

the 1800 copy of
EPISCOPALIAN HARMONY;

containing
CONTAINING

THE HYMNS

SET FORTH BY THE GENERAL CONVENTIONS

OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

With appropriate Music to each Hymn:

TOGETHER WITH A FEW

ADDITIONAL TUNES, EMBRACING ALL THE PECULIAR METRES IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

CHANTS, DOXOLOGIES, RESPONSES, &c.

FOR

MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER

AND THE

COMMUNION OFFICE.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE SANCTION AND PATRONAGE OF THE CONVENTION OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND,

By JOHN COLE.

BALTIMORE:

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[1800?]



DISTRICT OF MARYLAND—TO WIT :

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on this twenty-seventh day of May, in the thirty-fifth year of the independence of the United States of America, JOHN COLE, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words and figures following—to wit : "*Episcopalian Harmony ; containing the Hymns set forth by the General Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with appropriate Music to each Hymn : together with a few additional Tunes, embracing all the Peculiar Metres in the Book of Psalms. To which are added, Chants, Doxologies, Responses, &c. for Morning and Evening Prayer and the Communion Office. Published under the Sanction and Patronage of the Convention of the State of Maryland, by John Cole.*" In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "*An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,*" and also to the act entitled "*An act supplementary to the act entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints.*"

PHILIP MOORE, *Clk*
of the Dis. of Maryland.

To the Reverend,
The Bishop and other Ministers
Of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland;
This Work,
Published under their Sanction and Patronage
Is most respectfully dedicated,
By their obedient Servant,

JOHN COLE.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

HAVING for several years been engaged in the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church as a Clerk and Teacher of Psalmody; I have often had occasion to regret, that, among the numerous musical publications which have appeared in this country, none could be found adapted to her service; and although during this time, I have published many collections; yet, in order to meet the necessary demand for a remuneration of the expense of publishing, it was found necessary to admit many pieces the words of which are not allowed by the general convention to be sung in the Church.

To remedy this, the publication of the present work was determined on, and an application was made to the last convention of the state of Maryland for their sanction and patronage, which was unanimously granted; and, it is humbly hoped, that on perusal, it will be found that their confidence in the judgment of the author has not been misplaced.

I AM well persuaded that the work will not meet the approbation of all, inasmuch as it does not contain certain tunes which have been bandied about from Maine to Georgia for the last twenty years, to the great annoyance of persons of taste and the regret of all serious worshippers—this trash has had its day, and it is time for us to retrace our steps until we arrive at the true sublime of Psalmody, which is only to be found in the admirable compositions of the great masters of the 14th & 15th centuries—“*Strains that would create a soul under the ribs of Death.*”*

THE collection of Chants, Doxologies, &c. will be found much improved, both in matter and manner—all the former ones being preserved, and several new ones added. THE editor would earnestly recommend that in all regular choirs, schools or societies where this work may be introduced, the Air or principal melody be performed by the treble voices. In this arrangement, which prevails in all regular performances in Europe, and is now happily becoming more and more prevalent among us, there is no unmeaning jumble of sounds; for, the acuteness of the treble voices renders the Air predominant, and the music becomes intelligible even to those unacquainted with the nature of Harmony.

THE editors of THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY, speaking on this head, observe, that “*The principal Air is the soul of the piece—it ought to be more distinctly heard, and its effect should be heightened as much as possible by the auxiliary efforts of the other parts—giving the character to the piece it ought to be placed in the most conspicuous station, and assigned to those voices which are naturally the most expressive of melody. The voices of women are one eighth higher than those of men; they are more flexible; and, consequently, more capable of the graces of music. Good treble voices exceed, on a moderate calculation, the number of good tenor voices in the proportion of twenty to one. On account, therefore, of the superior delicacy of the female voice, and of the greater number of the treble performers, to them ought to be assigned the principal Air of the piece. Owing to the general deficiency in musical science, which characterizes American masters, and to the almost total want of refinement in the public ear, the ancient practice of giving the Air to the tenor, and casting the treble voices into the shade, still prevails. Male performers resist the improvement with a zeal similar to that with which they would resist an invasion of their natural or political rights—but they are contending against nature and against science, and the contest must finally be vain. We find that the violin, the hautboy, the flute, and indeed the greatest proportion of musical instruments strive to imitate the treble. The female voice has been in all ages the favourite of genius. It was designed to be the soul of harmony and to inspire delight. Whoever possesses any refinement of soul, owns its claim to precedence, and delights even in its tyrannical sway.*”

It is much to be wished that vocal music were more generally taught in our schools as it is among the Germans; and it is a matter of regret that such numbers among us should remain unacquainted with so easy a thing as the *Gamut*, or *Rudiments of Music*; the source of such refined pleasure. Let but a taste for this delightful science be once encouraged and cultivated, then we may expect to see our churches well filled, our congregations induced to join their voices with the choirs, and all vying with each other in taste and performance.

AN elegant and rational amusement will then be presented to the YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES. They will imperceptibly acquire habits of regularly attending public worship. They will be the more strongly attached to it from natural and innocent partialities—from a consciousness that the service of the church is, in part, sustained by their presence, by their laudible exertions, and by their polished attainments. Then shall we “*Sing unto the Lord a new song;*” then shall we “*Sing unto him with understanding.*”

* Some of these will shortly be published, and may be had as a supplement to this work.



ERRATA.

- No. 2, first line, the first note after the last bar but one should be on B.
- No. 4, second line, the first note after the double bar should be on E.
- No. 17, first line, after the double bar, at the word *shall*, instead of the two minims insert a semibreve on C, third space.
- Page 19, fourth verse, first line, omit the word *the*.
- Page 25, over the repeat, insert *Repeat for*.
- No. 32, first line, the second note after the third bar should be A, second space.

- No. 39, seventh line, the note on F should be natural.
- No. 40, seventh line, the last note should be C.
- No. 41, fourth line, the third note after the first double bar should be B.
- No. 66, the sixth note after the second double bar should be A in alto.
- No. 68, first line, after the eighth bar, the note should be E.
- Page 72, transpose the author's names.
- Page 87, first line, the first note after the fifth bar should be B.

N. B.—Some of the above errors were corrected while the sheets were at press; there are also others in the work of minor import, which it was deemed unnecessary to notice in the errata.

EPISCOPALIAN HARMONY.



No. 1.

ABINGDON.—HYMN I.

Dr. Heighington.

1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All scat-ed on the ground; The An-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - ry shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town, this day
"Is born, of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
"And this shall be the sign:

4 "The Heav'nly babe you there shall find,
"To human view display'd,
"All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song;

6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace,
"Good-will, henceforth, from heav'n to men,
"Begin and never cease."

No. 2.

BRAINTREE.—Hymn 2.

1 While Angels thus, O Lord re-joice, Shall men no An- them raise? O may we lose these useless tongues, When we for- get to praise.

2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heav'nly throng;
For Angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.

3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heav'n.

4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
"The promis'd child is born!"

5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid:
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

7 'Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains!

No. 3.

BRUNSWICK.—Hymn 3.

1 From whence these direful omens round, Which heav'n and earth a- maze? Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground? Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize!
The sun as darkest night be black!
Their maker, Jesus, dies!

3 Behold fast streaming from the tree
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God!

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed ev'ry thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O save me, whom thou can'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

No. 4.

BEXLEY—Hymn 4.

1 Since Christ our Pass - o - ver is slain, A sa - cri - fice for all; Let all, with thank - ful hearts, a - gree To keep the fes - ti - val.

2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.

3 Christ being rais'd by Pow'r Divine,
And rescu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more; Death shall on him
No more dominion have.

4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsaf'd to die:
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.

5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restor'd,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

No. 5.

ABRIDGE—Hymn 5.

T. Smith.

1 Christ from the dead is rais'd and made The first fruits of the tomb; For, as by man came death, by man Did re - sur - rec - tion come.

2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.

3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.

No. 6.

WESTMINSTER—HYMN 6.

Dr. Nares.

1 Come Ho-ly Ghost! ere - a - tor, come, In - spire the souls of thine; Till ev' - ry heart which thou hast made Be fill'd with grace di-vine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heav'nly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within,
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd,
And thee with both, O Holy-Ghost,
Who art from both deriv'd.

No. 7.

BATH-CHAPEL—HYMN 7.

B. Milgrove.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love, Kindle, &c. In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise!
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 8.

PENTECOST—HYMN 8.

J. Baidon.

1 He's come! let ev' - ry knee be bent, All hearts new joy re - sume; Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent, "The Comforter is come." "The Com - forter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below!

3 Hail, Blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wav'ring zeal!

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

No. 9.

ARUNDEL—HYMN 9.

1 Thou, God, all glo - ry, honour, pow'r, Art wor - thy to re - ceive; Since all things by thy pow'r were made, And by thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the lamb all pow'r,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain!

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
And ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
By thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
By all in earth and heav'n,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the lamb be giv'n.

No. 10.

FOUNTAIN—HYMN 10.

J. Leach.

1 My God, and is thy ta - ble spread? And does thy cup with love o'erflow? Thi - ther be all thy children led, And let them thy sweet mercies know.

2 Hail sacred Feast, which Jesus makes!
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food?

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts display'd?
 Was not for you the victim slain?
 Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its holy pledges tastes!

5 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,
 In countless numbers let them come,
 And gather from their Father's board,
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb!

6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run,
 Till with this bread all men be blest
 Who see the light, or feel the sun!

No. 11.

OXFORD—HYMN 11.

Coombs.

1 And are we now brought near to God, Who once at dis - tance stood? And, to ef - fect this glo - rious change, Did Jesus shed his blood.

2 O for a song of ardent praise,
 To bear our souls above!
 What should allay our lively hope,
 Or damp our flaming love!

3 Then let us join the heav'nly Choirs,
 To praise our heav'nly King!
 O may that love which spread this board
 Inspire us while we sing—

4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
 "And to the earth be peace;
 "Good-will from heav'n to men is come,
 "And let it never cease!"

No. 12.

SAINT JUDE'S—HYMN 12.

1 The God of life, whose con - stant care With bless - ings crowns each op' - ning year, With bless - ings crowns each op' - ning year,

ria. My scan - ty span doth still pro - long, *for.* And wakes a - new mine an - nual song. And wakes a - new mine an - nual song

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run.

3 We yet survive ; but who can say,
" Or through this year, or month, or day,
" I shall retain this vital breath,
" Thus far, at least, in league with death !"

4 That breath is thine, Eternal God ;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine ;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

6 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more !

7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach that place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues.

8 No more alarms from ghostly foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

9 O, long expected year ! begin ;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.
To Father, Son and Holy-Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

No. 13.

WALSAL—HYMN 13—To Verse 7.

Tansur.



1 When ri - sing from the bed of death, O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear, I see my ma - ker, face to face; O. how shall I ap - pear.

No. 14.

DEVIZES—HYMN 13—From Verse 7.

Tucker.



7 Great God with wonder and with praise, &c. Shine brighter in thy book.

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

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

5 Then see the sorrow of my heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give these sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

7 Great God! with wonder and with praise;
On all thy works I look!
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.

8 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good Word informs my soul
How I may soar to heav'n.

9 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy Word.

10 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

11 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

12 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

13 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

No. 15.

GENEVA—HYMN 14.

J. Cole.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul sur-veys; Trans-
 When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ri-sing soul sur-veys; Trans-port-ed
 1 When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ri-sing soul sur-veys; Trans-port-ed
 When all thy mercies, O my God, My ri-sing soul sur-veys; Trans-

port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise!
 with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise!
 with the view, I'm lost, In won-der, love, and praise!
 port ed with the view, I'm lost, in won-der, love, and praise!

- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

- 11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

No. 16.

KETTERING—Hymn 15.

1 The spacious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e - the - rial sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great o - ri - gi - nal proclaim. Th'un-

pia *for*
weari'd sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a- tor's pow'r display, And pub - lish - es to ev'ry land, The work of an al - mighty hand, The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst the radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

No. 17.

SURRY—HYMN 16.

H. Carey.

1 The Lord my pas - ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherds care : } My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
His pre - sence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye : }

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

No. 18.

PORTUGAL—HYMN 17.

T. Thorley.

1 All-glorious God, what hymns of praise ! Shall our transport - ed voi - ces raise ! What ar - dent love and zeal are due, While heav'n stands open to our view !

2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low !
Just on the brink of endless woe ;
When Jesus from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heav'nly light !
By him what wond'rous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone !

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours :
Where Saints in light our coming wait ;
To share their holy, happy state !

No. 19.

PLYMOUTH—HYMN 18.

J. Cole:

1 Sal-va-tion doth to God be - long; His pow'r and grace shall be our song; From him alone all mer - cies flow; His arm a - lone subdues the foe!

2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And though deliv'rance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine Almighty Hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Savior and our King.

4 'Till ev'ry public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
'Till life's last hour, to persevere.

No. 20.

WAREHAM.—HYMN 19.

W. Knapp.

1 God of the seas! thine aw - ful voice Bids all the roll - ing waves re - joice; And one soft word of thy command Can sink them si - lent in the sand.

2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.

3 Thus is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Among the wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet men, who trace the dang'rous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves!

No. 21.

LIVERPOOL—HYMN 20.

Dr. Wainwright.

1 Lord for the just thou dost provide ; Thou art their sure defence ! E - ter - nal wis - dom is their guide, Their help Om - ni - po - tence.

2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,
And breath the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home ;
Yet thou, their God, art there.
3 Thy goodness sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry country please ;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas ?

4 When waves on wave, to heav'n uprear'd,
Defy'd the pilot's art ;
When terror in each face appeared,
And sorrow in each heart ;
5 To thee I rais'd my humble pray'r,
To snatch me from the grave !
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save !

6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And ev'ry wave was still !
7 For this, my life, in ev'ry state,
A life of praise shall be ;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

No. 22.

ANGELS—HYMN 21.

1 Now may the God of grace and pow'r Attend his people's humble cry ; Defend them in the need - ful hour, And send deliv'rance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up ;
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts ;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts !

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

1 When dangers, woes or death are nigh, Past mercies teach me where to fly; Thine arm Almighty God, can aid, When sickness grieves, and pains invade.

2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing pow'r impart;
Bethesda's bath refused to save,
Unless an Angel bless'd the wave.

3 All med'cines act by thy degree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health when heav'n ordains.

4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heav'n's command restor'd the blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from ev'ry stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue!
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,
And pour the horrors of despair.

7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;
His blood procures for human race
Admittance to the Throne of Grace.

9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound,

10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs and make me whole.

11 O! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

No. 24.

WINDSOR—HYMN 23.

T. Ravenscroft M. B.

1 When we are rais'd from deep distress, Our God deserves our song; We take the pattern of our praise From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Command them fast again.

3 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fev'rs and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly as he commands.

4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

5 To him I cry'd, "Thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave;
"Thy pow'r is all my trust!"

6 He heard, and sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

No. 25.

MELCOMBE—HYMN 24.

S. Webbe.

1 My God, since thou hast rais'd me up, Thee I'll ex - tol with thankful voice; Re - stor'd by thine Almighty pow'r, With fear before thee I'll rejoice.

2 With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,
To thee I cry'd, and thou didst save;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.

3 Wherefore, ye Saints! rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.

4 His anger is but short; his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay;
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day

5 Then what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive that in my grateful verse
His praises may for ever live.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided Three,
The one sole Giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

No. 26.

ST. HELLEN'S—HYMN 25.

Master Green.

for *pia* *for* *pia*

1 Hear what the voice from heav'n declares To those in Christ who die! "Releas'd from all their earthly cares, They reign with him on high."

2 Then, why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.
3 If sin be pardon'd we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and pow'r;
But Christ, our ransom, died!

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
When in the grave he lay;
And rising thence, their hopes he rais'd
To everlasting day!
5 Then joyfully, whilst life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing;
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
"And where, O death, thy sting!"

No. 27.

BRAMCOAT—HYMN 26.

1 Go forth, ye Heralds, in my name, Sweetly the Gos - pel trumpet sound; The glor'ous Ju - bi - lee pro - claim, Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove,
And let you heav'n-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.

4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd
And, by your labours, sinners live.

No. 28.

WINCHESTER—HYMN 27.

1 "Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord, Bid the whole earth my grace re-ceive; Ex-plain to them my sacred Word, Bid

pia Bid them be-lieve,
for them be-lieve, o-bey and live.
for Bid them be-lieve, o-bey and live.

- 2 "I'll make my great commission known,
"And ye shall prove my gospel true,
"By all the works that I have done,
"And all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
"Go cast out devils in my name;
"Nor let my prophets be afraid,
"Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

- 4 "While thus ye follow my commands,
"I'm with you till the world shall end;
"All pow'r is trusted in my hands;
"I can destroy and can defend."
- 5 He spake and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode!
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their accepted God.

No. 29.

HARK! THE GLAD SOUND—HYMN 28.

J. Husband.

ALLEGRO.

Adapted to the Hymn by J. C.

Hark! hark! the glad sound, the Sa - vior comes The Sa - vior promis'd long! The Sa - vior promis'd long

Hark! hark! the glad sound, the Sa - vior comes The Sa - vior promis'd long! The Sa - vior promis'd long

This system contains the first two staves of the hymn. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The lyrics are: "Hark! hark! the glad sound, the Sa - vior comes The Sa - vior promis'd long! The Sa - vior promis'd long".

Let ev' ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev' ry voice a song. And ev' ry voice a song.

Let ev' ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev' ry voice a song. And ev' ry voice a song.

This system contains the next two staves of the hymn. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The lyrics are: "Let ev' ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev' ry voice a song. And ev' ry voice a song."

DUETT
MODERATO

On him the spi - rit large - ly pour'd, Ex - erts his sa - cred fire; Wisdom and might, and zeal and

This system contains the duett section. It consists of two staves, one for the vocal line and one for the piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. The lyrics are: "On him the spi - rit large - ly pour'd, Ex - erts his sa - cred fire; Wisdom and might, and zeal and".

love his ho - ly breast in - spire. Wis - dom and might, and zeal and love his ho - ly breast in - spire.

CHORUS, ALLEGRO.

He comes! he comes! the pris'ners to re - lease, In sa - tan's bon - dage held, In sa - tan's bon - dage held. The gates of brass be -

He comes! he comes! the pris'ners to re - lease, In sa - tan's bon - dage held, In sa - tan's bon - dage held. The gates of brass be -

fore him burst, The i - ron fet - ters yield. The i - ron fet - ters yield.

fore him burst, The i - ron fet - ters yield. The i - ron fet - ters yield.

4 He comes, from the thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
'To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
'T' enrich the humble poor.

ALLEGRO—First Time *pia* Repeat for

Our glad Ho - san - nas, prince of peace, Thy wel - come shall pro - claim; And heav'n's e - ter - nal

Our glad Ho - san - nas, prince of peace, Thy wel - come shall pro - claim And heav'n's e - ter - nal

This system contains four staves of music. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

And heav'n's e - ter - nal arch - es ring With thy be - lov - ed name.

And heav'n's e - ter - nal arch - es ring With thy be - lov - ed name.

This system continues the music from the first system, also consisting of four staves (two vocal, two piano). The lyrics are repeated for both vocal parts. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 30.

MANSFIELD—HYMN 29.

1 How beautiful are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill; Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal. Who bring, &c.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

To God the Father, Son
And Spirit glory be;
As 'twas and is and shall be so
To all eternity.

No. 31.

EASTER—HYMN 30.

Dr. Madan.

Mezza Voce.

ANDANTE
AFFETTUOSO.

He dies! the friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa - lem's daughters weep a - round! A

He dies! the friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa - lem's daughters weep a - round! A

The first system of the hymn consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo and mood are marked 'ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO'. The lyrics are: 'He dies! the friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa - lem's daughters weep a - round! A'.

so - lemn darkness veils the skies! A sud - den tremb-ling shakes the ground!

so - lemn darkness veils the skies! A sud - den tremb-ling shakes the ground!

The second system of the hymn continues with four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'so - lemn darkness veils the skies! A sud - den tremb-ling shakes the ground!'.

pia.

Come saints and drop a tear or two For him who groan'd be - neath your load; He shed a thous - and drops for you, A thous - and drops of

Come saints and drop a tear or two For him who groan'd be - neath your load; He shed a thous - and drops for you, A thous - and drops of

pia

rich - er blood! Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree, The Lord of Glo - ry dies for

rich - er blood! Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree, The Lord of Glo - ry dies for

Cres.

men! But lo! what sud - den joys we see; Je - sus the dead re - vives a - gain.

men! But lo! what sud - den joys we see; Je - sus the dead re - vives a - gain.

CHORUS VIVACE. *for*

The ri-sing God for - sakes the tomb! Up to his Father's court he flies; Che - ru - bic legions guard him home, And shout him wel - come

The ri-sing God for - sakes the tomb! Up to his Father's court he flies; Che - ru - bic legions guard him home, And shout him wel - come

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of the chorus. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is in a 4/4 time signature.

to the skies! Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great de - liv'rer reigns! Sing how he spoil'd the

to the skies! Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great de - liv'rer reigns! Sing how he spoil'd the

pia

pia

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of the chorus. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The word 'piano' (p) is written above the staff at the beginning of the second line. The word 'piano' (p) is written above the staff at the beginning of the second line.

MAESTOSO

hosts of hell, And led the ty - rant death in chains! Say, " Live for e - ver, glo - rious King, - Born to re - deem, in - struct and

hosts of hell, And led the ty - rant death in chains! Say, " Live for e - ver, glo - rious King, Born to re - deem, in - struct and

for save!" Then ask—" O death, where is thy sting! And where thy vic - to - ry, O grave!" And where thy vic - to - ry, O grave!" *ff*

for save!" Then ask—" O death, where is thy sting! And where thy vic - to - ry, O grave!" And where thy vic - to - ry, O grave!" *ff*

E

No. 32.

OUR LORD IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD—HYMN 31.

Dr. Arnold.

Arranged for four voices by J. Cole.

ANDANTE MODERATO.

Our Lord is ri - sen from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high ; The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, dragg'd to the

ANDANTE MODERATO.

Our Lord is ri - sen from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high ; The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, dragg'd to the

por - tals of the sky. The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the
por - tals of the sky. The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the

sky There his tri - um - phal chariot waits, And an - gels chaunt the so - lemn lay; "Lift up your heads, ye

sky There his tri - um - phal chariot waits, And an - gels chaunt the so - lemn lay; "Lift up your heads, ye

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "sky There his tri - um - phal chariot waits, And an - gels chaunt the so - lemn lay; "Lift up your heads, ye".

heav'nly gates, Ye e - ver - lasting doors give way, Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye e - ver - last - ing doors give way.

heav'nly gates, Ye e - ver - lasting doors give way, Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye e - ver - last - ing doors give way.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The music continues in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are: "heav'nly gates, Ye e - ver - lasting doors give way, Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye e - ver - last - ing doors give way."

SYM.

SOLO.

Loose all your bars of mas sy light, And wide un - fold the

ra - - - diant scene; He claims those man - sions as his right, Re - ceive the

King of Glo - ry in. He claims those man - sions as his right, Re -

ceive the King of glo - ry in. Re - ceive the King of Glo - ry in

Loose all your bars of mas - sy light, And
wide un - fold the ra - diant scene; He claims those man - sions as his
right, Re - ceive the King of Glo - ry in. He claims those man - sions
as his right, Re - ceive the King of Glo - ry in. Re - ceive the
King of Glo - ry in. SYM. VOLTI.

SEMI-CHORUS. *Maestoso*

TUTTI

Who is the King of Glo - ry? Who? Who, Who is the King of Glo - ry who? The Lord, that all his foes o'er

SEMI-CHORUS. *Maestoso*

TUTTI

Who is the King of Glo - ry? Who? Who, Who is the King of Glo - ry who? The Lord, that all his foes o'er

pia *cres* *for*
came, The world, sin, death and hell o'er - threw, And Je - sus is the conq'ers name, And Je - sus is the conq'ers name, And Je - sus

pia *cres* *for*
came, The world, sin, death and hell o'er - threw, And Je - sus is the conq'ers name, And Je - sus is the conq'ers name. And Je - sus

TUTTI for

is the conq'ers name. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, and An - gels chaunt the so - lemn lay.

TUTTI for

is the conq'ers name. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, and Angels chaunt the solemn lay,

SEMI-CHORUS.

TUTTI

Lift up your heads ye heav'n-ly gates, ye e - ver - lasting doors give way. Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, ye e - ver - lasting doors give way,

SEMI-CHORUS.

TUTTI

Lift up your heads ye heav'n-ly gates, ye e - ver - lasting doors give way. Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, ye e - ver - lasting doors give way,

SEMI-CHORUS.

TUTTI

Who is the King of Glory. Who? Who? Who? who is the King of Glory Who? The Lord of boundless pow'r possess, The King of Saints and An - gels

SEMI-CHORUS.

TUTTI

Who is the King of Glory. Who? Who? Who? who is the King of Glory Who? The Lord of boundless pow'r possess, The King of Saints and An - gels

too, God o - ver all, for ever blest, God over all, for e - ver blest, God o - ver all, for e - ver blest, God o - ver all, for e - ver blest, for e - ver blest.

too, God o - ver all, for ever blest, God over all, for e - ver blest, God o - ver all, for e - ver blest, God o - ver all, for e - ver blest, for e - ver blest.

No. 33.

SUPPLICATION—HYMN 32.

J. Cole.

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with an-gry look, But blot their mem'-ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy pres-ence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom earth and heav'n adore.
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

No. 34.

CROWLE—HYMN 33.

Dr. Green.

How oft, a-las! this wretched heart Has wander'd from the Lord! How oft my roving thoughts de-part, For-get-ful of his word!

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

F

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wond'rous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

No. 35.

BETHESDA—HYMN 34.

German.

How long, thou faithful God, shall I, Here in thy ways for-got - ten lie? When shall the means of heal - ing be The channels of thy grace to me?

2 Sinners on ev'ry side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 Thou cov'nant-angel, swift come down,
To-day, thy own appointments crown;
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'st I would be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And Minister thy healing love.

No. 36.

KENT—HYMN 35.

Dr. Green.

O That my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit, At Jesu's feet to lay it down! To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
'Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would; but thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, My Saviour, come away!

No. 37.

ST. JAMES'—HYMN 36.

Courteville.

How helpless, guilty na - ture lies, Un - concious of its load! The heart unchang'd can ne - ver rise To hap - pi - ness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason debas'd can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can ought beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew

4 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live!
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray
'Tis thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

No. 38.

FULHAM—HYMN 37.

J. Baildon.

A - las, what hourly dan - gers rise! What snares beset my way! To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes, And hour - ly watch and pray

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid,

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 When'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

No. 39.

HEAVENLY JOY—HYMN 38.

J. Cole.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart, In - spire each lifeless* tongue ; And let the joys of heav'n im - part their in - flu'nce to our song.

And let the joys of heav'n im - part Their in - fluence to our song

2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more ;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
'Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

No. 40.

BALTIMORE—HYMN 39.

J. Cole.

Join in a song, with
Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song, with
Join in a
Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
song, with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But favorites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

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

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 41.

BEDFORD—HYMN 40.

W. Wheel.

How long shall earth's al-lur-ing toys De-tain our hearts and eyes, Re-gard-less of im-mor-tal joys, And stran-gers to the skies?

- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

No. 42.

IRISH—HYMN 41.

When I can read my ti-tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

No. 43.

CHICHESTER—HYMN 42.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'in - sure the great re - ward; And while the lamp holds out to

burn, The vil - est sin - ner The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.
burn, The vil - est sin - ner
burn, The vil - est sin - ner The vil - est sin - ner The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.
burn, The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.

2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Ner faith, ner hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

No 44.

CAMBRIDGE—HYMN 43.

Dr. Randal.

Ye humble souls, ap - proach your God, With songs of sa - cred praise, For he is good, su - preme - ly good,

And kind are all his ways. And kind are all his ways.
 And kind are all his ways. And kind are all his ways.
 And kind are all his ways. And kind are all his ways.

And kind are all his ways.

- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.

- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
 With bliss divinely free.

- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
 What honours shall we raise?
 Not all th' angelic songs above
 Can render equal praise.
- To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

No. 45.

MORNING HYMN—HYMN 44.

J. Cole.

A - wake my soul, and with the sun Thy daily course of duty run ; Shake off dull sloth, and early rise To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past ;
 Live this day, as if 'twere thy last :
 T' improve thy talents take due care ;
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part ;
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 Glory to thee, eternal King.

6 May I like you in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight ;
 Perform like you my Maker's will :
 O ! may I never more do ill.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear :
 Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir ;
 May your devotion me inspire ;
 That I like you my age may spend,
 Like you may on my God attend.

7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

9 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

No. 46.

EVENING HYMN—HYMN 45.

T. Tallis.

Glory to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light : Keep me, O keep me, king of kings, Under thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
 Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
 To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply :
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
 Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
 Divine love into me instil,
 Stop all the avenues of ill.

7 Thought to thought with my soul converse,
 Celestial joys to me rehearse ;
 And in my stead, all the night long,
 Sing to my God a grateful song.

8 Praise God, from whom all blessing flow,
 Praise him : all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, y' angelic host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

No. 47.

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

Dr. Madan.

Arranged for four voices by B. Jacobs, organist of Surry Chappel; to which is added
the celebrated Duetto, by Dixon.

for.

Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow, with sa - cred joy; Know that the

for.

Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow, with sa - cred joy; Know that the

ANDANTE

MAESTOSO.

pia.

for.

Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate and he de - stroy. He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.

pia. *for.*

Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy. He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.

AFFETTUOSO.

pia.

His sov' reign pow'r, With - out our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; and when like wand'ring

sheep we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain, He brought us to his fold a - gain.

DUETTO—ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.

We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls and all our mor - - tal frame: What last - ing

last - ing ho - nors shall we rear. Al - - migh - - ty. ma - ker to thy name. What

pia. cres. for pia.

What las - ting ho - - nors shall we rear, Al - - migh - ty ma - - ker to thy name.

last - ing

We'll croud thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces raise, And earth, and earth with her ten thousand thousand

CHORUS WITH SPIRIT

pia. for.

We'll croud thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces raise, And earth, and earth with her ten thousand thousand

for. for. 1 2

tongues, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, shall fill, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, praise.

pia. for. pia. for. 1 2

tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, shall fill, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, praise.

MAESTOSO.

Wide, Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth will stand, When

Wide, Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth will stand, When

for.
rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When rol - ling years shall cease to move.

pia. *for.*
rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When rol - ling years shall cease to move.

No. 48.

WILTON—HYMN 47.

Dr. Blow.

To our Re - de - - mer's glo - rious name A - wake the sa - cred song!

O may his love, im - mor - tal flame! Tune ev' ry heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach? 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
What mortal tongue display? Left the bright realms of bliss,
Imagination's utmost stretch And came to earth to bleed and die!
In wonder dies away. Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour dy'd for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

No. 49.

ARMLEY—HYMN 48.

To Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Lord, That name in heav'n and earth a - dor'd, Fain would our hearts and voi - ces raise

A cheer - ful song of sa - cred praise.

- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreading agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope and joy to ev'ry heart.

No. 50.

MOUNT-EPHRAIM—HYMN 49.

B. Milgrove.

Wel - come sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to this re - vi - ving breast and these re - joicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

No. 51.

EBENEZER—HYMN 50.

J. Cole.

Far from my thoughts vain world begone, Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone; From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold communion Lord with thee.

1 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

No. 52.

BROOMSGROVE—HYMN 51.

Should nature's charms to please the eye, In sweet assemblage join, All nature's charms would droop & die, Je-sus, compar'd with thine, Jesus compar'd with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.

3 But ah! how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

4 O could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!

5 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there (divine employ!)
The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?

No. 53.

SALEM—HYMN 52.

Father of mercies! in thy word What endless glo-ry shines! For - e - ver be thy name ador'd For these celestial For these For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimers sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

No. 54.

NEW SABBATH—HYMN 53.

E - ter - nal source of ev' - ry joy! Well may thy praise our lips em - ploy,

While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, To hail thee, Sov' reign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring at thy command
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coast redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar
Where days and years revolve no more.

No. 55.

FUNERAL THOUGHT—HYMN 54.

J. Smith.

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

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your tow'rs!
"The tall, the wise, the reverend head
"Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

No 56.

HULL—To the above Hymn.

Rev. J. Chetham.

No. 57.

LORD OF LIFE, ALL PRAISE EXCELLING—HYMN 55.

Originally set as a Solo by Mr. Stevens—Harmonized by J. Cole.

MODERATO.

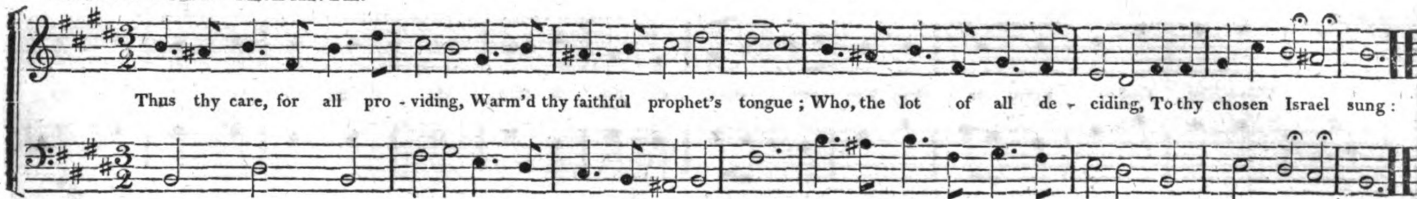
TREBLE SOLO.

Lord of life, all praise ex-celling, Thou, in glo-ry un-con-fin'd, Deign'st to make thy hum-ble dwell-ing

With the poor of hum-ble mind. As thy love, through all cre-a-tion, Beams like thy dif-fu-sive

light; So the scorn'd and humble station Shrinks before thine e-qual sight.

TENOR SOLO—ANDANTE.



Thus thy care, for all pro - viding, Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue ; Who, the lot of all de - ciding, To thy chosen Israel sung :

TREBLE VOICES.—ALLEGRO MODERATO.



When thine harvest yields thee pleasure, Thou the gold - en sheaf shalt bind ; To the poor be - longs the trea - sure



of the scat - ter'd ears be - hind.

VOLTI—CHORUS.

6 When thine olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.

Chorus.—These, &c.

7 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thy autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

Chorus.—These, &c.

CHORUS.

These thy God or - dains to bless, The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less. These thy God or - dains to

These thy God or - dains to bless, The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less. These thy God or - dains to

bless, The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less.

The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less. SYM.

bless, The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less.

The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less.

DUETTO—AFFETTUOSO.

Still we read thy word de - clar - ing mercy, Lord, thine own de - cree; Mercy ev'ry sorrow sharing, Warms the heart re - sembling thee.
Still the orphan and the stranger, Still the widow owns thy care; Screen'd by thee in ev'ry danger, Heard by thee in ev'ry pray'r.

CHORUS.

pia. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. *for.* Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
pia. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. *for.* Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

No. 58.

ST. MARKS—HYMN 56.

Father of mercies! in thy house We pay our homage and our vows; Whilst with a grateful heart we share these pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprang th' *Apostle's* honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,
And hence the *evangelic* page.

4 In lower forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *Teachers* rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long extended line.

5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilst guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.

6 So shall the bright succession run,
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

7 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

No. 59.

TRURO—HYMN 57.

Handel.

Father of mercies! bow thine ear, Attentive to our earnest pray'r; We plead for those who plead for thee, Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquisitions are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound.
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.

Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

No. 60.

AYLESBURY—PSALM 25.

Rev. J. Chetham.



To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; O let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice.

3 Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.

4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help;
On thee I wait all day.

6 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever kind.

7 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous goodness sake,
In mercy think on me.

No. 61.

CHESTER—PSALM 51.

J. Cole.



Have mer-cy, Lord, on me, As thou wert e-ver kind; Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt, Thy wont-ed mer-cy find.

2, 3 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

4 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd; and, though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.

5 In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

8 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.

9, 10 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

No. 62.

• NEWTON—PSALM 67.

J. Smith.

To bless thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, in - cline ; And cause the brightness of thy face on all thy saints to shine.

CHORUS to the last five verses.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.

pia. Praise ye the Lord, *for.* Hal-le-lu-jah, *pia.* Praise ye the Lord, *for.* Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.

2 That so thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known ;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth ;
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let diff'ring nations join
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

6 Then shall the teeming ground
 A large increase disclose ;
 And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
 Which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings show'r ;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of his resistless pow'r.

No. 63.

ADESTE FIDELES—PSALM 95.

S. Webbe.

O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - mighty King ; For we our voices.

high should raise, When our sal - va - tion, When our sal - va - tion, When our sal - va - tions rock we raise.

2 Into his presence let us haste
 To thank him for his favours past ;
 To him address, in joyful songs,
 The praise that to his name
 The praise that to his name
 The praise that to his name belongs.

6 O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there ;
 Down on our knees devoutly all
 Before the Lord our maker,
 Before the Lord our maker,
 Before the Lord our maker fall.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be ever,
 Is now, and shall be ever,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

The following translation from the Latin Hymn "ADESTE FIDELES," although not set forth by the General Convention, has been frequently sung as a Prelude to the Service for Christmas-Day—See Dr. Hobart's Festivals and Fasts, page 135.

Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph ;
 To Beth'chem haste, the Lord of life to meet ;
 To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour—
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

O Jesus ! for such wond'rous condescension
 Our thanks and praises are an offering meet ;
 Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us,
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

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

No. 64.

OLD HUNDRED—PSALM 100.

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

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

No. 65.

SHOEL—PSALM 112, Verse 4.

T. Shoel.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light Shines brightest in affliction's night ; To pity the distress'd inclin'd, As well as just to all mankind.

5 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground :
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

7 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that, fix'd on God relies :
On safety's rock he sits and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

9 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd,
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

No. 66.

NEWCOURT—PSALM 113.

H. Bond.

Ye saints and ser - vants of the Lord, The triumphs of his name re - cord; His sa - cred name for - e - ver bless.

Where'er the cir - cling sun dis - plays His rising beams or set - ting rays, Due praise to his great name ad - dress.

God through the world extends his sway :
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are :
 With him whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heav'ns in which he dwells,
 Let no created pow'r compare.

Though 'tis beneath his state to view
 In highest heav'n what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
 And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
 Be glory, as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

No. 67.

NINETY-SIXTH PSALM.

Dr. Miller.

Sing to the Lord a new made song; Let earth in one as - sem - bled throug Her common pa - tron's praise resound: Sing to the Lord, and bless his

name, From day to day his praise proclaim, Who us has with salva - tion crown'd: To heathen lands his fame rehearse, His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore;
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess;
And heav'nly mirth let earth express;
Its loud applause the ocean roar;
Its mute inhabitats rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile vallies sing,
The chearful groves their tribute bring,
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate;
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take:
From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

No. 68.

TRUMPET—PSALM 148.

Handel.

Ye boundless realms of joy, exalt your Maker's fame; His praise your songs employ, His praise your songs employ, a - bove the starry frame, a -

bove the starry frame: Your voices raise, Ye cherubim, And seraphim to sing his praise. Your voices raise, Ye cherubim and seraphim, To sing his praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun that guid'st the day,
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay:
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose Almighty word
 They all from nothing came:
 And all shall last,
 From changes free;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

United zeal be shown,
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise:
 Earth's utmost ends
 His pow'r obey;
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit ever bless'd
 Eternal three in one.
 All worship be address'd;
 As heretofore
 It was, is now,
 And shall be so
 For evermore.

No. 69.

HANOVER—PSALM 149.

Handel.

O praise ye the Lord, pre - pare your glad voice, His praise in the great as - sem - bly to sing: In

our great Cre - a - tor let Is - rael re - joice; And children of Si - on be glad of their King.

3 4 Let them his great name extol in the dance ;
With timbrel and harp his praises express ;
Who always takes pleasure his saints to advance,
And with his salvation the humble to bless.

By angels in heav'n of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be address'd
To God in three persons, one God ever bless'd ;
As it has been, now is, and always shall be.

CHANTS, DOXOLOGIES AND RESPONSES.



MORNING PRAYER:

INTRODUCTORY SENTENCE.

RECITATIVE.

T. Costellow.

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, let all the earth keep silence, let all the earth keep silence be - fore him.

ANDANTE—*The first time, one voice on each part ; Repeat in Full Chorus.*

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, let all the earth keep silence, let all the earth keep si - lence be - fore him.

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, let all the earth keep silence, let all the earth keep si - lence be - fore him.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS.*

DOUBLE

O come, let us sing un-.....to...the...Lord,....let us heartily rejoice in the strength of....our sal-.....va-.....tion.
 For the Lord is.....a...great...God;....and a great.....King a-.....bove all....Gods.
 The sea is his and.....he...made.....it;....and his hands pre.....pa-red.....the dry....land.
 For he is the.....Lord.our....God;....and we are the people of his pasture and the....sheep.....of his....hand.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS—concluded.

Mr. R. Taylor, Philadelphia.

MINORE.

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world and the people with his truth.

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world and the people with his truth.

* To be omitted on the 19th day of the month.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS—continued.

Dr. Boyce.

CHANT.

Let us come before his presence.....with thanks- giving.....and shew ourselves.....glad in..... him with..... psalms.
 In his hands are all the corners.....of the.....earth;.....and the strength of the.....hills is..... his al..... so.
 O come let us worship.....and fall.....down,.....and kneel before the..... Lord our..... ma..... ker.
 O worship the Lord in the beauty of...ho-li.....ness;.....let the whole earth.....stand in.....awe of.....him.

GLORIA PATRI; OR, GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and World to the Holy Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be Amen.

Glory be to..... God on..... high,..... and on earth peace, good..... will to..... wards..... men.
 We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify..... thee,..... thy great..... glo..... ry.
 O Lord God,..... heav'nly..... King,..... God the..... Father al..... migh..... ty.
 O Lord, the only be..... gotten..... Son..... Je..... sus..... Christ.
 O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the..... Fa..... ther..... that takest away the sins of the world, have..... mercy up..... on..... us.
 Thou that takest away the sins..... of the..... world,..... have..... re..... ceive..... our..... pray'r..... us.
 Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the..... Fa..... ther..... have..... mercy up..... on..... us.
 For thou only art..... ho..... ly..... thou..... only..... art the..... Lord.
 Thou only, O Christ, with the..... Holy..... Ghost,..... art most high in the glory of..... God the..... Fa..... ther.

N. B.—Sing AMEN to the two last notes of the first part, and to the two last bars of the second part.

TE DEUM.

DOUBLE

Musical score for the first part of 'Te Deum'. It consists of four staves: Treble 1, Treble 2, Treble 3, and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with quarter and half notes.

We praise..... thee O..... God..... We acknowledge..... thee to..... be the..... Lord,
 To thee all angels..... cry a..... loud..... The heav'ns and..... all the..... pow'rs there in,
 Holy, Holy,..... Ho..... ly..... Lord..... God of..... Saba..... oth,

SECOND PART.

DOUBLE

Musical score for the second part of 'Te Deum'. It consists of four staves: Treble 1, Treble 2, Treble 3, and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music continues in the same homophonic style as the first part.

The glorious company of the apostles... praise..... thee..... The goodly fellowship of the..... prophets... praise..... thee,
 The Father of an infinite..... ma-jes-ty..... Thine adorable..... true and..... only..... Son,
 Thou art the King of glory..... O..... Christ..... Thou art the everlasting..... Son of the Fa-ther,
 When thou hadst overcome the... sharpness of... death..... Thou didst open the kingdom of heav'n to... all be-... lie-... vers,

TE DEUM—continued.

Dr. Dupuis.

CHANT.

All the earth doth wor-ship thee, the Father. e-ver- last- ing.
 To thee cherubim and seraph- im, con- tinual- ly do ery.
 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glo- ry.

CHANT.

T. Jackson.

The noble army of martyrs praise thee, the holy church throughout all the world doth ac knowledge thee.
 Also the Ho-ly Ghost the co- m- fort- er.
 When thou tookest upon thee to de- li-ver man thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Vir- gin.
 Thou sittest at the right hand of God in the glory of the Fa- ther.

TE DEUM—continued.

MINORE—Slow and Solemn.

DOUBLE

The musical score consists of four staves (treble and bass clefs) with lyrics printed below. The lyrics are: "We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge. Make them to be number'd with thy saints in glory ever last ing. Day by day we magnify thee; and we worship thy name world without end. O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us; as our trust is in thee."

JUBILATE—No. 1.

J. Cole.

The musical score consists of four staves (treble and bass clefs) with lyrics printed below. The lyrics are: "O be ye joyful in the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness & come before his presence with a song. Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, it is he that made us, and not we our selves; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is ever lasting; and his truth endureth from generation to generation."

O be ye joyful in the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness & come before his presence with a song.
 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, it is he that made us, and not we our selves; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.
 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name.
 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is ever lasting; and his truth endureth from generation to generation.
 Glory be to the Father, &c.

TE DEUM—continued.

CHANT.

We therefore pray thee bless thy.....	ser.....	vants, ..	whom thou hast re.....	deem'd with thy ..	precious ..	blood.
O Lord save thy people and bless thine.....	heri.....	tage; ..	govern them and lift them.....	up for.....	e.....	ver.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day.....	without ..	sin.....	O Lord have mercy upon us, have ..	mercy up.....	on.....	us.
O Lord, in thee have I.....	trust.....	ed.....	let me never.....	be con.....	found.....	ed.

BENEDICTUS—No. 1.

Blessed be the Lord God of.....	Is-ra.....	el, ..	for he hath visited and re.....	deem'd his.....	peo.....	ple.
And hath raised up a mighty salvation.....	for.....	us, ..	in the house of his ..	servant.....	Da.....	vid.
As he spake by the mouth of his holy.....	pro.....	phets, ..	which have been ..	since the ..	world be.....	gan.
That we should be saved from our.....	ene.....	mies ..	and from the hand of.....	all that.....	hate.....	us.

JUBILATE—No. 2—DOUBLE CHANT.

Rev. Wm. Jones.

O be joyful in the Lord all ye lands, &c.

BENEDICTUS—No. 2—DOUBLE CHANT.

T. Jackson.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, &c.

JUBILATE—No. 3. *Dr. Woodward.*

This musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with quarter and eighth notes.

JUBILATE—No. 4. *J. Cole.*

This musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with quarter and eighth notes.

BENEDICTUS—No. 3—GREGORIAN CHANT.

This musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with quarter and eighth notes.

BENEDICTUS—No. 4. *Dr. Aldrich.*

This musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with quarter and eighth notes.

ON EASTER DAY,
AT MORNING PRAYER, INSTEAD OF VENITE EXULTEMUS.

Rev'd. W. Jones.



Christ our passover is sacrific'd for us ; therefore let us keep the feast.	Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malace and wickedness ; but with the unleavened bread of sin ; death hath no more dominion over him.	Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more ; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.	Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin ; but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.	Christ is risen from the dead ; and become the first fruits of them that slept.	For since by man came death ; by man came also the resurrection of the dead.	For as in Adam all die ; even so in Christ shall all be made alive.	Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;	As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.
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CHRISTMAS HYMN.*

Trebles—This day for us our Lord was born, come let us adore him.	Chorus—Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people.	Tenor—And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us, in the house of his servant David.	Solo—As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began.	Tenor—Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel.	Chorus—And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding shall be upon him.	Tenor—Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee, thou art my Son and I will glorify thee.	Solo—I will give the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.	Chorus—Glory be to the Father, &c. and as drops of dew disappear, tilling up the earth.	Treble—He shall come down as rain into a fleece of wool, and as drops of dew disappear, those that are with him.	Tenor—He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and gently lead them, in his arms, and carry them, in his arms, and carry them, in his arms.	Treble—He shall gather the lambs to his bosom, and shall gather the lambs to his bosom, and shall gather the lambs to his bosom.	Tenor—The bruised reed he shall not break, nor shall he break, nor shall he break, nor shall he break.	Treble—Righteousness and peace shall flourish, and of his kingdom, there shall be no end.	Chorus—Glory be to the Father, &c.
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* Chiefly selected from the Office of Devotion for Christmas Day—See Dr. Hobart's Festivals.

EVENING PRAYER:

INTRODUCTORY SENTENCE.

Barthelemon.

for.

First Trebles.

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, let all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him.

Second Trebles ; or Counter Tenors, an Octave higher.

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, let all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him.

FULL CHORUS.

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, let all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him.

Second Treble, or Counter Tenor.

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, let all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him.

CANTATE DOMINO.

DOUBLE

O sing unto the Lord..... a new..... song ;..... for he..... hath done..... marv' lous things.
 The Lord declared his sal..... va..... tion ;..... his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the..... sight of..... the hea- then.
 Shew yourselves joyful in the Lord..... all ye..... lands ;..... sing, re..... joice and..... give ... thanks.
 With trumpets al..... so and..... shawms, O shew yourselves joyful be..... fore the..... Lord the king.
 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be..... fore the..... Lord ;..... for he..... cometh to..... judge the earth.

BONUM EST CONFITERI—No. 1.

It is a good thing to give thanks un..... to the..... Lord,..... and to sing praises unto thy..... name O..... most high..... est !
 To tell of thy loving kindness early in the..... morn..... ing ;..... and of thy..... truth in the..... night sea- son ;
 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up..... on the..... lute ;..... upon a loud instrument..... and up..... on the..... harp ;
 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad..... thro' thy..... works ;..... and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope..... ra- tions..... of thy..... hands.

CANTATE DOMINO—continued.

Dr. Boyce.

CHANT.

The Chant section consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a whole note, followed by a half note, and then a quarter note. The second staff has a whole note, a half note with a sharp sign, and a quarter note. The third and fourth staves continue the melodic line with various note values and rests.

With his own right hand, and with his holy arm, hath he gotten him self the victo- ry.
 He hath remember'd his mercy & truth toward the house of Isra- el; and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- vation of our God.
 Praise the Lord up- on the harp; sing to the Lord with a psalm of thankgiv- ing.
 Let the sea make a noise and all that therein is, the round world and they that dwell there- in.
 With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equi- ty.

BONUM EST CONFITERI—No. 2.

The section 'Bonum Est Confiteri—No. 2' consists of four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and common time (C). It features a mix of whole, half, and quarter notes.

DEUS MISEREATUR*—No. 1.

Dr. Aldrich.

God be merciful unto us	and bless	us,	and shew us the light of his countenance, and be	merciful	unto	us.
That thy way be may known	upon	earth,	thy saving health a	mong all	na	tions.
Let the people praise	thee, O	God;	yea, let all the	people	praise	thee.
O let the nations rejoice	and be	glad;	for thou shalt judge the folk righteously & govern the	nations	upon	earth.
Let the people praise	thee, O	God;	yea, let all the	people	praise	thee.
Then shall the earth bring forth	her in	crease;	and God, even our own God, shall	give us his	bles	ing.
God	shall bless	us,	and all the ends of the	world shall	fear	him.

DEUS MISEREATUR—No. 2.

Dr. Boyce.

* To be omitted on the 12th day of the month.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA—No. 1.

T. Jackson.

Musical score for 'Benedic, Anima Mea—No. 1' by T. Jackson. The score consists of four staves: Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

Praise the Lord,	O my	soul,	and all that is within	me	praise his	holy	name.
Praise the Lord,	O my	soul,	and forget	not	all his	bene-	fits
Who forgiveth	all thy	sin,	and heal-	eth	all thine in-	firmi-	ties
Who saveth thy life	from destruc-	tion,	and crowneth thee with mercy,	and	loving	kind-	ness
O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex-	cel in	strength;	ye that fulfil his commandment, & hearken un-	to the voice	of his	word	
O praise the Lord all	ye his	hosts;	ye servants of his	that	do his	plea-	sure
O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of	his domi-	nion;	Praise	thou the Lord,	O my	soul	

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA—No. 2.

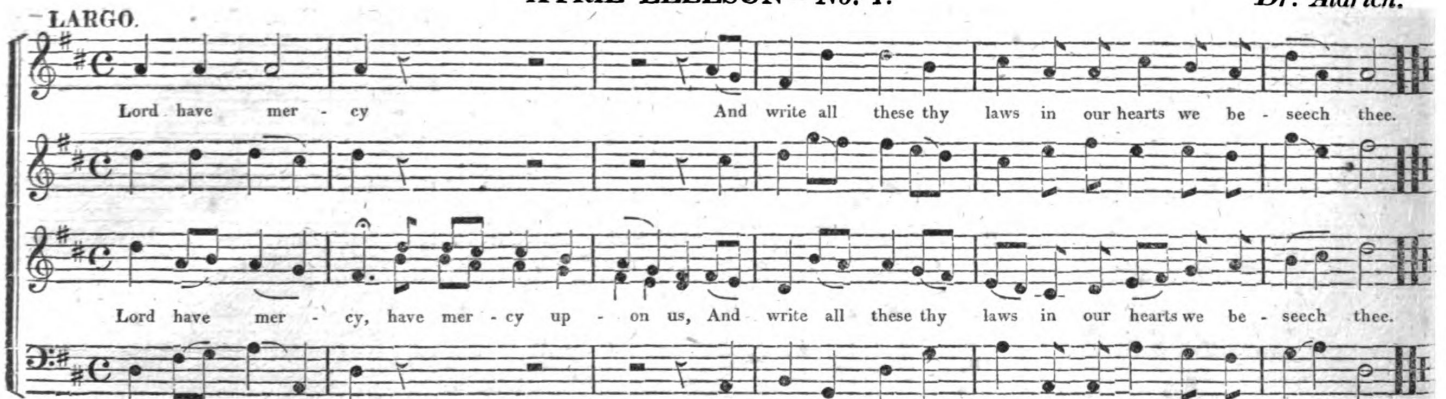
Musical score for 'Benedic, Anima Mea—No. 2'. The score consists of four staves: Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

COMMUNION SERVICE:

KYRIE ELEESON—No. 1.

Dr. Aldrich.

LARGO.



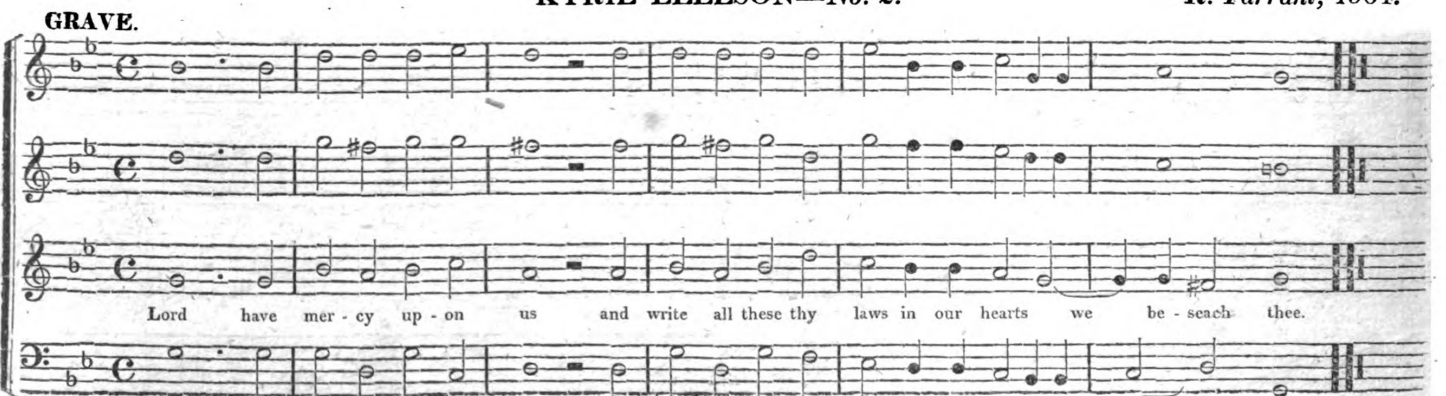
Lord have mer - cy And write all these thy laws in our hearts we be - seech thee.

Lord have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, And write all these thy laws in our hearts we be - seech thee.

KYRIE ELEESON—No. 2.

R. Farrant, 1564.

GRAVE.



Lord have mer - cy up - on us and write all these thy laws in our hearts we be - seech thee.

DOXOLOGIES AFTER THE GOSPEL IS GIVEN OUT.

No. 1. Paxton.

Glo - - - ry Glo - - - ry Glo-ry be to thee O Lord.

No. 2. Pleyel.

Glo - ry be to thee O Lord.

No. 3. Dr. Aldrich.

Glo - - - ry be to thee O Lord.

No. 4. J. Cole.

Glo - - ry be to thee O Lord.

SANCTUS.

PRIEST and PEOPLE—*Therefore, with angels and arch-angels, and with all the company of heaven; we laud and magnify thy holy name; evermore praising thee and saying:*

Ho - - - ly, Ho - - - ly, Ho - - - ly Lord God of hosts, heav'n and earth are full of thy

Ho - - - ly, Ho - - - ly, Ho - - - ly Lord God of hosts, heav'n and earth are full of thy

glo - - ry; Glo - - - - ry be to thee O Lord, To thee O Lord most high.

glo - - ry; Glo - - - - ry be to thee O Lord, To thee O Lord most high.

glo - - ry; Glo - - - - ry be to thee O Lord, To thee O Lord most high.

glo - - ry; Glo - - - - ry be to thee O Lord most high.

GLORIA PATRI—No. 1.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ho - ly Ghost, As it was in the be - - ginning, is

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ho - ly Ghost, As it was in the be - - ginning, is

now and ever shall be, World without end. A - - men. A - - - men,

world with - - out end. A - - - men. A - - - men. World without end. A - - - - - men.

pia. *for.*

now and ever shall be, world with - - out end. A - - - men. A - - - men. World without end. A - - men. A - - - men.

ORGAN. World without end. A - - men. A - - - men.

GLORIA PATRI—No. 2.

Dr. Nares.

ANDANTE.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - - ly Ghost, as it was in the be-

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - - - - ly Ghost, as it was in the be-

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - - - - ly Ghost, as it was in the be - gin - ning, is

Glo - ry be to the Fa - - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - - ly Ghost, as it was in the be-

ginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. A - - - - men. World without end. A-men. A - - - - men.

ginning is now and e - ver shall be world without end. World without end. A - - men. World without end. Amen. A - - - - men.

now and e - - - - ver shall be, world without end. World without end. A - - - - men. A - - men. A - - - - men.

ginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. A - - - - men. World with - out end. A - - - - men.

GLORIA PATRI—No. 3.

J. Cole.

ANDANTE.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, as it was in the be - ginning is now & ever shall be,

Glo - ry be to the Fa - - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, *UNISONS.*

as it was in the be - ginning is now & ever shall be,

Detailed description: This system contains two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Glo - ry be to the Fa - - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, as it was in the be - ginning is now & ever shall be,'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line continues with 'Glo - ry be to the Fa - - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, UNISONS.' and then 'as it was in the be - ginning is now & ever shall be,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment.

ADAGIO.

world without end. A - - men. As it was in the be - ginning, is now and e-ver shall be, world without end. A - - men.

world without end. A - - men. As it was in the be - ginning, is now and e-ver shall be, world without end. A - - men.

world without end. A - - men.

Detailed description: This system contains two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'world without end. A - - men. As it was in the be - ginning, is now and e-ver shall be, world without end. A - - men.' The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line continues with 'world without end. A - - men. As it was in the be - ginning, is now and e-ver shall be, world without end. A - - men.' and then 'world without end. A - - men.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment.

DOXOLOGY AFTER SERMON—No. 1.

ALLEGRO.

for.

To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, the God whom we a - - - dore, *for.* Be glo - ry as it was, is now, and shall be e - ver -

pia. *for.* ADAGIO.

Be glo - - ry as it was, is now, Be glo - ry as it was, is now, and shall be e - - ver - - more.

pia. *for.* ADAGIO.

more, Be glo - - ry as it was, is now, Be glo - ry as it was, is now, and shall be e - - ver - - more.

DOXOLOGY—No. 2.

J. Cole.

ANDANTE MODERATO.

Now, un -- to the king e -- ter - nal, im -- mor - tal, in -- vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise God; Be hon - - - - - eur and glo -
Be honour and glo - ry, be honour and
pia.
Now, un -- to the king e -- ter - nal, im -- mor - tal, in -- vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise God; Be honour and glo - ry, be honour and

ry, thro' Jesus Christ, for ever. A - men. Be hon - our and glo - ry, thro' Je - sus Christ, for e - ver & e - - - ver. A - - men.
glory,
for. *pia.* *cres.* *ff.*
glory, thro' Jesus Christ, for ever. A - men. Be hon - our and glo - ry, thro' Je - sus Christ, for e - ver & e - - - ver. A - - men.

INDEX.

SHORT METRES.		Bexley - - - - - 3	Seabury - - - - - 14	Winchester - - - - - 17
Aylesbury - - - - - 57	MINOR. page	Bath-Chapel - - - - - 4	Supplication - - - - - 33	
Chester - - - - - 57		Bedford - - - - - 38	MAJOR.	PARTICULAR METRES.
Baltimore - - - - - 37	MAJOR.	Broomsgrove - - - - - 49	Angels' - - - - - 13	AS PSALM LXXXVII.
Mansfield - - - - - 21		Cambridge - - - - - 40	Adeste-Fideles - - - - - 59	Surry - - - - - 11
Mount-Ephraim - - - - - 48		Devizes - - - - - 8	Bramcoat - - - - - 16	AS PSALM XCVI.
Newton - - - - - 58		Fulham - - - - - 35	Chichester - - - - - 39	Ninety-Sixth - - - - - 62
COMMON METRES.		Geneva - - - - - 9	Evening Hymn - - - - - 41	AS PSALM CXIII.
Brunswick - - - - - 2	MINOR,	Heavenly-Joy - - - - - 36	Ebenezer - - - - - 48	Newcourt - - - - - 61
Crowle - - - - - 33		Irish - - - - - 38	Fountain - - - - - 6	AS PSALM CXLVIII.
Funeral-Thought - - - - - 51		Liverpool - - - - - 13	Kettering - - - - - 10	Trumpet - - - - - 63
Hull - - - - - 51		Oxford - - - - - 6	Kent - - - - - 34	AS PSALM CXLIX.
Walsal - - - - - 8		Pentecost - - - - - 5	Melcombe - - - - - 15	Hanover - - - - - 64
Windsor - - - - - 15		St. Hellen's - - - - - 16	Morning Hymn - - - - - 41	METRICAL ANTHEMS.
Abingdon - - - - - 1	MAJOR.	St. James' - - - - - 35	New-Sabbath - - - - - 50	Before Jehovah's awful throne 42
Abridge - - - - - 3		Salem - - - - - 49	Old-Hundred - - - - - 60	Hark ! the glad sound - - 18
Arundel - - - - - 5		Westminster - - - - - 4	Portugal - - - - - 11	He dies ! the friend of sinners dies 22
Braintree - - - - - 2		Wilton - - - - - 46	Plymouth - - - - - 12	Lord of life, all praise excelling 52
LONG METRES.		LONG METRES.		Our Lord is risen from the dead 26
		MINOR.	St. Jude's - - - - - 7	
		Armley - - - - - 47	St. Mark's - - - - - 56	
		Bethesda, - - - - - 34	Shoel - - - - - 60	
			Truro - - - - - 56	
			Wareham - - - - - 12	<i>Chants, Doxologies & Responses.</i> 65

