SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

CHRISTIAN LYRE,

CONTAINING

106 PSALM TUNES.

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SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

CHRISTIAN LYRE;

CONTAINING

MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED PSALM TUNES,

SUCH AS ARE MOST USED IN CHURCHES OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

BY JOSHUA LEAVITT.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN LEAVITT,
182, Broadway.

BOSTON: CROCKER AND BREWSTER,
47, Washington Street.

1831.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Many friends have expressed a wish, to have a collection of the best and most common psalm tunes, printed in a shape to be bound with the Christian Lyre, for use in family worship and in prayer meetings. The present collection was made to meet this wish. It contains more than one hundred tunes; and the compiler flatters himself that he has selected the best, and those most used, in churches generally. The music is given in two parts only, as those who require other harmony will of course make use of professedly scientific works. It is believed, that the base here given will be found agreeable to our best standards. In its separate form, the Supplement may be a cheap and convenient companion to the Hymn Book at church. In multitudes of cases, it would doubtless answer every needed purpose for singing schools, and save much expense in purchasing larger works. Bound in the volume with the Christian Lyre, to which it is supplementary, it will complete that work into a system of sacred music for social and private singing.

THE ORDER.

The tunes are classed in four parts—S. M., C. M., L. M., and P. M. And those of each class are arranged in alphabetical order, so that all necessity for an index is avoided.

THE PRICE.

The Supplement, separate, is twenty-five cents, single.

Added to either volume of the Lyre, or to the two volumes bound in one, it will be twelve and a half cents.

THE CHRISTIAN LYRE.

The Christian Lyre was commenced in November, 1830, as a monthly repository of music and hymns, for social worship. Vol. I., containing six No's, or 216 pages, was completed the first of April, and Vol. II. the first of October, 1831. At that time, there had been published no less than Nine Editions of Vol. I., each edition consisting of 2000 copies.

The price is sixty-two and a half cents for each volume. The two volumes bound in one, for one dollar. The Supplement added for twelve and a half cents.

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Stereotyped by A. Chandler.

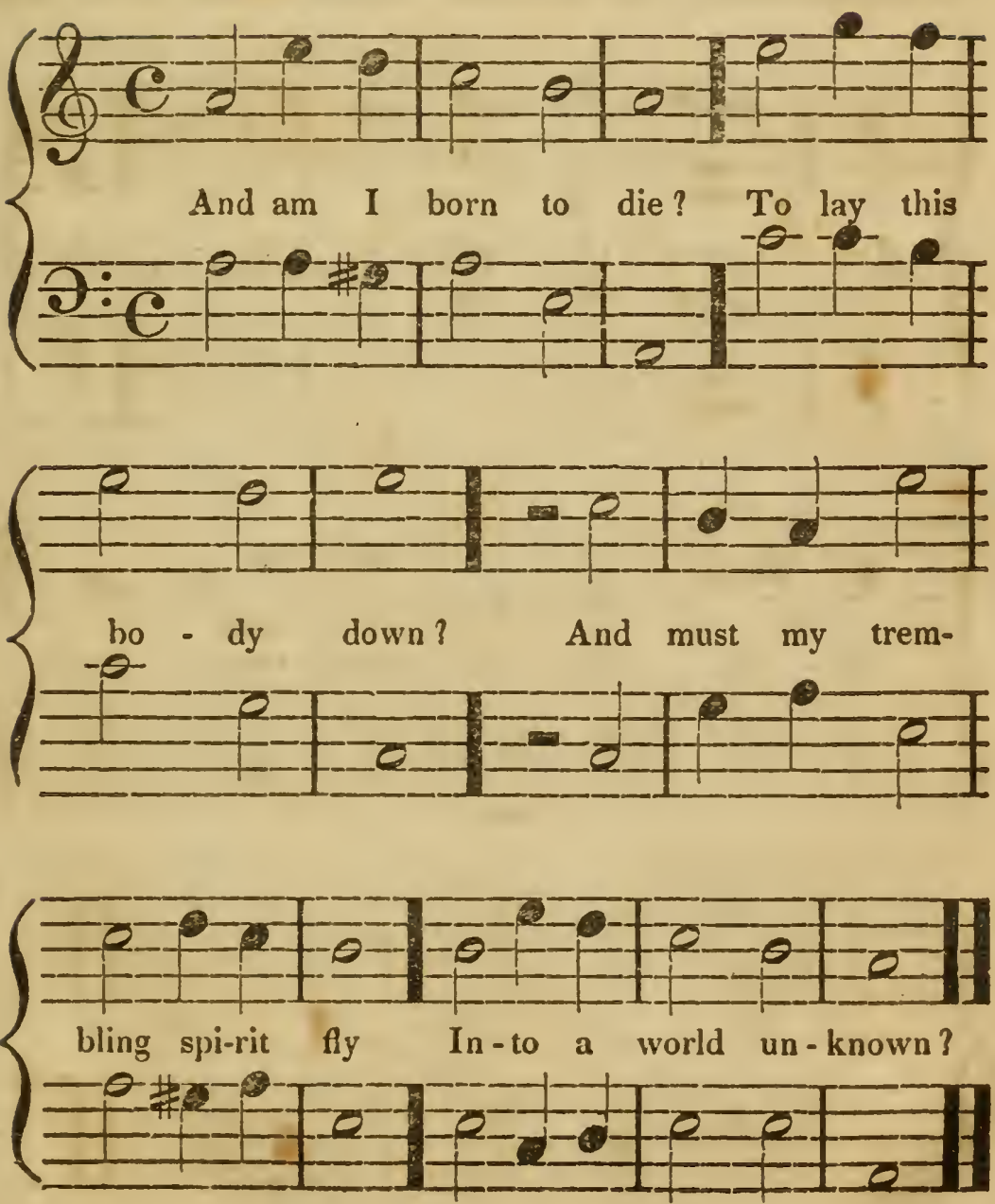
Sleight & Robinson, Printers.

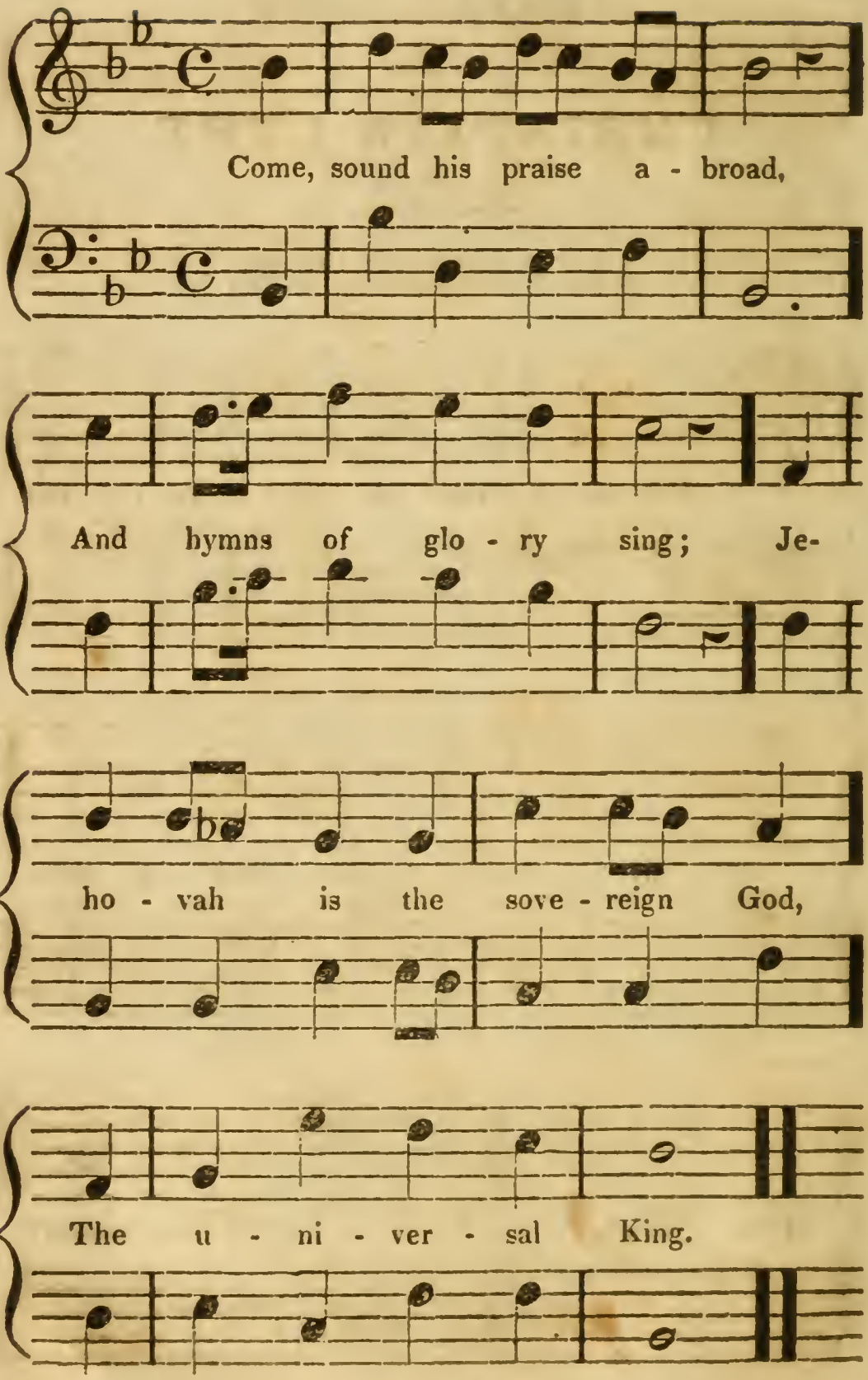
SUPPLEMENT

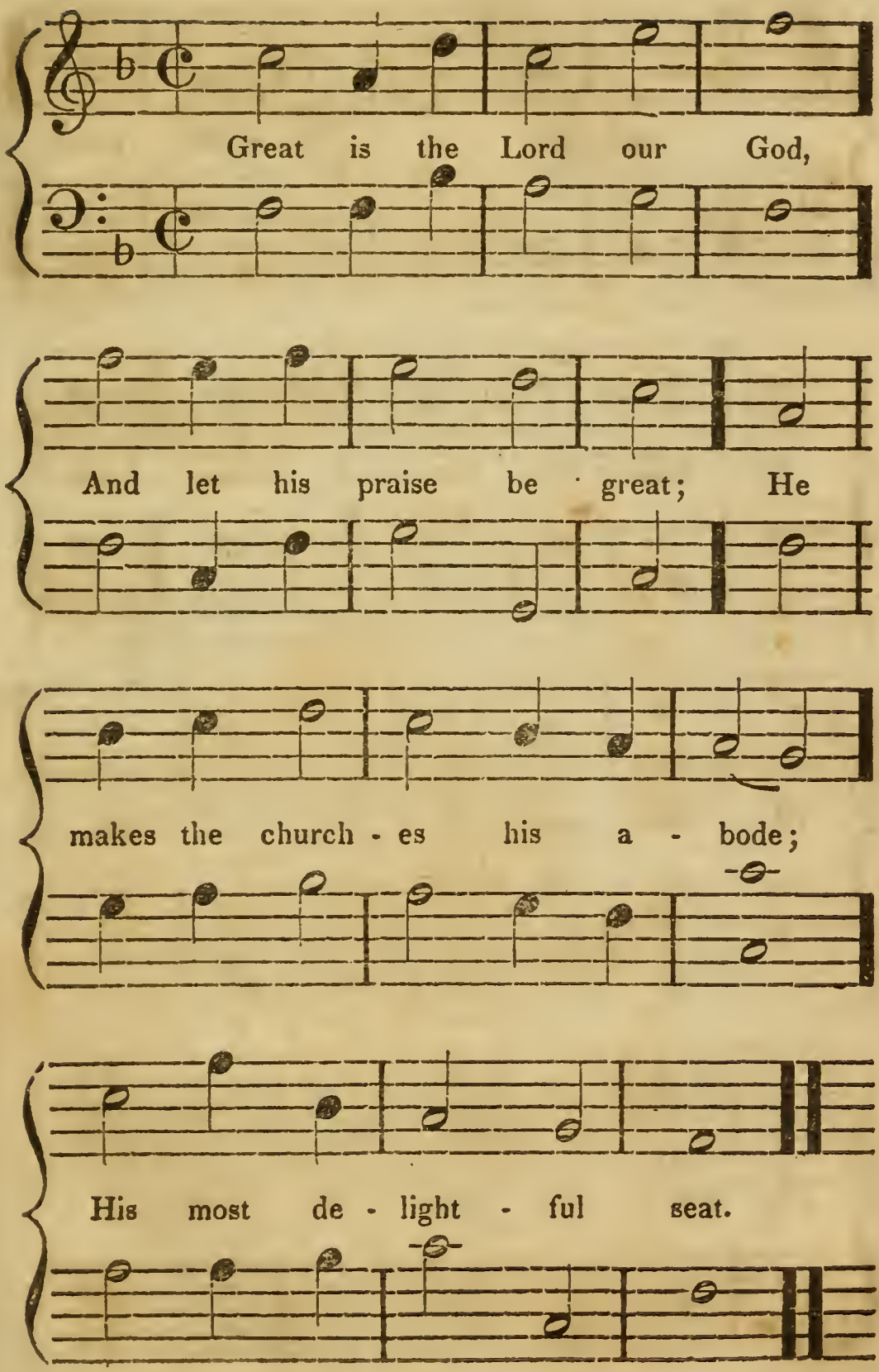
TO THE

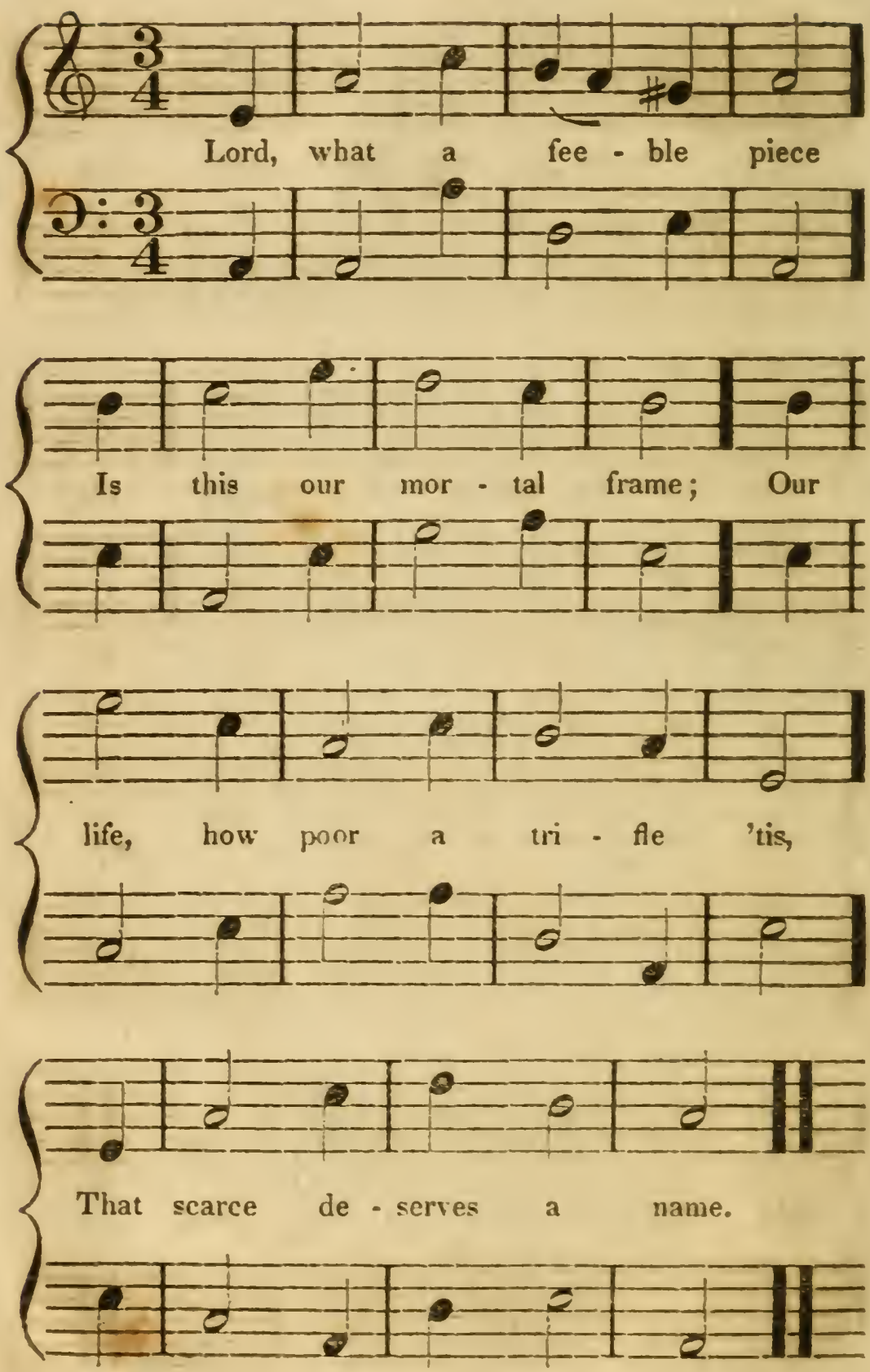
CHRISTIAN LYRE.

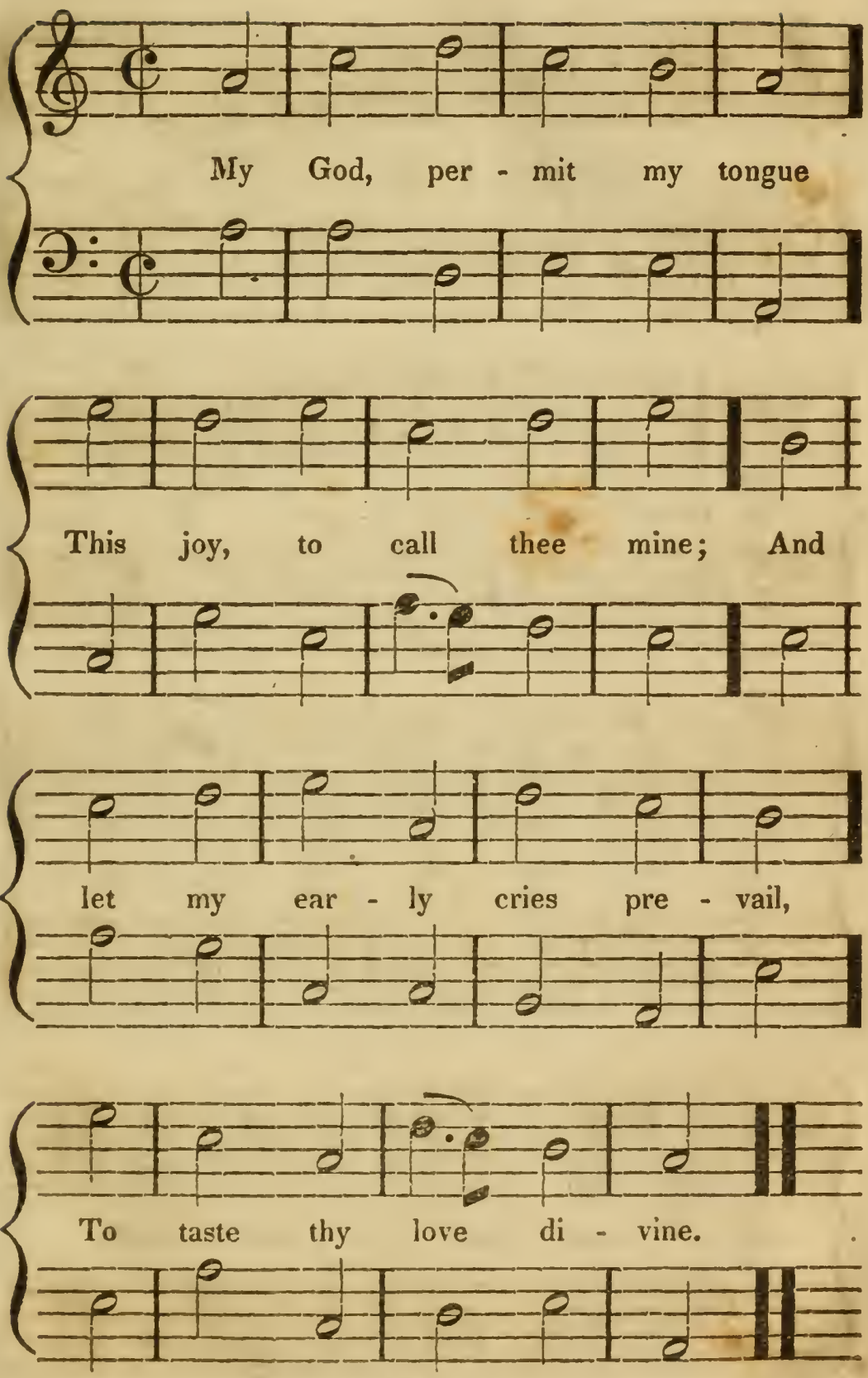
AYLESBURY. S. M.

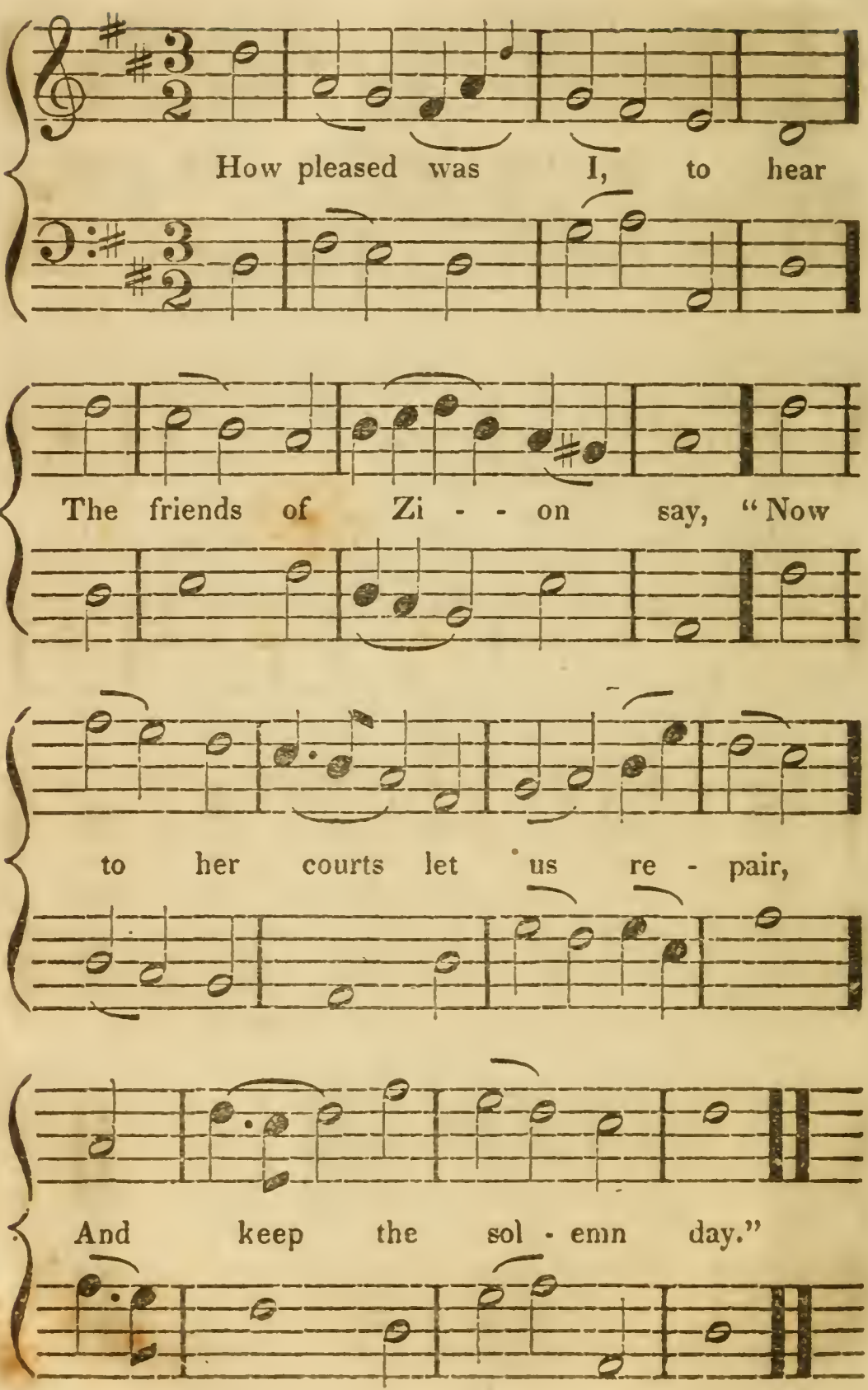


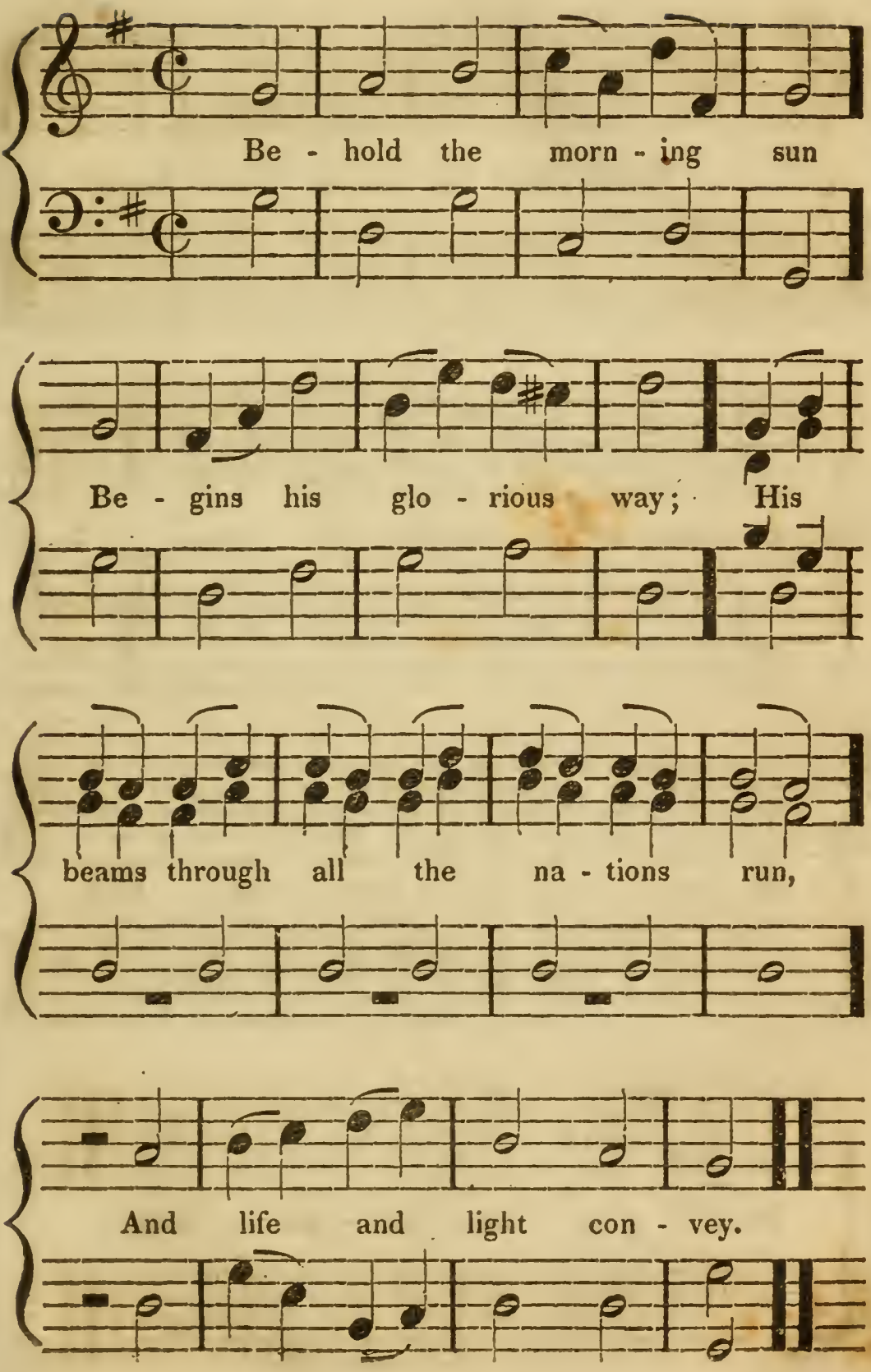

Come, sound his praise a - broad,
And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-
ho - vah is the sove - reign God,
The u - ni - ver - sal King.

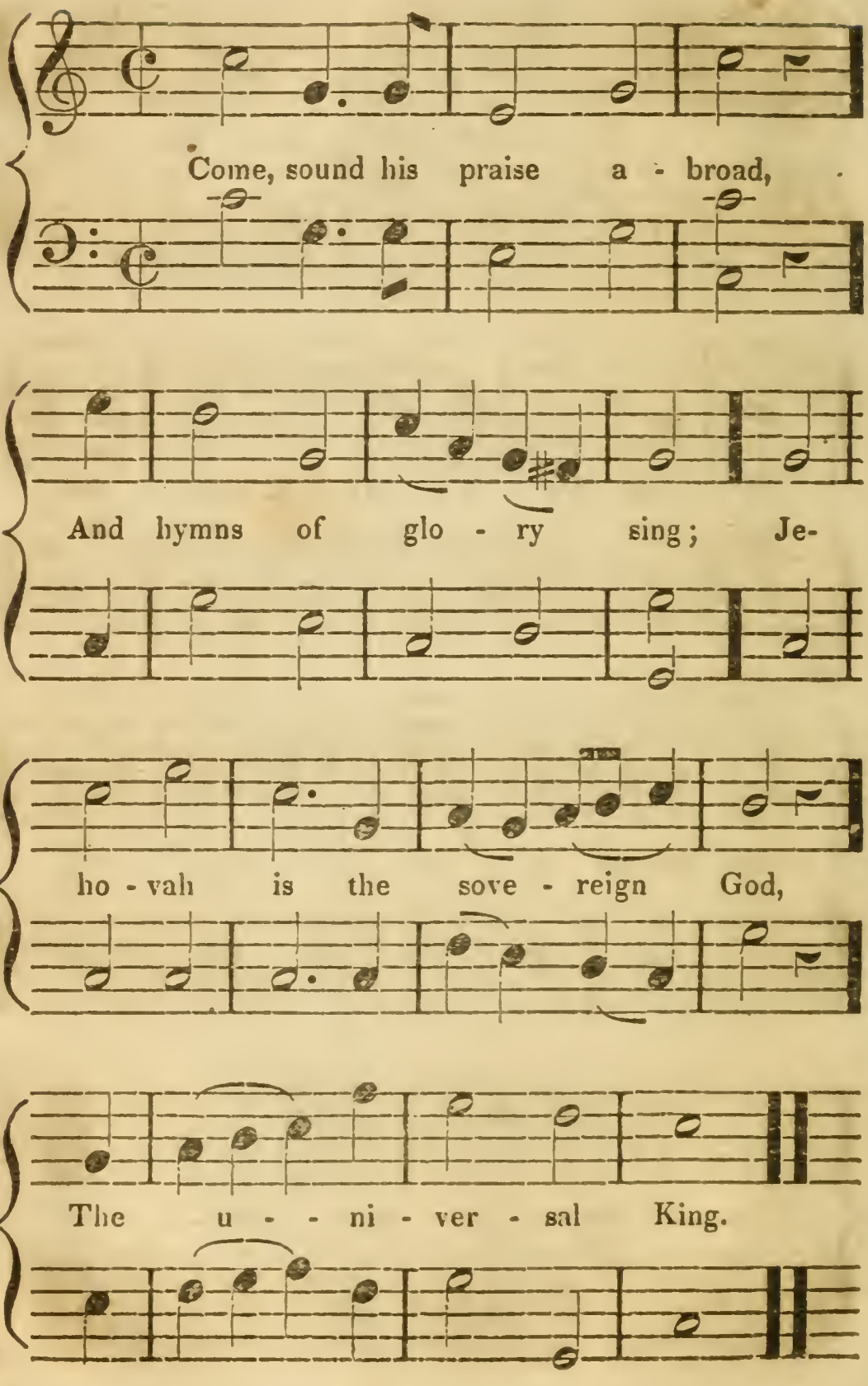

Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great; He
makes the church - es his a - bode;
His most de - light - ful seat.

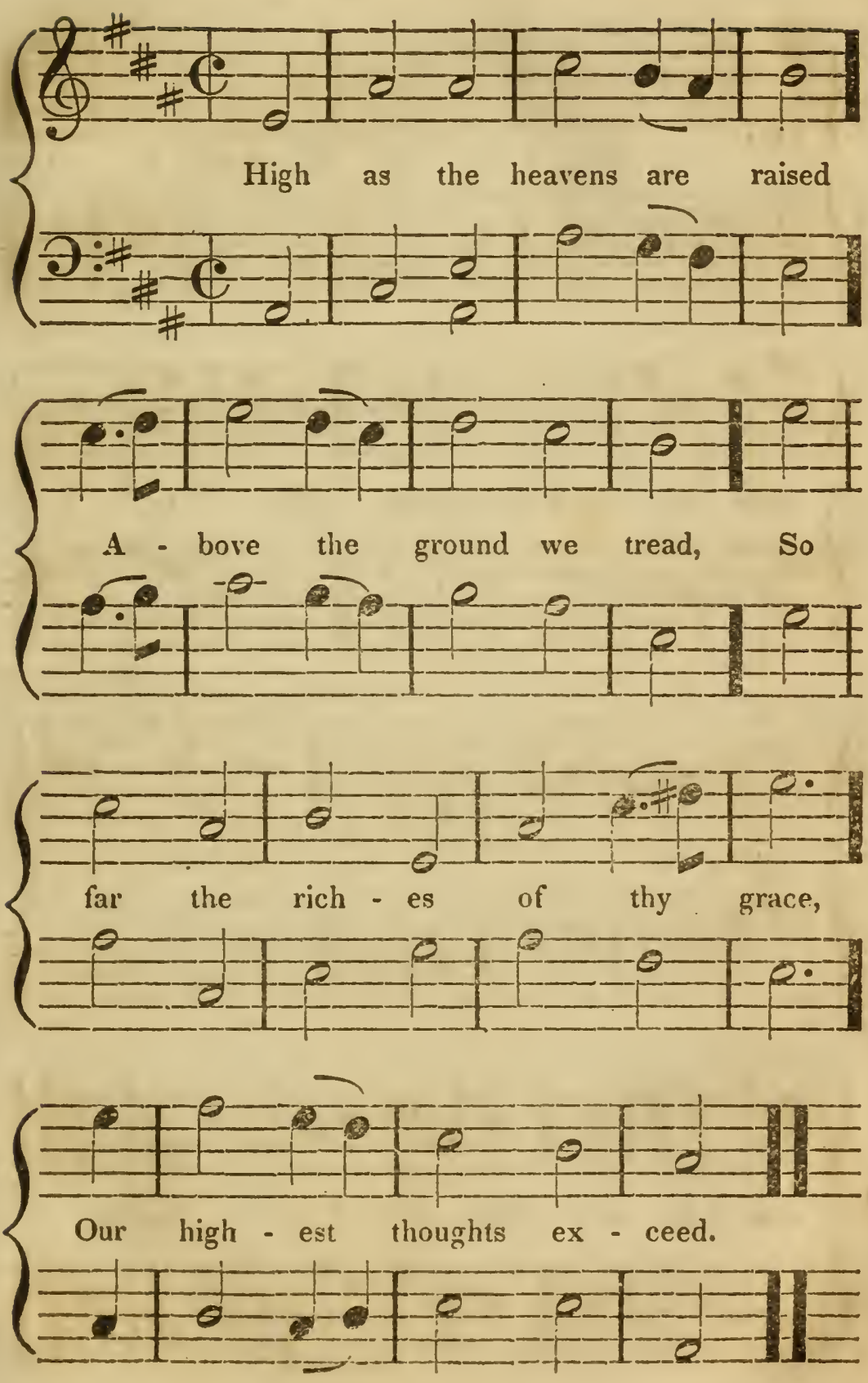

Lord, what a fee - ble piece
Is this our mor - tal frame; Our
life, how poor a tri - fle 'tis,
That scarce de - serves a name.

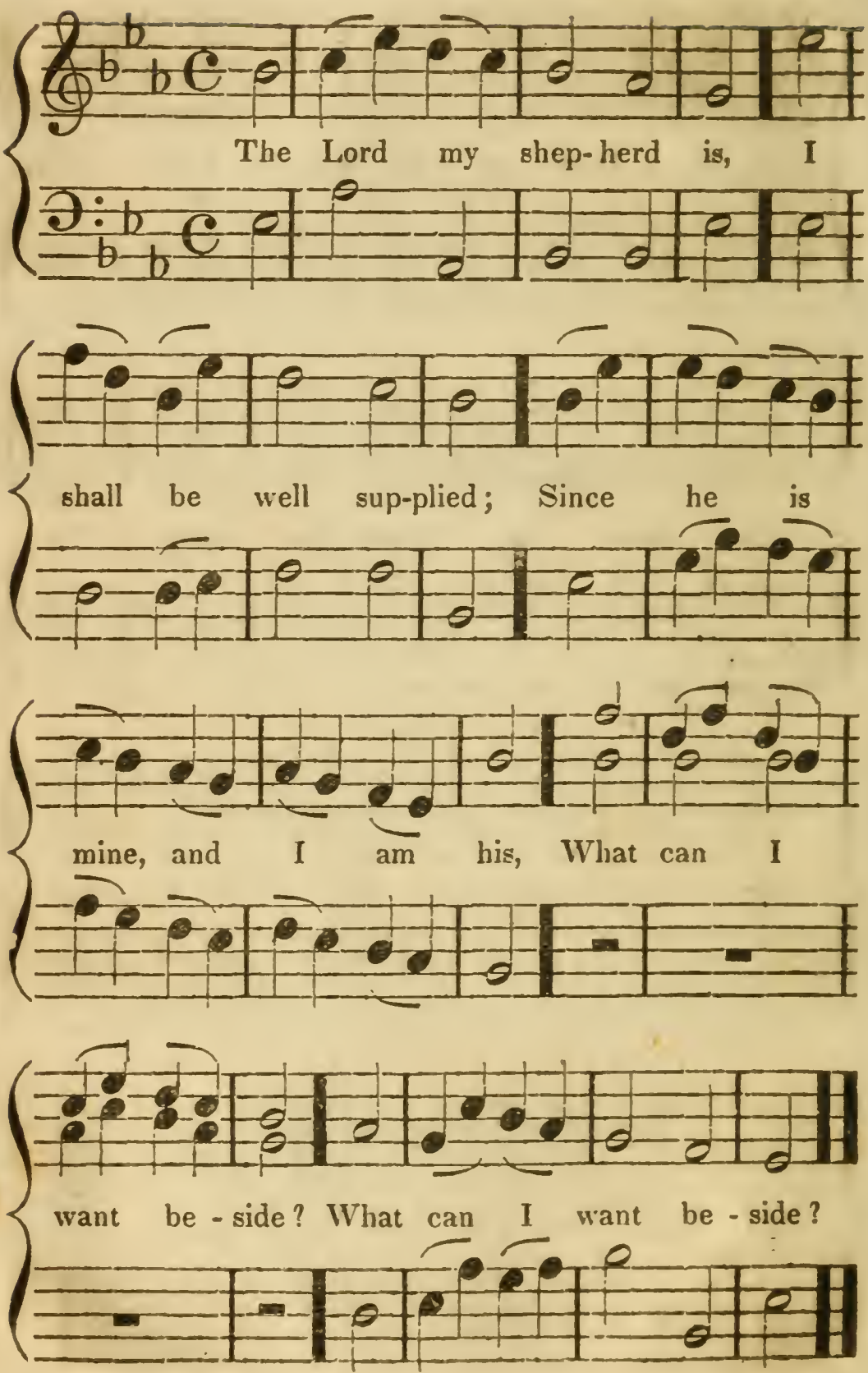

My God, per - mit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine; And
let my ear - ly cries pre - vail,
To taste thy love di - vine.

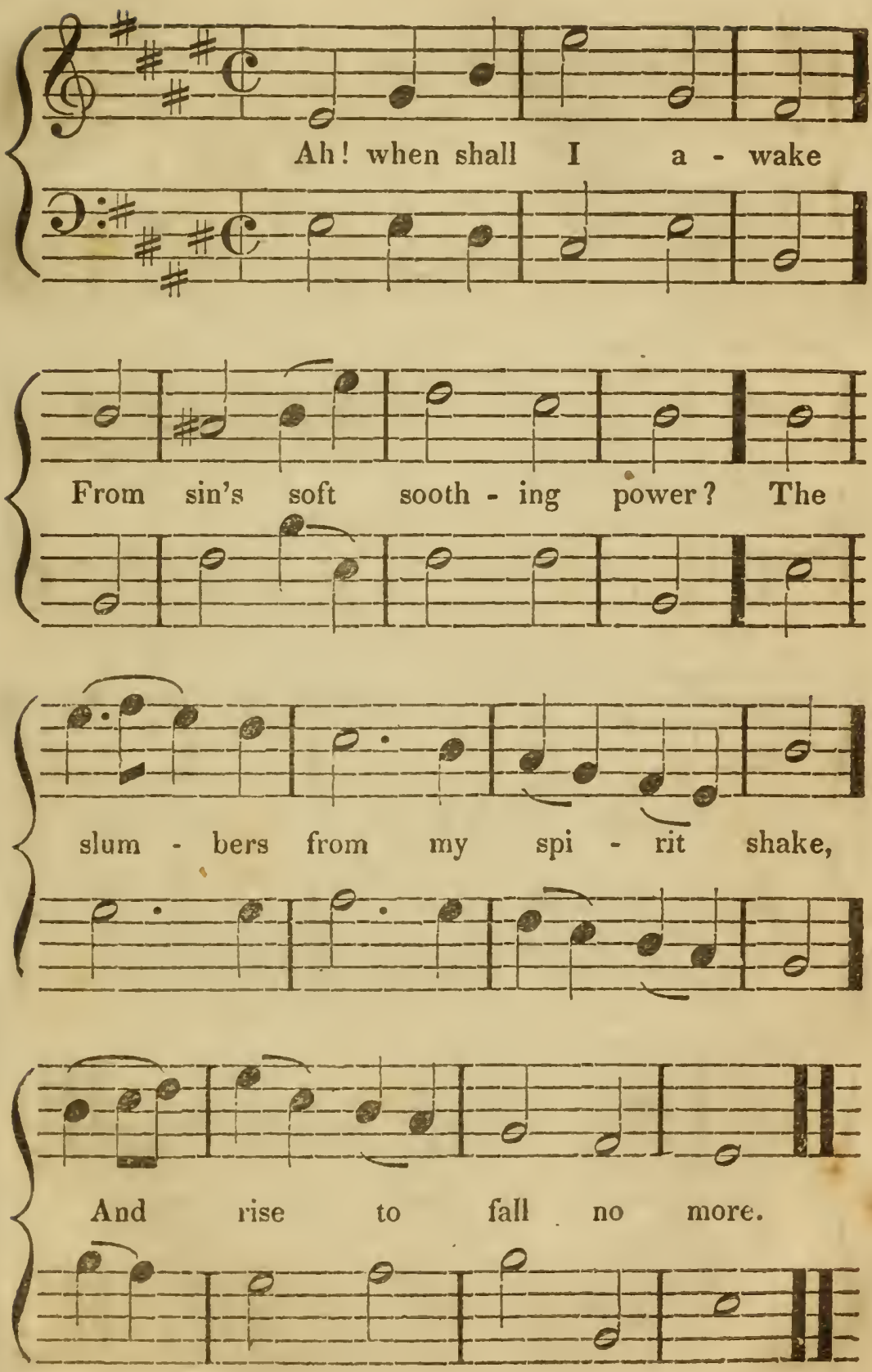

How pleased was I, to hear
The friends of Zi - - on say, "Now
to her courts let us re - pair,
And keep the sol - emn day."

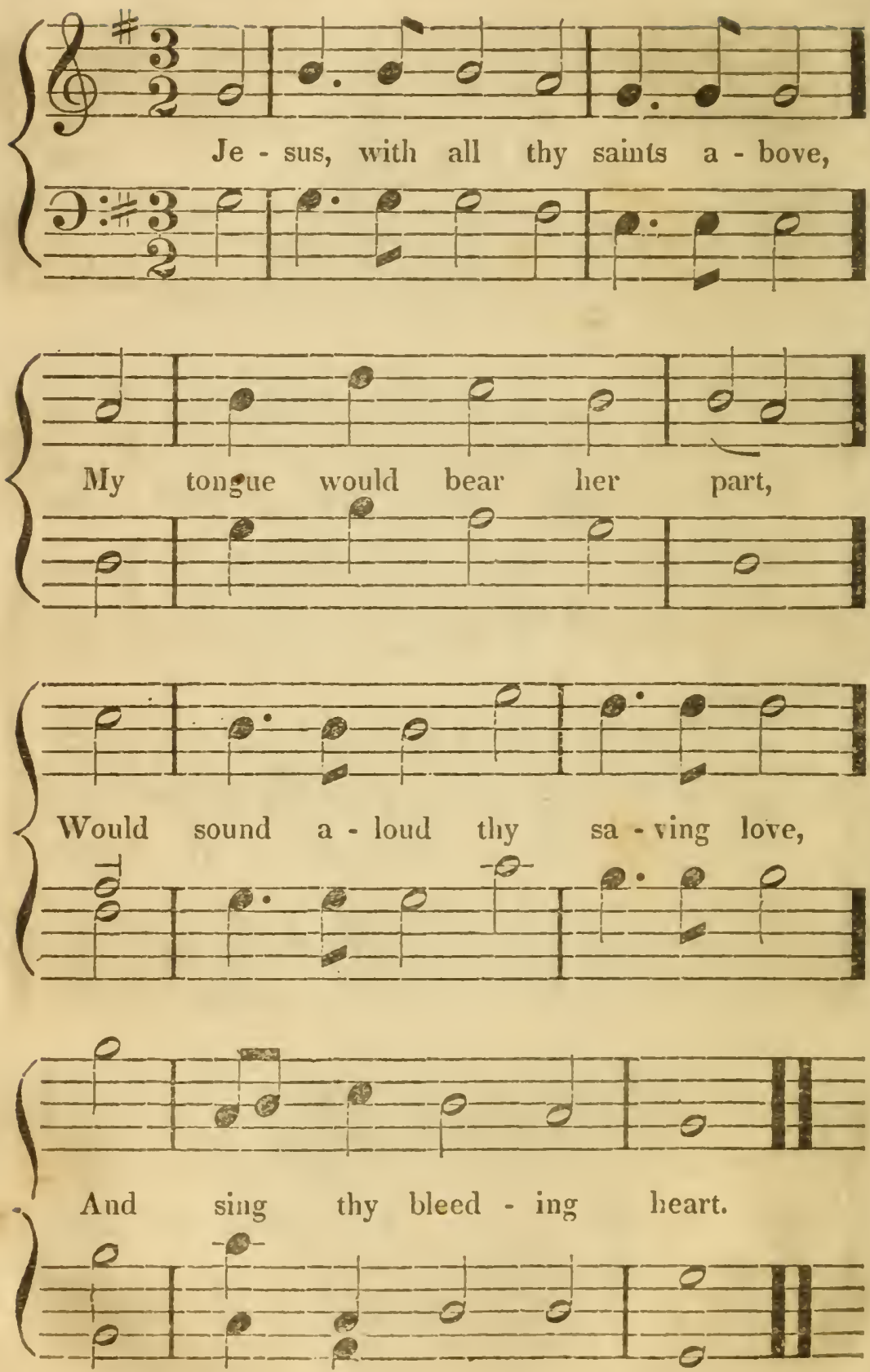

Be - hold the morn - ing sun
Be - gins his glo - rious way; His
beams through all the na - tions run,
And life and light con - vey.

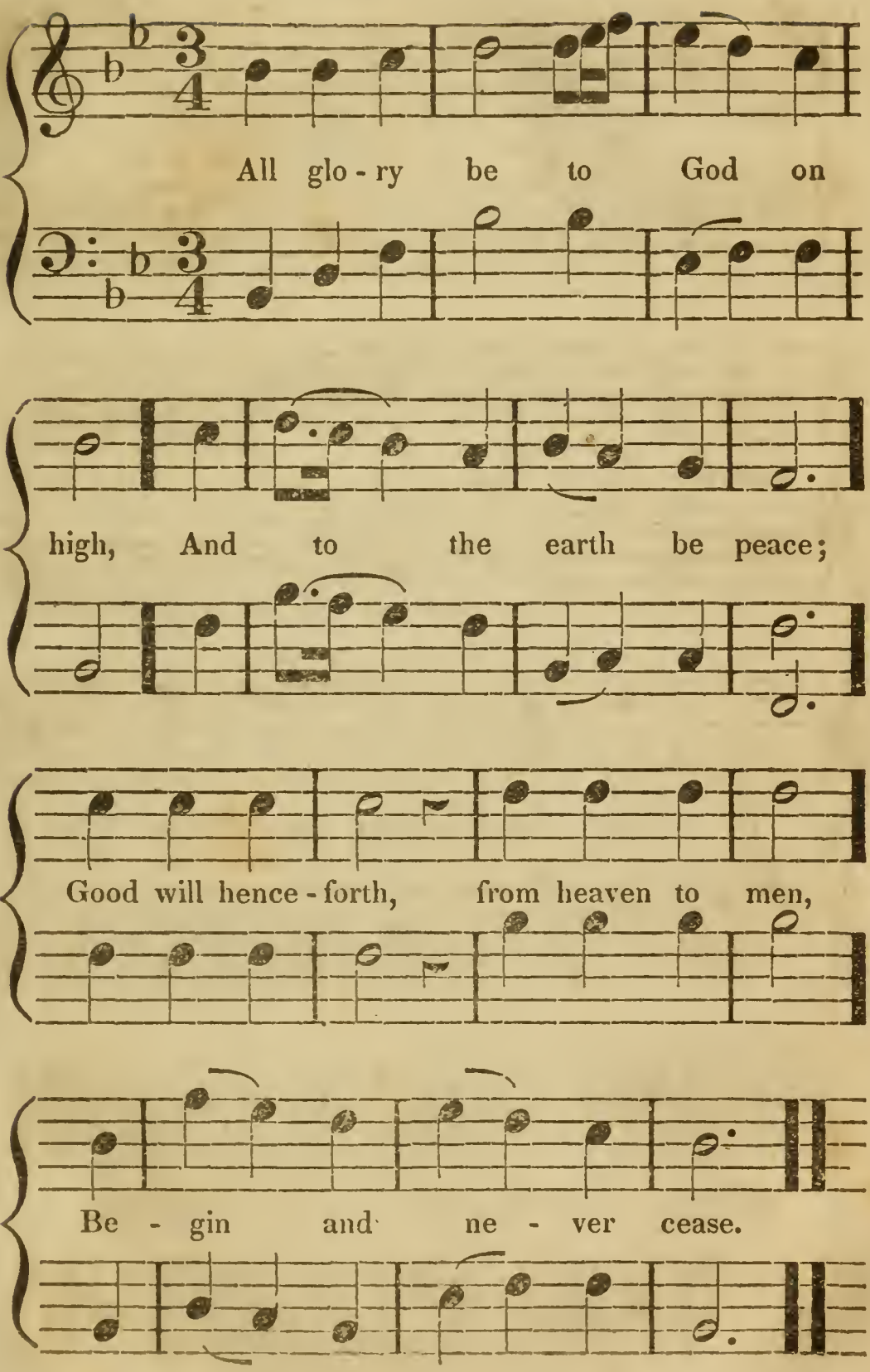

Come, sound his praise a - broad,
And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-
ho - vah is the sove - reign God,
The u - - ni - ver - sal King.

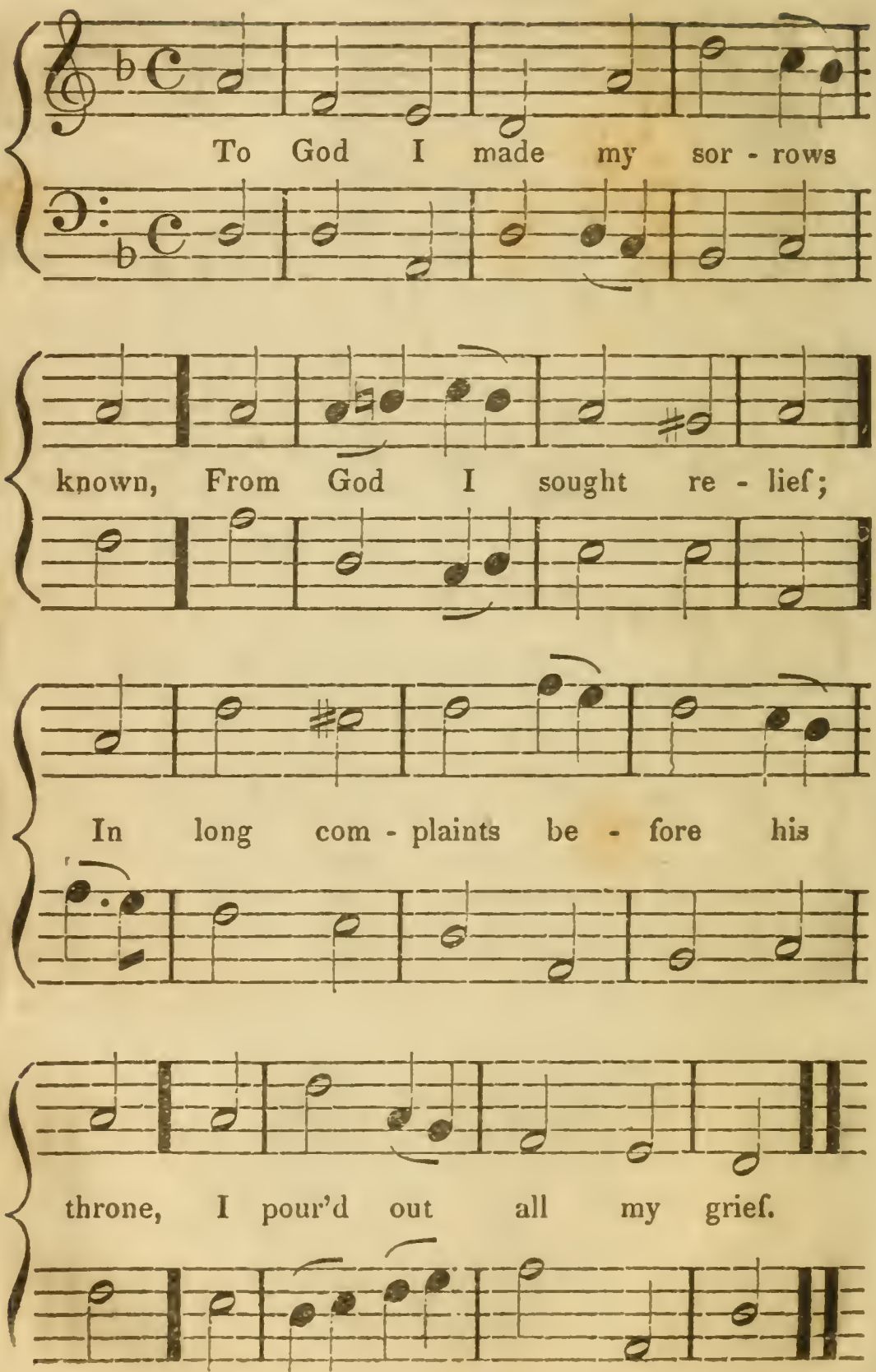

High as the heavens are raised
A - bove the ground we tread, So
far the rich - es of thy grace,
Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.

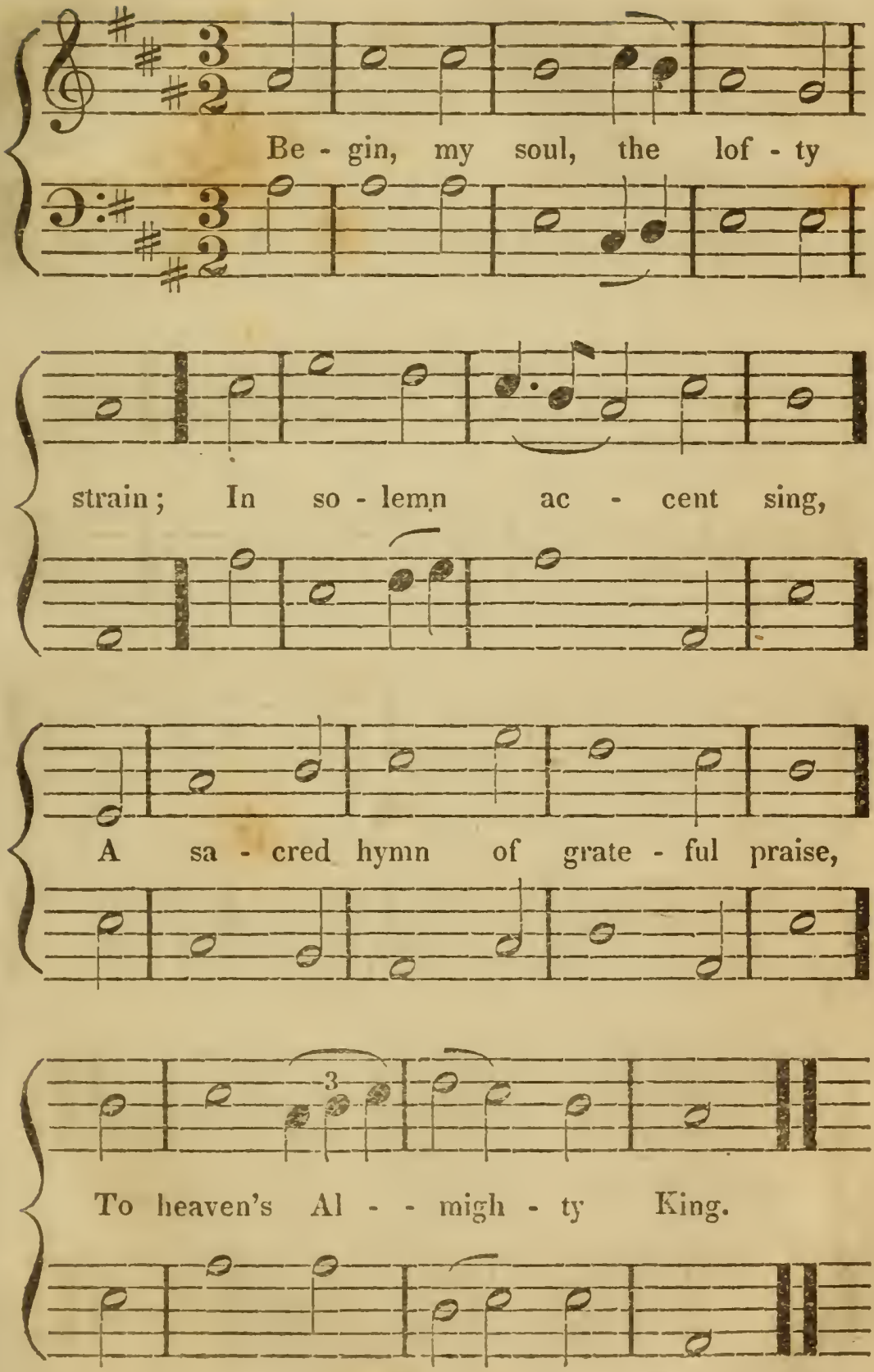

The Lord my shep- herd is, I
shall be well sup-plied; Since he is
mine, and I am his, What can I
want be - side? What can I want be - side?

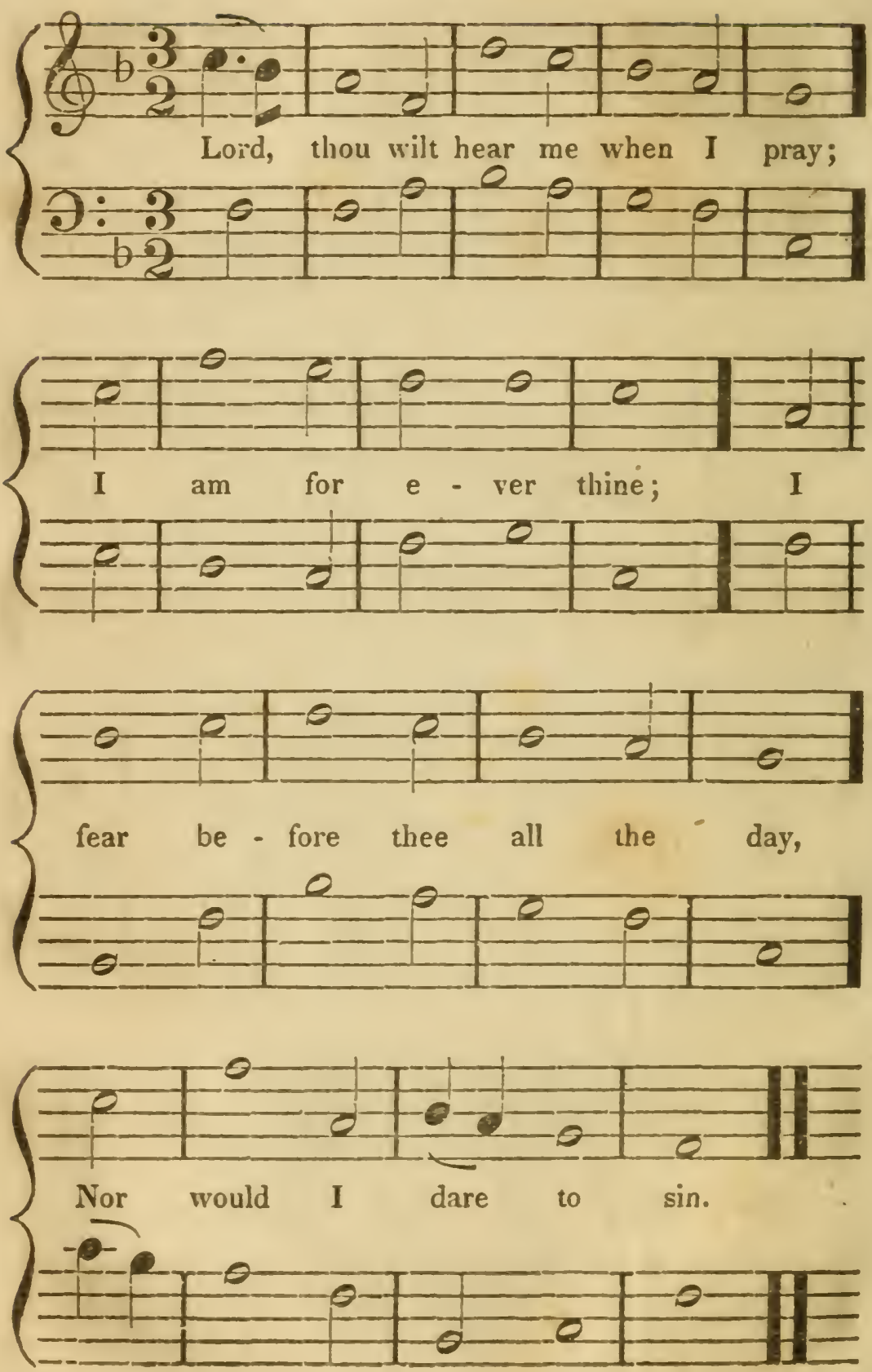

Ah! when shall I a - wake
From sin's soft sooth - ing power? The
slum - bers from my spi - rit shake,
And rise to fall no more.

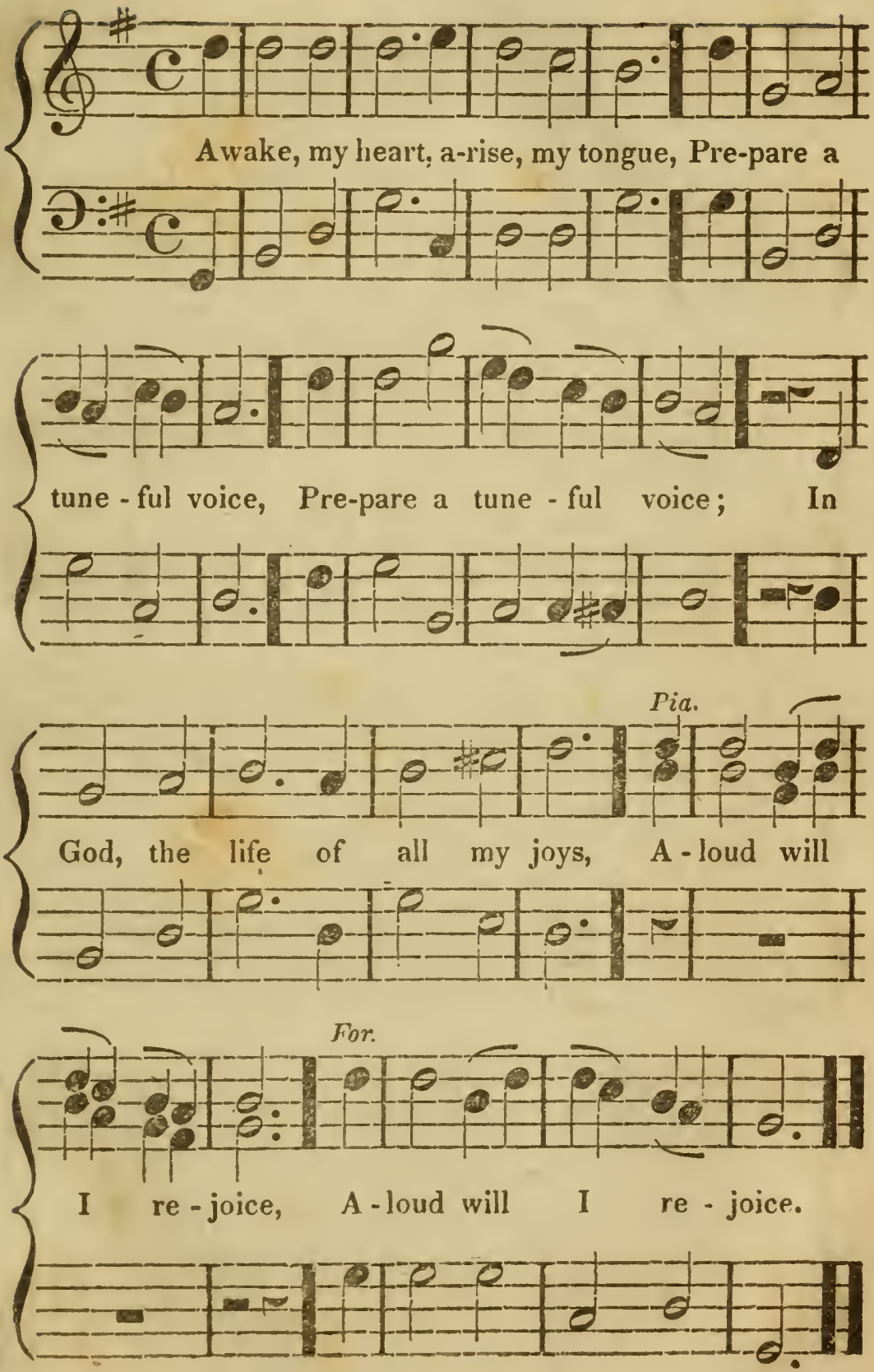

Je - sus, with all thy saints a - bove,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound a - loud thy sa - ving love,
And sing thy bleed - ing heart.


All glo - ry be to God on
high, And to the earth be peace;
Good will hence - forth, from heaven to men,
Be - gin and ne - ver cease.

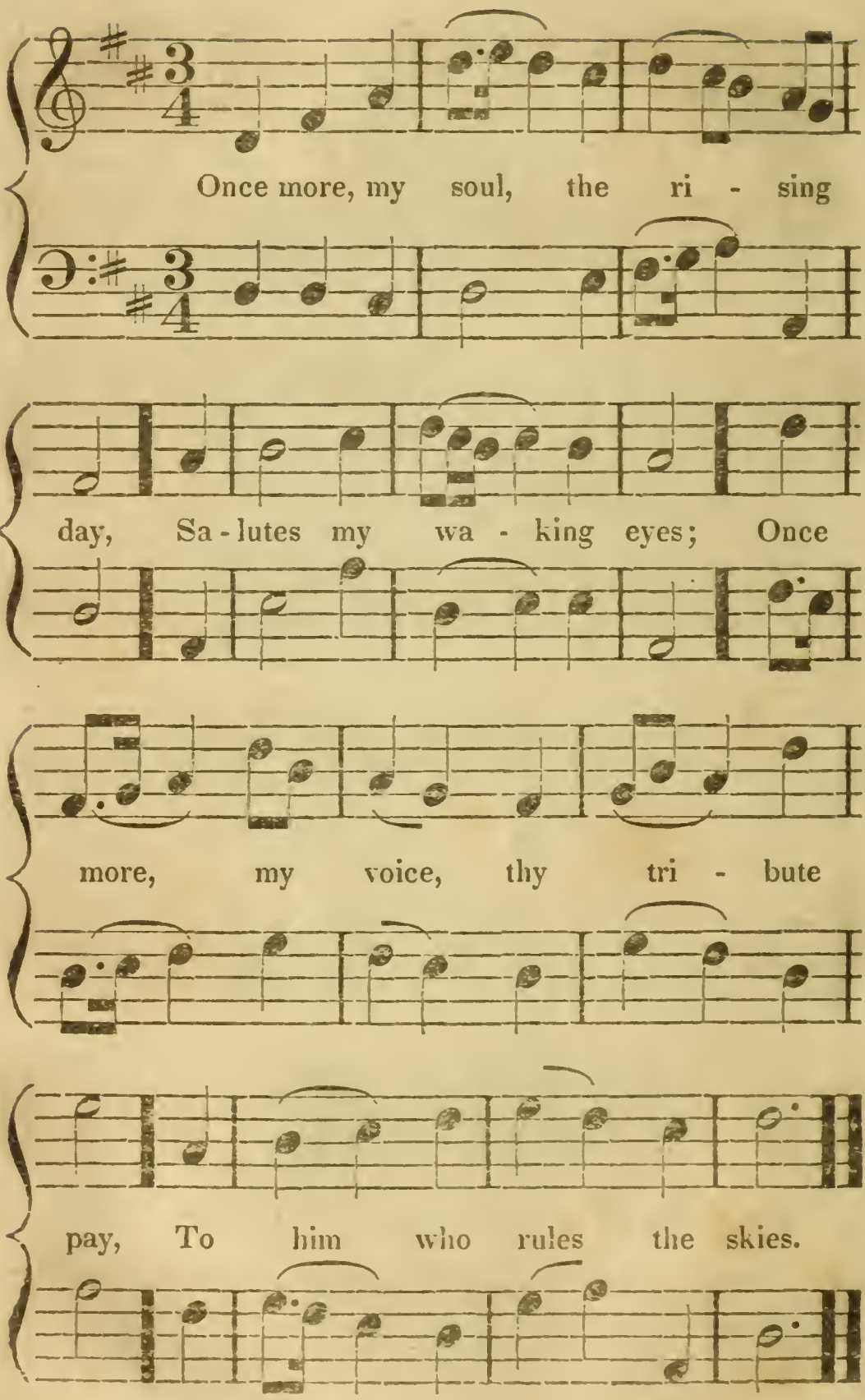

To God I made my sor - rows
known, From God I sought re - lief;
In long com - plaints be - fore his
throne, I pour'd out all my grief.

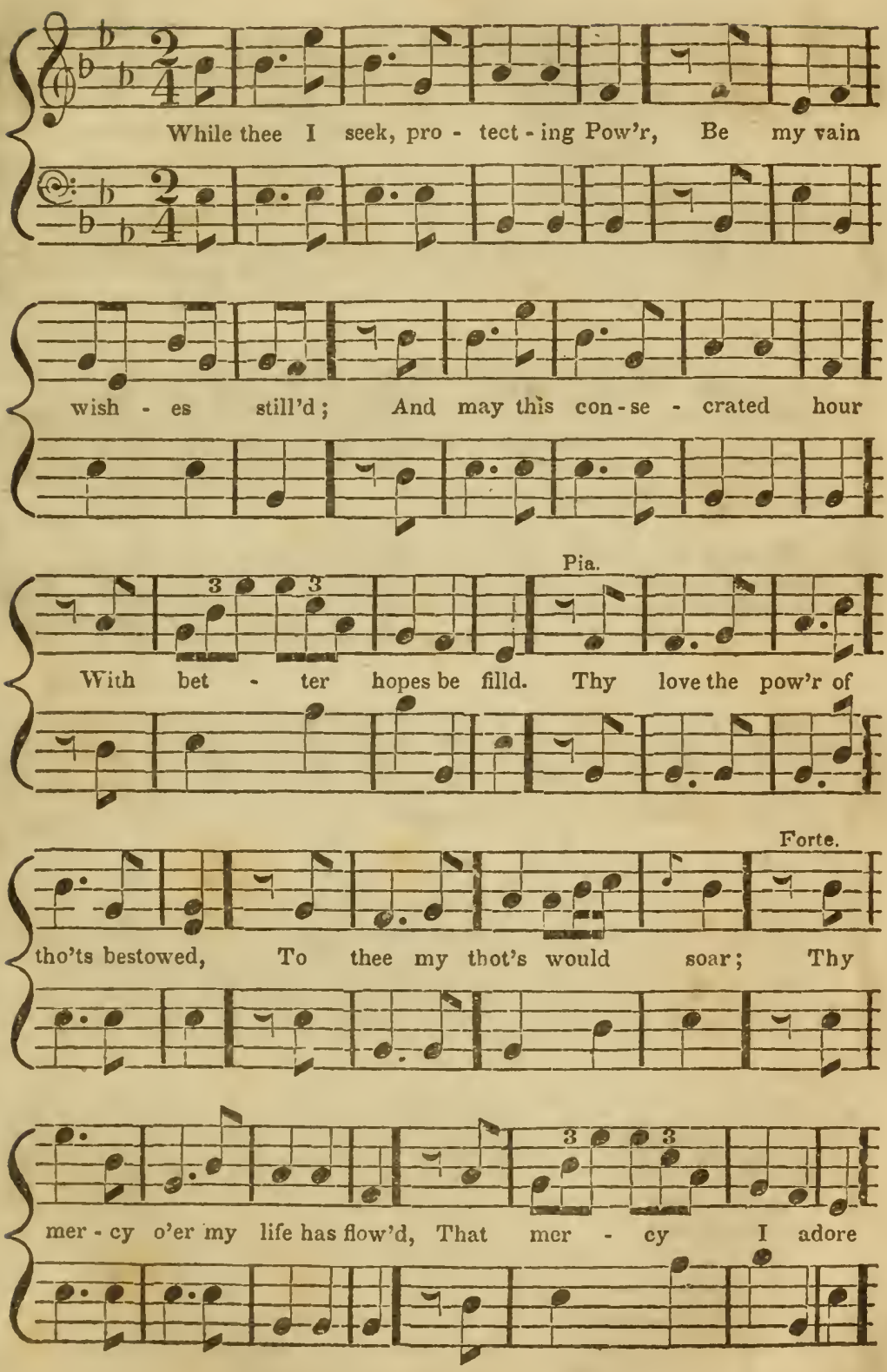

Be - gin, my soul, the lof - ty
strain; In so - lemn ac - cent sing,
A sa - cred hymn of grate - ful praise,
3
To heaven's Al - - migh - ty King.

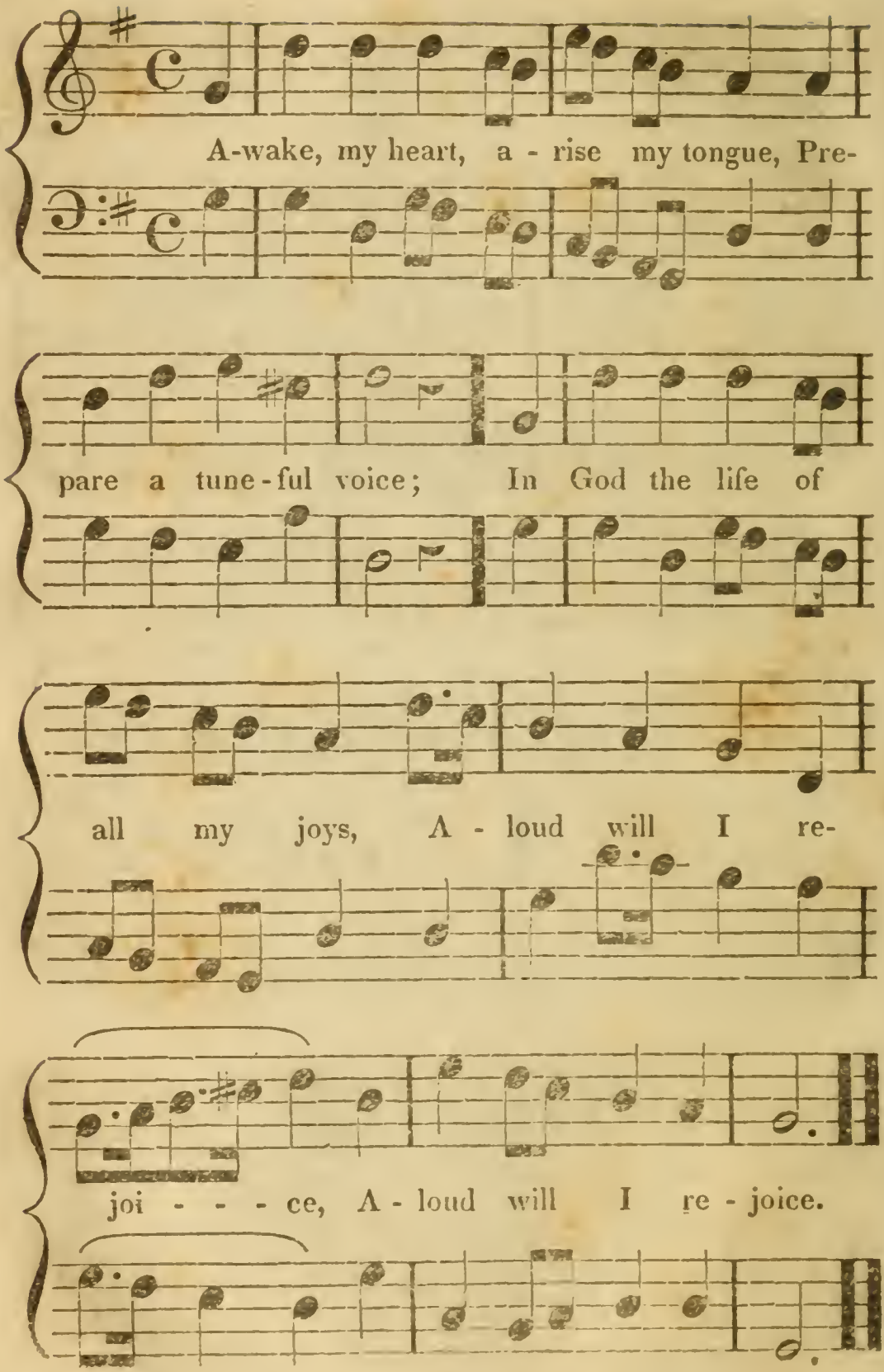

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for e - ver thine; I
fear be - fore thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

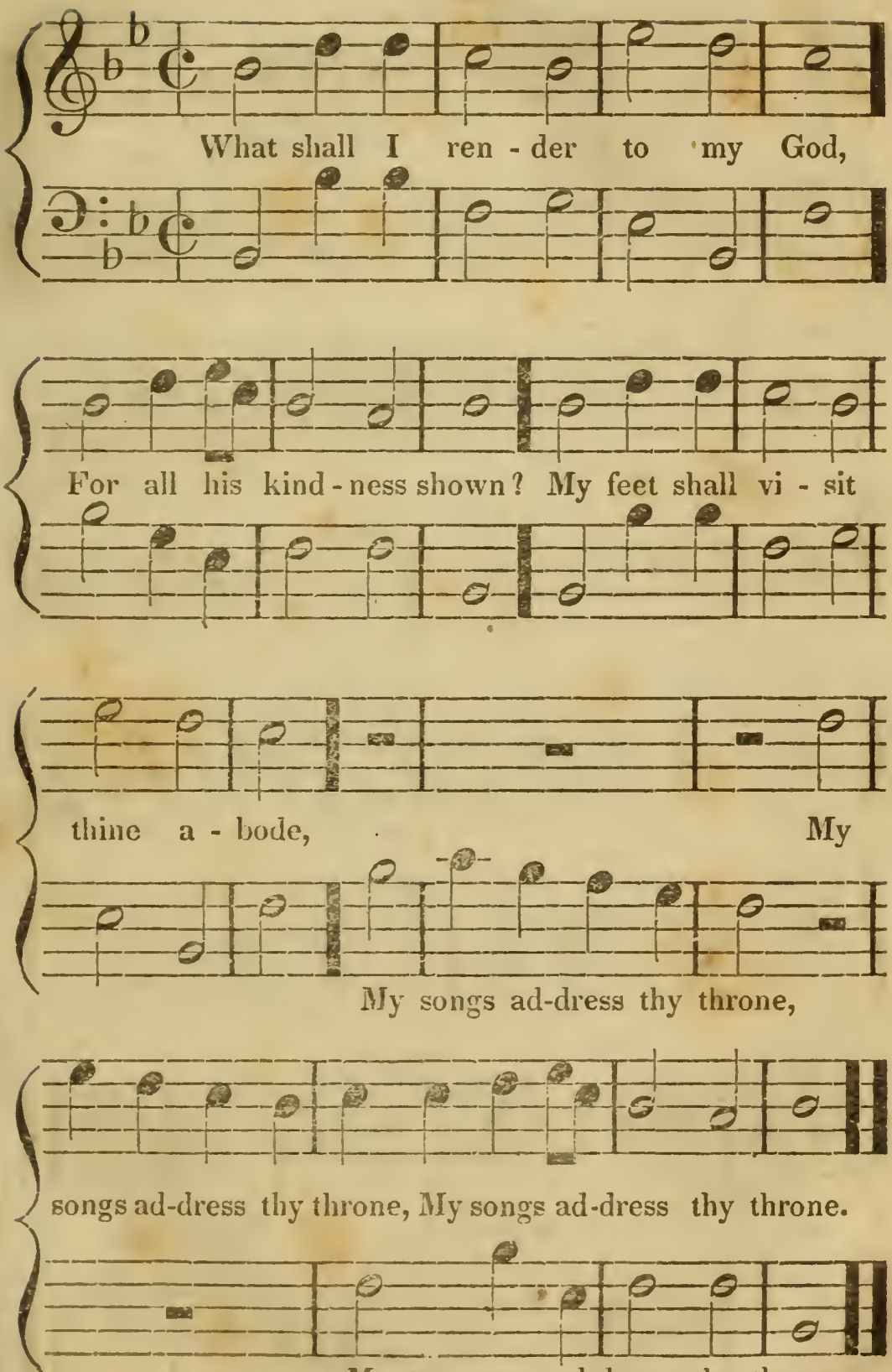

Awake, my heart, a-rise, my tongue, Pre-pare a
tune - ful voice, Pre-pare a tune - ful voice; In
Pia.
God, the life of all my joys, A - loud will
For.
I re - joice, A - loud will I re - joice.

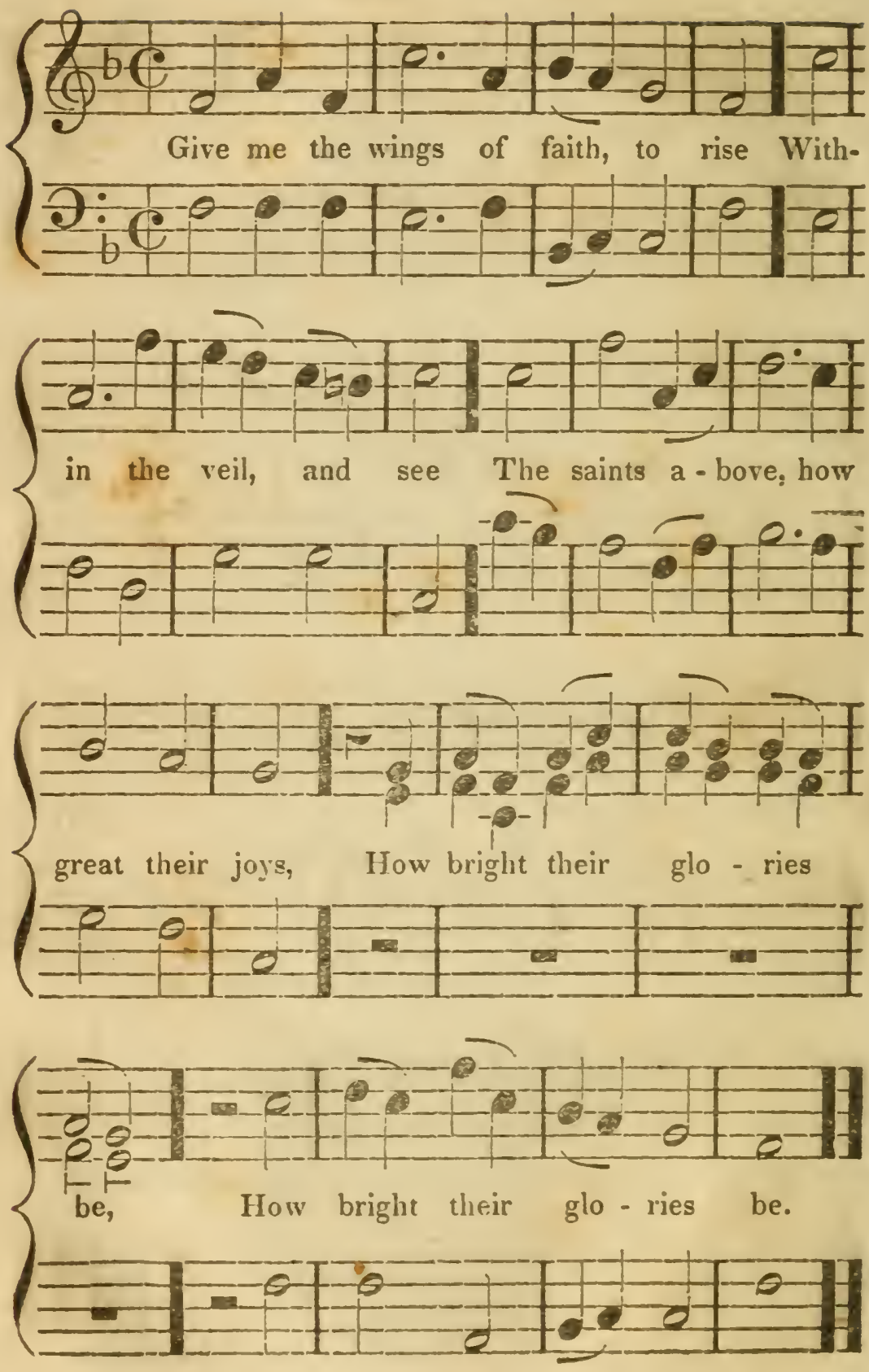
BRAINTREE. C. M.

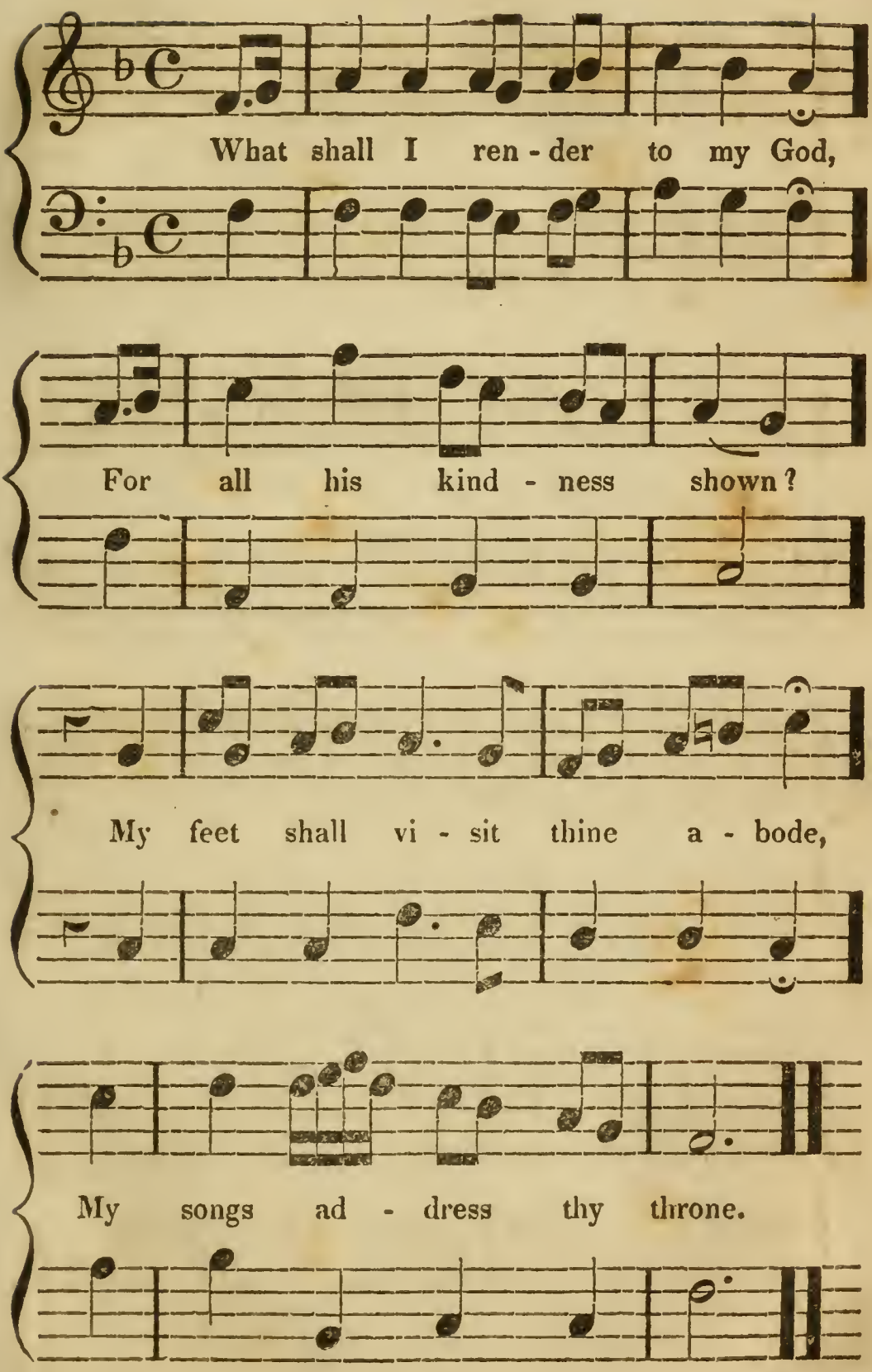



While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r, Be my vain
wish - es still'd; And may this con - se - crated hour
Pia.
With bet - ter hopes be filld. Thy love the pow'r of
Forte.
tho'ts bestowed, To thee my thot's would soar; Thy
mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I adore


A-wake, my heart, a - rise my tongue, Pre-
pare a tune-ful voice; In God the life of
all my joys, A - loud will I re-
joi - - - ce, A - loud will I re - joice.


What shall I ren - der to my God,
For all his kind - ness shown? My feet shall vi - sit
thine a - bode, My
My songs ad-dress thy throne,
songs ad-dress thy throne, My songs ad-dress thy throne.
My songs ad-dress thy throne.


Give me the wings of faith, to rise With-
in the veil, and see The saints a - bove, how
great their joys, How bright their glo - ries
be, How bright their glo - ries be.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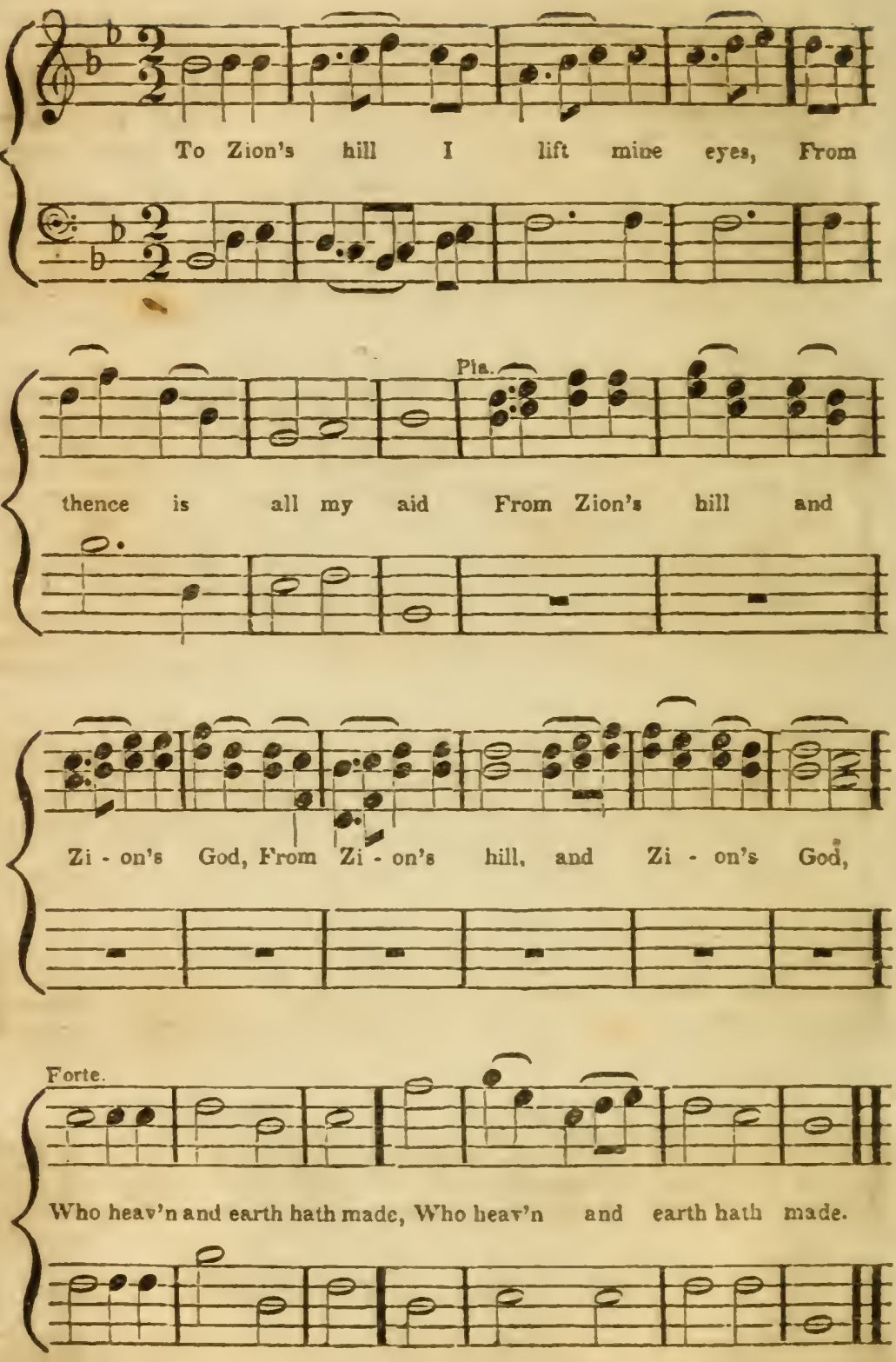
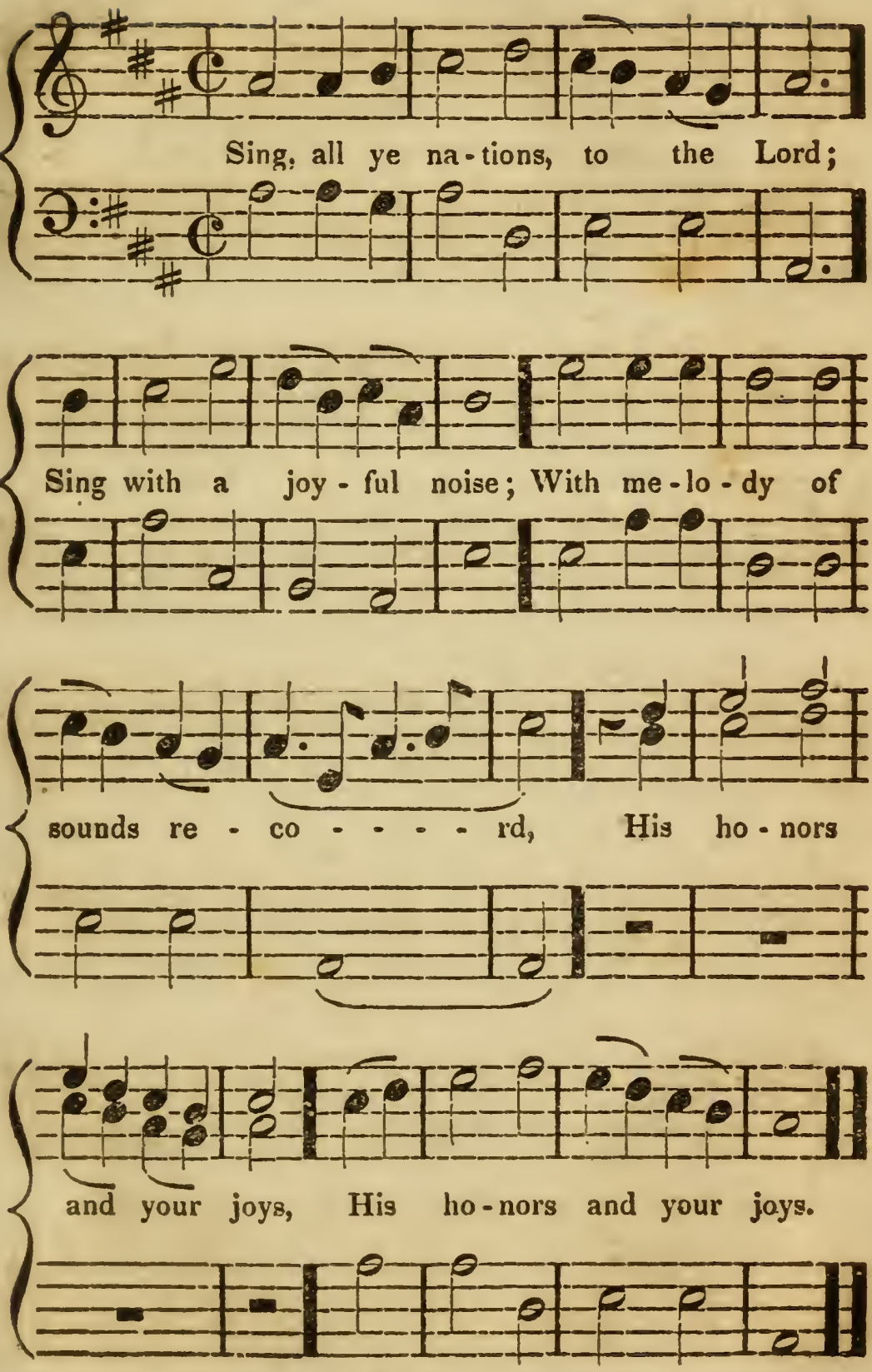
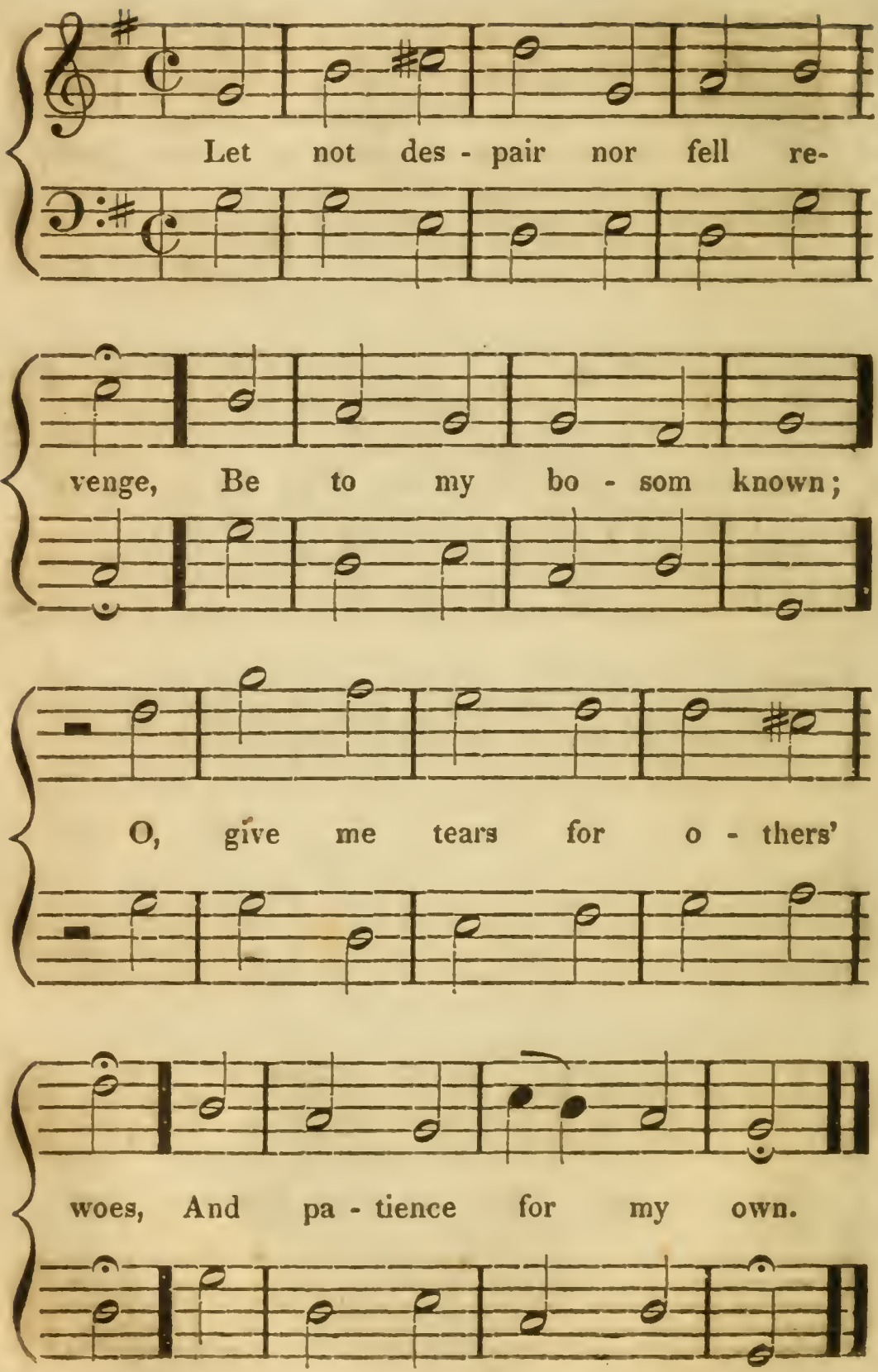
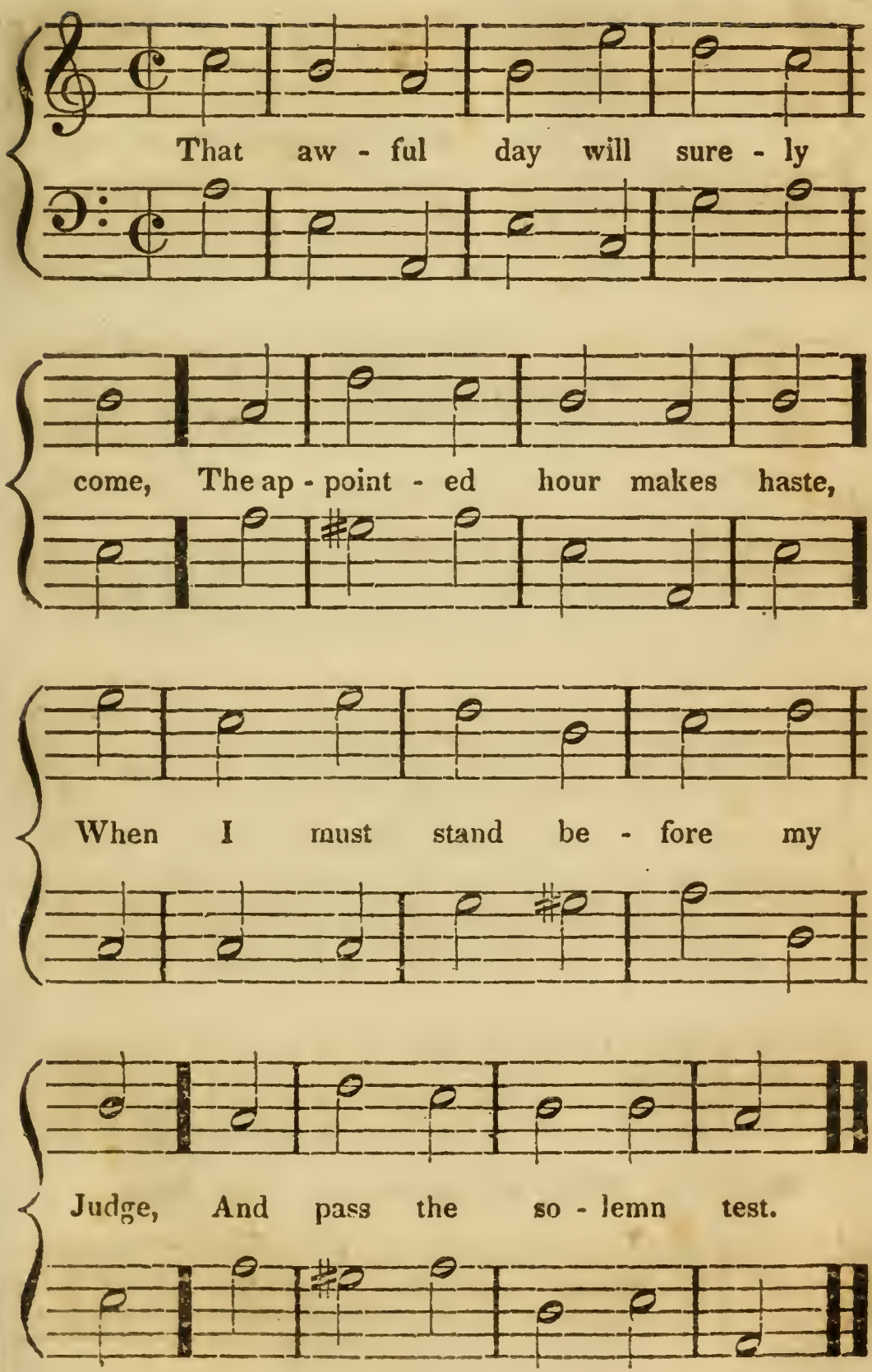
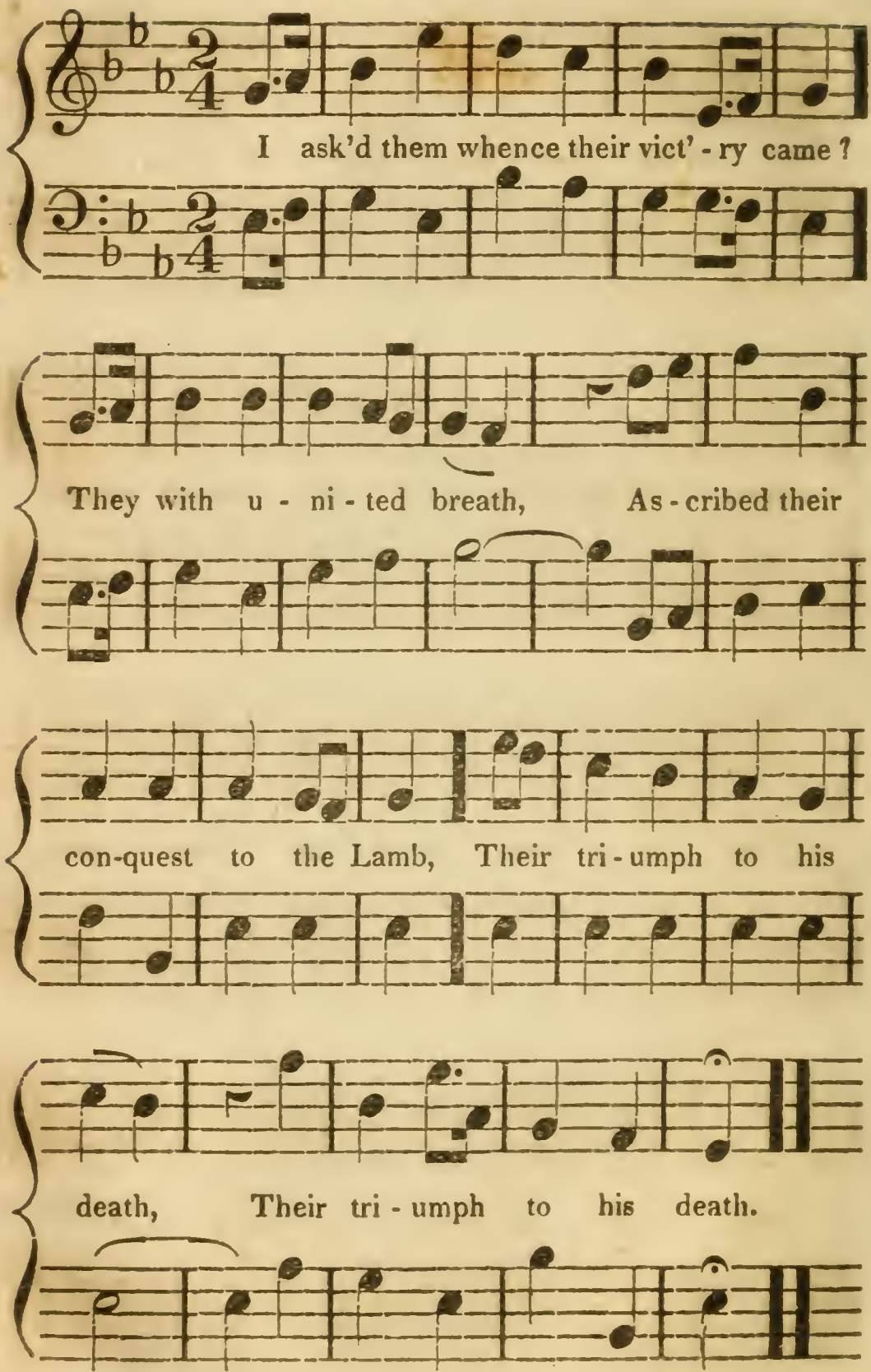
My feet shall vi - sit thine a - bode,
My songs ad - dress thy throne.

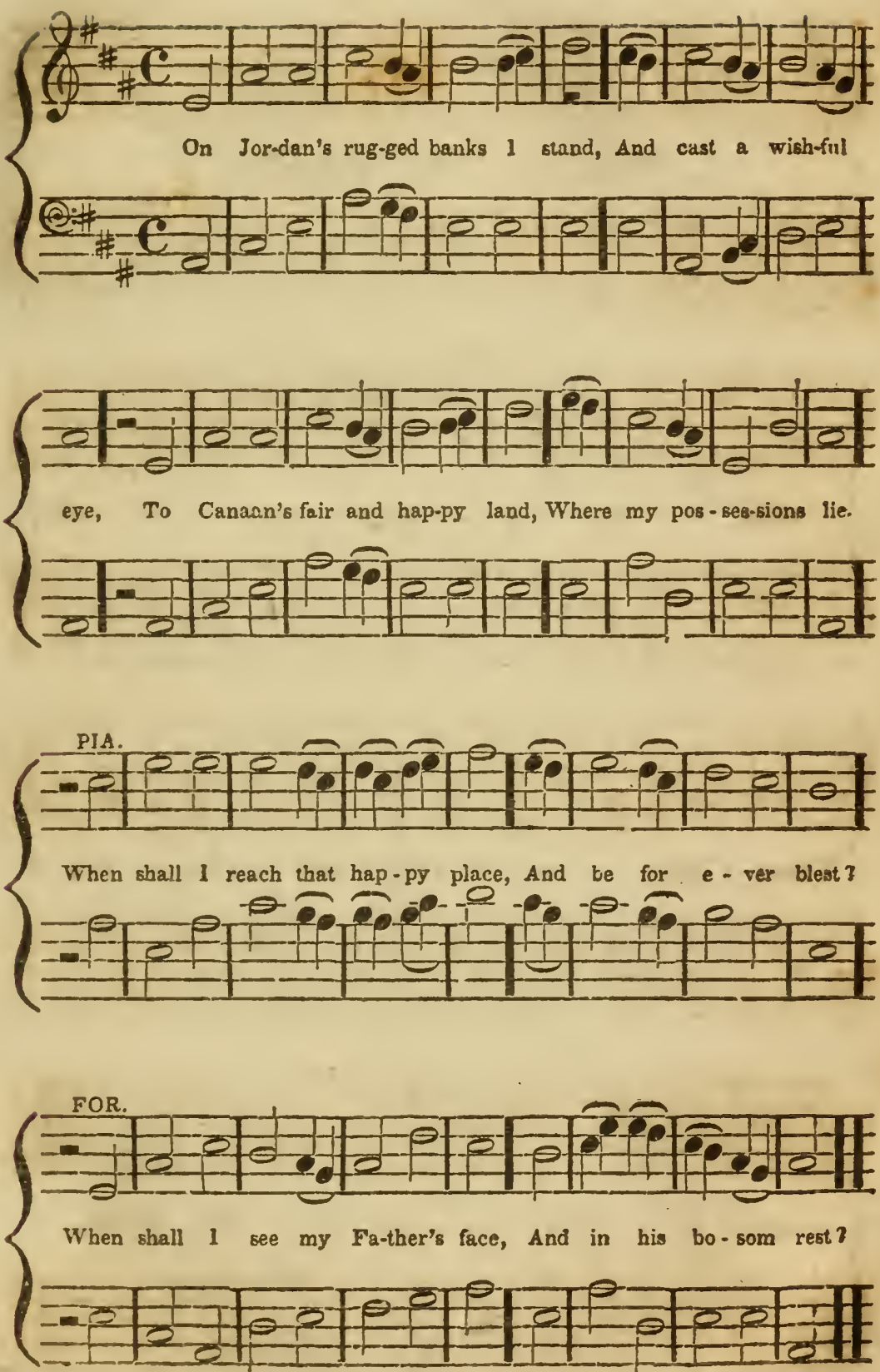

To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes, From
Pia.
thence is all my aid From Zion's hill and
Zi - on's God, From Zi - on's hill, and Zi - on's God,
Forte.
Who heav'n and earth hath made, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

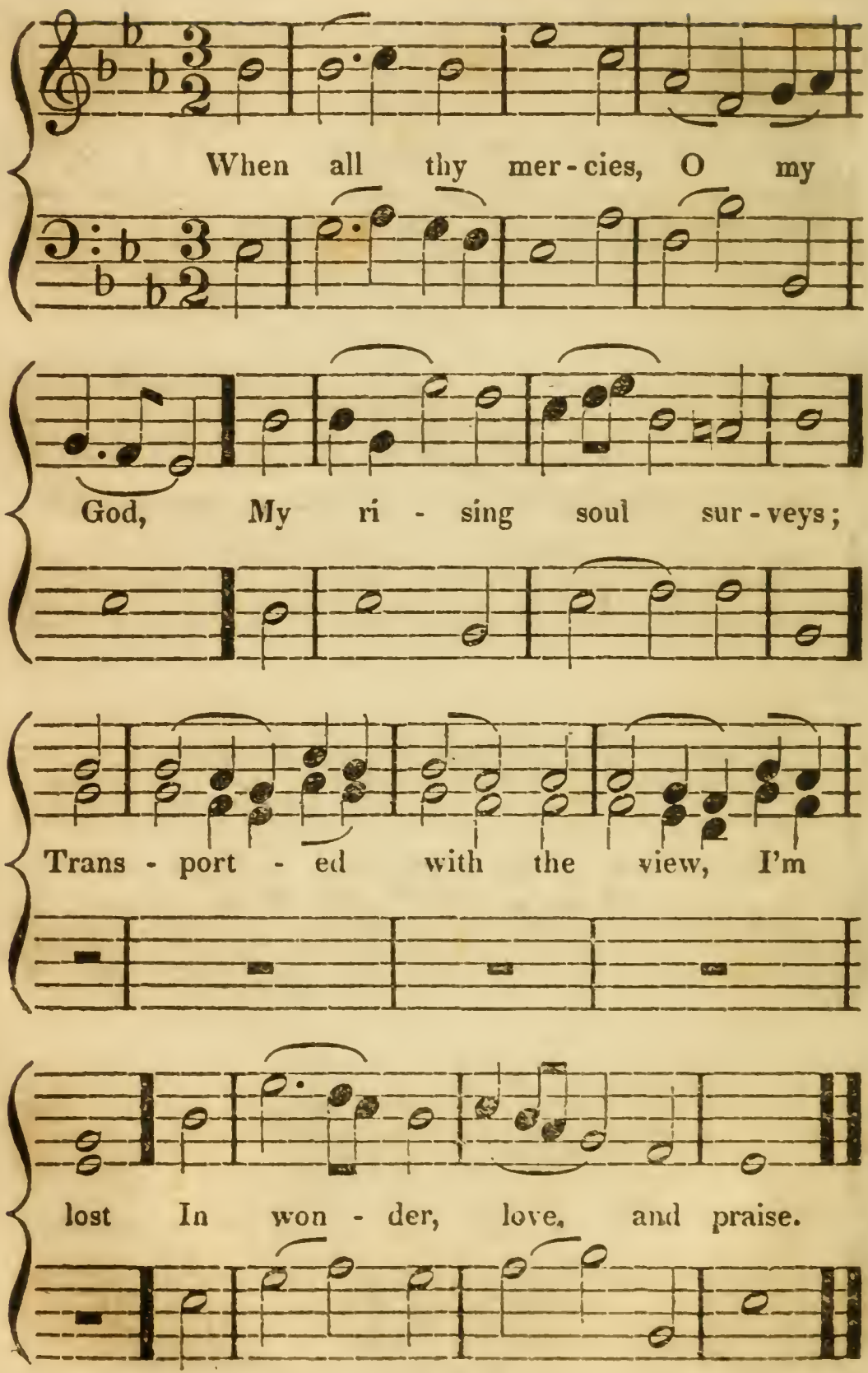

Sing, all ye na - tions, to the Lord;
Sing with a joy - ful noise; With me - lo - dy of
sounds re - co - - - - - rd, His ho - nors
and your joys, His ho - nors and your joys.

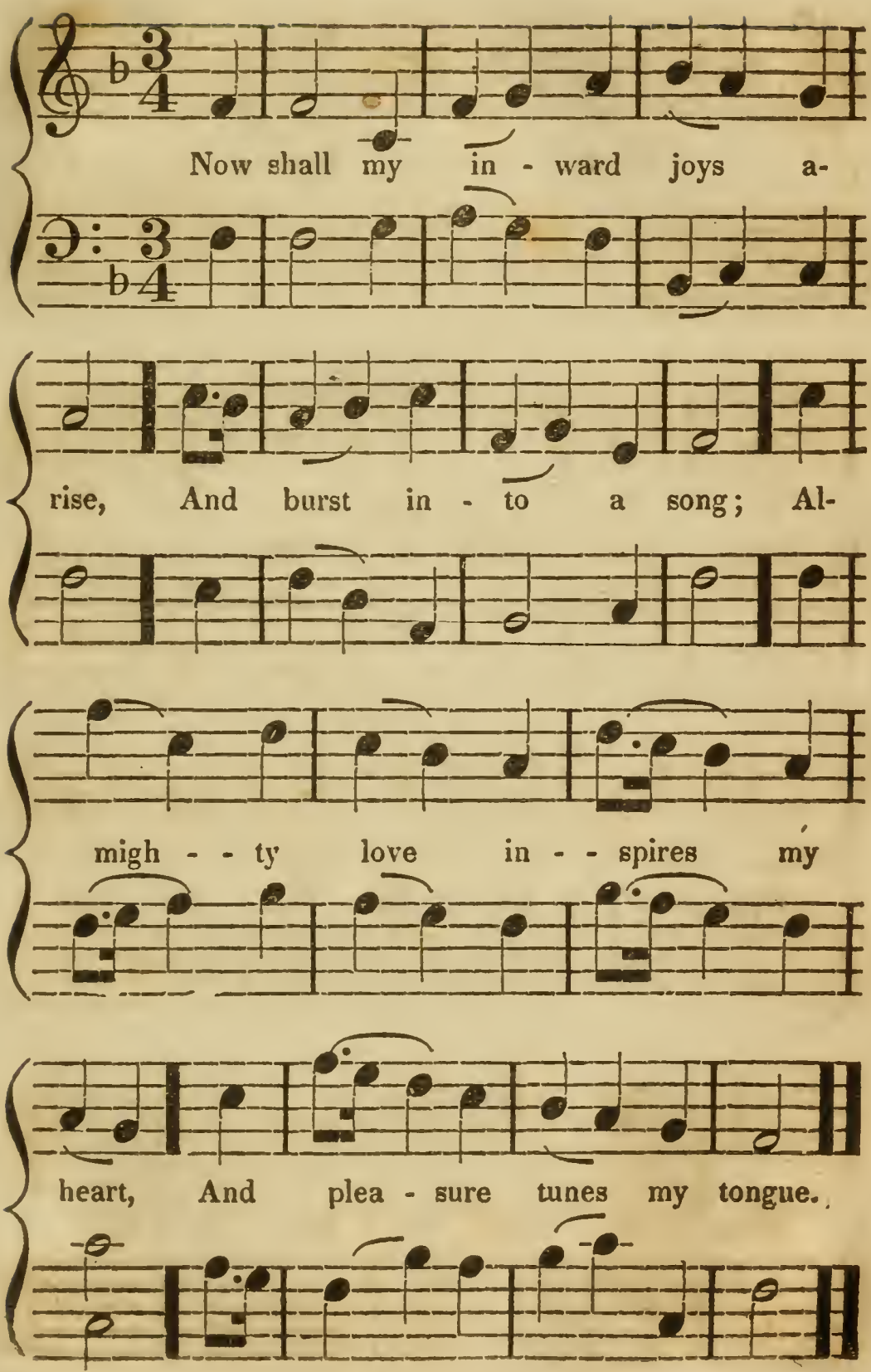

Let not des - pair nor fell re-
venge, Be to my bo - som known;
O, give me tears for o - thers'
woes, And pa - tience for my own.

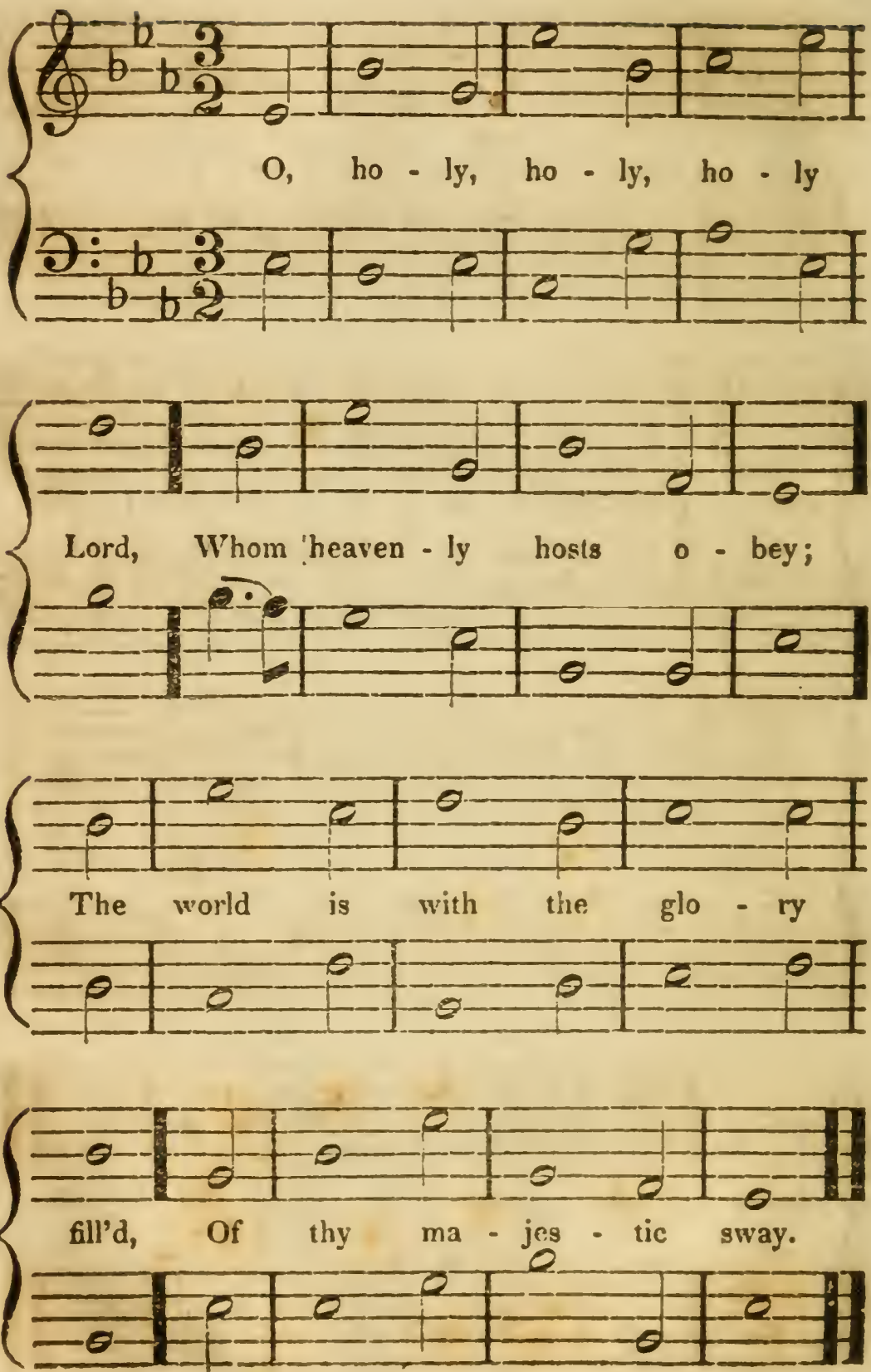

That aw - ful day will sure - ly
come, The ap - point - ed hour makes haste,
When I must stand be - fore my
Judge, And pass the so - lemn test.

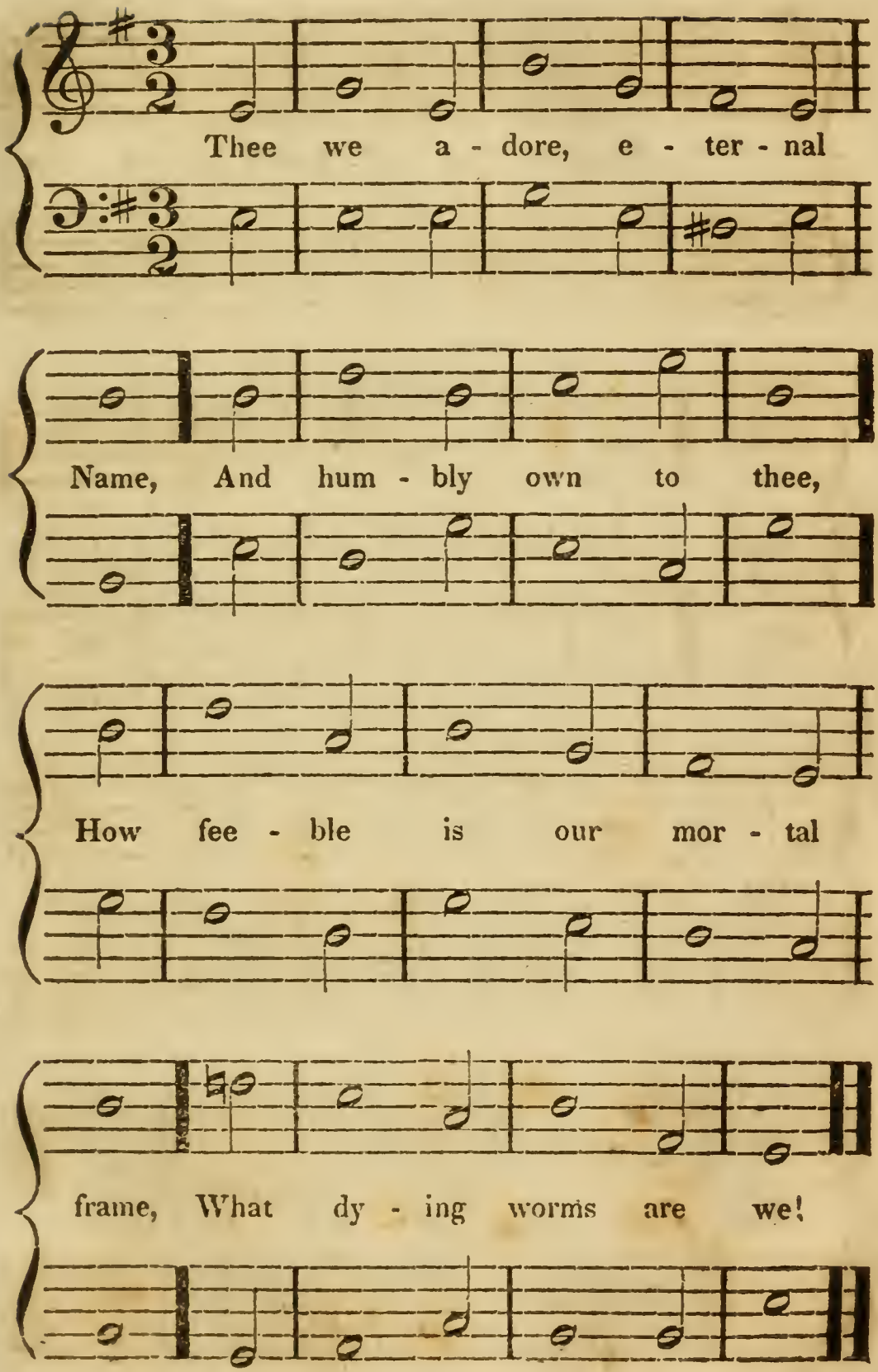

I ask'd them whence their vict' - ry came ?
They with u - ni - ted breath, As - cribed their
con-quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to his
death, Their tri - umph to his death.

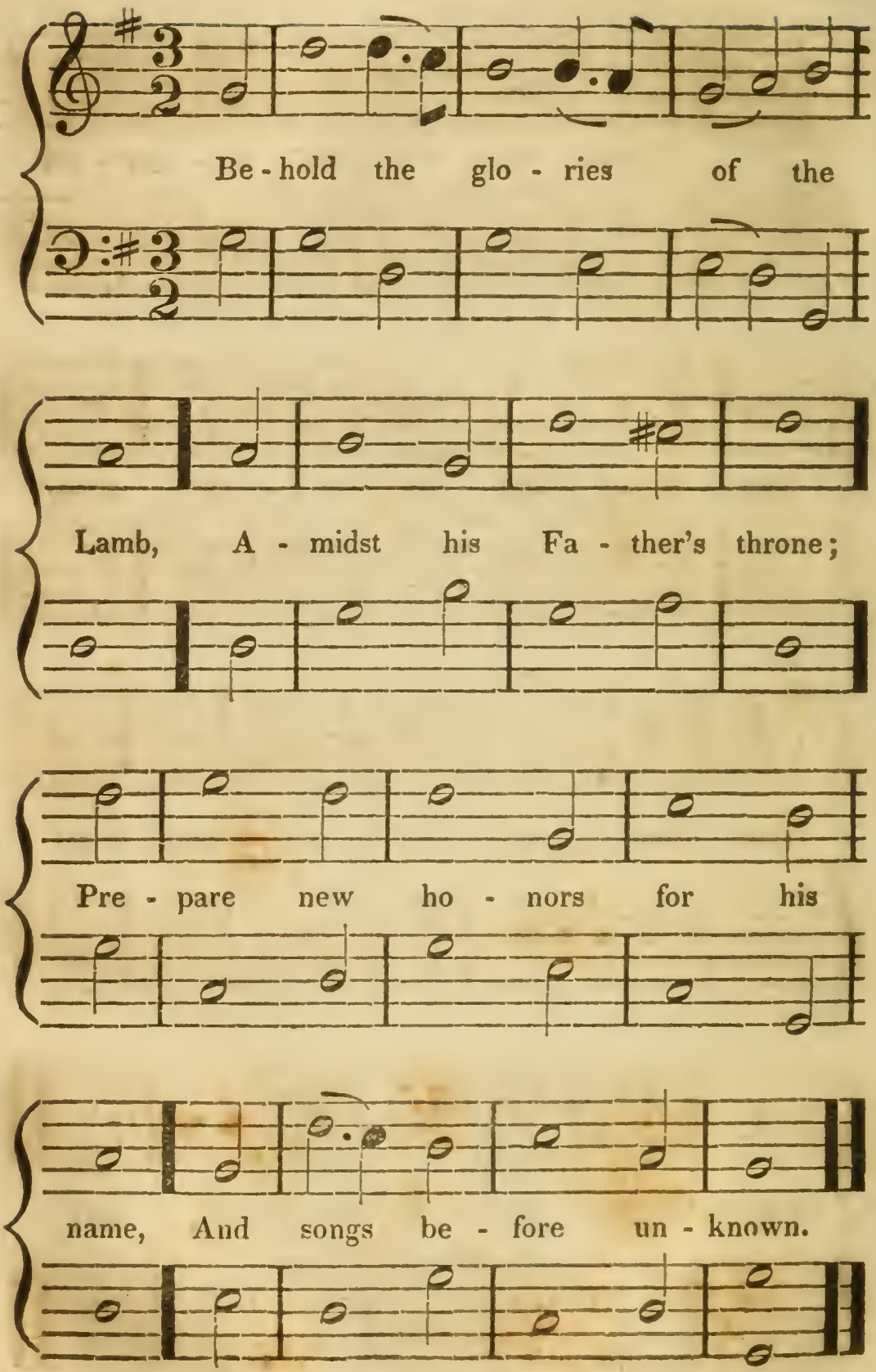

On Jor-dan's rug-ged banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful
eye, To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
PIA.
When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for e-ver blest?
FOR.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in his bo-som rest?

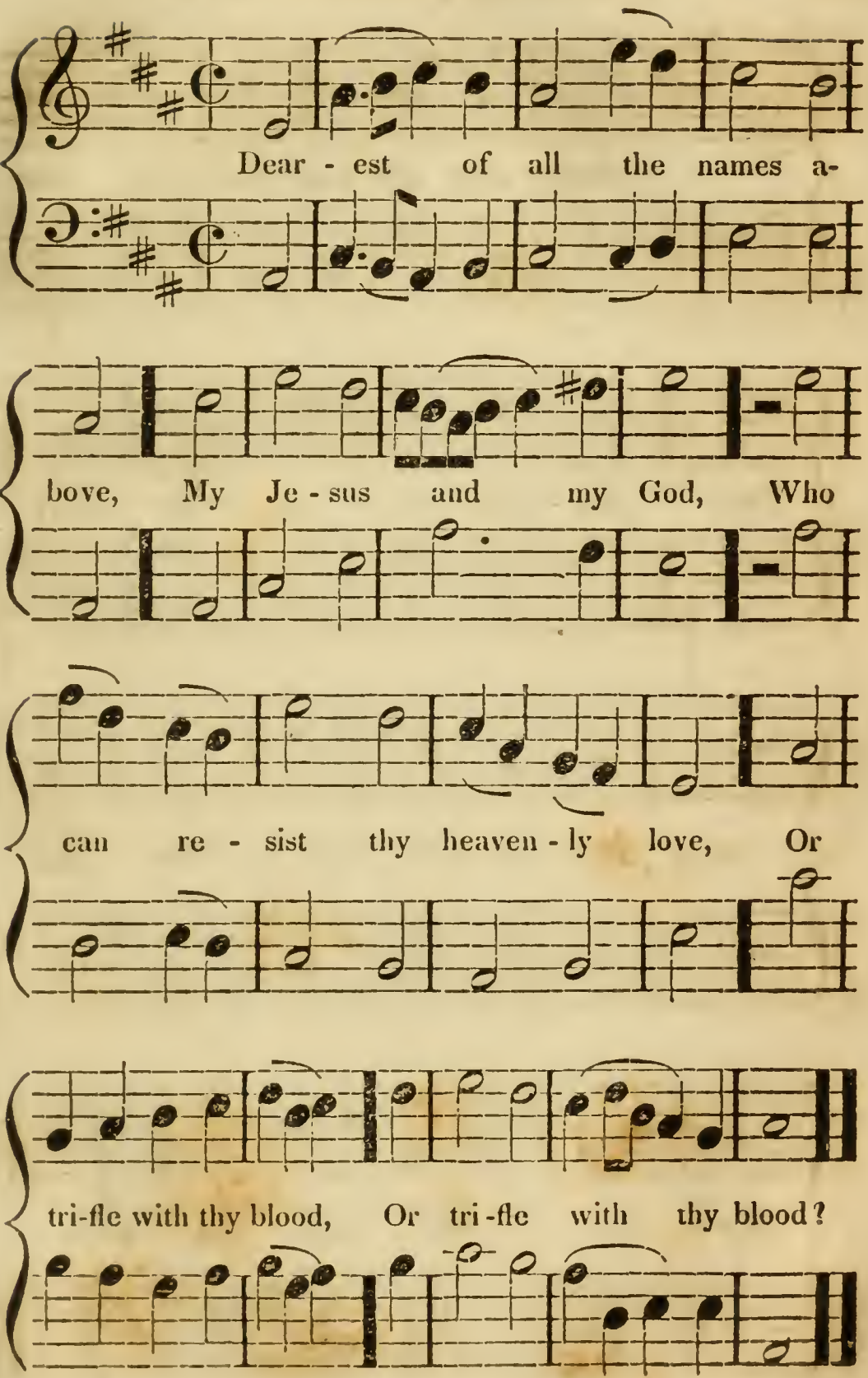

When all thy mer - cies, O my
God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys;
Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm
lost In won - der, love, and praise.

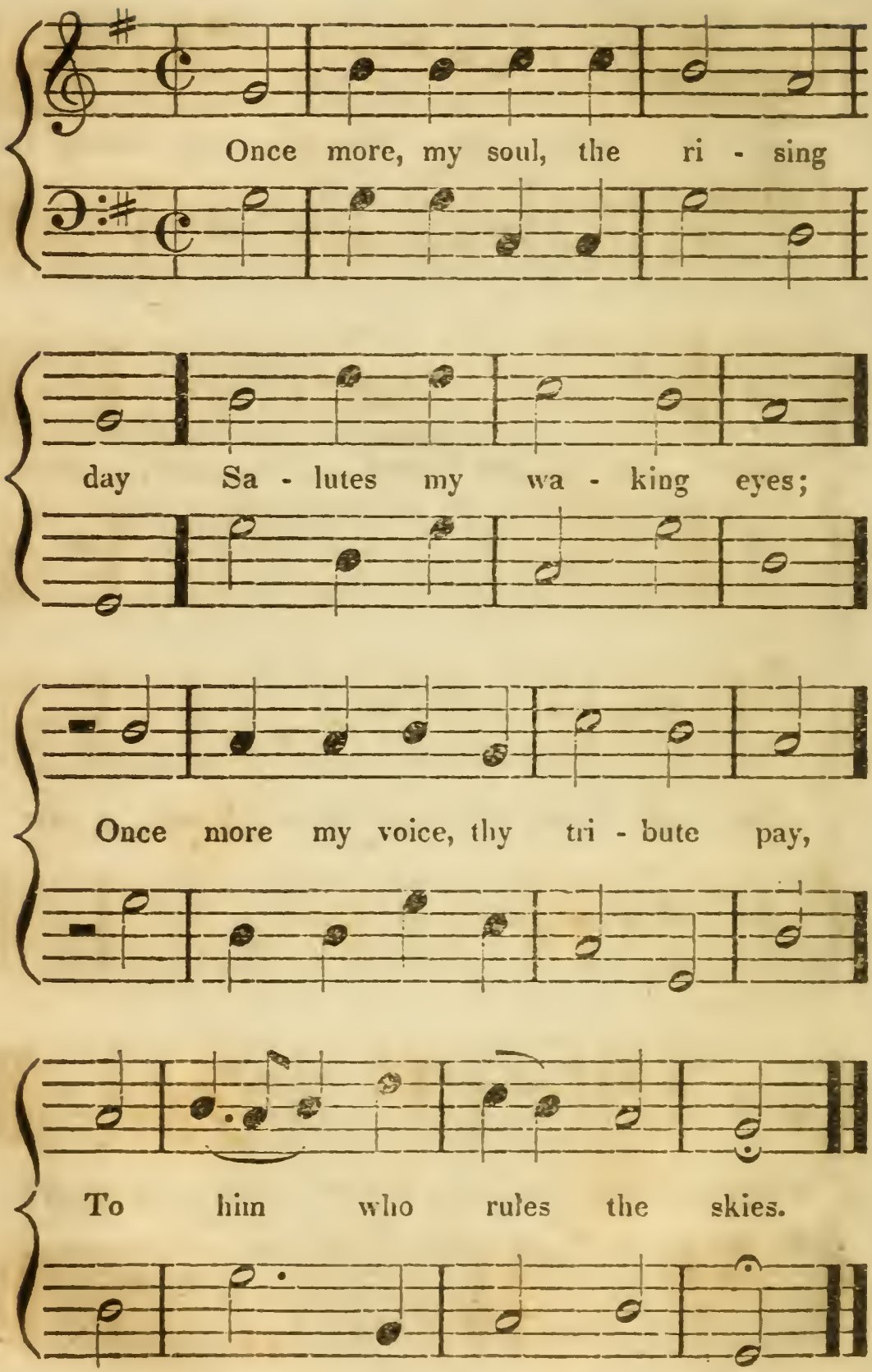

Now shall my in - ward joys a-
rise, And burst in - to a song; Al-
migh - - ty love in - - spires my
heart, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.

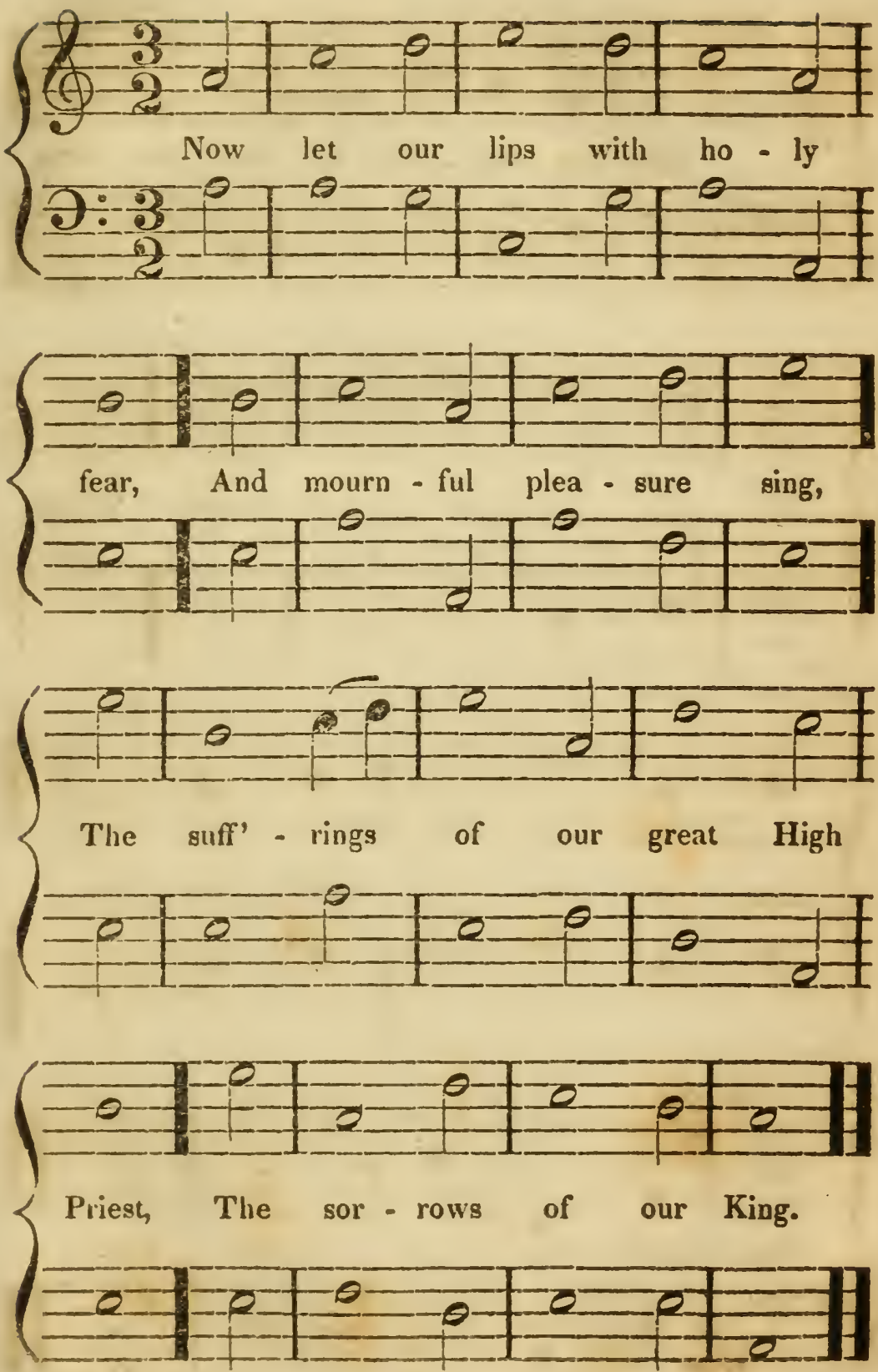

O, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly
Lord, Whom heaven - ly hosts o - bey;
The world is with the glo - ry
fill'd, Of thy ma - jes - tic sway.


Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal
Name, And hum - bly own to thee,
How fee - ble is our mor - tal
frame, What dy - ing worms are we!

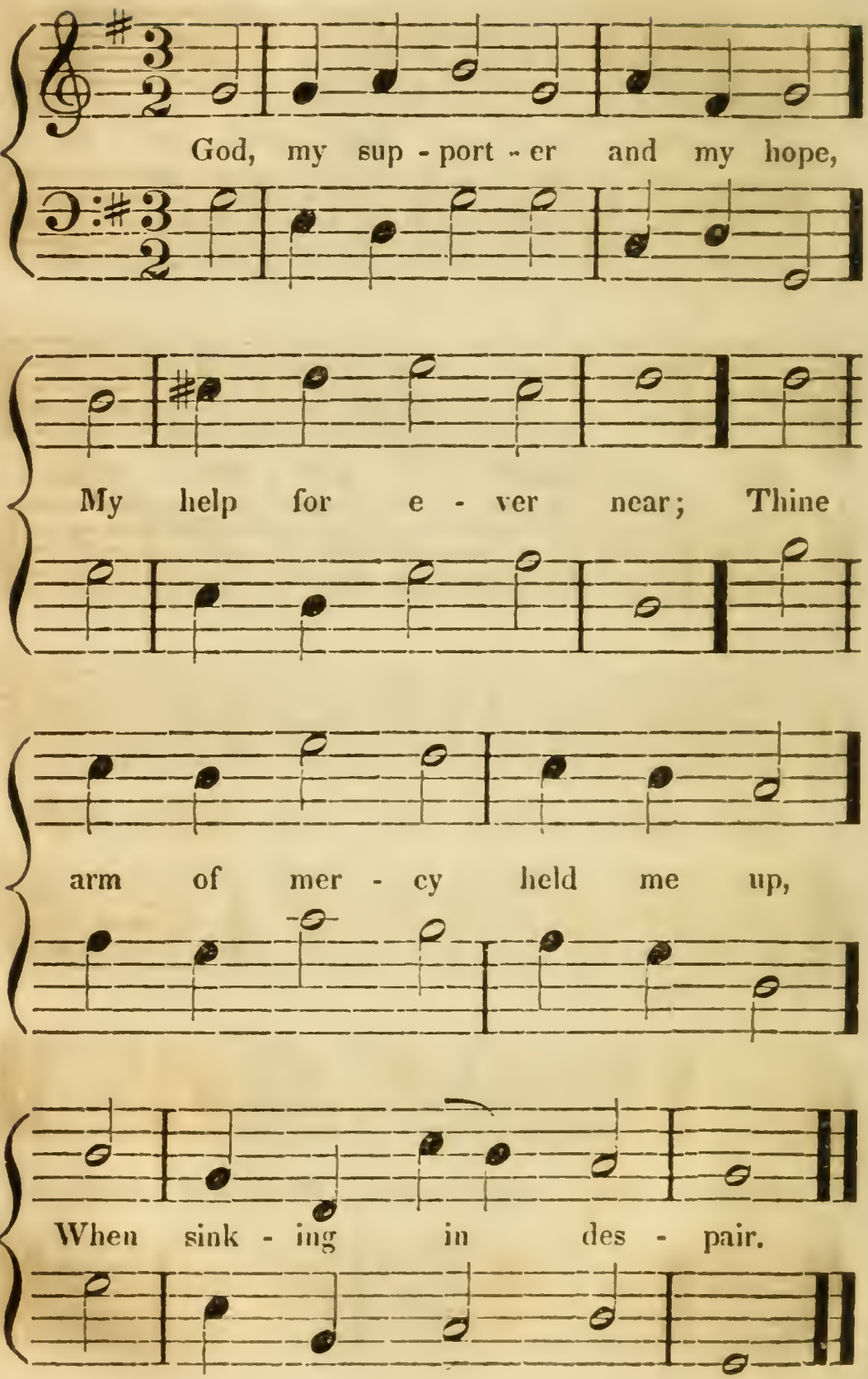

Be - hold the glo - ries of the
Lamb, A - midst his Fa - ther's throne;
Pre - pare new ho - nors for his
name, And songs be - fore un - known.

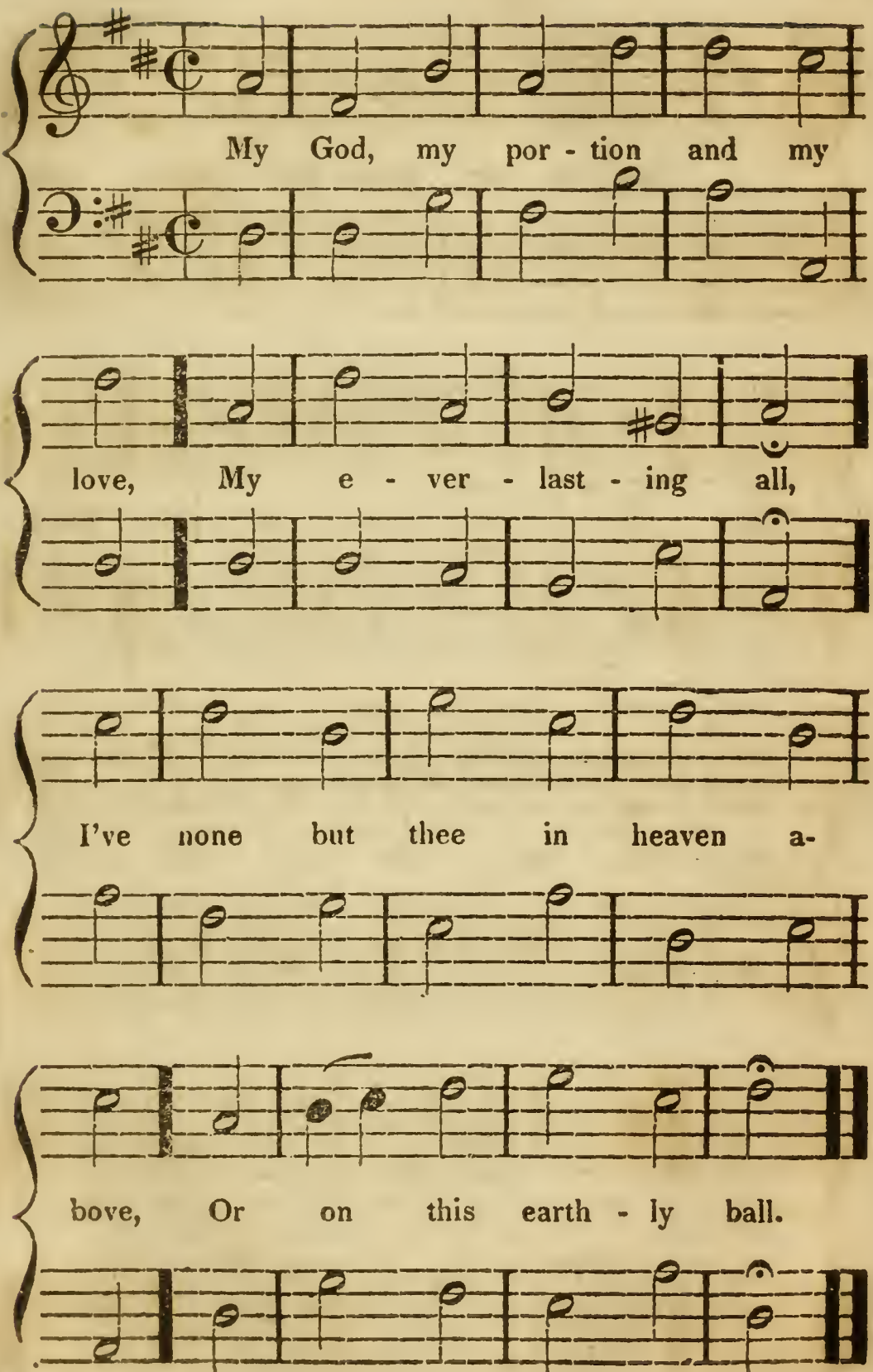

Dear - est of all the names a-
bove, My Je - sus and my God, Who
can re - sist thy heaven - ly love, Or
tri-fle with thy blood, Or tri-fle with thy blood?

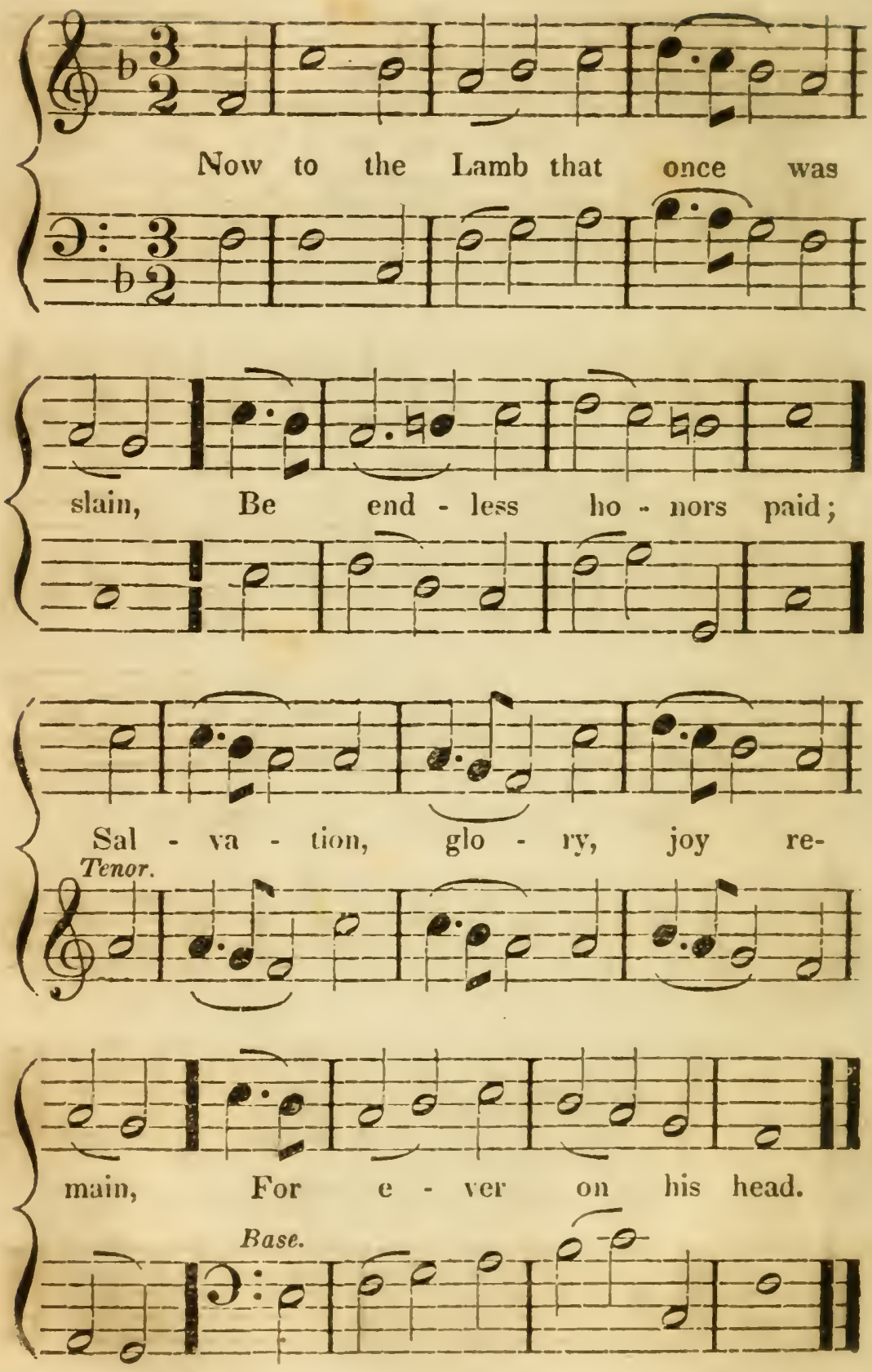

Once more, my soul, the ri - sing
day Sa - lutes my wa - king eyes;
Once more my voice, thy tri - bute pay,
To him who rules the skies.

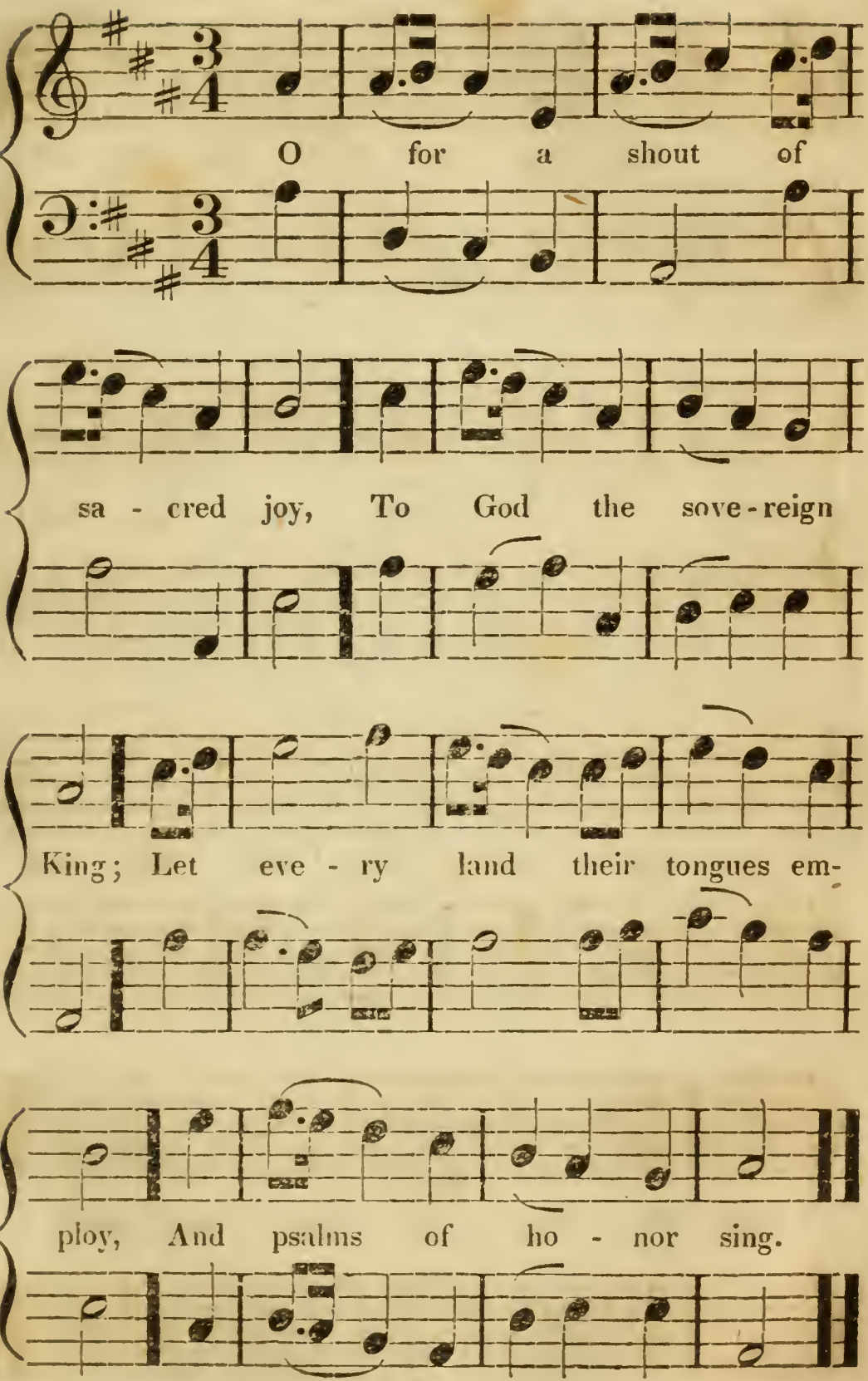

Now let our lips with ho - ly
fear, And mourn - ful plea - sure sing,
The suff' - rings of our great High
Priest, The sor - rows of our King.

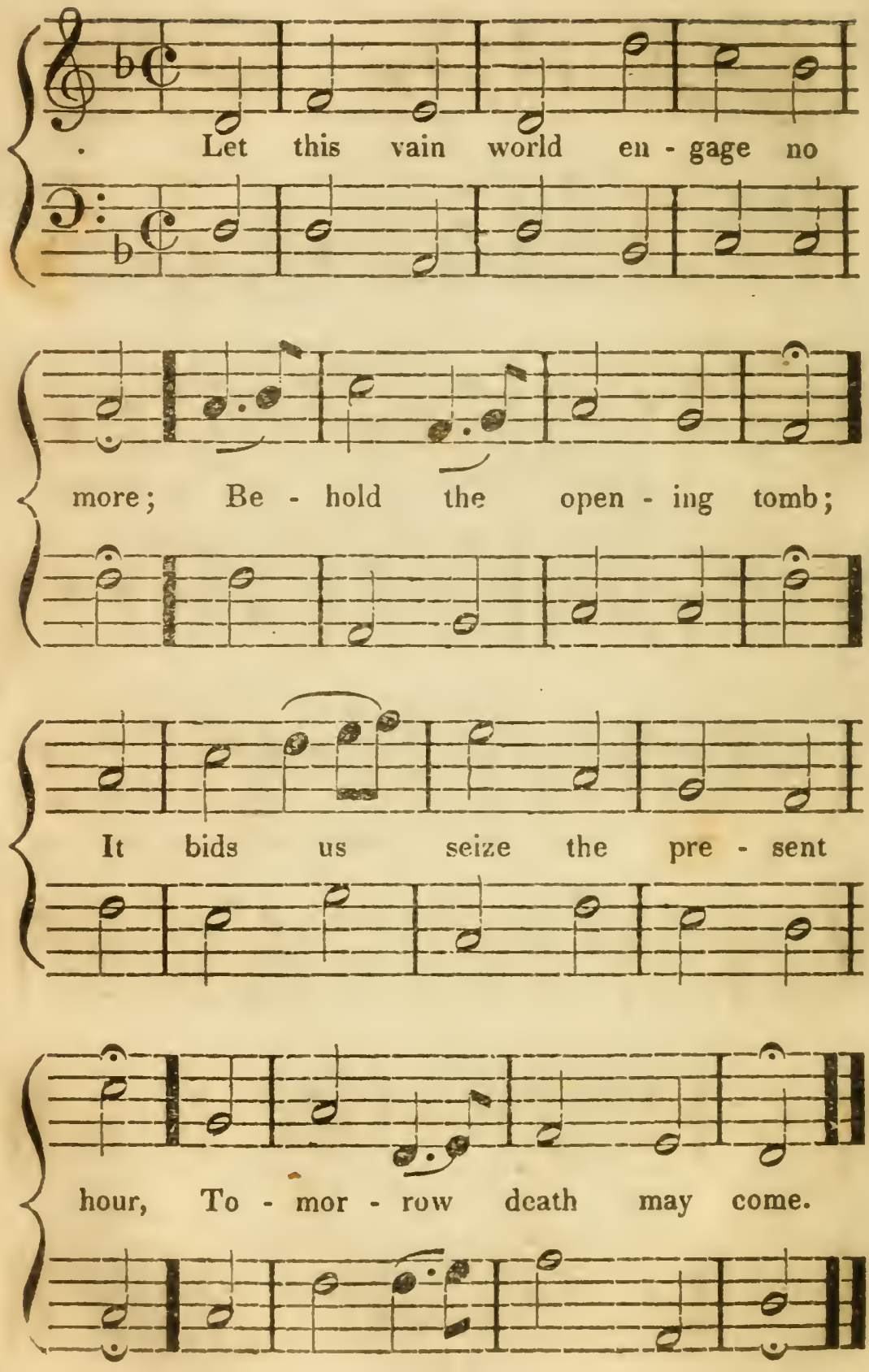
ROCHESTER. C. M.

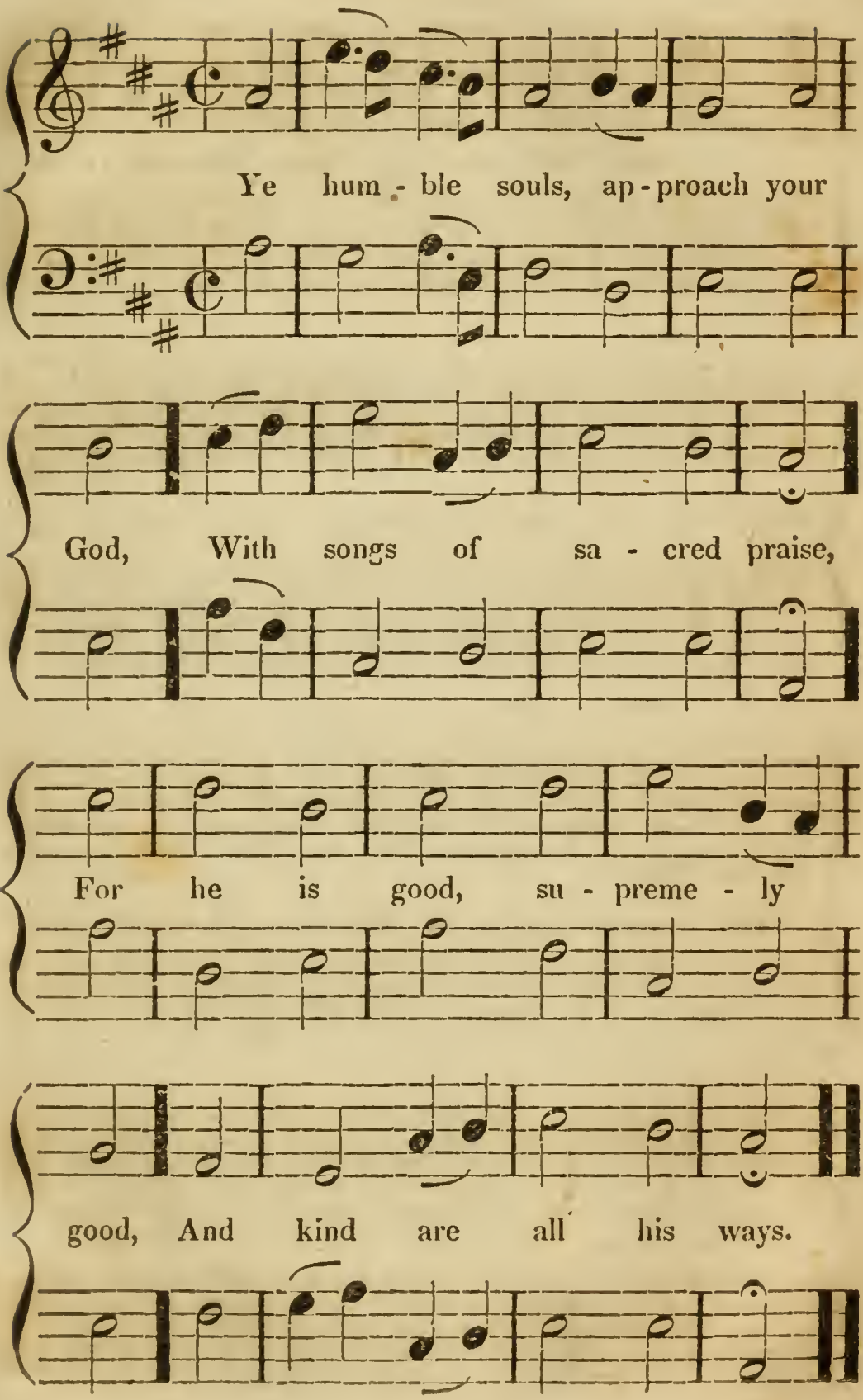


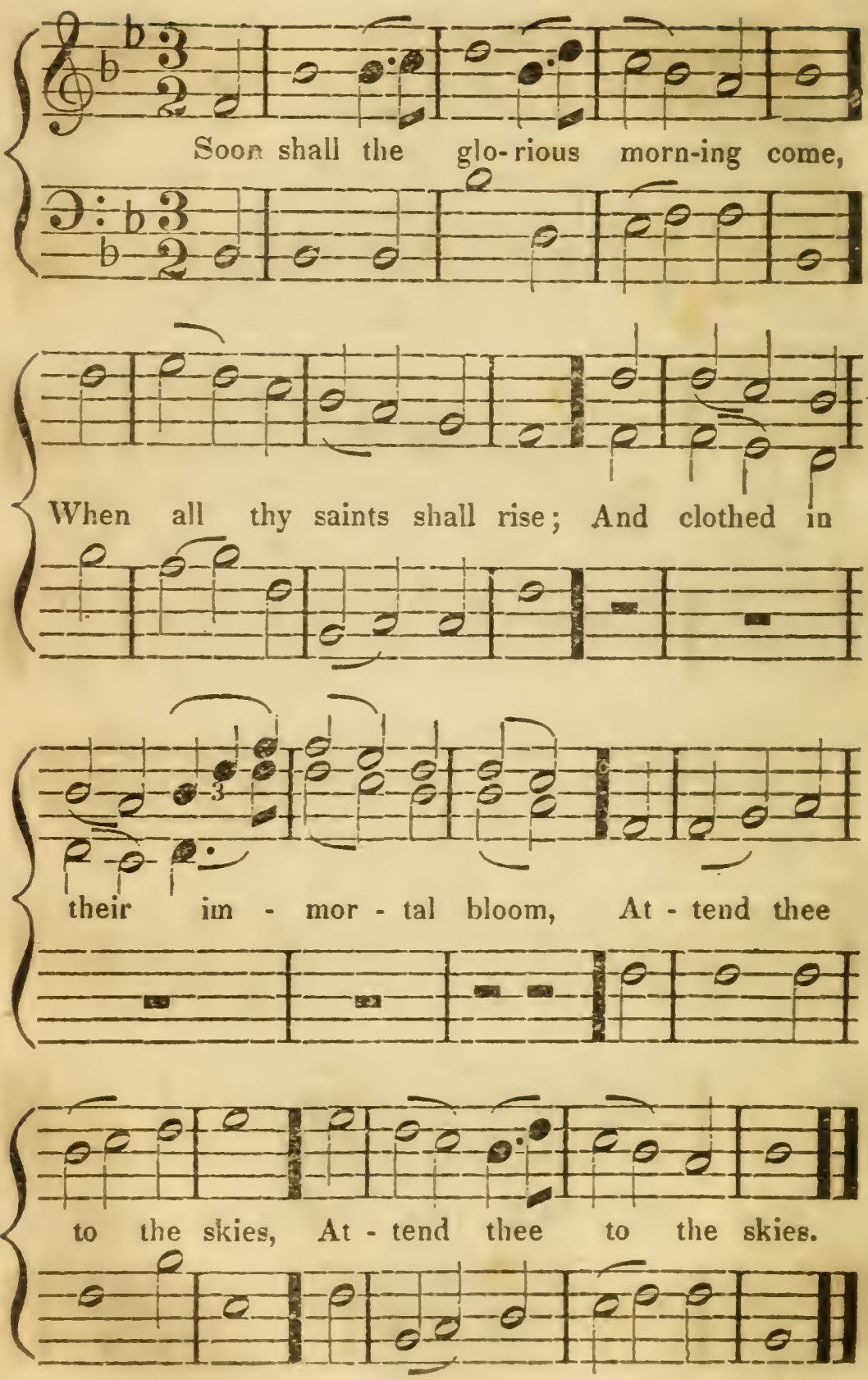

My God, my por - tion and my
love, My e - ver - last - ing all,
I've none but thee in heaven a-
bove, Or on this earth - ly ball.

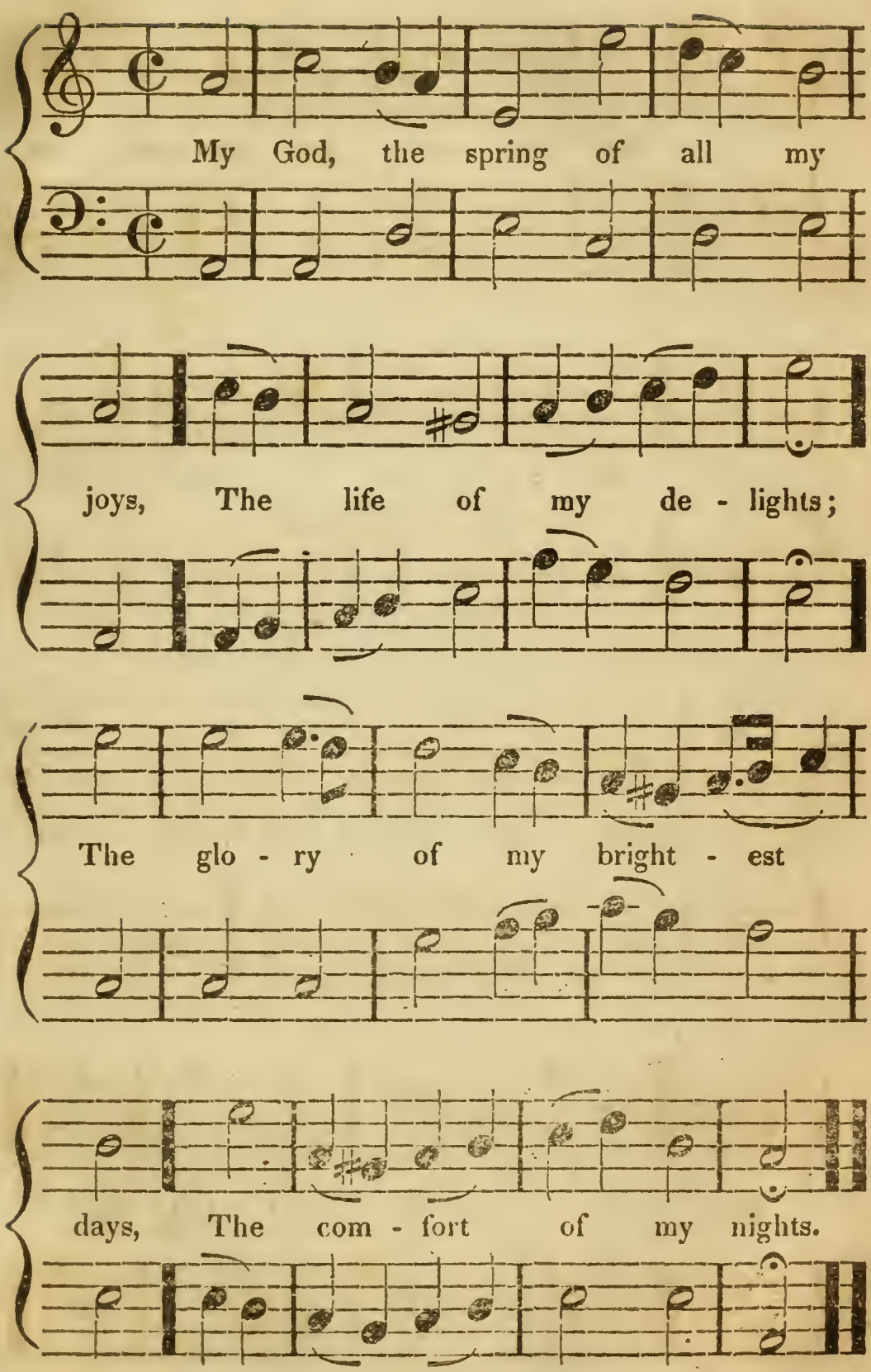

Now to the Lamb that once was
slain, Be end - less ho - nors paid;
Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, joy re-
Tenor.
main, For e - ver on his head.
Base.

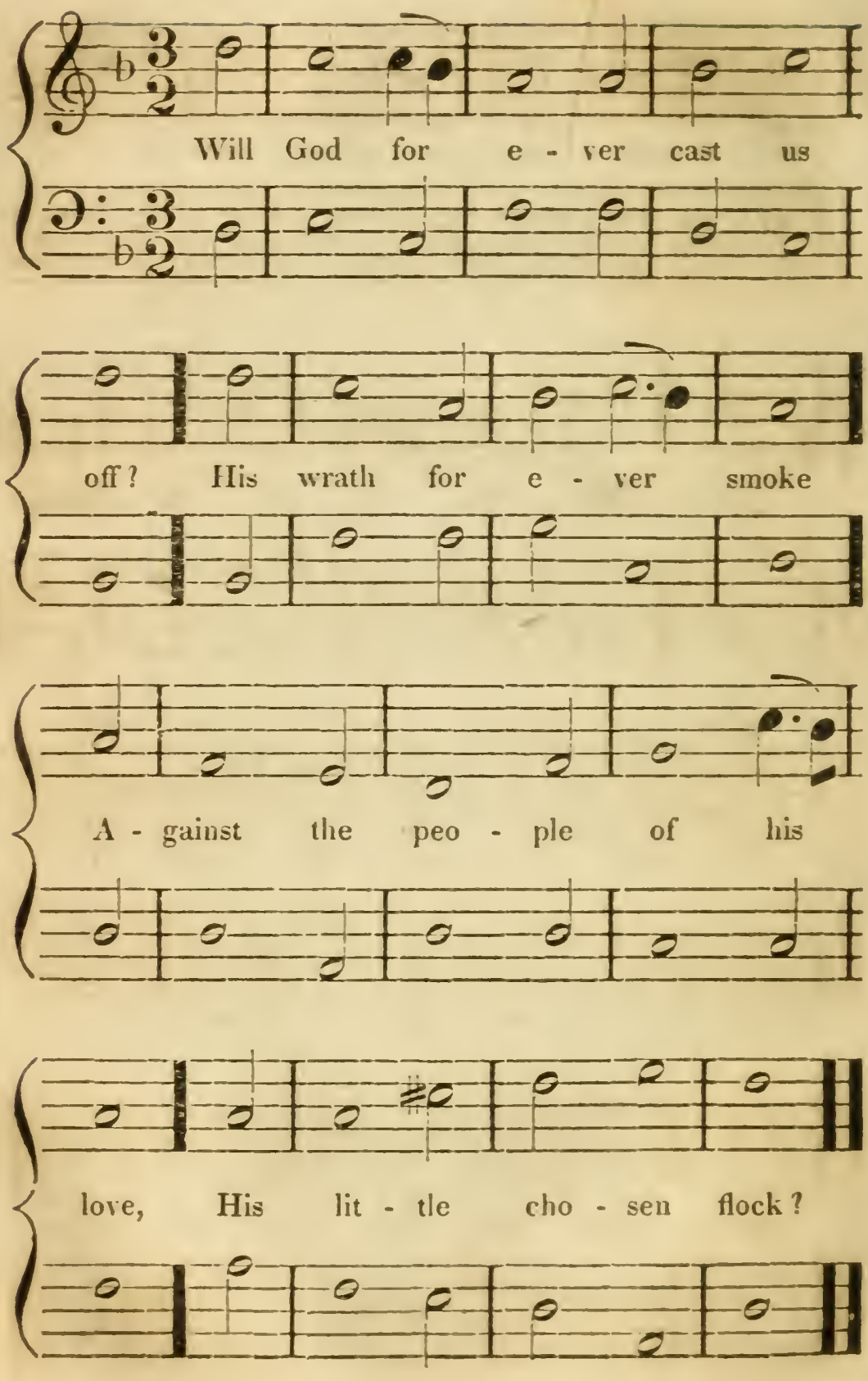

O for a shout of
sa - cred joy, To God the sove - reign
King; Let eve - ry land their tongues em-
ploy, And psalms of ho - nor sing.

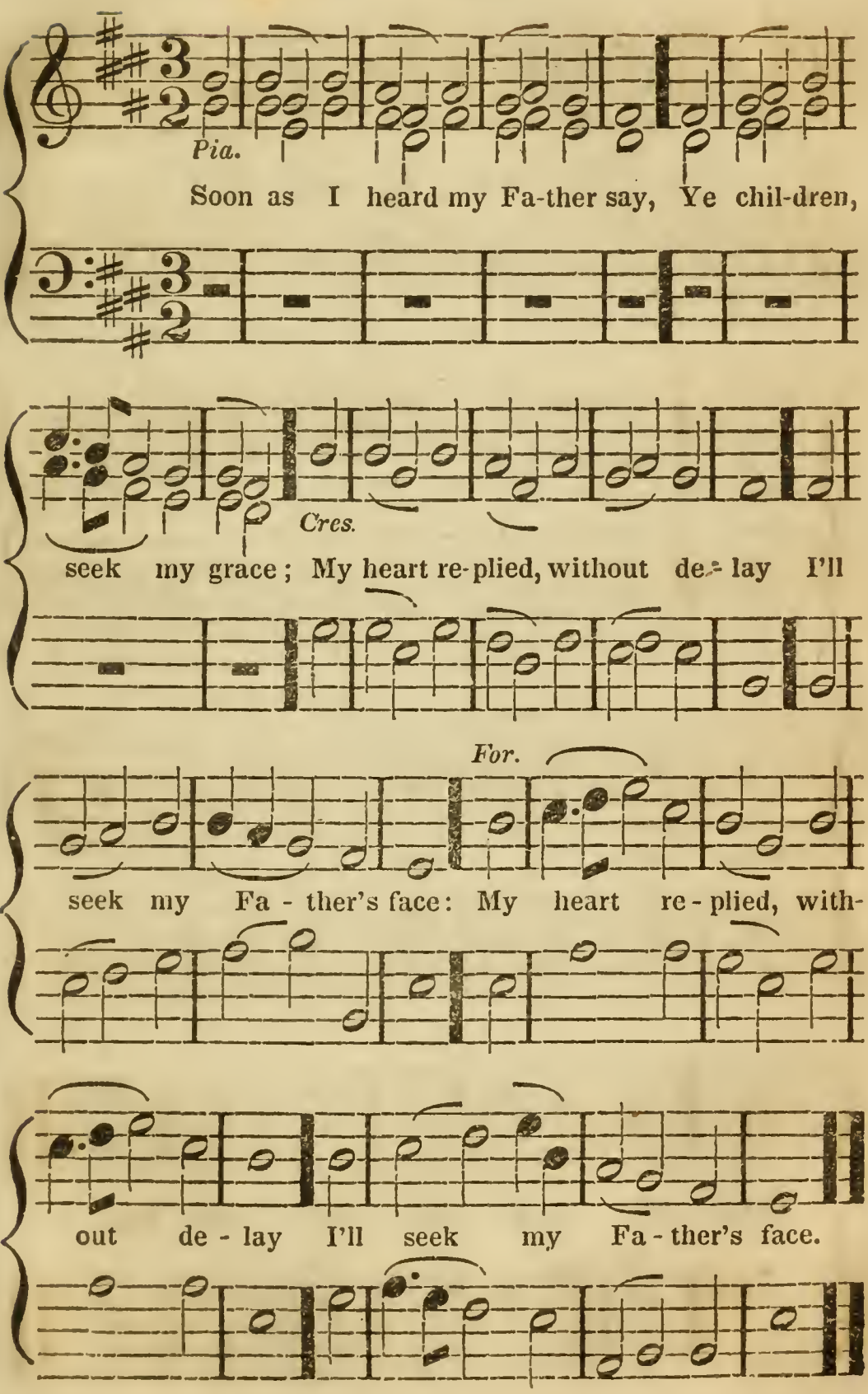

Let this vain world en - gage no
more; Be - hold the open - ing tomb;
It bids us seize the pre - sent
hour, To - mor - row death may come.


Ye hum - ble souls, ap - proach your
God, With songs of sa - cred praise,
For he is good, su - preme - ly
good, And kind are all his ways.

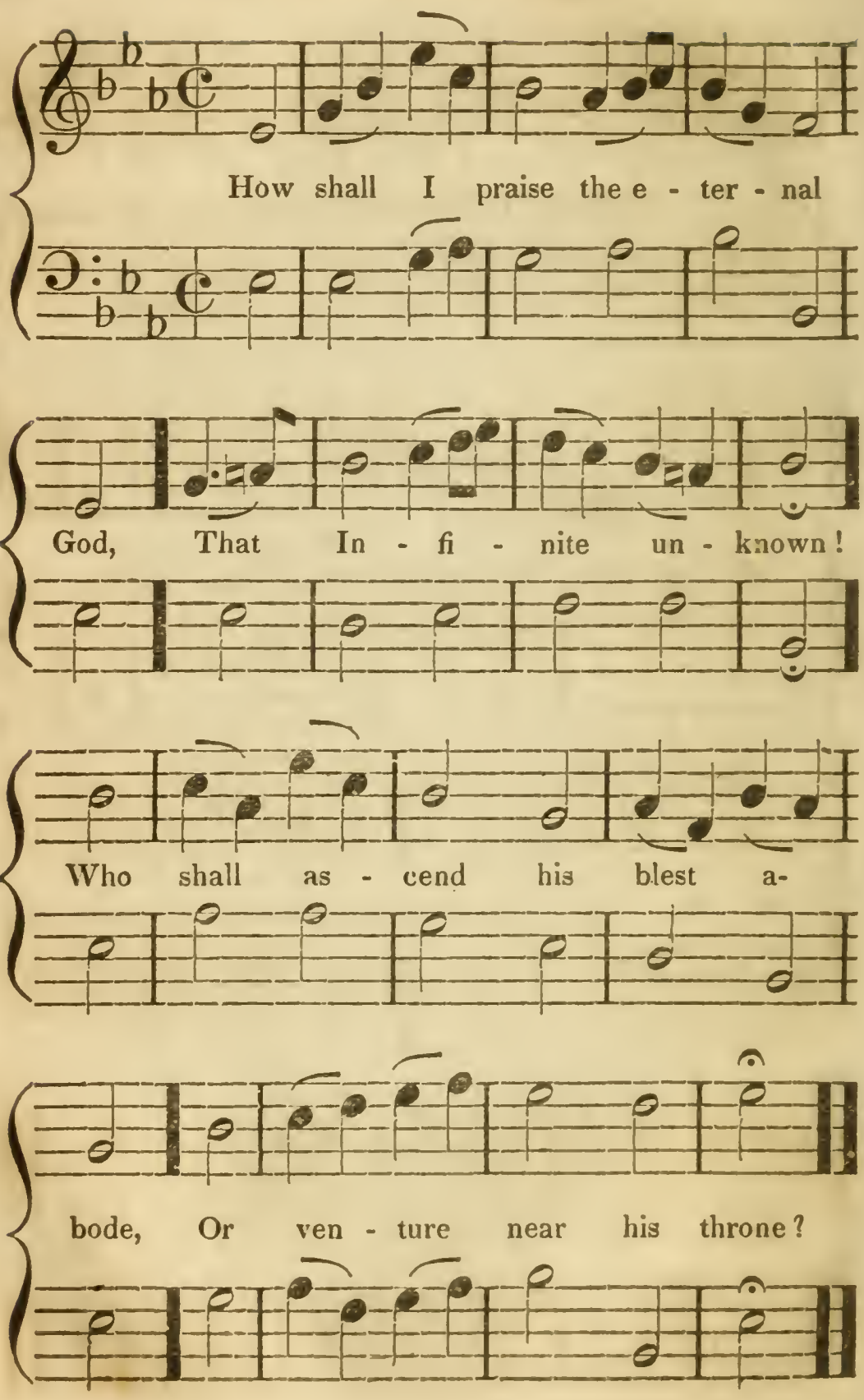

Soon shall the glo-rious morn-ing come,
When all thy saints shall rise; And clothed in
their im - mor - tal bloom, At - tend thee
to the skies, At - tend thee to the skies.

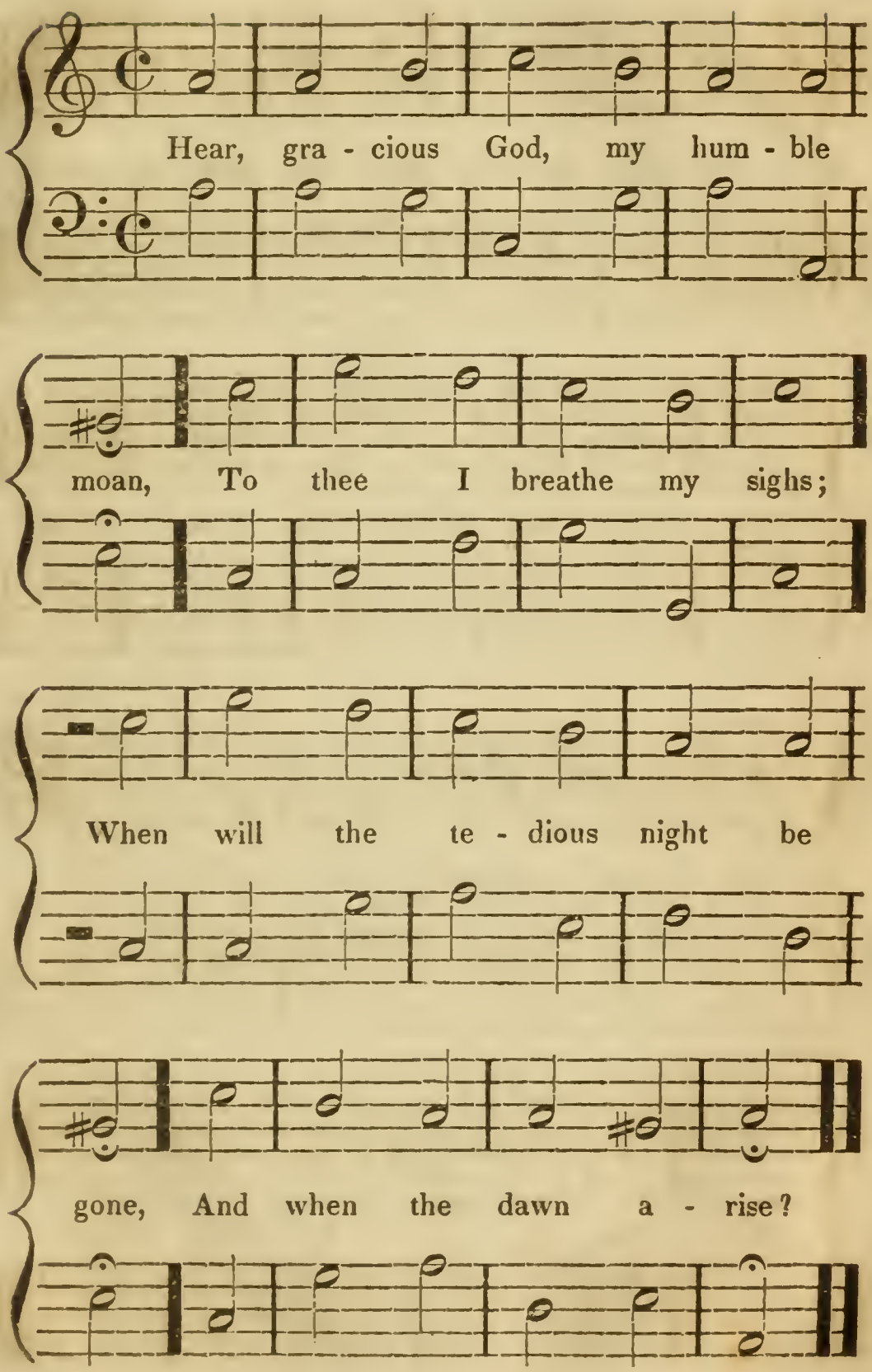

My God, the spring of all my
joys, The life of my de - lights;
The glo - ry of my bright - est
days, The com - fort of my nights.

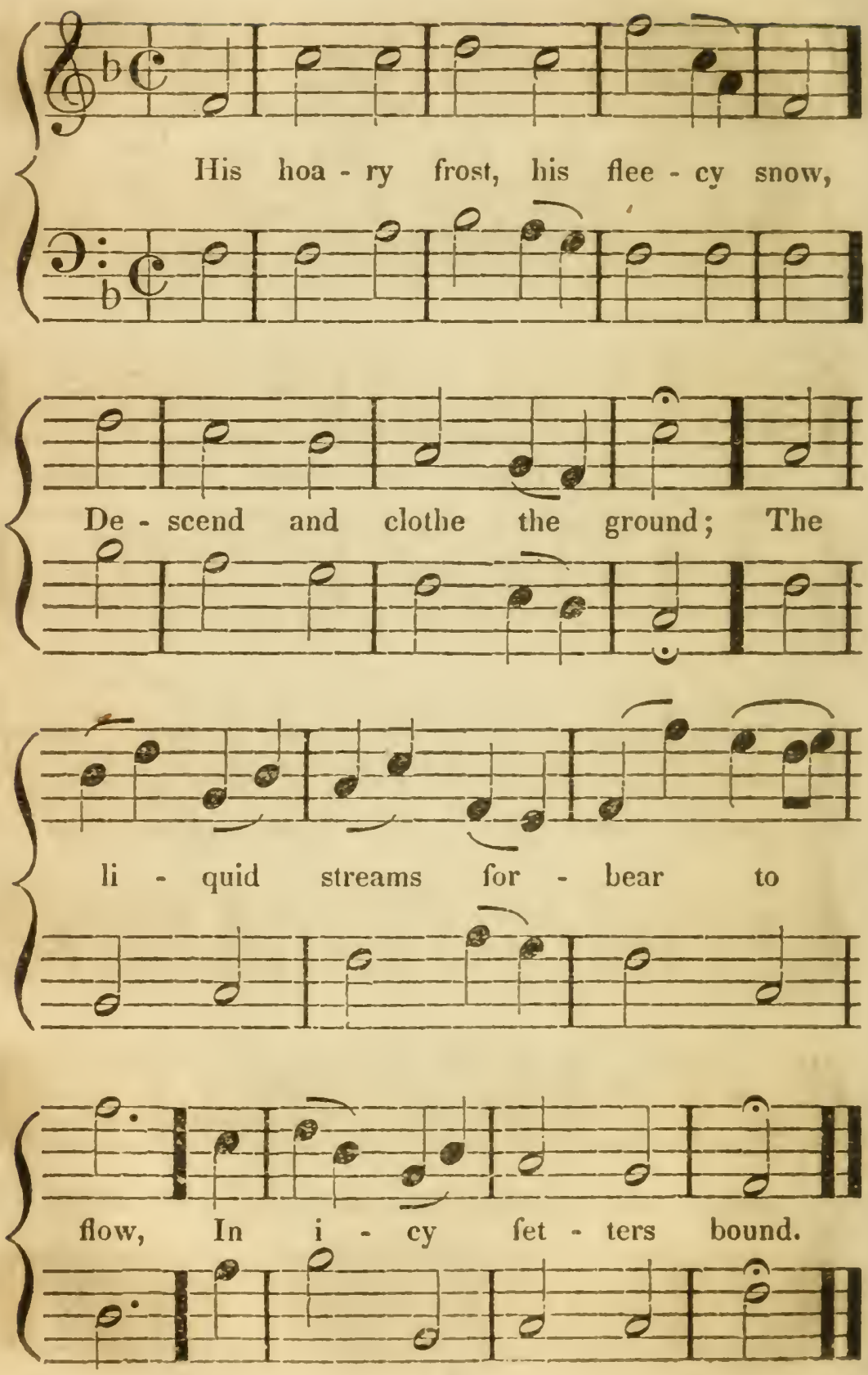

Will God for e - ver cast us
off? His wrath for e - ver smoke
A - gainst the peo - ple of his
love, His lit - tle cho - sen flock?

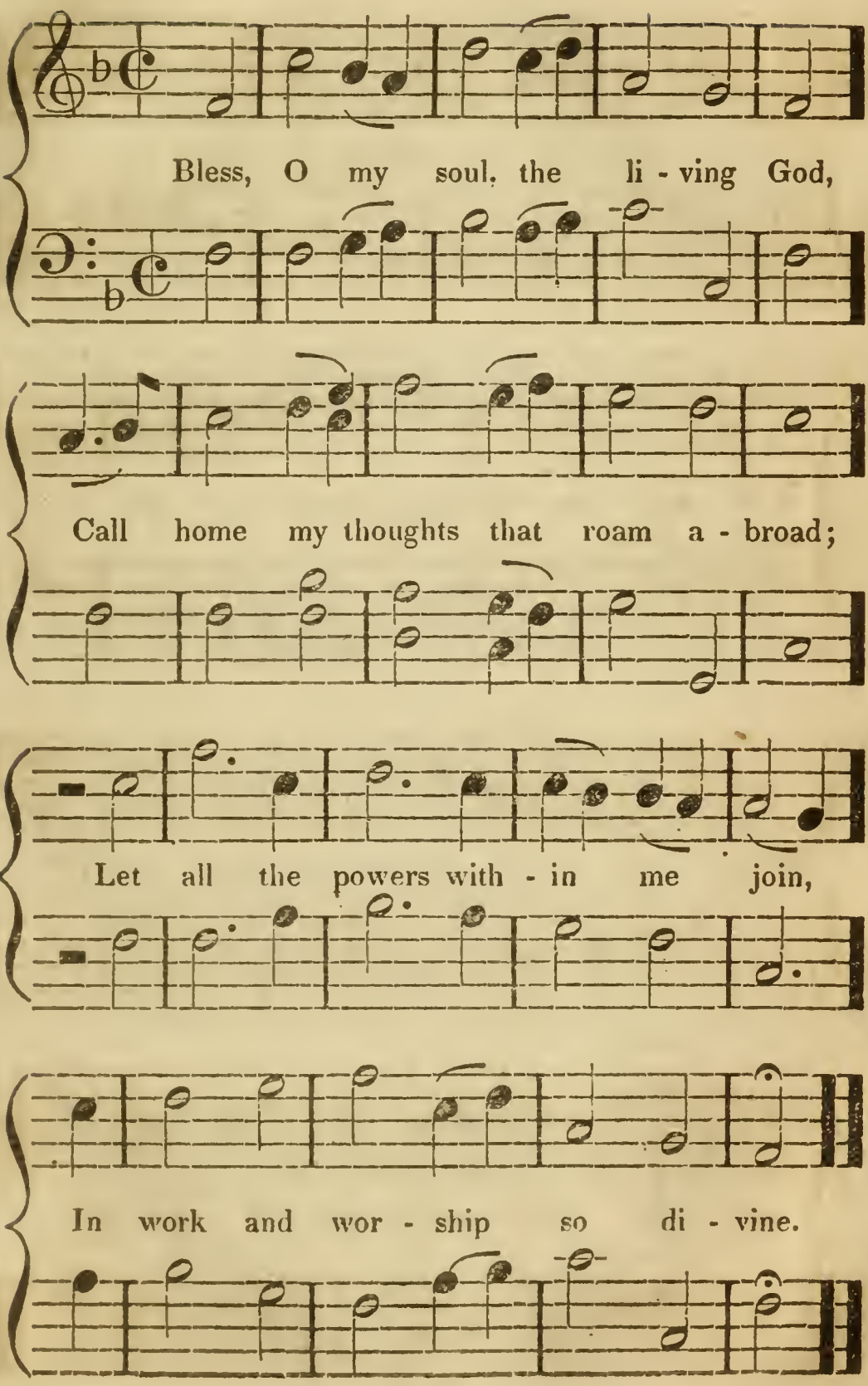

Pia.
Soon as I heard my Fa-ther say, Ye chil-dren,
Cres.
seek my grace; My heart re-plied, without de-lay I'll
For.
seek my Fa-ther's face: My heart re-plied, with-
out de-lay I'll seek my Fa-ther's face.

WARWICK. C. M.

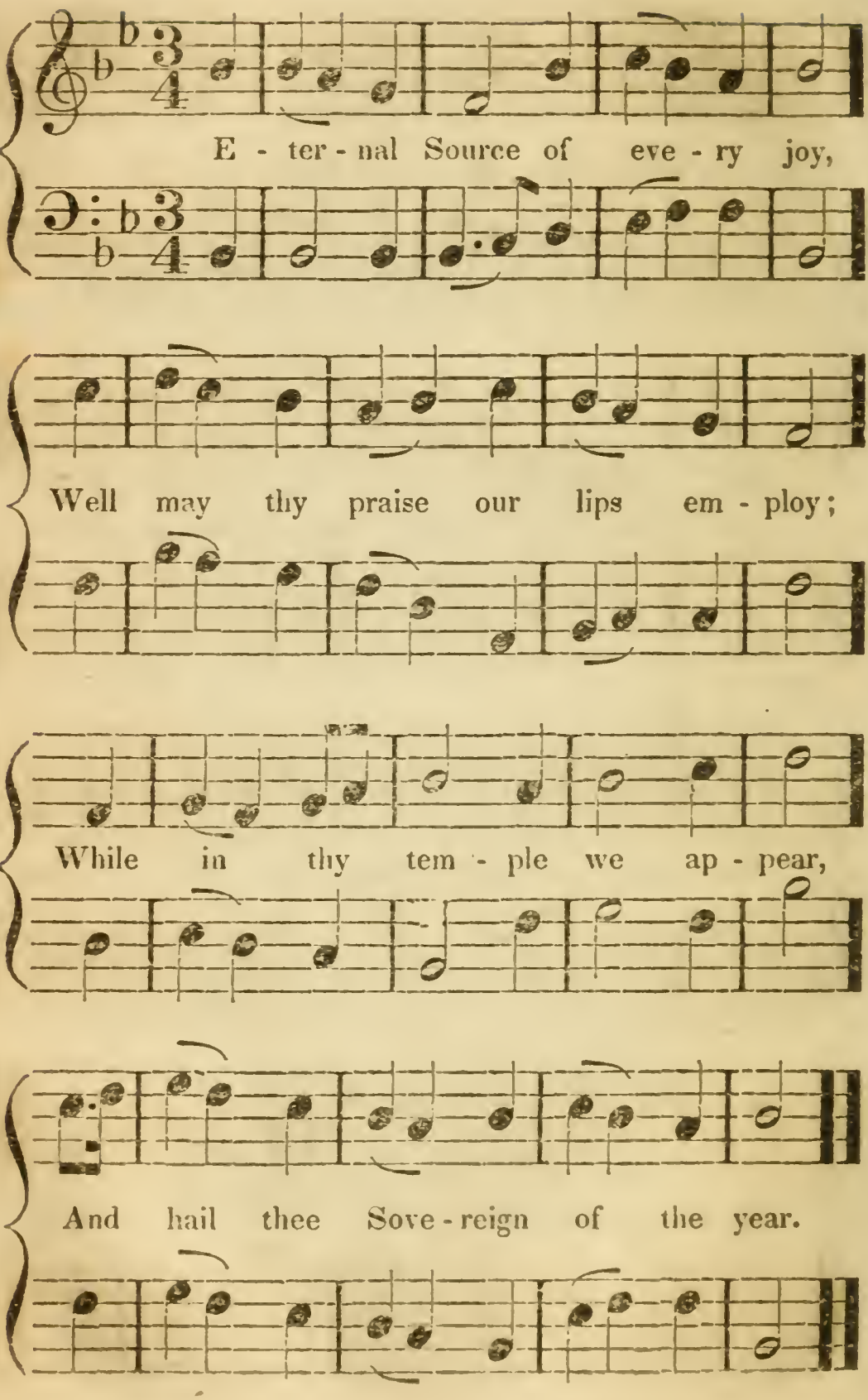

How shall I praise the e - ter - nal
God, That In - fi - nite un - known!
Who shall as - cend his blest a-
bode, Or ven - ture near his throne?

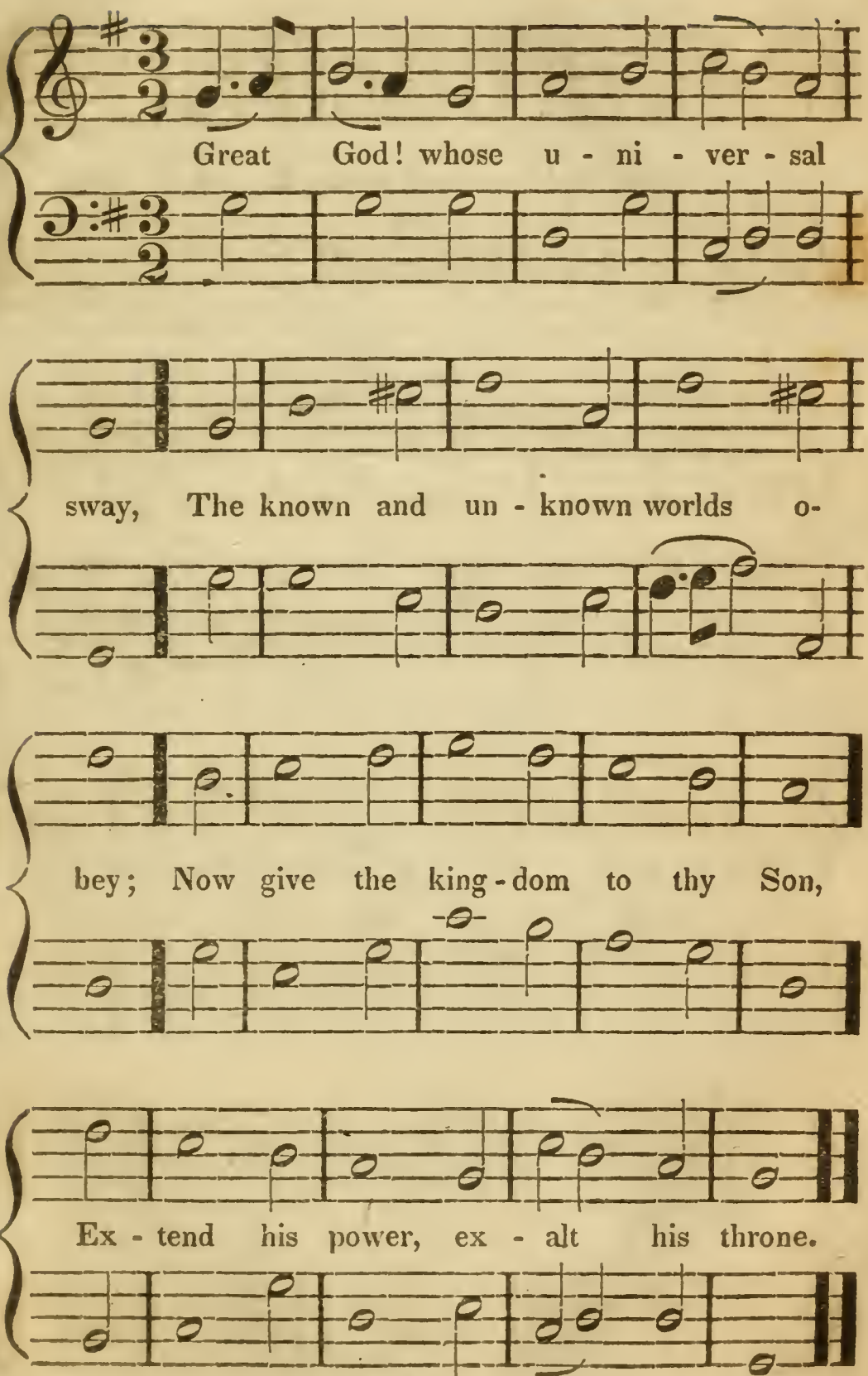

Hear, gra - cious God, my hum - ble
moan, To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the te - dious night be
gone, And when the dawn a - rise?

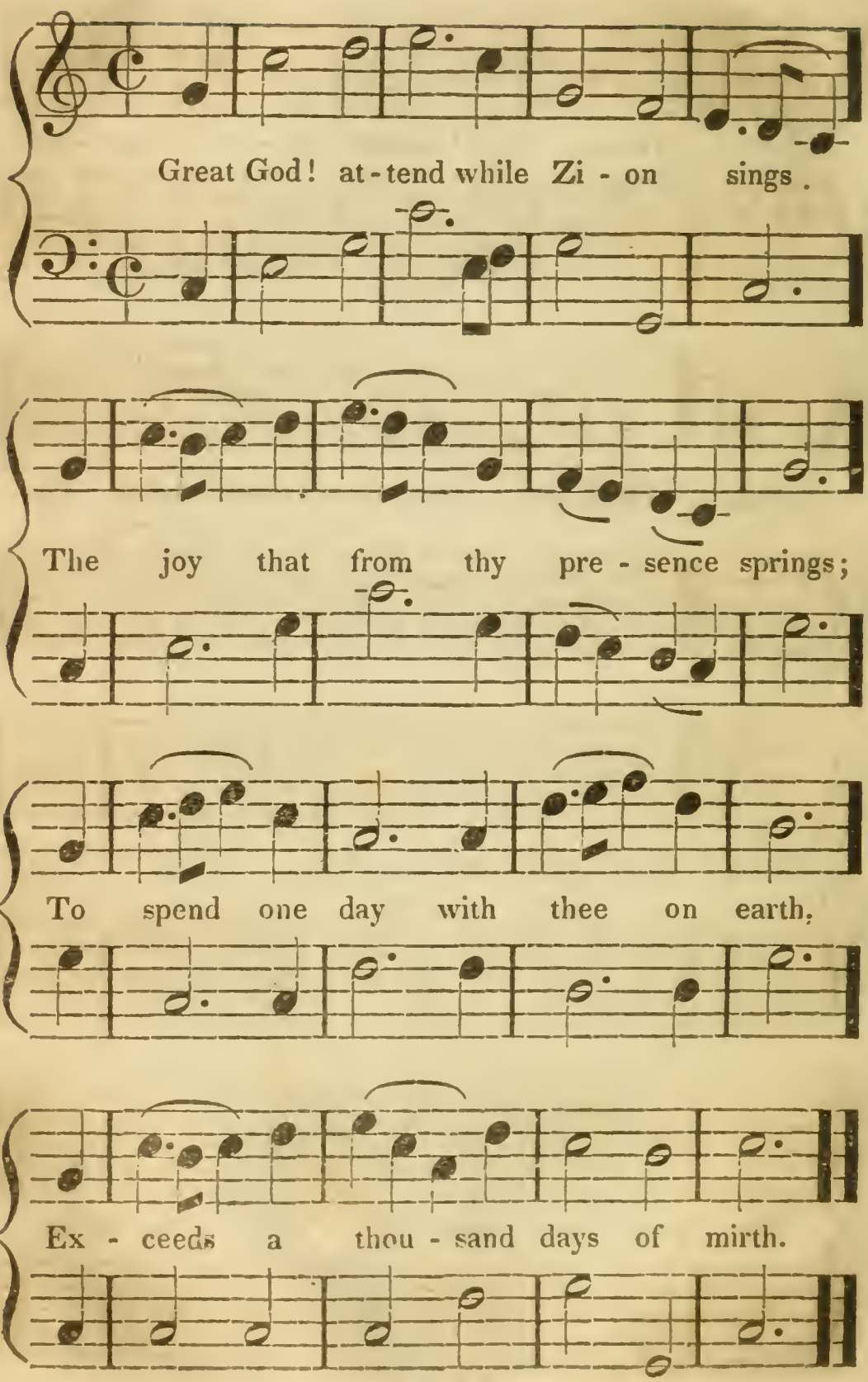

His hoa - ry frost, his flee - cy snow,
De - scend and clothe the ground; The
li - quid streams for - bear to
flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.

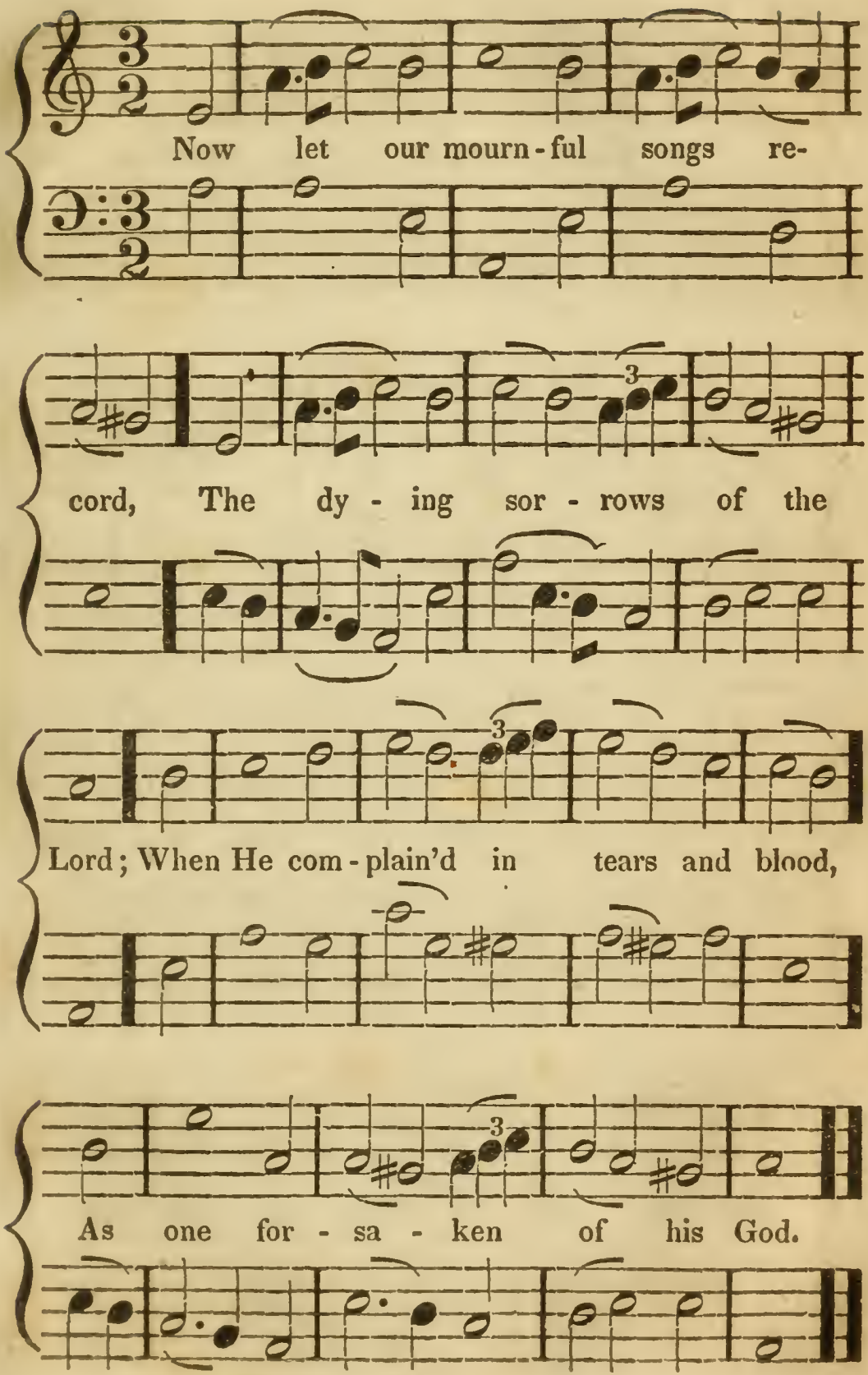

Bless, O my soul, the li - ving God,
Call home my thoughts that roam a - broad;
Let all the powers with - in me join,
In work and wor - ship so di - vine.

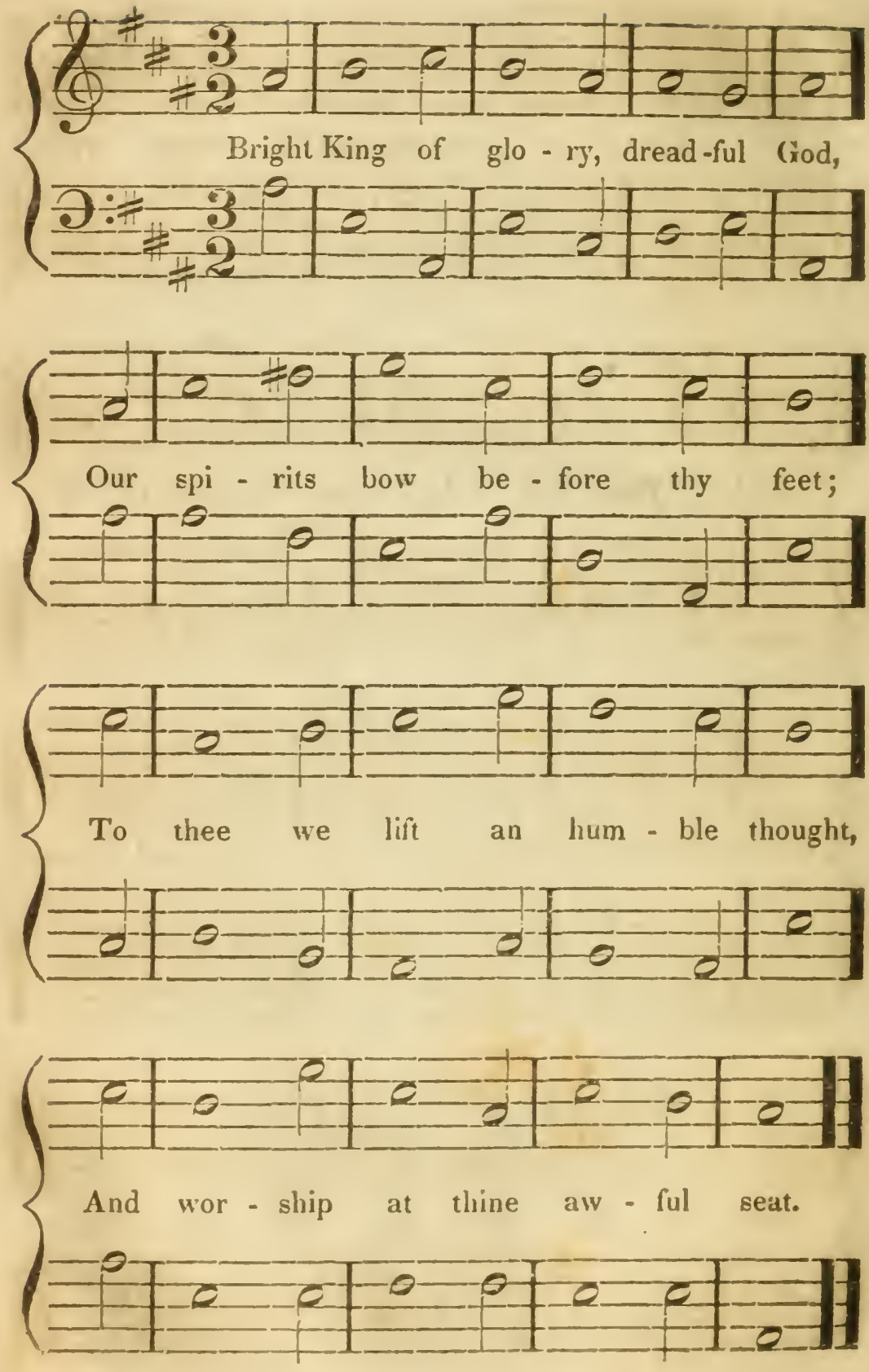
ALL SAINTS. L. M.

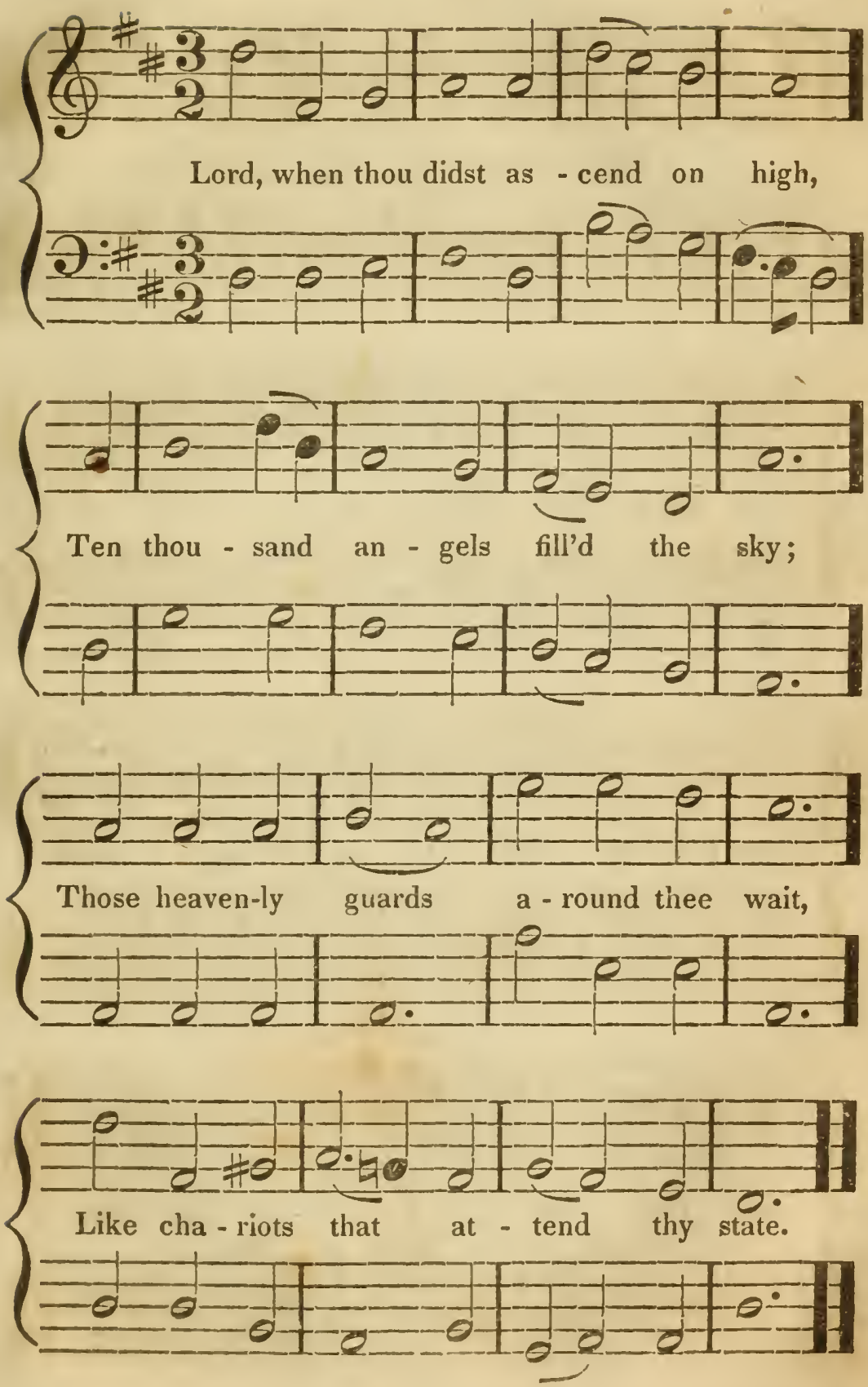


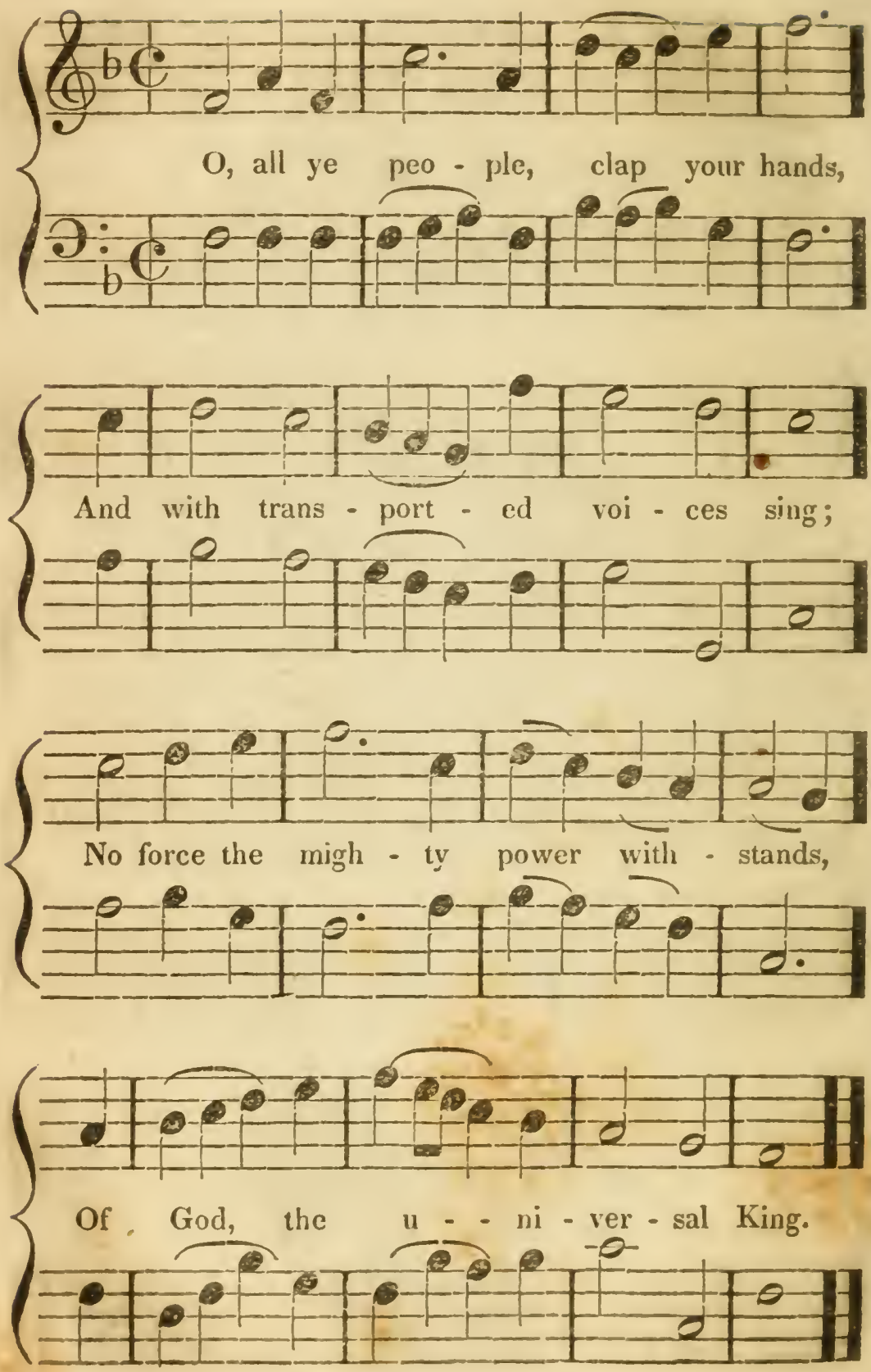

Great God! whose u - ni - ver - sal
sway, The known and un - known worlds o-
bey; Now give the king - dom to thy Son,
Ex - tend his power, ex - alt his throne.

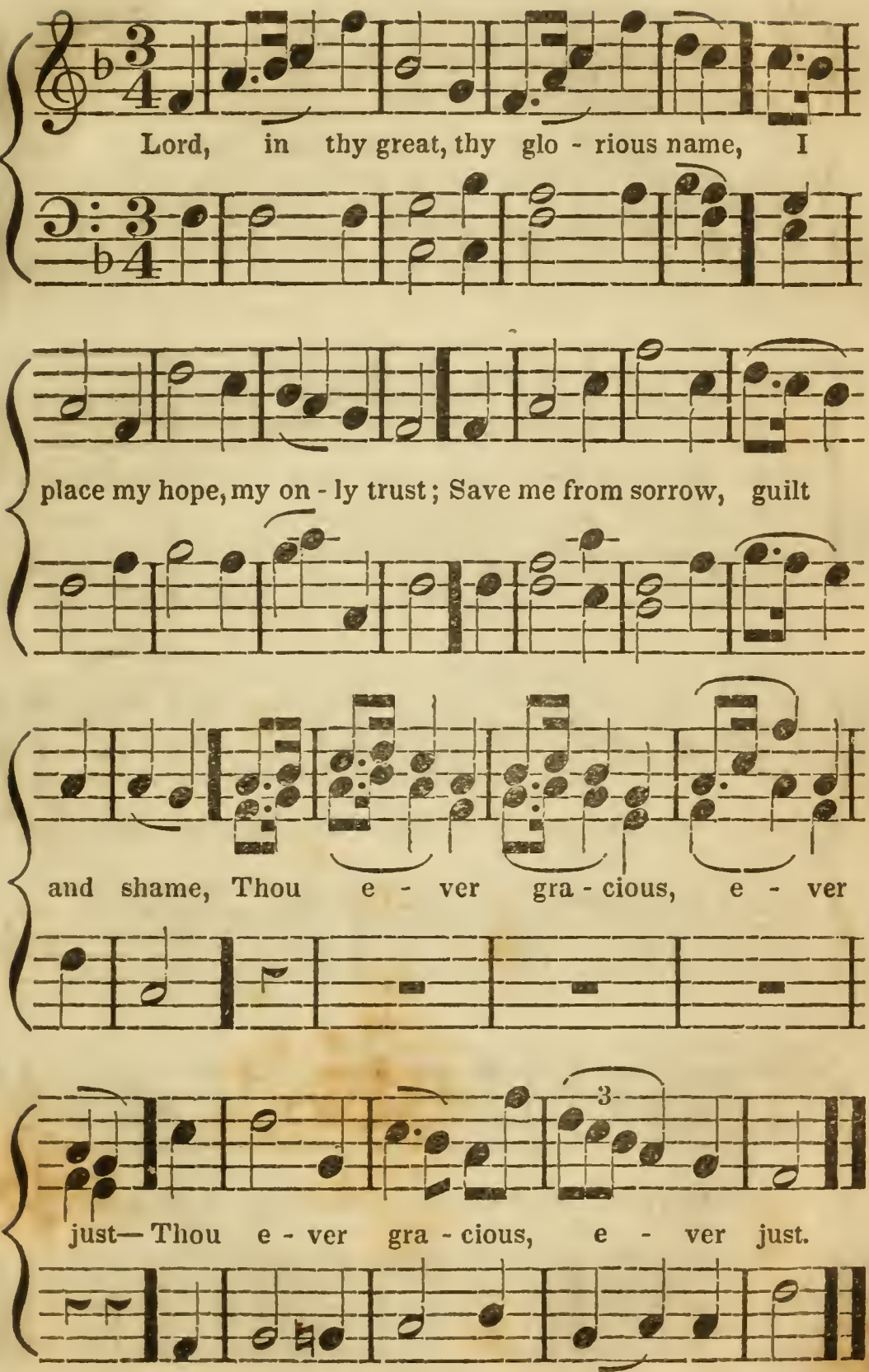

Great God! at-tend while Zi - on sings.
The joy that from thy pre - sence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

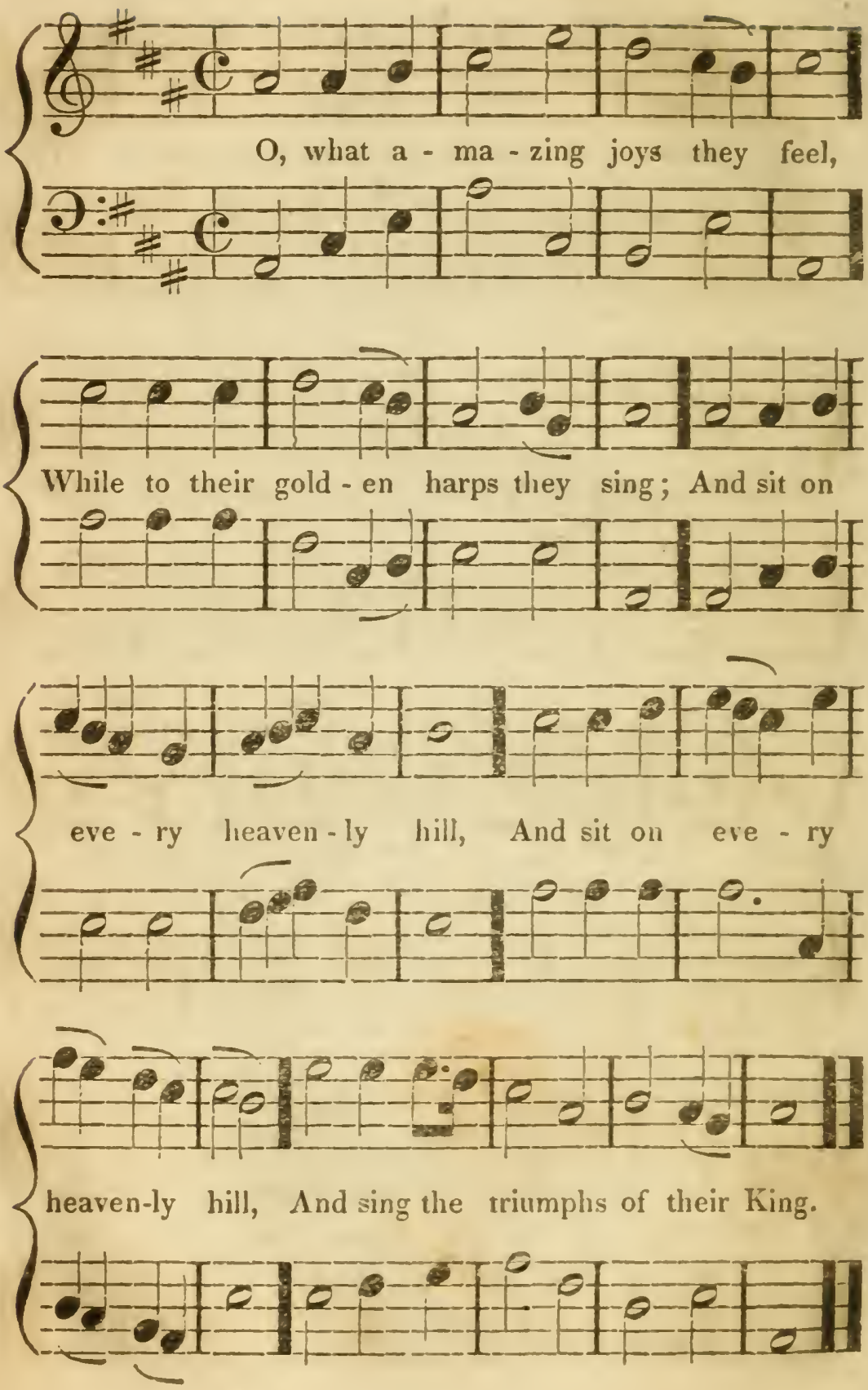

Now let our mourn-ful songs re-
cord, The dy-ing sor-rows of the
Lord; When He com-plain'd in tears and blood,
As one for-sa-ken of his God.

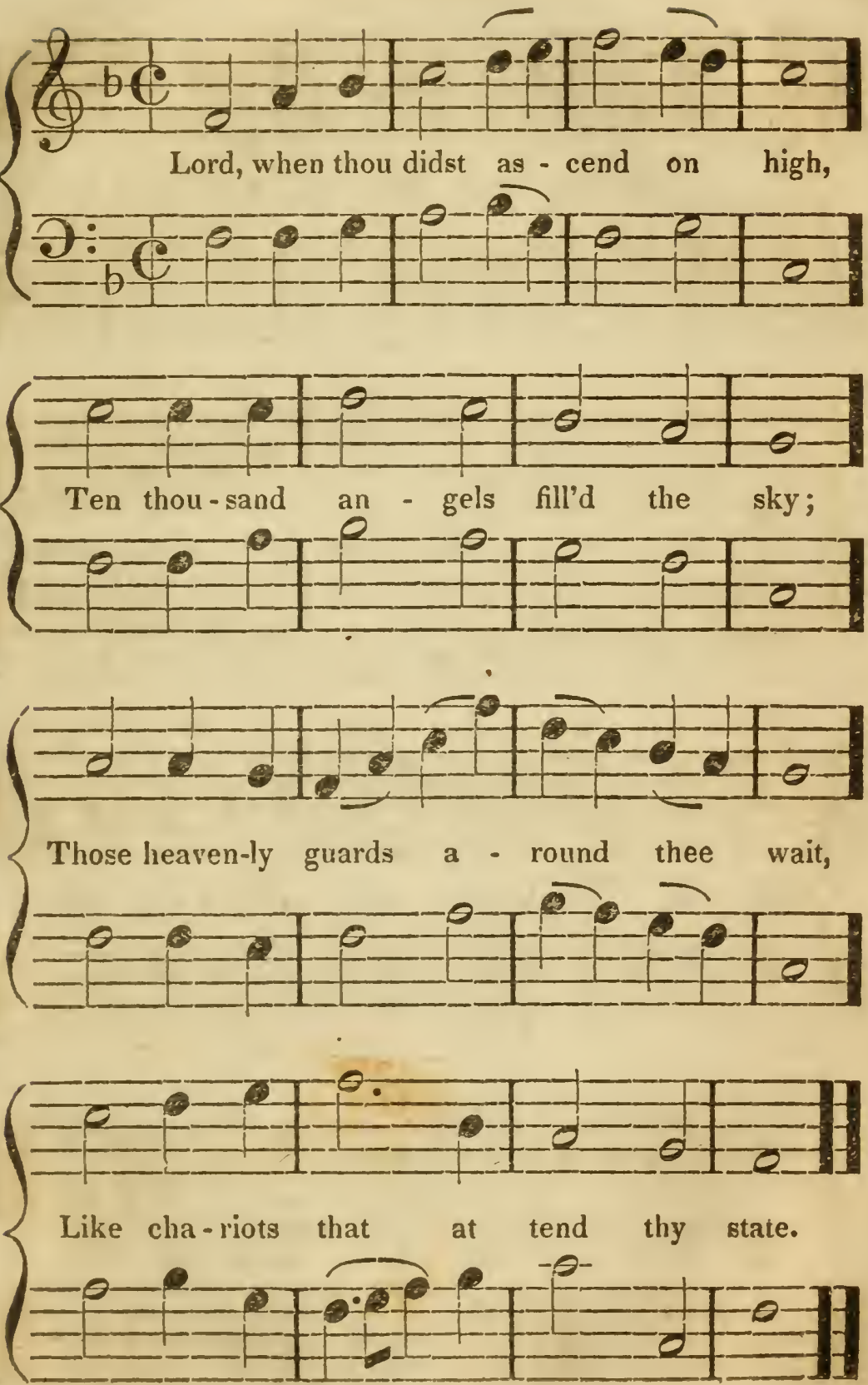

Bright King of glo - ry, dread-ful God,
Our spi - rits bow be - fore thy feet;
To thee we lift an hum - ble thought,
And wor - ship at thine aw - ful seat.


Lord, when thou didst as - cend on high,
Ten thou - sand an - gels fill'd the sky;
Those heaven-ly guards a - round thee wait,
Like cha - riots that at - tend thy state.

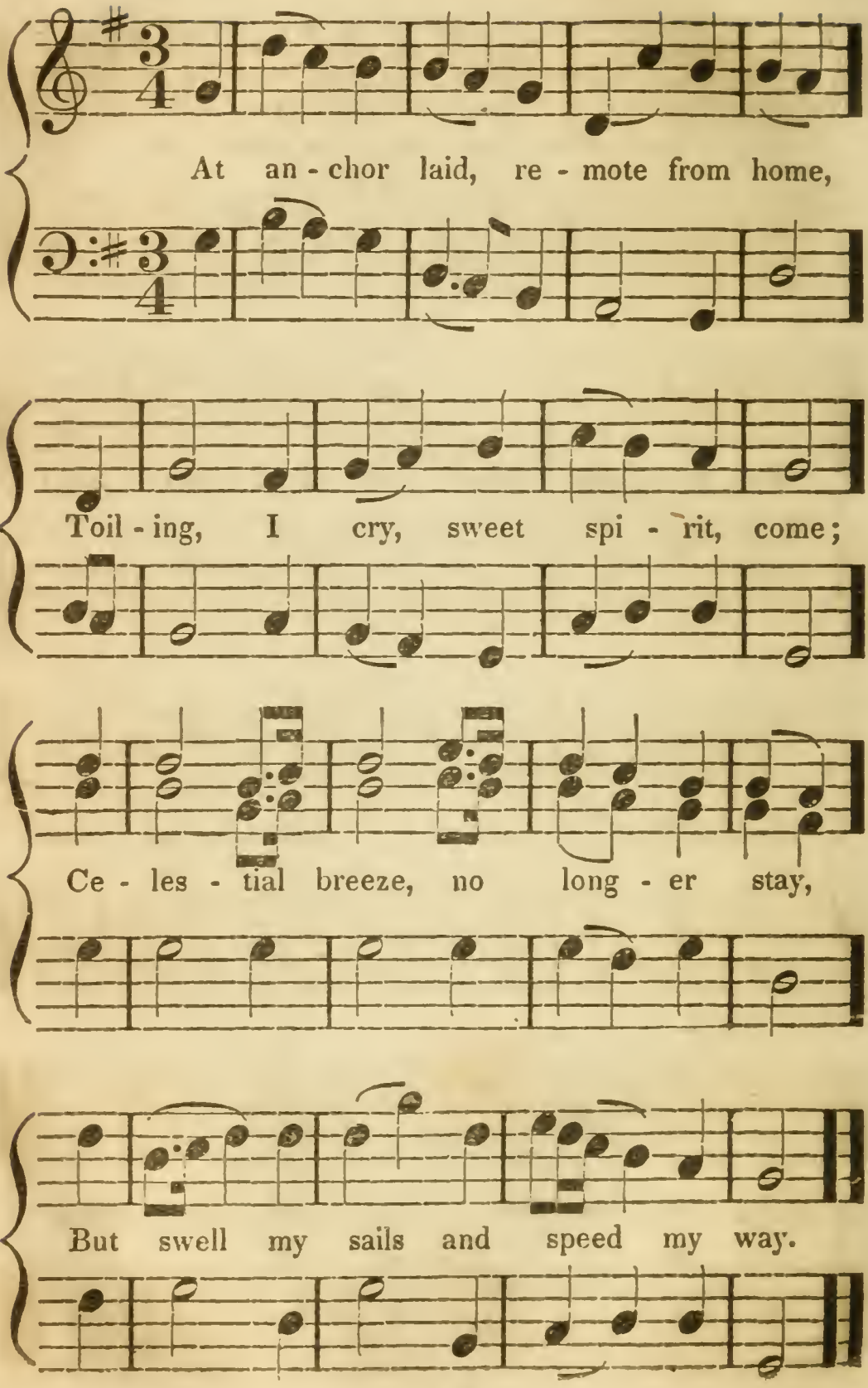

O, all ye peo - ple, clap your hands,
And with trans - port - ed voi - ces sing;
No force the migh - ty power with - stands,
Of God, the u - - ni - ver - sal King.

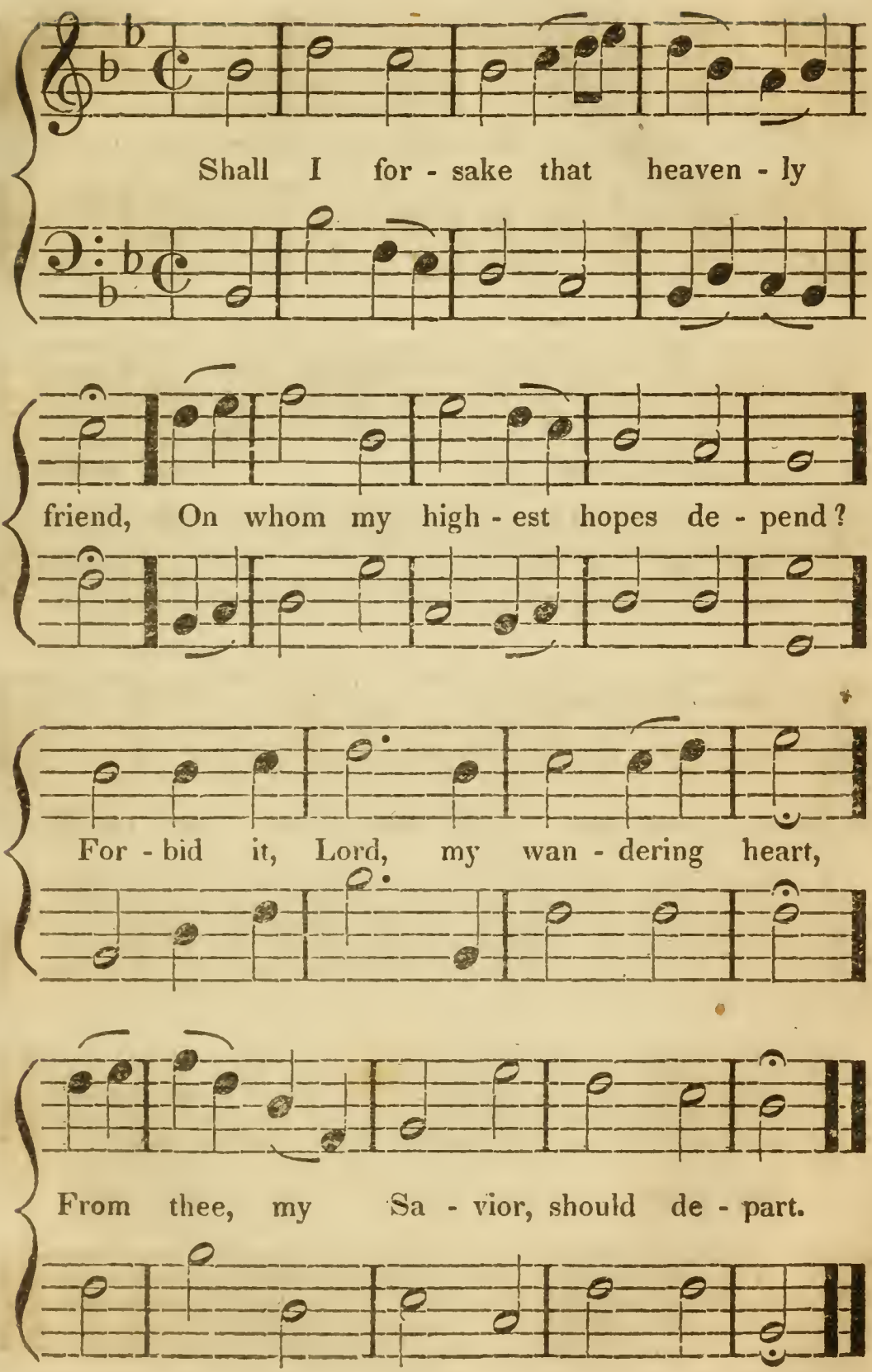

Lord, in thy great, thy glo - rious name, I
place my hope, my on - ly trust; Save me from sorrow, guilt
and shame, Thou e - ver gra - cious, e - ver
3
just— Thou e - ver gra - cious, e - ver just.

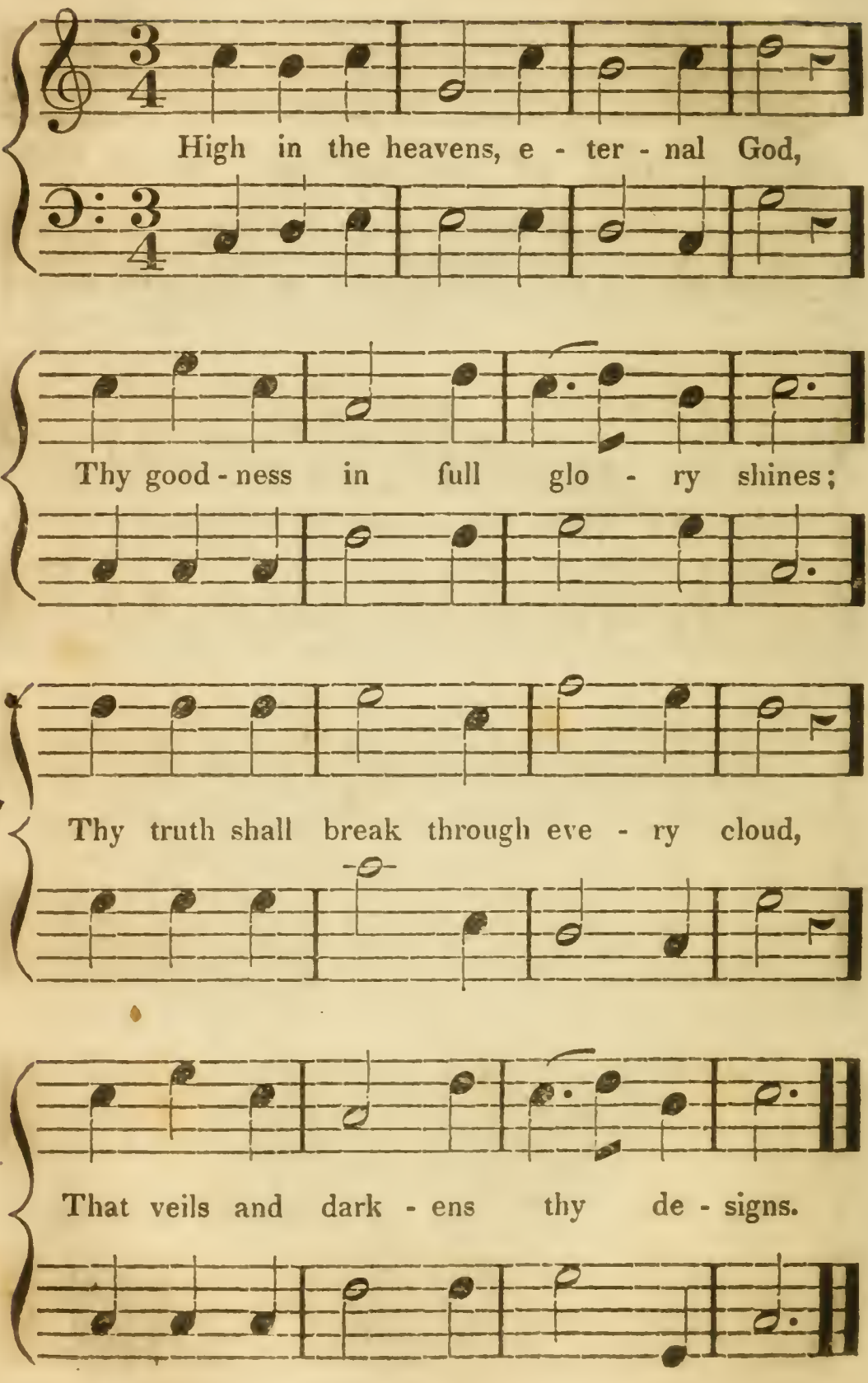

O, what a - ma - zing joys they feel,
While to their gold - en harps they sing; And sit on
eve - ry heaven - ly hill, And sit on eve - ry
heaven-ly hill, And sing the triumphs of their King.

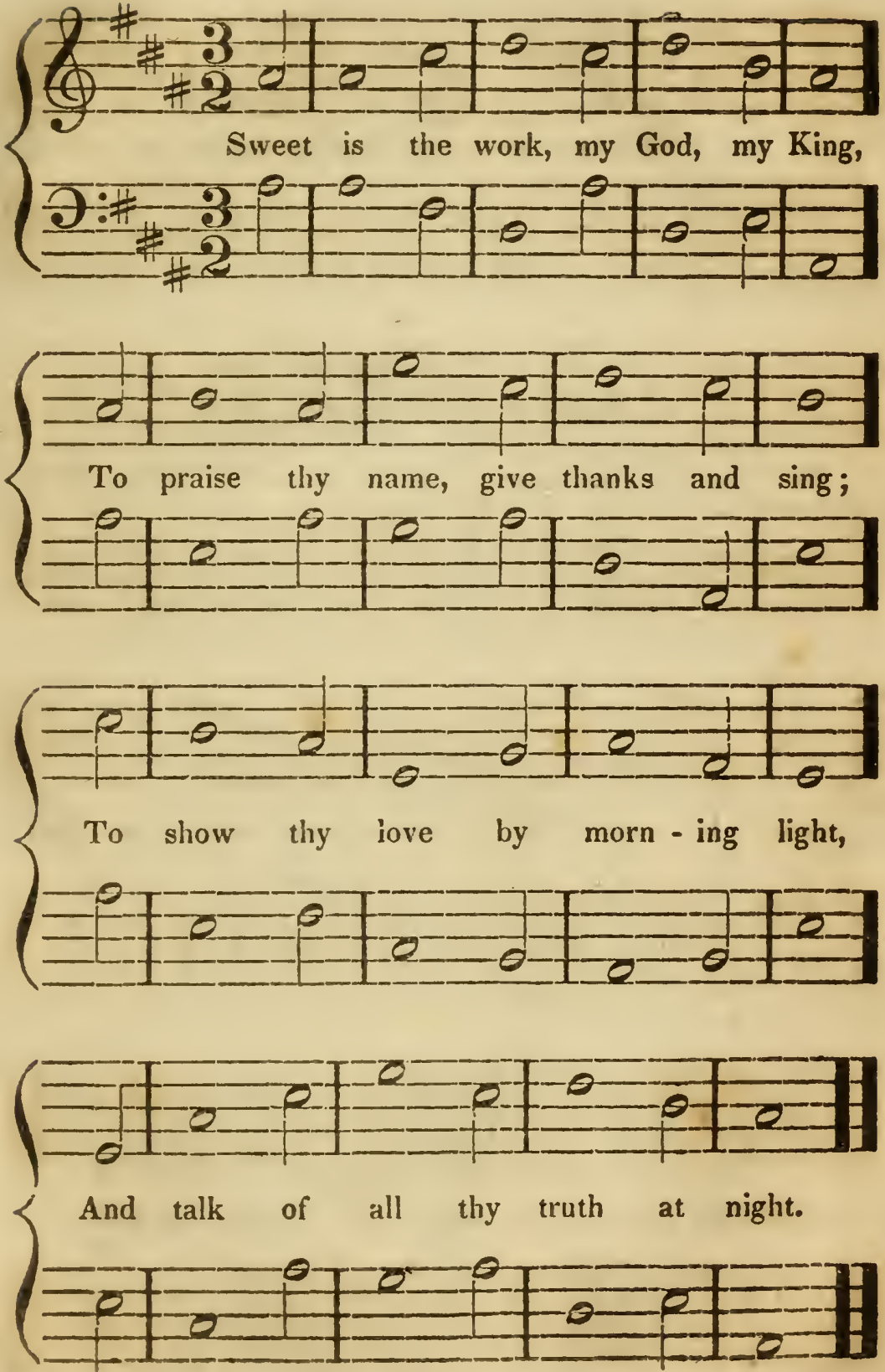

Lord, when thou didst as - cend on high,
Ten thou - sand an - gels fill'd the sky;
Those heaven-ly guards a - round thee wait,
Like cha - riots that at tend thy state.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

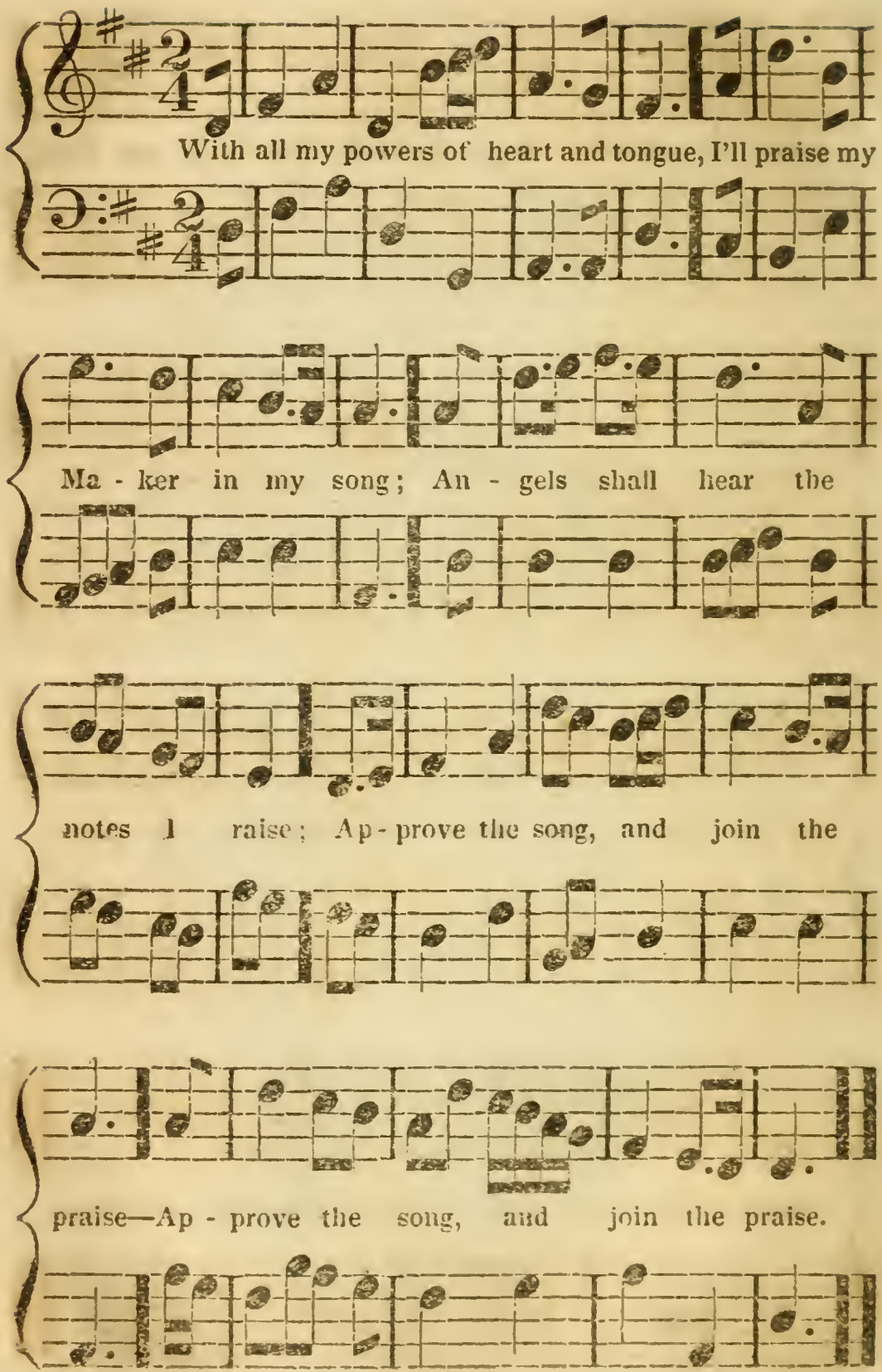


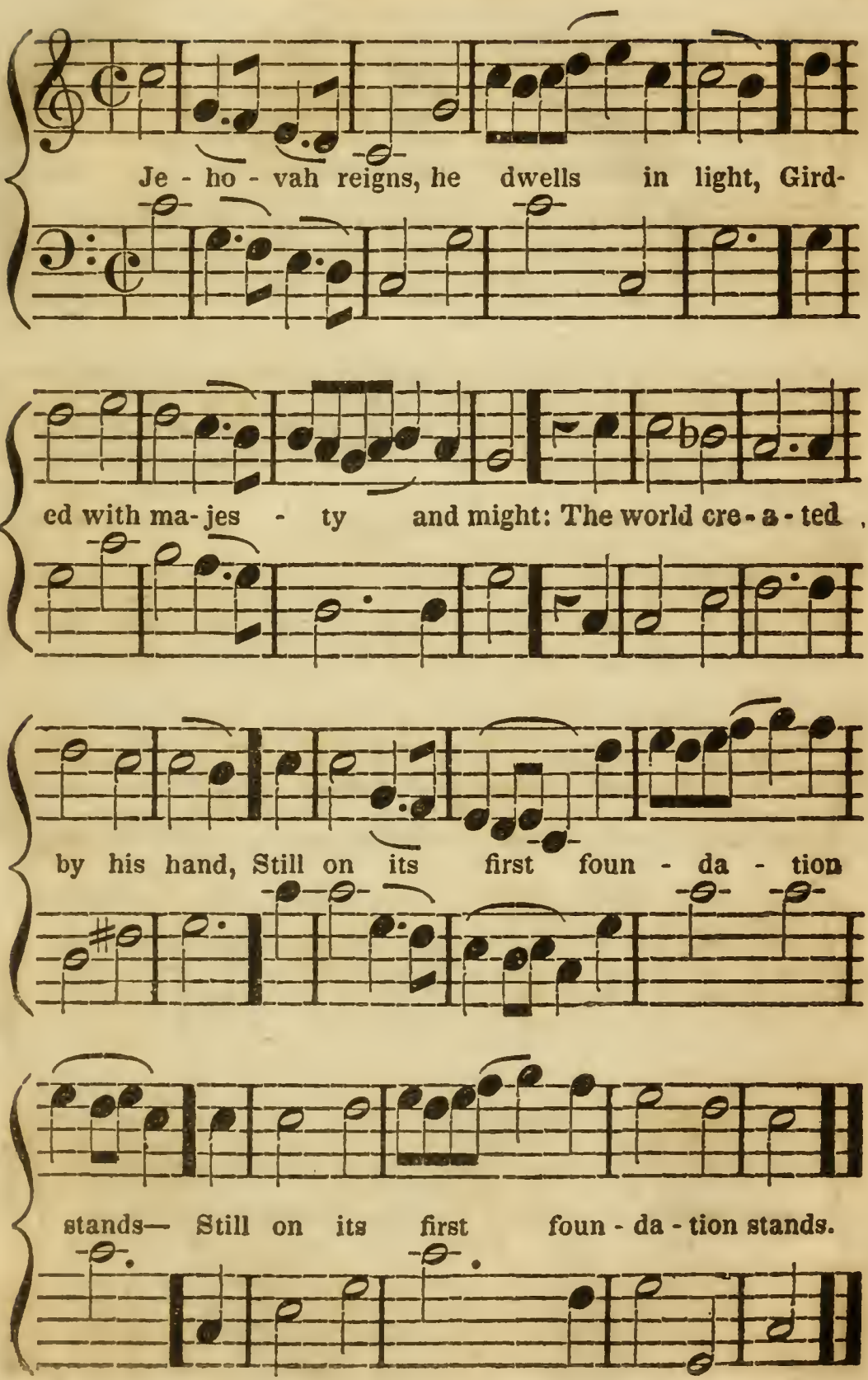

Shall I for - sake that heaven - ly
friend, On whom my high - est hopes de - pend?
For - bid it, Lord, my wan - dering heart,
From thee, my Sa - vior, should de - part.


High in the heavens, e - ter - nal God,
Thy good - ness in full glo - ry shines;
Thy truth shall break through eve - ry cloud,
That veils and dark - ens thy de - signs.

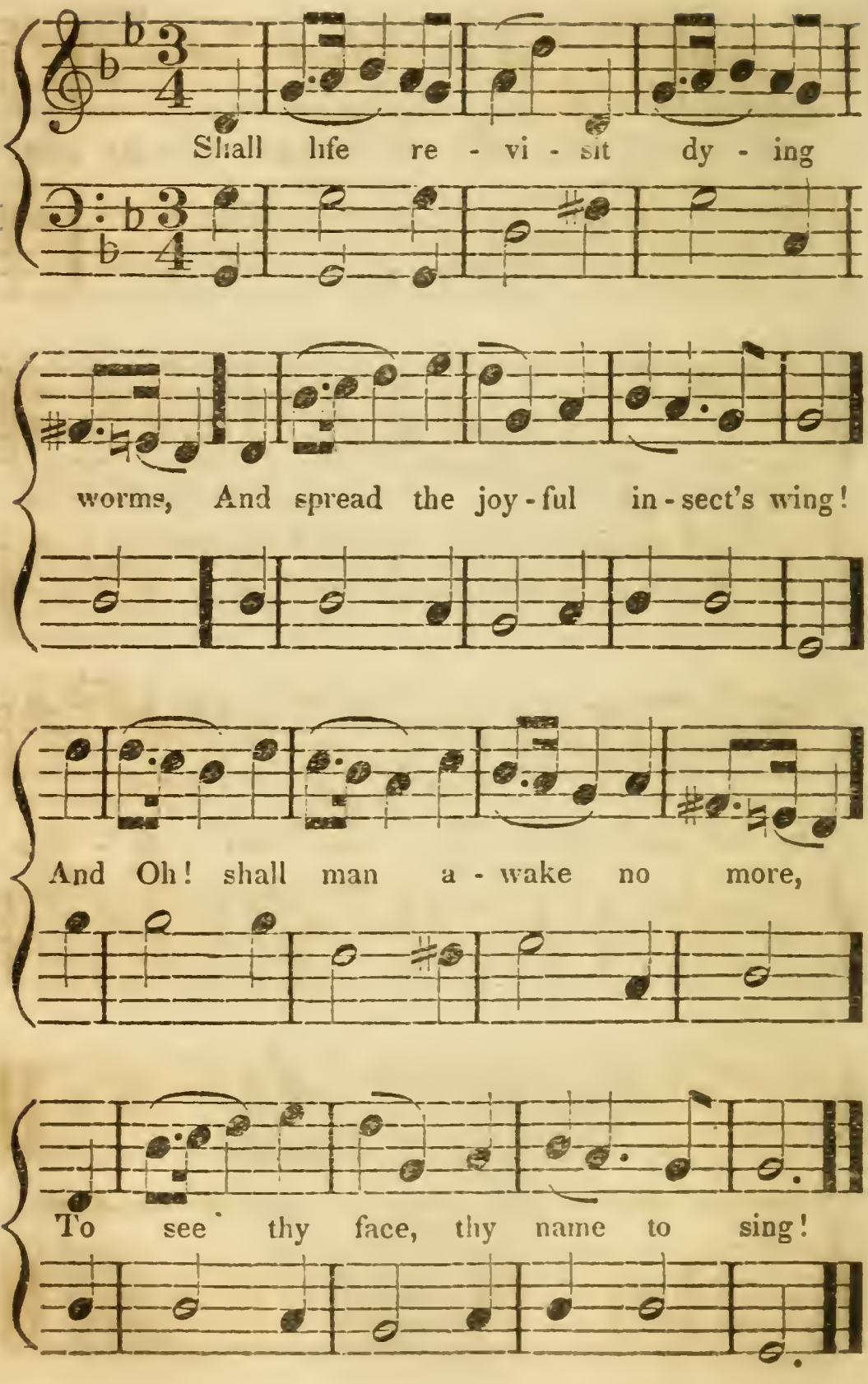

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morn - ing light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

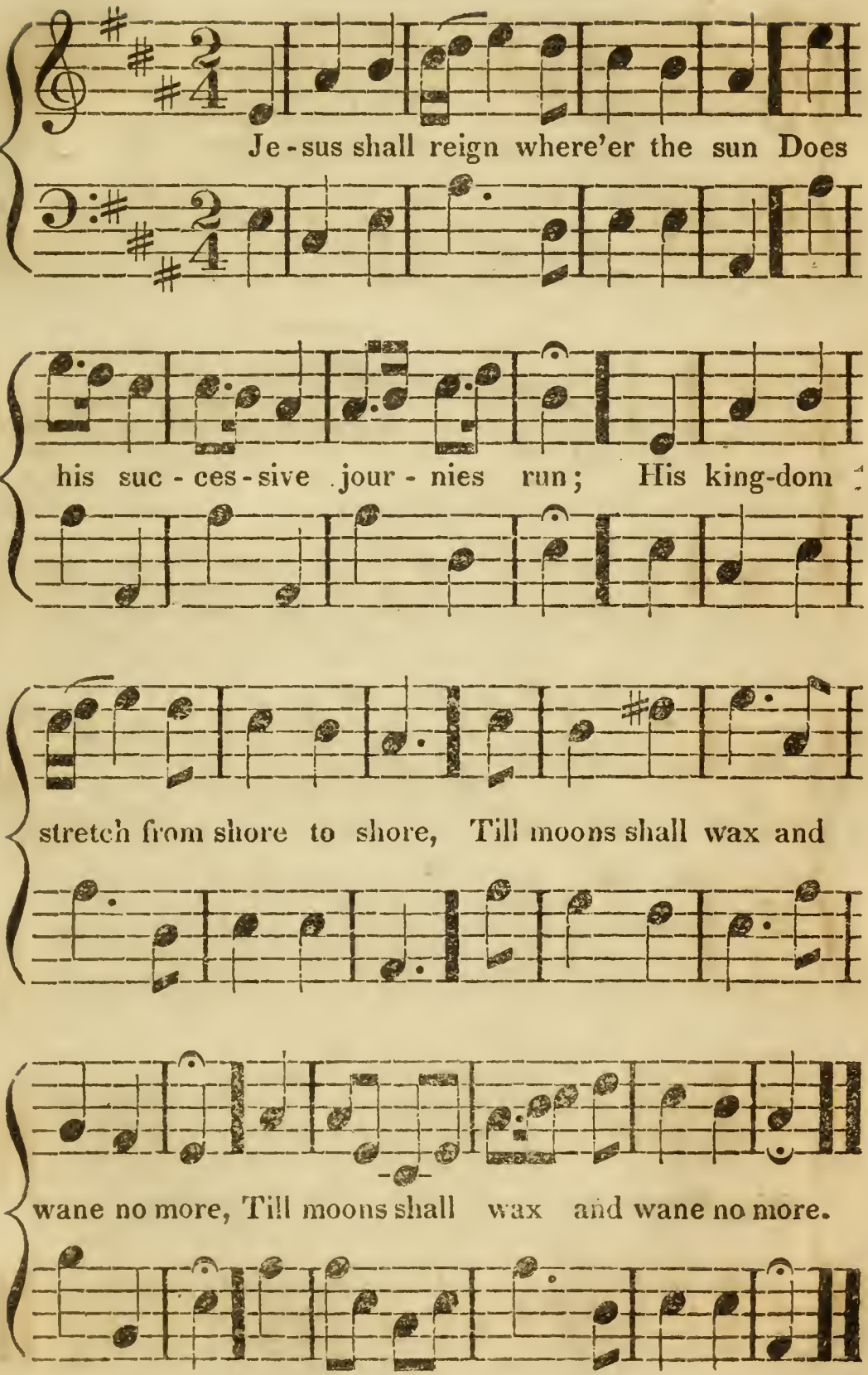
HINTON. L. M.

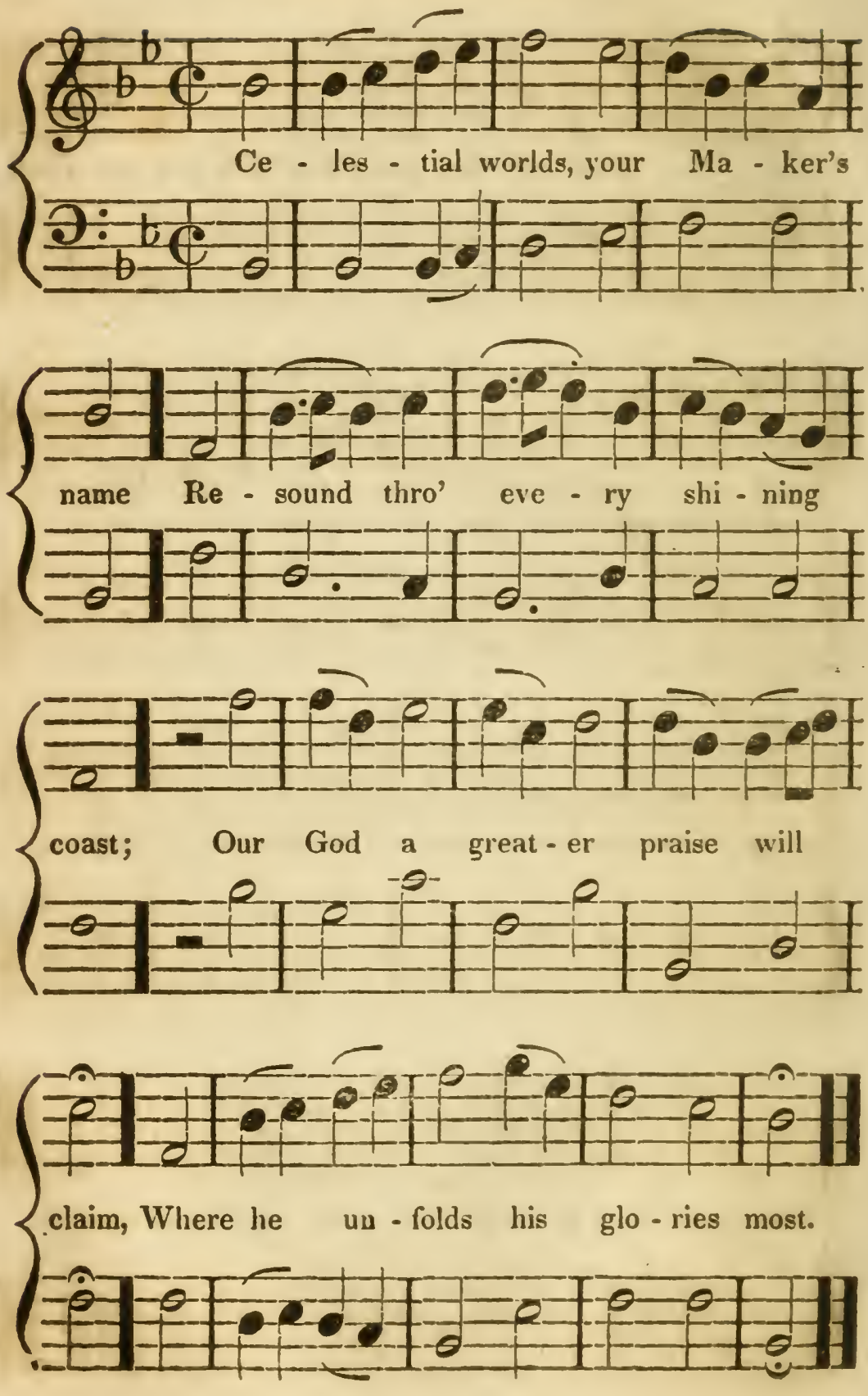

With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my
Ma - ker in my song; An - gels shall hear the
notes I raise; Ap - prove the song, and join the
praise—Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.

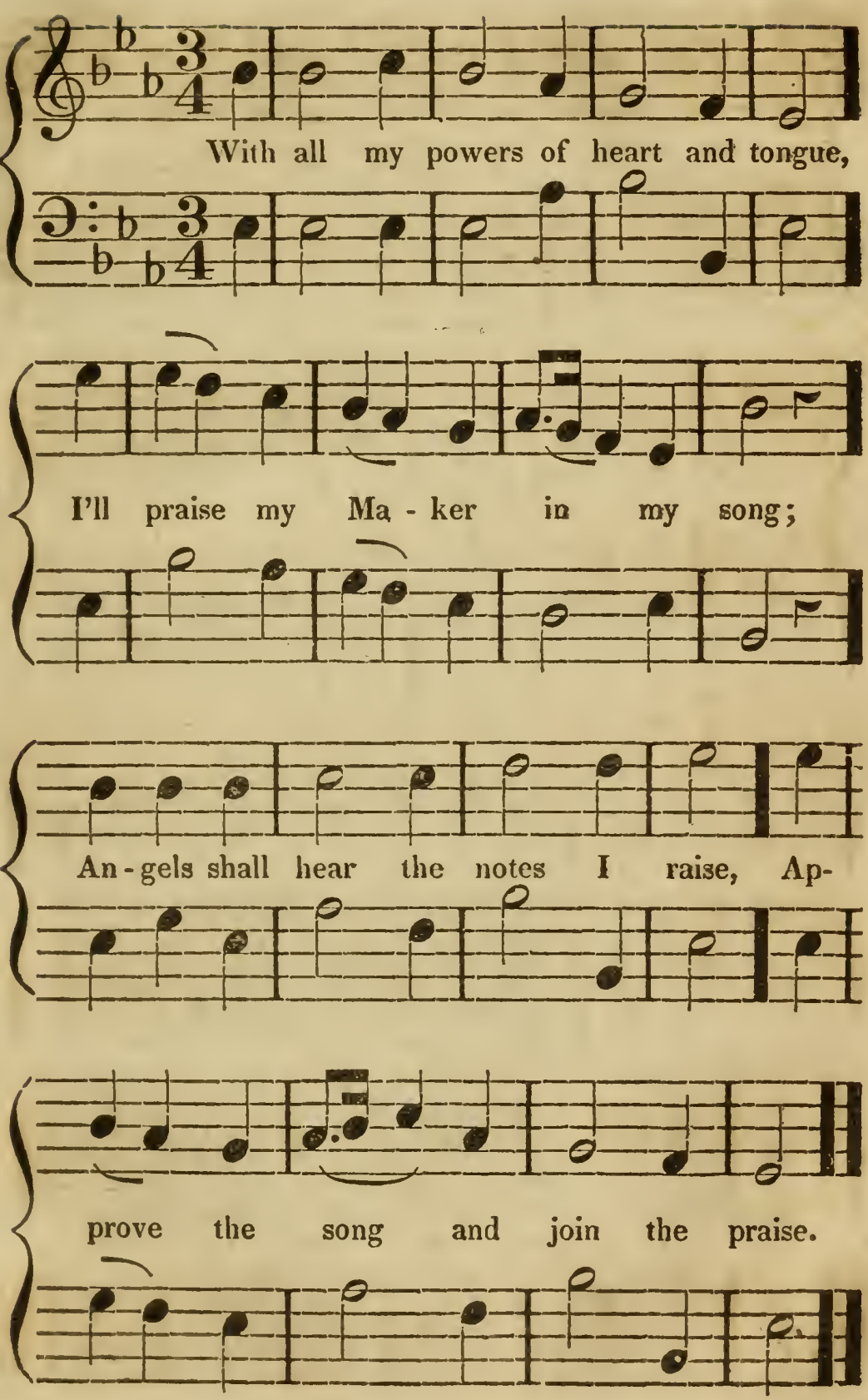

Je - ho - vah reigns, he dwells in light, Gird-
ed with ma-jes - ty and might: The world cre-a-ted
by his hand, Still on its first foun - da - tion
stands— Still on its first foun - da - tion stands.

KINGSBRIDGE. L. M.

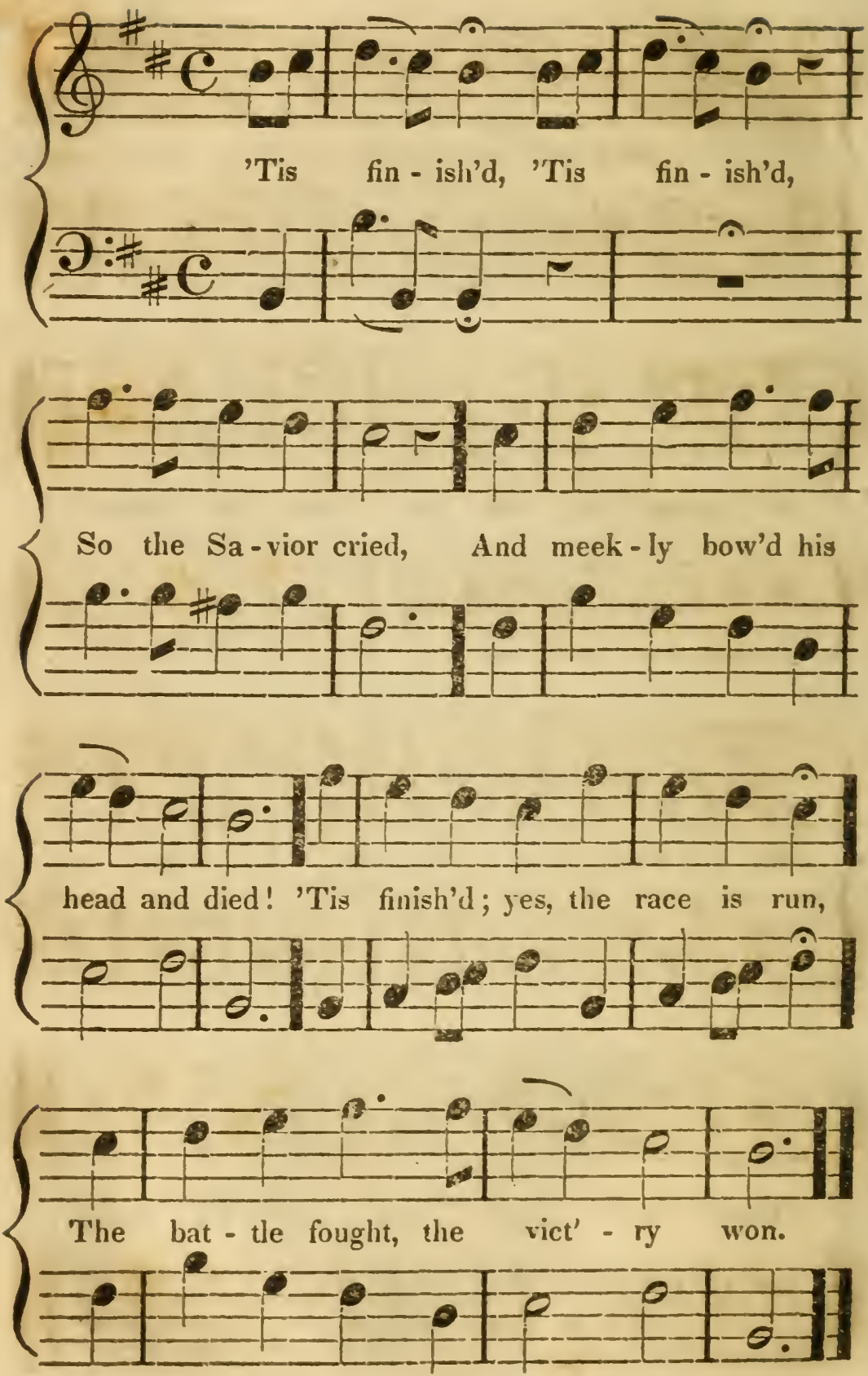


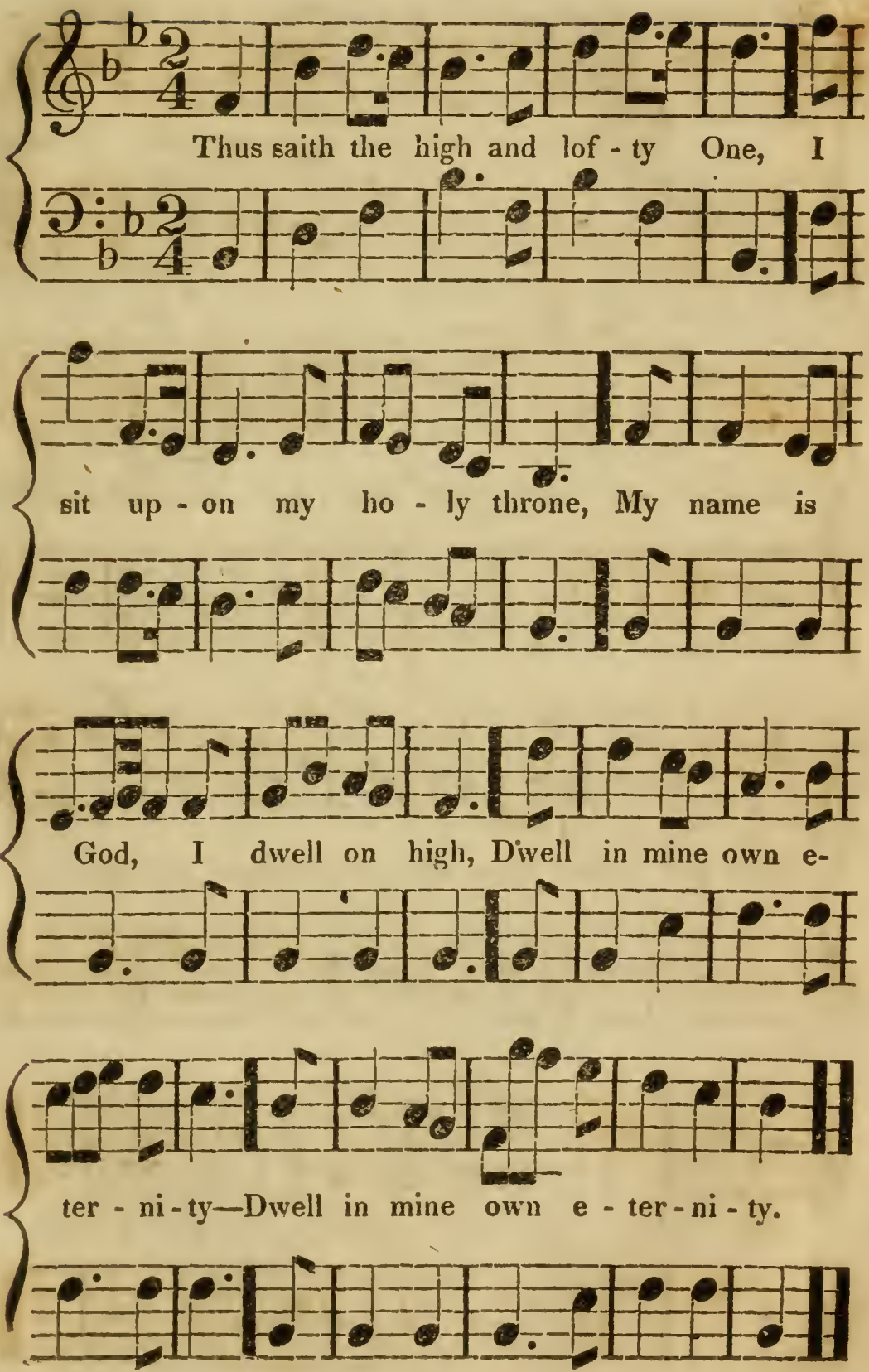

Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does
his suc-ces-sive jour-nies run; His king-dom
stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and
wane no more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

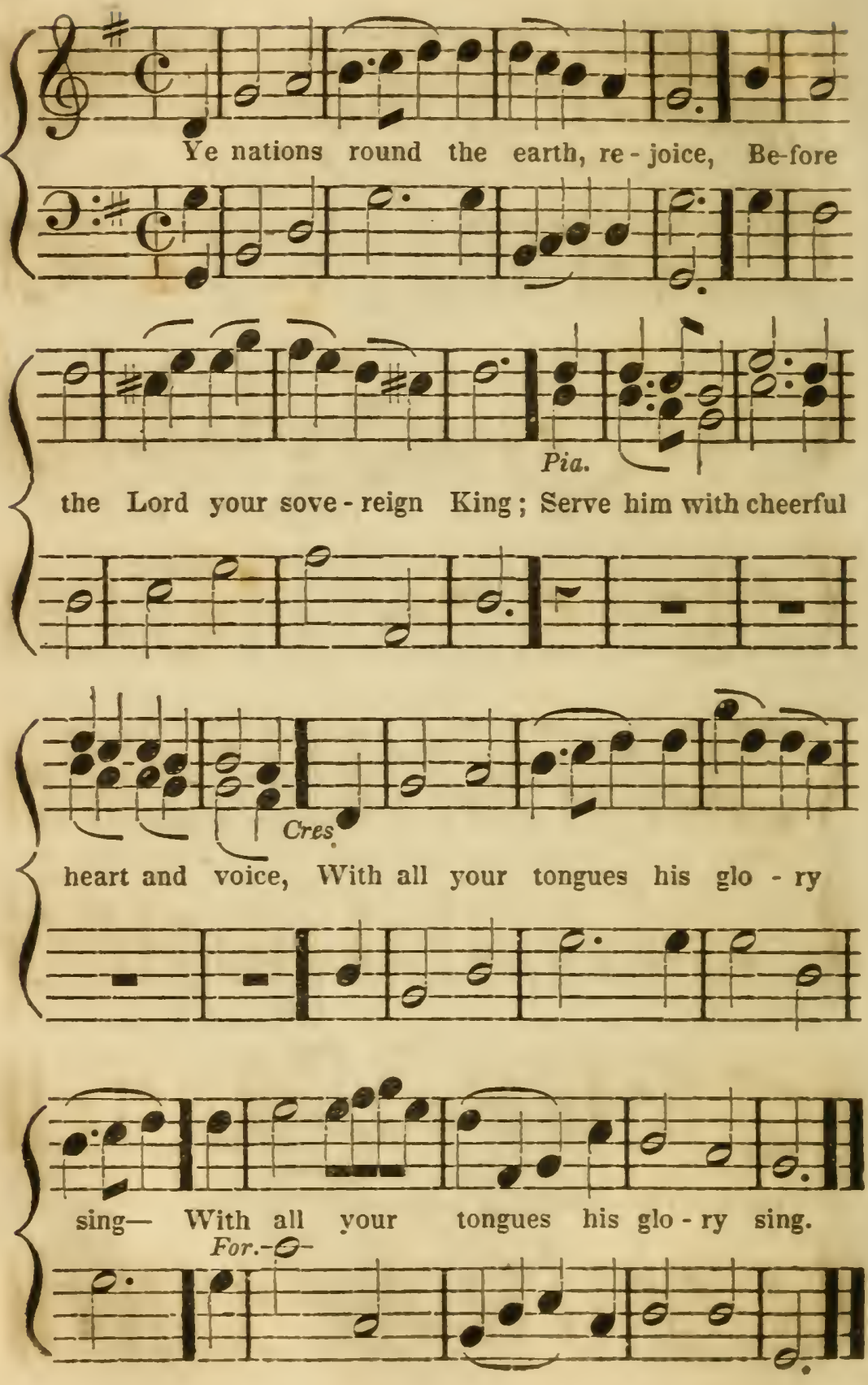

Ce - les - tial worlds, your Ma - ker's
name Re - sound thro' eve - ry shi - ning
coast; Our God a great - er praise will
claim, Where he un - folds his glo - ries most.

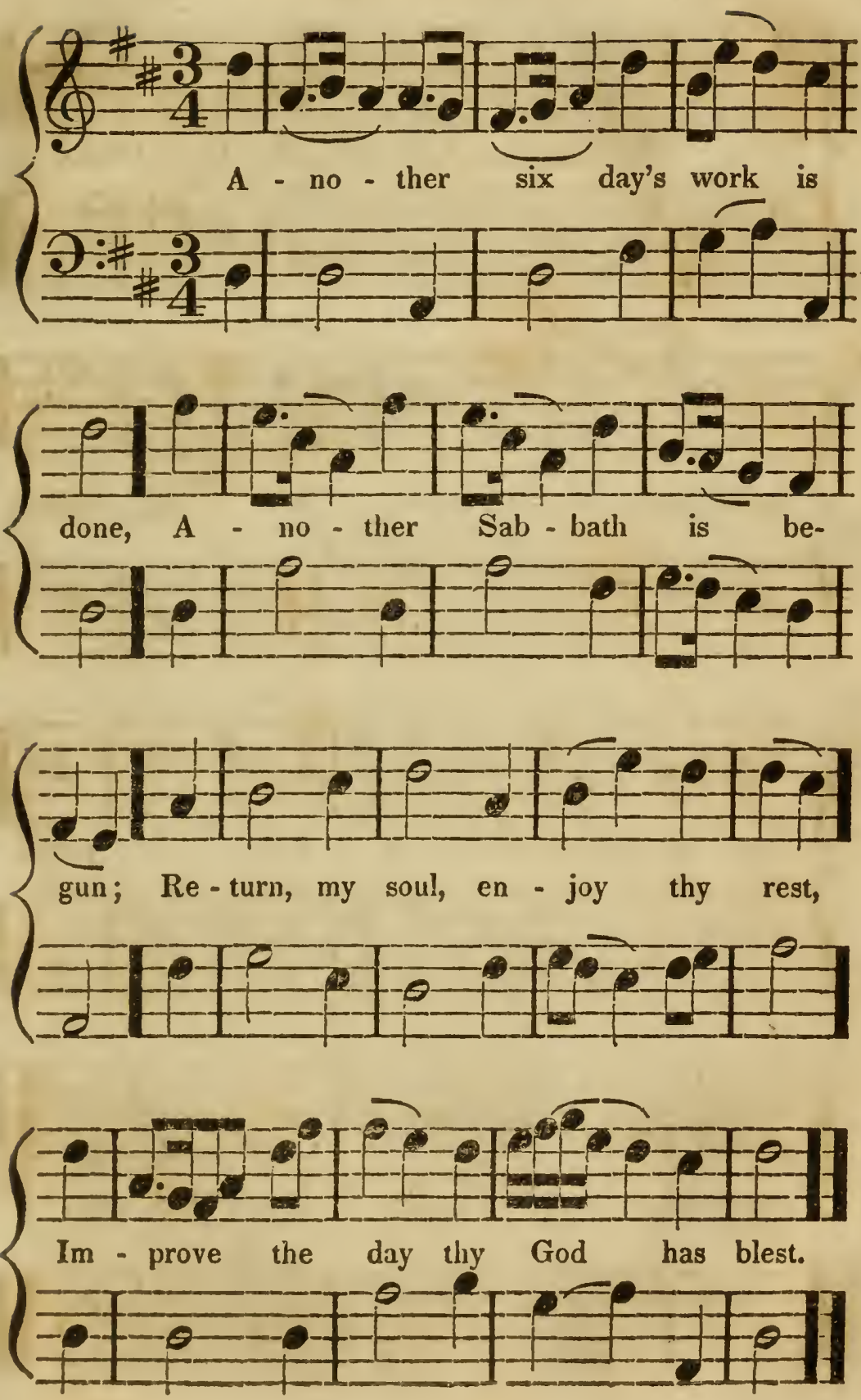

With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Ma - ker in my song;
An - gels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap-
prove the song and join the praise.

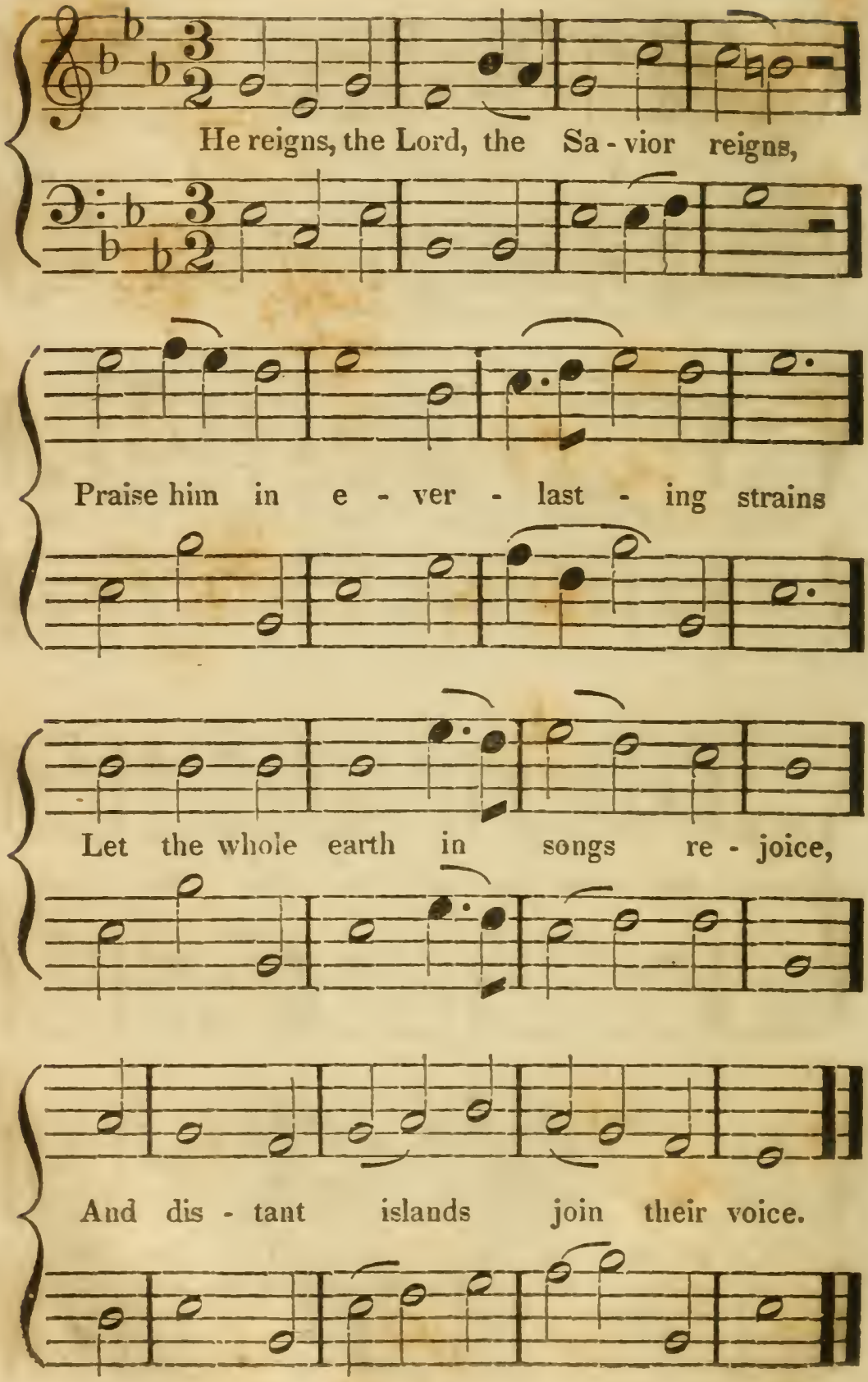
MUNICH. L. M.

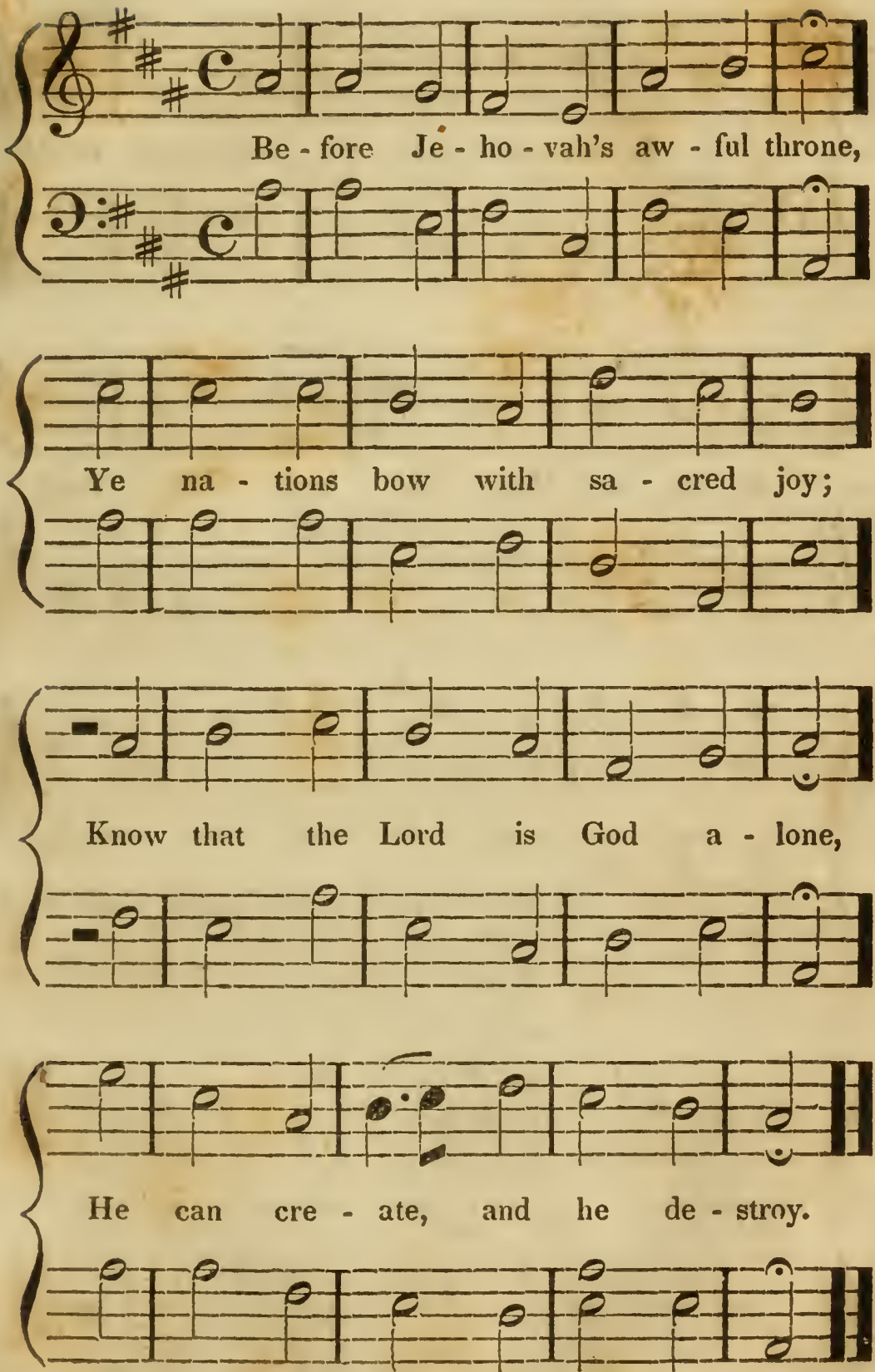

'Tis fin - ish'd, 'Tis fin - ish'd,
So the Sa - vior cried, And meek - ly bow'd his
head and died! 'Tis finish'd; yes, the race is run,
The bat - tle fought, the vict' - ry won.

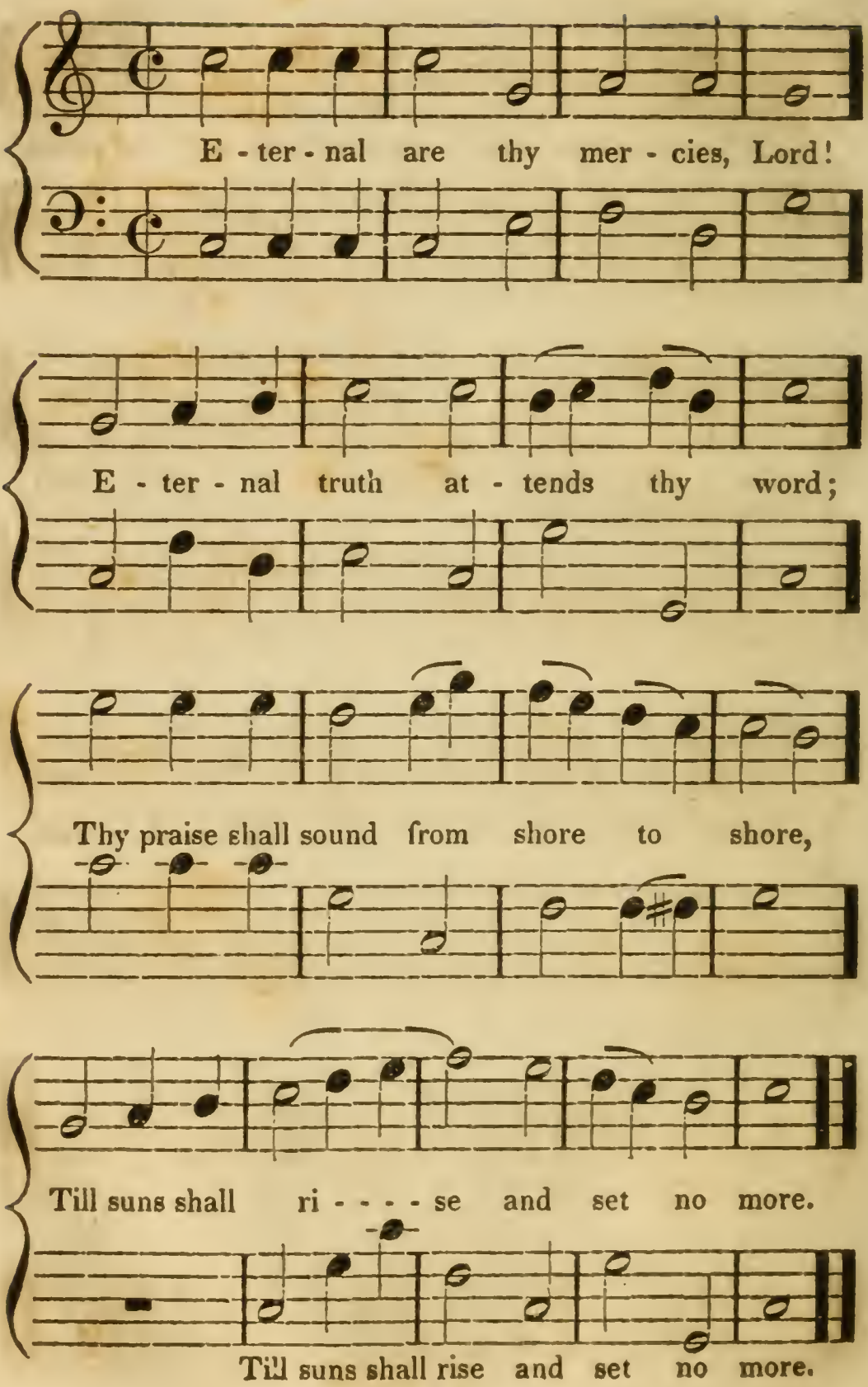

Thus saith the high and lof - ty One, I
sit up - on my ho - ly throne, My name is
God, I dwell on high, Dwell in mine own e-
ter - ni - ty—Dwell in mine own e - ter - ni - ty.

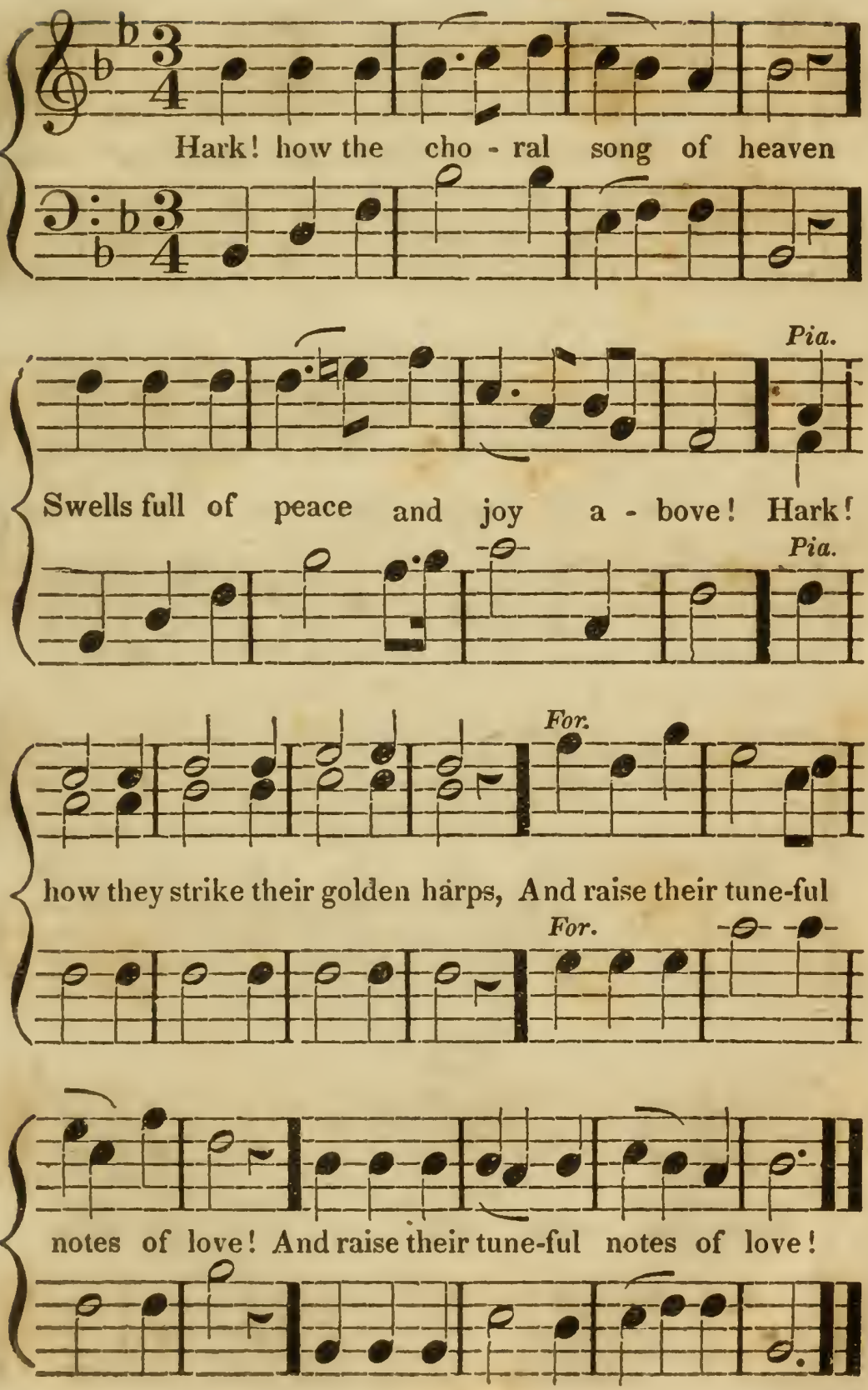

Ye nations round the earth, re - joice, Be-fore
Pia.
the Lord your sove - reign King; Serve him with cheerful
Cres.
heart and voice, With all your tongues his glo - ry
sing— With all your tongues his glo - ry sing.
For.


A - no - ther six day's work is
done, A - no - ther Sab - bath is be-
gun; Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest,
Im - prove the day thy God has blest.

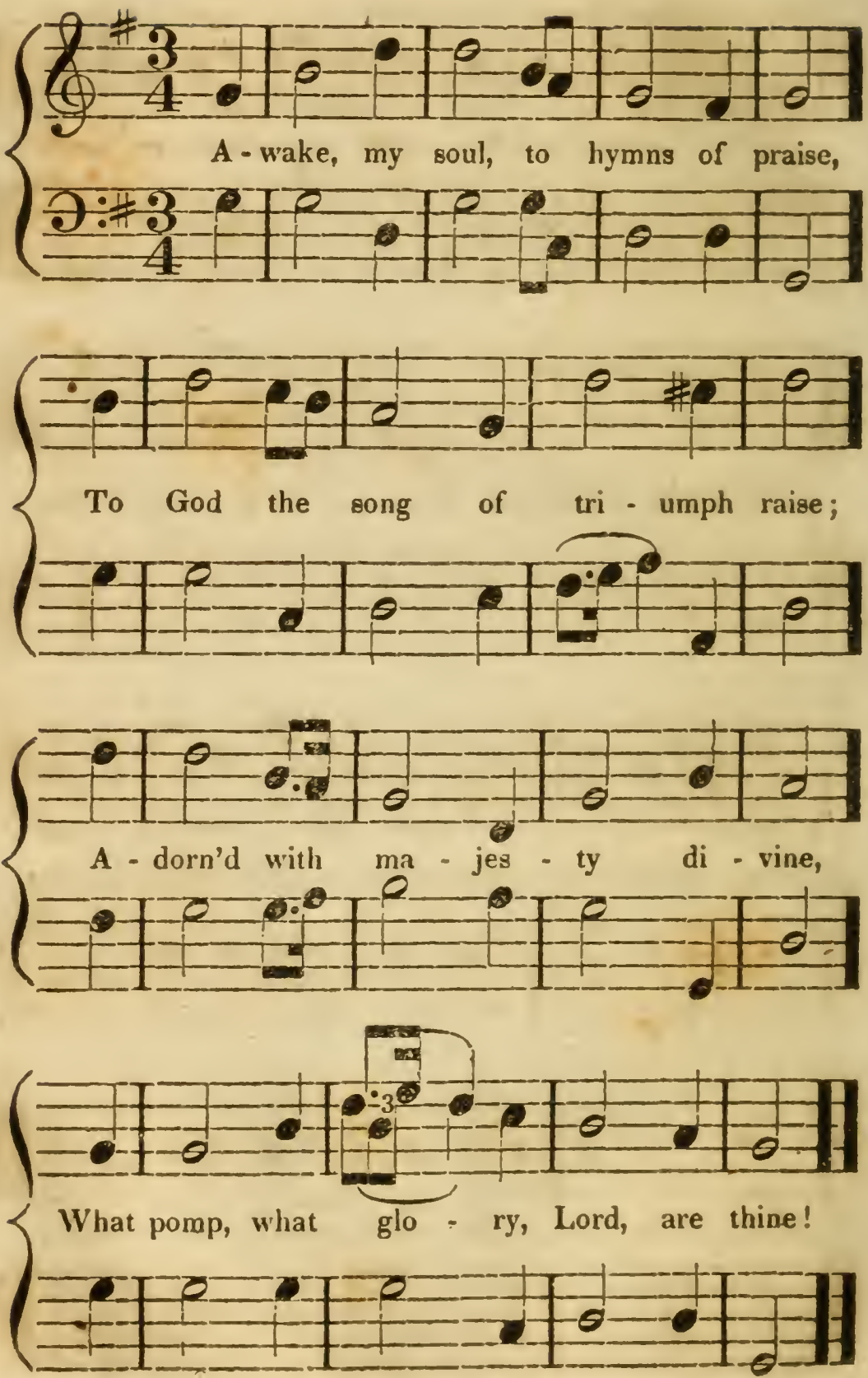

He reigns, the Lord, the Sa - vior reigns,
Praise him in e - ver - last - ing strains
Let the whole earth in songs re - joice,
And dis - tant islands join their voice.

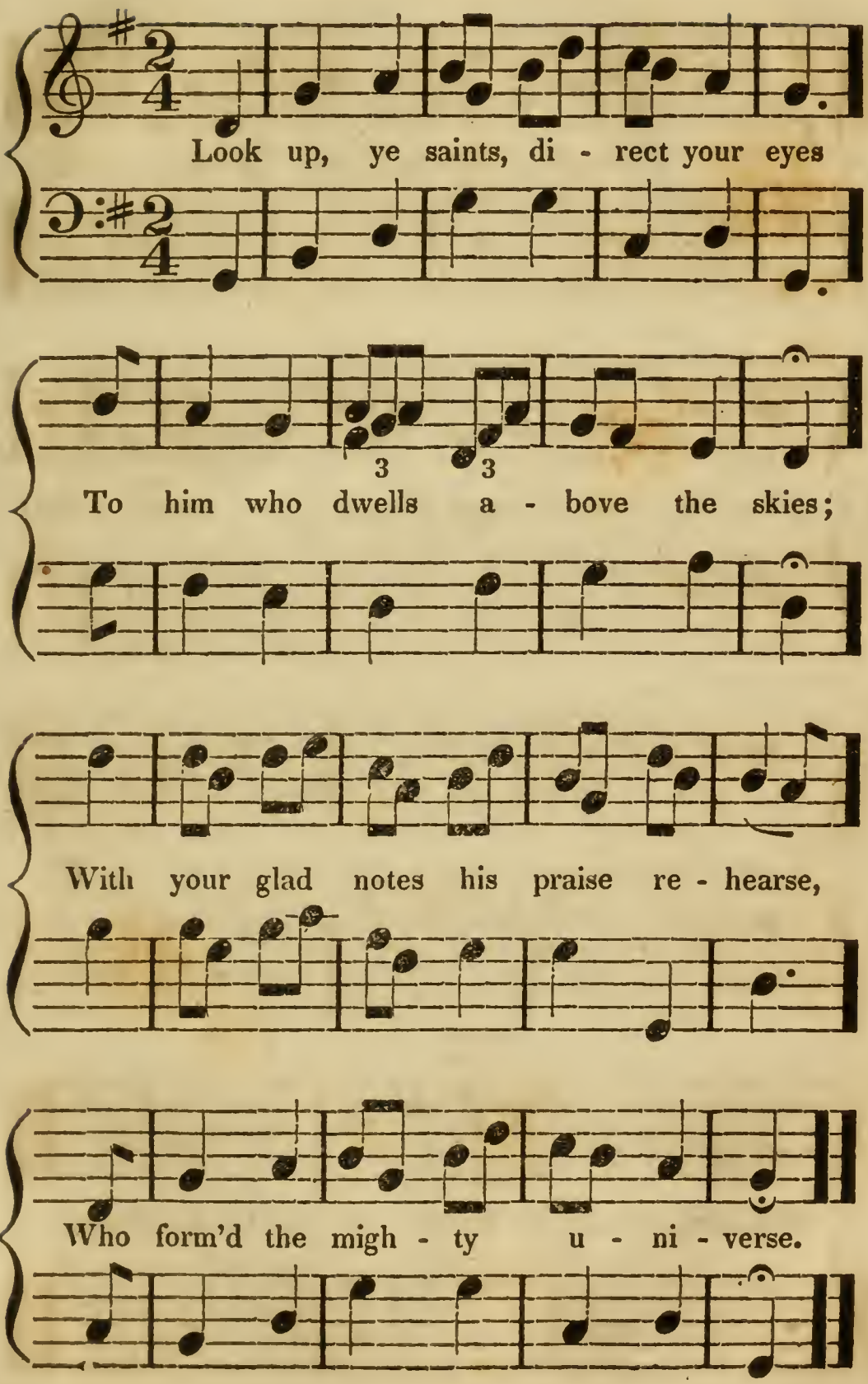

Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne,
Ye na - tions bow with sa - cred joy;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone,
He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.

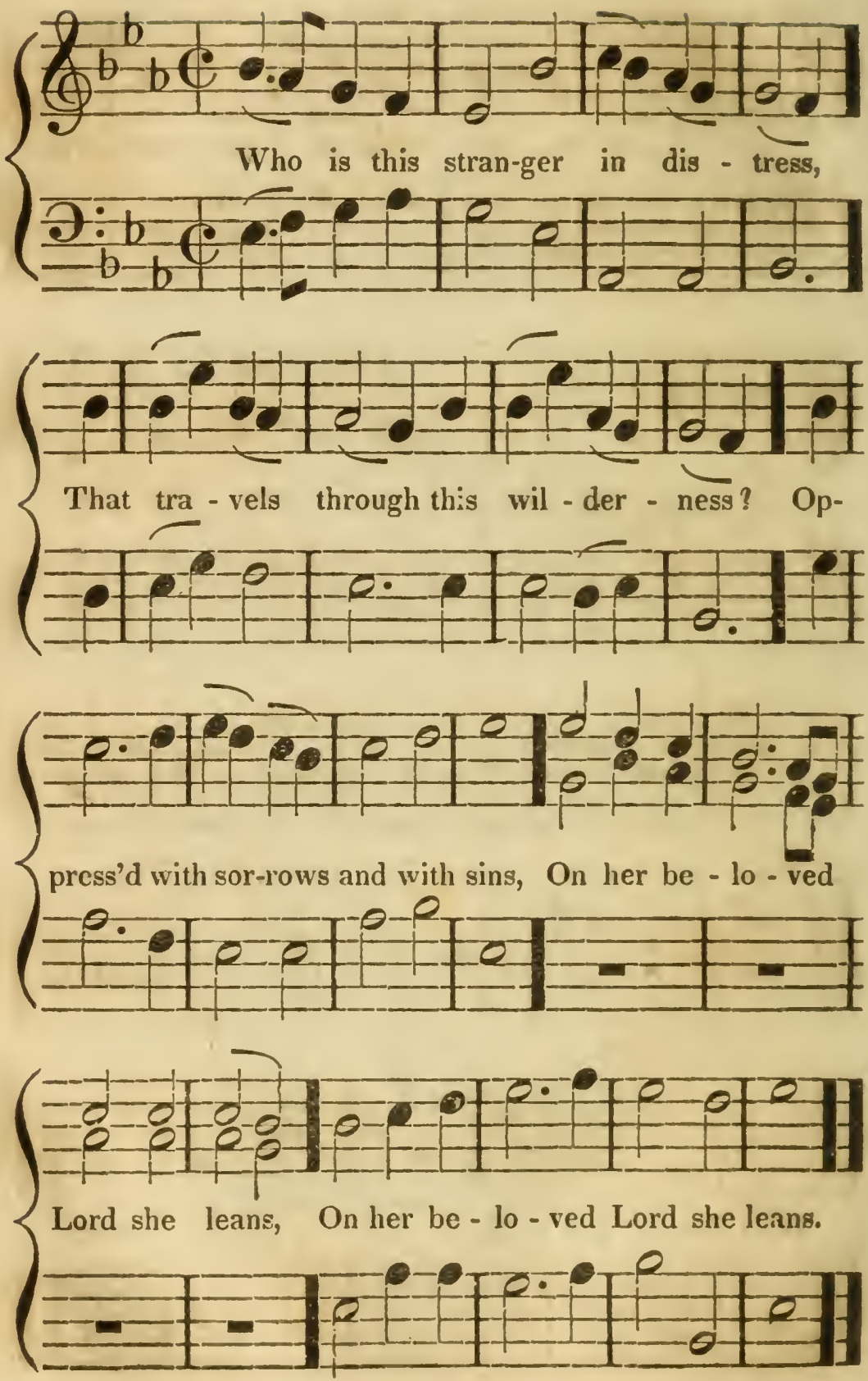

E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord!
E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall ri - - - - se and set no more.
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

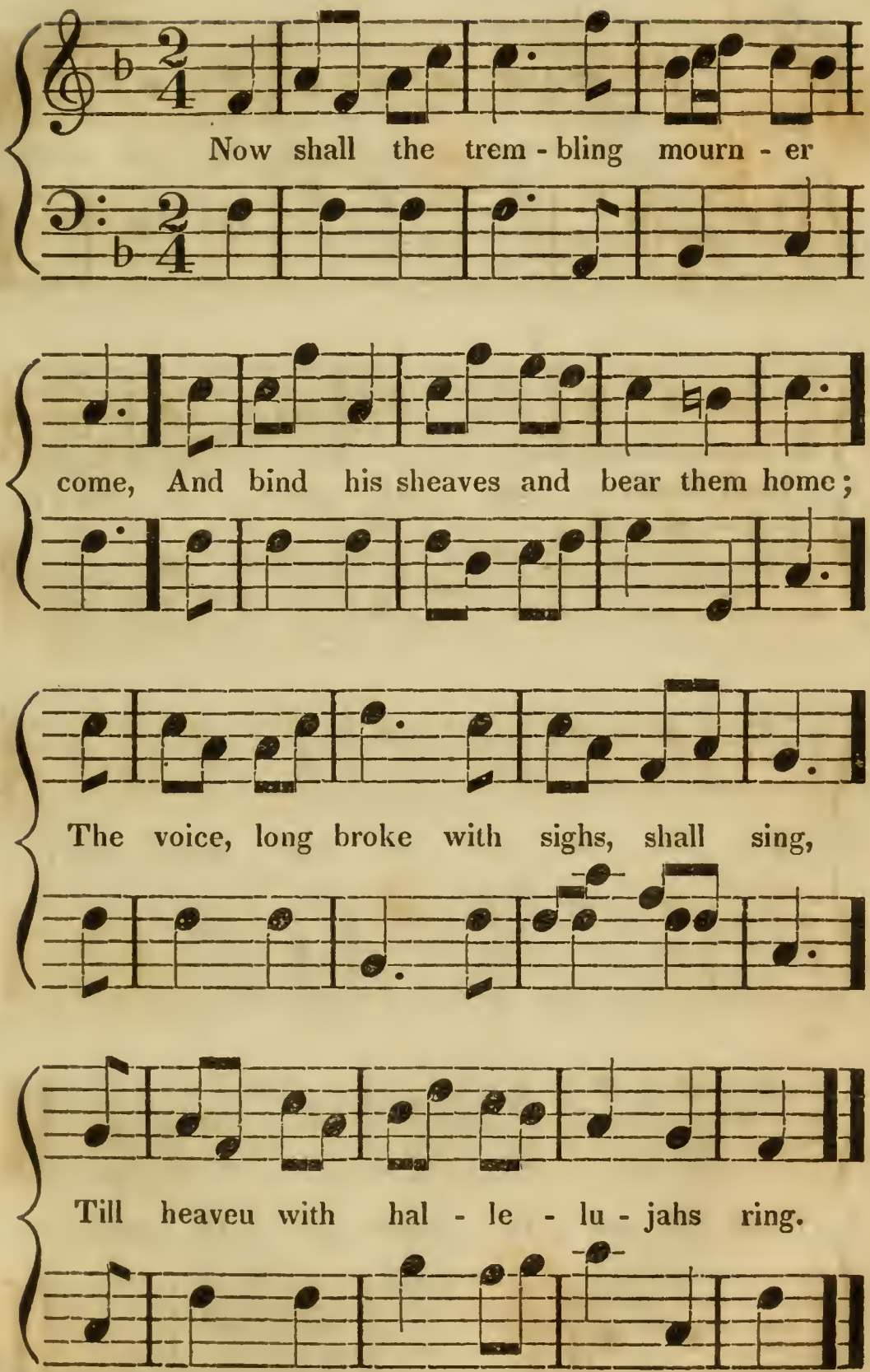

Hark! how the cho - ral song of heaven
Pia.
Swells full of peace and joy a - bove! Hark!
Pia.
For.
how they strike their golden harps, And raise their tune-ful
For.
notes of love! And raise their tune-ful notes of love!

PILESGROVE. L. M.

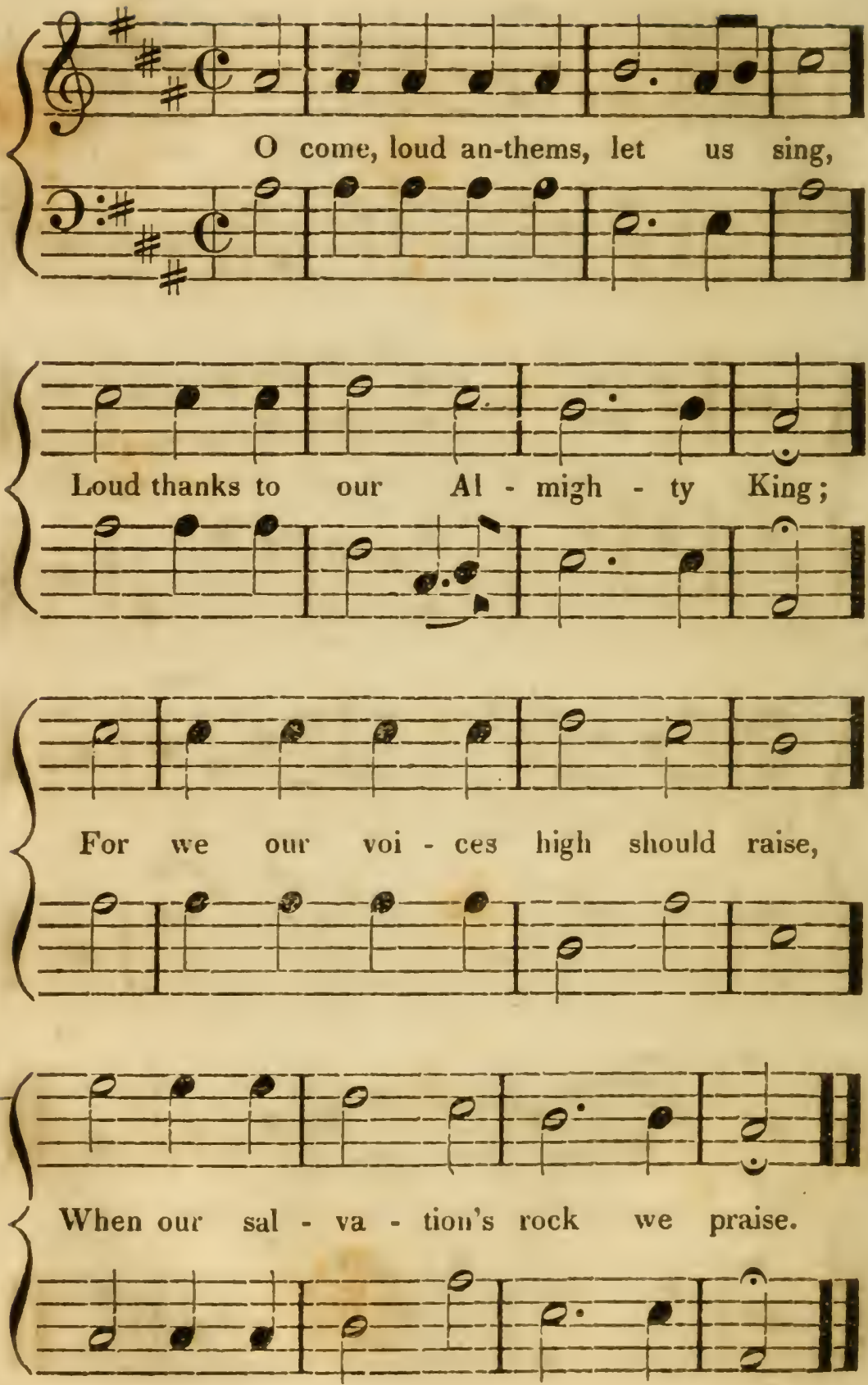


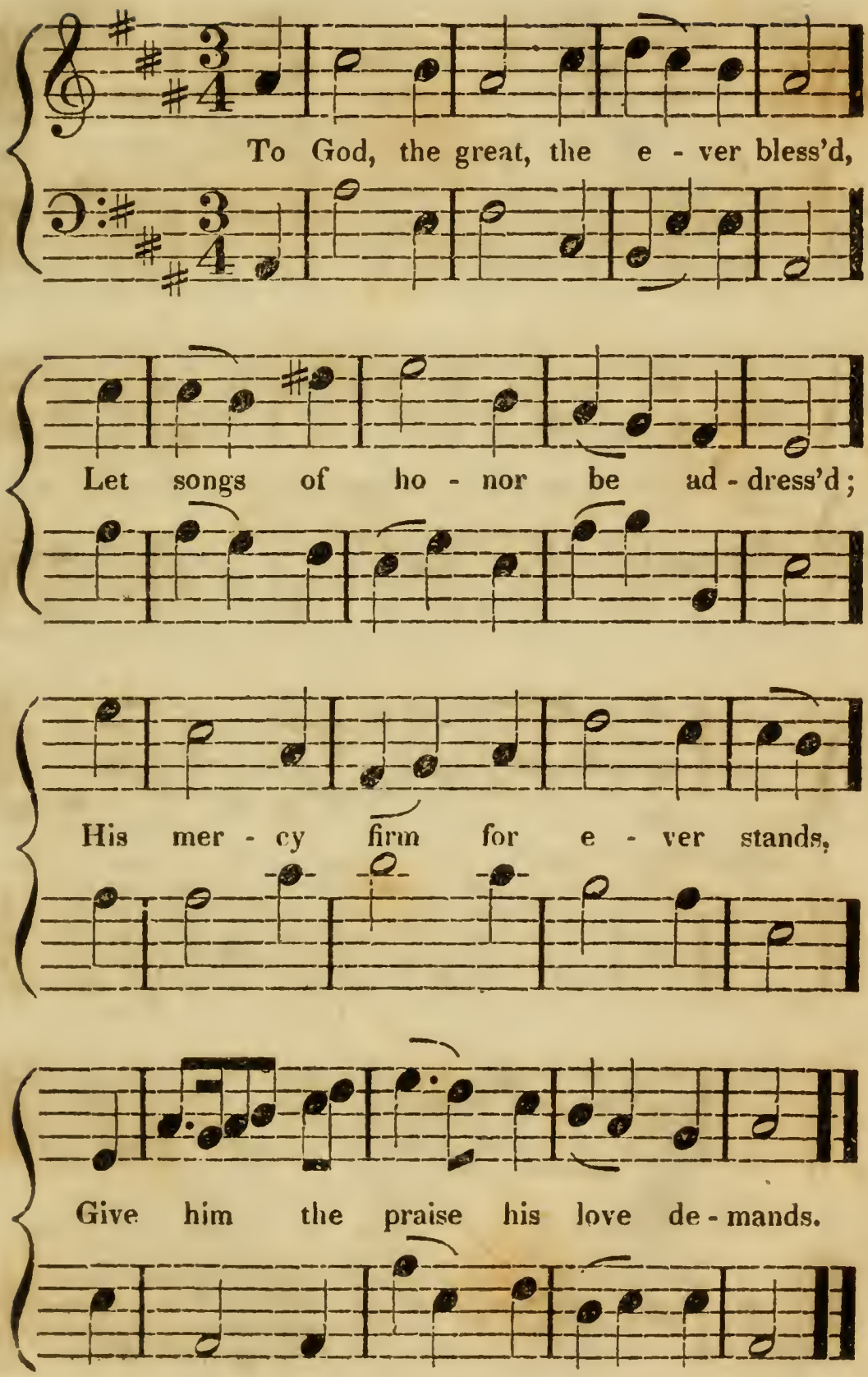

Look up, ye saints, di - rect your eyes
3
3
To him who dwells a - bove the skies;
With your glad notes his praise re - hearse,
Who form'd the migh - ty u - ni - verse.

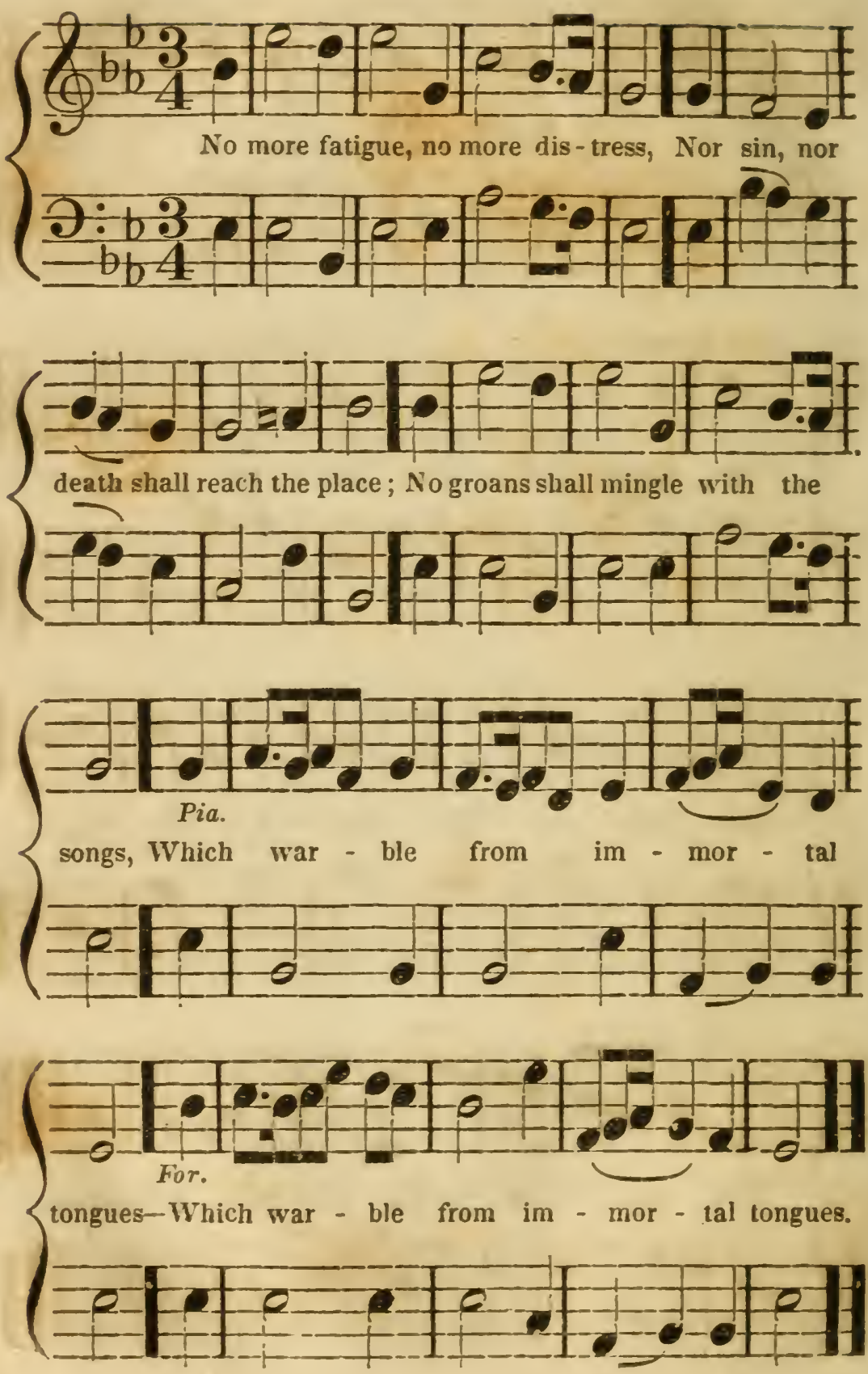

Who is this stran-ger in dis - tress,
That tra - vels through this wil - der - ness? Op-
press'd with sor-rows and with sins, On her be - lo - ved
Lord she leans, On her be - lo - ved Lord she leans.

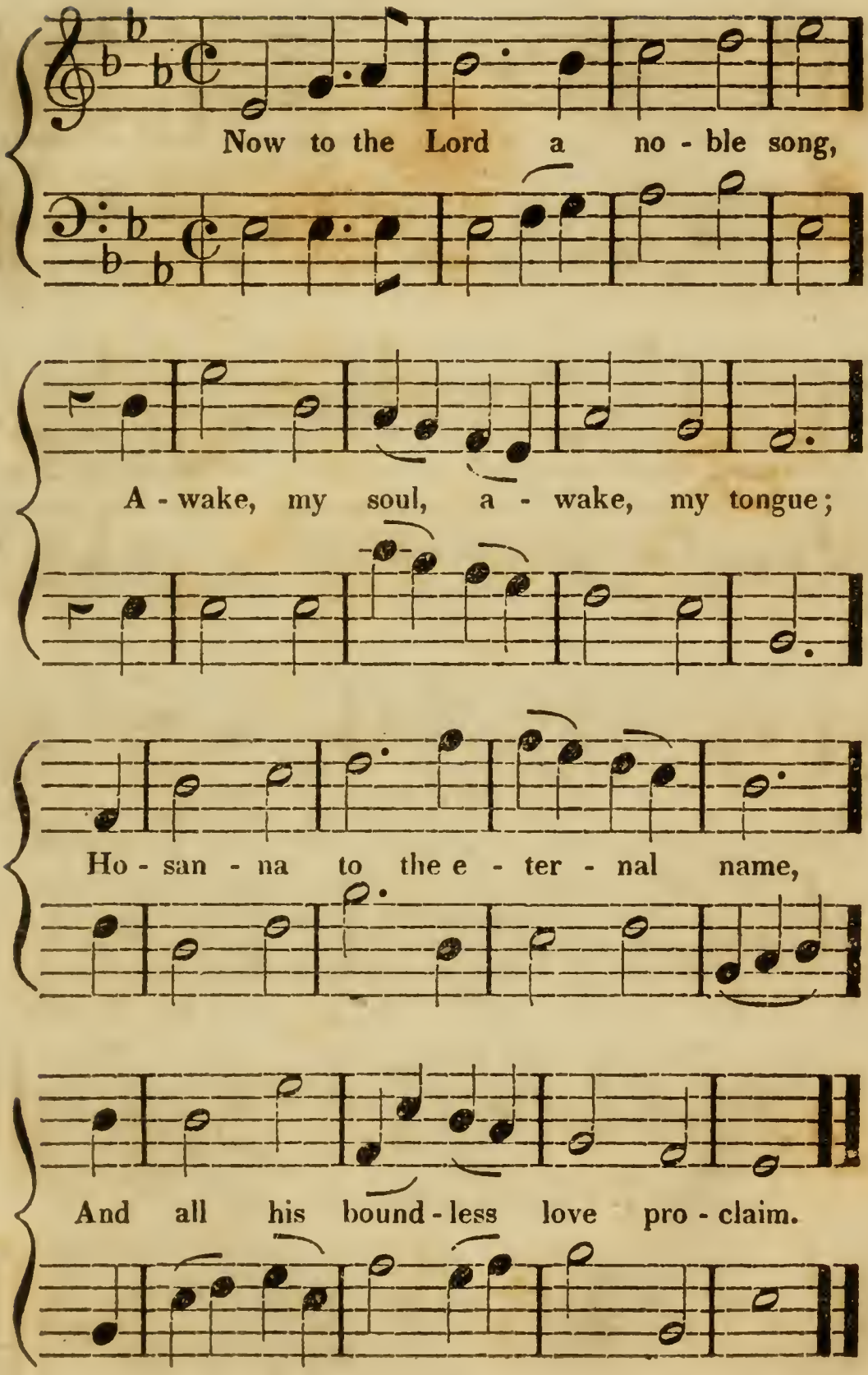

Now shall the trem - bling mourn - er
come, And bind his sheaves and bear them home;
The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing,
Till heaveu with hal - le - lu - jahs ring.

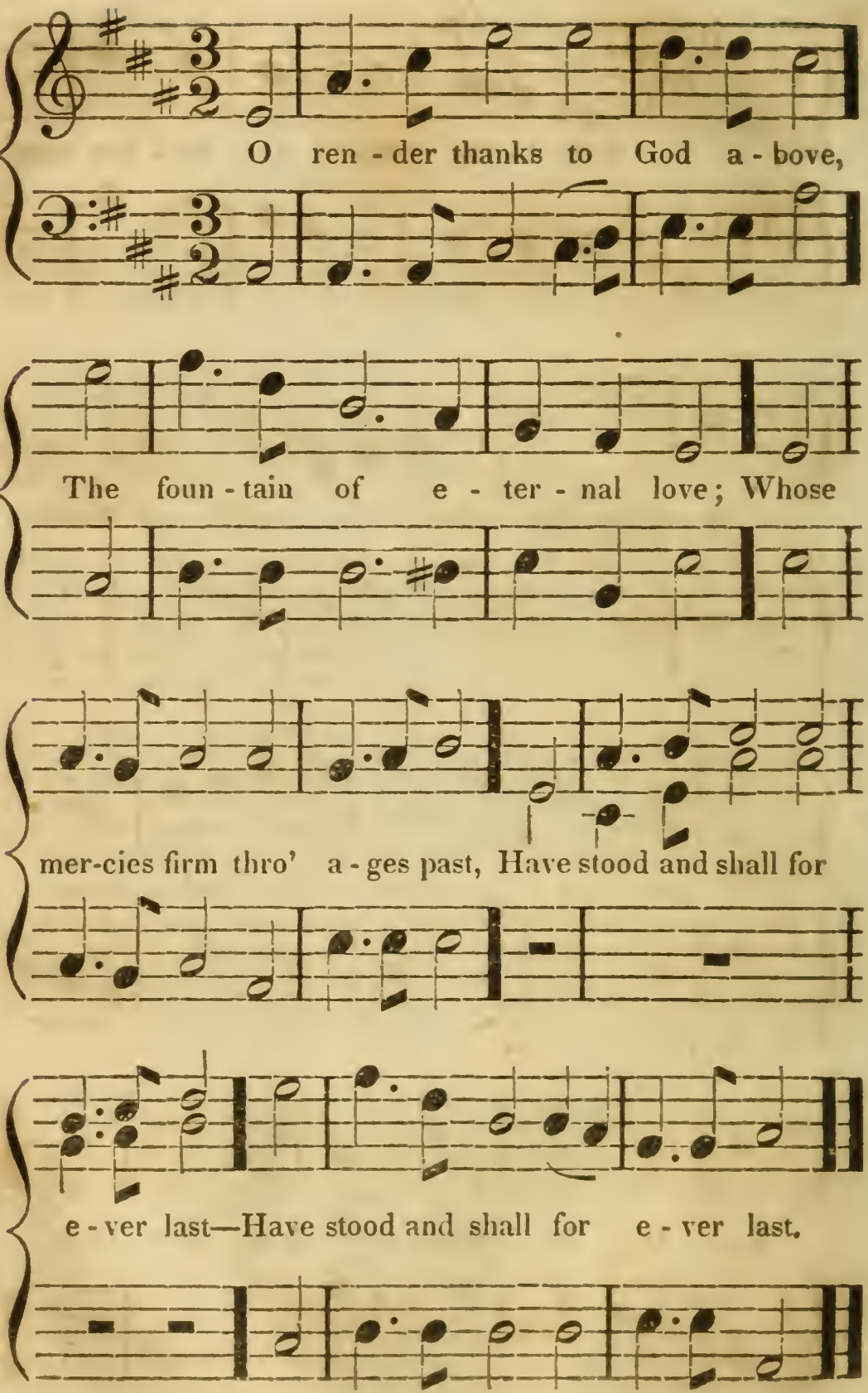
STERLING. L. M.

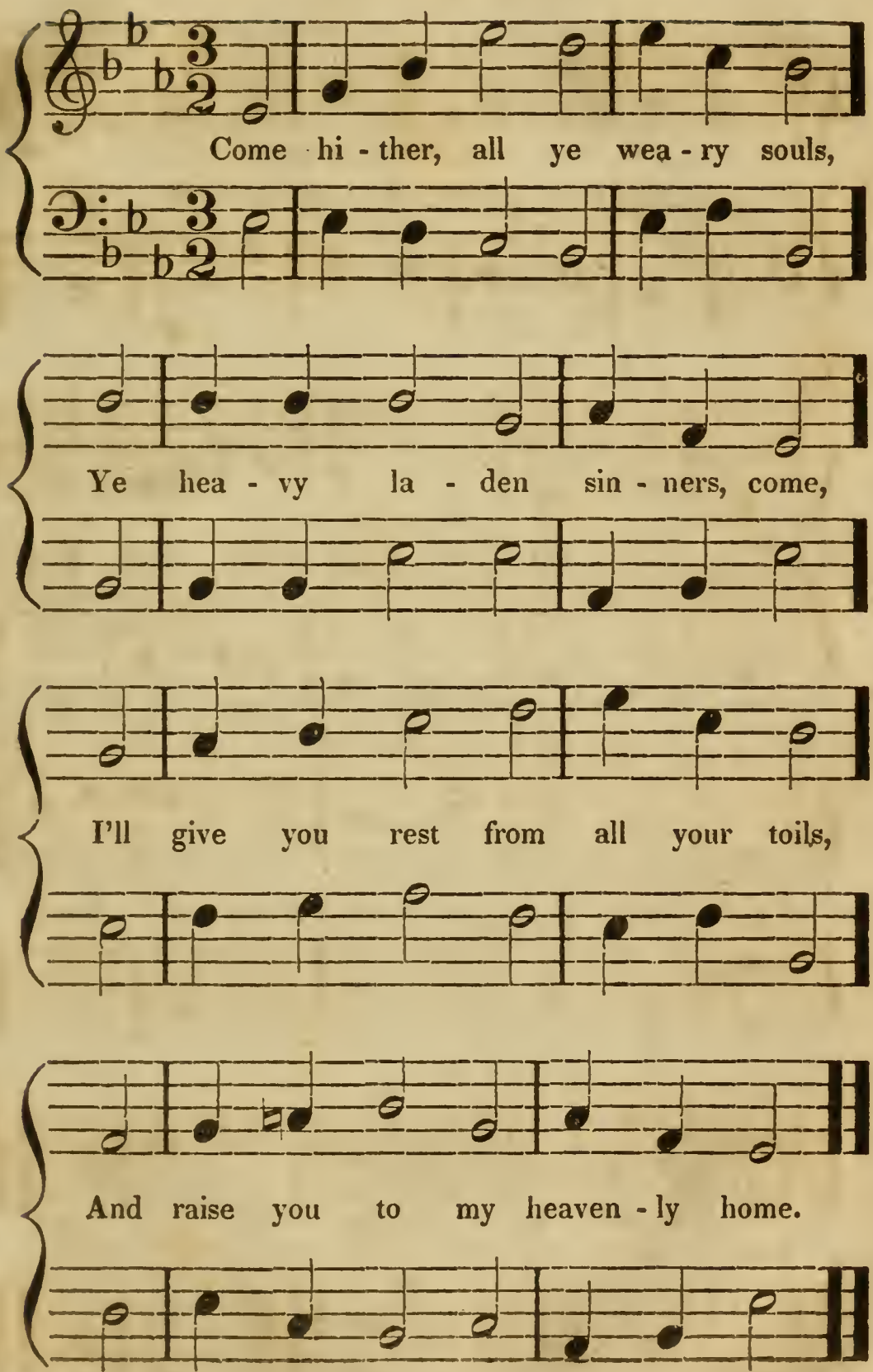

O come, loud an-thems, let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Al - migh - ty King;
For we our voi - ces high should raise,
When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

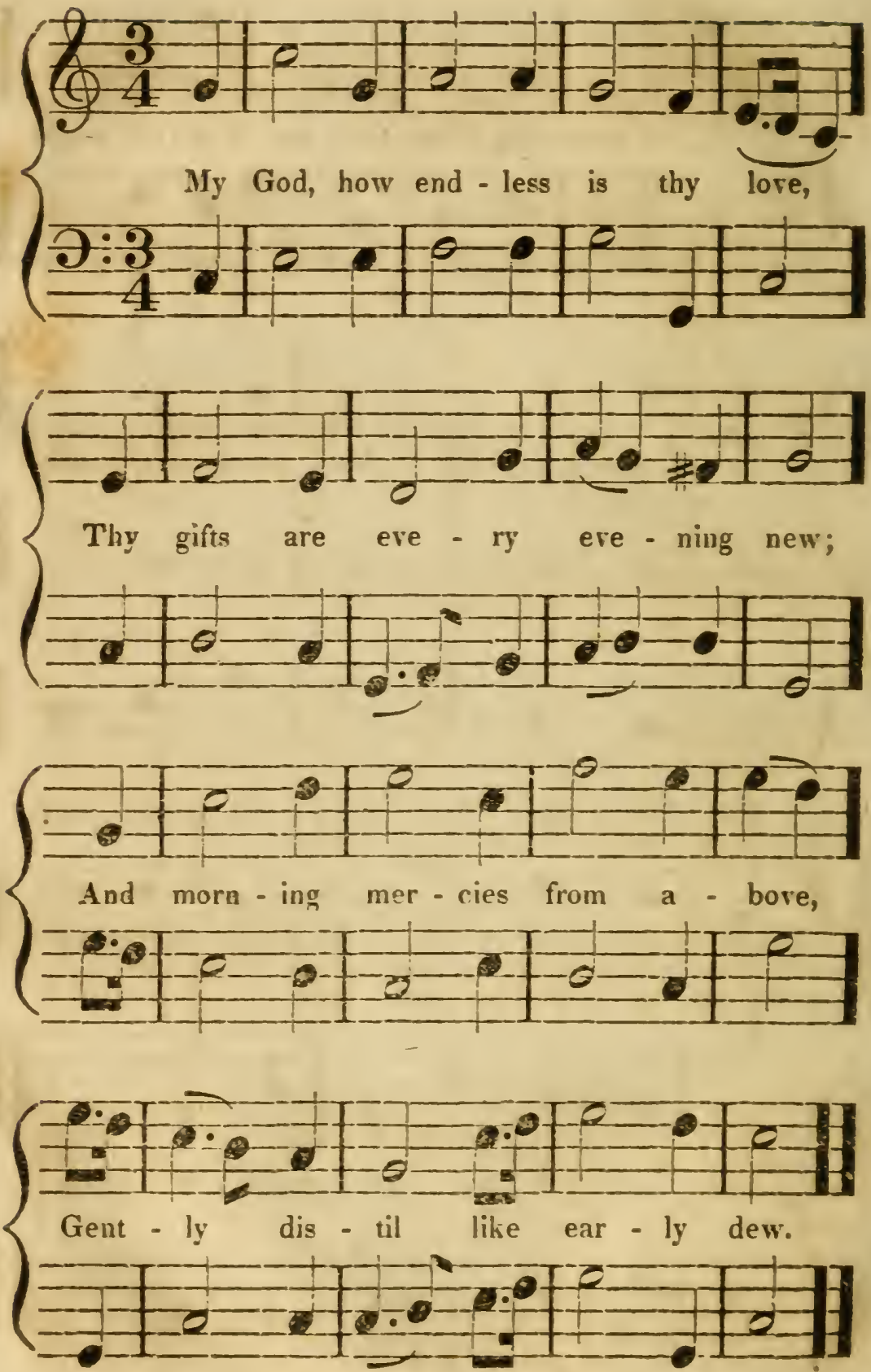

To God, the great, the e - ver bless'd,
Let songs of ho - nor be ad - dress'd;
His mer - cy firm for e - ver stands,
Give him the praise his love de - mands.

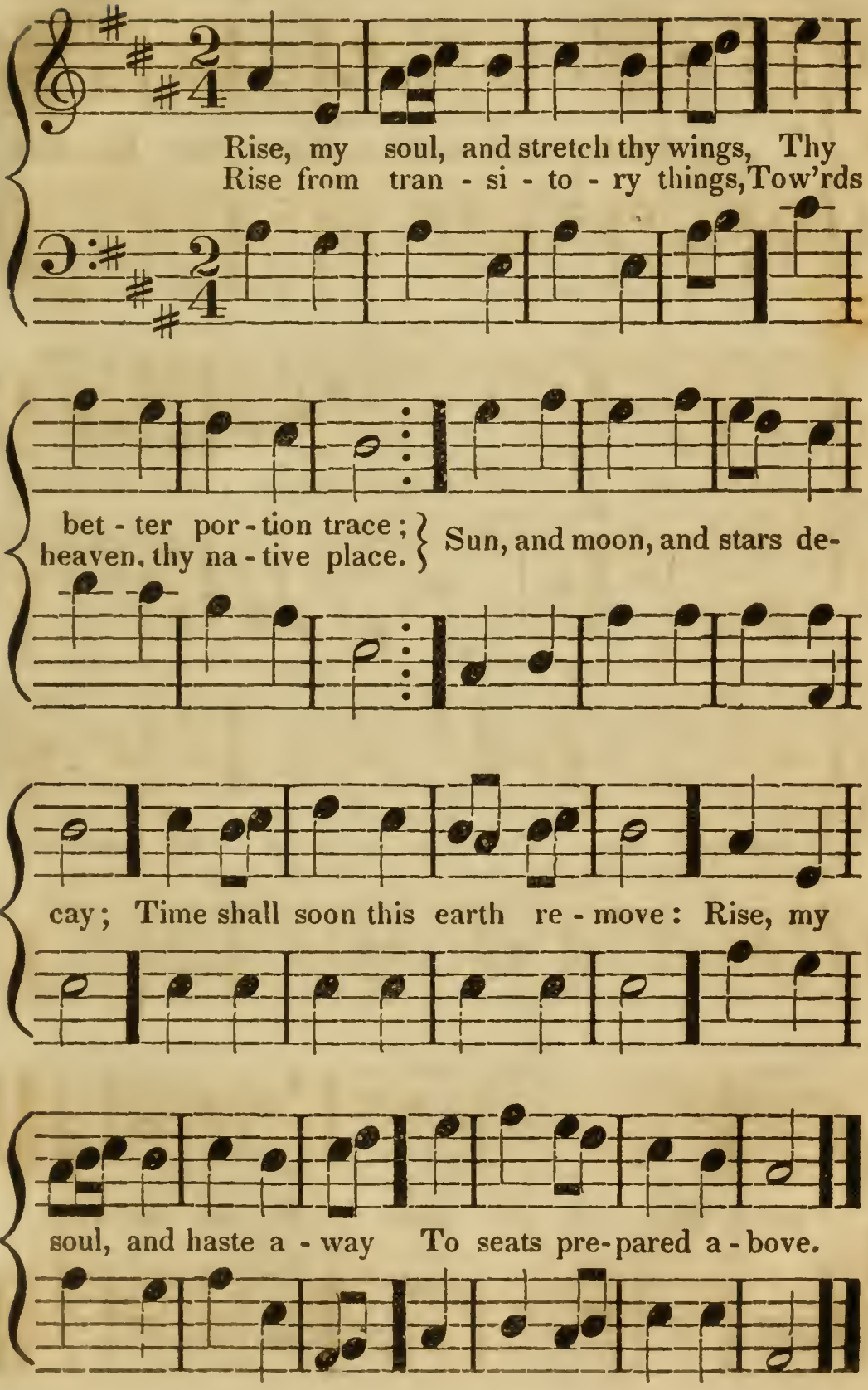

No more fatigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin, nor
death shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the
Pia.
songs, Which war - ble from im - mor - tal
For.
tongues—Which war - ble from im - mor - tal tongues.

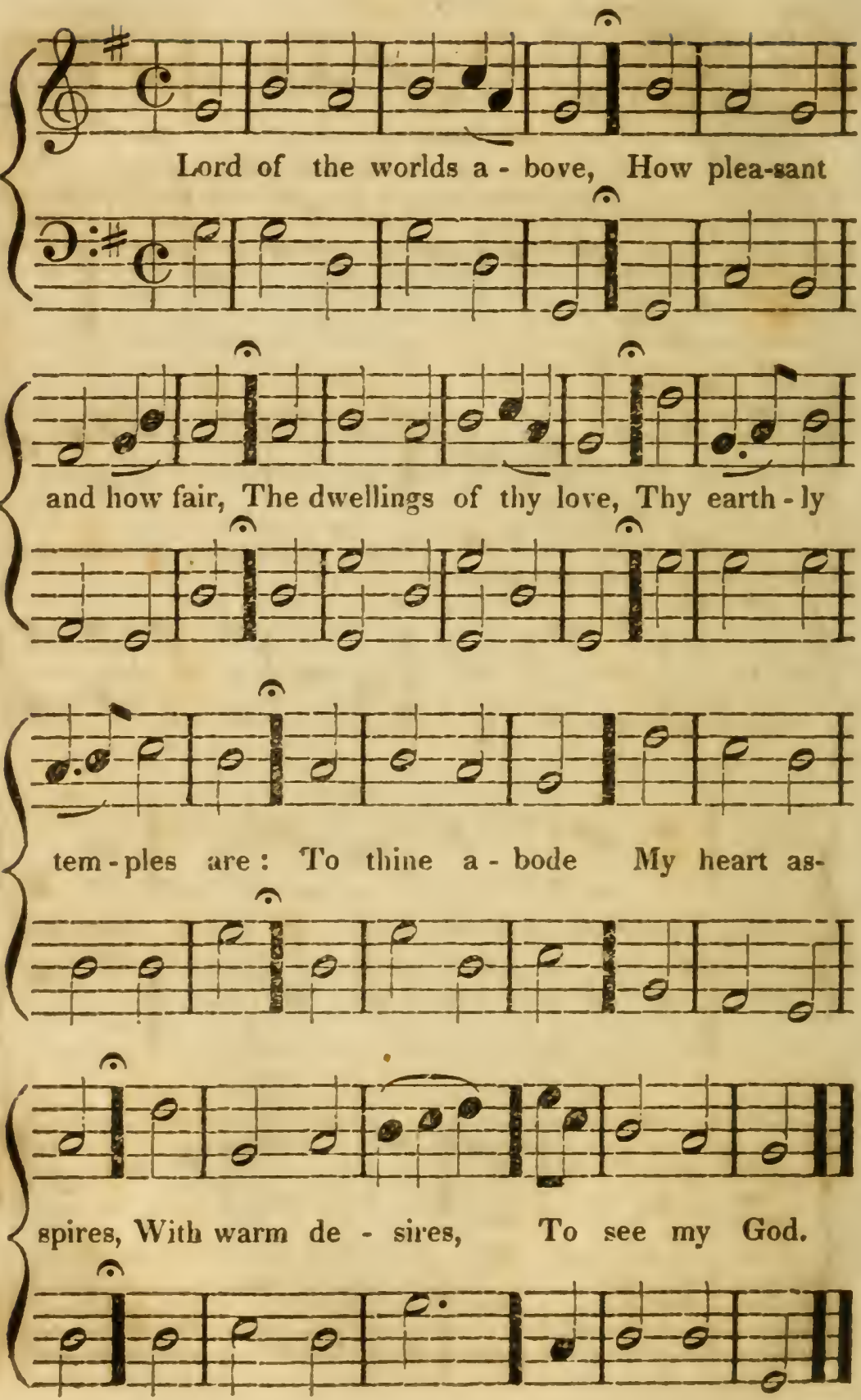

Now to the Lord a no - ble song,
A - wake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue;
Ho - san - na to the e - ter - nal name,
And all his bound - less love pro - claim.

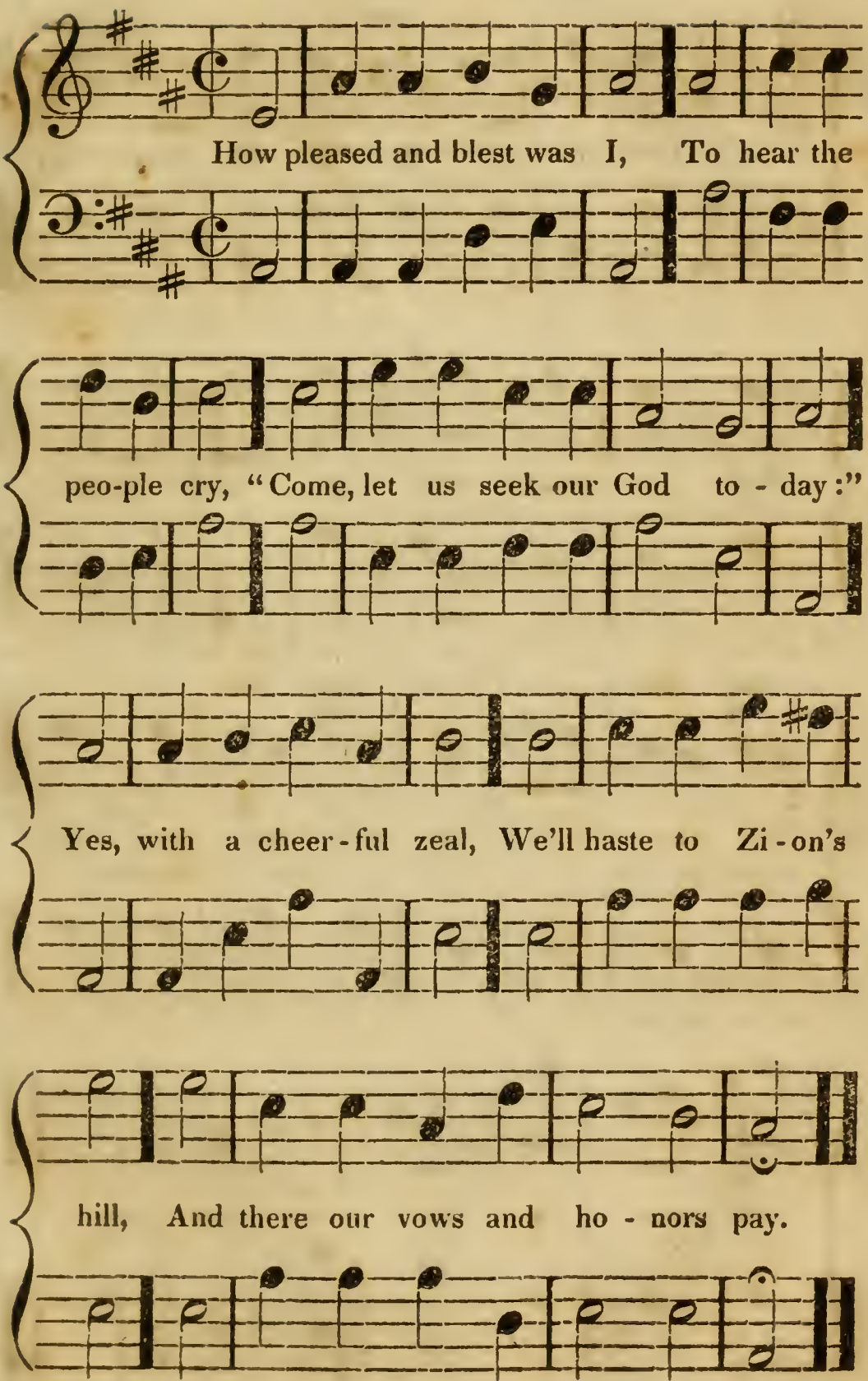

O ren - der thanks to God a - bove,
The foun - tain of e - ter - nal love; Whose
mer-cies firm thro' a - ges past, Have stood and shall for
e - ver last—Have stood and shall for e - ver last.

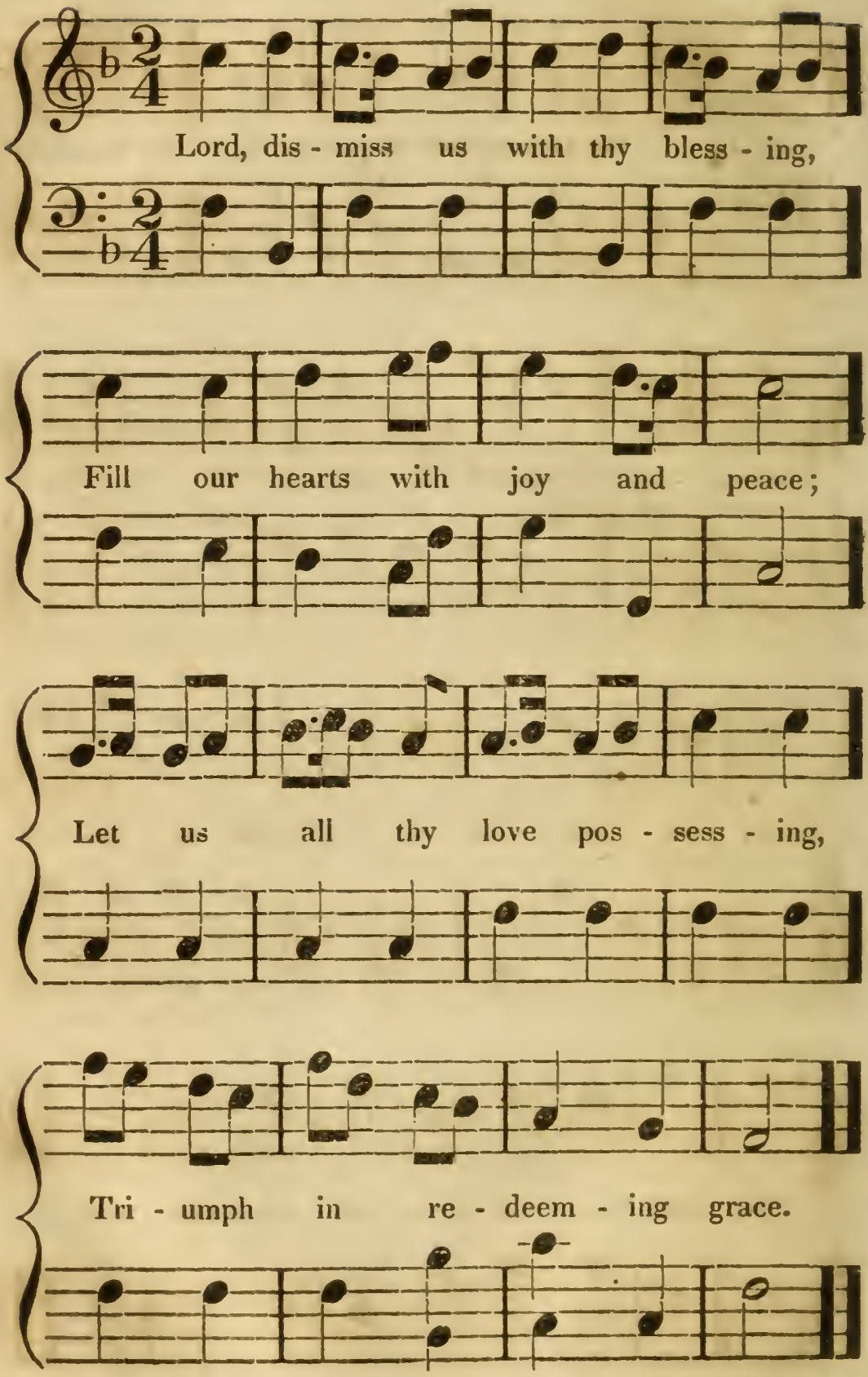

Come hi - ther, all ye wea - ry souls,
Ye hea - vy la - den sin - ners, come,
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heaven - ly home.

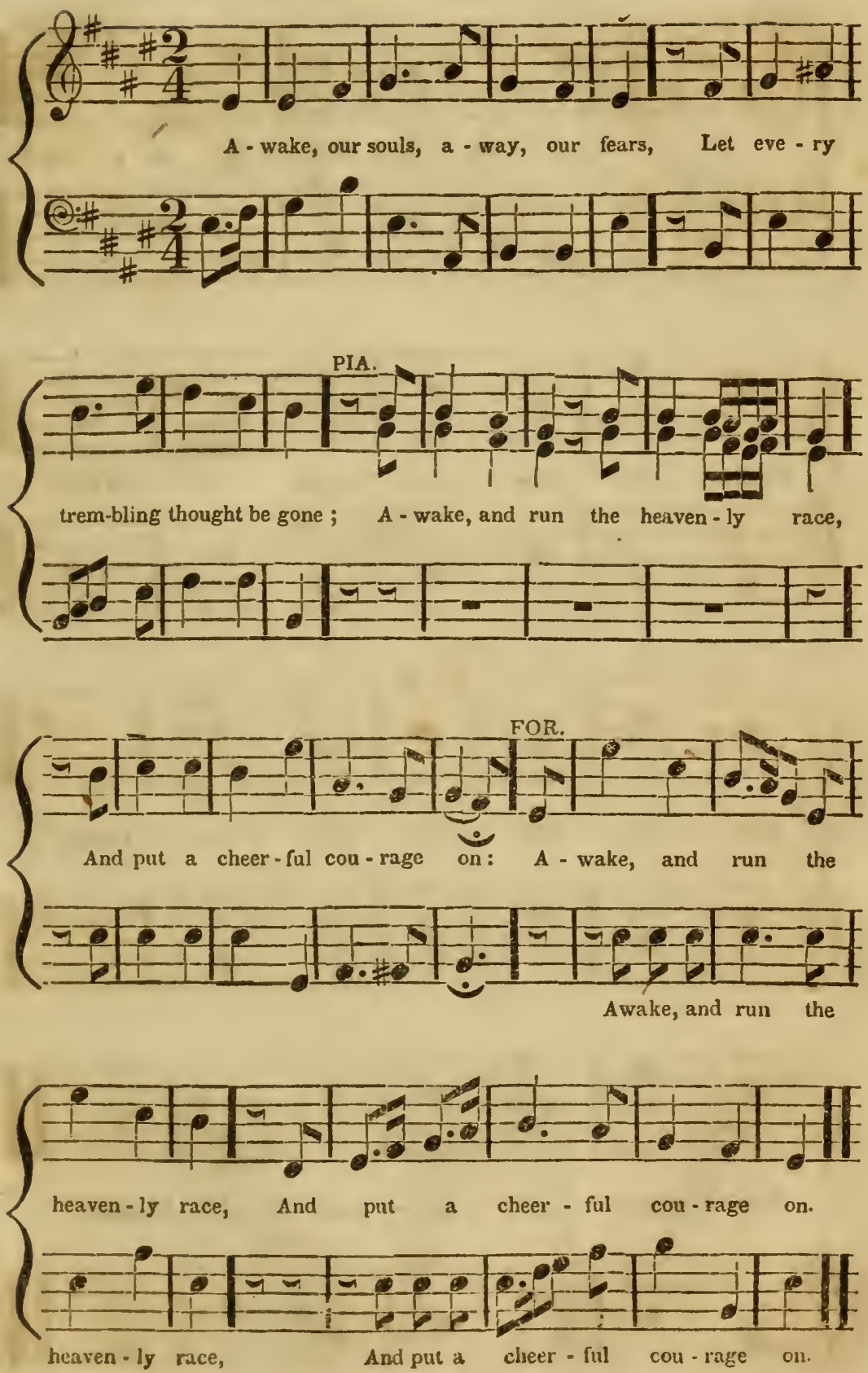

My God, how end - less is thy love,
Thy gifts are eve - ry eve - ning new;
And morn - ing mer - cies from a - bove,
Gent - ly dis - til like ear - ly dew.

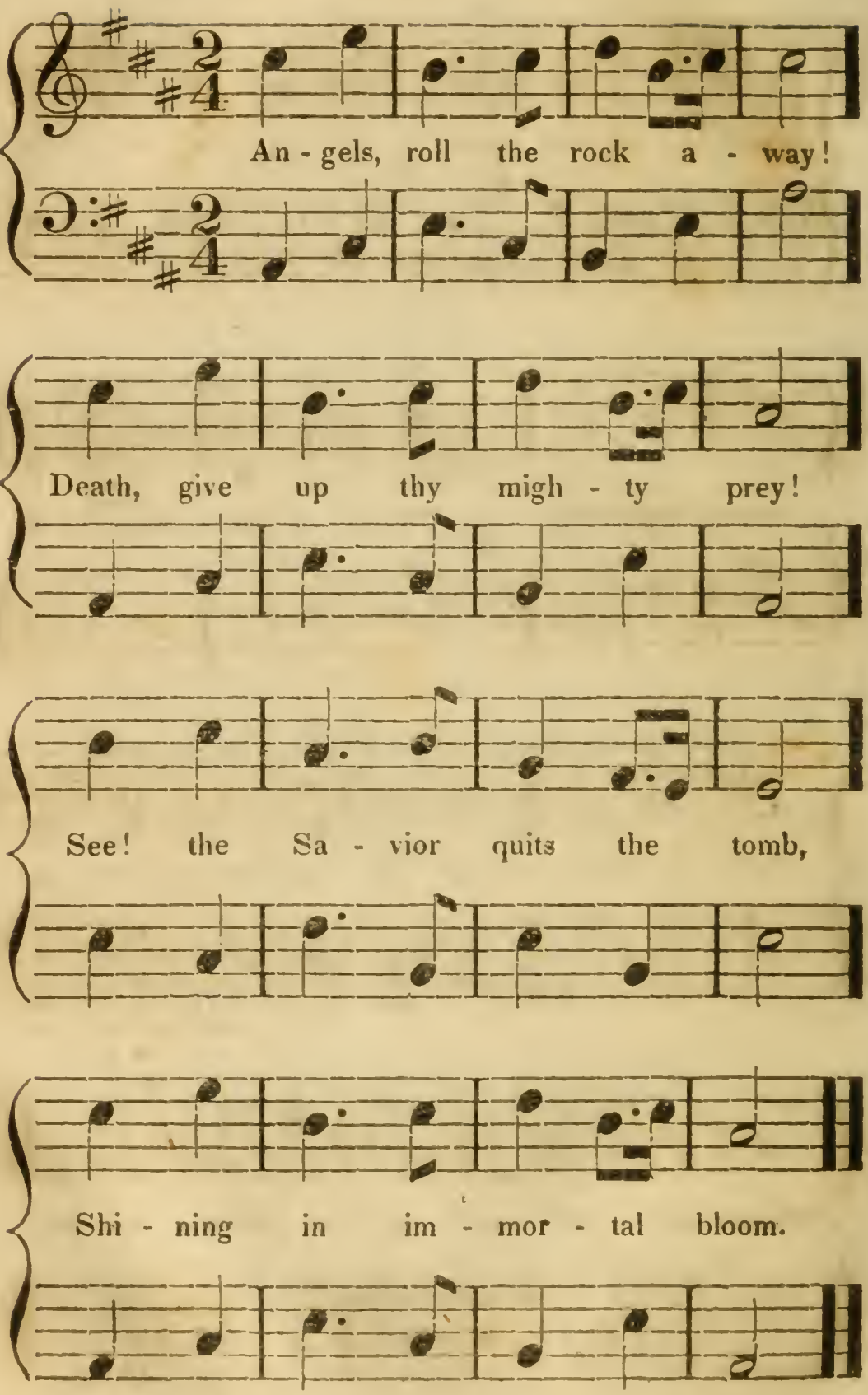

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rds
bet - ter por - tion trace;
heaven, thy na - tive place.
Sun, and moon, and stars de-
cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move: Rise, my
soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

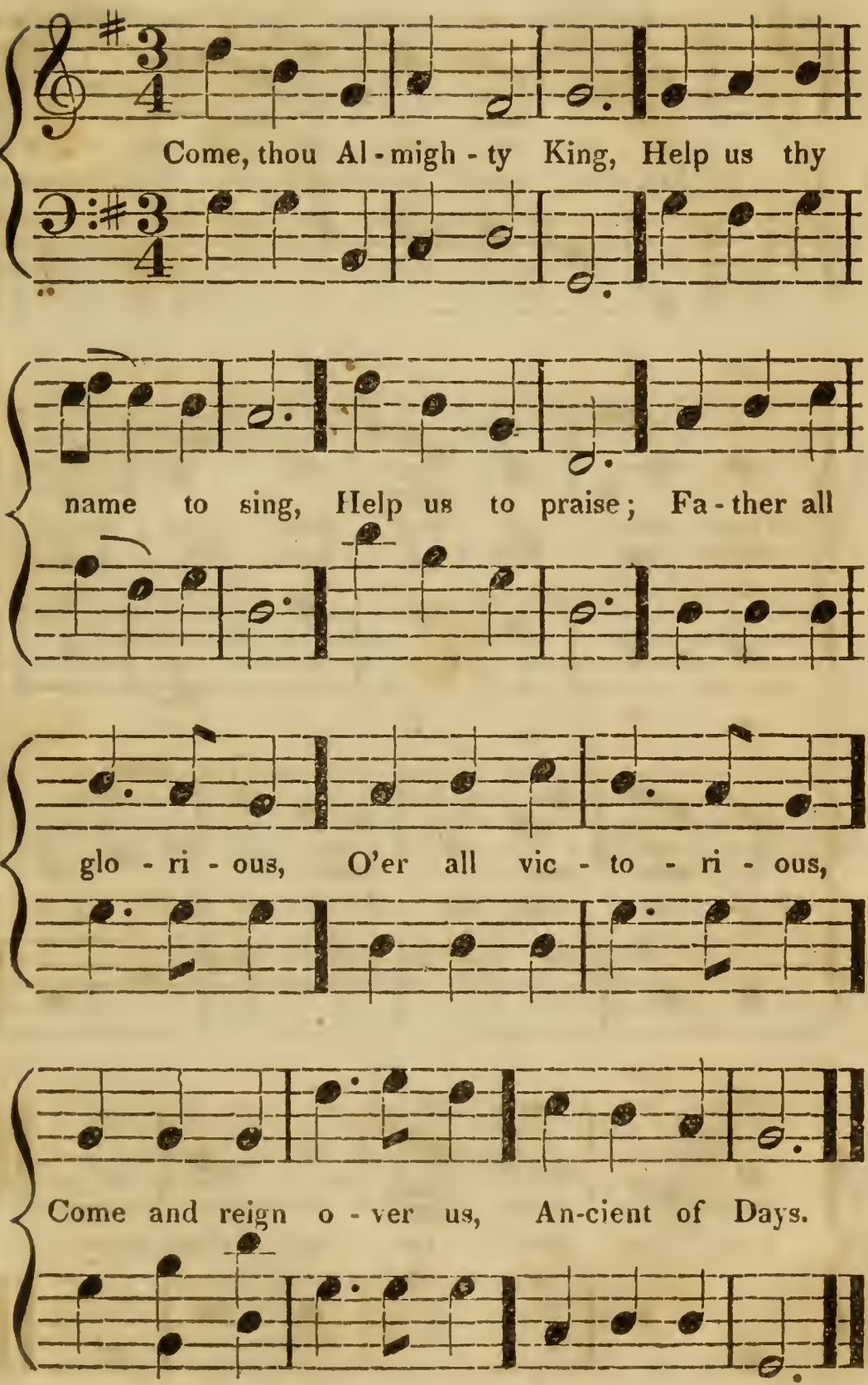

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How plea-sant
and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thy earth - ly
tem - ples are: To thine a - bode My heart as-
spires, With warm de - sires, To see my God.

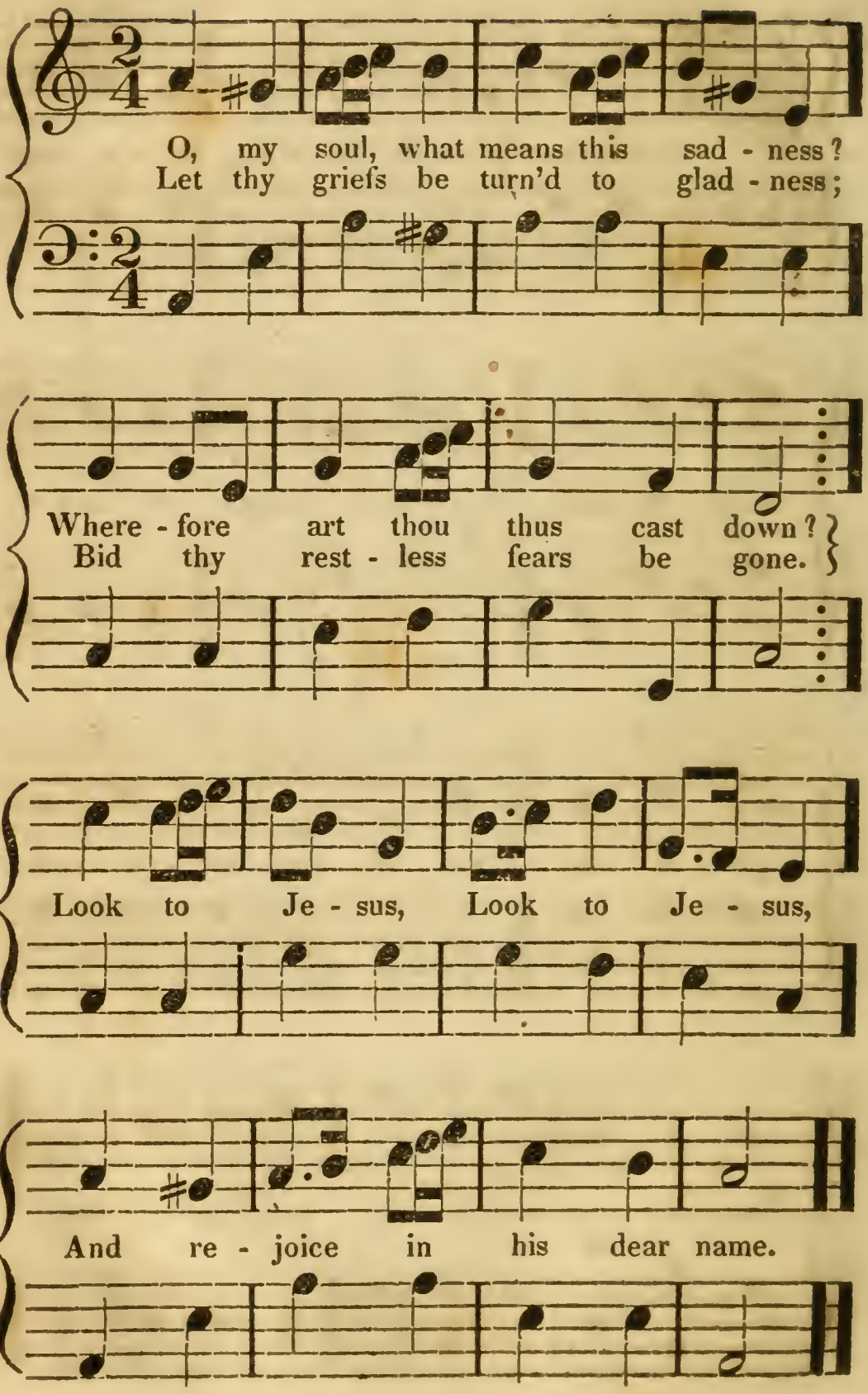

How pleased and blest was I, To hear the
peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day:"
Yes, with a cheer-ful zeal, We'll haste to Zi-on's
hill, And there our vows and ho - nors pay.


Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all thy love pos - sess - ing,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace.

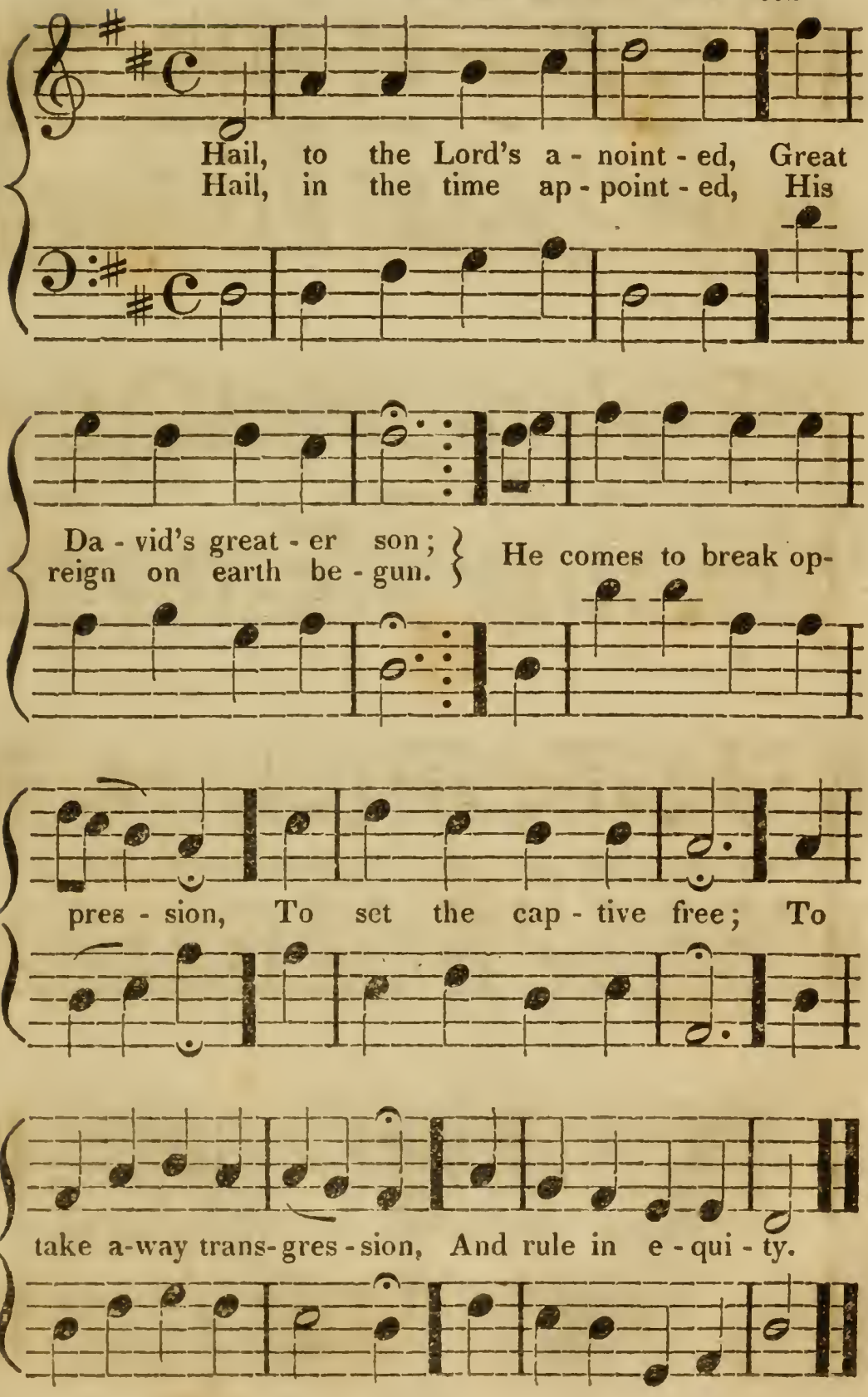

A - wake, our souls, a - way, our fears, Let eve - ry
PIA.
trem-bling thought be gone ; A - wake, and run the heaven - ly race,
FOR.
And put a cheer - ful cou - rage on : A - wake, and run the
Awake, and run the
heaven - ly race, And put a cheer - ful cou - rage on.
heaven - ly race, And put a cheer - ful cou - rage on.

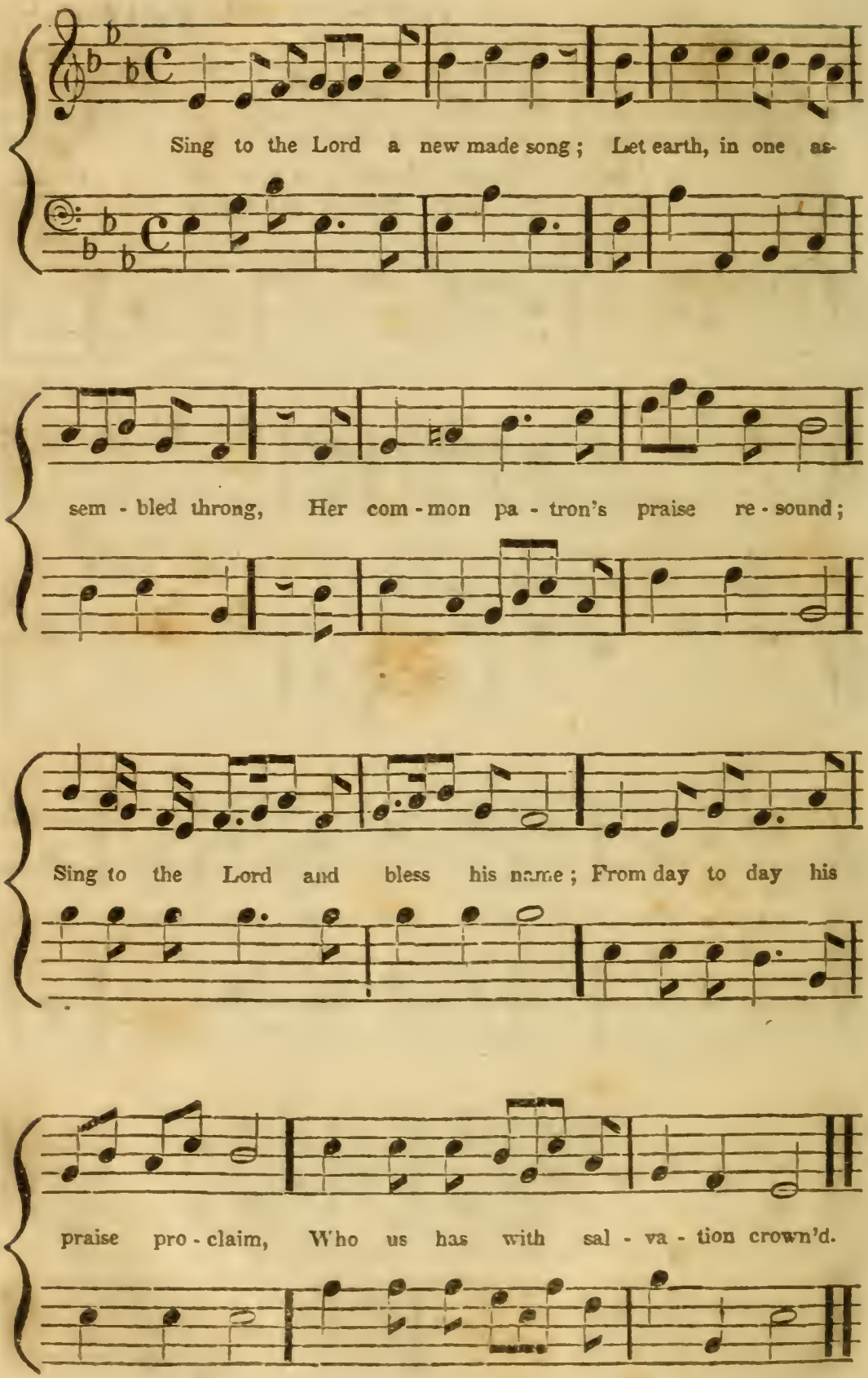

An - gels, roll the rock a - way!
Death, give up thy migh - ty prey!
See! the Sa - vior quits the tomb,
Shi - ning in im - mor - tal bloom.

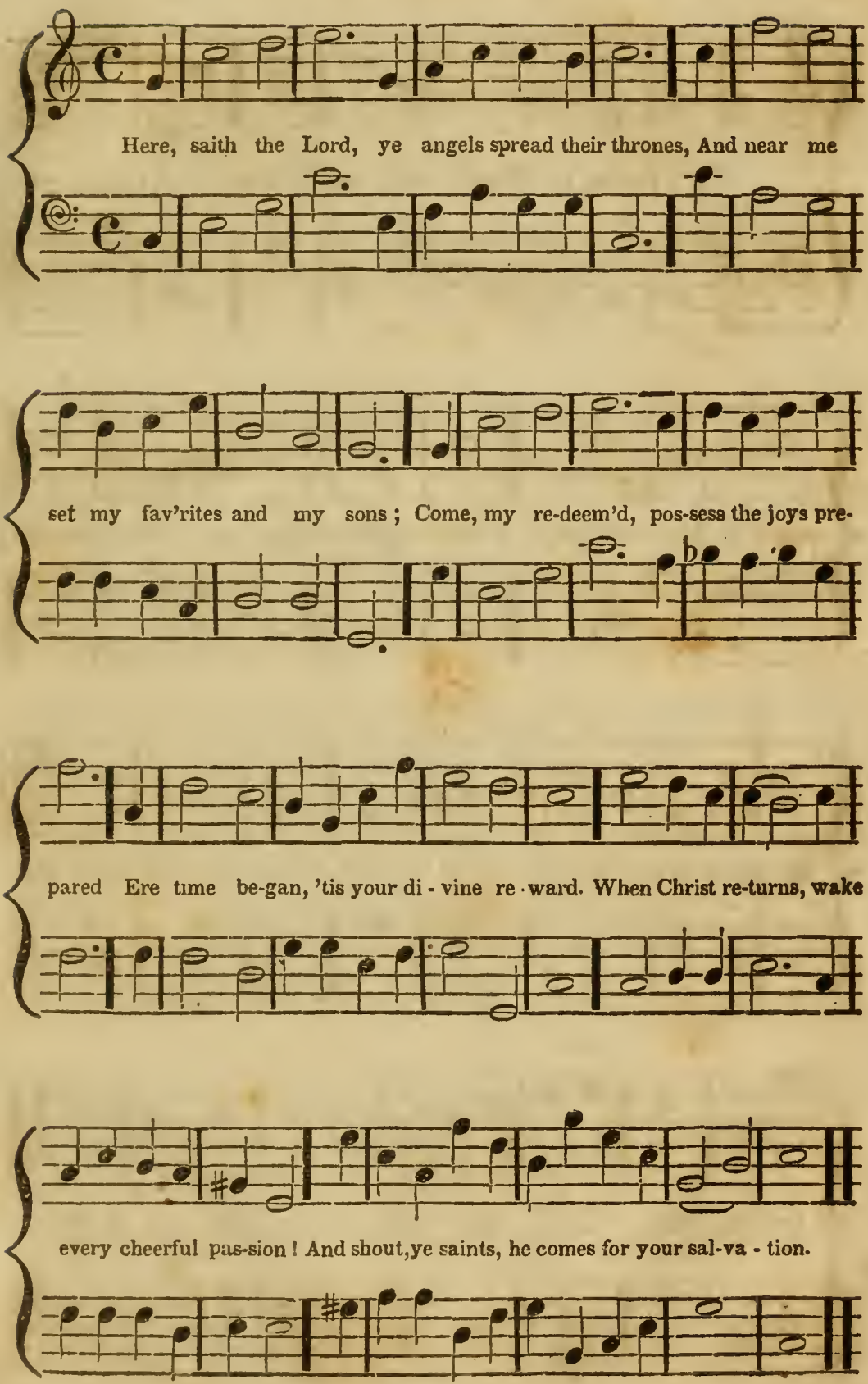

Come, thou Al - migh - ty King, Help us thy
name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa - ther all
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,
Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.

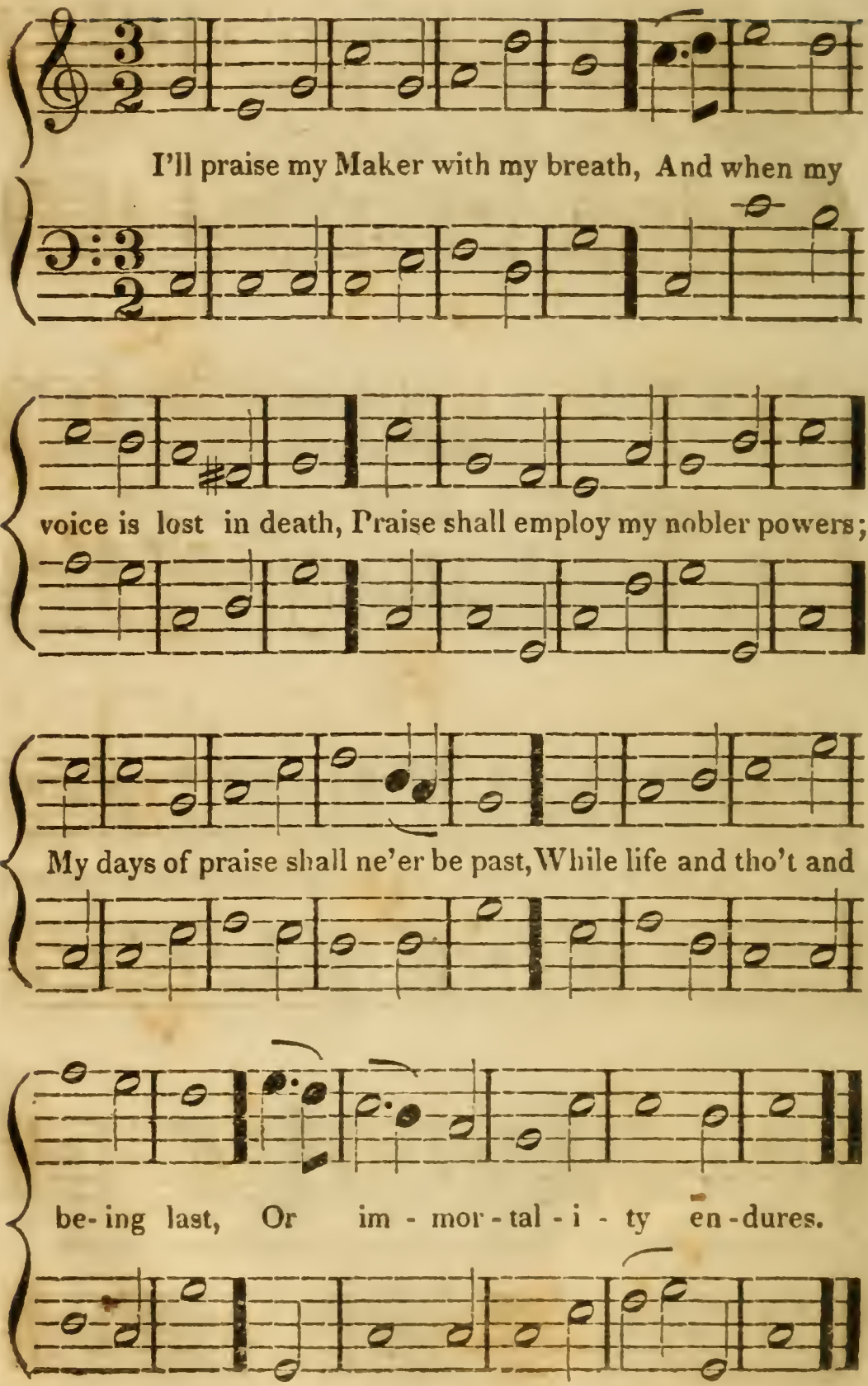

O, my soul, what means this sad - ness?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to glad - ness;
Where - fore art thou thus cast down?
Bid thy rest - less fears be gone.
Look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus,
And re - joice in his dear name.

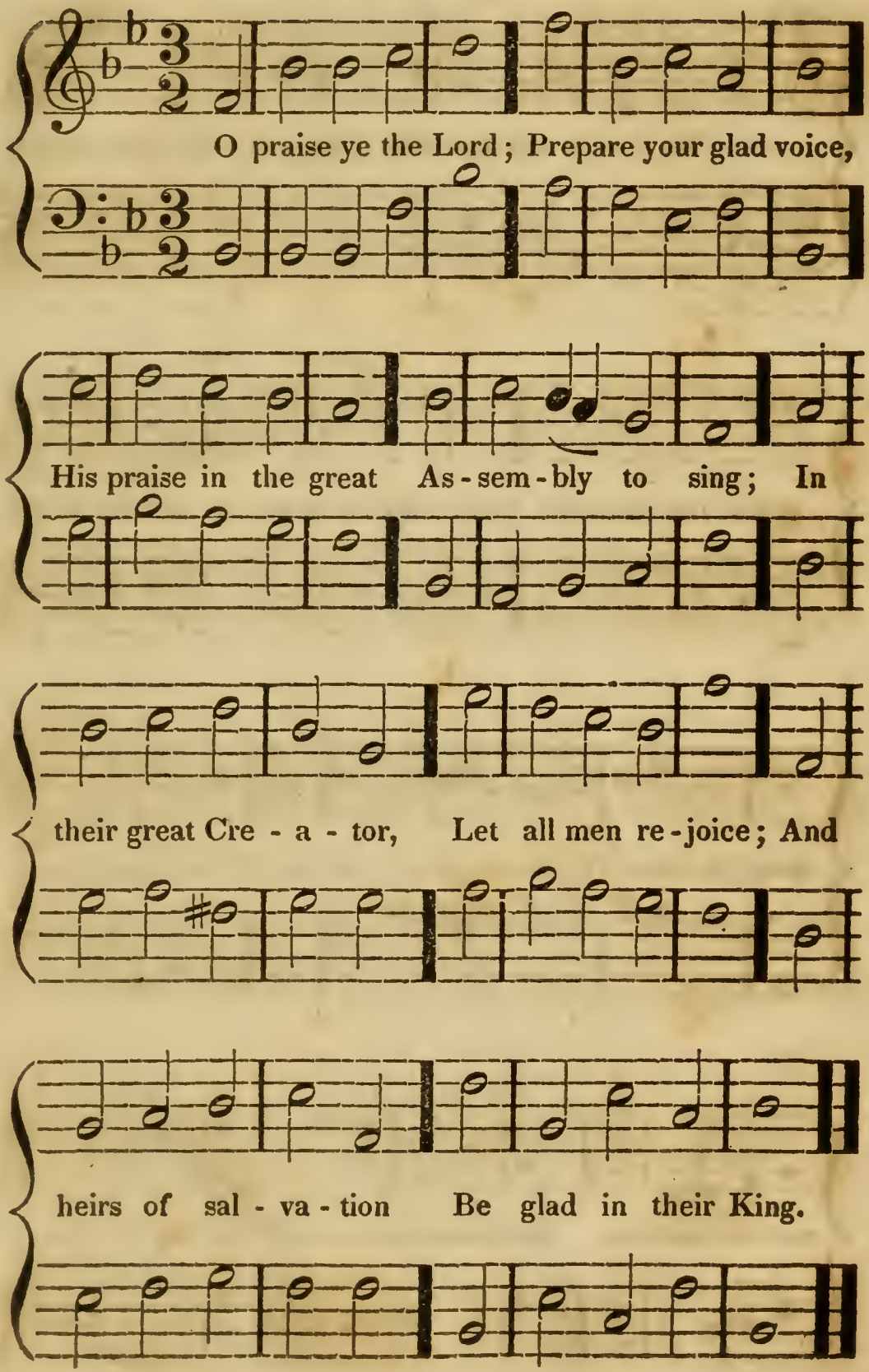
From the Moravian Tune Book.

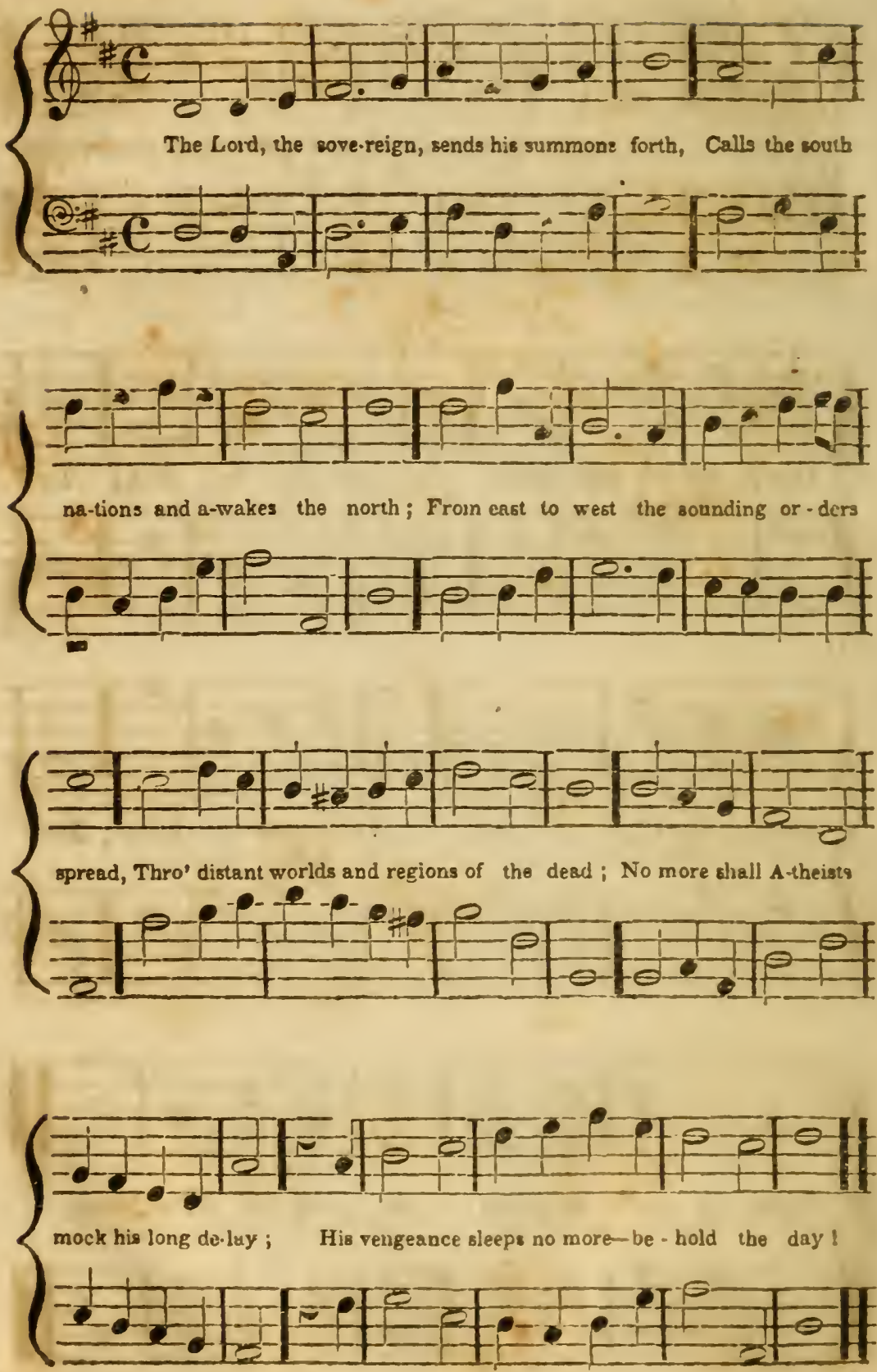


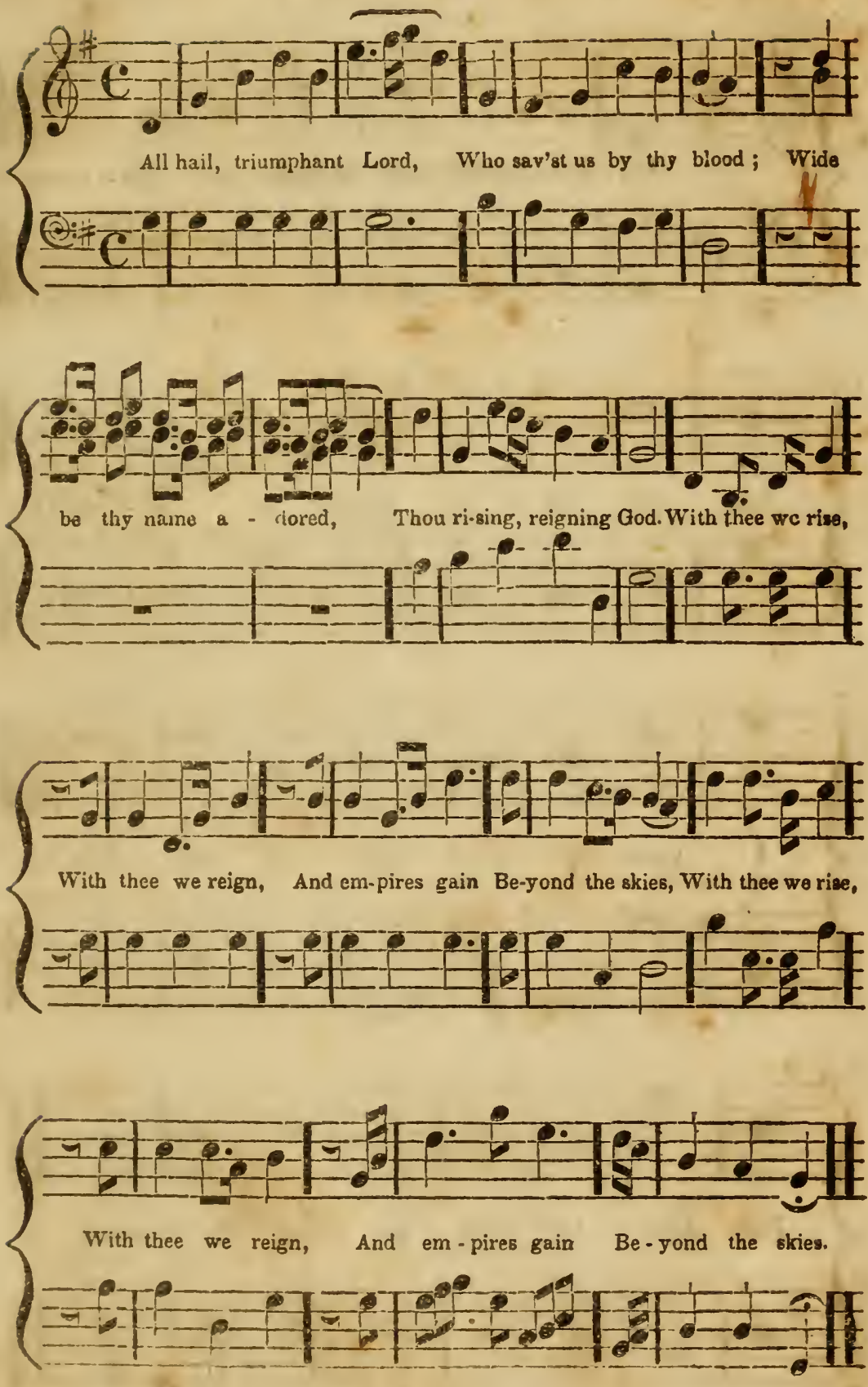

Sing to the Lord a new made song; Let earth, in one as-
sem - bled throng, Her com - mon pa - tron's praise re - sound;
Sing to the Lord and bless his name; From day to day his
praise pro - claim, Who us has with sal - va - tion crown'd.

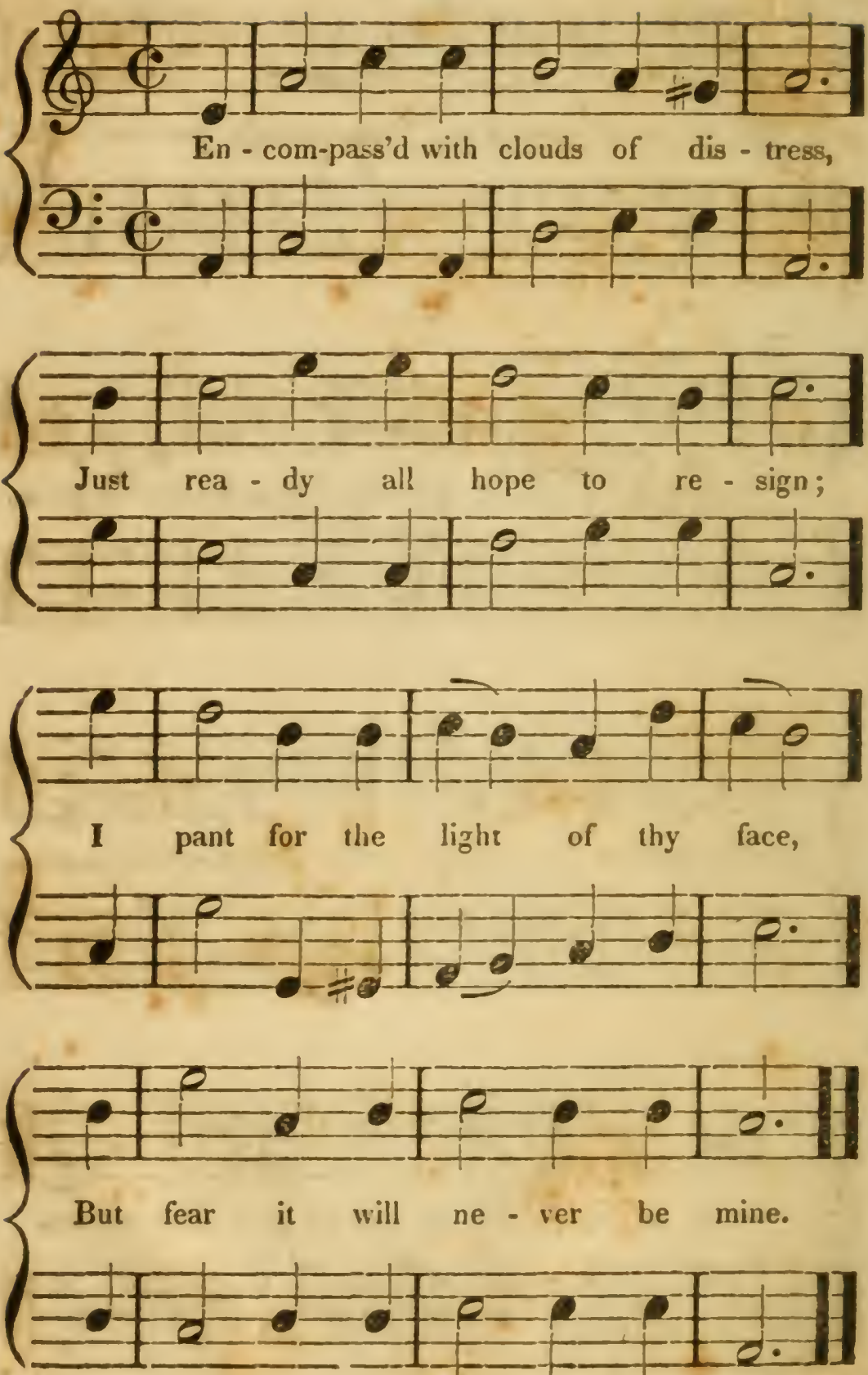

Here, saith the Lord, ye angels spread their thrones, And near me
set my fav'rites and my sons; Come, my re-deem'd, pos-sess the joys pre-
pared Ere time be-gan, 'tis your di - vine re - ward. When Christ re-turns, wake
every cheerful pas-sion! And shout, ye saints, he comes for your sal-va - tion.


I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my
voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and tho't and
be- ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.


O praise ye the Lord; Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great As-sem-bly to sing; In
their great Cre-a-tor, Let all men re-joice; And
heirs of sal-va-tion Be glad in their King.


The Lord, the sove-reign, sends his summons forth, Calls the south
na-tions and a-wakes the north; From east to west the sounding or-ders
spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead; No more shall A-theists
mock his long de-lay; His vengeance sleeps no more—be-hold the day!


All hail, triumphant Lord, Who sav'st us by thy blood; Wide
be thy name a - dored, Thou ri-sing, reigning God. With thee we rise,
With thee we reign, And em-pires gain Be-yond the skies, With thee we rise,
With thee we reign, And em - pires gain Be - yond the skies.


En - com-pass'd with clouds of dis - tress,
Just rea - dy all hope to re - sign;
I pant for the light of thy face,
But fear it will ne - ver be mine.