NEW BRUNWICK

CHURCH HARMONY.

A COLLECTION

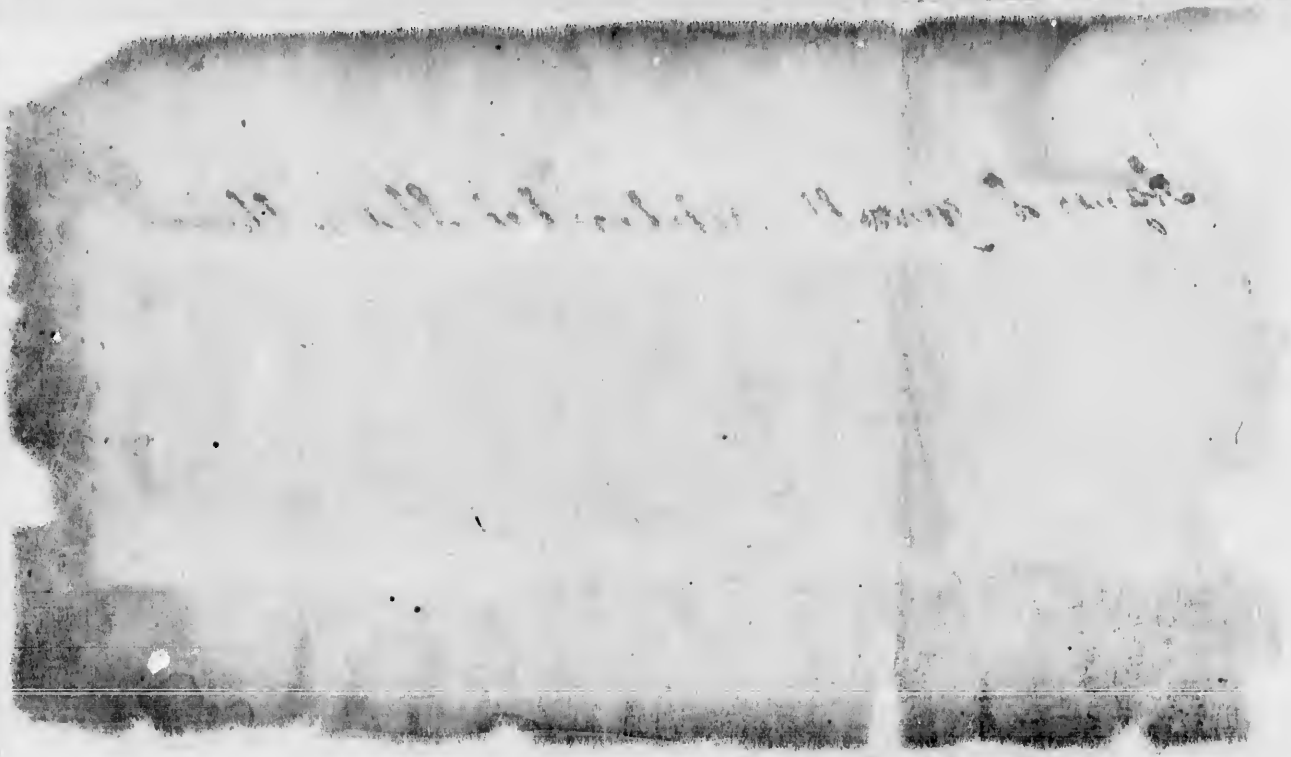
[illegible] English and American Authors

BY ZEBULON [illegible]TEY

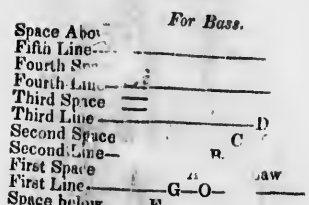
SAINT JOHN, [illegible]B.
SOLD BY THE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL [illegible]
NORTH MARKET WHA[illegible]
1835.

Agnes L. Gerrell September the 4th

391



The notes of the diato
The seven first letters of th
letter the st is repeated.



Th placed on the

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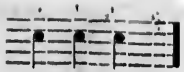
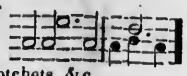


e half
Semi-
when
three Crotchets, &c.



r which
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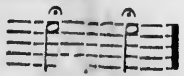

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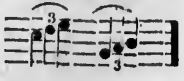
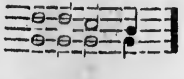
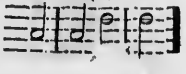
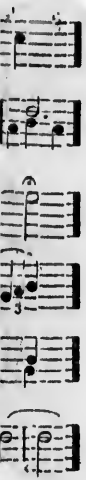


a direct line,
hich, or both



bends two or more
space, tied with
one name, and





S
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1st. '

2d. T

3d. '

4th.

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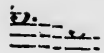
4

te, and
he first.



The *F*
formed o
in the pr

No.

TF
three

g, mi is

is in E.
is in A.
is in D.
s in G.

tone;

rules
his is
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good
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at-
em.

When the learner has acquired a ready acquaintance with the rules, he ought to attend to the *Lessons for Tuning the Voice*, on which ...ds his future progress, and he ought not to attempt a tune till he can sound the several intervals in the octave readily.

Many schools have begun upon tunes, when they could scarcely have given a letter upon the scale, which is another cause that there are so many half singers. The learner may be sure that the more thoroughly he understands the principles, when he ought to attend to them, the more swift will be his progress afterwards.

Schools then ought to be solicitous that their instructers be well qualified, for how can they instruct others, when they are ignorant themselves? Learn... in that case, are led to suppose that they have improved, when the... y have not, and consequently their time and money are both spen... no manner of purpose.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

When a tune is well learnt by note, it may ... ords. Pronounce every word as distinctly as possible. S... s generally fail in this point, by which means half the beauty of the musick is lost, the words not being understood.

In assigning voices to the several parts, the Teacher must be the judge. For if a voice which is suitable only for bass, be put upon the Tenor, it will hang as a weight upon that part, and have a tendency continually to lower the pitch.

Never sing through the *Nose*, for that will spoil the voice, make the musick disagreeable, and have a disgusting effect on the hearer.

High notes should generally be sung softer than the low. The *subject* ought however to regulate the strength of voice. The tone of the Bass should be full and majestic; of the Tenor, bold and manly; of the Counter, soft yet firm; of the Treble, smooth and delicate. Suitable attention should always be pai... the *Directive terms*. A goo... In a comp... performers, ... occur; the adv... erally succeeds ... give peculiar fo... manner of condu... agreeable sensatio...

The graces and ... *poggiatures*, *Transi...* attention; the learne... judgment dictate whe...

☞ ... here Syn... by the Instructe..., than by w... here omitted.

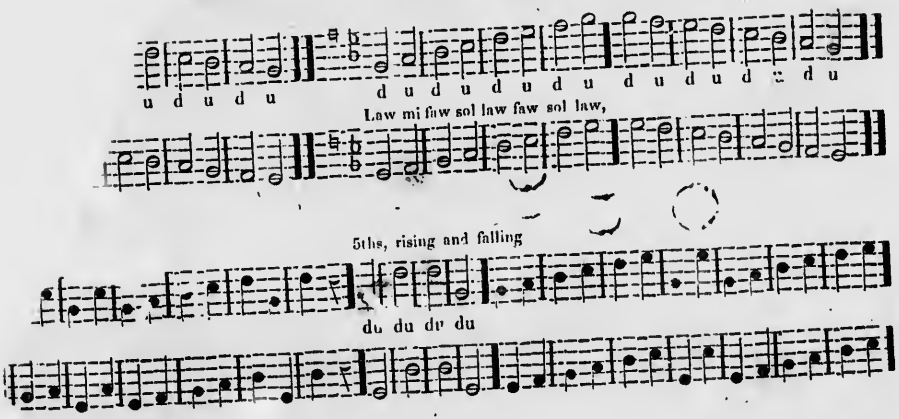
LESSONS FO...

When learning the fol... to give every note its ... situation of the Ser... the time, be even... *fall* at the *begin...*

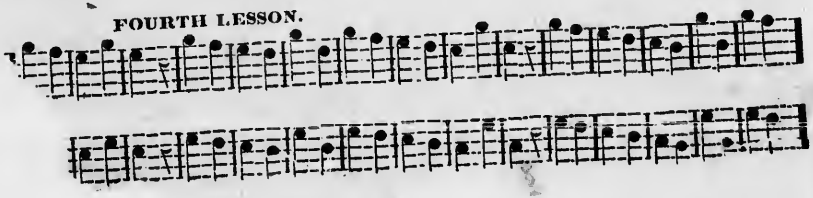
The more ... easier you w... wholly, you e... taint...

TUNING THE VOICE.

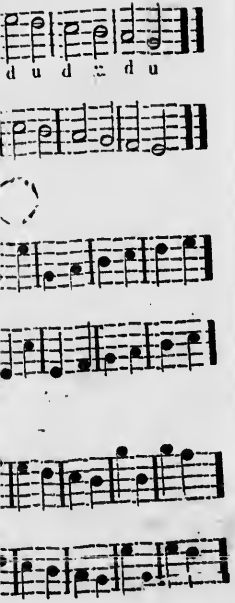
SECOND LESSON, in the Minor Octave.



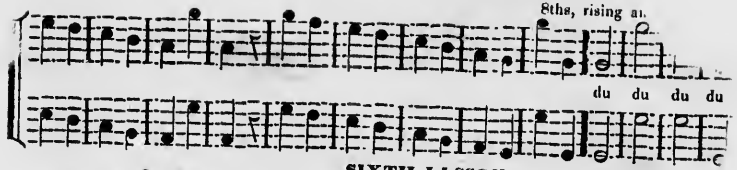
FOURTH LESSON.



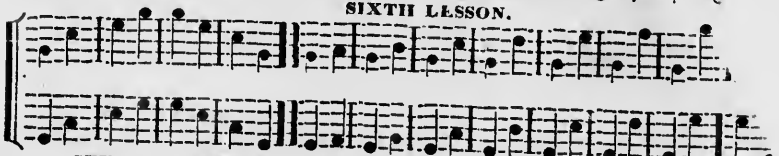
Octave.



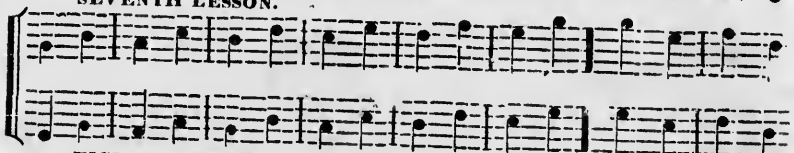
LESSON, &c.



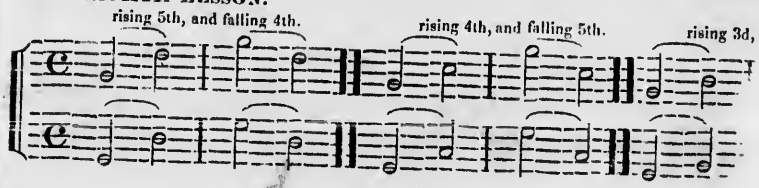
SIXTH LESSON.



SEVENTH LESSON.

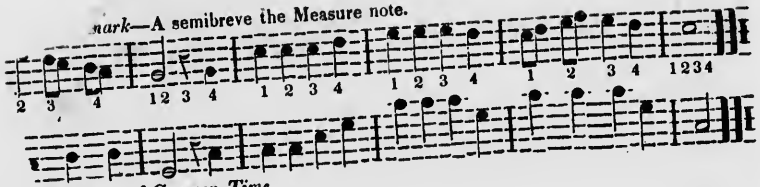


EIGHTH LESSON.



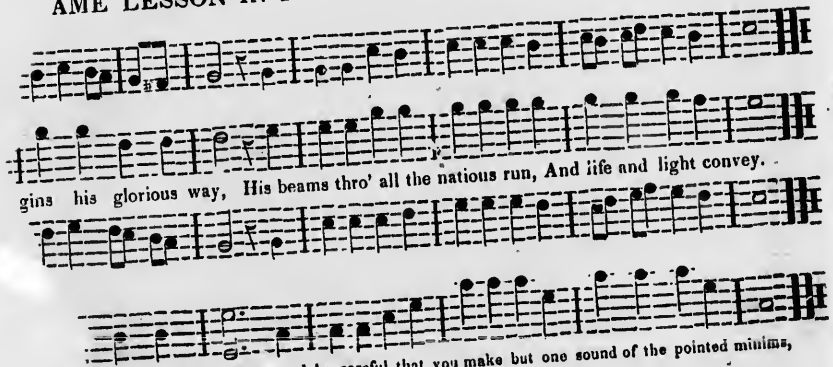
HARMONY OF TWO PARTS.

nark—A semibreve the Measure note.



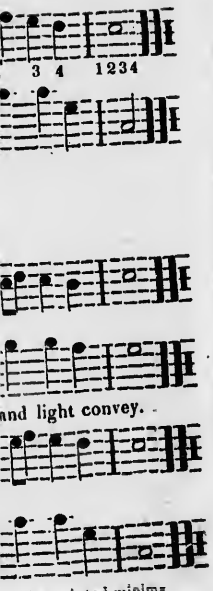
first mark of *Common Time.*

AME LESSON IN FOUR PARTS.



gins his glorious way, His beams thro' all the natious run, And life and light convey.

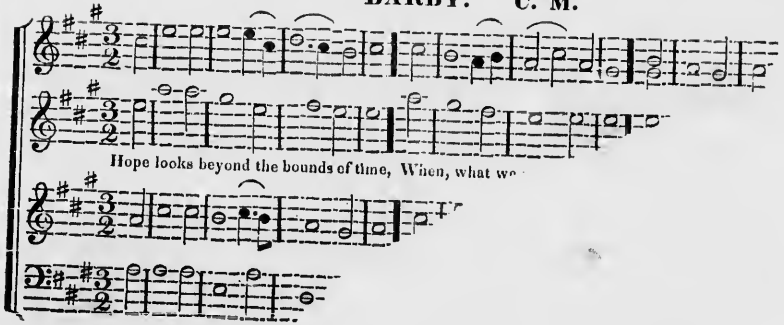
ie notes they represent, and be careful that you make but one sound of the pointed minims,



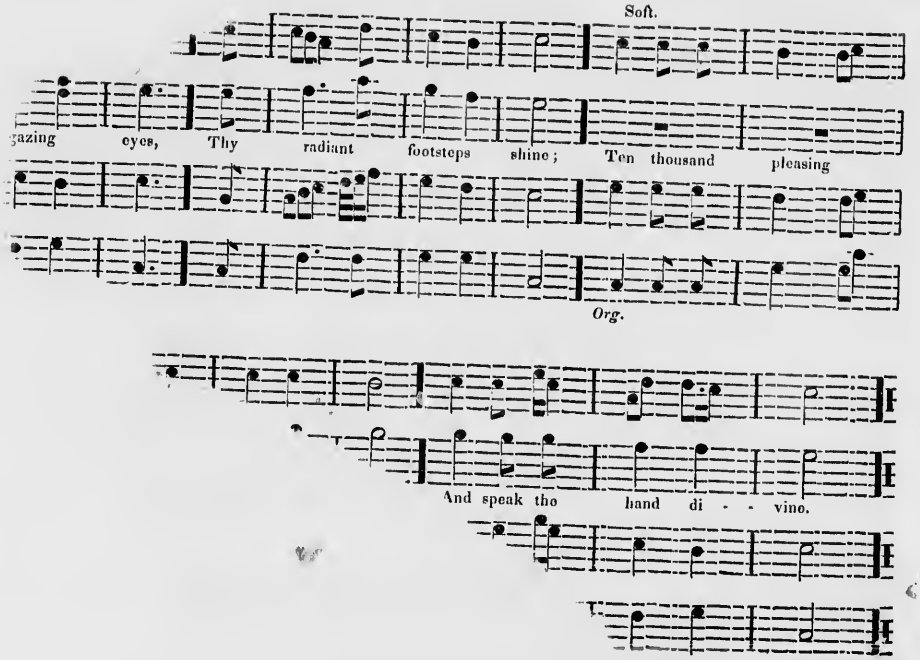
New Brunswi...

CHURCH HARM...

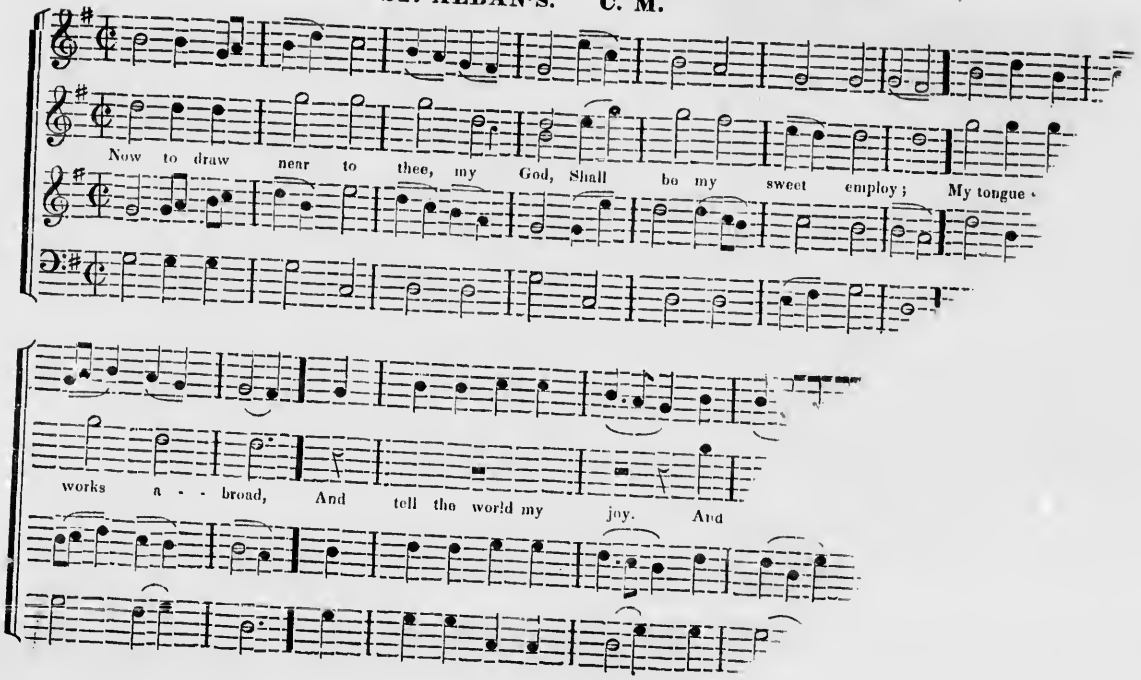
BARBY. C. M.



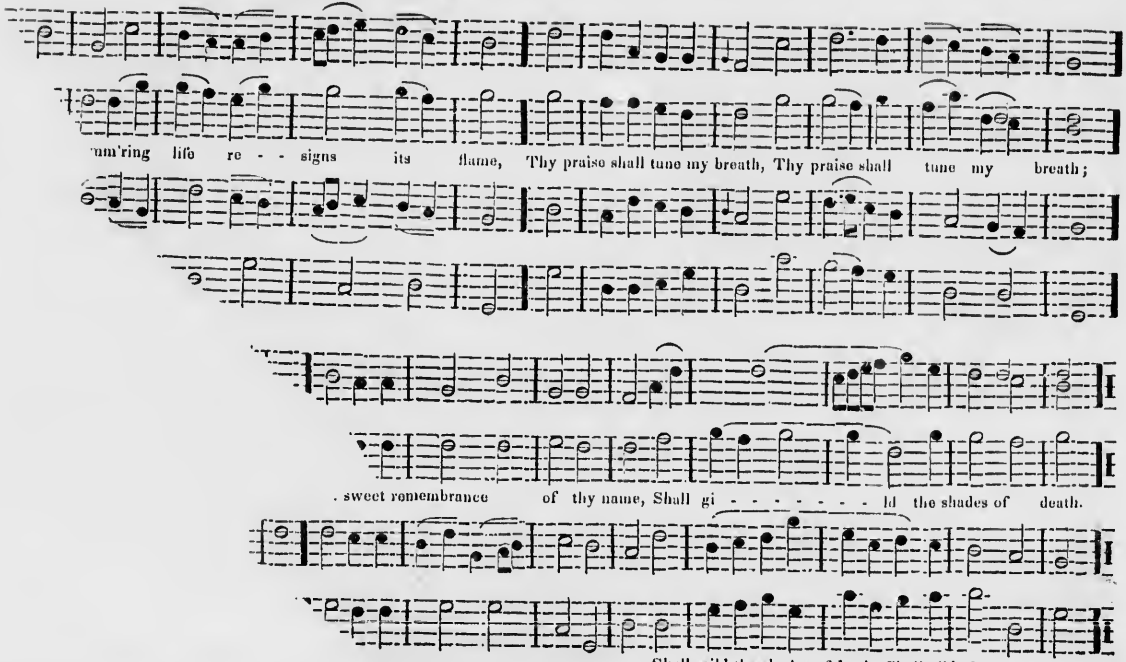
M.


Soft.
gazing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine; Ten thousand pleasing
Org.
And speak tho hand di - - vine.

ST. ALBAN'S. C. M.

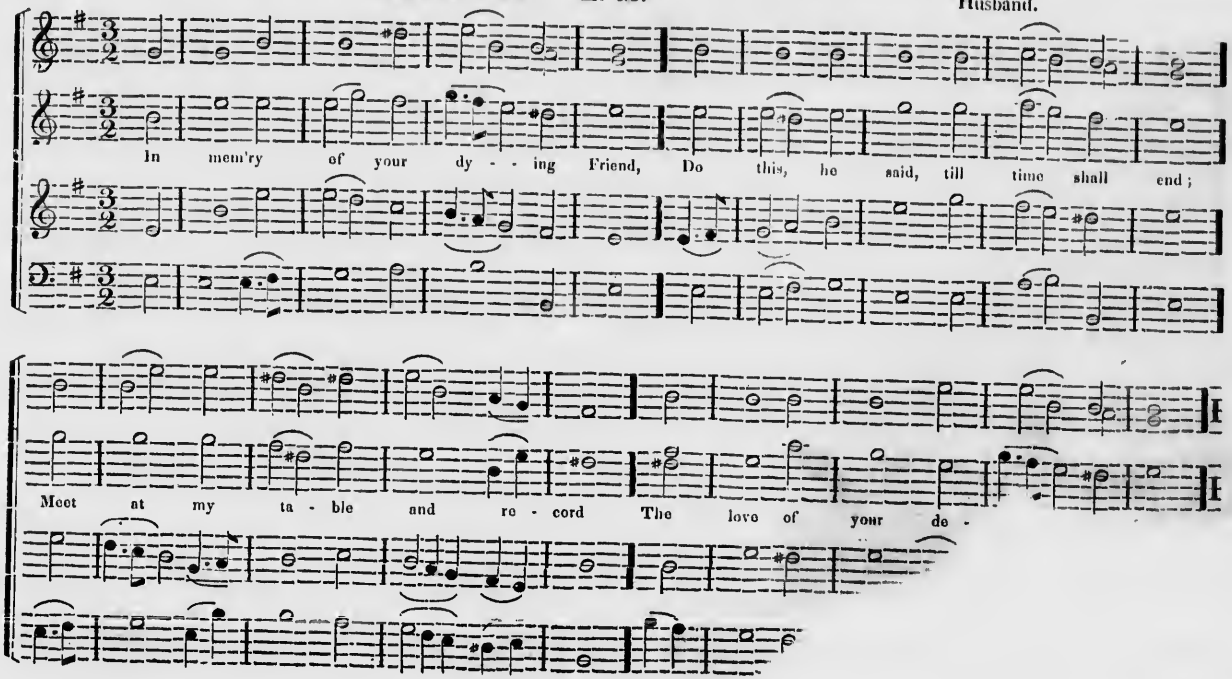

Now to draw near to thee, my God, Shall be my sweet employ; My tongue
works a - - broad, And tell the world my joy. And

SOLWAY. C. M.

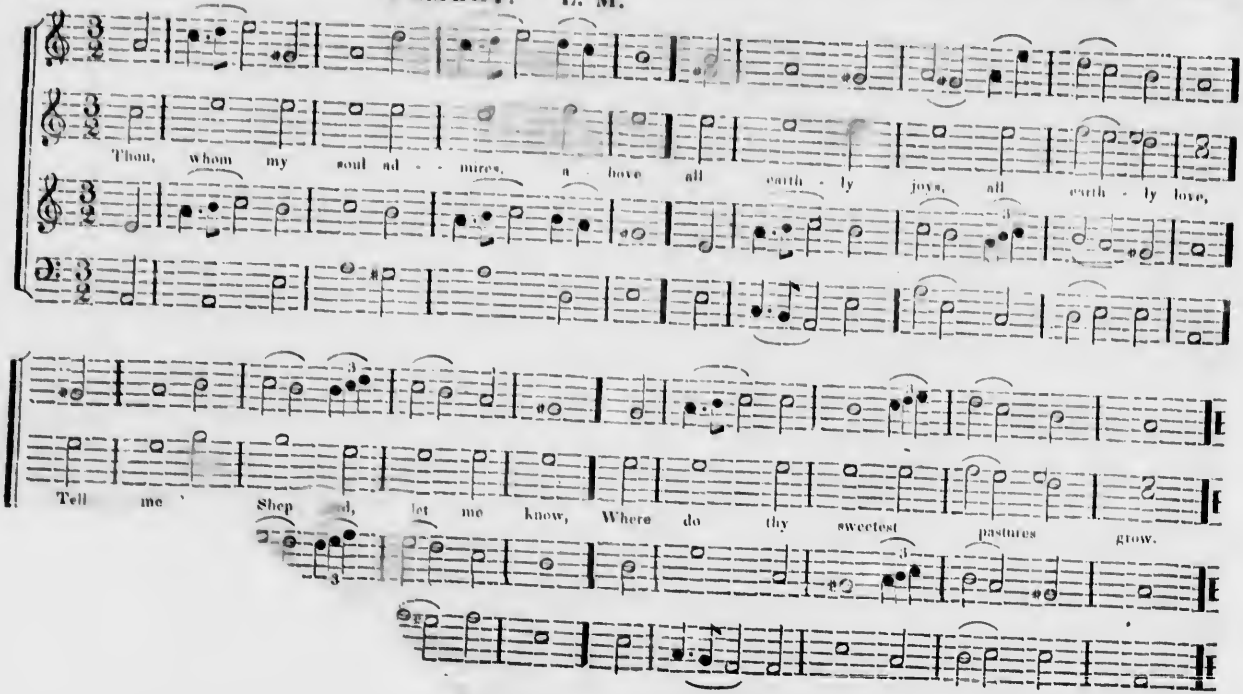

um'ring life re - - signs its flame, Thy praise shall tune my breath, Thy praise shall tune my breath;
. sweet remembrance of thy name, Shall gi - - - - - - - - ld the shades of death.
Shall gild the shades of death, Shall gild, &c.

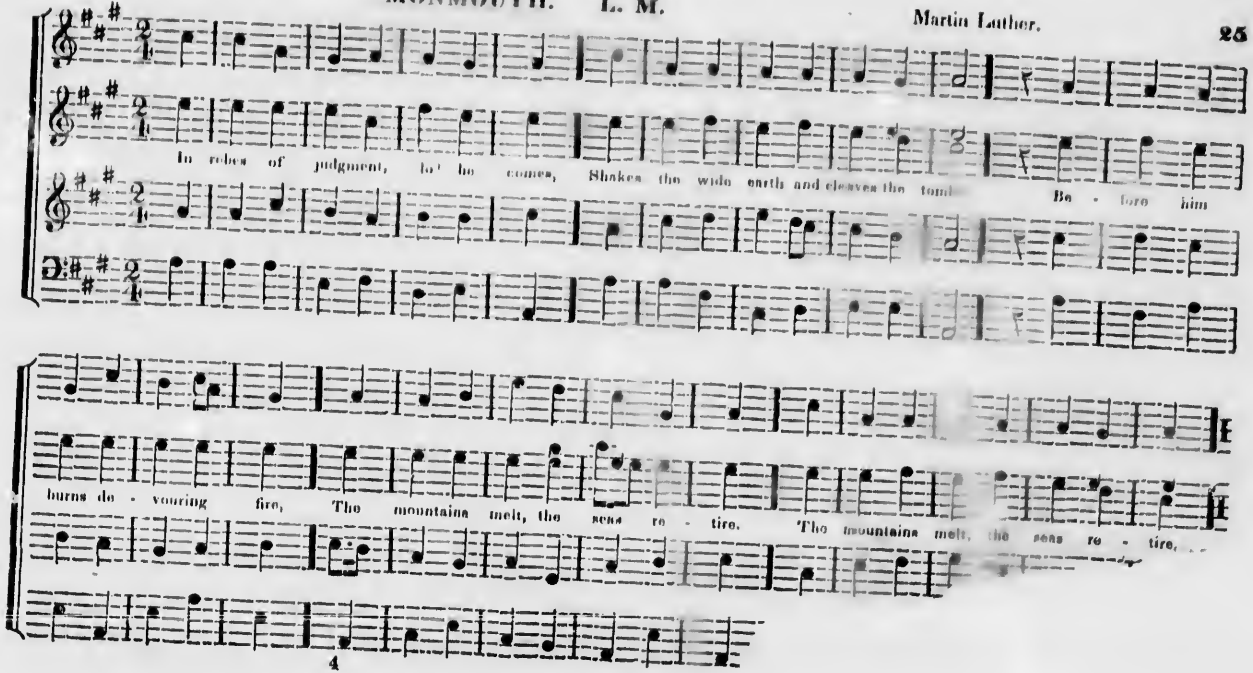
LIMEHOUSE. L. M.

Husband.

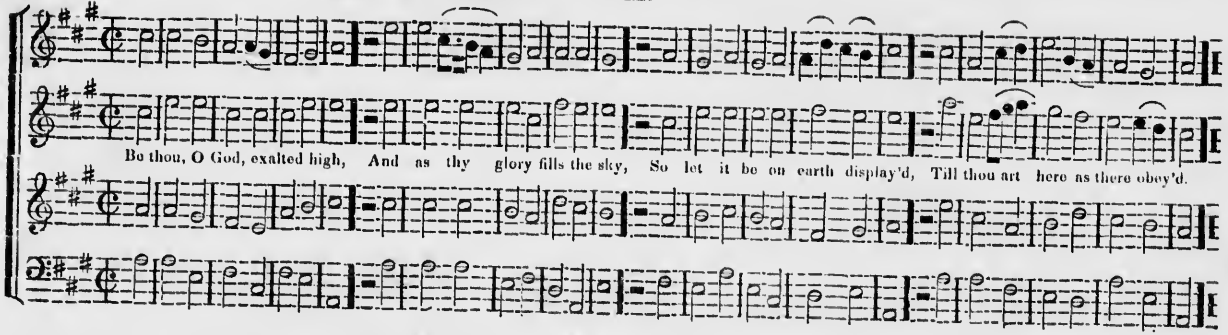


ARMLEY. L. M.

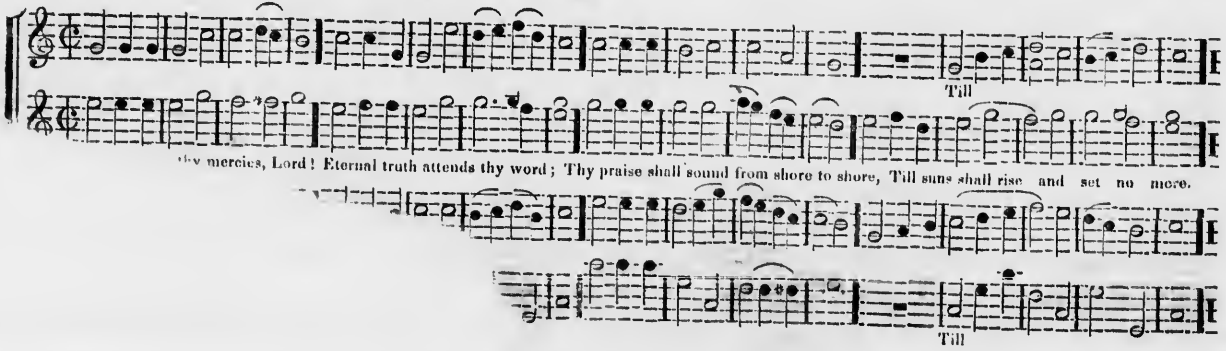

Thou, whom my soul ad - mires, a - bove all earth - ly joys, all earth - ly love,
Tell me Shep - herd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow.


In robes of judgment, lo! he comes, Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tomb Be - fore him
burns de - vouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas re - tire. The mountains melt, the seas re - tire.

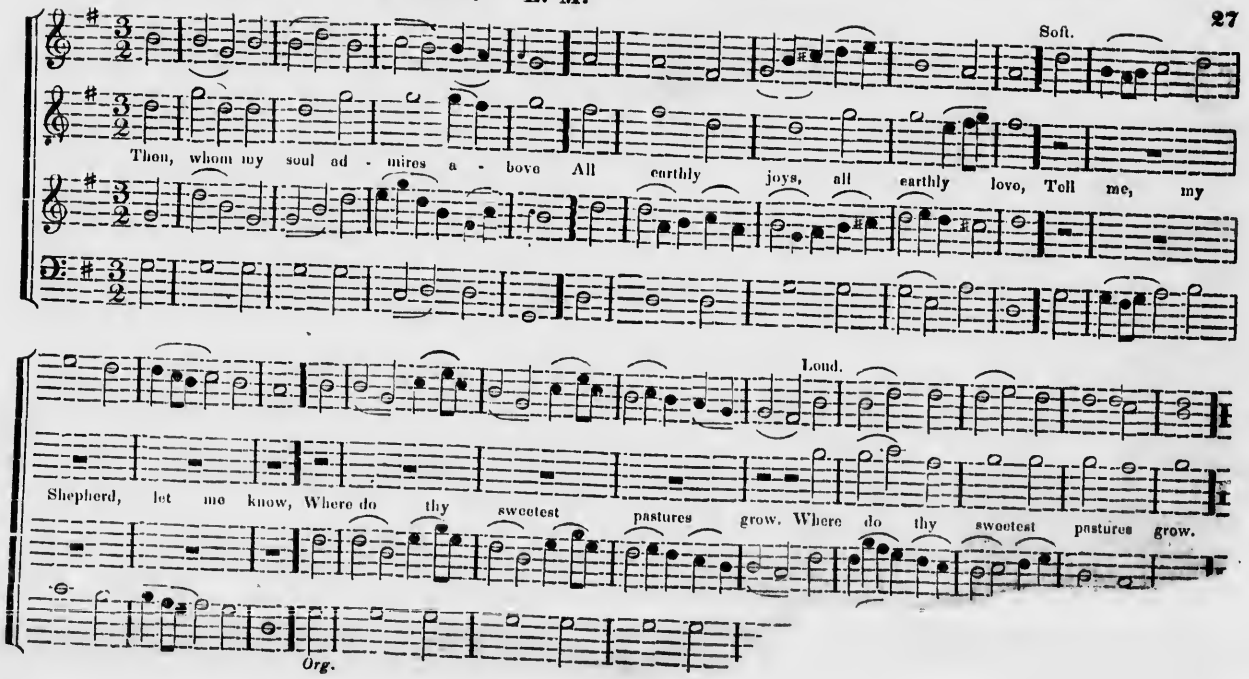
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



ORLAND. L. M.

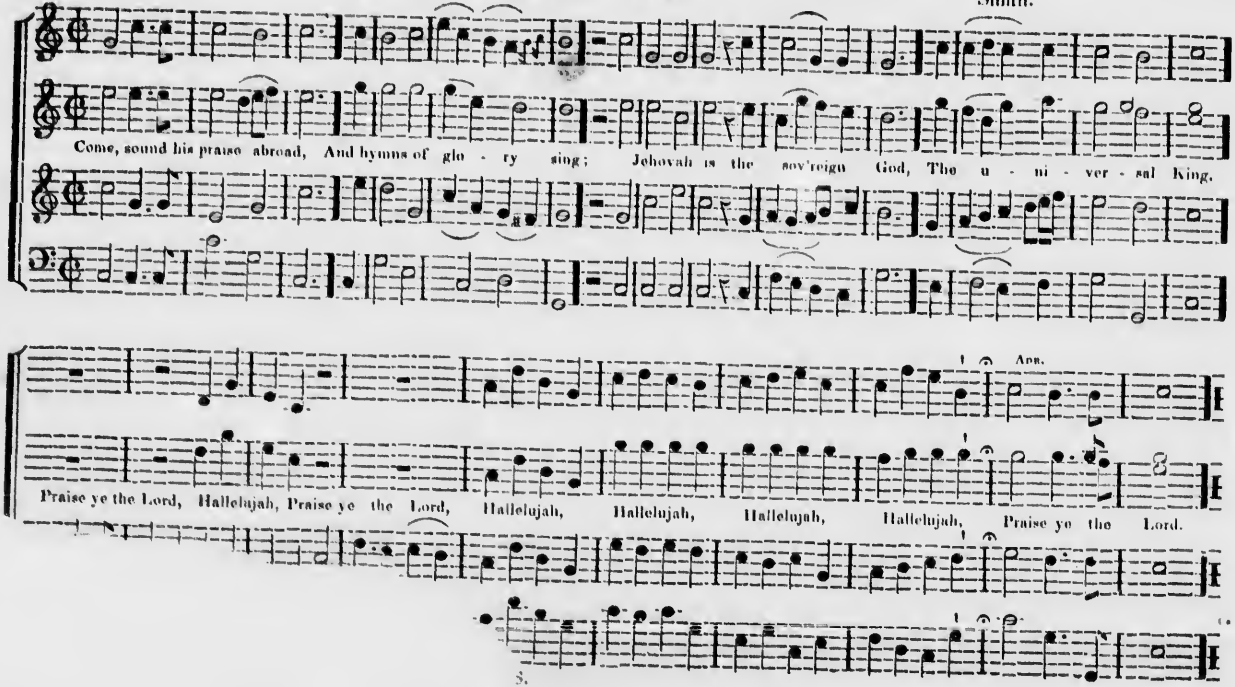


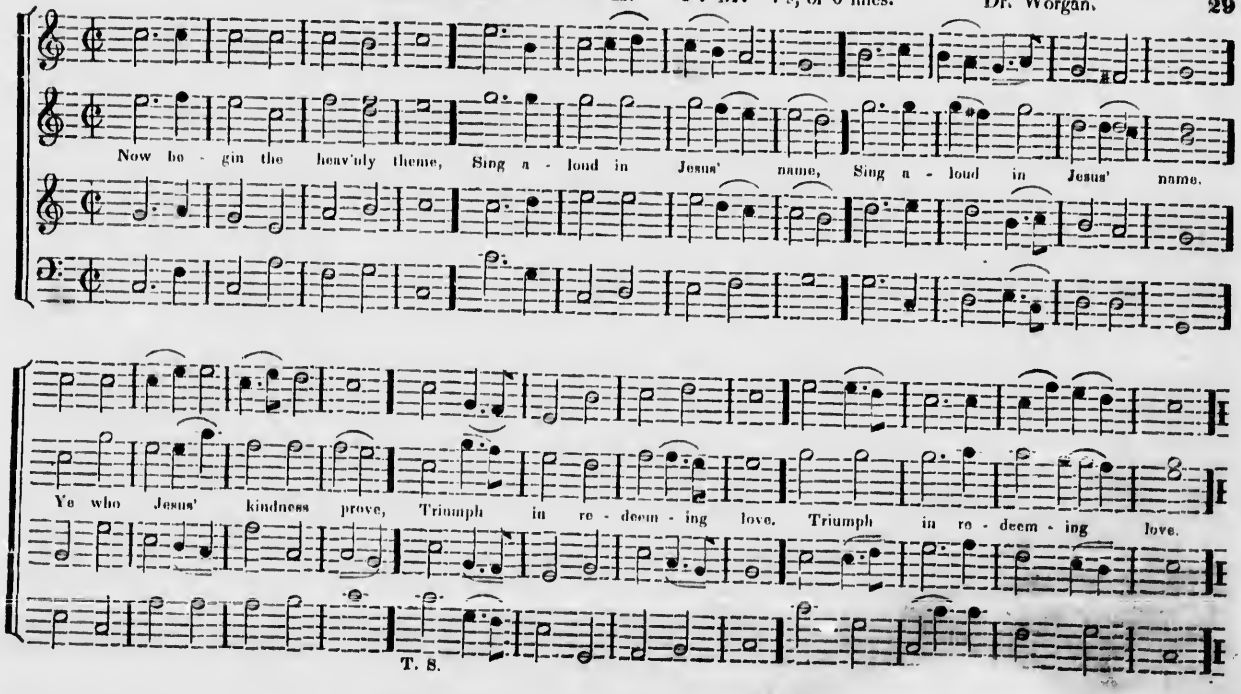
PALEY. L. M.


Soft.
Thou, whom my soul ad - mires a - bove All earthly joys, all earthly love, Tell me, my
Loud.
Shepherd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow. Where do thy sweetest pastures grow.
Org.

SILVER-STREET. S. M.

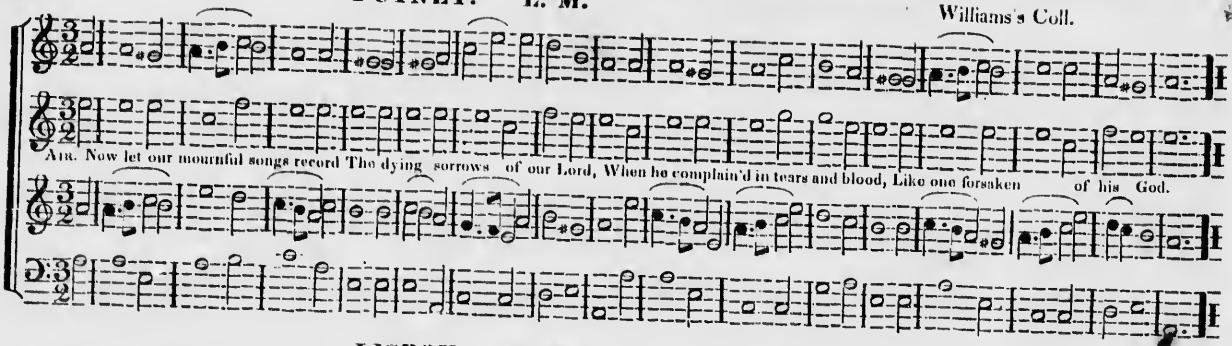
Smith.




Now be - gin the heav'nly theme, Sing a - loud in Jesus' name, Sing a - loud in Jesus' name.
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove, Triumph in re - deem - ing love. Triumph in re - deem - ing love.
T. S.

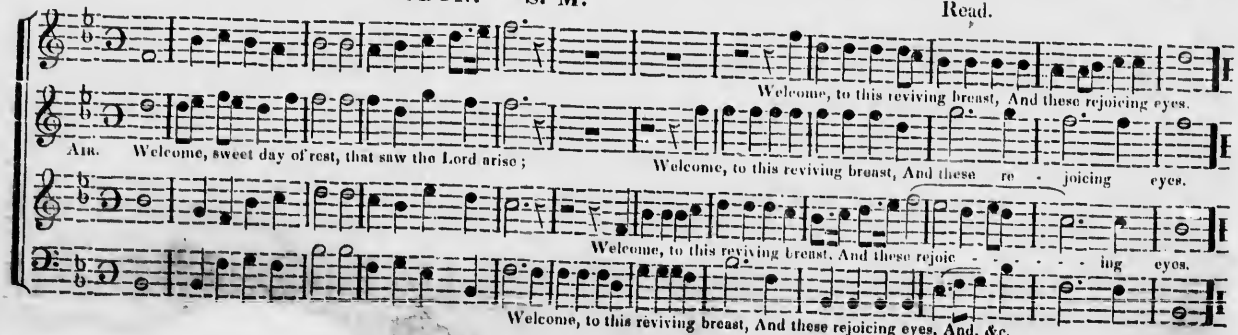
PUTNEY. L. M.

Williams's Coll.



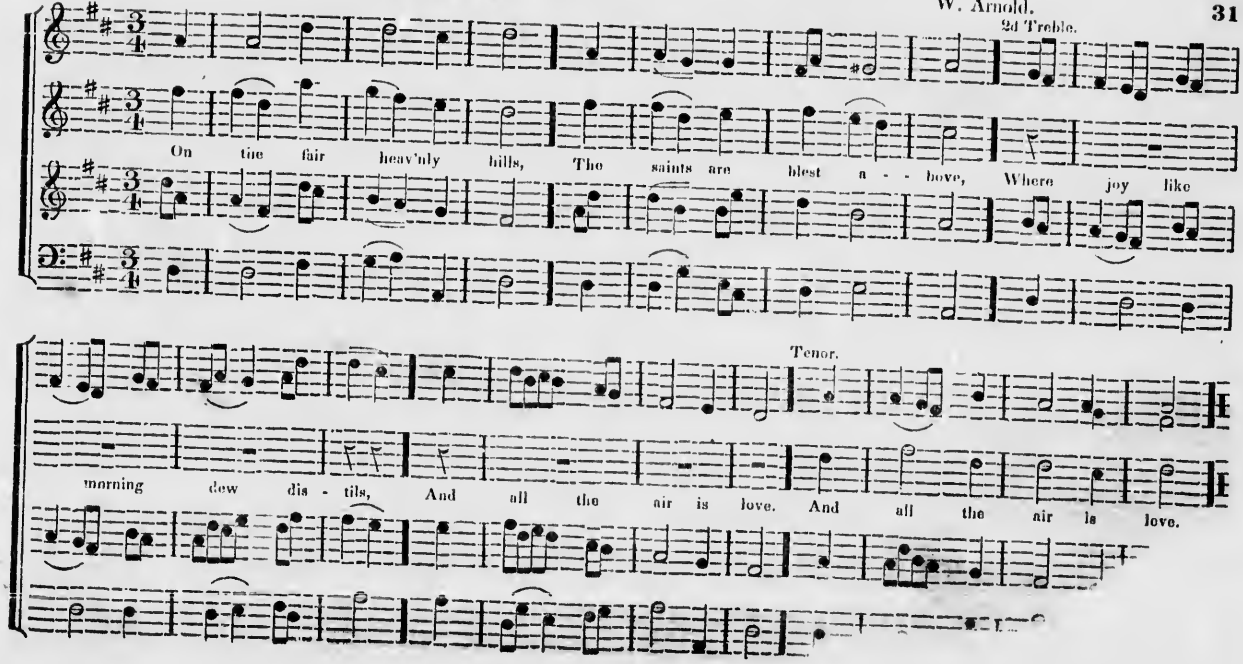
LISBON. S. M.

Read.



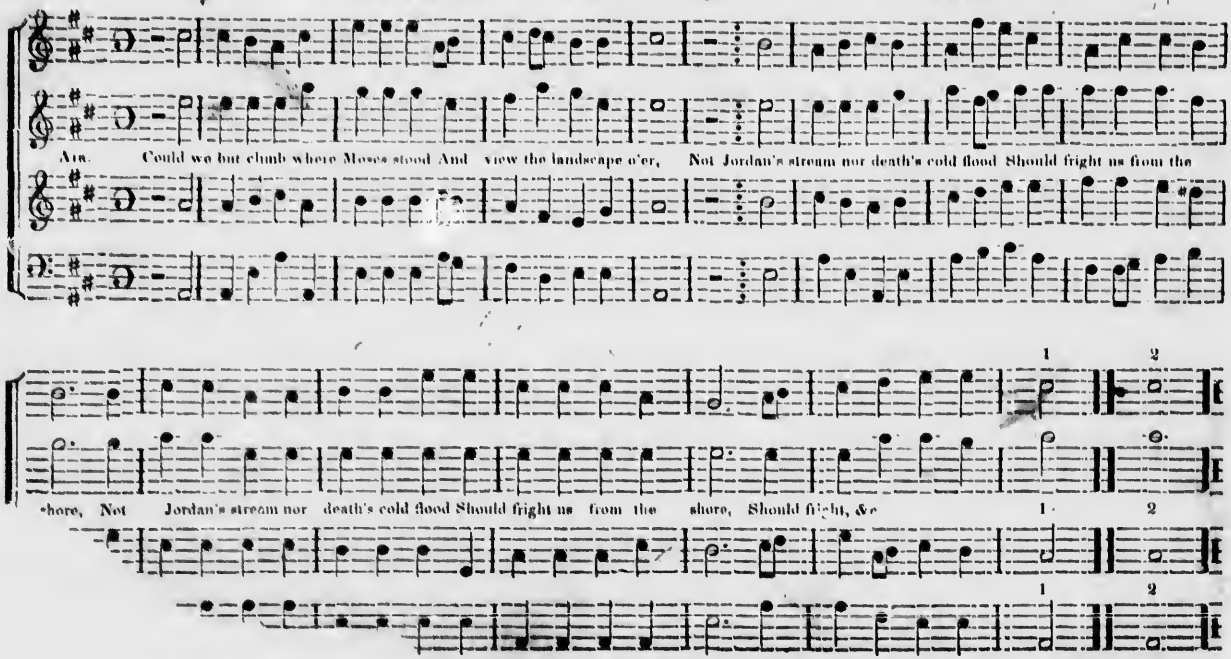
ELYSIUM. S. M.

W. Arnold.

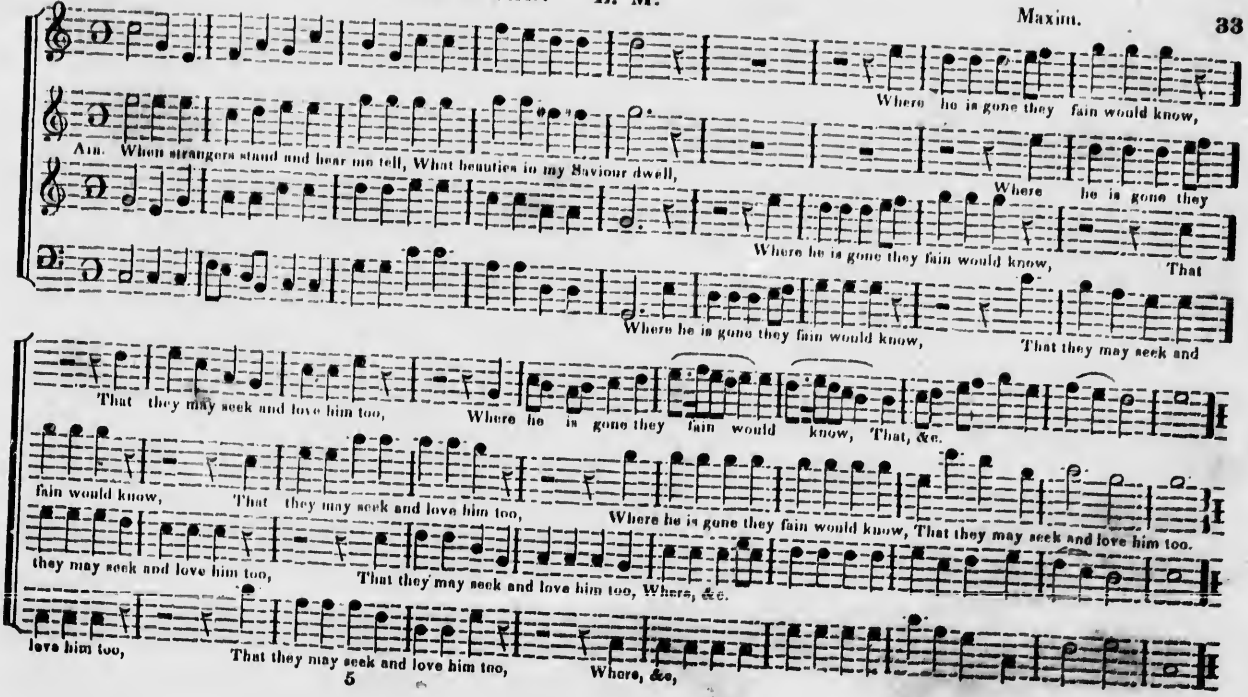


SUMNER. C. M.

Maxim.



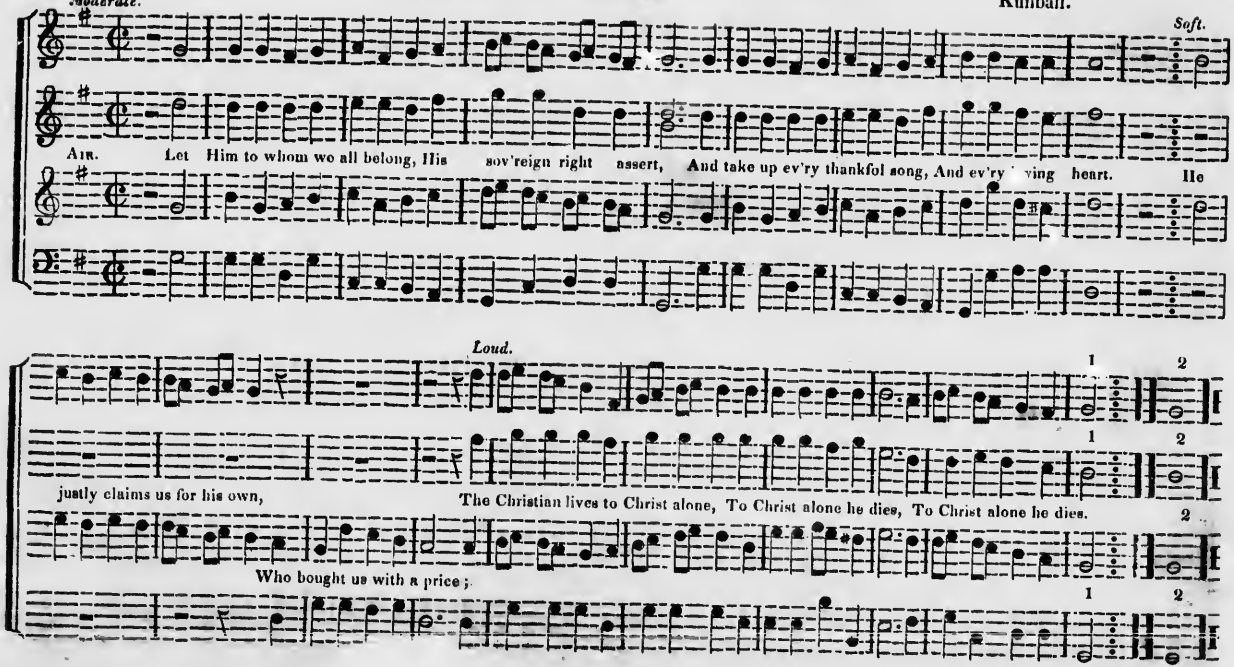
BUCKFIELD. L. M.

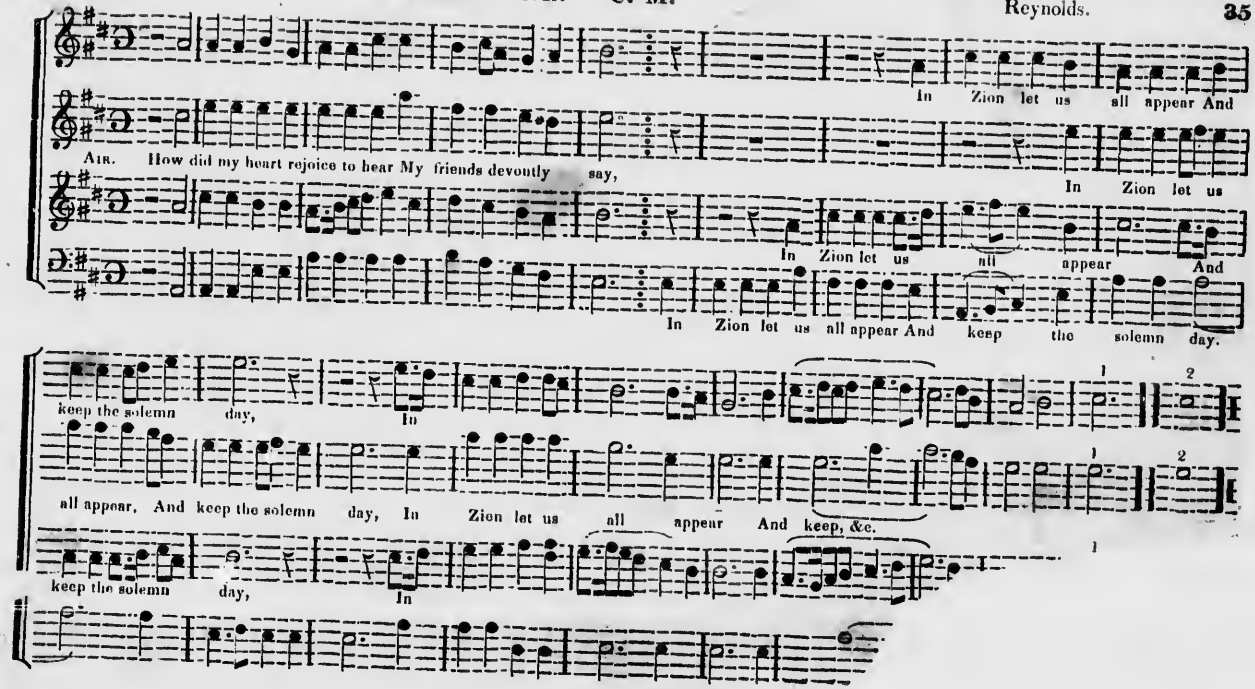


PLAINFIELD. C. M.

Kimball.

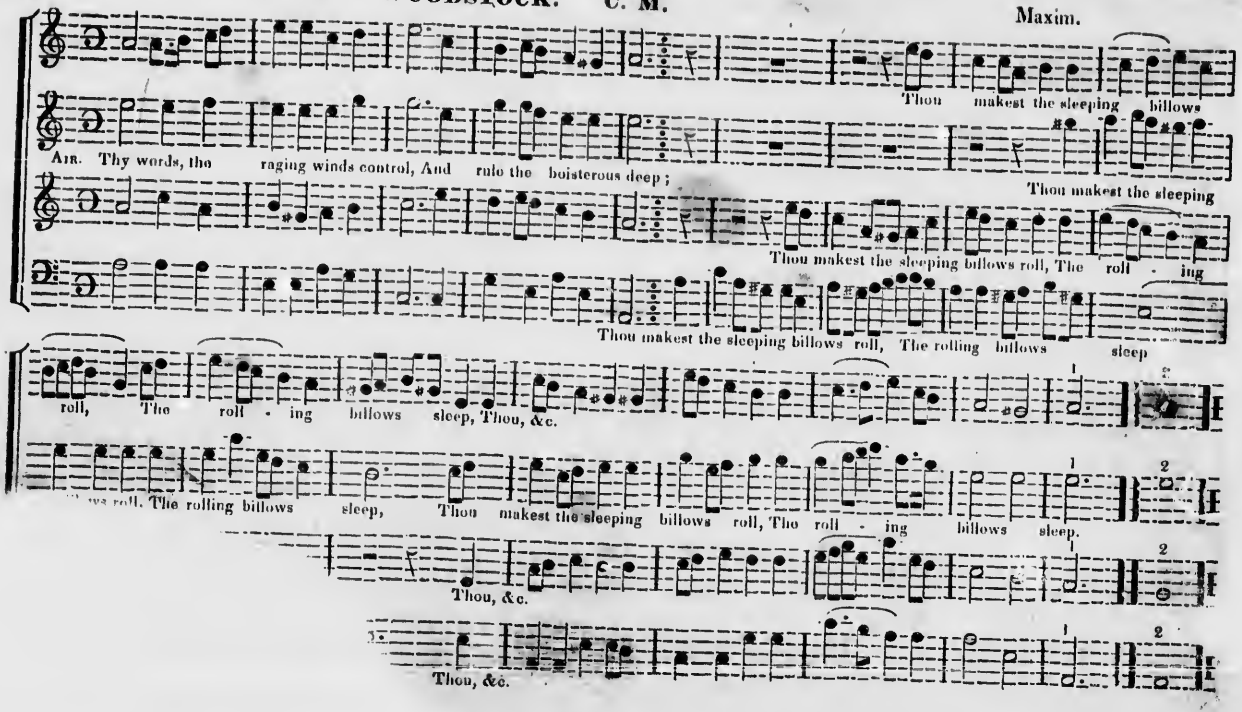
Moderate. *Soft.*

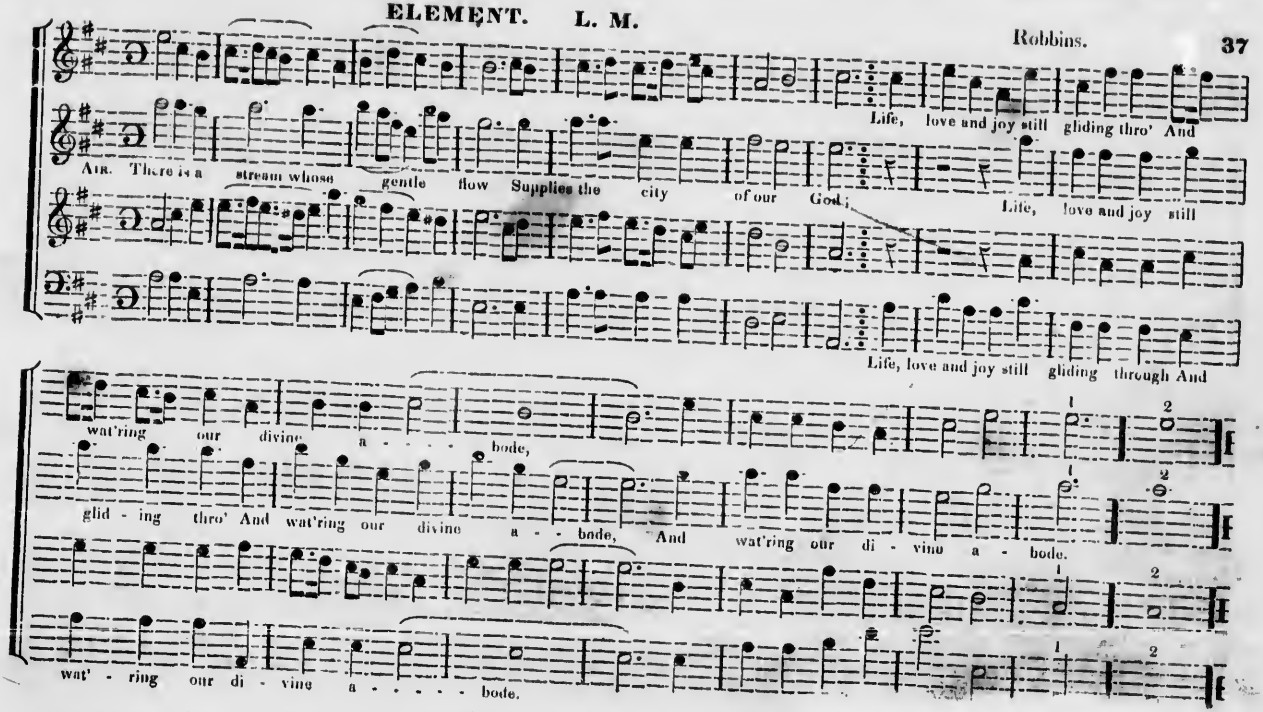



In Zion let us all appear And
Air. How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends devoutly say,
In Zion let us
In Zion let us all appear And
In Zion let us all appear And keep the solemn day.
keep the solemn day, In
all appear, And keep the solemn day, In Zion let us all appear And keep, &c.
keep the solemn day, In

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

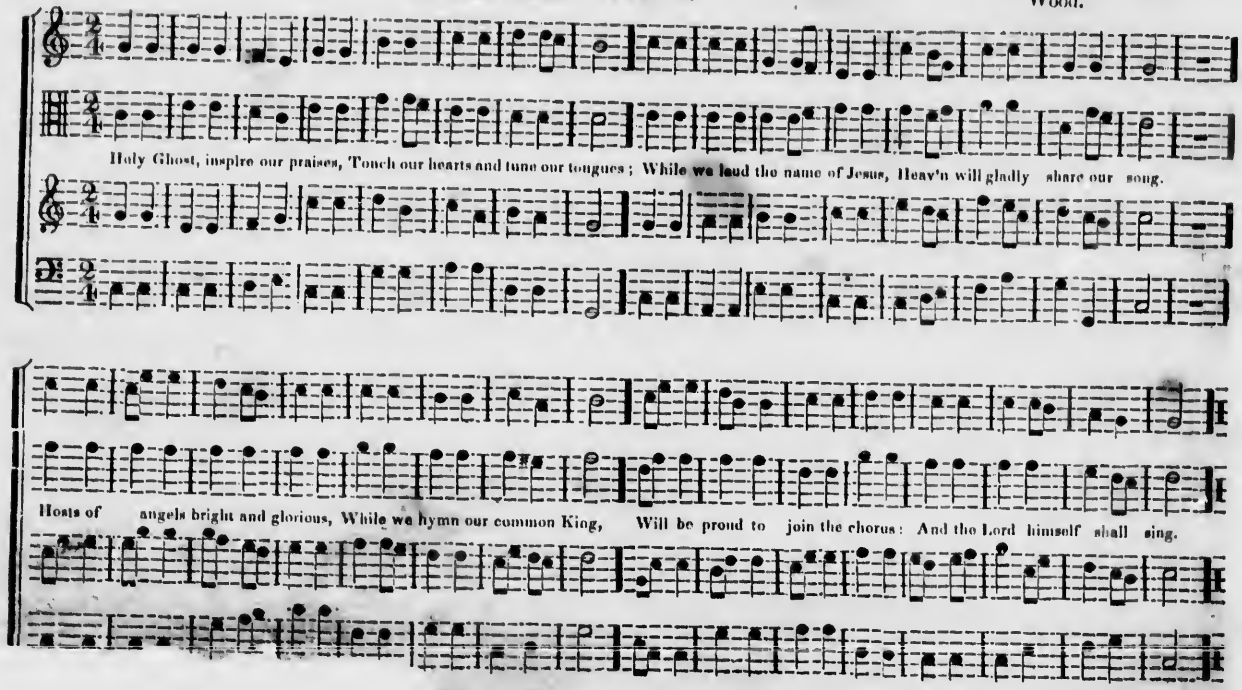
Maxim.

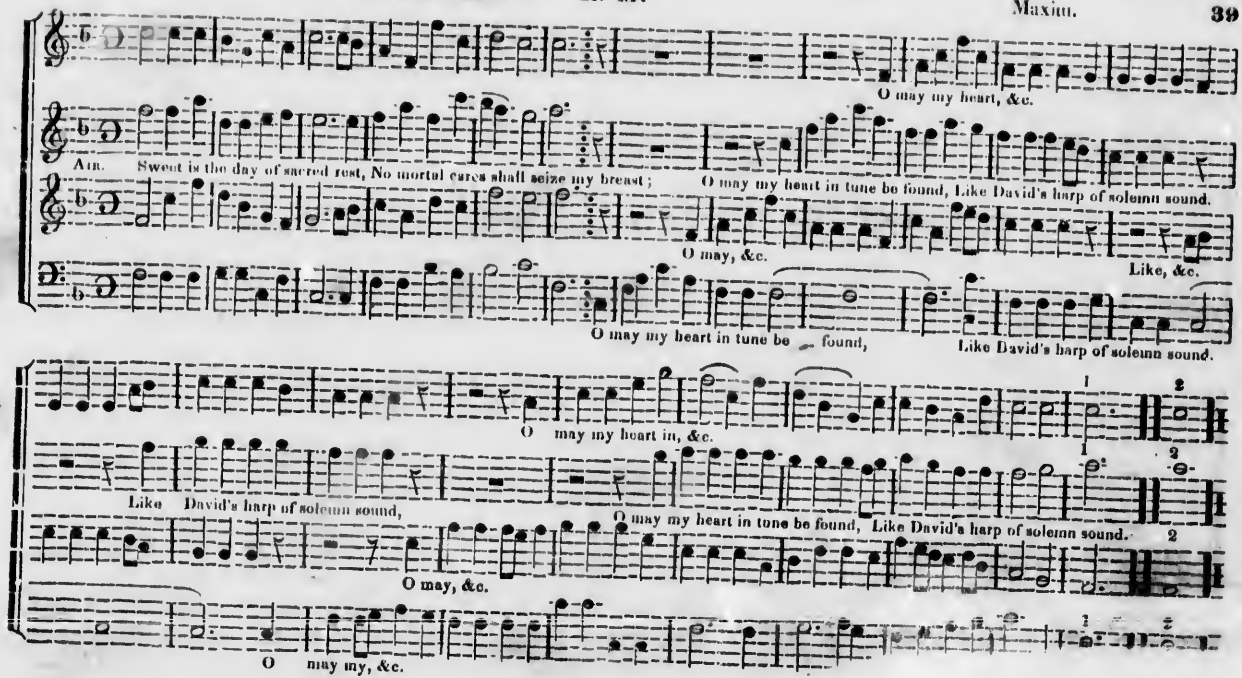



Life, love and joy still gliding thro' And
Air. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy still
Life, love and joy still gliding through And
wat'ring our divine a - - - - bode,
glid - ing thro' And wat'ring our divine a - - bode, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.
wat' - ring our di - vine a - - - - - bode.

WATERFORD. 8 s and 7's.

Wood.



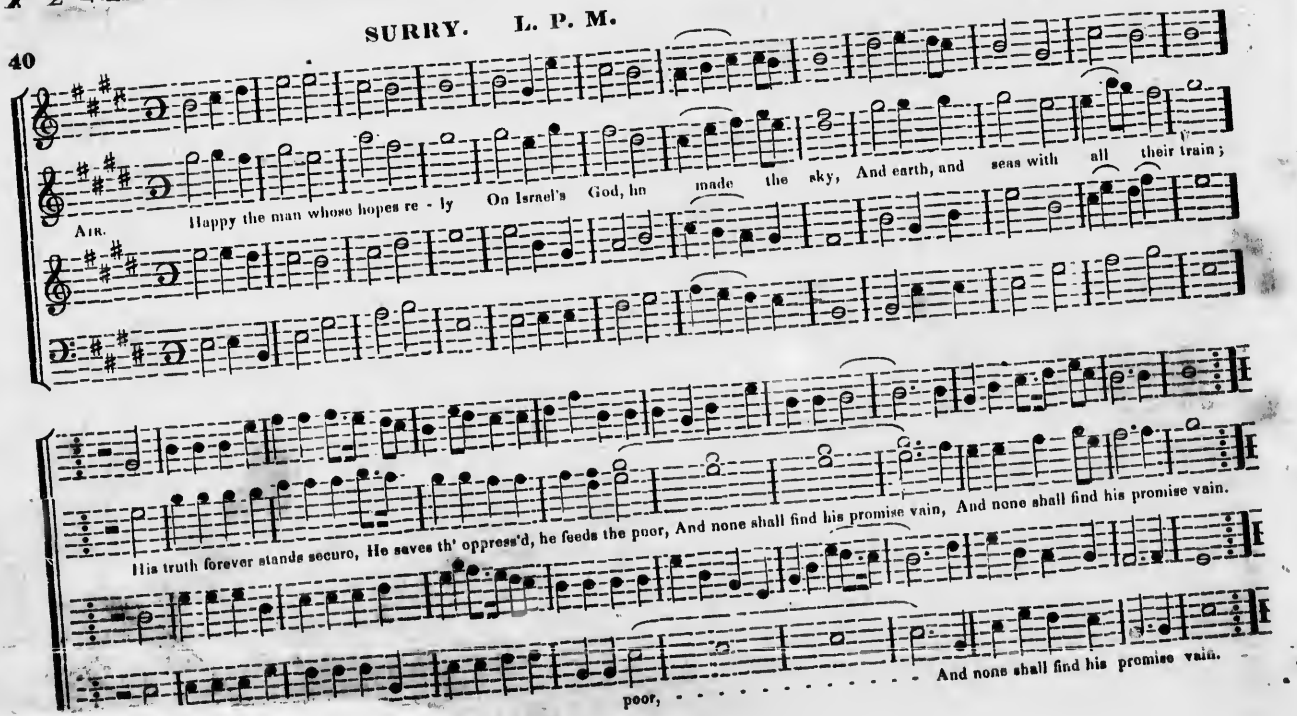

O may my heart, &c.
Am. Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
O may, &c.
Like, &c.
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
O may my heart in, &c.
Like David's harp of solemn sound,
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
O may, &c.
O may my, &c.

WATERFORD. 8 s and 7's

Nolten.

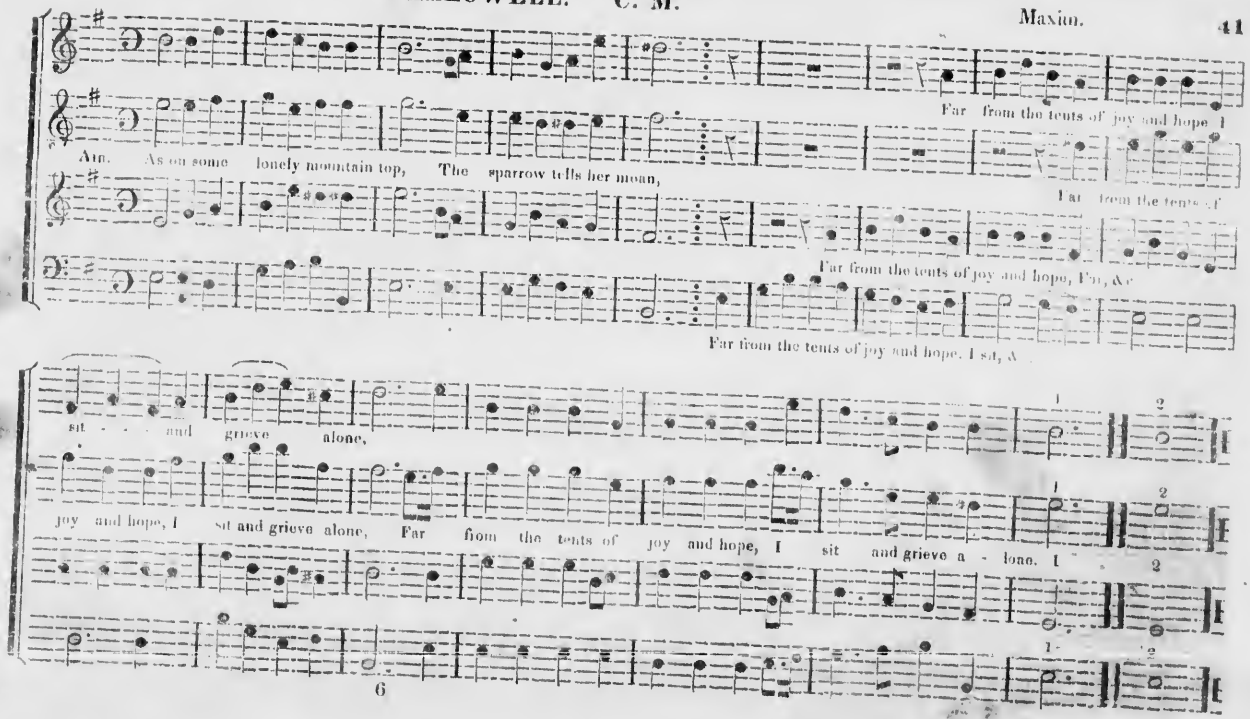
SURRY. L. P. M.

40



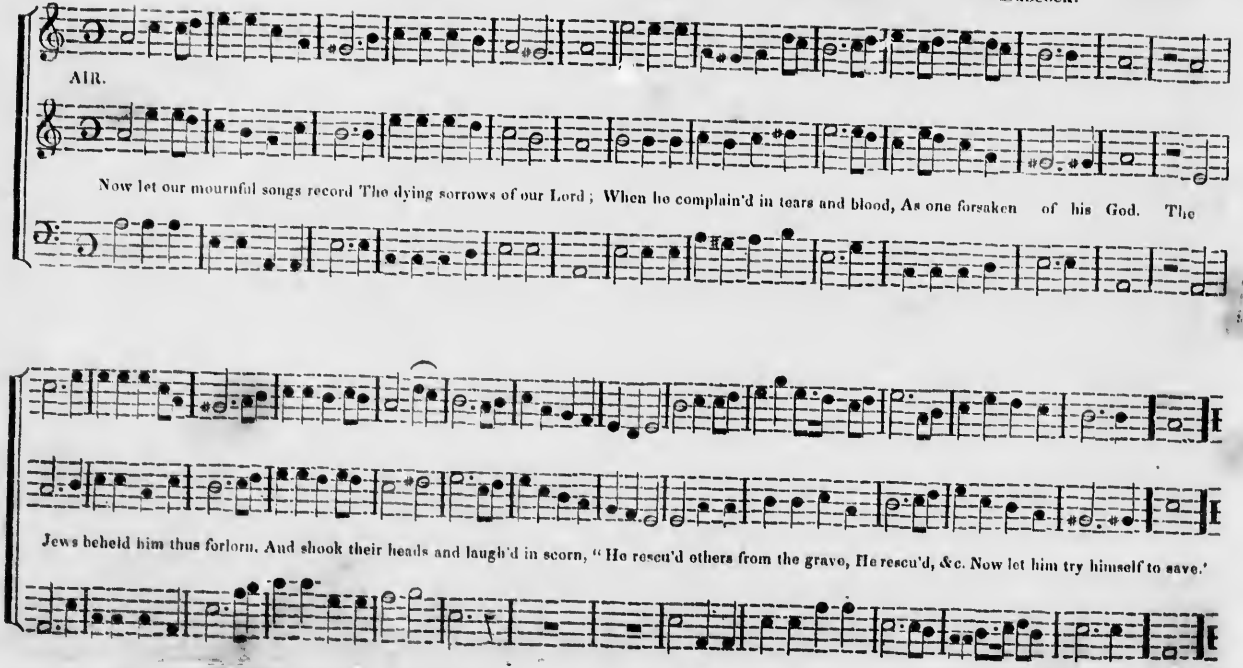
HALLOWELL. C. M.

Maxim.



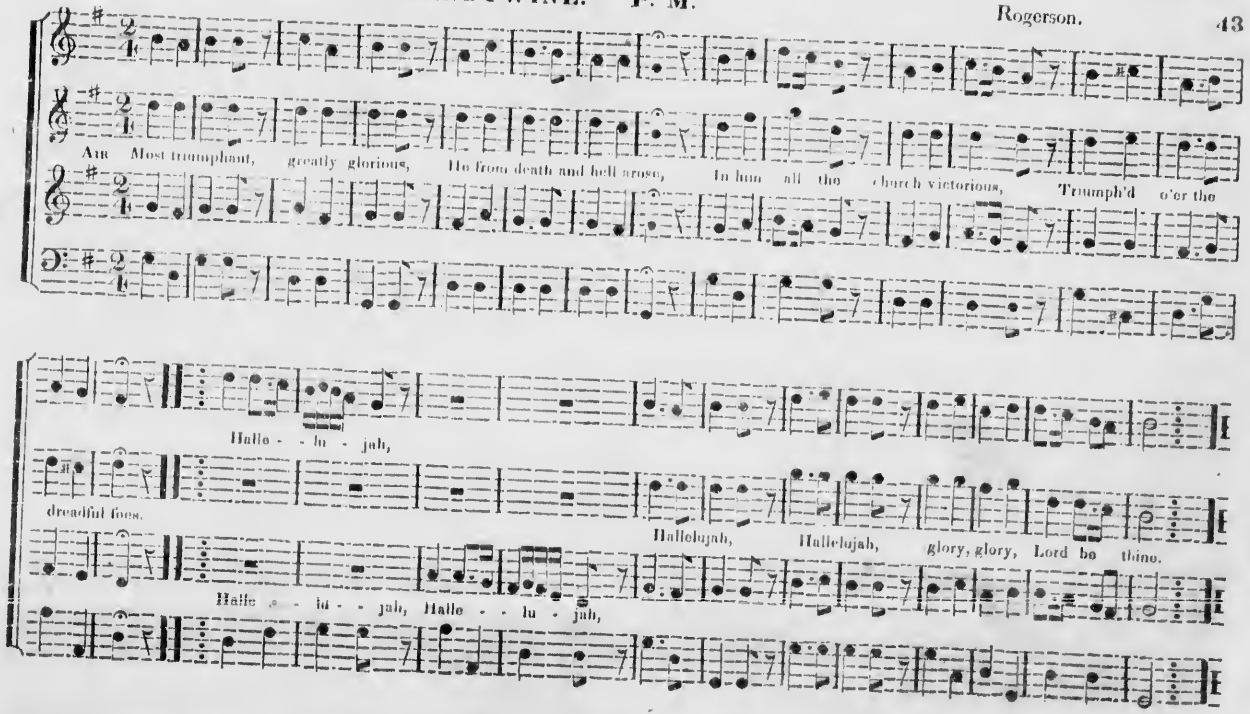
CRUCIFIXION. L. M.

Babcock.



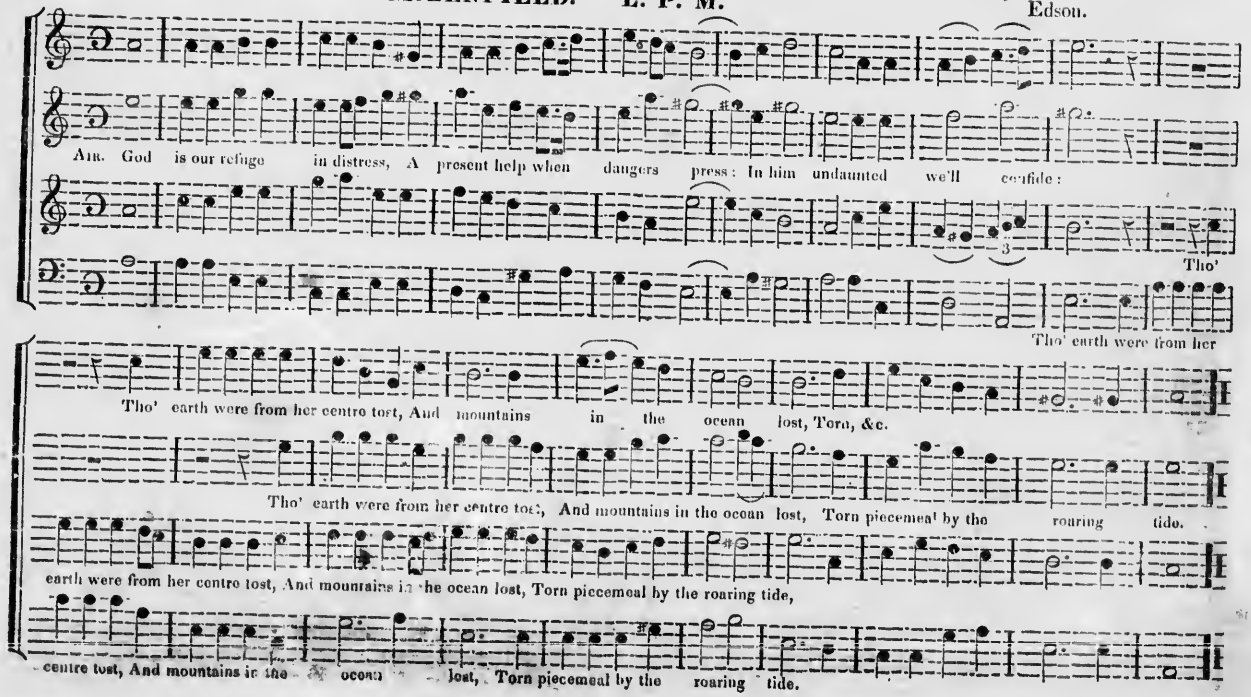
BRANDYWINE. P. M.

Rogerson.

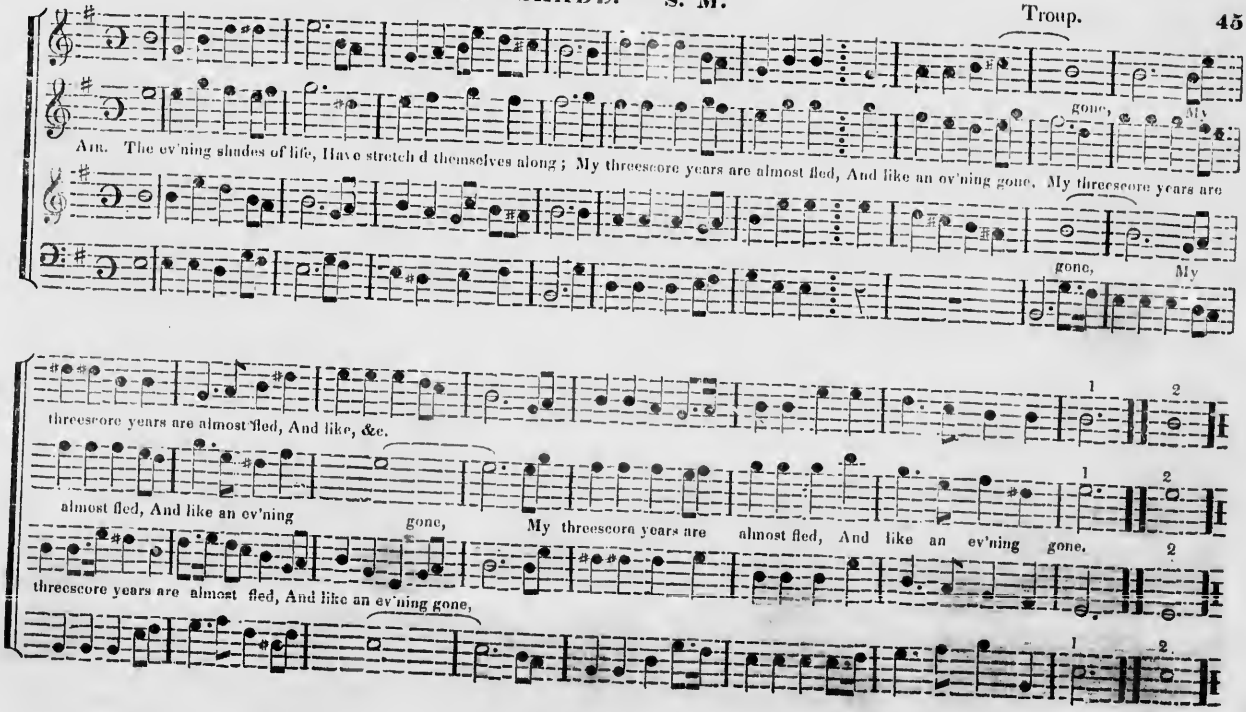


GREENFIELD. L. P. M.

Edson.

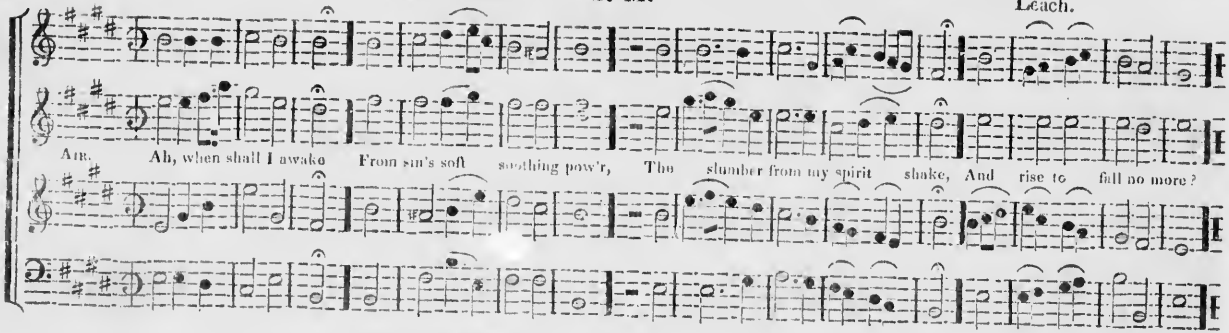


EVENING-SHADE. S. M.



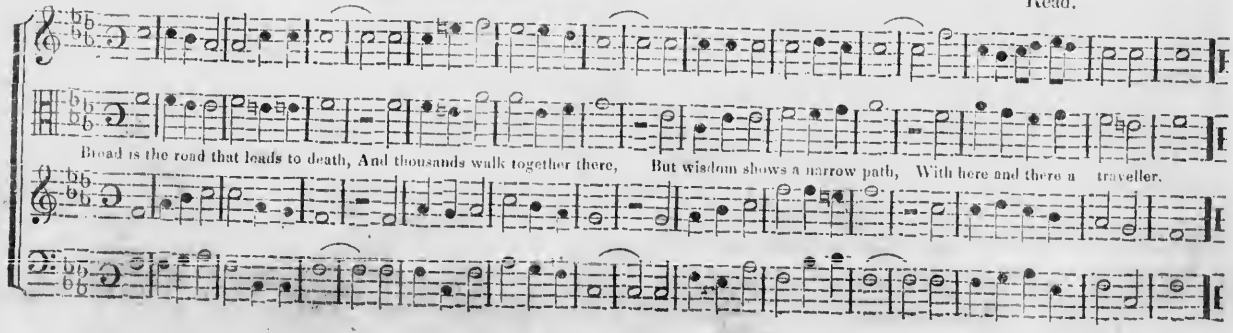
WATCHMAN. S. M.

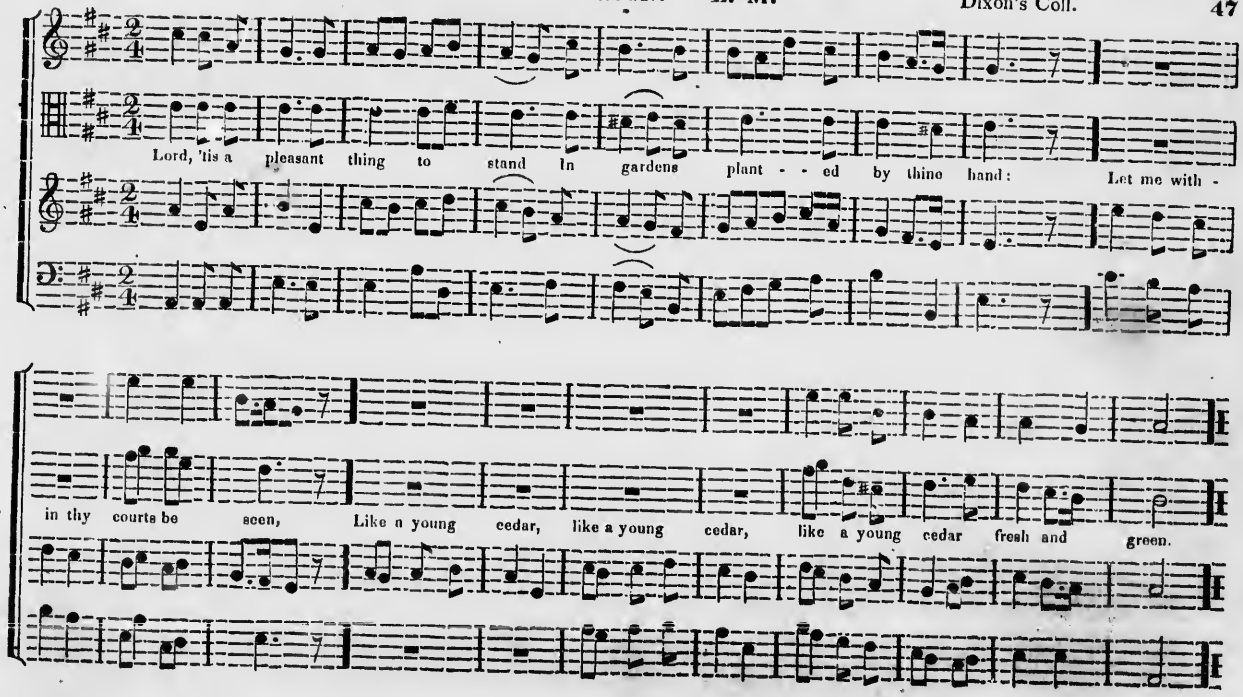
Leach.



WINDHAM. L. M.

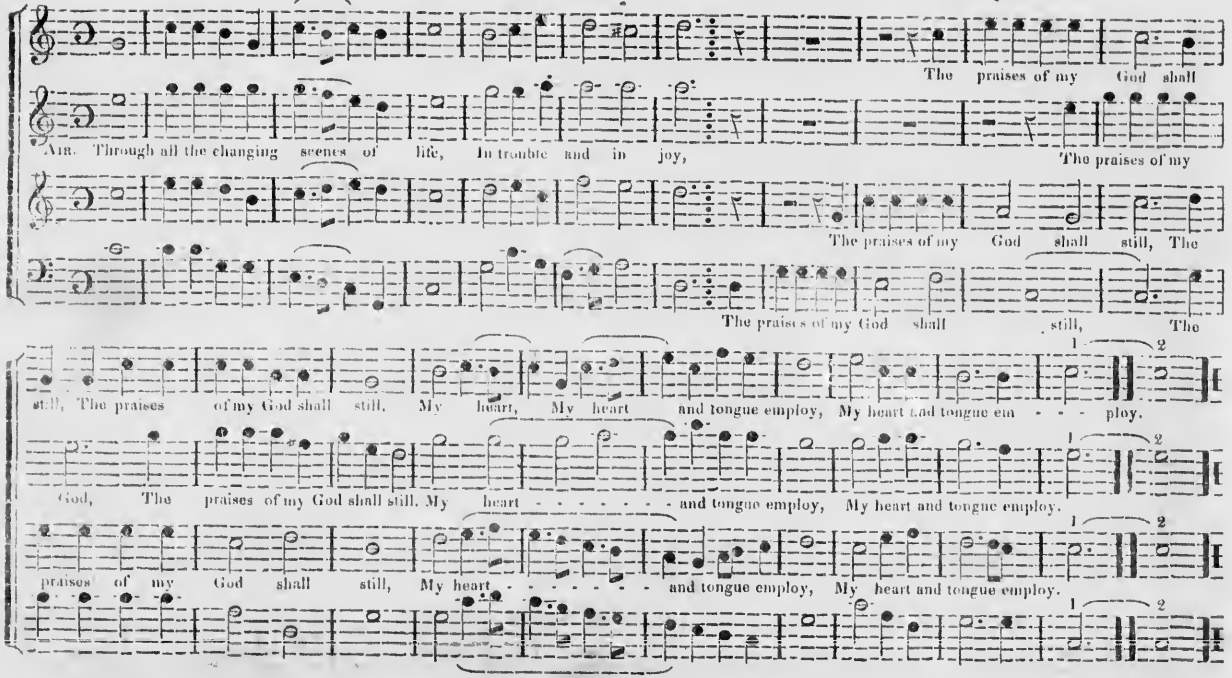
Read.

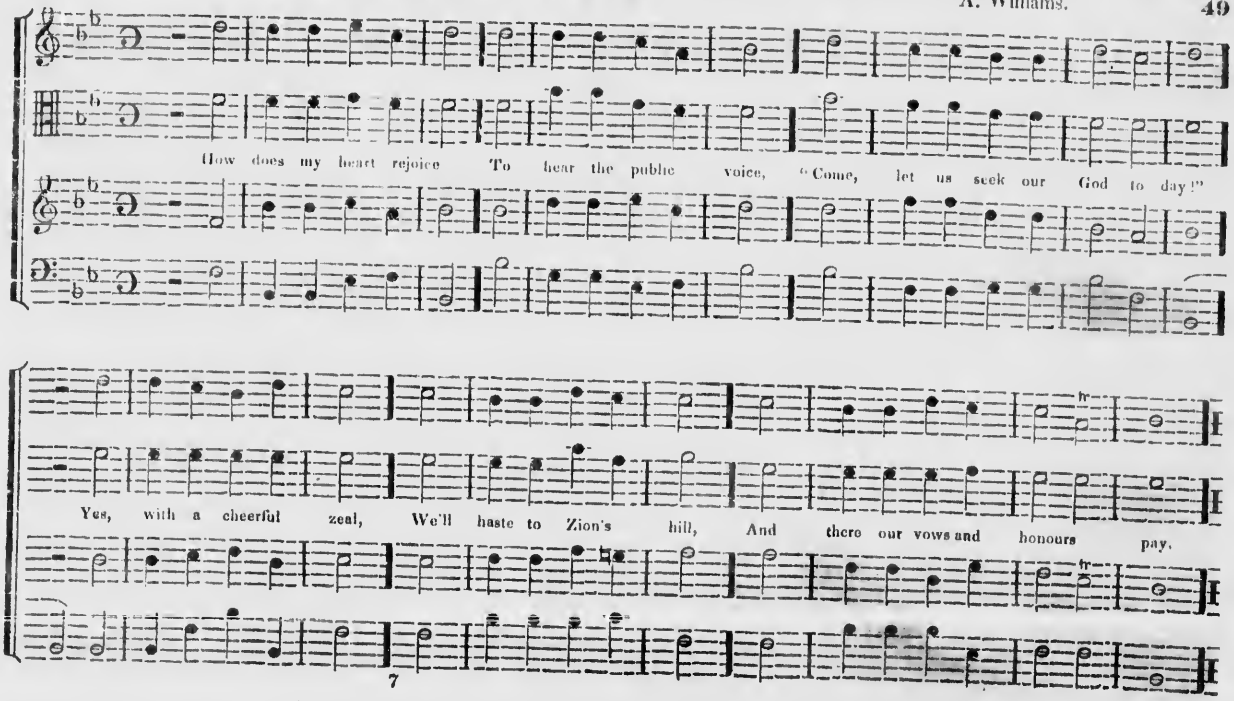



Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand In gardens plant - - ed by thine hand: Let me with -
in thy courts be seen, Like a young cedar, like a young cedar, like a young cedar fresh and green.

PSALM 34th. C. M.

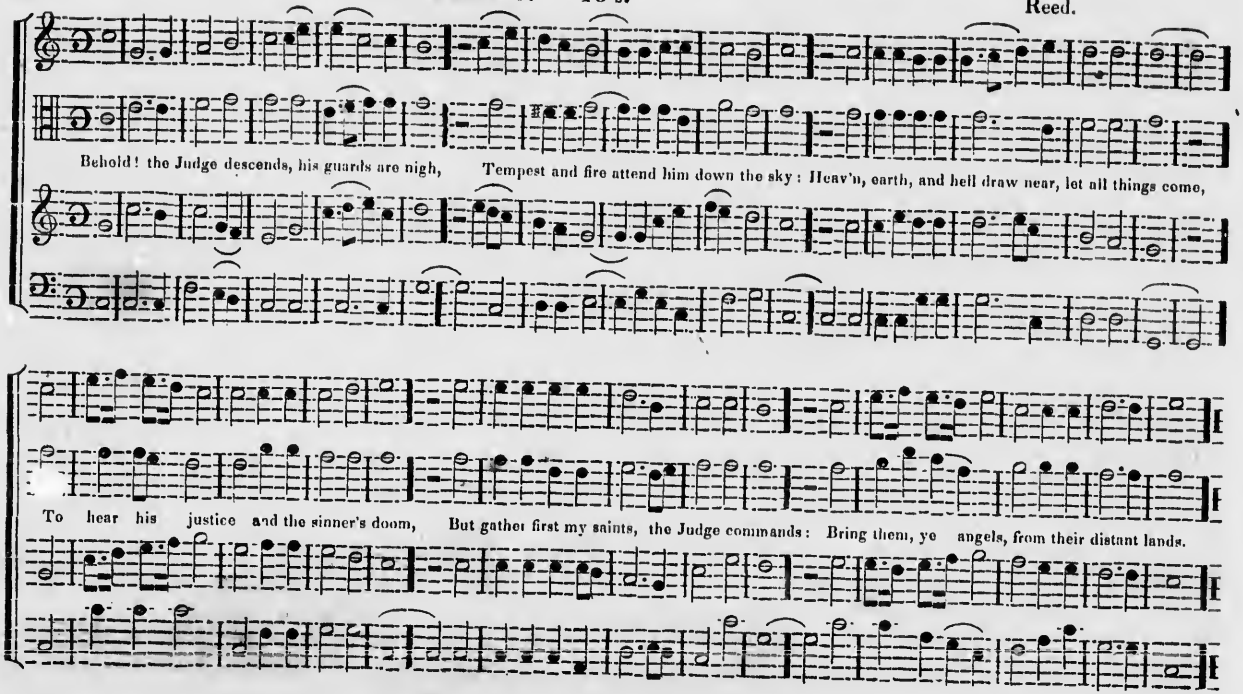
J. Stephenson.

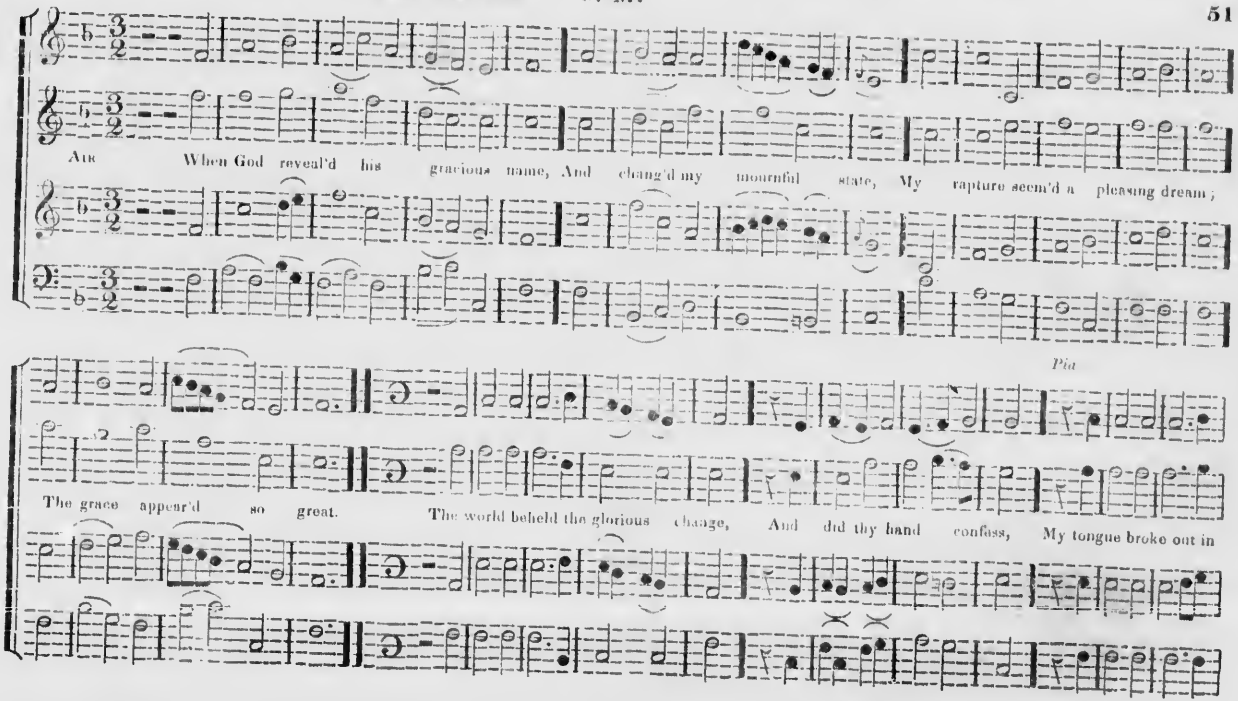



How does my heart rejoice To hear the public voice, "Come, let us seek our God to day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We'll haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay.

JUDGMENT. 10's.

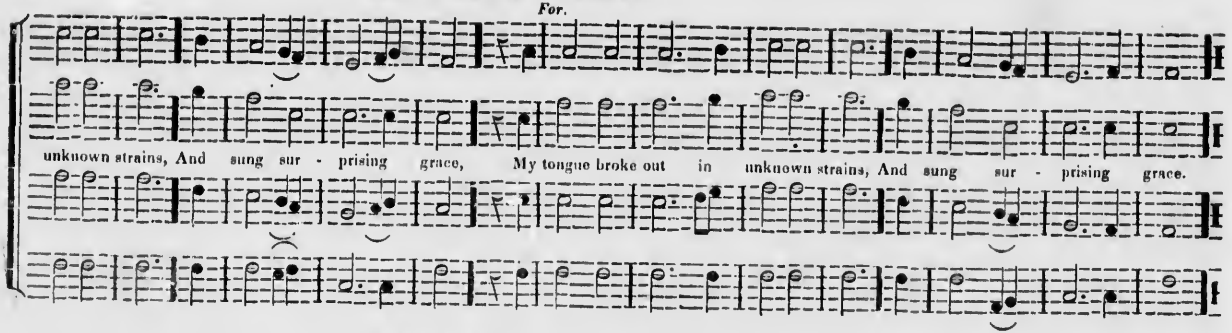
Reed.




Air
When God reveal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mournful state, My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream;
Pia
The grace appear'd so great. The world beheld the glorious change, And did thy hand confess, My tongue broke out in

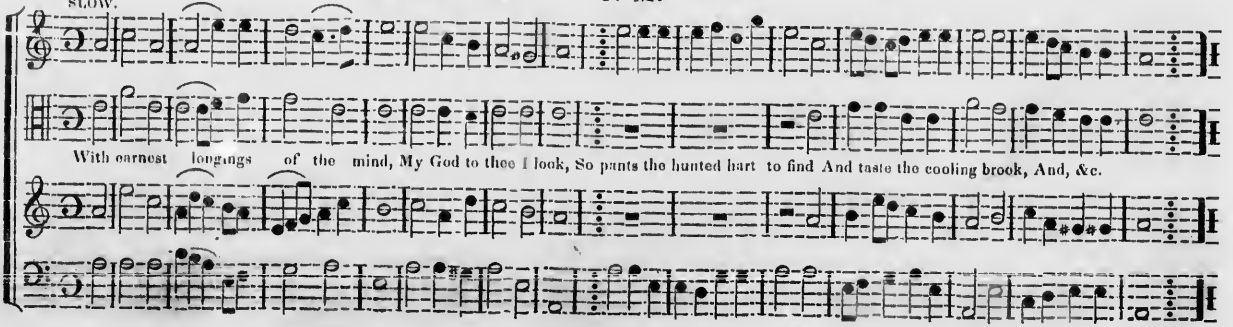
ARCHDALE. Continued.

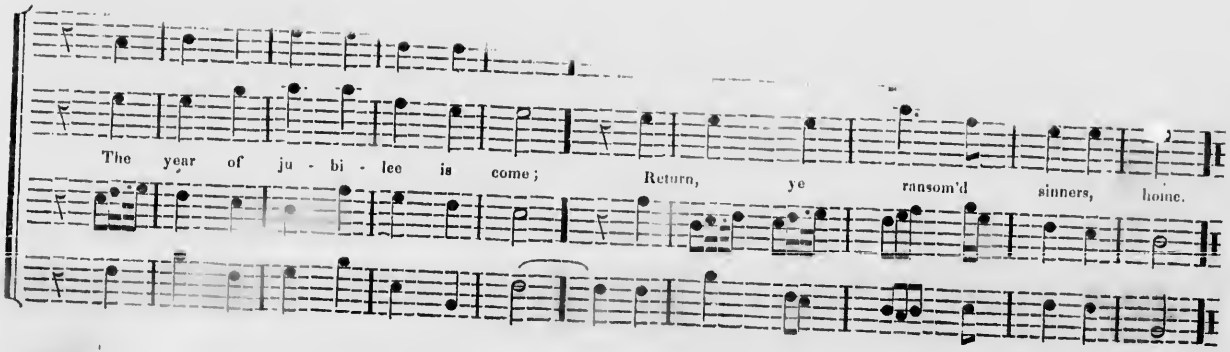
For.



CHARLESTON. C. M.

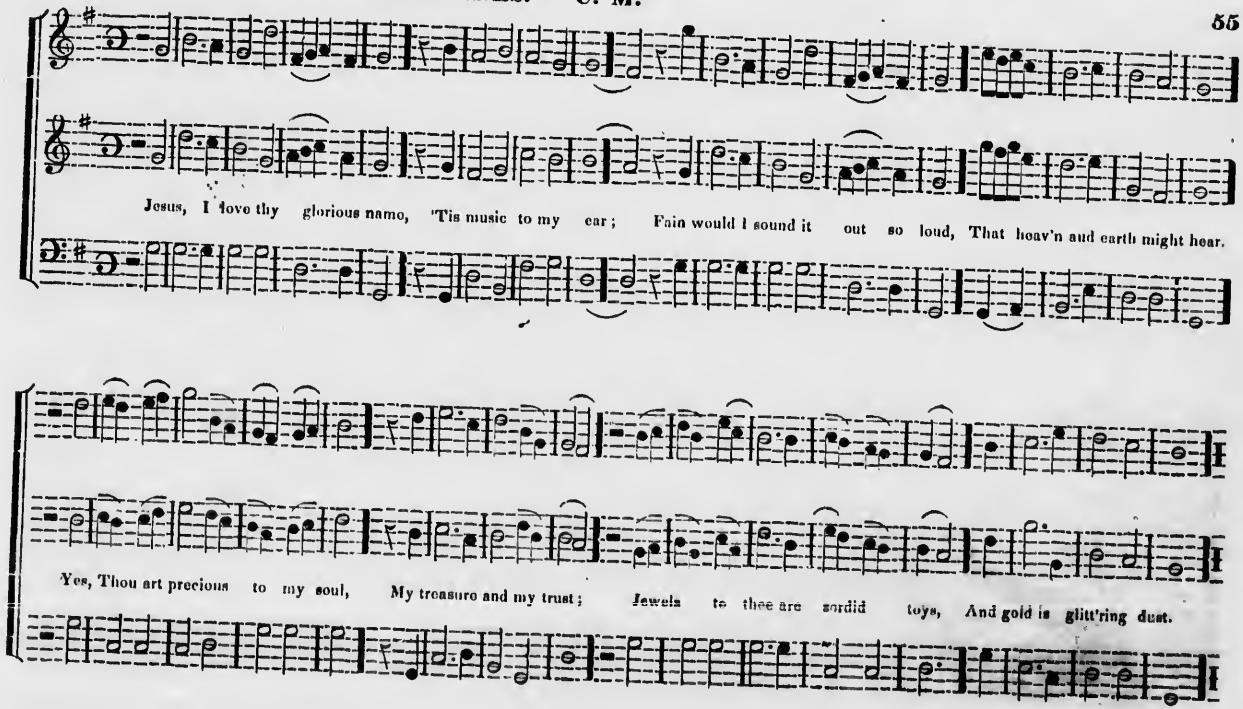
SLOW.




The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

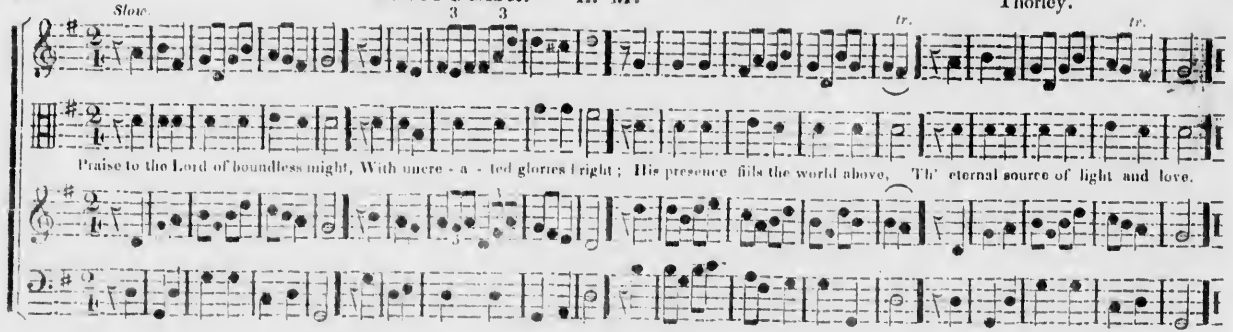
slow to rise, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So read : y to a - bate.
Whose anger, &c.

MOULINES. C. M.


Jesus, I love thy glorious name, 'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear.
Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My treasure and my trust; Jewels to thee are sordid toys, And gold is glitt'ring dust.

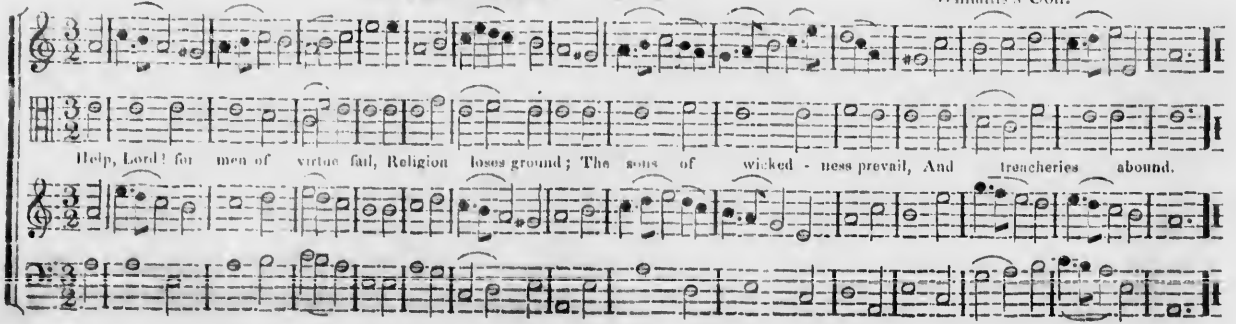
PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.



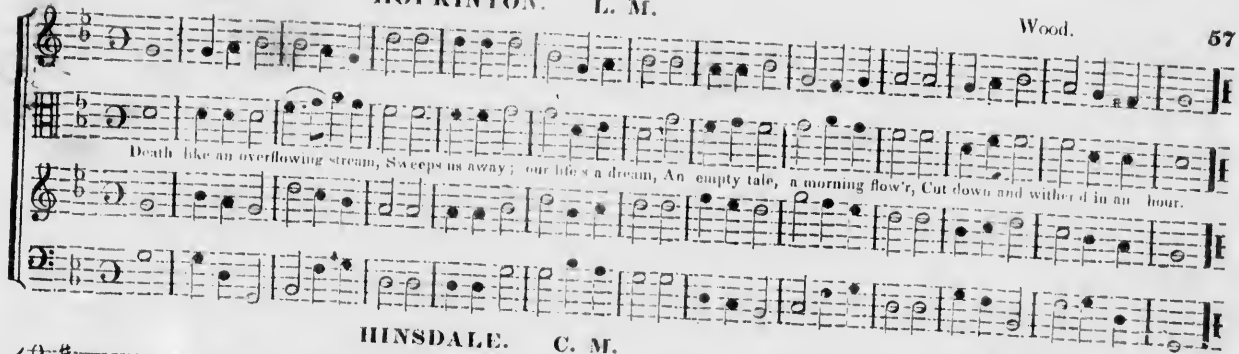
BUCKINGHAM. C. M.

Williams's Coll.



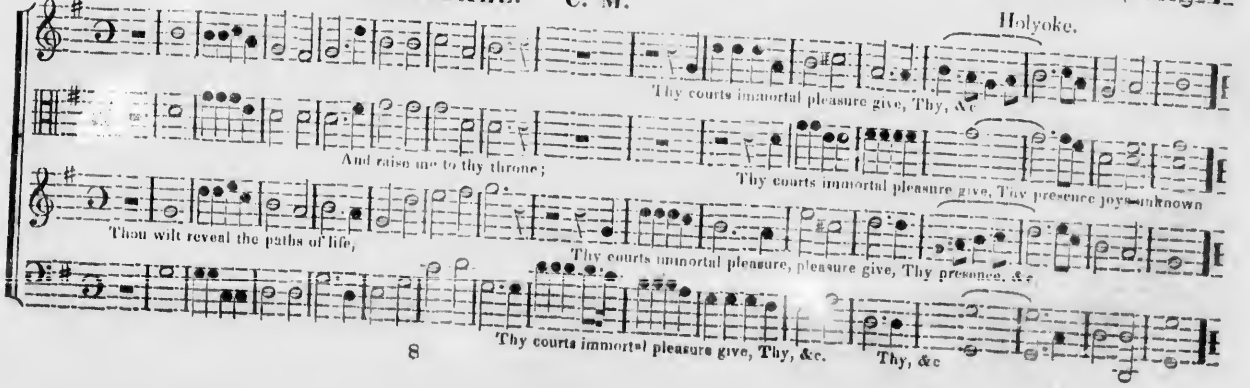
HOPKINTON. L. M.

Wood.



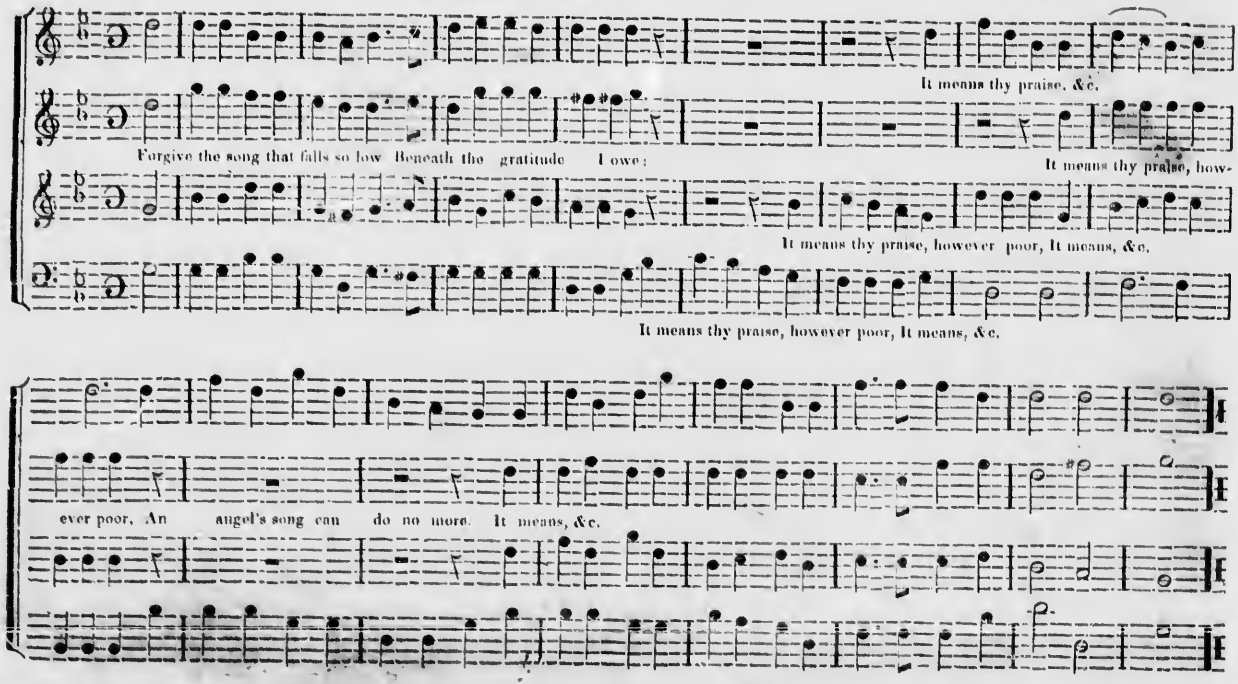
HINSDALE. C. M.

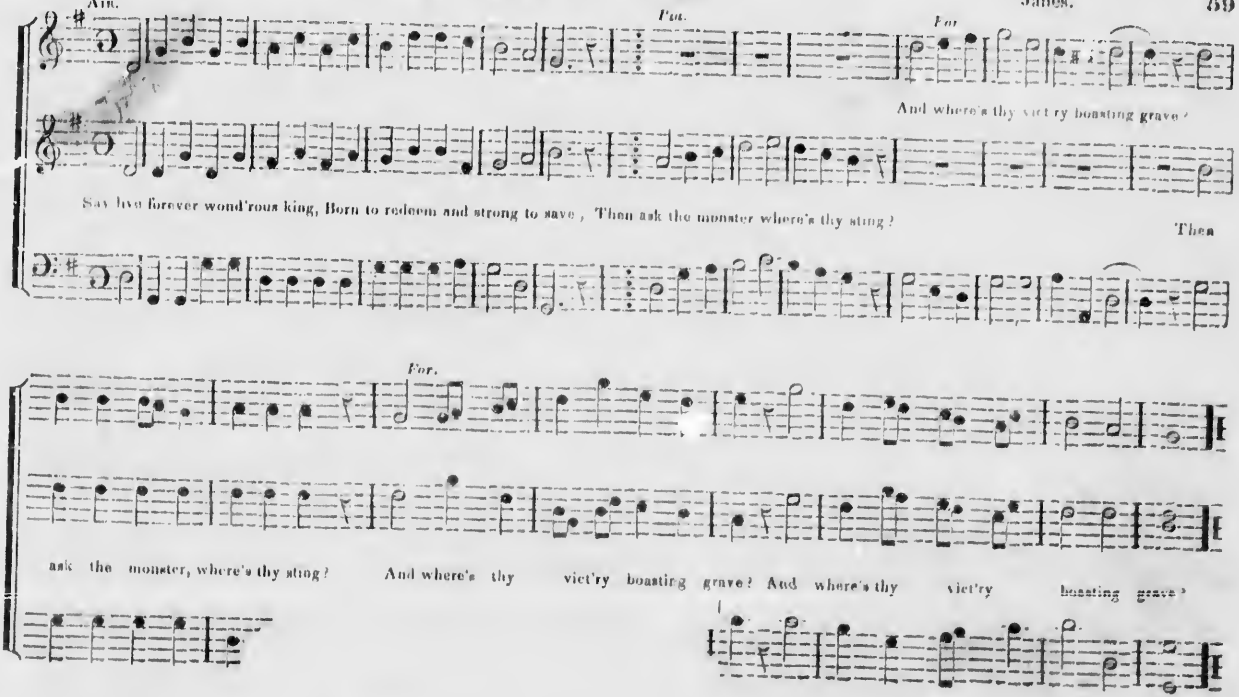
Holyoke.



COWPER. L. M.

Holden.




Am.
For.
For
And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?
Say live forever wond'rous king, Born to redeem and strong to save, Then ask the monster where's thy sting?
Then
For.
ask the monster, where's thy sting? And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave? And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?

GROTON. L. M.

Sanger.

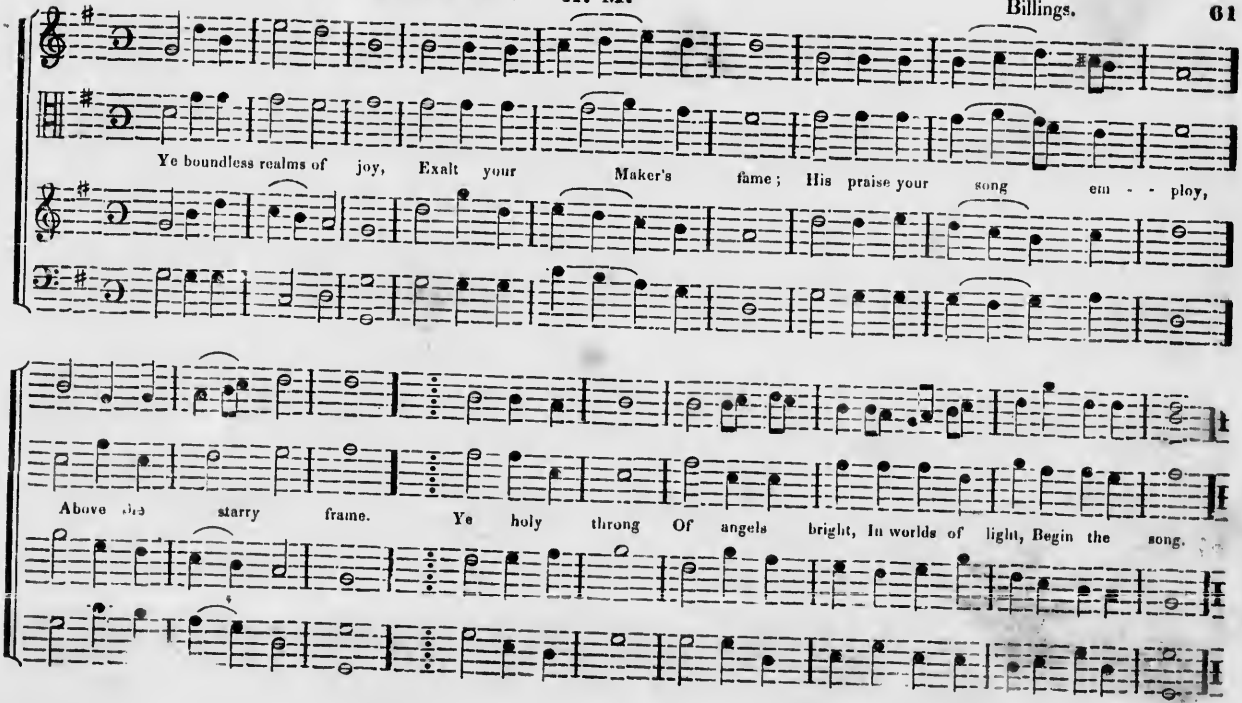
1st Treble. *Pia.* *For.* *Pia.*

2d Treble.

Tenor. Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice Make rocks and hills his praise rebound; Praise him with harp's melodious noise, And gen - tle

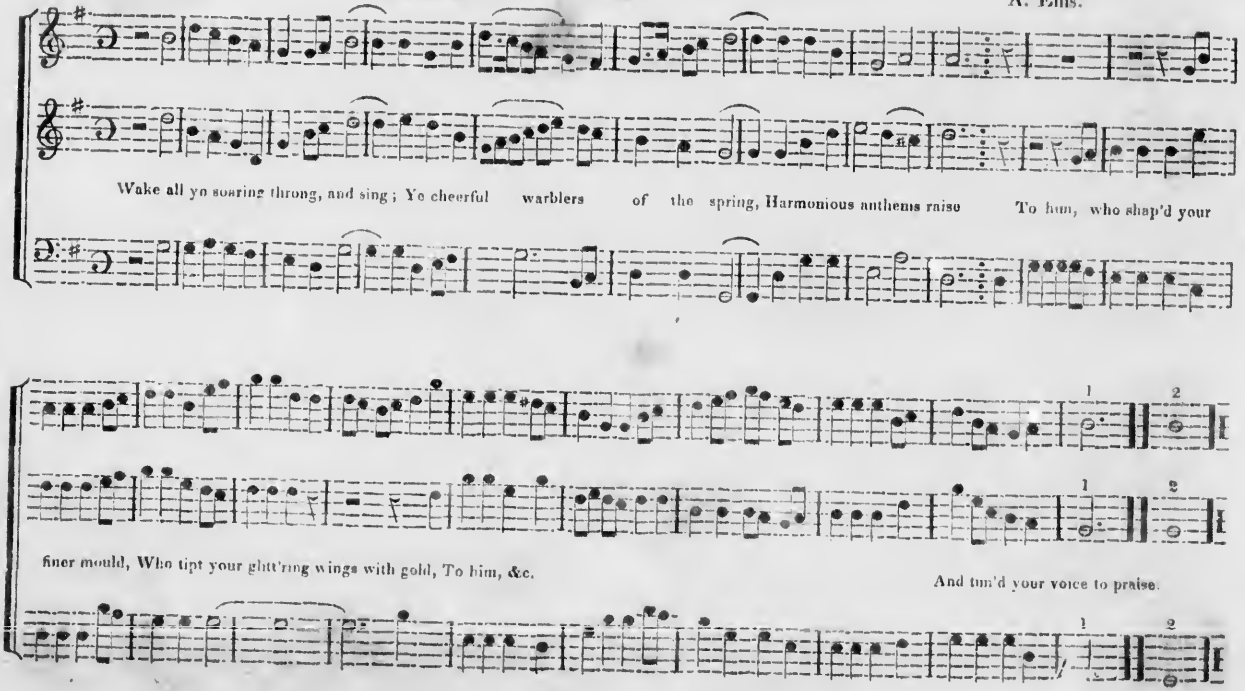
For. *Pia.* *For.* *Pia.* *For.*

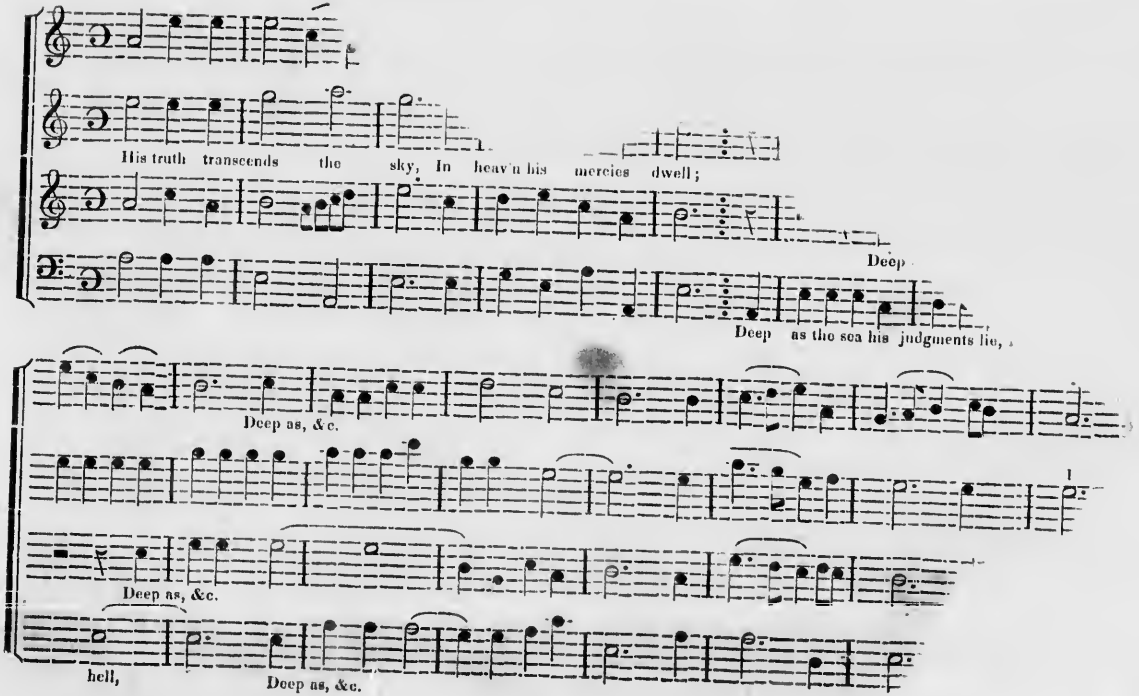
psalire's silver sound. Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring, And some with graceful motion dance; Let instruments with various strings, With organs join'd his praise advance.

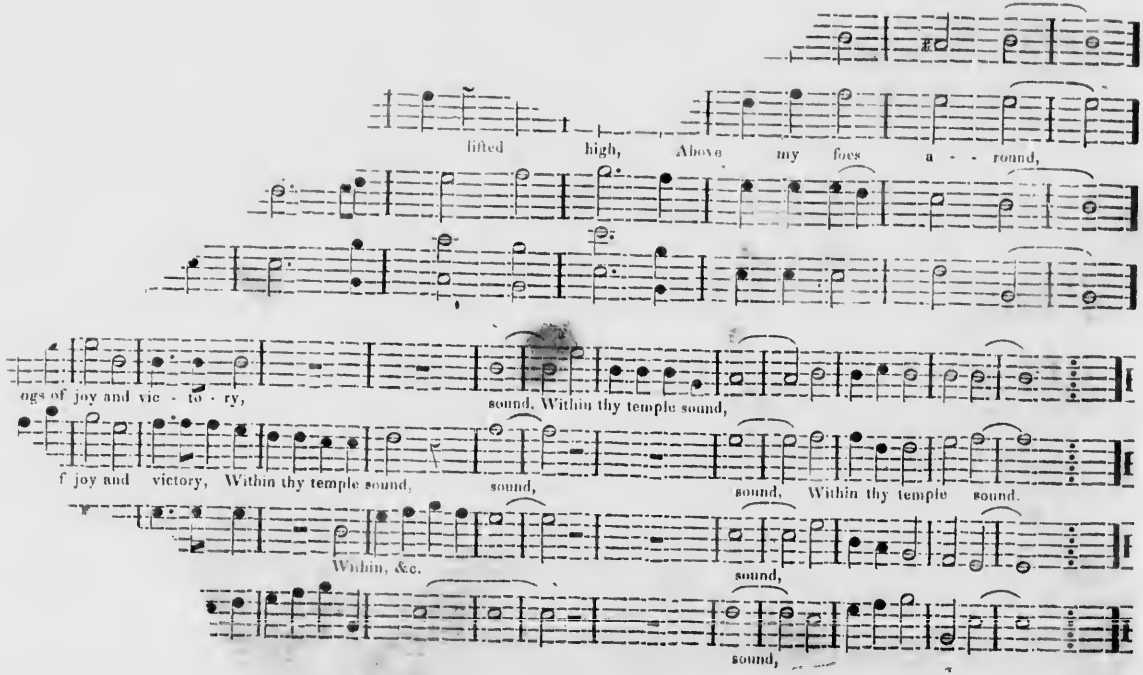

Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; His praise your song em - - ploy,
Above the starry frame. Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.

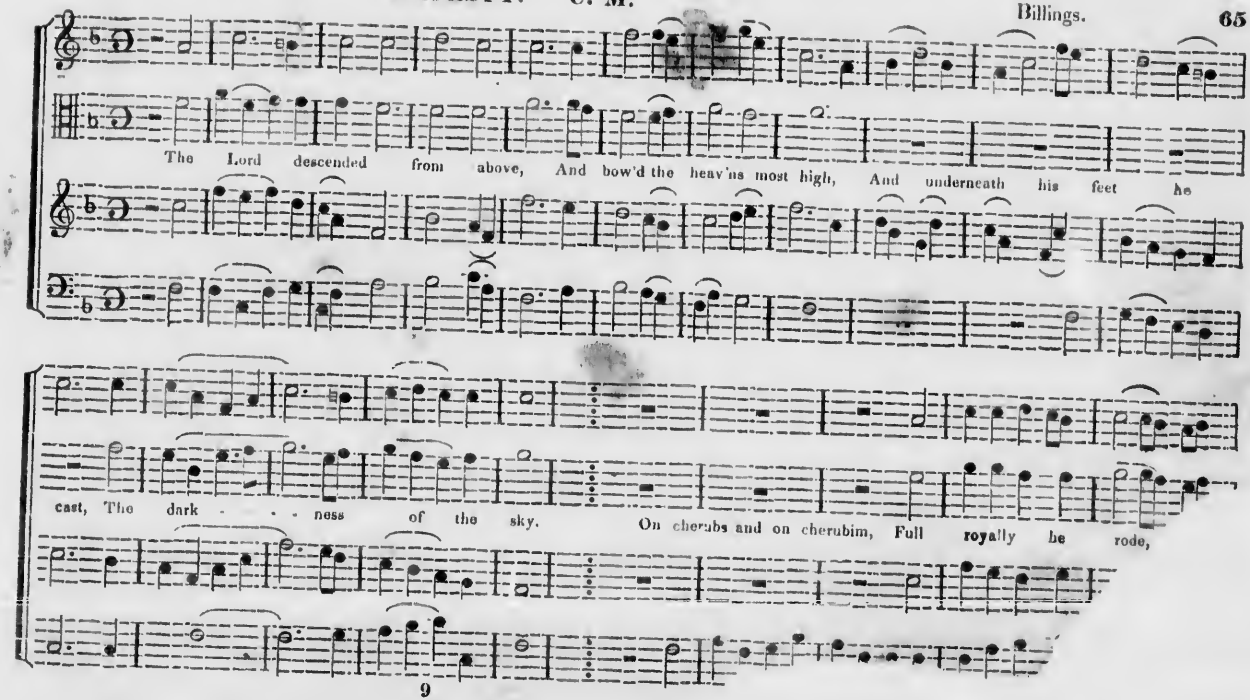
HARMONY. P. M.

A. Ellis.

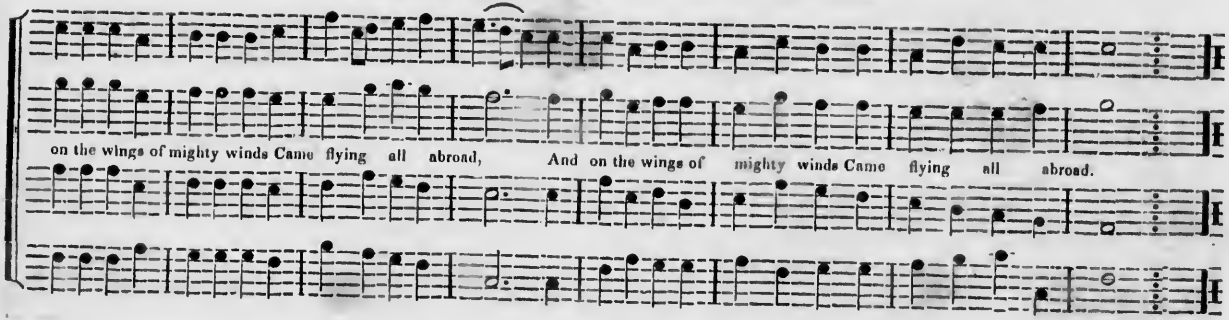



His truth transcends the sky, In heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
Deep as, &c.
Deep as, &c.
hell,
Deep as, &c.


lifted high, Above my foes a - - round,
ngs of joy and vic - to - ry,
sound, Within thy temple sound,
f joy and victory, Within thy temple sound,
sound,
sound, Within thy temple sound.
Within, &c.
sound,
sound,

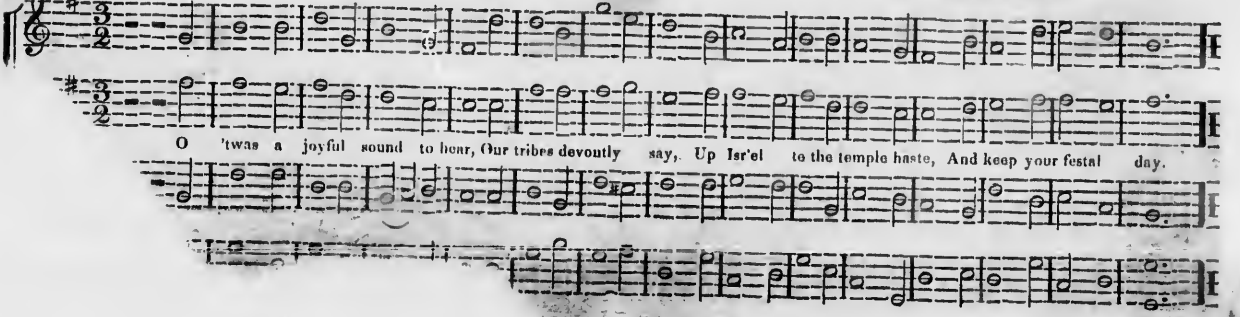

The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high, And underneath his feet he
cast, The dark - - - ness of the sky. On cherubs and on cherubim, Full royally he rode,

MAJESTY. Continued.

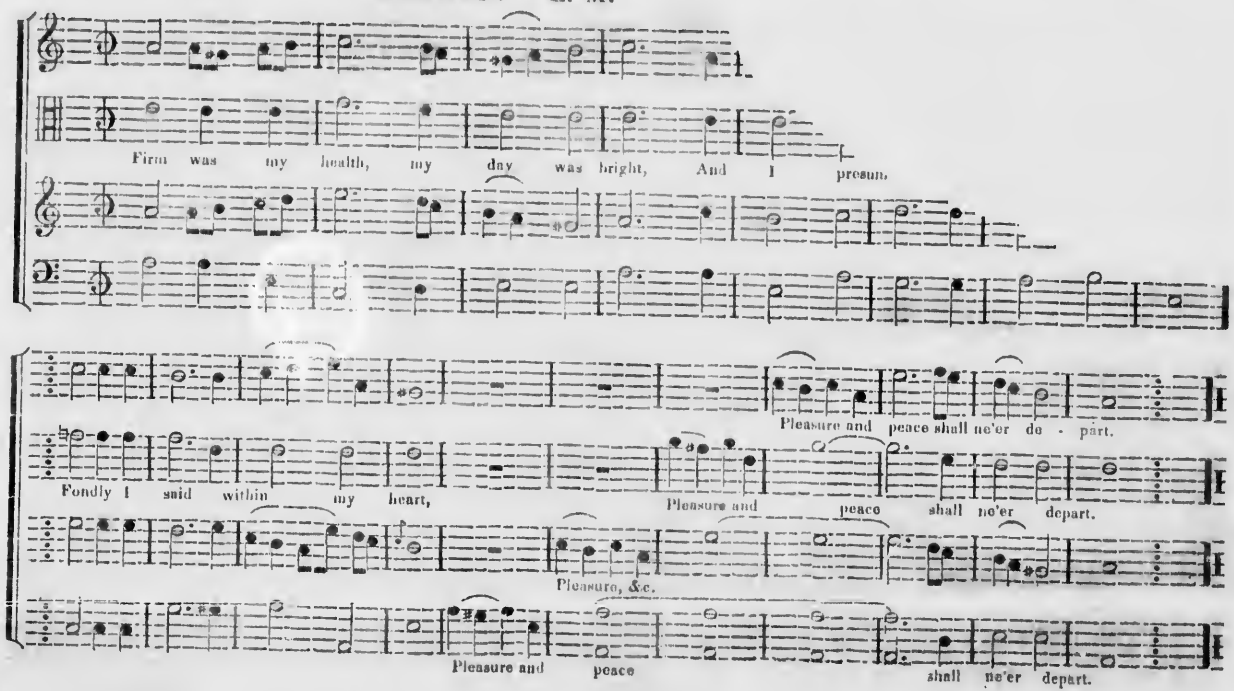


MEAR. C. M.

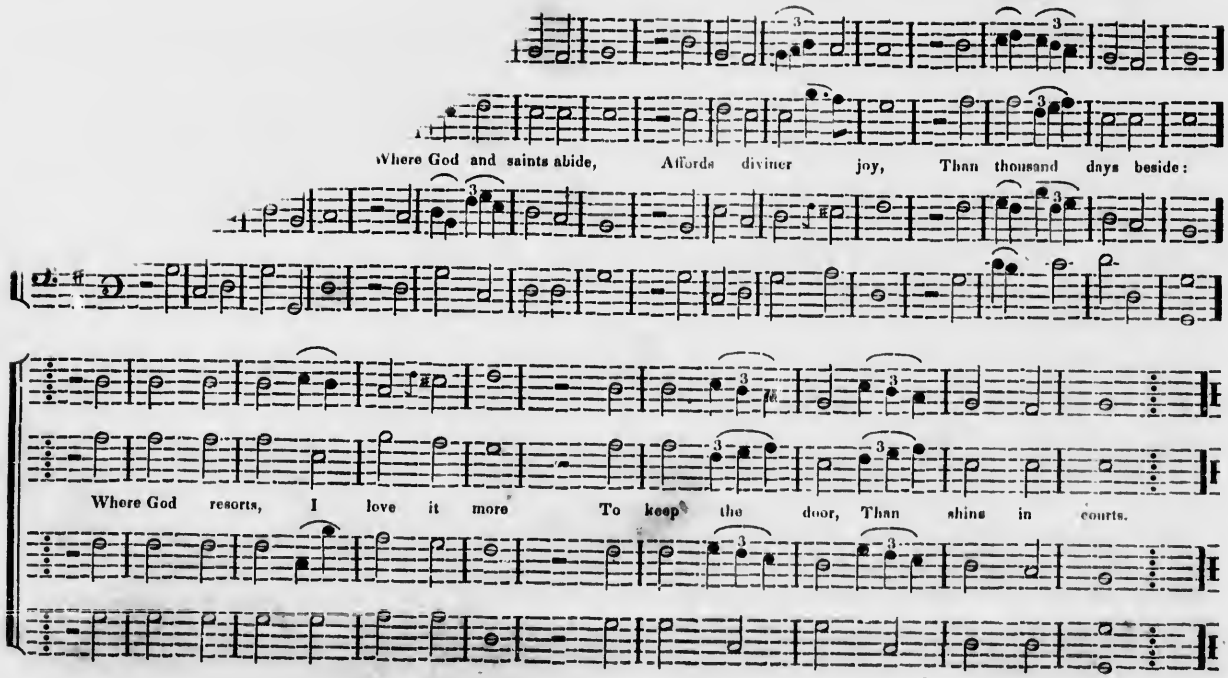
A. Williams's Coll.

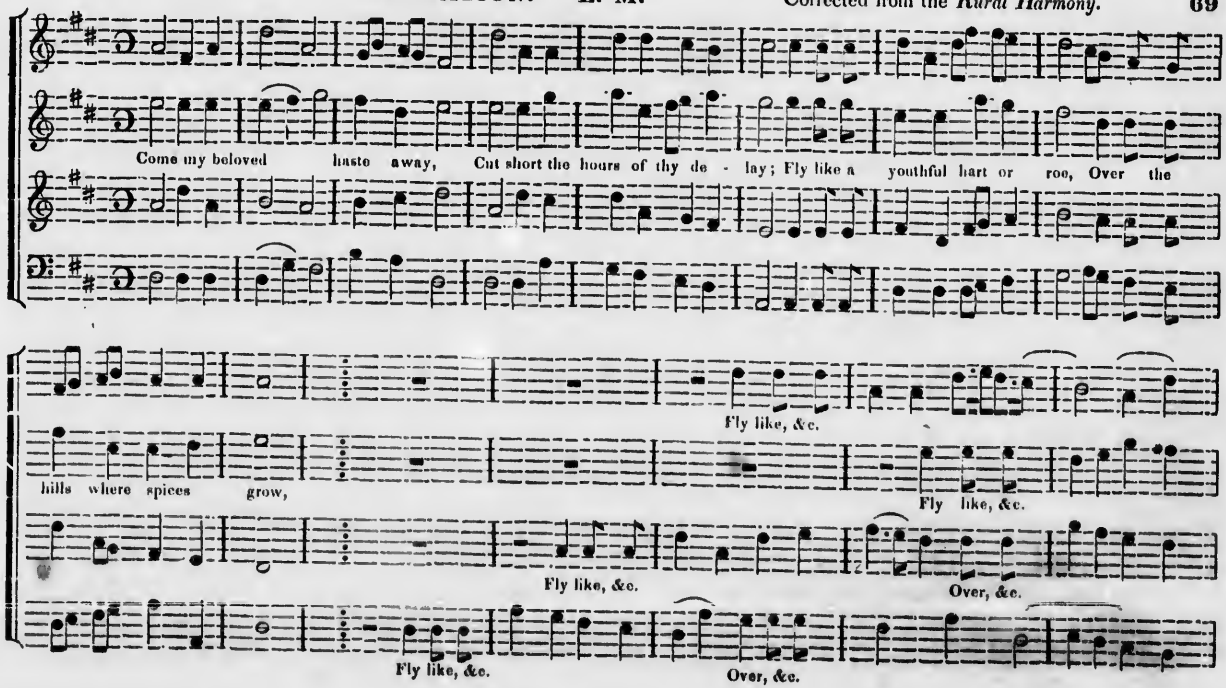


WOBURN. L. M.

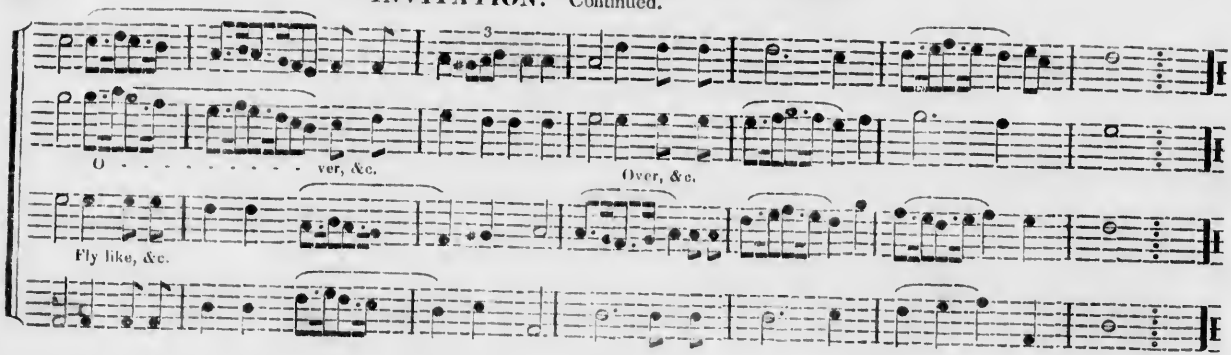

Firm was my health, my day was bright, And I presum,
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er de - part.
Fondly I said within my heart,
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.
Pleasure, &c.
Pleasure and peace
shall ne'er depart.

M. Kimball.


Where God and saints abide, Affords diviner joy, Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, I love it more To keep the door, Than shins in courts.

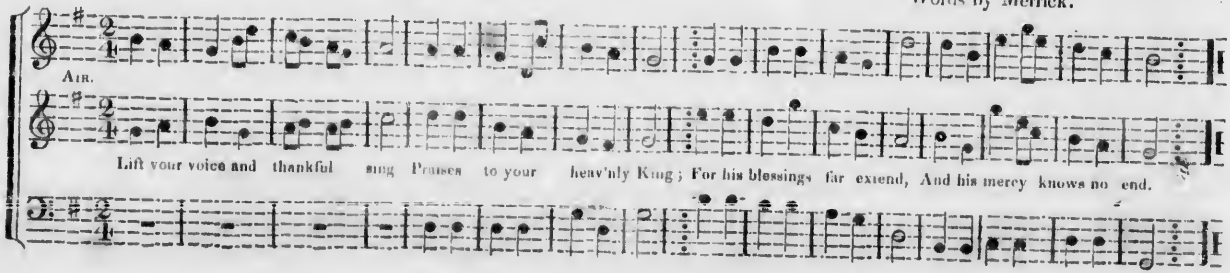

Come my beloved haste away, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay; Fly like a youthful hart or roe, Over the
Fly like, &c.
hills where spices grow,
Fly like, &c.
Fly like, &c.
Over, &c.
Fly like, &c.
Over, &c.

INVITATION. Continued.



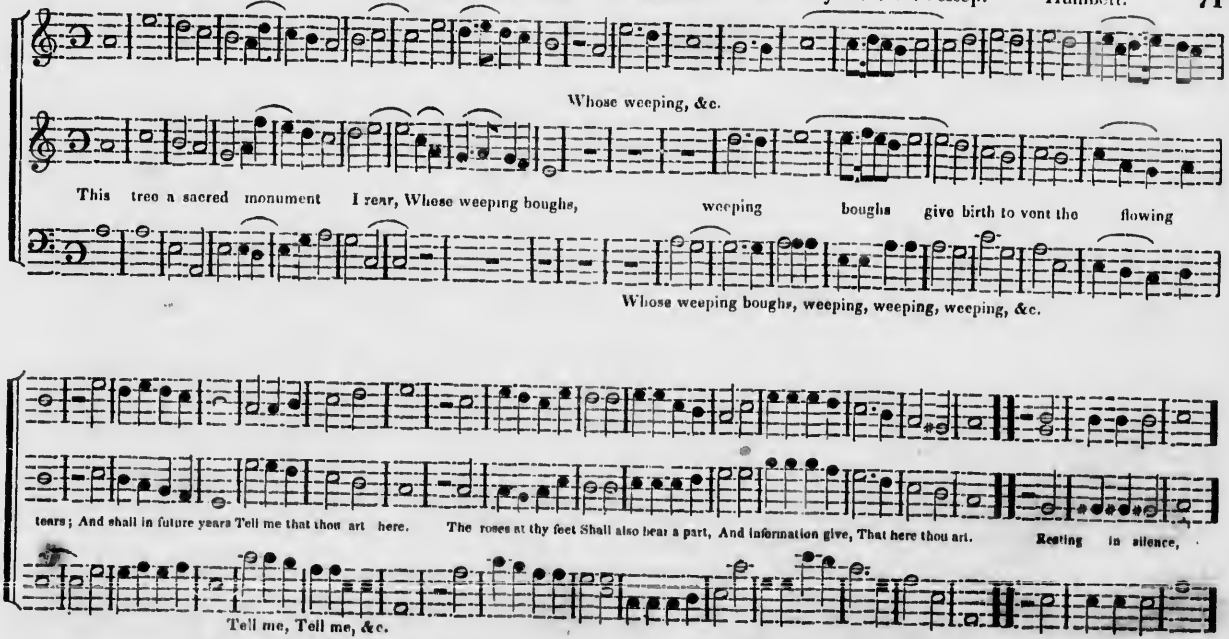
ELIM. 7 s.

Words by Merrick.



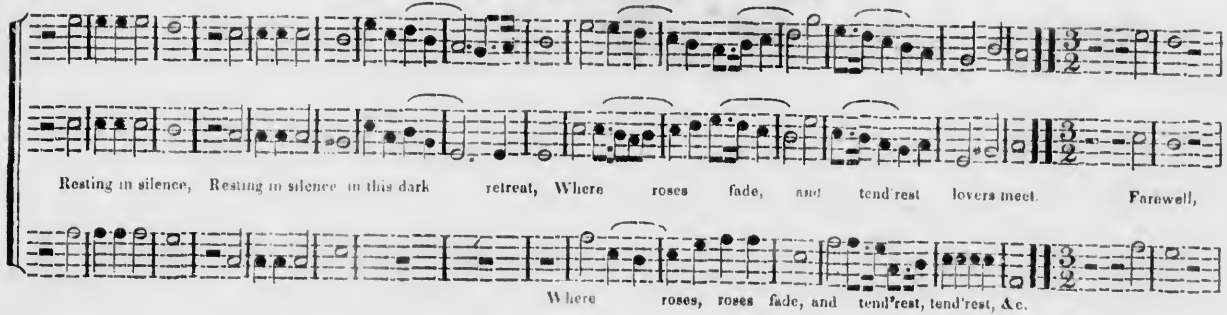
JESSOP'S LAMENTATION.

Words by Rev. W. Jessop.* Humbert.

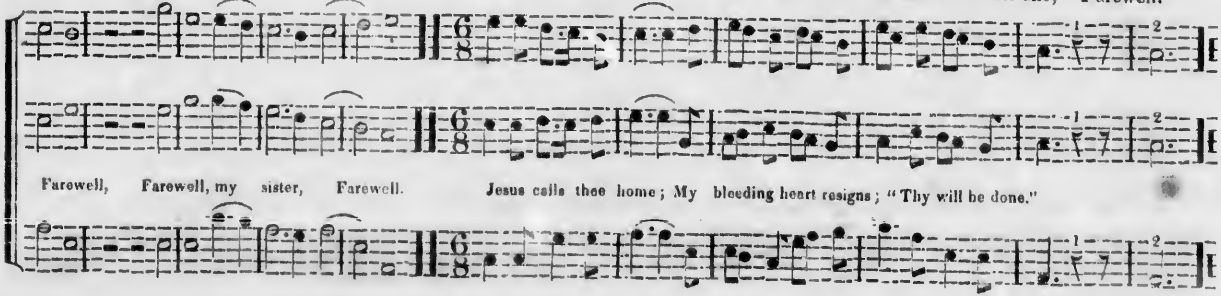


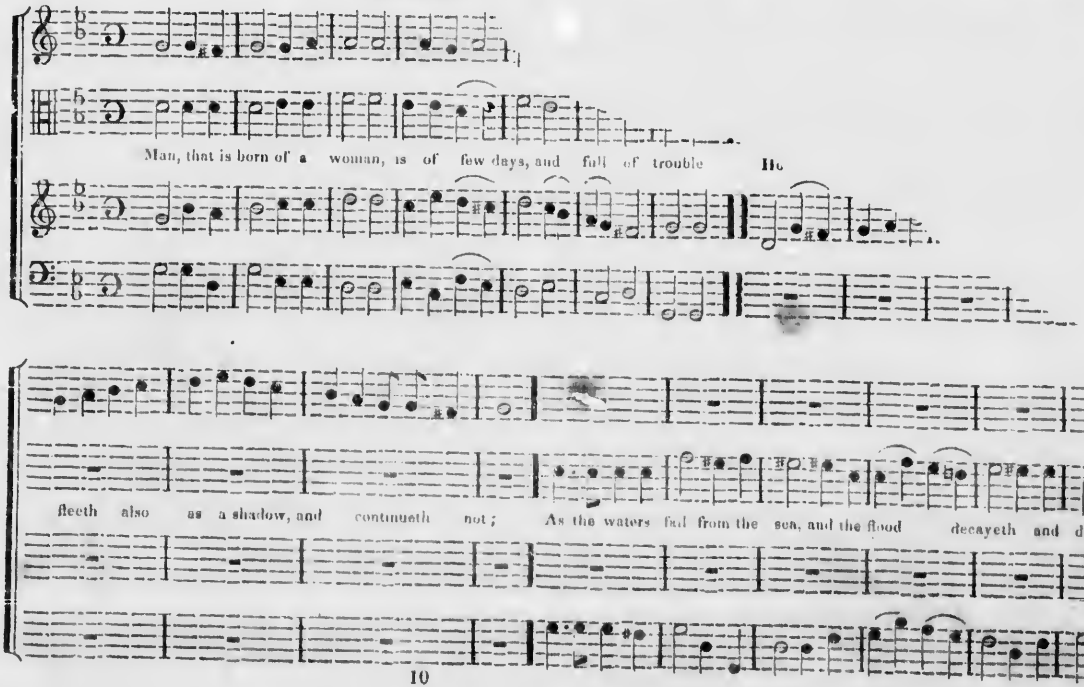
* Occasioned by the death of his sister, on whose grave he planted a weeping-willow and a rose bush, and inscribed these lines

JESSOP'S LAMENTATION. Continued.



End with the last strain but one, "Farewell."



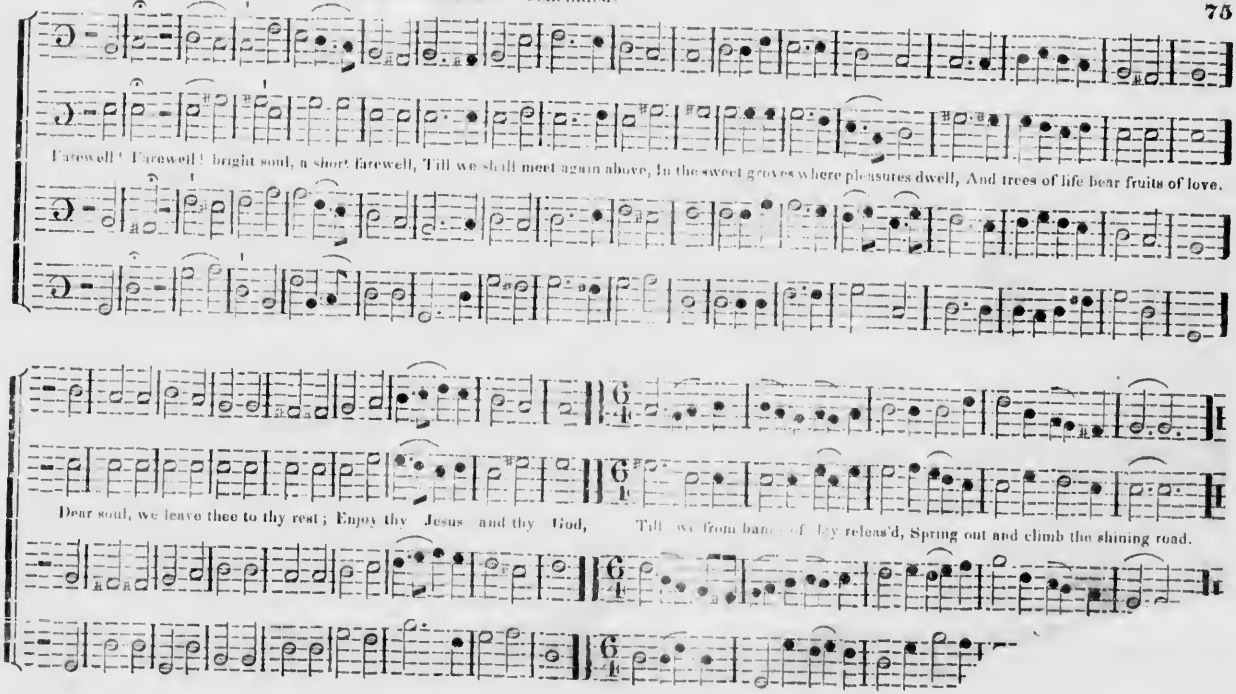

Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble He
fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not; As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up;

STOCCATO.

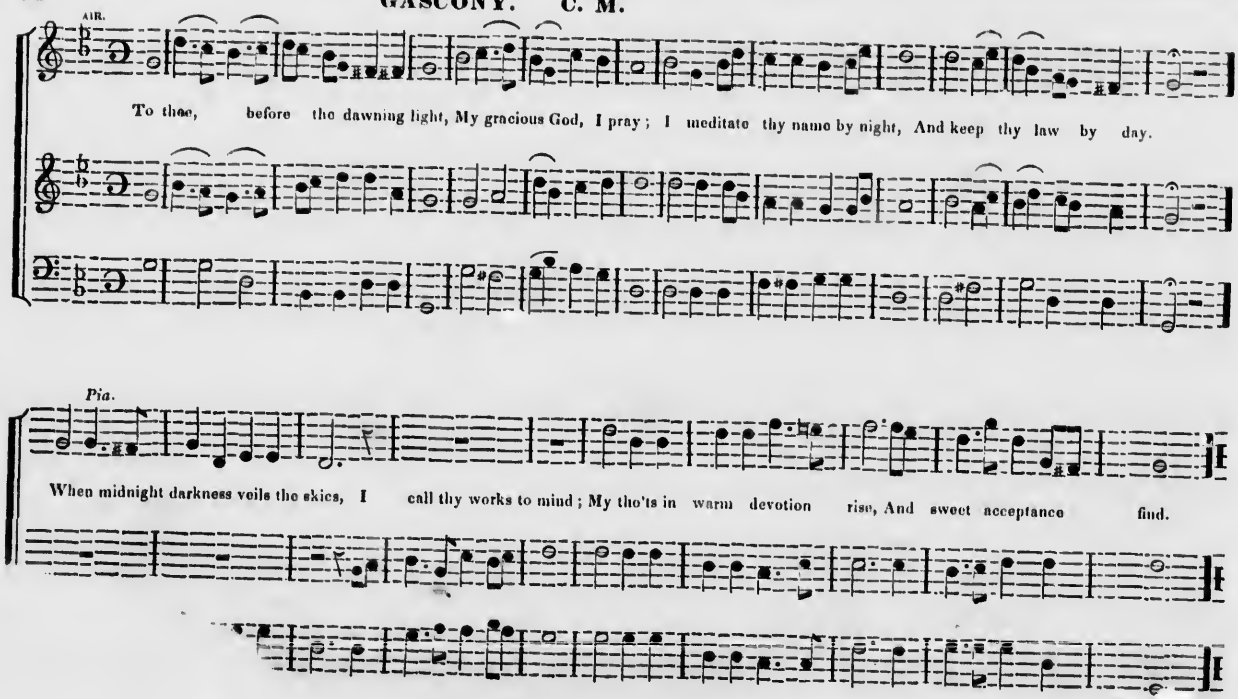
more, They shall not awake, They shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

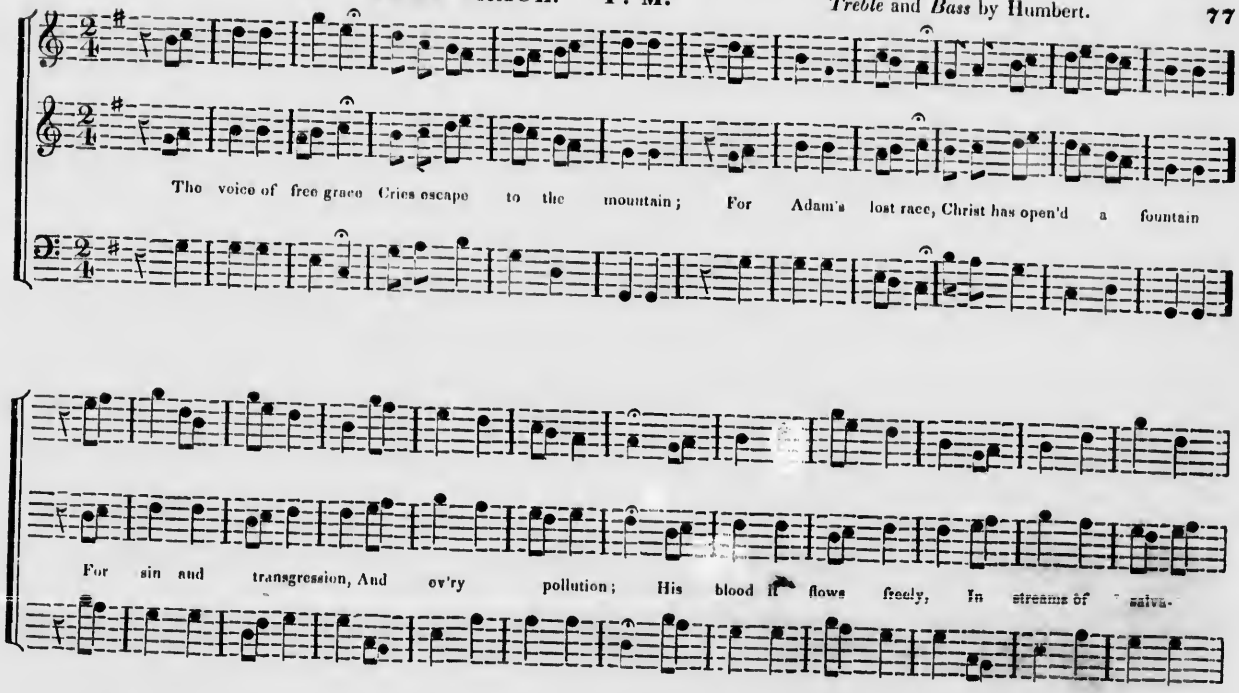
They shall not awake,

But why lament departing friends, Or shake at death's a - - larms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

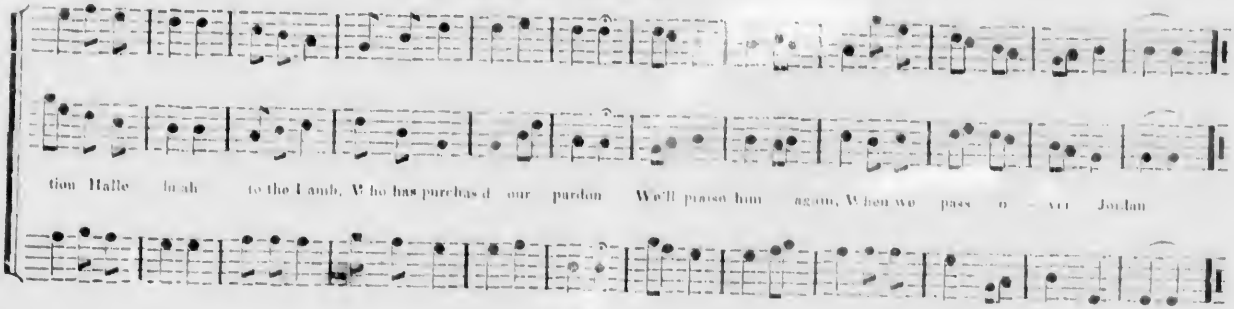

Farewell! Farewell! bright soul, a short farewell, Till we shall meet again above, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love.
Dear soul, we leave thee to thy rest; Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God, Till we from bands of clay releas'd, Spring out and climb the shining road.

GASCONY. C. M.

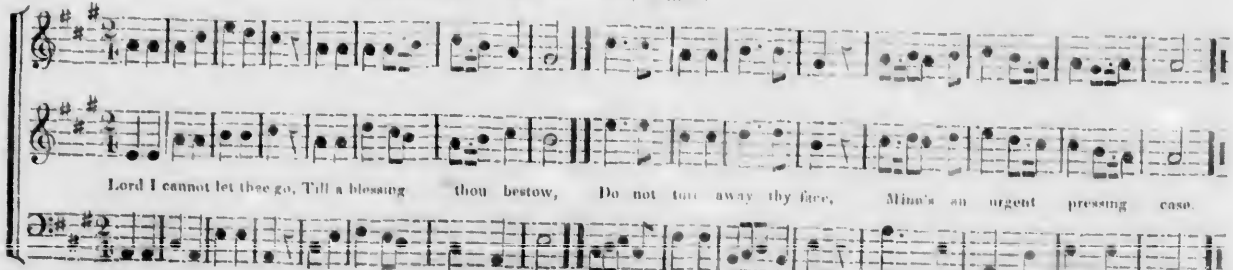

AIR.
To thee, before the dawning light, My gracious God, I pray; I meditate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.
Pia.
When midnight darkness veils the skies, I call thy works to mind; My tho'ts in warm devotion rise, And sweet acceptance find.


The voice of free grace Cries escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race, Christ has open'd a fountain
For sin and transgression, And ov'ry pollution; His blood it flows freely, In streams of salva-

FREE GRACE. Continued.

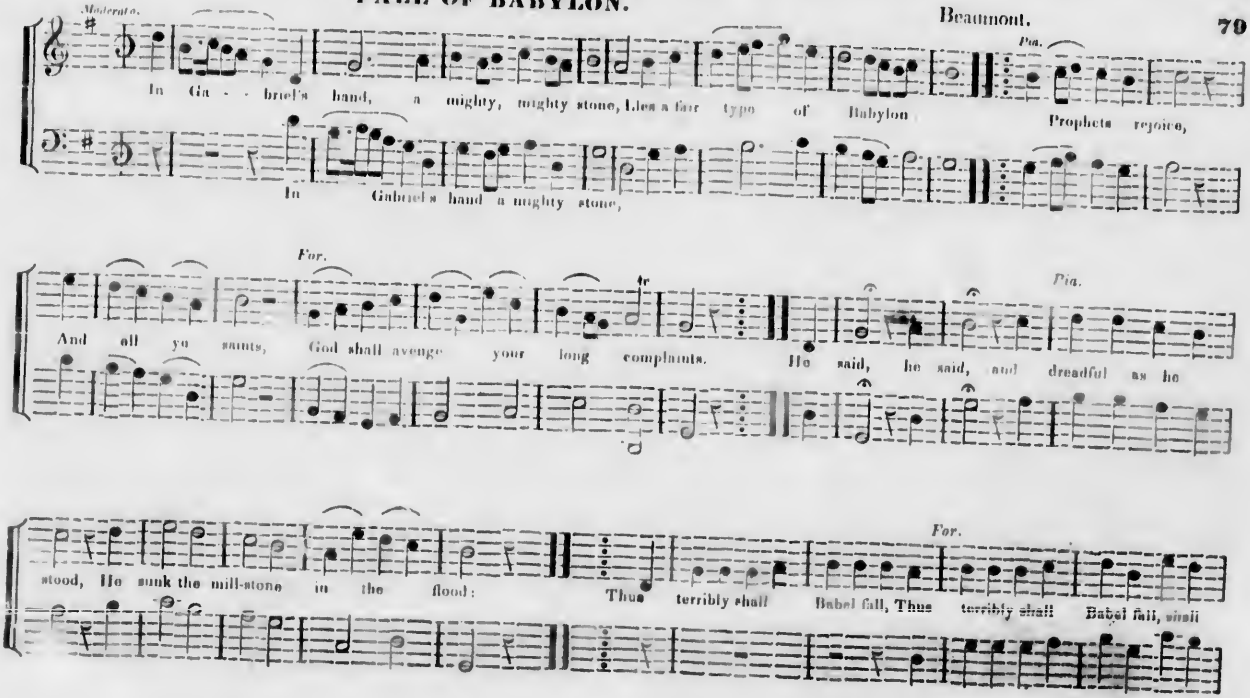


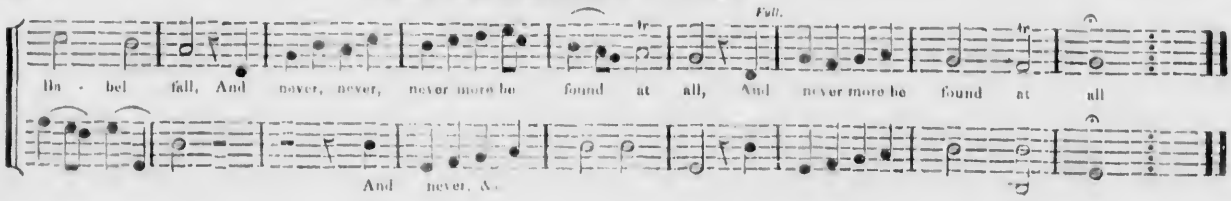
HARTS. P. M. 7's, 4 lines.



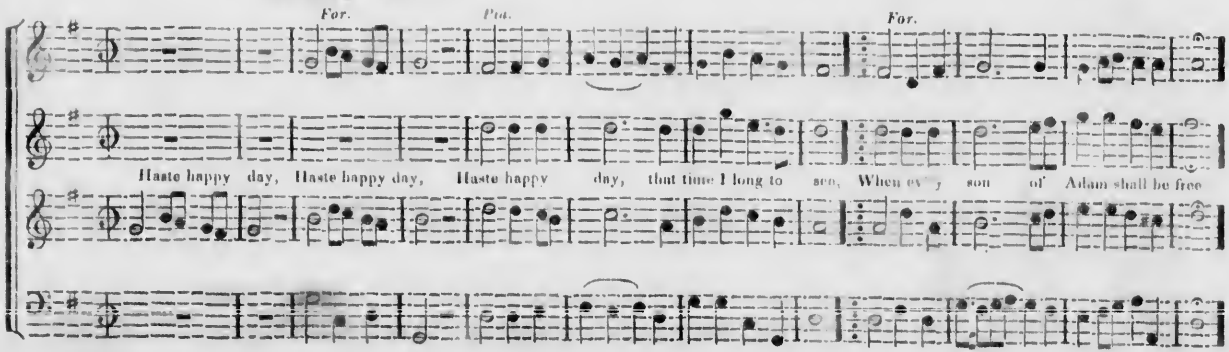
FALL OF BABYLON.

Beaumont.

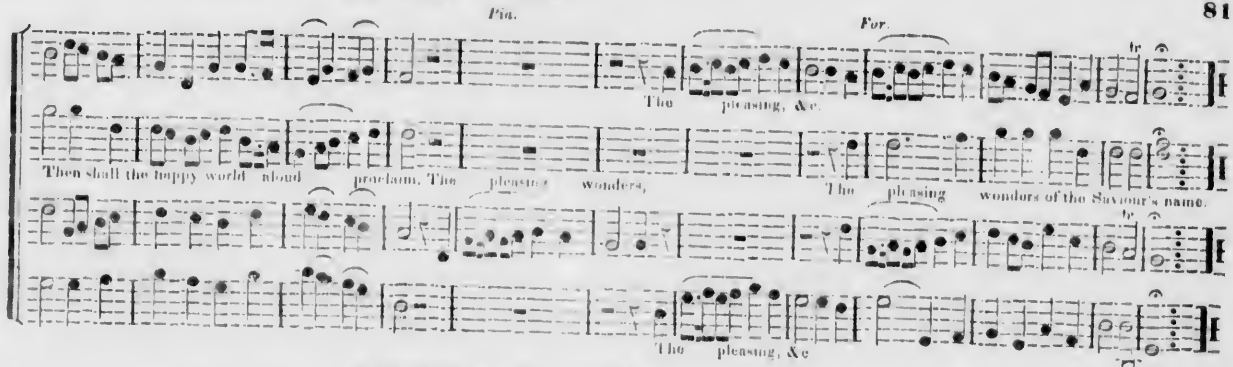




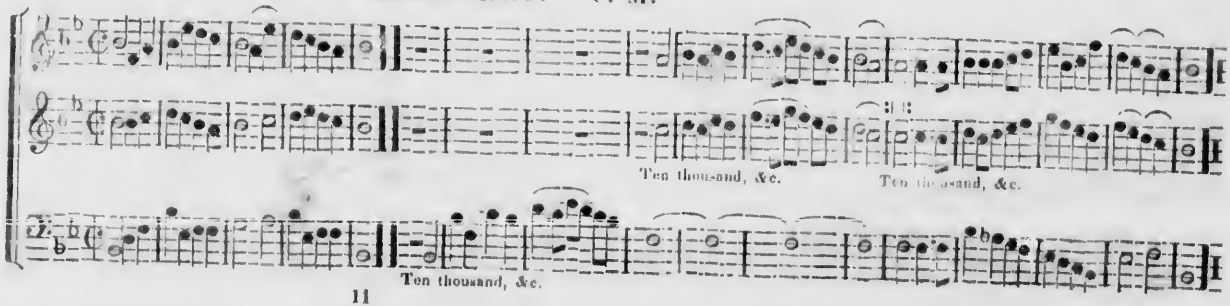
CHORUS. SPIRITO.



CHORUS. Continued.



MISSIONARY. C. M.



WEYMOUTH. H. M.

R. Harrison.

Pia. *For.*

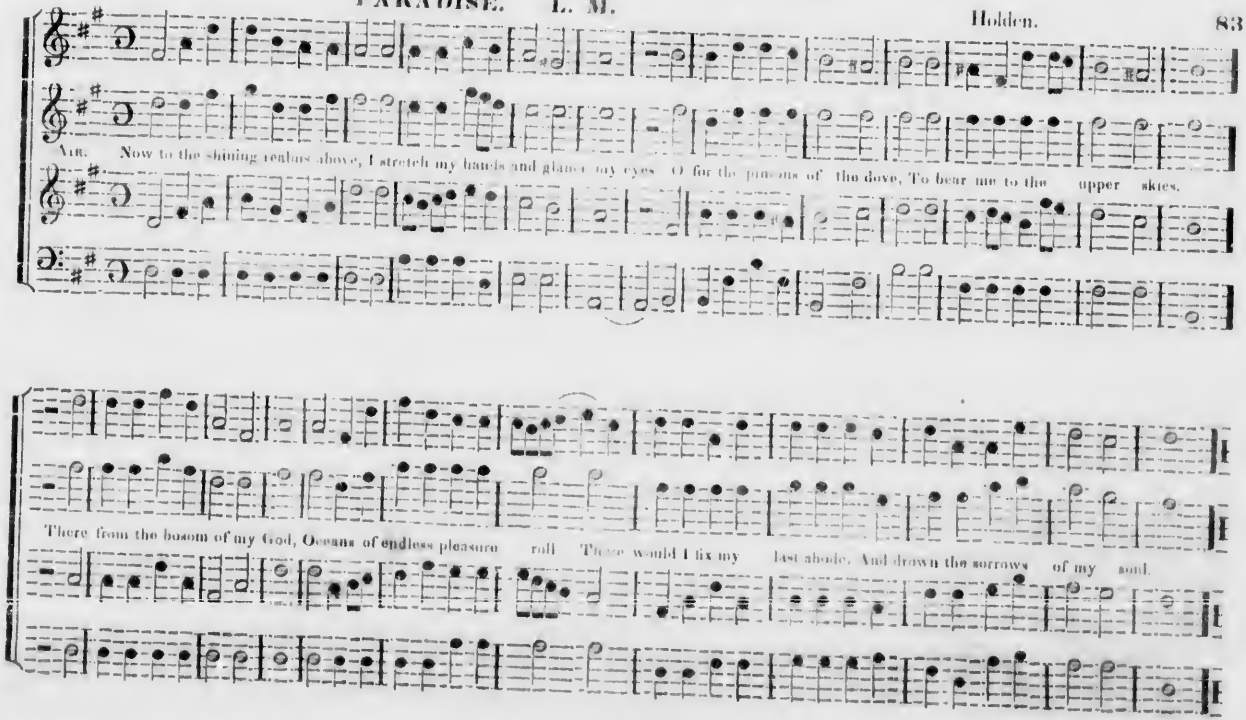
Air.

Jesus our great high priest, Offer'd his blood and dy'd; My guilty conscience seeks No sacri - fice beside.

His pow'rful blood Did once atone, And now it pleads Before the throne, His pow'rful blood Did once atone, And now it pleads Before the throne.

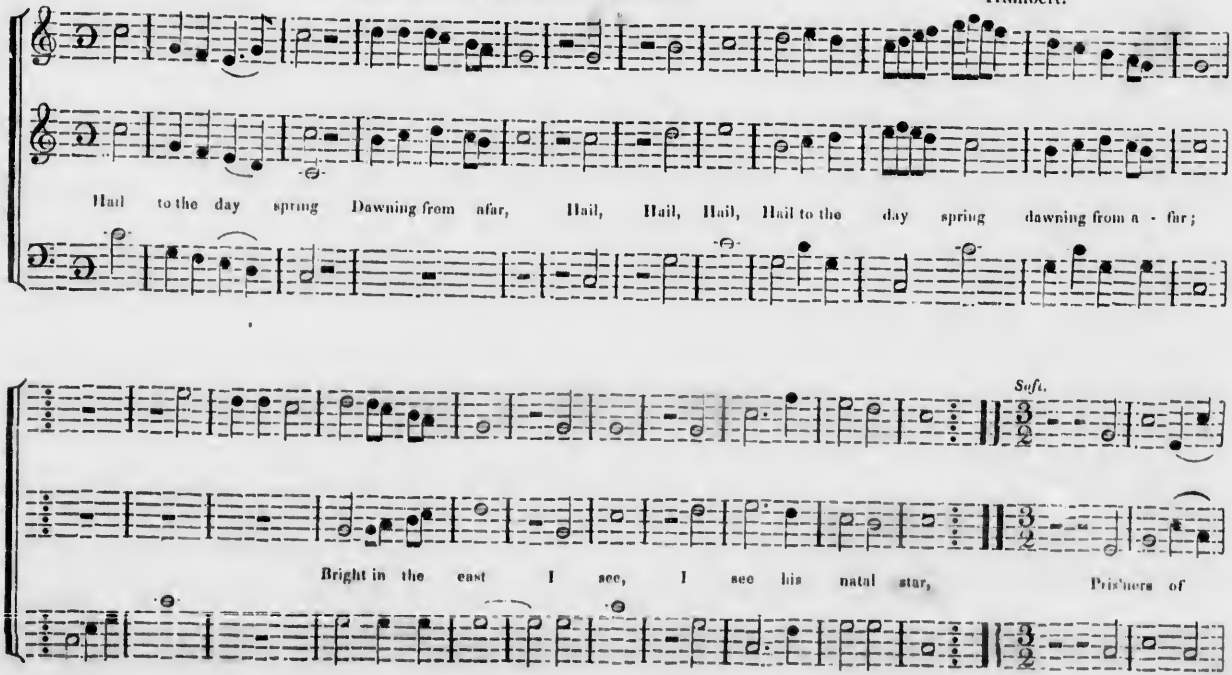
PARADISE. L. M.

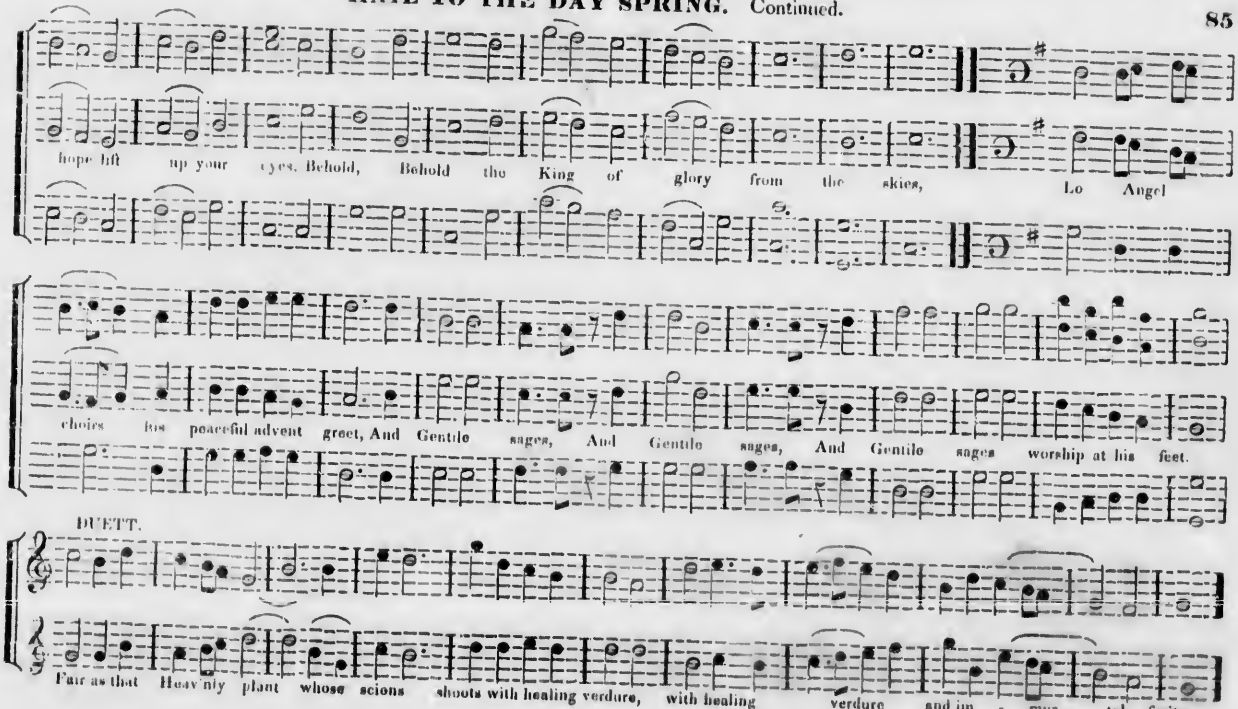
Holden.



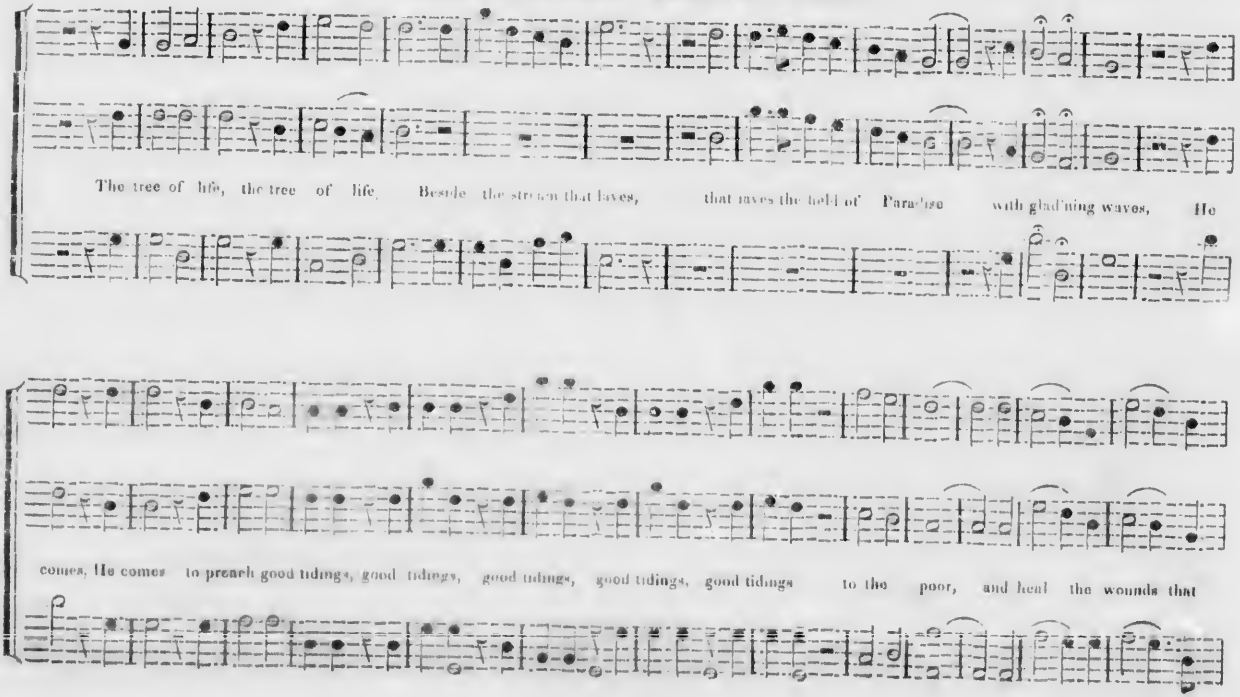
HAIL TO THE DAY SPRING.

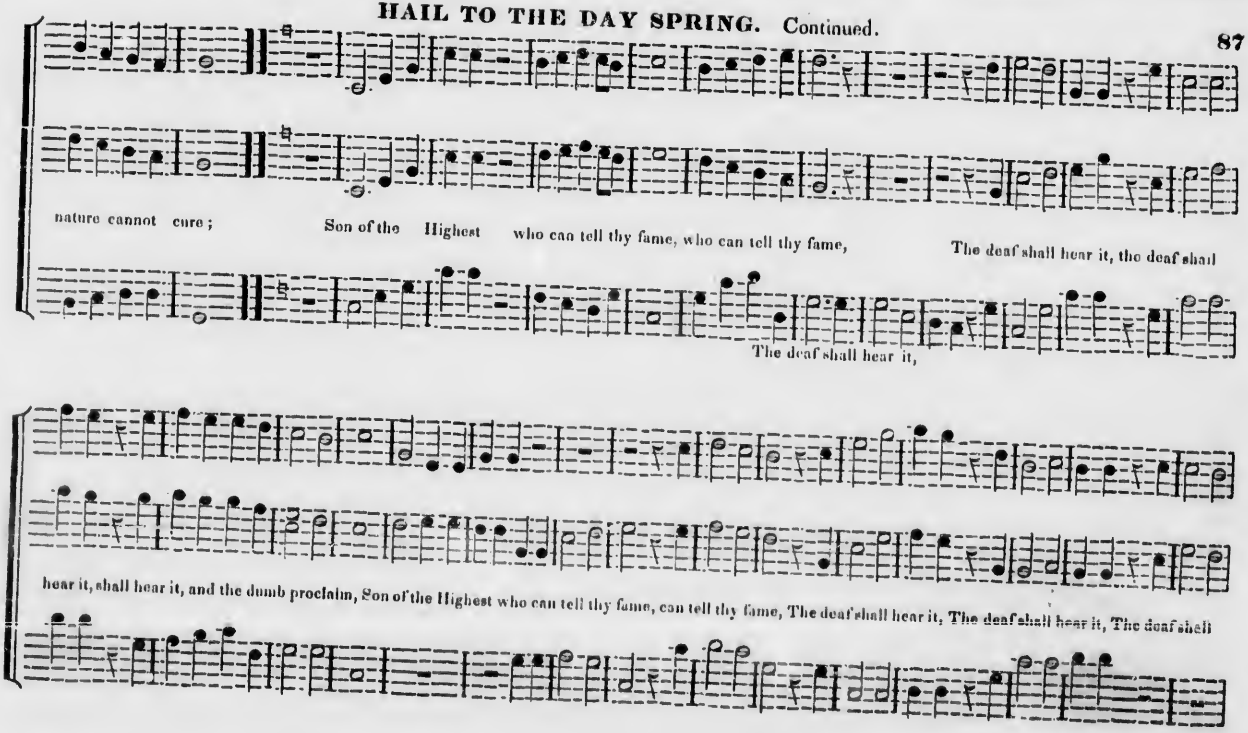
Humbert.



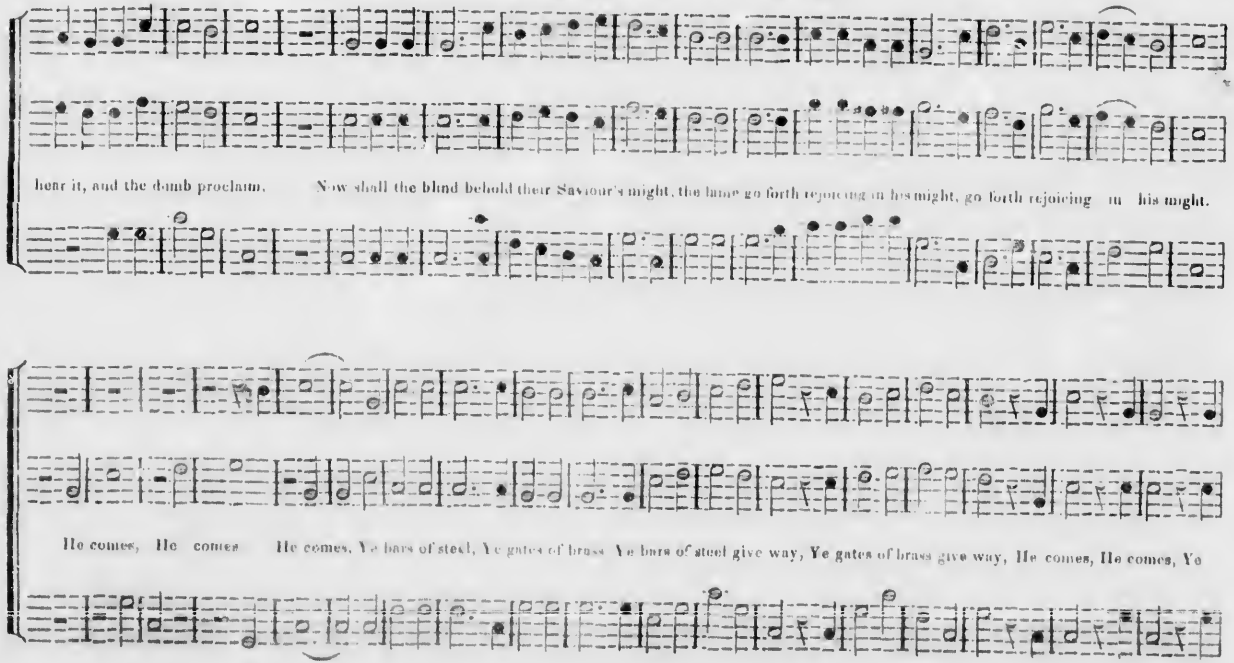

hope lift up your eyes. Behold, Behold the King of glory from the skies, Lo Angel
choirs his peaceful advent greet, And Gentile sages, And Gentile sages, And Gentile sages worship at his feet.
DUETT.
Fair as that Heav'nly plant whose scions shoots with healing verdure, with healing verdure and im - mor - tal fruits.

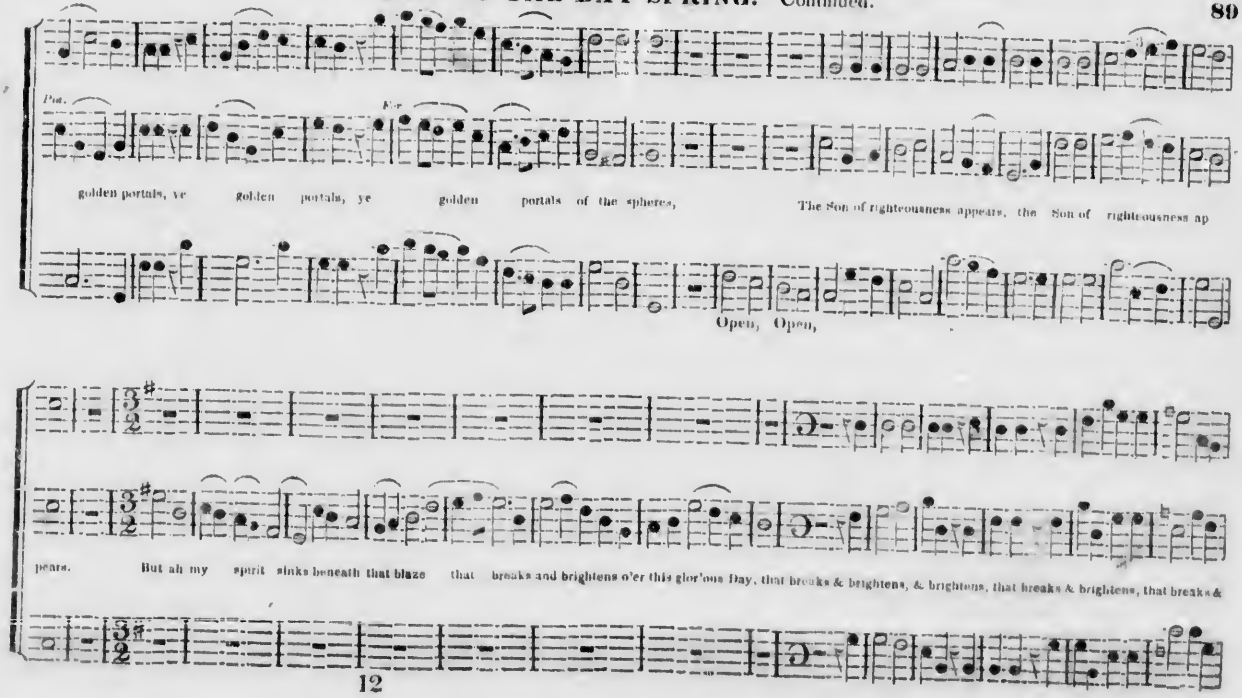
HAIL TO THE DAY SPRING. Continued.



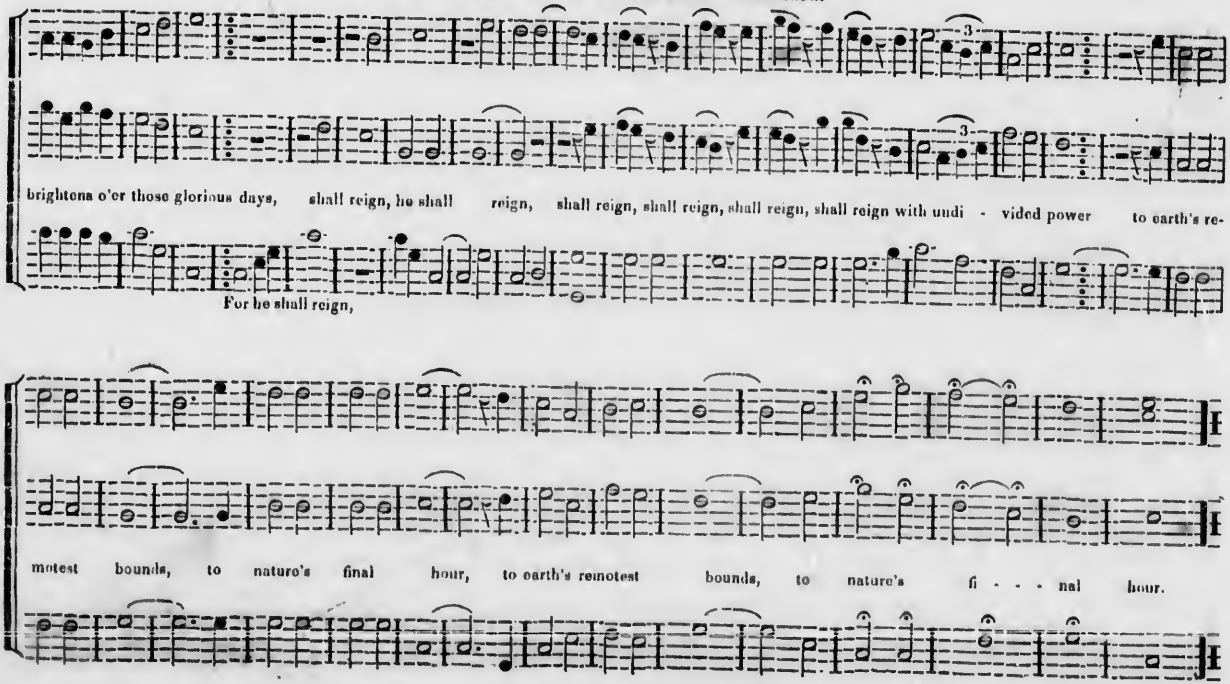

nature cannot cure;
Son of the Highest who can tell thy fame, who can tell thy fame,
The deaf shall hear it, the deaf shall
The deaf shall hear it,
hear it, shall hear it, and the dumb proclaim, Son of the Highest who can tell thy fame, can tell thy fame, The deaf shall hear it, The deaf shall hear it, The deaf shall

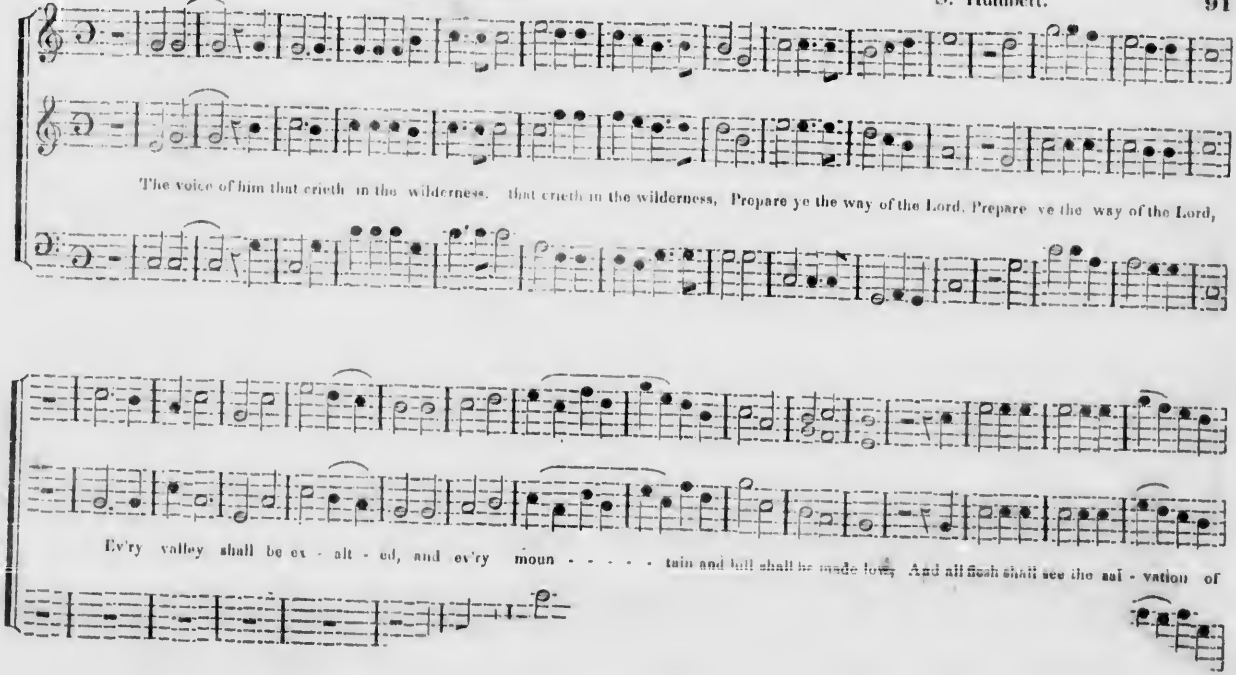
HAIL TO THE DAY SPRING. Continued.

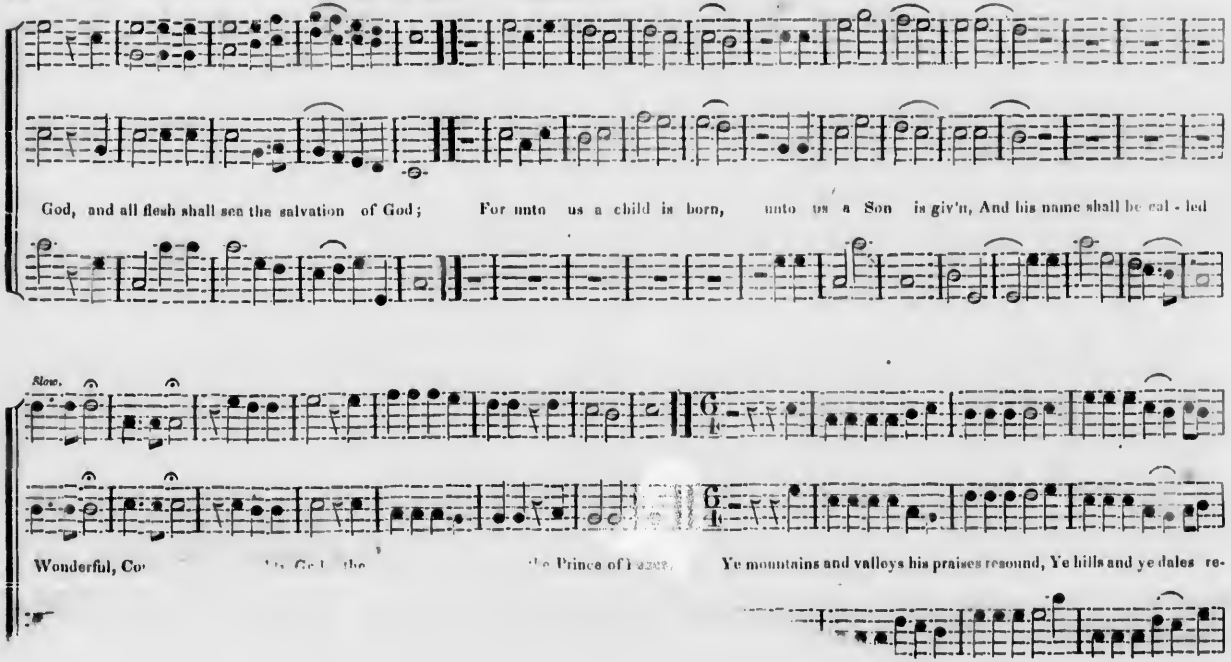


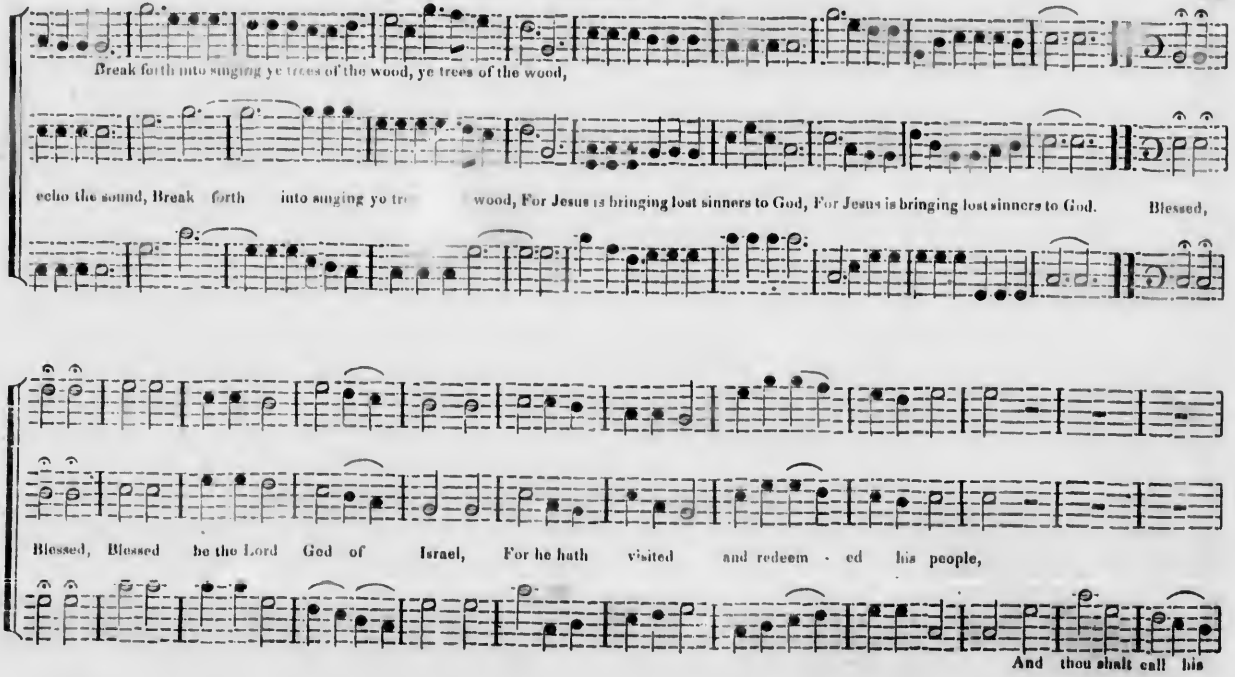

Pia.
For.
golden portals, ye golden portals, ye golden portals of the spheres, The Son of righteousness appears, the Son of righteousness ap
Open, Open,
pears. But ah my spirit sinks beneath that blaze that breaks and brightens o'er this glor'ous Day, that breaks & brightens, & brightens, that breaks & brightens, that breaks &

HAIL TO THE DAY SPRING. Continued.

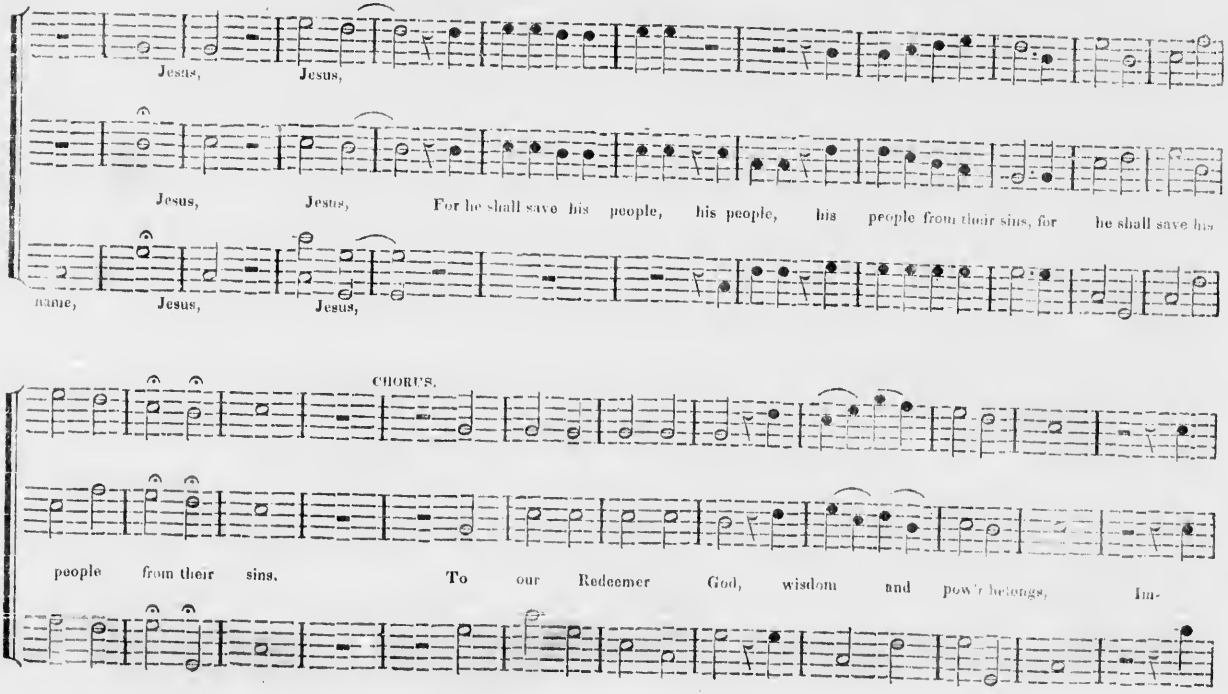



The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
Ev'ry valley shall be ex - alt - ed, and ev'ry moun - - - - - tain and hill shall be made low, And all flesh shall see the sal - vation of

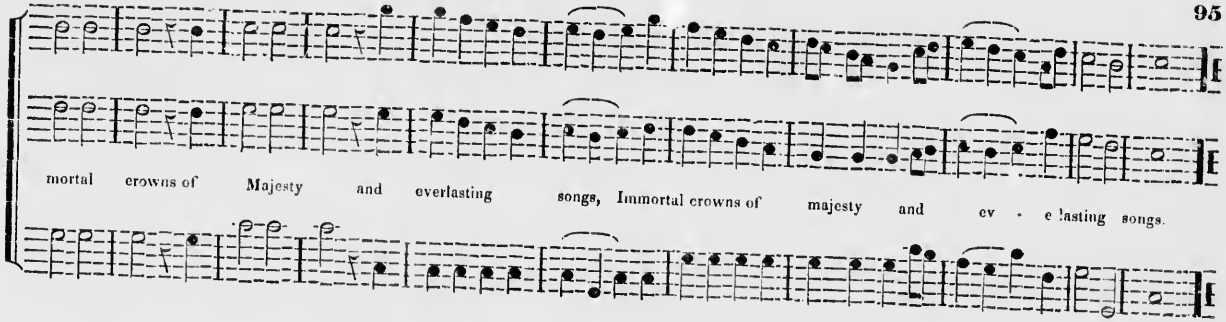

God, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God; For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is giv'n, And his name shall be cal - led
Slow.
Wonderful, Co
the Prince of
Ye mountains and valleys his praises resound, Ye hills and ye dales re-


Break forth into singing ye trees of the wood, ye trees of the wood,
echo the sound, Break forth into singing yo tr wood, For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God, For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God. Blessed,
Blessed, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, For he hath visited and redeem - ed his people,
And thou shalt call his

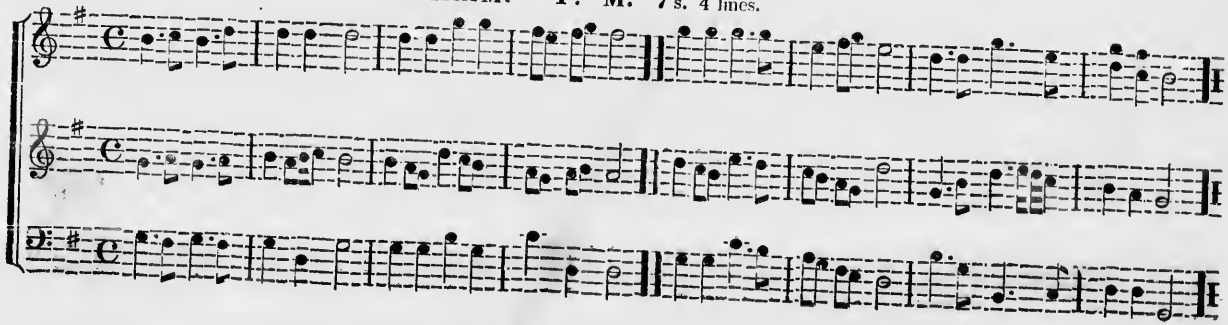
WATERLOO. Continued.



WATERLOO. Continued.

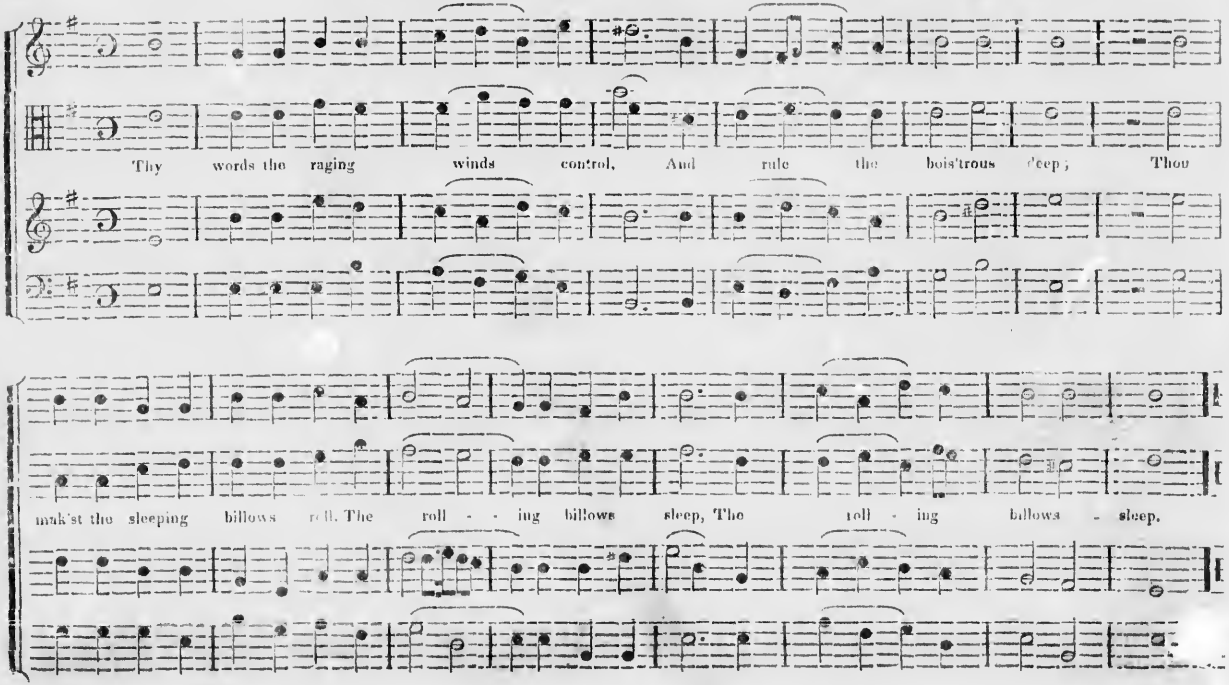


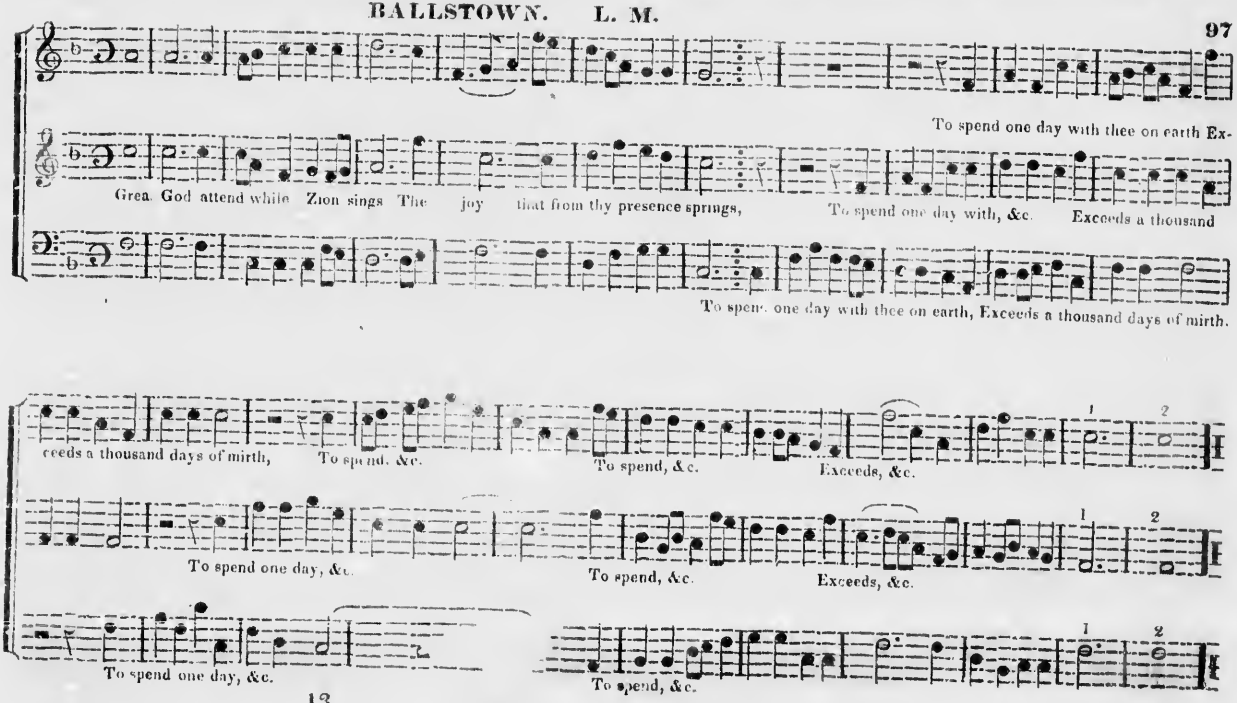
COOKHAM. P. M. 7's. 4 lines.

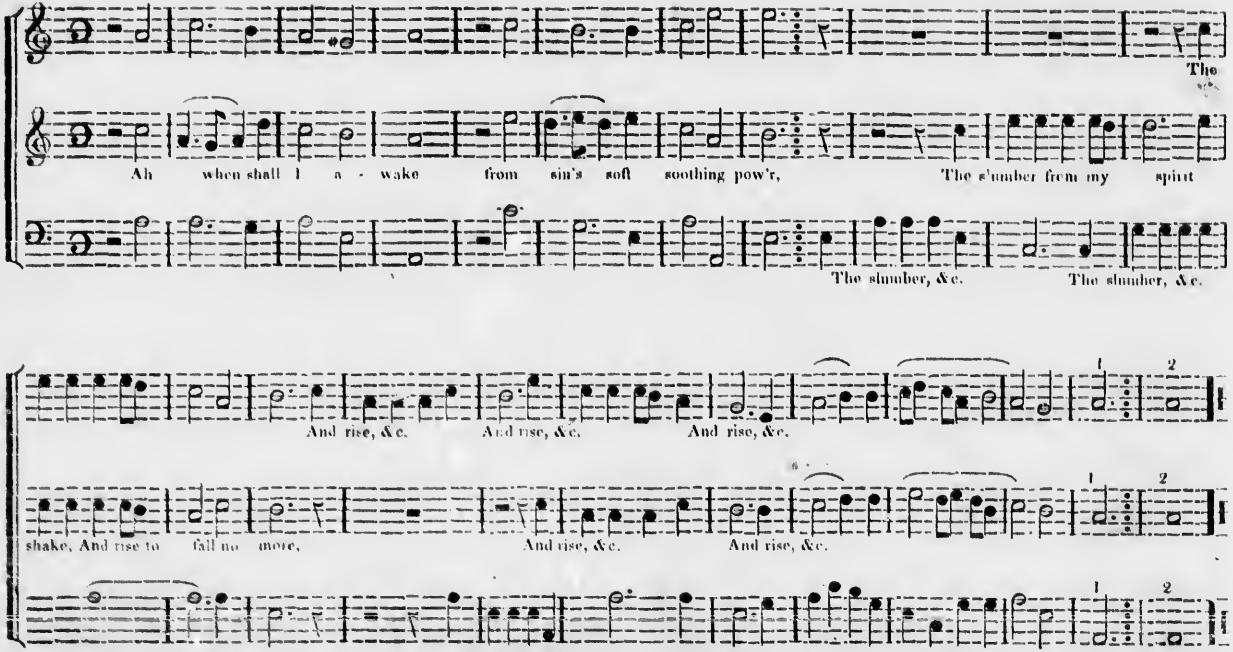


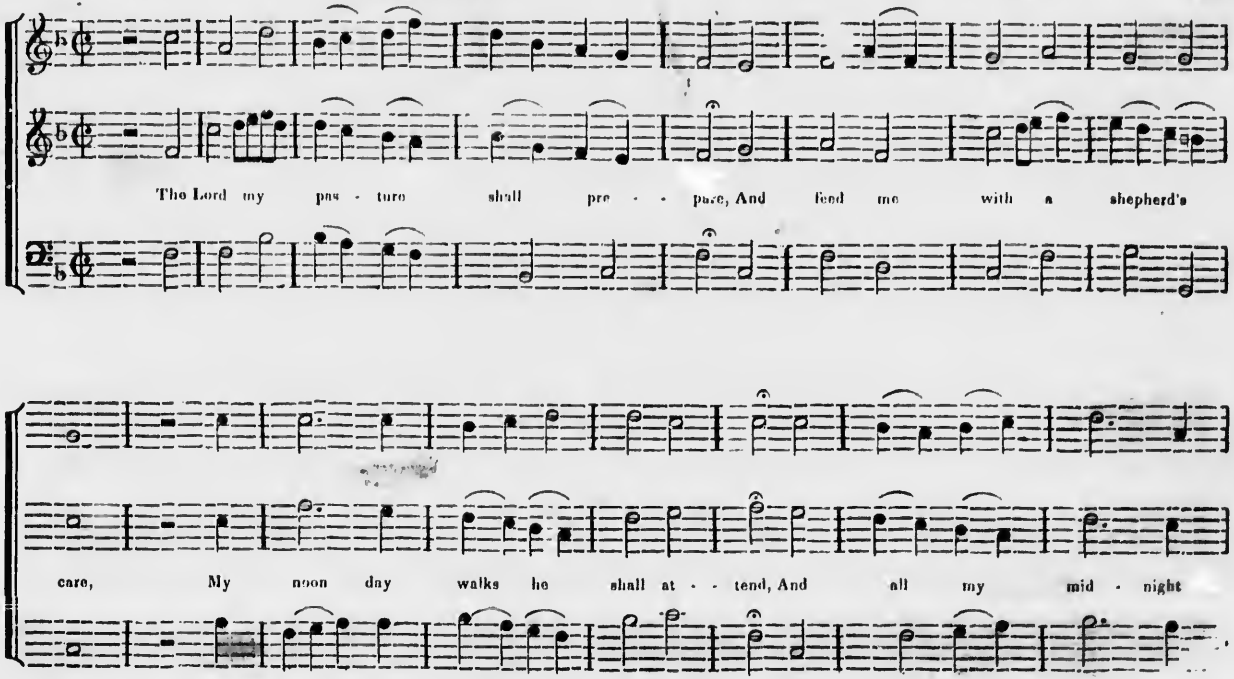
VIRGINIA. C. M.

Brownson.

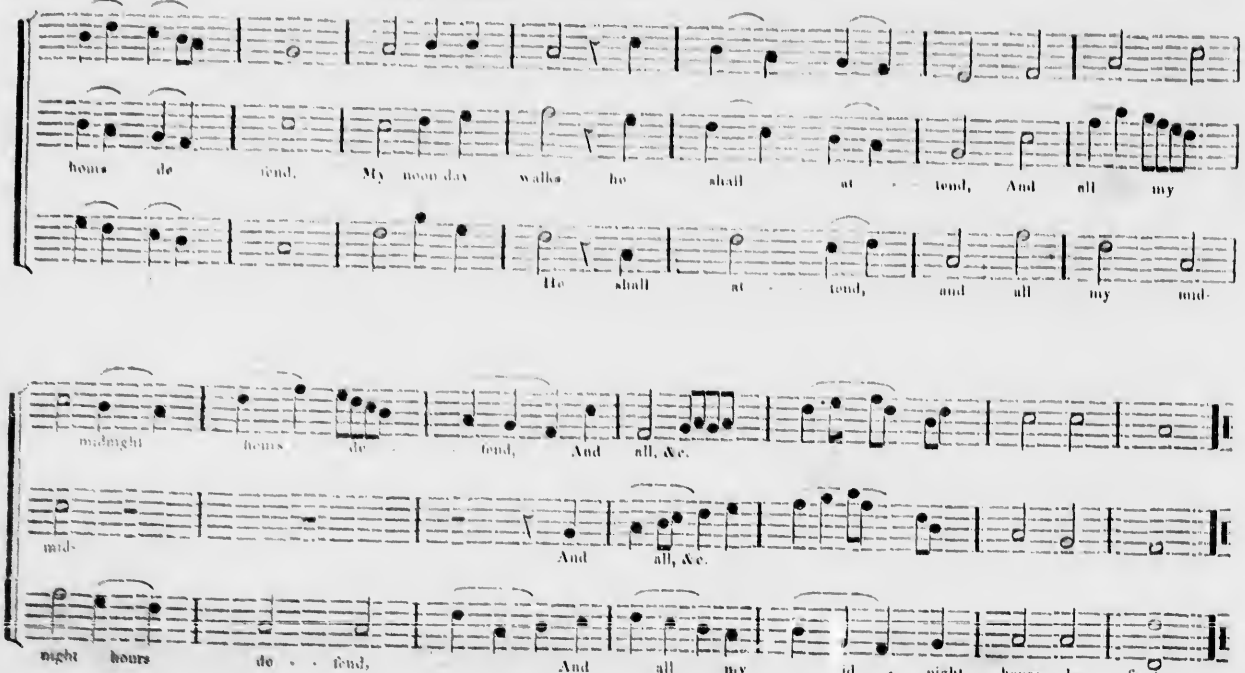


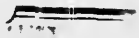

To spend one day with thee on earth Ex-
Grea God attend while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs,
To spend one day with, &c.
Exceeds a thousand
To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
ceeds a thousand days of mirth,
To spend, &c.
To spend, &c.
Exceeds, &c.
1
2
To spend one day, &c.
To spend, &c.
Exceeds, &c.
To spend one day, &c.
To spend, &c.

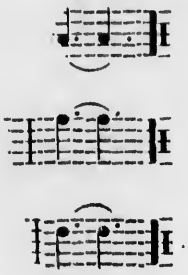

The
Ah when shall I a - wake from sin's soft soothing pow'r, The slumber from my spirit
The slumber, &c. The slumber, &c.
And rise, &c. And rise, &c. And rise, &c.
shake, And rise to fall no more, And rise, &c. And rise, &c.
spir - it, &c. And rise to fall no more, no more, And rise, &c. And, &c.


The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's
care, My noon day walks he shall at - - tend, And all my mid - night

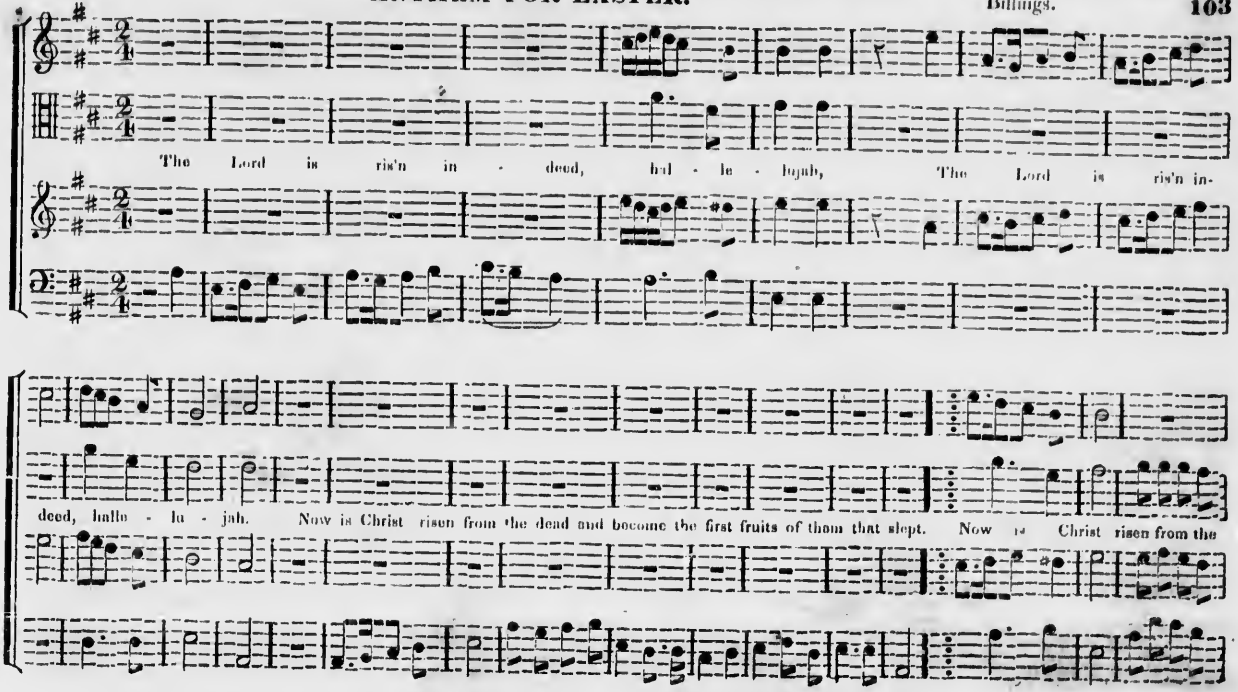
PASTORAL. Continued.

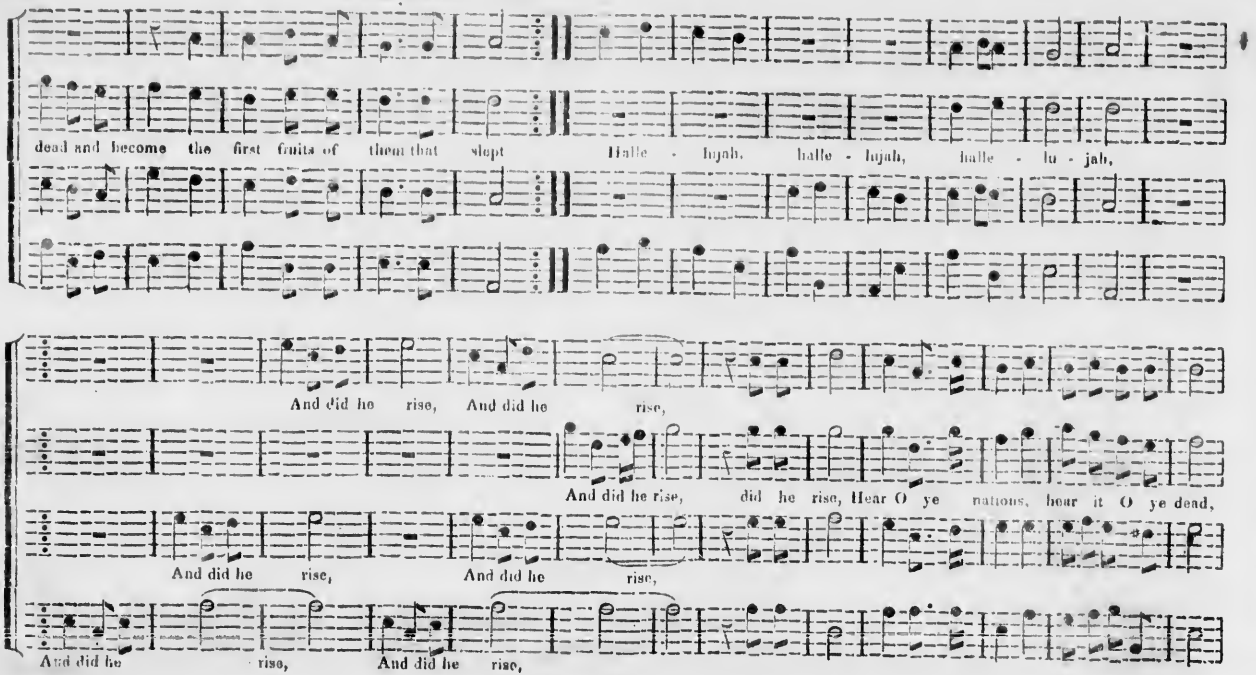


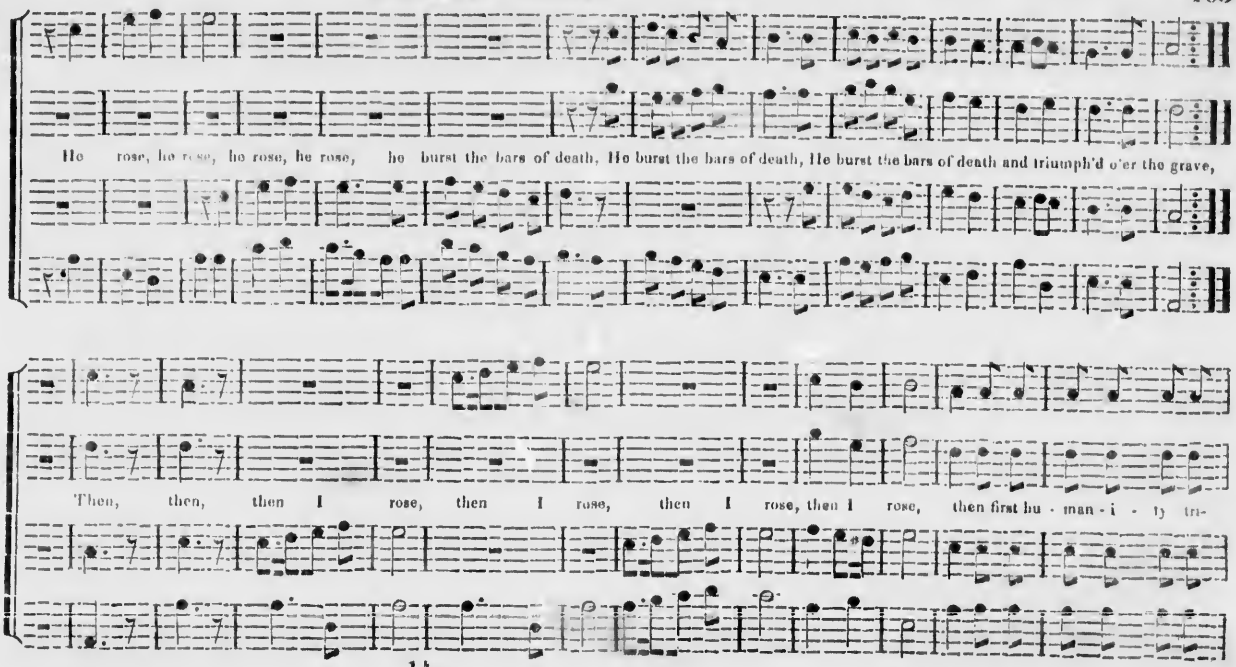




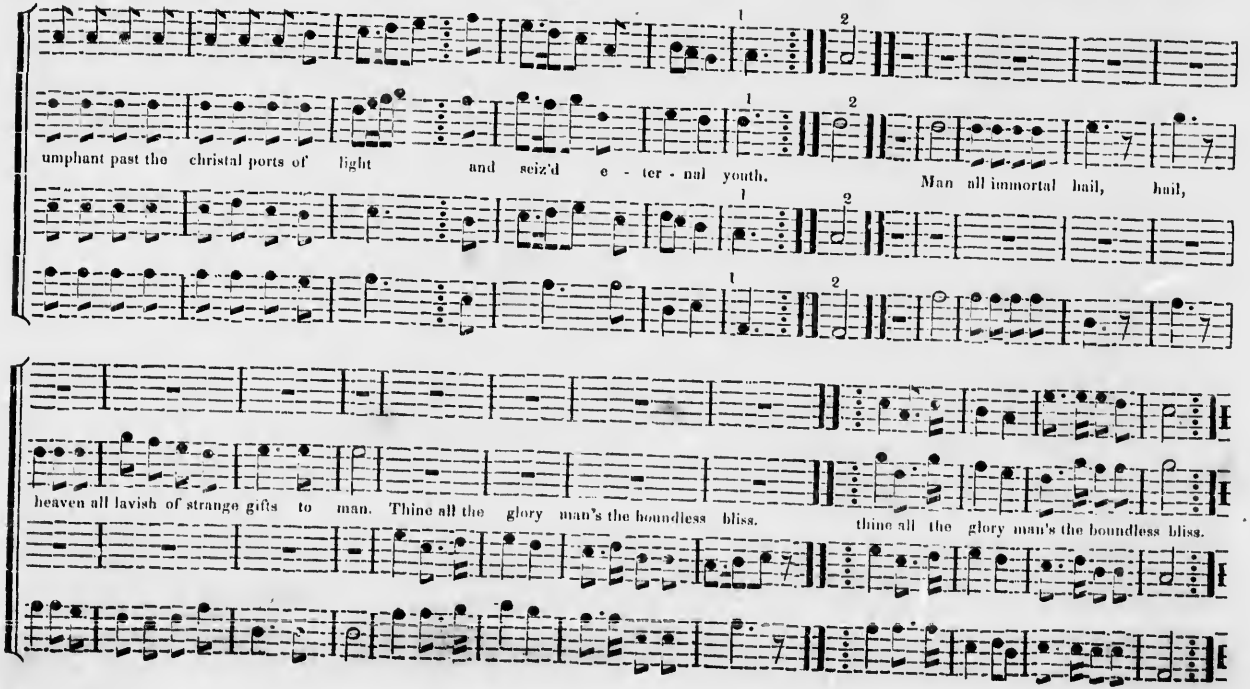
y,
voll!


The Lord is ris'n in - deed, hal - le - lujah, The Lord is ris'n in-
deed, hallo - lu - jah. Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ risen from the

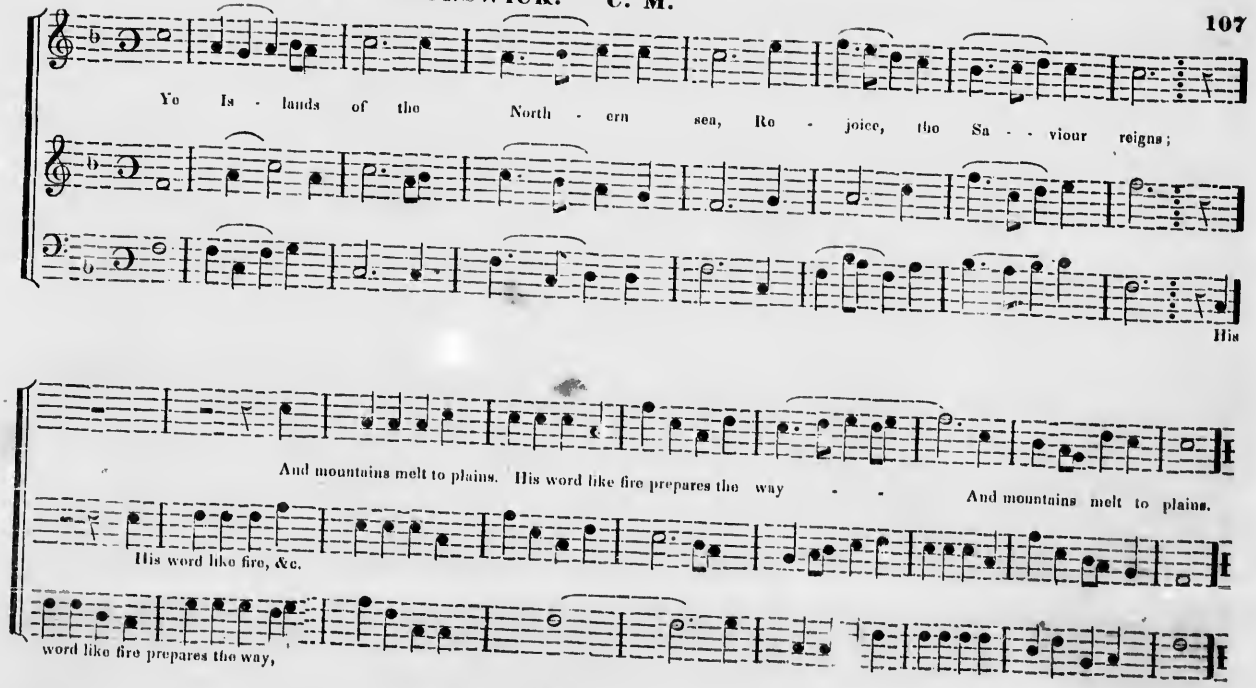

dead and become the first fruits of them that slept Halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lu - jah,
And did he rise, And did he rise,
And did he rise, did he rise, Hear O ye nations, hear it O ye dead,
And did he rise, And did he rise,
And did he rise, And did he rise,


He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, he burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death and triumph'd o'er the grave,
Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then first hu - man - i - ty tri-

ANTHEM. Continued.

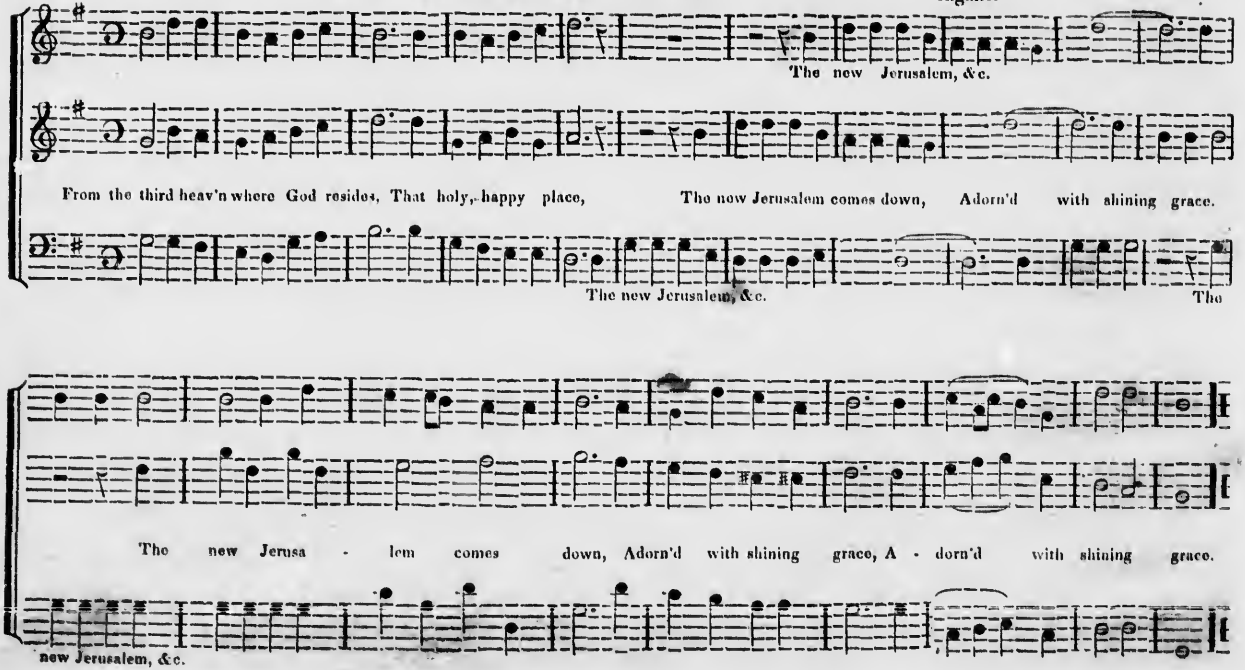


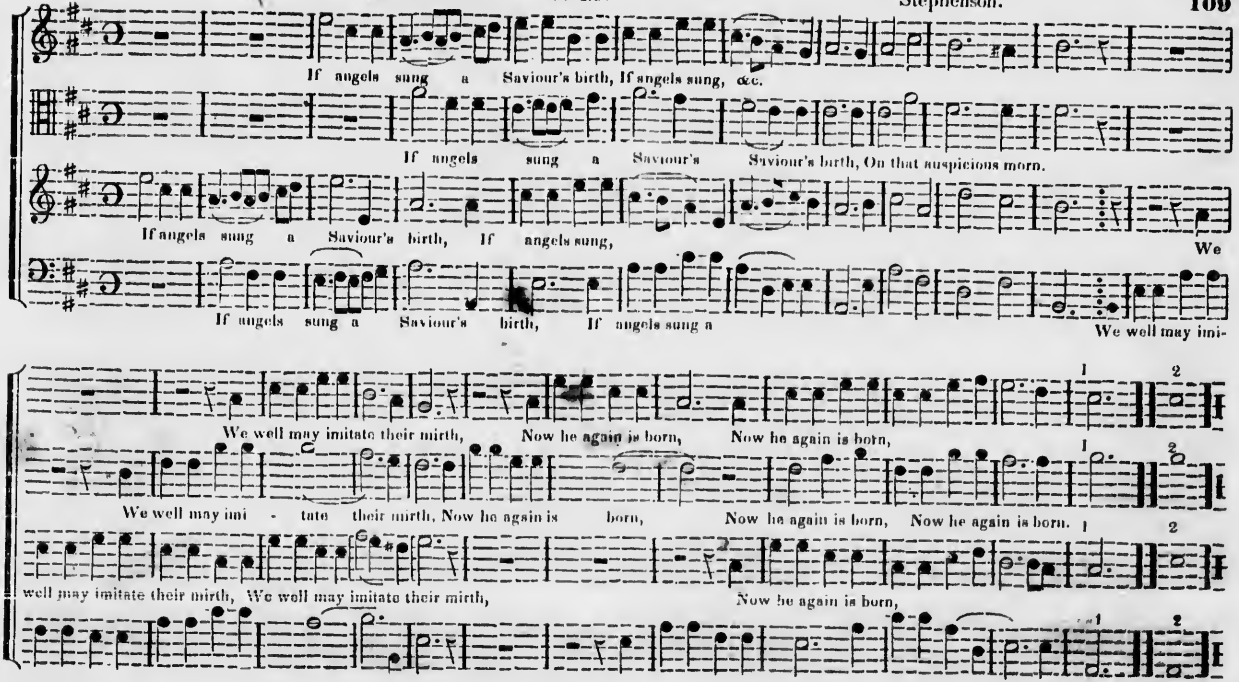
BRUNSWICK. C. M.



NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

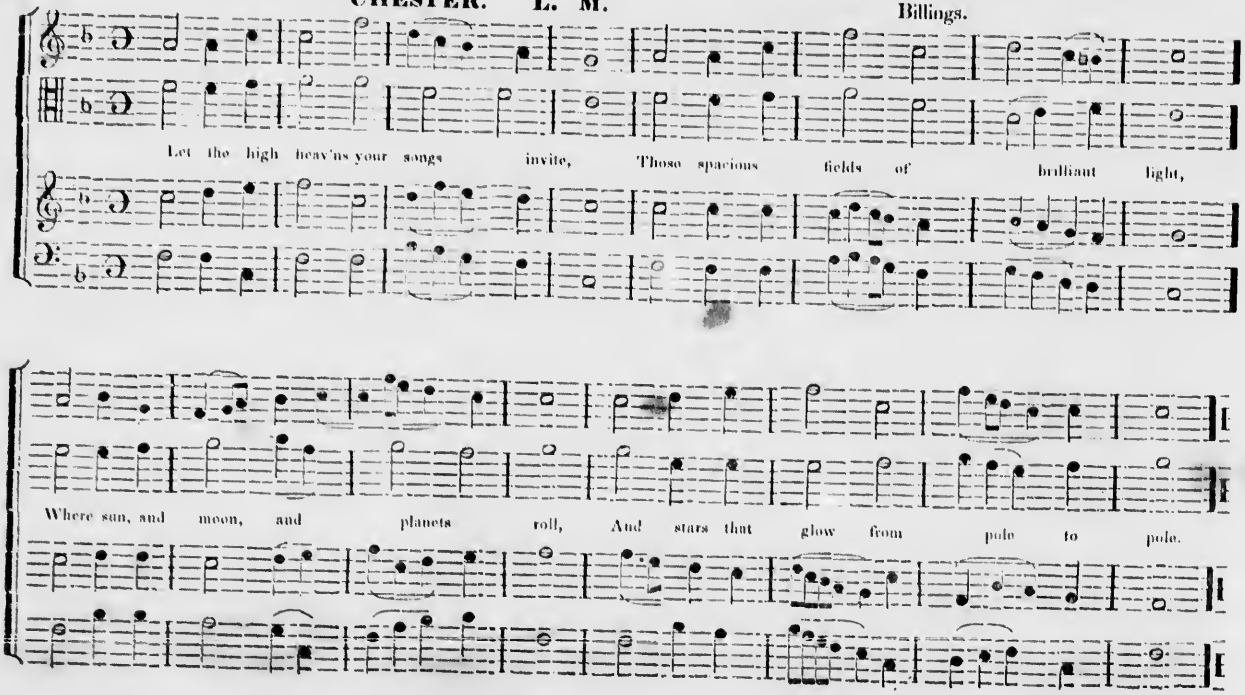
Ingalls.




If angels sung a Saviour's birth, If angels sung, &c.
If angels sung a Saviour's Saviour's birth, On that auspicious morn.
If angels sung a Saviour's birth, If angels sung,
We
If angels sung a Saviour's birth, If angels sung a
We well may imi-
We well may imitate their mirth, Now he again is born, Now he again is born,
We well may imi - tate their mirth, Now he again is born, Now he again is born, Now he again is born.
well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth,
Now he again is born,

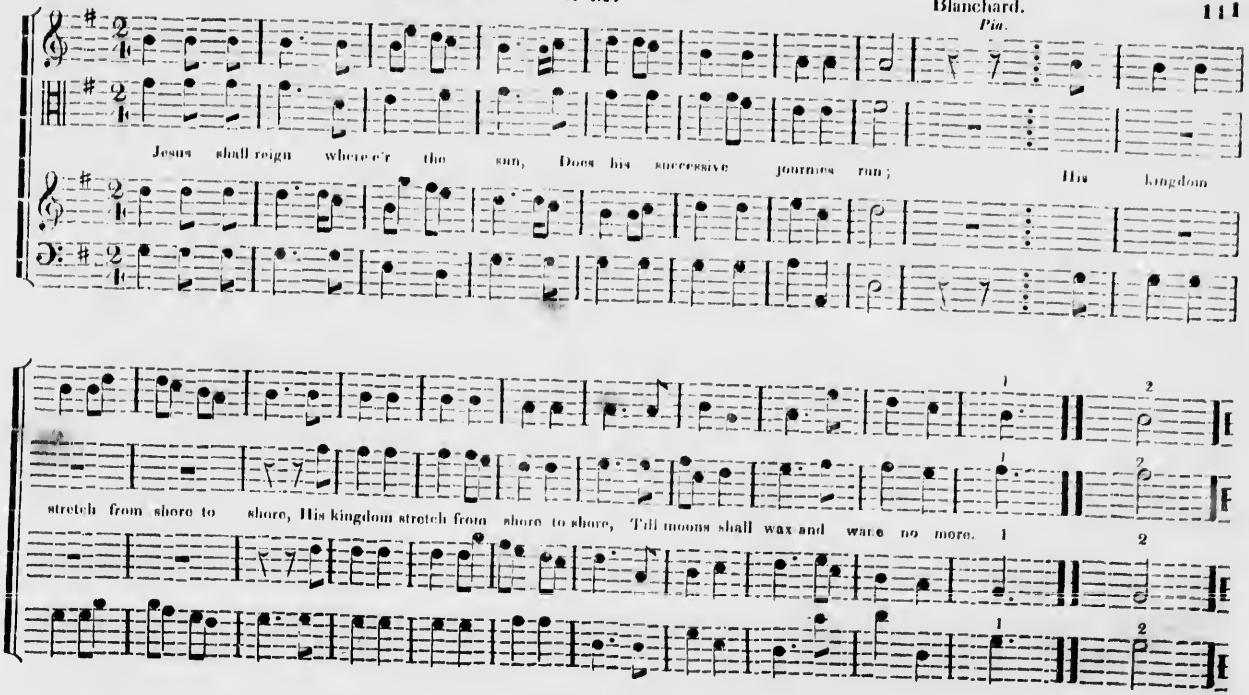
CHESTER. L. M.

Billings.



CORINTH. L. M.

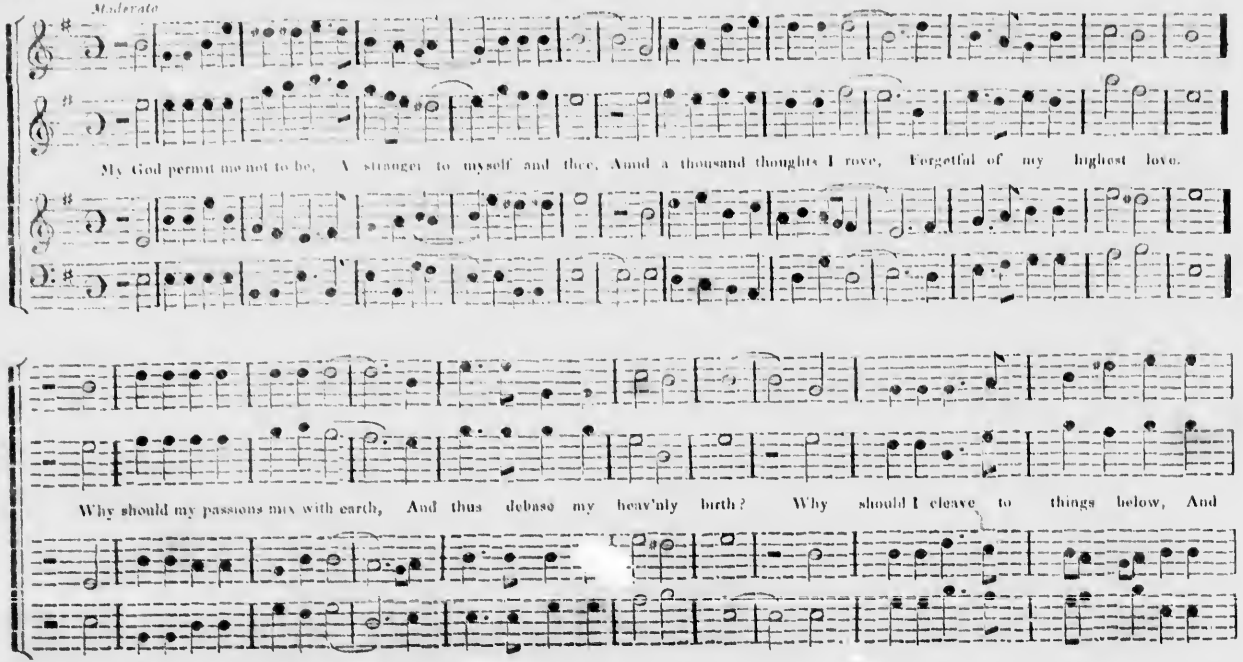
Blanchard.
Pia.

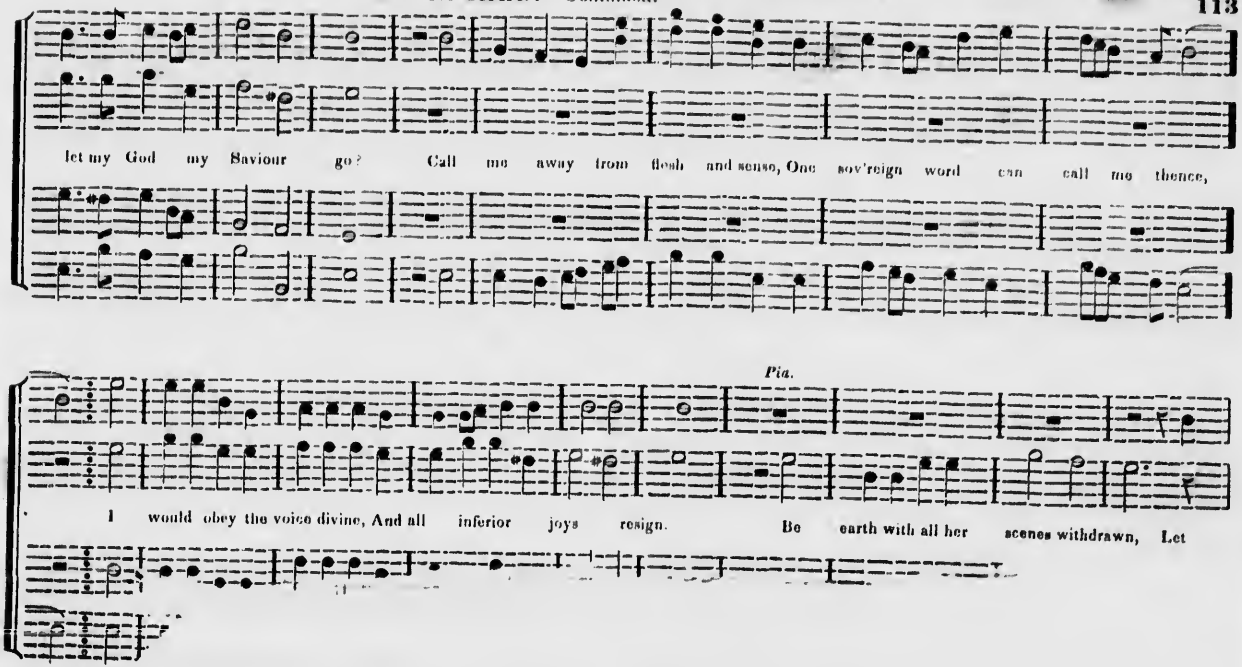


LYNNFIELD. L. M.

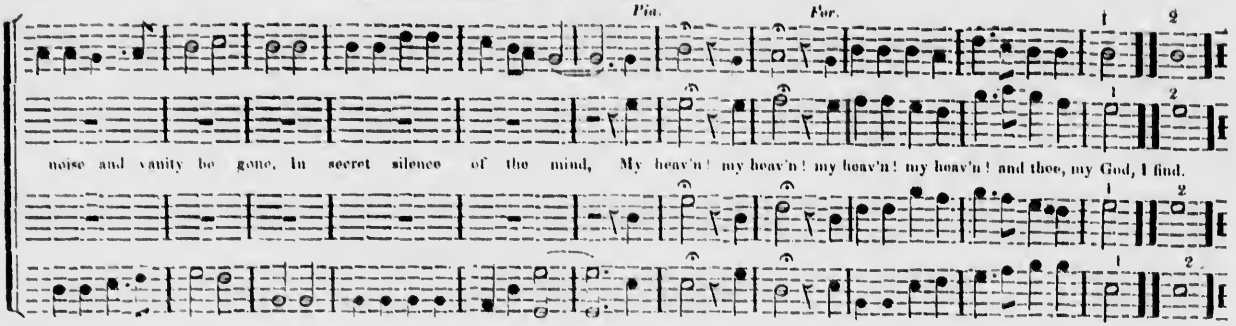
Holden.

Moderate



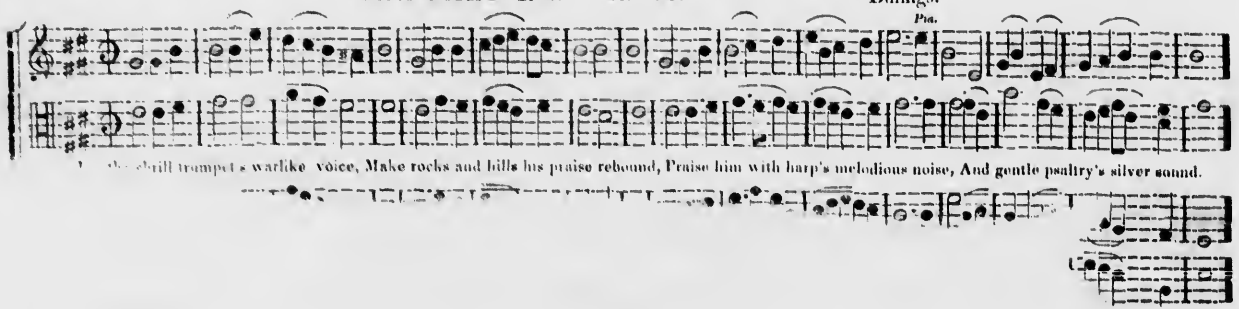

let my God my Saviour go? Call me away from flesh and sense, One sov'reign word can call me thence,
Pia.
I would obey the voice divine, And all inferior joys resign. Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn, Let

LYNNFIELD. Continued.

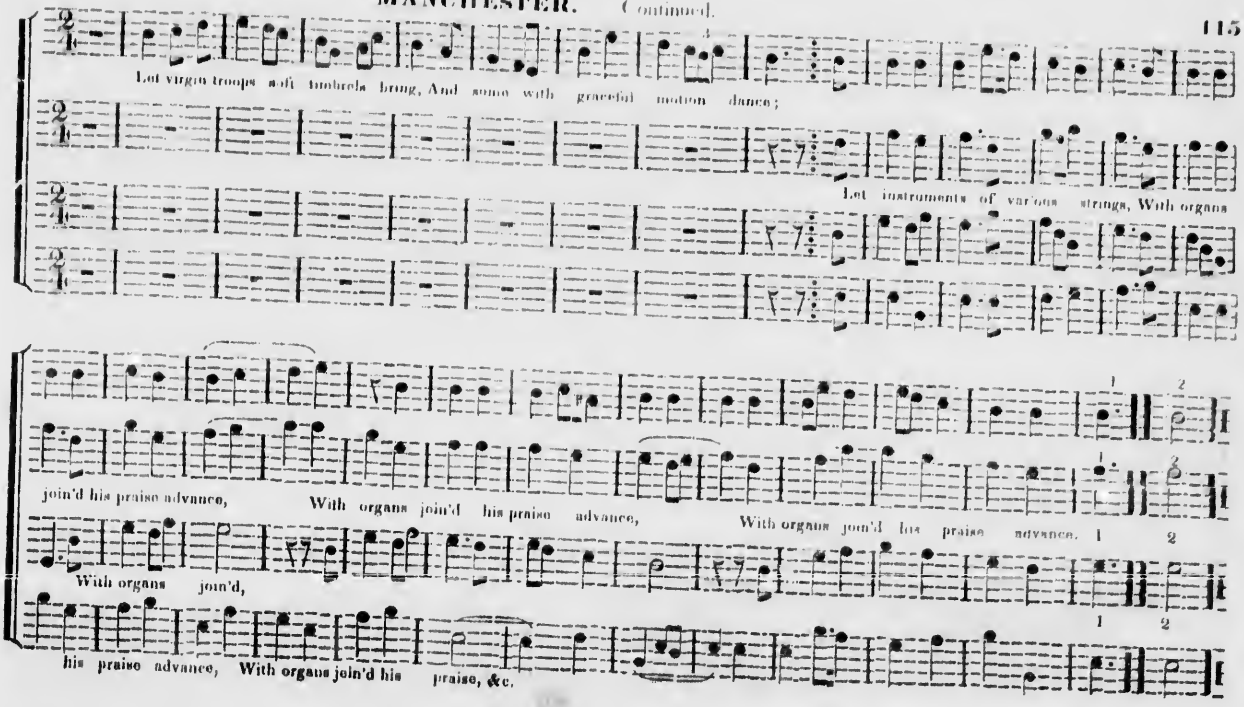


MANCHESTER. L. M.

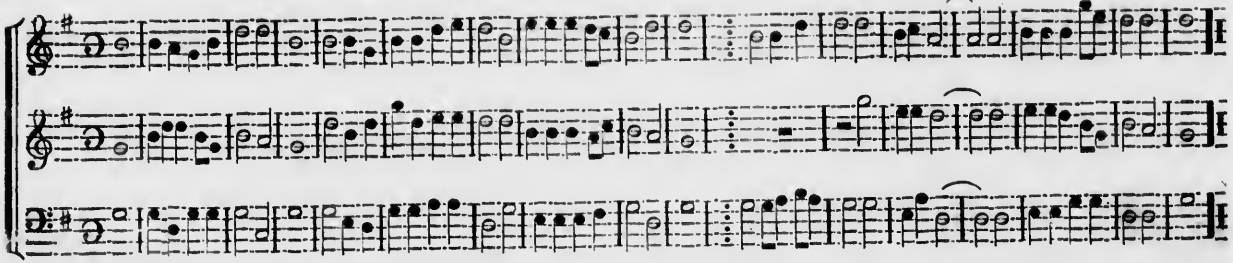
Billings.



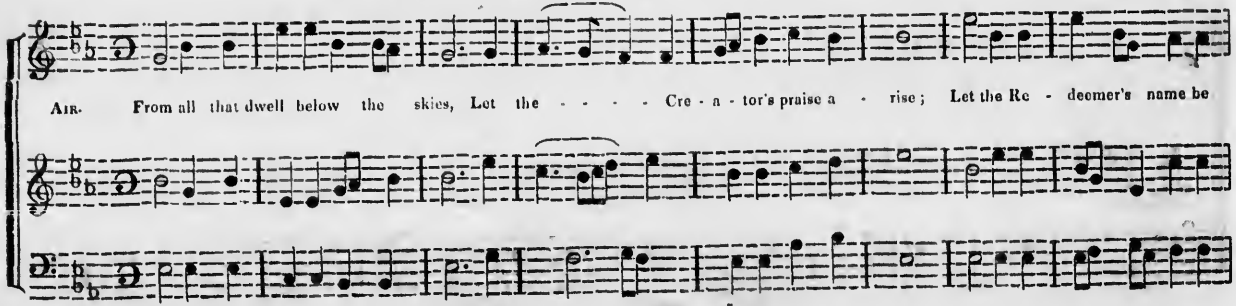
MANCHESTER. Continued.

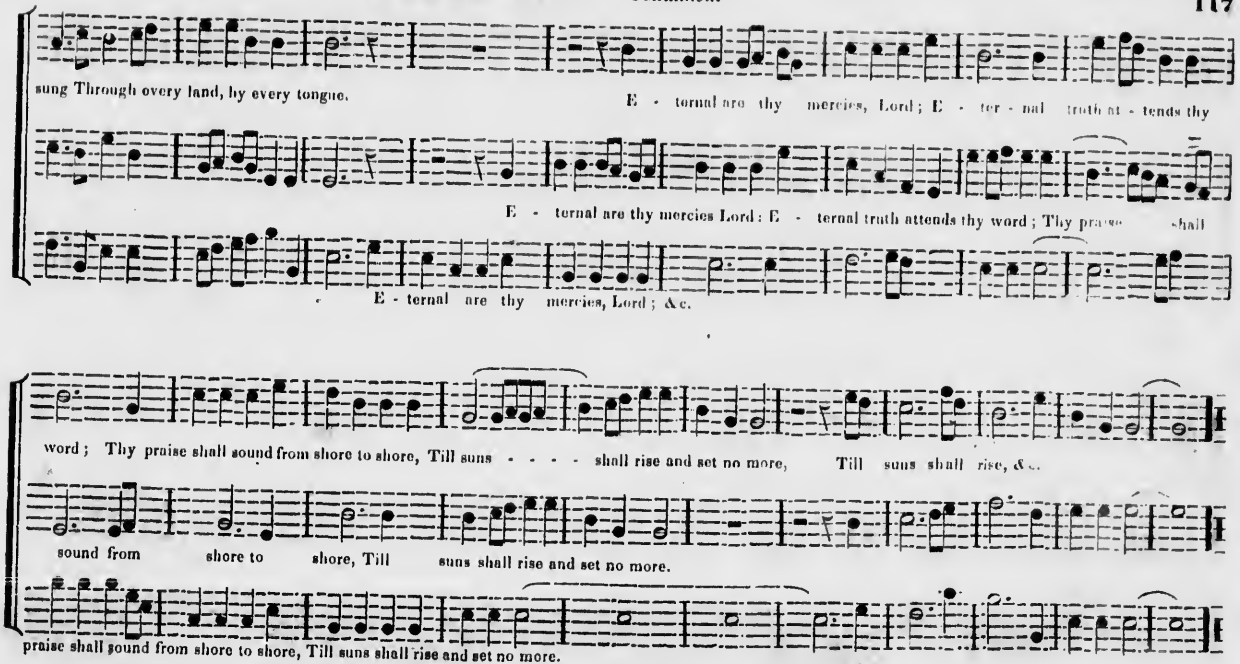


ZION. L. M.

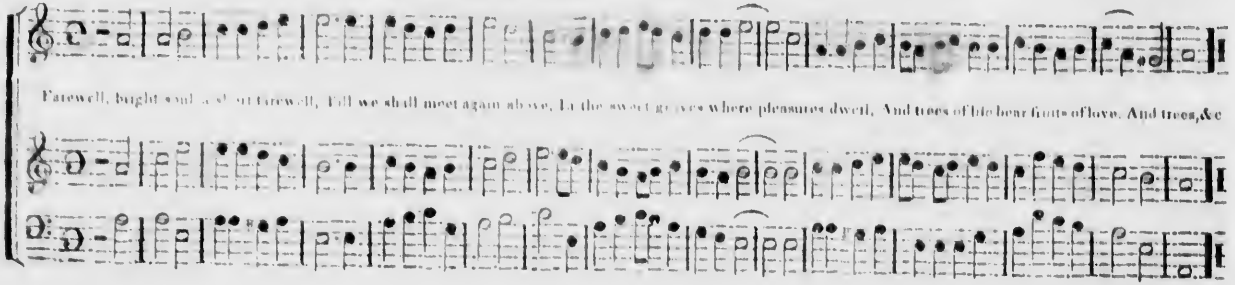


SCHENECTADY. L. M.

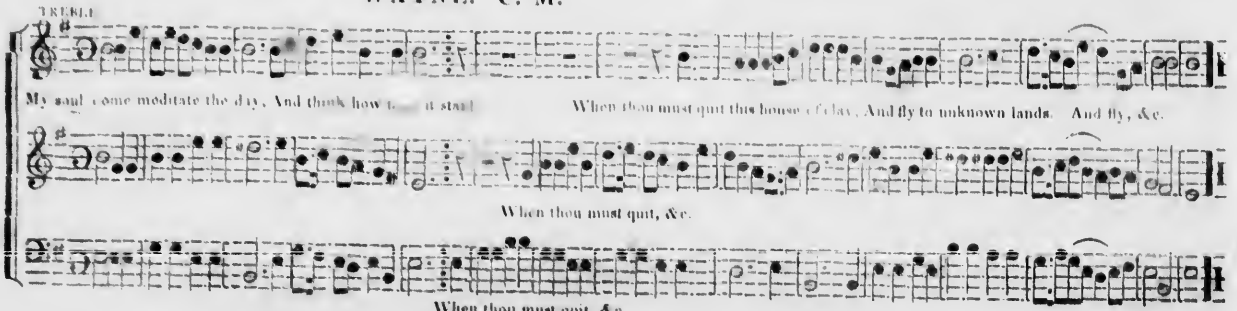



sung Through every land, by every tongue.
E - ternal are thy mercies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy
E - ternal are thy mercies Lord: E - ternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall
E - ternal are thy mercies, Lord; &c.
word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns - - - - shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise, &c.
sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

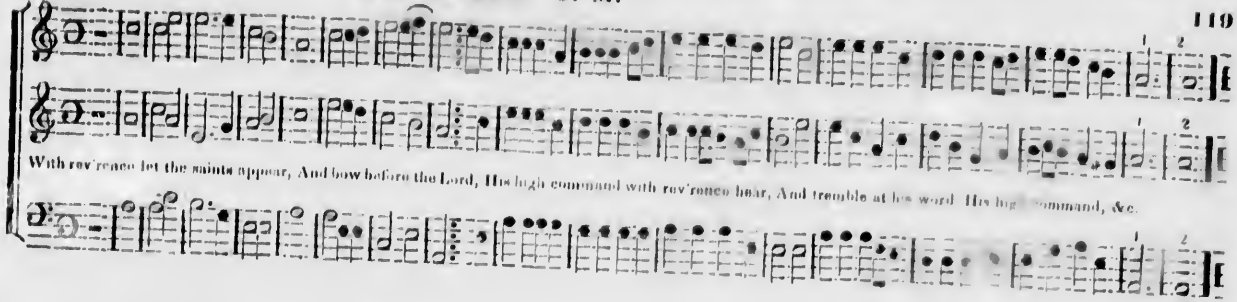
ACTON. L. M.



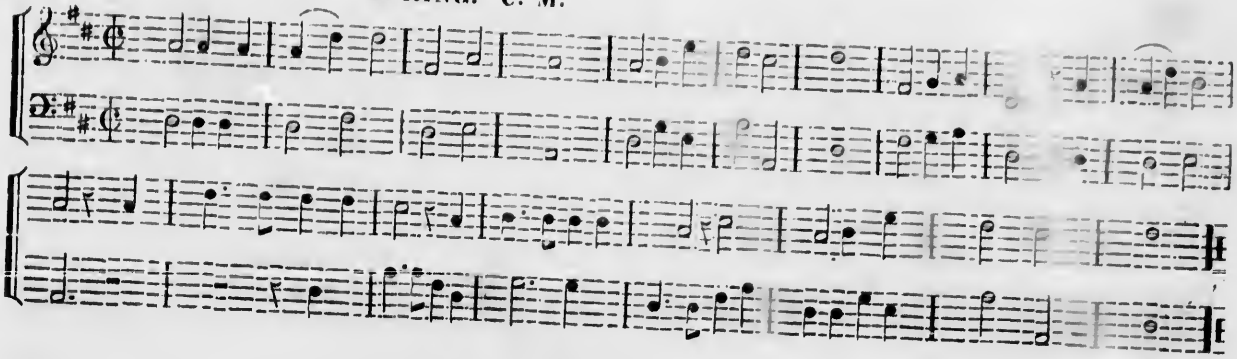
WAYNE. C. M.



FAIRFIELD. C. M.

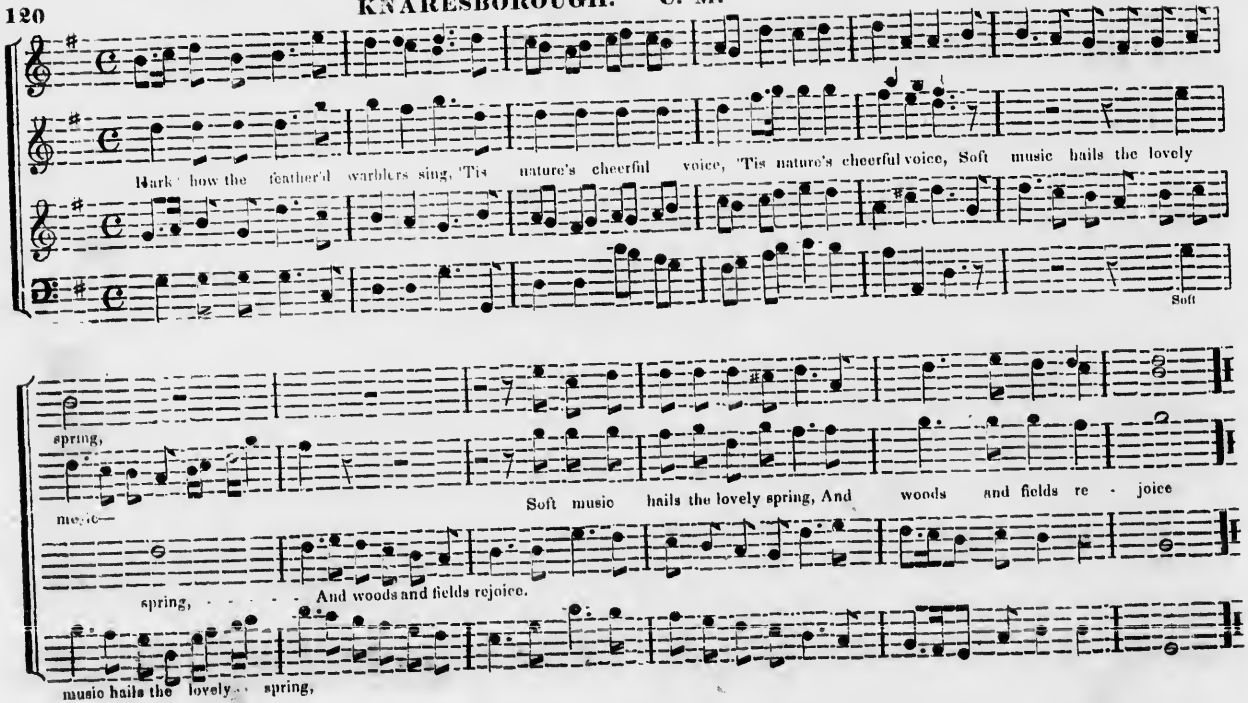


SPRING. C. M.

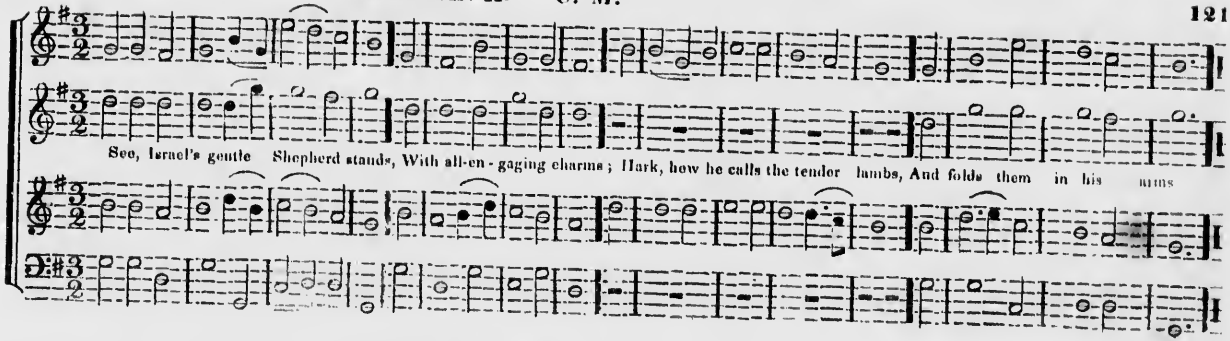


KNARESBOROUGH. C. M.

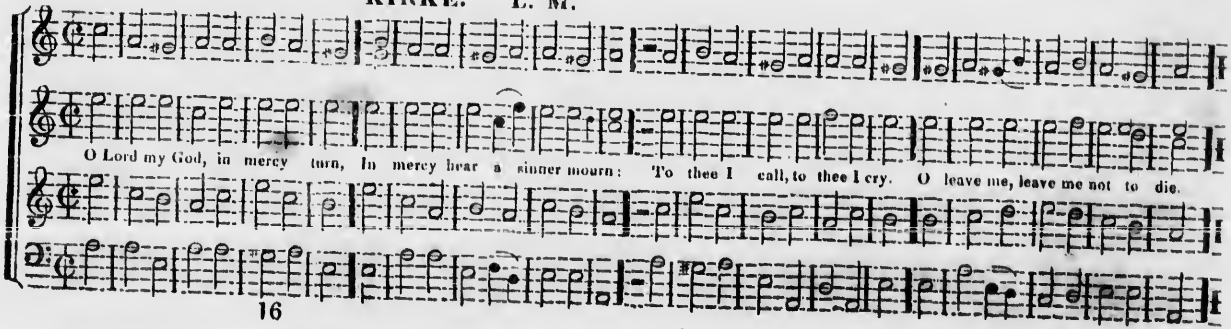
Leach.



NAZARETH. C. M.

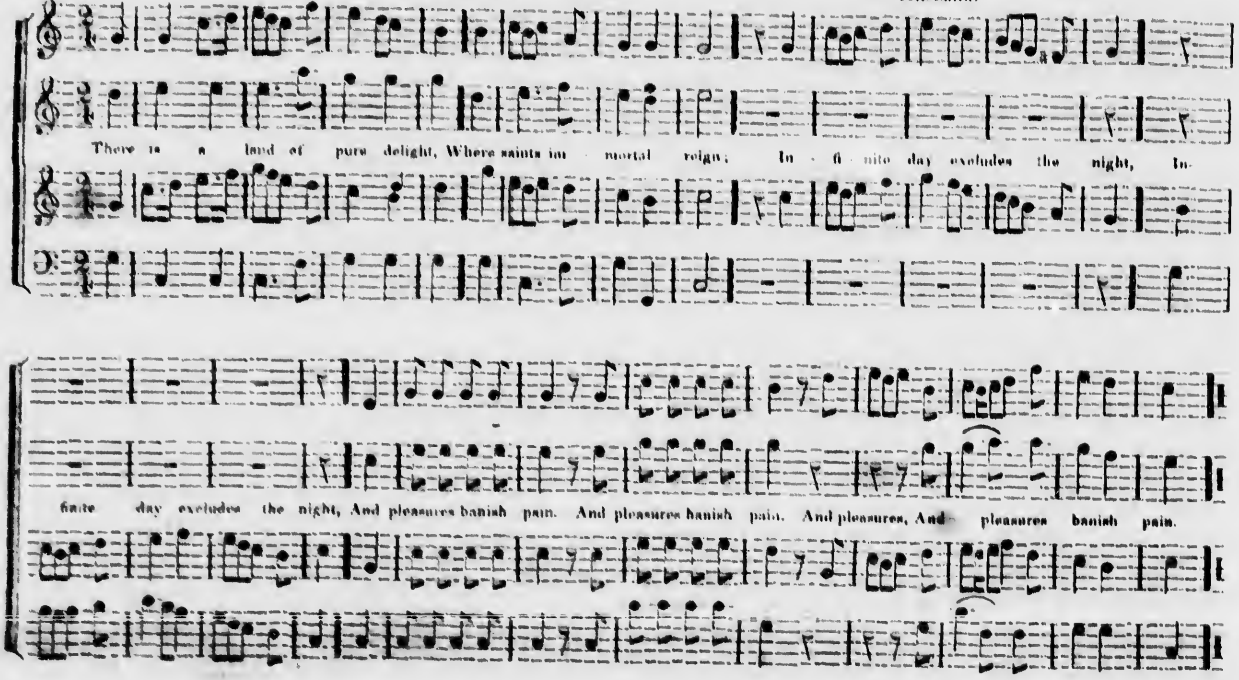


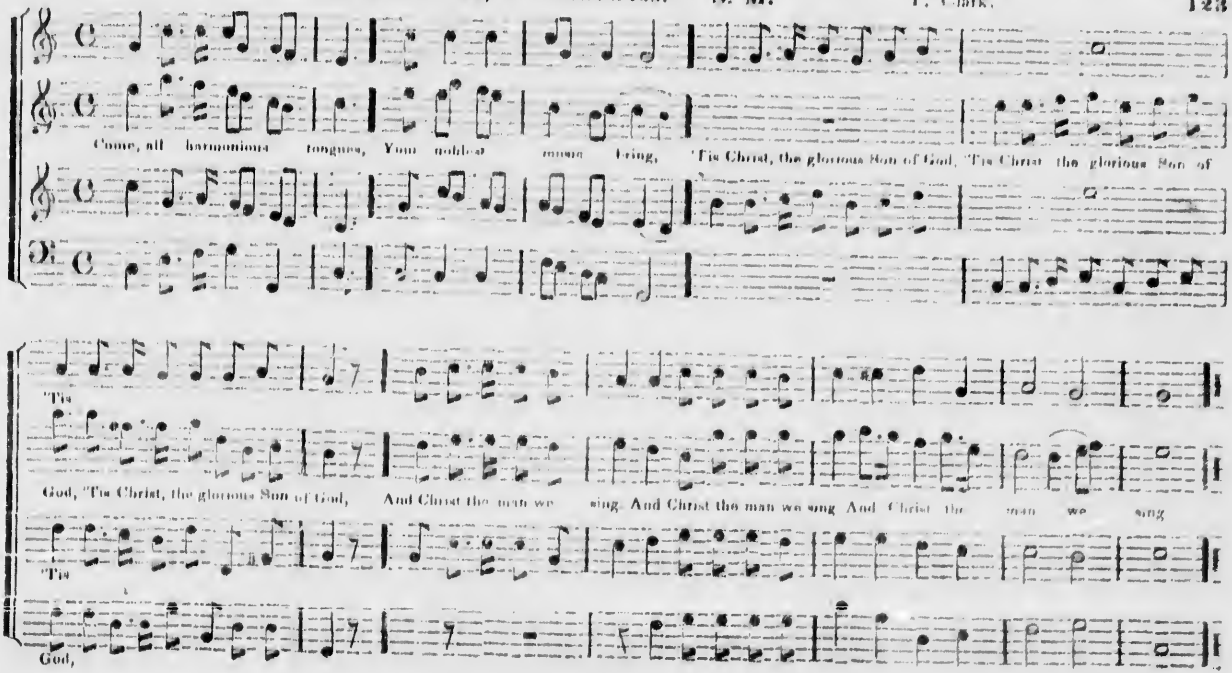
KIRKE. L. M.



TISBURY. C. M.

Husband.

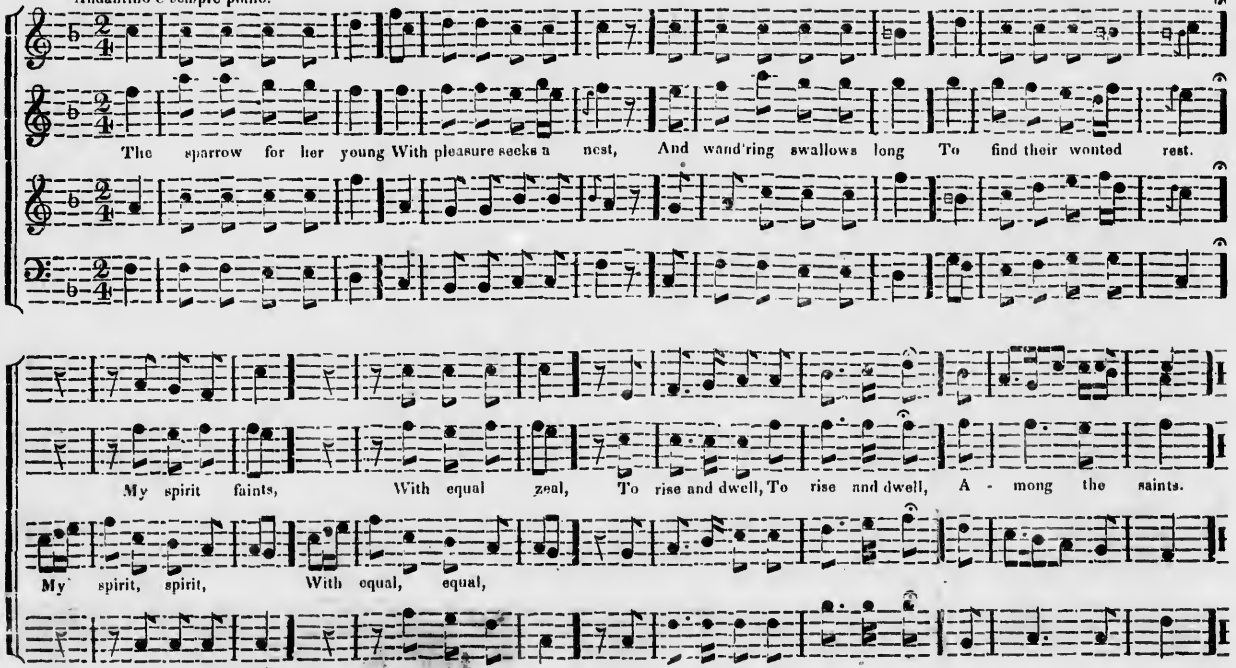


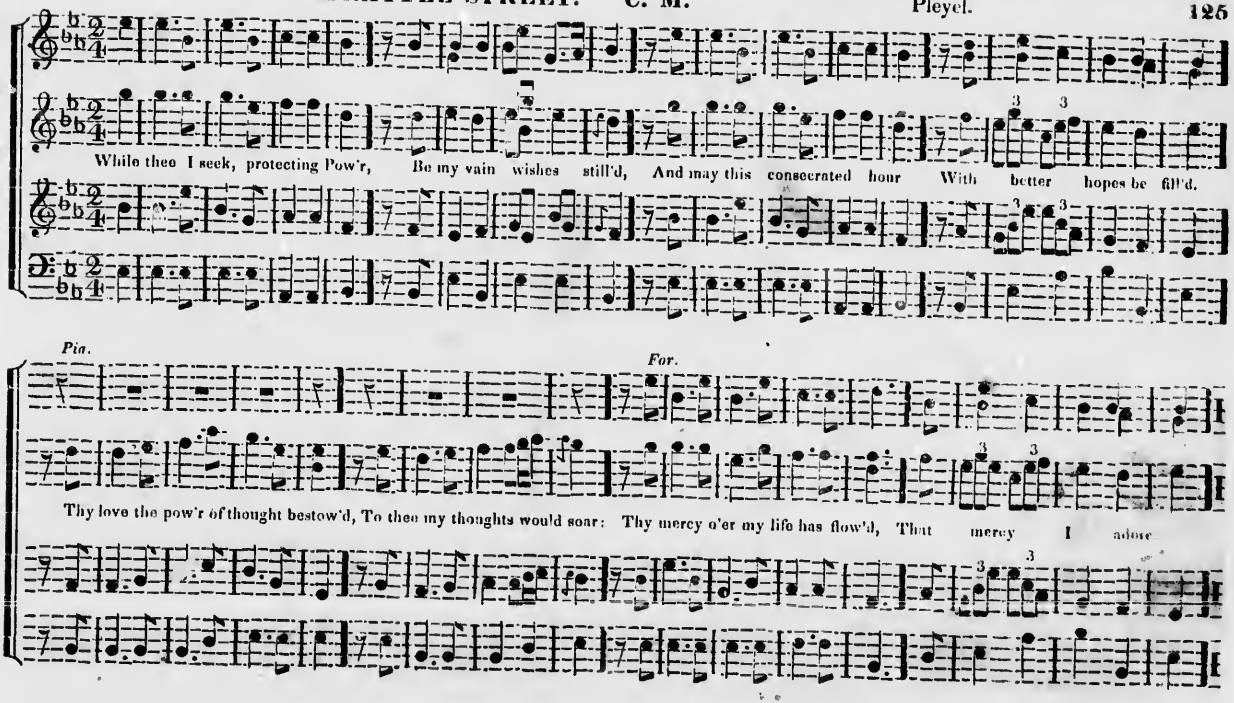

Come, all harmonious tongues, Your noblest music bring, 'Tis Christ, the glorious Son of God, 'Tis Christ the glorious Son of
'Tis
God, 'Tis Christ, the glorious Son of God, And Christ the man we sing. And Christ the man we sing And Christ the man we sing
'Tis
God,

ROMNEY. H. M.

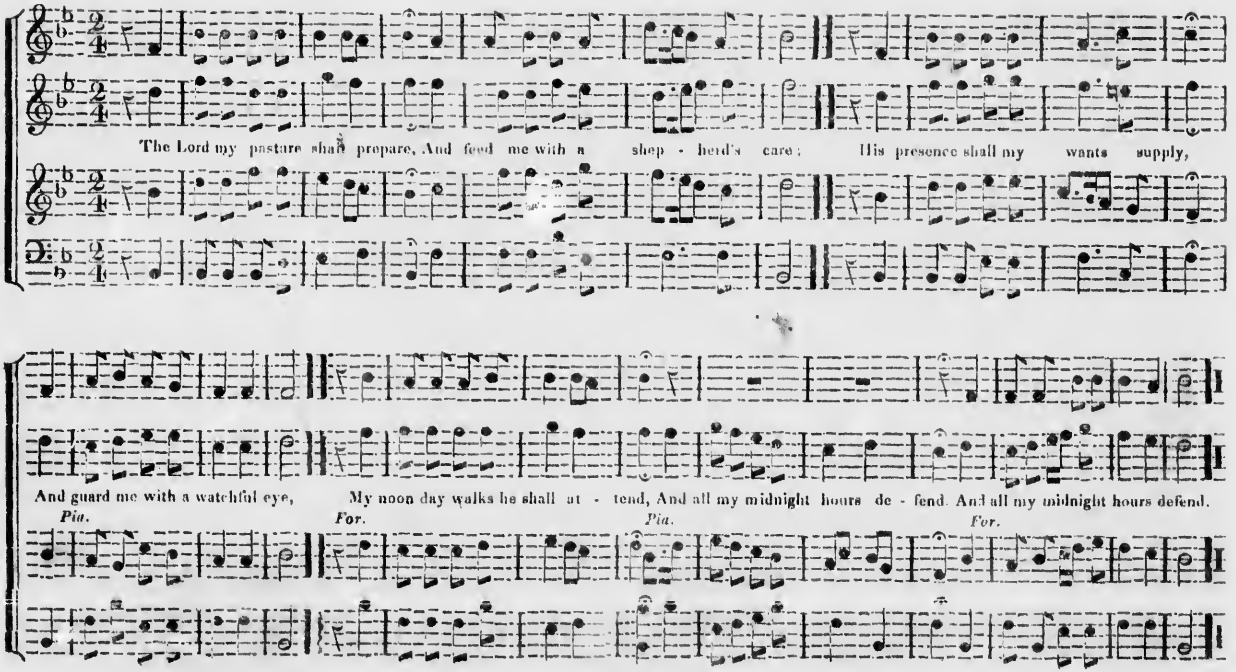
M. Haydn.

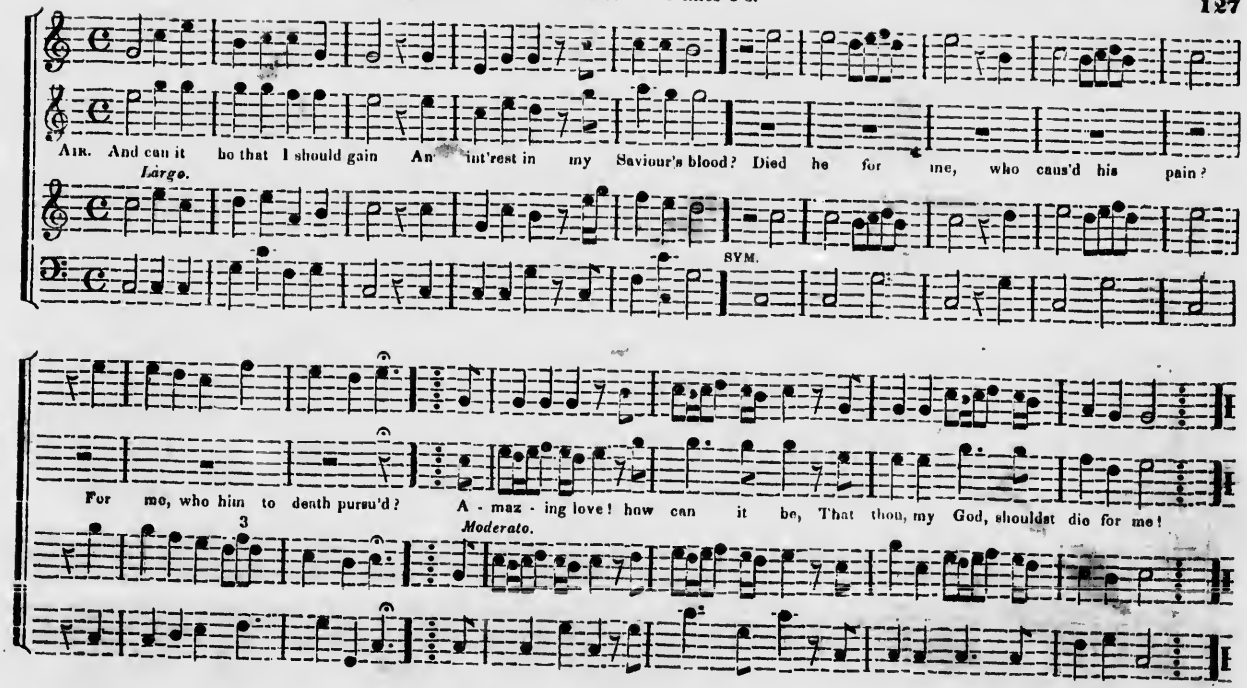
Andantino e sempre piano.



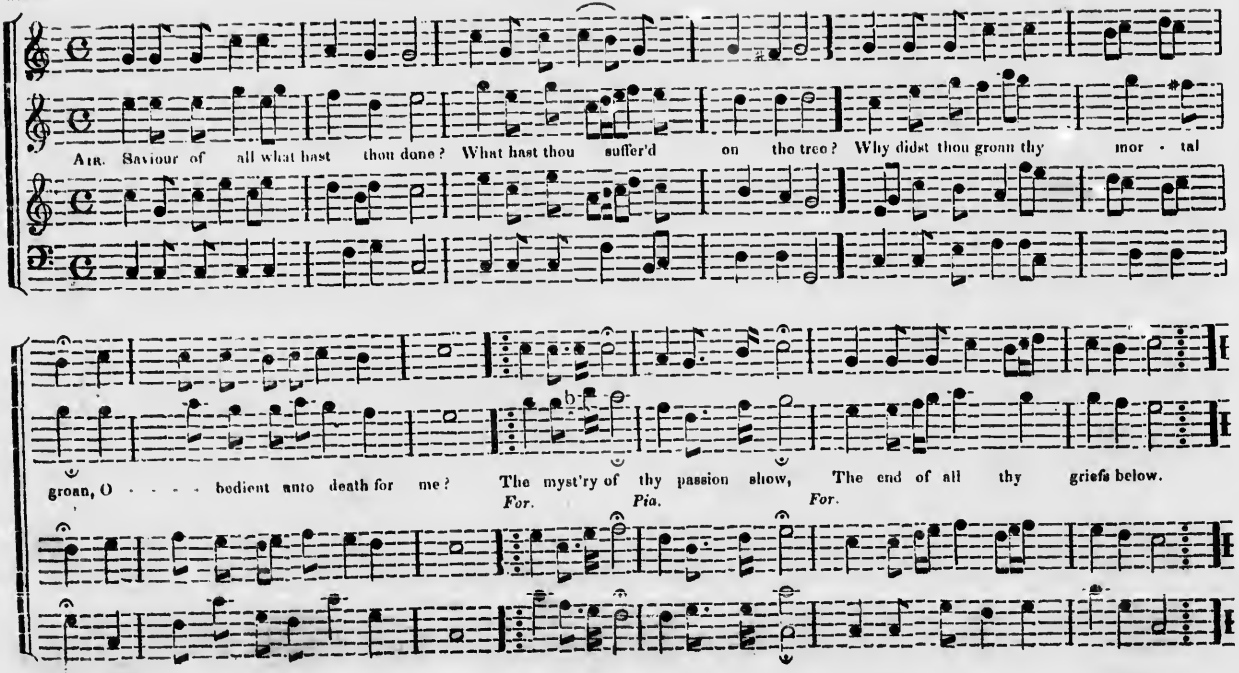

While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd, And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be fill'd.
Pia.
For.
Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar: Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mercy I adore.

ZEBULON. 6 lines 8's

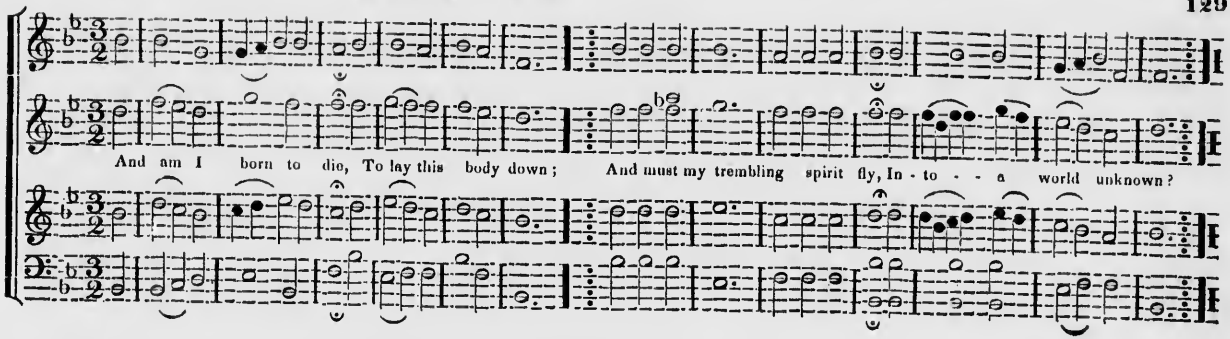



AIR. And can it be that I should gain An int'rest in my Saviour's blood? Died he for me, who caus'd his pain?
Largo.
SYM.
For me, who him to death pursu'd? A - maz - ing love! how can it be, That thou, my God, shouldst die for me!
3
Moderato.

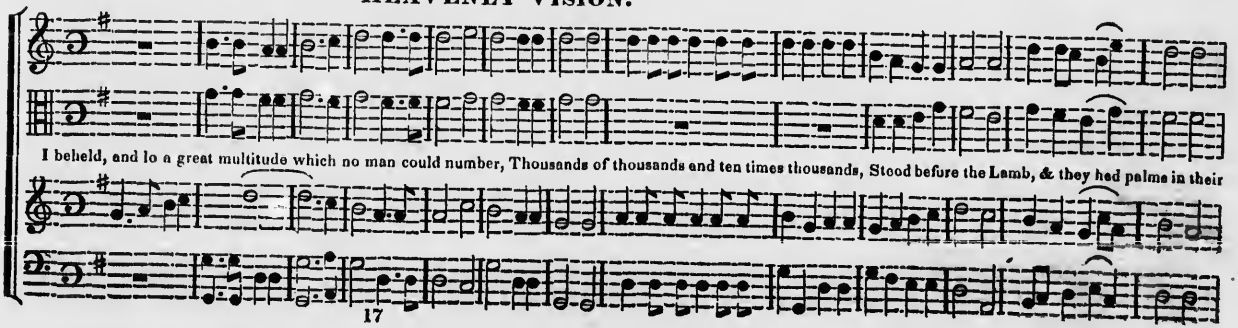
TERAH. P. M.


Air. Saviour of all what hast thou done? What hast thou suffer'd on the tree? Why didst thou groan thy mor - tal
groan, O - - - - bedient unto death for me? The myst'ry of thy passion show, The end of all thy griefs below.
For. Pia. For.

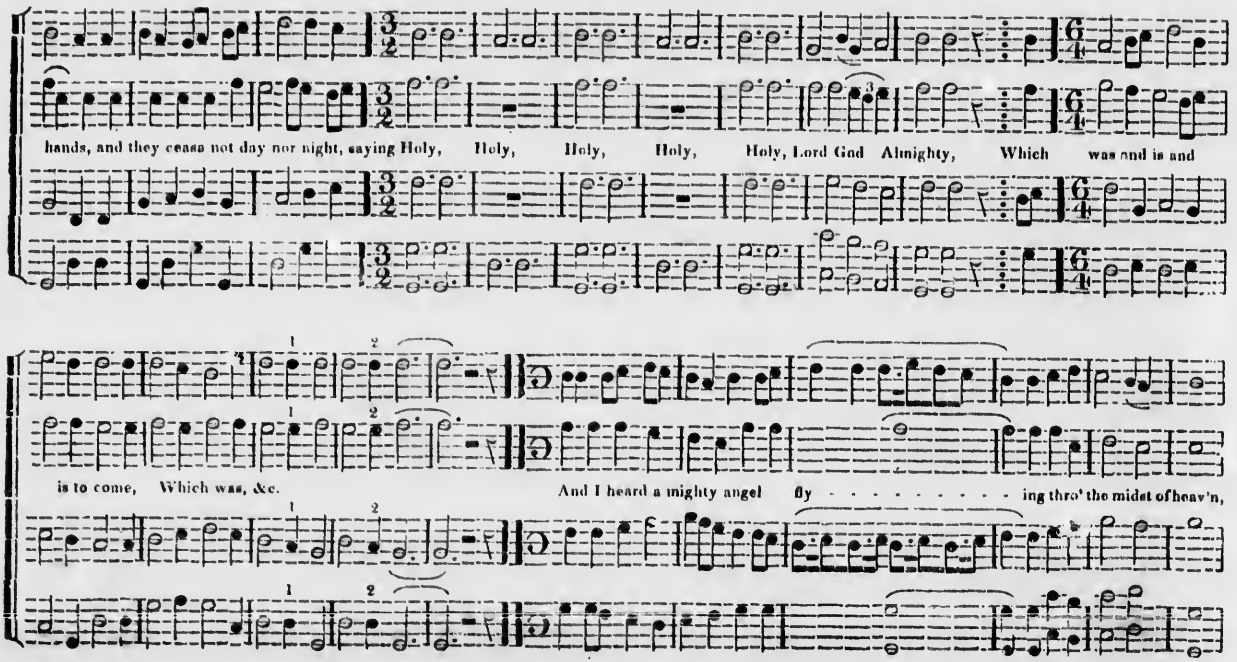
SARAH. S. M.

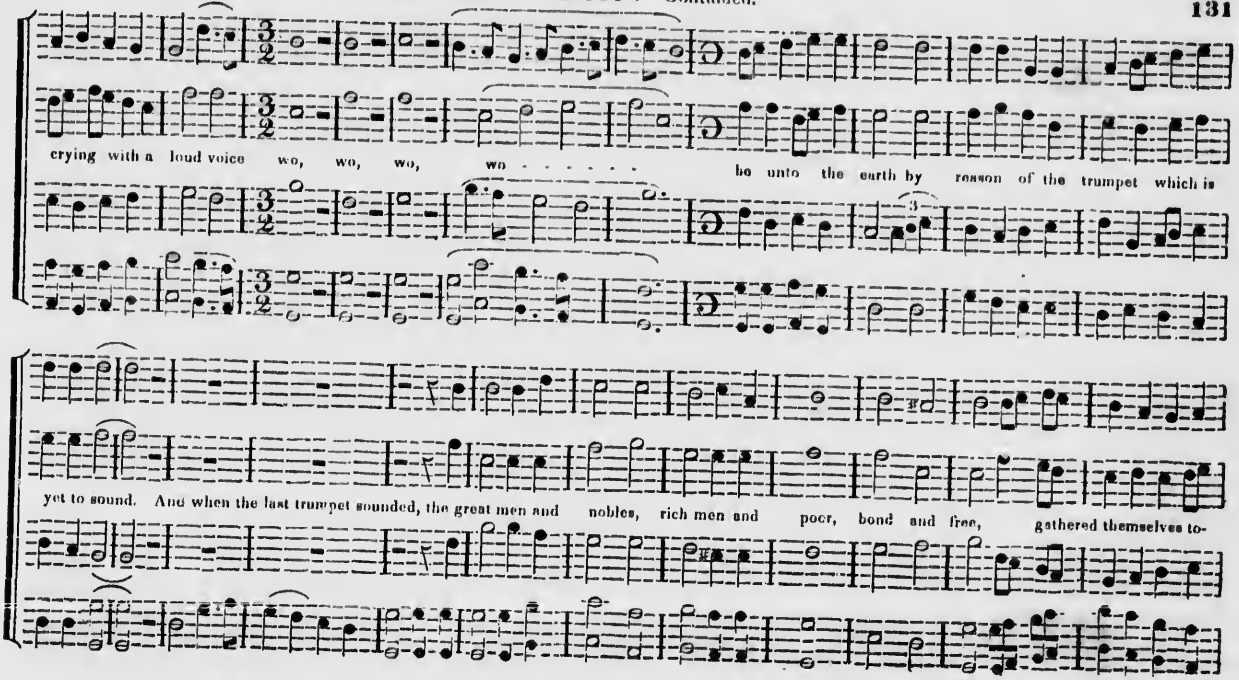


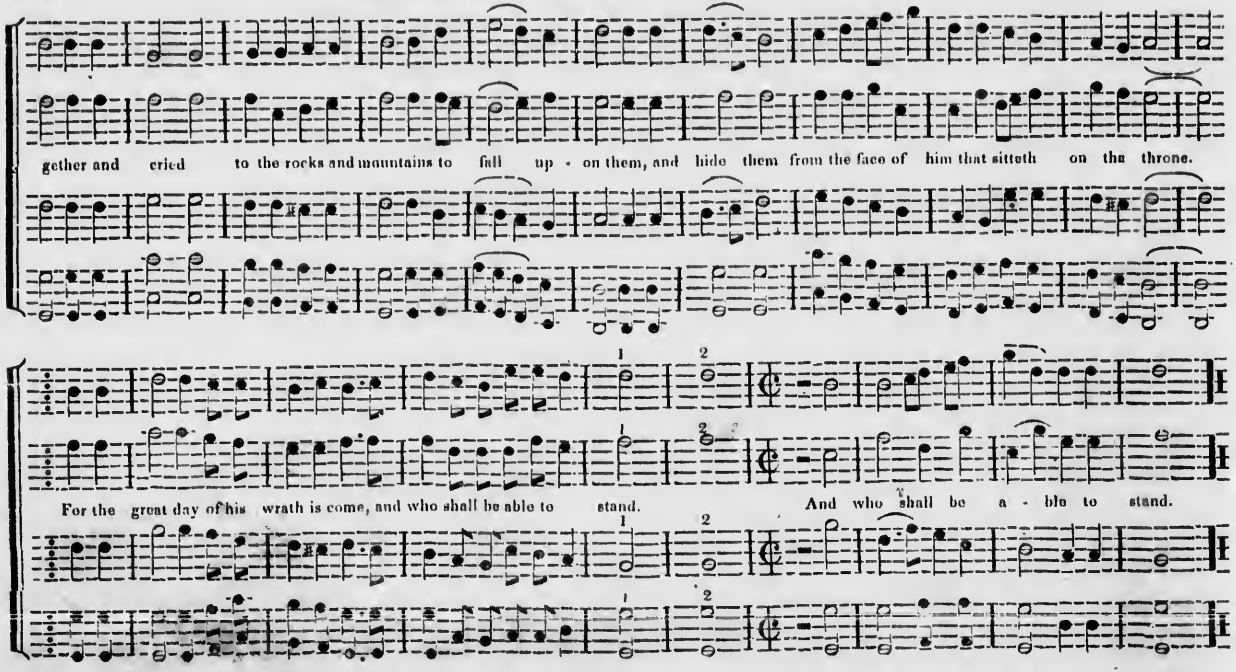
HEAVENLY VISION.

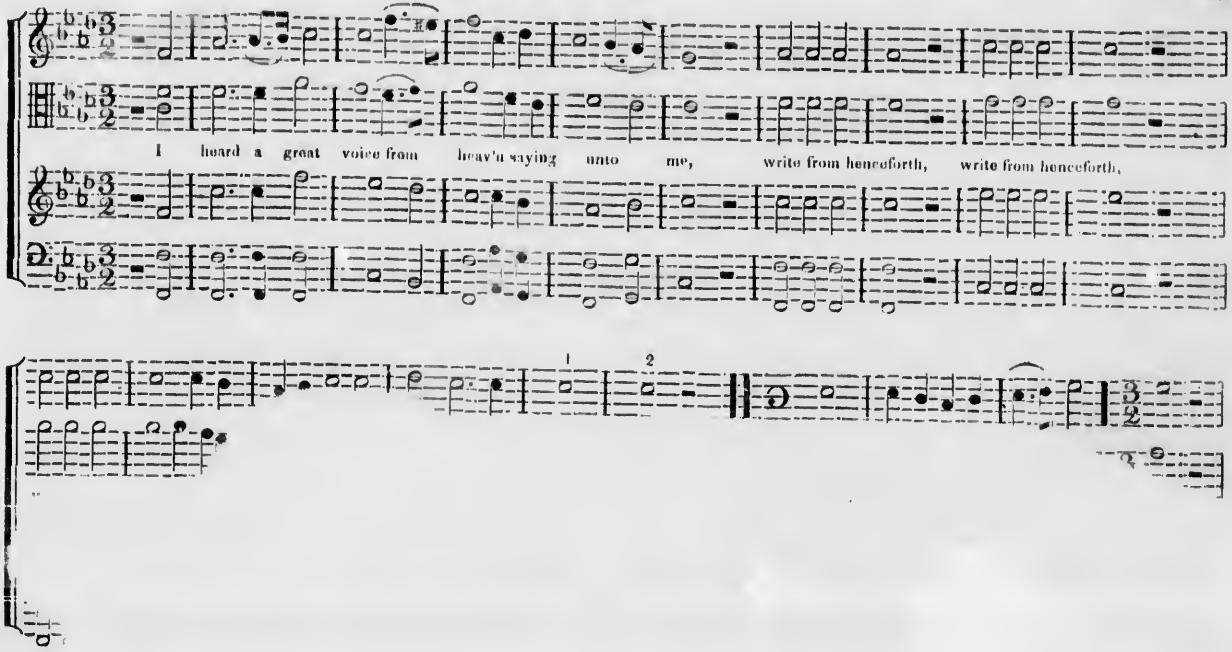


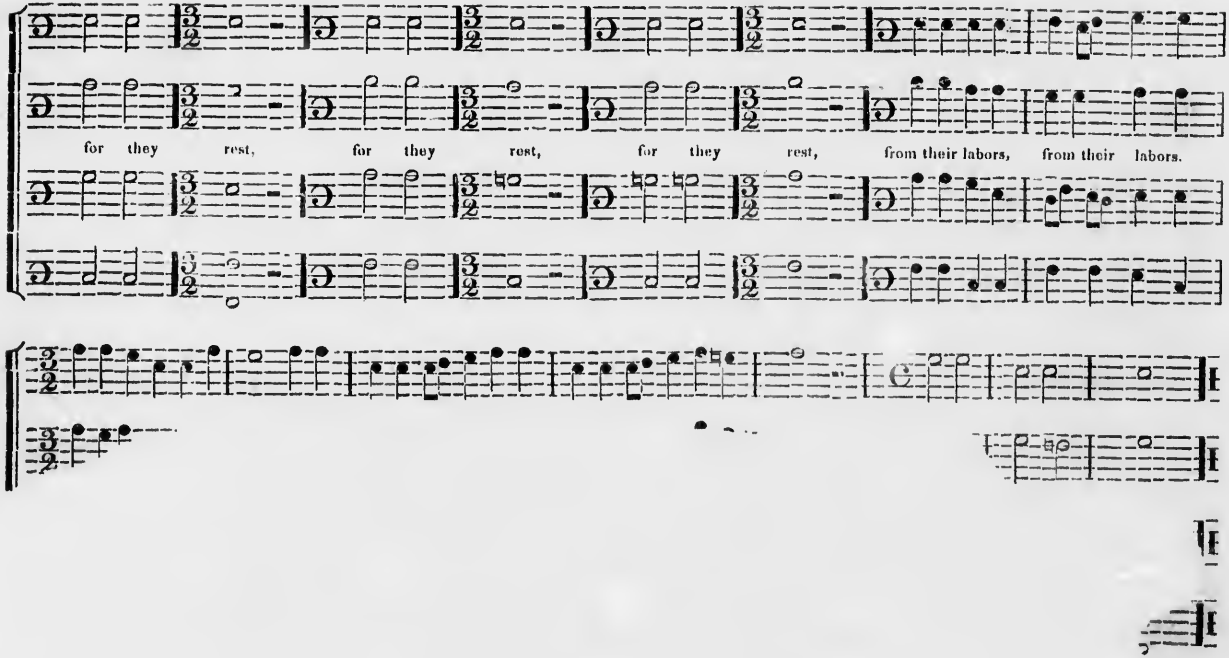
HEAVENLY VISION. Continued.

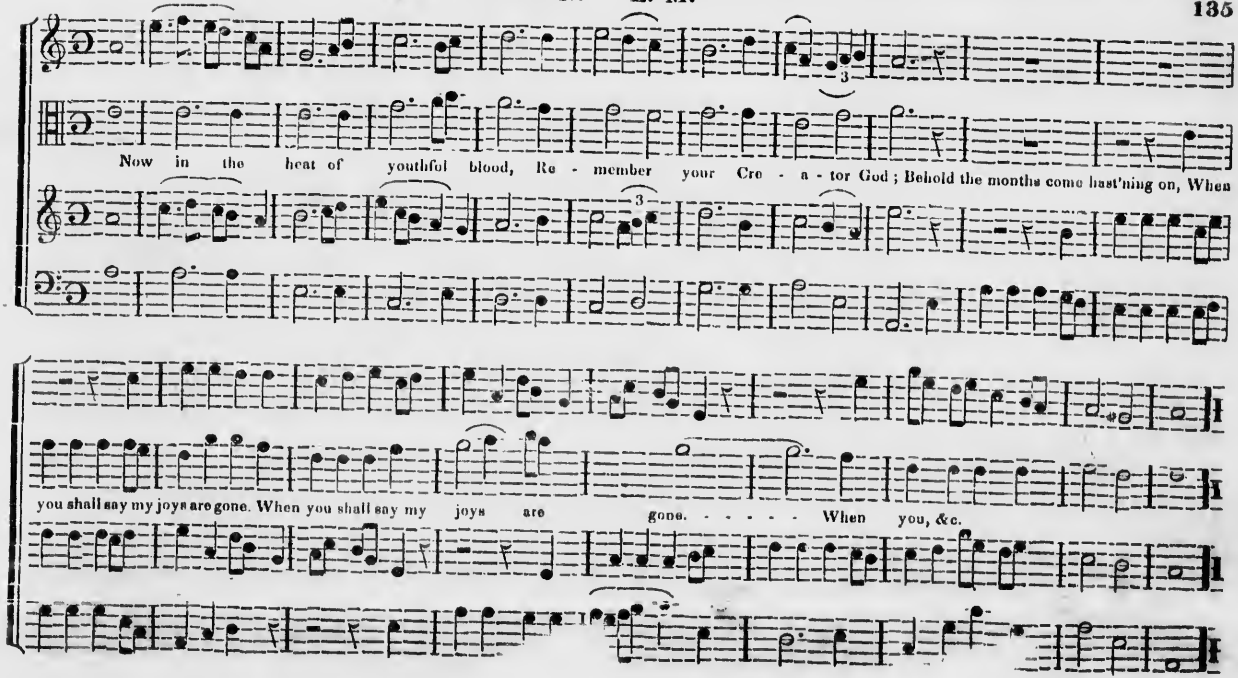



crying with a loud voice wo, wo, wo, wo . . . . . be unto the earth by reason of the trumpet which is
yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gathered themselves to-

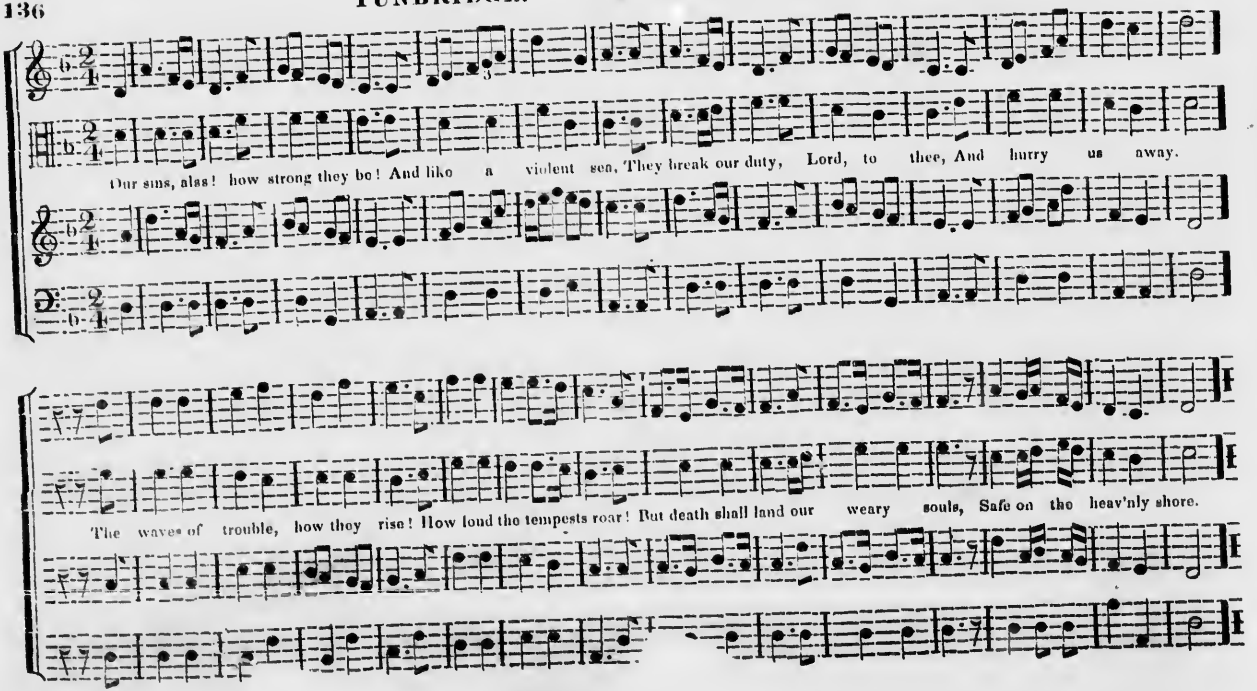

gether and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne.
For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand.
And who shall be a - ble to stand.

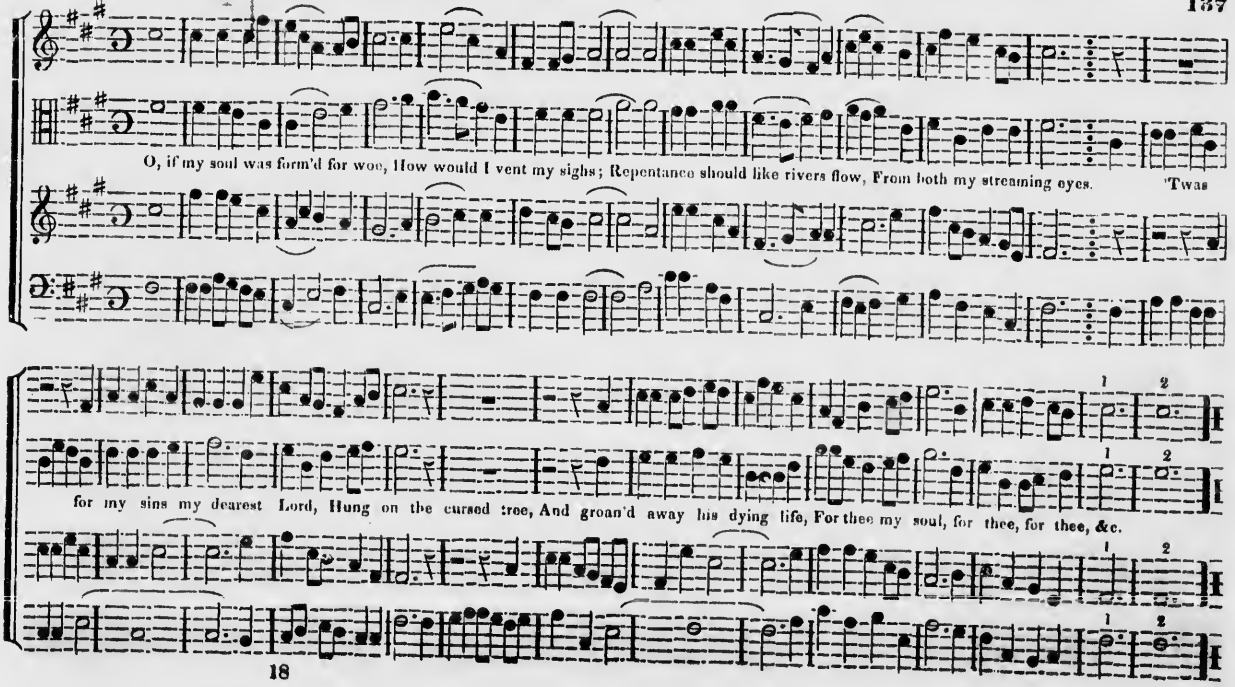

I heard a great voice from heav'n saying unto me, write from henceforth, write from henceforth,
1
2

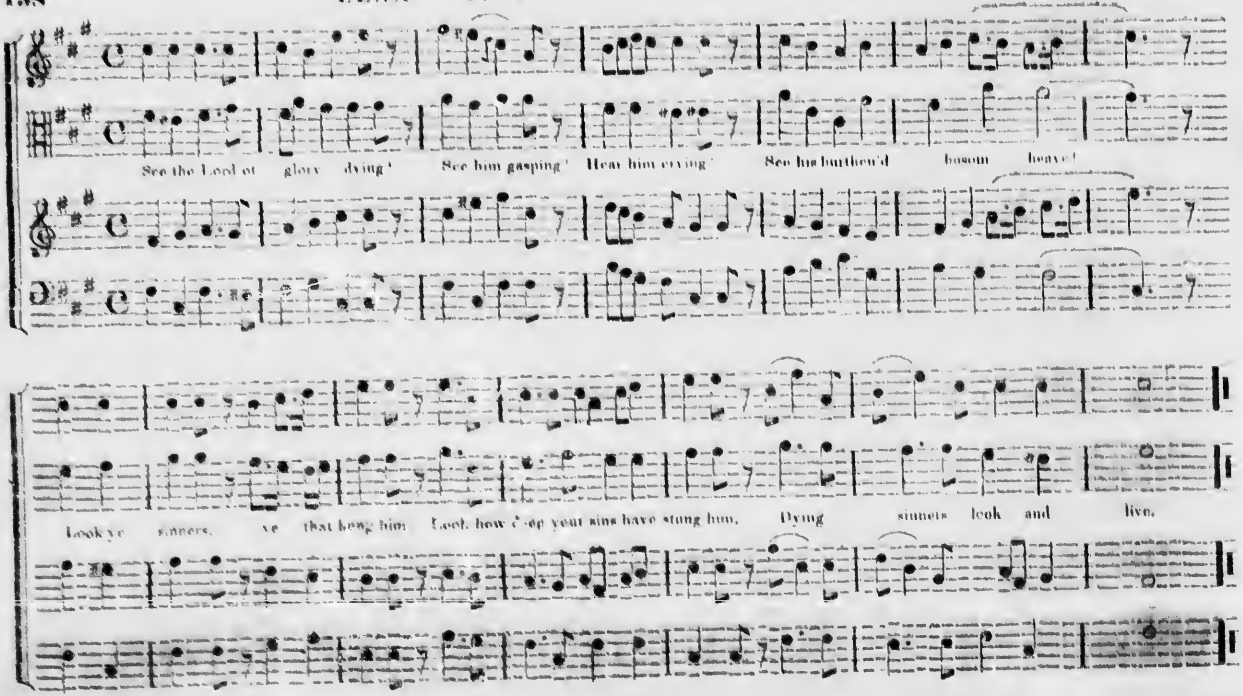

for they rest, for they rest, for they rest, from their labors, from their labors.


Now in the heat of youthful blood, Re - member your Cre - a - tor God; Behold the months come hast'ning on, When
you shall say my joys are gone. When you shall say my joys are gone. - - - - - When you, &c.

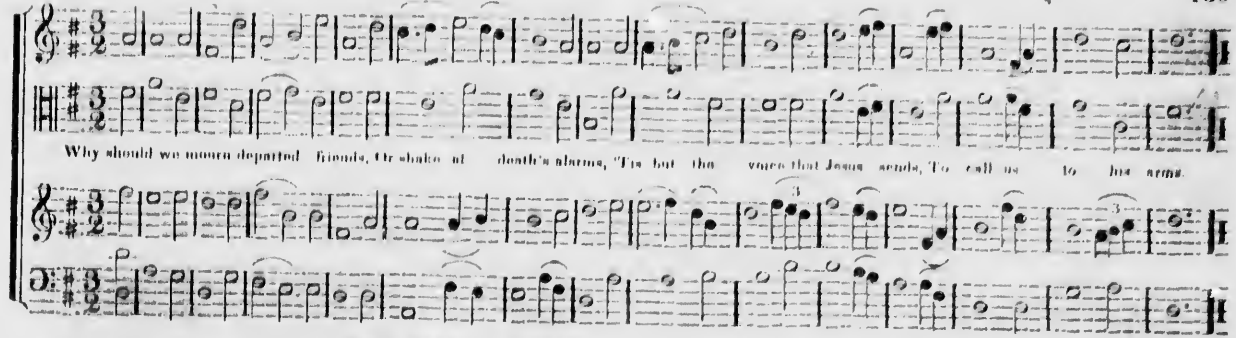
TUNBRIDGE. C. M.



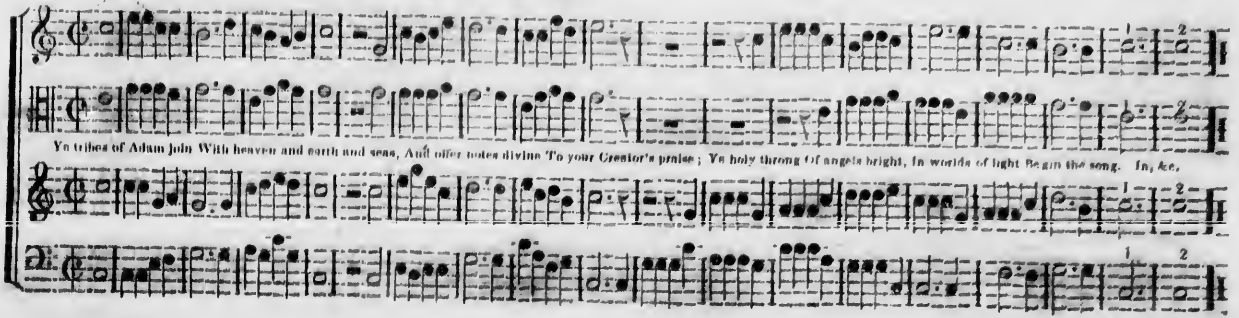

O, if my soul was form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs; Repentance should like rivers flow, From both my streaming eyes. 'Twas
for my sins my dearest Lord, Hung on the cursed tree, And groan'd away his dying life, For thee my soul, for thee, for thee, &c.


See the Lord of glory dying! See him gasping! Hear him crying! See his burthen'd bosom heave!
Look ye sinners, ye that hang him Look how deep your sins have stung him, Dying sinners look and live.

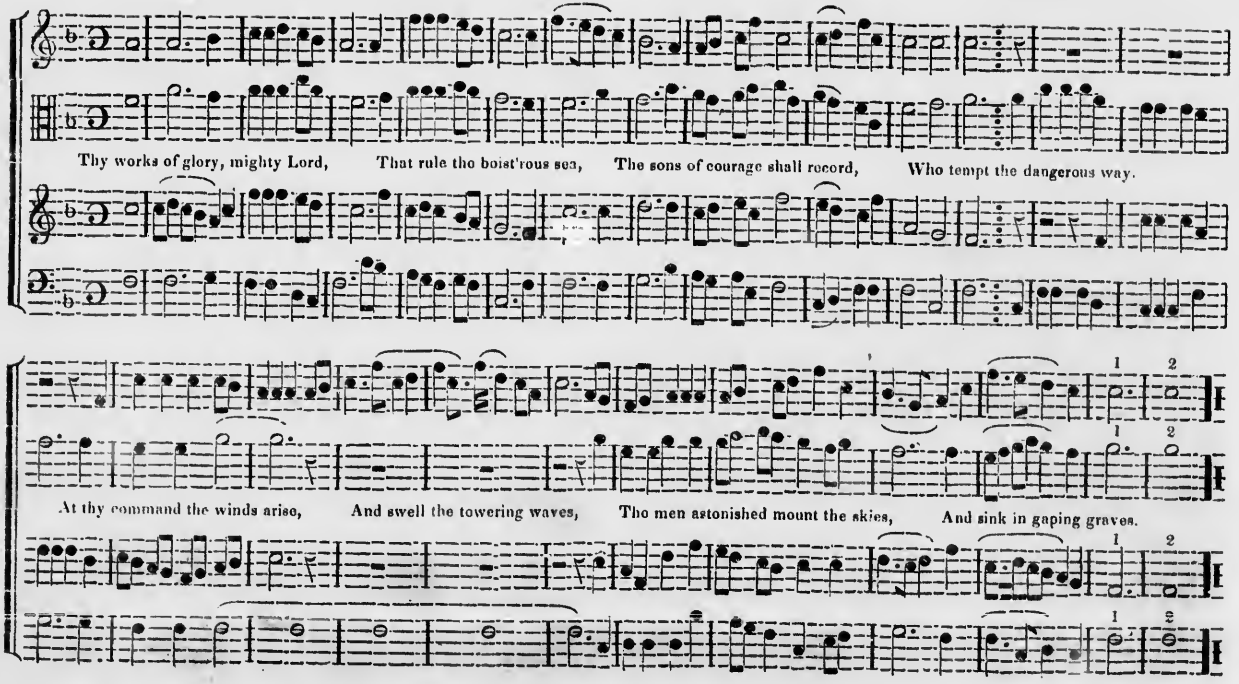
CHINA. C. M.



LENOX. P. M.

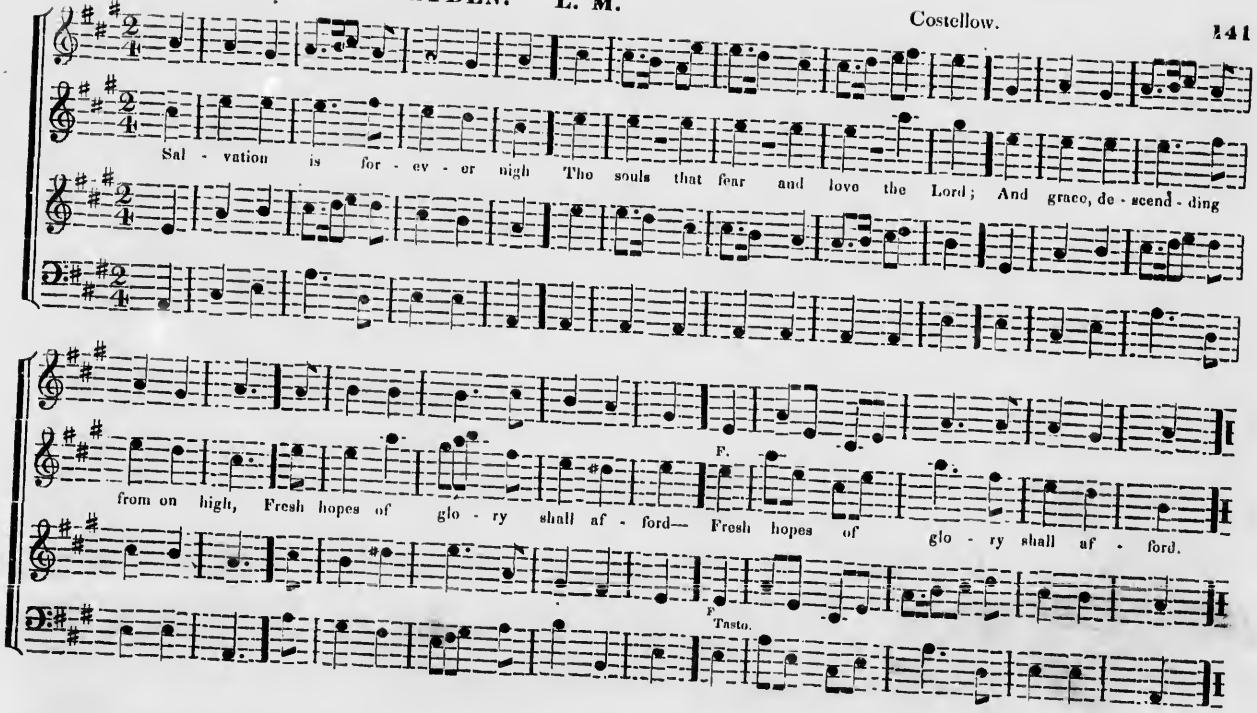


OCEAN. C. M.

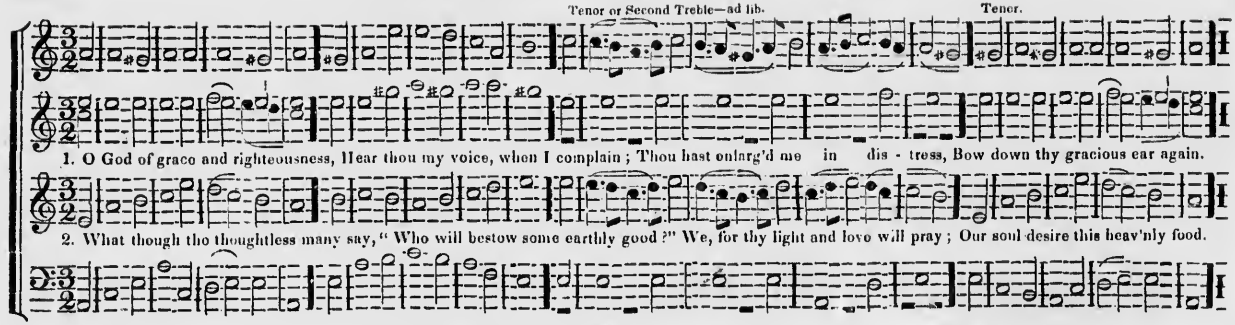

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the boist'rous sea, The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt the dangerous way.
At thy command the winds arise, And swell the towering waves, The men astonished mount the skies, And sink in gaping graves.

LEYDEN. L. M.

Costellow.

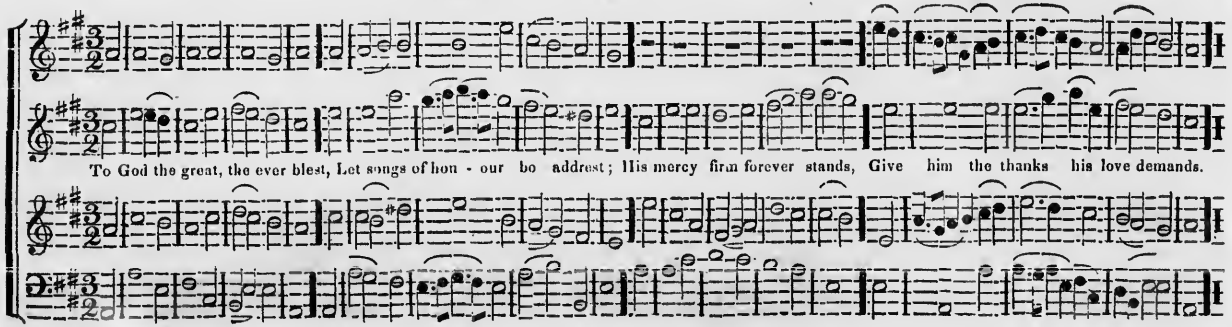


WILTSHIRE. L. M.

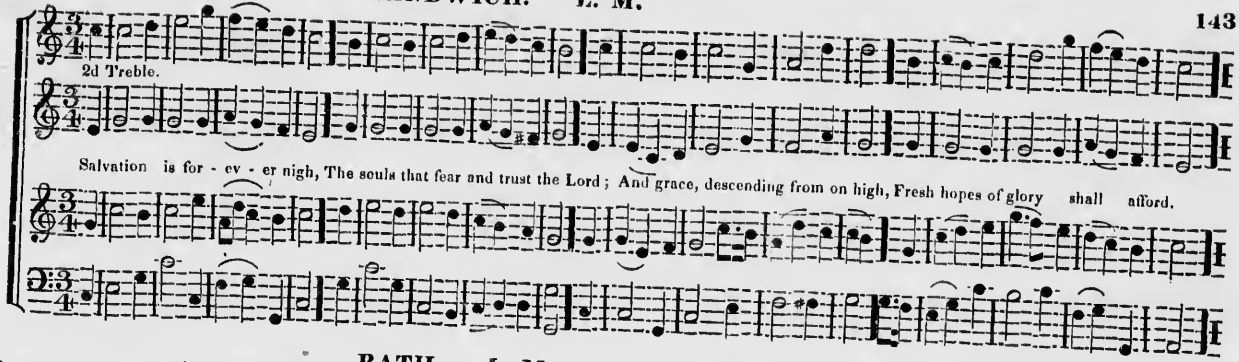


St. PETER's. L. M.

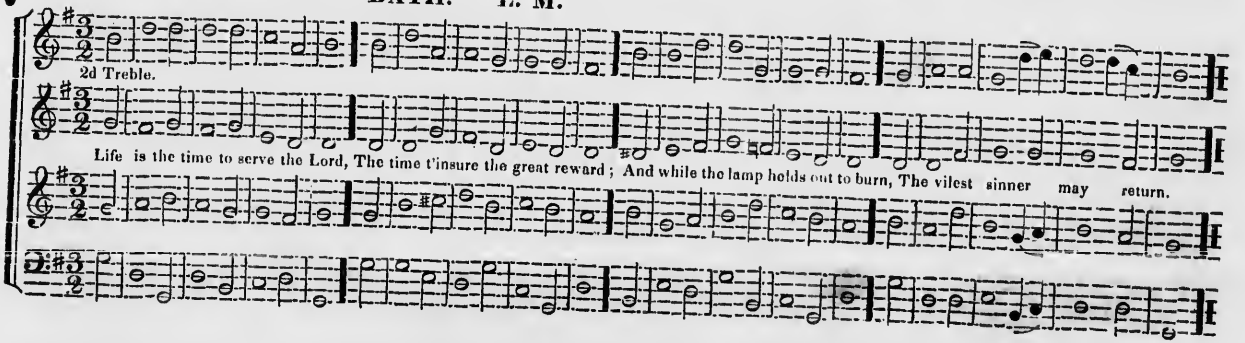
Harwood.



SANDWICH. L. M.

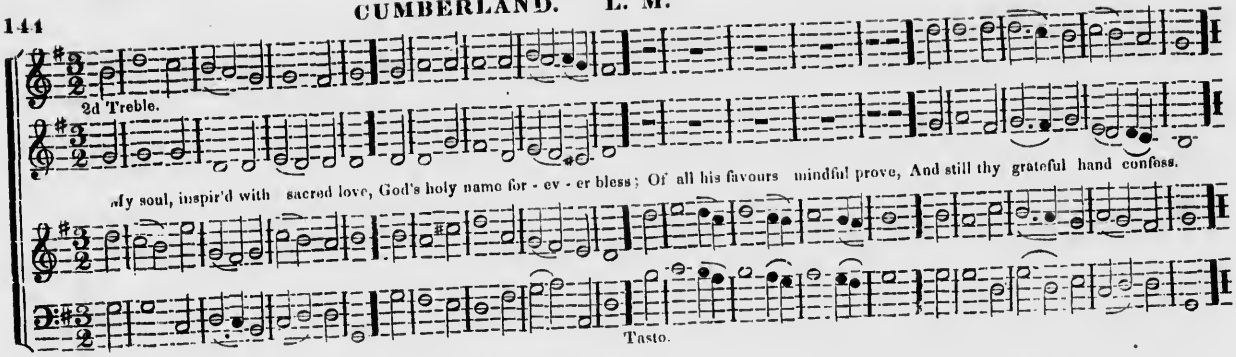


BATH. L. M.

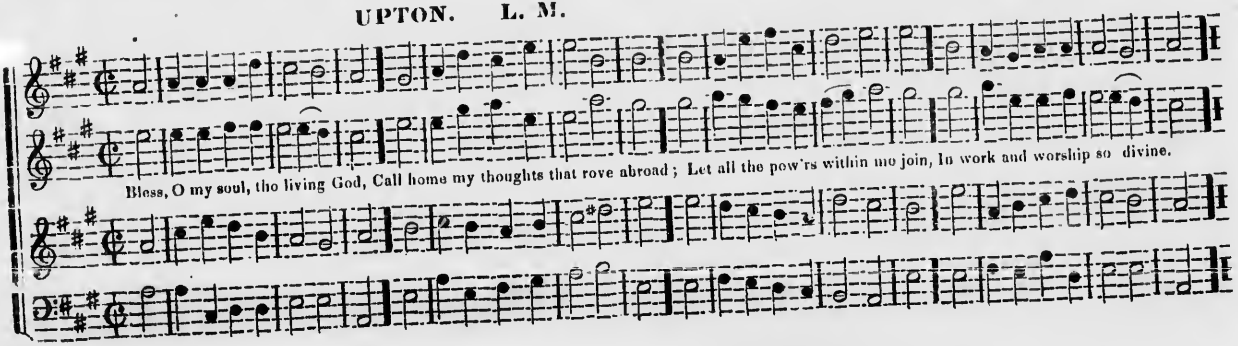


CUMBERLAND. L. M.

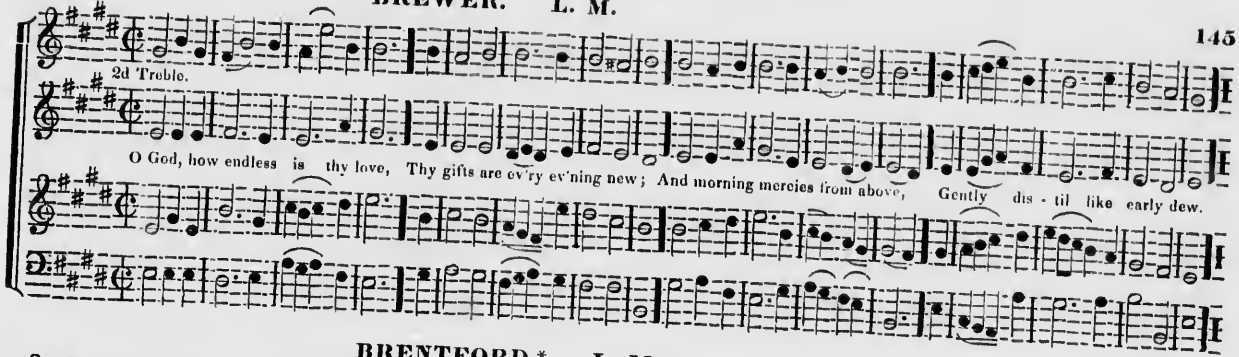
Carey.



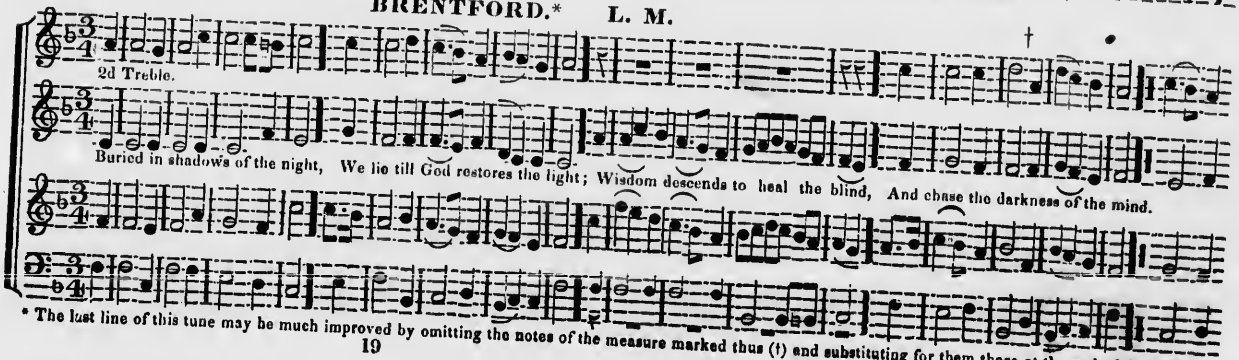
UPTON. L. M.



BREWER. L. M.



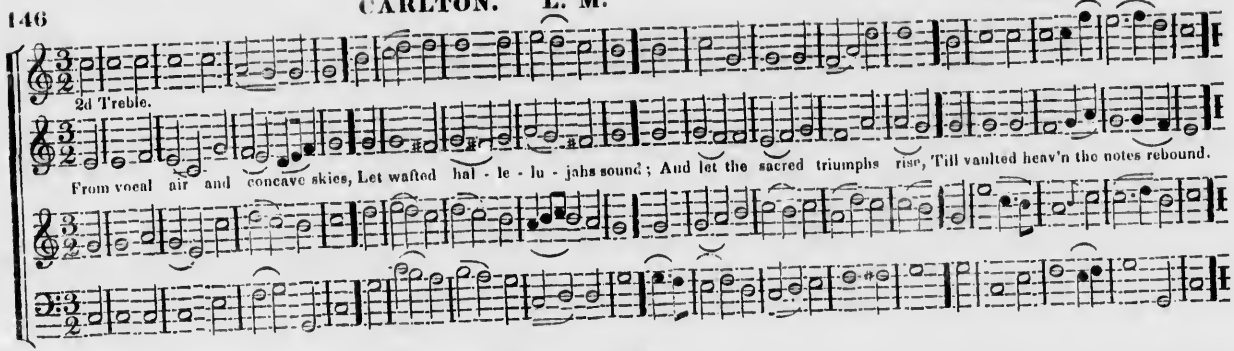
BRENTFORD.* L. M.



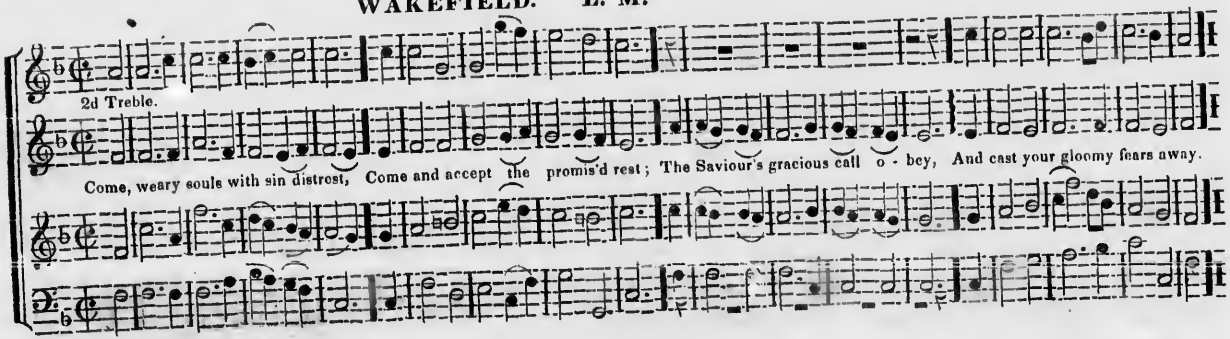
* The last line of this tune may be much improved by omitting the notes of the measure marked thus (†) and substituting for them those at the end of the staff.

CARLTON. L. M.

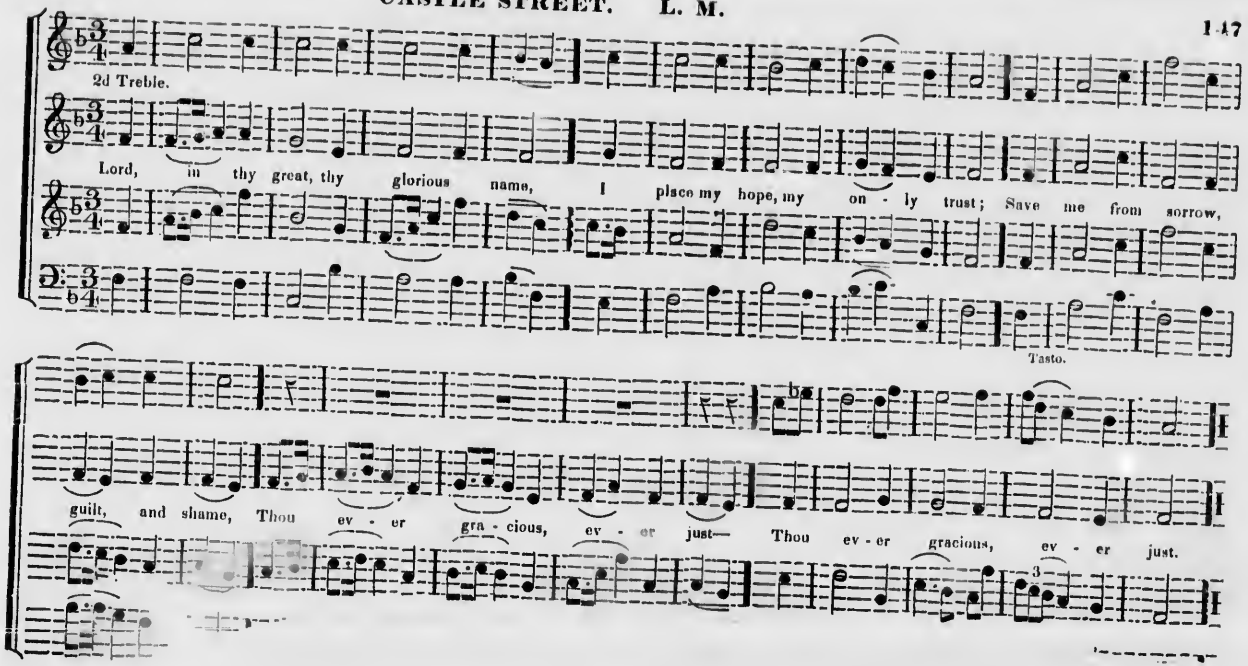
R. Cook.



WAKEFIELD. L. M.

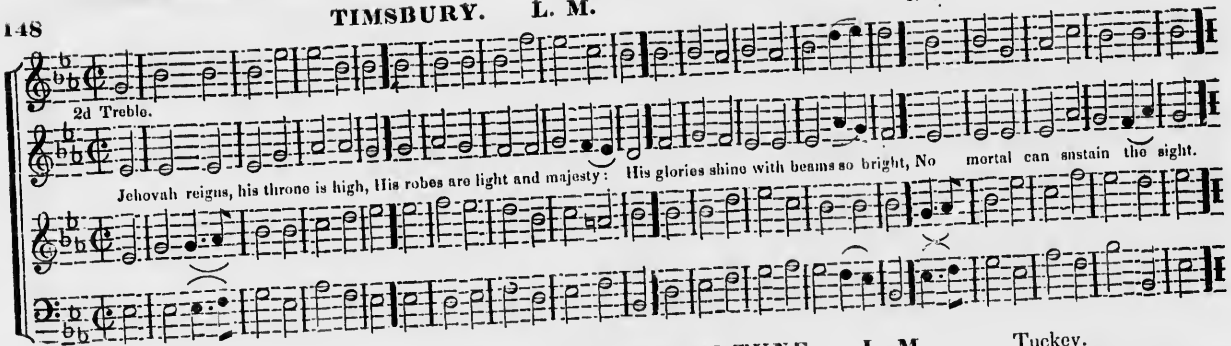


CASTLE STREET. L. M.



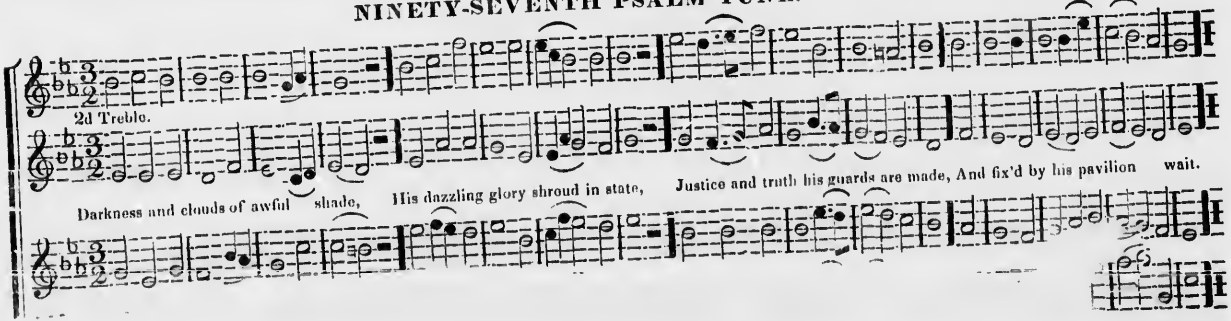
TIMSBURY. L. M.

I. Smith.

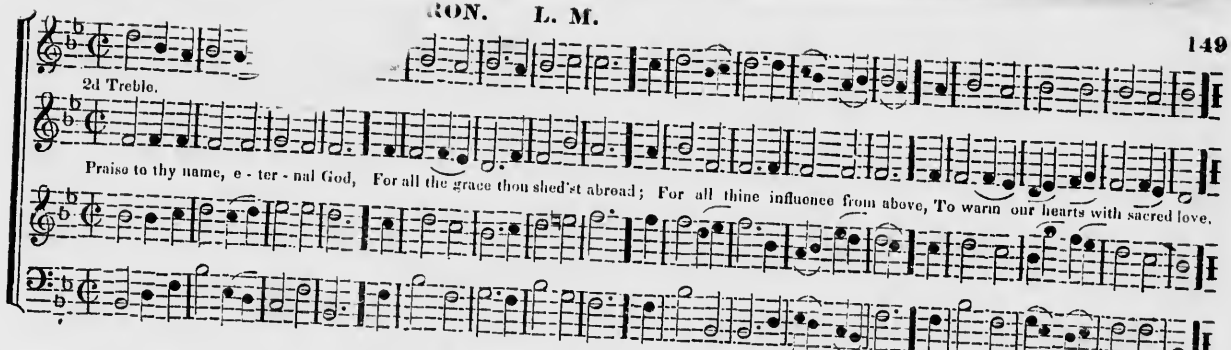


NINETY-SEVENTH PSALM TUNE. L. M.

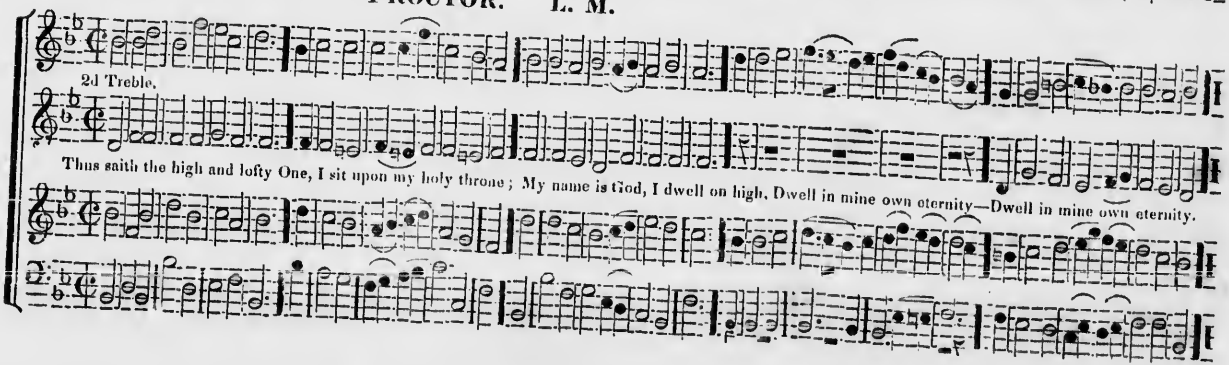
Tuckey.



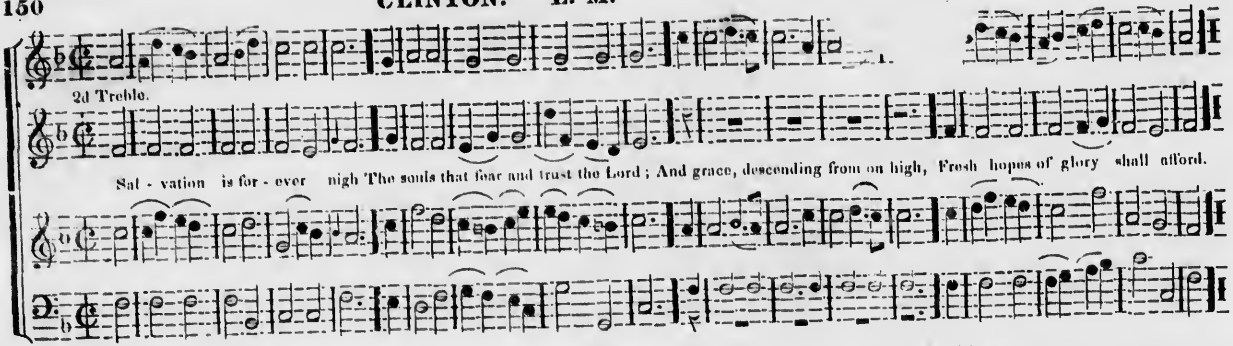
...RON. L. M.



PROCTOR. L. M.

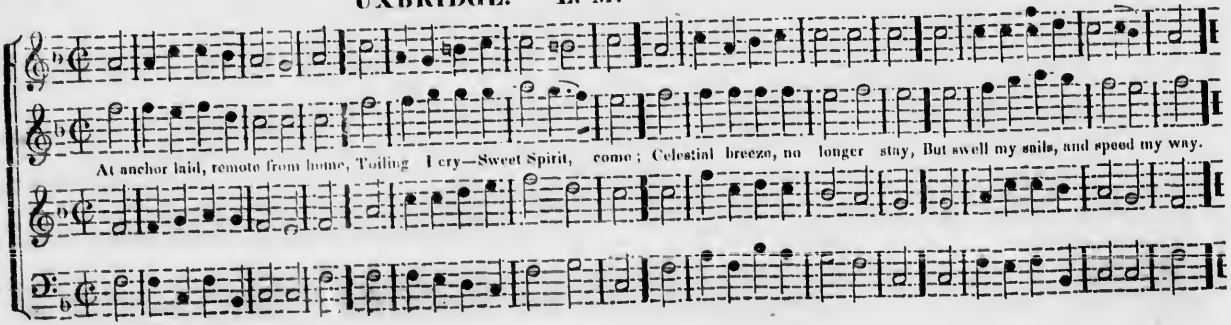


CLINTON. L. M.

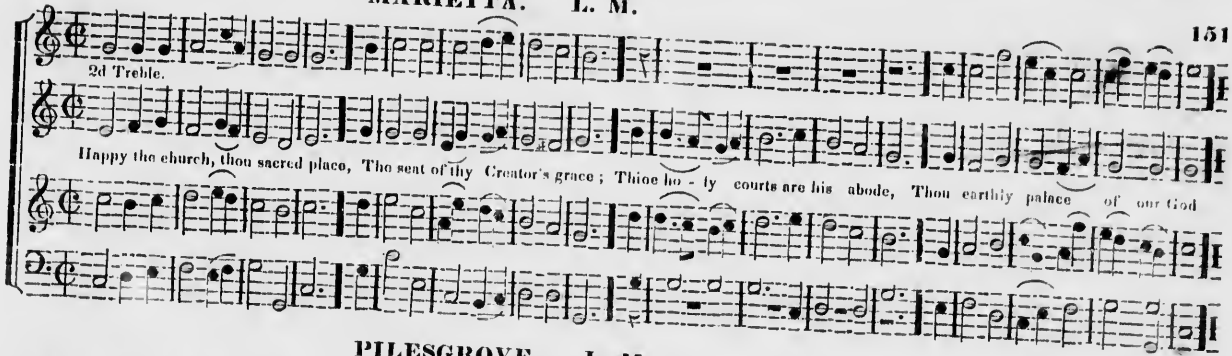


UXBRIDGE. L. M.

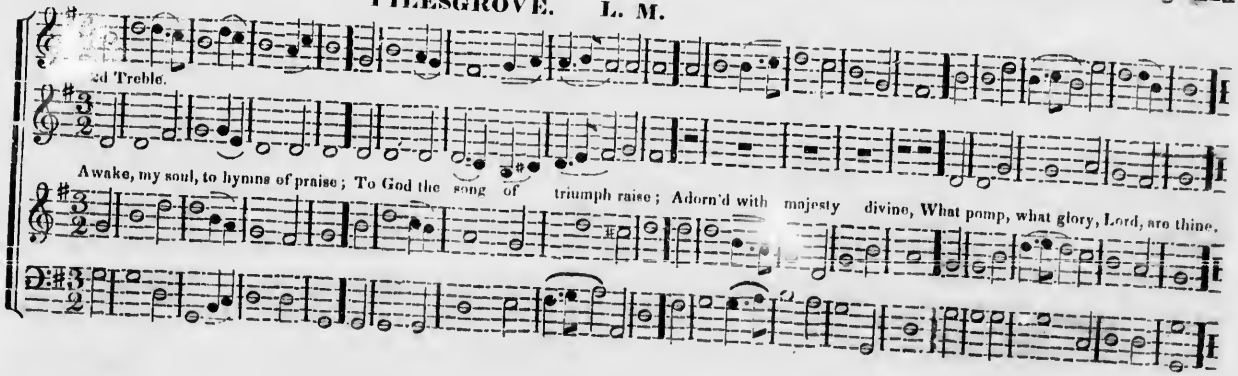
L. Mason.



MARIETTA. L. M.

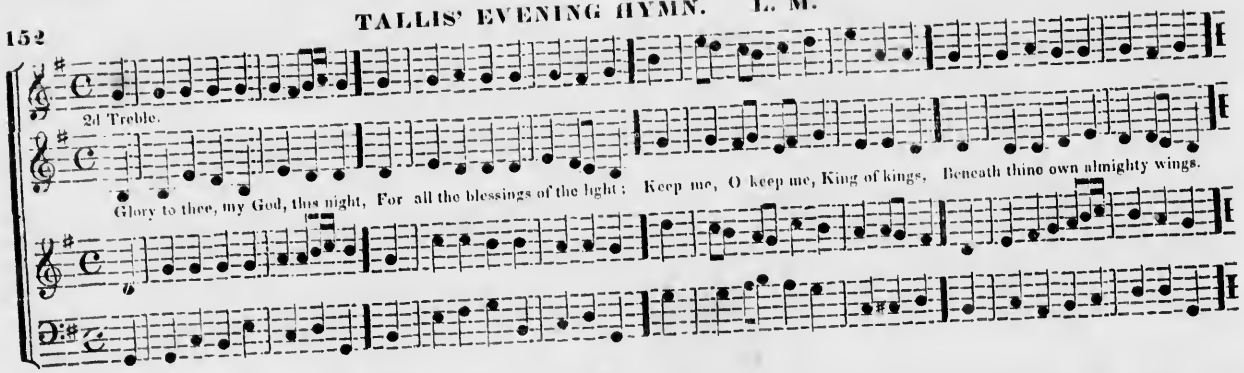


PILESGROVE. L. M.

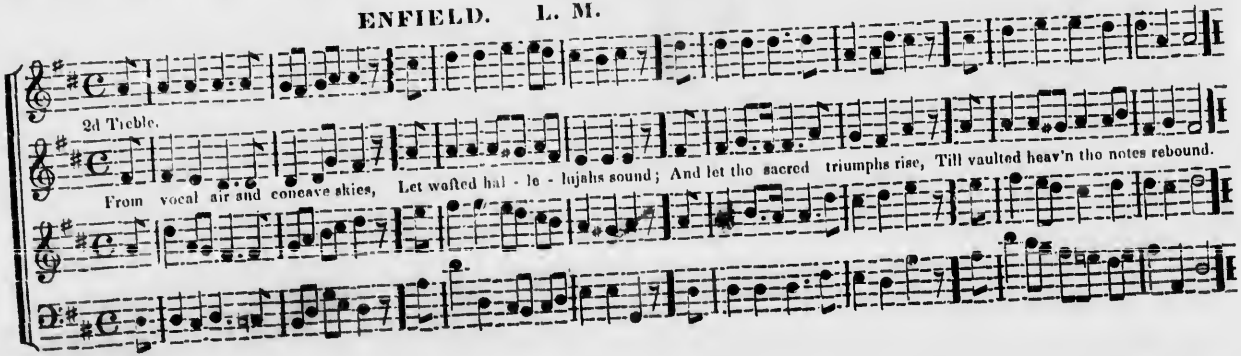


TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

Tallis.

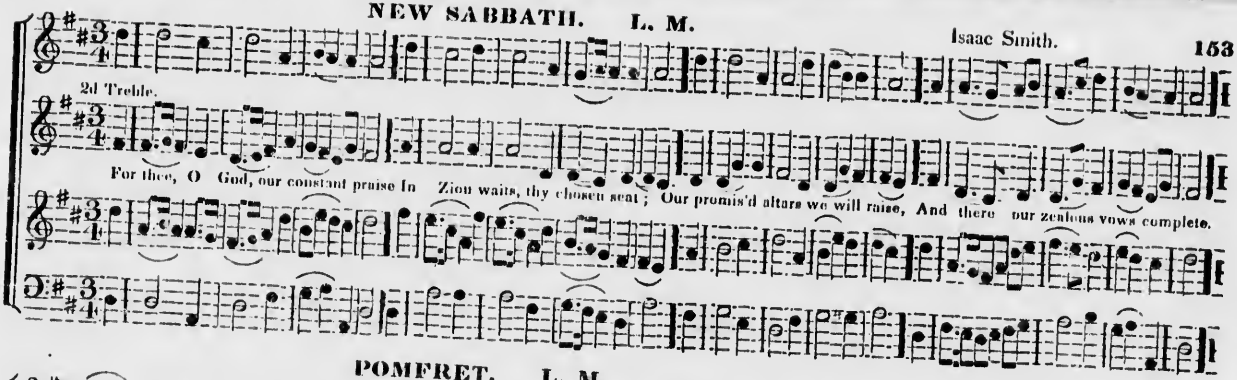


ENFIELD. L. M.



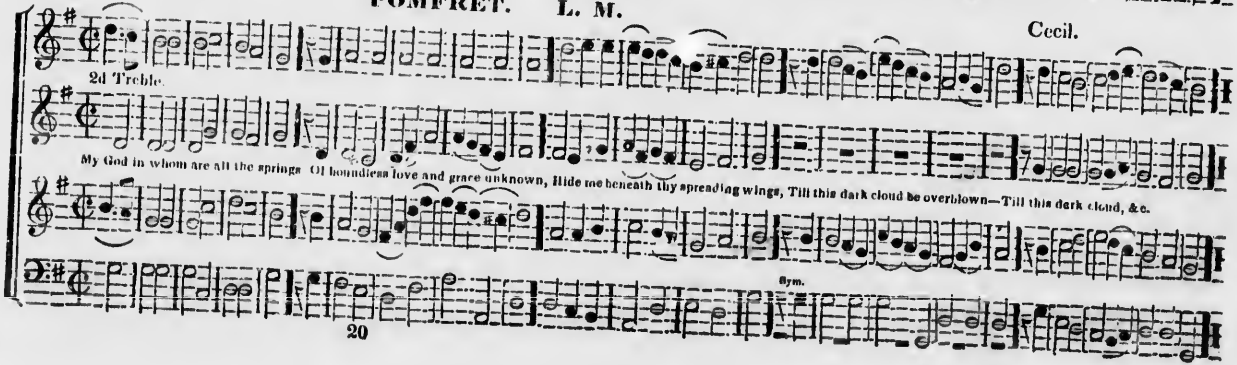
NEW SABBATH. L. M.

Isaac Smith.



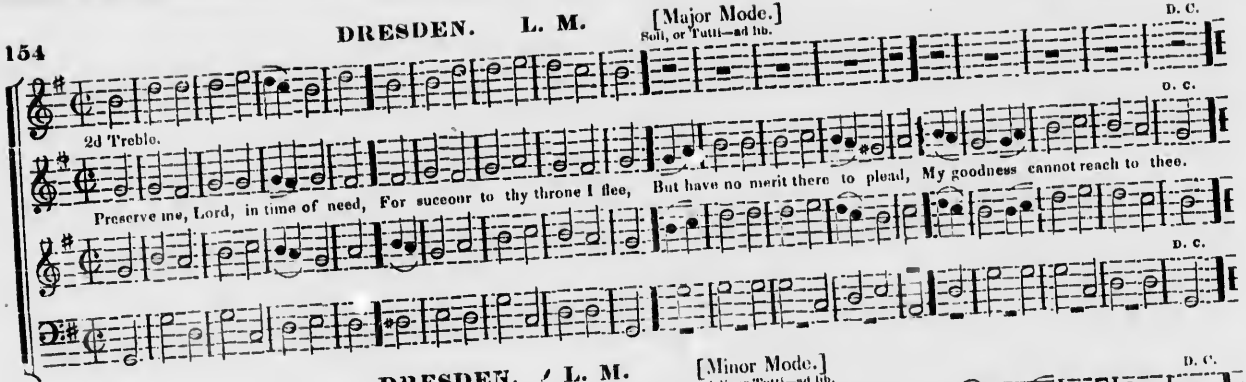
POMFRET. L. M.

Cecil.



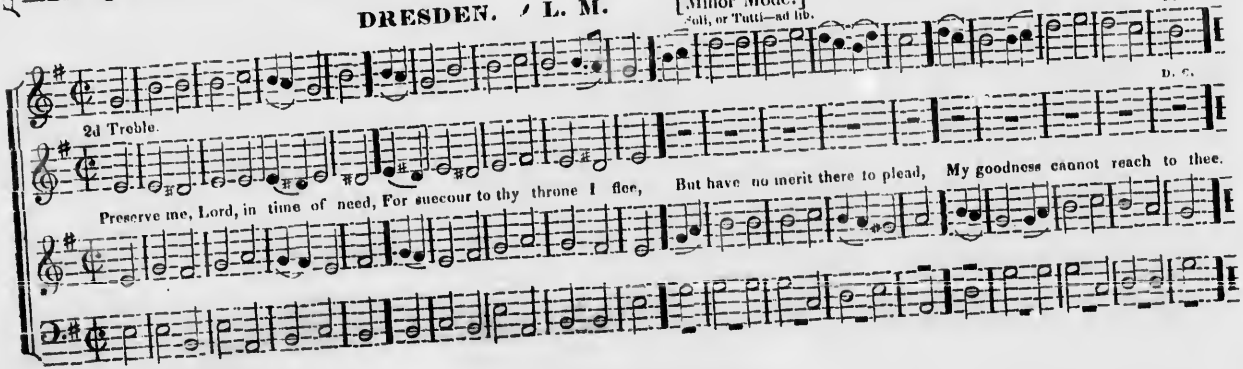
DRESDEN. L. M. [Major Mode.]

Soli, or Tutti—ad lib.



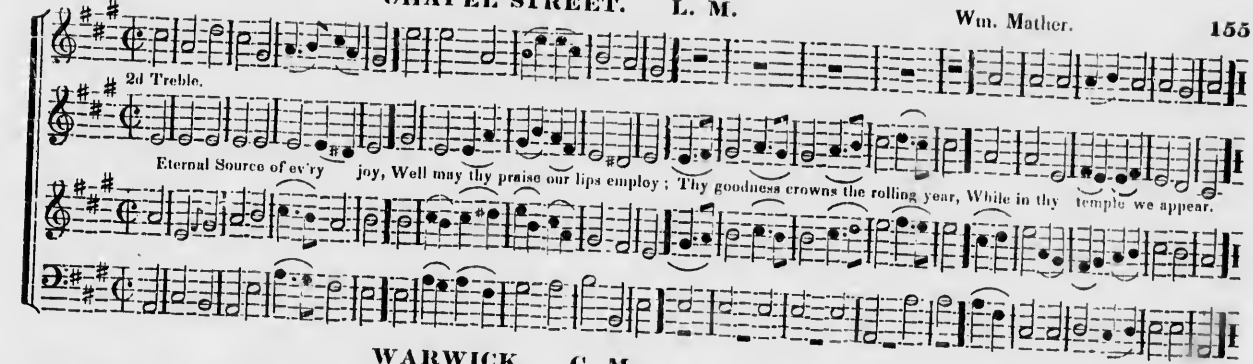
DRESDEN. L. M. [Minor Mode.]

Soli, or Tutti—ad lib.



CHAPEL STREET. L. M.

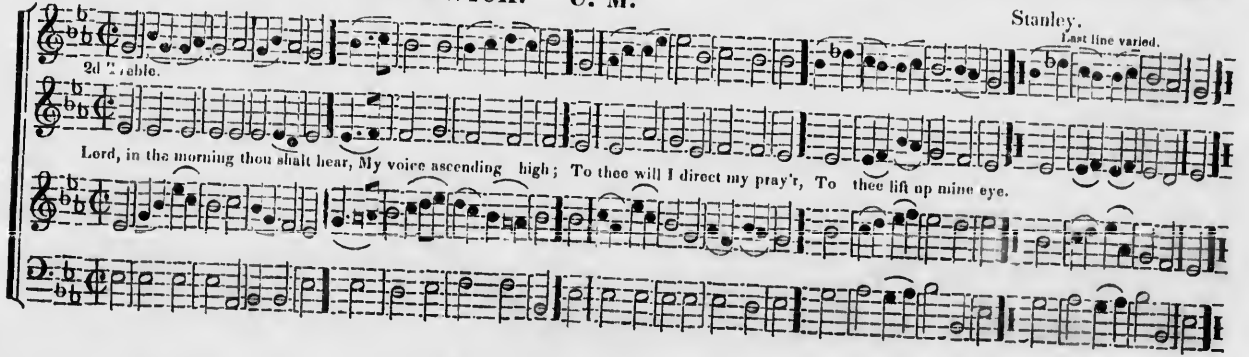
Wm. Mather.



WARWICK. C. M.

Stanley.

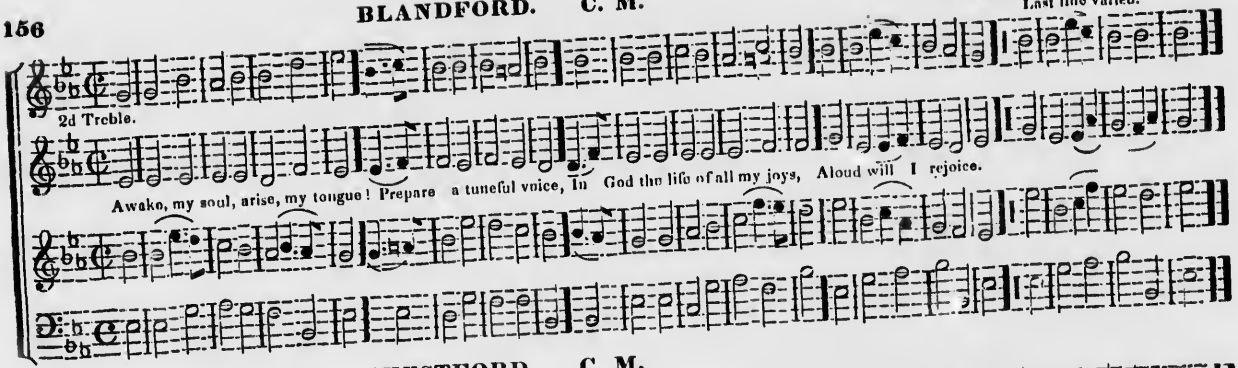
Last line varied.



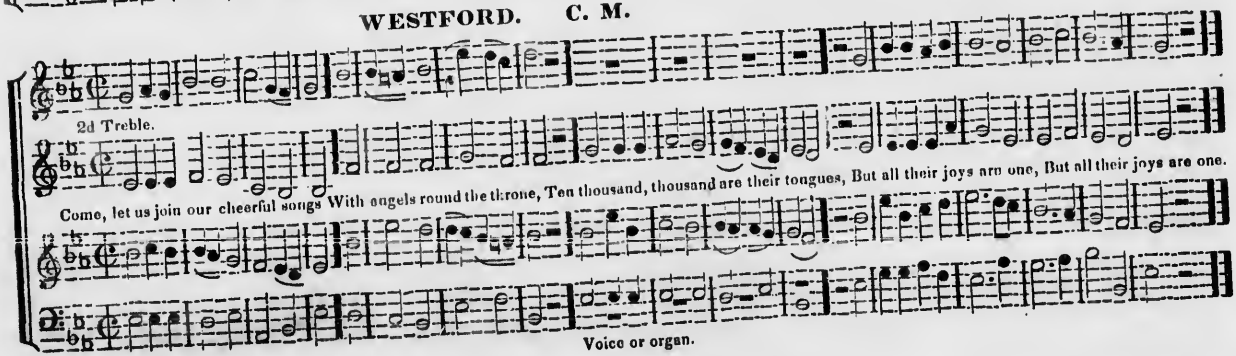
BLANDFORD. C. M.

T. Jackson.

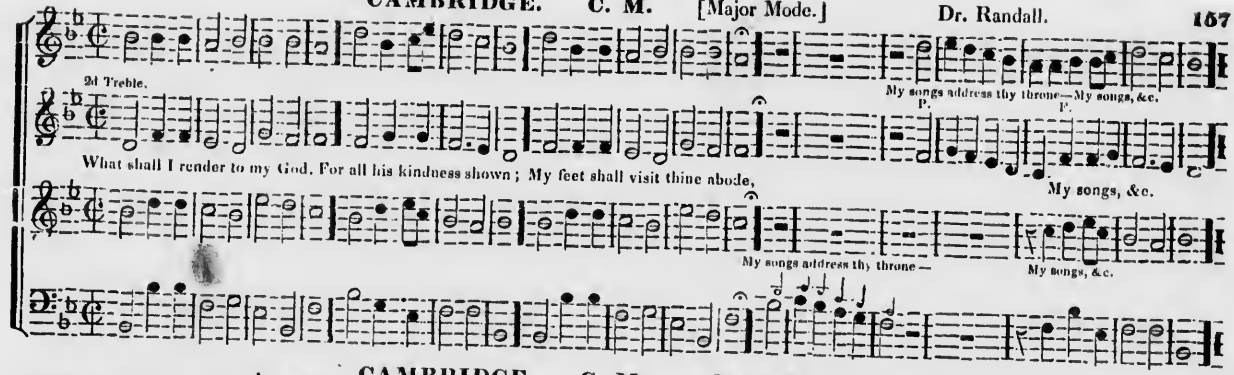
Last line varied.



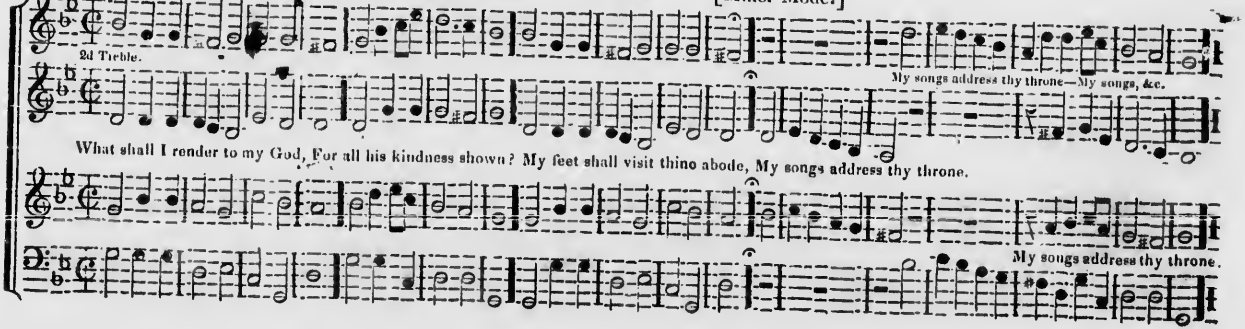
WESTFORD. C. M.



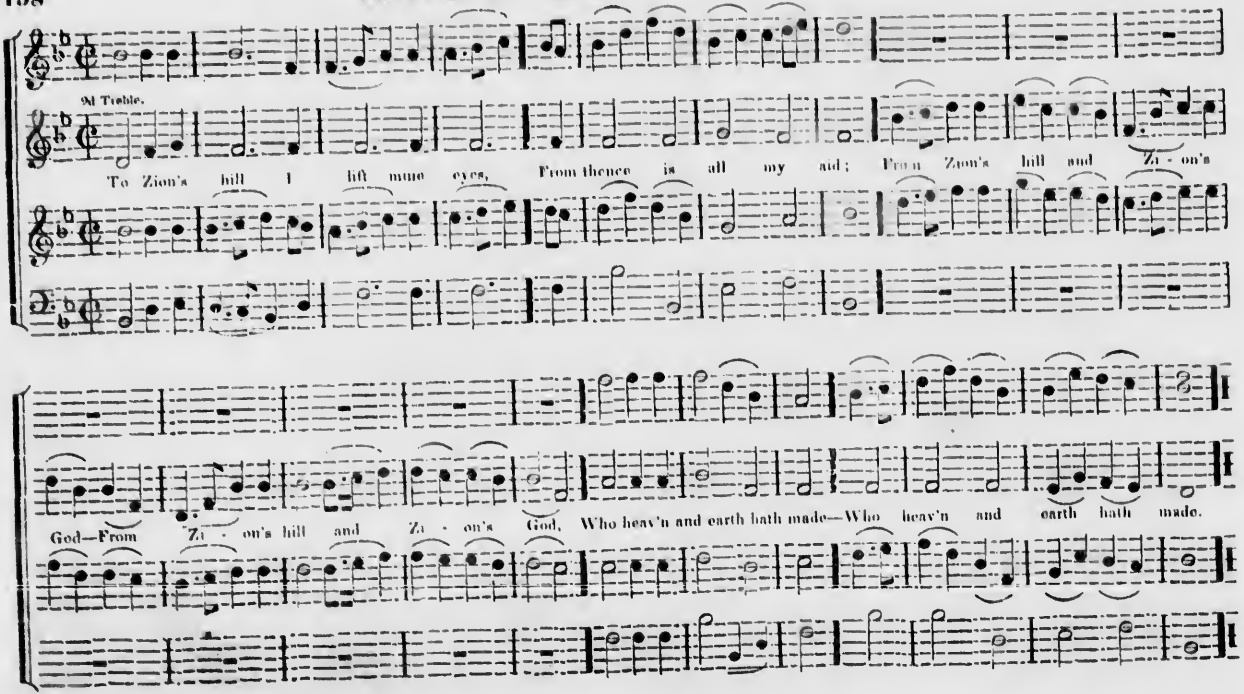
CAMBRIDGE. C. M. [Major Mode.] Dr. Randall.



CAMBRIDGE. C. M. [Minor Mode.]

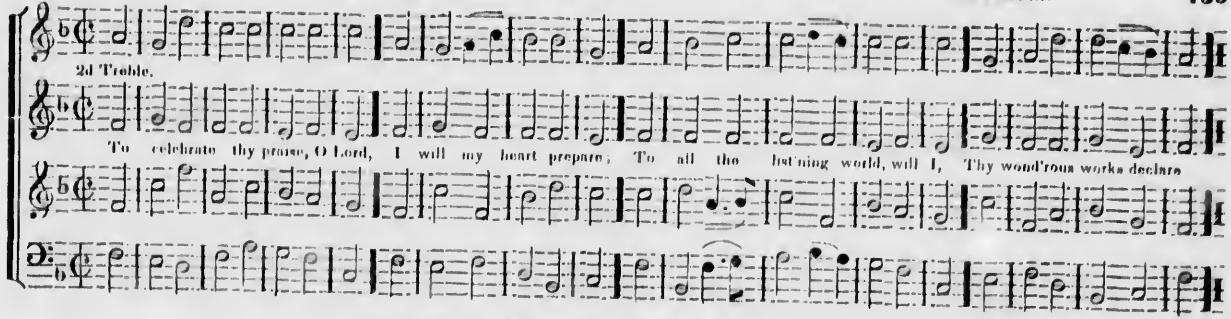


CLIFFORD. C. M.


2d Treble.
To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes, From thence is all my aid; From Zion's hill and Zi - on's
God—From Zi - on's hill and Zi - on's God, Who heav'n and earth hath made—Who heav'n and earth hath made.

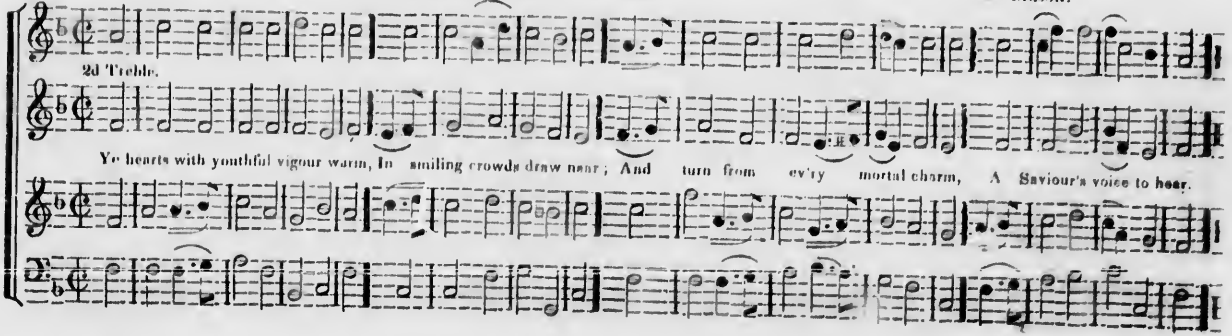
St. DAVID's. C. M.

Ravenscroft.



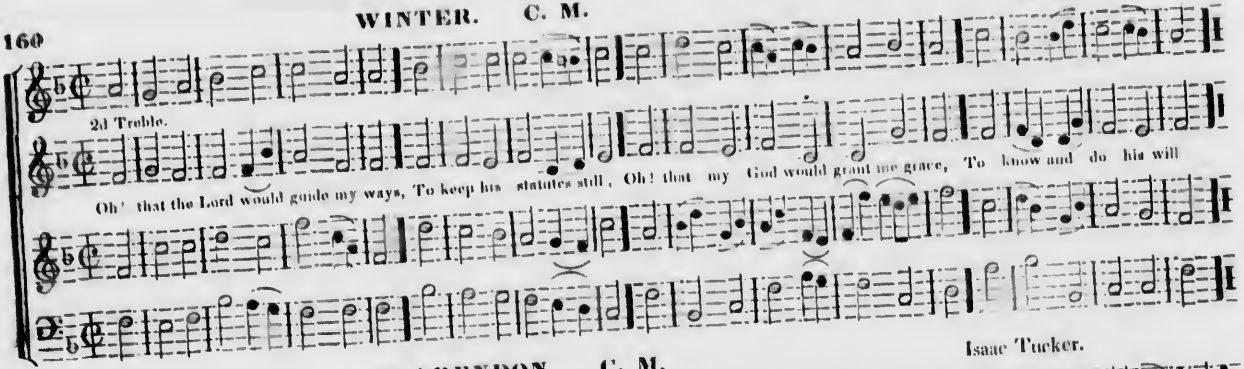
LITCHFIELD. C. M.

L. Mason.



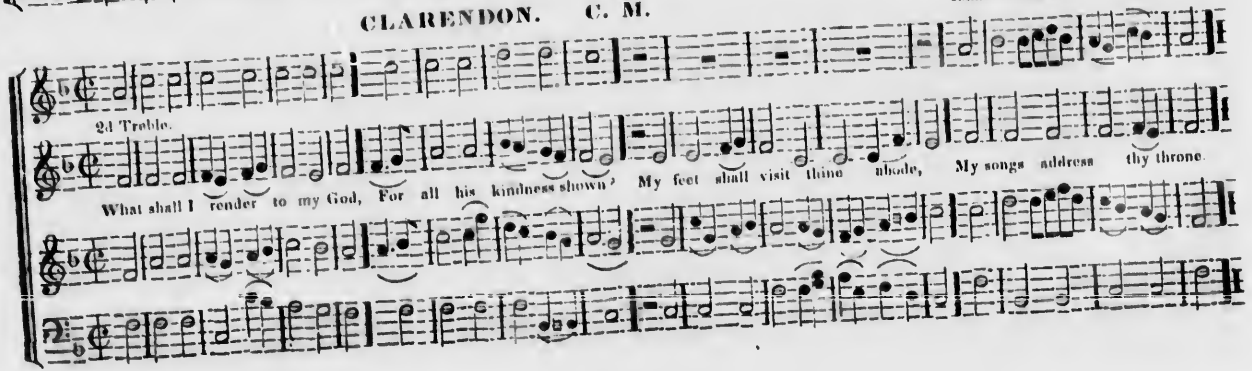
WINTER. C. M.

Read.

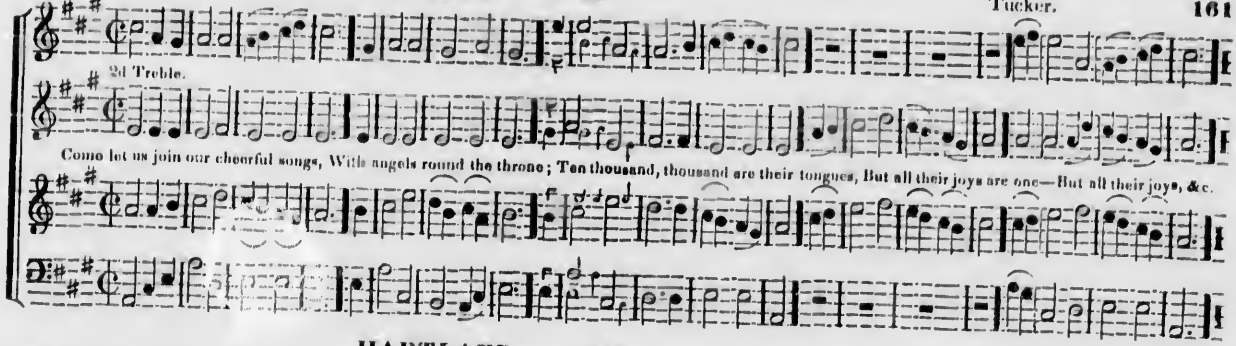


CLARENDON. C. M.

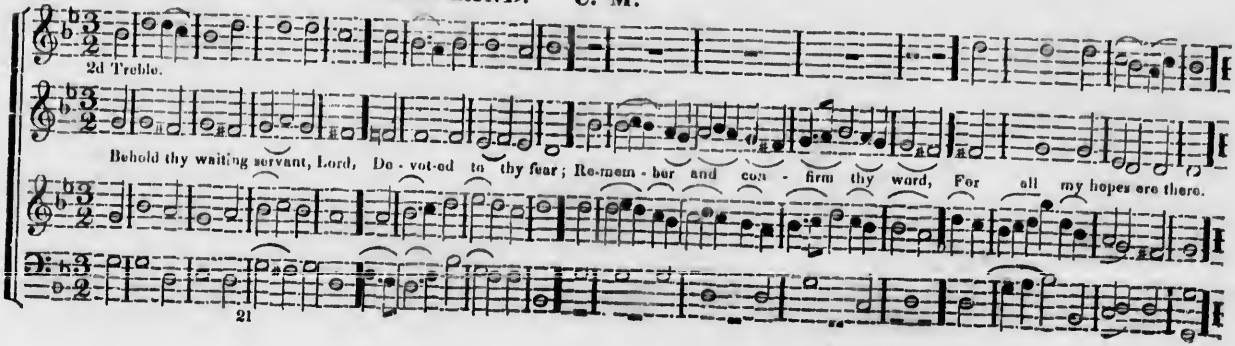
Isaac Tucker.



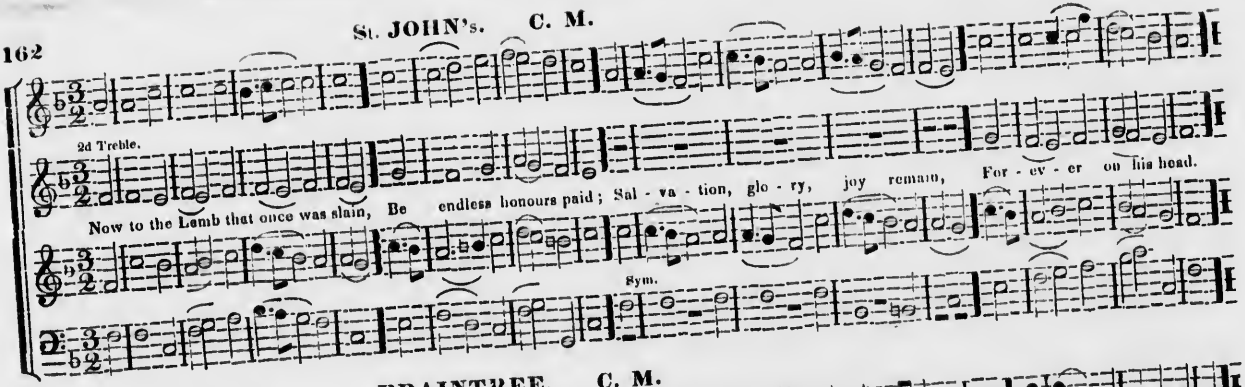
DEVIZES. C. M.



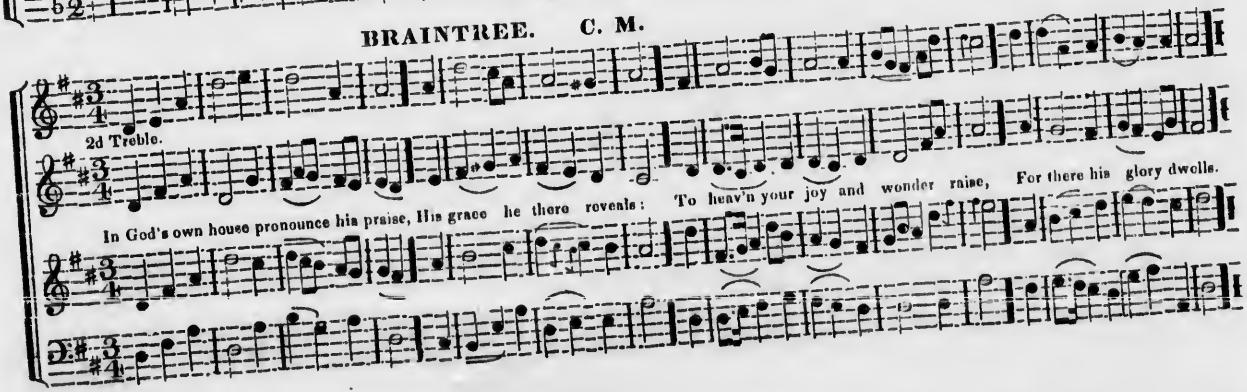
HARTLAND. C. M.



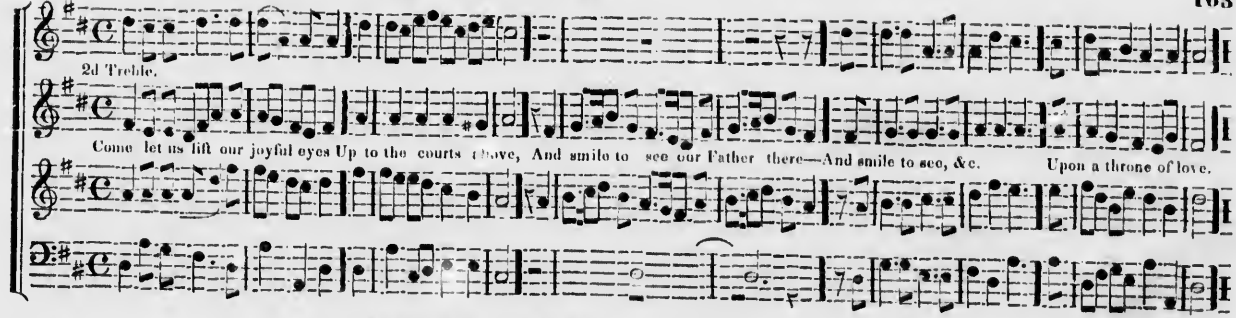
St. JOHN's. C. M.



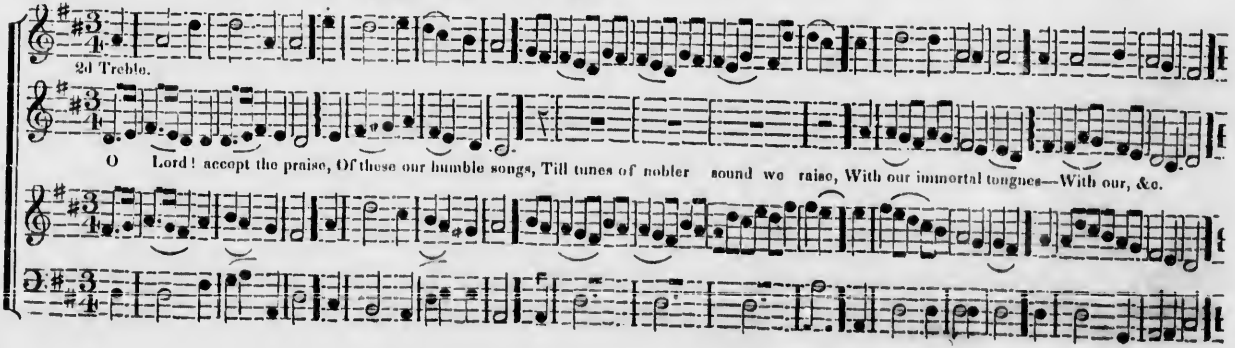
BRAINTREE. C. M.



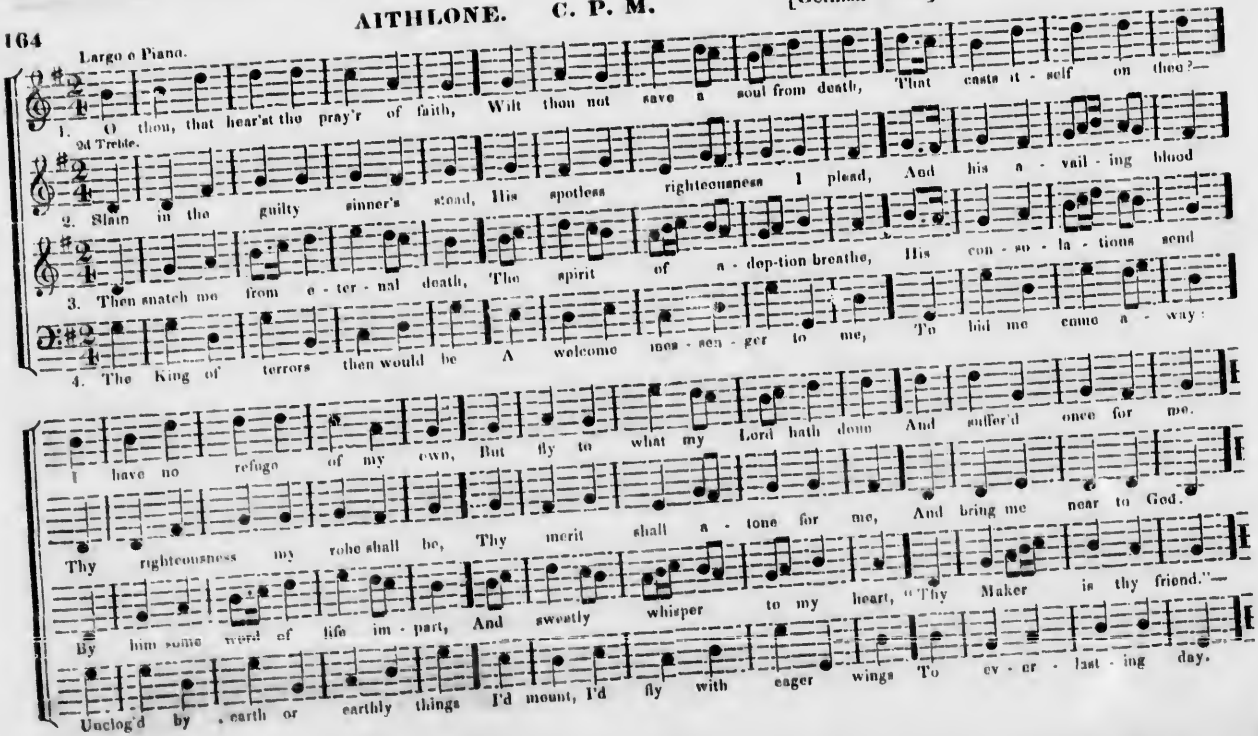
CONWAY. C. M.



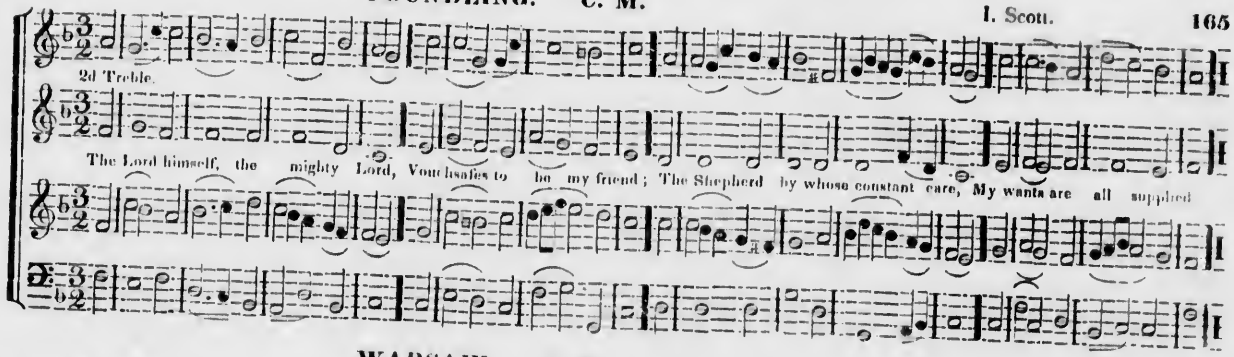
HADLEY. S. M.



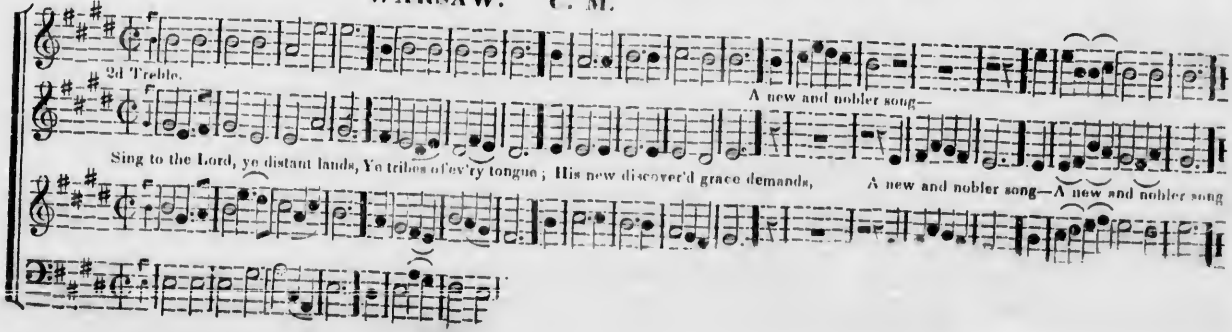
AITHLONE. C. P. M. [German Tune.]



FOUNDLING. C. M.

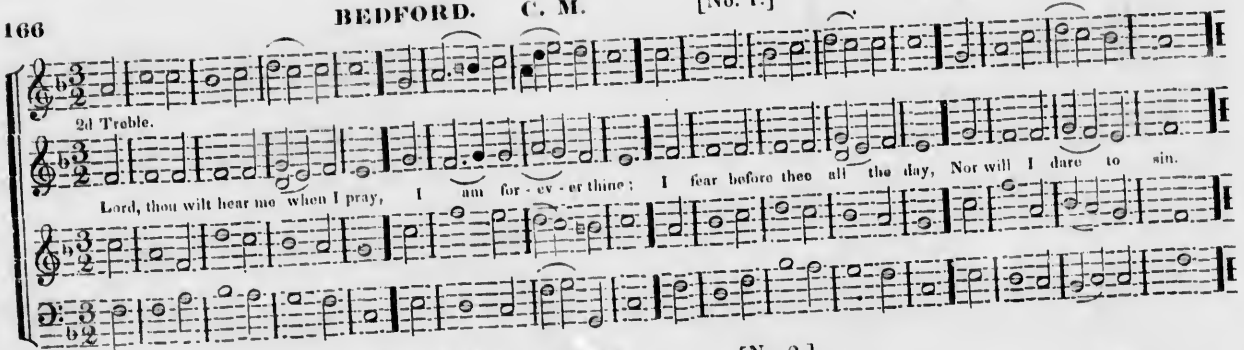


WARSAW. C. M.

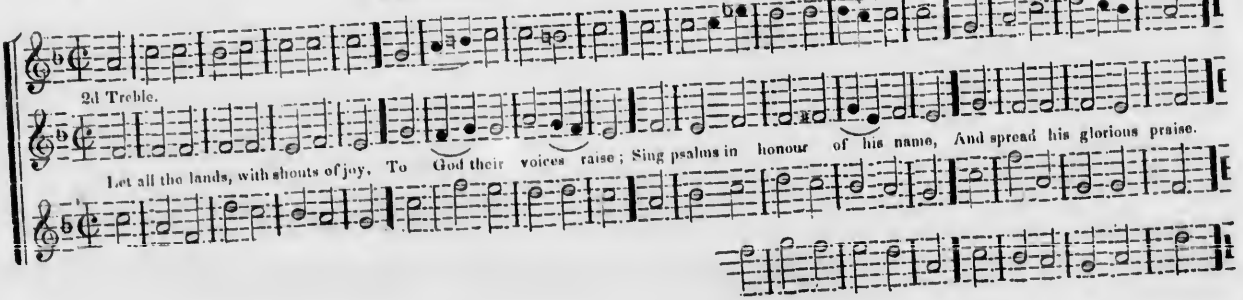


BEDFORD. C. M. [No. 1.]

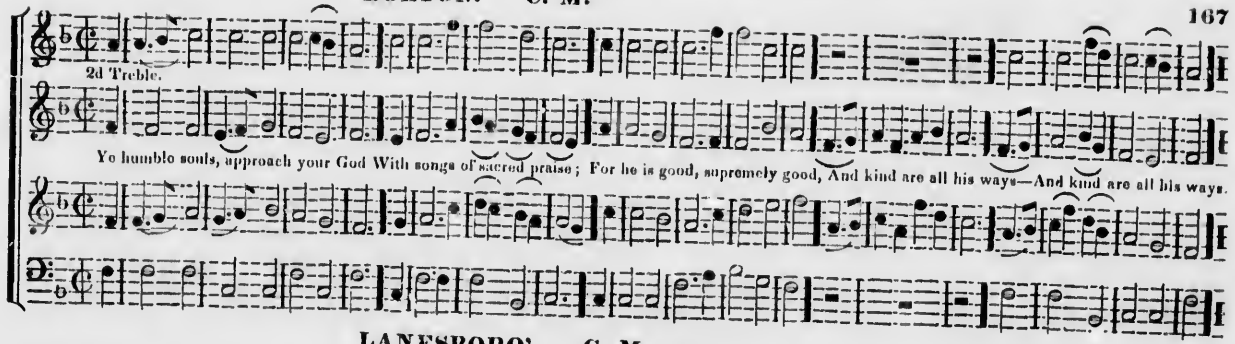
Wheall.



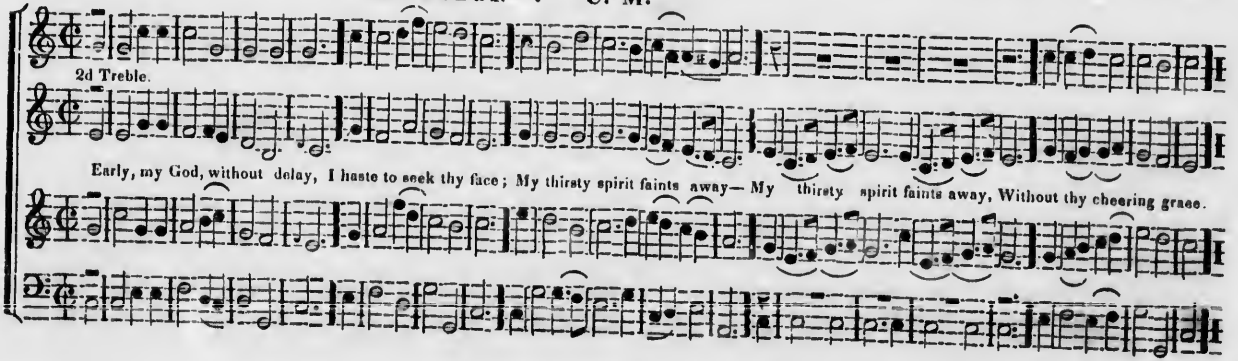
BEDFORD. C. M. [No. 2.]



BOLTON. C. M.



LANESBORO'. C. M.



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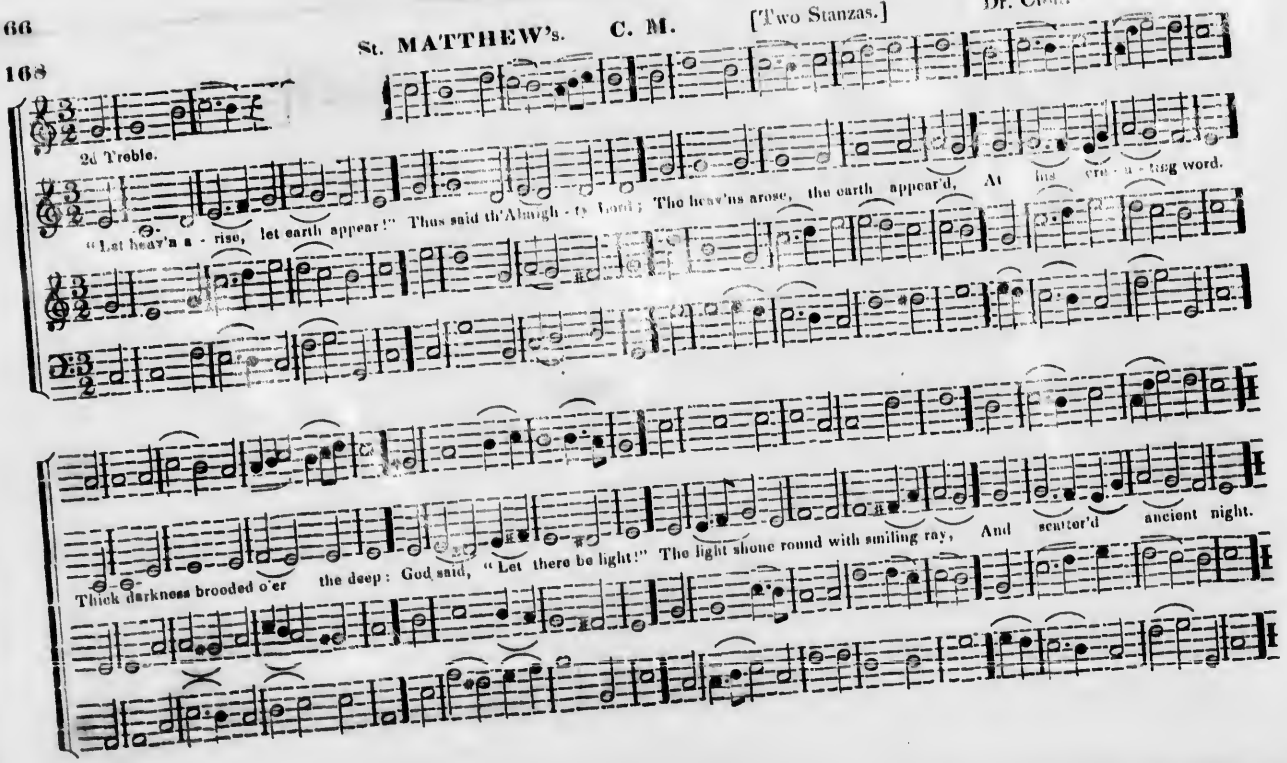
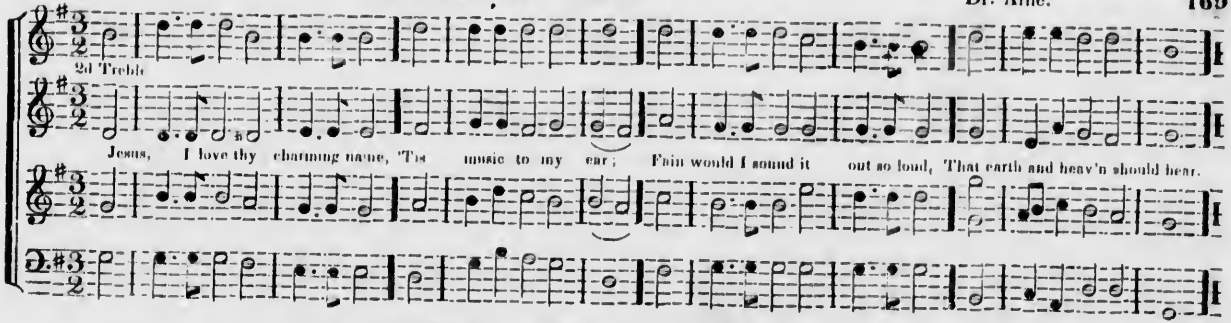
St. MATTHEW's. C. M. [Two Stanzas.] Dr. Croft.



ARLINGTON. C. M.

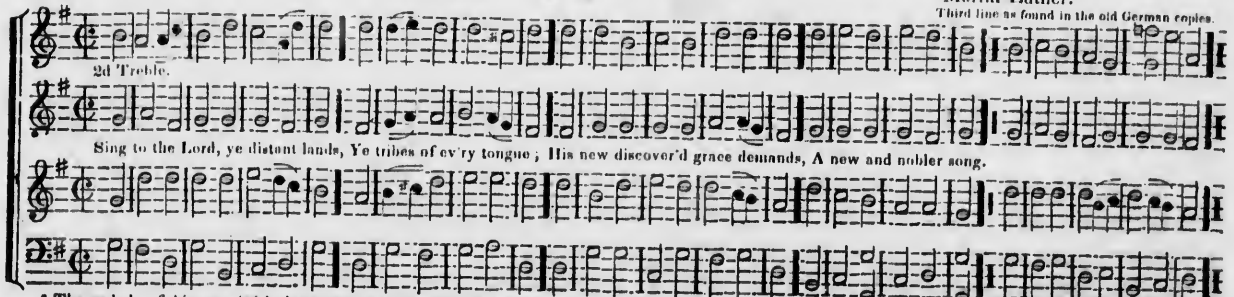
Dr. Arne.



*LUTZEN. C. M.

Martin Luther.

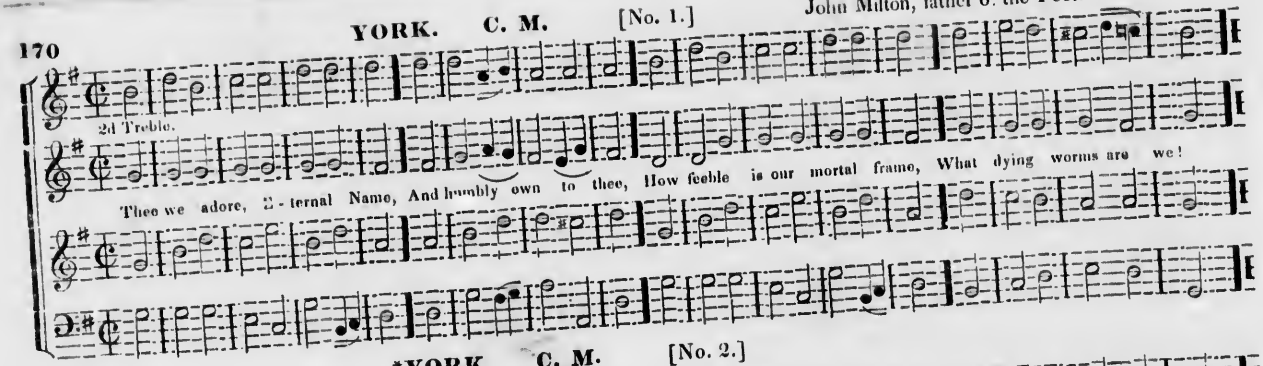
Third line as found in the old German copies.



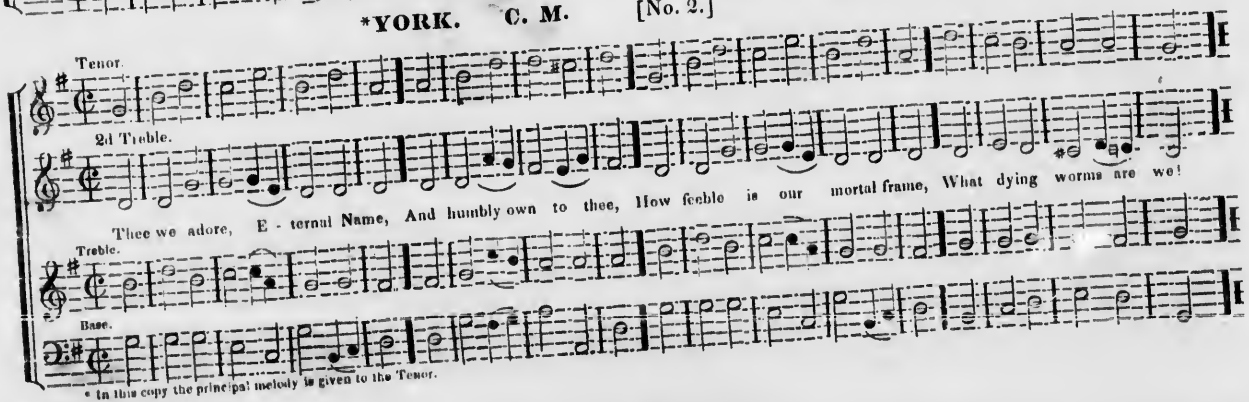
* The melody of this tune (with the exception of the third line) has here been restored to its original form. It is found among the old German Chorals, and was without doubt composed by Luther

YORK. C. M. [No. 1.]

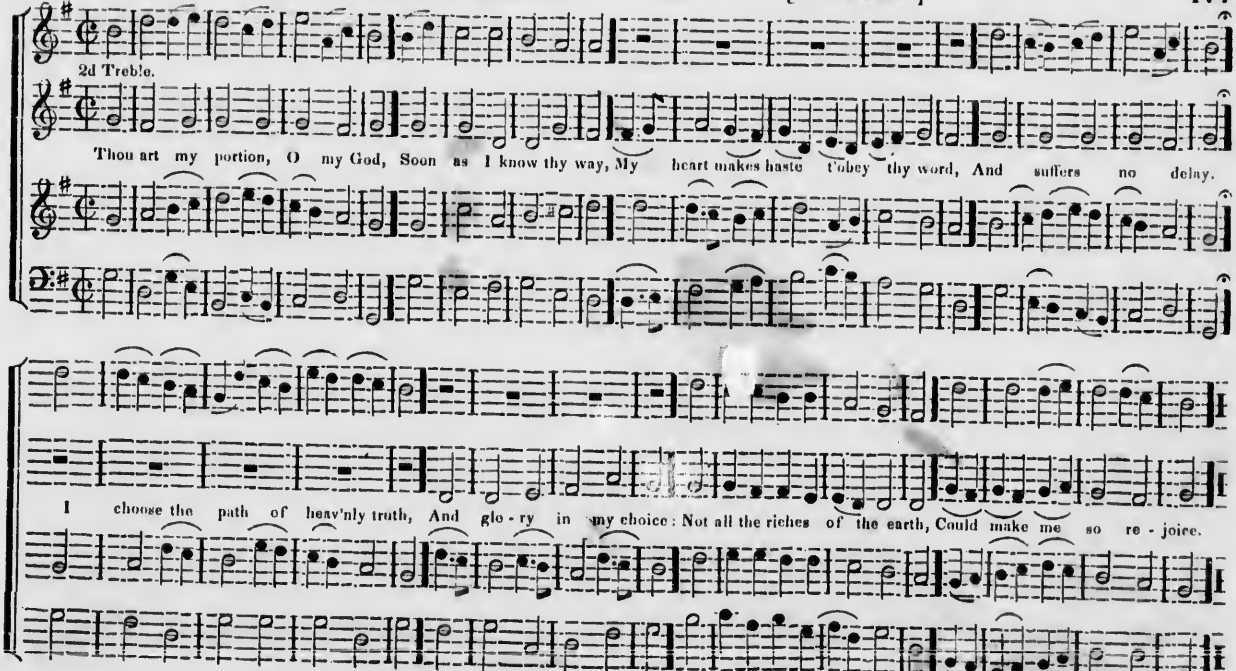
John Milton, father of the Poet.



*YORK. C. M. [No. 2.]

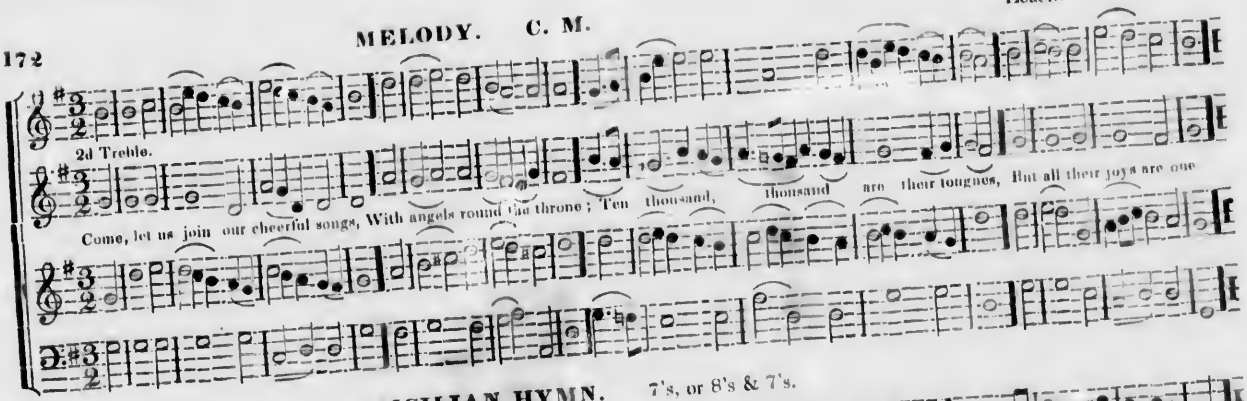


* In this copy the principal melody is given to the Tenor.

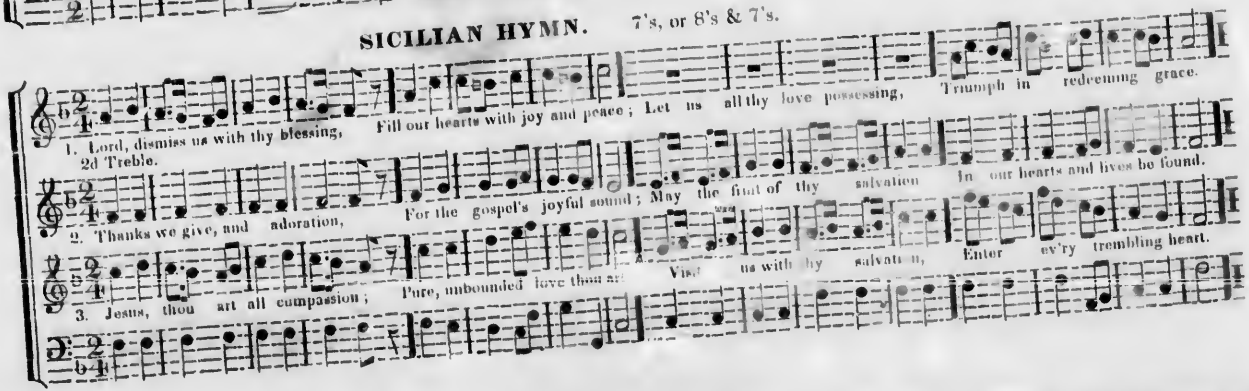

2d Treble.
Thou art my portion, O my God, Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t'obey thy word, And suffers no delay.
I choose the path of heav'nly truth, And glo - ry in my choice: Not all the riches of the earth, Could make me so re - joice.

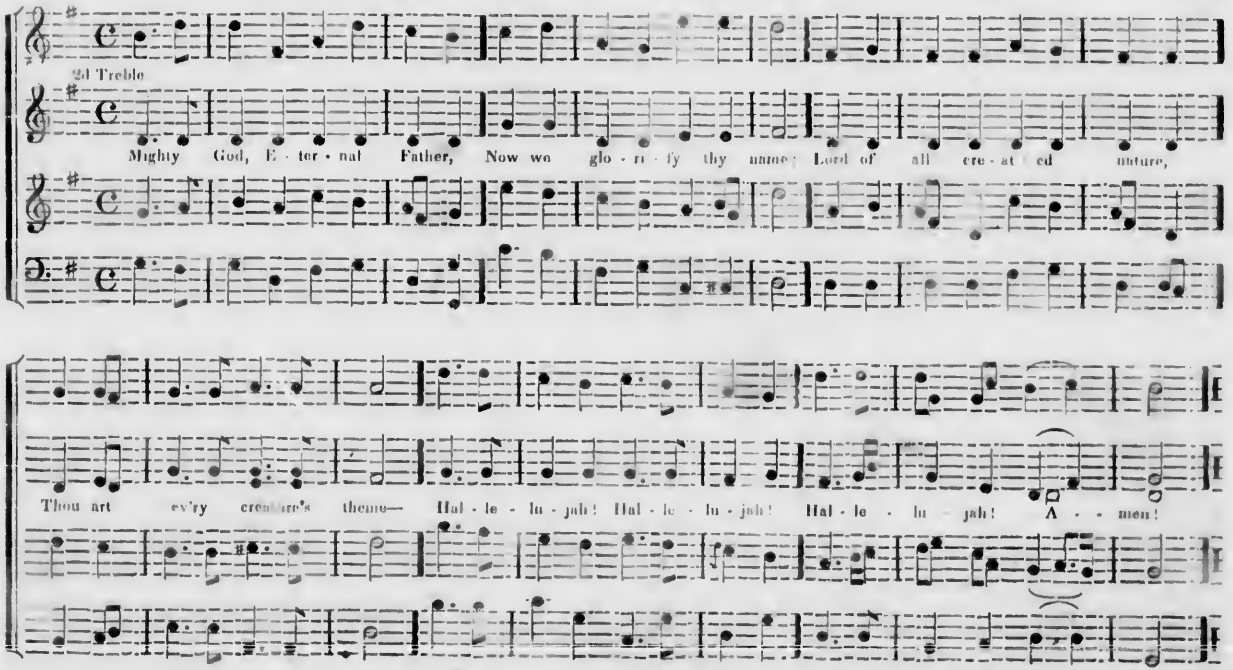
Leach.

MELODY. C. M.



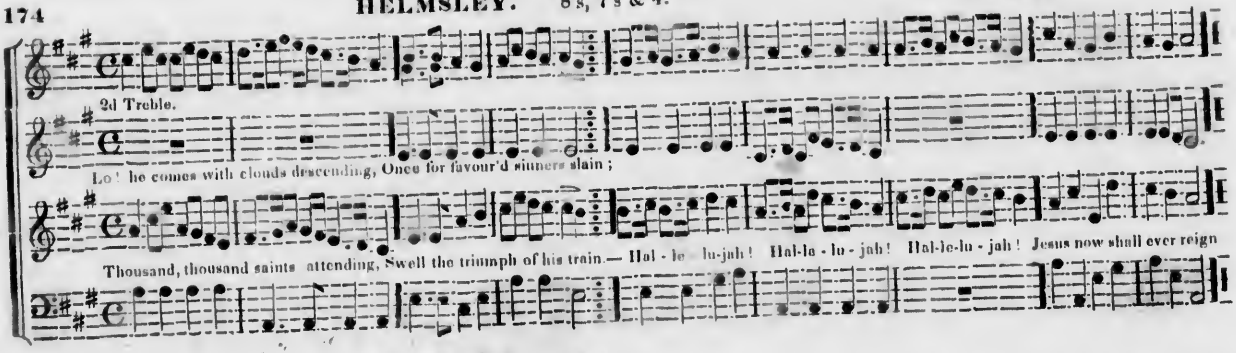
SICILIAN HYMN. 7's, or 8's & 7's.



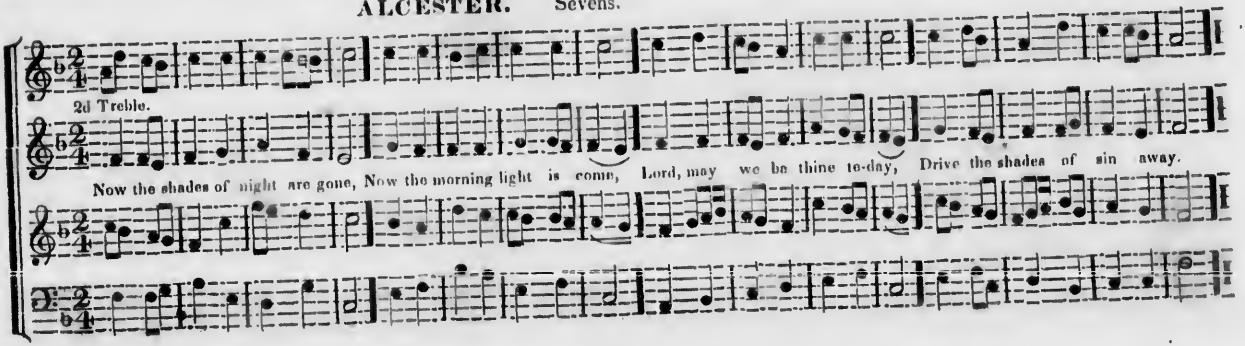

2d Treble
Mighty God, E - ter - nal Father, Now we glo - ri - fy thy name; Lord of all cre - at - ed nature,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme— Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men!

HELMSLEY. 8's, 7's & 4.

Dr. Madan.

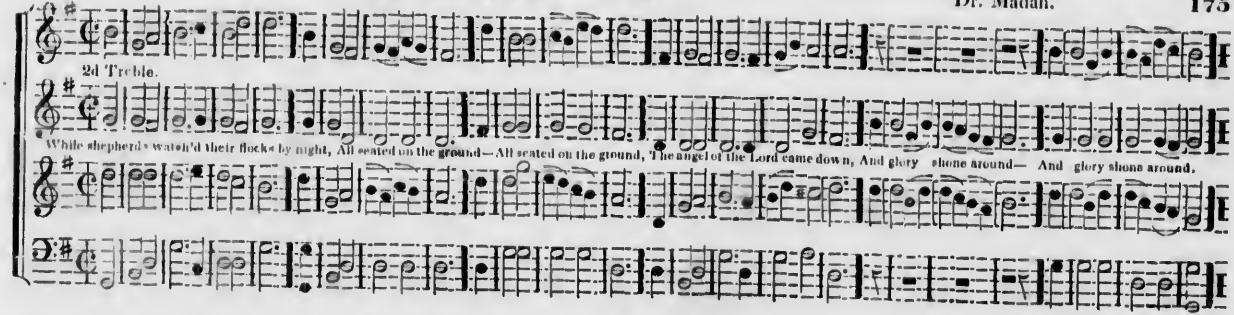


ALCESTER. Sevens.



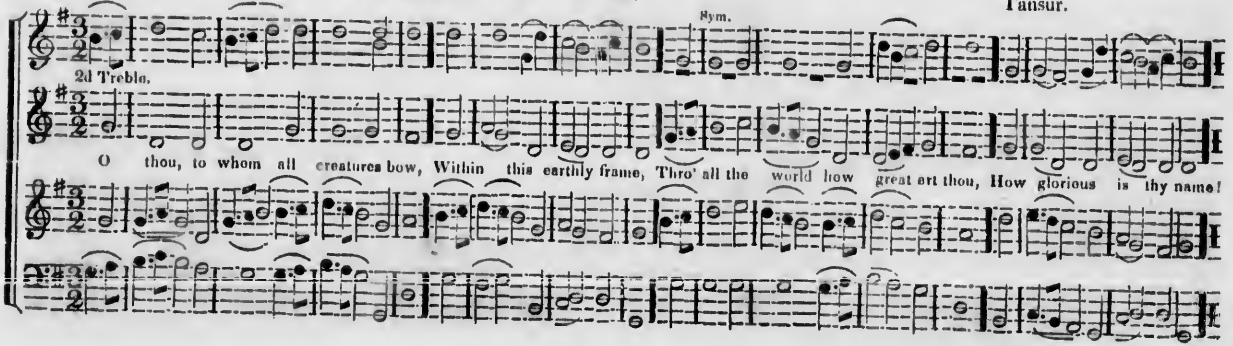
BETHLEHEM. C. M.

Dr. Madan.



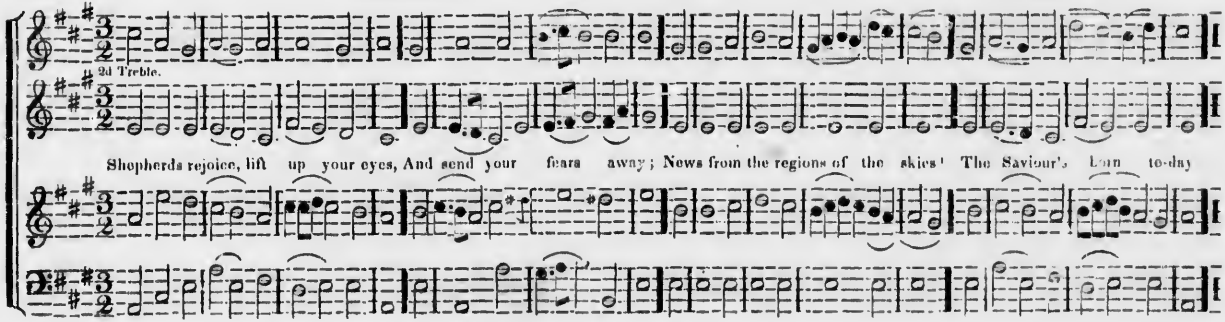
St. MARTIN's. C. M.

Tansur.

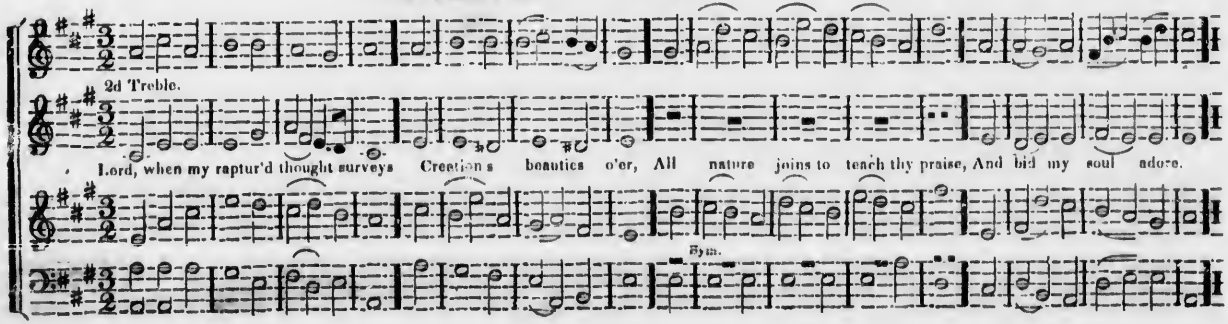


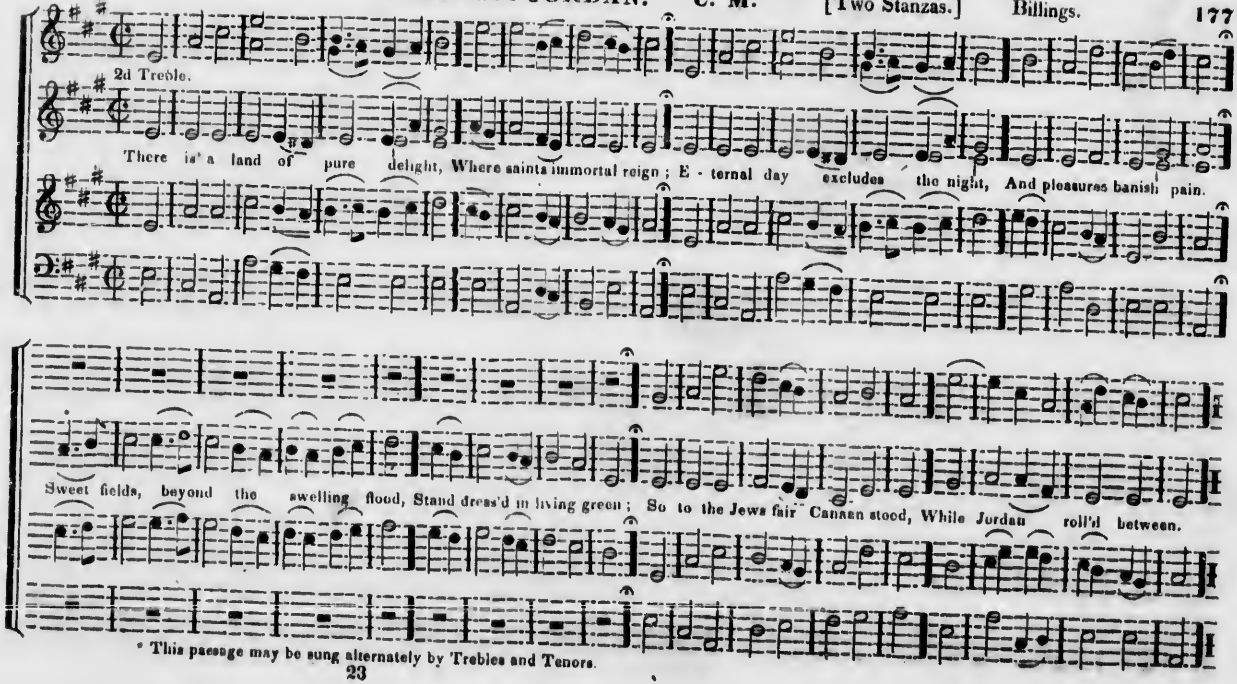
JORDAN. C. M.

Harwood.



CHESTERFIELD. C. M.





* This passage may be sung alternately by Trebles and Tenors.

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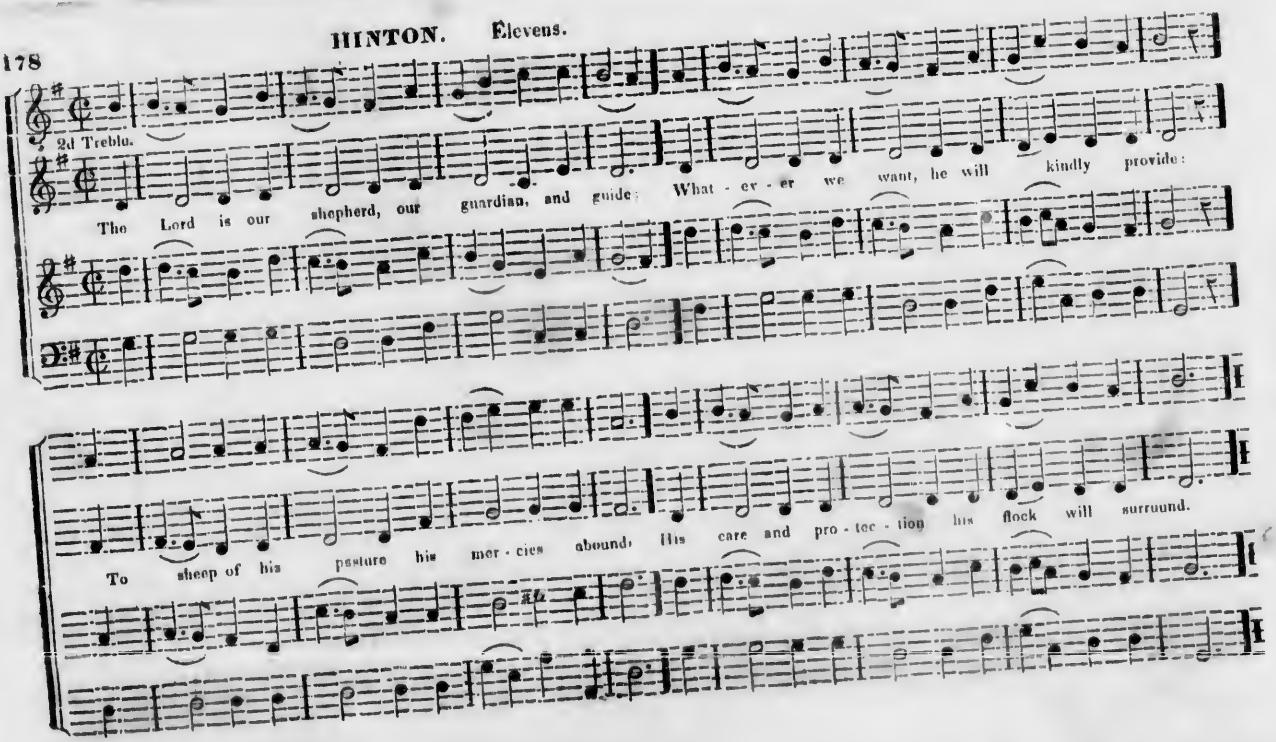
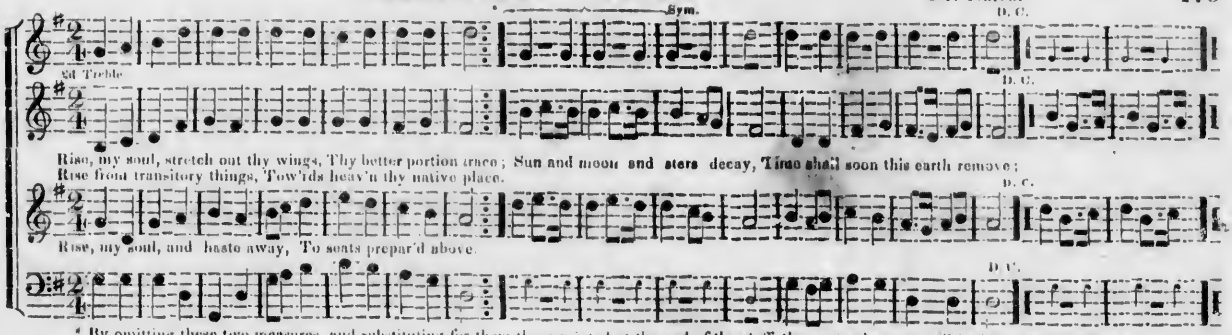
HINTON. Elevens.



provide:

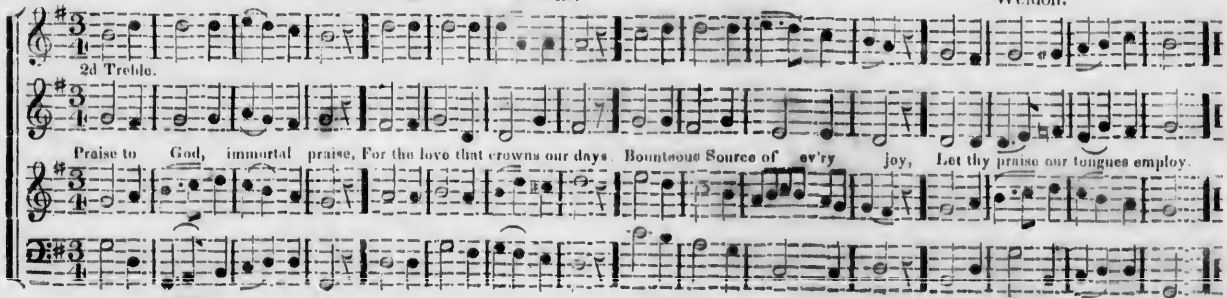
surround.

AMSTERDAM. 7's & 6's. Dr. Nares. 179



* By omitting these two measures, and substituting for them those printed at the end of the staff, the poetical accent will be better accommodated

PILTON. Sevens. Weldon.



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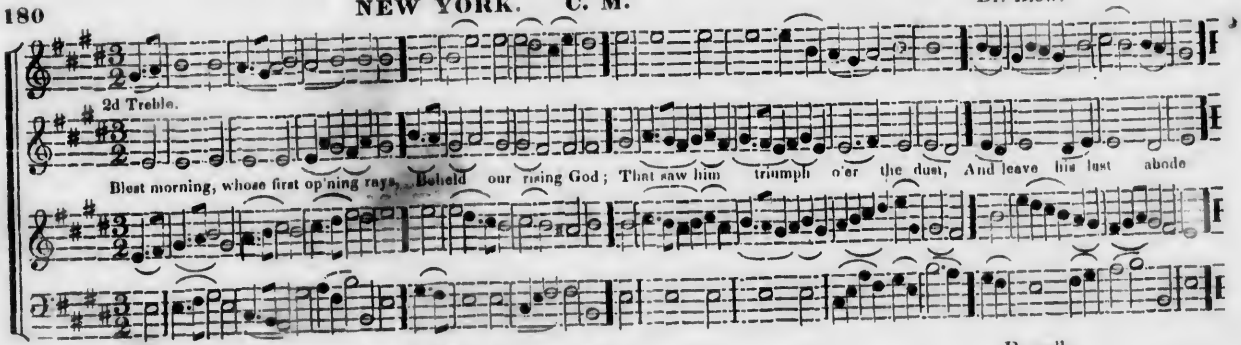
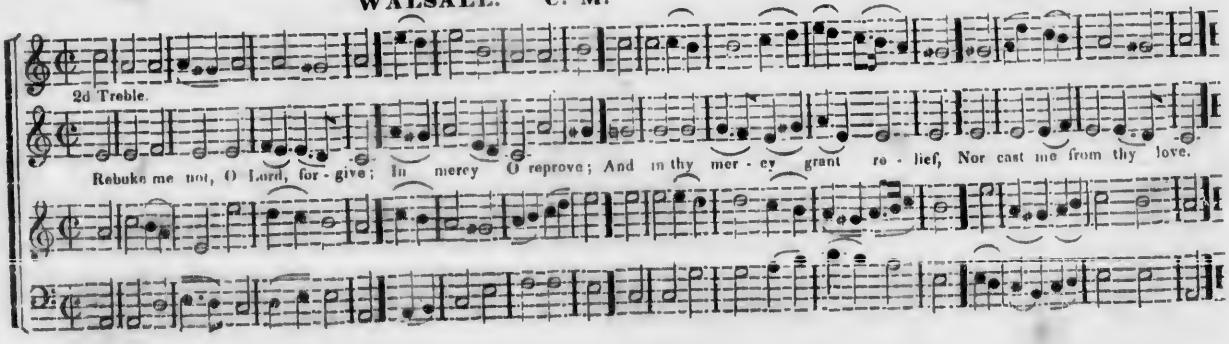
NEW YORK. C. M.

Dr. Blow.



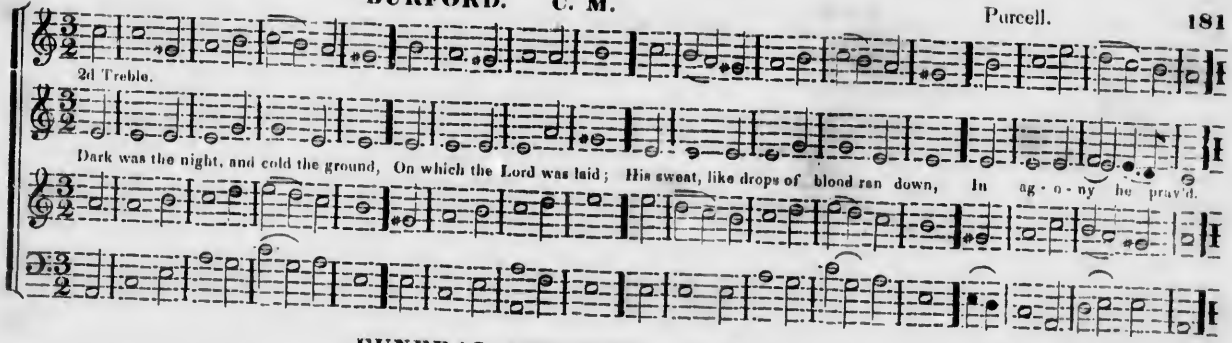
WALSALL. C. M.

Purcell.



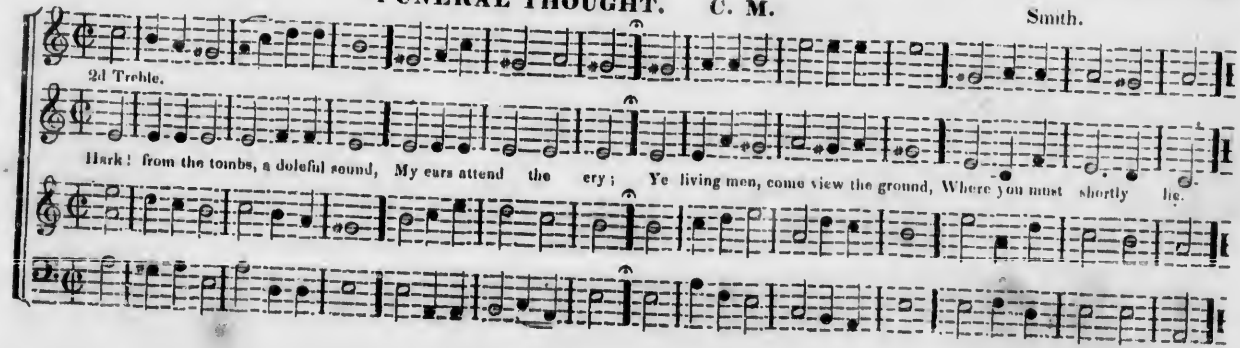
BURFORD. C. M.

Purcell.



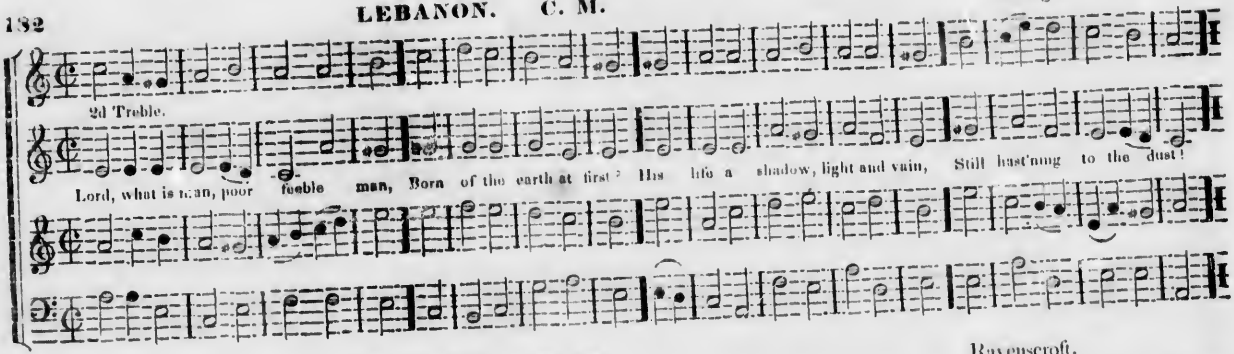
FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

Smith.



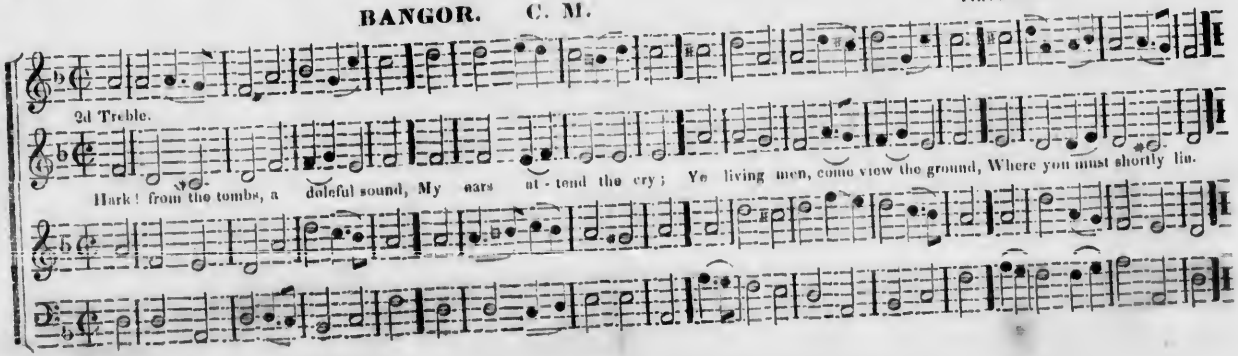
LEBANON. C. M.

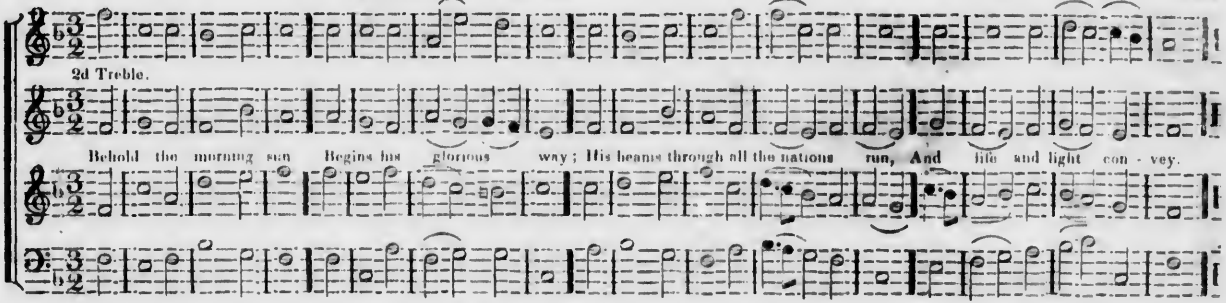
Billings.



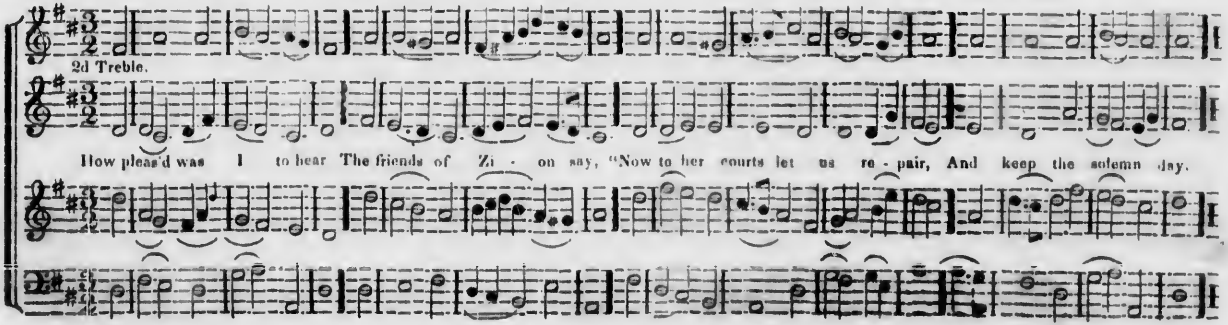
BANGOR. C. M.

Ravenscroft.





PECKHAM. S. M. Isaac Smith.



184

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Stanley.

Last line varied.

2d Treble.

Behold the morning sun Begins his glorious way; His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

LINSTEAD. S. M.

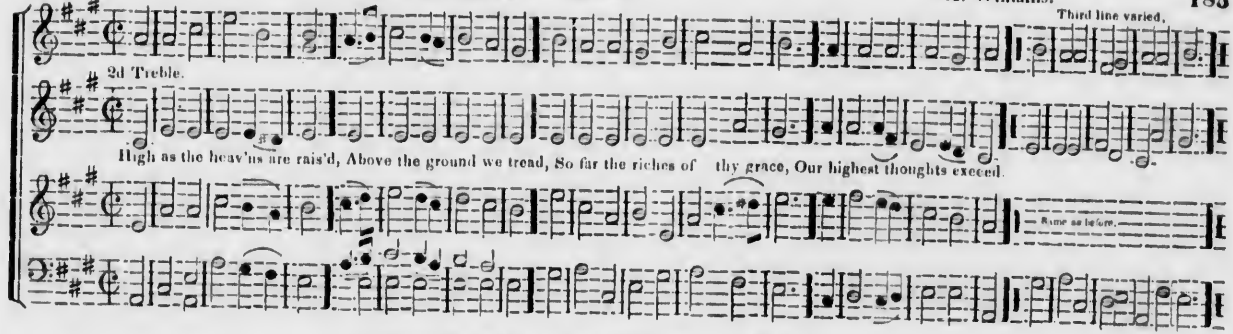
Last line varied.

2d Treble.

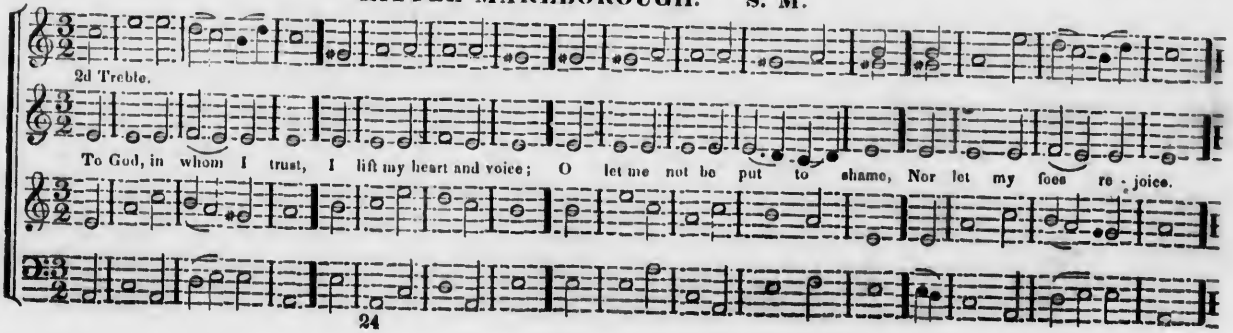
Mine eyes and my desire Are ever to the Lord; I love to plead his promises, And rest upon his word.

St. THOMAS. S. M.

A. Williams.

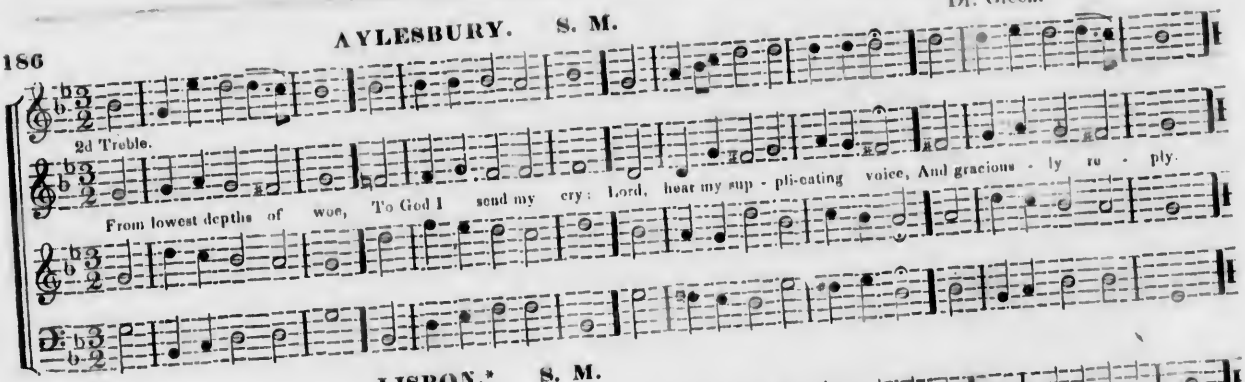


LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

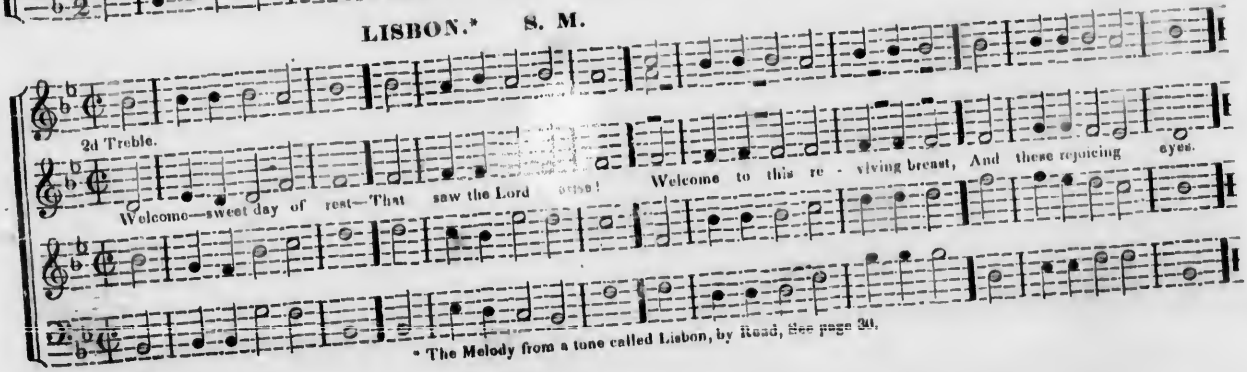


AYLESBURY. S. M.

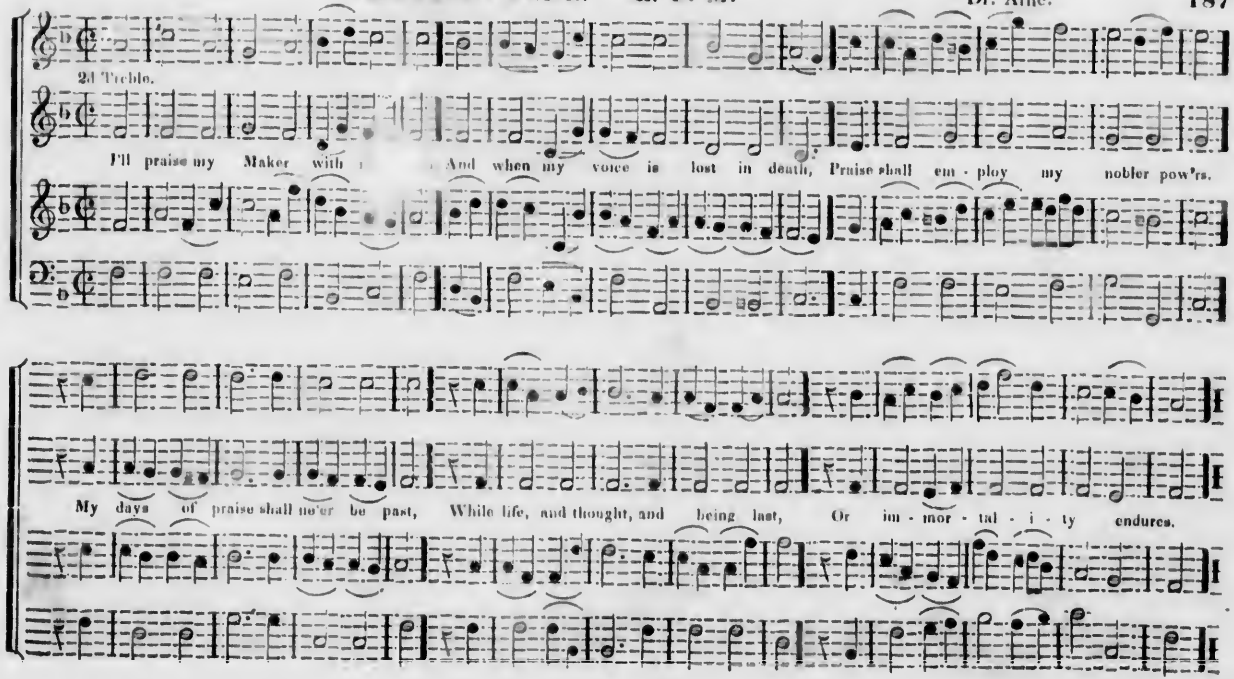
Dr. Green.



LISBON.* S. M.



* The Melody from a tune called Lisbon, by Read, See page 30.


2d Treble.
I'll praise my Maker with And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my nobler pow'rs.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty endures.

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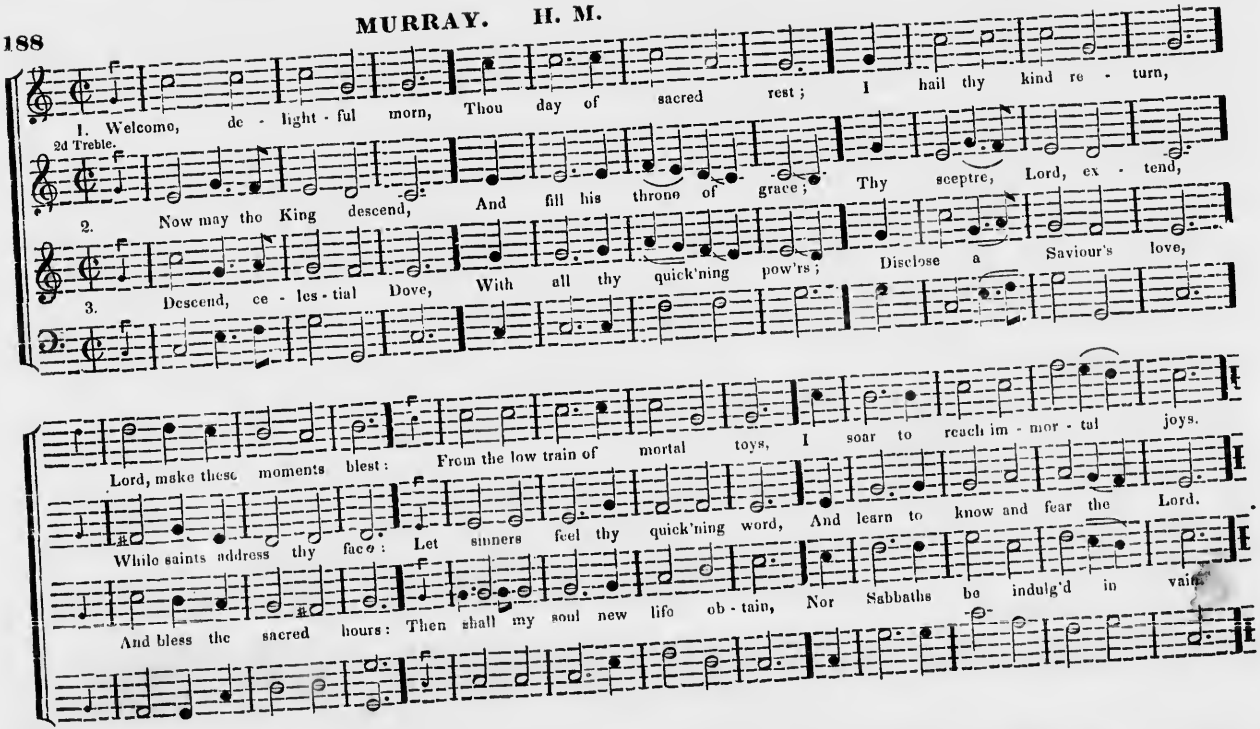
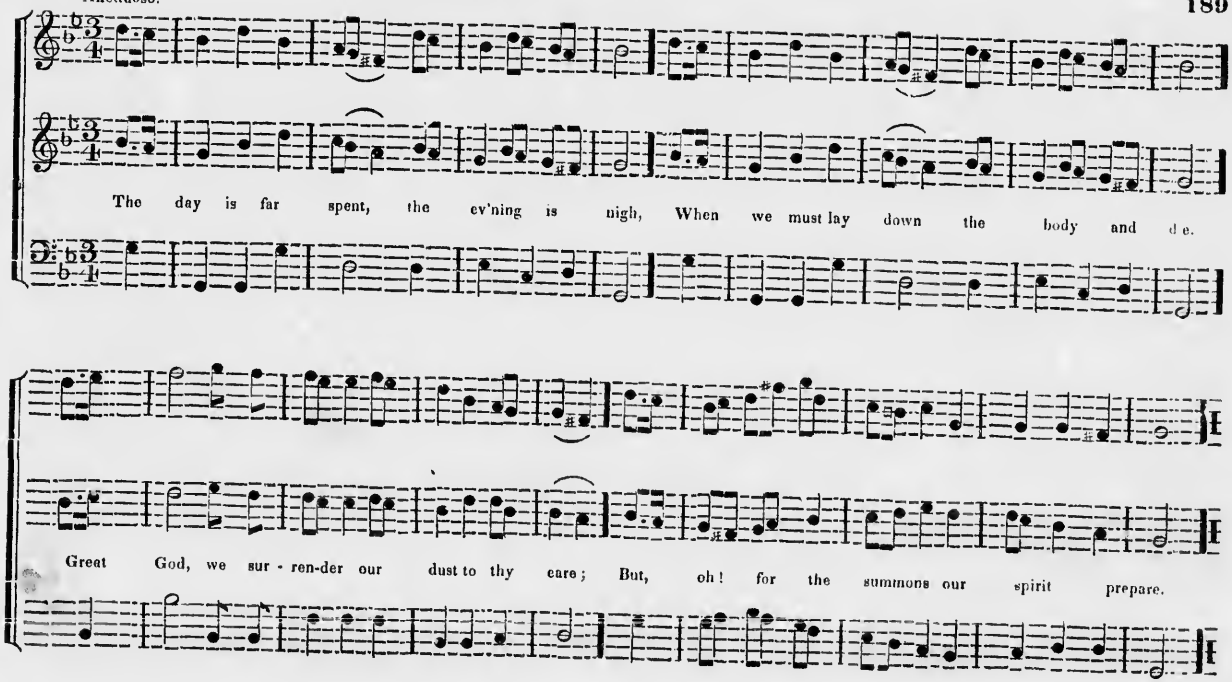
MURRAY. H. M.

L. Mason.

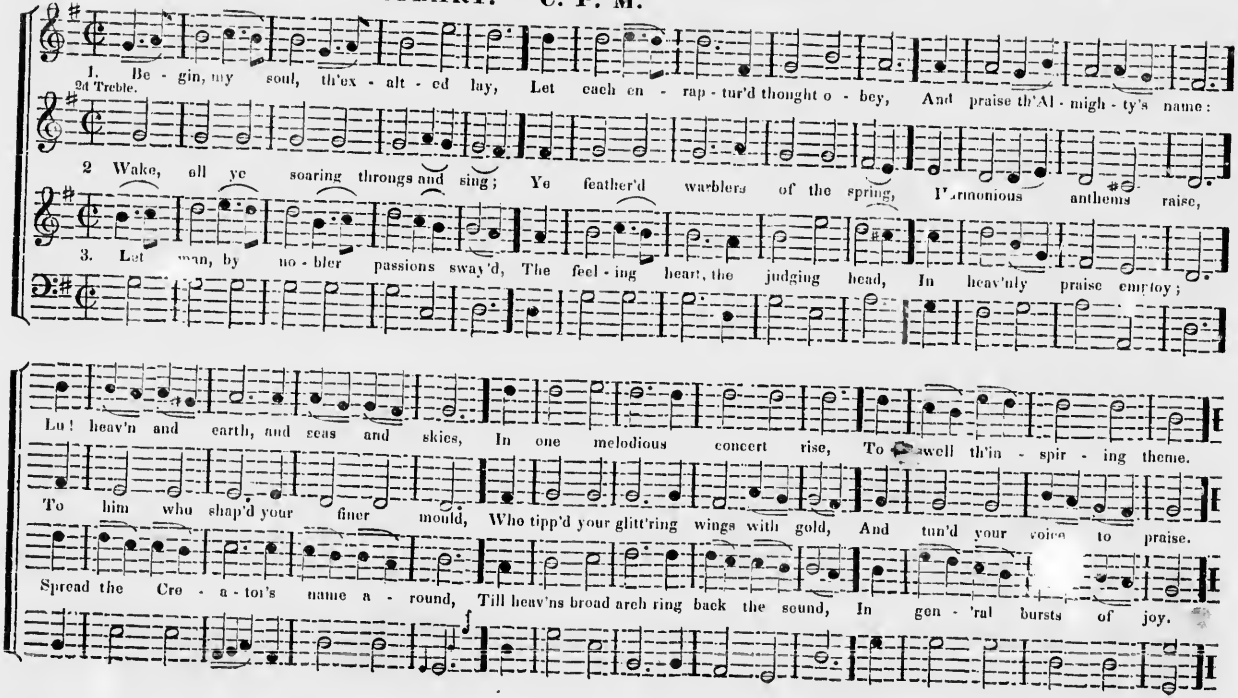


HAMILTON. 10's & 11's.

Affettuoso.

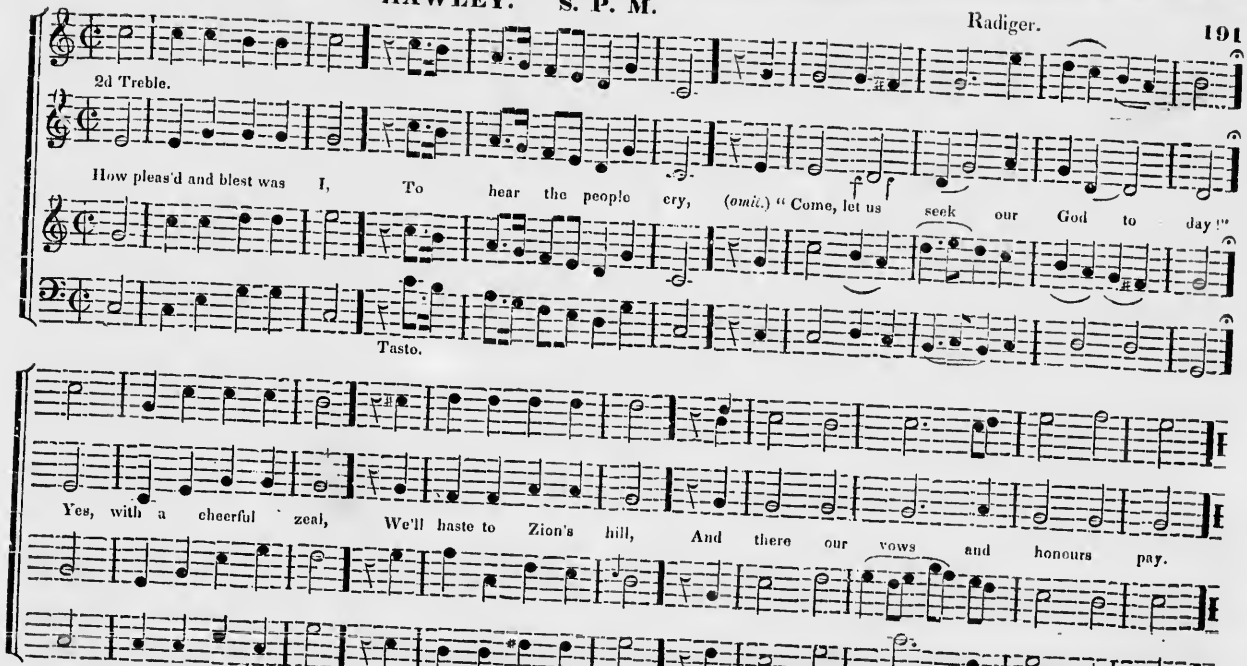


HOBART. C. P. M.

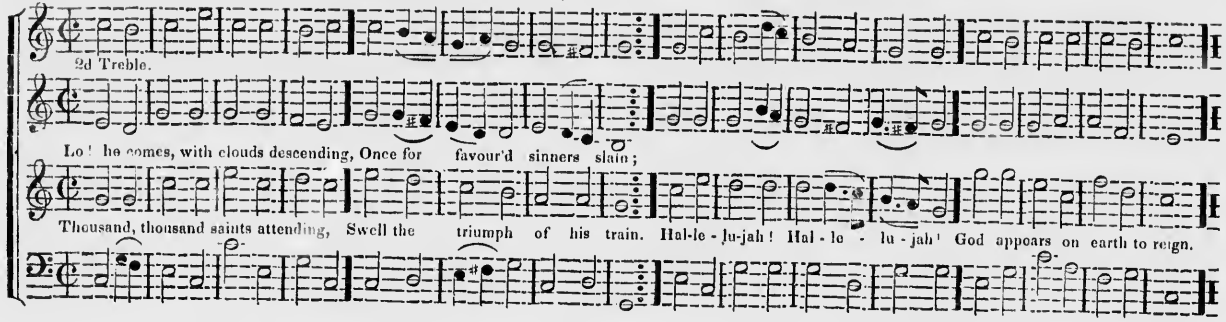

1. Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en - rap - tur'd thought o - bey, And praise th'Al - migh - ty's name:
2d Treble.
2 Wake, all ye soaring throngs and sing; Ye feather'd warblers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise,
3. Let man, by no - bler passions sway'd, The feel - ing heart, the judging head, In heav'nly praise employ;
Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies, In one melodious concert rise, To swell th'in - spir - ing theme.
To him who shap'd your finer mould, Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold, And tun'd your voice to praise.
Spread the Cre - a - tor's name a - round, Till heav'ns broad arch ring back the sound, In gen - 'ral bursts of joy.

HAWLEY. S. P. M.

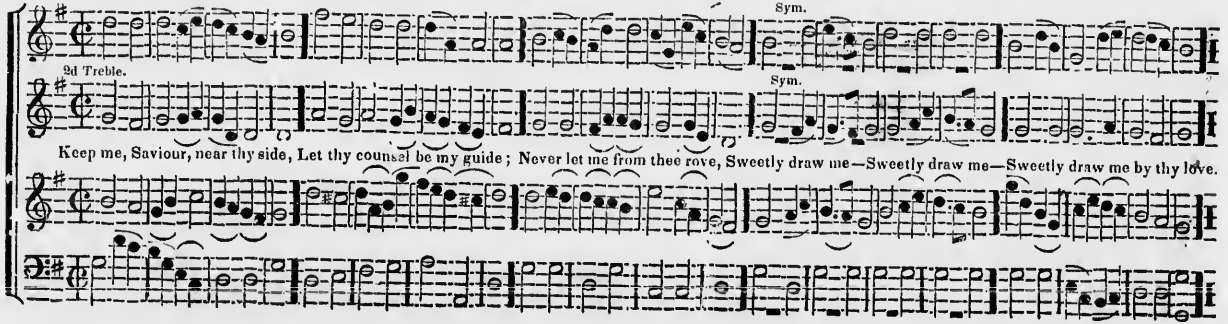
Radiger.



SUFFOLK. 8's, 7's & 4.



GRANBY. Sevens.

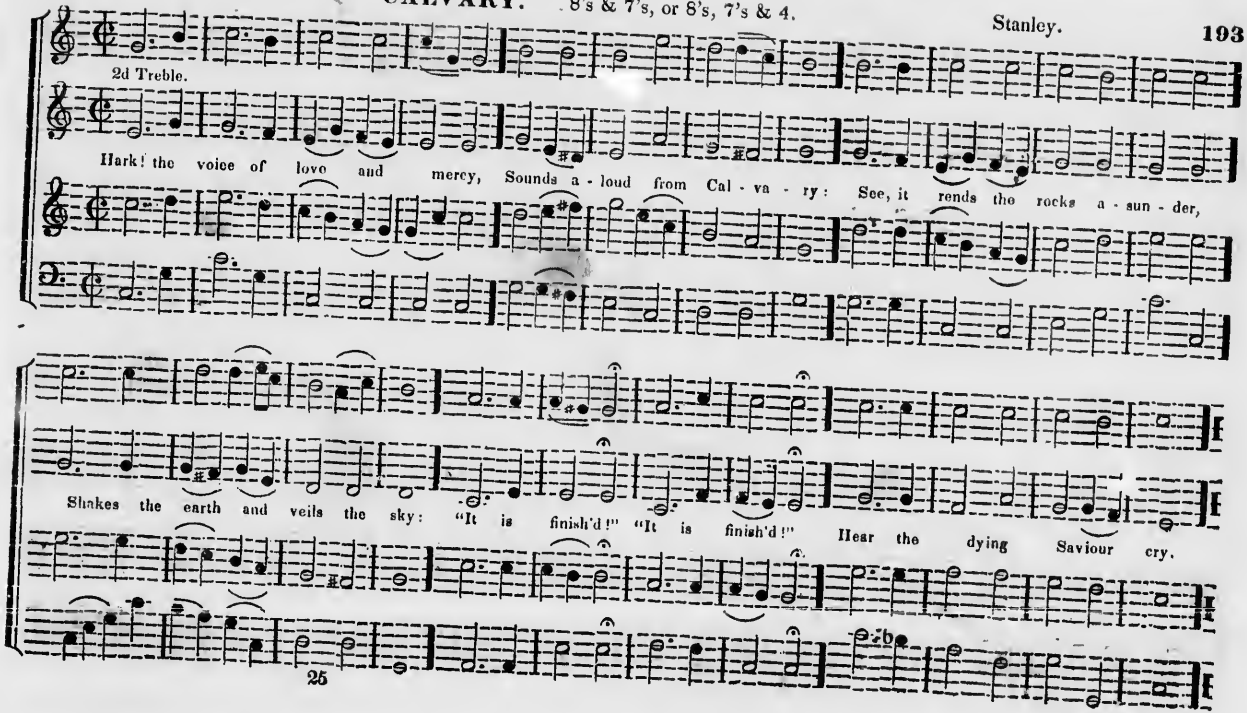


earth to reign.

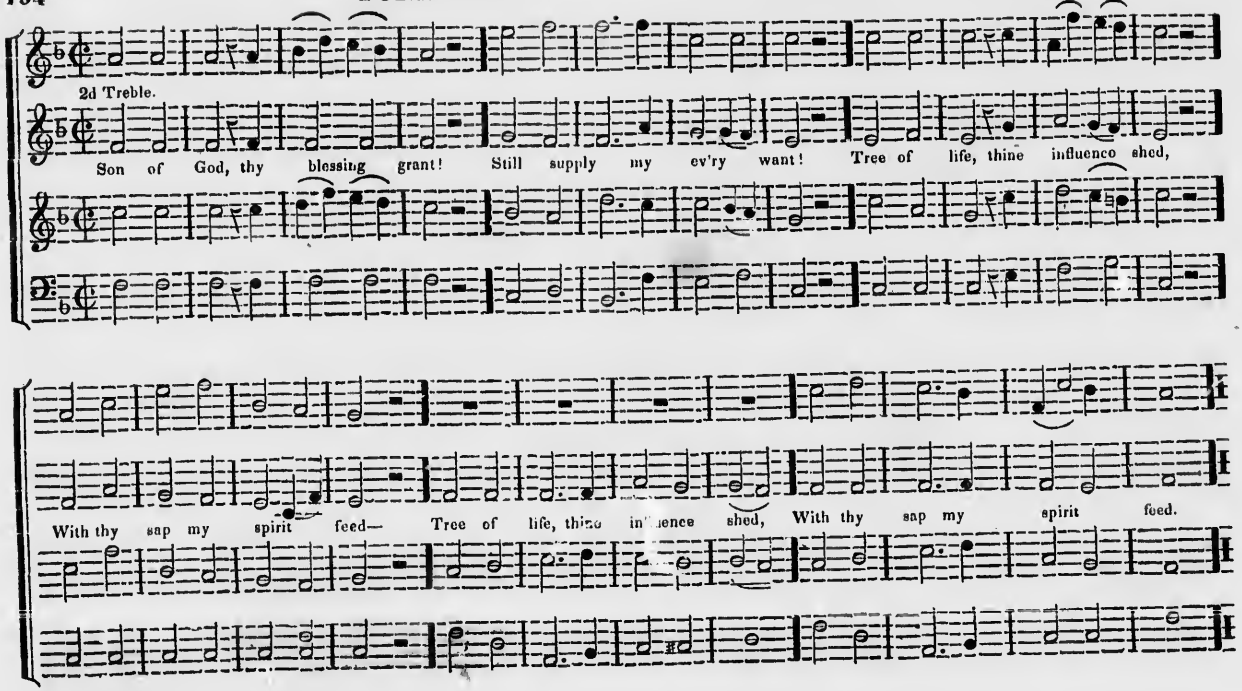
raw me by thy love.

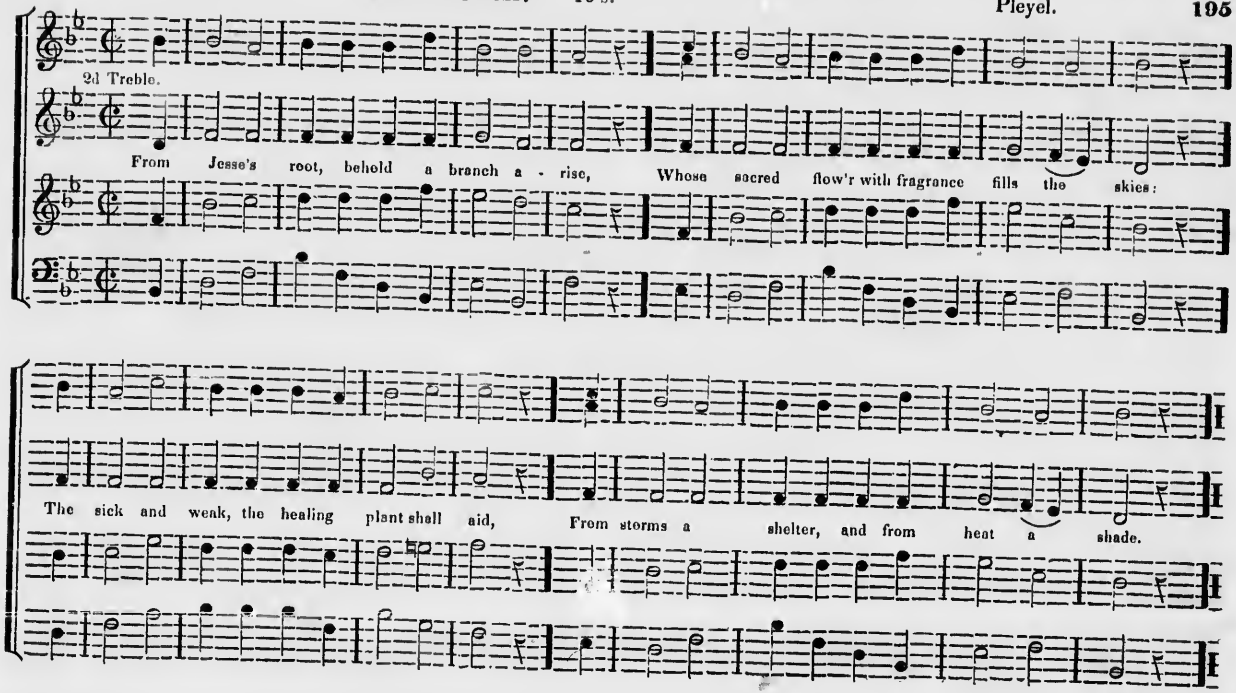
CALVARY. 8's & 7's, or 8's, 7's & 4.

Stanley.



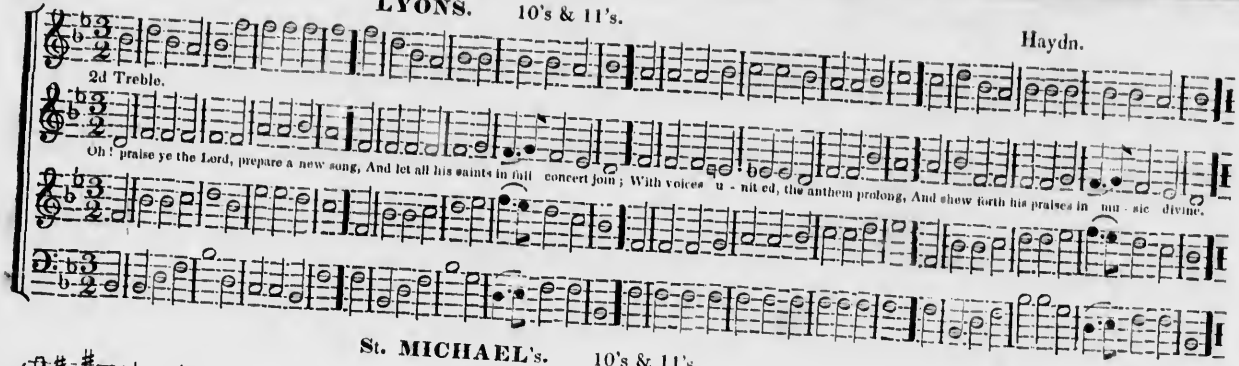
TURIN. Sevens. Giardini.




2d Treble.
From Jesse's root, behold a branch a - rise, Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

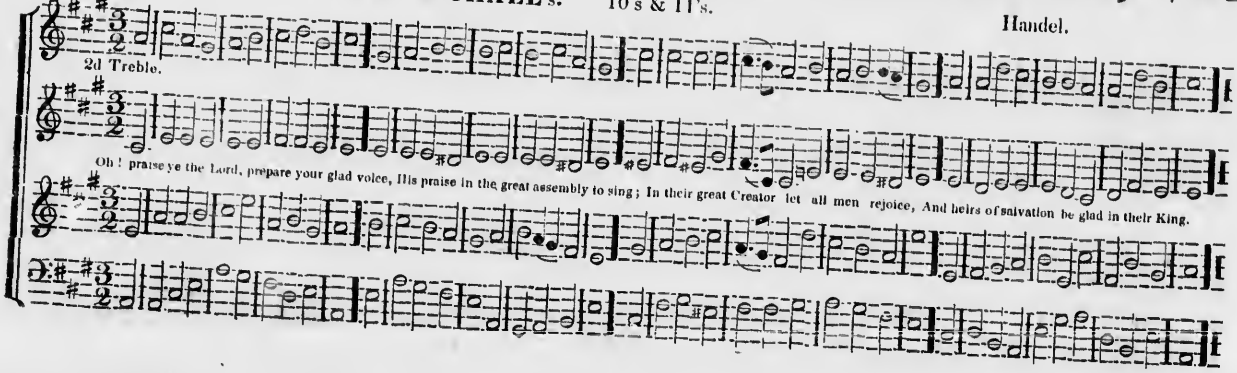
LYONS. 10's & 11's.

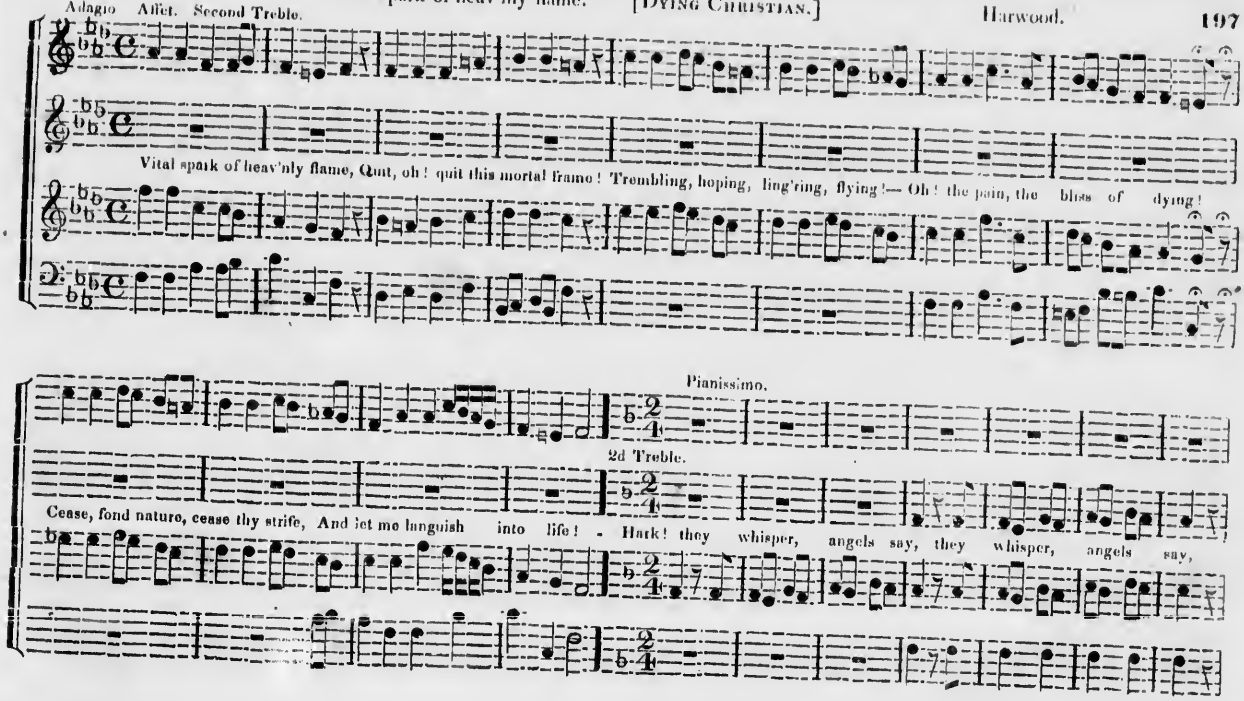
Haydn.



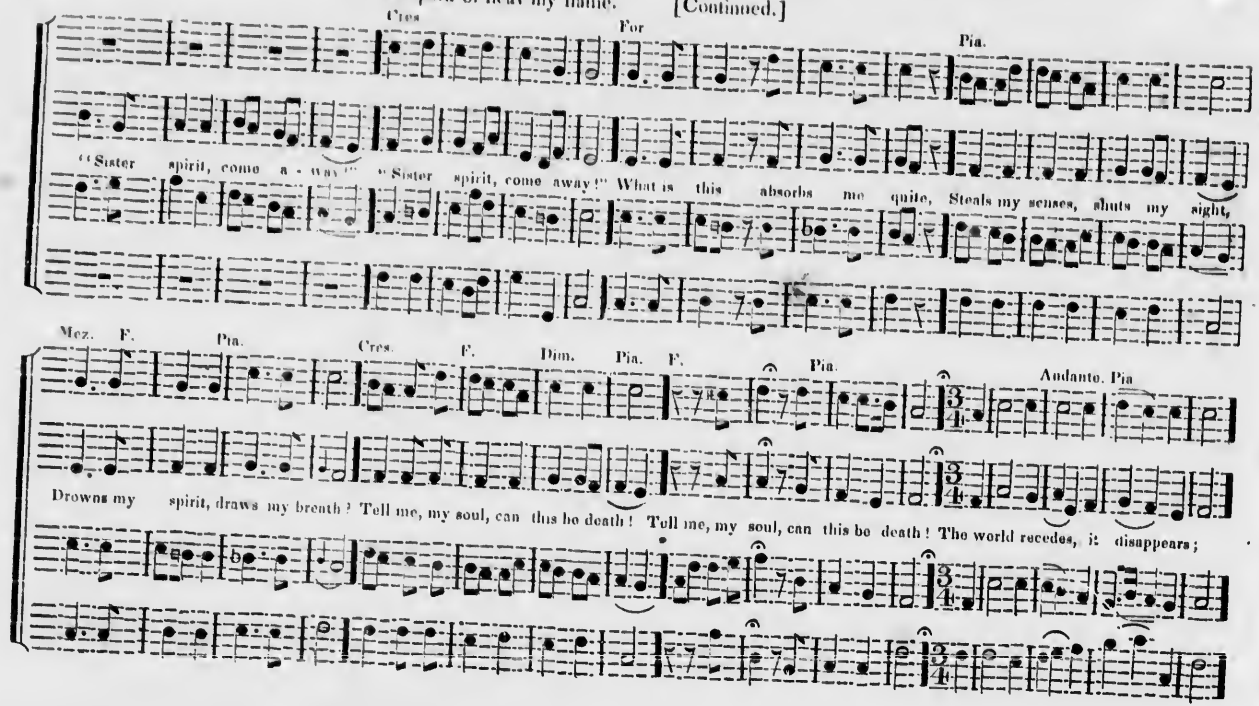
St. MICHAEL's. 10's & 11's.

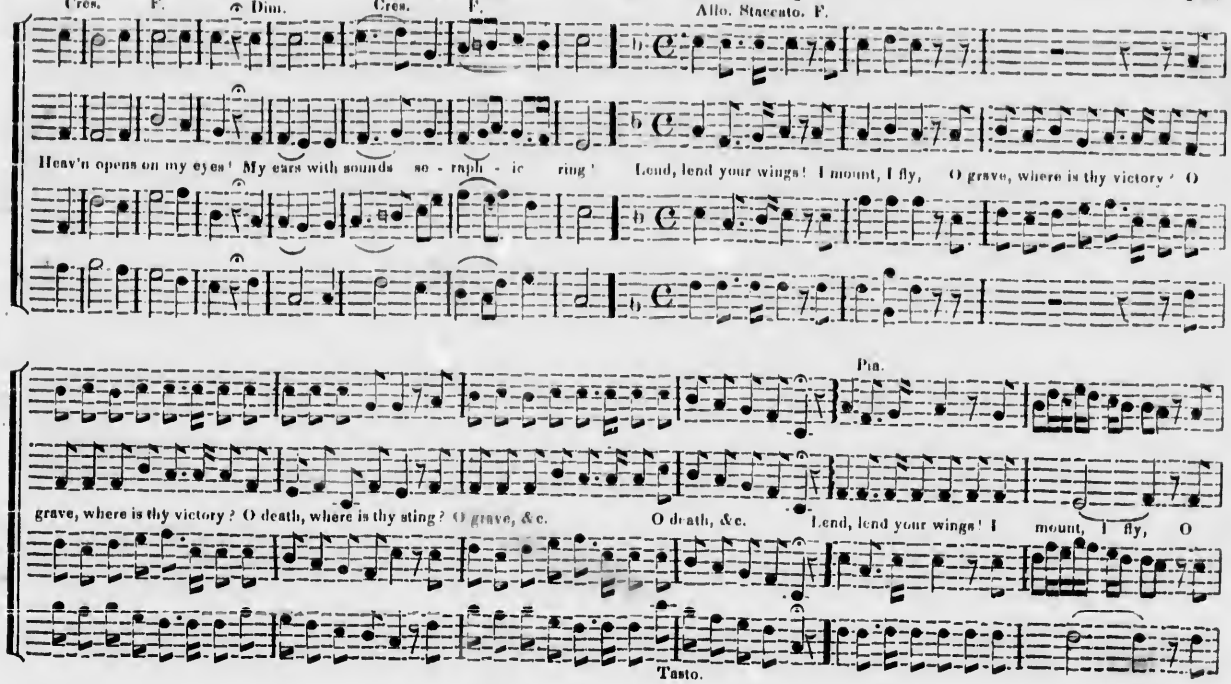
Handel.



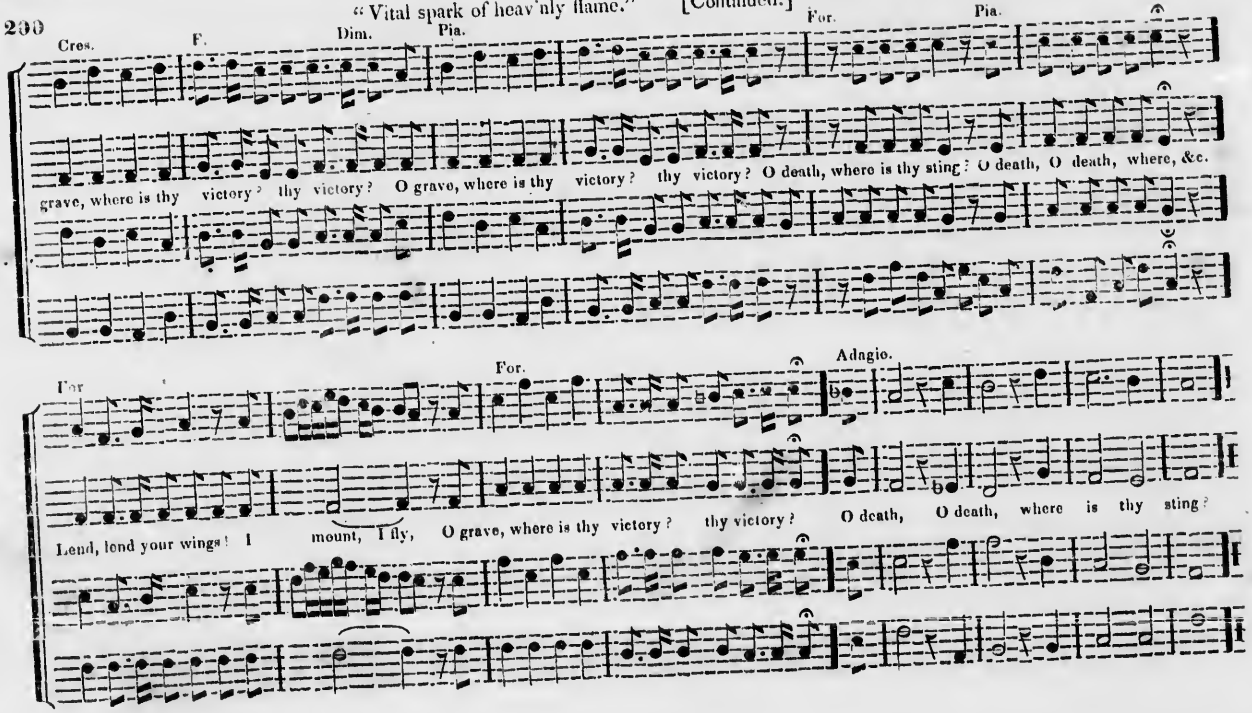

Adagio Affet. Second Treble.
Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame! Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying!— Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Pianissimo.
2d Treble.
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life! - Hark! they whisper, angels say, they whisper, angels say,

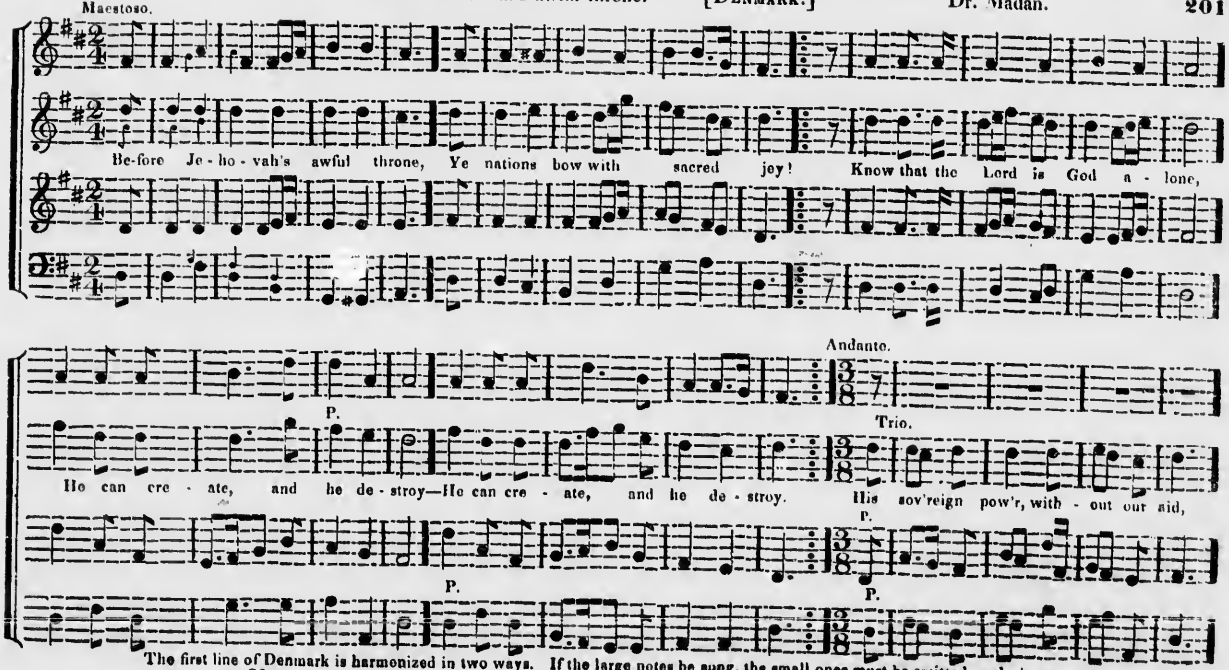
"Vital spark of heav'nly flame." [Continued.]




Cres. F. Dim. Cres. F.
Allo. Staccato. F.
Heav'n opens on my eyes! My ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy victory? O
Pia.
grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? O grave, &c. O death, &c. Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly, O
Tasto.

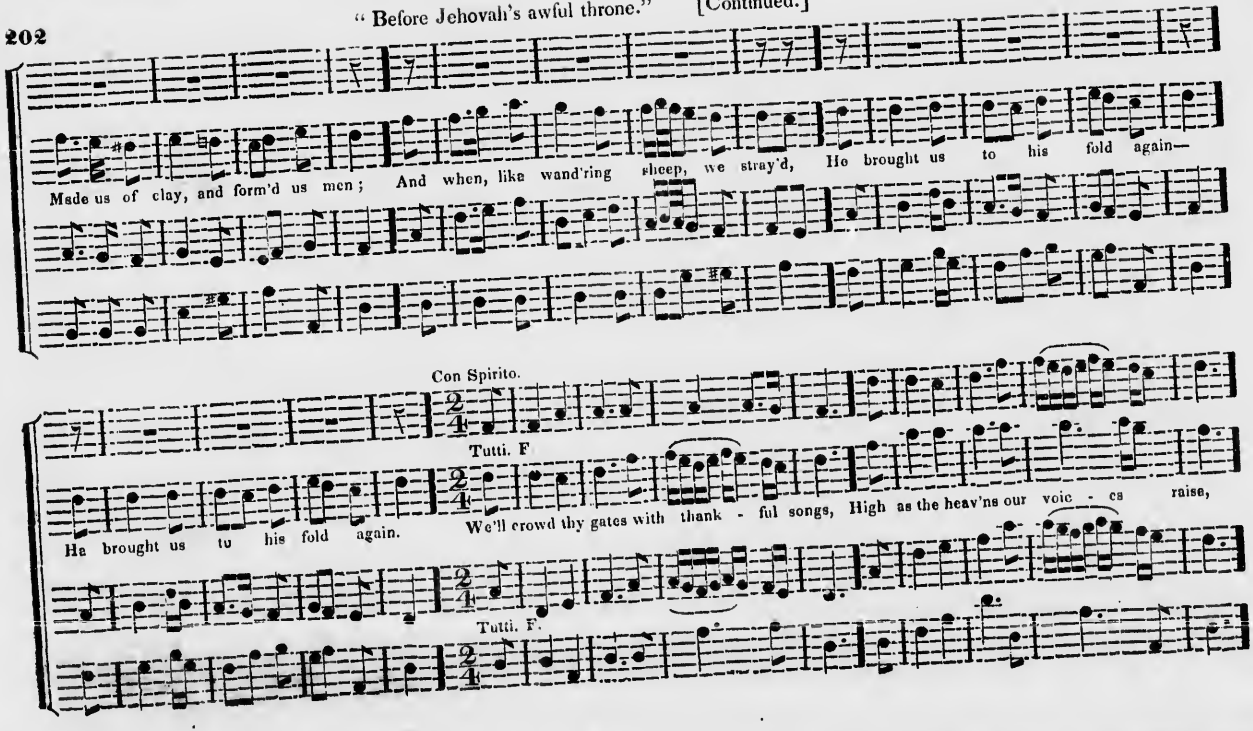
200 "Vital spark of heav'nly flame." [Continued.]

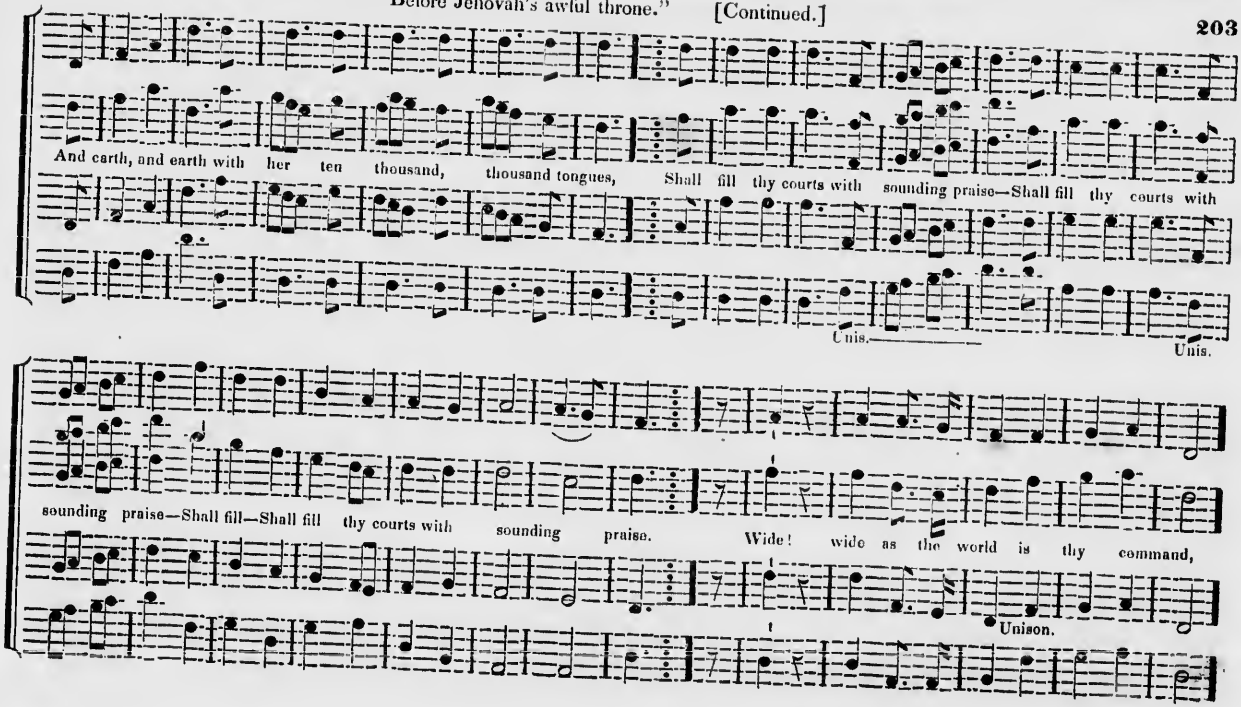




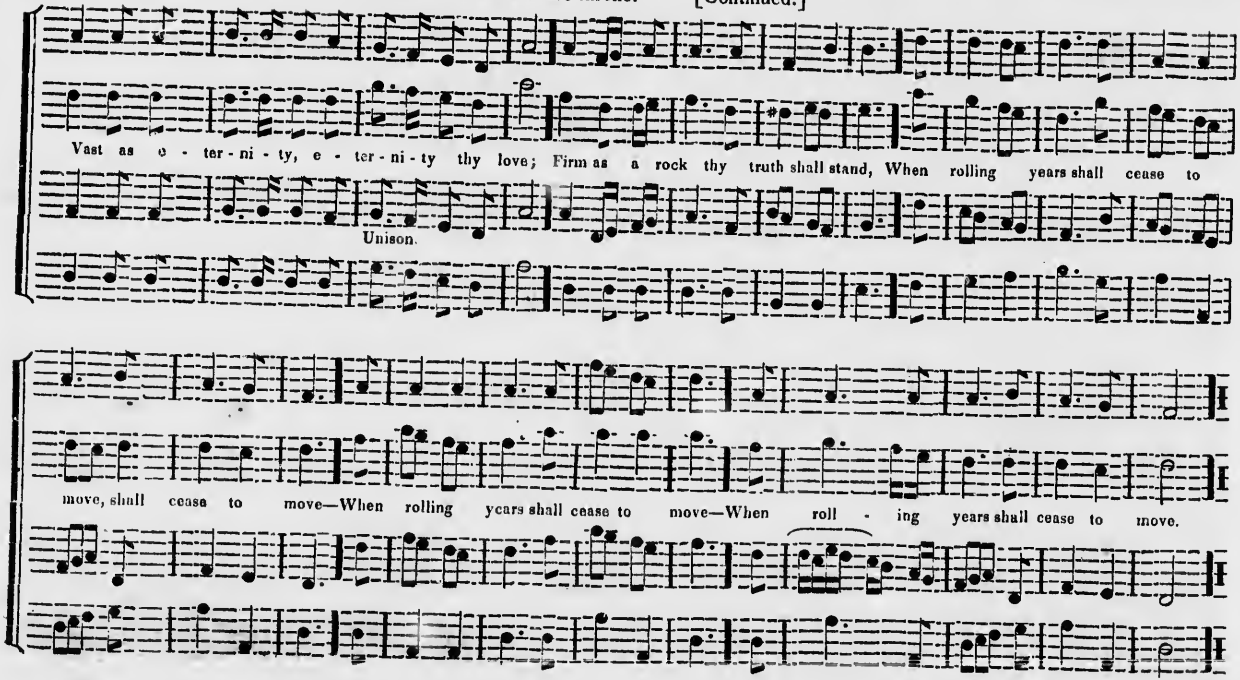
The first line of Denmark is harmonized in two ways. If the large notes be sung, the small ones must be omitted, and *vice versa*.

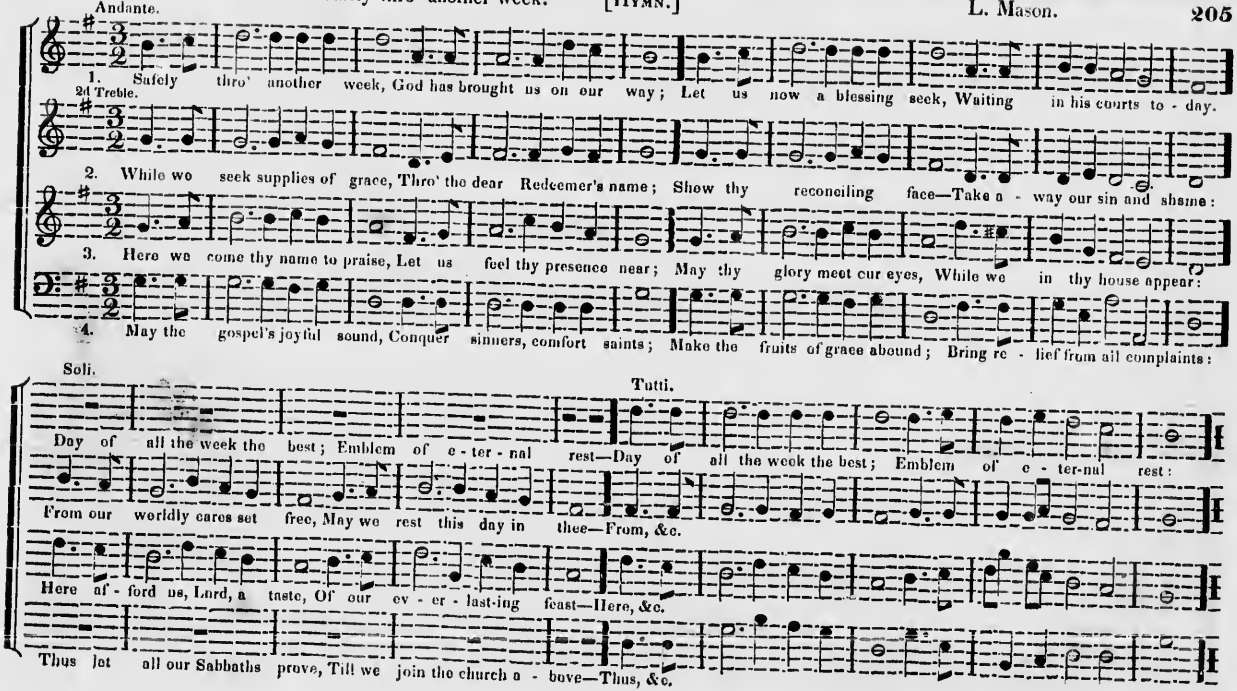
"Before Jehovah's awful throne." [Continued.]



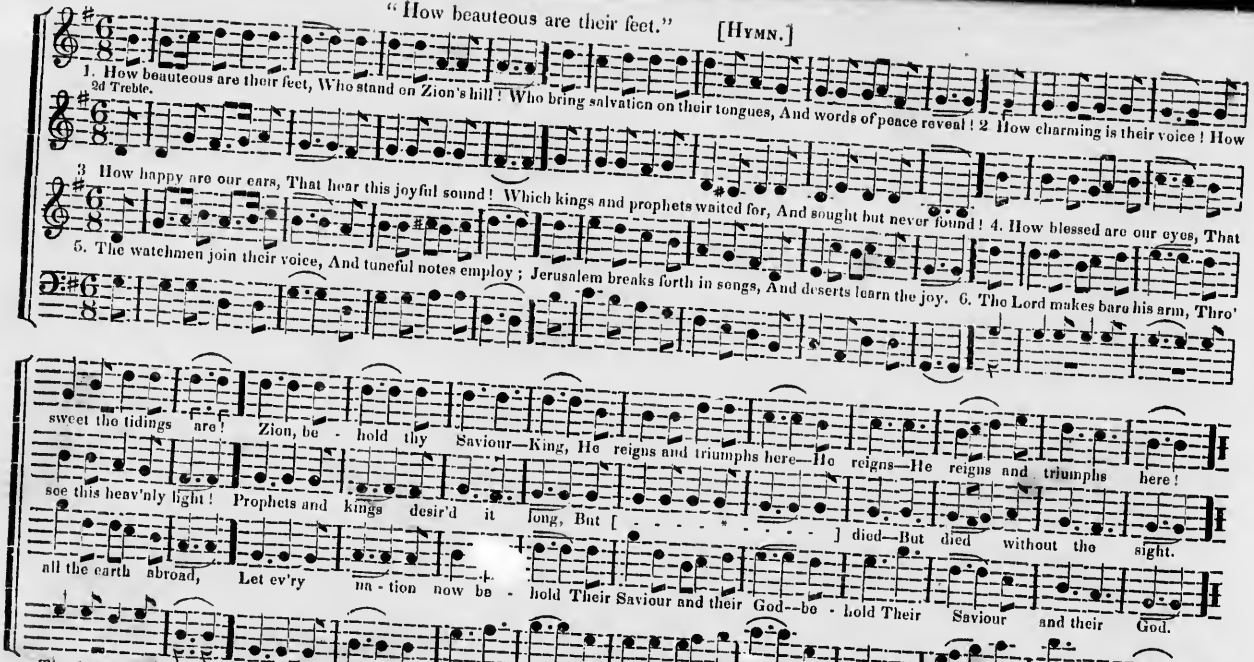

And earth, and earth with her ten thousand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise—Shall fill thy courts with
Unis.
Unis.
sounding praise—Shall fill—Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. Wide! wide as the world is thy command,
Unison.

"Before Jehovah's awful throne." [Continued.]



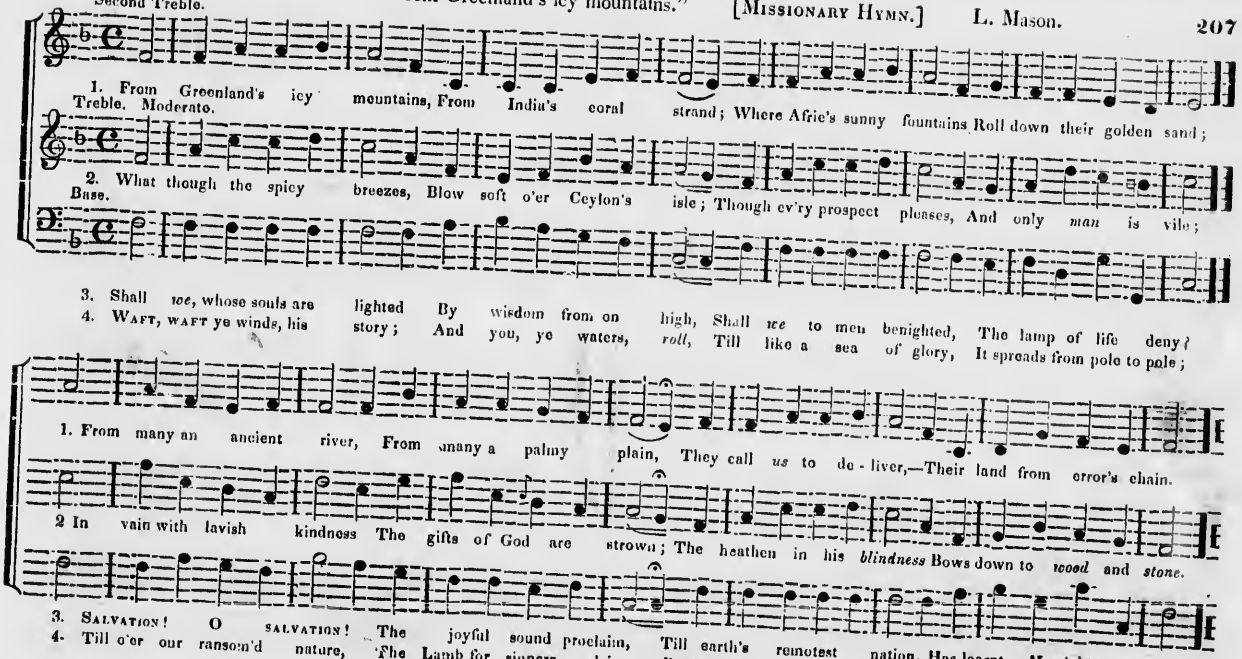

Andante.
1. Safely thro' another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day.
2d Treble.
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name; Show thy reconciling face—Take a - way our sin and shame:
3. Here we come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glory meet our eyes, While we in thy house appear:
4. May the gospel's joyful sound, Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound; Bring re - lief from all complaints:
Soli.
Tutti.
Day of all the week the best; Emblem of e - ter - nal rest—Day of all the week the best; Emblem of e - ter-nal rest:
From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee—From, &c.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste, Of our ev - er - last-ing feast—Here, &c.
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a - bove—Thus, &c.

"How beauteous are their feet." [Hymn.]



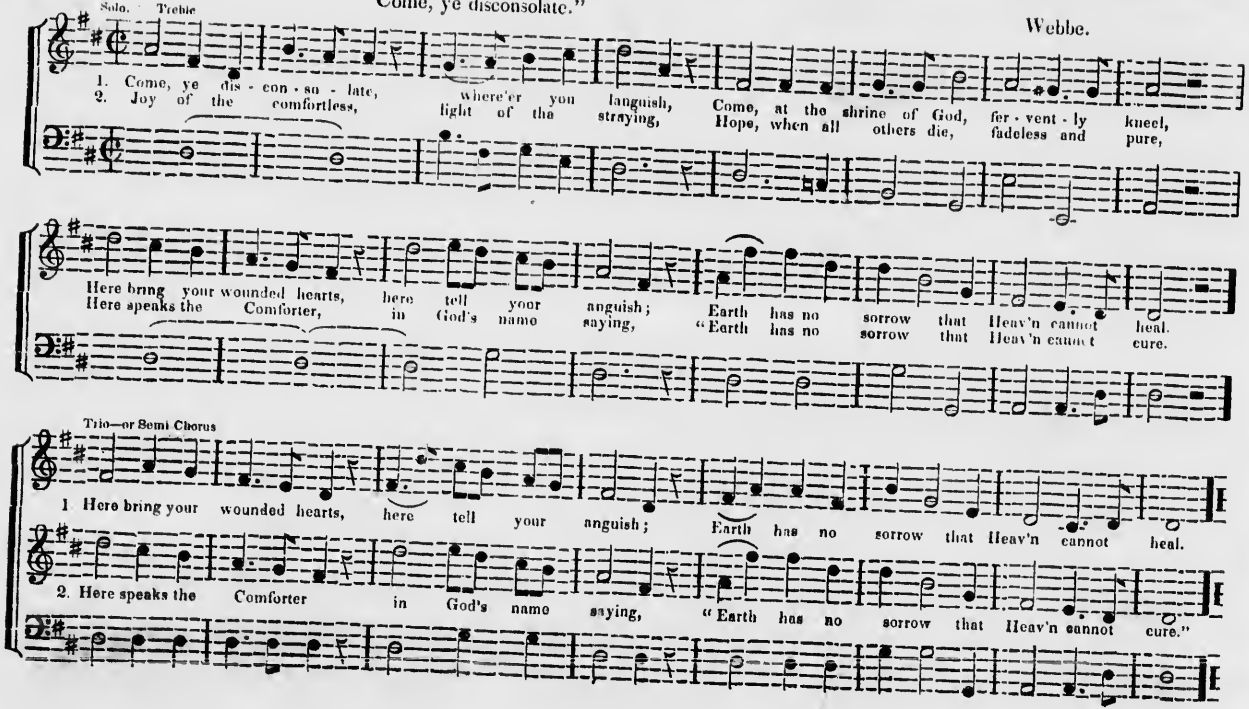
The first two lines of the 2d and 4th stanzas should be sung as a Duet by Treble voices. In the 4th stanza omit the two measures between the brackets, [*] so as to avoid a repetition of the line "But died without the sight;" and let this line be sung slow and soft.

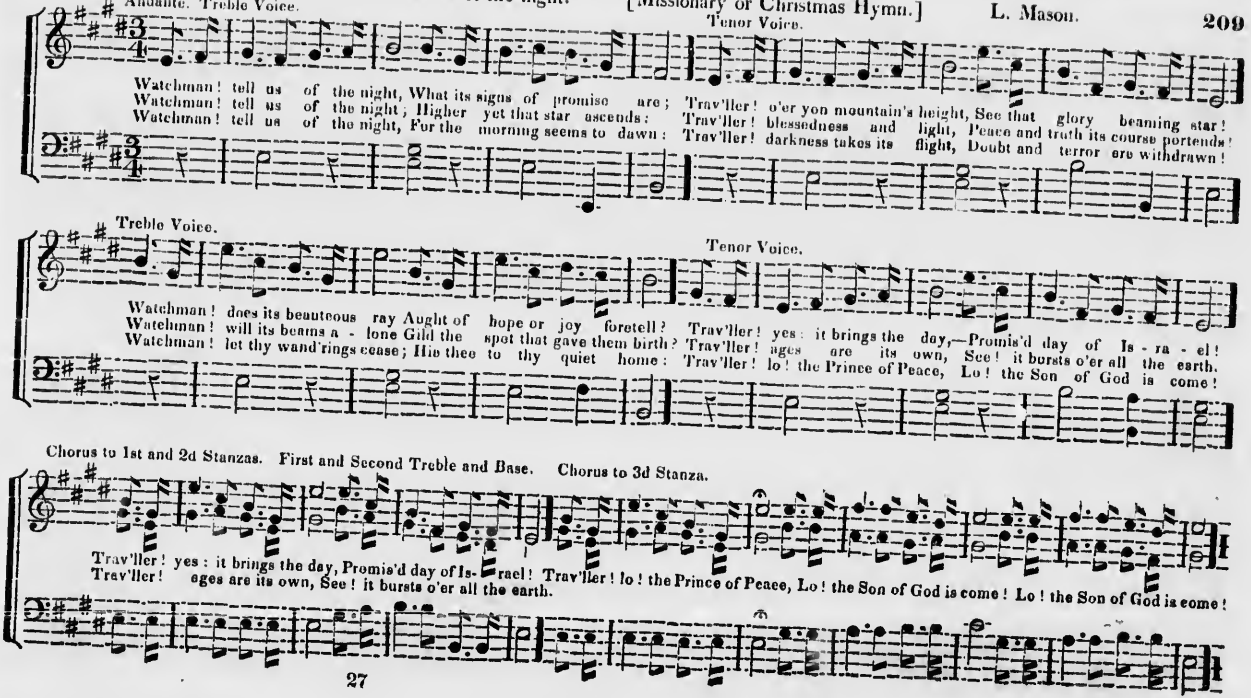
"From Greenland's icy mountains." [Missionary Hymn.] L. Mason.



"Come, ye disconsolate."

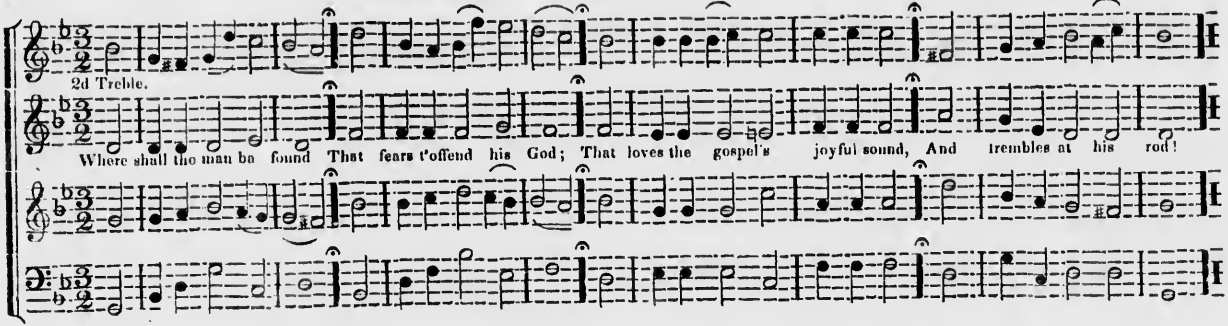
Webbe.



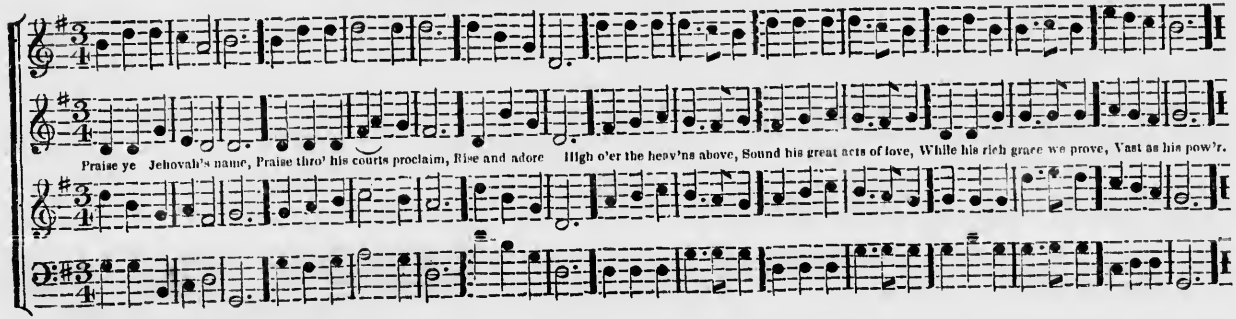

Andante. Treble Voice.
Tenor Voice.
Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beaming star!
Watchman! tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends: Trav'ller! blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn: Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
Treble Voice.
Tenor Voice.
Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell? Trav'ller! yes: it brings the day,—Promis'd day of Is - ra - el!
Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav'ller! ages are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home: Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!
Chorus to 1st and 2d Stanzas. First and Second Treble and Base. Chorus to 3d Stanza.
Trav'ller! yes: it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is- rael! Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!
Trav'ller! ages are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

"How beauteous are their feet"

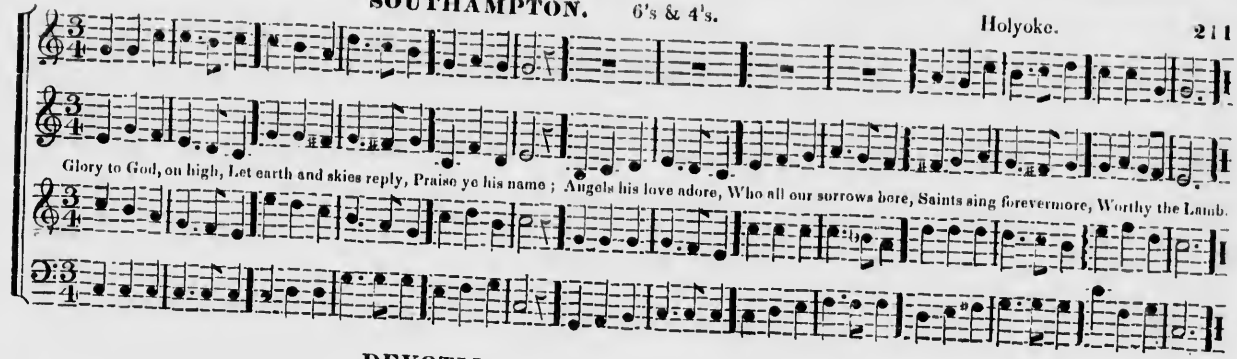
210 **NORWALK.** S. M. Mather.



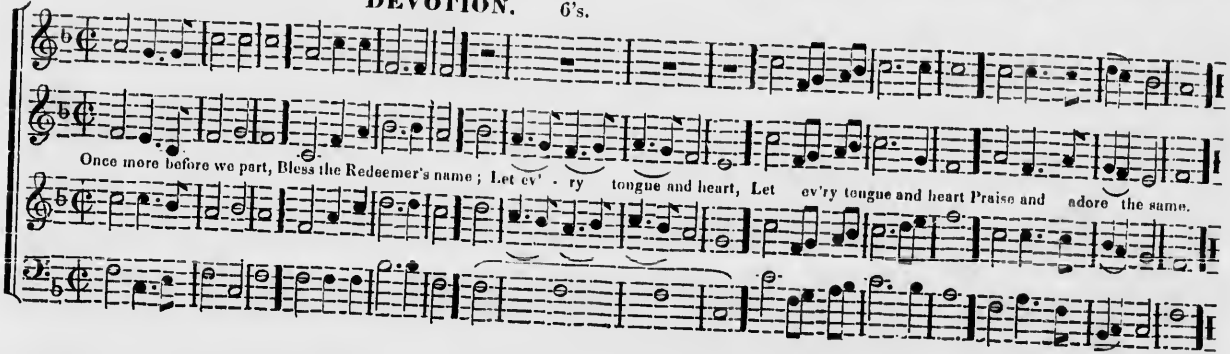
ITALIAN HYMN. 6's & 4's. Giardini.



SOUTHAMPTON. 6's & 4's.

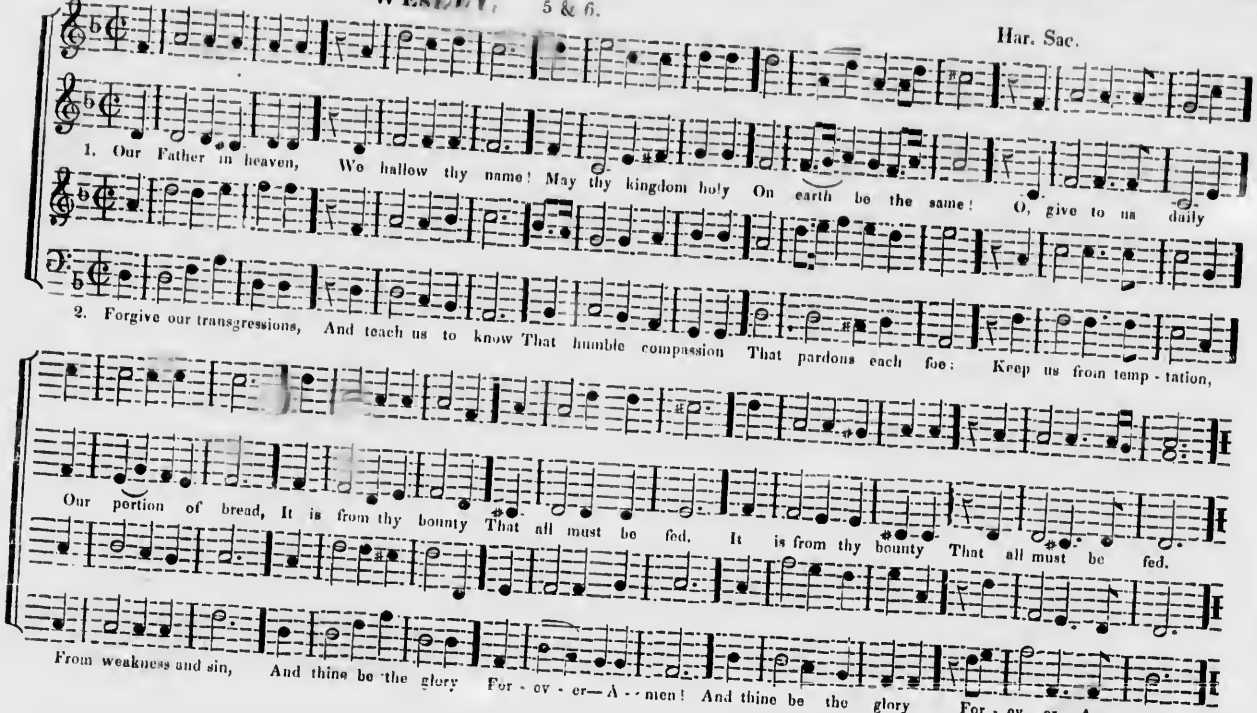


DEVOTION. 6's.



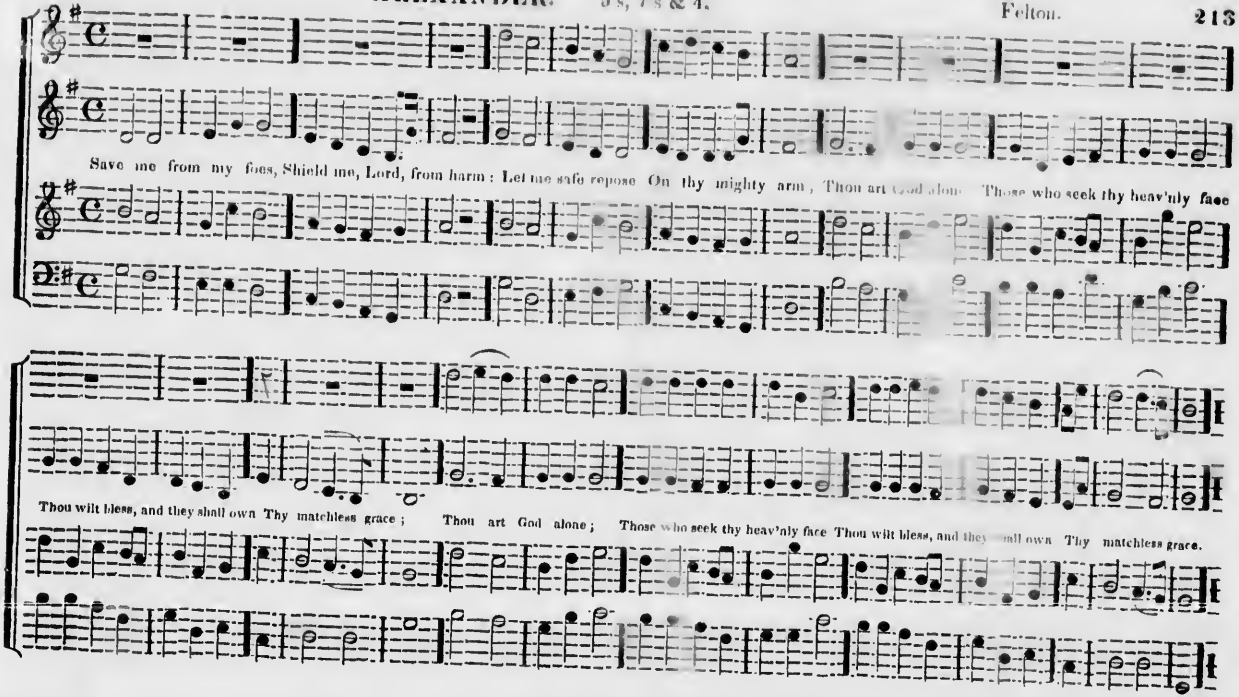
WESLEY. 5 & 6.

Har. Sac.



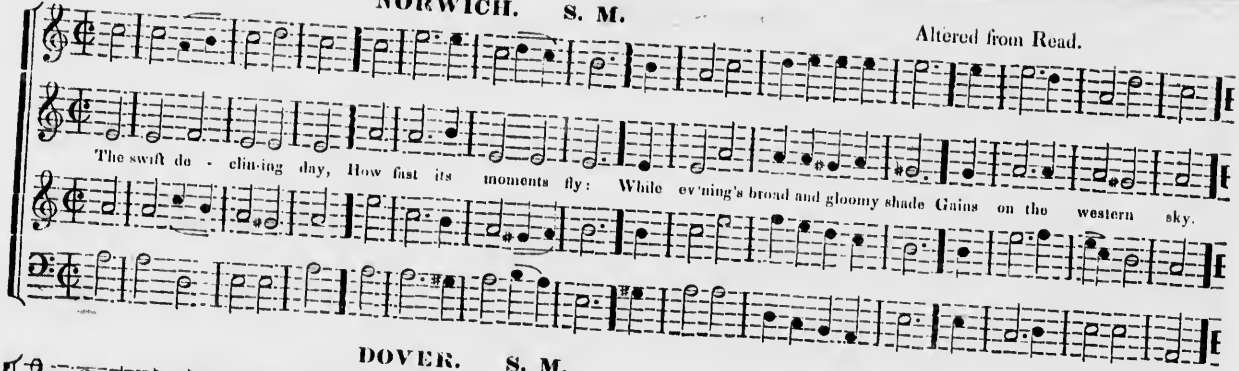
ALEXANDER. 5's, 7's & 4.

Felton.

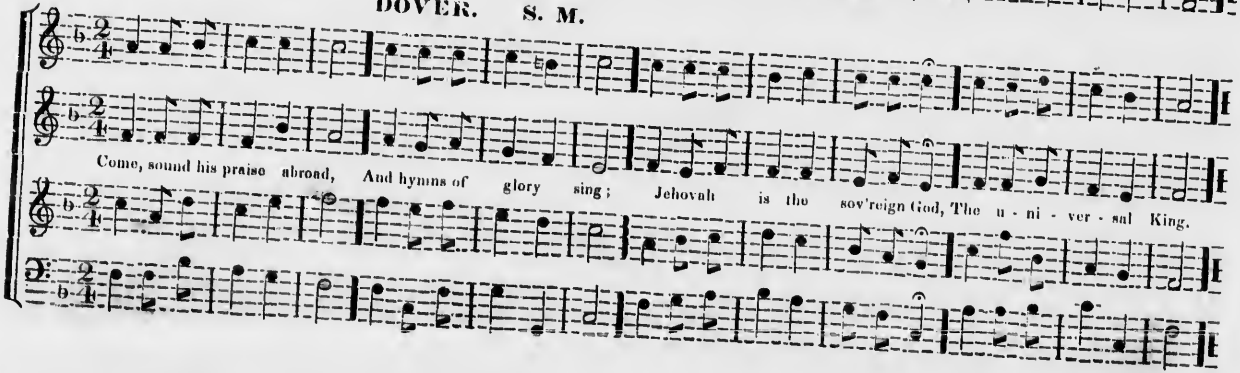


NORWICH. S. M.

Altered from Read.

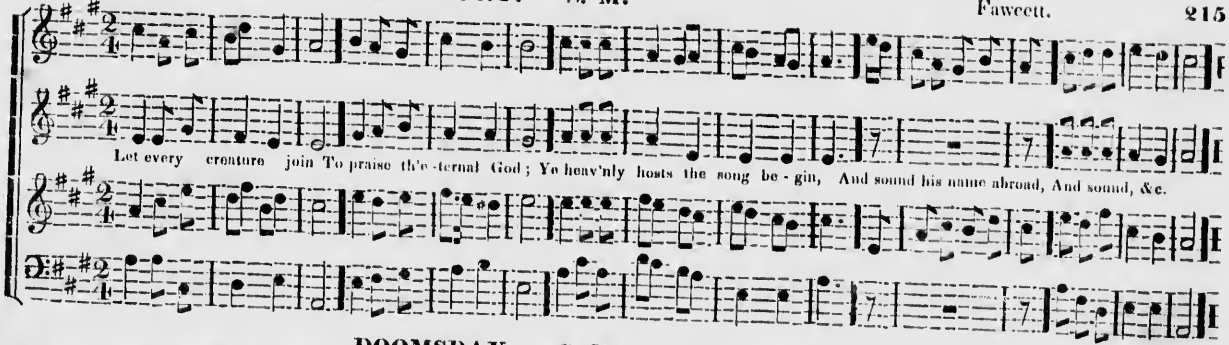


DOVER. S. M.



MILLBURY. S. M.

Fawcett.



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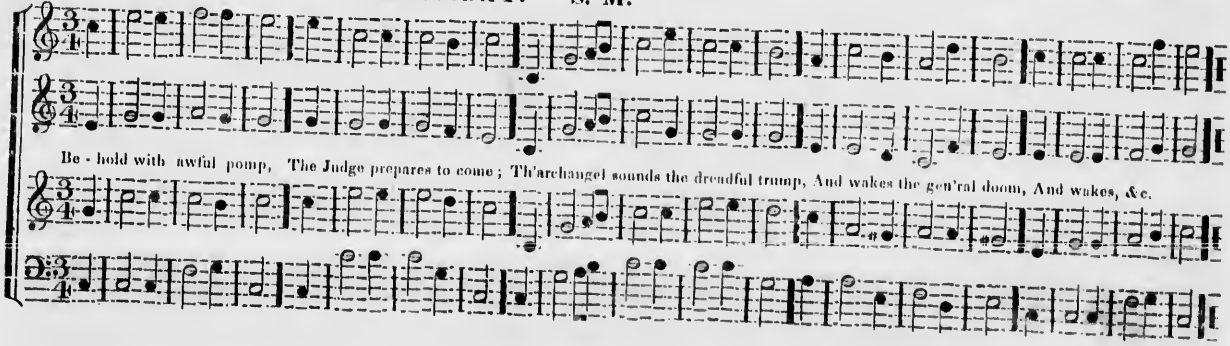
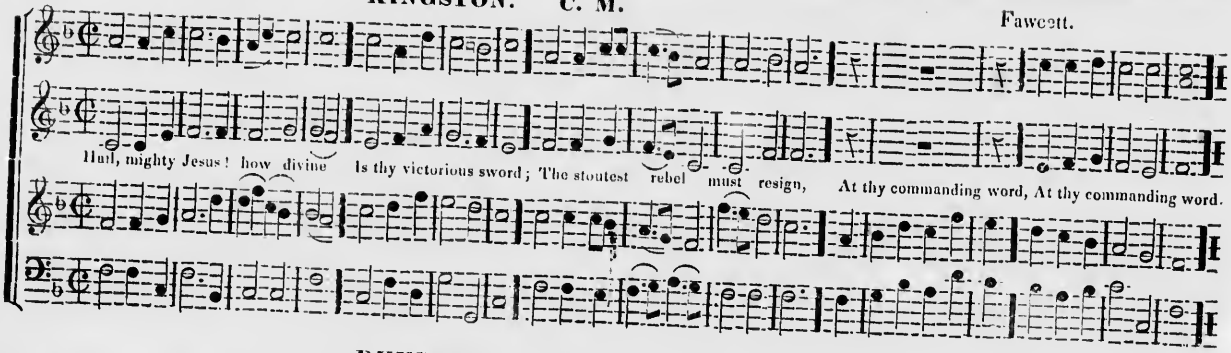


KINGSTON. C. M.

Fawcett.



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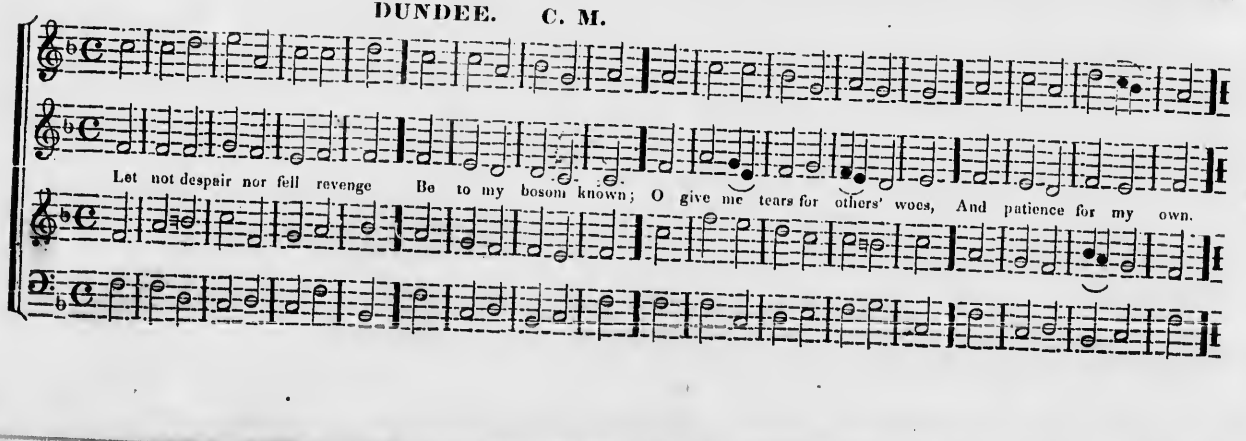
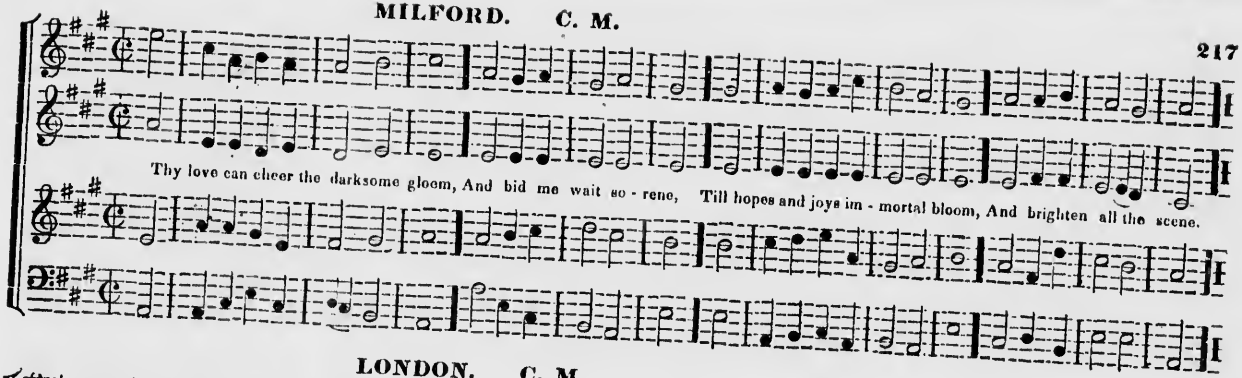
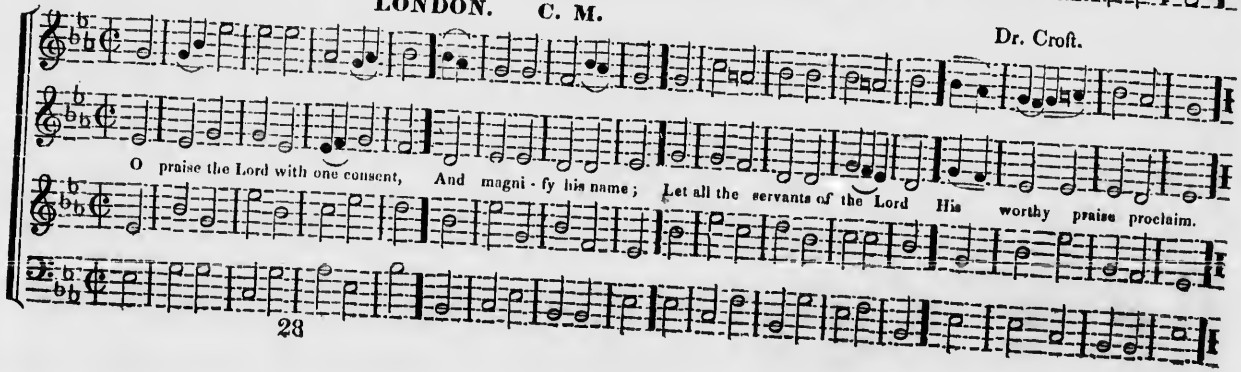


MILFORD. C. M.



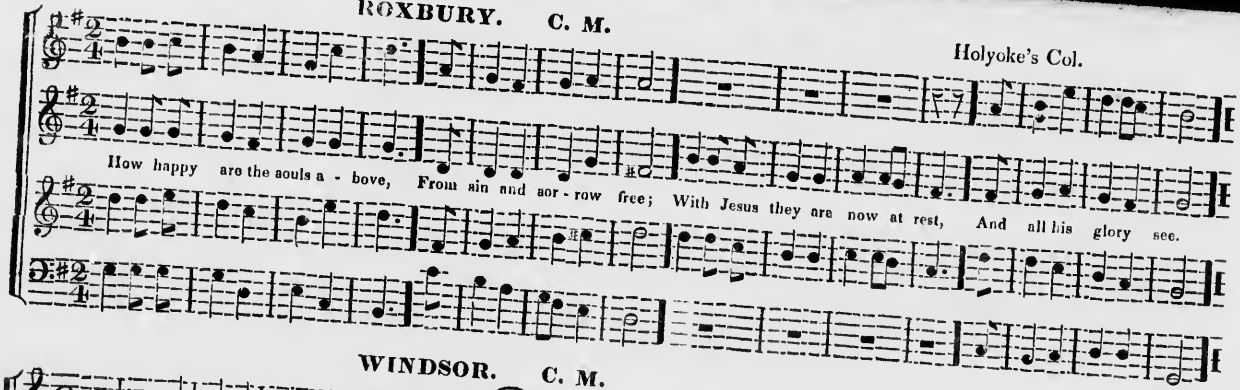
LONDON. C. M.

Dr. Croft.



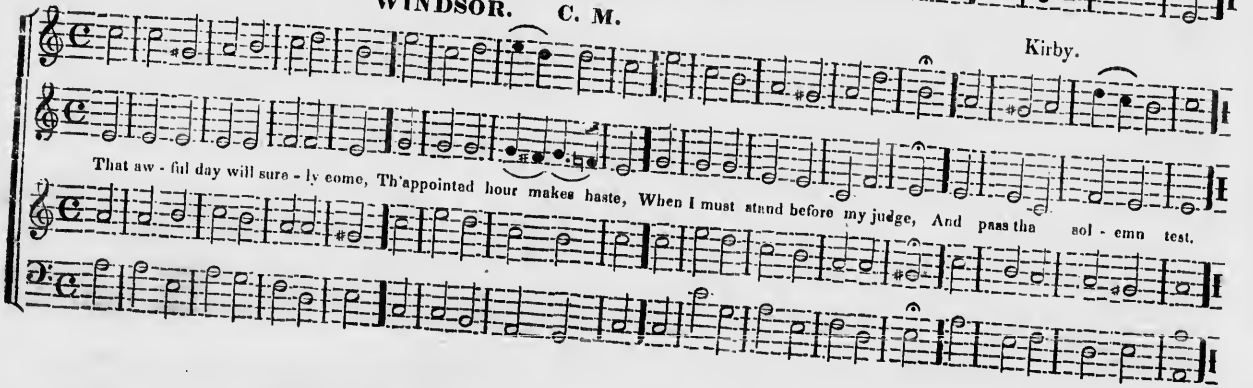
ROXBURY. C. M.

Holyoke's Col.



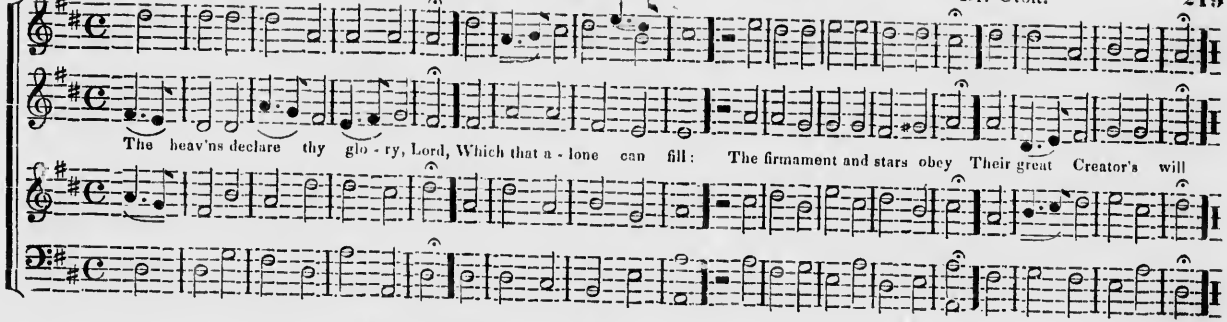
WINDSOR. C. M.

Kirby.



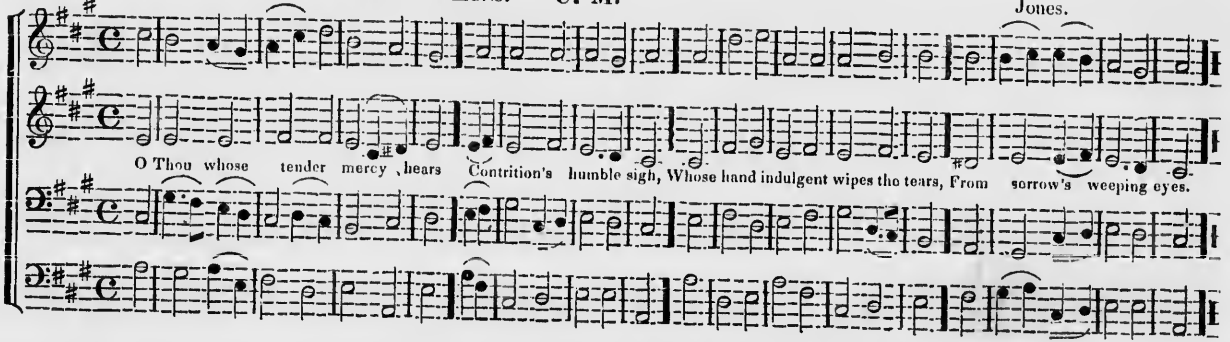
St. ANN's. C. M.

Dr. Croft.



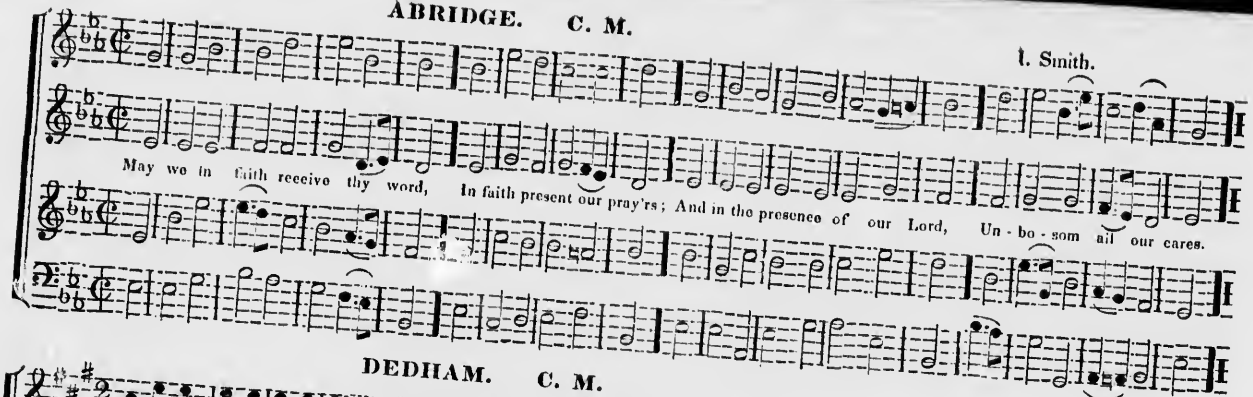
STEPHENS. C. M.

Jones.



ABRIDGE. C. M.

t. Smith.



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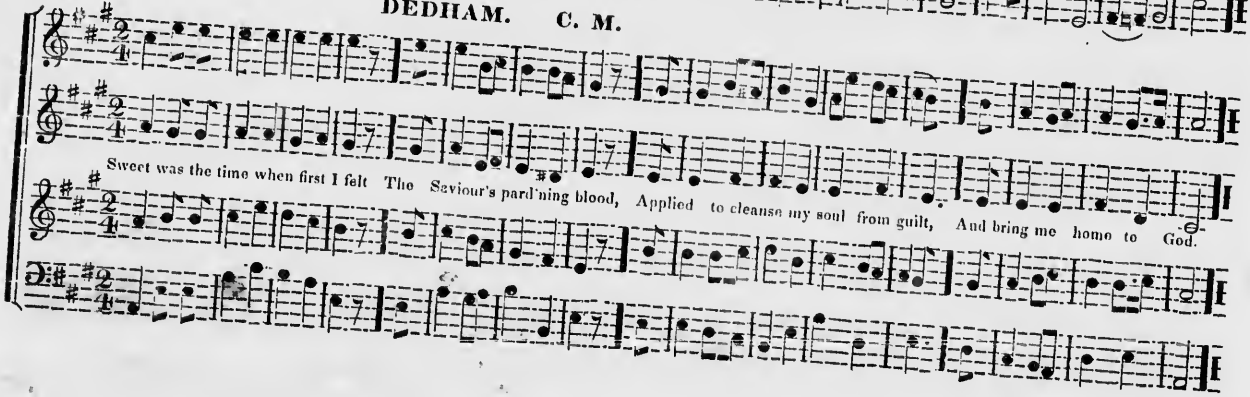
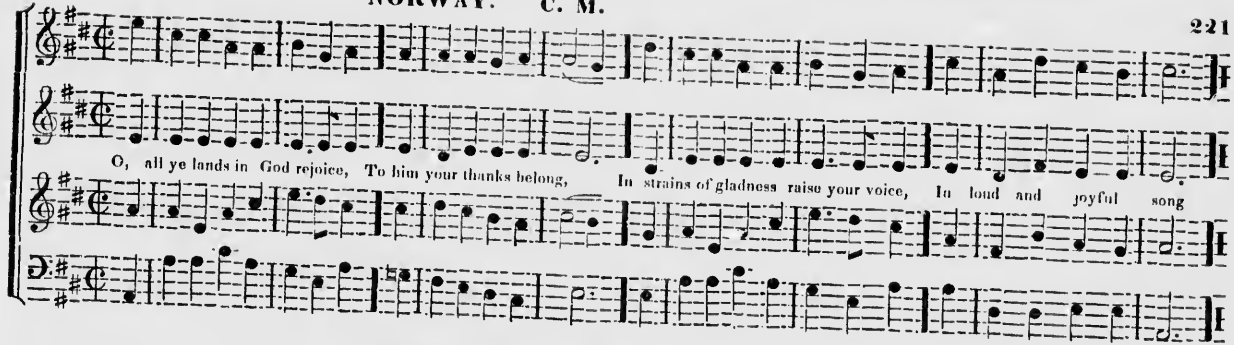
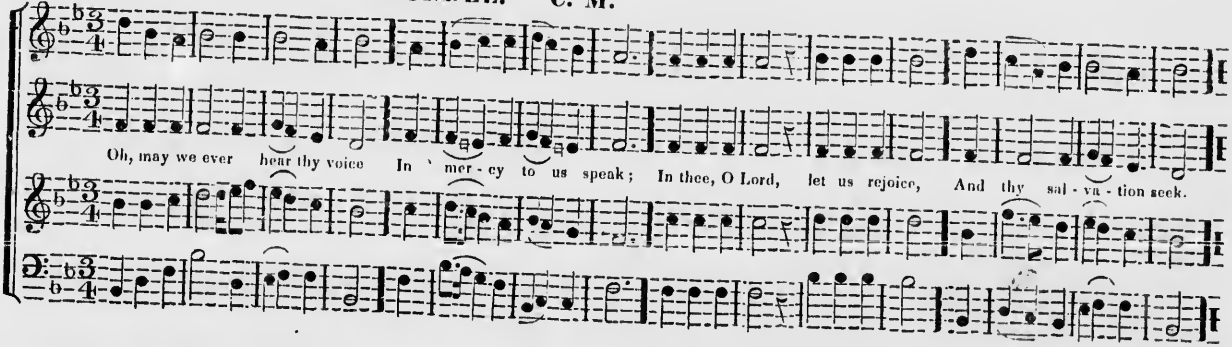


NORWAY. C. M.

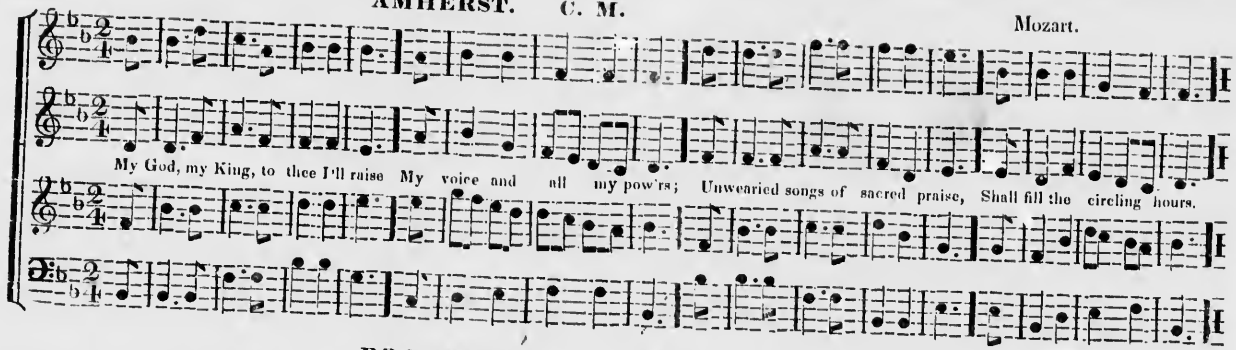


ARUNDEL. C. M.

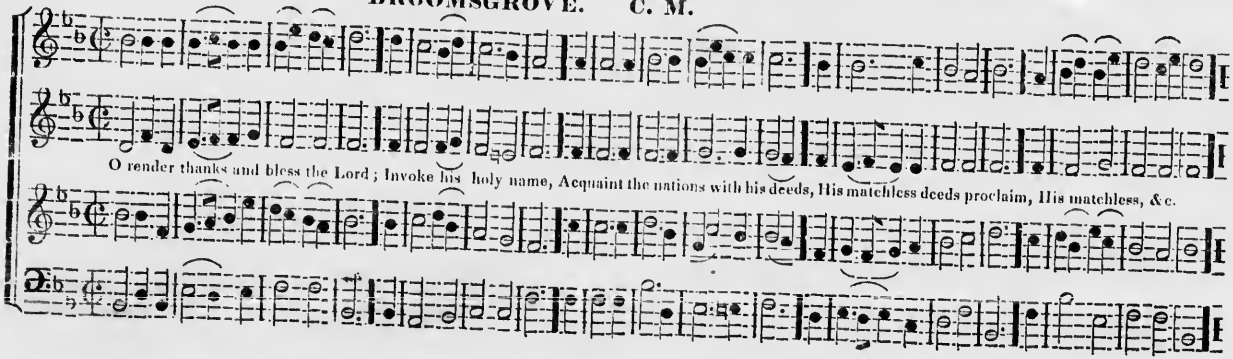


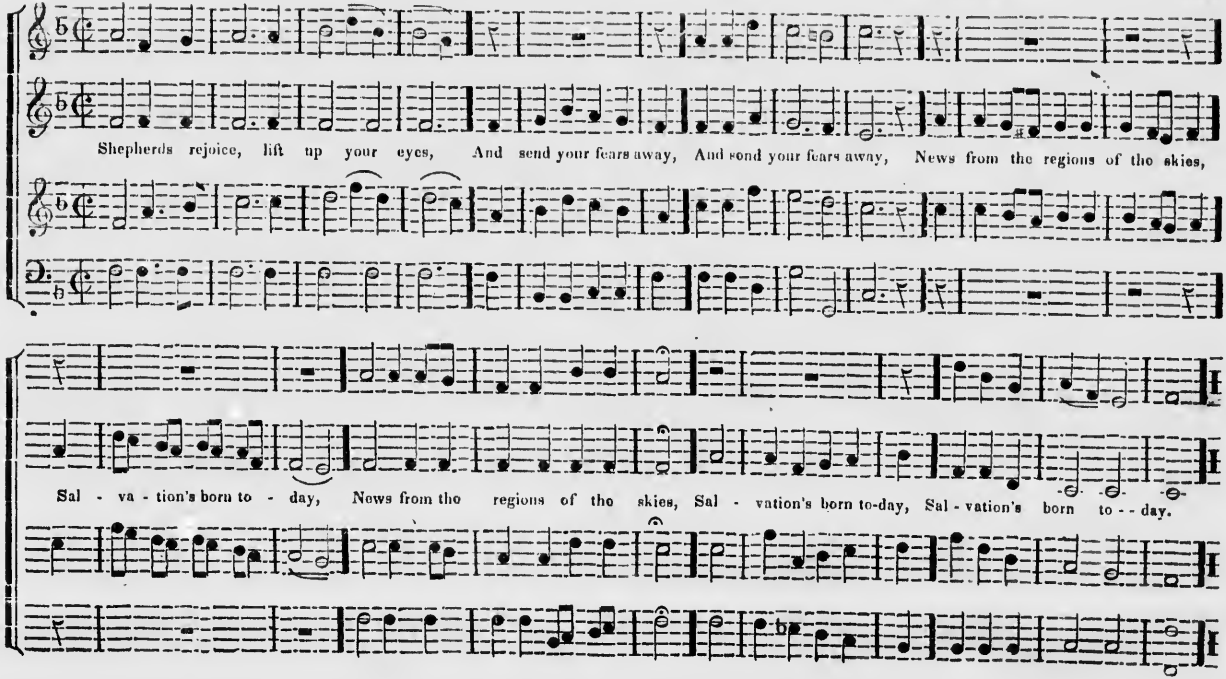
AMHERST. C. M.

Mozart.

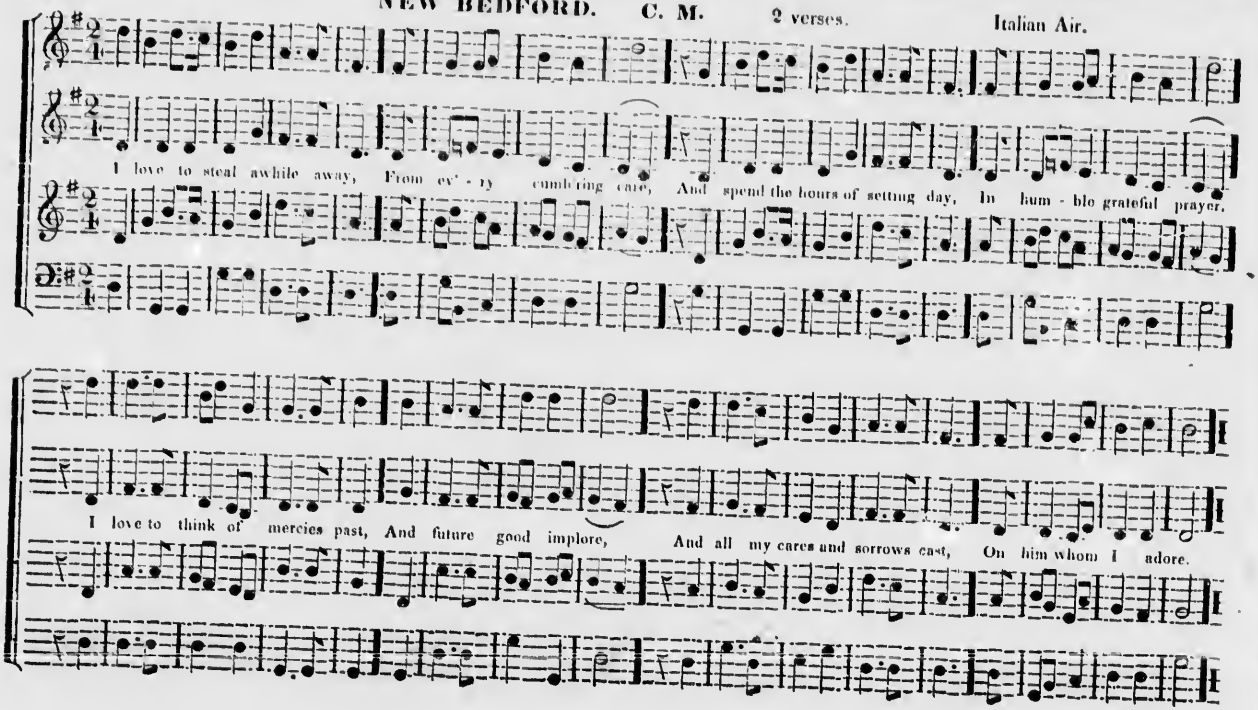


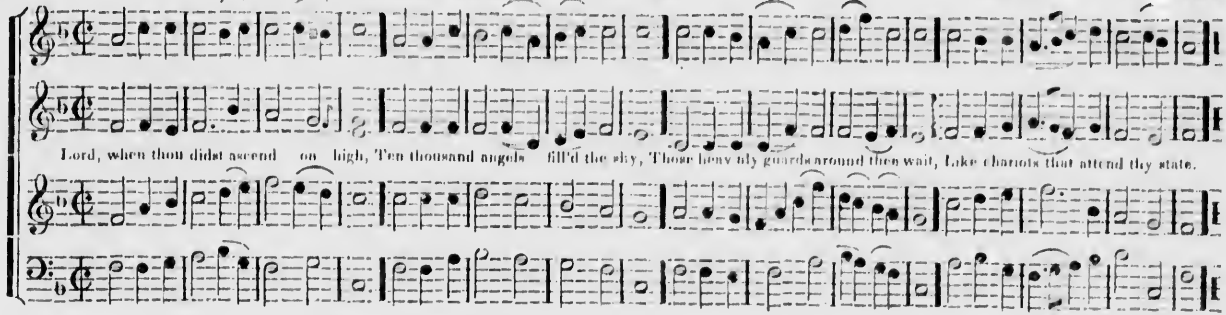
BROOMSGROVE. C. M.



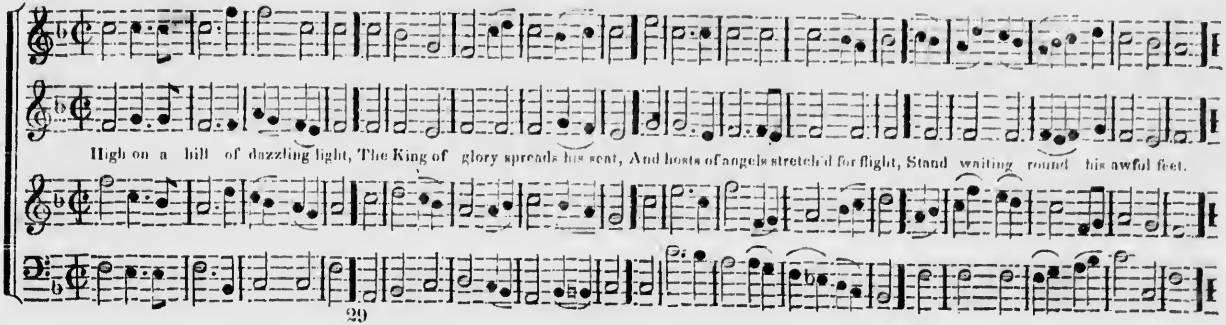

Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away, And send your fears away, News from the regions of the skies,
Sal - va - tion's born to - day, News from the regions of the skies, Sal - vation's born to-day, Sal - vation's born to - - day.

NEW BEDFORD. C. M. 2 verses. Italian Air.



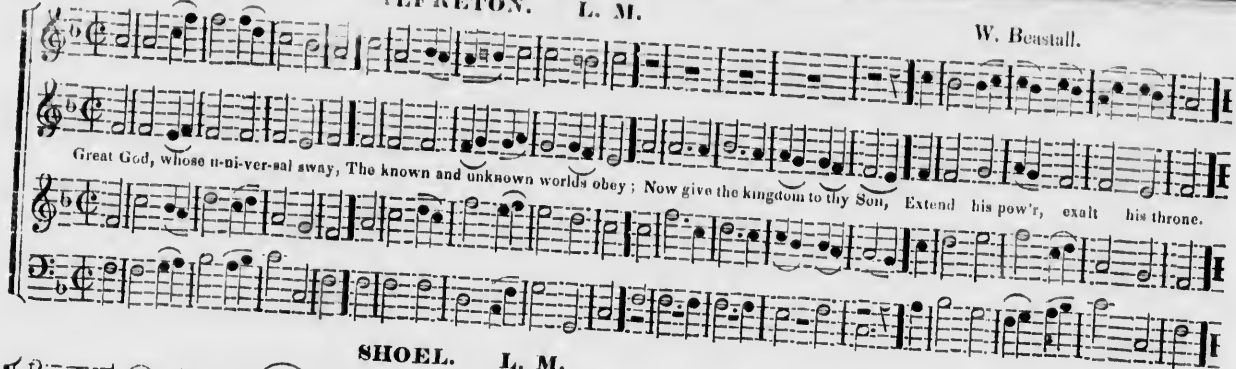


WAREFIELD. L. M.



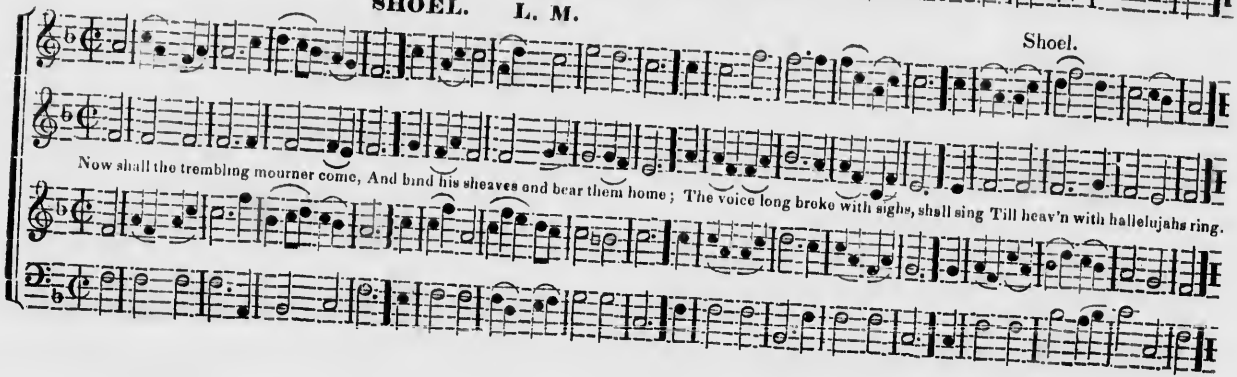
ALFRETON. L. M.

W. Beastall.



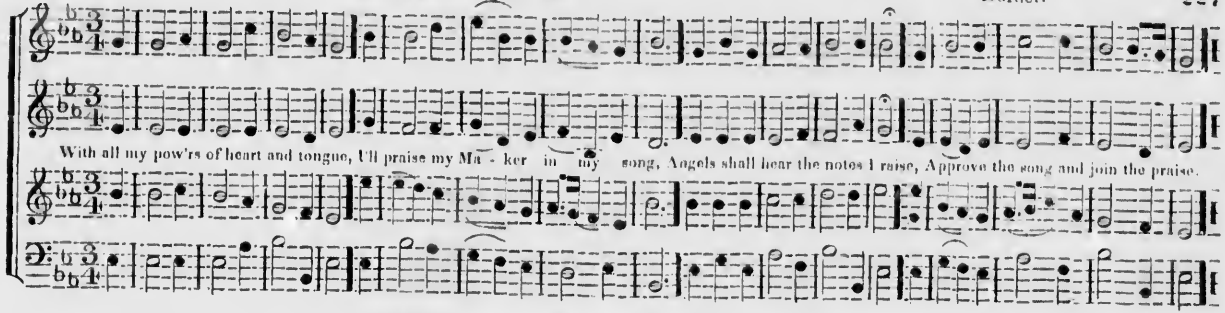
SHOEL. L. M.

Shoel.



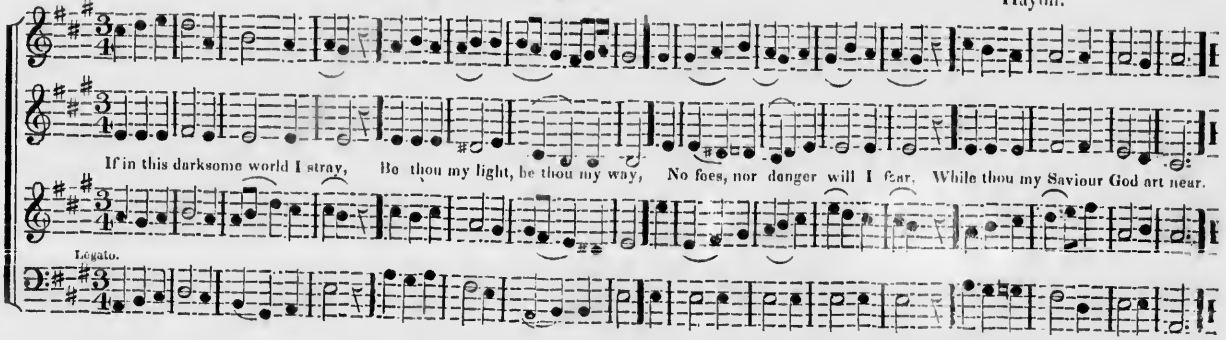
LUTON. L. M.

Border.



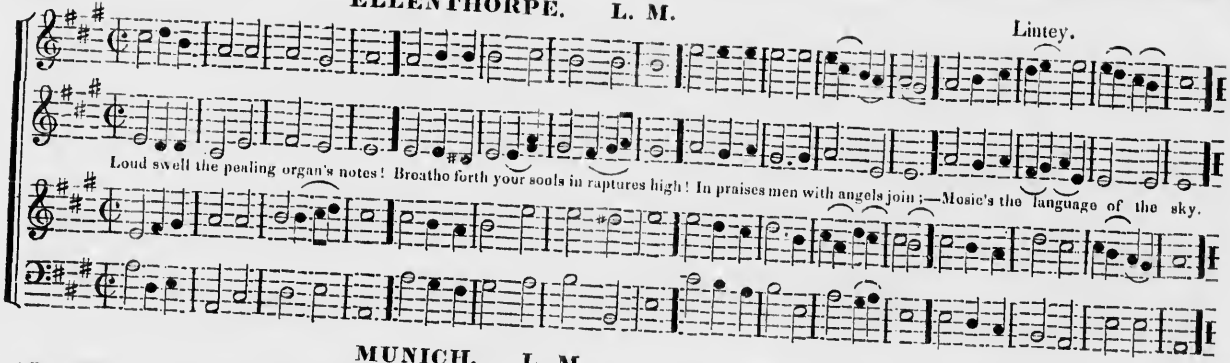
BOWEN. L. M.

Haydn.



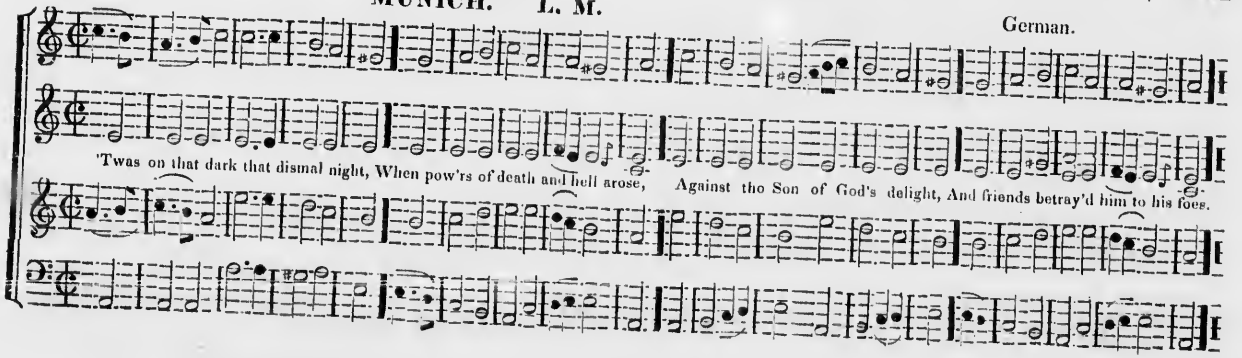
ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

Lintey.



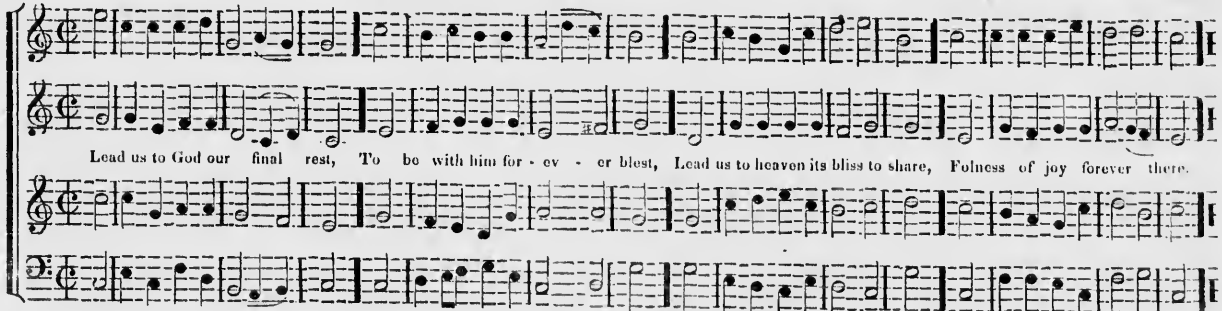
MUNICH. L. M.

German.



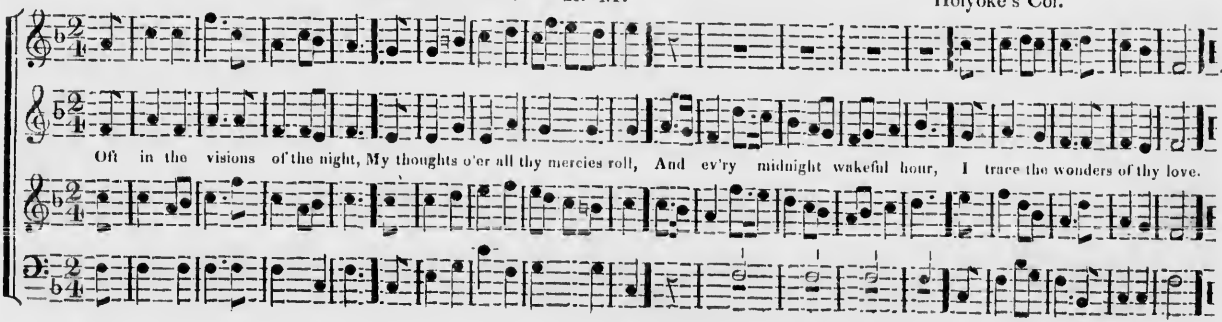
VERNON. L. M.

German.



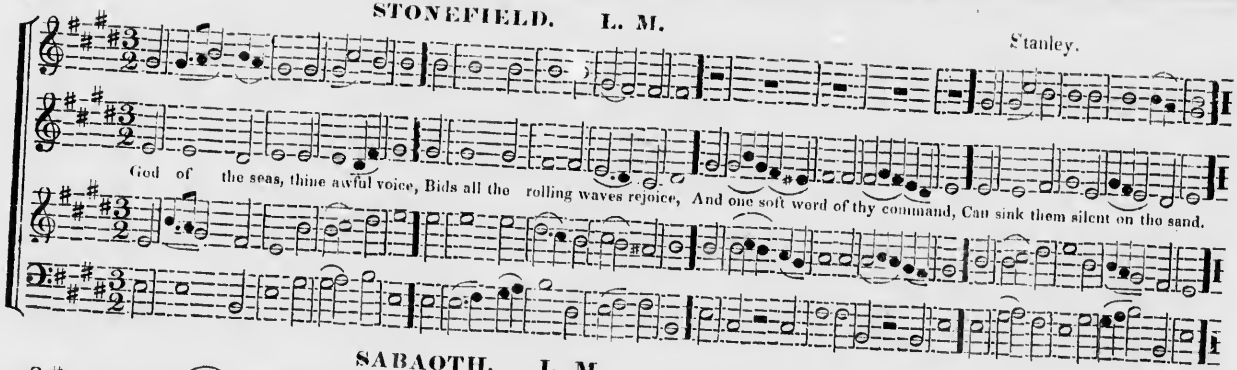
TOWNSEND. L. M.

Holyoke's Col.



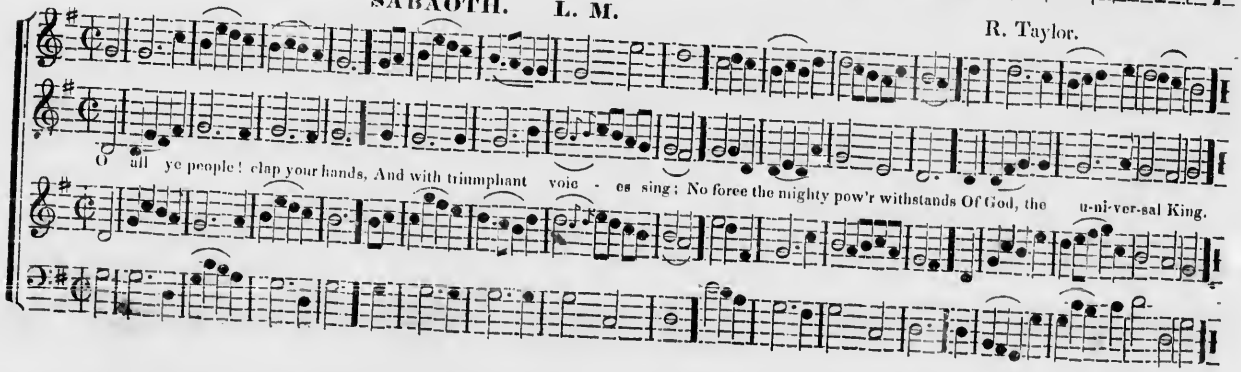
STONEFIELD. L. M.

Stanley.



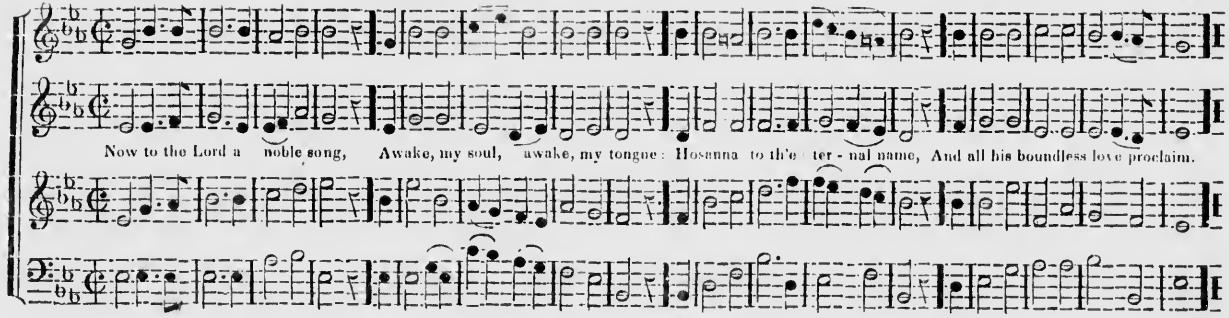
SABAOTH. L. M.

R. Taylor.



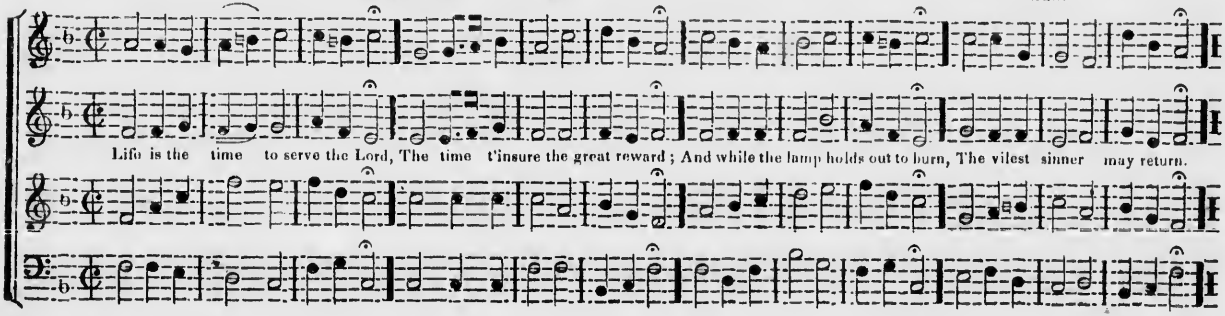
TRURO. L. M.

Dr. C. Burney.



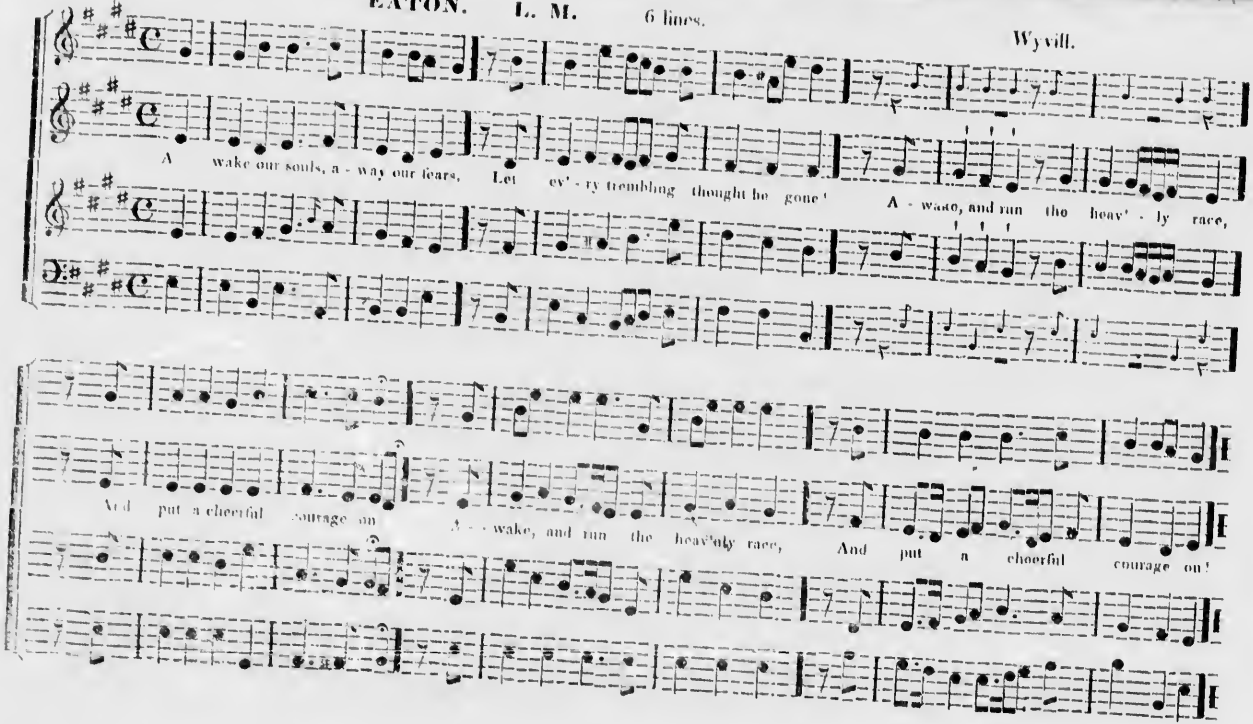
WELLS. L. M.

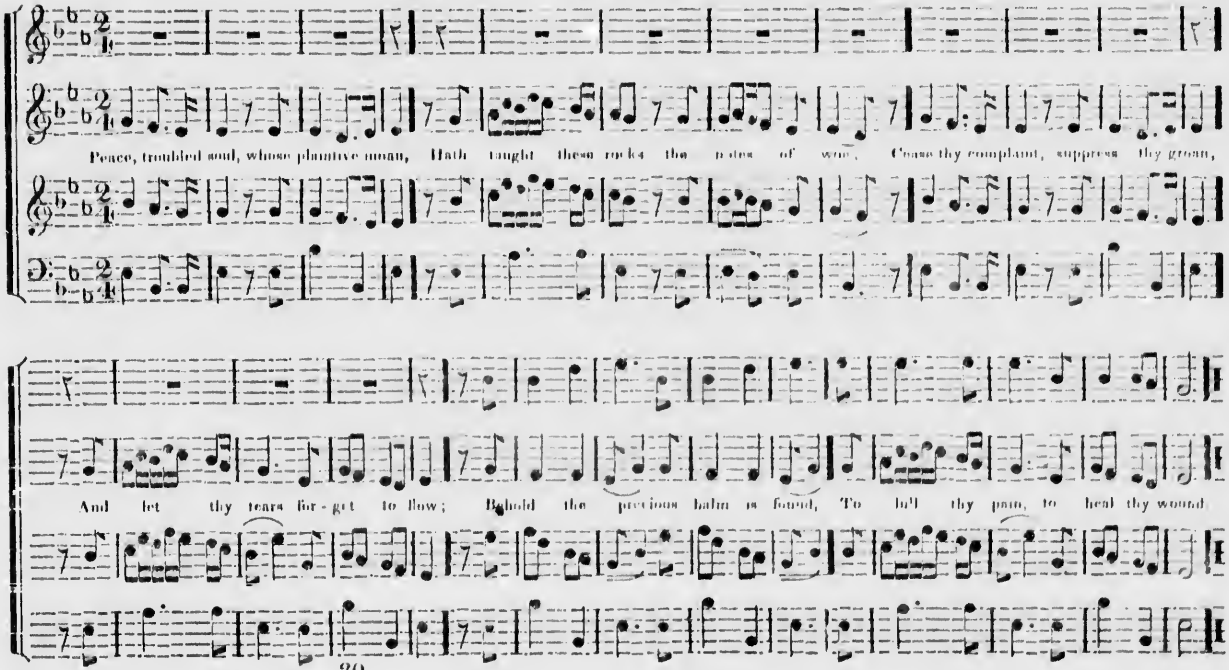
Holdrad.



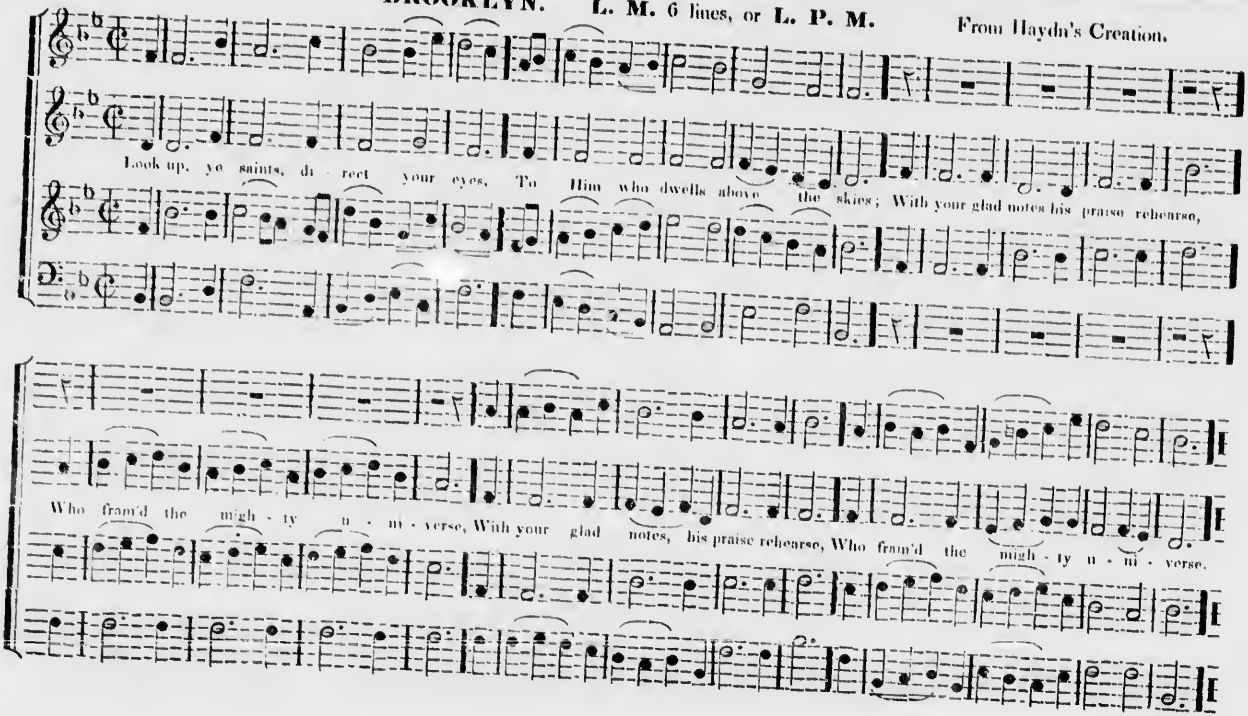
EATON. L. M. 6 lines.

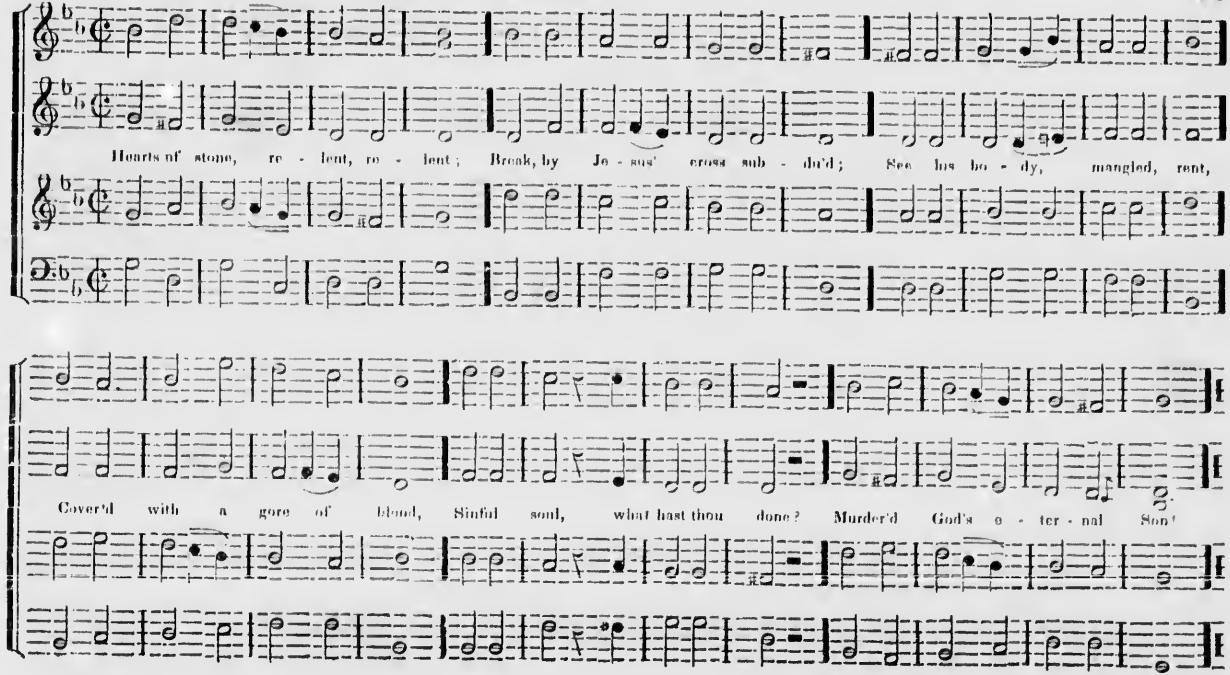
Wyvill.




Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan, Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe, Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears for-get to flow; Behold the precious balm is found, To heal thy pain, to heal thy wound.

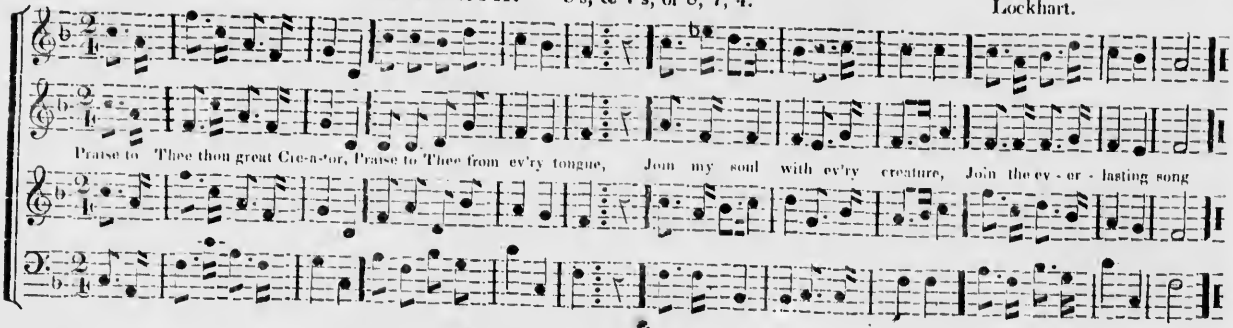
BROOKLYN. L. M. 6 lines, or L. P. M. From Haydn's Creation.




Hearts of stone, re - lent, re - lent; Break, by Je - sus' cross sub - du'd; See his bo - dy, mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood, Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Murder'd God's e - ter - nal Son!

TAMWORTH. 8's, & 7's, or 8, 7, 4.

Lockhart.

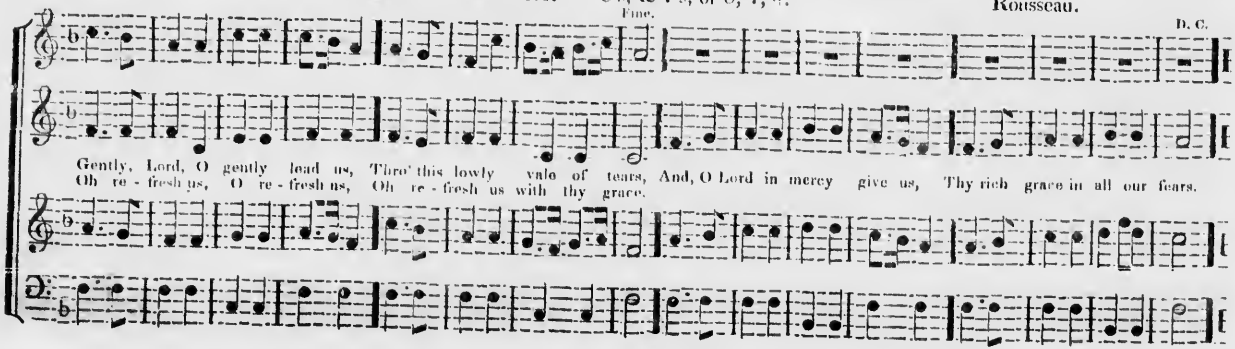


GREENVILLE. 8's, & 7's, or 8, 7, 4.

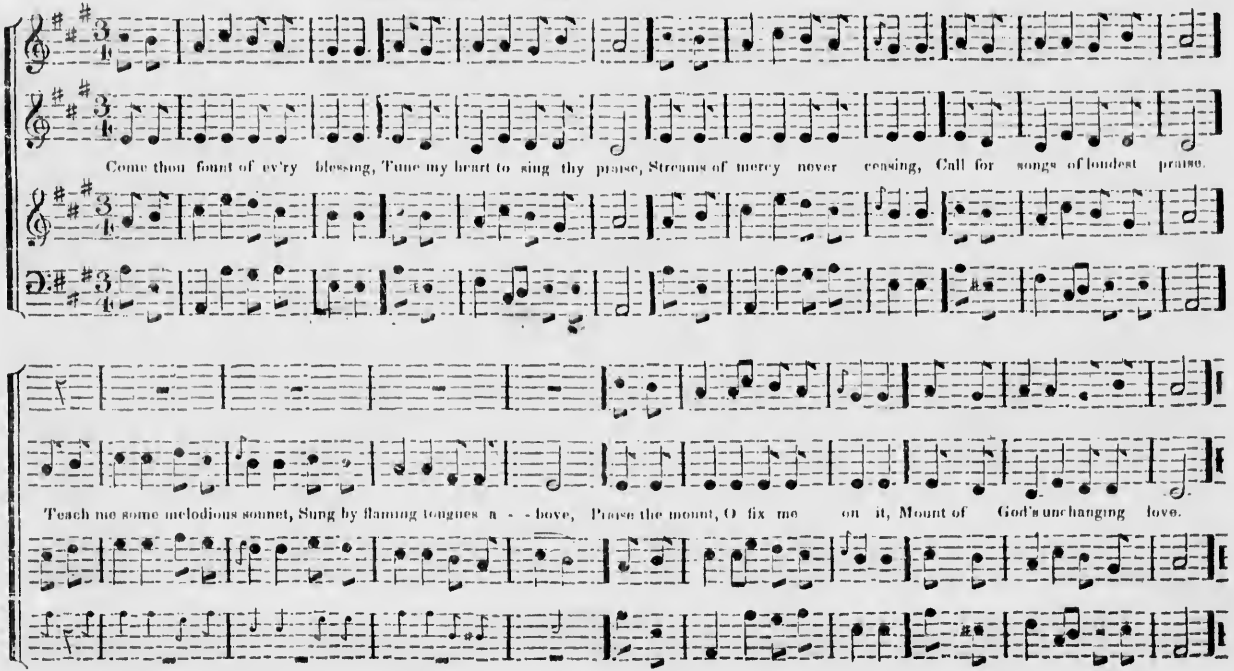
Rousseau.

Fine.

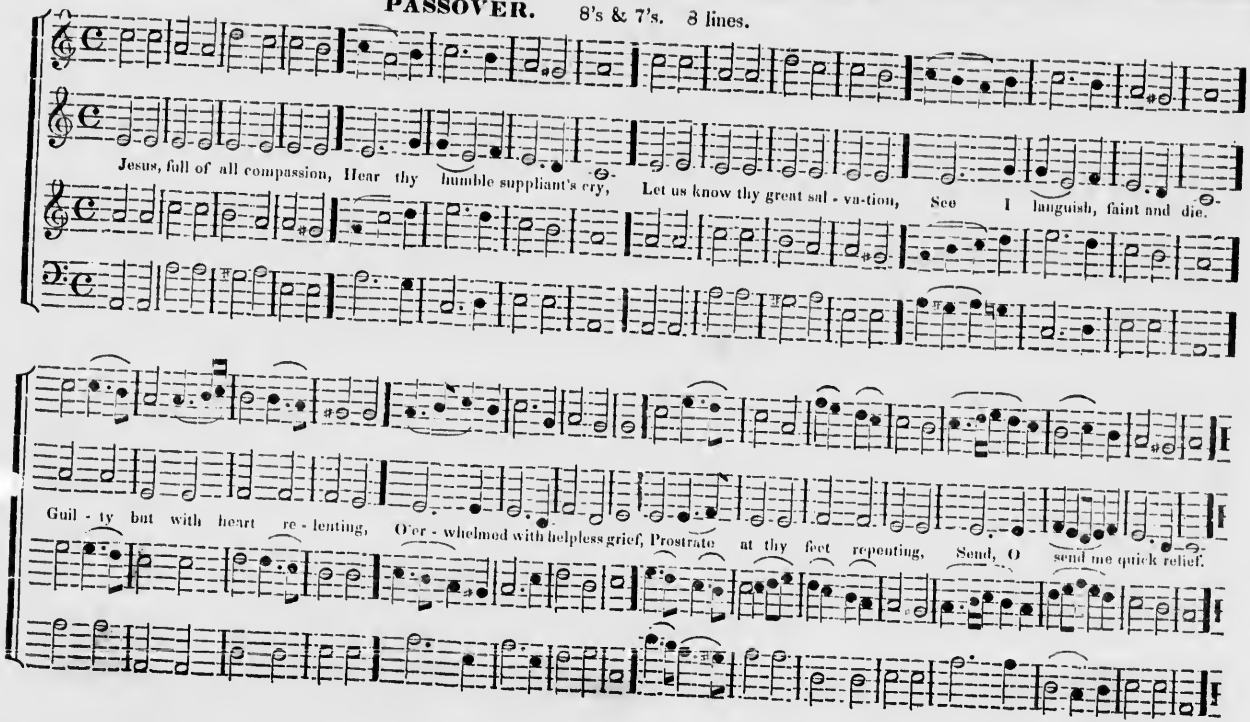
D. C.

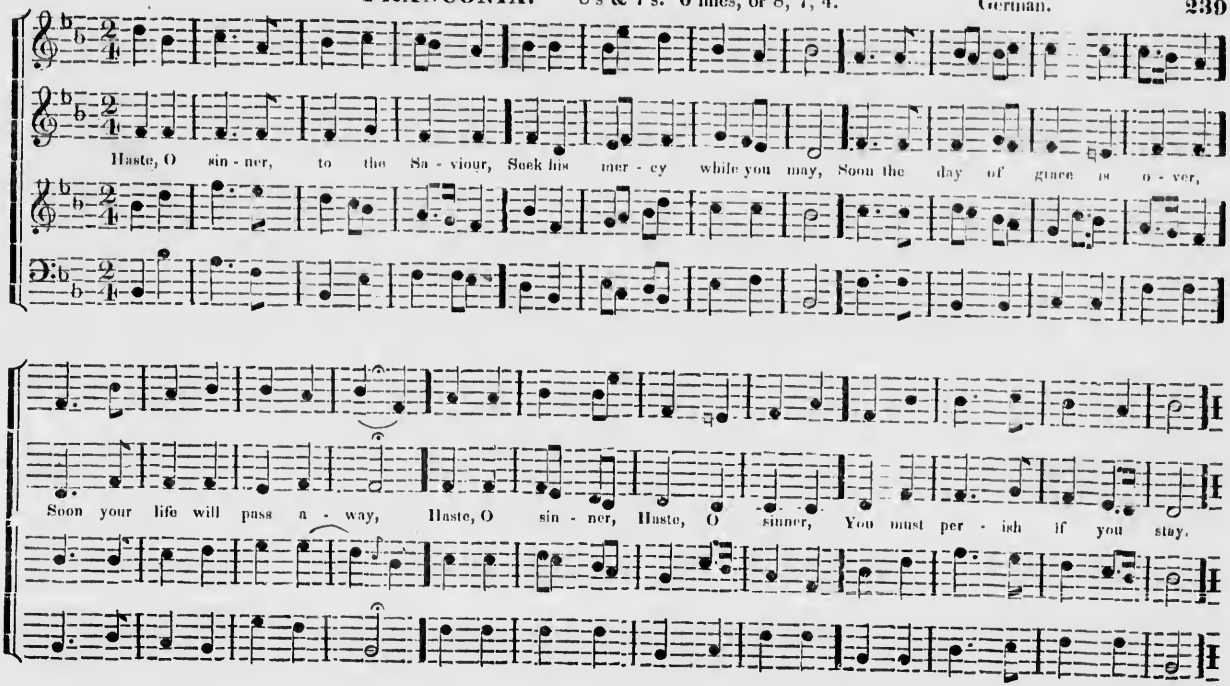


BAVARIA. 8, & 7's. 8 lines. German Air.

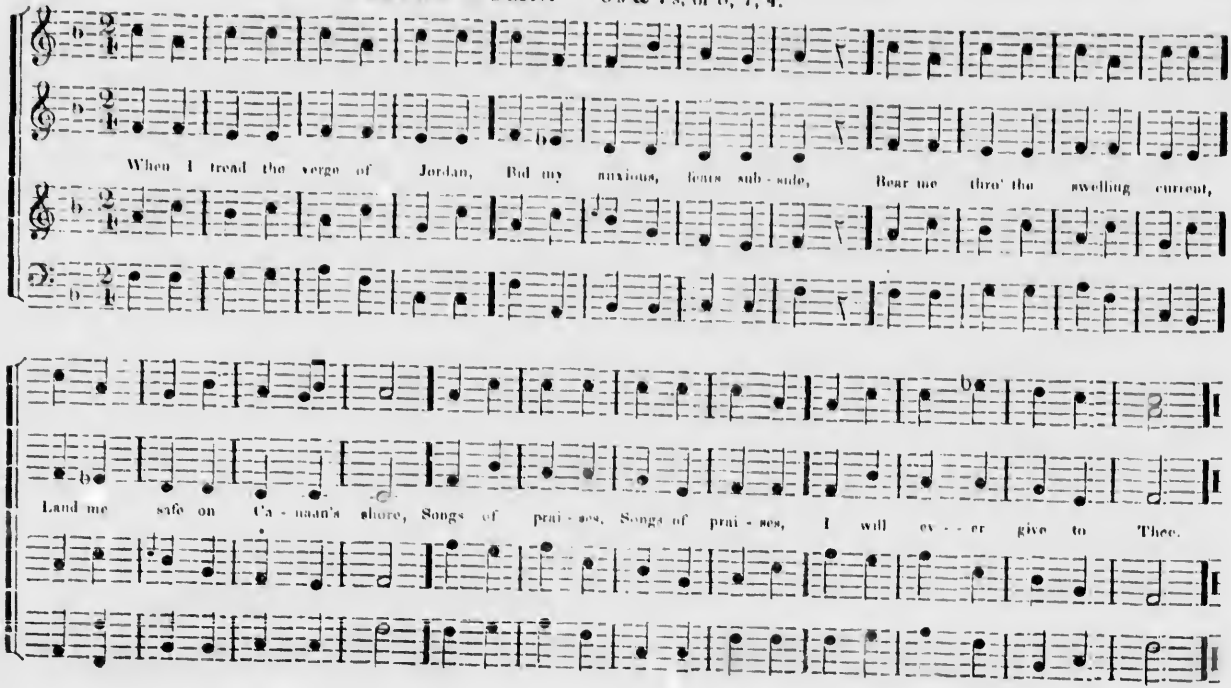


PASSOVER. 8's & 7's. 8 lines.

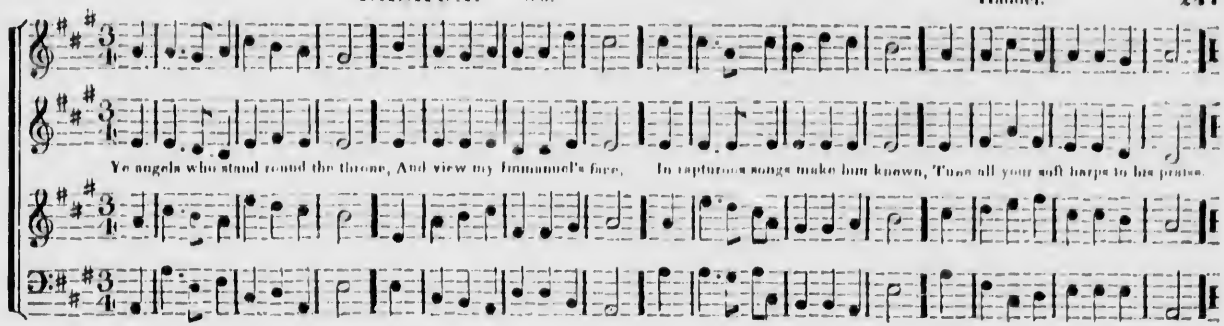



Haste, O sin - ner, to the Sa - viour, Seek his mer - cy while you may, Soon the day of grace is o - ver,
Soon your life will pass a - way, Haste, O sin - ner, Haste, O sinner, You must per - ish if you stay.

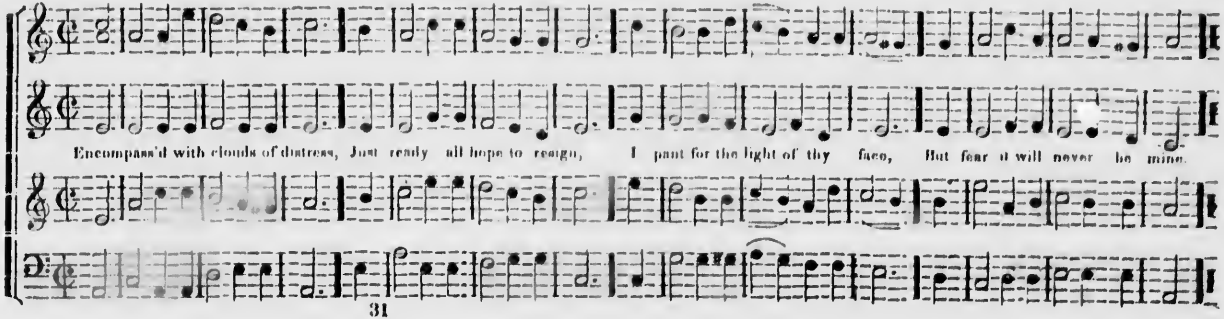
VESPER HYMN. 8's & 7's, or 8, 7, 4.



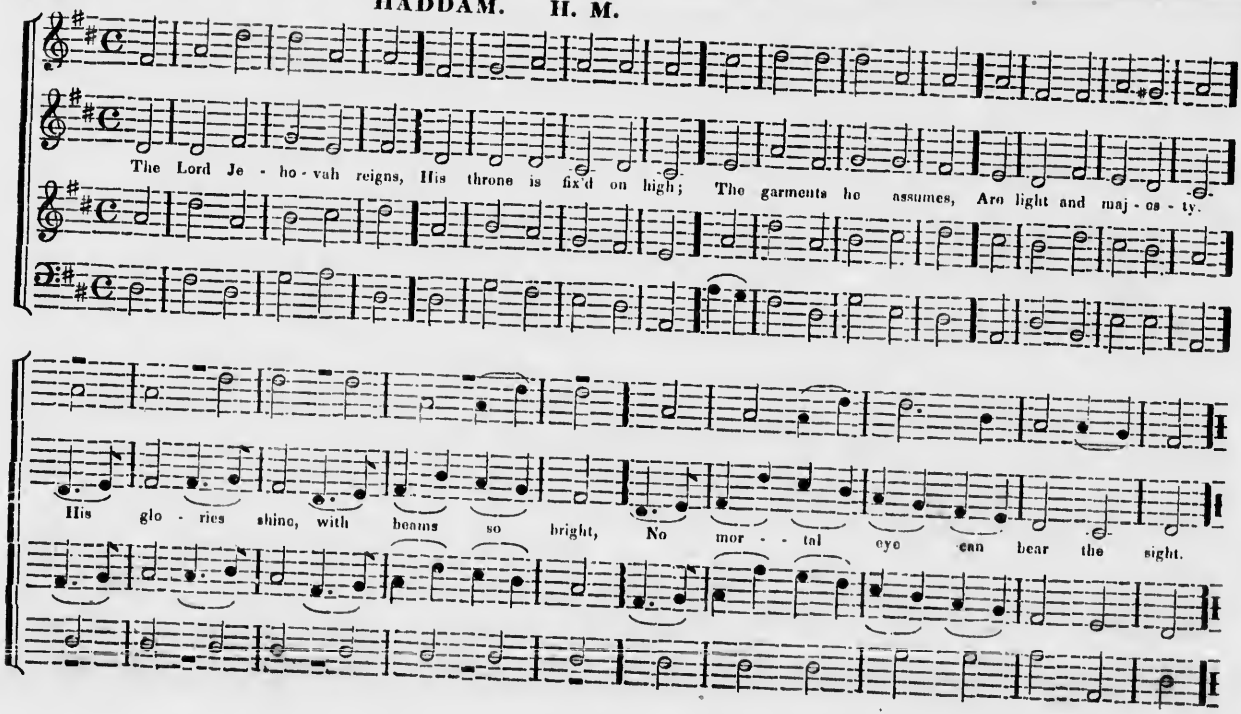
NASHUA. 8's. Handel.



SHARON. 8's.

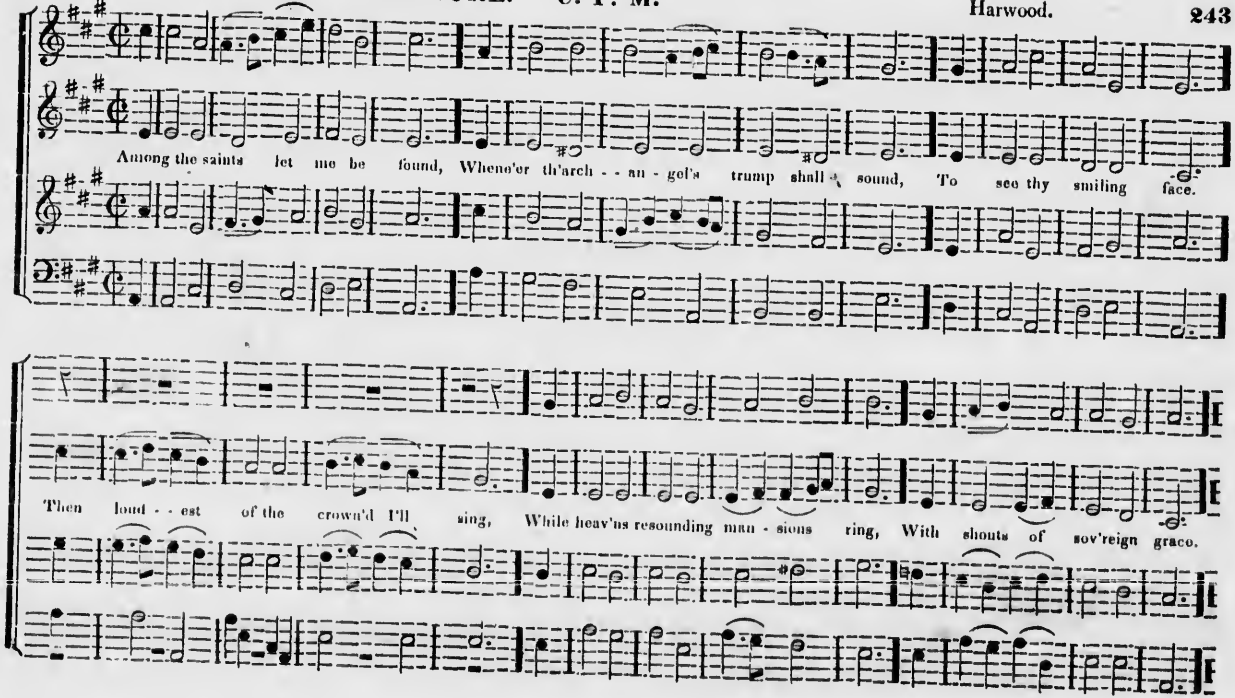


HADDAM. H. M.

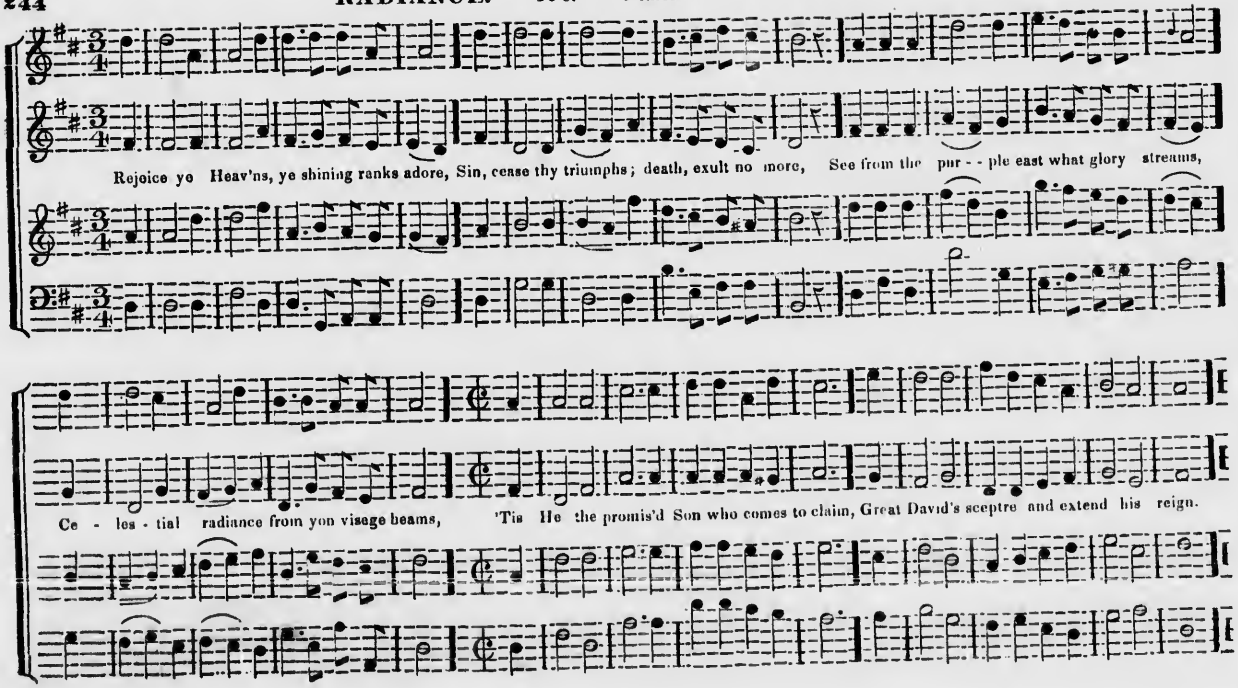

The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is fix'd on high; The garments he assumes, Are light and maj - es - ty.
His glo - ries shine, with beams so bright, No mor - - tal eye can bear the sight.

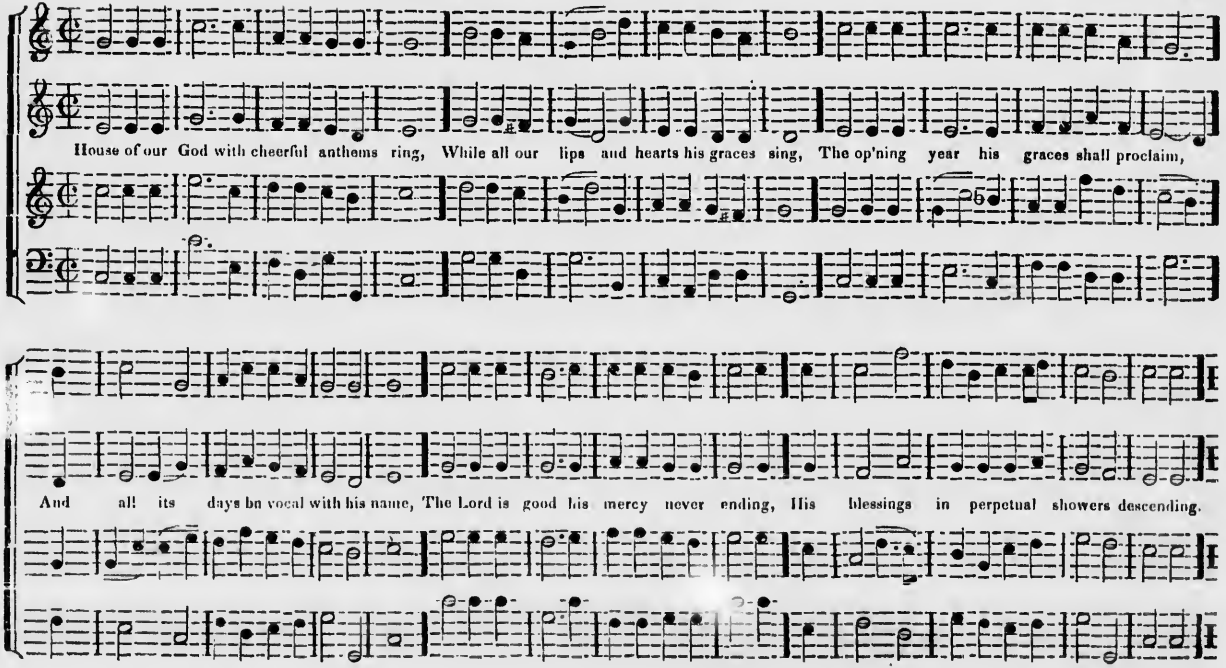
RAPTURE. C. P. M.

Harwood.

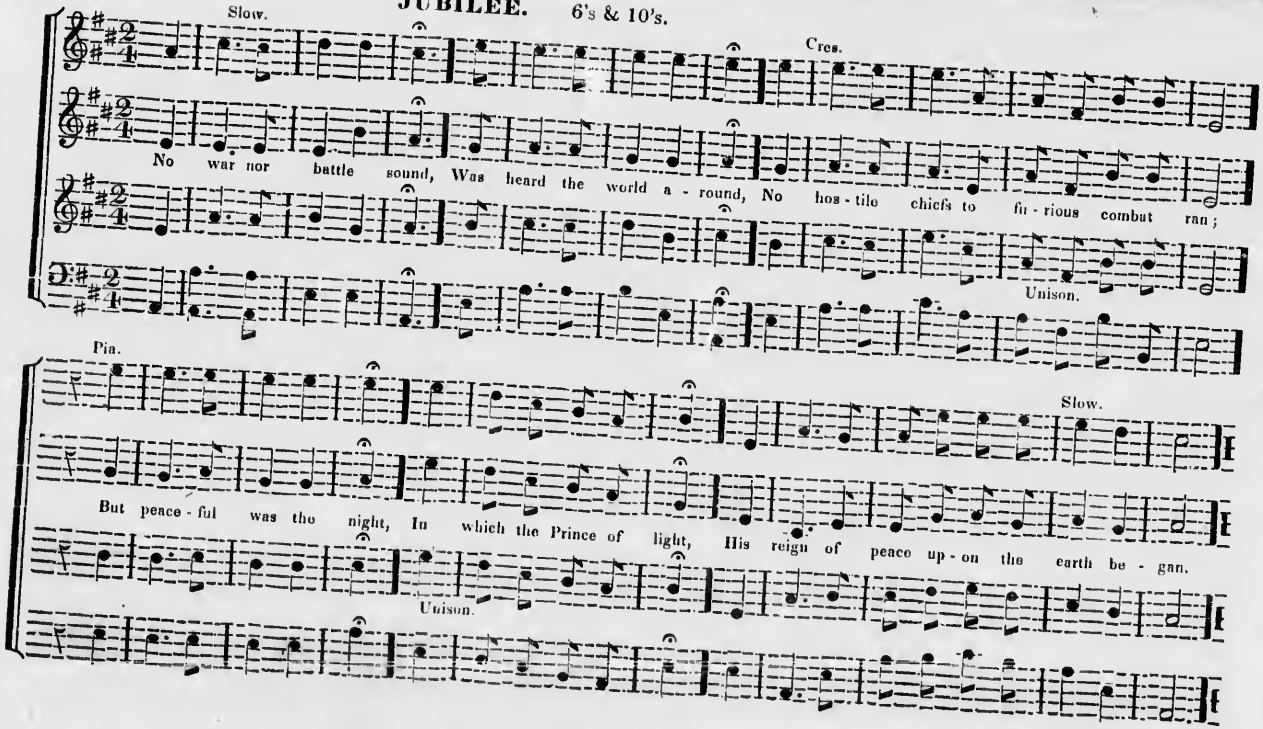


RADIANCE. 10's. 6 lines.



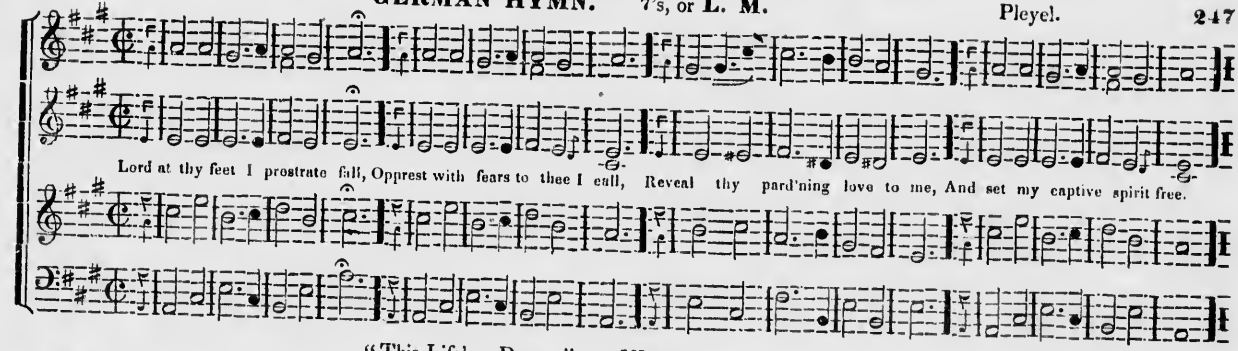

House of our God with cheerful anthems ring, While all our lips and hearts his graces sing, The op'ning year his graces shall proclaim,
And all its days bn vocal with his name, The Lord is good his mercy never ending, His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

JUBILEE. 6's & 10's.



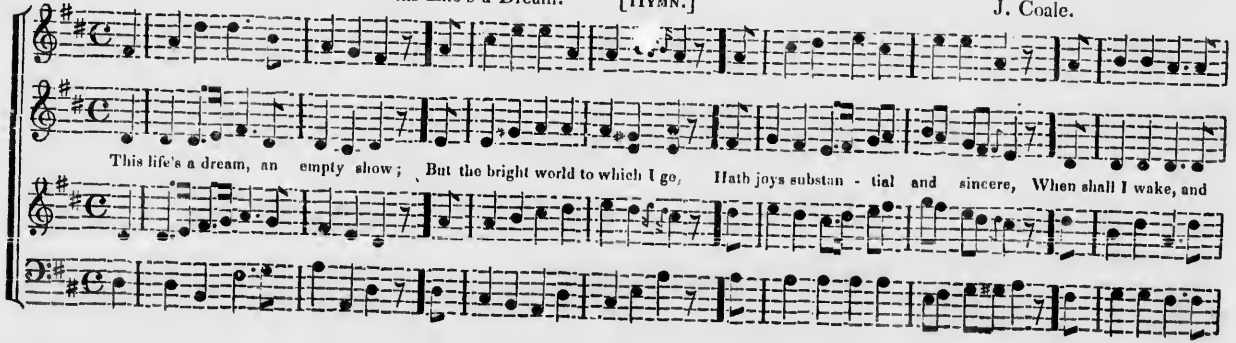
GERMAN HYMN. 7's, or L. M.

Pleyel. 247

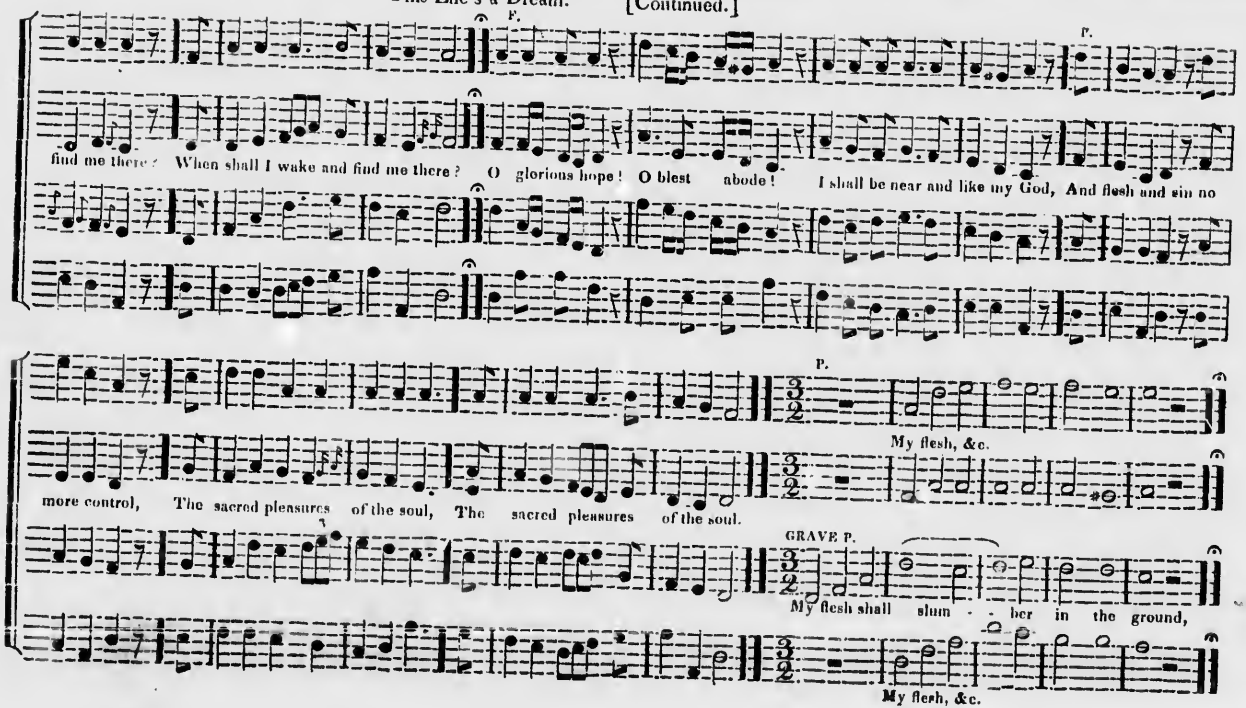


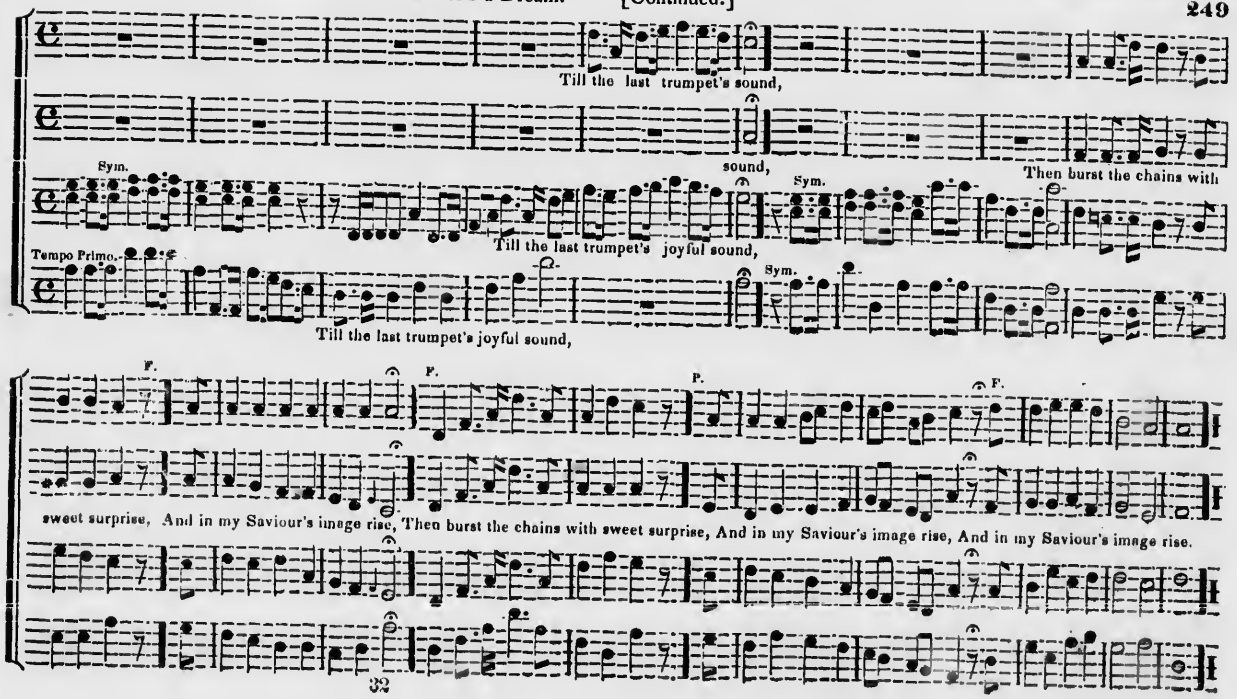
"This Life's a Dream." [HYMN.]

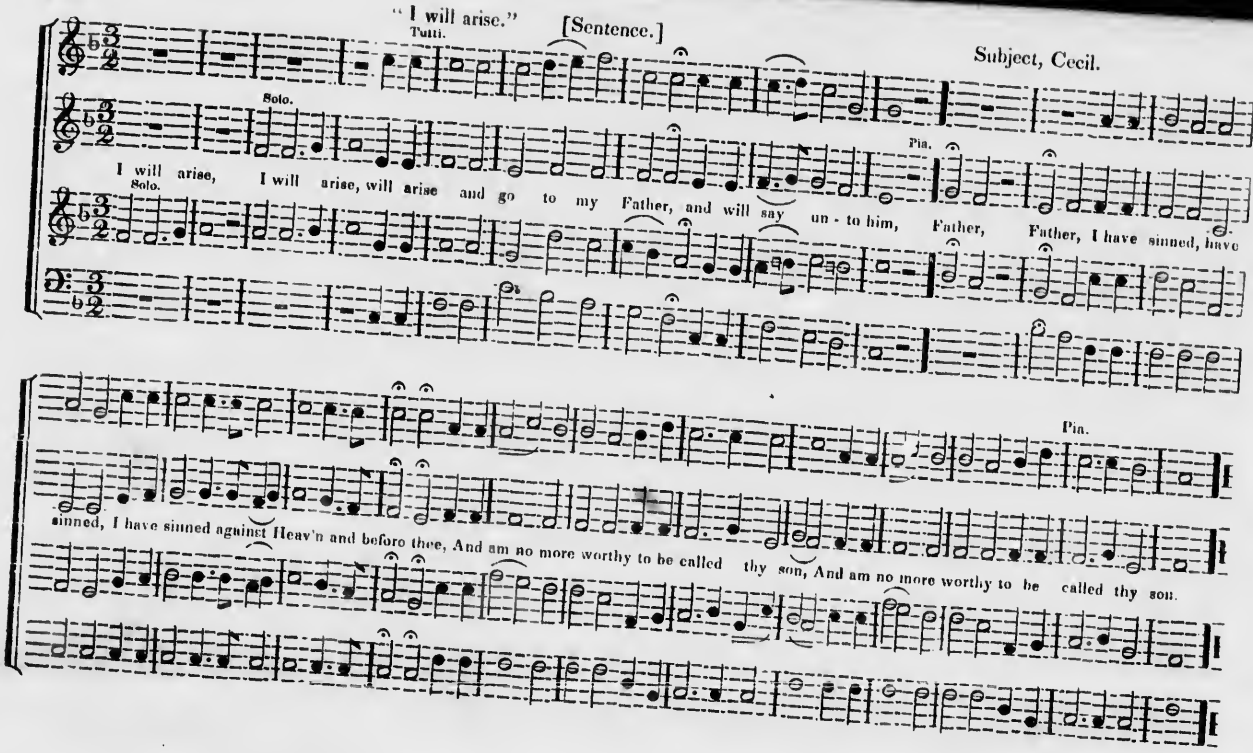
J. Coale.

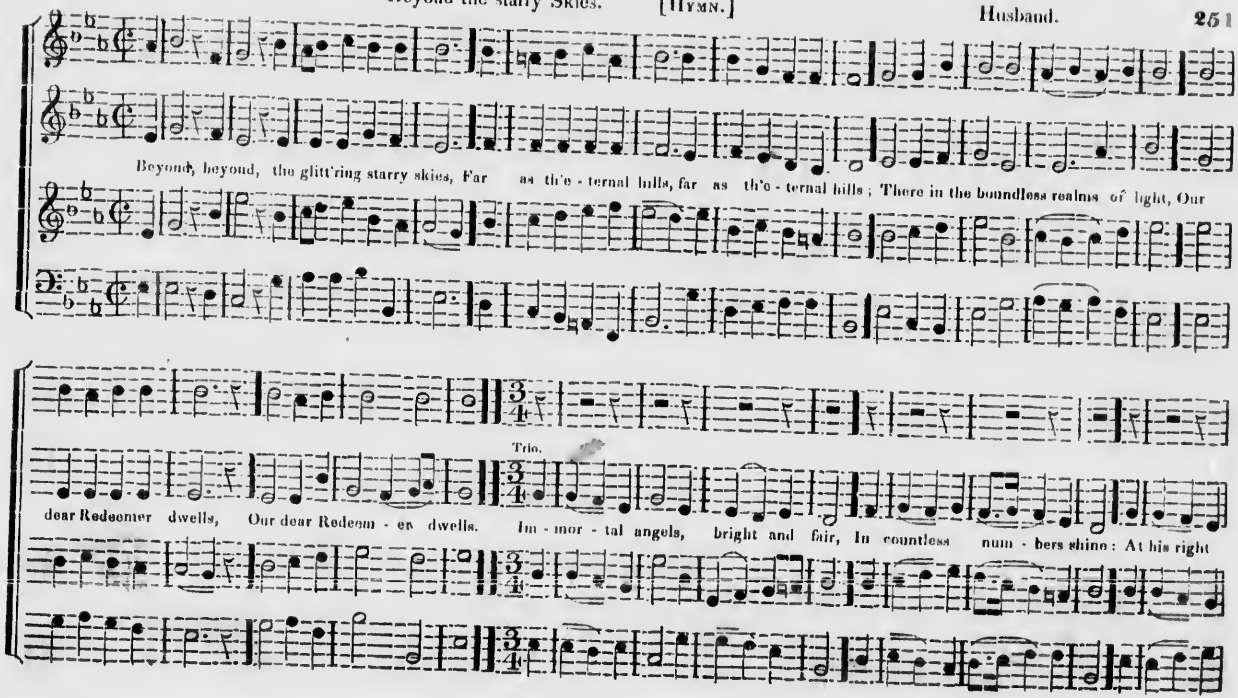


"This Life's a Dream." [Continued.]

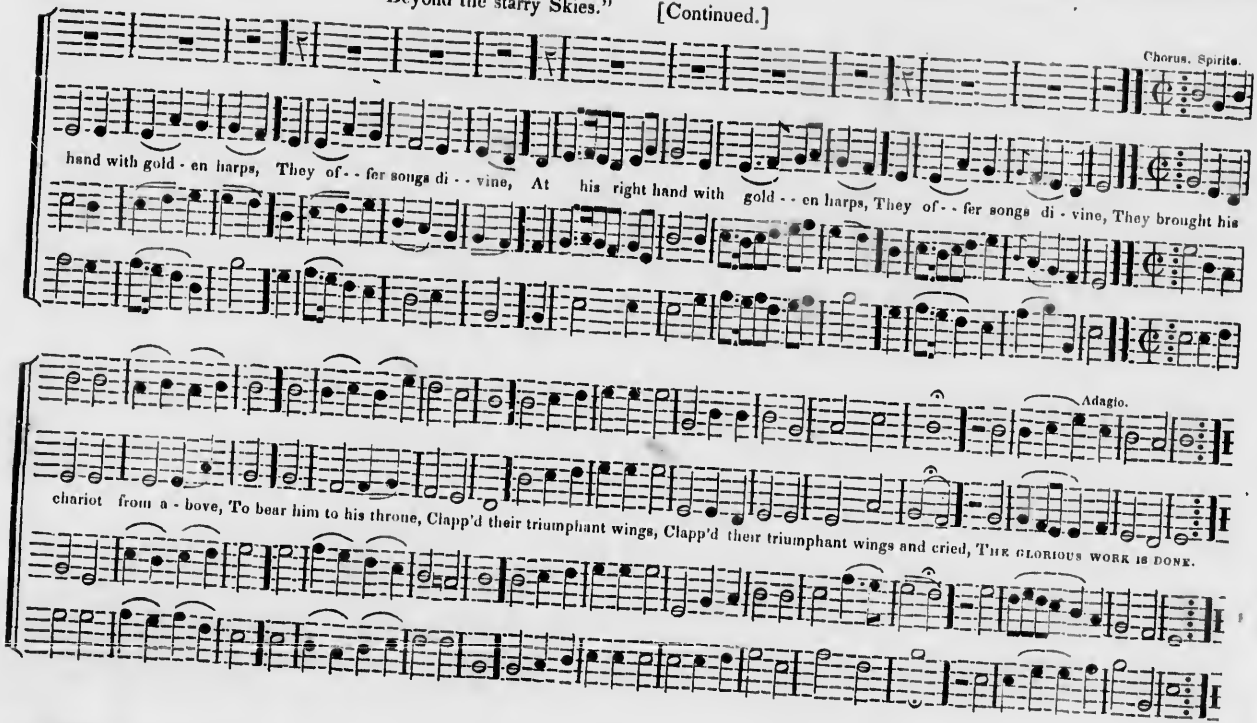


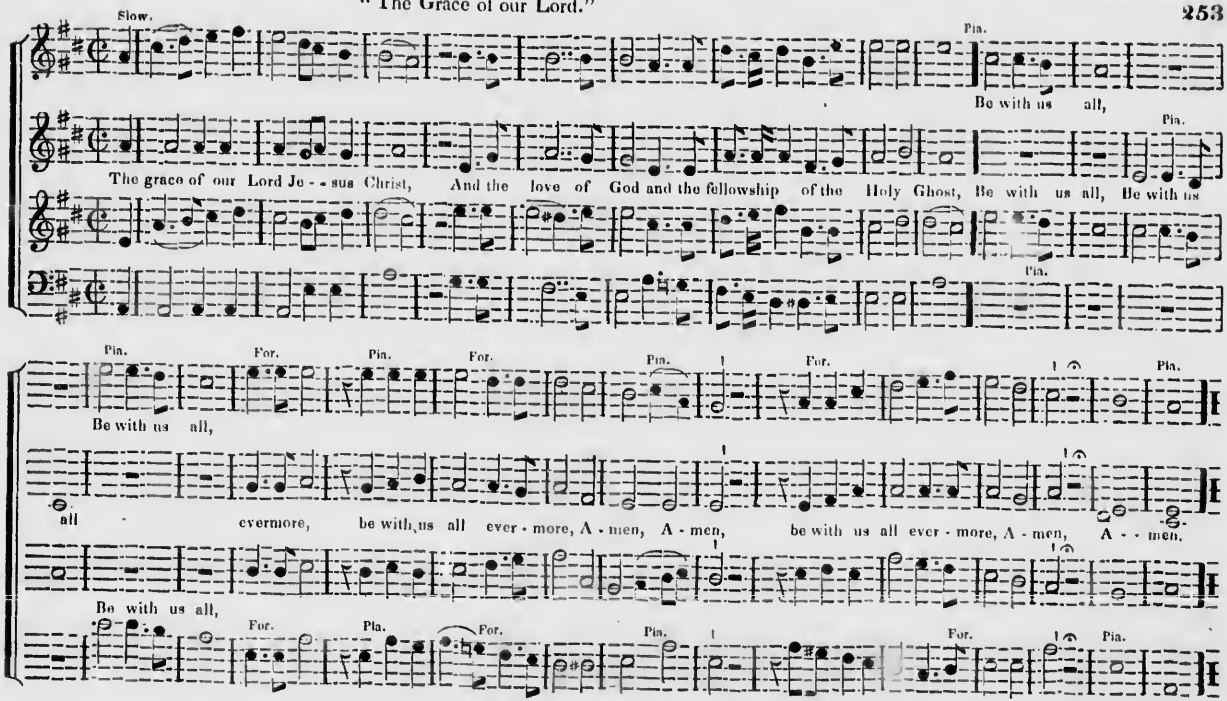

Till the last trumpet's sound,
sound,
Sym.
Sym.
Then burst the chains with
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Tempo Primo.
Sym.
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
F.
F.
P.
F.
sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise, Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise, And in my Saviour's image rise.


"I will arise."
Tutti.
[Sentence.]
Subject, Cecil.
Solo.
Pia.
I will arise, I will arise, will arise and go to my Father, and will say un - to him, Father, Father, I have sinned, have
Solo.
Pia.
sinned, I have sinned against Heav'n and before thee, And am no more worthy to be called thy son, And am no more worthy to be called thy son.

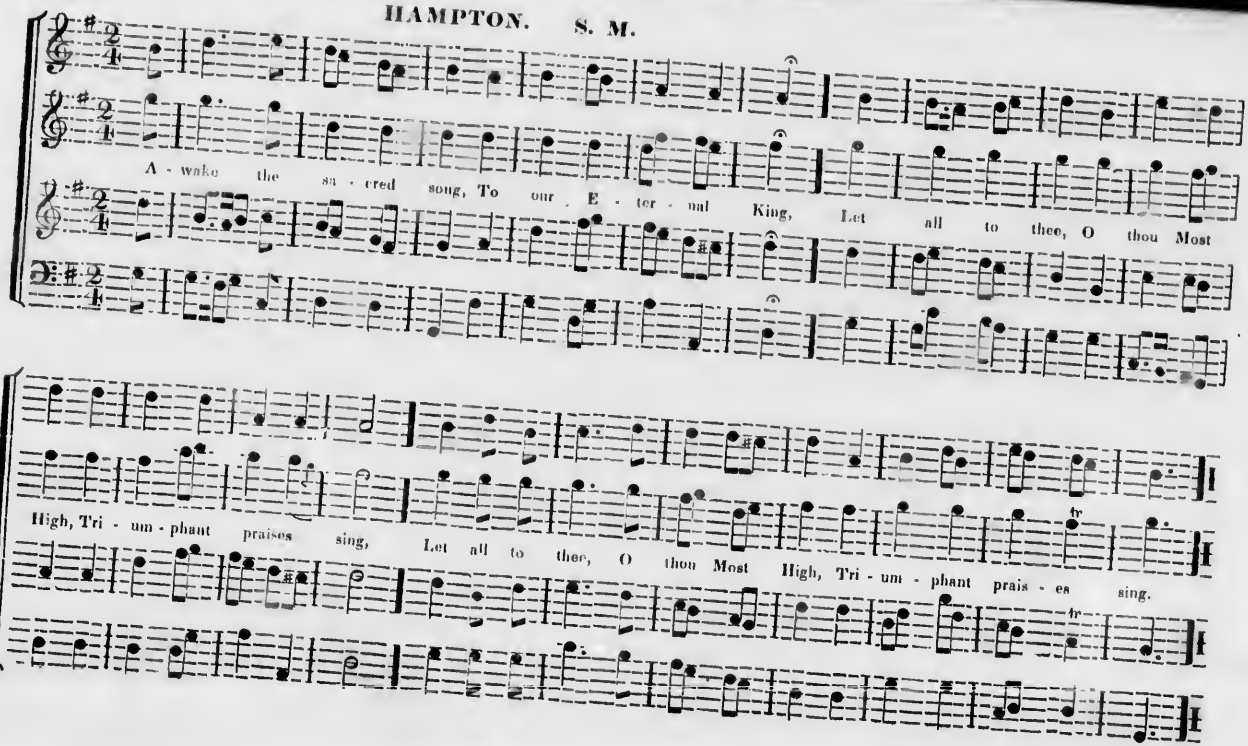

Beyond, beyond, the glitt'ring starry skies, Far as th'e - ternal hills, far as th'e - ternal hills; There in the boundless realms of light, Our
Trio.
dear Redeemer dwells, Our dear Redeem - er dwells. Im - mor - tal angels, bright and fair, In countless num - bers shine: At his right

"Beyond the starry Skies." [Continued.]

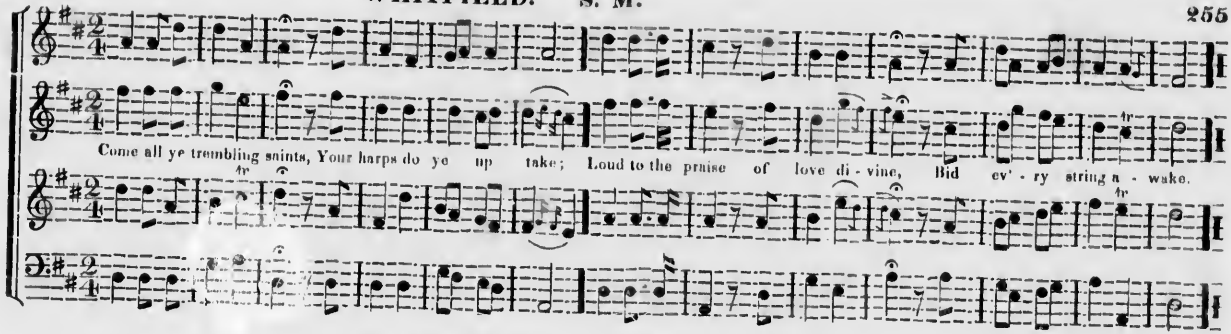



Slow.
Pia.
Be with us all,
Pia.
The grace of our Lord Je - sus Christ, And the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, Be with us all, Be with us
Pia.
Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia.
Be with us all,
all evermore, be with us all ever - more, A - men, A - men, be with us all ever - more, A - men, A - - men.
Be with us all,
For. Pia. For. Pia. For. Pia.

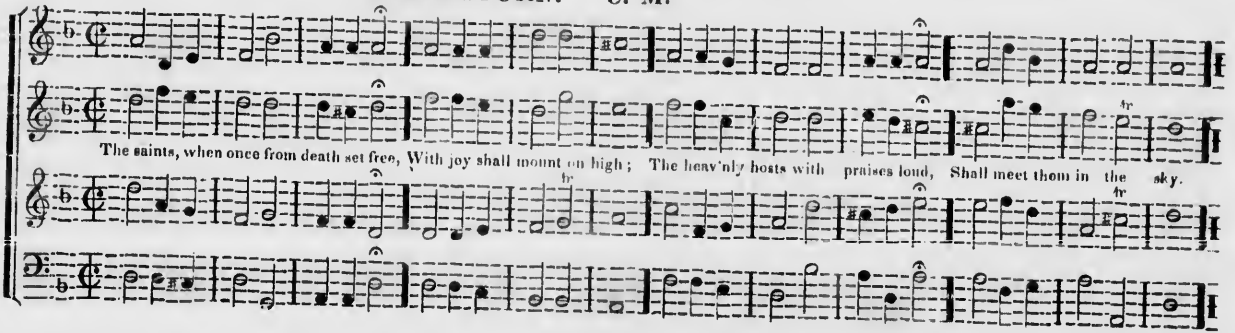
HAMPTON. S. M.


A - wake the sa - cred song, To our E - ter - nal King, Let all to thee, O thou Most
High, Tri - um - phant praises sing, Let all to thee, O thou Most High, Tri - um - phant prais - es sing.

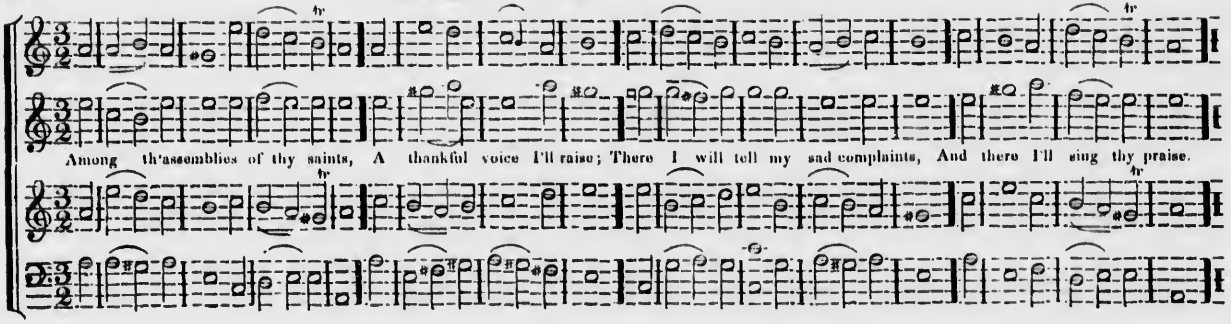
WHITFIELD. S. M.



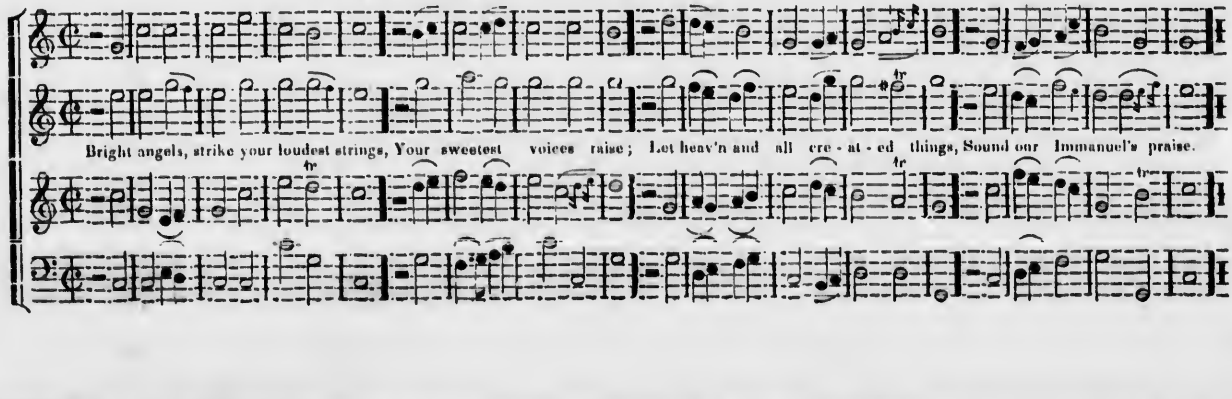
BLACKBOURN. C. M.



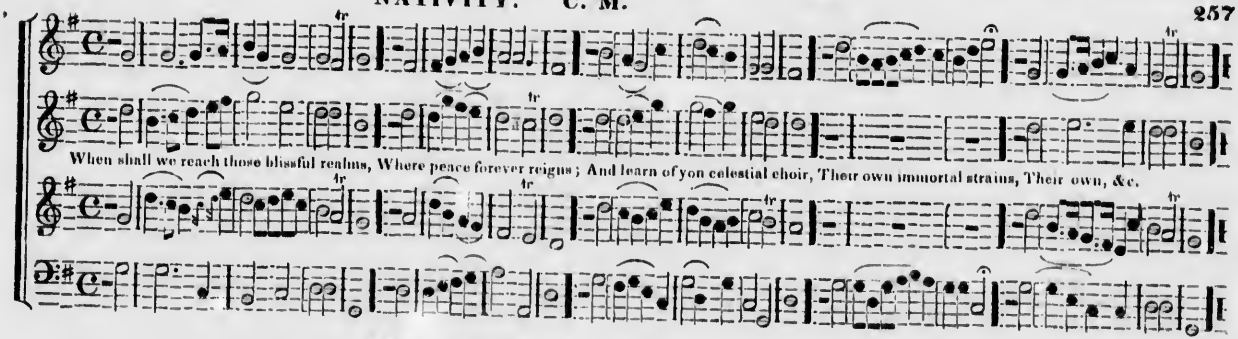
CROWLE. C. M.



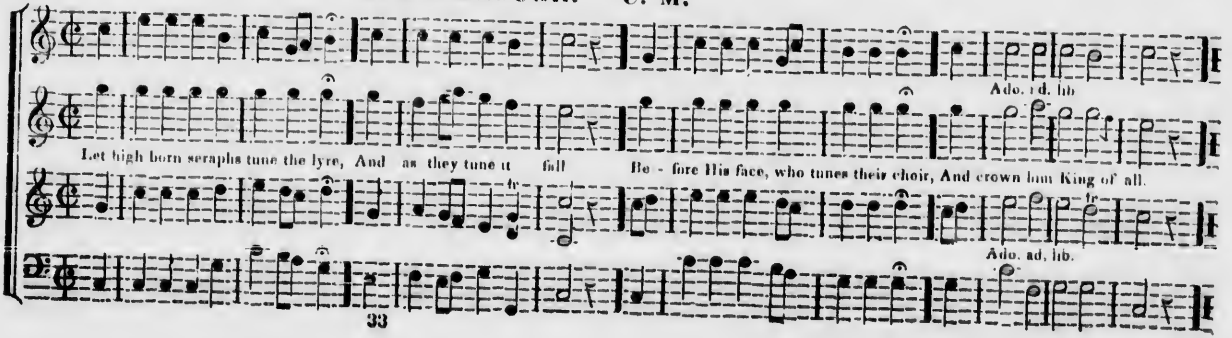
St. BRIDGET's. C. M.



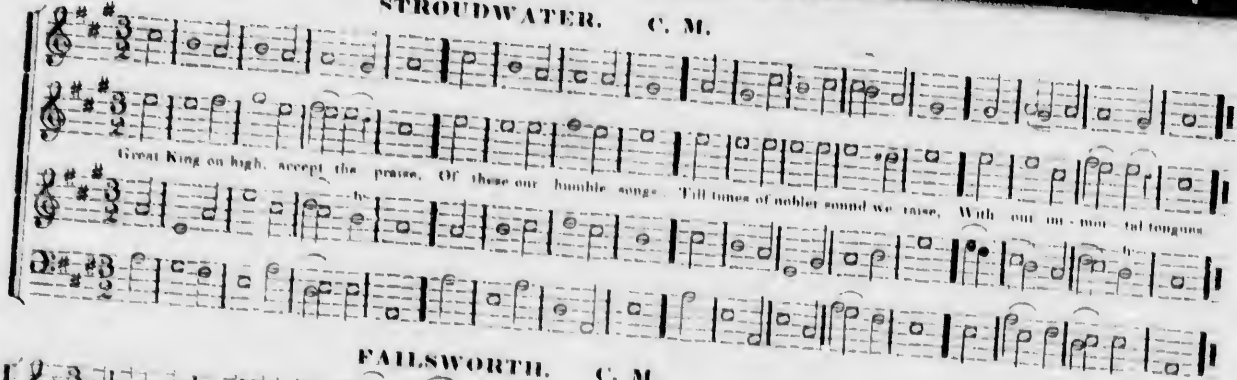
NATIVITY. C. M.



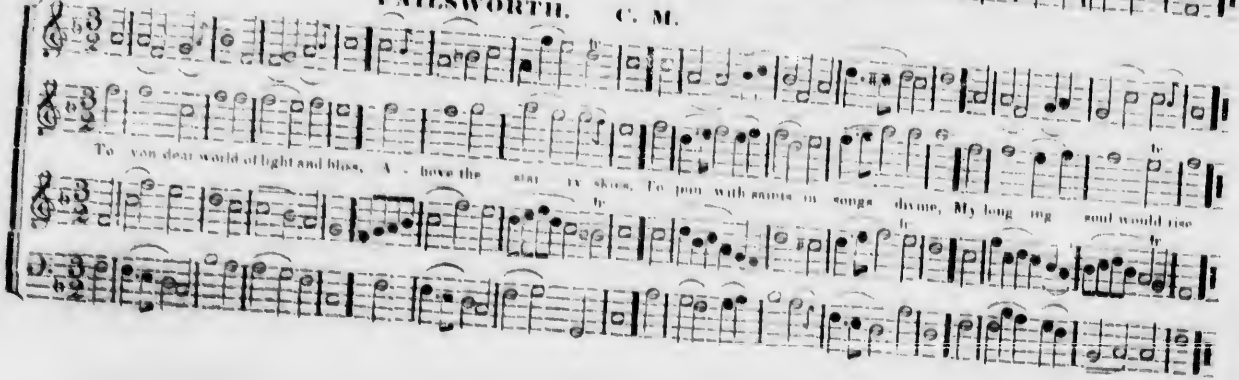
SCARBOROUGH. C. M.



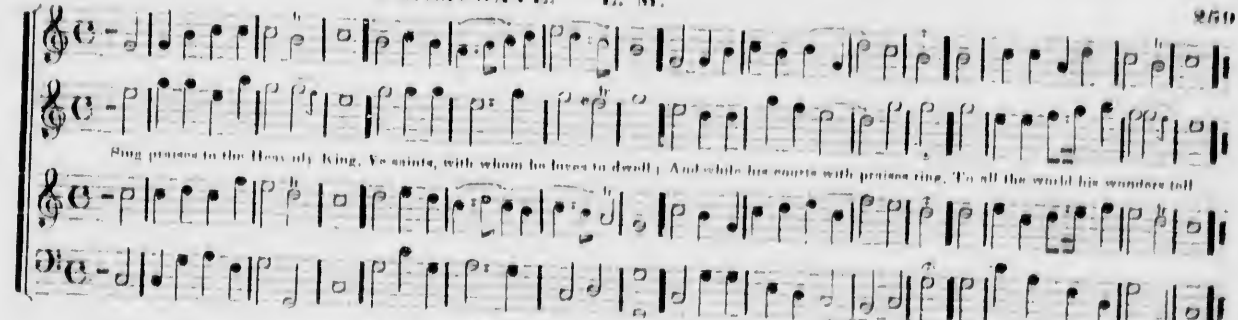
STROUDWATER. C. M.



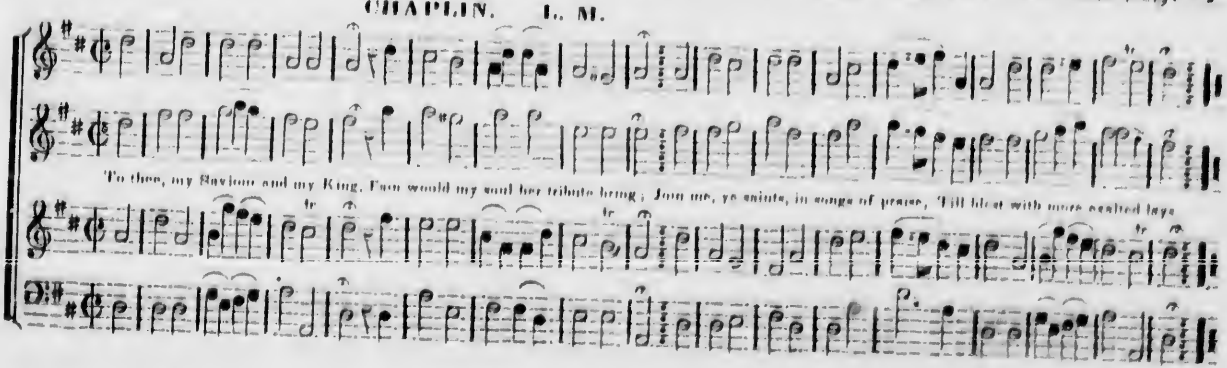
FAILSWORTH. C. M.



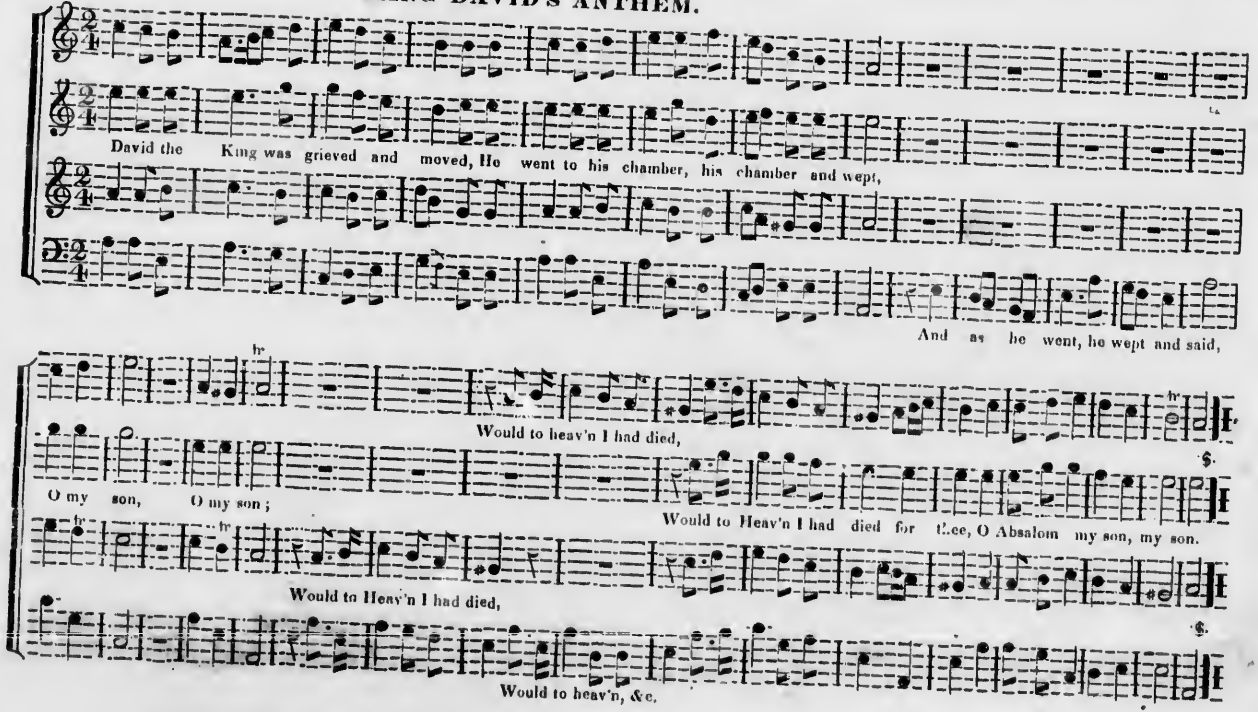
BRAMCOATE. L. M.



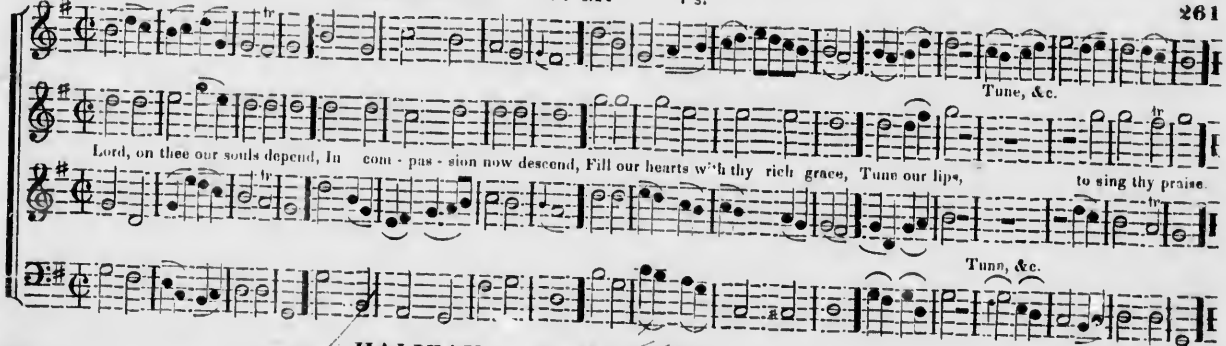
CHAPLIN. L. M.



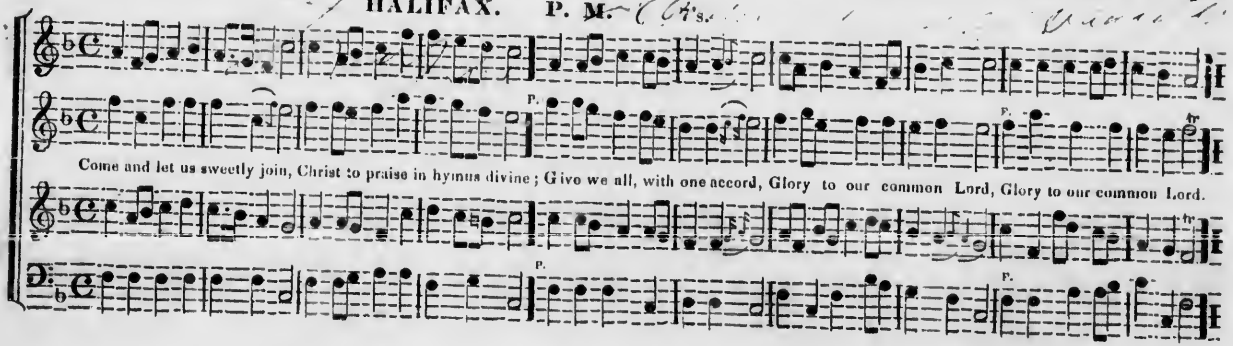
KING DAVID'S ANTHEM.



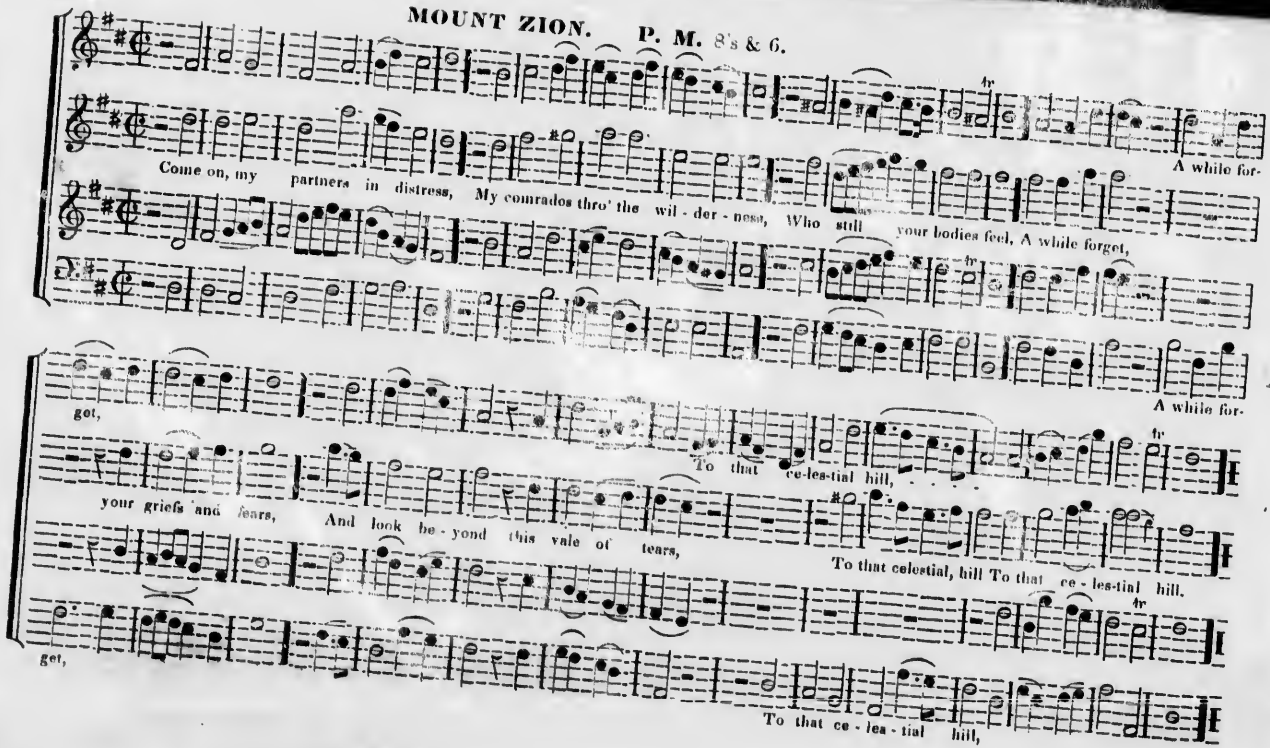
ASHBURN. P. M. 7's.



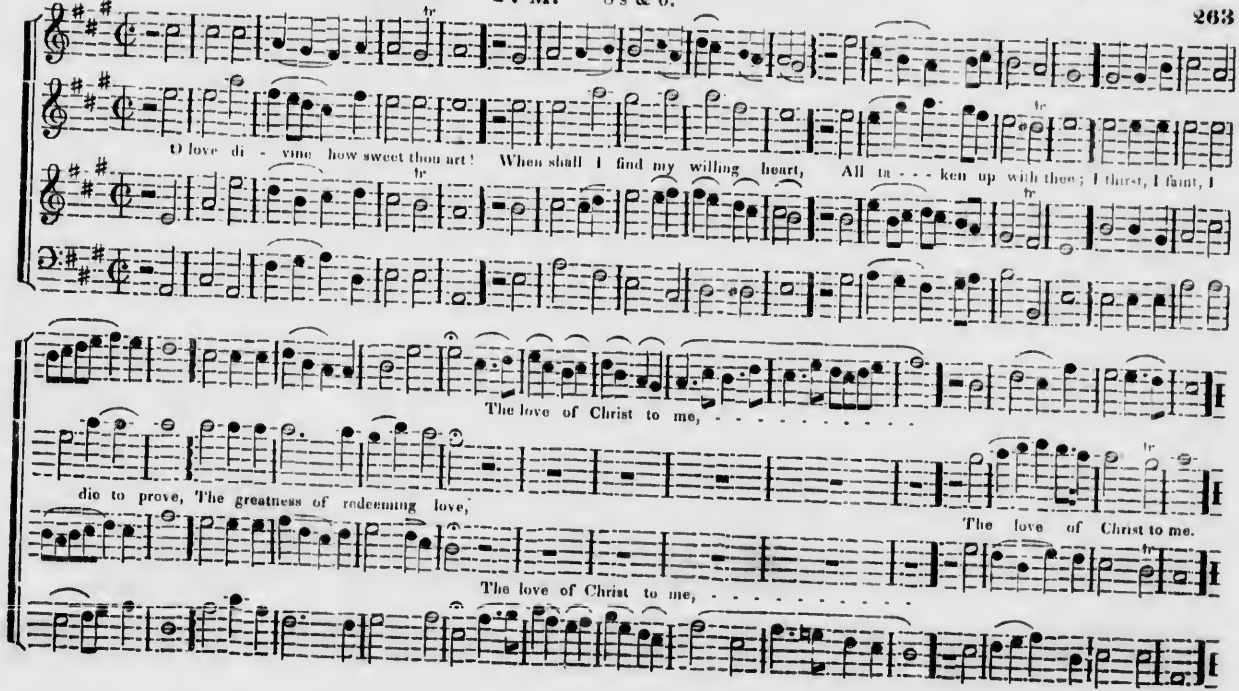
HALIFAX. P. M. 6's.



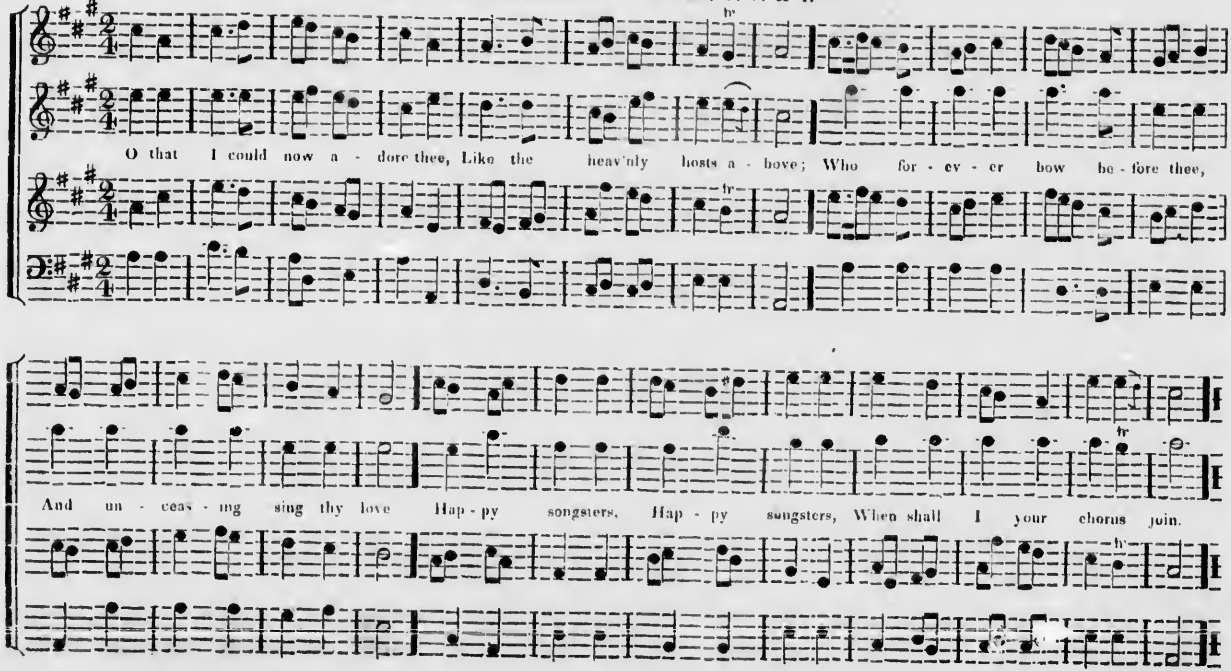
MOUNT ZION. P. M. 8's & 6.

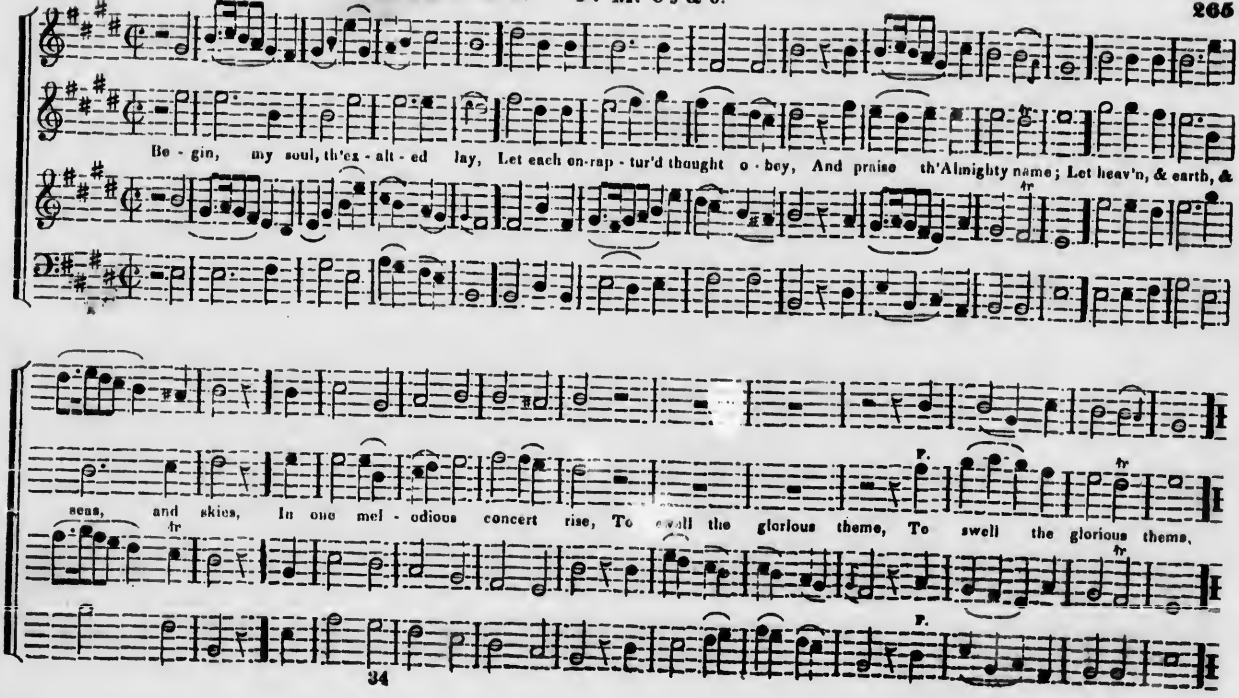


ZION. P. M. 8's & 6.

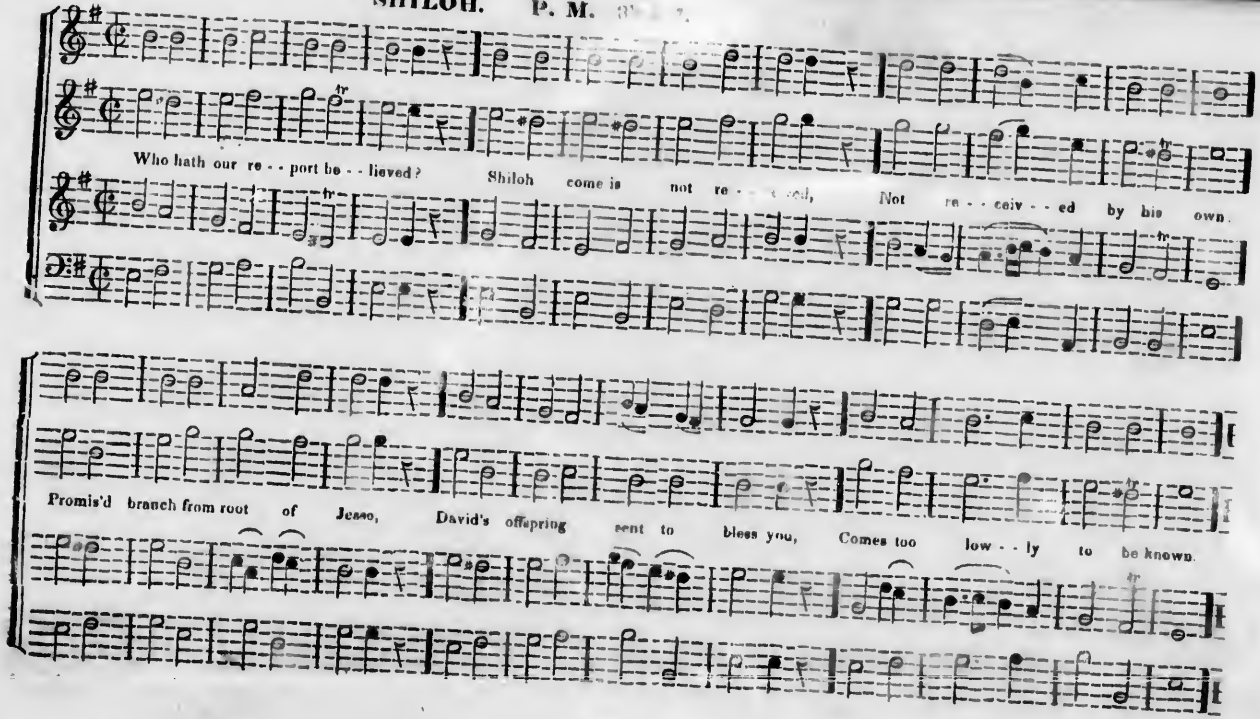

O love di - vine how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart, All ta - - - ken up with thee; I thirst, I faint, I
The love of Christ to me, - - - - - - - - - -
die to prove, The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
The love of Christ to me, - - - - - - - - - -

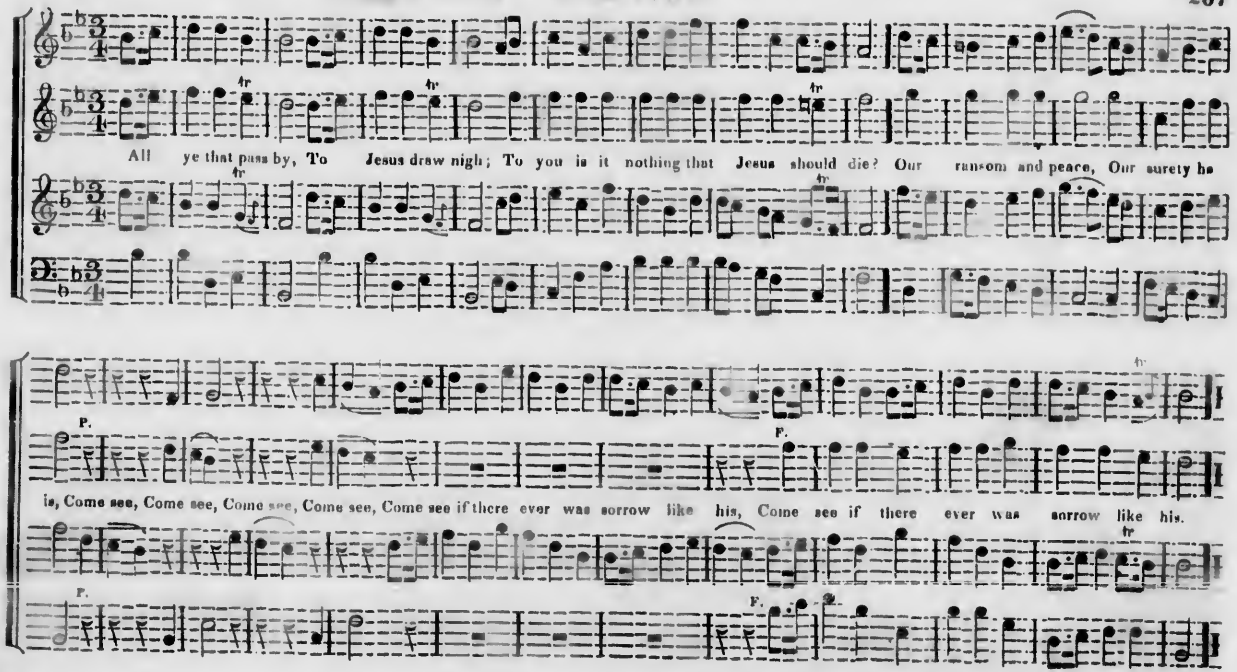
264 **NEW HELMSLEY.** P. M. 8. 7. & 4.



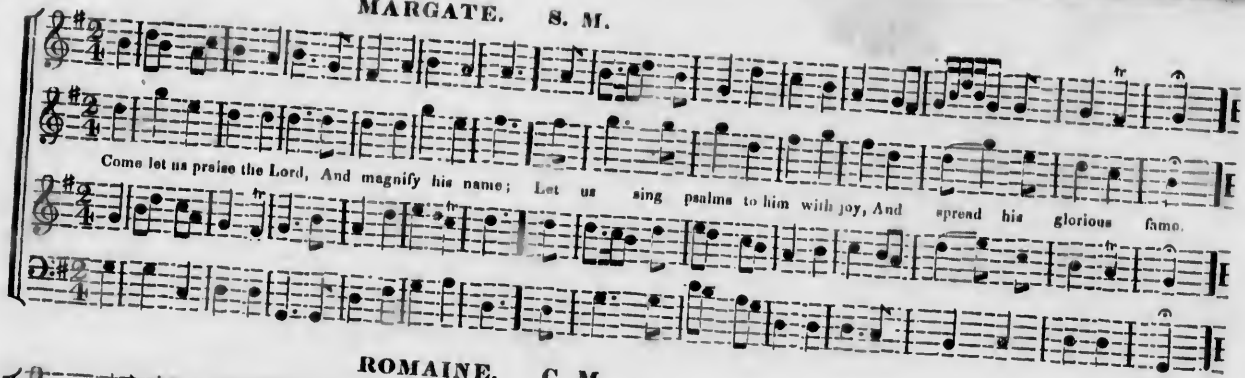

Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en-rap - tur'd thought o - bey, And praise th'Almighty name; Let heav'n, & earth, &
seas, and skies, In one mel - odious concert rise, To swell the glorious theme, To swell the glorious theme,
P.
P.

SHILOH. P. M.

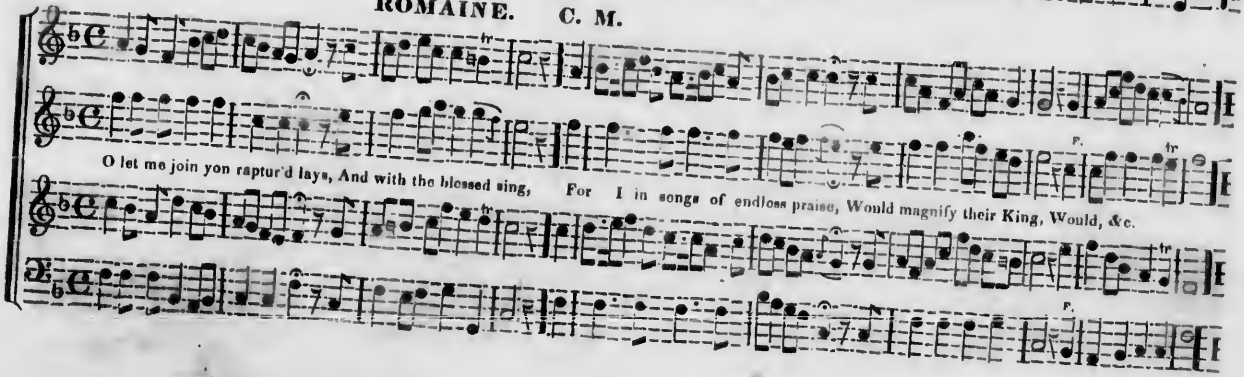

Who hath our re - - port be - - lieved? Shiloh come is not re - - ceived, Not re - - ceiv - - ed by his own.
Promis'd branch from root of Jesse, David's offspring sent to bless you, Comes too low - - ly to be known.

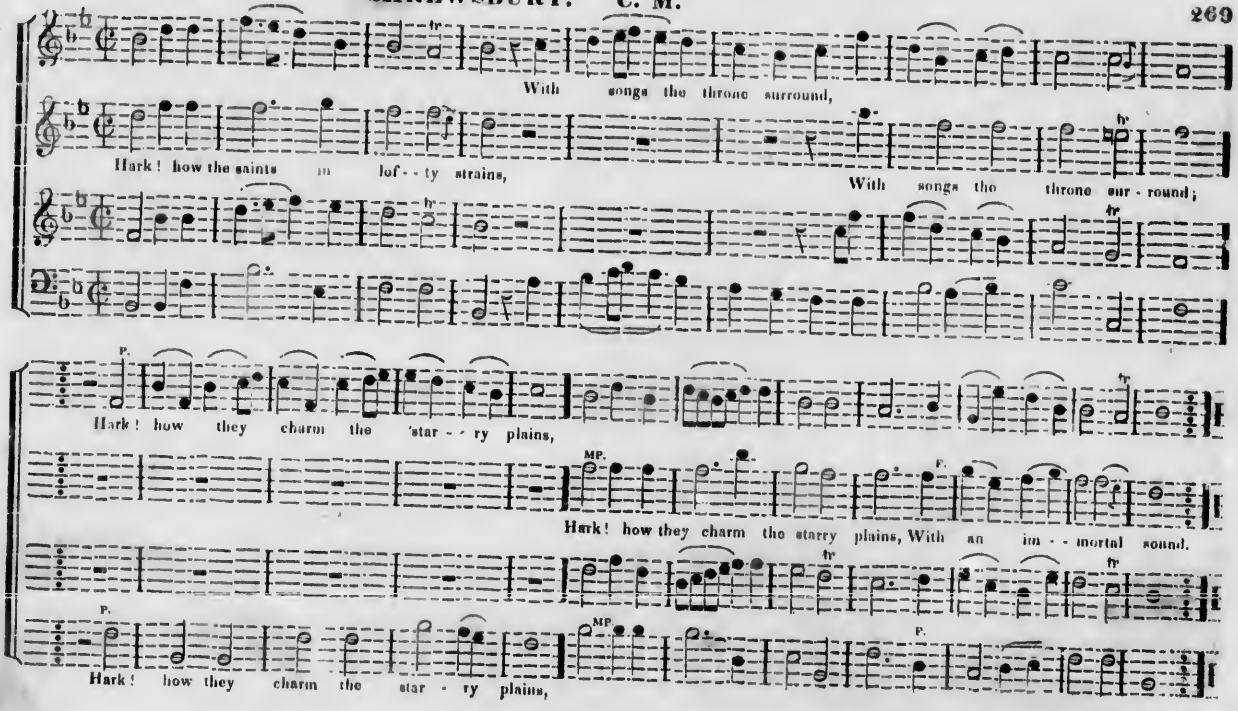

All ye that pass by, To Jesus draw nigh; To you is it nothing that Jesus should die? Our ransom and peace, Our surety he
P.
F.
is, Come see, Come see, Come see, Come see, Come see if there ever was sorrow like his, Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.
P.
F.

MARGATE. S. M.

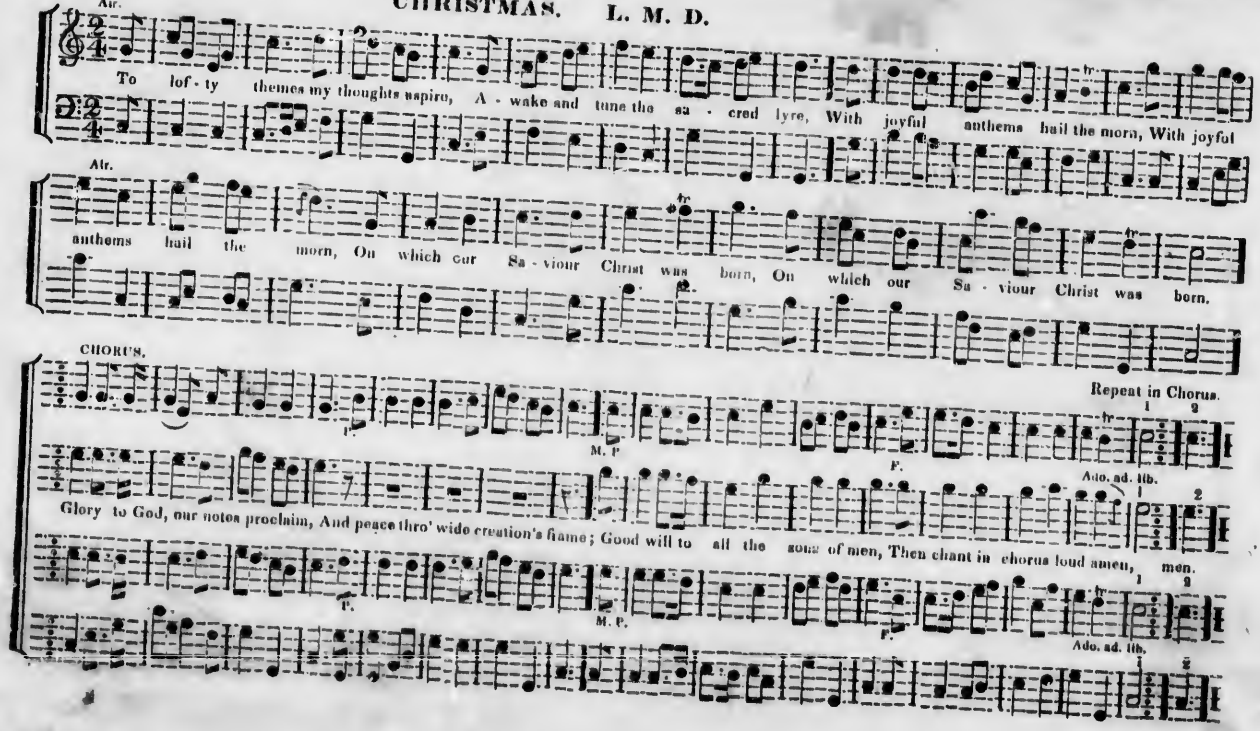


ROMAINE. C. M.

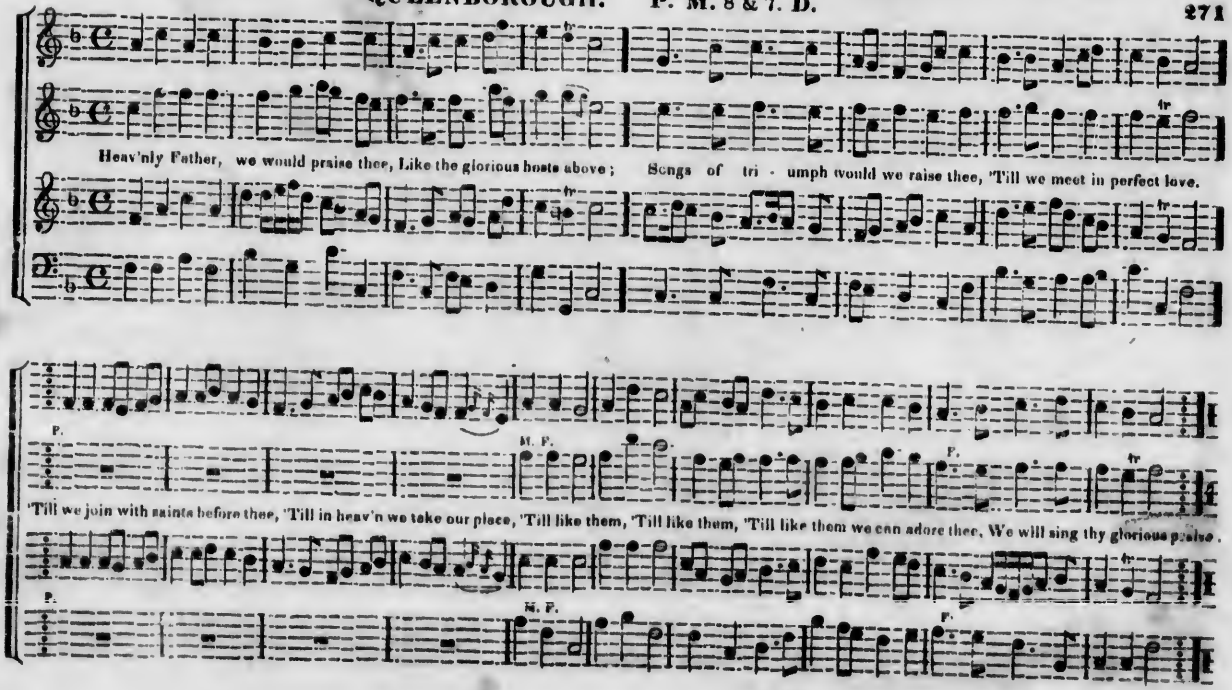



With songs the throne surround,
Hark! how the saints in lof - ty strains,
With songs the throne sur - round;
P.
Hark! how they charm the 'star - - ry plains,
MP.
F.
Hark! how they charm the starry plains, With an im - - mortal sound.
P.
MP.
F.
Hark! how they charm the star - ry plains,

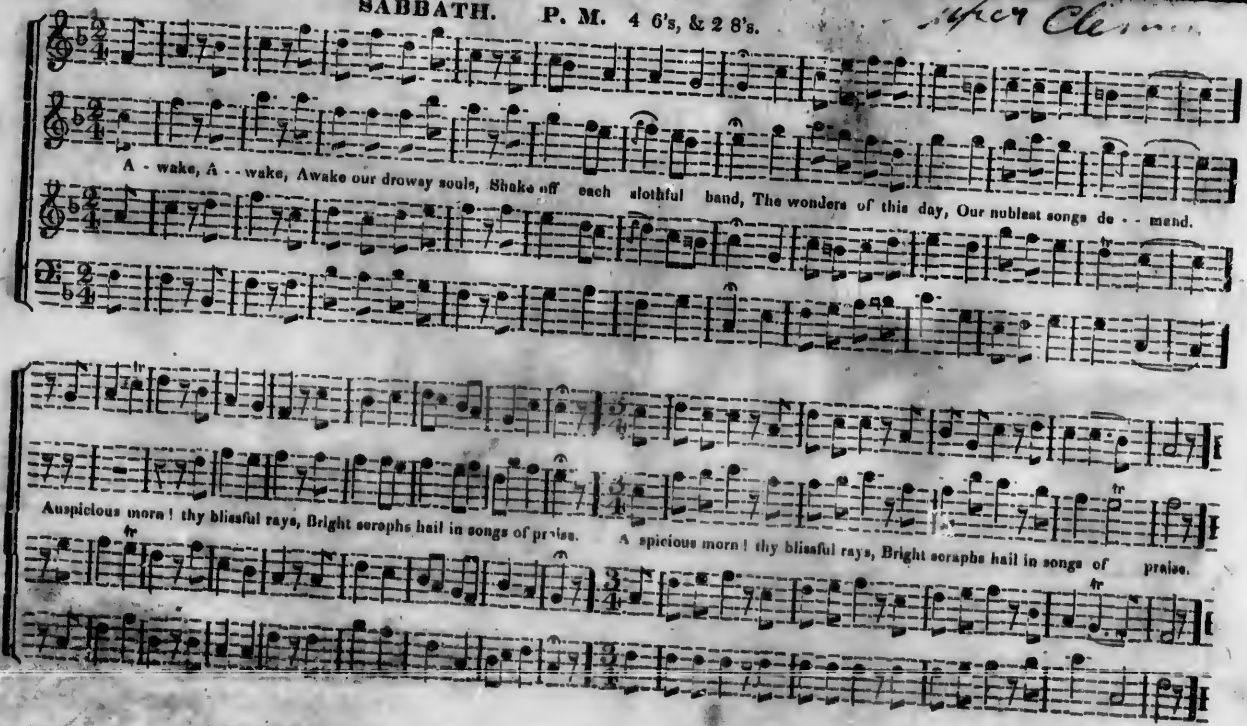
CHRISTMAS. L. M. D.



QUEENBOROUGH. P. M. 8 & 7. D.



SABBATH. P. M. 4 6's, & 2 8's.



de - - mand.
tr
tr
praise.