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NEW ENGLAND HARMONY.

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CONTAINING,

A VARIETY OF *PSALM TUNES*, IN THREE AND FOUR PARTS, ADAPTED TO ALL *METRES*: ALSO, A NUMBER OF *SET PIECES*, OF SEVERAL VERSES EACH, TOGETHER WITH A NUMBER OF *ANTHEMS*.

BY TIMOTHY SWAN.

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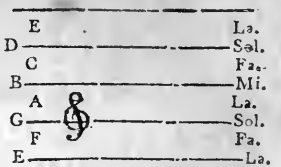
1801.

The RUDIMENTS of *VOCAL* MUSIC.

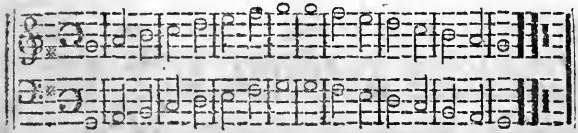
The GAMUT, or FIRST SCALE, with FLATS and SHARPS.

THIS character is called the G Cliff, always ſtanding on the ſecond line of the Treble, Counter, and Tenor ſtaves.

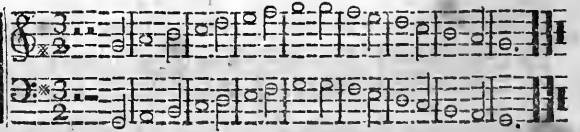


This Character is called the F Cliff, ſtanding on the fourth line, and uſed only in Baſs.

Eight Notes in *Common Time.*



Eight Notes in *Triple Time.*



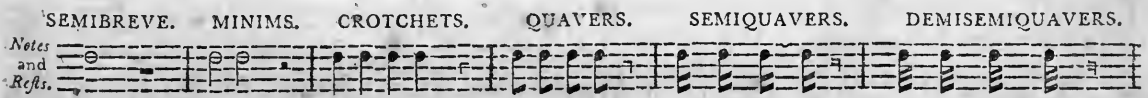
RULES *to find the MI*, by FLATS *and* SHARPS.

B, is called the natural place for	MI	If F be *ſharp*, Mi is in	F
But if B be *flat*, Mi is in	E	If F and C, Mi is in	C
if B and E, Mi is in	A	F, C and G, Mi is in	G
B, E and A, Mi is in	D	F, C, G and D, Mi is in	D
B, E, A and D, Mi is in	G	F, C, G, D and A, Mi is in	A
B, E, A, D and G, Mi is in	C		

FLATS and SHARPS are conſidered as uſeleſs characters in Vocal Muſic, either accidental, or in tranſpoſing the *Mi*. But they are inſerted in the following work, together with the *Cliffs*, in the firſt bar of each piece of Muſic, to accommodate thoſe who would wiſh to make uſe of them.

Although ſetting accidental *flats* and *ſharps* may be agreeable to the rules of counterpoint, when modulations are ſo formed as to require them, yet thoſe modulations might be avoided, and others formed, that would render the melody and harmony equally expreſſive and pleaſing.

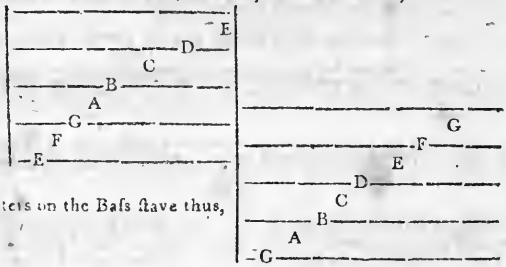
Flats and *ſharps*, ſet at the beginning of Tunes, have no effect in regulating the *Mi*. The lines and ſpaces are flatted and ſharp'd according to the ſituation of the *Mi*, if *Mi* is in F, it will raiſe it half a tone, the diſtance then between E and F will be a whole tone, and between F and G but half a tone; thus F is made *ſharp* by placing *Mi* on it, and not by ſetting a *ſharp* on F. When *Mi* is in B, the diſtance between A and B, is a whole tone, but when *Mi* is in E, the diſtance is but half a tone. This depreſſion of B, is cauſed by the other half tone, which follows the Mi in regular order, and not by placing a *flat* on B. Thus if *Mi* is in F, F will be *ſharp*, if *Mi* is in C, F and C will be *ſharp*: and if *Mi* is in E, B will be *flat*, if *Mi* is in A, B and E will be *flat*, &c.



A *Semibreve* is equal in length of time, to two *Minims*, or four *Crotchets*, or eight *Quavers*, or ſixteen *Semiquavers*, or thirty-two *Demiſemiquavers*. *Reſts* are marks of ſilence of the ſame length of time as the Notes for which they ſtand.

EXPLANATION *of the* SECOND SCALE.

THE five lines with their ſpaces on which Muſic is written, are called a ſtave. Theſe lines and ſpaces are repreſented by the firſt ſeven letters of the Alphabet. The letters on the Tenor, Counter, and Treble ſtave,



ſtand thus,

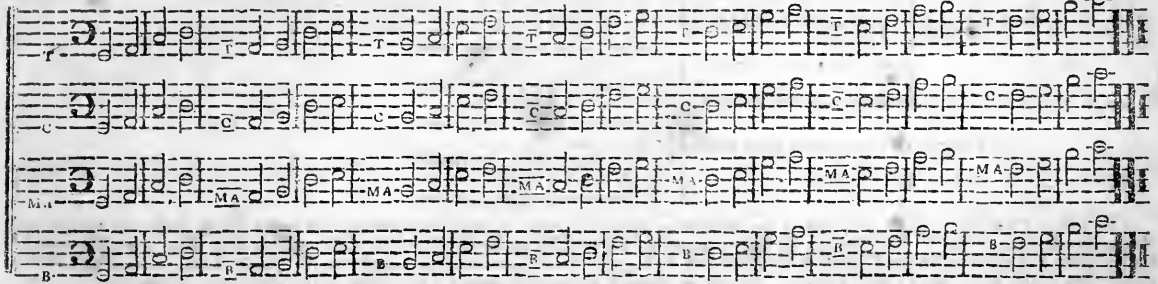
and the letters on the Baſs ſtave thus,

Which ſhows that G, in the upper ſpace of the Baſs ſtave, is the ſame pitch with G on the ſecond line in the Tenor, Counter and Treble. The letters B, MA, C and T, are placed at the beginning of Tunes, to diſtinguiſh the parts, and point out the *Mi*. The letter B, is uſed for the Baſs, MA, for the Tenor, C, for the Counter, and T, for the Treble, and always ſtand on the *Mi* line or ſpace. Theſe characters occupy the ſecond bar of each piece of Muſic. When the letter A is moved from the Tenor ſtave to another part, it denotes that the part to which it is moved, has the Air of the Tune. The Tenor is conſidered as the leading part, and ſhould always ſing where the letter M ſtands, whether A is annexed to it or not.

EIGHT NOTES.

THERE are only ſeven diſtinct natural ſounds or tones, (every eighth being the ſame) five of which are whole tones, the others two which are between *mi* and *fa*, and *la* and *fa*, are half tones. *Mi* is the governing tone in Vocal Muſic, and is placed in different parts of the ſtave, for the ſake of variety, the other half tone follows in regular order, always keeping the ſame diſtance. In raiſing the notes from *Mi* you found twice *Fa, Sol, La*, and in falling, twice *La, Sol, Fa*, then comes *Mi* either way.

The following SCALE ſhows where the two half tones are in every remove of the *Mi*.

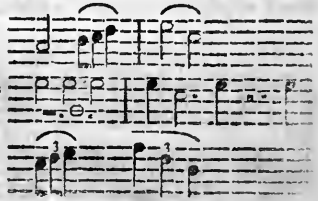


CHARACTERS and EXPLANATIONS.

Slur, ⌒ Shows that all the Notes over which it is drawn, are to be ſung with one ſyllable,

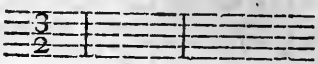
Point, • at the right hand of a Note or Reſt, makes it half as long again. A Semibreve pointed, as long as three Minims, &c.

Figure 3 over or under any three Notes, ſhows that they are to be ſounded as quick as two ſuch, without the figure 3.



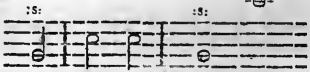
Brace Shows how many parts are ſung together.

Single Bar, divides the time into equal parts, each diviſion containing time equally alike, and according to the Mood.



Ledger line, is added to accommodate Notes that extend above or below the ſtave.

Repeat :S: Shows that the ſtrain is to be ſung over again, from the Note over which it is ſet.

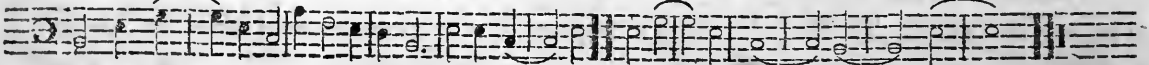


Chooſing Notes, Are ſuch as ſtand one over the other, in the ſame ſtave. When ſuch Notes occur, the performer takes his choice.

Cloſe Denotes the tune is ended.

Sounds, conſiſting of ſeveral parts of a Bar, that begin with an unaccented part, are called *Syncopated Notes.* Two notes that are tied with a Slur acroſs the Bar, and are on the ſame line or ſpace, are ſounded as one note, and are called *Continued,* or *Protracted Notes.* When thoſe Notes commence with an unaccented part they are Syncopated.

SYNCOPATED NOTES. PROTRACTED NOTES.



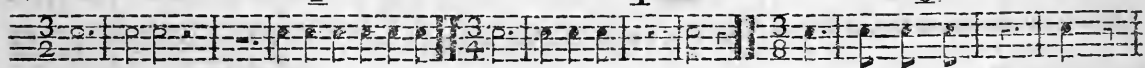
MOODS in COMMON TIME.

First Mood, *Second Mood,* *Third Mood,* *Fourth Mood,*

Common Time, is measured by even numbers or beats in a Bar. The three first Moods contain one Semibreve, or other Notes or Rests, equal to it, in each bar. The First Mood is performed in the time of four seconds in a bar: The Second Mood in three seconds, and the third Mood in two seconds. The fourth Mood has a Minim for a measure note, each bar containing that, or other Notes or Rests equal to it, and is performed in the time of about one second and a half.

TRIPLE TIME MOODS.

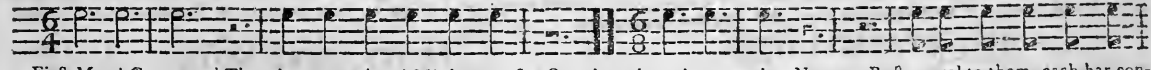
First Mood, *Second Mood,* *Third Mood,*



Triple Time, is measured by odd numbers or beats in a bar. The First Mood has a pointed Semibreve for a Measure note, containing that or other Notes or Rests equal to it, in each bar, and is commonly performed in the time of three seconds. The Second Mood, has a pointed Minim for a measure note, and is beat a third quicker than the First Mood. The Third Mood has a pointed Crotchet for a measure note, and is beat a third quicker than the Second Mood.

COMPOUND MOODS.

First Mood, *Second Mood,*



First Mood Compound Time, has two pointed Minims, or six Crotchets in a bar, or other Notes or Rests equal to them, each bar containing two seconds of time. The Second Mood has two pointed Crotchets, or six Quavers in a bar, or the amount in other Notes or Rests, and is beat a third quicker.

BEATING TIME.

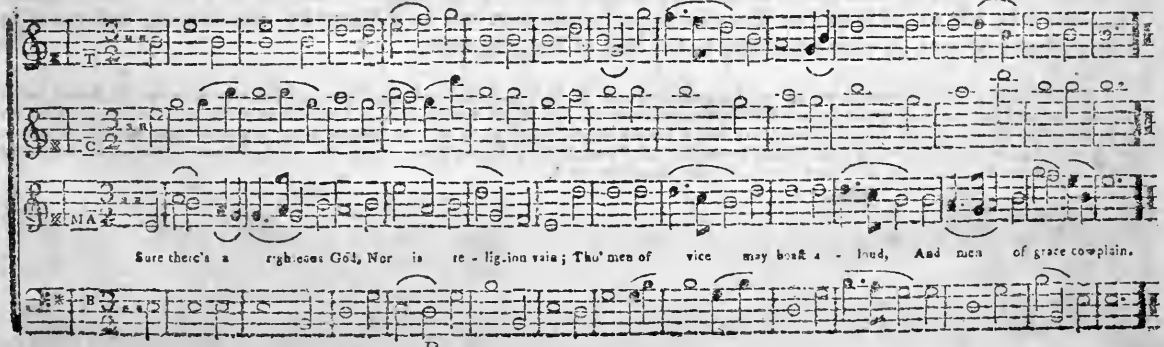
BARS in the firſt and ſecond Moods of Common Time in beating are divided into four equal parts and beat in this manner. In the firſt of the bar, let the ends of the fingers fall on ſome fixed place, then the heel of the hand, thirdly, cloſe the fingers gently, then open the hand, raiſing it a little at the ſame time. This completes the Bar. The third and fourth Moods in Common Time, and the two Moods of Compound Time, have two beats in each bar, one down, and the other up. *Triple Time* is beat by letting the ends of the fingers fall as in common time at the firſt part of the bar, then the heel of the hand, thirdly raiſe the hand, which finiſhes the bar. The hand falls at the beginning of every bar, in all Moods of time, and ſhould never riſe but once in a Bar.

But, ſuch is the diverſity of opinion, concerning Time, that it is extremely difficult to ſay what ſhall be the ſtandard ; that is, how quick or ſlow we ſhould move in the different Moods of Time. This, therefore muſt be left to the judicious Teacher or performer who will be dictated by the ſubject, and move in the different Moods of time according to the beſt of his judgment.

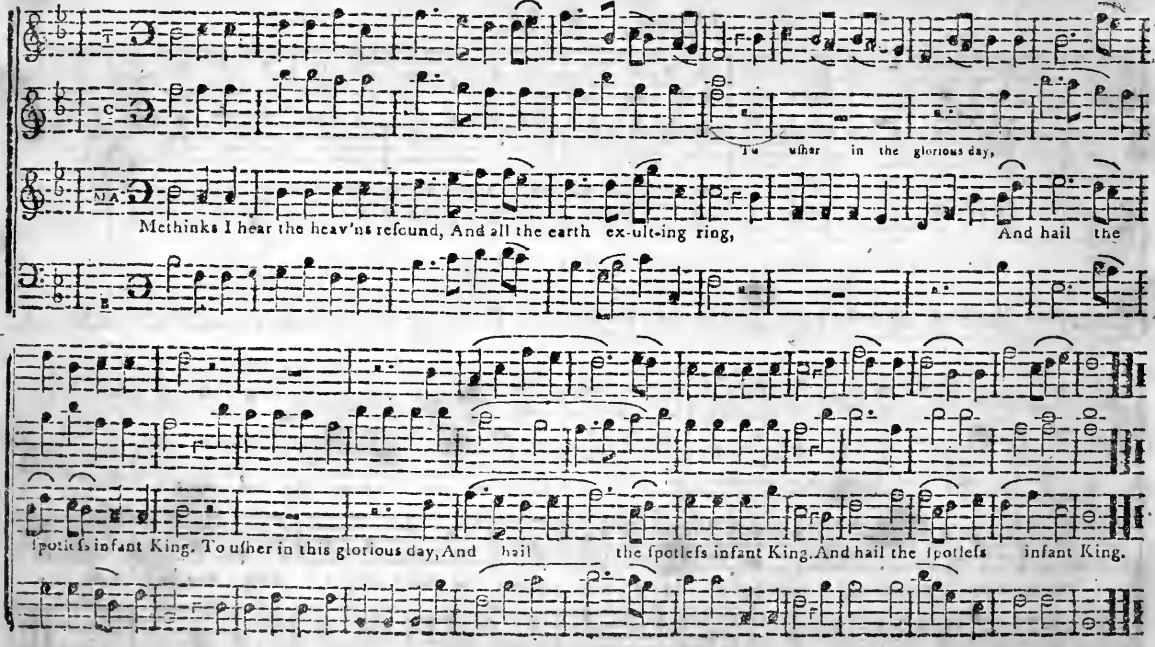
ERRATA.—P. 31, 2d Counter ſtave, 2d bar, for crotchets on G & A, ſing B & A.—P. 39, Tenor, 3d bar, a crotchet on D, ſhould be on C.—P. 41, 2d Tenor ſtave, 6th note from the cloſe, ſhould be on A.—P. 46, 2d Treble ſtave, 7th note from cloſe, for a Minim on E, inſert a Crotchet on E.—P. 60, 1ſt Counter ſtave, 11th bar, a Minim on A, ſhould be on G. 2d Treble ſtave, 4th note from the end, ſhould be on D.—P. 64, 1ſt Treble ſtave, 3d note, ſhould be on A. 1ſt Tenor ſtave, 7th note ſhould be on A. 2d Baſs ſtave, 11th bar, for a Quaver on E, inſert one on C.—P, 79, 2d Tenor ſtave, 4th note, ſhould be on A.

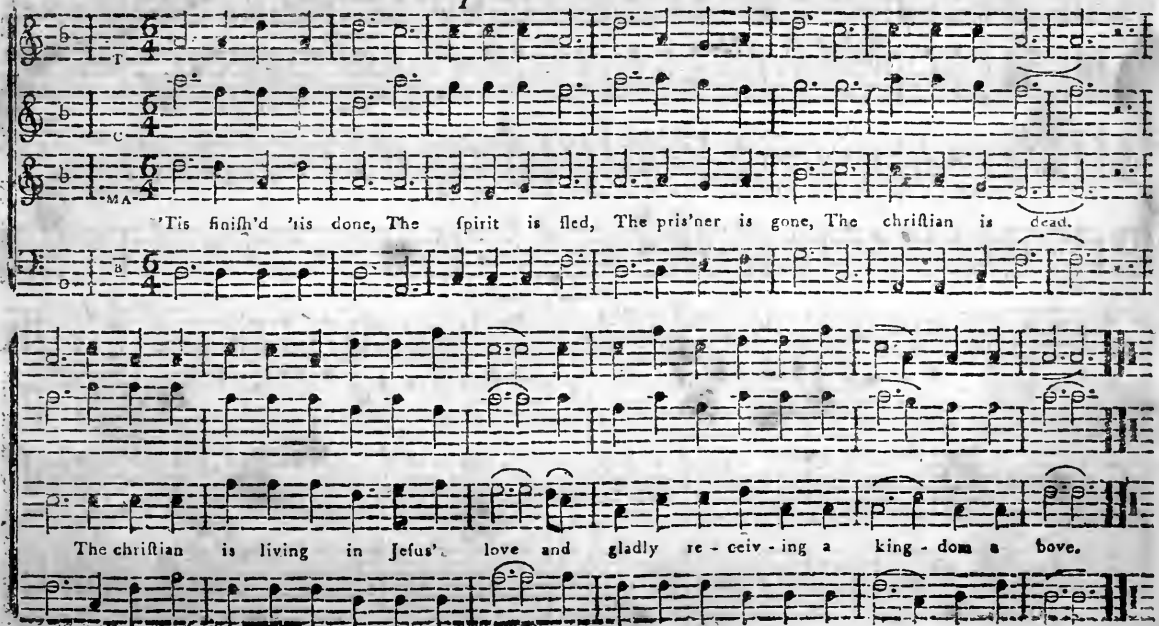
NEW ENGLAND HARMONY.

Pownal. S. M.

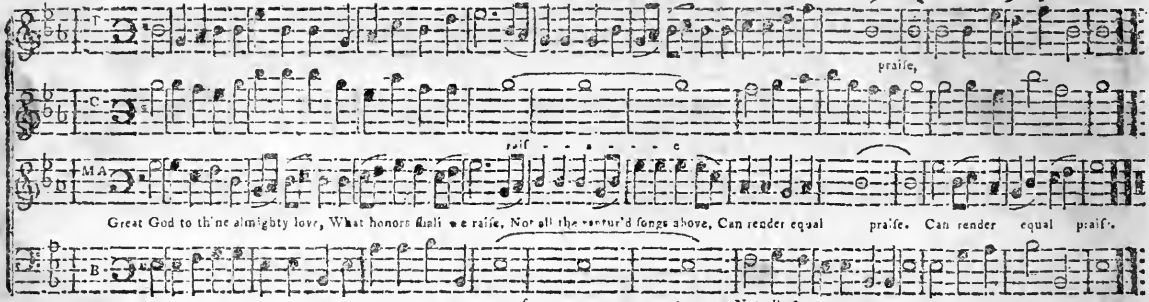


London. L. M.

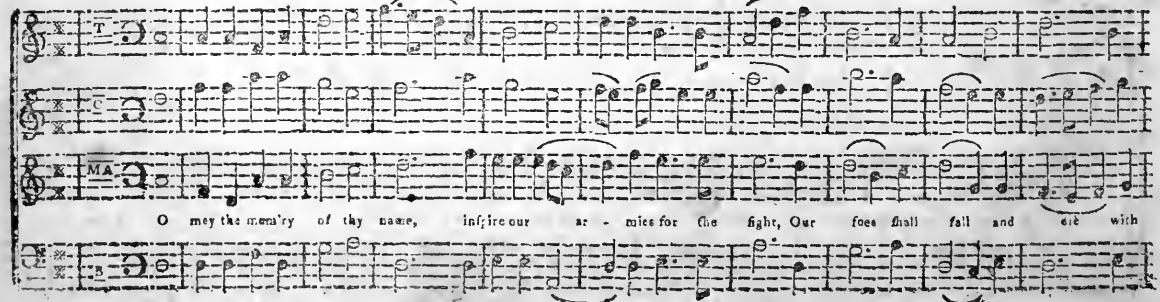

To uſher in the glorious day,
Methinks I hear the heav'ns reſound, And all the earth ex-ult-ing ring, And hail the
ſpotleſs infant King. To uſher in this glorious day, And hail the ſpotleſs infant King. And hail the ſpotleſs infant King.

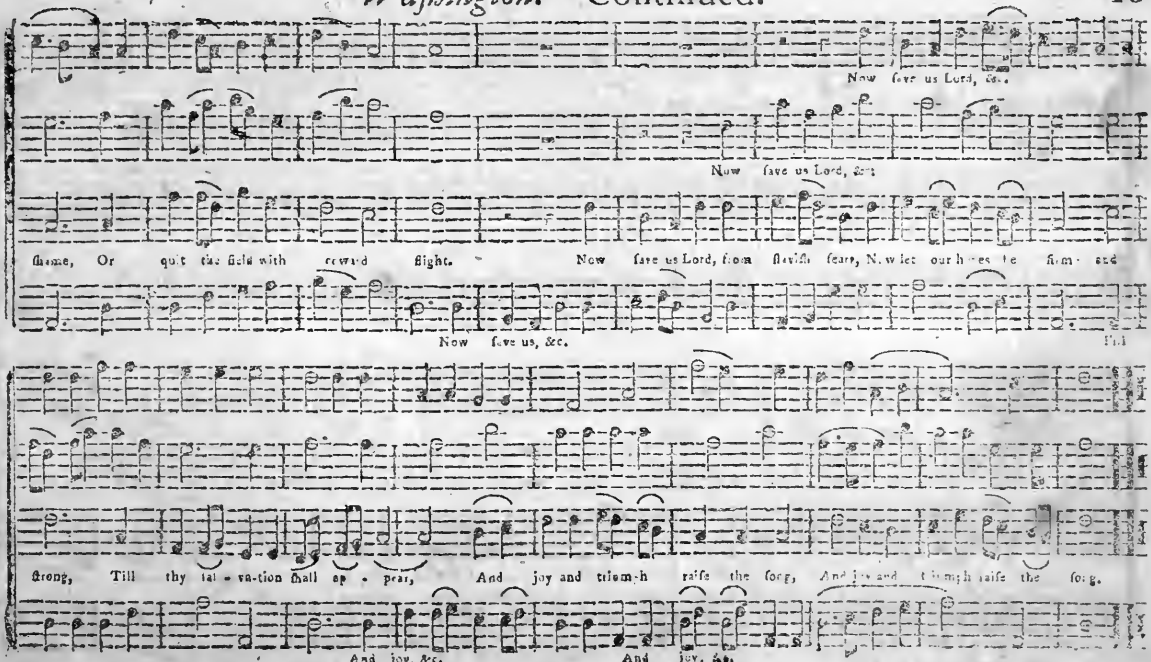

T
C
MA
'Tis finish'd 'tis done, The ſpirit is fled, The pris'ner is gone, The chriſtian is dead.
B
The chriſtian is living in Jeſus' love and gladly re - ceiv - ing a king - dom a bove.

Arnon. C. M.

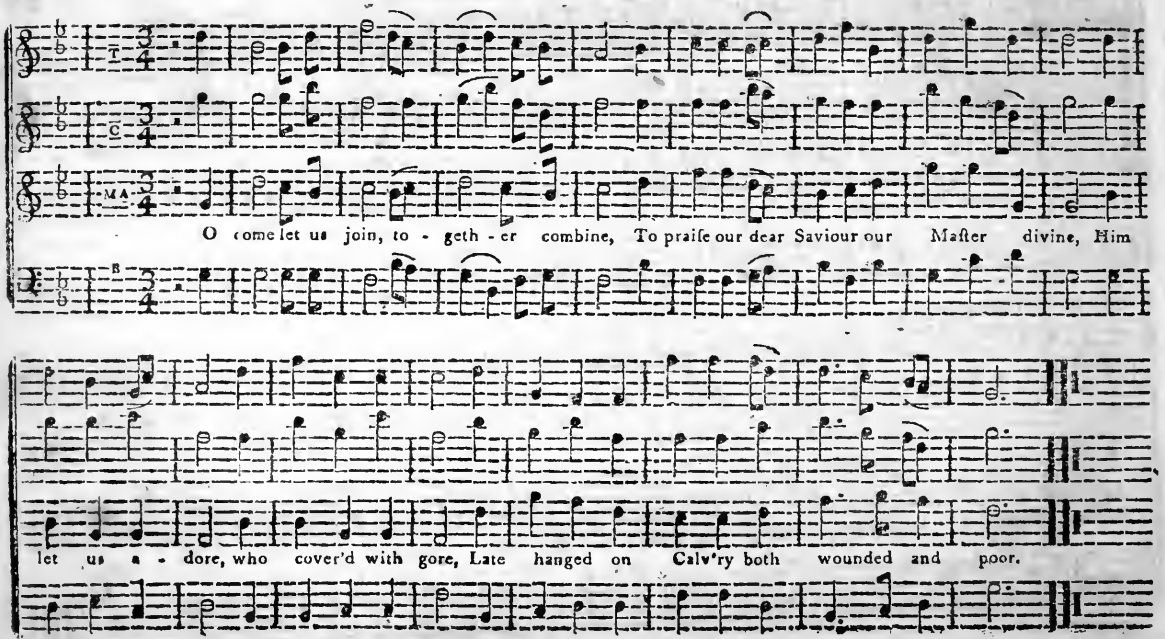


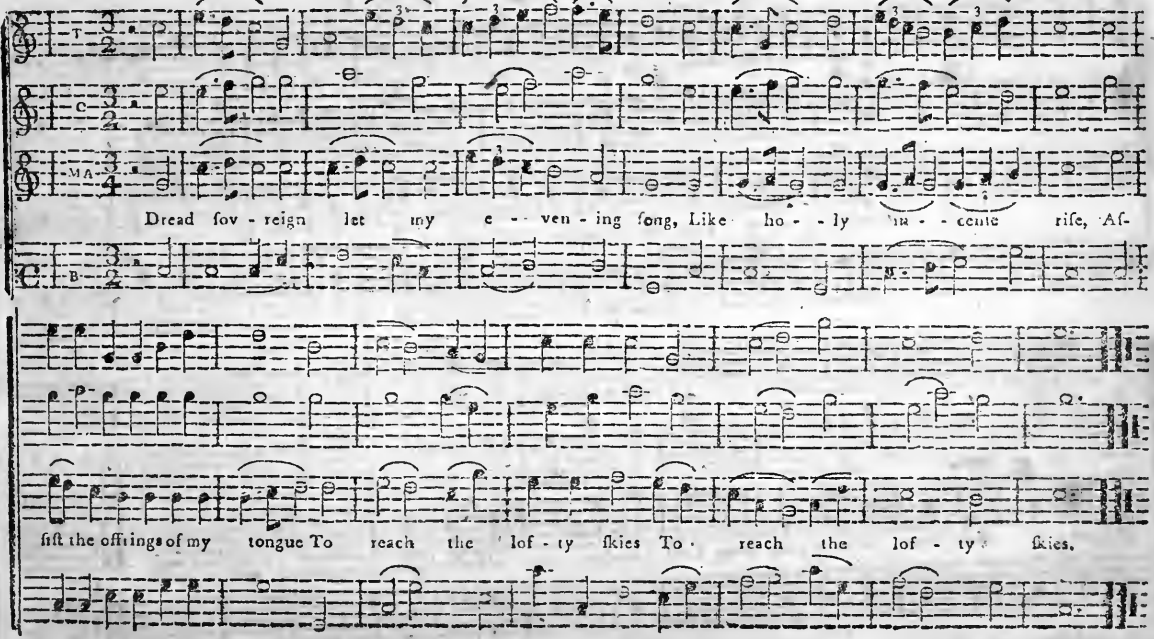
Washington. L. M.

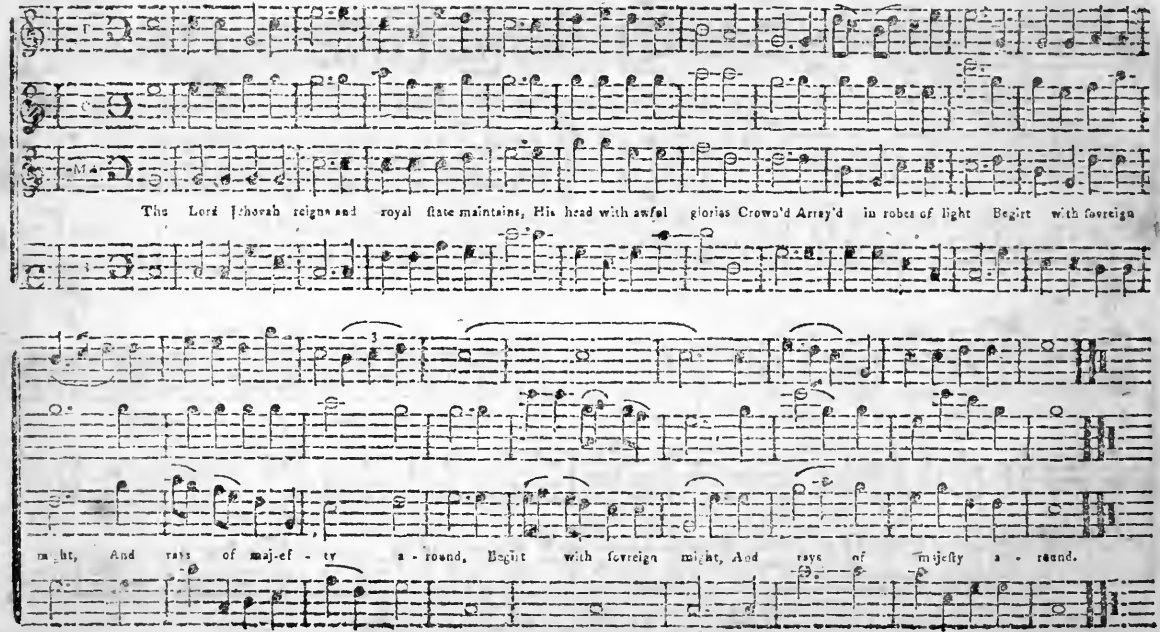


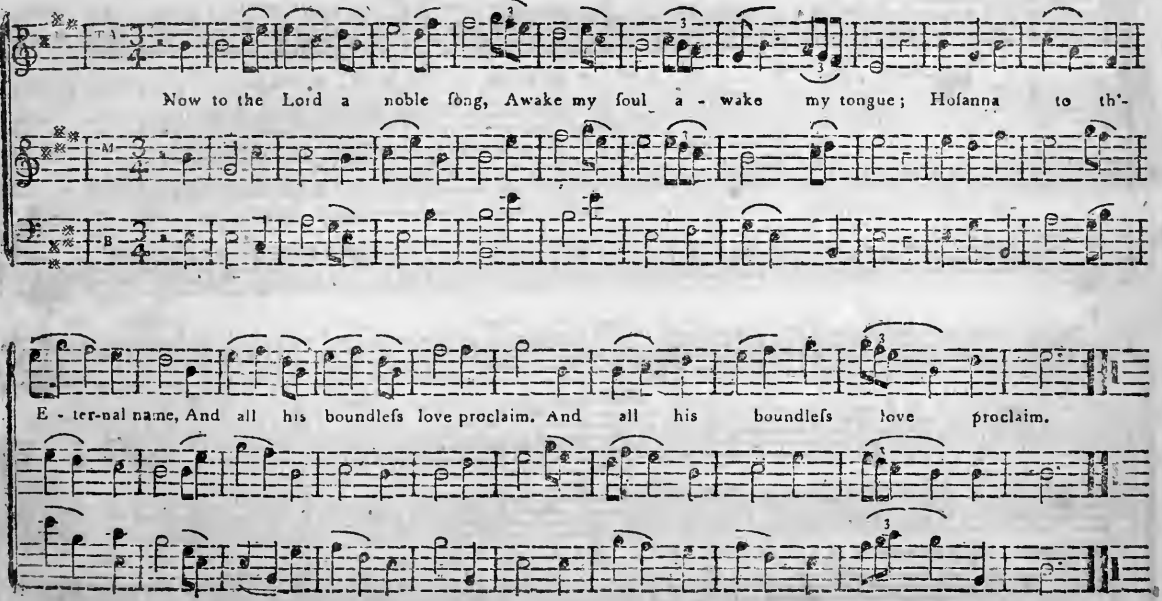

Now save us Lord, &c.
Now save us Lord, &c.
shame, Or quit the field with coward flight. Now save us Lord, from slavish fears, Now let our hopes be firm and
Now save us, &c.
strong, Till thy sal - va-tion shall ap - pear, And joy and triumph raise the song, And joy and triumph raise the song.
And joy, &c. And joy, &c.

Claradon. P. M. 5 & 6



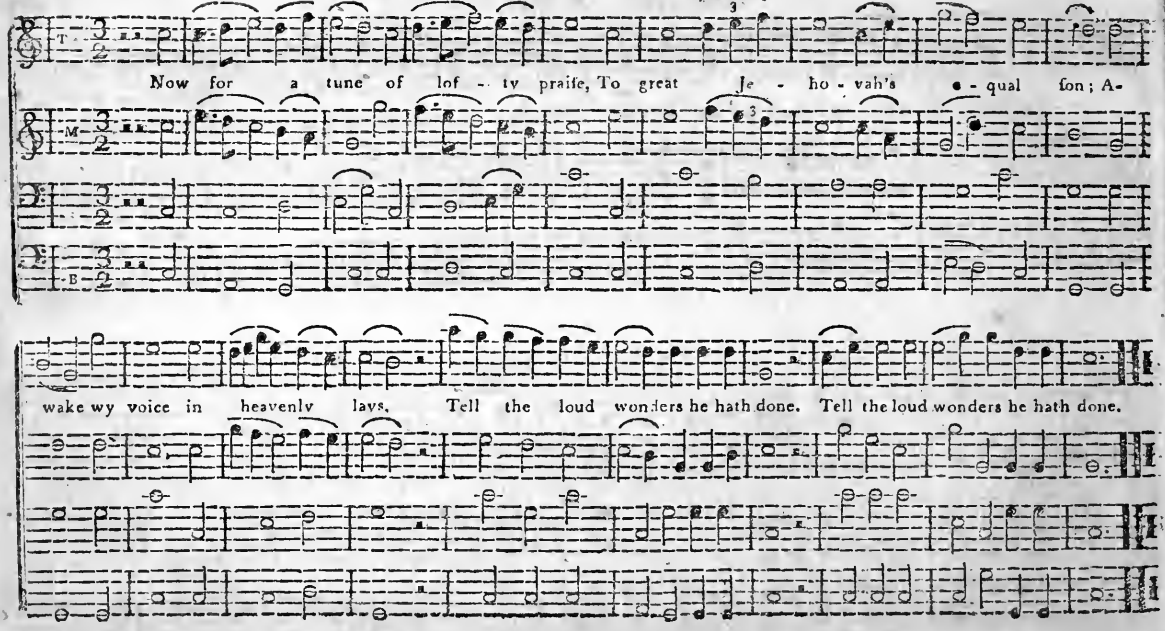

Dread fov - reign let my e - - ven - ing ſong, Like ho - - ly in - - cenſe riſe, Af-
ſiſt the offrings of my tongue To reach the lof - ty ſkies To reach the lof - ty ſkies.

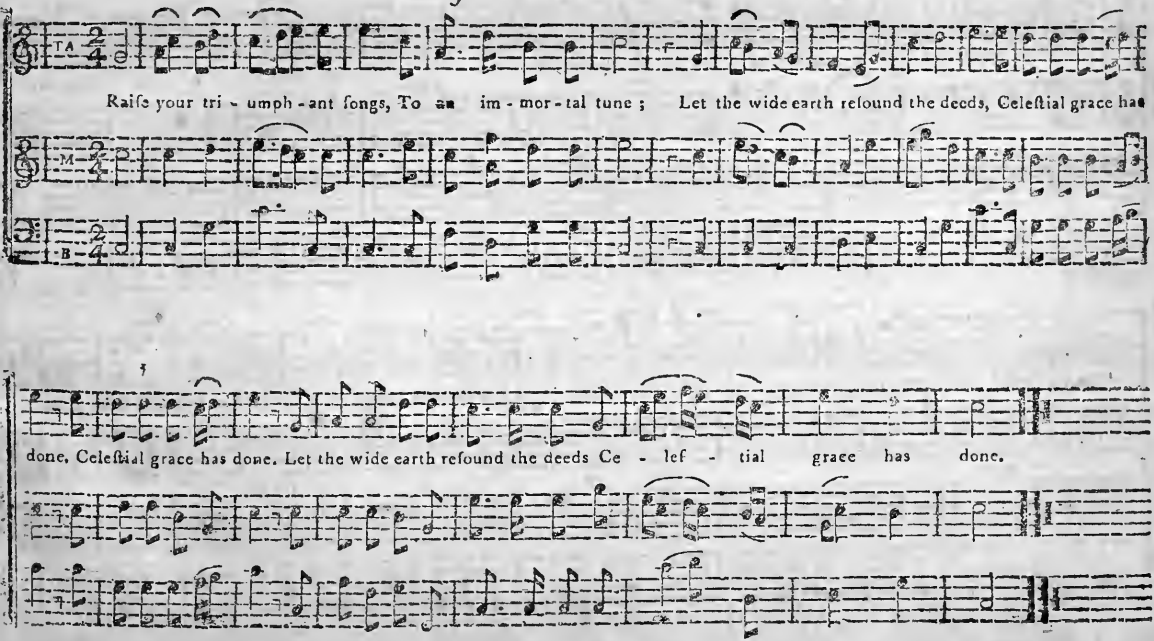

The Lord Jehovah reigns and royal ſtate maintains, His head with awful glories Crown'd Array'd in robes of light Begirt with ſovreign
might, And rays of maj-eſ - ty a - round, Begirt with ſovreign might, And rays of majeſty a - round.


Now to the Lord a noble ſong, Awake my ſoul a - wake my tongue; Hoſanna to th'-
E - ter-nal name, And all his boundleſs love proclaim. And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

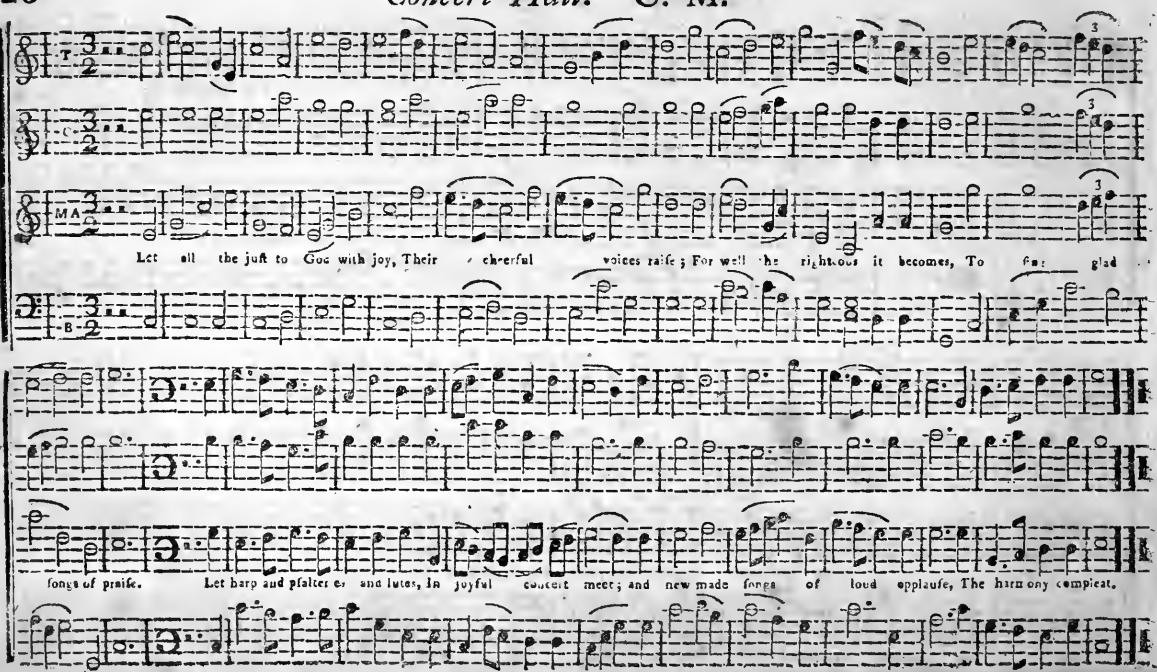
C

Burwick. L. M.

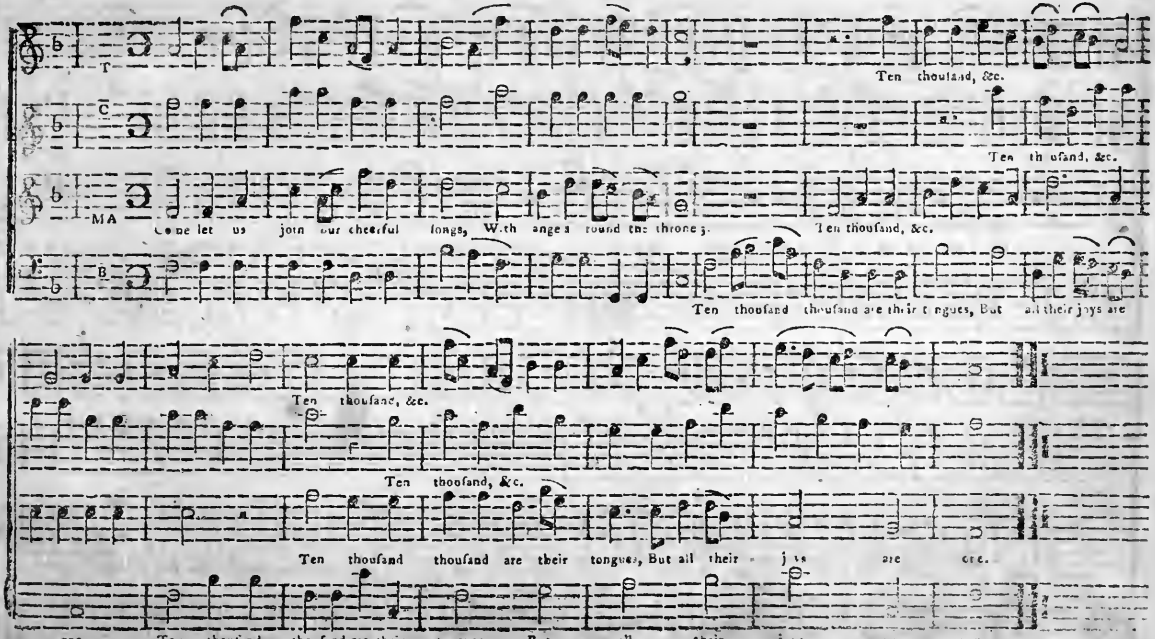

Now for a tune of lof - ty praife, To great Je - ho - vah's e - qual fon; A-
wake wy voice in heavenly lays, Tell the loud wonders he hath done. Tell the loud wonders he hath done.


Raiſe your tri - umph - ant ſongs, To an im - mor - tal tune ; Let the wide earth refound the deeds, Celeſtial grace has
done. Celeſtial grace has done. Let the wide earth refound the deeds Ce - leſ - tial grace has done.

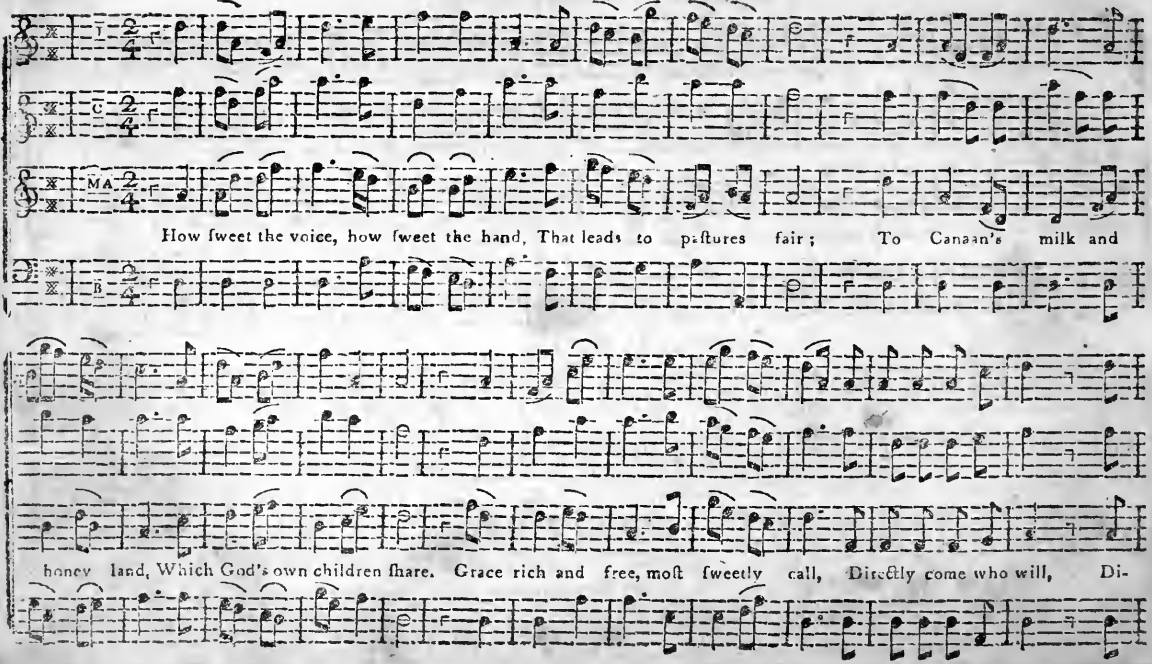
Concert Hall. C. M.

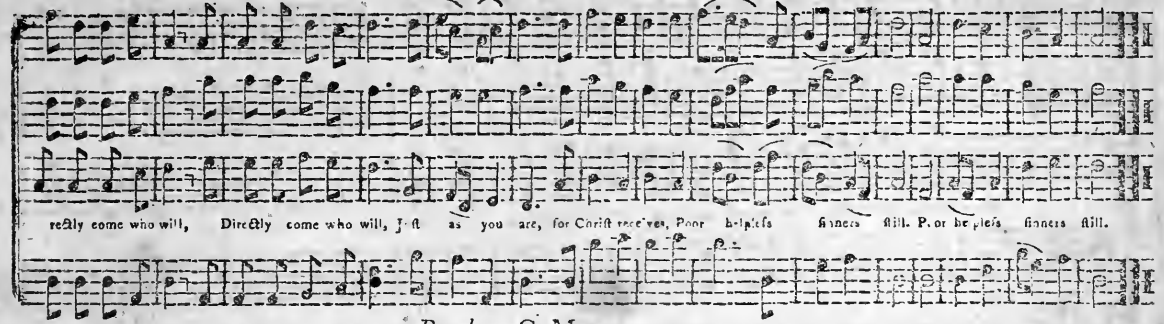


Vermont. C. M.

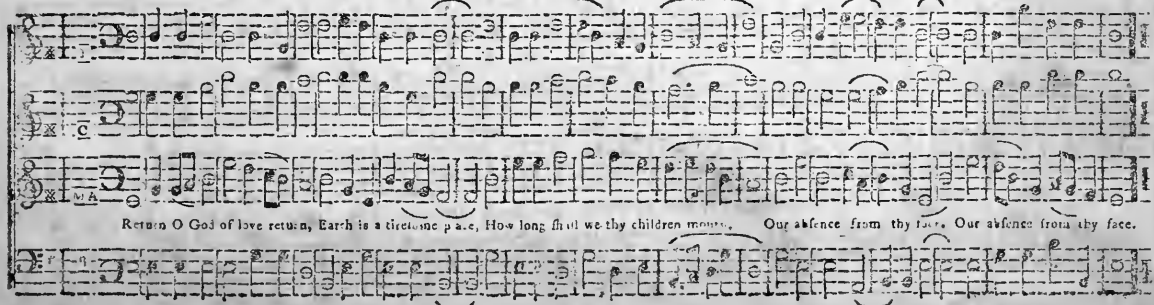

T
Ten thousand, &c.
C
Ten thousand, &c.
MA
Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand, &c.
B
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are
Ten thousand, &c.
Ten thousand, &c.
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
one. Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

Canaan. C. M.

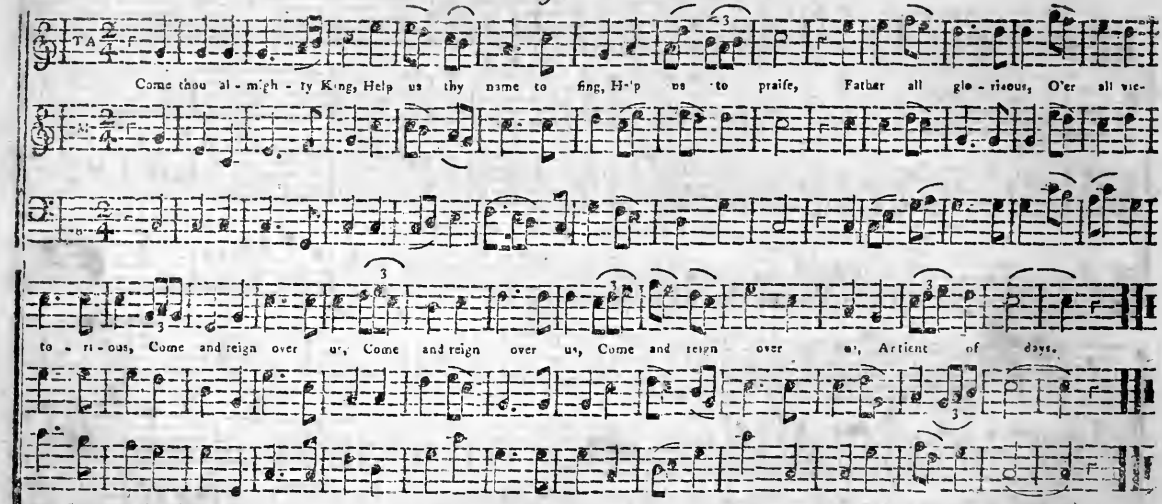

How ſweet the voice, how ſweet the hand, That leads to paſtures fair; To Canaan's milk and
honey land, Which God's own children ſhare. Grace rich and free, moſt ſweetly call, Directly come who will, Di-


really come who will, Directly come who will, Just as you are, for Christ receives, Poor helpless sinners still. Poor helpless sinners still.

Ronda. C. M.


Return O God of love return, Earth is a tiresome place, How long shall we thy children mourn, Our absence from thy face. Our absence from thy face.

Trinity. P. M.

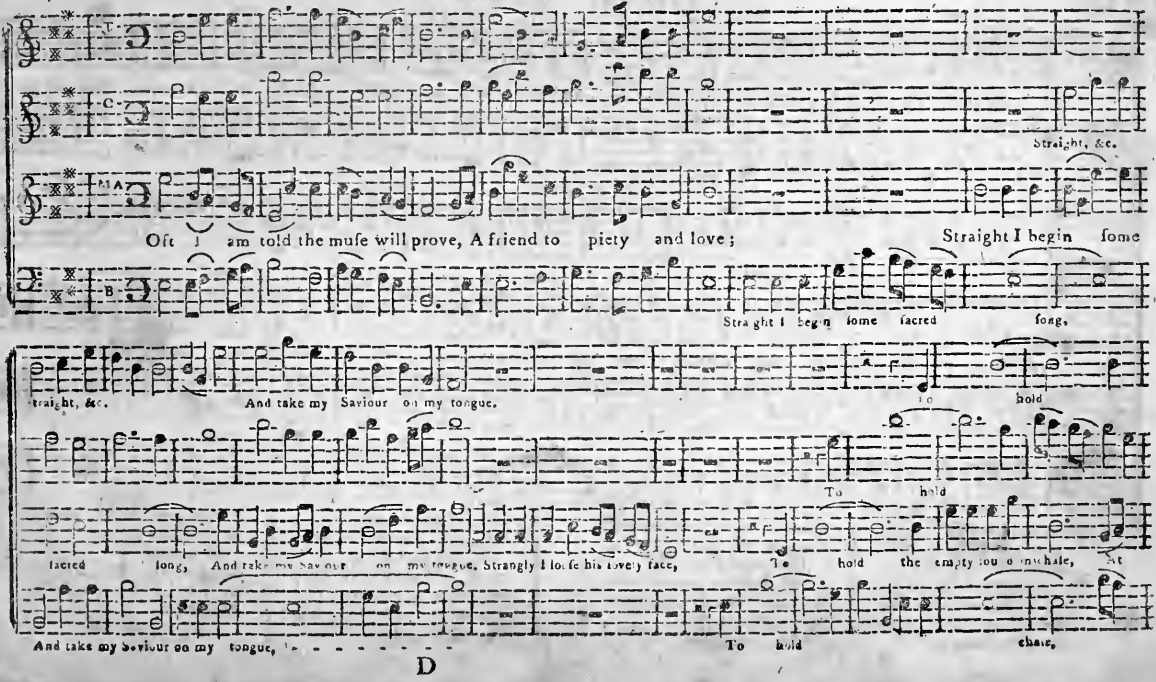


Jesus our Lord arise,
Scatter our Enemies,
And make them fall,
Let thine Almighty aid,
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd,
Lord hear our call.

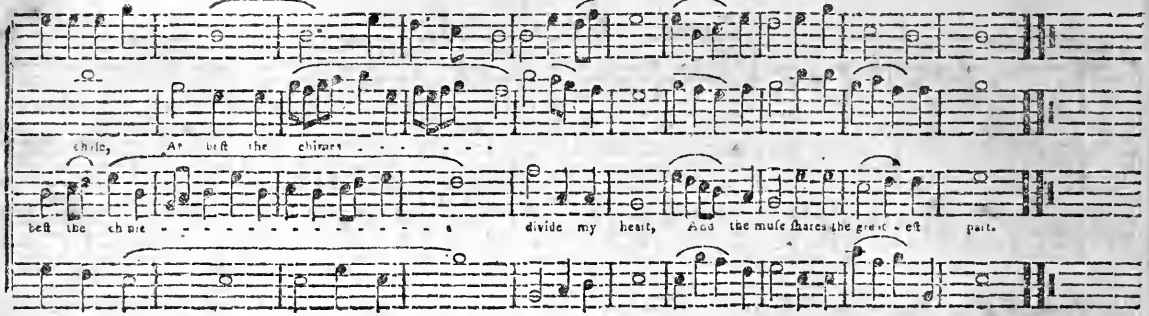
Come thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend.
Come and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

Come holy comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour,
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

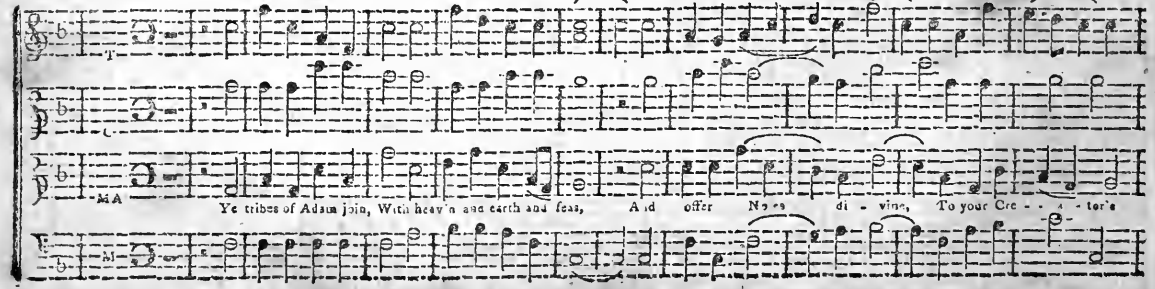
To the great one in three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore,
His sovereign Majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to Eternity,
Love and Adore.


Straight, &c.
Oft I am told the muse will prove, A friend to piety and love; Straight I begin some
Straight I begin some sacred song,
straight, &c. And take my Saviour on my tongue.
To hold
To hold
sacred song, And take my Saviour on my tongue. Strangly I loose his lovely face, To hold the empty lou o inchase, At
And take my Saviour on my tongue, To hold chase,

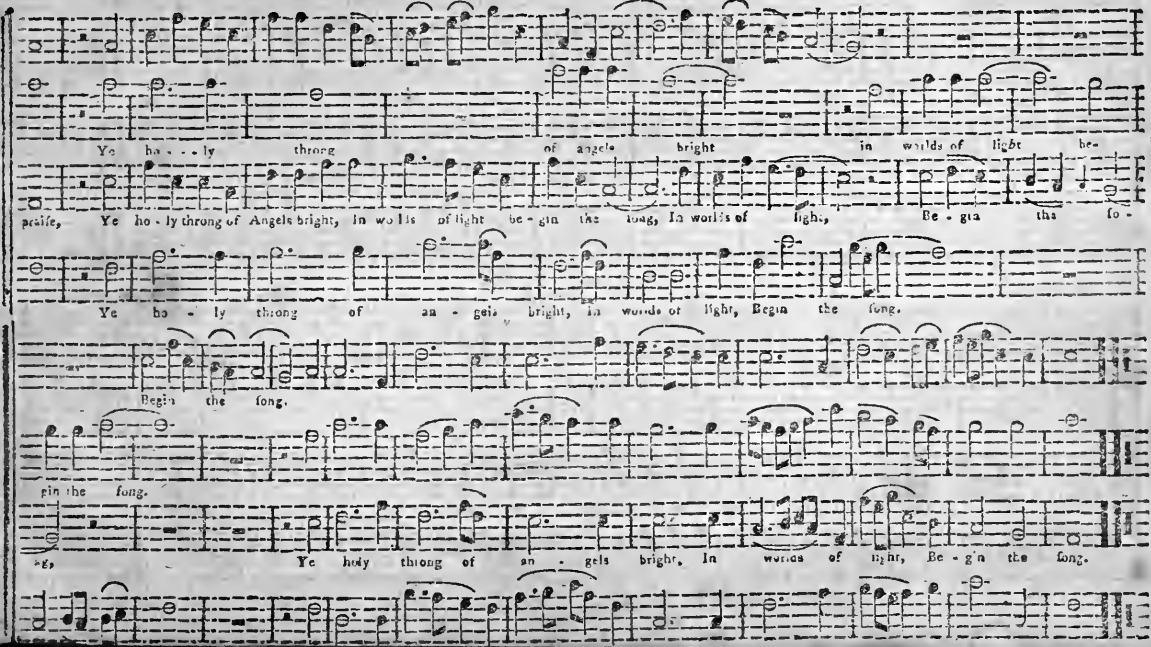
Moreen. Continued.



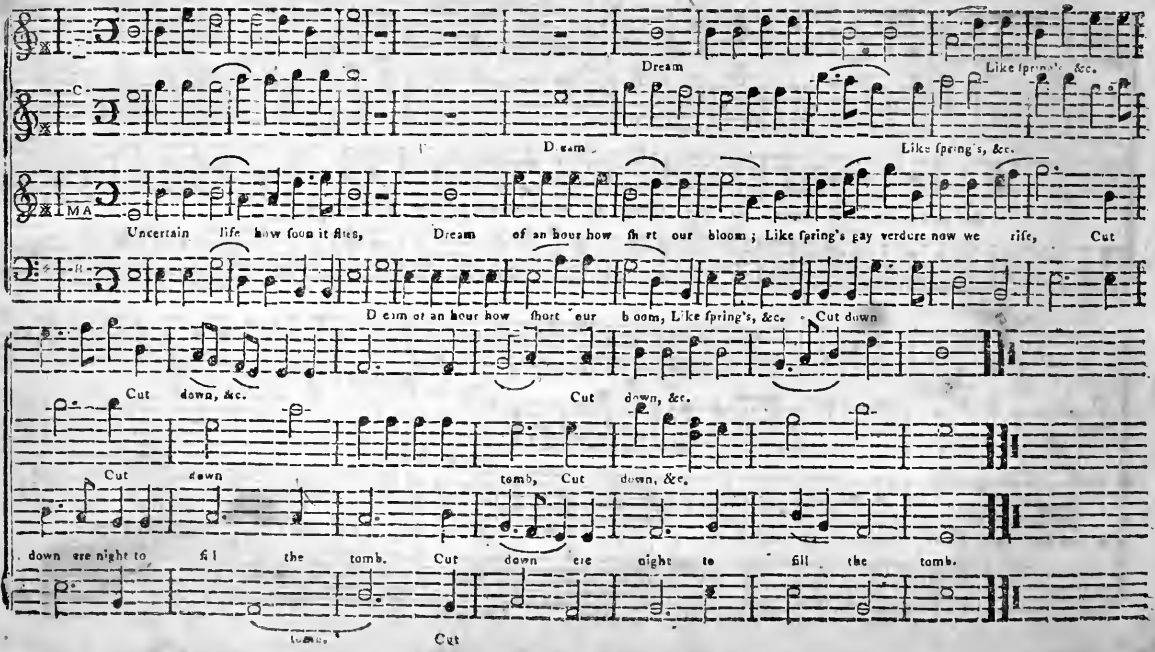
Lyme. P. M.



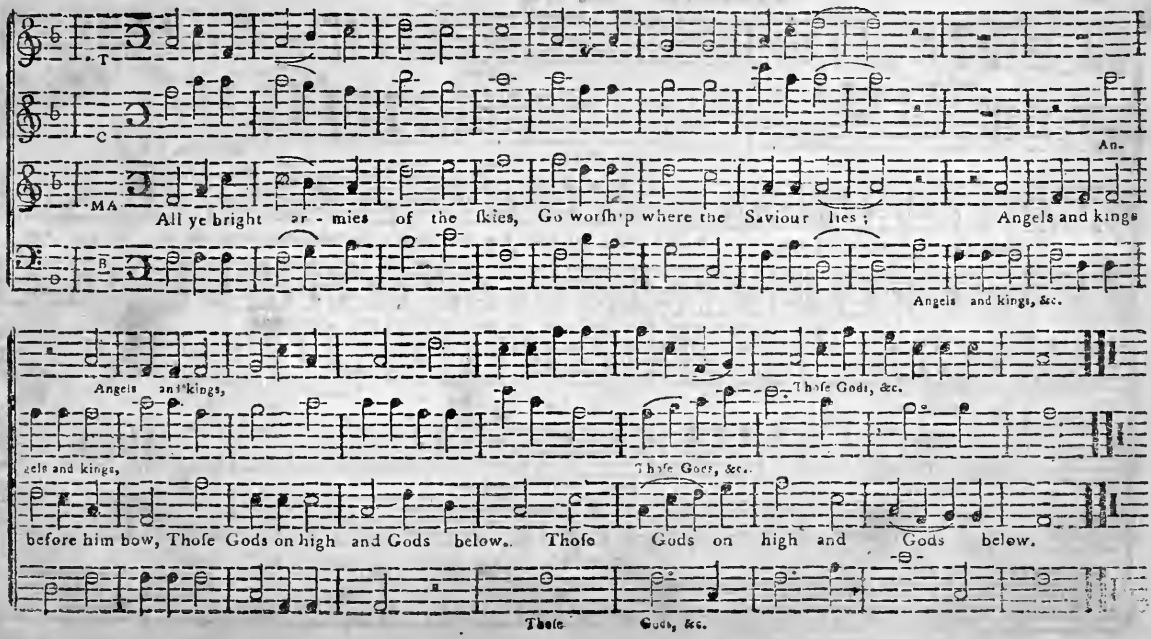
Lyme. Continued.



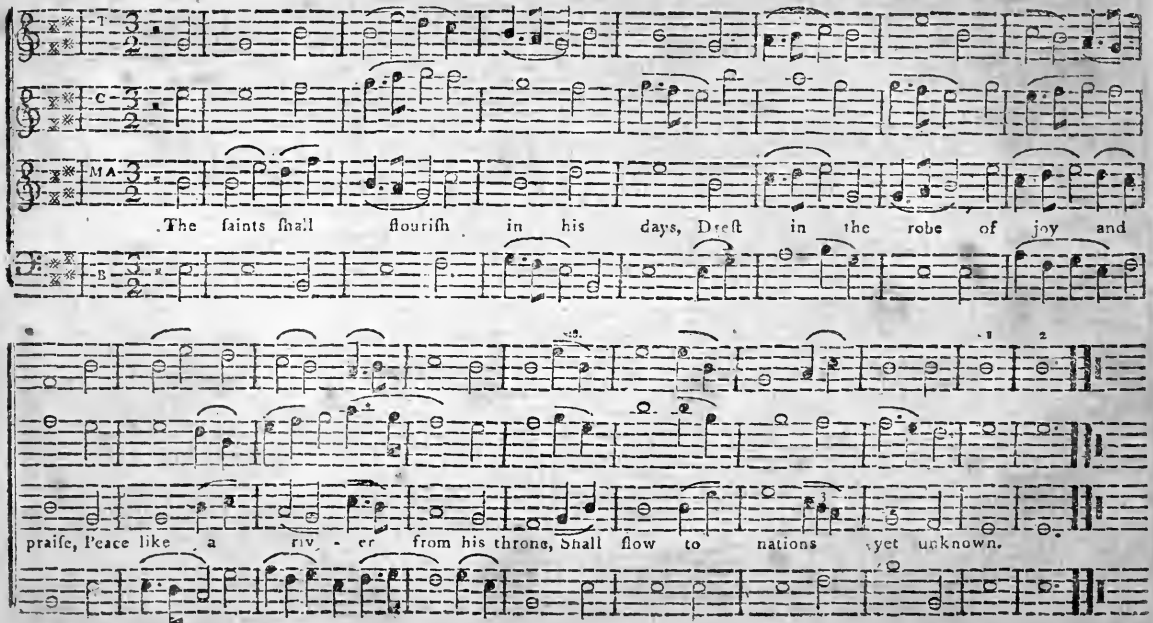
Holland. L. M.


Dream
Like spring's, &c.
Dream
Like spring's, &c.
Uncertain life how soon it flies, Dream of an hour how short our bloom; Like spring's gay verdure now we rise, Cut
Dream of an hour how short our bloom, Like spring's, &c. Cut down
Cut down, &c.
Cut down, &c.
Cut down
tomb, Cut down, &c.
down ere night to fill the tomb. Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.
Cut

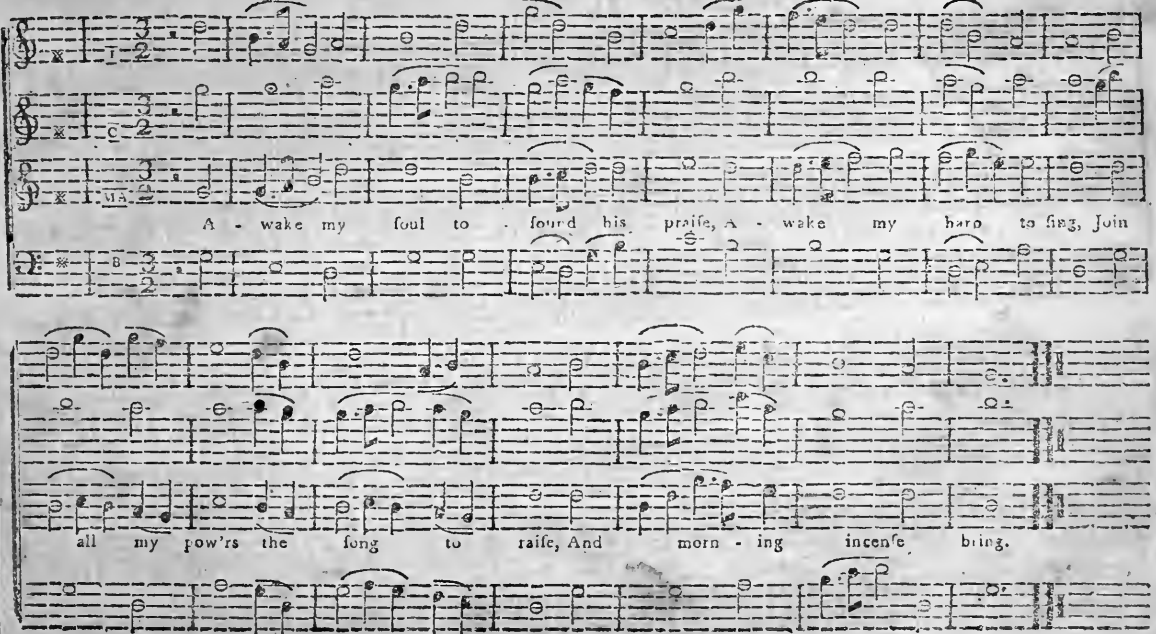
Dublin. L. M.


T
C
An-
MA
All ye bright ar - mies of the skies, Go worship where the Saviour lies; Angels and kings
B
Angels and kings, &c.
Angels and kings,
Those Gods, &c.
gels and kings,
Those Gods, &c.
before him bow, Those Gods on high and Gods below. Those Gods on high and Gods below.
Those Gods, &c.

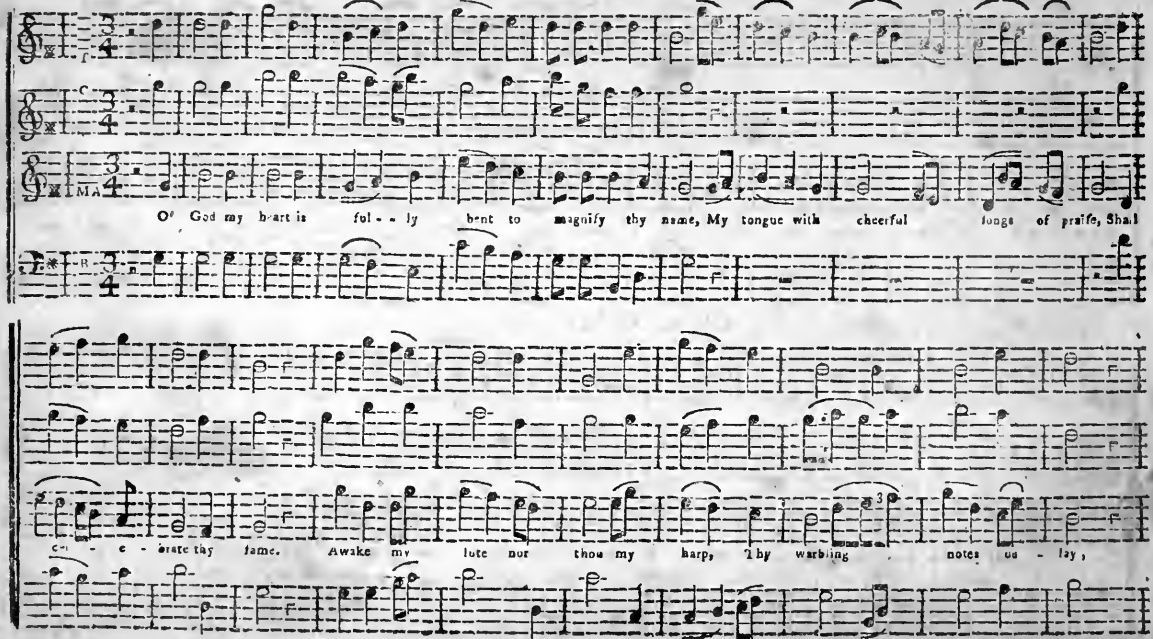
Flanders. L. M.

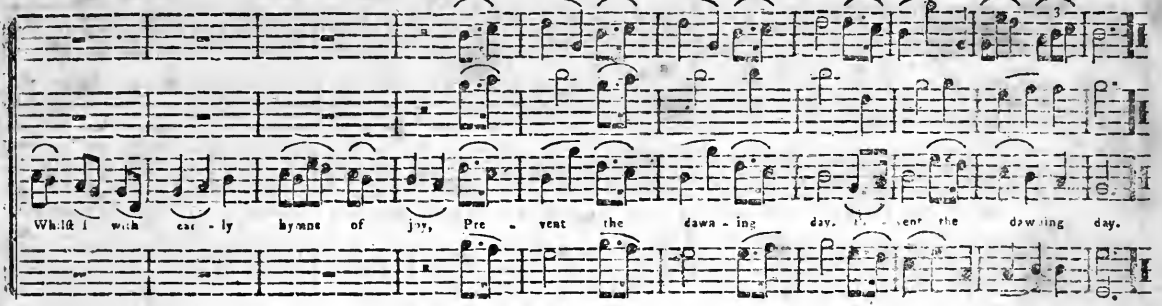

T
C
MA
B
The saints shall flourish in his days, Dreſt in the robe of joy and
praiſe, Peace like a riv - er from his throne, Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Quincy. C. M.

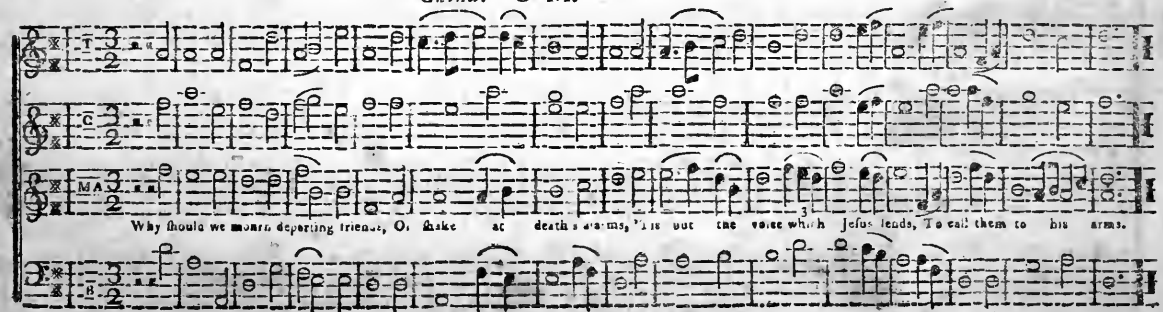

A - wake my ſoul to - ſound his praiſe, A - wake my harp to ſing, Join
all my pow'rs the ſong to raiſe, And morn - ing incenſe bring.

Luteſtring. C. M.



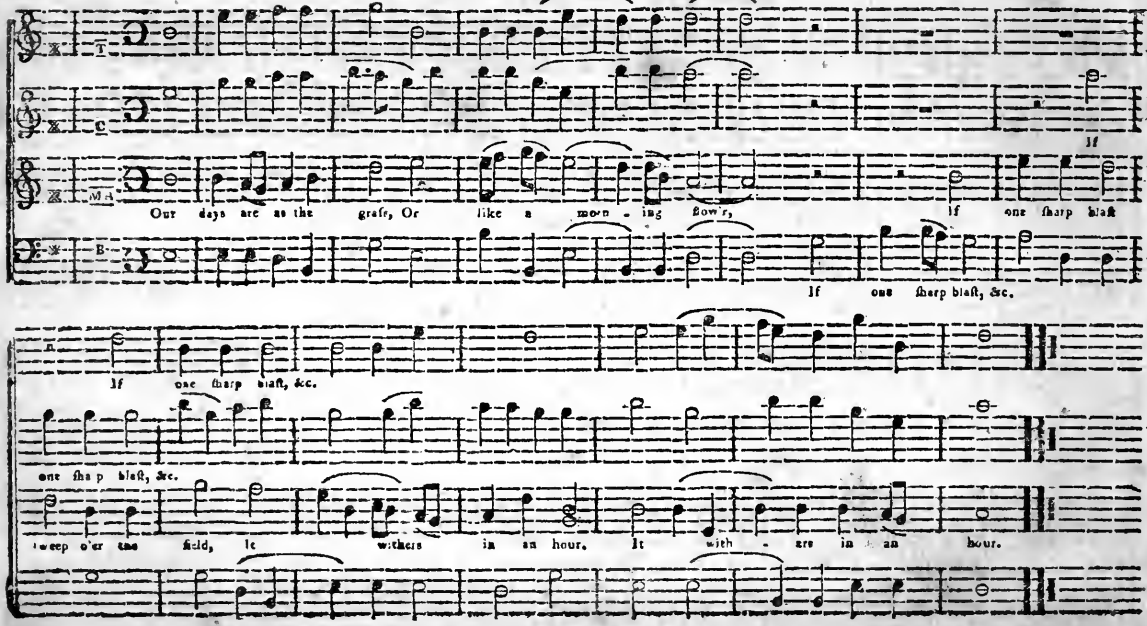

Whilſt I with ear - ly hymns of joy, Pre - vent the dawn - ing day. Pre - vent the dawning day.

China. C M.

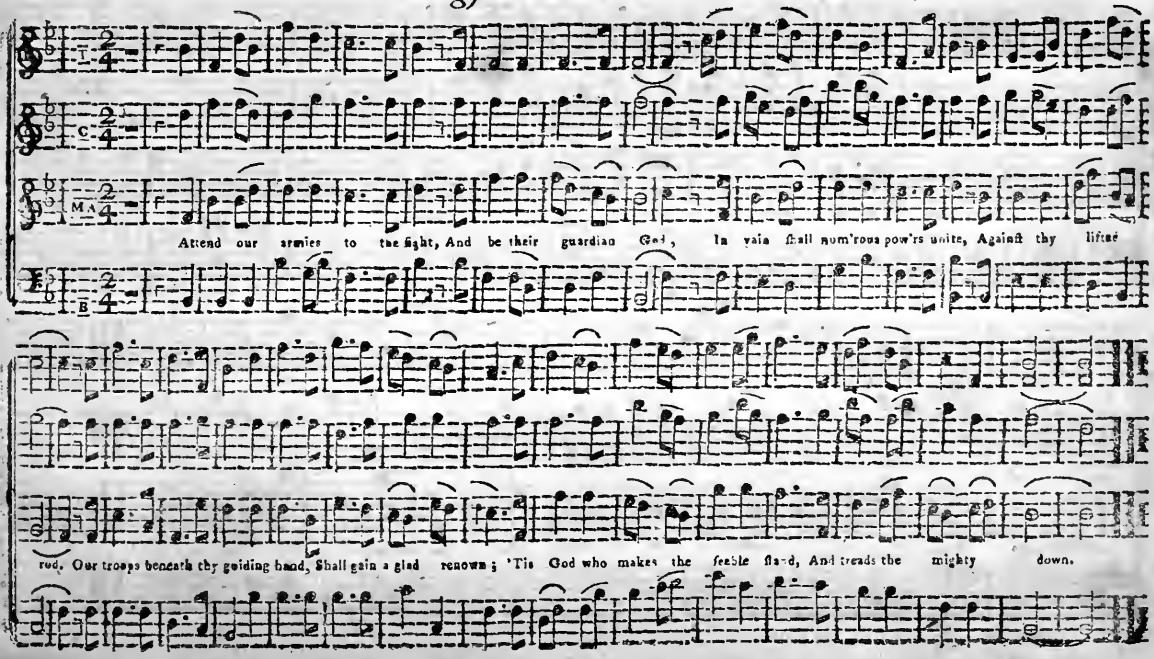

T
C
MA
B
Why ſhould we mourn departing friends, Or ſhake at death's alarms, 'Tis but the voice which Jeſus ſends, To call them to his arms.

E

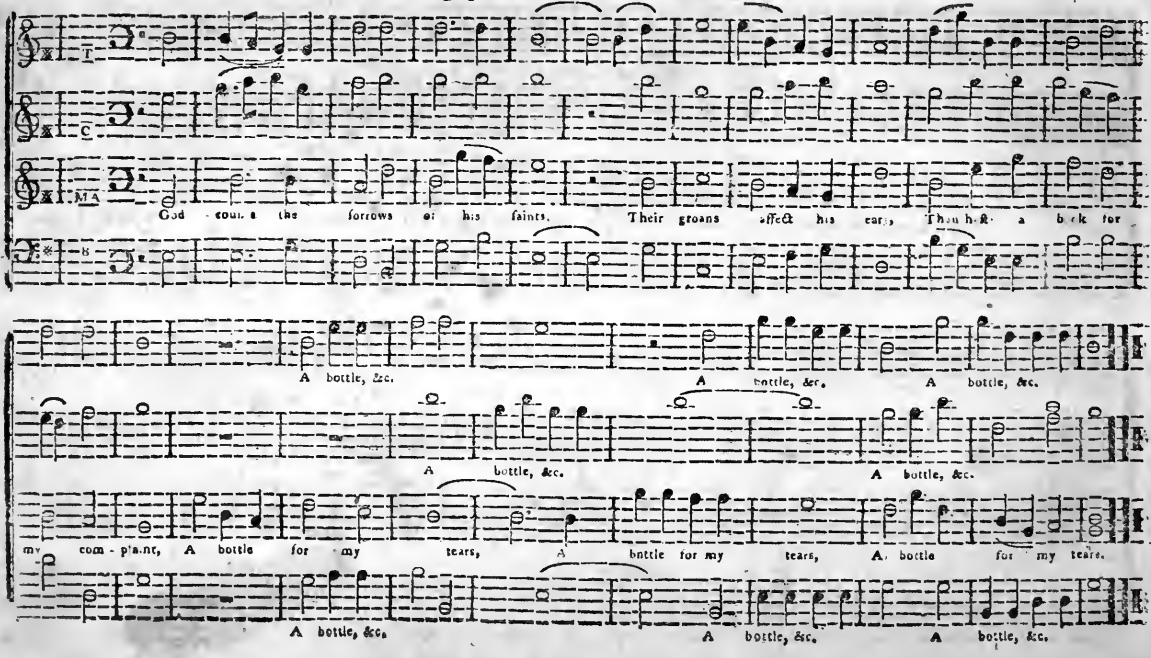
Ruſſell. S. M.

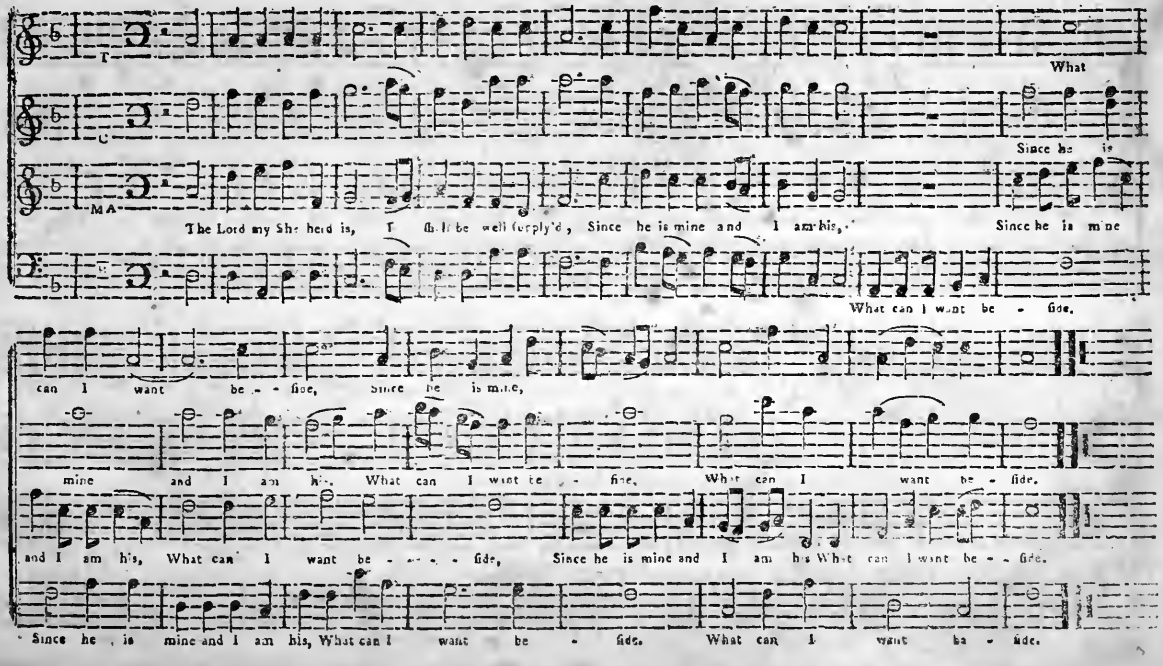

T.
C.
M.
B.
Our days are as the graſs, Or like a morn - ing flow'r,
If one ſharp blaſt
If one ſharp blaſt, &c.
If one ſharp blaſt, &c.
one ſharp blaſt, &c.
ſweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour. It with - ers in an hour.

Energy. C. M.

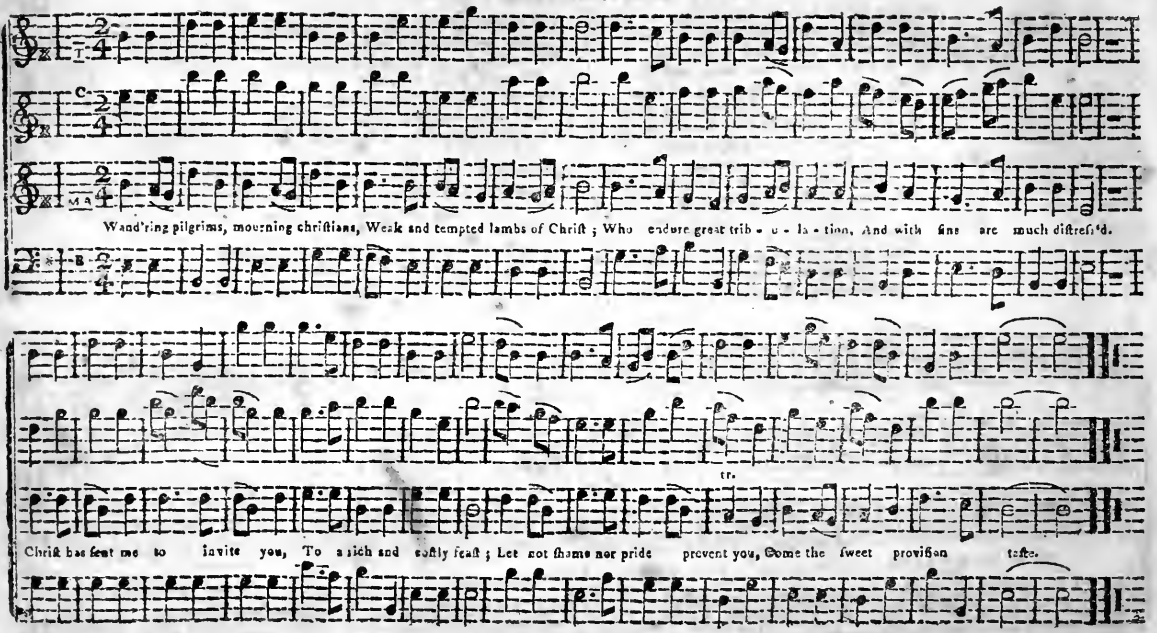

Attend our armies to the fight, And be their guardian God, In vain shall num'rous pow'rs unite, Against thy lifted
rod. Our troops beneath thy guiding hand, Shall gain a glad renown; 'Tis God who makes the feeble stand, And treads the mighty down.

Digby. C. M.


God - coun s the sorrows of his saints. Their groans affect his ears, Then h st a b k for
A bottle, &c.
A bottle, &c.
A bottle, &c.
A bottle, &c.
A bottle, &c.
my com - plaint, A bottle for my tears, A bottle for my tears, A bottle for my tears.
A bottle, &c.
A bottle, &c.
A bottle, &c.


What
Since he is
The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supply'd, Since he is mine and I am his, Since he is mine
What can I want be - side.
can I want be - side, Since he is mine,
mine and I am his, What can I want be - side, What can I want be - side.
and I am his, What can I want be - - - side, Since he is mine and I am his What can I want be - - side.
Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side. What can I want be - side.

Rome. 8 & 7.


Wand'ring pilgrims, mourning christians, Weak and tempted lambs of Christ; Who endure great trib - u - la - tion, And with sins are much distress'd.
tr.
Christ has sent me to invite you, To a rich and costly feast; Let not shame nor pride prevent you, Come the sweet provision taste.

Rome. Continued.

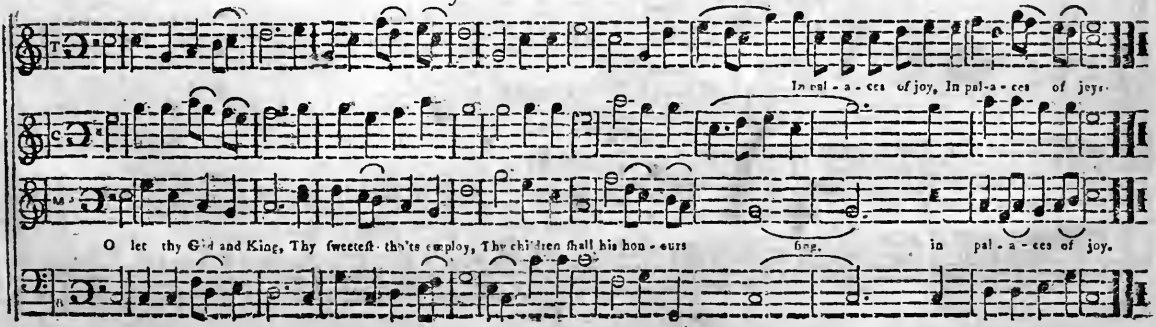
2. If you feel a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched caſe;
Come to Jeſus Chriſt repenting,
He will grant you ſweet releaſe.
With your heart believing on him,
Love and ſerve him all your days;
Come, O! come to Chriſt and aſk him,
He will give you goſpel grace.

3. If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jeſus' pard'ning love;
Lie hard by Bethesda waiting,
Till the troubled waters move.
Tho' no mortal arm can help you,
All their efforts prove but talk;
Jeſus, Jeſus, ſaith unto you,
Riſe take up your bed and walk.

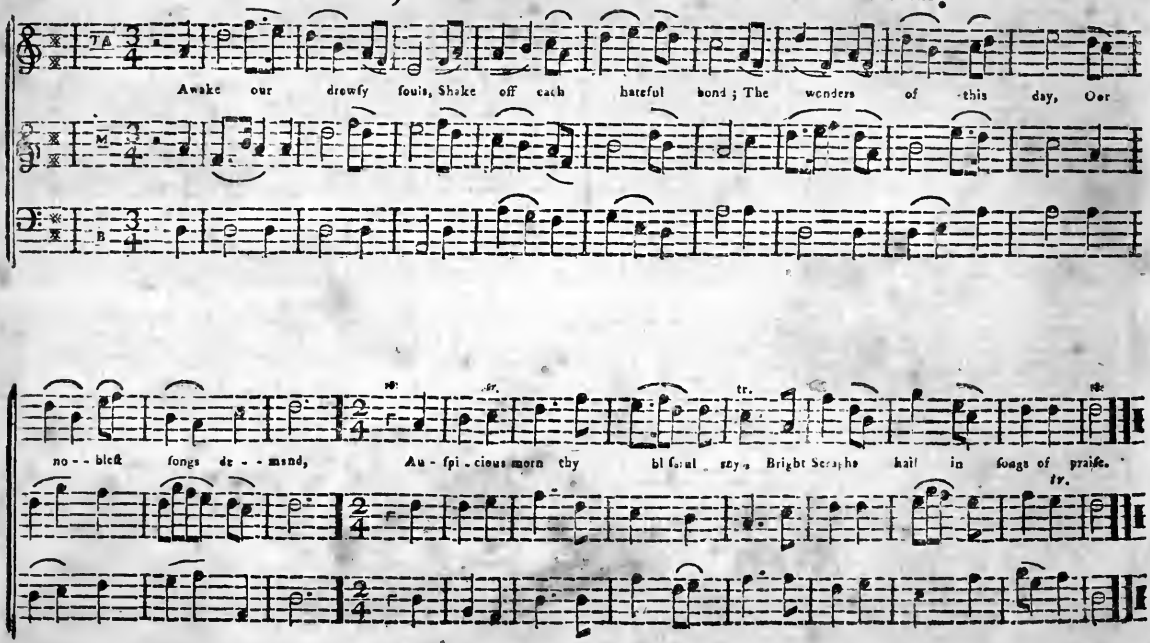
4. If you will but claim his promiſe,
And forſake your unbelief;
Patient waiting, conſtant praying,
He will grant you full relief;
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants ſhall be ſupply'd;
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
Riſe and croſs the ſwelling tide.

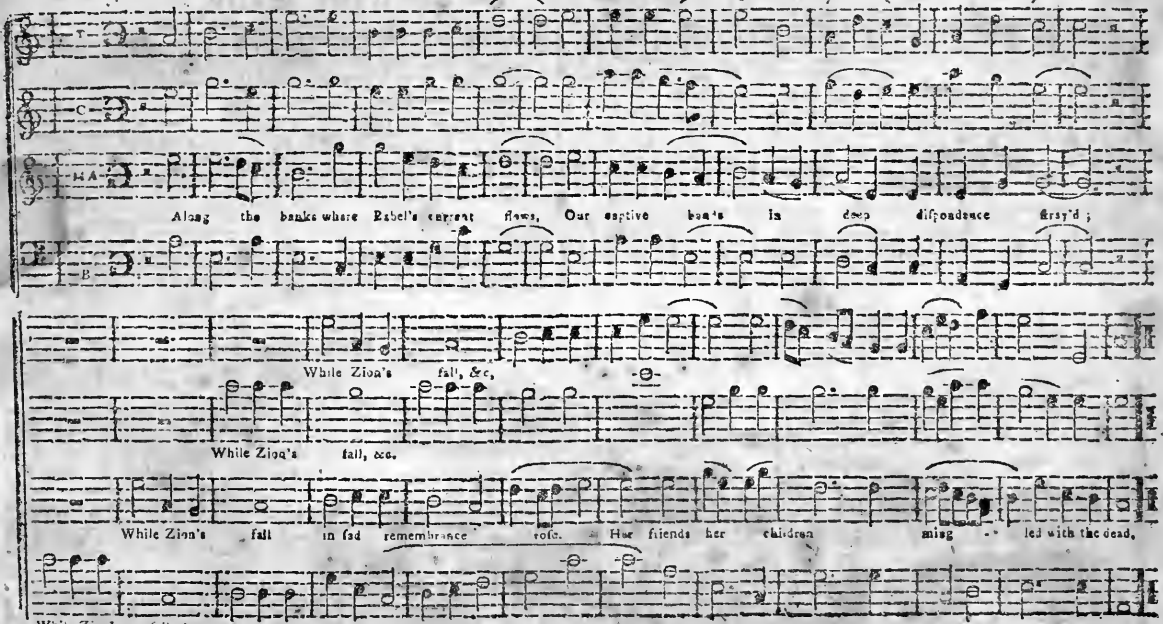
5. Death ſhall not impede your comfort,
Chriſt ſhall guide you thro' the gloom;
Down he'll ſend the Heavenly convert,
To convey your ſpirit home.
There you'll reign with Chriſt in pleaſure,
Free from every want and care;
Come O! come my bleſſed Saviour,
Fain my ſpirit would be there.

Liſbon. S. M.

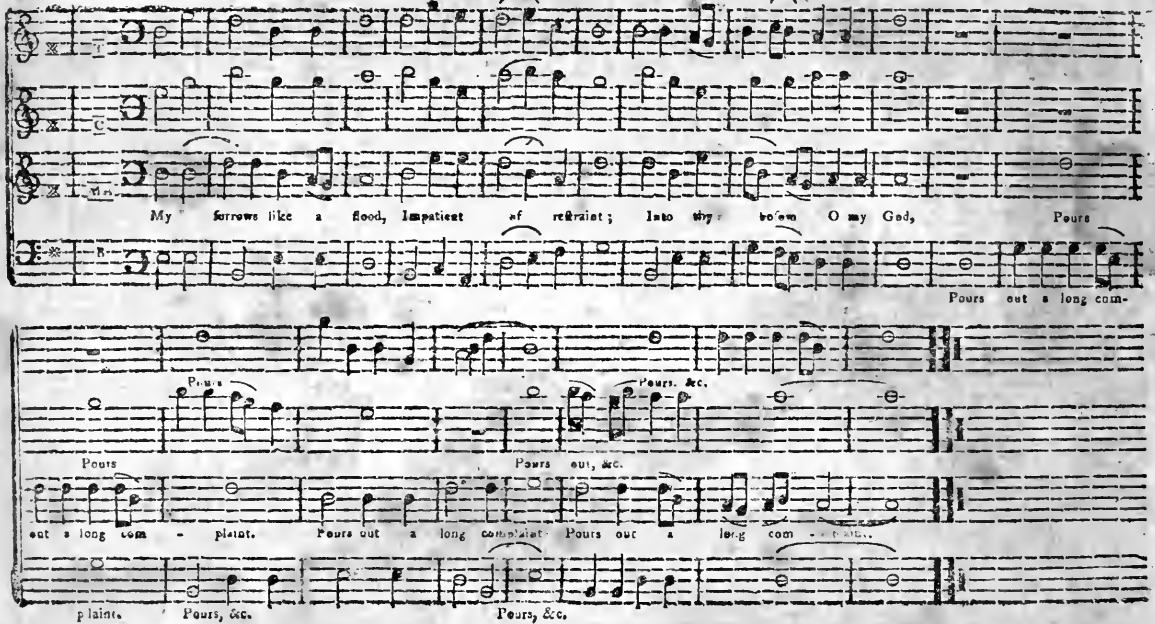


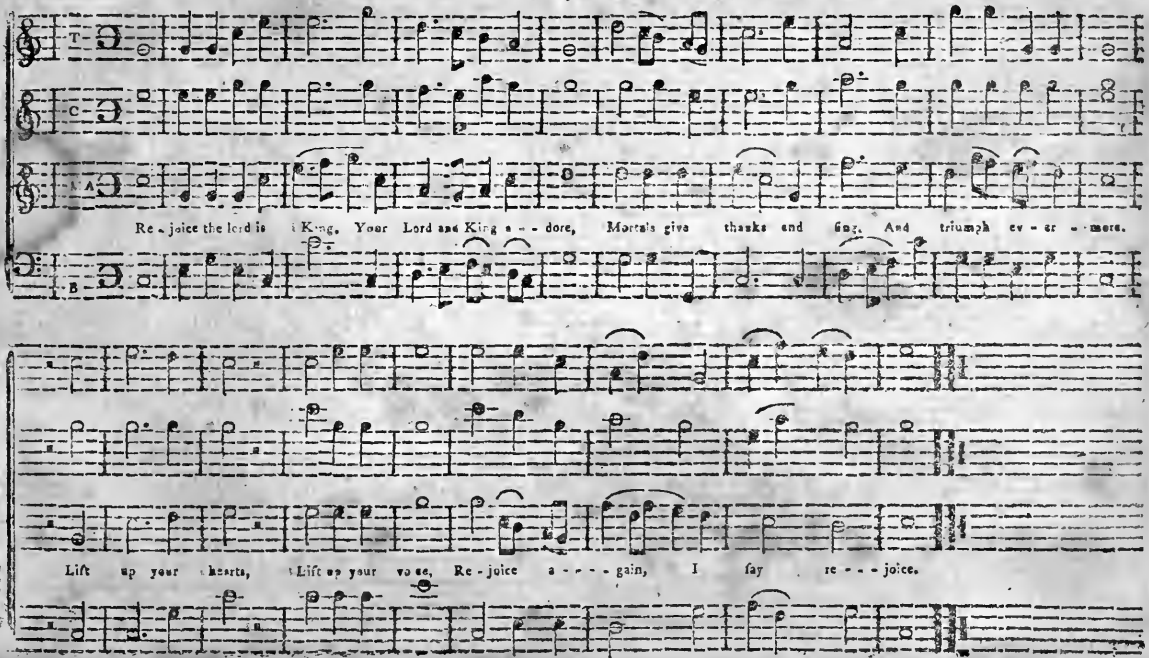
Granby. P. M. As the 84th. Pſalm.



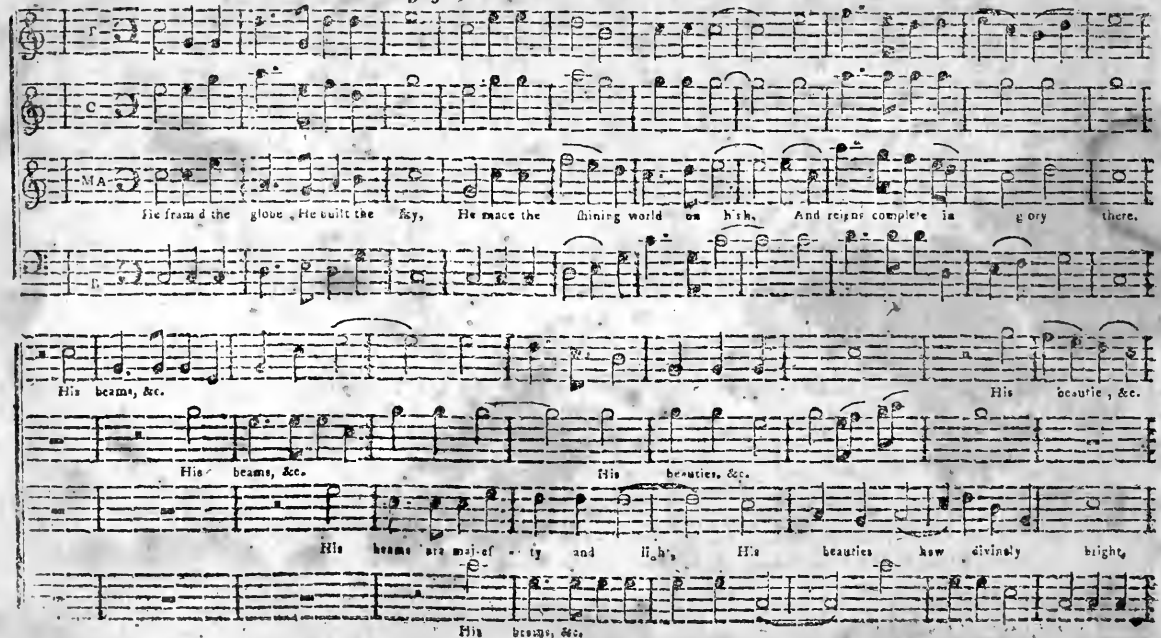

Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive band's in deep diſpondence ſtray'd;
While Zion's fall, &c,
While Zion's fall, &c.
While Zion's fall in ſad remembrance roſe. Her friends her children ming led with the dead,
While Zion's fall, &c.

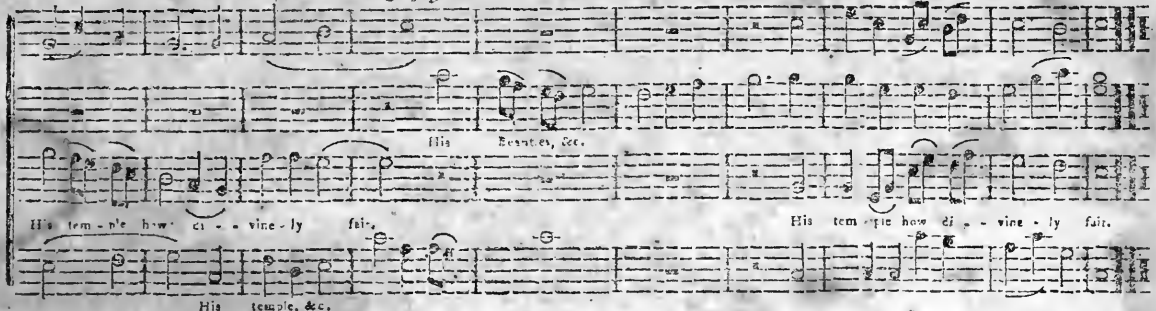
Boxford. S. M.


My sorrows like a flood, Impatient of restraint; Into thy bosom O my God, Pours
Pours out a long com-
Pours
Pours, &c.
Pours
Pours out, &c.
out a long com - plaint. Pours out a long complaint. Pours out a long com - plaint.
plaint. Pours, &c.
Pours, &c.

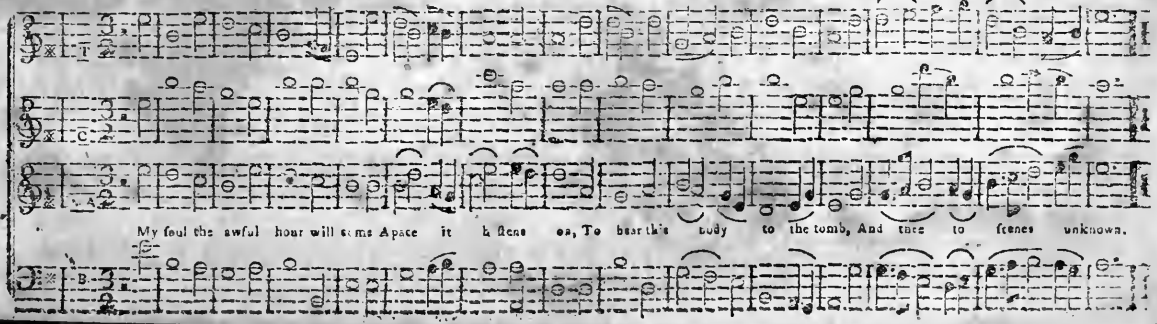

Re - joice the lord is King, Your Lord and King a - - dore, Mortals give thanks and ſing, And triumph ev - er - more.
Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Re - joice a - - - - gain, I ſay re - - - joice.

Majesty. P. M.

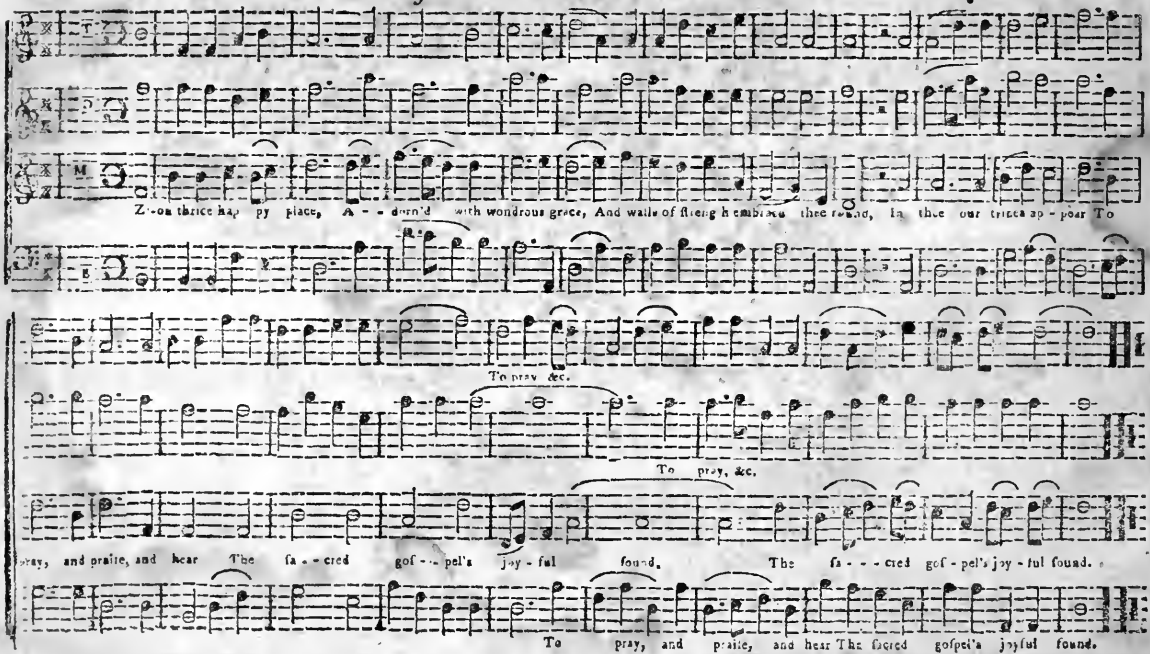

He fram'd the globe, He built the sky, He mace the shining world on high, And reigns complete in glory there.
His beams, &c.
His beauties, &c.
His beams, &c.
His beauties, &c.
His beams are majesty and light, His beauties how divinely bright.
His beams, &c.

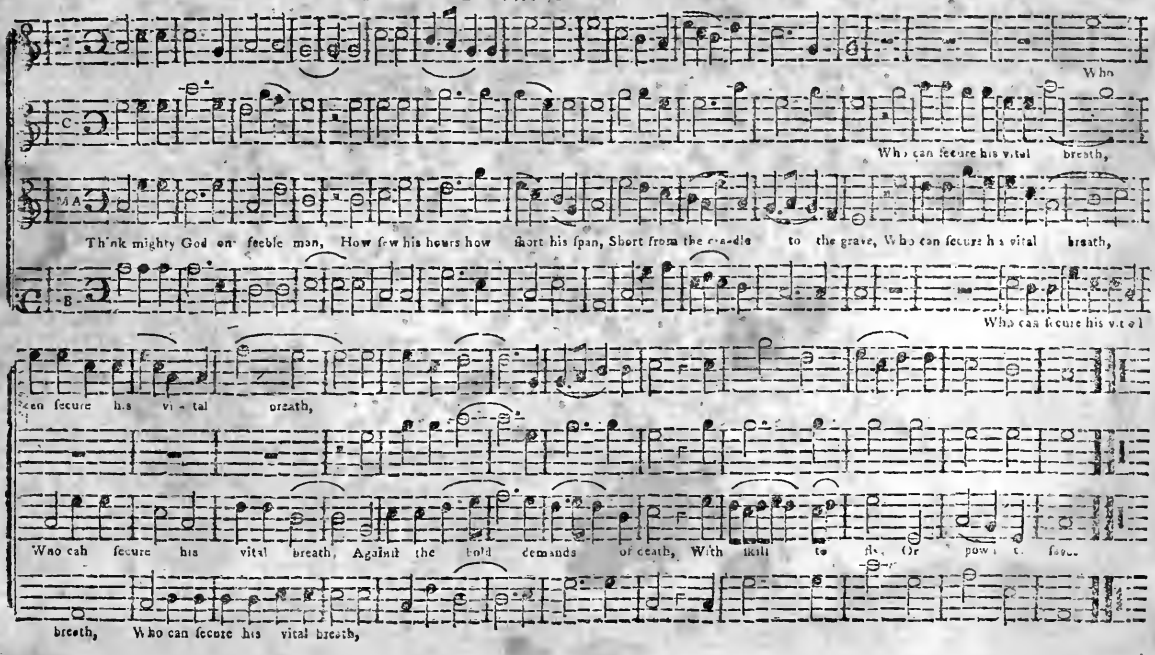

His Beauties, &c.
His tem - ple how di - vine - ly fair,
His tem - ple how di - vine - ly fair.
His temple, &c.

Milton. C. M.

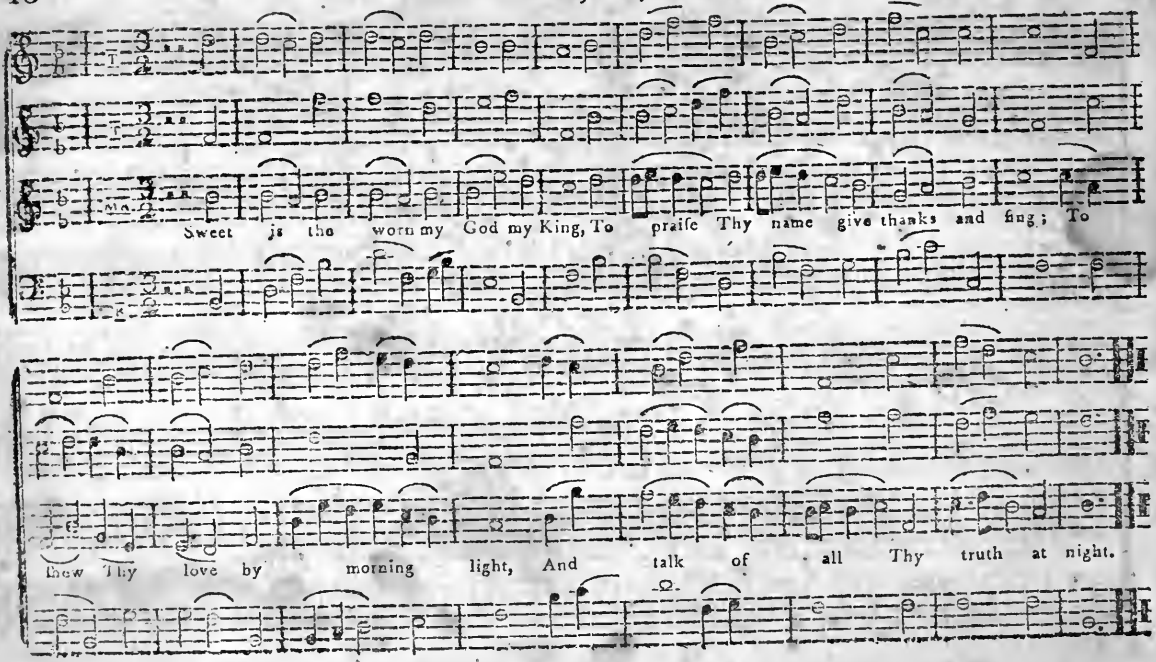

My soul the awful hour will come Apace it hastens on, To bear this body to the tomb, And take to scenes unknown.

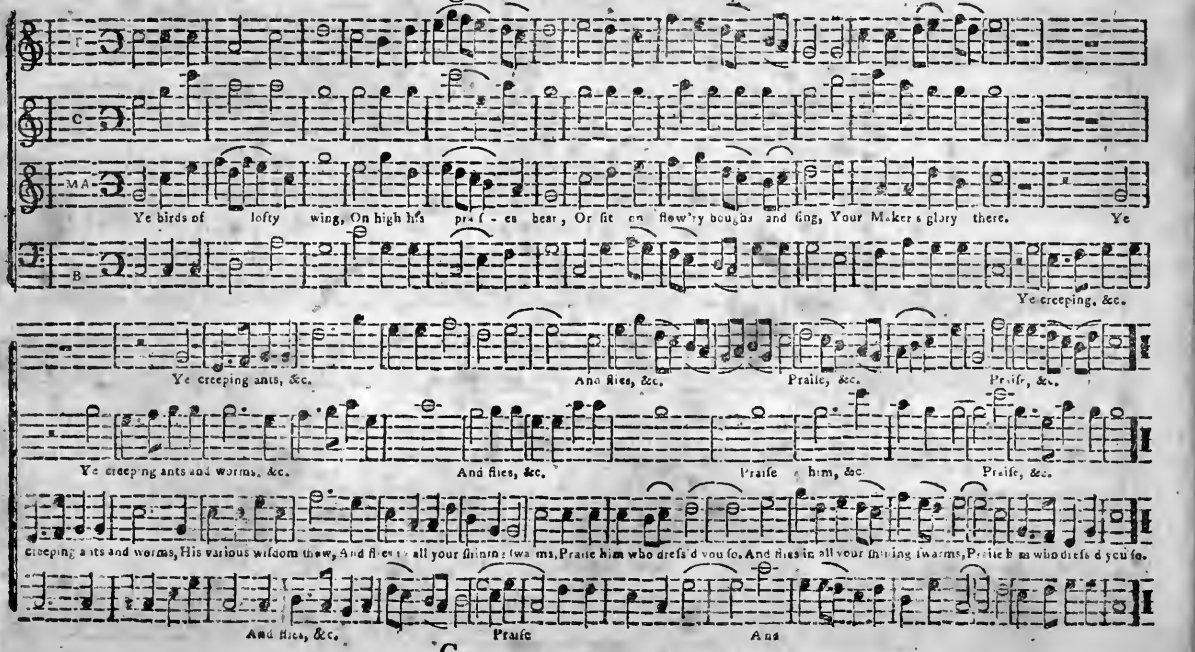
Halifax. P. M. As the 122d Pſalm.



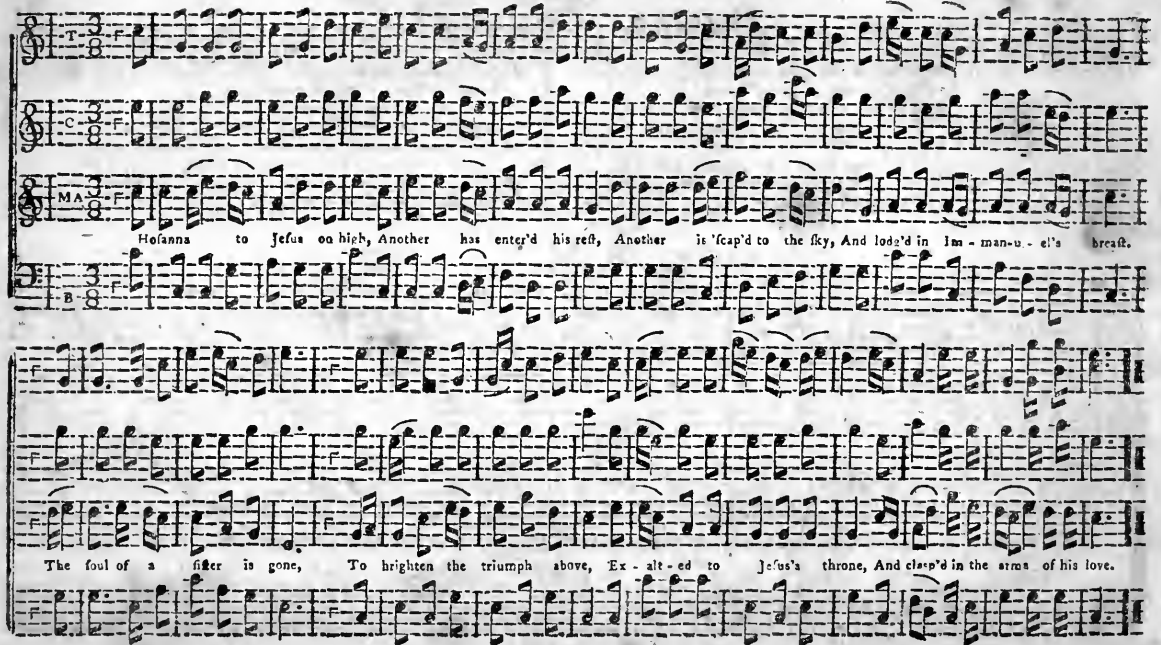

Who
Who can fecure his vital breath,
Think mighty God on feeble man, How few his hours how fhort his fpan, Short from the cradle to the grave, Who can fecure his vital breath,
Who can fecure his vital
can fecure his vital breath,
Who can fecure his vital breath, Againft the bold demands of death, With fkill to fly, Or power to face,
breath, Who can fecure his vital breath,

Portland. L, M,


Sweet is the worn my God my King, To praise Thy name give thanks and sing; To
shew Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.


Ye birds of lofty wing, On high his praf - es bear, Or fit on flow'ry boughs and fing, Your Maker's glory there. Ye
Ye creeping, &c.
Ye creeping ants, &c.
And flies, &c.
Praife, &c.
Praife, &c.
Ye creeping ants and worms, &c.
And flies, &c.
Praife him, &c.
Praife, &c.
Creeping ants and worms, His various wifdom fhew, And flies in all your fhining fwarms, Praife him who dreſs'd you ſo. And flies in all your fhining fwarms, Praife him who dreſs'd you ſo.
And flies, &c.
Praife
And

Franklin. 8 & 8.


T
C
MA
B
Hoſanna to Jeſus on high, Another has enter'd his reſt, Another is 'ſcap'd to the ſky, And lode'd in Im - man-u - el's breaſt.
The ſoul of a ſiſter is gone, To brighten the triumph above, Ex - alt - ed to Jeſus's throne, And claſp'd in the arms of his love.

Franklin. Continued.

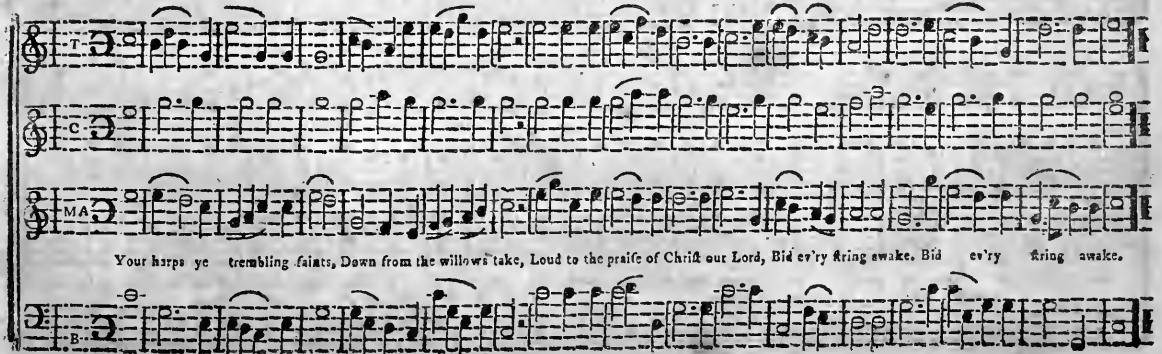
(2)

How happy the Angels that fall,
Tranſported at Jeſus' name,
The Saints whom he ſooneſt ſhall call;
To ſhare in the feaſt of the Lamb,
No longer impriſon'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon ſhall fly,
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away.
My merciful God, is it I?

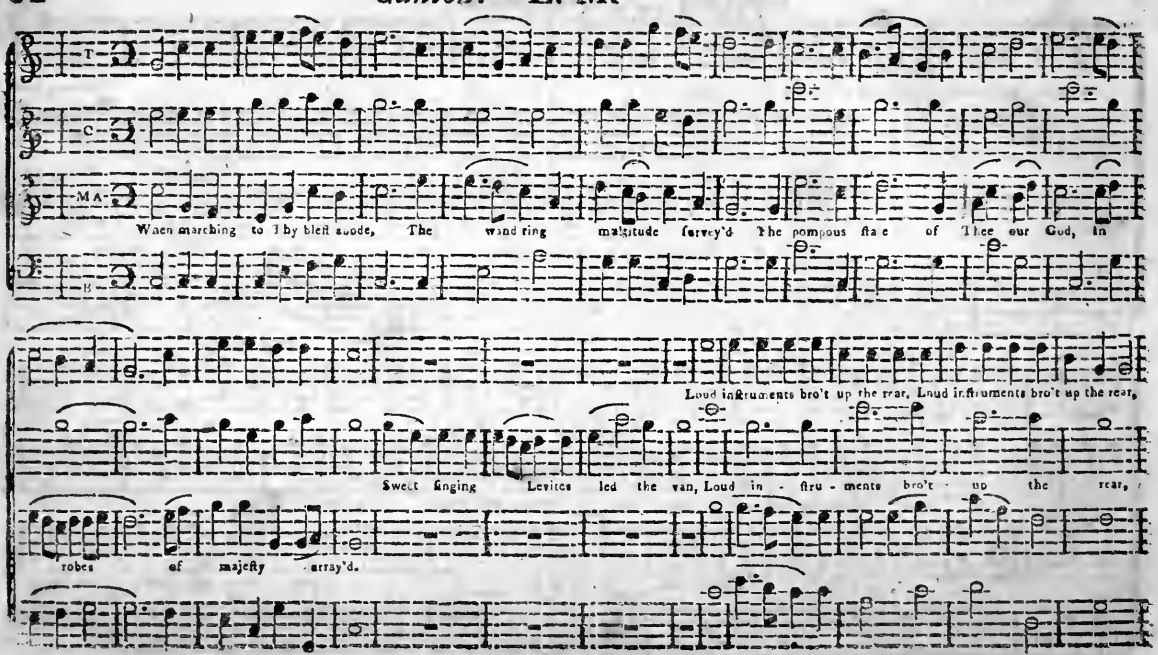
(3)

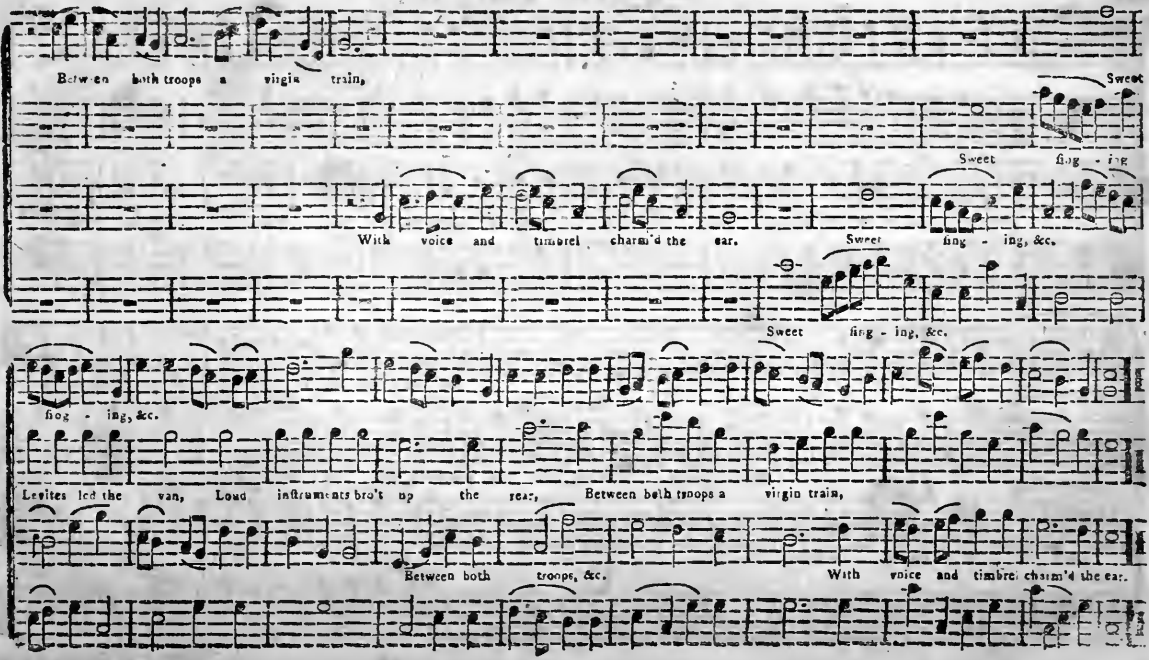
O Jeſus, if this be thy will,
That ſuddenly I ſhould depart,
Thy council of mercy reveal;
And whiſper the call to my heart:
O! give me a ſignal to know,
If ſoon thou would'ſt have me to move,
And leave this dull body below.
And fly to the regions of Love.

Volta. S. M.

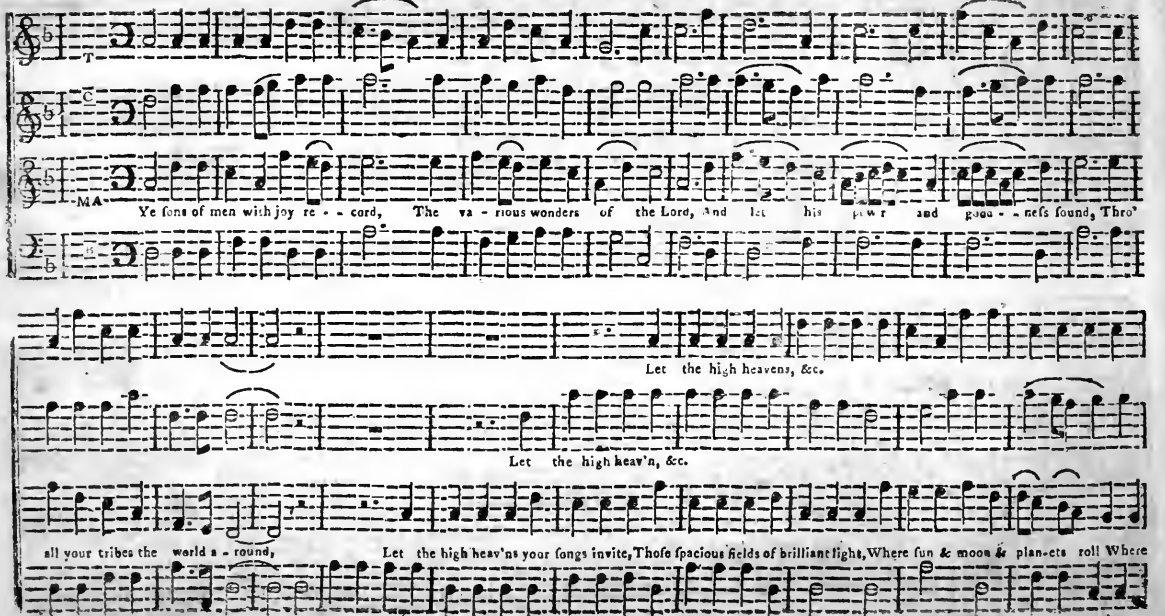


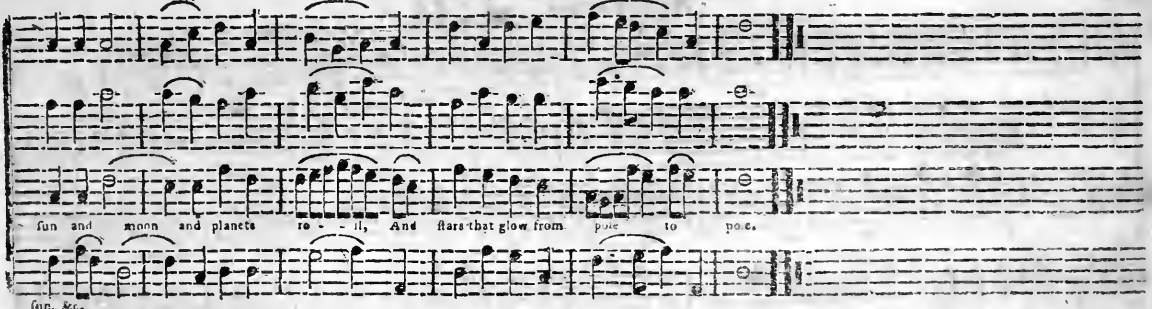
Canton. L. M.


MA
When marching to Thy bleſt abode, The wand'ring multitude ſurvey'd The pompous ſtate of Thee our God, In
Loud inſtruments bro't up the rear, Loud inſtruments bro't up the rear,
Sweet ſinging Levites led the van, Loud in - ſtru - ments bro't up the rear,
robes of majeſty array'd.

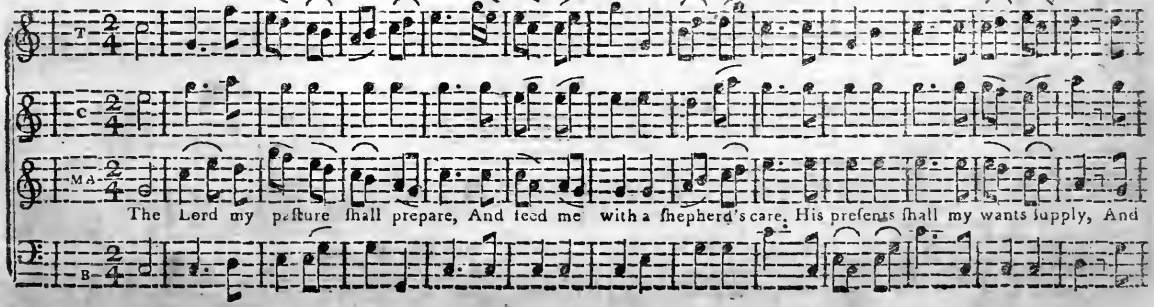

Between both troops a virgin train,
Sweet
Sweet sing - ing
With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
Sweet sing - ing, &c.
Sweet sing - ing, &c.
sing - ing, &c.
Levites led the van, Loud instruments bro't up the rear, Between both troops a virgin train,
Between both troops, &c.
With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.

Montague. L. M.

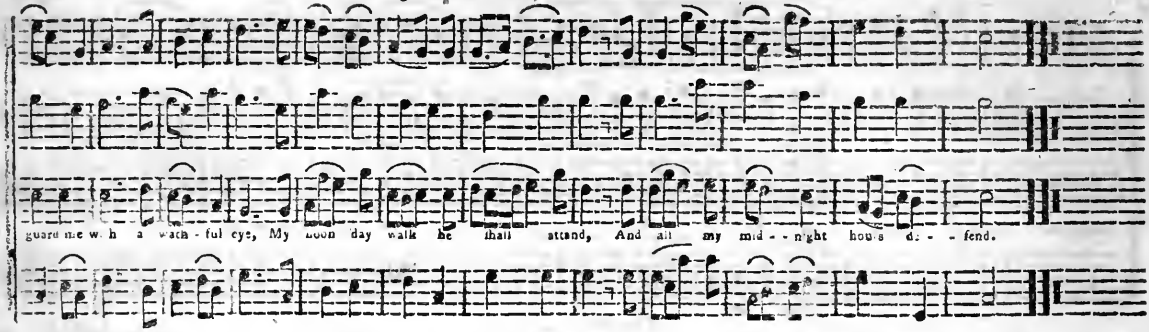

Ye sons of men with joy re - - cord, The va - rious wonders of the Lord, And let his pow'r and good - - ness sound, Thro'
Let the high heavens, &c.
Let the high heav'n, &c.
all your tribes the world a - round,
Let the high heav'ns your songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun & moon & plan-ets roll Where



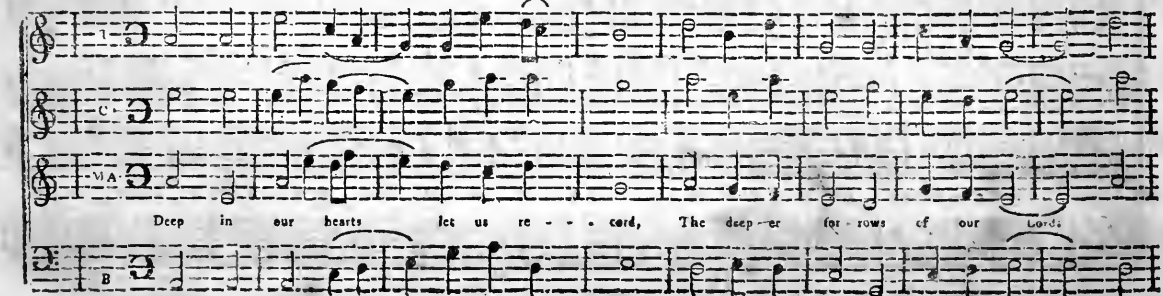
Pitſtown. Six lines, 8 & 8.

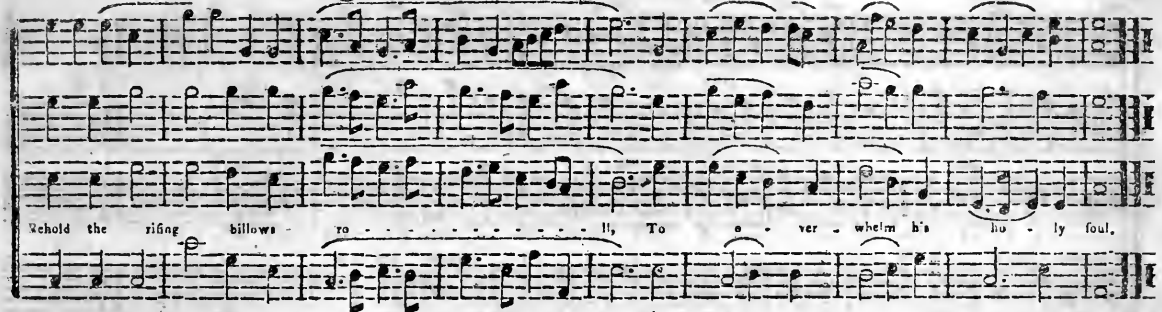


Pitstown. Continued.

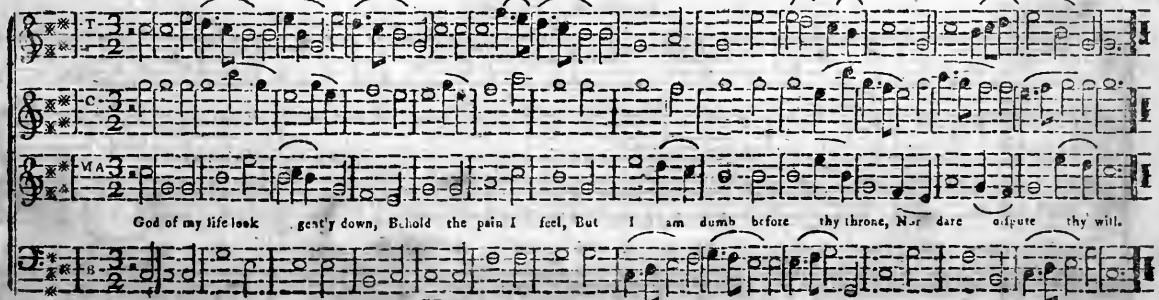


Leghorn. L. M.

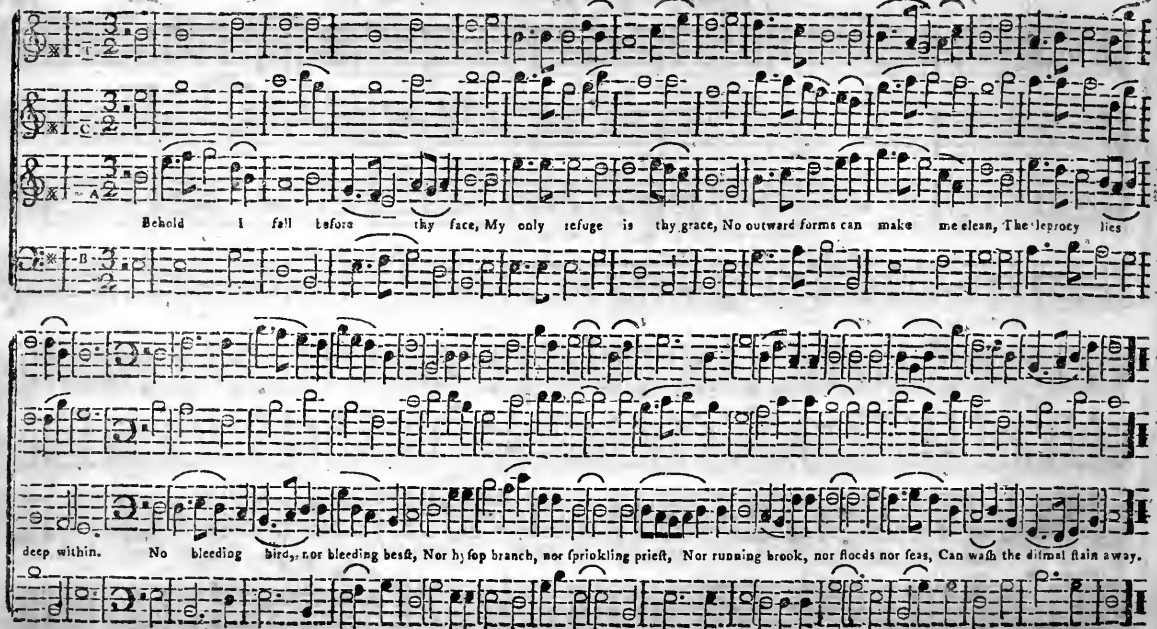


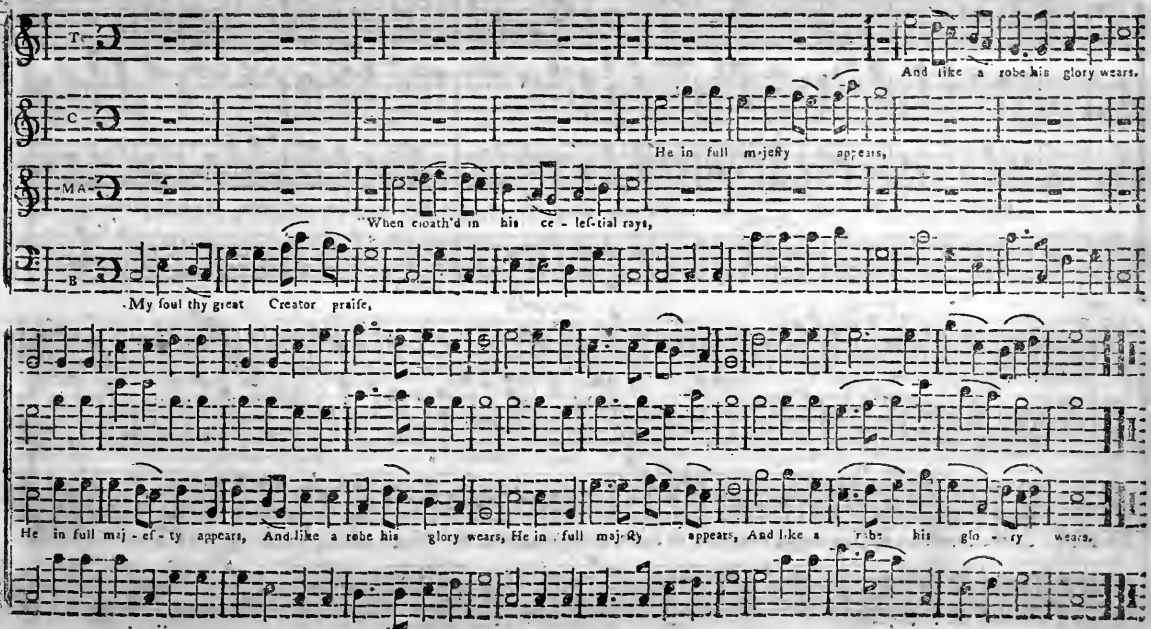

Behold the rising billows ro - ll, To o - ver - whelm his ho - ly soul.

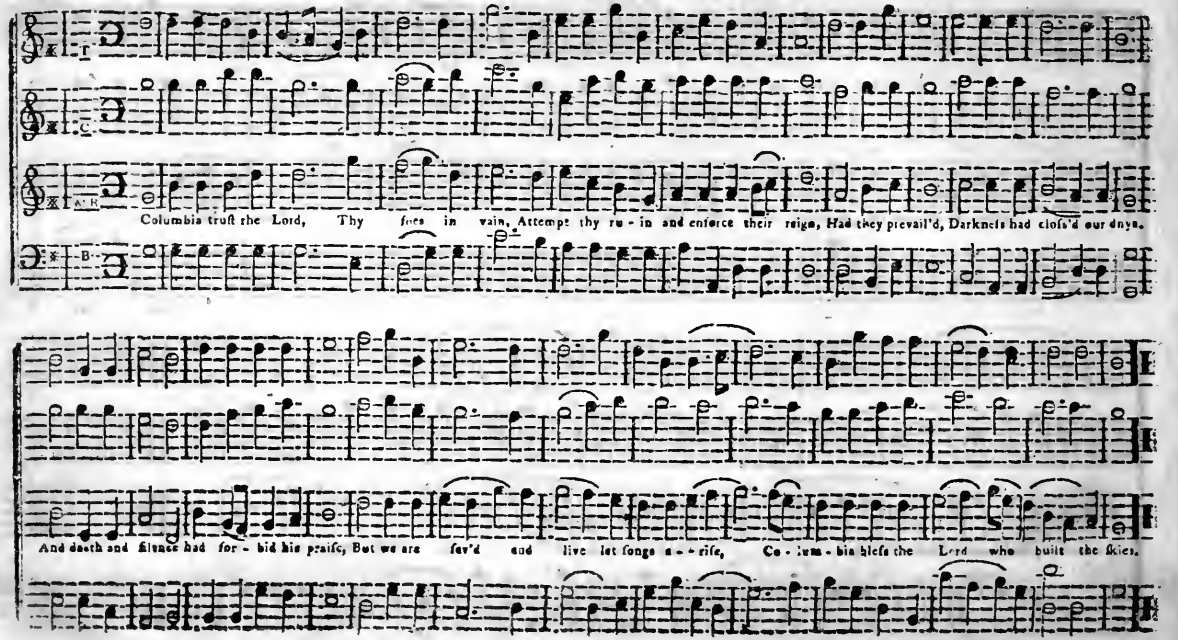
Poland. L. M.

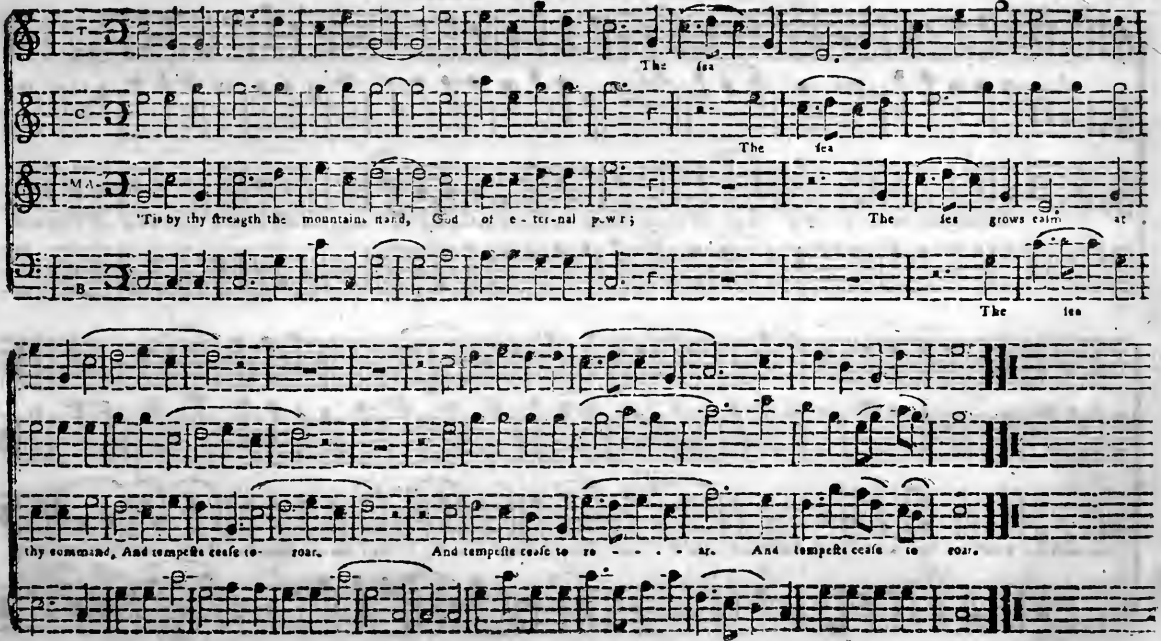

T.
C.
MA
B.
God of my life look gent'ly down, Behold the pain I feel, But I am dumb before thy throne, Nor dare dispute thy will.

Balloon. L. M.

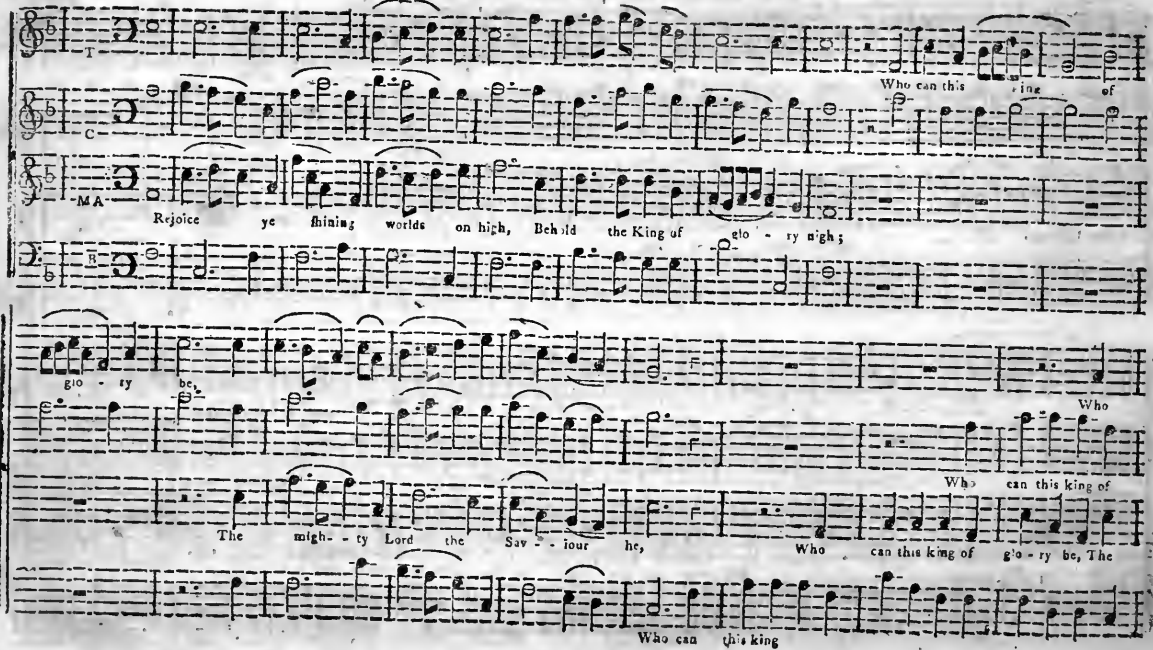

Behold I fall before thy face, My only refuge is thy grace, No outward forms can make me clean, The leprocy lies
deep within. No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beaſt, Nor hyſop branch, nor ſprinkling prieſt, Nor running brook, nor floods nor ſeas, Can waſh the dismal ſtain away.

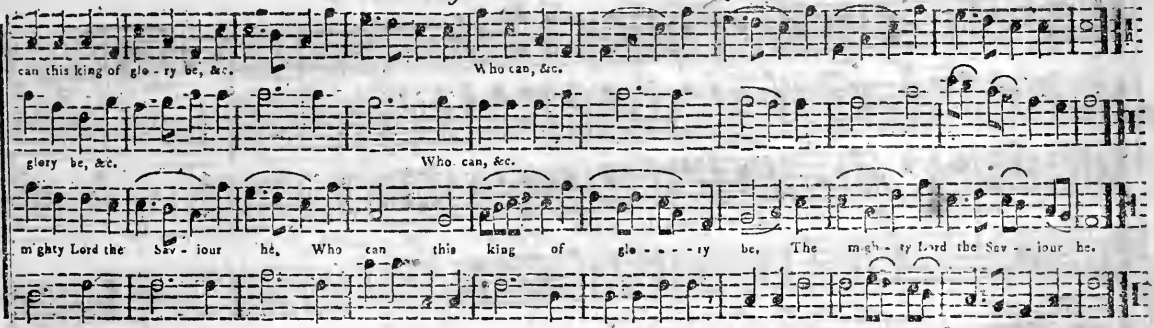

T
C
MA
B
And like a robe his glory wears.
He in full majesty appears,
When cloath'd in his ce - lef-tial rays,
My soul thy great Creator praiſe,
He in full maj - eſ - ty appears, And like a robe his glory wears, He in full majeſty appears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.


Columbia truſt the Lord, Thy foes in vain, Attempt thy ru - in and enforce their reign, Had they prevail'd, Darkneſs had cloſs'd our dyes.
And death and ſilence had for - bid his praiſe, But we are ſav'd and live let ſongs a - - riſe, Co - lum - bia bleſs the Lord who built the ſkies.

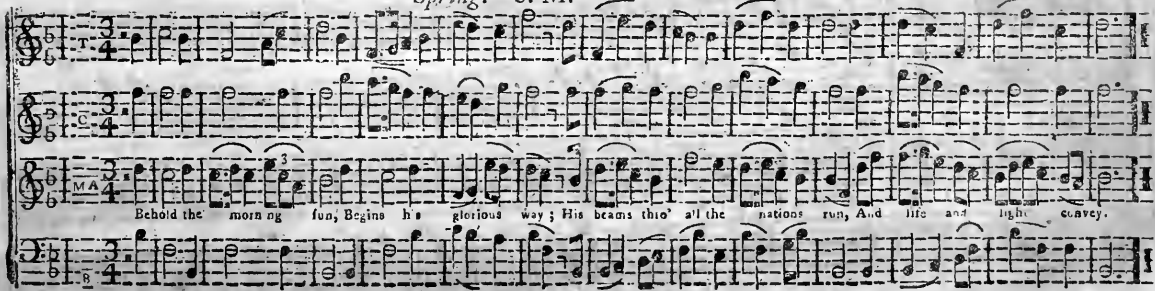

The sea
The sea
MA
'Tis by thy streagth the mountains stand, God of e - ter-nal pow'r;
The sea grows calm at
The sea
thy command, And tempests cease to- roar.
And tempests cease to ro - - - - ar. And tempests cease to roar.

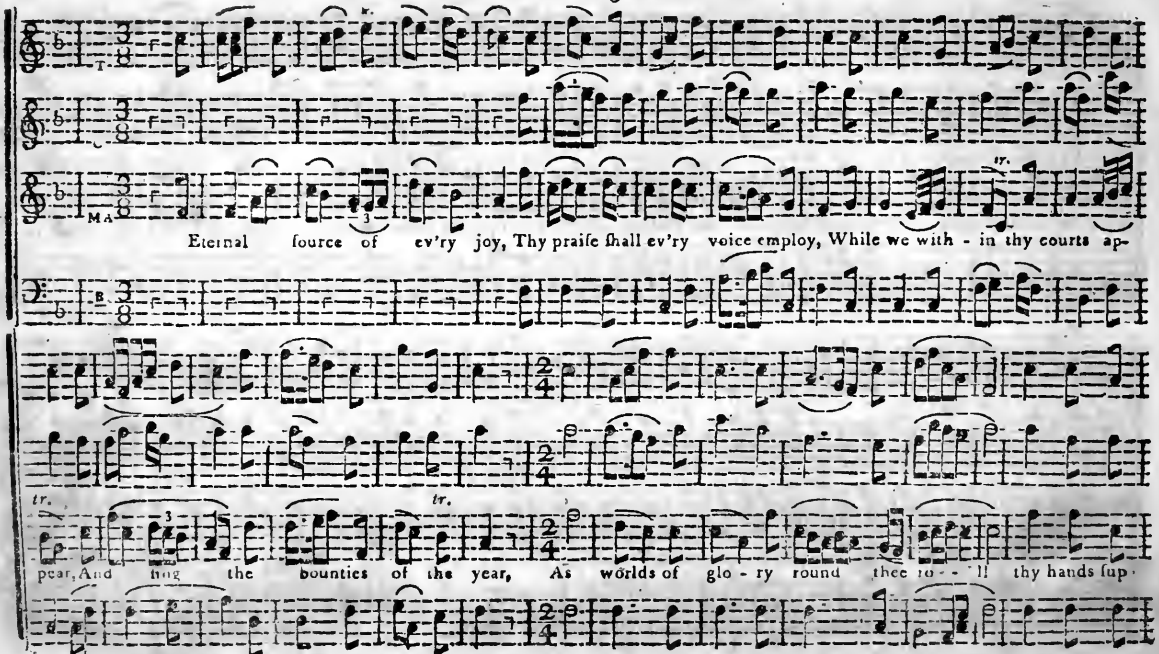
Briſtol. L. M.

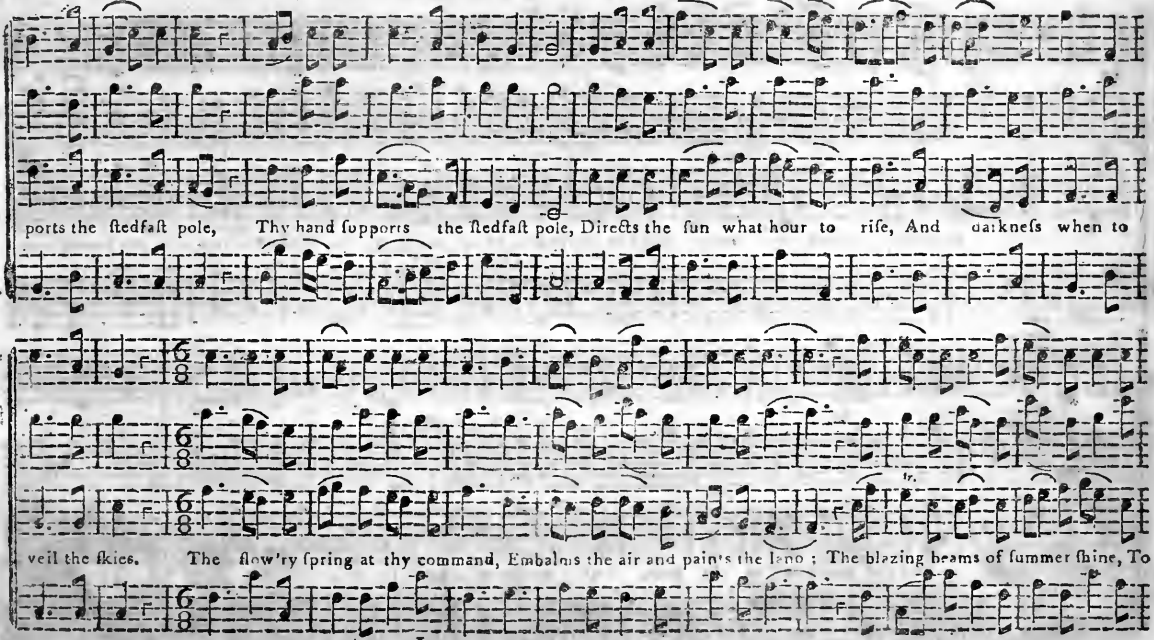

Who can this king of
MA
Rejoice ye ſhining worlds on high, Behold the King of glo - ry nigh;
glo - ry be,
Who
Who can this king of
The migh - ty Lord the Sav - iour he,
Who can this king of glo - ry be, The
Who can this king

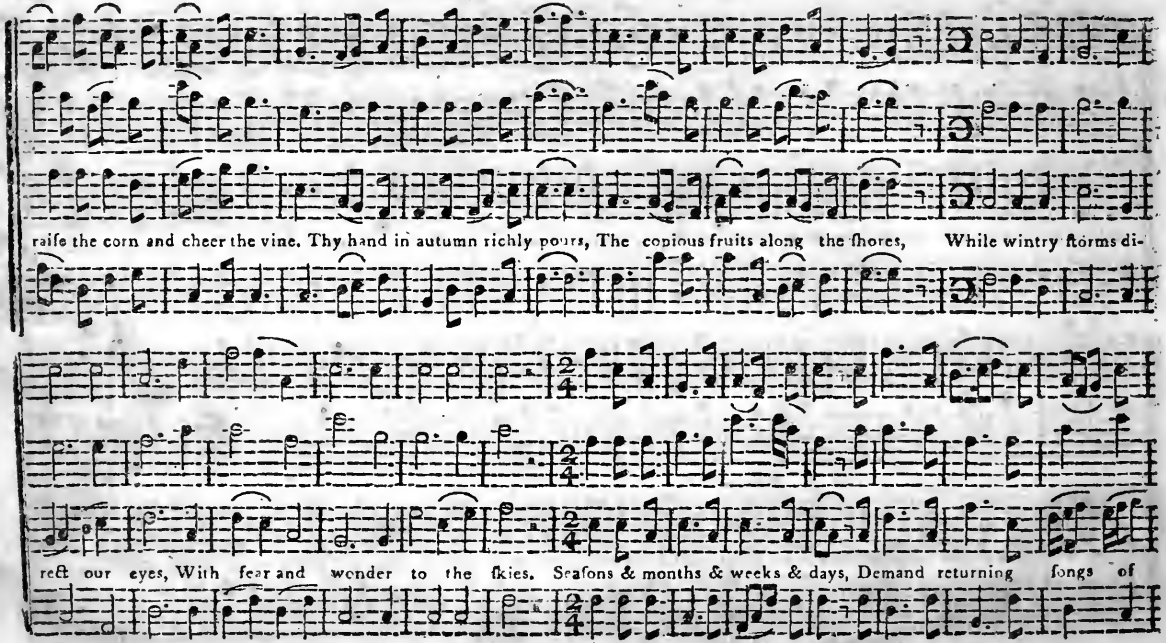

can this king of glo - ry be, &c.
Who can, &c.
glory be, &c.
Who can, &c.
mighty Lord the Sav - iour he, Who can this king of glo - - - - ry be, The migh - ty Lord the Sav - - iour he.

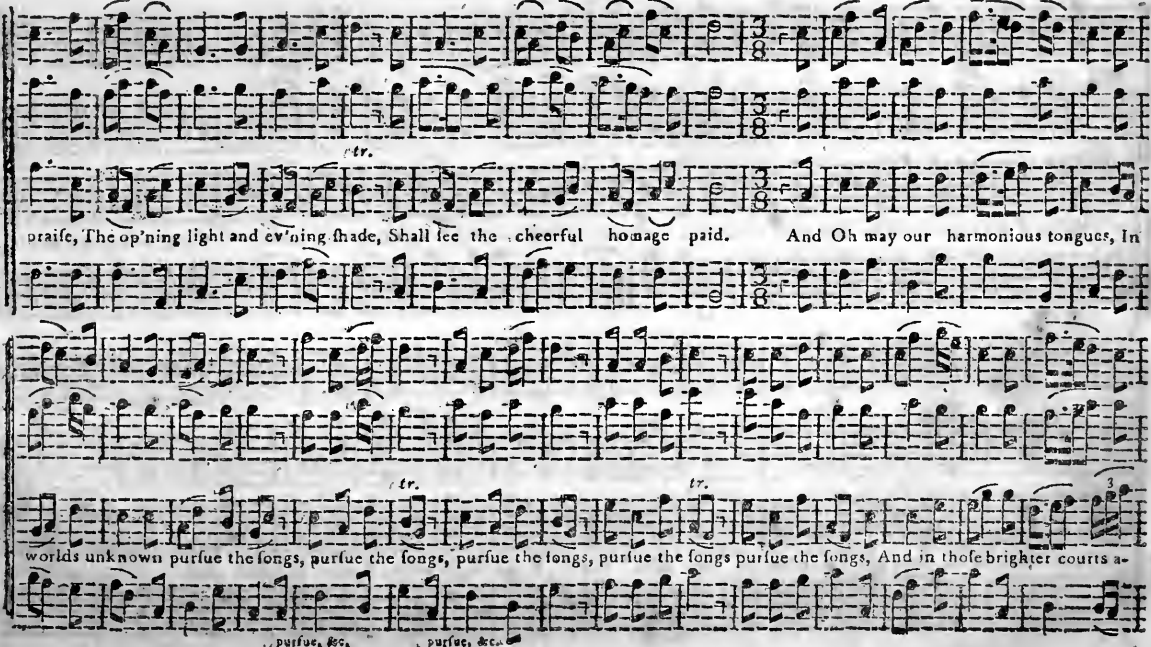
Spring. S. M.

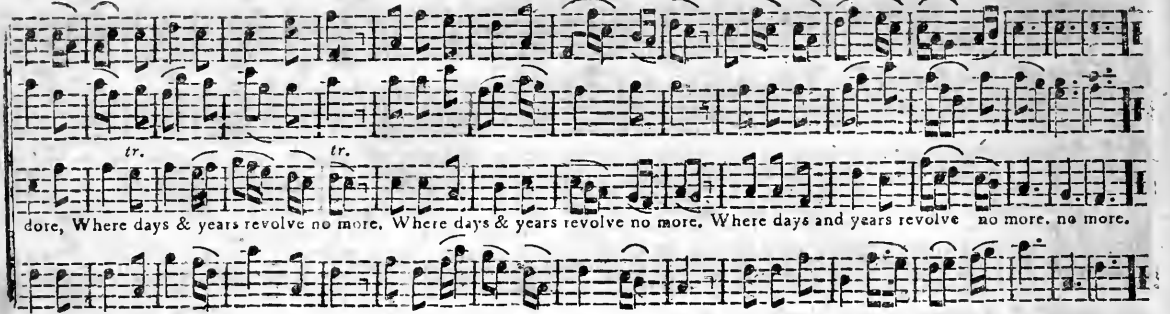

T.
C.
MA.
Behold the morn ng ſun, Begins his glorious way; His beams thro' all the nations run, And life and light convey.


Eternal fource of ev'ry joy, Thy praiſe ſhall ev'ry voice employ, While we with - in thy courts ap-
pear, And ſing the bounties of the year, As worlds of glo - ry round thee ro - - ll thy hands ſup-

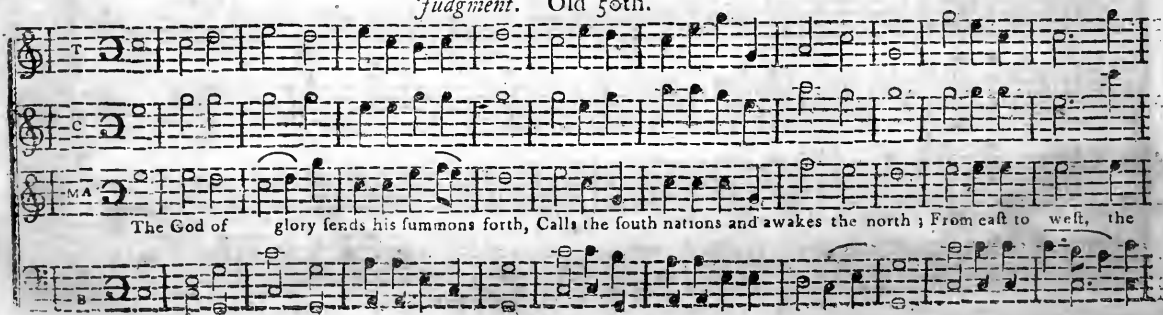

ports the ſtedfaſt pole, Thy hand ſupports the ſtedfaſt pole, Directs the ſun what hour to riſe, And darkneſs when to
veil the ſkies. The flow'ry ſpring at thy command, Embalms the air and pain's the land; The blazing beams of ſummer ſhine, To

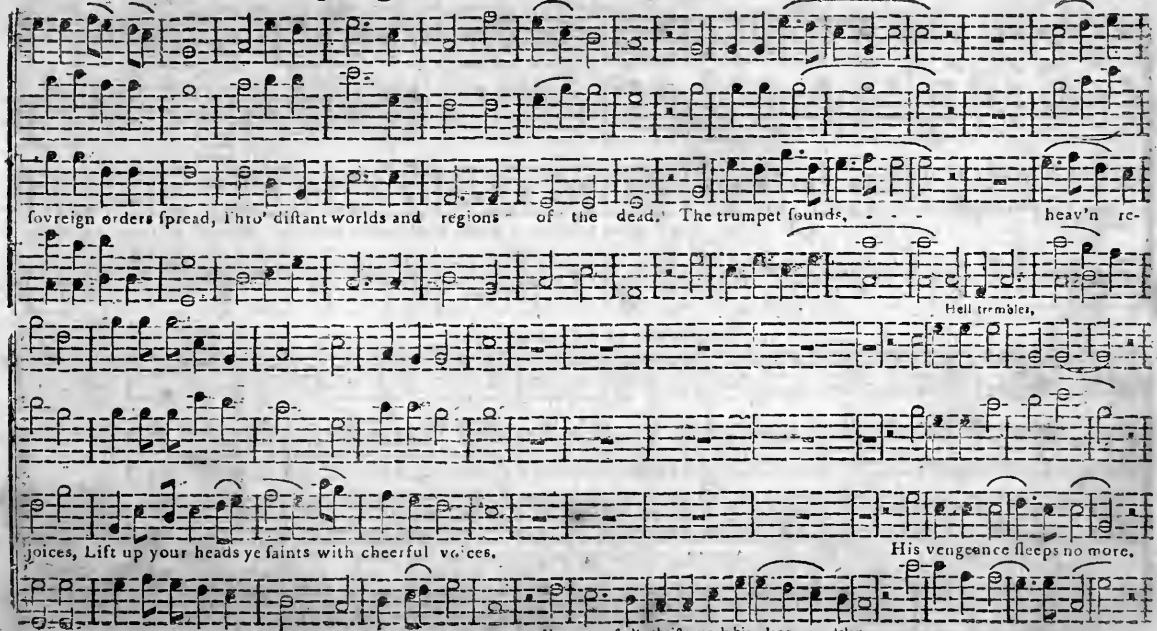

raise the corn and cheer the vine. Thy hand in autumn richly pours, The copious fruits along the shores, While wintry storms di-
rect our eyes, With fear and wonder to the skies. Seasons & months & weeks & days, Demand returning songs of

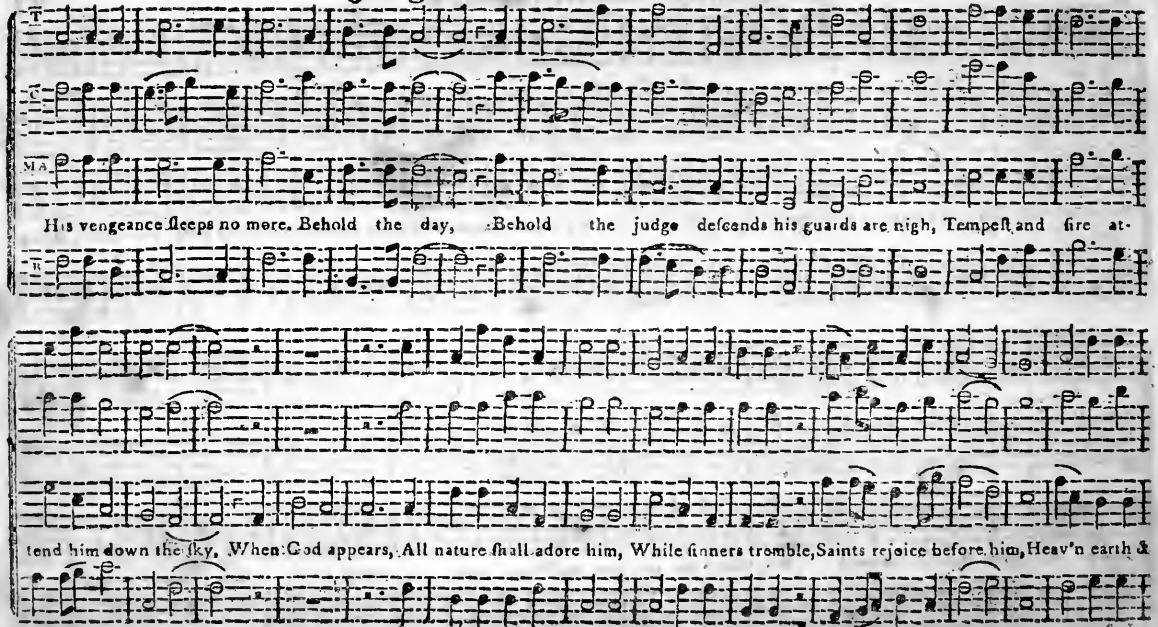

tr.
praise, The op'ning light and ev'ning shade, Shall see the cheerful homage paid. And Oh may our harmonious tongues, In
tr.
tr.
worlds unknown pursue the songs, pursue the songs, pursue the songs, pursue the songs pursue the songs, And in those brighter courts a-
pursue, &c.
pursue, &c.

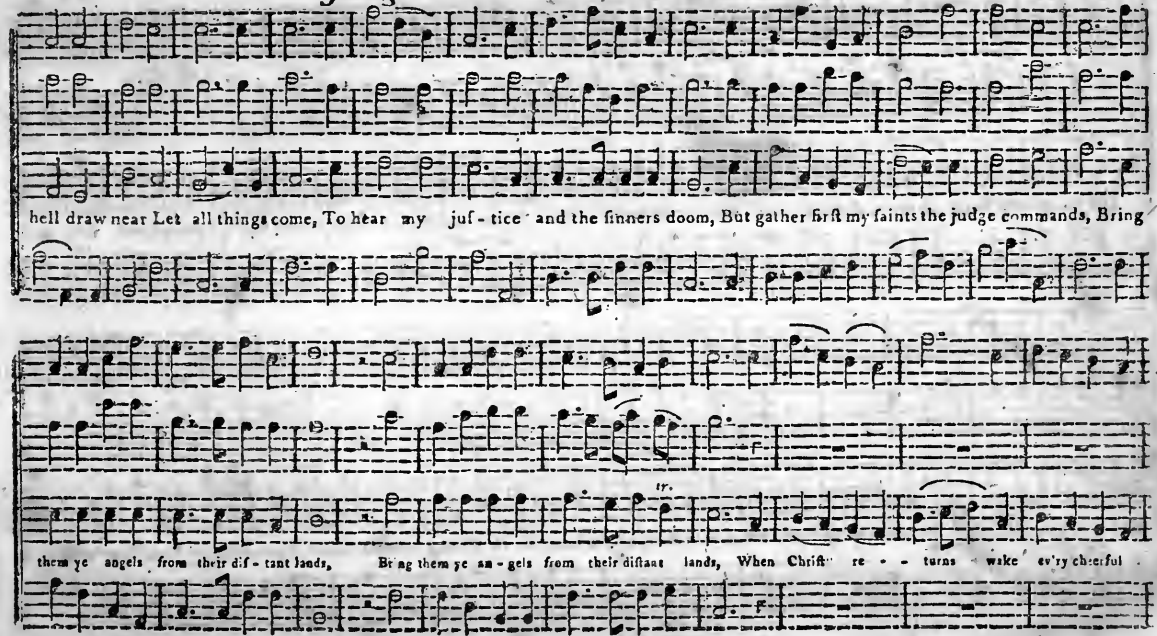


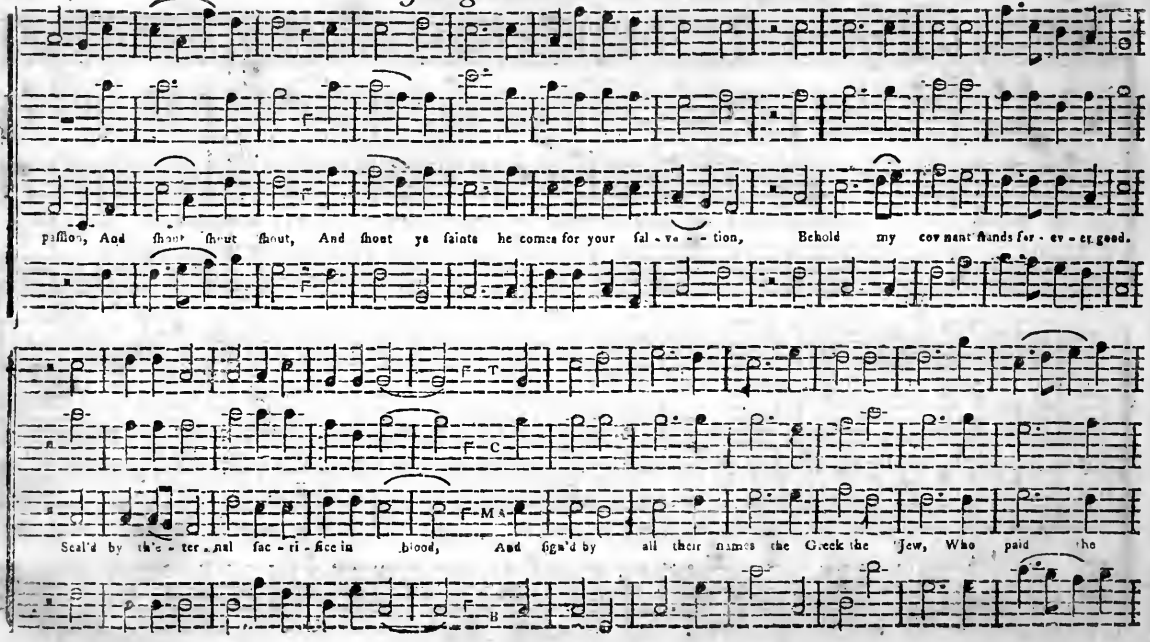
Judgment. Old 50th.

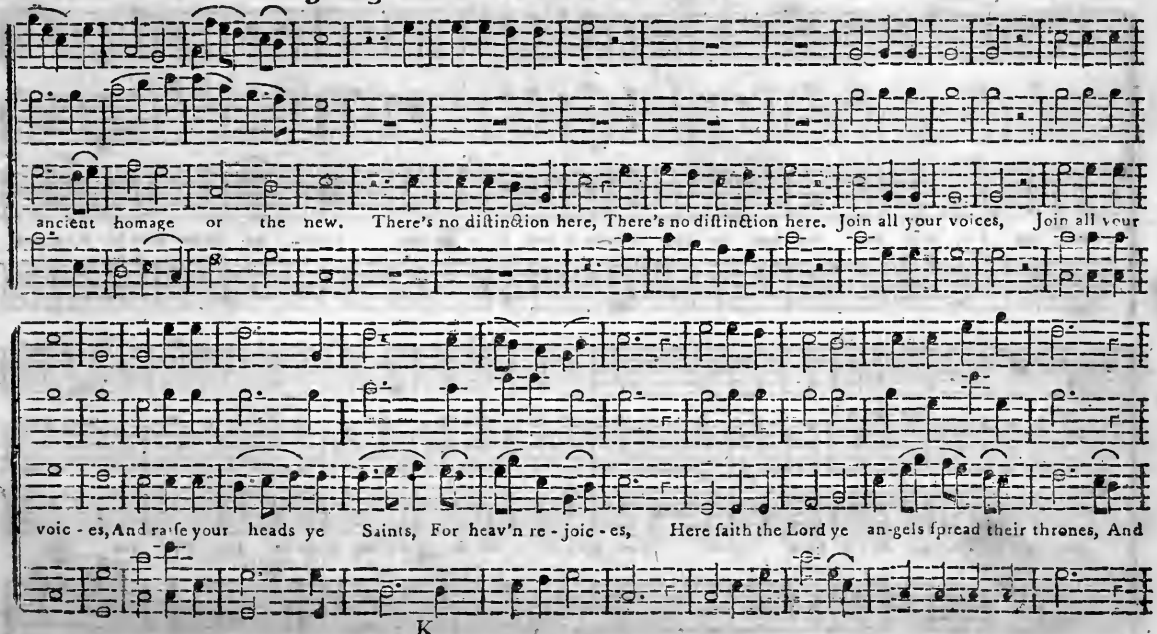



ſovreign orders ſpread, Thro' diſtant worlds and regions of the dead. The trumpet ſounds, heav'n re-
Hell trembles,
joices, Lift up your heads ye ſaints with cheerful voices,
His vengeance ſleeps no more.
No more ſhall atheiſts mock his long delay,

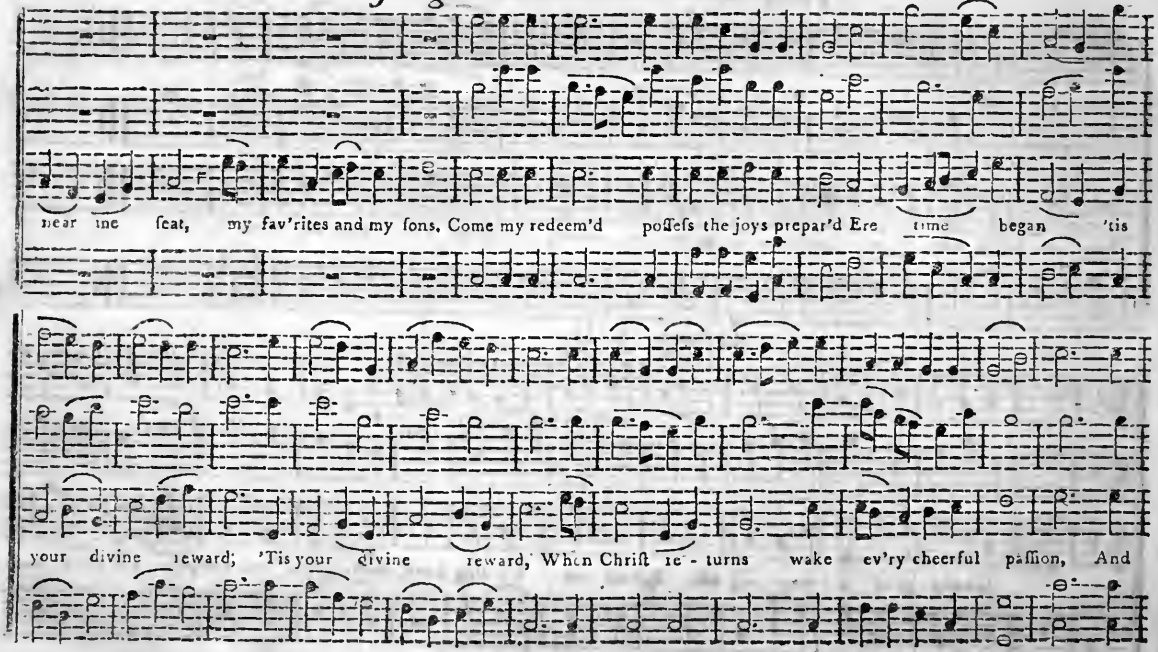

His vengeance sleeps no more. Behold the day, Behold the judge descends his guards are nigh, Tempest and fire at-
tend him down the sky, When God appears, All nature shall adore him, While sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him, Heav'n earth &

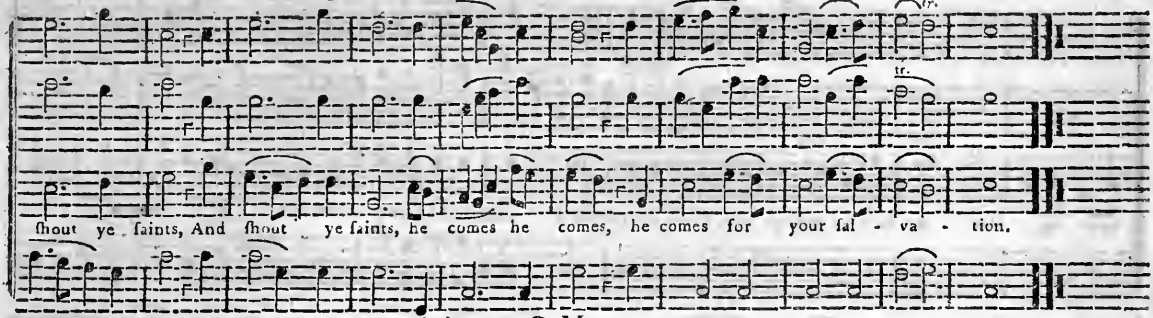

hell draw near Let all things come, To hear my juf - tice and the finners doom, But gather firft my faints the judge commands, Bring
them ye angels from their dif - tant lands, Bring them ye an - gels from their diftant lands, When Chrift re - - turns wake ev'ry cheerful
tr.


passion, And shout shout shout, And shout ye saints he comes for your sal - va - tion, Behold my cov nant stands for - ev - er good.
F C
F MA
Seal'd by th'e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice in blood, And sign'd by all their names the Greek the Jew, Who paid the
F B

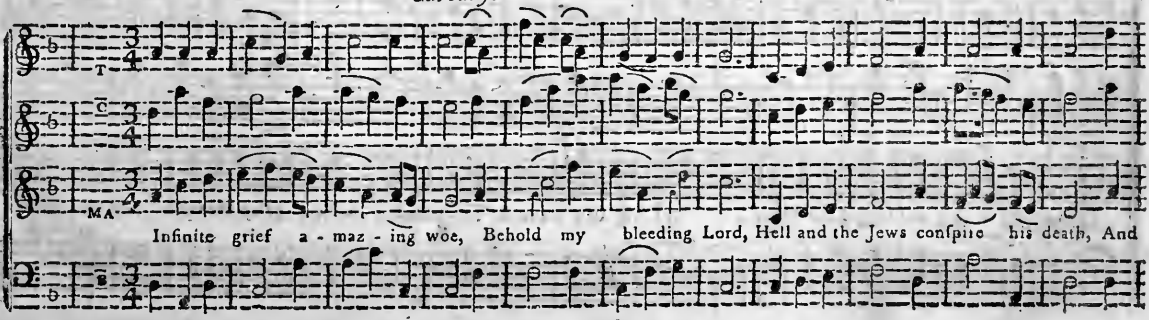

ancient homage or the new. There's no diſtinction here, There's no diſtinction here. Join all your voices, Join all your
voic - es, And raiſe your heads ye Saints, For heav'n re - joic - es, Here ſaith the Lord ye an-gels ſpread their thrones, And

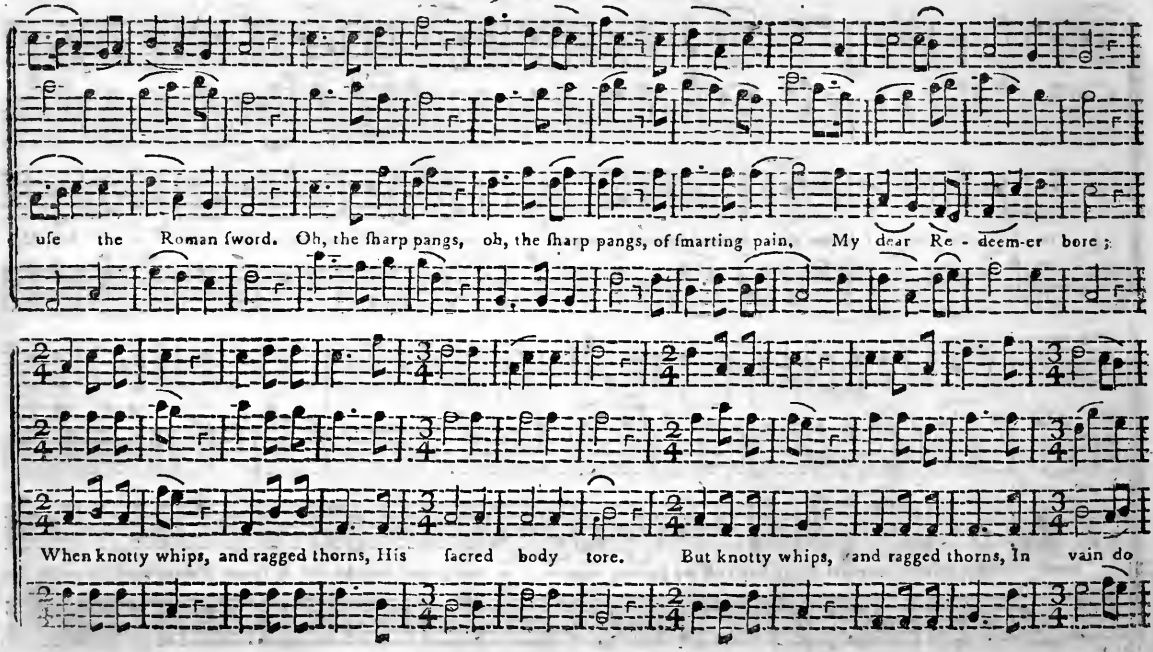
Judgment. Continued.

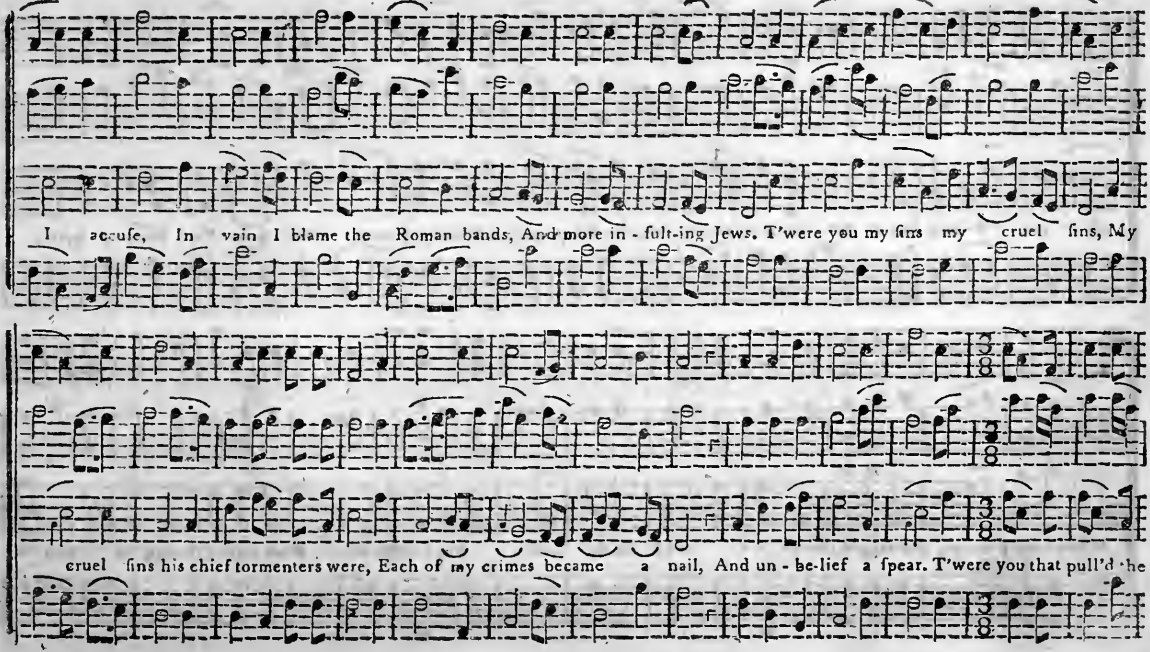



fhout ye faints, And fhout ye faints, he comes he comes, he comes for your fal - va - tion.

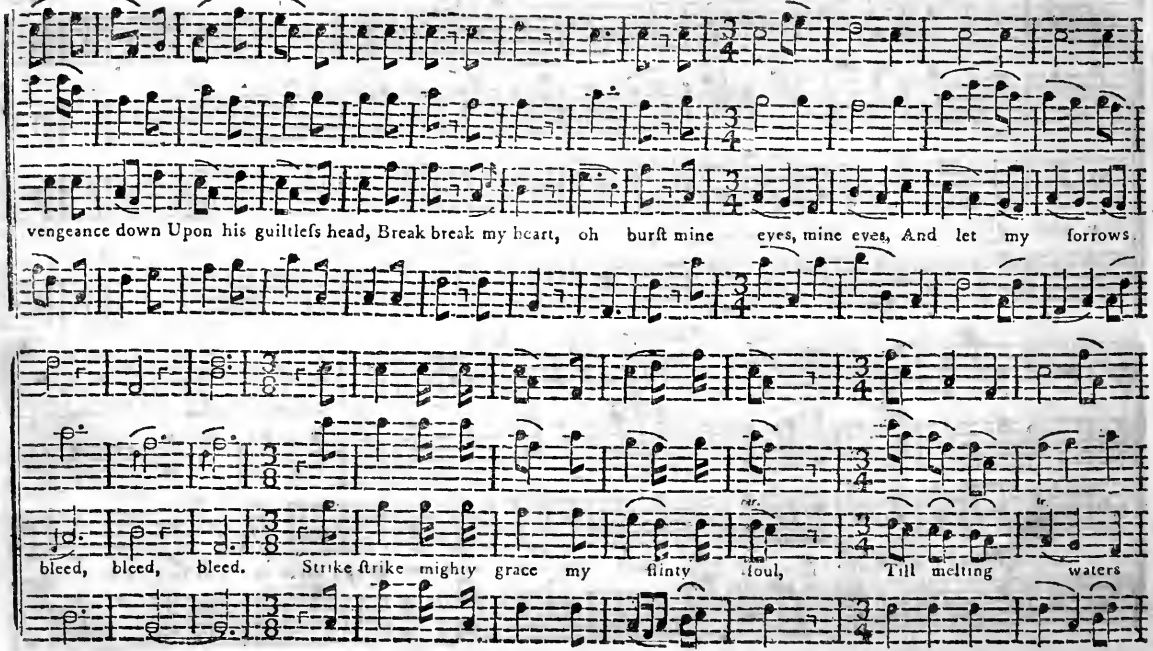
Calvary. C. M.

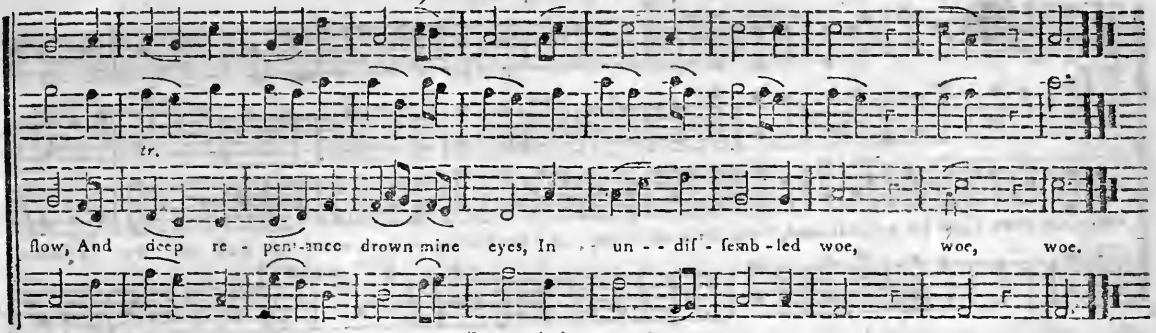

T
C
MA
Infinite grief a - maz - ing woe, Behold my bleeding Lord, Hell and the Jews conſpire his death, And


uſe the Roman ſword. Oh, the ſharp pangs, oh, the ſharp pangs, of ſmarting pain, My dear Re - deem-er bore;
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns, His ſacred body tore. But knotty whips, and ragged thorns, In vain do

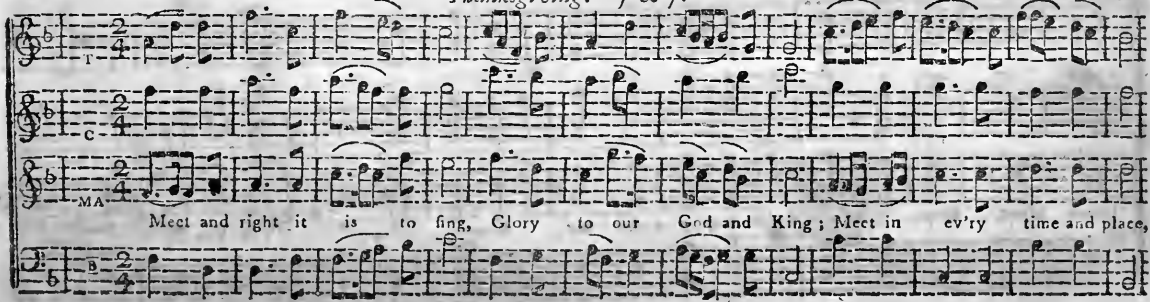

I accuſe, In vain I blame the Roman bands, And more in - ſult-ing Jews. T'were you my ſins my cruel ſins, My
cruel ſins his chief tormenters were, Each of my crimes became a nail, And un - be-lief a ſpear. T'were you that pull'd the

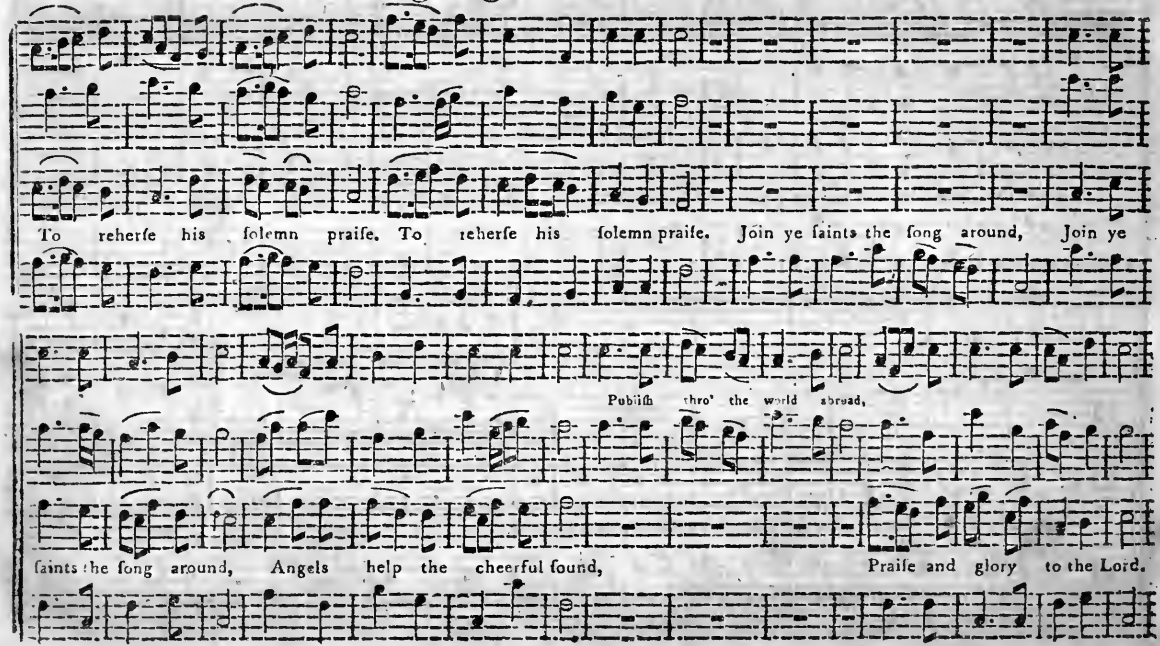
Calvary. Continued.

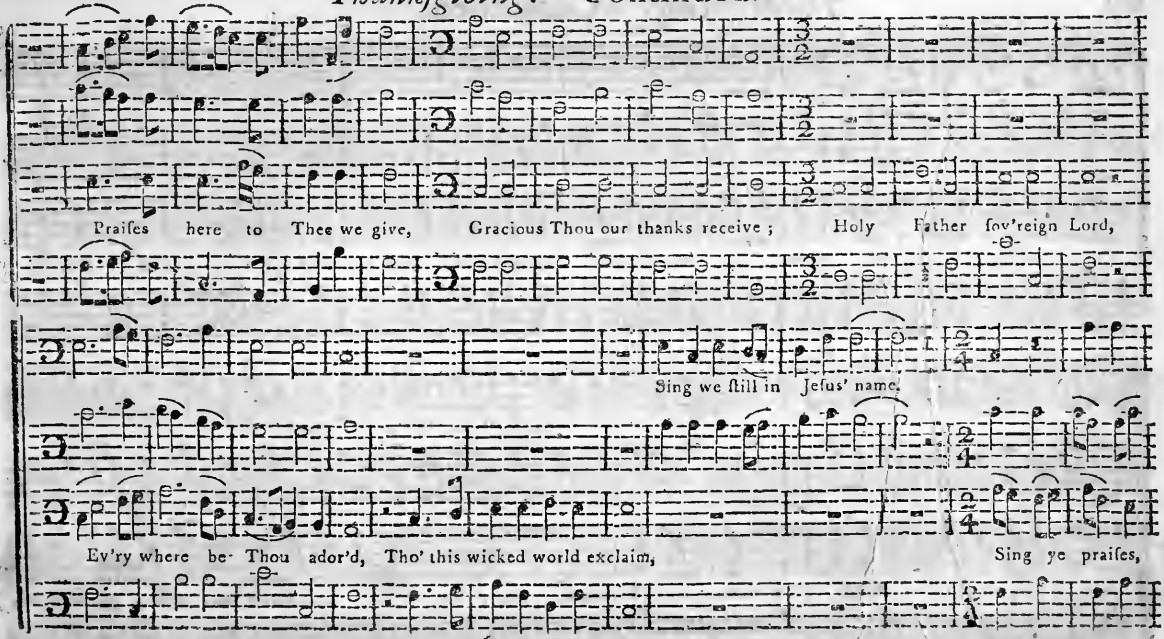


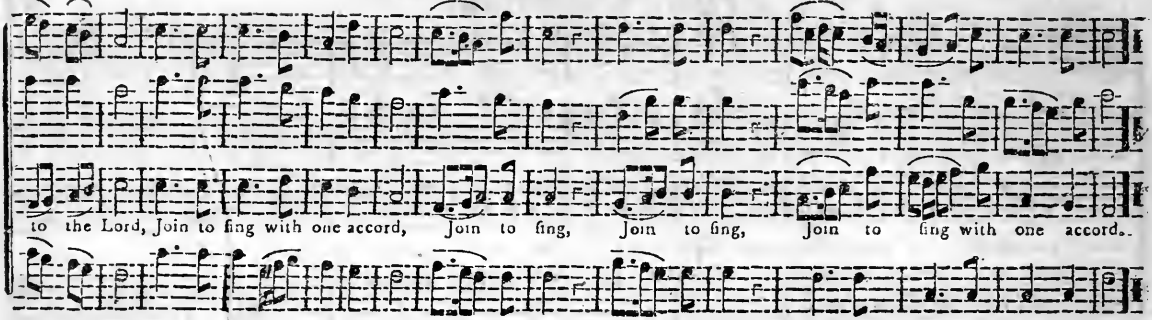


Thanksgiving. 7 & 7.

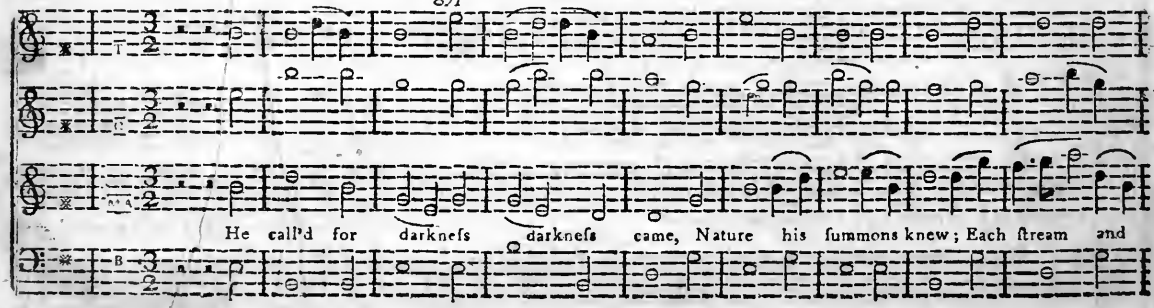


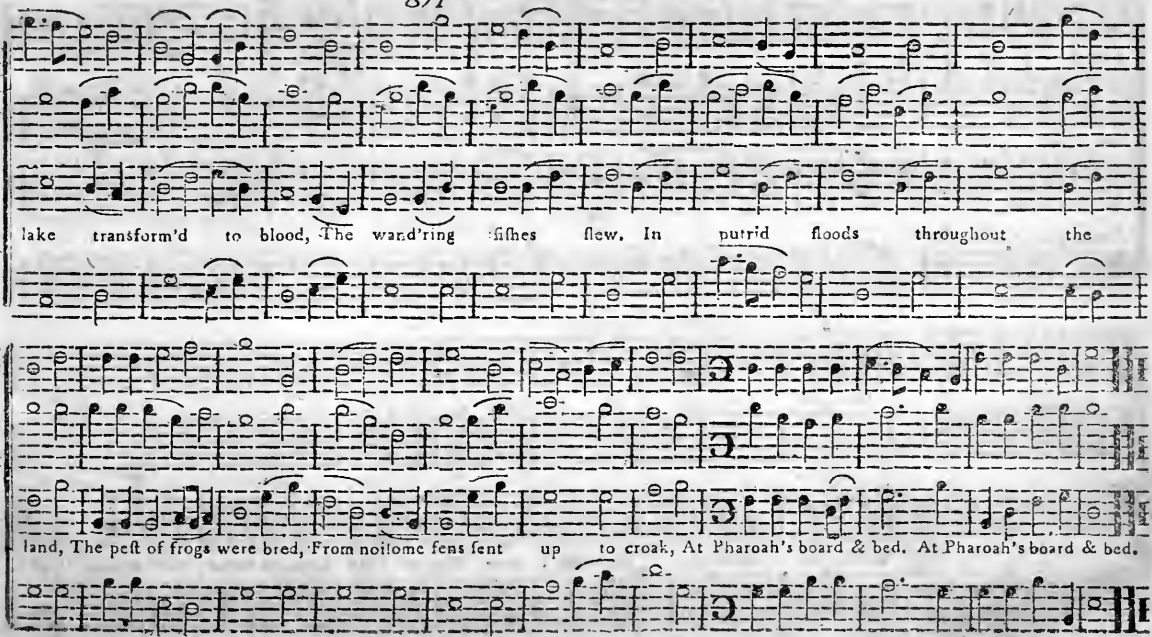

To reherſe his ſolemn praiſe. To reherſe his ſolemn praiſe. Join ye ſaints the ſong around, Join ye
Publiſh thro' the world abroad,
ſaints the ſong around, Angels help the cheerful ſound, Praiſe and glory to the Lord.

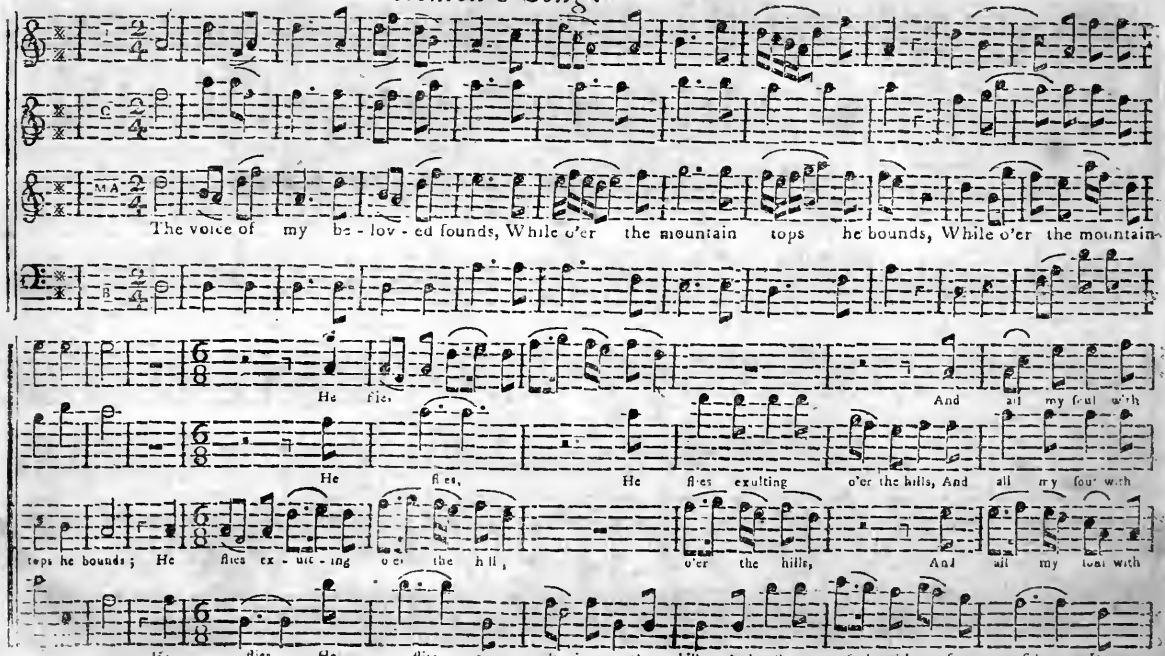

Praiſes here to Thee we give, Gracious Thou our thanks receive; Holy Father ſov'reign Lord,
Sing we ſtill in Jeſus' name,
Ev'ry where be- Thou ador'd, Tho' this wicked world exclaim, Sing ye praiſes,

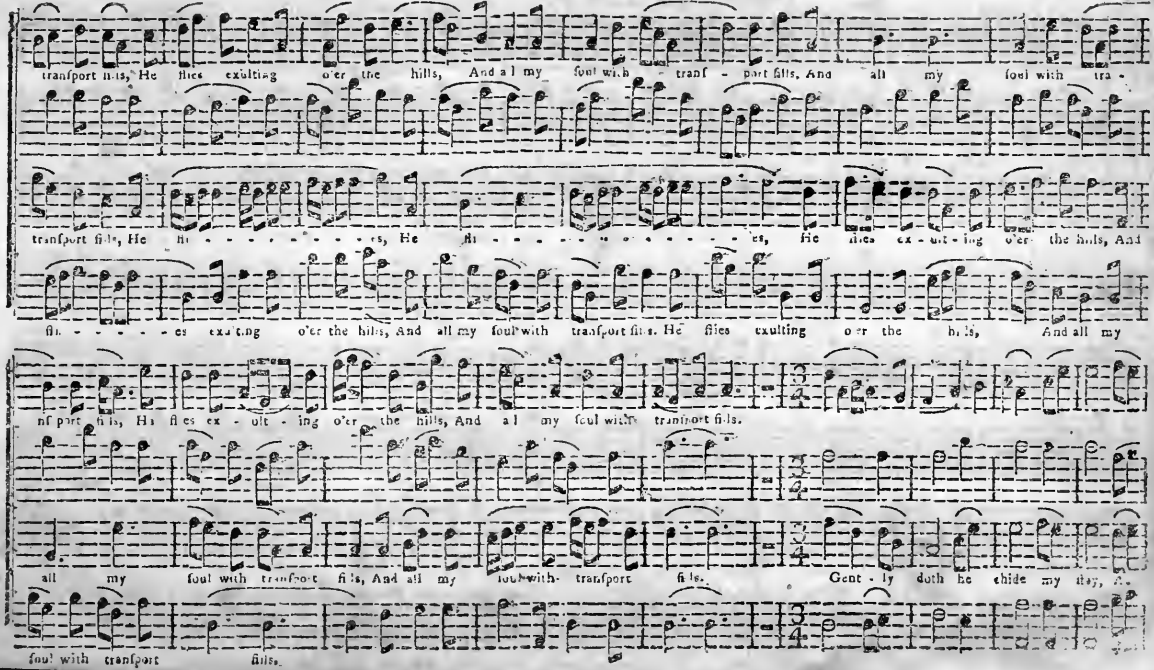

to the Lord, Join to ſing with one accord, Join to ſing, Join to ſing, Join to ſing with one accord.

Egypt. C. M.

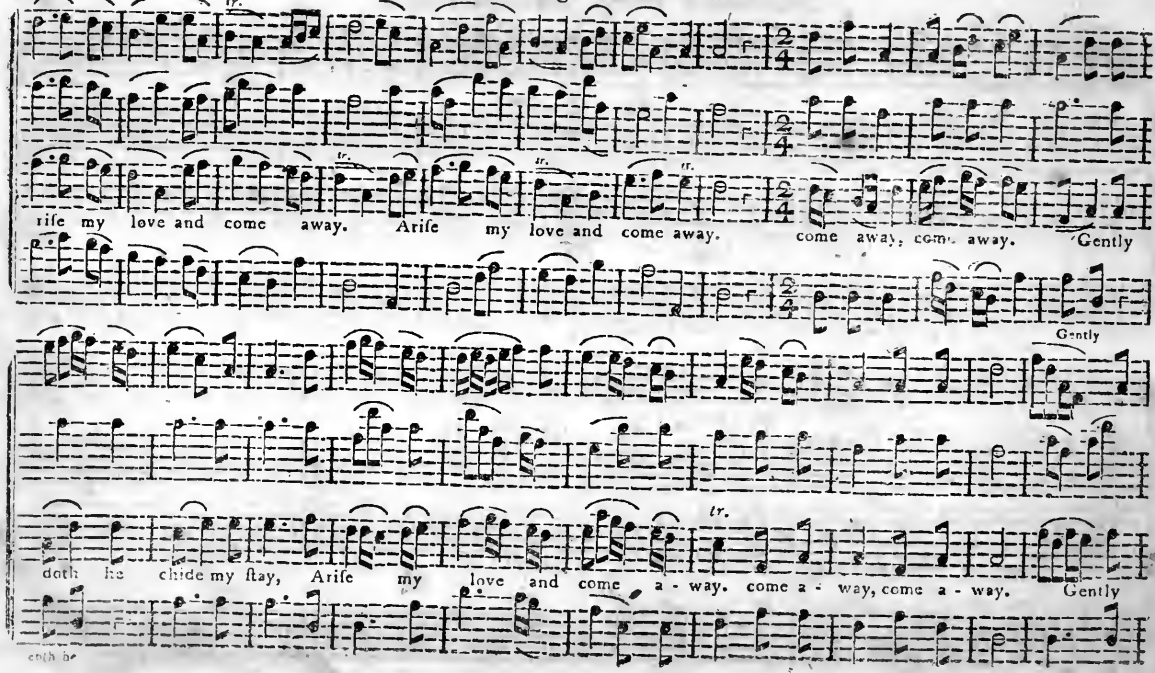

He call'd for darkneſs darkneſs came, Nature his ſummons knew; Each ſtream and

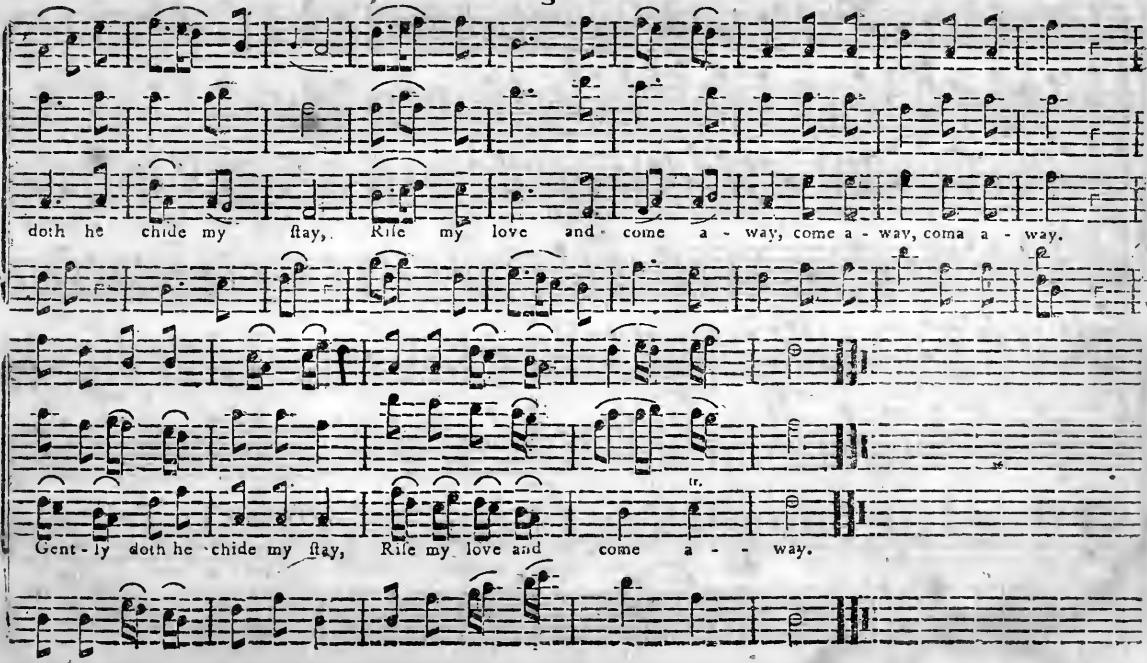

lake transform'd to blood, The wand'ring fiſhes flew. In putrid floods throughout the
land, The peſt of frogs were bred, From noiſome fens ſent up to croak, At Pharoah's board & bed. At Pharoah's board & bed.


The voice of my be - lov - ed founds, While o'er the mountain tops he bounds, While o'er the mountain
He flies. And all my soul with
He flies, He flies exulting o'er the hills, And all my soul with
tops he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the hill, o'er the hills, And all my soul with
He flies He flies ex - - ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport flies. He

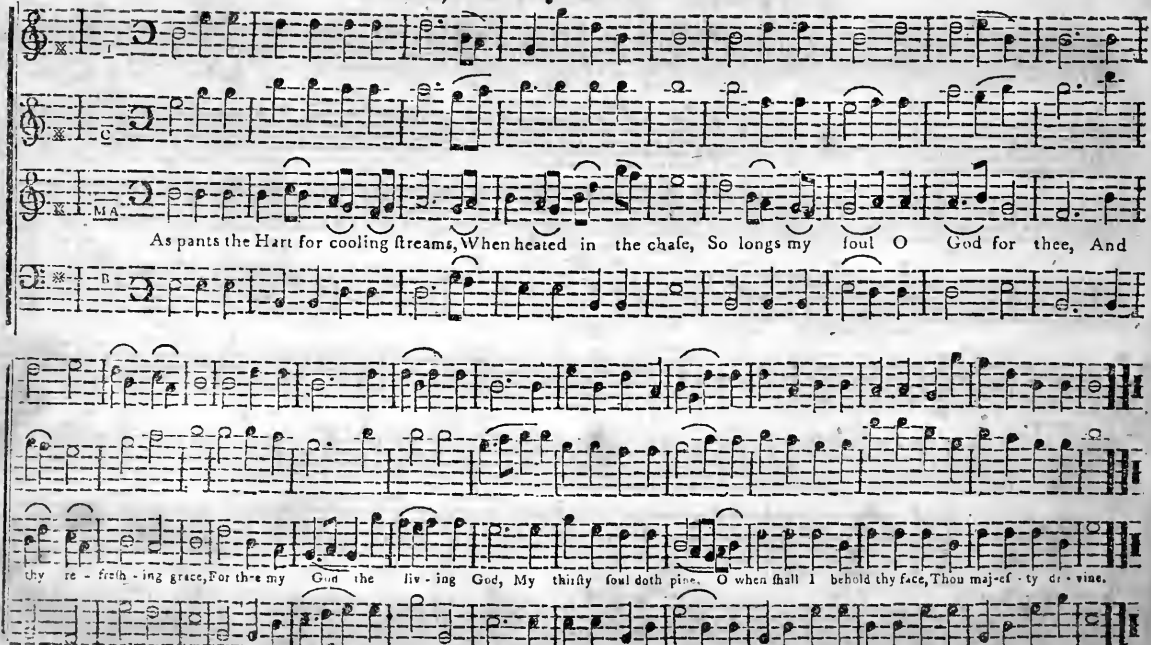

transport fills, He flies exulting o'er the hills, And all my soul with tranf - port fills, And all my soul with tra -
transport fills, He flies exulting o'er the hills, And
fli - - - - - es exulting o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport fills. He flies exulting o'er the hills, And all my
nf port fills, He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport fills.
all my soul with tranfport fills, And all my soul with transport fills. Gent - ly doth he chide my fay,
soul with transport fills.

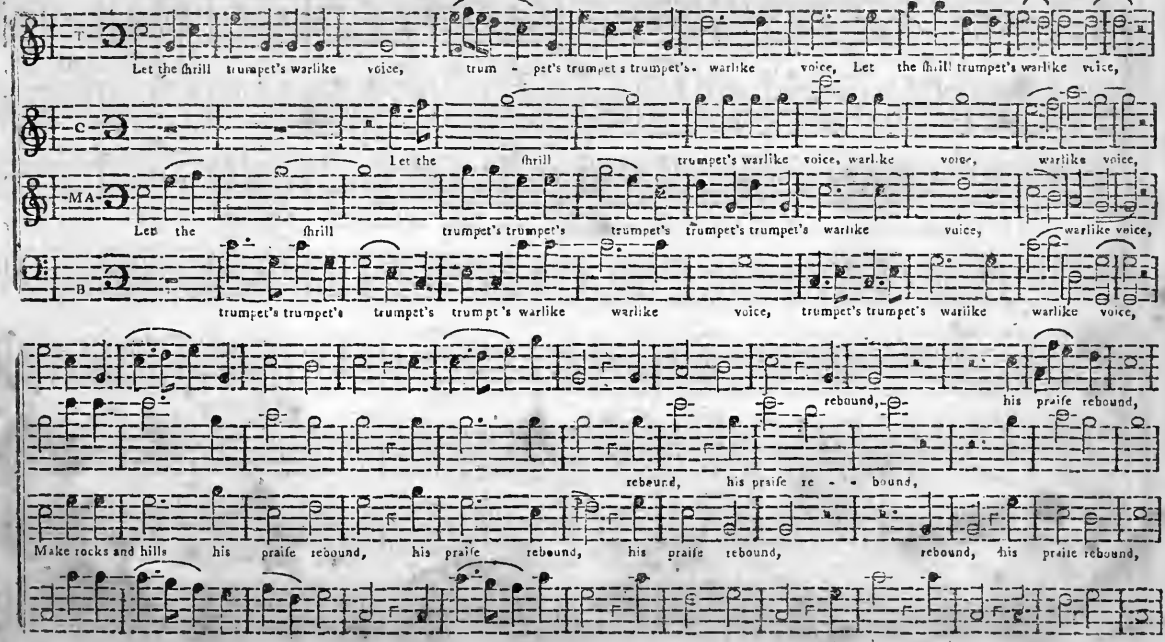
Solomon's Song. Continued.

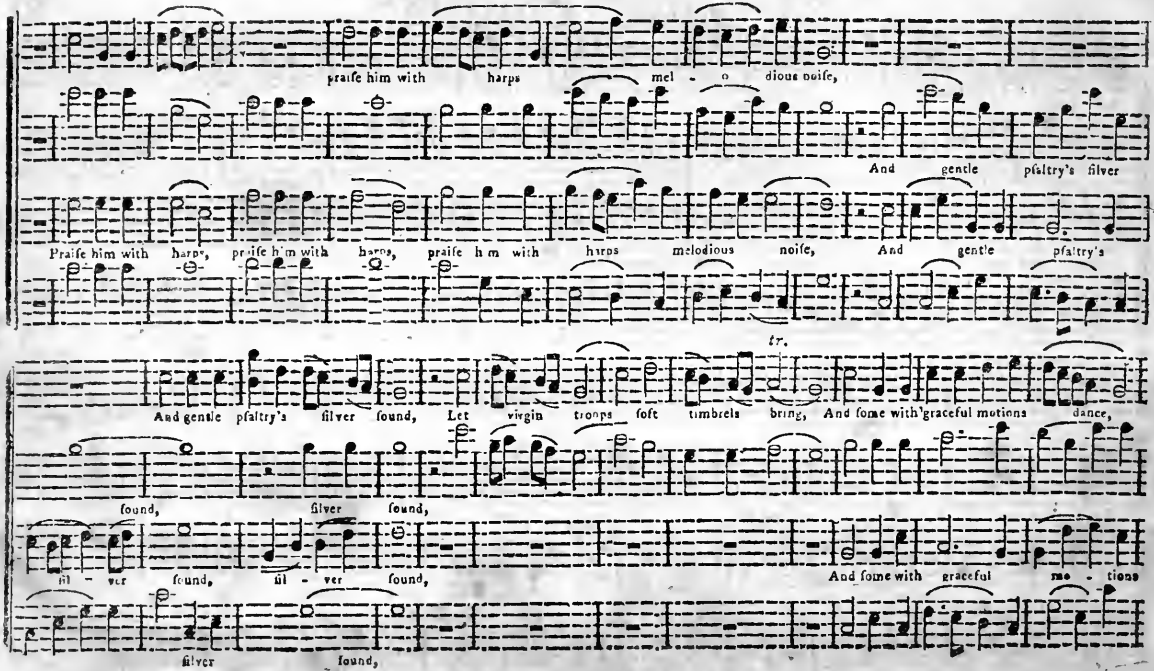


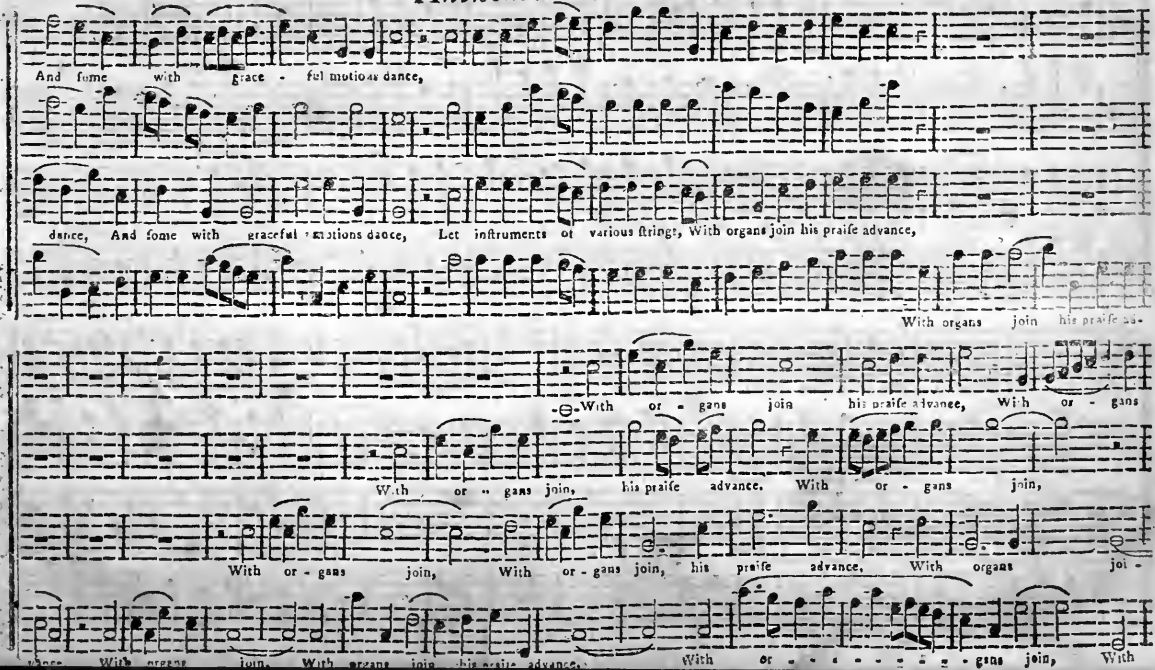

doth he chide my ſtay, Riſe my love and come a - way, come a - way, coma a - way.
Gent - ly doth he chide my ſtay, Riſe my love and come a - - way.

Roſs. C. M.

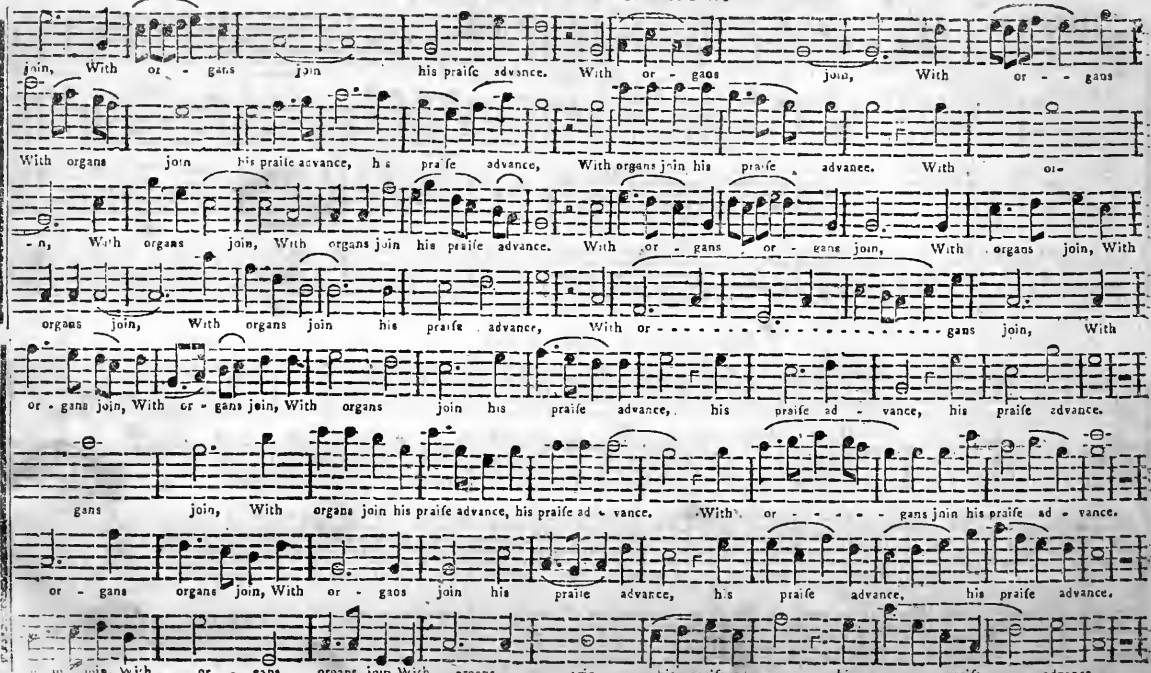

As pants the Hart for cooling ſtreams, When heated in the chaſe, So longs my ſoul O God for thee, And
thy re - freſh - ing grace, For thee my God the liv - ing God, My thirſty ſoul doth pine. O when ſhall I behold thy face, Thou maj-eſ - ty di - vine.

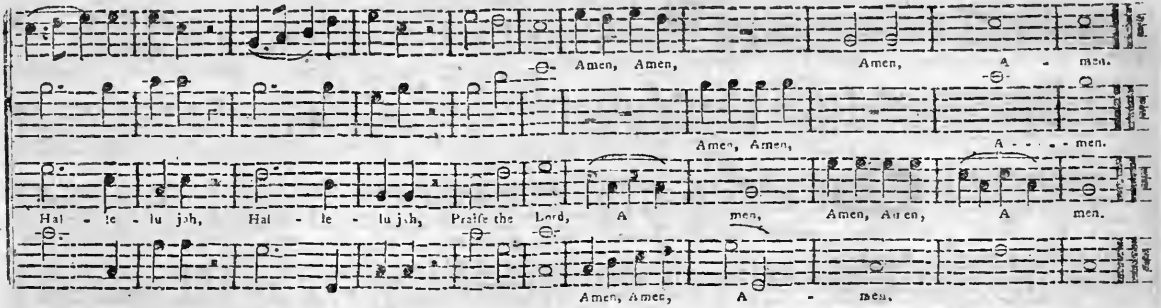

T
Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice, trum - pet's trumpet's trumpet's warlike voice, Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice,
C
Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice, warlike voice, warlike voice,
MA
Let the ſhrill trumpet's trumpet's trumpet's trumpet's trumpet's warlike voice, warlike voice,
B
trumpet's trumpet's trumpet's trumpt's warlike warlike voice, trumpet's trumpet's warlike warlike voice,
rebound, his praiſe rebound,
rebound, his praiſe re - - bound,
Make rocks and hills his praiſe rebound, his praiſe rebound, his praiſe rebound, rebound, his praiſe rebound,
rebound,


praise him with harps mel - o dious noise,
And gentle psaltry's silver
Praise him with harps, praise him with harps, praise him with harps melodious noise, And gentle psaltry's
tr.
And gentle psaltry's silver sound, Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring, And some with graceful motions dance,
sound, silver sound,
sil - ver sound, sil - ver sound,
And some with graceful mo - tions
silver sound,

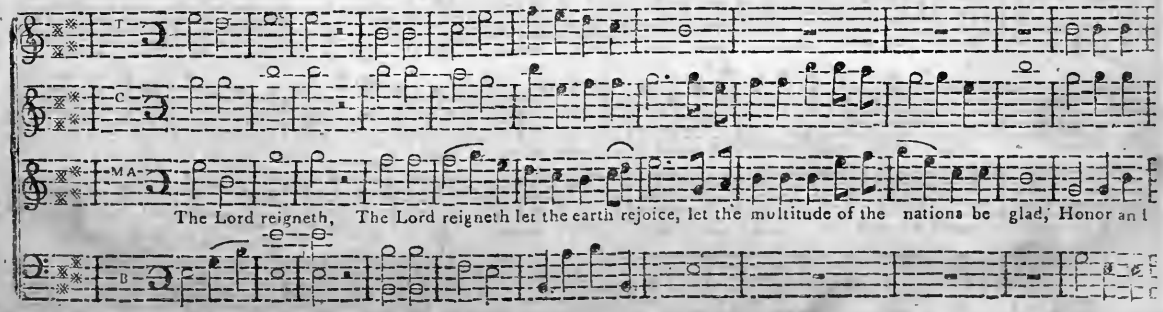

And ſome with grace - ful motion dance,
dance, And ſome with graceful motions dance, Let inſtruments of various ſtrings, With organs join his praiſe advance,
With organs join his praiſe ad-
With or - gans join his praiſe advance, With or - gans
With or - gans join, his praiſe advance. With or - gans join,
With or - gans join, With or - gans join, his praiſe advance, With organs joi -
With organs join, With organs join, his praiſe advance,
With or - - - - - - - - gans join, With

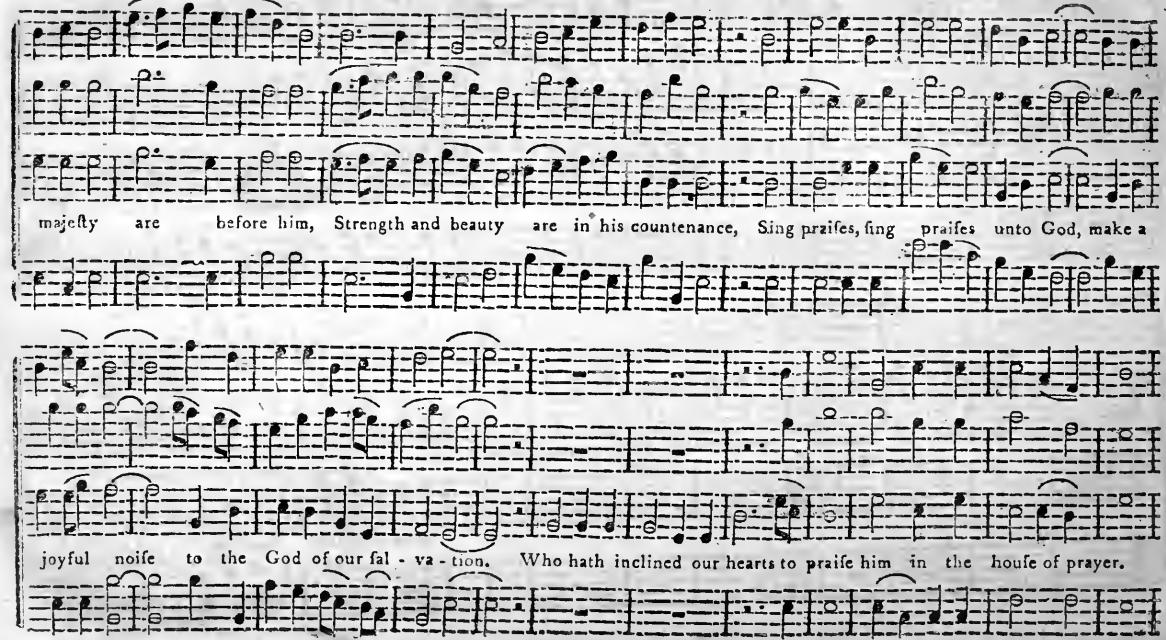
Anthem. Continued.

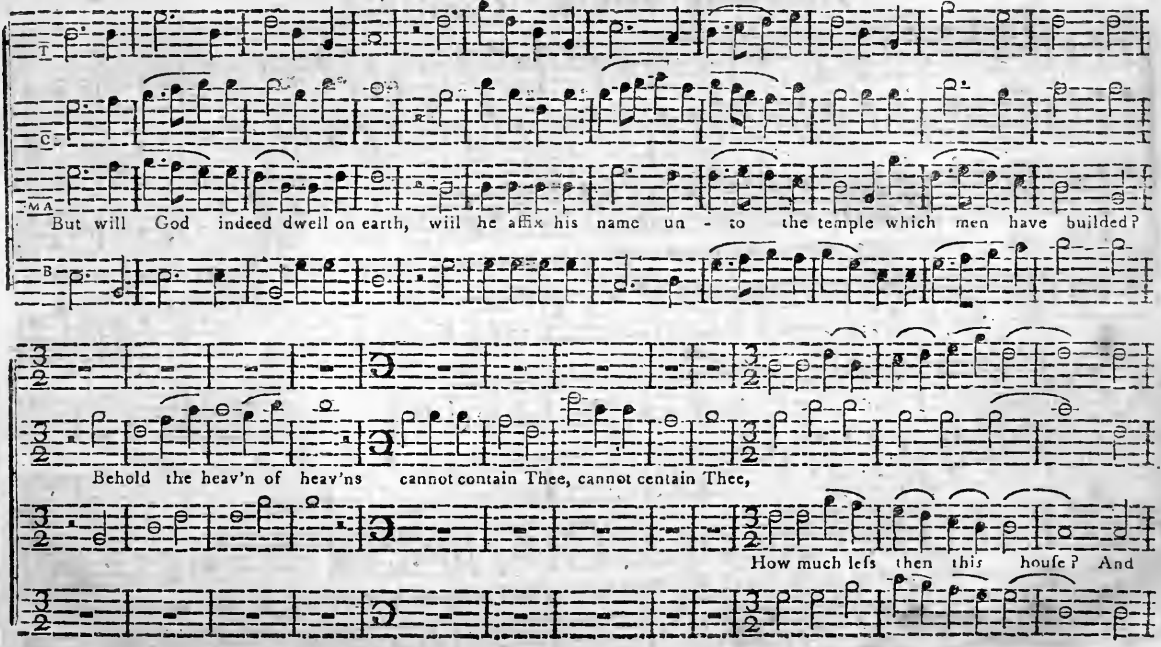


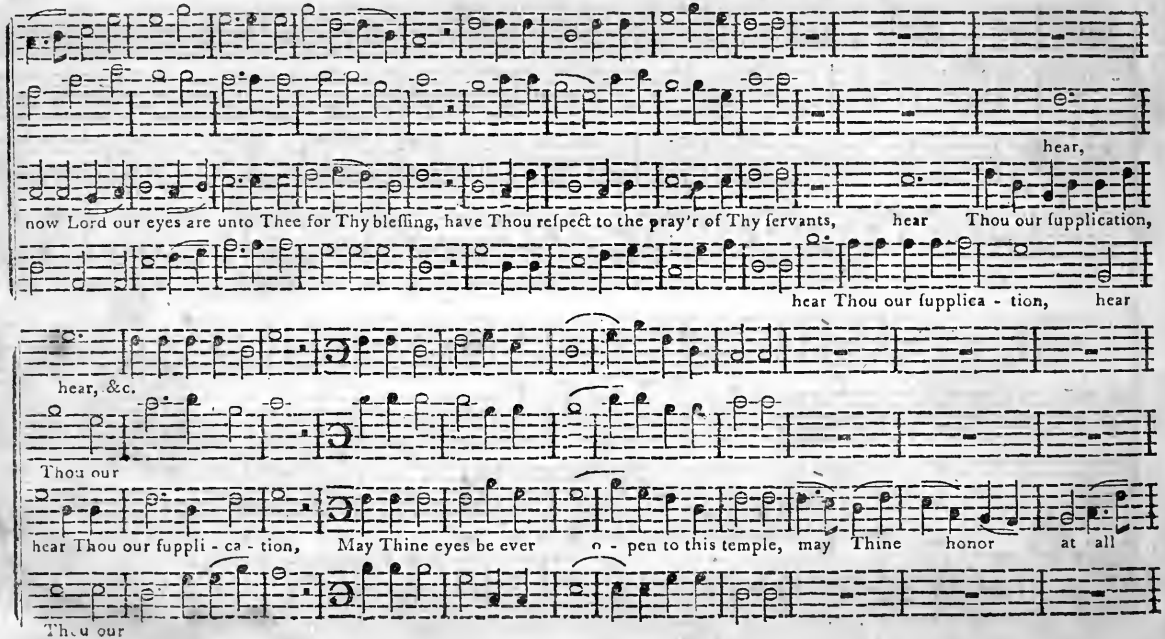


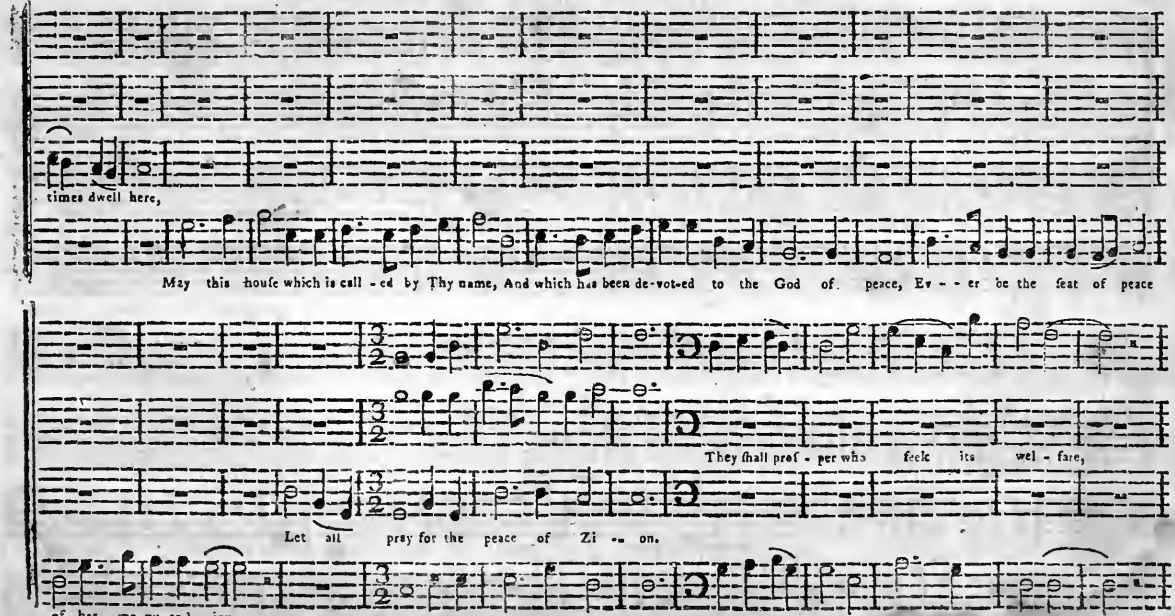
Dedication Anthem.

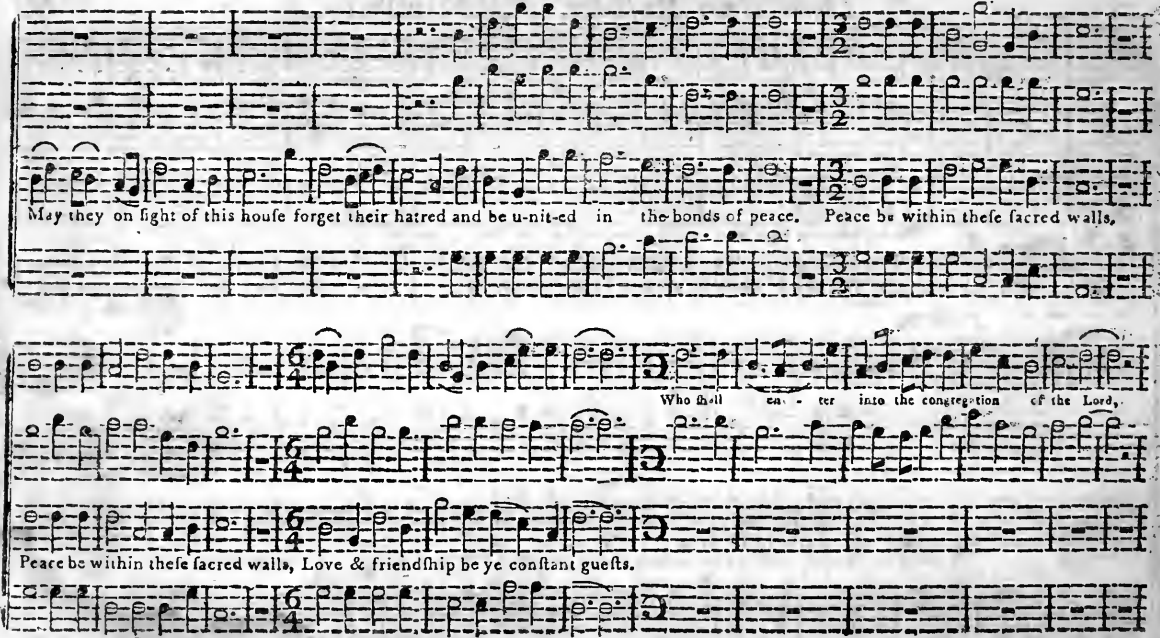


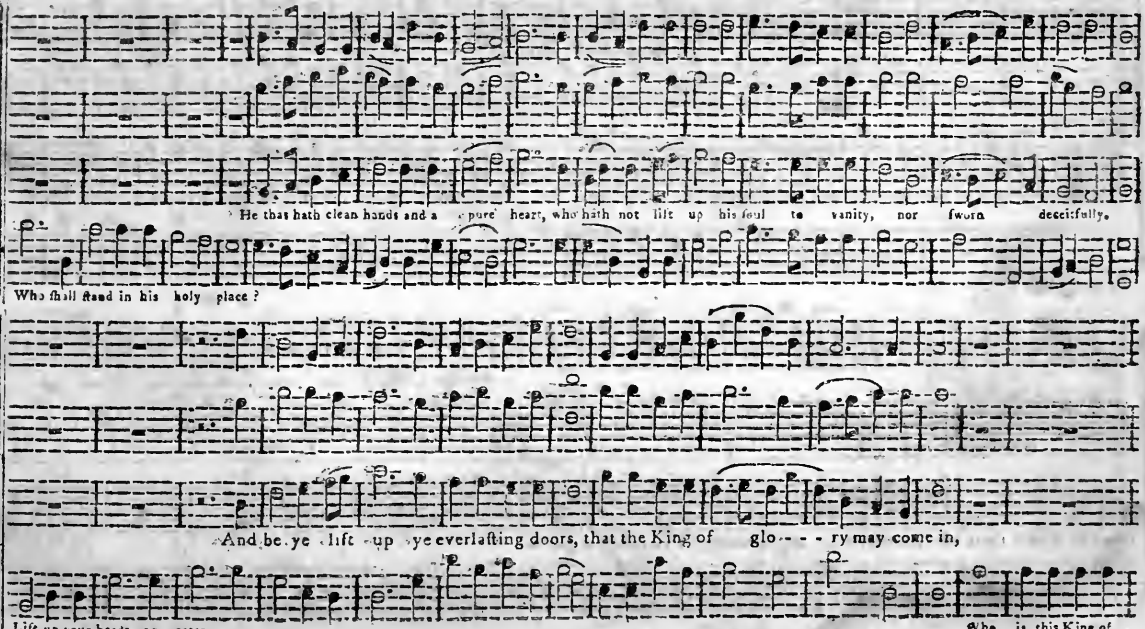

majeſty are before him, Strength and beauty are in his countenance, Sing praiſes, ſing praiſes unto God, make a
joyful noiſe to the God of our ſal - va - tion. Who hath inclined our hearts to praiſe him in the houſe of prayer.

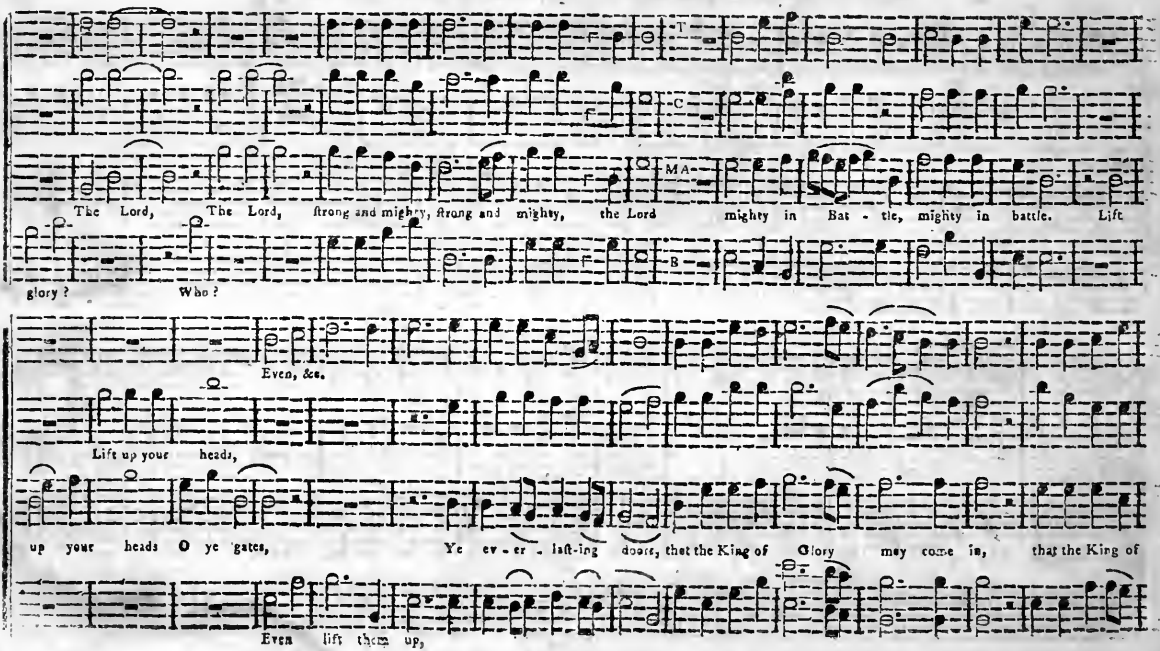

But will God indeed dwell on earth, will he affix his name un - to the temple which men have builded?
Behold the heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain Thee, cannot contain Thee,
How much leſs then this houſe? And

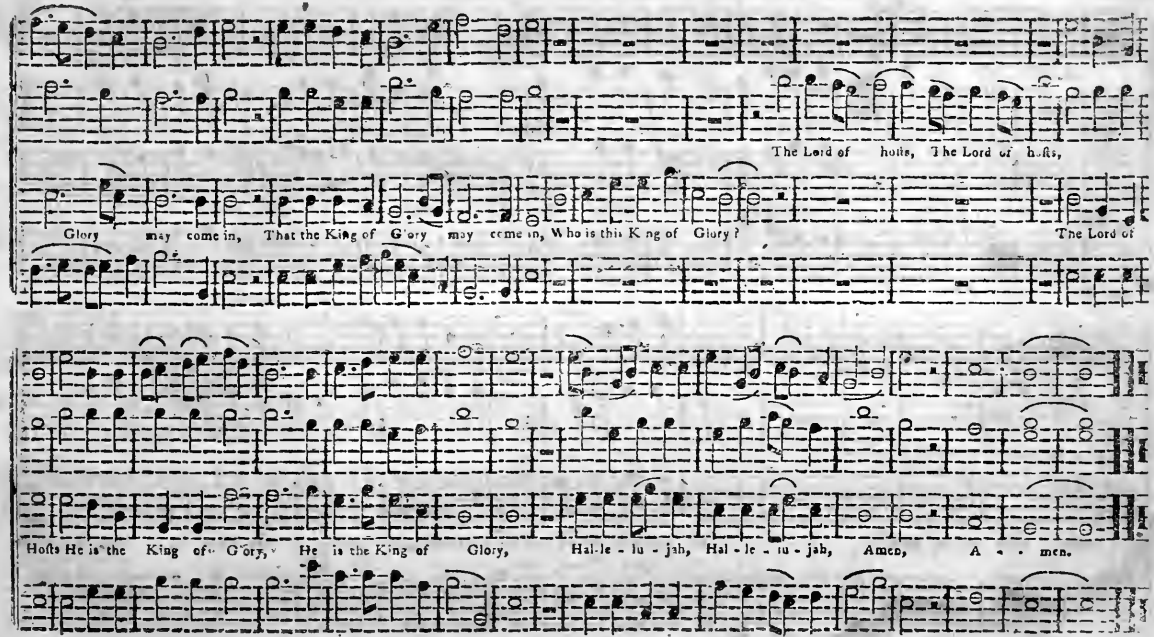

hear,
now Lord our eyes are unto Thee for Thy bleſſing, have Thou reſpect to the pray'r of Thy ſervants, hear Thou our ſupplication,
hear Thou our ſupplica - tion, hear
hear, &c.
Thou our
hear Thou our ſuppli - ca - tion, May Thine eyes be ever o - pen to this temple, may Thine honor at all
Thou our


times dwell here,
May this house which is call - ed by Thy name, And which has been de-vot-ed to the God of peace, Ev - - er be the seat of peace
They shall prof - per who seek its wel - fare,
Let all pray for the peace of Zi - on.
of har - mo-ny and joy.

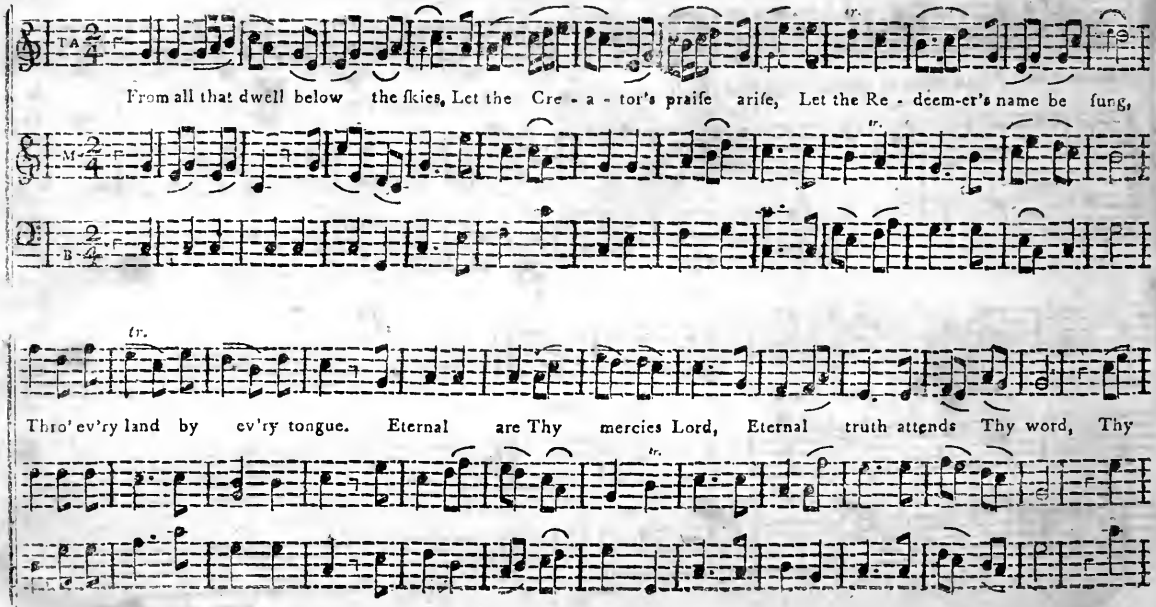

May they on sight of this house forget their hatred and be u-nit-ed in the bonds of peace. Peace be within these sacred walls.
Who shall ea - ter into the congregation of the Lord,
Peace be within these sacred walls, Love & friendship be ye constant guests.

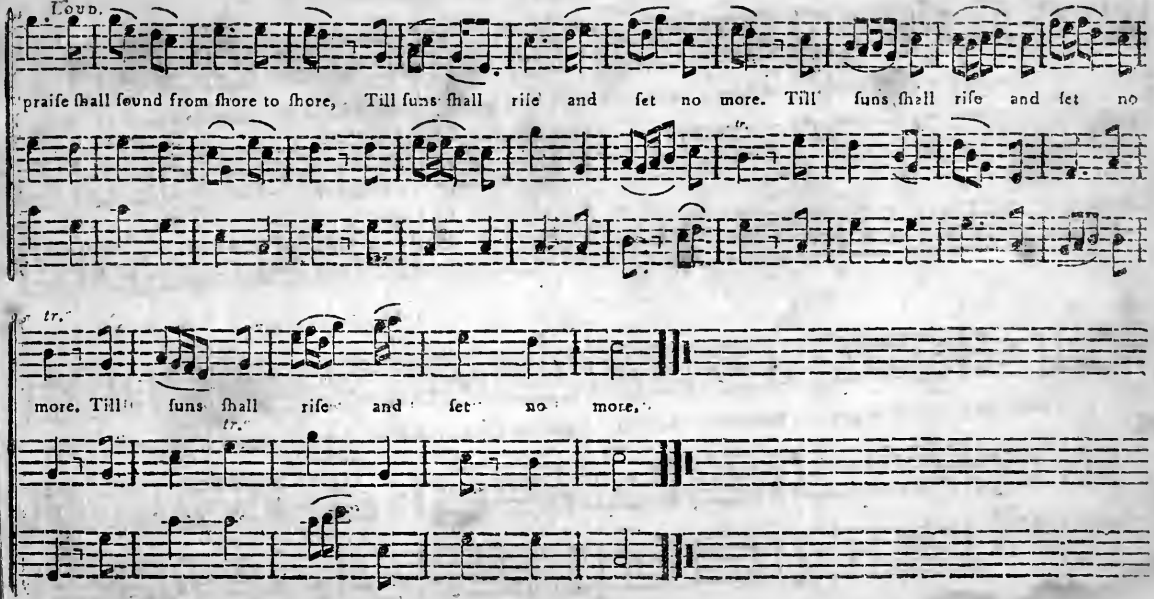

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lift up his soul to vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
Who shall stand in his holy place?
And be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, that the King of glo - - - ry may come in,
Lift up your heads ye gates,
Who is this King of


The Lord, The Lord, strong and mighty, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in Bat - tle, mighty in battle. Lift
glory? Who?
Even, &c.
Lift up your heads,
up your heads O ye gates, Ye ev - er - last-ing doors, that the King of Glory may come in, that the King of
Even lift them up,


The Lord of hosts, The Lord of hosts,
Glory may come in, That the King of Glory may come in, Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of
Hosts He is the King of Glory, He is the King of Glory, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Amen, A - - men.

Verona. L. M.


From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise arise, Let the Re - deem-er's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue. Eternal are Thy mercies Lord, Eternal truth attends Thy word, Thy


Loud.
praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore, Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more. Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no
more. Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

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