

Nov 8
Nov 1820

THE
KENTUCKY HARMONIST,
BEING
A CHOICE SELECTION OF SACRED MUSIC,
FROM THE
MOST EMINENT AND APPROVED AUTHORS IN THAT SCIENCE,

FOR THE USE OF
Christian Churches, of every denomination, Singing Schools, and Private Societies ;
TOGETHER WITH
AN EXPLANATION OF THE RULES AND PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION, AND RULES FOR LEARNERS.

SECOND EDITION.

~~~~~  
**BY SAMUEL L. METCALF.**  
~~~~~

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.
MORGAN, LODGE AND CO. PRINTERS:

8204000000000

1820.

The United States of America, District of Kentucky, sci.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on this first day of November, A. D. 1817, and in the forty-second year of our independence, Samuel L. Metcalf, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author and proprietor, in the words following to wit :

“The Kentucky Harmonist, being a choice selection of Sacred Music, from the most eminent and approved authors in that science, for the use of Christian Churches of every denomination, Singing Schools and Private Societies; together with an explanation of the rules and principles of composition, and rules for learners: by Samuel L. Metcalf.”

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled “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 supplementary to an act entitled “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.”

JOHN H. HANNA,
Clerk of the District of Kentucky.

PREFACE.

WITH sentiments of gratitude for the ample patronage with which his first efforts have been favored, the compiler offers to the public a second edition of the KENTUCKY HARMONIST, hoping it may, in some degree, contribute to the improvement of Sacred Harmony, in the Western Country.

Several tunes of the former edition have, in this selection, been omitted, and such as are more substantial, and better adapted to the use of churches substituted in their place. In making these alterations we have gone as far, perhaps, as would be consistent with due regard to the progressive improvement of the public taste.

One principal object of this selection has been to check the present reigning passion for light and frivolous music, and to inspire a taste for that sublime simplicity of expression which characterizes the melodies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Let it not be supposed that we are in the slightest degree partial to the modern complicated and fugueing music, because a few such pieces have been introduced into this work. The respect due to public opinion, and the necessity of a suitable variety, have induced me to depart a little from my own taste. It is the solemn, the chaste, and the simple music, which recommends itself to the lovers of classical harmony, and which alone is worthy of being practised in our churches. The most that we know about the music of the ancients, is, that it was remarkable for its simplicity, and for the effects which it produced.*

Although I consider the fugue improper to be introduced into the harmony of the church, it may be used on many occasions with much propriety. The great difficulty attending these pieces, is, that by the too frequent repetition of their parts, they not only perplex those who sing, but also render the words almost unintelligible to those who listen.

Let me now hope, that with those, whose taste for music is highly cultivated, the following juvenile performance may find a reasonable apology; as the only time which I have been enabled to devote to its preparation, was a Christmas recess from the duties of College.

Samuel L. Metcalf.

Lexington, December 31, 1819.

* The reader may find some excellent observations on this subject, in a letter from Dr. Franklin to Lord Kaimes. 2d. Vol. *Franklin's Works*.

AN ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN, NATURE, AND MORAL TENDENCY OF MUSIC.

THE history of the first dawn of every science is, more or less, obscured by a cloud of fiction and mythological romance. The first inventor of harmony illudes our discovery from the same causes which leave us ignorant of those who first invented each particular science. The original inventors could only advance one step, their successors afterwards made more sensible improvements, and the first imperfect attempts in every art were lost in the more extensive and striking views to which they led. Thus the invention of music is far from being due to any particular man, or to any nation exclusively. Some facts were at first discovered by accident; soon afterwards reflection and observation investigated others; and from thence philosophers were not slow in forming a body of science, which afterwards increased by degrees. To me it seems difficult to account for its origin, otherwise than by admitting its principles to be deeply implanted in the nature of man. If this idea be correct, it serves to show that there can be no error in placing the date of music as coeval with the first existence of man. From the very commencement of society there were occasions on which men assembled together for feasts, sacrifices, and public celebrations. At all of these, music and song made a principal part of their entertainment. The most just, and perhaps the most comprehensive definition, which has been given of poetry and music, is, that they are the language of passion, or of enlivened imagination, excited by the contemplation of objects, sublime and affecting in their nature. How could men behold the beauties and wonders of creation; such as the firmament of Heaven; the boundless expanse of the ocean; the flash of lightning, followed by the bursting of thunder, the raging of the tempest, and the dashing of resounding waves, without having their imaginations fired with enthusiastic admiration? How could rational beings contemplate the lustre of the rising and setting sun; the sparkling concave of the midnight sky; the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening, without bursting into rapturous effusions of poetry and song? Thus, if we trace the history of these two arts, we shall find that they began their career together, were prompted by the same occasions, united in the same character, and were never separated until civilization and national refinement had made considerable progress. The relation of music to poetry is proved by its power of raising a variety of agreeable emotions in the mind, and from its never appearing to the best advantage but with poetry for its interpreter. The most ancient form of poetry with which we are acquainted, is the ode; the peculiar characteristic of which, is, that it was intended to be sung, or accompanied with the lyre. Hence it received the name of ode, which, in Greek, is the same with song or hymn. Of this kind of poetry the old testament is full. "It was under this form," says Dr. Blair, "that the original bards poured forth their enthusiastic strains, praised their gods and heroes, celebrated their victories, and lamented their misfortunes; and that it is from this circumstance, of the ode's being originally united with music, that we are to deduce the proper idea of lyric poetry."

As a proof of the high estimation in which music and poetry were held by the ancients, nearly all their writings, of any considerable importance, have been handed down in verse. We are also informed that "the laws, moral instructions, the memoirs of illustrious characters, the theology and history of nations, were, in the first ages, sung by their bards to the sound of the lyre."

Here it may be proper to remark with what admirable precision the diversities of sound correspond to all the varieties of mental affection.—Different tones of music produce different passions and sentiments in the human mind. Courage and the ardor of patriotism, for instance, are apt to be aroused by bold and animating tones of voice: joy and hilarity by those that are elevated and sprightly. Some there are which inspire love and a train of soft ideas; that melt the soul into pity and tenderness and soothe it again to pleasure. There are also the soft and pensive strains of music, which inspire with sorrow and melancholy of mind. Such "was the music of Carryl," spoken of by Ossian "like the memory of joys that are past, sweet and mournful to the soul." Music may inspire devotion, compassion, tranquility, and many other agreeable emotions; but it has no expression for impiety, cruelty, hatred, or discontent, if not perverted from its original purity. Therefore it is an art truly noble, which can express only what is sublime and lovely in the mind of man. So exalted were the notions which some of the ancient philosophers and fathers entertained on this subject, that we find Plato, Philo, St. Augustine, and many others strangely possessed with the sublime but hypothetical doctrine of the harmony of the spheres. They supposed that the regular and sweetly tuned motions of the heavenly globes, performing their respective revolutions with such immense velocity, and continually impelled by the atmosphere, must yield a set of sounds, which would form an admirable symphony or concert. This splendid supposition, however, seems to dwindle into absurdity, if we admit (according to the doctrine of Sir Isaac Newton) that the planets move in a vacuum.

We come now to speak of the natural effects and moral tendency of music. The effects of music upon the mind, are chiefly two; to raise it above its ordinary state and fill it with high and enthusiastic emotions; or to soothe and melt it into gentle and pleasurable feelings. "Music has naturally a great power over all men to prompt and facilitate certain emotions; inasmuch, that there are hardly any dispositions which we wish to raise in others, but certain sounds may be formed concordant to those dispositions, and tending to promote them." Such is the frame of our nature, that the different tones of music excite emotions congenial with themselves.

But let it be observed, that though music has the power of exciting all human affections, yet it never inspires any that are not of the virtuous and ennobling cast. "Hence," says the elegant and judicious Dr. Campbell, "it is friendly to every passion which forms the dignity and happiness of human kind. It sweetens the temper, refines and ennoble the mind, and elevates the powers of the soul to the contemplation of moral beauty." Such was the reputation of its beneficial effects, among the ancients, in softening the manners of rude and uncivilized nations, that we find Polybus ascribing the humanity of the Arcadians to its influence, and the barbarity of their neighbors the Cynaethians to their neglect of it. Nearly all the writings of the early poets are full of the fame and wonders of ancient music. The Grecians boast of their Orpheus, who, by the melody of his strains soothed the savage beasts of the forest, and drew them after him by the sweetness of his lyre.* The most enlightened of the Greeks and Romans believed that certain bodily pains might be alleviated by certain sounds: and we have it on the best authority, that one species, at least, of madness, was once curable by melody.† Seneca also mentions of Maecenas, "that having dragged out three sleepless years, through care and

* *Mulcentem tigres, et agentem carmine quercus.*—*Virgil.*

† First book of Samuel, chap. XVI. verse 23.

anxiety of mind, he was at last restored to health and tranquility, by music performed at a distance. And the modern records of pathology afford many instances of melancholy and madness, dying away before the sacred magick of sound. The famous Luther, who was sorely afflicted with depression of spirits, has left the following testimony in its favor:—"Next to Theology I give the highest place to music, for thereby all anger is forgotten, also melancholy, and many tribulations and evil thoughts are driven away." Dr. Rush in his observations on the diseases of the mind, says, that plaintive tunes are more useful in the case of hypochondriasis, than such as are of a sprightly nature; and he relates a circumstance of his attending a citizen of Philadelphia, occasionally, in paroxysms of this disease, who informed him that he was cured of one of them by hearing *Old Hundred* sung in a country church. His disease, he said, instantly went off in a stream of tears.

Having mentioned some of the natural effects produced by musick; we shall now make a few observations relative to its propriety and use in the Ordinances of Religion. It is the tendency of sacred musick, under proper regulations, to remove the hindrances of our devotion, to cure the distraction of our thoughts, to banish weariness from our minds, and to promote purity of heart. "It adds solemnity to the public service, raises all the devout affections in the soul, and causes our duty to become our delight." Many Christians know by happy experience, the wonderful effects of sacred musick, in elevating their souls to heavenly contemplation. That this is the employment of angels, and the just made perfect, is abundantly evident from many passages of scripture. Isaiah, speaking of the certainty of Gods salvation, says, "the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion;" and, St. John in his vision of the blest, exclaims, "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Rev. 7, chap. 9, 10, "I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps: and they sung as it were a new song before the throne. And after these things, I heard a great voice of much people, in heaven, saying alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God. Rev. 19. 1. We would then exhort those who are young, whose minds are not yet darkened and depraved by vice and infidelity, to open their souls to the secret and benign influence of religion. Let your views be expanded and your hearts elevated by the ennobling prospects of a blessed immortality; that you may be prepared to join the song of "the general assembly and church of the first born in heaven! Unto him that loved us, and washed us for our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and to his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Adagio, (or *Ado.*) slow.

Affettuoso, or *Con Affetto*, tenderly.

Allegretto, a little brisk.

Allegro, (or *Allo.*) brisk.

Allegro ma non troppo, brisk but not too fast.

Alto, or *Altus*, the Contra Tenor.

Andante, distinct, exact.

Andantino, very exact and slow.

Amoroso, see *affettuoso*.

Anthem, a portion of scripture set to music.

Bis, signifies a repeat.

Cadences, are closes in music, similar in effect to stops in reading.

Cantabile, in a graceful and melodious style; an extreme cadence made by the principal performer while the rest stop.

Canon, a regular and exact fuge, in either the unison, fifth, or eighth. In these pieces one singer begins alone, and when he comes either to the end of his part, or to a repeat, if written on one staff, a second begins, then a third, in like manner, and so of the rest.

Canto, or *Cantus*, the treble.

Capella, a chapel or church, as *Alla Capella*, in church style.

Chorus, full, all the voices.

Con, as *Con Spirito*, with spirit.

Crescendo, (or *Cres.*) to swell the sound.

Con Lamento, in a melancholy style.

Da Capo, (or *D. C.*) to repeat and conclude with the first part.

Diminuendo, to diminish the sound.

Dolce, sweet and soft.

Duo, *Duetto*, for two voices or instruments.

Del Signo, (or *D. S.*) from the sign.

E, and, as *Moderato e Mestoso*, moderate and majestic.

Fagotto, the bassoon part.

Fine, the end of a piece or book.

Forte, (or *For.*) loud.

Fortissimo, (or *F. F.*) very loud.

Fuga, or *Fugue*, a piece in which one or more parts lead, and the others follow in regular intervals.

Grazioso, gracefully, with taste.

Grave, the slowest time.

Larghetto, pretty slow.

Largo, *Lentamente* or *Lento*, very slow.

Ligature, a slur.

Mestoso, slow, firm and bold.

Moderato, moderately.

Mottetto, a kind of Latin anthem.

Mezzo, moderately, rather, as *Mezzo Forte*, moderately loud; *Mezzo Piano*, rather soft.

Organo, the organ part.

Piano, (or *Pia.*) soft.

Piu, prefixed to another word, increases its force.

Poco, the contrary of *Piu*.

Presto, quick.

Prestissimo, very quick.

Primo, the first part.

Pianissimo, *Pianis* or *P. P.* very soft.

Pomposo, in a grand or pompous style.

Recitative, a kind of musical recitation between speaking and singing.

Ritornello, see *symphony*.

Seconda, the second part.

Semi Chorus, half the voices.

Siciliano, a slow graceful movement in compound time.

Solo, for a single voice or instrument.

Soprano, the treble.

Spiritoso, or *Con Spirito*, with spirit.

Staccato, very distinct and pointed.

Sotto Voce, middling strength of voice.

Symphony, a passage for instruments.

Tempo, time; as *A Tempo* or *Tempo Giusto*, in true time.

Trio, a piece in three parts.

Tempo di Marcia.

Tutto, when all join after a solo.

Thorough Bass, the instrumental bass, with figures for the organ.

Vere, one voice to a part.

Vivace, with life and spirit.

Voltu Subito, turn over quick.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

ON THE INTERVALS IN MUSIC.

THE distance between any two notes, whether remote or immediate, is called an interval. These intervals are called tones, semitones, thirds, fifths, &c. which I will endeavor to explain in regular order. It is universally agreed by authors, in our day, that an octave (or eighth of music) contains five whole and two semitones; that sounds naturally succeed each other in music, ascending from the key note of the major mood to the second, a tone; from the second to the third, a tone; from the third to the fourth, a semitone; from the fourth to the fifth, a tone; from the fifth to the sixth, a tone; from the sixth to the seventh, a tone; and from the 7th to the 8th, a semitone; but when reckoning from the key note of the minor mood, the semitones lie between the 2d and 3d, and 5th and 6th: wherefore this order of tones and semitones is called the Natural Scale of Music.

THE GAMUT, OR GENERAL SCALE,

EXHIBITING THE CONNEXION AND PITCH OF THE SEVERAL PARTS TOGETHER.

TREBLE.

G 22

F-21

E*20

D-19

C 18

B*17

TENOR.

G 15

F-14

E 13

D-12

C 11

B*10

A 9

G-8

F 7

E-6

B 10

A-9

G 8

F-7

E*6

D-5

BASS.

C 4 natural key note of the major mood.

B*3

A 2 natural key note of the minor mood.

G-1

COUNTER.

A 16

G-15

F 14

E-13

D 12

C-11

B*10

A-9

G 8

F-7

A 16

G-15

F 14

E-13

D 12

C-11

B*10

A-9

G 8

F-7

B

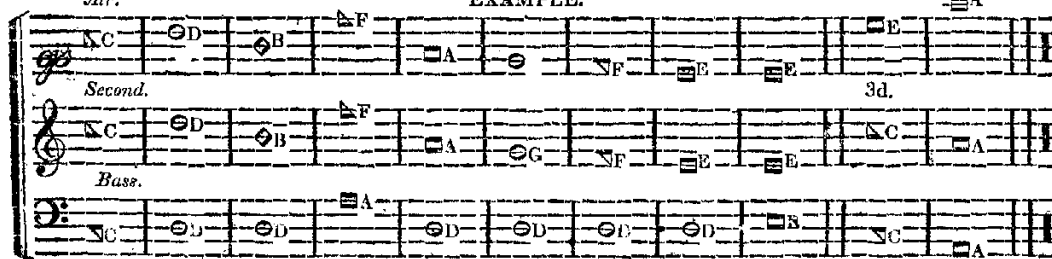
THE RUDIMENTS

The foregoing scale comprises three octaves, or 22 sounds. The F Cliff  used on the fourth-line in the Bass, shows that the line upon which it is placed is the 7th sound of the general scale. The first G Cliff  used on the second line in the Tenor, shows that the line upon which it is placed is the 8th sound of the general scale. The C Cliff  used on the third line of the Counter, shows that the line to which it belongs is the 11th sound of the general scale. The 2d G Cliff  placed on the second line of the Treble, shows that the line to which it belongs is the 15th sound of the general scale. The figures show the corresponding sounds in the several parts. The stars show the natural place of the semitones.

By attending to the preceding scale, the order of tones and semitones will appear as above stated. Three octaves being more than any common voice can perform, we therefore assign the Bass to the gravest, and the Tenor to the highest voices of men; the Treble to females; the Counter to boys and the lowest voices of women. Two sounds equally high or equally low, however unequal their force, are said to be in unison one with the other. Consequently E on the lower line of the Treble stave is in unison with E on the fourth space in the Tenor; and E on the third space in the Bass is in unison with E on the lower line in the Tenor, and an octave below E on the lower line in the Treble. See the general scale.

From any one letter in the general scale to another of the same name, the interval is an octave—thus: as from B to B, D to D, E to E, &c. Agreeably to the F and G Cliffs used in the geneaal scale, a note on any line or space in the Bass is a 6th below a note on a corresponding line or space in the Tenor, and a 13th below a note in the Treble occupying the same line or space. Suppose we place a note on D, middle line of the Bass, another on B, middle line of the Tenor, the interval will appear as just stated: and to find any other interval, count either ascending or descending as the case may require.

Air. EXAMPLE. -A



Octave. ditto 6th ditto 5th 4th 3d 2d unison octave double oct.

In the preceding example the notes in the air and second are in unison with each other. But by assigning the air to female voices, and the second to men's an octave must be added to the notes in the second; because the voices of females are an octave more acute than the voices of men. In this case the interval between the bass and second in the first bar would be a 15th, or double octave; in the third bar, the note on B in the air, a 13th above D in the Bass, &c. It must be observed, likewise, that an octave and a second, make a 9th; an octave and a third, make a 10th; an octave and a fourth, a 11th; an octave and a fifth, a 12th; an octave and a sixth, a 13th; an octave and a seventh, a 14th; two octaves a 15th, &c. always including the first and last notes.

PRINCIPLES AND RULES OF COMPOSITION.

Composition is not only the art of composing an agreeable air, but also that of combining a great many airs in such a manner, that when heard at the same time, they may unite in producing an effect agreeable and delightful to the ear.* This is what we call *composing music in several parts*.

The following table exhibits a view of all the different intervals used in composition. Every tune is composed of imperfect as well perfect chords; and some there are which admit with great propriety the occasional introduction of a dischord. The meaning of imperfect, is, that it wants a semitone of its perfection to what it does when it is perfect; for as the lesser, or imperfect third, includes but three-half tones; the greater or major third includes four half tones.

* Those who are desirous of obtaining a more minute and extensive knowledge of music than is to be acquired from these pages, are referred to M. Rousseau's very learned and philosophical treatise on that science.

TABLE OF CONCHORDS AND DISCHORDS.

semi- tones.	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
An unison	Flat	Sharp	Flat	Sharp	Flat	Sharp	Flat	Sharp	Flat	Sharp	Flat	Sharp	Flat	An octave, or 8th
1st or most perfect chord	2d A dischord	2d A dischord	3d An imperfect chord	3d An imperfect chord	4th A dischord	4th Concinnous sound	5th Concinnous sound	5th Perfect chord	6th An imperfect chord	6th An imperfect chord	7th A dischord	7th A dischord	8th Perfect chord	
Semi-tones	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Intervals or degrees.	2d.	2d.	3d.	3d.	4th.	4th.	5th.	5th.	6th.	6th.	7th.	7th.	8th.	

* * This is considered as the bass stave, but may be applied to any other part.

By this table it may be seen that the intervals called

perfect chords	} contain	{	0, 7 or 12 semitones
imperfect chords			3, 4, 8 or 9 do.
dischords			1, 2, 10 or 11 do.
concinnous sounds			6 semitones.

TERMS BY WHICH THE DIFFERENT INTERVALS IN THE TABLE ARE DENOMINATED.

A *minor second* is an interval of but one semitone. The interval between B and C, in the foregoing table, is a minor second.

A *major second* is an interval of one tone, as from C to D, or from *faw* to *sol*.

A *minor third* consists of one tone and a semitone; as from A to C, or from *law* to *faw*.

A *major third* consists of two whole tones; as from C to E, or from *faw* to *law*.

A *flat fourth* contains two tones and a semitone; as from C to F, or from *faw* to *faw*.

A *sharp fourth* contains three tones, and is called triton, or the greater fourth. The interval between F and B is a sharp fourth.

A *flat fifth* contains two tones and two semitones. The interval from B to F is a flat fifth; it is the inversion of the sharp fourth.

A *perfect fifth* contains three tones and one semitone; as from C to G, or from *faw* to *sol*.

A *minor sixth* contains three tones and two semitones. The interval between B & G is a minor sixth.

A *major sixth* contains four tones and one semitone. The interval between C & A is a major sixth.

A *minor seventh* contains four tones and two semitones; or from A to G, or from *law* to *sol*.

A *major seventh* contains five tones and one semitone; as from C to B, or *faw* to *mi*.

The *octave* is composed of five tones and two semitones. The preceding intervals are counted ascending or upwards.

Note.—It may be particularly remembered that the semitones always lie between *mi* and *faw*, and *law* and *faw*.

ON THE KEY NOTES IN MUSIC.

The last note in the Bass is the key note. It is the predominant tone, and contains the air of the tune. It is the first note above, or the next below *mi*. If it is above *mi*, it is a major, or sharp key; if below, it is a minor, or flat key. The sharp key note is always *faw*, but the flat key note is always *law*. Tunes in the major key are expressive of the lively and cheerful passions; and those in the minor key are adapted to the mournful and the plaintive. In the major key every 3d, 6th and 7th, is half a tone higher than in the minor, as will appear from the following SCALE, showing the difference of the two keys.

SHARP KEY.		FLAT KEY.	
12	♯—8th	♭—8th	12
11	♯—7th	♭—7th	11
10			10
9	♯—6th	♭—6th	9
8			8
7	♯—5th	♭—5th	7
6			6
5	♯—4th	♭—4th	5
4	♯—3d.	♭—3d.	4
3			3
2	♯—2d.	♭—2d.	2
1			1
	♯—1st	♭—1st	

The figures in the table show the intervals, as 3d, 6th, 7th, &c.
The figures each side show the number of semitones.

Although C is the natural letter for the major key, and A that of the minor, it often becomes absolutely necessary to remove the key, which is done by the aid of flats and sharps. To prove the utility of removing the key, I will produce one example, which I think will suffice. Let the tune "Amherst" be written on key note C, instead of G, its proper key, and few voices would be able to perform it: thus the Tenor of Amherston G, its proper key from the repeat.



A SCALE OF NOTES, AND THEIR PROPORTION.

	Sol	Law	Mi	Faw	Rests
Semibreves - -					
Minims - . .					
Crotchets -					
Quavers					
Semiquavers -					
Demisemiquavers					

Notes are marks of sound. One semibreve is equal in time to two minims, four crotchets, eight quavers, sixteen semiquavers, thirty-two demisemiquavers. Rests are marks of silence, equal in time to the notes after which they are called, except the semibreve rest, which fills a bar in all moods of time.

RULES TO FIND THE MI.

If there is neither flat nor sharp at the beginning of a tune, 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 & D be flat Mi is in G	If F, C, G and D be sharp Mi is in D

MUSICAL CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

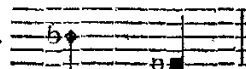
This character is called the F Cliff, which heretofore has been used only in the Bass; but in this collection it will sometimes be found in the Counter, for the purpose of bringing the music within the stave.

This character is called the 1st G Cliff, is used in the Tenor, and sometimes in the Counter.

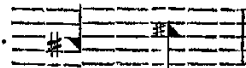
This character is called the C Cliff, and now only used in the Counter.

This character is called the 2d G Cliff, and belongs to the Treble, or highest part of music.

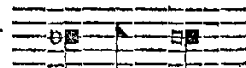
A Flat set before a note sinks it half a tone.



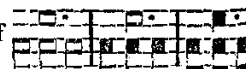
A sharp set before a note raises it half a tone.



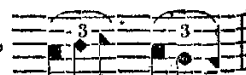
A Natural restores a note, before made flat or sharp, to its primitive sound.



A Dot or Point at the right of a note makes it half as long again.



A Figure 3 set over or under any three notes, reduces them to the time of two.



Choosing Notes. either may be sung.



Pages 15-16 missing from original

Pages 15-16 missing from original

8. The solos should be sung softer than the parts when moving together.
9. All notes included by a slur should be sung at one breath, if possible.
10. Care should be taken that all the parts begin upon their proper pitch.
11. Keeping time accurately is truly one of the most important points in singing; for unless it is attended to, the best composition will appear a mere jargon. Particular attention ought to be paid to the directory terms which are set over the music, such as Forte, Piano, Soft, Loud, &c. The effects produced by them (if conducted with judgment) are incalculable.
12. To produce good music, the proportion of the parts should be three on the Bass, one on the Tenor, one on the Counter, and two on the Treble. Affectation and ostentatious parade in singing are very disgusting to every person of discernment. A graceful attitude, and a becoming behaviour, while performing sacred music, are what should ever be attended to; and a strict attention to the important truths written, that our performances may not only be acceptable to man, but to that God who is the author of harmony.

LESSONS FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

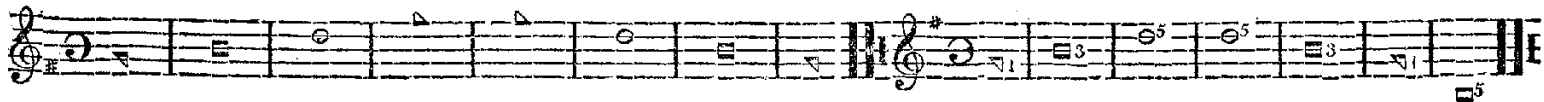


Common Chord, Minor Key.



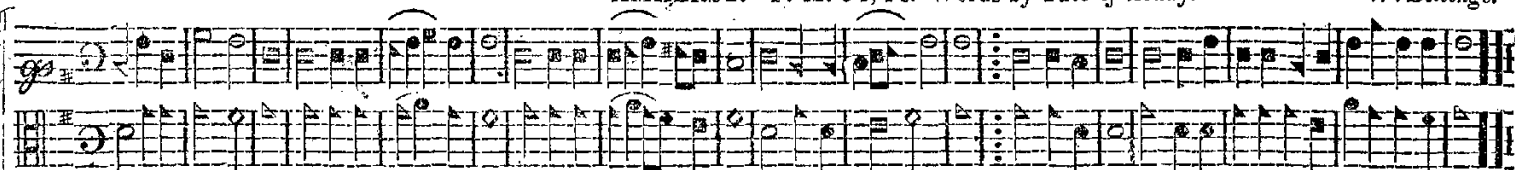
The common chord, sharp key.

The sharp key of G common chord, G, B, D.



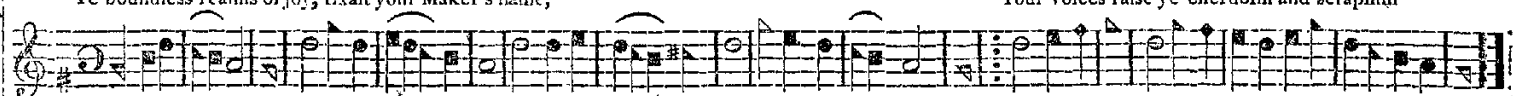
AMHERST. P. M. 6's, 4's. Words by Tate & Brady.

W. Billings.



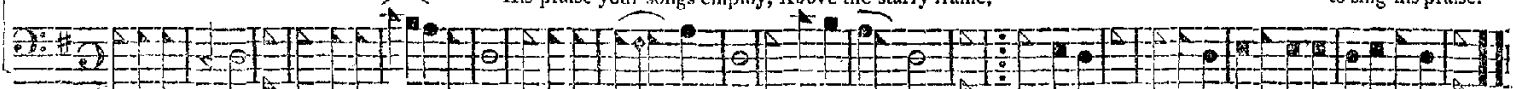
Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's name,

Your voices raise ye cherubim and seraphim



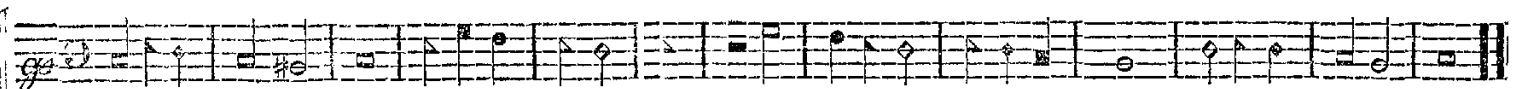
His praise your songs employ, Above the starry frame;

to sing his praise.

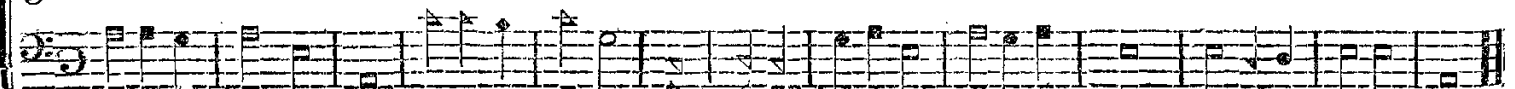
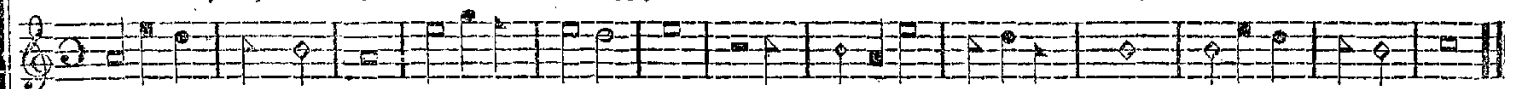


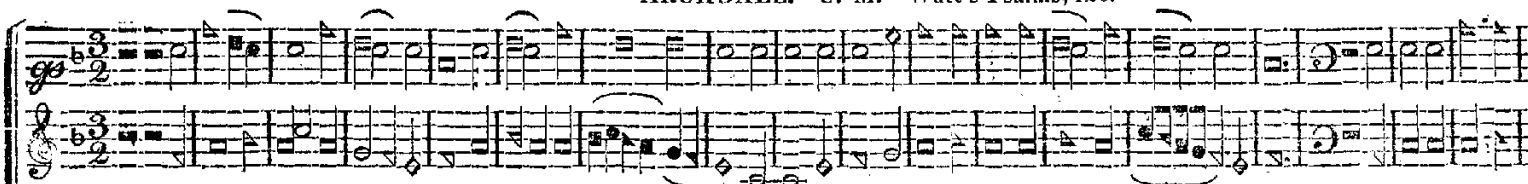
AYLESBURY. S. M. Psalm 23.

Chetnam.



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



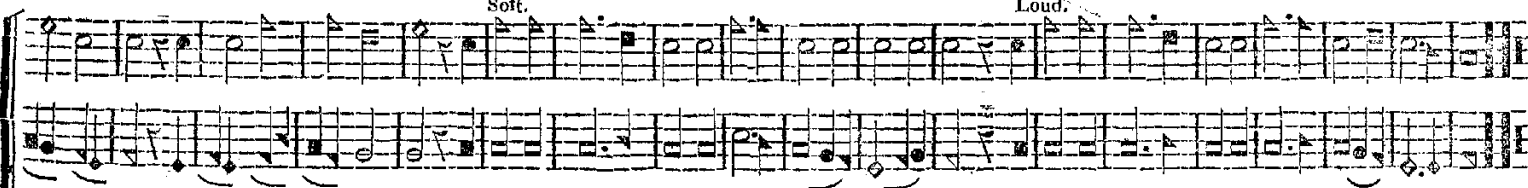


When God reveal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mournful state, My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace appear'd so great. The world beheld the

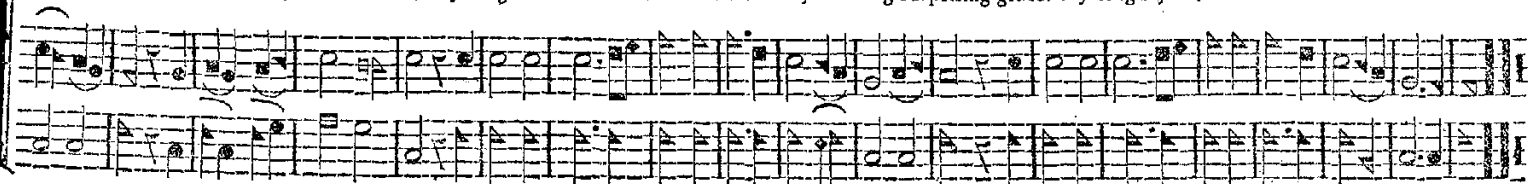


Soft.

Loud.



glorious change, And did thy hand confess; My tongue broke out in unknown strains, and sung surprising grace. My tongue, &c.



ABRIDGE. C. M.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view I'm lost In wonder, love and praise.

BROOKFIELD. L. M. Watts' Psalms, 51.

W. Billings.

Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive, Let a repenting sinner live, Are not thy mercies large and free, May not a sinner trust in thee.

BUCKINGHAM. C. M. Watts' Psalms, 19.

Williams. 21

Help, Lord for men of virtue fail, Religion loses ground; The sons of vi- o- lence prevail, And treache- ries abound.

This musical score is for the hymn 'BUCKINGHAM. C. M. Watts' Psalms, 19.' It is composed by Williams and is 21 measures long. The score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are: 'Help, Lord for men of virtue fail, Religion loses ground; The sons of vi- o- lence prevail, And treache- ries abound.'

COLCHESTER. C. M. Watts' Psalms, 5.

Williams.

Lord in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high, To thee will I direct my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.

This musical score is for the hymn 'COLCHESTER. C. M. Watts' Psalms, 5.' It is composed by Williams. The score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are: 'Lord in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high, To thee will I direct my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.'



Jesus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis music to my ear, Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear.



DOVER. S. M. Watts' Psalms, 48.

Williams.



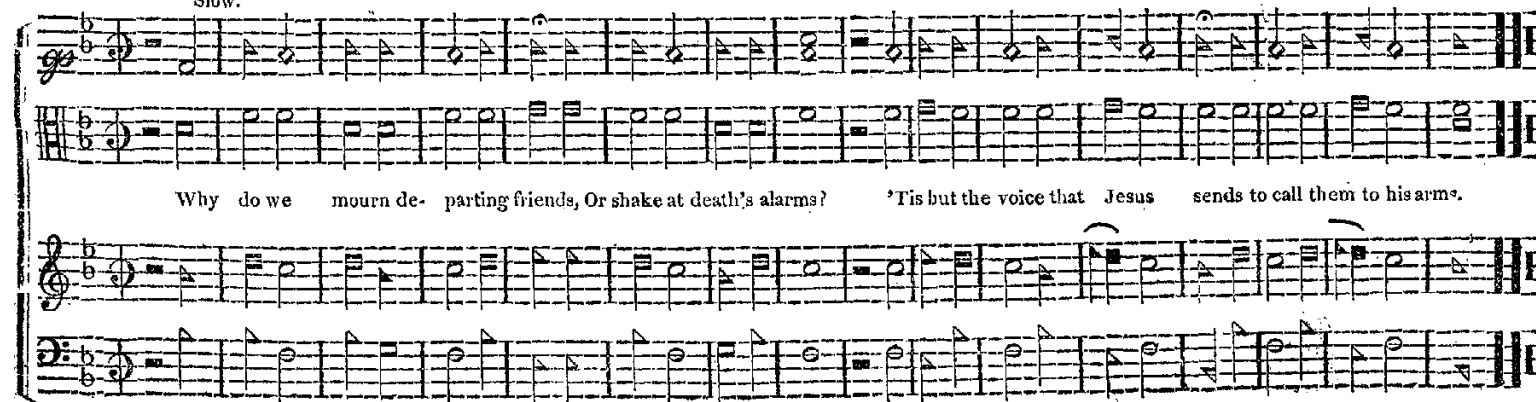
Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the churches his a-bode, His most de-light-ful seat.





Praise to God, im- mortal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bount'ous source of ev'ry joy, Let thy praise our songs employ.

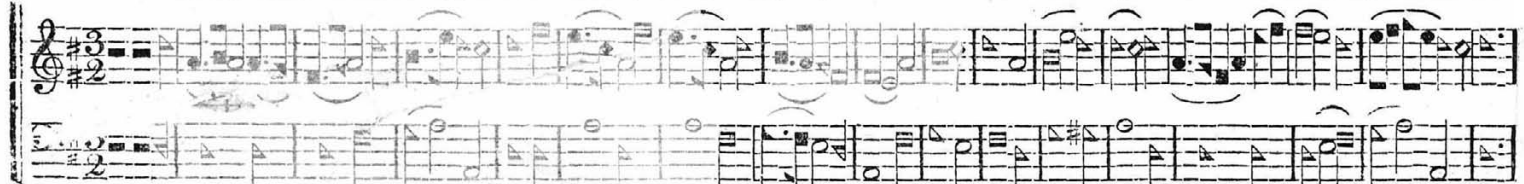
CANTERBURY. C. M. Hymn 3, Book 2.

*Blacks.**Slow.*


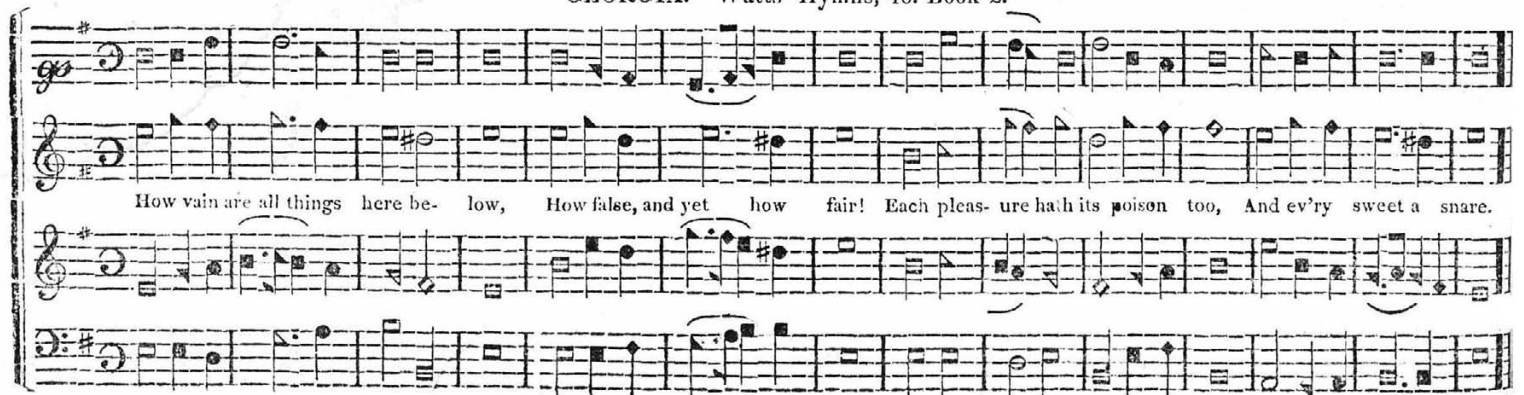
Why do we mourn de- parting friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends to call them to his arms.



The Lord how wond'rous are his ways, How firm his truth, how large his grace; He takes his mercy for his throne, And thence he makes his glories known.



GEORGIA. Watts' Hymns, 48. Book 2.



How vain are all things here below, How false, and yet how fair! Each pleasure hath its poison too, And ev'ry sweet a snare.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. Belknap's Hymns.

Pleyel. 25

Very Slow.



So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail smiling solace of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.



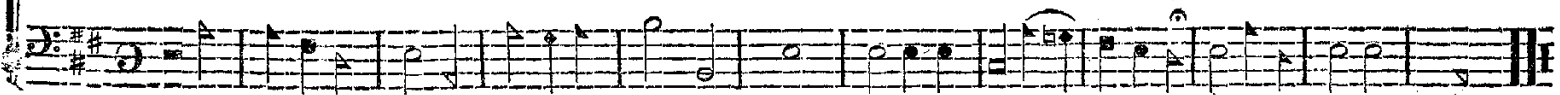
D

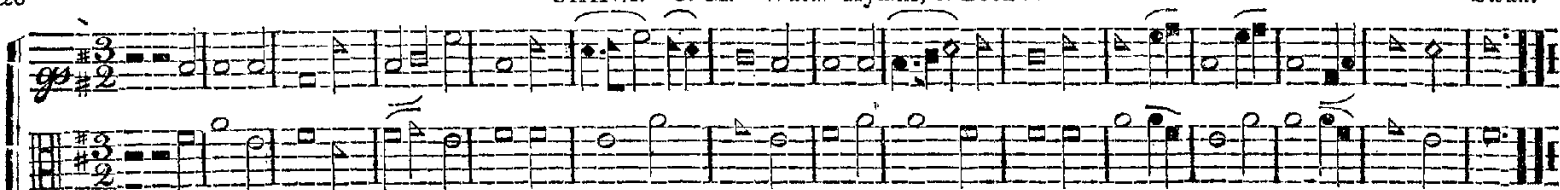
PENTONVILLE. S. M.

Lindley.



To bless thy cho- sen race, In mercy Lord in- cline, And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.





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



LITTLE MARLBORO. S. M. Psalm 90.

Williams.



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



Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks & sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night. And

Continued.

CONSOLATION C. M. Watts' H. 6, Book 2.

Chapin.

talk of all thy truths at night.

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

COMMUNION. C. M.

Weal.

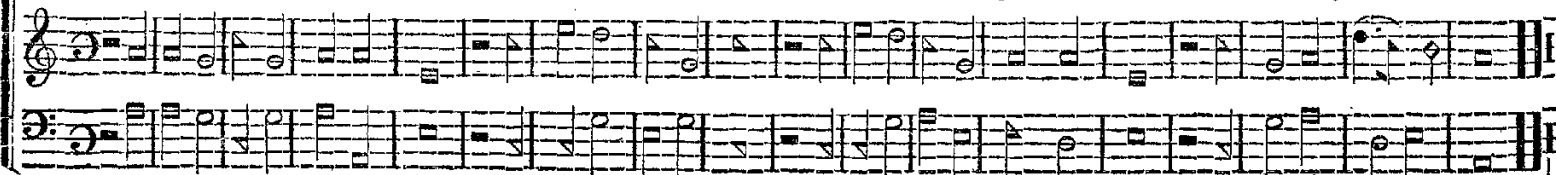
Praise ye the Lord with hymns of joy, And celebrate his fame; For pleasant, good and comely 'tis, To praise his holy name.



COLESHILL. C. M. Watts' Psalms, 144.

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.



A virgin unspotted, the prophets foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour, which now we behold;
To be our Redeemer from death hell and sin,
Then let us be merry, cast sorrows away,
Which Adam's transgression involved us in.
Our Saviour Christ Jesus was born on this day.

DALSTON. 6s, 8s. Watts' Psalms, 93.

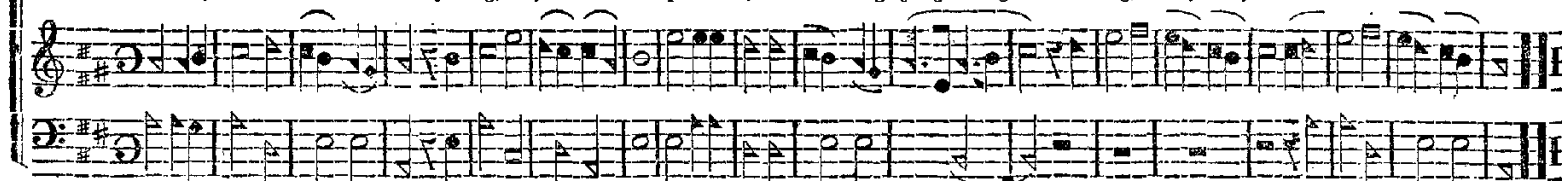
Williams.

The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd, Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around.

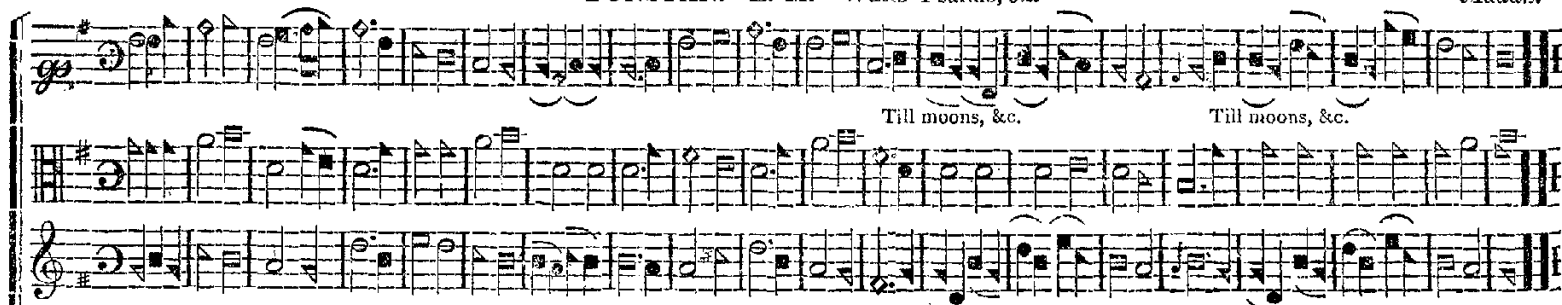
DEVICES. C. M. Watt's Psalms, 9.

J. Tucker.

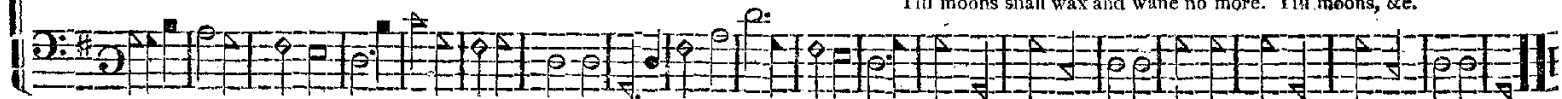
With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy wonders I'll proclaim, Thou sov'reign judge of right and wrong, Wilt put my foes to shame.



DUNSTAN. L. M. Watts' Psalms, 92.

Madan.

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



Slow.

'Tis finish'd so the Saviour cri'd, And meekly bow'd his head and di'd; 'Tis finish'd, yes the race is run, The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

DAMASCUS. C. M. Watts' H. 54, Book 2.

My God! the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of all nights. And comfort, &c.

Very slow.

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.



With rev'rence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord, His high commands with rev'rence hear, His high commands, &c. And tremble at his word.



E FEW HAPPY MATCHES. P. M. or 8, 6. Watts' Horæ Lyrica.

Crane.



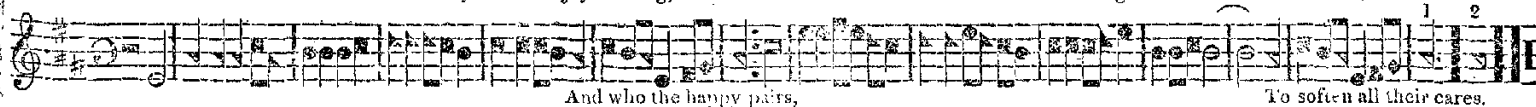
Say, mighty love, and teach my song

Whose yielding hearts and joining hands



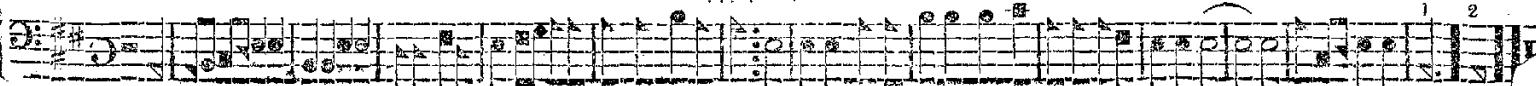
To whom my sweetest joys belong,

Find blessings twisted with their hands,



And who the happy pairs,

To soften all their cares.



I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause, Jesus, my God! I know his name, Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Maintain the honor of his word, The glory of his cross. His name is all my trust; Nor let my hope be lost.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M. Watts' Hymns, 63. Book 2.

J. Smith.

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

O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing; In their great Creator let all men rejoice And heirs of salvation be glad in their king.

MORNING HYMN. L. M.

Williams.

Awake my soul a- wake my eyes, Awake my drowsy faculties, Awake and see the new born light, Spring from the darksome womb of night.

Jesus lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is nigh. Hide me, O my Saviour hide,

'Till the storm of life is past; Safe in- to thy haven guide, O receive O re- ceive O re- ceive my soul at last.

HEAVENLY SPARK. P. M.

Come on my partners in distress, My comrades thro' the wilderness
Who still your bodies fill; Awhile forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

MORETON. L. M.

Knapp. 37

Tho' poor too dear

O may thy church thy turtle dove, Mourful, yet chaste, thy pity move, To birds of prey expose her not, Tho' poor, too dear to be forgot.

NAMUR, C. M. Psalm 1.

Blest is the man who shuns the place Where sinners love to meet, Who fears to tread their wicked ways, And hates the scoffers sent.

Blest morning, whose young dawning rays Beheld the Son of God A- rise tri- umphant from the grave, And leave his dark abode.

This musical score is for a hymn in Irish style, C. M. time signature. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The music is characterized by its simple, folk-like melody and the use of eighth and sixteenth notes.

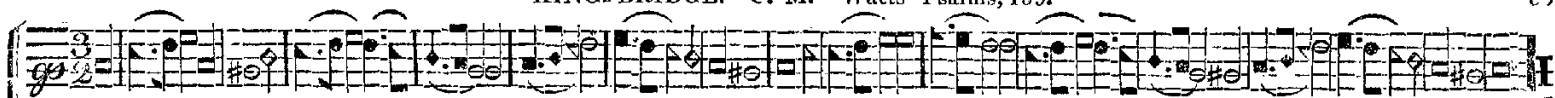
PEMBROKE. C. M.

Palmer.

Slow.

Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir, That fill the realms above; Praise him who form'd you of his fire, Praise him, &c. And feeds you with his love.

This musical score is for a hymn in the style of Pembroke, C. M. time signature. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The music is characterized by its simple, folk-like melody and the use of eighth and sixteenth notes.



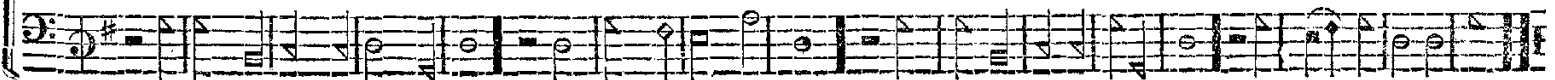
Lord thou hast seen and search'd me through, Thine eye commands with piercing view, My rising and my resting hours, My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.



YORK. C. M.

J. Milton,

Happy the heart where graces reign, Where love inspires the breast; Love is the brightest of the train, And strengthens all the rest.



Hail the day that saw him rise, Ravish'd from our wishful eyes; Christ awhile to mortals giv'n
Re- as- cends 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.

Slow.

My trust is in my heav'nly friend, My hope in thee, my God: Rise and my helpless life defend From those who seek my blood.

F

LITCHFIELD. L. M.

Slow.

How soft the words my Saviour speaks, How kind the promises he makes; A bruised reed he never breaks, Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

MEAR. C. M. Watts' Psalms, 96.

Musical score for 'MEAR. C. M. Watts' Psalms, 96.' The score is written for four staves: two for the upper voices (Soprano and Alto) and two for the lower voices (Tenor and Bass). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the lower parts and a more melodic line in the upper parts. The lyrics are: 'Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue; His new discover'd grace demands A new and nobler song.'

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue; His new discover'd grace demands A new and nobler song.

BANGOR. C. M. Watts' Psalms, 14.

Tansur's Coll.

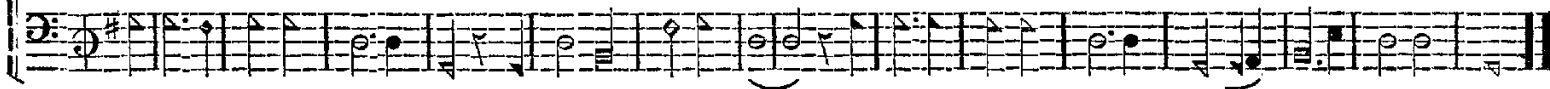
Slow.

Musical score for 'BANGOR. C. M. Watts' Psalms, 14.' The score is written for four staves: two for the upper voices (Soprano and Alto) and two for the lower voices (Tenor and Bass). The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/2. The tempo is marked 'Slow.' The melody is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the lower parts and a more melodic line in the upper parts. The lyrics are: 'Fools in their hearts believe and say, That all religion's vain. There is no God that reigns on high, Or minds th' affairs of men.'

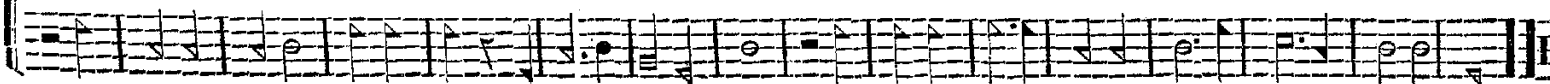
Fools in their hearts believe and say, That all religion's vain. There is no God that reigns on high, Or minds th' affairs of men.



Jesus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis music, to my 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: Jew-els to thee are sordid toys, And gold is glitt'ring dust.



Lo, what a glorious sight ap- pears To our be- lieving eyes! To our be- lieving eyes!

The earth and seas are past a- way, And the old roll- ing skies, And the old rolling skies.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second system corresponds to the second line of lyrics. The music is written in a traditional hymn style, with clear note values and rests.



All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem and crown him, crown him, And crown him Lord of all.



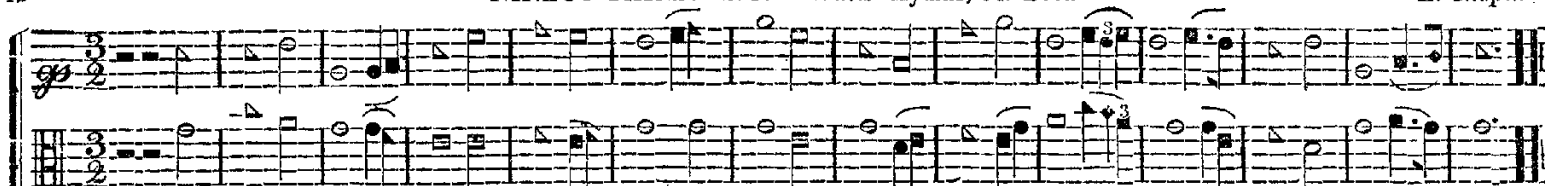
NEWMARK. C. M. Watts' Hymns, 34. Book 2.

Bull.



Come holy spirit heav'nly dove, With all thy quickning pow'rs, Kindle a flame of sacred love, In these cold hearts of ours.



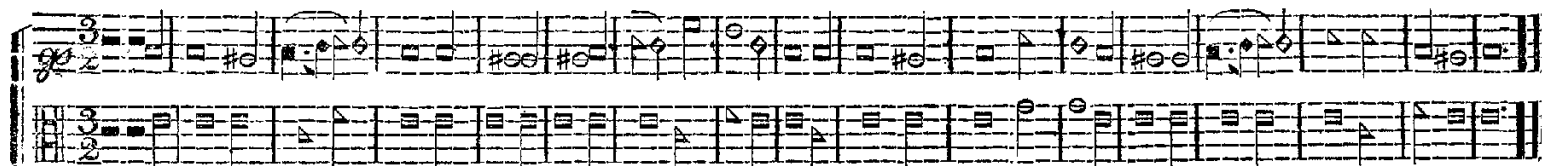


Come all har- monious tongues, Your noblest music bring; 'Tis Christ the ever- last- ing God, And Christ the man we sing.

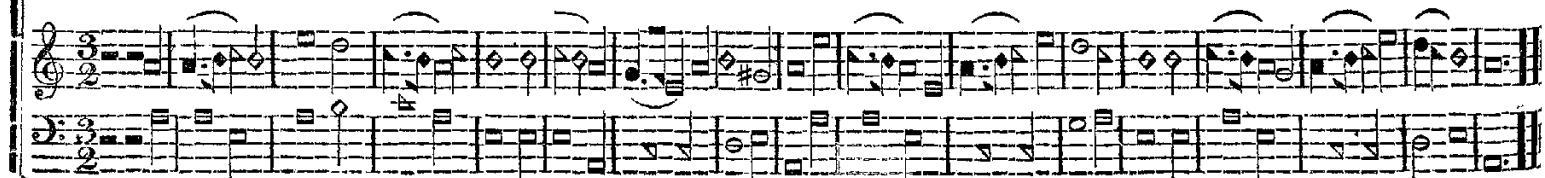


PUTNEY. L. M. Watts' Psalms, 89.

Williams.



Remember Lord, our mortal state, How frail our life, how short the date, Where is the man that draws his breath, Safe from disease, secure from death.



OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

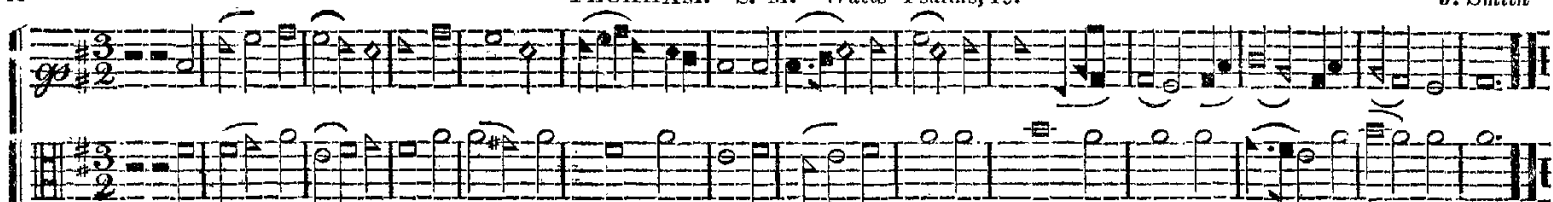
Martin Luther or Dr. Dowland. 47

With one consent let all the earth, To God their cheerful voices raise, Glad homage pay with awful mirth, And sing before him songs of praise.

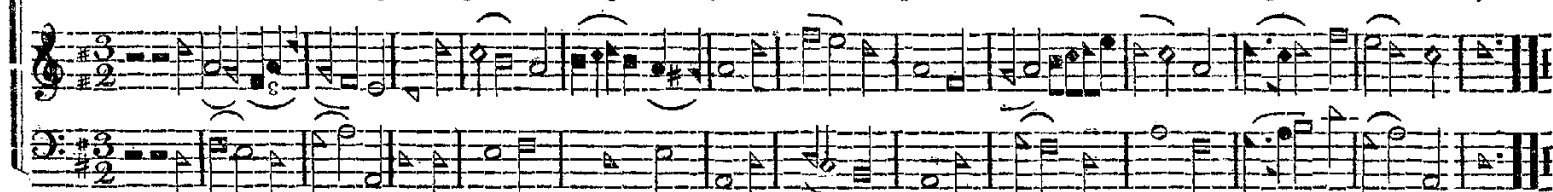
PARIS. L. M. Watts' Psalms, 24.

Billings.

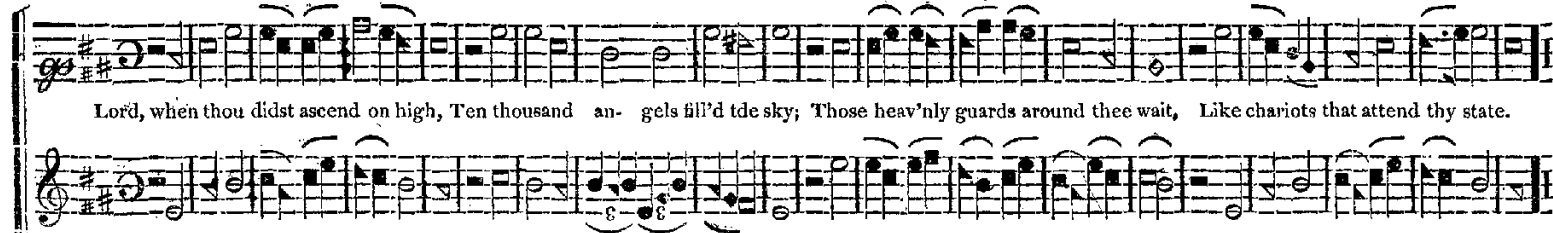
This spacious earth is all the Lord's, And men and worms and beasts and birds, He rais'd the building on the seas, And gave it for their dwelling place.



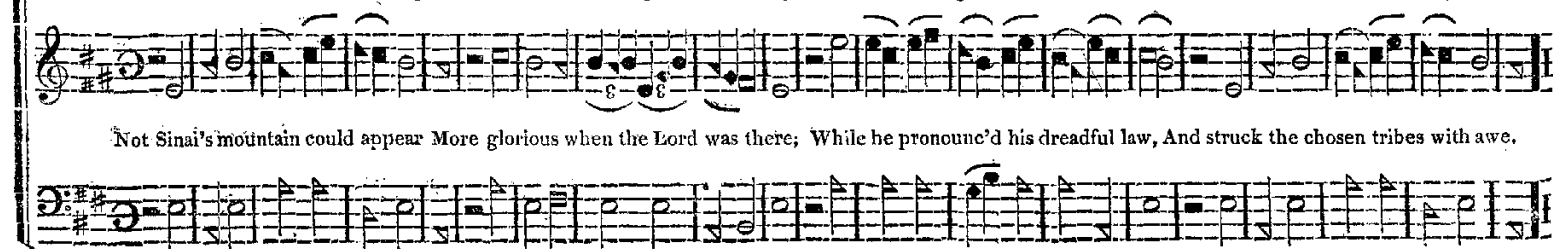
Be- hold the morning sun, Begins his glorious way; His beams through all the nations run, And light and life convey.



PORTUGAL. L. M. Watts' Psalms, 68.



Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand an- gels fill'd the sky; Those heav'nly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state.



Not Sinai's mountain could appear More glorious when the Lord was there; While he pronounc'd his dreadful law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

1. Begin the high celestial strain, My ravish'd soul and sing A so'lemn hymn of grateful praise, To heav'n's Al- mighty King.

3. Bear it ye winds, on all your wings, To distant climes a- way, And round the wide extended world, The lofty theme convey.

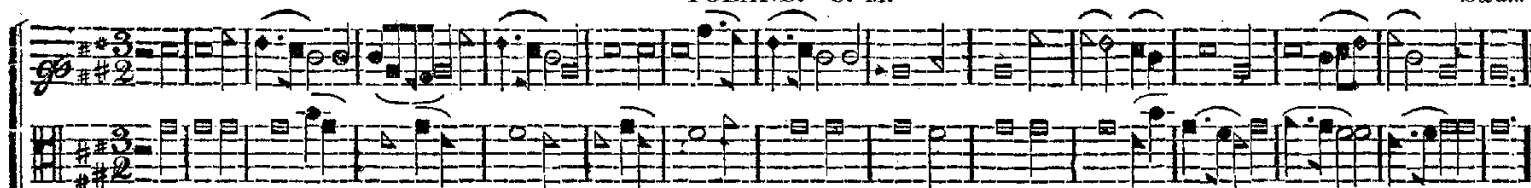
G

2. Ye curling fountains, as ye roll Your silver waves a- long, Whisper to all your verdant shores The subject of my sorg.

3. While we with sacred rapture fill'd, The blest Grea- tor sing, And chant our conse- crated lays To heav'n's e-ternal King.

POLAND. C. M.

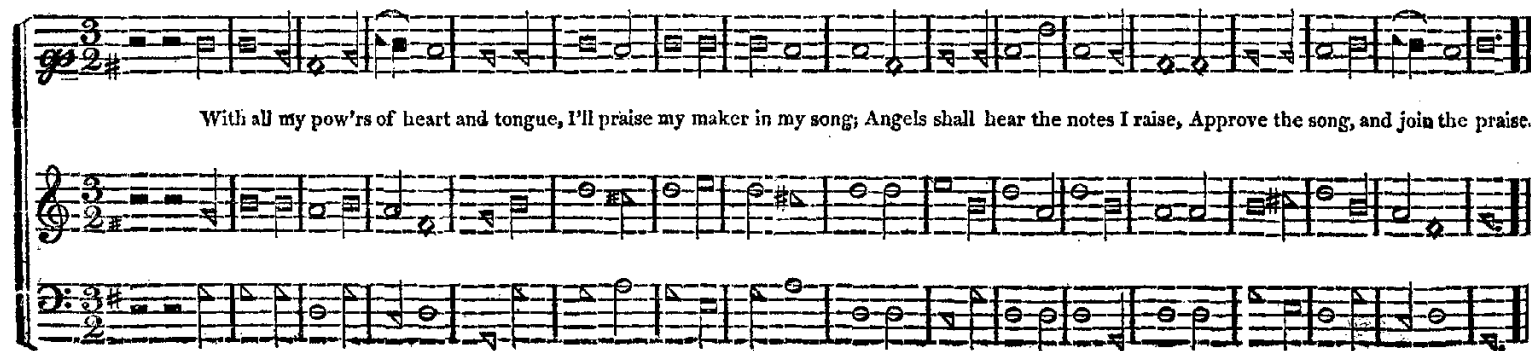
Swan.



God of my life look gently down, Behold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be- fore thy throne, Nor dare dispute thy will.



QUERCY. L. M.



With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.



Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high; To thee will I direct my pray'r To thee lift up my eye.

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M. Watts' Hymns, 15. Book 2.

A. Chapin.

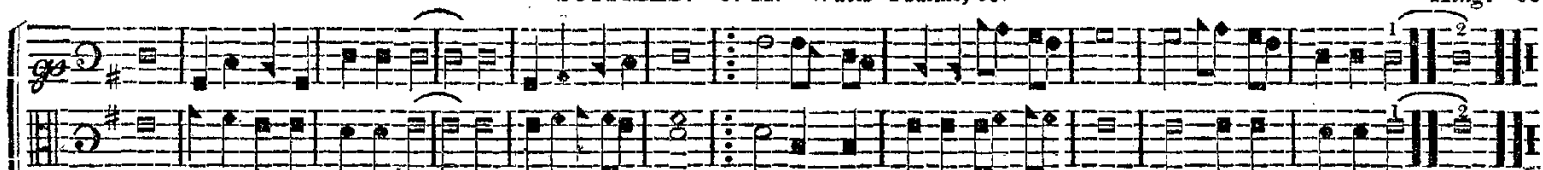
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone, Let my religious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my Saviour see, I wait a visit Lord from thee.

My God, what endless pleasures dwell Above at thy right hand; Thy courts below, how amia- ble, Where all thy graces stand.

SILVER STREET. S. M. Watts' Psalms, 93.

Smith.

Come sound his name abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Je- hovah is the sov'reign Lord, The u- ni- versal King.

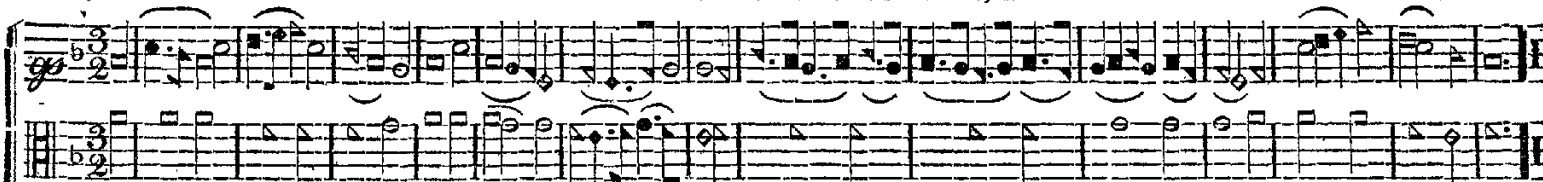


Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame; I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.



NEW-YORK. C. M. Watts' Psalms, 4.

Dr. Arne.

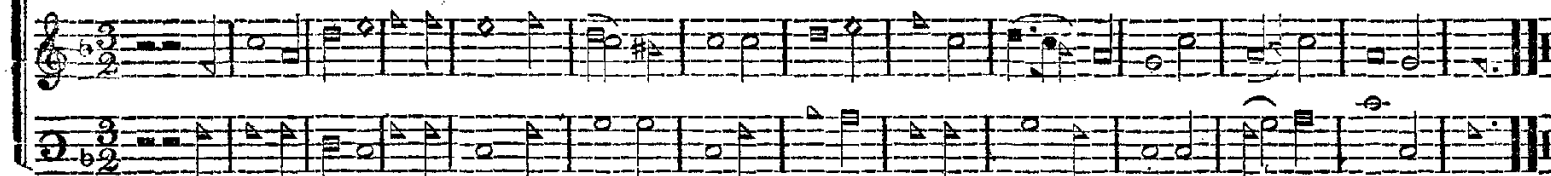


Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for- ev- er thine, I fear be- fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.



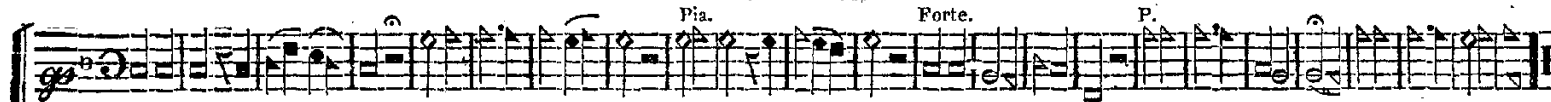


Maker and sov'reign Lord, Of heav'n and earth and seas, Thy providence con- firms thy word, And answers thy decrees.



TURIN. 7s.

Dr. Madan.



Son of God, thy blessing grant, Still supply my ev'ry want, Tree of life, thy influence shed, With thy sap my spirit feed. With, &c.

With, &c.



*Spirito.**Pia.**Air.*

Blessed are the sons of God, They are bought by Christ's own blood; They are ransom'd from the grave;

For.

Life e-ter-nal they shall have. With them number'd we shall be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty.

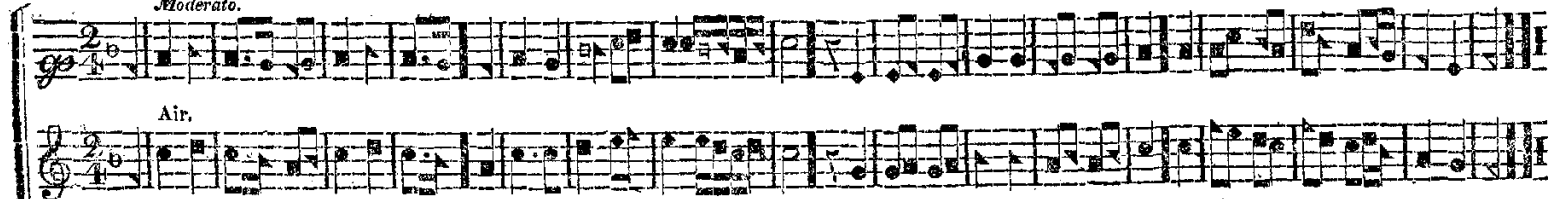
BATH. L. M.

A. Williams' Coll.

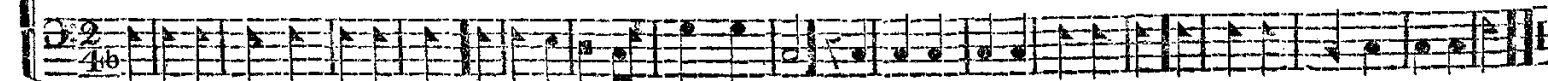
Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.



SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN. L. M.

*Italian.**Moderato.*

O turn, great Ruler of the skies! Turn from my sins thy searching eyes! My mind from ev'ry fear release, And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.



Shall wisdom cry a- loud And not her speech be heard? The voice of God's e- ternal word, Deserves it no regard?

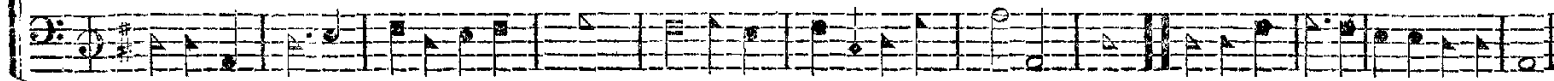
SICILY. C. M. Watts' Hymns, 29, Book 2.

Dr. Arno.

Je- sus, with all thy saints above, My tongue will bear her part, Would sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.



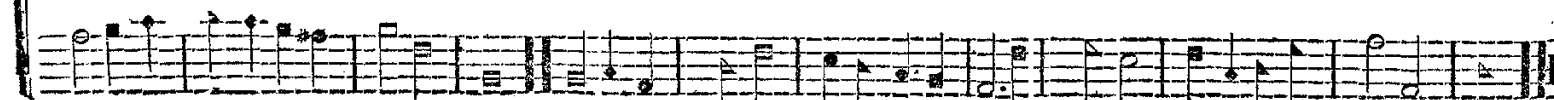
The Lord, the sov'reign sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and a- wakes the north; From east to west the sounding orders spread.



Loud.



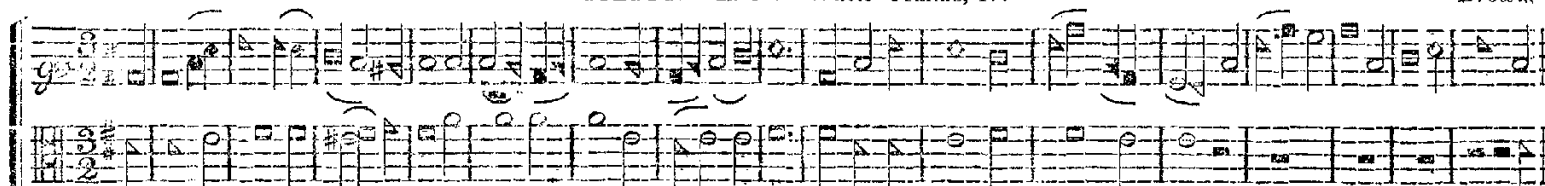
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead. No more shall atheists mock his long delay, His vengeance sleeps no more : Behold the day!



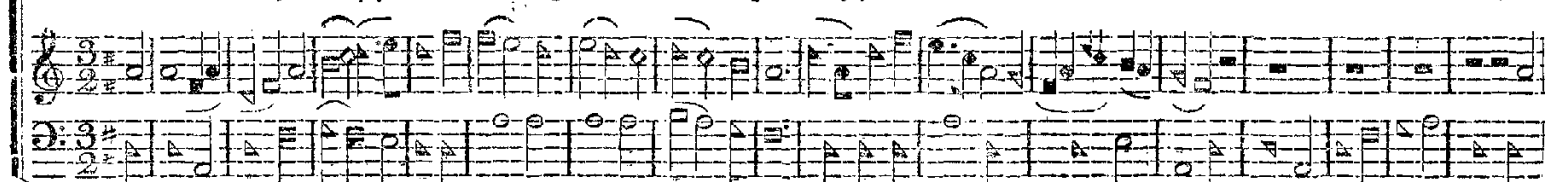
And am I born to die? To lay this body down? And must my trembling spirit fly In- to a world unknown.

TWENTY-FOURTH. C. M. Watts' Hymns, 88. Book 2.

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

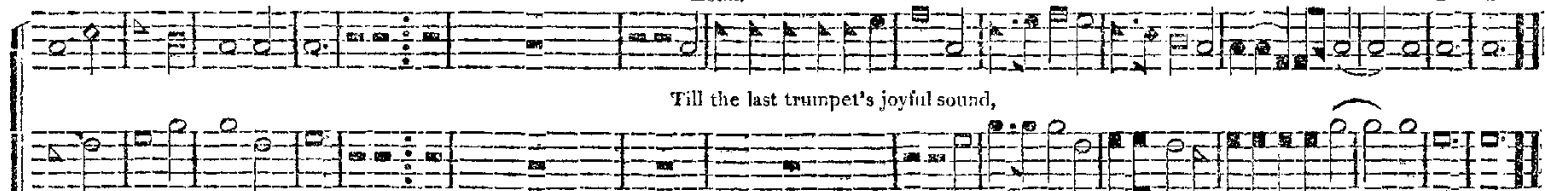


This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake and find me there? When, &c.



Loud.

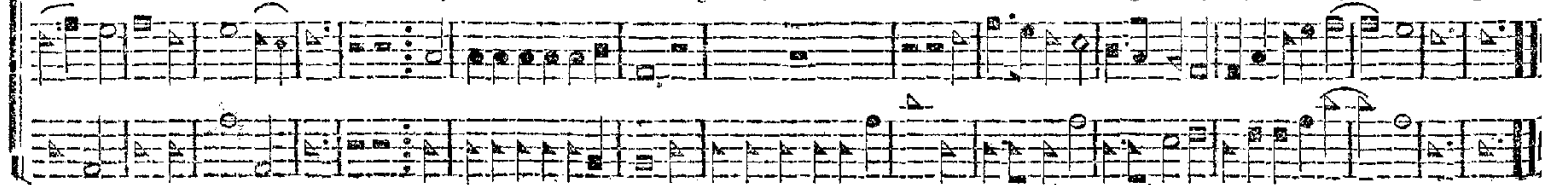
1 2

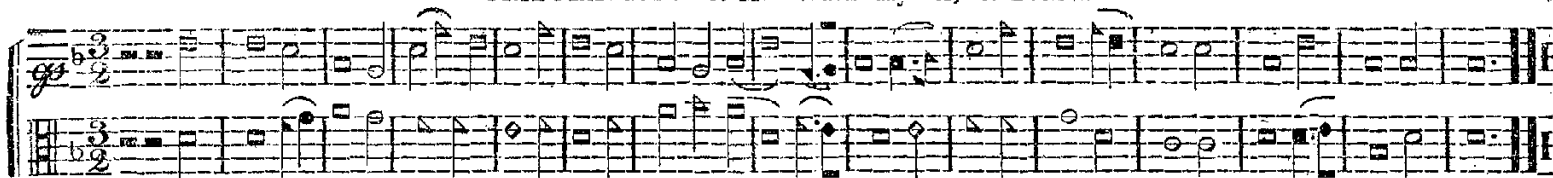


Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,

Then burst the chains with glad surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.



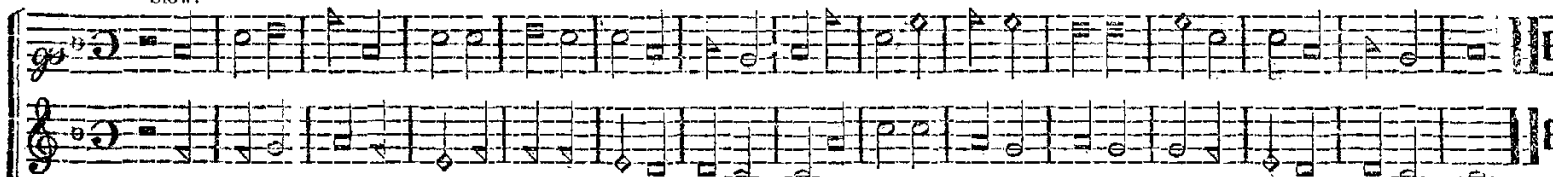


Lord, what a wretched land is this, That yields us no supply, No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees, Nor streams of living joy.

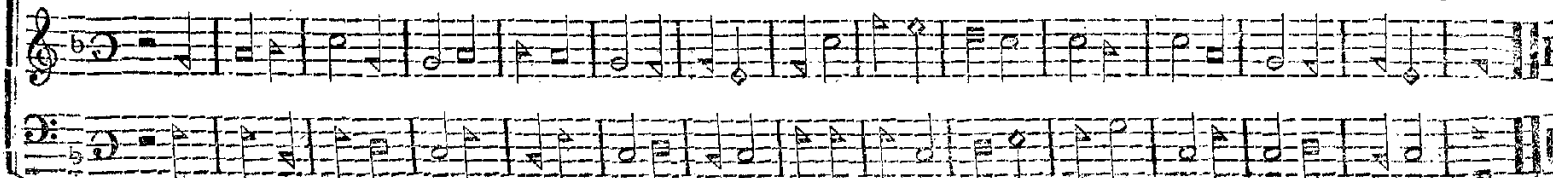


FRENCH. C. M.

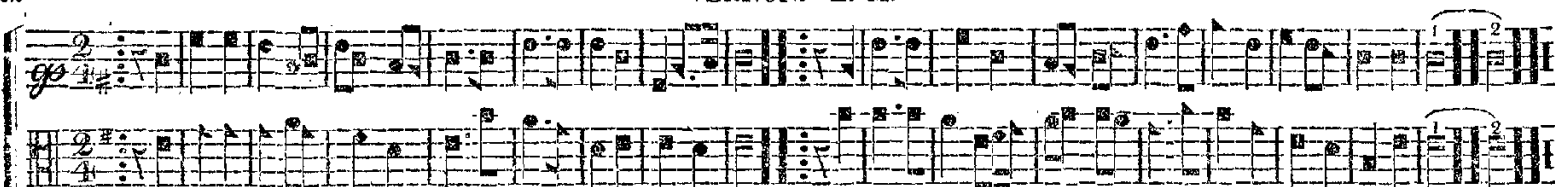
Slow.



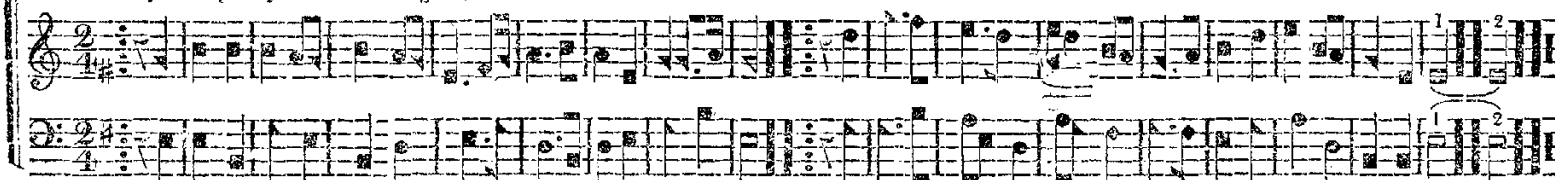
The holy triumphs of my soul, Shall hell itself outbrave, Leave dull mortality behind, And fly beyond the grave.



VERNON. L. M.

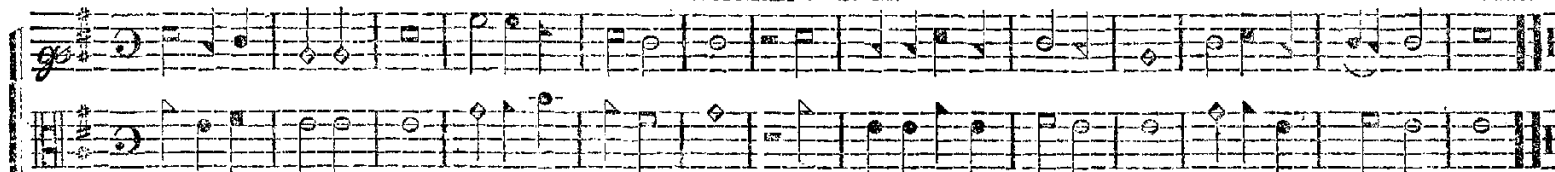


Come, O! thou travel- ler unknown, Whom still I hold but cannot see, With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
My compa- ny be- fore is gone, And I am left alone with thee.

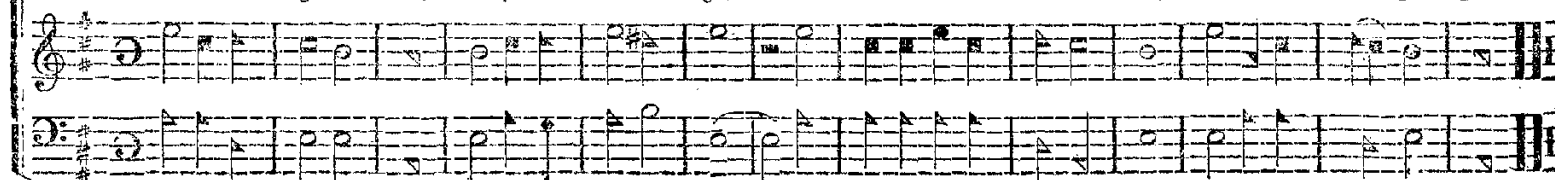


WARREN. S. M.

Lane.



Let all our tongues be one, To praise our God on high, Who from his bosom sent his son, To fetch us strangers nigh.



My refuge is the God of love, Why do my foes exult and cry, "Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove, To distant woods or mountains fly.

WINTER. S. M. Watts' Psalms, 147.

D. Reed.

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

WINDHAM. L. M. Watts' Hymns, 158. Book 2.

D. 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.

WELLS. L. M. Watts' Hymns 88, Book 1.

Holdrayd.

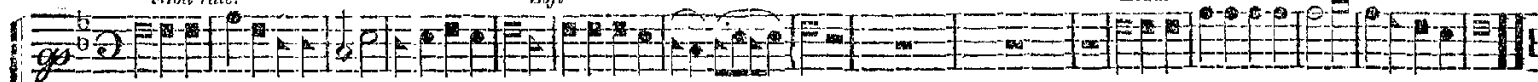
Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to insure the great reward, And while the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return.

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

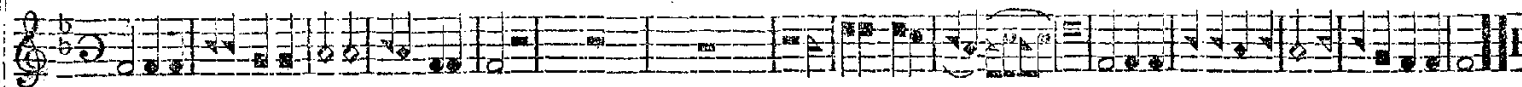
I

My days of praise shall ne'er be past While life and thought and being last, Or im-mor-tal i-ty en-dures;

BEREA. C. M.

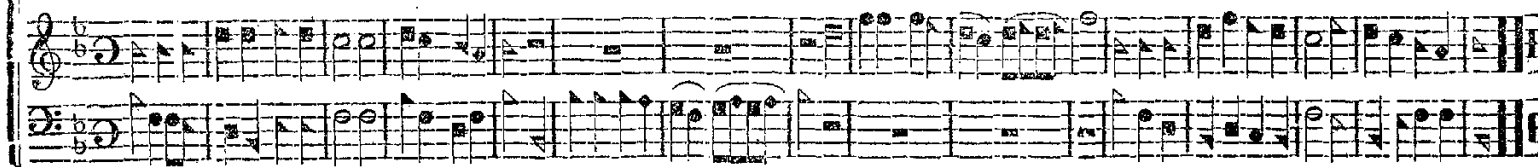
*Moderate.**Soft**Loud.*

Spread the sweet accent far around.

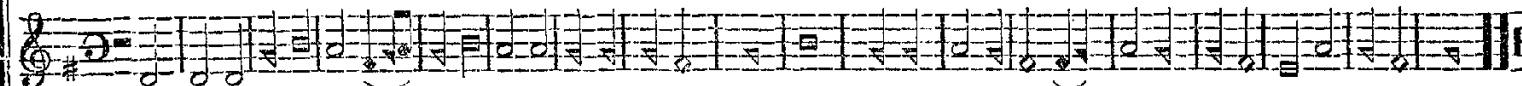


Grace! how melodious is the sound; What music to our ear;

Spread the sweet accent far around, Spread, &c. That earth and heav'n may hear.



EVENING HYMN. L. M.

Moderate.

Glory to thee my God this night, For all the blessings of thy light, Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Under thy own Almighty wings.



Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flow'r, If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field It withers in an hour. It withers It withers

AMITY. ,P. M. or 6s and 8s. Watts' Psalms, 122.

Reed.

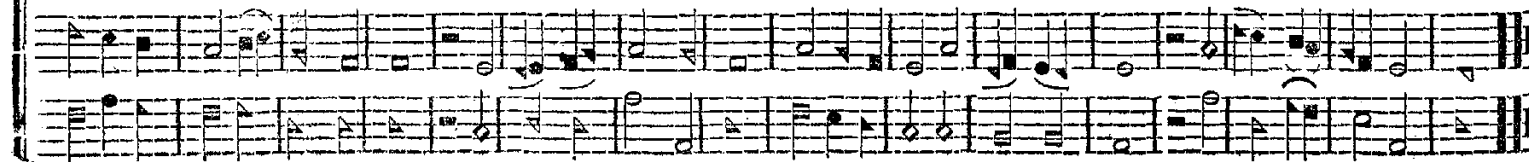
How pleas'd & blest was I To hear the people cry 'Come let us seek our God to day.' Yes, with a cheerful zeal We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.



God of my life, whose bounteous care First gave me pow'r to move, How shall my grateful heart declare, The wonders of thy love.



Thee will I honor, for I stand The product of thy skill; The wonders of thy forming hand My ad-mi-ration fill.



Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sov'reign Lord of all; Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

Tansur's Coll.

O thou to whom all creatures bow Within this earthly frame, Thro' all the world how great art thou! How glorious is thy name.

Air.

O come thou wounded Lamb of God! Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood;

Give us to know thy love, then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY. P. M.

Dare. 71

While Zion's, &c.

Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children

While Zion's, &c. mingled with the dead.

BRIDGETOWN. S. M.

Dare.

Heav'n with

Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear. And, &c.

Heav'n with the echo shall resound

*Pomposo.**Pia.**For.*

Guide me, O thou great Je- ho- vah, Pil- grim, thro' this barren land : I am weak, but thou art

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G-clef, the middle in C-clef, and the bottom in F-clef. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff is marked 'Pomposo.' and the second and third staves are marked 'Pia.' and 'For.' respectively. The lyrics are written below the staves.

*Pia.**For.*

mighty, Hold me in thy pow'ful hand; Bread of heav'n, Bread of heav'n, Feed me till I want no more.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G-clef, the middle in C-clef, and the bottom in F-clef. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first staff is marked 'Pia.' and the second and third staves are marked 'For.' respectively. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Air. And make a joyful noise; Let Israel hear his voice.

Sing to the Lord aloud, Sing to the Lord aloud, And make a joyful noise, God is our strength, our Saviour God,

K

CONCORD. L. M. Watts' Hymns 30, Book 2.

Holden.

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Thus saith the high and ho- ly One, I sit up- on my ho- ly throne, My name is God, I

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G-clef, the middle in C-clef, and the bottom in F-clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

Soft. Loud.

dwell on high, Dwell in my own e- ter- ni- ty. Dwell, &c.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. It begins with a 'Soft.' marking above the first staff and a 'Loud.' marking above the second staff. The lyrics 'dwell on high, Dwell in my own e- ter- ni- ty. Dwell, &c.' are written below the staves. The music continues with similar notation to the first system, ending with a double bar line.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

75

David the king was grieved and moved, He went to his chamber his chamber and wept, And as he went he wept and said O my son

O my son Would to God I had died Would to God I had died For thee O Absalom my son, my son.

Thou

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The bottom staff is in D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The lyrics 'Thou' are written below the second staff.

No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health away, If God be with me there.

Thou

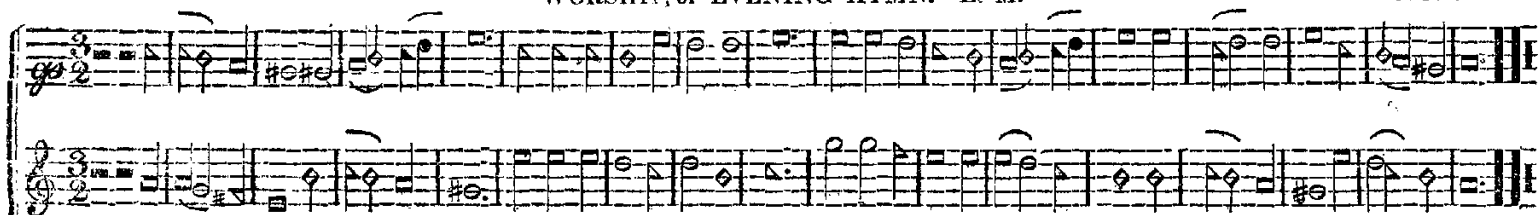
Thou art my sun, And thou my shade, To guard my head by

This system contains the next two staves. The lyrics 'Thou art my sun, And thou my shade, To guard my head by' are written below the second staff.

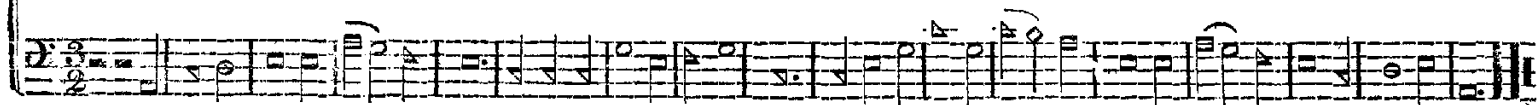
Thou art, &c

night or noon,

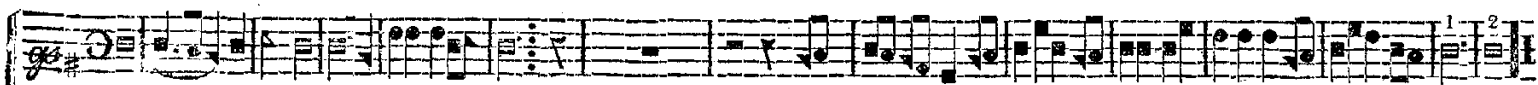
This system contains the final two staves. The lyrics 'Thou art, &c' are written below the second staff, and 'night or noon,' are written below the third staff. The system concludes with first and second endings, indicated by '1' and '2' above the staves.



Sleep, downy sleep, come close my eyes, Tir'd with beholding vanities: Welcome, sweet sleep, that driv'st away The toils and follies of the day.



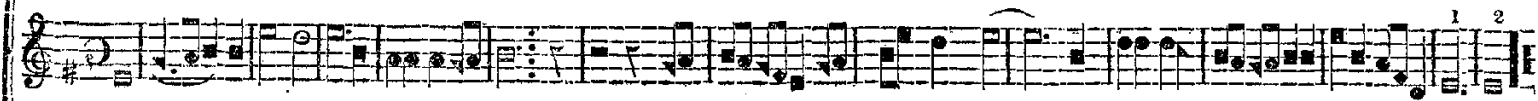
EVENING SHADE. S. M.



The day is pass'd and gone, The evening shades appear;

O! may we all remember well, O! &c.

The night of death is near.

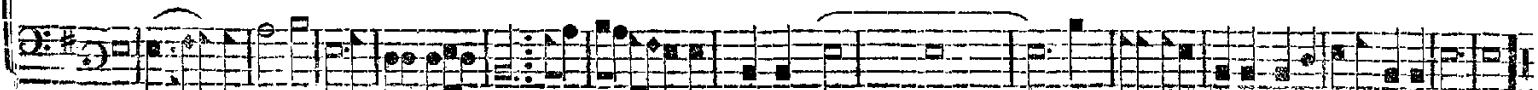


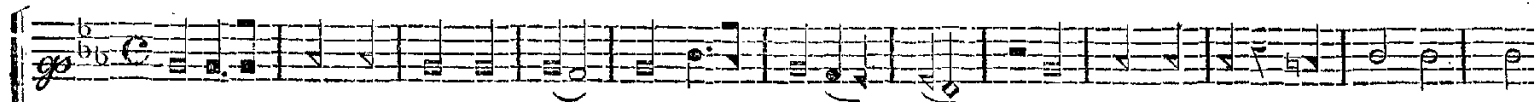
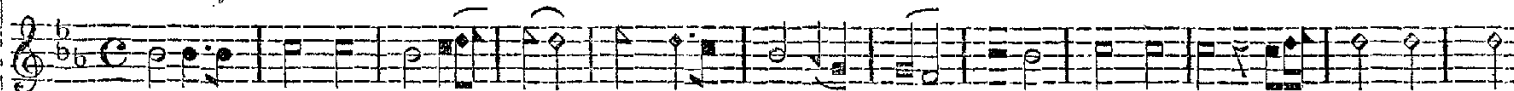
We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest;

So death will soon disrobe us all

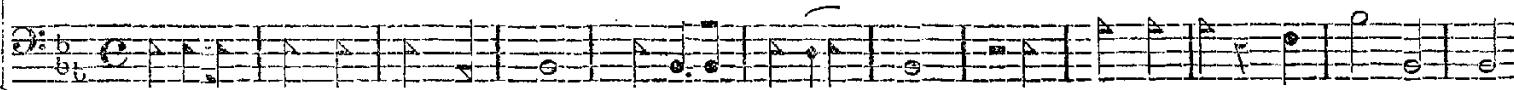
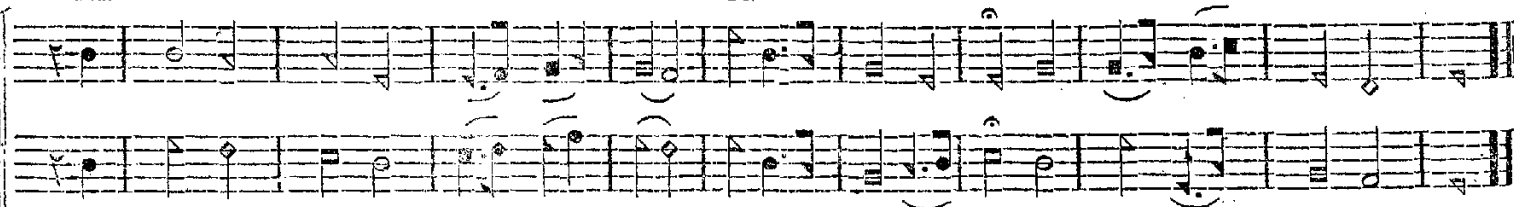
So death, &c.

Of what we here possess.



Andante.*Air.*

There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd be- neath that flood

*Pia.**For*

And sinners plung'd be- neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guil- ty stains.



Thou whom my soul admires above All earthly joy and earthly love, Tell me dear Shepherd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow.

This musical score is for a hymn in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves: a soprano staff, an alto staff, a tenor staff, and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the soprano and alto parts. The lyrics are written below the staves, with line breaks corresponding to the musical phrases.

FLORIDA. S. M.

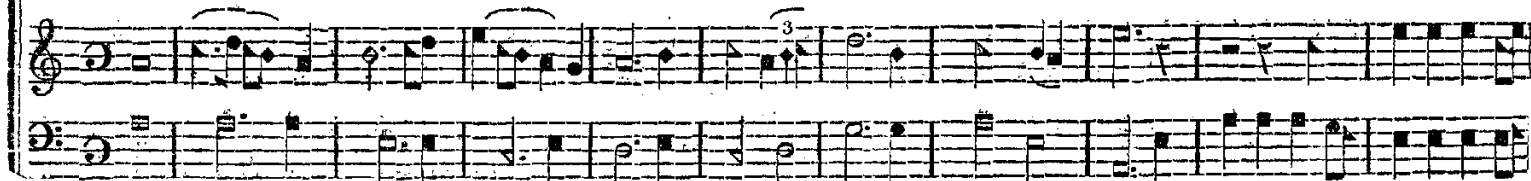
Wheimore.

Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my latest breath. But, &c.

This musical score is for a hymn in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves: a soprano staff, an alto staff, a tenor staff, and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the soprano and alto parts. The lyrics are written below the staves, with line breaks corresponding to the musical phrases.



Now in the heat of youthful blood, Re- member your Cre- a- tor, God; Behold the months come hast'ning on, When



you shall say my joys are gone. When, &c.

When, &c.



God is our refuge in distress a present help when dangers press; In him undaunted we'll con- fide,

Tho' earth were from her centre toss'd, And

L

Tho'

Torn

mountains in the o- cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide Torn, &c.

All ye that pass by, To Je- sus draw nigh; To you is it nothing That Jesus should die?

ARMLEY. I. M.

Stay thou in- sulted spirit stay, Though I have done thee such des- pite, Nor cast the sinner quite away, Nor take thine everlasting flight.

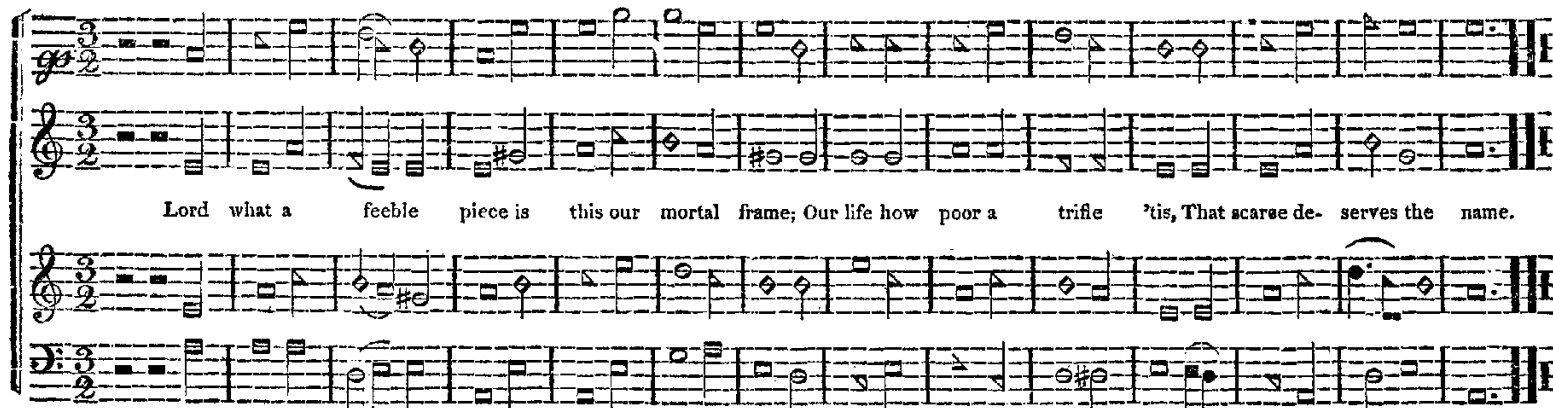
The darkness and the light still keep their course the same; While night to day, and day to night, Divinely teach his name.

AMSTERDAM. 7, 6, 7.

Rise my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy fuller portion trace; Sun and moon and stars decay, Rise my soul and haste away,
Rise from transitory things, Towards heav'n thy native place; Time shall soon this earth remove, To seats prepared above.

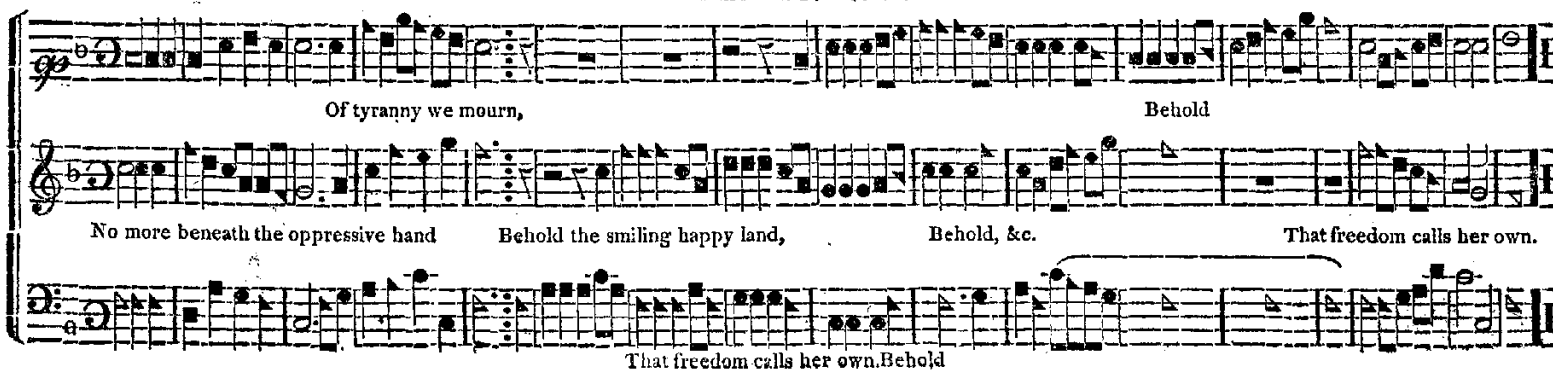
There is a land of pure de- light, Where saints immortal reign; In- finite day ex- cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

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



Lord what a feeble piece is this our mortal frame; Our life how poor a trifle 'tis, That scarce de- serves the name.

LIBERTY. C. M.



Of tyranny we mourn, Behold

No more beneath the oppressive hand Behold the smiling happy land, Behold, &c. That freedom calls her own.

That freedom calls her own. Behold

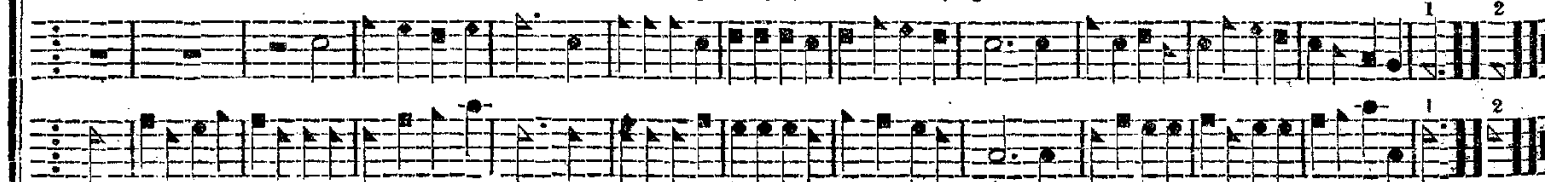


The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And underneath his feet he cast The dark-ness of the sky.



And on

Full royal-ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad.



On cherubs and on seraphim

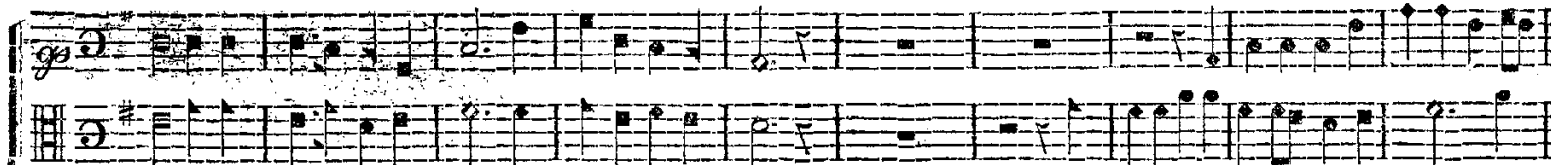
The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a soprano line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is an alto line in treble clef. The third staff is a tenor line in treble clef. The fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef. The music is written in common time (C) and features a variety of note values including eighth, quarter, and half notes, with some rests. The melody is primarily in the upper staves, with the bass line providing a harmonic foundation.

To our Redeemer's glorious name, A- wake the sa- cred song; O may his love (im- mor- tal flame) Tun- every heart and tongue.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with four staves. The notation remains consistent with the first system, using the same clefs and key signature. The music concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words aligned with specific notes.

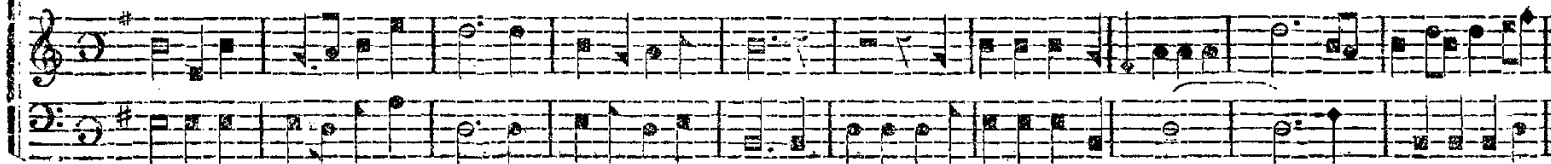
Glory, honor, praise and power, Be unto the Lamb forever, Jesus Christ is our Redeemer; Halle- lujah, halle- lujah, hallelujah, praise the Lord.

Hallelujah, &c.



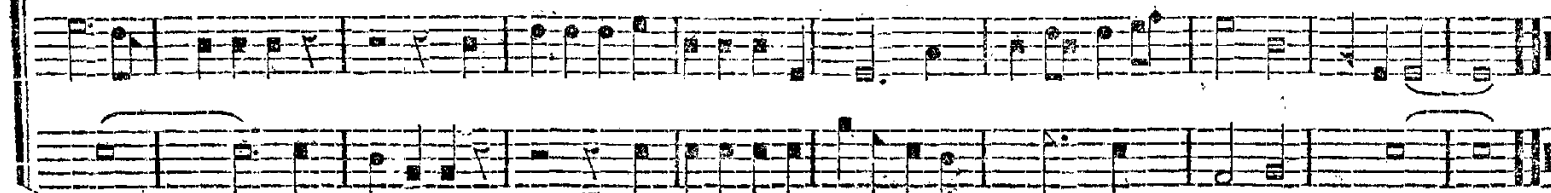
Stoop down my thoughts, that used to rise, Converse awhile with death;

Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath.



Think how a gasping mortal lies

And pants away his breath.



That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

M

NORTH SALEM. C. M. Watts' Hymns, 61. Book 2.

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

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

From the third heav'n where God resides, The New Jerusalem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace.

That holy happy place, The The A-dorn'd with shining grace.

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

Ye Ye

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is in G major, 4/4 time, and the second staff is in C major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the word 'Ye' appearing twice below the second staff.

Ye starry lights, ye twink'ling flames, Shine to your Makers praise.
 And moon with paler rays, Ye starry, &c.

The sun with golden beams,

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff is in G major, 4/4 time, and the second staff is in C major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the word 'Ye' appearing twice below the second staff. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

O come loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al- mighty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our Salvation's rock we praise

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

Colton.

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

I bid I bid I bid

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. Arne. 93

Je- sus, with all thy saints above My tongue would bear her part, Would sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

Ingalls.

How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour delay? Fly swifter round ye wheels of time, And bring the welcome day.

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rules the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, That tempt the dang'rous way. At thy command the winds arise, And

At

swells And swells

the tow'ring wa- ves.

The men astonish'd mount the skies, And sink in ga-ping graves.

Alto.*

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Be- fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets. Then

let our songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry;

Then let our songs a bound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanu'ls ground, To fairer worlds on high.

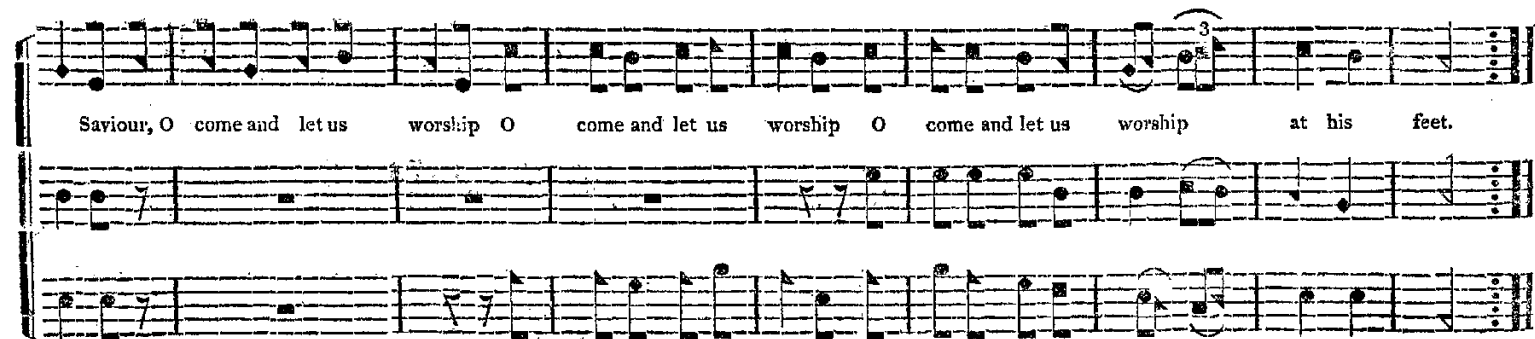
let our songs a- bound, And ev'ry tear be dry; Then let, &c. And, &c. We're, &c.

* This part, which is properly a Counter Tenor, is best suited to the voices of men.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M.



Hither ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To 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 O come and let us worship at his feet.

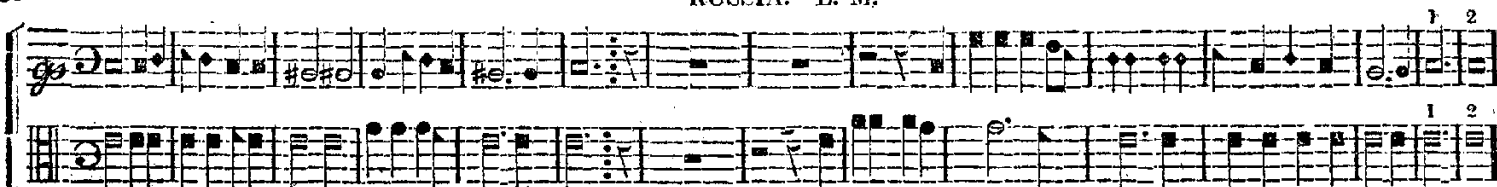
O Jesus for such wond'rous condescension,
 Our praises and rev'rence are an off'ring mete;
 Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us;
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

Shout his Almighty name ye choirs of angels,
 And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
 Unto our God be glory in the highest;
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

O if my soul was form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs; Repentance should like rivers flow, From both my streaming eyes. 'Twas

for my sins my dearest Lord, Hung on the cursed tree, And groan'd away his dying life For thee, my soul, for thee. For thee, &c.

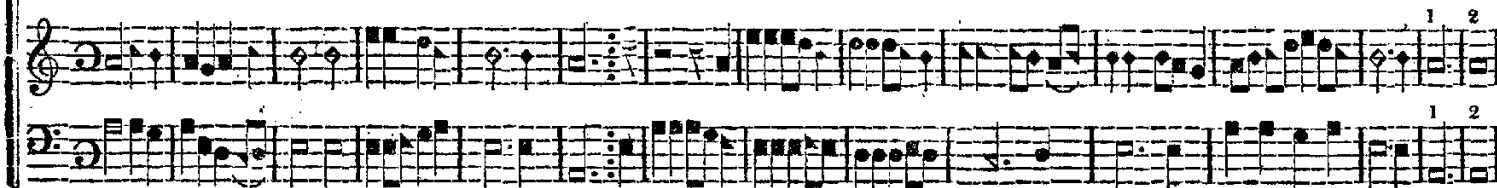
RUSSIA. L. M.



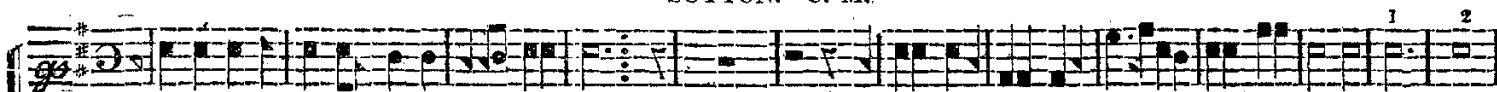
False are the men of high degree, The baser sort are vanity;

Laid in a balance both appear

Light as a puff of empty air.



SUTTON. C. M.



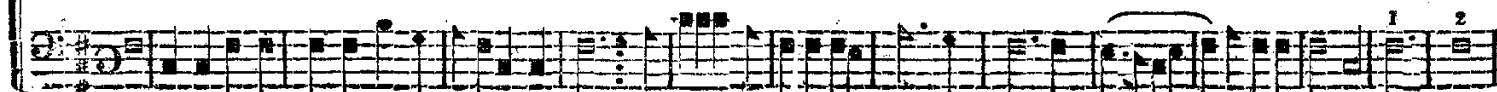
Save me, O God, the swelling floods, Break in upon my soul;

I sink and sorrows o'er my head, Like mighty waters roll.



sink and

Like



ff

He

Songs of immortal praise belong To my Almighty God, He has my heart and he my tongue, To spread his name abroad.

He To spread To

To spread He has

He

He has my To To

1 2

1 2

1 2

1 2

Behold the judge descends, his guards are nigh, Heav'n, earth and hell, draw near, let all things come, To hear his justice,

Tempes's and fire attend him down the sky,

and the sinner's doom: But gather first my saints, the judge commands, Bring them ye angels, from their distant lands.

WILLIAMSTOWN. L. M.

Brown. 101

Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive; Let a repenting rebel live: . Are not thy mercies large & free? May not May not a sinner trust in thee?

WHITESTOWN. C. M.

Williams.

Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; God the life of all my joys, A loud will I rejoice.

Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus has gone up on high: The pow'rs of hell are cap- tive led,

Dragg'd to the portals of the sky. The pow'rs, &c. Dragg'd, &c. Dragg'd

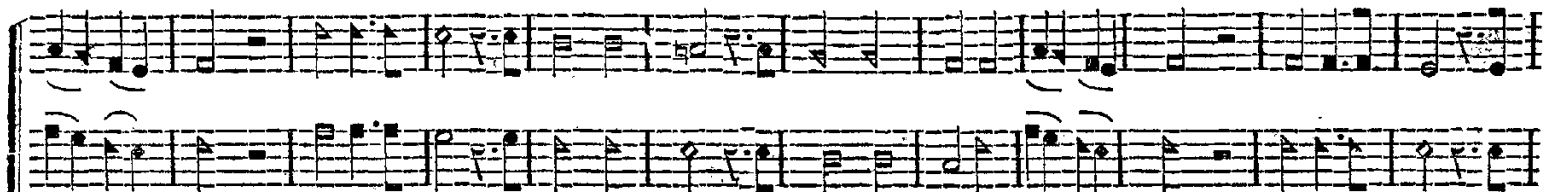
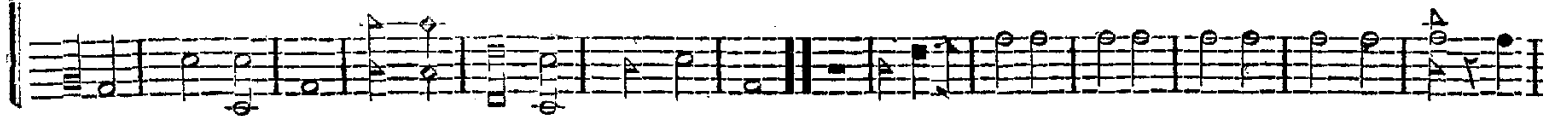
CHESHUNT, Continued.

Sym.

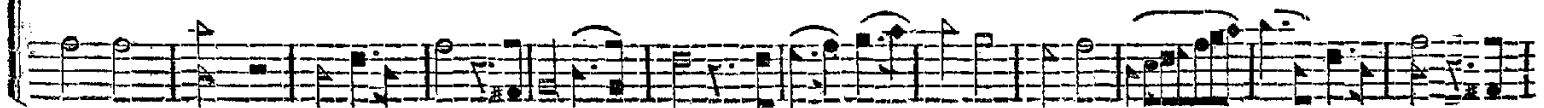
Loud.



There his triumphal chariot waits, And an- gels chant the



solemn lay, Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye ev- er- lasting doors give way. Lift up, &c.

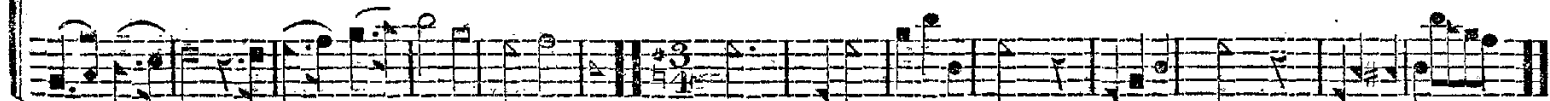


CHESHUNT, Continued.

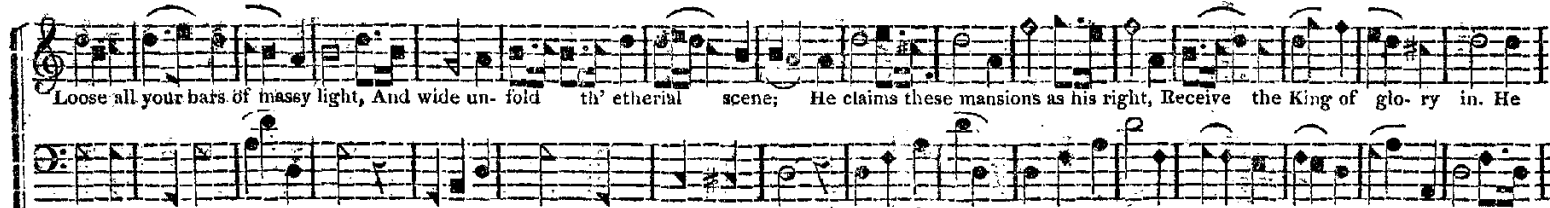
Sym.



Ye everlasting, &c.



SOLO.



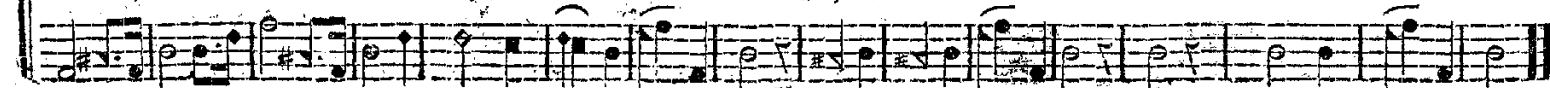
Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide un- fold th' ethereal scene; He claims these mansions as his right, Receive the King of glo- ry in. He



claims, &c.

Receive, &c.

Receive, &c.



Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold th'ethe- rial scene; He claims these mansions as his right, Receive the King of glory

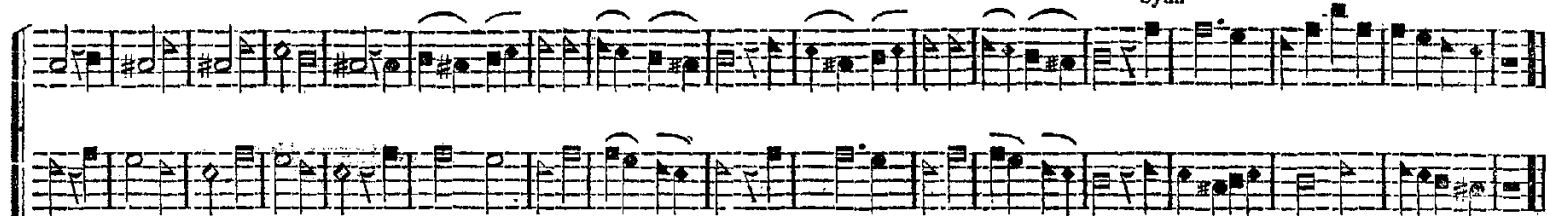
in. He claims, &c. Receive, &c. Receive, &c.

Loud.

Who is this King of glory, who, who? Who is this King of glory, who? The Lord who all his foes o'ercame, The world, sin, death and hell o'er-

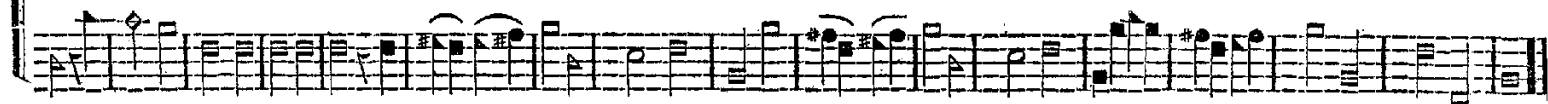
CHESHUNT, Continued.

Sym.

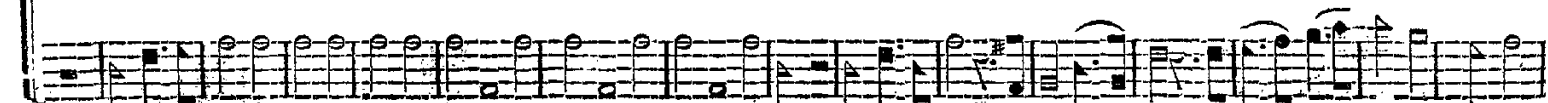


threw, And Jesus is the conqueror's name. And Jesus, &c.

And Jesus, &c.



Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, And an- gels chant the solemn lay, Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye ev- er- lasting doors give



way. Lift up, &c. Ye everlasting, &c. , Who is this King of glory, who, who, who?

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody, also using eighth and sixteenth notes, and includes some rests. The lyrics are placed below the first staff, aligned with the corresponding musical phrases.

Who is this King of glory, who? The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd, The king of saints and an- gels too, God over all, forev- er blest, God over-

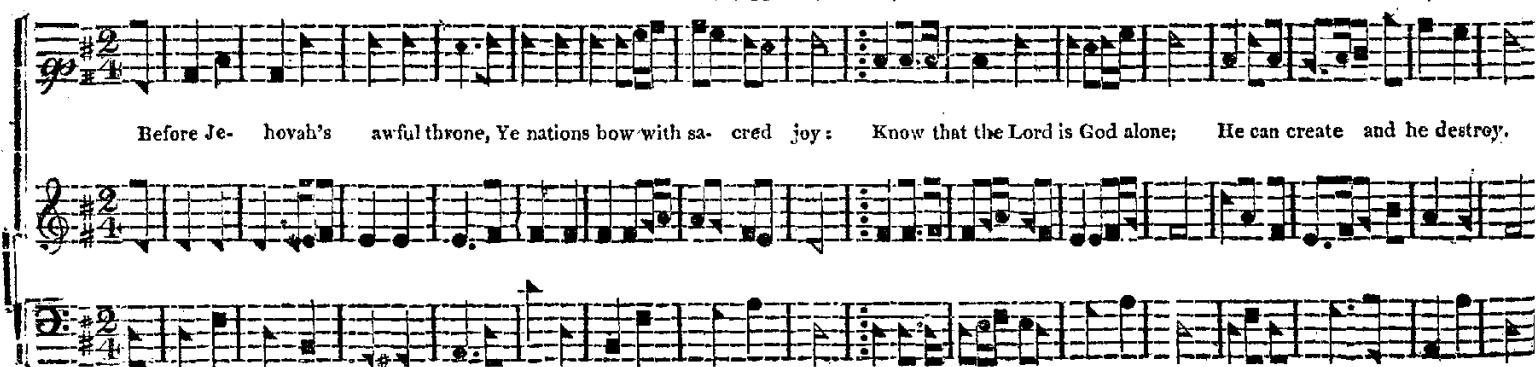
This system contains two staves of music. The first staff continues the melody from the previous system, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, primarily using quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are placed below the first staff, continuing the text from the previous system.

CHESHUNT, Continued.



all for- ev- er blest. God, &c. God over all, for- ev- er blest, for ev- er blest.

DENMARK. L. M.

Dr. Madan.


Before Je- hovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sa- cred joy: Know that the Lord is God alone; He can create and he destroy.

Soft.

He can create, and he destroy. His sov'reign pow'r without our aid, Made us of clay and form'd us men: And when like wand'ring sheep we

Loud.

Soft.

stray'd, He brought us to his fold again. He, &c. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our

DENMARK, Continued.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

voices raise; And earth, and earth, with her ten thousand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. Shall, &c.

Shall

fill, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. Wide, Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as eternity, e-ter-ni-ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must

stand, When rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move. When rolling years shall cease to move. When rolling, &c.

EASTER ANTHEM.

Billings.

The Lord is ris'n indeed! Hallelujah! The Lord is ris'n indeed! Halle- lu- jah!

EASTER ANTHEM, Continued.

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

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Halle- lu- jah, And did he rise? And did he rise? did he rise? Hear it ye

nations, hear it O ye dead! He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, He burst the bars of death! He, &c. He burst, &c. And triumph'd o'er the grave!

P

Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then first humanity triumphant pass'd the chrysal ports of light, And seiz'd e-ternal

EASTER ANTHEM, Continued.

1 2

1 2

youth. Man all immortal hail, hail, Heaven all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss. Thine, &c.

1 2

1 2

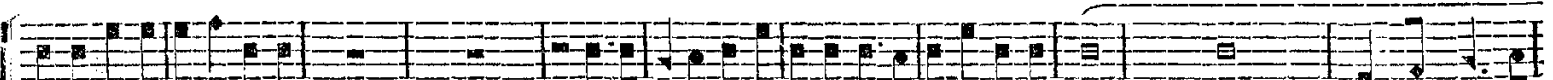
JUDGMENT ANTHEM.

Morgan.

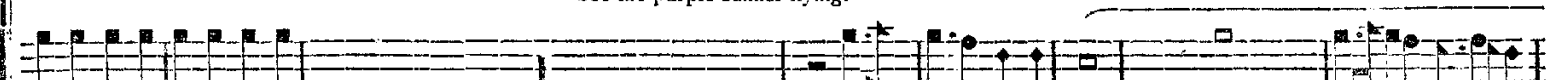
Counter. Hark ye mortals hear the trumpet Sounding loud the mighty roar,

Hark! Hark? Hark, the archangel's voice proclaiming, Thou old time shall be no more,

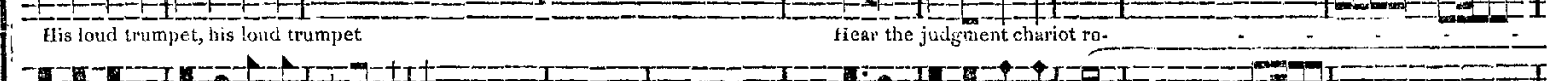
Sounding loud the mighty roar,



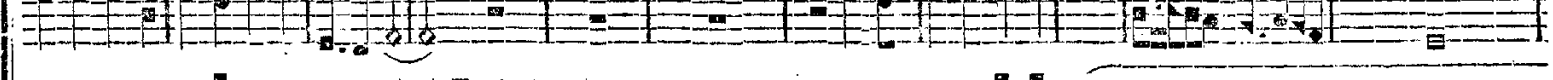
See the purple banner flying.



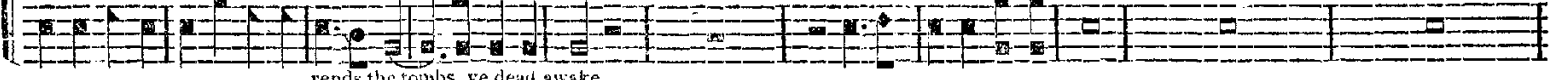
His loud trumpet, his loud trumpet



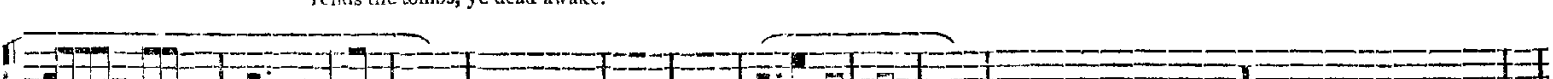
Hear the judgment chariot ro-



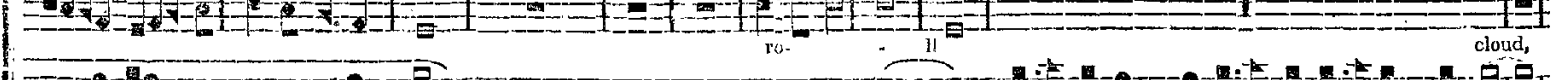
rends the tombs, ye dead awake.



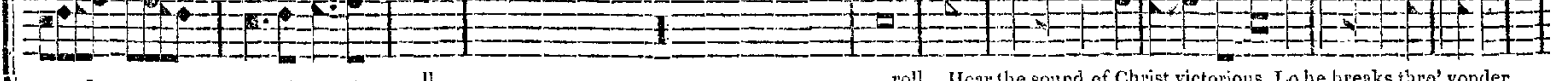
ro-



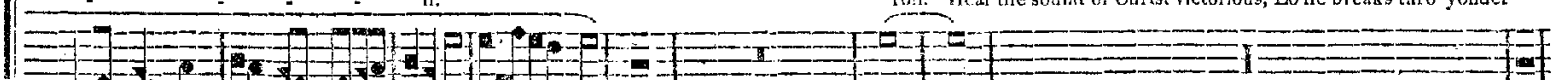
II



cloud,



II.



roll. Hear the sound of Christ victorious, Lo he breaks thro' yonder

JUDGMENT ANTHEM, Continued.

Is that he who died on Calv'ry, That was pierced with the

Midst ten thousand, :||: :||: :||: saints and angels see the cru- ci- fi- ed shine.

spear, Tell us seraphs, you that wonder'd, See he rises thro' the air, Hail him; Oh,

Hail him, Oh, yes 'tis Jesus; Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,

yes 'tis Jesus, Oh,

O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly, Oh, come quickly, Hallelujah, come, Lord come,

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff has lyrics 'yes 'tis Jesus, Oh,'. The second staff has lyrics 'O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly, Oh, come quickly, Hallelujah, come, Lord come,'. The third and fourth staves are instrumental accompaniment. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' at the end of the system.

Happy, happy mourners, happy mourners, happy mourners, Lo, in clouds he comes, comse. Now determin'd ev'ry evil to destroy.

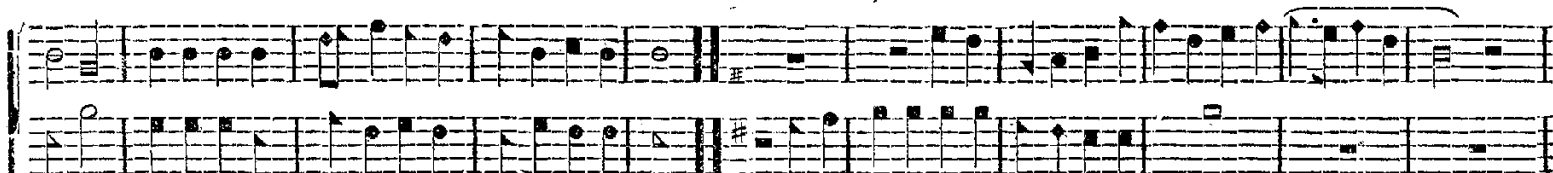
View him smiling,

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff has lyrics 'Happy, happy mourners, happy mourners, happy mourners, Lo, in clouds he comes, comse. Now determin'd ev'ry evil to destroy.' The second staff has lyrics 'View him smiling,'. The third and fourth staves are instrumental accompaniment. The music continues with similar notation to the first system, including first and second endings.

JUDGMENT ANTHEM, Continued.

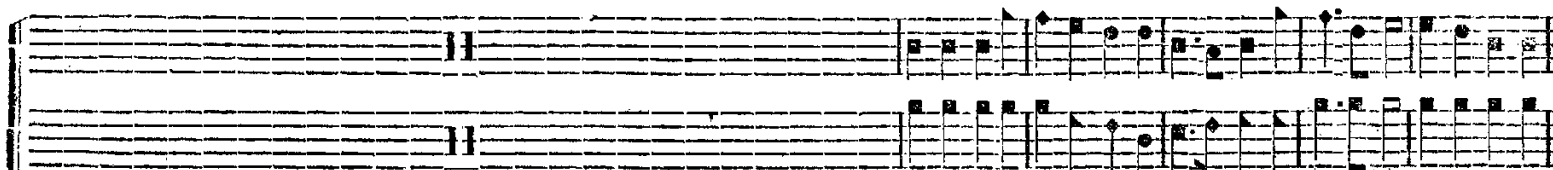
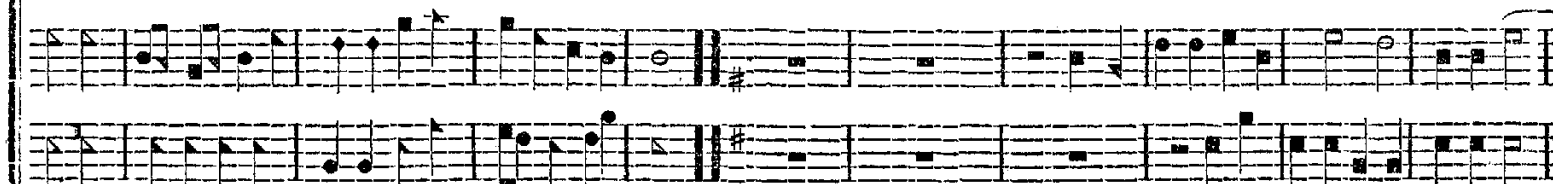
All ye nations now shall sing him, Songs of everlasting joy; Now redemption long expected, See the solemn pomp appear: All his people once rejected

Now shall meet him in the air; Hallelujah, hallelujah, welcome, welcome, bleeding lamb. Now his merit by the harpers, Thro' th' eternal deep resound,

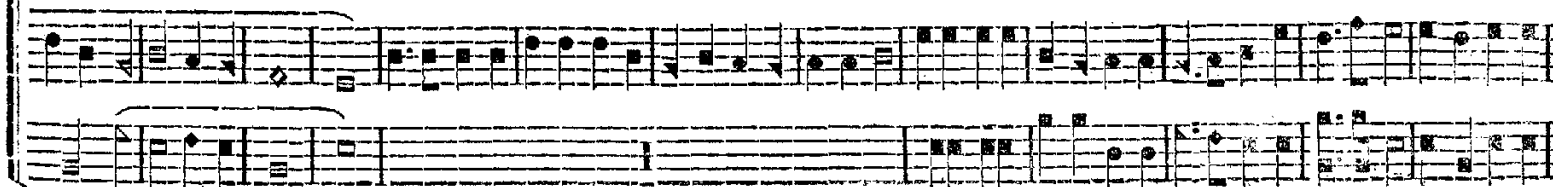


Now resplendent shine his nail prints, Ev'ry eye shall see the wound.

They who pierc'd him shall at his appearance wail.



Ev'ry island, sea and mountain, Heav'n and earth shall flee away; All who hate him must, ashamed, Hear the trump proclaim the day, Come to judgment,



JUDGMENT ANTHEM, Continued.

come to judgment, come to judgment, Stand before the Son of man. Hark, hark, the archangel swe- lls the solemn summons loud.

Tears the strong pillars of the vaults of heav'n, Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes; See the graves open and the bones arising, Flames all around them, Hark the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches, Lively bright horror and amazing anguish, Stare thro' their eyelids, While the living worm lies Gnawing within them.

Pages 121-124 missing from original

Pages 121-124 missing from original

NEW-YORK ANTHEM.

123

Soft. Slow.

Increase.

of heav'nly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, O the pains, the bliss of

See the judge's hand arising, Fill

Soft and Slow.

Increase.

F. P.

F. P.

F. P.

Cease fond nature, cease thy strife, and let me languish into life. Hark, Hark, they whisper angels say, they

lasting fl

Hark they whisper an- gels say,

JUDGMENT ANTHEM, Continued.

come to judgment, come to judgment, Stand before the Son of man.

Hark,

hark, the archangel swe-

ne realms of light.
at eternal Lord. Amen.

Tears the strong pillars of the vaults of heav'n, Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes; See the graves open and the bones arising, Flames all aro
Hark the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches, Lively bright horror and amazing anguish, Stare thro' their eyelids, While the living worm lies

pleasant as May.

NEW-YORK ANTHEM.

125

Soft. Slow.

Increase.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, O the pains, the bliss of

Slow. Soft.

Increase.

F. P.

f F. P.

F. P.

dying, Cease fond nature, cease thy strife, and let me languish into life. Hark, Hark, they whisper angels say, they

Hark they whisper an- gels say,

NEW-YORK ANTHEM, Continued.

F. F. P.

F.

whisper an- gels say, Hark they whisper an- gels say, Sister spirit come a- way. Sister spirit come a- way. What is this ab-

sorbs me quite, Steals my sen- ses shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath, Tell me my soul can this be death: Tell me my soul can

P.

*Increase.**Vivace.*

this be death? The world recedes, it disappears, Heav'n opens to my eyes, My ears with sounds seraphic ring; Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave, where

is thy victory! O grave, &c. O death where is thy sting! Lend :: your wings, I mount; I fly O grave, &c. O death, &c. O grave where is thy

NEW-YORK ANTHEM, Continued.

victo- ry thy victory! O grave, &c. thy O death O death I mount, I fly I

Slow.

Where is thy sting.

mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy vic- tory, thy victo- ry! O death, O death.

WASHINGTON

Slow.

Our souls by 1 to- geth- er knit, Ce- mented mix in one; One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heav'n on earth be-

The little el- crease still, The heav'ns are big with rain; We haste to catch the teeming show'r, And all its moisture

And when thou k'st thy jewels up, And sett'st thy starry crown; When all thy sparkling gems shall shine, Proclaim'd by thee thine

R

Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

gun. Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake, And glow'd with sacred fire, He stopp'd and talk'd and fed and blest, And fill'd the enlarged desire.

drain. A rill, a stream, a torrent flows! But pour a mighty flood. Oh sweep the nations shake the earth. Till all proclaim thee God.

own. May we, we lit- te land of love, Be sinners sav'd by grace, From glory into glory chang'd, Behold thee face to face.

"A Saviour!" let creation sing! "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring!

He's God with us, we feel him out His fullness in our souls he

"A Saviour!" let creation sing, "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring! He's God with us, we feel him out His fullness in our souls he

pours. 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er, We're joining them who're gone before, We then shall meet to part no more. We then shall meet to part no more.

pours. 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er, We're joining them who're gone before, We then shall meet to part no more. We then shall meet to part no more.

INDEX

<i>Tunes.</i>	<i>Page.</i>	<i>Tunes.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
Amherst, -	18	Carthage, -	-
Aylesbury, -	18	Cheshunt, -	-
Archdale, -	19	Dover, -	-
Abridge, -	20	Dalston, -	-
America, -	67	Devises, -	-
Amity, -	67	Dunstan, -	-
Army, -	82	Damascus, -	-
Amsterdam, -	83	David's Lamentation, -	75
Ashley, -	87	Delight, -	76
Brookfield, -	20	Denmark, -	108
Buckingham, -	21	Enfield, -	32
Banger, -	42	Evening Hymn, -	66
Bath, -	56	Evening Shade, -	77
Berea, -	66	Exhortation, -	80
Babylonian Captivity, -	71	Easton, -	89
Bridgetown, -	71	Easter Anthem, -	111
Brewer, -	79	Fairfield, -	33
Colchester, -	21	Few Happy Matches, -	33
Cambridge, -	22	Fiducia, -	34
Cookham, -	23	Funeral Thought, -	34
Canterbury, -	23	Finedon, -	55
Carmel, -	24	French, -	61
China, -	26	Florida, -	79
Castle-Street, -	27	Georgia, -	24
Consolation, -	27	German, -	70
Communion, -	28	Germany, -	73
Coleshill, -	28	Greenfield, -	81
Christmas Hymn, -	29	Greenfields, -	122
Christmas, -	44	Hotham, -	36
Charleston, -	65	Heavenly Spark, -	36
Coventry, -	85	Irish, -	38
Concord, -	73	Jordan, -	84
		Mansfield, -	8
		Majesty, -	86
		Mortality, -	88
		Namur, -	37
		Newmark, -	45
		Ninety-Third, -	46
		New-York, -	53
		Newport, -	68
		Nantwich, -	74
		North Salem, -	89
		New-Jerusalem, -	90
		Newburgh, -	91
		Ninety-Fifth, -	92
		Northfield, -	93
		New-York Anthem, -	147
		Old Hundred, -	82
		Orleans, -	-

NEW-YORK INDEX.

"A Saviour!" let creation sing! "A Saviour!" let all
 greet,
 on, S. M.
 Sicilian Mariner's Hymn,
 St. Thomas,
 "A Saviour!" let crea- ation
 49 Sicily,
 50 St. Martins,
 96 Surry,
 50 Sutton, c. M.
 51 Sherburn,
 51 Symphony,
 52 Turin,
 97 Thirtieth,
 Repenta.

Page.	Tunes.	Page.
98	Twenty-Fourth,	59
35	Tilden,	60
41	Tribulation,	61
52	Tamworth,	72
53	Vernon,	62
54	Walworth,	58
56	Warren,	62
57	Winchester,	68
57	Winter,	60
69	Windham,	64
92	Wells,	64
98	Worship or Evening Hymn,	77
99	Williamstown,	101
100	Whitestown,	101
54	Washington,	129
59	York,	39

NOTE.—The author of this work being absent during the period it was in the press, some errors have escaped the discovery of those to whom the reading of the proof-sheets was entrusted. In the Essay, 6th page, 19th line, read *insomuch*, not *inasmuch*; also upon the 7th page, 19th line, read *sweet* and benign influence, not *secret* and benign influence, as it is expressed by the typographical compositor. The reader will also perceive, that from the same cause, one tune has been inserted twice, under different names, *Sicily* and *Arlington*. Although some other errors may be found in the work, we hope they are few and not material.