THE

COLUMBIAN HARMONIST:

IN TWO PARTS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A DISSERTATION UPON THE TRUE TASTE IN CHURCH MUSIC,

BY

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CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY COLEMAN AND PHILLIPS.
Looker, Palmer & Reynolds, Printers.
1816.

PREFACE.

THE object of this selection is to supply the churches with a competent number of slow and solemn tunes, in unison with the spirit and design of worship. That such a compilation was needed, no person of piety and taste, who has been acquainted with the selections in common use, will deny.

Young people, whose taste is yet crude and uninformed, almost universally prefer the rapid and fuging music of American composuists, to such airs as compose this selection. But, as their taste becomes more delicate, their relish more just, and their judgment better informed, music of the former class becomes cloying and insipid; and, having passed through the different grades of improvement, the feelings and the ear rest with the greatest delight on tunes like York, Querey, Old Hundred and Canterbury. To the pious these tunes come recommended by a higher claim. They sober and chastise, they impress and solemnize the mind. But we will not anticipate remarks, which are reserved for the Dissertation that follows.

The compiler, wishing to satisfy all, as far as he could in consistence with duty, found it difficult to decide between the conflicting claims of the patrons of this work. A part, to whose judgment he thought much deference was due, preferred that the impression should be in the old form of notes. Another, and a much larger proportion, were desirous of having the patent notes. The compiler fears, with the former class, that the patent notes tend to form superficial singers. It is one thing to be able to name the notes, and another and much

more important one, to know their power. The attention which is requisite in order to read music in the old way, learns the beginner the power of the notes, and the intervals of sound between one note and another. But, patent notes were in general use in this quarter; the people were attached to them: and to amend the public taste, and introduce classical music, it was thought best to pay this deference to general opinion, and to adopt them.

He has endeavored still further to simplify this work. To his knowledge, there is no selection extant, which has gone upon the plain and obvious principle, which pervades other elementary works, to begin with the most simple and easy tunes, and to advance gradually towards the more difficult. It is as common to find the most difficult tunes at the commencement, as at the end of the book: and both the pupil and the master are perplexed by the continual change of keys. To obviate this defect, the compiler has divided this work into two parts. The first commences with the easiest natural tunes; and advances to easy tunes, first with one, then with two, three and four sharps; and in the same manner with the flats. Thus all the tunes of one key and one class are laid together. When the learner has thus been led in the easiest manner through a suitable variety of plain, congregational tunes, and may be supposed capable of a higher effort, to excite him to that effort. the second part is added, in which there are a few admirable, and more difficult pieces.

In conformity to his general plan of rendering the work easy, the adagio and largo modes of time have, in most instances, been relinquished, and the allegro substituted. The counter tenor stave has also been generally adopted, instead of the counter cliff.

To the patrons of this work, and especially to one friend, whose benevolent exertions assisted him in the selection, he returns his sincerest thanks. None, but those who have made the attempt, know how difficult it is to satisfy all. The compiler has had a higher aim;

an effort to benefit the church, and discharge his duty. He now leaves the work with the serious and the candid, and humbly dedicates it to the service of Him

"Whose eye is on the heart;
"Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain;
"Whose approbation prosper even mine."

A DISSERTATION

UPON THE TRUE TASTE IN CHURCH MUSIC.

IN tracing the progress of the fine arts, immediately after those improvements indispensably necessary to subsistence, we find man solacing and cheering his heart with music. It was needed to sooth the unavoidable sorrows of a pilgrimage, which sin had rendered dreary and sad. The sacred historian first introduces us to the father of shepherds, and the scenes and employments of pastoral life. In a mild clime, under a clear sky, in the full view of the open volume of nature, under the covert of a grove by day, or contemplating the glowing canopy above by night, it was natural and instructive for shepherds, while watching their flocks, to open their ears to the harmonies of nature, to raise their hearts towards the Author of nature, and express their emotions in a hymn of praise. If their own hearts and imaginations had not dictated it, the nightingale in her wood, or the other singing birds in their branches, would have set the example of melody and praise. The wife, the children, joining their softer and higher tones to the graver melody of the husband and father, would suggest the first idea of harmony, or a complication of melodies. Imagination, kindled by these simple essays, catching the sighing of the breeze among the branches, or the breathing of the gale upon the lengthened cord, proceeded to the invention of instruments. Next to the father of shepherds, holy scripture refers us to Jubal, the patriarch of music, and the father of them "that handle the organ and the harp."

That music thus took place of all improvements but those of a shepherd's life, proves that it is congenial to the mind and the heart of man. And no nation, or tribe, has been found so barbarous and rude, as not to have made some attempts at harmony. Even in our own wilderness, where, perhaps, man has appeared in his

rudest character, our mountains had echoed with the war and the death song, ages before our forests had been trodden by civilized man. In every age, and in every country, we find music advancing before all discoveries but those dictated by the most absolute necessity. We find music making a constituent part of their worship, the pomp of their solemnities, and the gayety of their festivals.

Thus, a taste for music is no factitious principle; and he, who feels not music, and has it not in his soul, has, probably, at some period done violence to his own nature, and with his own hand shut up one of the sources of the purest and sublimest pleasure. In the universal propensity to music, then, in its powerful influence upon the passions and the heart, in the relation it bears to religion, as the handmaid of devotion, we see the importance of cultivating this natural taste for music, which is so universal. For though discipline and instruction may not be able to create a taste for music, where it is not, the racy and sour grape of the wilderness differs not more from the clusters of Italy, than the rude efforts of natural taste from the harmony that results from discipline and cultivation. And, so far as we have authentic tradition, we may graduate the scale of general improvement in all ages and countries by the progress of their music.

Invention, following the order of nature, produced different kinds of music, of a character corresponding to their intention. One kind was slow, articulate and solemn, and appropriated to the worship of the Divinity. Another kind was martial, and intended to brace the nerves, invigorate the mind, and excite the fearlessness and the ardor of patriotism. Another kind was pastoral, and breathed an unhallowed and voluptuous flame. Another kind was the music of hilarity, and appropriated to mirth and festivity. These divisions of music, according to the object and intention, more or less discriminated and perfect, in every age and country, prove to us a leading truth, that we have in view, that there is a strain and a character in music adapted to a certain end, of which end the composuist ought never for a moment to lose sight.

All ancient story is full of the wonders and the perfection of Grecian music. The Greeks boast their Orpheus, softening even tigers, and drawing them after him by his music. They describe him descending to the shades, and by the plaintiveness of his melody forcing "iron tears down Pluto's cheek." It is ours to assert the superior harmony and effect of that music, whose object is to elevate the affections towards God. We vindicate the superior claims of that music, which is the handmaid of religion; and to all the fabulous achievements in music of ancient and pagan time, we will oppose the real triumphs of the "sweet singer of Israel,"

whose simple and chastened strain, accompanied with his harp, was always consecrated to his God; a music which always elevated and softened every heart within its influence, charming even the "friend of melancholy, Saul." To Orpheus, Linus, and Tiresios, and their fabulous exploits; to the blind bard, to whom "was accorded good and ill, from whom sight was taken, and the deficiency made up by the sweetness of his song," we will still oppose the "sweet psalmist of Israel," tranquilly meditating his religious song beside "cool streams and still waters," and preparing himself, and those who heard the strain, with solemn composure and humble trust, to walk through "the valley of the shadow of death." Let the composuist of sacred music drink from the simplicity and sweetness of this ancient fountain, and let every flighty air, not comporting with the design of sacred music, be laid aside.

Sacred music should have in view a nobler object than to exhilarate the animal spirits, or kindle those passions which rest in the gratifications of sense. It should strike a graver key; it should harp a deeper string, and produce a severer harmony. The imagination and the passions are but too easily excited. The labor and the effort is to chastise them, to nerve the frame and confirm the heart for christian self denial. To this great and holy end both the composuist and the performer of sacred music should bend all his efforts, and on this result fix a single eye. The heart may be softened to voluptuousness, and not with the influences of religion; an excitement of the feelings may be effected, which comports rather with unseasonable mirth, than the cheerful hopes of immortality.

It is, chiefly, because this end is not kept in view, that we object against a species of music, much more elegant and polished, than that which has been prevalent in this country. We refer to the music of the Roman Catholic church. The whole worship of that church being intended to strike the eye and the senses, by the view of a splendid temple, gorgeous dresses, a pompous form of worship, and prayers and praises chaunted in an unknown tongue, and with deep intonation of voice; the music, also, is designed to aid the general effect. It has indeed a softness and a grandeur, which render it touching and impressive, and the effect is far superior to that of our merry American airs, which either cloy by their insipidity, or exhilarate to merriment. But, on the whole, it rather tends to thrill the senses, and awaken the passions, than to counsel the severe duties of a christian, self denial and taking the cross.

The reformation from Popery not only brought light and reason and liberty in its train; it not only brought back religious faith to its proper standard, the scriptures; but, in rejecting the gorgeous service of the Roman Catholic church, it brought a beautiful simplicity to its forms of worship, and a slow, chastened and reformed church music, to give a right tone to the feelings in the service of the Most High.

Perhaps the best periods of church music were those that immediately followed the reformation. The reformed part of Germany in particular distinguished itself in the production of many solemn and excellent pieces of church music, which will continue to be admired, when flighty and fuging music shall all have passed away. The taste which then prevailed, and which, after a barbarous era in our music, begins to prevail in our country, was, we hesitate not to affirm, the true taste in church music. It was borne in mind, that it is far better that the feelings should not be excited, or the passions kindled at all, than to raise those which are unhallowed, and not in harmony with the grand design of public worship. Therefore, their music was slow and simple; it was grave, chaste and solemn; calculated to excite no passions, but love to God and the Redeemer; no purposes, but those of self denial, and to bend the neck to the yoke of the cross; no hopes, but those of immortality. At the same time, the music was so little complicated, and had so few slurs, or ties, to protract the words and distort the organs of speech, that "old men and maids, young men and children," provided only that their voices were clear, their perception of music just, and their hearts elevated towards God, could join in that part of worship, and swell the chorus of praise.

A taste for music of this kind gave birth to those solemn and impressive airs which, in purer and better days, added excitement to the devotions and praises of our fathers' fathers. There was in these nothing discordant with the gravity of devotion, nothing discordant with that severe strain of the gospel, which, instead of kindling the unhallowed passions, would repress and destroy them. There was nothing but what counselled renunciation of the world, and to give up every thing for God.

So true are these strains to the emotions of a pious heart, that the moment they are struck, such a heart responds to their adaptedness to the services of the sanctuary. This was the music which the pilgrims brought with them, when they fled for liberty of conscience to the western wilds. This is the music which generally meets the feelings of aged christians, soon to join in the perfect "song of Moses and the Lamb." But in a day of innovation and experiment, young and gay men, novices in the art, and their fancies and memories stored with merry airs and marches, leagued their exertions, and produced a memorable and very different era in church music. Innumerable composuists, scarcely versed in the first principles of psalmody, sprung up on every side. The press groaned under the burden of their ponderous productions, and of "making music books there was no end." To copy the air of a march, or a song, in the middle of the tune to have one part fall in

after another, and have four divisions of the choir repeating different forms of words at the same time, and thus produce a Babel-confusion; and to render the tune cloying, by making every chord in it a full fifth, or an octave, was the grand design.

We admit, that all the music of our country has not been of this stamp. We are slow to believe that the western world cannot give birth to as much taste and genius as the eastern. Set us on the right track, give us motive and an object, and there is no degree of improvement, in any art, or science, to which our countrymen may not aspire. Wherever our masters of music have formed themselves on the sublime models of true taste, their productions have been excellent, and worthy of being retained. Unhappily, there have been but very few instances of the kind. Some prevailing fashion generally rules the age The models of our music were almost universally faulty in the extreme. Few had the courage to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of the prevailing fashion. Flighty and fuging music becam e the common taste. Books of another stamp could not be sold; and all our collections of music were moulded in one form. The simple and solemn airs of the reformation were banished, and in their place we had a music, certainly not sacred, and yet we hardly dared call it profane. The composuist, it should seem, must have had in memory some march, or merry air that guides the dance. The time is altered, and the note, perhaps, prolonged, but the general air and movement preserved, and lo! it moved in a psalm of praise. The choir hurried with infinite volubility of note through the piece. The unconscious youth wondered at the charm, that refreshed in his remembrance in the sanctuary on the Sabbath the carouse and the festivity of the past week, and loved the music the more cordially for these delightful associations. Its furious pace accorded with his ardour and impetuosity. Its repeated fuges seemed to propose a race and a prize to him, who, advancing before the rest, should first reach the goal. The ear, meanwhile, was struck with the jargon of different words, all heard at the same time. The result, beyond doubt, in too many instances, was such feelings and such associations as were by no means in accordance with the duties of the sanctuary.

When this music, so dear to the feelings of untutored youth, had once gained undisputed possession of our churches, it was seen that it would be no easy task to expel it. To attempt this, was to encounter the decided prepossessions of a great portion of the young, who generally lead in the duties of the sanctuary. It was to question the validity of a claim, which is considered three points in the law, undisputed possession. To attempt it, was to assail the strict alliance of ignorance and prejudice. Many excellent collections of European music were from time to time issued. But, not falling in with the prevailing taste, they remained on the hands

of the publishers. Serious and judicious compilers strove to force a better taste upon the public, by inserting with some good music a greater proportion of that which was bad, in order that the latter might carry the former with it. Many compilations of this stamp have been issued, and are still issuing. Such compilations have too often failed in their end. The bad only has been selected and learned, and the good entirely passed by. Men of piety and cultivated taste, who loved to see Zion in all her attractions, mourned over this evil, and prepared themselves to struggle for a complete redress. Kindred societies sprung up through the greater portion of New England, where church music is most cultivated, at the same time, and animated by one spirit. These societies combined those characters, and that kind of talent, which had the greatest influence upon the public taste. They pledged themselves, in the selections of music which they published or patronized, to give no quarter to trifling and fuging music. They met and performed publicly, and gave the public a taste of the effect of such tunes as Quercy, and Old Hundred, and Canterbury, when properly performed. In many instances, these performances were closed with that sublimest and most perfect effort of harmony, "Te Deum."

The clamors of prejudice were hushed far sooner than reasonable expectation could have promised. They soon reapt of the fruit of their labors. A more chastened and correct taste began to prevail. The rapid and merry airs of incompetent composuists fled. The slow and solemn tunes of the great masters of music of old time resumed their reign. Luther, and Pleyel, and Handel, and Arne, and Arnold, and Boyce, and Madan, and Purcel, once more furnished us music for our songs of praise. Every individual, who contributed little or much to the prevalence of this taste, deserves well of the religious community, and is entitled to the gratitude of every worshipper of God.

The population and improvement of the western country are rapidly advancing. Towns and villages, and the spires of frequent temples, we joyfully anticipate, will in a few years emerge from the wilderness, and gladden the whole region from the river to the lake. These temples will be vocal with the praises of the Most High. Let the inhabitants strive with a laudable anxiety to bring early to their embryo institutions, both civil and sacred, correct principles, and a just taste. We would call on those who teach, and who practise psalmody, to remember, that they ought to have a still nobler end in view, than the mere gratification of the ear with pleasant sounds. It is theirs to furnish one of the most interesting and delightful parts of public worship. If it were necessary, as one of the wisest heathens has said, in order to be an accomplished orator, it was requisite to be a good man, how much more necessary that they, who are to be the means of elevating the

devotion of others, should have their own hearts consecrated to the service of Him whose praises they sing. There is, in fact, a sensibility, a pathos and effect in that music which is dictated by a heart softened by the influences of religion, and warmed with love to God, which can arise from no other source. There is no counterfeiting that manner which results from ardent feeling. A religious choir, other circumstances being equal, always produces the most affecting music. To a susceptible mind, no spectacle is more imposing, none has a more salutary and delightful effect, than to see and hear a religious choir, well disciplined, numerous, respectable and solemn, their views all directed toward that happy country, where the harmony admits no jar or discord, perform their part of divine service.—The first and most indispensible requisite, then, in order to good singing, is to have feelings attuned to the praises of God, a heart open to the inspiration of religion, and the soul purified and gladdened with the sublime hope of immortality. The second requisite to good church music, in our judgment, is perfect simplicity of manner. We suppose the previous necessity of a clear voice, and a just perception of music, or what is commonly called an ear for it. Affectation and conceit, every where despicable, are peculiarly so in the performance of church music. Let the affected quaver of a grace, for which the composuist made no provision, be banished to its proper place, the theatre. The part ought always to be sung in a simple, natural and unaffected manner, with spirit, with distinct, clear and just articulation, and without any attempts at mending the work of the composuist.

An essential requisite to good singing, unless the import of the words evidently determine otherwise, is slowness. There are but few churches, even where the improved church music is introduced, in which sufficient attention is paid to this great point. There is, we know, a slowness which tires the hearer, which results from a want of spirit, and which drags slowly along the piece. There is a distinctness and a slowness, also, the effect of spirit, tempered by rule and by discretion; and, wherever it is practised, it will be found to be one of the primitive ornaments of church music. We can hardly conceive of music, that can produce those grand effects, which we have felt, that music is capable of producing, where the movement is so quick, that the moment the ear has caught a strain that delights and is full of harmony, that moment it perishes from the ear, and fades from the memory, driven out by a flying succession of new sounds. The strain of Philomel is prolonged and slow, and her favorite notes protracted to extreme length; while the ordinary songsters of our wood soon satiate and tire the ear with their merry and voluble tune. All who have tasted the pleasure that results from good music, know how high and how pure a satisfaction it imparts. Let the tune be of the proper character; let the manner be slow, simple and spirited, the result of taste and genius; let the performance be free from all affectation; let it arise from a strong conception of the import of the words that are sung, and from a heart elevated by the best of all affections, and the sublimest of all hopes; let the theme be religion, and that music is produced, so beautifully described by the "voice of Cona," "like the memory of joys that are past, pleasing and mournful to the soul."

We are not ready to affirm all that the great master of the drama hath said, respecting the man "that hath not music in his soul." But we admit that it would give an unfavorable impression of any man, to hear that he had no kind of taste or feeling for music. How can a heart respond to pleasant sounds, that is selfish and cruel, that is seared and polluted by sin? How can that heart enter into the calm and serenity which music inspires, that is for ever agitated by the clamor of furious and contending passions? What desire can he have to swell the anthems of the happy above, who has no relish for songs of praise in the temple of God below?

We earnestly exhort the young, then, who would become proficients in the divine art of singing the praises of God, to open their souls to the ennobling hopes and the softening influences of religion. Cultivate your taste for music, as you should all your other powers, that you may the more effectually advance the interests of your God and Redeemer. Assiduously discipline and cultivate your taste, and pray, that it may be sanctified; and that you may be the instrument of awaking the same pleasing and pious emotions in the breasts of others that you feel in your own. Above all, avoid sin. It hardens the heart. It sears the conscience. It stupifies the perceptions. It benumbs the sensibilities. Give yourself up to the dominion of sin, and you shut up this, as well as all other sources of true pleasure. Indulge in an habitual course of sin, and all that can be said respecting the delights of music will fall on your heavy ear like extravagant fiction. Your heart will not reply to that beautiful eulogium of music by Armstrong:

"There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast;
Bids every passion revel, or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all your care dissolves;
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.
That power is music. . . . . .
And he the muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with heaven's own fire,
Who with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strain of old,
Appeas'd the friend of melancholy, Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man, who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song.
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd even the inexorable powers of hell,
And half redeemed his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy; allays each grief;
Expels diseases; softens every pain;
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague:
And hence the wise of ancient time ador'd
One power of physic, melody and song."

Adagio, (or *Ado.*) slow.
Affettuoso, or *Con Affetto*, tenderly.
Allegretto, a little brisk.
Allegro, (or *Allo.*) brisk.
Allegro ma non troppo, brisk, but not too fast.
Alto, or *Altus*, the Contra Tenor.
Andante, distinct, exact.
Andantino, very exact and slow.
Amoroso, see affettuoso.
Anthem, a portion of Scripture set to Music.
Bis. signifies a repeat.
Cadences are closes in Music, similar in effect to stops in reading.
Cantibile, in a graceful and melodious style; an extreme cadence made by the principal performer while the rest stop.
Canon, a regular and exact fuge, in either the unison, fifth, or eighth. In these pieces one singer begins alone, and when he comes either to the end of his part, or to a repeat, if written on one stave, a second begins, then a third, in like manner, and so of the rest.
Canto, or *Cantus*, the Treble.
Capella, a chapel or church, as *Alla Capella*, in church style.
Chorus, full, all the voices.
Con, as *Con Spirito*, with spirit.
Crescendo, (or *Cres.*) to swell the sound.
Con Lamento, in a melancholy style.
Da Capo, (or *D. C.*) to repeat and conclude with the first part.
Diminuendo, to diminish the sound.
Dolce, sweet and soft.
Duo, *Duetto*, for two voices or instruments.
Del Signo, (or *D. S.*) from the sign.
E, and, as *Moderato e Mæstoso*, moderate and majestic.
Fagotto, the Bassoon part.
Fine, the end of a piece or book.
Forte, (or *For.*) loud.
Fortissimo, (or *F. F.*) very loud.
Fuga, or *Fugue*, a piece in which one or more parts lead, and the others follow in regular intervals.
Grazioso, gracefully, with taste.
Grave, the slowest time.
Larghetto, pretty slow.
Largo, *Lentemente* or *Lento*, very slow.

Ligature, a slur.
Maestoso, slow, firm, and bold.
Moderato, moderately.
Mottetto, a kind of Latin Anthem.
Mezzo, moderately, rather, as *Mezzo Forte*, moderately loud, *Mezzo Piano*, rather soft.
Organo, the Organ part.
Piano, (or *Pia*) soft.
Piu, prefixed to another word, increases its force.
Poco, the contrary of Piu.
Presto, quick.
Prestissimo, very quick.
Primo, the first part.
Pianissimo, (*Pianis* or *P. P.*) very soft.
Pomposo, in a grand or pompous style.
Recitative, kind of musical recitation between speaking and singing.
Ritornello, see symphony.
Seconda, the second part.
Semi Chorus, half the voices.
Siciliano, a slow, graceful movement in Compound Time.
Solo, for a single voice or instrument.
Soprano, the Treble.
Spiritoso, or *Con Spirito*, with spirit.
Stoccato, very distinct and pointed.
Sotto Voce, middling strength of voice.
Symphony, a passage for instruments.
Tempo, time; as, *A Tempo*, or *Tempo Giusto*, in true time, &c.
Trio, a piece in three parts.
Tempo di Marcia.
Tatto, when all join after a solo.
Thorough Bass, the instrumental Bass, with figures for the Organ.
Verse, one voice to a part.
Vivace, with life and spirit.
Volti Subito, turn over quick.

INTRODUCTION TO THE RULES.

MUSIC is divided into melody and harmony. Melody is a succession of simple sounds. Harmony is a combination of chords. The notes of the scale are seven, marked by the seven letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G. As the notes ascend or descend beyond these, they are repeated again.

THE GAMUT OR SCALE OF MUSIC.

For Bass.

Space above — B
Fifth Line — A
Fourth Space — G O Sol
Fourth Line — F—O—Faw
Third Space — E O Law
Third Line — D—O—Sol
Second Space — C O Faw
Second Line — B—O—Mi
First Space — A O Law
First Line — G—O—Sol
Space below — F

For Tenor, Counter & Treble.

Space above — G O Sol
Fifth Line — F—O—Faw
Fourth Space — E O Law
Fourth Line — D—O—Sol
Third Space — C O Faw
Third Line — B—O—Mi
Second Space — A O Law
Second Line — G—O—Sol
First Space — F
First Line — E
Space below — D

For Counter.

Space above — A
Fifth Line — G—O—Sol
Fourth Space — F O Faw
Fourth Line — E—O—Law
Third Space — D O Sol
Third Line — C—O—Faw
Second Space — B O Mi
Second Line — A—O—Law
First Space — G O Sol
First Line — F
Space below — E

INTRODUCTION.

MUSICAL CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

Examples.

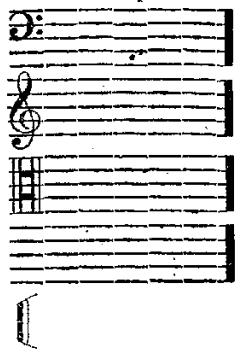
The *Bass Cliff* is placed on the fourth line, and called the F Cliff, and is used only in Bass.

The *Tenor and Treble Cliff* is placed on the second line, and called the G Cliff, and is used in Tenor and Treble, and in Counter.

The *Counter Cliff* is placed on the third line, and called the C Cliff, and is used in Counter.

A *Stave* is five lines with their spaces, whereon notes and other characters are written.

A *Brace* shows how many parts are sung together.



Ledger Lines — are used when notes ascend or descend beyond the stave.

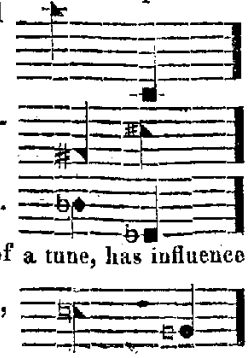
A *Sharp* set before a note raises it one semitone.

A *Flat* set before a note sinks it one semitone.

Either a *Sharp* or *Flat* set at the beginning of a tune, has influence through it, unless contradicted by a natural.

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

Examples.

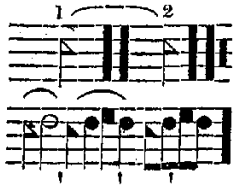


Observe, that Sharps, Flats and Naturals affect the sound of no letters but those on which they are set.

A *Repeat* shows what part of a tune is to be sung over again.

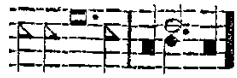
Figures 1 2 signify that the note under 1 is to be sung before repeating, and the note under 2 at repeating; if tied, both are to be sung.

A *Slur* shows what notes are sung to one syllable; but when the notes are tied at the bottom the slur is unnecessary.



Stoccato Marks should be performed distinctly; when dots are introduced, they must be sung soft and distinct.

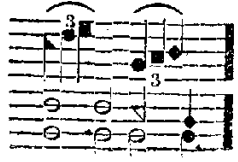
A *Point of Addition* adds to a note one half its original length. When set after a Semibreve, it makes it equal to three Minims; when set after a Minim, it makes it equal to three Crotchets, &c.



A *Hold* signifies that the note, over which it is set, may be continued at the pleasure of the performer.

A *Figure* 3, placed over or under any three notes, reduces them to the time of two of the same kind.

Choosing Notes are placed in a direct line, one above another, either of which, or both, may be sung.



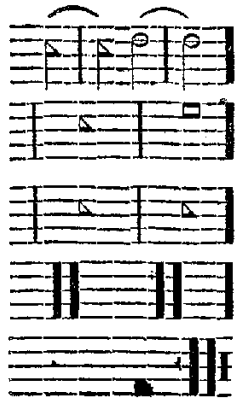
A *Ligature* or *Tie* comprehends two or more notes upon the same line, or space, tied with a slur, which must be sung with one name, and as one sound.

A *Single Bar* divides the time according to the measure note.

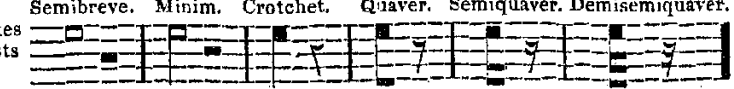
A *Measure Note* is that which fills a bar.

A *Double Bar* shows the end of a strain.

A *Close* shows the end of a tune.



Names and Proportions of the Notes and Rests.



Two minims, or four crotchets, or eight quavers, or sixteen semiquavers, or thirty-two demisemiquavers, are equal to one semibreve.

OF TIME.

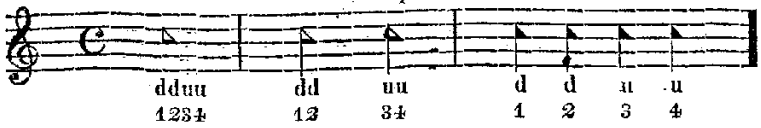
There are three divisions of Time, Common, Triple and Compound.

COMMON TIME is measured by even numbers, as 2, 4, &c. and has four Marks.

The *First Mark* — has a Semibreve for its measure note, and is performed in four seconds; accented on the first and third part of the bar, and thus — beaten:

1st. Let the ends of the fingers fall,
2d. Let the heel of the hand fall,
3d. Raise the heel of the hand,
4th. Raise the ends of the fingers, which completes the bar.

Example.



The *Second Mark* has a Semibreve for its measure note, and is performed a fourth faster; accented and beaten as in the first.

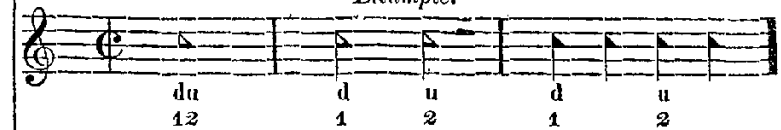
Example.

[Similar to the one given above.]

The *Third Mark* has a Semibreve for its measure note, and is performed in or two seconds; accented on the first part of the bar, and is beaten thus:

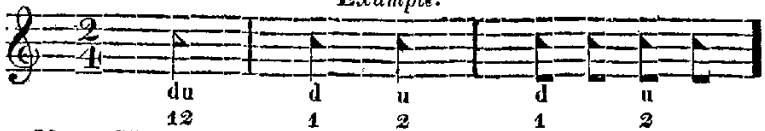
1st. Let the ends of the fingers fall,
2d. Raise the ends of the fingers, which completes the bar.

Example.



The *Fourth Mark* has a Minim for its measure note, and is performed one fourth faster than the third; also accented and beaten as in the preceding Mark.

Example.



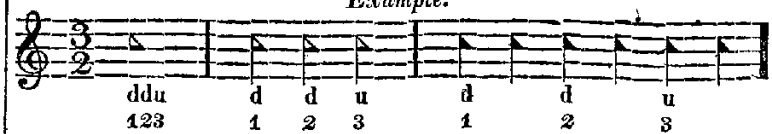
Note.—The First Mark has four beats in a bar.
The Second Mark has four beats in a bar.
The Third Mark has two beats in a bar.
The Fourth Mark has two beats in a bar.

TRIPLE TIME is measured by odd numbers, as 3, &c. and has three Marks, which are all beaten in the same manner, thus:

1st. Let the ends of the fingers fall,
2d. Let the heel of the hand fall,
3d. Raise the ends of the fingers, which completes the bar.

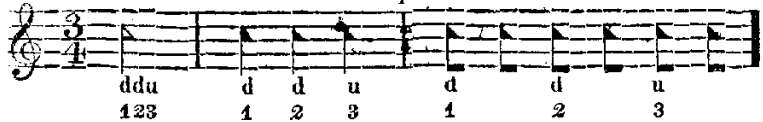
The *First Mark* $\frac{3}{2}$ called *three to two*, has a pointed Semibreve for its measure note. Three Minims fill a bar, or six Crotchets, &c. accented on the 1st, and faintly on the third parts of the bar; each Minim to be sounded in a second of time.

Example.



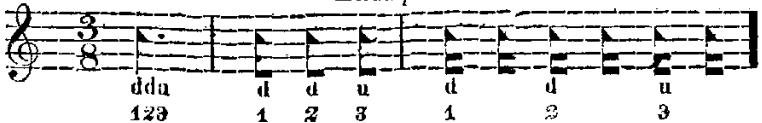
The *Second Mark* $\frac{3}{4}$ called *three from four*, has a pointed Minim for its measure note. Three Crotchets, or six Quavers fill a bar, accented as in the 1st Mark, and performed one-fourth faster.

Example.



The *Third Mark* $\frac{3}{8}$ called *three from eight*, has a pointed Crotchet for its measure note. Three Quavers, or six Semiquavers fill a bar; accented as in the first Mark, and performed about one quarter faster than the second.

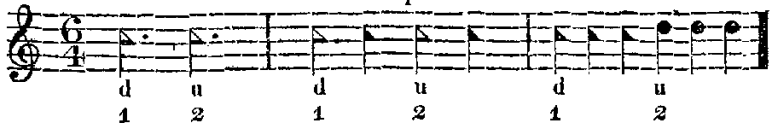
Example.



COMPOUND TIME has two Marks.

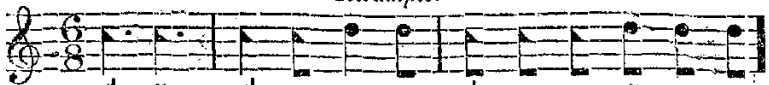
The *First Mark* $\frac{6}{4}$ called *six to four*, has either two pointed Minims, two Minims and two Crotchets, or six Crotchets in a bar; three sung with the hand down, and three with it up, in the time of two seconds, accented on the first and third part.

Example.



The *Second Mark* $\frac{6}{8}$ called *six from eight*, has either two pointed Crotchets, two Crotchets and two Quavers, or six Quavers in a bar; two beats, one down and one up, and performed one fourth faster. Accented as before.

Example.



☞ The figures refer to the number of beats in a bar; the letters *d* and *u* for up and down beats.

NOTE.—*Sacred Music*, under the two preceding *Marks*, should never be sung in a rapid manner, for that destroys all solemnity, and is also lately inconsistent with that kind of movement required when set to sacred subjects. The mathematical difference between the foregoing Marks of Time, is here omitted. The performing of Music slower or faster, in the different Marks, is left to directive terms, in general use, and to the judgment of the performer.

OF THE KEYS.

There are two: the Major or Sharp Key; and the Minor or Flat Key.

The natural place of Mi is in B

If F be sharp Mi is in F	If B be flat Mi is in E
If F and C be sharp Mi is in C	If B and E be flat Mi is in A
If F, C and G be sharp Mi is in G	If B, E & A be flat Mi is in D
If F, C, G & D be sharp Mi is in D	If B, E, A & D be flat Mi is in G

GENERAL REMARKS.

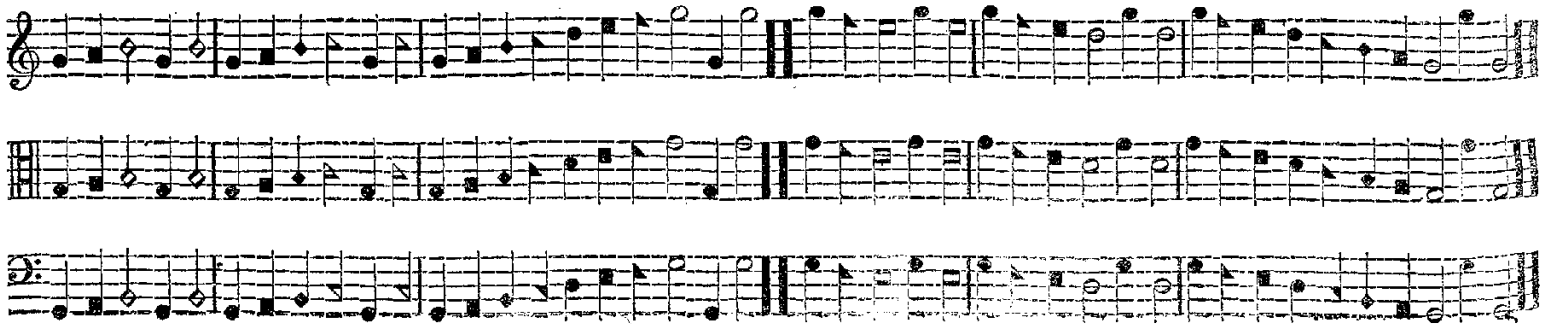
These rules ought to be perfectly committed to memory. Learners in these days are apt to be superficial. Teachers ought not to allow their pupils to sing tunes, until they are well grounded in the principles of music. The articulation should be as distinct as possible. It is barbarous to intermix reading and singing. But at once for that spirited slowness which is the prime ornament of good singing, and

and to enable the singer and the hearer to feel the force of the words, there ought to be a considerable hold at the end of every line. This grace, properly marked, adds greatly to the beauty of the music. The pronunciation ought to be unaffected, and according to the practice of the best speakers. But graces, and ornaments, such as holds, trills, appogiatures, transitions, &c. cannot be learned by rules: they must result from the example of the teacher, from taste and experience in singing.

LESSON FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

ASCENDING. DESCENDING.

Thirds. Fourths. Eighths. Thirds. Fourths. Eighths.



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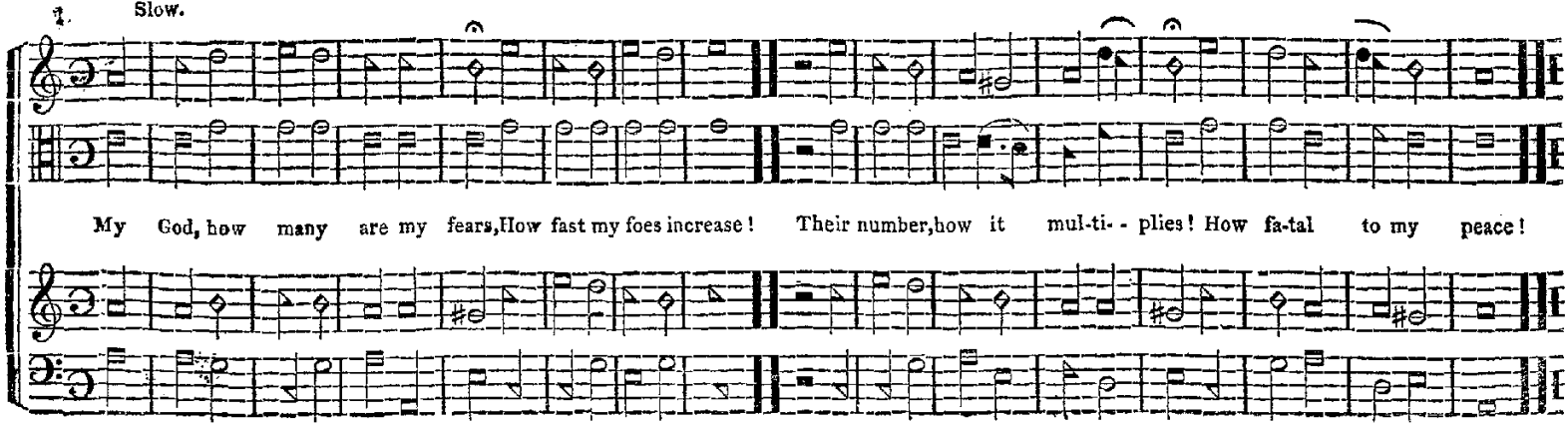
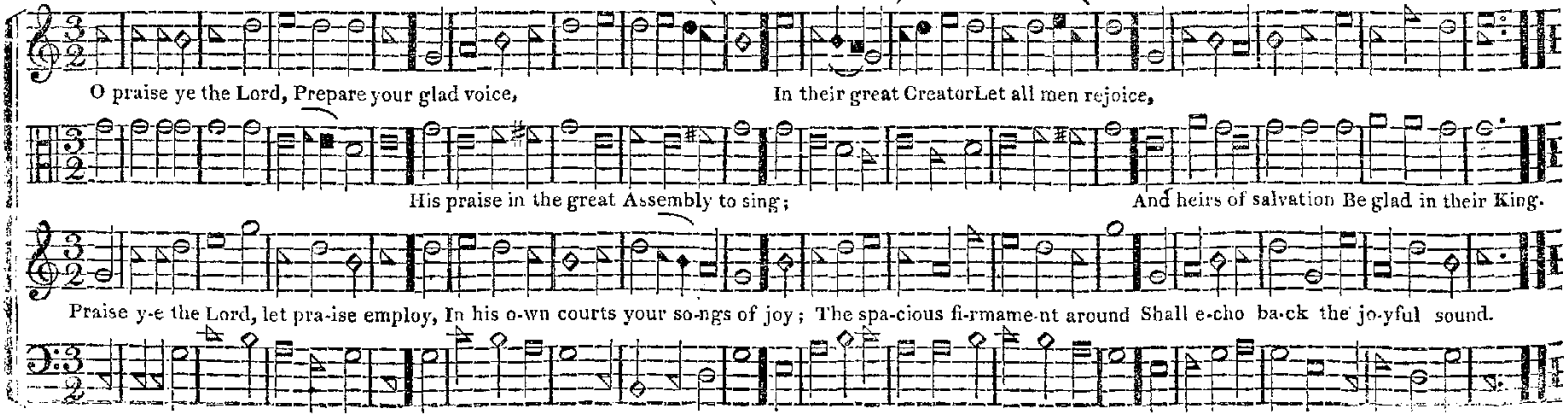
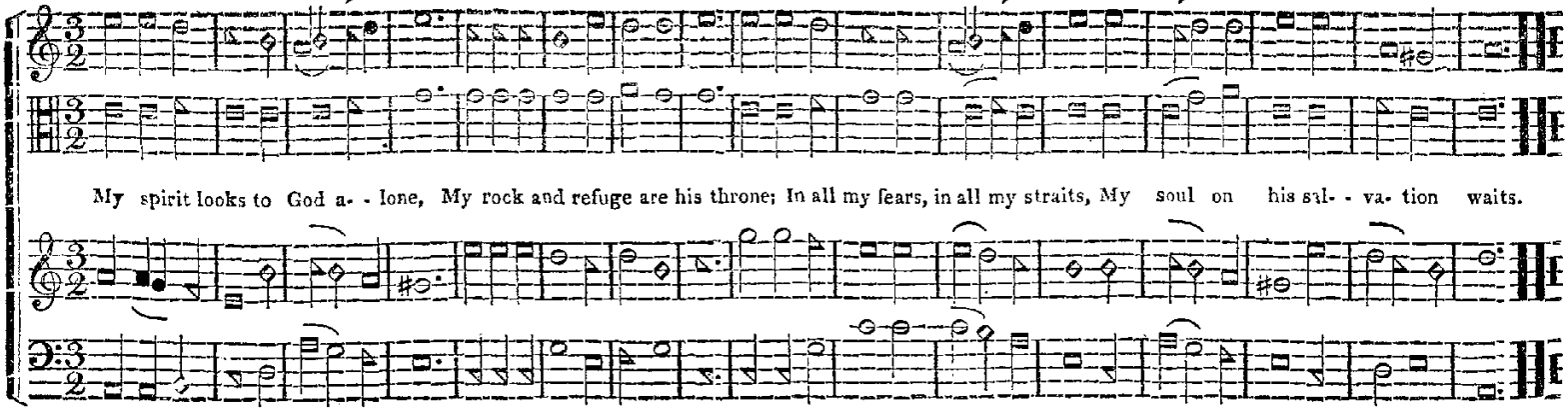
PART I.


1.
Slow.
My God, how many are my fears, How fast my foes increase! Their number, how it mul-ti- - plies! How fa-tal to my peace!

Ps. 149, or 150. **ST. MICHAEL'S. P. M. or L. M.** Handel.

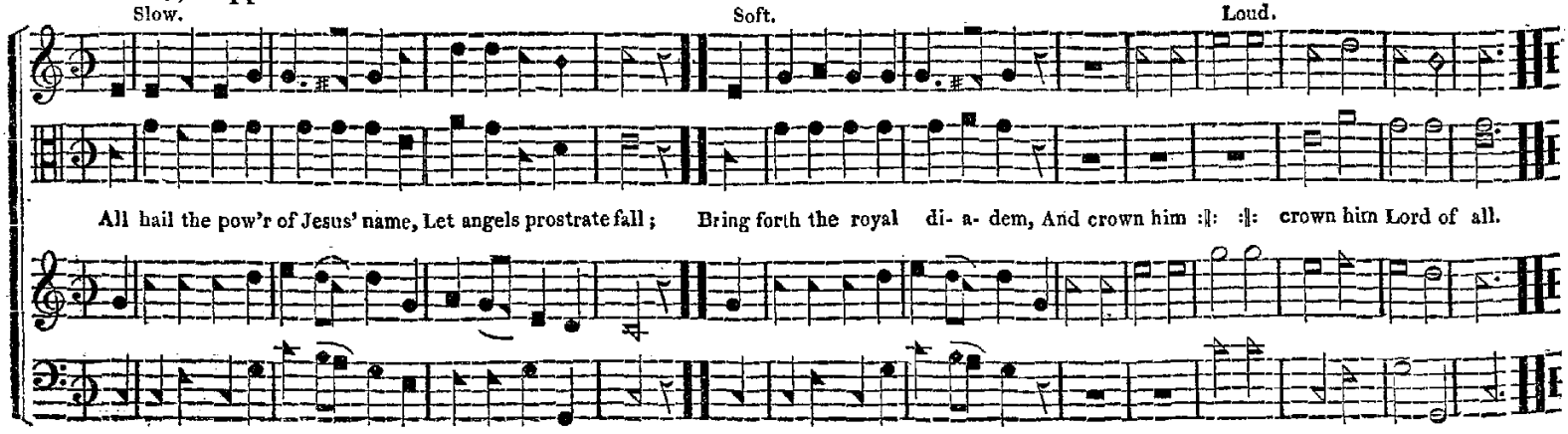


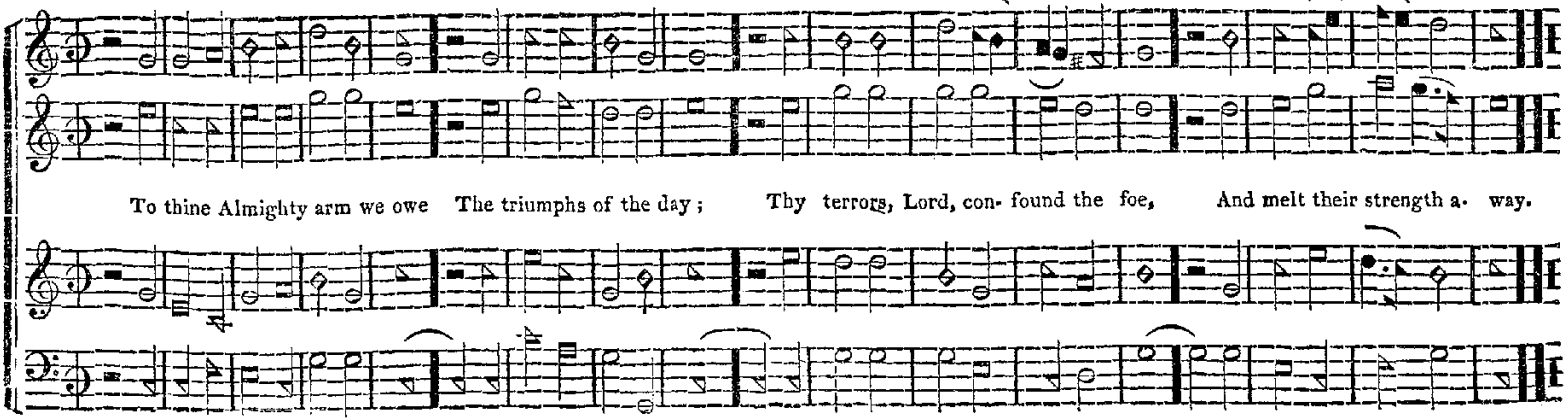

My spirit looks to God a- - lone, My rock and refuge are his throne; In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his sal- - va- tion waits.

H. 117, Rippon's Coll.

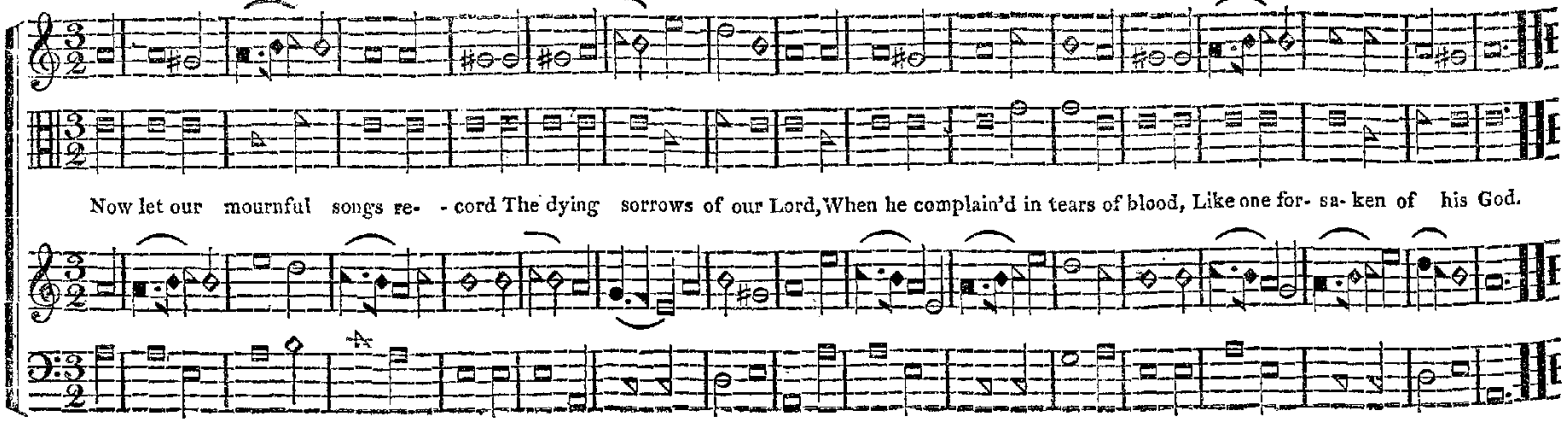
MARLBOROUGH. C. M.

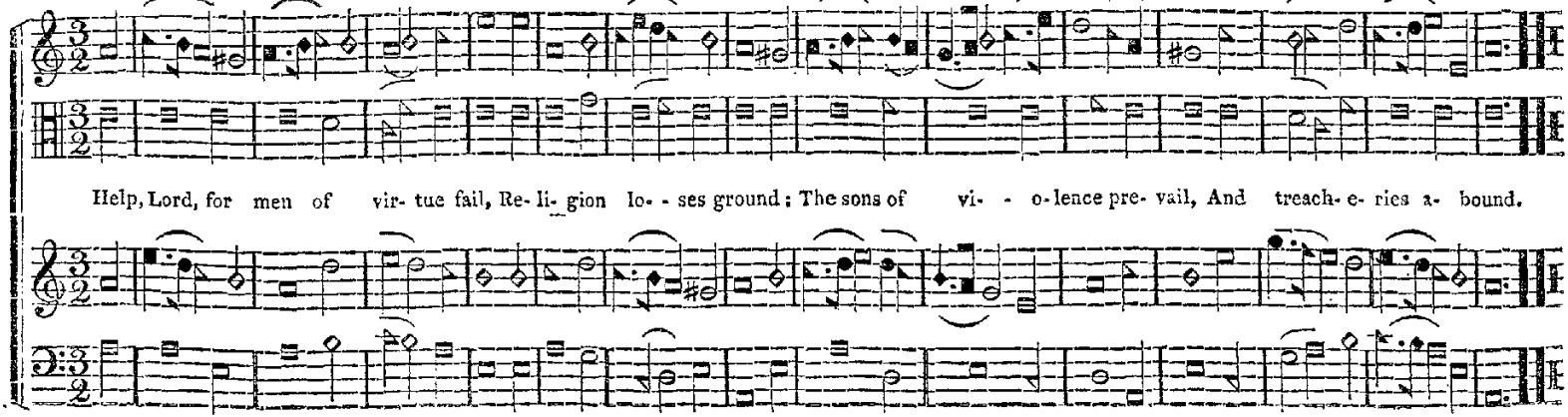
Shrubsole.




To thine Almighty arm we owe The triumphs of the day; Thy terrors, Lord, con- found the foe, And melt their strength a- way.

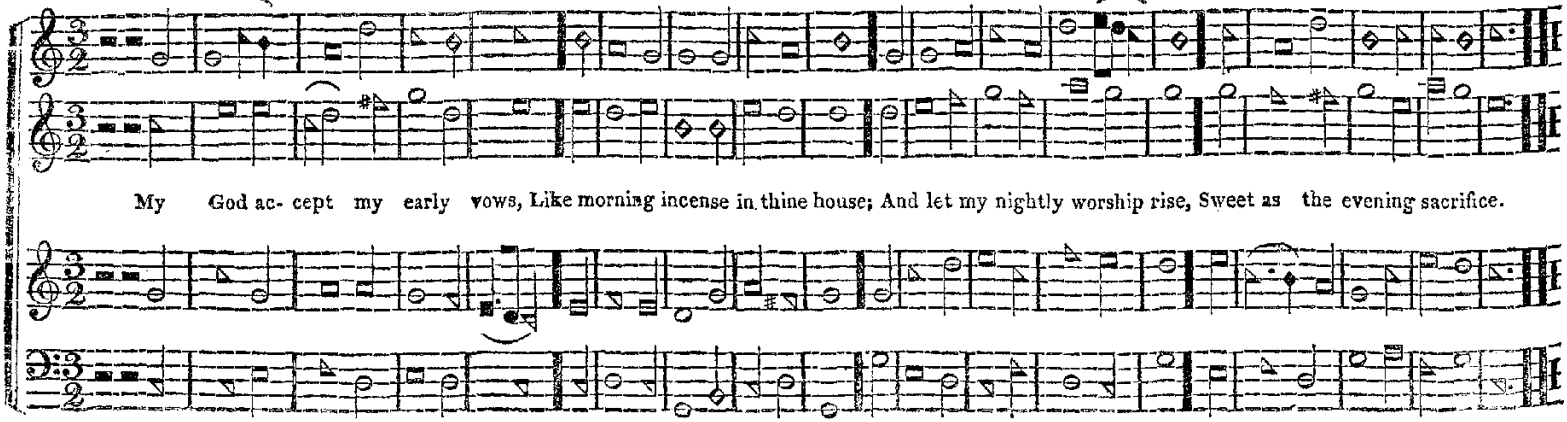
Ps. 22. **PUTNEY. L. M.** Williams' Coll.



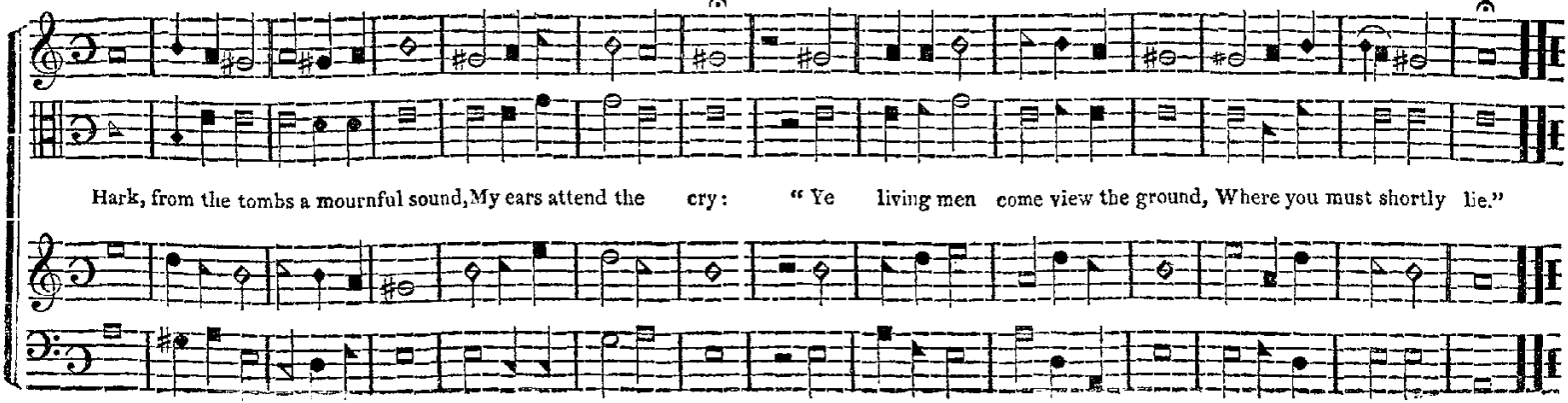

Help, Lord, for men of vir- tue fail, Re- li- gion lo- - ses ground; The sons of vi- - o-lence pre- vail, And treach- e- ries a- bound.

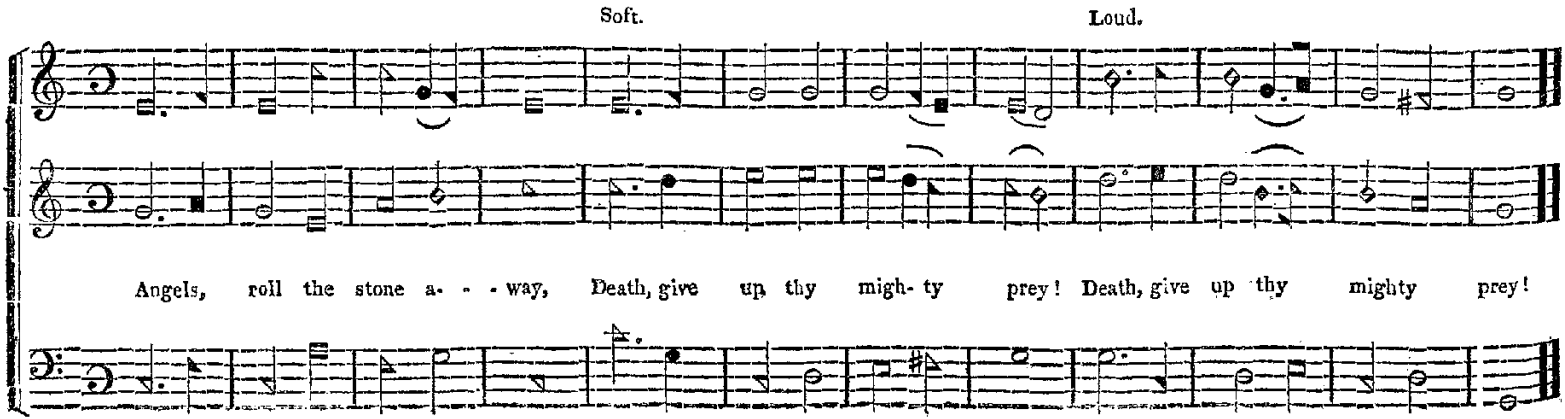
WINCHESTER. L. M.

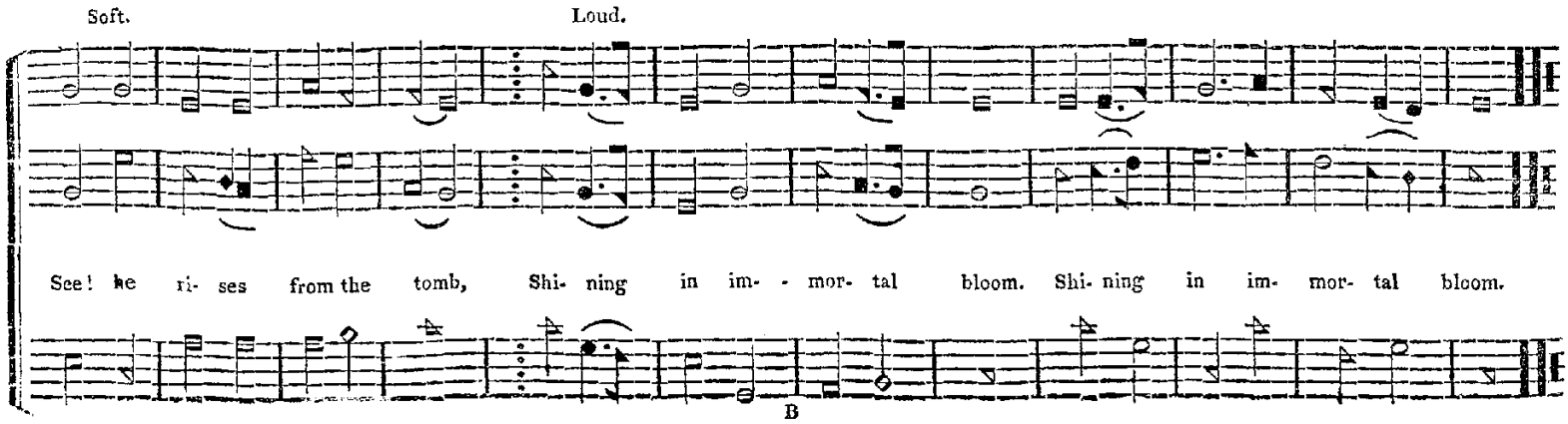
M. Luther.



Slow.


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


Soft.
Loud.
Angels, roll the stone a- - - way, Death, give up thy migh- ty prey! Death, give up thy mighty prey!

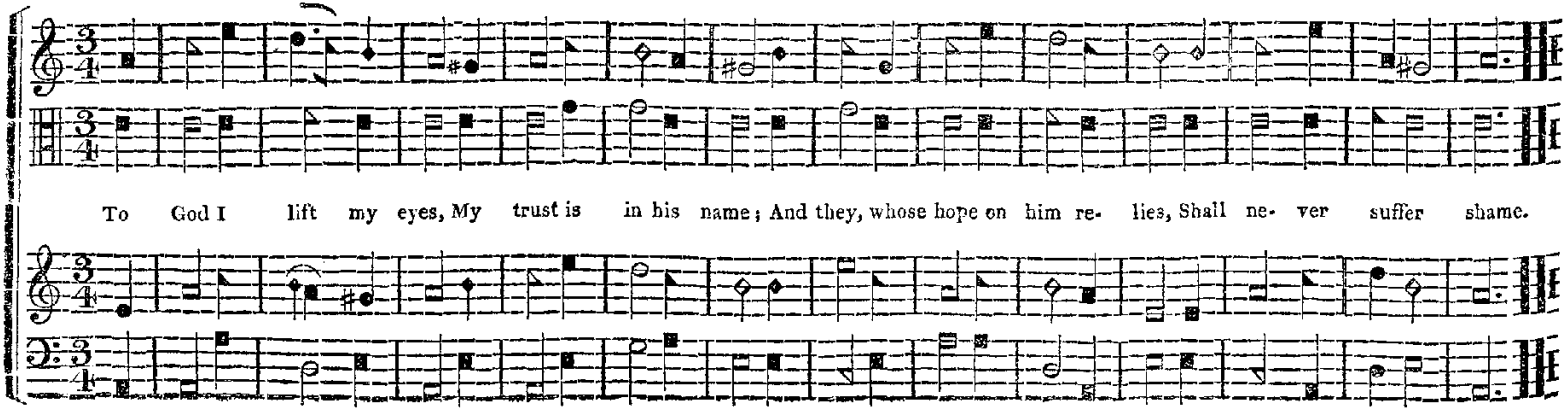

Soft.
Loud.
See! he ri- ses from the tomb, Shi- ning in im- - mor- tal bloom. Shi- ning in im- mor- tal bloom.
B

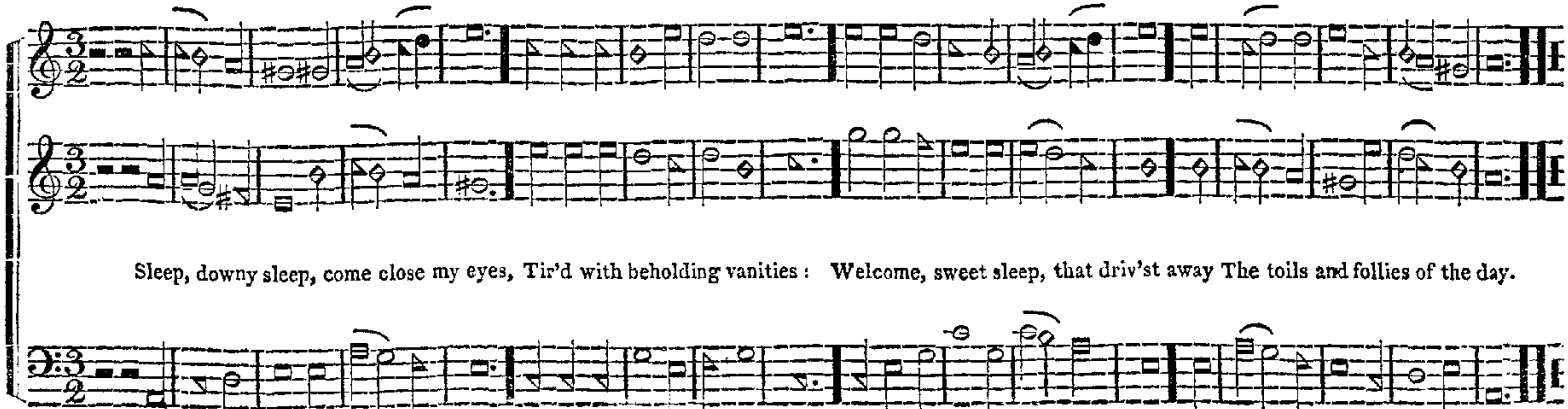
Ps. 25.

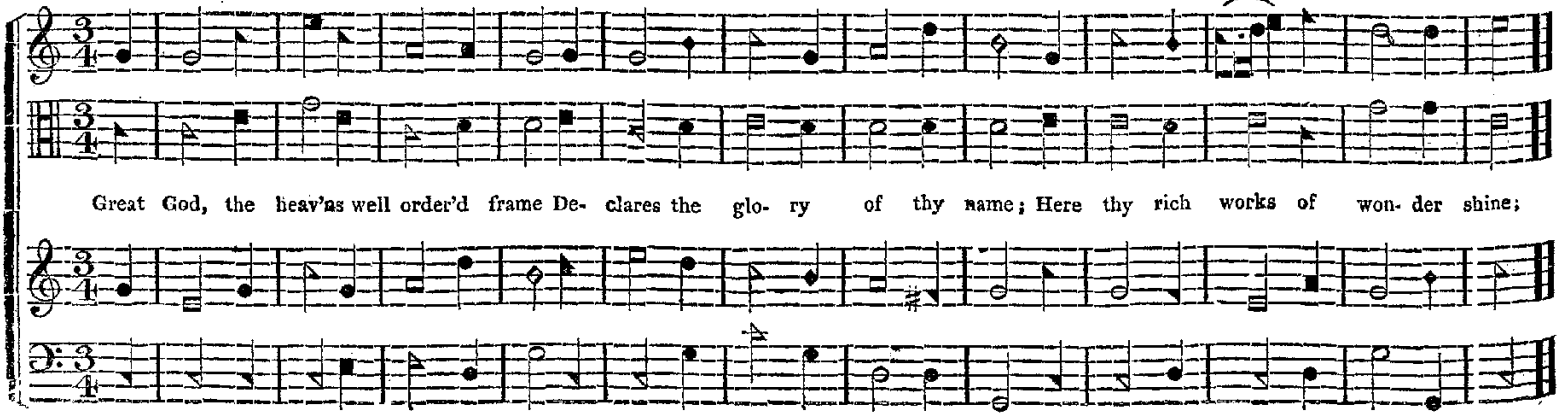
Slow.

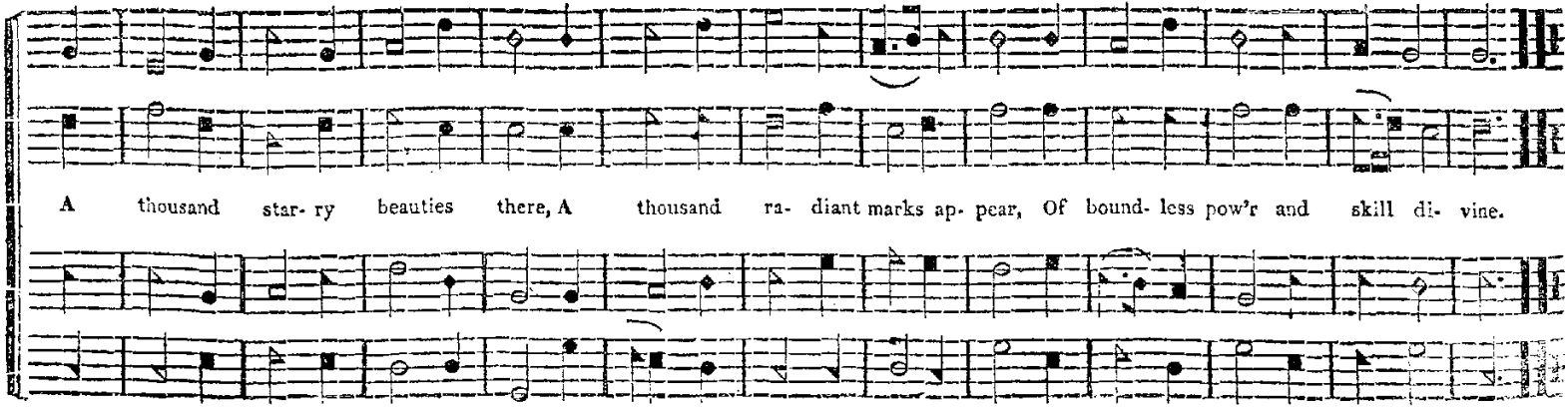
LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

Williams' Coll.



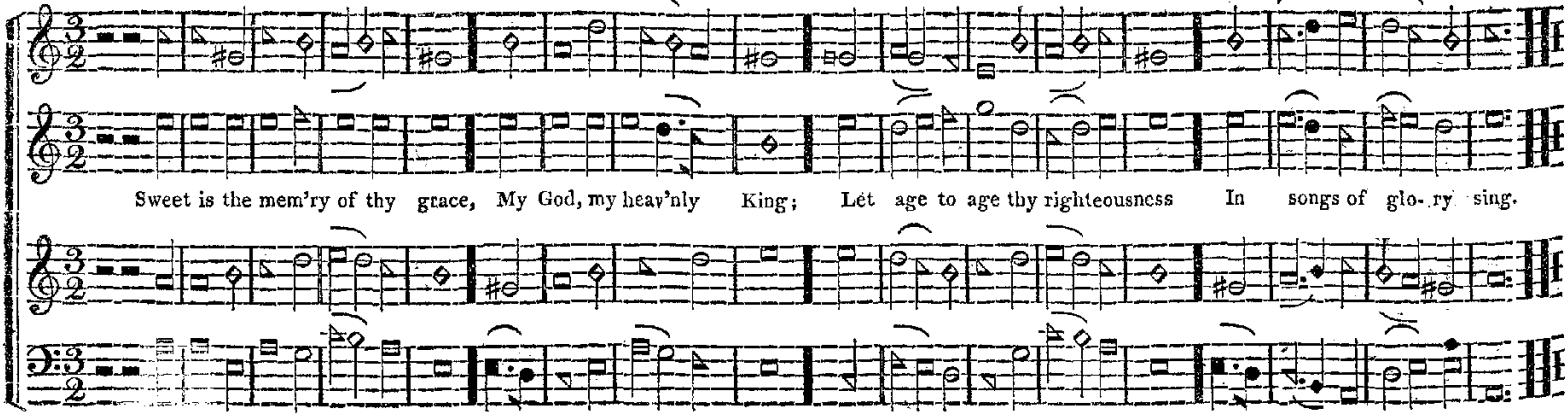

Sleep, downy sleep, come close my eyes, Tir'd with beholding vanities : Welcome, sweet sleep, that driv'st away The toils and follies of the day.

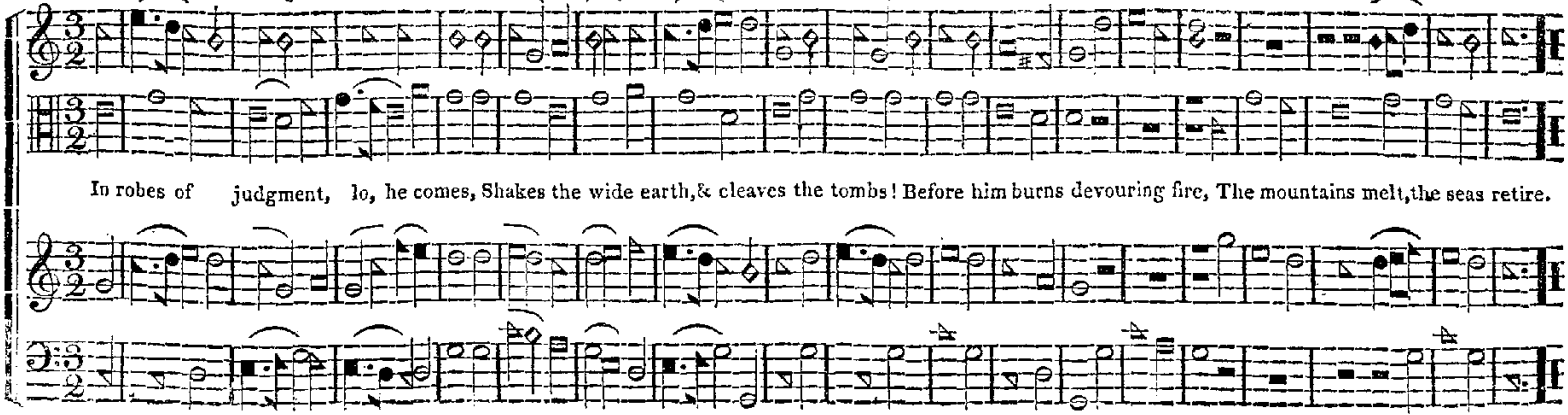

Great God, the heav'ns well order'd frame De- clares the glo- ry of thy name; Here thy rich works of won- der shine;


A thousand star- ry beauties there, A thousand ra- diant marks ap- pear, Of bound- less pow'r and skill di- vine.

BURFORD. C. M.

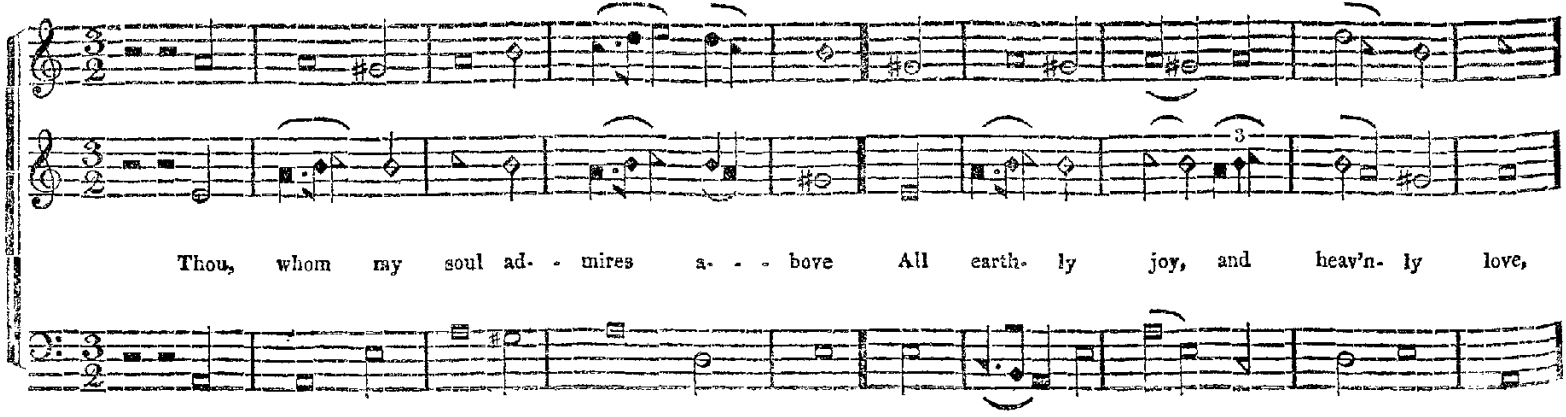
H. Purcell.

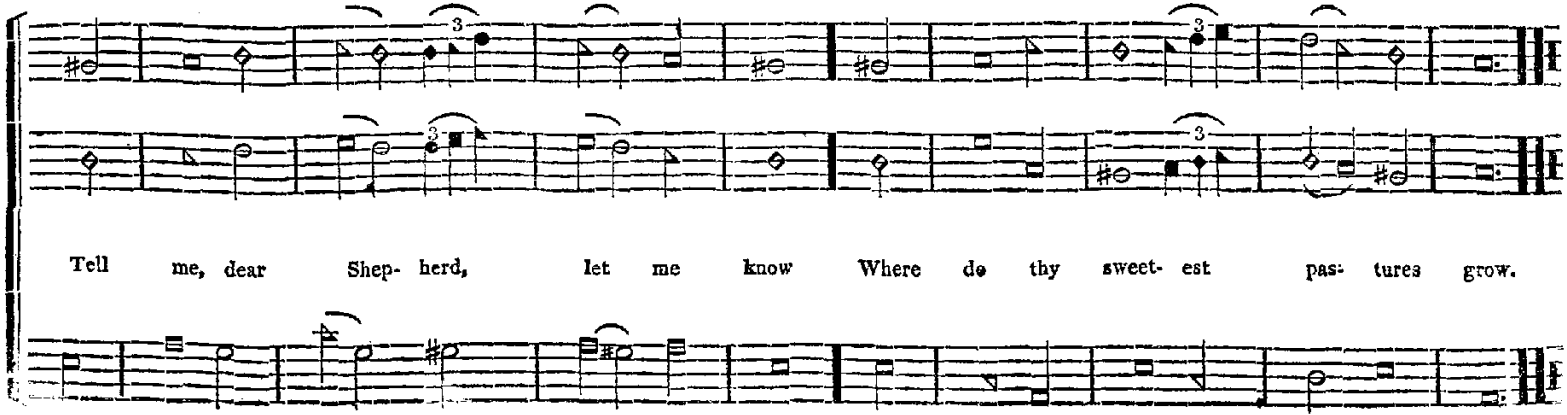


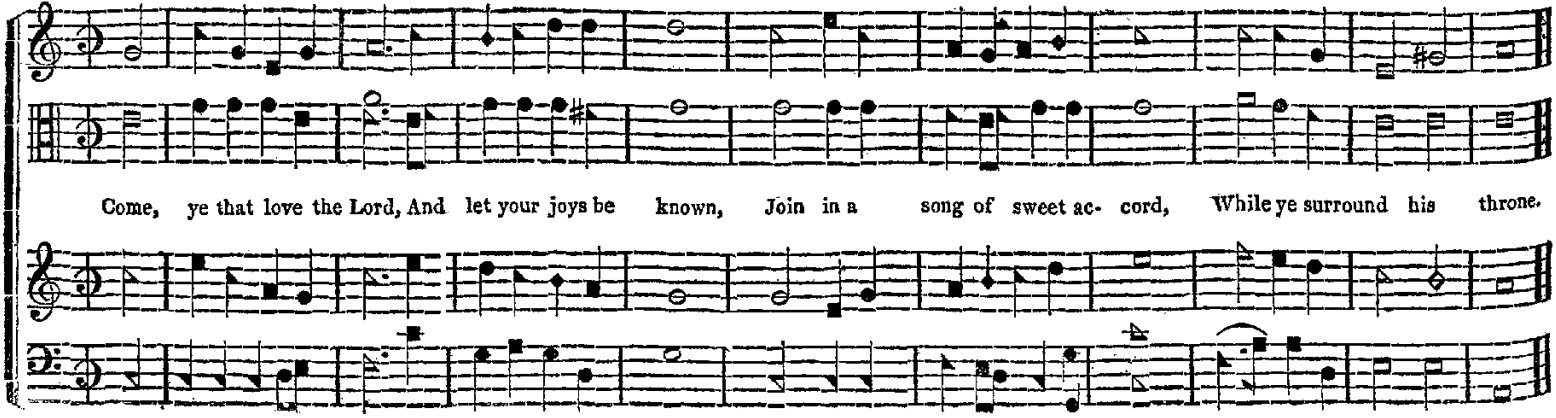

In robes of judgment, lo, he comes, Shakes the wide earth,& cleaves the tombs! Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt,the seas retire.

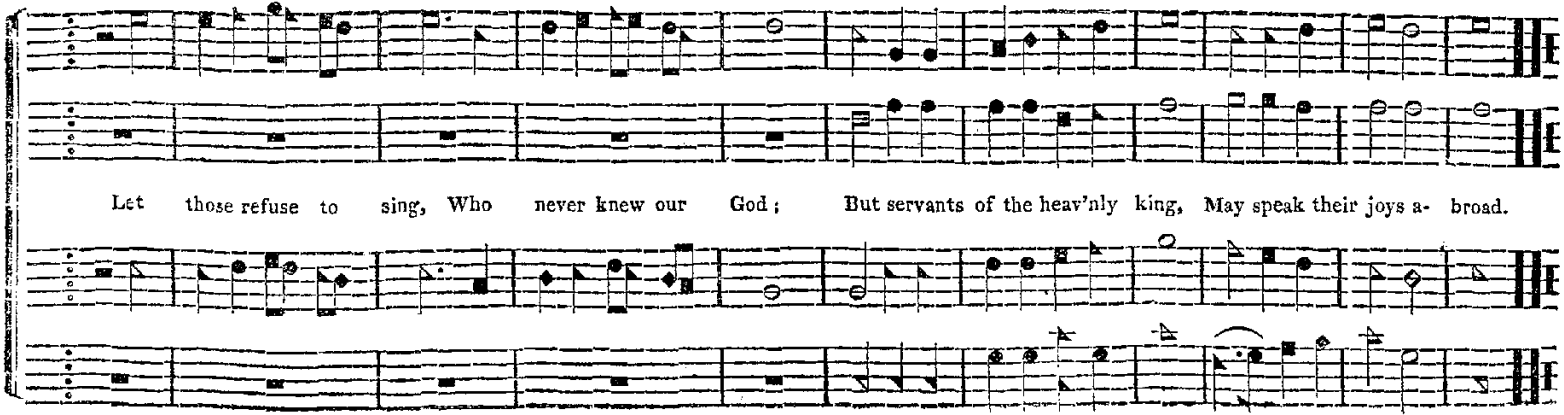
ARMLEY. L. M.

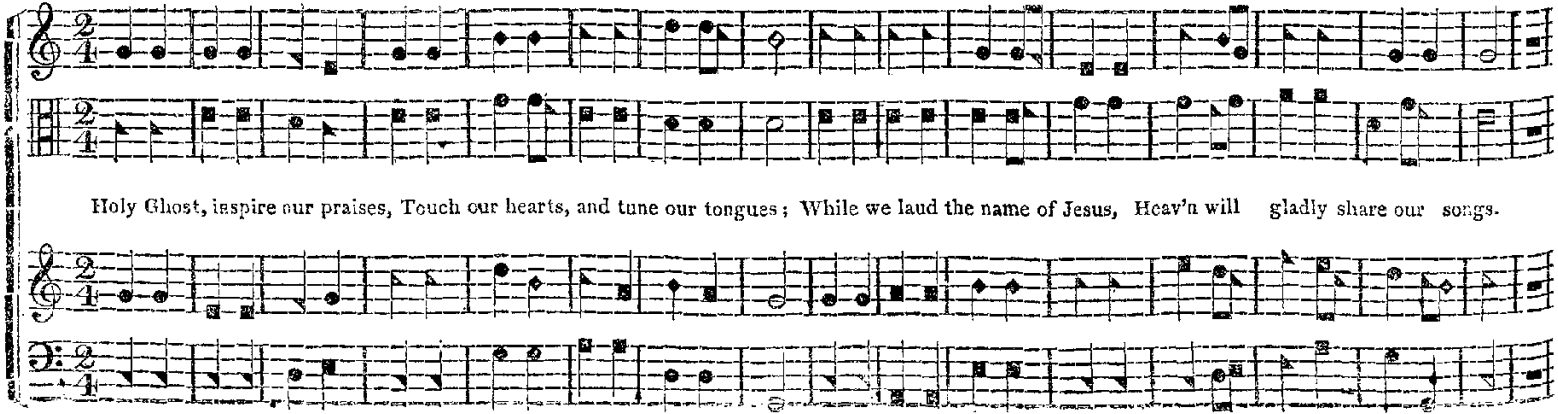
T. Williams' Coll.

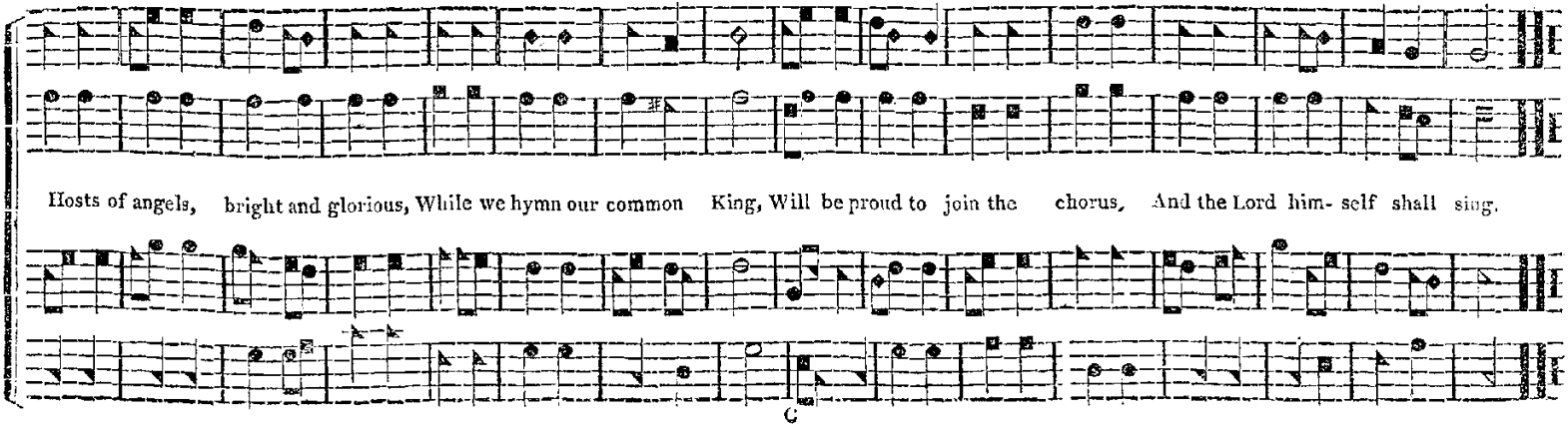


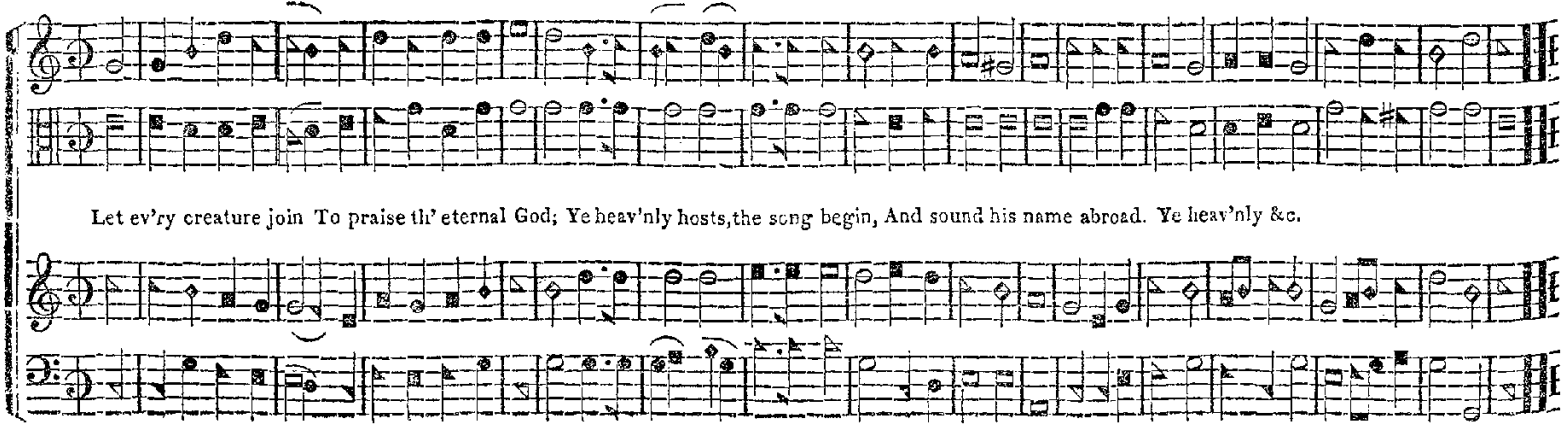

Tell me, dear Shep- herd, let me know Where do thy sweet- est pas- tures grow.

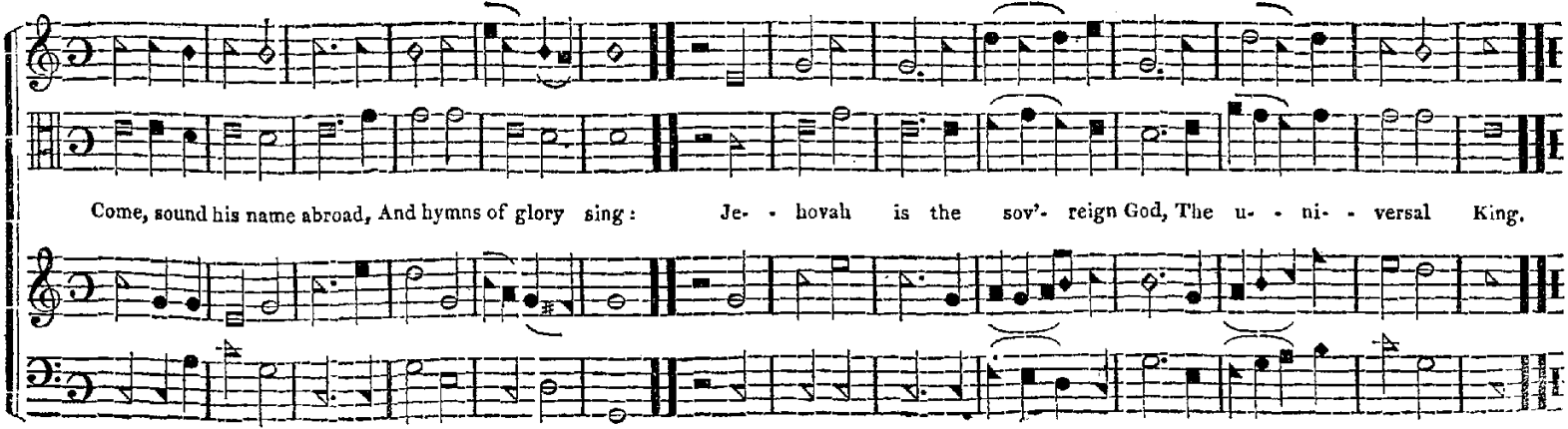

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song of sweet ac- cord, While ye surround his throne.


Let those refuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But servants of the heav'nly king, May speak their joys a- broad.


Holy Ghost, inspire our praises, Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues; While we laud the name of Jesus, Heav'n will gladly share our songs.


Hosts of angels, bright and glorious, While we hymn our common King, Will be proud to join the chorus, And the Lord him- self shall sing.


Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God; Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin, And sound his name abroad. Ye heav'nly &c.

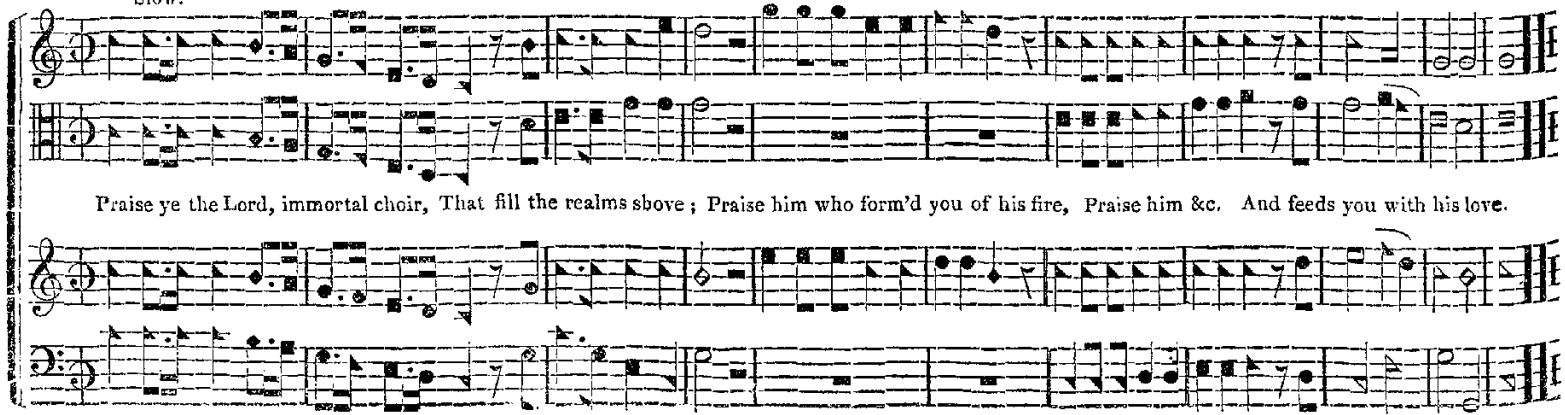

Come, sound his name abroad, And hymns of glory sing: Je- - hovah is the sov'- reign God, The u- - ni- - versal King.

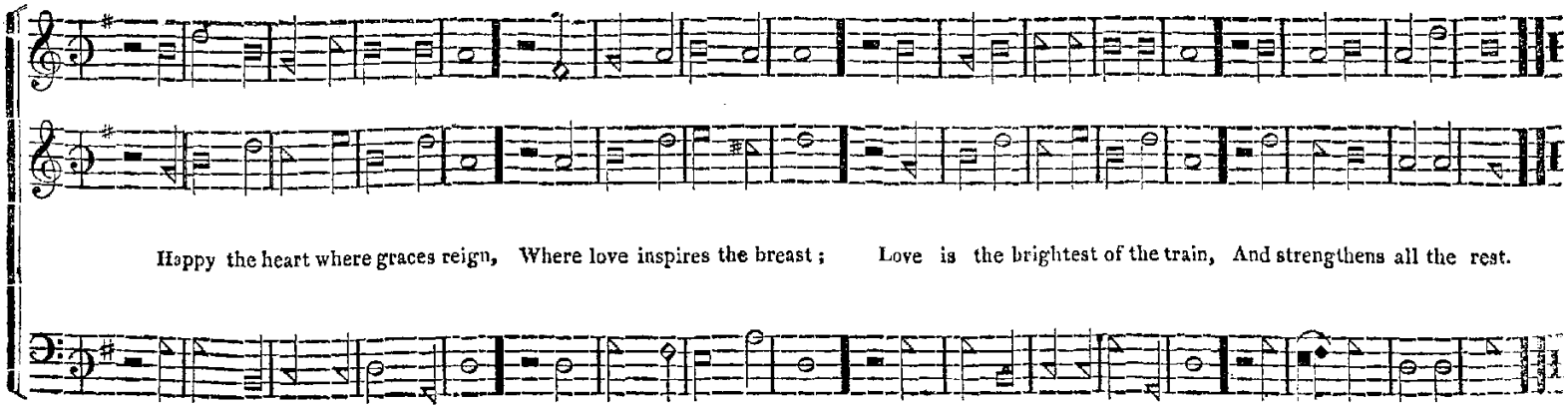
Ps. 148.

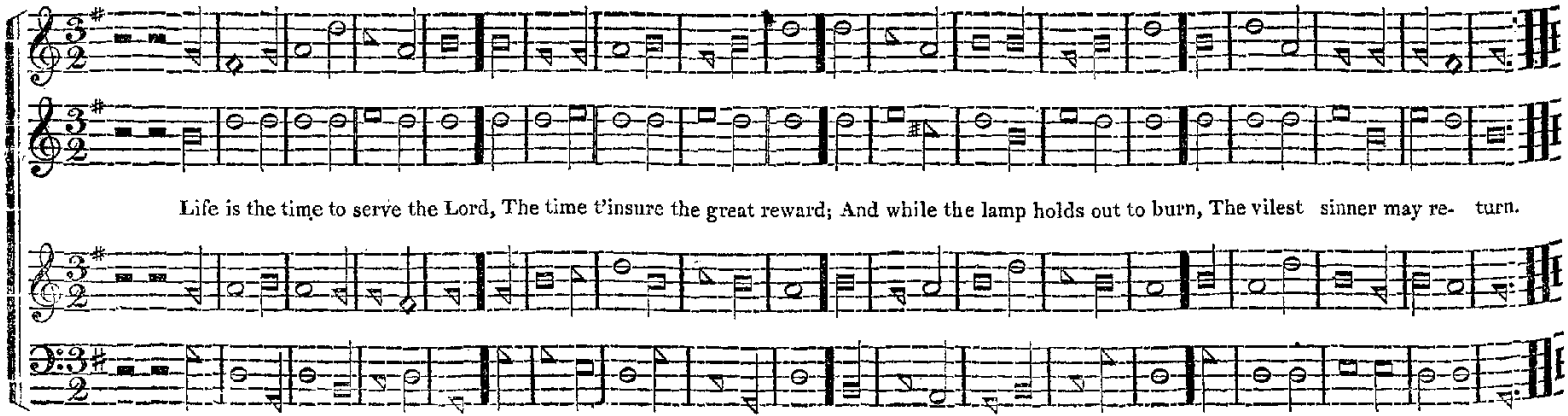
PEMBROKE. C. M.

Dalmer.

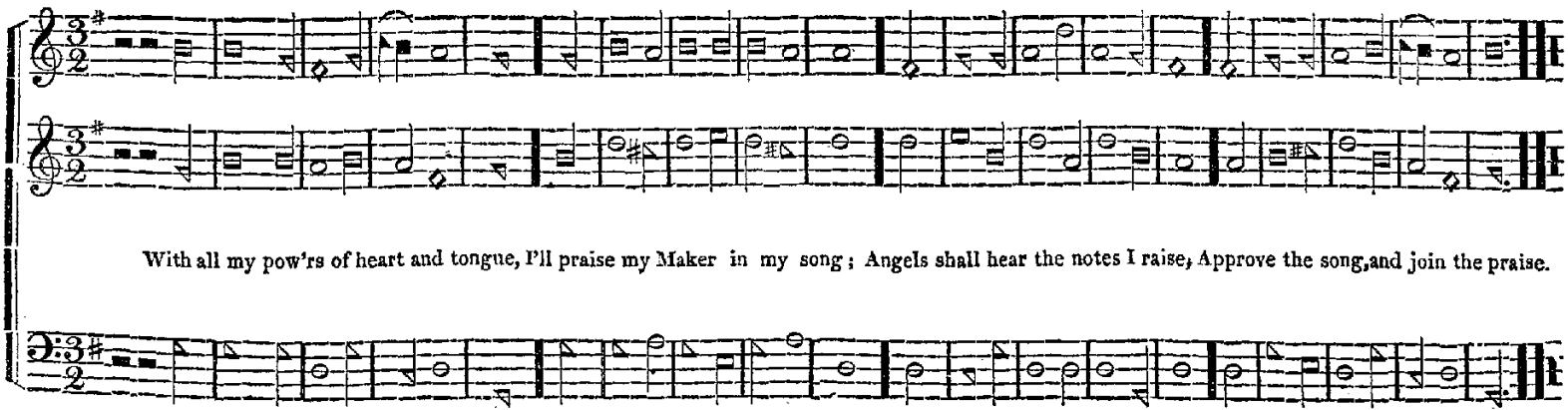
Slow.

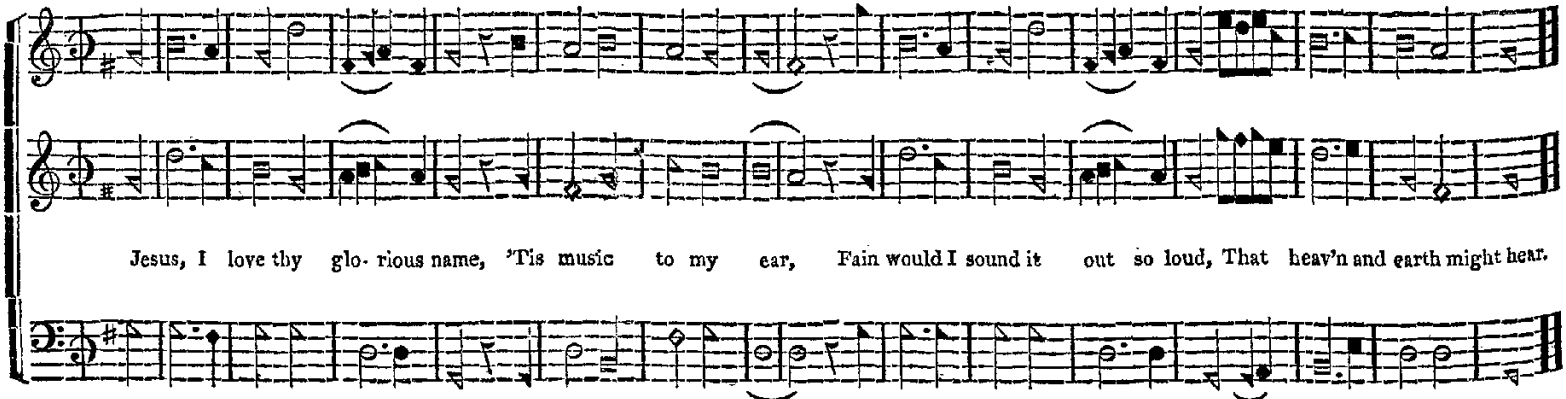


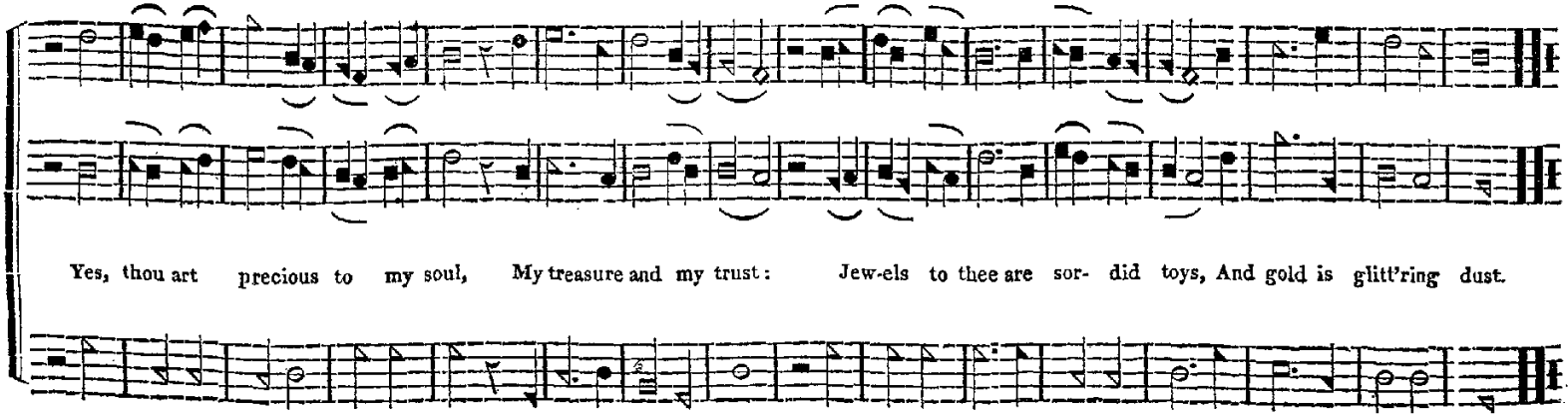

Happy the heart where graces reign, Where love inspires the breast; Love is the brightest of the train, And strengthens all the rest.


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 re- turn.

QUERCY. L. M.

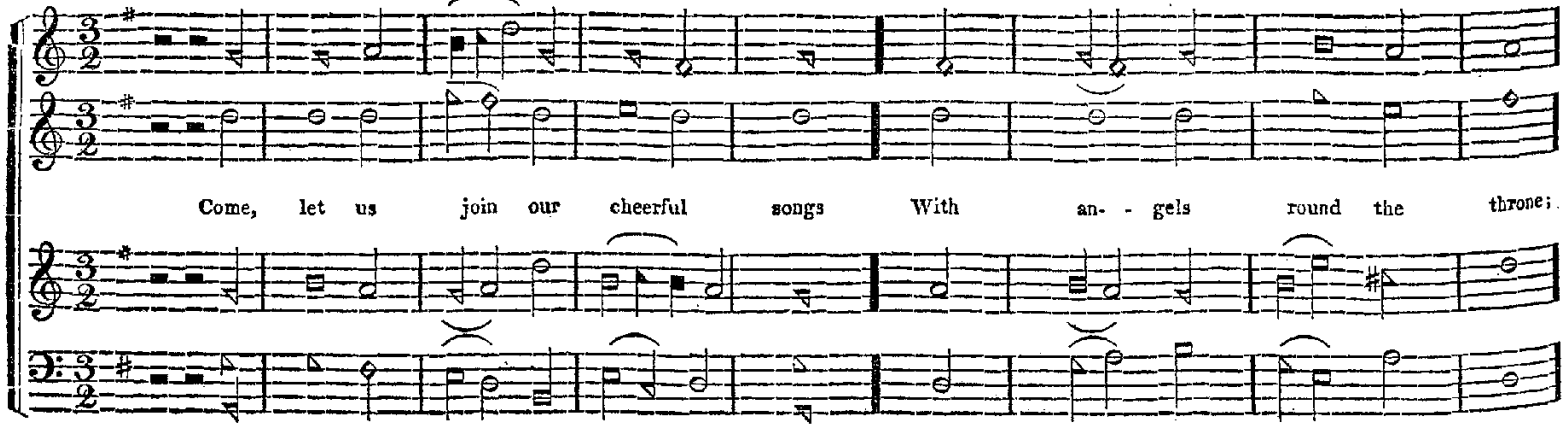

With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.

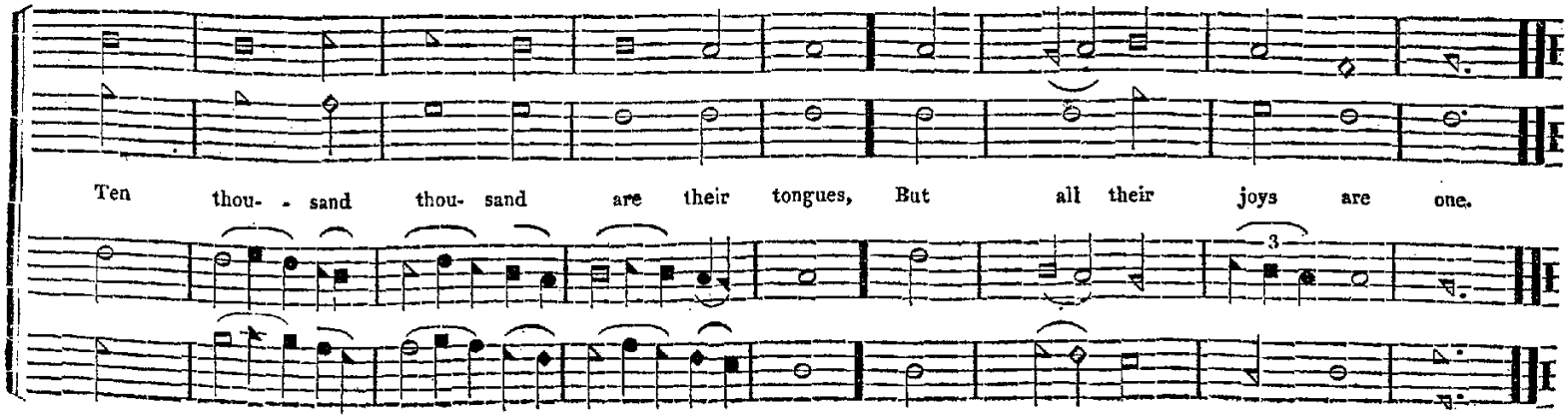

Jesus, I love thy glo- rious name, 'Tis music to my ear, Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear.

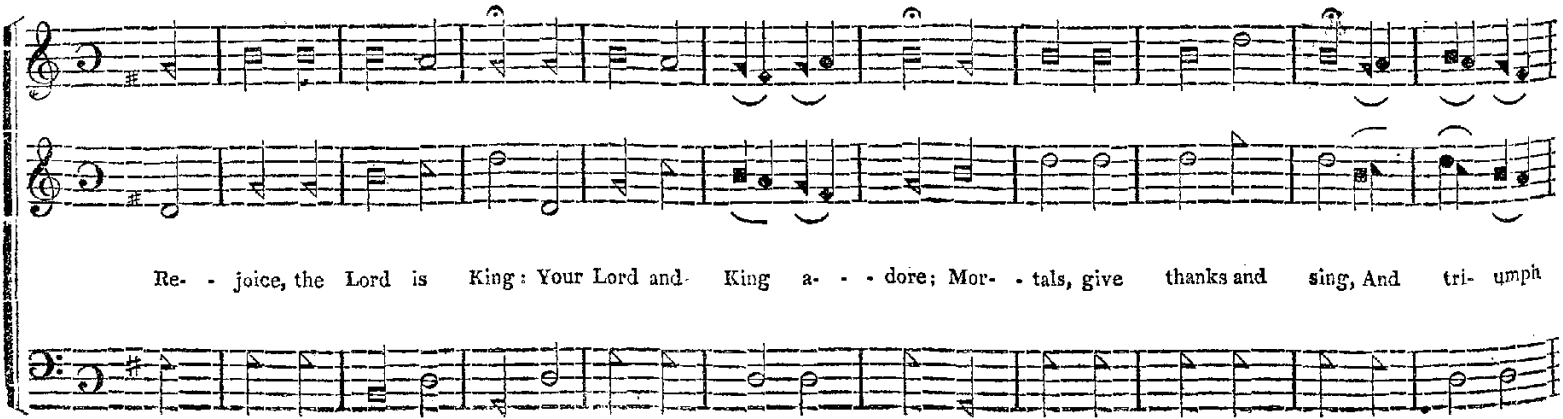

Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My treasure and my trust: Jew-els to thee are sor- did toys, And gold is glitt'ring dust.

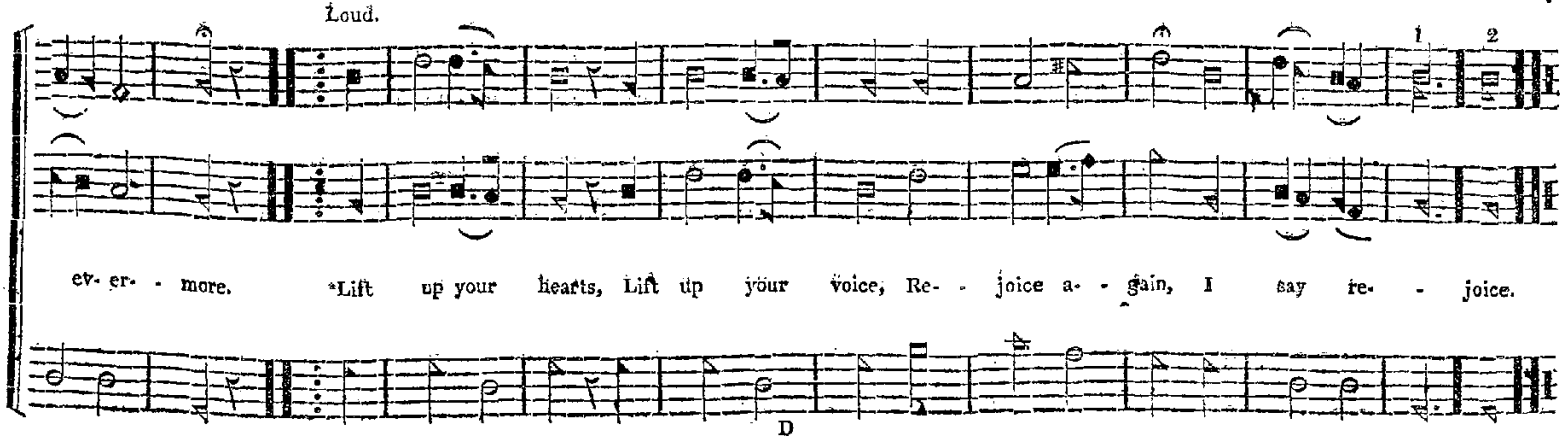
LYDD. C. M.

Arnold.

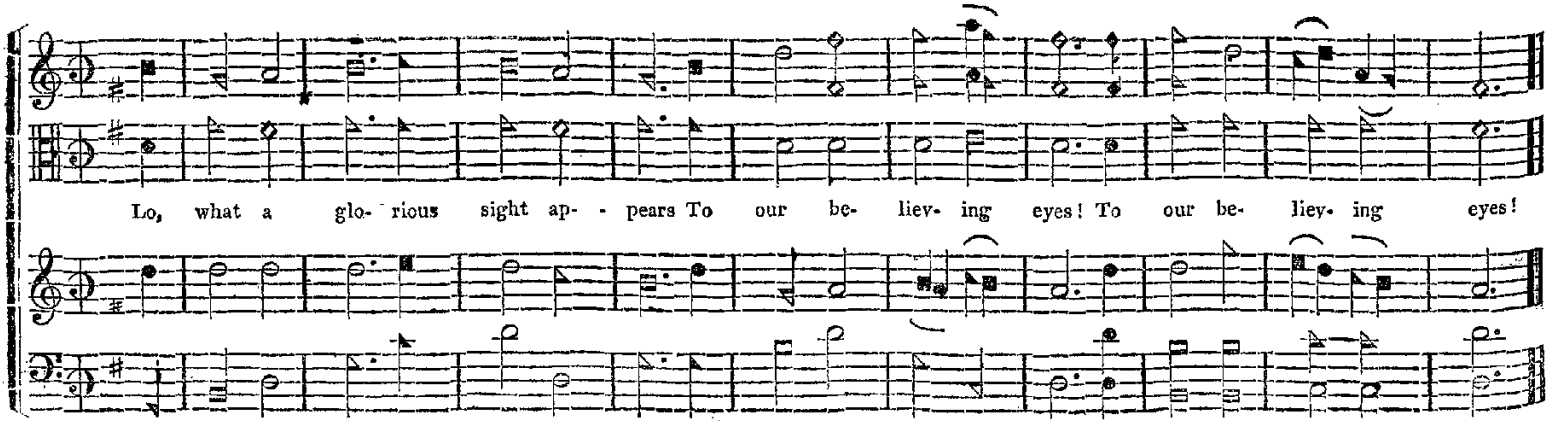


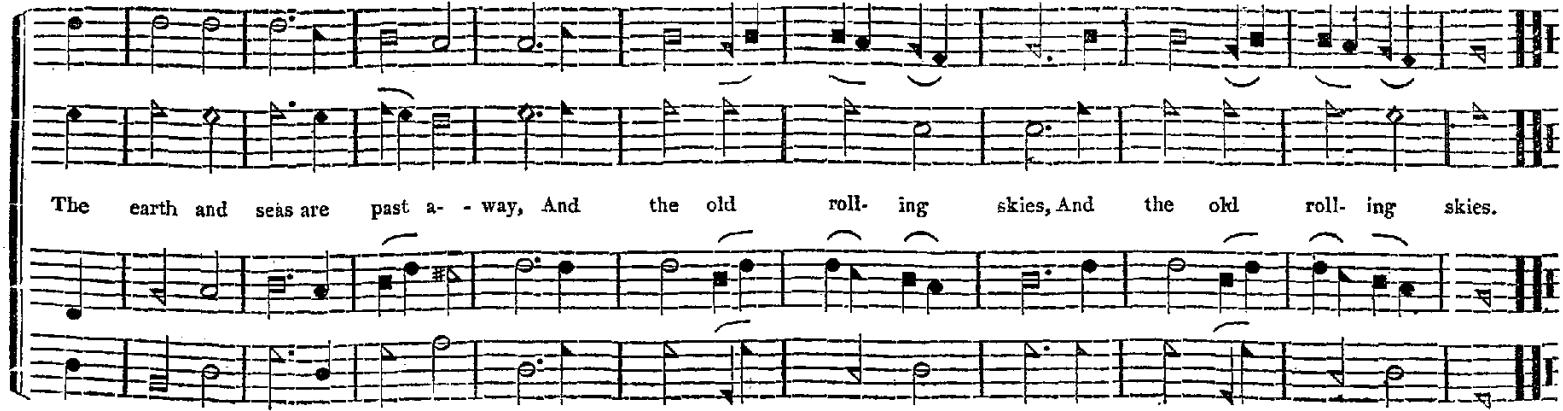

Ten thou- - sand thou- sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
3

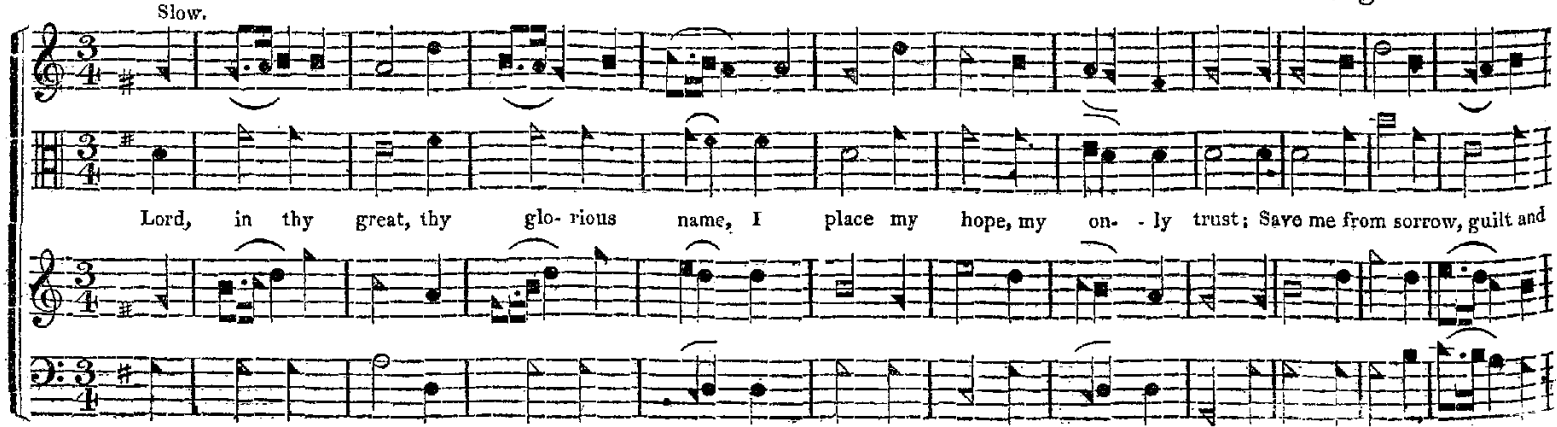

Re- - joice, the Lord is King: Your Lord and King a- - - dore; Mor- - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri- umph

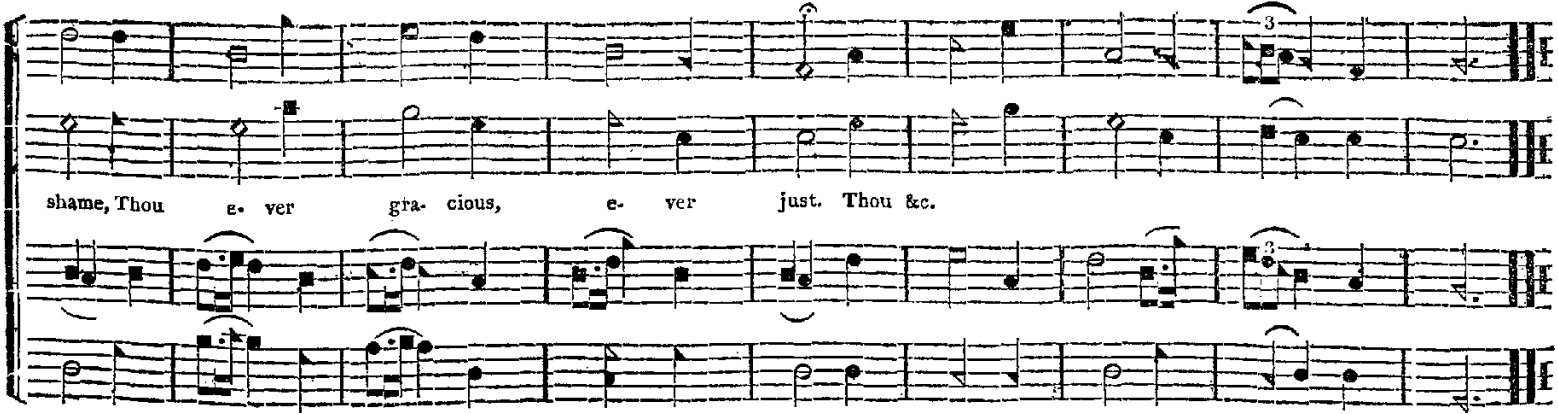

Loud.
1
2
ev- er- - more. *Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Re- - joice a- - gain, I say re- - joice.
D

H. 165. CHRISTMAS. C. M. Dr. Madan.

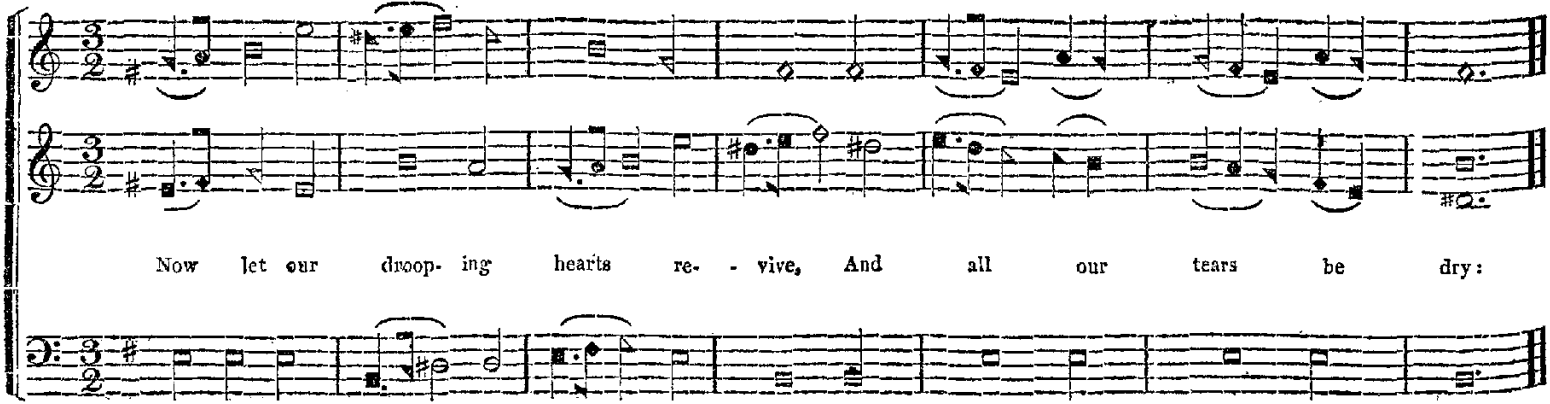


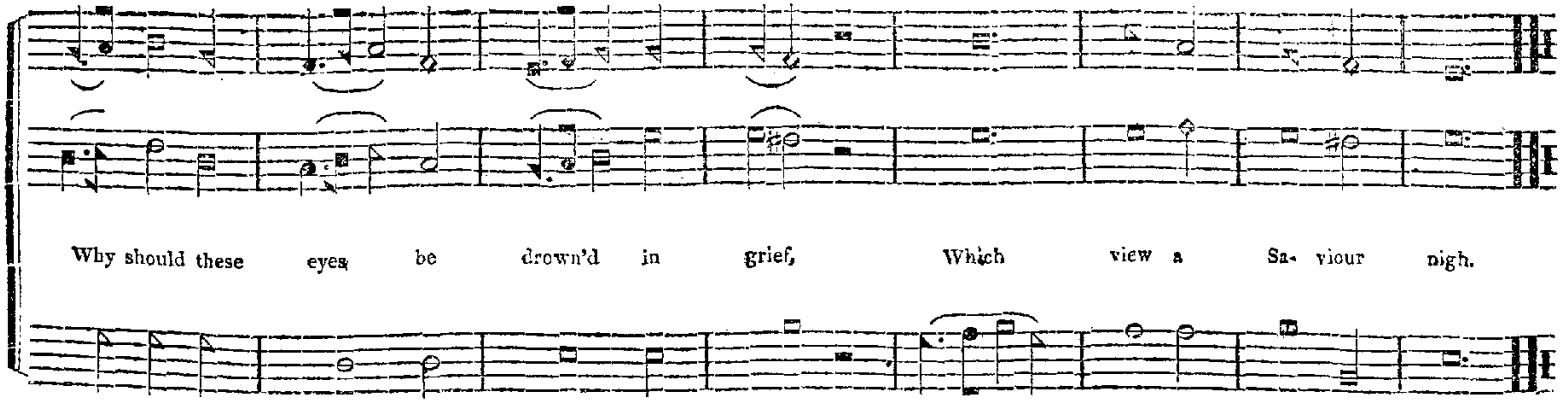

The earth and seas are past a- - way, And the old roll- ing skies, And the old roll- ing skies.

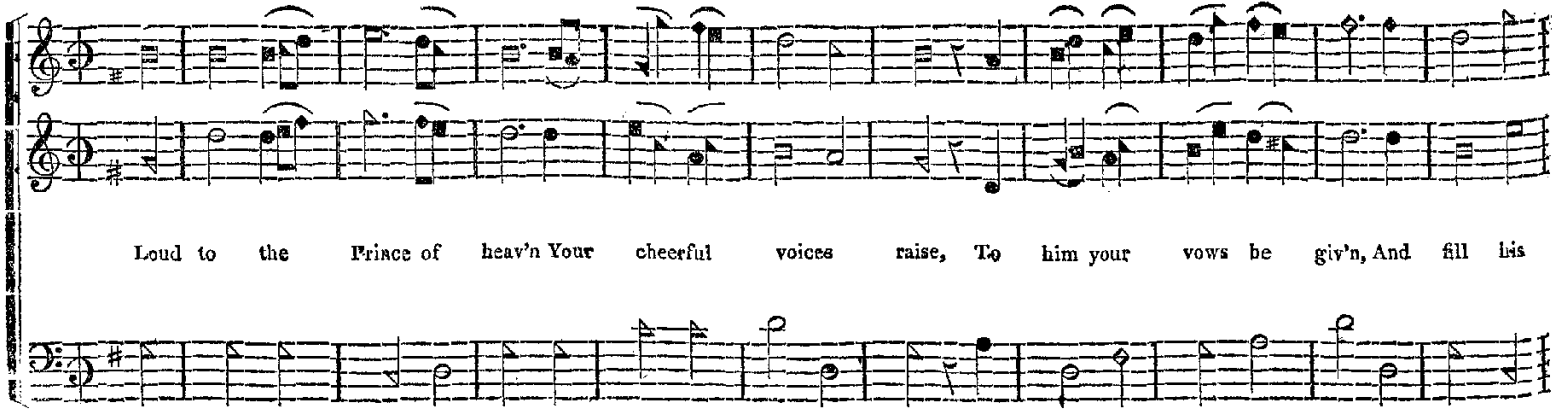

Slow.
Lord, in thy great, thy glo- rious name, I place my hope, my on- - ly trust; Save me from sorrow, guilt and

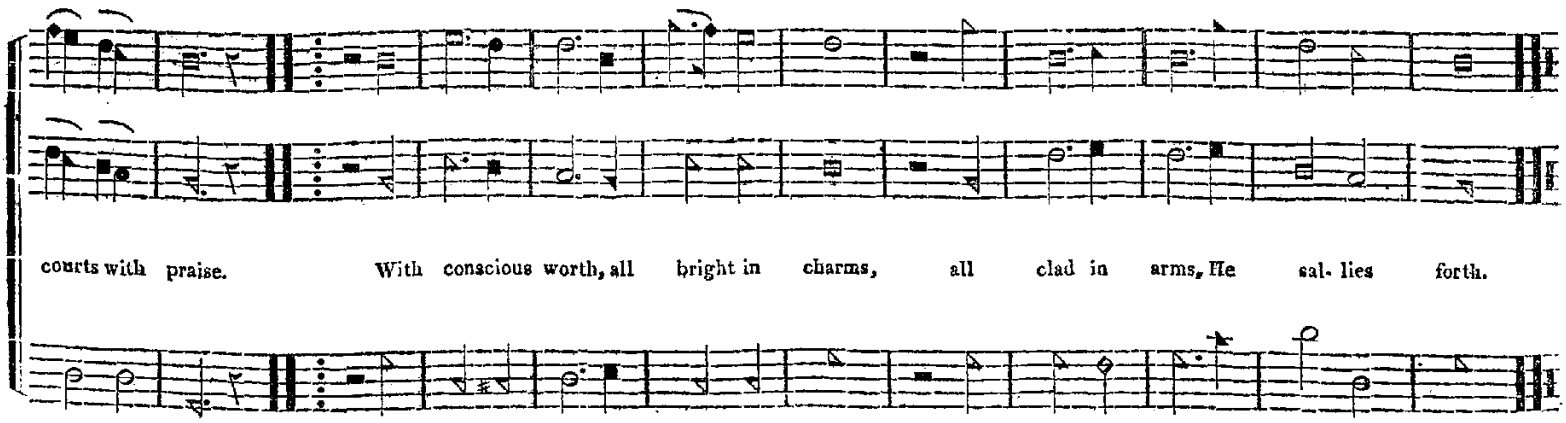

shame, Thou e- ver gra- cious, e- ver just. Thou &c.

H. 185. PLYMTON, C. M. Dr. Arnold.

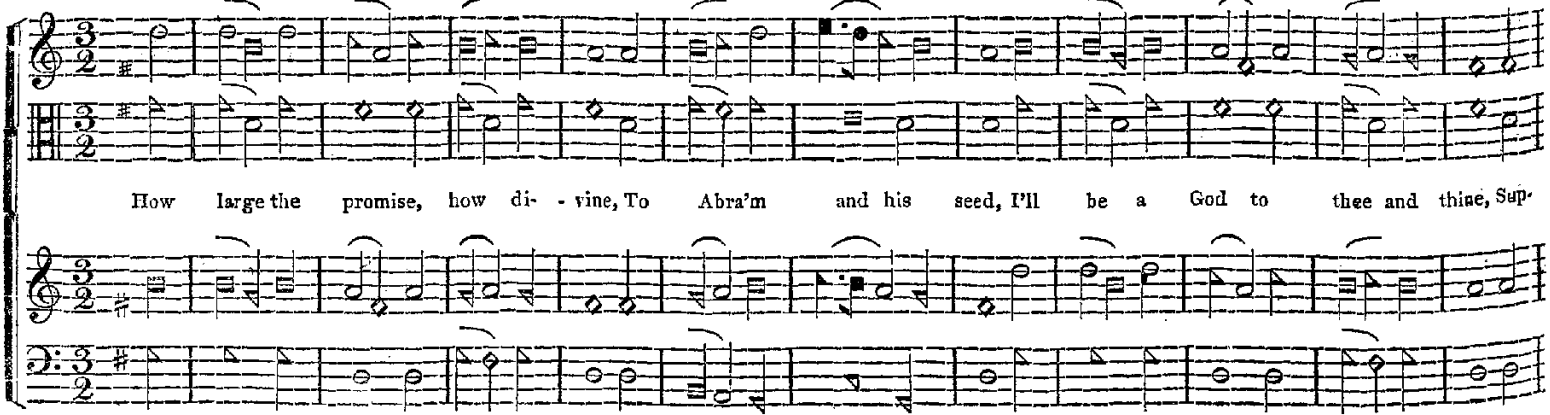


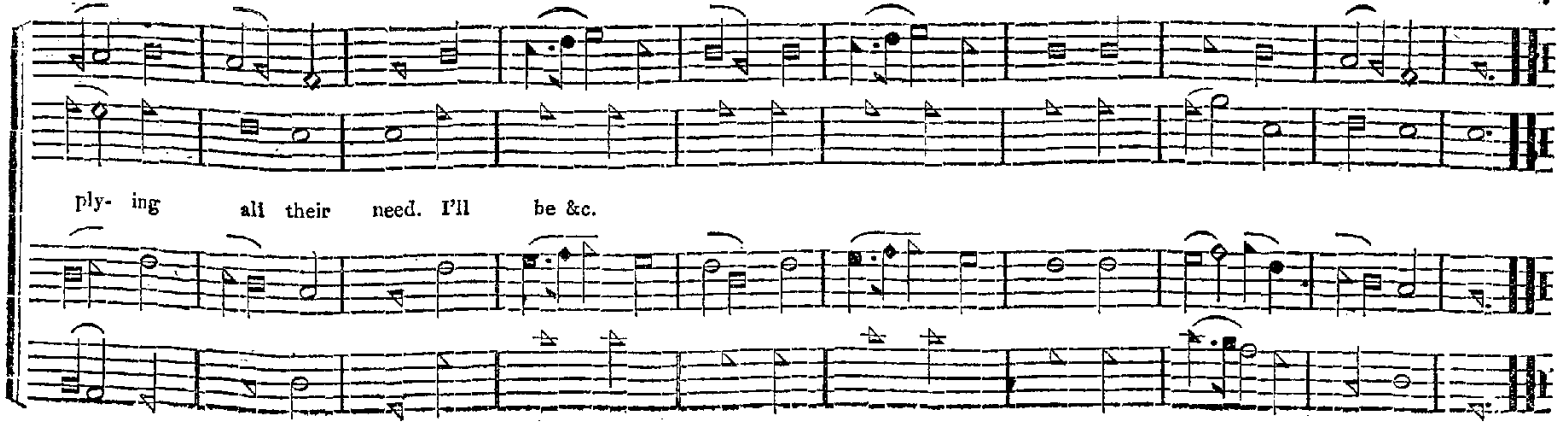

Why should these eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Sa- viour nigh.


Loud to the Prince of heav'n Your cheerful voices raise, To him your vows be giv'n, And fill his


courts with praise. With conscious worth, all bright in charms, all clad in arms, He sal- lies forth.

H. 111. **WAREHAM. C. M.** Dr. Arnold.

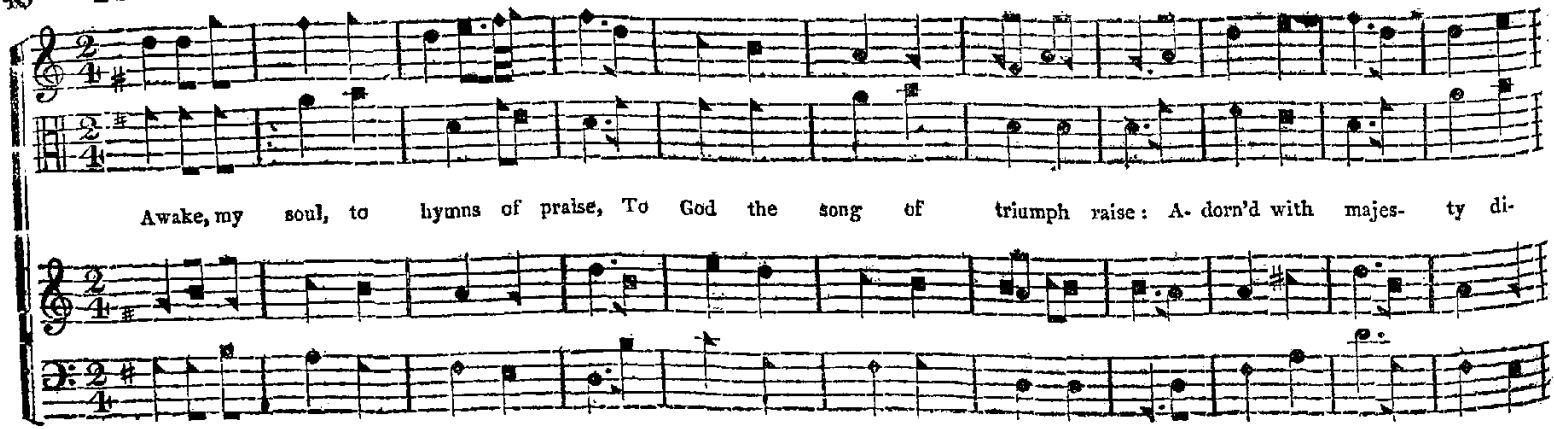


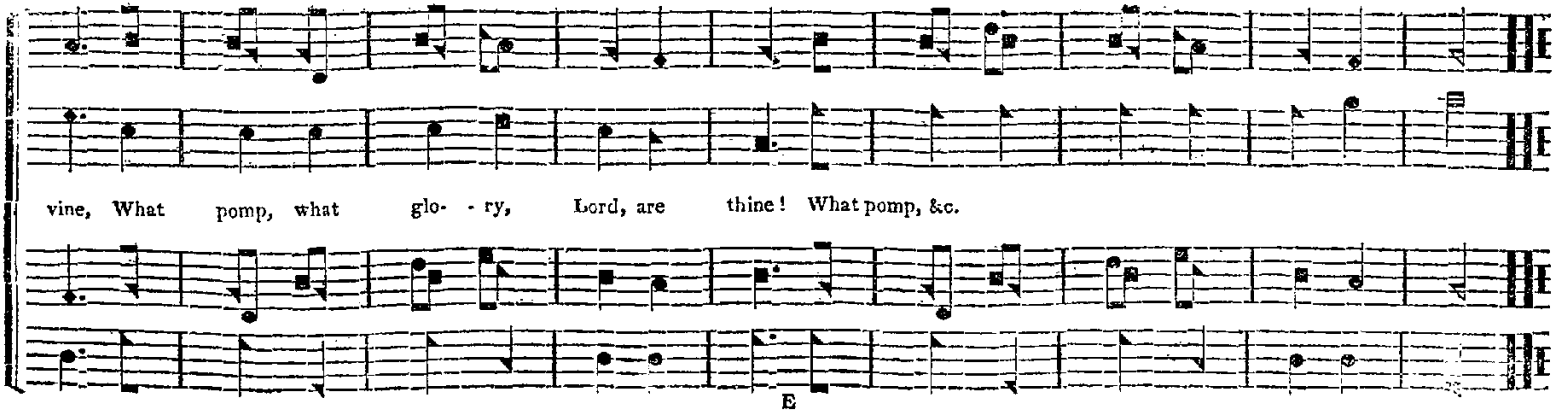

ply- ing all their need. I'll be &c.

Ps. 104.

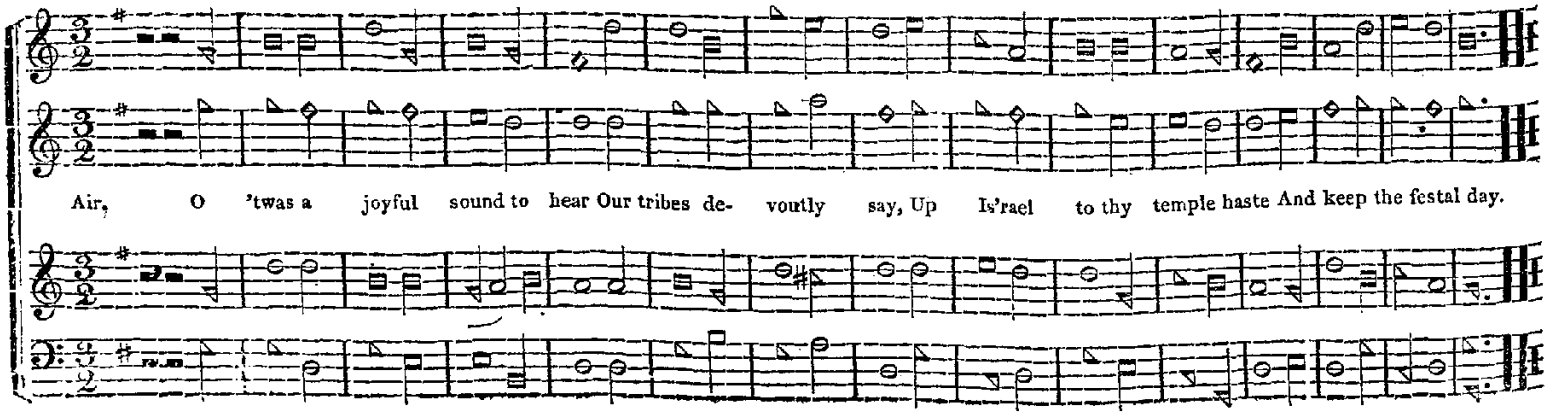
DUNSTAN. L. M.

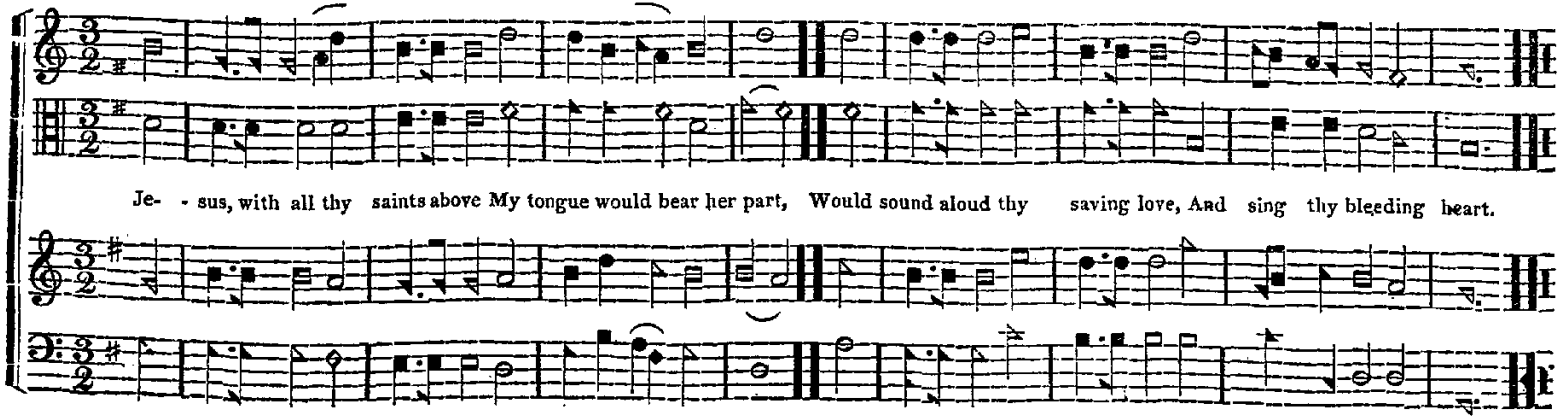
Dr. Madan.



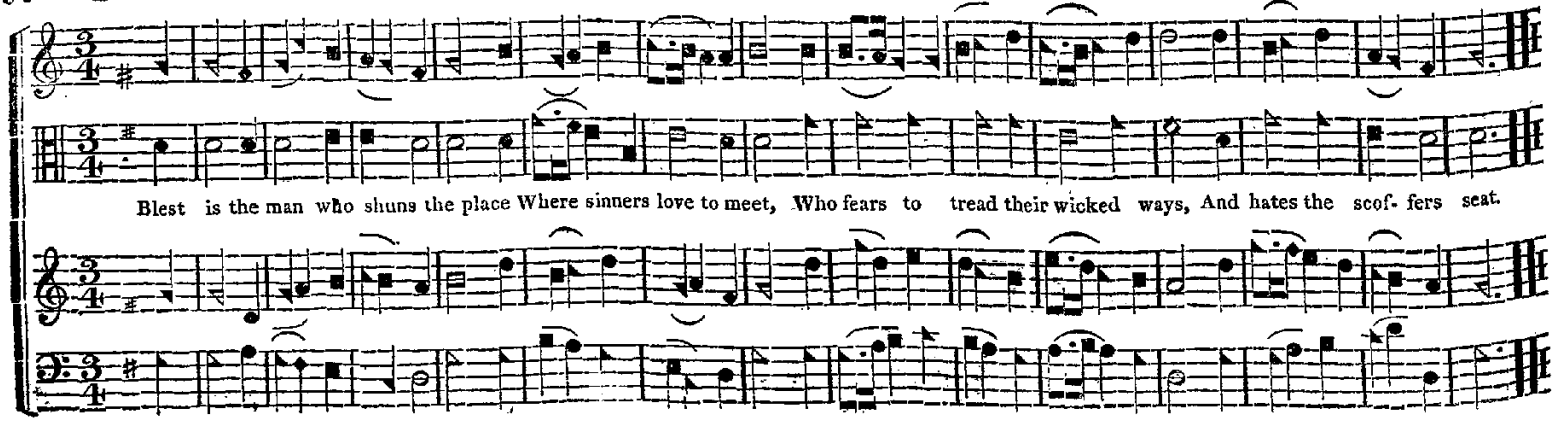

vine, What pomp, what glo- - ry, Lord, are thine! What pomp, &c.

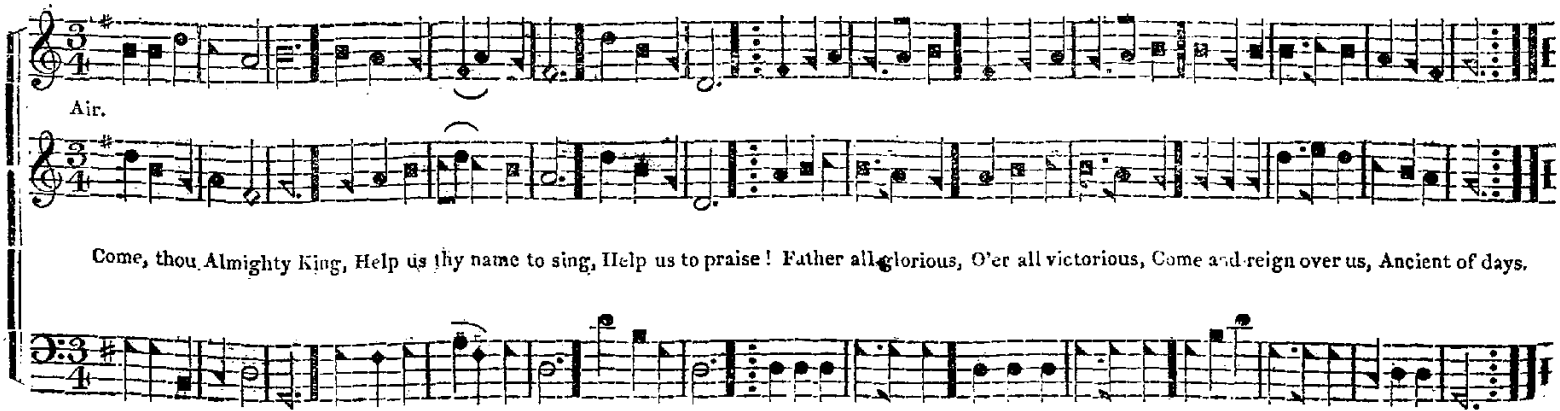
MEAR. C. M.


Air, O 'twas a joyful sound to hear Our tribes de- voutly say, Up Is'rael to thy temple haste And keep the festal day.


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

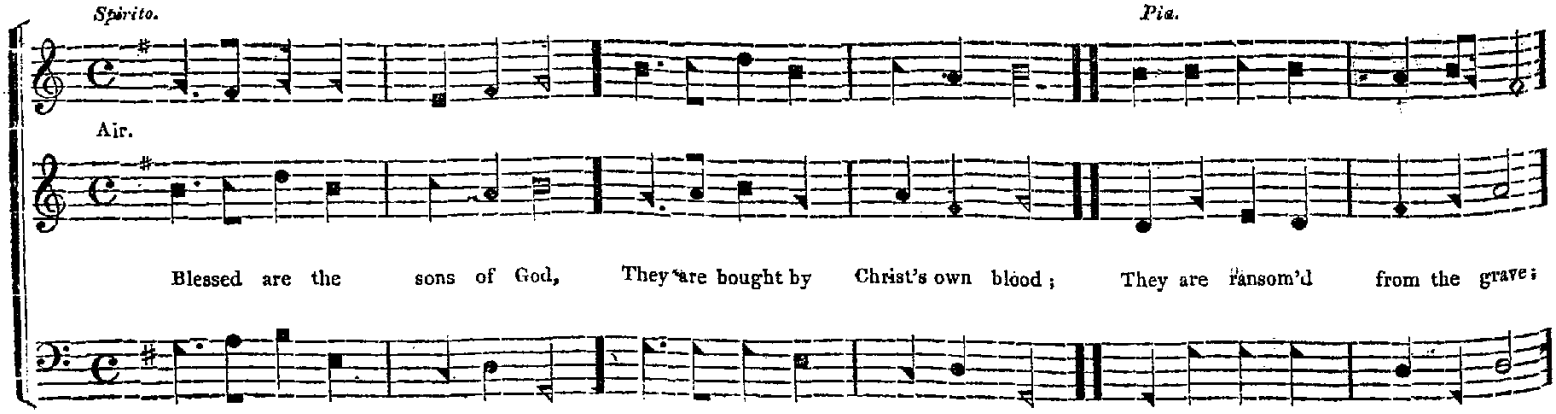
IRISH. C. M.


Blest is the man who shuns the place Where sinners love to meet, Who fears to tread their wicked ways, And hates the scof- fers seat.

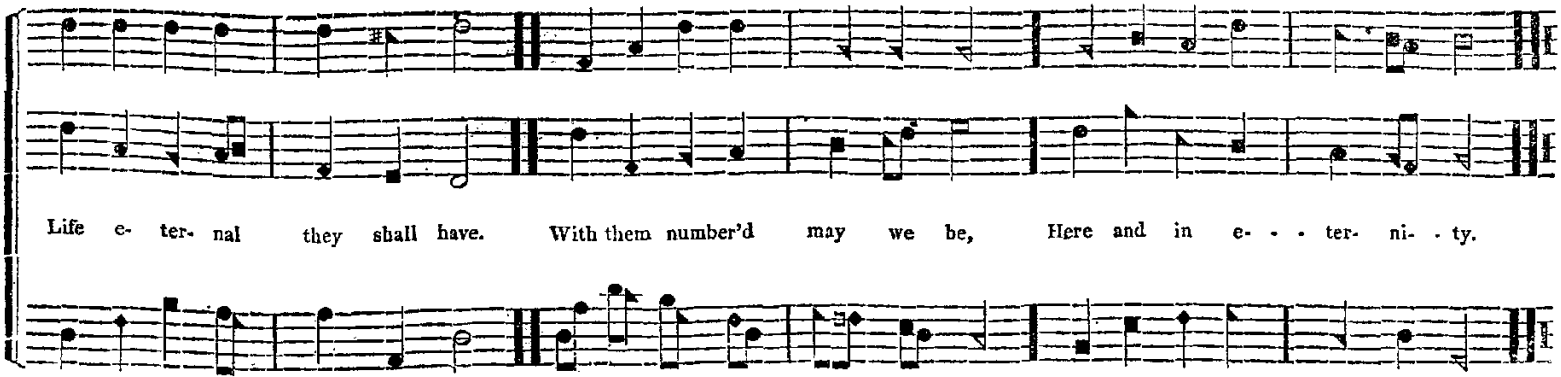

Air.
Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all-glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

FINEDON. 7's.

C. Lockhart.

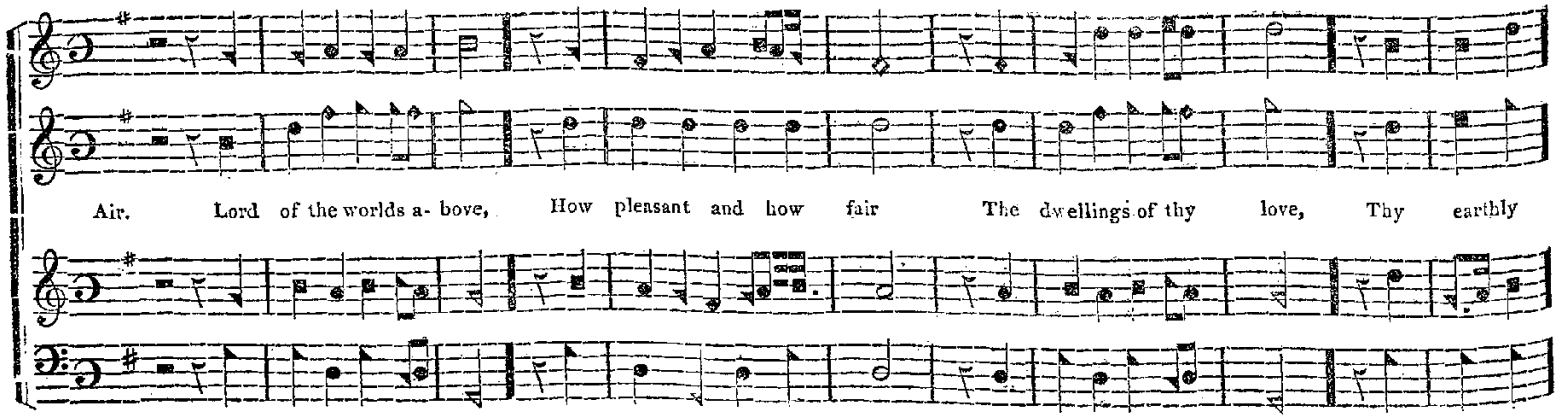


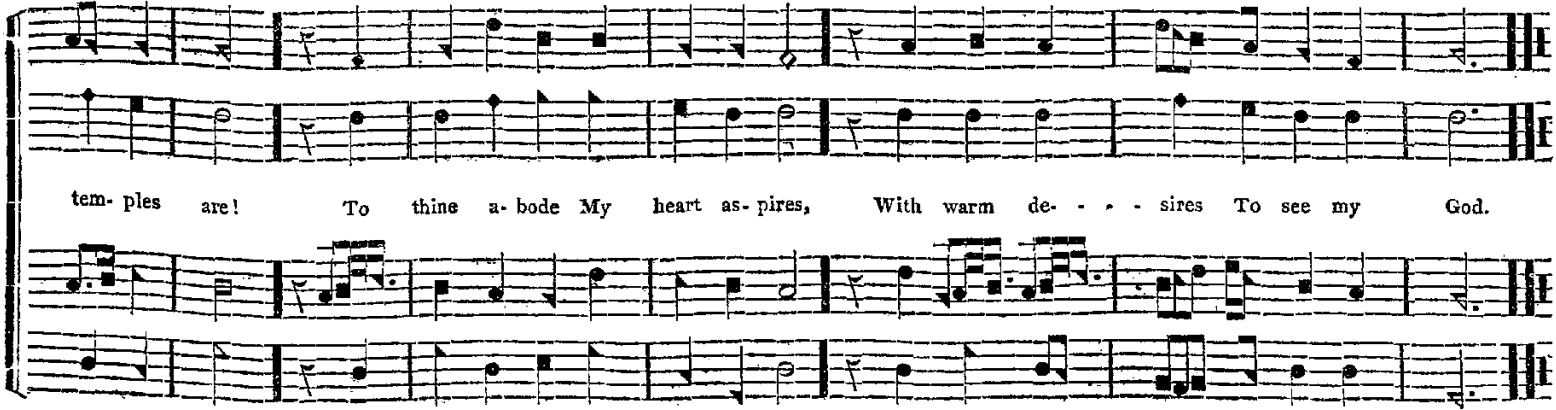
For.


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

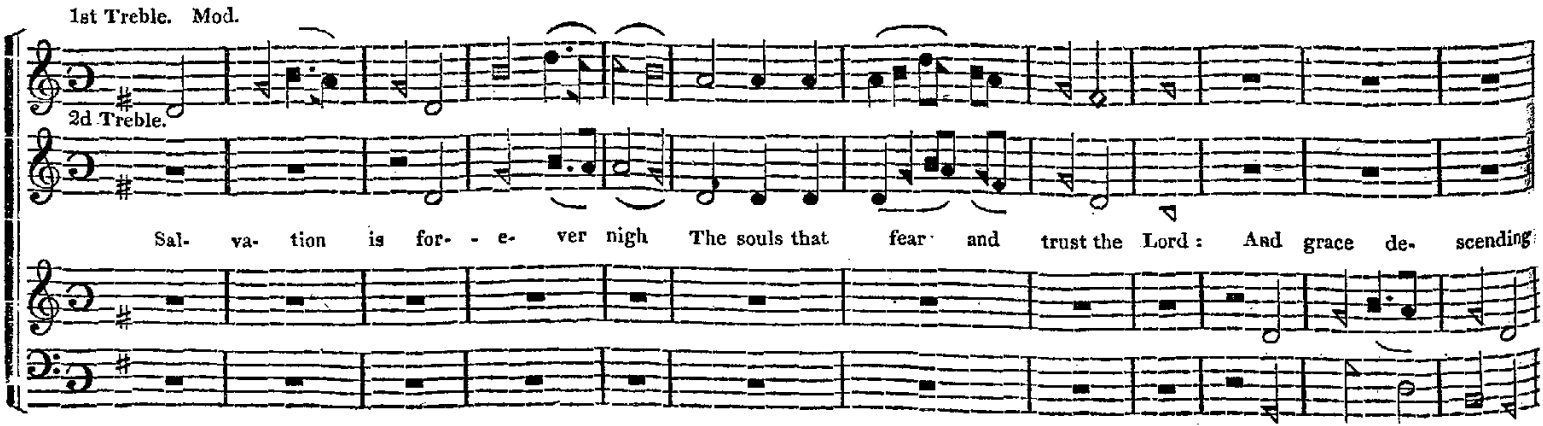
BETHESDA. H. M.

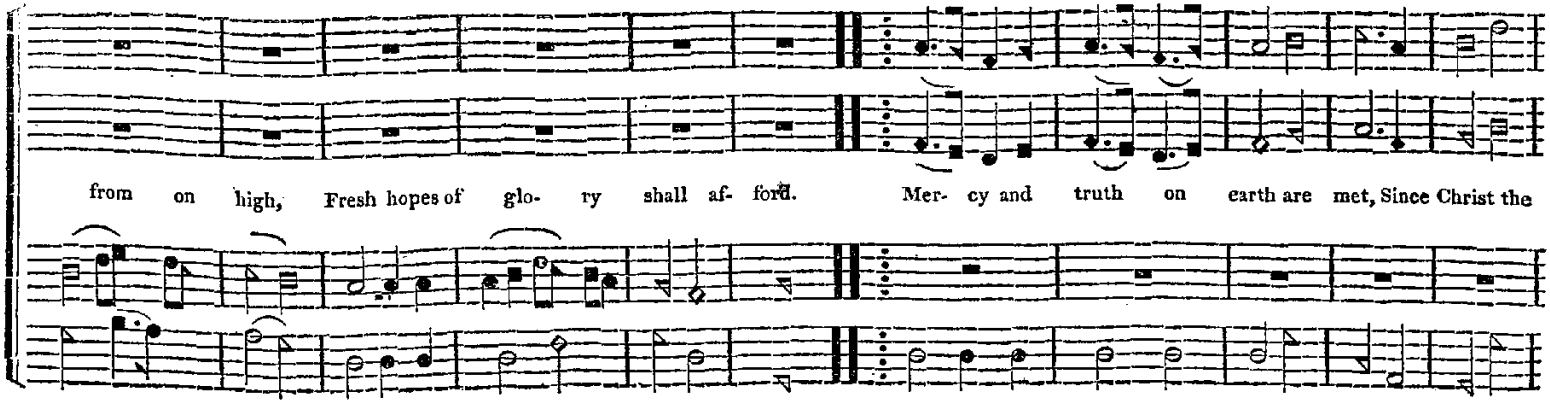
G. Green.



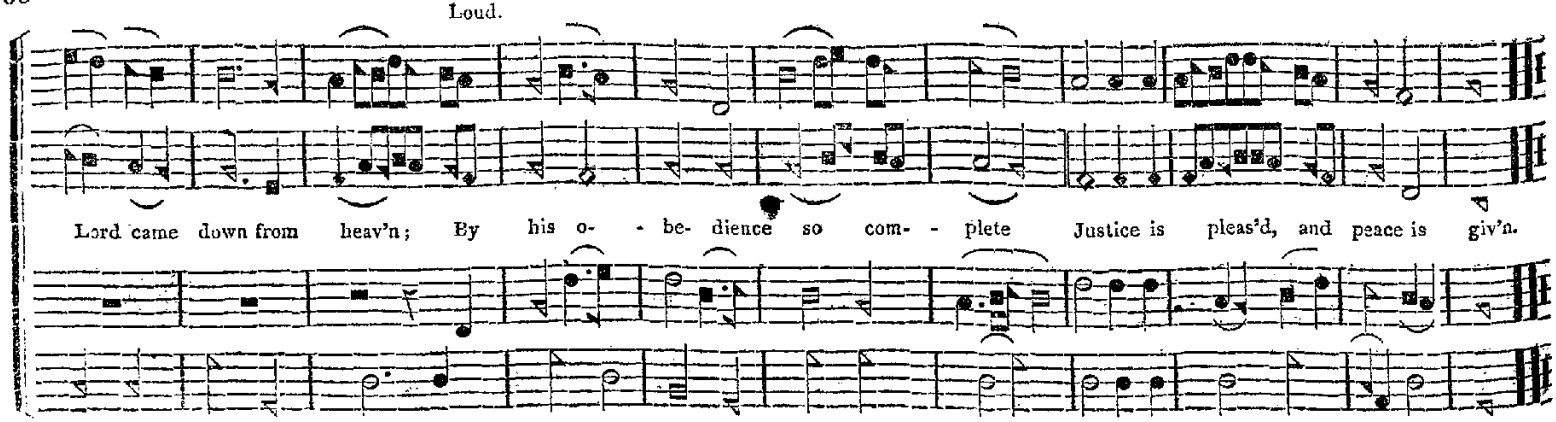

tem- ples are! To thine a- bode My heart as- pires, With warm de- - - - sires To see my God.

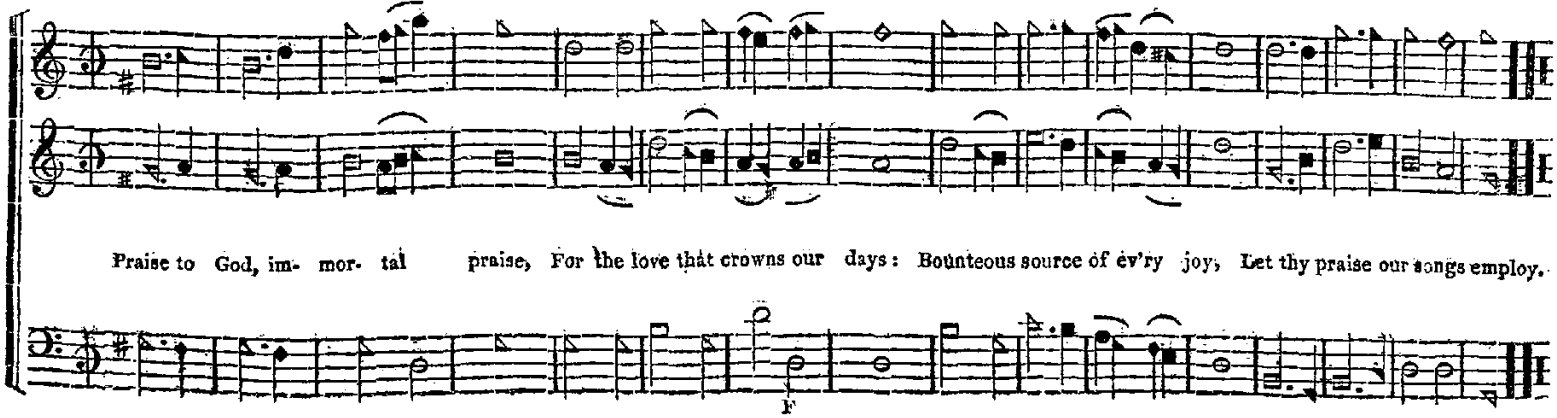
LORRAIN. L. M.


1st Treble. Mod.
2d Treble.
Sal- va- tion is for- - e- ver nigh The souls that fear and trust the Lord: And grace de- scending


from on high, Fresh hopes of glo- ry shall af- ford. Mer- cy and truth on earth are met, Since Christ the

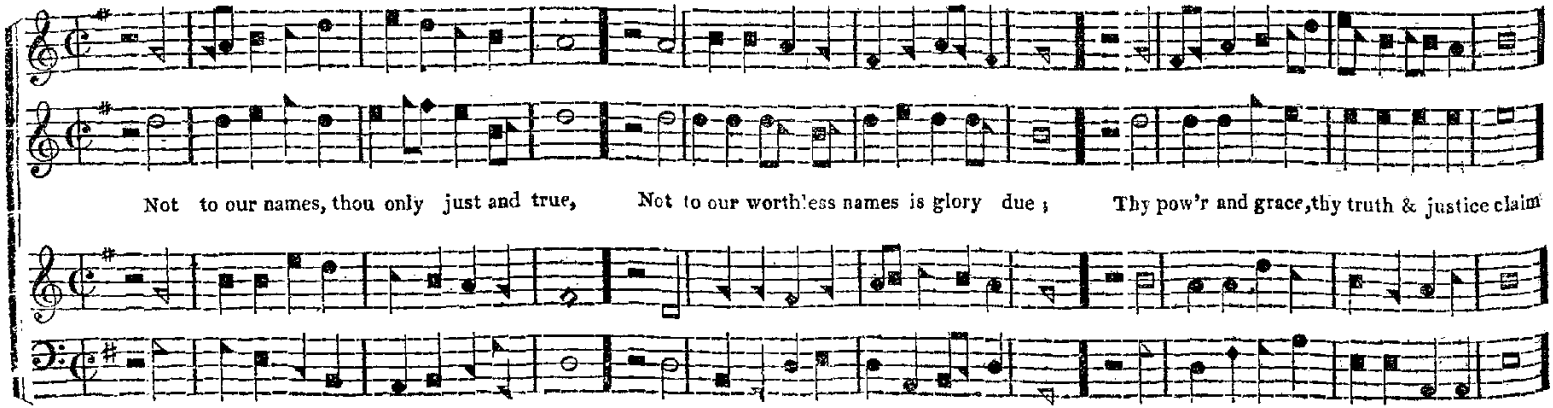
LORRAIN continued.

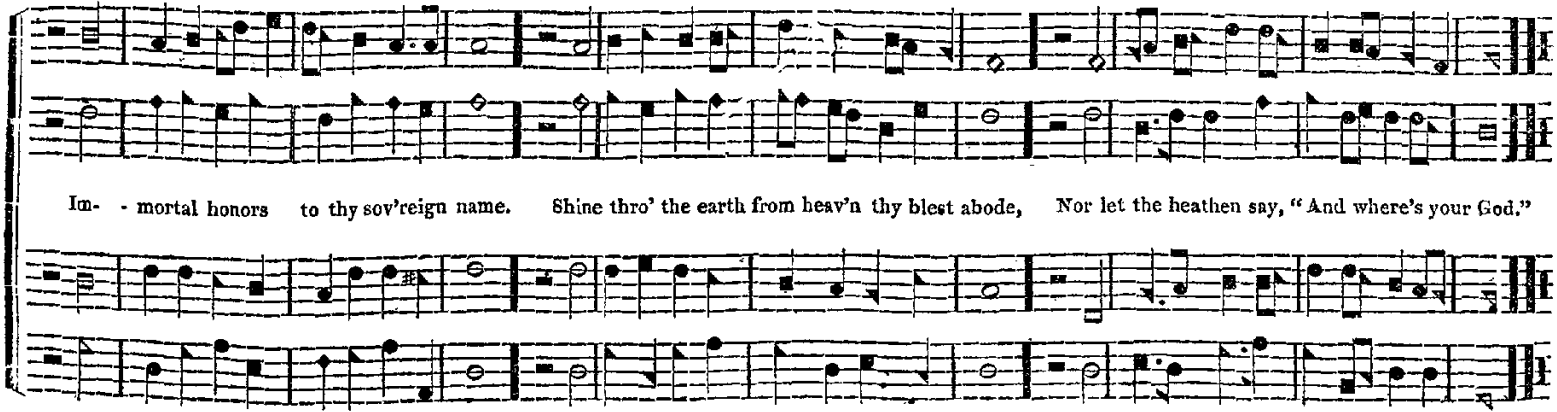



Praise to God, im- mor- tal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bounteous source of ev'ry joy, Let thy praise our songs employ.
F

NEW FIFTIETH. 40s.

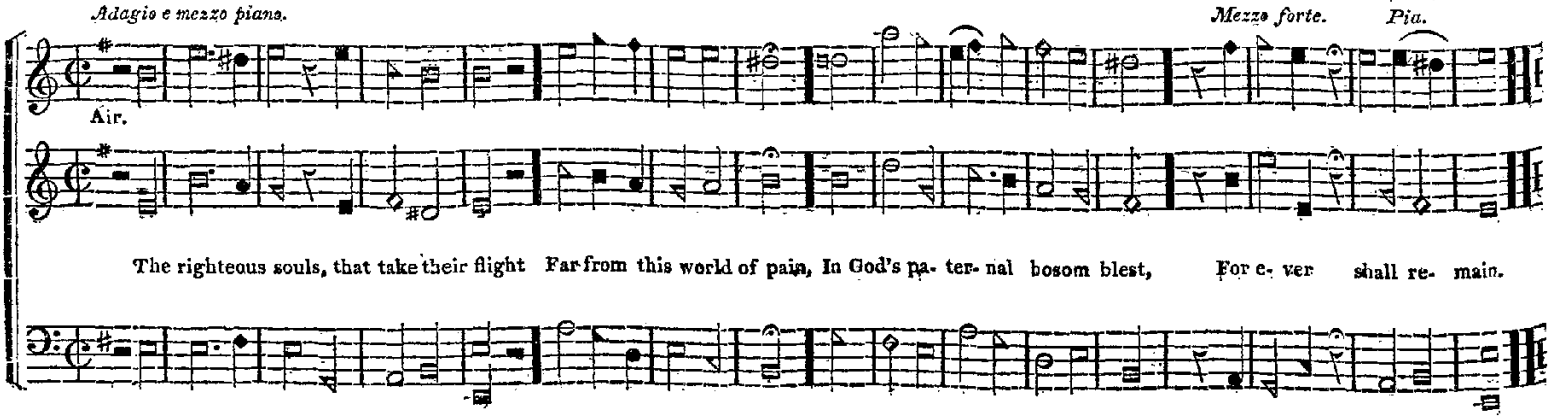
Dr. Arne.

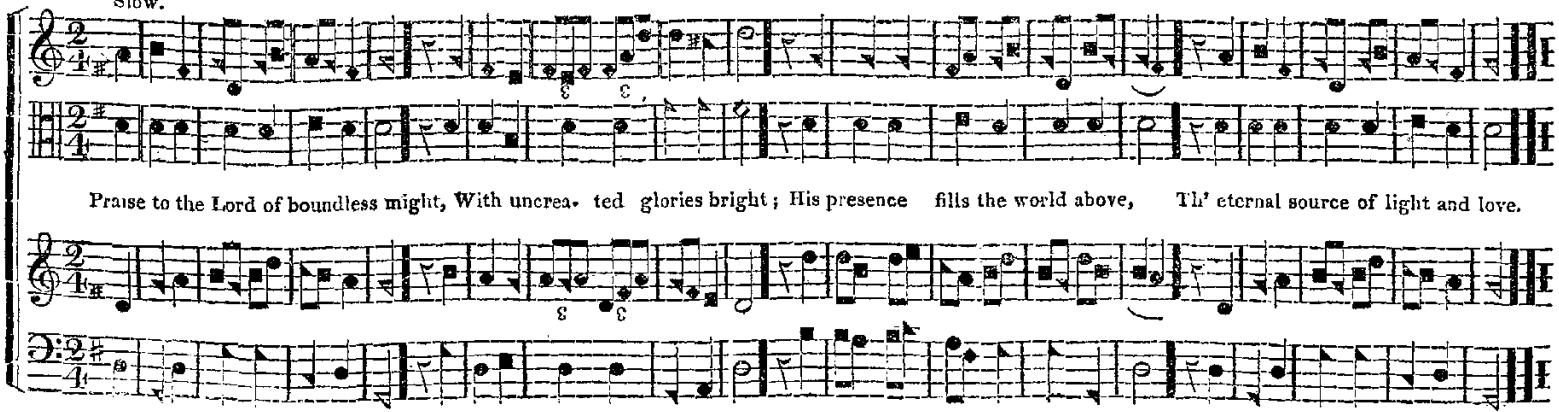


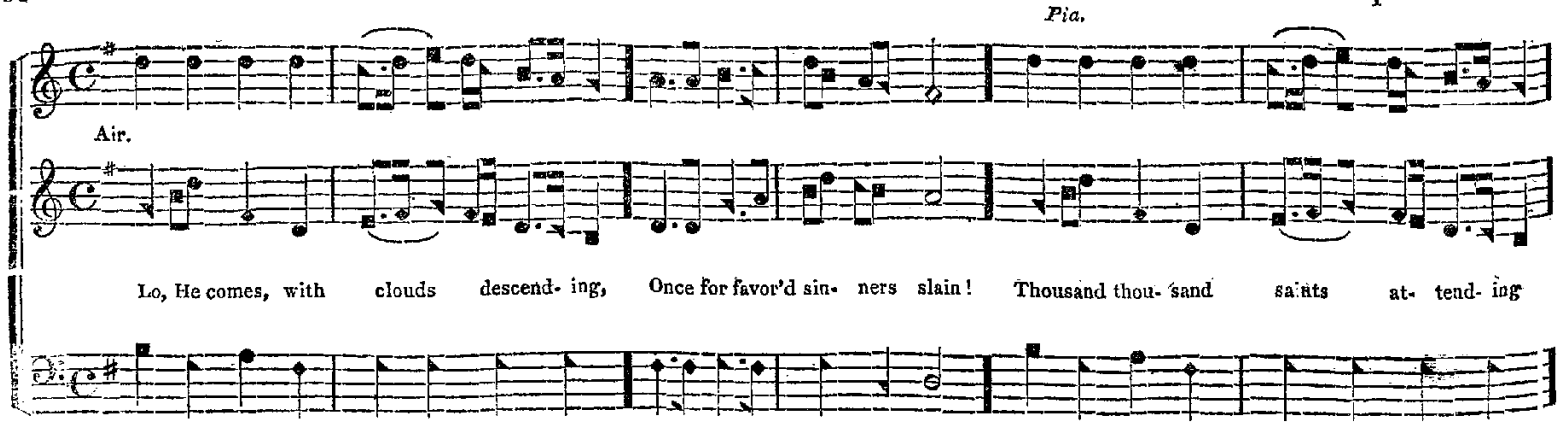

Im- - mortal honors to thy sov'reign name. Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode, Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God."

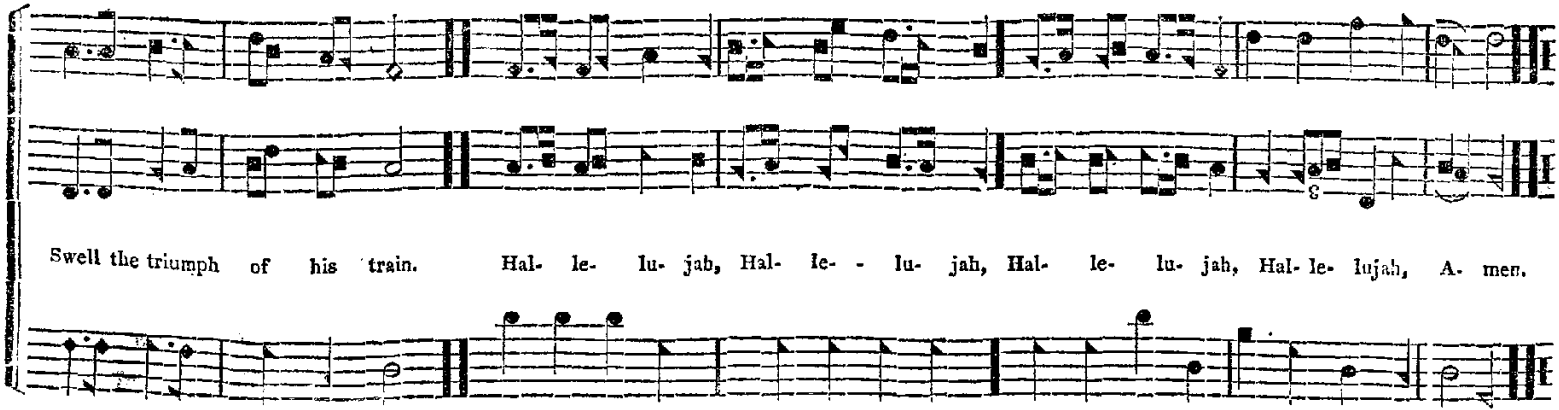
FUNERAL HYMN. C. M.

Dr. Miller.



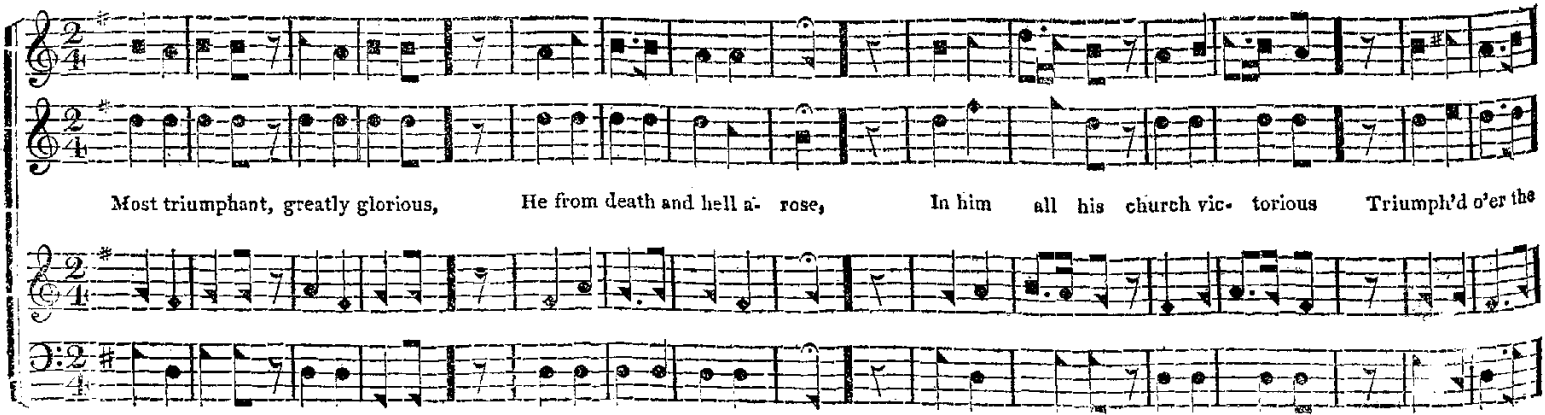

Slow.
Praise to the Lord of boundless might, With uncrea- ted glories bright; His presence fills the world above, Th' eternal source of light and love.

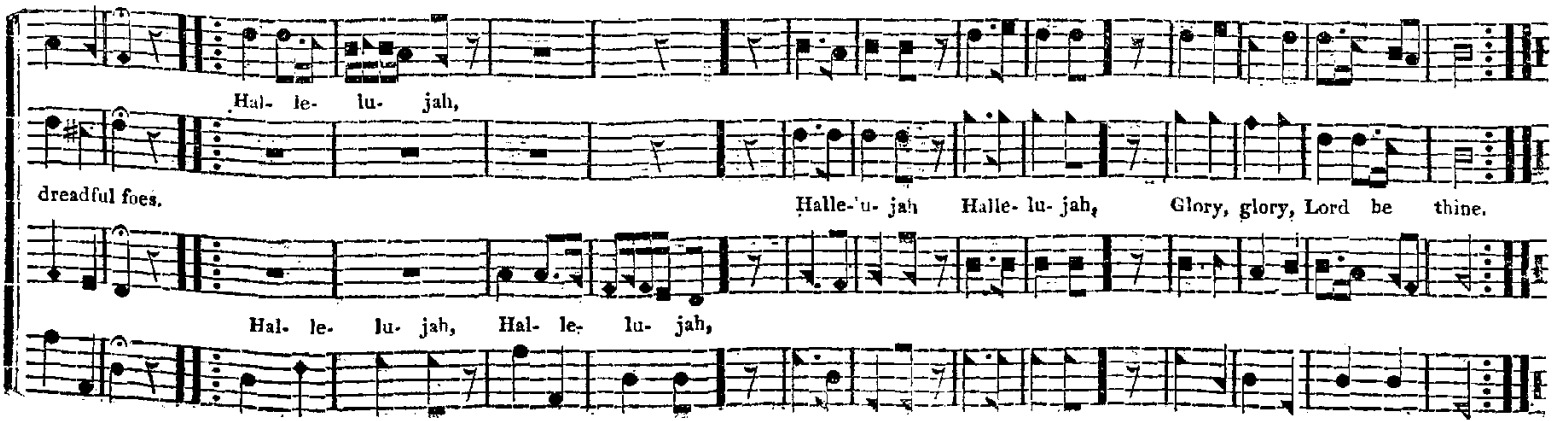

Pia.
Air.
Lo, He comes, with clouds descend- ing, Once for favor'd sin- ners slain! Thousand thou- sand saints at- tend- ing


Swell the triumph of his train. Hal- le- lu- jah, Hal- le- - lu- jah, Hal- le- lu- jah, Hal- le- lujah, A- men.

BRANDYWINE. 8, 7, 4.

Dr. Rogerson.



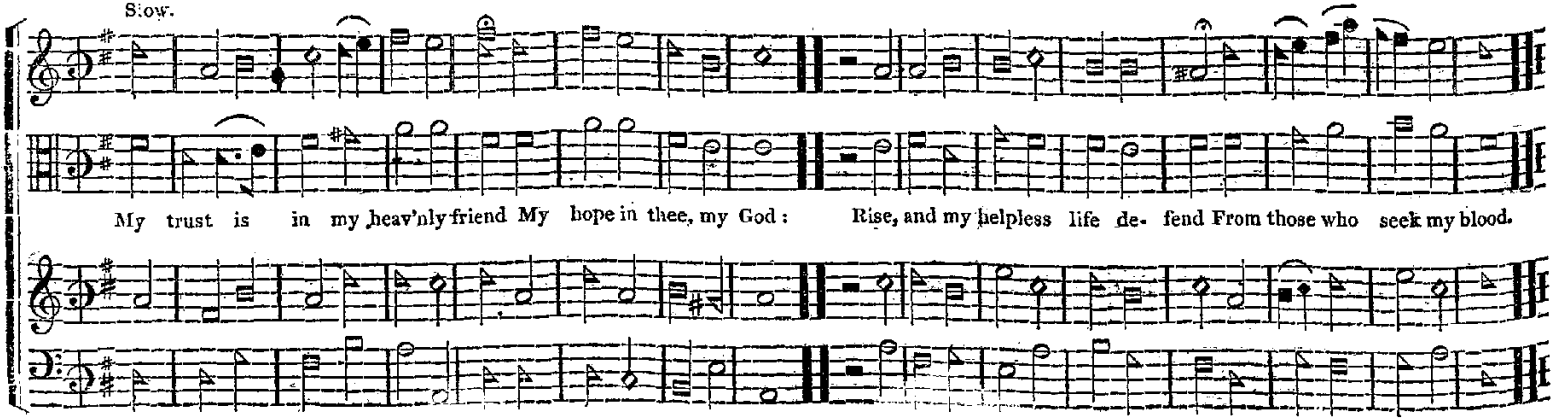

Hal- le- lu- jah,
dreadful foes.
Halle-lu- jah Halle- lu- jah, Glory, glory, Lord be thine.
Hal- le- lu- jah, Hal- le- lu- jah,

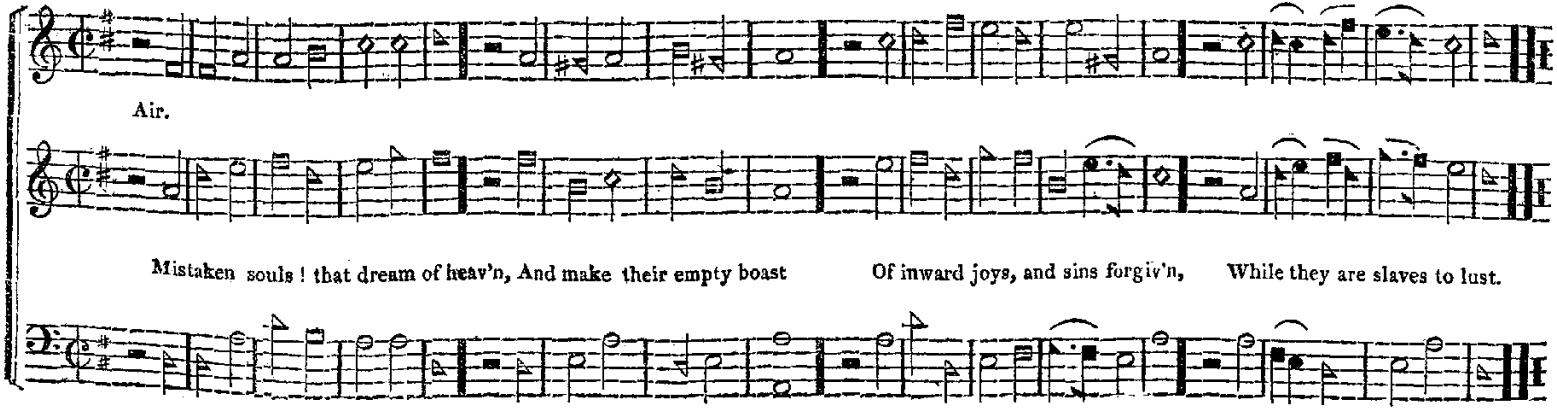
Ps. 7.

ST. ANNE'S. C. M.

Dr. Croft.

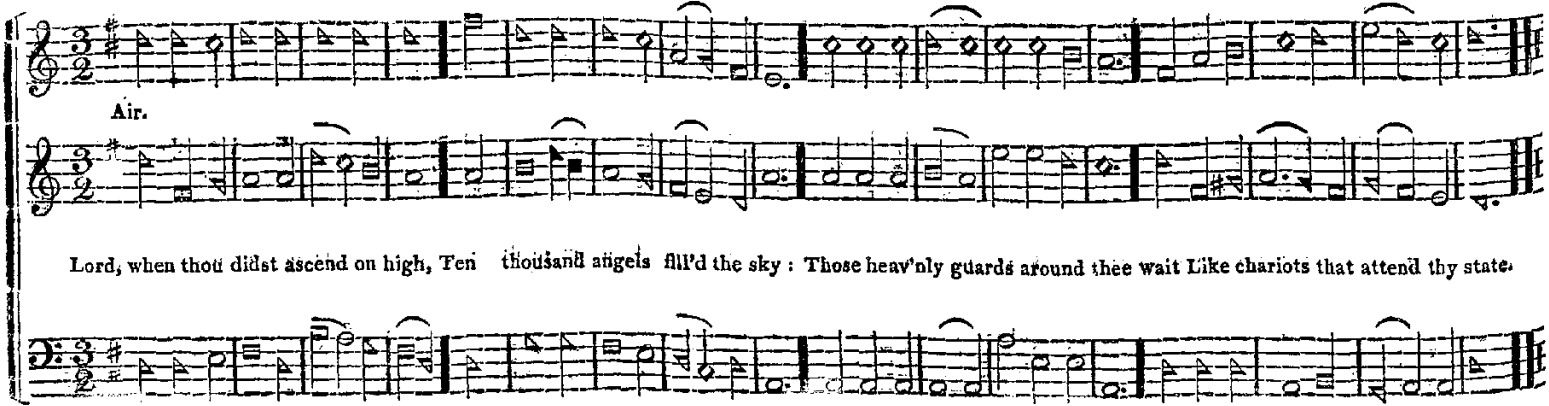
Slow.

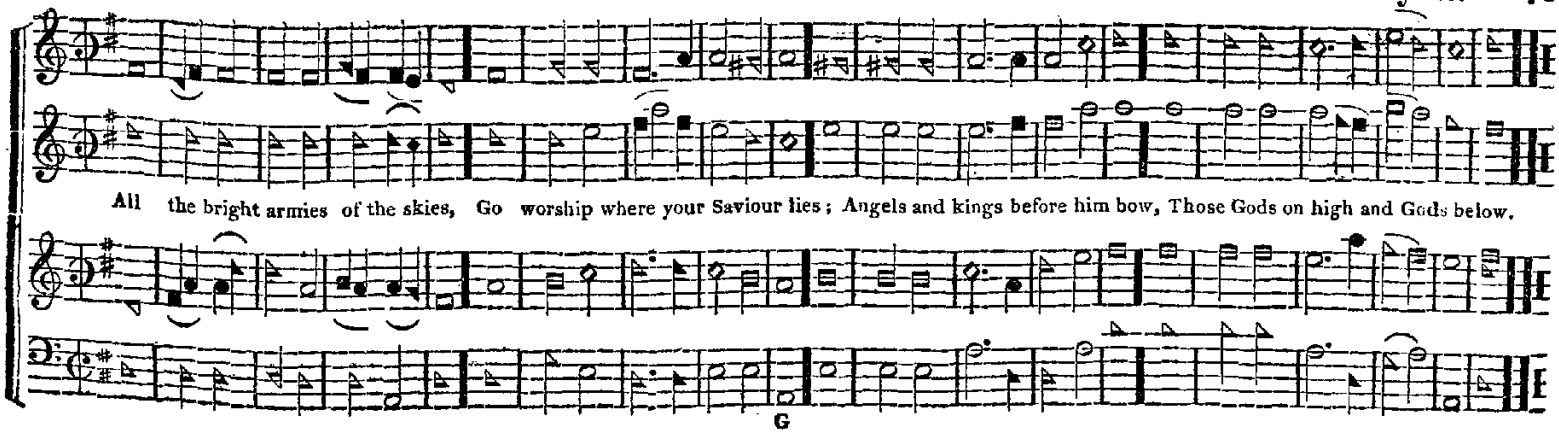


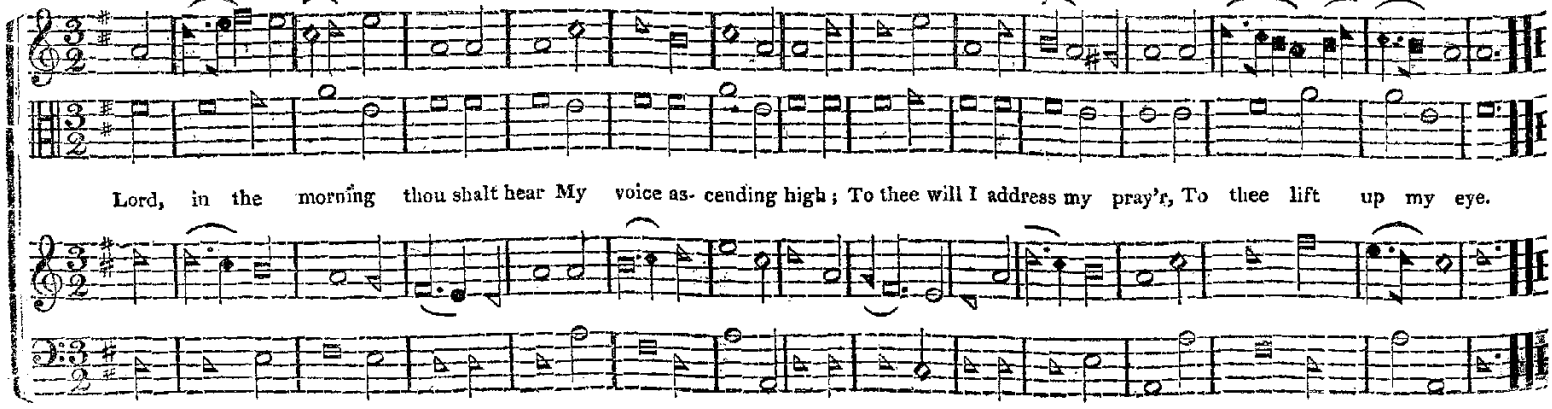

Air.
Mistaken souls! that dream of heav'n, And make their empty boast Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n, While they are slaves to lust.

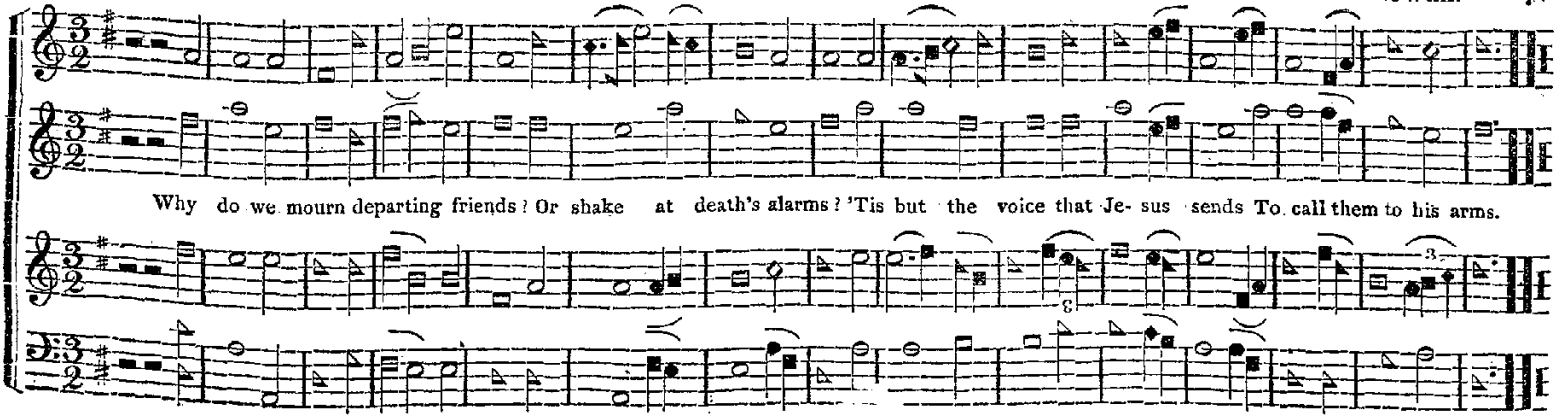
BLENDON. L. M.

F. Giardini.



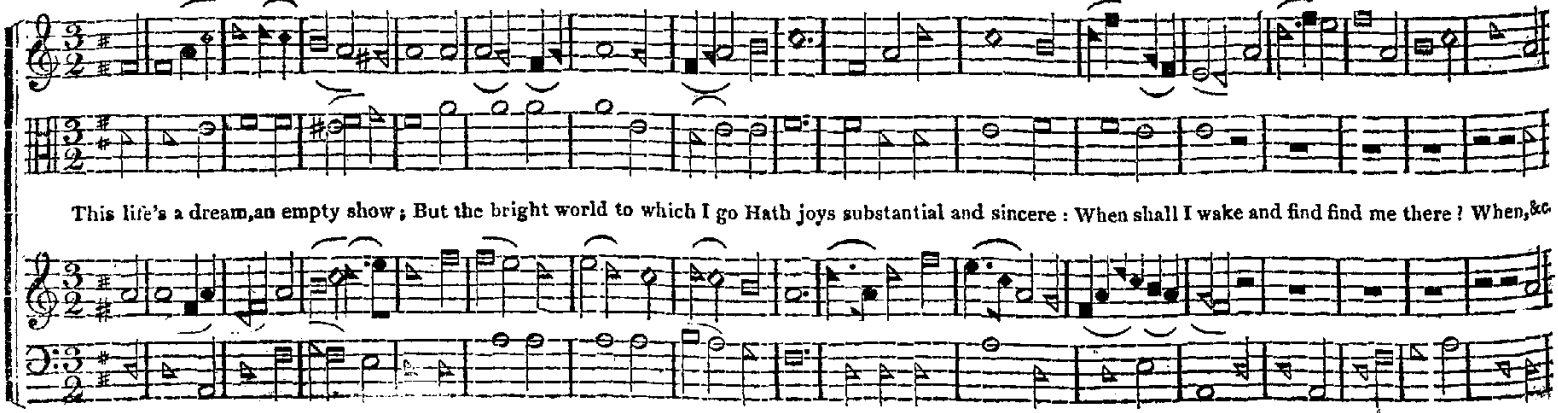

All the bright armies of the skies, Go worship where your Saviour lies; Angels and kings before him bow, Those Gods on high and Gods below.

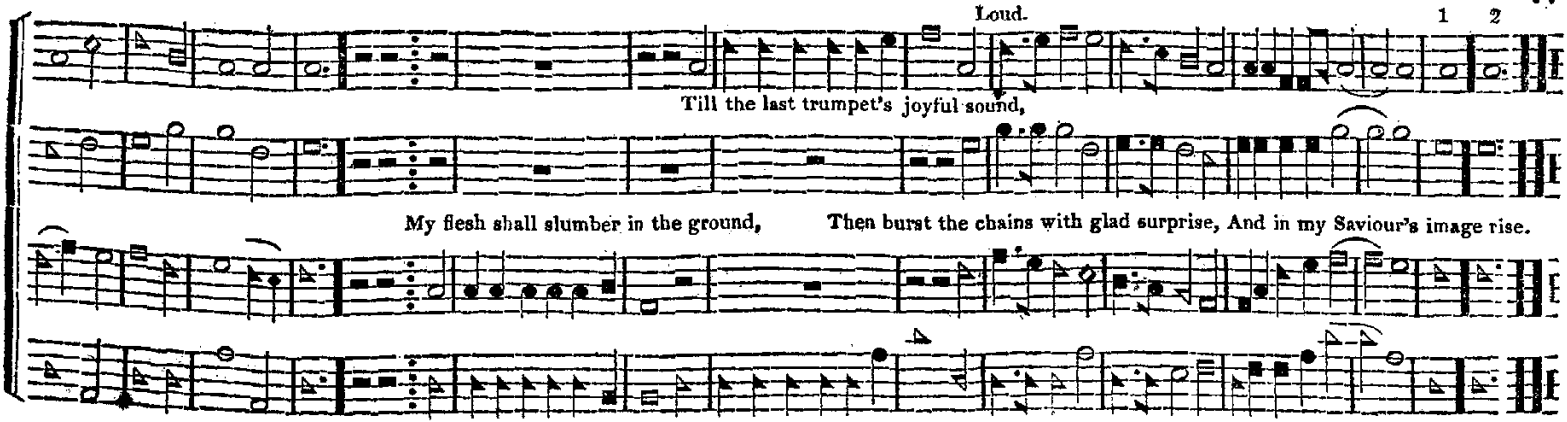

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as- cending high; To thee will I address my pray'r, To thee lift up my eye.


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

TILDEN. L. M.

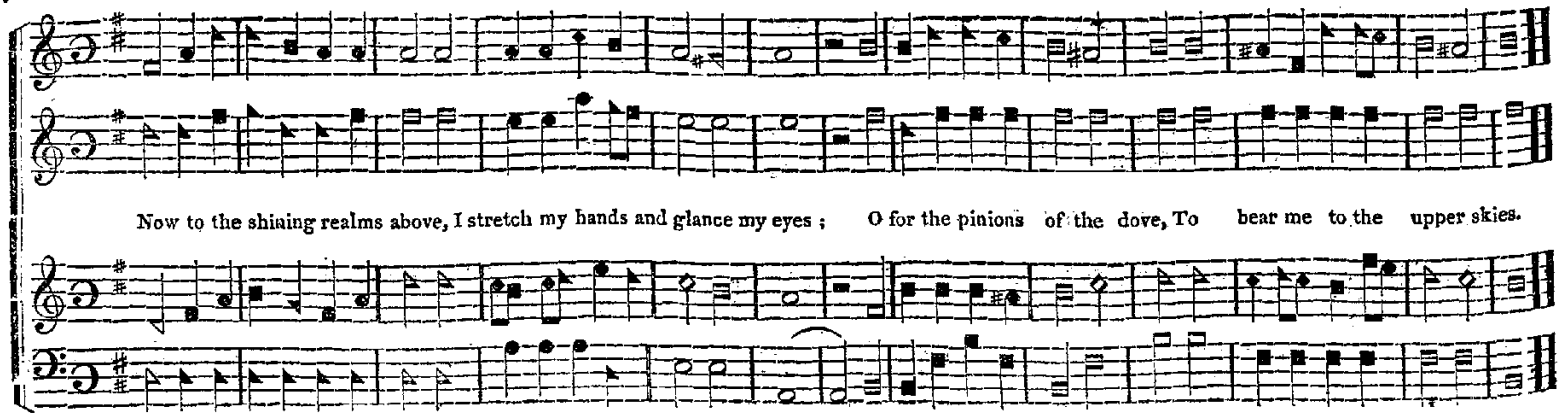
Brown.

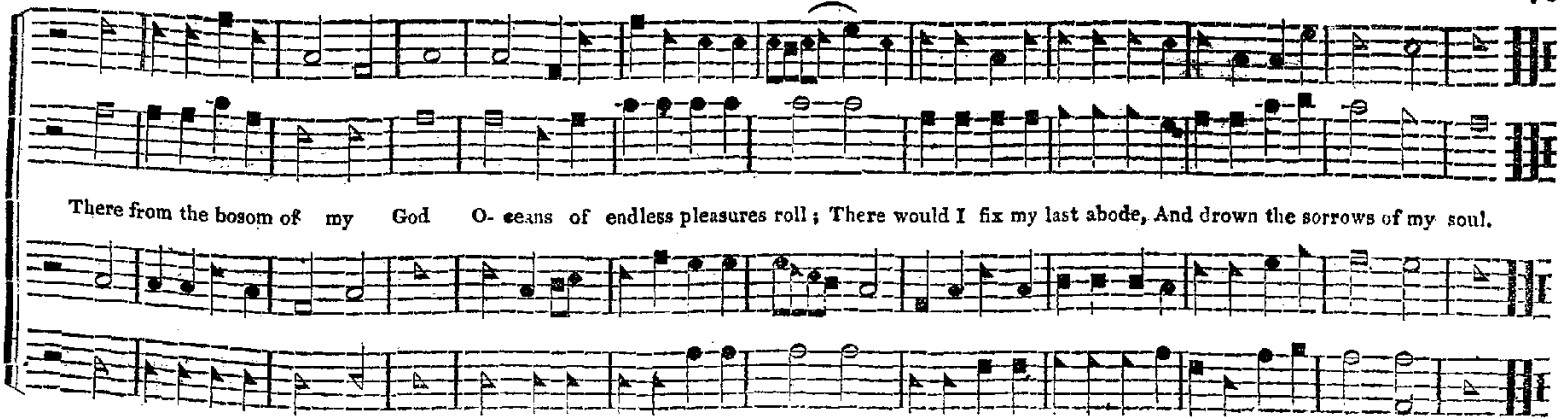



Loud.
1
2
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Then burst the chains with glad surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

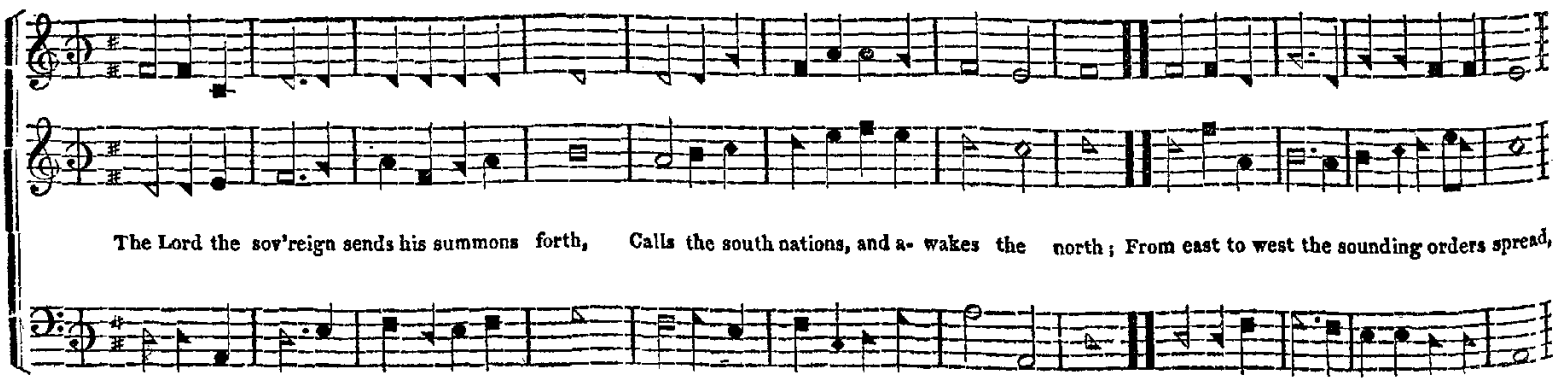
PARADISE. L. M.

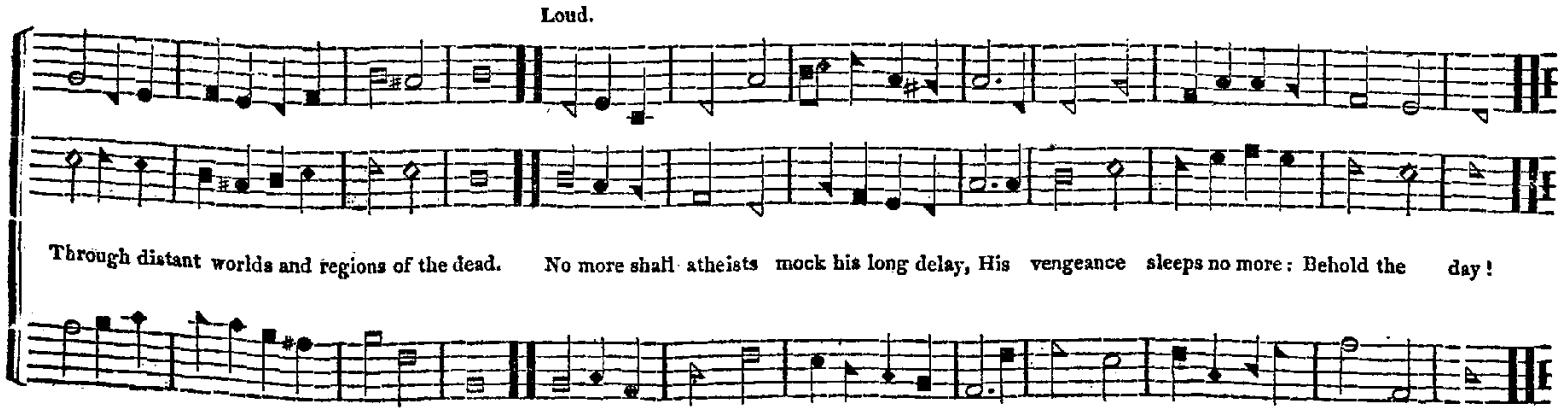
O. Holden.

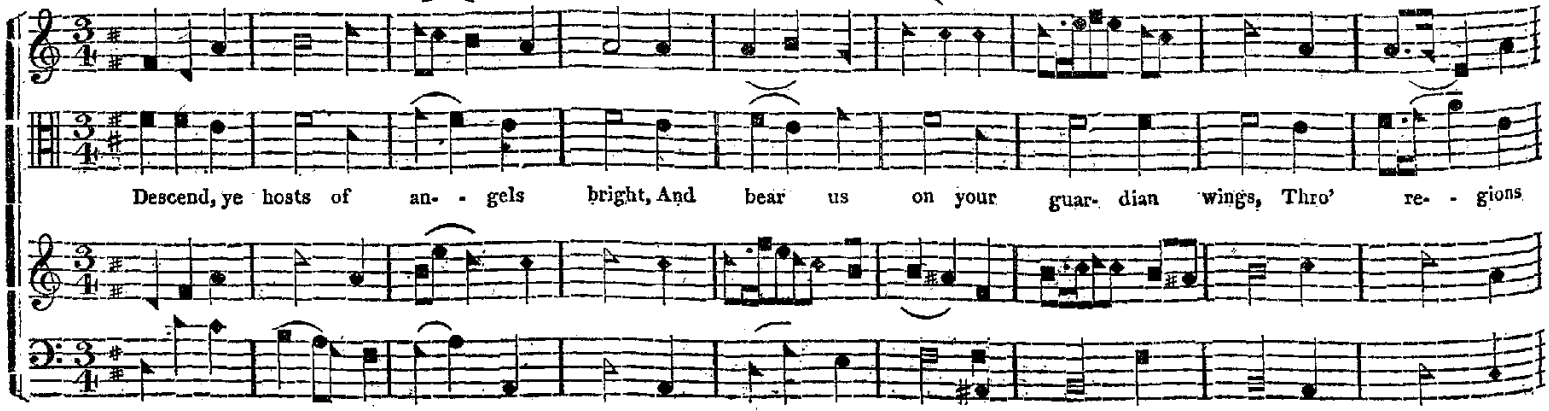


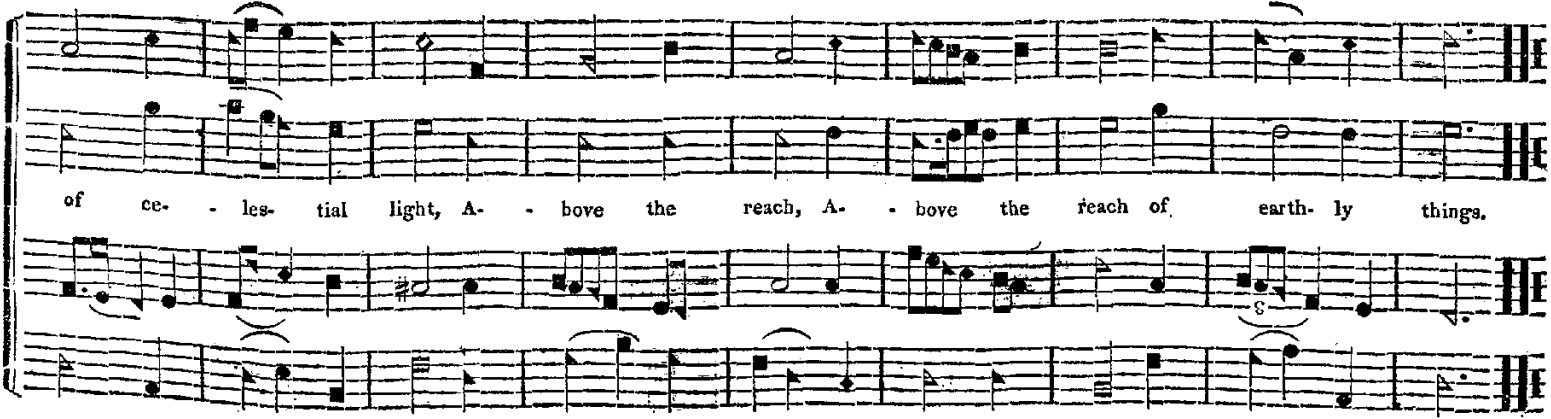

There from the bosom of my God O- ceans of endless pleasures roll; There would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my soul.

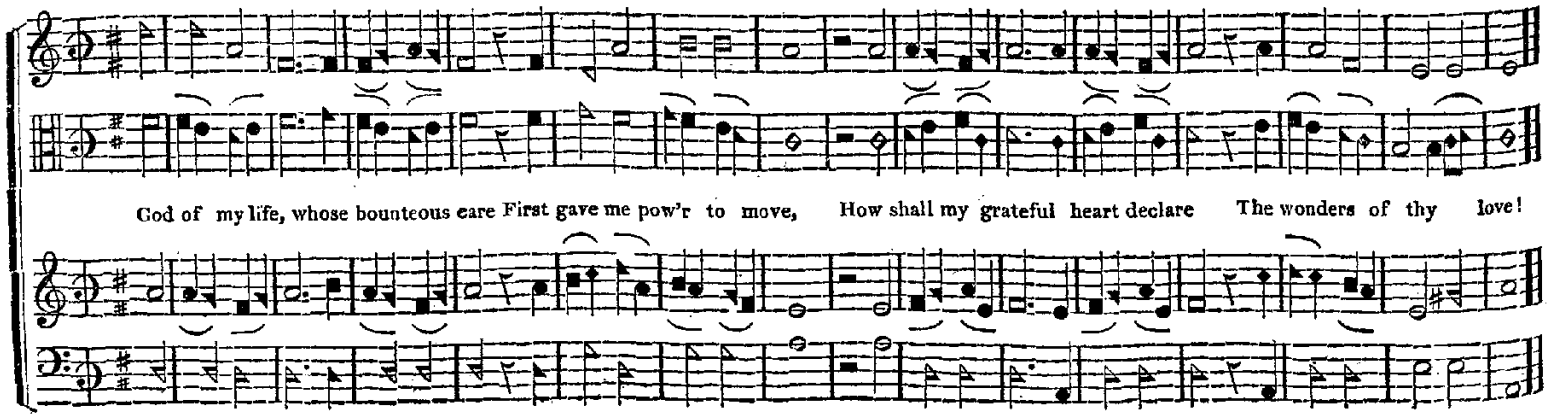
Soft.

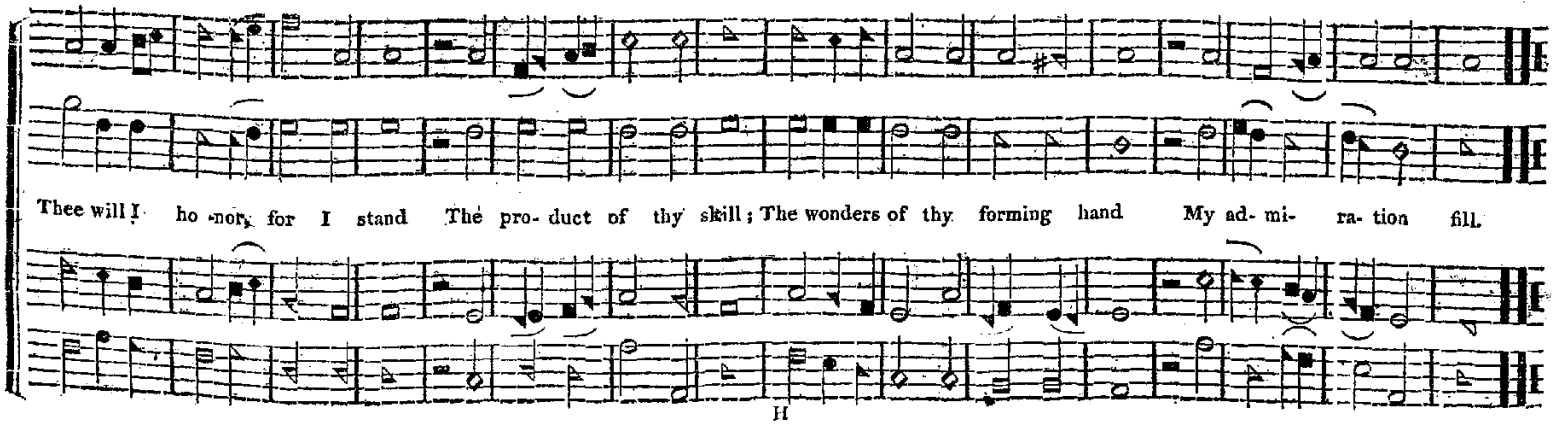

The Lord the sov'reign sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and a- wakes the north; From east to west the sounding orders spread,


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


Descend, ye hosts of an- - gels bright, And bear us on your guar- dian wings, Thro' re- - gions

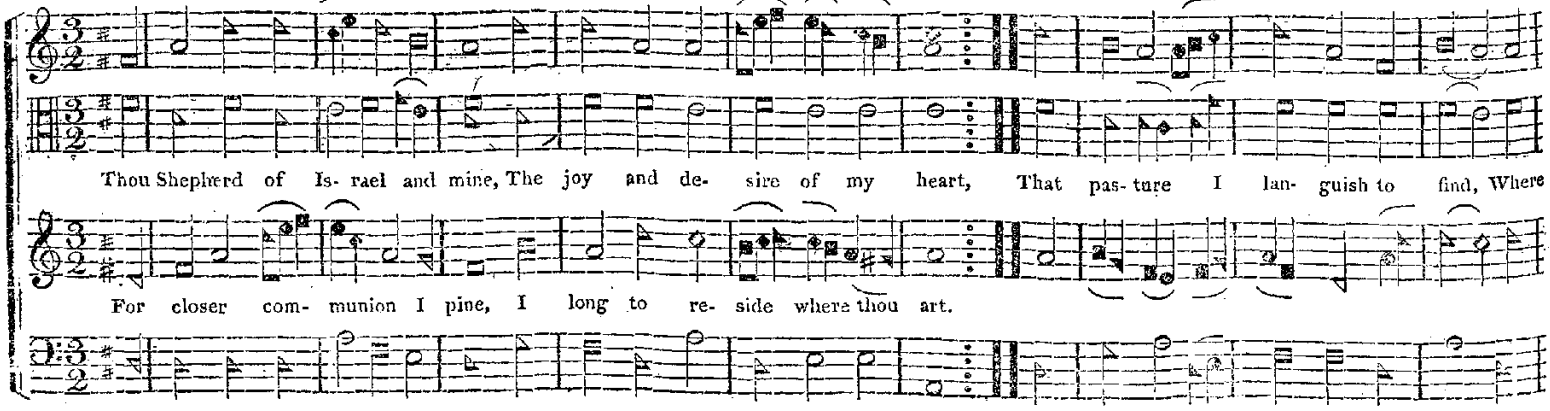

of ce- - les- tial light, A- - bove the reach, A- - bove the reach of earth- ly things.

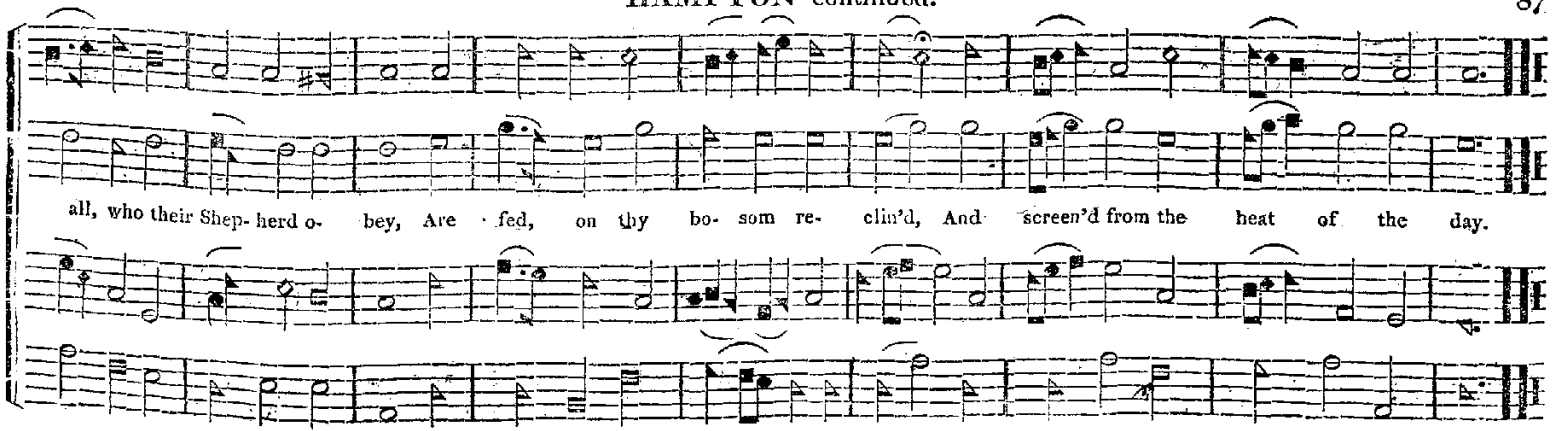

God of my life, whose bounteous care First gave me pow'r to move, How shall my grateful heart declare The wonders of thy love!


Thee will I ho - nor, for I stand The pro- duct of thy skill; The wonders of thy forming hand My ad- mi- ra- tion fill.

HAMPTON. 8s.

Leach.




all, who their Shep- herd o- bey, Are fed, on thy bo- som re- clin'd, And screen'd from the heat of the day.

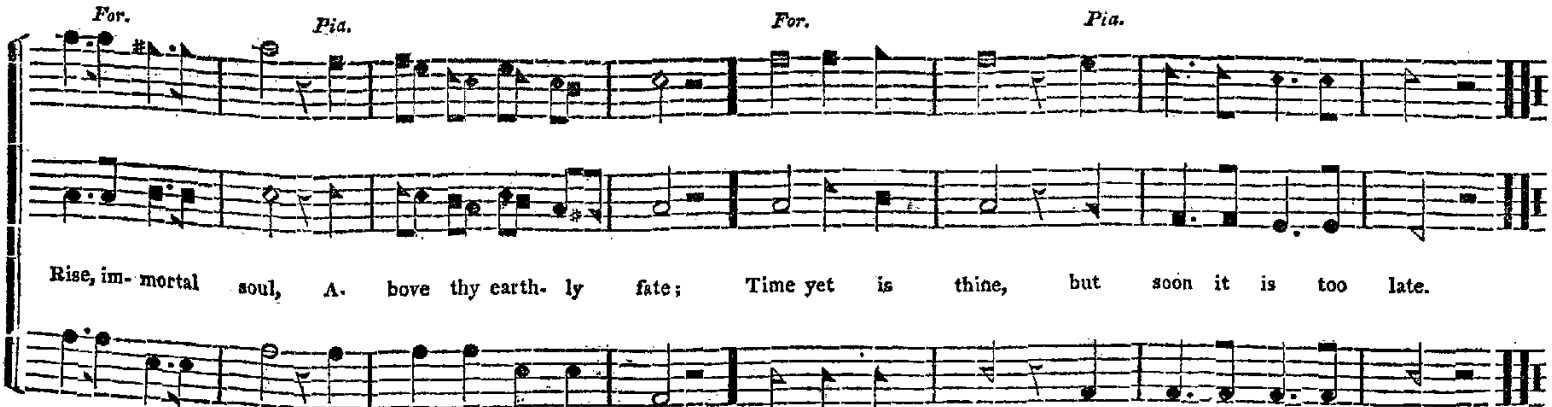
DIRGE. 10s.

G. F. Handel.

Adagio. *Pia.*

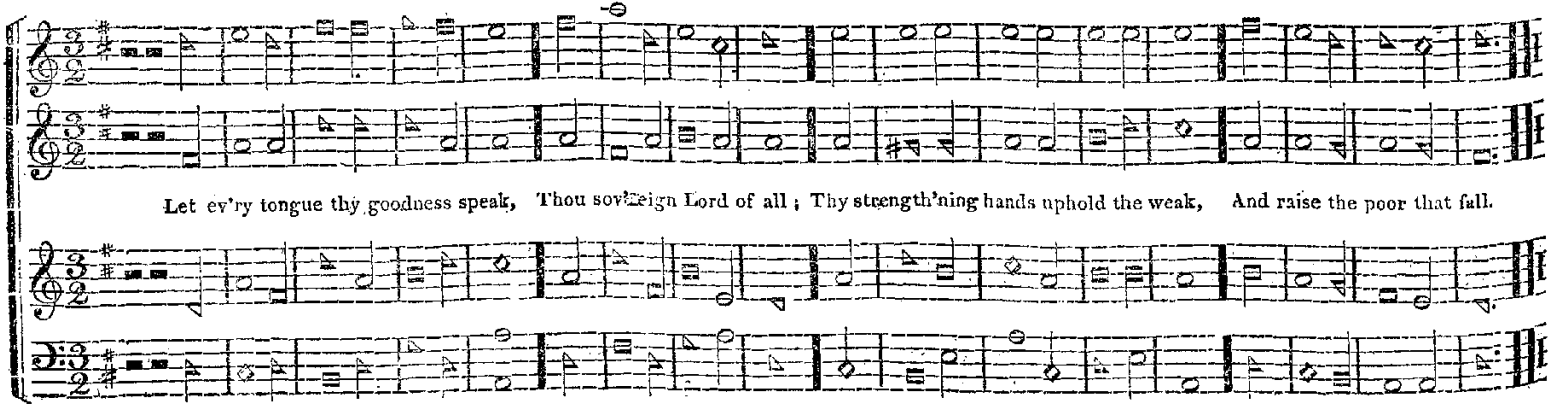
Air.

Few are our days, Those few we dream a- - way, Sure is our fate, To moul- der in the clay.

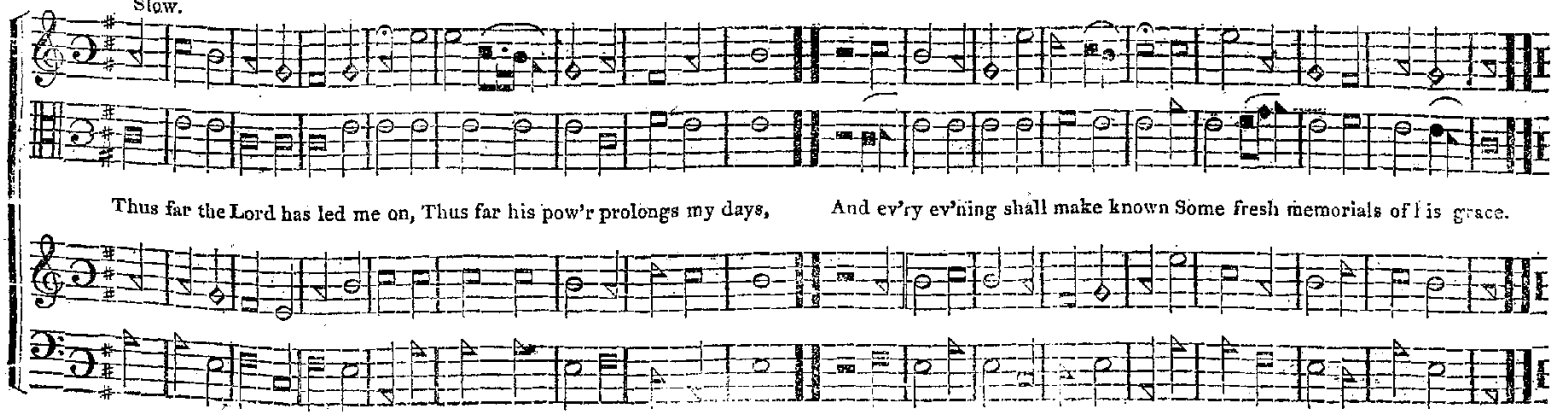

For.
Pia.
For.
Pia.
Rise, im- mortal soul, A- bove thy earth- ly fate; Time yet is thine, but soon it is too late.

LONDON NEW. C. M.

Dr. Croft.

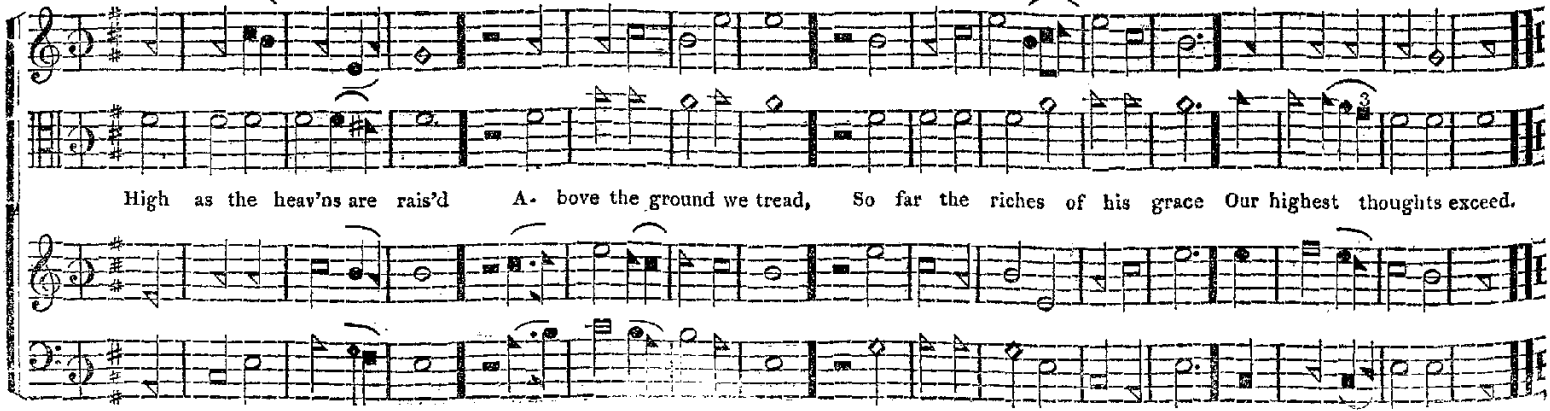


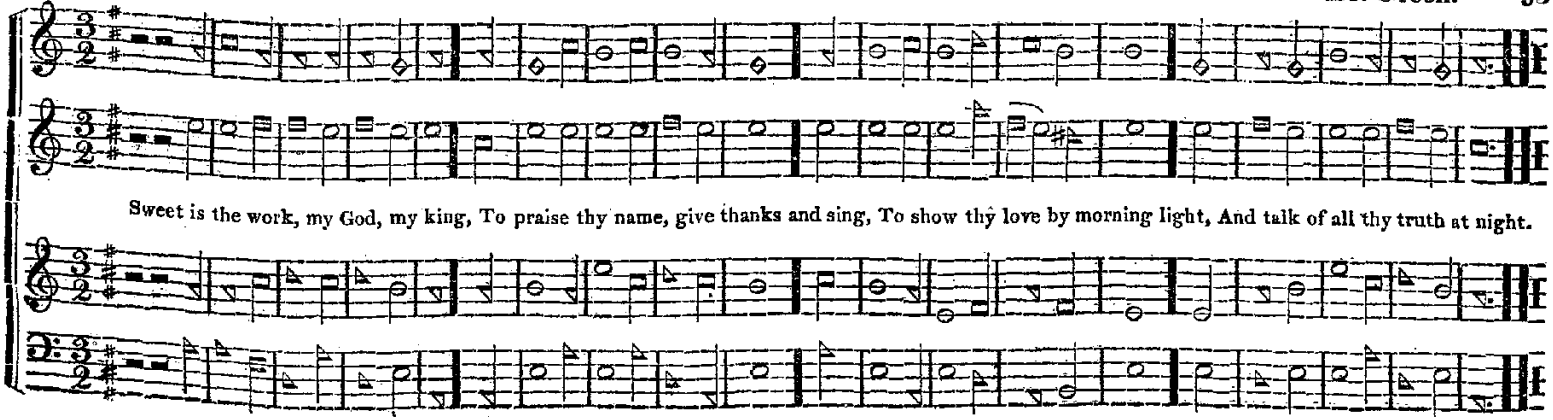
Slow.

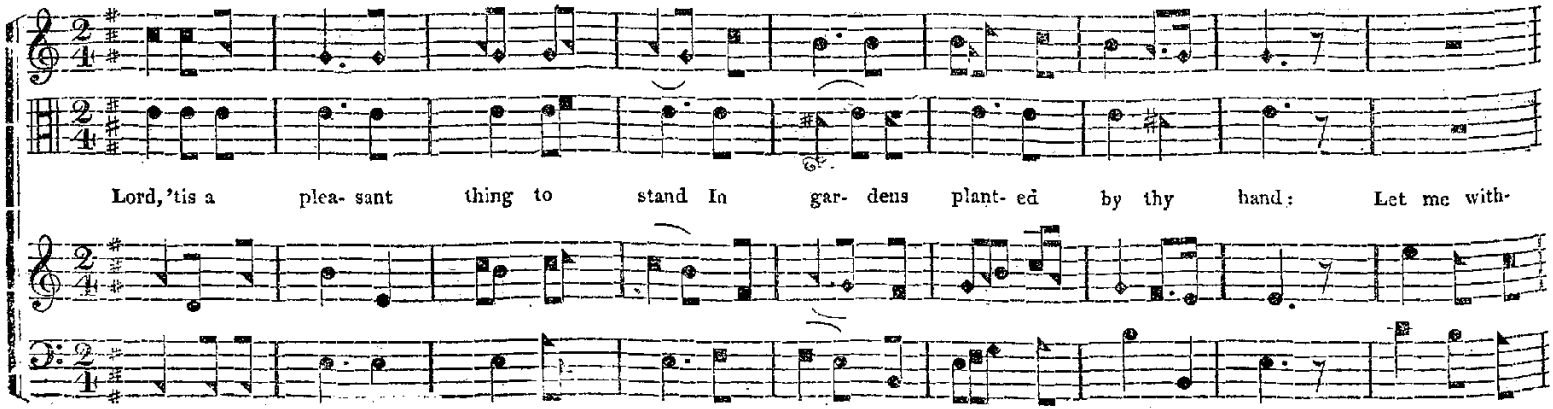

Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known Some fresh memorials of His grace.

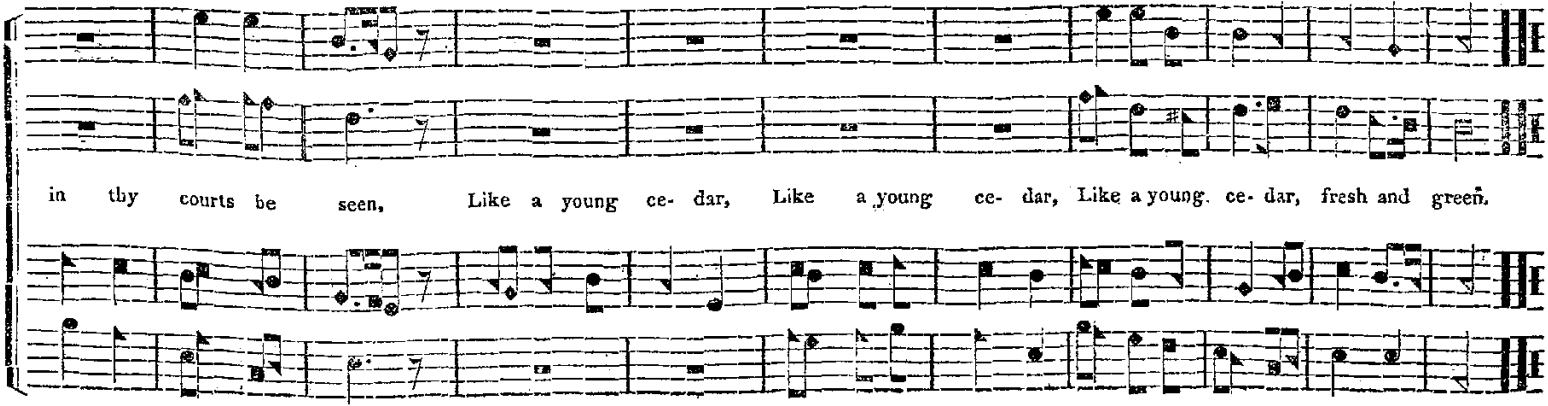
ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. Handel.



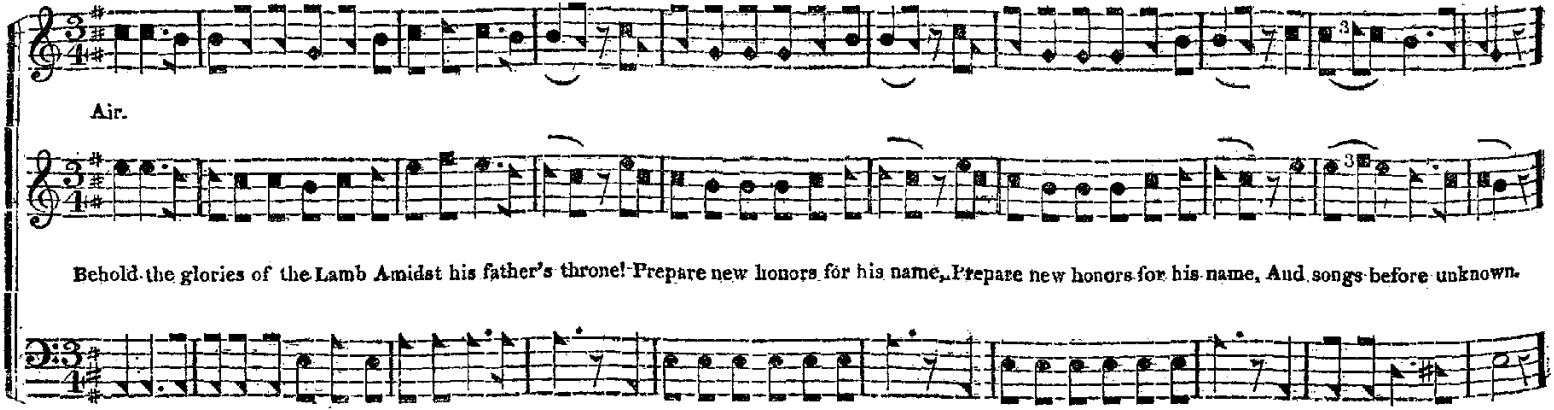

Sweet is the work, my God, my king, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

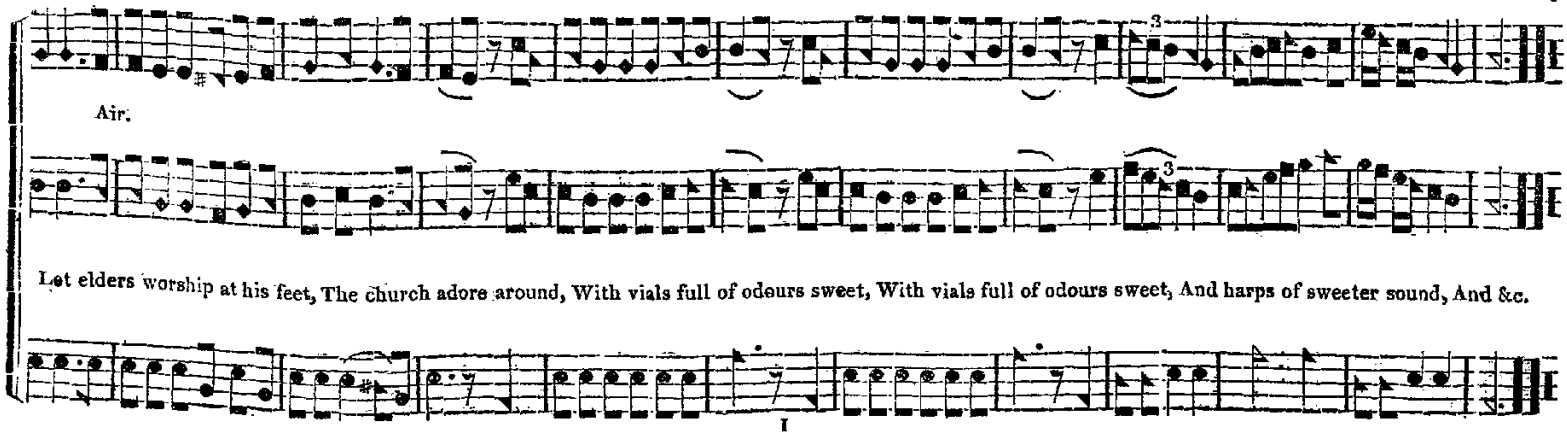

Lord, 'tis a plea- sant thing to stand In gar- dens plant- ed by thy hand: Let me with-


in thy courts be seen, Like a young ce- dar, Like a young ce- dar, Like a young ce- dar, fresh and green.

PARMA. C. M.

Italian.

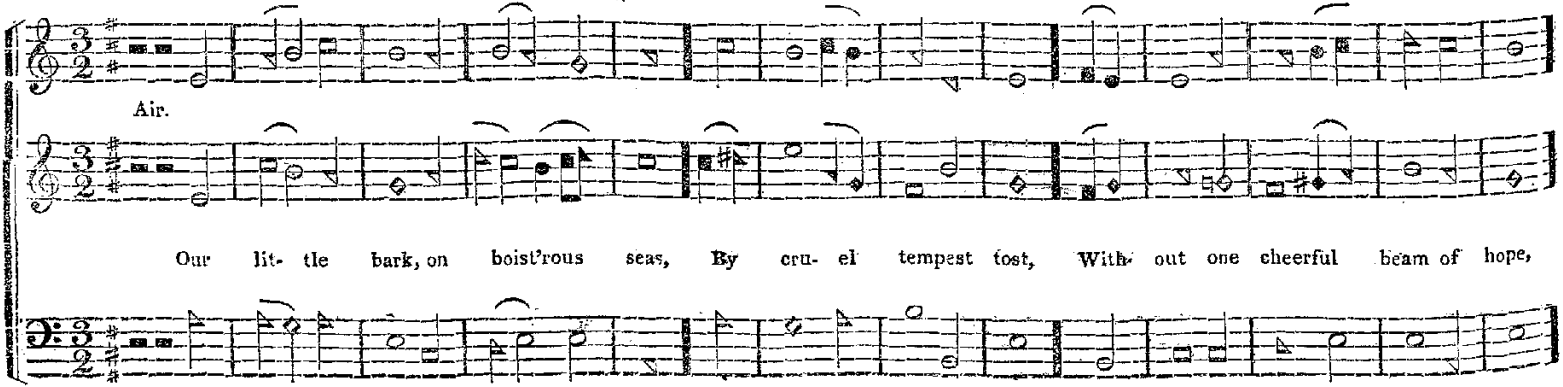


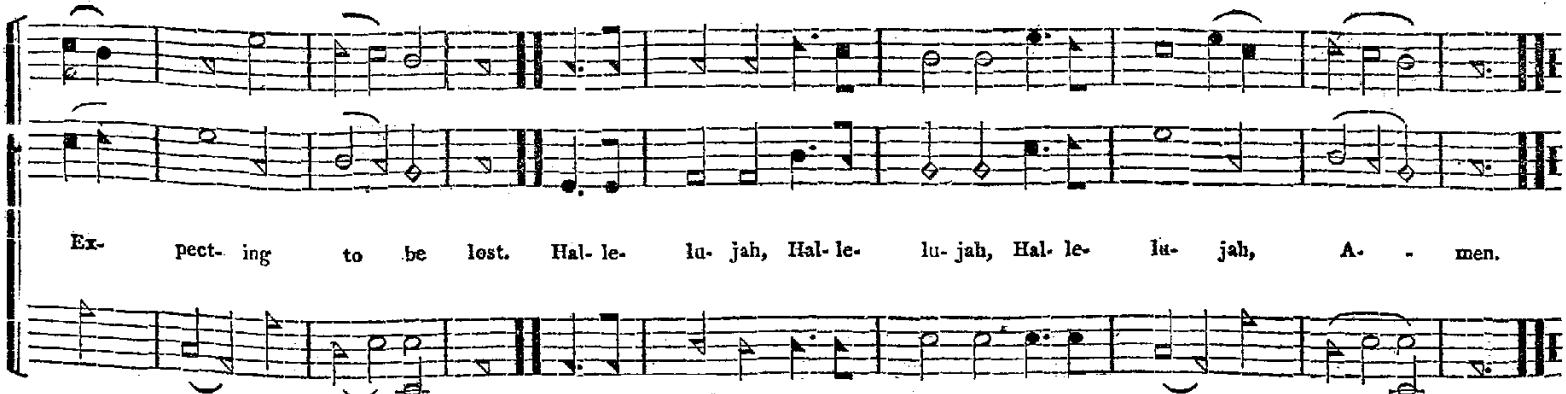

Air.
Let elders worship at his feet, The church adore around, With vials full of odours sweet, With vials full of odours sweet, And harps of sweeter sound, And &c.

STADE. C. M.

I. Burney.

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING FOR DELIVERANCE IN A STORM.



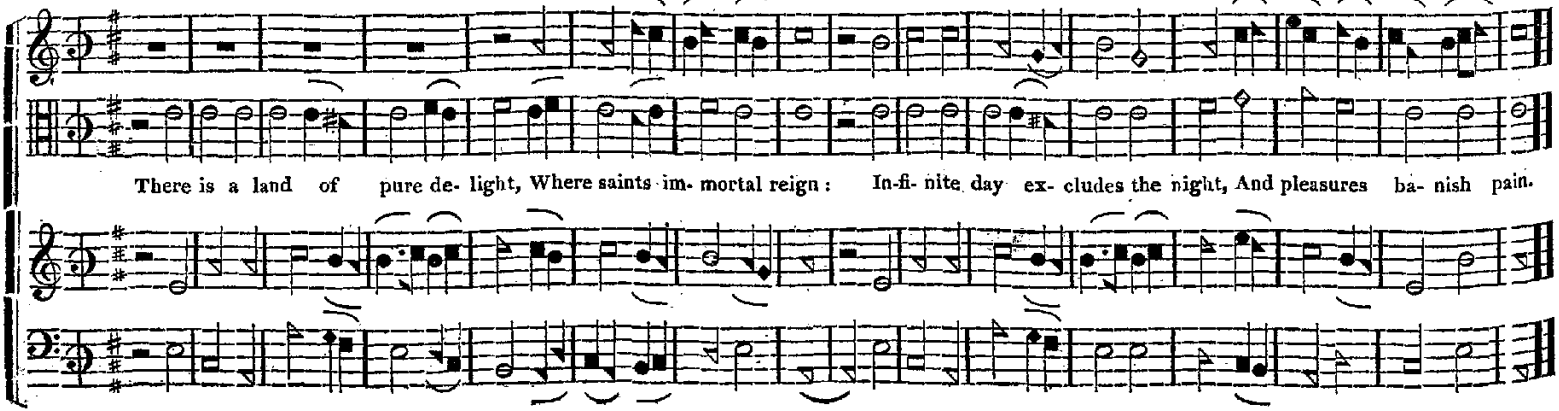


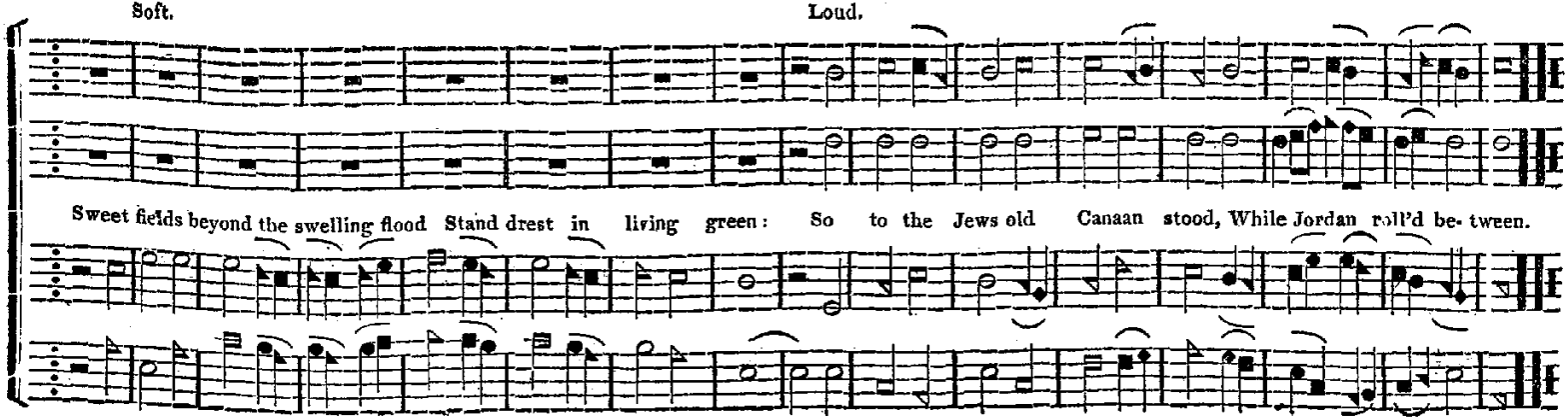
N. B. The hallelujahs to be sung after the fifth verse of the hymn.

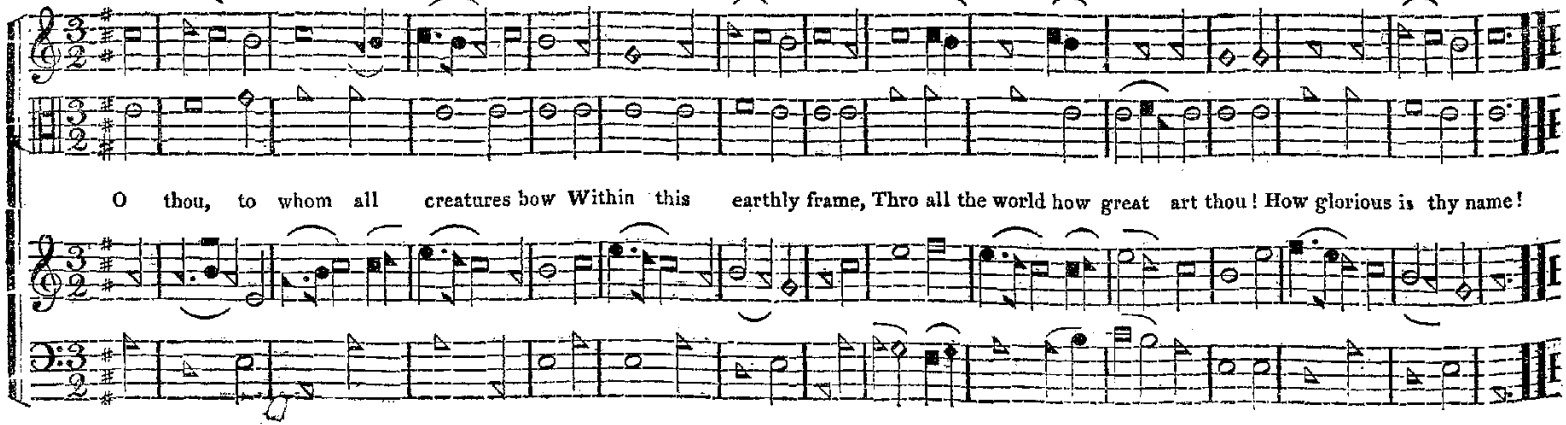
H. 66, B. II. Watts.

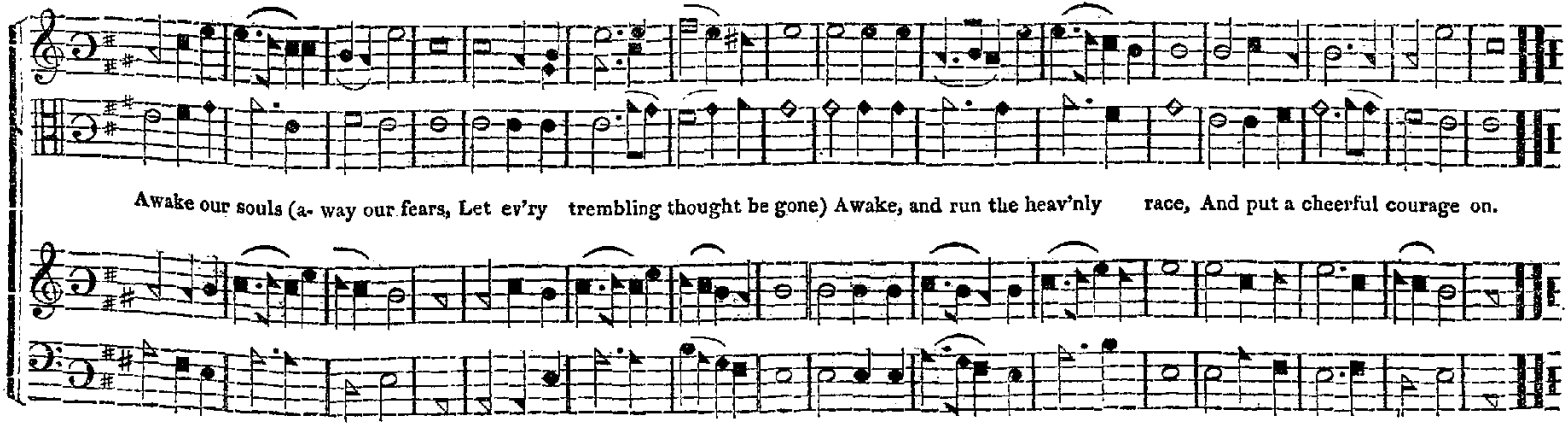
JORDAN. C. M.

Billings.



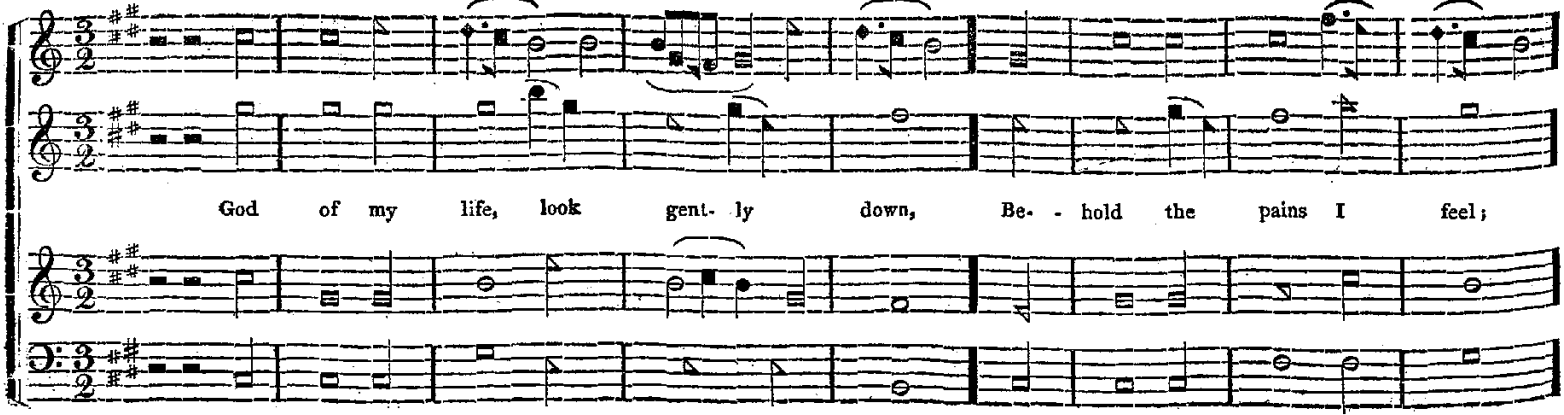

Soft.
Loud.
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand drest in living green: So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd be- tween.

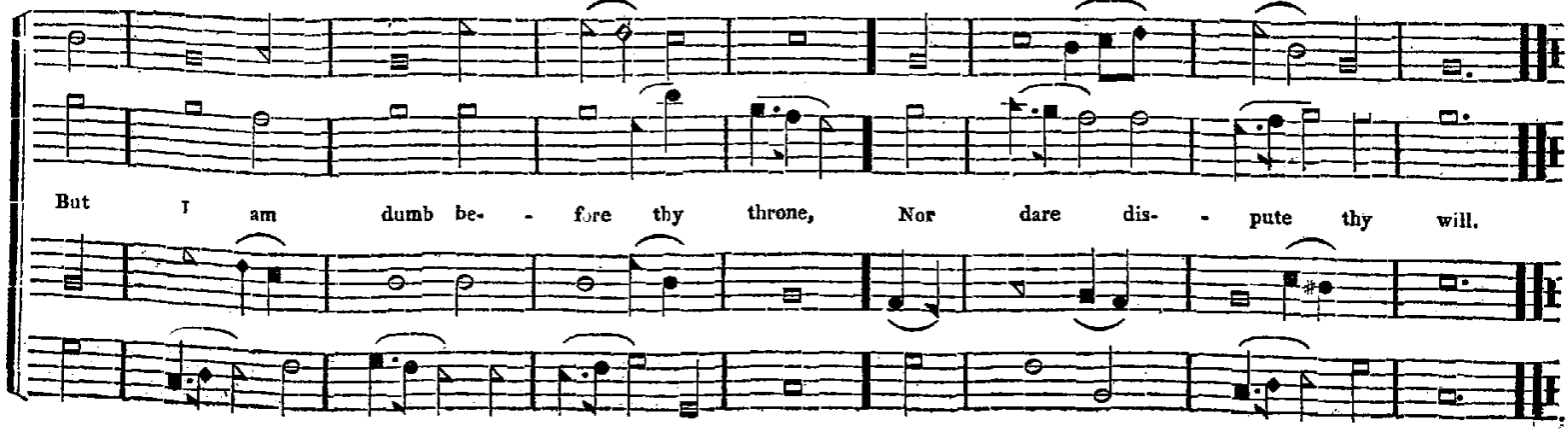

O thou, to whom all creatures bow Within this earthly frame, Thro all the world how great art thou! How glorious is thy name!


Awake our souls (a- way our fears, Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone) Awake, and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

POLAND. C. M.

Swan.

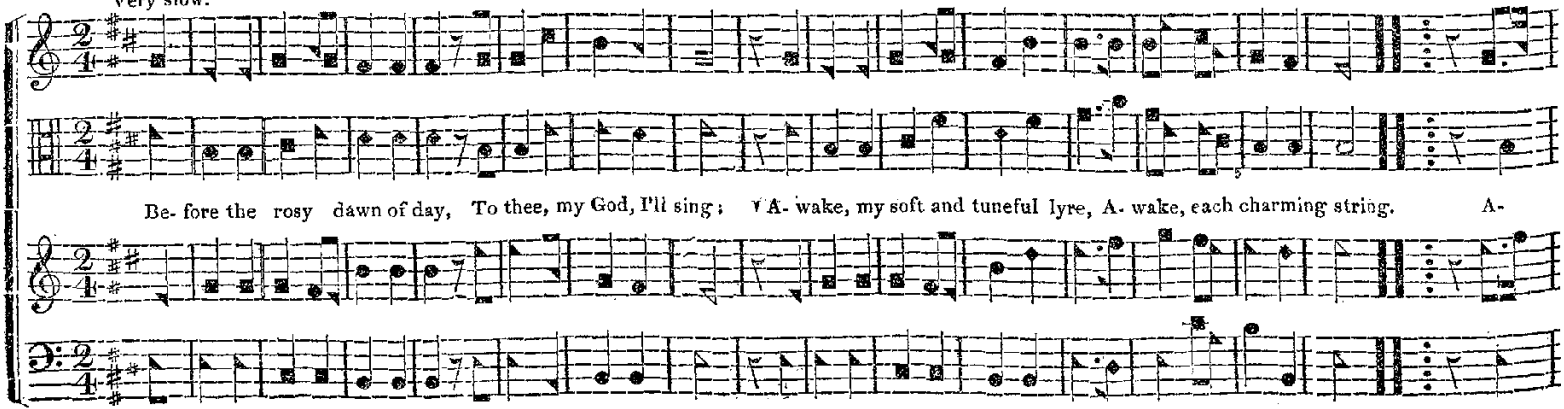


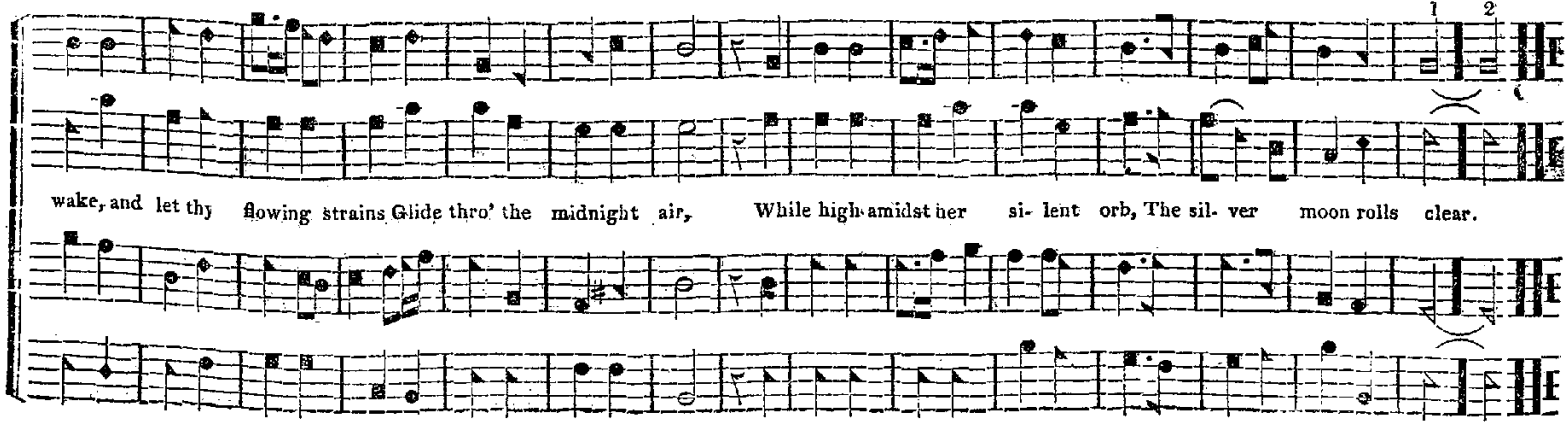

But I am dumb be- - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis- - pute thy will.

ENFIELD. C. M.

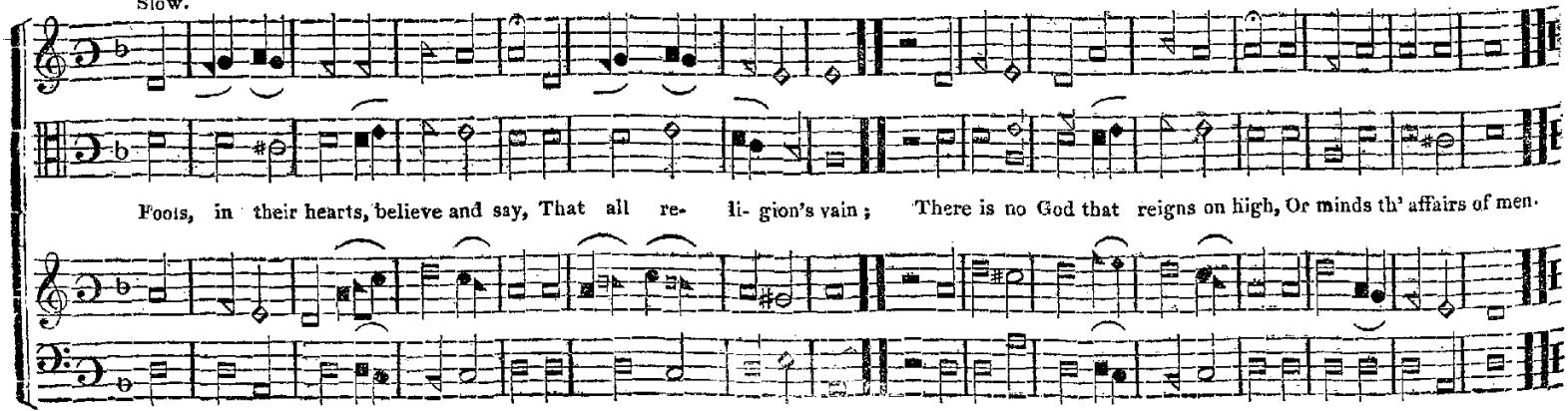
Chandler.

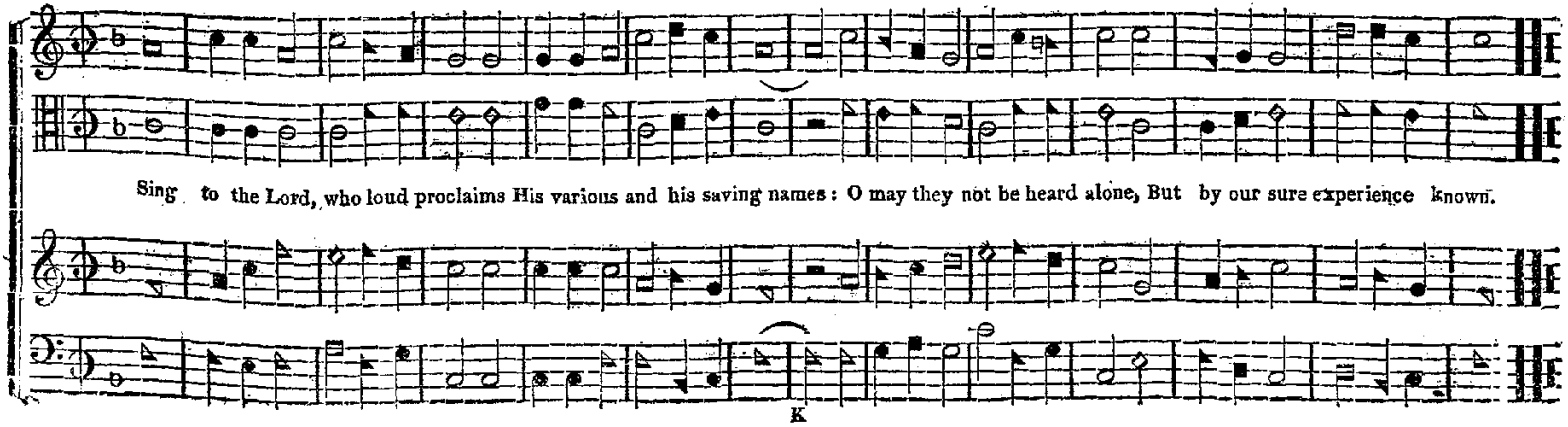
Very slow.

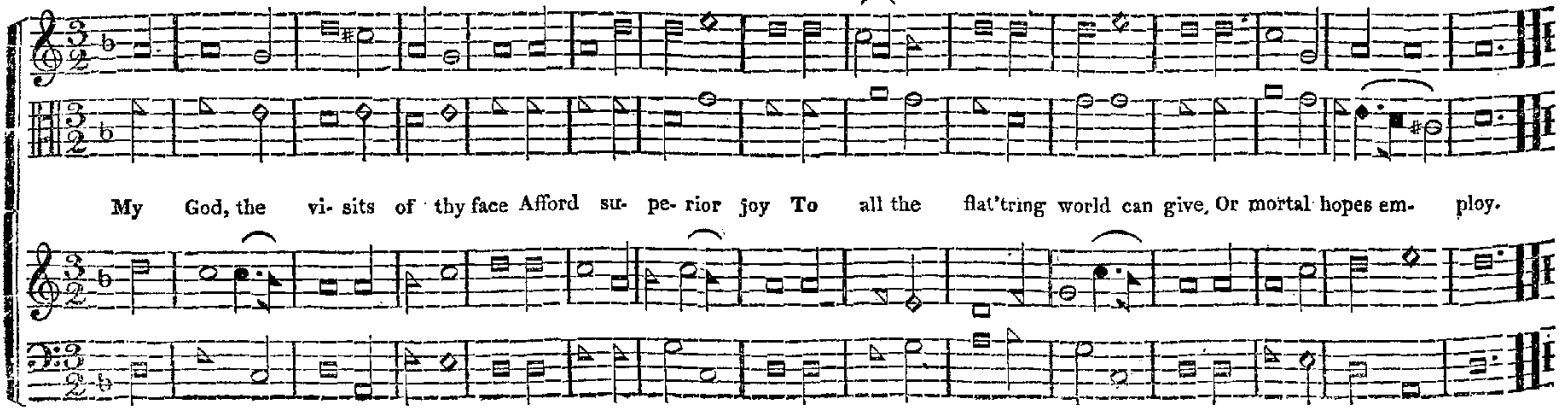



1
2
wake, and let thy flowing strains Glide thro' the midnight air, While high amidst her si- lent orb, The sil- ver moon rolls clear.

Slow.

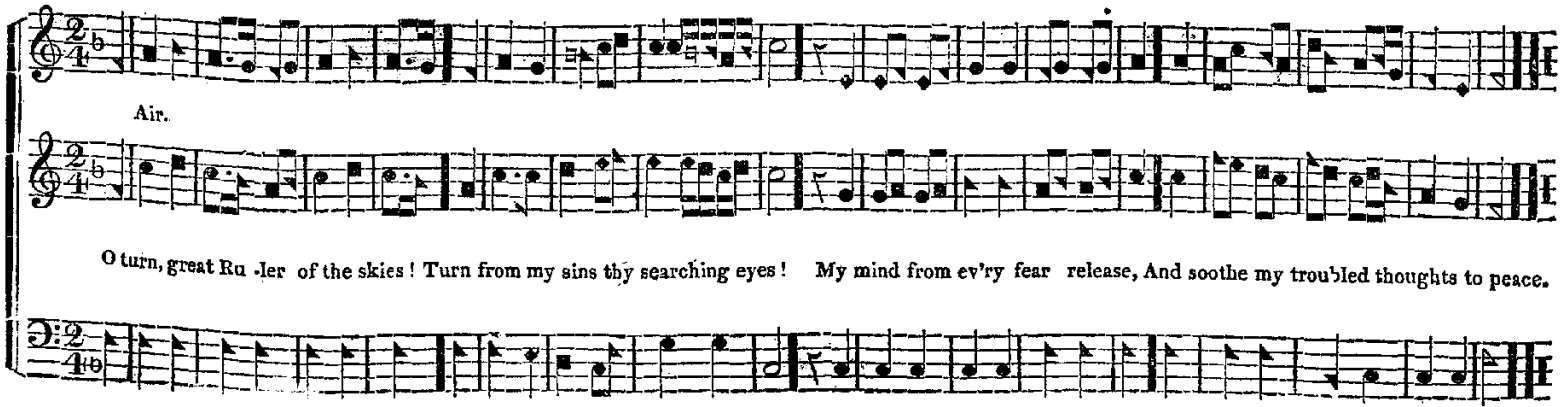

Fools, in their hearts, believe and say, That all re- li- gion's vain ; There is no God that reigns on high, Or minds th' affairs of men.

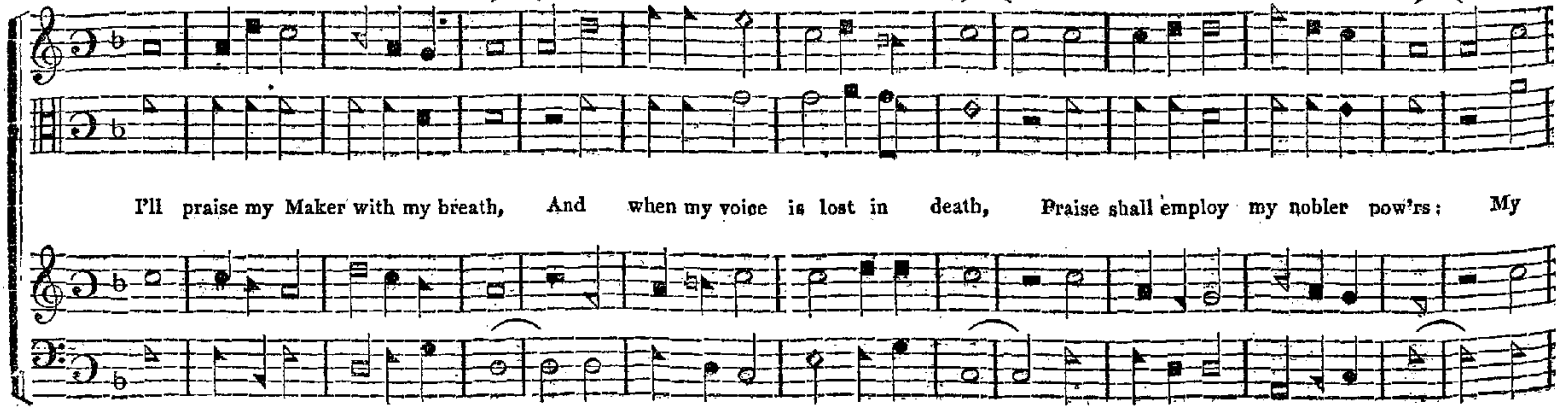

Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims His various and his saving names: O may they not be heard alone, But by our sure experience known.

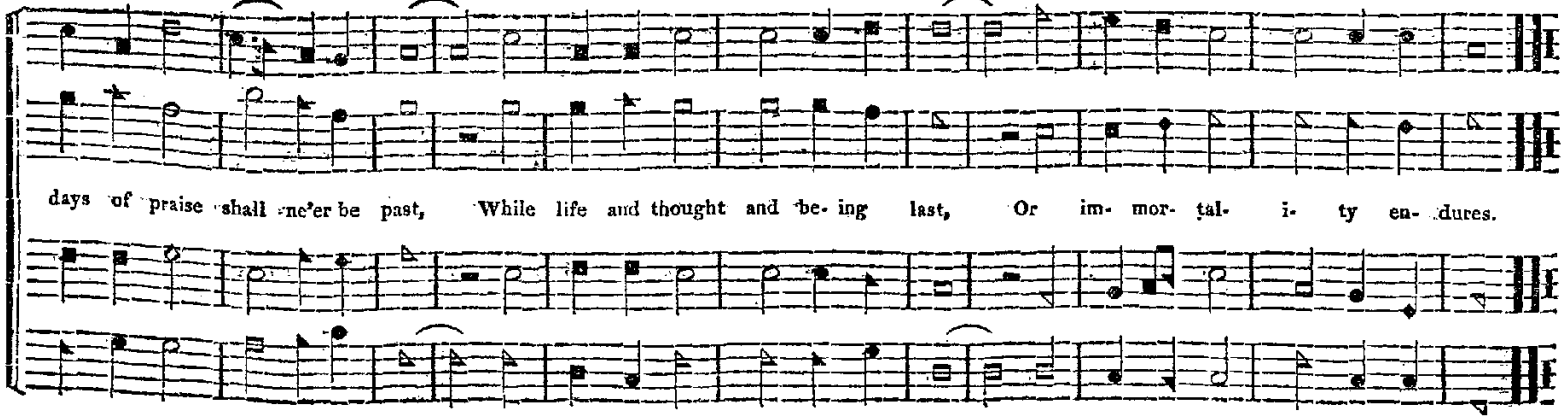

My God, the vi- sits of thy face Afford su- pe- rior joy To all the flat'tring world can give, Or mortal hopes em- ploy.

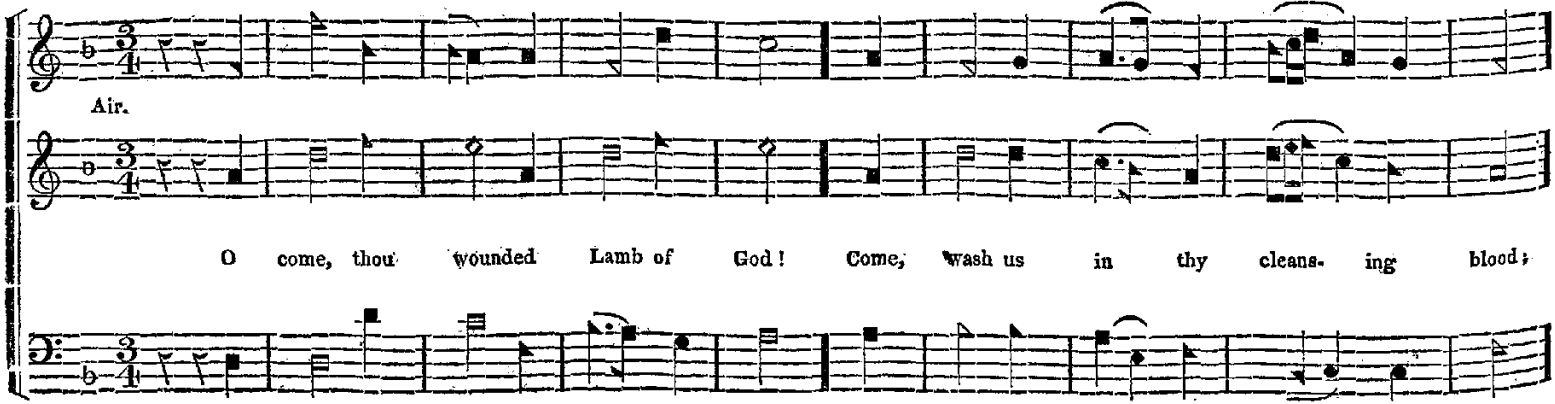
SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN. L. M.

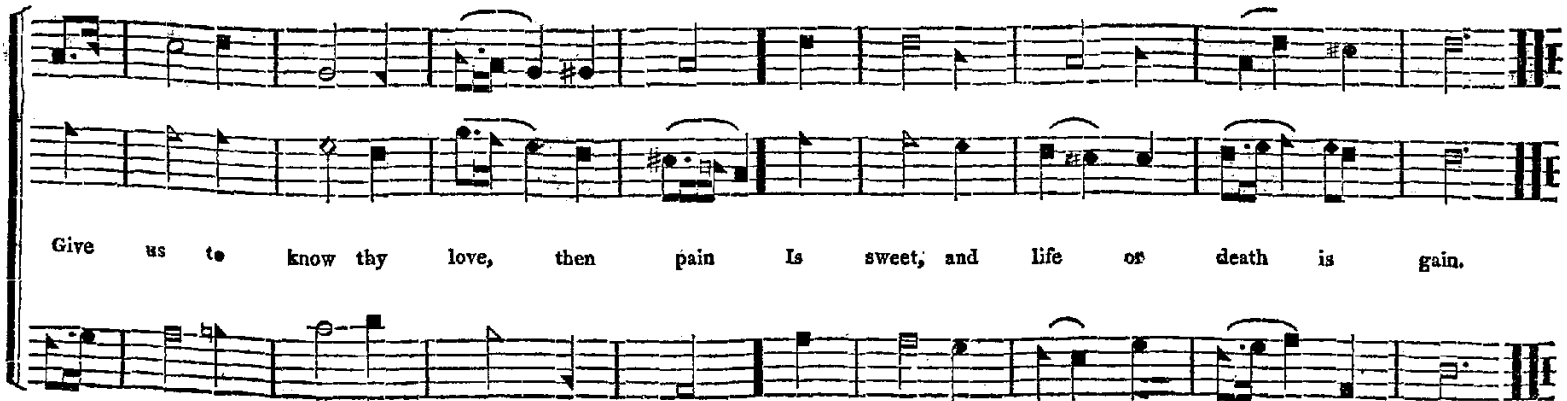
Moderato.

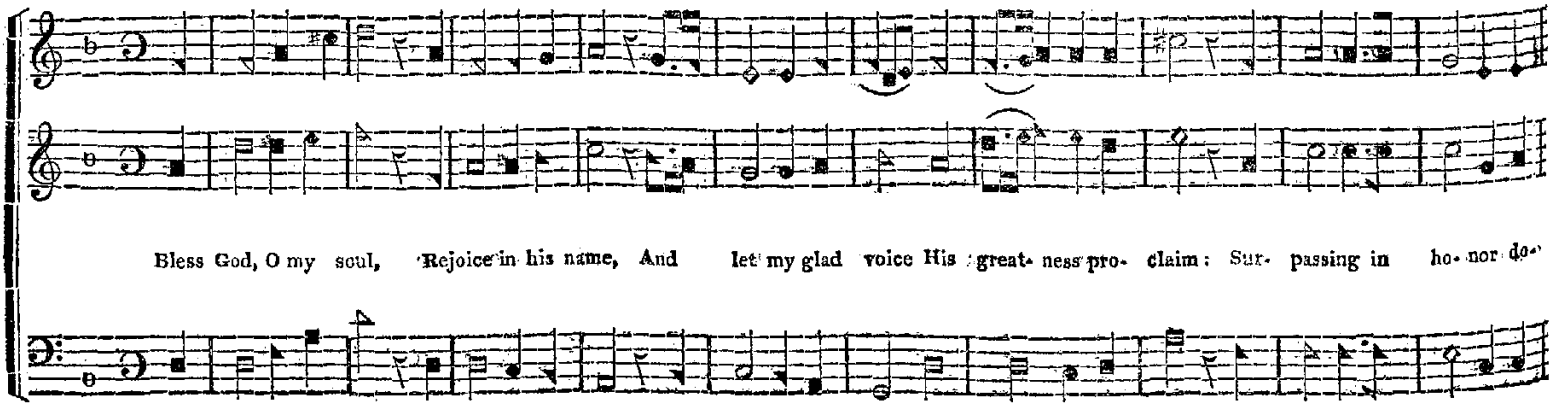


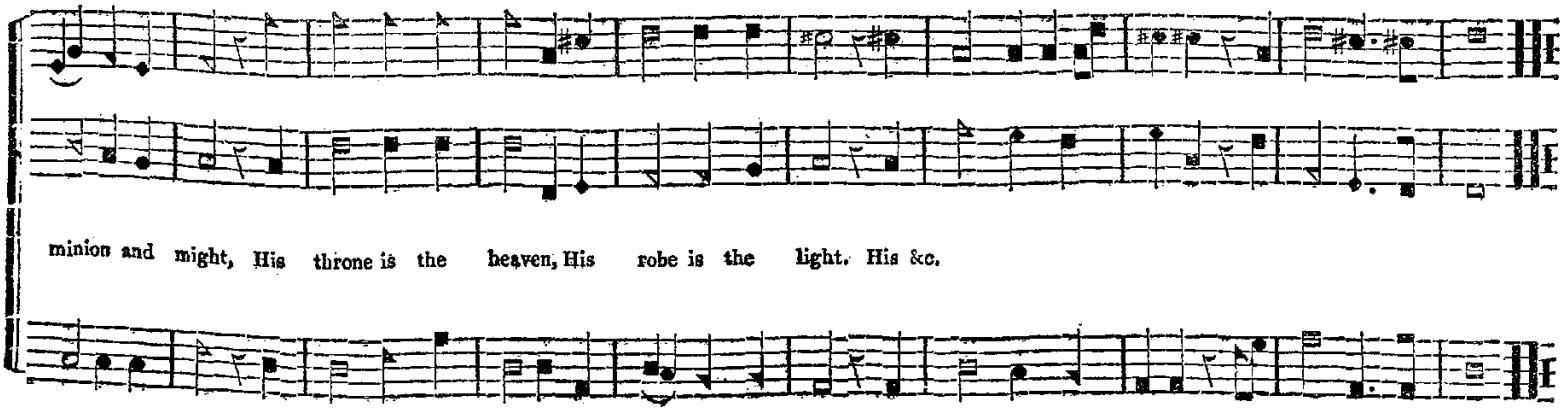

I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs; My

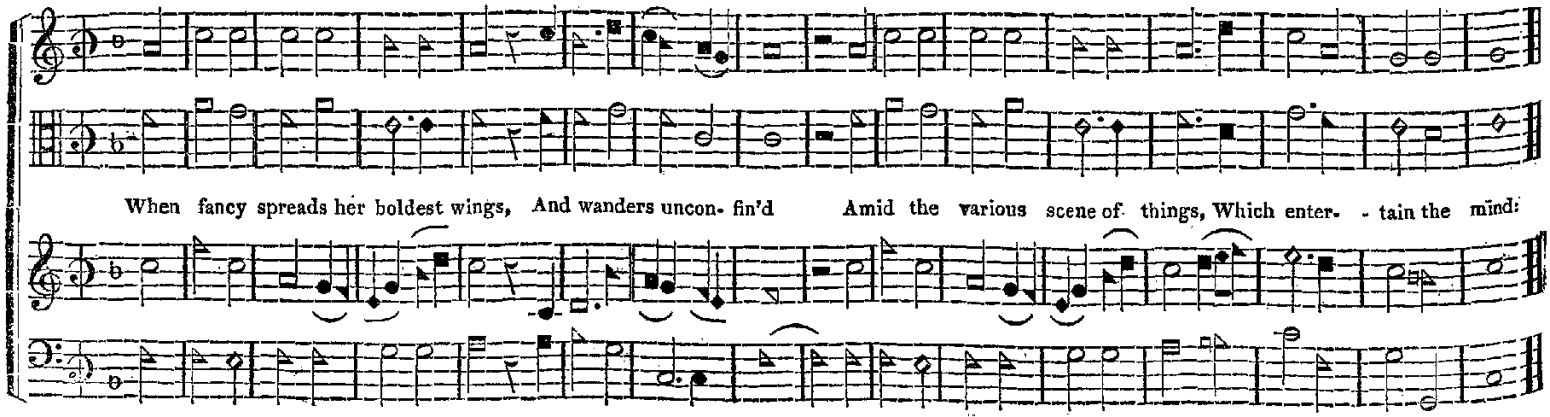

days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and be- ing last, Or im- mor- tal- i- ty en- dures.

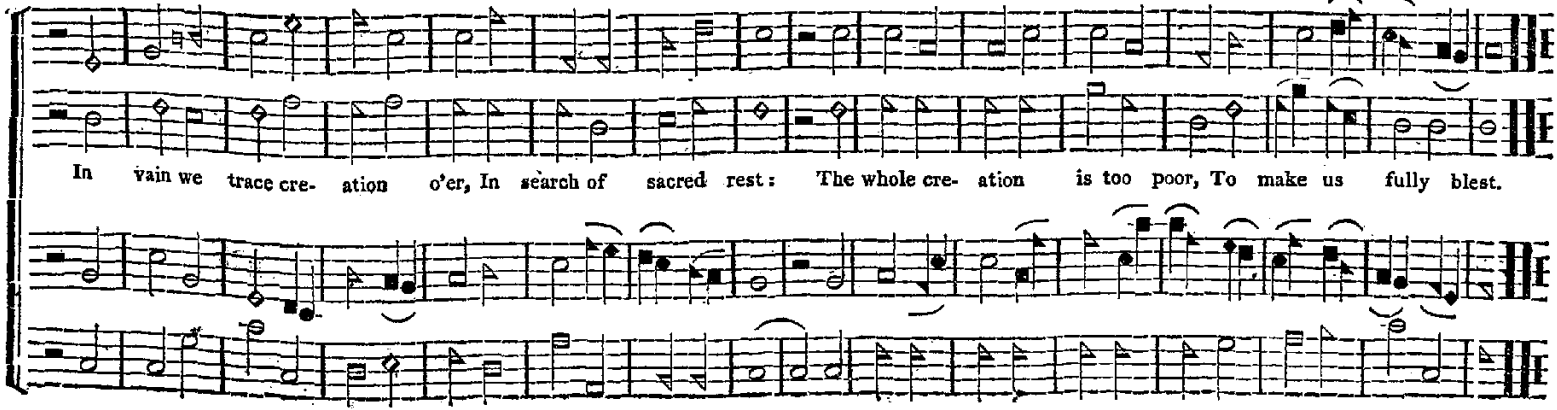

Air.
O come, thou wounded Lamb of God! Come, wash us in thy cleans- ing blood;


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


Bless God, O my soul, Rejoice in his name, And let my glad voice His great- ness pro- claim: Sur- passing in ho- nor do-


minion and might, His throne is the heaven, His robe is the light. His &c.


When fancy spreads her boldest wings, And wanders uncon- fin'd Amid the various scene of things, Which enter- - tain the mind:

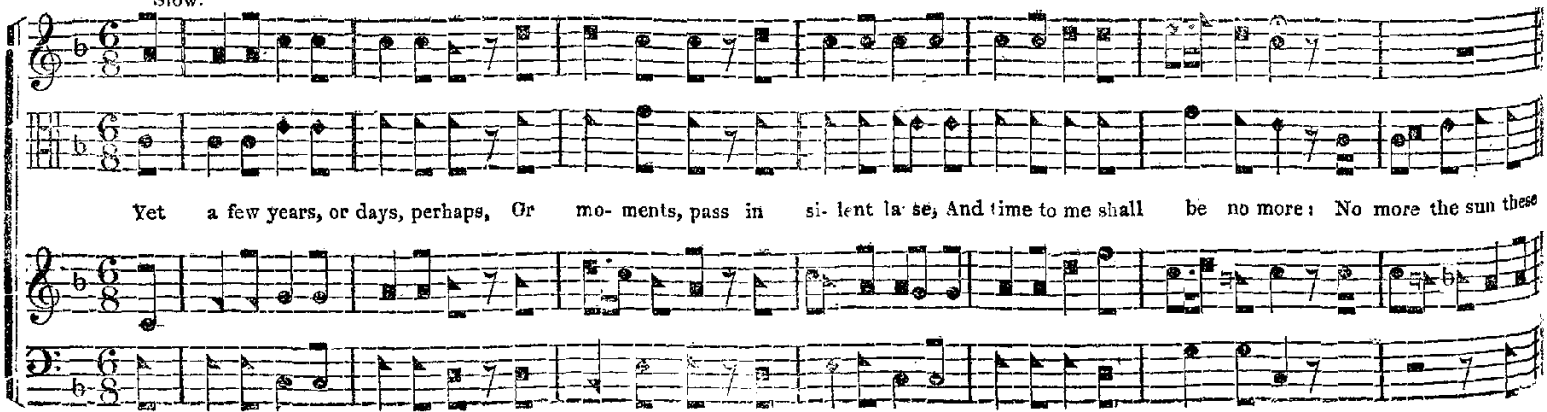

In vain we trace cre- ation o'er, In search of sacred rest: The whole cre- ation is too poor, To make us fully blest.

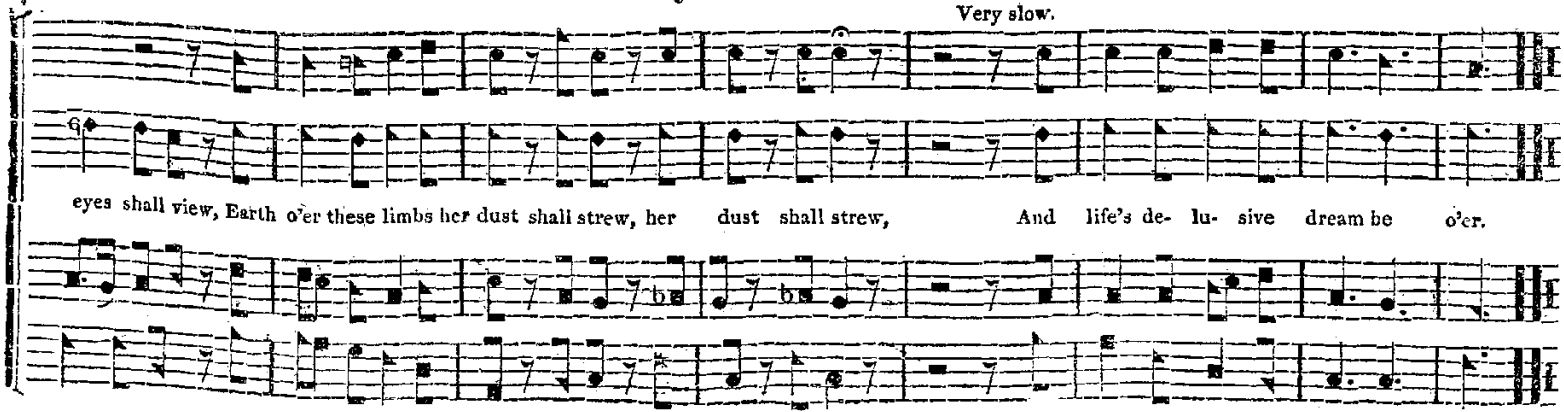
H. 617. Kippis' Coll.

QUINCY. L. P. M.

Dalmer.

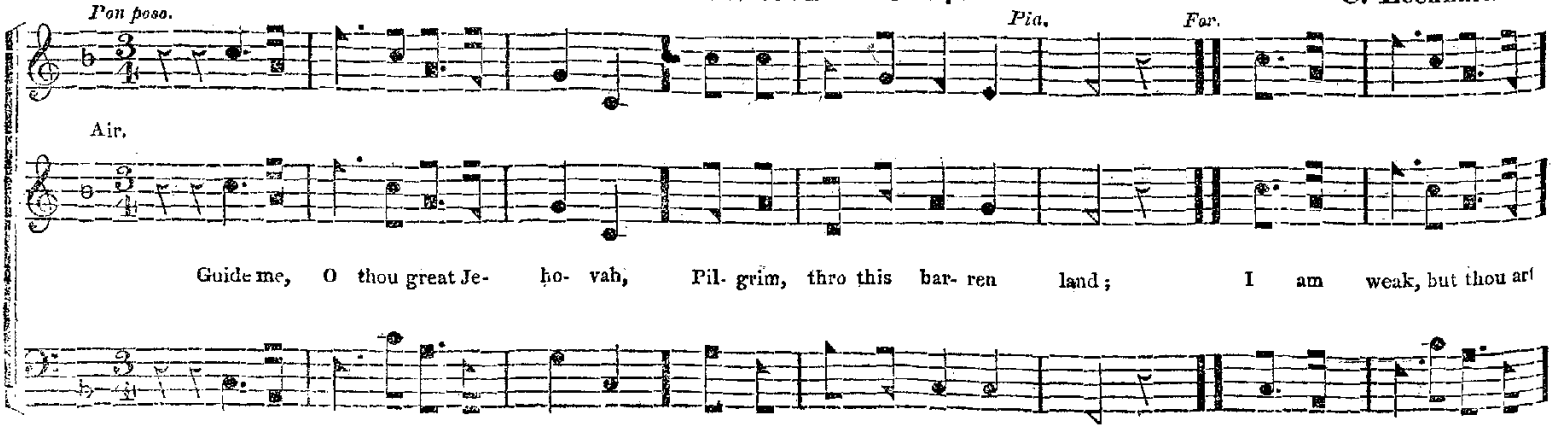
Slow.

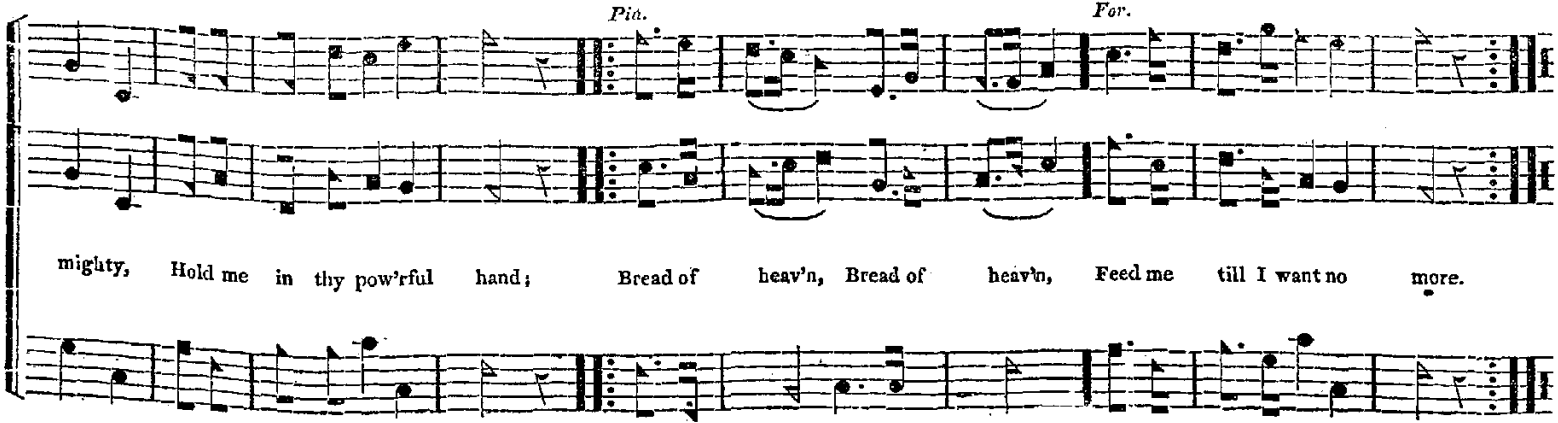



Very slow.
eyes shall view, Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew, her dust shall strew, And life's de- lu- sive dream be o'er.

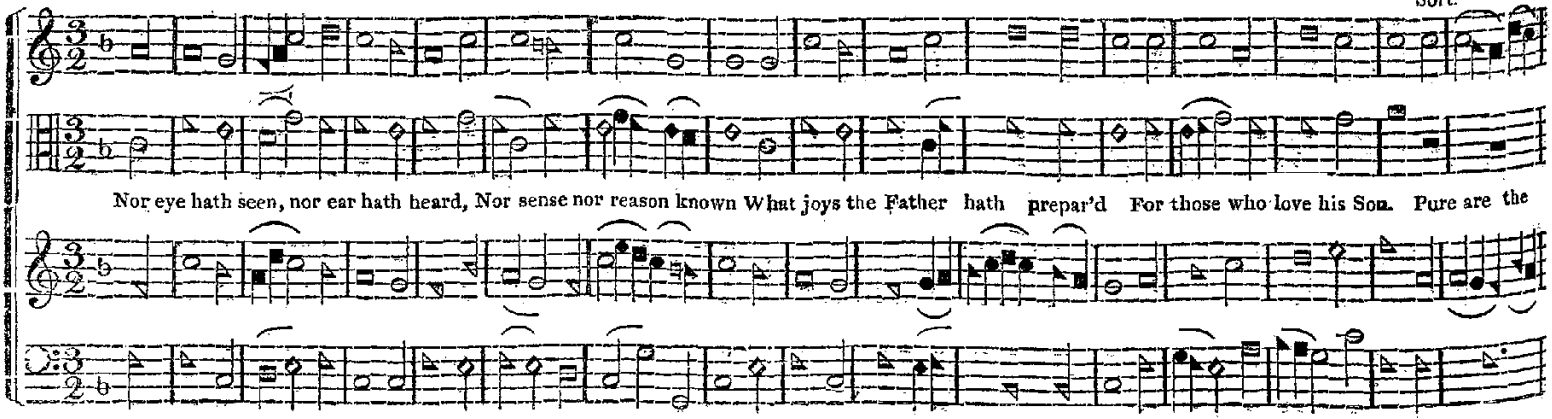
TAMWORTH. 8 & 7.

C. Lockhart.

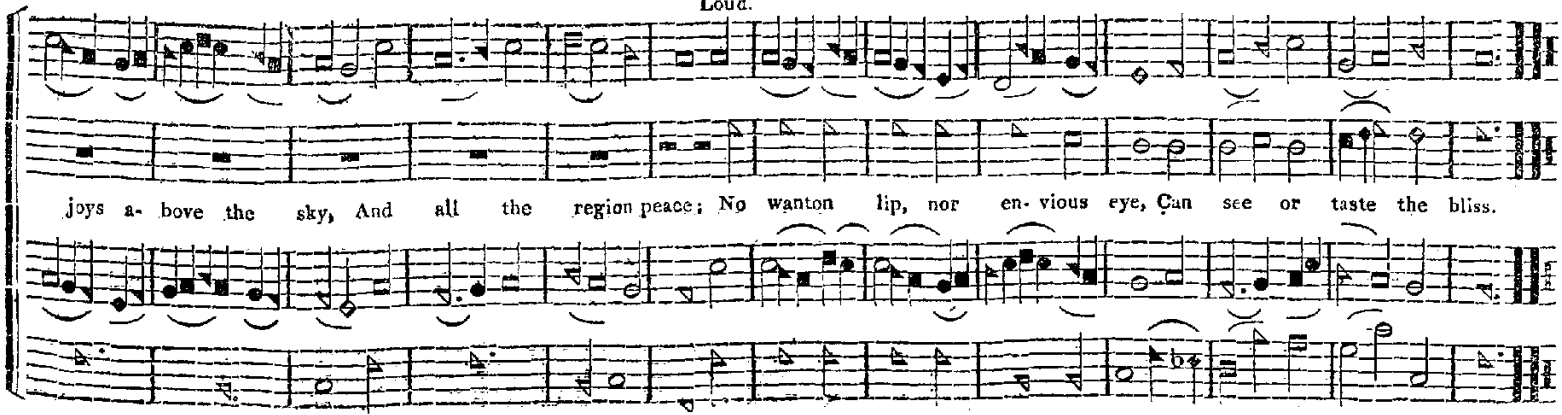



Pia.
For.
mighty, Hold me in thy pow'rful hand; Bread of heav'n, Bread of heav'n, Feed me till I want no more.

Soft.


Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor sense nor reason known What joys the Father hath prepar'd For those who love his Son. Pure are the

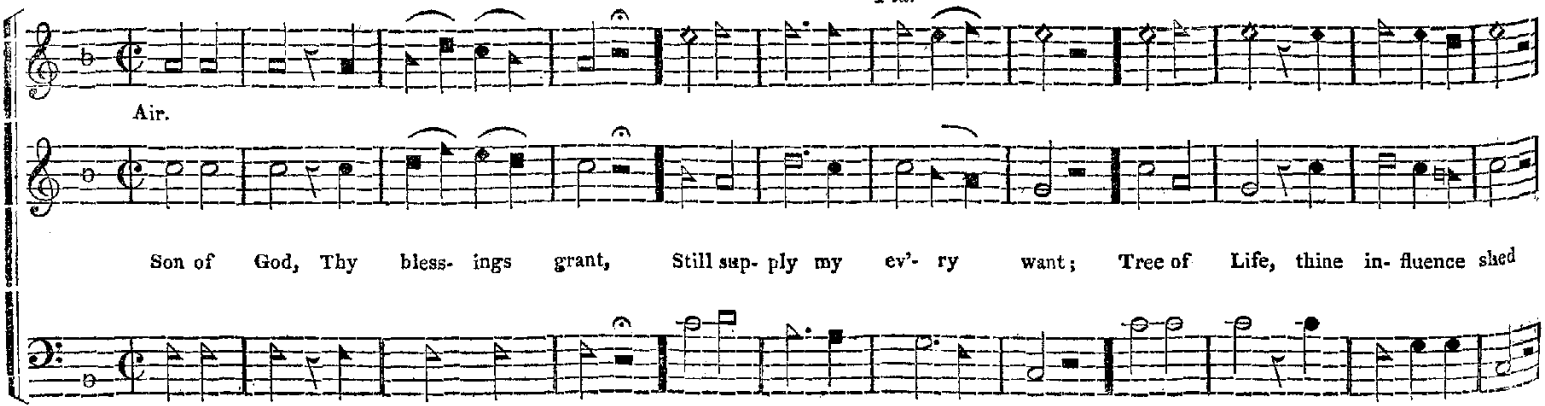
Loud.

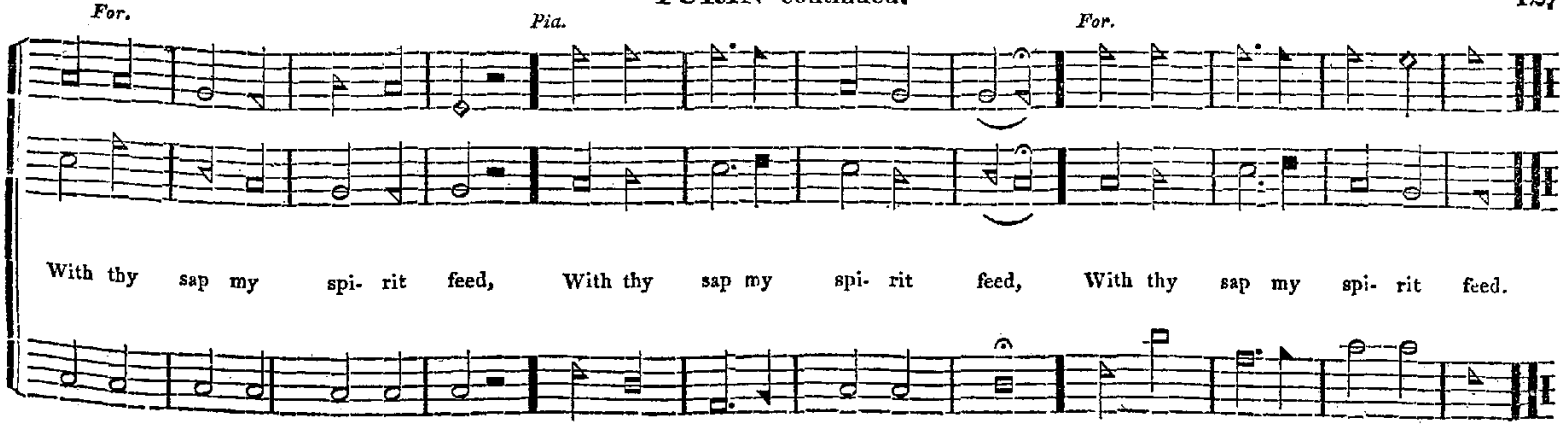

joys a- bove the sky, And all the region peace; No wanton lip, nor en- vious eye, Can see or taste the bliss.

TURIN. 7's.

Pia.

F. Giardini.



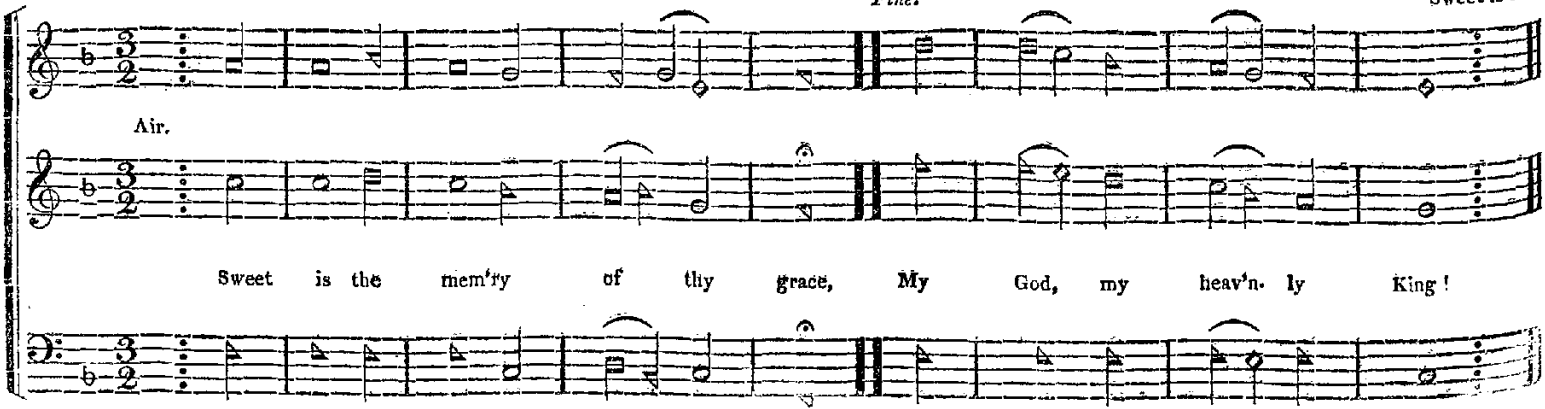

For.
Pia.
For.
With thy sap my spi- rit feed, With thy sap my spi- rit feed, With thy sap my spi- rit feed.

RONDEAU.

F. Giardini.

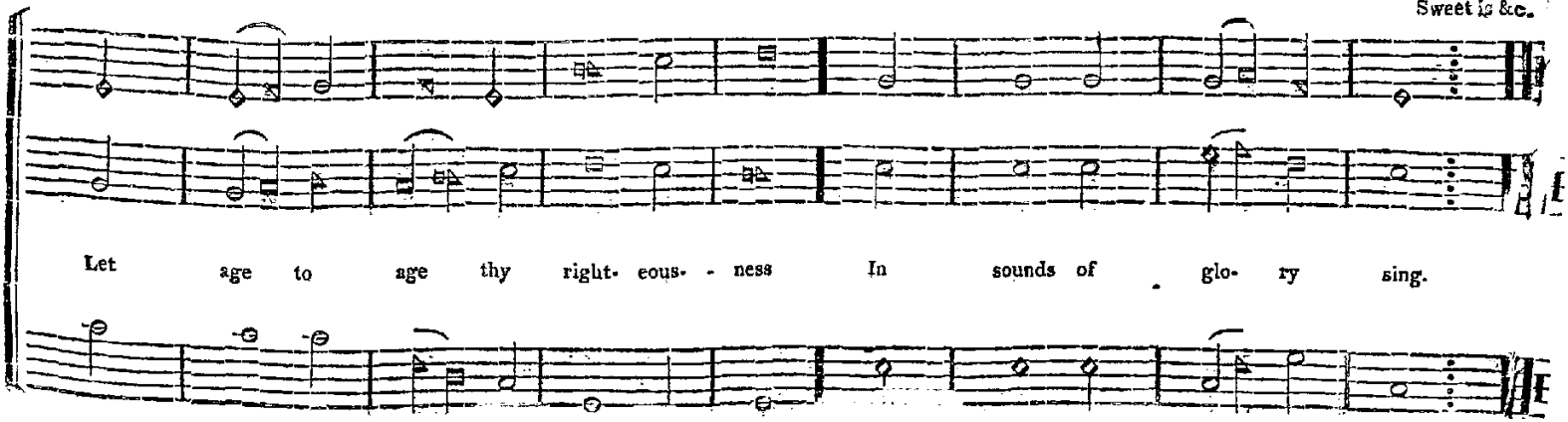
Fine.

Sweet is &c.



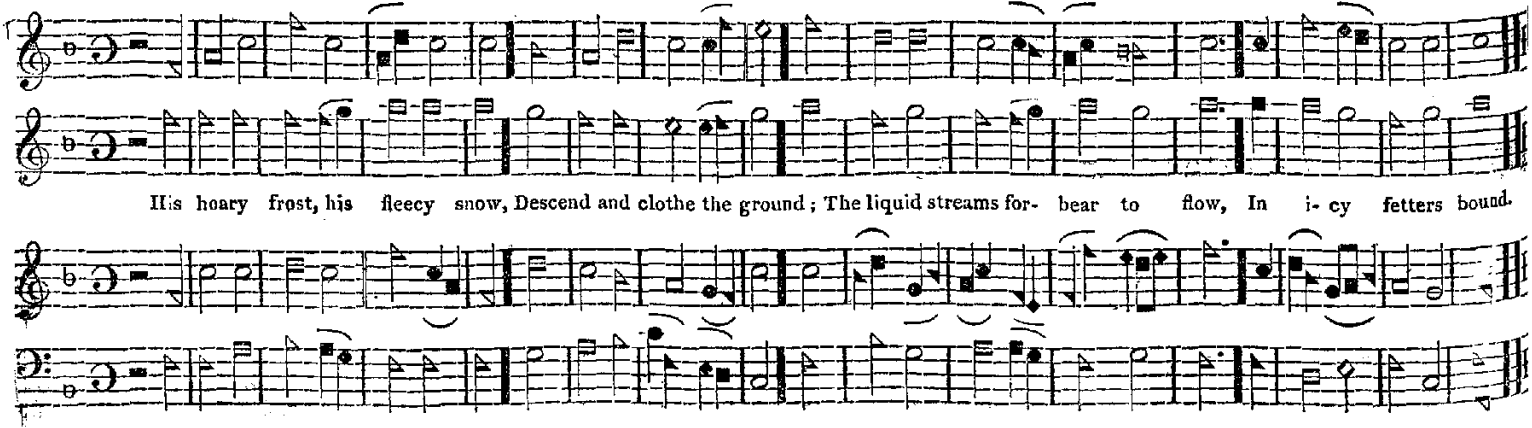
RONDEAU continued.

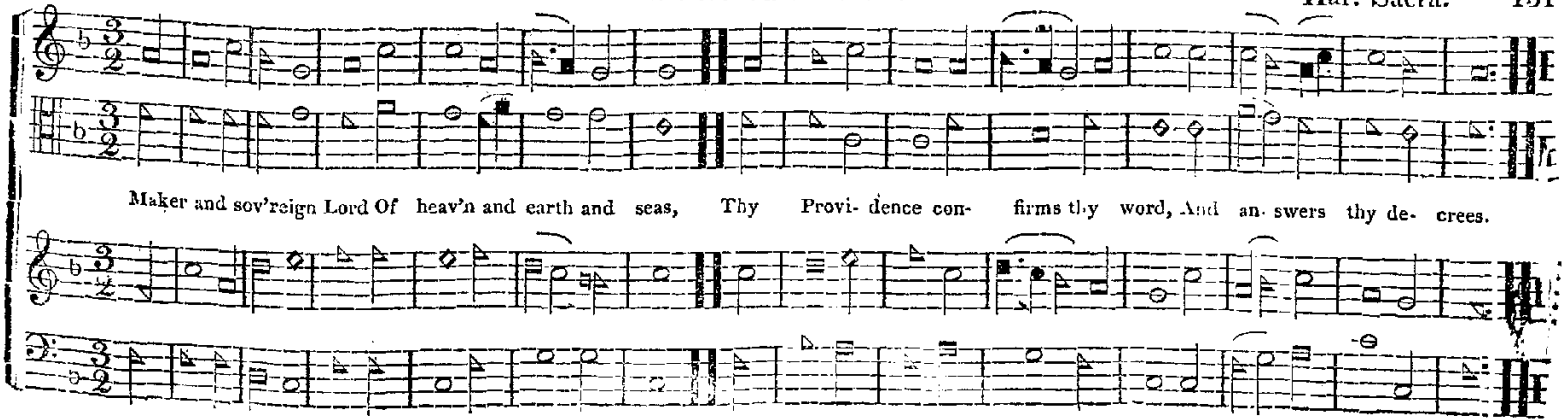
Sweet is &c.



WINTER. C. M.

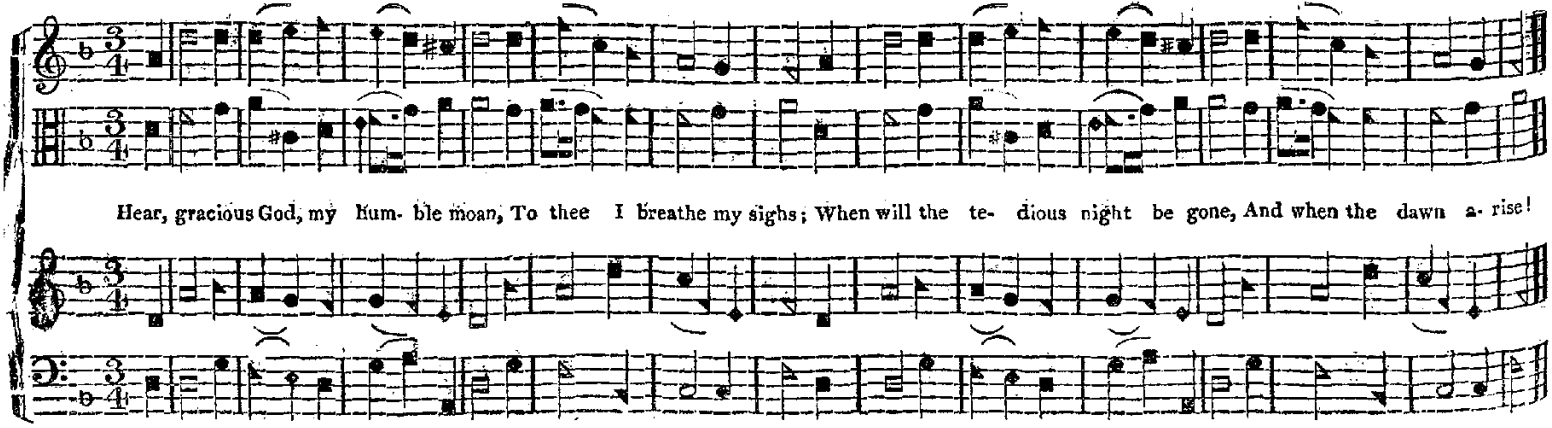
D. Read.



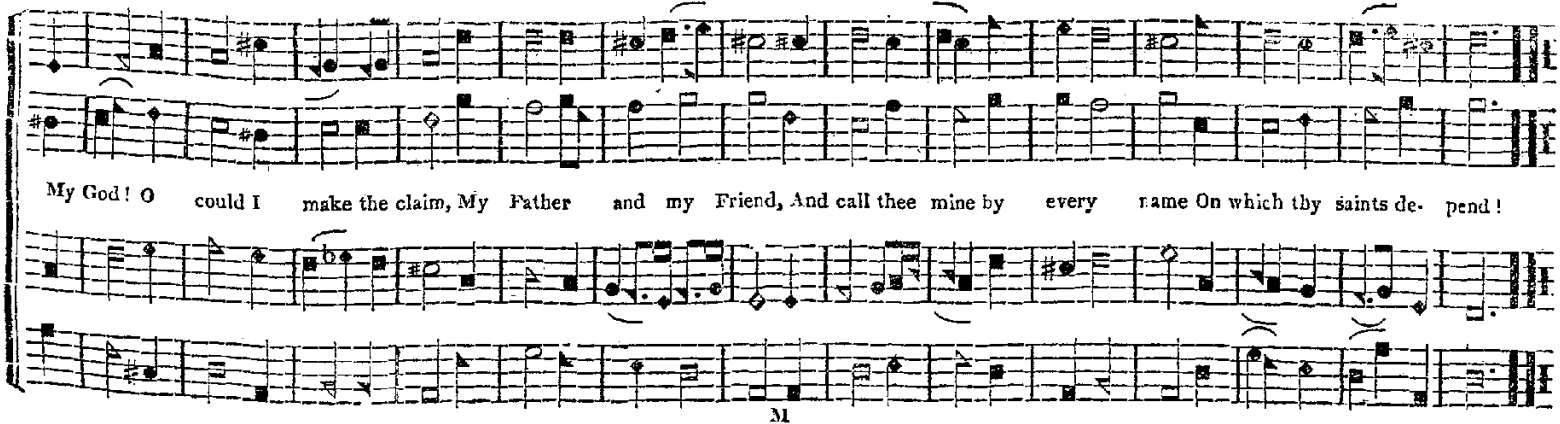

Maker and sov'reign Lord Of heav'n and earth and seas, Thy Provi- dence con- firms thy word, And an- swers thy de- crees.

DORSET. C. M.

Dr. Burney.



DORSET continued.



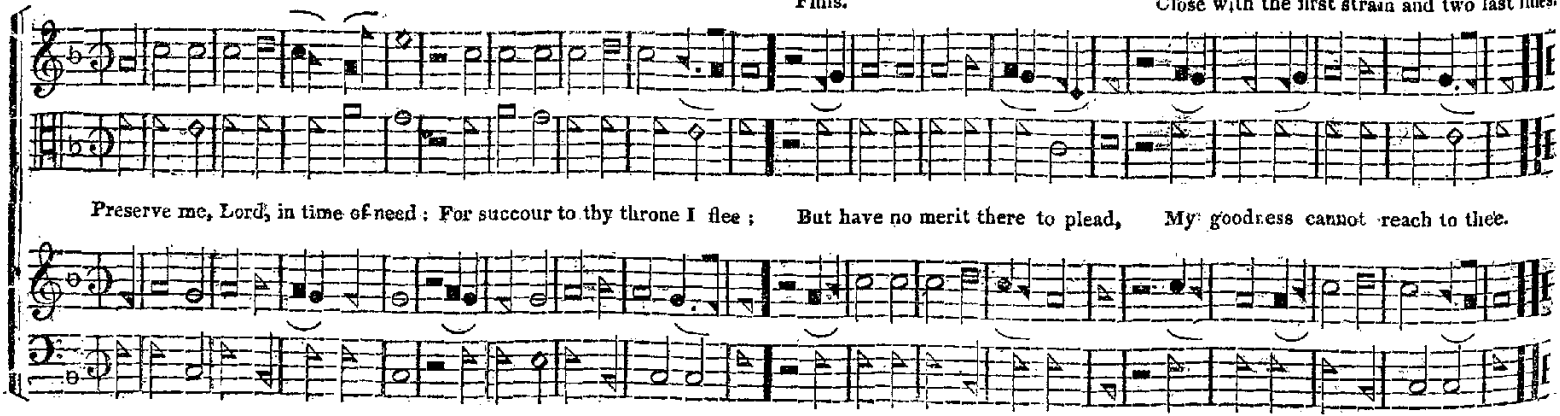
M

DRESDEN. L. M.

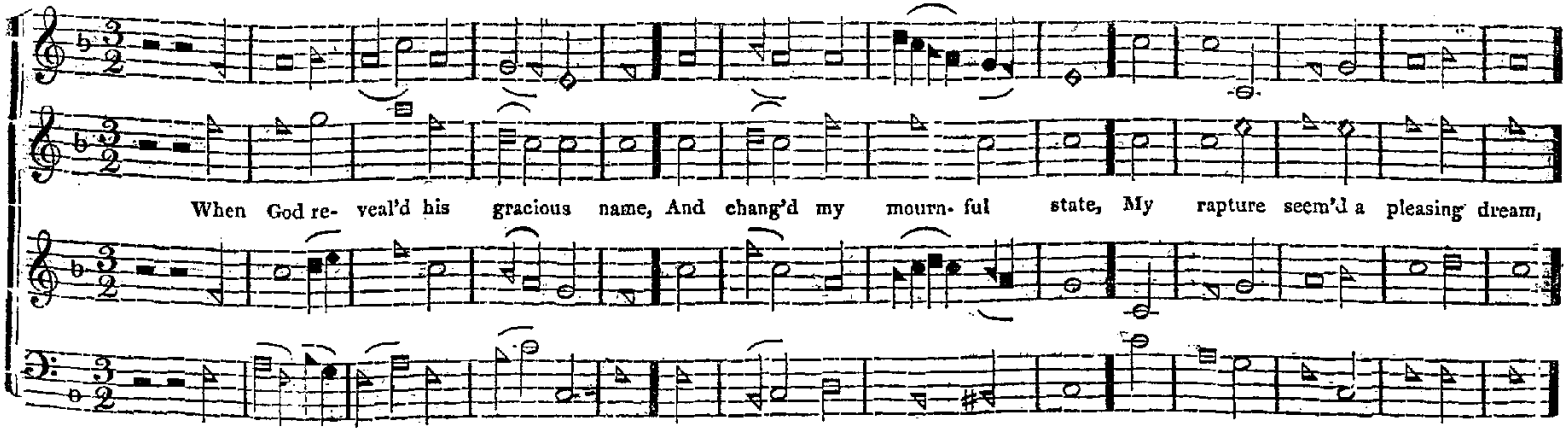
Finis.

Har. Sacra.

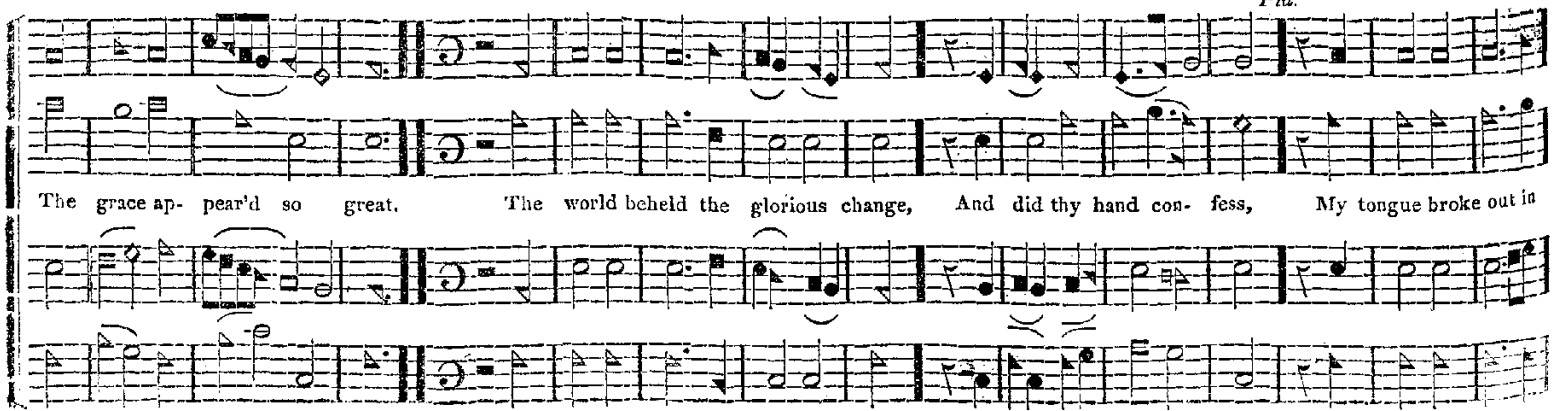
Close with the first strain and two last lines.



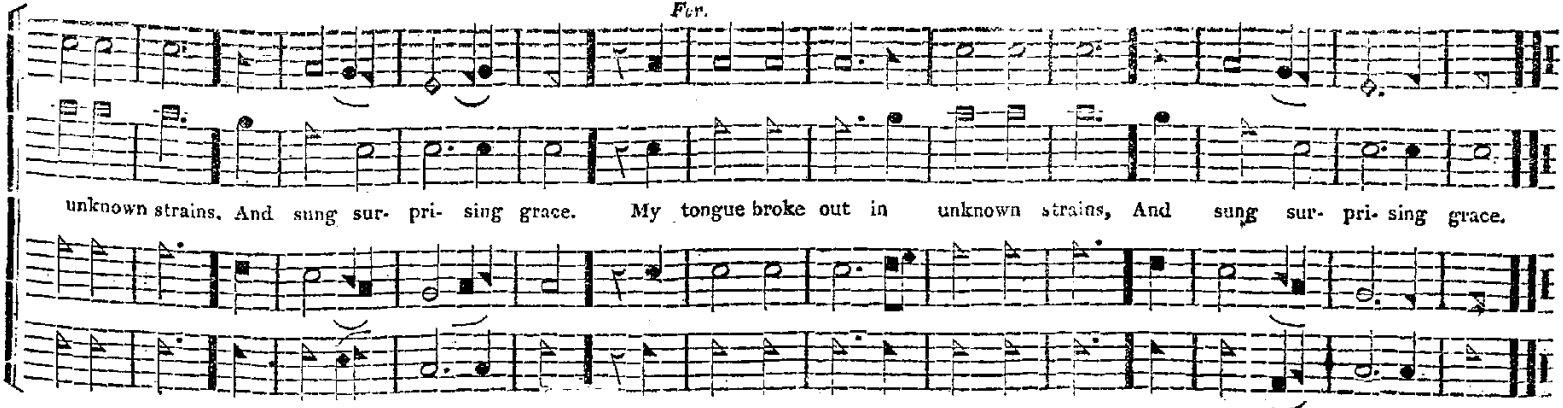
ARCHDALE. C. M.


When God re- veal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mourn- ful state, My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,

ARCHDALE continued.



Ter.


unknown strains, And sung sur- pri- sing grace. My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung sur- pri- sing grace.

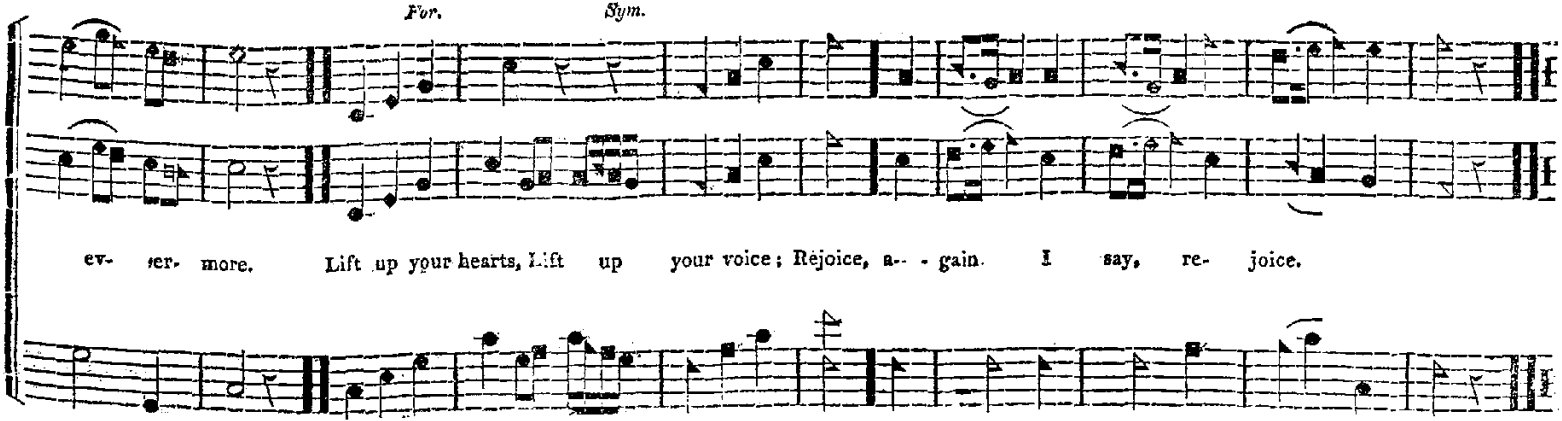
TRIUMPH. H. M.

C. Lockhart.

Con Spirito. *Pia.*

Air.

Re- joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a- dore: Mortals, give thanks and sing, And tri- umph

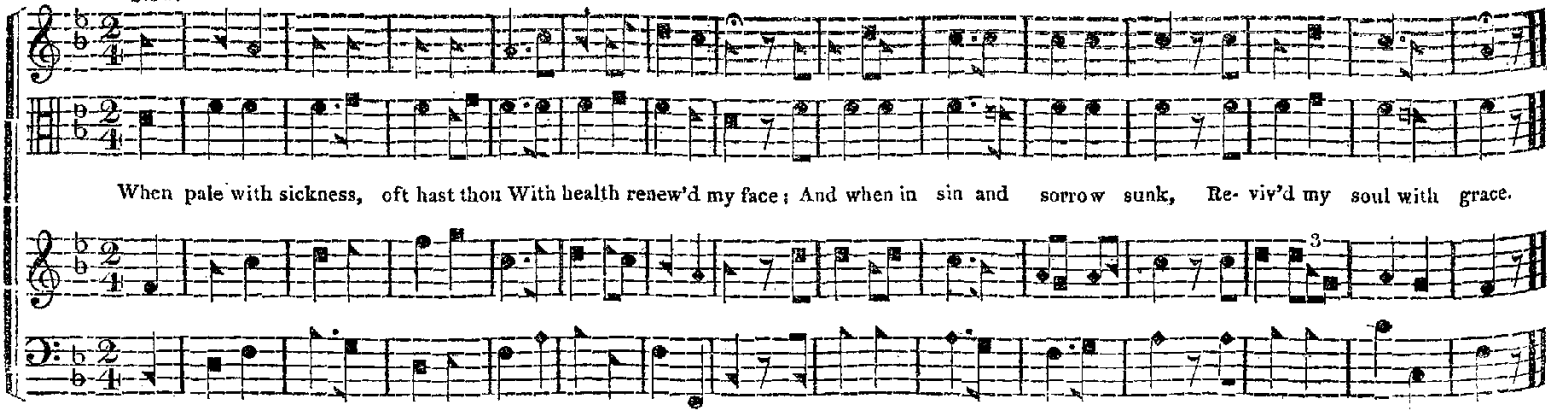

For.
Sym.
ev- er- more. Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice; Rejoice, a- - gain. I say, re- joice.

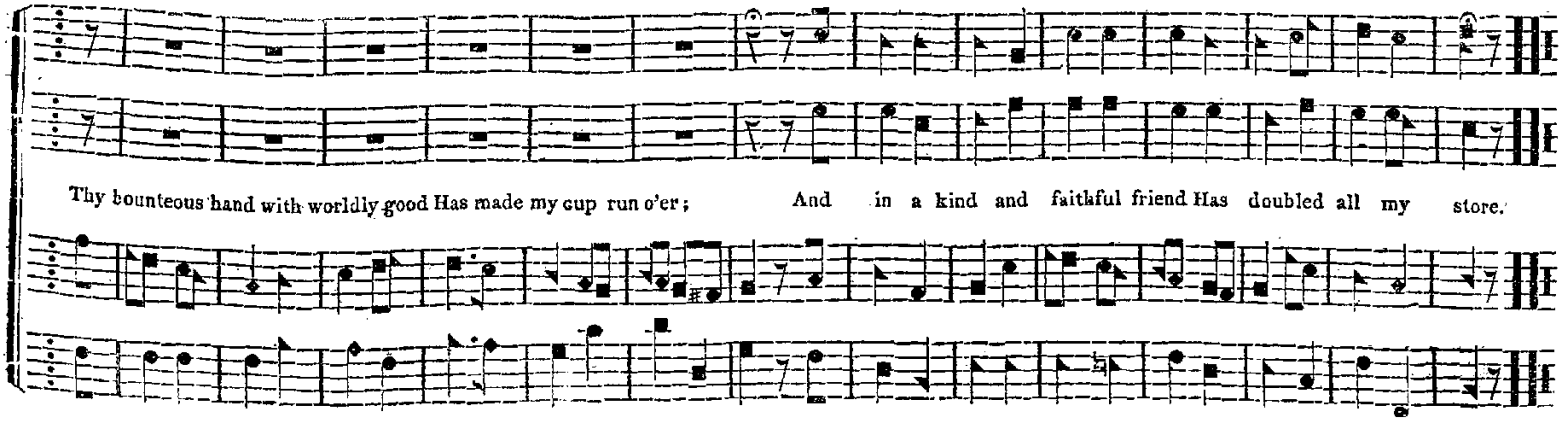
H. 267.

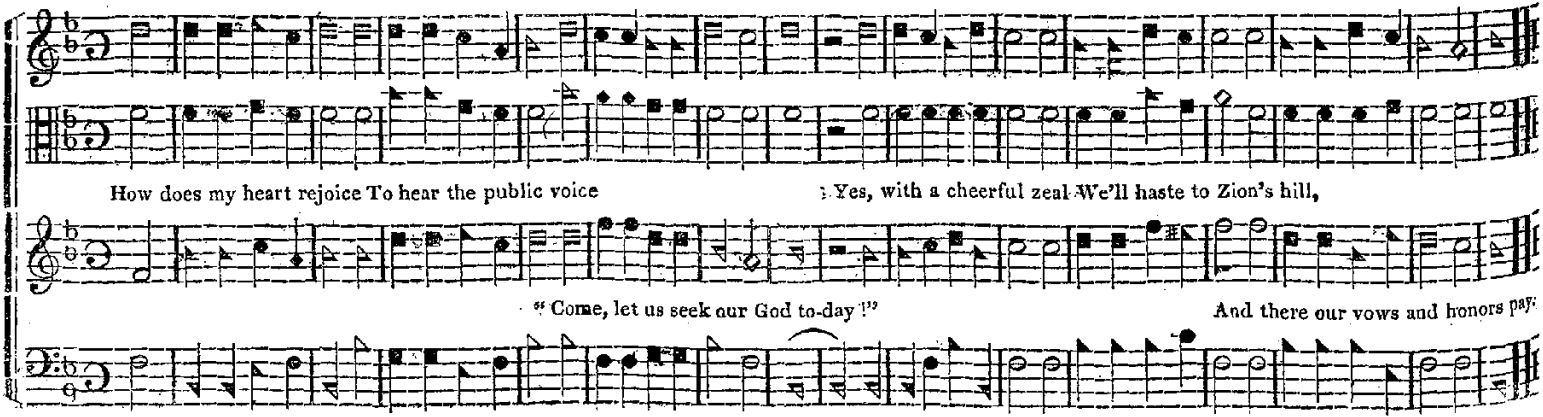
Slow.

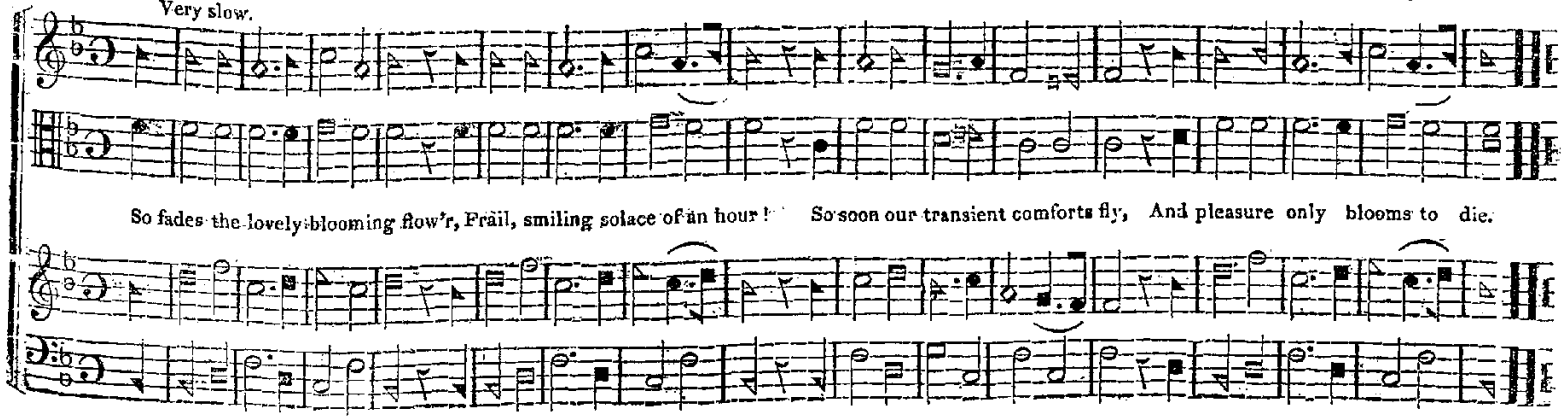
KIPPIS. C. M.

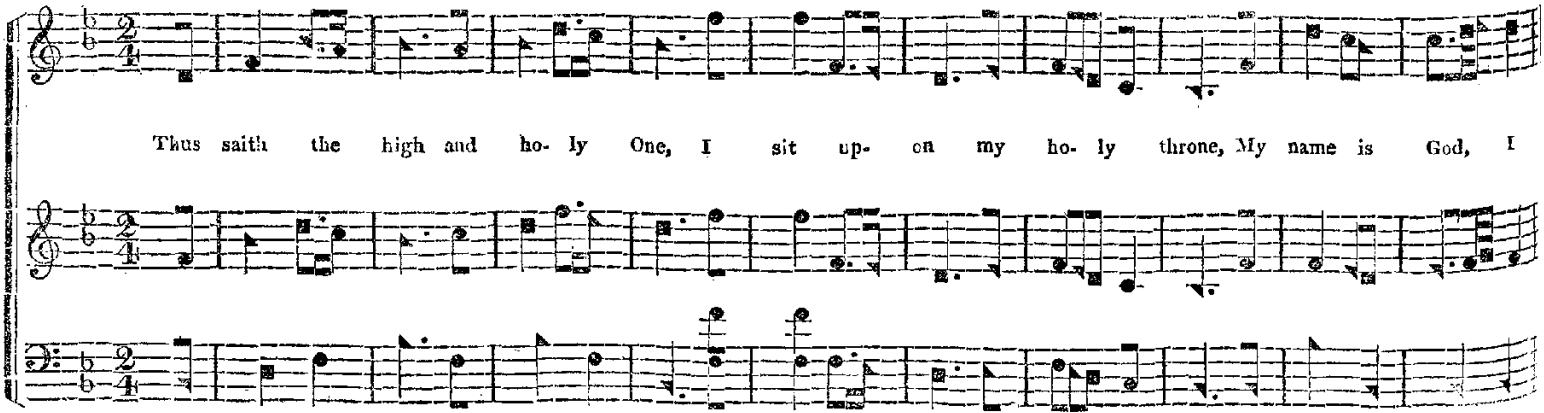
Dalmer.

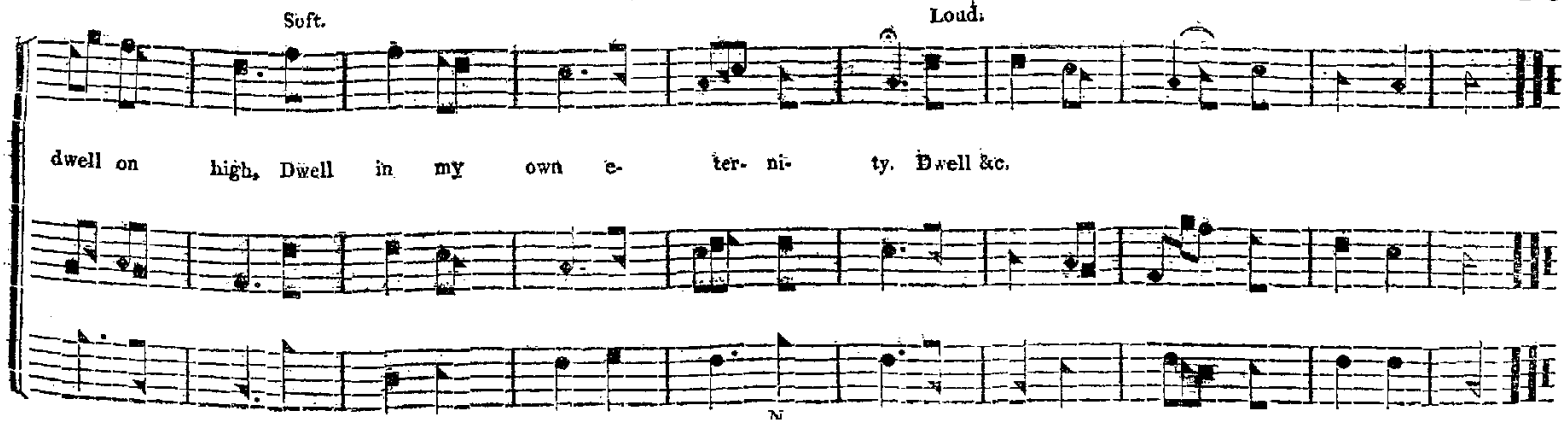



Thy bounteous hand with worldly good Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend Has doubled all my store.


How does my heart rejoice To hear the public voice
Yes, with a cheerful zeal We'll haste to Zion's hill,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
And there our vows and honors pay.

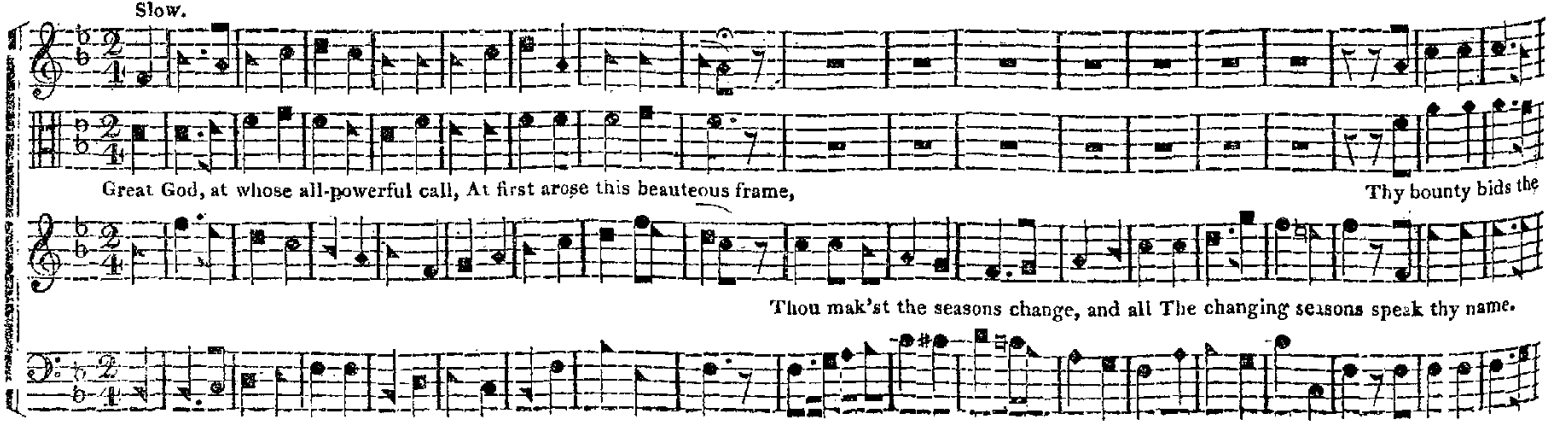

Very slow.
So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail, smiling solace of an hour! So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

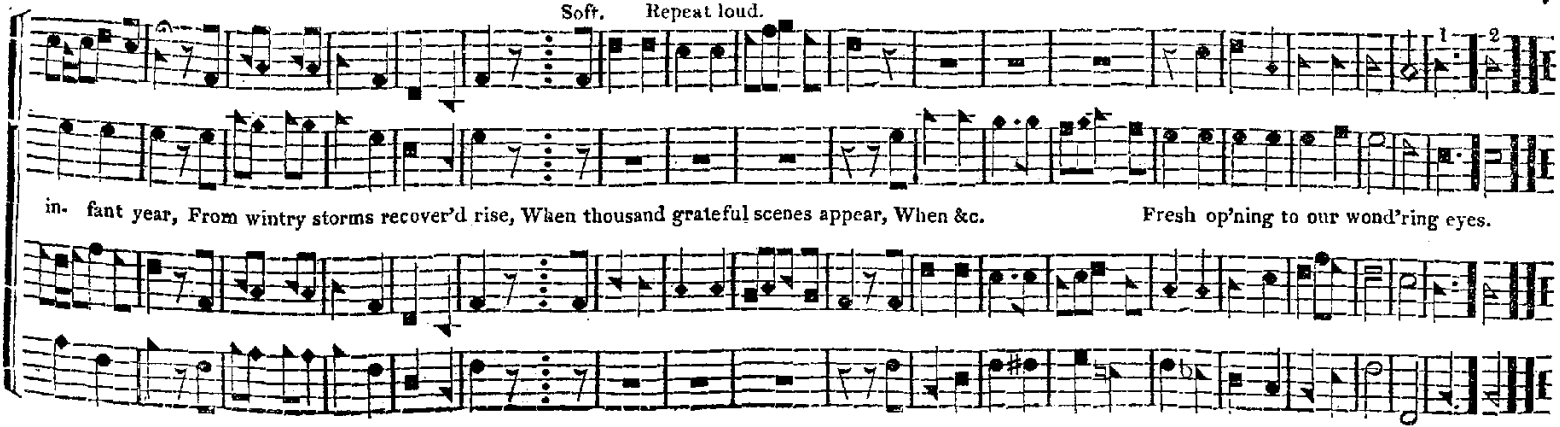

Thus saith the high and ho- ly One, I sit up- on my ho- ly throne, My name is God, I

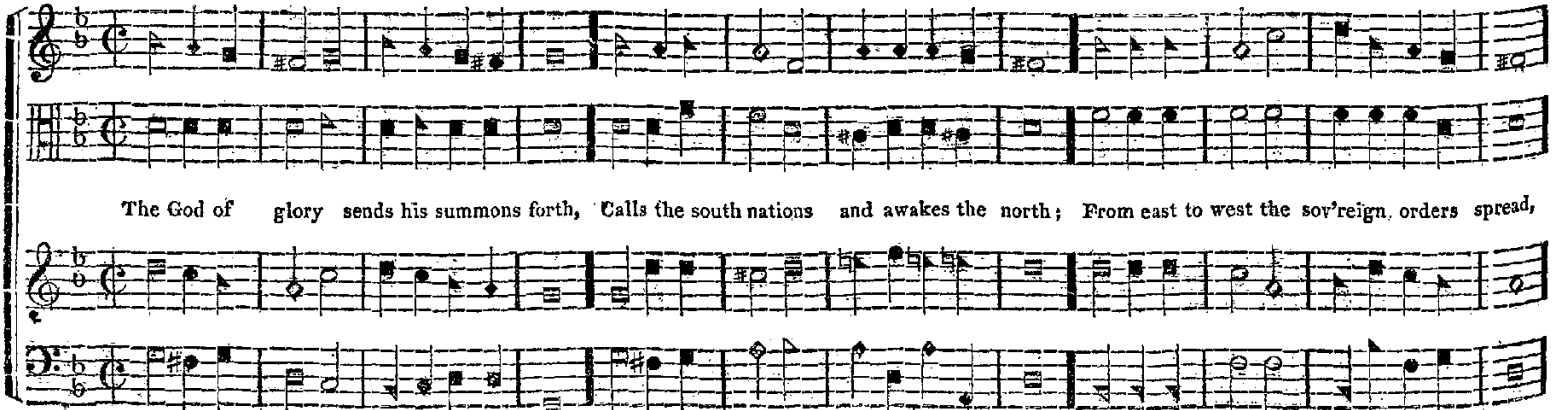

Soft.
Loud.
dwell on high, Dwell in my own e- ter- ni- ty. Dwell &c.

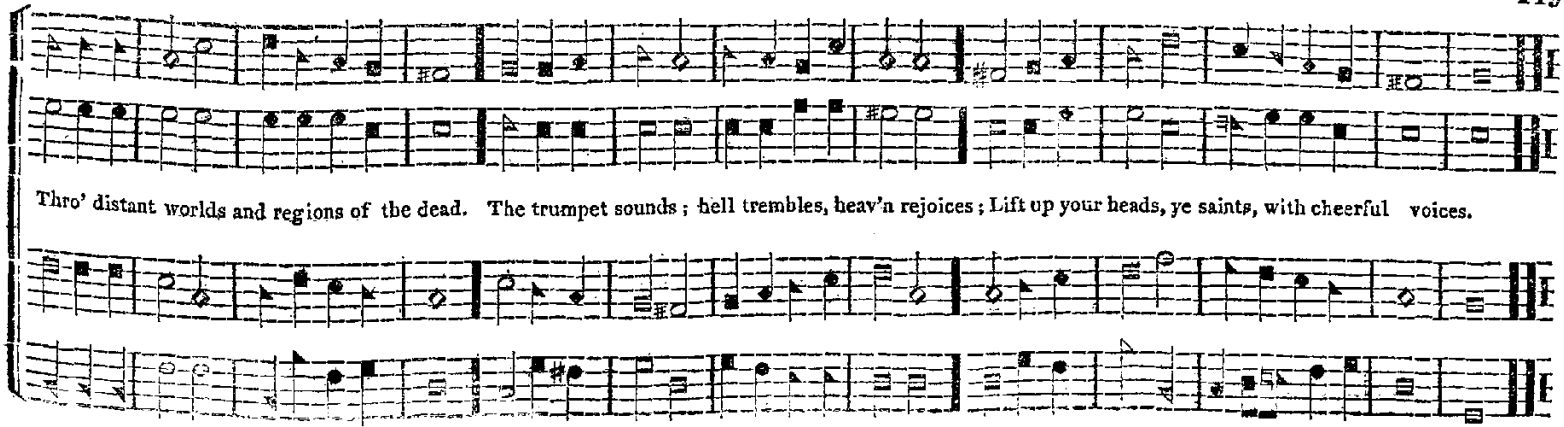
SPRING. L. M.

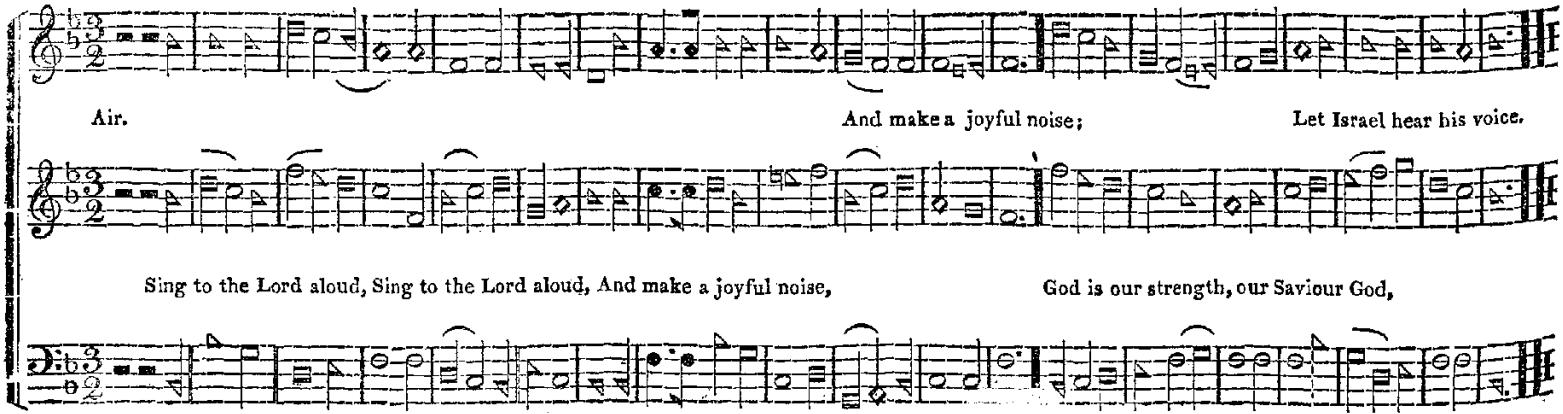
Dalmer.

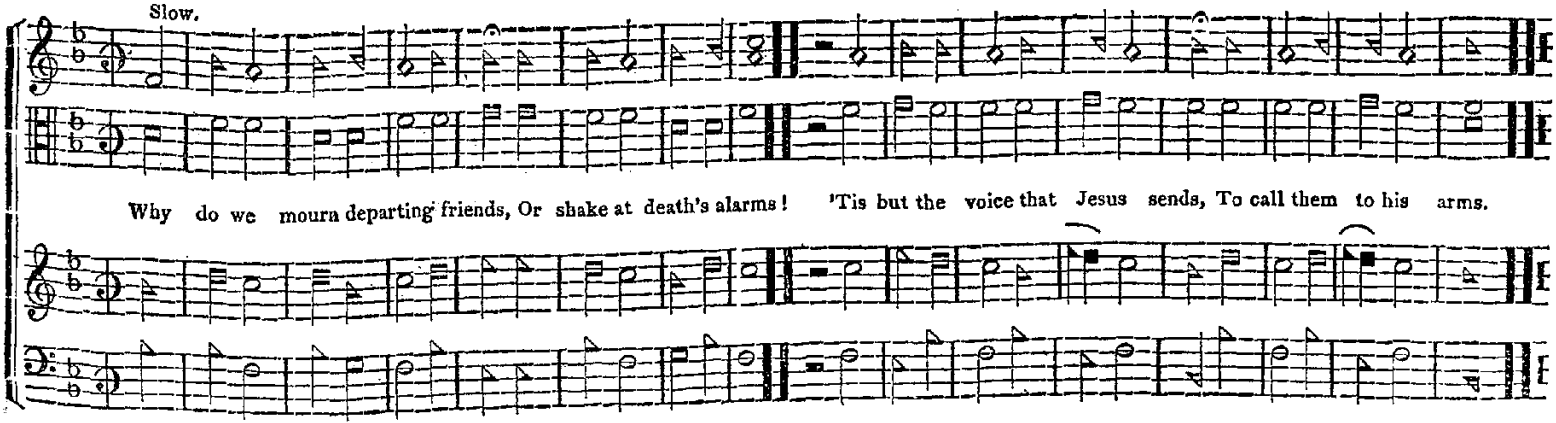


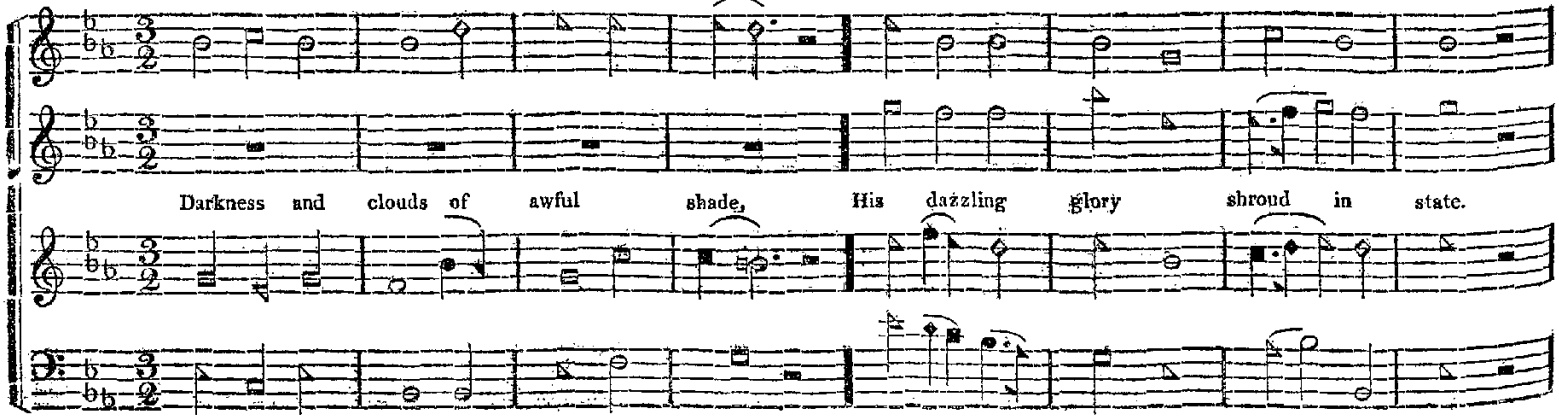

Soft.
Repeat loud.
1
2
in- fant year, From wintry storms recover'd rise, When thousand grateful scenes appear, When &c.
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.

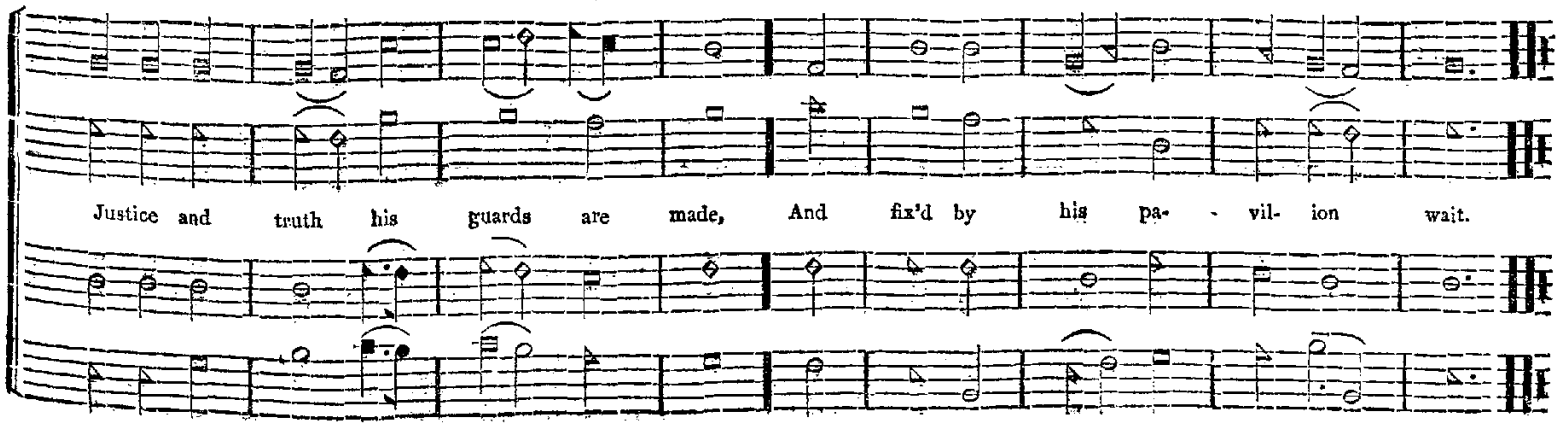

The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north; From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,


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


Air.
And make a joyful noise;
Let Israel hear his voice.
Sing to the Lord aloud, Sing to the Lord aloud, And make a joyful noise,
God is our strength, our Saviour God,

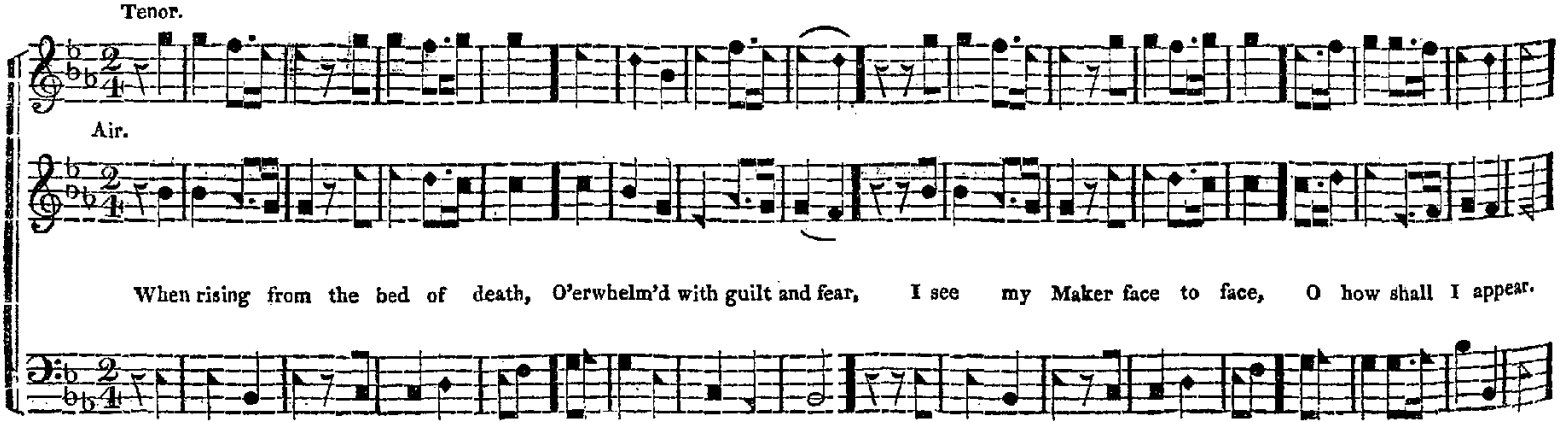

Slow.
Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms! 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

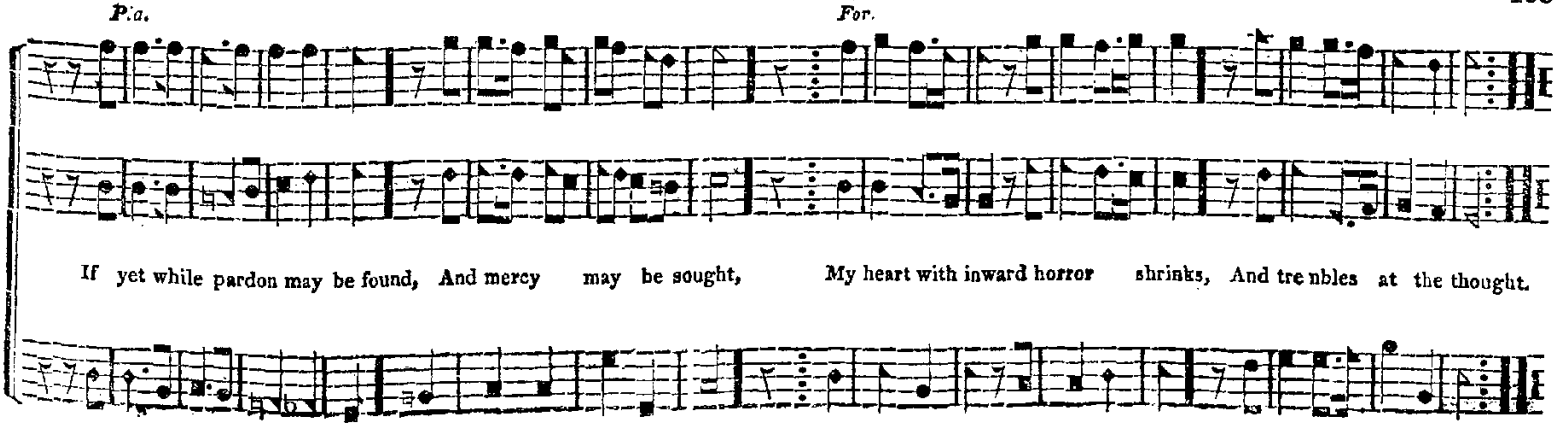

Darkness and clouds of awful shade, His dazzling glory shroud in state.

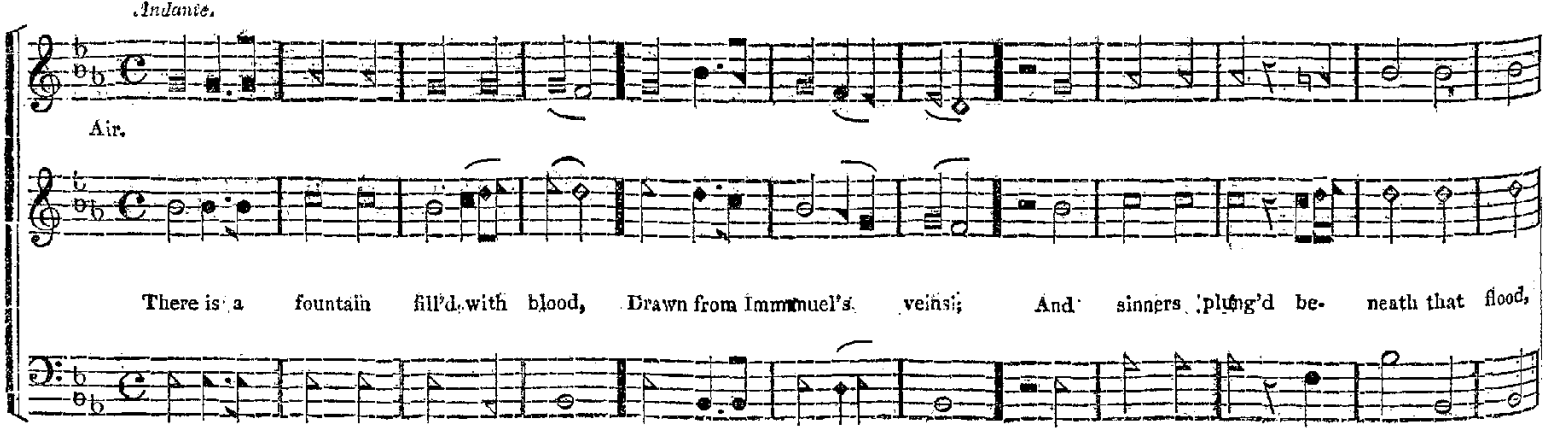

Justice and truth his guards are made, And fix'd by his pa- - vil- ion wait.

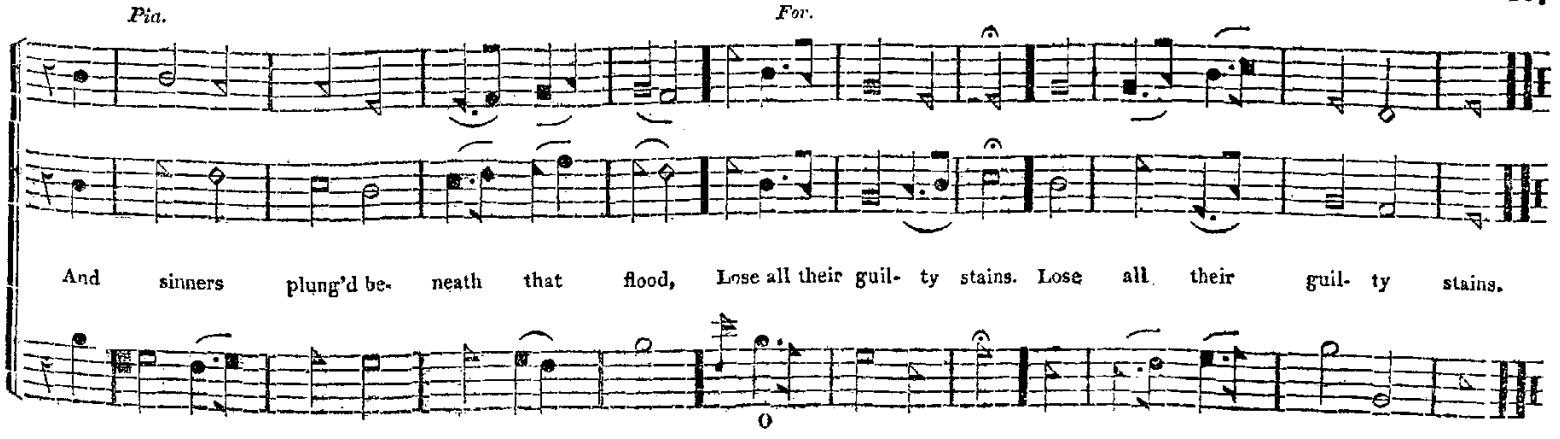
HYMN FIRST. C. M.

Costellow.



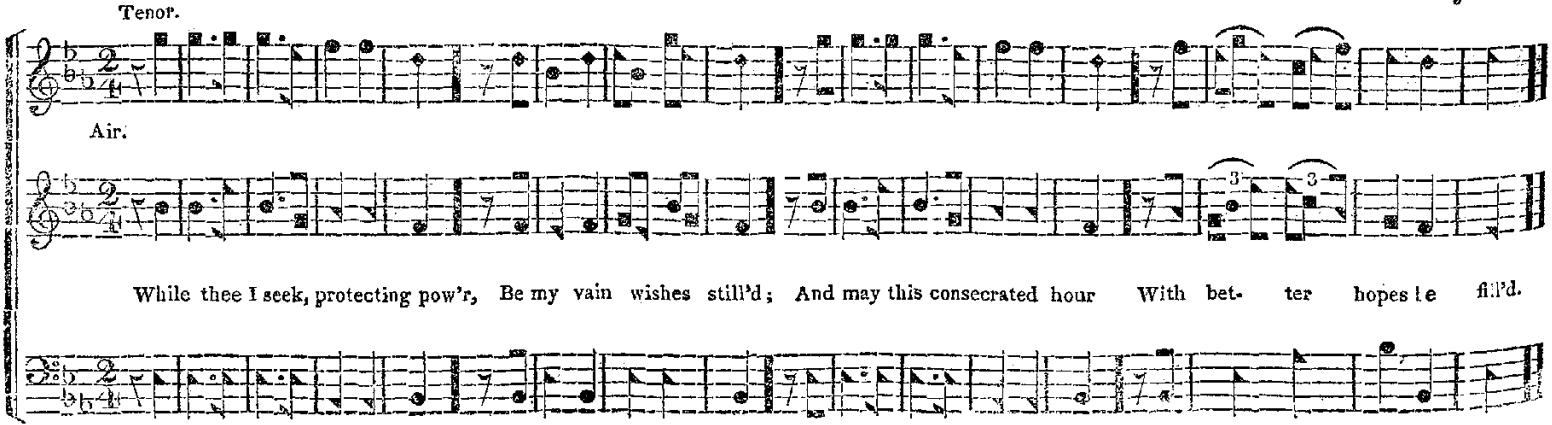

Pia.
For.
If yet while pardon may be found, And mercy may be sought, My heart with inward horror shrinks, And trembles at the thought.

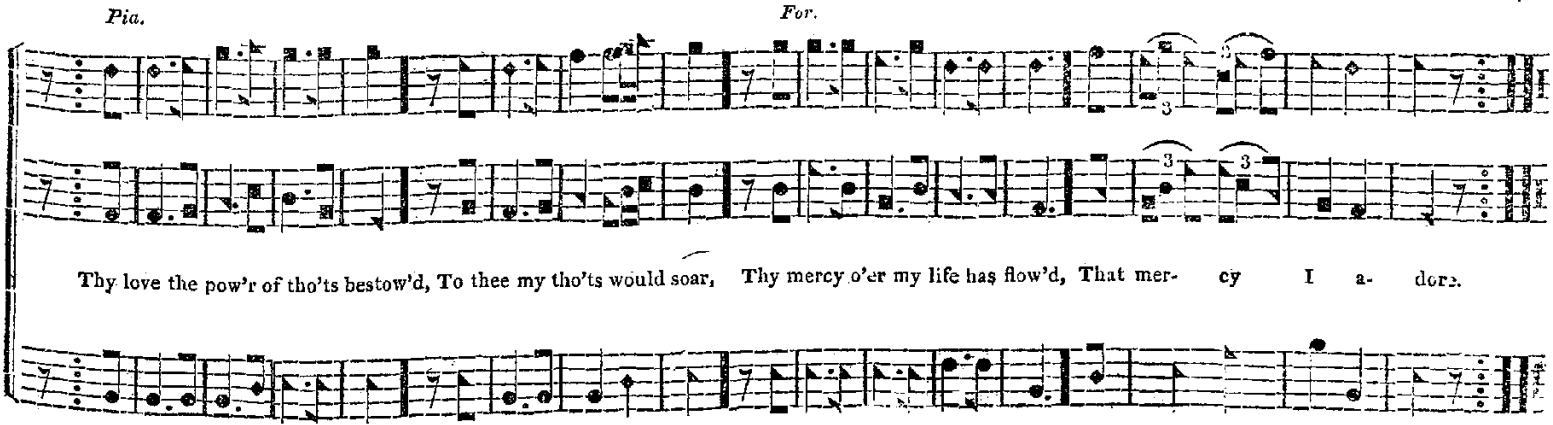

Andante.
Air.
There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd be- neath that flood,

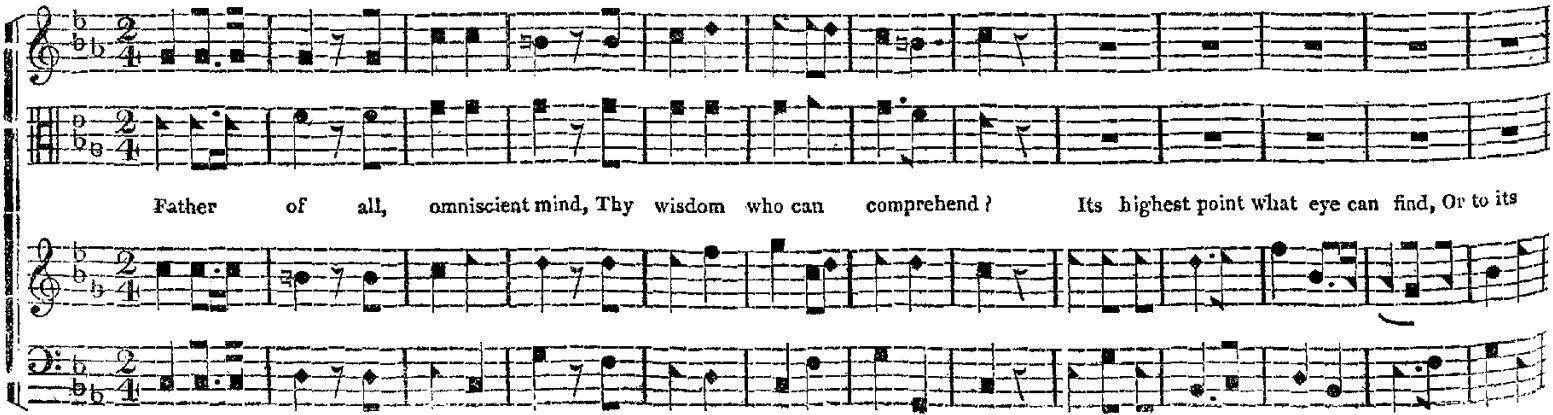

Pia.
For.
And sinners plung'd be- neath that flood, Lose all their guil- ty stains. Lose all their guil- ty stains.

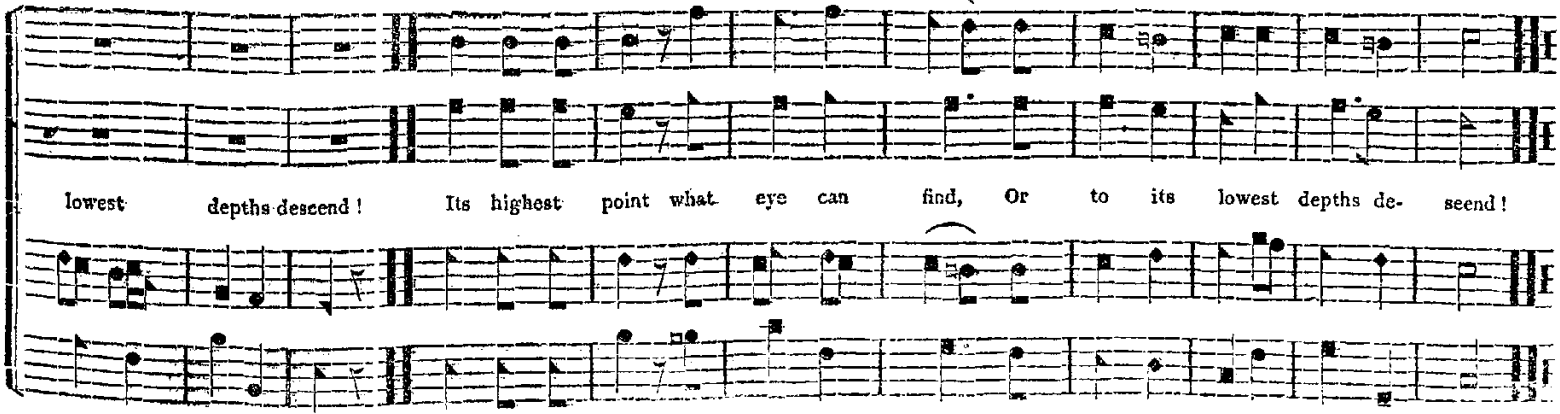
HYMN SECOND. C. M.

J. Pleyel.

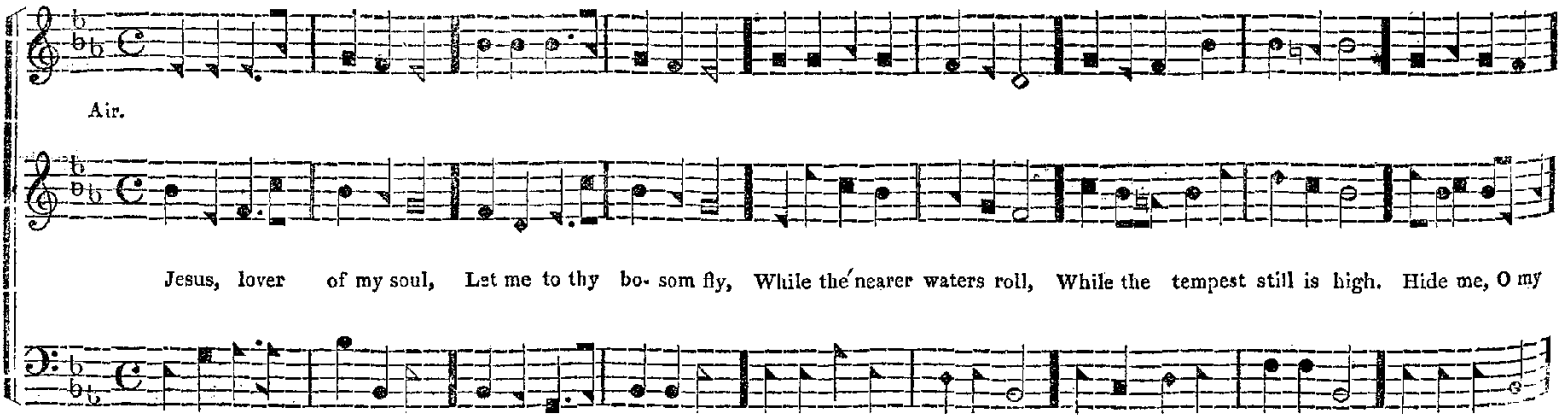


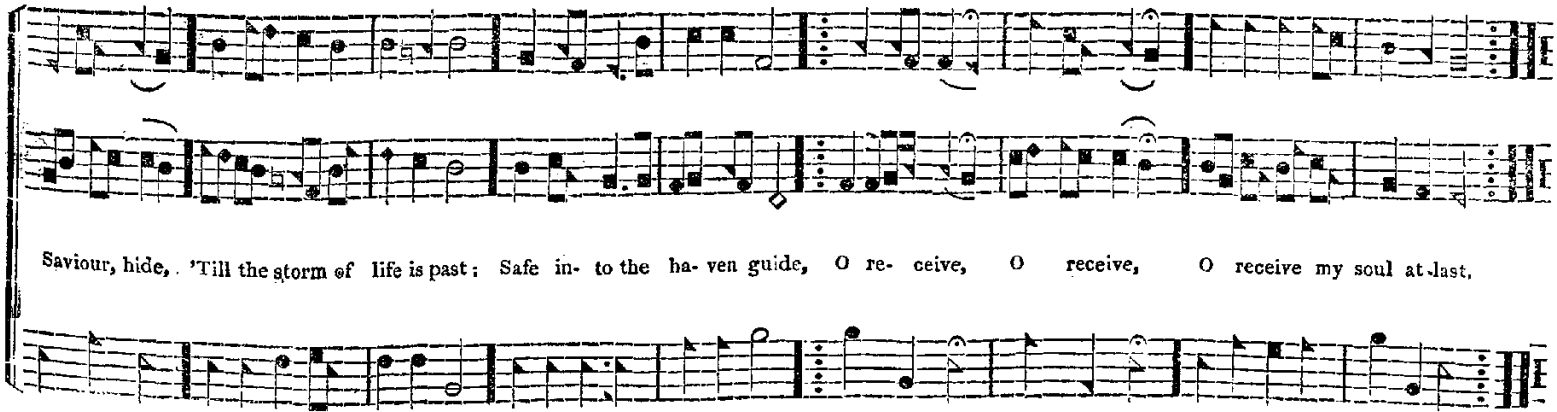

Pia.
For.
Thy love the pow'r of tho'ts bestow'd, To thee my tho'ts would soar, Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer- cy I a- dore.


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


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

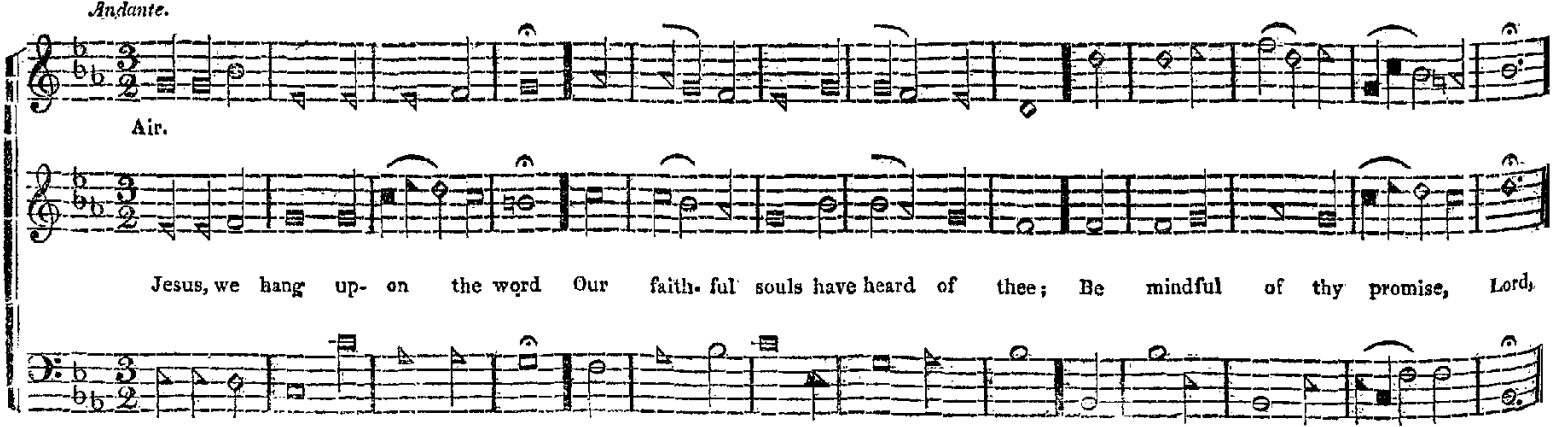
HOTHAM. 7's. Dr. Madan.

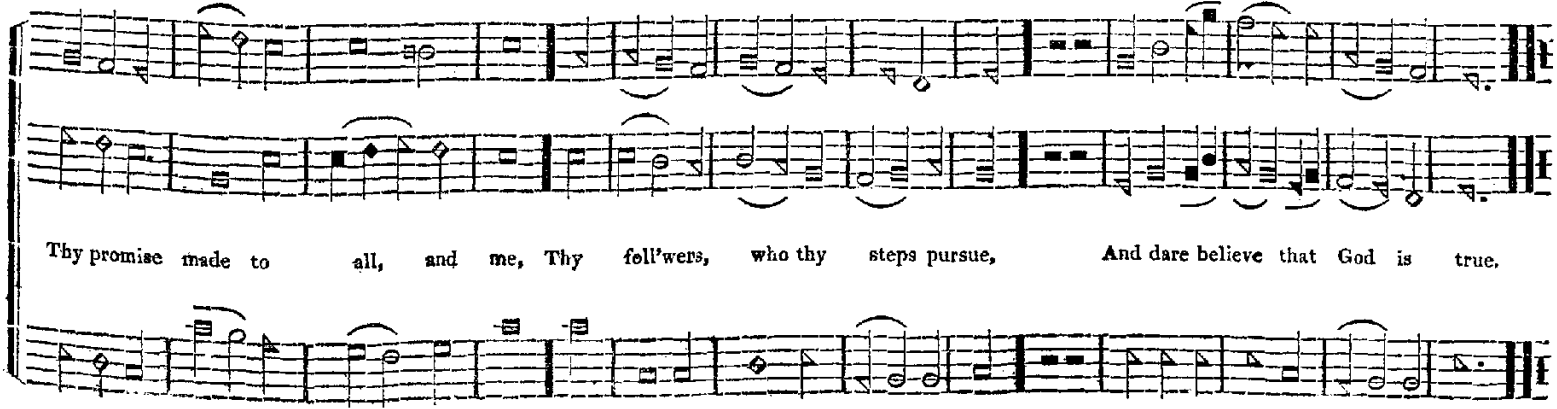


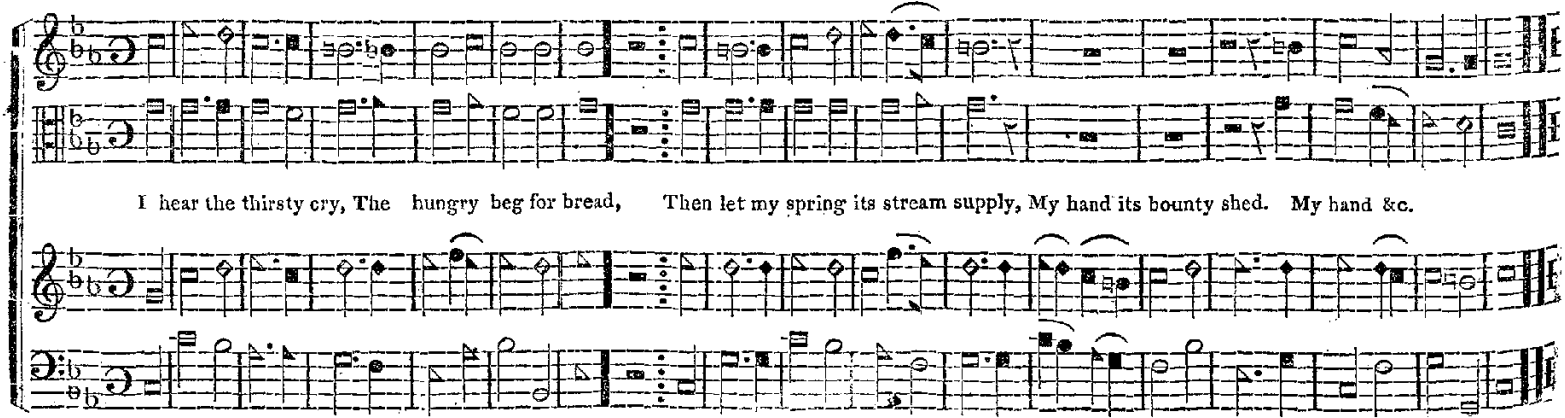

Saviour, hide, 'Till the storm of life is past; Safe in- to the ha- ven guide, O re- ceive, O receive, O receive my soul at last.

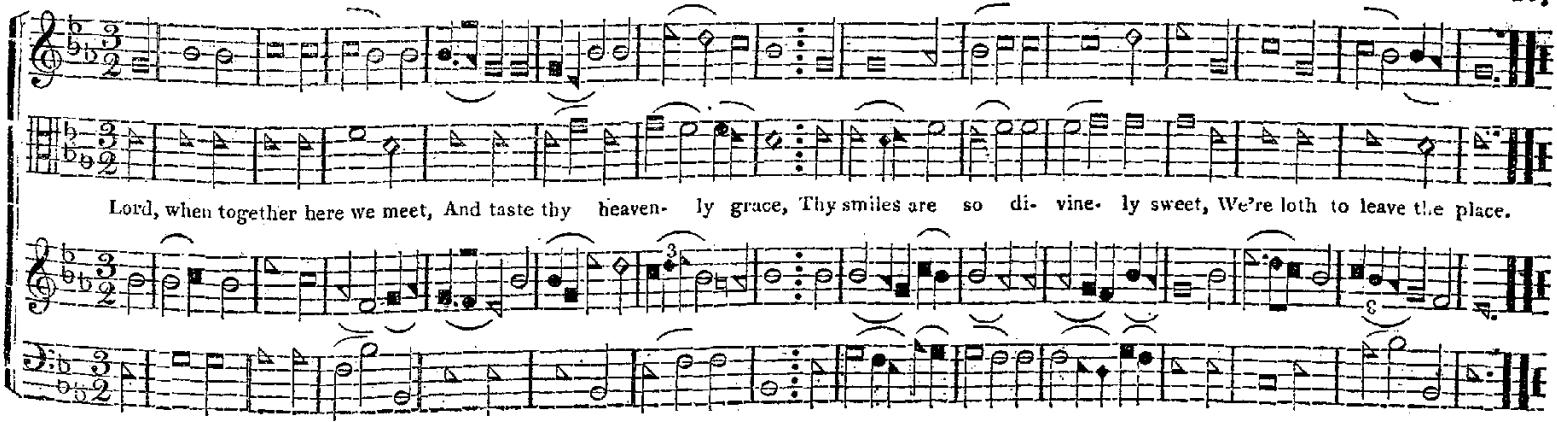
MORDEN. L. P. M.

Dr. Madan.




Thy promise made to all, and me, Thy foll'wers, who thy steps pursue, And dare believe that God is true.

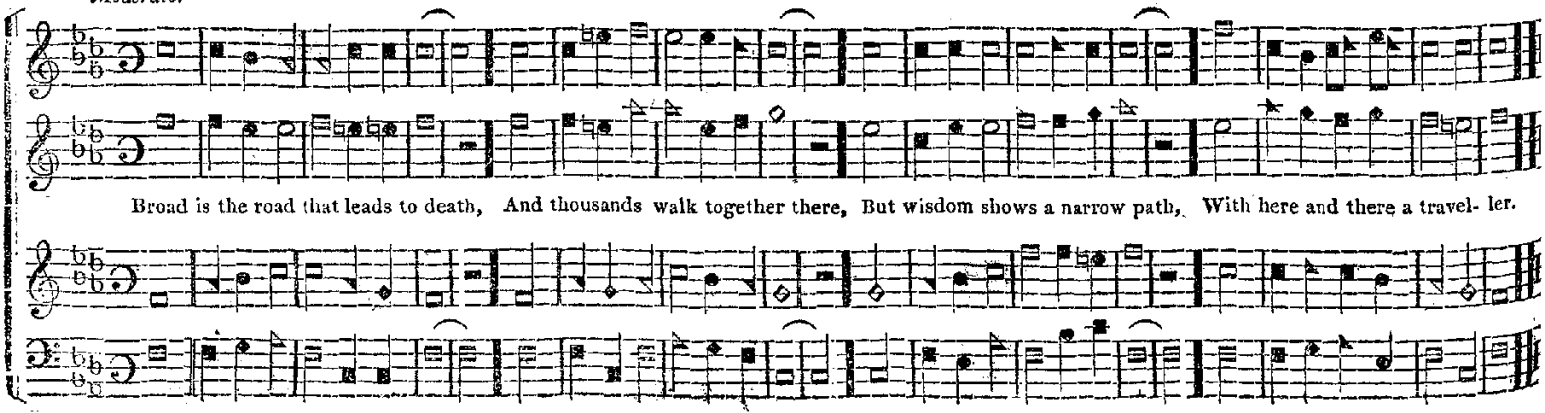

I hear the thirsty cry, The hungry beg for bread, Then let my spring its stream supply, My hand its bounty shed. My hand &c.


Lord, when together here we meet, And taste thy heaven- ly grace, Thy smiles are so di- vine- ly sweet, We're loth to leave the place.

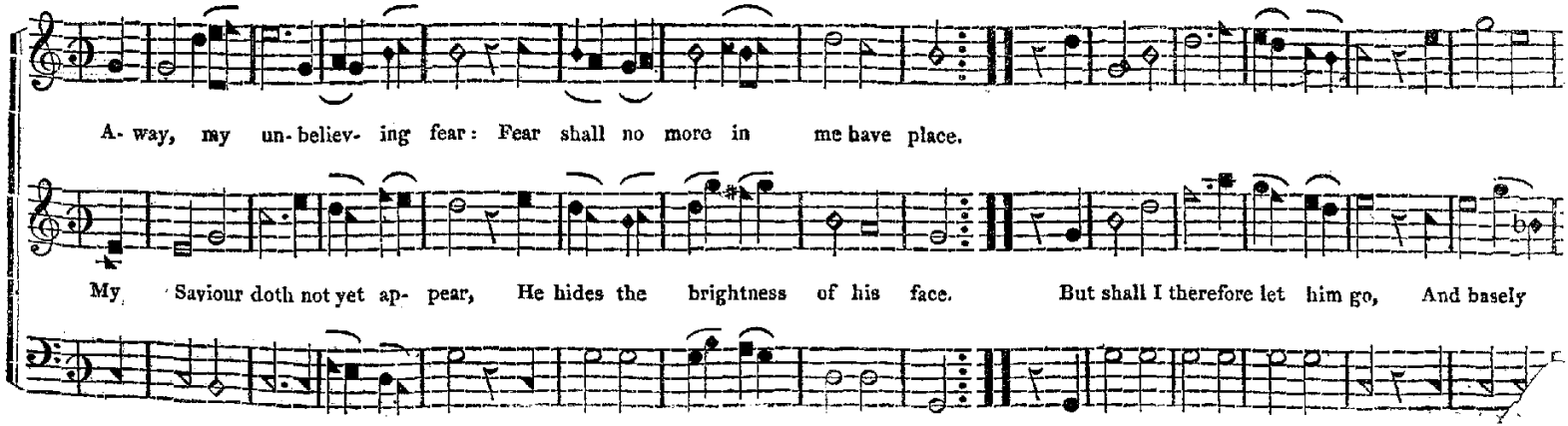
WINDHAM. L. M.

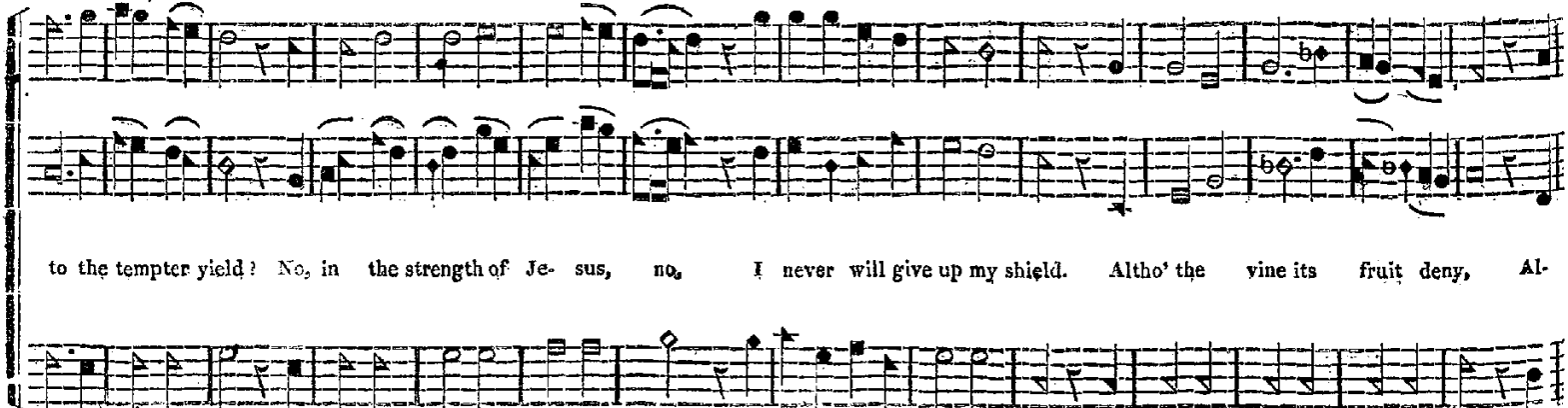
D. Read.

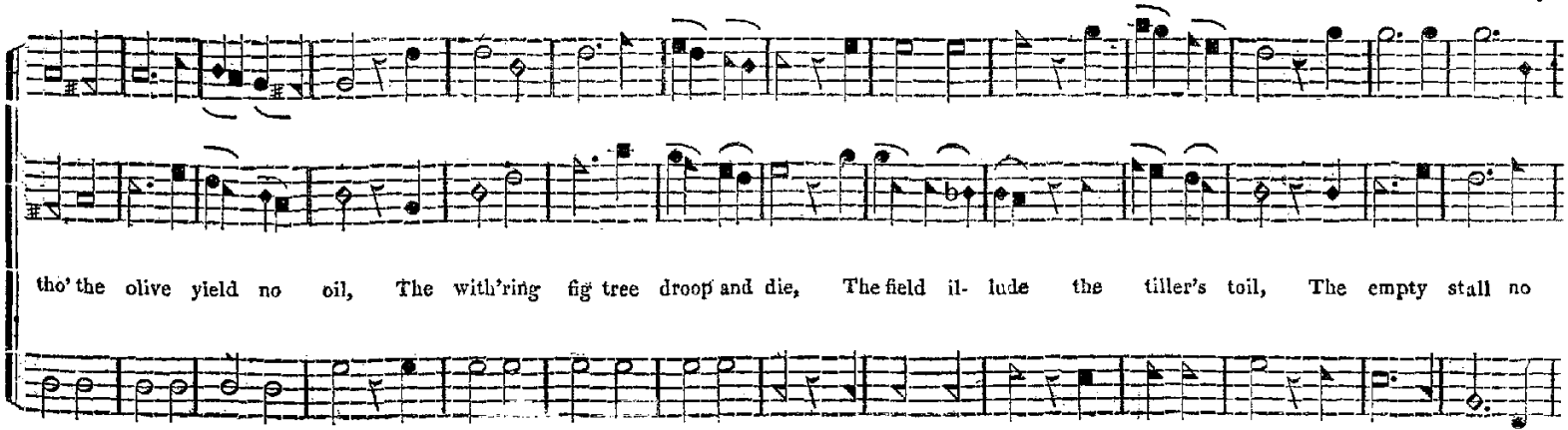
Moderato.



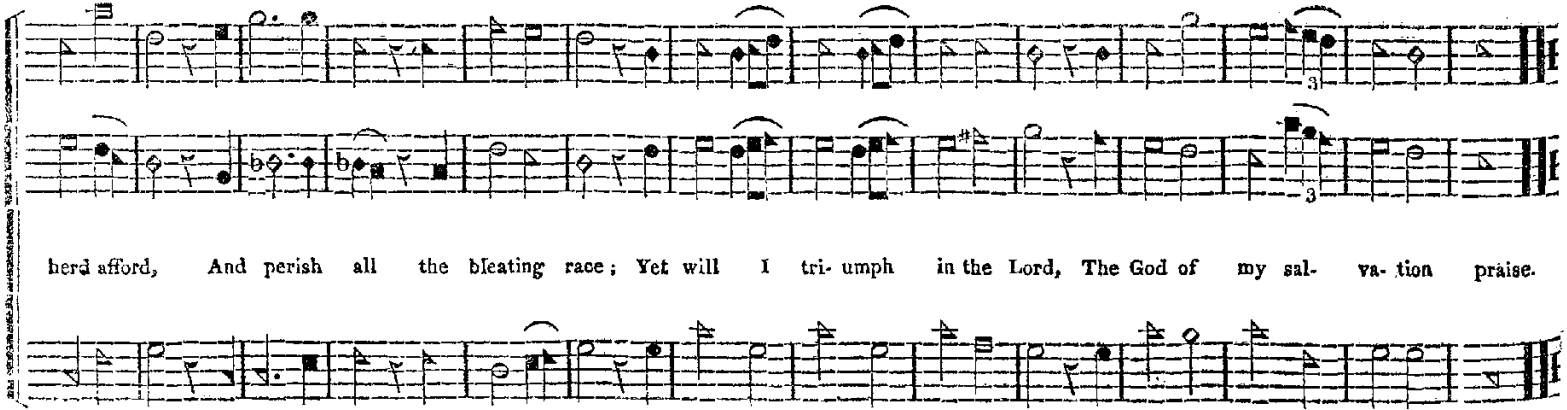
PART II.

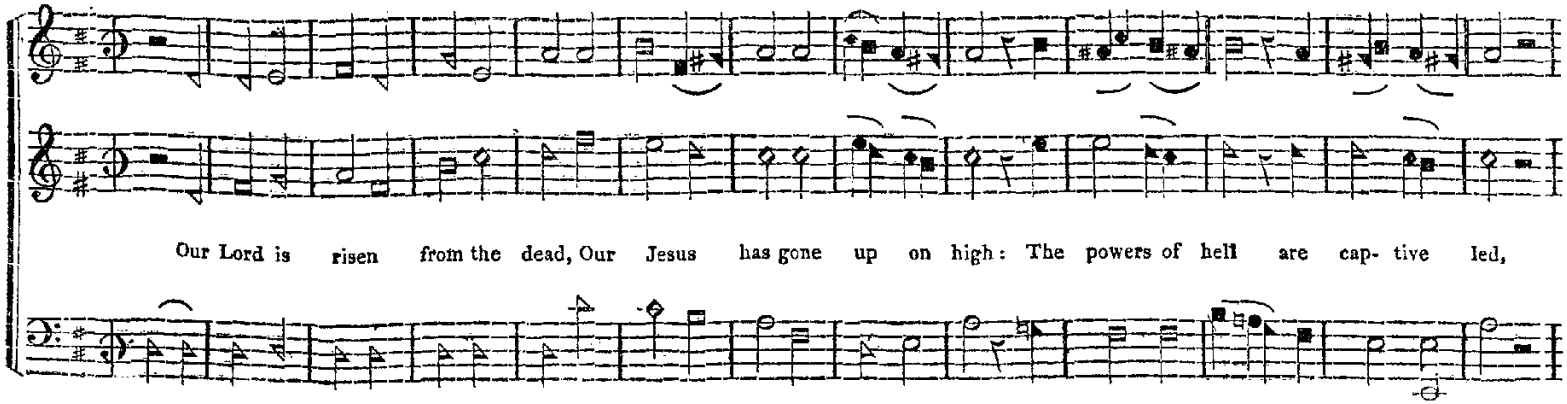

A- way, my un- believ- ing fear: Fear shall no more in me have place.
My Saviour doth not yet ap- pear, He hides the brightness of his face. But shall I therefore let him go, And basely

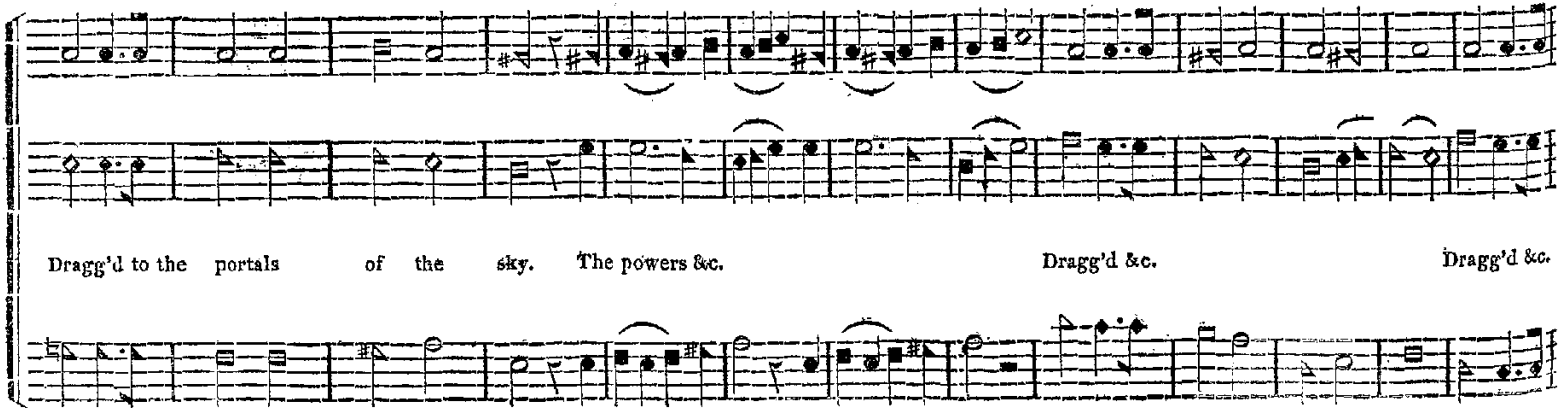

to the tempter yield? No, in the strength of Je- sus, no, I never will give up my shield. Altho' the vine its fruit deny, Al-

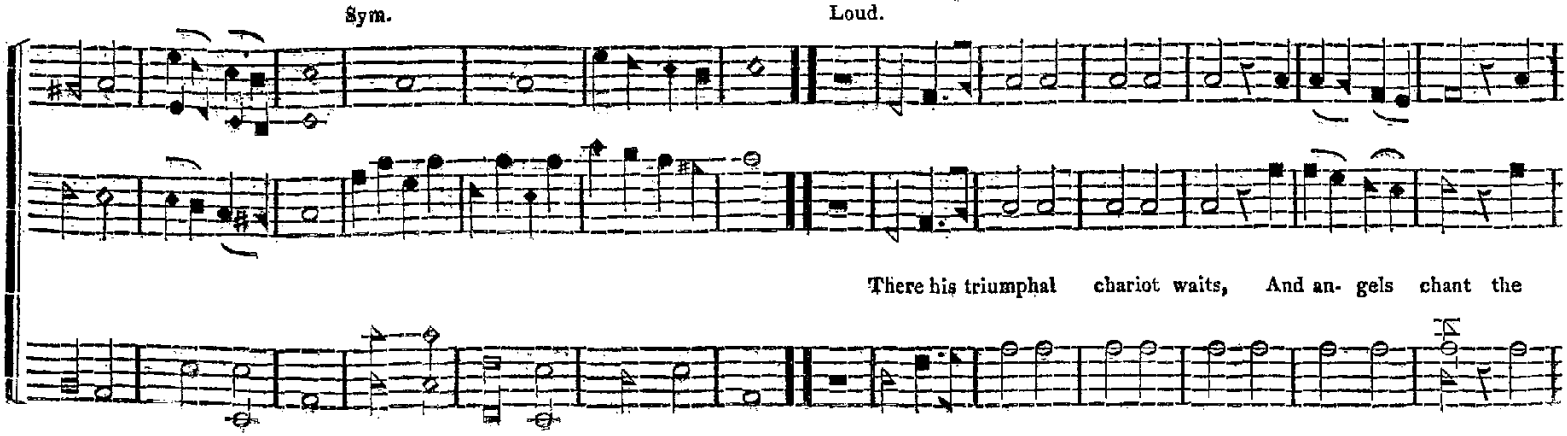

tho' the olive yield no oil, The with'ring fig tree droop and die, The field il- lude the tiller's toil, The empty stall no

HABAKKUK continued.

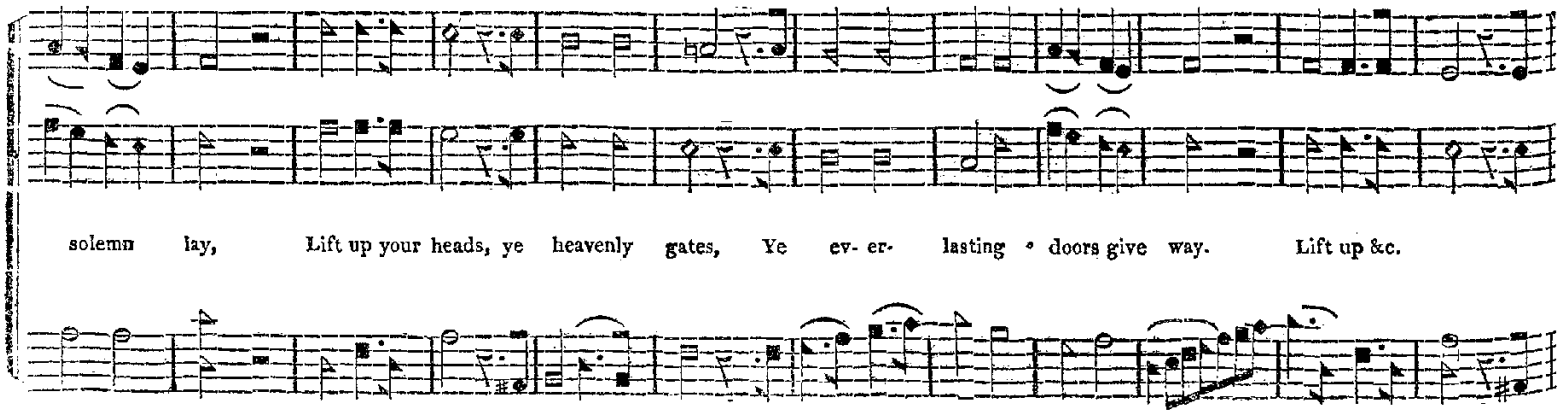



Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus has gone up on high: The powers of hell are cap- tive led,

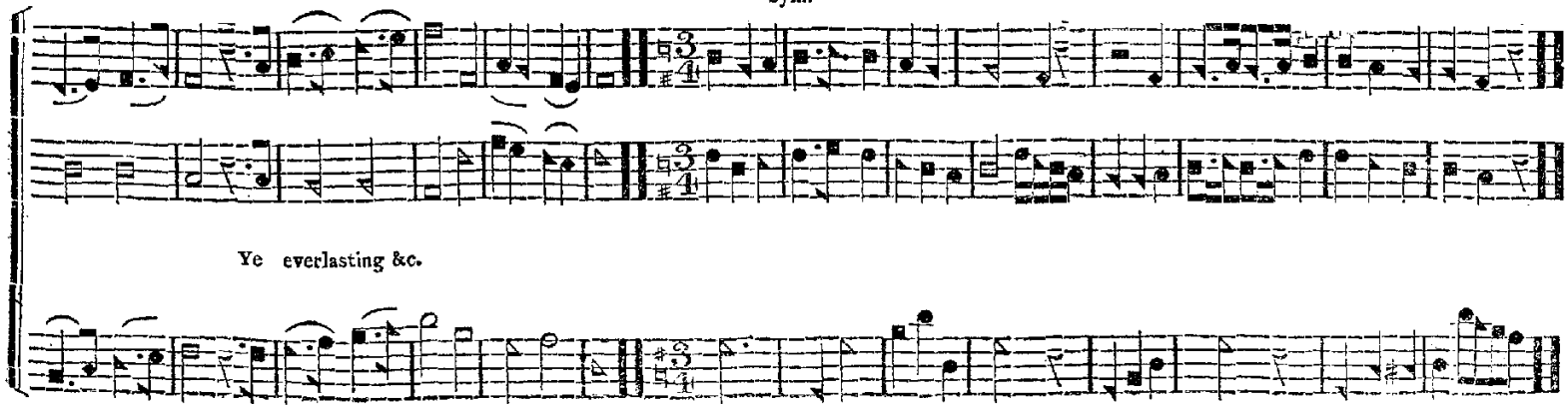

Dragg'd to the portals of the sky. The powers &c.
Dragg'd &c.
Dragg'd &c.

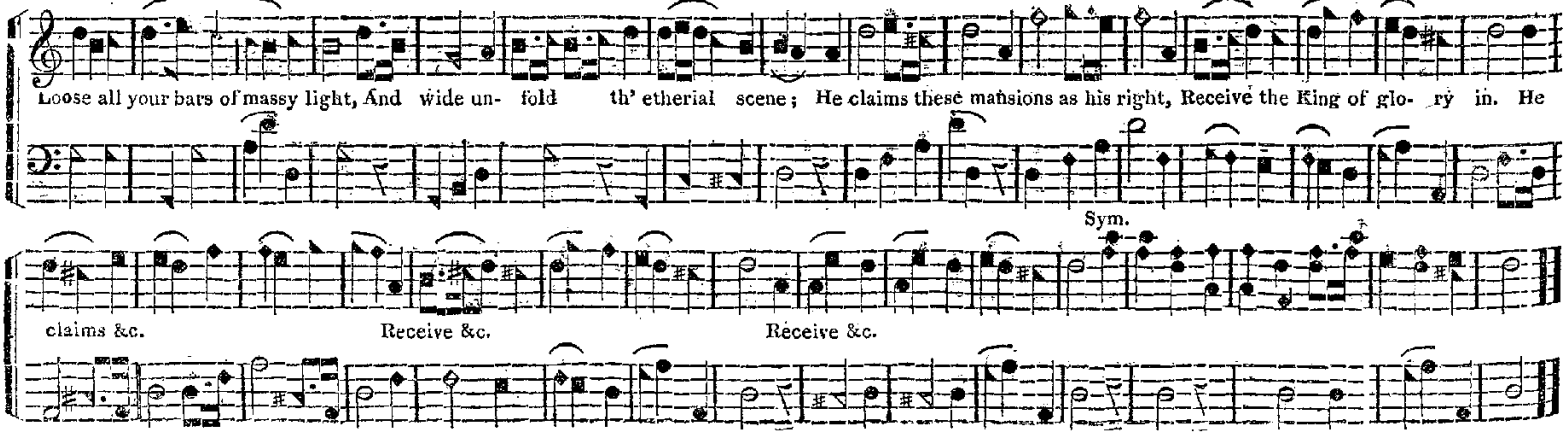

Sym.
Loud.
There his triumphal chariot waits, And an- gels chant the

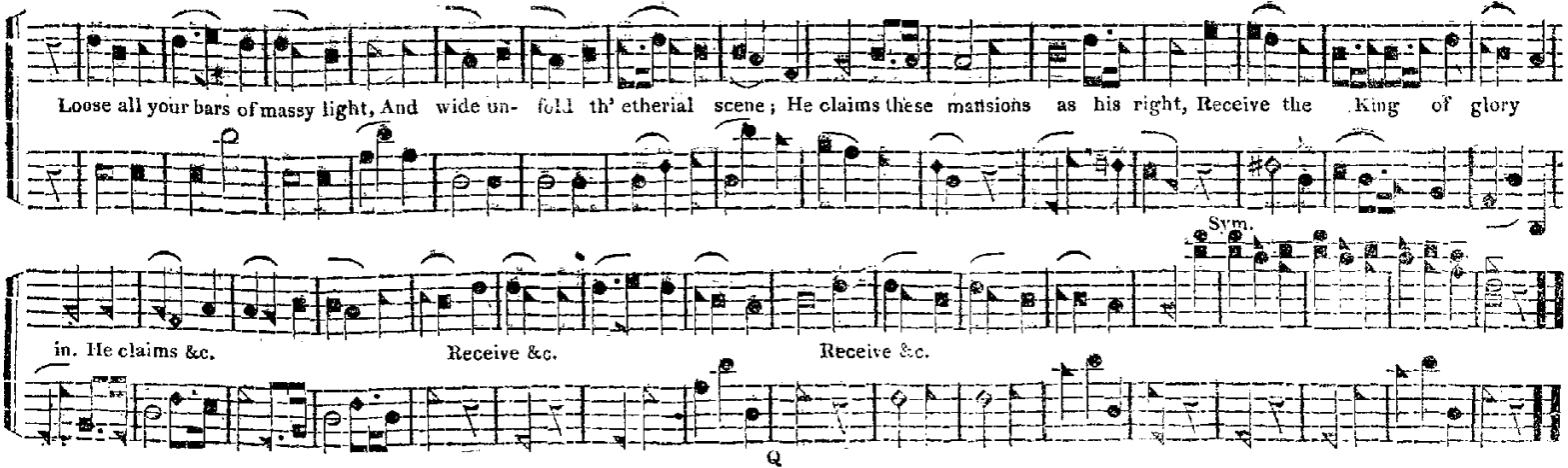
CHESHUNT continued.



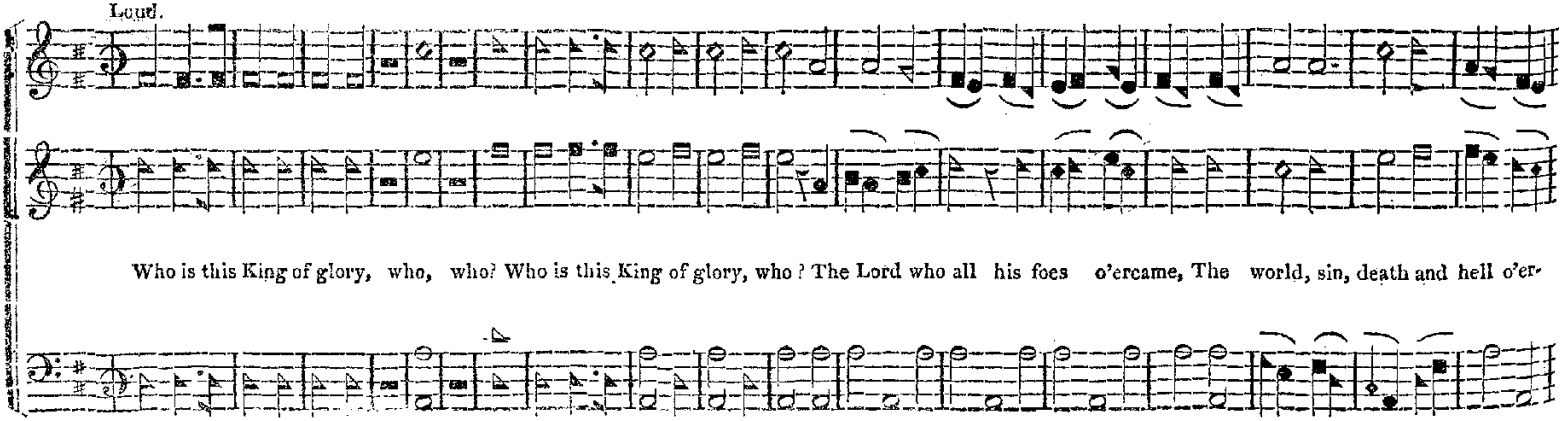
Sym.

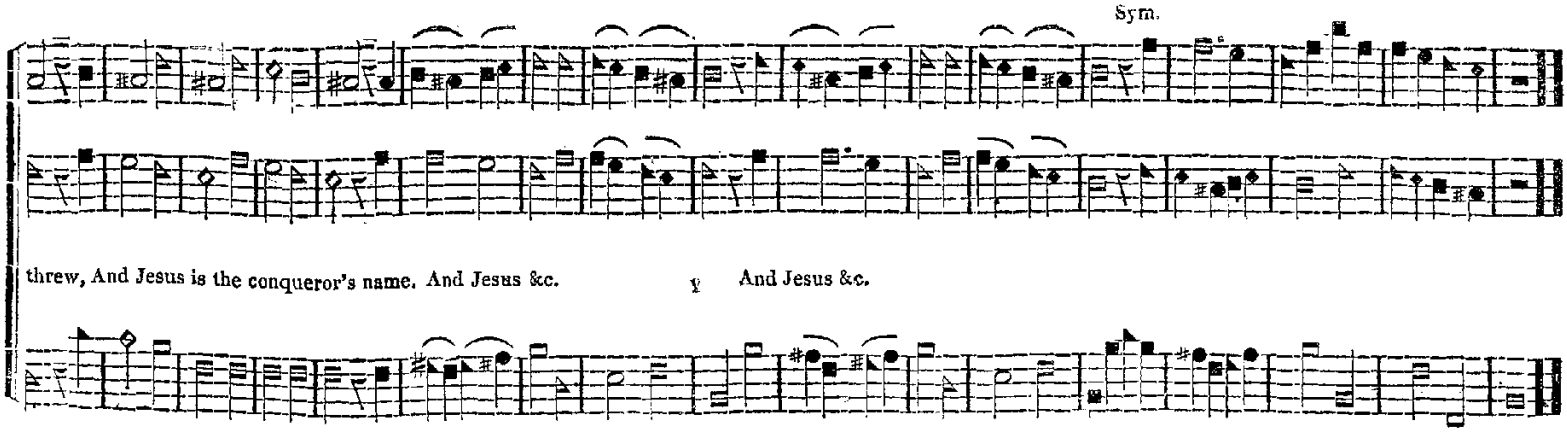


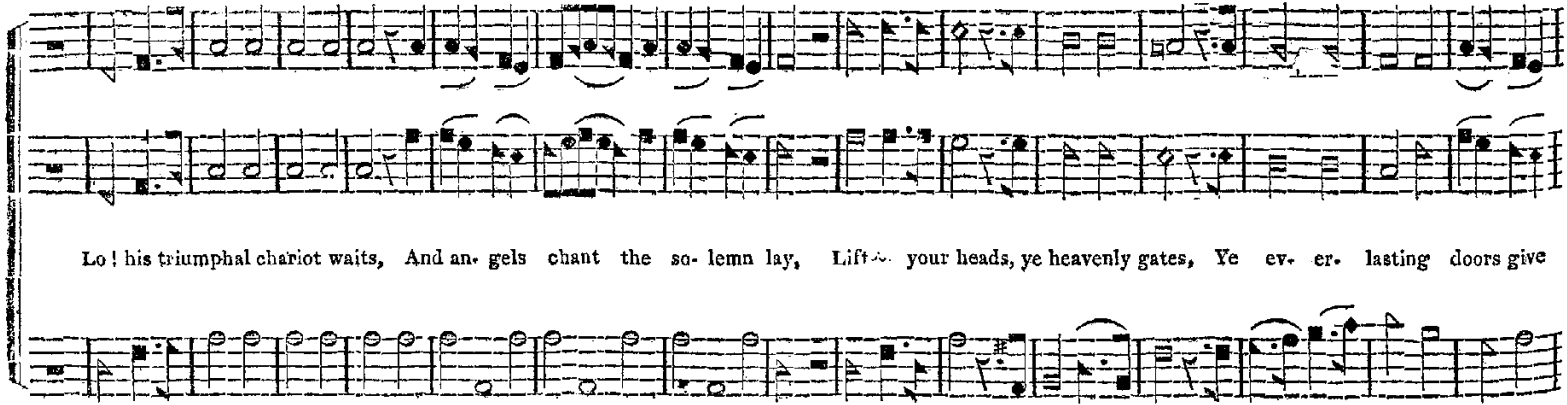

Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide un- fold th' etherial scene; He claims these mansions as his right, Receive the King of glo- ry in. He
Sym.
claims &c.
Receive &c.
Receive &c.

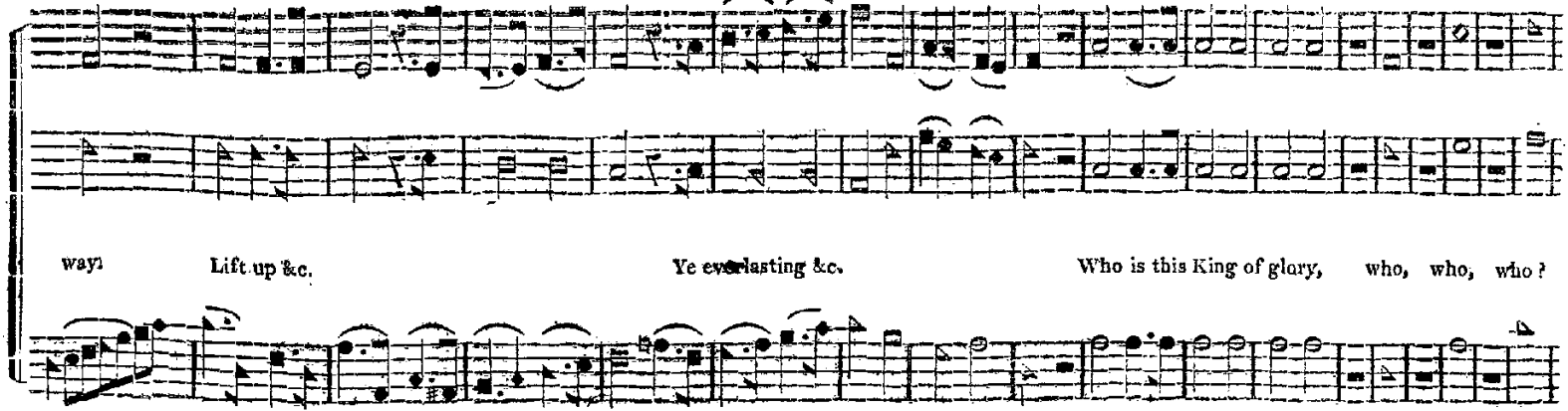

Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide un- fold th' etherial scene; He claims these mansions as his right, Receive the King of glory
Sym.
in. He claims &c.
Receive &c.
Receive &c.

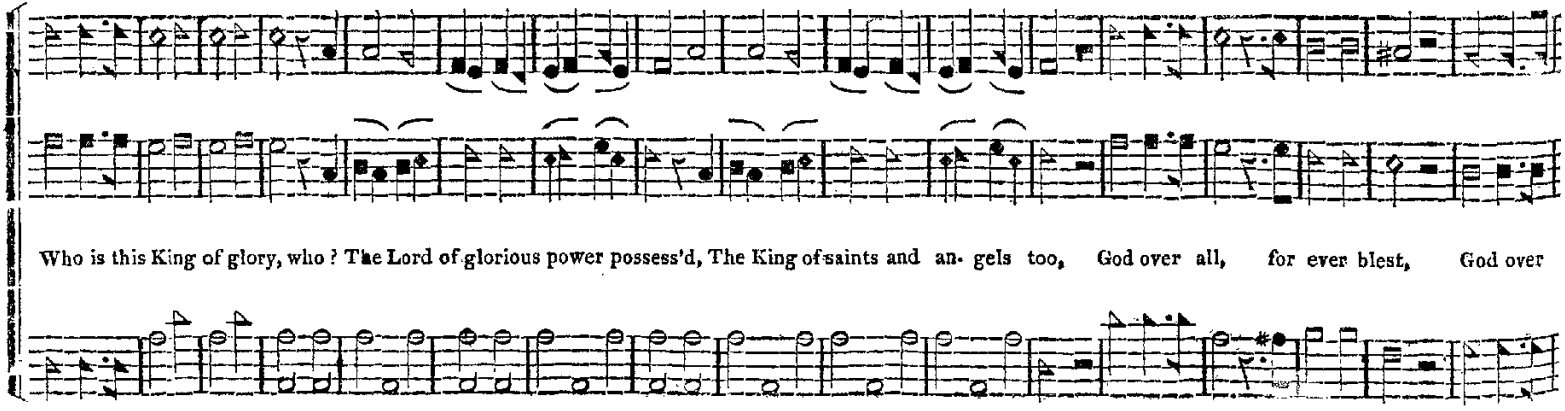
CHESHUNT continued.

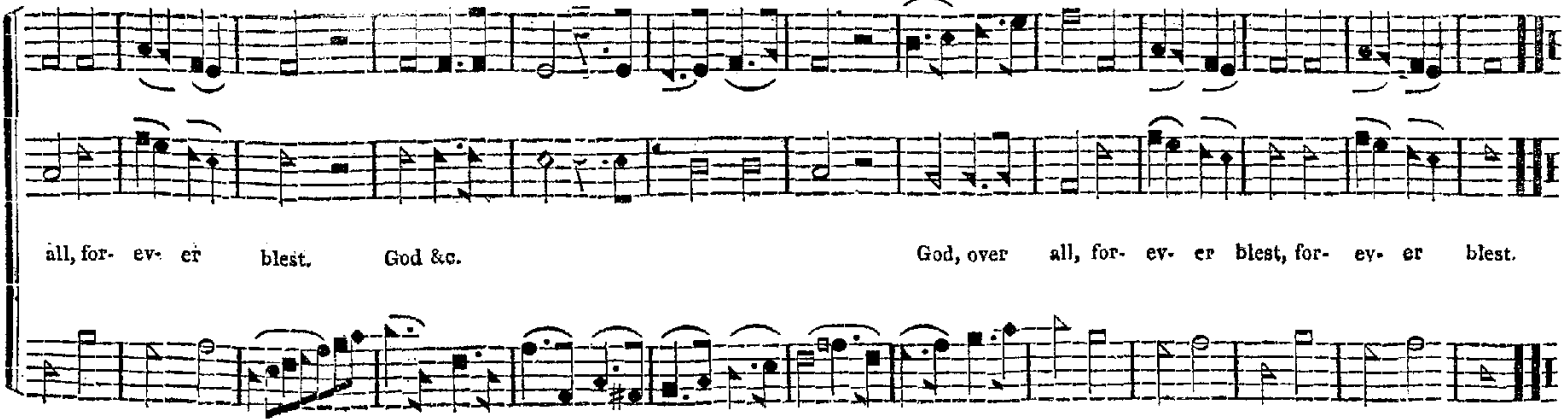


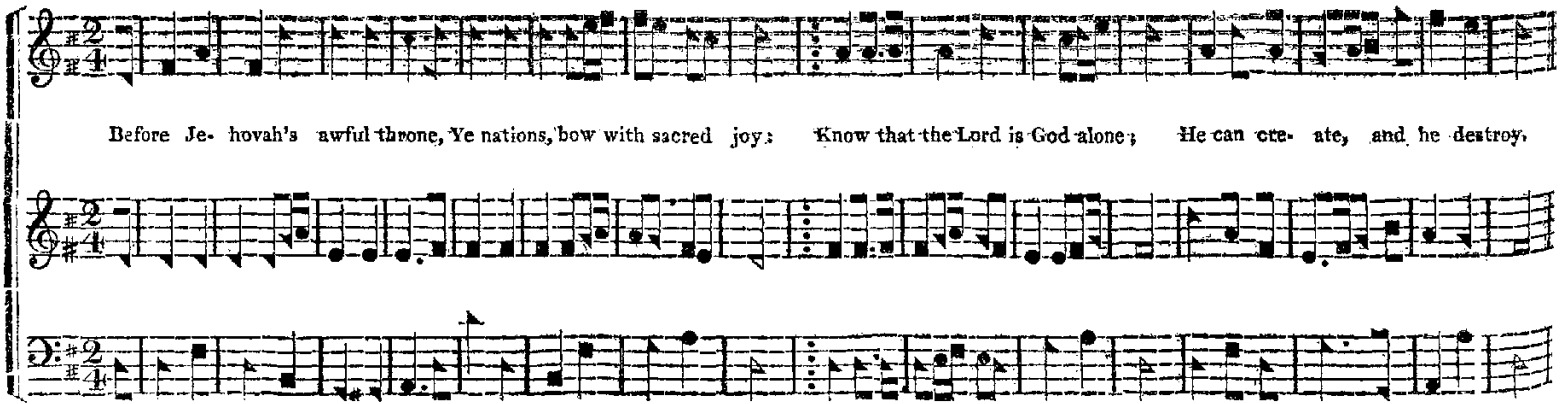

Sym.
threw, And Jesus is the conqueror's name. And Jesus &c.
And Jesus &c.


Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, And an- gels chant the so- lemn lay, Lift your heads, ye heavenly gates, Ye ev- er- lasting doors give

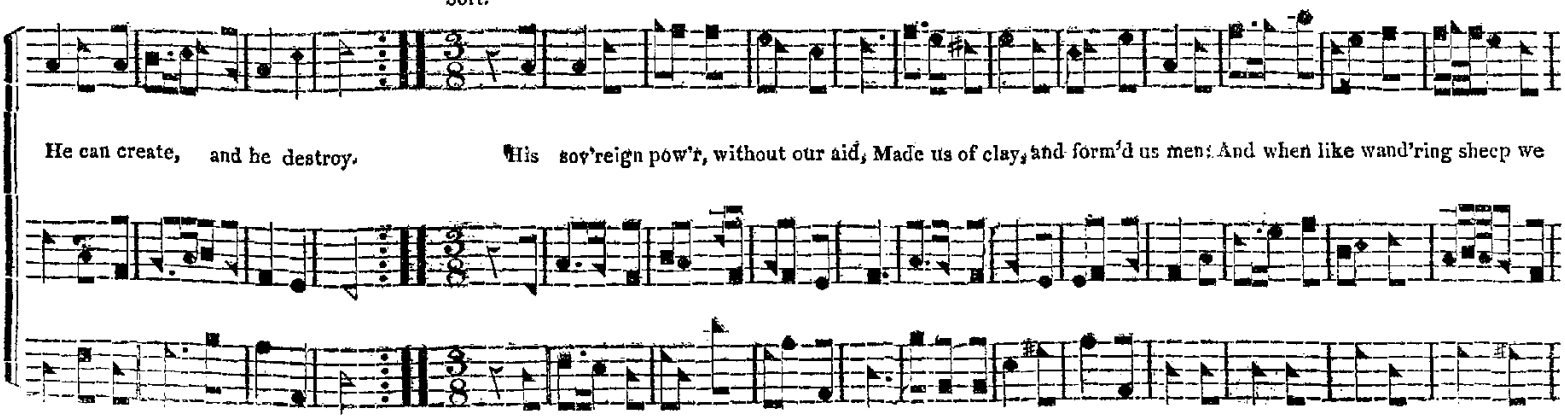

way!
Lift up &c.
Ye everlasting &c.
Who is this King of glory, who, who, who?


Who is this King of glory, who ? The Lord of glorious power possess'd, The King of saints and an- gels too, God over all, for ever blest, God over

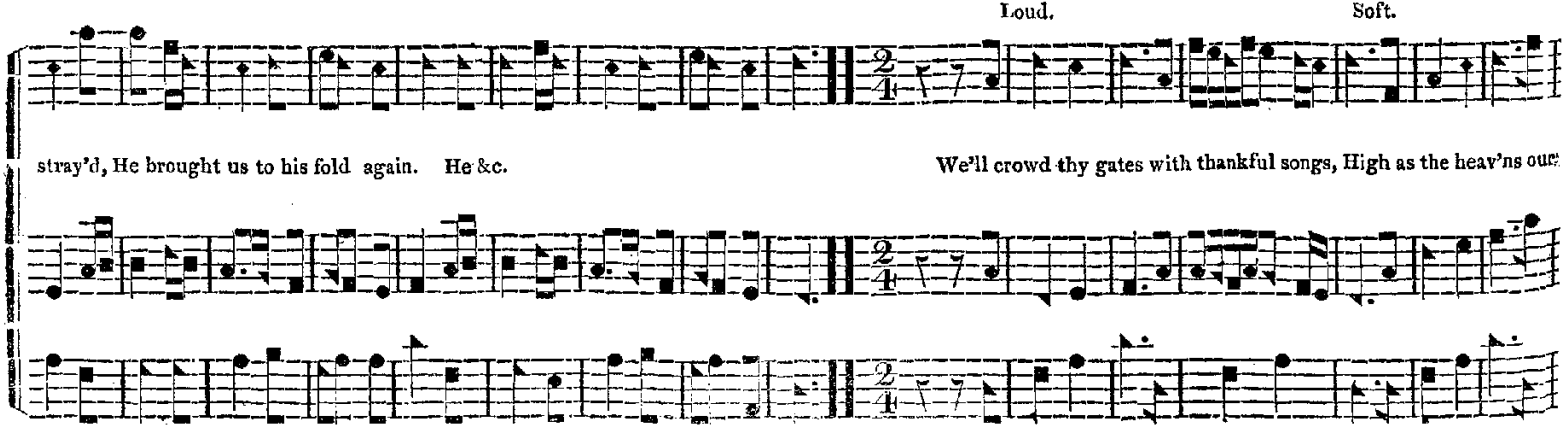

all, for- ev- er blest. God &c.
God, over all, for- ev- er blest, for- ev- er blest.

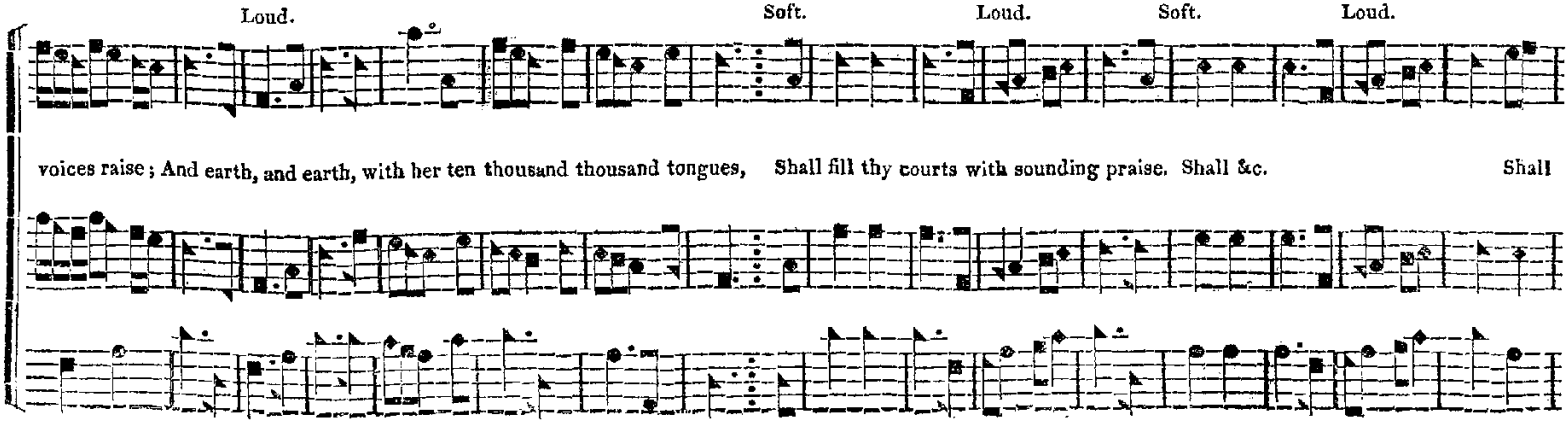

Before Je- hovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone; He can cre- ate, and he destroy,

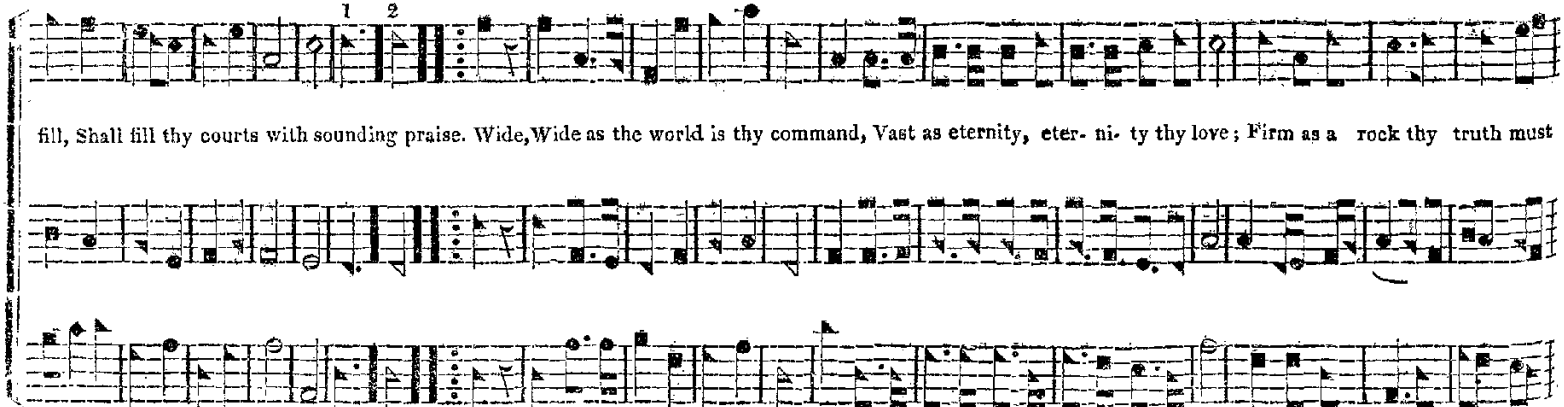
Soft.

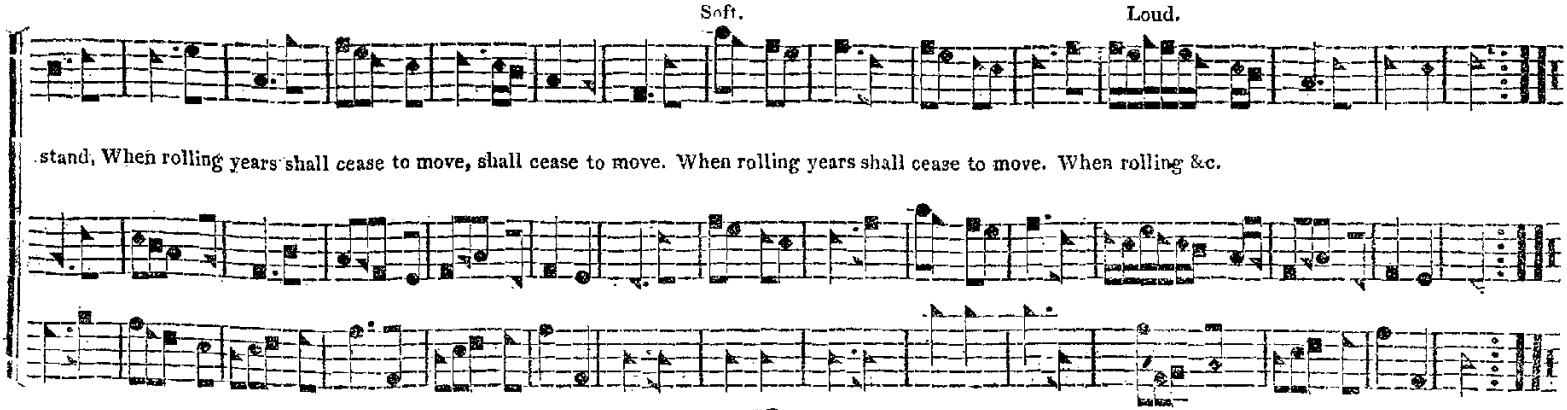

He can create, and he destroy. His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men: And when like wand'ring sheep we

DENMARK continued.



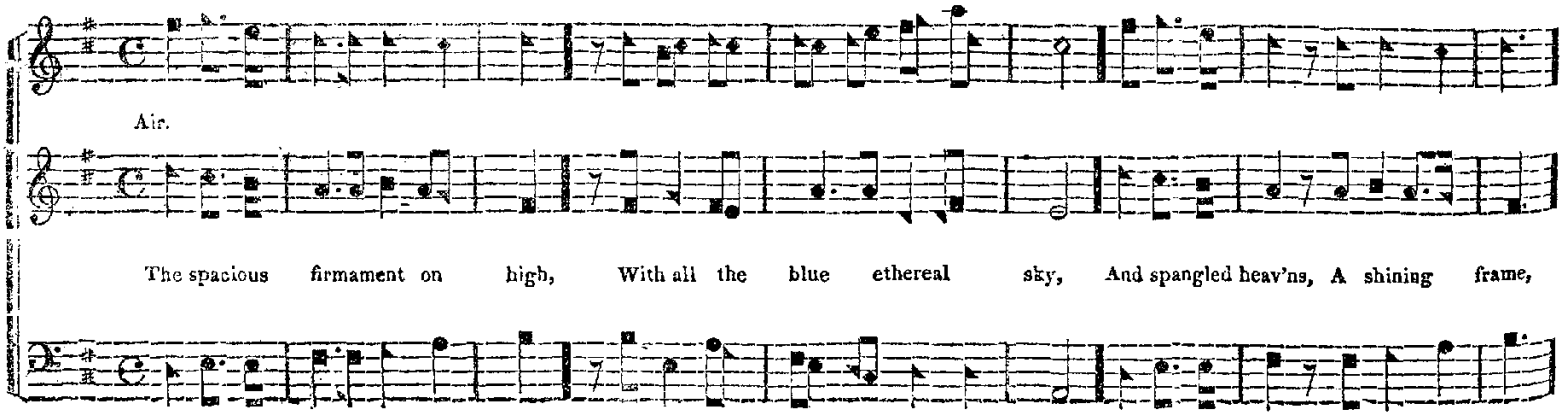

Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
voices raise; And earth, and earth, with her ten thousand thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. Shall &c.
Shall

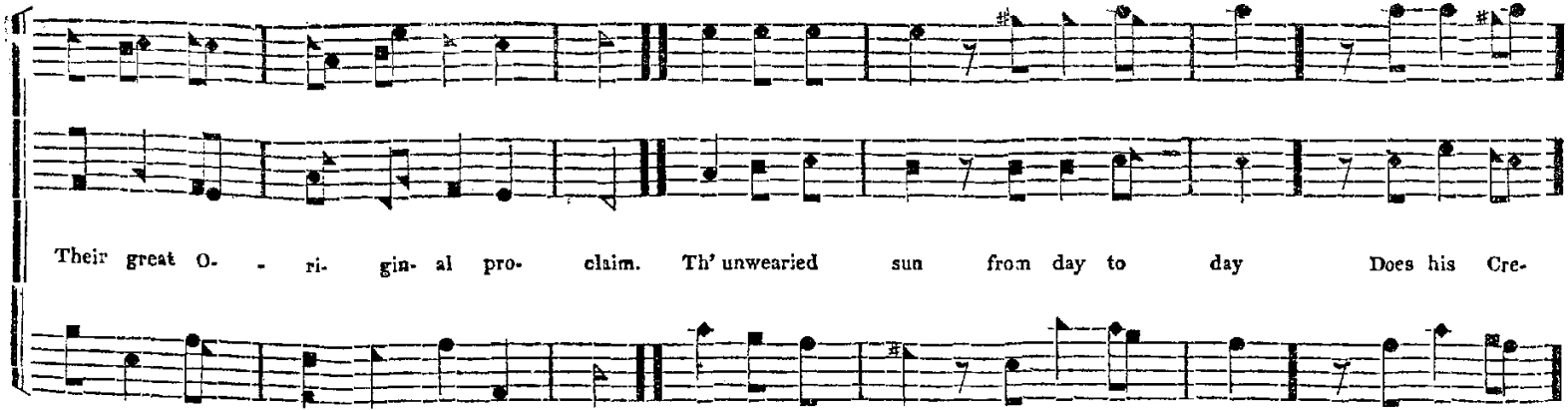

1 2
fill, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. Wide, Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as eternity, eter- ni- ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must


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

HYMN THIRD. L. M.

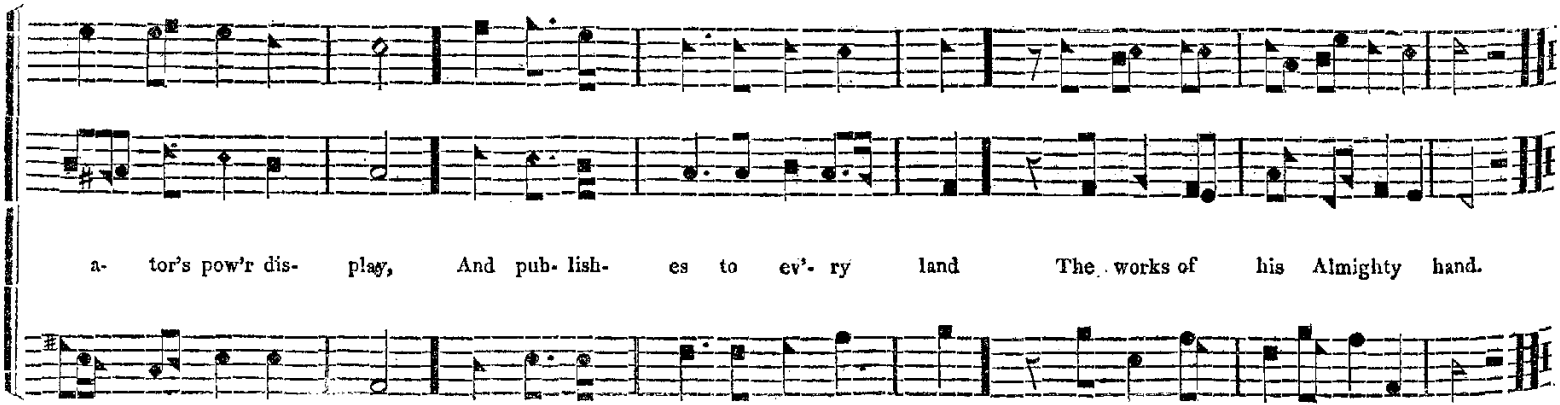
G. F. Handel.

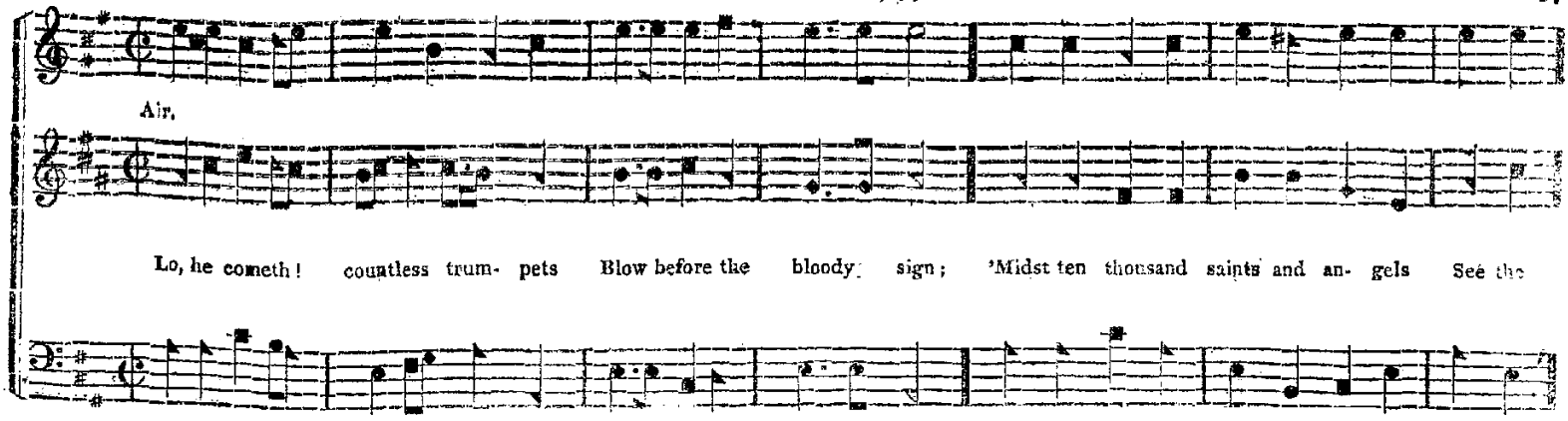



Their great O- - ri- gin- al pro- claim. Th' unwearied sun from day to day Does his Cre-

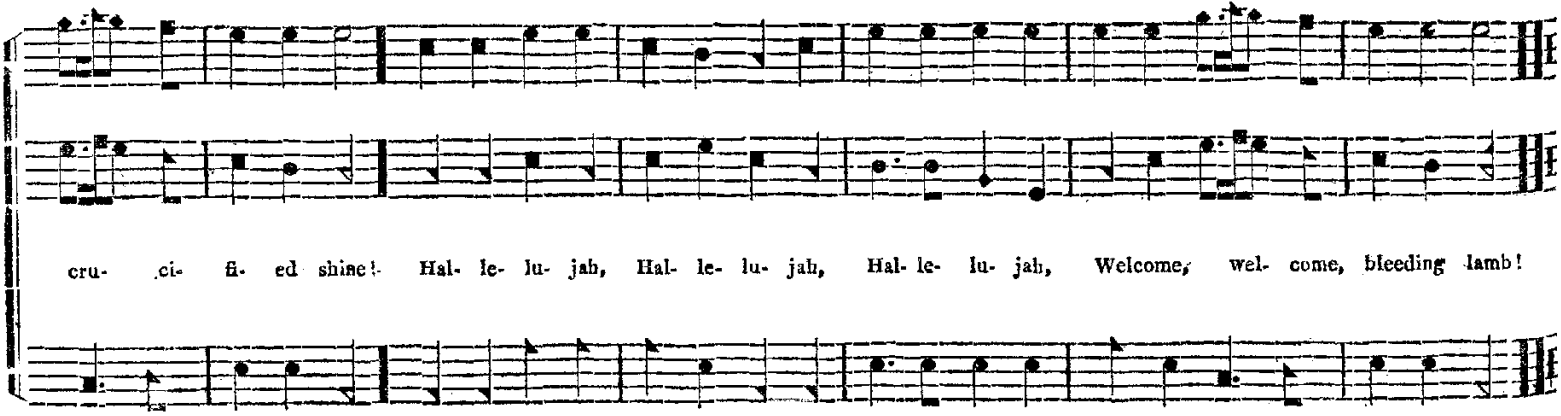
HYMN THIRD continued.

For.



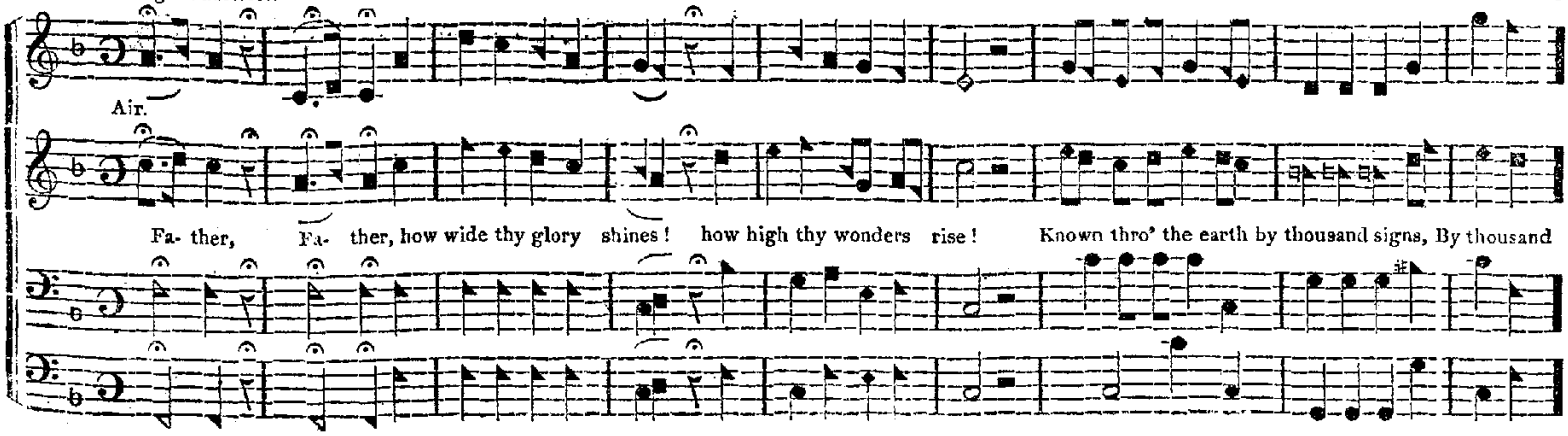

Air.
Lo, he cometh! countless trum- pets Blow before the bloody sign; 'Midst ten thousand saints and an- gels See the

LITTLETON continued.

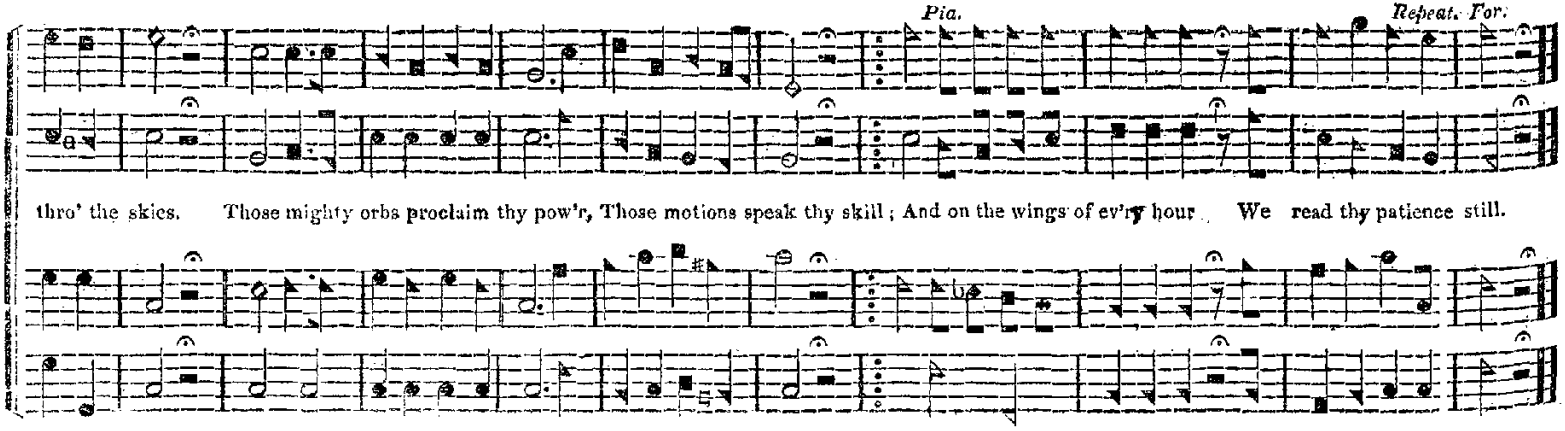


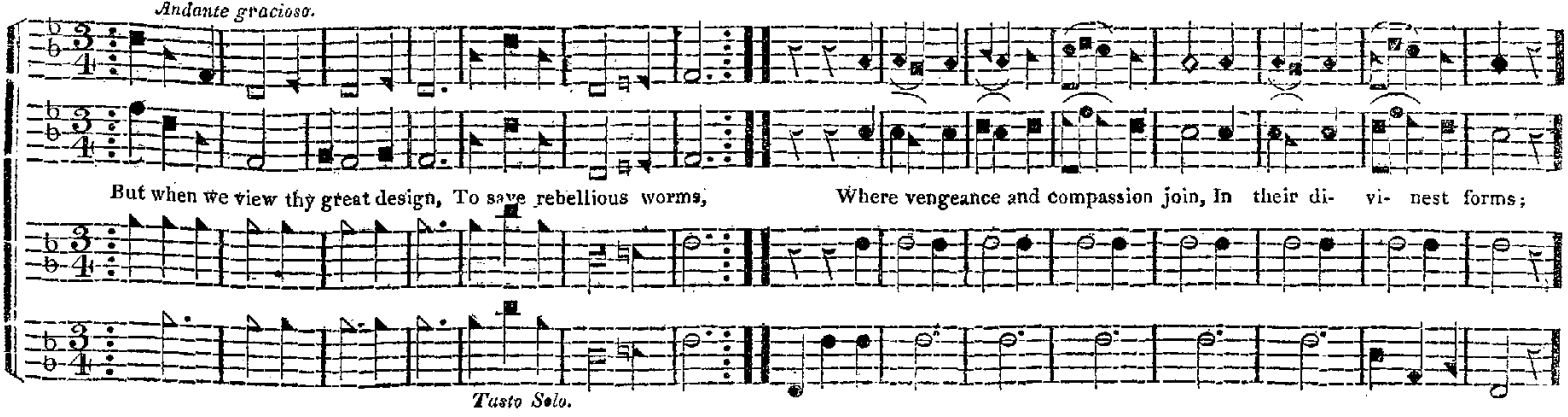
CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

F. Giardini.

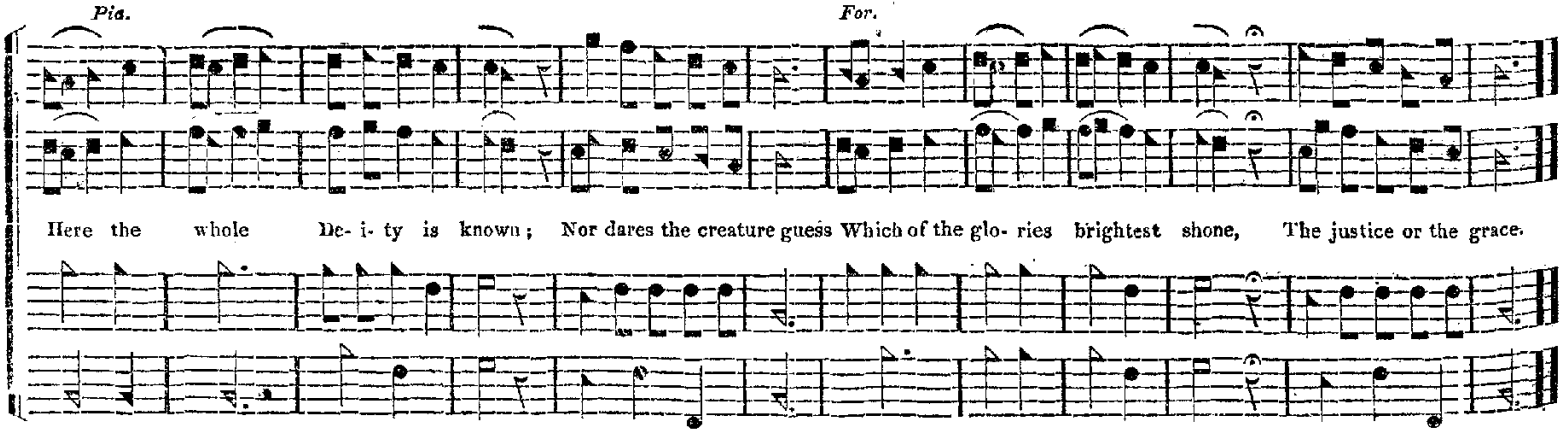


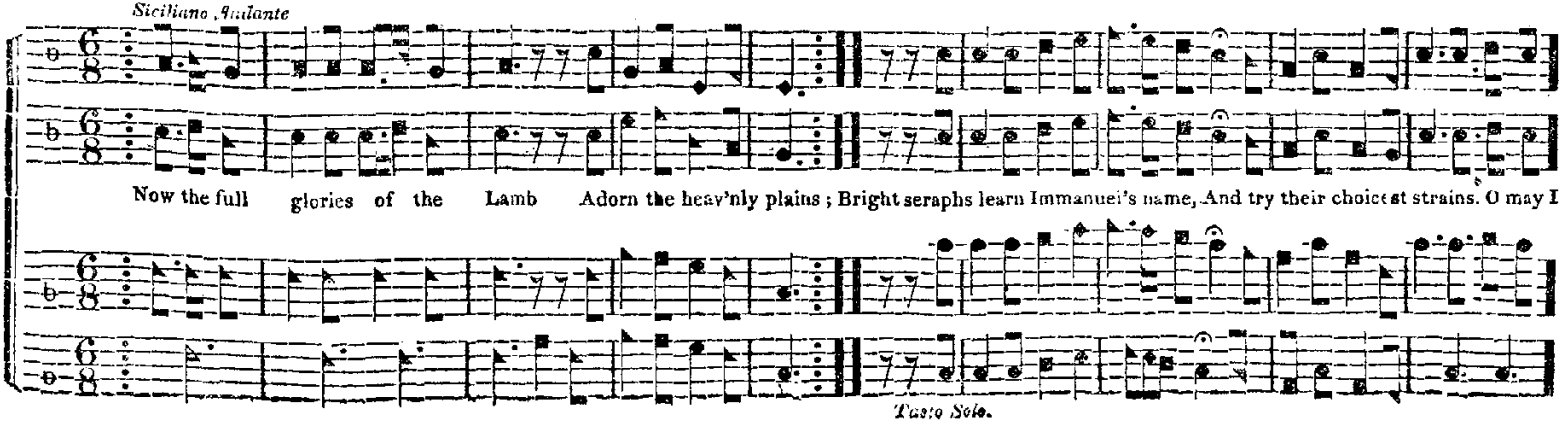
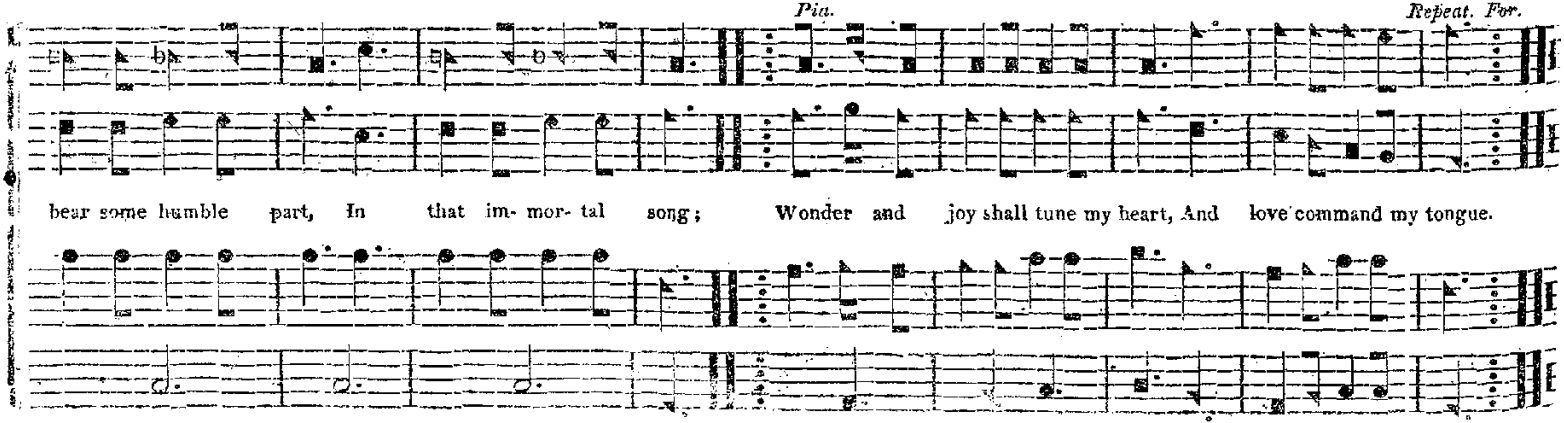
CAMBRIDGE continued.




Andante gracioso.
But when we view thy great design, To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join, In their di- vi- nest forms;
Tasto Solo.

CAMBRIDGE continued.




Siciliano Andante
Now the full glories of the Lamb Adorn the heav'nly plains ; Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name, And try their choicest strains. O may I
Tasto Solo.

CAMBRIDGE continued.