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Division SCC Section 4870 In Ris book afficas Ilmatis time the own as Dur Lane an- in 3/4 time. 125 Blandford Line 1 157 It had first appeared in his Selt of new Praha Junes 1736 -There copy is me perfect at Ered of Last an Hom, Which closs not much affect it fractically



set of Anthems, Psalms, Hymns, &c. in Four Parts on Various Occasions. To which is added, An Imploration to the King of Kings, wrote by Charles I during his Captivity in Carisbrook Castle, 1648. Together with an Anthem for the Martyrdom of that blessed Prince. London [1753]. 8vo, FIRST EDITION, the words and music engraved (some headlines cut into), old sheep, 15s.

Knapp was Parish Clerk of Poole, and most of his tunes are named after neighbouring places in Dorsetshire, though the well-known tune "Wareham" is here called "Blandford."



NEW APR

CHURCH MELODY:

BEING A SET OF

Anthems, Psalms, Hymns, &c.

FOUR PARTS.

WITH

A great Variety of other ANTHEMS, PSALMS, HYMNS, &c. composed after a Method entirely new, and never printed before.

By WILLIAM KNAPP,

Author of the first Book of Psalm Tunes and Anthems on various Occasions.

WITH

An Anthem on *Pfalm* exxvii. by one of the greatest Masters in *Europe*. Together with four excellent Hymns, and an Anthem for the Nativity.

I will give thee Thanks in the great Congregation, I will praise thee among much People, Pfalm xxxv. 18. And all her Streets shall say Alleluia, Tobit xiii. 18.

To which is added, 35 \$

An Imploration to the King of Kings.

Wrote by King CHARLES I. during his Captivity in Carifbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight, Anno Dom. 1648.

Together with

An Anthem for the MARTYRDOM of that bleffed PRINCE

THE FOURTH EDITION

L O N D O N:

Printed for R Baldwin, and S. Crowder and Co. in Pater-noster-Row; the Author at Poole; B. Collins, Bookseller, in Salisbury; and sold by most Booksellers in Great-Britain and Ireland. Price 3 s. 6 d.

M DCC LXI.

ADVERTISE MENT.

READER,

HAVE followed the same Rule as in my first Book, by drawing the Work all out in Score, and setting the Tenor in the G. Cliff, the Cantus or Treble stands the upper Part. Some of the Anthems and Psalm-Tunes are not entirely my own Composition, viz. the 16th and 139th Anthems: but I was desired by some Friends to compose Counters to them, and publish them with my own Works: Likewise the Anthem taken out of the Communion Service is not my own.

Mr. Christopher Simpson in the Preface to his Compendium of Music, says, That he hopes it is no Thest to make Use of one's own; I am of that great Man's Opinion, and shall make use of the same Paragraph for a Conclusion, as I did in my Preface to the second Edition of my first Book, it being entirely

my own.

If by what I here offer to the Publick, I find I shall be instrumental in propagating the Knowledge of this excellent Art, it will give me a very sensible Pleasure: and with a secret Complacency of Mind, I shall resect on what I have done, to advance the Praise and Glory of that GOD who is the Author of Harmony.

I hope, therefore, this fecond Book will be as can-

didly received as the first, from,

READER,

Your most humble Servant,

William Knapp.

To all Lovers not only of Psalmody, but likewise of Hymns, Spiritual Songs, and Anthems, and all Harmonious Ways of celebrating the Divine Praises.

BRETHREN,

IVINE Music commenc'd with the Creation, and, in succeeding Ages, has been honoured with Signals of Divine Approbation. The Israelites sang in the Wilderness, and the Water-Spring opened; the Priests and Levites sang Praise in the Temple, and the Glory of the Lord silled the House. Jehosaphat marched his Army singing, and returned triumphant, his Enemies having slain one another. In the Infancy of the Christian Church, Paul and Silas sung at Midnight in Prison, the Foundations shook, the Prison Doors opened, the Prisoners Bands were loosed, and the Jailor was converted. Here, (says an ingenious Remarker) were Songs in the Night without a Furia, and Stones moved by Music without a Fiction.

A worthy Divine, (Dr. Bray) amongst his other pious Endeavours, has express'd no small Zeal and Skill in recommending and promoting this religious Exercise; and assures us, "That through the Fondness of People for "Psalm-singing many have recovered their Reading, which they had almost forgot, and many have learned to read for the sake of singing Psalms:" To this we may add the Testimony of a worthy Minister, written to the Reverend Dr. Woodward: "When I first came to my Parish, I found to my great Grief, the People very ignorant and irreligious; the Place of divine Worship indecently kept; the public Service neither understood nor attended; the Ministration of the Lord's Supper fupported only by the Piety of three or four Communicants, and the divine Ordinance of singing Psalms

" almost

" almost laid aside. Now in order to redress this general " Neglect of Religion, I began to teach three or four Youths the Skill of finging Pfalms orderly, and ac-" cording to Rules, which greatly tended, through the "Grace of God, to awaken their Affections towards Re-" ligion, and to give them a Relish for it. The Improve-" ment of these in Psalm-singing being soon observed by " others, many young Men defired to be admitted to the " fame Instruction; which being granted, and the Num-" of them encreasing daily, they readily submitted to "the Rules of a religious Society, and have ever fince " been careful Observers of them; by whose Means a " general Reviving of Piety, and a folemn Observance of the publick Ordinances of God, hath been pro-"duced amongst us: And to the Joy of all pious Souls, " our Shepherds, Ploughmen, and other Labourers at " their Work, perfume the Air with the melodious fing-" ing of a Pfalm or Hymn to their Creator and Redeemer." What Daughter of Devotion has so noble an Appearance as this Cælestial * Beauty? For while

Prayer, as for Alms, does at the Portal wait, Praise enters, like a Royal Guest, in State.

When is it that our noble Frequenters of the Almighty's Courts make the greatest Figures, petitioning for Favours, or presenting their Oblations of Respect and Honour? For whoso offers Praise honours him, Psalm 1. ult. With what Elevation of Spirit does the Psalmist start from the Vale of Tears and Supplication, to the Paradise of Praise! The Daughters of the Temple are all of heavenly Race, Omnes Cælicolæ, but not Omnes supera alta tenentes: The Fastigia Cæli are the Prerogative of Psalmody. How different is the Stile of their Addresses! Be merciful to me for I have sinned, says Penitence! From

the

^{*} I thall make no Apology for mentioning Psalmody as a Princess and Beauty, as Solomon speaks of Wisdom, Plato of Virtue, Classick Poets of the Graces; nor for not confining her to the single Province of Psalm-singing, but likewise including Hymns, Spiritual Songs, Anthems, and all harmonious Ways of celebrating the divine Praises.

the Ends of the Earth, and out of the Deep have I cried, fays Prayer: O be joyful in the Lord, come before his Presence with a Song, &c. This is the Language of Praise.

Accordingly some also of our own Poets;
For Prayer the Ocean is, where diversly
Men steer their Course, each to a different Coast,
Where oft our Intrests so discordant be,
That half beg Winds, by which the rest are lost.

Sir W. D.

But Praise is Devotion fit for mighty Minds; the differing World's agreeing Sacrifice, &c. nor only the common Sacrifice of Rational Beings; but so just a Tribute to the Almighty, that inferior Creatures, Elements, and the whole Universe, are summon'd to pay it, Psalm 148.

And for its being Devotion fit for mighty Minds, if you doubt a Poet's Word, take a Preacher's. "Singing the "Praifes of God is the nobleft Part of Worship, the "most generous Service that we can perform, and car-"ries with it the liveliest Signatures of a divine and God-"like Temper of Mind." Thus the practical Discourfer, and what can a Poet say more? But still this Preference to other religious Duties must be understood in some certain Respects, not in every Respect. And we acknowledge each of the fair Competitors to be a Princess and Sovereign in her own Province: Yet Psalmody, in her sublimest Exercise, (that of celebrating the divine Attributes and Persections) appears with the Grandeur of an Empress.

In facred Heraldry she has the Ascendant, as being of the eldest House, and early as the Creation, when the Morning Stars sung together; and of a Lineage that will

last when Time shall be extinct.

For when to the Cælestial Temple come, Petition there shall cease, and Pray'r be dumb: But Praise, in Accents more sublime and strong, Shall then commence her everlasting Song.

W. K.



TO

Mr. K N A P P,

ON HIS NEW

CHURCH MELODY.

Is it the justest Praise of every Art,
To second Nature, and improve the Heart?
Then sure amidst the Circle none can vie
With true Devotion's Handmaid, Psalmody.

When meditating all that's good and great, The Soul finks down beneath the mighty Weight Of the divine Perfections, what shall ease The lab'ring Thought, but Strains divine as these?

But various Passions act the human Mind, To Joy, to Grief, to Pray'r, to Praise inclin'd: When our rude untaught Tongues would these express, What but a Godlike Art can find the Dress?

How great your Merit, who employ your Pains To form the Choir, to regulate its Strains! And shewing Musick why herself was given, Recall the Wand'rer to her native Heaven!



AN ALPHABETICAL

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For the more readily finding any ANTHEM, HYMN, or PSALM, contained in this Book.

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Lord hear my pray'r accept my Song,

And fanctify my mind;

And grant I may, my whole life long,

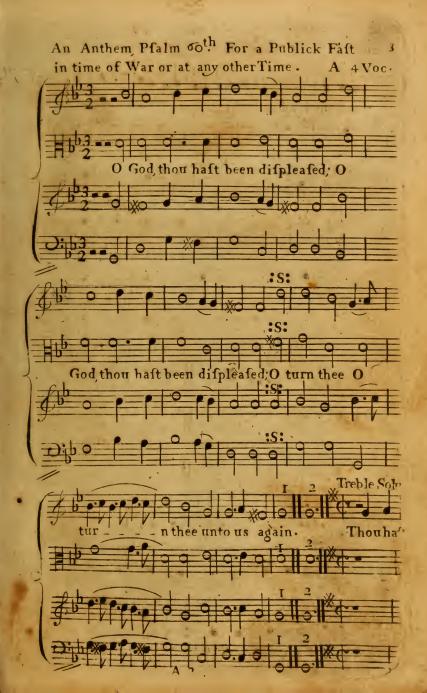
Be Virtuously inclind.

That when thou may it my Soul require

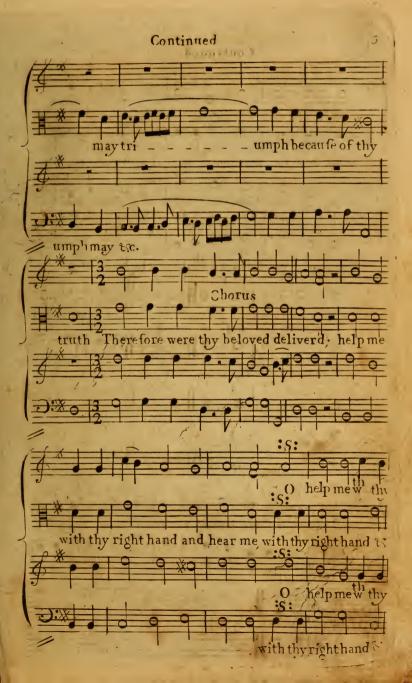
And I must hence remove:

I then may join the Heavinly Choir,

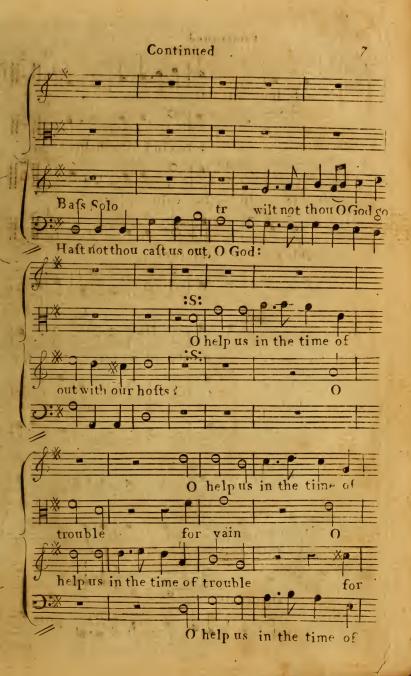
And sing with Saints above.

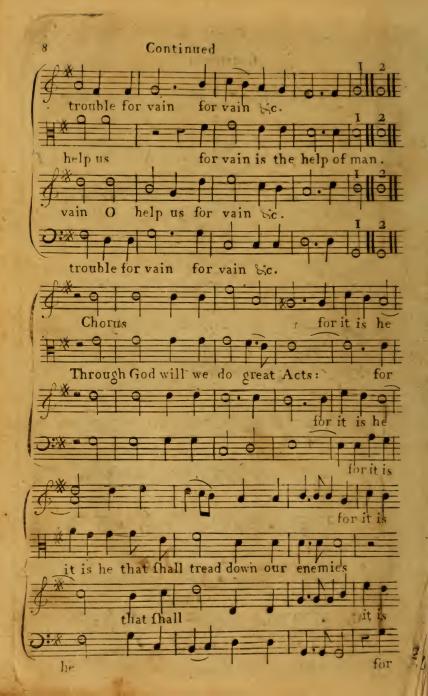




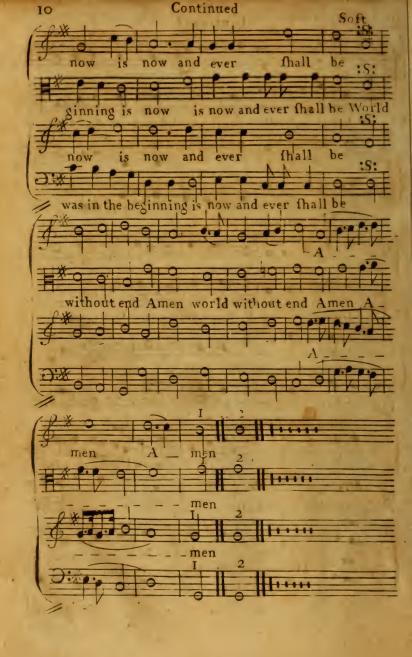














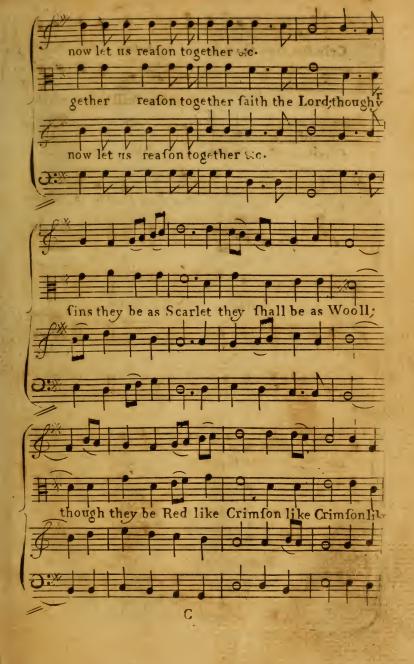






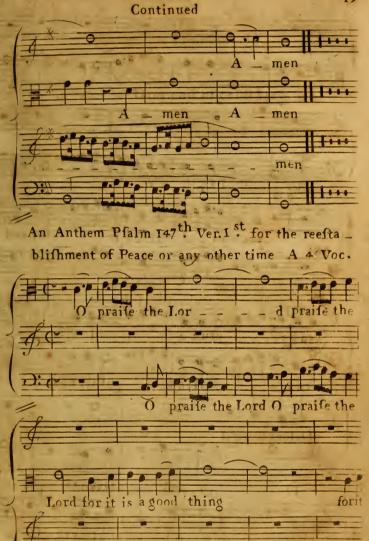






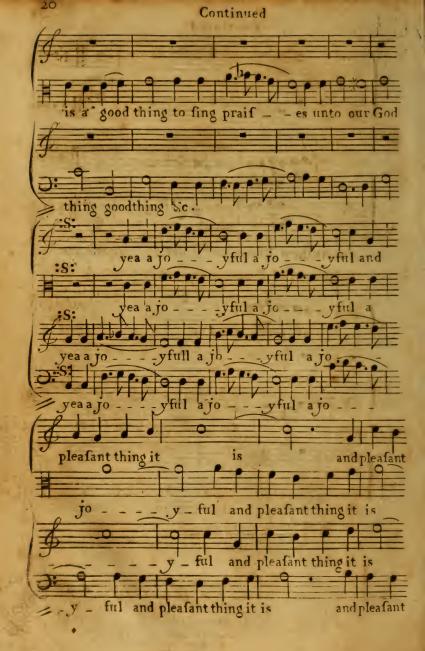




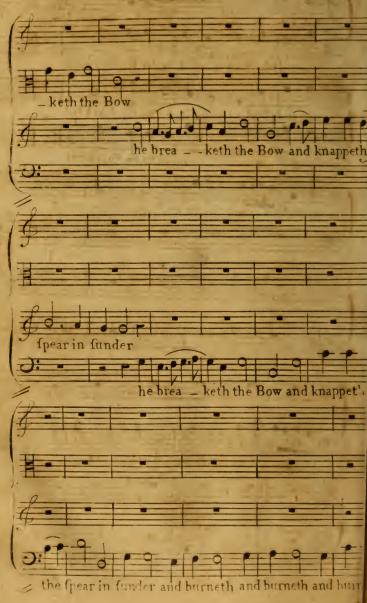


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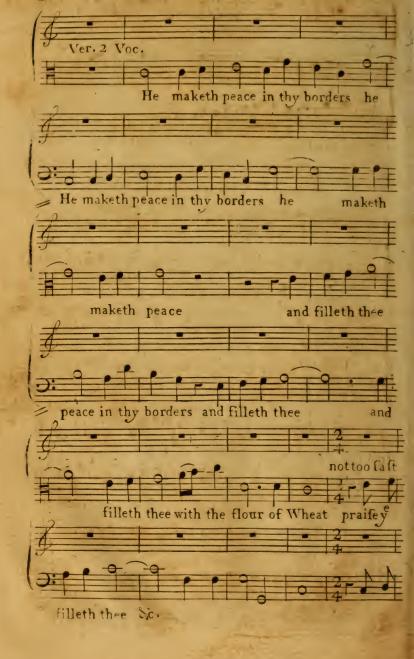
Lord







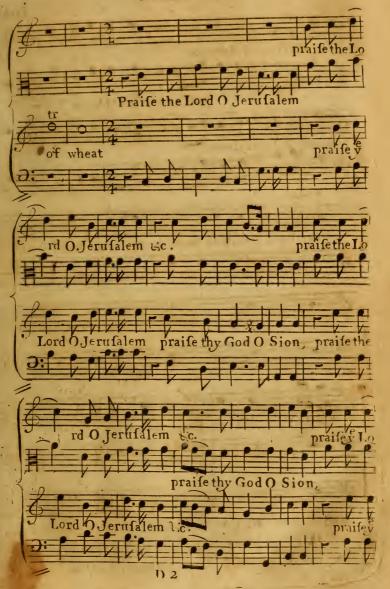








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and Hallelujahs or with the Chorus Great is mir Ld Sc. and the Amens and Hallelurahs as follows









Continued









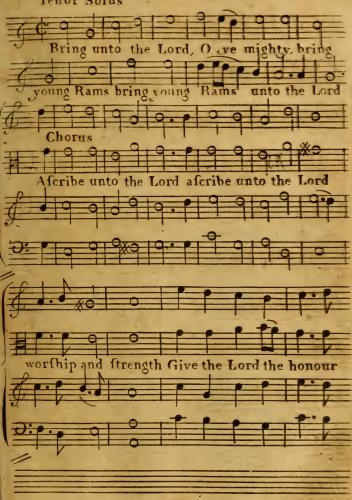
I will fing unto the Lord Sc.



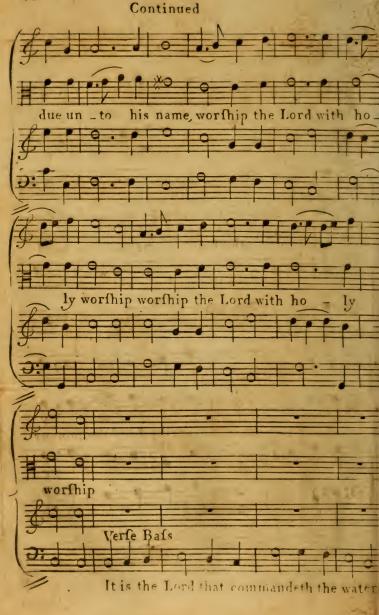


An Anthem Pfalm 29th
A 4 Voc.

Tenor Solus

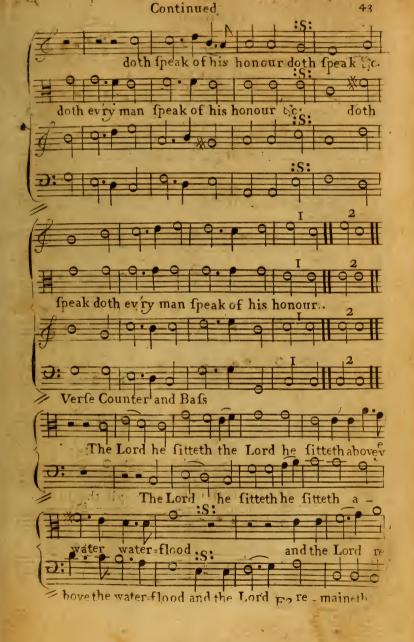


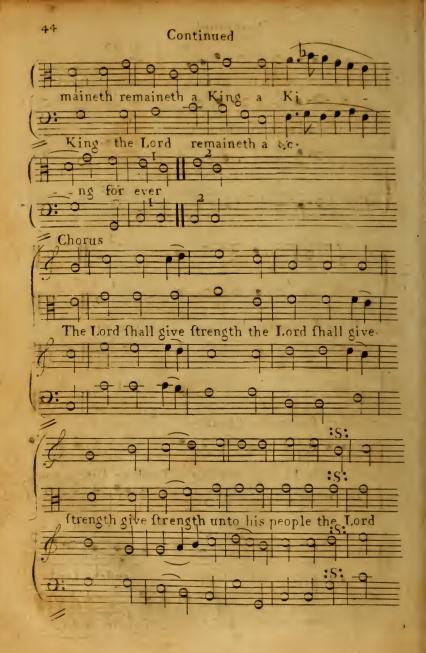






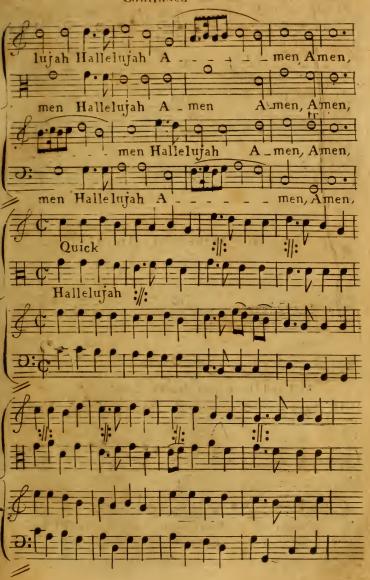










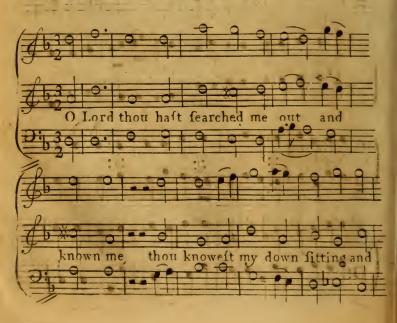






An Anthem Pfalm 139th

A 3 Voc.





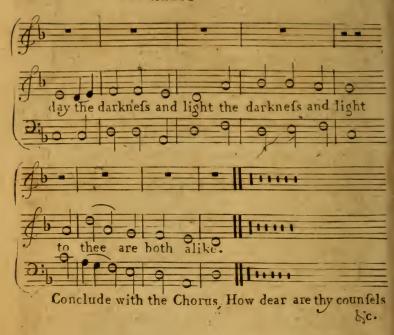




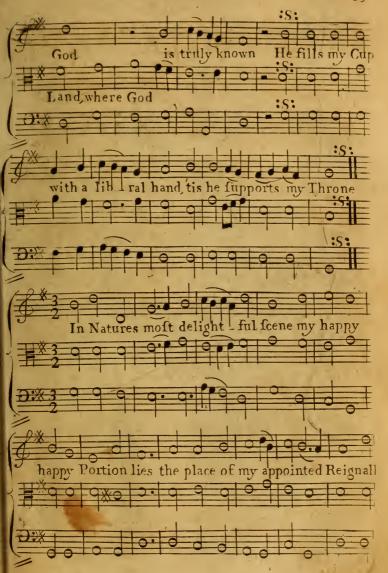


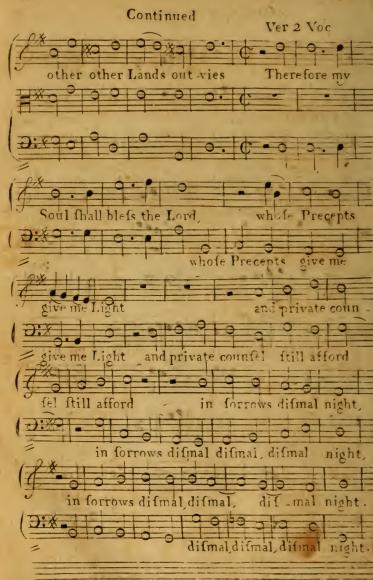


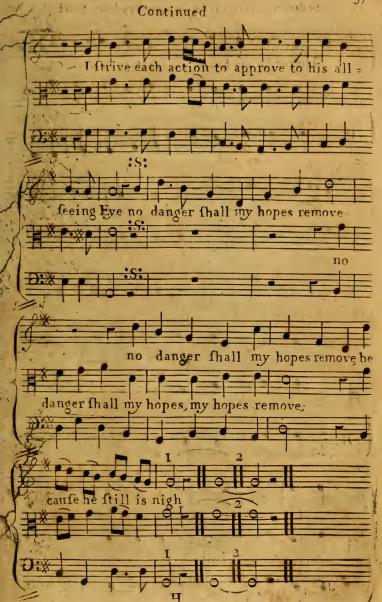




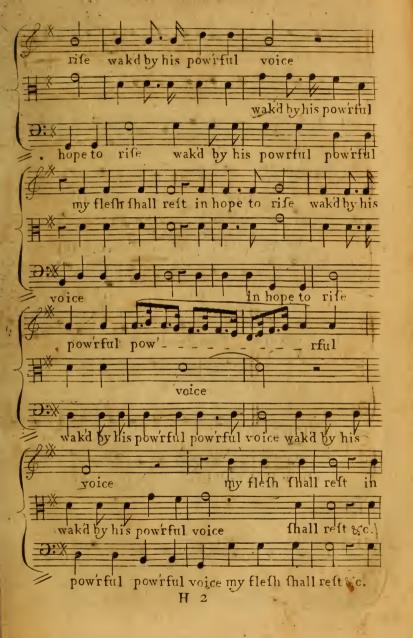




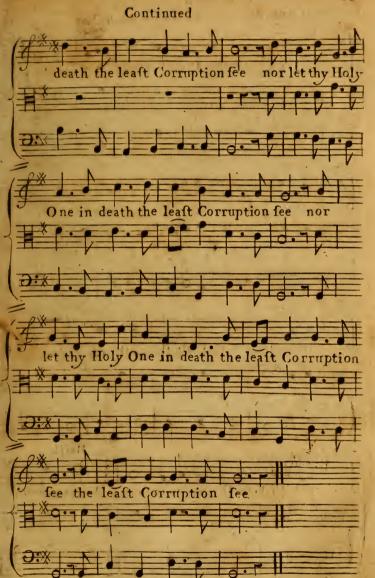


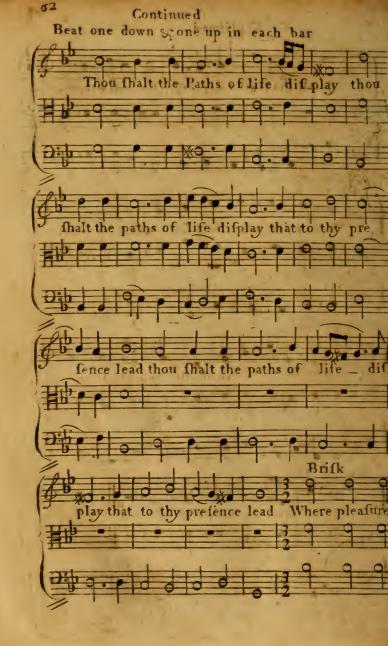


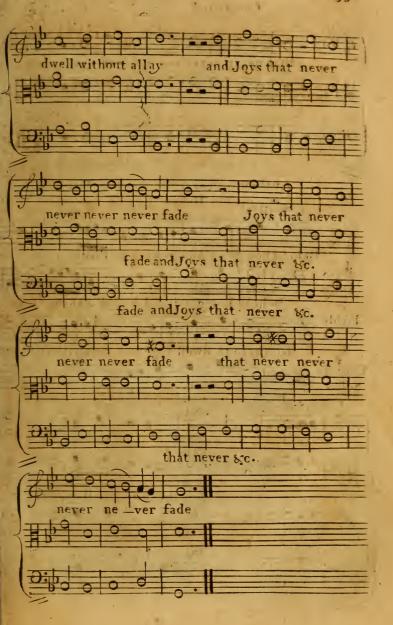


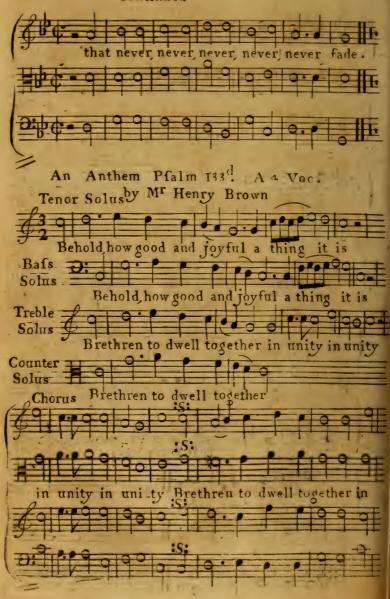


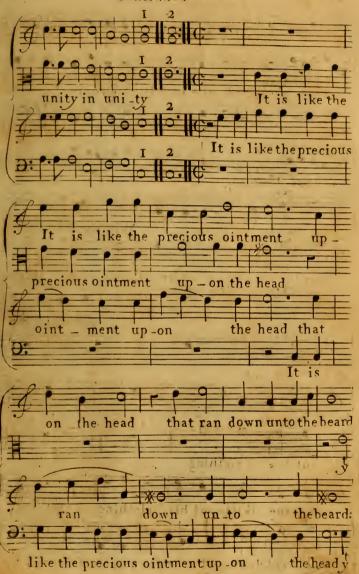




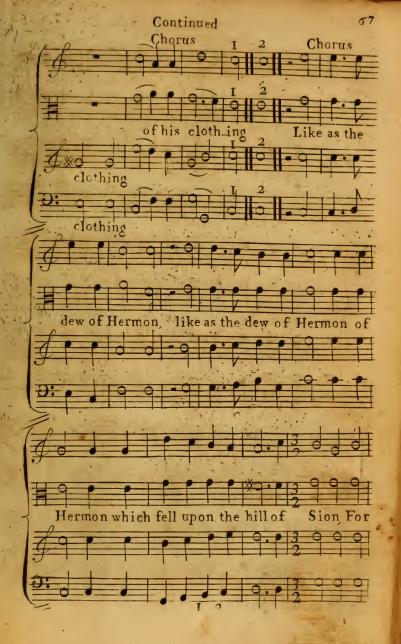


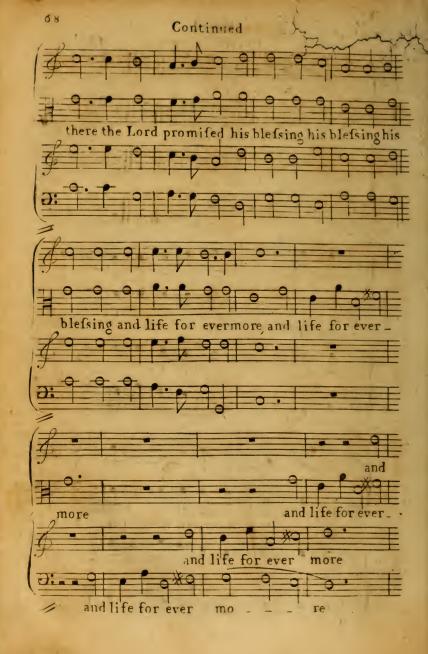
















An Anthem Pfalm Iooth
by Mr H. Brown. A 4 Voc.







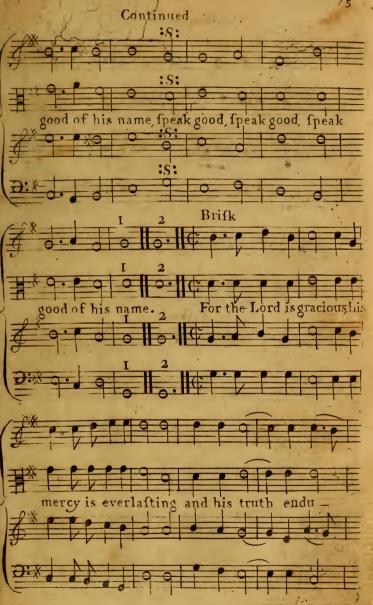


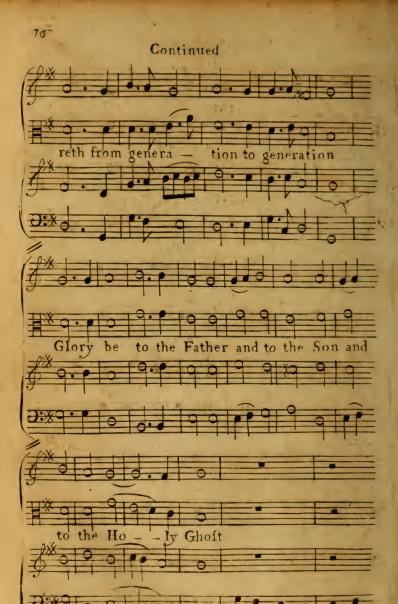
we are his people

















An Anthem Pfalm 127th A 3. Voc.

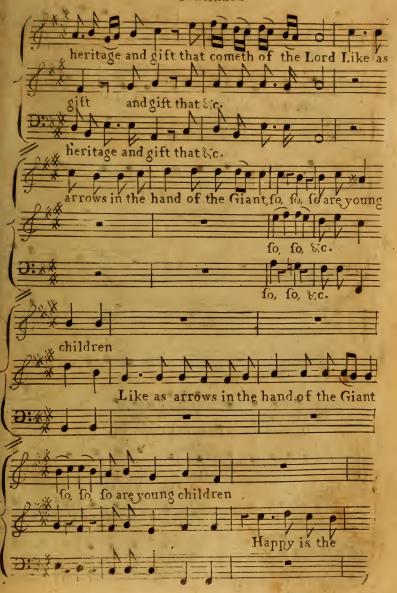








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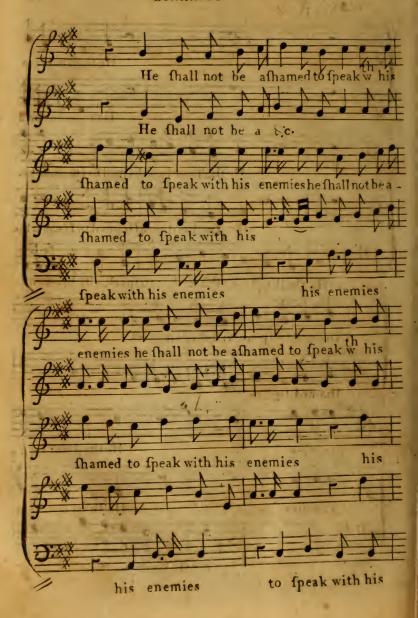


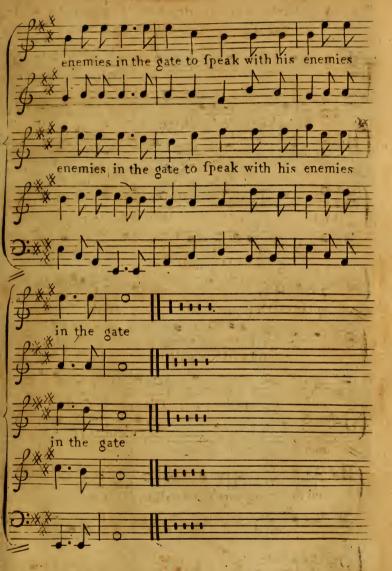
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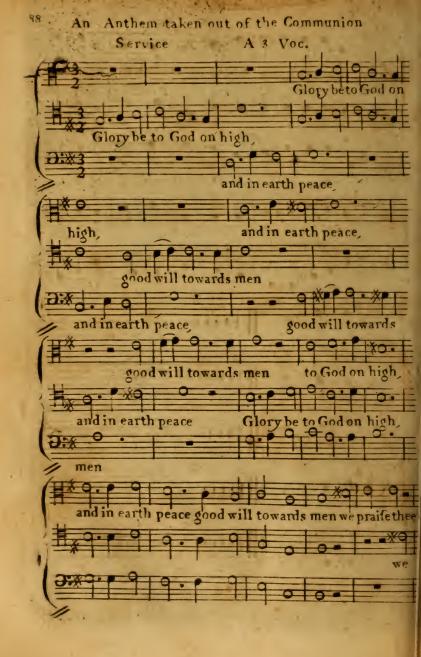


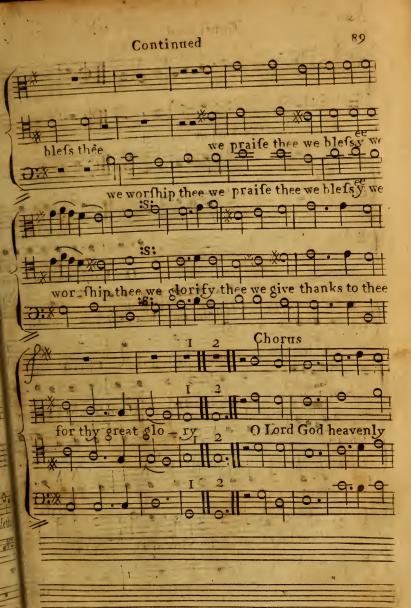
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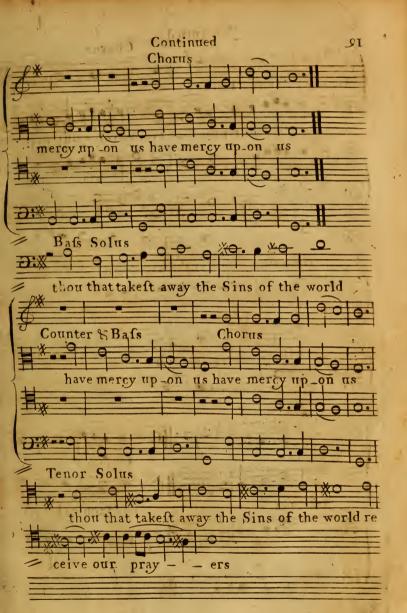






















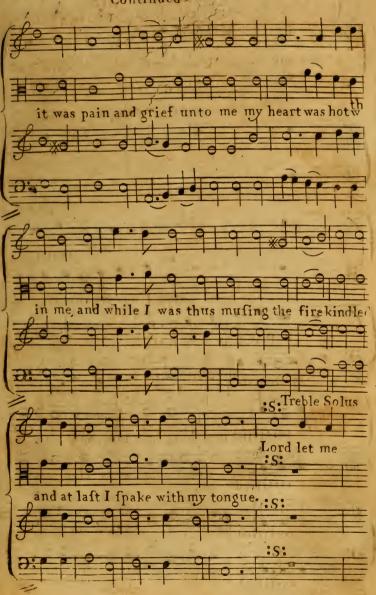








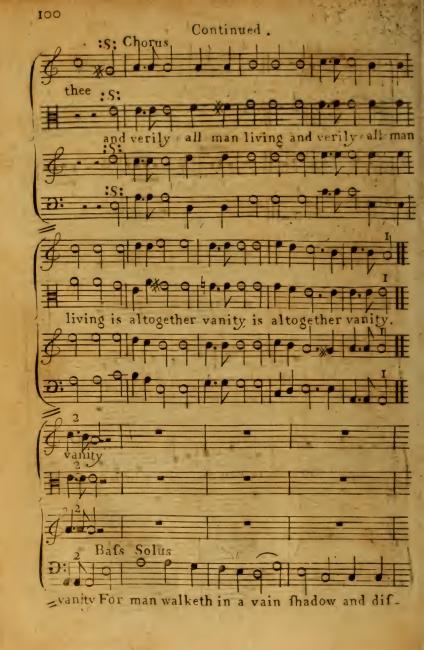






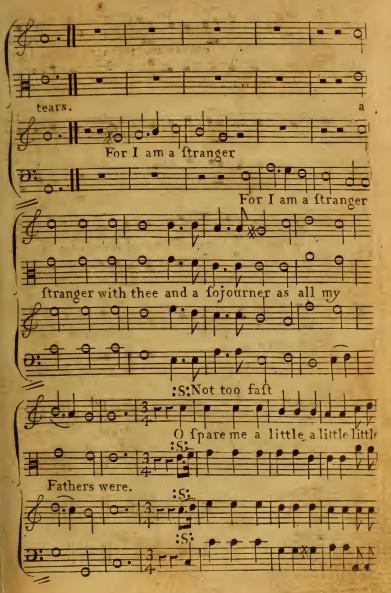












Continued .







My peaceful grave shall keep My bones tilly sweet day; I wake from my long sleep, And leave my Bed of Clay.

Sweet truth Sc.

My Lord his Angels shall Their golden Trumpets sound; At whose most welcome call My grave shall be unbound.

Sweet truth &c.

I faid sometimes with tears, A me! I'm loath to die.

Lord, silence thou those fears, My lifes with thee on high.

Sweet truth &c.

hat means my trembling heart, To be thus fly of death; My life and I shan't part, Tho' I resign my breath.

Sweet truth &c.

Then welcome harmless grave, By thee to Heavn I'll go. Ty Lord his death shall save Me from the Flames below.

Sweet truth &c.





But makes the perfect Law of God His Business and Delight; Devovtly reads therein by Day ...

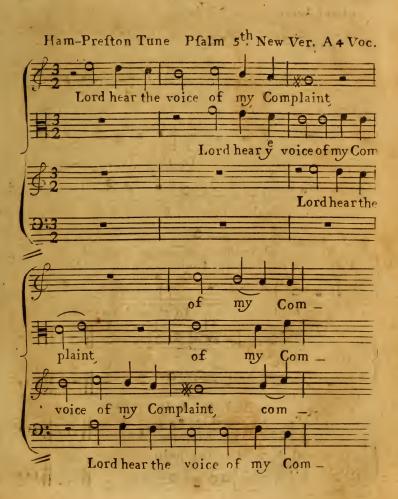
And meditates by Night.

Like some fair Tree, which fed by streams
With timely Fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and Success
All his Designs attend.

Ungodly Men and their Attempts
No lafting Root shall find;
Untimely blasted and dispers'd
Like Chaff before the Wind.

Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb
Before their Judge's Face:
No formal Hypocrite shall then
Amongst the Saints have place.

For God approves the Just Man's Ways
To Happiness they tend:
But Sinners and the Pathsthey tread
Shall both in Ruin end.





Continued

Thou in the morn my Voice shalt hear;

And with the dawning day

To thee devoutly I'll look up,

To thee devoutly pray.

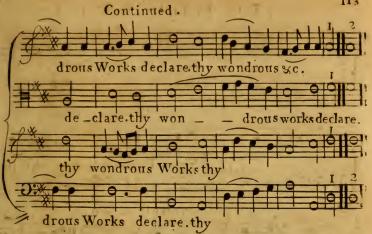
For thou the Wrongs that I fustain Canst never Lord, approve,
Who from thy sacred Dwelling place.
All Evil dost remove.

The flandring Tongue, O God of Truth,
By thee shall be destroyd,
Who hatst alike the Man in Blood
And in Deceit employd.

But when thy boundless Grace shall me
To thy lovd Courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
And humbly thee adore.

112 Long-Ham Tune, Pfalm oth NewVer. A 4 Voc.





No. If this Tune is Sung for a Thanksgiving for a Victory Sing § 4.1 st Verses of § Pfalm.

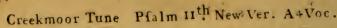
The Thought of them shall to my Soul Exalted Pleasure bring,

Whilst to thy Name O thou most High!
Triumphant Praise I sing.

IO

All those who have his Goodness provid Will in his Truth confide; Whose Mercy neer forsook the Man That on his Help relyd.

Sing Praises therefore to the Lord-From Sion his Abode Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World Confess no other God.







Behold the wicked bend their Bow, And ready fix their Dart; Lurking in ambush to destroy The Man of upright Heart.

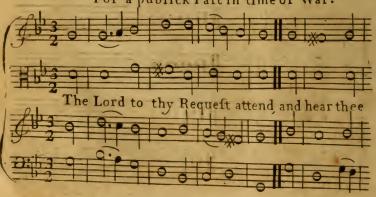
3

When once the firm Assurance fails
Which publick Faith imparts
Tis time for Innocence to fly
From such deceitful Arts.

The Lord has both a Temple here,
And righteous Throne above;
Whence he furveys the Sons of Men,
And how their Counfels move.

The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds,
With fignal Favour grace;
And to the upright Man diclose
The brightness of his Face.

Long-Fleet Tune Pfalm 20th New Ver. A 4 Voc. For a publick Fast in time of War.





ued

To aid thee from on high repair,
And strength from Sion give;
Remember all thy Offings there,
Thy Sacrifice receive.

3

To compass thy own Heart's Desire
Thy Counsels still direct.
Make kindly all Events conspire
To bring them to effect.

4

To thy Salvation Lord for Aid

We chearfully repair,

With Banners in thy Name displayd:

"The Lord accept thy Pray'r.

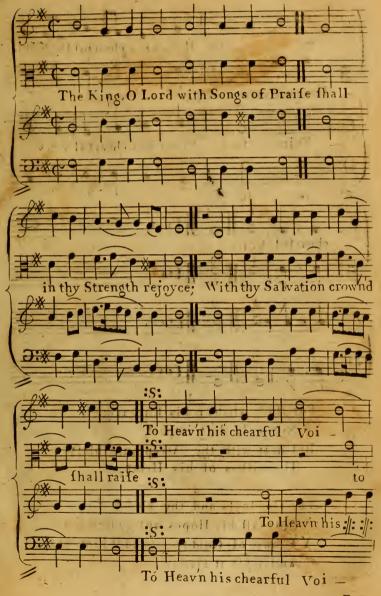
5

Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
Our Sov'reign will defend,
From Heav'n refiftlefs Aid afford,
And to his Pray'r attend.

5

Some trust in Steeds for War design'd,
On Chariots some rely:
Against them all we call to mind
The Pow'r of God most High.

Sandwich new Tune, Pfalm 21 st New Ver. A 4 Voc.





For thou whateer his Lips request

Not only dost impart,

But hast with thy Acceptance blest

The wishes of his Heart.

Thy Goodness and thy tender Care
Have all his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold thou madist him wear.
And setist it firmly on.

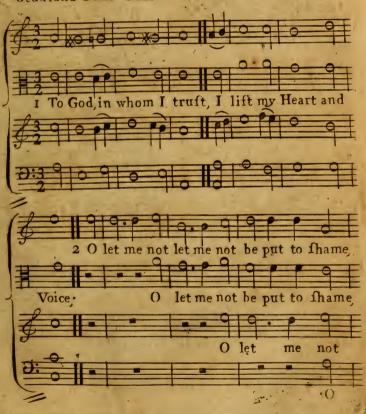
He pray'd for Life and thou, O Lord,

Didft to his Pray'r attend,

And graciously to him afford

A Life that ne'er shall end.

Studland Tune Pfalm 25th New Ver. A 4 Voc.





Those who on Thee rely

Let no difference attend.

Be that the shameful Lot of such As wilfully offend.

To me thy Truth impart,

And lead me in thy way,

Continued

For thou art he that brings me Help, On thee I wait all day.

Thy Mercies and thy Love,
O Lord recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

Let all my youthful Crimes

Be blotted out by thee;

And for thy wondrous Goodness sake

In Mercy think on me.

His Mercy and his Truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandring Sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.





Since thou art still my only Stay,

Why leav'st thou me in deep Distress!

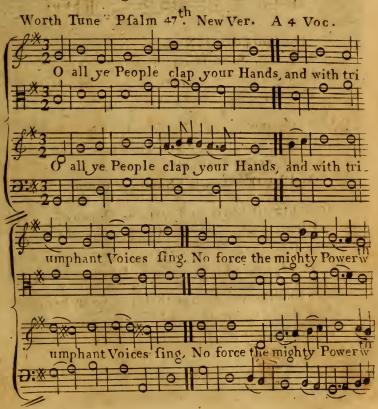
Why go I mourning all the Day,

Whilst me insulting Foes oppress:

Let me with Light and Truth be bleft,
Be these my Guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy Hill I rest,
And in thy facred Temple pray.

Then will I there fresh Altars raise,
To God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tund Harps with Songs of Praise
Shall all my grateful Hours employ.

Why then cast down, my Soul, and why So much oppress with anxious Care! On God, thy God, for Aid rely, Who will thy ruind State repair.



Continued



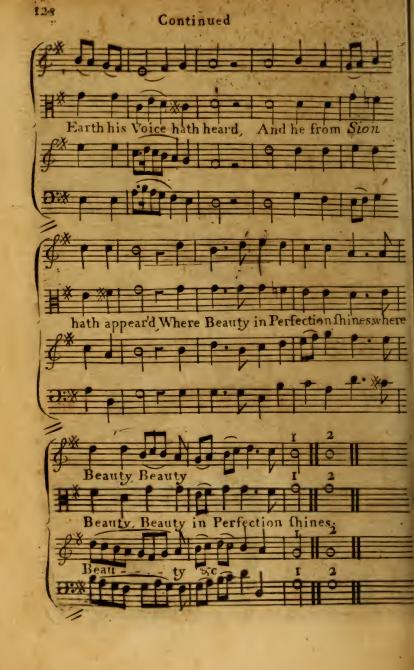
He shall opposing Nations quell,
And with Success our Battles fight;
Shall fix the Place where we must dwell,
The Pride of Sacoh, his delight.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With Shouts of Joy and Trumpets Sound;
To him repeated Praises sing;
And let the chearful Song go round.

Your utmost Skill in Praise be shown,
For him who all the World commands;
Who sits upon his righteous Throne,
And spreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.

Our Chiefts and Tribes, that far from hence
To ferve the God of Abr'am came,
Found him their conftant fure Defence.
How great and glorious is his Name!





A low Bass to the Chorus which might be Sung by two or three deep Voices together with the four upper Parts.



3. 4.

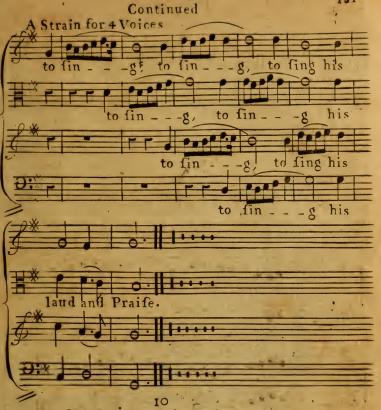
Our God shall come, and keep no more Misconstru'd silince as before, But wasting Flames before him send: Around shall Tempests fiercely rage, While he does Heav'n and Earth engage His just Tribunal to attend.

5. 6.

Assemble all my Saints to me (Thus runs the great Divine Decree)
That in my lasting Covinant live,
And Offrings bring with constant Care,
(The Heavins his Justice shall declare,
For God himself shall Sentence give.)







Awake my joy, awake, I say,

My Lute my Harp, and string:

And I my Self before the day,

Will rise, rejoyce, and sing.

Among the People I will tell

The goodness of my God:

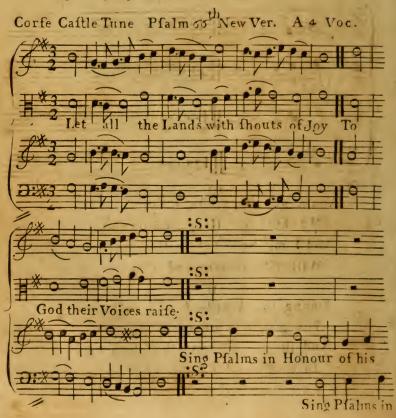
And shew his Praise that doth excel

In heathers land abroad.

R 2

His mercy doth extend as far As the Heavins all are high: His truth as high as any Star, That Shineth in the Sky.

Set forth and shew thy Self, O God,
Above the Heavins most bright:
Exalt thy Self on Earth abroad,
Thy Majesty and might.





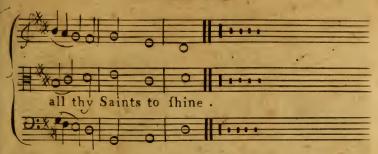


And let them fay, How dreadful Lord,
In all thy works art Thou!
To thy great Powr thy stubborn Foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
Shall Thee their God confess;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
Of thy great Name express.

O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the Sons of Men
Has wondrous Judgments shown.





2

That fo thy wond rous Ways
May thro the World be known;
While diftant Lands their Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

3

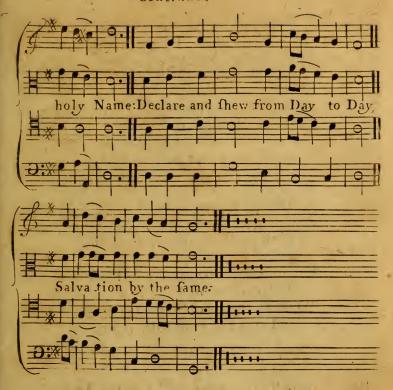
Let diffring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

4

O let them shout and sing,
With Joy and pious Mirth,
For Thou, the Righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the Earth.

Let diffring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame,
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.





Fall down and worship ye the Lord
Within his Temple bright:
Let all the People of the World
Be fearful at his fight.

IC

Tell all the World, be not afraid,
The Lord doth reign above:
Yea, he the Earth fo fast hath stay'd,
That it can never move.

H

And that it is the Lord alone
Who rules with Princely might:
To Judge the Nations evry one
With Equity and Right.

12

The Heavins shall joyfully begin, The Earth likewise rejoyce: The Sea with all that is therein, Shall shout and make a noise.

13

The Fields shall Joy and evry thing That springeth on the Earth: The Wood and evry Tree shall sing With gladness and with mirth.

14

Before the presence of the Lord,
And coming of his might:
When he shall justly Judge the World,
And rule his Folk with right.

Ham Worthy Tune Pfalm osth New Ver. A 4 Voc.











Continued

The Lord has through th'aftonisht World Display'd his saving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear
In all the Heathens sight.

Let therefore Earth's Inhabitance
Their chearful Voices raife,
And all with Universal Joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

With Harp and Hymns foft Melody.

Into the Confort bring
The Trumpet and Ishrill Cornet's found,
Before th'Almighty King.

Keynson Tune Psalm 101 st New Ver. A 4 Voc.
On A King or Queens accession to the Crown







2

When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside, Wise discipline my Reign shall guide; With blameless Life my felf Ill make A Pattern for my Court to take.

_3 4

No ill Defign will I purfue,
Nor those my Favirites make that do.
Who to Reproof bears no regard,
Him will I totally discard.

5

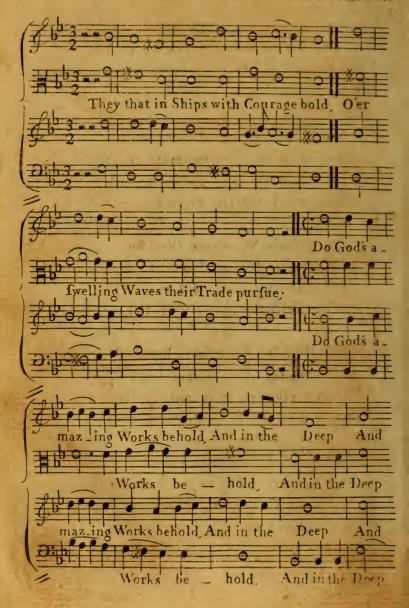
The private Slanderer shall be In publick Justice doom'd by me: From haughty looks I'll turn aside, And mortifie the Heart of Pride;

5

Put Honesty call'd from her Cell, In splendor at my Court shall dwell: Who Virtues practice make their Care, Shall have the first Preferments there.

7

No Politicks shall recommend His Countreys Foe to be my Friend: None e'er shall to my Favour rise By flattring or malicious Lyes. Poole New Tune Pfalm 107th Verse 23th New Ver. A4Voc.









No sooner his command is past, But forth a dreadful Tempest flies, Which sweeps the Sea with rapid Haste. And makes the Stormy Billows rise:

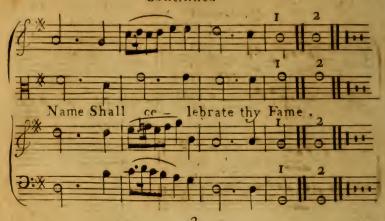
Sometimes the Ships to sid up to Heav'n On tops of mounting Waves appear. Then down the steep Abyss are drivn; Whilst ev'ry Soul dissolves with fear.

They reel and stagger to and fro, Like Men with Fumes of Wine opprest; Nor do the skilful Seamen know, Which way to steer what Course is best.

Then strait to God's indulgent Ear
They do their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Distress.







Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
Thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilst I with early Hymns of Joy,
Prevent the dawning Day.

To all the listining Tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those Nations sing thy Praise,
That round about us dwell:

Because thy Mercy's boundless height
The highest Heav'n transcends;
And far beyond th'aspiring Clouds
Thy faithful Truth extends.

Be thou O God exalted high
Above the starry Frame.
And let the World with one confent,
Confess thy glorious Name.

Clapper Tune Pfalm 122d Verse oth New Ver. A4 Voc. For the reestablishment of Peace or at any other Time O, pray we then for Salem's Peace, For they shall O, pray we then for Salem's Peace, For they Ihal' (Thou holy Ci ty of our God!) prosprous be (Thou holy Ci ty of our God!) prosprous be Chorus bear true Love to thee Thou

true Love to thee.



7

May Peace within thy facred Walls
A conftant Guest be found,
With Plenty and Prosperity
Thy Palaces be crown'd.

8

For my dear Brethren's fake and Friends
No lefs then Brethren dear,
I'll pray May Peace in Salem's Tow'rs
A constant Guest appear.

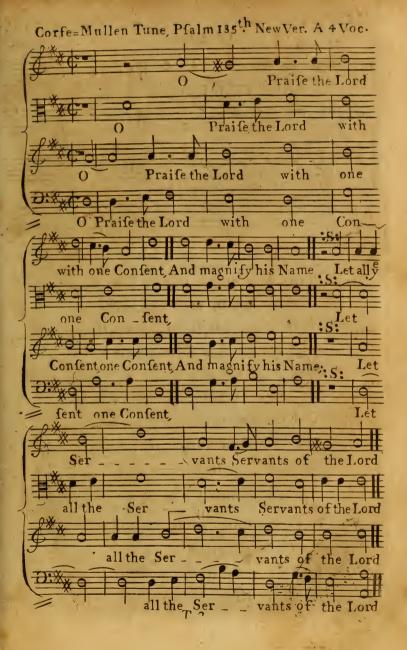
9

But most of all I'll seek thy Good,

And ever wish thee well,

For Sion and the Temple's sake,

Where God vouchsafes to dwell.







2

Praise him all ye that in his House,
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost Courts
With humble Zeal repair.

3

For this our truest Intrest is

Glad Hymns of praise to sing;

And, with loud Songs to bless his Name,

A most delightful thing.

Gloria Patri

To Father Son and Holy Ghost.

The God whom we adore

Be Glory: As it was is now.

And shall be evermore.

Canford Tune Pfalm 130th New Ver. A4 Voc







To him whose wondrous Pow'r All other Gods obey, Whom earthly Kings adore, This grateful Homage pay: For God, &c.

By his Almighty Hand Amazing Works are wrought;

The Heav'ns by his Command

Continued

Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

He spread the Ocean round, About the spacious Land; And made the rising Ground Above the Waters stand.

For God &c.

25 20

He does the Food supply On which all Creatures live: To God who reigns on high Eternal Praises give.

> For God will prove Our conftant Friend, His boundlefs Love Shall never end.





If thou true Wisdom from above Wilt graciously impart.
To keep thy perfect Laws I will Devote my zealous Heart.

35

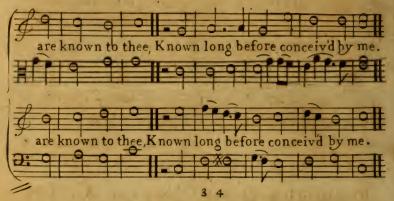
Direct me in the facred Ways To which thy Precepts lead, Because my chief Delight has been Thy righteous Paths to mad.

Do thou to thy most just Commands
Incline my willing Heart;
Let no desire of worldly Wealth
From thee my Thoughts divert.

The above by following Tune are Set in the two Natural Keys Viz: Are the Natural b Key and Cfaut the Natural * Key and when Sung to be repeated every Line.

Blandford Tune Pfalm 139th New Ver. Thou Lord by strictest fearch hast known Thou Lord, by ftricteft fearch haft known p, and ly ing down, My fe - cret Thoughts

Continued



Thine Eye my Bed and Path furvey
My publick Haunts, and private ways;
Thou knowst what its my Lips would vent,
My yet unutterd Words intent.

Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,
On every fide I find thy Hand
O Skill for human reach too high:
Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!

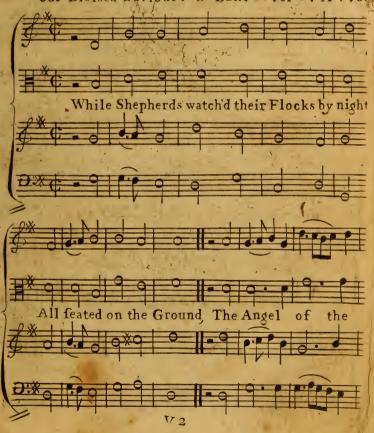
O cou'd I fo perfidious be To think of once deferting thee, Where Lord, cou'd I thy Influence shun, Or whither from thy Presence run!

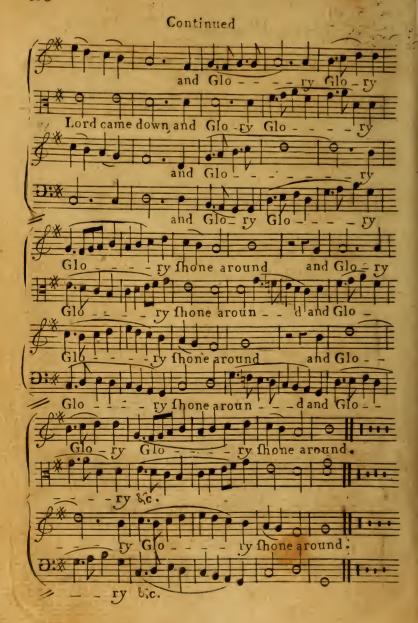
If up to Heavn I take my flight,
Tis there thou dwellift, enthrond in light:
Or dive to Hell's infernal Plains,
Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.

The End of the Pfalms

Here follow four Excellent Hymns and an Anthem for the Nativity

The Song of the Angels, at the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour. St Luke 2d Ver 8th A 4 Voc





Fear not, faid he (for mighty Dread Had feiz'd their troubled mind) Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring To you, and all Mankind.

To you, in David's Town, this Day
Is born of David's Line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the Sign:

The heav nly Babe you there shall find To human view display'd, All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands, And in a Manger laid.

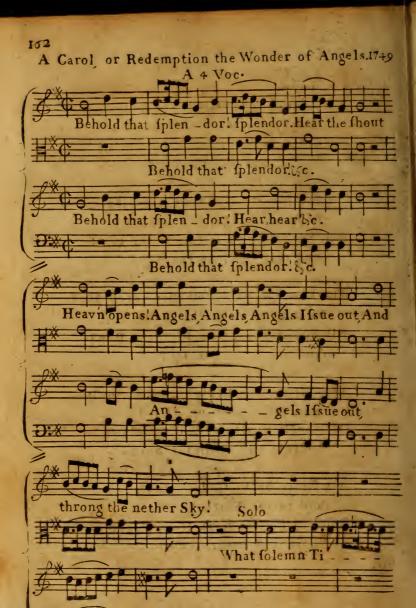
Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith Appeard a shining Throng Of Angels praising God, and thus Address their Joyful Song:

All Glory be to God on high,

And to the Earth be Peace

Good will hence forth, from Heav'n to Men,

Regin and never cease.





Why does the King approach our Land: Comes he with Thunder in his hand,

The Merit of our Crimes?
Shepherds he glad; He comes with Peace,
Not wrath, but Universal Grace,

To bless evn distant Climes. Shepherds Sc.

See Heavins great Heir a Woman's Son! Behold, a Manger is his Throne!

Nay, fee him born to die. Yours is the Guilt, but his the Pain; His are the Sorrows, yours the Gain

Then let his Praise be high. Yours be &c.

Come mighty King the Grace enhance
A Stable was thy Palace once,
Dwell in these Hearts of ours:
Teach us to praise the Father's Love
Till blest, transported, fird above,
We sing with Nobler Powers.

Teach us &c.









with his Iron Sceptre waits; Hell opes her Adamantine

Gates And tri _ umphs at their Woe.

2

Which of the bright Cælestial throng, With Love so warm and heart so strong,

Dares Languish on a Cross who can leave Liberty for Chains, Abbandon Extasy for Pains, What Angel - fortitude sustains, Thinestimable Loss.

Who can leave bc.

He faid; and Death-like Silence Reign'd; Deep was their awe; the radiant band,

The mighty Task declin'd.

At length Heavn's Prince the silence broke,
And Ardent, thus, the Sire bespoke,

None but thy Son can ward the stroke;

Then let the task be mine.

At length Sc.

Mine be the feeble Infant State; Mine in return for Love be hate;

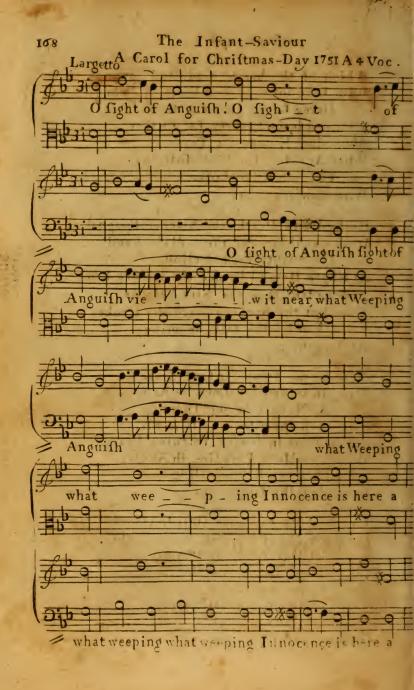
A Manger be my Throne.
Pain, when thy Glory calls is blifs,
When Man's in danger Torture's Peace,
Shame praise, a Paradice th'Abyss:

Pain when thy Glory &c.

Th'Almighty radiance smild Assent, Loud was the shout that Asther rent, All Heav'n was in amaze.

Go my Lovd Image, faid the Sire, Be born in anguish to expire; Earth triumph, Angels, strike the Lyre To Everlasting Praise.

Go my Lovd Image &c.







Why do no rapid Thunders roll: Why do no tempests Rock the Pole: O Miracle of Grace!

Or why no Angel on the wing, Warm for the Honours of ther King,

T'extirpate all the race. Or why no Sc.

Did he that Infant bath'd in tears! Call into form the rolling Spheres. Did Seraphs wait his Nod.

Helpless he calls but Man delays. The Moral Chaos difobeys

This offspring of a God. Helpless he co.

Say radiant Seraphs, thron'd in light, Did Love e'er tow'r fo high a flight, Or Glory fink so low. This wonder Angels scarce declare, Angels the rapture scarce can bear,

Or equal praise bestow. This wonder To

Redemption! 'tis_a houndless Theme!_
Thou boundless Mind our hearts inflame
With ardor from above:
Words are but faint let joy express:
Vain is mere joy let actions bless
This Prodigy of Love. Words are &c.

Advertisement.

The three last Carols were sent me according as they bare date by a Gentleman unknown desiring me to Set them to Music with the third I received the following Letter.

W.K.

Sir

I take the liberty tho'unknown of troubling you with another Carol which I beg you will do me the Honour of Setting to Music.if this performanceas I fear it will should prove less animated than the occasion requires; your candor must ascribe it in fome meafure to an illness under which I have long labourd and which has greatly depres'd my Spirits and likewise to the frequency of my attempts upor the same subject this before you being the fifth Composition of the kind you will see here too many Symptoms of a Sickly Muse. And yet I expect hat Mufic which works wonders, and is known to be So vereign in some diseases will at least give her a more sprightly Air if not totally relieve her. It wil not be the first instance in which Poetry has been Supported, enlivend and recommended by the help of her Sifter-Art. my own obligations of this fort toyor I take this oppertunity of very Sincerely and than!

fully acknowledging.

Some time or other I may possibly make so free as to send you a few Songs in behalf of which I shall intreat the same assistance from that Art in which you are so acknowledged a Master. Amuse ments of that kind when decently entertaining being in my apprehension no way dishonourable to the Cloth I wear. Please to return the new Carol assoon as possible and you will lay a double obligation on your Obedient Humble

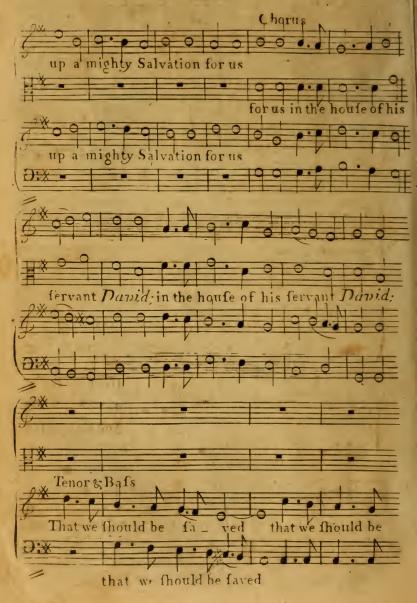
Servant &c.

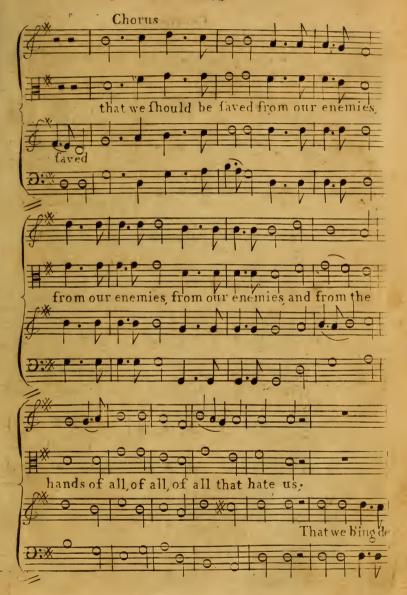
An Anthem for the Nativity St. Luke the Ist Ver. the 68th Or instead of Jubilate Deo in the Morning Service A 4 Voc.

for its winder that the last comment

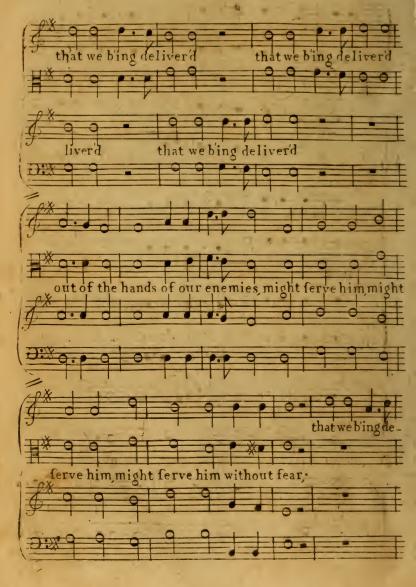




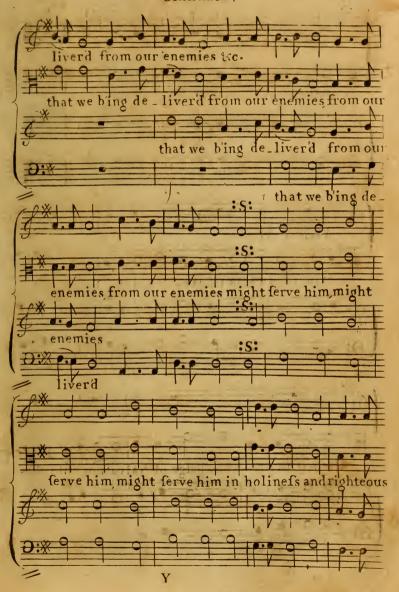




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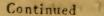


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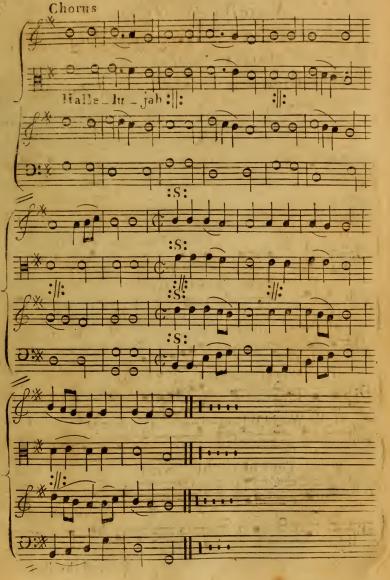












KING CHARLES I.

being Majesty in Misery An Imploration to the King of Kings wrote by his Majesty during his Captivity in Carisbrooke Castle Anno Dom 1648

Let to Musica by the Author

A 3 Voc.





And teach my Tongue, that ever did confine Its Faculties in Truth's Seraphick Line, To track the Treason of thy Foes and mine.

Nature and Law by thy Divine Decree, The only Root of righteous Royaltv With this dim Diadem invested me:

With it the facred Sceptre, Purple Robe, The Holy Unction and the royal Globe, Yet I am levell'd with the Life of Job.

The fiercest Furies that do daily tread Upon my Grief, my gray discrowned Head. Are those that owe my Bounty for their Bread.

They raise a War, and Christen it The Cause, Whilst Sacrilegious Hands have best Applause Plunder and Murder are the Nation's Laws.

Tyranny bears the Title of Taxation, Revenge and Robbery are Reformation, Oppression gains the Name of Sequestration.

My Loyal Subjects, who in this bad Seafon, Attend me by the Law of God and Reafon, They dare impeach and Punish for High Treafon. Next at the Clergy do these Furies frown, Pious Episcopacy must go down; They will destroy the Crossier and the Crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and Schismaticks are freed Mechanicks Preach, and Holy Fathers bleed; The Crown is crucified with the Creed.

The Church of England doth all Faction foster,
The Pulpit is usurp'd by each Imposter,
Extempore excludes the Pater Noster.

The Tresbyter and Independent, Seed,
Springs with broad Blades to make Religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The Corner Stone's misplaced by every Paviour, With such a Bloody Method and Behaviour, Their Ancestors did Crucify our Saviour.

My royal Confort, from whose fruitful womb, So many Princes legally have come, Is forc'd in Pilgrimage to seek a Tomb.

Great *Pritain's* Heir is forced into *France*Whilft on his Father's head his foes advance;
Poor Child he weeps out his Inheritance.

With my own Power my Majesty they wound In the King's Name the King himselfs uncrown'd So doth the dust destroy the Diamond

With Propositions daily they inchant, My People's ears, such as do reason daunt, And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal Stem,.

To make me great, to advance my Diadem,

If I will but fall down and worship them.

But for refusing they devour my Thrones,

Distress my Children and destroy my Bones,

I fear they'll force me to make Bread of Stones.

My Life they prize at fuch a flender rate, That in my Absence they draw Bills of Hate, To prove the King a Traytor to the State.

Felons obtain more Privilege than I.
They are allow'd to answer e're they die.
Tis Death for me to ask the reason why.

But Sacred Saviour with the Words I wooe
Thee to forgive and not be bitter to
Such as thou knowest know not what they do.

Altenna and in age of classic

For fince they from the Lord are fo difjointed, As to contemn those Edicts he appointed, How can they prize the power of his anointed.

Augment my Patience, nullifie my Hate, Preserve my Issue and inspire my Mate, Yet though I perish bless this Church and State.

An Anthem Sam. 2d Chap. 1st Ver. 19th A4Vor For the Martyrdom of King Charles the First or at any other Time









