

PLAIN PSALMODY,

OR

pages 45-46 missing

Supplementary Music.

AN

ORIGINAL COMPOSITION, SET IN THREE AND FOUR PARTS:

CONSISTING OF

SEVENTY Psalm and Hymn Tunes and an Anthem, ADAPTED to the
Numerous METRES now extant.

FOR THE USE OF WORSHIPPING SOCIETIES AND SINGING SCHOOLS.

Published according to Act of Congress.

6578

PRINTED, Typographically, AT BOSTON,

By ISAIAH THOMAS AND EBENEZER T. ANDREWS:

Sold at their Bookstore, No. 45, Newbury-Street; by said THOMAS, in Worcester; and by the BOOKSELLERS in Town and Country.—NOVEMBER, 1800.

ADVERTISEMENT.

M. 419. 187

THE present redundancy of music books would seem to discourage an attempt like this. But the Author expects to find a *readier* sale on account of the number and magnitude of other publications. He does not presume on the superior *merits* of the work, but on its *cheapness* and *convenience* to recommend it to notice. Performers are unwilling to throw aside their books and purchase a new edition merely to obtain a few *new tunes*. The "SUPPLEMENTARY MUSIC" contains *many* new tunes adapted to the various metres, in Watts, Tate and Brady, Rippon, Belknap, &c. and is intended as a *Supplement* to the larger singing books which are or may be circulating through the country.

In the general omission of fuges, the Author hopes to meet the approbation and concurrence of the lovers of real devotion.

If this little work should be found to please or to improve, the effort, which was honest, has succeeded, and the Public may again hear from their humble Servant,

Cuthbert Fernald

Jan. 12. 1833.

THE AUTHOR.

NOVEMBER, 1800.

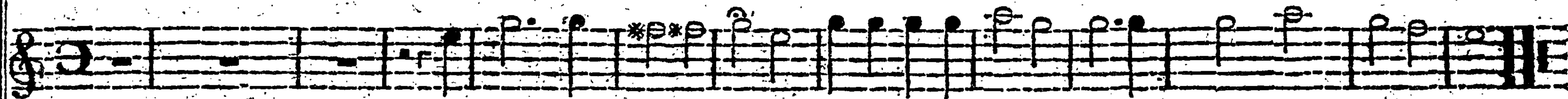
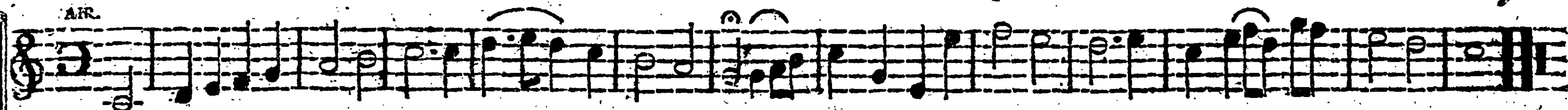
PLAIN PSALMODY, &c.

Heavenly Theme.

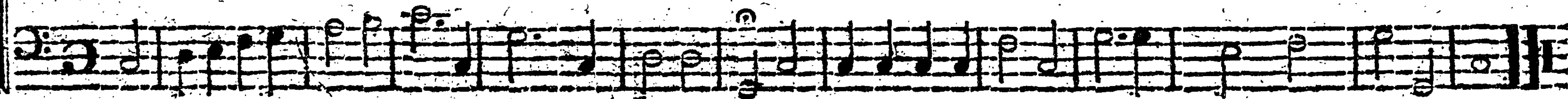
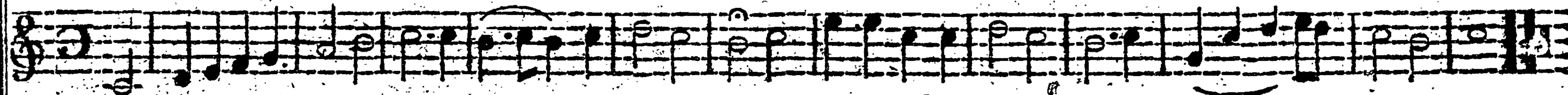
C. M.

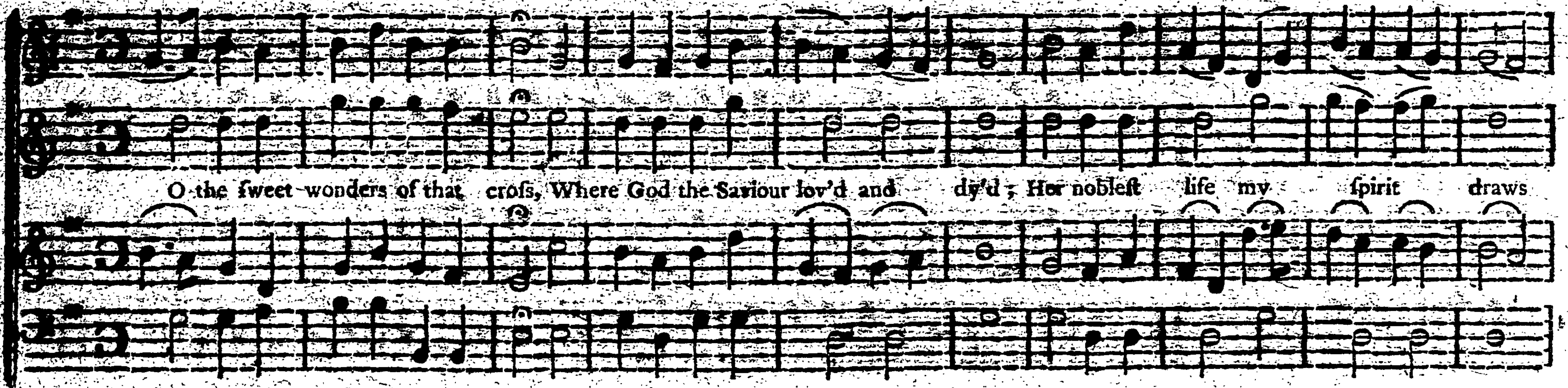
Words by Dr. Watts.

AIR.

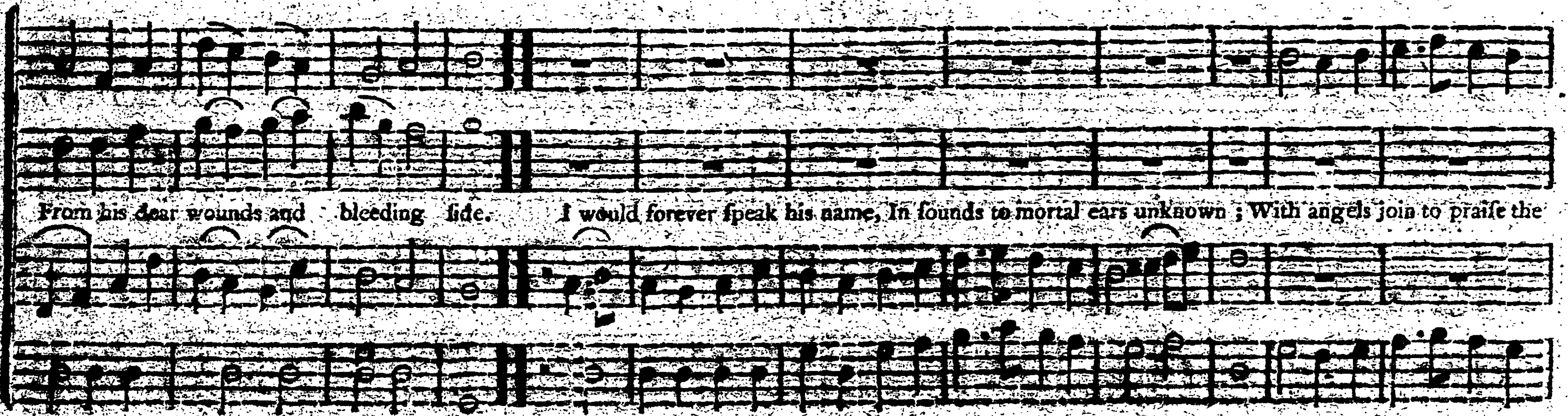


Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme. And speak some lofty thing; The mighty works or mighty name Of our eternal King.





O the sweet wonders of that cross, Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd; Her noblest life my spirit draws



From his dear wounds and bleeding side. I would forever speak his name, In sounds to mortal ears unknown; With angels join to praise the

The Cross Continued.

5

Lamb, And worship at his Father's throne, With angels join, &c. And worship, &c. And, &c.

St. Mary.

L. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.

Father, I bless thy gentle hand, How kind was thy chastising rod! That forc'd my conscience to a stand, And brought my wand'ring soul to God.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century hymnals, with notes, rests, and bar lines clearly visible.

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

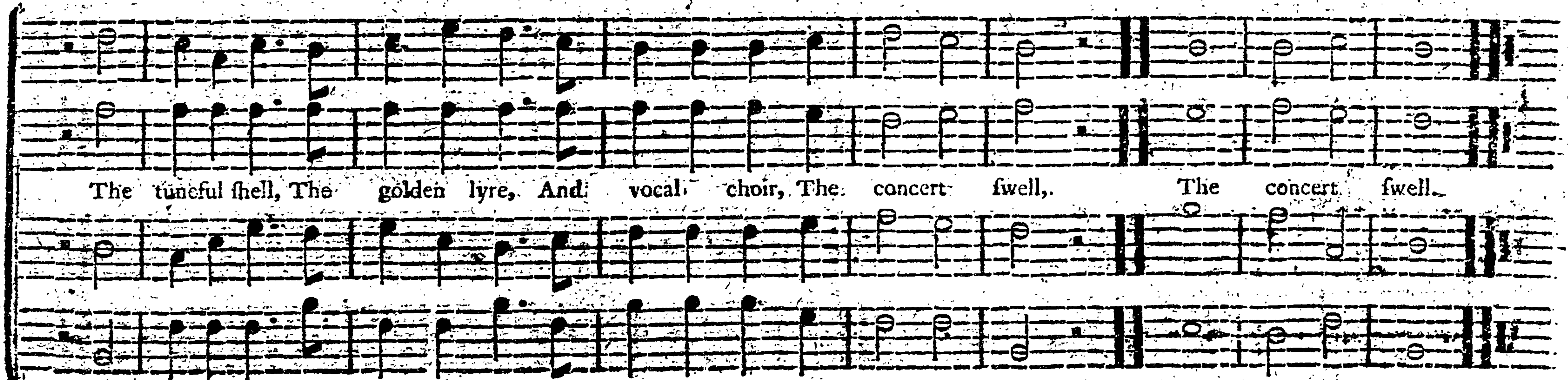
The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century hymnals, with notes, rests, and bar lines clearly visible.

day to day his praise proclaim, Who us with his salvation crown'd. To heathen lands his fame rehearse, His wonders to the universe.

Pia.



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

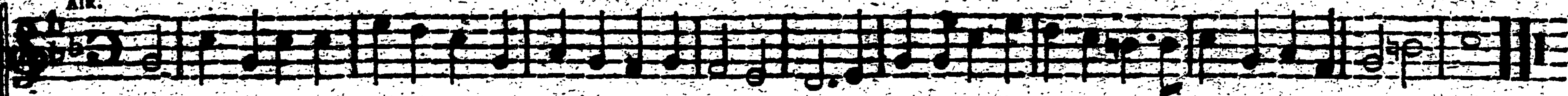


The tuneful shell, The golden lyre, And vocal choir, The concert swell, The concert swell.

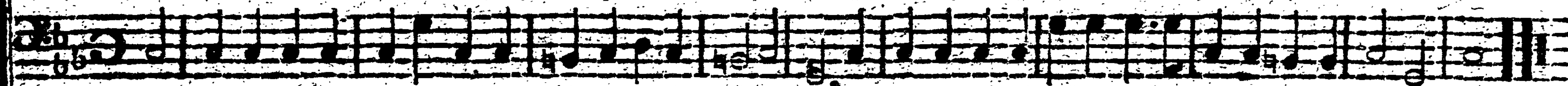
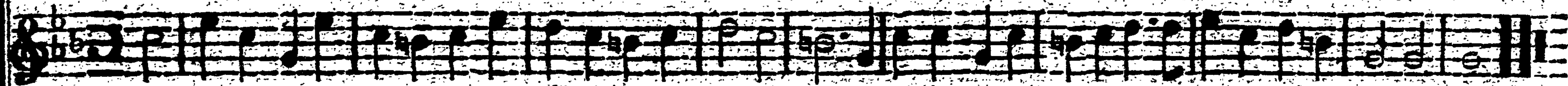
Ephesus. L. M.

Words by Mrs. Steele.

AIR.



Th' uplifted eye and bended knee Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ; In vain our lips thy praise prolong, The heart a stranger to the song.

*Havannah.* P. M.

Words by Mrs. Barbauld.

AIR.



Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days : Bounteous source of ev'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

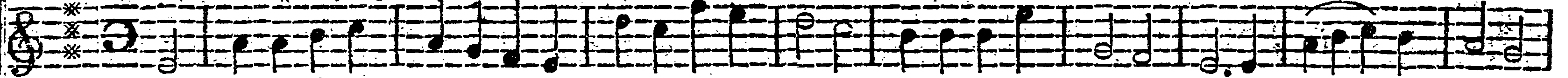


Rising Dawn. C. M.

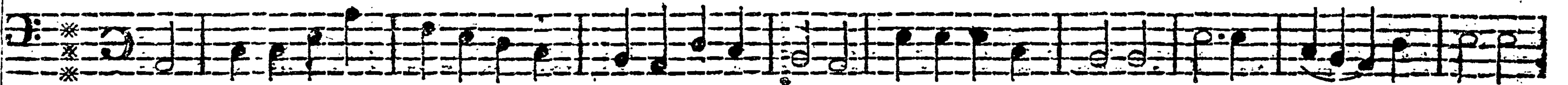
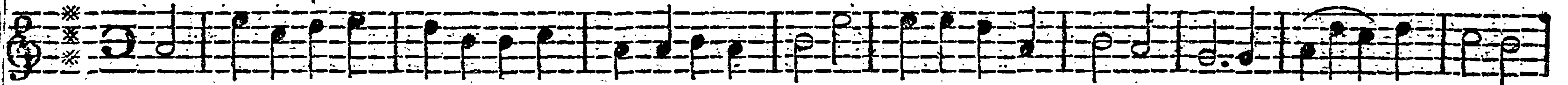
Words from Belknap's Collection.

9

Air.

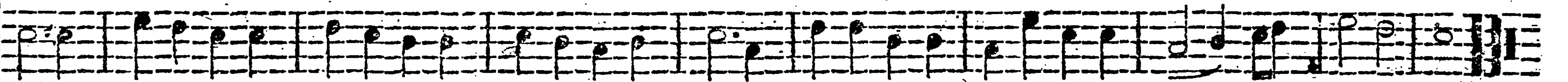
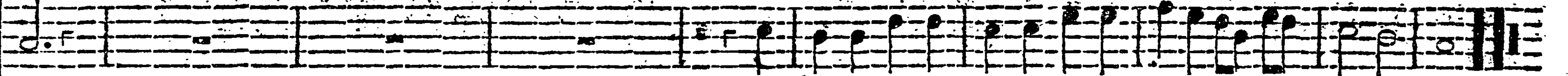


Behold the rising dawn appear, Which calls our willing feet To tread thy courts, O God, and here Our solemn vows re-

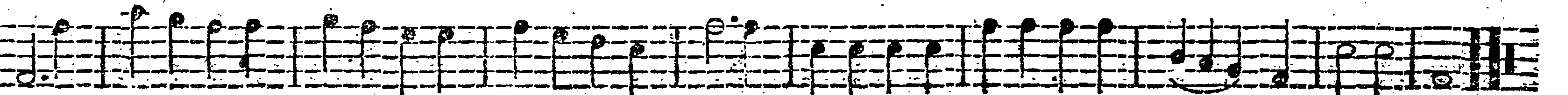


Pia.

Fat.

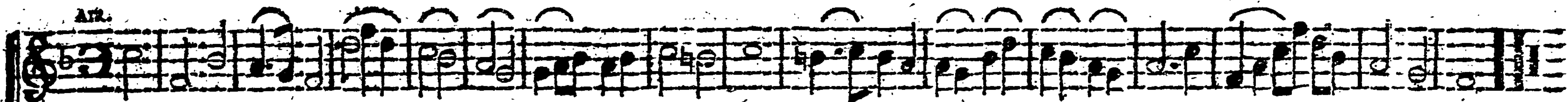


peat. Fair Zion's gates are our delight, Within her walls we stand; And all her happy sons unite In friendship's sacred bands.

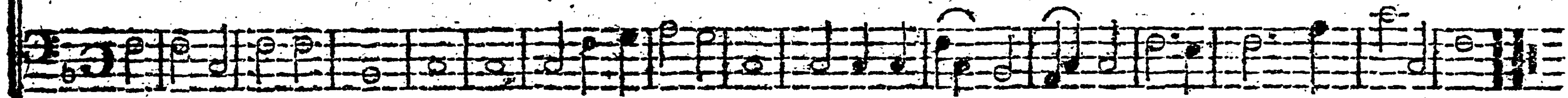
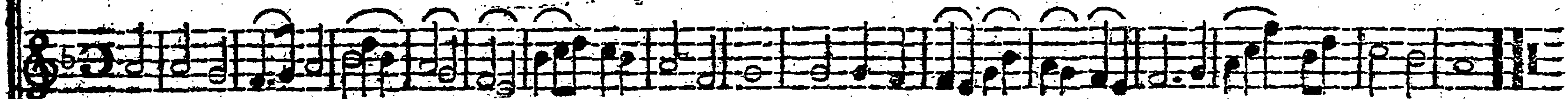


B

And.

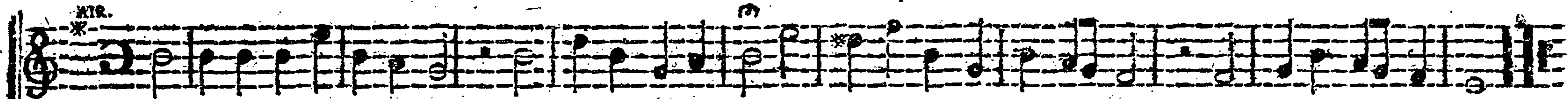


Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise, Thee the creation sings; With thy great name, rocks, hills and seas, And heaven's high palace rings.

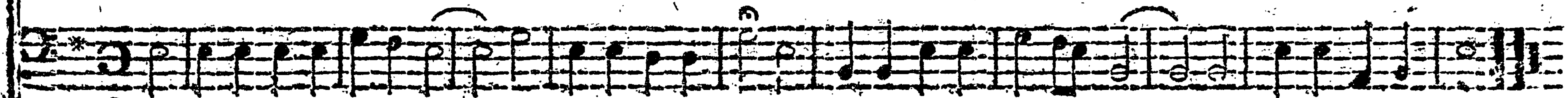
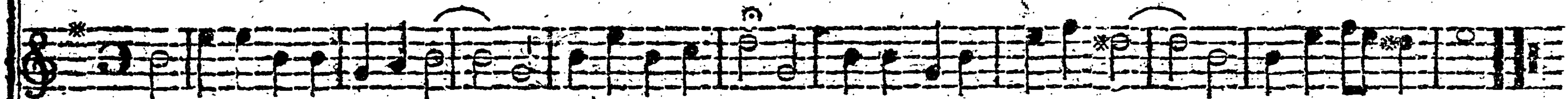
*Cuba.*

C. M.

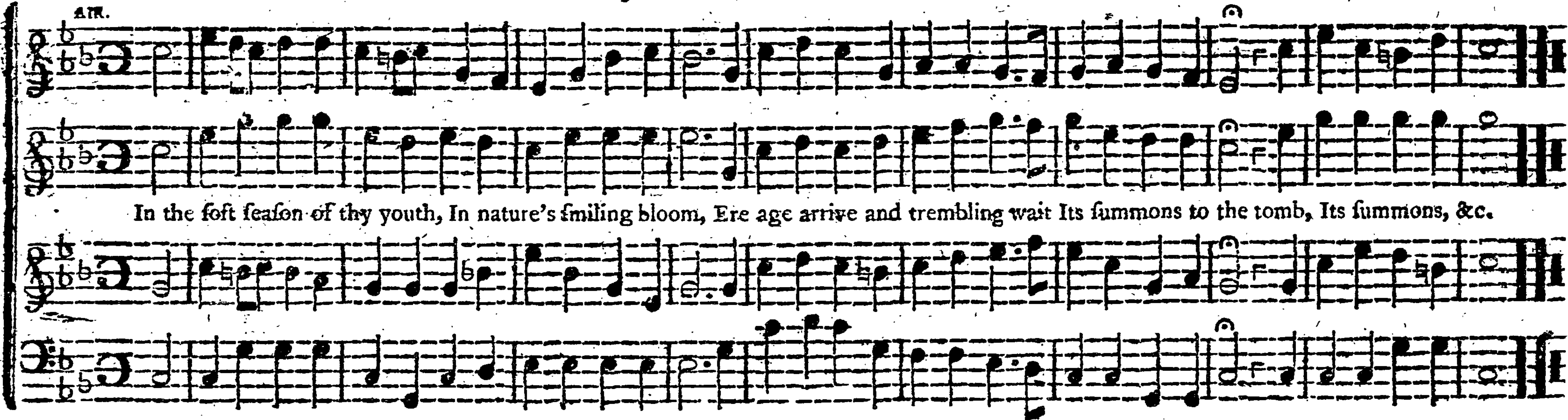
And.



While some on me with wonder gaze, Thy hand supports me still; Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise, My mouth shall always fill.



AIR.

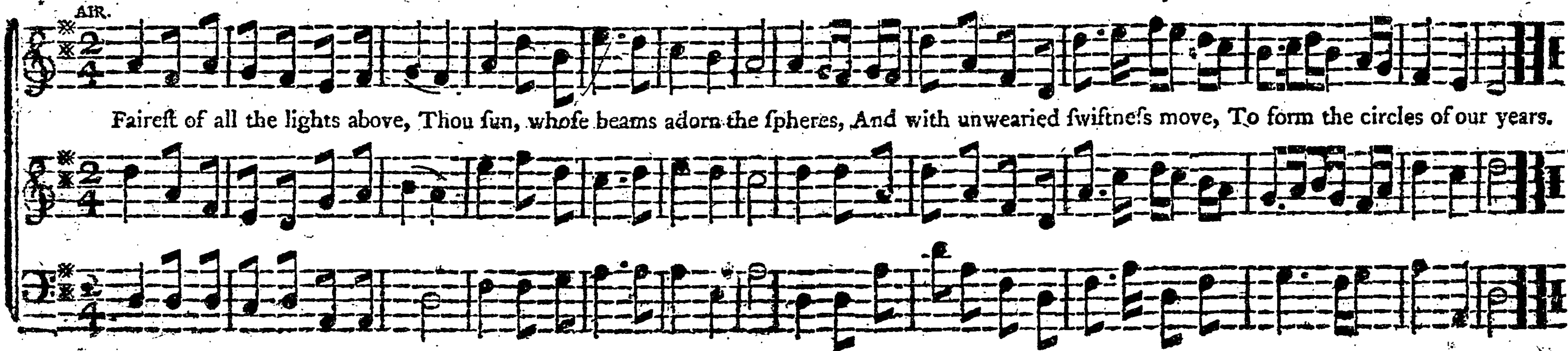


Sun.

L. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.

AIR.



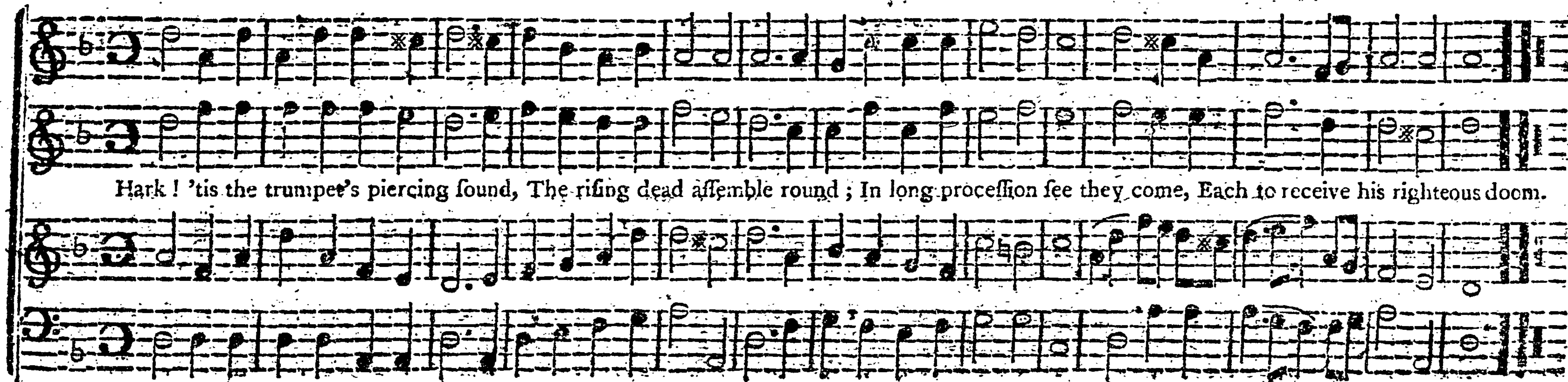
AIR.



Father of mercies! in thy word What endless glory shines! Forever be thy name ador'd For these celestial lines.

Alabama. L. M.

Words from Enfield's Selection.



Hark! 'tis the trumpet's piercing sound, The rising dead assemble round; In long procession see they come, Each to receive his righteous doom.

AIR.

Pia.

For.

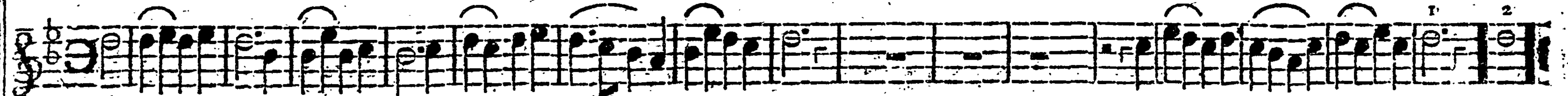
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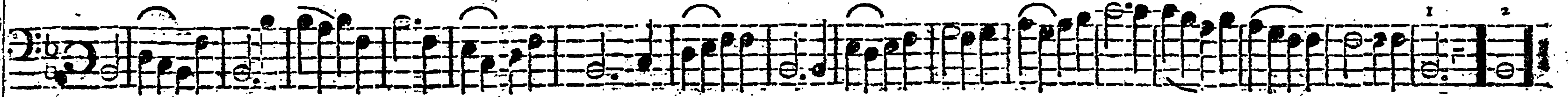
Bless God, O my soul, Rejoice in his name,

Surpassing in honor, Dominion and might;



And let my glad voice, Thy greatness proclaim;

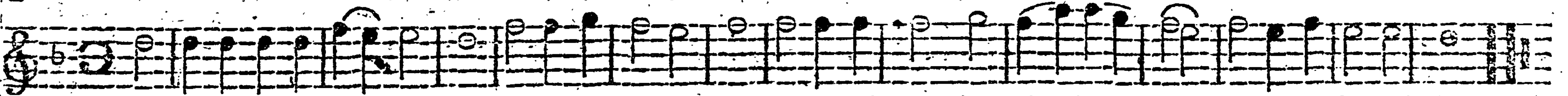
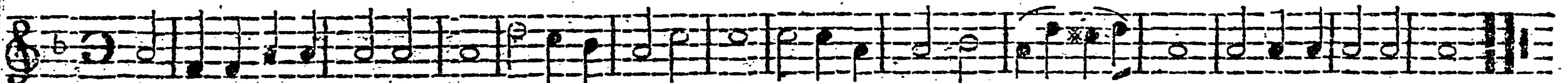
Thy throne is in heav'n, Thy robe is the light.



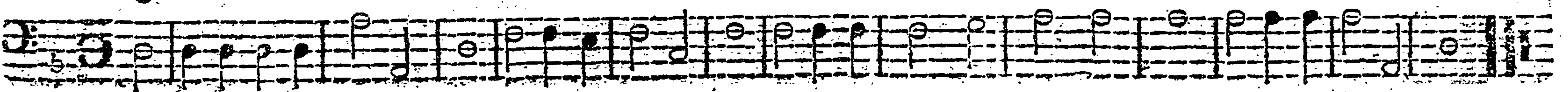
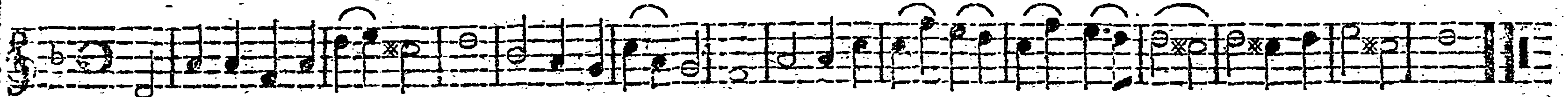
Solemnity.

C. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.



Death, 'tis a melancholy day To those who have no God; When the poor soul is forc'd away, To seek her last abode.



Pia.

For.

Pia.

Now to the Lord, who makes us know The wonders of his dying love, Be humble honors paid below, And strains of nobler praise above, Be

The first system of the musical score for 'Persia' consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts, and the last two are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

Cres.

For.

humbler honors, &c.

And strains, &c.

And, &c.

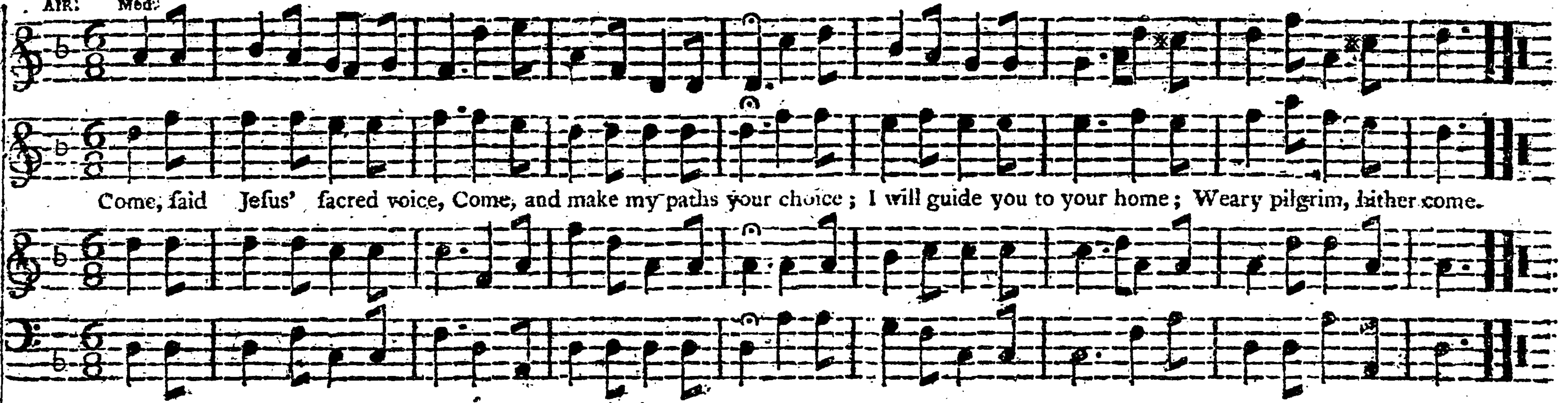
The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It features four staves with piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'humbler honors, &c.', 'And strains, &c.', and 'And, &c.' are written below the first three staves.

Weary Pilgrim.

Sevens.

15

AIR: Mod:



Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Athens.

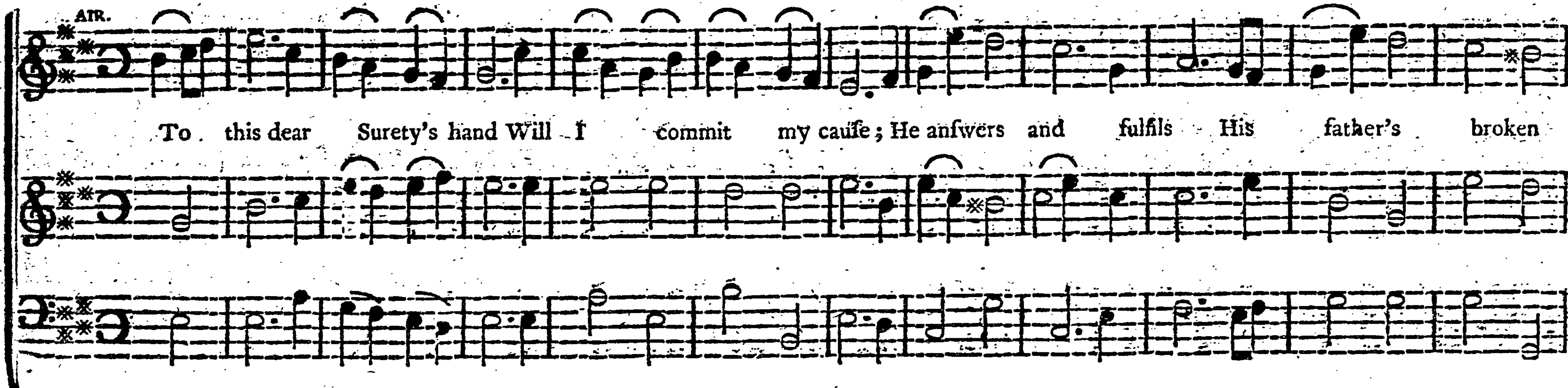
L. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.



Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews, And nobler speech than angels use, If love be absent, I am found, Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

AIR.



To this dear Surety's hand Will I commit my cause; He answers and fulfils His father's broken



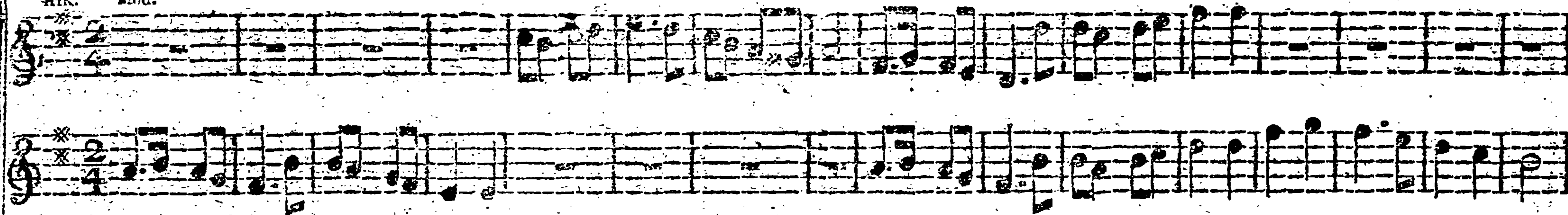
laws; Behold my foul At freedom set; My Surety paid The dreadful debt.

Praise to God.

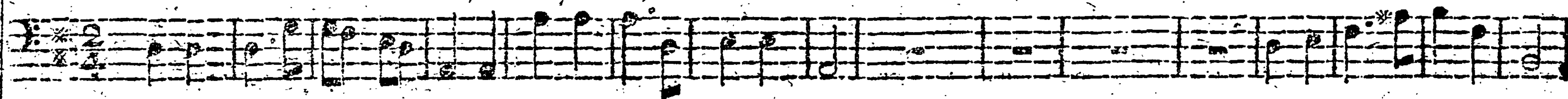
P. M.

17

AIR. Mod.



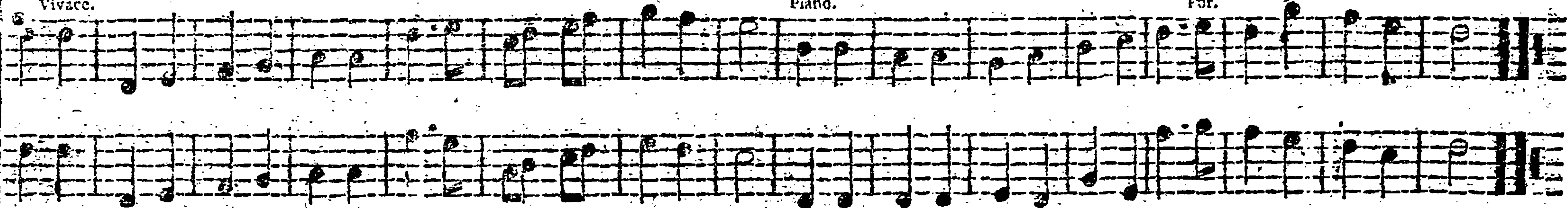
Praise to God the great Creator, Bounteous source of all our joy; He whose hand upholds all nature, He whose nod can all destroy.



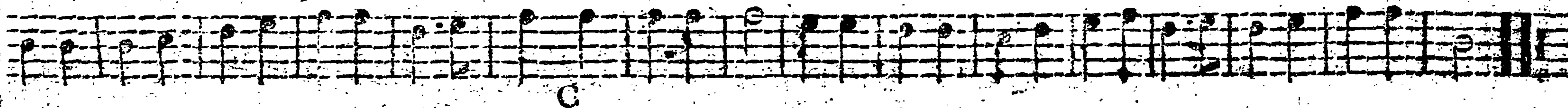
Vivace.

Piano.

For.



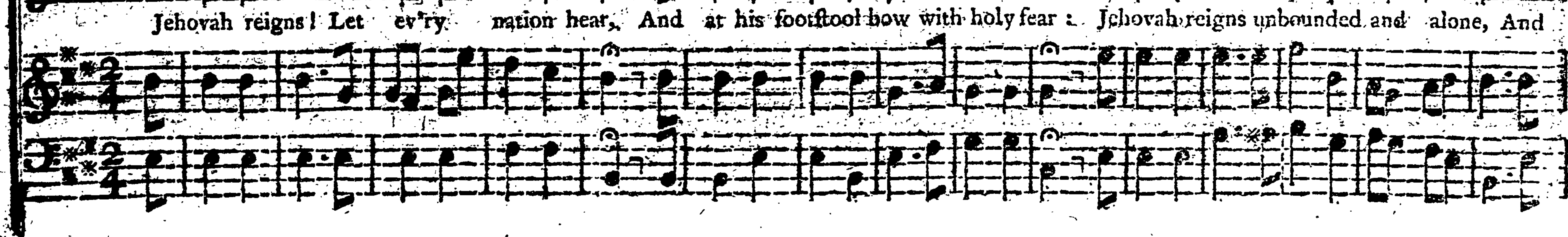
Saints, with pious zeal attending, Now the grateful tribute raise; Solemn songs to heav'n ascending, Join the universal praise.



Alc. Mod.

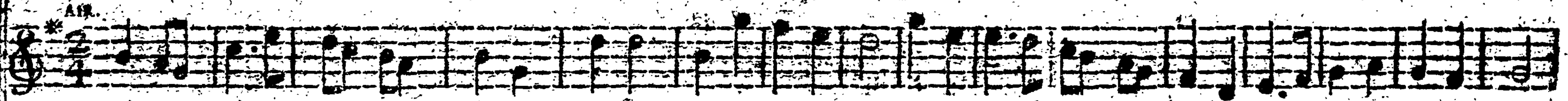
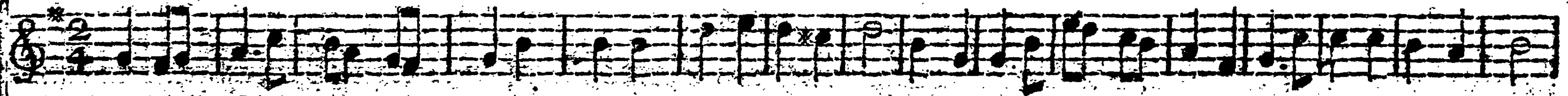


Jehovah reigns! Let ev'ry nation hear, And at his footstool bow with holy fear: Jehovah reigns unbounded and alone, And

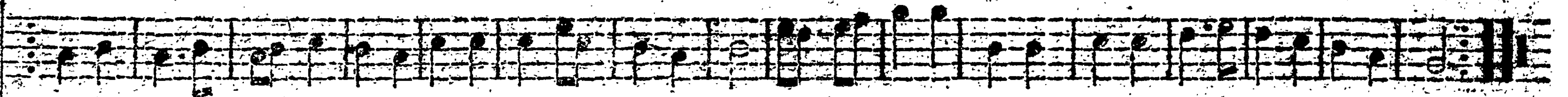
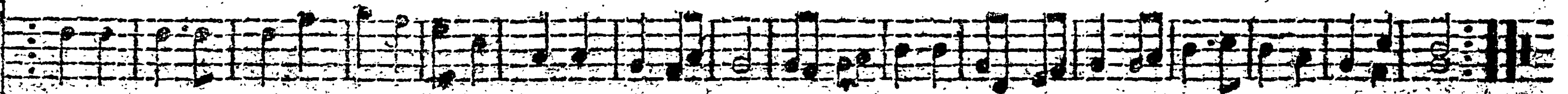
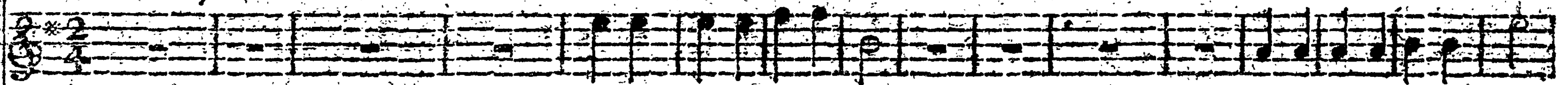


all creation hangs beneath his throne: He reigns alone, let no inferior nature Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

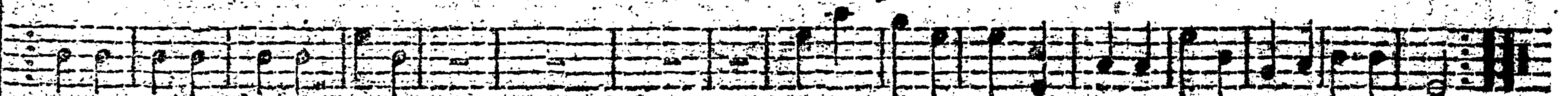




Hail! thou once despised Jesus, Thou didst free salvation bring; By thy death thou didst release us From the tyrant's deadly sting.



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



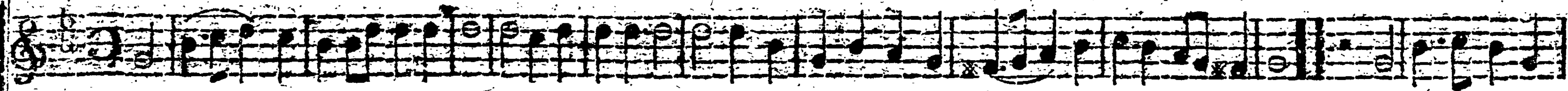
AIR.

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

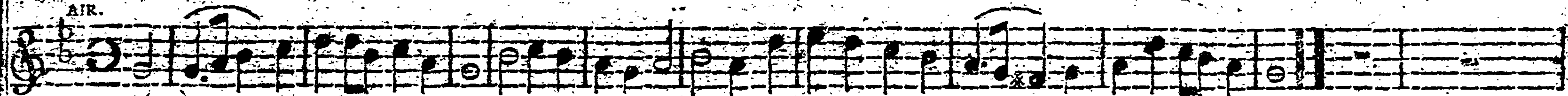
Emulation.

L. M.

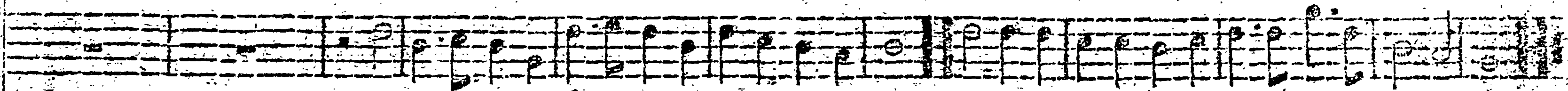
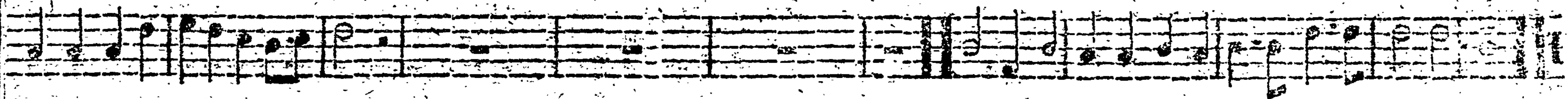
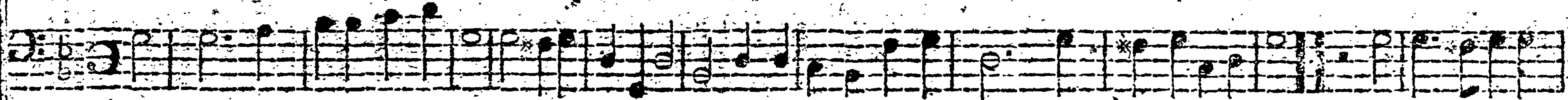
Now let us raise our cheerful strains, And join the blissful choir above; There our exalted Saviour reigns, And there they sing his wondrous love, And, &c.



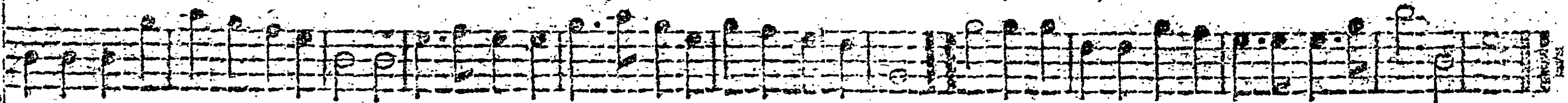
AIR.



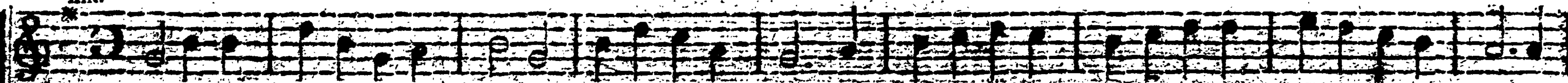
My heart and flesh cry out for thee, While far from thine abode ; When shall I tread thy courts, and see My Saviour and my God ? The sparrow builds her



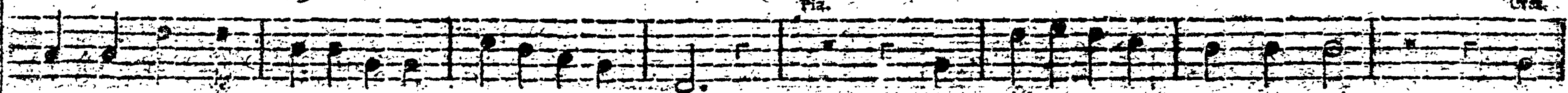
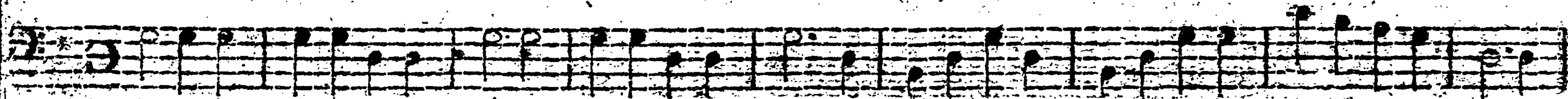
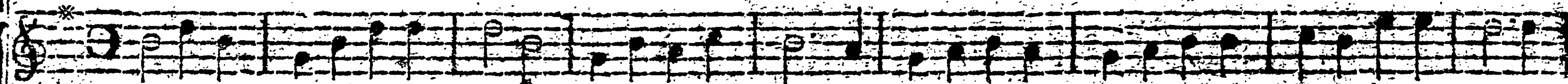
self a nest, And suffers no remove ; O make me like the sparrow blest, To dwell but where I love, O make, &c.



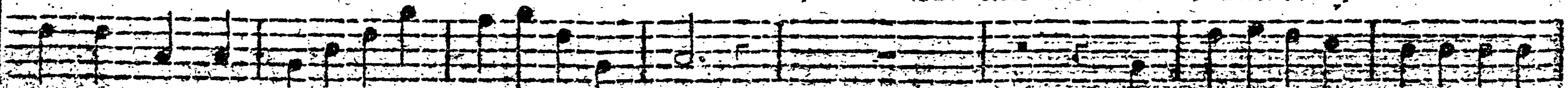
AIR.



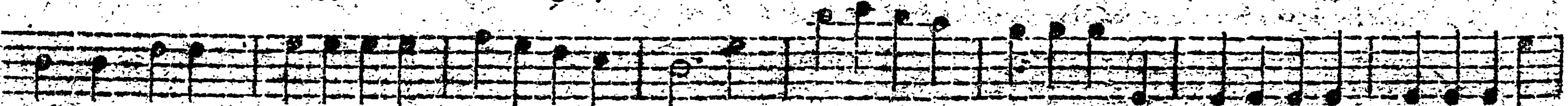
A blooming paradise of joy In this wild desert springs, And ev'ry sense finds strait employ, On sweet celestial things. White



The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,

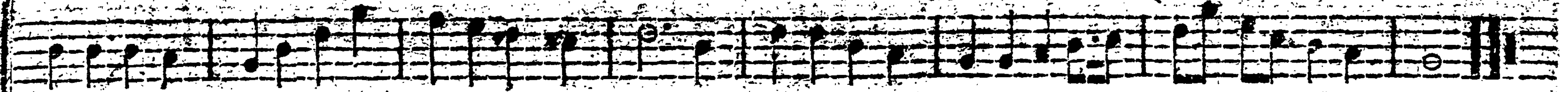


Lillies all around appear, And each his glory shows; The Rose of Sharon blossoms here, The Rose of Sharon blossoms here, The

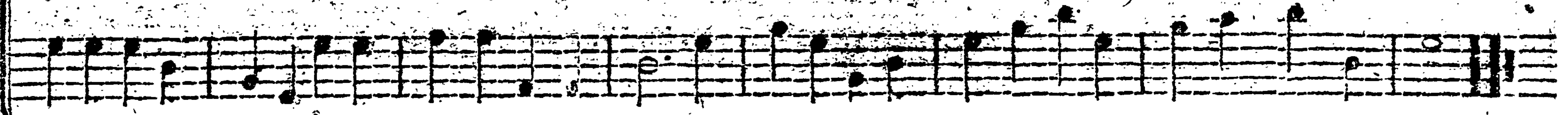
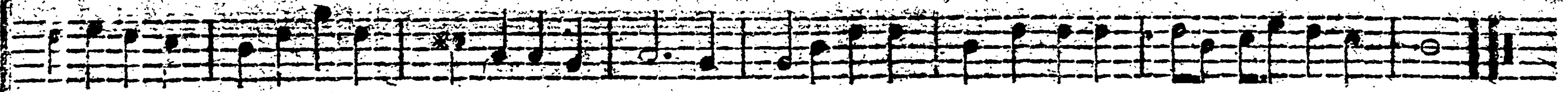


Mantua Continued.

23



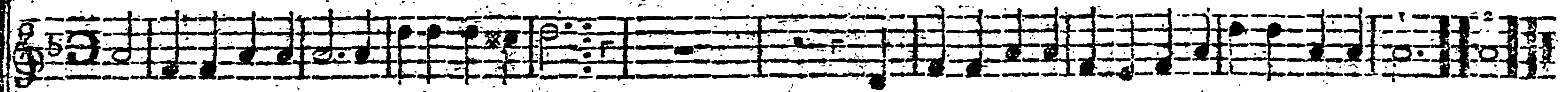
Rose of Sharon blossoms here, The fairest flower that blows, The Rose, &c.



Compassion.

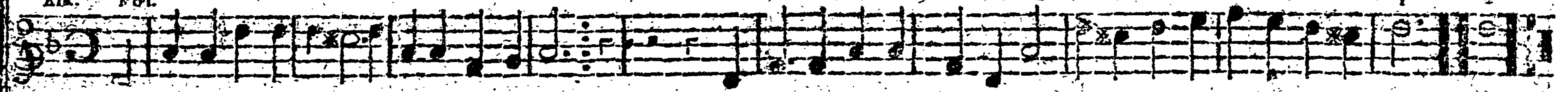
S. M.

Words by Beddome.

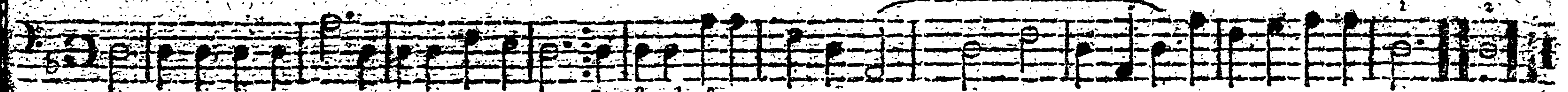


Let floods of penitential grief, &c.

AIR. No. 1.



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



Let floods, &c.

My helpless soul, from year to year, My, &c.

Beside the Gospel pool, Appointed for the poor,

My helpless soul, from year to year, My helpless soul, from year to year, Has waited for a cure.

My helpless soul, from year to year,

Why weepest thou?

C. M.

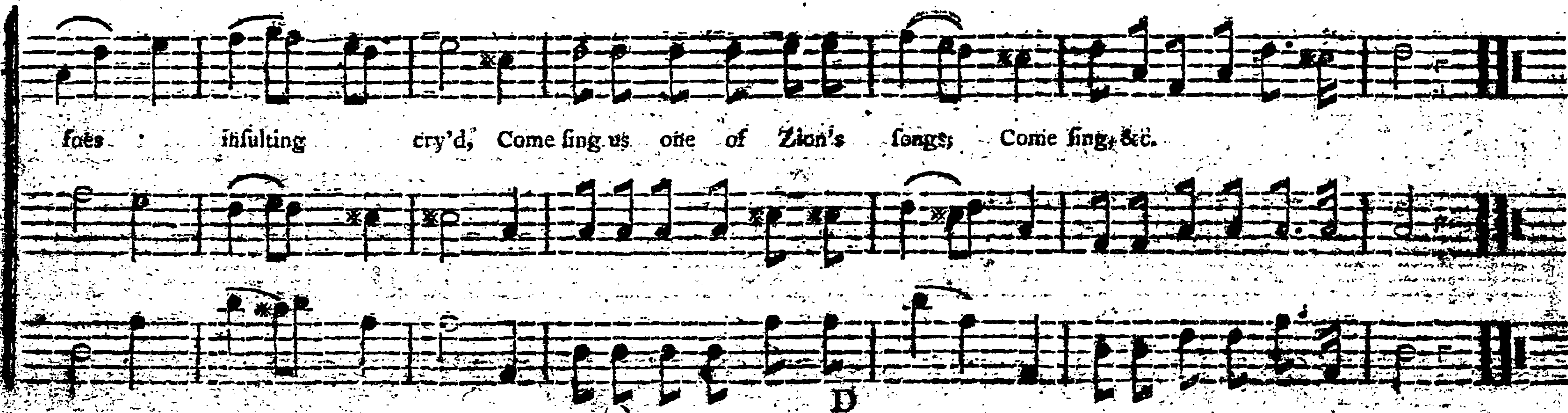
Alc.

Why, O my soul, why weepest thou? Tell me from whence arise Those briny tears, that often flow, Those groans that pierce the skies? Those groans, &c.



My harp untun'd and laid aside; To cheerful hours, the harp belongs: My cruel

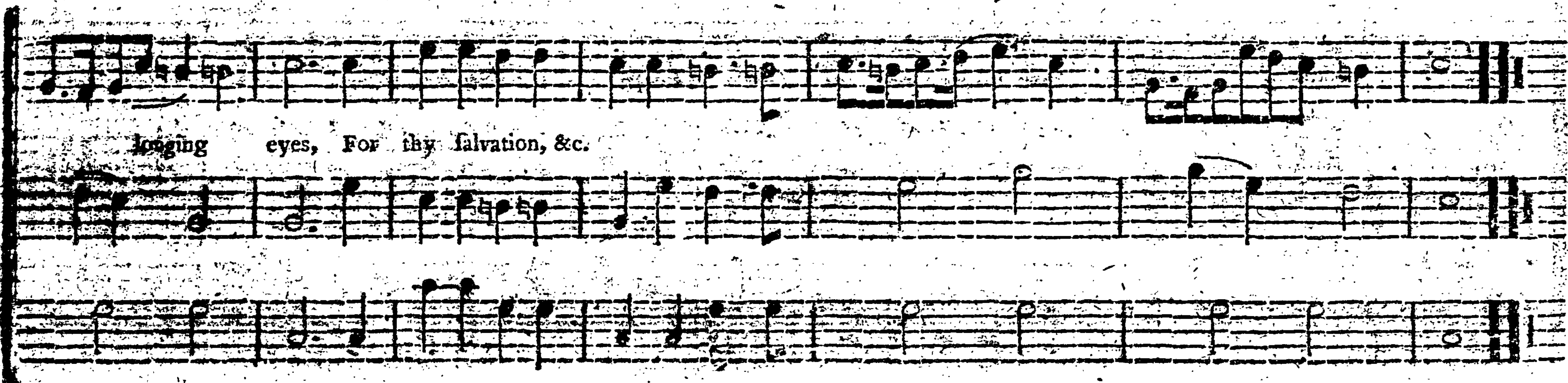
The first system of the hymn consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a simple, clear style with notes and rests.



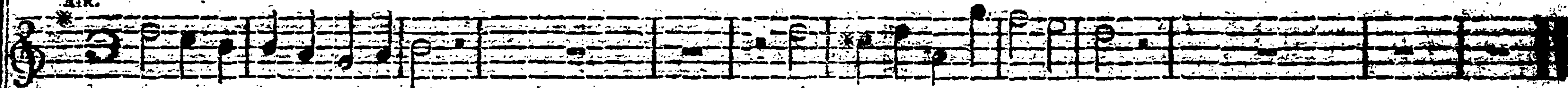
foes insulting cry'd, Come sing us one of Zion's songs; Come sing, &c.

The second system of the hymn consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a simple, clear style with notes and rests. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

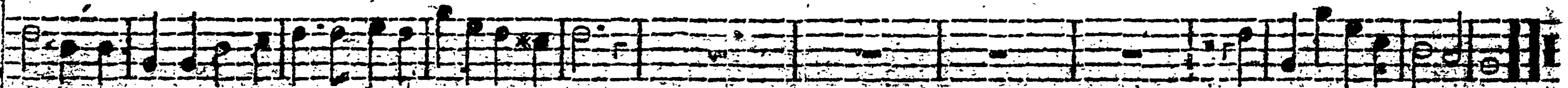
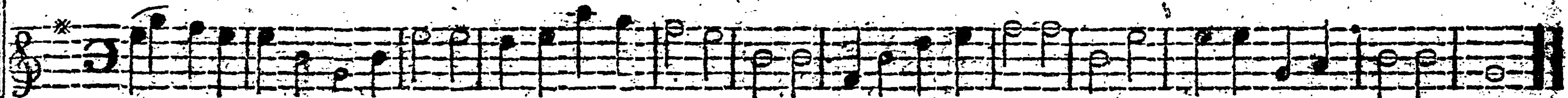
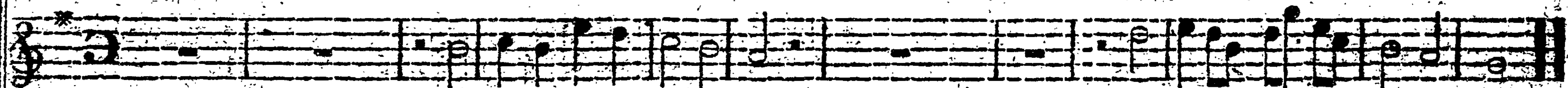
AIR. Mod.



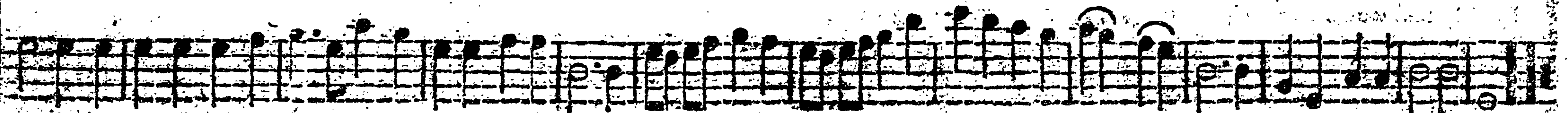
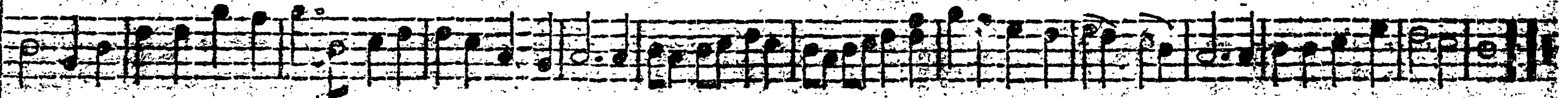
Afr.

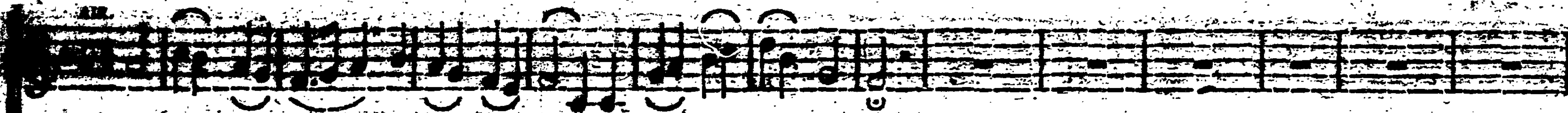


Happy the church, thou sacred place, The seat of thy Creator's grace; Thine holy courts are his abode, Thou earthly palace of our God.

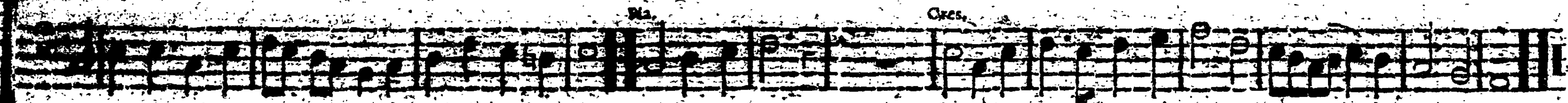
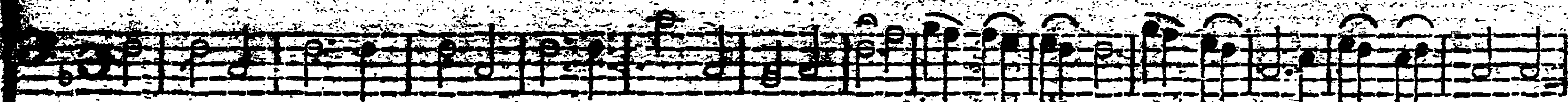


Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates A guard of heavenly warriors waits; Nor shall thy deep foundations move, Built on thy justice and thy love, Built, &c.



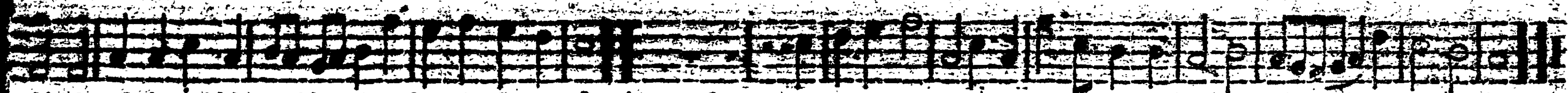


The opening heav'ns around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, While Jesus shews his heart is mine, And whispers I am

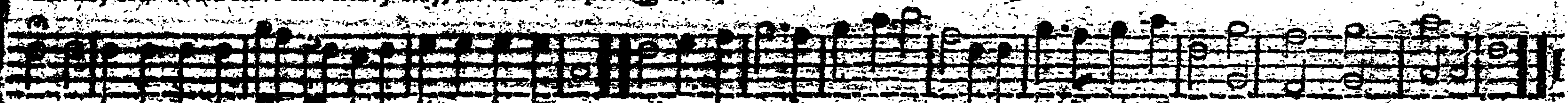


Run up with joy the shining way, Run up, &c.

T' embrace my dearest Lord.



his. My soul would leave this heavy clay, At that transporting word,



And. Mod.

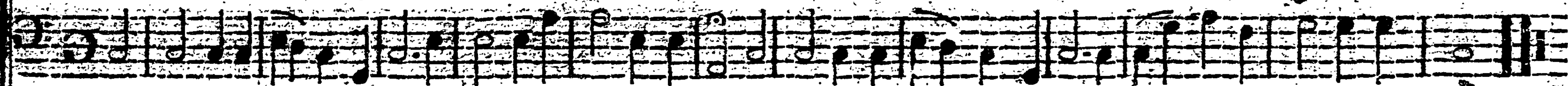
As lost in lonely grief, I tread The silent mansions of the dead, Or to some throng'd assembly go.

Through all alike I rove alone, Forgotten here, and there unknown, The change renews my piercing woe.

AIR.



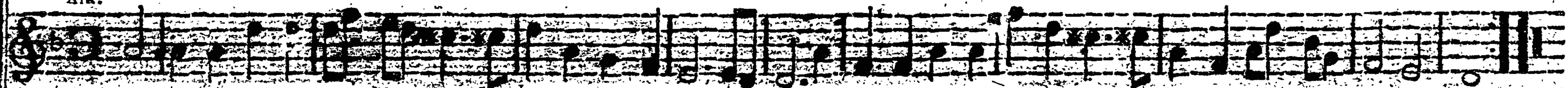
How sweetly, along the gay mead, The daisies and cowslips are seen; The flocks, as they carelessly feed, Rejoice in the beautiful green.

*Tender Thoughts.*

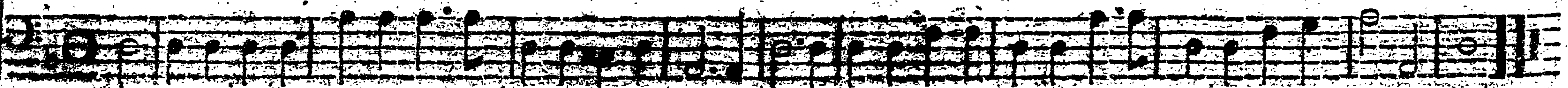
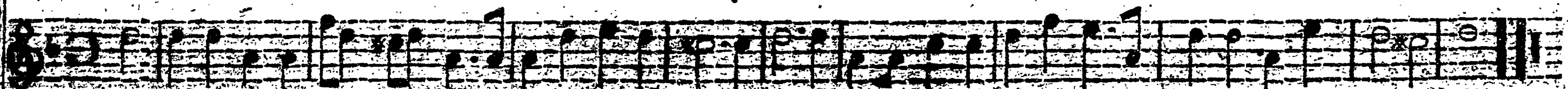
L. M.

Words by Dr. Doddridge.

AIR.



Arise, my tender thoughts, arise, To torrents drown my weeping eyes; And thou, my heart, with anguish feel Those evils which thou canst not heal.

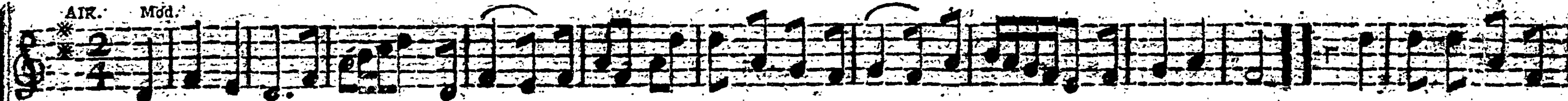


Psalm 148th. P. M.

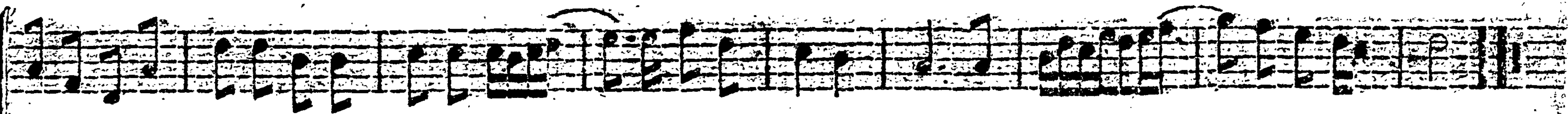
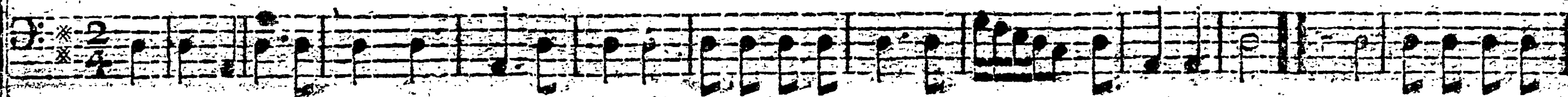
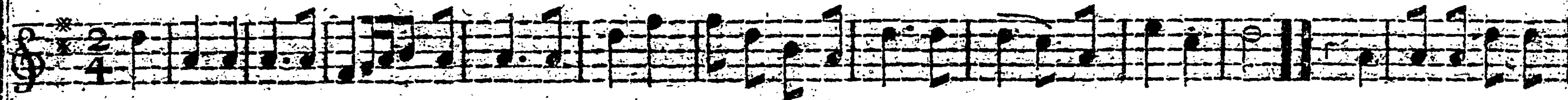
Words by Dr. Ogilvy.

31

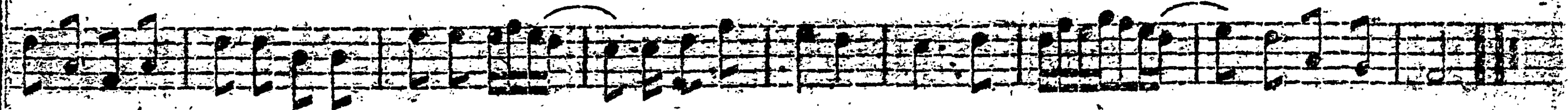
AIR. Mod.



Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay, Let each enraptur'd thought obey, And praise th' Almighty Name. Lo! heav'n and earth, and

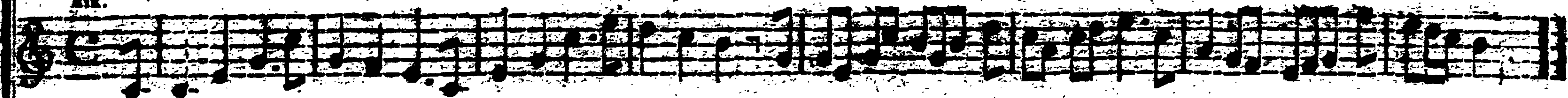


seas and skies, In one melodious concert rise, To swell th' inspiring theme, To swell, &c.

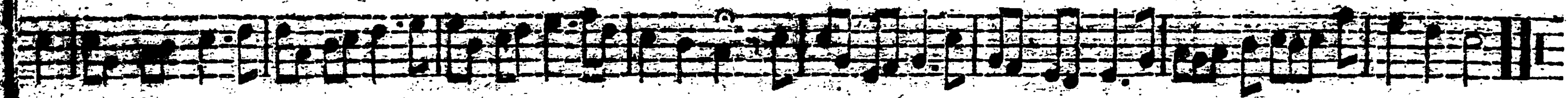
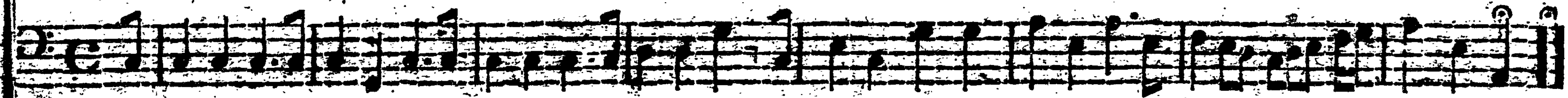


Constant Peace. L. M.

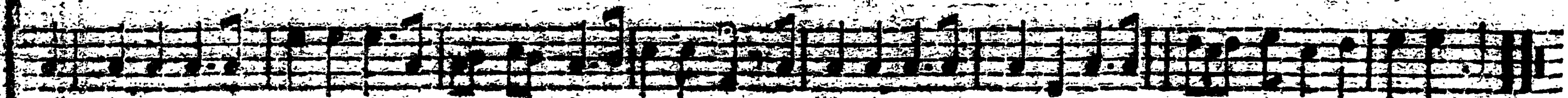
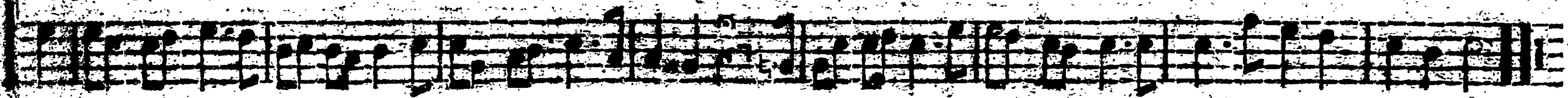
AIR.



Jehovah, with amazing noise, The watry clouds in funder breaks; The ocean trembles at his voice, When he from heaven in thunder speaks.



God rules the angry floods on high, His boundless sway shall never cease; His people he'll with strength supply, And blest his own with CONSTANT PEACE.



Repentant Song. Sevens.

33

AIR.

God of mercy, God of love, Hear our sad repentant song; Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face, Peni-

ence on ev'ry tongue, Sorrow dwells, &c.

E

AIR: Mod.

Death will dissolve the tenderest tie That nature forms below; Our dearest friends are

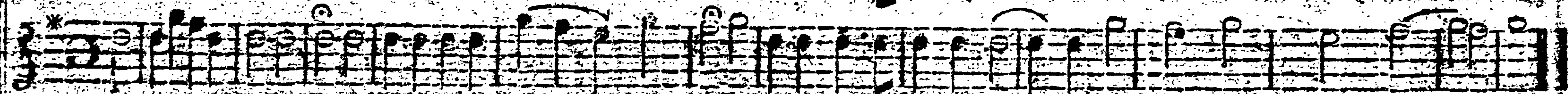
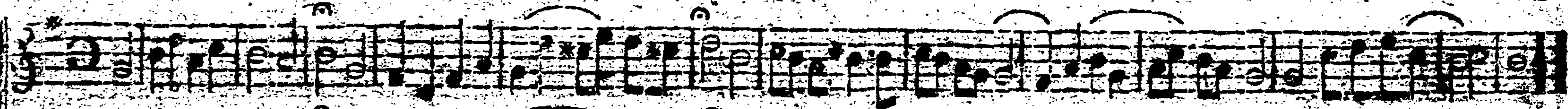
call'd to die, And we are left in woe. Our dearest friends, &c.

II.

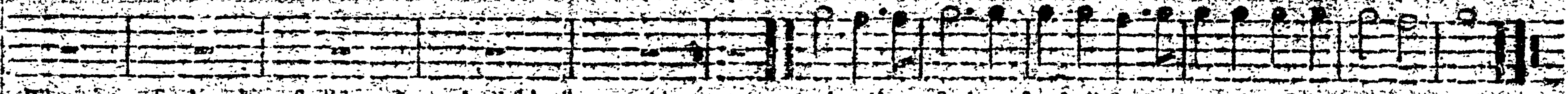
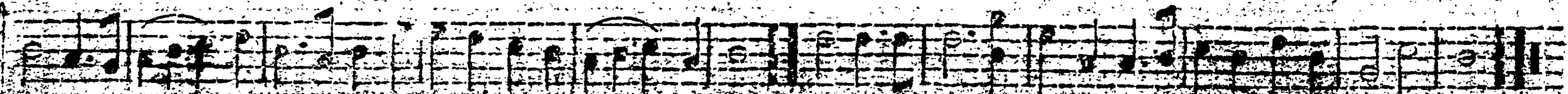
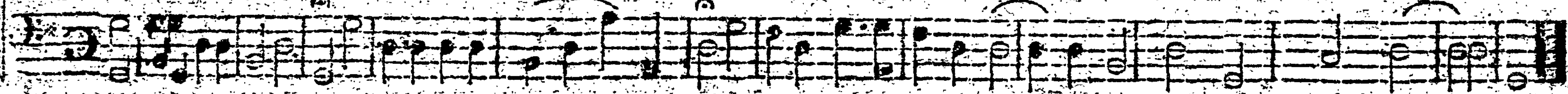
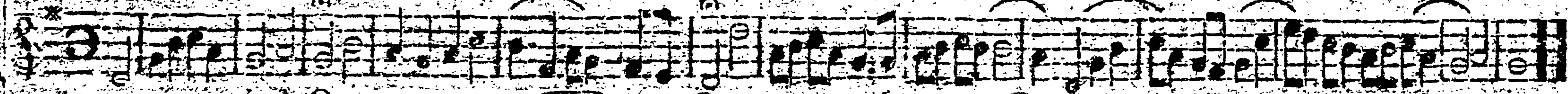
III.

But should the summons be transferr'd
 From those I love to me,
 Think, O my soul, art thou prepar'd
 Thy sinned Judge to see?

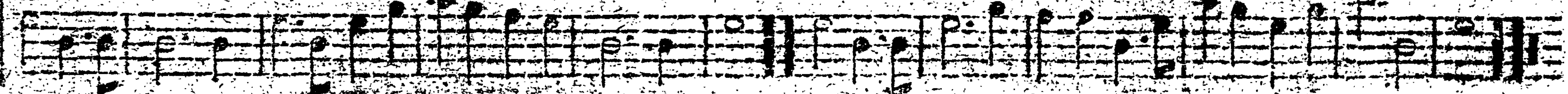
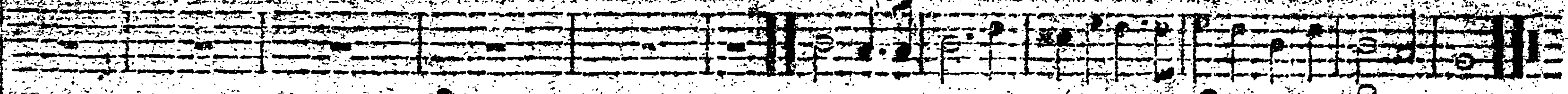
O Saviour, take my sinful heart,
 And steep it in thy blood;
 Then, sanctified in ev'ry part,
 I shall ascend to God.



My God, my King, thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days, Thy grace employ my humble tongue, Till grace and glory raise the song.



The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to thine ear; And ev'ry setting sun shall see New works of duty done to thee.



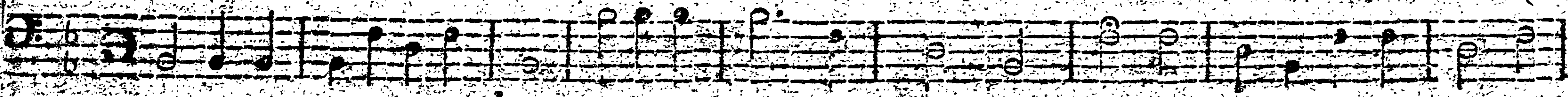
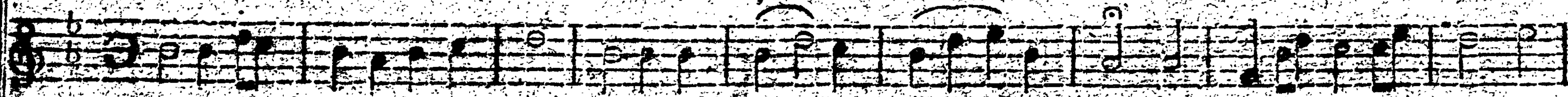
Joy was our Song.

L. M.

AIR.

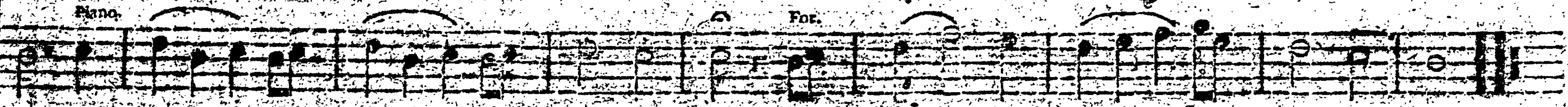


When God restor'd our captive state, Joy was our song, and grace our theme; The grace beyond our hopes so

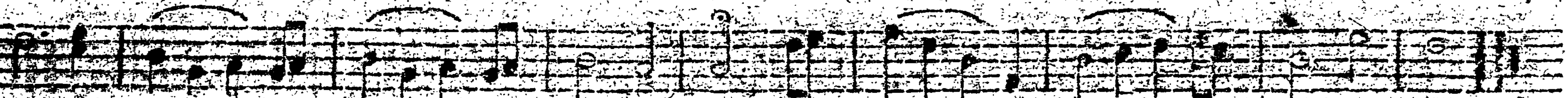


Piano.

For.



great, That joy appear'd a painted dream, That joy, &c.

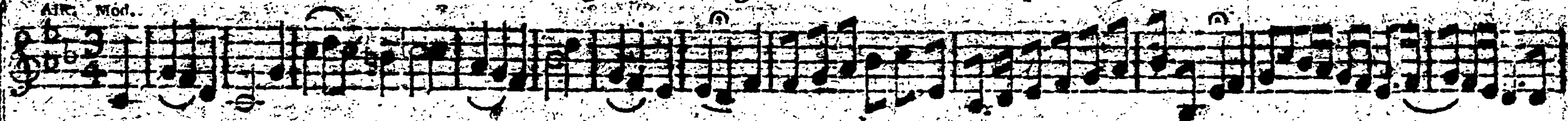


Bright Reversion.

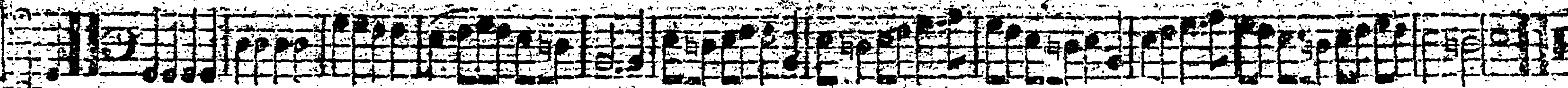
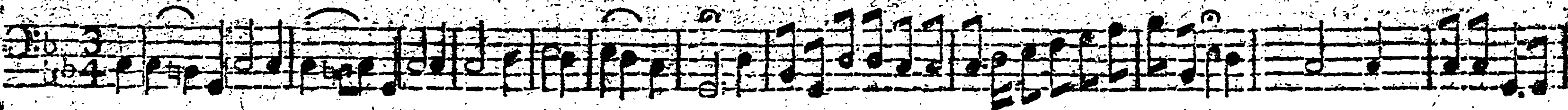
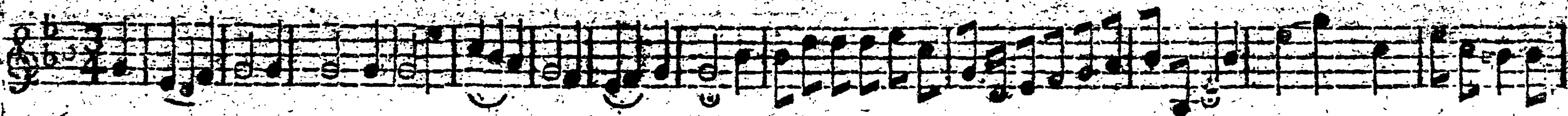
L. M.

37

Alc. Mod.



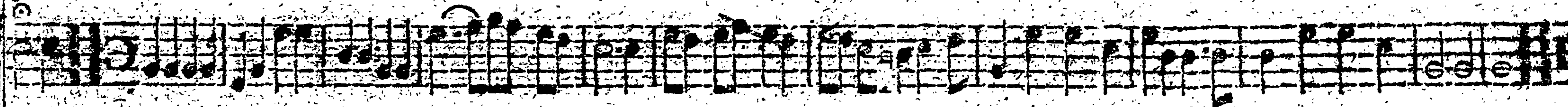
When conscious grief laments sincere, And pours the penitential tear, Hope points to your dejected eyes The bright-reversion in the skies, The bright, &c.



skies.

The glorious friend that dy'd for you;

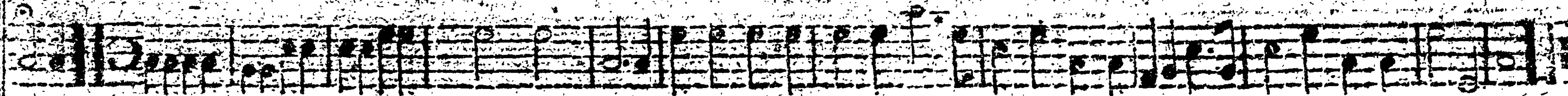
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.



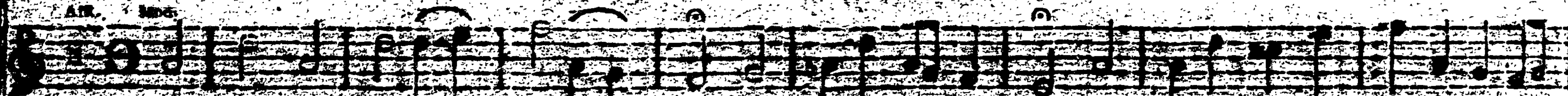
There shall your eyes with rapture view

That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise.

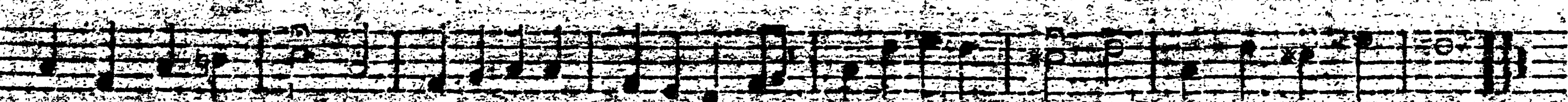
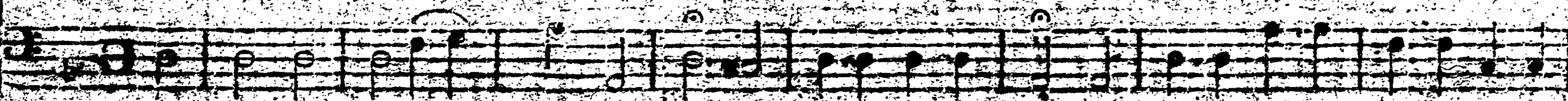
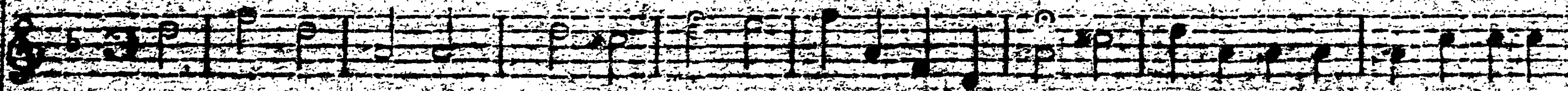
To crowns, &c.



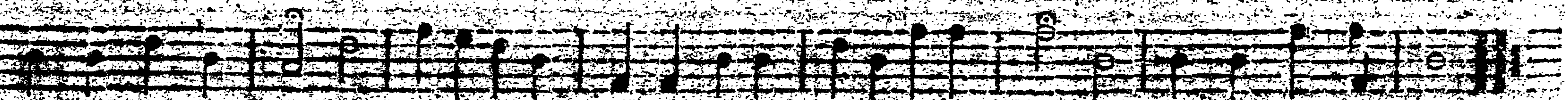
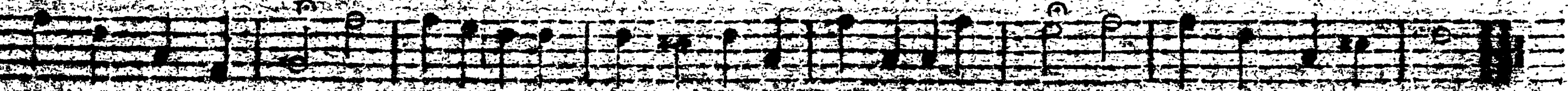
AIR. MOD.

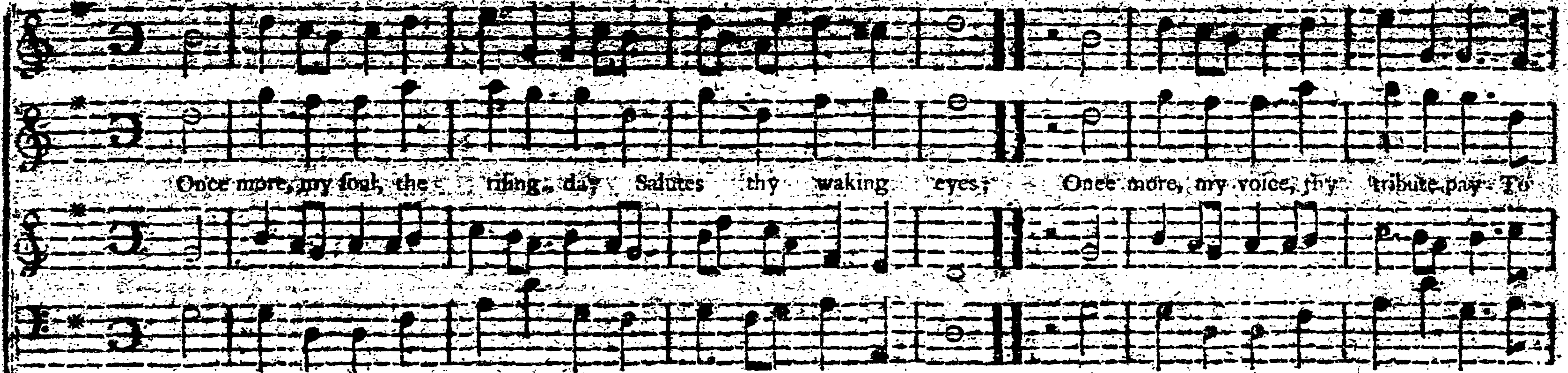


What is the world, with all its toys? 'Tis but a bitter-sweet. When I attempt to pluck the rose, A



pricking thorn I meet. When I attempt to pluck the rose, A pricking thorn I meet, A pricking &c.



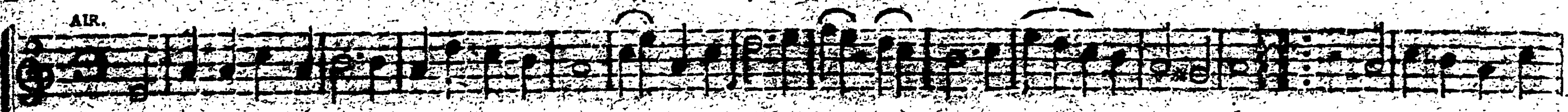


Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay: To

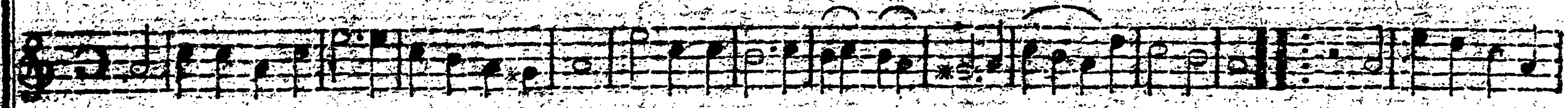


him that rolls the skies, Once more, &c.

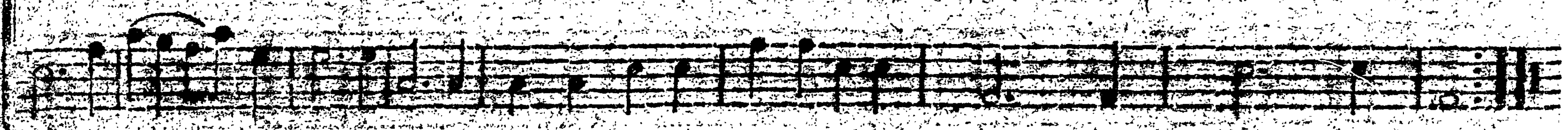
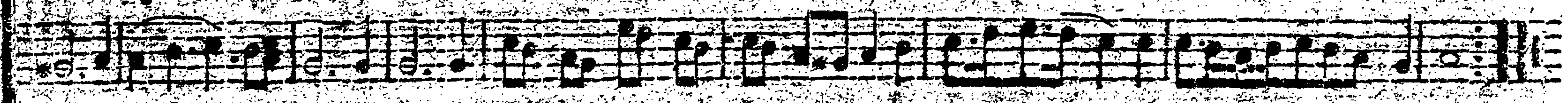
AIR.



It cost him cries and tears To bring us near to God; Great was our debt, and he appears To make the payment Good. There, on the cursed



tree, In dying pangs he lies, Fulfils his Father's great decree, And all our wants supplies.



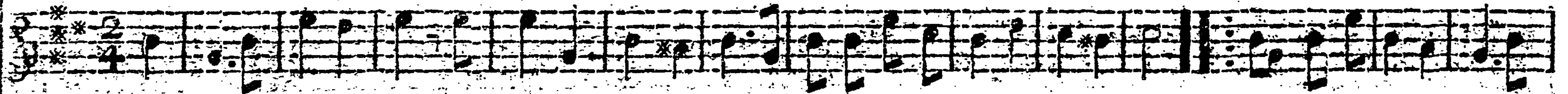
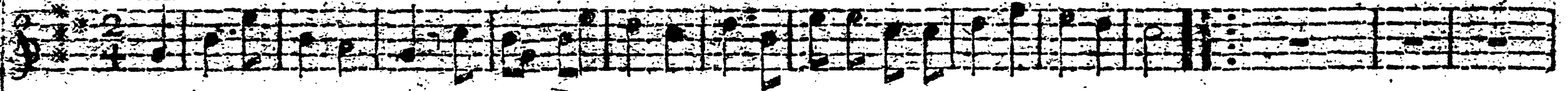
Auspicious Morn---a Christmas Hymn.

Words by Milton, altered by the Rev. Mr. Gardner.

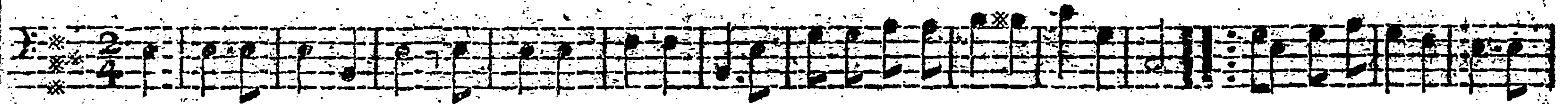
41

AIR. Mod.

Pia.

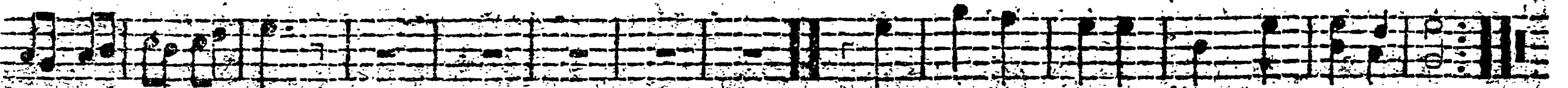
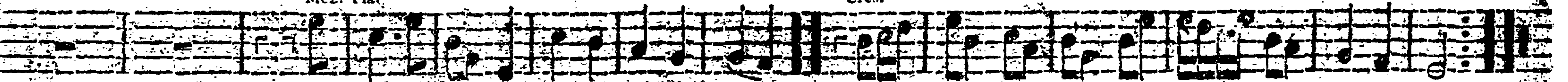


No war or battles found Was heard the world around, No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran, But peaceful was the night, In

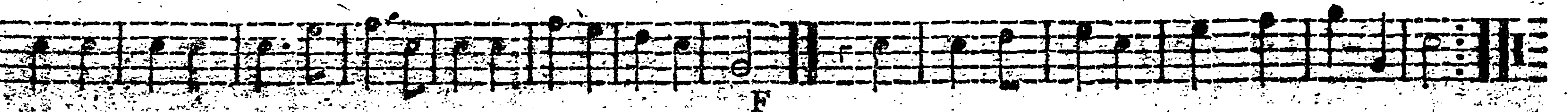


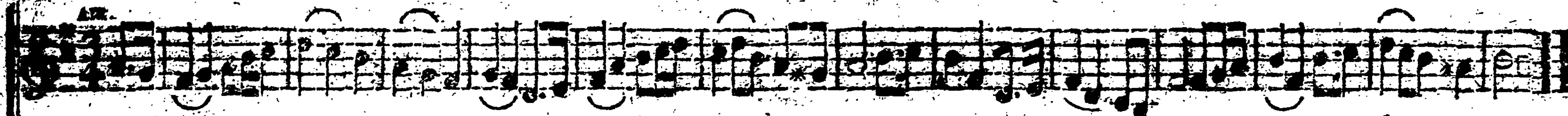
Mez. Pia.

Cres.

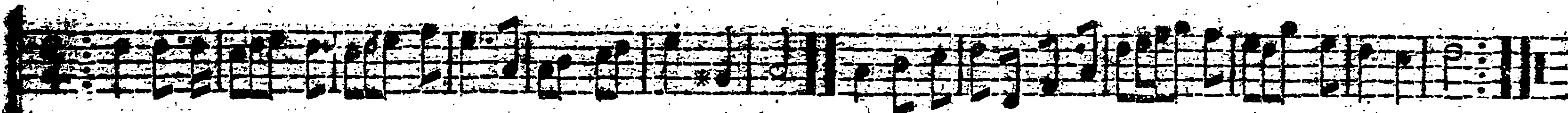
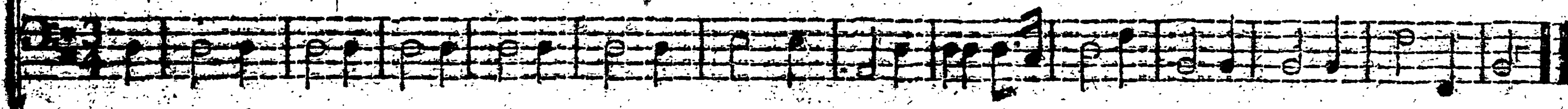


which the Prince of light, His reign of peace upon the earth began, His reign, &c.

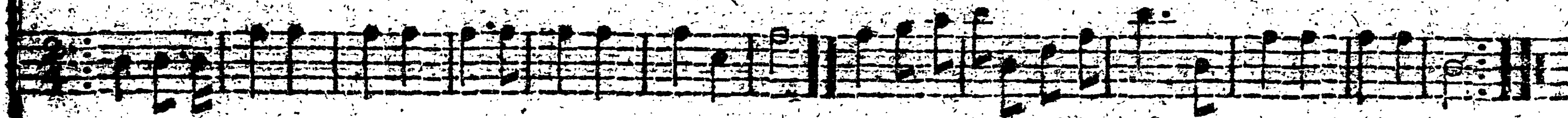
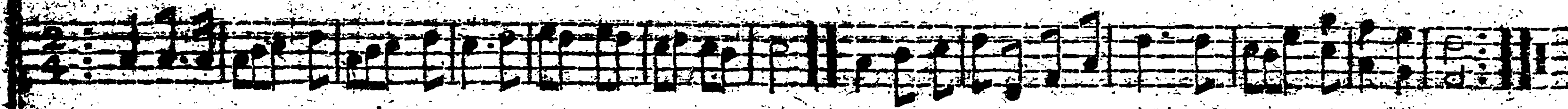


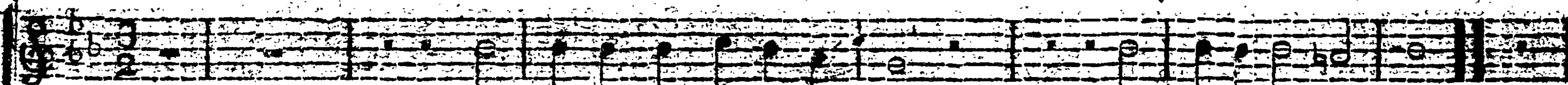


When first the God of boundless might Disclos'd his kind design To rescue our unhappy race From death and shame and sin ;



Quick, thro' the realms of light and bliss The joyful tidings came; Each heart exulted at the news, That God could dwell with men.





When all, &c.

My rising soul surveys,

When all thy mercies, O my God,

Trans-

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys,

When all, &c.

Transported with a view, I'm lost In wonder, &c.

ported with a view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
 The Saviour calls, let ev'ry ear Attend the heavenly sound;
 Ye doubting, &c.
 Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear, Ye doubting, &c. Hope smiles reviving round.

Evening Hymn.

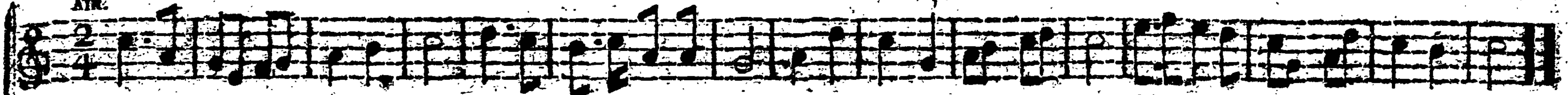
C. M.

Words from Liverpool Collection.

All. Mod.

Now may soft slumbers close my eyes, From pain and sickness free; And let my waking thoughts arise, To meditate on thee, To meditate on thee.

Air.

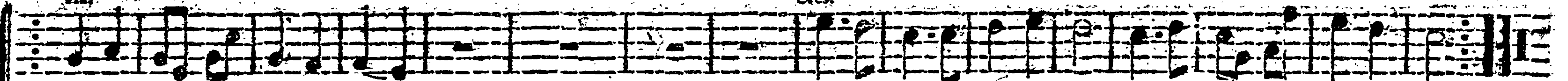


Father of our feeble race, Wife, beneficent and kind, Spread o'er nature's ample face, Flows thy goodness unconfin'd.



Fl.

Cres.



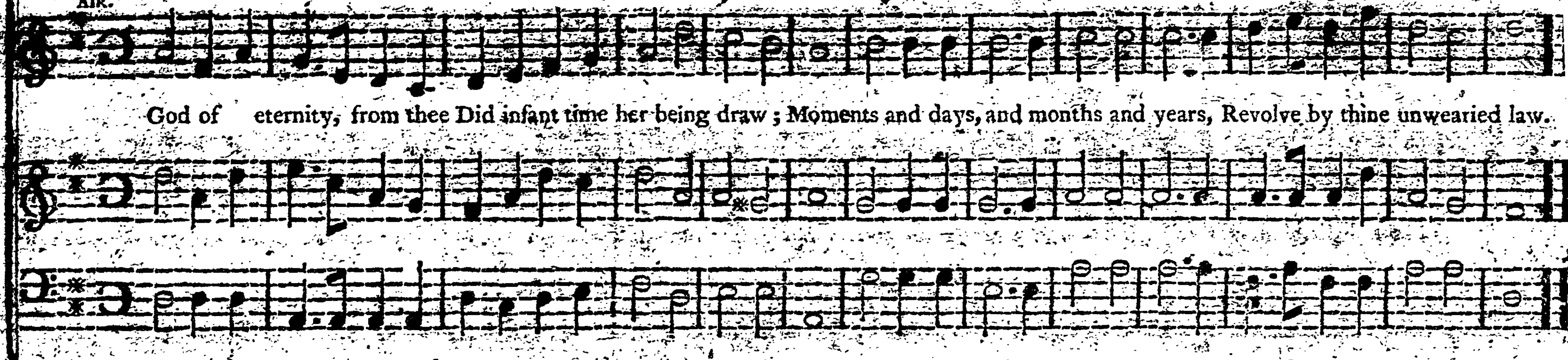
Musing in the silent grove, Or the busy walks of men, Still we trace thy wondrous love, Claiming large returns again.



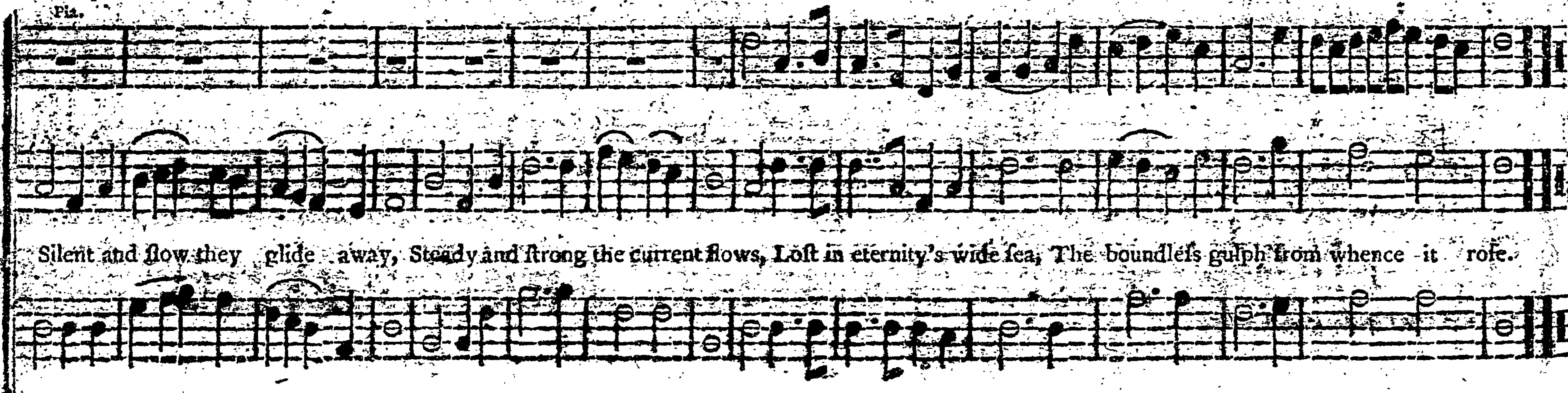
2. Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unfulfilled spring,
Whence the kind affections flow:
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye express'd:
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast:

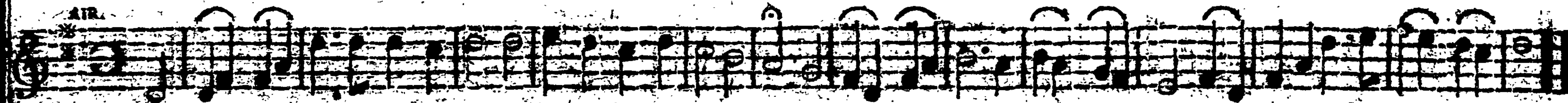
3. Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wound, or feed the poor:
Love, embracing all mankind,
Charity, with lib'ral store,
Teach us, O thou Heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind;
Thus th' accepted offering bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

AIR.

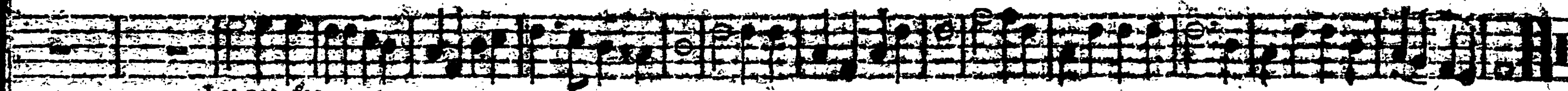
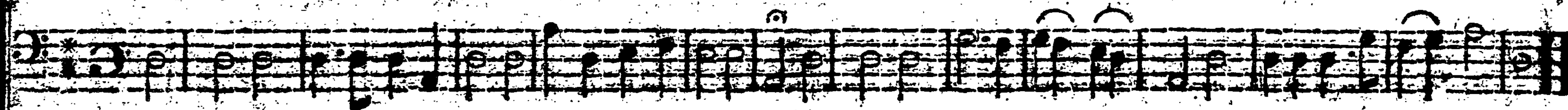


PIA.

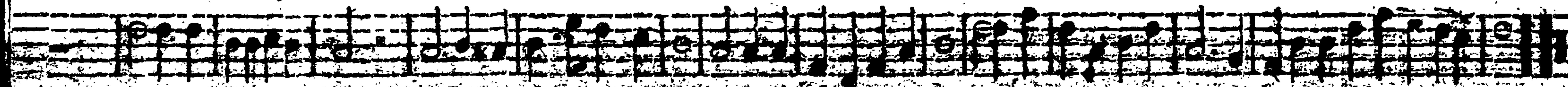




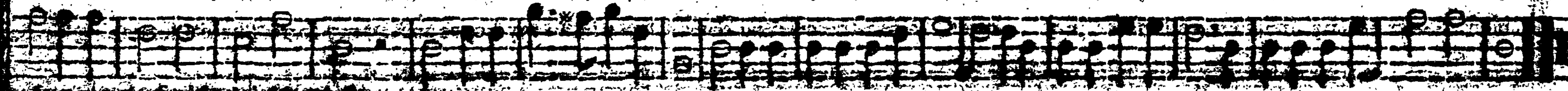
I love thy habitation, Lord, The temple where thine honors dwell; There shall I hear thy holy word, And there thy works of wonder tell.



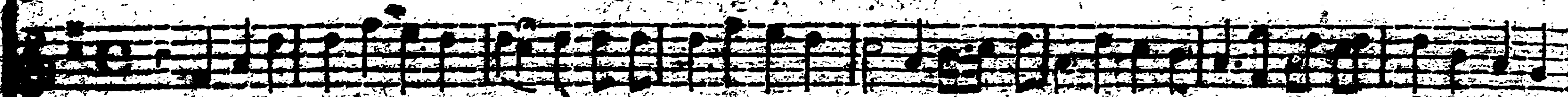
Let not, &c.



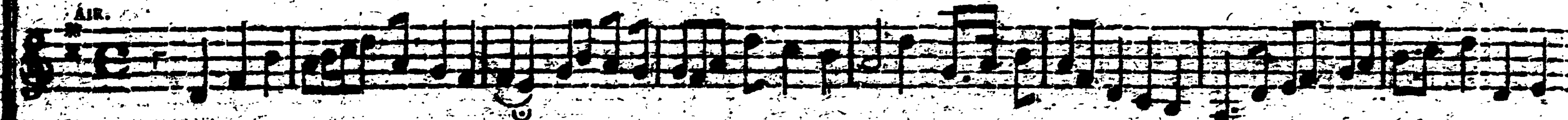
Let not my soul be join'd at last, With men of treachery and blood; Since I my days on earth have pass'd, Since, &c. Among the faints and near my God.



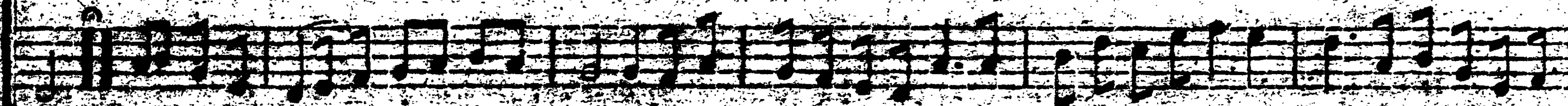
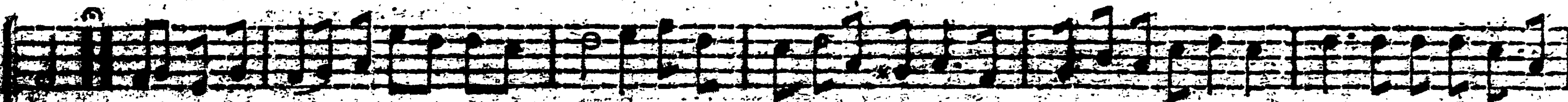
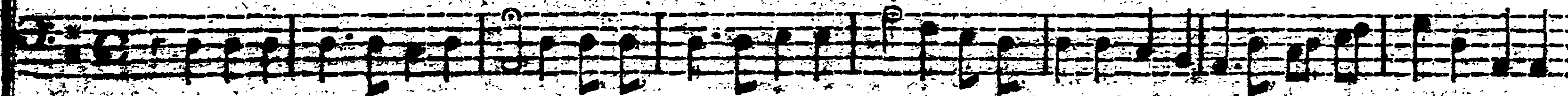
Let not my soul be join'd at last,



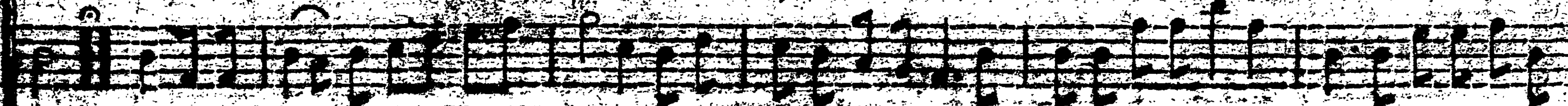
AIR.



Of all the joys that mortals know, Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ; Love the best blessing here below, And 'nearest' image of the

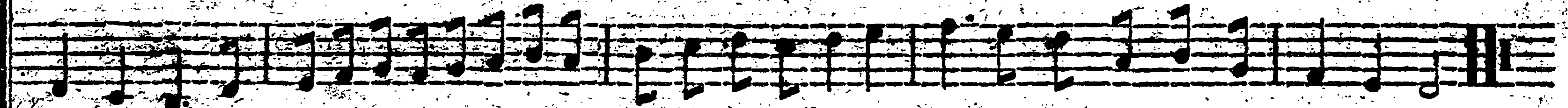
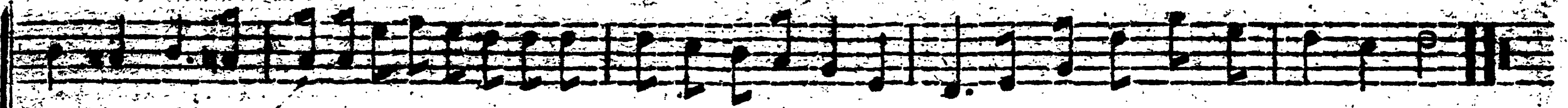


blest. Sweet are my thoughts and lost my cares, When the celestial flame I feel ; In all my hopes and all my fears There's something kind and

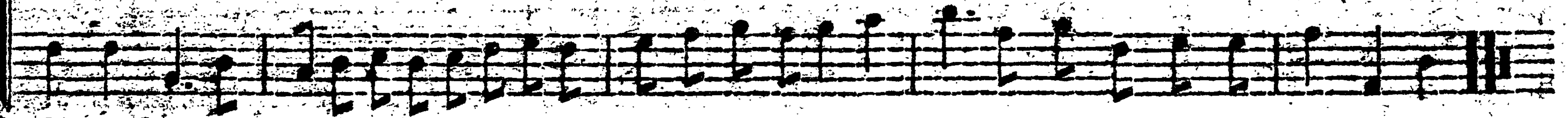


Andover Continued.

51



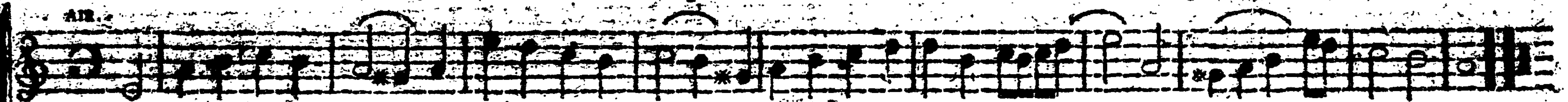
pleasing still, In all my hopes and all my fears There's something kind and pleasing still, There's, &c.



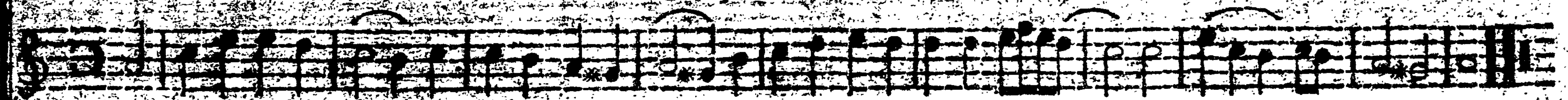
Scripta.

S. M.

Words by Enfield.

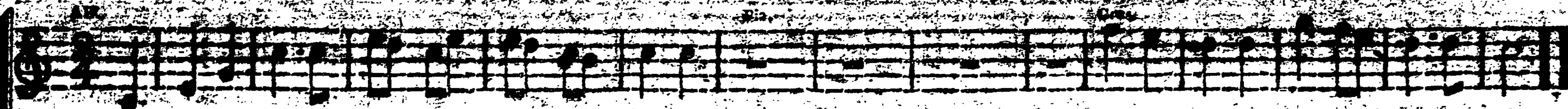


I hear the voice of woe! I hear a brother's sigh! Then let my heart with pity flow, With tears of love mine eyes.

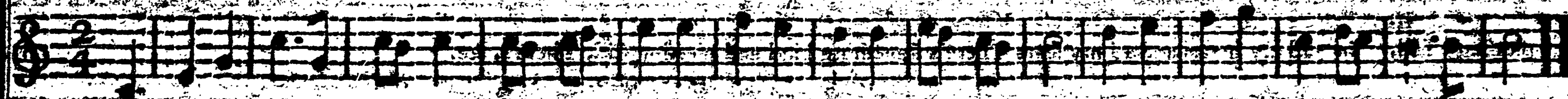


A Dedicatory Anthem. Psalm 48th.

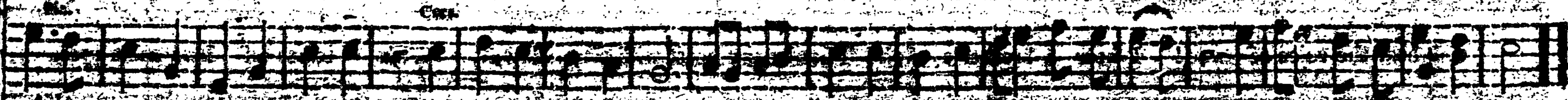
Composed for the Dedication of the New Meeting-House in Charlestown.



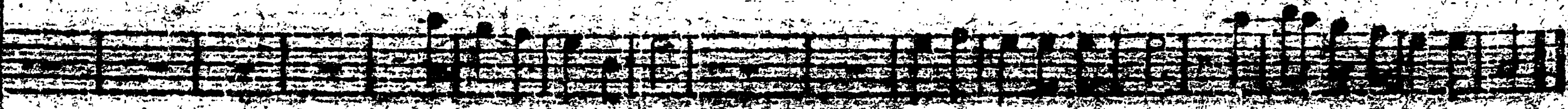
Great is the Lord, And greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.



Treble and Bass.

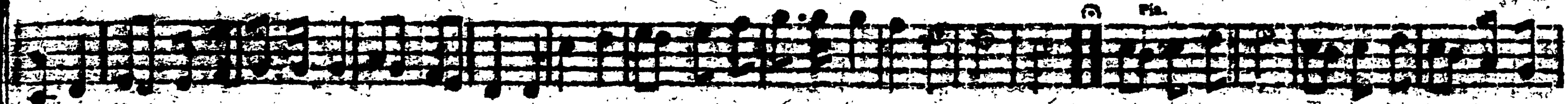


Beautiful for situation, The joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion; On the sides of the north, The city of the great King.

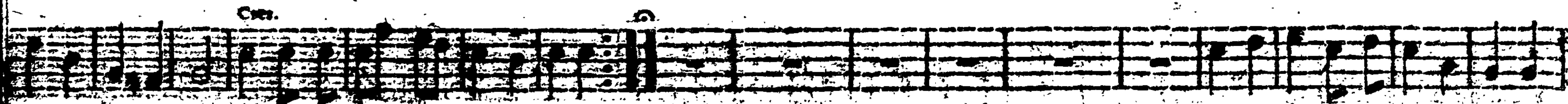
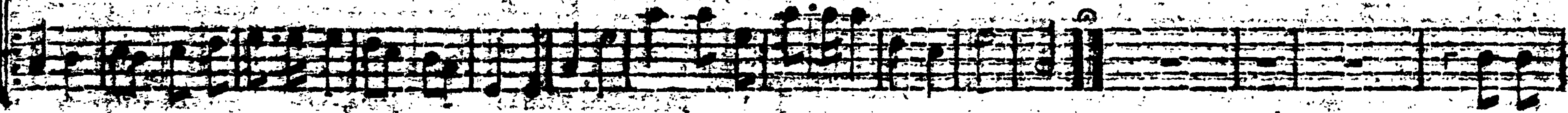
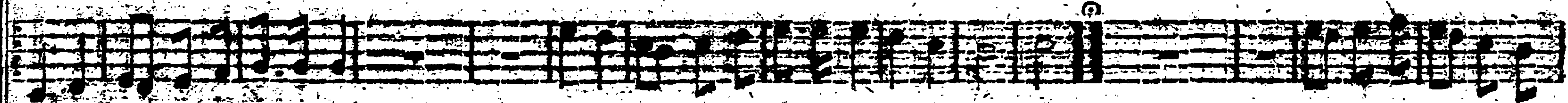


Anthem Continued.

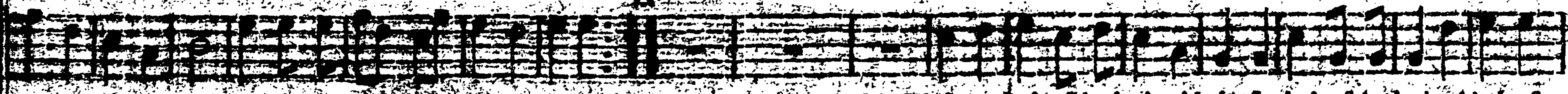
53



God is known in her palaces for a refuge, God is known in her palaces for a refuge. As we have heard so have we seen in the



city of our God. God will establish it for ever. We have tho't of thy loving kindness,

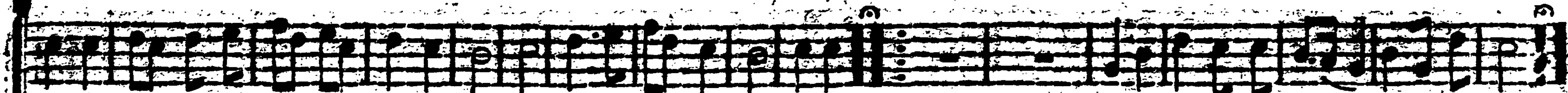


We have tho't of thy loving kindness, tho't of thy loving kindness,

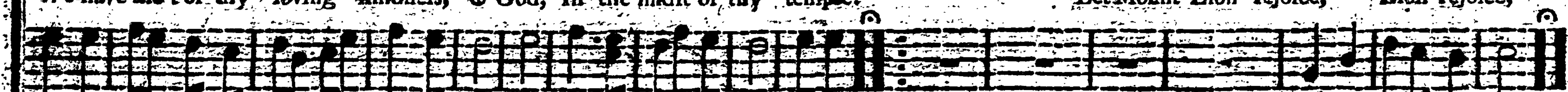


We have tho't of thy loving kindness, tho't of thy loving kindness,

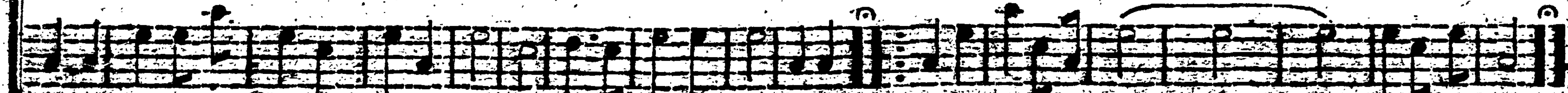
Anthem Continued.



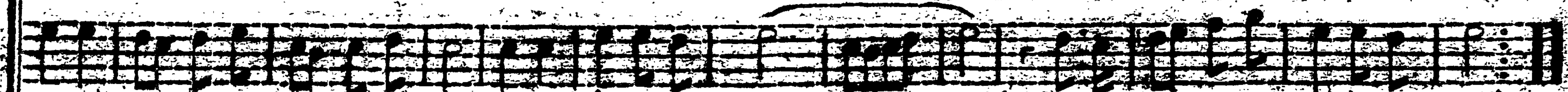
We have the't of thy loving kindness, O God, In the midst of thy temple. Let Mount Zion rejoice, Zion rejoice,



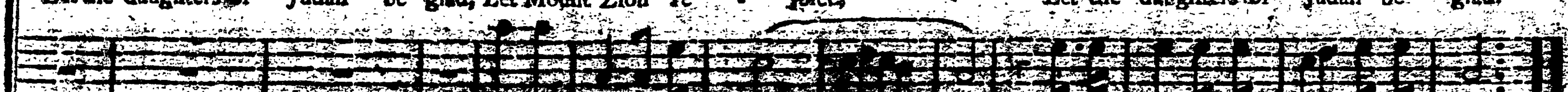
Let Mount Zion rejoice,



Let Mount Zion re - joice, Zion rejoice,

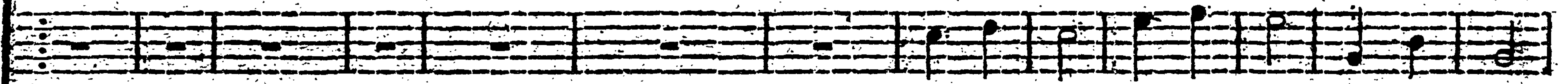
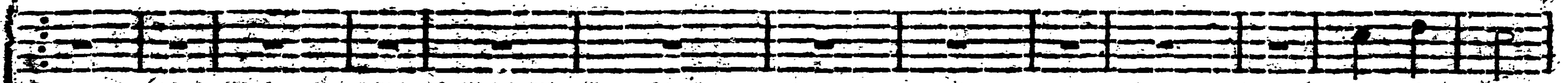


Let the daughters of Judah be glad, Let Mount Zion re - joice, Let the daughters of Judah be glad.

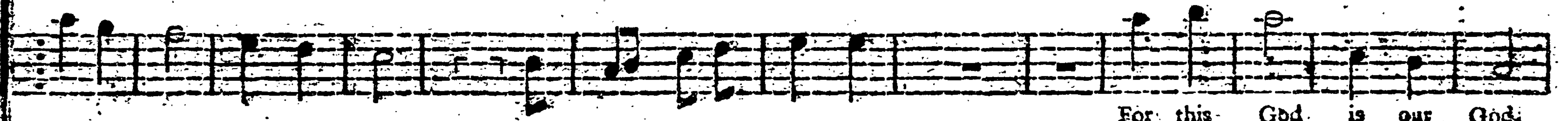


Anthem. Continued.

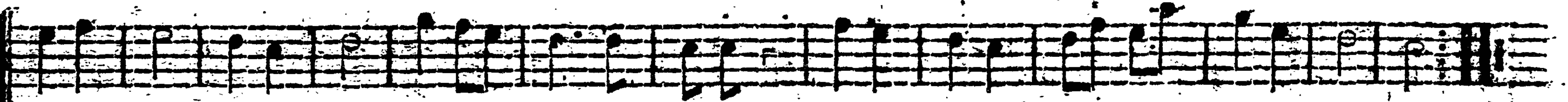
55



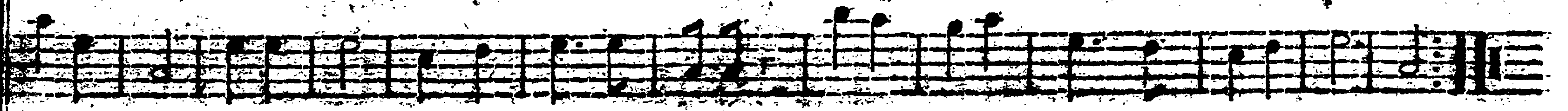
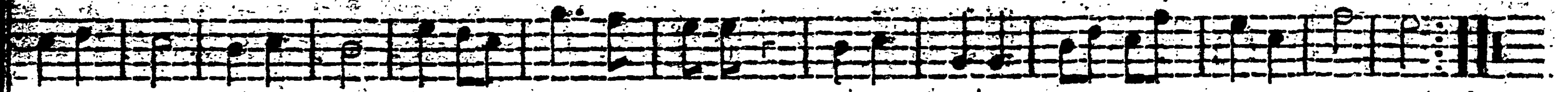
For this God is our God for ever and ever, For this God is our God, For this God

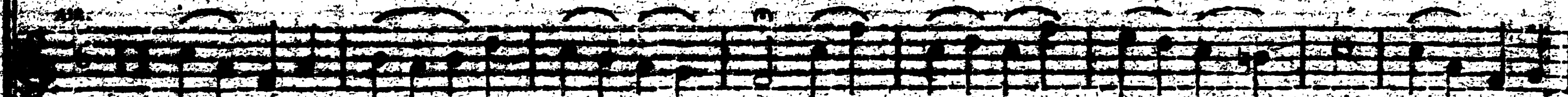
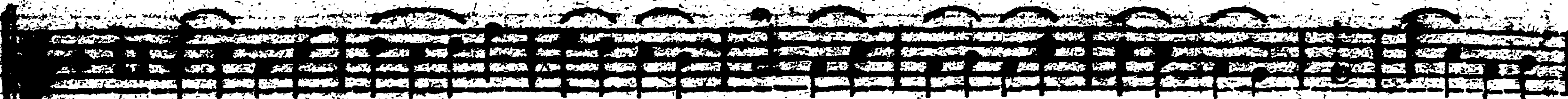


For this God is our God,

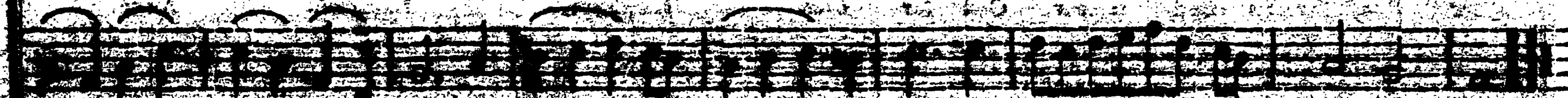
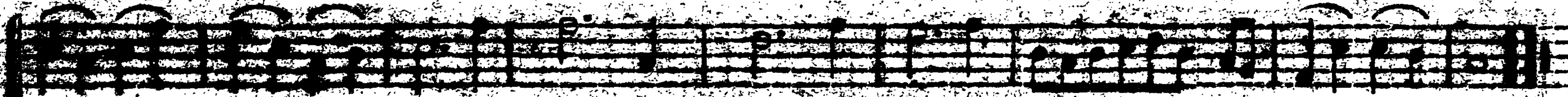
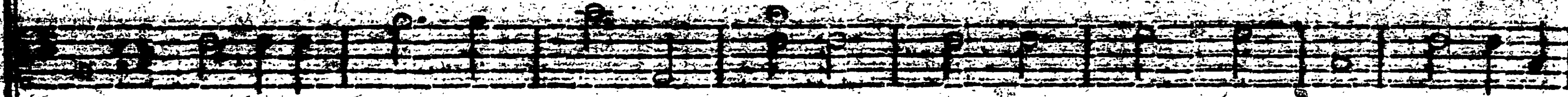


is our God, For this God is our God for ever. Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.





Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev'ry



heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, &c.



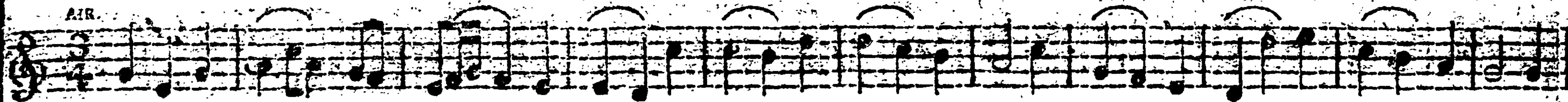
Penetration:

P. M.

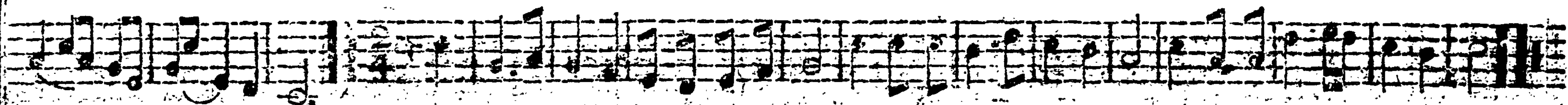
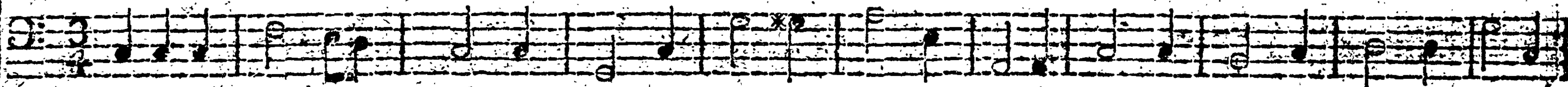
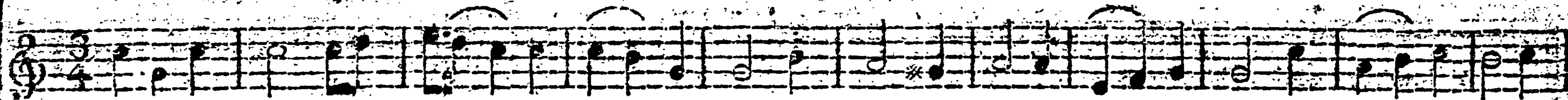
Words by Taylor.

57

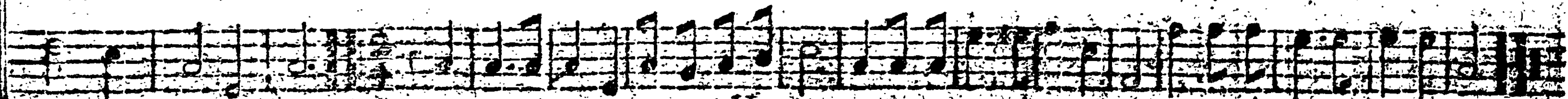
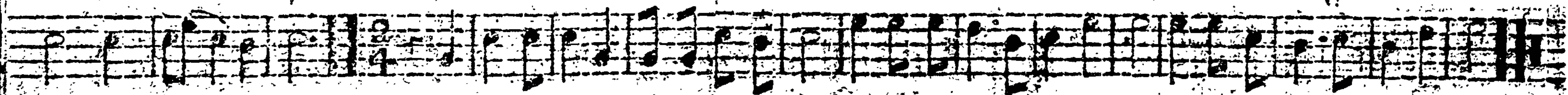
AIR

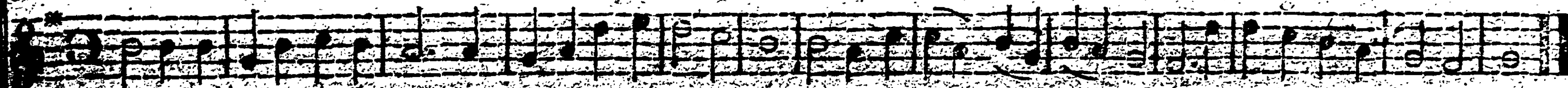


Father divine, before thy view All worlds, all creatures lie ; No distance can elude thy search, No

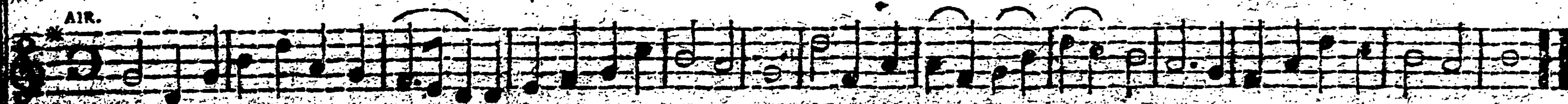


action 'scape thine eye. Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear, Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear, Thou art, &c.

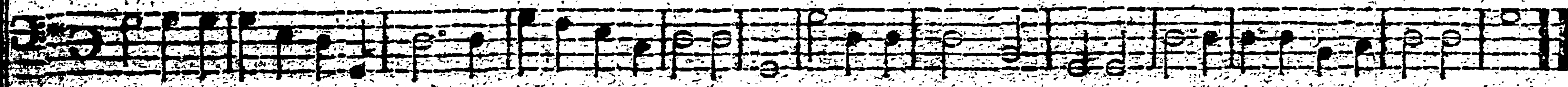




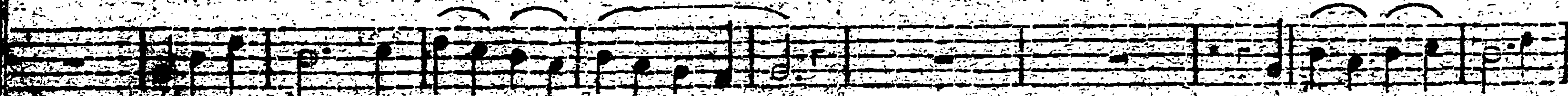
AIR.



Ye heav'nly gates loose all your chains, Let the eternal pillows bow ; Bleft Saviour, cleave the flamy plains, And make the crystal mountains flow.

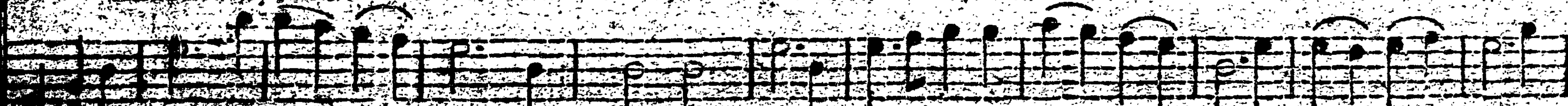


Hark ! how thy saints unite their cries, And pray and wait the gen'ral doom ;



Hark ! how thy saints unite their cries,

Come, thou, the soul of



Hark ! how thy saints unite their cries, unite their cries,

Desire of Nations Continued.

59

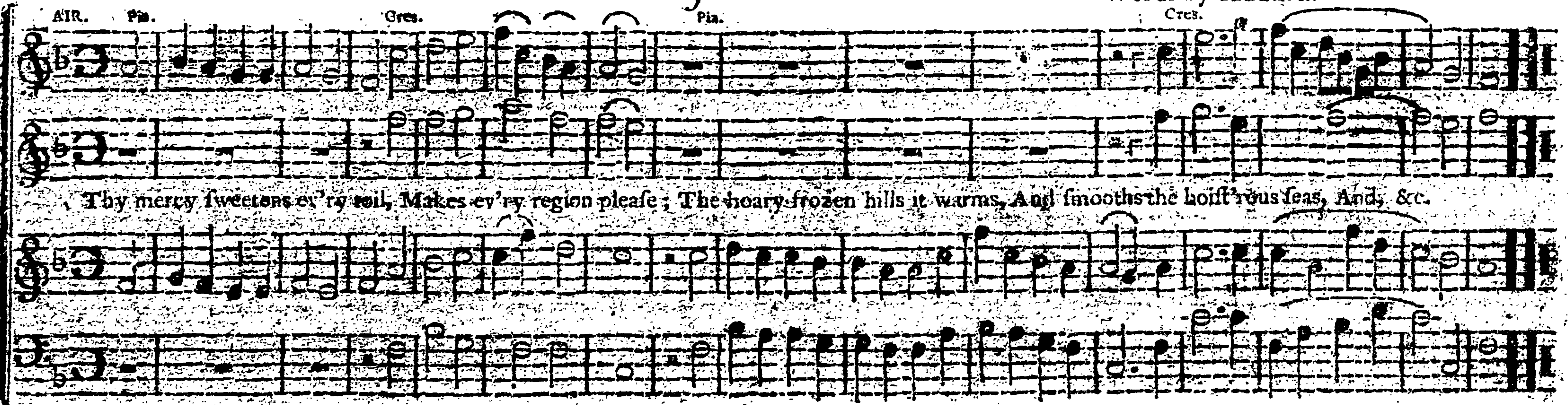


all our joys, Come thou, &c. Thou, the Desire of Nations, come.

Addison.

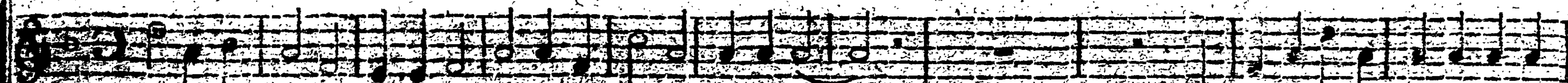
C. M.

Words by Addison.

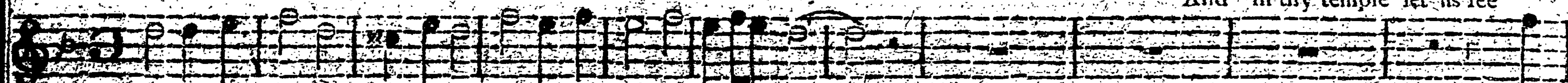


AIR. *Pia.* *Cres.* *Pia.* *Cres.*

Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry toil, Makes ev'ry region please; The hoary frozen hills it warms, And smooths the boist'rous seas, And, &c.

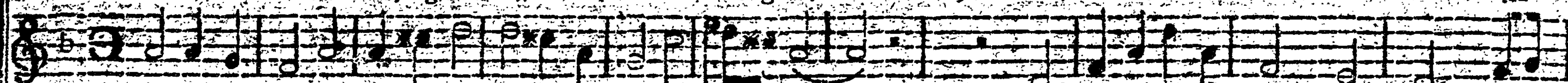


And in thy temple let us see

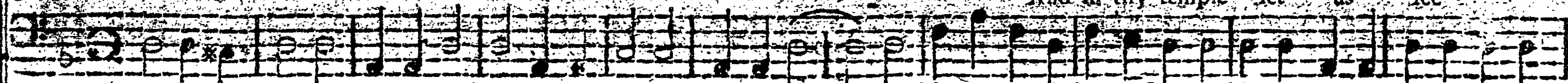


Send comforts down from thy right hand, While we march through this barren land;

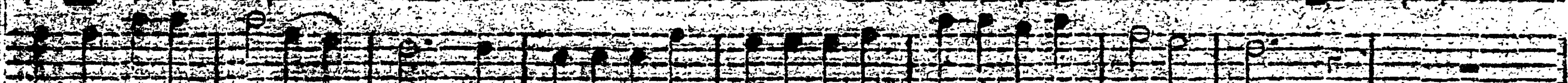
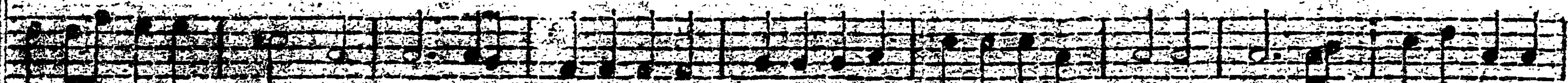
A



And in thy temple let us see



And in thy temple let us see, And in, &c.



glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee, While such a scene of sacred joys Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs, Here we could sit and



Temple. Continued.

61

gaze away A long, an everlasting day, Here we could sit, &c.

Sweet Surprise.

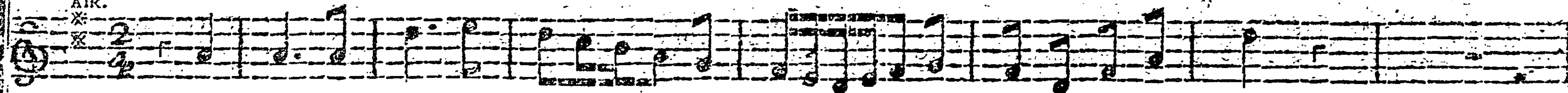
C. M.

Words by Dr. Watts.

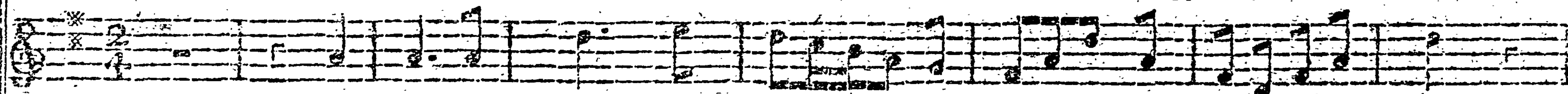
AIR.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise If thou unveil thy grace, And humble awe runs thro' the skies, And humble awe, &c. When wrath arrays thy face.

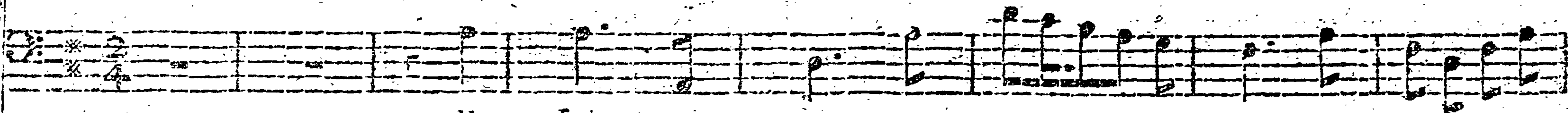
AIR.



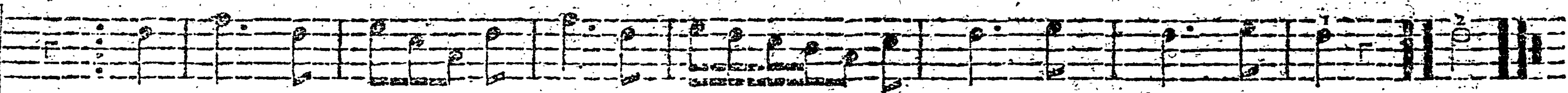
He spake, and heav'n's high arch — es rung With shouts of loud applause;



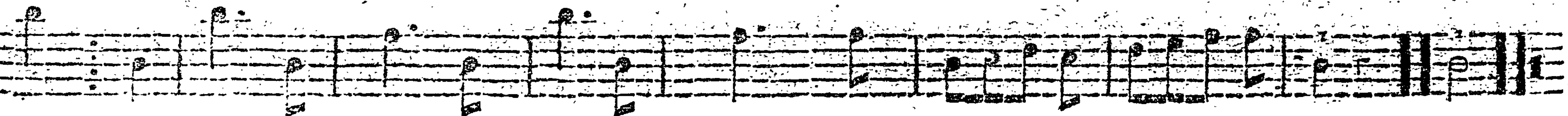
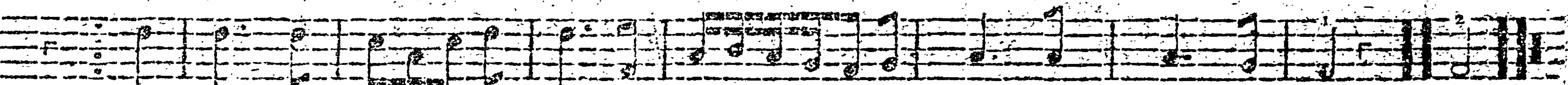
He spake, &c.



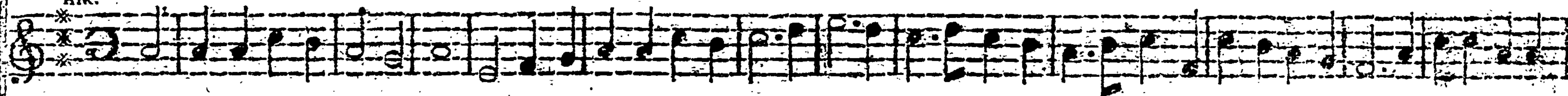
He spake, &c.



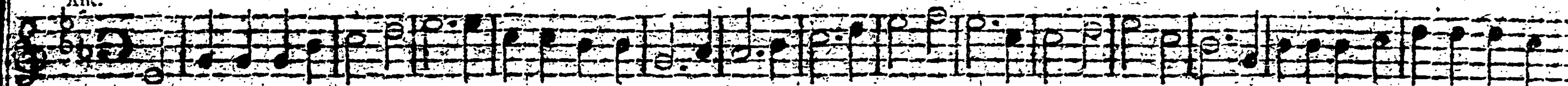
He dy'd, the friendly angels sung, Nor ceas'd the rapt'rous joy.



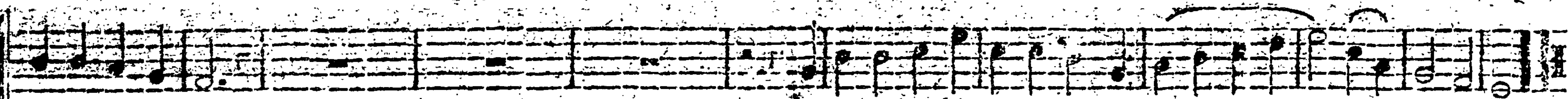
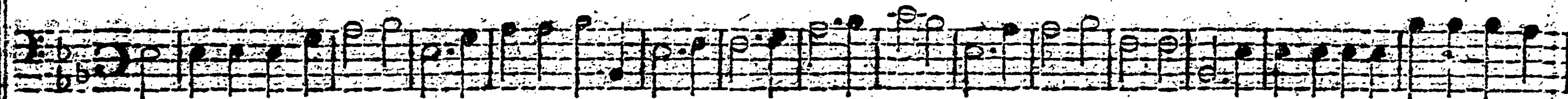
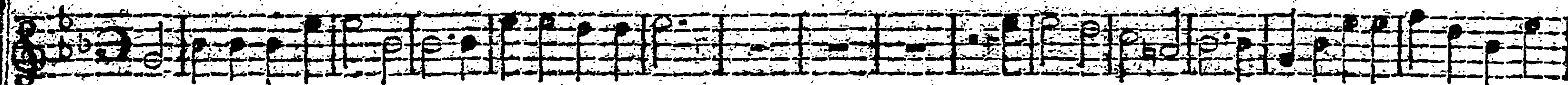
AIR.



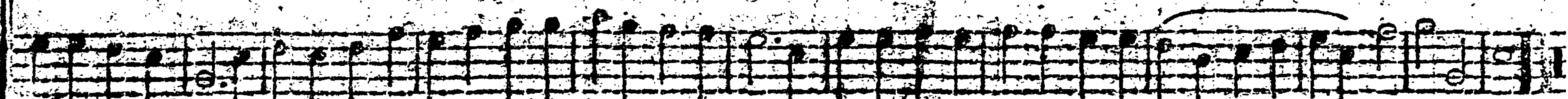
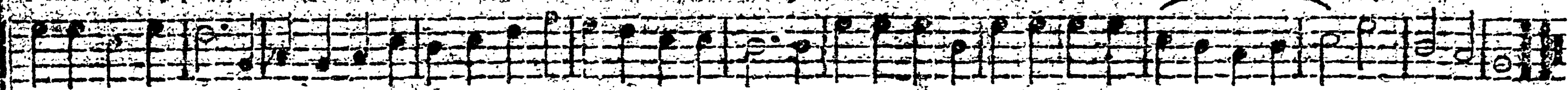
AIR.



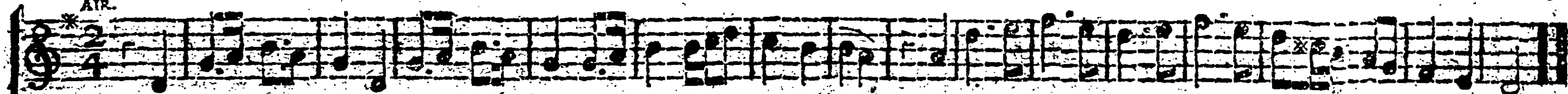
Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unseals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day. This day be grateful homage paid, And



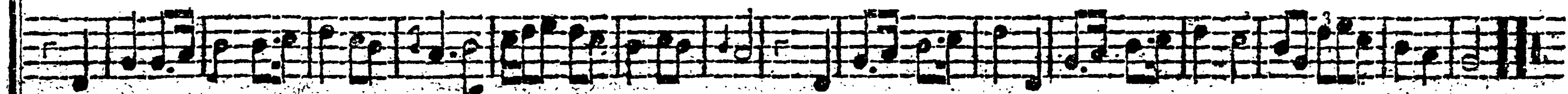
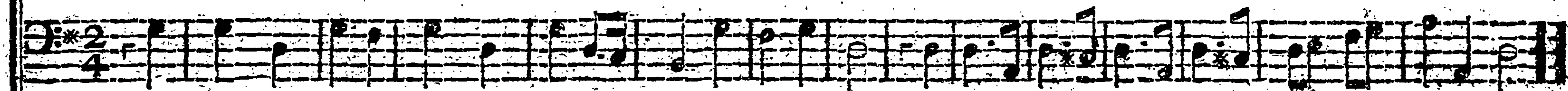
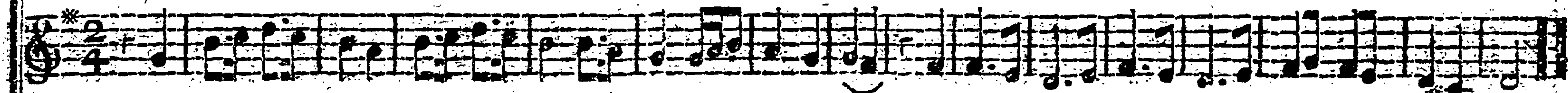
loud hosannas sung, Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart, And praise on ev'ry tongue, Let gladness, &c.



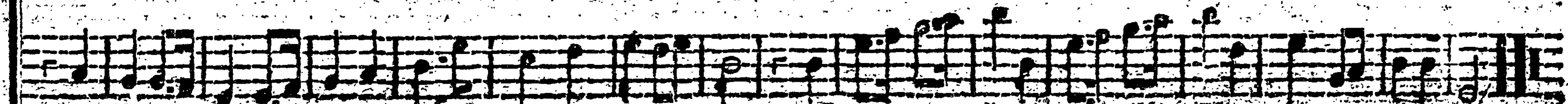
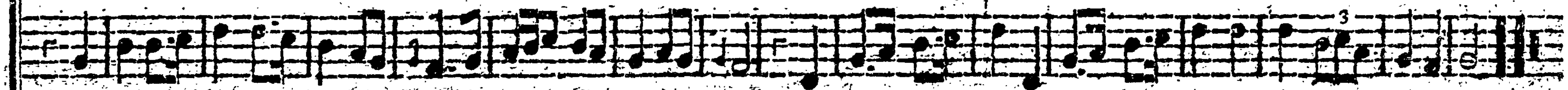
AIR.



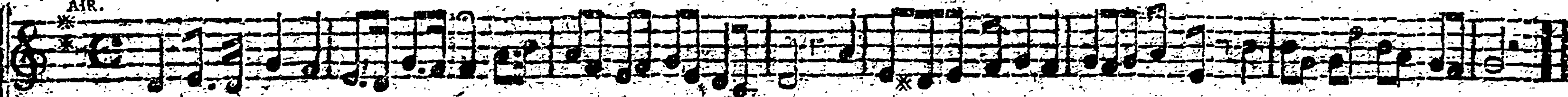
Come, let us lift our voices high, High as our joys arise, And join the songs above the sky, Where pleasure never dies.



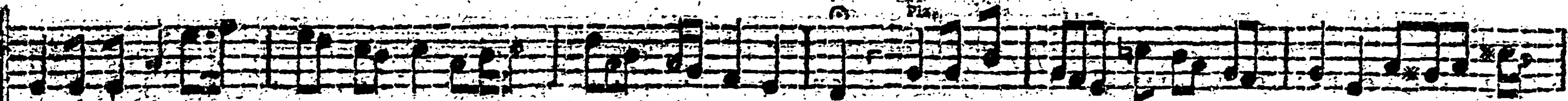
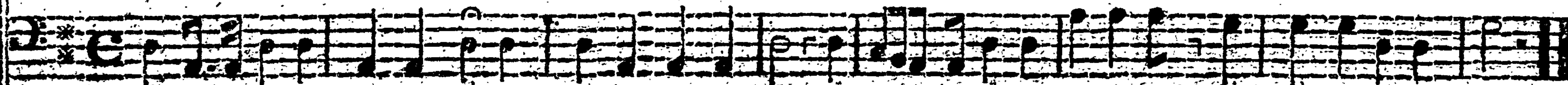
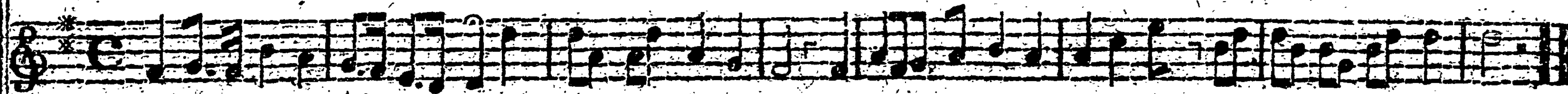
Jesus the God who fought and bled, And conquer'd when he fell; Who rose, and at his char'ot wheels Dragg'd all the gates of hell.



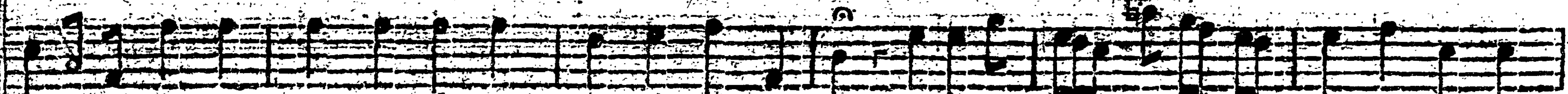
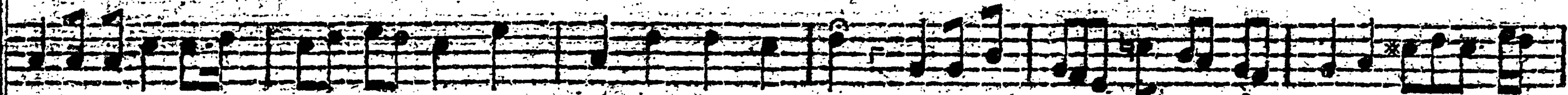
AIR.



Life has a soft and silver thread, Nor is it drawn too long; Yet when my vaster hopes persuade, I'm willing to be gone.



Fast as ye please roll down the hill, And haste away my years; Or I can wait my Father's will, And dwell be-



Edenton Continued.

67

Cres.

Vivace.

Dim.

Pia.

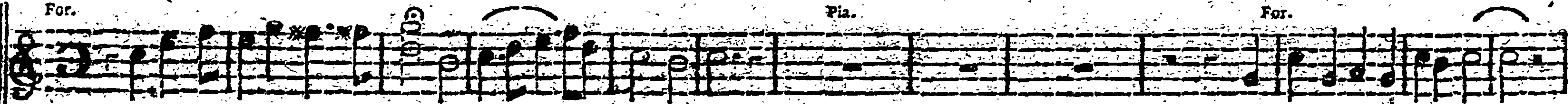
neath the spheres, And dwell beneath the spheres. Rise glorious ev'ry future sun, Gild all my following days; But

make the last dear moments known By well distinguish'd rays, By, &c.

For.

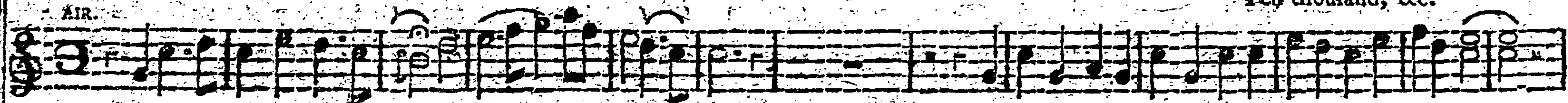
Pia.

For.



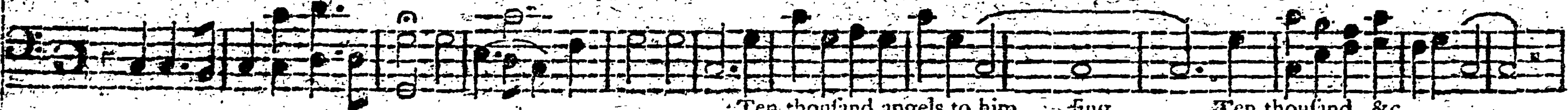
Ten thousand, &c.

AIR.



Behold, the great and mighty King Comes riding in the skies,

Ten thousand angels to him sing, Ten thousand, &c.

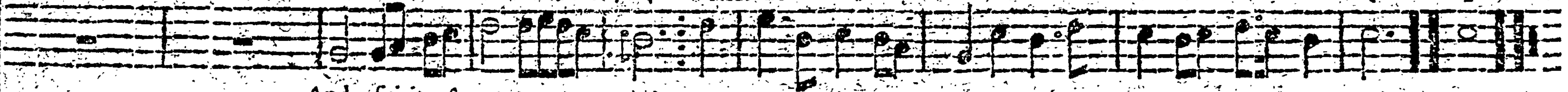


Ten thousand angels to him sing,

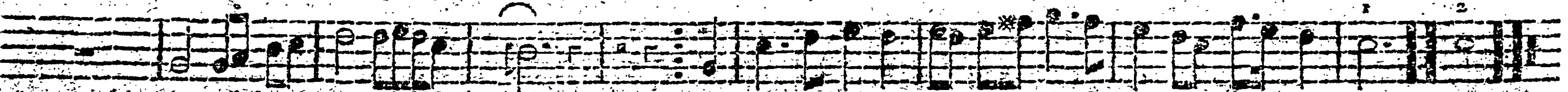
Ten thousand, &c.

Pia.

Mod.

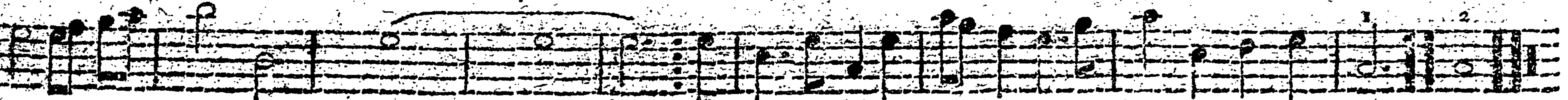


And spirits, &c.



And spirits round him fly,

Ten thousand, &c.



Fin.

Cres.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, containing whole and half notes. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, containing eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, containing whole and half notes. The lyrics "Let flowing numbers sweetly rise, And waft our praises to the skies, Let flowing numbers sweetly rise, And waft our" are written below the staves.

Let flowing numbers sweetly rise, And waft our praises to the skies, Let flowing numbers sweetly rise, And waft our

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, containing eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, containing eighth and sixteenth notes. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, containing eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/4, containing eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "praises to the skies, For all the blessings life bestows, And all the joys the gospel shows, And all, &c." are written below the staves.

praises to the skies, For all the blessings life bestows, And all the joys the gospel shows, And all, &c.

AIR.

O praise ye the Lord, Prepare a new song, And let all his fairs In full concert join, With voices united, The

The first system of the hymn consists of three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef, the middle is an alto clef, and the bottom is a bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and features a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the hymn starting with 'O praise ye the Lord'.

anthem prolong, And shout forth his honors In music divine, And shout, &c.

The second system of the hymn consists of three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef, the middle is an alto clef, and the bottom is a bass clef. The music continues the melody from the first system, featuring similar note values and rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the second line of the hymn starting with 'anthem prolong'.

'Tis Finish'd. C. M.

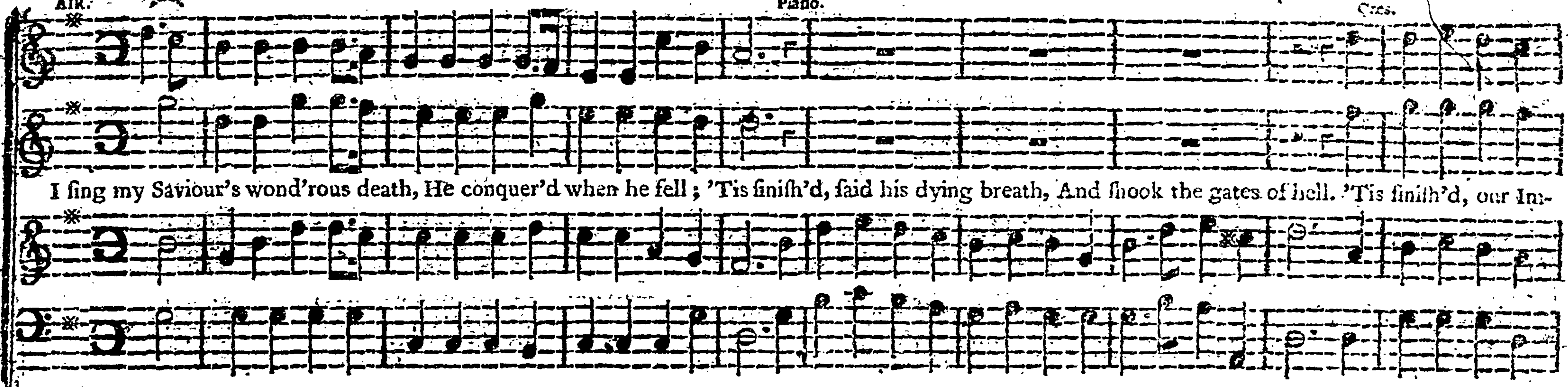
Words by Dr. Watts.

71

AIR.

Piano.

Cres.



I sing my Saviour's wond'rous death, He conquer'd when he fell; 'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath, And shook the gates of hell. 'Tis finish'd, our Im-

Pia.



manuel cries, The dreadful work is done; Hence shall his sovereign throne arise, His kingdom is begun, His kingdom, &c.

I N D E X.

ADDISON,	C. M.		Page 59	Eternal Wisdom,	C. M.	Page 10	Radiant Seraph,	P. M.	Page 45
Advent,	C. M.		56	Exultation,	C. M.	62	Rehoboth,	C. M.	Rogerson. 68
Alibama,	L. M.		12	Geneva,	C. M.	43	Repentant Song,	P. M.	33
Andover,	L. M.		50	Golden Lyre,	P. M.	7	Reviving Hope,	C. M.	44
Athens,	L. M.		15	Havanna,	P. M.	8	Rising Dawn,	C. M.	9
Auspicious Morn,	P. M.		41	Heavenly Theme,	C. M.	3	Serepta,	S. M.	51
Beneficence,	P. M.		47	How Sweetly,	P. M.	30	Sicily,	C. M.	11
Bethsaida,	S. M.		24	Immanuel,	P. M.	19	Solemnity,	C. M.	13
Bitter Sweet,	C. M.		38	Infant Time,	L. M.	48	Solid Pleasures,	L. M.	63
Bright Reversion,	L. M.		37	Interposition,	S. M.	40	Sparta,	P. M.	6
Claremont,	C. M.	Kimball.	65	Jehovah Reigns,	P. M.	18	St. Mary,	L. M.	5
Compassion,	S. M.		23	Joy was our Song,	L. M.	36	Stone Chapel,	P. M.	70
Constant Peace,	L. M.		32	Joyful Tidings,	C. M.	42	Sun,	L. M.	11
Corinth,	P. M.		13	Kamalia,	C. M.	46	Surety,	P. M.	16
The Cross,	L. M.		4	Lodi,	L. M.	27	Suspension,	L. M.	25
Cuba,	C. M.		10	Mantua,	C. M.	22	Sweet Surprise,	C. M.	61
Dawning Light,	S. M.		26	Mysterious Grace,	C. M.	46	Temple,	L. M.	60
Dedicatory Anthem,	L. M.		52	Morning,	C. M.	39	Tender Thoughts,	L. M.	30
Dedicatory Hymn,	L. M.		58	Opening Heavens,	C. M.	28	'Tis Finish'd,	C. M.	71
Desire of Nations,	C. M.		34	Oracle,	C. M.	12	Ur,	L. M.	49
Dissolution,	C. M.		66	Penetration,	P. M.	57	Various Praise,	L. M.	35
Edenton,	C. M.		20	Persia,	L. M.	14	Vergennes,	C. M.	21
Elim,	P. M.	Babcock.	20	Praise to God,	P. M.	17	Weary Pilgrim,	P. M.	15
Emulation,	L. M.		8	Psalms 148th,	P. M.	31	Welcome Morn,	C. M.	64
Ephesus,	L. M.		29				Why weepest thou?	C. M.	24
Eric,	P. M.								