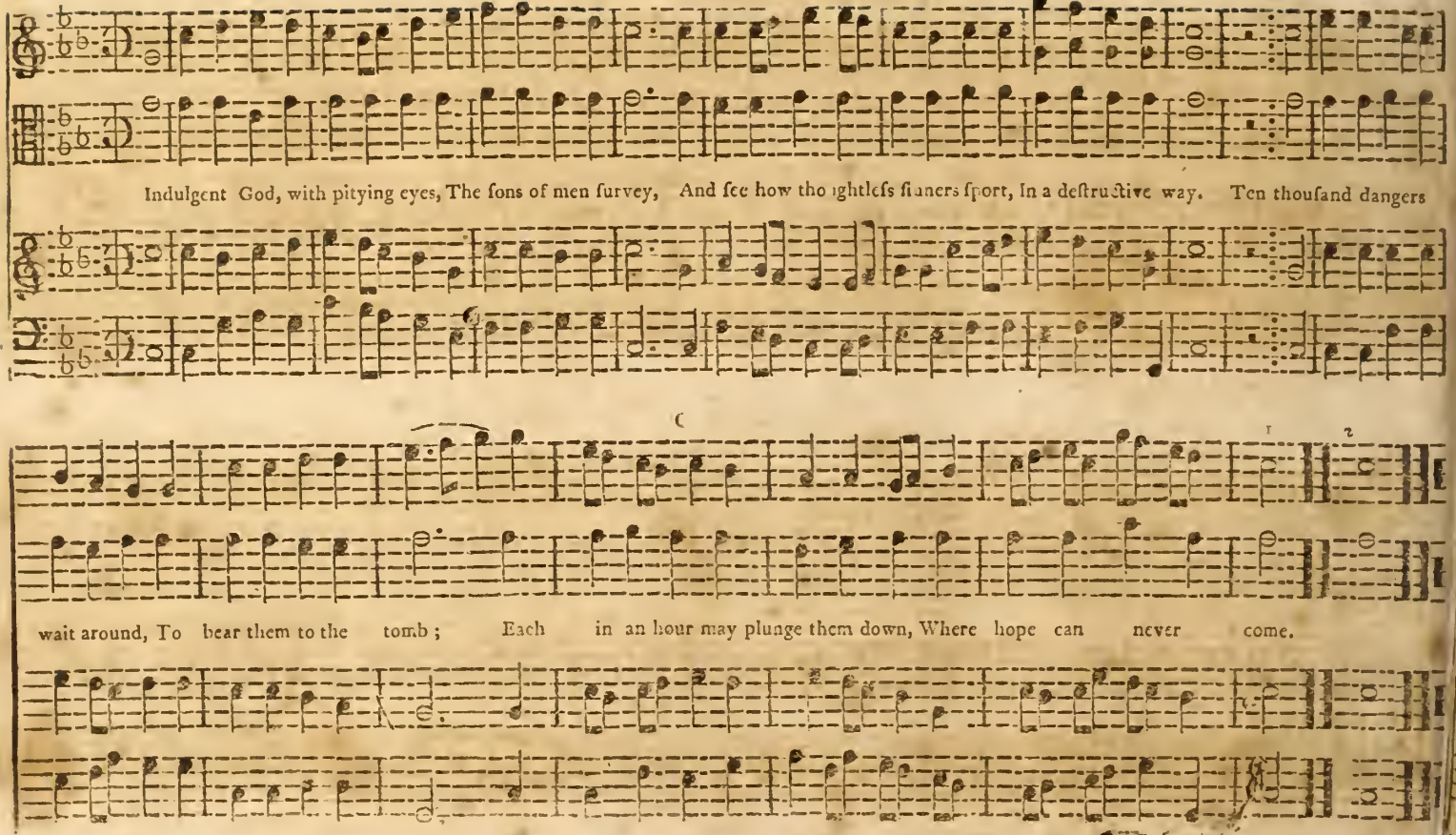


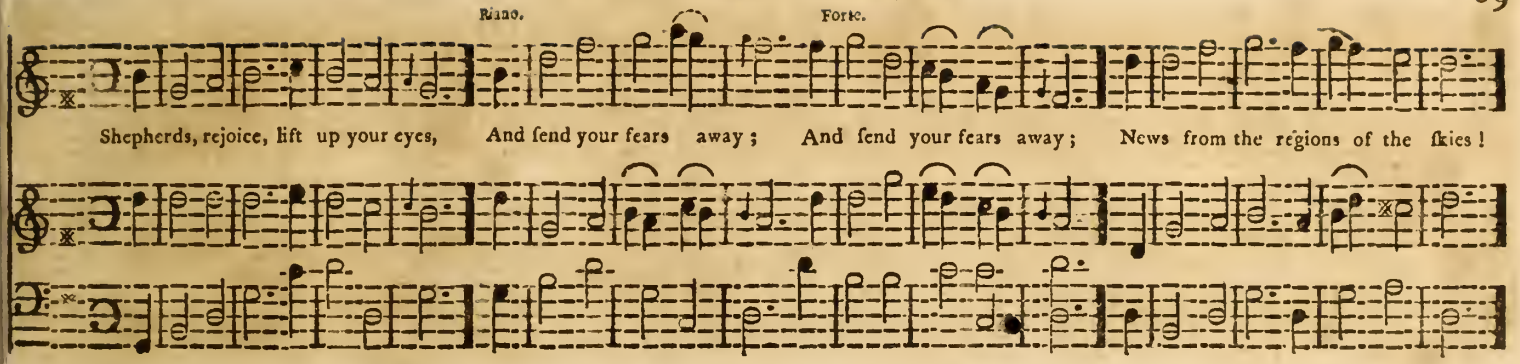
DESPAIR. C. M.

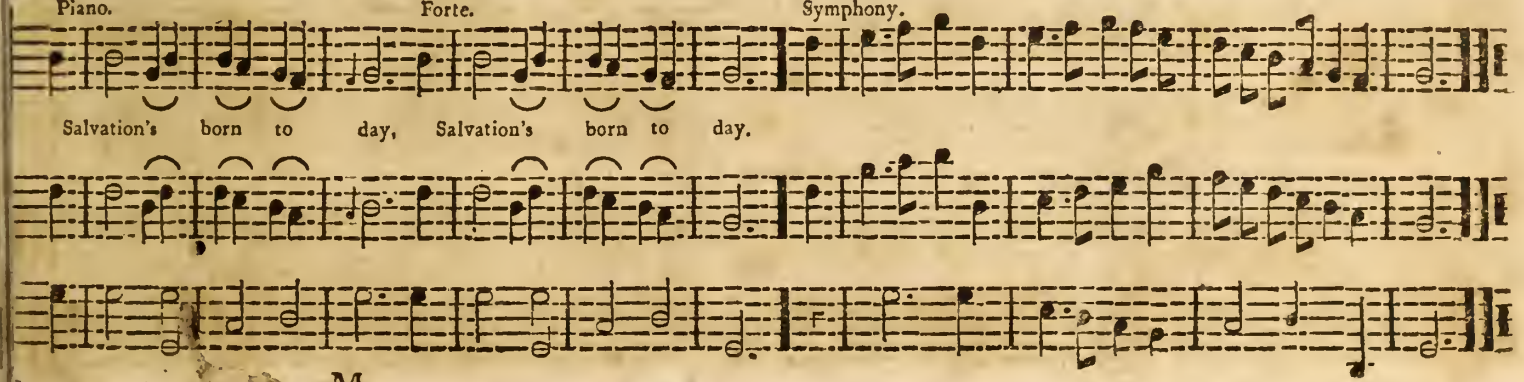


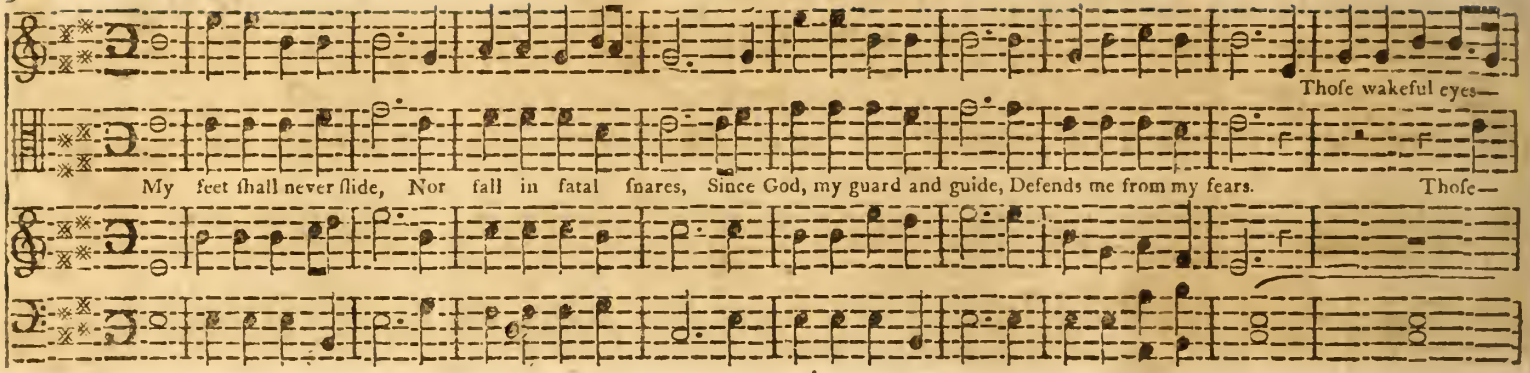

Behold! the lofty sky, Declares its maker, God; And all— And all his starry works on high, Proclaim his power abroad.
And all—
Proclaim—
And all—
Proclaim his power abroad. And all his starry works on high, Proclaim his power abroad.


Rejoice, the Lord is King: Your Lord and King adore, Mort ls give thanks and ing And triumph evermore. Lift—
Lift up—
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Rejoice, again I fay rejoice, Rejoice, again I fay, rejoice.

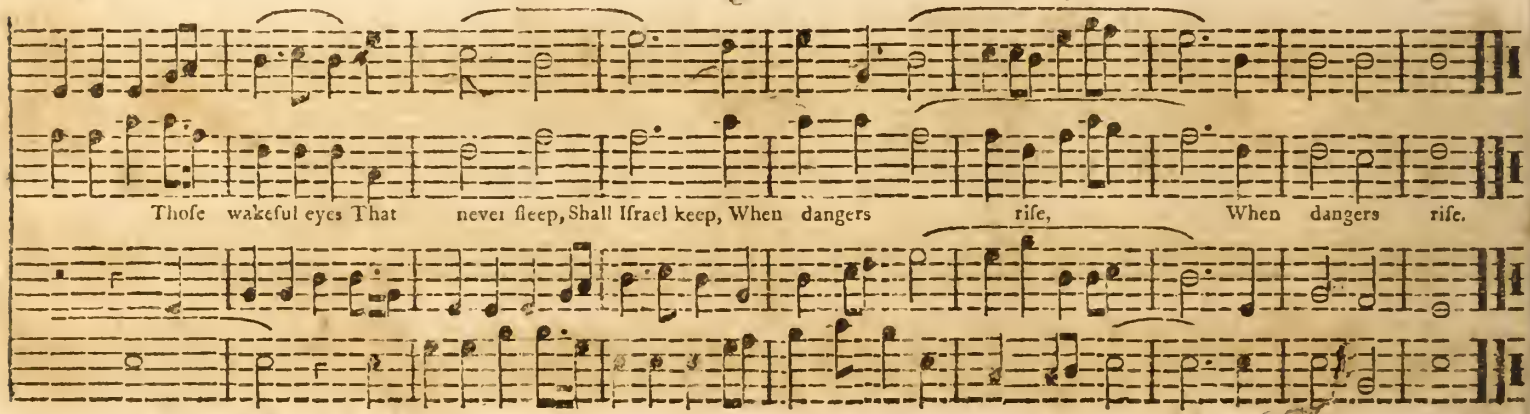

Indulgent God, with pitying eyes, The ſons of men ſurvey, And ſee how thoughtleſs ſinners ſport, In a deſtructive way. Ten thouſand dangers
wait around, To bear them to the tomb; Each in an hour may plunge them down, Where hope can never come.

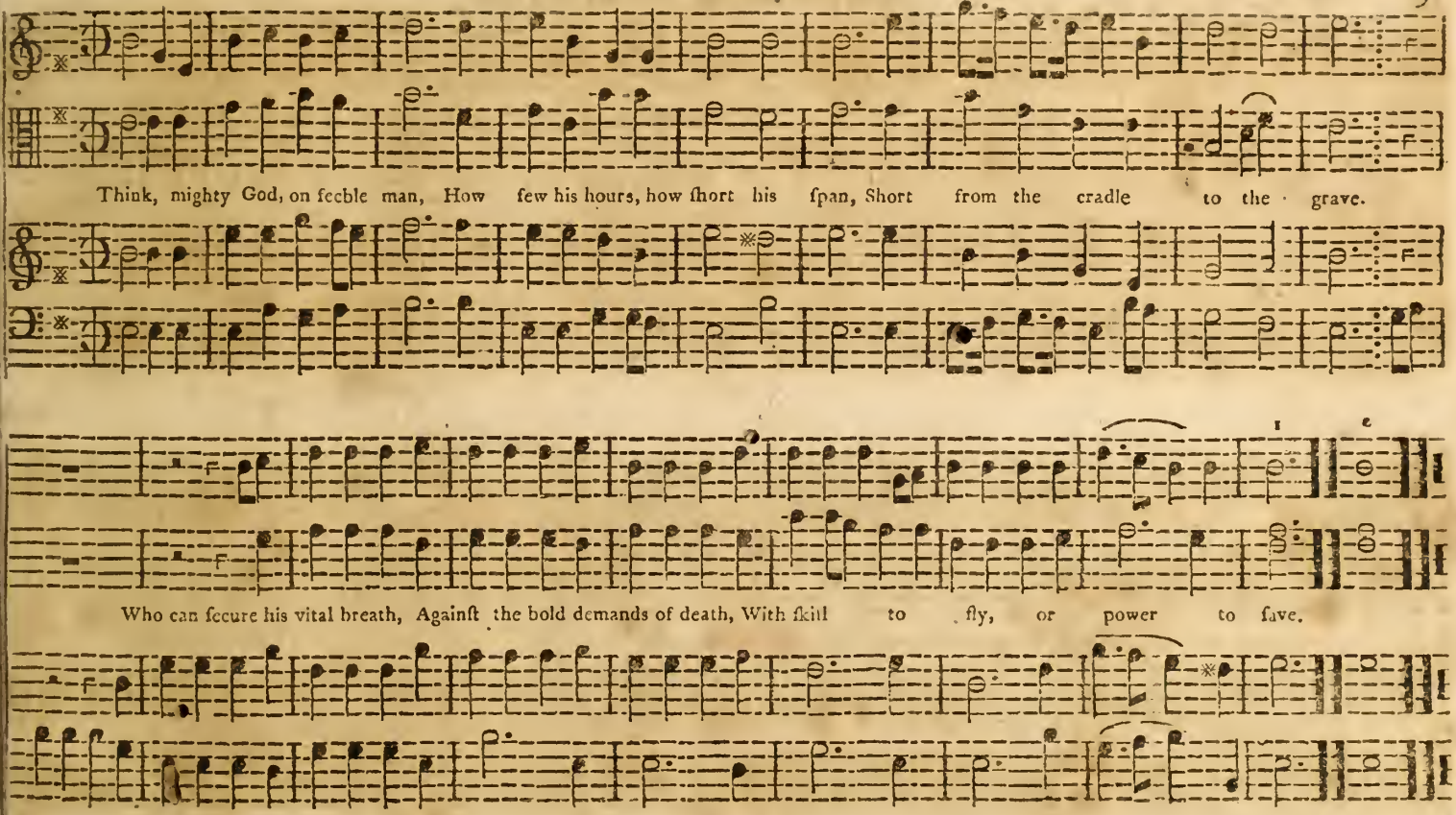

Piano.
Forte.
Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away; And send your fears away; News from the regions of the skies!

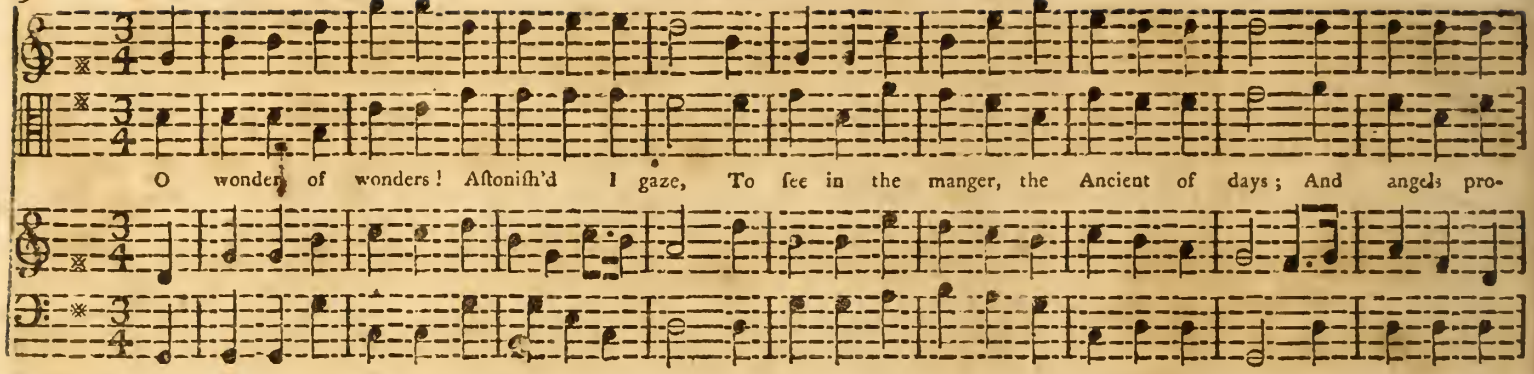

Piano.
Forte.
Symphony.
Salvation's born to day, Salvation's born to day.

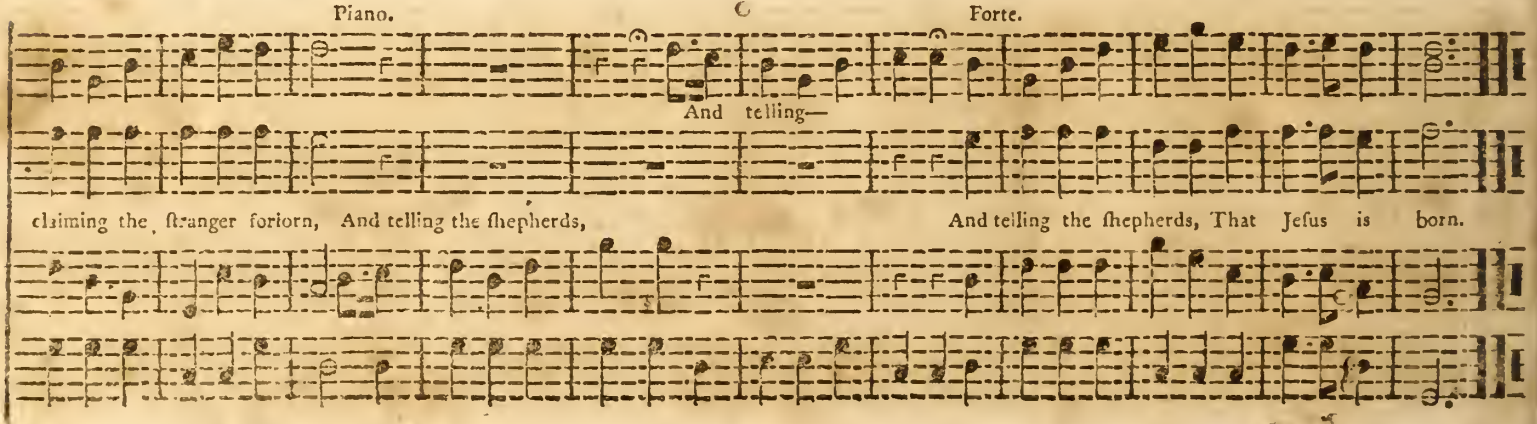

Thoſe wakeful eyes—
My feet ſhall never ſlide, Nor fall in fatal ſnares, Since God, my guard and guide, Defends me from my fears. Thoſe—

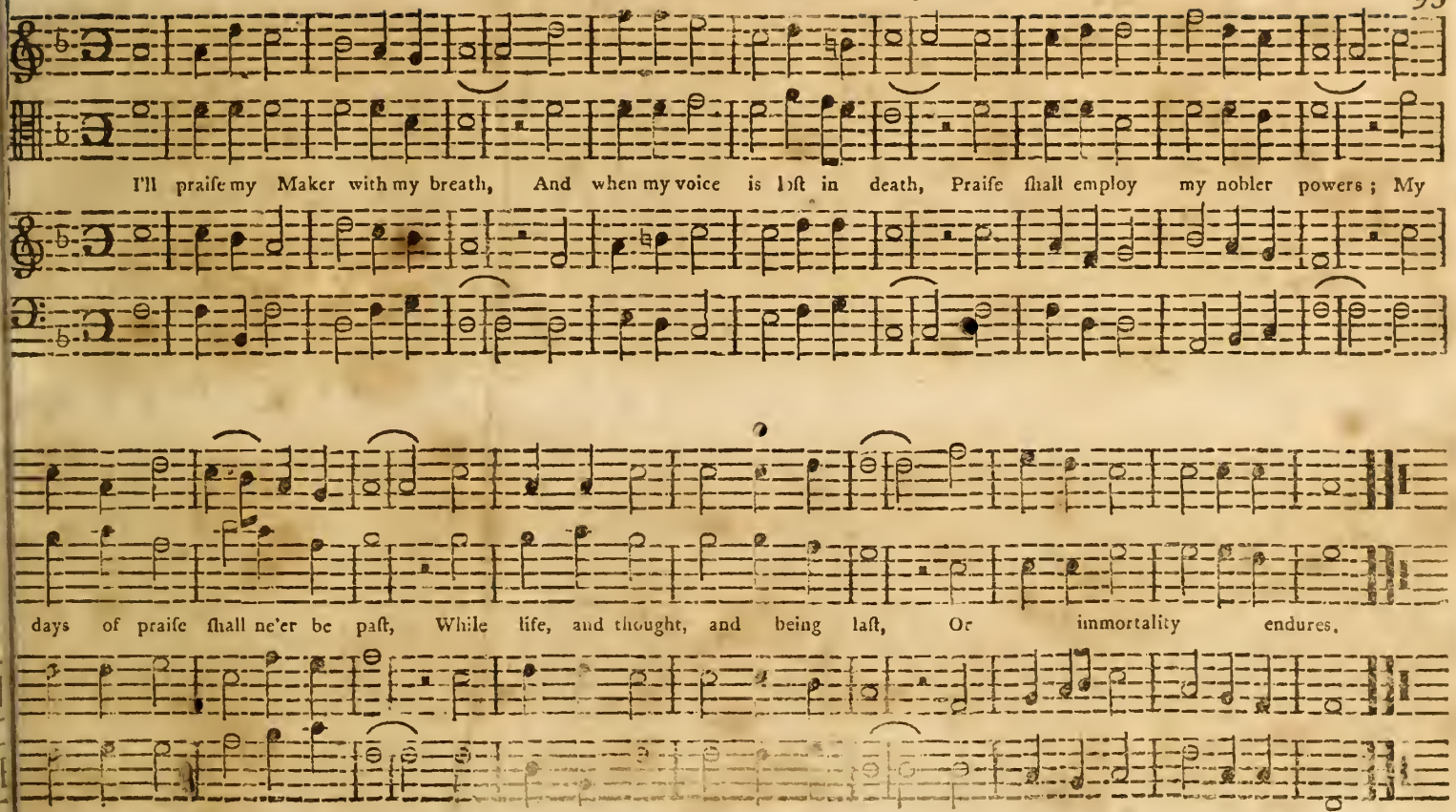
C

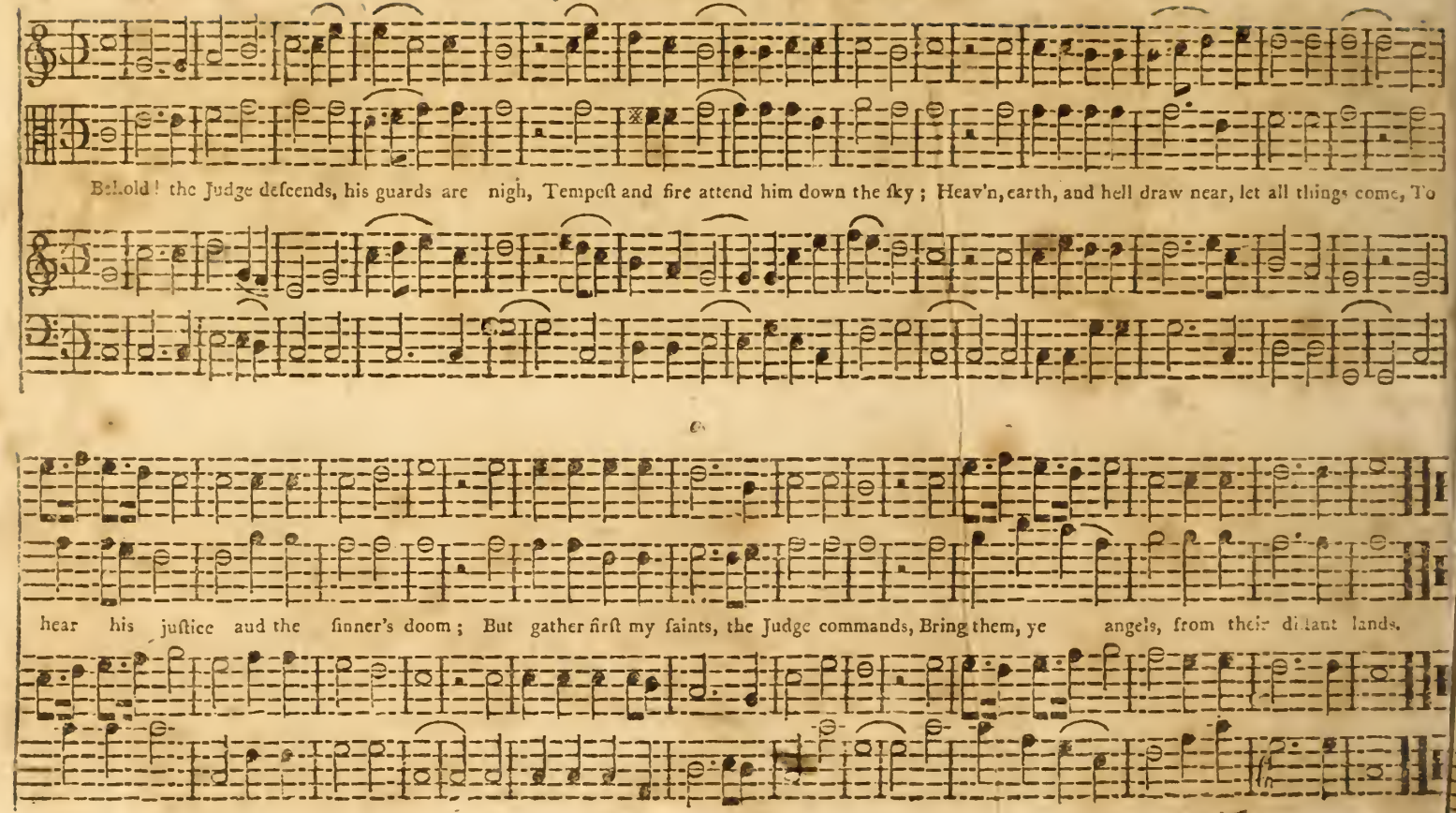

Thoſe wakeful eyes That never ſleep, Shall Iſrael keep, When dangers riſe, When dangers riſe.

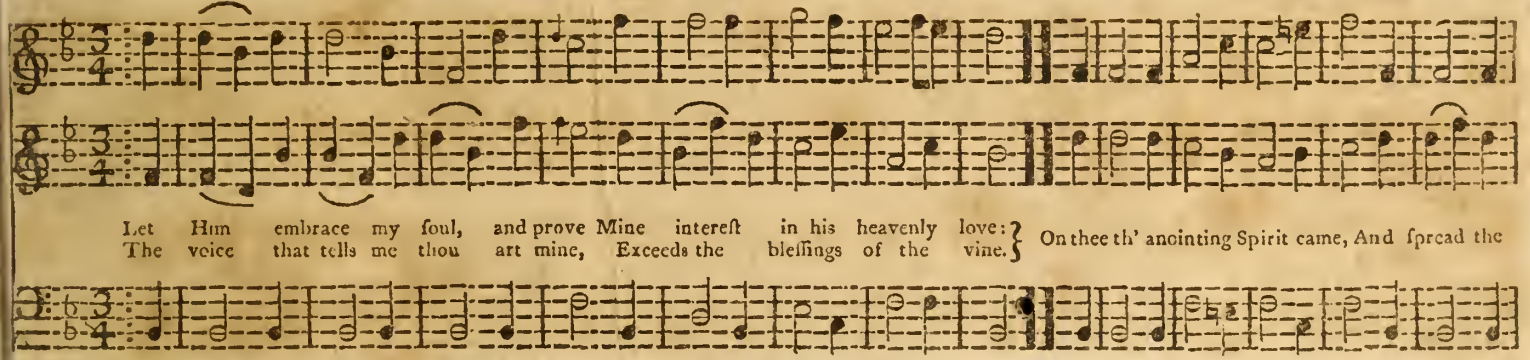

Think, mighty God, on feeble man, How few his hours, how ſhort his ſpan, Short from the cradle to the grave.
Who can ſecure his vital breath, Againſt the bold demands of death, With ſkill to fly, or power to ſave.

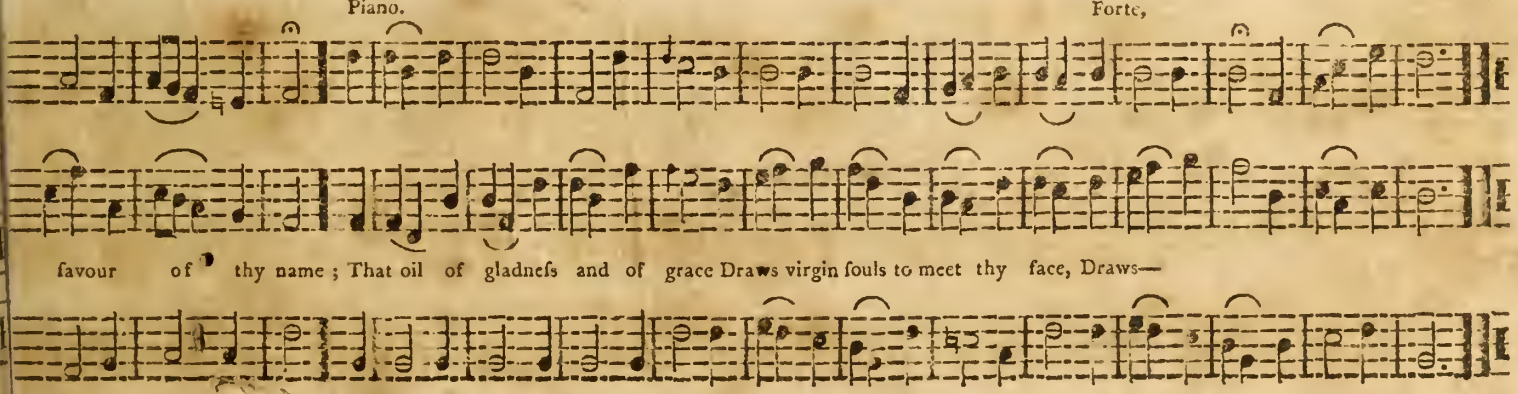

O wonder of wonders! Aſtoniſh'd I gaze, To ſee in the manger, the Ancient of days; And angels pro-

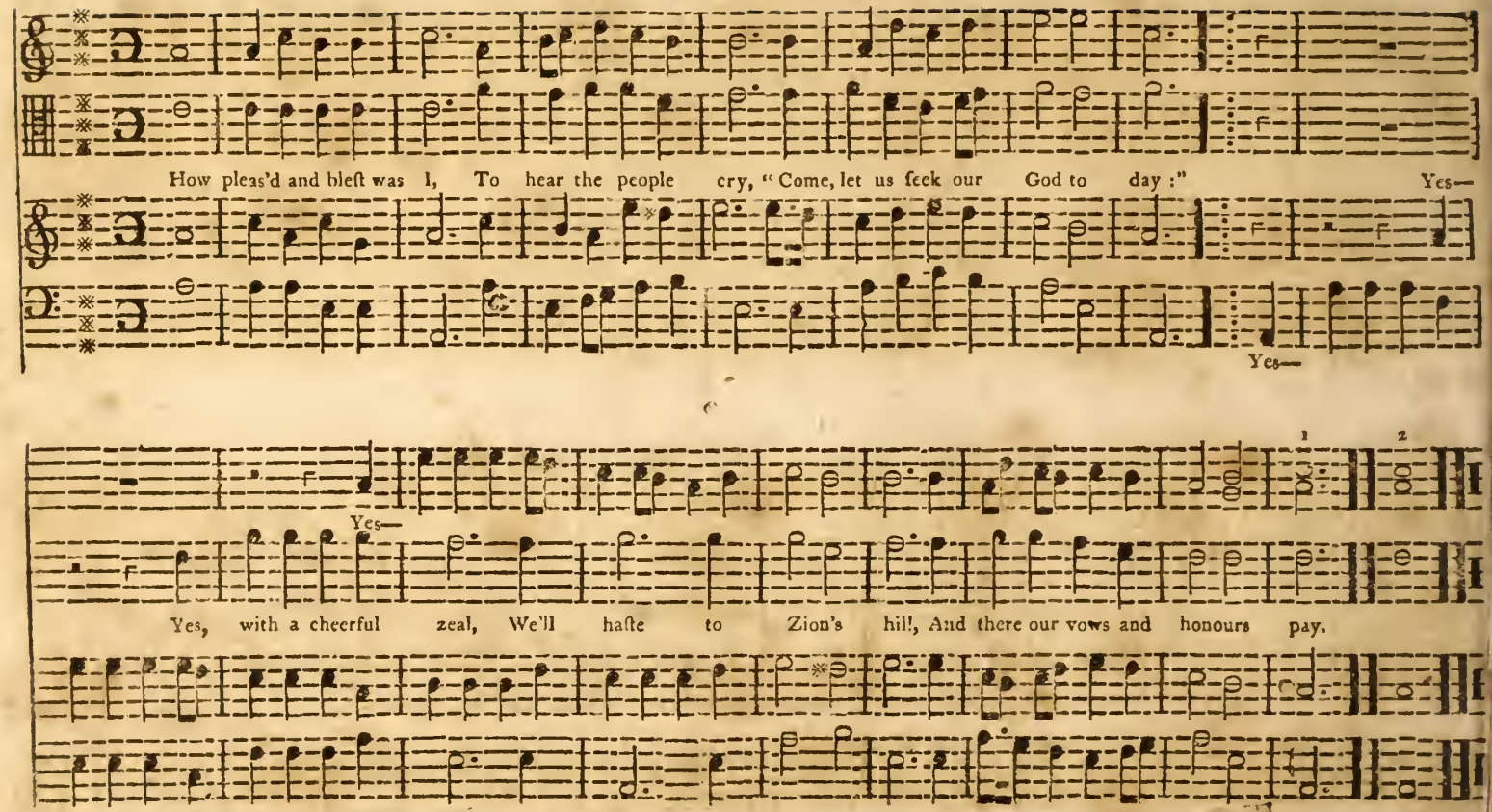

Piano.
Forte.
And telling—
claiming the ſtranger forlorn, And telling the ſhepherds,
And telling the ſhepherds, That Jeſus is born.

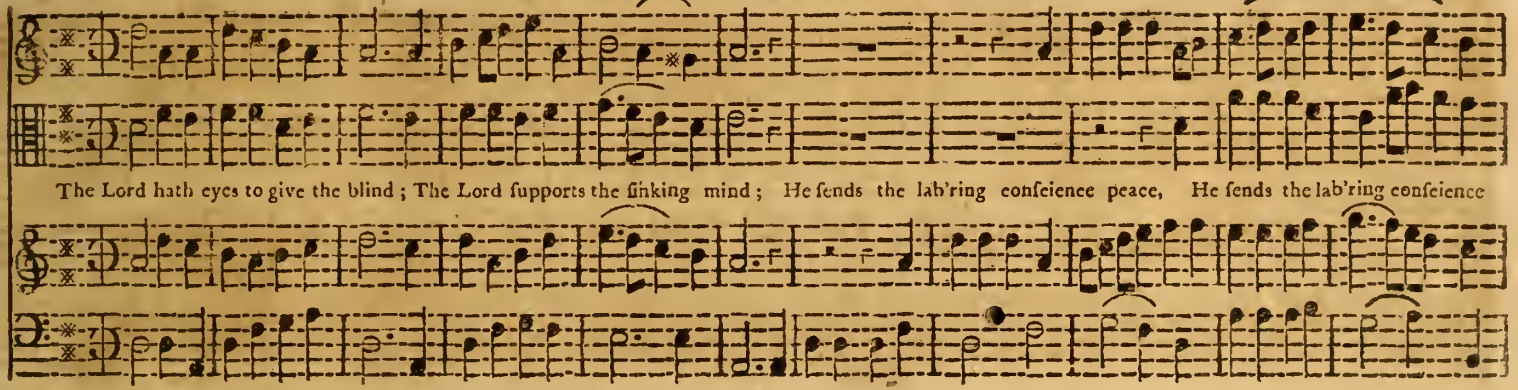

I'll praiſe my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is loſt in death, Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers; My
days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt, While life, and thought, and being laſt, Or immortality endures.

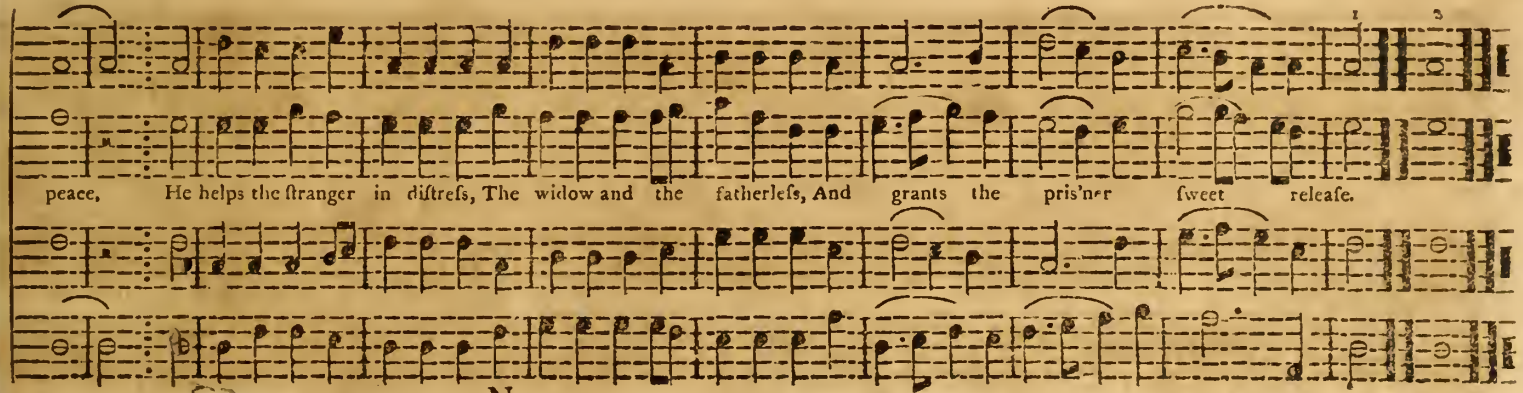

Behold! the Judge deſcends, his guards are nigh, Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky; Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come, To
hear his juſtice and the ſinner's doom; But gather firſt my ſaints, the Judge commands, Bring them, ye angels, from their diſtant lands.

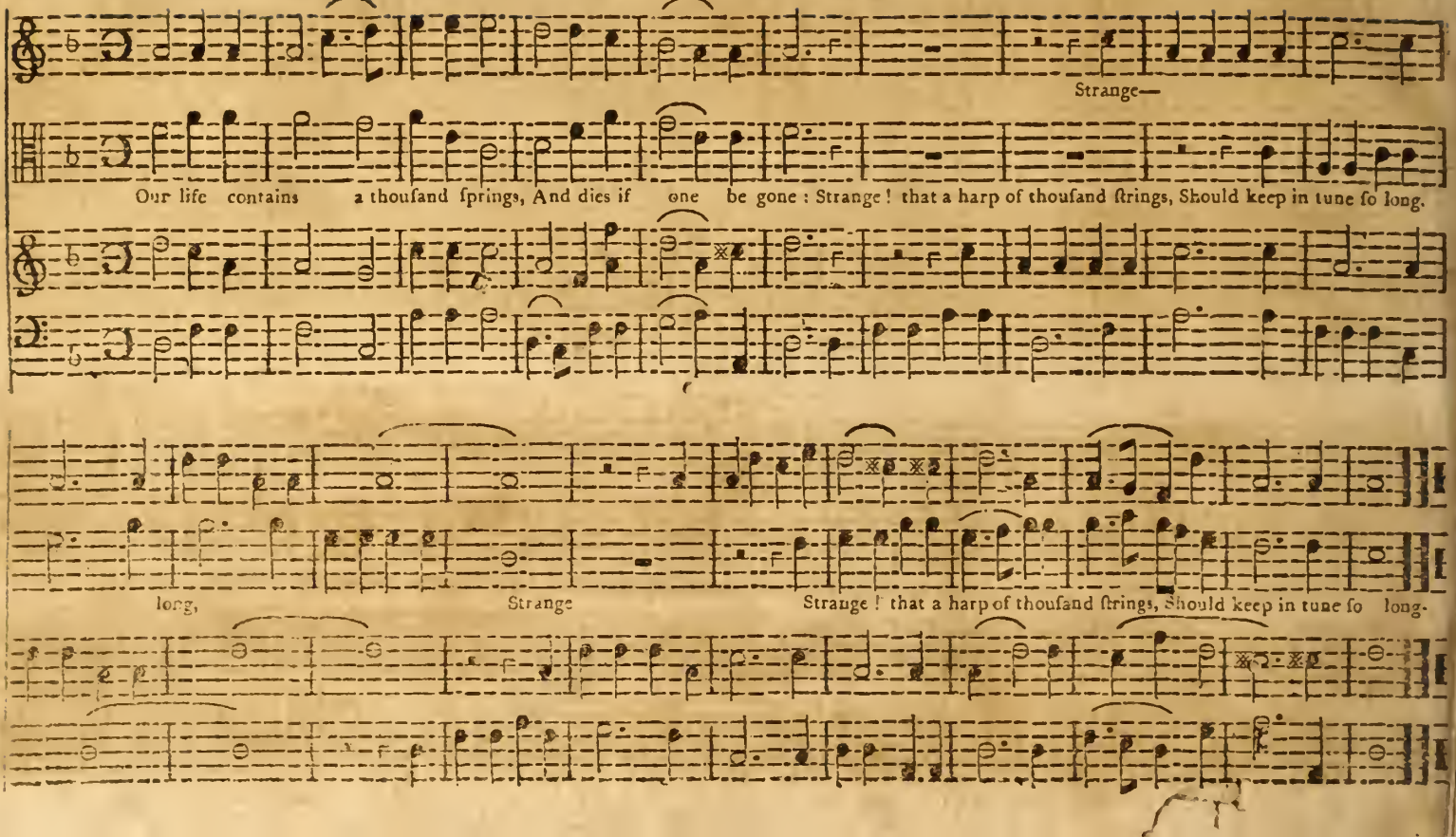

Let Him embrace my ſoul, and prove Mine intereſt in his heavenly love:
The voice that tells me thou art mine, Exceeds the bleſſings of the vine.
On thee th' anointing Spirit came, And ſpread the

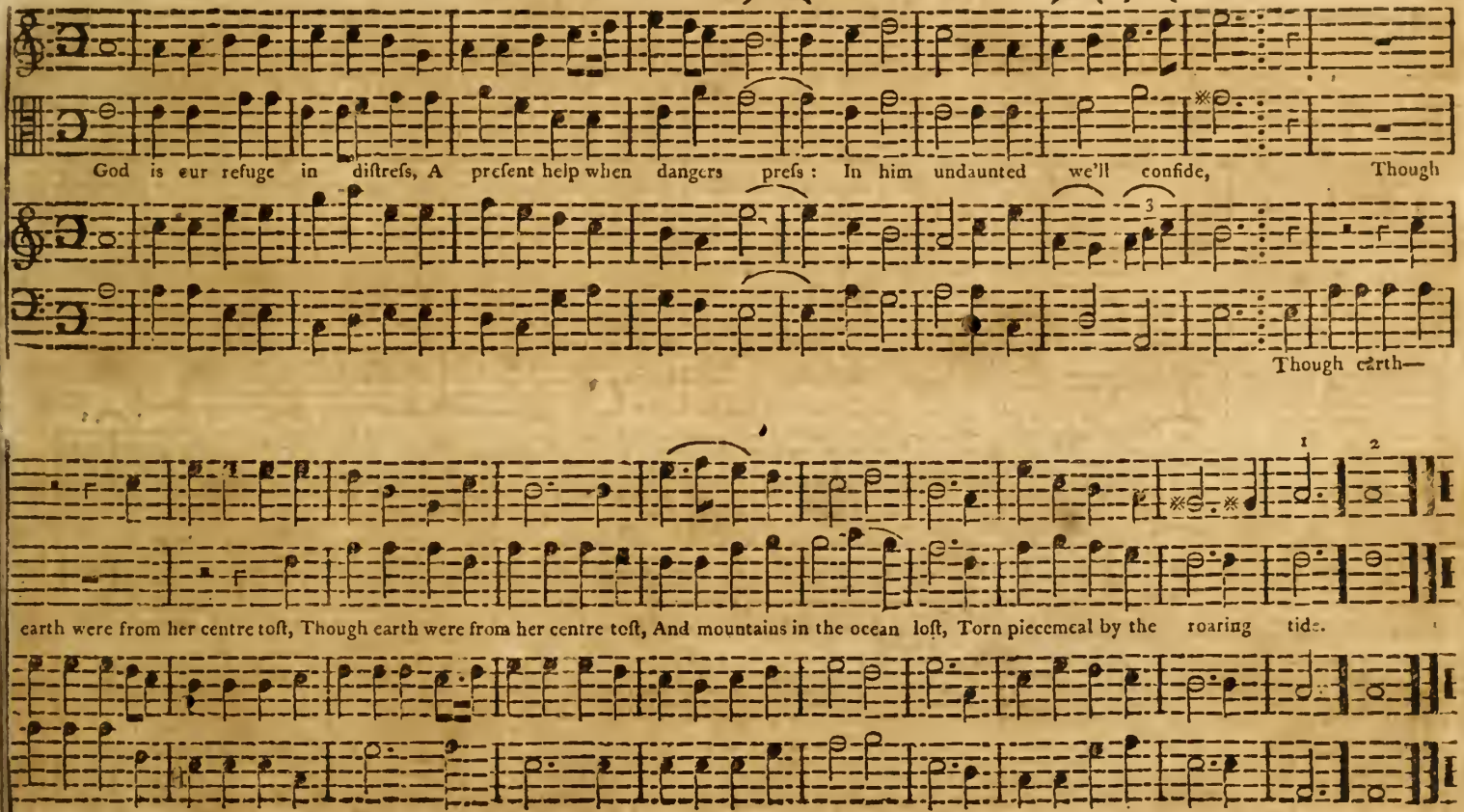

Piano.
Forte,
favour of thy name ; That oil of gladneſs and of grace Draws virgin ſouls to meet thy face, Draws—

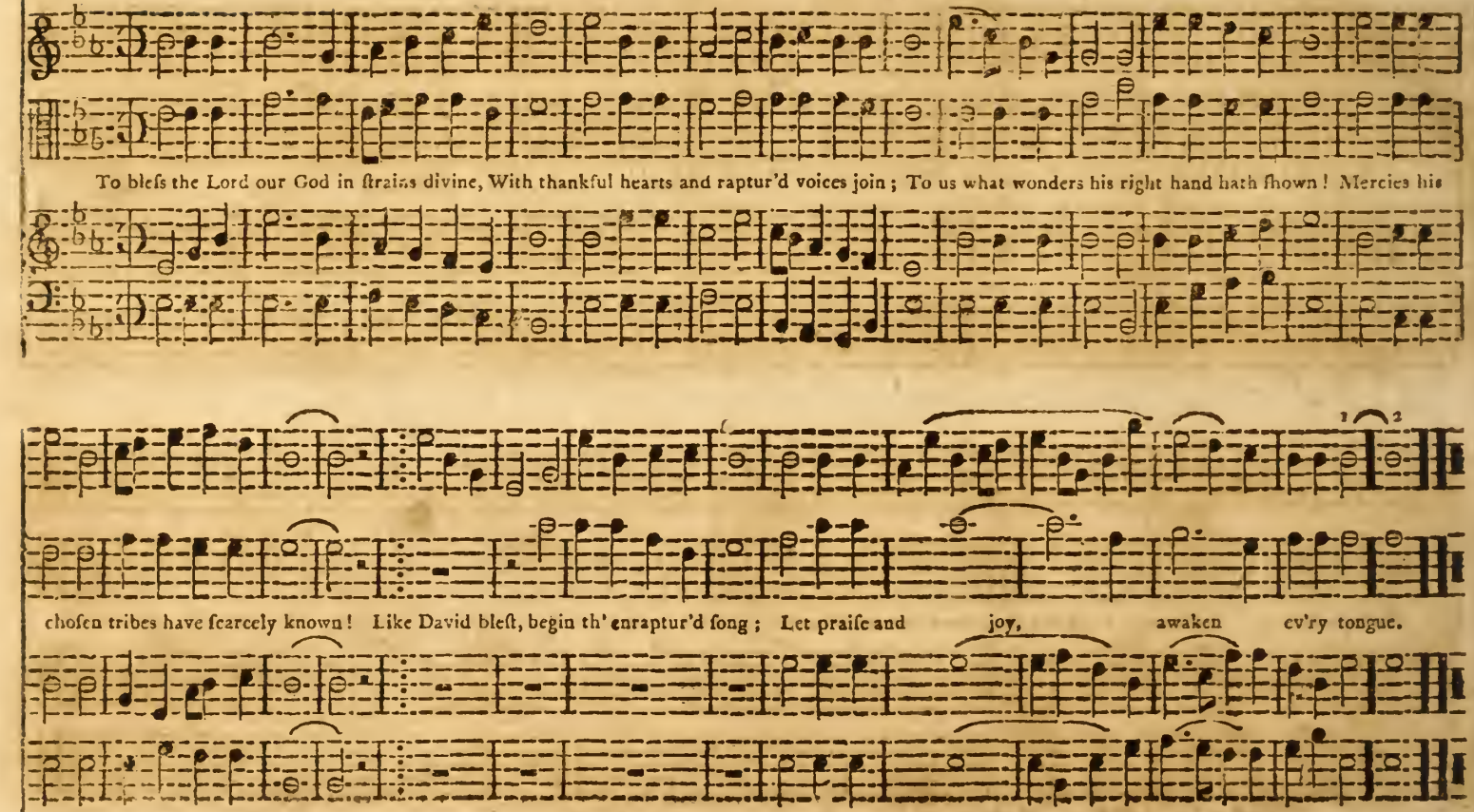

How pleas'd and bleſt was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us ſeek our God to day :" Yes—
Yes—
Yes—
Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We'll haſte to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay.

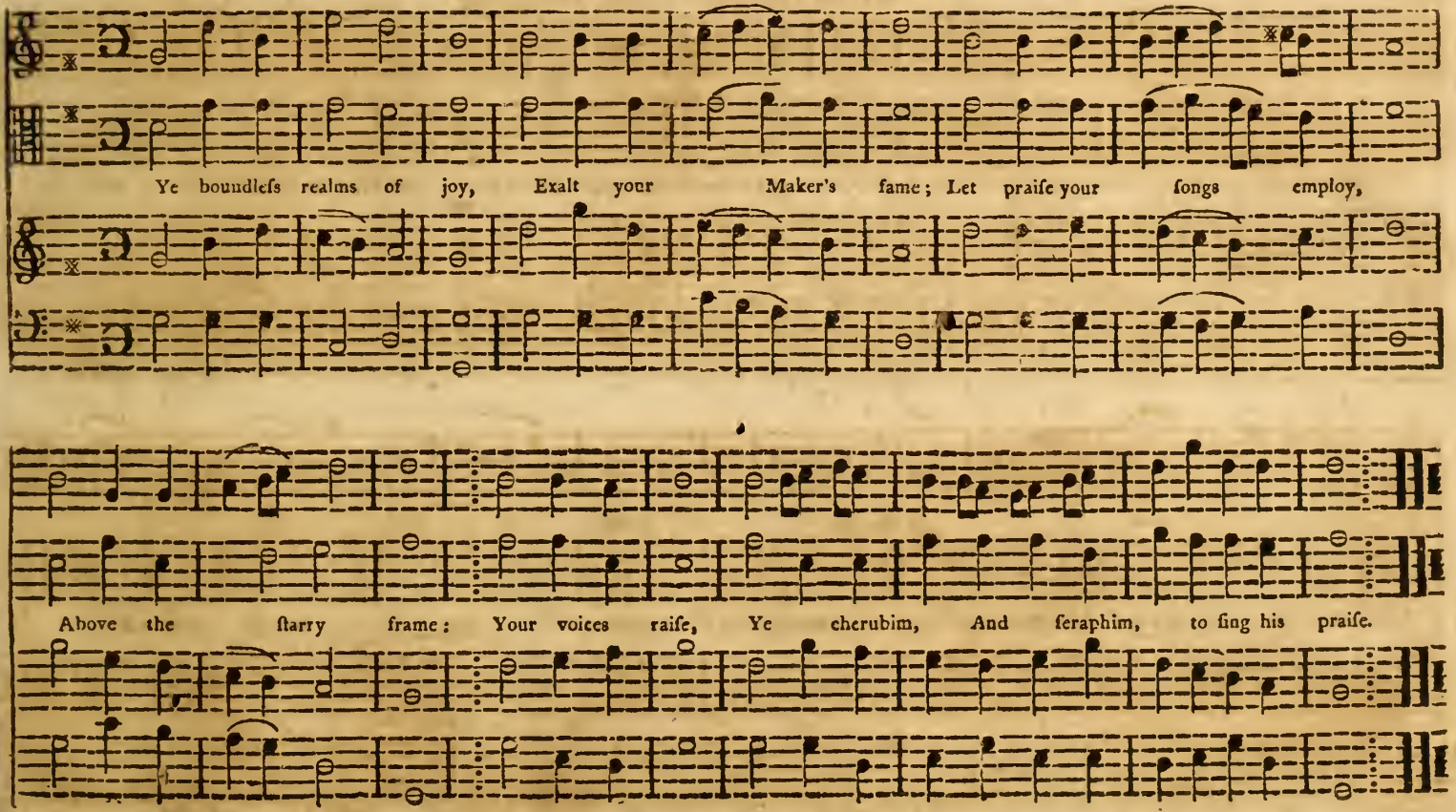

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ; The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind ; He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace, He ſends the lab'ring conſcience


peace, He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs, The widow and the fatherleſs, And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

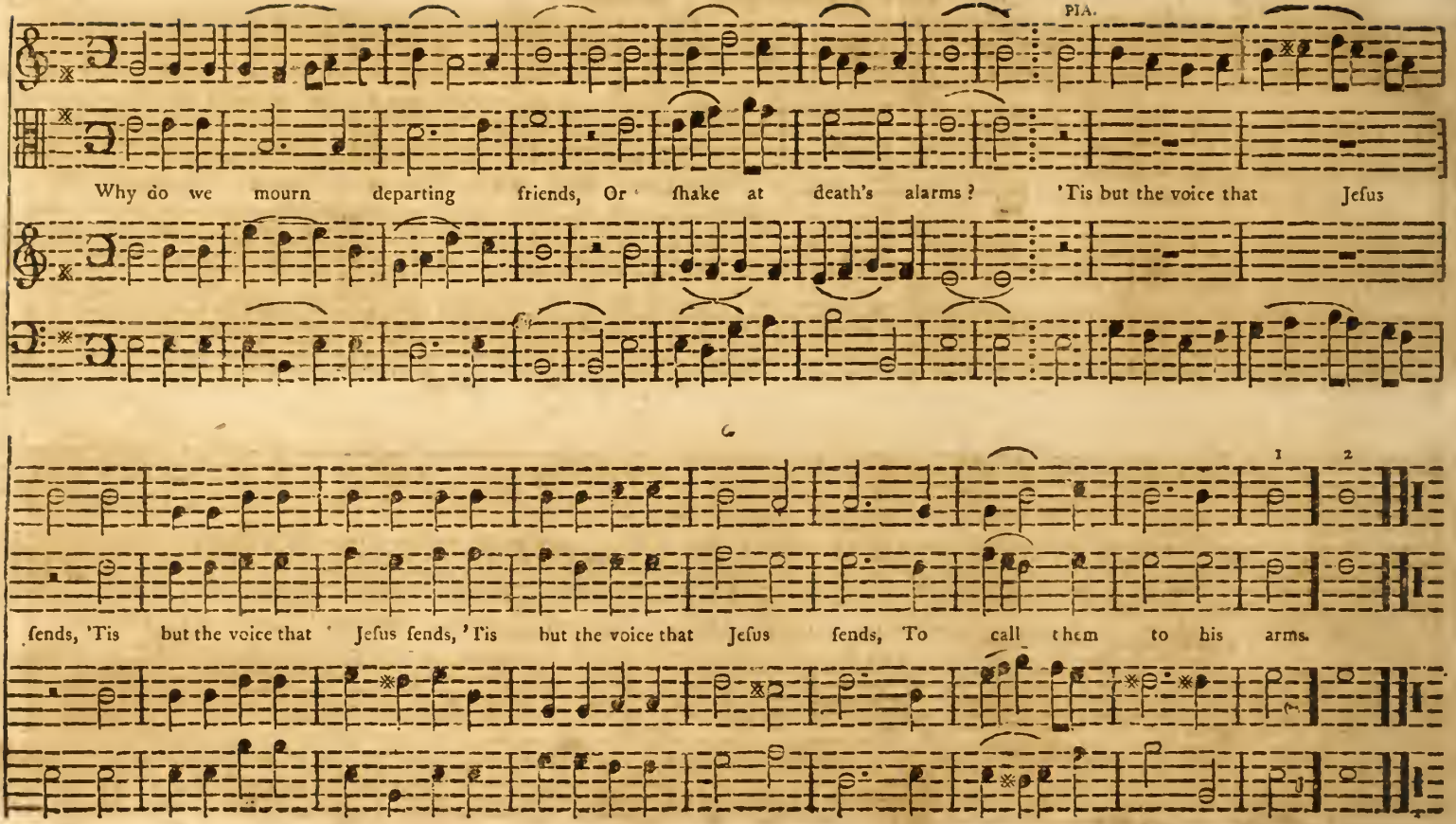

Strange—
Our life contains a thouſand ſprings, And dies if one be gone: Strange! that a harp of thouſand ſtrings, Should keep in tune ſo long.
long, Strange Strange! that a harp of thouſand ſtrings, Should keep in tune ſo long.

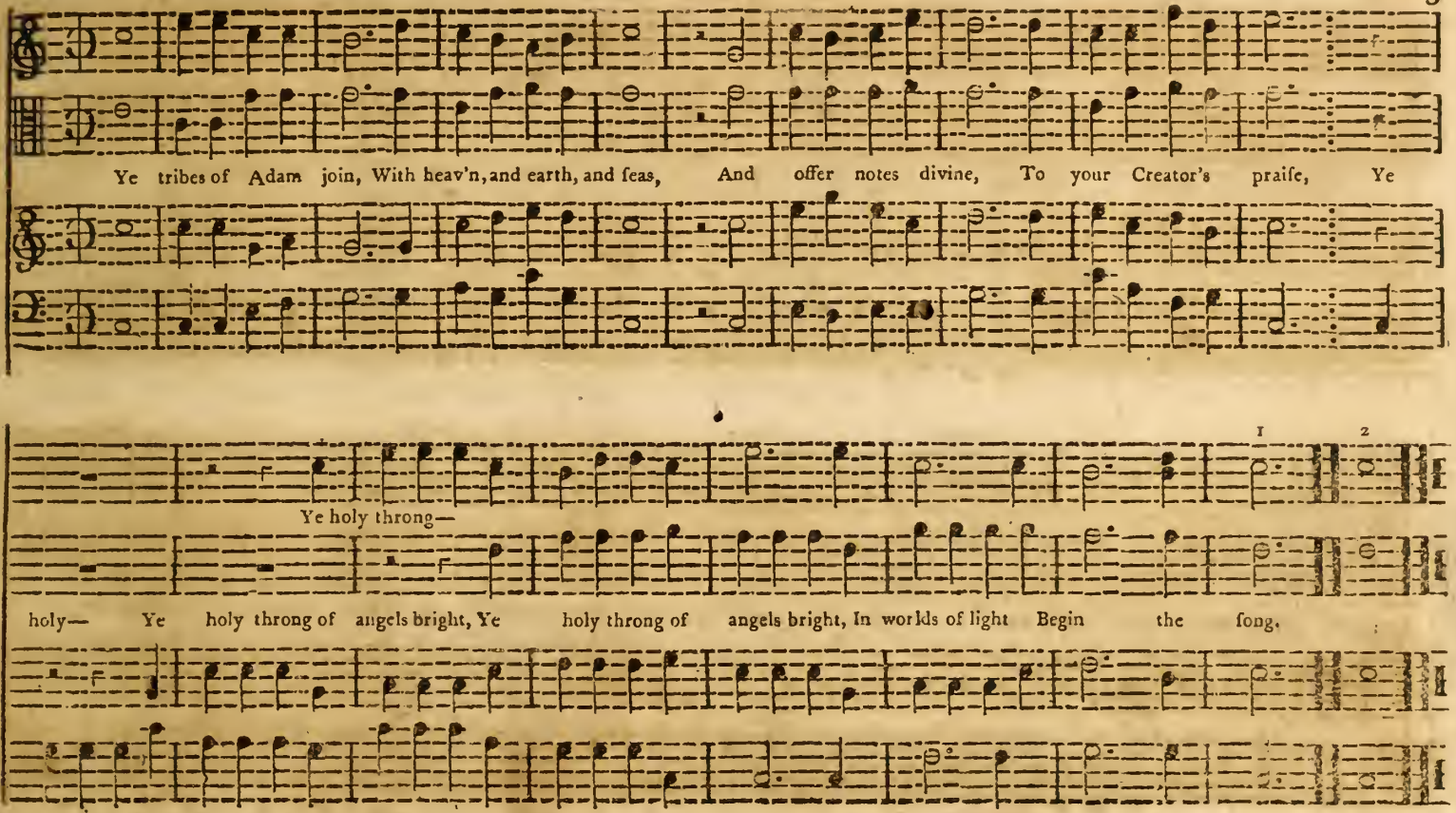

God is eur refuge in diſtreſs, A preſent help when dangers preſs: In him undaunted we'll confide, Though
Though earth—
earth were from her centre toſt, Though earth were from her centre toſt, And mountains in the ocean loſt, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

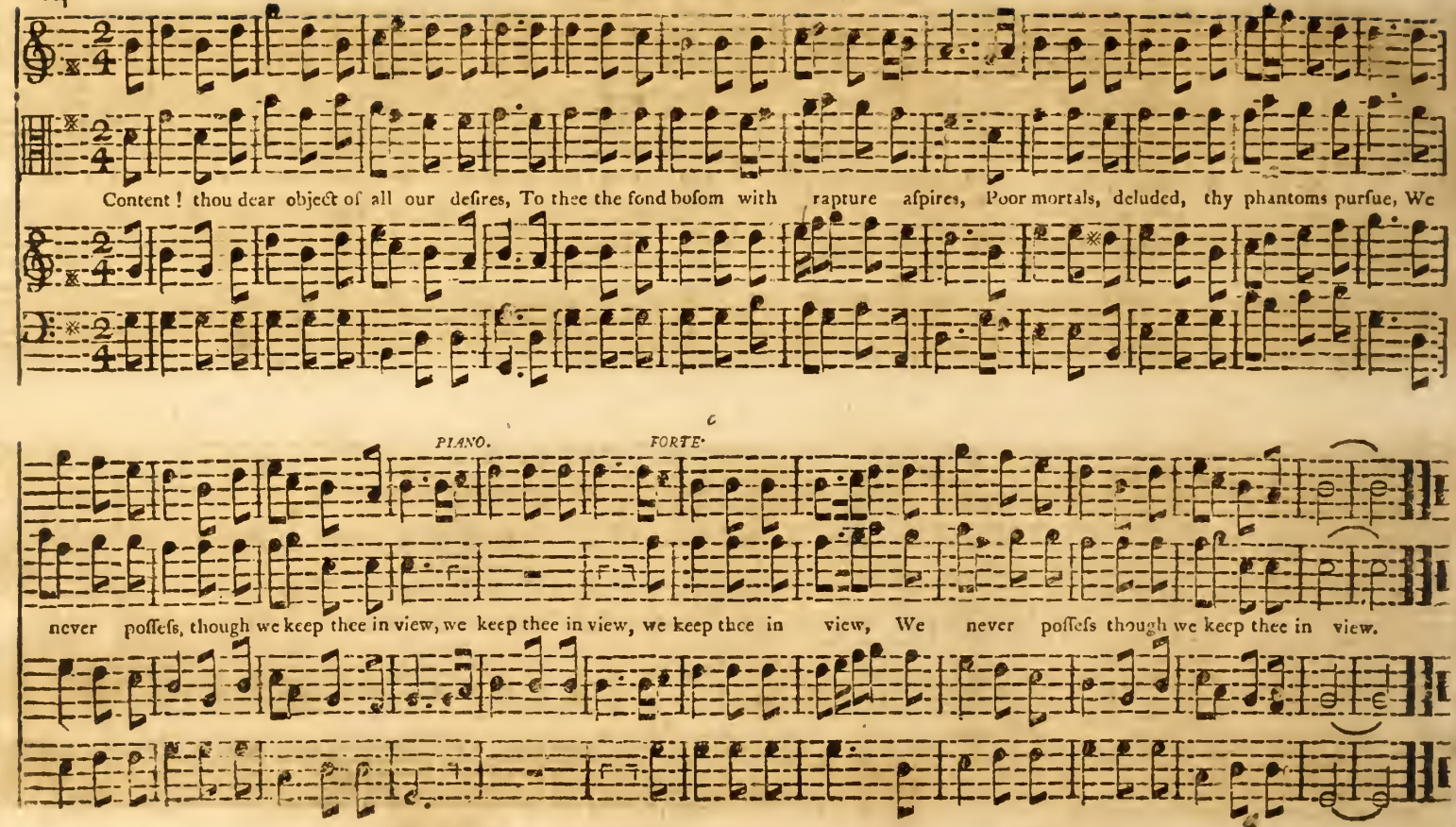

To bleſs the Lord our God in ſtrains divine, With thankful hearts and raptur'd voices join; To us what wonders his right hand hath ſhown! Mercies his
1 2
choſen tribes have ſcarcely known! Like David bleſt, begin th' enraptur'd ſong; Let praiſe and joy, awaken ev'ry tongue.

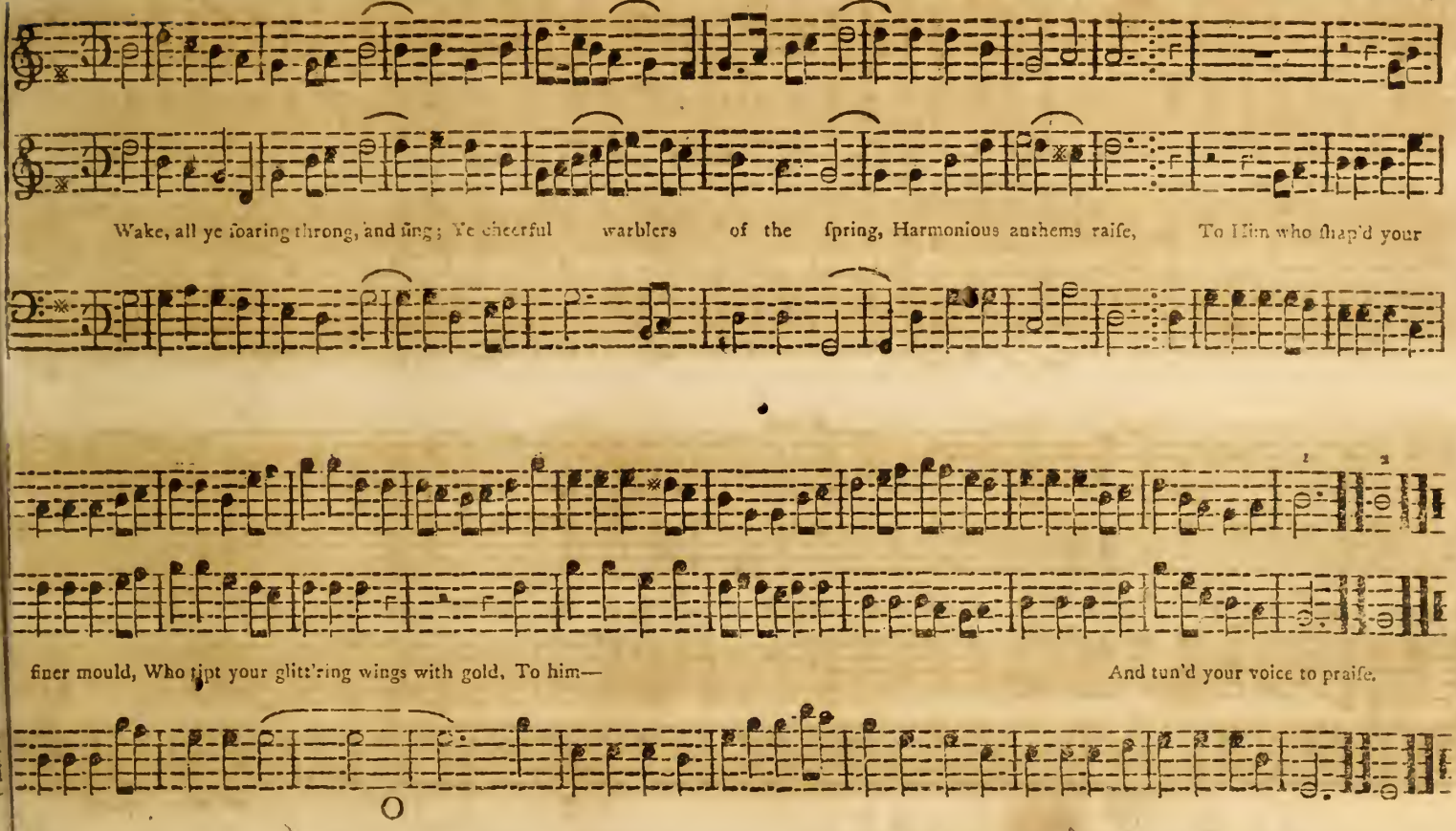

Ye boundleſs realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; Let praiſe your ſongs employ,
Above the ſtarry frame: Your voices raiſe, Ye cherubim, And ſeraphim, to ſing his praiſe.

FUNERAL HYMN. C. M.

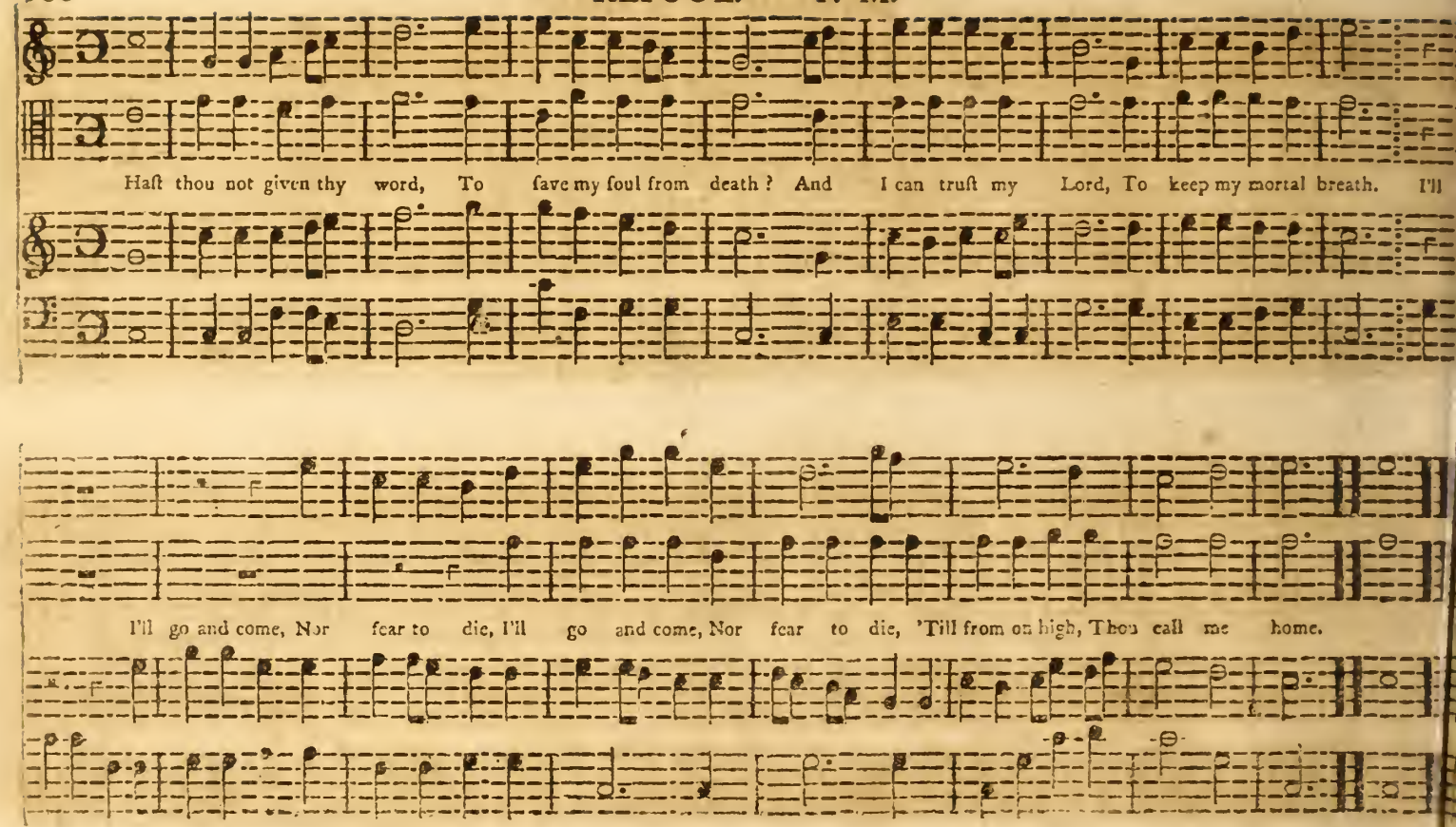


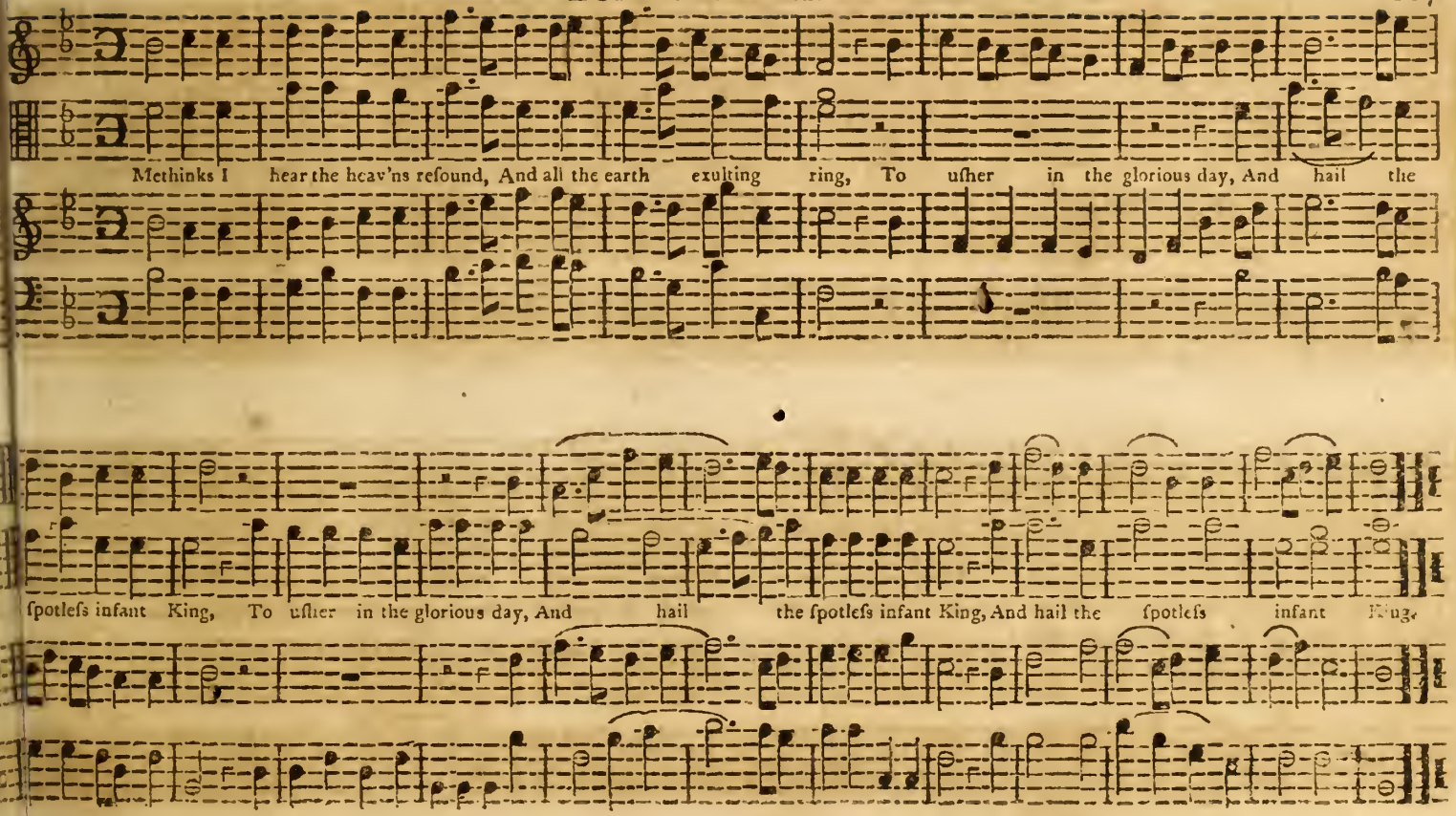

Ye tribes of Adam join, With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And offer notes divine, To your Creator's praise, Ye
Ye holy throng—
holy— Ye holy throng of angels bright, Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song.

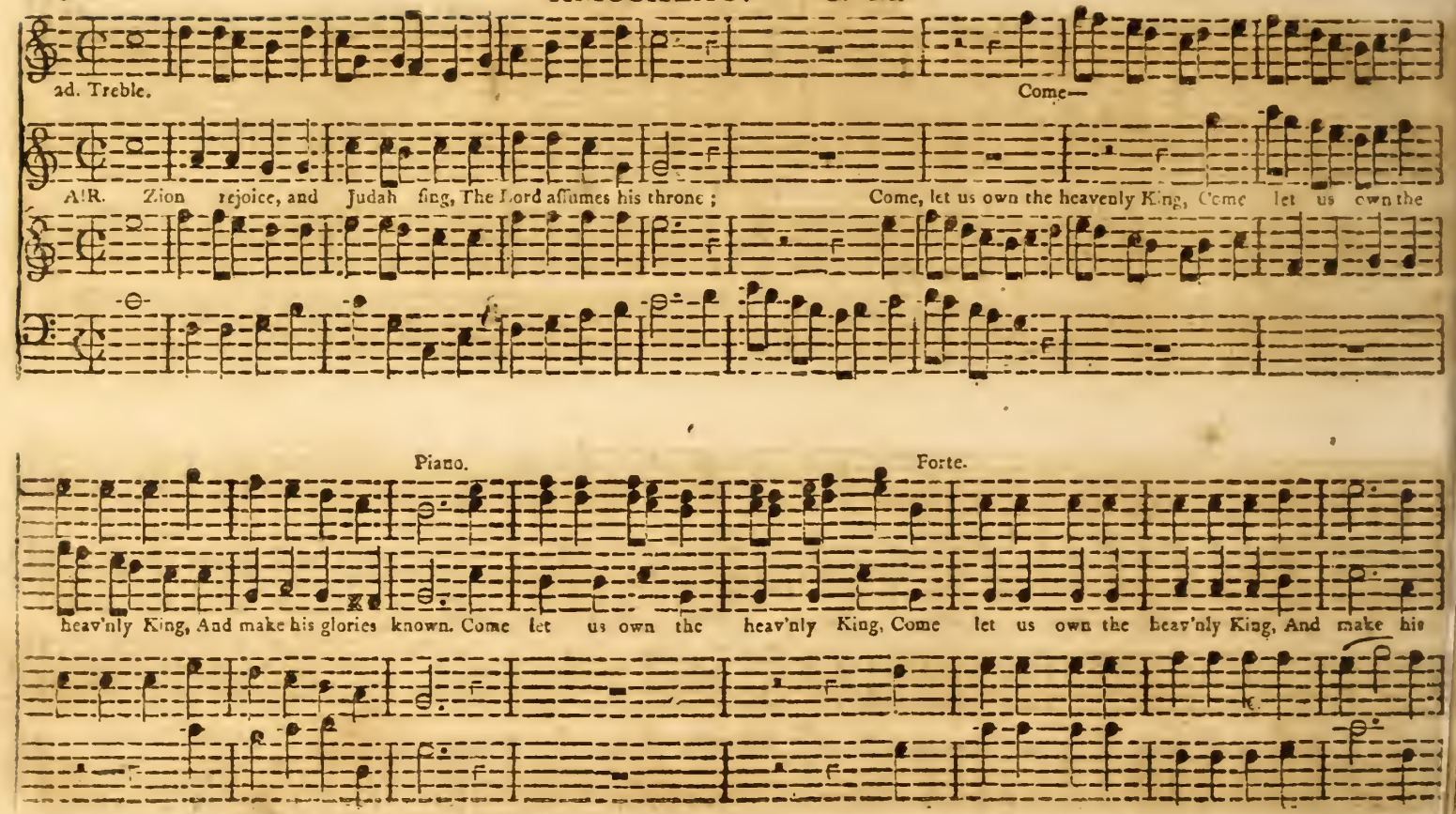

Content! thou dear object of all our desires, To thee the fond bosom with rapture aspires, Poor mortals, deluded, thy phantoms pursue, We
PIANO.
FORTE.
never possess, though we keep thee in view, we keep thee in view, we keep thee in view, We never possess though we keep thee in view.

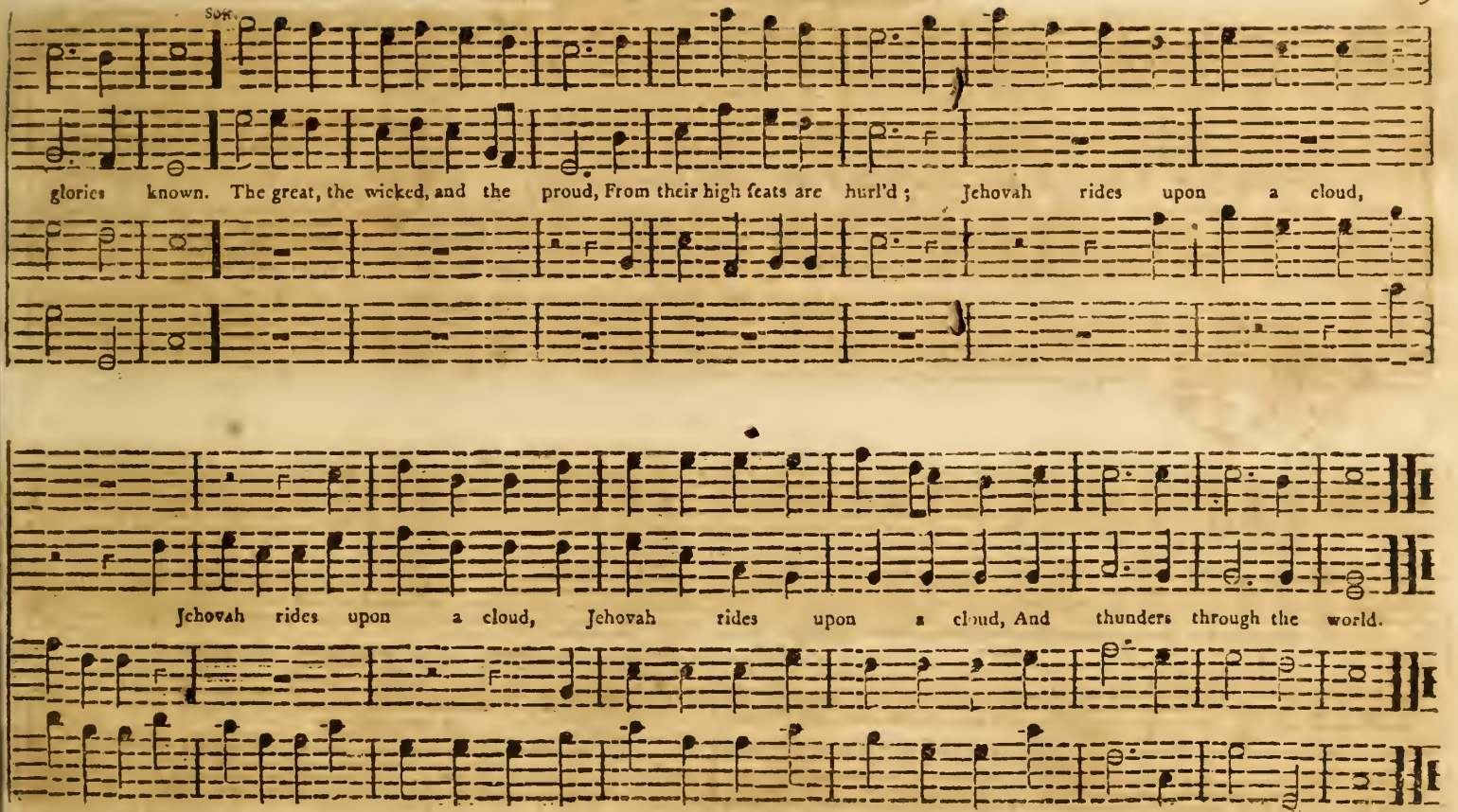

Wake, all ye ſoaring throng, and ſing; Ye cheerful warblers of the ſpring, Harmonious anthems raiſe, To Him who ſhap'd your
finer mould, Who tipt your glitt'ring wings with gold, To him—
And tun'd your voice to praiſe.
O

REFUGE. P. M.

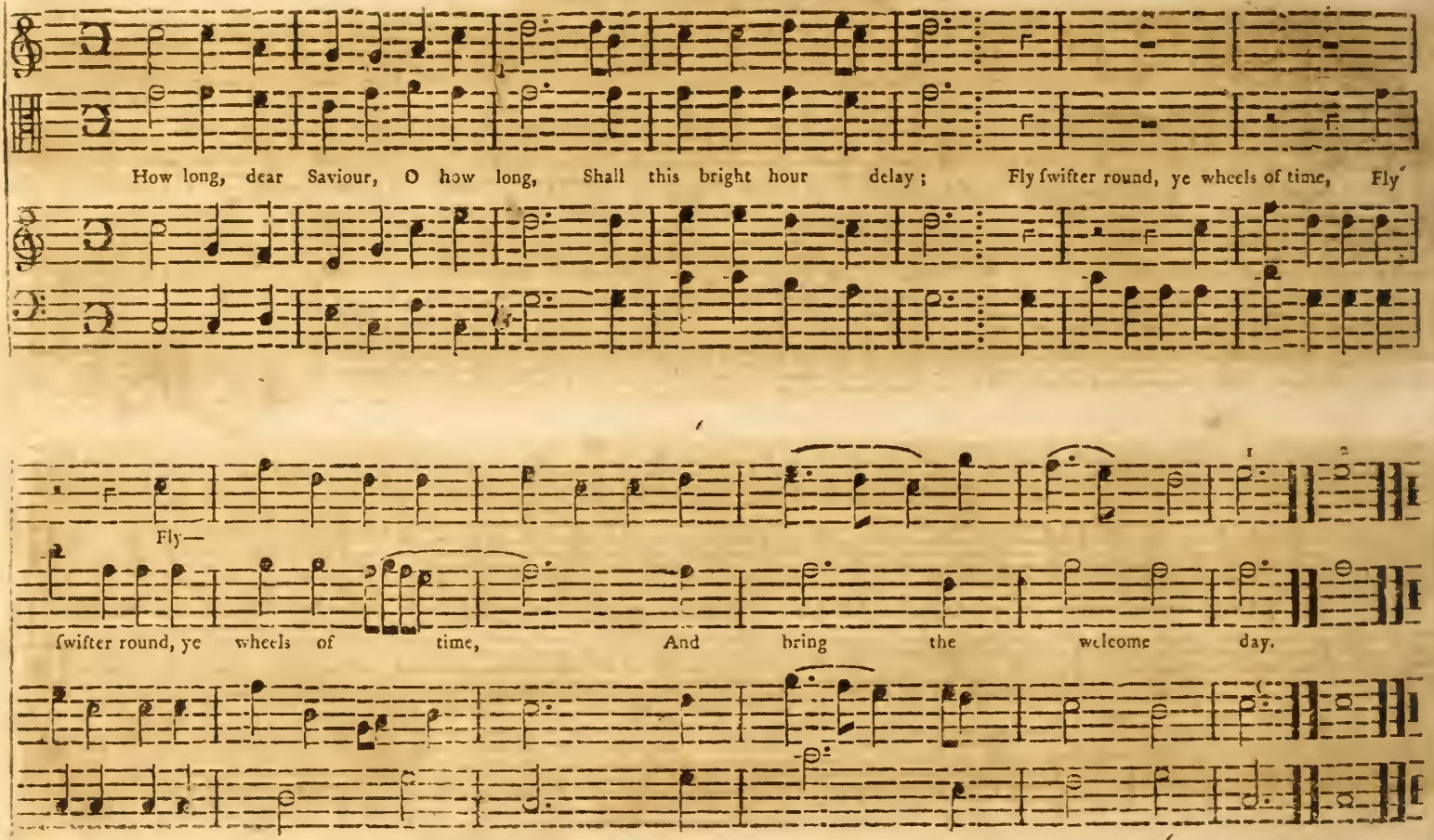

Haſt thou not given thy word, To ſave my ſoul from death? And I can truſt my Lord, To keep my mortal breath. I'll
I'll go and come, Nor fear to die, I'll go and come, Nor fear to die, 'Till from on high, Thou call me home.

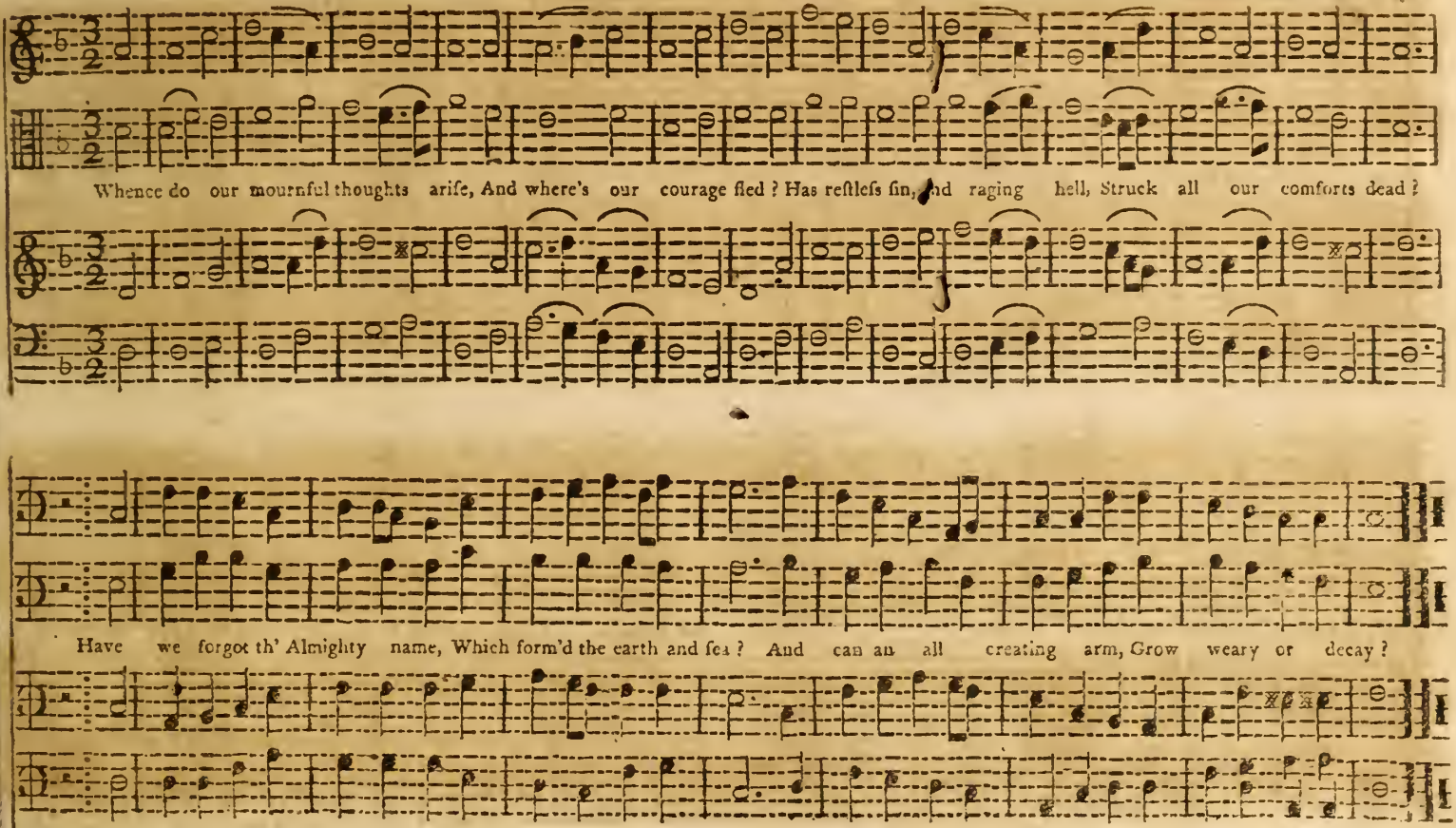

Methinks I hear the heav'ns reſound, And all the earth exulting ring, To uſher in the glorious day, And hail the
ſpotleſs infant King, To uſher in the glorious day, And hail the ſpotleſs infant King, And hail the ſpotleſs infant King.


ad. Treble.
Come—
AIR. Zion rejoice, and Judah sing, The Lord assumes his throne ; Come, let us own the heavenly King, Come let us own the
Piano.
Forte.
heav'nly King, And make his glories known. Come let us own the heav'nly King, Come let us own the heav'nly King, And make his

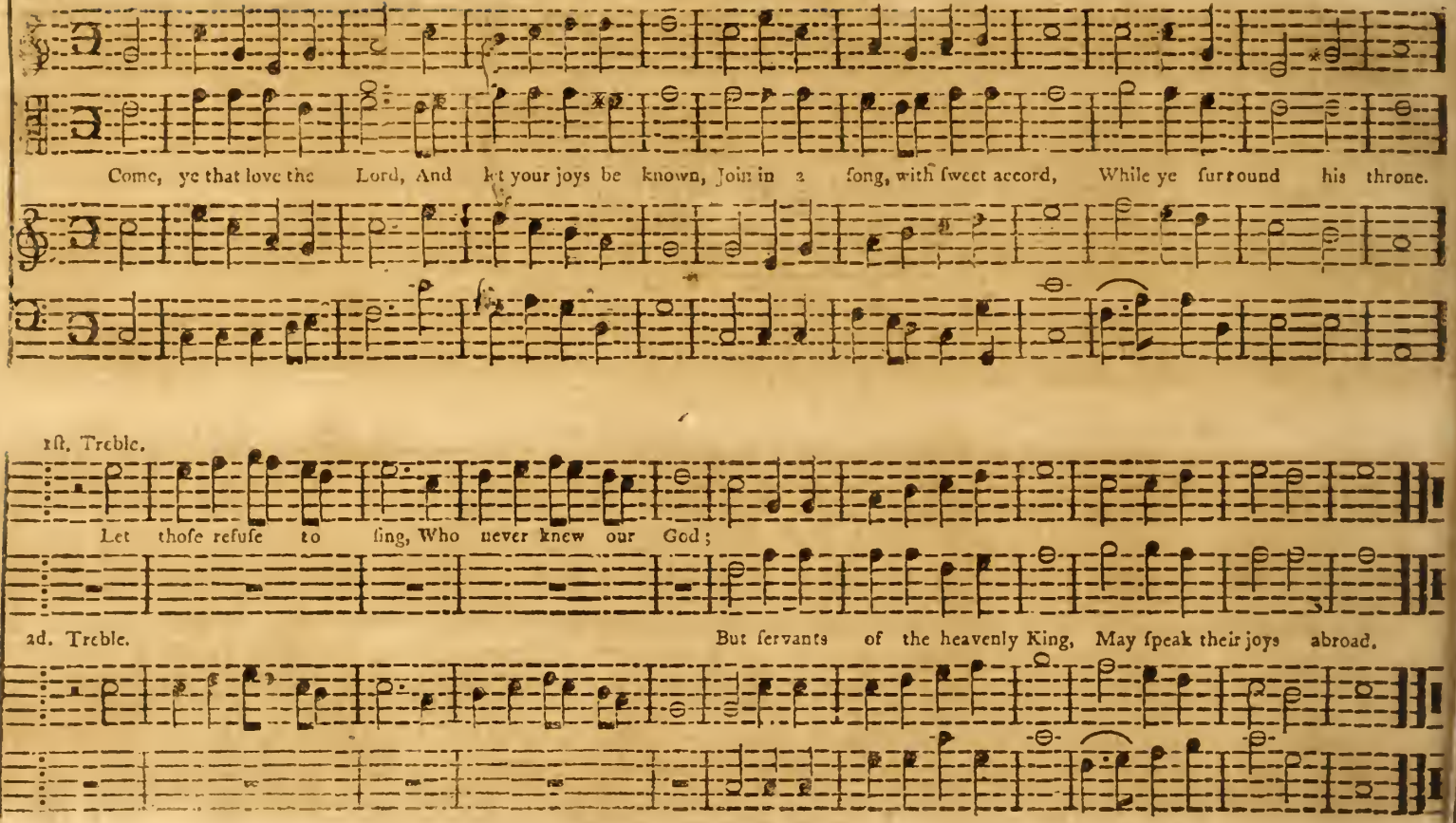

SOL.
glories known. The great, the wicked, and the proud, From their high seats are hurl'd ; Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
Jehovah rides upon a cloud, Jehovah rides upon a cloud, And thunders through the world.

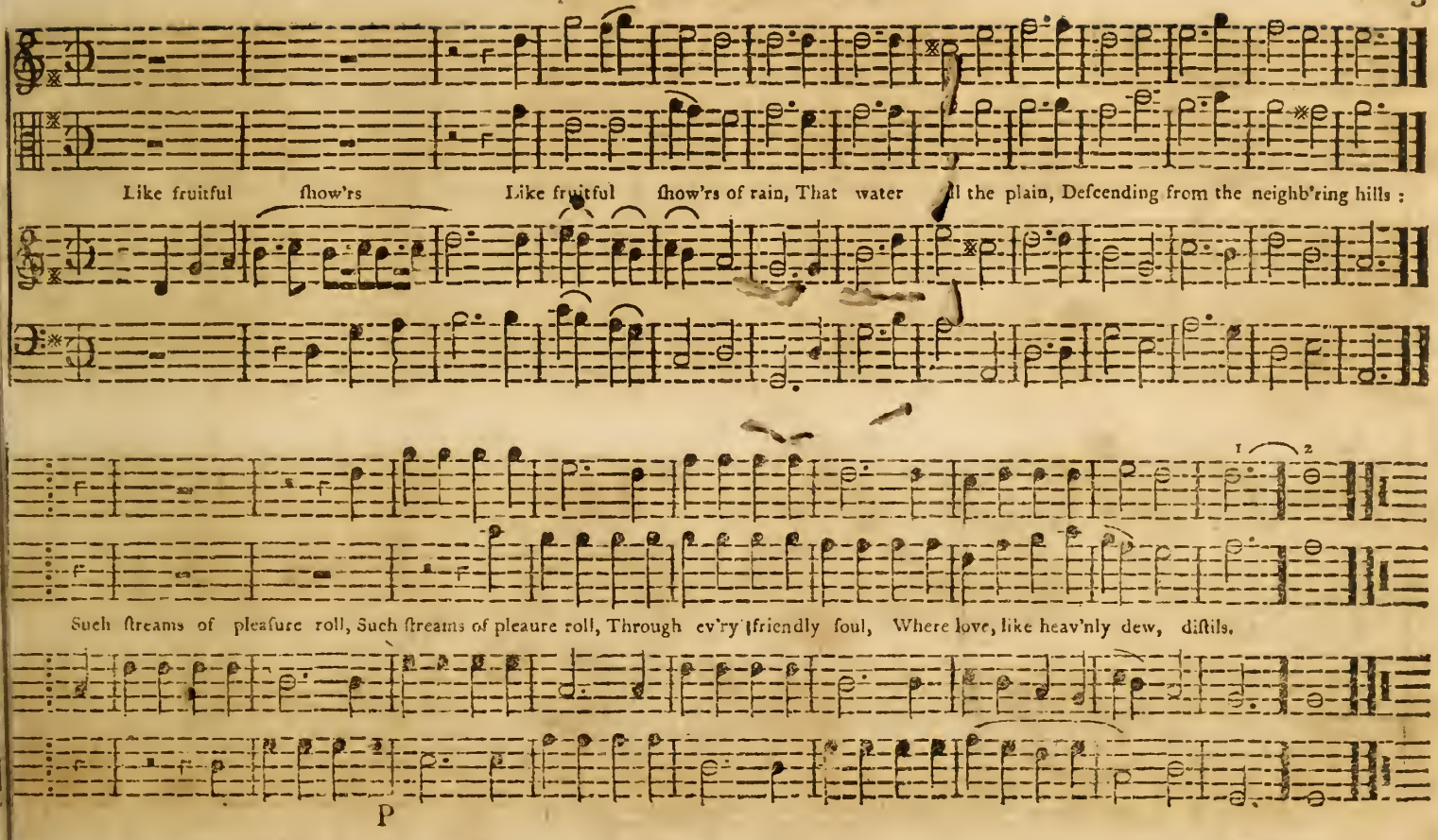
NORTHFIELD. C. M.



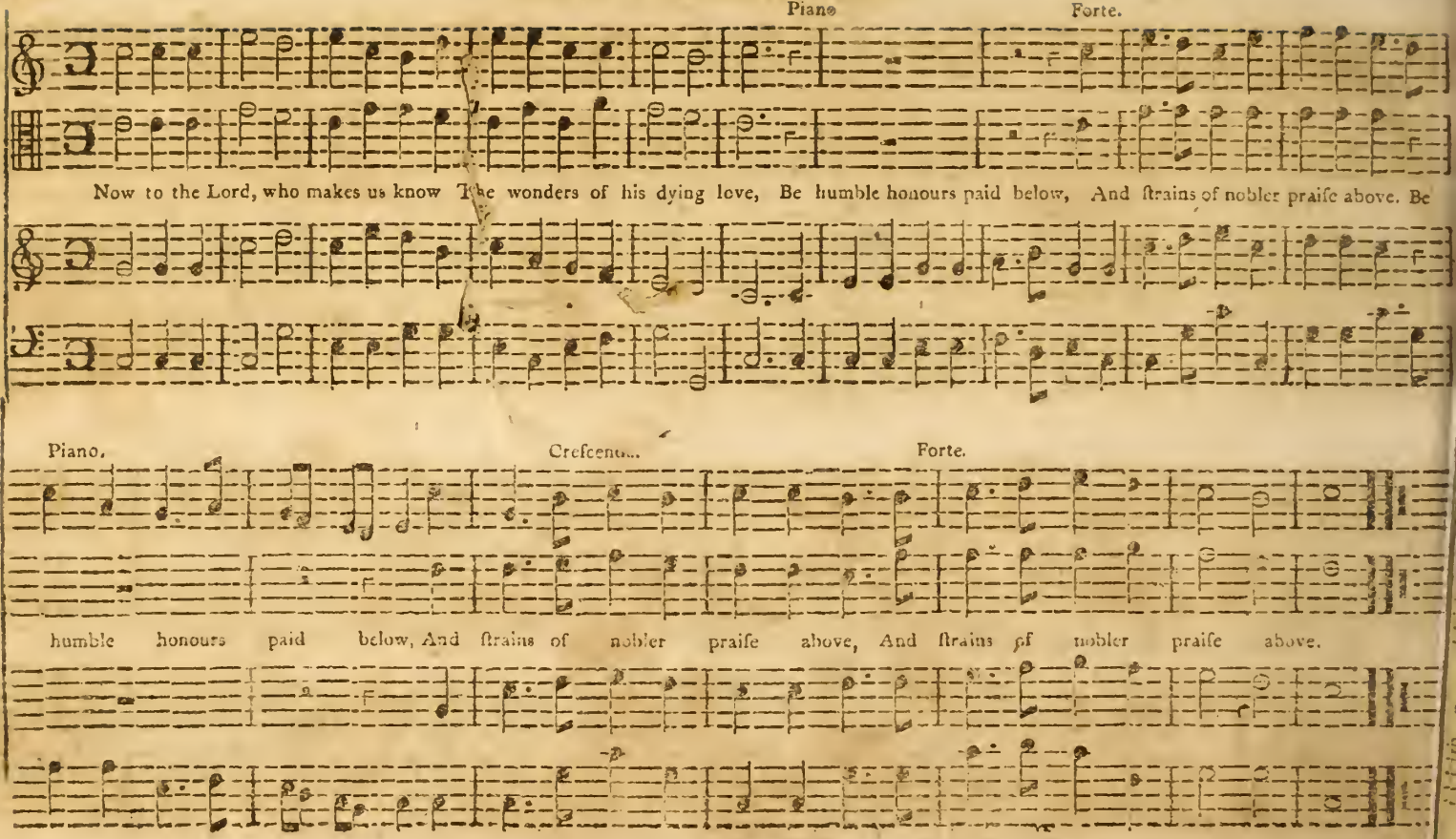

Whence do our mournful thoughts arise, And where's our courage fled? Has restless sin, and raging hell, Struck all our comforts dead?
Have we forgot th' Almighty name, Which form'd the earth and sea? And can an all creating arm, Grow weary or decay?

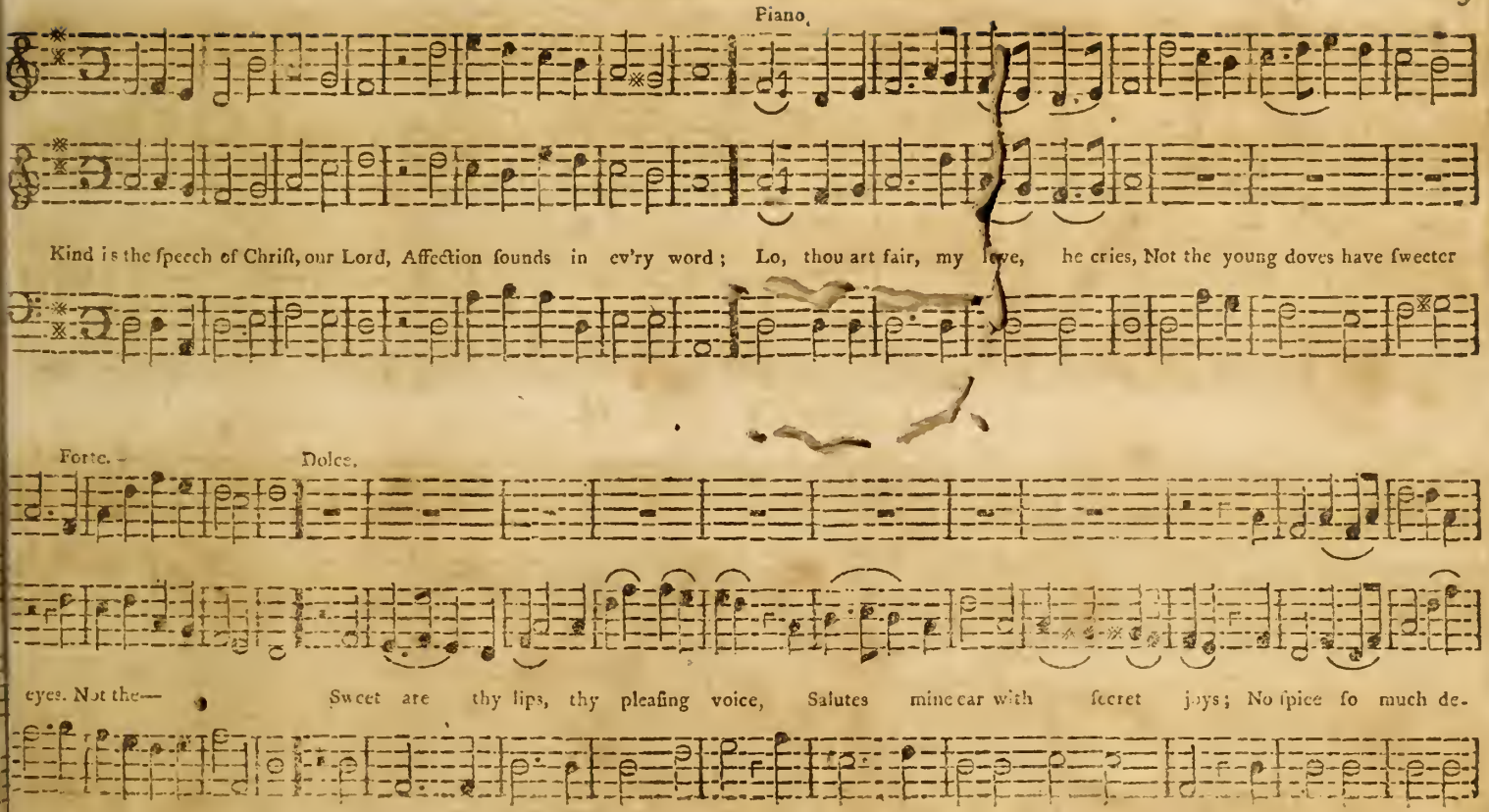
NORTHAMPTON. S. M.

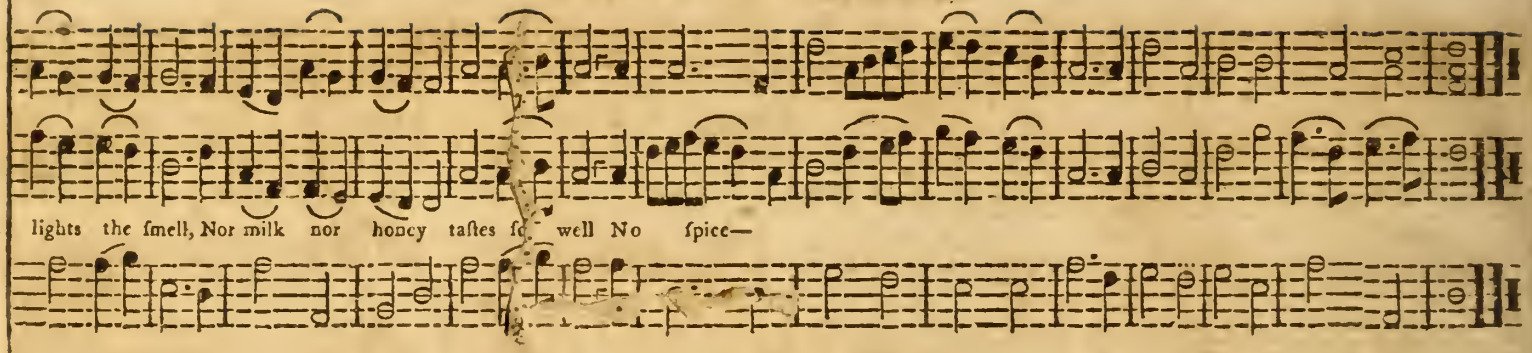



Like fruitful ſhow'rs Like fruitful ſhow'rs of rain, That water all the plain, Deſcending from the neighb'ring hills :
1 2
Such ſtreams of pleaſure roll, Such ſtreams of pleaure roll, Through ev'ry friendly ſoul, Where love, like heav'nly dew, diſtils.
P

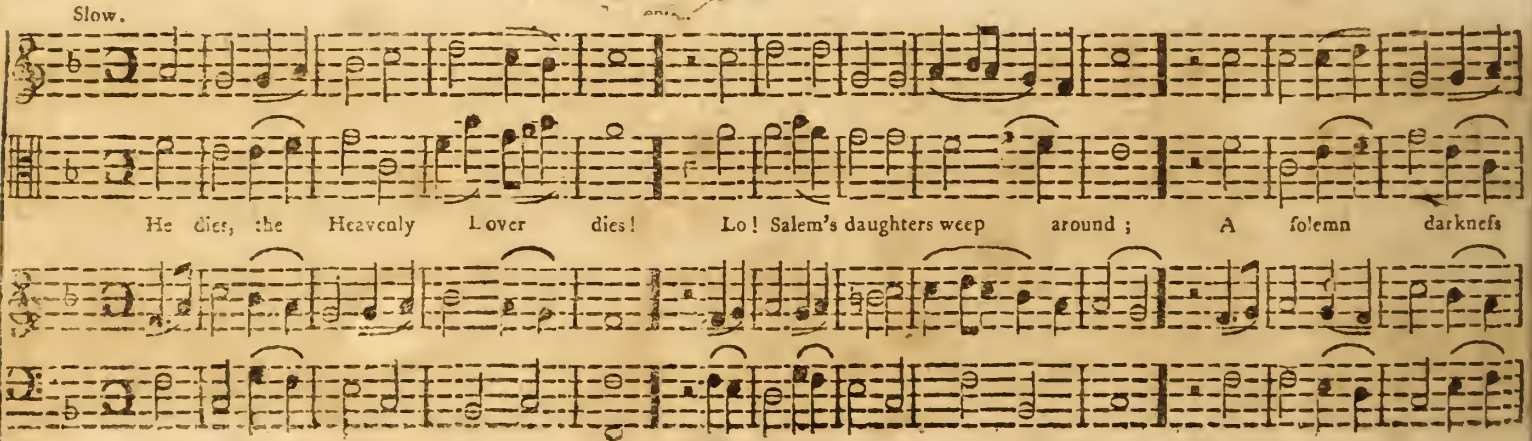
PERSIA. L. M.

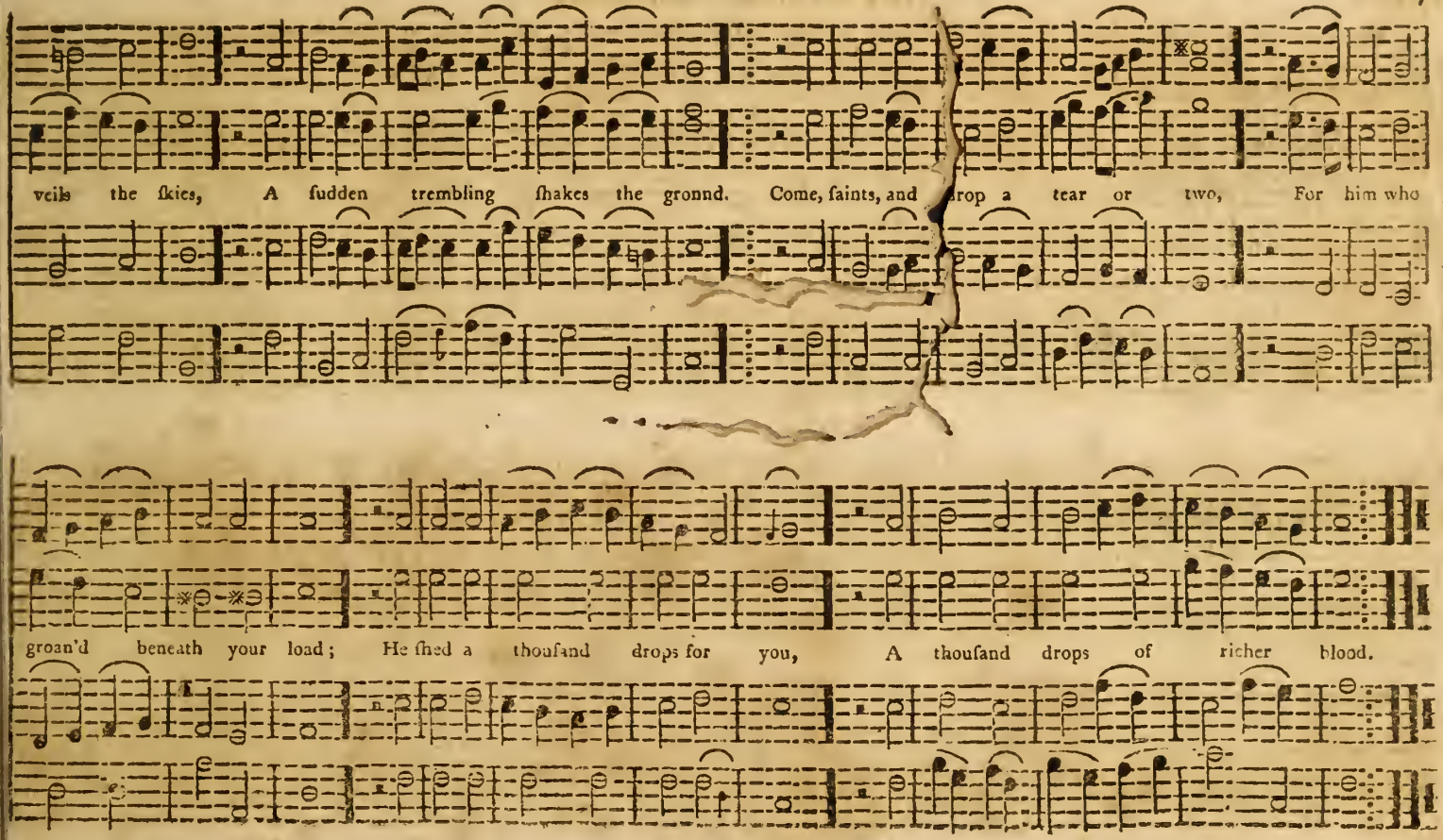

Piano
Forte.
Now to the Lord, who makes us know The wonders of his dying love, Be humble honours paid below, And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above. Be
Piano.
Crefcendo.
Forte.
humble honours paid below, And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above, And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.


Piano.
Kind is the ſpeech of Chriſt, our Lord, Affection ſounds in ev'ry word; Lo, thou art fair, my love, he cries, Not the young doves have ſweeter
Forte.
Dolce.
eyes. Not the— Sweet are thy lips, thy pleaſing voice, Salutes mine ear with ſecret joys; No ſpice ſo much de-


lights the ſmell, Nor milk nor honey taſtes ſo well No ſpice—

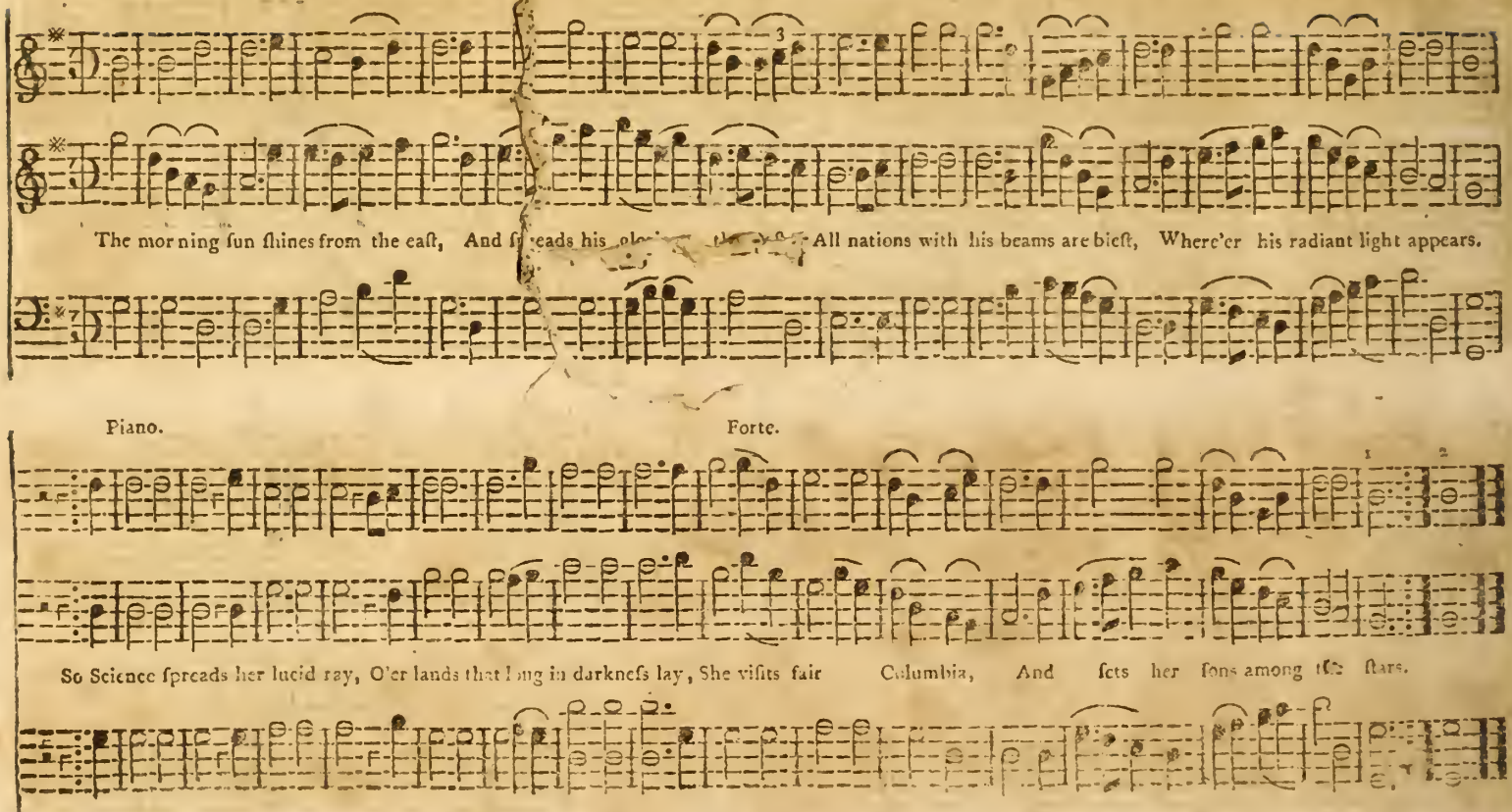
CALVARY. L. M.

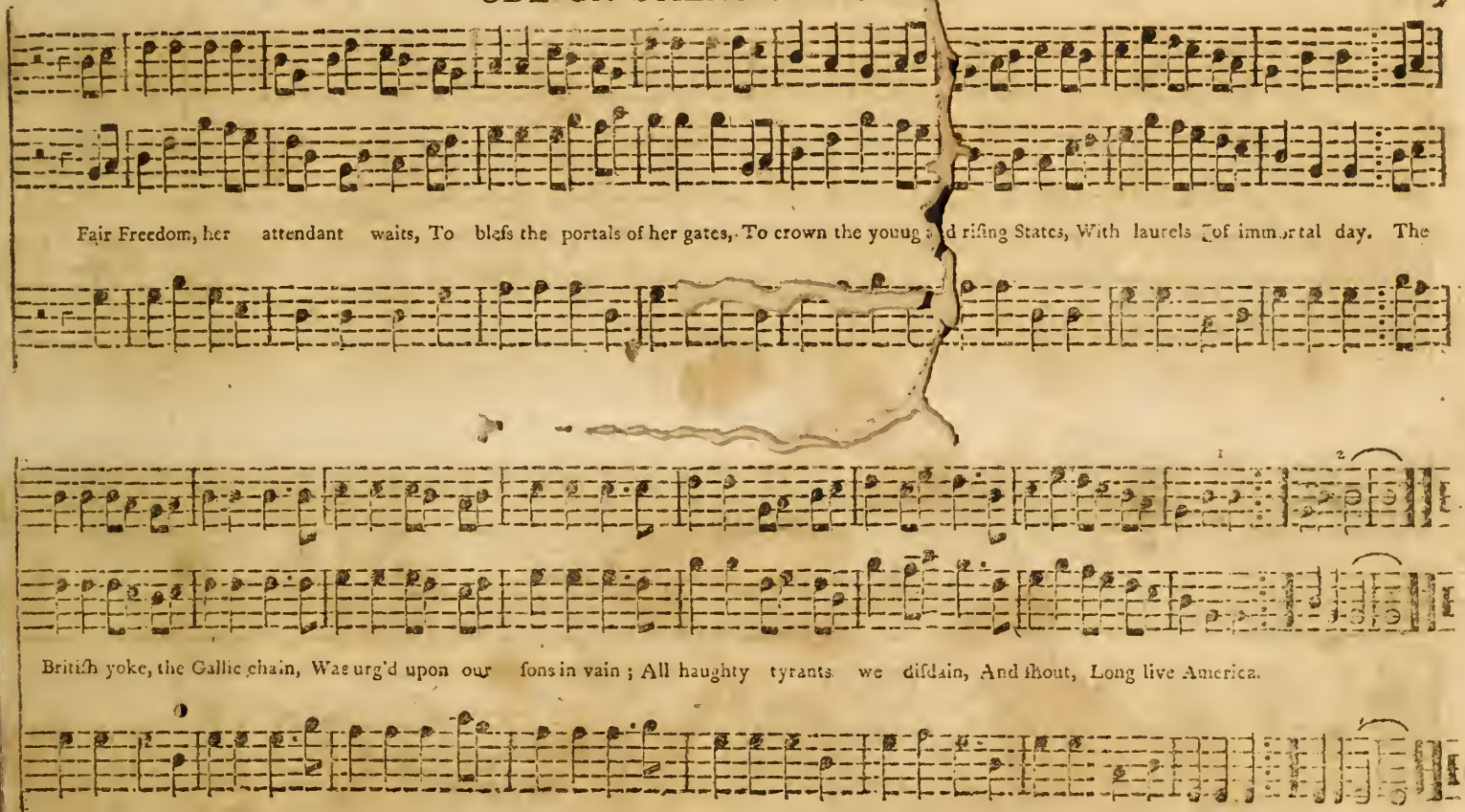

Slow.
He dies, the Heavenly Lover dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A ſolemn darkneſs

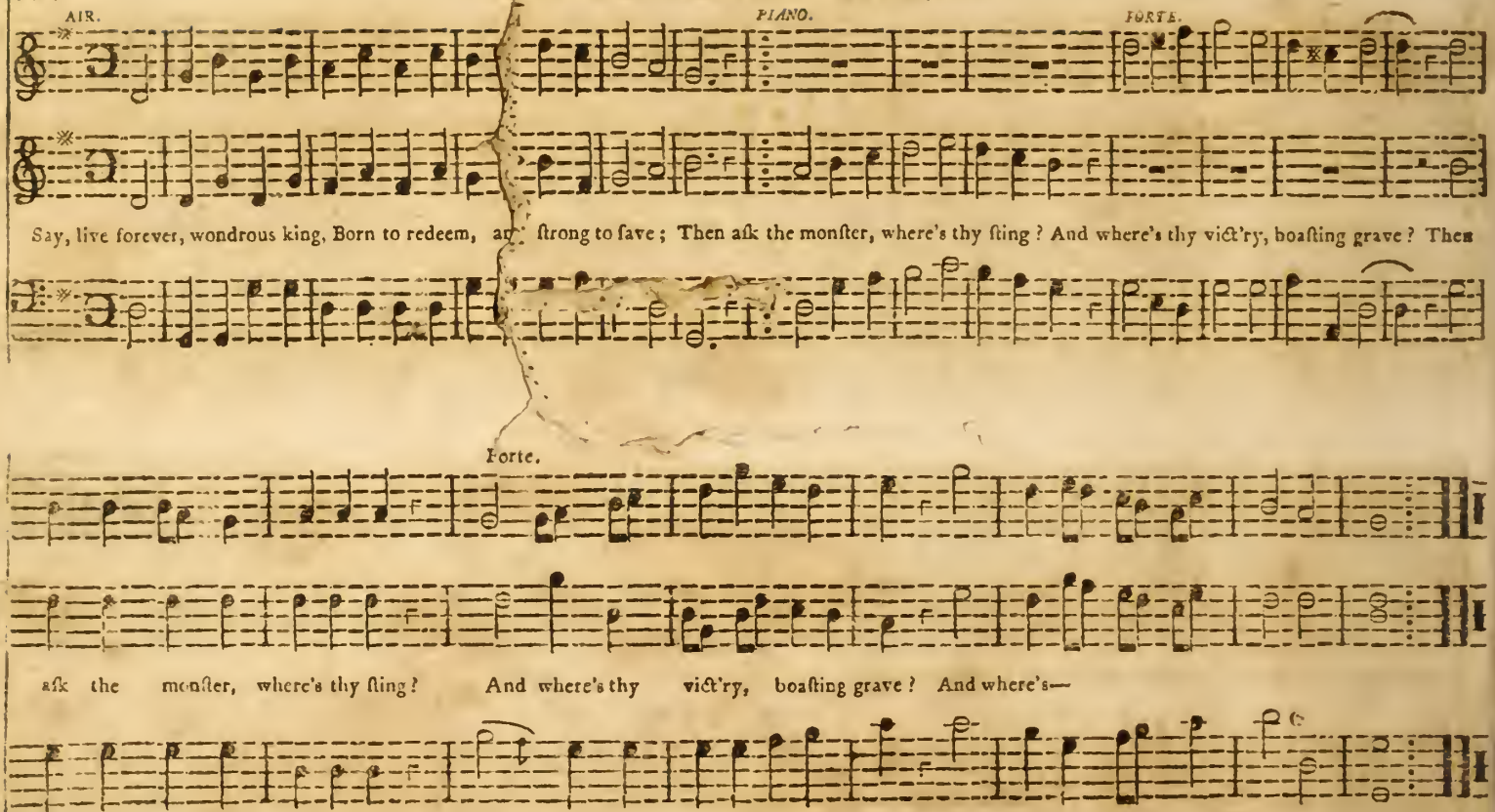

veils the ſkies, A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground. Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two, For him who
groan'd beneath your load; He ſhed a thouſand drops for you, A thouſand drops of richer blood.

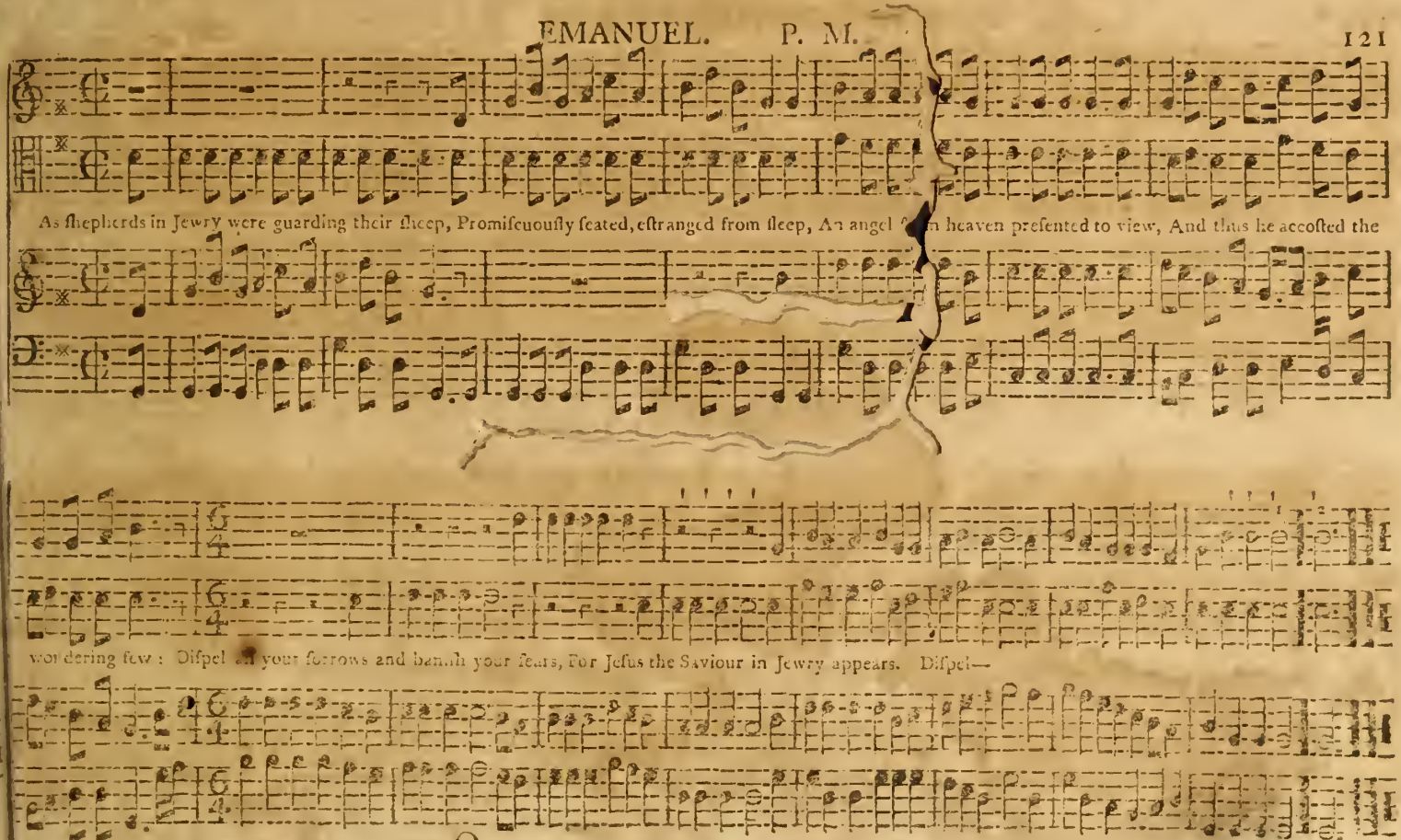
AN ODE ON SCIENCE.

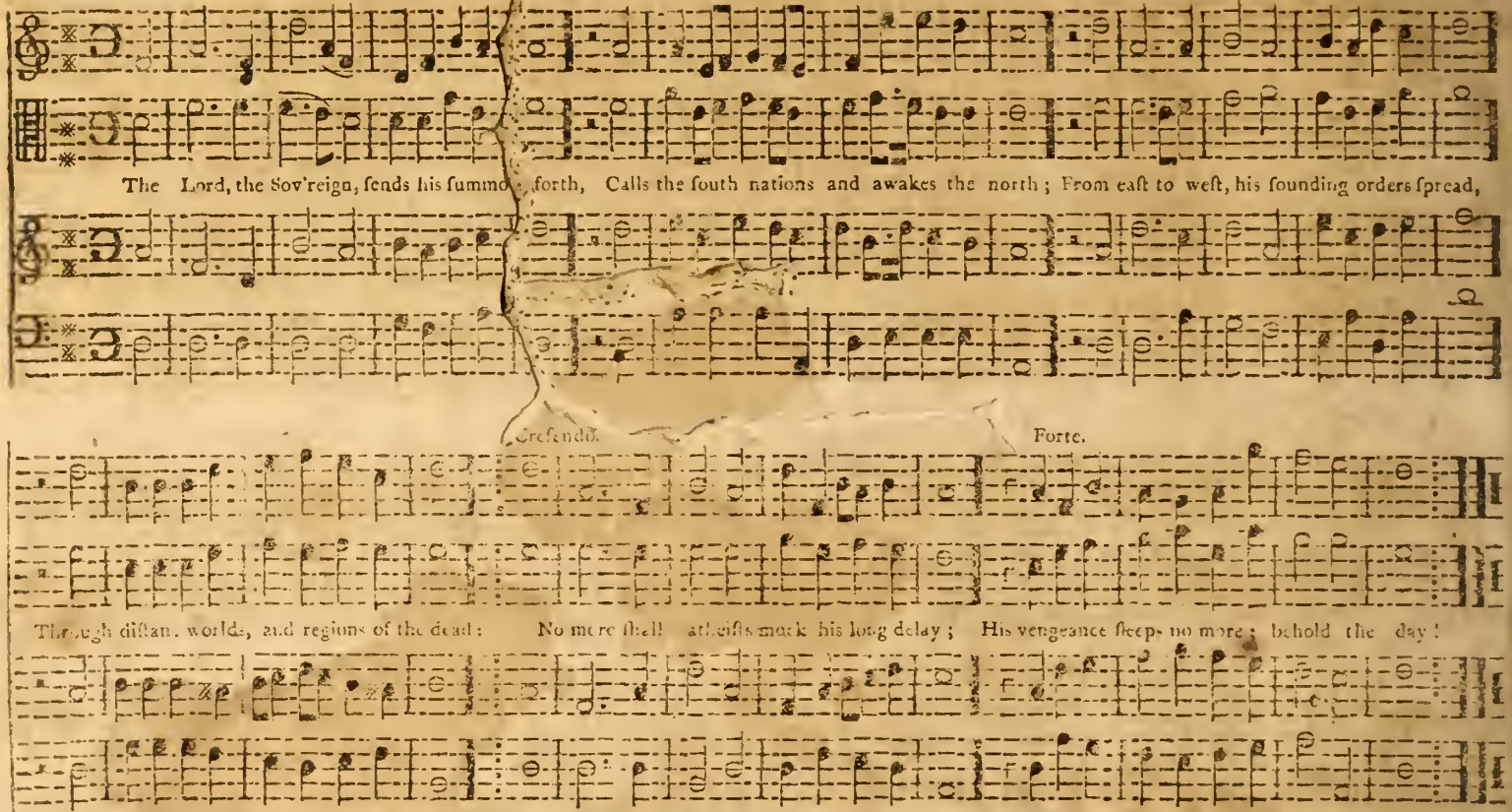
Compoſed for, and Sung at the Dedication of Bristol Academy, in Taunton.



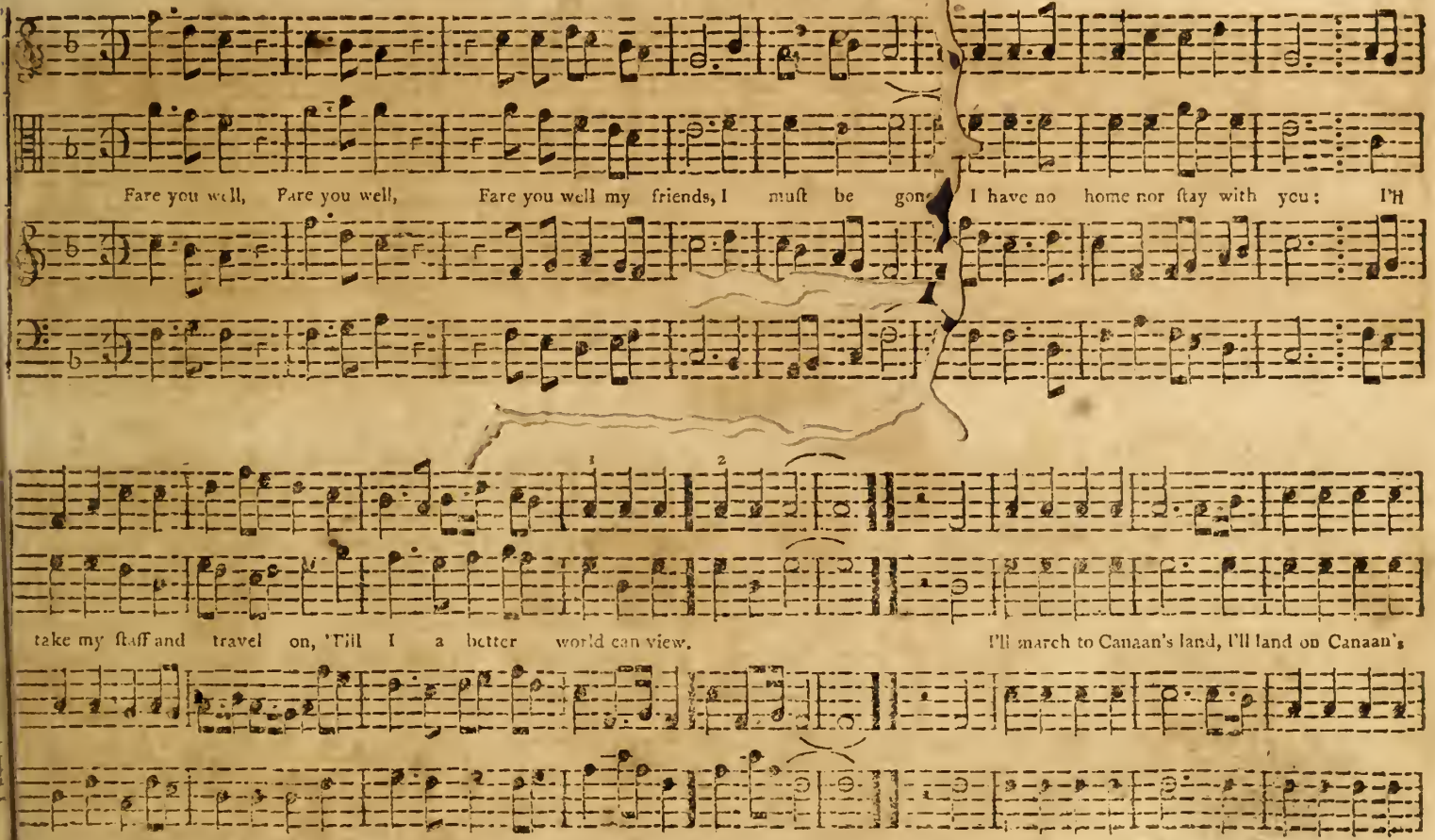

Fair Freedom, her attendant waits, To bleſs the portals of her gates, To crown the young and riſing States, With laurels of immortal day. The
British yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urg'd upon our ſons in vain; All haughty tyrants we diſdain, And ſhout, Long live America.


AIR.
PIANO.
FORTE.
Say, live forever, wondrous king, Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave; Then aſk the monſter, where's thy ſting? And where's thy vict'ry, boaſting grave? Then
Forte.
aſk the monſter, where's thy ſting? And where's thy vict'ry, boaſting grave? And where's—

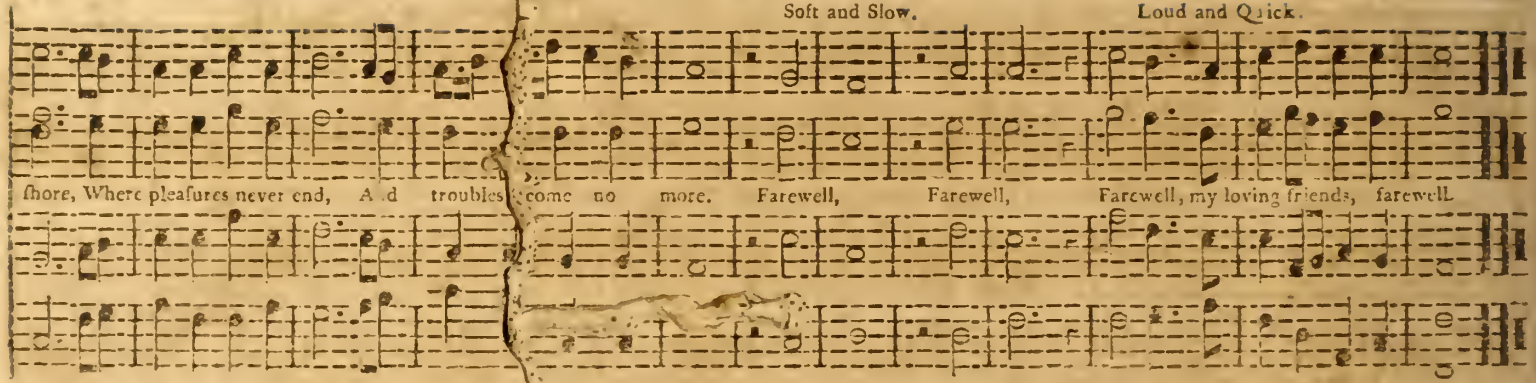

As shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep, Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep, An angel from heaven presented to view, And thus he accosted the
wondering few: Dispel all your sorrows and banish your fears, For Jesus the Saviour in Jewry appears. Dispel—



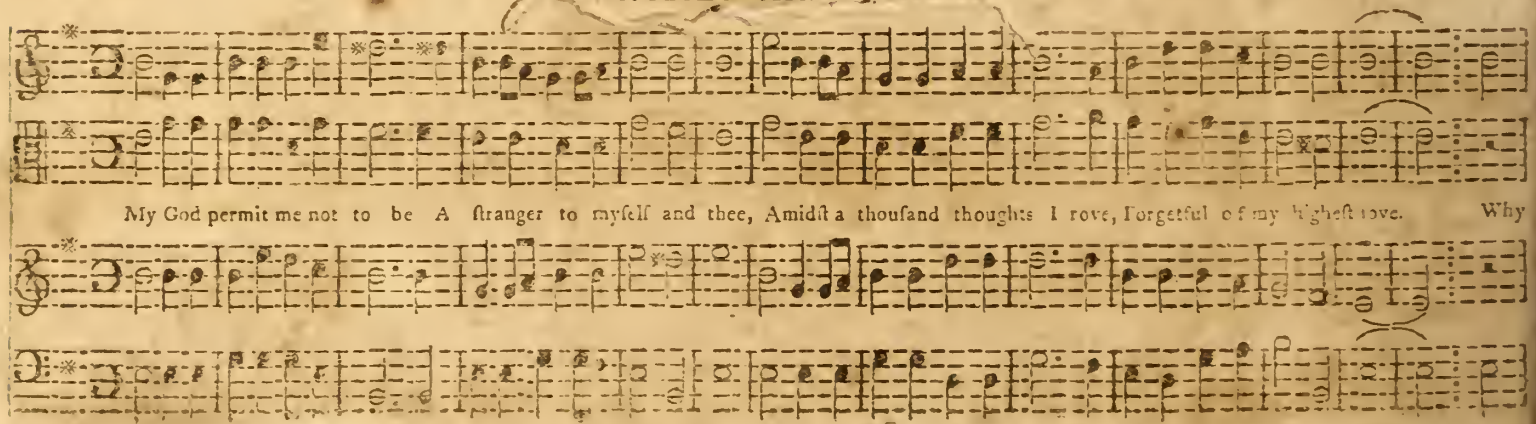
This Tune may be ſung as the old 50th. metre, by dividing the laſt note in each of the two laſt lines, ſo as to ſing two minims inſtead of the ſemibreve.

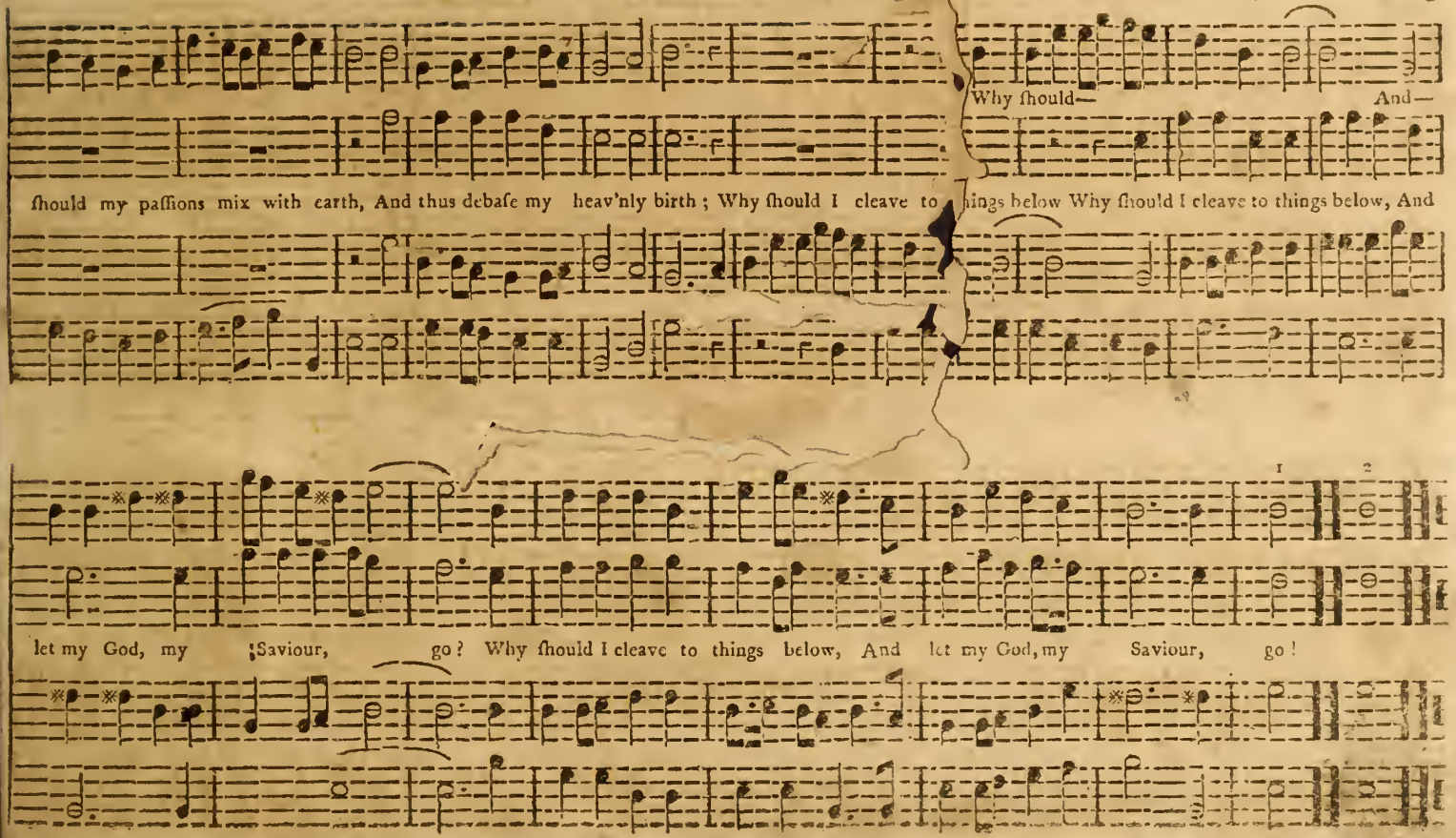

Fare you well, Fare you well, Fare you well my friends, I muſt be gone, I have no home nor ſtay with you: I'll
take my ſtaff and travel on, 'Till I a better world can view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's

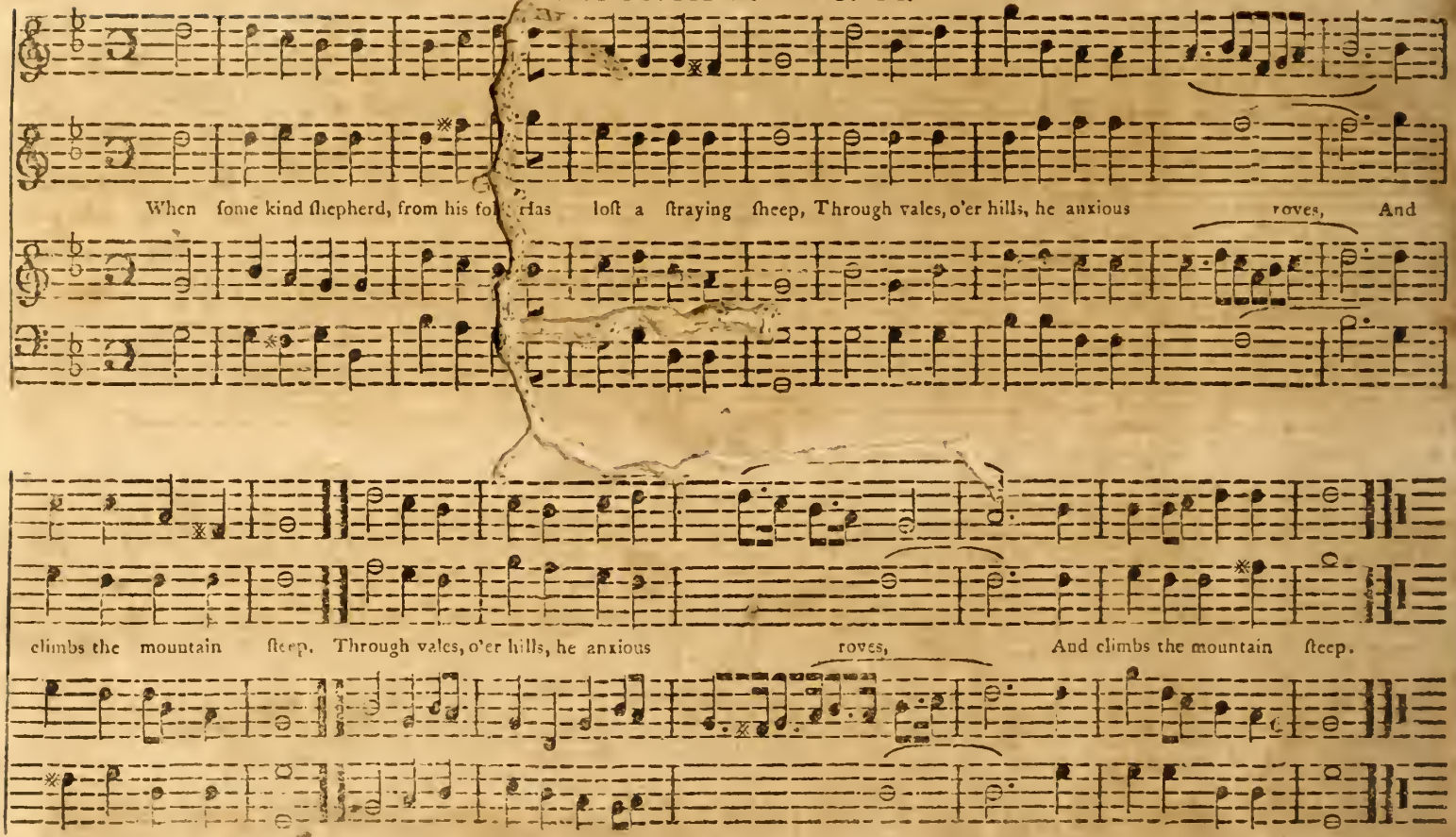
Soft and Slow. Loud and Quick.

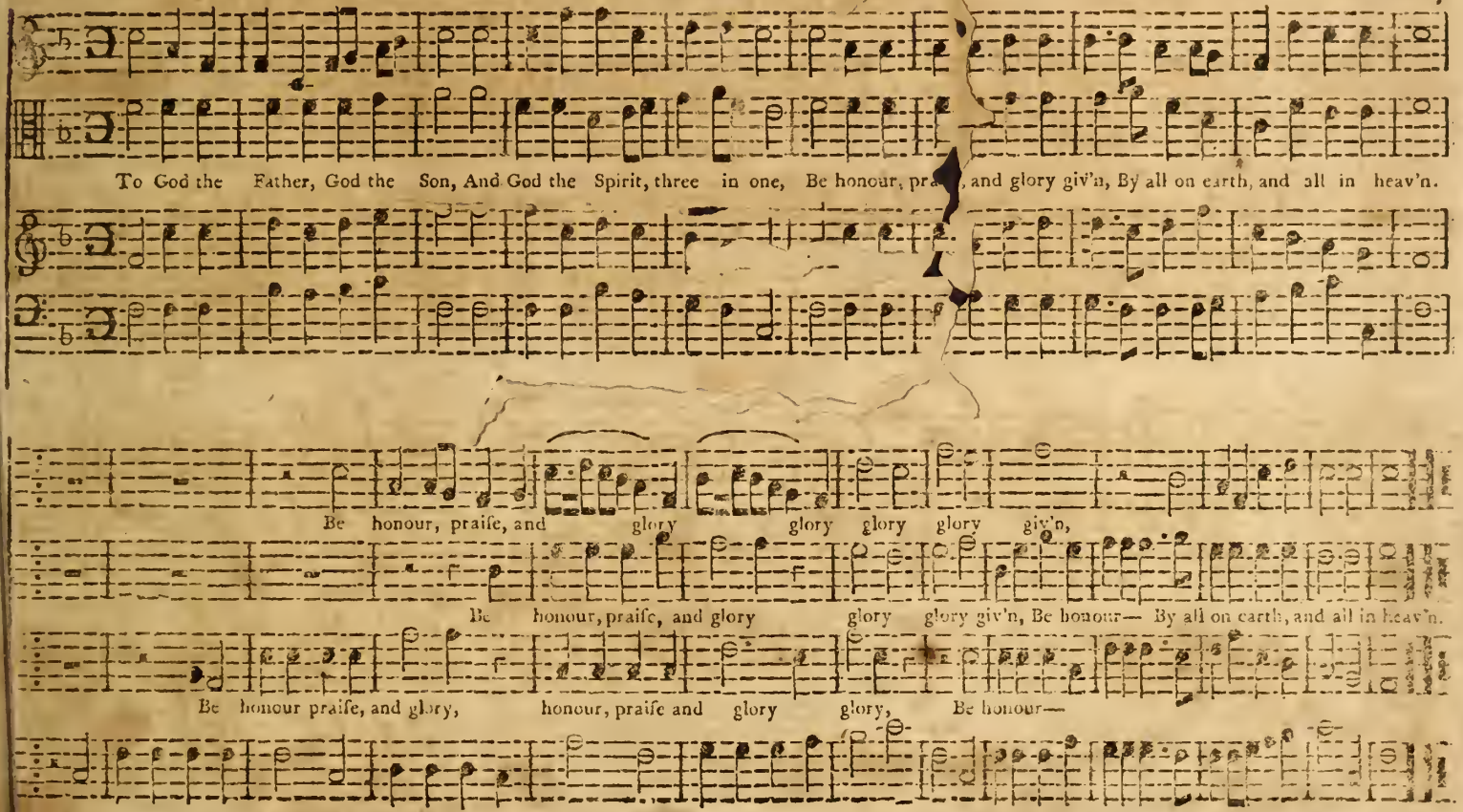


DORCHESTER. L. M.



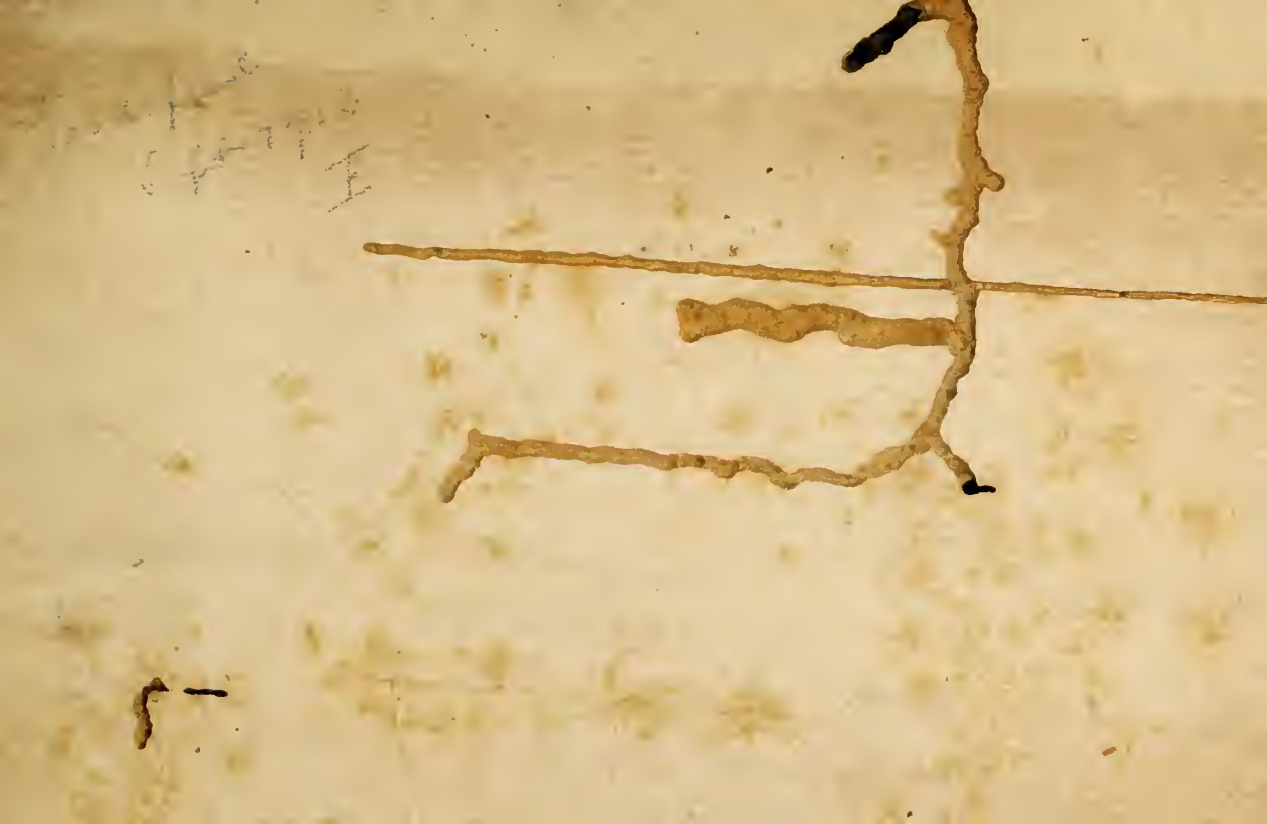

Why should— And—
should my paſſions mix with earth, And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth ; Why should I cleave to things below Why should I cleave to things below, And
1 2
let my God, my Saviour, go? Why should I cleave to things below, And let my God, my Saviour, go!

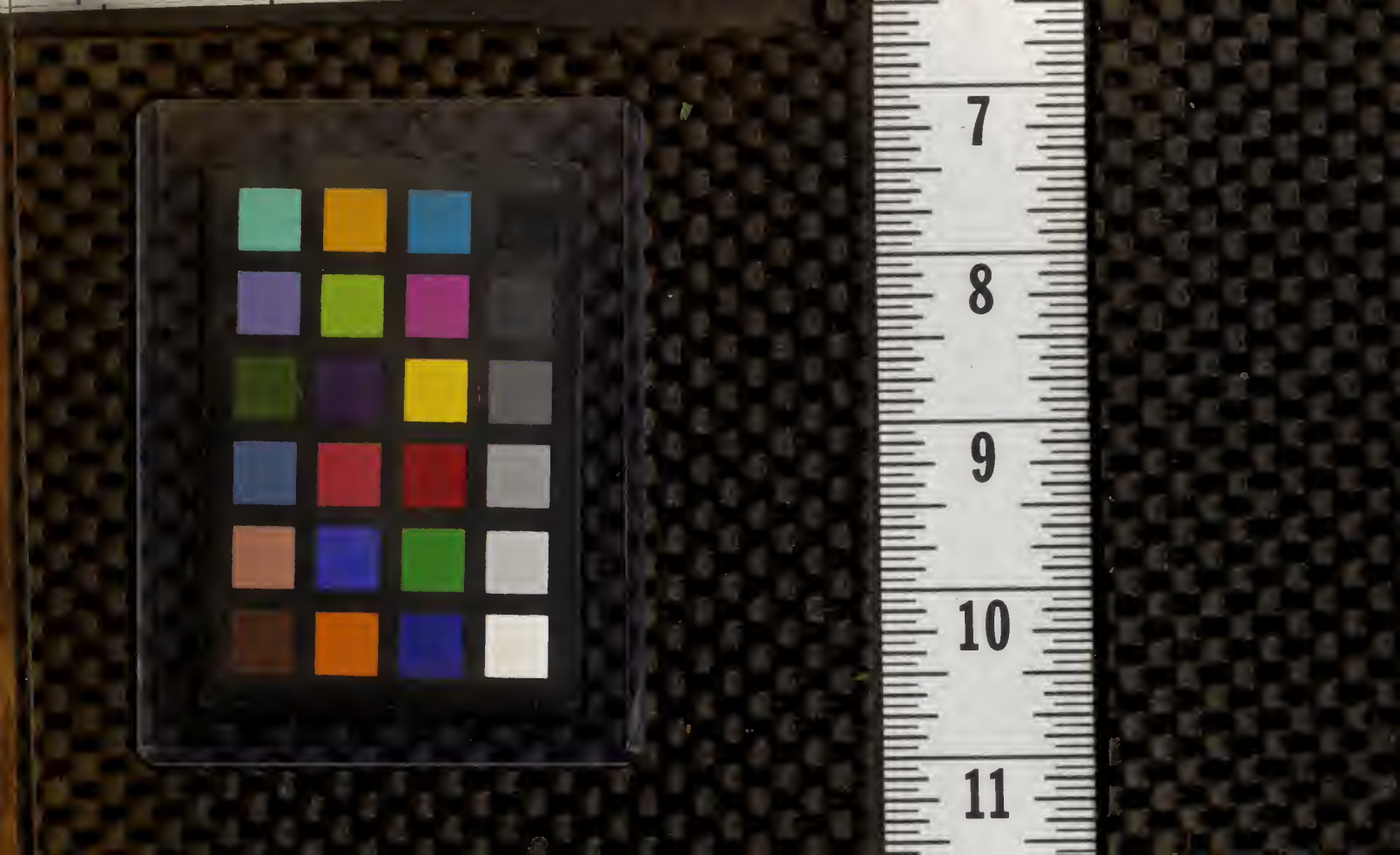

When ſome kind ſhepherd, from his fol[illegible] has loſt a ſtraying ſheep, Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And
climbs the mountain ſteep. Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And climbs the mountain ſteep.


To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, three in one, Be honour, pra[illegible], and glory giv'n, By all on earth, and all in heav'n.
Be honour, praise, and glory glory glory glory giv'n,
Be honour, praise, and glory glory glory giv'n, Be honour— By all on earth, and all in heav'n.
Be honour praise, and glory, honour, praise and glory glory, Be honour—

INDEX.

ADMIRATION,	C		98
Affection,	L	*Janes,*	115
America,	S	———	48
Amherst,	H	*Billings,*	101
Amoskeag,	C	*Holyoke,*	108
Amity,	P	*Read,*	96
Arlington,	C	*Arne,*	80
Association,	P	*French*	104
Bristol,	L	*Swan,*	18
Bright Reversion,	L	*Holden,*	21
Brownson,	C	*Brownson,*	49
Castle-street,	L	*Addington,*	17
Calvary,	L	*Janes,*	116
China,	C	*Swan*	68
Christian Soldier,	S	*Read,*	38
Christmas Hymn,	L	*Stephenson,*	9
Chockfett,	C	*Mitchel*	77
Christmas,	C	*Madan,*	89
Christmas,	P	———	92
Colchester,	C	———	54
Concord,	L	*Belknap,*	13
Concord,	S	*Holden,*	39
Confidence,	L	*Holden,*	10
Condescension	H	———	66
Contemplation,	L	*Ellis,*	24
Contemplation,	L	*W. Read,*	35
Complaint,	L	*Parmenter,*	32
Coronation,	C	*Holden,*	54
Danbury,	S	*Sumner,*	42
Dedication,	H	———	[illegible]
Deep Rest,	C	*Wright,*	[illegible]
Delight,	P	*Coan,*	72
Despair,	C	*Janes,*	85
Detroit,	P	*Carpenter,*	91
Devotion,	L	*Read,*	26
Doomsday,	S	*Wood,*	48
Dorchester,	L	*Babcock,*	125
Doxology,	L	*Read,*	127
Emanuel,	[illegible]	*Billings,*	121
Enfield,	C	[illegible]	[illegible]
Exhortation,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Extollation,	L	*Janes,*	36
Evening Hymn,	S	———	46
Fairlee,	L	*Holden,*	33
Florida,	S	———	43
Funeral Hymn,	C	*Holden,*	102
Ganges,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Greenwich,	L	*Read,*	12
Greenfield,	P	*Edson,*	99
Harmony,	P	*Ellis,*	105
Happiness,	L	———	68
Hellespont,	C	———	75
Hope,	S	———	45
Howland,	C	———	88
Italy,	L	———	95
Judgment,	P	*Read,*	94
Justice,	L	*Goff,*	30
Kimbolton,	L	———	16
Lenox,	P	*Edson,*	103
Lisbon,	S	*Read,*	39
London,	L	*Swan,*	107
[illegible]	C	*Billings,*	60
Messiah,	L	*French,*	15
Montgomery,	C	*Morgan,*	52
Montague,	L	*Swan,*	34
Morning,	C	*Read,*	58
Mortality,	C	*Weeks,*	61
Mortality,	L	*Read,*	37
Moulines,	C	———	74
Mountain,	C	*Holden,*	126
Newport,	L	*Read,*	11
Newburg,	S	*Munson,*	44
New-Jerusalem,	C	*Ingals,*	57
New-Durham,	C	*Austin,*	65
New-Triumph,	L	*Janes,*	120
Northfield,	C	*Ingals,*	110
Northampton,	[illegible]	*Mann,*	112
[illegible]	[illegible]	*Smith,*	67
Ode on Science,	[illegible]	*Sumner,*	118
Old Hundred,	L	———	23
Panton,	L	*Coan,*	20
Paradise,	L	*Holden,*	27
Paris,	L	*Billings,*	31
Persia,	L	*Holden,*	114
Philadelphia,	L	———	28
Philadelphia,	P	———	81
Pilgrim's Farewell,	L	*French,*	123
Plymton,	C	*Arnold,*	73
Plymouth,	C	———	64
Protection,	P	———	90
Psalm 46,	P	*Chandler,*	97
Psalm 46,	P	*Bull,*	93
Reflection,	C	[illegible]	111
Refuge,	H	*Ellis,*	106
Richmond,	L	———	29
Russia,	L	*Read,*	33
Sardis,	C	*Mitchel,*	76
Shelburne,	C	———	62
Sherburne,	C	*Read,*	51
Spring,	L	*Doolittle,*	25
Southwark,	P	———	113
Stafford,	S	*Read,*	40
St. Sebastian's,	C	*Will.*col.	80
Submission,	C	———	69
Summons,	P	*Janes,*	122
Sunday,	C	*Babcock,*	71
Sutton,	C	*Goff.,*	64
Symphony,	P	*Morgan,*	100
Triumph,	L	*Read,*	22
Tilden,	L	*Brown,*	79
Troy,	S	*Peck,*	41
Venus,	S	———	86
Victory,	C	*Read,*	55
Virginia,	C	*Swan,*	55
Vision,	C	———	50
Wells,	L	———	26
Windham,	L	*Read,*	19
Winter,	C	*Read,*	53
Wilmington,	C		59
Woburn,	L	*Kimbal,*	14
Wrentham,	P	*Billings,*	70
Yarmouth,	S	*Kimbal,*	47
Ordination Anthem,	[illegible]	[illegible]	82

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9
10
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