

T H E
Harmonist's Companion.

CONTAINING
A Number of AIRS suitable for DIVINE WORSHIP :
TOGETHER WITH
An ANTHEM for EASTER, and a MASONIC ODE.
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

COMPOSED BY DANIEL BELKNAP,
TEACHER OF MUSIC, IN FRAMINGHAM.

Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.—PSAL. cxliix. 1.

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P R E F A C E.

THE design of the following Publication, is to furnish Schools and Musical Societies with a number of original AIRS suited to Divine Worship; two pieces only, except those which are especially adapted to that important purpose, are therefore inserted.

A VIEW of the TEMPLE, a Masonic Ode, which appears in this Work, was set to musick by particular desire, and performed by the Author with several Brethren of the Fraternity, at the Installation of MIDDLESEX LODGE of Free and Accepted Masons, in Framingham, in 1795.

Books of this kind are commonly presented to the Public with a very concise Introduction; which may apologize for the omission here. Should the present Publication meet the approbation of a generous community, some further attempts of the kind, both to please and improve, may be expected from

their most obedient

and very humble Servant,

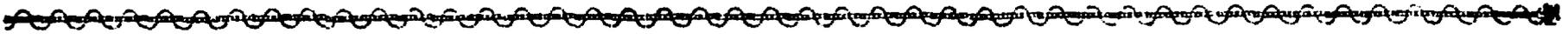
THE AUTHOR.

FRAMINGHAM, Sept. 11, 1797.



T H E

HARMONIST'S COMPANION.



Saybrook. - C. M.

For seven voices.

Lively and Accent.

The musical score consists of six staves. The top five staves are vocal parts, and the bottom staff is a basso continuo line. The music is in common time (C.M.) and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "There is a house not made with hands, Eternal and on high, And here my spirit waiting stands, 'Till God shall bid it fly." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. There are also performance instructions like "And here, &c." and "Till, &c." interspersed throughout the music. The basso continuo line is written in a simplified style with circles and lines.

Spring. C. M.

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

He calls, &c.

He calls, &c. He

calls the warmer gales to blow,

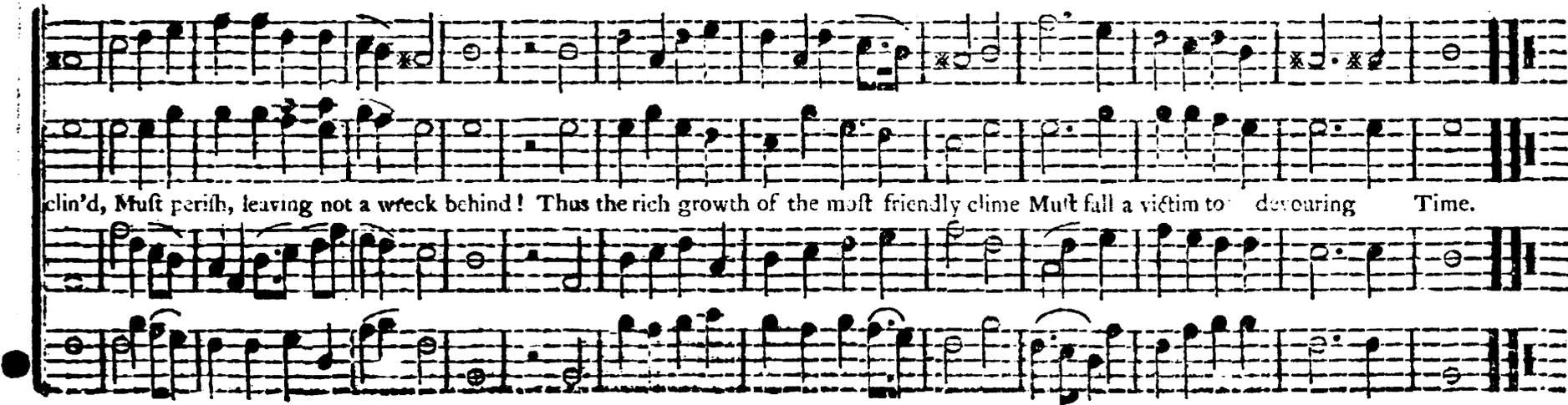
And bids the spring return:

calls the warmer gales to blow,

Summer. P. M.



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



clin'd, Must perish, leaving not a wreck behind! Thus the rich growth of the most friendly clime Must fall a victim to devouring Time.

Culham-Street. L. M.

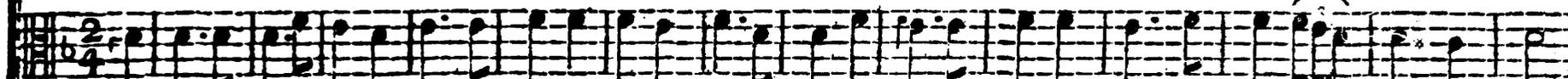
Pia.

'Tis finish'd; for the Saviour cry'd, And meckly bow'd his head and dy'd. 'Tis finish'd; yes, the

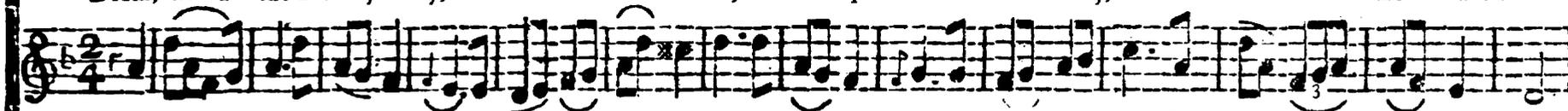
Fer.

race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won. 'Tis finish'd; yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.

Whale Rock. C. M.



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



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



Blue Hill. L. M.

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

Infinite lengths, &c.

Infinite lengths, &c.

Infinite lengths, &c.

finite lengths beyond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where stars re - volve their little rounds.

Where stars, &c.

Holliston. S. M.

Your harps, ye trembling faints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of
 Loud to the praise, &c.

to the praise, &c.
 Christ our Lord, Bid ev'ry sinner awake.
 Bid ev'ry, &c.
 Bid B ev'ry, &c.

Southborough. L. M.

See where, &c. See where, &c.

See where he languish'd on the cross; Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd. See where, &c.

See where, &c. See where, &c.

See where he fits to plead my cause, See where he fits to

By his, &c.

By his, &c.

By his, &c.

plead my cause, By his Almighty Father's side, By his Almighty Father's side.

Syria. L. M.

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

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The third and fourth staves continue the vocal and piano parts respectively. The lyrics are printed below the second staff.

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

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The third and fourth staves continue the vocal and piano parts respectively. The lyrics are printed below the second staff. There are some markings above the first staff, including 'Ba.' and 'Ter.'.

Mankind must all return to dust, From whence their nature sprung at first; They soon shall wither like a flow'r, Which grows and lives but just an hour.

They soon, &c.

They soon, &c.

They soon, &c.

They soon shall huddle to the grave, They soon must quit the slender stage, The feeble thread will soon be cut, Millions are turning to their dust.

Raynham. S. M.

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

'Till

'Till death, &c.

'Till death, &c.

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

death, &c.

Pine-Hill. C. M.

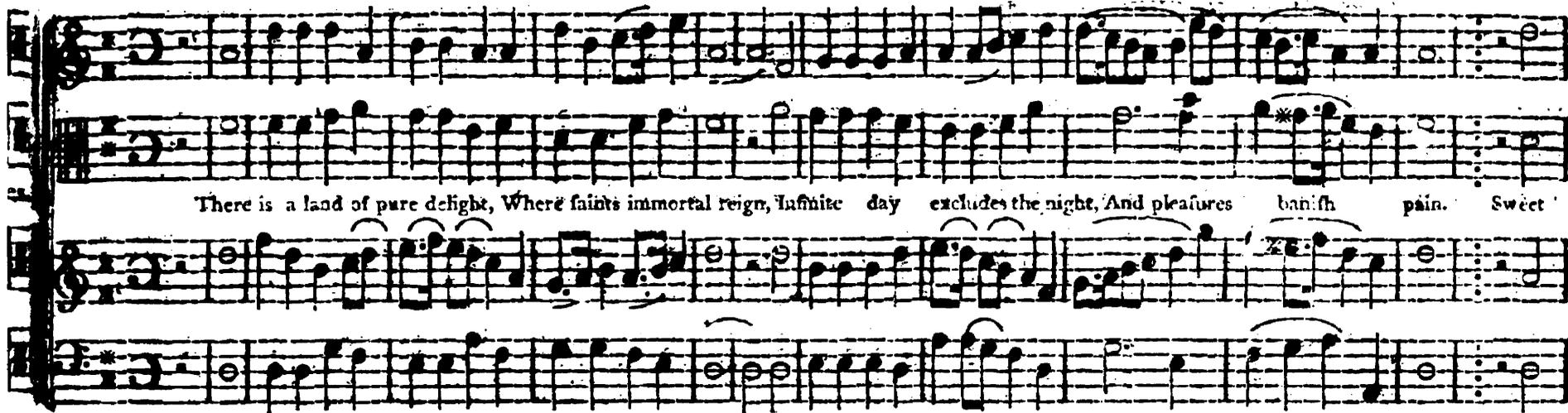
In the full choir a broken string Groans with a strange surprise; The rest in silence mourn their King, Who bleeds, and loves, and dies.

Lynn. P. M.

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

Shoreham. C. M.

15



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 flood, While Jordan roll'd between.

Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare his way, Thunder, &c.

Thunder, &c.

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

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