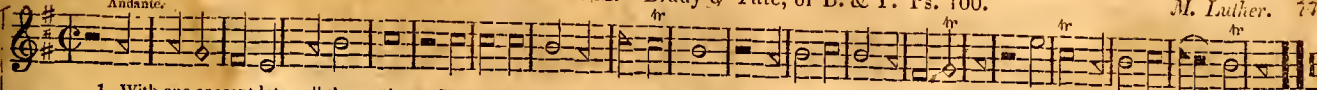
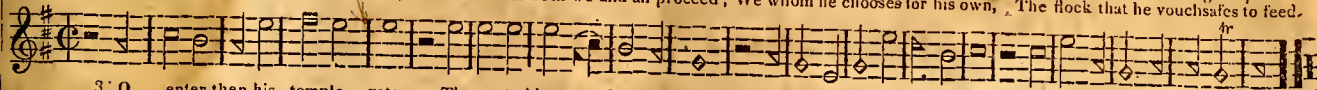


OLD HUNDRED. L. M. Brady & Tate, or B. & T. Ps. 100.

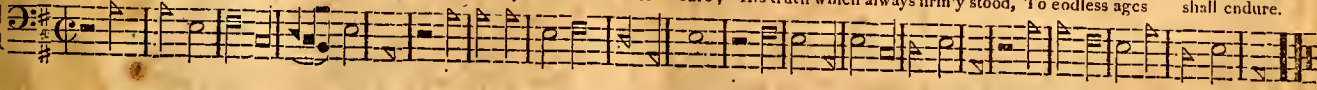
Andante.



1. 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. Convinced that he is God a-lone, From whom both we and all proceed; We whom he chooses for his own, The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

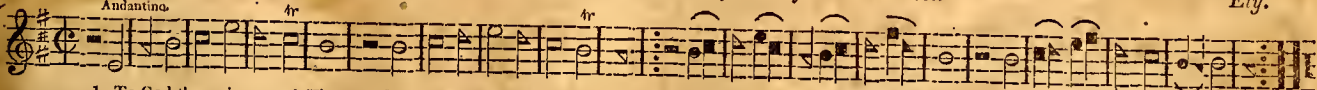


3. O enter then his temple gate, Thence to his courts devoutly press; And still your grateful hymns repeat, And still his name with praises bless.  
 4. For he's the Lord supremely good, His mercy is forever sure; His truth which always firmly stood, To endless ages shall endure.

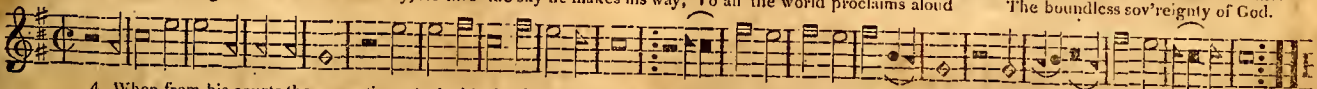


PRAISE. L. M. Dr. Rippon, Hy. 1. By Dr. Stennett.

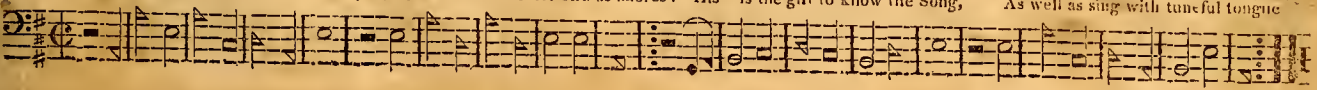
Andantino.



1. To God the universal King, Let all mankind their tribute bring; All that have breath, your voices raise, In songs of never ceasing praise.  
 2. The spacious earth on which we tread, And wider heav'n's stretch'd o'er our heads, A large and solemn temple frame, To celebrate its builder's fame.  
 3. Here the bright sun that rules the day, As thro' the sky he makes his way, To all the world proclaims aloud The boundless sov'reignty of God.



4. When from his courts the sun retires, And with the day his voice expires, The moon and stars adopt the song, And thro' the night the praise prolong.  
 5. The lightning earth the music hears, Th' harmonious music of the spheres; And all her tribes the notes repeat, That God is wise, and good, and great.  
 6. But man, endow'd with nobler pow'rs, His God in nobler strains adores: His is the gift to know the Song, As well as sing with tuneful tongue.



## KENT. L. M. Dr. Watts' Ps. 132. vrs. 1 &amp; 2.

Dr. Green.

*Andante.*

Where shall we go to seek and find An habit-a-tion for our God, A dwelling for th' eternal mind, Among the sons of flesh and blood.

## MAGDALEN. L. M. Dr. Watts' Hy. 122. vrs. 1 &amp; 4. B. II.

Dr. Tallis.

My God permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee; Amidst a thousand tho'ts I rove, Forget-ful of my highest love.

## TRURO. L. M. Dr. Watts' Hy. 47, vrs. 1 &amp; 6. B. II.

G. F. Handel.

*Andantino e Spiritoso.*

Now to the Lord a noble song! Awake my soul, awake my tongue; Hosan-na to th'e-ter-nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

SACRAMENT. L. M. Dr. W. Hy. 1, B. III.

Ely. 79

Adagio e Affettuoso. *Ar*

'Twas on that dark and doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a-rose, Against the Son of God's delight, And friends be-tray'd him to his foes.

DARWENT. L. M.

Andante Affett.

Who, from the shades of gloomy night, When the last tear of hope is shed, Can bid the soul return to light, And break the slumbers of the dead.

ARMLEY. L. M. Dr. W. Hy. 67. vrs. 1, B. 1.

T. William's Coll.

Adagio e Affett. *Ar*

Thou whom my soul ad-mires a-bove All earthly joy, and earthly love, Tell me dear Shepherd let me know, Where doth thy sweetest pastures grow.

*Vivo.*

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

*Tutti.*

And talk of all thy truth at night.

*Andantino e Animato.*

### PALMIS. L. M. Dr. R. Hy. 30. By Dr. Doddridge.

1. Ye sons of men with joy re- cord The various wonders of the Lord; And let his  
 2. Let the high heav'ns your songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun and

*tr. Women.*

pow'r and goodness sound, Thro' all your tribes the earth around. Thro' all your tribes, &c.  
 moon and planets roll, And stars that glow from pole to pole. And stars that glow from pole to pole.

*Tutti.* *Italian.*

- 3. But Oh! that brighter world above,  
 Where lives and reigns incarnate love!  
 God's only Son, in flesh array'd,  
 For man a bleeding victim made.
- 4. Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!  
 There in the land of praise, adore;  
 The theme demands an angel's lay—  
 Demands an everlasting day.



The wond'ring nations have beheld The sacred prophe- cy fulfil'd; And angels hail'd the glorious morn That show'd the great Mes- si- ah born.

## PORTUGAL. L. M. Dr. R. Hy. 343.

*Thorly.*


How lovely, how di- vine-ly sweet, O Lord thy sa- cred courts appear! Fain would my long- ing pas- sions meet The glories of thy pre- sence there.

## CYMBELINE. L. M. Dr. W. Ps. 69.

*Dr. Arne.*


Deep in our hearts let us record, The deeper sorrows of our Lord; Be- hold the ri- sing billows roll, To o- ver- whelm his ho- ly soul.

Spirito.

Would you be- hold the works of God, His wonders in the world a- broad. With the bold mar- i- ner sur- vey The unknown

Tutti.

re- gions of the sea, The unknown re- gions of the sea.

SALEM. L. M. Dr. W. Hy. 40. B. 1.

Et

What happy men or an- gels these,

Dim.

Cres.

For.

That all their robes are spot- less, white? Whence did this glo- rious troop a- rive at the pure realms of heav'nly bliss.

Andante.

1. Glory to God the Trinity, Whose name has mysteries unknown; In essence One, In person three; A social nature yet a lone.

2. When all our noblest powers are join'd The honors of thy name to raise, Thy glories overmatch'd our mind, And angels faint beneath the praise.

Ado, Affet.  
1. Shall man, O  
In death's ob-

## KINGSBRIDGE. L. M. Dr. Dwight, Ps. 88.

Dr. Figg. Coll.

God of light and life For-ever moulder in the grave! Canst thou forget thy glorious work, Thy promise and thy power to save.

secure ob-liv-ious realms No truths are taught nor wonders shown; No mercy beams to warm the heart; Thy name un-sung, thy grace unknown.

3. No lips proclaim redeeming love, With praise and transport in the sound; The gospel's glory never shines, And hope and peace are never found.
4. But in those silent realms of night, Shall peace and hope no more arise? No future morning light the tomb, Nor day-star gild the skies?
5. Shall spring the faded world revive, Shall waning moons their light return? Again shall setting suns ascend, And the last day anew be born?
6. Shall life revisit dying worms, And spread the joyful insects wing? And oh! shall man no more awake To see thy face, thy name to sing? [sang.]
7. Cease, cease, ye vain desponding tears; When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang, Death, the last foe, was captiv'ed, And heaven with praise and wonder
8. Him, the first fruits, his chosen sons Shall follow from the vanquish'd grave; He mounts his throne, the King of Kings, His church to quicken and to save.
9. Faith sees the bright eternal doors Unfold to make his children way; They shall be cloth'd with endless life, And shine in everlasting day. [King.]
10. The trumpet shall sound; the dust awake; From the cold tomb the slumberers spring; Thro' heav'n with joy their myriads rise, And hail their saviour and their

## ISLINGTON. L. M.

A. Williams' Coll.

Adagio.

This life's a dream, an empty show, But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake, when shall I wake and find me there.

The score consists of two staves of music in 6/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are printed below the first staff.

## DODDRIDGE. L. M.

Dr. Arnold.

Andante.

When life's last conflict here is o'er, My spirit chain'd to flesh no more, With what glad accents will I rise, And join the

The score consists of three staves of music in 3/2 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are printed below the first staff. The piece is marked 'Andante' and includes vocal parts for 'Wo.' and 'Tutti'.

## CONNECTICUT. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 20. By Dr. Watts.

Ely.

Andante Maestoso.

mu- sic of the skies. What is our God or what his name, Nor men can learn, nor angels teach; He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame, Where neither eyes nor thro'ts can reach. Where neither, &c.

The score consists of three staves of music in 3/2 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are printed below the first staff. The piece is marked 'Andante Maestoso'.



MILBANK. L. M. Dr. Madan's Coll. P. 45.

Dr. C. Burney. 85

Andante Soave.

Pia.

For.

Pia.

For.

Of him who did sal- va- tion bring, Lord may we ever think and sing: Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive, Arise ye needy he'll relieve.

HALIFAX. L. M. Meth. Hy. 1. B. II.

Dr. Madan.

Andante.

Hol' ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh; ('Tis God in- vites the fal- len race;) Mercy and free sa- va- tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

PALERMO. L. M. Dr. W. Ps. 62.

Ely.

Mæstoso.

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

## ZEALAND. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 484. By Bedome.

Ely.

Andante Affett.

So fair a face be-dew'd with tears! What beauty e'en in grief appears! He wept, he bled, he d'ld for you; What more ye saints could Je-sus do.

Repeat Tutti. *tr*

## CARMEL. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 359.

Handel.

Animato.

Women.

Tutti.

Thine earthy Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above; To that our lab'ring souls aspire With ardent pangs of strong desire.

## MUNICH. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 72. By Dr. Stennett.

German.

Affett. Men.

Wo.

Tutti.

'Tis finish'd! *tr* so the saviour cry'd, And meekly bow'd his head and d'ld; 'Tis finish'd, yes the race is run, The battle fought the vict'ry won.

Adagio e Affettuoso

At thy command, our dearest Lord, Here we attend thy dying feast; Thy blood like wine adorns thy board, And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

NEWTON. L. M. Meth. Hy. 5. B. nr.

T. Clarke.

Ad antro.

Sinners obey the gospel word, Haste to the supper of our Lord; Be wise to know your gracious day, All things are ready come away, All things are ready come away.

VICTORY. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 422.

Ely.

Tempo di Marcia.

Yes, mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign Till all thy haughty foes submit; Till hell and all her trembling train Become like dust-beneath thy feet. Become like dust beneath thy feet.

## COSTELLOW. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 490. By. Dr. Davies.

Costellow.

Andante. Dim. Cres. For. tr

Lord, am I thine, en- tire- ly thine? Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine? With full consent, thine I would be; And own thy sov'reign right in me.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the hymn 'COSTELLOW'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef, C major, common time), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef, C major, common time), and a bass line (bass clef, C major, common time). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score includes dynamic markings: 'Dim.' (diminuendo), 'Cres.' (crescendo), 'For.' (forte), and 'tr' (trill). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

## LORN. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 371.

Pleyel.

Moderato. tr tr tr tr

Look down, O Lord, with pity'ng eye; See Adam's race in ruin lie; Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground, And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the hymn 'LORN'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef, D major, 2/4 time), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef, D major, 2/4 time), and a bass line (bass clef, D major, 2/4 time). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score includes trill markings ('tr') above several notes in the vocal line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

## WILTON. L. M. Dr. W. Hy. 146. B. I.

Cuzens.

Animato. tr Women. Pin. For. Repeat Tutti.

Go worship at Im- man- uel's feet, See in his face what won- d'rs meet; Earth is too narrow to expres His worth his glory, or his grace. His worth, his glory or his grace.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the hymn 'WILTON'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef, D major, 2/4 time), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef, D major, 2/4 time), and a bass line (bass clef, D major, 2/4 time). The tempo is marked 'Animato'. The score includes a trill marking ('tr') above a note in the vocal line, and performance instructions: 'Women.' (pointing to a specific part of the score), 'Pin.' (piano), 'For.' (forte), and 'Repeat Tutti.' (at the end of the piece). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

STONEFIELD. L. M. Dr. W. Hy. 70. B. II.

Stanley, 89

Vigoso. *fr* *Pia.* *For.*



God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice Makes all the roaring waves rejoice! And one soft word of thy command Can sink them silent in the sand.

PRESBURG. L. M. Dr. W. Ps. 34.

Tucker.

Andantino. *fr* *Pia.* *For.* *fr*



Lord, I will bless thee all my days, Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue; My soul shall glory in thy grace, While saints rejoice to hear the song, While saints rejoice, &c.

NEW SABBATH. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 348. By. Dr. Stennett.

Dr. Ripp. Coll.

*Spir. o.* *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr*



An-oth-er six days work is done, An- other Sabbath is begun, Return my soul, en- joy thy rest, Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.

## CALVARY. L. M. Dr. Rip. Hy. 136.

Ely.

Ado. e Doloroso.

1. Ye that pass by behold the man! The man of grief, condemn'd for you! The Lamb of God, for sinners slain! Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2. His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear, With nails they fasten to the wood; His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare, Or only cover'd with his blood.

3. See there! his temples crown'd with thorns, His bleeding hands extended wide, His streaming feet transfix'd and torn, The fountain gushing from his side.
4. Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God, How doth thy heart to sinners move! Sprinkle on us thy precious blood, And melt us with thy dying love.
5. The earth could to her centre quake, Convuls'd, when her Creator dy'd; Oh, may our inmost nature shake, And bow with Jesus crucify'd!
6. At thy last gasp, the graves display'd Their horrors to the upper skies; Oh that our souls might burst the shade, And quicken'd by the death, arise!
7. The rocks could feel thy pow'ful death, And tremble, and asunder part; Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath, The harder marble of our heart.

## GERMAN. L. M. Dr. Madan's Coll. p. 42.

Dr. Madan's Coll.

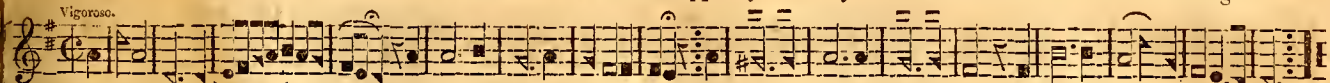
Andante. *tr*

1. O come, thou wounded Lamb of God! Come wash us in thy cleansing blood; Give us to know thy love, then pain is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2. Take our poor hearts, and let them be forever clos'd to all but thee; Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear That pledge of love forever there.

3. How can it be, thou heav'nly King, That thou shouldst man to glory bring! Make slaves the partners of thy throne, Deck'd with a never fading crown!
4. Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty tho't, To know the wonders thou hast wrought; Unloose our stam'ring tongue, to tell Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
4. First-born of many brethren thou, To thee both earth and heav'n must bow: Help us to thee our all to give; Thine may we die, thine may we live.

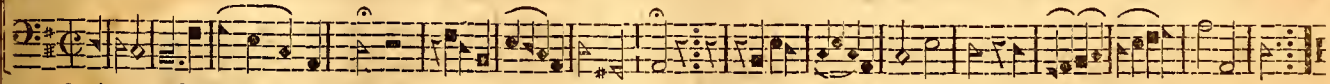
Vigorous.



1. Great God amid the dark- some night, Thy glories dart upon my sight, While wrapt in wonder I behold, The silver moon and stars of gold.



2. But when I see the sun a- rise, And pour his glories o'er the skies. In more stu- pendous forms I view, Thy greatness and thy glory too.



3. Thou Sun of sins, whose dazzling-light, Tries and confounds an angels sight! How shall I glance an eye at thee, In all thy vast immensity.

4. Yet I may be allow'd to trace The distant shadows of thy face; As in the pale and sickly moon, We trace the image of the sun.

5. In every work thy hands have made, Thy pow'r and wisdom are display'd: But O! what glories all divine, In my incarnate Saviour Shine!

6. He is my Sun: beneath his wings My soul securely sits and sings; And there enjoys, like those above, The balmy influence of thy love.

7. Oh, may the vital strength and heat, His cheering beams communicate; Enable me my course to run, With the same vigour as the sun.

YORKSHIRE. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 199.

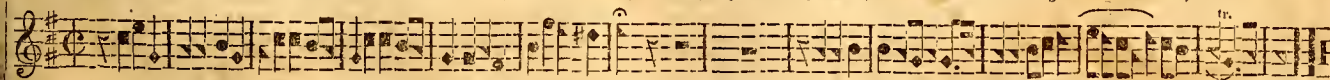
For.

Handel.

Tempo di Marcia.



1. Great God amid the darksome night, Thy glories dart upon my sight, Thy glories dart, &c. While, wrapt in wonder, I behold, The silver moon and stars of gold. The silver moon, &c.



2. But when I see the sun arise, And pour his glories o'er the skies, And pour his glories, &c. In more stupendous forms I view, Thy greatness and thy goodness too. Thy greatness, &c.



## OSNABURGH. L. M. Dr. W. Ps. 45.

Handel.

*Mestoso.*

*Pia.* *For.*

Now be my heart inspir'd to sing The glories of my Saviour King, Jesus the Lord, how heav'nly fair His form! how bright his beauties are.

## INCARNATION. L. M. Dr. W. Ps. 97

Ely.

1. The Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim His birth: the nations learn his name; An un-known star di-rects the road Of

cast-er-ners to their God.

2. All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go worship where your Saviour lies;  
Angels and kings before him bow,  
Those gods on high and gods below.
3. Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshipers confound;  
But Zion shall his glories sing,  
And earth confess her sov'reign King.
4. He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns,  
Praise him in ev'ngelic strains:  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.

5. Deep are his counsels and unknown;  
But grace and truth support his throne;  
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
6. In robes of judgment lo! he comes,  
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;  
Before him burns devouring fire,  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
7. His enemies with sore dismay,  
Fly from his sight and shun the day;  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.



*Mestoso.*

*For.*

*For.*

1. He comes! he comes! the judge se-vere! The seventh trumpet speaks him near! His lightnings flash, his thunders roll! He's welcome to the faithful soul! Welcome, :||

*Pia.*

*For.*

2. From heav'n angelic voices sound;  
See th' almighty Jesus crown'd!  
Girt with omnipotence and grace;  
And glory decks the Saviour's face!  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3. Descending from his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms as his own;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord.  
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,  
Hail him their triumphant Lord.

*Animato.* MANSFIELD. L. M.

Awake our souls, (a- way our fears, Let

ev'ry trembling thought he gone,) Awake and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on. And put a cheerful courage on.

Gravemente.

tr

Women.

Tutti.

The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh, When righteous persons fall around, When tender friends and kindred die. When tender friends, &c.

## WELLS. L. M. Dr. W. Ps. 51.

Holdrayd.

LEITH. L. M.

Shew pity Lord, O Lord forgive; Let a repenting rebel live: Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee? Come sinners to the

Women.

2do. Tut.

gospel first; Let ev-ry soul be Jesus guest; Ye need not one be left be- hind; For God hath bidden all mankind.

Vigorous.

Pia.

For.

The heav'n's declare thy glo-ry Lord, In ev-ry star thy goodness shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy word in fairer lines. We read thy word in

fairer lines.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy pow'r confess;  
But the blest volume of thy word  
Recals thy justice and thy grace.
3. Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth and never stand;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
4. Nor shall the spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

CARTHAGE. L. M. Dr. W. Hy. 124. B. 1.

Dalmer.

Women.

Affettuoso.

1. Deep in the dust, before the throne, Our guilt and our disgrace we own; Great God! we

Tutti.

own th' unhappy name, Whence sprung our nature and our shame. Great God! we own th' unhappy name, Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2. Adam, the sinner: at his fall  
Death, like a conqueror seiz'd us all:  
A thousand new-born babes are dead,  
By fatal union with their head.
3. But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,  
Behold the terrors of thy law,  
We sing the honour of thy grace,  
That sent to save our ruin'd race.
4. We sing thine everlasting Son,  
Who join'd his nature to our own:  
Adam, the second, from the dust,  
Raises the ruins of the first.

CHINA. L. M.

Cuzens.  
Ar. Tutti.

Men.

Women.

Vigorous.

1. Come hither all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And bring you to my heav'nly home; I'll give you

rest from all your toils, And bring you to my heav'nly home. Come to Jesus, &c.

- 2. "They shall find rest that learn of me,  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind. Come to Jesus, &c.
- 3. "Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
My yoke is easy to the neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light." Come to Jesus
- 4. Jesus we come at thy command;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
'To mould and guide us at thy will. Come to Jesus, &c.

CHORUS. Women.

Tutti.

Women.

Tutti.

Walker.

Come to Jesus, Come and welcome, come! Come to Jesus, Come and welcome, come!

Andante Affett.

BRENTFORD. L. M. Dr. Rip. Hy. 139.

Ely. 97  
Tutti.

1. See Lord thy willing subjects bow,  
Adoring low before thy throne! Accept our humble cheerful vow;  
Thou art our sov'reign thou alone. Thou art our

sov'reign thou alone.

2. Bene. th thy snul-reviving ray,  
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom  
Shall brighten into vernal day,  
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
3. Smile on our souls, and bid us sing  
In concert with the choirs above,  
The glories of our Saviour King,  
The condescension of his love.
4. Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,  
To view with pity's melting eye,  
Vile men deserving endless woe:  
Am-zing love!—d:d Jesus die.

EATON. L. M. Dr. W. Ps. 84.

Wyvill.

Women.

1. Great God attend while Zion sings, The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend our

day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth. To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2. Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
3. God is our Sun, he makes our day;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.
4. All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too!  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

## DA CAPO TUNES.

DRESDEN. L. M. Dr. W. Lyrics. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 474.

Dr. Rippon's Coll.  
Ar Da Capo.

Adante Affett.

1. He diés the heav'nly lover dies! The tidings strike a doleful sound; }  
On my poor heart strings; deep he lies In the cold caverns of the ground. } 2. Come saints and drop a tear or two On the dear bosom of our God;

He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richer blood.

3. Here's love and grief beyond degree, The Lord of glory dies for men? }  
But lo! what sudden joys we see! Jesus the dead revives again! } 4. The rising God forsakes the tomb, In vain the tomb forbids his rise; }  
Cherubic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies. }

KIRKLAND. L. M. B. &amp; T. Hy. 15. By Addison.

Handel.  
Ar D. C.

Mestoso.

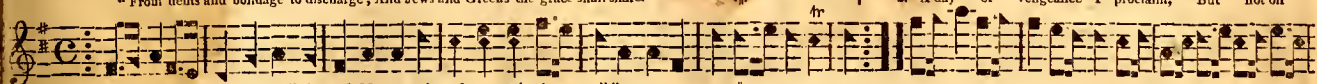
1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue c- the- rial sky, 2. Th'unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his ere- a- tor's pow'r display,  
And spangled heav'n's a shining frame, Their great o- ri- gin- al proclaim. }  
And publishes to ev'ry land The work of an almighty hand.

3. Soon as the even'g shades prevail, The moon takes up the wond'rous tale; }  
And nightly to the list'ning earth, Repeats the story of her birth: }  
Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole. } 4. Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, }  
4. 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; } 6. In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, }  
Forever singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine."

Tempo di Marcia.



1. "I come," the great Redeemer cries, "A year of freedom to declare, A year of freedom to declare;  
"From debts and bondage to discharge; And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share." | 2. "A day of vengeance I proclaim, But not on



"On me its thunder's shall descend, My strength my love sustain them all." :||



Da Capo.



man the storm shall fall. :||

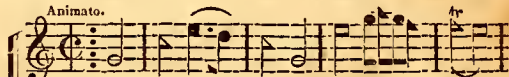


3. Stupendous favour! matchless grace!  
Jesus has dy'd that we might live:  
Not worlds below nor worlds above,  
Could so divine a ransom give.

4. To him who lov'd our ruin'd race,  
And for our lives laid down his own,  
Let songs of joyful praise arise,  
Sublime, eternal as his throne.

LORRAIN. L. M. Dr. W. Ps. 85.

Animato.



1. Sal-va-tion is for ev-er on high,  
And grace de-scending from on high,  
By his ob-edience so com-plete.



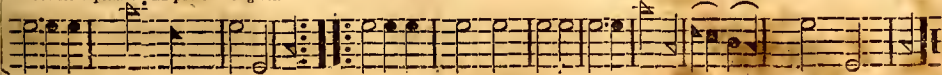
3. Nor truth and honour shall abound,  
Religion dwells on earth again,  
And heav'nly influence bless the ground  
In our Redeemer's gentler reign.

4. His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us free access to God;  
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps, and keep the road.



fr Finis.

The souls that fear and trust the Lord,  
Fresh hopes of glo-ry shall afford. | 2. Mercy and truth on earth are met, Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n.  
Justice is pleas'd and peace is given.



Largo e doloroso.

1. Stretch'd on the cross the Saviour dies, Hark! his ex- piring groans arise! See from his bands his feet, his side, Runs down the sa- cred crimson tide!

2. But life attends the deathful sound, And flows from ev'ry The vi- tal stream, how free it flows To save and cleanse his rebel foes.

3. To suffer in the traitor's place, To die for man, surprising grace! Yet pass rebellious angels by, O why for man, dear Saviour why? No he withdrew his sick'ning ray, And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

4. And didst thou bleed? for sinners bleed? And could the sun behold the deed

5. Can I survey, this scene of woe, Where ming'ling grief and wonder flow; And yet my heart unmov'd remain, Insensible to love or pain? Till all its pow'rs and passions move In melting grief and ardent love.

6. Come dearest Lord! thy love impart To warm this cold, this stupid heart

D. C.

PLYMOUTH. L. M. B. &amp; T. Hy. 10.

From Vento. D. C.

bleeding wound.

1. My God, and is thy table spread? And uses thy cup with wine o'erflow? Thither 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.



Tunes in which the First Strain is Repeated.

HAVERHILL. L. M. B. & T. Ps. 40.

Dr. Arnold.

Allegro ma non troppo.  
Womet.

Repeat Tutti.

The first system of musical notation for 'HAVERHILL' is written on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. There are repeat signs at the end of the first and second phrases.

1. I waited meekly for the Lord, Till he vouchsaf'd a kind re- ply; | 2. He took me from the dismal pit, When founder'd deep in miry clay, On solid ground he  
Who did his pracious ear af- ford, And heard from heav'n my humble cry.

The second system of musical notation for 'HAVERHILL' continues the melody from the first system. It includes a bass clef staff below the treble clef staff, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The notation includes various note values and rests, with repeat signs.

The third system of musical notation for 'HAVERHILL' continues the melody. It includes a bass clef staff below the treble clef staff. The notation includes various note values and rests, with repeat signs.

plac'd my feet, And suffer'd not my feet to stray.

ISLINGTON. L. M. Dr. Madan's Coll.

Lockhart.

Andantino.

The first system of musical notation for 'ISLINGTON' is written on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. There are repeat signs at the end of the first and second phrases.

Blest be the Father and his love, To whose ce- lestial source we owe;  
Rivers of joy's a- bove, And rills of comfort here be- low;

The second system of musical notation for 'ISLINGTON' continues the melody. It includes a bass clef staff below the treble clef staff. The notation includes various note values and rests, with repeat signs.

Glory to thee, great son of God! Forth from thy wounded body rolls, A precious stream of vi- tal blood, Pardon and life for dying souls.

The third system of musical notation for 'ISLINGTON' continues the melody. It includes a bass clef staff below the treble clef staff. The notation includes various note values and rests, with repeat signs.

Vivace.

1. Now to the pow'r of God supreme Be ever-lasting, ever-lasting honours giv'n:  
He saves from hell (we bless his name) He calls lost wand'ring, calls lost wand'ring souls to heav'n. | 2. Not for our duties 'or deserts, But of his own abounding grace

OPORTO. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 594. By Dr. Doddridge. *Ely.*

He works salvation in our hearts, And forms a people for his praise.

1. While on the verge of life I stand, And view the scene on either hand,  
My spirit struggles with my clay, And longs to wing its flight a-way. | 2. Where Jesus dwells in

soul would be; And fain'ts my much lov'd lord to see; Earth twine no more a-  
bout my heart, For 'tis far better to de-part.

Soave.

Musical notation for the first system of 'ITALY', featuring a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody is marked 'Soave' and includes a 'Pia.' (piano) dynamic marking.

1. Let him embrace my soul and prove Mine  
The voice that tells me "thou art mine," Ex-  
ceeds the in his heav'nly love: | 2. On thee th' anointing Spirit came, And spread the savour of thy name; That oil of gladness

Musical notation for the second system of 'ITALY', continuing the melody from the first system.

Musical notation for the third system of 'ITALY', continuing the melody.

and of grace, Draws virgin souls to meet thy face. Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

KENSINGTON. L. M. Dr. W. Hy. 65. B. 1.

Pomposo.

Musical notation for the first system of 'KENSINGTON', featuring a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody is marked 'Pomposo' and includes an 'Ar' (accrescendo) dynamic marking.

1. Let the seventh angel sound on high, Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;  
Kings of the earth, with glad accord, Give up the kingdoms to the Lord.

Musical notation for the second system of 'KENSINGTON', continuing the melody.

Purcell.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Purcell', featuring a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat.

2. Almighty God thy pow'r assume, Who wast, and art, and art to come: Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain, Forever live, forever reign.

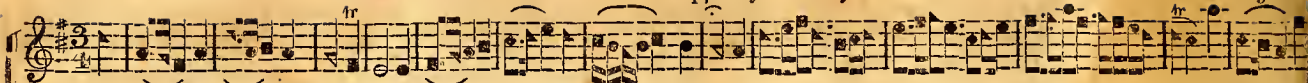
Musical notation for the second system of 'Purcell', continuing the melody.

3. The angry nations fret and rear,  
That they can slay the saints no more;  
On wings of vengeance flies our God,  
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4. How must the rising dead appear;  
Now the decisive sentence hear;  
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord  
Receive an infinite reward.

## BIRMINGHAM. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 307. By. Dr. Stennett.

Ely.



1. Great God! what hosts of angels stand, In shining ranks, at thy right hand, Array'd in robes of dazzling light, With pinions near the

2. Im-mortal fires! Seraphic flames! Who can recount their various names? In strength and beauty they excel; For near the



3. How eagerly they wish to know The duties he would have them do, What joy their active spirits feel To ex-

4. Higher, at his command, they fly To guard the beds on which we lie; To shield our per-sons from night and day, And scatter



5. Send, O my God, some angel down, (Tho' to a mortal eye unknown) To guide and guard my doubtful way Up to the

1mo. CODA.



stretch'd for throne of distant flight. God they dwell.



cute their all our fears away.



realms of endless day.



Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah, Amen.



Tenor.

Halle-lujah, Amen.



Basso.



\* By the term Coda is to be understood an additional Strain, not absolutely necessary to the piece or tune, but which may be sung or omitted at pleasure.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 303.

Women.

Spiritoso.

1. My captain sounds th'alarm of war: "Awake the pow'rs of hell are near! Awake the pow'rs of hell are near! To arms, to arms!" I hear him cry, " 'Tis yours to conquer

2. Rous'd by the ani- mating sound, I cast my eager eyes a- round, I cast my ea- ger eyes are near! To arms, to arms!" I hear him cry, " 'Tis yours to conquer around; Make haste to gird my armour on, And bid each trembling

3. Hope is my helmet; faith my shield; Thy word my God, the sword I wield, Thy word my God the sword I wield. With sa- cred truth my loins are girt, And ho- ly zeal in-

4. Thus arm'd I venture on the fight; Resolv'd to put my foes to flight, Resolv'd to put my foes to flight, While Je- sus kind- ly deigns to spread His conqu'ring banner

Tutti.

CODA. †

Adagio.

or to die! 'Tis yours to conquer or to die! "To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry, "To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry, " 'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"

or to die! 'Tis yours to conquer or to die! "To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry, "To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry, " 'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"

o'er my head, His conqu'ring banner o'er my head. "To arms!" &c. "To arms!" &c.

*Andantino.*

1. Why wake the soft har- mo- nious lays? Why do our songs u- ni- ted raise? Why do our songs u- ni- ted raise?  
 2. The great Re- deem- er man- kind, Com- mand- ed us to own his sway, Com- mand- ed us to own his sway?

'Tis heav'n born char- i- ty we praise, The source of all our earthly joys, The source of all our earthly joys.  
 And yield to thee the wil- ling mind; Let all the kind be- best o- bey, Let all the kind be- best o- bey.

*Canto. CODA.*

Hail, char- ity! what heart but glows with thee, Bright emanation, em- a- nation of the De- i- ty. Bright em- a- nation of the De- i- ty.

*Alto.*

Hail, charity! what heart but glows with thee - - - Bright em- a- nation of the Deity, Bright em- a- nation of the De- i- ty.

*Tenor.*

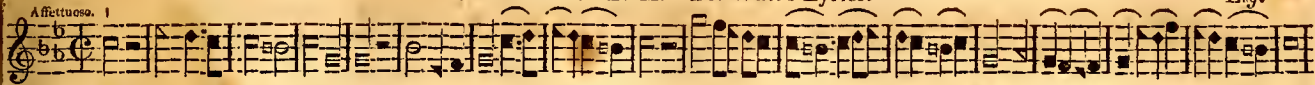
bright emanation of bright emanation of the De- i- ty.

*Basso.*

## FAREWELL. L. M. Dr. Watt's Lyrics.

Ely.

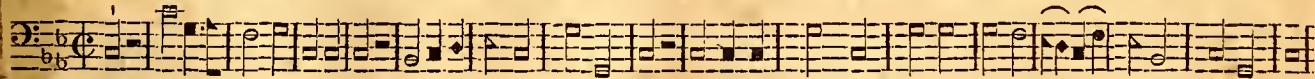
Affettuoso. 1



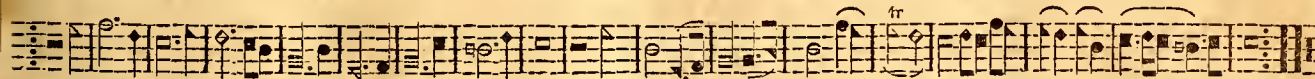
1. Hark! :||: she bids all her friends adieu; Some angel bids her to the spheres; Our eyes the radiant saint pursue, Through liquid teles-  
 3. There, :||: glory sits on ev'ry face; There friendship smiles in ev'ry eye; There shall our tongues re- late the grace That leads us homeward thro' the sky.



5. Come! :||: sov'reign Lord, dear sov'reign come, Remove these sepa- ra- ting days; Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home; That golden hour how long it stays!  
 7. Soul! Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest, Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God; 'Till we from bands of clay re- leas'd, Spring out and climb the heav'nly road.



2. Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell, Till we shall meet again above, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love.  
 4. O'er all the names of Christ our King, Shall our harmonious voices rove; Our harps shall sound from ev'ry string, The wonders of re- deem- ing love.



6. How long must we lie ling'ring here, While saints around us take their flight? Smiling they quit this dusky sphere, And mount the hills of heav'n- ly light.  
 8. While the dear dust she leaves behind, Sleeps in thy bosom sacred tomb! Soft be her bed her slumbers kind, And all her dreams of joy to come. 3



Tempo di Marcia.



1. "Go preach my gospel," saith the Lord, "Bid the whole earth my grace receive; He shall be sav'd that trusts my word; He shall be damn'd that won't believe. 2. I'll make your great co'



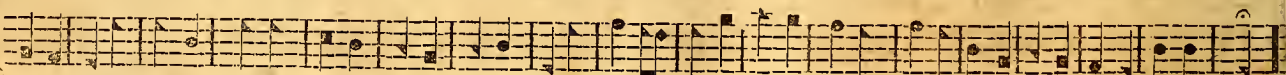
3. "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead, Go cast out devils in my name; Nor let my prophets be afraid, Though Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme. 4. Teach all the nations



5. "Come hither all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners come, I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'nly home. 6. They shall find rest that learn of me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind. 7. Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with delight! My yoke is easy to his neck, My grace shall make the burden light. 8. Jesus we come at thy command, With faith, and hope, and humble zeal, Resign our spirits to thy hand, To mould and guide us at thy will.



my command: I'm with you till the world shall end: All pow'r is trusted in my hands, I can destroy and can defend, I can destroy and can de-fend.



5. "Come hither all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners come, I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'nly home. 6. They shall find rest that learn of me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind. 7. Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with delight! My yoke is easy to his neck, My grace shall make the burden light. 8. Jesus we come at thy command, With faith, and hope, and humble zeal, Resign our spirits to thy hand, To mould and guide us at thy will.



Adagio.

1. Shout for the blessed Jesus reigns! Thro' distant lands his triumph spread; And sinners freed from endless pains, Own him their Saviour and their head. 2. His sons and daughters

Women.

Men.

from afar Daily at Sion's gates arrive; His sons and daughters from afar Daily at Sion's gates ar- rive. Those who were dead in

Those who were dead in sin before. By, &c.

Women.

Tutti.

sin before, by sov'reign grace are made alive. Those who were dead in sin be. fore, by sov'reign grace are made alive.

3. O may his conquest still increase,  
And every foe his pow'r subdue;  
While angels celebrate his praise,  
And saints his growing glories show.
4. Loud Hallelujah to the Lamb,  
From all below and all above;  
In lofty songs exalt his name,  
In songs as lasting as his love.

Andantino e Grazioso.

1. O for a sweet inspiring ray, To animate our feeble strains, From the bright realms of endless day; The blissful realm where Jesus reigns! 2. There, low

Women. Men. Women.

before his glorious throne, Adoring saints and angels fall; There low before his glorious throne, Adoring saints and

Tutti.

angels fall; And with delightful worship own His smile their bliss, their heav'n their all, His smile their bliss, their heav'n their all.

Mestoso.

Pia.

Women.

1. From all that dwell be- low the skies, Let the Cre- a- tor's praise a- rise, Let the Re- deemer's name be sung Thru' ev- ry land

ev'ry land

Tutti.

Pia.

by ev'ry tongue. 2. E- ternal are thy mercies Lord; E- ternal truth attend thy word: Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns sha'l

Pianis.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

For.

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

Adagio.

Jesus my Saviour, in thy face

The essence lives of ev- ry grace; All things beside which charm the sight Are shadows tipt with

glow-worm light, Are shadows tipt with glow-worm light.

Thy beauty Lord, th' enraptur'd eye which fully views it,

first must die! Then let me die, through death to know That joy I seek in vain below, That joy I seek in vain below.

first must die! Then let me die, through death to know That joy I seek in vain below, That joy I seek in vain below.

first must die! Then let me die, through death to know That joy I seek in vain below, That joy I seek in vain below.

*Tomposo.*

1. On the immense! th'a-ma-zing height! The boundless grandeur of our God! Who treads the world beneath his feet-And sways the nations with his rod! 2. He speaks; and lo! all nature shakes, Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow; He speaks; and lo! all nature shakes, Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow; He rends the clouds with hideous cracks, And shoots his fiery arrows through. And shoots his fiery arrows through,

3. Well let the nations start and fly  
At the blue lightning's horrid glare;  
Ath'ists and emp'rors shrink and die,  
When flame and noise torment the air.

4. Let noise and flame confound the skies,  
And drown the spacious plain below,  
Yet will we sing the thund'ers praise,  
And send our loud hosanna's through.

5. Celestial King, thy blazing pow'r,  
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;  
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,  
And echo to our Father's voice.

6. Thus shall the God our Saviour come,  
And lightnings round his chariot play;  
Ye lightnings fly to make him room;  
Ye glorious storms prepare his way.

## SET PIECES.

HARLAEM. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 564.

Handel.  
Tutti.

Dolce Affettuosa.

Women.

1. The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear the heaving sigh, When righteous persons fall around,—When tender friends and kindred die. When righteous

persons fall around,—When tender friends and kindred die. 2. Yet 'not one anxious murm'ring tho't Should with our mourning passions blend; Nor would our bleeding

hearts forget Th'almighty ever-living friend, Nor would our bleeding heart forget Th'almighty ever-living friend, Th'almighty ever-living friend.

Pia.

Largo.

Andante.

1. My God and is thy table spread? And doth thy cup with love o'erflow? Thither be all thy children led, And let them all thy sweetness 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! Thrice happy he who here partakes That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

Women.

Tutti.

*Spiritoso.* *Dim.*

1. Loud hal- lujah's to the Lord, From distant worlds where crea- tures dwell; Let heav'n begin the solemn word, And sound it dreadful

down to hell. Let heav'n be- gin the solemn word, And sound it dread- ful down to hell. *Vivace e vigoroso.* 2. The Lord how absolute he reigns! Let ev'ry angel

bend the knee; Sing of his love in heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be. 3. High on a throne his glories dwell, An awful throne of



shining bliss Fly thro' the world, O! sun! and tell How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

*tr* *tr*

*Gustoso.*

My passions rise and soar above

I'm wing'd with faith, and fix'd with love; Fain would I reach eter- nal things, And learn the notes which Gabriel sings. Soon the kind minutes will appear, When we shall leave these bodies here.

Women.

*Tutti.*

And mount aloft to worlds on high, To join the song a- bove the sky; And mount aloft to worlds on high, To join the songs a- bove the sky.

Expressivo.

Rejoice ye shining worlds on high, Behold the King of glory nigh! Who can this King of glory be? The mighty Lord, the Saviour's be.

Men. *tr tr* Women. *tr tr* Men. *tr tr* Wo. *tr tr*

Ye heav'nly gates your leaves display, To make the Lord our Saviour way: Laden with spoils from earth and hell, The conqueror comes with God to dwell

Tutti.

Rais'd from the dead in awful state He opens heav'n's eternal gate, eternal gate; To give his saints a blest abode, Near their Redeemer and their God.

He opens, &c. eternal gate.

Moderato.

1. What heav'nly man or lovely God, Comes marching downward from the skies, Array'd in garments roll'd in blood, With joy and pity in his eyes? 2. The Lord the

Saviour! Yes, 'tis he, I know him by the smiles he wears; Dear glorious man that dy'd for me, Dear glorious man that dy'd for me, Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

Lo he reveals his shining breast; I own these wounds and I adore: Lo he prepares a royal feast, Lo, he prepares a royal feast, Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.

*Affettuoso.* *Fin.*

At anchor laid, remote from home, Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit come!" Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit come Celestial breeze, no longer stay, But swell my sails

*Cres.* *For.* *Mén.* *Wo.* *Tutti.* *Wo.* *Tutti.*

and speed my way! But swell my sails and speed my way! Fain would I mount, fain would I glow, Fain would I mount, fain would I glow, And loose my cable, And loose my

fain would I glow, And loose, &c.

*Fin.* *For.* *Wo.*

cable from below; But I can only spread my sail; Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale! But I can only swell my sail; Thou, thou must breath

Continued.

SHEFFIELD. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 581. Breillat. 121

Tutti.

tr

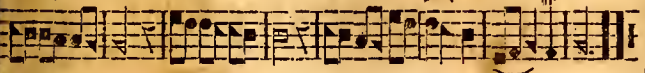
Mestoso.

tr

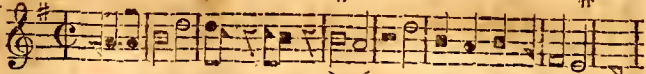
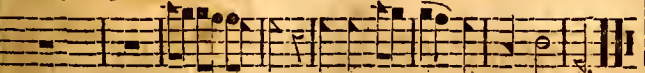
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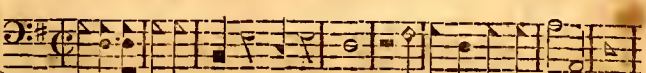
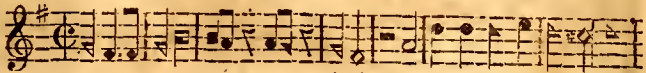
th' auspicious gale, Thou, thou must breathe, :|| th' auspicious gale.



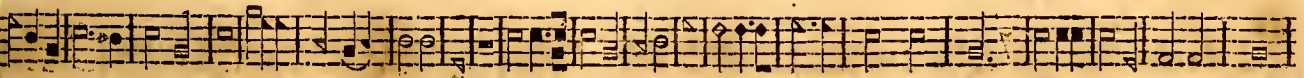
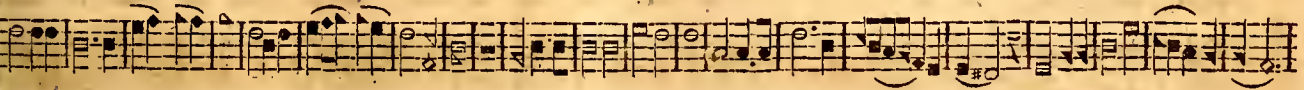
Th' auspicious gale.



Sinner, O why so thought- less grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die?



Daring to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless against thy God to fly: Wilt thou despise e- ternal fate, Urg'd on by sins fan- tas- tic dreams? Madly attempt th' infernal gate.



## SHEFFIELD, Continued.

Staccato.

And foree thy passage to the flames. Stay, stay, Stay sincee stay, Stay sinner on the gospel plains; Behold, :||: the God of love unfold The glories of his dying pains

Forever telling yet untold. For- ever, :||: :||: telling, ever telling yet untold, For- ever telling ever telling yet untold.

Ado.

ORPHAN'S HYMN. L. M.

Costello. 123

1. Attune the song to mournful strains; Of wrongs and woes the song complains; An Orphan's voice essays to swell, The notes that tears by turns repel.  
 2. Left on this world's wide bleak forlorn, In sin renew'd, in sorrow born; No guide the devious mane to tread, Above no friendly shelter spread.

3. Alone, amidst surrounding strife, And naked to the storms of life; Despair looks round with aching eyes, And sinking nature groans and dies.

4. Friends of the fatherless and saint, Where shall I lodge my deep complaint? Where, but with thee whose open door Invite the helpless and the poor, Invites the helpless and the poor.

5. For tho' I am despis'd forgot Yet God, my God, forgets me not; And he is safe and must succeed, For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

*Mazosa.*

1. He reigns the Lord the Saviour reigns, Praise him in e-van-gelic strains: Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And distant Islands join their

2. Deep are his counsels, and unknown; But grace and truth sup-port his throne; Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround, Justice is his e-ternal

*Con Spirito.*

voice. 3. In robes of judgment, lo! he comes; Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs; Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas retire. 4. His en-

ground.

mies, with sore dismay, Fly from his sight, And shun the day, Fly from his sight, &c. Then lift your heads, ye saints on high, And sing for your redemption's night.



Spiritoso.

1. A way my unbel-ieving fear! Fear shall no more in me take place;  
 My Saviour doth not yet appear; He hides the brightness of his face: } 2. But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempter yield? No, in the strength of

Jesus no! I never will give up my shield. Altho' the vine its fruits deny, Altho' the olive yield no oil, The with'ring fig-tree droop and die, The field il-

lude the tiller's toil—3. The empty stall no herd afford— And perish all the bleating race; Yet I will triumph in the Lord!—The God of my salvation praise.

*Sto coato.*

1 Yes mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign! Till all thy haughty foes submit; Till hell and all her trembling train, Become like dust beneath thy feet. 3. Then rescued souls shall bless thy

pow'r; Thy arm shall full salvation bring; Thy saints in that illustrious hour, Shall conquer with their conqu'ring King. 4. Then rang'd thy blazing throne around, The Saviour'

gold. Thou least thy chosen to the skies, May we the shining pomp behold, And partners of the triumph rise. honour we'll proclaim, we'll proclaim, The Saviour's honour's we'll proclaim; While heav'n's transported realms resound, realms resound, Thy glorious deeds, and darling name.

Con Spiritoso.

He left the beauteous realms of light, Whilst heav'n bow'd down its awful head; Beneath his feet substantial night Was like a sable carpet spread.

carpet spread.

Ado.

Animato.

black wat'ry mists and clouds conspir'd With thickest shades, his face to veil; but, at his brightness soon retir'd, but at his brightness

tr

Allegro.

soon retir'd, And fell in show'rs of fire and hail. The deep its secret stores disclos'd; The world's foundations naked lay, The world's foundation's naked

## DARTMOUTH, Continued,

naked lay, by his a- venging wrath ex- pos'd, ex- pos'd by his a- venging wrath ex- pos'd, Which fiercely rag'd that dread-  
ful day Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful dreadful day. Which fiercely rag'd, &c.

g'd Which ra- g'd

Which ra- Exalt- ed high at

*fr* *Spiritoso.*

## EXALTATION. L. M.

*Breillant.*

God's right hand, Nearer the throne than cherubs stand, With glory crown'd, in white array, My wond- ring soul says who are they? Who are they? My

# EXALTATION, Continued.

Duetto.

worshipping soul, says who are they? These are the saints beloved of God; Wash'd are their robes in Jesus blood, More spotless than the purest

white, More spotless than the purest white, They shine in uncreated light, They shine in uncreated light. Amen, Amen they

cry to him alone. Who dares to fill his Father's throne; They give him glory, They give him glory and again Repeat his praise, Amen

EXALTATION, Continued.

A- men, They give him glory, They give him glory, and again Re-  
 A- men, A- men, A- men.

JUBILEE. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 58. By Dr. Doddridge. *Handel.*

peat his praise, Repeat his praise, and say Amen.  
 1. Loud let the gospel trumpet sound, And spread the joyful tidings round;  
 Let every soul with transport hear, And hail the Lord's accept- ed year. | 2. Ye debtors whom he  
 When humble at his

Pia. For. Pia. For.  
 gives to know That you ten thousand talents owe, That you ten thousand talents owe, | 3. Slaves that have borne the heavy chain Of sin and hell's ty- rannia  
 feet you fall, Your gracious God forgives them all, Your gracious God forgives them all. | To liber- ty as- sert your claim And urge the great Re- deemers  
 fr fr fr

reign, name. 4. The rich inheritance of heav'n, Your joy your boast is freely giv'n; Fair Salem your annual waits, With golden street and pearly

gates. 5. Her No blest inheritance but love im- mense- no more Bondage and poverty with dep're; the debt. 6. O happy souls that know the sound Ce-

*P. a.* *Repeat For.* *fr.*

lestial light their steps surround, And shew that jubilee begun, that jubilee begun, That jubilee begun, Which through eternal years shall run.

*fr.*

Moderato.

O pra- - - - - ise, O praise the Lord in that best place, From which his goodness largely flows, largely flows.

prai- - - - - ise,

Praise him in heav'n, where he his face Unveil'd in perfect glory shows. Praise him for all his mighty acts, Which he in our behalf has done; Praise him for all his mighty acts Which he in our behalf, &c. His

kindness this return exacts, With which our praise should equal run, With which our praises should equal run



tr Finis.

Women.

Tutti.

our praise should equal run.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike noise, Let the shrill

trumpets warlike noise Make the rocks and hills his praise rebound, :

Praise him with harps melodious noise, melodious noise

Praise, &amp;c.

Ren.

Wo.

Tutti.

And gentle psaltry's silver sound, And gentle psaltry's silver sound, And gentle psaltry's silver sound,

silver sound.

## HANOVER, Continued.

*Duetto.*

silver sound. Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring, And some with graceful motions dance, Let instruments of various string, With organs join'd his praise ad-

*Instrumental Base.*

vance. Let them who joyful hymns compose, To cymbals set their songs of praise; cymbals of common size, and those That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy, The breath he does to them afford, In just returns of praise employ. Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

*Da Capo.*

## EASTER. L. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 474. By Dr. Watts.

*Dr. Madan.*

*Andante Aff-tt.*

He dies the friend of sinners dies! Lo, Salem's daughters weep around! A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling

EASTER, Continued.

*fr* *Pia.* *For. Pia.* *F.* *F.*

shakes the ground. Come, saints and drop a tear or two For him who groan'd beneath your load; He shed a thousand drops for you A thousand

*fr* *Al. t. mos.* *fr* *Spir. to. s.*

drops of richer blood! Here's love and grief beyond degree; The Lord of glory dies for men! But lo, what sudden

*fr* *Vivace.*

joys we see! Jesus the dead re-  
vives a-  
gain. The rising God forsakes the tomb, In vain the tomb for- bids his rise:

## EASTER, Continued.

fr

Vivace. Pia.

Cherubic legions guard him home And shout him welcome to the skies. Break off your tents, ye saints, and tell How high your great

fr

2d time Forte.

Pia.

Deliver reigns; Sing how he spoild the hosts of hell, And led the monster, Death in chains. Say live for ever, wondrous King! born to re-deem,

Cres.

For.

and tring to save! Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting? and where's thy victory boasting grave, And where's thy victory boasting grave.

*Mestoso.*

O for a sweet, inspiring ray, To animate our feeble strains, From the bright realms of endless day, The blissful realms where Jesus reigns! There low before his

*Women.*

*Tutti.*

glorious throne, Adoring saints and angels fall; And with delightful worship own His smile their bliss, their heaven their all. Immortal glories crown his head.

While tuneful hal-le-lu-jahs. hal-le-lu-jahs, Halle-lujahs rise, And love and joy and, triumph spread Thro' all th'as-

semblies of the skies. He smiles and seraphs tune their songs To boundless rapture while they gaze: Ten thousand, thousand joyful tongues,

Resound his ever-lasting praise. There all the favourites of the Lamb Shall join at last the heav'nly choir; O may the joy-inspiring throne Awake our faith and

strong desire! Dear Saviour! let thy spirit seal Our interest in that blissful place; Till death remove this mortal veil, And we behold thy lovely face.

Musical score with lyrics and performance markings. The score is written on five systems of staves. The lyrics are printed below the staves. Performance markings include *fr*, *Soave.*, *For.*, *Cres.*, *F.F.*, *Dim.*, *Pia.*, *For.*, *fr*, *Pia.*, *Dim.*, *Cres.*, *For.*, *fr*, and *fr*.

CRUCIFIXION. Dr. W. Hy. 7. B. m.

Duetto. Affettuoso.

When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory, the Prince of glory, of glory dy'd; My richest gain I count

but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride, And pour contempt on all my pride. Forbid it Lord, that I, that I should boast

I should boast, that I

Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice, I

I sacrifice, I sacrifice, I

sacrifice them to thy blood. See! See from his head, his hands, his feet, See! See from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love, flow mingled down, Sor-

Volte Subito

## CRUCIFIXION, Continued.

Pia. For. Pia.

row, and love, - Sorrow and love flow - flow - flow - mingled down, Sor - row and - love flow -  
 flow mingled down,  $\text{tr}$  flow mingled, mingled, mingled down.

For.

min- gled down, Sorrow and love flow mingled down. Did e'er such love or sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a  
 crown, or thorns, thorns compose so rich a crown. Did e'er such love or sorrow meet, Or thorns com- pose so rich a crown, so rich a crown.  
 compose so rich a crown.

## CHORUS.

Were the whole realms of nature mine, the whole realms of nature mine, the whole realms,  $\text{tr}$  of nature mine, They were a present far too small; Were the whole realms  
 Were the whole realms of nature mine, a present far too small.



# CRUCIFIXION, Continued.

Women.

Were the whole realms of nature mine, They were a present far, far too small. Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my

of nature mine,

demands my soul, my

Tutti.

a present far too small.

life my all. Love so amazing, so divine. Love so amazing so divine, Love so amazing so divine, Love so a-

Tutti.

Ado.

fr

mazing so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all, Demands my soul, my life, my all, Demands my soul, my life, my all, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Duetto Affettuoso.

The God of Love will sure indulge. The flowing tear, the heaving sigh, When righteous persons fall around, When tender friends and kindred die.

Yet not one anxious murmur'g tho't Should with our mourning passions blend; Nor would our bleeding, our bleeding, ||: hearts forget,

Nor would our bleeding, our bleeding, ||: hearts forget The Almighty, The Almighty, ever living Friend. Be-

neath a num'rous train of ills, Our feeble heart and flesh may fail; Yet shall our hope in thee, in thee our God, Over ev'ry gloomy, gloomy foe prevail.

Parent and husband, guard and guide, Thou art each tender name in one; On thee we cast our ev'ry care, And comfort seek from thee a-lone. Our Fath-

Parent and husband, guard and guide, Thou art each tender name in one; On thee we cast our ev'ry care, And comfort seek from thee a-lone. Our Fath-

God, to thee we look, Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend, And on thy cov'nant love, :||: cov'nant love, :||: and truth, our sinking souls shall still depend.

God, to thee we look, Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend, And on thy cov'nant love, :||: cov'nant love, and truth, Our sinking souls shall still depend.

Andante Maestoso.

## DENMARK. L. M. Dr. W. Ps. 106.

Dr. Madan.

Before Jeho- vah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy: Know that the Lord is God a- lone; He can cre- ate and he destroy.

He can cre- ate and he destroy. His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid, Madens of clay, and form'd us men; And when like wand'ring sheep we are, We are his peo- ple without his care, Our souls and all our mortal frame; What last'g honours shall we

Dim. *fr* *fr* *Cres.* *fr* *For.* *Pia.*  
 stry'd He brought us to his fold again, He bro't us to his fold again. We'll crow'd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'n's our  
 rear, Almighty ma- ker to thy name, Almight- y ma- ker to thy name.

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

voices raise; And earth, and earth with her ten thousand thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall

fill, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. Wide, wide as the world is thy command; Vast as eternity eternity thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must

*Pia.* For. *fr*

stand, When rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move.

The image shows a page of a musical score for a hymn. It consists of several staves of music. The lyrics are written below the staves. There are performance markings such as 'For.', 'Pia.', 'Ma.', and 'fr' above the staves. The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century hymnals, with a focus on vocal lines. The lyrics describe the grandeur of God's creation and the eternal nature of His love and truth.

*Spiritosa.*

The Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high; The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky, The pow'rs of

hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky. There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant

the solemn lay; Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye ev-er-lasting doors give way. Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates Ye ev-er-lasting doors give way.

CHESHUNT, Continued.

Solo. One Tenor Voice.

Loose your bars of massy light, And wide unfold th'e-therial scene; He claims these mansions as his right; Receive the King of glory in! He claims

Instrumental Base.

One Treble Voice.

these mansions as his right; Receive the King of Glo-ry in, Receive the King of Glo-ry in. Loose your bars of massy light, And wide unfold th'e-therial scene,

He claims these mansions as his right, Receive the King of Glory in! He claims these mansions as his right; Receive the King of Glo-ry in! Receive the King of Glo-ry in.

Tutti. Forte.

Who is the King of Glory? who? who? who is the King of Glory? who? The Lord that all his foes o'ercame, The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew; And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's

## CHESHUNT, Continued.

name, And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name, And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name. Lo his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay; Lift up your

heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye everlasting doors give way! Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates; Ye everlasting doors give way, Who is the King of Glory?

who? who? who? Who is the King of Glory? who? The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd, The King of saints and angels too; God over all, forever blest,



God over all for- ev- er blest, God over all, for- ever blest, God over all for- ev- er blest, for- ev- er blest.

RESURRECTION. Dr. W. Hy. 102. B. II.

*Ely.*

*Andante.*

No! I'll repine at death no more, But with a cheerful gasp resign, To the cold dungeon of the grave, These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

Let worms destroy my wasting flesh, And crumble all my bones to dust; My God shall raise my frame anew, At the re- vi- val of the just.

## RESURRECTION, Continued.

break sacred morning, thro' the skies, bring that delightful, dreadful day, dreadful

break sacred morning, thro' the skies, bring that delightful, dreadful day, dreadful day, dreadful

break sacred morning, thro' the skies, bring that delightful Men. dreadful day, Women. Tutti.

day, break sacred morning, thro' the skies, bring that delightful dreadful day, dreadful day, break dreadful day, Cut

break, dreadful day!

short the hours dear Lord and come, Thy ling-ring wheels, how long they stay, how long they stay,

Solo.

No! no! no - - - no!

Instrumental Base.

No, I'll repine at death no more, no more at death, at death, no, no! I'll repine at death no more, but with a cheerful gasp re-

sign, but with a cheerful gasp resign, To the cold dungeon of the grave, These dying, with'ring, dying, with'ring, dying, with'ring

limbs of mine, To the cold dungeon of the grave, These dying with'ring limbs of mine. Let worms devour, break sacred morn, Let worms devour your my wasting morning thro' tho.

flesh, And crumble all my bones to dust, . And crumble all my bones to dust; My God shall raise my frame a new At the re- vi- val of the just. bring that delight- ful, dreadful day, bring that delight- ful dreadful day; Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come; Thy lingring wheels how long they stay.

RESURRECTION, Continued.

Tutti. Piano.

Our weary spirits, Our weary spirits, Our weary spirits faint to see The light of thy re- turning face, And hear the language of those lips, Where

Vigorous.

Women.

fr

Men.

God hath shed his richest grace. Haste then upon the wings of love, Rouse all the pious sleeping clay, That we may join in heav'nly joys, And sing the

Tutti.

triumphs of the day, That we may join the heav'nly joys, And sing the triumphs of the day, And sing, :: :: :: :: the triumph of the day.  
And sing the triumphs, sing the triumphs, :: of the day.  
And sing the day, :: And sing the triumphs of the day.

Andante.

Great God of wonders! all thy ways are matchless, god-like, and divine; But the fair glories of thy grace, More godlike and unri- val'd shine; Who is a pard'ning God like

thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty sparing worms to spare;  
This is thy grand prerogative,  
And none shall in the honor share. Who is, &c.
- 3 Angels and men resign their claim,  
To pity, mercy, love, and grace,  
These glories crown Jehovah's name  
With an incomparable blaze: Who is, &c.
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,  
We take the pardon of our God;  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,  
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood: Who is, &c.

ALTHROP. L. M. 6 ls. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 178. By Wesley.

I Je- sus we claim thee for our own, Our kinsman near al- li'd in blood.

Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, The Son of man, the Son of God; And lo! we lay us at thy feet, Our sentence from thy mouth to hear.

Handel.

*Spiritoso.*

Shout in the midst of us, O King Of saints and let our joys abound, Let us rejoice, give thanks and sing, And triumph in redemption found.

*Tutti.*

We ask in faith for ev'ry soul, O let our glorious joy be full.

*Vigorouso.*

E-ter-nal Spirit! Source of light! En-liv-'ning conse-crating

*Dr. Ripp's Coll.*

fire, Descend, and with ee-les-tial heat Our dull and frozen hearts in-spire. Our souls re-fine, our dross consume! Come conde-scending Spirit! come.

CONGLETON. L. M. 6 ls. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 442.

Dr. Arne. 155

Andante.

Women. Tutti.

In Jordan's tide the baptist stands, Immersing the re-penting Jews, }  
 The Son of God the rite demaunds, Nor dars the holy man refuse; }  
 Jesus de-scends beneath the wave, The emblem of his future grave, The emblem of

- 2 Wonder ye Heav'ns ! your Maker lies In deeps conceal'd from human view ; }  
 Ye saints behold him sink and rise, A fit example thus for you : } The sacred record, while you read, Calls you to imitate the deed. Calls you, &c.  
 3 But lol from yonder op'ning skies, What beams of dazl'ing glory spread ! }  
 Dove-like th' eternal Spirit flies, And lights on the Redeemer's head ; } Amz'd they see the pow'r divine Around the Saviour's temple shine. Around, &c.

WURTEMBERG. L. M. 6 ls. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 192. By President Davies.

German.

his future grave.

1 Jesus how precious is thy name ! The great Jehovah's darling thou !  
 O let me catch th'immortal flame With which angelic bosoms glow ! Since angels love thee, I would love, And imitate the blest above.

2 My Prophet thou, my heav'nly guide, Thy sweet instructions I will hear ;  
 The words that from thy lips proceed, O how di-vinely sweet they are ! Thee, my great Prophet I would love, And imitate the blest above.

- 3 My great High-Priest, whose precious blood, Did once atone upon the cross ; }  
 Who now dost intercede with God, And plead the friendless sinner's cause. } In thee I trust ; thee I would love, And imitate the blest above.  
 4 My King supreme, to thee I bow, A willing subject at thy feet ; }  
 All other Lords I disavow, And to thy government submit : } My Saviour King this heart would love, And imitate the blest above.

*Animato.*

Leader of faithful souls, and guide Of all that travel to the sky. Come, and with us, e'en us abide, Who would on thee a-lone rely; On thee alone our spir-

SINAI. L. M. 6 ls. *Musica Sacra.*

*Women.* *Tutti.*

its stay, While held in life's un-even way, While held in life's un-even way.

*Pia.* *For-*

the sound, Gay spring the flowrets of the mead, And gladden'd nature smil'd around; The voice of peace salutes mine ear, Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.



*Messtoso.*

1 Jesus thy boundless love to me, No thought can reach, no tongue declare: No thought can reach no tongue declare: O knit my  
 2 O grant that ne- thing in my soul May dwell but thy pure love a- lone! O may thy love possess the whole? My joy, my  
 thankful heart to thee, And reign with out a rival there; Thine wholly, thine alone I am; be thou, a- lone my constant flame.  
 treasure and my crown: My joy my treasure and my crown: Strong flames far from my heart re- move; my ev'ry thought and act be love.

MORNING-HYMN. L. M. 6 ls.

*Costello.*  
Repeat For.

*Andante.*

1 Soon as the morn salutes your eyes, And from sweet sleep refresh'd you rise, Think on the author of the light; And praise him for that glorious sight;  
 His mercy in- fi- nite a- dore; His goodness in- finite implore.  
 2 At noon of what you then partake, An off'ring of thanksgiv- ing make; And of the creatures for your use, be not lux- urious- ly profuse:  
 For temp'rance when with prudence join'd, brings health of body peace of mind.  
 3 Make not at night the least repose, Ere you to heav'n your souls disclose: } Consider how you've spent the day, And for divine protection pray:  
 } For you no blessing can expect, If you to ask it should neglect.

LANCASTER. L. P. M. Dr. W. Ps. 147.

Ely.

*Allegro.*

I'll praise my maker with my breath / And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs: My days of praise shall ne'er be past While life and tho't and being

last, Or immortal-ty cures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust,  
Princes must die and turn to dust;  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;  
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r  
And tho'ts all vanish in an hour;  
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
His truth forever stands secure;  
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

NEW-COURT. L. P. M. Dr. W. Ps. 147.

Bond.

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

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord supports the sinking mind; He

*tr* *Pia.* *Repeat For.*

sends the lab'ring conscience peace; He helps the stranger in distress, The widow and the fatherless, And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH. L. P. M. Dr. W. Ps. 113.

Dr. Croft. 159

*Vivace.* *fr* *fr*

Ye that de- light to serve the Lord, The honours of his name record; His sacred name for- er- er bless: Where'er the circling sun displays His ri-

*Women.* *Tutti.* *fr* *Adagio.*

sing beams or setting rays, Let lands and seas his pow'r confess, Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

Say should we search the globe around, Where can such happiness be

COLUMBIA. L. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 534.

Jennings.

found As dwells in this much-favoured land? Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds Her choicest blessings on our heads: By God sup- ported still we stand.

*Animate.*

That man is blest who stands in awe Of God, and loves his sa- cred law; His seed on earth shall be renown'd; His house the seat of wealth shall be, An in- Women.

*Tutti.*

ex- hausted treas- u- ry, And with suc- cessive honours crown'd.

*Siciliano.*

Yet a few years, or days perhaps, Or moments, pass in si- lent

lapse, And time to me shall he no more: No more the sun these eyes shall view; Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew, her dust shall strew, And life's de- lusive dream be o'er.

QUINCY. L. P. M.

Dalmer.

Vivace.

PITTSBURGH. L. P. M. Dr. W. Ps. 96.

Ely. 161

Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing the choicest song of praise; To sing and bless Je- hovah's name: His glory let the heathen know, His wonders to the

OHIO. L. P. M. Dr. W. Ps. 88.

Ely.

nations show, And all his saving works proclaim.

Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul, And waves of sorrow o'er me roll, While dust and

silence spread the gloom: My friends belo'd in happier days, The dear companions of my ways, Descend a- round me to the tomb.

*Mestoso.*

Hail! Jesus, hail! thou great High Priest! Enter'd in- to thy glorious rest; That holy, blissful place above; The conquest thou hast more than gain'd, The heav'nly

*Andante Allegro.*

happi- ness obtain'd, For all that trust thy dying love, For all that trust thy dying love. Ye saints and servants of the Lord, The triumph

EXETER. L. P. M. B. T. &amp; Ps. 113.

Dr. Madan's Coll.

of his name re- cord, His sacred name forever bless; Where'er the circling sun displays His rising beams or setting rays, Due praise to his great name address.

Vigorous.

God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press, In him undaunted we'll confide; Tho' earth were from her centre tost, And

DEVOTION. L. P. M. Dr. W. Ps. 19. Gill.

Pomposo.

mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

Great God, the heav'n's well order'd frame, Declares the glories of thy name: There

fr

Women.

Tutti.

fr

thy rich works of wonder shine; A thousand starry beauties there, A thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

## MEAR. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 96.

Williams.

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

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own Almighty Son:  
His pow'r the sinking world sustains;  
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day;  
Joy through the earth be seen;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,  
His glorious train display;  
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,  
Prepare the Lord his way.

## BANGOR. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 90.

Tansur.

*Animato.*

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

- 2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,  
Let sin and sorrow cease,  
And in proportion to our tears,  
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
Make thy own work complete;  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
And own thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne  
In all thy beauty, Lord;  
And the poor service we have done,  
Meet a divine reward.

## BEDFORD. C. M. B. &amp; T. Ps. 19.

Wheall.

*Animato.*

1 The heav'n's declare thy goodness Lord, Which that alone can fill; The firmament and stars express Their great Creator's skill.

- 2 The dawn of each returning day  
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;  
And from the dark returns of night,  
Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their pow'ful language to no realm,  
Or region is confin'd;  
'Tis nature's voice, and understood  
Alike by all mankind.
- 4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense,  
'Thro' earth's extent display;  
Whose bright contents the circling sun  
Does round the world convey.



Adagio.

Musical score for 'ARLINGTON' in G major, 2/2 time, Adagio. The score consists of three staves: Treble, Soprano, and Bass. The lyrics are: '1 Jesus with all thy saints above, My tongue would bear her part, Would sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.' There are trills (tr) marked above the final notes of the first and third staves.

- 2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword  
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul  
From Satan's heavy chain,  
And sent the Lion down to howl  
Where hell and horror reign.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints that feel his grace.

## WARWICK. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 166. vrs. 1 &amp; 6. B. II.

Stanley.

Musical score for 'WARWICK' in D major, 2/2 time. The score consists of three staves: Treble, Soprano, and Bass. The lyrics are: '1 How shall I praise th'e-ternal God, That in-fi-nite un-known! Who can ascend his high a-bode, Or ven-ture near his throne.' and '2 Sinners be-fore his presence die; How ho-ly is his name! His an-ger and his jeal-ousy Burn like devouring flame,'. There are trills (tr) marked above the final notes of the first and third staves.

## ST. STEPHENS. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 23.

Jones.

Andante.

Musical score for 'ST. STEPHENS' in D major, 2/2 time, Andante. The score consists of two staves: Treble and Bass. The lyrics are: '1 My Seepherd will supply my need, Je-hovah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Beside the living stream.' There is a trill (tr) marked above the final note of the first staff.

- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways,  
And leads me for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay;  
One word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.

1 Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame; I would survey, life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time;  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden ore,  
They toil for heirs, they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.
- 4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall;  
I give my mortal int'rest up,  
And make my God my all.

## CONNELLSVILLE. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 558. By Doddridge.

Ely.

Gravemente. *tr*

1 Ye mourning saints whose streaming tears Flow o'er your children dead, Say not in transports of despair, That all your hopes are fled.

- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,  
In fond distress ye lie,  
Rise and with joy and rev'rence view  
A heav'nly Parent nigh.
- 3 Tho' your young branches torn away,  
Like wither'd trunks ye stand!  
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,  
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.
- 4 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,  
Thro' which thy face we see,  
And bless those wounds, which thro' our  
Prepare a way for thee. [hearts,

## ALZEY. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 109.

Handel.

1 Sal- vation through our dying God Shall surely be complete; He paid what e'er his people ow'd, And cancel'd all their debt.

- 2 He sends his spirit from above,  
Our nature to renew;  
Displays his pow'r, reveals his love,  
Gives life and comfort too.
- 3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,  
And shows our sins forgiv'n;  
Conducts us thro' the wilderness,  
And brings us safe to heav'n.
- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay:  
"A sinner sav'd," I'll cry;  
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,  
For better joys on high.

Mestoso.

1 The earth for- ever is the Lord's, With Adam's num'rous race; He rais'd its arches o'er the floods, And boilt it on the seas.

- 2 But who among the sons of men  
May visit thine abode?  
He that hath hands from mischief clean,  
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 Now let our souls' immortal pow'rs  
To meet the Lord prepare;  
Lift up their everlasting doors,  
The King of glory's near.
- 4 The King of glory! who can tell  
The wonders of his might?  
He rules the nations, but to dwell  
With saints is his delight.

MELITELLO. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 537. vrs. 1, 5, 6 & 8. By Steele. *Ely*

1 Thou only centre of my rest, Look down with pity'ng eye, While with protracted pain oppress I breathe the plaintive sigh.

- 2 O happy scenes of pure delight!  
Where thy full beams impart  
Unclouded beauty to the sight,  
And rapture to the heart.
- 3 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,  
My spirit longs to know;  
My wishes terminate in this,  
Nor can they rest below.
- 4 Soon shall my cheerful spirit sing  
The darksome hours away,  
And rise on faith's expanded wing,  
To everlasting day.

CANTERBURY: C. M. Dr. W. H. B. II. *Blanchs.*

Andante.

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

- 2 Are we not tending upwards too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor should we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.

1 Now let our lips with holy fear, And mournful pleasure sing The sufferings of our great High Priest, The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress ;  
How high the waters rise !  
While to his heav'nly Father's ear  
He sends perpetual cries.

3 Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,  
Nor hide thy shining face ;  
Why should thy fav'rite look like one  
Forsaken of thy grace.

5 With rage they persecute the man  
That groans beneath thy wound,  
While for a sacrifice I pour  
My life upon the ground.

## WANTAGE. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 63. vrs. 1, 2, 4 &amp; 6. A. Williams' Coll.

1 'Twas in the watches of the night, I tho't upon thy pow'r, I kept thy lovely face in sight, Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,  
My soul arose on high ;  
" My God, my life, my hope," I said,  
" Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 Thy mercy stretches n'er my head  
The shadow of thy wings ;  
My heart rejoices in thine aid,  
My tongue awakes and sings.

4 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,  
And send them down to dwell  
In the dark caverns of the earth,  
Or in the deeps of hell.

## WALTHAM. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 19. B. 1.

1 Lord, at thy temple we appear, As happy Simeon came, And hope to meet our Saviour here ; O make our joys the same.

2 With what divine and vast delight  
The good old man was fill'd,  
When fondly in his wither'd arms,  
He clasp'd the holy child.

3 Jesus ! the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms.  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace  
If Christ be in my arms.

4 Then while ye hear my heart-strings breathe  
How sweet the minutes run !  
A mortal paleness in my cheek,  
And glory in my soul.

Andante.

ARUNDEL. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 7. B. 1.

A. William's Coll. 169

Musical score for 'ARUNDEL' in 3/4 time, marked 'Andante'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a treble clef accompaniment, and a bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1 Let ev'ry mortal ear attend, And ev'ry heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice.'

- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly joys  
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 4 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.

CHESHIRE. C. M. Dr. W. H. 6. B. 1.

Affettuoso.

Ely.

Musical score for 'CHESHIRE' in 3/4 time, marked 'Affettuoso'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a treble clef accompaniment, and a bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1 Great God I own thy sentence just, And nature must decay; I yield my body to the dust, To dwell with fellow clay.'

- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,  
And gnaw my wasting flesh,  
When God shall build my bones again,  
He'll clothe them all afresh.
- 4 Then shall I see thy lovely face  
With strong immortal eyes,  
And feast upon thy unknown grace,  
With pleasure and surprise.

BURFORD. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 488. By Steele.

Andante.

Purcell.

Musical score for 'BURFORD' in 3/2 time, marked 'Andante'. It consists of two staves: a vocal line with lyrics and a bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1 To our Redeemer's glorious name Awake the sacred song! O may his love (immortal flame!) Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.'

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

1 Dear Lord, why should I doubt thy love, Or dis- believe: thy grace? Sure thy compassions ne'er remove, Al- tho' thou hide thy face.

- 2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain  
My drooping spirits cheer'd:  
And wilt thou not appear again  
Where thou hast once appear'd.
- 3 Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,  
And told me, I am thine?  
And wilt thou now thy work undo,  
Or break thy word divine?
- 4 Lord! let not groundless fears destroy  
The mercies now possess'd;  
I'll praise for blessings I enjoy,  
And trust for all the rest.

## BLANFORD. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 501. By Gibbons.

English.

1 The Spring, great God, at thy command, Leads forth the smiling year; Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flow'rs, T' adorn her reign appear.

- 2 The sun, thy minister of love,  
That from the naked ground,  
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,  
And spreads their beauties round,
- 3 At the dread order of his God,  
Now darts destructive fires;  
Hills, plains, and vales are parch'd with  
And blooming life expires. [drought]
- 4 Pity us Lord in our distress,  
Nor with our land contend;  
Bid the avenging skies relent,  
And show'rs of mercy send.

## ISLE OF WIGHT. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 63. B. II.

English.

Grave.

1 Hark! from the tombs a doleful 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 rev'rend 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.

CHELSEA. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 125. B. II.

W. Burney. 171

Adagio.

1 With joy we meditate the grace Of our High Priest above; His heart is made of tenderness, His bow-els melt with love.

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame!  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,  
In the distressing hour.

LYME. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 384. 2d p.

Ely.

Vivace.

1 Ye saints of ev'ry rank, with joy To God your off'rings bring; Let towns and cities, hills and vales, With loud ho- sannas ring.

- 2 Let him receive the glory due  
To his exalted name;  
With thankful tongues and hearts inflam'd  
His wond'rous deeds proclaim.
- 3 Praise him in elevated strains,  
And make the world to know,  
How great the Master whom you serve,  
And yet how gracious toe.
- 4 Forever his dear sacred name  
Shall dwell upon our tongue,  
And Jesus and salvation be,  
The close of ev'ry song.

MAGDALEN. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 86. B. II.

T. Williams' Coll.

Moderato.

1 Our sins alas! how strong they be, And like a vi'lent sea, They break our duty, Lord to thee, And hurry us away.

- 2 The waves of trouble how they rise!  
How loud the the tempests roar!  
But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heav'nly shore.
- 3 There to fulfil his sweet commands,  
Our speedy feet shall move;  
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,  
Or cool our burning love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing and tell  
The wonders of his grace,  
Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,  
And smile in ev'ry face.

## Gravemente.

## LUDLOW. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 257. By Dr. Doddridge.

Dr. Rippon's Coll.

2 Father of mercies! send thy grace All-pow'ful from above, To form in our o-bedient souls, The image of thy love.

- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts,  
That generous pleasure know,  
Kindly to share in others joy,  
And weep for others woe.
- 3 So Jesus look'd on dying man,  
When thron'd above the skies;  
And 'midst th' embraces of his God  
He felt compassion rise.
- 4 On wings of love the Saviour flew,  
To raise us from the ground,  
And shed the richest of his blood,  
A balm for ev'ry wound.

## Soprano.

## MESSIAH. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 161. By Dr. Stennett.

Handel.

1 To Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue Its noblest tribute bring: When he's the subject of the song, Who can refuse to sing.

- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,  
And on his glories dwell;  
Think of the wonders of his grace,  
And all his triumphs tell.
- 2 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd  
Upon his awful brow;  
His head with radiant glories crown'd,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,  
Among the sons of men:  
Fairer he is than all the fair  
That fill the heav'nly train.

## Vigorouso.

## DAYTON. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 33. vrs. 1, 3, 4 &amp; 6.

Ely.

1 Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord, This work belongs to you: Sing of his name, his ways, his word How holy just and true.

- 2 His word, with energy divine,  
Those heav'nly arches spread,  
Bade starry hosts around them shine,  
And light the heav'ns pervade.
- 3 He taught the raging waves to flow  
To their appointed deep;  
Bade raging seas their limits know,  
And still their station keep.
- 4 He scorns the angry nations' rage,  
And breaks their vain designs;  
His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,  
And in full glory shines.



*Adante.*

ABRIDGE. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 124.

Smith. -173

Musical score for 'ABRIDGE' in C major, 4/4 time. It consists of three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The melody is marked with 'fr' (fermata) above several notes. The lyrics are: '1 And art thou with us, gracious Lord, To dissipate our fears? Dost thou proclaim thyself our God, Our God forever near.'

- 2 Dost thou a Father's bowels feel  
For all thy humble saints?  
And in such friendly accents speak,  
To soothe their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts? why flow our  
While such a voice we hear? [eyes,  
Why rise our sorrows, and our fears,  
While such a friend is near?
- 4 To all thine other favours, add  
A heart to trust thy word;  
And death itself shall hear us sing,  
While resting on the Lord.

WORKSOP. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 546. By Steele. Dr. Rippon's Coll.

Musical score for 'WORKSOP' in C major, 3/4 time. It consists of three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The melody is marked with 'fr' (fermata) above several notes. The lyrics are: '1 How long shall earth's alluring lays Detain our hearts and eyes, Regardless of immortal joys, And strangers 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'er shade the smiling noon.
- 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

*Andante.*

BARBY. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 145.

Tansur.

Musical score for 'BARBY' in C major, 3/4 time. It consists of three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The melody is marked with 'fr' (fermata) above several notes. The lyrics are: '1 Long as I live, I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same In the bright world above.'

- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,  
And let his praise be great;  
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,  
And, while my lips rejoice,  
The men that hear my sacred song  
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways;  
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.

Doloroso.

## SOMERSET. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 69.

Ely.

1 Save me, O God, the swelling floods Break in upon my soul: I sink and sorrows o'er my head Like mighty waters roll.

Musical score for 'SOMERSET' in G-flat major, 3/2 time, featuring vocal lines and piano accompaniment with dynamic markings like 'fr' and 'ff'.

- 2 "I cry till all my voice be gone,  
In tears I waste the day;  
My God behold my longing eyes,  
And shorten the delay.
- 3 "They hate my soul without a cause,  
And still their number grows;  
More than the hairs around my head,  
And mighty are my foes.
- 4 "'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt,  
That men could never pay,  
And gave that honour to thy law,  
Which sinners took away.

## CLARENDON. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 4. B. m.

Tucker.

1 How condescending and how kind Was God's eter- nal Son! Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind, And pity bro't him down.

Musical score for 'CLARENDON' in G major, 3/4 time, featuring vocal lines and piano accompaniment.

- 2 This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Now, tho' he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great;  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor lets his saints forget.
- 4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record,  
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## STEUBENVILLE. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 62. B. r.

Ely.

1 Come let us join our cheerful songs With au- gels round the throne: Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one,

Musical score for 'STEUBENVILLE' in D major, 2/4 time, featuring vocal lines and piano accompaniment with performance directions like 'Animato', 'For.', 'Women.', 'Tutti.', and 'fr'.

IRISH. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 72. B. II.

Smith. 175

Andantino.

blest morning whose young dawning rays, be- held our ri- sing God; That saw him triumph o'er the dust, And leave his dark abode.

- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb The dear Redeemer lay, 'Till the revolving skies had brought The third, th' appointed day.  
 3 Hell and the grave unite their force To hold our God in vain; The sleeping Conqueror a'rose, And burst their feeble chain.  
 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord, These sacred hours we pay, And loud Hosanna's shall proclaim The triumph of the day.  
 5 Salvation and immortal praise To our victorious King; Let heav'n and earth, and rocks, and seas, With glad Hosannas ring.

ST. MARTINS. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 154. By Dr. Doddrige.

Smith.

Andante.

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey Our great High Priest above, And cele- brate his constant care And sym- pathetic love.  
 1 He's rais'd to a su- pe- rior throne, Where an- gels bow around; And high o'er all the shining train, With matchless honours crown'd.

- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead  
 To expiate my guilt;  
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—  
 No blood but thou hast spilt.

- 4 Think of thy sorrows dearest Lord,  
 And all my sins forgive:  
 Justice will well approve the word  
 That bids the sinner live.

*Affettuoso.*

I Prostrate, dear Jesus! at thy feet A guilty rebel lies; And upwards to the mercy sent Presumes to lift his eyes.

## ALBANY. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 279. By Green.

Ely.

It is the Lord—enthrou'd in light, Whose claims are all divine; Who has an undisputed right To govern me and mine, To govern me and mine.

It is the Lord—should I distrust, Or contradict his will, Who cannot do but what is just, And must be righteous still, And must be righteous still.

## BRAINTREE. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 433. By Dr. Doddridge.

Dr. Rippon's Coll.

*Andantino.*

Jesus, my Lord how rich thy grace! Thy bounties how complete! How shall I count the matchless sum? How pay the mighty debt.

*Affettuoso.*

Now let our drooping hearts re-vive, And ev'ry tear be dry; Why should these eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh.

PENROSE. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 62. B. II.

*Primo. Adagio.*

1. Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts; And thou, O earth adore; Let dearh and hell, thro' all their coasts Stand trembling at his pow'r. Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2. His sounding chariot shakes the sky; He makes the clouds his throne; There all the stores of lightning lie, Till vengeance darts them down. Till ven-geance darts them down.

3. His nostrils breathe out fiery streams, And from his awful tongue A sov'reign voice divides the Dames, And thunder roars along. And thun-der roars along.

4. Think, O my soul, the dreadful day, When this in-censed God Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea, And fling his wrath abroad. And fling his wrath abroad.

## CARR'S LANE. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 138. B. II.

Stanley.

*Animato.*

1 Firm as the earthly gospel stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust; If I am found In Jesus' hands, My soul can ne'er be lost, My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove His favorites from his breast, In the dear bosom of his love, They must forever rest, They must forever rest.

## CROWN HIM. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 176.

Ely.

*Primo. Maestoso.*

1. Backsliders backsliders, you who misery feel; Attend the Saviour's call; Return he'll your backsliding heal, Return he'll your backsliding heal; Oh! crown him Lord of all.

2. Tho' crimson Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt, And painful is your thral; For broken hearts his blood was spilt, For broken hearts his blood was spilt; Oh! crown him Lord of all.

3. Take with you, Take with you words, approach his throne, And low before him fall; He understands the spirits groan, He understands the spirits groan; Oh! crown him Lord of all.

4. Whoever Whoever comes he'll not cast out, Although your faith be small; His faithfulness you cannot doubt, His faithfulness you cannot doubt; Oh! crown him Lord of all.

Allegro Moderato.

MILES'S LANE. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 177.

Shrubsole. 179

Musical notation for the first system of 'Miles's Lane'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is 'Allegro Moderato'. The first staff has lyrics: '1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall: bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.' The second staff has lyrics: '2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, who from his altar call: Ex-tol the stem of Jesse's rod And crown him, :||: :||: crown him Lord of all.' The third staff is the bass line. Dynamics include 'Pia.' and 'Cres. For.' with hairpins. There are fermatas and a 'tr' (trill) marking.

3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small! Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
4. Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him, &c.
5. Babes, men, and sires, who know his love, Who feel your sin and thrall, Now join with all the hosts above, And crown him, &c.

PEMBROKE. C. M. Meth. Hy. 546. B. 1. By Dr. Watts.

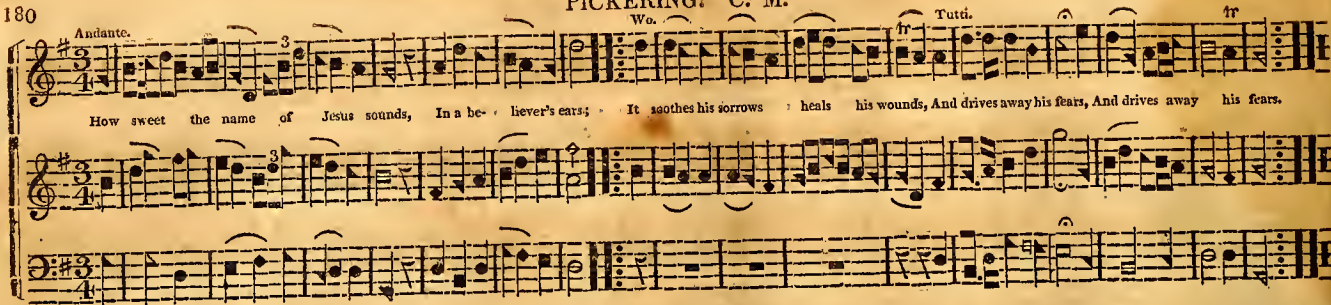
Dalmers.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Pembroke'. It consists of four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is 'Vigoroso'. The first staff has lyrics: '1. Praise ye the Lord, im-mor-tal choirs, That fill the realms above; Praise him who form'd you of his fires, :||: And feeds you with his love.' The second staff has lyrics: '2. Shine to his praise—ye christal skies, The floor of his abode: Or veil in shades your thousand eyes, :||: Before your brighter God.' The third staff has lyrics: '3. Thou restless globe of golden light, Whose beams create our days, Join with the silver star of night, :||: To own your borrow'd rays.' The fourth staff is the bass line. Dynamics include 'Wo.' and 'Tutti'. There are fermatas and a 'tr' (trill) marking.

## PICKERING. C. M.

T. Clark.

Andante.

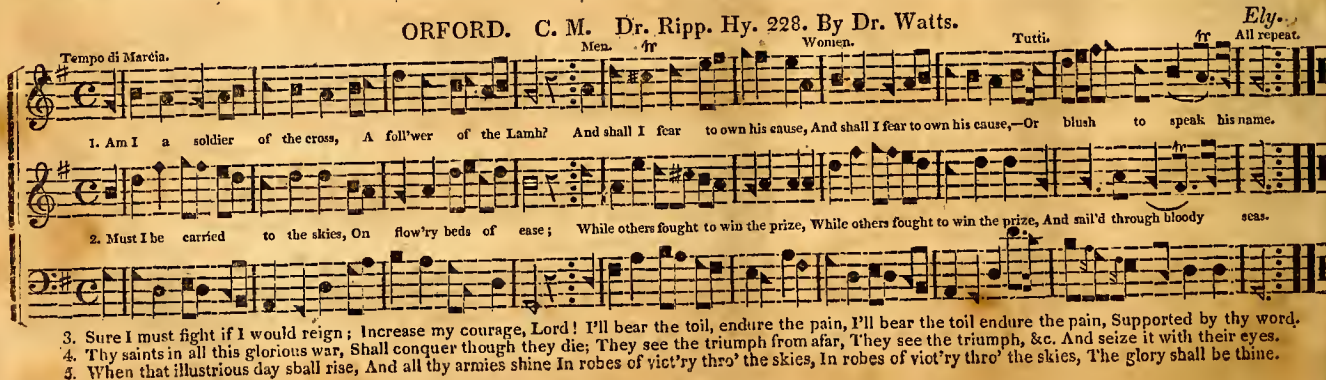


How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, In a be-liever's ears; It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fears, And drives away his fears.

## ORFORD. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 228. By Dr. Watts.

Ely.

Tempo di Marcia.



1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, And shall I fear to own his cause,—Or blush to speak his name.

2. Must I be carried to the skies, On flow'ry beds of ease; While others fought to win the prize, While others fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas.

3. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord! I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, I'll bear the toil endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

4. Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer though they die; They see the triumph from afar, They see the triumph, &c. And seize it with their eyes.

5. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies, In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies, The glory shall be thine.



DELACOURT. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 76. B. II.

Stears. 181

Spiritoso.

Musical score for 'DELACOURT' in G major, common time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a treble clef accompaniment, and a bass clef accompaniment. The piece is marked 'Spiritoso' and includes first and second endings. The lyrics are: '1. Hosanna to the Prince of Light, That cloth'd himself in clay; Enter'd the iron gates of death, And tore the bars away, And tore the bars away.'

KENDALL. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 372. vrs. 2 & 3.

J. Clark.

Andante.

Musical score for 'KENDALL' in B-flat major, 3/2 time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a treble clef accompaniment, and a bass clef accompaniment. The piece is marked 'Andante' and includes first and second endings. The lyrics are: '1. In vain we plant without thine aid, And water too in vain; Lord of the harvest, God of grace, Send down thy heav'nly rain. 2. Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues Begin this song divine; "Thou, Lord, hast giv'n the rich increase, And be the glory thine.'

BUCKINGHAM. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 12.

Williams.

Divoto.

Musical score for 'BUCKINGHAM' in D major, 3/2 time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a treble clef accompaniment, and a bass clef accompaniment. The piece is marked 'Divoto' and includes a first ending. The lyrics are: '1. Help, Lord, for men of virtue fail, Religion loses ground; The sons of violence prevail, And treacheries abound.'

## COLUMBUS. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 92.

Ely.

1. My Father, God! how sweet the sound! How tender and how dear! Not all the harmony of heav'n Could so delight the ear, Could so delight the ear.

Dim. For. fr

## BRIGHTHELMSTONE. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 112. By Dr. Watts.

Milgrove.

1. Now the full glories of the Lamb Adorn the heav'nly plains; Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name, And try their choicest strains.

Soave. fr

## CHRISTMAS. C. M. B. &amp; T. Hy. 1.

Handel.

1. While Shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory shone around.

Spiritoso. Women. Tutti. fr

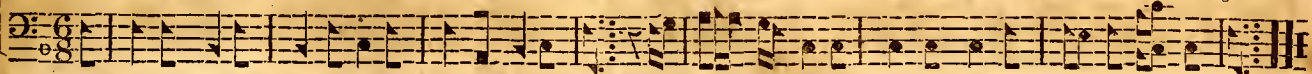
Sciliano.



1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and hap- py land, Where ray pos- ses- sions lie.



2. Oh the trans- port- ing rap- t'rous scene That ri- ses to my sight! Sweet fields array'd in liv- ing green, And rivers of delight,



3. There gen'rous fruits, that never fail, On trees immortal grow : There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales, With milk and honey flow.

4. All o'er these wide ex- tended plains Shines one eternal day ; There God the Sun forever reigns, And scatters night away.

5. Nor chilling winds, nor pois'ous breath, Can reach that healthful shore ; Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feard no more.

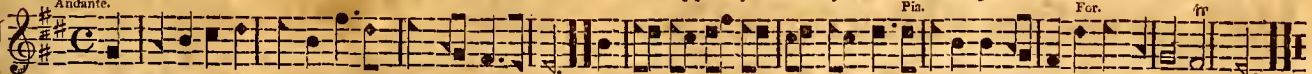
6. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest ? When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest ?

7. Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul Can here no longer stay : Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

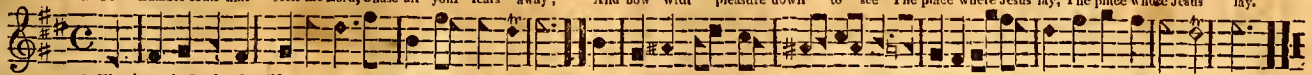
RESURRECTION. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 144. By Dr. Doddridge.

Dr. Callcott.

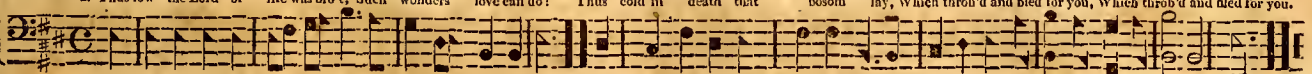
Andante.



1. Ye humble souls that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears away ; And bow with pleasure down to see The place where Jesus lay, The place where Jesus lay.



2. Thus low the Lord of life was bro't; Such wonders love can do! Thus cold in death that bosom lay, Which thro'd and bled for you, Which thro'd and bled for you.



3. A moment give aloose in grief,—Let grateful sorrows rise : And wash the bloody stains away With torrents from your eyes, With torrents, &c.

4. Then dry your tears, and tune your songs, The Saviour lives again ; Not all the bolts and bars of death The Conqu'ror could detain, :|:

5. High o'er th' angelic bands he rears His once dishonoured head ; And, thro' unnum-ber'd years, he reigns, Who dwelt among the dead, :|:

6. With joy like his shall ev'ry saint His empty tomb survey ; Then rise, with his ascending Lord, To realms of endless day, :|:

Andantino

He is a God of sov'reign love That promis'd heav'n to me, And taught my thoughts to soar above, Where happy, spirits be.

## IRELAND. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 436.

Dr. Arne.

Spiritoso.

Yes there are joys, that cannot die, With God laid up in store; Treasures beyond the changing sky, brighter than golden ore, brighter than golden ore.

## VINCENNES, C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 145.

Giardini.  
Repeat Tutti.

Socce.

Women.

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

EDGCOMB. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 25. B. II.

W. Burney. 185

Vigoroso. *tr* *Pia.* *For.*

My drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so? Awake my sluggish soul! Nothing has half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull, Yet nothing's half so dull.

BERWICK. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 386. By Cennick.

Dr. Madan.

Grazioso. *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No music like thy charming name, Nor half, Nor half, so sweet can be, Nor half, Nor half, so sweet can be.

VERNON. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 308. By Steele.

Ely.

Largo. *tr* *tr* *Pia.* *For.* *tr*

Hear, gracious God, my humble moans, To thee I breathe my sighs: When will the mournful night, be gone? And when my joys arise? And when my joys arise.

*Grazioso.*

Sweet is that grace which lives and sings, When faith and hope shall cease! 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings In the sweet realms of bliss.

## PALMYRA. C. M.

Bouoncini.

*Affettuoso.*

That once lov'd form, now cold and dead, Each mournful thought employs, And nature weeps, her comforts dead, And wither'd all her joys.

## CAROLINA. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 39.

Coombs.

*Lentemento.*

God of my life, look gently down, Behold the pains I feel; But I am dumb before thy face, Nor dare dispute thy will.

TAMWORTH. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 142.

Dr. Callcott. 187

Grazioso. Vo. Tutti.

All ye that love the Lord, rejoice, And let your songs be new, And let your songs be new; A- midst the church with cheerful voice, His later wonders show.

DEVISES. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 9.

Tucker.

Brio. Women. Tutti.

With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy wonders I'll proclaim, Thou sov'reign judge of right and wrong, Wilt put my foes to shame, Wilt put my foes to shame.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 173. By Dr. Doddridge.

Dr. Randal.

Spiritosa. Men. Wo. Tutti. fr.

Jesus, I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud That heav'n and earth might hear, :::

*Animato.* *Dim.* *For.*

Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; In God the life of all my joys, Aloud will I rejoice, Aloud will I rejoice.

## DUNKENFIELD. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 89.

Dr. Harrison.

*Andante.* *tr*

With reverence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord, His high command with reverence hear, And tremble at his word.

## WASHINGTON. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 52. B. 11.

Ely.

*Staccato.* *Women.* *Tutti.* *tr*

He is a God of sovereign love that promis'd heav'n to me, And taught my tho'ts to soar above, And taught my tho'ts, &c. Where happy spirits be.



Moderato.

Eternal wisdom, thee we praise! Thee the creation sings! With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas, And heav'ns high palace rings.

## PIETY. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 112.

T. Clark.

Mezza Voce.

Happy is he that fears the Lord And follows his commands, Who lends the poor without reward, Who lends the poor without reward, Or gives with liberal hand.

## SWANWICK. C. M.

Lucas.

Amoroso.

Soon shall the glorious morning come, When all thy saints shall rise, And cloth'd in their immortal bloom, Attend thee to the skies, Attend thee to the skies.

Brio. *Wo.* *fr* *Cres.* *fr*

Salva- tion! O the joy- ful sound! What pleasure to our ears, A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial

*fr* *Tutti.* *Dim.* *fr* *For.*

for our fears, A sov'- reign balm for ev'- ry wound, A cordial for our fears.

TEMPEST. C. M. Dr. Callcott.

Vigoro. *fr*

Let earth stand trembling on her base, And clouds the heav'ns de-

form; blow, all ye winds, from ev'ry place, blow all ye winds from ev'ry place, And rush the final storm, And rush the final storm.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Loose all their guilt.

This musical score is for the hymn 'ROCKBRIDGE'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
O may I there, tho' vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

This musical score is for the hymn 'HARTFORD'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

HARTFORD. C. M. Dr. Madan's Coll. p. 70. Heighington,

The Lord supplies his people's need, Je-

This musical score is for the hymn 'HARTFORD'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

ho-vah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, be-side the liv-ing stream, be-side the liv-ing stream.

This musical score is for the hymn 'HARTFORD'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

PEBMARSH. C. M.

Burkitt.

Allegretto.

My soul shall triumph in the Lord, Shall tell its joys abroad, And march with holy rigour on Supported by its

OVERTON. C. M.

T. Clark.

word, Supported by its word. Sweet to rejoice in lively hope, That when my change shall come, Angels will hover, Angels will hover, Angels will hover round my bed, And waft my spirit home, Angels will hover round my bed, And waft my spirit home.

EUSTACEY. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 588. By Dr. Watts.

*Allgro ma non troppo.*

Women.

1 Now let me rise, Now let me rise, Now let me rise, And join their song And be an an- gel too; My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue. My heart my

Repeat Tutti.

hand, my ear, my tongue, My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, Here's joyful work for you.

Women.

Soave. KNARESBOROUGH. C. M. Leach.

Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing, 'Tis nature's cheerful

Tutti.

voice, 'Tis nature's cheerful voice. Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice. Soft music &c. And woods and fields rejoice.

Soft music hails the lovely spring, Soft music hails the lovely spring,

GROVEHOUSE. C. M. Dr. Watts' Lyrics. p. 31. Dr. Ripp. Coll.

Grazioso.

1 "Shepherds rejoice, Shepherds rejoice, Lift up your eyes, And send your fears a-way. News from the regions of the skies, Salvation's born to-day,

Salvation's born to-day. Salvation's born to-day.

- 2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
Comes down to dwell with you ;  
To-day he makes his entrance here,  
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 "No gold, nor purple, swaddling bands,  
No royal shining things ;  
A manger for his cradle stands,  
And holds the King of kings.
- 4 "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,  
And see his humble throne ;  
With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

- 5 Thus Gabriel sung, and straight around  
The heavenly armies throng,  
They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song.
- 6 "Glorious to God that reigns above,  
Let peace surround the earth,  
Mortals shall know their Master's love,  
At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,  
And men no tunes to raise ?  
Ere may we loose these useless tongues  
When they forget to praise.

Spiritoso.  
Shepherds rejoice, lift up your

NATIVITY. C. M. Meth. Hy. 277. By Dr. Watts.

Pin.

For.

Ely.

eyes, Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears a-way, News from the regions of the skies, Salva-tion's born to-day, Sal-va-tion's born to-day.

Moderato.

1 Hear what the voice from hea'vn proclaims, For all the pious dead, For all the pious dead; Sweet is the savour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed, And soft, And

TRUMPET. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 7. B. 1.

T. Clark.

Moderato.

soft, And soft, And soft their sleeping bed.

1 Let ev'ry mortal ear attend, And ev'ry heart rejoice, And ev'ry heart rejoice. The trumpet

Women. Men. Tutti.

of the gospel sounds, With an With an inviting voice.

3 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd,  
A soul reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites,  
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst,  
With springs that never dry.

The trumpet of the gos- pel sounds - With an in- viting voice.

trumpet of the gospel sounds, of the gospel sounds.

## WAREHAM. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 61. B. II.

Dr. Arnold

Repeat Tutti. Women.

Repeat Tutti.

Andante. Semichorus.

1. My soul come meditate the day; And think how near it stands, }  
When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands. }

2. Oh! could we die with those who die, And place us in their stead;  
Then would our spirits learn to fly, And converse with the dead.

Andante.

## DORSET. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 90. B. II.

W. Burney.

3 Then we should see the saints above,  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay  
Before the summons come,  
And pray and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

1. How sad our state by nature is! Our sin how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive souls, Fast in his slavish chains.

2. But there's a voice of sov'reign grace Sounds from God's

sa-cred word; Ho! ye despairing sinners come, And trust up-on the Lord.

3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,  
And run to this relief!  
We would believe thy promise, Lord,  
O help our unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;  
There may we wash our spotted souls  
From crimes of deepest dye!



Adagio.

1. Come lead me to some lofty shade, Where turtles moan their loves;  
Tall shadows were for lovers made, And grief becomes the groves.

2. 'Tis no mean beauty of the ground, 'Tis no mean beauty of the ground, That has en-

slav'd my eyes; I faint beneath a nobler wound, Nor love below the skies, Nor love below the skies.

That has enslav'd my eyes, Andante. *fr*

1. Jesus the Lord ascend thy throne  
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known

ST. ASAPH'S. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 110.

Women. *fr* Tutti. *fr* *Milgrove.* *fr*

And near thy Father sit!  
And make thy foes submit.

2. What wonders shall thy gospel do! Thy converts shall surpass The num'rous drops, num'rous drops, *fr* of morning dew, And own thy sov'reign grace.

*Spiritoso.*

1. Give thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord; His mercies still endure, |  
And he the King of kings ador'd, His truth is ever sure. |

2. What wonders bath his wisdom done! How mighty is his hand! Heav'n earth and sea, he

*Andante.*

fram'd alone; How wide is his command! How wide is his command, |  
How wide is his command. |

1. The God of mercy be ador'd, Who  
Who saves by his re- doeming word, And

## DOXOLOGY. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 30. B. III.

T. Williams.

*Repeat For.*

calls our souls from death; |  
new cre- a- ting breath. |

2. To praise the Father and the Son, And Spirit all divine, The One in Three, and Three in One, |  
Let saints and angels join.

*Pia.* *For.*

Andante.

Women.

1. Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor sense nor reason known, What joys the Father hath prepar'd For 'those that' love his Son. | 2. Pure are the joys a- nor No wanton lips an-

1st time Base Instrumental.

VENI CREATOR. C. M. B. & T. Hy. 6.

Steffani.

Repeat Tutti.

Soave.

1. Come, Ho- ly Ghost, Cre- a- tor, come, In- spire the souls of thine; Till

ev'ry heart which thou hast made is fill'd with grace di- vine. | 2. Thou art the com- fort er, the gift Of God, and fire of love. The ev- er- lasting spring of joy, And unction from a- bove.

## LINCOLN. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 36. vrs. 1 &amp; 6. B. M.

Coombs.  
Da Capo.

*Maestoso.*

1. Arise, my soul, my joy-ful pow'rs, And triumph in my God; | 2. Arise, my soul, a- wake my voice, And tunes of pleasure sing.  
Awake my voice, and loud proclaim His glorious grace abroad.

Loud Halle- lujahs shall address My Saviour and my King.

*tr Fine.*

## MILAN. C. M. B. &amp; T. Hy. 13.

Costellow.  
D. C.

*Andante.*

1. When ri- sing from the bed of death, O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear, | 2. If yet, while pardon may be found, And mercy may be sought.  
I see my bla- ker face to face; O how shall I appear!

My heart with in- ward horror shrinks, And trembles at the thought.

*tr Fine.*

## ABERDEEN. C. M.

Dr. Arnold.  
*tr D. C.*

*Affettuoso.*

1. O were I like a feather'd dove, If in- nocence had wings, | 2. Let me to some wild desert go, And find a peaceful home,  
I'd fly and make a long re- move, From all these carthy things, these carthy things, never come.  
Where storms of malice never re- blow, Tempta- tions never come.

TUNES WITH CODAS.  
 SYDENHAM. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 150.

*Spiritoso.*

Women. Smith.

In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace he there reveals; To heav'n your joy and wonder raise, For there his glory dwells. Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Tutti. Women. Tutti.

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.

*Andante.* STADE. C. M. Dr. Madan's Coll. p. 40. I. Burney.

Our little bark, On boisterous seas, By cruel tempest tost, Without one

cheerful beam of hope, Expecting to be lost. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Amen.

- 2 We to the Lord in humble pray'r,  
 Breath'd out our sad distress;  
 Tho' feeble, yet with contrite hearts  
 We begg'd return of peace. Halle.
- 3 With pity'ng eyes, the Prince of Grace,  
 Beheld our helpless grief;  
 He saw, and (O amazing love!)  
 He came to our relief. Halle.
- 4 The stormy winds did cease to blow,  
 The waves no more did roll;  
 And soon again, a placid sea  
 Spoke comfort to each soul. Halle.

Andantino.

Glory to God the Father's name, Who from our sinful race, Chose out his favorites, to proclaim The honours of his grace. Glory, honour

praise and power Be unto the Lamb forever, Jesus Christ is our Redeemer, Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah, Praise the Lord.

Vivace.

1 Seraphs with ele-ya

2 Jesus the Lord their bar

## NEW HAVEN. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 588. vrs. 3 &amp; 4. By Dr. Watts.

Ely.

ted strains Circle the throne around; And move and charm the starry plains With an immortal sound. Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah, A- men.

employs, Je- sus, my Love, they sing! Jesus the life of both our joys, Sounds sweet from ev- ry string.

Maestoso.

Musica Sacra.

1 Awake ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high; A- wake and praise that sov'reign love, That shews sal- vation nigh. 2 On all the

3 Not many years their round shall run, Nor many mornings rise, Ere all its glories stand reveal'd To our ad- miring eyes. 2 Ye wheels of

wings of time it flies, Each mo- ment, moment brings it near; Then welcome each de- clining day And each, And each re- volv- ing

nature speed your course! Ye mor- tal, mortal pow'rs decay! Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring, Ye bring e- ter- nal

year. Hallelujah. Praise the Lord.

day. Hallelujah.

Allegro.

O all ye nations, praise the Lord, Each with a diff'rent tongue; In ev'ry language learn his word, And let his name be sung, And let his

*fr*

name be sung. Hal- le- lu jah, hal- le- lu jah, hal- le- lu jah, hal- le- lu jah, hal- - - - le- lujah, hal- - - - le- lujah,

*CODA by Handel*

hal- le- lu jah, halle- lu jah, hal- le- lujah, halle- lujah, halle- lujah, halle- lujah, halle- lu jah, Amen, A- men.



Cantabile

He is a God of sov'reign love, That promis'd, that promis'd, that promis'd, that promis'd heav'n to me, And taught my tho'ts to soar above, Where happy

spirits be, Prepare me, Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand: Then come the joyful day, Come death, and come celestial band To

bear my soul away, To bear my soul away, To bear my soul away. Halle- lujah, :||: :||: :||: :||: Praise the Lord.

Adagio.

## BRATTLE-STREET. C. M.

Pleyel.

While thee I seek, protecting pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd, And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be fill'd.

Women.

Tutti.

Thy love the pow'r of thought hestow'd, To thee my tho'ts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mercy I adore.

Affettuoso.

## NAPLES. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 9. B. II.

Ely.

I. A-las, and did my Saviour bleed! And did my Sov'reign die! Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?

1. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up- on the tree? Ama- zing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

FLORENCE. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 569. By Dr. Watts.

Jomelli.

Andante.

Wo. Men. Tutti.

1. How long shall death the tyrant reign, And triumph o'er the just, Whilst the rich blood of martyrs slain Lies mingled, with the dust.

Lol I behold the scatter'd shades, The dawn of heav'n appears, And the bright morning gently spreads Its blushes, round the spheres.

*Mestoso.*

1. Hail, holy, holy, ho-ly Lord! Be endless praise, praise to thee; Supreme essen-tial One, a. dor'd In co-e-ternal three. 2. Enthron'd in ever-  
last-ing state, Ere time its round be-gan, Who join'd in counsel to create The dig-ni-ty of man, The dig-ni-ty of man.

*Cres.* *Wo.* *Tutti.* *fr* *Fin.*

## PENNSYLVANIA. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 125. B. 1.

Ely.

*Moderato.*

1. With joy we med-i-tate the grace Of our High-Priest above; His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love. Touch'd with a sym-pa-thy with-

*Largo e piano.* *fr*

Women. Moderato. Turn.

He knows our feeble frame! He knows what our temptations mean, For he has felt the same, He knows what our temptations mean, For he has felt the same.

BUCKMINSTER. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 524.

Dr. Callcott.

Andante.

1. Eternal God, enthron'd on high! Whom angel hosts adore; Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh, Thy presence I employ. 2. O!

guide me down the steep of age, And keep my passion cool Teach me to scan the sacred page, And practice ev'ry rule.

FARRINGTON. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 184.

Wyll. Women.

A Tempo.

Musical score for 'FARRINGTON' in C major, common time. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. Je- sus, commis- sioned from above, Descends to men below, And shows from whence the springs of love In endless current flows. 2. He whom the". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments.

Tutti.

Continuation of the musical score for 'FARRINGTON'. The lyrics are: "boundless heav'n adores, Whom angels long to see, Quit- ted with joy these blissful shores Am- bass- dor for me, Amba- sa- dor for me." The score continues with piano accompaniment and vocal lines.

Spiritoso.

STRATHAM. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 89.

Lockhart.

Musical score for 'STRATHAM' in D major, 2/4 time. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Blest are the souls that hear and know, The gospels joy- ful sound, The gospel's joyful sound; Peace shall attend the paths they go,". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments.

STRATHAM, Continued.

And light their steps surround, Peace shall attend the paths they go, And light their steps surround, And light their steps surround.

*For.* *fr* *fr* *fr*

*Spiritoso.* PURCELL. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 76. B. II. Purcell.

1. Hosanna to the Prince of Light, That cloth'd himself in clay; Enter'd the iron gates of death And tore the bars away.

*fr* *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr*

2. Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Immanuel rose; He took the tyrant's sting away, And spoil'd our helish foes.

*Women.* *Repeat Tutti.*

*fr* *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr*

## PARMA. C. M. Dr. W. Hy. 1. vrs. 1, 2, 6 &amp; 7.

Italian.

*Pompato.* *Women.* *Tutti.*

1 Behold the glories of the Lamb Amidst his Father's throne! Prepare new honours for his name, Prepare new honours for his name, And songs Before unknown.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be endless blessings paid; Sal- vation, glory, joy re- main, Sal- vation, glory, joy re- main For- ever on his head.

*Women.* *Tutti.* *Cres.*

2 Let elders worship at his feet, The church adore a- round; With vials full of odours sweet, With vials full of odours sweet. And harps of sweeter sound, And harps of sweeter sound.

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood, Hast set the pris'ners free, Hast made us kings and priests to God, Hast made us kings and priests to God, And we shall reign with thee, And we shall reign with thee.

## OCEAN. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 107.

Dr. Calcott.

*Vigoroso.* *Pia.*

1 Thy works of glory mighty Lord, Thy rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dang'rous way, The sons of courage &c. Who

8 Frighted to hear the tempest roar, They pant with fluttering breath, And hopeless of the distant shore Expect immediate death, And hopeless of the distant shore, Ex-



*Cres.* *For.*

tempt the dang'rous way. 2 At thy command the winds arise, and swell the tow'ring waves; The menas- ton- ish'd in at the skies,

pect im- mediate death. 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries, He hears their loud request, And orders si- lence through the skies,

*Spiritoso.* *Handel:*

SCOTLAND. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 122.

And sink in ga- ping graves, And sink in gaping graves.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends devoutly say, "In Zion let us all appear

And lays the floods to rest, And lays the floods to rest.

3 Up to her courts with joy un- known, The holy tribes repair; The Son of David holds his throne

To keep the festal day! 2 I love her gates, I love the road; The church adorn'd with grace, Stands like a palace built for God, To shew his milder face.

And sits in judgment there. 4 Peace be within this sacred place, And joy a constant guest, With holy gifts and heav'nly grace Be her attendants blest.

CIRENCESTER. C. M. Meth. Hy. 166, By Dr. Watts.

C. Burney.

Andante.

1. Praise ye the Lord, y' immortal choirs That fill the realms above; Praise him who form'd you of his fires, And feeds you, And feeds you with his love.

2. Shine to his praise ye crystal skies, The floor of his a-hode; Or veil in shade your thousand eyes, Be-fore, Be-fore your brighter God.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The second system has a treble clef, the same key signature and time signature. The third system has a bass clef, the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words like 'love.' and 'Be-fore' split across lines. There are trills (tr) marked above some notes in the second system.

VERDEN. C. M. Dr. W. Ps. 65.

Dr. Callcott.

Animato.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e-ternal pow'r! The sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests cease to

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time (C) signature. The second system has a treble clef, the same key signature and time signature. The third system has a bass clef, the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. There are repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) at the end of the first line of lyrics.

Andante.

1. Long have we sat beneath the sound Of thy sal- vation Lord; But still how

2. Oft we frequent thy ho- ly place, Yet hear almost in vain; How small a por- tion

of thy grace Do our false hearts re- tain! How small a por- tion of thy grace Do our false hearts re- tain.

roar, And tempests cease to roar, And tempests cease to roar.

weak oth- er faith is found, And knowledge of thy word.

of thy grace Do our false hearts re- tain! How small a por- tion of thy grace Do our false hearts re- tain.

*fr*

*fr*

*For.*

*Pia.*

*fr* *Pia.*

*fr*

*fr*

*fr*

*Mestoso.*

1. A- doring angels at his birth Make the Re- deemer known; Thus shall he come to judge the earth, And an- - - gels guard his

throne. 2. His foes shall tremble at his sight, And hills and seas retire; His children take their unknown flight, And leave the world on fire, And leave the world on fire.  
 3. The seeds of joy and glory sown, For saints in darkness here, Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown, And a rich harvest bear, And a rich harvest bear.

And leave, And leave the world on fire.

Duetto.

Primo. Men. *fr* *fr* Women. *fr* Men.

1. Now shall my inward joys arise And burst in- to a song; Almight- ty love in- spires my heart, And pleasure tunes my tongue. }  
 2. God on his thirsty Sien- hill, Some mercy drops has thrown, And solemn oaths have bound his love To show'r Salvation down. } Why do we then in-

Women.

dulge our fears, Sus- pi- cions and com- plaints? Is he a God, and shall his grace Grow wea- ry of his saints? Can a kind woman e'er tur-

get - The darling of her love, And 'mongst a thousand tender tho'ts, And 'mongst a thousand ten- der tho'ts, Her suckling far remove?

Chorus. Allegro. Repeat For. *fr*

1. <sup>a</sup>Yet, <sup>b</sup>saith the Lord, <sup>c</sup>should nature change, And mothers monsters prove, Sion still dwells upon the heart Of everlasting love, Sion still dwells upon the heart Of ev- erlasting love.  
 2. <sup>a</sup>Deep in the palms of both my hands I have engrav'd her name; My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls And build her broken frame, My hand shall raise her ruin'd walls And build her broken frame.

Men. Women.

1. Tell us, Tell us O women, we would know Whither so fast ye move? We, call'd to leave this world below, Are seeking

2. Whence came, Whence came ye? say, say? what's the place That ye are That ye are trav'ling from? From tribu- In- tion we thro' grace Are now, are

Instrumental Base.

3. Is not, Is not your native country here?  
Like you not this abode?  
We seek a better country far,  
A city, city built by God.

4. Thither, thither we travel, nor intend  
Short of that bliss to rest,  
Nor we, till in the sinner's Friend  
Our weary, weary souls are blest.

Chorus. Allegro.

5. Friends of the bridegroom we shall reign; Saviour, Saviour we ask no more,

We ask no more! Hail Lam of God, for sin- ners slain, Whom heav'n and earth adore, Whom heav'n and earth adore, Whom heav'n and earth adore.



Tempo di marcia.

1 For- ev- er blessed be the Lord, My Saviour and my shield. He sends his spirit with his word, To arm one for the field. 2 When, sin and hell their  
 foes u- nite, He makes my soul his care, Instructs me in the heav'nly fight, And guards me thro' the war. 3 A friend and helper so  
 di- vine, My fainting soul shall raise; He makes the glorious victory mine, He makes the glorious vic- to- ry mine, And his shall be the praise.

Chorus.

Ad Libitum.

Hal- le- lujah, Praise ye the Lord, Halle- lujah, Praise ye the Lord, Halle- lujah, Praise ye the Lord, Halle- lujah, Praise ye the Lord, Halle- lujah, Praise ye the Lord, Halle- lujah, Praise ye the Lord.



POLAND. C. M. Hill. Hy. 71.

Vigorous.

1. Beyond, beyond the glit-ter-ing starry skies, Far as th'e-ter-nal hills, Far as th'e-ter-nal hills; There in the boundless realms of light, Our dear Redeemer

*tr* dwells, Our dear Re-dee-mer dwells. 2. Im-mor-tal angels bright and fair, In count-ess armies shine; In his right hand with gol-den harps They

of-fer songs di-vine, At his right hand with gol-den harps They of-fer notes di-vine.

Chorus. Spirito.

*tr*

Ad Libitum.

*tr*

They bro't his chariot from above, To bear him to his throne; Clapp'd their triumphant, Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried, The glo-ri-ous work is done.

Mestoso.

1. When the e- ternal bows the skies, To visit earthly things, With scorn divine he turns his eyes From tow'rs of haughty kings. 3. Why should the Lord that reigns a-

2. He bids his awful chariot roll Far downward thro' the skies, To visit ev'ry humble soul With pleasure in his eyes.

love Disdain so lofty kings? Say, Lord, and why such looks of love up- on so worthless things. Just like his nature, is his grace, All

so'veign and all free; Great God how searchless are thy ways, How deep thy counsels be! Halle- lujah, halle- lu- jah, halle- lujah, Praise ye the Lord.

*tr* Ad Libitum.

FRIENDSHIP. C. M. Dr. Watts' Lyrics.

Moderato.

1 Friendship, thou charmer of the mind, Thou sweet deluding ill, The lightest minute mortals find, And sharpest hours we feel. 2 Fate has divided all our shares of pleasure

and of pain; In love the comforts and our cares Are join'd and join'd agam. 3 But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls, And drops of joy are few, This

Wo. Affettuoso.

4 Oh why should bliss depart in haste, And friendship stay to moan? Why

Chorus. A Tempo.

dear delight of mingling souls Serves but to swell our woe. 4 Yet never let our hearts divide, Nor death dissolve the chain; For love and

the fond passion cling so fast, when ev'ry joy is gone.

Adagio Maestoso.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 112.

Giardini.

joy were once al- li'd, And must be join'd again.

1 Father, Fa-ther, How wide thy glory shines, How high thy wonders rise! Known thro' the earth by

thousand signs, By thousands thro' the skies. 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r, Those motions speak thy skill; And on the wings of ev'ry hour, We read thy patience still.

*Pia.* *Repeat For.*

3 But when we view thy great de- sign To save rebellious worms, Where vengeance and compassion join, In their di- vinest forms; 4 Here the whole

Women. *Grazioso.* *Tutti.* *Pia.*

## CAMBRIDGE, Continued.

225

*tr* *For.* *tr* *Siciliana Andante.*

Deity is known, Nor dares a creature guess Which of the glories brightest shone, The justice or the grace, Now the full glories of the Lamb Adorn the heav'nly

*Pia.* *Repeat For.*

plains; Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name, And try their choicest strain. O may I bear some humble part In that immortal song! Wonder and grace shall tune my heart, And love command my tongue.

*Grazioso.*

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im- mor- tal reign; In- finite day ex- cludes the night and pleasures banish pain. 2. There everlasting

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in liv- ing green, So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between. 4. But tim'rous mortals

*Vigorouso.*

spring a- bides and nev- er with'ring flow'rs: Death like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours. 5. O! could we make our doubts re-

start and shrink to cross this nar- row sea; And linger shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a- way.

*Vigorouso.*

move, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love with un- be- clouded eyes! 6. Could we but climb where

Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

Could we but climb where, Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, View the landscape o'er,

Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, View the landscape,

Could we, &c.

er, And view, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

1. Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched, wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

Women.

2. With pity'ng eyes, the Prince of Grace Beheld our helpless, helpless grief; He saw, and (O! a-mazing love!) He came, he came to our relief. 3. Down

Andantino.

from the shining seats a-bove With joyful, joyful haste he fled; Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt, and dwelt, and dwelt among the dead.



Chorus. Vivace.

fr  $\hat{c}$  Wo. Andante.

4. Oh! Oh! for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break, Their lasting silence break, their silence break, And all harmonious human tongues Their Saviour's praises speak.

5. Yes! Yes! we will praise thee, dearest Lord, Our souls are all on flame, Our souls are all on flame, are all on flame; Hosanna round the spacious earth, To thine a-dored name.

Chorus.

Pia.

For.

Oh! Oh! for this love Let rocks and hills their lasting silence break, Their lasting silence break, their silence break, Angels as- sist our mighty joys; Strike all your

harp, your harps of gold; But when you raise your highest notes, your highest notes, His love, :|| His love can never be told, His love can ne'er be told.

Pia.

For. Adagio ad Libitum.

*Trio.*

1 Earth has en-gross'd my tho'ts too long! 'Tis time I lift my eyes Upward dear Father, to thy throne, And to my native skies,

5 Hark! how be-yond the narrow bounds Of time and space they run; And echo in majestic sounds The God-head of the Son,

*Duetto.*

and to my na-tive skies. 1 There the best man, my sav-our sits: The God how bright, how bright he shines! And scat-ters

The God-head of the Son. 6 And now they sink the lofty tune, And gentler, gentler notes they play! And bring the

in-fi-nite delights On all the happy minds And scatters in-fi-nite de-light, And scatters in-fi-nite delights On all the happy minds

Fa-ther's equal down To dwell in humble clay, And bring the Father's equal down, And bring the Father's equal down, To dwell in humble clay.

THE EVERLASTING SONG, Continued.

Chorus.

Ser- aples with el- e- vated, el- e- vated strains, elevated strains, el- e- vated strains, Cir- cle the throne around, Circle the throne around, Cir-  
 O sacred! sacred beauties! beauties of the man! beauties of the man! beauties of the man, (The God resides within, The God resides within:) The  
 ele the throne around; And move and charm the star- - - ry plains With an im- mor- tal sound, immortal sound, 4 Je-  
 God re- sides within; His sh all pure with- out a stain, His soul without a sin, without a sin, 8 But  
 us, the Lord their harps employs: Je- sus, My love they sing! Je- sus, the life of all our joys, Sounds sweet, Sounds sweet from ev- 'ry string,  
 when to Calva- ry they turn, Si- lent their harps a- bid; Suspend- ed songs, a moment mourn, The God that lov'd, that w'd an did,

Andante. Pia. For.

1 O for a closer walk with God, O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to shine up- on the road, That  
6 So shall my walk be close with God, So shall my walk be close with God, Serene and calm my frame, Serene and calm my frame, A purer light shall mark the road, That

Pia. For. Finis. TRIO. Larghetto Pia. fr

leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb! Where, Where is that blessedness, that blessedness, that blessedness I knew, When first I saw the  
leads me to the Lamb,

Tutti. Andante For.

Lord? Where, where, where is that soul refreshing view, Where is that soul refreshing view, Of Jesus, and his word? 3. What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd! How sweet their mem'ry

still! But now I find an aching void, Which none but God can fill. Return, Return, Oh Holy Dove! return, Return, return Sweet Mes- senger of rest. 4. I

Andante.

hate the sins that made me mourn, I hate the sins that made me mourn, That drove thee from my breast. 5. The dearest idol I have known, What e'er that idol be, what

Da Capo.

e'er that i- dol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.

Andante.

1. My God thy boundless love we praise; How bright on high its glories blaze, How sweetly bloom below! It streams from thy eternal throne; Thro' heav'n its

Women.

## WESTBURY LEIGH. C. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 579. Tucker.

Repeat Tutti.

joys forever run, And o'er the earth they flow.

2. 'Tis love that gilds the vernal ray,  
Adorns the flow'ry robes of May,  
Perfumes the breathing gale:  
'Tis love that loads the plenteous plain  
With clust'ring fruits and golden grain,  
And smiles o'er ev'ry vale.

3. But in thy gospel it appears,  
In sweeter, fairer characters,  
And charms the ravish'd breast;  
There love immortal leaves the sky,  
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,  
And give the weary rest.

Tempo.

1. When thou my righteous judge shalt come, To fetch thy ransom'd people

Women.

Tutti.

home, Shall I among-them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand, Be found at thy right hand.

Largo e Affettuoso.

Immanuel, sunk with dreadful woe, Unfelt, unknown to all below— The sinner's surety stood, The sinner's surety stood— In agonizing pangs of

STEUBENVILLE. C. P. M. Meth. Hy. 198. B. 1.

soul, He drinks from wormwood's bitterest bowl, And sweats great drops of blood, And sweats great drops of blood.

Come on my partners in distress, My comrades

thro' the wilderness, Who still your bodies feel; Awhile forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that celestial hill.

ELY.

*Maestoso.* *Women.* *Tutti.* *For.*

1 As Israel's people in despair, Redeem'd by their Shepherd's care, Redeem'd by their Shepherd's care, In gratitude rejoice, In

2 Or as by proud Euphrates' stream, They rais'd to thee the heav'nly theme, They rais'd to thee the heav'nly theme, Of wonder love and praise, Of

gratitude rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, In gratitude rejoice, In gratitude rejoice; Or, as on Sinai's banks reclin'd, Our holy father's swell'd the

wonder, love, and praise, and praise, :: Of wonder, love, and praise, Of wonder love, and praise; So we for all thy bounteous care, Thy Providence, divinely

*Women.* *Tutti.* *For.* *For.*

wind, With hallelujah's voice, :: Our holy father's swell'd the wind, With hal-le-lu-jah's, With hal-le-lu-jah's voice, With

fair, Our hallelujahs raise, :: Thy Providence di-vine-ly fair, Our hal-le-lu-jahs, Our hal-le-lu-jah's raise, Our



Fortissimo

hal- lujah's voice, With hal- lujah's voice, Our holy fathers swell'd the wind, With hal- lujah's With hal- lujah's voice, :|| :||  
 hallelujahs raise, :|| Thy Providence di- vine- ly fair, Our hallelujahs, Our hallelu- jahs raise, :|| :||

Trio. Moderato.

CANAAN. C. P. M.

Leach.

Happy, Happy, Happy beyond description he, Who in the paths of pi- e- ty Loves from his birth to ru- n, Loves from his birth, His birth  
 Loves from his birth to ru- n, :||  
 to run: Its ways are ways of pleasantness, - - - And all its paths are joy and peace, are joy and peace, And all its paths are joy and pea-  
 its paths,  
 Its ways are - are joy

Voltu Subito.

## CANAAN, Continued.

are joy and peace, And lead to joys unknown, And lead to joys unknown.

peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace,

*Duetto.*

If this felicity were mine, I every other would resign, I every other would resign, With just and holy scorn,

Cheerful and blithe my way pursue, And with the promis'd land, in view Singing to God, Singing to God, to God return,

The musical score is written for two treble clefs (First and Second Treble) in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is characterized by a staccato rhythm. The lyrics are: "Cheerful and blithe my way pursue, Cheerful and blithe my way pursue, Pursue my way pursue, Pursue my way pursue, Cheerful, &c. my way pursue, Cheerful, &c. my way pursue, And with the promis'd land in view, And with the promis'd land in view Singing to God return, And with the promis'd land, the promis'd land in view, Singing, &c. with the promis'd land in view, Singing to God, to God return, Singing to God Singing to God to God return, Singing to God return. Singing to God, to God return, Singing to God return." The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, repeat signs, and dynamic markings.

Allegro.

## CAMBRIDGE. S. M. Dr. W. Hy. 104. B. II. Dr. Harrison.

1 Raise your triumphant songs, To an immortal tune, Let the whole earth resound the deeds, Celestial grace hath done.

- 2 Sing how eternal love  
Its chief beloved chose,  
And bid him raise our wretched race  
From this abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terror clothes his brow,  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardon down,  
To rebels doom'd to die.

Andantino.

## THATCHER. C. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 547. vrs. 6—9. Handel.

1 Now we expect a day still brighter far than this, When death shall bear our souls away To realms of light and bliss.

- 2 There rapt'rous scenes of joy  
Shall burst upon our sight,  
And ev'ry pain, and tear, and sigh,  
Be drown'd in endless light.
- 3 Beneath thy balmy wing,  
O sun of Righteousness!  
Our happy souls shall sit and sing  
The wonders of thy grace.
- 4 Nor shall that radiant day,  
So joyfully begun,  
In evening shadows die away,  
Beneath the setting sun.

Affettuoso.

## MILFORD. C. M. Meth. Hy. 301. B. II. Ely.

1 Absent alas! from God, We in this body mourn; And pine to quit this mean abode, And languish to return.

- 2 Jesus regard our vows  
And change our faith to sight;  
And clothe us with our nobler house  
Of everlasting light.
- 3 O let us put on thee!  
In perfect holiness,  
And rise prepar'd thy face to see,  
Thy bright unclouded face.
- 4 Thy grace with glory crown,  
Who hast thine earnest giv'n;  
And now triumphantly come down  
And take our souls to heav'n.

SHIRLAND. S. M. Dr. W. Hy. 93. B. II.

Stanley. 241

Women. Tutti. tr

My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can- not live if thou re- move. For thou art all in all.

QUEBEC. S. M. Dr. W. Hy. 93. B. II.

Andante.

Women. Tutti. Ely. tr

\*And must this body die? This mortal frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay? Lie mould'ring in the clay.

Ar- ray'd in glorious grace Shall these vile bodies shine, And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face Look heav'nly and di- vine, Look heav'nly and divine.

PRICE. S. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 494.

Firth.

tr Pia. For. tr

See how the mounting sun Pursues his shining way; And wide proclaims his Maker's praise With ev'ry brightning ray, With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

HOPKINS. S. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 103. By Dr. Doddridge.

Dr. Rippon's Coll.

Seave.

1. My soul with joy at-tend, While Je-sus si-lence breaks; No angel's harp such mu-sic yields, As what my Shep-herd speaks.

2. Un-number'd years of bliss, I to my soul will give; And while my throne un-shaken stands, Shall all my chosen live.

EAGLE STREET. S. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 239. By Dr. Doddridge.

Dr. Ripp. Coll.

Andantino.

Now let our voi-cet join To form a sacred song; Ye pilgrims in Je-ho-vah's ways, With music pass a-long.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. Meth. Hy. 204. B. 1.

Handel.

Vigorous.

Women.

Tutti.

Soldiers of Christ arise, And put your armour on. Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' his e-ternal Son: Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' his eternal Son.

Andante.

## CADIZ. S. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 341. By Dr. Stennett.

Broderip.

1. How charming is the place, Where my Redeemer God  
Unveils the beauties of his face And sheds his love abroad.

- 2 Not the fair palaces,  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compar'd to this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy seat,  
With radiant glory crown'd,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,  
And smile on all around.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

Spiritoso.

## BROWNSVILLE. S. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 96. Dr. Doddridge.

Broderip.

1. Our heav'nly Father calls, And Christ invites us near:  
With both our friendship shall be sweet, And our com- munion dear.

- 2 God pities all our griefs:  
He pardons ev'ry day;  
Almighty to protect our souls,  
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 Jesus our living head,  
We bless thy faithful care;  
Our Advocate before the throne,  
And our forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix my roving heart!  
Here wait my warmest love!  
Till the communion be complete  
In nobler scenes above.

Affettuosa.

## LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M. B. &amp; T. Ps. 130.

A. Williams.

1. From lowest depths of woe To God I sent my cry; Lord hear my suppli- cating voice, And graciously reply.

- 2 Should'st thou severely judge,  
Who can the trial bear?  
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,  
And quite renounce thy fear.
- 3 My soul with patience waits,  
For thee, the living Lord;  
My hopes are on thy promise built,  
Thy never failing word.
- 4 My longing eyes look out  
For thy enliv'ning ray,  
More duly than the morning watch  
For thy enliv'ning ray.

Andante.

## VINCENNES. S. M. Dr. W. Lyrics.

Ely.

1. Almighty maker God; How wondrous is thy name! Thy glories how diffus'd abroad, Thro' the creation's frame.

- 2 Nature in ev'ry dress  
Her humble homage pays,  
And finds a thousand ways t' express  
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing  
To her Creator too,  
Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
And pay the worship due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days,  
And to my God my soul ascend,  
In sweet perfumes of praise.

## AYLESBURY. S. M. Dr. W. Ps. 90.

Dr. Green.

1. Lord what a feeble piece Is this our mortal frame! Our life! how poor a trifle 'tis, That scarce deserves the name.

- 2 Alas! the brittle clay  
That built our bodies first!  
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day  
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,  
Our feeble pow'rs decay,  
Swift as a flood our hasty days,  
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
Thia life's tempestuous sea:  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

## ST. BERNARD'S. S. M. Dr. W. Ps. 118.

Beaumont.

1. See what a living Stone, The builders did re- fuse; Yet God hath built his church thereon In spite of envious Jews.

- 2 The scribe and angry priest  
Reject thine only Son;  
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,  
As the chief corner Stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wondrous in our eyes;  
This day declares it all divine,  
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day  
That our Redeemer made;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;  
Let all the church be glad.



1. Awake, and sing the song of Mo- sea and the Lamb; Wake ev- 'ry heart and ev- 'ry tongue To praise the Saviour's name.

Repeat Tutti

Andante.

Far be thine

HORNCastle. S. M. Dr. W. Ps. 117. vrs. 2.

Pia. For. Musica Sacra.

honour spread, And long thy praise en- dure, 'Till morning light and eve- ning shade Shall be exchang'd no more, ::

Tempo di Marcia.

1. Let ev'ry creature join To

CAREY STREET. S. M. Dr. W. Ps. 148.

*Handel.*

Wo. Tutti. ff.

praise th' eter- nal God; Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin, Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin, And sound his name a- broad, And sound his name a- broad.

Maztoso.

## CRANBROOK. S. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 111.

T. Clark.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear. Heav'n with the echo shall resound, the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

## RUTLAND. S. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 111.

English.

hear all the earth shall hear. Grace! 'tis a charming sound! Harmonious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear. Grace first contriv'd the way To save rebellious man; And all the steps that grace display, Which drew the wondrous plan. Grace lead my roving feet To tread the heav'nly road: And new supplies each hour I meet While pressing on to God. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' everlasting days; It lays in heav'n the topmost stone, And well deserves the praise.

*Allegro.*

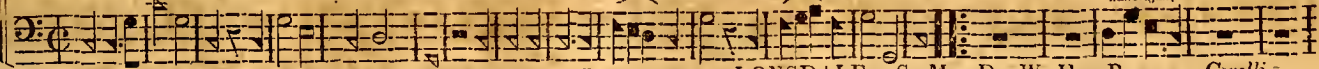
Wo. CODA. Tutti.



2. Come sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing: Je- bovah is the sov'reign God, The u- ni- versal King. Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord



2. He form'd the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The wat'ry worlds are all his own, And all the solid ground, hallelujah,



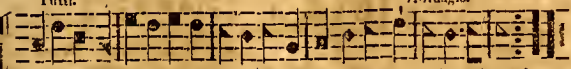
Tutti.

*Adagio.*

*Presto.*

LONSDALE. S. M. Dr. W. Hy. B. n.

Corelli.



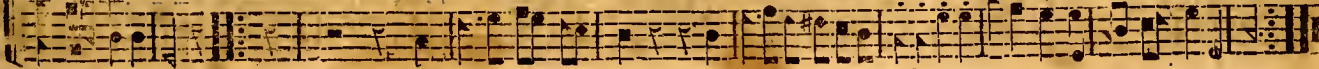
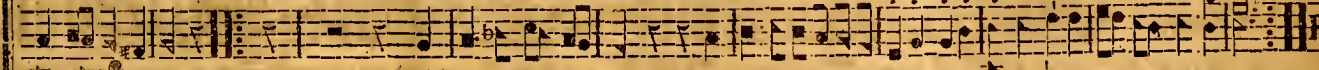
Hallelujah. hallelujah, :||: :||: Praise ye the Lord.



Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song of sweet accord, And



thus surround the throne. 2. The sorrows of the mind Be banish'd from the place, Re- ligious never was design'd To make our pleasures less.



Moderato.

1. Th' extent of Jesus' love, What heart can comprehend! A breadth whose distance none can prove, A length without an end! 2. The first-born seraphs try The myst'ry to ex-

plore; They cannot find it out, for why? The curse they never bore, The curse they never bore.

Vigoroſo.

Come we that love the Lord,

## YARMOUTH. S. M. Dr. W. Hv. 30. B. n.

Dr. Worgan.

And let our joys be known; Join in a song of sweet accord And thus surround the throne. The sorrows of the mind Are banish'd from the place, Religion never was design'd To make our pleasures less.

*Spintoso.*

My soul re-peat his praise Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a-bate. 2. High as the

heav'n's are rais'd Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our highest tho'ts exceed, Our highest tho'ts exceed.

*Tutti.* *Women.* *Tutti.*

3 God will not always chide;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.

4 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt removè.

5 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel—  
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,  
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath:  
His anger like a rising wind  
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flow'r!  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the fields,  
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

Vigoso. *fr*

1. Hark how the watchmen cry; Attend the trumpet's sound, :|| Stand to your arms the foe is nigh! The pow'rs of hell surround, :||

Men. Women. Tutti. *fr*

2. Who bow, :|| to Christ's command, Your heart & arms prepare, :|| The day of battle is at hand! Go forth to glorious war, :||

3 See on the mountain top  
The standard of our God!  
In Jesus' name I lift it up,  
All stain'd with hallow'd blood,

4 His stand, His standard bearer, I,  
To all the nations call:  
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh!  
He bore the cross for all.

5 Go up with Christ your head,  
Your Captain's footsteps see;  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain victory.

6 All pow'r, All pow'r to him is given;  
He ever reigns the same;  
Salvation, happiness, and heav'n,  
Are all in Jesus' name.

7 Only have faith in God;  
In faith your foes assail:  
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,  
But all the pow'rs of hell:

8 From thrones, From thrones of glory driv'n,  
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,  
They throng the air, and darken heav'n,  
And rule the lower world.

JABEZ'S PRAYER. S. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 381.

T. Jarman. 251

Andante.

Wo.

Men.

Tutti.

O that the Lord indeed, Would me his servant bless; From ev'ry evil shield my head, And crown my paths with peace, And crown,

And crown my paths with peace,

Wo. Moderato.

Tutti. Animato.

crown, crown my paths with peace. Be his almighty hand My helper and my guide, Till with his saints in Canaan's land, My portion he di-

My

vide, My portion he divide, Till with his saints in Canaan's land, My portion, &c. Till with his saints in Canaan's land, My portion he divide. ::

la - - nd

Allegro Moderato.

Not all the blood, Not all the blood of beasts On Jewish altars, On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace Or wash, Or wash a-

On Jewish &c. Could give the guilty &c. Or wash

Not all the blood of beasts,

way the stain. But Christ, But Christ the heav'nly Lamb, Takes all our sins, our sins away; A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer, richer blood than they.

A sacrifice &c.

But Christ, But Christ the heav'nly Lamb, Takes all, 'Takes all our sins away. A sacrifice, A sacrifice &c.

SOLO.

My faith would lay 'its hand On that dear head of thine, While like a pen-i-tent I stand, And there confess my sin. My

soul looks back to see The Burdens thou didst bear, When hanging on th' ac-cursed tree, And hopes, And hopes her guilt was there.



Chorus. Vivace.

8.

Believing, we rejoice To see the curse remove; Believing we rejoice To see the curse remove; We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,

And sing, And sing his bleeding love. Believing we rejoice, To see the curse remove. Believing, we rejoice To see the curse remove; We

bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing, And sing his bleeding love; We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing, And sing his bleeding love, his bleeding love.

1. Oh had I Jubal's lyre, Or Miriam's tuneful voice! Oh had I Jubal's lyre, Or Miriam's tuneful voice! To sounds like his I would aspire;

To sounds like his I would aspire; In songs like hers, In songs like hers rejoice

Oh had, Oh had I Jubal's lyre, Or Miriam's tuneful

In songs like hers rejoice

tuneful voice, To sounds like his I would aspire, In songs like hers rejoice. In songs like hers, In songs like hers rejoice.

In songs like hers rejoice. Oh had I Jubal's lyre, Or Miriam's tuneful voice! Oh had I Jubal's lyre, Or Miriam's tuneful voice! To sound

like him I would aspire, In songs like hers In songs like hers re-joice

Oh had, Oh had, I Jubal's lyre, or Miriam's tuneful, tuneful voice! To

In songs like hers rejoice In songs like

sounds like his I would aspire, In songs like hers rejoice, To sounds like his, To sounds like his I would as- pire, In songs like

**Primo.** **CHORUS.**

hers rejoice. Our humble strains but faint- ly show, How much to thee and heav'n we owe, How much to thee and heav'n we owe.

**2 do.**

**Counter.**

**Tenor.**

hers rejoice. Our humble strains but faintly show, How much to heav'n and thee we owe, How much to heav'n and thee we owe.

How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree, Each in his proper station move, And each fulfil his part, With sympathising

## ZION. S. P. M. Dr. W. Ps. 221.

Kozeluch.  
Wo.

heart, In all the cares of life and love. How pleas'd and bless'd was I, To hear the people say, "Come let us seek our God to-day!" Yes with a

cheerful zeal We haste to Zion's hill, Yes with a cheerful zeal We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay, And there our vows and honors pay.

PENNSYLVANIA. S. P. M. Dr. W. Ps. 98.

Ely. 257

Andantino *Mz. Org.*

The Lord Je-hovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with awful glo-ries crown'd; Array'd with robes of light, Be-

3. In vain the noisy crowd, Like billows fierce and loud, Against thine empire rage and roar; In vain with an-gry spite The

Tutti.

girt with sov'reign might, And rays of ma-jes-ty around, And rays of majes-ty around. 2. Up-held by thy commands, The world securely stands

surly na-tions fight, And dash like waves against the shore, And dash like waves a-gainst the shore. 4. Thy promis-es are true, Thy grace is ever new

And skies and stars o-bey thy word; Thy throne was fix'd on high E'er stars adorn'd the sky; E-ter-nal is thy kingdom Lord.

There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove; Thy saints with holy fear, Shall in thy courts appear. And sing thine ev-er-lasting love.

## DARWELL. Hallelujah Metre. Dr. W. Ps. 148.

Darwell.

Moderato.

Ye tribes of Adam join With heav'n and earth and seas, And offer notes di- vine To your Cre- ator's praise, Ye holy throng of angels bright In worlds of light begin the song.

This musical score is for a hymn in Hallelujah Metre. It features three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), and two piano accompaniment staves in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are: 'Ye tribes of Adam join With heav'n and earth and seas, And offer notes di- vine To your Cre- ator's praise, Ye holy throng of angels bright In worlds of light begin the song.'

## BETHESDA. H. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 489. By Dr. Stennett.

Dr. Green.

Vigorous.

Come ev'ry pious heart That loves the Saviour's name, Your noblest pow'rs exert, To celebrate his fame; Tell all above, and all below, The debt of love to him you o

This musical score is for a hymn in Hallelujah Metre. It features three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'Vigorous'. The lyrics are: 'Come ev'ry pious heart That loves the Saviour's name, Your noblest pow'rs exert, To celebrate his fame; Tell all above, and all below, The debt of love to him you o'...

## ALBANY. H. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 304.

English.

A Tempo.

Jesus at thy command I launch in- to the deep, And leave my native land Where sin lulls all asleep: For thee I would the world resign, And sail to heav'n with thee and th

This musical score is for a hymn in Hallelujah Metre. It features three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'A Tempo'. The lyrics are: 'Jesus at thy command I launch in- to the deep, And leave my native land Where sin lulls all asleep: For thee I would the world resign, And sail to heav'n with thee and th'...

*Spiritoso.*

1. Ye virgin souls arise! With all the dead awake; Unto salvation wise, Oil in your vessels take. Up-starting at the midnight cry, Upstarting

Upstarting at the midnight

*Maestoso.* CARMARTHEN. H. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 140. *Mus. Sac.*

at the midnight cry, Behold, Behold your heav'nly bridegroom nigh.

cry, the midnight cry, Behold your heav'nly bridegroom nigh

1. Yes! the Redeemer rose, The Saviour left the dead, - And o'er our hellish foes, High

2. Lo! the angel-ic bands, In full as-sembly meet, To wait his high commands And

*fr* Women. *Tutti.* Women. *Tutti.*

rais'd his conqu'ring head; In wild dismay, The guards around Fall to the ground And sink away; The guard around Fall to the ground And sink away.

worship at his feet: Joyful they come, And wing their way From realms of day, To Jesus' tomb. And wing their way From realms of day To Jesus' tomb.

Can Spirito. Wo. Tutti.

1. Re-joice! the Lord is King; Your God and King adore; Mortals give thanks and sing, And triumph ev-er more; Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, rejoice

2 Jesus the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love:  
When he had purg'd our stains  
He took his seat above: Lift up &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n.  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus giv'n: Lift up &c.

4 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy,  
And ev'ry bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy: Lift up &c.

Spirito. WASHINGTON. H. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 146. By Doddrid

O ye im-mortal throng Of angels round the throne, Join with our fee-ble

song To make our Saviour known: On earth ye knew his wond'rous grace: His beauteous face in heav'n ye view, On earth ye knew his wond'rous grace, His beauteous face in heav'n ye view



Maestoso. *fr* Women. *Tutti* *fr* Wo.

1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high: The garments he assumes are light and majesty; His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal

*Tutti* *fr*

can sustain the sight, His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law;

3 And can this mighty King  
Of glory condescend?  
And will he write his name,  
"My Father and my Friend?"

I love his name! I love his word!  
Join all my pow'rs, and praise the Lord.

*Grazioso*

To God the Father's throne, Perpetual honours

## CRICKHOWELL. H. M. Dr. W. Doxology.

Wo. Men. *Tutti* Wo. *Tutti*, Musica Sacra.

raise; Glory to God the Son; To God the Spirit praise: With all our pow'rs, Eternal King, Thy name we sing While faith adores, Eternal king, Thy name we sing, While faith adores.

Allegro.

1. Awake our drowsy souls, Shake off each slothful band; The wonders of this day, The wonders of this day Our noblest songs demand,

2. At the approaching dawn Reluctant death resign'd The glorious Prince of Life, The glorious Prince of Life, In dark domains confin'd,

Wo. men. Tutti.

Our noblest songs demand, Auspicious morn! Thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise. Auspicious morn! Thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

In dark domains confin'd: Th' angelic host around him bends, And midst the shout the God descends, Th' angelic host around him bends And midst their shouts the God descends.

Wo. Tutti.

## NEW-YORK. H. M. Dr. W. Hy. 150. B. 1.

Ely.

Animato.

1. Join all the glorious names Of wisdom love and pow'r That ever mortals knew, That angels ever bore. All are too mean to

2. Ac-ray'd in mortal flesh, He like an angel stands, And holds the promises, And pardons in his hands: Commission'd from his

speak his worth, Too mean to set my Saviour forth. 2. But, Oh! what gentler terms, What con- de- scending ways Doth our Re- deemer  
 Father's throne, To make his great commission known. 4. Great Prophet of my God, My tongue would bless thy name, By thee the joyful  
 use, To teach his heav'dly grace! Mine eyes with joy and wonder see What forms of love he bore for me, Mine eyes with joy and wonder  
 news Of our salva- tion came: The joyful news of sins forgiv'n. Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n, The joyful news of sins for-

ste What forms of love he bore for me.  
 giv'n Of hell sup- du'd and peace with heav'n.

5 Be thou my Counsellor, My pattern and my guide;  
 And thro' this desert land Still keep me near thy side.  
 O let my feet Ne'er run astray,  
 Nor rove, nor seek The crooked way.

6 I love my Shepherd's voice, His watchful eyes shall keep  
 My wand'ring soul among The thousands of his sheep:  
 He feeds his flock, He calls their names,  
 His bosom bears The tender lambs.

Spiritoso.

1. In Zion's sacred gates, Let hymns of praise begin, Where acts of faith and love In ceaseless beauty shine, Where acts of faith and love In ceaseless beauty shine: In mercy there While

3. His wondrous acts demand, His wisdom and his grace, The labours of our hand And transports of our praise, The labours of our hand And transports of our praise; Reharse his name To

God is known, Before his throne With songs appear, In mercy there While God is known, Before his throne, Before his throne With songs appear. 2. In heav'n, his house on high, Ye angels lift

ev'ry shore, Where e'er his pow'r, His works proclaim, Re- harse his name To ev'ry shore, Where e'er his pow'r, :: His works proclaim. 4. Let the trump's martial voice, The timbrel's soft-

your voice; Let heav'nly harps resound, And happy saints rejoice, And happy saints rejoice! The glories sing that ever shine, With pomp divine, :: Around your King-

er aound, The organ's solemn peal U- ni- ted praise resound, U- nited praise resound: To swell the song With highest joy, Let man employ, :: His tuneful tongue.

*Affettuoso.*

A- wake! O slothful spirit, raise, awake! The Lord himself is ris'n, and where art thou? The night is past, the morn be- gins to break, The day star

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a vocal piece. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'Affettuoso'. The lyrics are: 'A- wake! O slothful spirit, raise, awake! The Lord himself is ris'n, and where art thou? The night is past, the morn be- gins to break, The day star'. There are various musical notations including slurs, accents, and 'fr' (fermatas) above certain notes.

*Adagio.*

DIRGE. 4ls. 10s. *Handel.*

glitters on yon mountain's brow. Few are our days, those few we dream a- way, Sure is our fate, to moulder in the clay, Sure is our fate to moulder in the clay; Rise! immortal soul, a- bove thine earthly fate, Time yet is thine, but soon it is too late.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a dirge by George Frideric Handel. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The lyrics are: 'glitters on yon mountain's brow. Few are our days, those few we dream a- way, Sure is our fate, to moulder in the clay, Sure is our fate to moulder in the clay; Rise! immortal soul, a- bove thine earthly fate, Time yet is thine, but soon it is too late.' The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and 'fr' (fermatas).

The Lord the Sovereign sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north; From east to west the sounding orders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead;

This musical score is for the hymn 'HARBOROUGH'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is in a moderate tempo, marked 'A Tempo'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

No more shall atheists mock his long delay; His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day.

Andante. DWIGHT. P. M. Dr. Dwight. Ps. 18. *Ely.*

To heav'n let all my sacred passions move, My trust, my wonder, gratitude and love;

This musical score is for the hymn 'DWIGHT'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

God is my hope, my strength, my tow'r, My shield his favour, and my sword his pow'r; All praise, all love his high perfections claim; Let endless glory celebrate his name.

This musical score continues the hymn 'DWIGHT'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. Ye chiefs, and kings to God your voices raise, To him ascribe the glory pow'r and praise, The grateful incense of a conchite mind, With truth enlighten'd,

2. O'er the dark world when clouds the sky deform, His ear the whirlwind, and his throne the storm, His voice is heard; astonish'd at the sound, Old ocean trembles.

3. See groves of cedar lifted to the sky, Rent by the flaming blast in ruin lie! Proud Lebanon with deep convulsions riv'n, Bends his high cliffs and

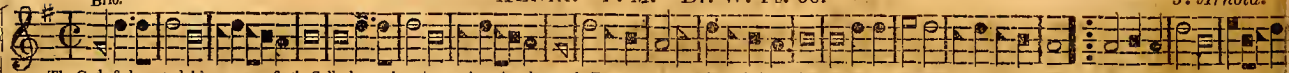
4. There sink the blasted pine, their honours lost; There oaks majestic bow their heads in dust; The wasted forest opens its dark abodes, Shorn all its glories,

and by grace refin'd: Je- ho- vah speaks; thro' heav'n his terrors roll, And the vast concave shakes from pole to pole, And the vast concave shakes from pole to pole.

to his farthest bound; The hard rocks cleave; the hills in homage nod, And the touch'd earth proclaims the present God, And the touch'd earth proclaims the coming God.

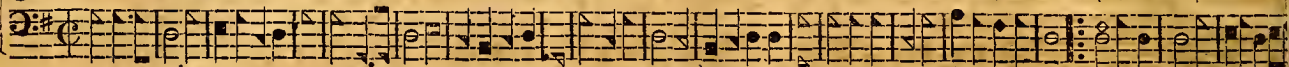
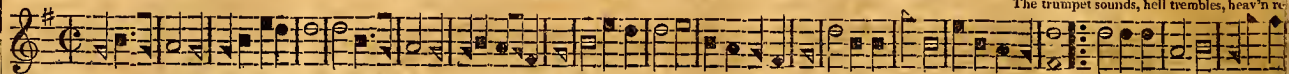
owns the voice of heav'n; Sad Sirion leaps: his deep foundations shake; The vallies heave; the howling deserts quake, The vallies heave, the howling deserts quake,

prostrate all its woods; Anew the lightnings blaze; the thunders roar; And shrinking mortals tremble and adore, And shrinking mortals tremble and adore



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

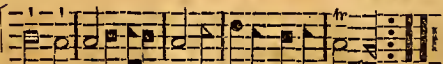
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n re-



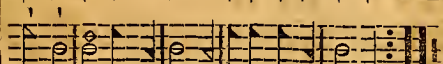
Gravemente.

GENEVA. P. M. Dr. W. Ps. 50. vrs. 11.

Dr. Ambrose



joices. Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices

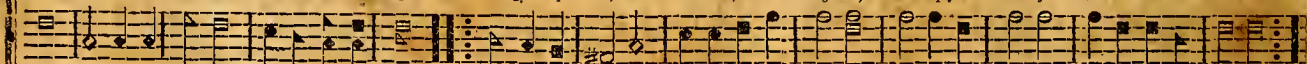


I. Unthinking wretch! how wouldst thou hope to please A God, a spirit with such toys as these? While with my grace & statutes on th



tongue, Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong:

Judgment proceeds, hell / trembles, heav'n re-joices, Lift up your heads ye saints with cheerful voices.





Mazsosa.

1. House of our God with cheerful anthems ring, While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing; With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim; Let ev'ry tongue be vocal

2. The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills; Ye seraphs bright on ever-blooming hills, His honour sound; you to whom good alone, Unmingled, ever-growing

3. His goodness never ends; the dawn the shade, Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd; Succeeding ages bless this sure abode, And children lean upon their

4. Burst into praise my soul; all nature join; Angels and men in harmony combine, While human years are measur'd by the sun, And while e-ternity its

with his name: The Lord is good; his mercy never ending, His blessings in per-pet-ual show'rs descending, His blessings in per-pet-ual show'rs descending.

has been known, Thro' your immortal life, with love in-creasing Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceasing, Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceasing.

father's God: The deathless soul thro' its imme-du-ration, Drinks from this source immortal conso-lation, Drinks from this source immor-tal con-solation.

course shall run: His goodness in per-petual show'rs descending, Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending, Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending.

## SOPHRONIA P. M. 10s &amp; 8s.

1. Forbear, my friends, forbear and ask no more, Where all my cheerful airs are fled? Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er, My life, my

3. Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly birth, The ced descending from above, Roots in a soil re-fin'd, grows high on earth, And blooms with

my comfort's dead. 2. Deep from my soul mark how the sobs arise, Hear the long groans that waste my breath, And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes, Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

with joy and love. 4. Peace, peace my sorrows! nor, with murm'ring voice, Dare to accuse heav'n's high decree, She was first ripe for ever-lasting joys, Sophronia waits above for thee.

Maestoso.

## ADESTE FIDELES. P. M. 11s &amp; 10s.

Women.

Webbe.

1. Hither ye faithful haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem haste the Lord of Life to meet: To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour, Oh! come, and let us worship,

2. Oh! Jesus for such wond'rous condescension Our praise and our rev'rence are an off'ring meet; Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us, Oh! come, &c.

3. Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels, Let the celestial courts his praise repeat; Unto our God be glory in the highest, Oh! &c.

Tutti.

come and let us worship, O come and let us worship at his feet.

Spiritoso.

CHRISTMAS. P. M. 10s & 11s.

Ely.

1. Exulting, rejoicing, hail the happy morning, The morning on which the Saviour Christ was born.  
3. Devoted, submissive, on the cross ex- piring, He bows to the mandates of his Father God:

Expressivo.

Cres.

For.

Fortissimo.

Dim.

Angels of mercy, Angels of mercy, Angels of mercy, who his birth at- tend- ed, O bear our loud hosannas thro' the skies. 2. Sal- vaion proclaiming to the guilty

Angels of pity, Angels of pity, Angels of pity, who his birth attend- ed, O bear our loud hosannas thro' the skies. 4. He rose from the dead and u- to heav'n as

Cres.

Dim.

Cres.

For.

Fortissimo.

nations, He comes in the glory and the pow'r of God; Angels of m rey, Angels of mercy who his birth attend- ed, O bear our loud ho- sannas thro' the skies.

cended, And now inter- cedeth for the sons of men: Who would not love him? Who would not love so gracious a Redeemer? We hail thee Prince and Saviour of mankind.

1. When the fierce north wind with his airy forces, Rears up the Baltie to a foaming fury; And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes

3. Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder, (If things eternal be like these earthly,) Such the dire terror, when the great archangel

Rushing amain down. 2. How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble! While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet, Roars a loud

Shakes the creation. 4. Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven, Breaks up old marble the repose of Princes; See the graves

5 Hark! the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches, Lively bright horrors and amazing anguish, Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm lies Gnawing within them.

6 Tho'ts like old vultures prey upon their heart-strings, 9 O may I sit there when he comes triumphant, Dooming the nations; then ascend to glory, While our hosannas all along the passage Shout the Redeemer.

7 Hopeless immortals how they scream and shiver, While devils push them to the pit wide yawning, Hideous and gloomy to receive them head-long Down to the centre.

*N. B. The last verse may be either repeated or sung to the repeat.*

SARK. P. M. 7s. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 240. By Dr. Sennick.

Dr. Miller. 273

*Animato.*

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As ye journey sweetly sing, Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed be glad!  
Christ our advocate is made,  
Us to save our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout ye little flock and blest;  
You on Jesus' soul shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepar'd,  
There your kingdom and reward.

CONDOLENCE. P. M. Meth. Hy. 190. B. H.

*Pleyel.*

*Grave.*

1. Depth of mercy can there be, Mercy still reserv'd for me? Can my God his wrath forbear! Me, the chief of sinners spare.

- 2 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provok'd him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls;  
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are,  
Me he now delights to spare,  
Cries "How shall I give thee up!"  
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands;  
Shows his wounds and bleeding hands;  
God is love! I know! I feel!  
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

REDEEMING LOVE. P. M. 7s. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 69.

*Ely.*

*Spiritoso.*

Now begin the heav'nly theme, Sing a- loud in Jesus' name! Ye who his salvation prove; Triumph in redeeming love, Triumph, &c.

1. Angels! roll the rock away! Death yield up thy mighty prey; See! he rises from the tomb. Glowing with immortal bloom, 2. 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise Fame's eternal trump of praise!

3. Now ye saints lift up your eyes! Now to glory see him rise, In long triumph up the sky, Up to waiting worlds on high. 4. Heav'n displays her portals wide! Glorious heroes thro' - - them ride

5. Praise him all ye heav'nly choirs! Praise and sweep your golden lyres! Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song, Let the strain be sweet and strong! 6. Ev'ry note with wonder swell, Sin o'erthrown & captur'd hell

CHORUS by Dr. Miller.

Let the earth's remotest bound Hear the joy inspiring sound. For- ever hal- lujah, and ever, hal- lujah, forev- er, and ever, for ever and

King of glory! mount thy throne, Thy great Father's and thy own,

Wher is hell's once dread'd King! Wher, O death, thy mortal sting.

8. Wo. All. Wo. All. Wo. All. Wo. All.

ever for ever, hal- lujah, and ever hal- lujah, for ever and ever, for ever and ever, for ever, hal- lujah, and ever, hal- lujah, hal-



Wo. Spiritoso. Tutti.

Hark! the herald angels sing, Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new horn King, Glory to the new horn King, Peace, on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconcil'd, God

Wo. Men. Tutti. Wo. Tutti.

sinners reconcil'd. Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies, With the angelic host proclaim, Christ is horn at Bethlehem. Hark! the herald angels sing, :||: Glory

to the new horn King, :||: Men. Tutti. Christ the ever-lasting Lord, :||:

to the new horn King, :||: Glory to the new horn King. Christ by highest heav'n ador'd, :||: Christ the ever-lasting Lord, :||:



Late in time behold him come, Offspring of the virgin's womb,   :|:   Veil'd in flesh, the God-head he! Hail! Hail, th' incarnate Deity,

:|:   Jesus our Immanuel here, Jesus our Immanuel here,

Plens'd as man with man ap-pear,   Our Immanuel here, here, Our Immanuel here, here,

Hark! the herald angels sing, Hark the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Glory to the new-born King; Glory to the new-born King."

Animato.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day! Sons of men and angels say! Raise your joys and triumphs high! Sing ye heav'n's and earth reply. Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight the battle

2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell! Death in vain forbids his rise, Christ hath open'd paradise. Lives again our glorious King! Where O death! is now

## Brillante. HANDEL'S SONG IN SAUL. P. M.

Handel.

won: Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er: Lo! he sets in blood no more.

sting! Once he did our souls to save: Where's thy vict'ry boasting grave.

Welcome, welcome mighty king, Welcome, all who conquest bring; Welcome, David, warlike boy, And

Fin.

For.

of our present joy, Saul who hast thy thousands slain, Welcome to thy friends again; David his ten thousand slew, Ten thousand praises are his due. Ten thousand praises, ::: ::: are his due.

NATIVITY. P. M. 7s. Dr. Ripp. 130.

Dr. C. Burney. 279  
Tutti.

*Pia.* *For.* *fr.* *Trio.*

1. Hark! hark! the herald angels sing, Glo- ry to the new- born King! Peace on earth, and mer- cy mild; God and sinners

3. Hail! Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteous- ness! Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with healing

*Semichorus.* *Pia.* *fr.* *For.*

recon- cil'd! 2. Joyful all ye na- tions rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; With th'an- gelic hosts proclaim, Christ is

in his wings. 4. Come de- sire of na- tions! come, Fix in us thy humble home: Let us all the an- gels sing, Glory

*fr.* *Chorus.* *fr.*

born in Bethle- hem, Christ is bo- rn in Bethle- hem. Hark! the Hera-ld angels sing! Glory to the new-born King.

to the new-born King, Glory to the new-born King. Hark! the herald angels sing! Glory to the new-born King.

Animato.

Praise the Lord with cheerful noise, Wake my glory! wake my lyre! Wake my glory! Wake my lyre! Wa-  
 ke my glory, wake my glo-ry! wake my glo-ry! wake my lyre, Wa-  
 ry, Wake my, &c. Wake my glo-  
 ke my lyre! Praise the Lord, each mortal voice, Praise the Lord ye heav'nly choir! Ye heav'nly choir, Ye heav'nly choir Praise the  
 ry! Wake my lyre!  
 Lord ye heav'nly choir! Praise the Lord each mortal voice! Praise the Lord ye heav'nly choir, ye heav'nly choir, ye heav'nly choir, Praise the Lord ye heav'nly choir.

Andante. *fr* *Finis.*

1. Blessed are the sons of God; They are bought with Je- sus blood; They are ran- som'd from the grave; Life e- ternal they shall have.

With them number'd may we be, Here and in e- ter- ni- ty.

God did love them in his Son,  
Long before the world begun;  
They the seal of this receive,  
When on Jesus they believe: With &c.  
They are justify'd by grace,  
They enjoy a solid peace;  
All their sins are wash'd away,  
They shall stand in God's great day: With,  
They produce the fruits of grace,  
In the works of righteousness!  
Born of God they hate all sin,  
God's pure word remains within: With &c.

5 They have fellowship with God,  
Thro' the Mediator's blood;  
One with God, thro' Jesus one,  
Glory is with them begun: With &c.  
6 Tho' they suffer'd much on earth,  
Stranger's to the worldling's mirth,  
Yet they have an inward joy,  
Pleasures which can never cloy: With &c.  
7 They alone are truly blest—  
Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ;  
They with love and peace are fill'd;  
They are by his spirit fill'd: With &c.

DR. MILLER. *Da Capo.*

Turn to Jesus cruci- fy'd, Fly to those dear wounds of his.

Adagio. COLLUPTION. P. M. 6ls. 7s. Meth. Hv. 9. B. 1. *Finis.*

1. Weary souls, that wander wide, From the central point of bliss,  
Sink into the purple flood; Rise unto the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace, Peace unspeakable, unknown;  
By his pain he gives you ease, Life by his expiring groan;  
Rise, exalted by his fall, Find in Christ your all in all.  
3 O believe the record true, God to you his Son hath giv'n!  
Ye may now be happy too: Find on earth the life of heav'n:  
Live the life of heav'n above, All the life of glorious love.  
4 This the universal bliss, Bliss for ev'ry soul design'd:  
God's orig'nal promise this, God's great gift to all mankind:  
Blest in Christ this moment be! Blest to all eternity.

*Andante.*

1. World, adieu! thou re-al cheat! Oft have thy deceitful charms, Fill'd my heart with fond conceit, Foolish hope and false alarms; Now I see at

clear as day, How thy follies pass away.

2 Vain thy entertaining sights;  
False thy promises renew'd;  
All the pomp of thy delights,  
Does but flatter and delude:  
Thee I quit for heav'n above,  
Object of the noblest love.

3 Farewell, honours, empty pride!  
Thy own nice, uncertain gust,  
If the least mischance betide,  
Lays thee lower than the dust:  
Wordly honours end in gall,  
Rise to-day—to-morrow fall.

CODA.

Tutti.

Vo.

Tutti.

tomb, Glowing with im-mortal bloom. Halle-lujah, Praise the Lord, - Halle-lujah, Praise the Lord, Praise, praise, praise, praise, Halle-lujah, Praise the Lord.

*Vivace.*

HART'S. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 142. *Milgroce.*

Angels! roll the rock away! Death yield up thy mighty prey; See he rises from the

OXFORD. P. M. 8 & 7. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 432. By Francis.

*Animato.*

1. Praise the Saviour all ye nations, Praise him all ye hosts above: Shout, with joyful acclamations, His divine, victorious love.

- 2 See how beauteous on the mountains  
Are their feet whose grand design,  
Is to guide us to the fountains  
That o'erflow with bliss divine.
- 3 With my substance I will honour  
My Redeemer and my Lord;  
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,  
All were nothing to his word.
- 4 While the heralds of salvation  
His abounding grace proclaim,  
Let his friends of ev'ry station  
Gladly join to spread his fame.

SICILIAN HYMN. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 162.

*Italian.*  
Repeat Tutti.

*Moderato.*

Come thou long, expected Jesus! Born to set thy people free; From our fears and sure-lease us, Let us find our rest in thee.

SHIELD'S. P. M. 8. 7. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 509. By Robinson. *Shield.* Da Capo.

*Vigoroso.*

1. Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Calls for songs of loudest praise.

2. Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;

Praise the mount—O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy grace I'm come;  
And I hope by thy good pleasure,  
Safe to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God—  
He to save my soul from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood.

## THE SAILOR'S SONG. P. M.

Banister.

Wo. Tutti.

Andante.

Sailing on the boistrous ocean, Far from home, Far from home, Far from home and far from land; Lord from thee we seek protection, Guide and guard us, Guide

guard us, Guide and guard us with thy hand; Lord from thee we seek protection. Guide and guard us, ||: Guide and guard us with thy hand. When with fears and dangers

fr Men. Tutti. fr TRIO.

compass'd, May we find thee strong to save, All our hope, we trust, we centre, On his might, who walk'd the wave, All our hope, we trust, we centre, On his might who walk'd the wave.

fr



Foes may threaten, thunders rattle, Winds and waves their fury pour, their fury pour, Foes may threaten, thunders rattle, Winds and waves their fury pour, Winds and waves their

Foes may threaten, thunders rattle, Winds and waves their fury pour,

*tr* Foes may threaten, thunders rattle, Women. *Ado.* **Repeat Tutti.** *Moderato.* **Wo.**

fury pour. By thee guarded, God of battle, War is safety, storms secure; If thy mercy safe return us, From the perils of the deep, If thy mercy

**Tutti.** *tr*

safe return us, From the perils of the deep, In the world's wide ocean keep us, Heav'n's the haven that we seek, the haven that we seek, Heav'n's the haven that we seek.

Heav'n's the haven, Heav'n's the haven that we seek,

Heav'n's the haven that we seek, Heav'n's, &c.

Allegro.

KENTUCKY. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 162. w<sup>o</sup>.

Ely.

Come thou long expected Jesus! Born to set thy people free; From our fears and sins release us, Let us find our rest in thee: Israel's strength and consolation, Hope of all the saints thou art; Dear de

Repeat Tutti.

sire of ev'ry nation. Joy of ev'ry longing heart, Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Affettoso TROWBRIDGE. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 295. Handel.

1. Jesus! full of all compassion, Hear thy humble suppliants cry, Hear thy humb  
Prostrate at thy feet re- penting Send, O send me quick relief, :||

Finis.

suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great salvation: See I languish faint and die. 2. Guilty but with heart relenting, Over-whelm'd with helpless grief.

Da Capo.

Larghetto.

1. Mighty God! while angels bless thee, May an infant lisp thy name? Lord of men as well as angels, Thou art ev'ry creature's theme, Hallelujah, Halle-

2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days!  
Sounded thro' the wide creation,  
Be thy just and lawful praise: Hal.  
3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—  
Grand beyond a seraph's tho't;  
For created works of power,  
Works with skill and kindness wro't: Hal.  
4 For thy providence, that governs  
Thro' thine empire's wide domain;  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,  
Blessed be thy gentle reign: Hal.

5 But thy rich thy free redemption,  
Dark thro' brightness all along;  
Tho't is poor, and poor expression: Hal.  
6 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?  
Fly my tongue such guilty silence!  
Sing the Lord who came to die: Hal.  
7 Did archangels sing thy coming?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays?  
Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise: Hal.

Andante.

1. Happy soul thy days  
Go, by angel guards.

OUNDEL. P. M. 8, 7 & 4.

Harmonia Sacra.

are ended All thy mourning days below.  
at-tended, To the sight of Jesus go. Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, A-men.

*Pomposo.*

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;  
I am weak but thou art mighty: Hold me in thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Lord the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliver,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction  
Lend me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

## CALVARY. P. M. 8, 7 &amp; 4. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 71.

Pia. Ado. Stanley.

*Moderato.*

1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary! See it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth and veils the sky! It is finish'd! :||

## GRONINGEN. P. M. 8, 7, 4. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 114.

Kozeluch.

*For. Tempo.*

Hear the dying Saviour cry!

*Animato.*

Come ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and pow'r; He is able, He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

DISMISSION. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 389.

Tempo di Marcia.

Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace, Let us each thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace: O refresh us! O refresh us! Trav'ling thro' the wilderness.

Men.

Thanks we give and adoration, For thy gospel's joyful sound, May the fruits of thy salvation, In our hearts and lives abound, May thy presence, May thy presence With us evermore be found!

Women.

So when e'er the signal's given Us from earth to call away, Borne on eagle's wings to heaven Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay, May we ready, *Repeat Tutti.* Rise and reign in endless day.

*Affettuoso.*

LENA. P. M. 8, 8, 7.

*Dr. Belknap.*

1. See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping! hear him crying; See his burthen'd bosom heave! Look, ye sinners, ye who hung him! Look how deep your sins hang

2. See the rocks and mountains shaking, Earth unto her centre quaking! Nature's groans awake the dead; Look on Phoebus struck with wonder, While the peals of legal

stung him! Dying sinners look and hve.

thunder, Smite the great Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,  
Chanting to the tuneful regions  
Cease to thrill the quiv'ring string:  
Songs seraphic all suspended,  
Till the mighty war is ended  
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell and all the pow'rs infernal,  
Vanquish'd by the King eternal,  
When he pour'd the vital flood;  
By his groans which shook creation,  
Lo! we sound the proclamation,  
Peace and pardon thro' his blood.

*Adagio.* BIRKSTEAD. P. M. Dr. Madan's Coll. p. 28. *Handel*

1. Who hath our report believ- ed, Jesus Christ is not re- ceiv- ed.

Not received by his own! Promis'd Branch from root of Jesse, David's offspring sent to bless ye, Comes too meekly to be known.

2 Like a tender plant, that's growing  
Where no friendly water's flowing,  
No kind rains refresh the ground,  
Drooping, dying, we shall view him,  
See no charms to draw us to him,  
There no beauty will be found!

3 Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,  
Freely gave his son to save us;  
Bless'd the Son who freely came:  
Honour, blessing, adoration,  
Ever from the whole creation,  
Be to God, and to the Lamb.

Andante.

1. Ah! I shall soon be dying, Time swiftly glides away; But on my Lord relying, I hail the happy day— The day when I must enter Upon a world unknown; My helpless soul would venture On Jesus Christ alone.

ROMAIN. P. M. Lady Huntington's Hy. 66.

Banister.

- 2 To him by grace united, I joy in him alone;  
And now by faith delighted, Behold him on his throne.  
There he is interceding, For all who on him rest;  
The grave from him proceeding, Shall waft me to his breast.
- 3 When with his saints in glory The grateful song I'll raise,  
And chant the blissful story, In high seraphic lays.  
Free grace, redeeming merit, And sanctifying love;  
Of Father, Son, and Spirit, Shall charm the courts above.

1. O Lord, how great's the favour, That we such sinners poor, Can thro' thy blood's sweet savour, Approach thy mercy's door, And

find an open passage Unto the throne of grace; There wait the welcome message That bids us go in peace, There wait the welcome &c.

- 2 Lord, we are helpless creatures, Full of the deepest need:  
Throughout desird by nature, Stupid, inly dead;  
Our strength is perfect weakness, And all we have is sin;  
Our hearts are all uncleanness, A den of thieves within.
- 3 In this forlorn condition Who shall afford us aid? (Head?)  
Where shall we find compassion But in the Church's  
Jesus, thou art all pity! O take us to thy arms,  
And exercise thy mercy, To save us from all harms.
- 4 Then we, with all in glory, Shall thankfully relate  
Th' amazing pleasing story Of Jesus' love so great!  
In this blest contemplation We shall forever dwell,  
And prove such consolation As none below can tell.



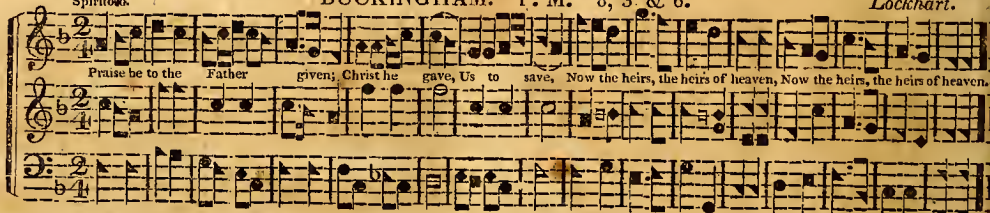
1. Head of the church triumphant, We joyfully adore thee: Till thou appear, Thy members here, Shallsing like those in glory.

- 2 We lift our hearts and voices,  
With blest anticipation,  
And cry aloud, And give to God,  
The praise of our salvation.
- 3 We clap our hands, exulting  
In thine almighty favour;  
The love divine Which made us thine,  
Shall keep us thine forever.
- 4 The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes;  
By thee we shall,  
Break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.

Spiritoso.

## BUCKINGHAM. P. M. 3, 3 &amp; 6.

Lockhart.

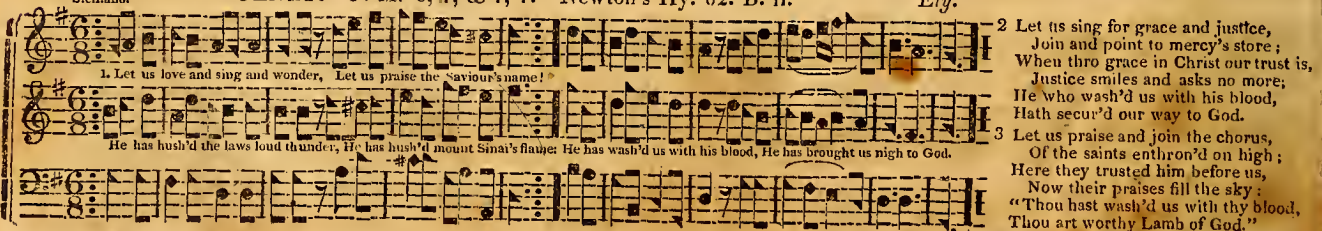


Praise be to the Father given; Christ he gave, Us to save, Now the heirs, the heirs of heaven, Now the heirs, the heirs of heaven.

Siciliano.

## OLNEY. P. M. 8, 7, &amp; 7, 7. Newton's Hy. 82. B. 11.

Ely.



1. Let us love and sing and wonder, Let us praise the Saviour's name!  
He has hush'd the laws loud thunder; He has hush'd mount Sinai's flame: He has wash'd us with his blood, He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us sing for grace and justice,  
Join and point to mercy's store;  
When thro' grace in Christ our trust is,  
Justice smiles and asks no more;  
He who wash'd us with his blood,  
Hath secur'd our way to God.

3 Let us praise and join the chorus,  
Of the saints enthron'd on high;  
Here they trusted him before us,  
Now their praises fill the sky:  
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,  
Thou art worthy Lamb of God."



tr Women.

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

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

Come thou Incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our pray'r attend;—Come and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness, On us descend.  
Come Holy Comforter, Thy Sacred Witness bear, In this glad hour;  
Thou who almighty art, Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r.

To the great One in Three, Eternal praises be Hence evermore!  
His sov'reign majesty May we in glory see;  
And to eternity Love and adore.

BERDMONDSEY. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 387. *Milgrove.*

Allegro. Wo. Tutti. Wo.

Glory to God on high, Let earth and skies reply, Praise ye his name; His love and grace adore, Who all our

Tutti.

sorrows bore, Sing aloud evermore, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb Worthy the Lamb, Sing aloud evermore, Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus our Lord and God,  
Bore sin's tremendous load,  
Praise ye his name:  
Tell what his arm hath done.  
What spoils from death he won,  
Sing his great name alone,  
Worthy the Lamb.

3 What tho' we change our place,  
Yet we shall never cease  
Praising his name;  
To him our songs we bring,  
Hail him glorious King, [the Lamb.  
And without ceasing sing, Worthy

The God of Abram praise, Who reigns enthron'd above, Ancient of everlasting days, And God of love! Jehovah, great I AM! By heav'n and earth confess'd, I bow and bless the sacred na

Forever bless'd.

2 The God of Abram praise,  
At whose supreme command,  
From earth I rise, and seek thy joys,  
At his right hand;  
I'd all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,  
And him my only portion make,  
My shield and tow'r.

Spiritoso.

## ENDLESS DAY. P. M. Met. Hy. 159. B. 1.

Ely.

1. Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds; Thro' all the world the echo bounds! And Jesus by redeeming blood, Is bring  
2. Hail! all vic-torious, conqu'ring Lord! Be thou by all thy works ador'd, Who undertook for sinful man, And bro't


Wo.

fr

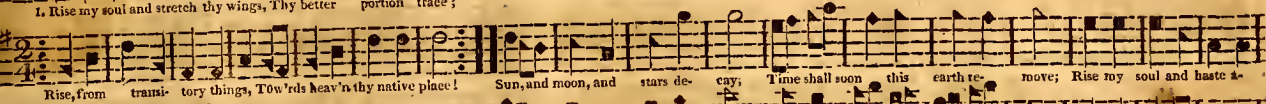
Tutti.

sinners back to God; And guides them safely by his word, To endless day, And guides them safely by his word To endless day,  
va-tion thro' thy name, That we with thee might ever reign, In endless day, That we with thee might reign in ev-er-last-ing day.

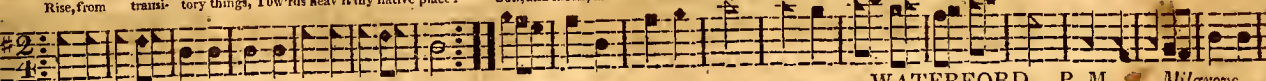
Marcia.



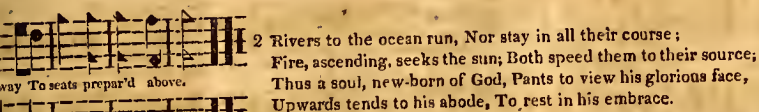
1. Rise my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace;



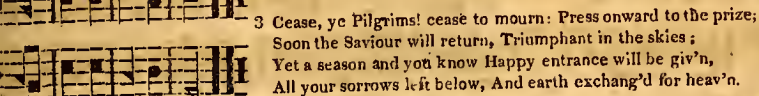
Rise, from transitory things, Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place! Sun, and moon, and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise my soul and haste a-



way To seats prepar'd above.



2 Rivers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, ascending, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source; Thus a soul, new-born of God, Pants to view his glorious face, Upwards tends to his abode, To rest in his embrace.



3 Cease, ye Pilgrims! cease to mourn: Press onward to the prize; Soon the Saviour will return, Triumphant in the skies; Yet a season and you know Happy entrance will be giv'n, All your sorrows left below, And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

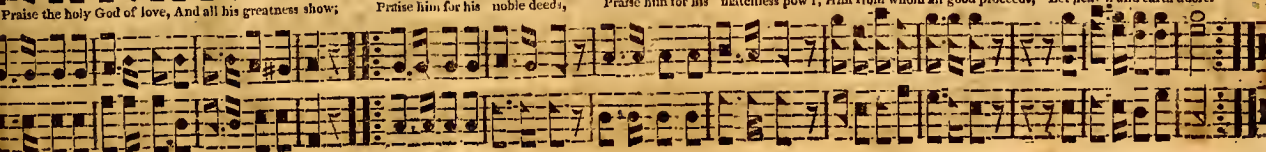
WATERFORD. P. M. *Milgrove.*



1. Praise the Lord who reigns above, And keeps the world below.



Praise the holy God of love, And all his greatness show; Praise him for his noble deeds, Praise him for his matchless pow'r, Him from whom all good proceeds, Let heav'n and earth adore.



Praise the holy God of love, And all his greatness show; Praise him for his noble deeds, Praise him for his matchless pow'r, Him from whom all good proceeds, Let heav'n and earth adore.

Musical score for 'AMSTERDAM. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 301.' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three staves: two treble clefs and one bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The lyrics are: 'Rise my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things' Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place. Sun, and moon, and stars decay, Timeshall soon this earth remove; Rise my soul and haste away, To seats prepar'd above.'

Affettuoso

## SUPPLICATION. P. M. Meth. Hy. 168. B. 1.

Brillat.

Musical score for 'SUPPLICATION. P. M. Meth. Hy. 168. B. 1.' in F major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three staves: two treble clefs and one bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Affettuoso'. The lyrics are: 'L Lamb of God whose bleeding love, We thus recal to mind; Send the answer from above And let us mercy find: Think on us who look to thee, And ev'ry strug- gling soul release, O remember Calvary! O remember Calvary! And bid us go in peace; And bid us go in peace, And bid us go in peace.' The score includes performance directions: 'Wo.' (Solo) and 'Tutti.' (Tutti) alternating between the two vocal parts.

Andante.

1. Thou Jesus, art the King! Thy ceaseless praise we sing; Praise shall our glad tongues employ, Praise o'erflow our grateful soul, While we vi- tal breath enjoy.

Wo. Tutti Women.

Tutti.

2. Thou art th' eternal Light,  
That shin'st in deepest night;  
Wond'ring gaz'd th' angelic train,  
While thou bow'dst the heav'n's beneath;  
God with God wert man with man,  
Man to save from endless death.

3. O Lord! O God of Love!  
Let us thy mercy prove!  
Help us to obtain the prize,  
Help us well to close our race;  
That with thee above the skies,  
Endless joy we may possess.

Wo. Tutti

morn; Each heavenly pow'r, Proclaims the glad hour; Lo Jesus the Saviour is born! Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!

3 Let joy around like rivers flow;  
Flow on and still increase;  
Spread o'er the glad earth, At Jesus's birth,  
For heaven and earth are at peace.

4 Now the good will of heav'n is shewn  
Tow'rds Adam's helpless race;  
Messiah is come To ransom his own,  
To save them by infinite grace.

5 Then let us join the heav'n's above,  
Where hymning seraphs sing;  
Join all the glad pow'rs, For their Lord is ours,  
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

CHRISTMAS. P. M. Dr. Madan's Coll. p. 58. Dr. Madan.

Allegro. Wo. Tutti.

1. Lift up your heads in joyful hope, Salute the happy morn, Salute the happy

1. Come, let us anew Our Journey pursue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till our Master appear, And never stand still till our Master appear.

Mer.

His a- do- ra- ble will Let us gladly fulfil, And our talents improve, Our talents improve, By the patience of hope and the labour of love, By the patience of hope and the labour of

Rep. Tutti.

the patience of hope and the labour of love. Our life is a dream; Our time as a stream, Glides swiftly a- way, Glides swiftly away, And the fugitive moment refuses to

Continued.

The arrow is flown, The moment is gone, The millen- i- al year Rashes on to our view, And eter- nity's here, eter- nity's here, The millen- ial year rushes on to our view, and e-

SOLO. Andante.

ernity's here, eter- nity's here, eter- nity's here, eter- nity's here.

SOLO. O that each in the day Of his coming may say, I have fought my way

SOLO. thro' have fought my way thro'. I have finish'd the work thou didst give me

to do, have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.

Tutti.

O that each from the Lord may receive the glad word

ell and faithful- ly done, faithfully done! Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne, Enter into my joy and sit down on my thrope, Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne.

Andante.

FRANKFORT. P. M. App. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 80.

Ely.

1. Hosanna to God, In his highest abode; All heaven be join'd, To extol the Redeemer and friend of mankind: He claims all our praise, Who in infinite grace, Again hath stoop'd down,

caught up a worm to inherit a crown, And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.

Affettuoso PENTYPOOL. P. M. 5 &amp; 11. Meth. Hy. 212. B.

All ye that pass by, To Jesus draw nigh; To you is it

Women.

Tutti.

MUS. SACR.

nothing that Jesus should die? Your ransom and price, Your surety he is: Come see if there ever was sorrow like his! Come see if there ever was sorrow like his!



*Espressivo.*

O tell me no more Of this worlds vain store! The time for such trifles with me now is o'er: A country I've found, Where true joys abound; To dwell I'm determined on this happy ground.

Women.

*Tutti.*

2. The souls that believe, In paradisa live; And mein that number will Jesus receive: My soul don't dely, He calls thee away; Rise, follow thy Saviour, mnd bless the glad day.

*Animato.*

Come let us anew Our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still, till our Master appear, And never stand still, till our Master appear.

Women.

1. In songs of sublime adoration and praise, Ye pilgrims! for Sion who press, Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days, His rich and extinguishing grace. 2. His love from eternity

fix'd upon you, Broke forth and discover'd its flame, When each with the cords of his kindness he drew, And bro't you to love his great name.

3 O had he not pitied the state you were in  
Your bosom his love had ne'er felt;  
You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd too in sin,  
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,  
Or give the Creator delight?  
'Twas "even so, Father," you ever must sing,  
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."

## THE STAR IN THE EAST. P. M. App. Dr. Ripp. Hy.

Ely.

Masstoso. Women.

See! see in the east a new glory ascends, And pours its effulgence afar; It glides on sublime, and earth's utmost ends Acknowledging Immanuel's Star, Over the

'Jew troden down' as the prophets foretold, It travels with lustre serene: While heathens transform'd, as intent they behold, Are singing, ' The Star we have sseen.' Hark! Hark, from yonder bold hills

how the Syrians shout, While Comoron echoes the lay; echoes, echoes. echoes, While Comoron echoes the lay; The German and Dane spread the tidings about, And

echoes, echoes, echoes. echoes, echoes, echoes. echoes, echoes, echoes. echoes, echoes, echoes.

Jubilees, And Jubilees welcome the day. From the martyr'd Abdalla, From the martyr'd Abdalla, From the martyr'd Abdalla, see

And Jubilees, And Jubilees welcome the day. From the martyr'd Abdalla, From the martyr'd Abdalla, From the martyr'd Abdalla, see

And Jubilees, And Jubilees welcome the day. From the martyr'd Abdalla, From the martyr'd Abdalla, From the martyr'd Abdalla, see

## THE STAR IN THE EAST, Continued.

Sabat retire, see Sabat retire, see Sabat retire, From Abdalla,  $\text{||:}$   $\text{||:}$  see Sabat retire, re- tire, re- tire, From the martyr'd Abdalla, see

From Abdalla,  $\text{||:}$

Sabat retire, A- rabi- an darkness he fears! Love and zeal for a Saviour his bosom inspires, And the christian,  $\text{||:}$   $\text{||:}$  translator appears. And still see the

CHORUS. Maestoso.

Day Star its journey pursue, Even Brahmims pronounce it divine; Je- hovah, incarnate shall multitudes view, And scatter,  $\text{||:}$  And scatter their gifts at his shrine.

Men. Wo. Men. Wo. Tutti. Rf.

And scatter,  $\text{||:}$

Agitato.

Ye Herods in vain do ye menace and rage, And vain is hell's horrible roar, Time meeting with Prophecy, opens her page, And bids all the nations a-

re, And bids all the nations a-

re, And bids all the nations adore.

Roll on blessed Star, fill the world with thy

and bids

light, The saints are expecting thy rays, Bid the latter-day morning ascend in its might, Bid the latter-day morning ascend in its might, And shine on our incense of praise.

1. Come let us ascend My companion and friend, To a taste of the banquet above; If thine heart be as mine, If for Jesus it pine, Come up in- to the

2. Who in Jesus confide, They are bold to out- ride, The storms of afflict- tion beneath; With the Prophet they soar To that heav- enly shore, And outfly all the

3 By faith we are come To our permanent home;  
By hope we the rapture improve;  
By thy love we still rise, And look down on the skies,  
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive How happy we live  
In the city of God the great King!  
What a concert of praise, When our Jesus's grace,  
The whole heavenly company sing.

5 What a rapturous song, When the glorify'd throng  
In the spirit of harmony join!  
Join all the glad choirs, Hearts, voices and lyres,  
And the burden is mercy divine.

GEARD. P. M. 11. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 15.

hear, and the boast of my tongue; Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last, Hath won my affections, :||

duce me to utter despair: But thro' thy free goodness my spirits re- vive, And he that first Made me :||

Hath won my affec- tions and bound my soul fast. :|| still keeps me a- live.

Animato.

1. Thy mercy my God, is the theme of my song, The joy of my

2. Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live here, Sin soon would

Keene.

KEDRON. P. M.

Andante.

1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron by thy silver stream, Our Saviour at midnight when Cynthia's pale beam Shone bright on the waters would frequently stray, And lose in thy murmurs, And

2. How deep were the vapours that fell on his head! How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed, The angels astonish'd grew pale at the sight, And follow'd their master, And

3. O garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot, The theme most transporting to seraph above, The triumphs of sorrow, The

lose in thy murmurs, the toils of the day, the toils of the day, the toils of the day. Come saints and adore him, come bow at his feet, O give him the glory, the praise that is meet, Let

follow'd their master with solemn delight, With solemn delight, With solemn delight.

triumphs of sorrow, the triumph of love, the triumph of love, the triumph of love.

joyful hosannas, unceasing arise, Let joyful hosannas, unceasing arise, And join in full chorus that gladdens the skies, And join in full chorus That gladdens the skies.

And join in full chorus that gladdens the skies, And join in full chorus That gladdens the skies.

And join in full chorus that gladdens the skies, And join in full chorus That gladdens the skies.

*Espressivo.*

Appointed by thee, We meet in thy name, And meekly agree To follow the Lamb; To trace thy example, The world to disdain, And constantly trample On pleasure and pain;

Wo.

Tutti.

To trace thy example, The world to disdain, And constantly trample On pleasure and pain, And constantly trample On pleasure and pain, And constantly trample On pleasure and pain.

TRIO. *Vivace.*

Rejoicing in hope We humbly go on, And daily take up The pledge of our crown; In doing and hearing The will of our Lord, We still are preparing, To meet our reward, In doing, &c. The will of, &c. We



## Continued.

CHORUS. Maestoso.

still are preparing To meet our reward, We still are preparing To meet our reward. O Jesus appear! No longer delay, To sanctify here, And bear us away, To sanctify here,

Tutti. Wo. Men. Wo. Tutti.

And bear us away. The end of our meeting On earth let us see, On earth let us see, Triumphantly sitting, In glory with thee, In glory, glory, glory, glory, In glory with thee, In glory with thee, Triumphantly sitting In glory with thee, In glory with thee, In glory, glory, glory, glory, In glory with thee.

Wo. Tut. Wo. Tut. Ad Lib. Wo. Tut. Wo. Tutti. tr

The image shows a page of a musical score for a chorus. It consists of ten staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics written below it. The music is in 2/4 time and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Maestoso'. The score includes various performance instructions such as 'Tutti', 'Wo.', 'Men.', 'Ad Lib.', and 'Tutti. tr'. The lyrics are: 'still are preparing To meet our reward, We still are preparing To meet our reward. O Jesus appear! No longer delay, To sanctify here, And bear us away, To sanctify here, And bear us away. The end of our meeting On earth let us see, On earth let us see, Triumphantly sitting, In glory with thee, In glory, glory, glory, glory, In glory with thee, In glory with thee, Triumphantly sitting In glory with thee, In glory with thee, In glory, glory, glory, glory, In glory with thee.' The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata.

Andante.

When Jesus our Saviour came down from above, How wondrous his grace, how amazing his love! His dear blood as a ransom for sinners he spilt, And he laid down his life to atone for o'

Women.

guilt, That justice divine might be well satisfy'd; He hung on the tree, That all might be free if on him they rely'd. And now he in heaven sets pleading our peace, Inviting us

divine

Tutti.

if on him they rely'd.

all to the throne of his grace, Then let us forever adore his sweet name, And in songs of thanksgiving his mercies proclaim; For sinners he bled when to save us he dy'd, And he bore, bore

For sinners he bled when

bore, bore,

bore, bore. bore all our guilt on the cross when to save us he dy'd! dy'd! dy'd! dy'd! to save us, to save us he dy'd! he dy'd! dy'd!

save us he dy'd, And bore all, &c. And he bore all our guilt on the cross When to save us, &c. to save us he dy'd. he dy'd, he dy'd.

## LAMBETH. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 220.

*Milgrove.*

*Affettuoso.*

1. Encompass'd with clouds of distress, Just ready all hope to re-sign, I pant for the light of thy face, And fear it will never be mine.

Dishearten'd with waiting so long, I sink at thy feet with my load; All plaintive I pour out my song, And stretch forth my hands un-to God.

1. Oh! lovely appearance of death, What sight upon earth is so fair? Not all the gay pageants that breathe Can with a dead body compare: With solemn delight I survey, The corpse who

2. How blest is our brother! bereft Of all that could burden the mind, How easy the soul that has left This wearisome body behind! Of evil incapable thou, Whose relics

spirit is fled, In love with the beautiful clay, And longing to lie in its stead.

envy I see, No longer in misery now, No longer a sinner like me.

*Spiritoso.* TROY. P. M. Meth. Hy. 262. B. 1.

1. Hosanna to Jesus on high! Another is enter'd his rest; Another is 'scap'd to

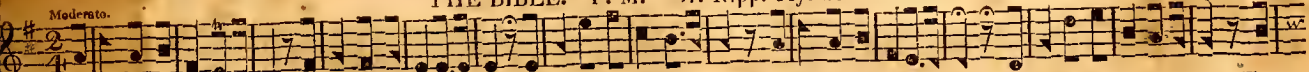
2. What fullness of rapture is there, While Jesus his glory displays; And purples the heaven-

Women. Repeat Tutti.

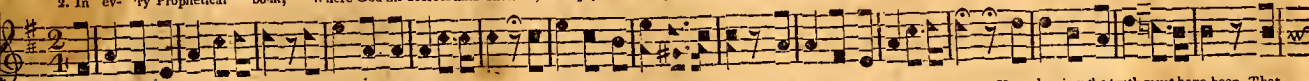
er, And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast: The soul of our sister is gone, To heighten the triumph above, Exalt-ed to Je- sus's throne, And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

air, And scatters the odours of grace! He looks—and his servants in light, The blessing in-ef-fable meet, He smiles and they faint at the sight, And transported fall at his feet.

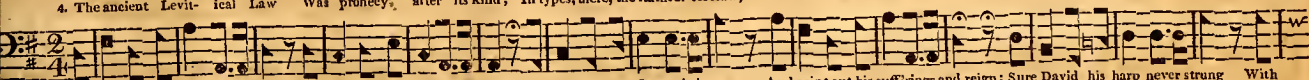
Moderato.



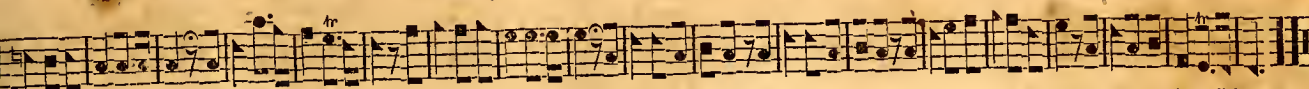
1. The Bible is justly esteem'd The glory supreme of the land, Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd, And thro't to Jehovah's right hand: With pleasure we freely confess The  
 2. In ev'ry Prophetical book, Where God his decrees hath unseal'd, With joy we behold, as we look, The wonderful Saviour reveal'd: His glories project to the eye, And



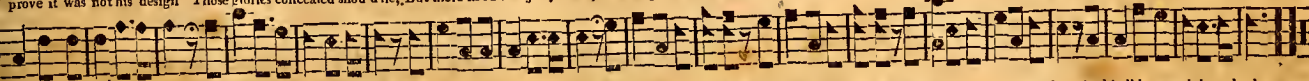
3. The first gracious promise to man A bless'd production appears; His word is the soul of the plan, And gives it the glory it wears: How cheering the truth must have been, That  
 4. The ancient Levit-ical Law Was prophecy, after its kind; In types, there, the faithful foresaw, The Saviour that ransom'd mankind: The altar, the laub, and the priest, The



5. Review each prophetical song, Which shines in predictions rich train, The sweetest to Jesus belong, And point out his sufferings and reign; Sure David his harp never strung With  
 6. May Jesus more precious become! His word be a lamp to our feet, While we in this wilderness roam, Till thro't in his presence to meet! Then, then we shall gaze on thy face, Our



Bible all books doth outshine; But Jesus, his person, and grace, Affords it that lustre divine, But Jesus's person, :||: But Jesus's person and grace, Affords it that lustre divine.  
 prove it was not his design Those glories conceal'd shou'd lie, But there in full majesty shine, Those glories conceal'd, :||: should lie, But there in full majesty shine.



Jesus the promised seed, Should triumph o'er Satan and sin, And hell in captiv-ity lead, Should triumph o'er Satan, :||: :||: and sin, And hell in captivity lead.  
 blood that was sprinkled of old, Had life when the people could taste, The blessings those blessings foretold, Had life when the people, :||: :||: could taste The blessings those shadows foretold.



more of true sacred delight, Than when of the Saviour he sung, And he was reveal'd to his sight, Than when of the Saviour, :||: :||: he sung, And he was reveal'd to his sight,  
 Prophet, our Priest, and our King! Recount all thy wonders of grace, Thy praises eteornally sing, Recount all thy wonders, :||: :||: of grace, Thy praises eteornally sing.

Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine, I long to reside where thou art. || The pasture I languish to find, Where all, who their Shepherd obey, Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,  
That place of thy people's abode;  
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucify'd God.  
Thy love for a sinner declare,  
Thy passions and death on the tree;  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with thee.

And screen'd from the heat of the day,

bring me assurance and rest! Thou only hast pow'r to relieve A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load; The sense of acceptance to give, And sprinkle his heart with thy blood.

worthless affections to win: The work of thy mercy revive, Thy uttermost mercy exert, And kindly continue to strive, And hold till I yield thee my heart.

Affettuoso. PENITENTIAL. P. M. 8. Meth. Hy. 24. B. 1. Ely.

1. Come holy ec-le-si-ast-ic Dove To visit this sorrowful breast; My burden of guilt to remove, And

2. With me, if of old thou hast strove. And strangely withheld me from sin; And t'P' by the lure of thy love, My

Maestoso.

The fountain of life and of grace, In Christ our Redeemer we see; For us who his offers embrace, For all it is open and free, Jehovah himself doth invite,

Repeat Tutti.

Siciliano.

To drink of his pleasures unknown. The streams of immortal delight, That flow from his heavenly throne. As soon as in him we believe, By faith of his Spirit partake; And pleasures unknown,

Women.

Repeat Tutti.

freely forgiven receive. The mercy for Jesus's sake! We gain a pure drop of his love, The life of eternity know, Angelical happiness prove, And witness a heaven below-

## DUETTO.

1. My gracious Redeemer I love! His praises aloud I'll proclaim, And join with the armies, the armies, the armies above To shout! To shout his adora-

name, adora- ble name, adora- ble name, To shout, To shout his adora- ble name: To gaze on his glories, his glories divine, Shall be my eter- nal, eter- nal employ

Shall be my eter- nal employ, eter- nal employ, eter- nal employ, eter- nal employ, Shall be my eter- nal employ. And feel them incessant- ly shine, My boundless in-

## SEM-CHORUS. Andante.

effa- ble joy.

2. He freely redeem'd with his blood, My soul from the confines of hell, To live on the smiles of my God, And in his sweet presence to dwell; To shine with the  
3. In Meshech as yet I reside, A darkness and restless abode! Molested with foes on each side, And longing to dwell with my God; Oh when shall my

\* One instrument to each voice may accompany the Duettos of this piece.



DUETTO. Spiritoso.

angels of light; With saints and with seraphs to sing; To view with eter- nal delight, My Je- sus, my Sav- iour and King. } 1. My glorious Redeemer, My glorious Re-

omit exchange This cell of corrup- ti- ble clay For mansions celestial, to range 'thro' realms of in- ef- fable day!

My glorious Redcemer, My

deemer! I long To see thee descend, descend on a cloud, Amidst the bright numberless throng, bright numberless throng, And mix, And mix, And mix with the triumphing crowd:

My glorious Redcemer, I long to see thee descend, on a cloud Amidst the bright numberless throng, bright numberless throng, And mix, And mix with the &c.

Moderato e espressivo. Dim. Pia. For. Dim. Cres.

Oh! when wilt thou bid me, Oh! when wilt thou bid me, Oh! when wilt thou bid me, Oh! when wilt thou bid me ascend, To join in the praises above, To gaze on the world without

Dim. Pia. Cres. For. Fortissimo.

end, And fast on thy ravish- ing love, Thy ravish- ing love, To gaze on thee world without end, And feast on thy ravishing love.

Thy ravishing love.

Cres.

Dim.

Cres.

Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain, Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear, }  
 Shall ever molest me again, Perfection of glory reigns there: } This soul and this body shall shiue, In robes of salva- tion and praise, And banquet on pleasures divi-

## DUETTO. Staccato.

Where God his full beauty displays, Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns, Your pride with disdain I survey; Your pomps are but shadows, :: and sounds, And pass in a moment away:

Ye pillars &amp;c.

Your pride &amp;c.

Your pomps are but shadows, ::

and sounds, And pass in a moment away.

## CHORUS. Pomposo e moderato.

The crown! The crown that my Saviour bestows, The crown that my Saviour be- sto- - - - ws, The crown that my Sav- iour be-

The crown! :: The crown that my Saviour bestows, The crown that my Saviour besto- - - - ws, that my Saviour he- sto-

The crown that my Saviour bestows,

The crown that my Saviour besto-

ws, The cro- wn that my Saviour, The cro- wn The crown he bestows  
 ws, be- stows, be- stows, be- sto- ws, besto- ws, The crown he bestows,  
 My Saviour besto- ws, The cro- wn, That my Saviour, The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
 on permanent sun, Yon permanent sun, Yon permanent sun shall outshin- e, My joy ever- lastingly flo- ws, flo- ws, flo-  
 on permanent sun, &c.  
 Ad Libitum. ever flows, :|| :|| :|| :||  
 ws- My God, My God, my Redeemer, My God, my Redeemer, my Redeemer is mine.  
 ever- lastingly flows,

## NEW JERUSALEM. P. M. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 151.

Dr. Rippon's Coll.

1. How shall I my Saviour set forth? How shall I his beauties declare? O how shall I speak of his worth? Or what his chief dignities are? His angels can never express, Nor saints who sit nearest

2. In him, all the fulness of God Forever transcendantly shines; Tho' once like a mortal he stood To finish his gracious designs: Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross, Vile rebels like me to

## Tempo di marcia. WHITCHURCH. P. M. App. Dr. Ripp. Hy. 82. Altered from Lockh

thro ne, How rich are his treasures of grace: No this is a myst'ry unknow.

free, His glory sustained no loss, Eternal his kingdom shall be.

1. O sister in Jesus, arise, And joyful his summons obey; He beckons thee up to

2. O Saviour her spirit receive, Which into thy hands we resign; And us from our sorrows

skies, In mercy he calls thee away; His pity has sign'd thy release, Return to thy native abode, Make haste to the mansions of bliss, And fly to the bosom of God.

trieve, And us to our company join: Our number and glory complete, With all that are landed before, With thee let us joyfully meet, To part and to suffer no more.

