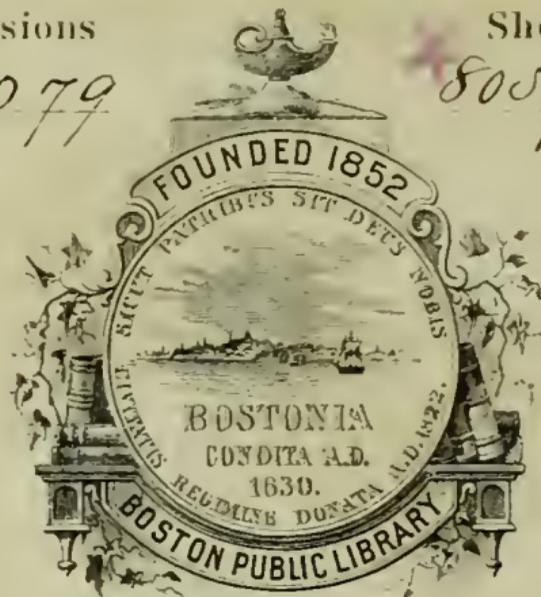


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THE
SALEM COLLECTION
OF
CLASSICAL SACRED MUSICK;
IN THREE AND FOUR PARTS:
CONSISTING OF
PSALM TUNES AND OCCASIONAL PIECES,
SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF
THE MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS:
SUITED TO ALL THE METRES IN GENERAL USE.
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO PSALMODY.

SALEM:

PRINTED BY JOSHUA CUSHING, AND SOLD BY CUSHING & APPLETON, AT THEIR BOOKSTORE IN SALEM, & BY J. SPARHAWK APPLETON,
No. 1, CORNHILL, BOSTON.

1805.

357
Mrs. M. P. Grant

June 27, 1823

District of Massachusetts, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-third day of November, in the twenty-ninth year of the Independence of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, CUSHING & APPLETON, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the Words following, to wit: "*The Salem Collection of Classical Sacred Musick; In three and and four Parts: consisting of Psalm Tunes and Occasional Pieces, selected from the works of the most eminent Composers: Suited to all the Metres in general Use. To which is prefixed, A short Introduction to Psalmody.*" In conformity to the Act of the CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the Times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints."

N. GOODALE, Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

A true Copy of Record. Attest. N. GOODALE, Clerk.

PREFACE.

IT is a fact no less singular than undeniable, that while our country has produced very few authors of that kind of musick which, for distinction's sake, may be called *profane* (by which we mean every species except *psalmody*) it has swarmed with men who have announced themselves as composers of *Sacred Musick*; and while the whole Union has scarcely afforded so much as a *song* of distinguished merit, almost every village has been able to boast of its original *anthems* and *oratorios*. Whether this has arisen from the peculiar genius of our musical composers—or from the fear of more certain detection and exposure in the one case than the other—or from a reliance on that well-meaning spirit of charity which has disposed Christian societies to admit into their service the productions of any author, who presents himself to them in a pious garb and with honest motives—it is not now material to inquire: the consequence is the same from any of these causes, in a country where the best *models* of composition are yet scarcely known; and it has been, what we blush to confess, a general and most deplorable corruption of taste in our church musick.

The present publication owes its existence to a long and serious reflection upon this humiliating fact; a fact which cannot fail of being the subject of deep regret

with every lover of harmony, as well as with the serious professor of Christianity; for it cannot be denied, that most of our modern *psalmody* is not less offensive to a correct musical taste, than it is disgusting to the sincere friends of publick devotion.

The greater part of the tunes here published were originally selected by a Committee (whose names, were we at liberty to mention them, would add authority to the work) for the use of the congregation in this town under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. PRINCE; and it was the intention of the publishers to have confined the work to the tunes used in that society. But on issuing proposals for printing it, they received such flattering encouragement from the several congregations in this town and its vicinity, as induced them to extend it, in order to accommodate as many societies as possible with a convenient and accurate selection of tunes adapted to the various metres now in use among them.

The nature and design of the work were thus briefly stated in the proposals: “With the view, therefore, of promoting a just taste in *psalmody*, as well as to further the purposes of publick devotion, it has been thought advisable to publish a collection of such *psalm* tunes as are believed to be most conducive to these two objects. This collection will be formed from the compositions of those eminent

“masters of the science, who, like the writers of the first rank in polite literature, may be justly styled *Classical Authors*. It will consist entirely of tunes which have for many years obtained the sanction of correct taste; and to effect more certainly the objects above mentioned, the publishers beg leave to state, that the harmony throughout the work has been revised with great care; a measure which the corrupt copies now in circulation rendered peculiarly necessary.”

These were the motives of the publishers, and they trust, that whatever judgment shall be formed of the execution of the work, these reasons are a sufficient apology for making an addition to the numerous collections of psalm tunes already published in this country. But one more remark may be made on this head. Though the tunes here given to the publick may perhaps be found in the different compilations already made, yet they are so much dispersed, and so deeply buried under the crudities of half-learned harmonists, that a collection of them into one volume became in some measure requisite, as the first step to the speedy attainment of the desirable objects above mentioned: for, in order to correct our taste in musick, as in the sister arts, we must, in the first place, have within our reach, and constantly before us, the best *models*; and not till after long contemplation of these, and unwearied study and labour, can we expect to see much progress made towards a reformation.*

Here the inquiry naturally presents itself—Why has the *antient psalmody* fallen into such disrepute among us? On this subject we think the remarks of Dr. Miller† so pertinent, that we cannot forbear introducing them. As late as the year 1790 that author makes the same complaint of the neglect shown to the *antient melodies* in

England. “We must not (says he, in the preface to his *Psalms of David*) judge of the full effect of musick from frequenting the *opera* or the *theatre*. The lyric strains of Metastasio and Sacchini may charm the ear and soothe the mind, but can never produce that rapturous sensation, that fervour and spring of the soul, which animates us when we listen to the divine strains of David, harmonized by Purcell, Handel, Marcello or Crofts. That any one may be convinced of the superiority of *sacred* musick in raising the affections, let him attend to the anthem of Purcell’s, “Be merciful unto me, O God,” or indeed to almost any other of his church musick.” He then subjoins the following remarks, which are what we principally wished to introduce to the reader. “The common psalm tunes used in our parish churches may not, by many, be thought capable of producing these grand effects; for, as *all* the congregation join, or *ought* to join in them, simple and easy melodies can only be used in such places: but their construction, though simple, is elegant and dignified, and when properly performed by a large congregation, and judiciously accompanied on the organ, their effect is perhaps as great in exciting sublime emotions, as we experience from *anthems*, *chorusses*, and more elaborate musick. The truth of this may be evinced by the grand effect of five or six thousand children singing in *unison*, at the annual meeting in St. Paul’s church, of the different charity schools. . . . It seems, indeed, to be the general opinion of eminent men, that the common *melodies* used in parish churches are well calculated to answer every purpose for which they were intended. It is only to the wretched *MANNER* in which they are too frequently sung, that we must attribute their want of effect.”

* We take pleasure in mentioning, as an honourable exception to these general remarks on the bad taste in our sacred musick, the *Massachusetts Compiler*, printed at Boston in 1795; and perhaps a few other Collections of some merit might be found.

† *Edmund Miller*, Mus. Doct.

The justness of these remarks, we think, cannot be contested; and we look forward with some earnestness to the period when their truth will be recognised throughout our country.

We make one more extract from this judicious author, which will serve at once as a lesson to our *singers* and *composers*. After observing that *singing-masters* may do a great deal towards a reformation, he says: "Fondly attached to compositions in many parts, and those chiefly composed by unskilful men, abounding in ill-constructed fugues and false harmony, they are apt to treat with contempt the simple but elegant melodies used in parish churches; but would they study the various beauties of expression—the true *portamento*, or conduct of the voice, free from all NASAL sounds or SCREAMING exertions—1 proper pronounciation, and the energetic expression of emphatical words—they would soon find that these despised melodies, when properly performed, with true pronounciation, just intonation and feeling expression, are as capable of fixing the attention and affecting the hearts of the congregation, as more elaborate musick."

The correctness of these observations, and the utility, nay the necessity of simple musick, for our psalm tunes, will be more apparent, if we consider, for a moment, the duties of the *Singers* in a congregation. It never could have been intended (as might be erroneously inferred from the general practice in our own country) that the choir of *singers alone* should perform this part of divine service. Their province originally was, without a question, to lead the congregation, who were not to be debarred from

joining in *this*, any more than in the *other* parts of publick worship. And yet how few societies do we find, where any but a professed singer is able to follow the choir through the rambling tunes that are now in common use! And further; if the tunes should be *simple*, for the reasons above mentioned, they should also be *less numerous* than is usually the case, in order that the congregation may easily learn them. This principle has governed the publishers in the present work. Their only anxiety has been, lest the book should be *too large*; and it is by no means their intention, that all the tunes in it should be adopted by any one society. Many, as has been already observed, were added for the sake of furnishing musick for the various metres used in different societies.*

"It is not here intended (to use the words of Dr. Miller again) to discourage *singers* in their practice of *anthems*, but to entreat them to be the instructors and leaders of the congregation in parochial psalmody: the minister would then, at their request, sometimes indulge them with singing an anthem in the part of the service appointed for it, or after the sermon," &c.

Before we quit the subject of the performance of church musick, we beg the reader's indulgence while we say one word upon the distribution of the *parts* of the tunes. It has been the usual practice to give the *leading part*, or *air*, under the denomination of *tenor*, to the *men's voices*. We think we are warranted by the authority of the most eminent composers (certainly by the authority of common sense, and of analogy in *instrumental* musick) in strongly urging that the *air* should be

* The number of tunes originally selected for the use of the Rev. Dr. PRINCE's society by the Committee we have mentioned, was about seventy; they are distinguished in the metrical index by an asterisk (*); and that number, if we might be permitted to express our opinion, we should think amply sufficient for any congregation.

performed by *treble voices*. In the following work, this part will be found placed next to the bass, and connected with it by a bracket. This arrangement was adopted, as being conformable to antient usage, and as a great convenience in all cases where the book may be used by organists.

To return to the contents of the work: A few tunes will be found in this publication, which were only intended for occasional use; they are principally at the end of the volume. The harmony, in every case where there was a doubt, has been revised by an eminent professor, of Boston; much care has been bestowed

on the correction of the proof sheets; and the work is printed on paper superior to that of any similar collection in this country. The short *Introduction to Psalmody* was only intended to be used under the direction of a master, and not as a professed treatise on the art. The publishers, therefore, dismiss the work with all the confidence which great exertions on their part warrant them in entertaining, but at the same time, with that just diffidence, which is inspired by the reflection—that *Perfection* (to adopt the idea of a fine scholar) seems only to shun us in proportion to our endeavours to approach her.

A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO PSALMODY.

THE Gamut, or Scale of Music, is the Lines and Spaces on which all Music is written. The Gamut in its present state comprises only seven original sounds; every eighth being considered the same as the first. Five of the sounds are whole tones, and two are semitones. The Gamut is divided into three parts, in three different cliffs, and marked with the seven first letters of the alphabet, in the following manner, viz.

1st. The Bass in the F Cliff.	2d. The Counter in the C Cliff.	3d. The Tenor or Treble in the G Cliff.																			
<i>Letters. Notes. Names.</i>	<i>Letters. Notes. Names.</i>	<i>Letters. Notes. Names.</i>	<i>Letters. Notes. Names.</i>																		
			<p>The note called <i>Mi</i>, is the principal or governing note, which renders the following table necessary to be well understood.</p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="width: 50%;">If B be natural,</td> <td style="width: 50%;">Mi is on B.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>If B be flat,</td> <td>Mi is on E.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>B and E flat,</td> <td>Mi is on A.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>B, E and A flat,</td> <td>Mi is on D.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>B, E, A and D flat,</td> <td>Mi is on G.</td> </tr> </table> <hr/> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="width: 50%;">If F be sharp,</td> <td style="width: 50%;">Mi is on F.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>F and C sharp,</td> <td>Mi is on C.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>F, C and G sharp,</td> <td>Mi is on G.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>F, C, G, and D sharp,</td> <td>Mi is on D.</td> </tr> </table>	If B be natural,	Mi is on B.	If B be flat,	Mi is on E.	B and E flat,	Mi is on A.	B, E and A flat,	Mi is on D.	B, E, A and D flat,	Mi is on G.	If F be sharp,	Mi is on F.	F and C sharp,	Mi is on C.	F, C and G sharp,	Mi is on G.	F, C, G, and D sharp,	Mi is on D.
If B be natural,	Mi is on B.																				
If B be flat,	Mi is on E.																				
B and E flat,	Mi is on A.																				
B, E and A flat,	Mi is on D.																				
B, E, A and D flat,	Mi is on G.																				
If F be sharp,	Mi is on F.																				
F and C sharp,	Mi is on C.																				
F, C and G sharp,	Mi is on G.																				
F, C, G, and D sharp,	Mi is on D.																				

The semitones are between B and C, or Mi, Fa; and E and F, or La, Fa.

The order of the notes above and below *Mi* is as follows, viz. above it are *fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la*; and below it are *la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa*; after which *Mi* returns, either ascending or descending.

It is considered unnecessary to add any directions in what manner learners should be taught the Gamut, as every Instructor of Music is presumed to have a favourite method of his own.

Names and Proportions of the Notes and Rests.

The Semibreve is the longest note now in use; of which all others are only parts. The duration of its sound, and that of all other notes, is different in different modes of time.

The Minim is sounded half as long as a Semibreve.

The Crotchet is half as long as the Minim.

The Quaver is half as long as the Crotchet.

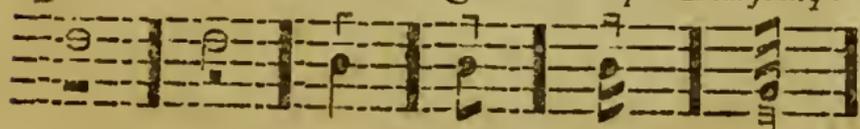
The Semiquaver is half as long as the Quaver.

The Demisemiquaver is half as long as the Semiquaver.

The Semibreve Rest is used as a bar rest: all the others are always of the same length with their respective notes.

Examples of Notes, with their correspondent Rests.

Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semiq'r. Demisemiq'r.



Musical Characters Explained.

A Flat at the beginning of a tune governs the Mi: before a note it sinks it half a tone.

A Sharp also governs the Mi: before a note it raises it half a tone.

A Natural destroys the effect both of a flat and sharp, by restoring notes to their proper sounds.

A Point of Addition, after a note or rest, makes it half as long again.

The figure 3, or point of diminution, placed as in the example, reduces the three notes to the time of two.

Single Bars divide the notes according to the time of the music.

Double Bars, or sometimes thick bars single, distinguish the lines of a psalm tune, or the movements of an anthem.

A Slur is drawn over or under such notes as are sounded to one syllable.

A Repeat is placed at the beginning of that part of a tune which is to be sung over again. The dots at the end of a tune, or before a double bar, direct the performer back to the repeat.

A Double Ending is, when part of a tune is to be repeated, and the note or notes to be sung the first time, are marked with the figure 1, and those to be sung the second time, with the figure 2.

A Brace shows how many parts are to be performed together.

A Hold shows that the note over which it is placed may be sung as much longer than its real time as the leader of the performance pleases.

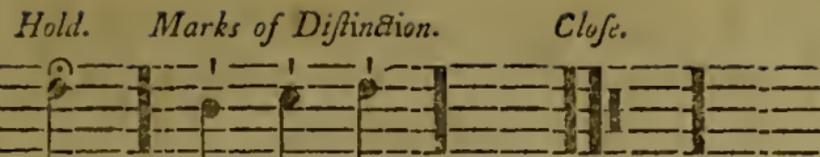
Marks of Distinction are placed over notes which are to be sung distinctly and with emphasis.

A Close shows the end of a tune.

Examples of Musical Characters.

Fl. Sh. Nat. P. of Add. P. of Diminution. S. Bars.





The *Trill*, the *Notes of Transition*, and the *Apoggiatura*, are conceived to be more easily taught by example than precept by any teacher, and therefore are not explained.

OF TIME.

THERE are three kinds of Time, viz. Common, Treble and Compound.

Common Time

Has four Marks or Modes, viz.

First Mode.

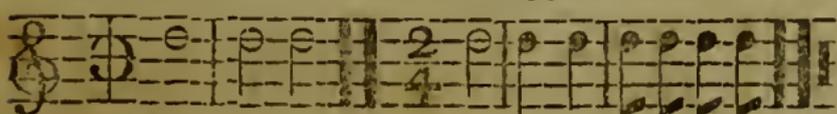
Second Mode.



1, 2, 3, 4. 1, 2, 3, 4. 1, 2, 3, 4. 1, 2, 3, 4. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Third Mode.

Fourth Mode.



1, 2. 1, 2. 1, 2. 1, 2. 1, 2.

The First Mode has one Semibreve, or other notes and rests equivalent, in a bar : the bar is performed in four seconds, two with the hand down, and two with it up.

The Second Mode contains the same notes in a bar: the time to be measured in the same manner, but is one quarter faster.

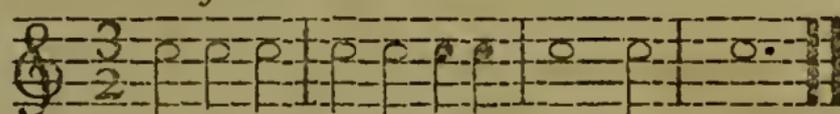
The Third Mode also contains the same notes in a bar, but is performed two seconds in a bar, one with the hand down, and one with it up.

The Fourth Mode has only one Minim in a bar, or other notes equal thereto : performed one fourth part faster than the third mode, and beat in the same manner.

Treble Time

Has three Marks or Modes, viz.

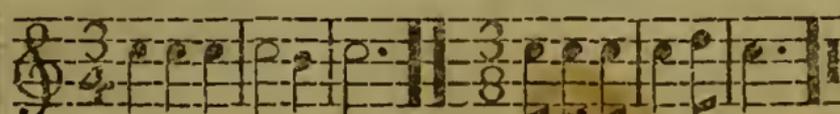
First Mode.



1, 2, 3. 1, 2, 3. 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3.

Second Mode.

Third Mode.



1, 2, 3. 1, 2, 3. 1, 2, 3. 1, 2, 3. 1, 2, 3.

The First Mode has three Minims in a bar, each minim founded a second of time ; the two first to be fung with the hand down, and the last with it up.

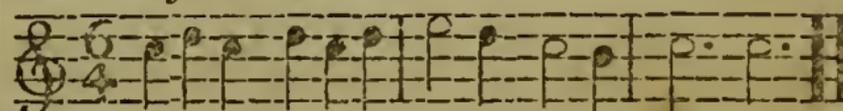
The Second Mode has three Crotchets in a bar ; the time is measured in the same manner, but one quarter faster than the foregoing mode.

The Third Mode has three Quavers in a bar ; the time is to be measured with the hand like both the foregoing, but one quarter faster than the second mode.

Compound Time

Has two Marks or Modes, viz.

First Mode.



1, 2. 1, 2. 1, 2.

Second Mode.



1, 2. 1, 2. 1, 2.

The First Mode contains six Crotchets in a bar ; three of which are to be founded with the hand down, and three with it up, in the time of two seconds.

The Second Mode has six Quavers in a bar, which are to be divided and sung in the same manner as the Crotchets in the foregoing mode, only a quarter faster.

What has been said before of the comparative difference of time in the several modes, is only meant to apply when no terms of direction are given; when such terms occur, each mode must be varied strictly according to their meaning.

The foregoing observations on the modes of time, are applicable to most musical publications in America; but in the follow-

ing music the mark of the Third Mode of Common Time is not used, and few or no Terms of Direction occur. The regulation of the movement is left to the judgment of the performer.

Of the Keys in Music.

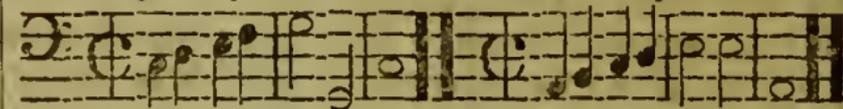
There are but two Keys in Music, viz. the Major Key, which is cheerful, &c. and the Minor Key, which is mournful, &c. When the Key-Note (which is considered to be the last in the Bass) is the next above the Mi, the music is in the Major Key. When the last note in the Bass is the note next below the Mi, the mu-

sic is in the Minor Key: the reason of which is, that in the former case a third from the Key-Note will be a greater third, in the latter it will be a less third.

EXAMPLES.

Major Key.

Minor Key.

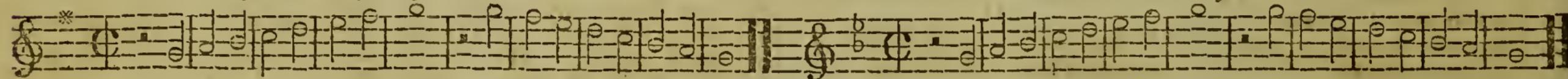


N. B. A greater third contains a semitone more than a less third.

Lessons for Tuning the Voice.

1st. In the Major Key.

2d. In the Minor Key.



ERRATA.

Page 51, 2d bar of the Air, read, | Page 63, the two last bars of the Air, read, | Page 104, 9th bar, Bass, read,



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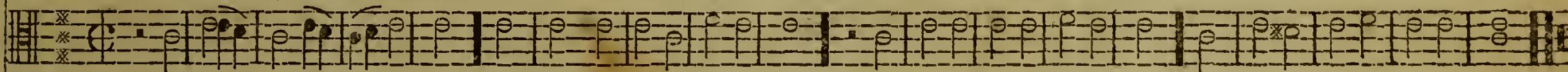
Mr Edward W. Waldo, do.

Mr William Ward, do. 5

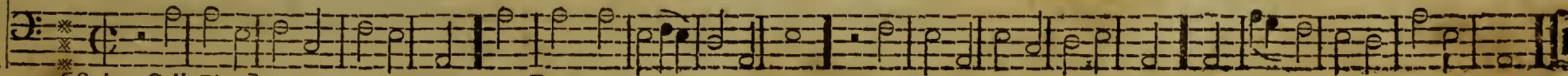
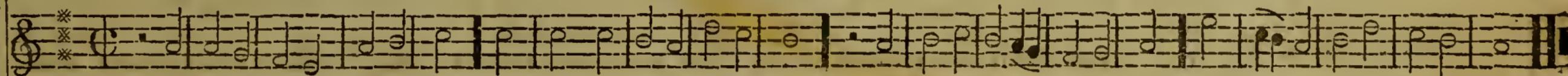
Mr Josiah Woodbury, do.

Rev. Josiah Webster, Chebacco.

Mr John Williams, Marblehead.

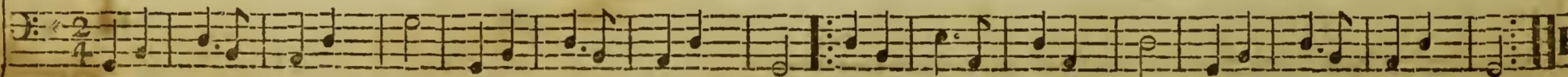


With one consent let all the earth To God their cheerful voices raise, Glad homage pay, with awful mirth, And sing before him songs of praise.



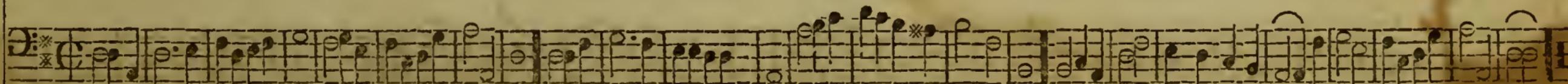


Angels, roll the stone a - - way, Death, give up thy mighty prey ; See ! he rises from the tomb, Shining in im - mortal bloom.

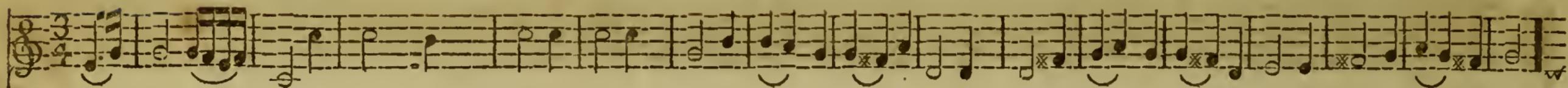




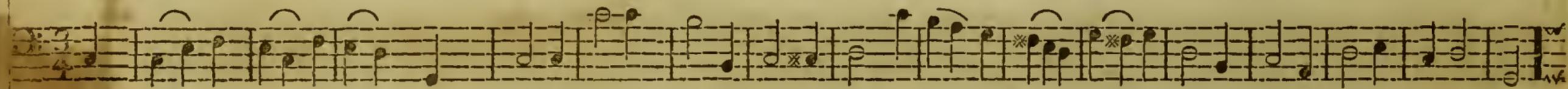
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north; Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead: His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day!
 The Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons forth, From east to west the sounding orders spread; No more shall ath'ists mock his long delay;

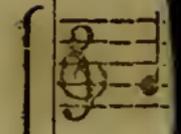


N. B. The last strain, by leaving out the flurs in the 4th and last bars, may be sung in the following words:—The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices: Lift up your heads, ye faints, with cheerful voices.



Think, migh - ty God, on feeble man, How few his hours ! how short his span ! Short from the cradle to the grave ! Short from the cradle to the grave !





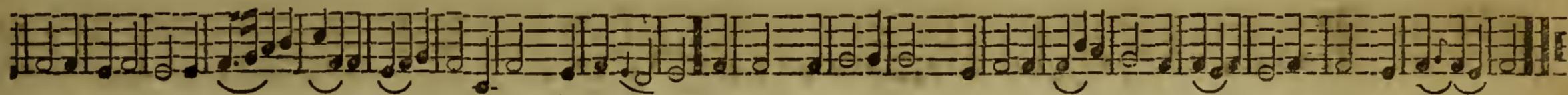
Who





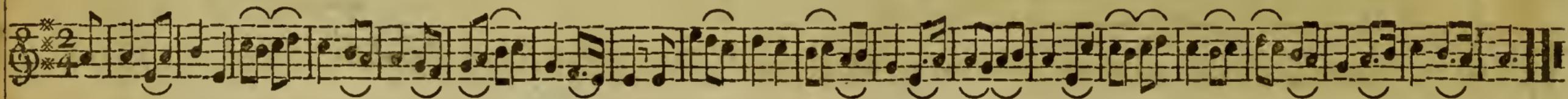
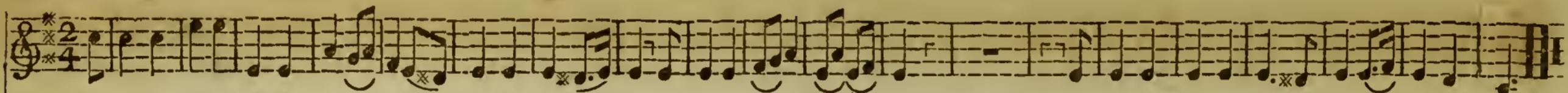
fe and love!



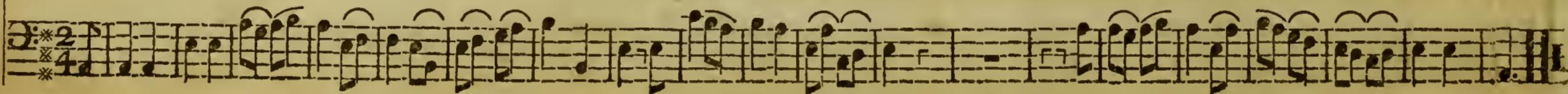


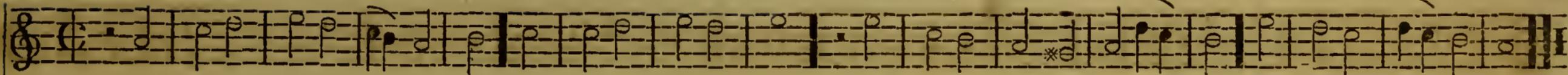
orn, my God is come, That calls me to thy honor'd dome, Thy presence to adore. My feet the summons shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.



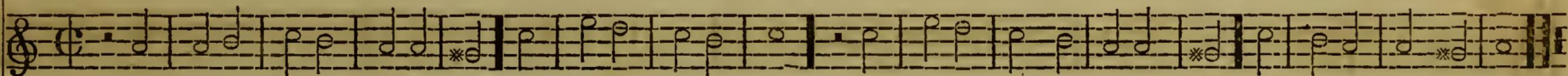


Exalted Prince of life, we own The royal honours of thy throne; 'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand, And seraphs bow at thy command, And seraphs bow at thy command.



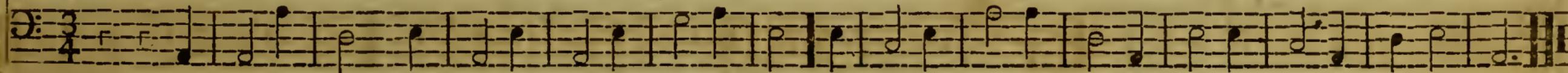


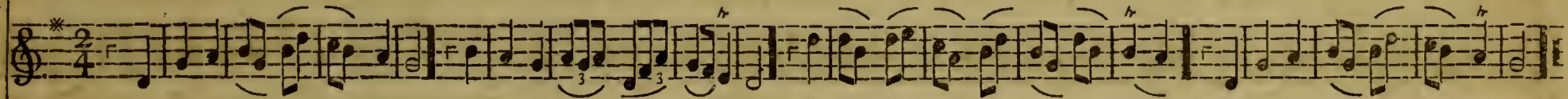
My God, how many are my fears ! How fast my foes increase ! Their number, how it multiplies ! How fatal to my peace !





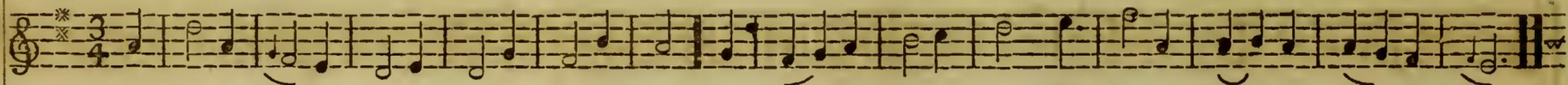
Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise: Welcome, to this re - viving breast, And these re - joicing eyes.



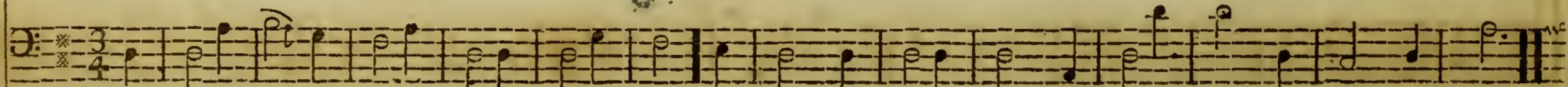


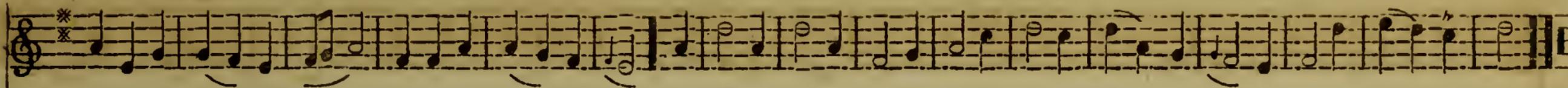
How lovely, how divinely sweet, O Lord, thy sacred courts appear! Fain would my longing passions meet The glories of thy presence there.





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





Pia.

For.

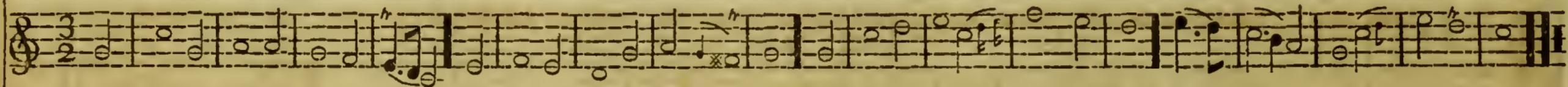
Pia.

For.



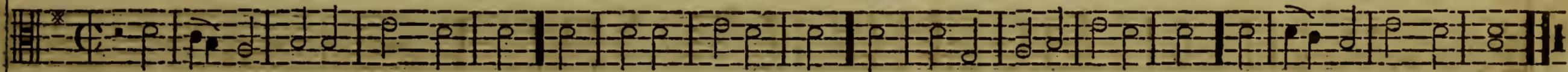
High as the heav'ns are rais'd Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed, Our highest thoughts exceed.



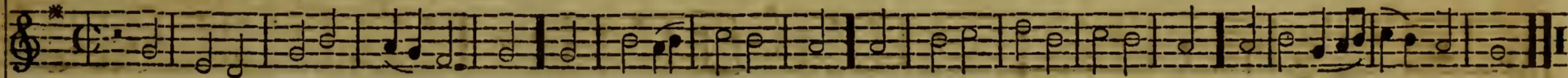


Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.





Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same In the bright world above.



[Salem Collection.]

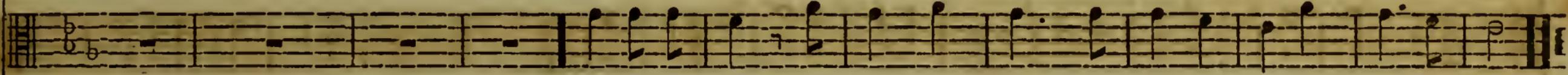
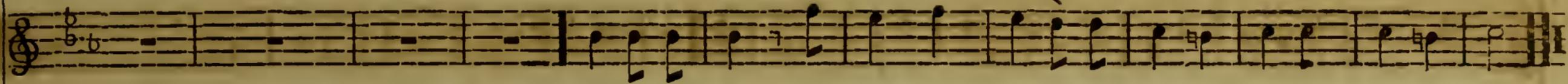
D



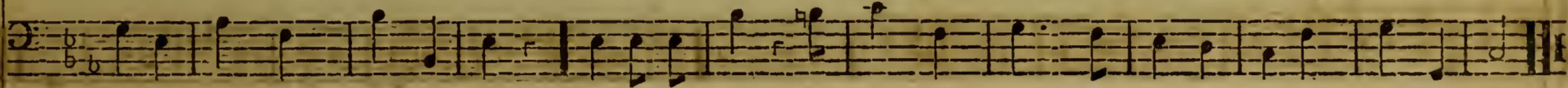
Father of all, omniscient mind, Thy wisdom who can comprehend! Its highest point what eye can find, Or

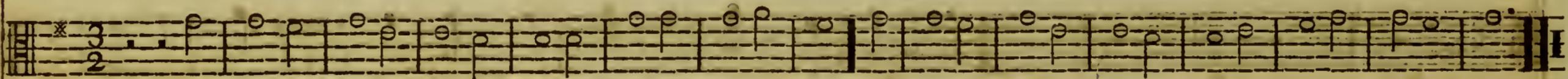
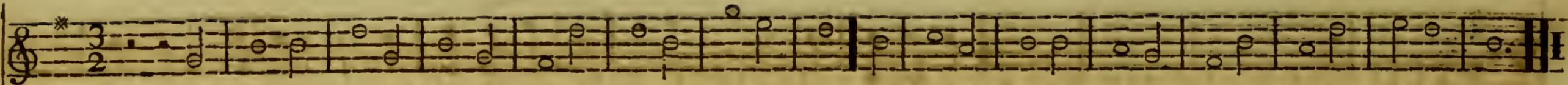


CARTHAGE, Continued.

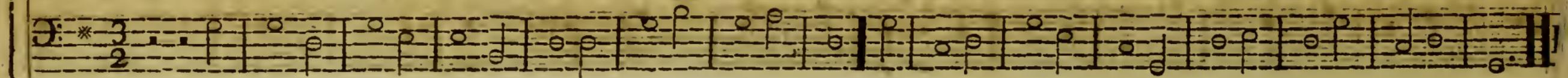
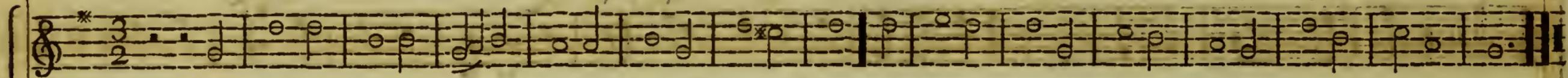


to its lowest depths descend! Its highest point what eye can find, Or to its lowest depths descend!





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



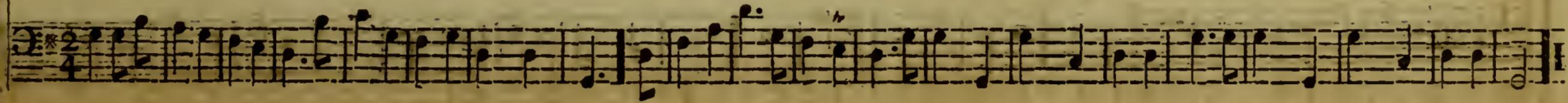


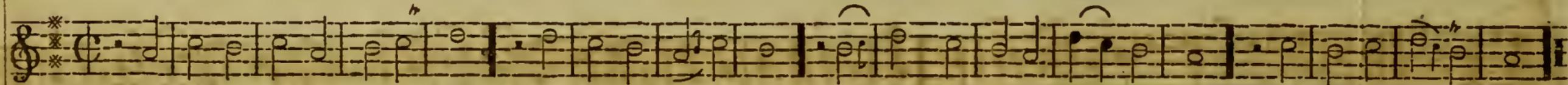
Pia.

For.



Ye princes that in night excel, Your grateful sacrifice prepare; God's glorious actions loudly tell, His wond'rous works to all declare, His won'drous works to all declare.





My God, the steps of pious men Are order'd by thy will; Though they should fall, they rise again; Thy hand supports them still.

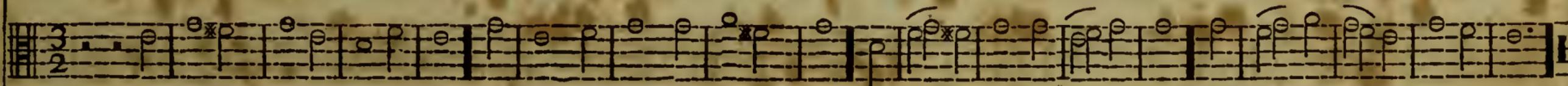




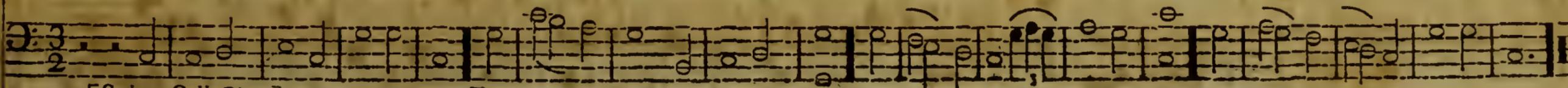
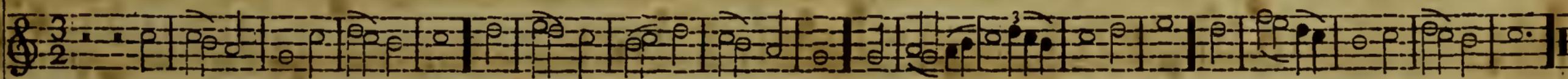


Your harps, ye trembling faints, Down from the wil - - lows take; Loud: to the praise of Christ our Lord, Bid ev' - - ry string awake.





Praise ye the Lord; my heart shall join In work so pleasant, so divine; Now while the flesh is mine abode, And when my soul ascends to God.

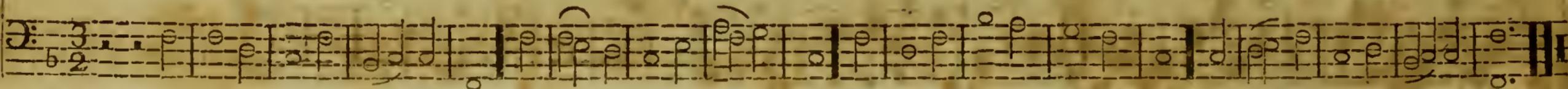


[Salem Collection.]

E



High in the heav'ns, Eternal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines; Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud That veils or darkens thy designs.





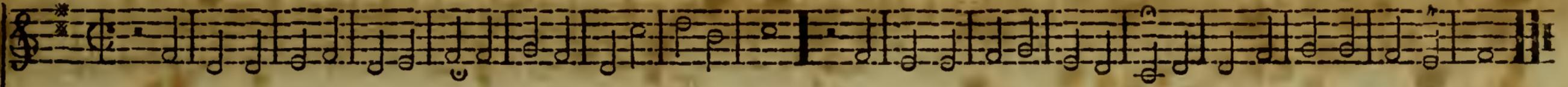
Great God attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.





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





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.





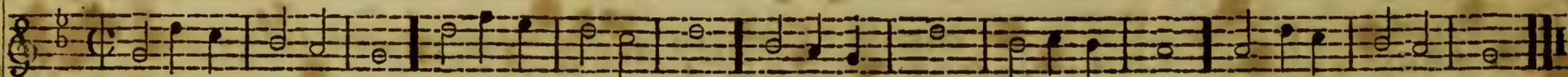
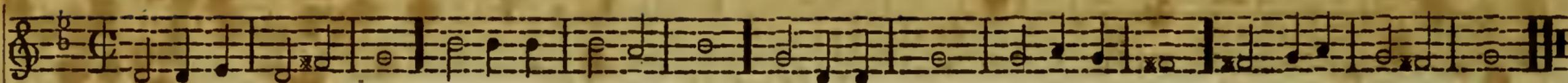
Now to the Lord a noble song, Awake my soul awake my tongue; Ho - fanna to th' e - ternal name And all his boundless love proclaim.





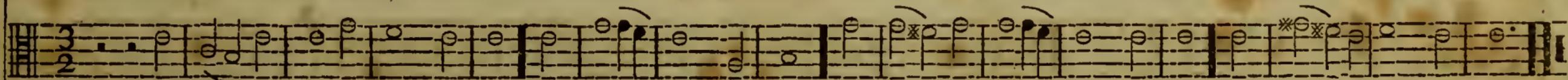
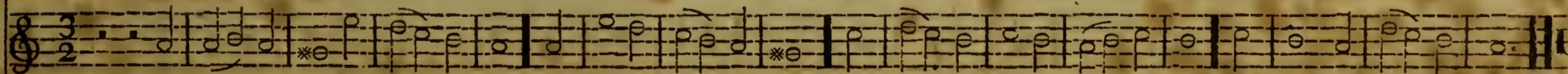
My God, how endless is thy love ! Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ; And morning mercies, from above, Gently distil, like early dew, Gently distil like early dew.



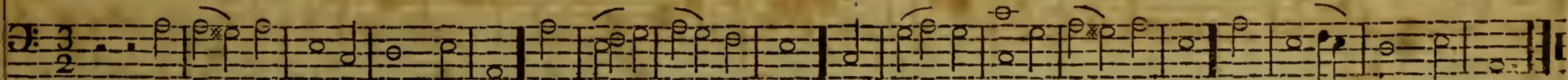


When overwhelm'd with grief, My heart within me dies, Helpless, and far from all re - - lief, To heav'n I lift mine eyes.



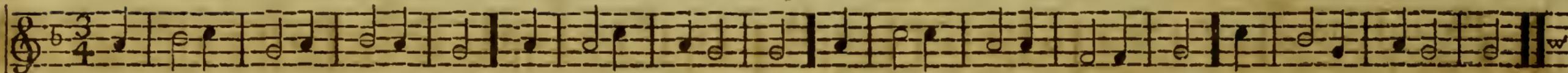


Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face, But answer, lest I die: Hast thou not built a throne of grace, To hear, when sinners cry?

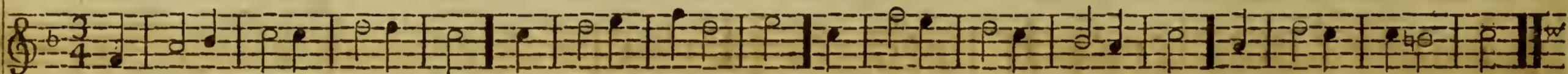


[Salem Collection.]

F

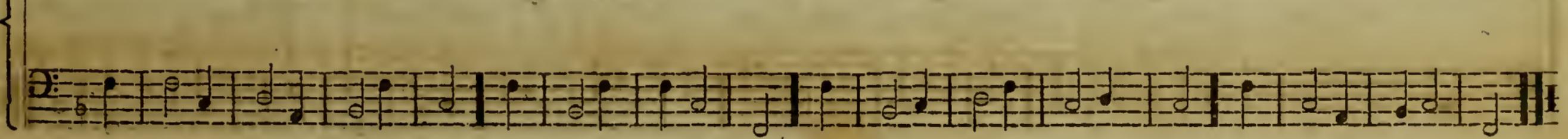


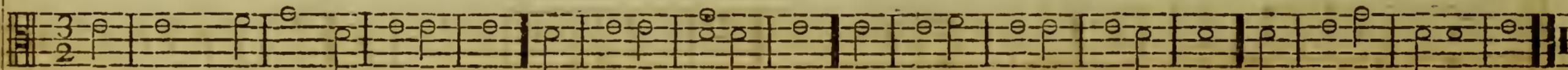
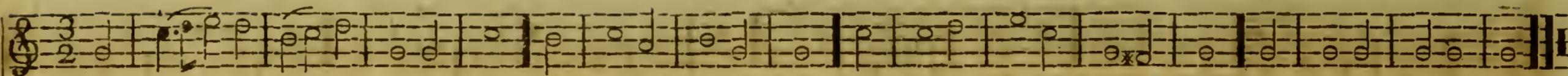
My never - ceasing songs shall show The mercies of the Lord; And make suc - ceeding ages know How faithful is his word.



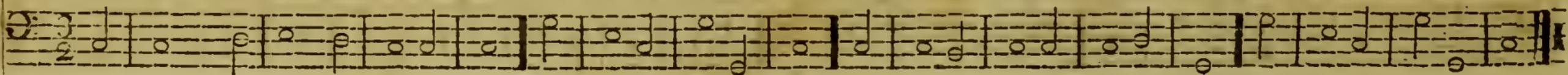
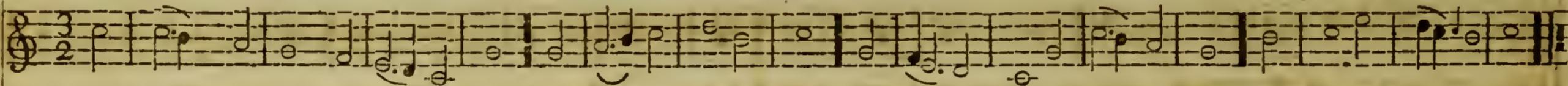


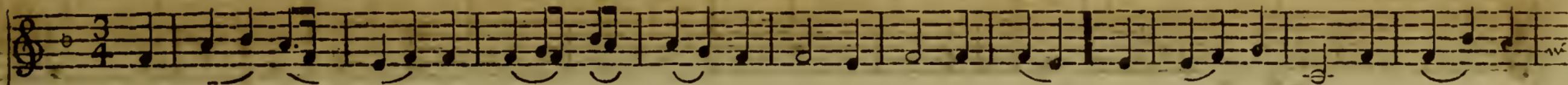
The sacred truth his lips pronounce Shall firm as heav'n endure : And, if he speak a promise once, Th'eternal grace is sure.





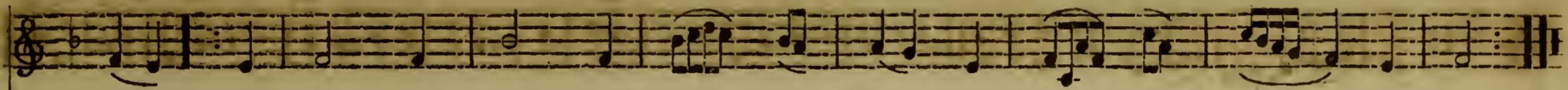
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear Our tribes de - voutly say, Up, Isr'el, to the temple haste, And keep your festal day.





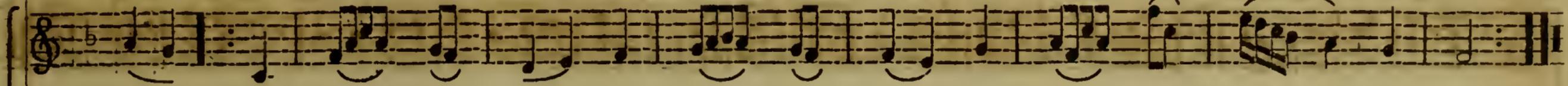
Ho - - fan - - - na to the Prince of light, Who cloth'd him - self in clay; Who burst the iron gates of





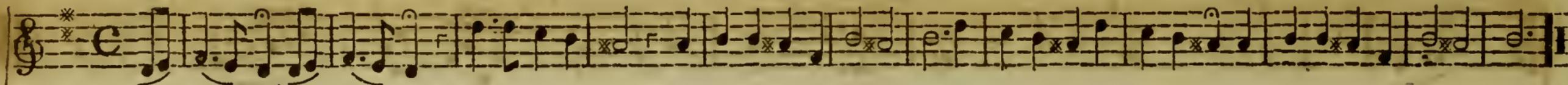
Pia.

Repeat For.

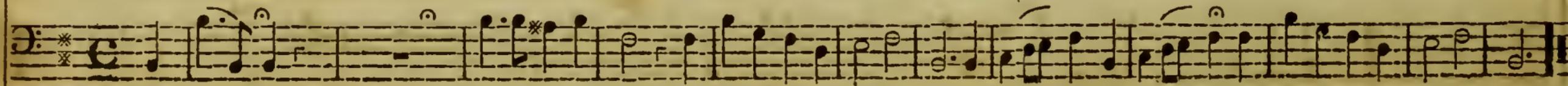


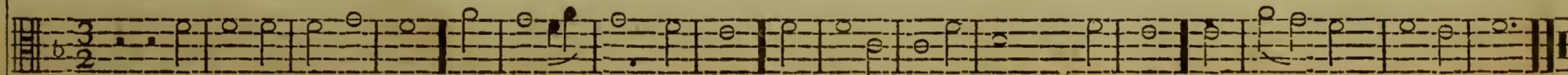
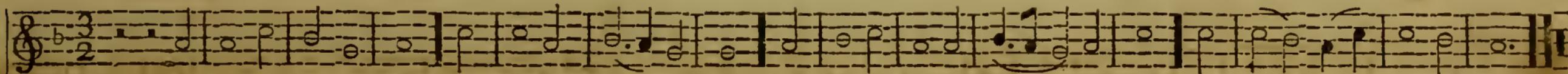
rose. He took the ty - rant's sting a - - - way, And spoil'd our hel - - - lish foes.



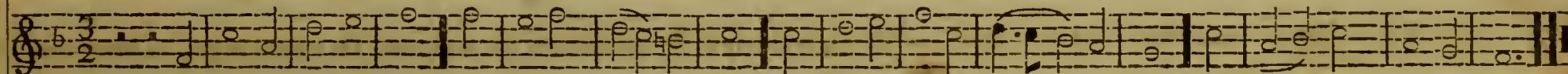
*Pia.**For.*

'Tis finish'd, 'tis finish'd, So the Saviour cry'd, And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd. 'Tis finish'd, yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.



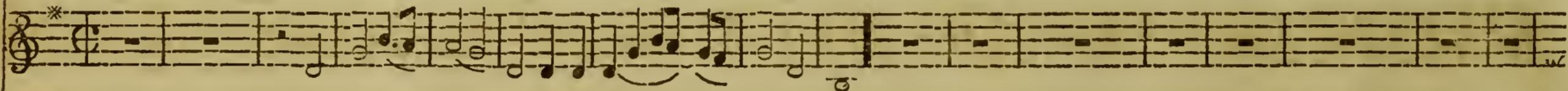


Maker and sov'reign Lord Of heav'n and earth and seas, Thy providence confirms thy word, And answers thy decrees:

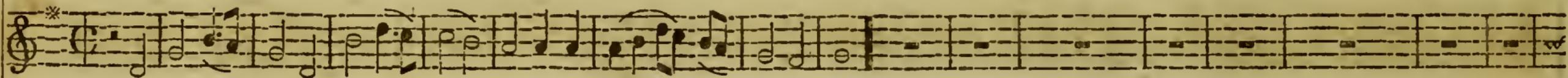




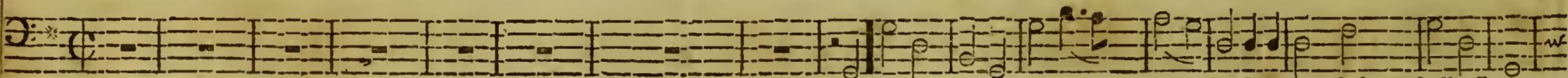
And grace, descending from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.



for - e - ver nigh



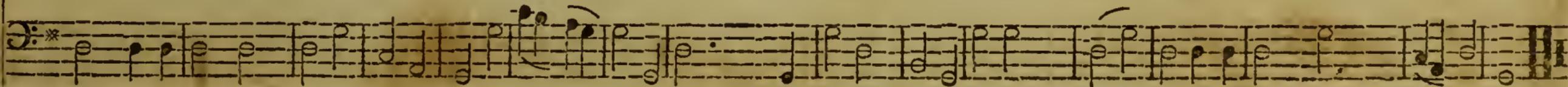
Sal - vation is for - ev - er nigh The souls that fear and trust the Lord;

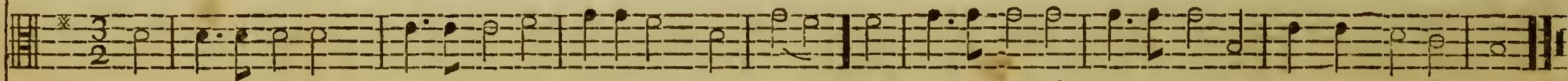
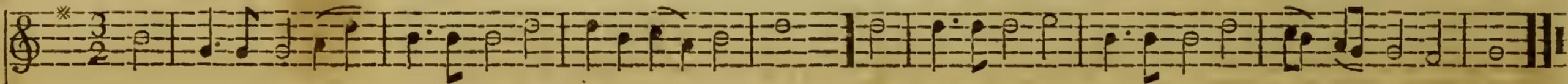


And grace, descending from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

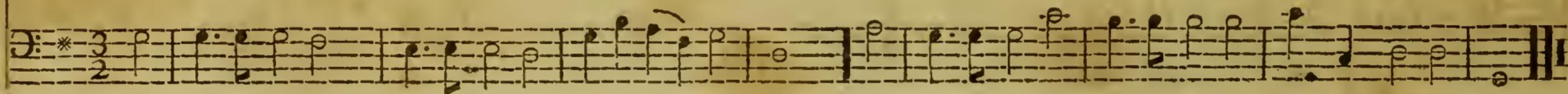
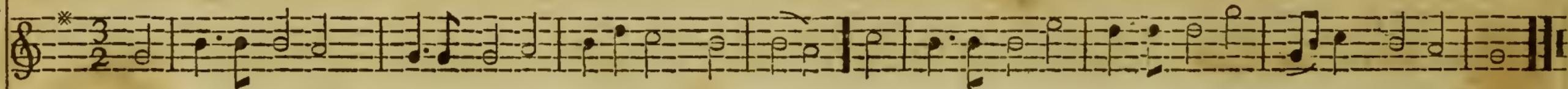


Mercy and truth on earth are met, Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n ; By his obed'ence so complete, Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.





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



Pia. *For.* *Pia.* *For.* *Allegro.* *Adagio.*

Praise ye the Lord : Hallelujah. :||: :||: :||: :||: :||: Praise ye the Lord.



On which the Prince of glory dy'd,

And pour contempt on all my pride,

Pia.

For.

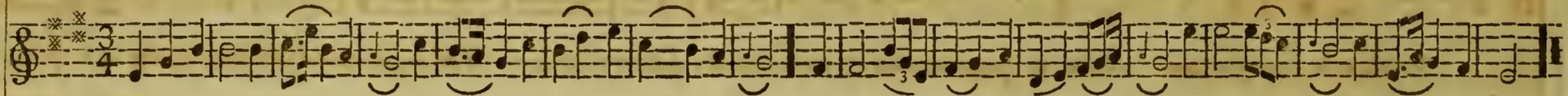


When I survey the wond'rous cros

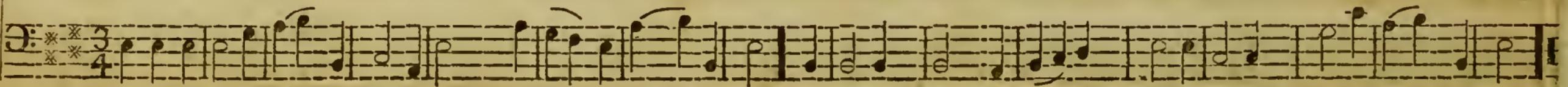
My richest gain I count but los,

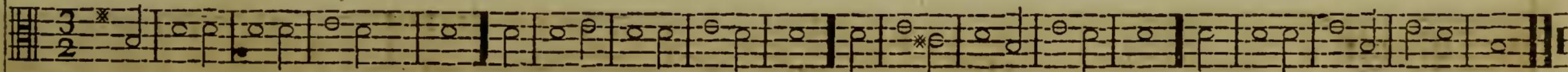
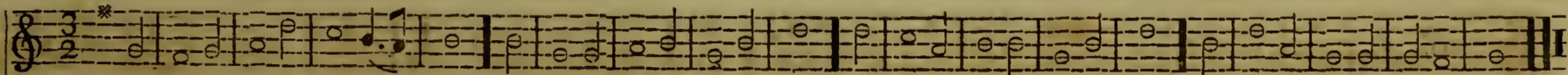
And pour contempt on all my pride:



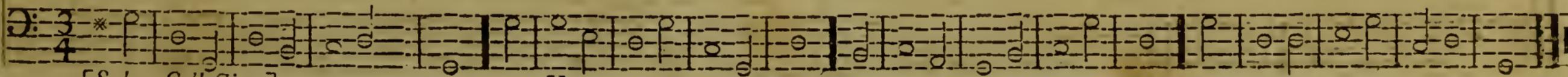
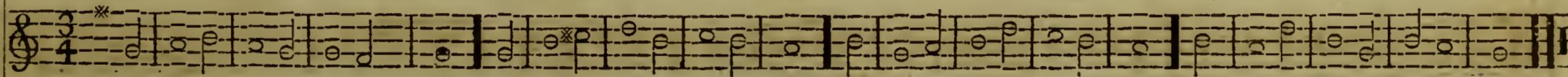


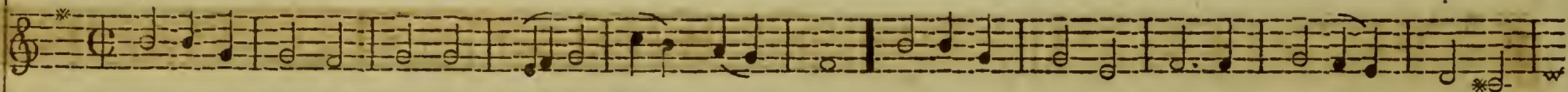
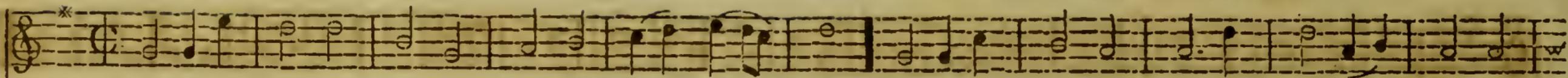
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my heav'nly dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.



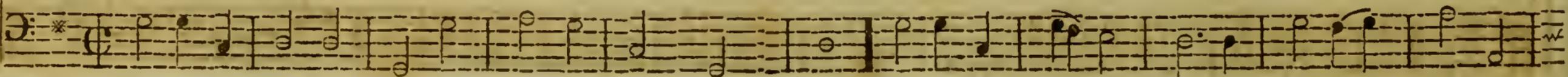


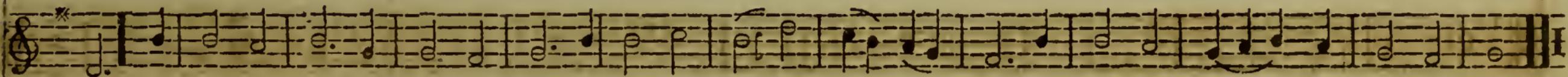
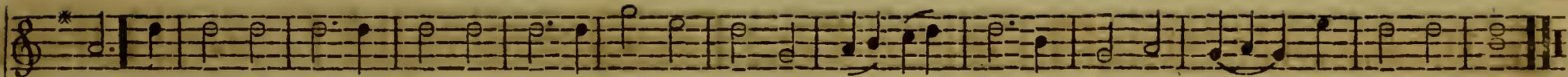
Nature with open volume stands, To spread her Maker's praise abroad; And ev'ry labour of his hands Shews something worthy of a God.



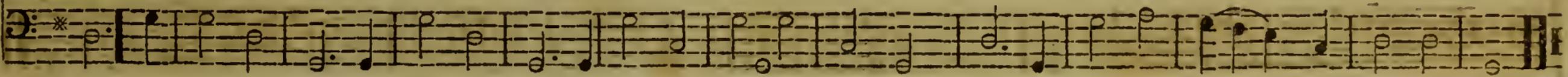
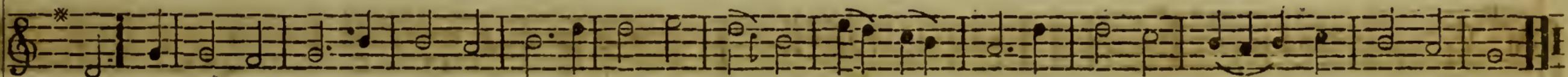


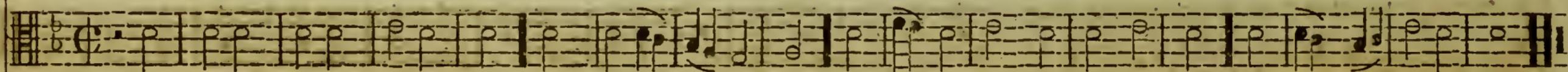
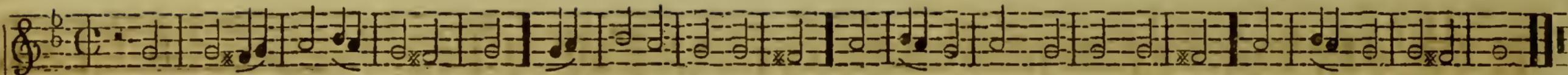
Rejoice, the Lord is king! Your Lord and King a - - - dore; Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph ever-



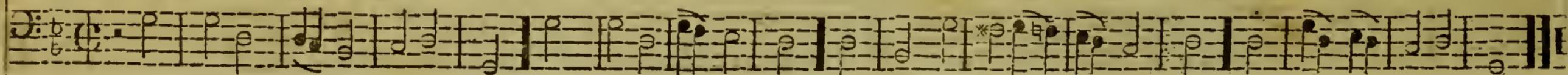
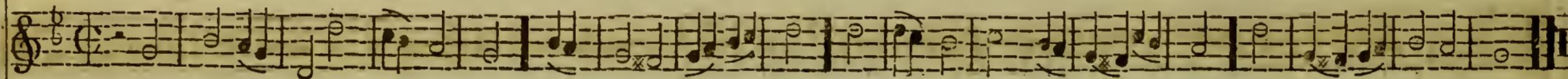


more. Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Rejoice, a - - gain I , say, re - - joice, Re - 'joice, a - - - - gain I say, rejoice.





Not the ma - - licious or profane, The - wanton, or the proud, Nor thieves, nor slan - d'ers, shall obtain The kingdom of our God.

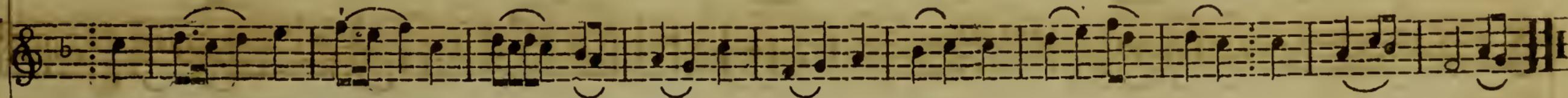
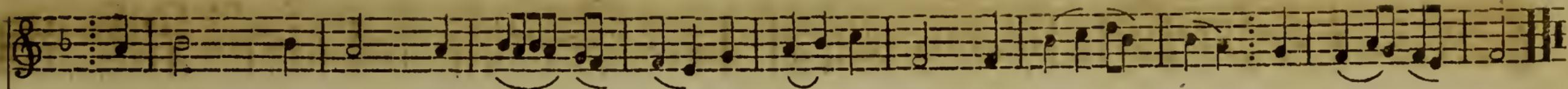




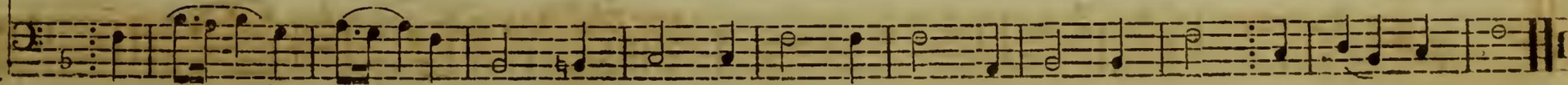
Jesús shall reign where e'er the sun Does his successive journeys run ; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

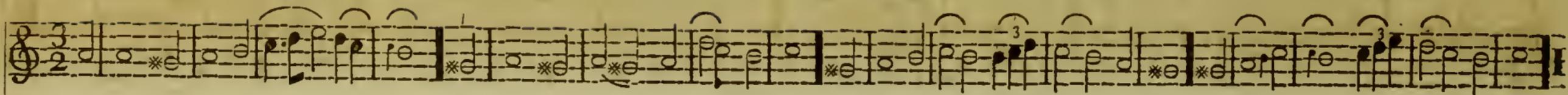


When I fur - - - - - vey the wond'rous cross, On which the Prince of glo - - - ry dy'd,

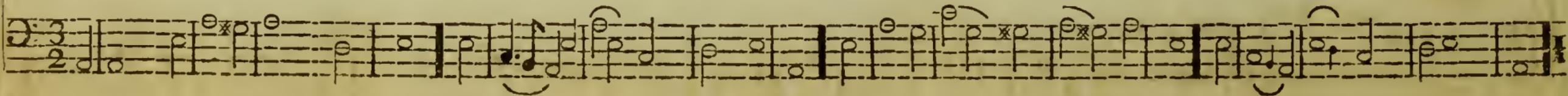


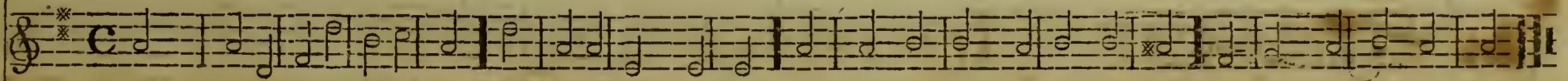
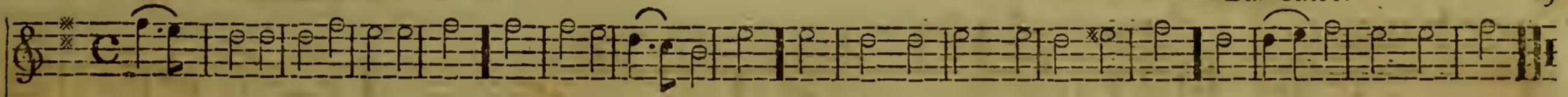
My rich - - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride, on all my pride.



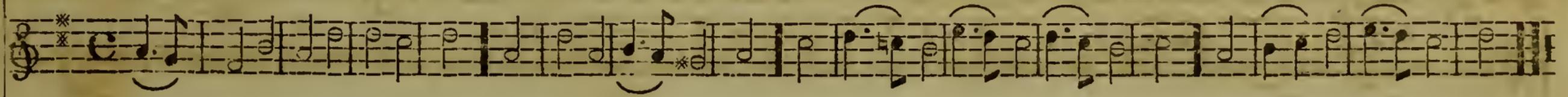


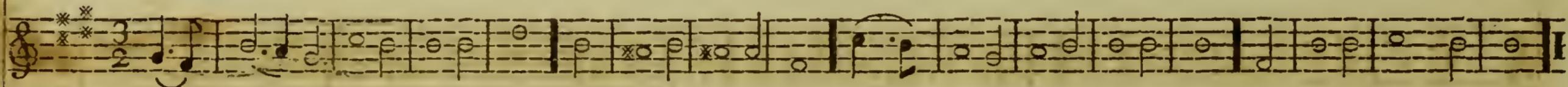
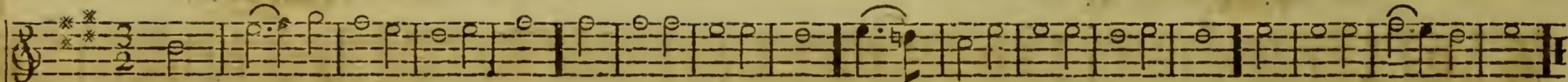
Thou, whom my soul admires a - bove All earthly joy, and earthly love, Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?



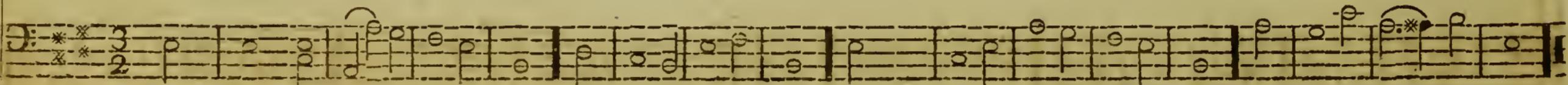


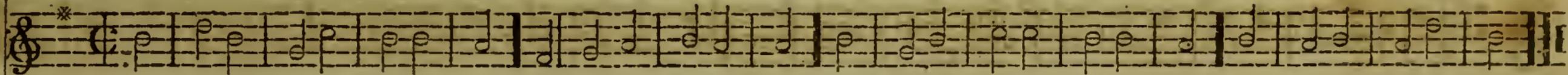
My God, my portion, and my love, My ever - last - ing all, I've none but thee in heav'n above, Or on this earthly ball.





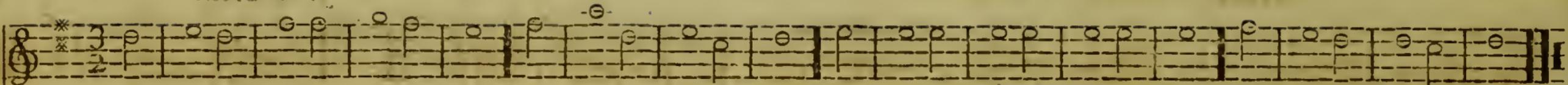
Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heav'nly King; Let age to age thy righteousness In songs of glory sing.



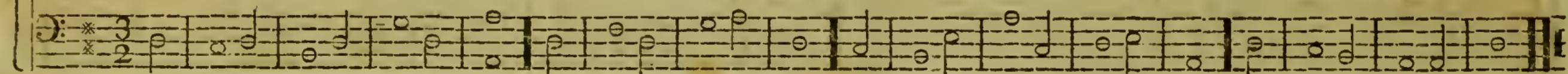
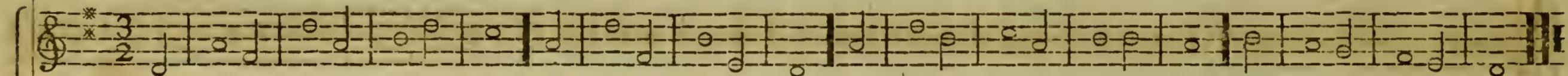


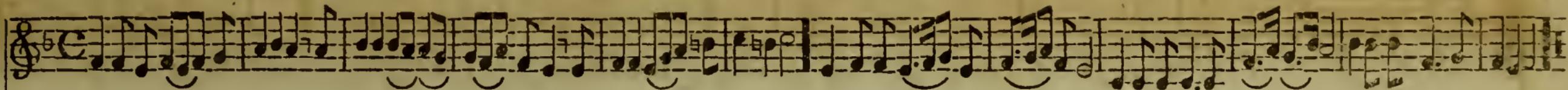
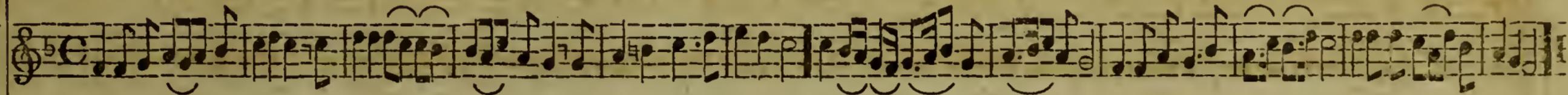
Not all the outward forms on earth, Nor rites which God has giv'n, Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heav'n.





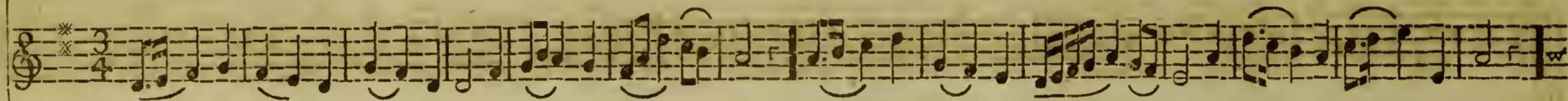
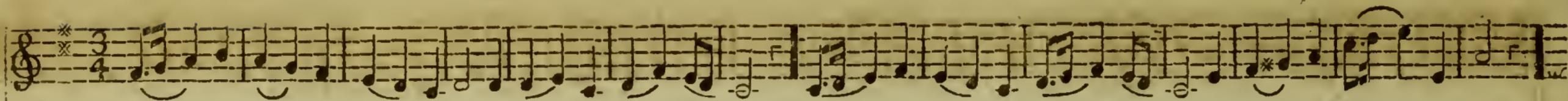
Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sov'reign Lord of all; Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor who fall.



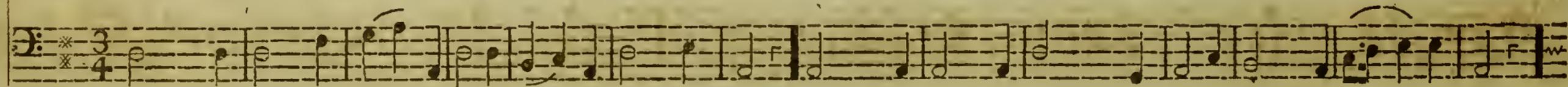
*Pia.**For.**Pia.**For.*

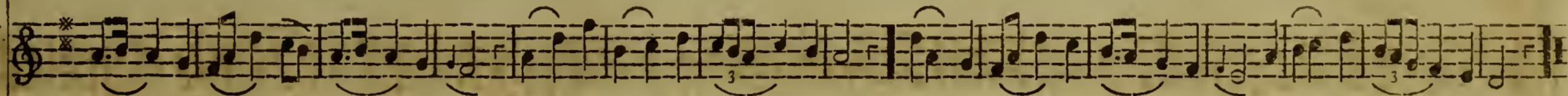
Blood has a voice to pierce the skies; Revenge! &c. Revenge! the blood of Abel cries; But the dear stream, when Christ was slain, Spoke peace as loud from ev'ry vein, Spoke, &c.



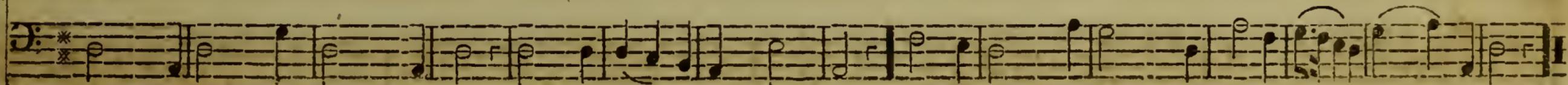


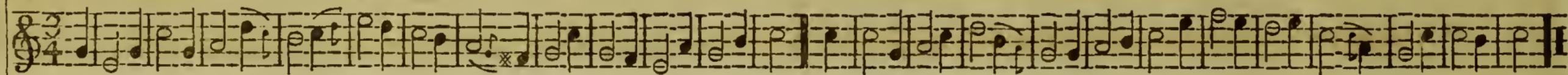
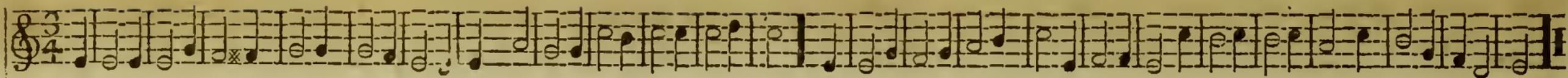
Je - sus drinks the bitter cup, The wine-press treads alone, Tears the graves and mountains up, By his ex - pir - ing groan.



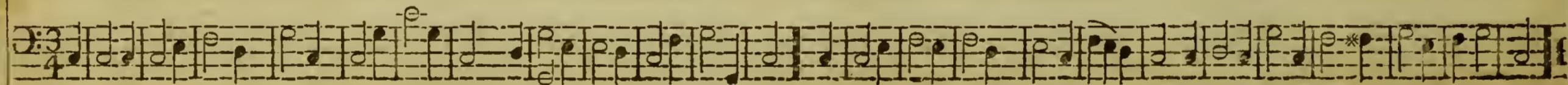


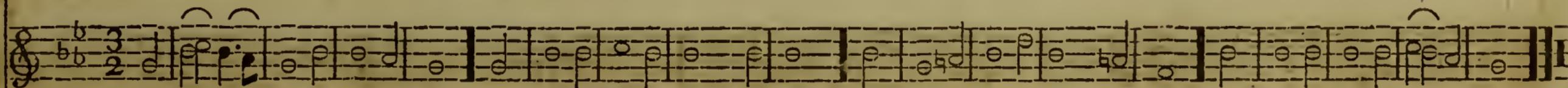
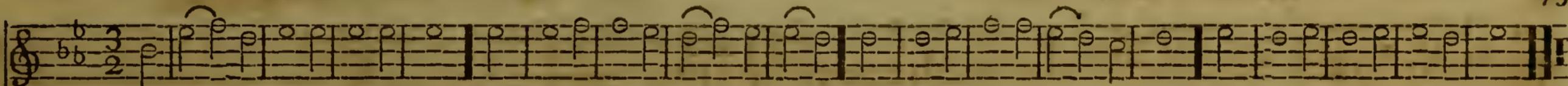
Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes; Nature in con - vul - sion lies; Earth's profoundest cen - tre quakes; The great Jehovah dies.



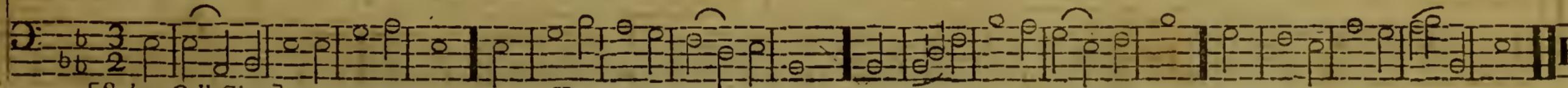
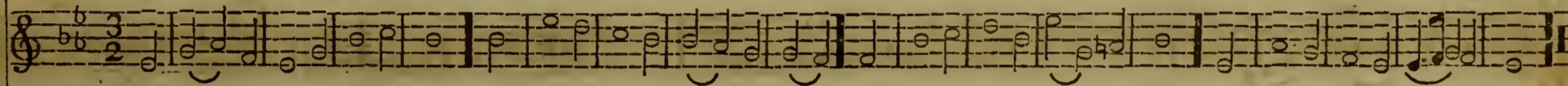


The honours of his name record ; Where'er the circling sun displays Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.
 Ye who delight to serve the Lord, His sacred name forever blest : His rising beams, or setting rays,



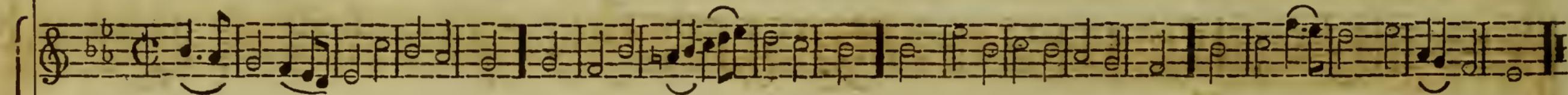


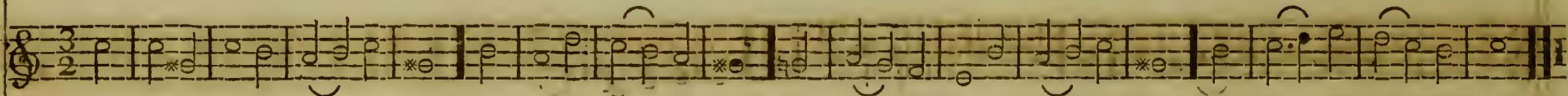
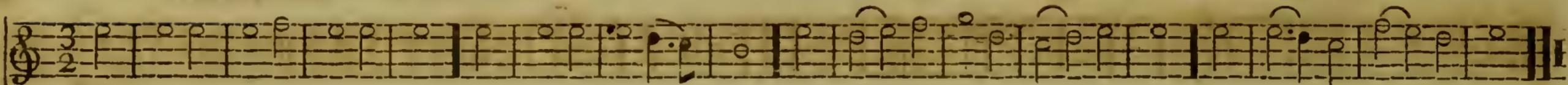
When God restor'd our captive state, Joy was our song, and grace our theme, The grace beyond our hopes so great, That joy appear'd a painted dream.





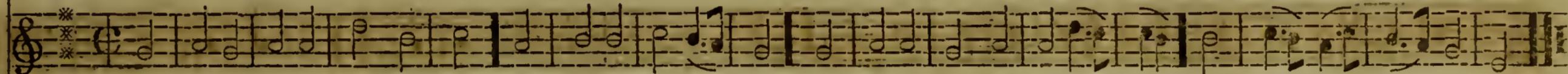
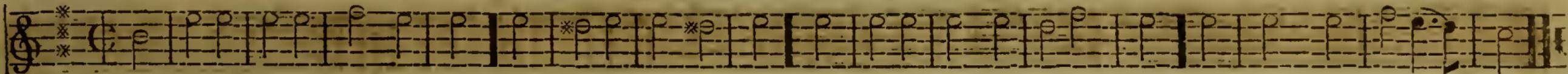
Where shall we go to seek and find A habi - tation for our God, A dwelling for th' eternal mind Among the sons of flesh and blood?



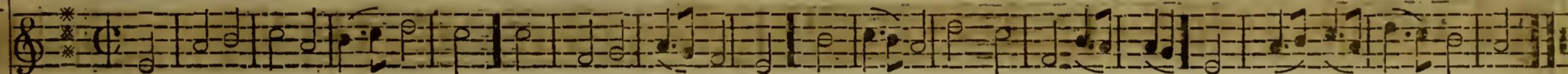


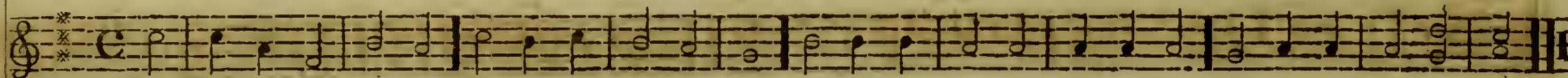
Indulgent God, with pity'ng eyes, The sons of men survey, And mark how youthful sinners sport In a destructive way.



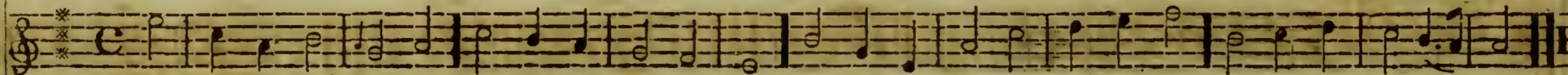


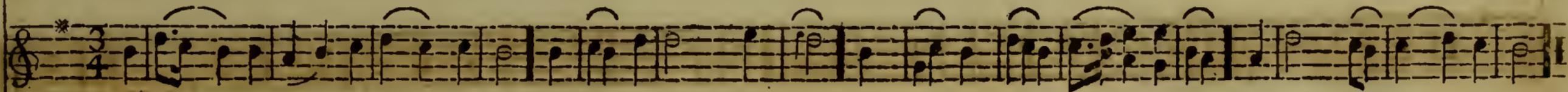
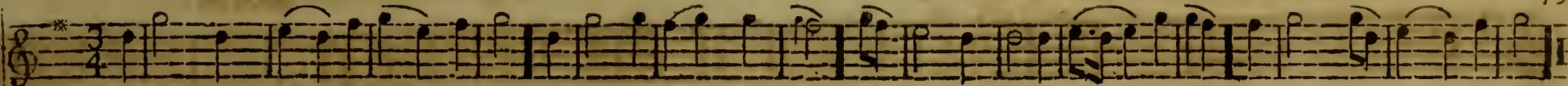
O thou to whom all creatures bow Within this earthly frame; Thro' all the world how great art thou! How glor'ous is thy name!





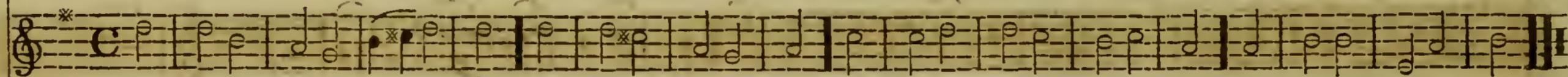
To bless thy chosen race, In mercy Lord incline; And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.



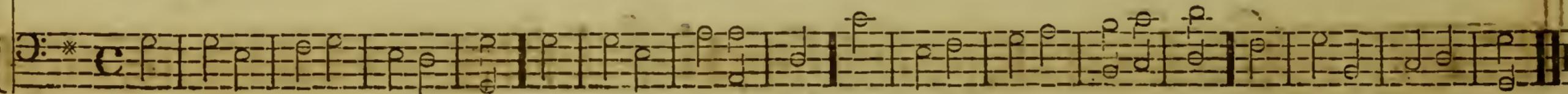
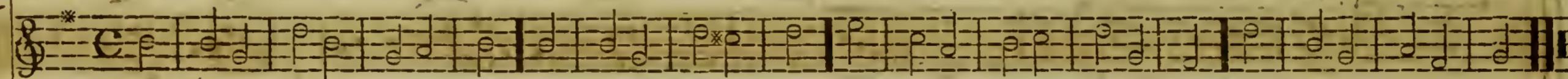


A - wake, ye faints, to praise your King, Your sweetest passions raise, Your pious pleasure, while you sing, Increas - ing with the praise.





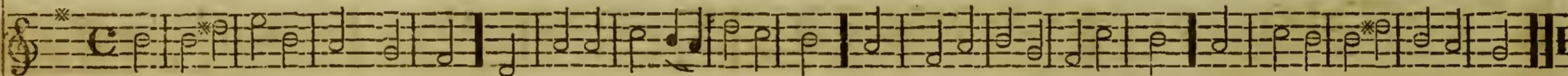
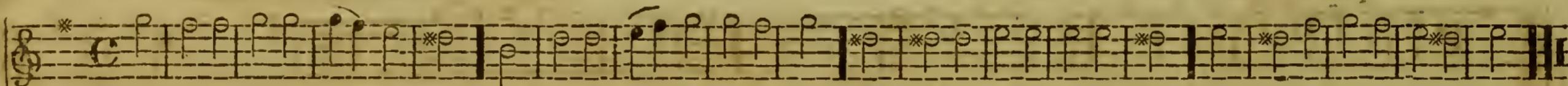
My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights!



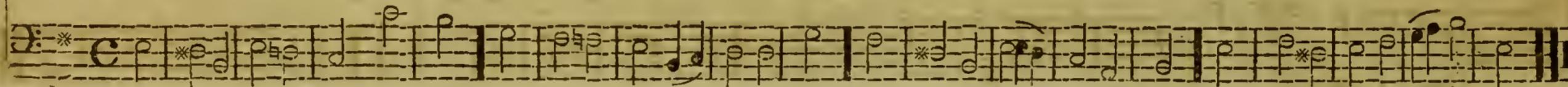


Praise ye the Lord ; exalt his name, While in his holy courts ye wait, Ye faints, who to his house belong, Or stand attendant at his gate.



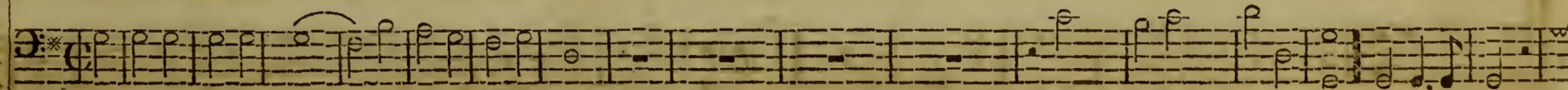


Where are the mourners, faith the Lord, Who wait and tremble at my word? Who walk in darknes all the day? Come, make my name your trust and stay.





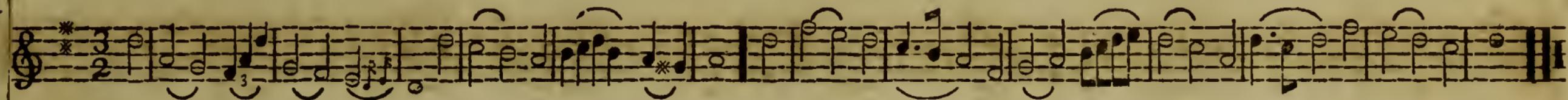
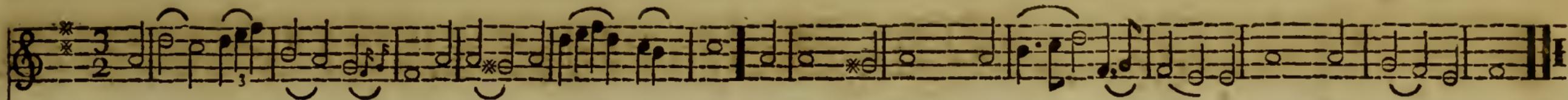
Jesus my great High Priest, Offer'd his blood, and dy'd ; My guil - ty conscience seeks No fa - cri - fice beside. His pow'ful Blood



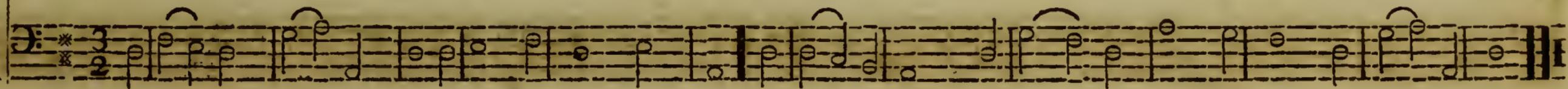


Did once atone, And now it pleads Before the throne, His pow'ful blood Did once atone, And now it pleads before the throne.



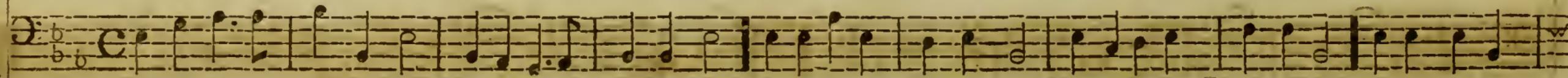


The Lord declares his will, And keeps the world in awe; Amid the smoke on Si - - nai's hill, Breaks out his fiery law.





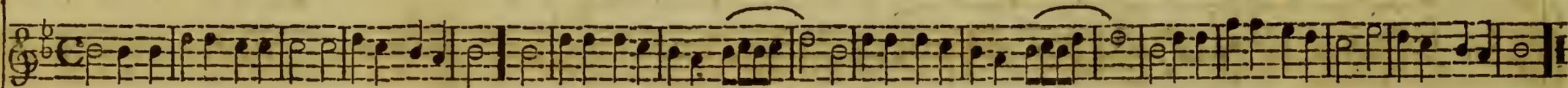
Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my





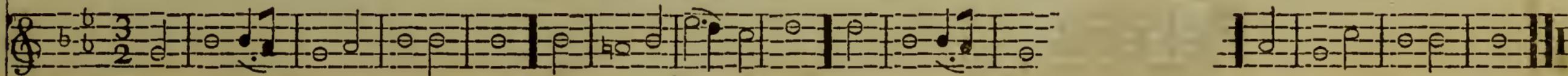
Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past: Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive, O receive, O receive my soul at last!



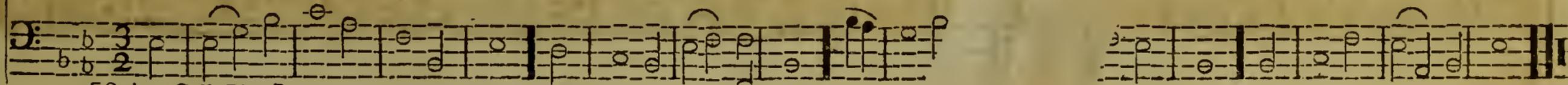
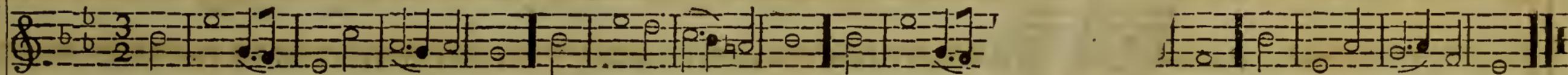


Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.



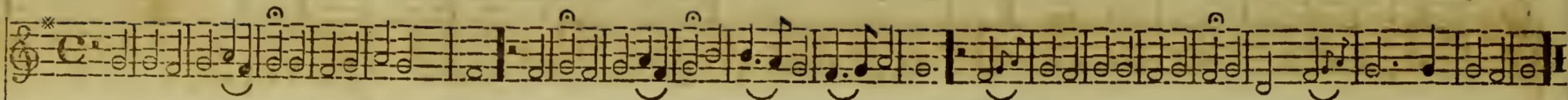


How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors, While ev - er - la
ys The choicest of her stores !



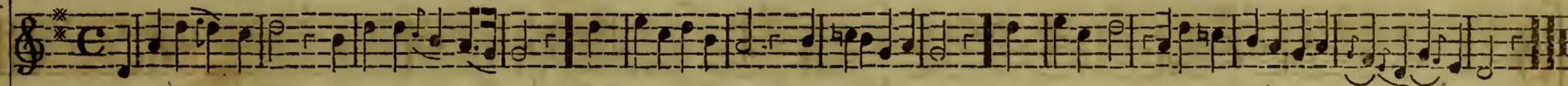
[Salem Collection.]

M

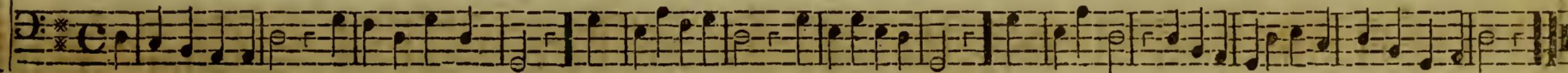


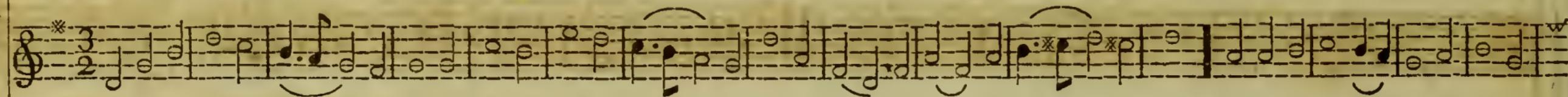
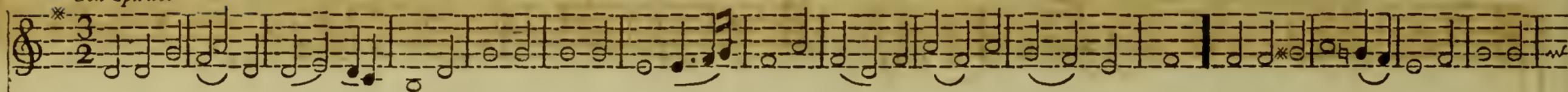
Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are! To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.





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

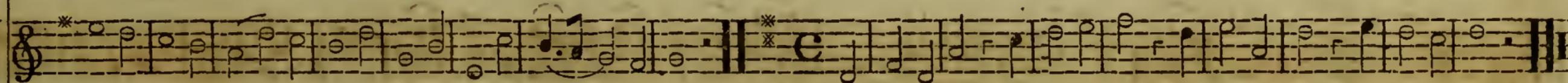


Con Spirito.

Sing to the Lord a new made song, Let earth in one assembled throng Her common patron's praise resound. Sing to the Lord, and bless his name, From



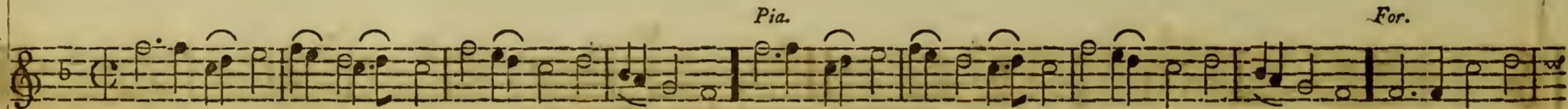
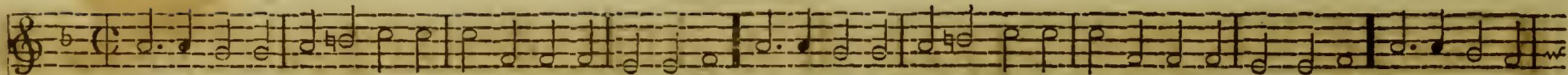
Loud and Slow.



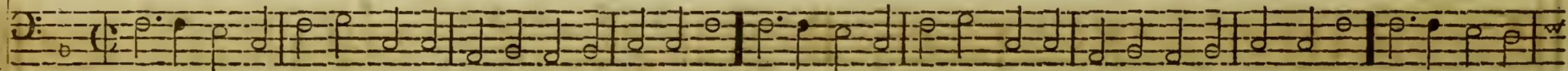
day to day his praise proclaim, Who us has with salvation crown'd.

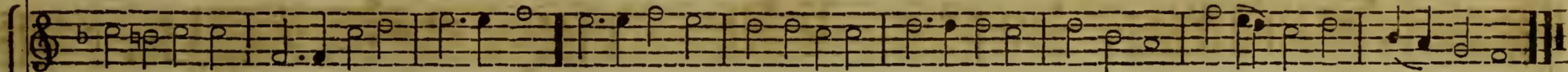
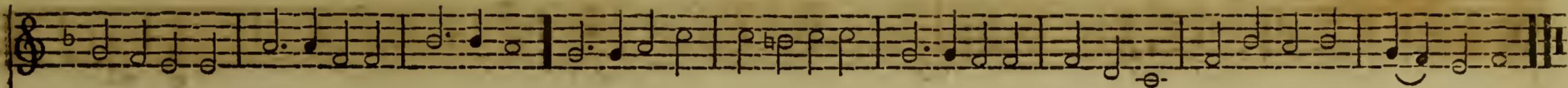
To heathen lands his fame rehearse, His wonders to the universe.



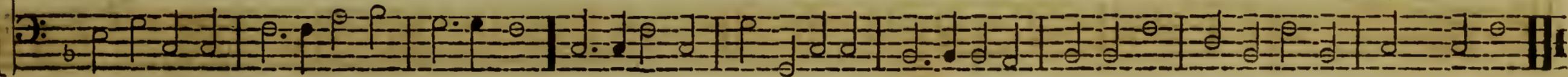


Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God ; He whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee for his own abode : On the rock of



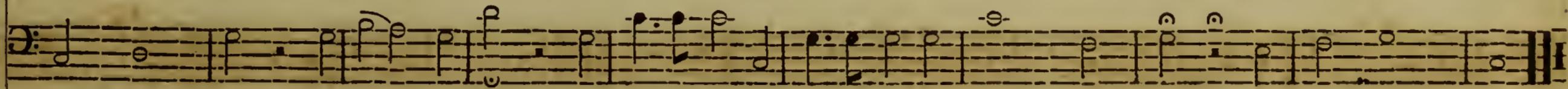


ages-founded, What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls furrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.



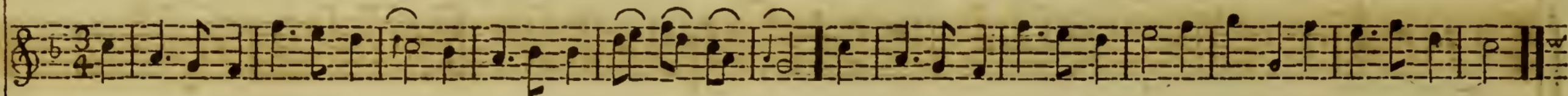
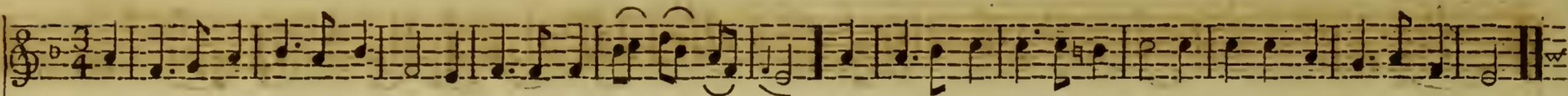


star - - - ry frame. Your voi - ces raise, Ye cherubim, And seraphim, To sing his praise, To sing his praise.



[Salem Collection.]

N



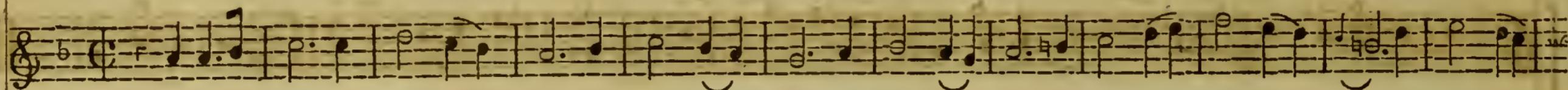
How sweetly, along the gay mead, The daisies and cowslips are seen ! The flocks, as they carelessly feed, Rejoice in the beautiful green.



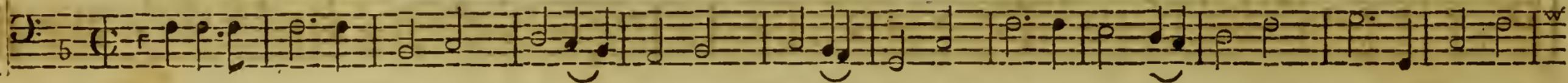


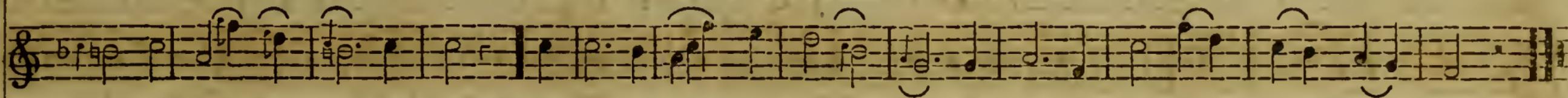
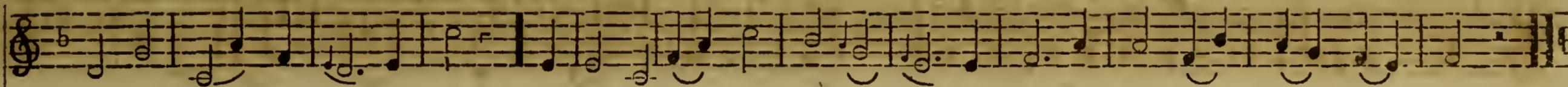
The vines that encircle the bowers, The herbage that springs from the sod, Trees, plants, cooling fruits and sweet flow'rs, All rise to the praise of my God.



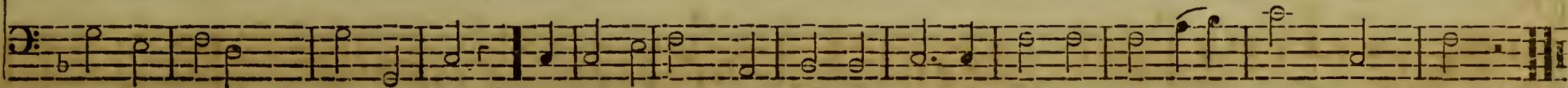


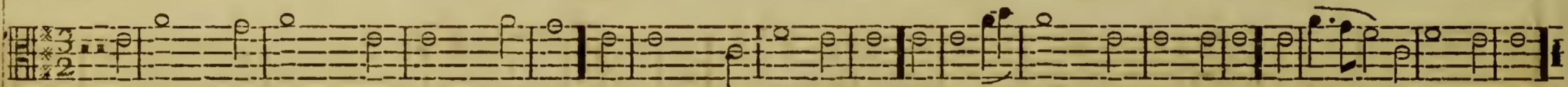
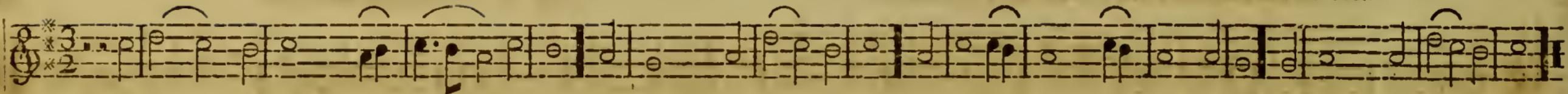
Is this a dream? amaz'd we cry'd, When, led by their ce - les - tial Guide, Fair Si - on's cap - tive tribes a - gain Be-



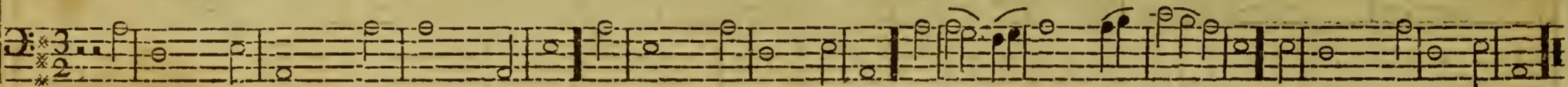


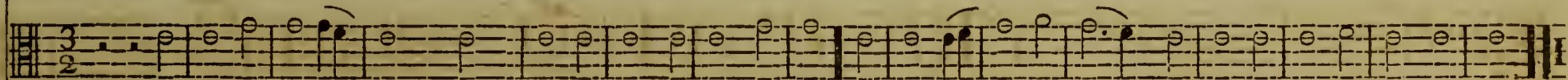
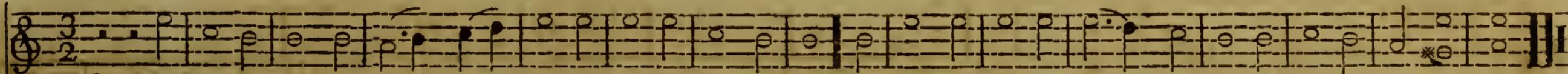
held her late de - sert - ed plain; Then forth to laugh - ter burst each tongue, And songs of loud - est tri - - umph sung.



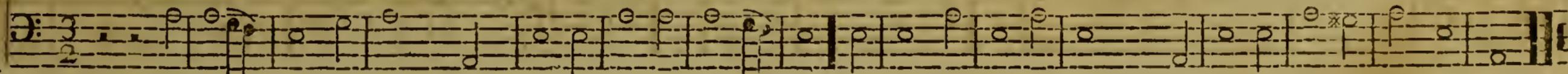
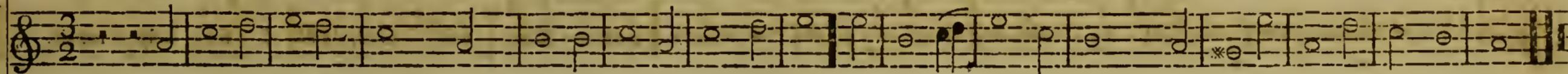


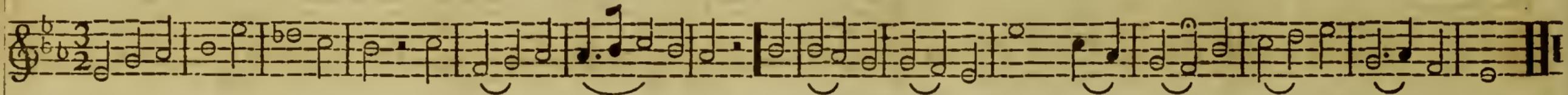
Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns, Let men their songs employ ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy.



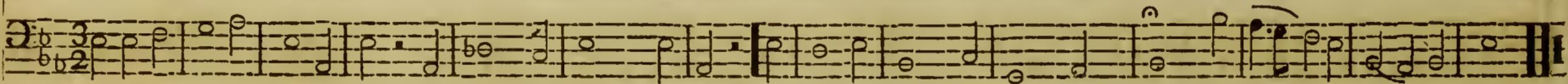


Now let our lips, with ho - - - ly fear And mournful pleasure, sing The·suff' rings of our great High Priest, The sorrows of our King.





Lord, hear the voice of my complaint ; Ae - cept my se - cret pray'r; To thee a - lone, my King, my God, Will I for help repair.





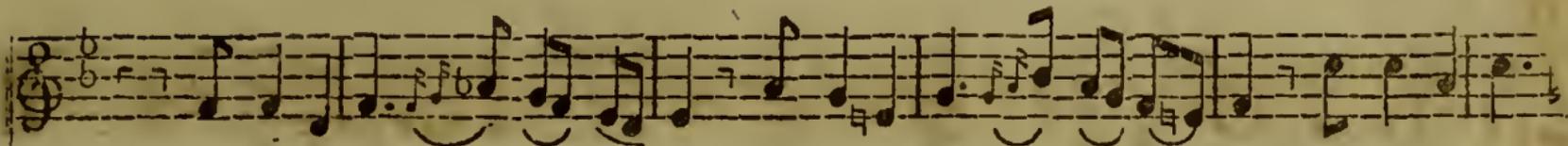
Away, my un - - be - lieving fear, Fear shall in me no more take place ; My Saviour doth not yet appear, He hides the brightnes of his face :



Pia. *For.*

But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempter yield? No; in the strength of Je - sus, no; I never will give up my shield.

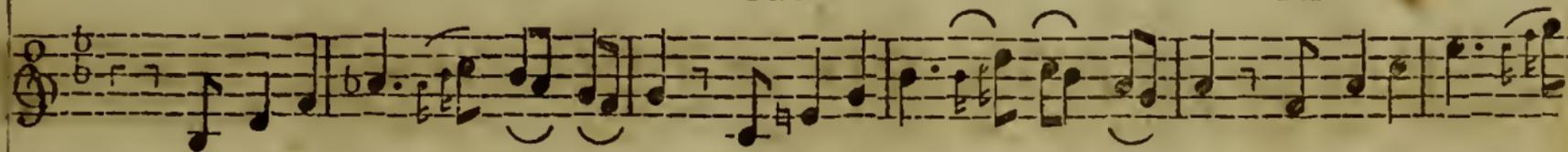
BOWDEN, Continued.



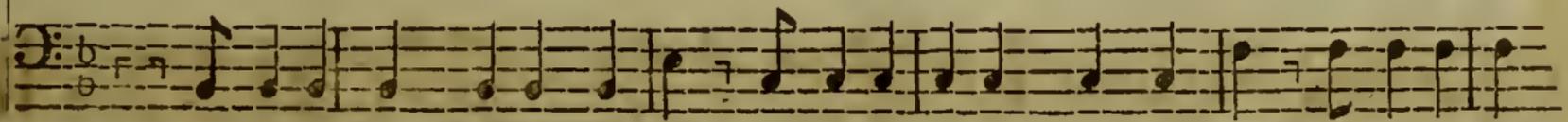
Pia.

For.

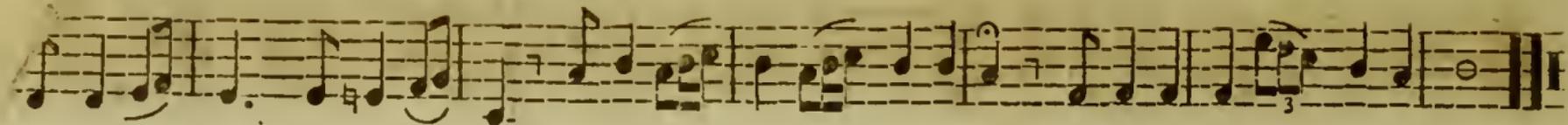
Pia.



Altho' the Vine its fruit deny, Altho' the O - live yield no oil, The with'ring Fig



led.



d' perish all the bleating race ; Yet will I triumph in the Lord, The God of my salvation praise.

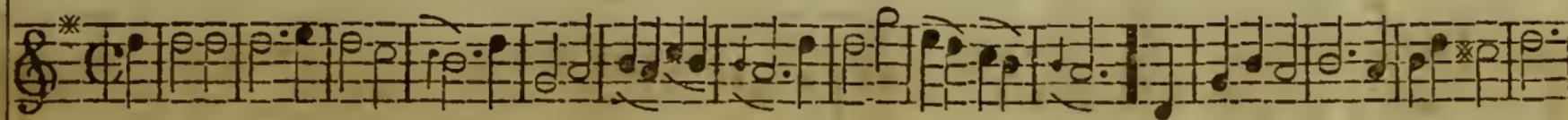


BRISTOL. A Hymn for Christmas. P. M.

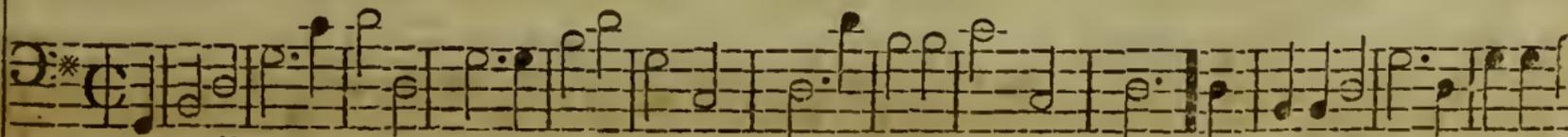


Pia.

For.



Lift up your heads in joyful hope, Salute the happy morn; Salute the happy morn; Each heavenly power Procla:

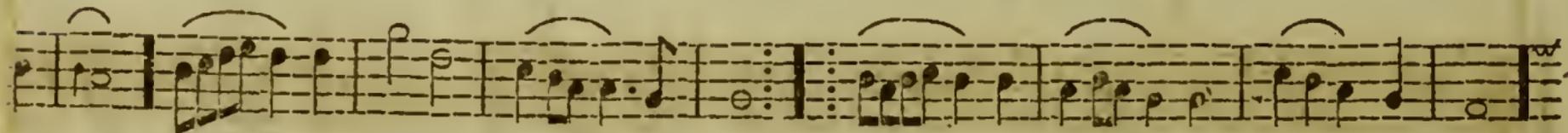


2. All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due:
The promise is seal'd, The Saviour reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.

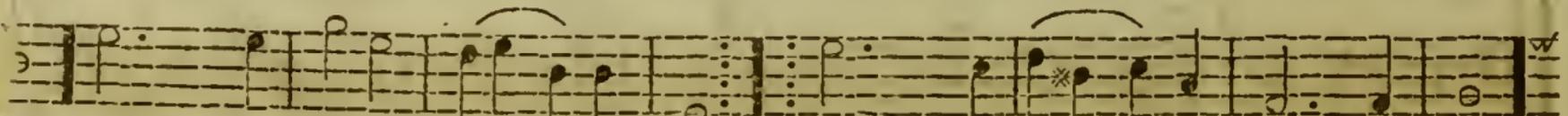
3. Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on, and still increase,
Messiah is come To ransom his own,
And heaven and earth are at peacc.

Sevens.

HANDEL.



day, Sons of men and an - gels say ; Raife your joys and triumphs high,



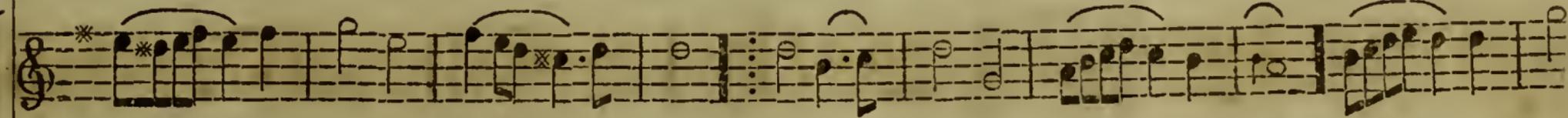
the sun's eclipse is o'er,
the sun sets in blood no more.
the sun's redeeming, &c.

III.

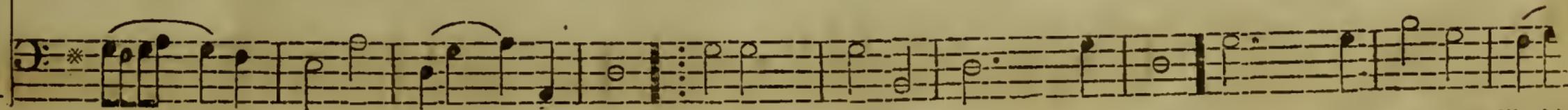
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell,

Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd paradise.
Vain the, &c.

EASTER HYMN, Continued.



Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Christ the Lord is ris'n to day, Sons of men and



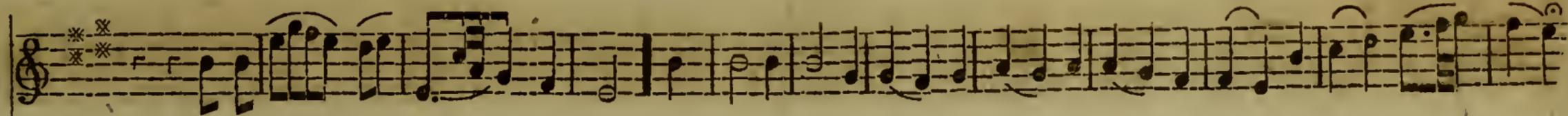
IV.
Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy Sting?

Once he dy'd, our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?
Lives again, &c.

V.
Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head;

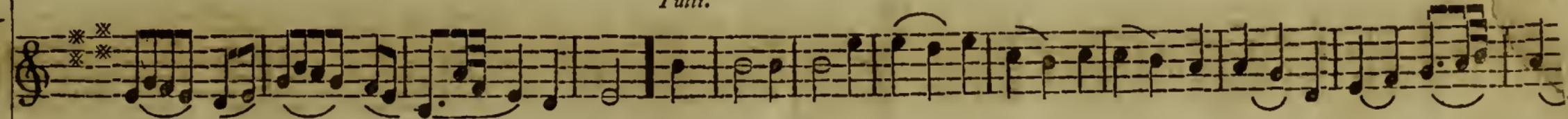
Made like him, like him
Ours the cross, the grave,
Soar we, &c.

DENBIGH, Continued.



ev'ry land, by

Tutti.



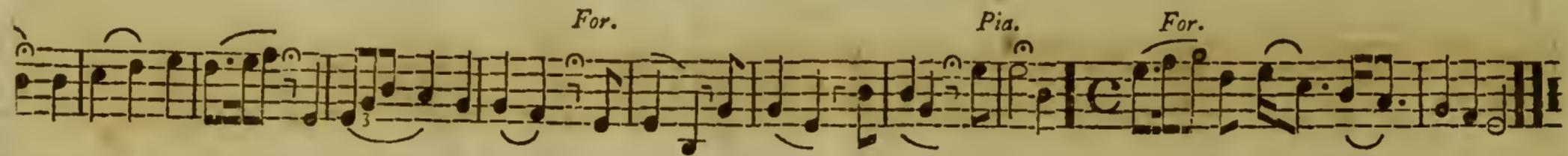
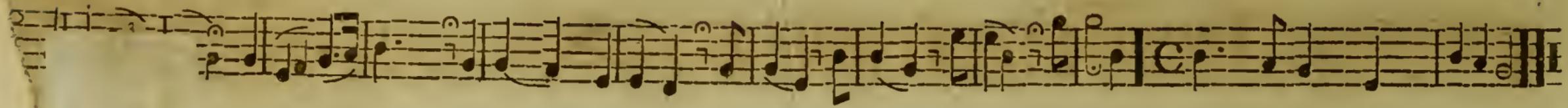
ev' - ry land, by ev' - - ry tongue. E - ternal are thy mercies, Lord ; E - - ternal truth attends thy word



[Salem Collection.]

P

DENBIGH, Continued.



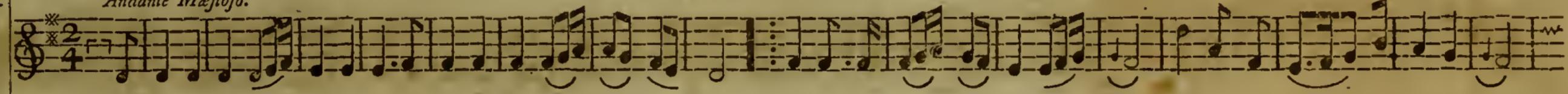
om

'Till suns shall rise and set no more, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more. 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

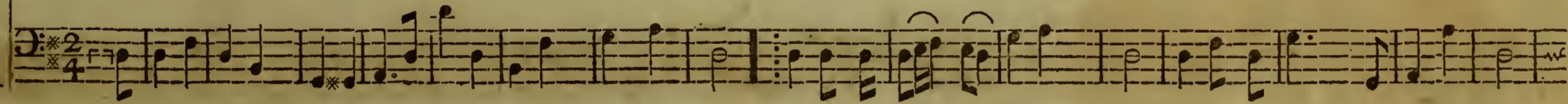


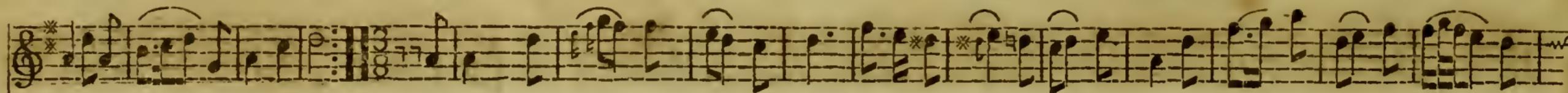


Andante Maestoso.

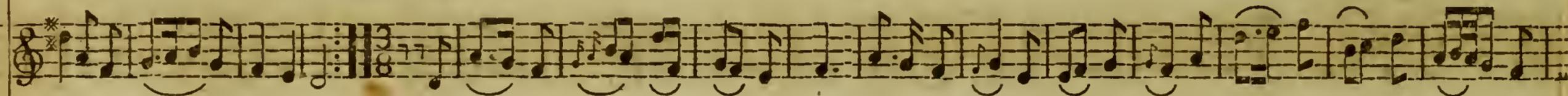


Before Jehovah's awful throne Ye nations bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone; He can cre - ate, and he destroy,

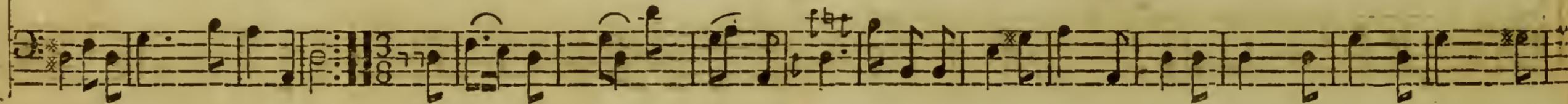


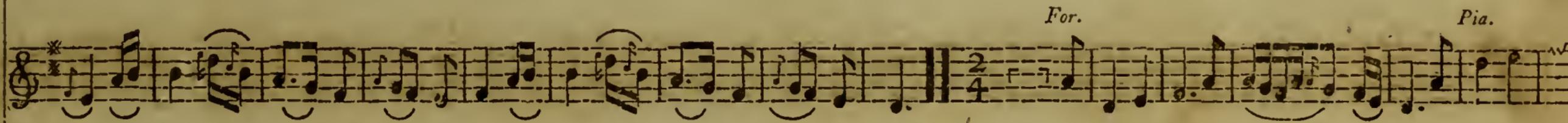
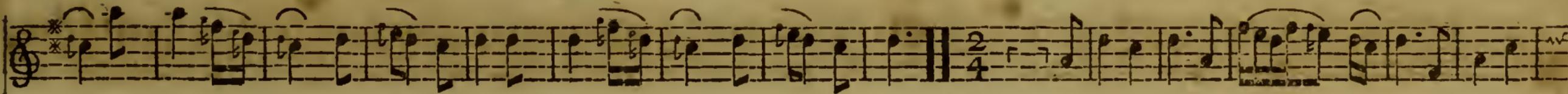


Slow. Pia.

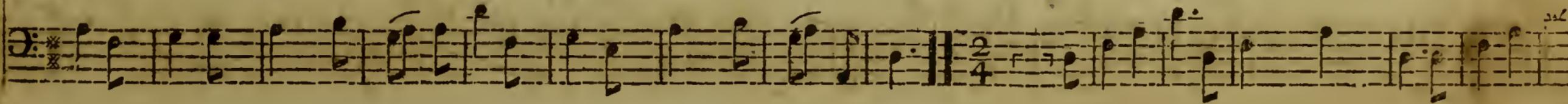


He can create, and he destroy. His sov'reign pow'r without our aid, Made us of clay and form'd us men : And when like wand'ring sheep we





stay'd; He brought us to his fold again, He brought us to his fold again. We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs, High as the



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

heav'ns our voices raise ; And earth and earth with her ten thousand, thousand tongues Shall fill thy courts with founding praise, Shall fill &c. Shall fill thy



