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THE VILLAGE COMPILATION

O F

Sacred Musick.

BY DANIEL BELKNAP.

Boston :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR....BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM....1806.



DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT.

(SEAL.)

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty ninth day of October, in the thirty first year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Daniel Belknap* of the said District, has deposited in this Office the title of a book, the Right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, *to wit* :—“THE VILLAGE COMPILATION OF SACRED MUSICK, BY DANIEL BELKNAP.” In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled “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 an Act intituled “An Act supplementary to an Act, intituled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned ; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints.

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

P R E F A C E.

INDUCED by the repeated solicitations of his friends, and the liberal patronage which he has received in former publications, the compiler offers the publick the following work.

THIS volume contains upwards of one hundred and forty pieces of musick, calculated for divine worship, besides a number of set pieces for occasional purposes.

To collect the thoughts, sooth the passions, and expand the soul for receiving religious impressions, is the design of sacred harmony. And the Editor flatters himself that the above design will, in some measure be promoted by his work ; and that, amid the variety of the following pages, something may be found which will engage the attention and correspond with the taste of various characters.

SHOULD the Compiler receive that encouragement which has attended his former publications, his patrons may expect soon to receive something further from their obliged Servant,

THE EDITOR.

FRAMINGHAM, November, 1806.

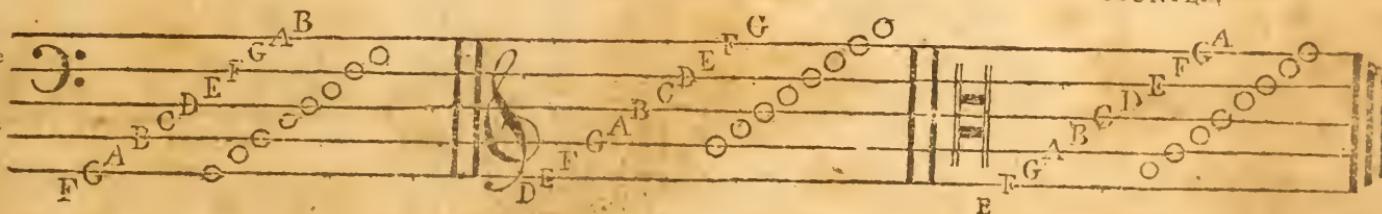


A CONCISE INTRODUCTION to the GROUNDS of MUSICK.

THE GAMUT.

BASS:

Space above
Fifth line
Fourth space
Fourth line
Third space
Third line
Second space
Second line
First space
First line
Space below



TENOR or TREBLE.

COUNTER:

The natural place for me is in

If B be flat me is in

If B and E be flat, me is in

If B, E and A be flat, me is in

If B, E, A and D be flat me is in

E If F be sharp me is in

A If F and C be sharp me is in

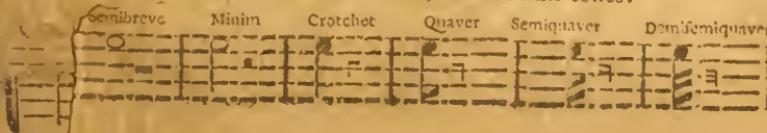
D If F, C and G be sharp, me is in

G If F, C G and D be sharp mi is in D

Above me, are faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, and below, are law, sol

faw, law, sol, faw, and then comes me again.

From me to faw, and from law to faw, are but half tones.



B It takes 2 minims to make one semibreve, 4 crotchets, 8 quavers, 16 semiquavers, or 32 demisemiquavers.

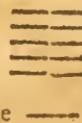
MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

Stave



FIVE lines whereon musick is written.

Ledger line



Is added when the notes go out of the compass of the five lines.

Brace



Shows how many parts are sung together.

Flat	b	Set before a note sinks it half a tone.
Sharp	x	Raises a note half a tone.
Natural	n	Restores any note, made flat or sharp, to its primitive sound.
Slur or Tie		Shows what number of notes are sung to one syllable.
Point		Adds to a note half its original length.
Figure	3	Reduces three notes to two of the same kind.
Hold		Shows that the sound of the note over which it is placed should be continued beyond its customary length.
Apoggituras		Are small notes to lean on, in passing intervals, and must be dwelt upon according to the value or length of the note.
Repeat		Shows that part of the tune is to be sung twice.
Figures	1 2	Show that the notes under figure 1 are sung before repeating, and the notes under figure 2, after. If tied together with a slur all are sung after repeating.
Choosing notes		Give the performer liberty to sing which he pleases.
Mark of distinction		Requires the note over which it is placed to be sung emphatically.

Single bar		Divides the time according to the measure note.
Double bar		Shows the end of a strain.
Close		Shows the end of a tune.

COMMON TIME MOODS.

THIS mood requires one semibreve or its amount in other notes to a bar. It has four beats to a bar, two down and two up. The accents fall on the first and third parts of the bar.

First	
Second	
Third	
Fourth	

Has the same quantity of notes, is beat and accented like the first, only one quarter quicker.



Requires the same amount as the preceding, has but two beats to a bar, one down, and the other up. It has a full accent on the first, and a weaker on the third part of the bar.



This mood has but one minim to a bar, is beat and accented like the last, only one third quicker.

TRIPLE TIME MOODS.

CONTAINS three minims in a bar; has two down and the other up, and is accented first.



Second

3 Contains three crotchets in a bar, beat and accented like the first,
4

COMPOUND TIME MOODS.

First

5 HAS two beats to a bar, which contains six crotchets, accented on the first and fourth.

Second

6 This mood requires six quavers to a bar, is beat and accented like the last.
8

OF THE KEYS.

THERE are two Keys in musick, the *sharp key*, and the *flat key*. If the last note in the Bass be next above me, it is a sharp, if next below, it is a flat key.

MUSICAL TERMS EXPLAINED.

AFFECTUOSO, affectionately.

Crescendo, or Cres. increasing the sound.

Duetto, two parts together.

Forte or For. loud and full.

Grave, slow.

Moderato or Mod. slacken the time.

Piano or Pia. soft.

Tutt, all voices together,

Vivace, with life and vigour.

MODULATION.

Musick cannot be complete without the assistance of modulation, or the art of varying from one key to another, by the aid of flats and sharps. In order to do this with facility and correctness, the names of the notes must be removed into the new key, and occupy a place there, similar to that which they held in the original key; that is, faw must be the new key note, sol, its fifth, and me, the leading note, if in the major series. In modulating into the fourth of the key, the major seventh is made flat; for example: in the key of C major, by flattening B, F becomes the key note. To apply the syllables in this case let the C, immediately preceding the flat, be called sol, preserving at the same time the tone of faw, its former name; then by falling a whole tone to B, calling it faw, you come into the key of F. In modulating into the fifth of the key, the fourth is made sharp and becomes the leading note, or sharp seventh of the key; e. g. in the key of C major, by sharpening F, you make G the key note. In order to apply the syllables in this case, let the G immediately preceding the occasional sharp, be called faw, preserving the tone which it held as sol; then by falling half a tone and calling F me, you arrive at the key of G. Thus by a thorough knowledge of modulation, the most difficult pieces of musick may be performed at sight.

It has been asserted that in musick there are two natural keys, viz C major, and A minor. This assertion is undoubtedly erroneous; for no key can be called natural, that requires the aid of flats and sharps to render its series of eight notes melodious and agreeable to the ear. As all minor keys require their sixth and seventh notes sharp in ascending their octaves and natural in descending, it follows that the key of A cannot, properly, be called natural, but only that of C, which is not liable to this objection.

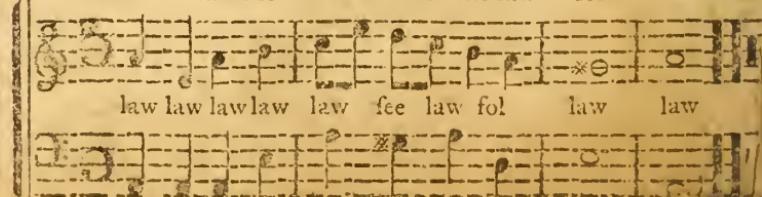
Example of the key of A minor.



It is recommended that all notes made sharp in the key of A minor and called sol, be called See; as the word see is much better adapted to the true sound of the note than the word sol; also in all similar instances where occasional flats and sharps occur, as in tunes in the natural major key, where B is occasionally made flat, the note on B should be called faw instead of me; for by making B flat, the musick is generally modulated into the key of F. Also in all similar situations.

Example of the key of A minor, wherein sol should be called see.

law law law me faw law sol faw me law fee law

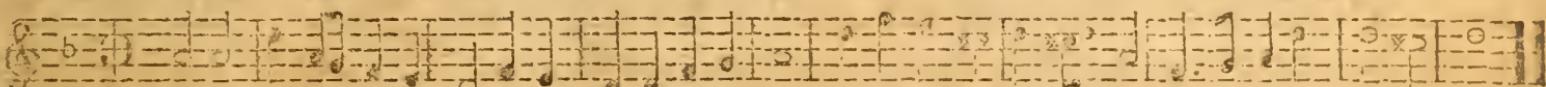
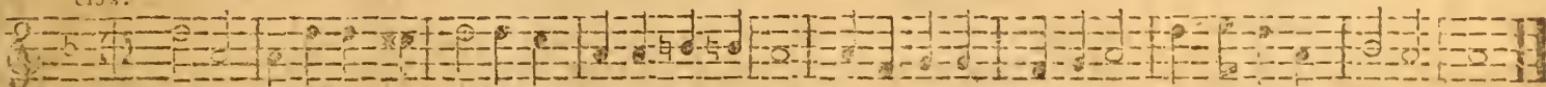


law law law law law fee law sol law law

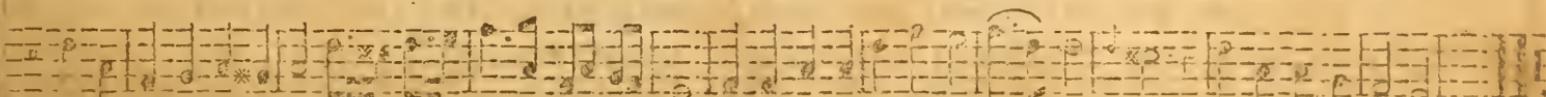
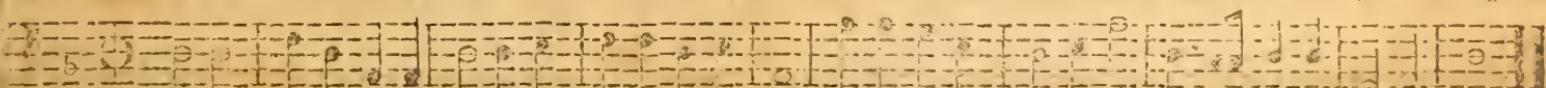
Village Compilation of Sacred Musick.

Barnwell. . Sevens.

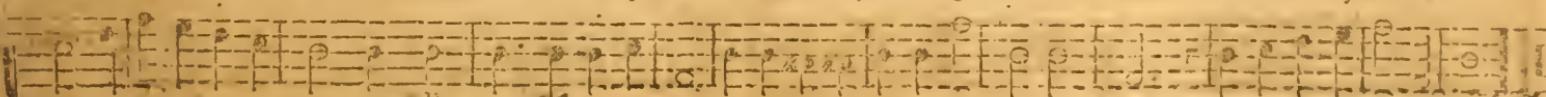
Slow.



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 be past: Safe into thy haven guide, O receive, O receive my soul at last.



Granville. S. M.

E. Goff.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in common time and the bottom staff is in common time. Both staves feature a variety of note heads, including solid black dots, open circles, and small crosses, along with rests of different lengths.

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

Continuation of the musical score for Granville, S. M. The top staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The bottom staff starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes.

Edom. C. M.

WEST.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in common time and the bottom staff is in common time. The music consists primarily of eighth notes and sixteenth notes.

With songs and honours sounding loud, Addres^s the Lord on high ;

Over the heav'ns he

Continuation of the musical score for Edom, C. M. The top staff features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff continues the rhythmic pattern established in the previous section.

Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And waters veil the

Final section of the musical score for Edom, C. M. The top staff ends with a long sustained note. The bottom staff concludes with a series of eighth notes.

Edom, Continued.

13

And waters, &c.

He sends, &c.

spreads his cloud, And waters veil the sky, He sends his show'rs of blessings down, To cheer the plains below, He makes the grass the mountains crown, and

sky. And waters, &c.

He sends, &c.

Hic,

He makes the grass, &c.

corn in vallies

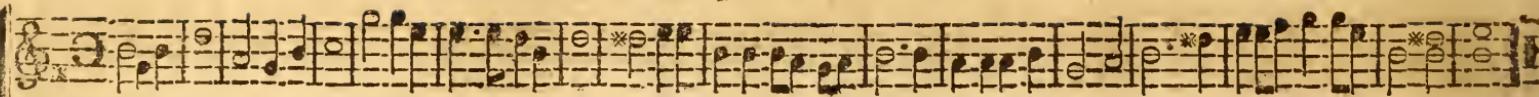
grow.

He makes, &c.

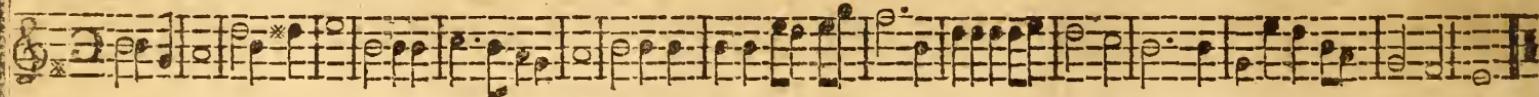
And corn, &c.

Mortality. L. M.

BELKNAP.



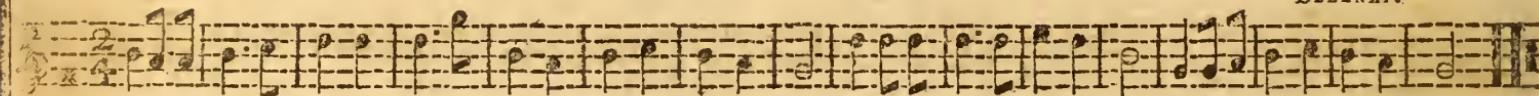
AIR.



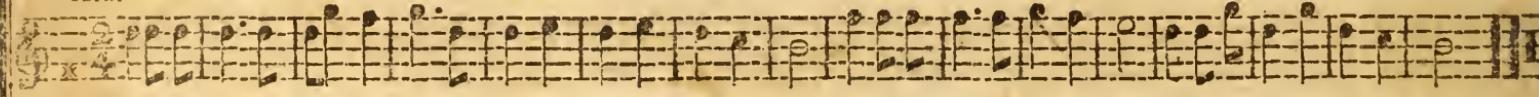
It is the Lord, our Maker's hand Weakens our strength amidst the race Disease and death at his command Arrest us and cut short our days. Arrest, &c.

London. L. M.

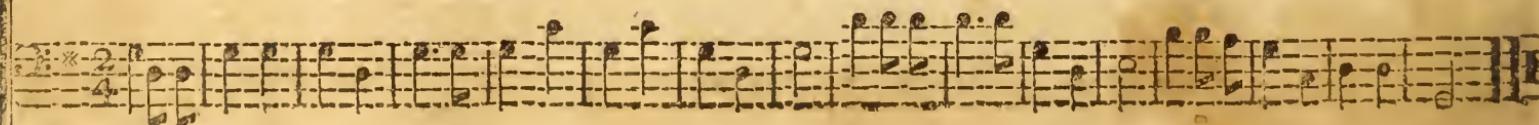
BELKNAP.



AIR.



Exalted Prince of Life, we own The royal honours of thy throne ; 'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand, And seraphs bow at thy command.

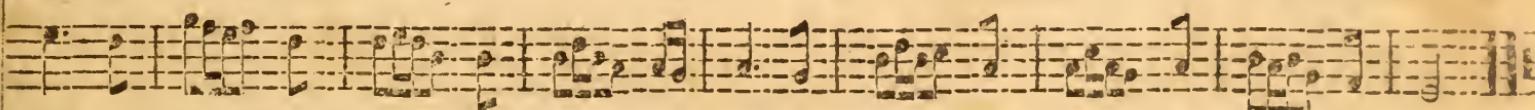
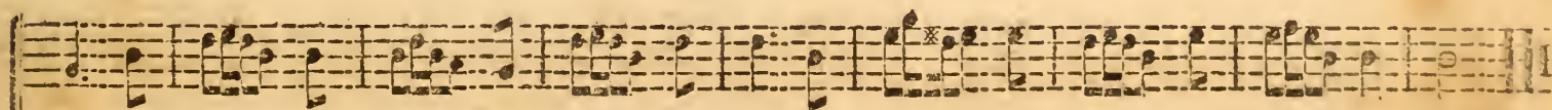
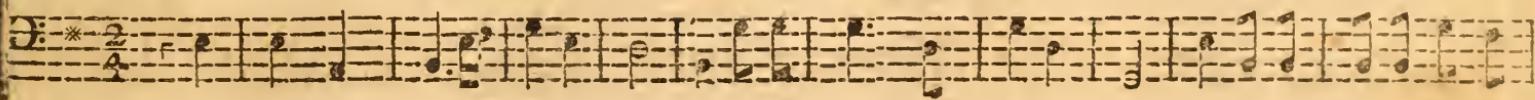


Hartland. L. M.

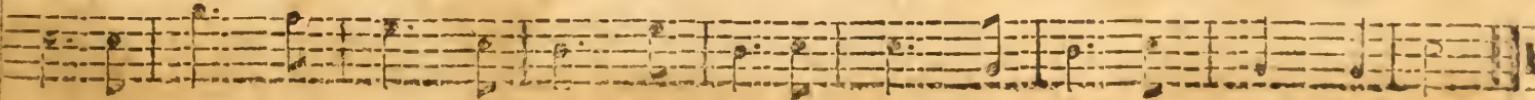
15



But man, poor man, is born to die, Made up of guilt and vanity; Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was



just, Return, ye sinners, to your dust, Returns, ye sinners, to your dust.

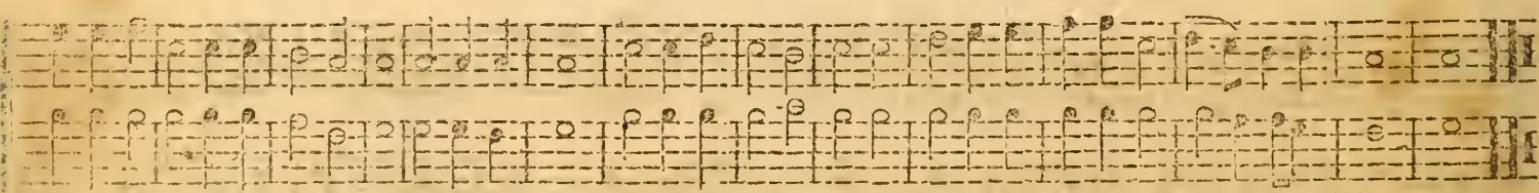
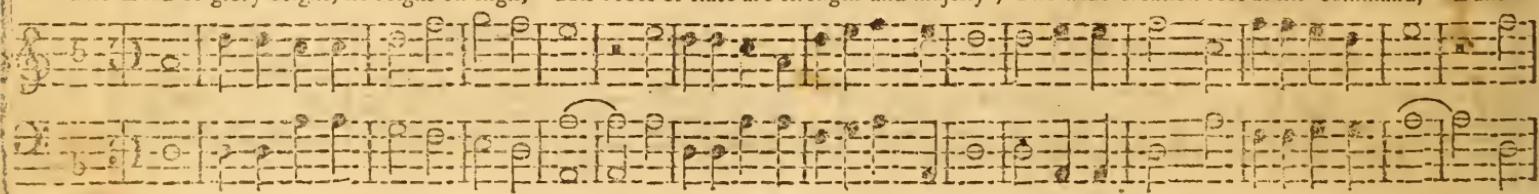


Machias. P. M.

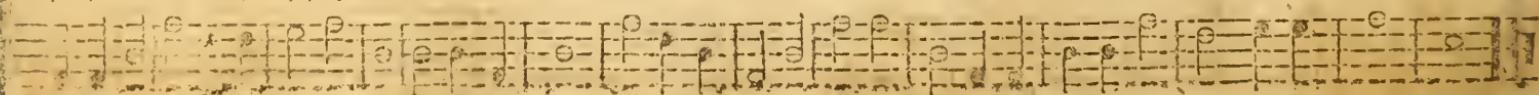
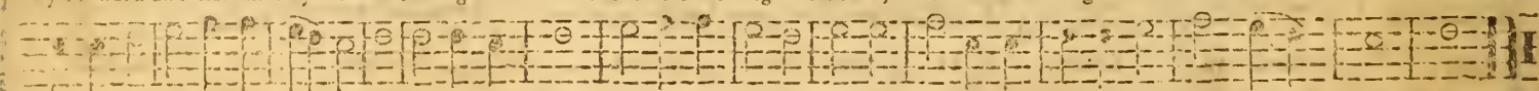
E. Goff.



The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high, His robes of state are strength and majesty ; The wide creation rose at his command, Built



word and established by his hand. Long stood his throne ere he began creation, And his own godhead is the firm foundation.



Hampton.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

17

Fla.

Musical score for Flute (Fla.) featuring two staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of eighth-note patterns.

Dearest of all the names above, My Jesus and my God, Who can resist thy heav'nly love, Or trifle with thy blood? 'Tis by the merits of thy death The

Fla.

For.

Musical score for Flute (Fla.) and Trombone (For.) featuring two staves of music. The first staff is for the Flute (Fla.) and the second staff is for the Trombone (For.). Both staves begin with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of eighth-note patterns.

Father smiles again; 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men, 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men.

C

O praise, &c.

O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great Assembly to sing; In

O praise, &c.

O praise, &c.

our great Creator Let Israel rejoice, And children of Zion Be glad in their King.

Along the banks where Babylon's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd ;
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

Elim. All Sevens.

BABCOCK. Words by Merrick.

AIR

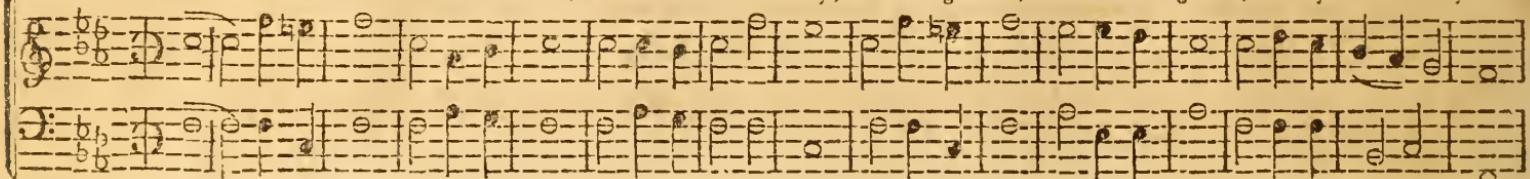
Lift your voice and thankful sing Praises to your heav'nly King ; For his blessings far extend, And his mercy knows no end.

Golgotha. C. M.

BILLINGS.



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



Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours.



Sharon. P. M.

BELKNAP.

21

AIR.

Though not with mortals eyes we see Our dear Emanuel's face; Yet we behold him on the tree By faith, & cry, lo, this is he Who suffer'd our disgrace.

Pelham. P. M.

AIR

How sweetly along the gay mead, The daisies and cowslips are seen! The flocks, as they carelessly feed, Rejoice in the beautiful green.

Boylston. H. M.

BELKNAP.

Great Father of mankind, We bleſs the wond'rous grace That could for Gentiles find. Within thy courts a place. How kind the care Our God diſplays, For us to raiſe A houſe of prayer.

Deerfield. P. M.

AIR.

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



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



On cherub and on cherubin Fall royaly he rule, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying, in thow.



Hark! from the skies a dreadful sound,

See how the clouds spread o'er the skies ; The thunders roar and shake the ground, And fill the

creatures with surprise.

The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal

The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal hand; At his command the

The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal hand;

The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's Almighty hand; At his command the streams obey, And

Hancock.

Continued.

25

hand; At his command the streams obey,
streams obey, And flash along at his command, And flash along at his command.
flash along at his command, &c.

Flanders. C. M.

BABCOCK.

AIR.

Since I have plac'd my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly, To, &c.

D

The meadows drest in
The little hills on ev'ry side, Rejoice at falling show'rs, The

The meadows drest in all their pride, Per-

The meadows drest in all their pride, Perfume the air with

all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'rs, Perfume, &c.

meadows drest in all their pride, The meadows drest in all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'rs.

flow'rs, The, &c.



The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes, Are light and majesty:

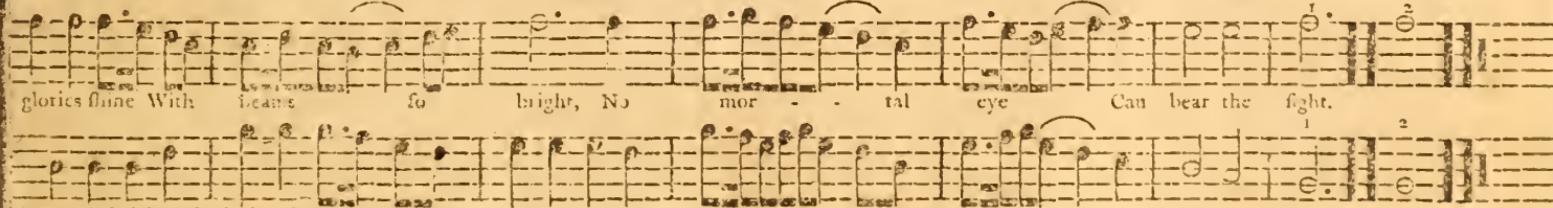
His



His glories shine With

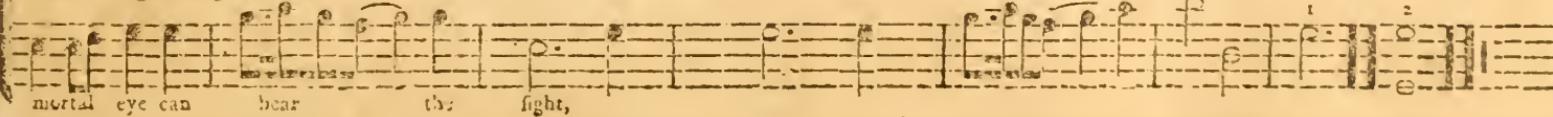
His glories shine With beams so bright, No

His glories shine With beams so bright,



glories shine With beams so bright, No mor-tal eye Can bear the sight.

beams so bright, His glories, &c.



mortal eye can bear the sight,

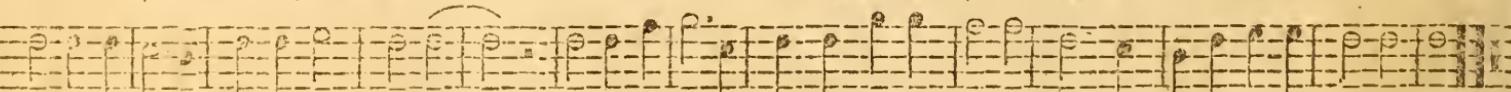
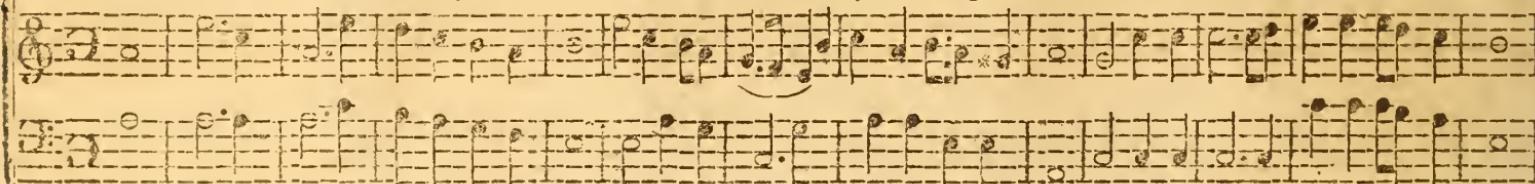
Shrewsbury.

P. M.

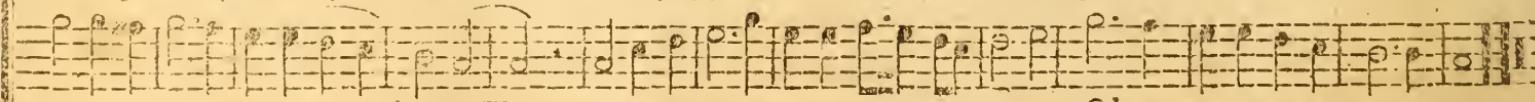
BELKNAP.



Sav'd from the ocean and tempest'ous skies, Reduc'd to dust, here youth and vigour lies; Dire scenes I saw, on Boston's boist'rous shore;



Distressing scenes myself a part have bore: Learn this ye gay that life's a transient flow'r, Which grows, and blooms, and withers in an hour.



Greensburg. C. M.

STONE.

29

Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm

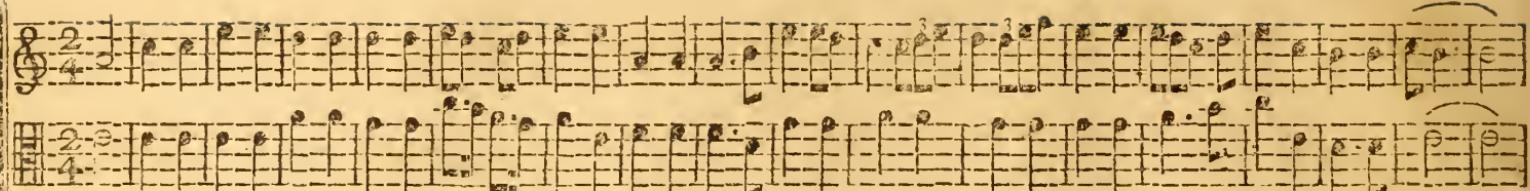
for ev'ry wound, A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.

for ev'ry wound, A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.

Franklin.

L. M.

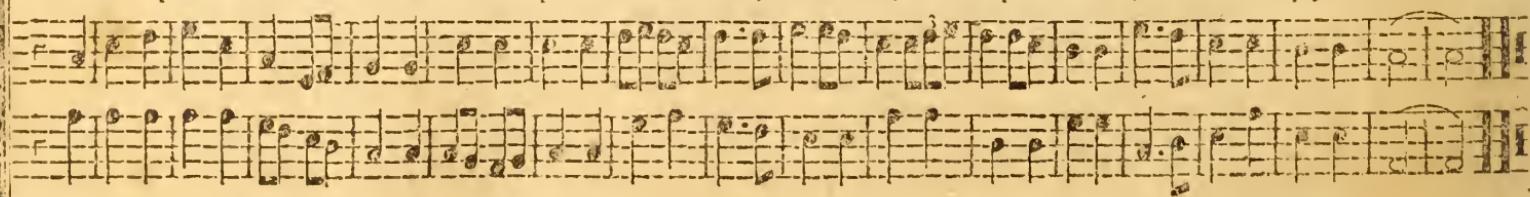
FISHER.



Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Contend with their Creator God? Shall mortal worms presume to be More holy, wise, or just than he?



Behold he puts his trust in none Of all the spirits round his throne; Their natures, when compar'd with his, Are neither holy, just, nor wise.



Brimfield.

P. M.

31

AIR.

Musical notation for the Brimfield air, featuring three staves of eight-line music with various note heads and rests.

Throughout the Saviour's life we trace

No period else is seen;

Tasting, in soul, a painful hell,

Continuation of musical notation for the Brimfield air, featuring three staves of eight-line music with various note heads and rests.

Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,

Till he a spotless victim fell,

Caus'd by the creature's sin.

Final part of musical notation for the Brimfield air, featuring three staves of eight-line music with various note heads and rests.

Williamstown.

P. M.

BELKNAP.

Musical notation for the Williamstown air, featuring three staves of eight-line music with various note heads and rests.

Almighty King of heaven above,

And Lord of all below,

Permit thy suppliants to draw near,

AIR

Continuation of musical notation for the Williamstown air, featuring three staves of eight-line music with various note heads and rests.

Eternal source of truth and love,

With rev'rence and religious fear,

And at thy feet to bow.

Final part of musical notation for the Williamstown air, featuring three staves of eight-line music with various note heads and rests.

New Framingham. L. M.

AIR

Pia

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor/Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in common time, treble clef, and the piano part is in common time, bass clef. The vocal parts consist of three staves of music with various note heads and stems. The piano part has a single staff with a bass clef and includes dynamic markings like 'Forte' (F) and 'Piano' (P). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Awake our souls, away our fears; Let every trem'ling thought begone; Awake, and run the

Fot

A continuation of the musical score for three voices and piano. The vocal parts are in common time, treble clef, and the piano part is in common time, bass clef. The vocal parts consist of three staves of music with various note heads and stems. The piano part has a single staff with a bass clef and includes dynamic markings like 'Forte' (F), 'Piano' (P), and 'Crescendo' (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

heav'ly race, And put a cheerful courage on: Awake, and run the heav'ly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

Bedford. C. M.

E. Gott.

33

There is a house not made with hands, Eternal and on high ; And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

And here my spirit waiting stands, And here, &c.

And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

And here my spirit waiting stands 'Till God shall bid it fly, And here my spirit, &c.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth receive her king. Let earth receive her king; Let every heart pre-

Let, &c.

Let every heart, &c,

Let every heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing.

pare him room, And heav'n, &c.

Hamburg. S. M.

SANGER.

35

He leads me to the place Where heav'ly pasture grows, Where living waters gently p'ss,

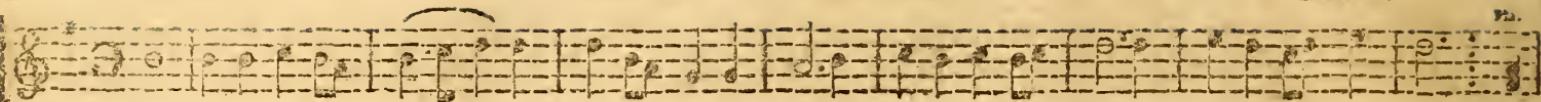
And full salvation flows.

And full salvation flows, Where living waters gently p'ss, And full salvation flows.

And full salvation, &c.

Harlem. H. M.

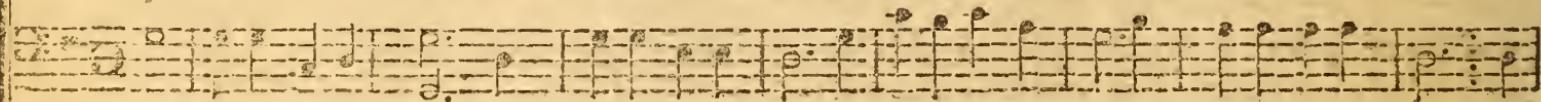
SANCER.



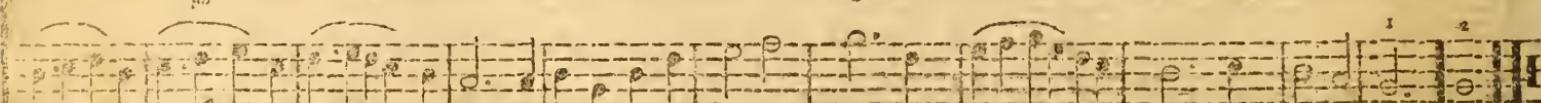
Aiz.



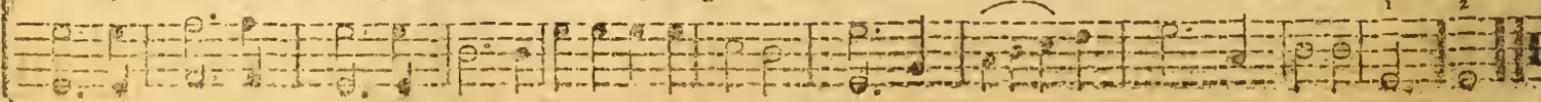
Ye tribes of Adam, join With hear'n, and earth, and seas, And offer notes, divine To, your Creator's praise. Ye



For.



holy strong Of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song. In worlds of light Begin the song.



Thy words the raging winds controul And rule the boisterous deep Thou mak'st the sleeping

Thou make'st, &c.

billows roll, Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows. sleep, The rolling billows sleep.

Monson. L. M.

BELKNAP.

Pia.



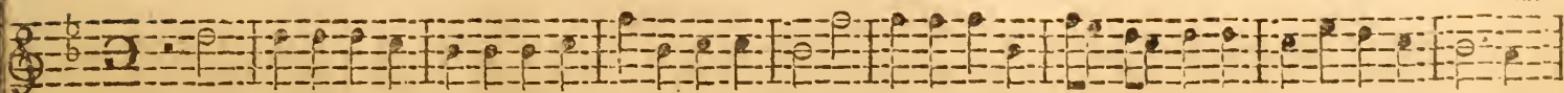
Thus faith the high and lofty one, I sit upon my holy throne; My name is God, I dwell on high, Dwell in my own eternity.

Yet



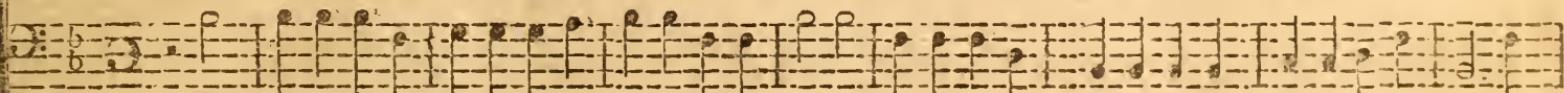
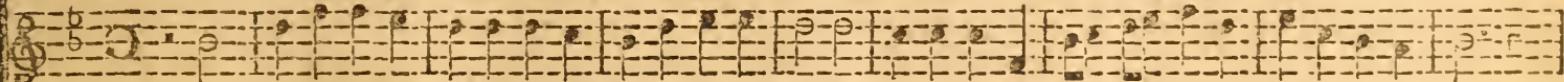
I descend to world below, On earth I have a mansion too; The humble spirit and contrite Is an abode of my delight, Is an, &c.



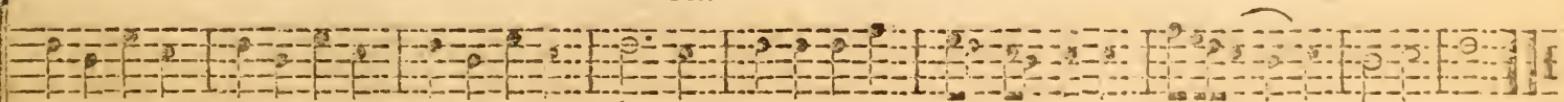


Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas, In your eternal roar, Let wave to wave resound his praise, And shore reply to shore. While

AIR.

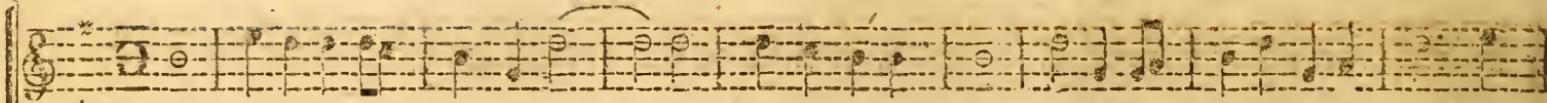


For:



fishes sporting on the flood, In scaly silver shine; Proclaim their mighty maker, God, Amidst the foaming brine.





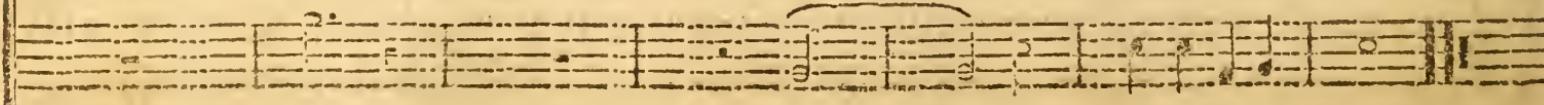
AIR.

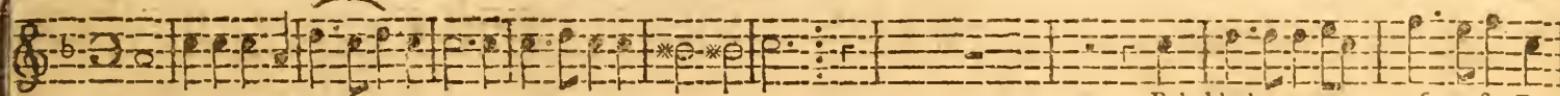
Return, O God of love, return, Earth is a tiresome place, How long shall we thy children mourn O'er



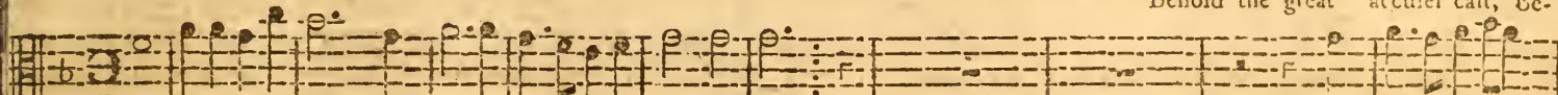
absence from thy face! How long, &c.

Our absence, &c.



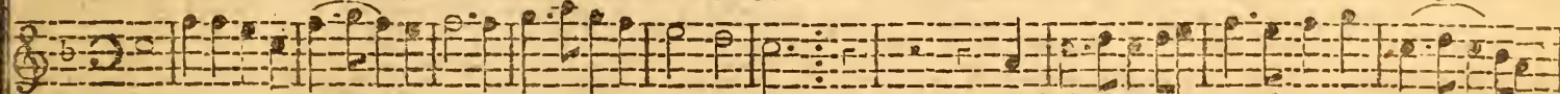


Bhold the great accuser cast, Be-

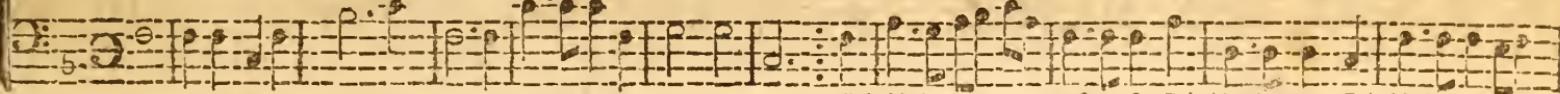


Now is the hour of darkness past, Christ has assumed his reigning power,

Bhold the great accu-



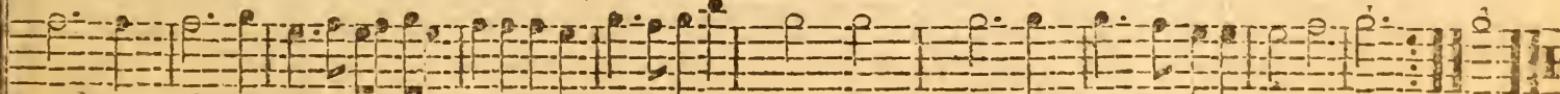
Bhold the great accuser cast, Behold the



Bhold the great accuser cast, Behold the great, Behold the great ac-



hold the great accuser cast, Down from the skies, Down from the skies to rise no more.



accuser cast, Down from the skies to rise no more, Down, &c.

Down, &c.



great accuser cast, Down from the skies to rise no more, Down, &c.



accuser cast, Down from the skies, Down, &c.

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

Pia.

For.

where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of his grace; God, in the person of his Son, His all his noblest works outdoe, God, &c.

Paradise.

H. M.

E. Goff.

43

And can this mighty King Of glory condescend? And will he write his name, My father and my friend?

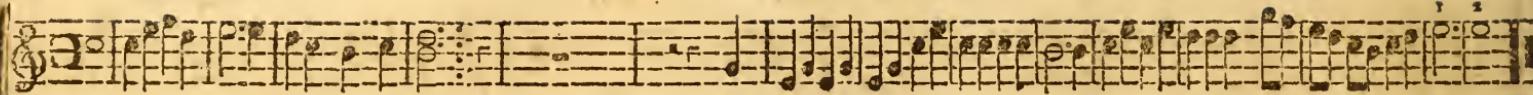
p.t.

For.

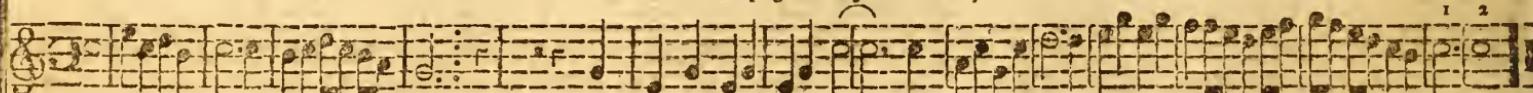
I love his name, I love his word, Join all my pow'r's To serve the Lord.

Sudbury. S. M.

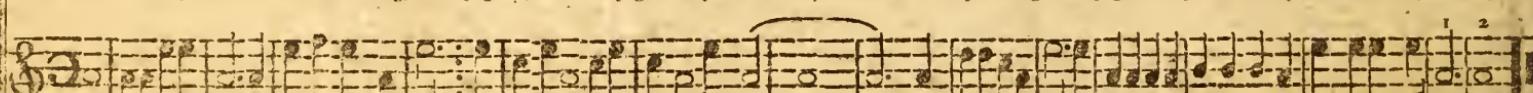
SANGER.



Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways



Now let our voiccs join, To form a sacred song, Ye pilgrims, &c. Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways With musick pass along. Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways, With musick pass along.

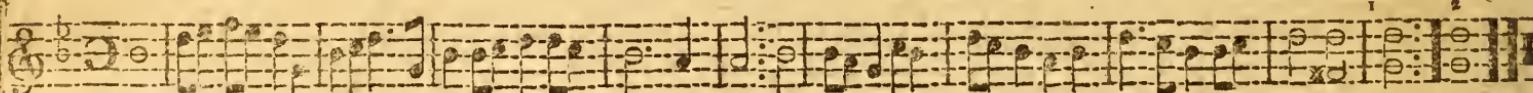


Ye pilgrims, &c.

Gardner. L. M.

BEKLINA.

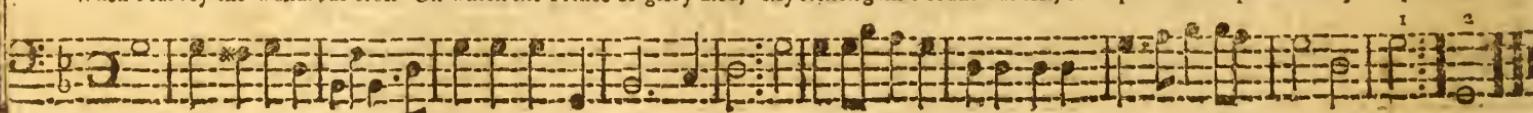
Grave.



Ais.



When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

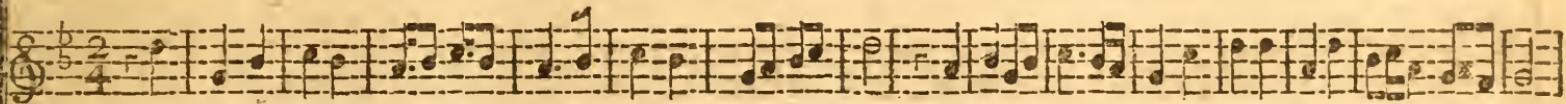


Solon. C. M.

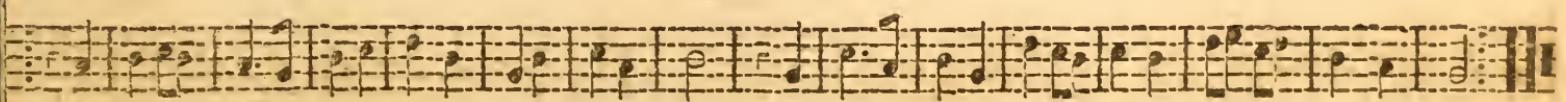
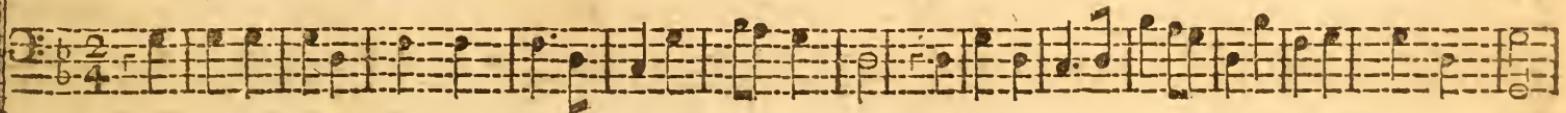
BELKNAP.

45

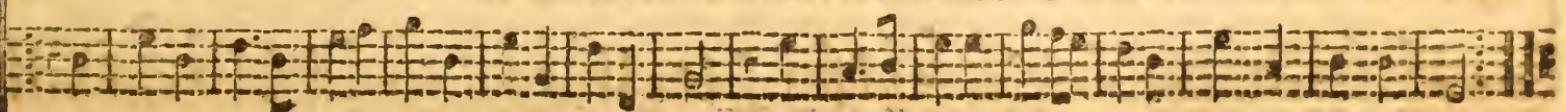
AIR.



Indulgent God, with pitying eyes The sons of men survey, And see how youthful sinners sport In a destructive way.

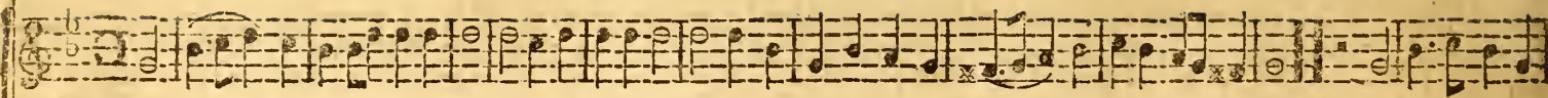


Ten thousand dangers lurk around To bear them to the tomb; Each in an hour may plunge them down Where hope shall never come.

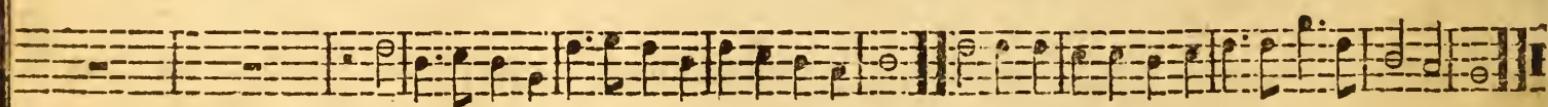
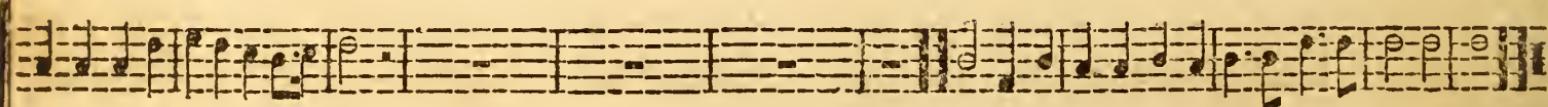
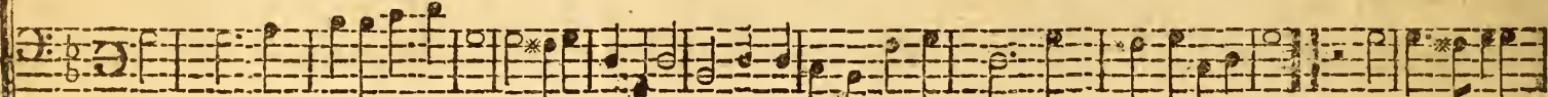


Vergennes. C. M.

HOLDEN.



My heart and flesh cry out for thee, While far from thine abode ; When shall I tread thy courts, and see, My Saviour and my God ? The sparrow builds her-



self a nest, And suffers no remove ; 'O make me like the sparrow blest, To dwell but where I love, O make, &c.



The Crofs. L. M.

HOLDEN.

47

From his dear wounds and bleeding side. I would forever speak his name, in

YOUNG & BROTHERS, TECUMSEH; WITH ANGELS SENT TO PRAISE THE LIVING AND WATCH OVER AT HIS FATHER'S THRONE. WITH AN ODE, ETC. AND WORSHIP, VOL. AND, ETC.

Sutton C. M.

E Goff.

I sink, &c.

Save me, O God ; the swelling floods Break in upon my soul ; I sink ; and sorrows o'er my head, Like mighty waters roll.

I sink, &c

I sink, &c.

Like, &c.

Oxford. H. M.

AIR. Before the world began To save rebellious man. Be endless praise and glory giv'n.

To him that chose us first To him that bore the curse To him who form'd our souls for heav'n

The pity of the Lord To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel: He knows our feeble frame. He

knows we are but dust, Scatter'd with ev'ry breath: His anger, like a rising wind, Can lead us swift to death.

Anthem.

Sung at the Dedication of Sterling Meeting-House, (Massachusetts.)
Lines by P. CLEAVELAND, A. B. Music by BROWN.

AIR. Brilliant.

Pia.



Hail, glorious day, hail, the assembled throng, To dedicate this sacred dome; From ev'ry heart let grateful incense rise, Before Jehovah's throne. Angels, de-



Tut.

scnd, touch each vibrating heart, And on the golden wire of melody, of melody, Conduct our praises to the palace of our God.



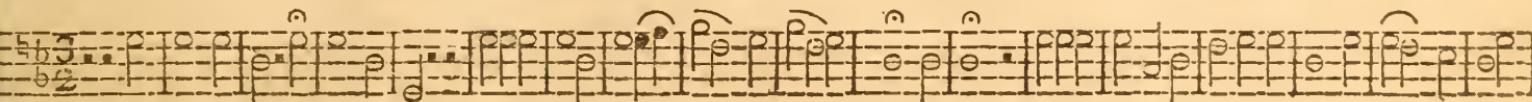
Anthem Continued.

51

Affectuoso.



O God of love, O God of love, Shine with celestial rays of truth divine on pilgrim souls; Grant us a convoy of consoling love, To guide us to the



Vigoroſo.



mansions of eternal bliss.

Hail, hail, hail, hail, Jesu hail, Heav'n's first-born! Look down with smiling love on this delightful day. Accept the grateful



Anthem Continued.

Tut. Gently. One voice.

homage of our souls. For thee we built, to thee we dedicate this temple, to thee we dedicate this temple. Here may the humble

Tut. Fortissimo.

soul repair, And catch the melting sounds of gospel truth. Here shall the infidel hear his doom, And tremble as he hears. While loud re-echoes the Almighty's praise.

Anthem Continued.

53

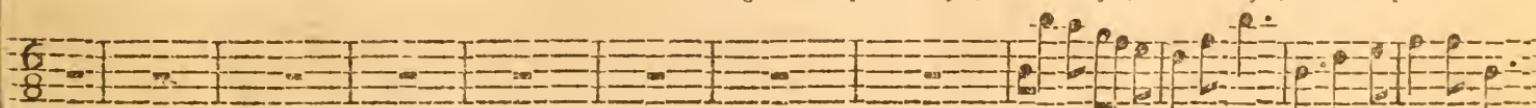
Gently.



From ev'ry aged mouth shall virtue's anthem flow;

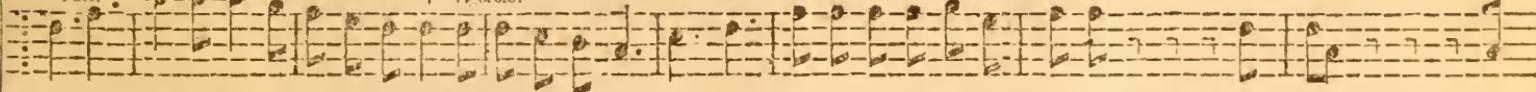


Each infant tongue shall lisp a hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, to his parent's God.

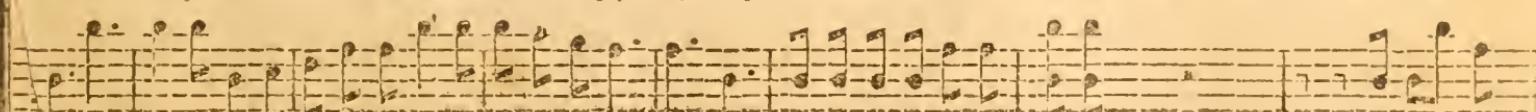


Tutt.

Vivace.



Rise, rise, rise, ye souls, harmonious, Strike the heav'n-strong lyre of praise, Join in melodious concert, and chant, and chant, and chant, and



Anthem Continued.

Tutt.

chant eternal hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs, and chant eternal hallelujahs to the Lord.
hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs,

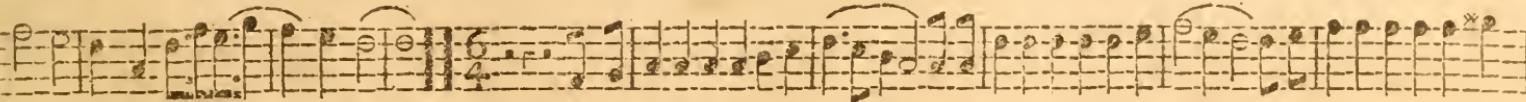
A View of the Temple---a Masonic Ode.

BELKNAP.

Sacred to heav'n, behold the dome appears; Lo, what august solemnity it wears; Angels themselves have deign'd to deck the frame, And beauteous

Ode Continued.

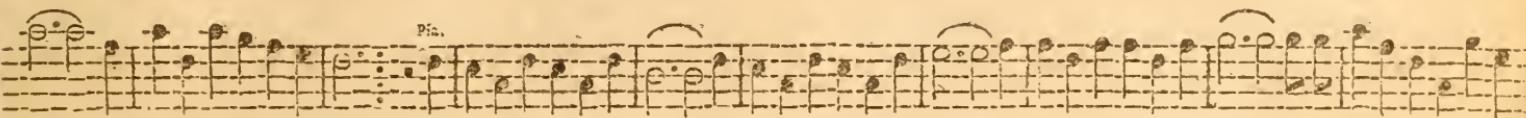
55



Sheba shall report its fame. When the queen of the South shall return, To the climes which acknowledge her sway, Where the sun's warmer beams fiercely



Pia.



burn, The princess with transport shall say, Well worthy my journey, I've seen A monarch, both graceful and wise, Deserving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the



For.



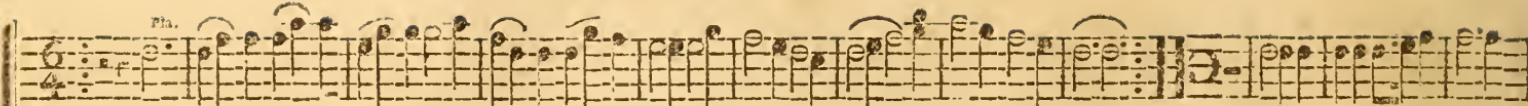
skies,

Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares, With equal sense your happiness and cares, Of riches much, but more of wisdom, see, Proportion'd workmanship and masonry,

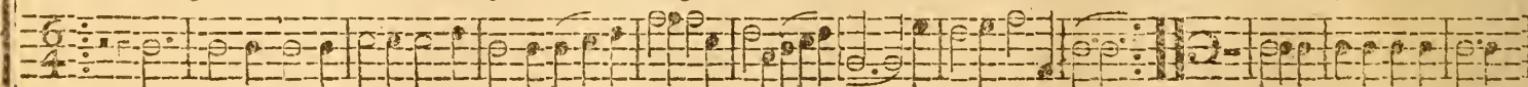


Ode Continued.

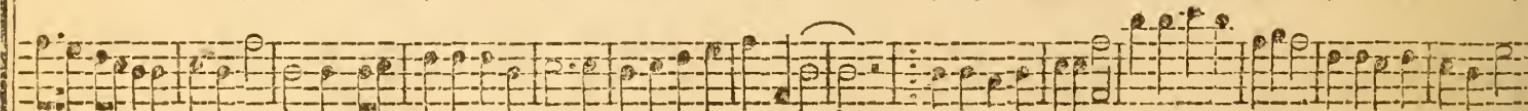
Pia.



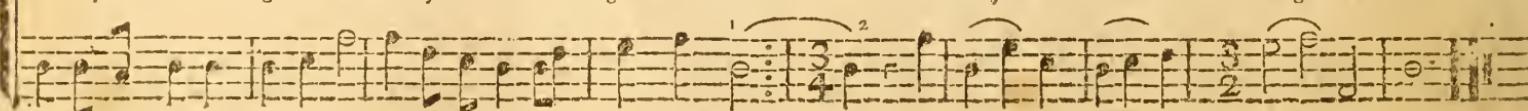
O, charming Sheba, there behold What massy stores of burnish'd gold, Yet richer is our art, Yet richer is our art: Wisdom and beauty both combine, Our



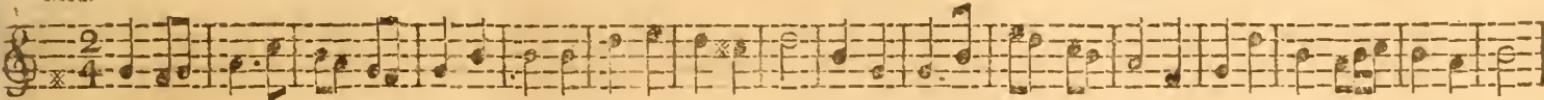
art to raise, our hearts to join. Wisdom and beauty both combine, Our art to raise, our hearts to join. Give to Mafony the prize, Where the fairest choose the wife: Beauty still should wisdom love,



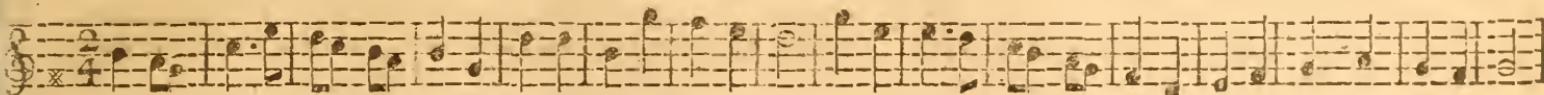
Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign above.

Slow. *b*

Mod.



Hail, thou once despised Jesus! Thou didst free salvation bring; By thy death, thou didst release us From the tyrant's deadly sting.



Hail, thou agonizing Saviour! Thou didst bear our sin and shame: By thy merit we find favour; Life is given through thy name.





I hear a voice of woe! I hear a brother's sigh! Then let my heart with pity flow, With tears of love mine eye.



1st. TREBLE.



I hear the thirsty cry! The hungry beg for bread! Then let my spring its stream supply, My hand its bounty shed.

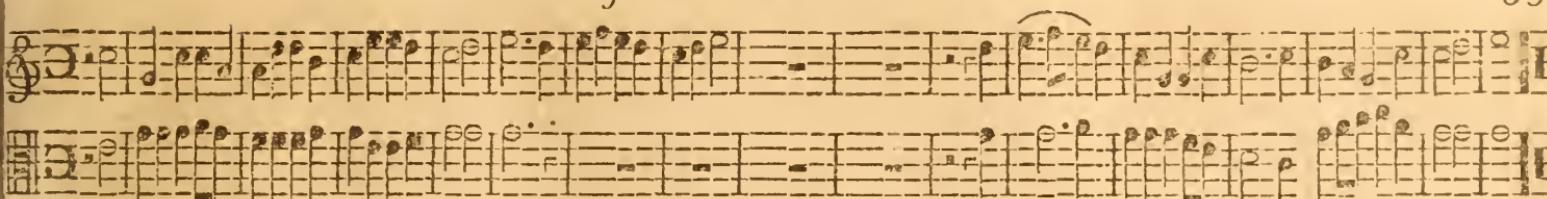
2d. TREBLE.



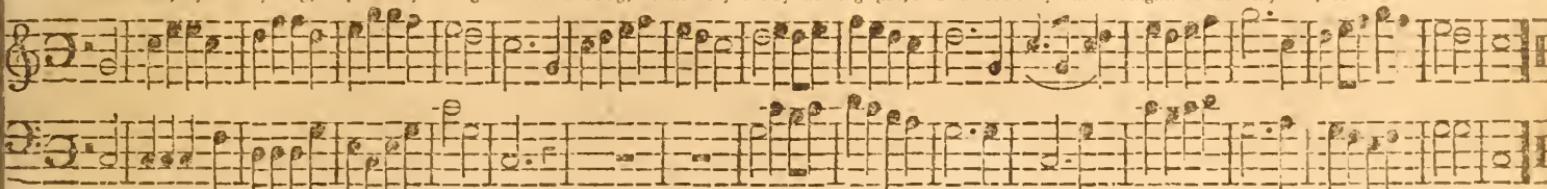
Norfolk. L. M.

CAPIN.

59



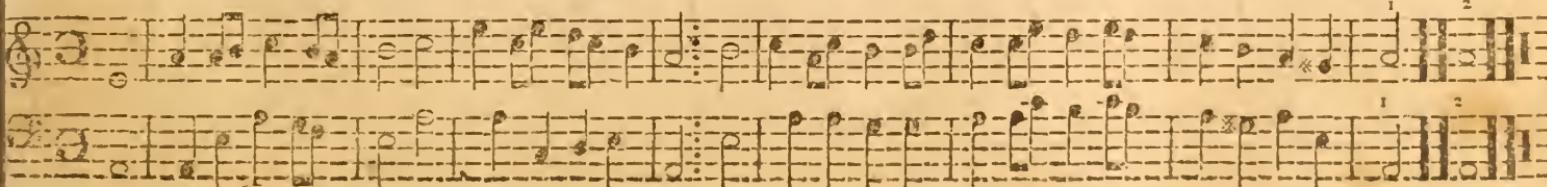
Sweet is the work, my God my King, To praise thy name give thanks and sing, 'To shew thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night. To shew thy love, &c.'

*Roxbury.* S. M.

BELKNAP.



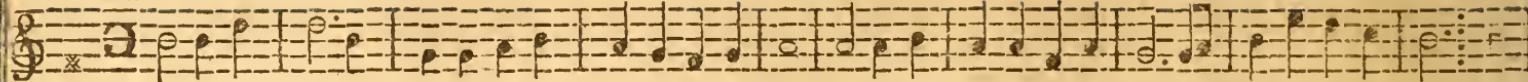
My sorrows, like a flood, Impatient of restraint, Into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.



Mod.

Pia.

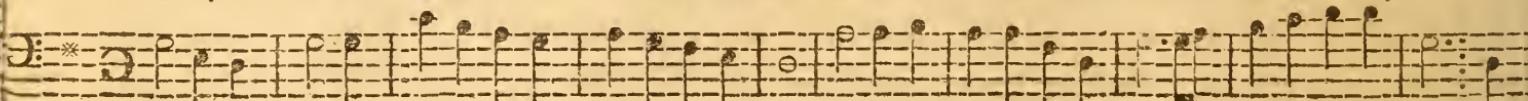
Per.



AIR.

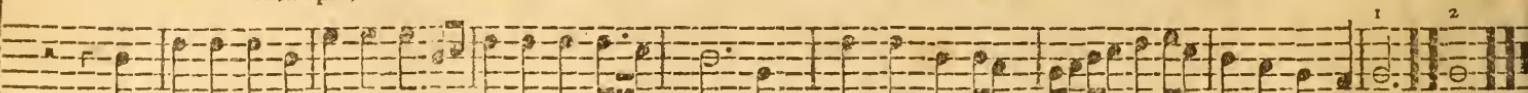


This day is God's, let all the land Exalt their cheerful voice: Lord, we beseech thee, save us now, And make us still rejoice.



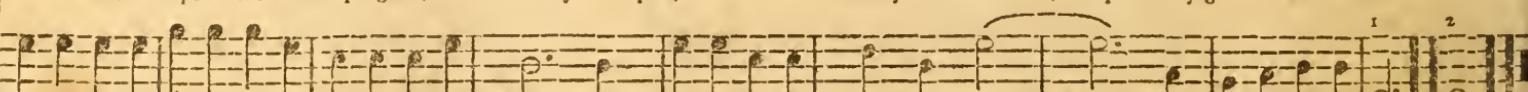
Then

Then open, &c.



Then open wide the temple gates, To which the just repair, That I may enter in, and praise My great Deliv'rer there.

open wide, &c.



Pia.
For.

Now for a tune of lofty praise, To great Jehovah's equal Son; Awake my voice in heav'nly lays, Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Pia.

Tell the loud wonders he hath done. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And the bright robes he wore above; How

Norfolk Continued.

For-

A handwritten musical score page featuring two staves. The top staff is for the bassoon, indicated by a bassoon icon and the instruction "For. Bassoon". The bottom staff is for the strings, indicated by a cello icon and the instruction "For. Strings". Both staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The bassoon part consists of eighth-note patterns, while the strings part consists of sixteenth-note patterns. The music continues across several measures, with some notes having stems pointing upwards and others downwards.

How swift and joyful was his flight On wings of everlasting love. How swift, &c.

A handwritten musical score for two staves, measures 6 through 8. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It consists of six measures of music with various note heads and stems. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It also consists of six measures of music. Measure 8 concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots above the first measure of the next section.

Holliston. S. M.

BELKNAP.

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take,

Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord Bid

ev'ry string awake.

Loud to, &c.

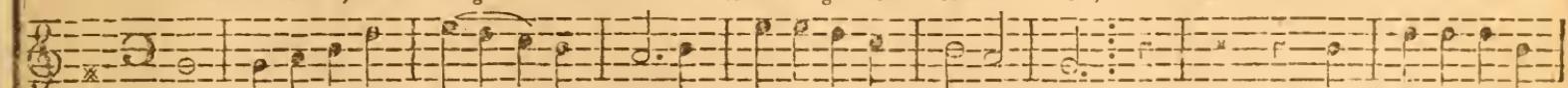
Blue Hill. L. M.

BELKNAP.

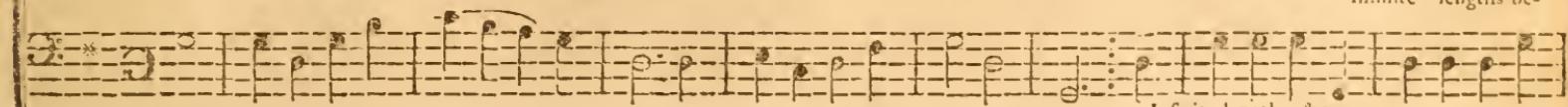
63



In-

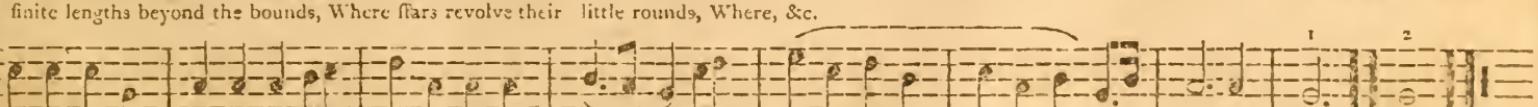
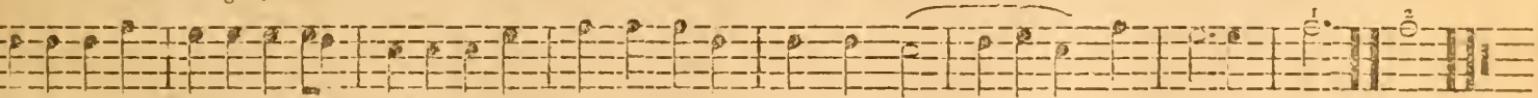


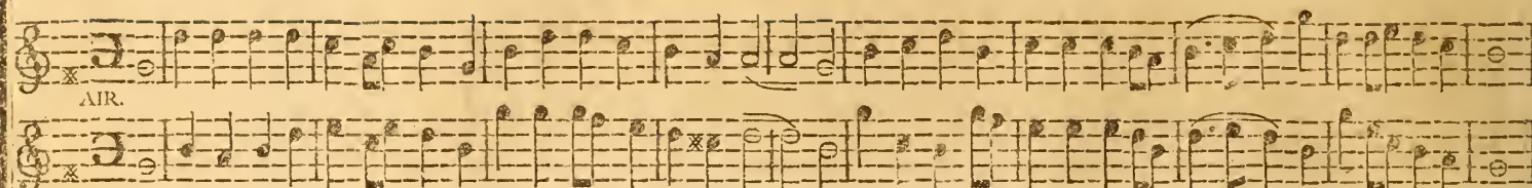
Infinite lengths, &c.



Infinite lengths, &c.

Infinite lengths, &c.





Not to condemn the sons of men, Did Christ the Son of God appear; No weapons in his hands are seen, No flaming sword nor thunder there.

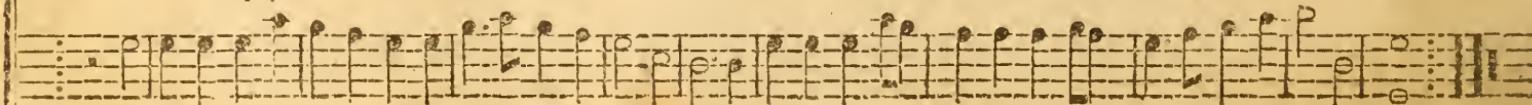


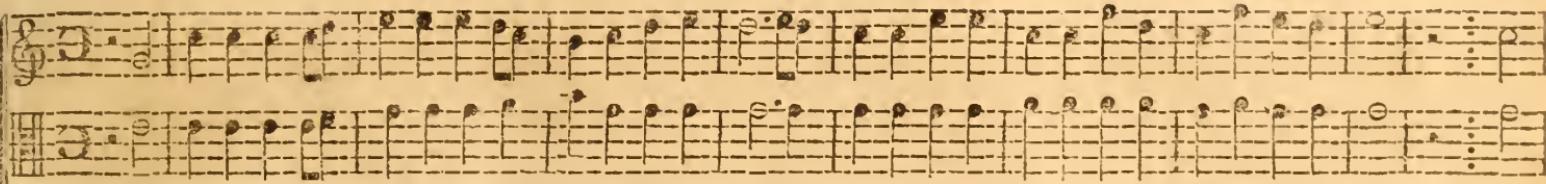
Pia.

For.

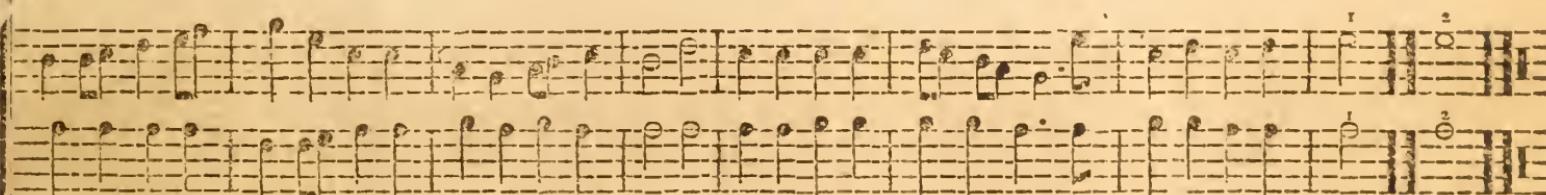


Such was the pity of our God, He lov'd the race of man so well; He sent his Son to bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

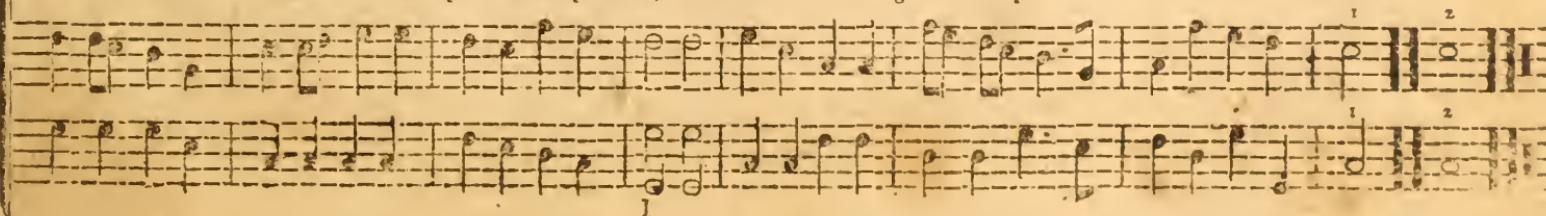


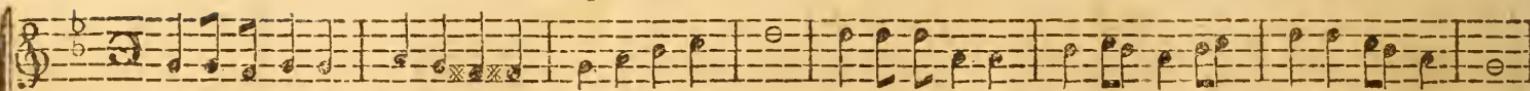


My Saviour God, no voice but thine These dying hopes can raise, Speak thy salvation to my soul, And turn these tears to praise. My

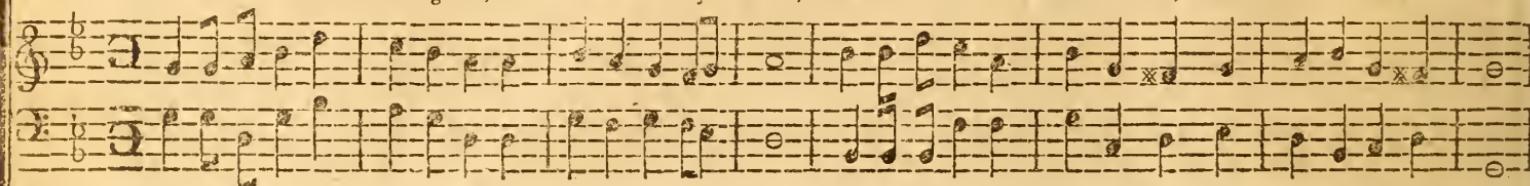


Saviour God, this broken voice Transported shall proclaim, And call on all th' angelic harps To sound so sweet a name.

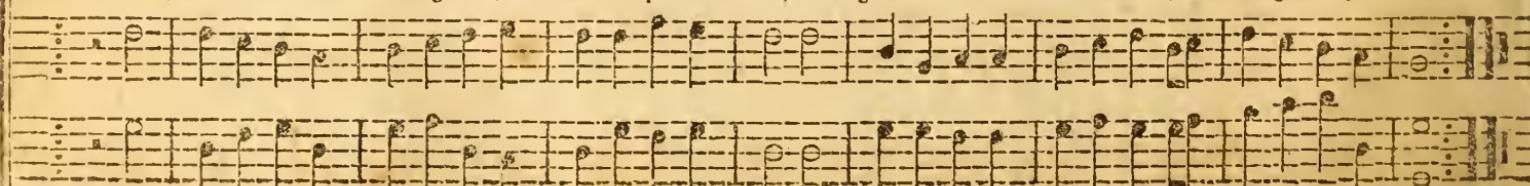




Not from the dust affliction grows, Nor troubles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes, A sad inheritance.



As sparks break out from burning coals, And still are upwards borne, So grief is rooted in our souls, And man grows up to mourn.



Complaint.

L. M.

PARMENTER..

67

Thy years, &c.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry, Nor let our sun go down at noon:

Thy

Thy years, &c.

Thy years, &c.

years are one eternal day, Thy years are one eternal day, And must thy children die so soon.

Aurora veils her lovely face, When brighter Phœbus takes her place; So glad will grace re-

Fer.

sign her room, To glory, in the heav'ny home. To, &c.

Acton. L. M.

BELKNAP.

69

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in common time and G major, with a basso continuo staff below it. The bottom staff is in common time and C major. The vocal parts consist of eighth-note patterns, while the continuo part features sixteenth-note patterns.

Farewel, bright foul, a short farewel, 'Till we shall meet again above, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love.

Winter. L. M.

BELKNAP.

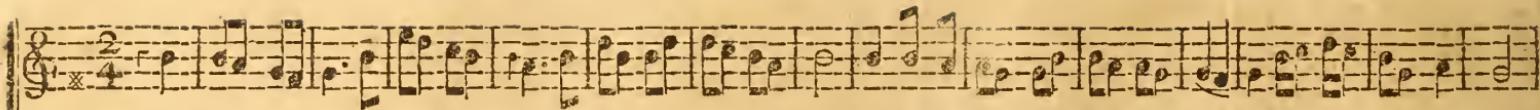
(Pia.)

For.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in common time and G major, with a basso continuo staff below it. The bottom staff is in common time and C major. The vocal parts consist of eighth-note patterns, while the continuo part features sixteenth-note patterns.

Now clouds the wintry skies deform, In full vengeance roars the storm; The snow which from yon mountain fails, The snow which from yon mountain fails, Loads leafless trees, and fills the vales.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in common time and G major, with a basso continuo staff below it. The bottom staff is in common time and C major. The vocal parts consist of eighth-note patterns, while the continuo part features sixteenth-note patterns.

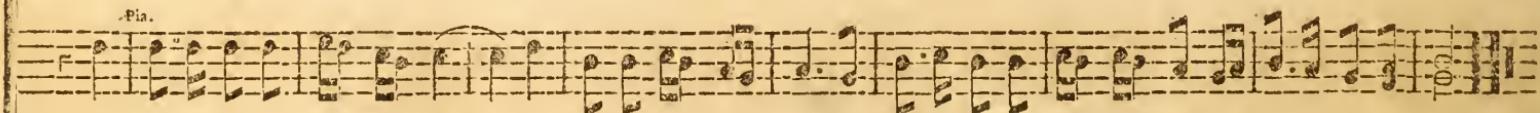


When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale, How sweet the vernal day.

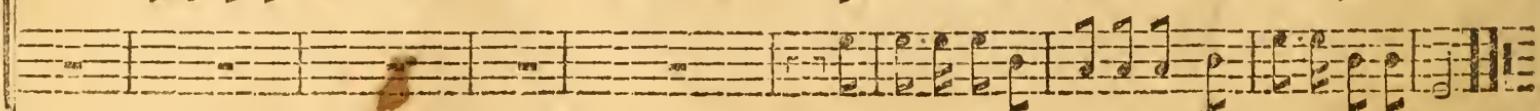
AIR.



Pia.

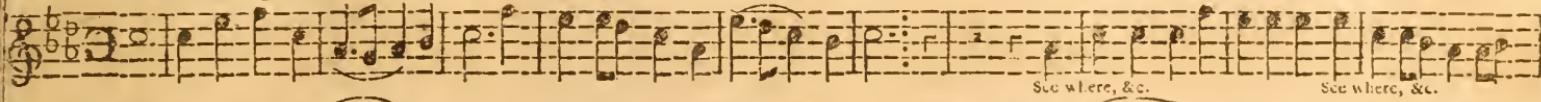


Hark, how the feather'd warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice.

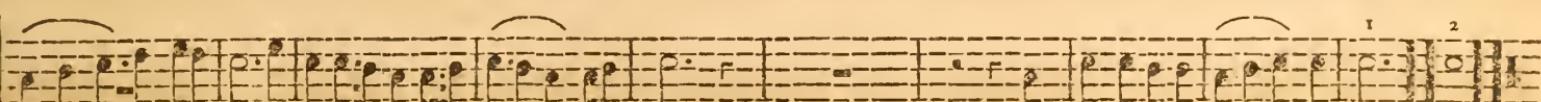




See where he sits to



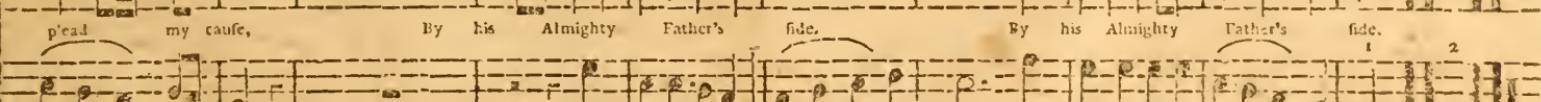
See where, &c.



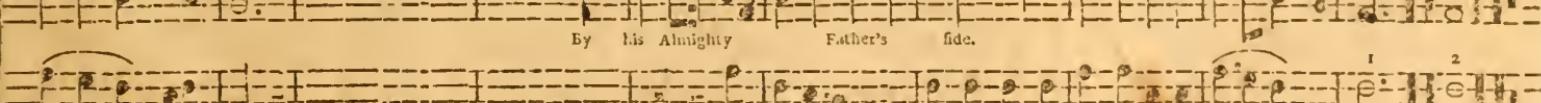
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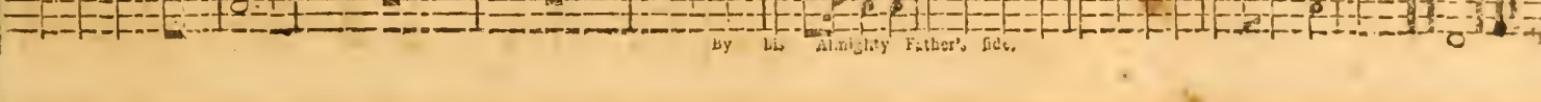
1 2



1 2

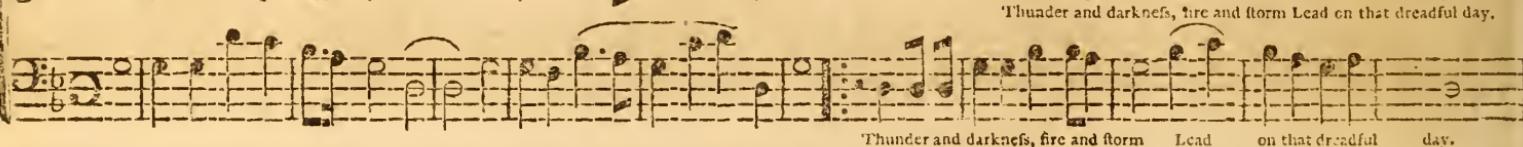
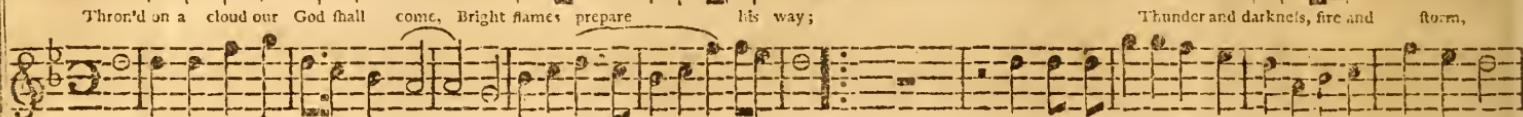


1 2



Newmark. C. M.

BELKNAP.



Spring. C. M.

BELKNAP.

73

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

He calls, &c.

He calls the warmer gales to blow, He, &c.

calls the warmer gales to blow, w,

And bids the spring return,

K



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



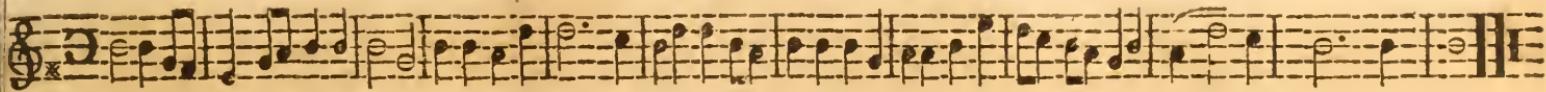
Pia.

For.



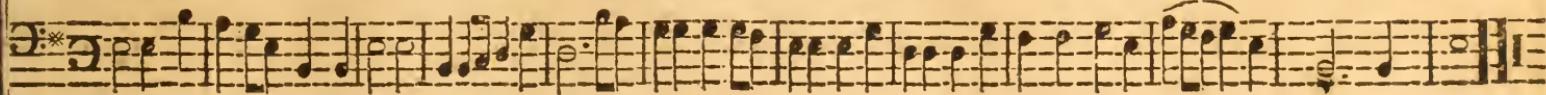
From pleasant trees which shade the brink, The lark and linnet light to drink : Their songs the lark and linnet raise, And chide our silence in his praise.





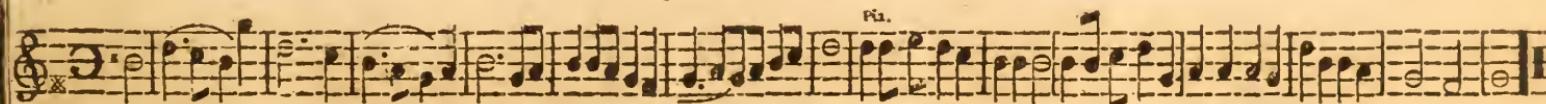
AIR.

A sp̄a. is all that we can boast, How short the fleeting time? Man is but vanity and dust, Man is but vanity and dust, In all his flow'r and prime.



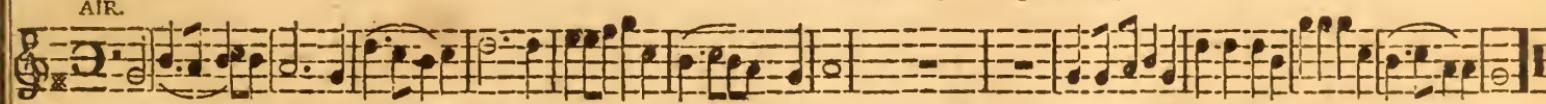
New Bedford.

L. M.



AIR.

^{Re.} Wide as he spreads his golden flame,



Father of light! we sing thy name, Who made the sun to rule the day: Wide as he spreads his golden flame, His beams thy pow'r and love display.



Almighty love, &c.

Now shall my inward joys arise, And burst into a song; Almighty love inspires my heart, And

Almighty love, &c.

Almighty love, &c.

Al-

Almighty love, &c.

pleasure tunes my tongue. Almighty love, &c.

Almighty love, &c.

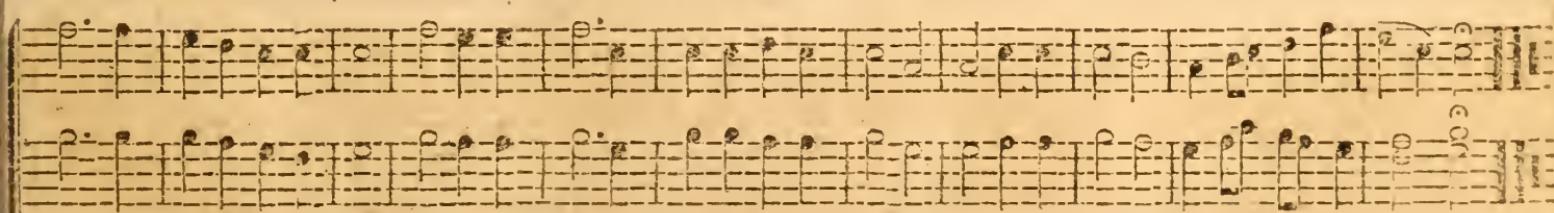
And pleasure, &c.

Almighty love, &c.

Almighty love, &c.



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



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



Music score for "Life is a span" in C. M. time signature. The score consists of three staves of music with corresponding lyrics below them. The lyrics are:

Life is a span, a fleeting hour, How soon the vapour flies! Man is a tender transient flow'r, That in the blooming dies.

Valediction.

L. M.

BELKNAP.

Music score for "Farewel, my friends" in L. M. time signature. The score consists of two staves of music with corresponding lyrics below them. The lyrics are:

Farewel, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home nor stay with you ;
I'll take my staff and travel on, 'Till I a better world can view.

Continuation of the musical score for "Farewel, my friends". The score consists of two staves of music with corresponding lyrics below them. The lyrics are:

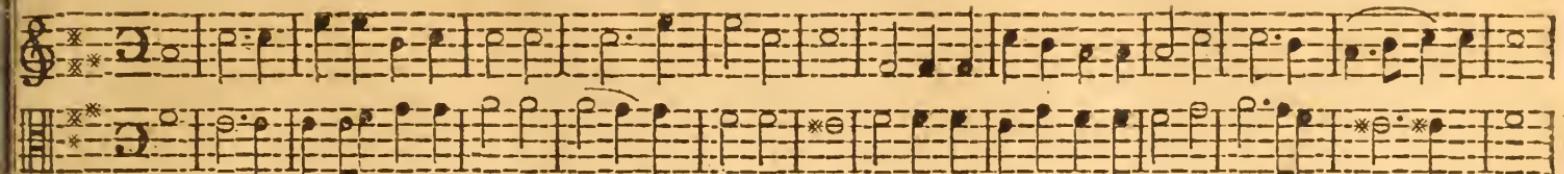
I'll take my staff and travel on,

Exit.

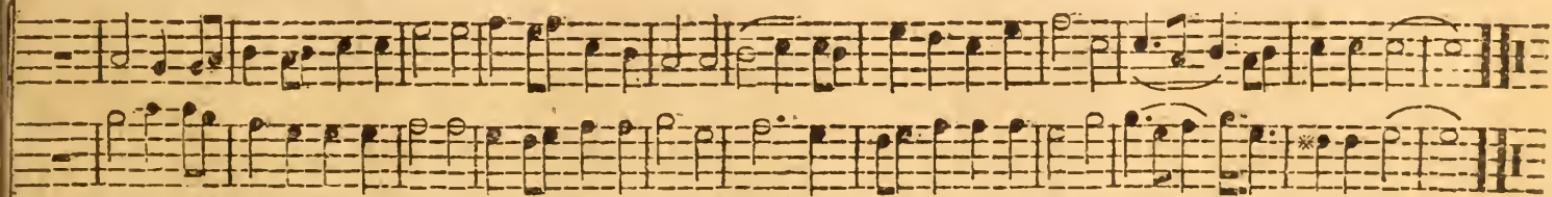
C. M.

BÁIRD.

79



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



And you, mine eyes, look down and view The hollow gaping tomb, This gloomy prison waits for you, Whene'er the summons come.



Northborough. C. M.

BELKNAP.

Pia. Cres. I 2

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

Hopkinton. L. M.

Wood.

Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'nly home.

Pia.

Cres.

They shall find rest who learn of me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.

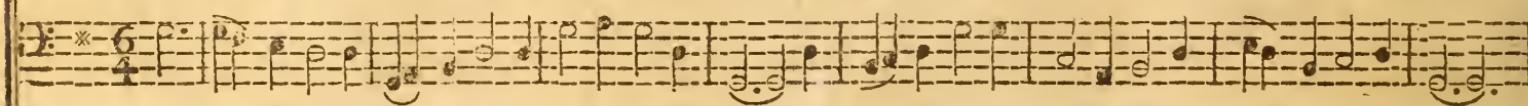
L



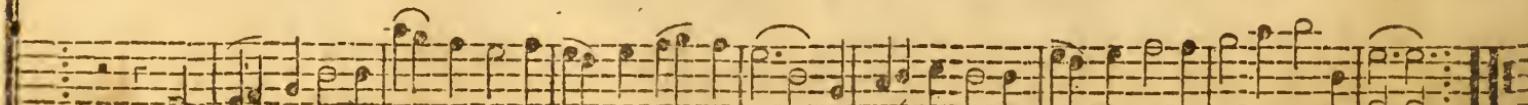
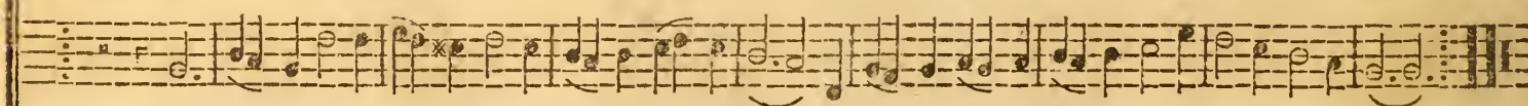
AIR.



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



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



Liverpool.

H. M.

COPEN.

83

Awake, our drowsy soul ! Shake off each slothful band ! The wond'res of this day Our noblest songs demand. Auspicious morn ! Thy blis-ful rays Bright scraps hail, In songs of praise. Bright, &c.

Dissolution.

C. M.

A. How.

Why do my minutes move so slow ? Why do, &c.

AIR.

Death may dissolve my body now, And bear my spirit home ; Why do my minutes move so slow ? Why do my minutes move so slow ? Nor my salvation come.

Why do my minutes move so slow ? &c.

Pia.

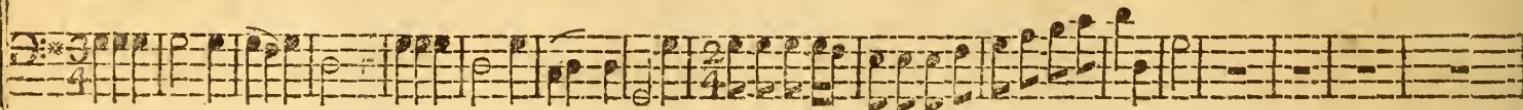


Beyond this curtain of the

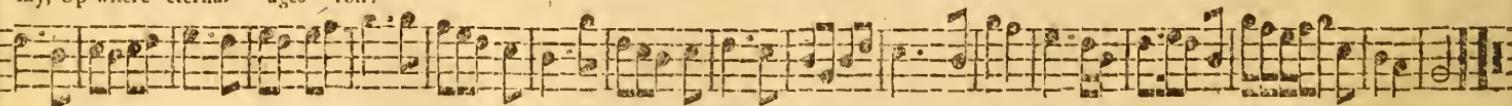
AIR.



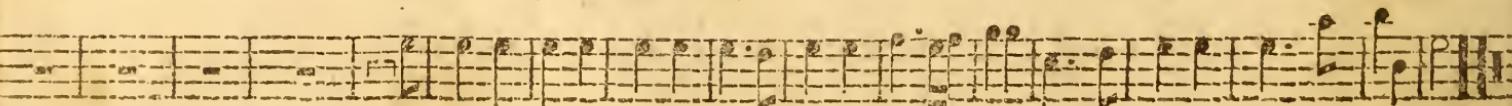
Descend, ye hosts of angels bright, And bear me on your guardian wings, Through regions of celestial light, Above the reach of earthly things.



sky, Up where eternal ages roll!



Where solid pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the soul. And fruits immortal feast the soul.



Mendon. C. M.

BELKNAP.

85



Thee, we adore, eternal Name, And humbly own to thee How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we!

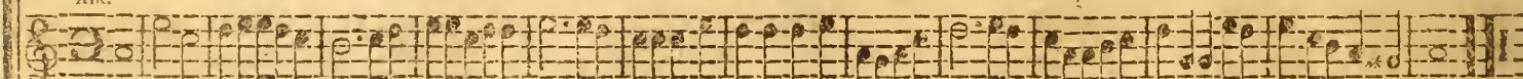


Our wasting lives grow shorter still, As months and days increase; And ev'ry beating pulse we tell, Leaves but the number less.

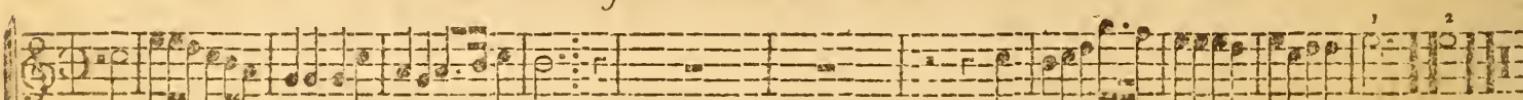




Far from our friends and country dear, In hostile lands we moan : No tender hand to wipe the tear Which flows with ev'ry groan ! No tender hand, &c.
AIR.



Goshen. C. M.



Angelic, &c.



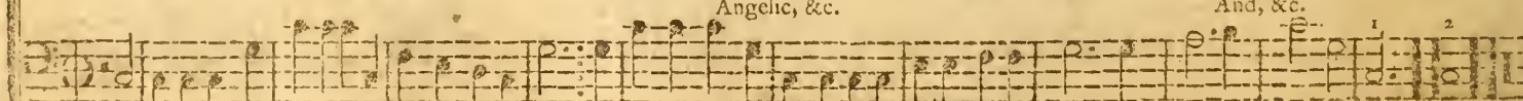
He comes, the royal Conq'ror comes, His legions fill the sky ;

Angelic trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him nigh.
¹
²



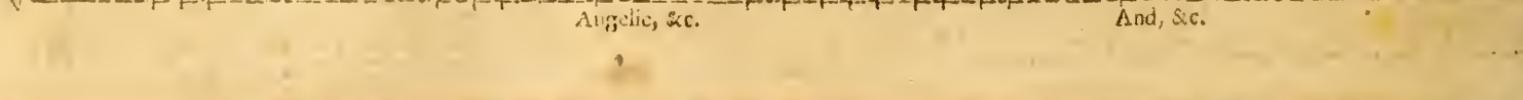
Angelic, &c.

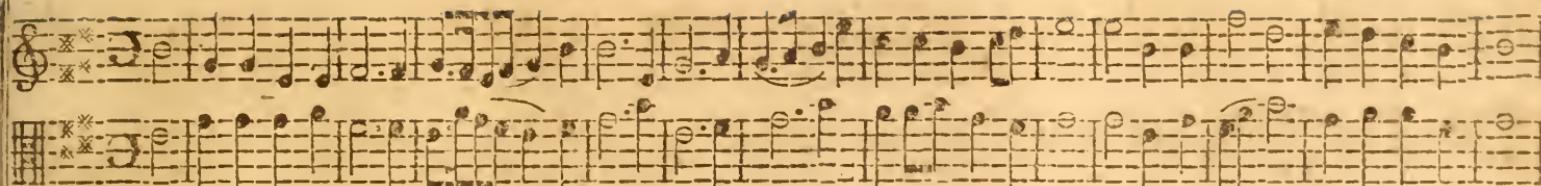
And, &c.



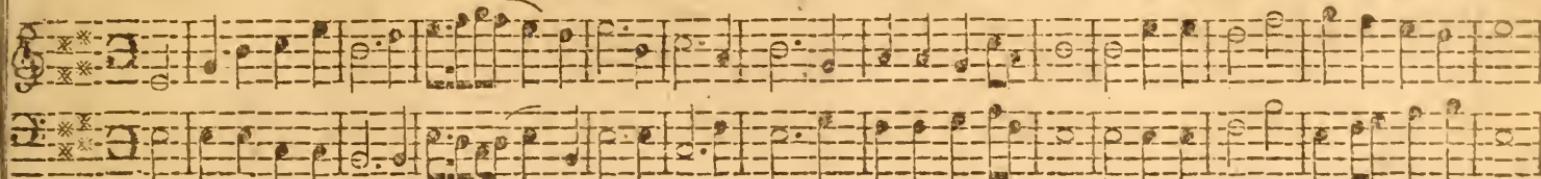
Angelic, &c.

And, &c.

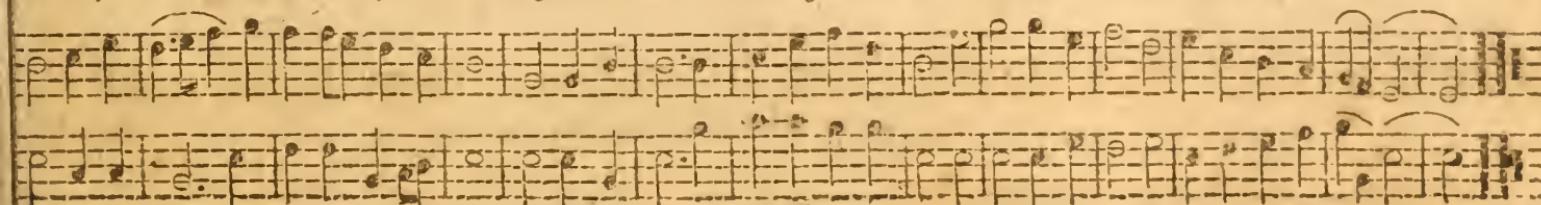




The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high, His robes of state are strength and majesty: This wide creation rose at his command,



Built by his word and establish'd by his hand. Long stood his throne e'er he began creation, And his own Godhead is its firm foundation.





And must my body faint and die, And must this foul remove? Oh, for some guardian angel nigh, To bear it safe above. Jesus, into thy



faithful hand, My naked soul I trust; And my flesh waits for thy command, To drop into the dust. And my flesh waits for thy command, To drop into the dust.



Bradford.

C. M.

89

Fia.

AIR.

These glorious minds how bright they shine ! Whence all their white array ? How came they to the happy seats Of everlasting day ? From tort'ring

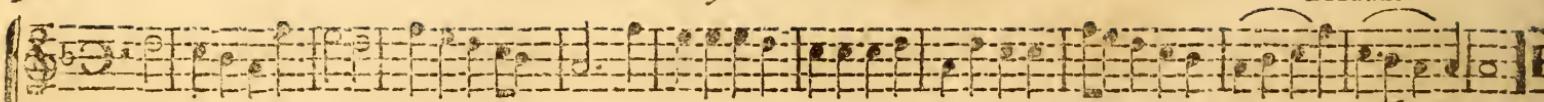
For.

pains to endless joys, On fiery wheels they rode ; And strangely wash'd their raiment white In Jesus' dying blood. In Jesus', &c.

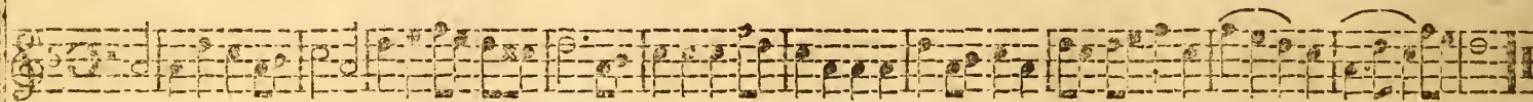
M

Shirley. S. M.

BELKNAP.



A12.



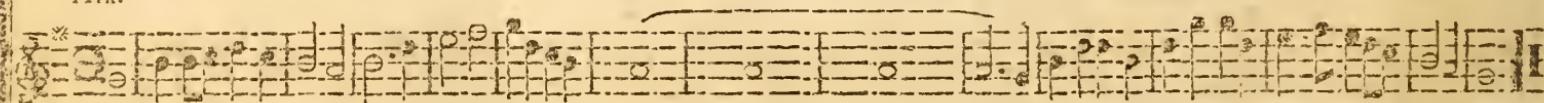
Our moments fly apace, Nor will our minutes stay ; Just like a flood our hasty days, Just, &c.
Are sweeping us away.

Hamburg. L. M.

BELKNAP.



AIR.

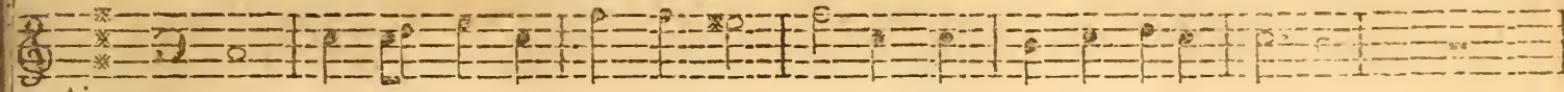


Eternal spirit, we confess, And sing the wonders of thy grace ! Thy power conveys the blessings down, Thy power, &c., From God the Father and the Son.

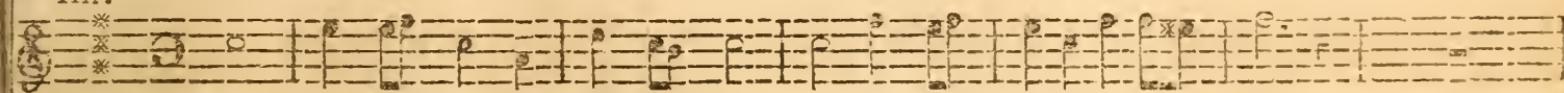


Waterville L. M.

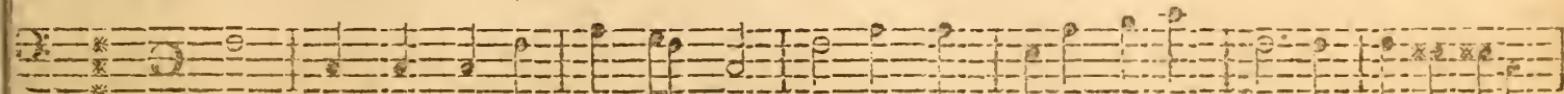
91



Air.

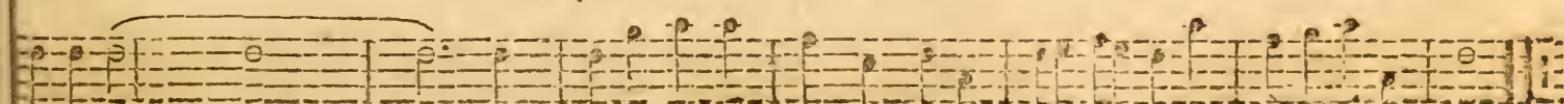


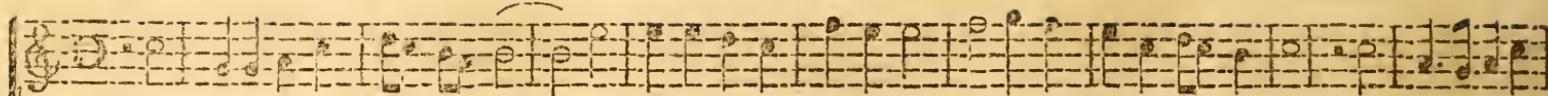
Who is this fair one in distress, That travels from the wilderness? And prest with sorrows



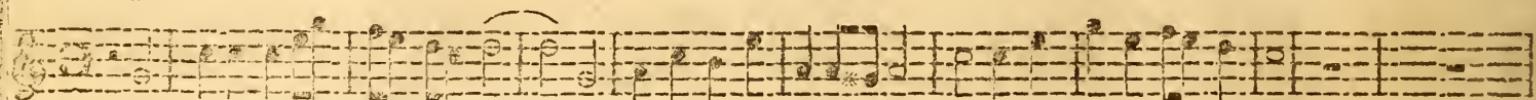
and with sins,

And prest with sorrows and with sins, On her beloved Lord she leans.

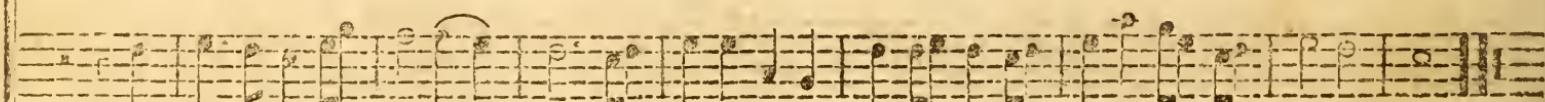
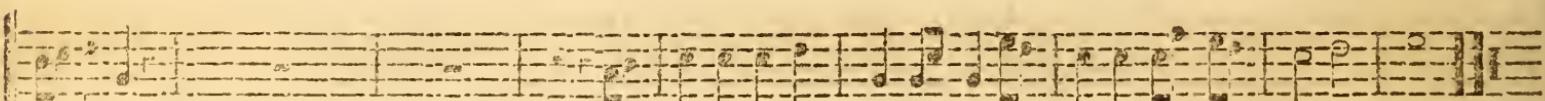
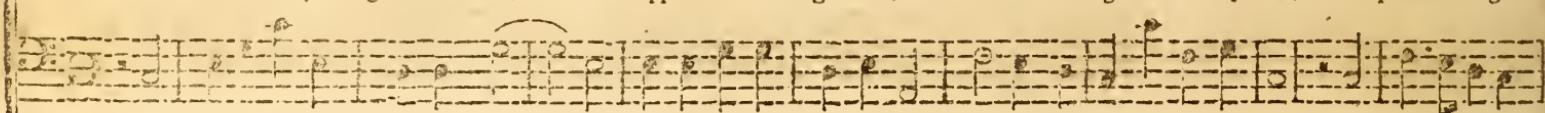




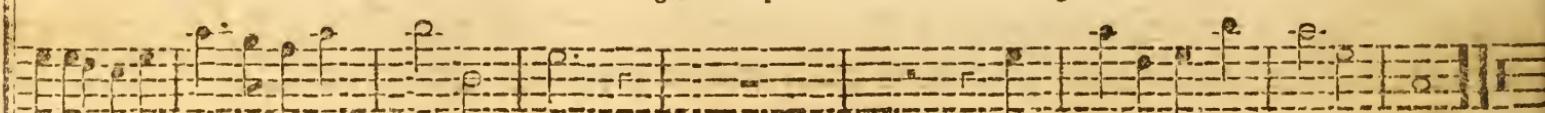
AIR.



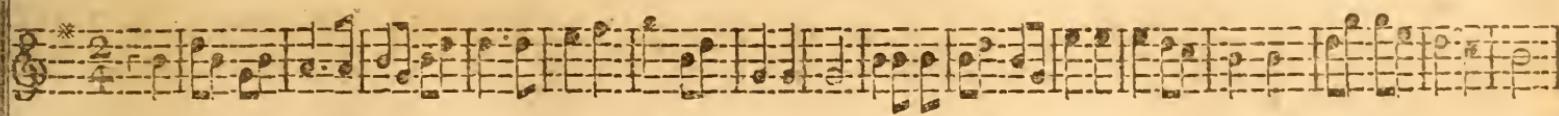
The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ; The Lord supports the sinking mind ; He defends the lab'ring conscience peace ; He helps the stranger



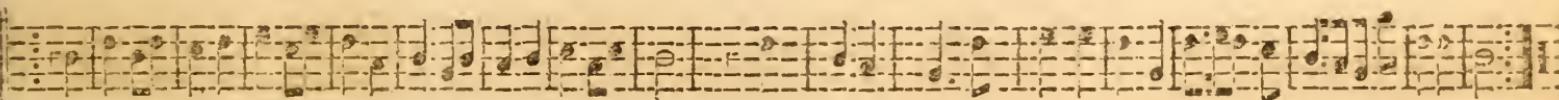
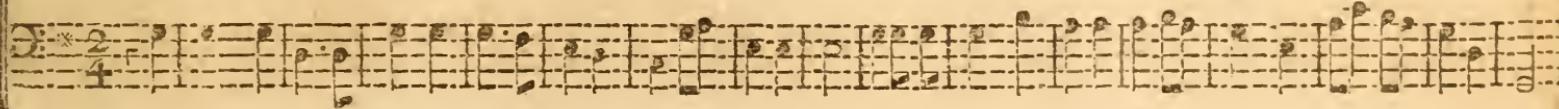
in distress, The widow and the fatherless And grants the pris'ner sweet release, And grants, &c.



AIR.



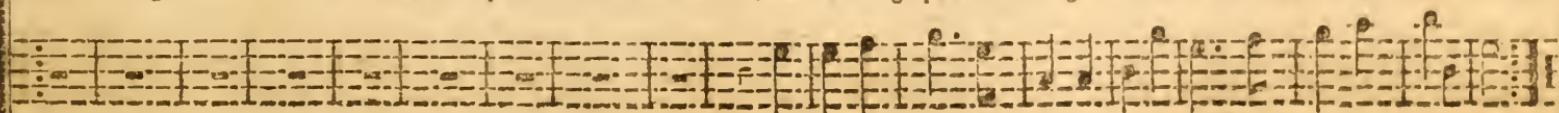
The voice of my beloved sounds, Over the rocks and and rising grounds ; O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief, He leaps he flies to my relief.

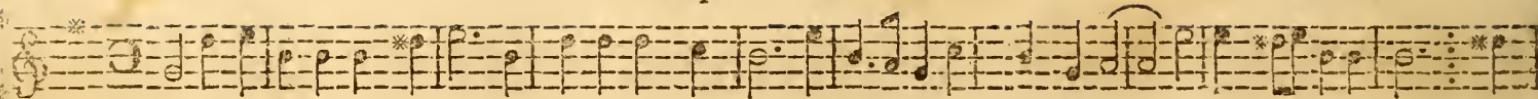


3

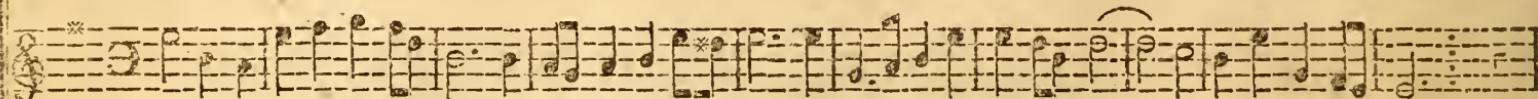


Now through the veil of flesh I see, With eyes of love he looks at me, And in the gospel's clearest glass, He shows the beauties of his face.

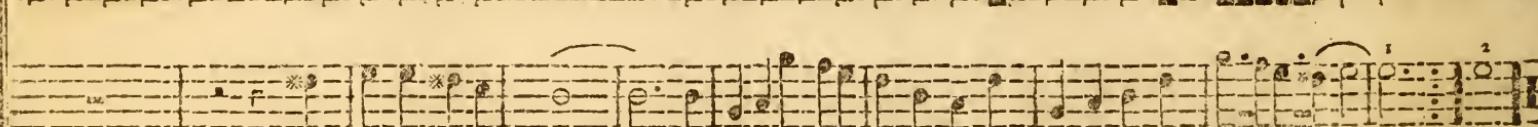
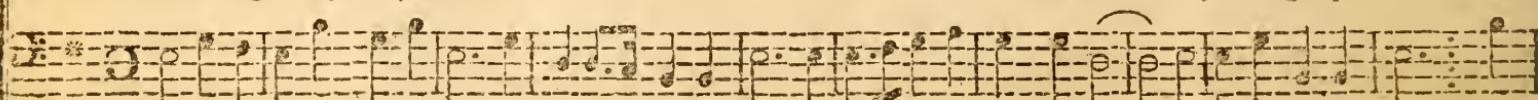




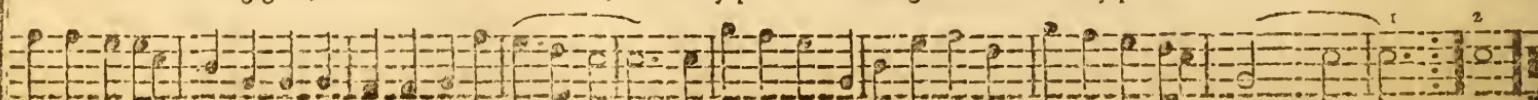
AIR.



Thou refuge of my weary soul, On thee, when sorrows rise, On thee, when waves of trouble roll, My fainting hope relies. To



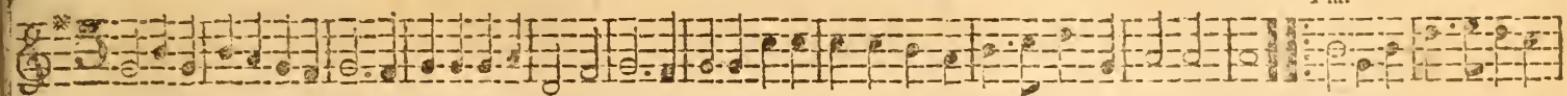
thee I tell each rising grief, For thou alone canst heal; Thy promises can bring relief For every pain I feel.



Confidence. L. M.

HOLDEN.
Pia.

95



I feel my Saviour's cheering voice :

And longs to join im'ortal lays.

AIR.



Now can my soul in God rejoice,

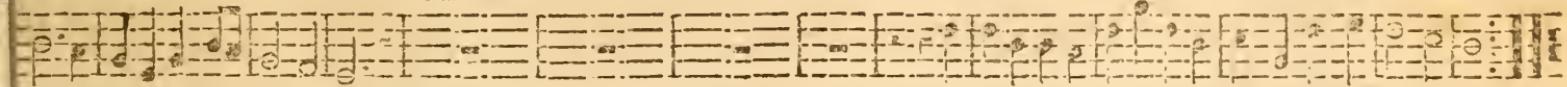
My heart awakes to sing his praise

Hold me, O Jesus, in thine

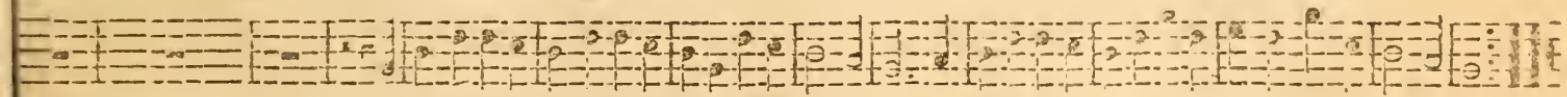


Pia.

For:

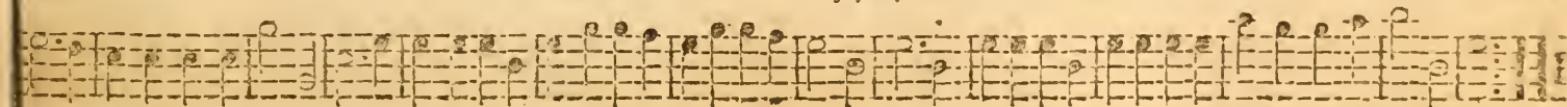


And cheer me with immortal charms.



arms,

Till I awake in realms above, Forever to enjoy thy love. Till I awake, &c.



Concord. S. M.

HOLDEN.

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Before, &c. Or walk the golden streets.

Before we reach, &c. Before, &c.

Reviving Hope.

C. M.

HOLDEN.

Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,

The Saviour calls, let every ear Attend the heav'nly sound ;

Ye doubting, &c.

Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear, Ye doubting, &c. Hope smiles reviving round.

Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear, Ye doubting, &c.

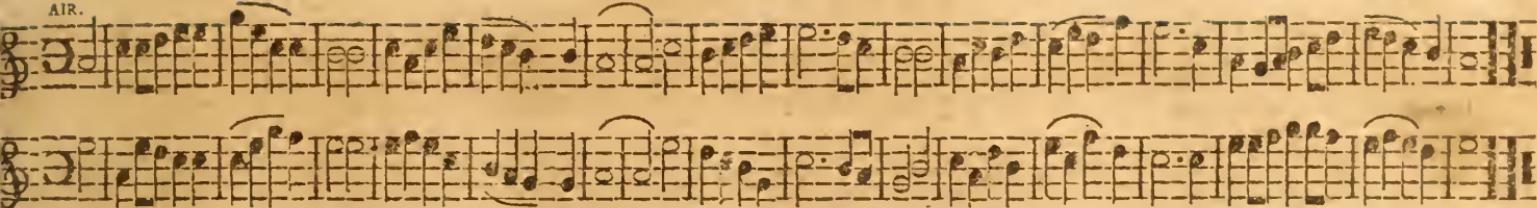
Vienna.

L. M.

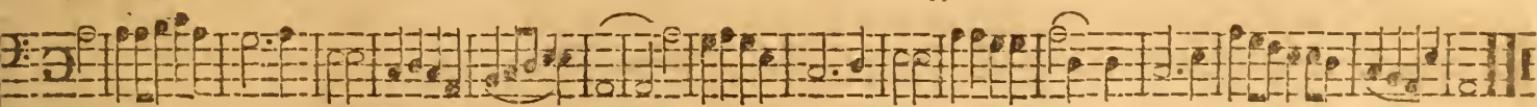
ALBEE.

97

AIR.



God is a king of pow'r unknown : Firm are the orders of his throne; If he resolve, who dare oppose? If he resolve, &c. Or ask him why or what he does?

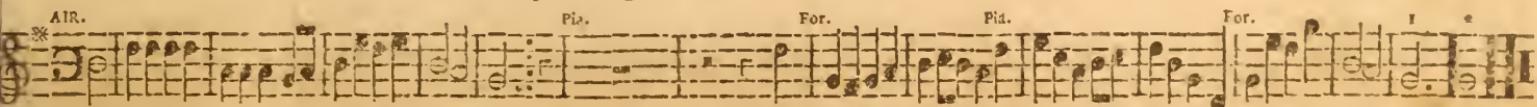


Fryeburgh.

L. M.

ALBEE.

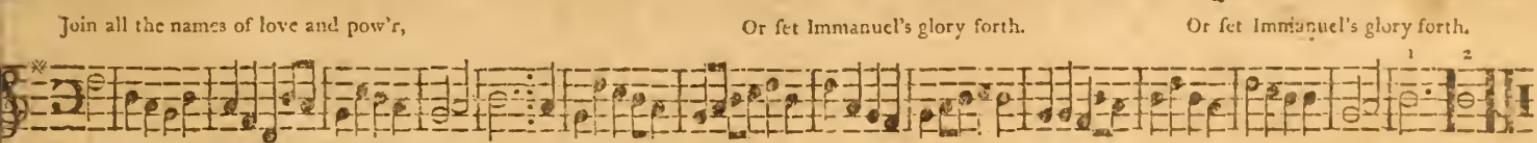
AIR.



Join all the names of love and pow'r,

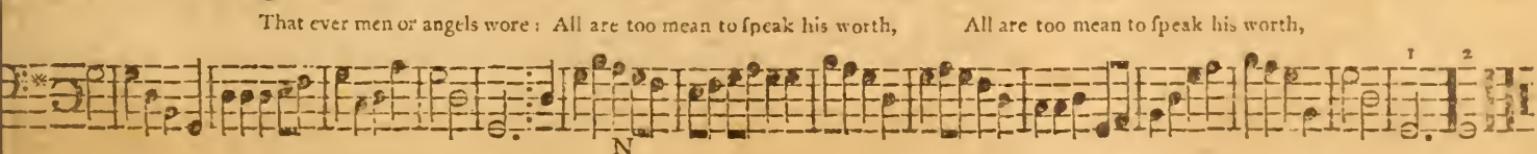
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

Or set Immanuel's glory forth.



That ever men or angels wore : All are too mean to speak his worth,

All are too mean to speak his worth,



AIR.

Glory and honour be to thee,
Thee we revere, and thee adore;
In mercy infinite and pow'r.

Thou self-existing Deity:
In mercy infinite and pow'r.

Cornish. L. M.

High on a hill of dazzling light, The King of glory spreads his seat; And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight, Stand waiting at his awful feet.

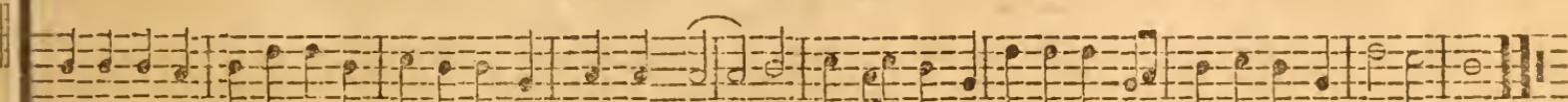
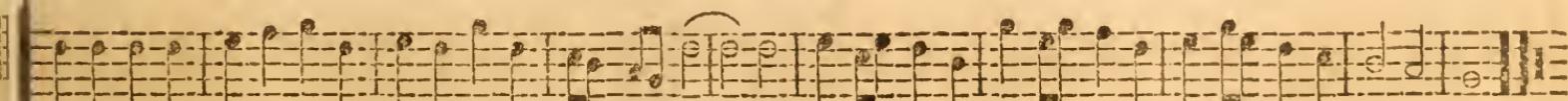
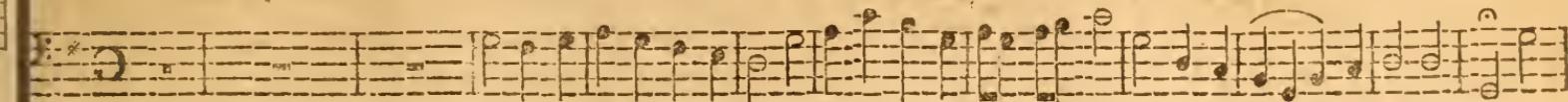
Niagara. L. M.

99

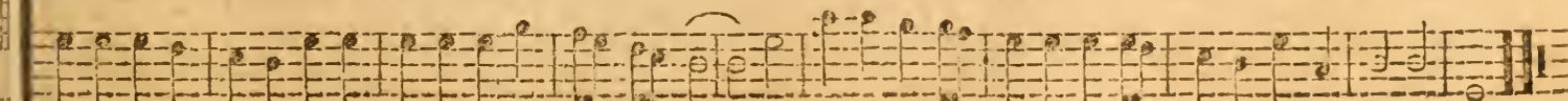
AIR.



So let our lips and lives express The holy gospel we profess; So let our works and virtues shine To prove the doctrine all divine. Thus



shall we best proclaim abroad The honours of our Saviour God; When the salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.



Whose anger is so
My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so flow to
Whose anger is so flow to rise, So ready to a-
Whose anger, &c.

flow to rise, Whose anger is so flow to rise,
rise, So ready to abate.
bate. Whose anger is so flow to rise.

Consummation.

S. M.

BELKNAP.

101

A musical score for two voices or instruments. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses an alto F-clef. Both staves have common time. The music consists of a series of eighth-note patterns, primarily quarter note pairs followed by eighth-note pairs, creating a steady, repetitive rhythmic texture.

Behold, with awful pomp, The Judge prepares to come ; Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump, Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump, And wakes the gen'ral doom.

A continuation of the musical score for "Consummation, S. M.". The staves and musical style remain consistent with the first section, featuring eighth-note patterns in common time.

Pittsford.

L. M.

BELKNAP.

A musical score for two voices or instruments. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses an alto F-clef. Both staves have common time. The music features eighth-note patterns with some sixteenth-note grace notes, creating a more melodic and rhythmic texture than the previous section.

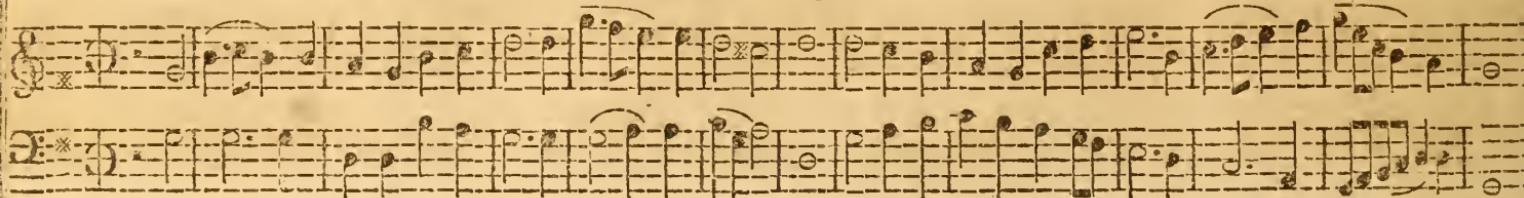
God, the eternal, awful name, Which the whole heav'ly army fears, Which shakes the wide creation's frame, And Satan trembles when he hears.

A continuation of the musical score for "Pittsford, L. M.". The staves and musical style remain consistent with the first section of Pittsford, featuring eighth-note patterns with grace notes in common time.

Pomfret. C. M.



Begin the high celestial strain, My ravish'd soul, and sing A solemn hymn of grateful praise, To heav'n's Almighty King.



Pia.



Ye circling mountains, as ye roll Your silver waves along, Whisper to all your verdant shores, Whisper to all, &c. The subject of my song.



Resurrection. All Sevens.

103

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a '4') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a '4'). The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords. The vocal parts are separated by a vertical bar line. The first measure starts with a bass note followed by a soprano note. The second measure starts with a soprano note followed by a bass note. This pattern continues throughout the page. The vocal parts are labeled 'AIR.' above the top staff.

Angels, roll the stone away. Death, give up thy mighty prey: See! he rises from the tomb, Shining in immortal bloom.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Resurrection. All Sevens.' The top staff is in common time (indicated by a '4') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a '4'). The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords. The vocal parts are separated by a vertical bar line. The first measure starts with a bass note followed by a soprano note. The second measure starts with a soprano note followed by a bass note. This pattern continues throughout the page.

Dover. C. M.

BELKNAP.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a '4') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a '4'). The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords. The vocal parts are separated by a vertical bar line. The first measure starts with a bass note followed by a soprano note. The second measure starts with a soprano note followed by a bass note. This pattern continues throughout the page.

Naked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first; We to the earth return again, And mingle with our dust. And mingle with our dust.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Dover. C. M.' The top staff is in common time (indicated by a '4') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a '4'). The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords. The vocal parts are separated by a vertical bar line. The first measure starts with a bass note followed by a soprano note. The second measure starts with a soprano note followed by a bass note. This pattern continues throughout the page.



Dear Lord! behold our sore distress; Our sins attempt to reign; Stretch out thine arm of conq'ring grace, And let thy foes be slain.



The lion with his dreadful roar, Affrights thy feeble sheep; Reveal the glory of thy pow'r, And chain him to the deep.



Derry. S. M.

E. GOFF,

105



Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise.



Welcome to this re-



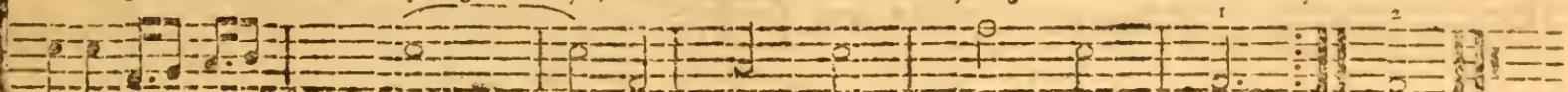
Welcome to this, &c.



Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.



viving breast, And these rejoicing eyes, And these rejoicing eyes.



Hotham. L. M.

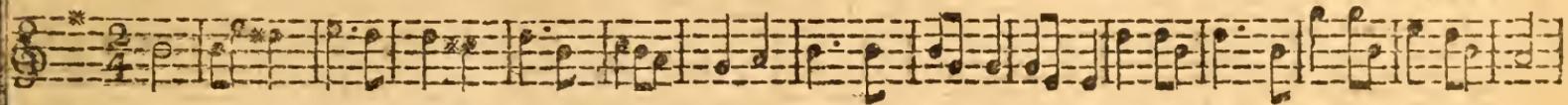
There is a glorious world on high, Resplendent with eternal day; Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And

For.

Cod's own word reveals the way. Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And Cod's own word reveals the way,

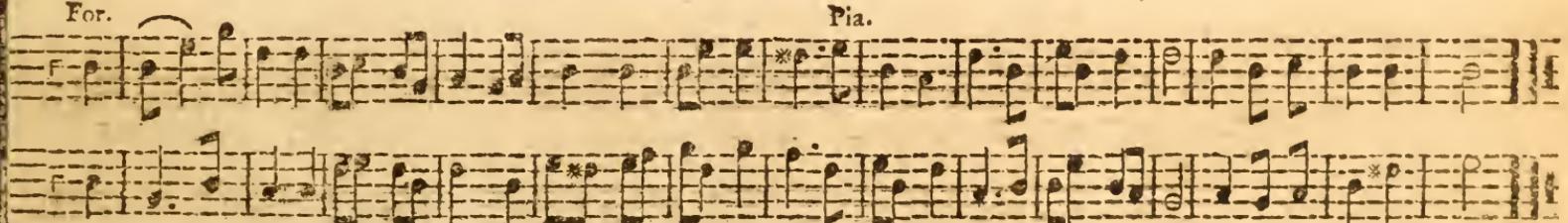


AIR. Our sins, alas ! how strong they be, And like a raging sea ; They break o'er duty, Lord to thee, And hurry us away.



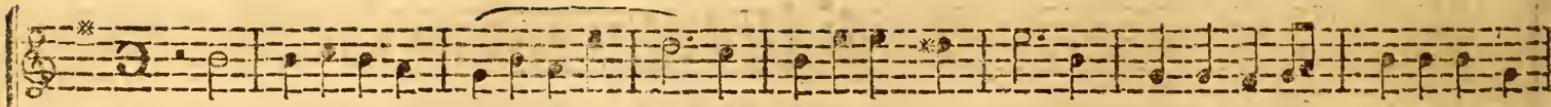
For.

Pia.

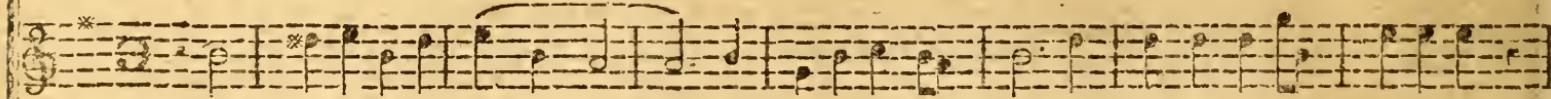


The waves of trouble how they rise, How loud the tempests roar ! But death shall land our weary souls Safe on the heavenly shore.





AIR.



Our days are as the grafs, Or like a morning flow'r; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field It



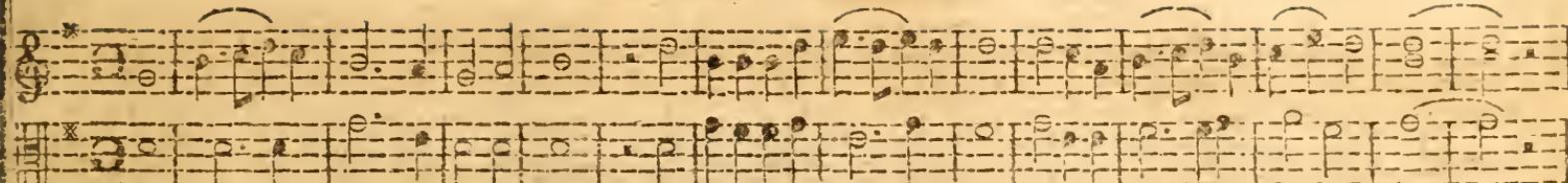
withers in an hour. If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.



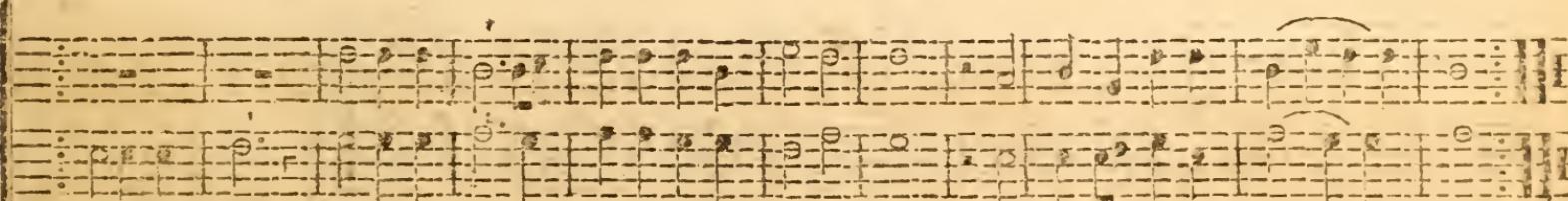
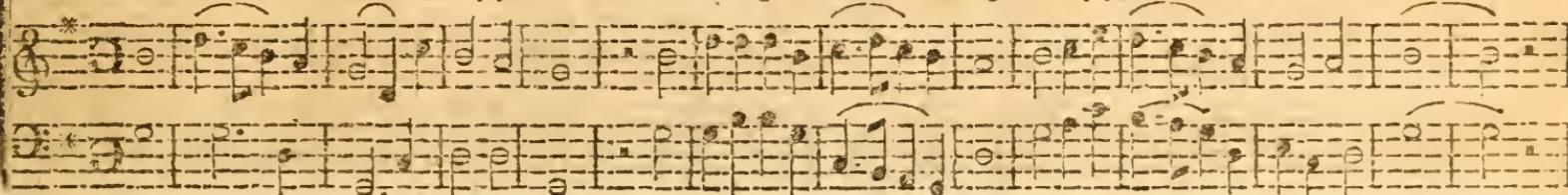
Sardis. L. M.

E. Gorff.

112



This life's a dream an empty show; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere;



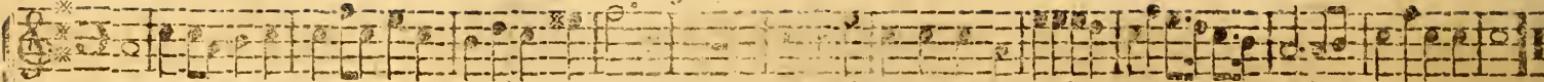
When shall I wake, When shall I wake, When shall I wake and find me there? When shall I wake and find me there?

When shall I wake, &c.



Penobscot. C. M.

BELKNAP.

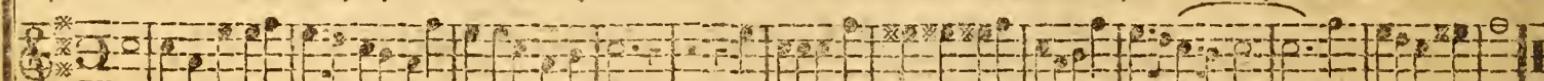


I would survey life's narrow space And learn how frail I am.

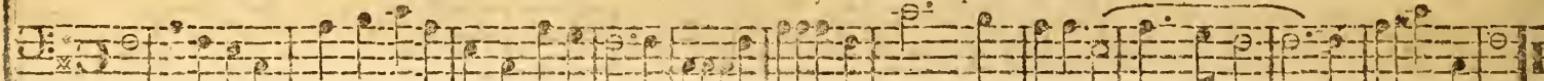


Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame!

I would survey life's narrow space And learn how frail I am.



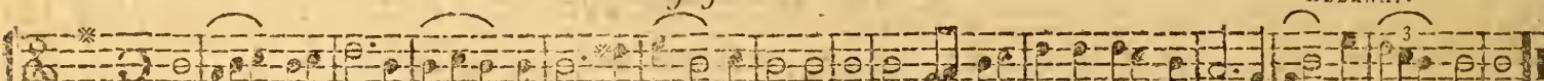
I would survey life's narrow space And learn how frail I am.



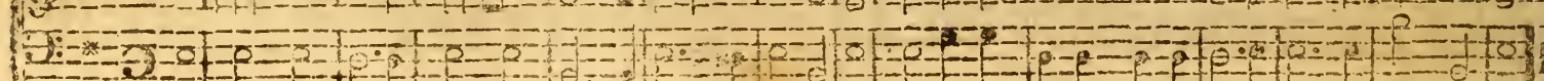
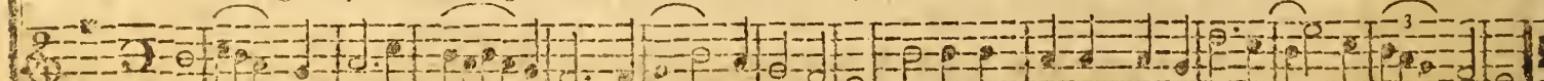
I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

Belfast. C. M.

BELKNAP.



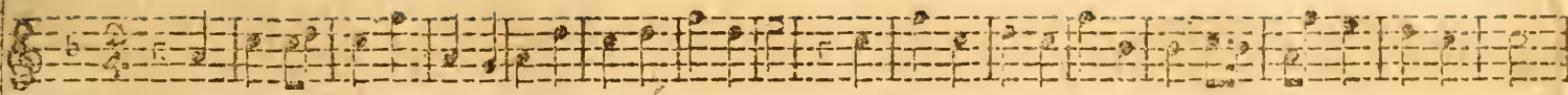
With flowing eyes and bleeding hearts, A fallen world survey; See the wide ruin sin has made In one unhappy day.



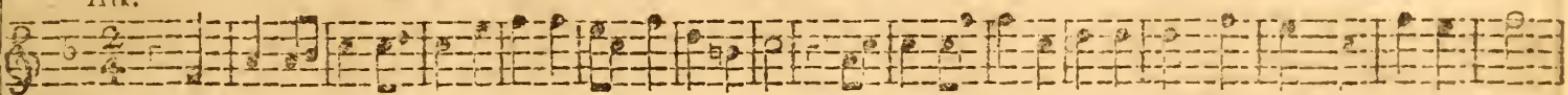
Leominster. C M.

BELKNAP.

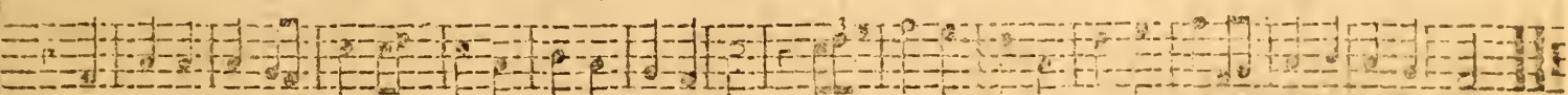
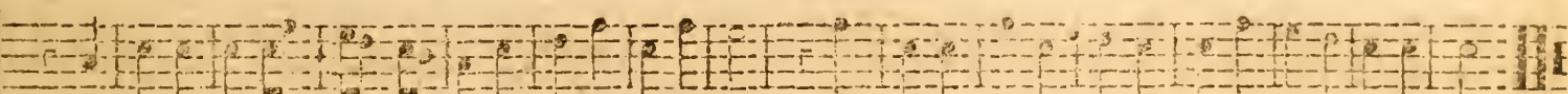
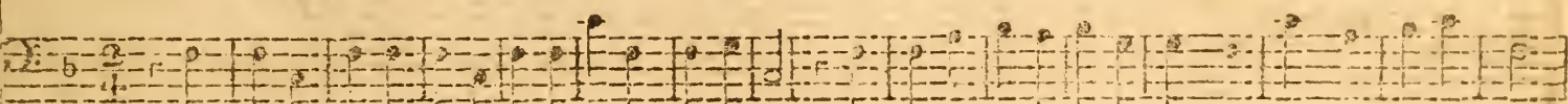
113



AIR.

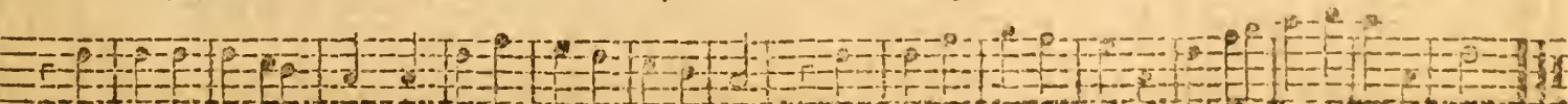


I'm not ashaw'd to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause ; Maintain the honour of his word, The glory of his croſs.



Jesus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my trust ; Nor will he put my foul to shame, Or let my hope be lost.

P



Ashford.

L. M.

BELKNAP

Air, And spread the joyful tidings round,
Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound,

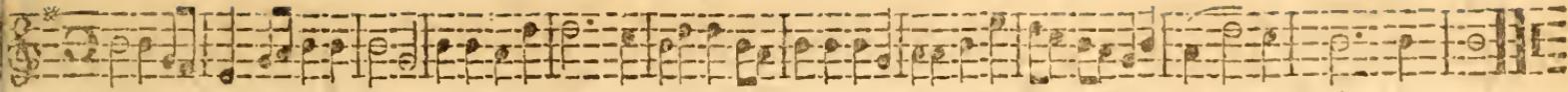
Let every soul with transport hear
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year, And hail, &c.

Trenton. C. M.

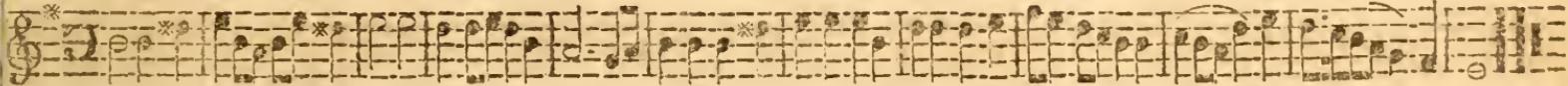
Save me, O God, the swelling floods Break in upon my soul; I sink, and sorrows o'er my head Like mighty waters roll.

Westborough. C, M,

115



AIR.



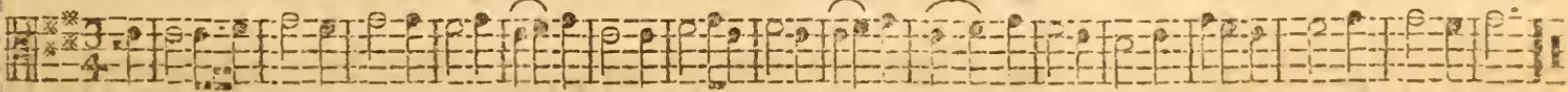
A span is all that we can boast, How short the fleeting time ? Man is but vanity and dust, Man, &c.

In all his flow'r and prime.

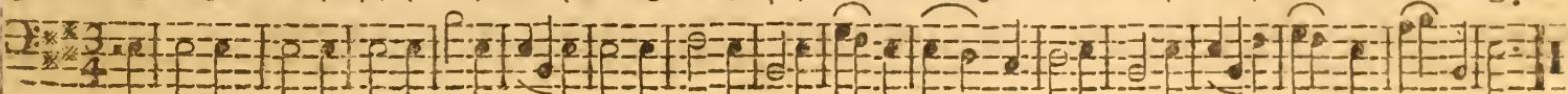
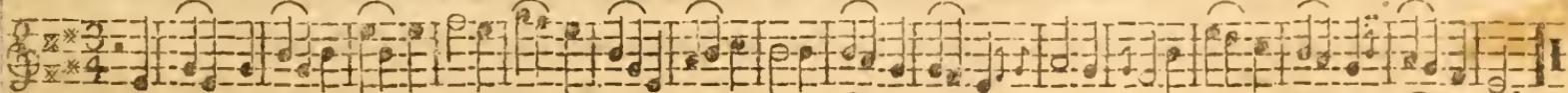


No. 30. L. M.

MANU.



Great is the Lord exalted high, Above all powers and every throne, Whate'er he please, in earth or seas Or heaven or hell his hand hath done.

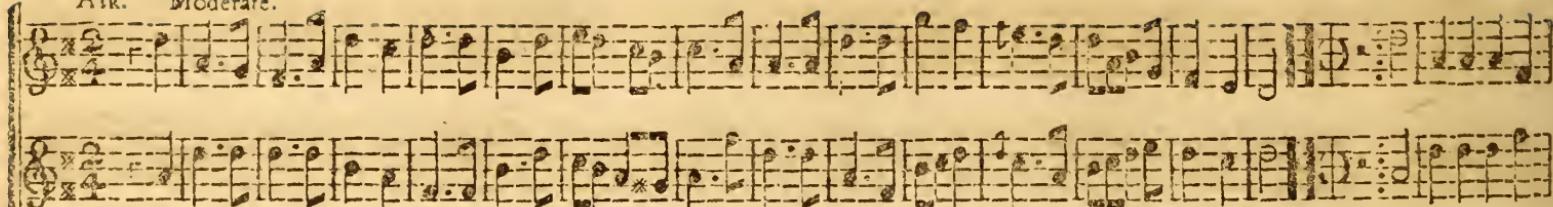


Auspicious Morn.

C. M.

BACCOCK.

A.S.R. Moderate.

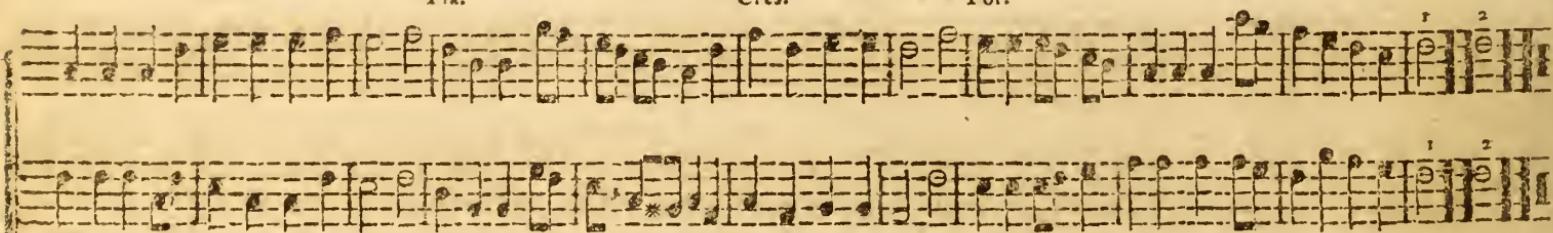


Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unseals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day. This day be grateful

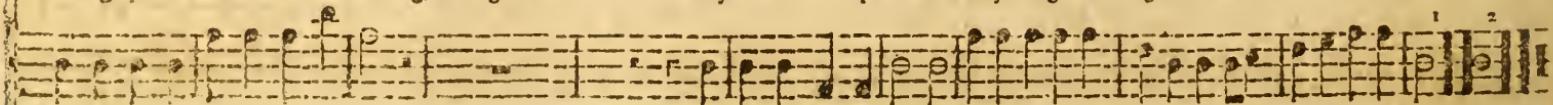
Pia.

Cres.

For.



homage paid And loud hosanna sung, Let gladness dwell on every heart, And praise on every tongue, Let gladness, &c.



Torringsford. H. M.

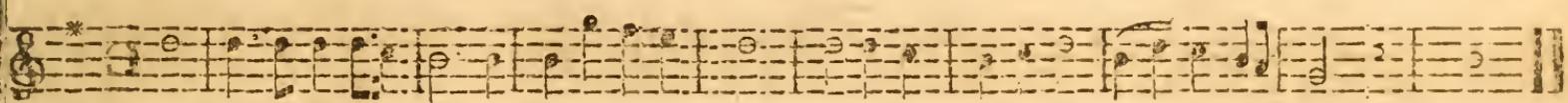
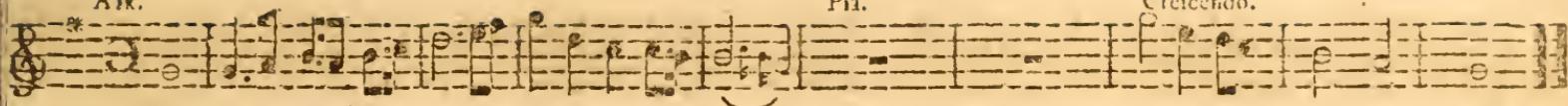
Air.

Pia.

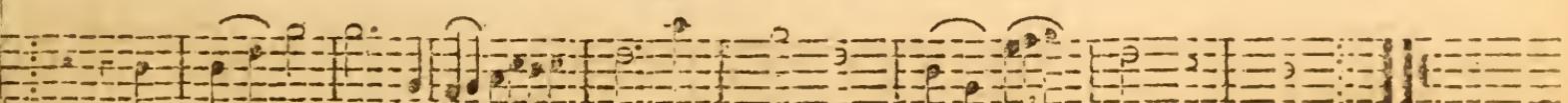
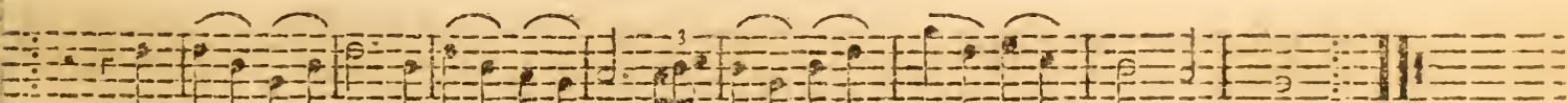
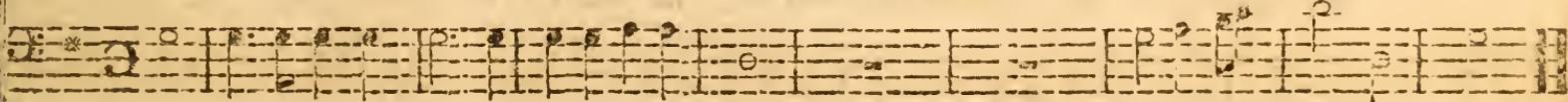
Crescendo.

NEWHALL.

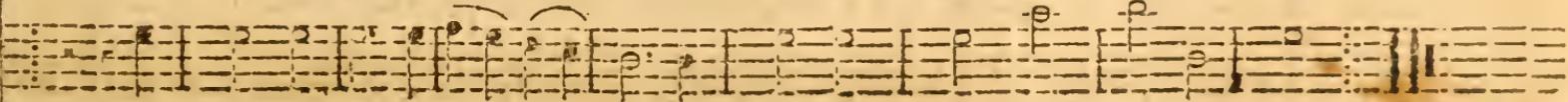
117

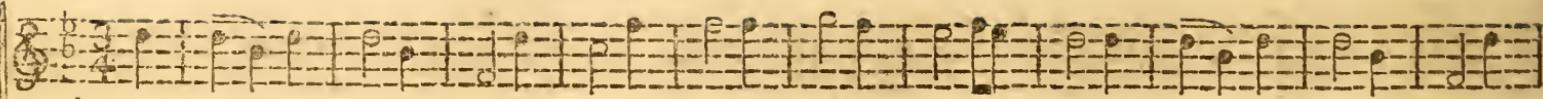


Hark, what celestial notes ! What melody we hear ! Soft on the morn it floats, And fills the ravish'd ear.



The tuneful shell, The golden lyre, And vocal choir, The concert swell.

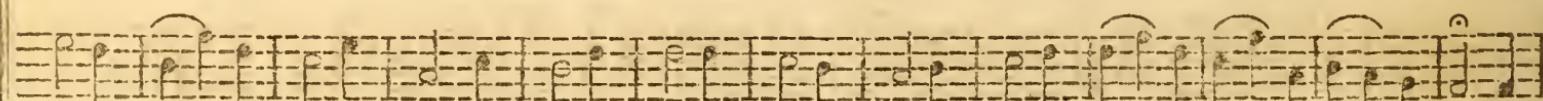
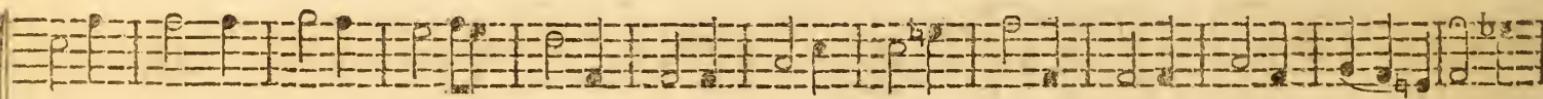
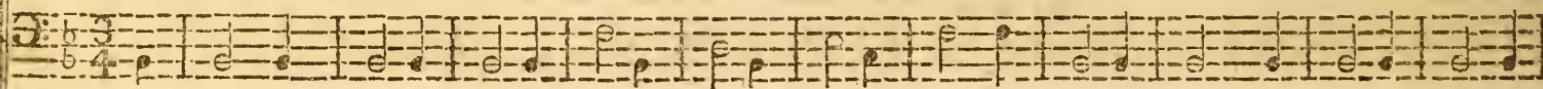




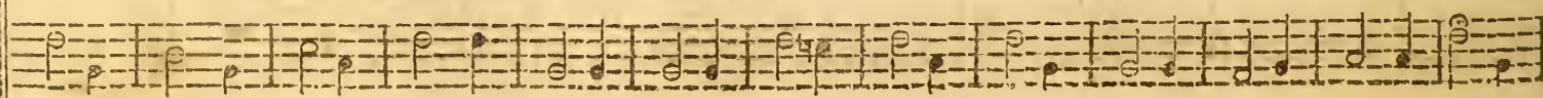
AIR.



Let him embrace my soul, and prove Mine interest in his heav'nly love; The voice which tells me thou art



mine, Exceeds the blessings of the vine. On thee th' anointing spirit came, And spread the favour of his name; That

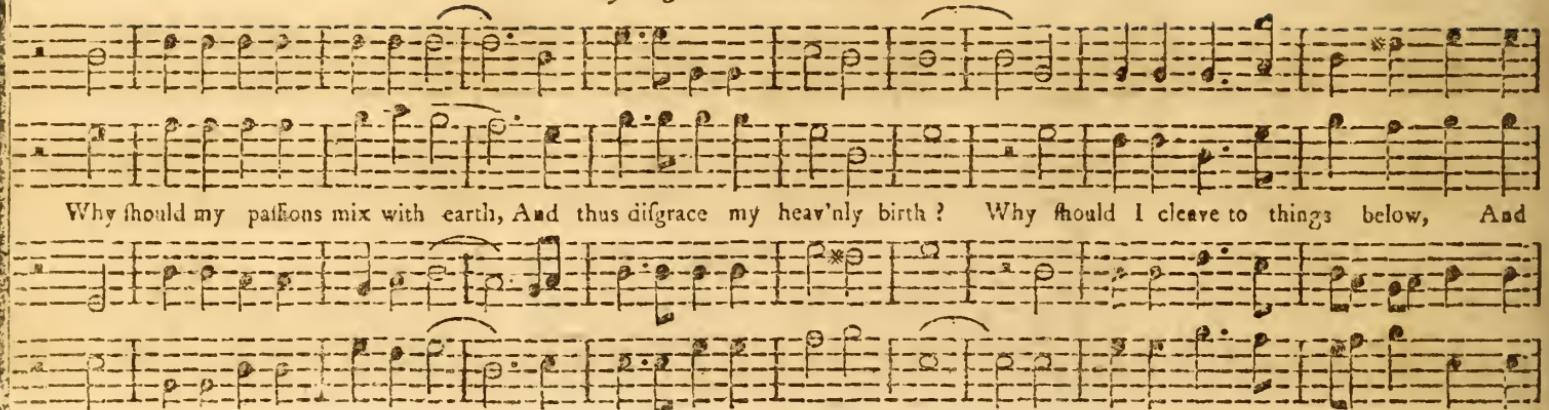


oil of gladness and of grace Draws virgin souls to meet thy face, Draws, &c.

Lynnfield. L. M.

HOLDEN.

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

Lynnfield Continued.

Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus disgrace my heav'nly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And



let my God my Saviour go? Call me away from flesh and sense, One sovereign word can call me thence,



Lynnfield Continued.

121

Soft.

I would obey the voice divine. And all inferiour joys resign Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn, Let

Soft.

Loud.

noise and vanity be gone, In secret silence of the mind, My heav'n, My heav'n, My heav'n, My heav'n, and thee, my God, I find.

Tolland. L. P. M.

JAMES

I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death

My days of praise shall ne'er be past While

Praise shall employ my nobler powers,

life and thought and being last,

Or immortality endures

Or immortality endures

Scarborough. : C. M.

BENDER.

123

His, &c.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of every tongue.

His, &c.

His, &c.

His new discover'd grace, His new discover'd grace demands A new and nobler song.



AIR.



Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell ; Let heav'n begin the solemn word, And



Maestoso.



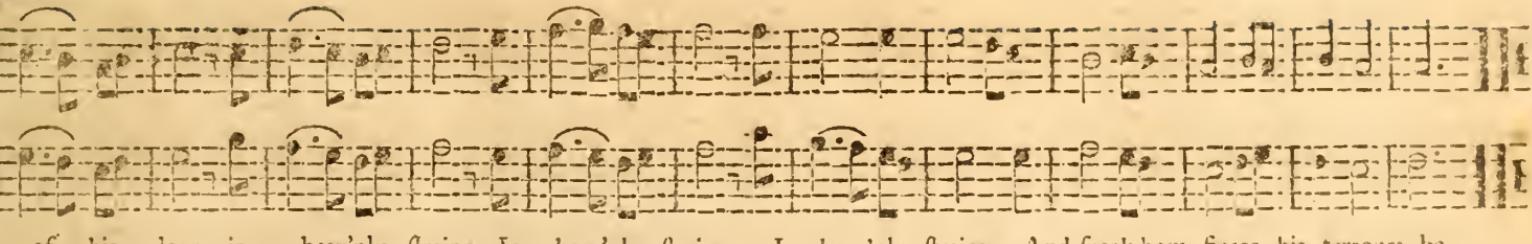
sound it dreadful down to hell, The Lord, how absolute he reigns ! Let every angel bend the knee, Sing



St. Germains Continued.

125

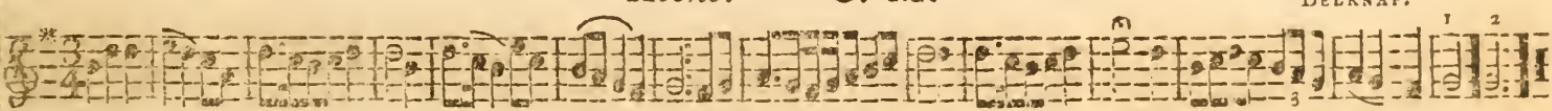
Pia.



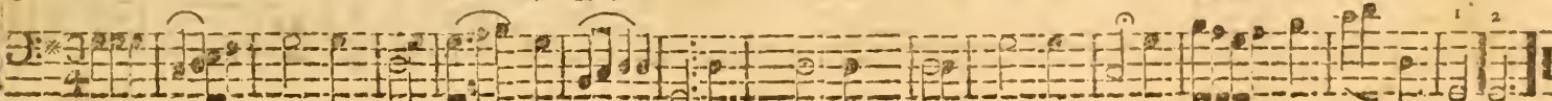
of his love in heav'nly strains, In heav'nly strains, In heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be.

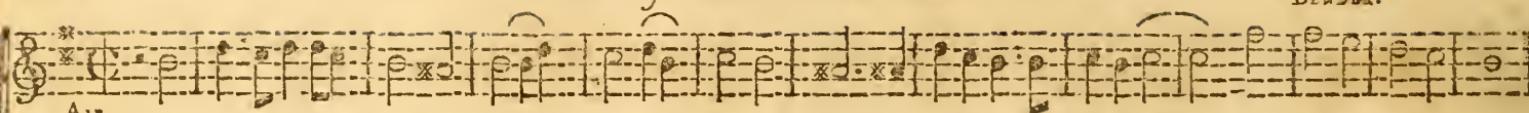
Keene. C. M.

BELKNAP.

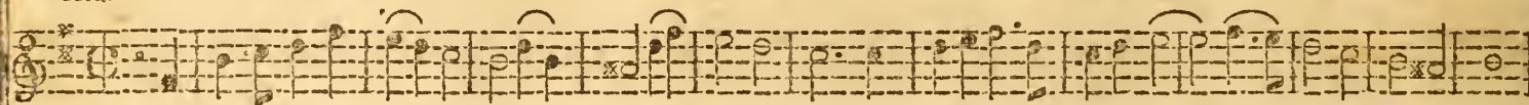


Since I have plac'd my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I like a tin'rous bird, To distant mountains fly.

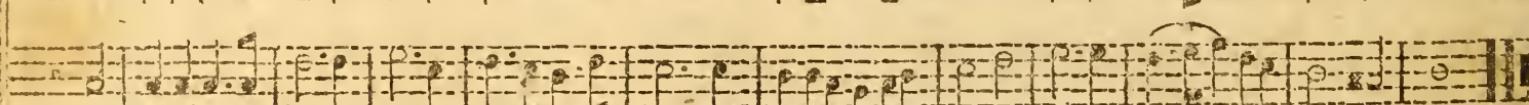
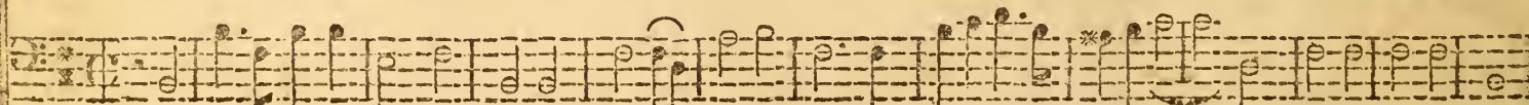




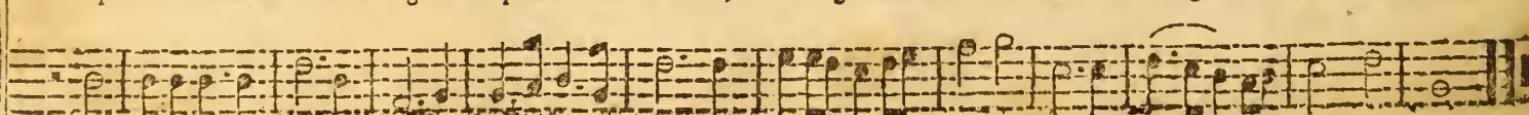
AIR.



Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high To thee will I address my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.



Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his father's throne Our songs and our complaints



No. 29. S. P. M.

MANS. 127

The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains; His head with awful glories crown'd; Ar-

ray'd in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of majesty around.

O God to whom revenge belongs, Thy vengeance now disclose;

Arise, &c.

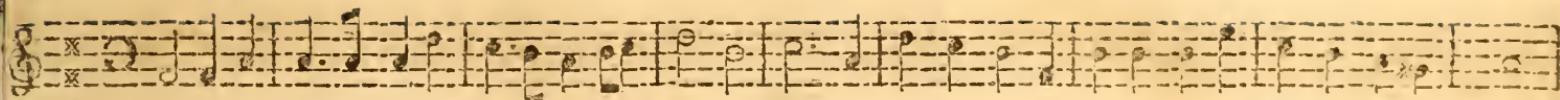
Arise, &c.

rise, &c.

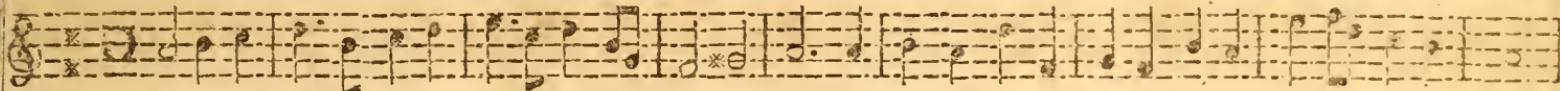
Arise, thou Judge of all the earth, And crush thy haughty foes, And crush thy haughty foes.

Lewistown. C. M.

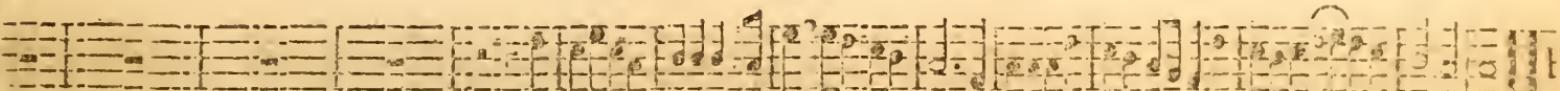
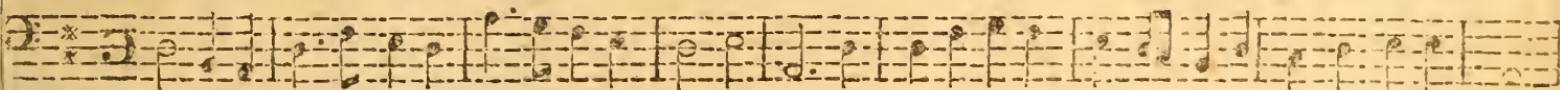
129



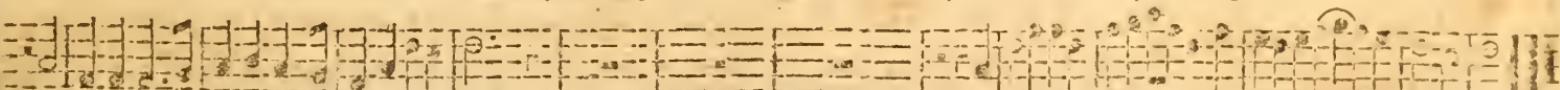
AIR.



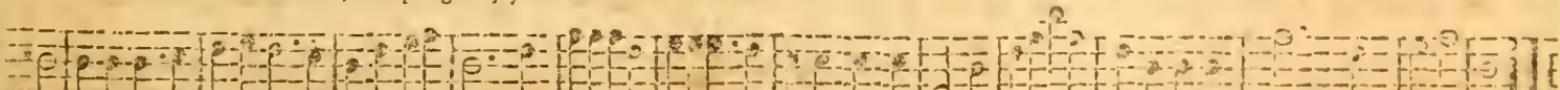
Why should the children of a King, Go mourning all their days! Great comforter descend and bring Some tokens of thy grace.



And thy soft wings celestial Dove, Will safe convey me home; And thy soft wings, &c.



Thou art the earnest of his love, The pledge of joys to come

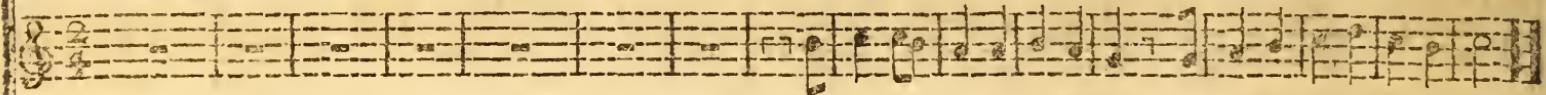


R

Anthem for Dedication or Ordination.

I. LANE.

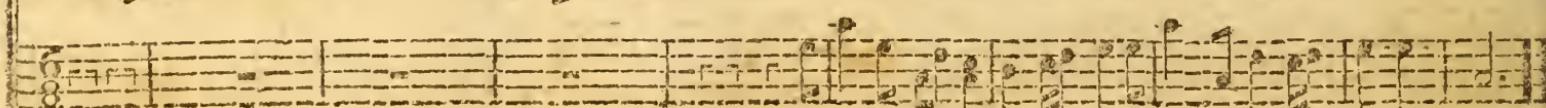
A. 12.



Where shall we go to seek and find A habitation for our God? A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind, Among the sons of flesh and blood.



The God of Jacob chose the hill Of Zion for his ancient rest, And Zion is his dwelling still, His church is with his presence blest.



And reign forever,

Here will I fix my gracious throne, And reign forever, And reign forever, saith the Lord ; And blessings shall attend my word.

And reign forever,

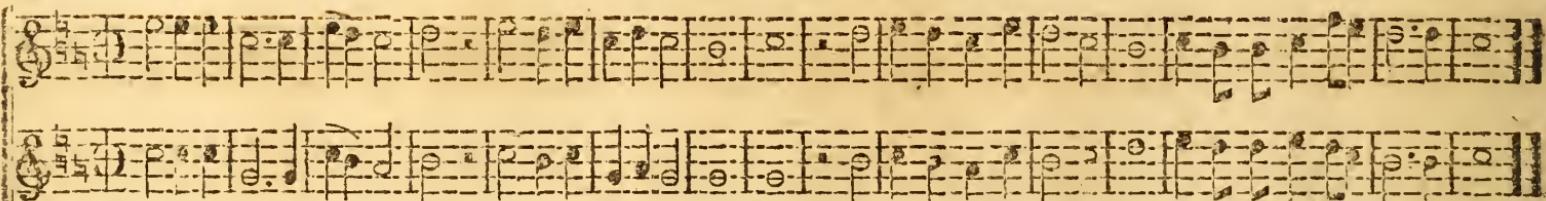
Here shall my power and love be known,

1st Treble.

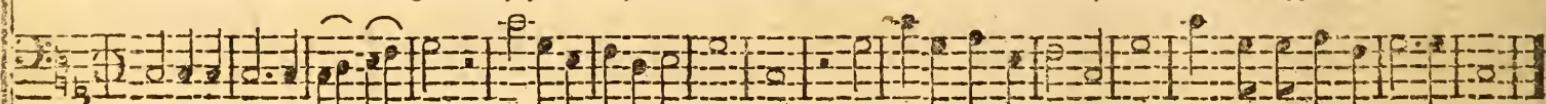
Here will I meet the hungry poor, and fill their souls with living bread,
2d Treble.

sweet provisions shall be fed,

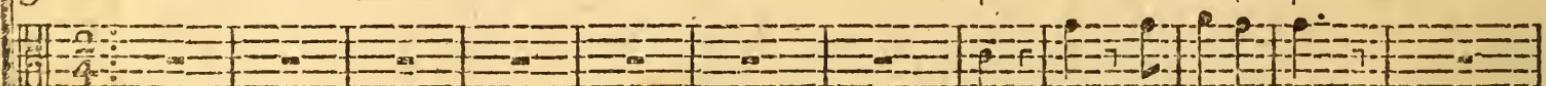
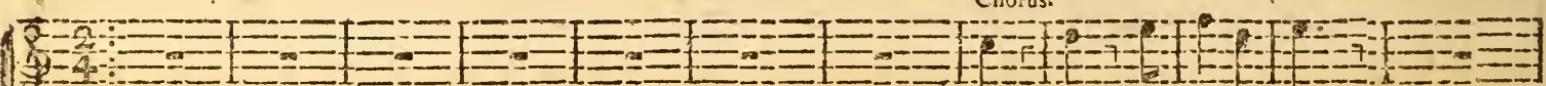
Sinners that wait before my door With sweet provisions,



Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace, My priests, my ministers shall shine ; Not Aaron in his costly dress Made an appearance so divine.



Chorus.

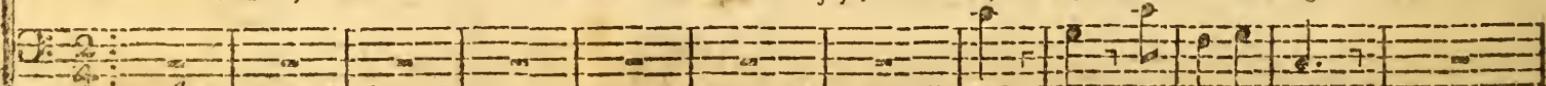


1st Treble.

1st Treble.



The saints, unable to contain Their inward joys, shall shout, shout, shall shout and sing, The Son of



David here shall reign, And' Zion triumph, And' Zion triumph And' Zion triumph in her
King. The Son of David here shall reign, And' Zion triumph, And' Zion triumph in her King.

Did Christ for sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief, Burst forth from every eye. Let floods of penitential grief burst forth from every eye.

Unceasing Praise..

L. M.

135

God of my life, through all its days My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise ; The song shall wake with

dawning light And warble to the silent night, And warble to the silent night.

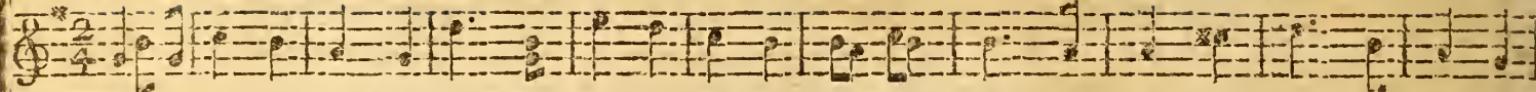
Dunstan.

L. M.

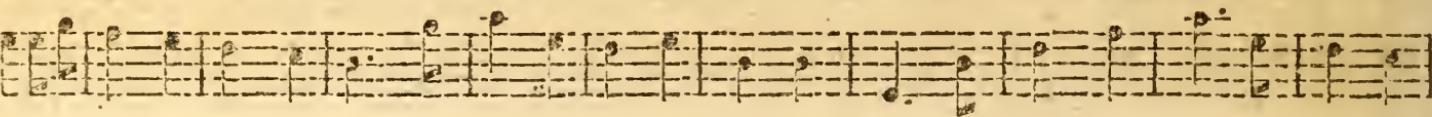
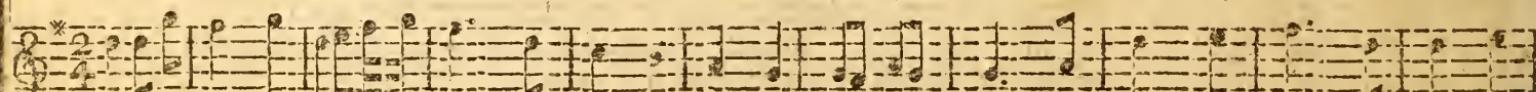
DR. MADAN.

Soft.

Loud.

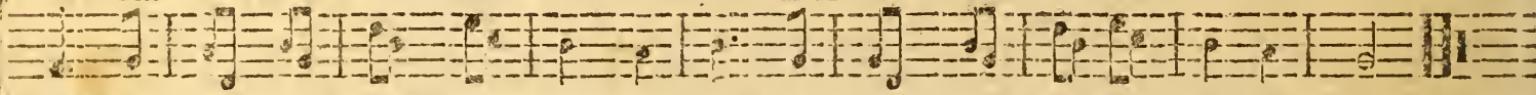


Great source of life, our souls confess The various riches of thy grace, Crown'd with thy mercies we re-

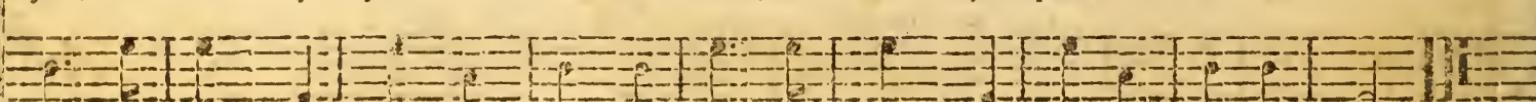


Soft.

Loud.



oice, And in thy praise exalt our voice, And in thy praise exalt our voice.



How vast must their advantage be, How great the pleasure prove, Who live like brethren and consent In offices of love. In, &c.

In, &c.

Funeral Anthem.

From Job 14th, and from Dr. Dwight's
Seasons, moralized.

HOLDEN.

Repeat For.

Pia. Mod.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.

Bass and Treble

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not

Bass solo.

As the waters fail from the sea and the flood decayeth and drieth up,

For.

So man lieth down and riseth not; Till the heav'ns be no more, they shall not awake, they shall not awake, nor be raised

They shall not awake,

2d. Mod.

out of their sleep.

But the soul in gayest bloom, Disdains the bondage of the tomb Af-

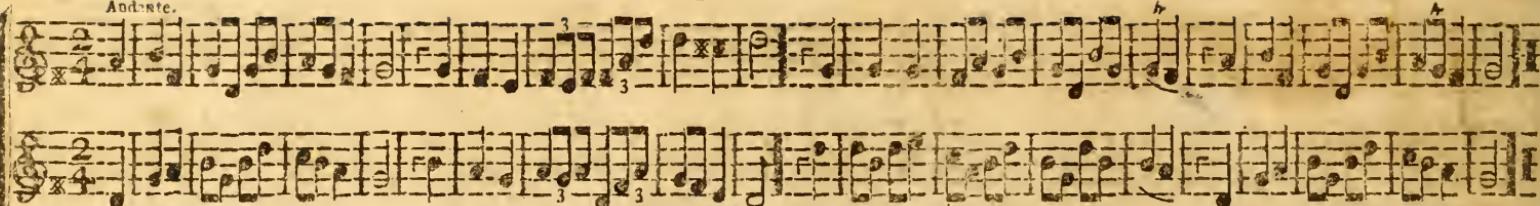
Repeat. For.

- cends above the clouds of even, And raptur'd hails, And raptur'd hails her native heaven.

Portugal. L. M.

THORLEY.

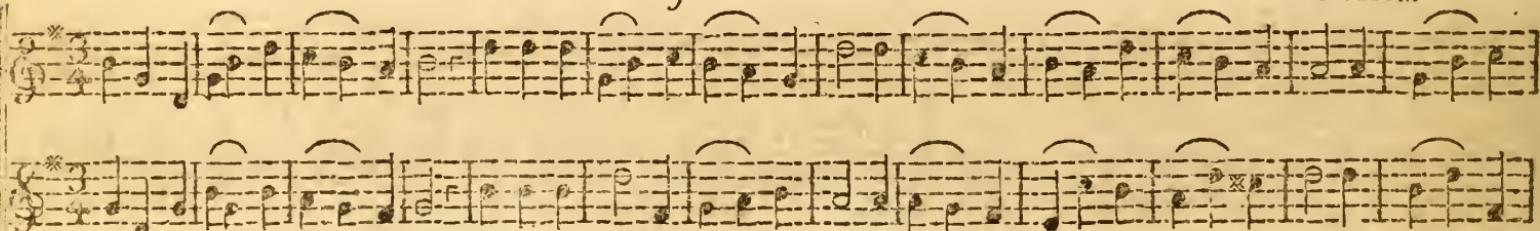
Andante.



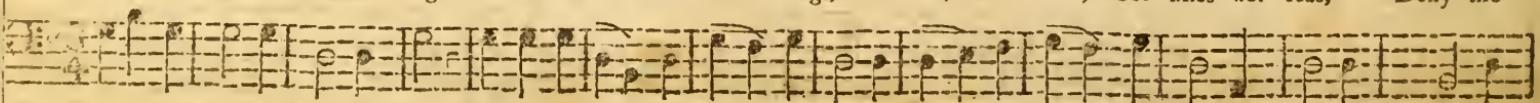
How lovely, how divinely sweet, O Lord, thy sacred courts appear ! Fain would my longing passions meet The glories of thy presence there.

Incense. L. M.

HOLDEN.

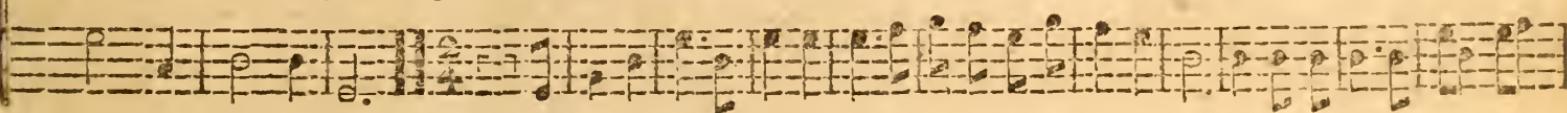


Nature with all her powers shall sing, God the Creator and the King ; Nor air, nor earth, nor skies nor seas, Deny the

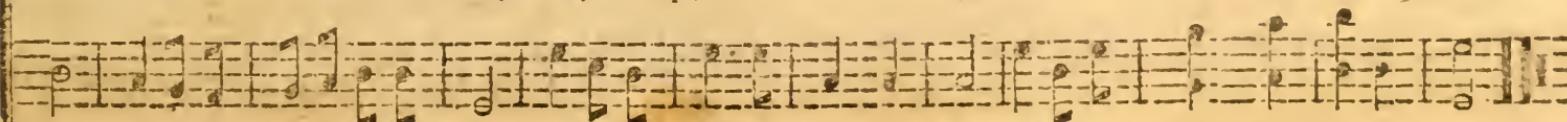




tribute of their praise. Begin to make his glories known, Ye seraphs that sit round his throne ; Tune your harps high, and spread th



sound To the creation's utmost bound, Tune your harps, &c.

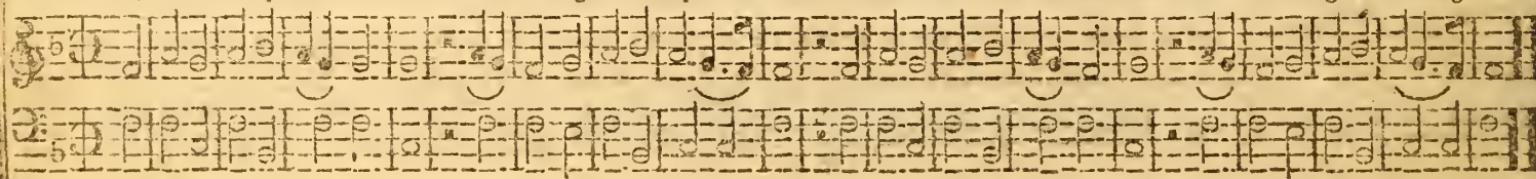


Dresden. L. M.

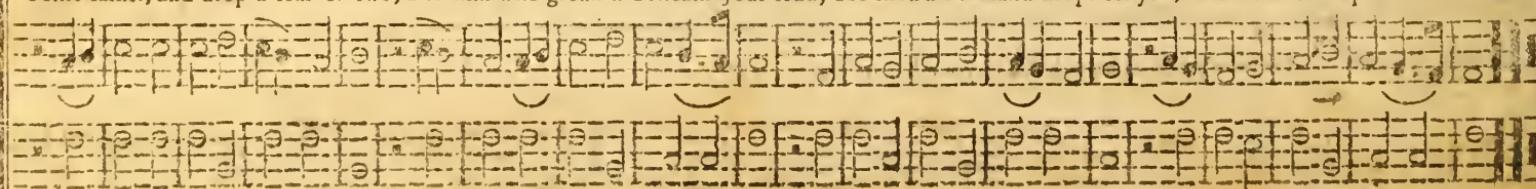
RIPPON.

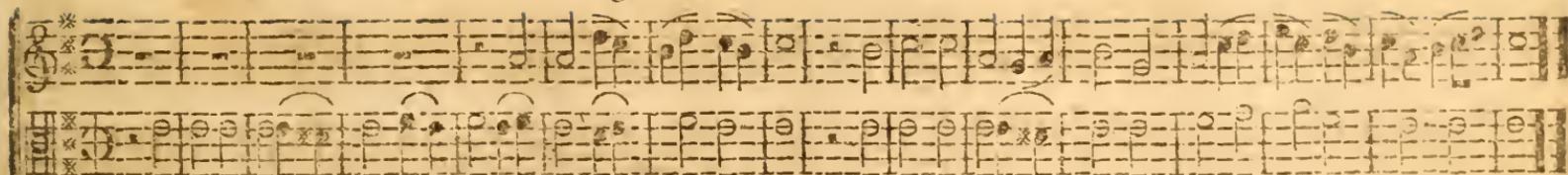


He dies, the heavenly lover dies : Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ! A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

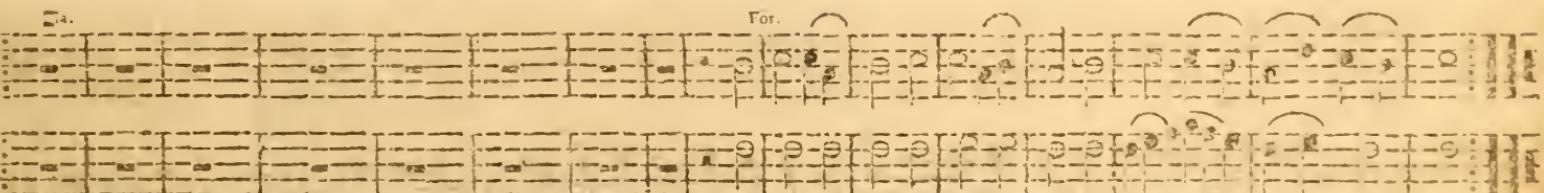
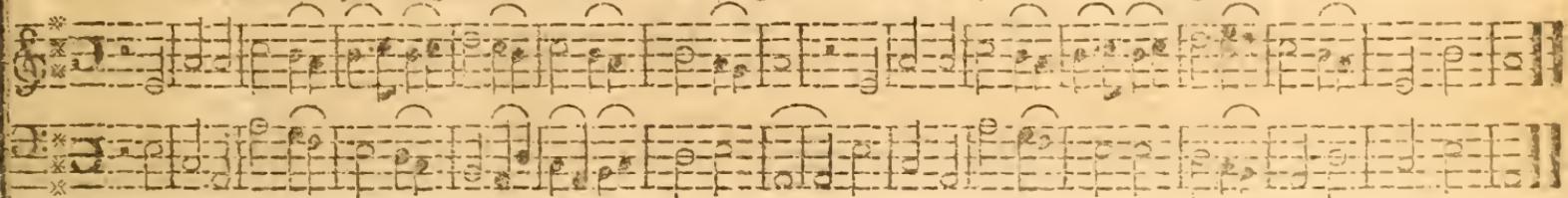


Come saints, and drop a tear or two, For him who groan'd beneath your load, He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richer blood.





There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.



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



God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press In him undaunted we'll confide.

Though earth, &c.

Though earth, &c.

1 2

Though earth were from her centre torn, And mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide

1 2

Morning.

C. M.

HOLD x.

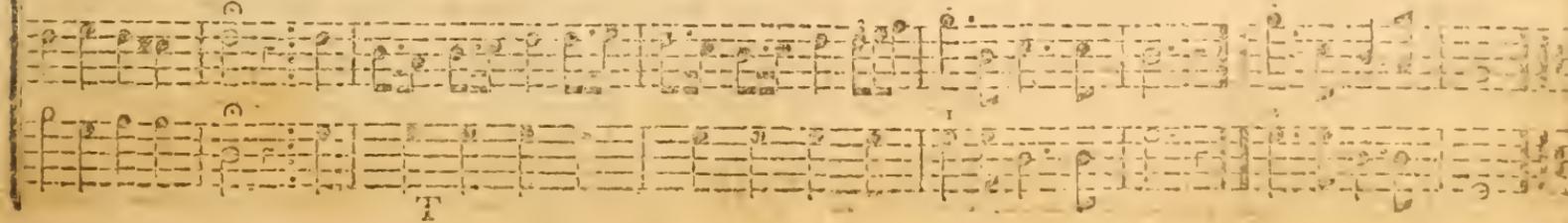
145



Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To



him that rules the skies. Once more, &c.



T

A Funeral Anthem.

E. GOFF.

Write from henceforth, write from henceforth, write

I heard a great voice from heav'n saying unto me saying unto me, write from henceforth, write from henceforth, write, write

Blessed are the dead, blessed are the dead,

Blessed are the dead, Blessed are the dead, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

Even so, Even, so saith the spirit, For they rest, For they rest, For they rest, for they

For they rest, &c.

Soft.

Loud.

rest from their labours and their works do follow them, their works do follow them. And their works do follow them.

Concord L. M.

BELKNAP.

pia.

'Tis finish'd ! so the Saviour cry'd, And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd. 'Tis finish'd ; yes, the

For.

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

Springfield. L. M.

BISHOP

149

Lord, I am vile conceiv'd in sin, And born unholy and unclean; Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts the race and taints us all.

No bleeding' i'rd nor bleeding' beast, Nor by top branch nor sprinkling priest, Nor running brook, nor flood nor sea, Can wash the dead man's way.

Resolution.

C. M.

For Fast Day.

HOLDEN.

Great King in Zion, Lord of all, We bow before thy face ; With grief we own our follies past, With grief, &c. And seek thy pard'ning grace.

With grief, &c.

With grief, &c.

2. While we invoke thine awful name
In this appointed rite,

May love divine inspire our songs,
And fill our souls with light.

3. Near to thy seat would we approach,
And find acceptance there.

Jesus, by thy own sacrifice,
Present our ardent prayer.

4. A grateful tribute, Lord, inspire,
For all thy mercies past :

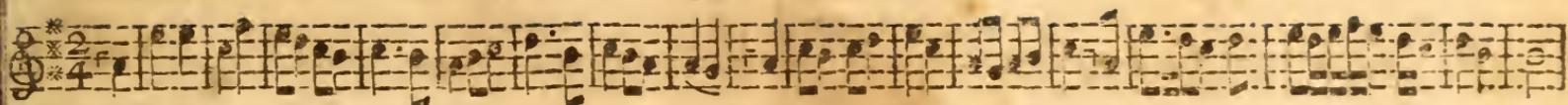
Let goodness crown each future day,
While months and years shall last.

5. Before thy throne, great God, we bring
Our highly favour'd land

Be thou our never failing friend,
And guide us by thine hand.

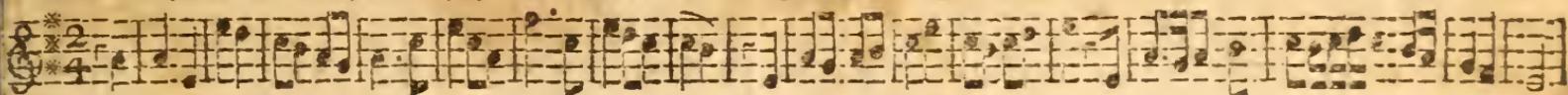
Praise. L. M.

151



AIR. Praise ye the Lord, let praise employ,

The spacious firmament around.



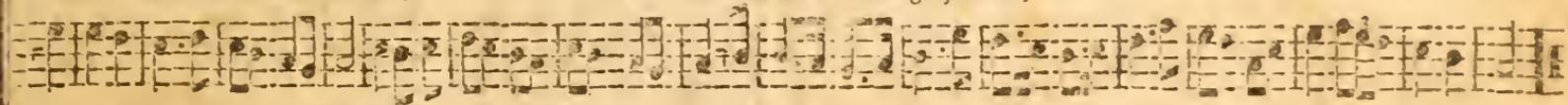
In his own courts your songs of joy,

Shall echo back the joyful sound.



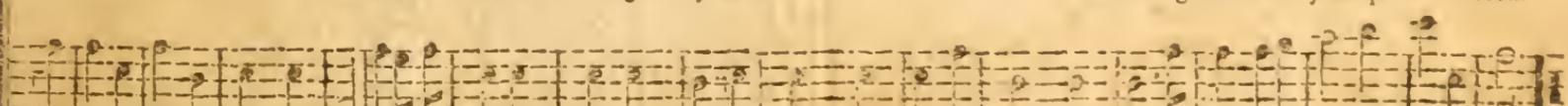
Recount his works in strains divine,

Praise him for all his mighty deeds,



His wondrous works, how bright they shine !

Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.



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*Titles with this mark * were never before published.*

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The party of Count Knecht

of Dr. von Pfeiffen's
Domicile

To John Gowanay

Contemplationey Contemplationey

Contemplationey John Gowanay

Daniel

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1.1.7

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