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The New-England Selection;

OR,

PLAIN PSALMODIST.

CONTAINING

A ſhort Introduction to Pſalmody, for the Uſe of Schools;

AND A

VARIETY OF TUNES SUITED TO PUBLIC WORSHIP.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.....THE SECOND EDITION.

BY JOEL READ.

BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY MANNING AND LORING.
SOLD BY MANNING AND LORING, No. 2, CORNHILL; AND BY JOHN BREWER, PROVIDENCE, (*R. I.*).....1812.

Dupl 8049.11

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the ſeventeenth day of September, in the thirty third year of the Independence of the United States of America, JOEL READ, of the ſaid Diſtrict, has depoſited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

"The New England Selection, or Plain Pſalmodiſt. Containing a Short Introduction to Pſalmody, for the uſe of Schools; and a variety of tunes ſuited to public worſhip, original and ſelected, by JOEL READ."

In conformity to the Act of the Congreſs of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by ſecuring the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of ſuch Copies, during the Times therein mentioned;" and alſo to an Act, entitled, "An Act ſupplementary to an Act, intitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by ſecuring the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of ſuch Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Deſigning, Engraving and Etching Hiſtorical and other Prints."

WILLIAM S. SHAW,
Clerk of the Diſtrict of Maſſachuſetts.

Schol.
Feb. 16. 1878
Public Library
—of the—
City of Boston.

PREFACE.

THE publiſher of this book having been frequently employed in the ſale of Singing-Books for ſeveral years paſt, is led to conclude that he has ſome knowledge of that kind of Pſalm tunes which are uſed in the various parts of New-England, where he has been converſant with thoſe who teach vocal Muſic, and lead in public worſhipping aſſemblies; and although he has not inſerted all the Pſalm tunes made uſe of, yet he flatters himſelf he has a ſufficient number for any ſociety to perform, and more than is generally learned by any one choir of Singers. He has endeavoured to publiſh ſuch as are now in uſe in many pariſhes, together with ſuch others as he thinks will meet the approbation of a majority (not to ſay all) the teachers and choriſters into whoſe hands it may come. He has aimed to ſupply a ſufficient number for the ſeveral metres of the Pſalms and Hymns in Dr. Watts, Tate and Brady, and Dr. Belknap's Verſions, in both the cheerful and plaintive keys. Many of the following pieces he has heard performed with ſatisfaction and applauſe. Some others have been highly approved of, and recommended by judges of muſic on whom he can rely. Thoſe which are new, he truſts will meet the approbation of thoſe who examine and perform them with care and candor; and he earneſtly recommends it to the conſideration of thoſe who ſuperintend Singing-Schools, in New-England, to practiſe ſuch tunes in the Schools as will be ſuitable for public worſhip, having regard to the different metres, keys, &c.

With regard to the Rules, he has endeavoured to be ſhort; not thinking it neceſſary to publiſh any conſiderable explanation, as he apprehends very few inſtances occur where any perſon undertakes to learn without an inſtructor; and thoſe who undertake to teach Singing-Schools, are or ought to be learned beforehand; and the Maſſachuſetts Compiler, or ſome other treatiſe calculated for the purpoſe, will of courſe be ſtudied by them. The following Rules he conſiders ſufficient for practiſing plain Pſalmody.

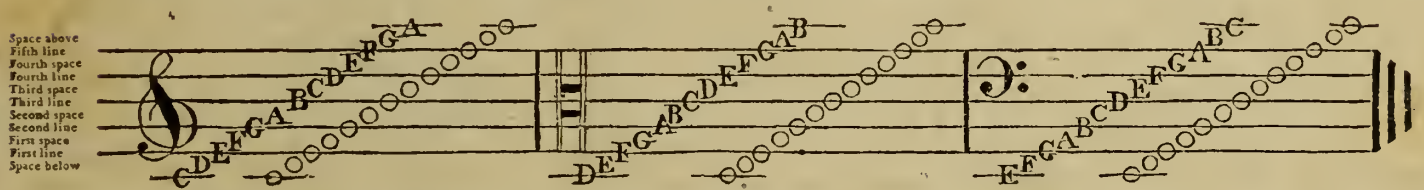
The firſt Edition met with a rapid ſale, and encourages him to publiſh this ſecond, which he truſts is not inferior in point of merit; and hopes it will meet the general approbation of the Public.

Attleborough, June 20, 1812.

A plain and concise INTRODUCTION *to the* GROUNDS *of* MUSIC.

GAMUT.

G Cliff. TENOR or TREBLE. | C Cliff. COUNTER. | F Cliff. BASS.



A CLIFF *generally* distinguishes some particular part; it also governs the order of the letters, as it always, where it is placed, carries the letter prefixed to it along with it, from which also it takes its name as above.

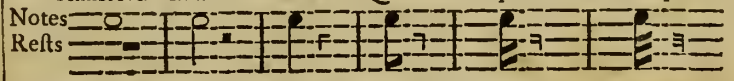
THE natural place for mi is in - - - - - B

If B be flat, mi is in - - - E	If F be sharp, mi is in - - F
If B and E be flat, mi is in - A	If F and C be sharp, mi is in C
If B, E, and A be flat, mi is in D	If F, C, and G be sharp, mi is in G
If B, E, A and D be flat, mi is in G	If F, C, G, and D be sharp, mi is in D

Above mi are fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la; and below are la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa, and then comes mi again.

From mi to fa, and from la to fa, are but half tones.

NAMES and PROPORTIONS of the NOTES and RESTS.



Two minims, or 4 crotchets, or 8 quavers, or 16 semiquavers, or 32 demisemiquavers, are equal to one semibreve; the semibreve rest is also a bar rest, in all moods of time.

Muſical Characters.

Stave — FIVE lines on which muſic is written.

Brace — Shows how many parts are ſung together.

Flat — At the beginning of a tune, governs the mi; and ſet before a note, ſinks it half a tone.

Sharp — At the beginning of a tune, governs the mi; and ſet before a note, raiſes it half a tone.

Natural — Reſtores any note, made flat or ſharp, to its primitive ſound.

Point of Addition — Adds to a note half its original length.

Point of Diminution — Reduces 3 notes to the time of two of the ſame kind.

Single bar — Divides the time according to the meaſure note.

Double bar — or — Shows the end of a ſtrain.

Cloſe — Shows the end of a tune.

Repeat :S: or — Shows that part of the tune is to be ſung twice.

Figures — Show that the notes under figure 1 are ſung before repeating, and the notes under figure 2 at repeating. If tied together with a ſlur, all are ſung at repeating.

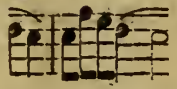
Hold — Shows that the ſound of the note over which it is placed ſhould be continued beyond its cuſtomary length, ſo long as the maſter pleaſes. ☞ In this book, when placed over the treble, it has influence over the correſponding notes in the other parts.

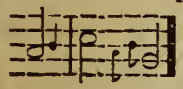
Ledger lines — Are added when the notes go out of the compaſs of the five lines and ſpaces.

Trill — Shows that the note over which it is placed ſhould be ſhaken.

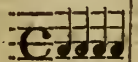
Marks of diſtinction — Require the notes over which they are placed to be ſung emphatically.

Chooſing Notes — Give the performer liberty to ſing which he pleaſes; and both may be ſung at the ſame time, though not with the ſame voice.

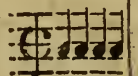
Slur or Tie —  Shows what number of notes are ſung to one ſyllable.

Apoggiturας —  Are ſmall notes which divide the time of the principal note, unleſs it be followed by a point or reſt, and then they take the whole time of the principal note, and that takes the time of the point or reſt only.

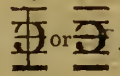
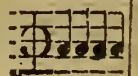
COMMON TIME.

First Mood — ADAGIO has 4 beats in a bar, 2 down and 2 up. 4 crotchets, or their amount, fill a bar. 

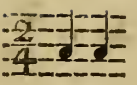
d d u u

Second — Largo, has 4 beats, 2 down and 2 up, $\frac{1}{4}$ quicker than the firſt. 4 crotchets in a bar. 

d d u u

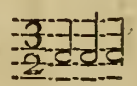
Third —  Allegro, has 2 beats, 1 down and 1 up. 4 crotchets in a bar. 

d u

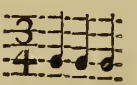
Fourth — Has 2 beats, 1 down and 1 up. Two crotchets in a bar In all moods of common time, accent on the firſt and third parts of each bar. 

d u

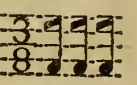
TRIPLE TIME.

First Mood — Has 3 beats, 2 down and 1 up; 3 minims, or their amount, fill a bar. 

d d u

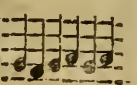
Second — Has three beats, 2 down and one up; three crotchets or their amount fill a bar. One quarter quicker than $\frac{3}{2}$. 

d d u

Third — Has three beats, two down, and one up; three quavers fill a bar. One quarter quicker than $\frac{3}{4}$. 

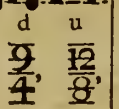
d d u

COMPOUND TIME.

First Mood — CONTAINS the amount of 6 crotchets in a bar, and has 2 beats, 1 down and one up. Accented on the firſt part of each beat. 

d u

Second Has the amount of ſix quavers in a bar, and has 2 beats, 1 down and 1 up. Accented on the firſt part of each beat.

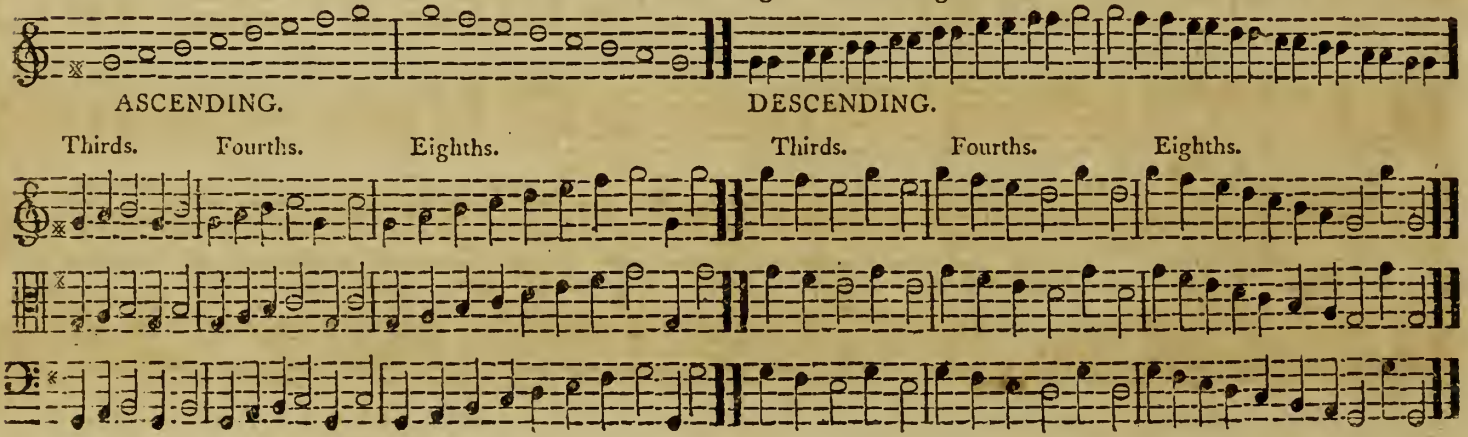
☞ There are other moods in compound time, ſuch as  , &c. but not commonly uſed in Pſalmody.

OF THE KEYS.

THERE are but two Keys in muſic, the *ſharp* or *major key*, and the *flat* or *minor key*. If the laſt note in the baſs be next above mi, it is a ſharp; if next below, it is a flat key.

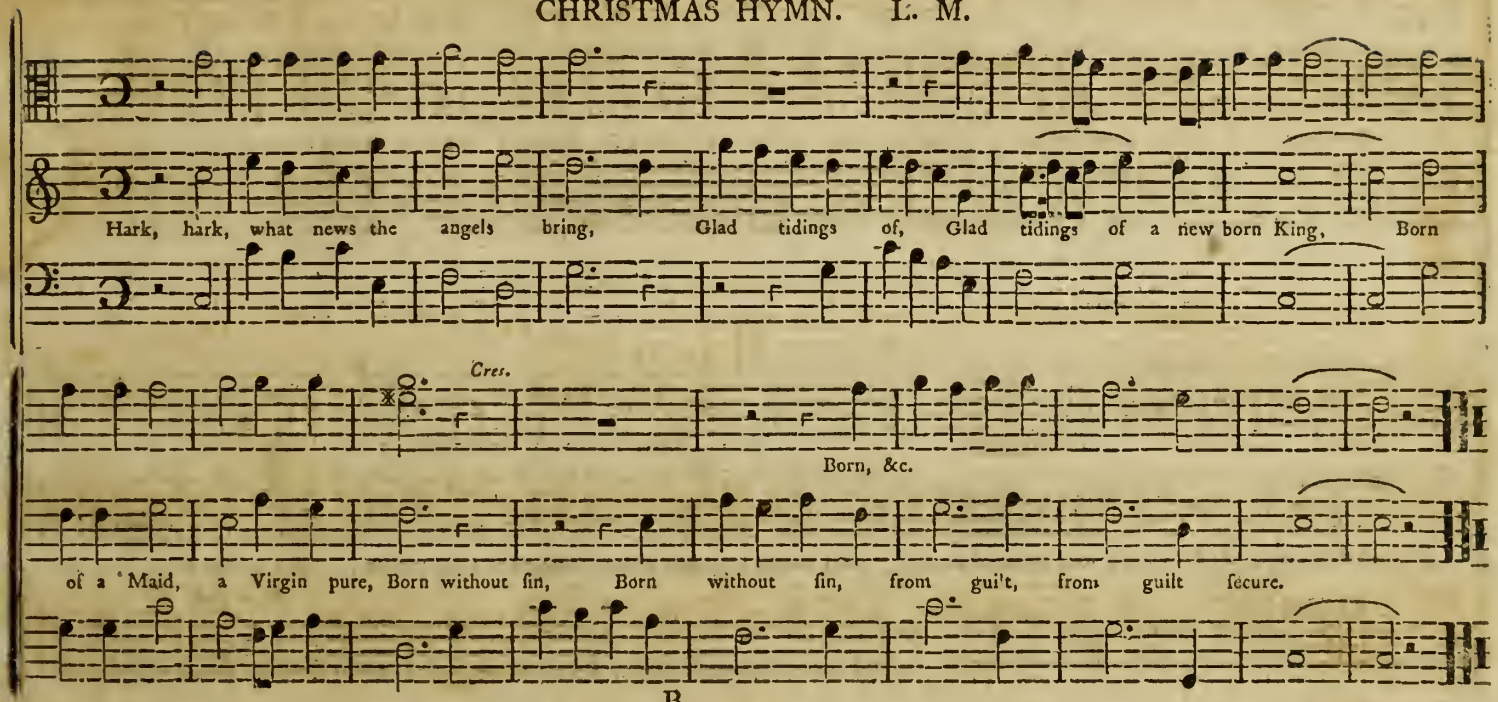
LESSON FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

OCTAVES, Aſcending and Deſcending.

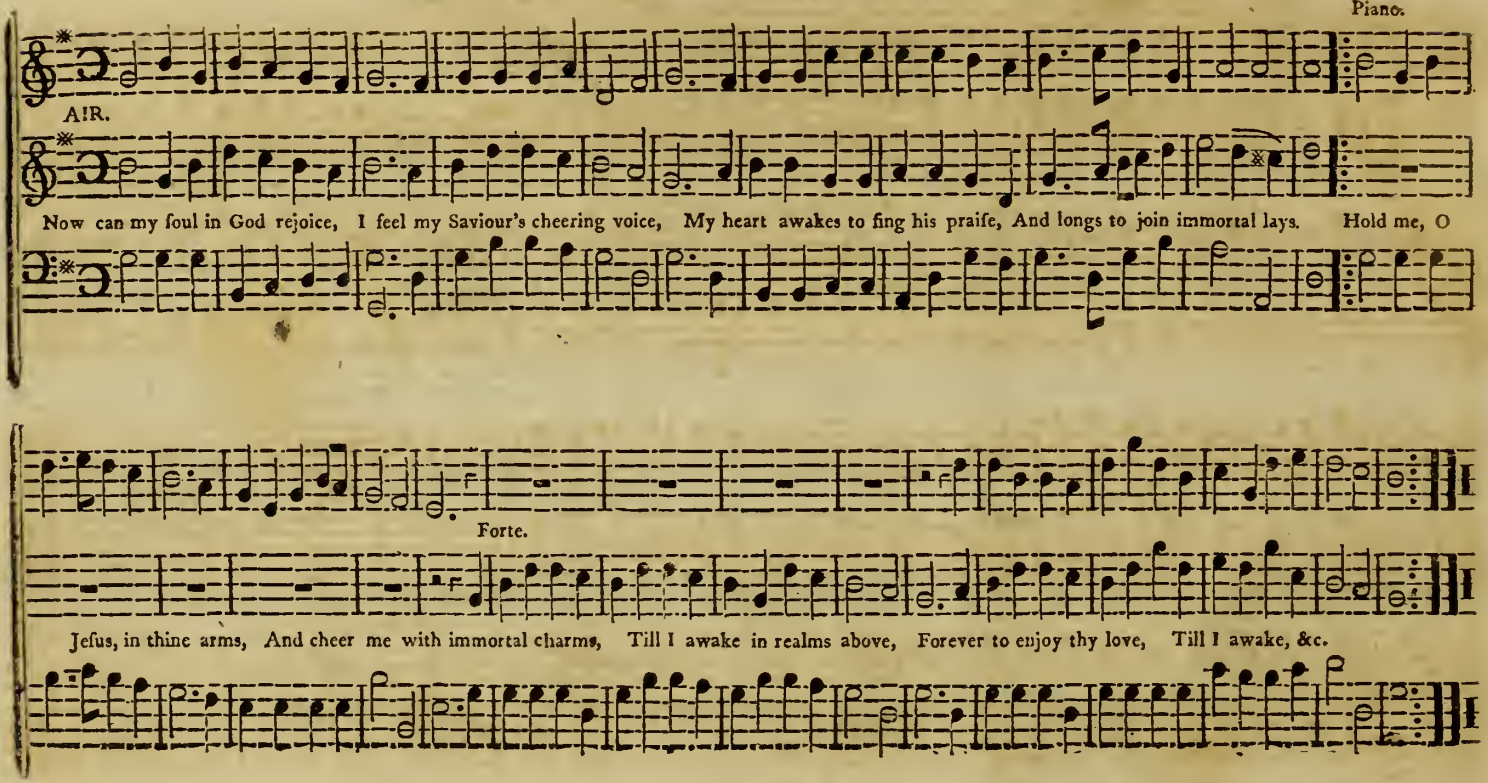


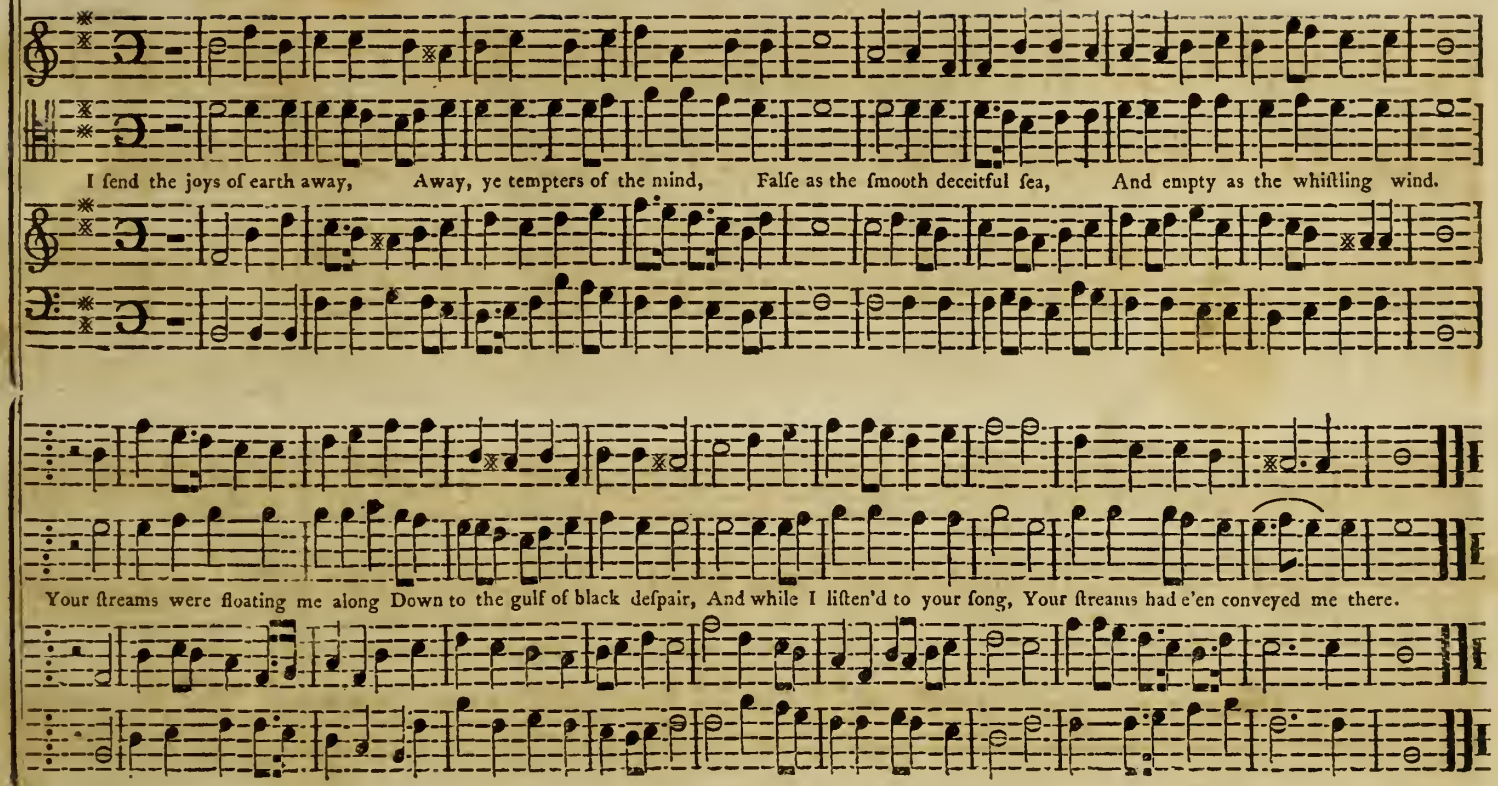
New-England Selection.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. L. M.

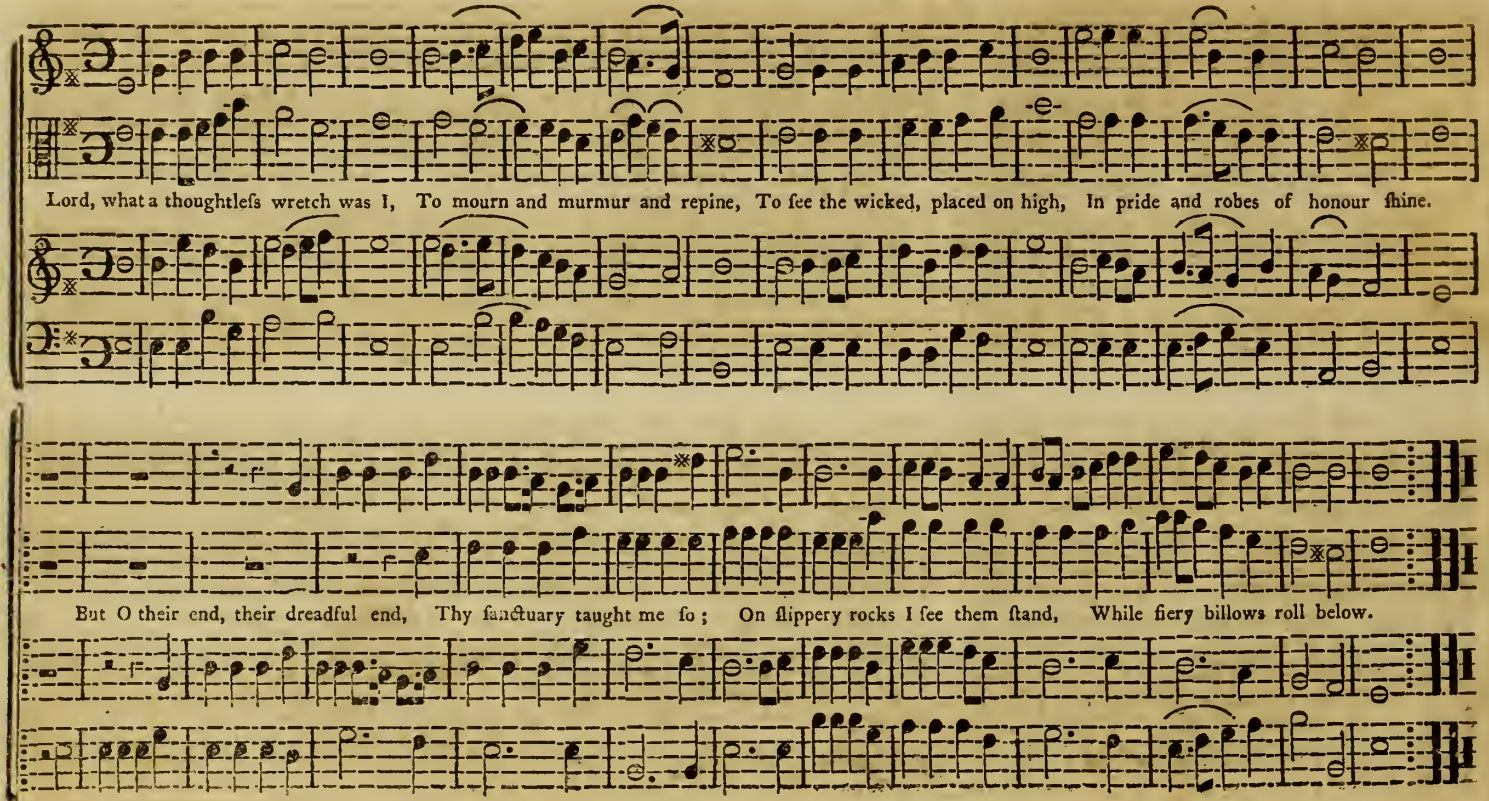


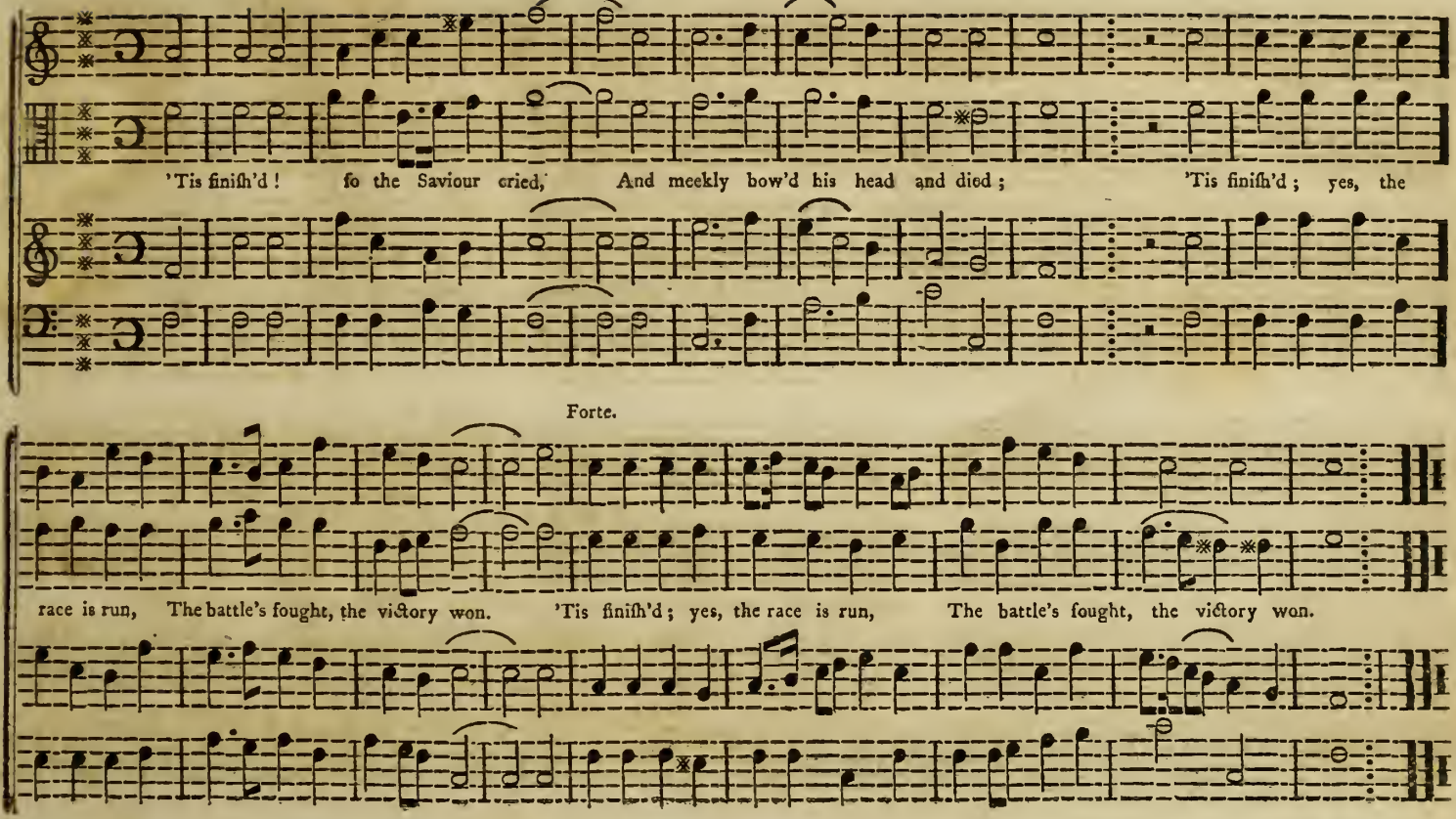
CONFIDENCE. L. M.



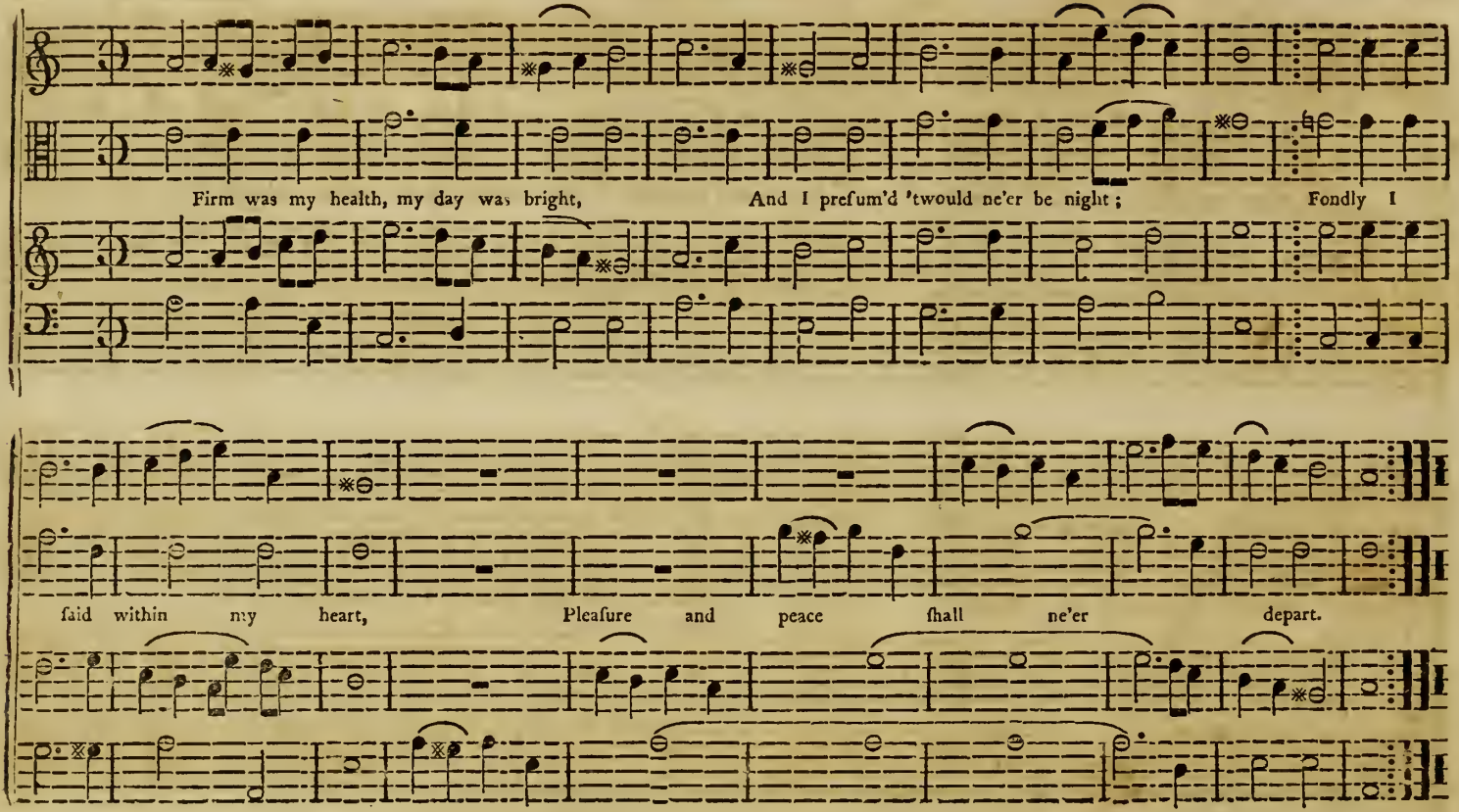

I ſend the joys of earth away, Away, ye tempters of the mind, Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful ſea, And empty as the whiſtling wind.
Your ſtreams were floating me along Down to the gulf of black deſpair, And while I liſten'd to your ſong, Your ſtreams had e'en conveyed me there.

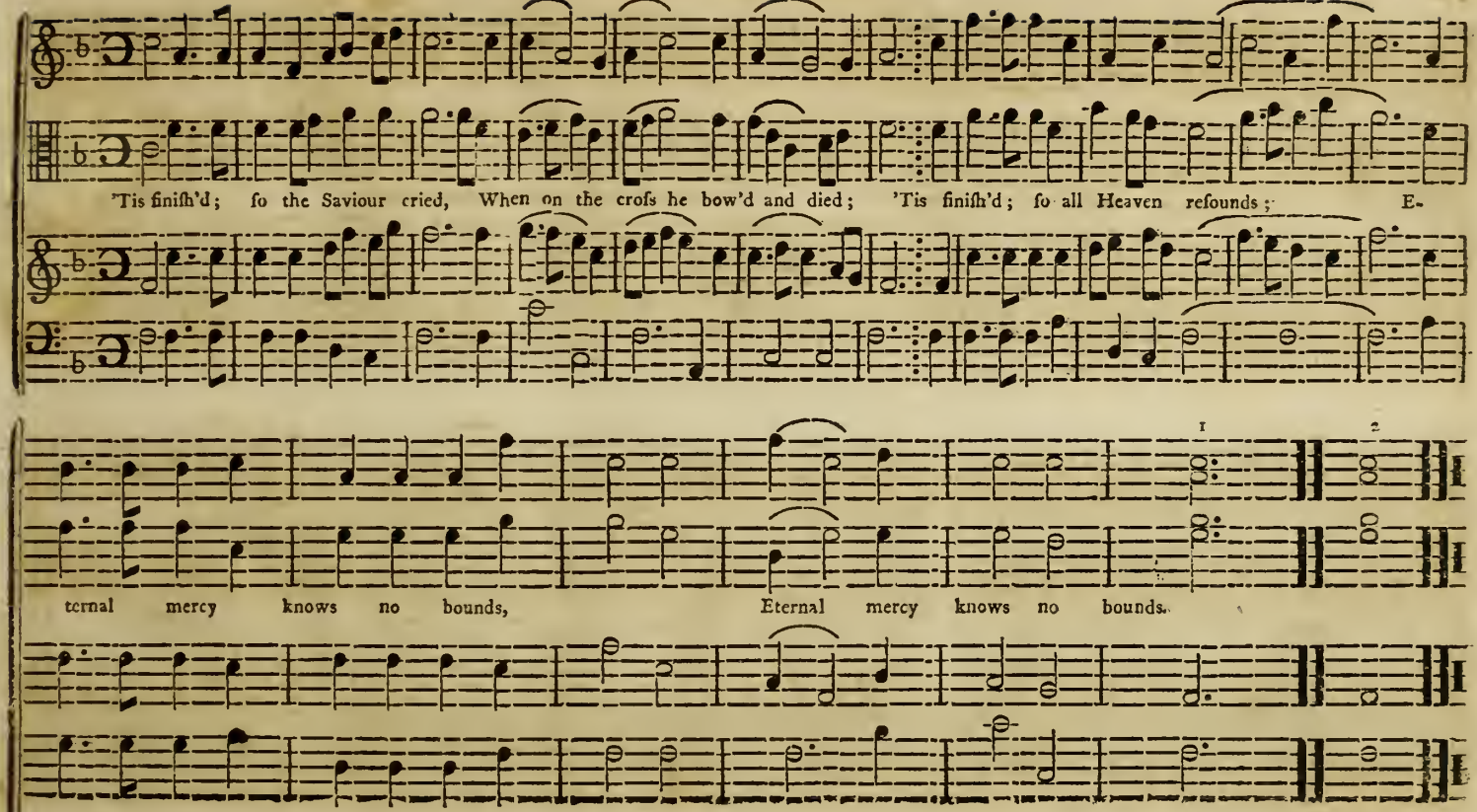
GREENWICH. L. M.



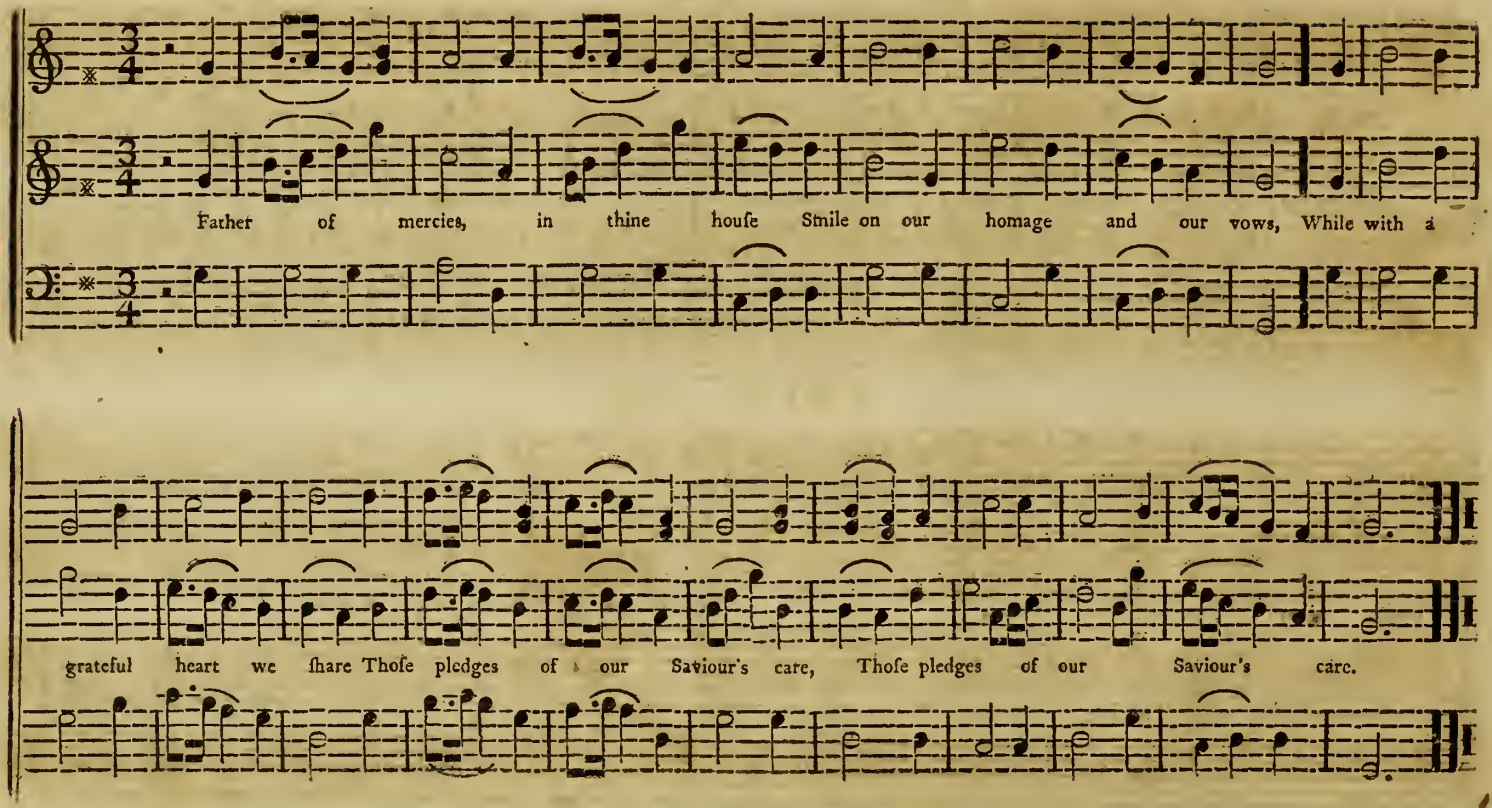

'Tis finish'd! so the Saviour cried, And meekly bow'd his head and died; 'Tis finish'd; yes, the
Forte.
race is run, The battle's fought, the victory won. 'Tis finish'd; yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the victory won.

WOBURN. L. M.

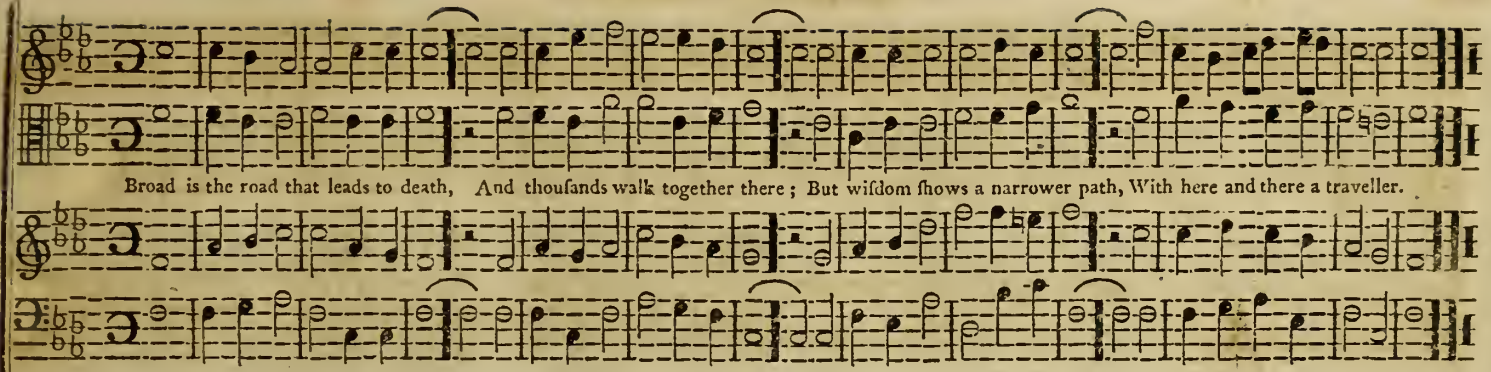

Firm was my health, my day was bright, And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be night; Fondly I
ſaid within my heart, Pleaſure and peace ſhall ne'er depart.


'Tis finish'd; so the Saviour cried, When on the cross he bow'd and died; 'Tis finish'd; so all Heaven resounds; E-
1
2
ternal mercy knows no bounds, Eternal mercy knows no bounds.

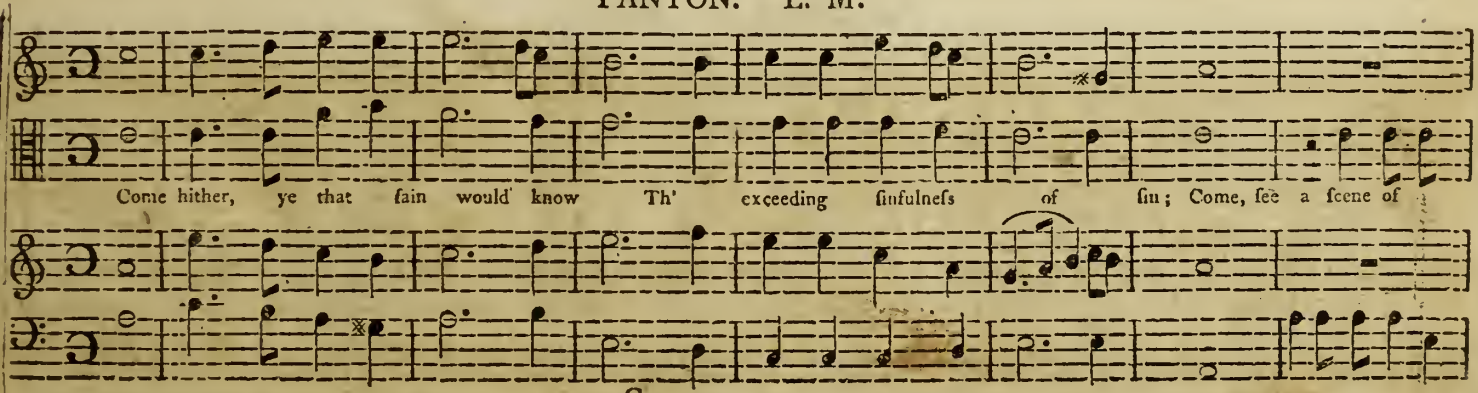
CASTLE STREET. L. M.



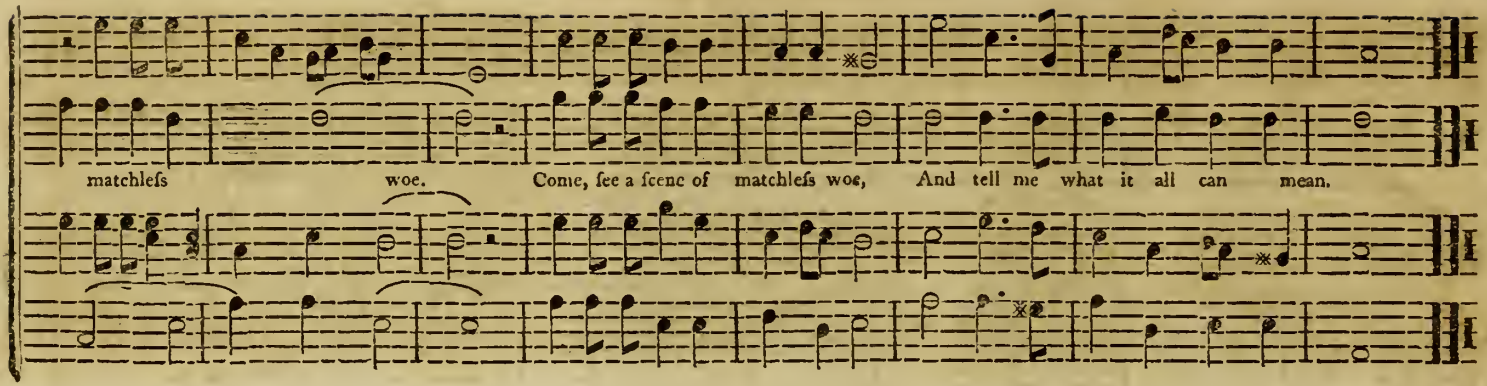
WINDHAM. L. M.



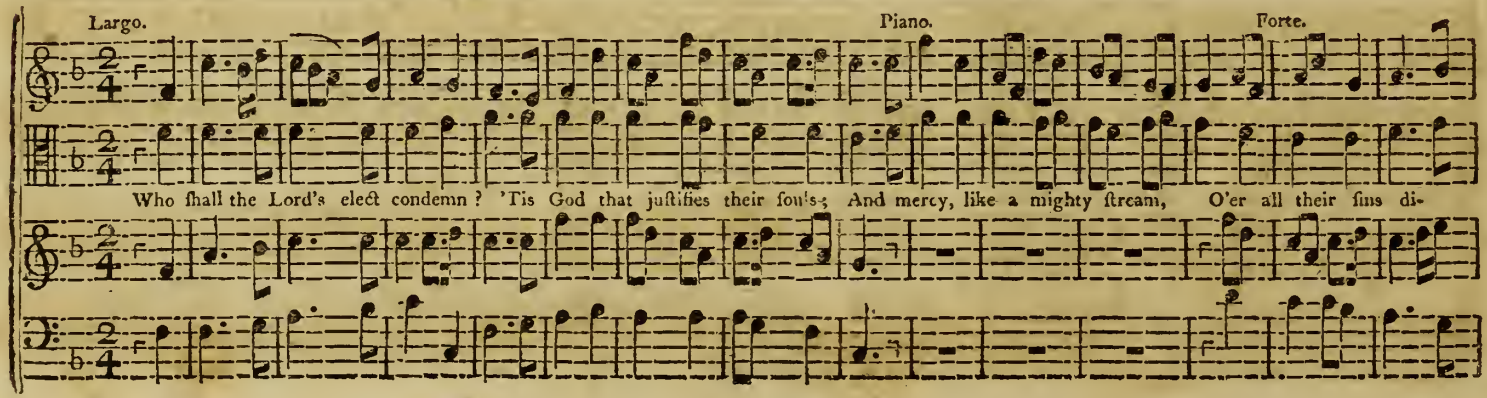
PANTON. L. M.

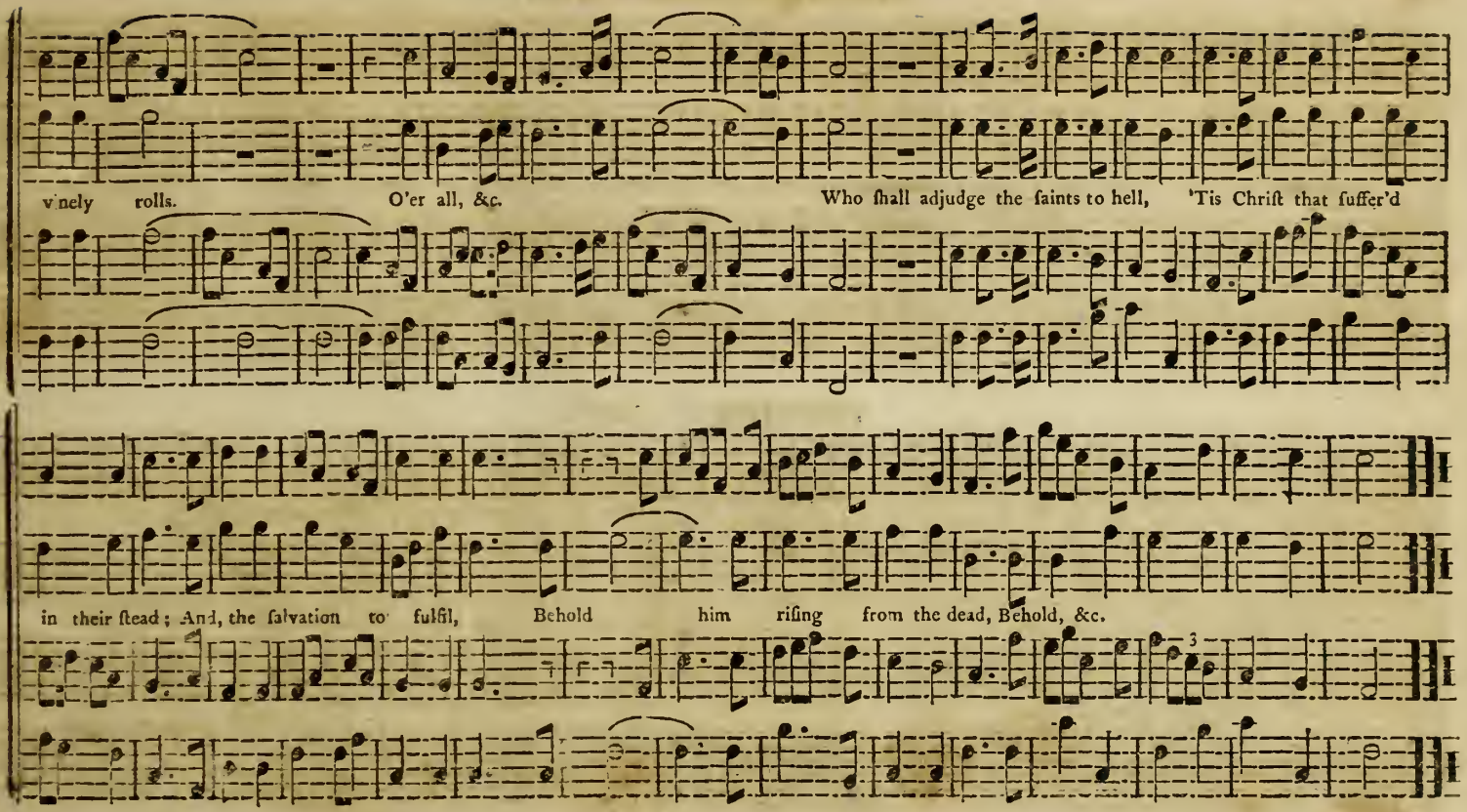


PANTON. *Continued.*

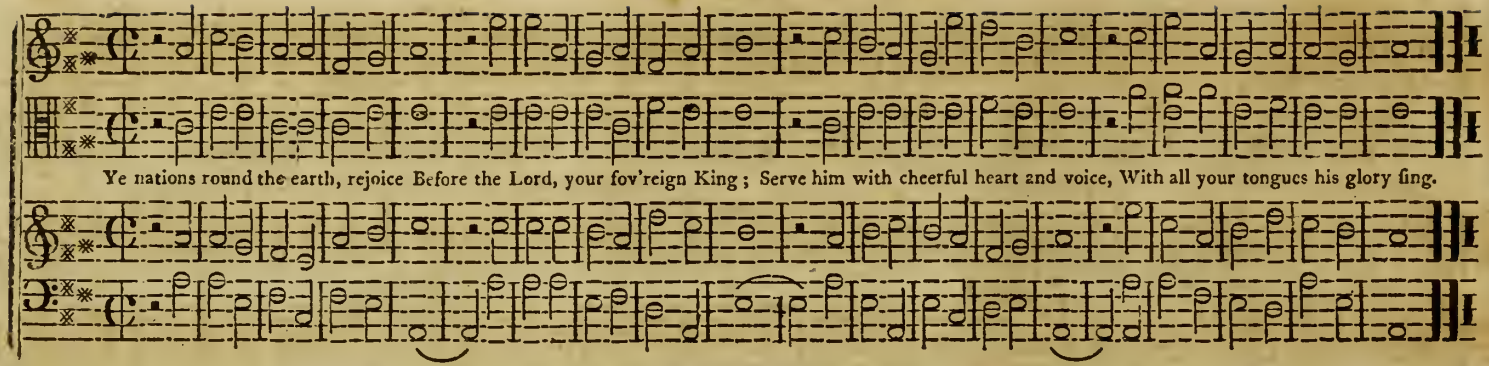


TRIUMPH. L. M.

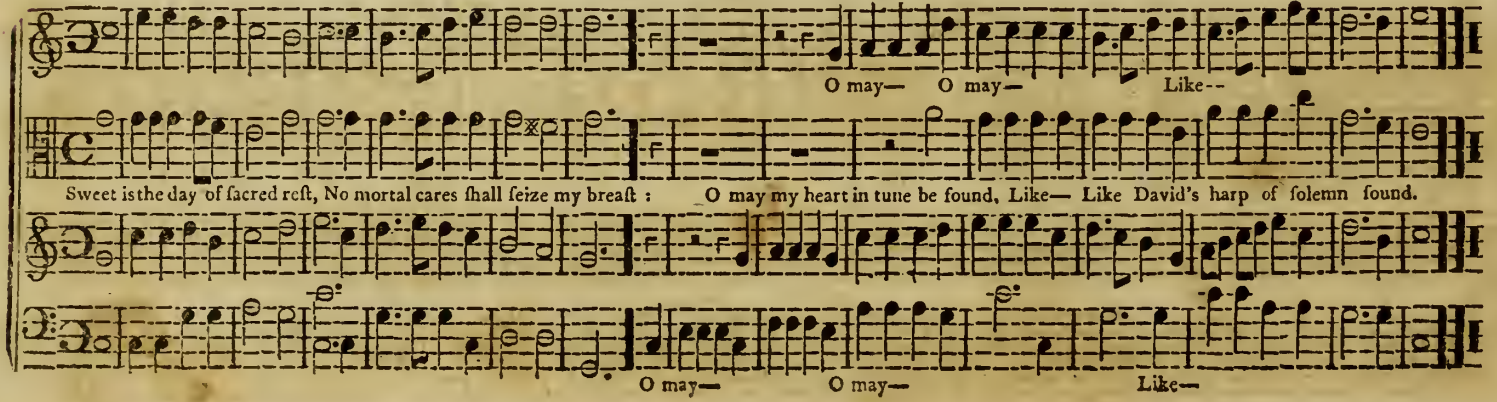


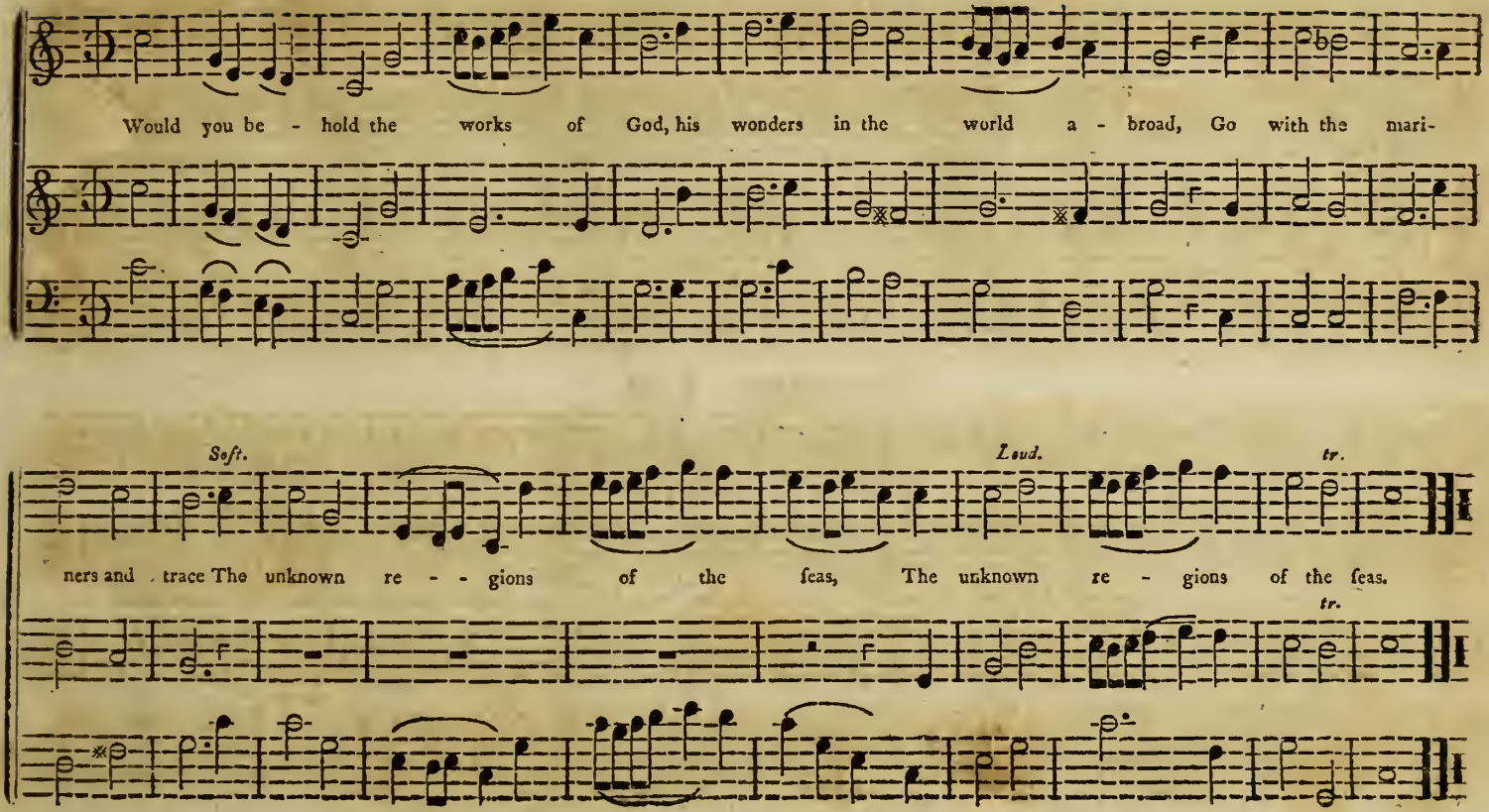

vinely rolls. O'er all, &c.
Who ſhall adjudge the ſaints to hell, 'Tis Chriſt that ſuffer'd
in their ſtead; And, the ſalvation to fulfil, Behold him riſing from the dead, Behold, &c.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

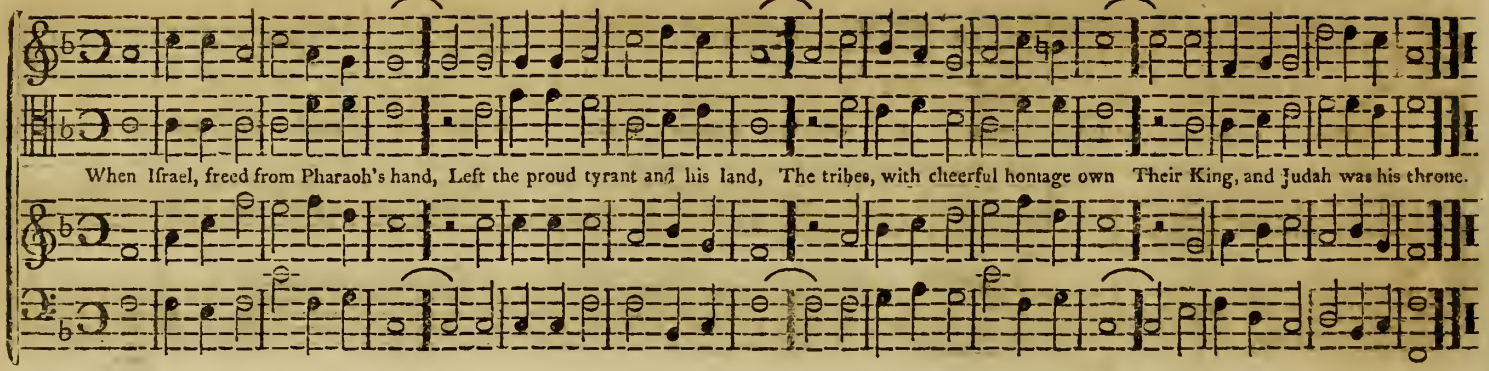


DEVOTION. L. M.

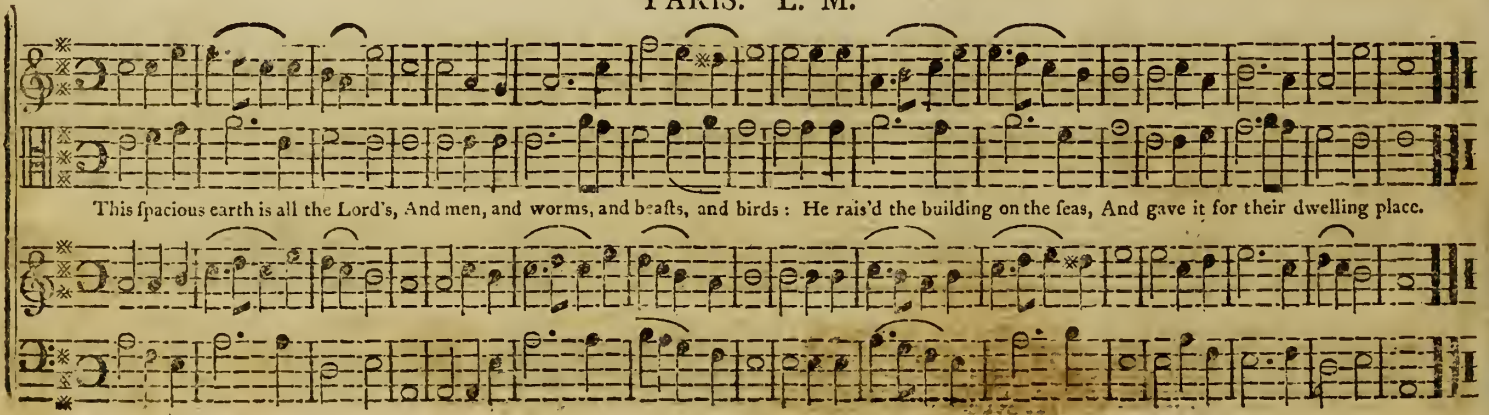


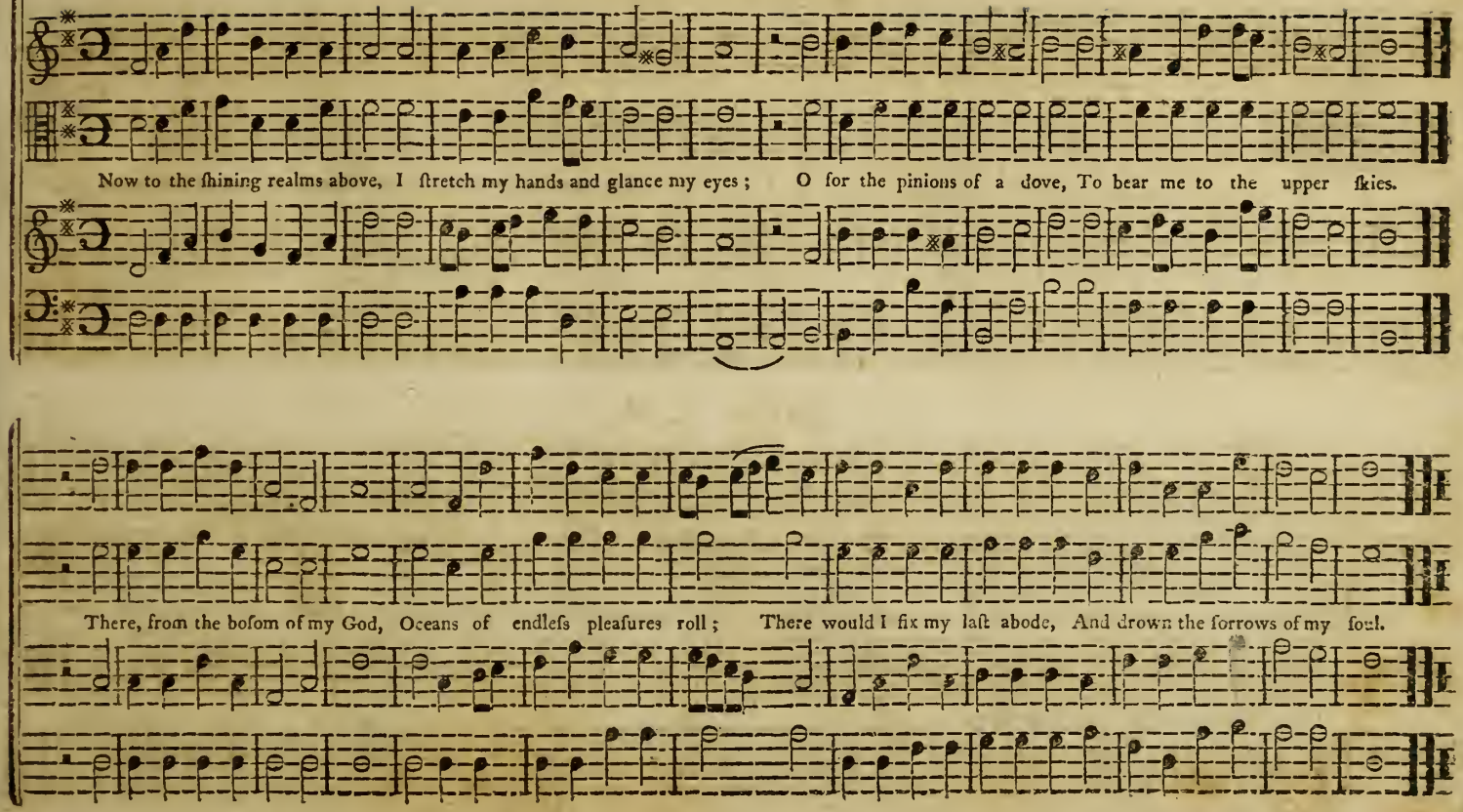

Would you be - hold the works of God, his wonders in the world a - broad, Go with the mari-
Soft.
Loud.
tr.
ners and trace The unknown re - - gions of the seas, The unknown re - gions of the seas.
tr.

WELLS. L. M.

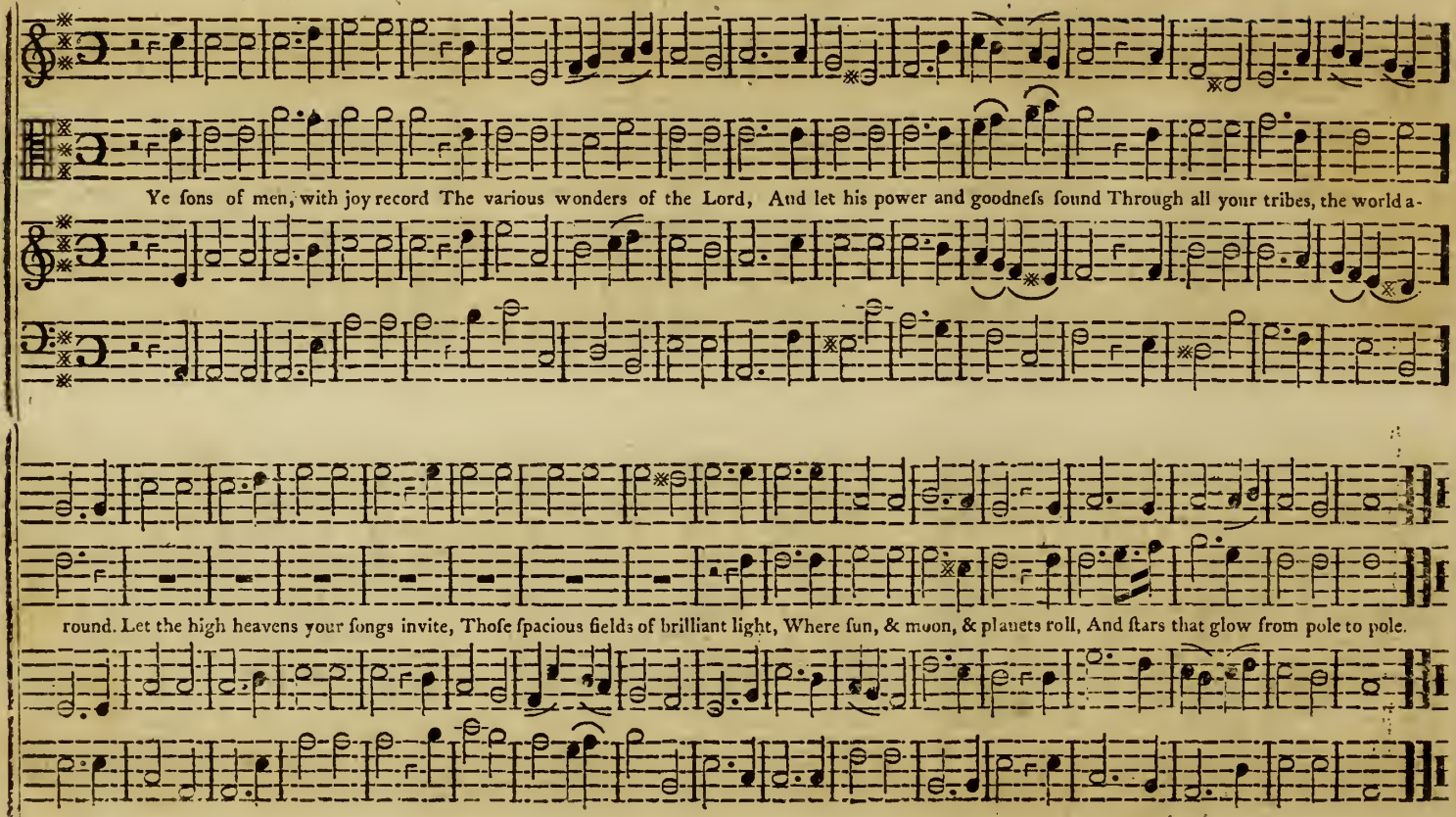


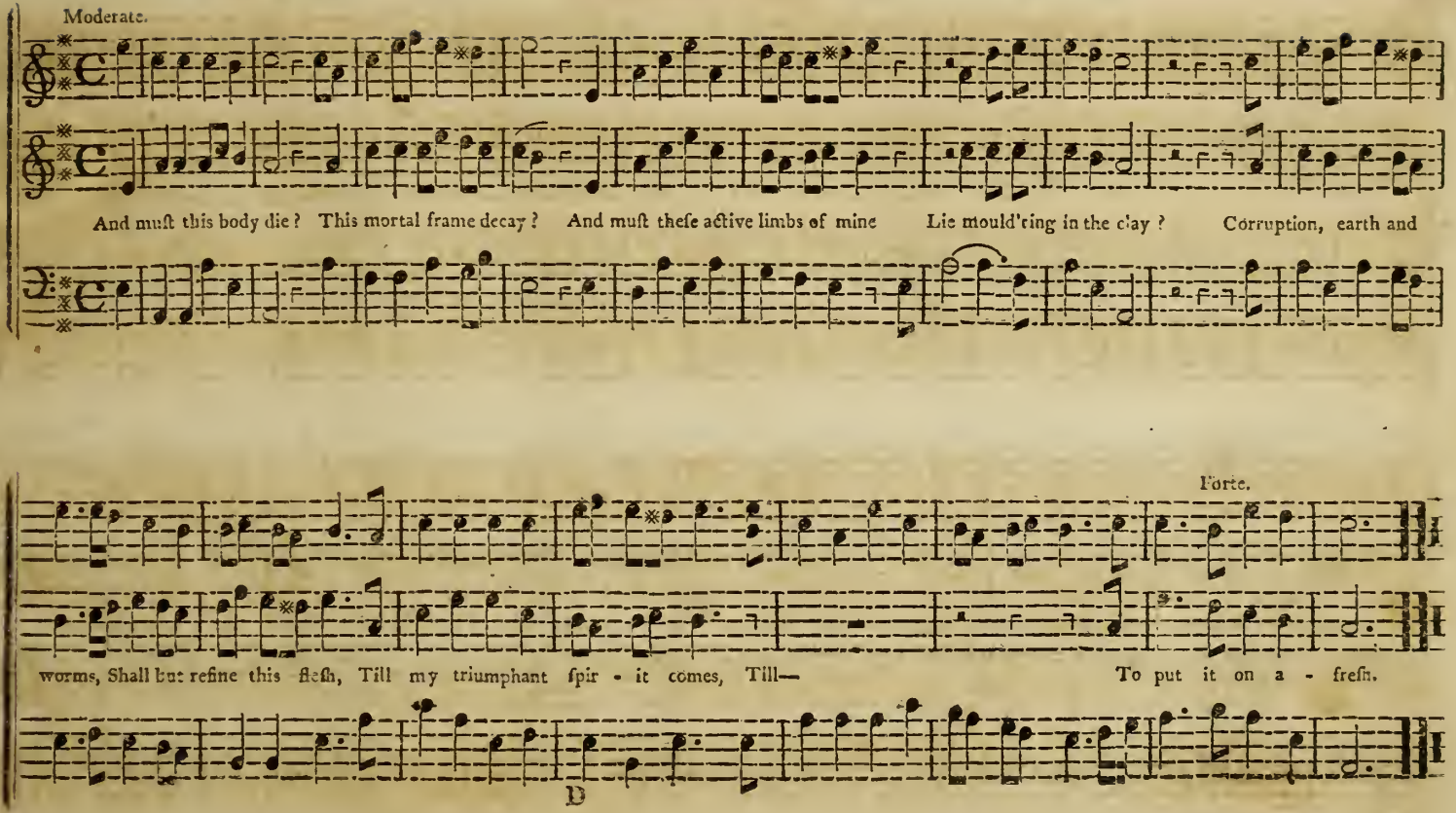
PARIS. L. M.



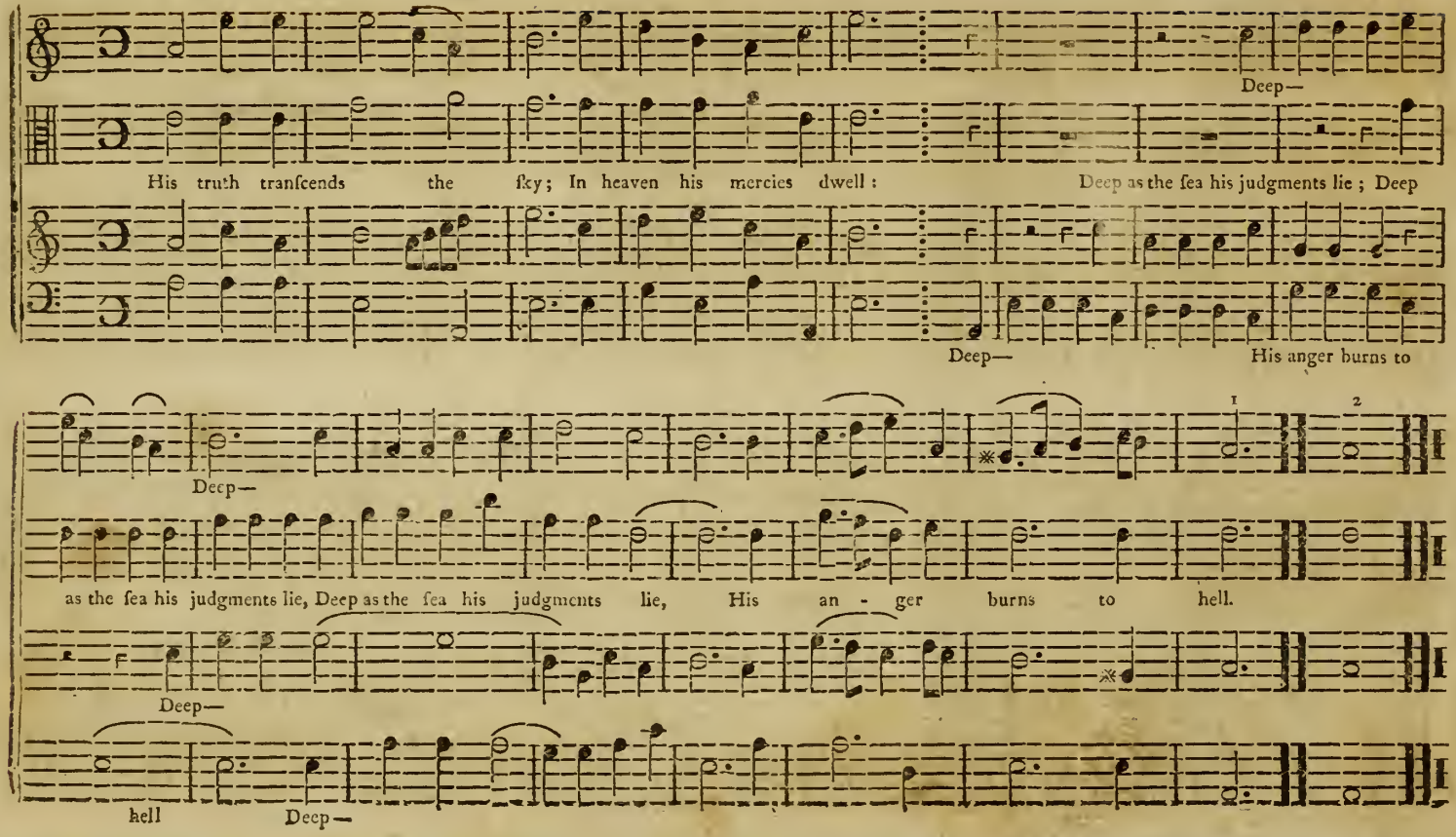

Now to the ſhining realms above, I ſtretch my hands and glance my eyes ; O for the pinions of a dove, To bear me to the upper ſkies.
There, from the boſom of my God, Oceans of endleſs pleaſures roll ; There would I fix my laſt abode, And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.

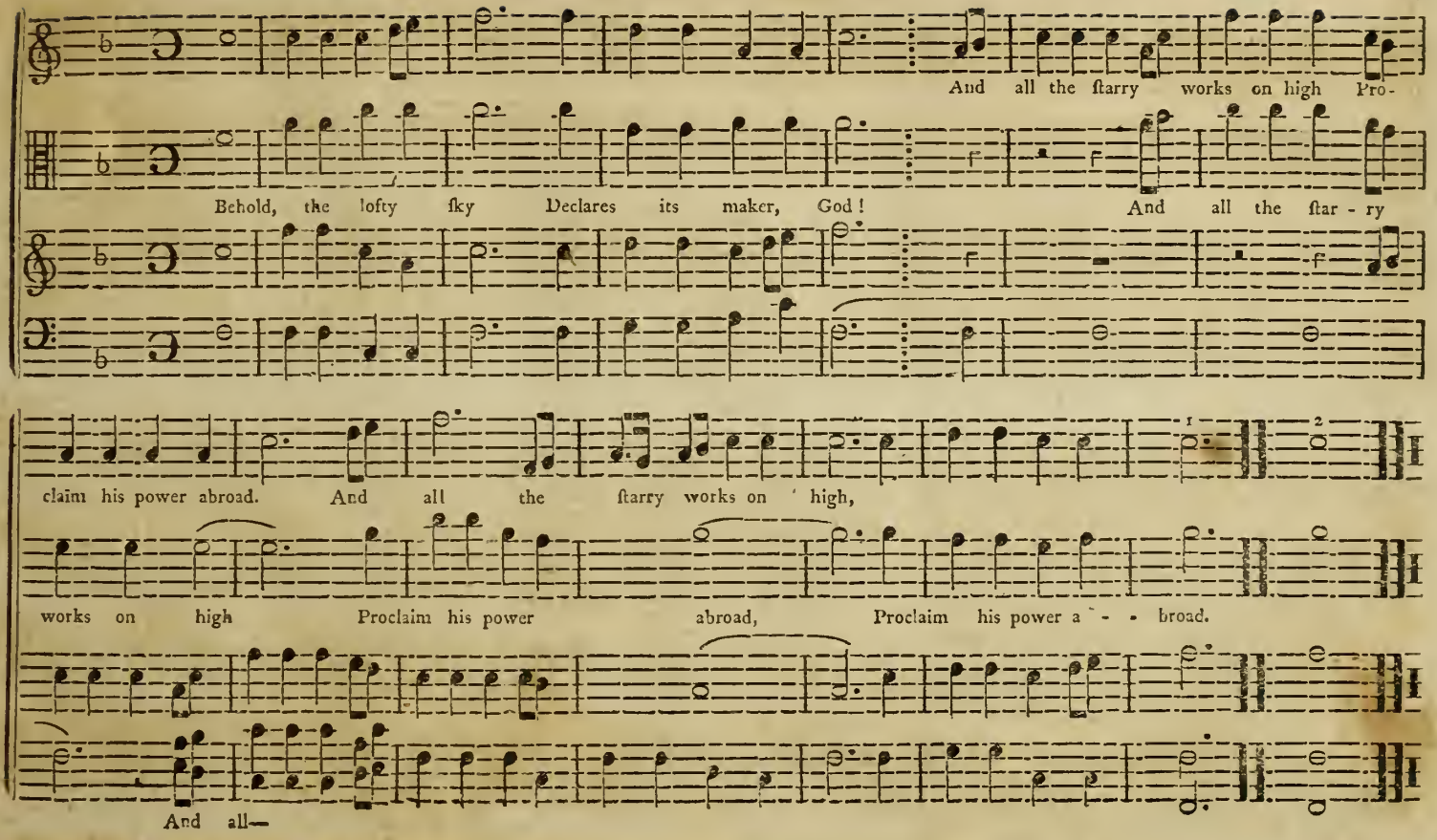
PHILADELPHIA. L. M.

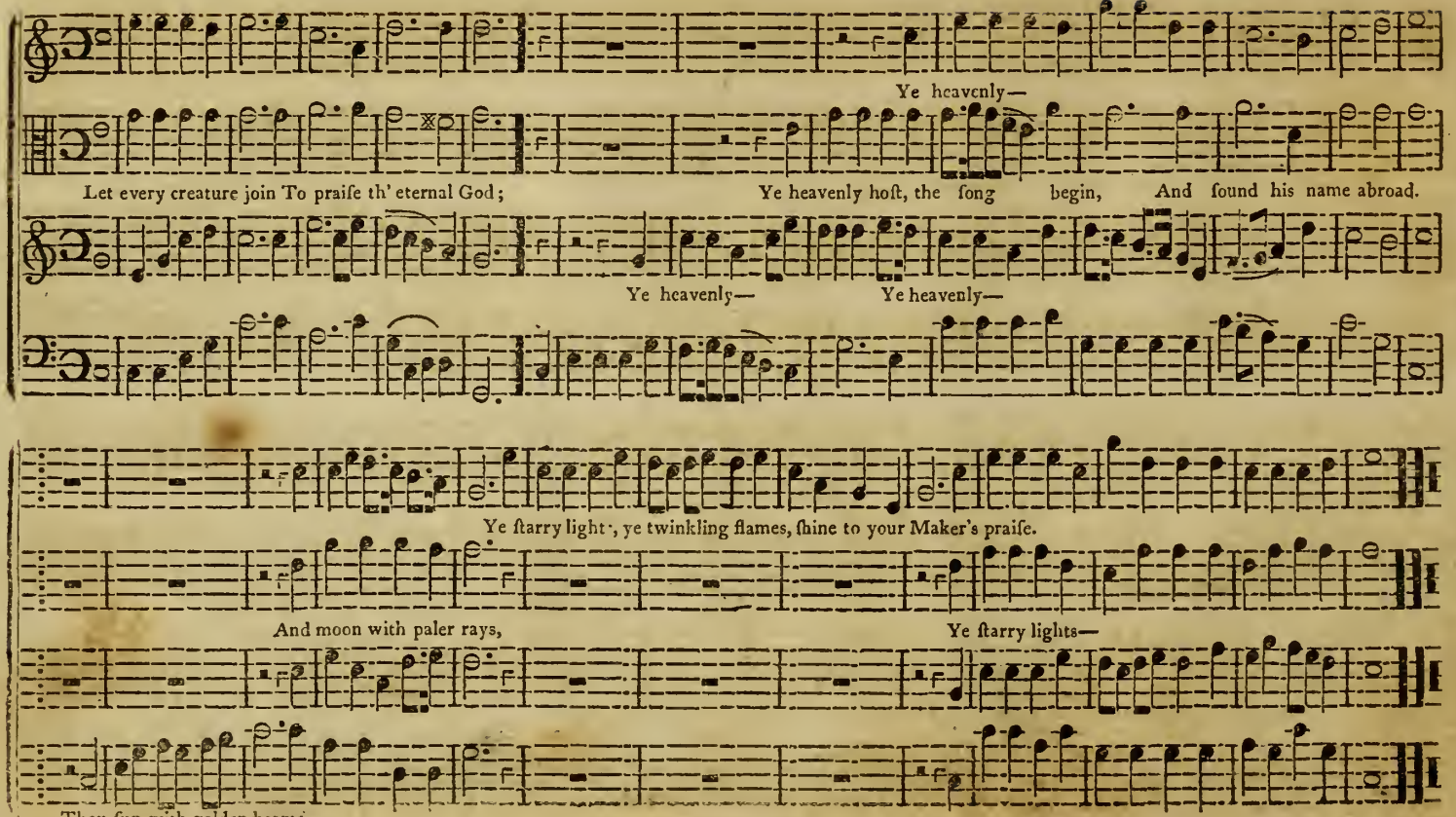


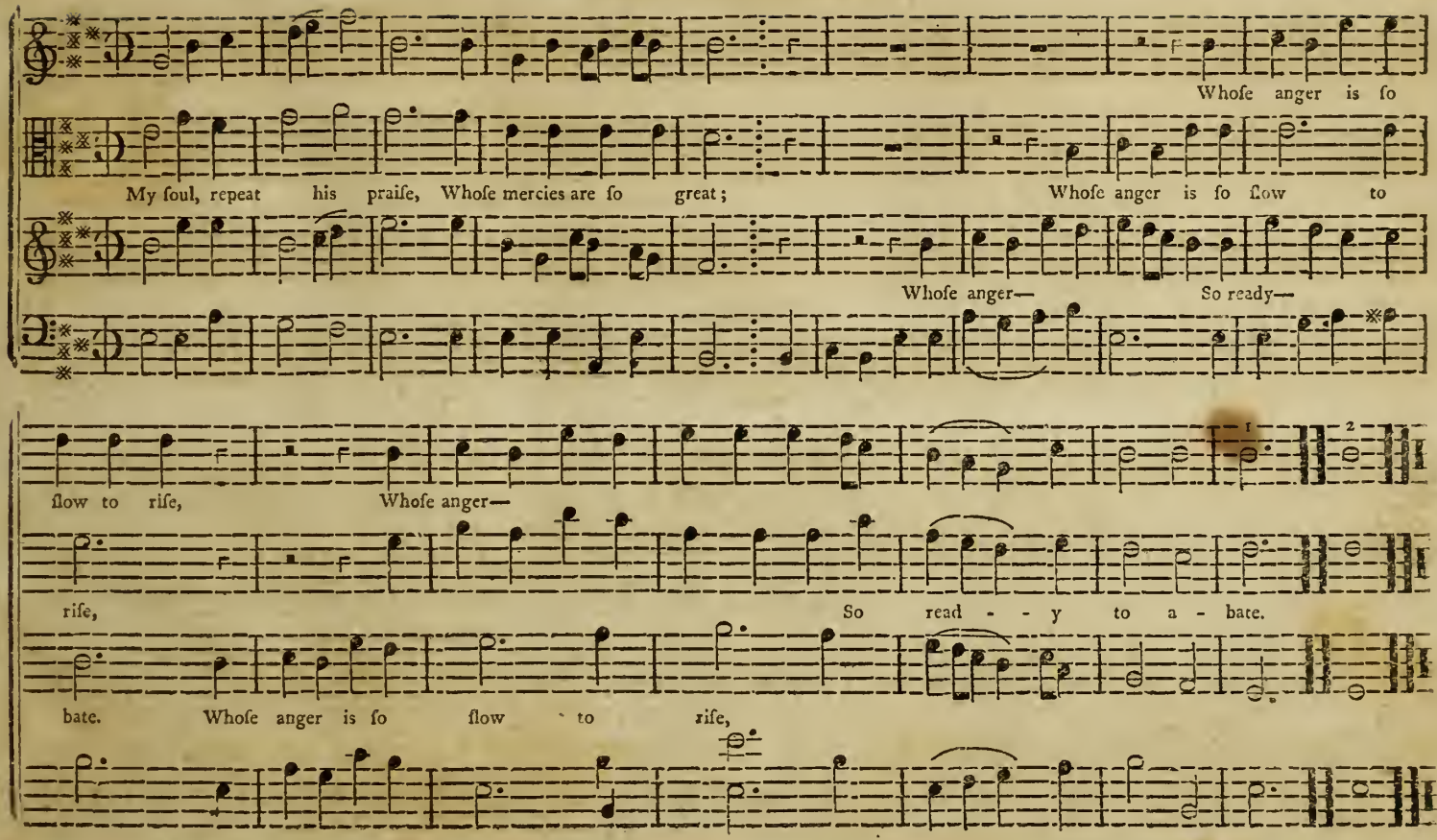

Moderate.
And must this body die? This mortal frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay? Corruption, earth and
Forte.
worms, Shall but refine this flesh, Till my triumphant spir - it comes, Till— To put it on a - fresh.

TROY. S. M.

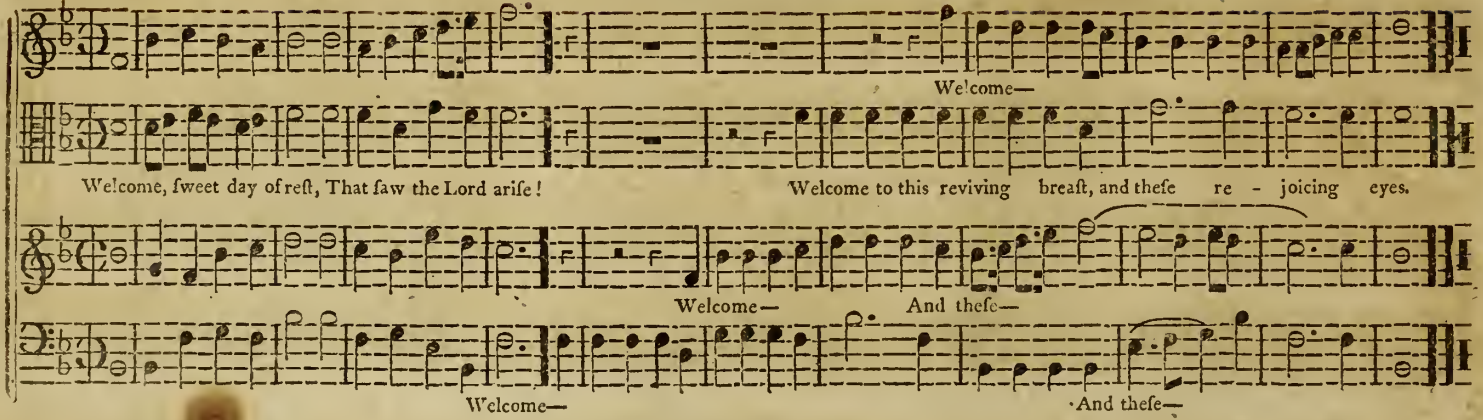

Deep—
His truth tranſcends the ſky; In heaven his mercies dwell:
Deep as the ſea his judgments lie; Deep
Deep—
His anger burns to
Deep—
as the ſea his judgments lie, Deep as the ſea his judgments lie,
His an - ger burns to hell.
Deep—
hell
Deep—


And all the ſtarry works on high Pro-
Behold, the lofty ſky Declares its maker, God! And all the ſtar - ry
claim his power abroad. And all the ſtarry works on high,
works on high Proclaim his power abroad, Proclaim his power a - - broad.
And all—

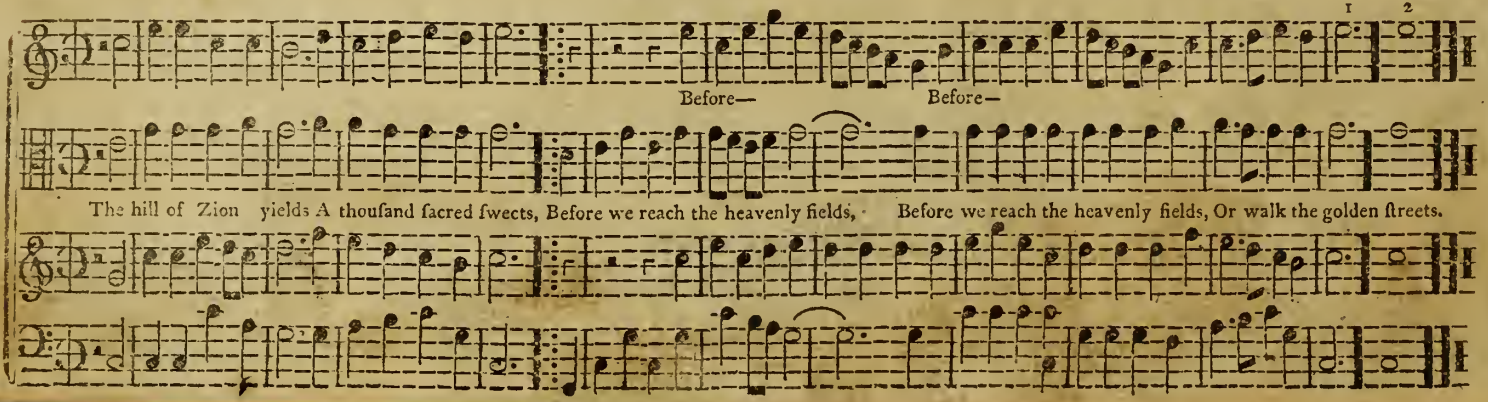

Ye heavenly—
Let every creature join To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hoſt, the ſong begin, And ſound his name abroad.
Ye heavenly— Ye heavenly—
Ye ſtarry lights, ye twinkling flames, ſhine to your Maker's praiſe.
And moon with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights—
Thou ſun with golden beams,


Whoſe anger is ſo
My ſoul, repeat his praiſe, Whoſe mercies are ſo great; Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to
Whoſe anger— So ready—
ſlow to riſe, Whoſe anger—
riſe, So read - - y to a - bate.
bate. Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,

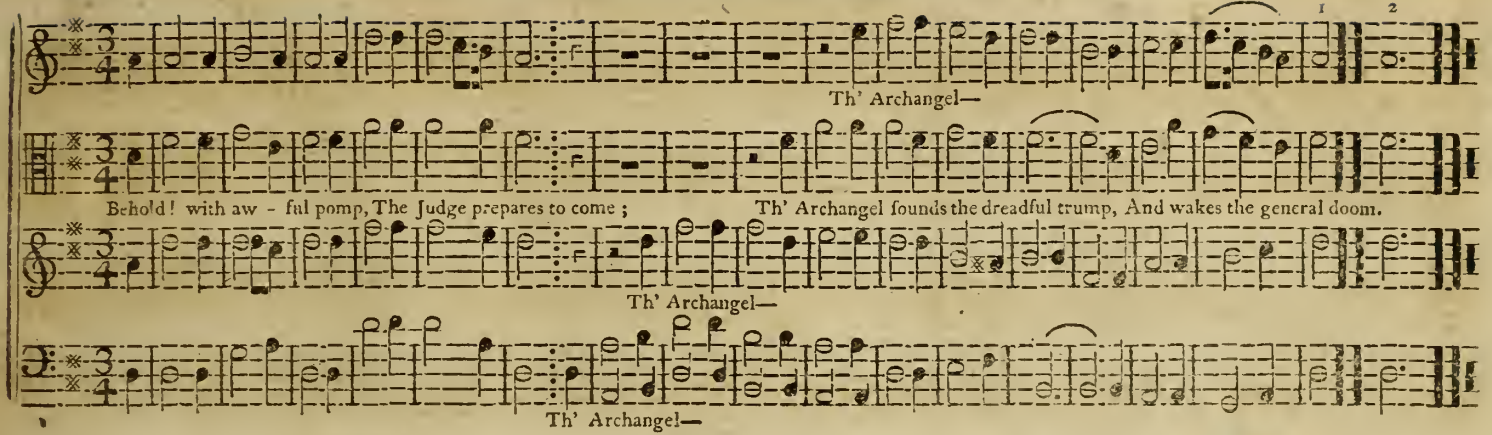
LISBON. S. M.



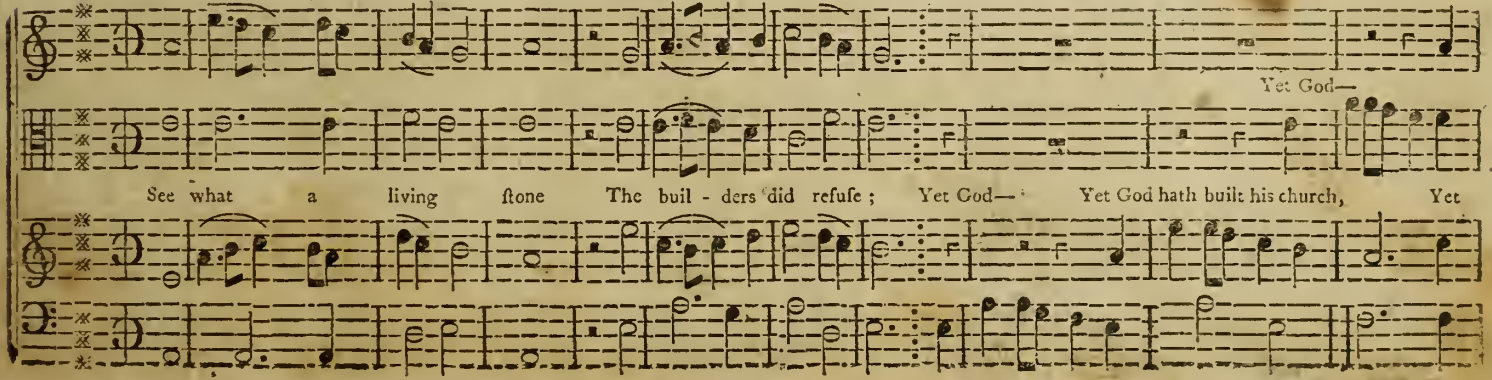
CONCORD. S. M.



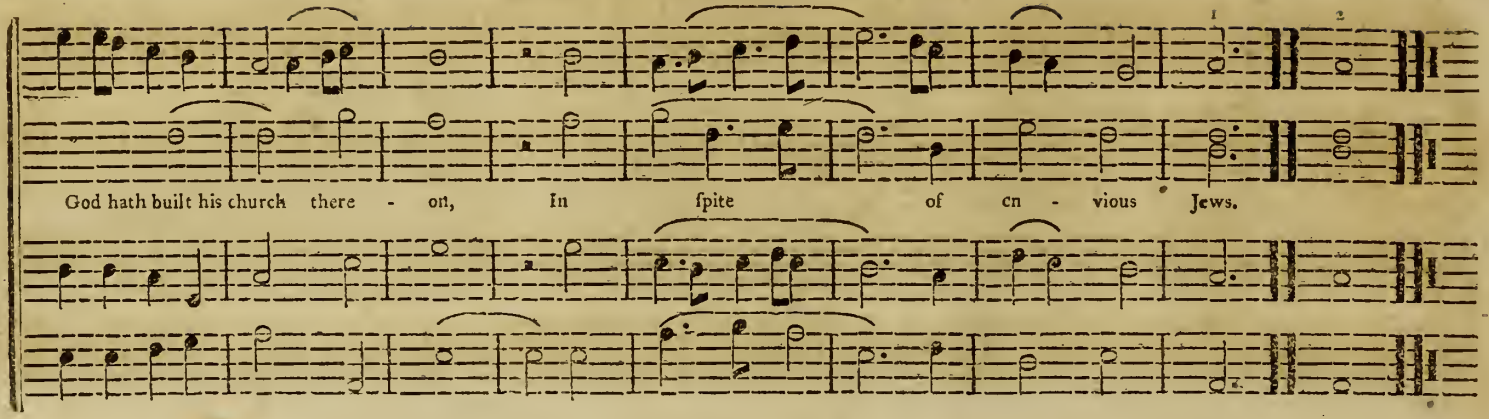
DOOMSDAY. S. M.



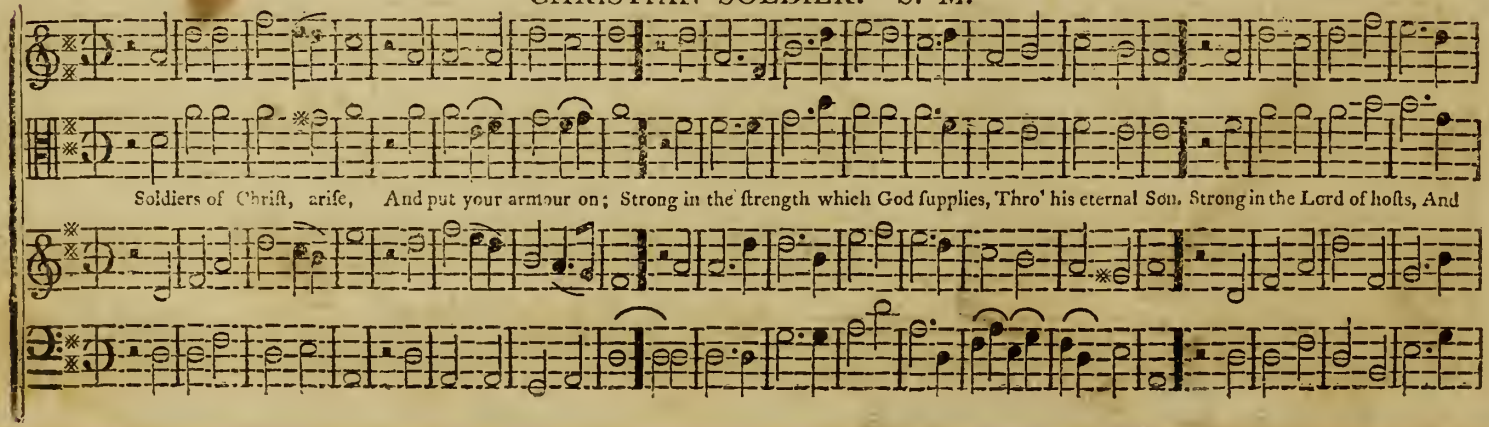
STAFFORD. S. M.

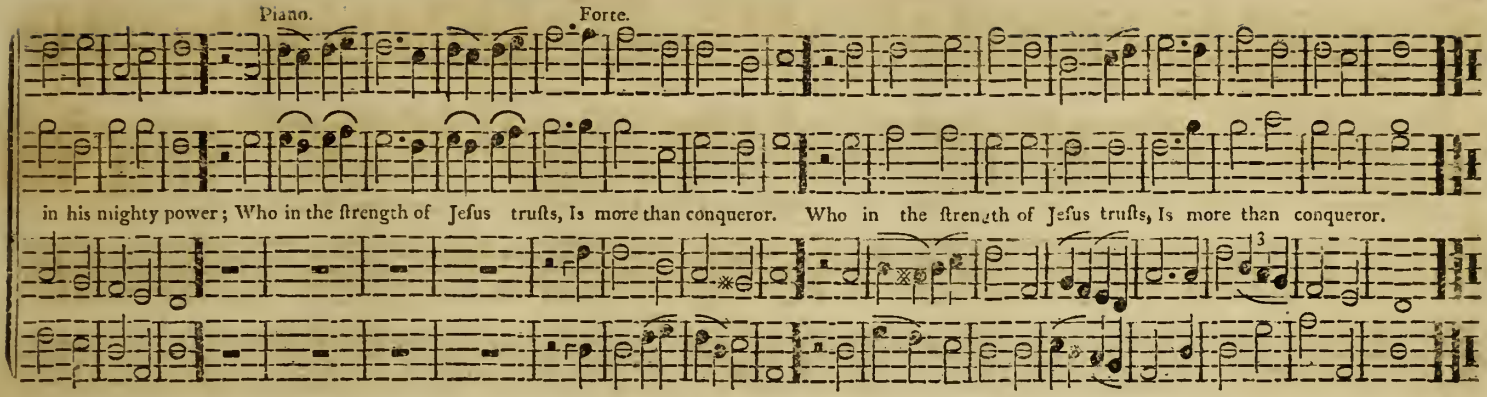


STAFFORD. *Continued.*

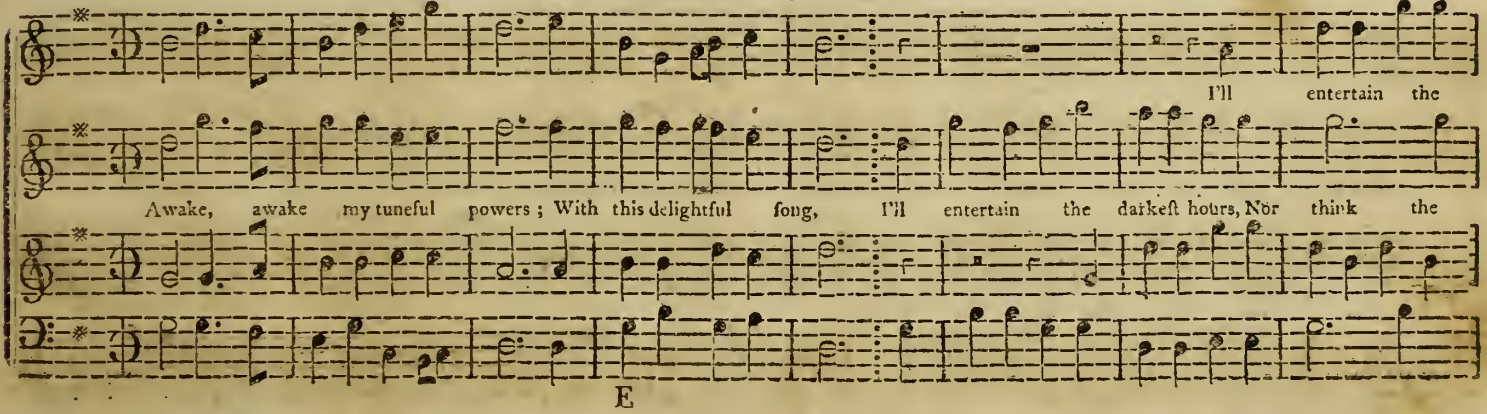


CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. S. M.

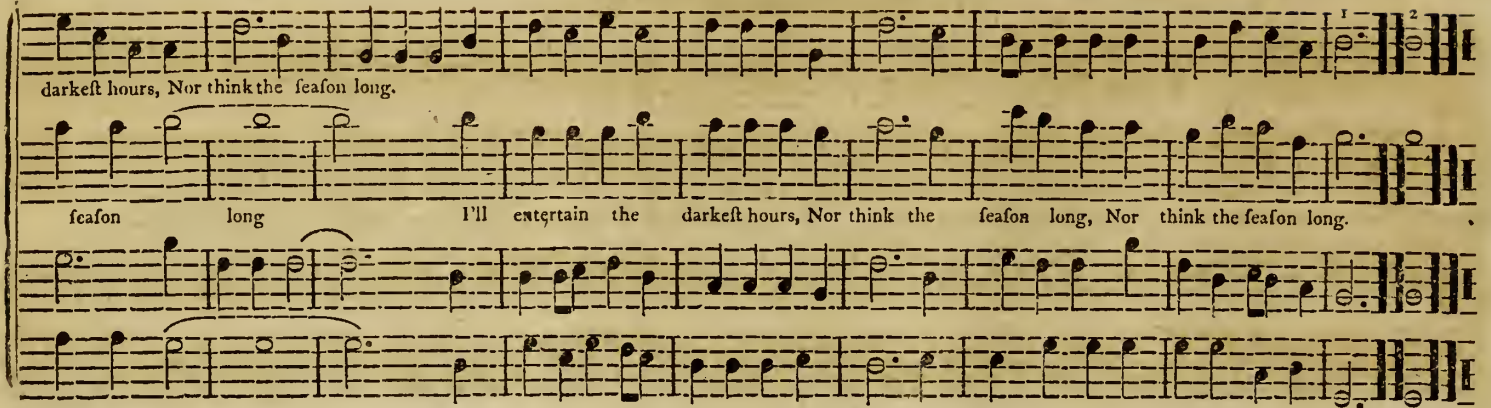



Piano.
Forte.
in his mighty power; Who in the ſtrength of Jeſus truſts, Is more than conqueror. Who in the ſtrength of Jeſus truſts, Is more than conqueror.

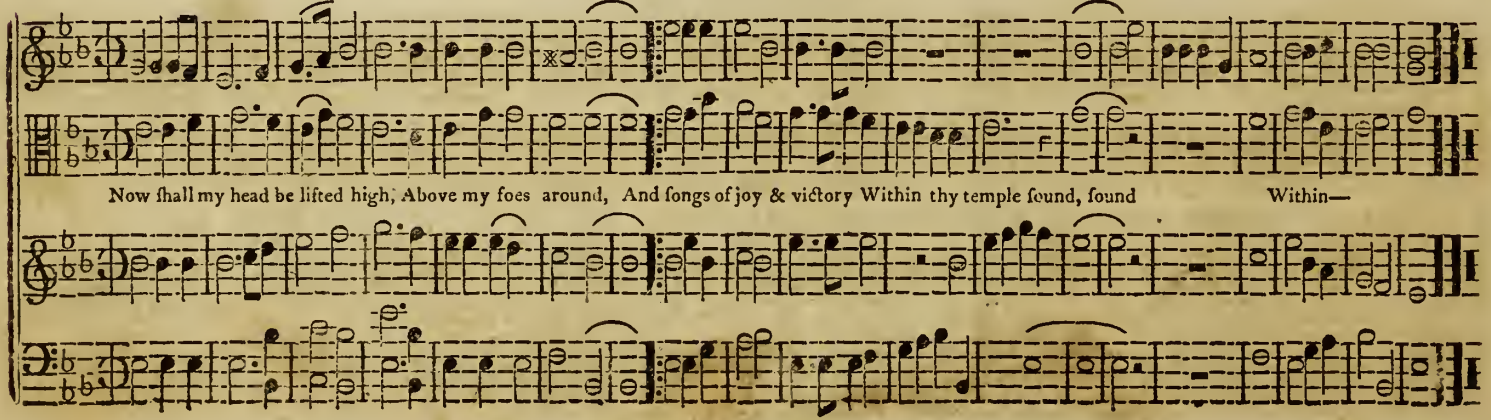
VISION. C. M.

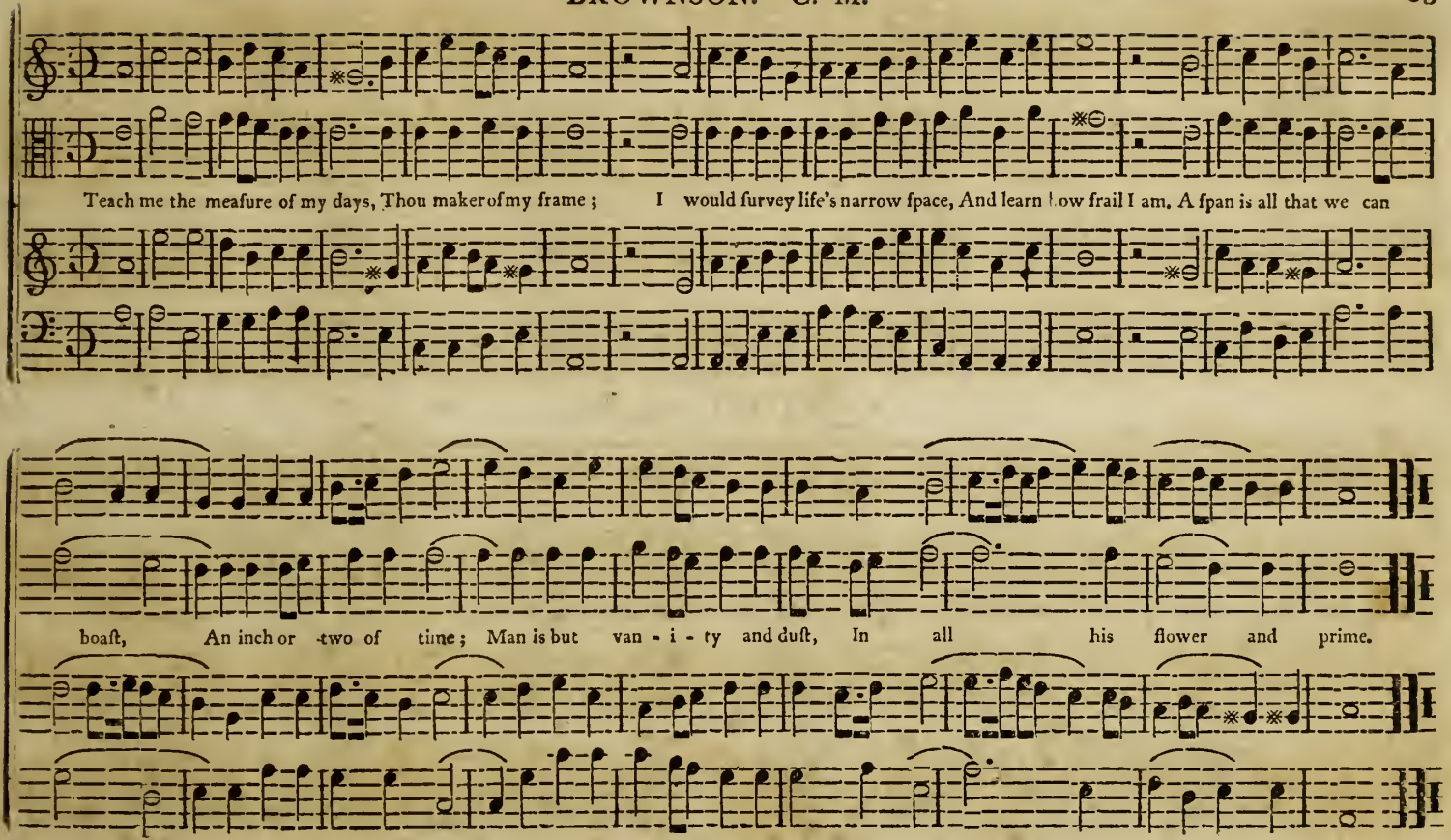

I'll entertain the
Awake, awake my tuneful powers; With this delightful ſong, I'll entertain the darkeſt hours, Nor think the

VISION. *Continued.*

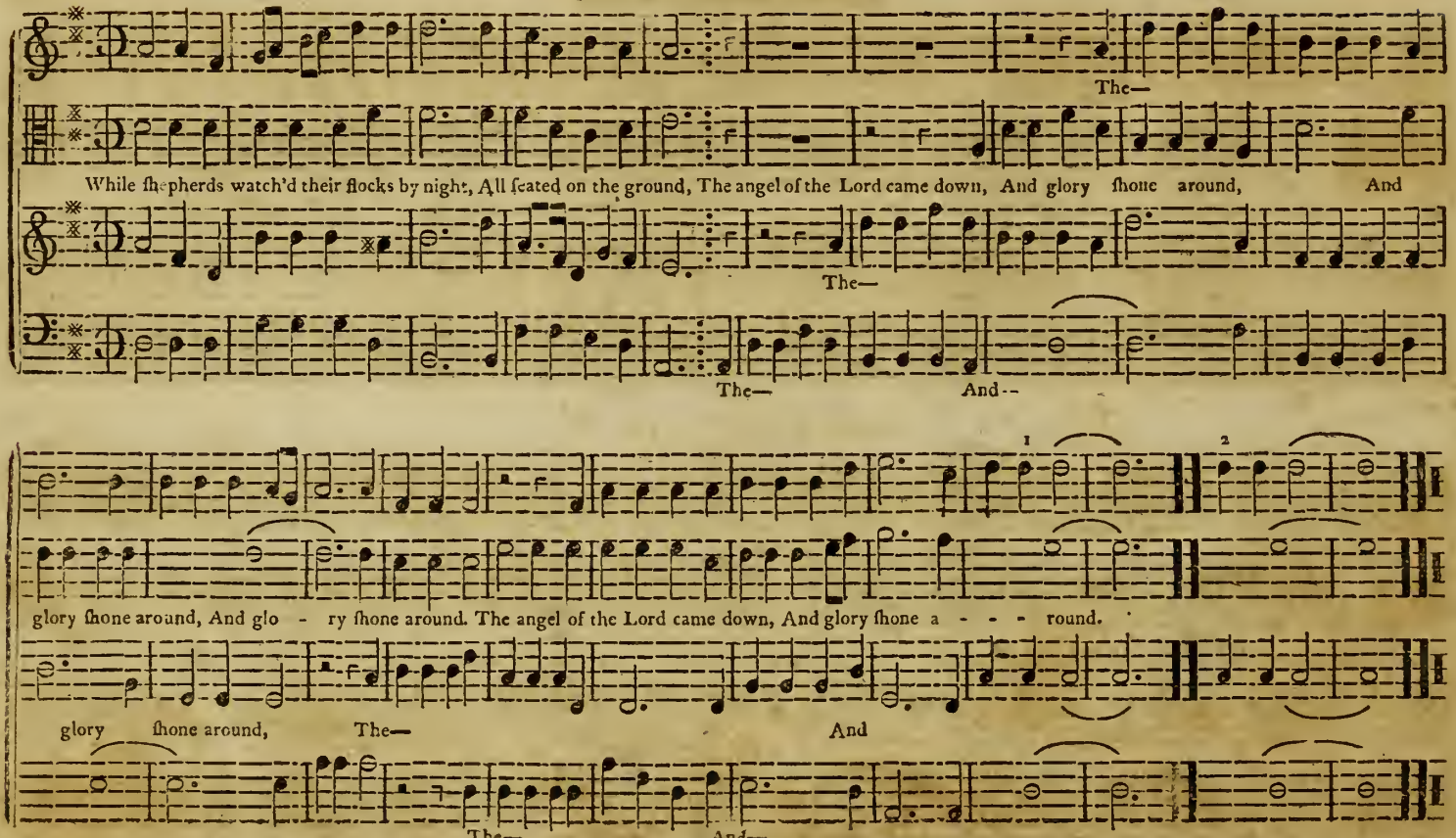


VICTORY. C. M.

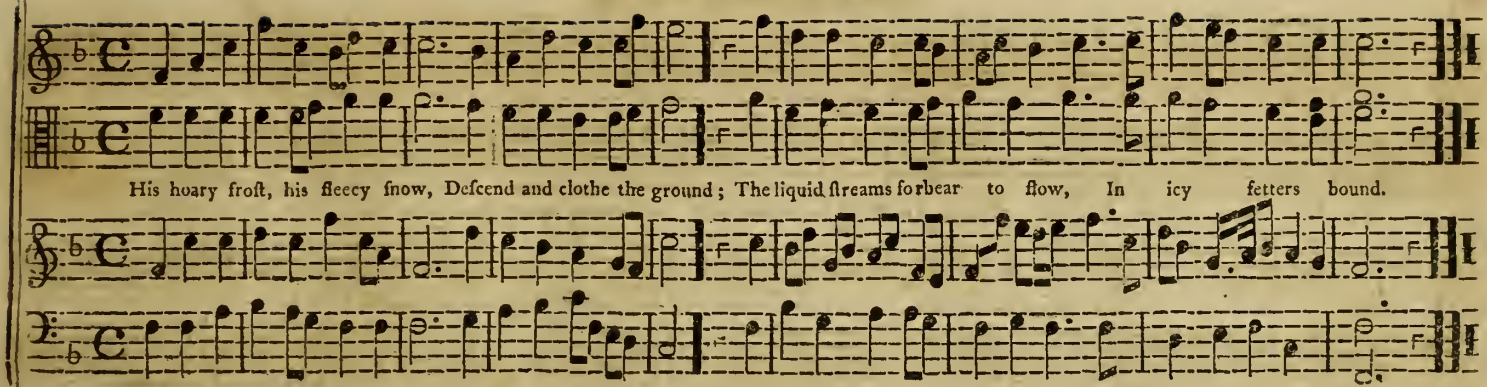



Teach me the meafure of my days, Thou maker of my frame ; I would furvey life's narrow fpace, And learn how frail I am. A fpan is all that we can
boaft, An inch or two of time ; Man is but van - i - ty and duft, In all his flower and prime.

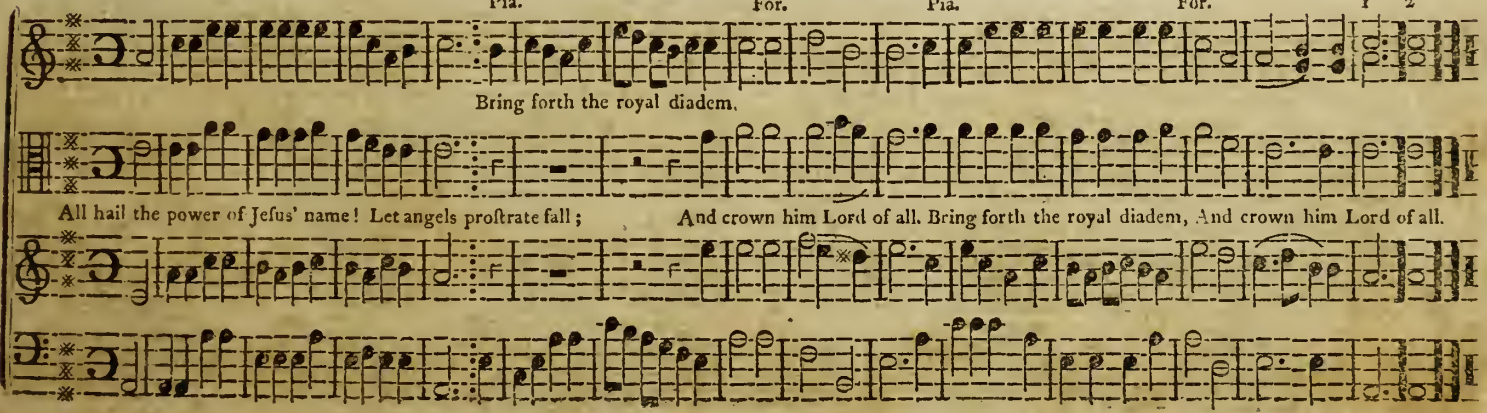
SHERBURNE. C. M.



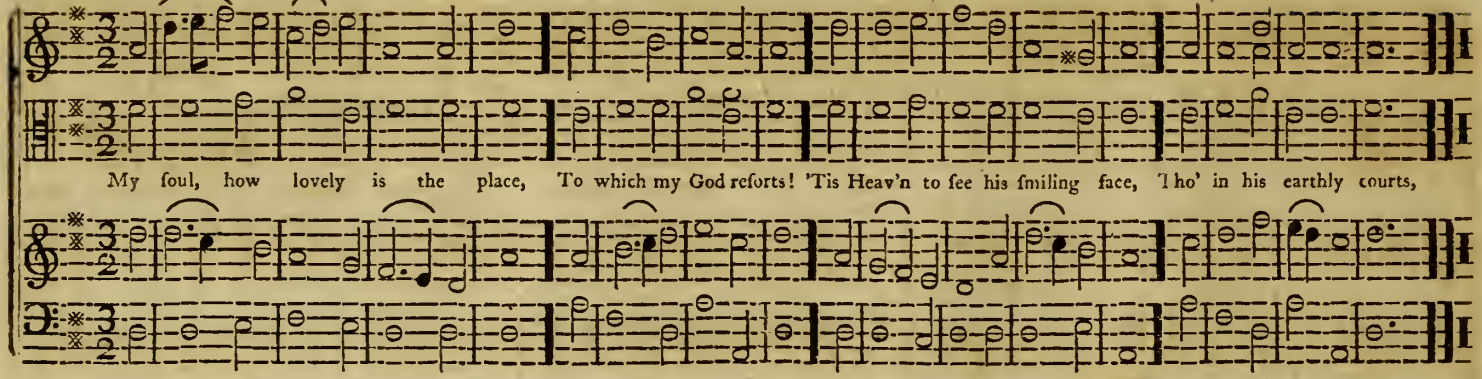
WINTER. C. M.



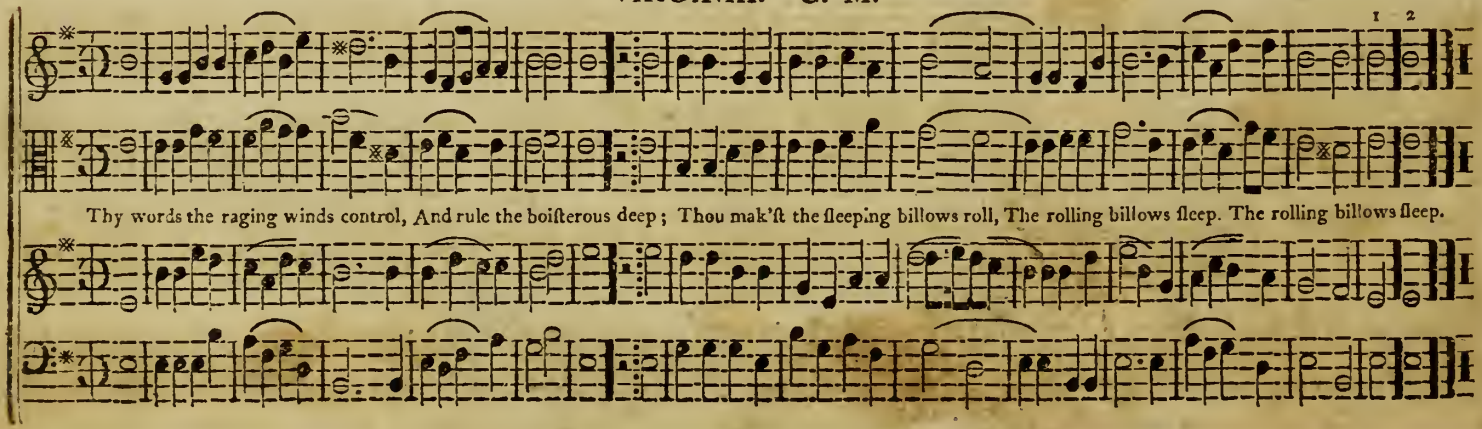
CORONATION. C. M.

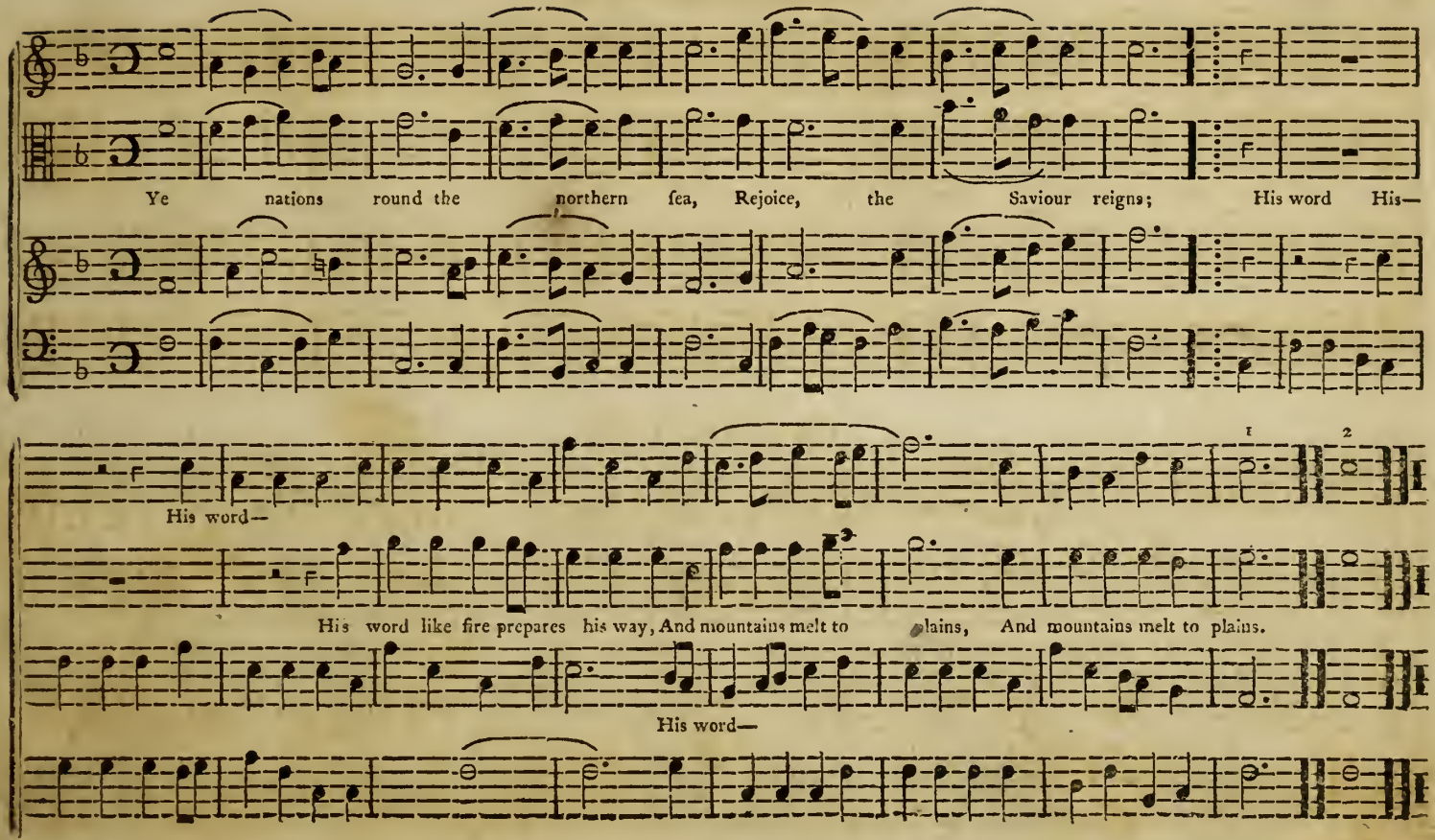


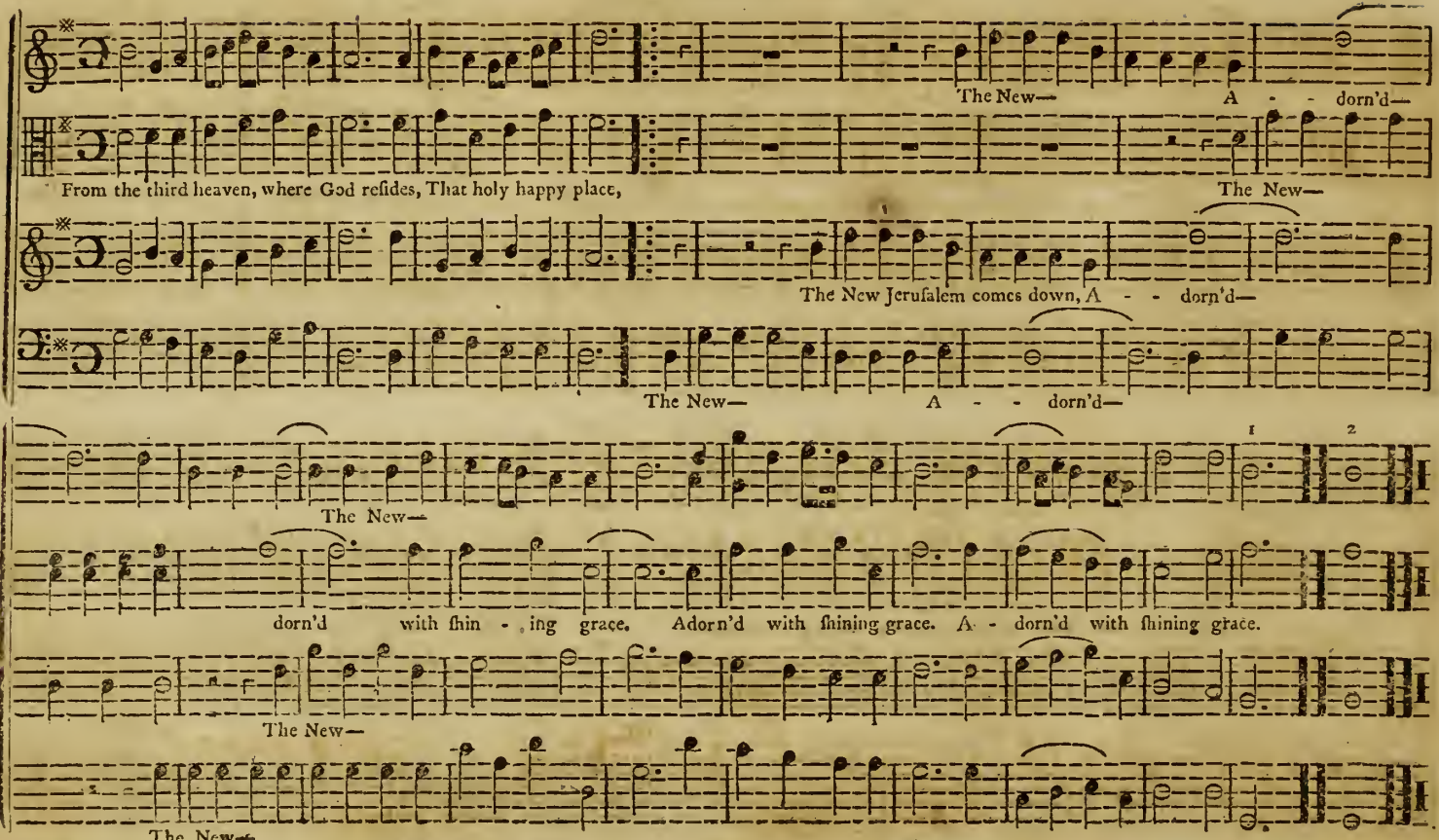
COLCHESTER. C. M.

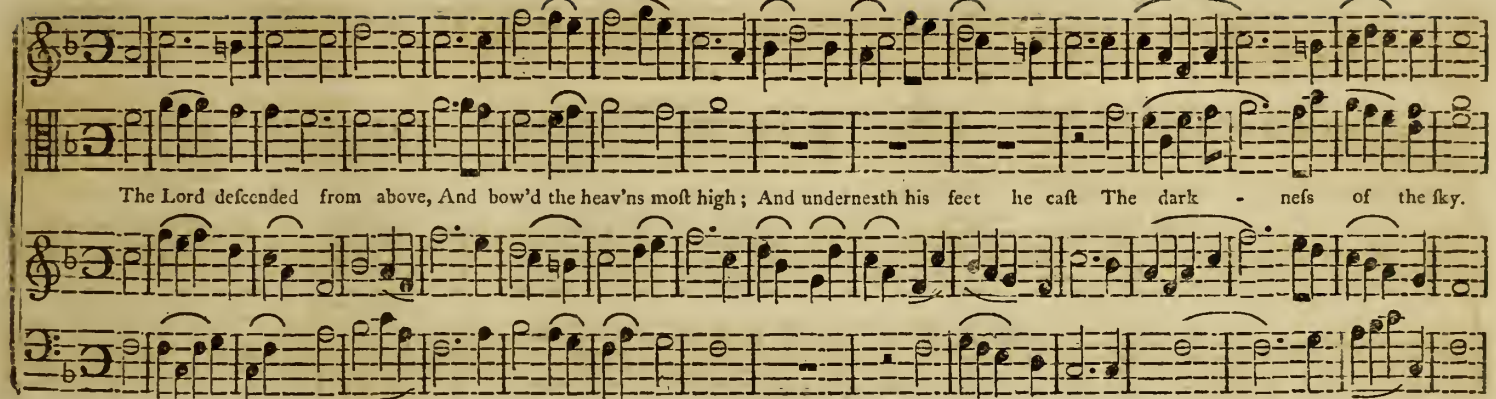


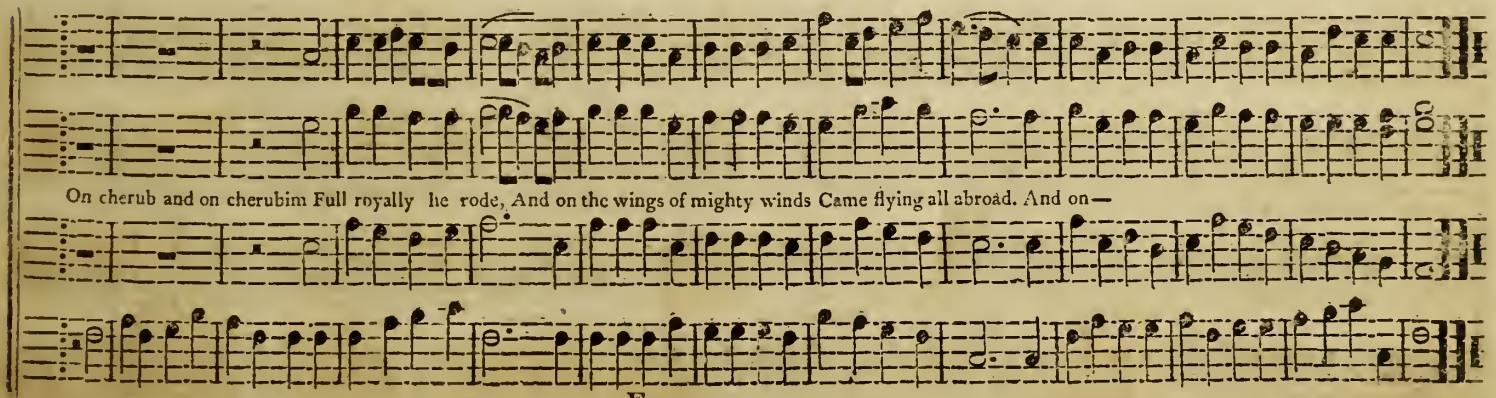
VIRGINIA. C. M.

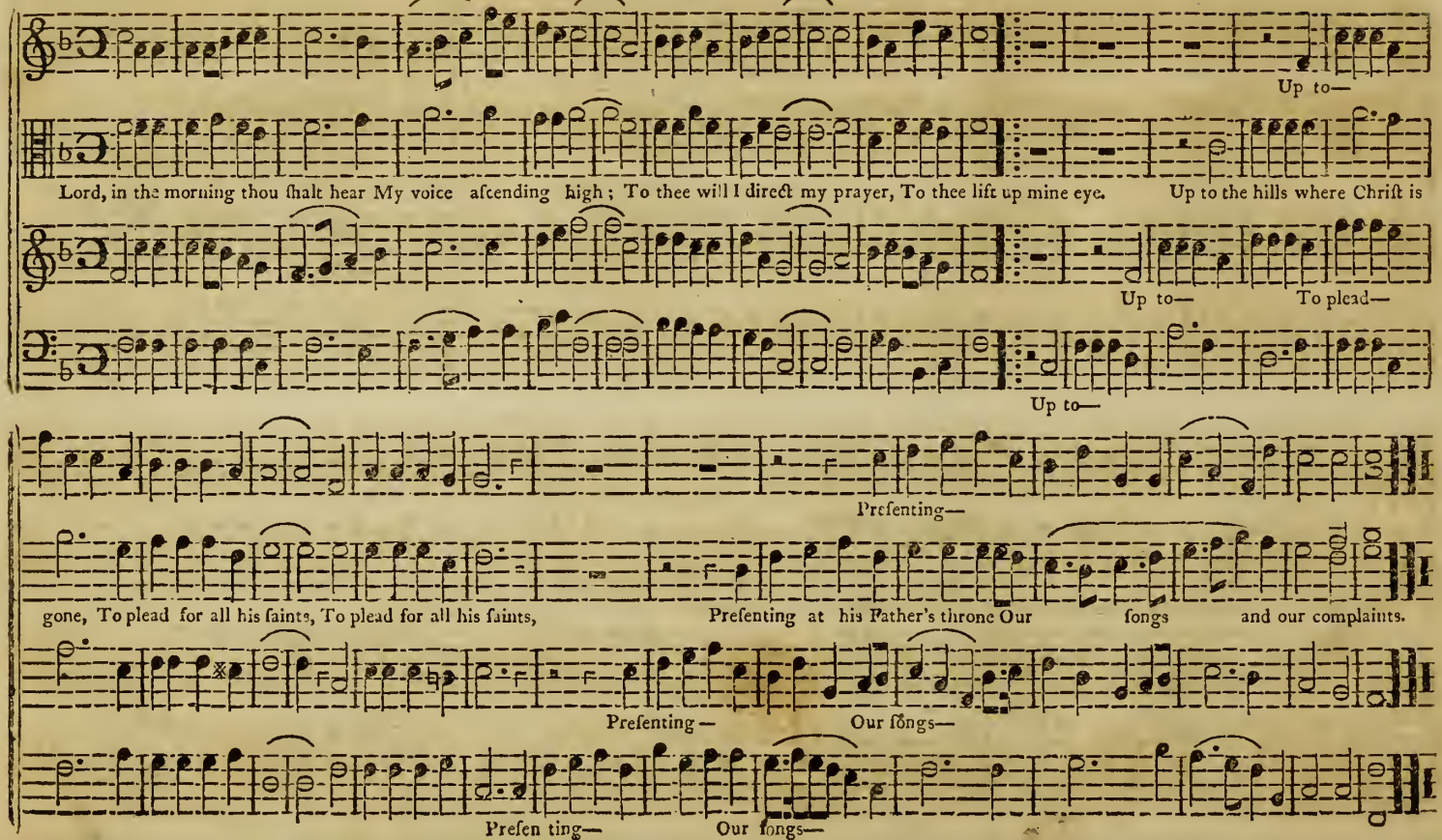


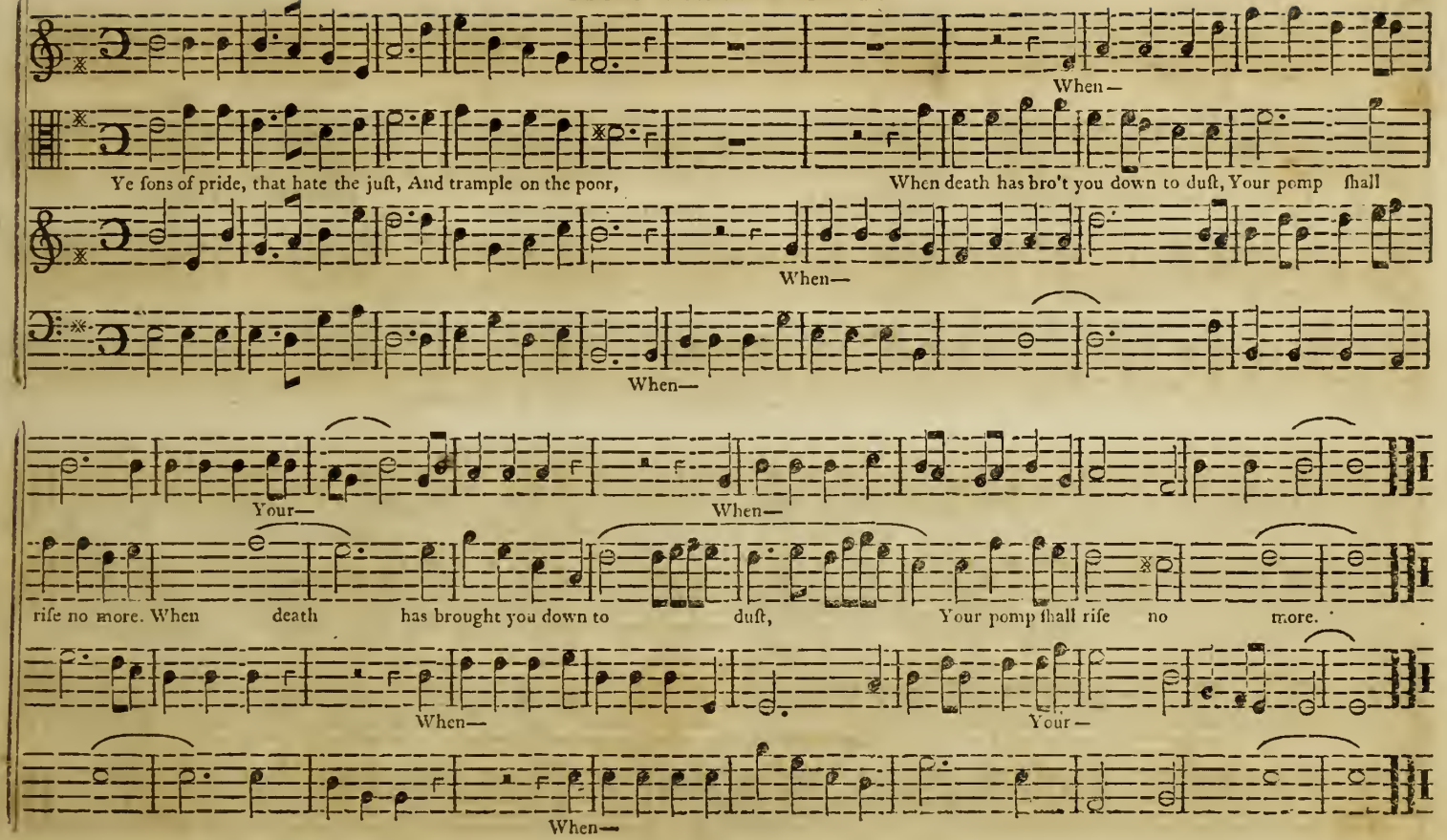

Ye nations round the northern sea, Rejoice, the Saviour reigns; His word His—
His word—
His word like fire prepares his way, And mountains melt to plains, And mountains melt to plains.
His word—


The New— A - - dorn'd—
From the third heaven, where God reſides, That holy happy place,
The New—
The New Jeruſalem comes down, A - - dorn'd—
The New— A - - dorn'd—
1 2
The New—
dorn'd with ſhin - ing grace. Adorn'd with ſhining grace. A - dorn'd with ſhining grace.
The New—
The New—

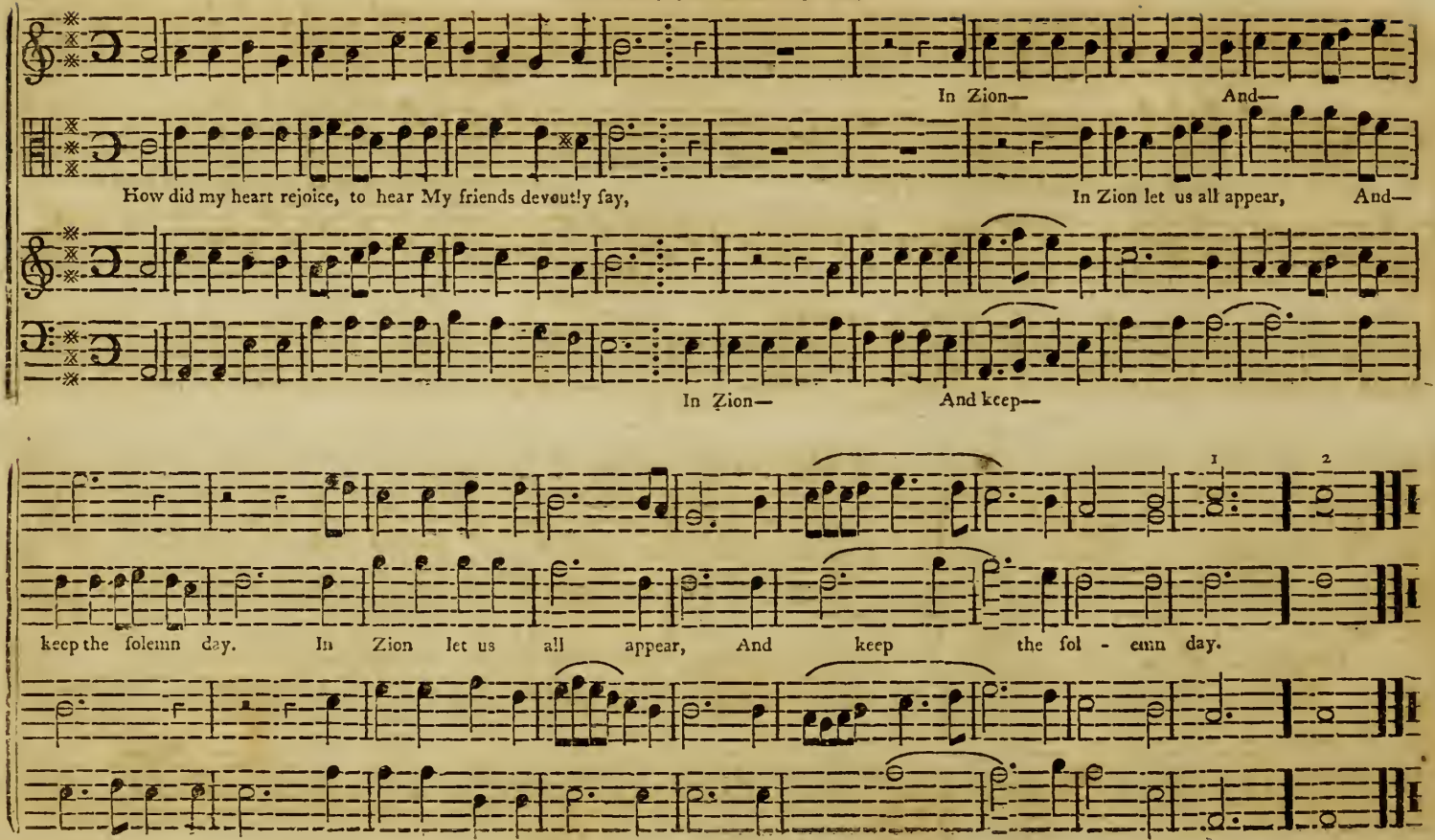

The Lord deſcended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns moſt high; And underneath his feet he caſt The dark - neſs of the ſky.


On cherub and on cherubim Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad. And on—

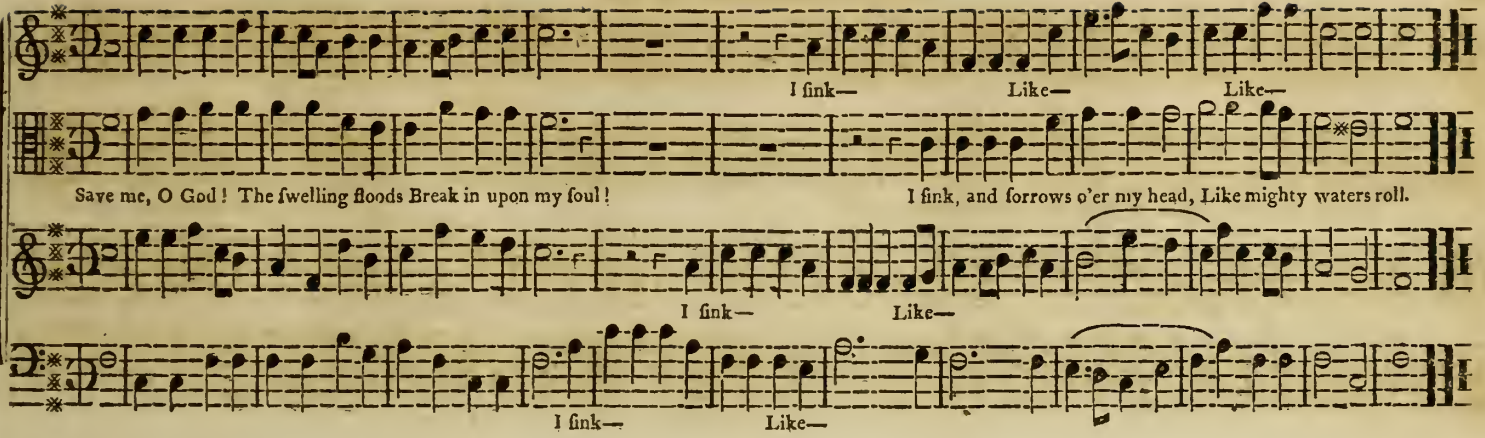

Up to—
Lord, in the morning thou ſhalt hear My voice aſcending high; To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. Up to the hills where Chriſt is
Up to— To plead—
Up to—
Preſenting—
gone, To plead for all his ſaints, To plead for all his ſaints, Preſenting at his Father's throne Our ſongs and our complaints.
Preſenting— Our ſongs—
Preſen ting— Our ſongs—


When—
Ye ſons of pride, that hate the juſt, And trample on the poor,
When death has bro't you down to duſt, Your pomp ſhall
When—
When—
Your—
When—
riſe no more. When death has brought you down to duſt, Your pomp ſhall riſe no more.
When—
Your—
When—

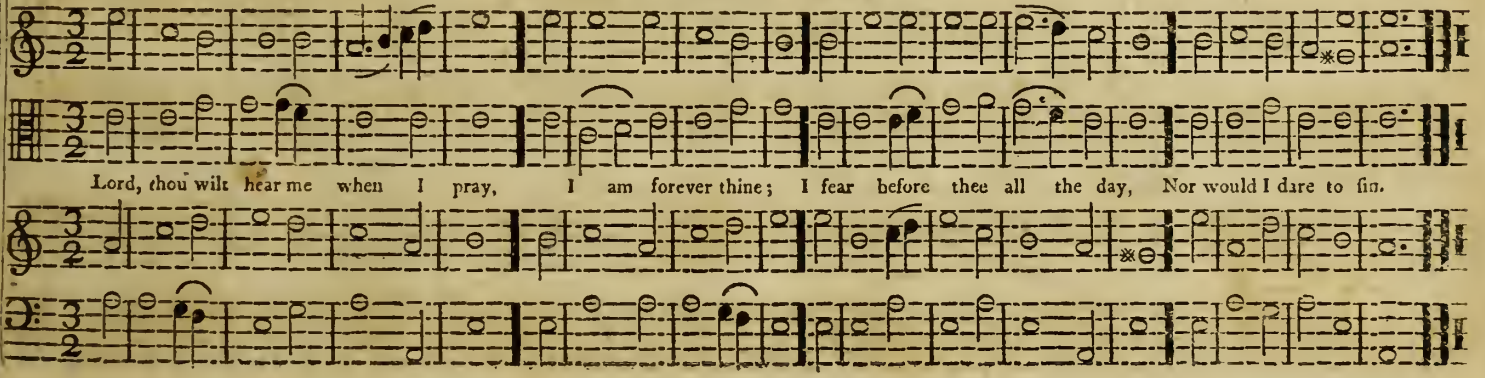
SHELBURNE. C. M.



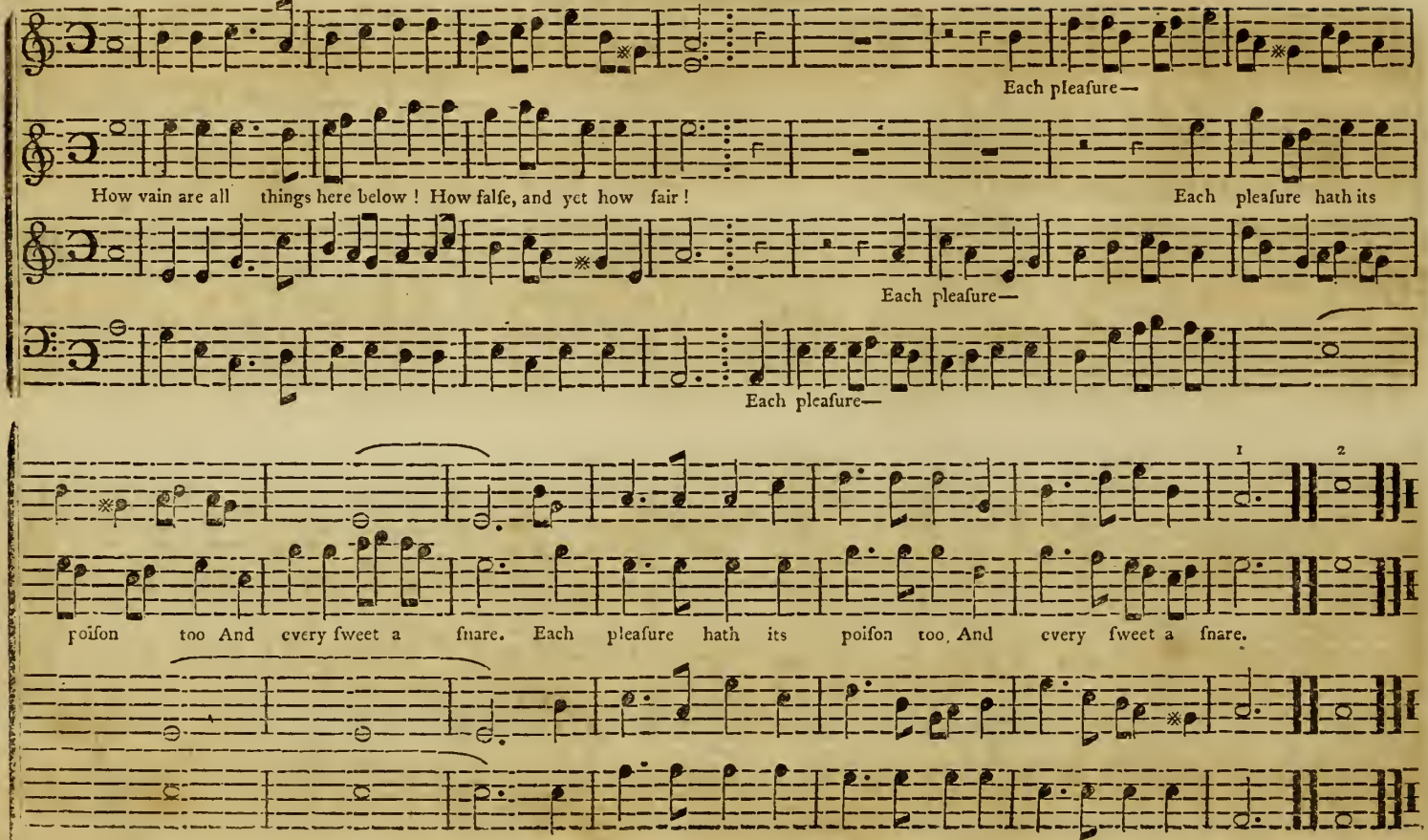
SUTTON. C. M.

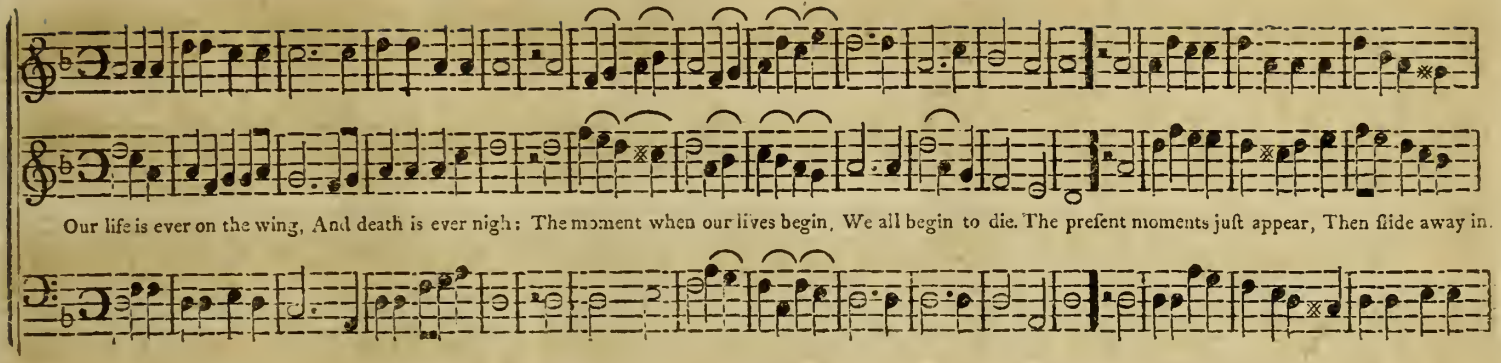


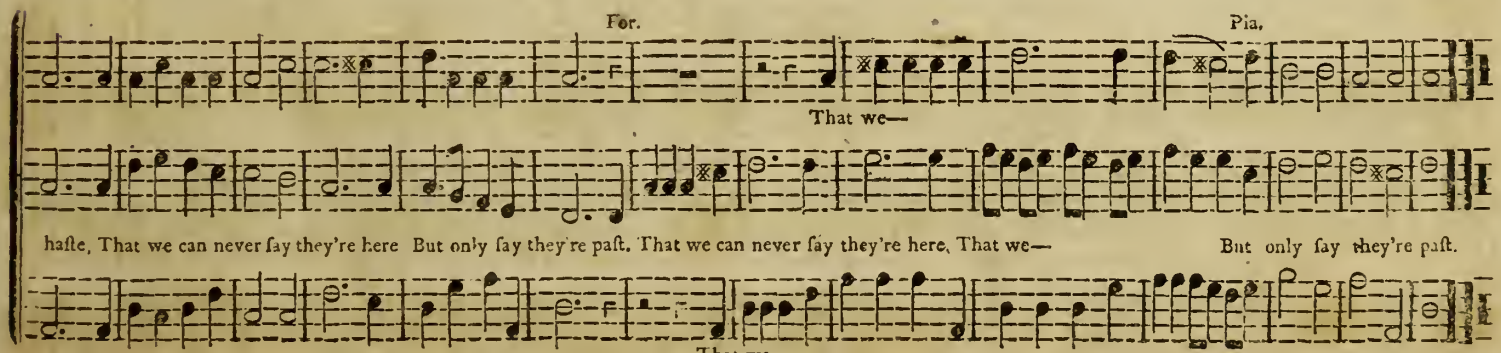
PLYMOUTH. C. M.



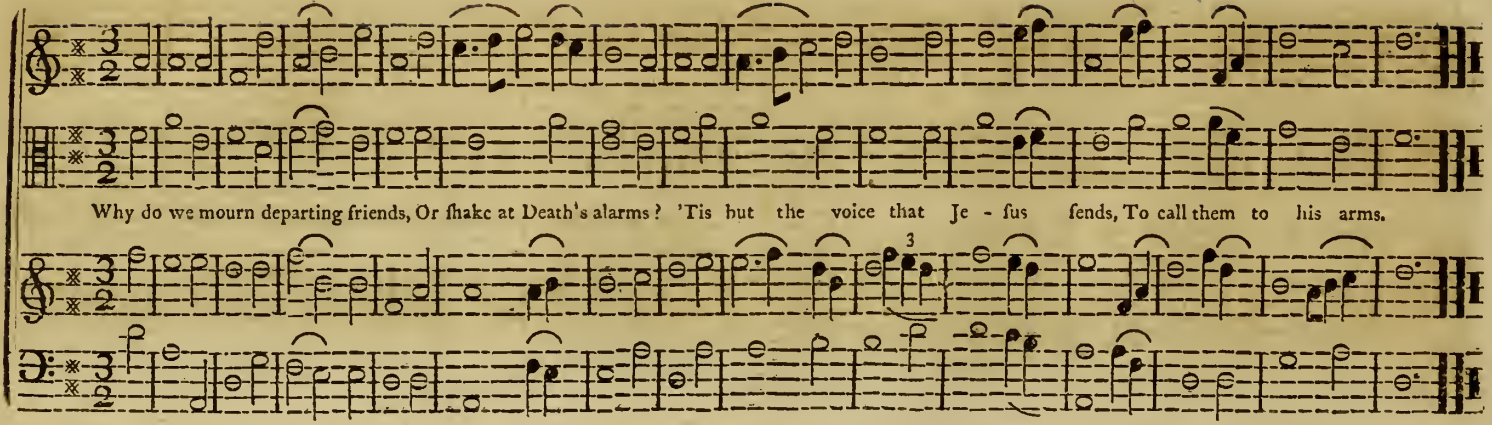
NEW DURHAM. C. M.



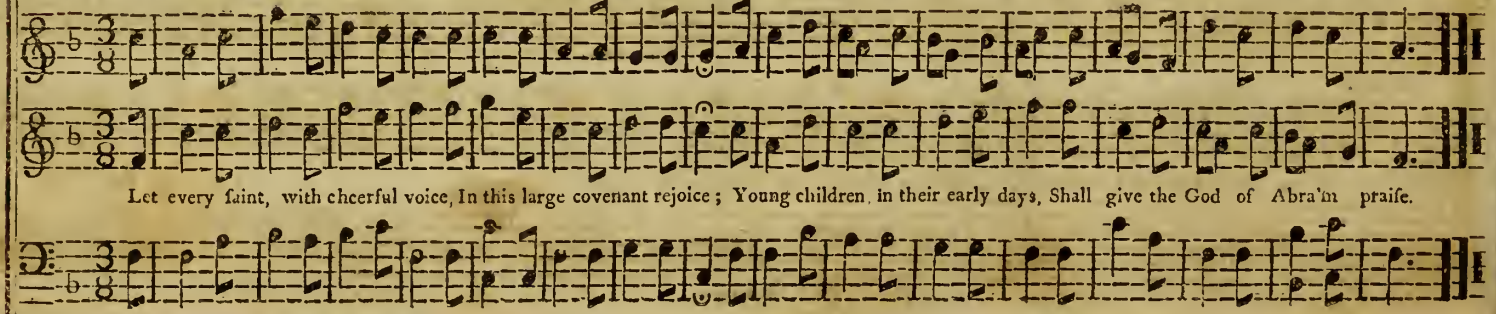

Our life is ever on the wing, And death is ever nigh: The moment when our lives begin, We all begin to die. The preſent moments juſt appear, Then ſlide away in.

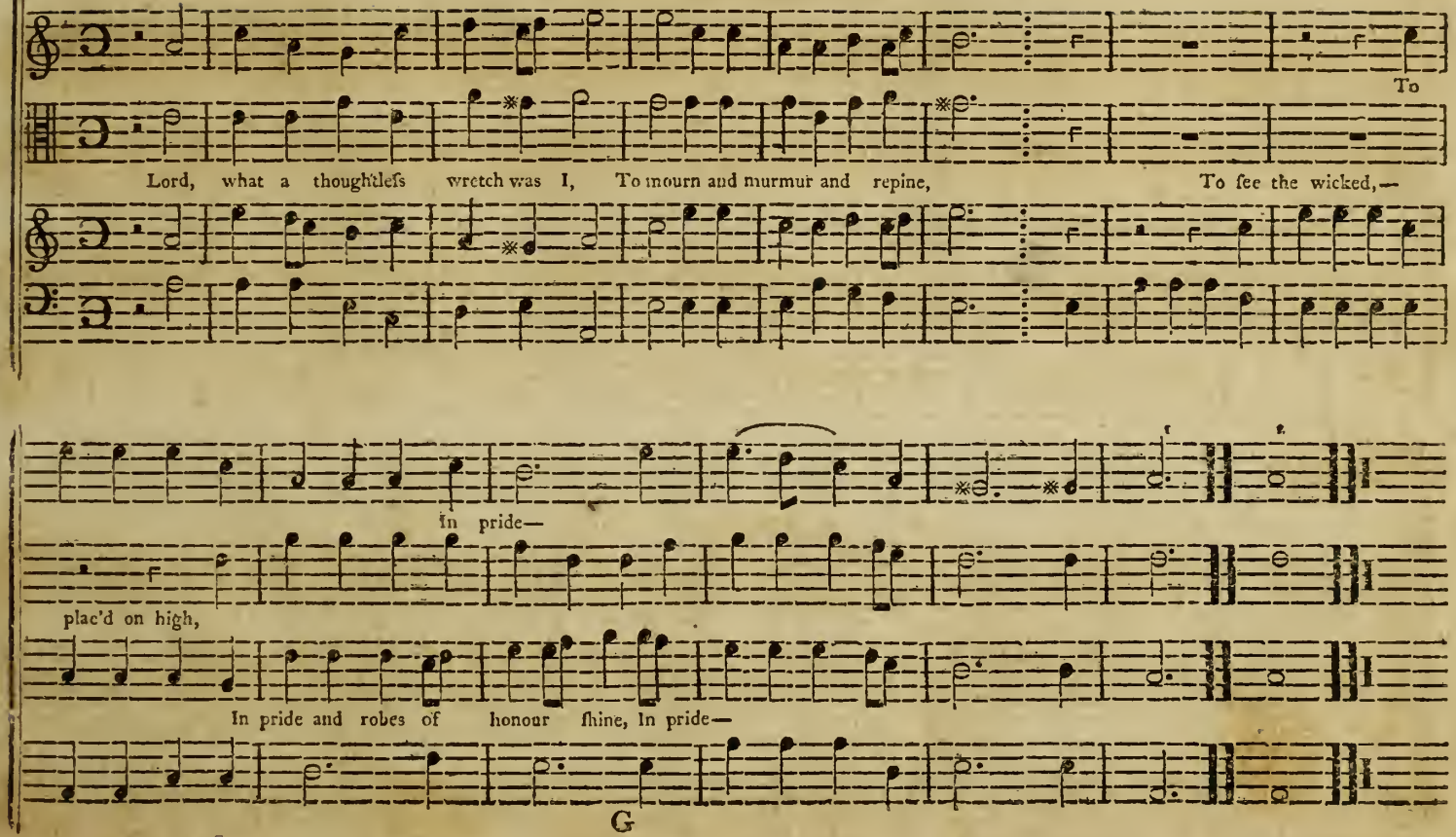

For.
Pia.
That we—
haſte, That we can never ſay they're here But only ſay they're paſt. That we can never ſay they're here, That we—
But only ſay they're paſt.
That we—

CHINA. C. M.

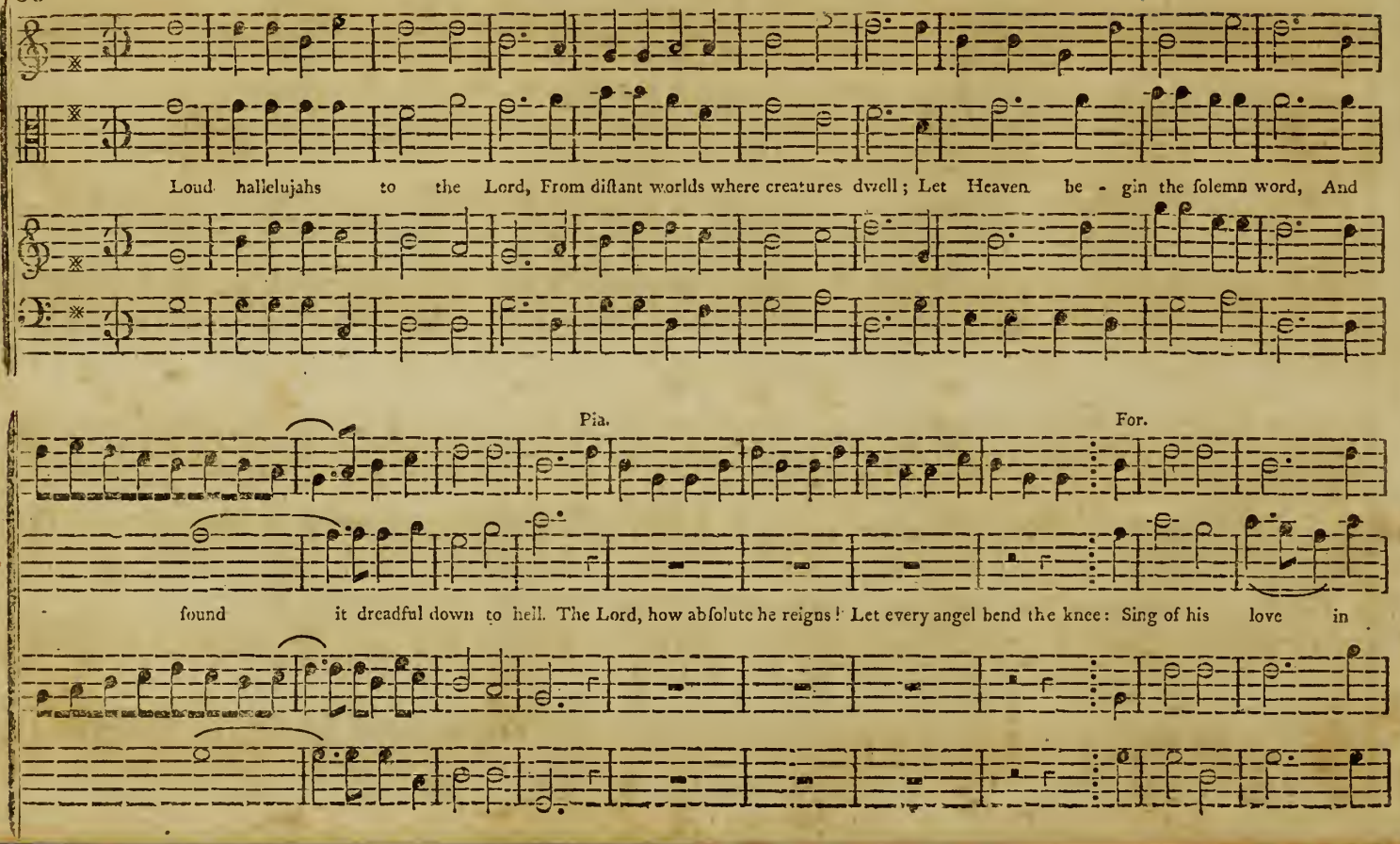


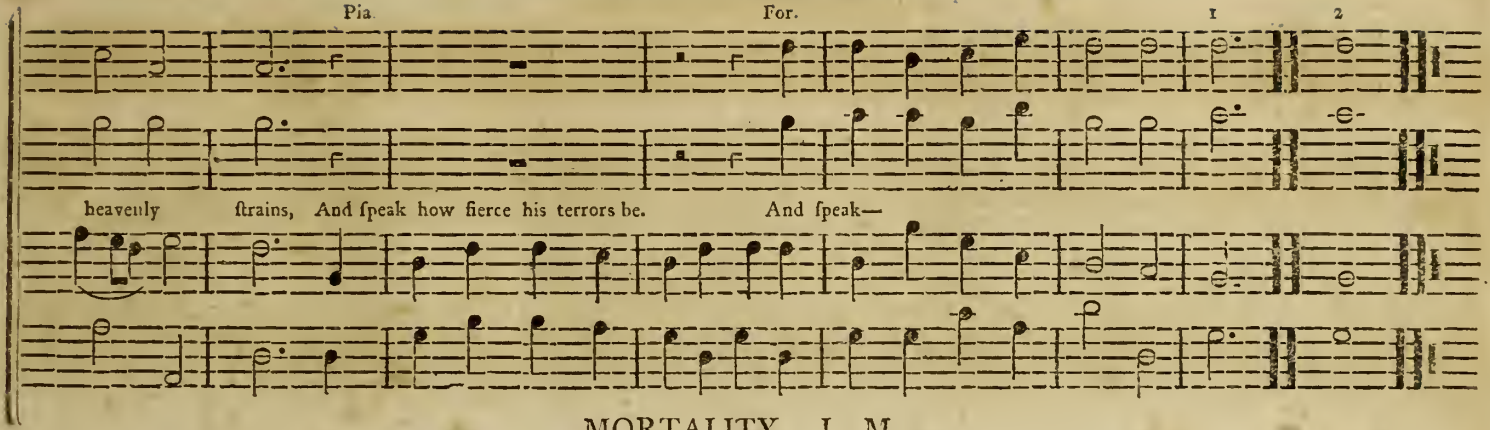
HAPPINESS. L. M.



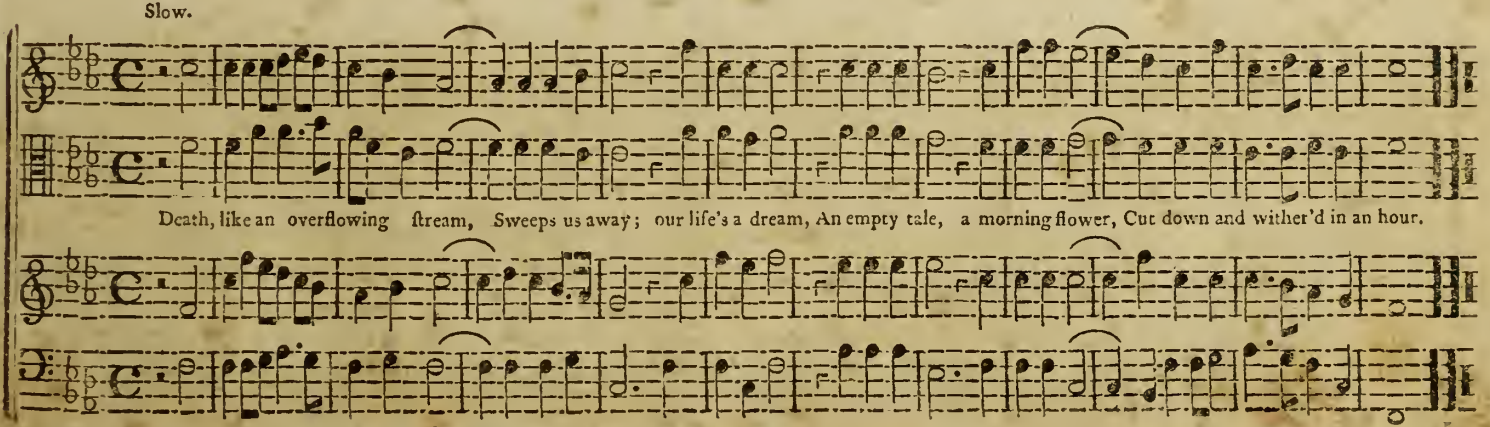

To
Lord, what a thoughtleſs wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and repine, To ſee the wicked,—
In pride—
plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour ſhine, In pride—

EXTOLLATION. L. M.

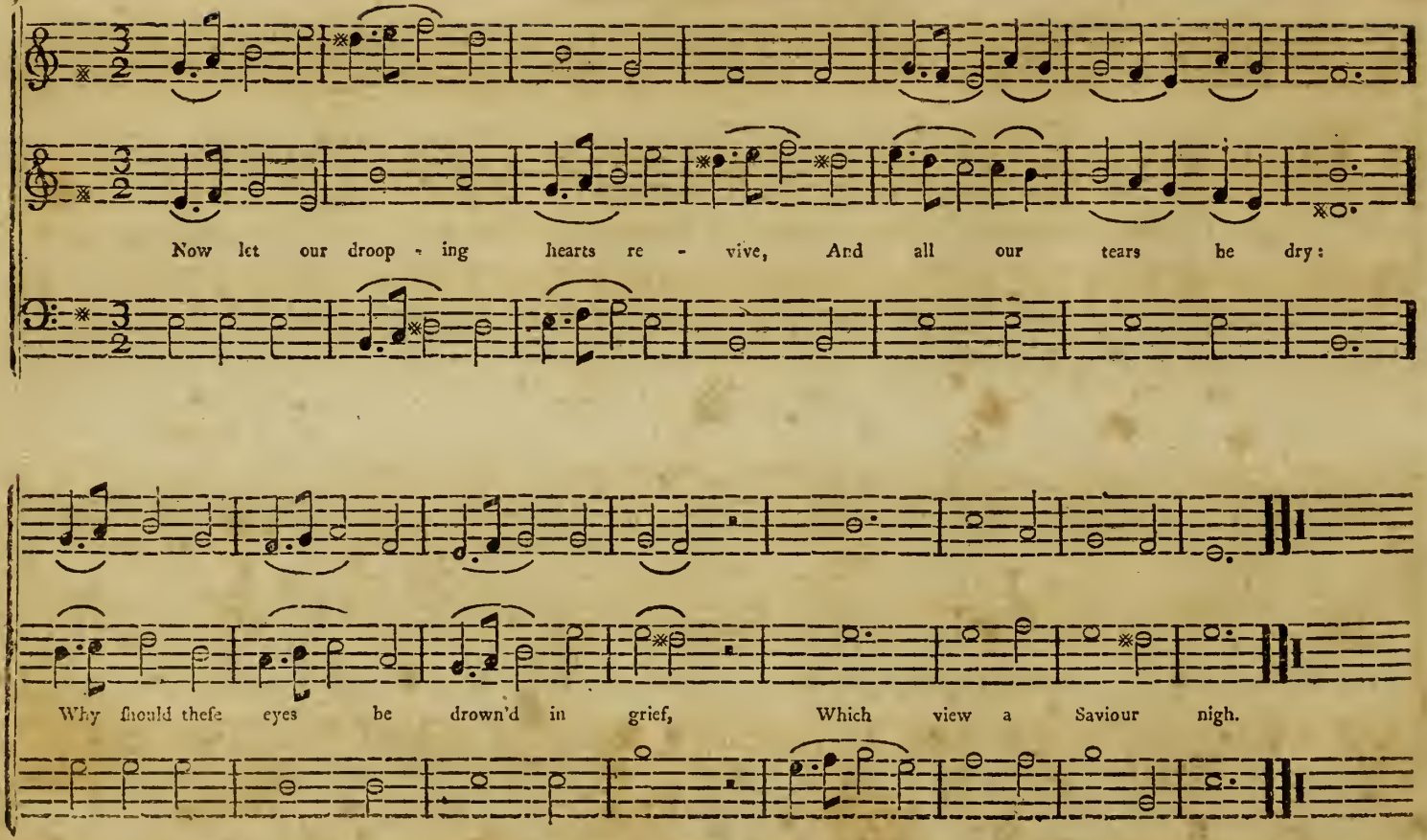


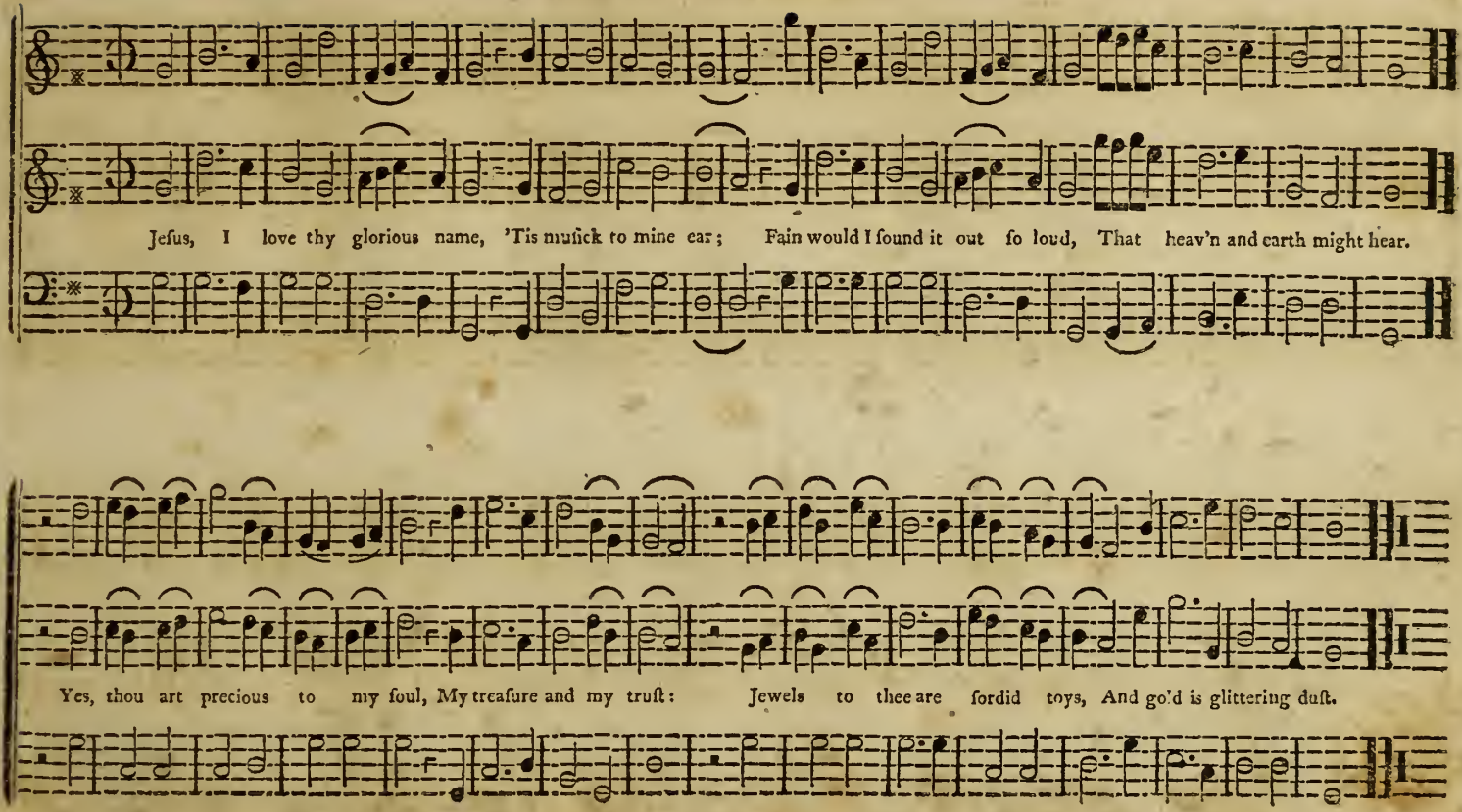


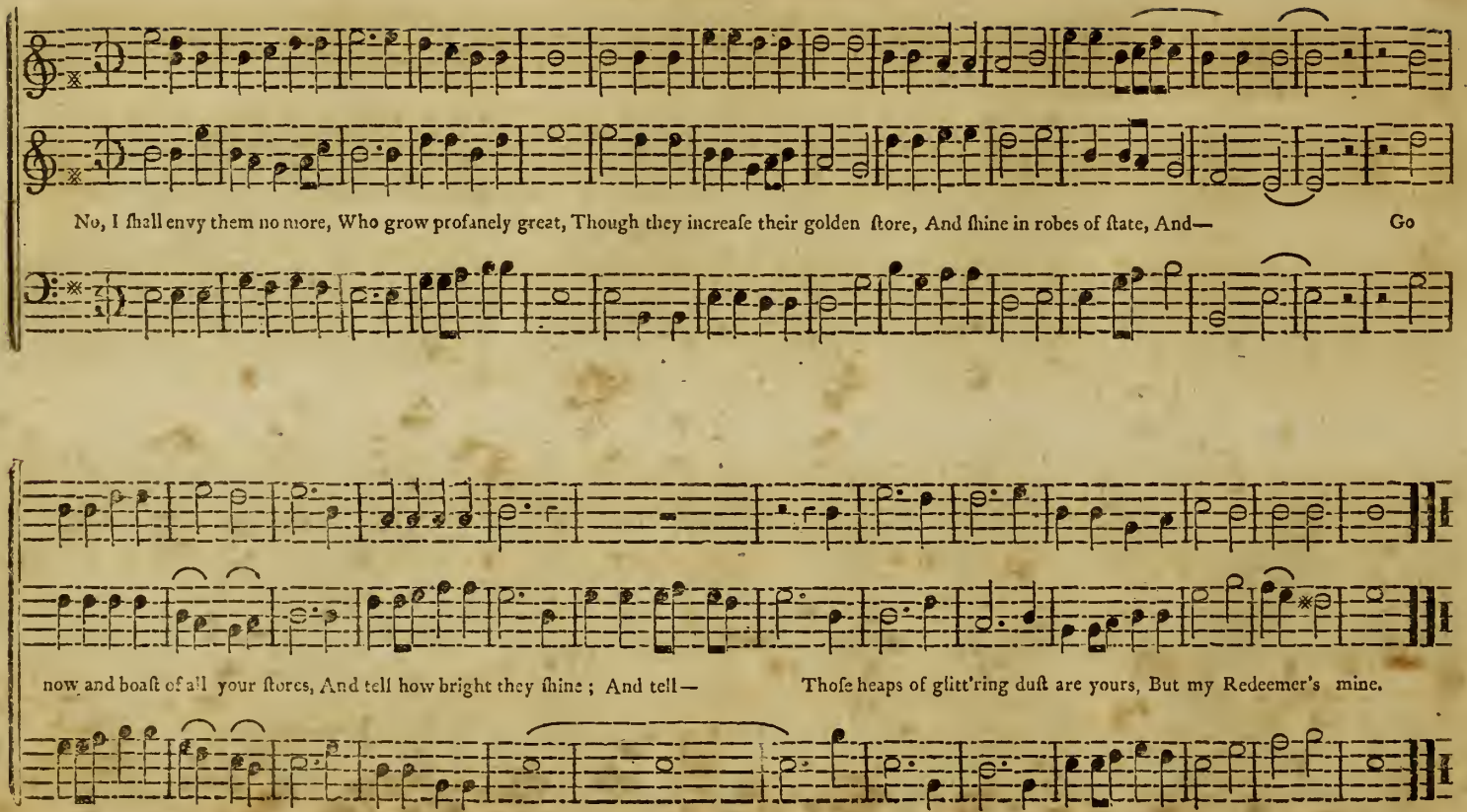
MORTALITY. L. M.

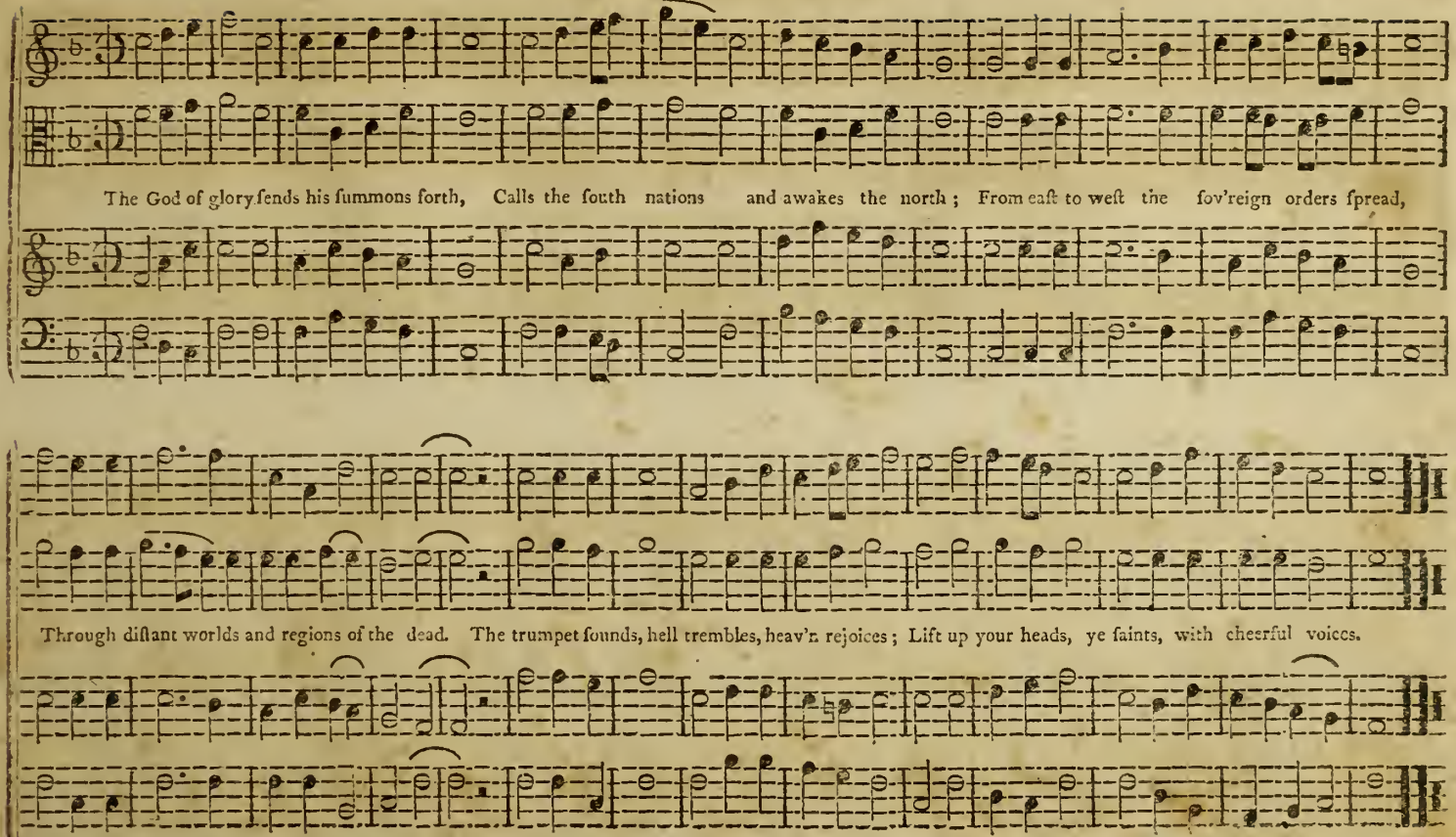


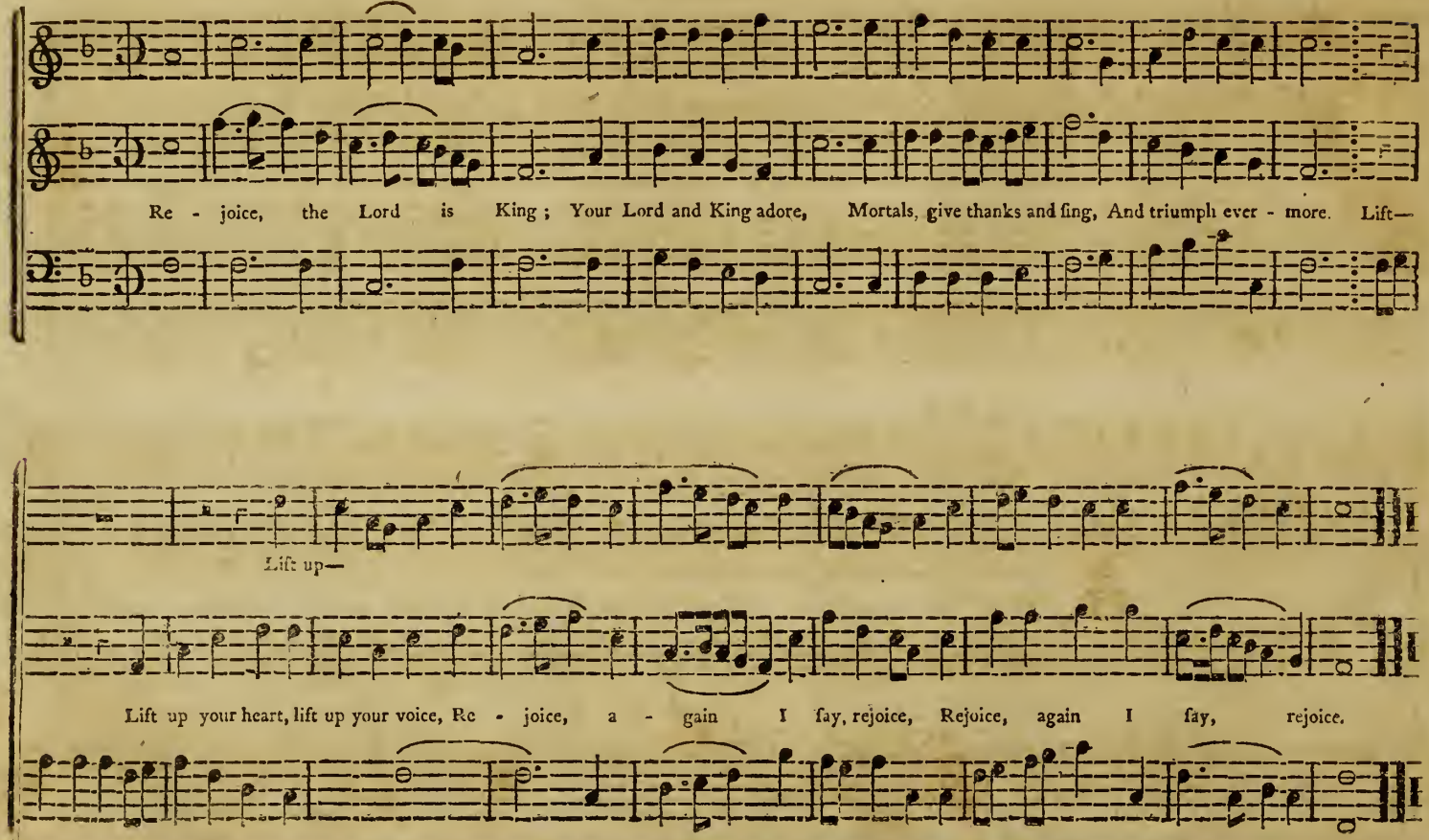
PLYMPTON. C. M.

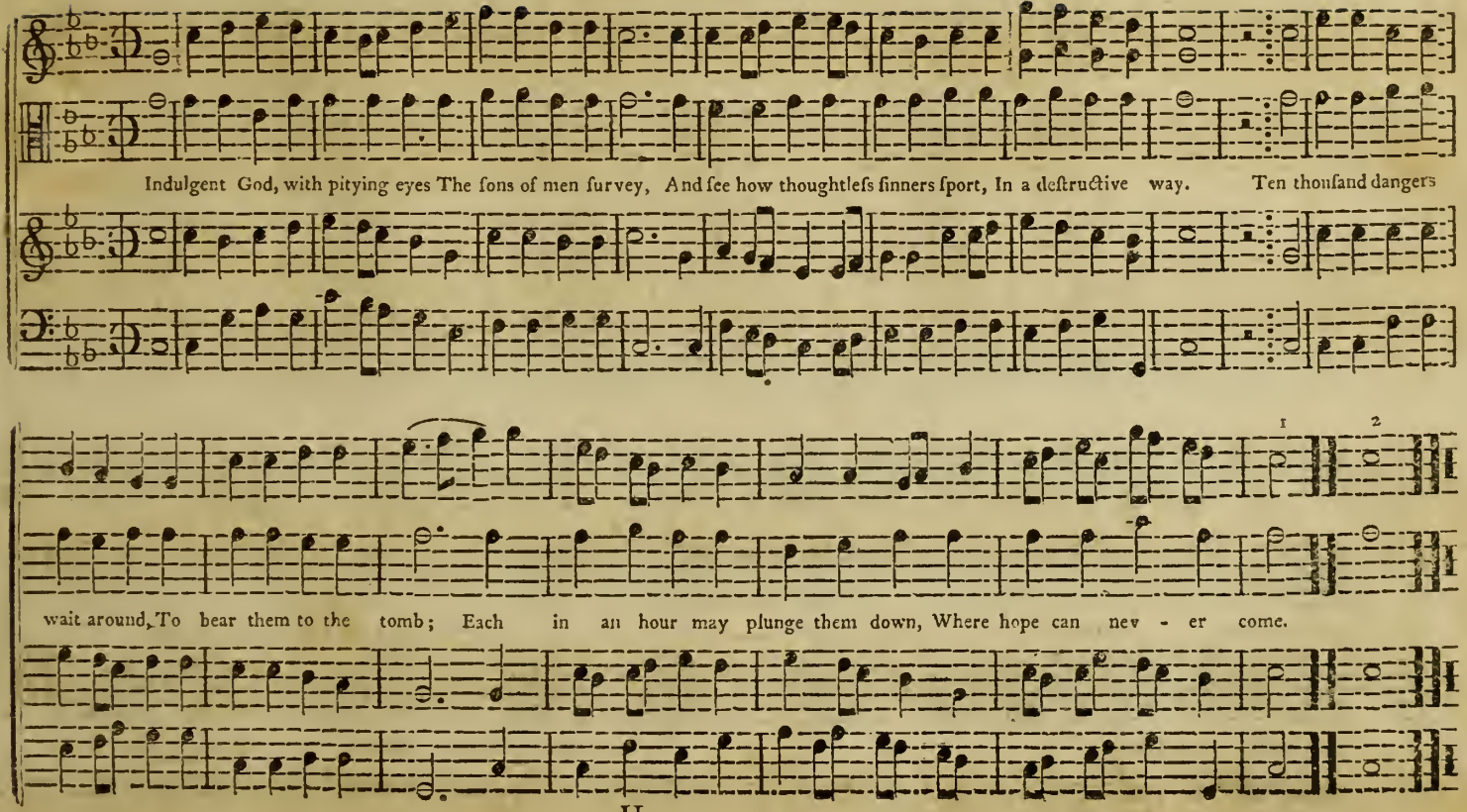

Now let our droop - ing hearts re - vive, And all our tears be dry:
Why ſhould theſe eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh.


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

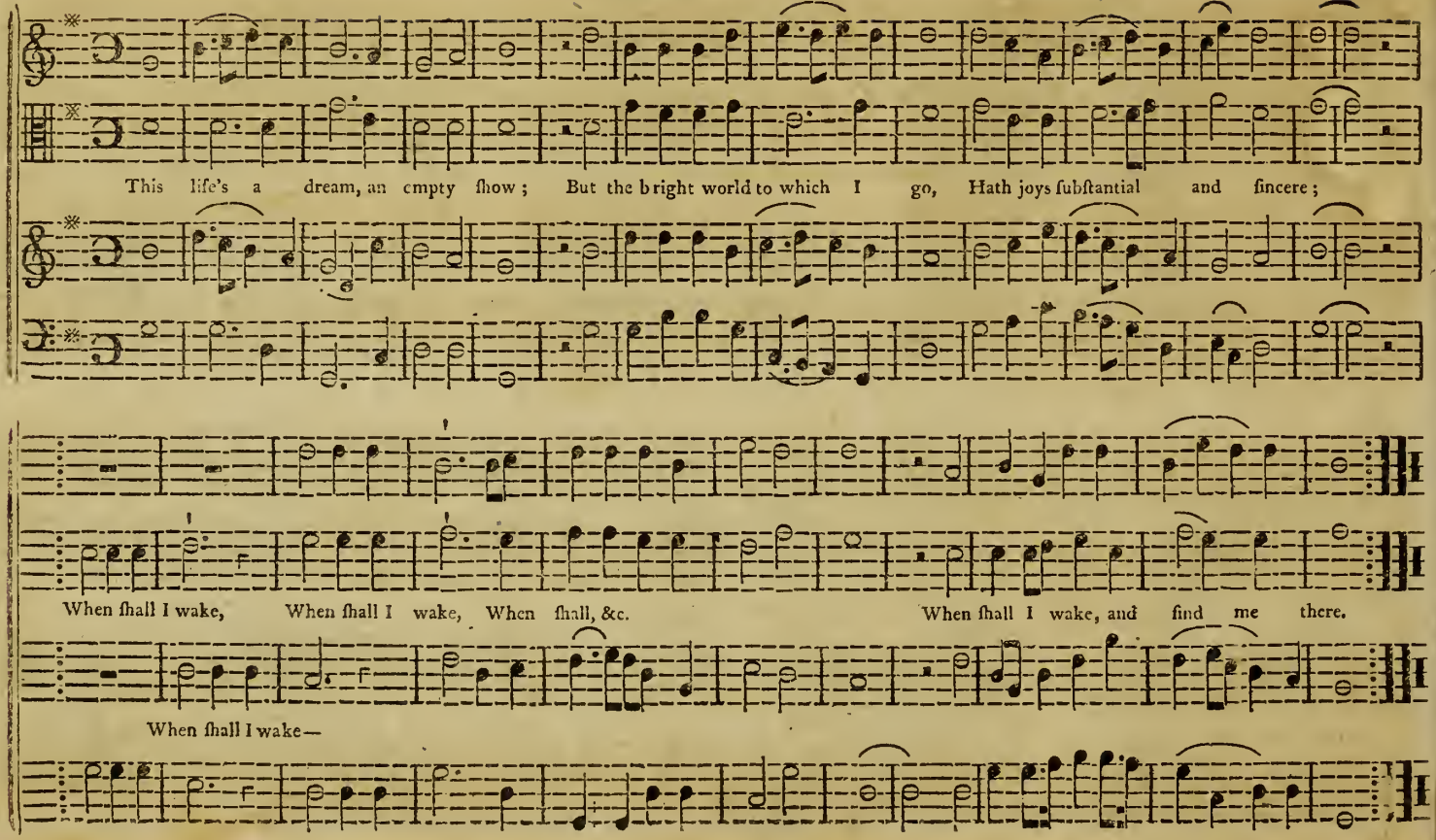

No, I ſhall envy them no more, Who grow profanely great, Though they increaſe their golden ſtore, And ſhine in robes of ſtate, And— Go
now and boaſt of all your ſtores, And tell how bright they ſhine ; And tell— Thoſe heaps of glitt'ring duſt are yours, But my Redeemer's mine.

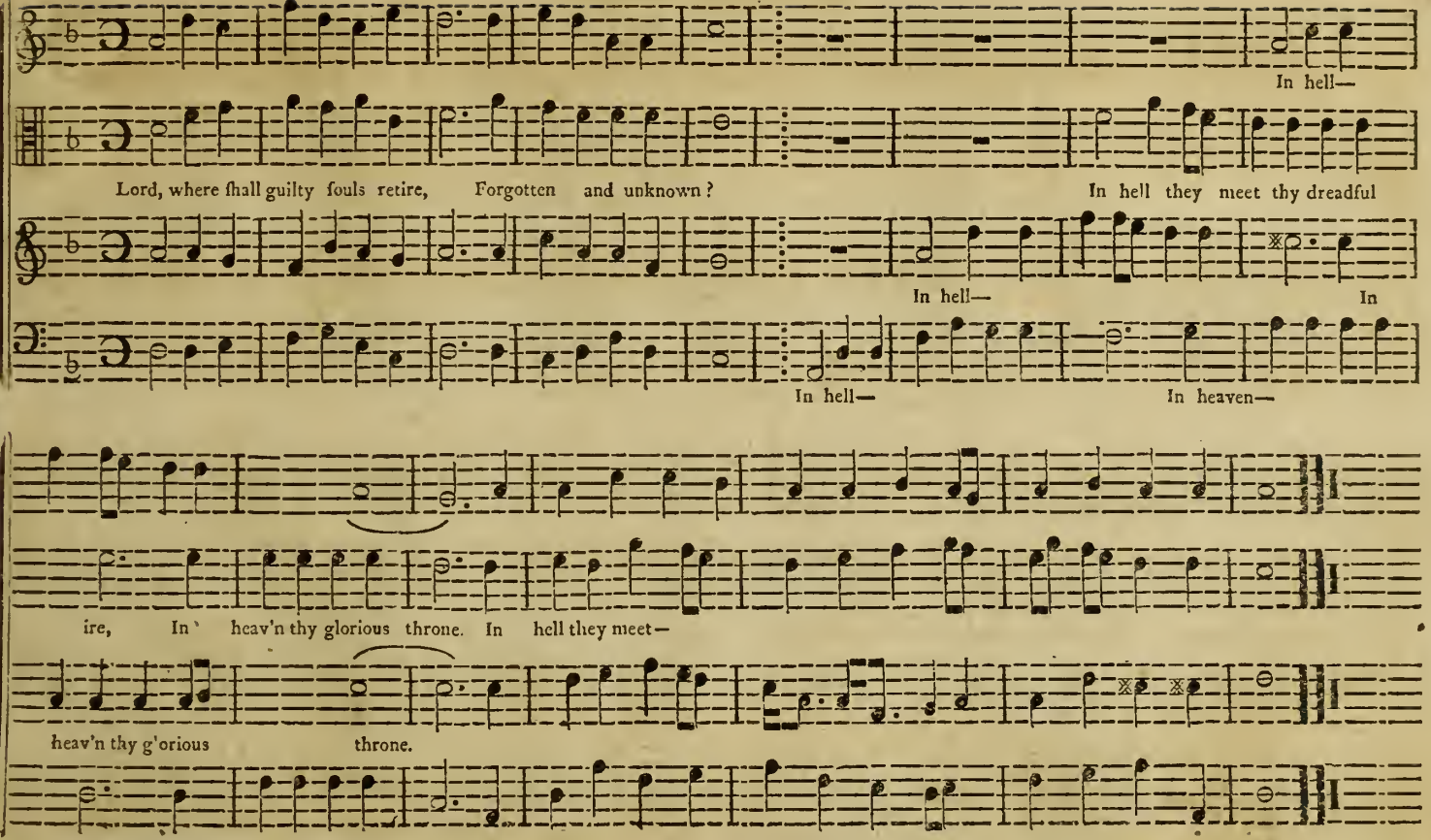

The God of glory ſends his ſummons forth, Calls the ſouth nations and awakes the north; From eaſt to weſt the ſov'reign orders ſpread,
Through diſtant worlds and regions of the dead. The trumpet ſounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

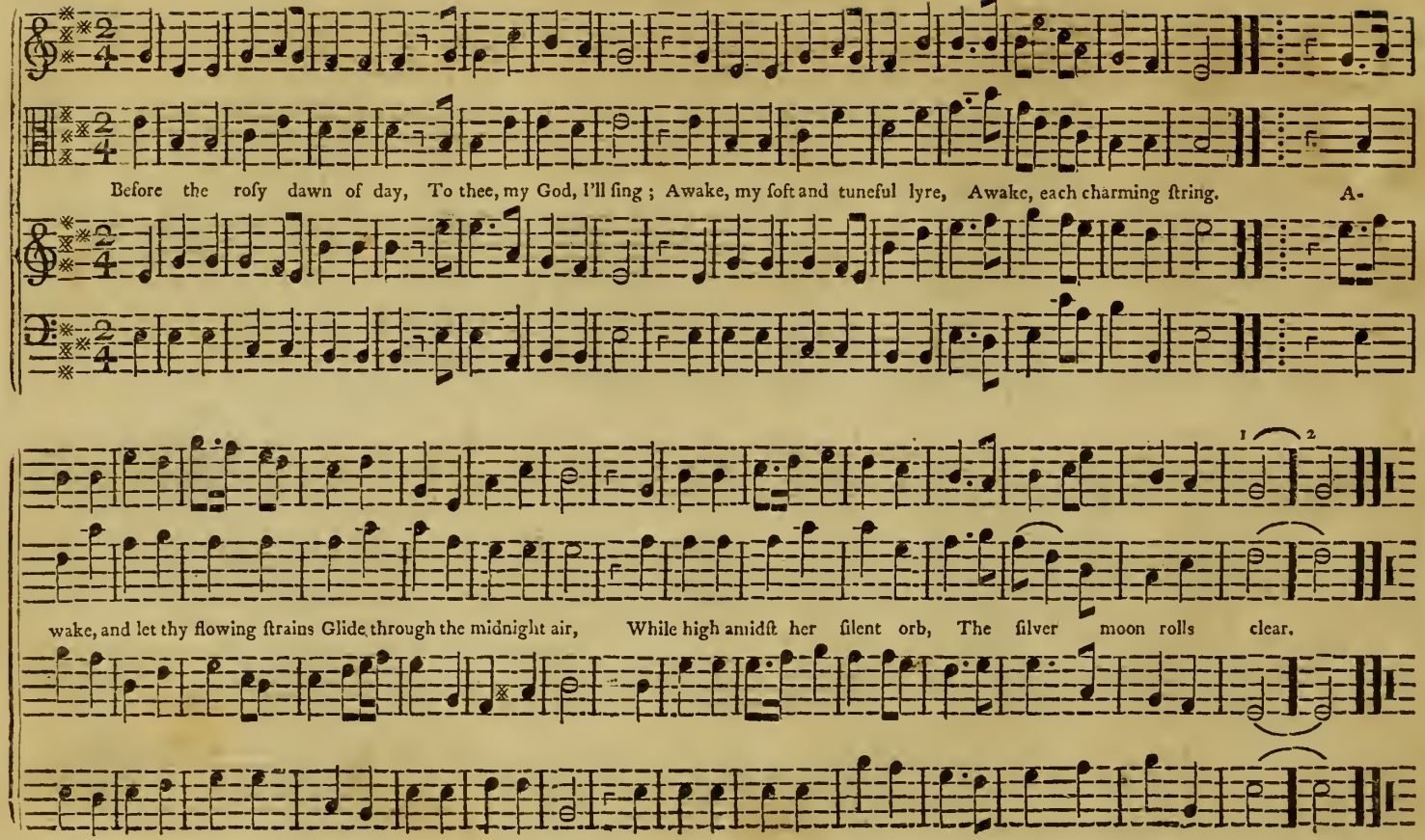

Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King adore, Mortals, give thanks and ſing, And triumph ever - more. Lift—
Lift up—
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain I ſay, rejoice, Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

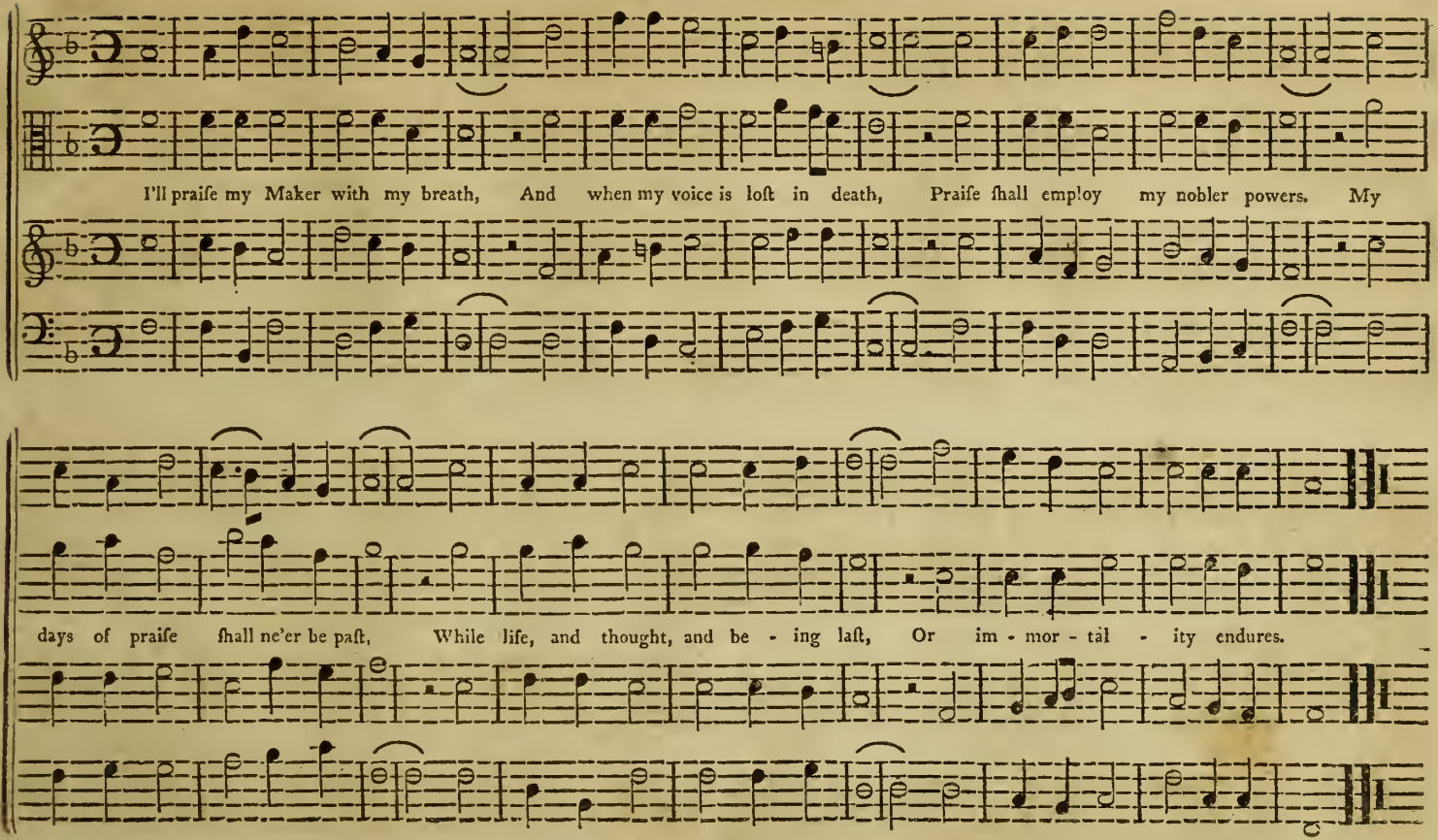

Indulgent God, with pitying eyes The ſons of men ſurvey, And ſee how thoughtleſs ſinners ſport, In a deſtructive way. Ten thouſand dangers
1
2
wait around, To bear them to the tomb; Each in an hour may plunge them down, Where hope can nev - er come.

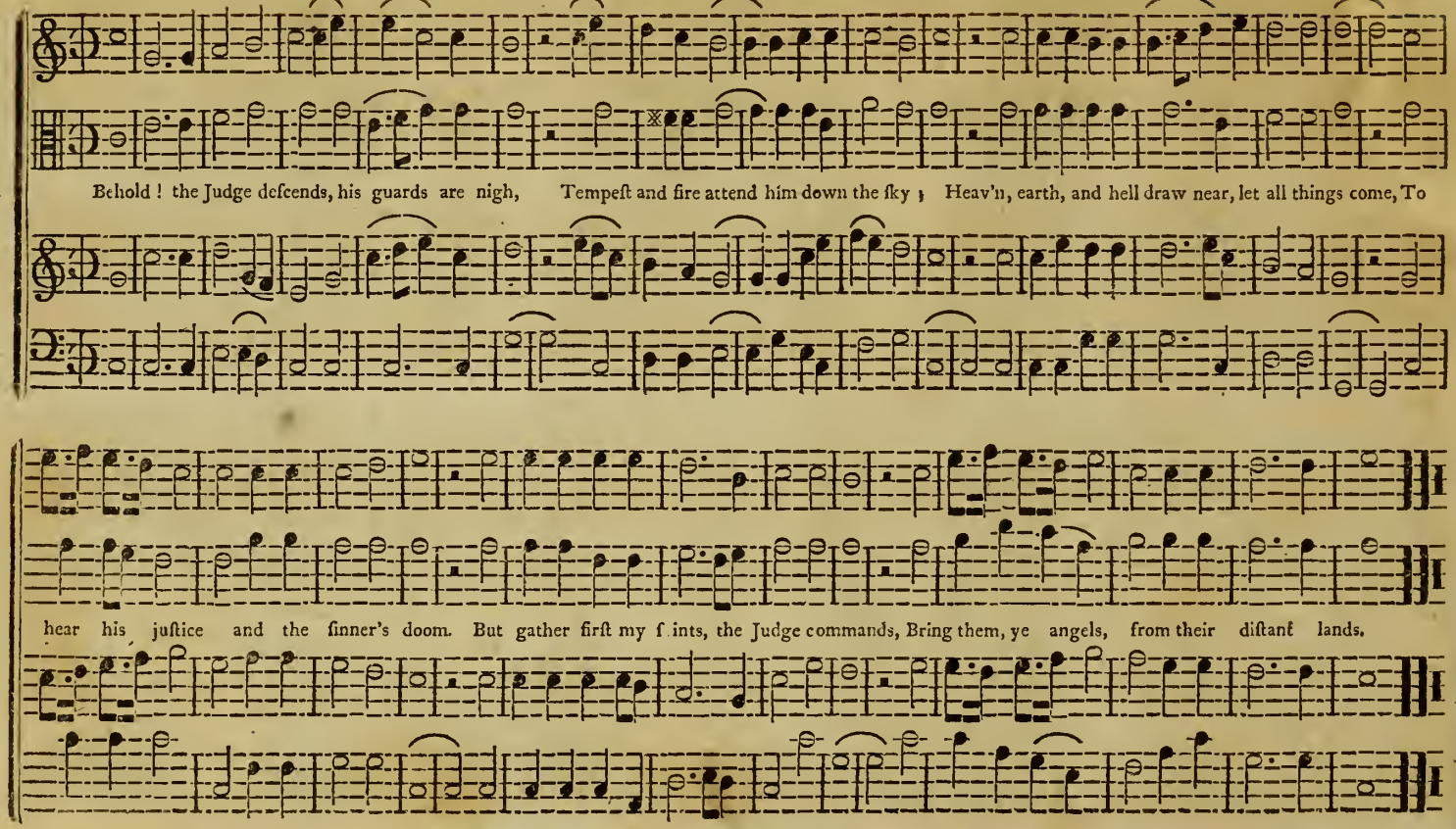
SARDIS. L. M.

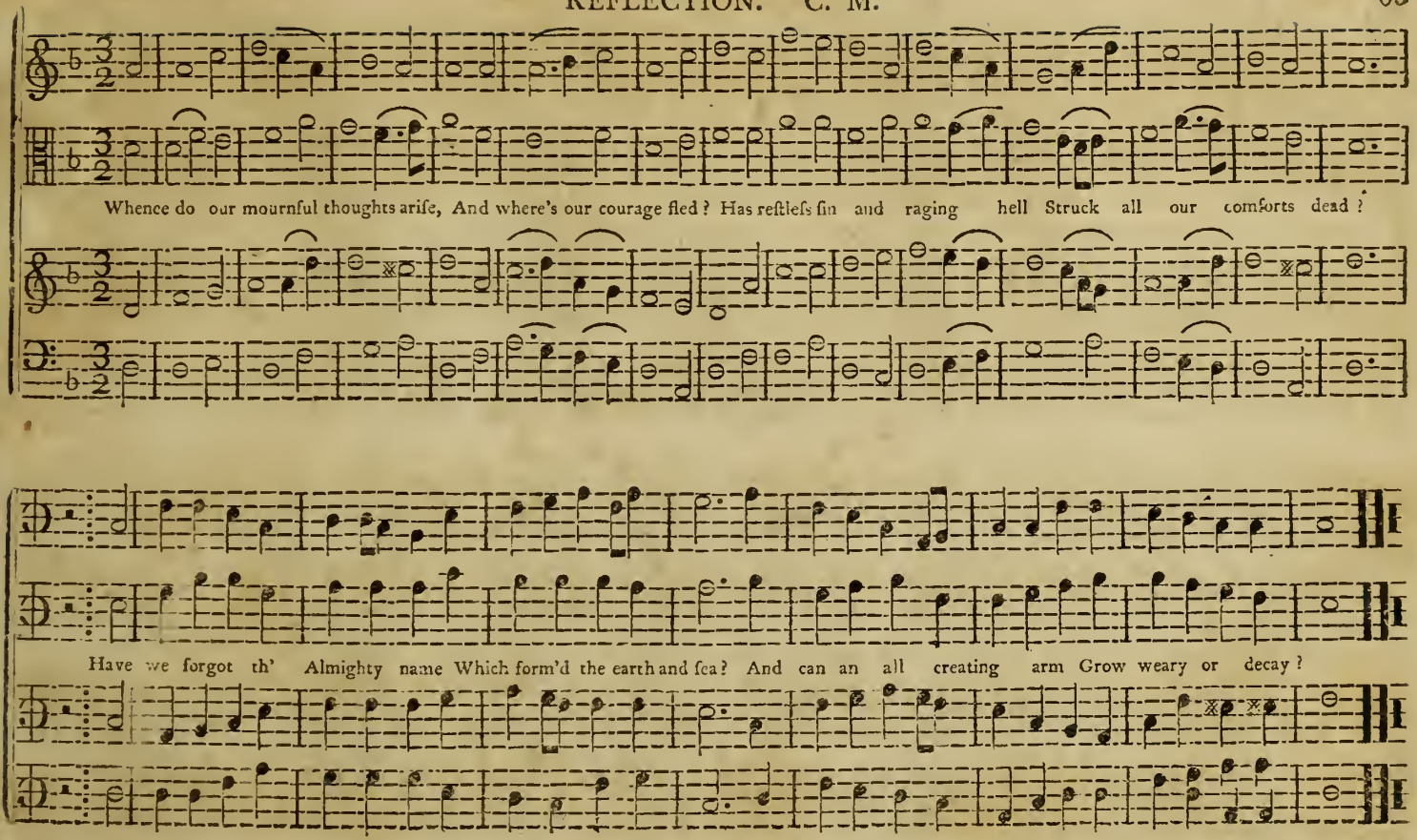

This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, When shall I wake, When shall, &c. When shall I wake, and find me there.
When shall I wake—


In hell—
Lord, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire, Forgotten and unknown? In hell they meet thy dreadful
In hell— In
In hell— In heaven—
ire, In heav'n thy glorious throne. In hell they meet—
heav'n thy g'orious throne.

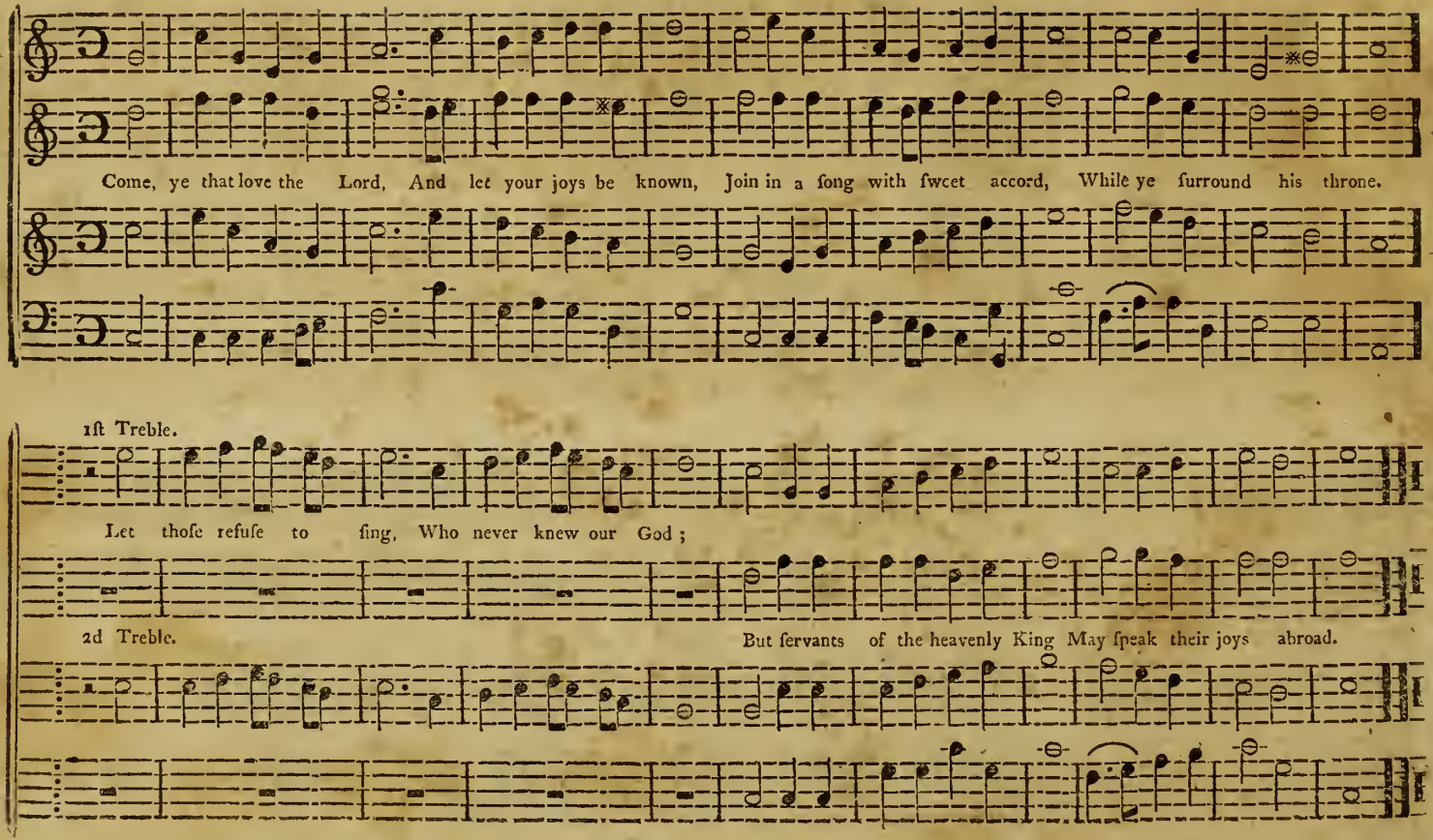

Before the roſy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll ſing ; Awake, my ſoft and tuneful lyre, Awake, each charming ſtring. A-
wake, and let thy flowing ſtrains Glide through the midnight air, While high amidſt her ſilent orb, The ſilver moon rolls clear.
1
2

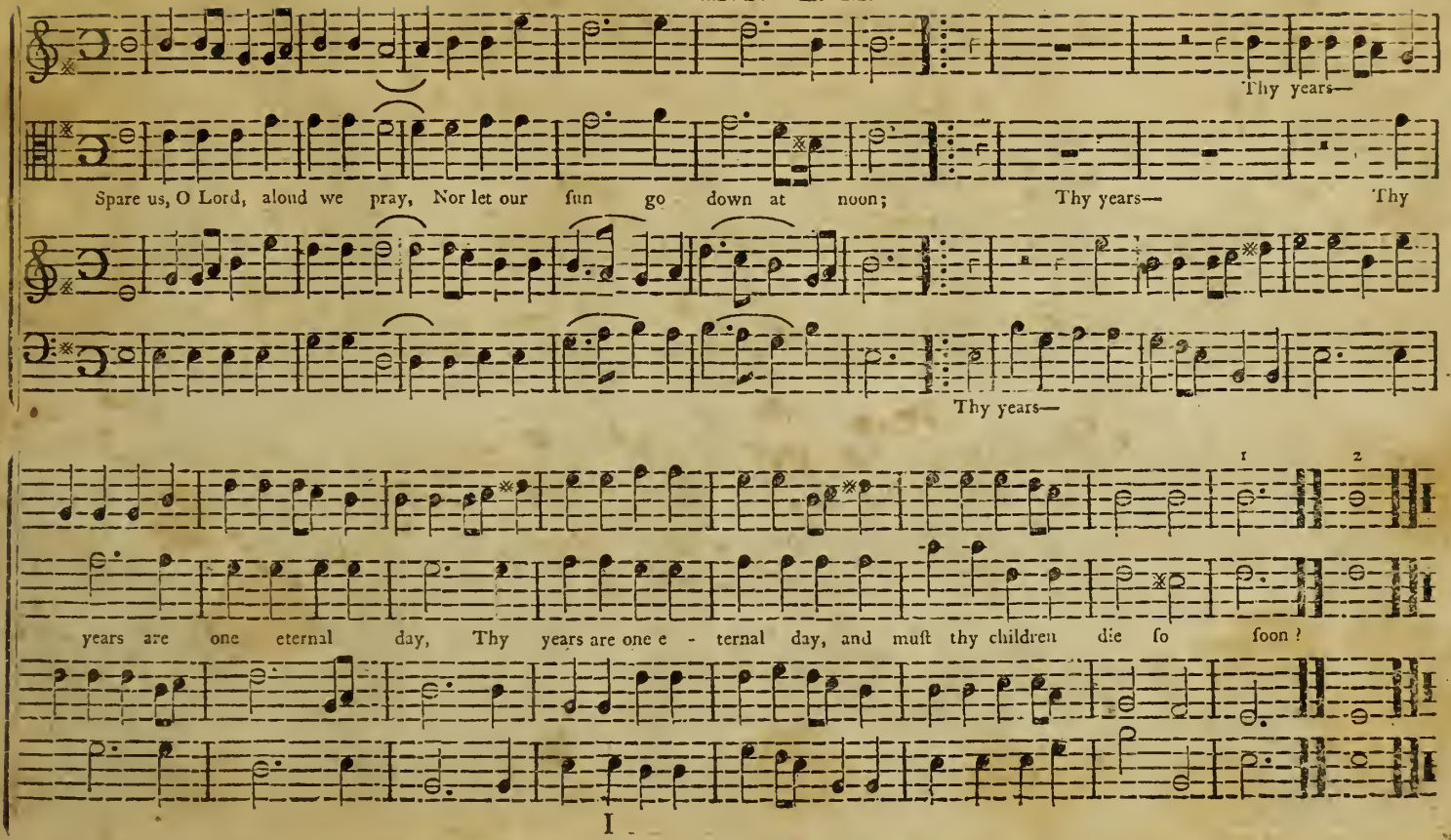

I'll praiſe my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is loſt in death, Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers. My
days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt, While life, and thought, and be - ing laſt, Or im - mor - tal - ity endures.

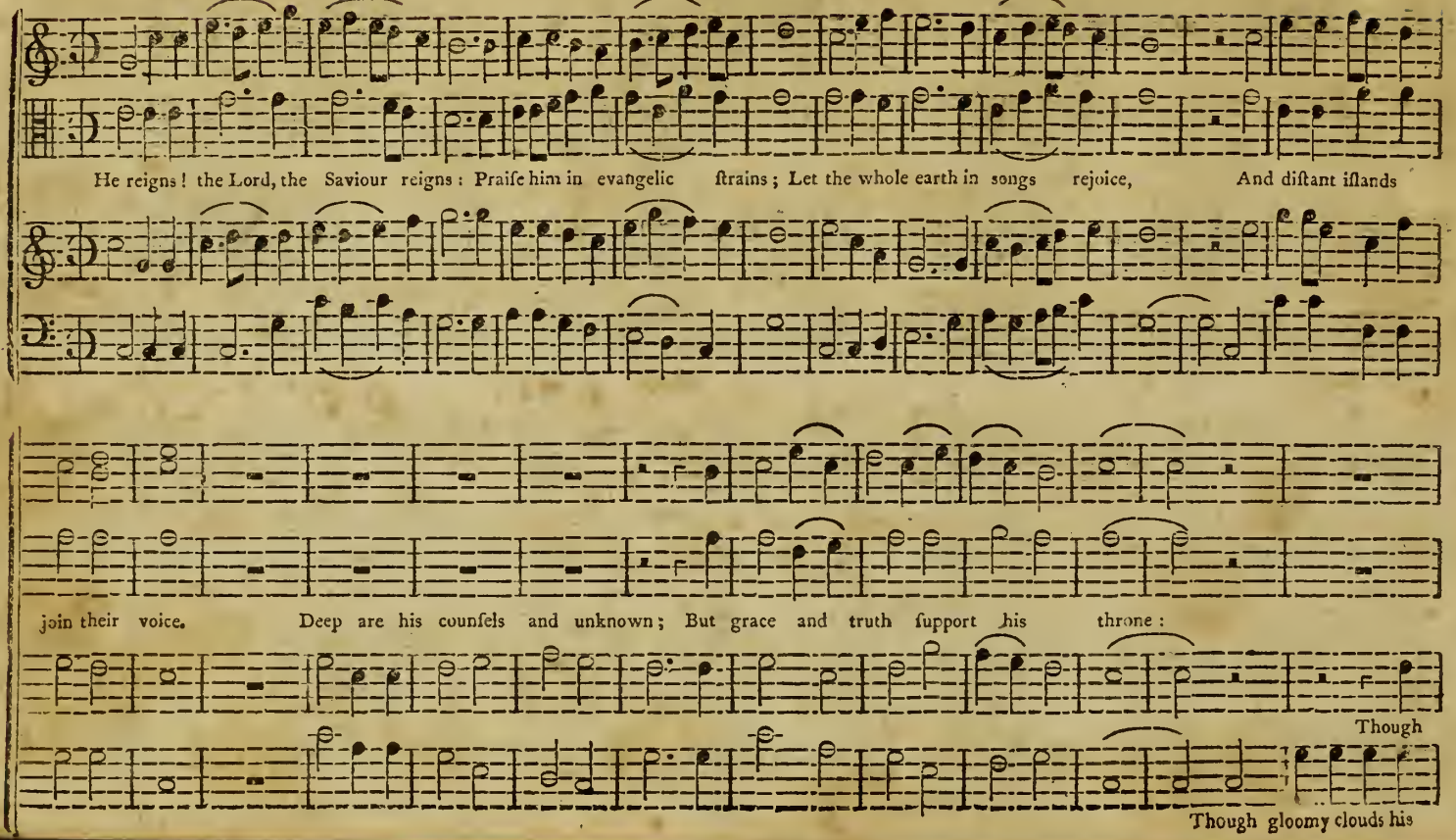

Behold! the Judge deſcends, his guards are nigh, Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky; Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come, To
hear his juſtice and the ſinner's doom. But gather firſt my ſ.ints, the Judge commands, Bring them, ye angels, from their diſtant lands.


Whence do our mournful thoughts arise, And where's our courage fled? Has restless sin and raging hell Struck all our comforts dead?
Have we forgot th' Almighty name Which form'd the earth and sea? And can an all creating arm Grow weary or decay?

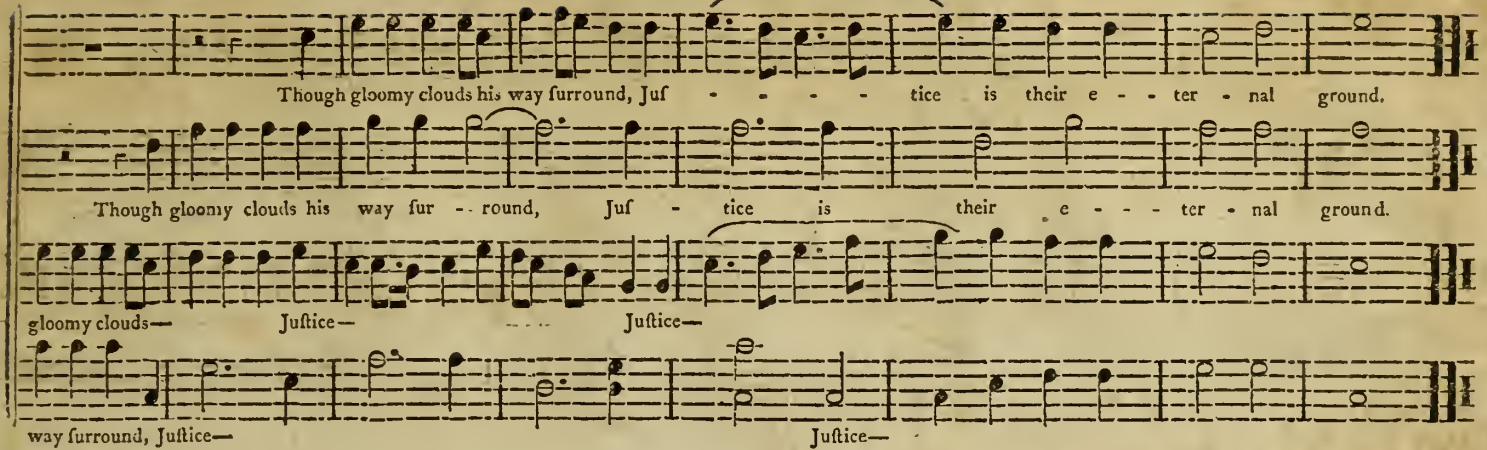
NORTHAMPTON. S. M.



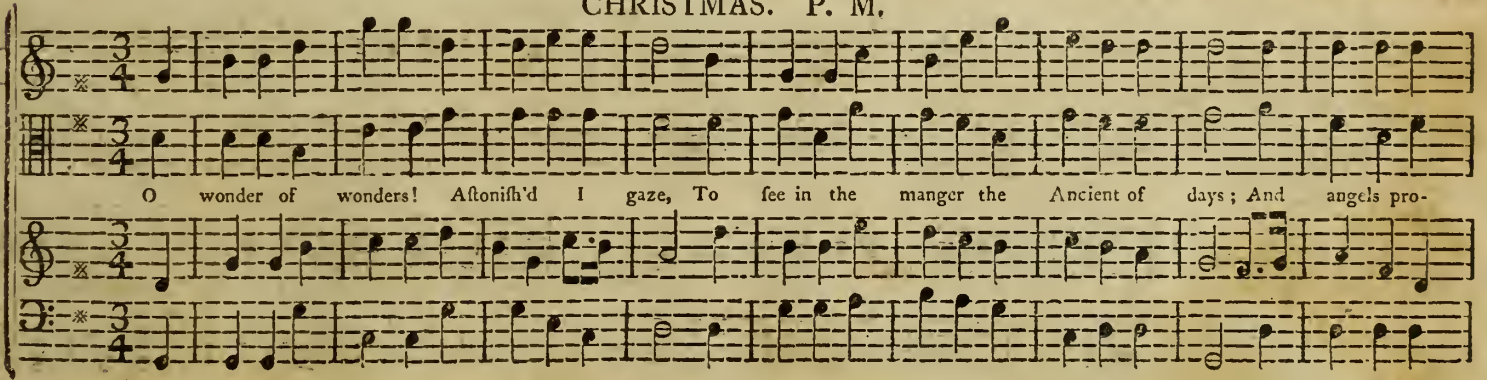

Thy years—
Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray, Nor let our ſun go down at noon; Thy years— Thy
Thy years—
1 2
years are one eternal day, Thy years are one e - ternal day, and muſt thy children die ſo ſoon!

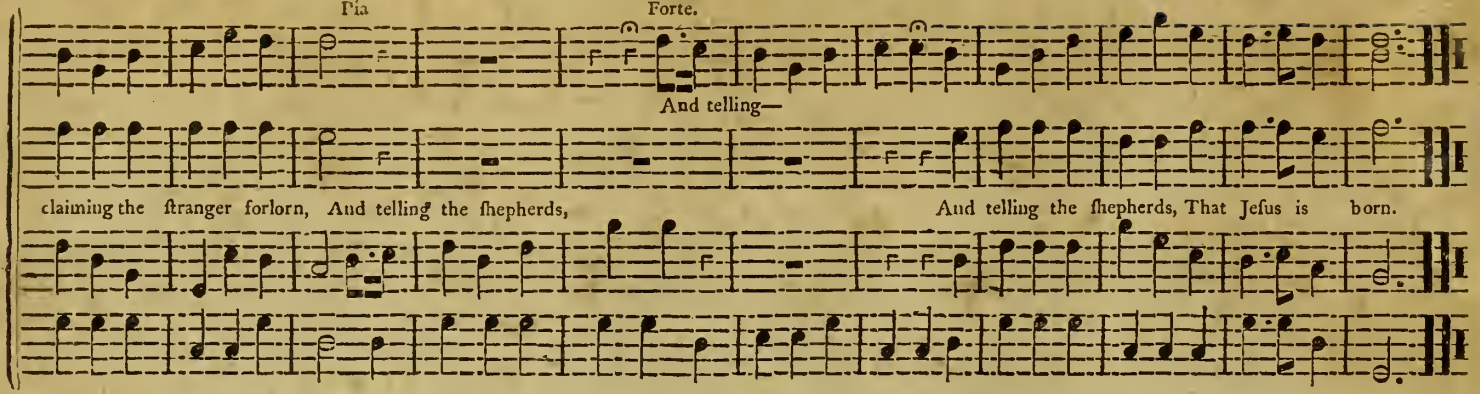

He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns: Praiſe him in evangelic ſtrains; Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And diſtant iſlands
join their voice. Deep are his counſels and unknown; But grace and truth ſupport his throne:
Though
Though gloomy clouds his

JUSTICE. *Continued.*

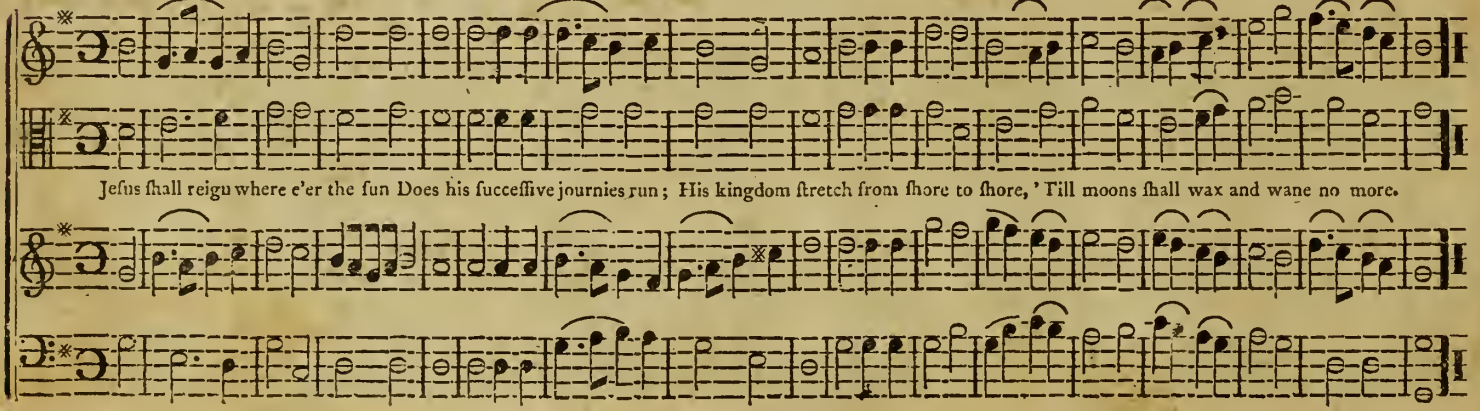


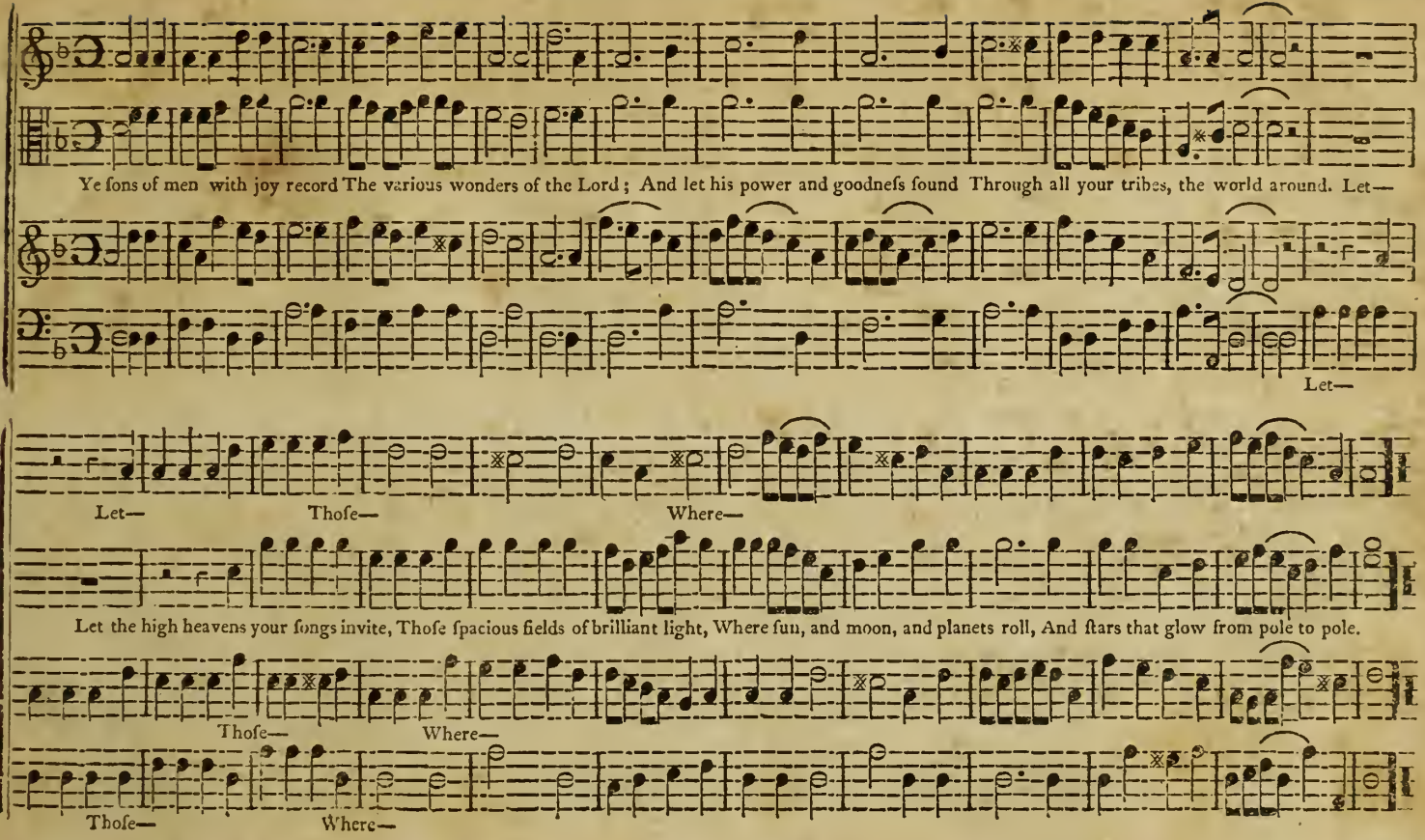
CHRISTMAS. P. M.

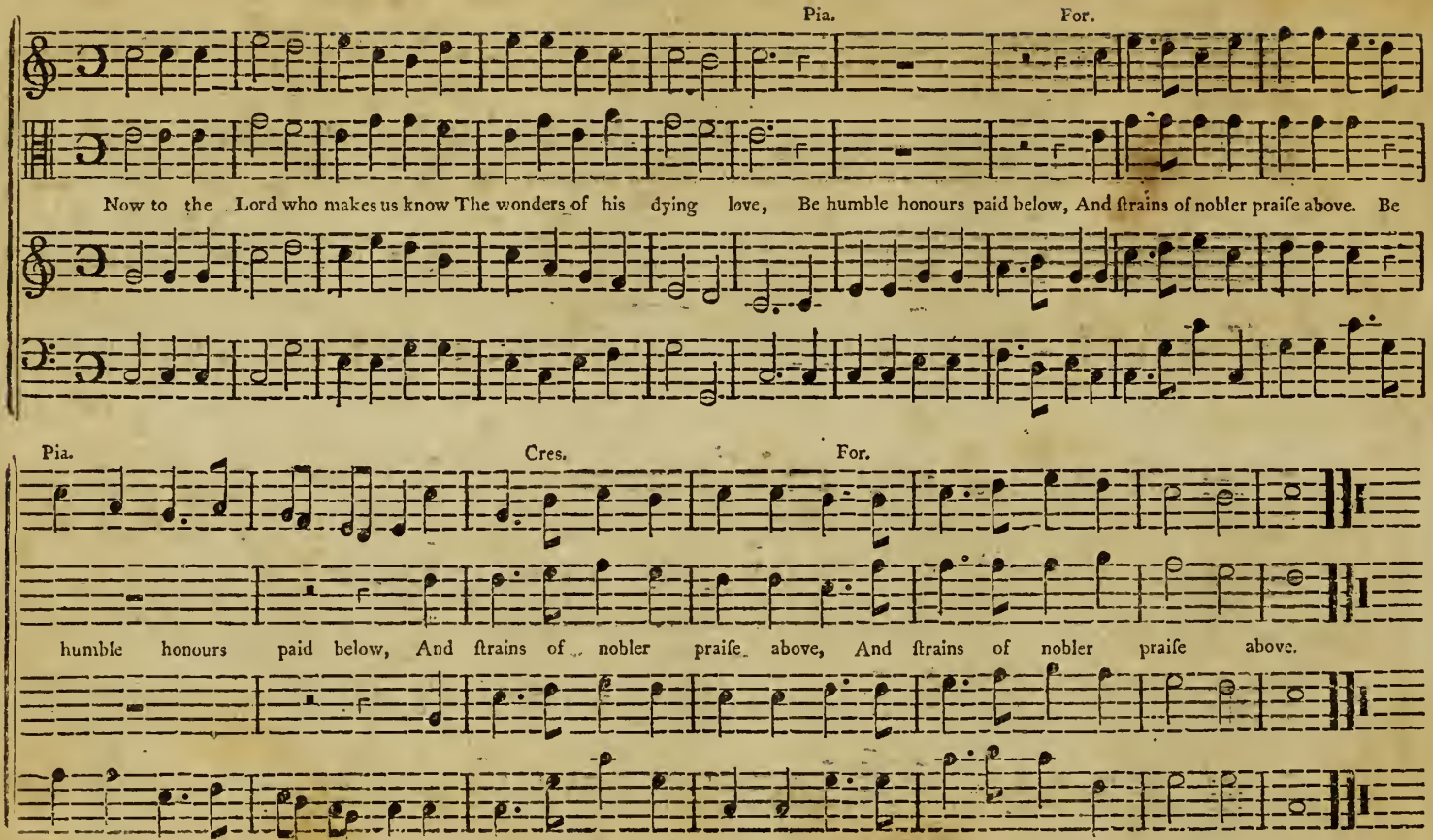


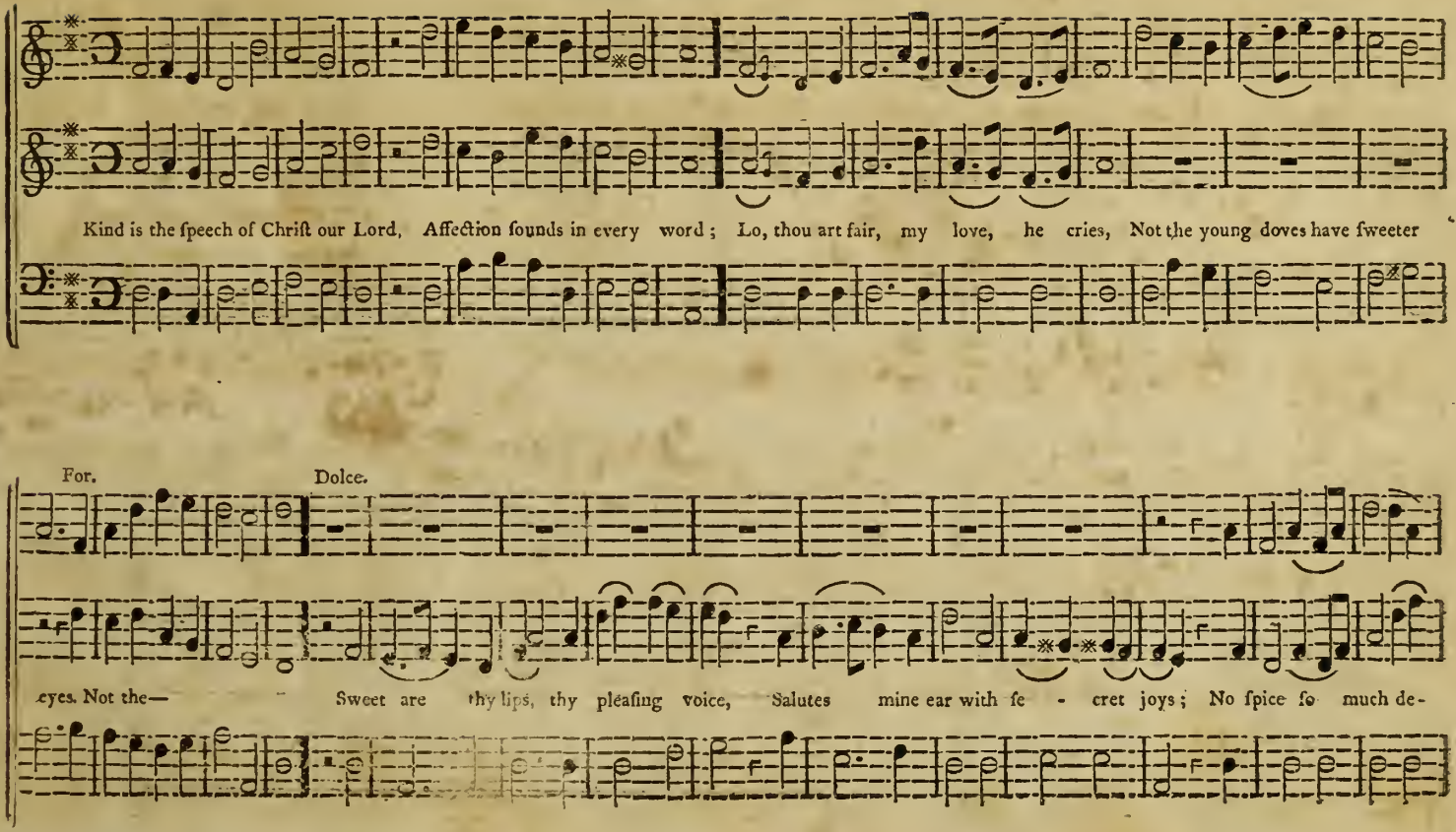

Pia
Forte.
And telling—
claiming the ſtranger forlorn, And telling the ſhepherds,
And telling the ſhepherds, That Jeſus is born.

FAIRLEE. L. M.

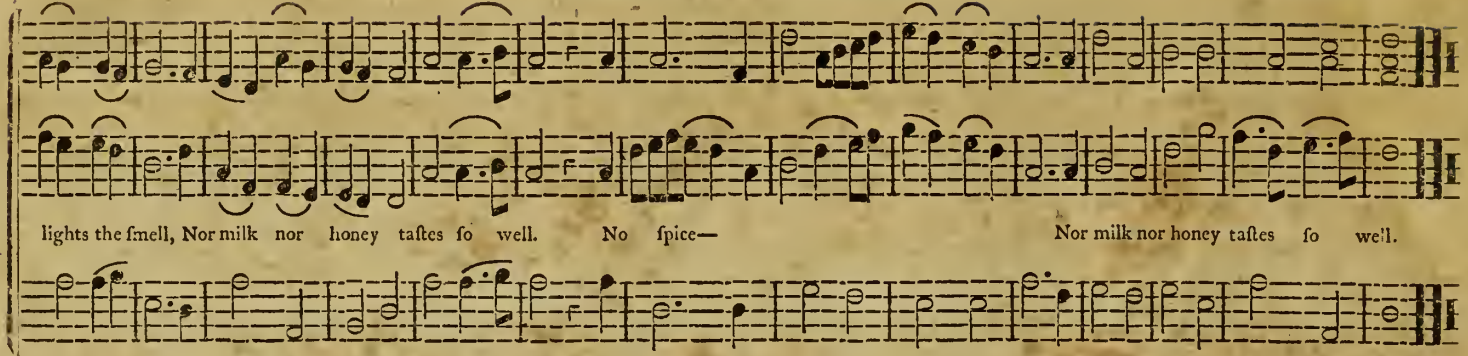

Jeſus ſhall reign where e'er the ſun Does his ſucceſſive journies run; His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore, 'Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.


Ye ſons of men with joy record The various wonders of the Lord; And let his power and goodneſs ſound Through all your tribes, the world around. Let—
Let—
Let— Thoſe— Where—
Let the high heavens your ſongs invite, Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light, Where ſun, and moon, and planets roll, And ſtars that glow from pole to pole.
Thoſe— Where—
Thoſe— Where—

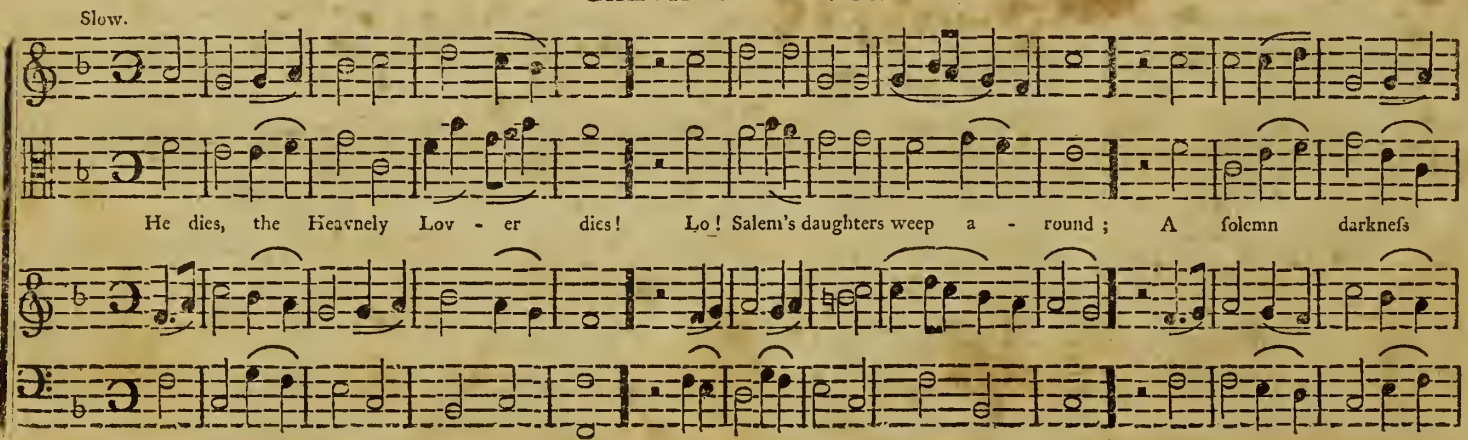

Pia.
For.
Now to the Lord who makes us know The wonders of his dying love, Be humble honours paid below, And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above. Be
Pia.
Cres.
For.
humble honours paid below, And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above, And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

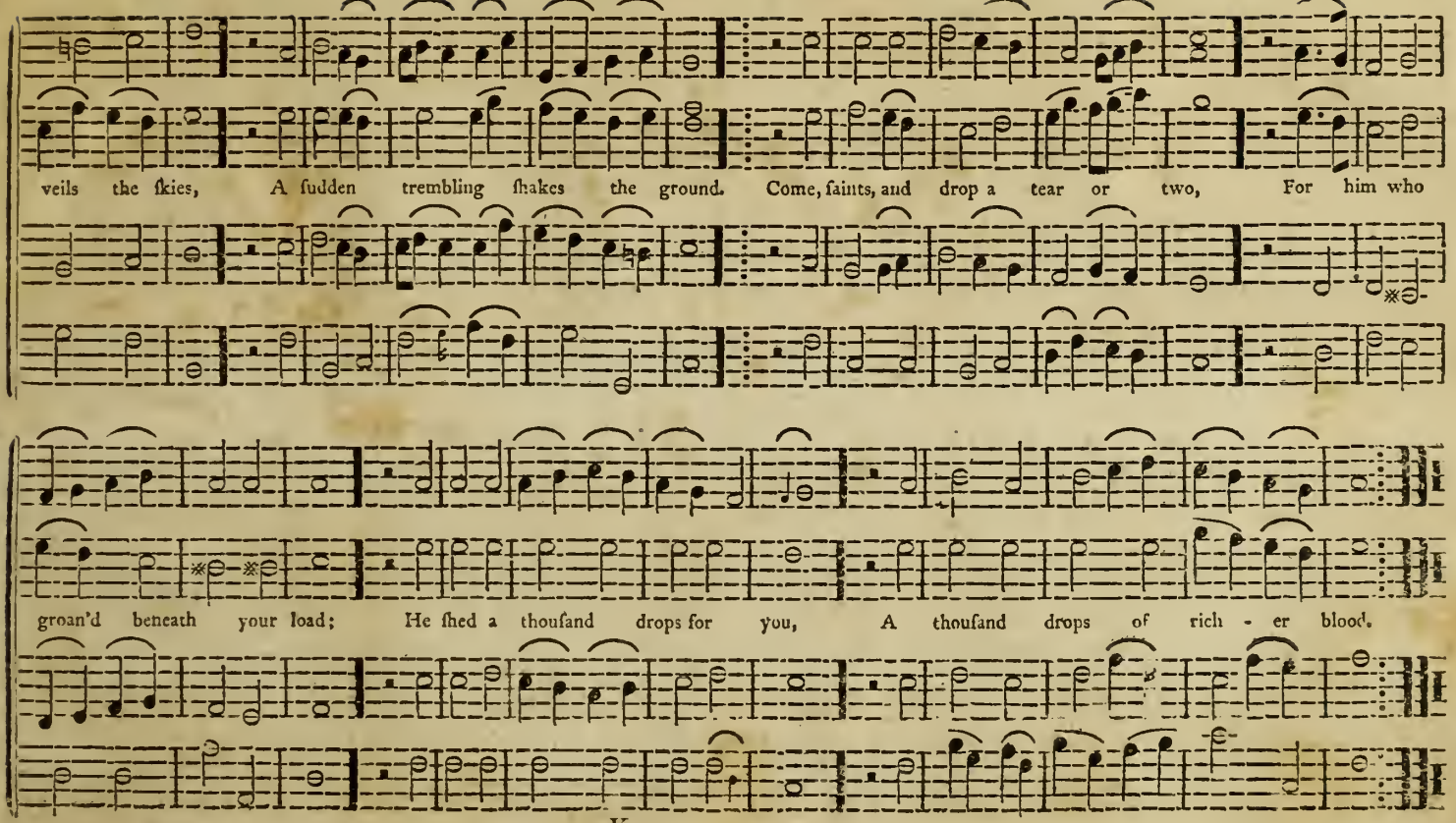

Kind is the ſpeech of Chriſt our Lord, Affection ſounds in every word; Lo, thou art fair, my love, he cries, Not the young doves have ſweeter
For.
Dolce.
eyes. Not the— Sweet are thy lips, thy pleaſing voice, Salutes mine ear with ſe - cret joys; No ſpice ſo much de-

AFFECTION. *Concluded.*



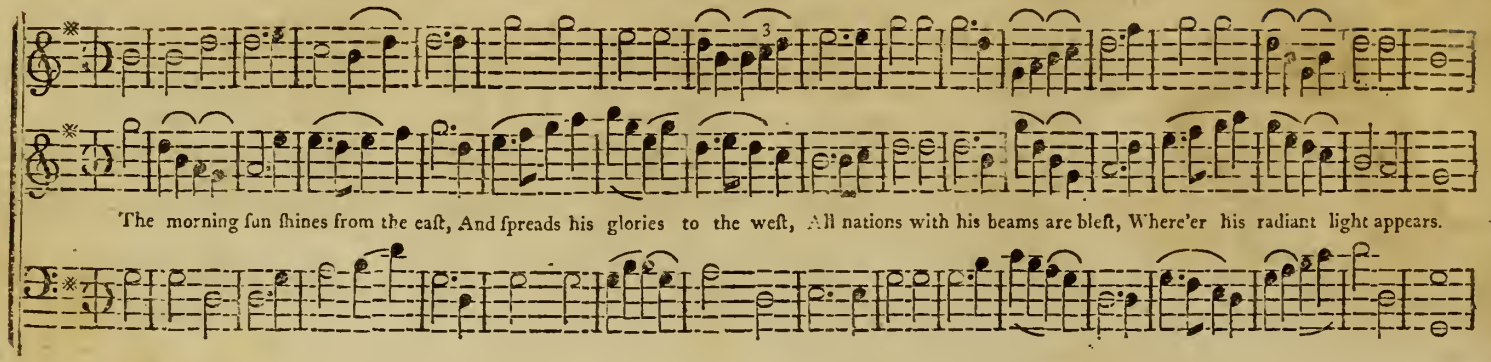
CALVARY. L. M.

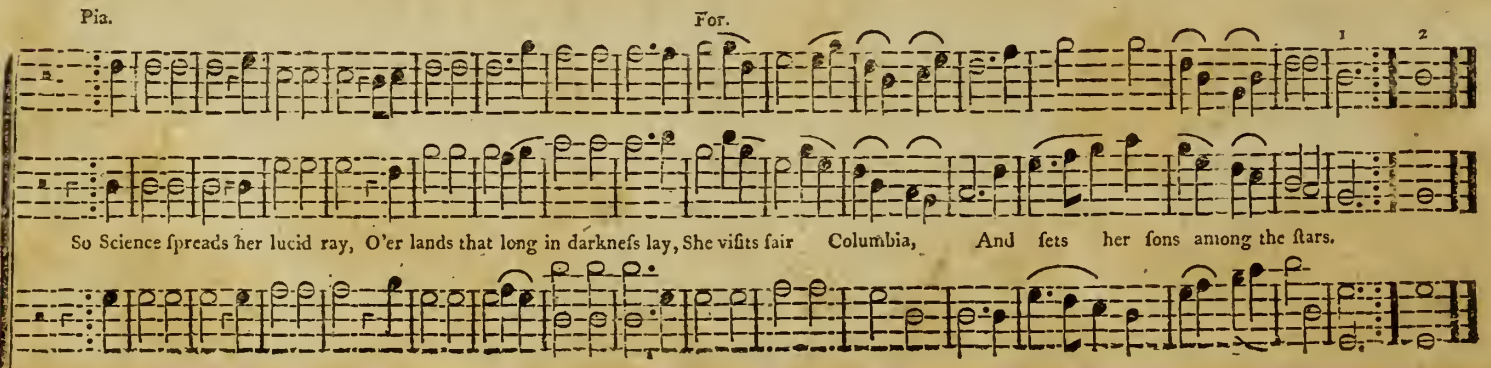


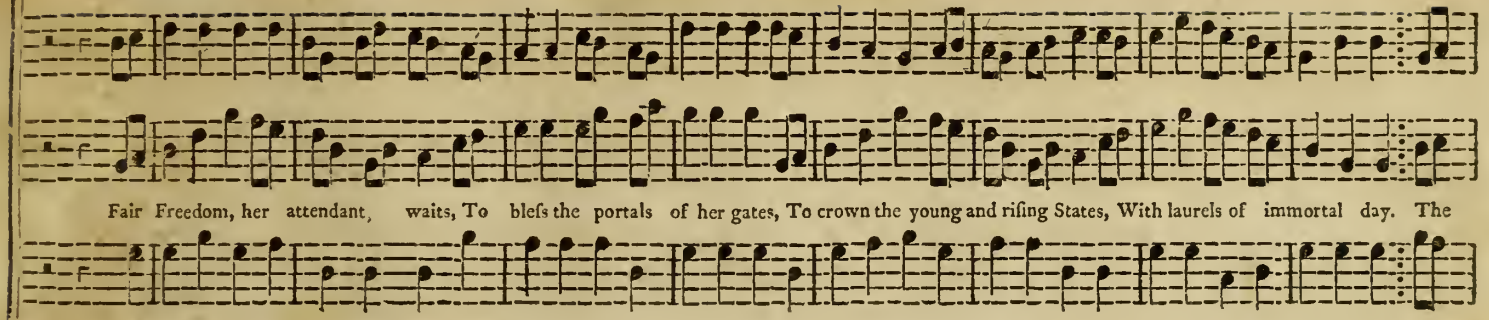

veils the ſkies, A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground. Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two, For him who
groan'd beneath your load; He ſhed a thouſand drops for you, A thouſand drops of rich - er blood.

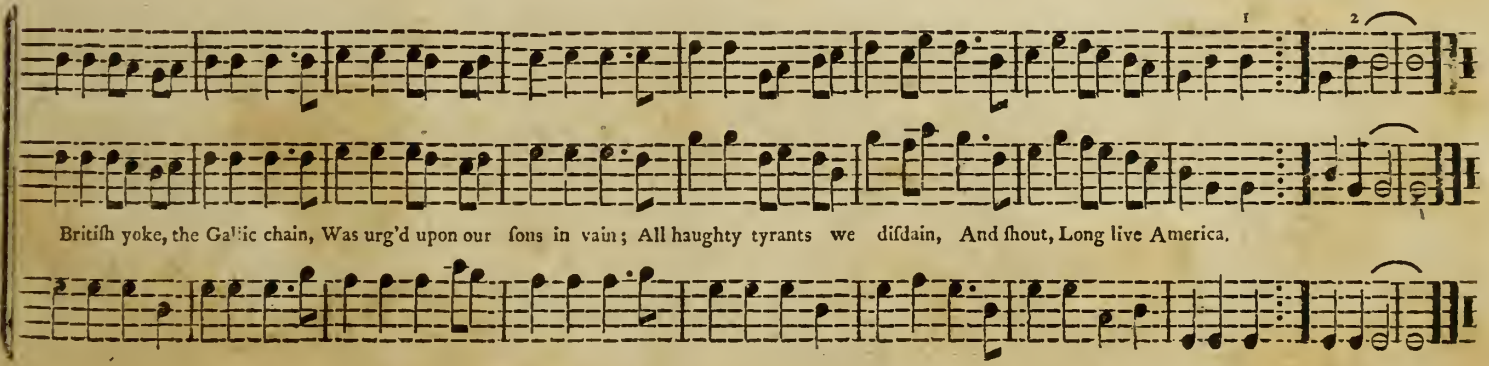
AN ODE ON SCIENCE.

Compoſed for and ſung at the Dedication of Bristol Academy, in Taunton.

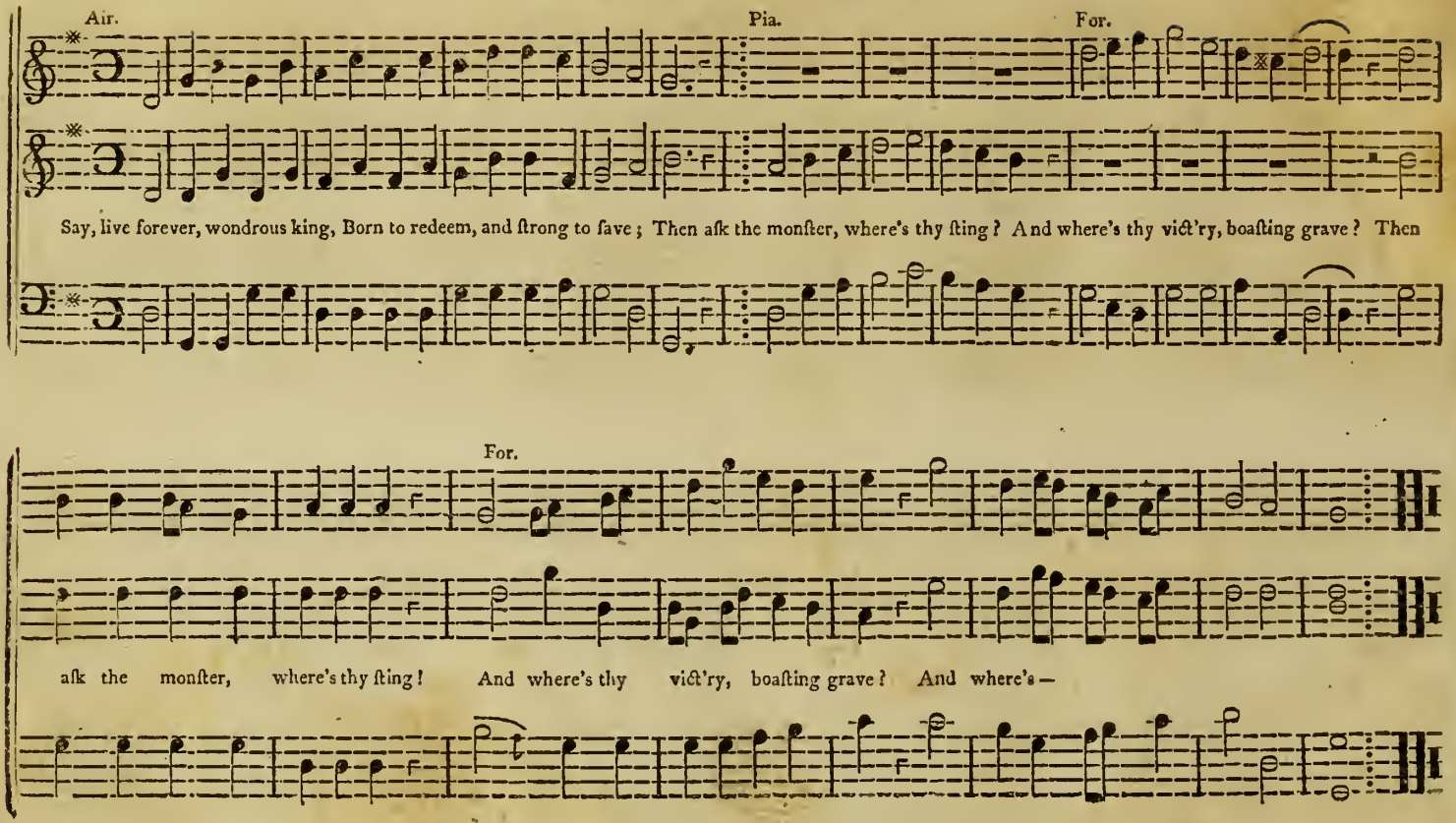


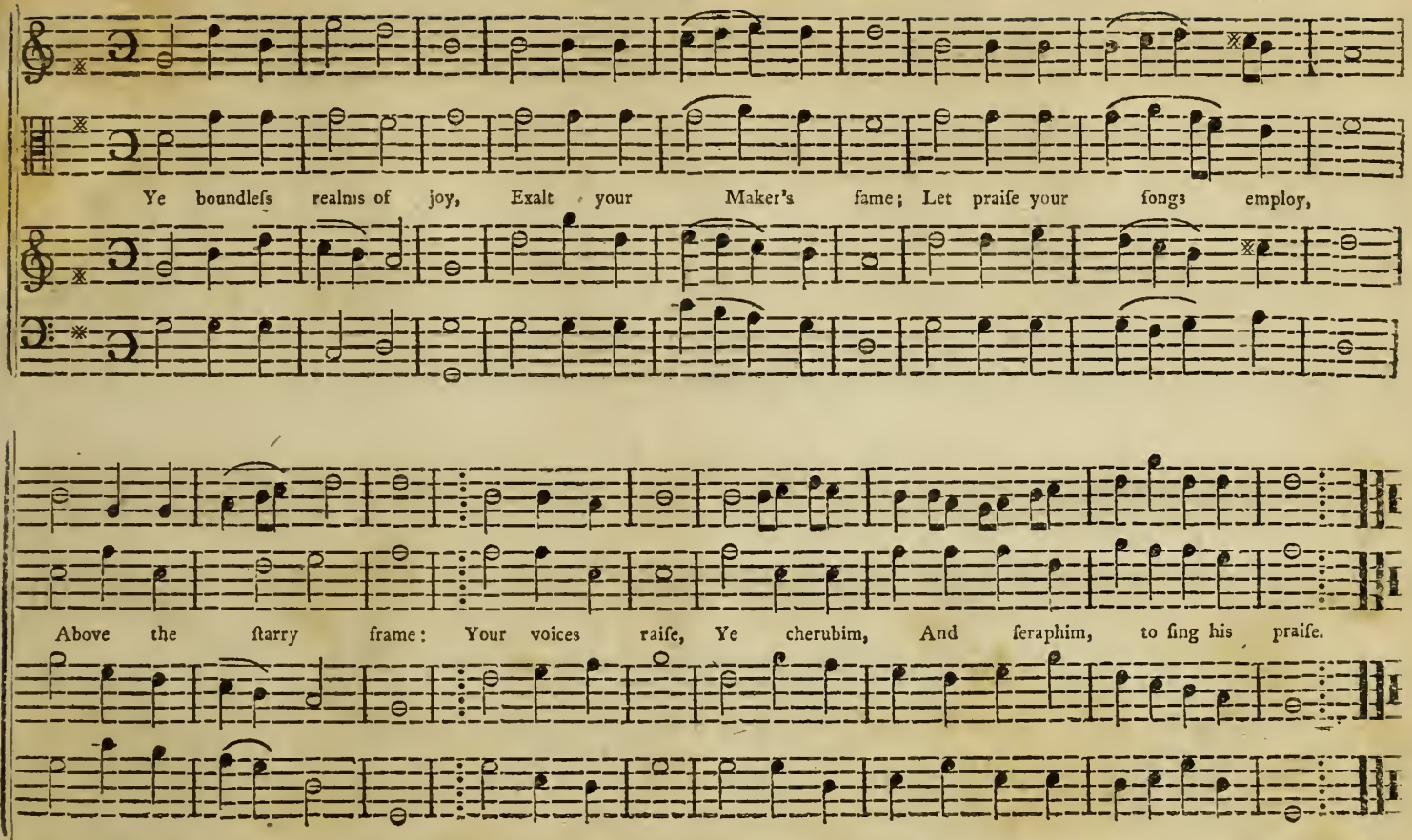


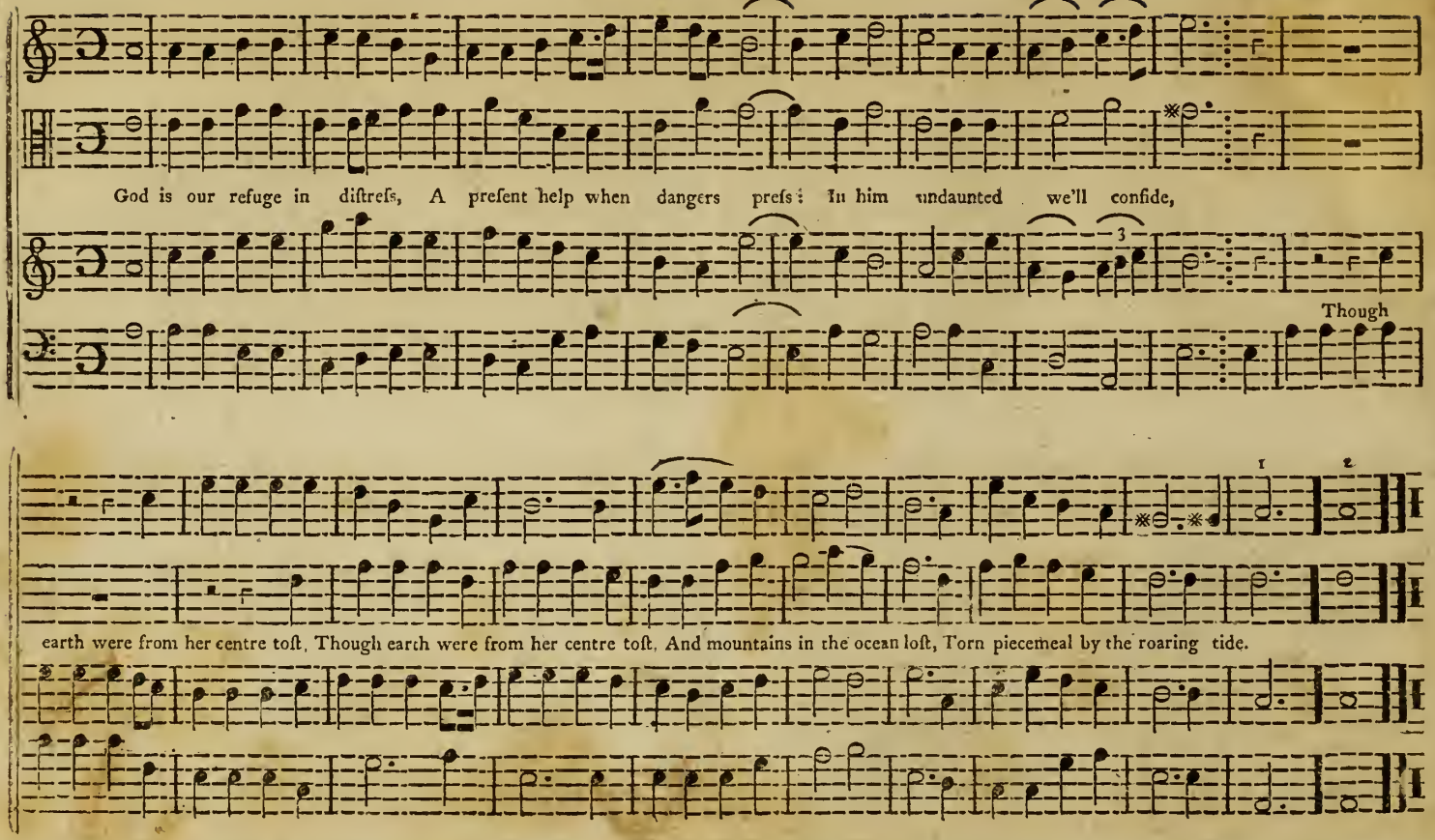

Fair Freedom, her attendant, waits, To bleſs the portals of her gates, To crown the young and riſing States, With laurels of immortal day. The

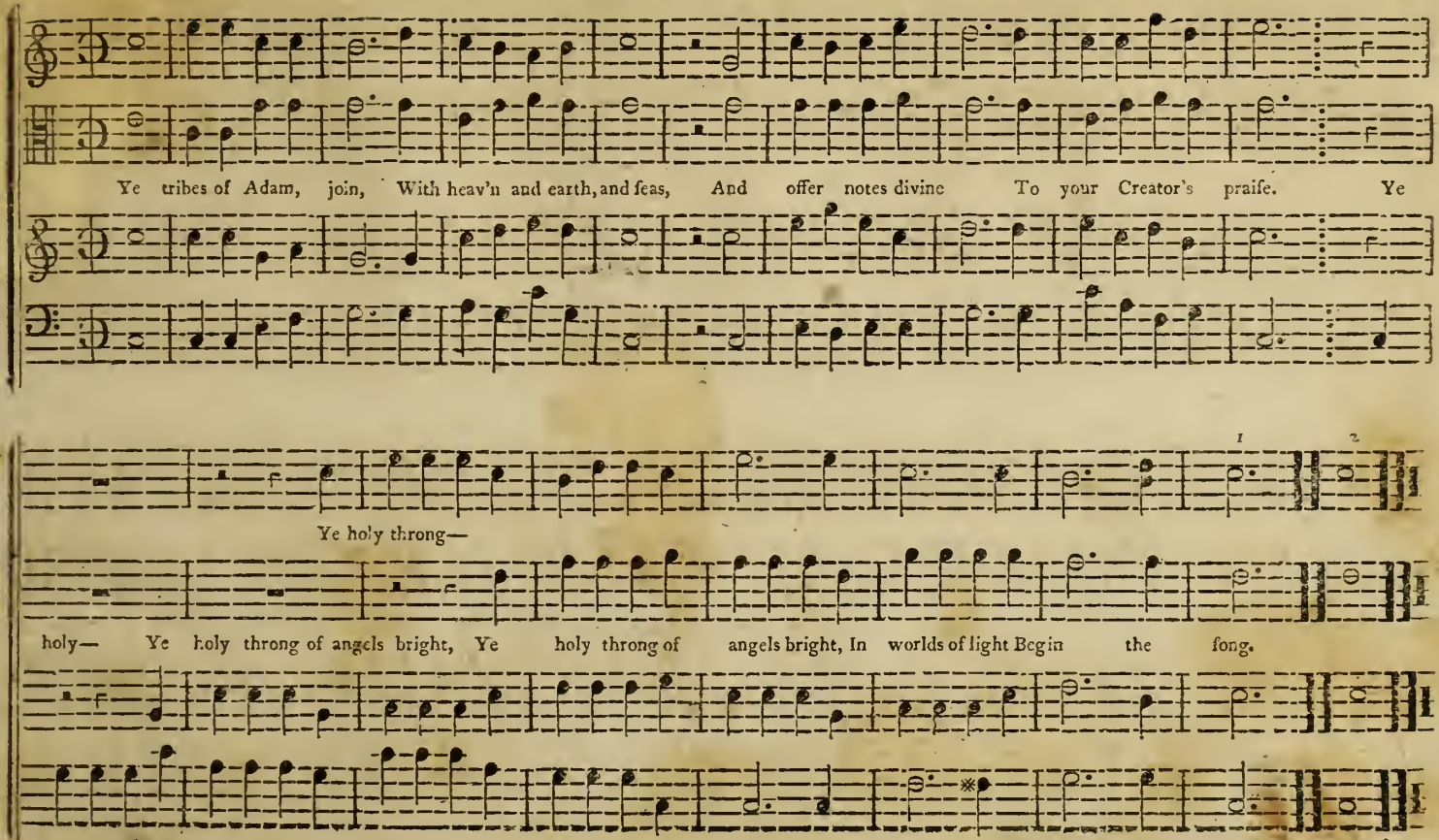

1
2
Britiſh yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urg'd upon our ſons in vain; All haughty tyrants we diſdain, And ſhout, Long live America.

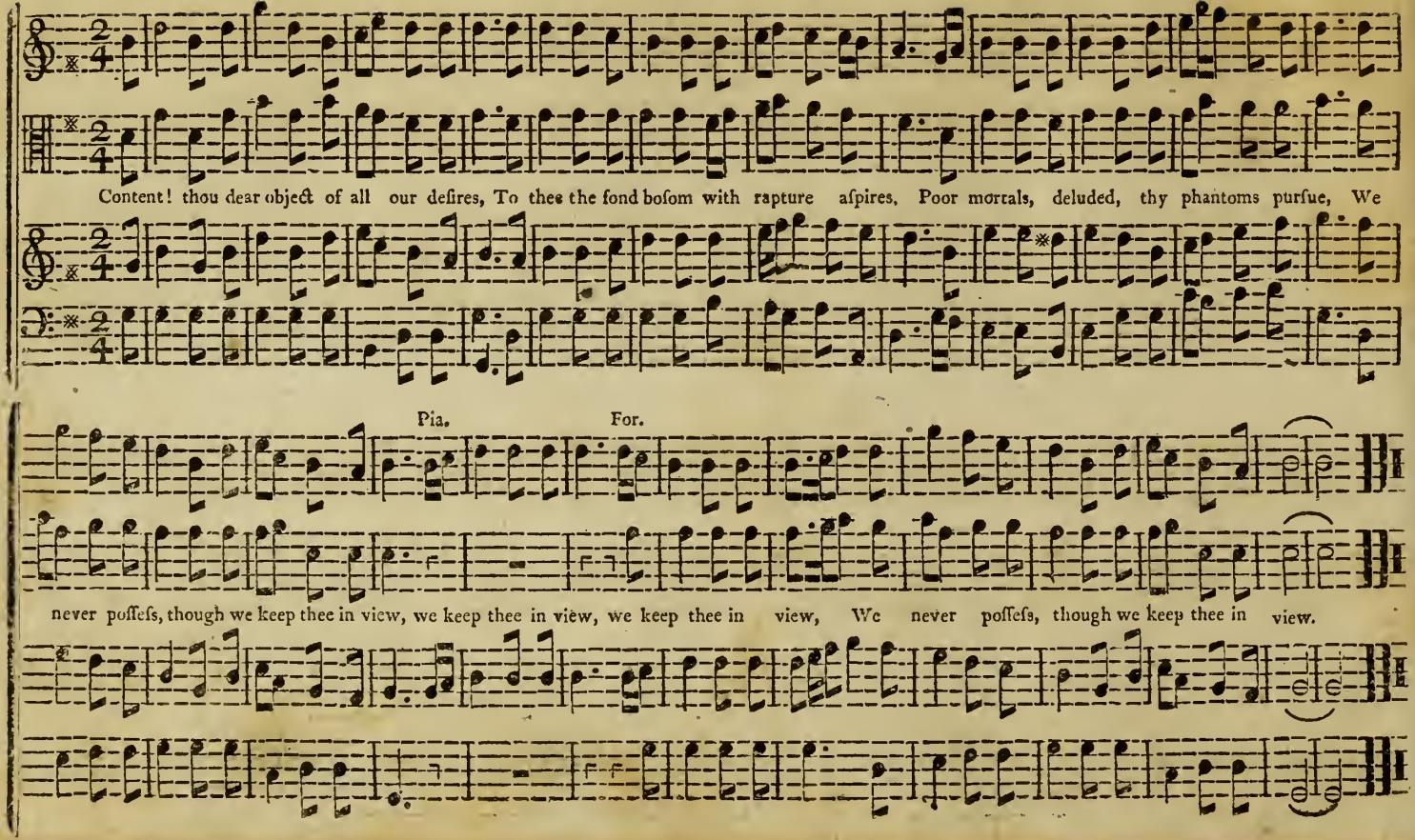
NEW TRIUMPH. L. M.

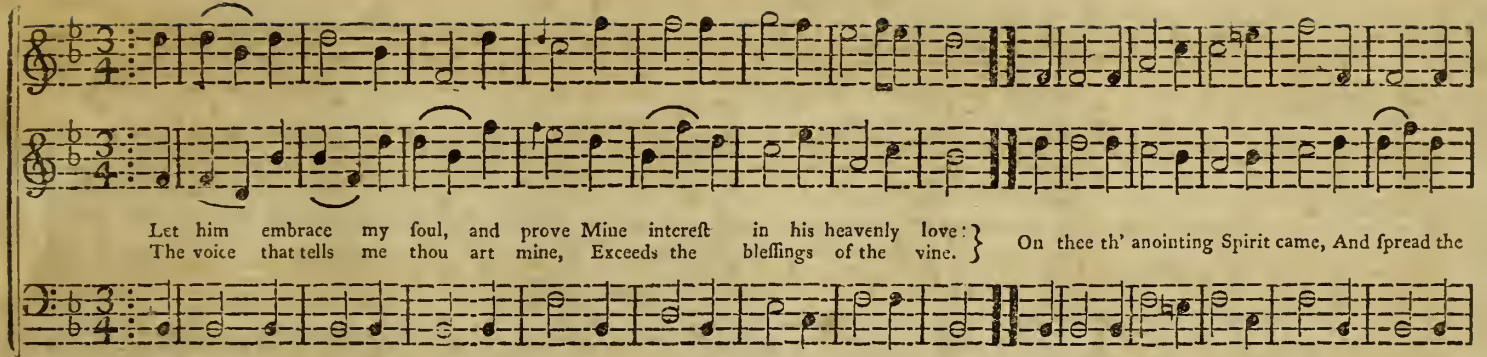


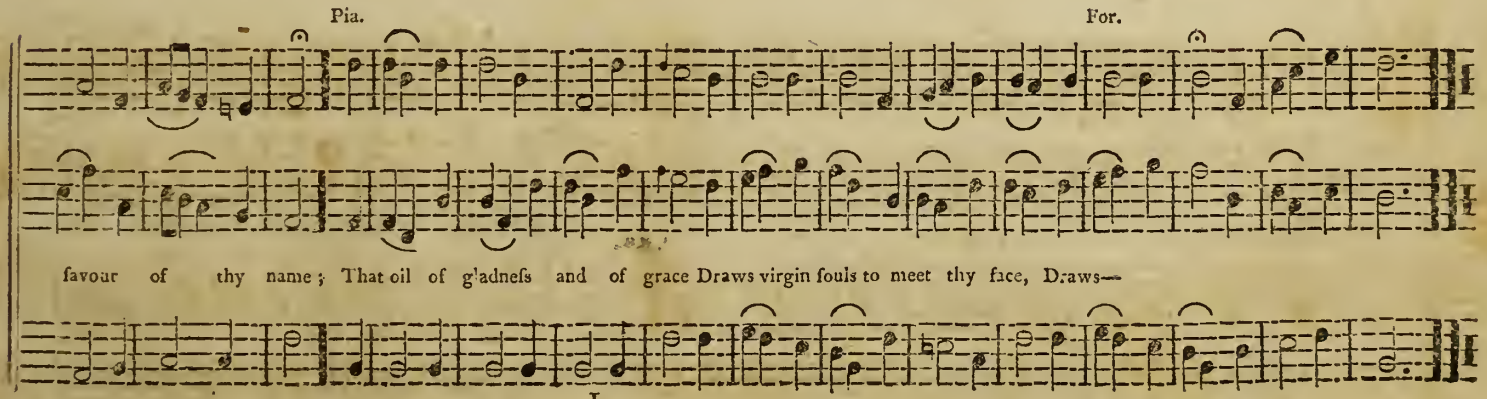

Ye boundleſs realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; Let praiſe your ſongs employ,
Above the ſtarry frame: Your voices raiſe, Ye cherubim, And ſeraphim, to ſing his praiſe.

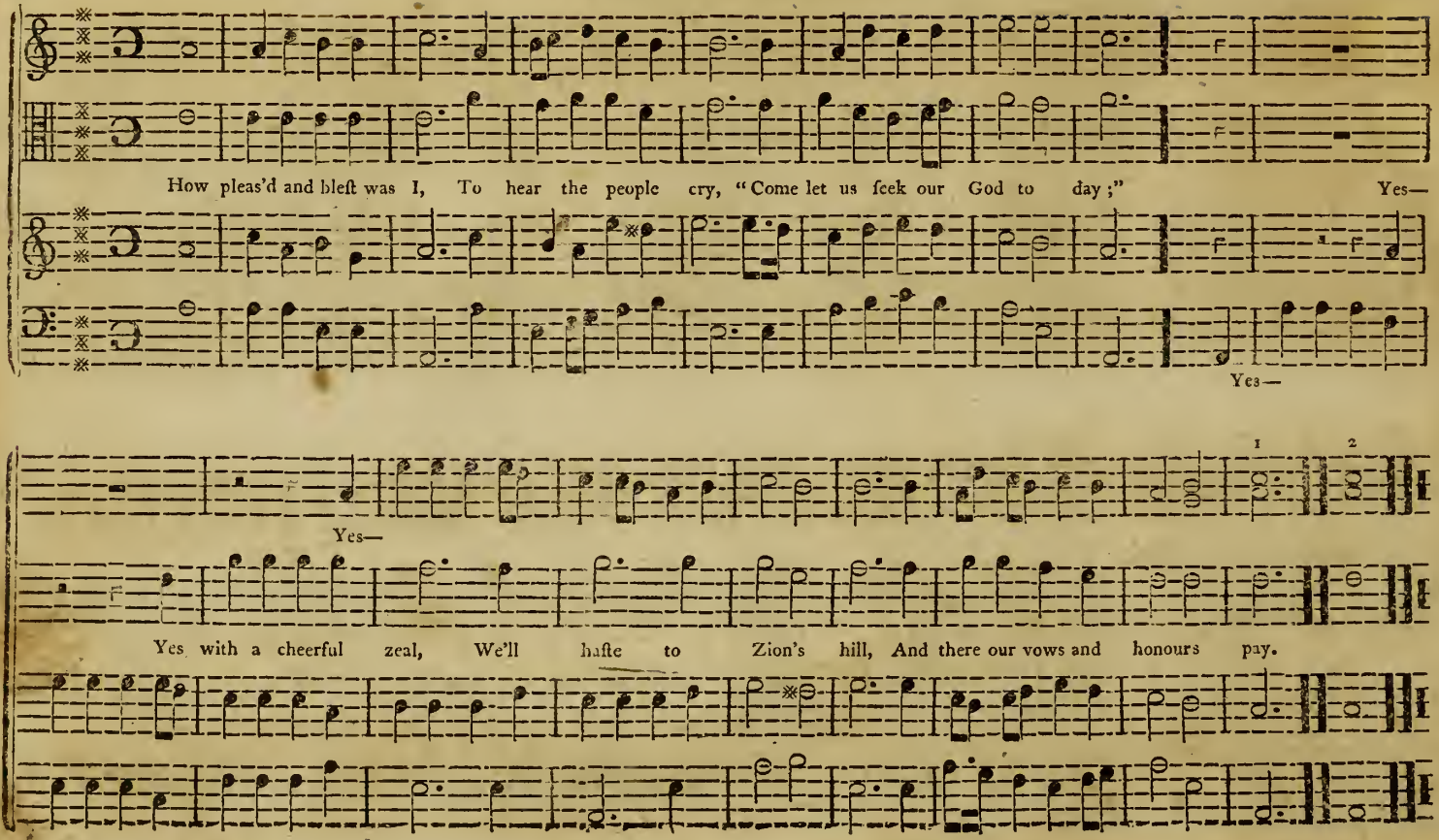

God is our refuge in diſtreſs, A preſent help when dangers preſs: In him undaunted we'll confide,
Though
earth were from her centre toſt, Though earth were from her centre toſt, And mountains in the ocean loſt, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

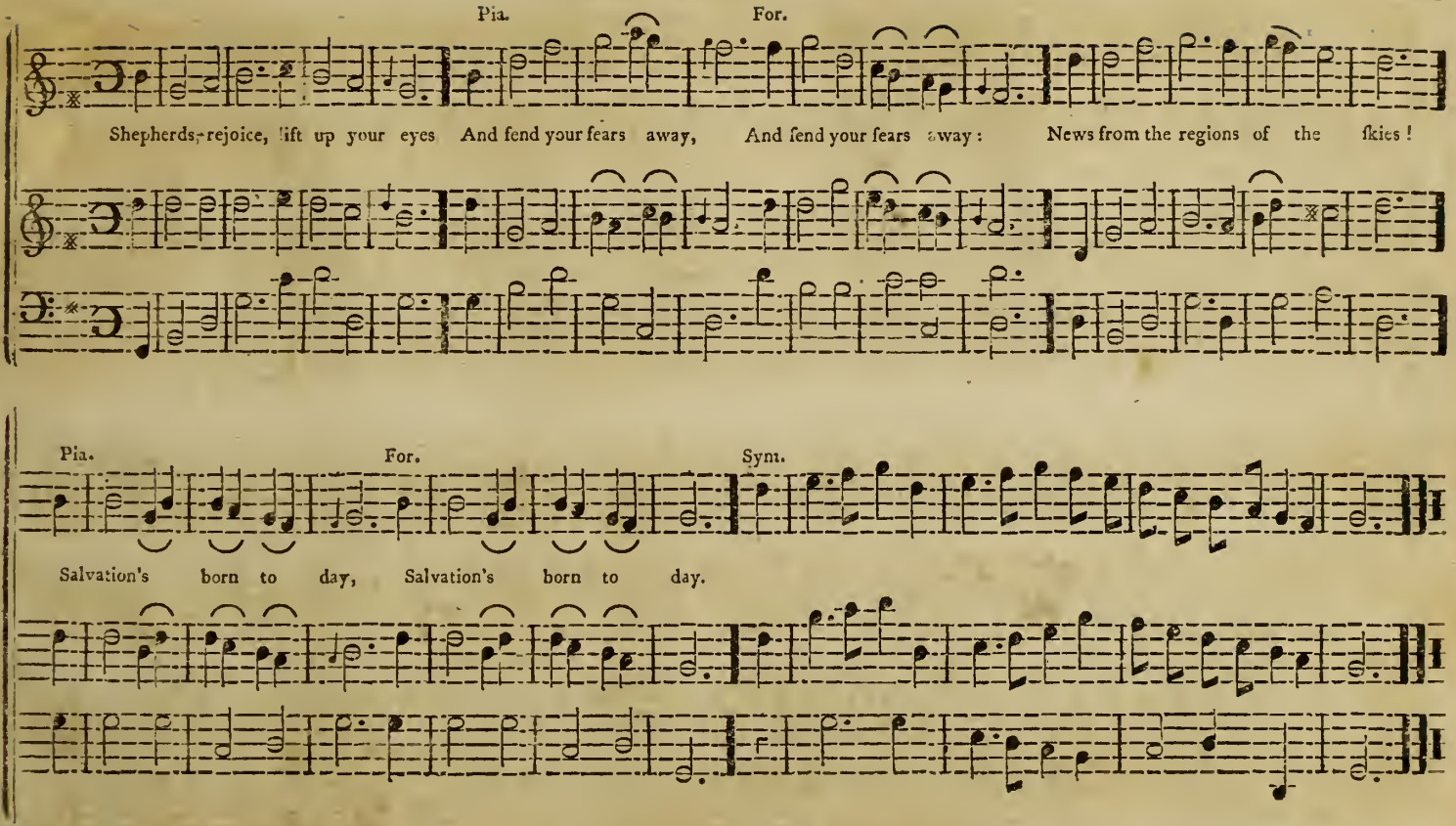

Ye tribes of Adam, join, With heav'n and earth, and seas, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise. Ye
Ye holy throng—
holy— Ye holy throng of angels bright, Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song.

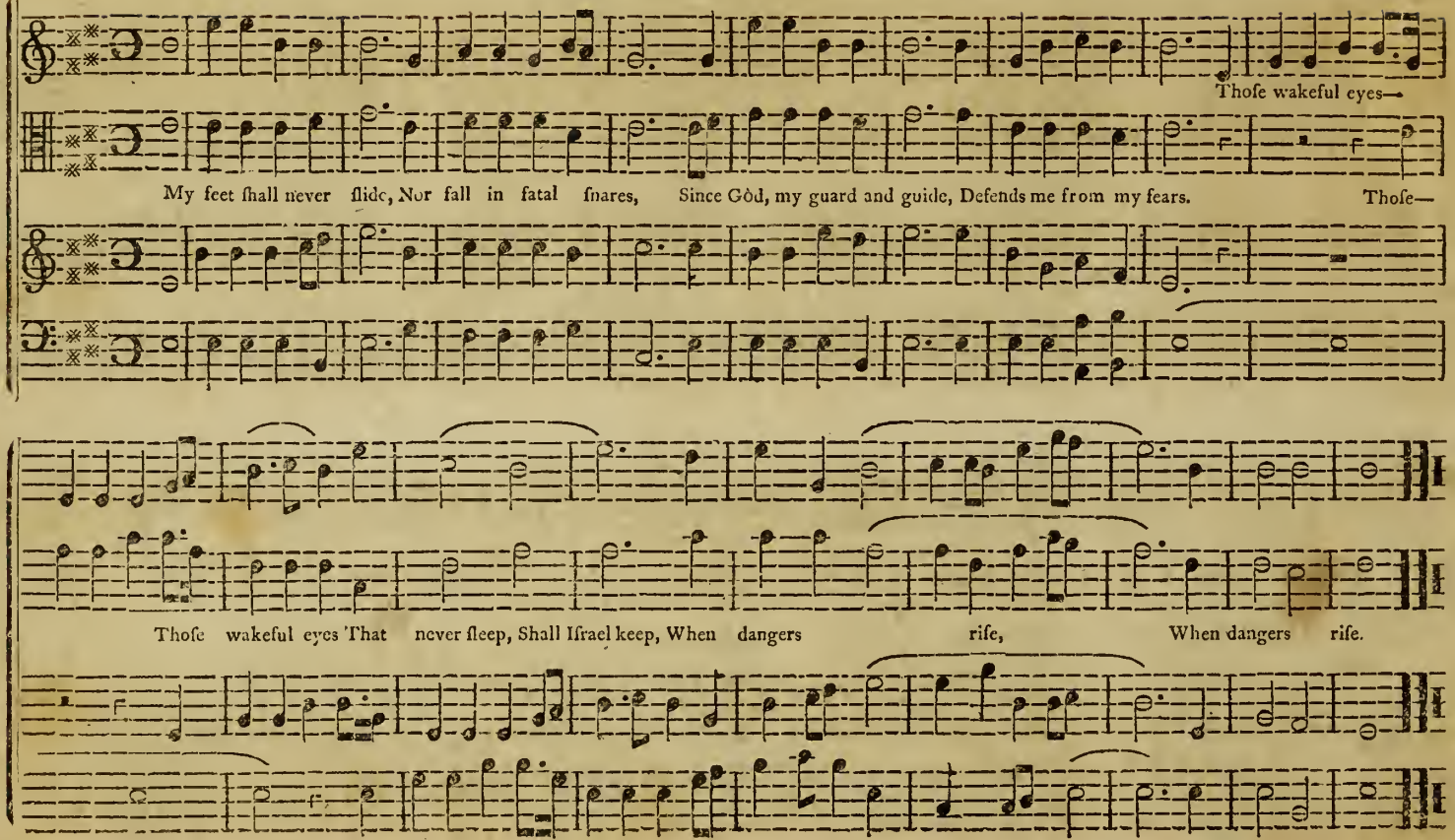

Content! thou dear object of all our deſires, To thee the fond boſom with rapture aſpires, Poor mortals, deluded, thy phantoms purſue, We
Pia.
For.
never poſſeſs, though we keep thee in view, we keep thee in view, we keep thee in view, We never poſſeſs, though we keep thee in view.

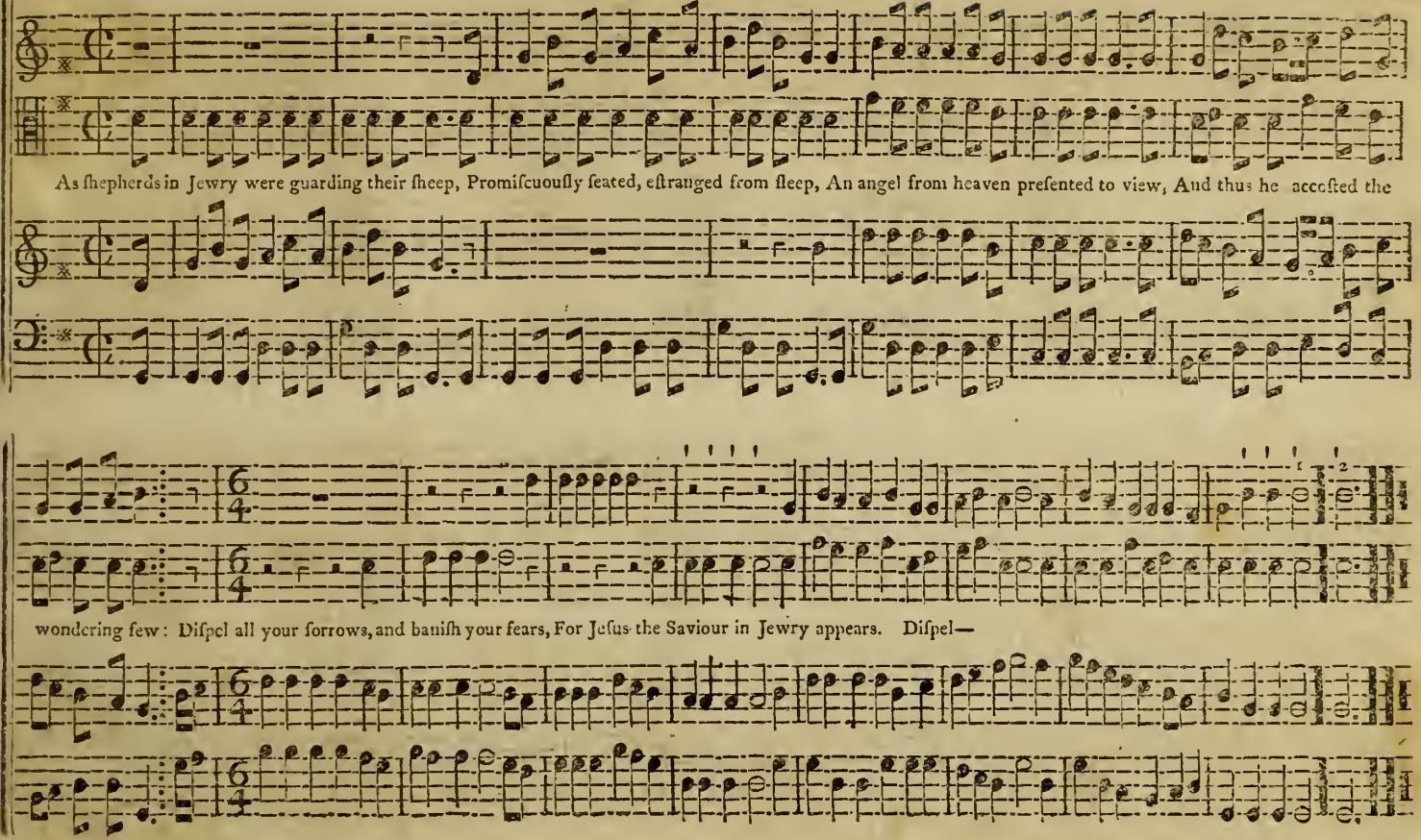

Let him embrace my ſoul, and prove Mine intereſt in his heavenly love:
The voice that tells me thou art mine, Exceeds the bleſſings of the vine.
On thee th' anointing Spirit came, And ſpread the

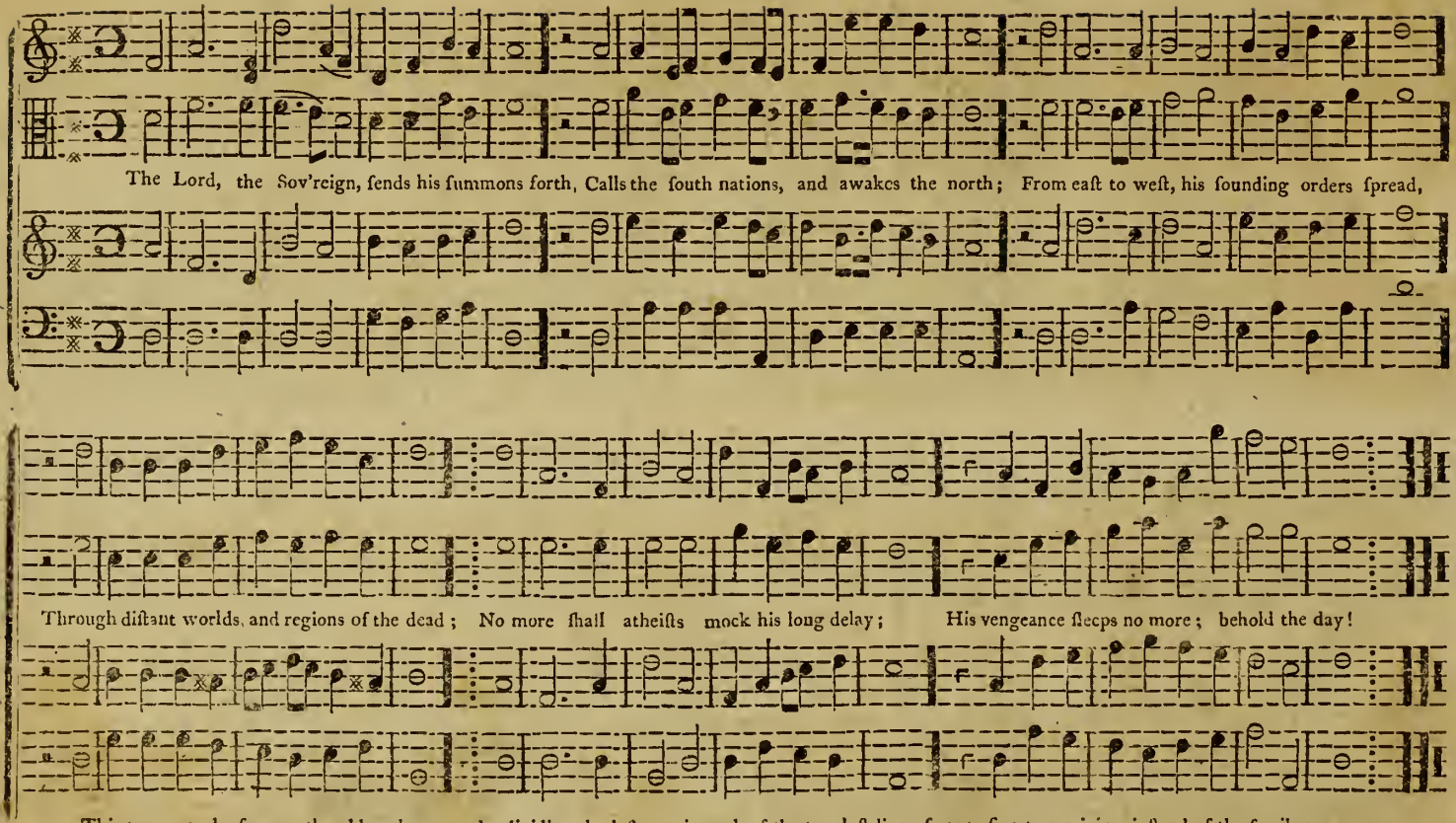

Pia.
For.
favour of thy name; That oil of gladneſs and of grace Draws virgin ſouls to meet thy face, Draws—


How pleas'd and bleſt was I, To hear the people cry, "Come let us ſeek our God to day;" Yes—
Yes—
Yes—
Yes with a cheerful zeal, We'll haſte to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay.

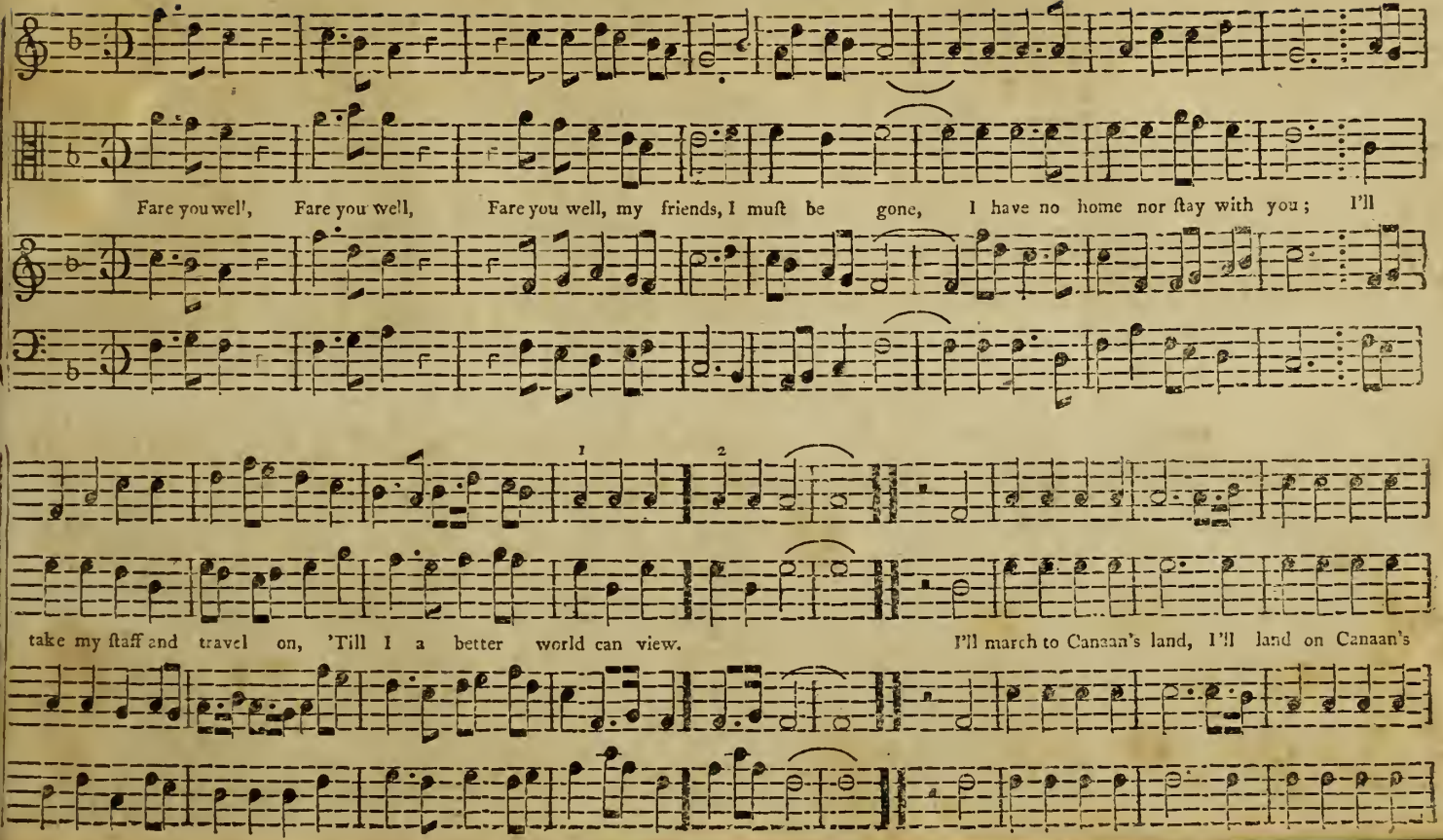

Pia.
For.
Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes And send your fears away, And send your fears away: News from the regions of the skies!
Pia.
For.
Synt.
Salvation's born to day, Salvation's born to day.


Thoſe wakeful eyes—
My feet ſhall never ſlide, Nor fall in fatal ſnares, Since Gòd, my guard and guide, Defends me from my fears. Thoſe—
Thoſe wakeful eyes That never ſleep, Shall Iſrael keep, When dangers riſe, When dangers riſe.

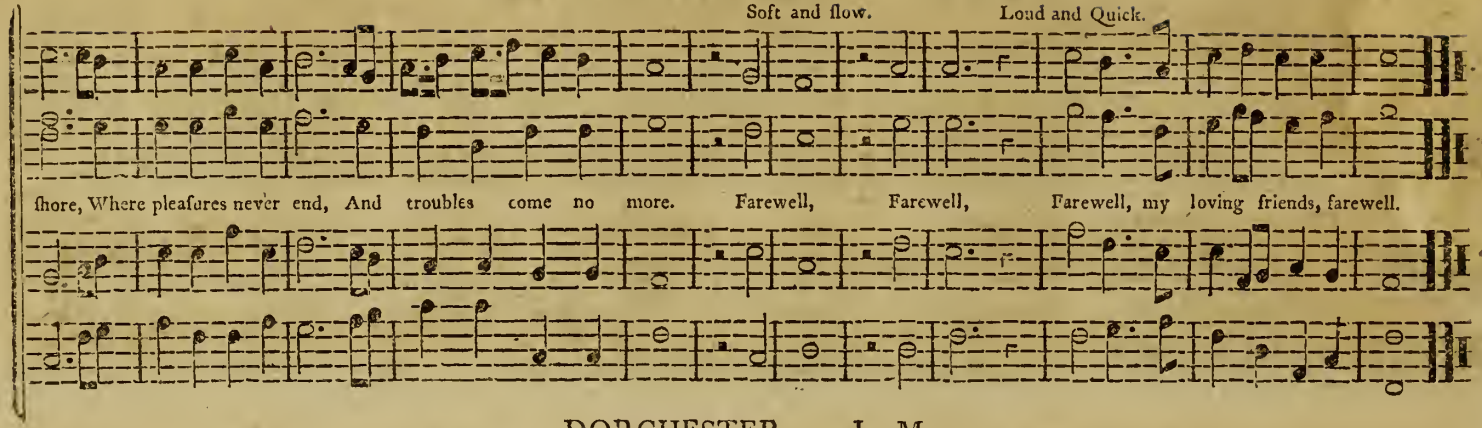

As ſhepherds in Jewry were guarding their ſheep, Promiſcuouſly ſeated, eſtranged from ſleep, An angel from heaven preſented to view, And thus he accoſted the
wondering few: Diſpel all your ſorrows, and baniſh your fears, For Jeſus the Saviour in Jewry appears. Diſpel—



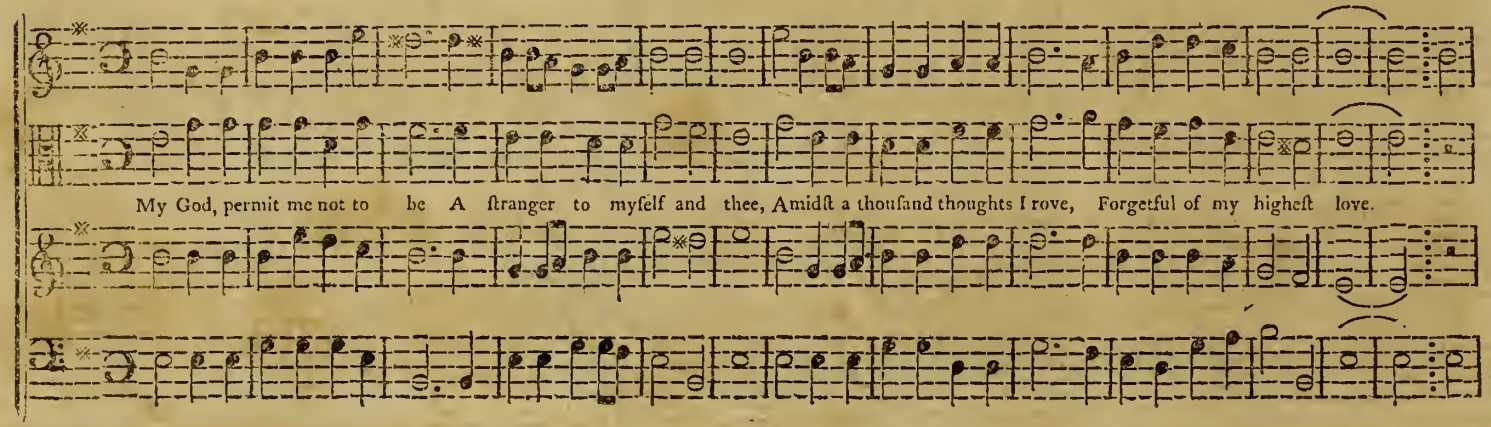
This tune may be ſung as the old 50th metre, by dividing the laſt note in each of the two laſt lines, ſo as to ſing two minims inſtead of the ſemibreve.

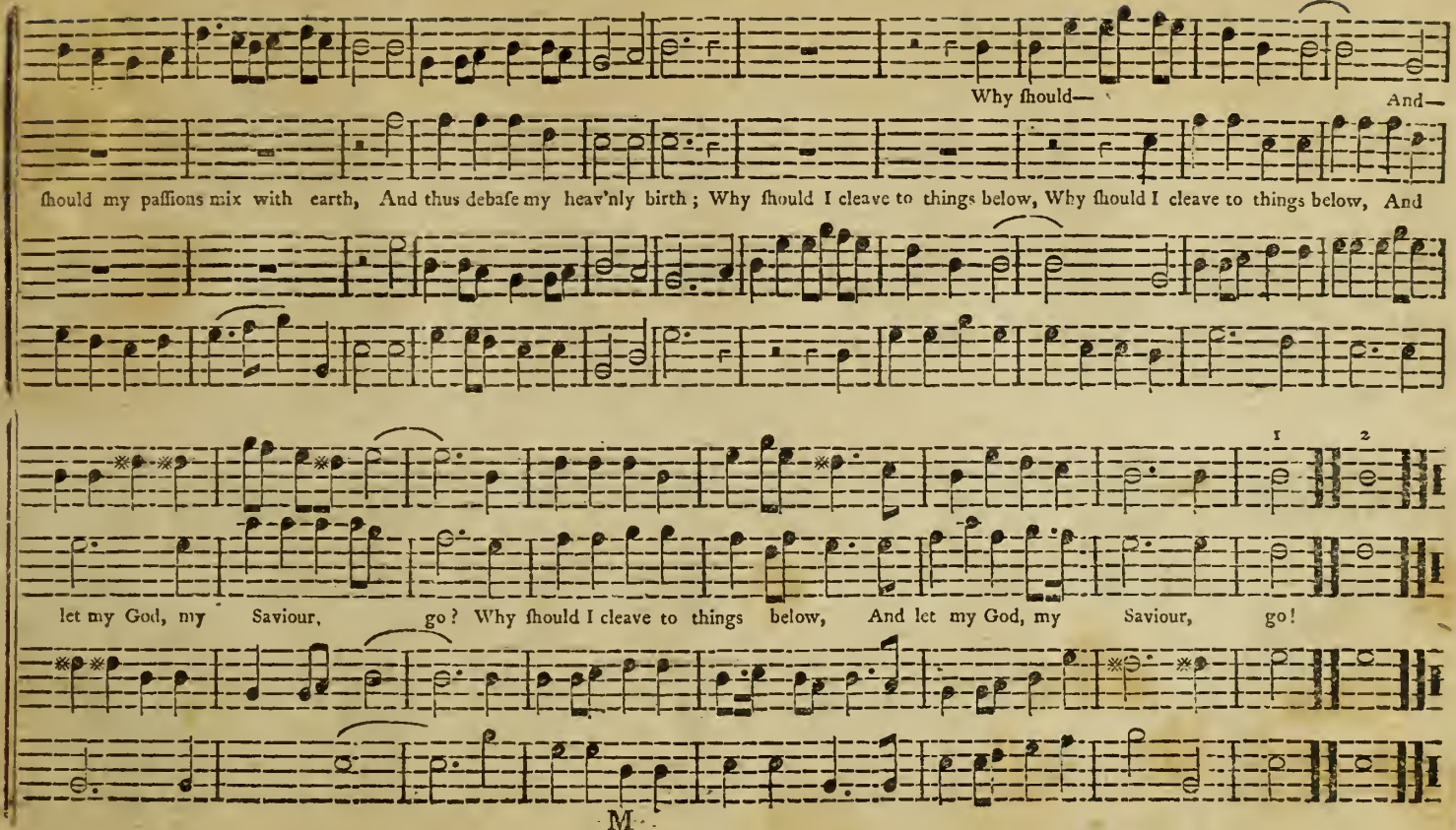

Fare you wel', Fare you well, Fare you well, my friends, I muſt be gone, I have no home nor ſtay with you; I'll
1
2
take my ſtaff and travel on, 'Till I a better world can view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's

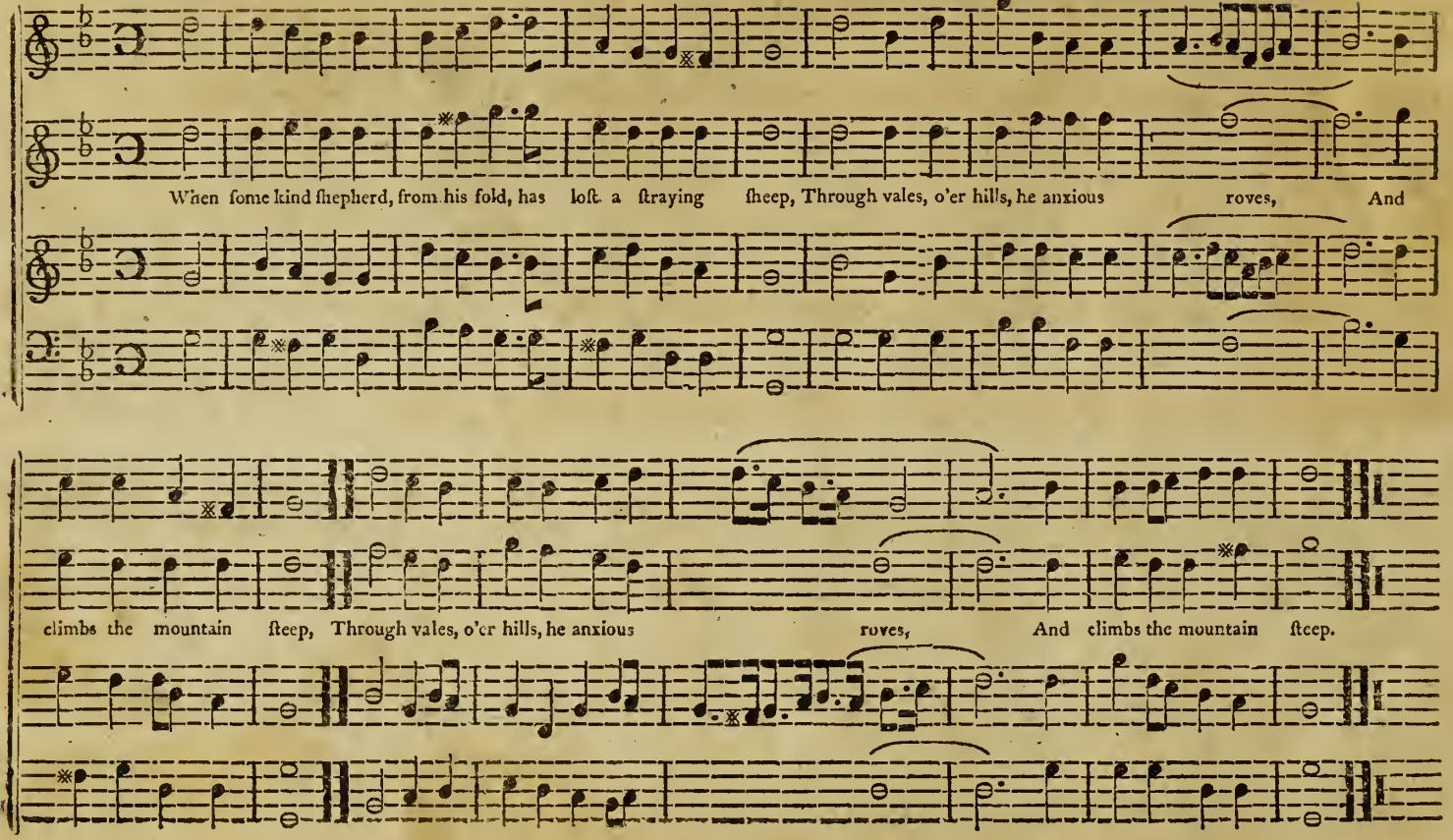
PILGRIM's FAREWELL. *Concluded.*

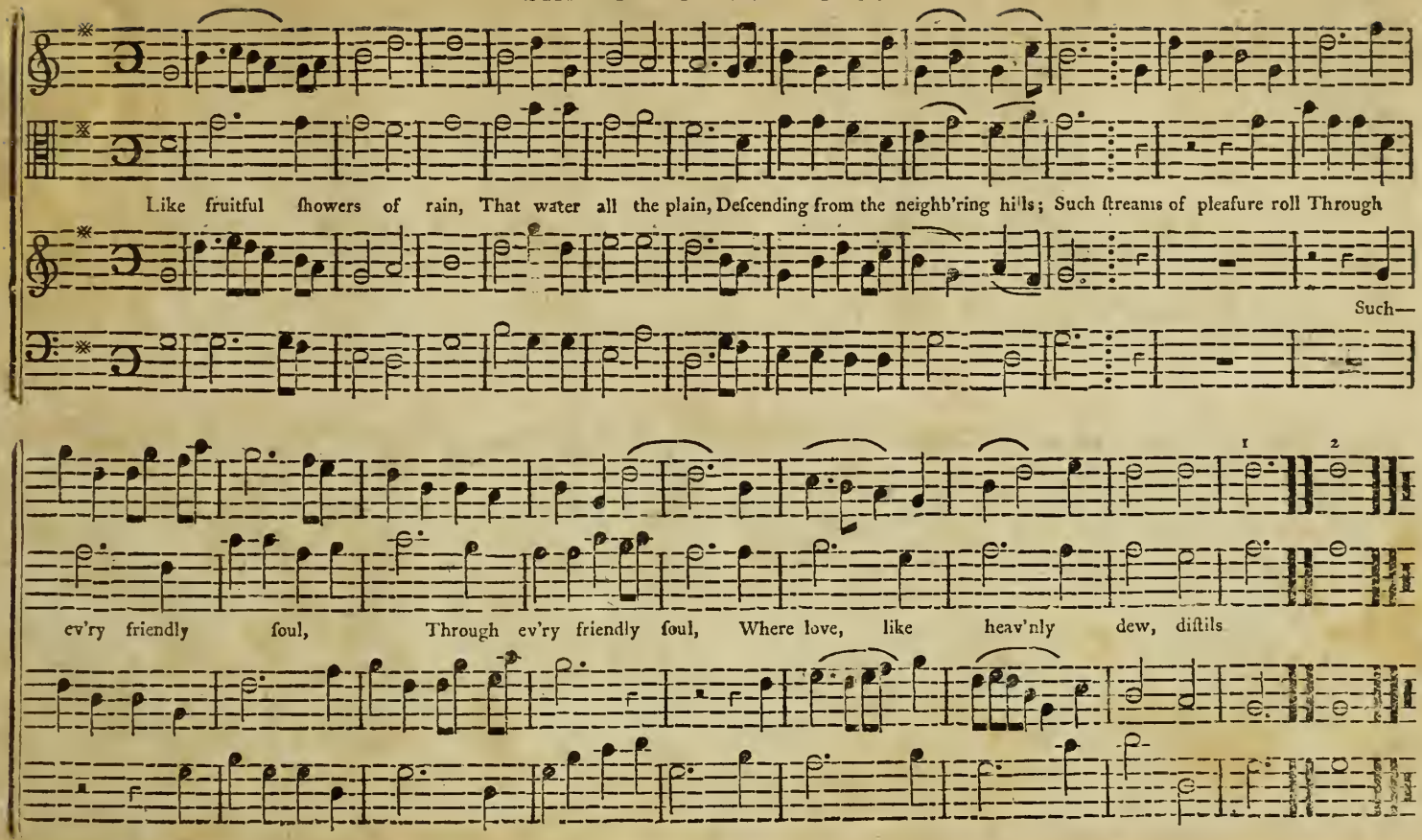


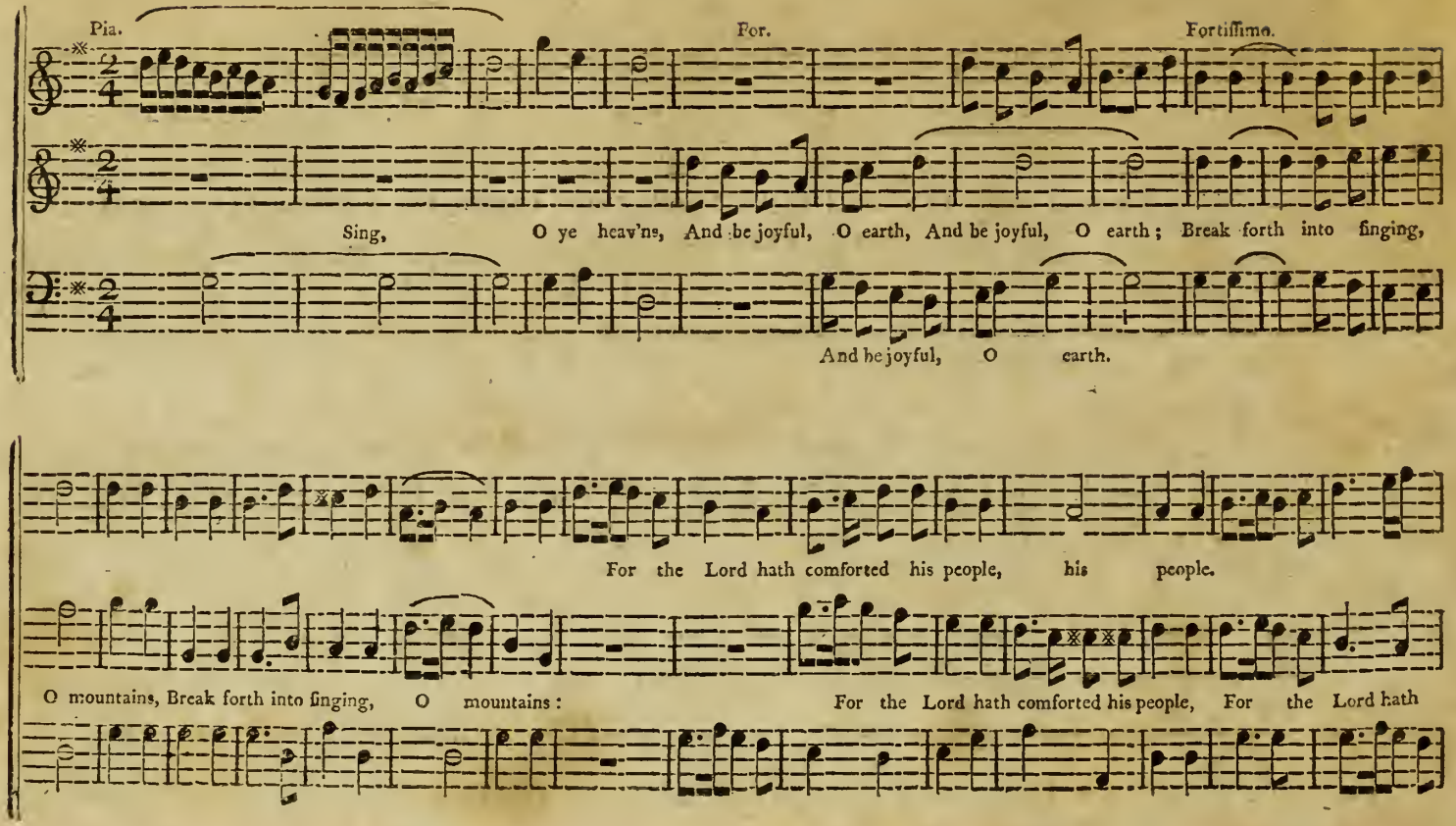
DORCHESTER. L. M.

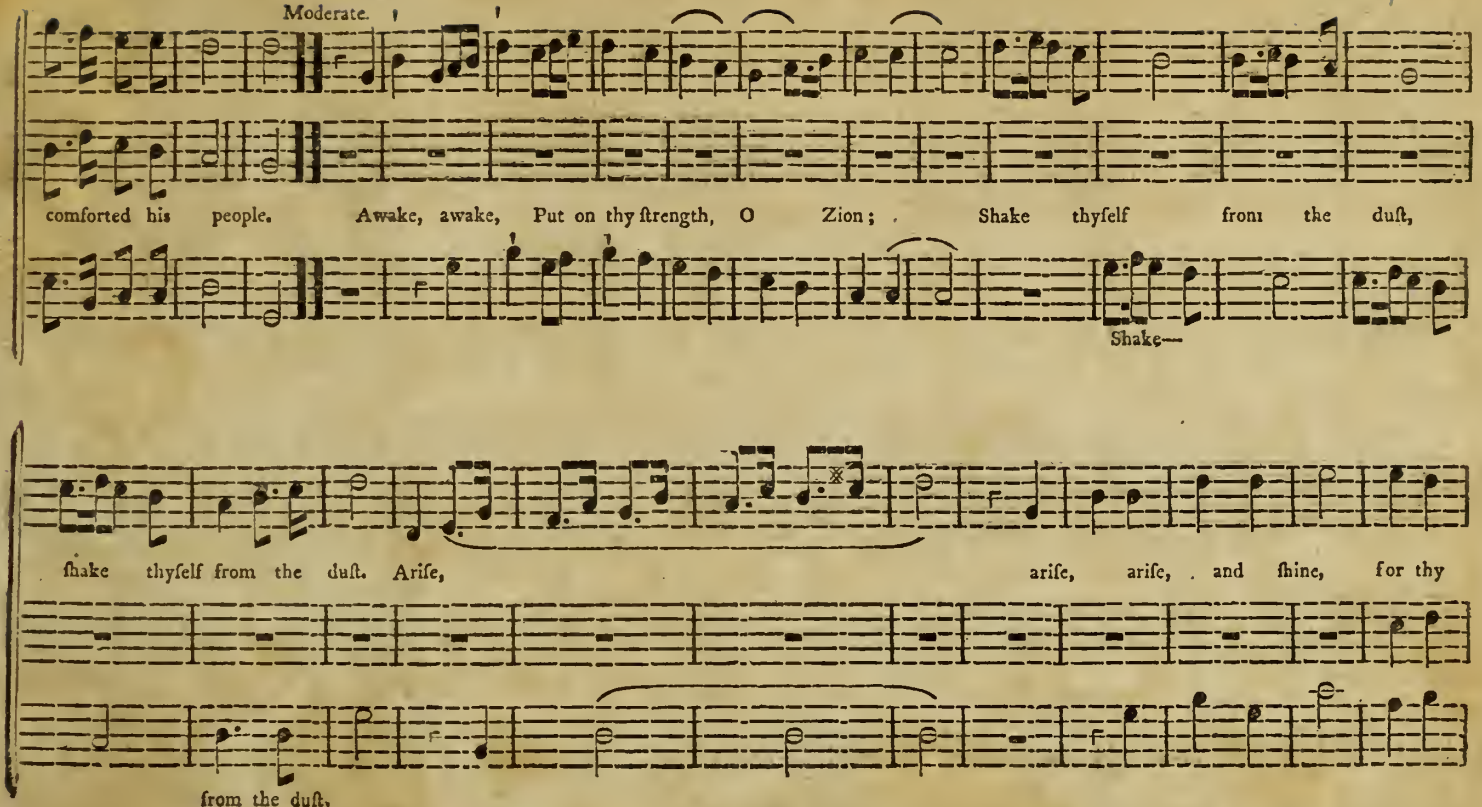


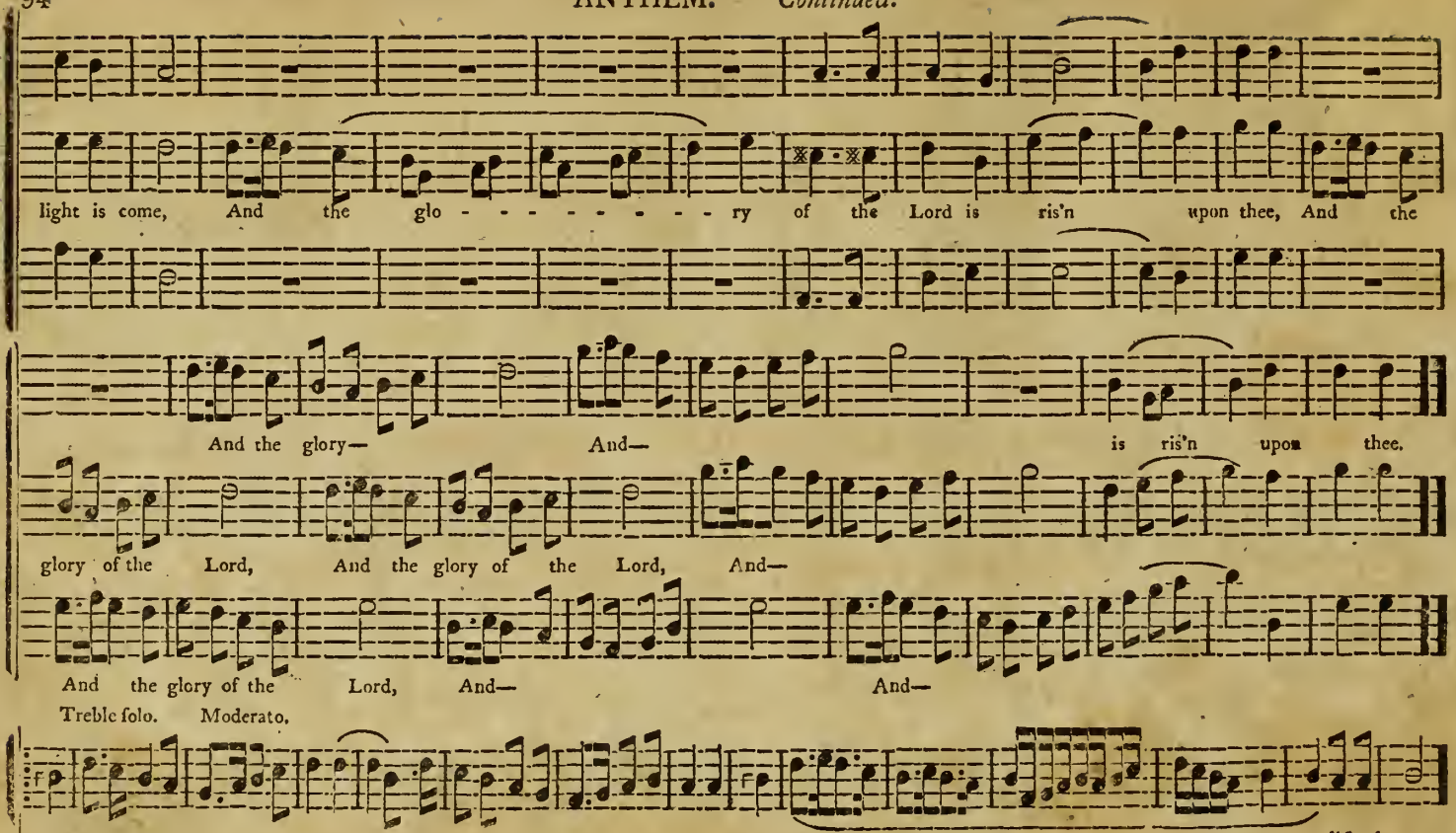

Why ſhould—
And—
ſhould my paſſions mix with earth, And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth; Why ſhould I cleave to things below, Why ſhould I cleave to things below, And
1
2
let my God, my Saviour, go? Why ſhould I cleave to things below, And let my God, my Saviour, go!


When ſome kind ſhepherd, from his fold, has loſt a ſtraying ſheep, Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And
climbs the mountain ſteep, Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And climbs the mountain ſteep.


Like fruitful ſhowers of rain, That water all the plain, Deſcending from the neighb'ring hills; Such ſtreams of pleaſure roll Through
Such—
1
2
ev'ry friendly ſoul, Through ev'ry friendly ſoul, Where love, like heav'nly dew, diſtils


Pia.
For.
Fortiſſimo.
Sing, O ye heav'ns, And be joyful, O earth, And be joyful, O earth; Break forth into ſinging,
And be joyful, O earth.
For the Lord hath comforted his people, his people.
O mountains, Break forth into ſinging, O mountains:
For the Lord hath comforted his people, For the Lord hath


Moderate.
comforted his people. Awake, awake, Put on thy ſtrength, O Zion; Shake thyſelf from the duſt,
Shake—
ſhake thyſelf from the duſt. Ariſe, ariſe, ariſe, and ſhine, for thy
from the duſt.


light is come, And the glo - - - - - - - - - ry of the Lord is ris'n upon thee, And the
And the glory— And— is ris'n upon thee.
glory of the Lord, And the glory of the Lord, And—
And the glory of the Lord, And— And—
Treble solo. Moderato.
How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that pub - - - - - - - - - lisheth peace.

ANTHEM. *Concluded.*

End with the firſt ſtrain.

Hallelujah, Amen, A - - men, Hallelujah, Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

Hallelujah, Amen, A - - men, A - men, Hallelujah, A - men, Hallelujah, Amen.

A - - - - men, Hallelujah, Amen, Hallelujah, A - - men, Amen.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

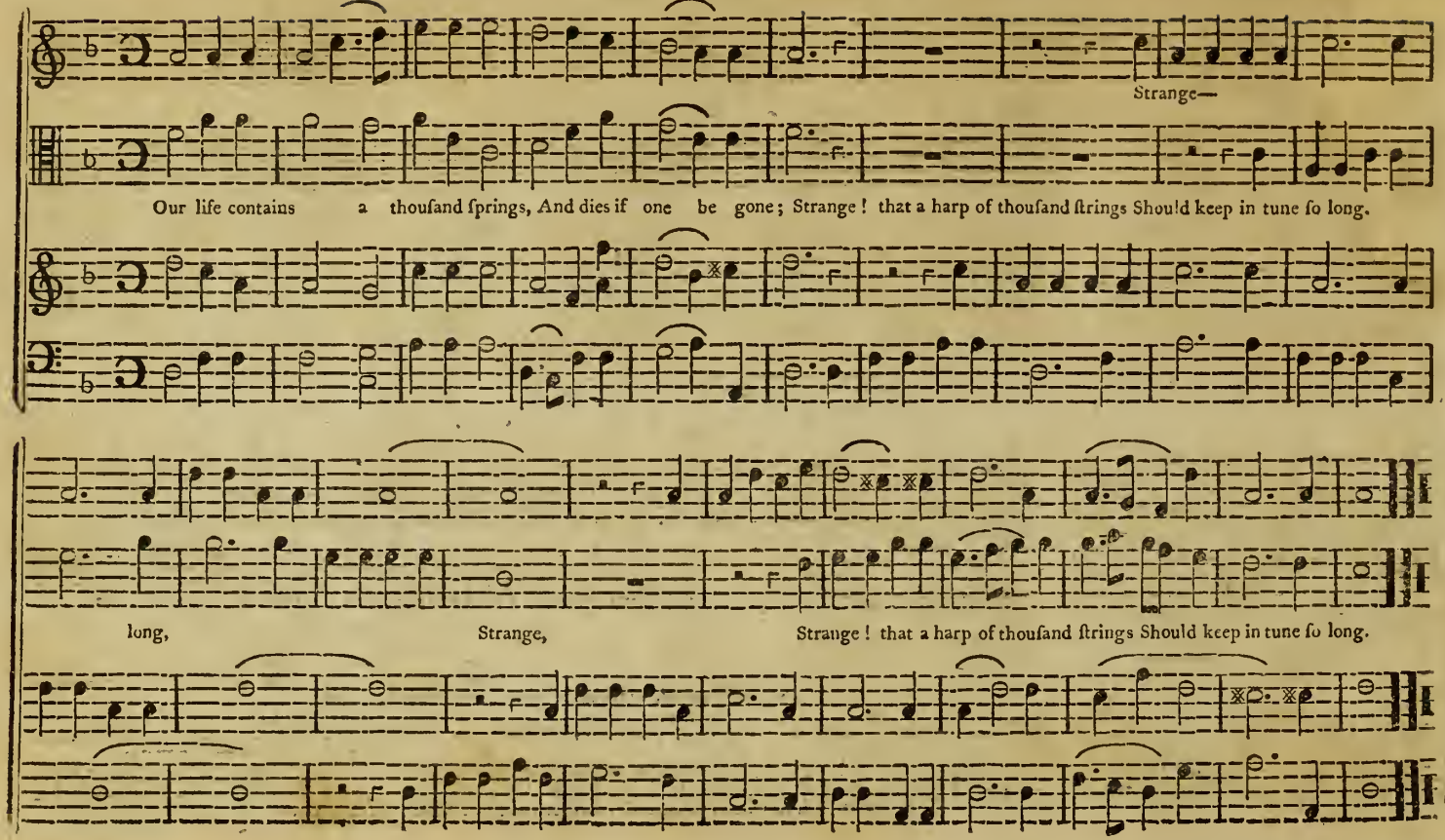
Fly ſwifter round, ye wheels of time, And—

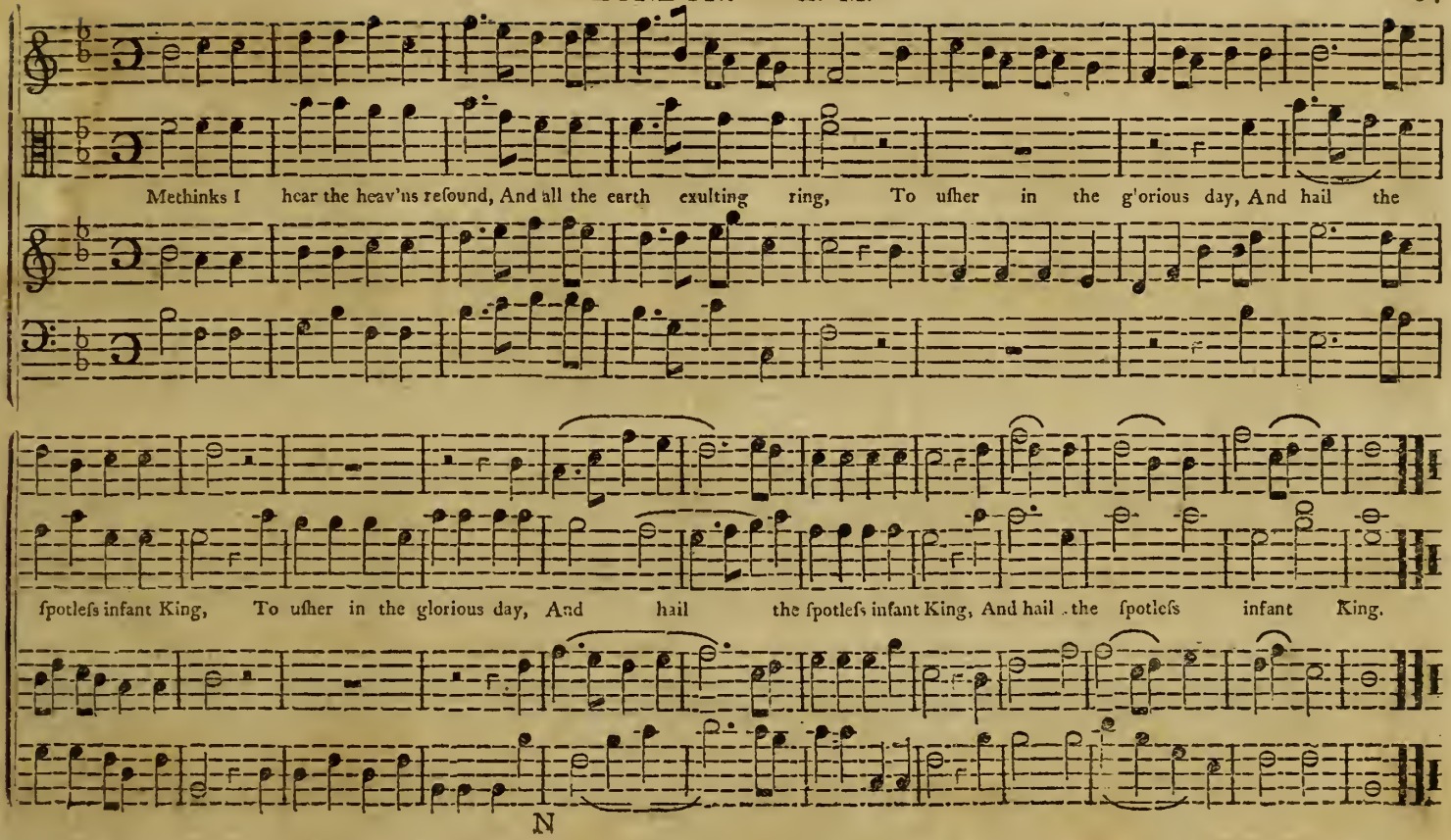
How long, dear Saviour, O how long, Shall this bright hour delay ; Fly ſwifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the welcome day.

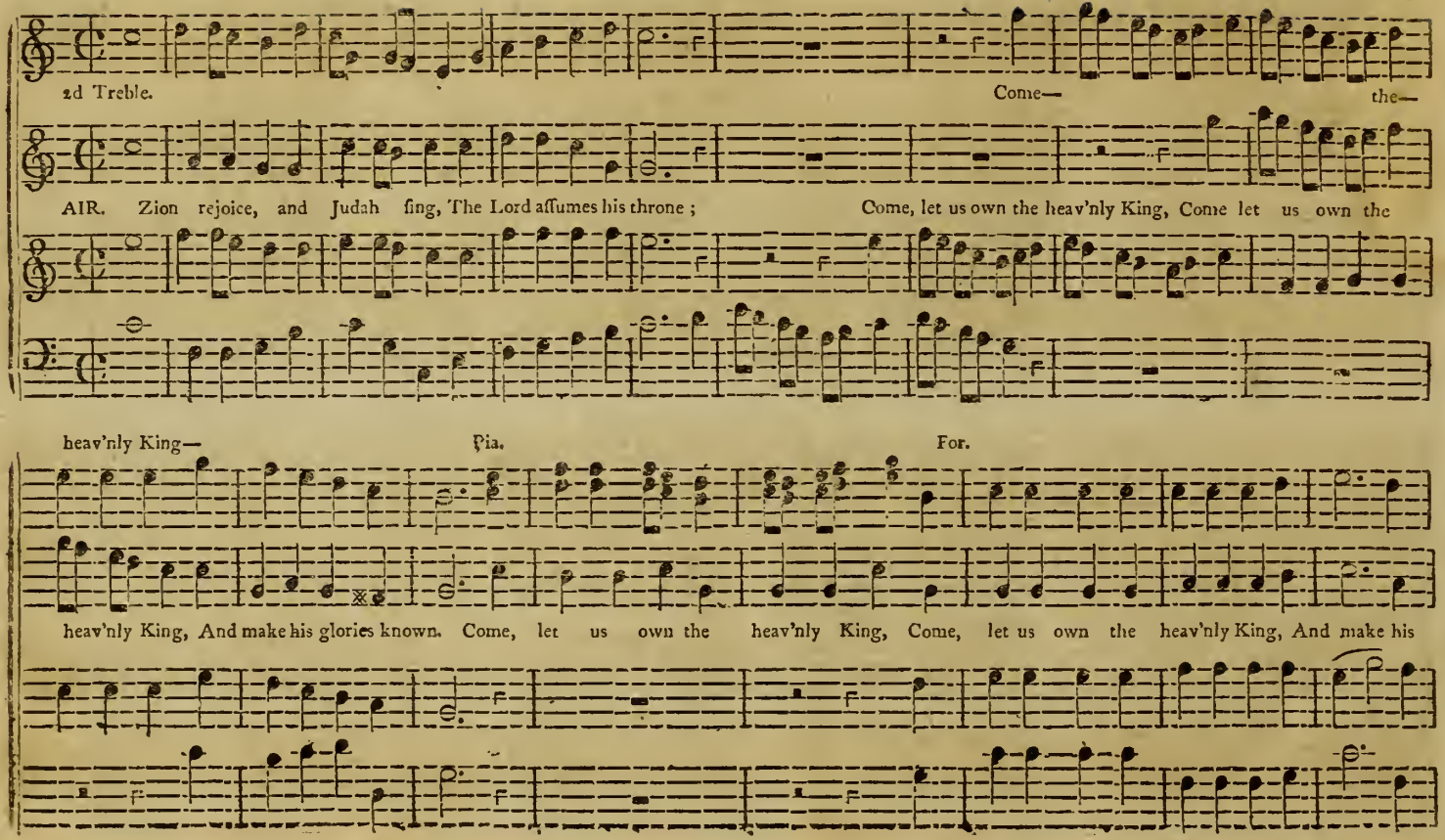
Fly ſwifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring, &c. And—

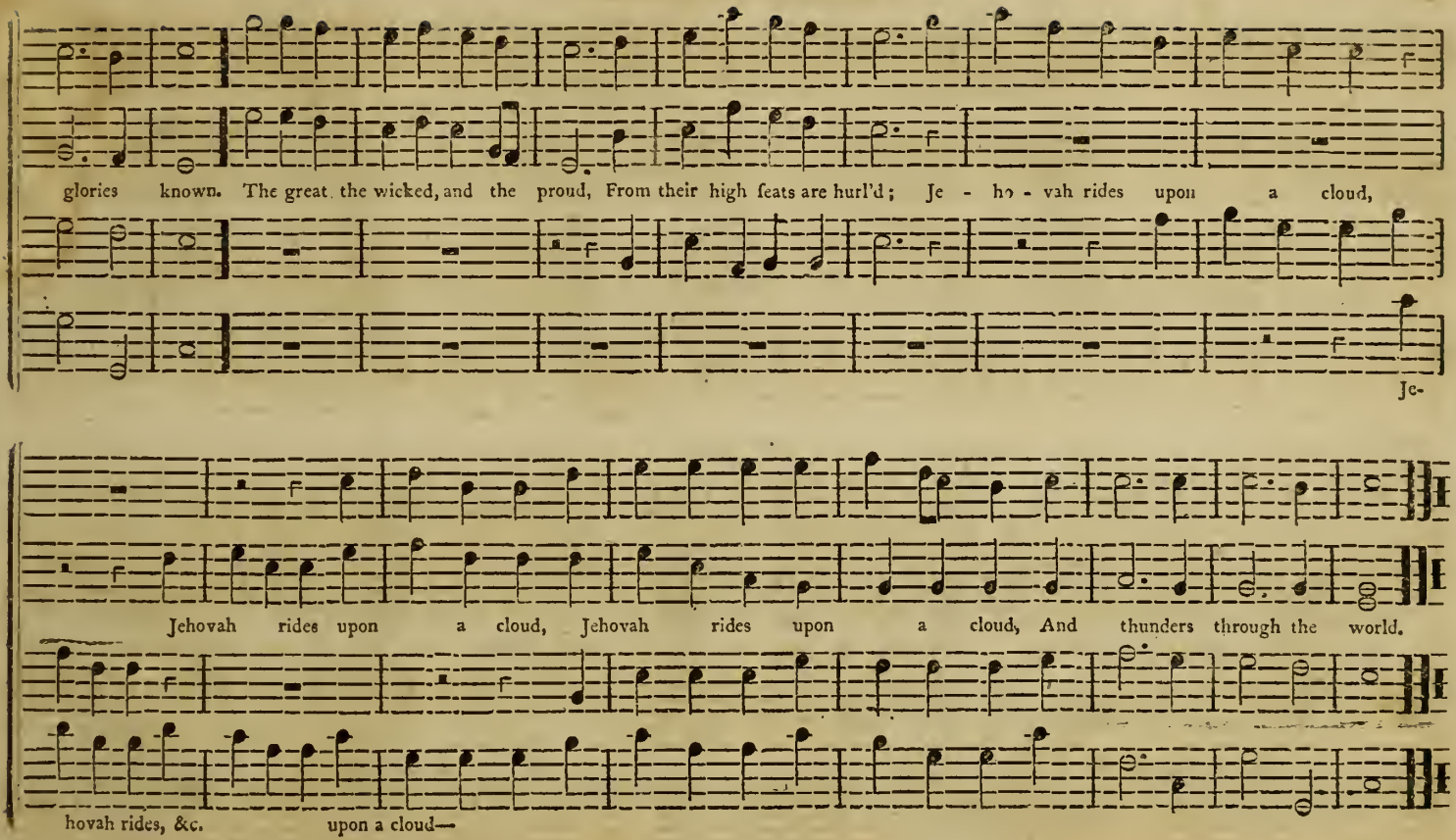
Fly ſwifter round, ye wheels of time, Fly ſwifter round, ye wheels of time, And—

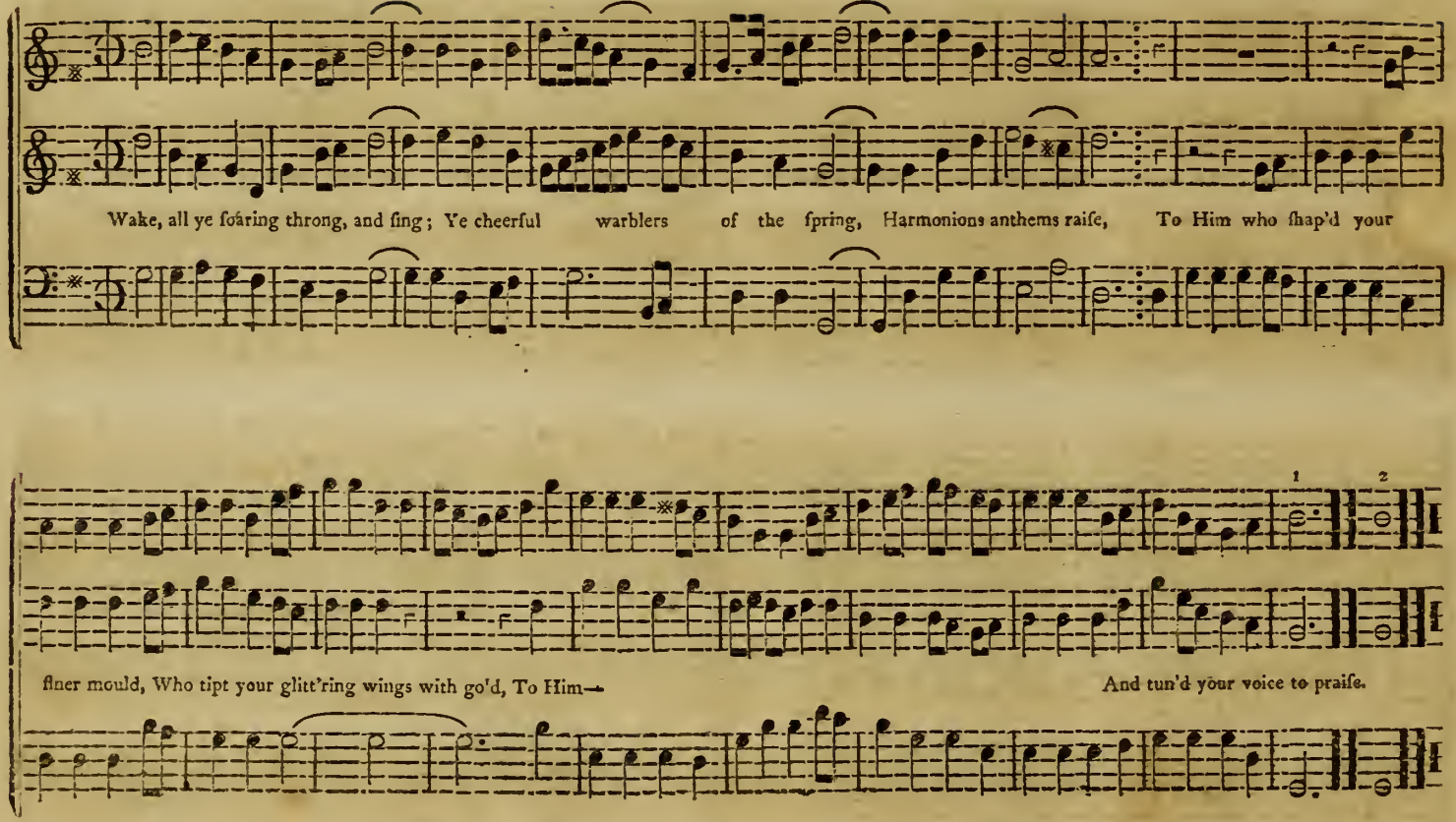
ADMIRATION. C. M.

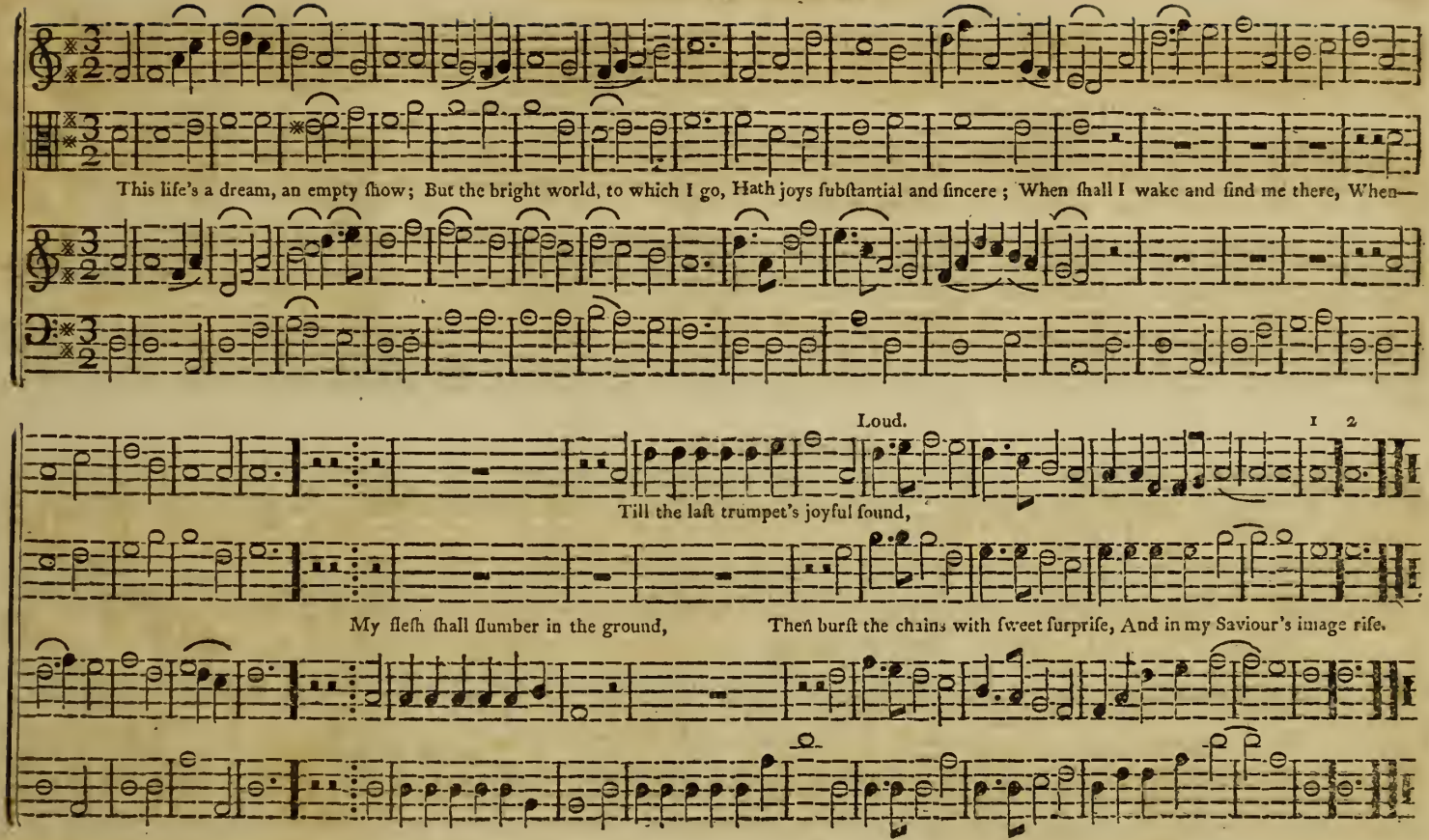



Methinks I hear the heav'ns reſound, And all the earth exulting ring, To uſher in the g'orious day, And hail the
ſpotleſs infant King, To uſher in the glorious day, And hail the ſpotleſs infant King, And hail the ſpotleſs infant King.

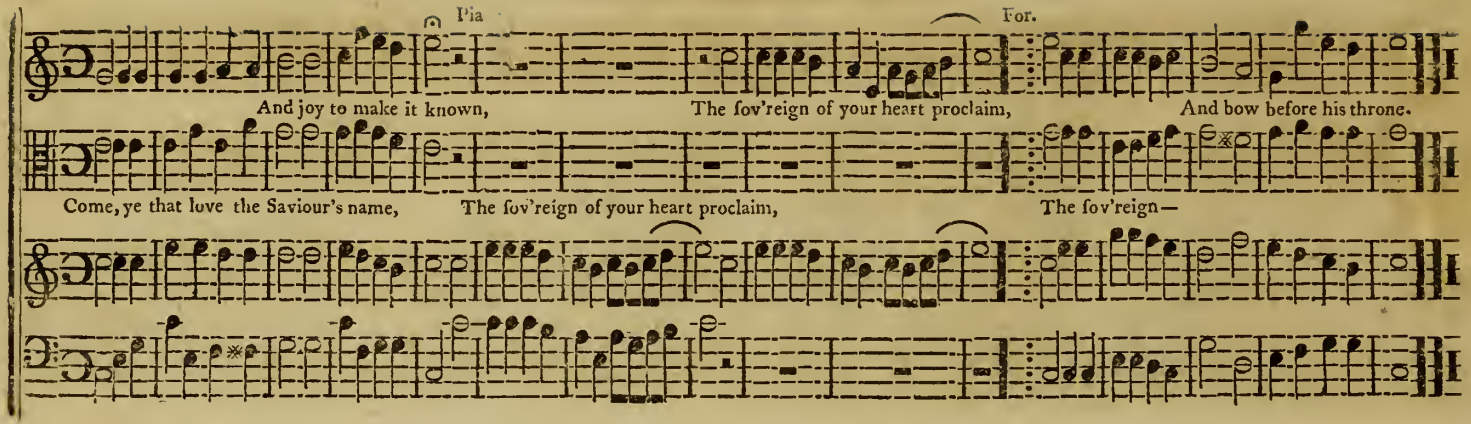

2d Treble.
Come— the—
AIR. Zion rejoice, and Judah ſing, The Lord aſſumes his throne ; Come, let us own the heav'nly King, Come let us own the
heav'nly King—
Pia.
For.
heav'nly King, And make his glories known. Come, let us own the heav'nly King, Come, let us own the heav'nly King, And make his


glories known. The great, the wicked, and the proud, From their high seats are hurl'd; Je - ho - vah rides upon a cloud,
Je-
Jehovah rides upon a cloud, Jehovah rides upon a cloud, And thunders through the world.
hovah rides, &c. upon a cloud—

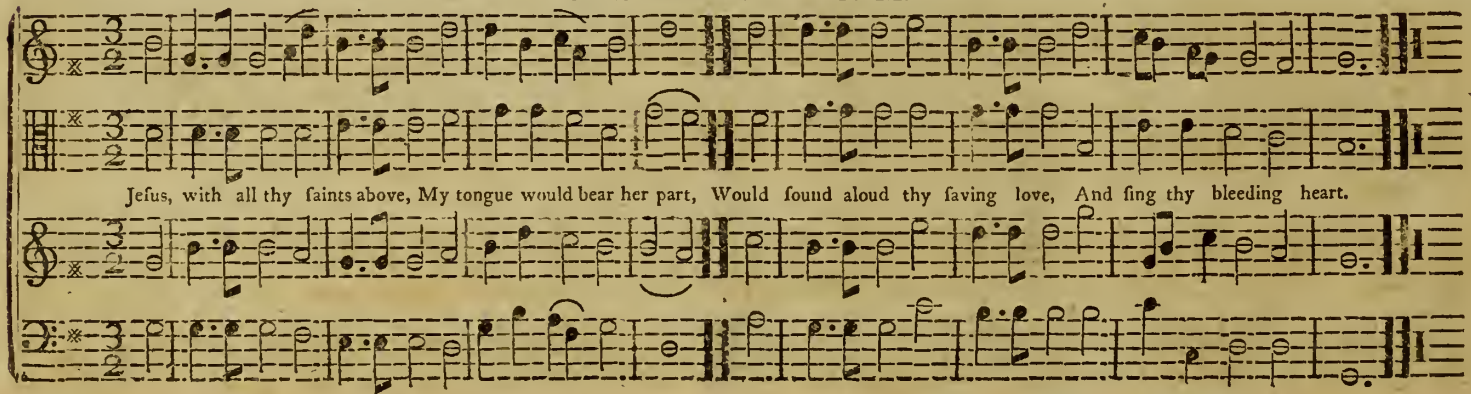

Wake, all ye ſoáring throng, and ſing; Ye cheerful warblers of the ſpring, Harmonious anthems raiſe, To Him who ſhap'd your
1
2
finer mould, Who tipt your glitt'ring wings with go'd, To Him—
And tun'd your voice to praiſe.

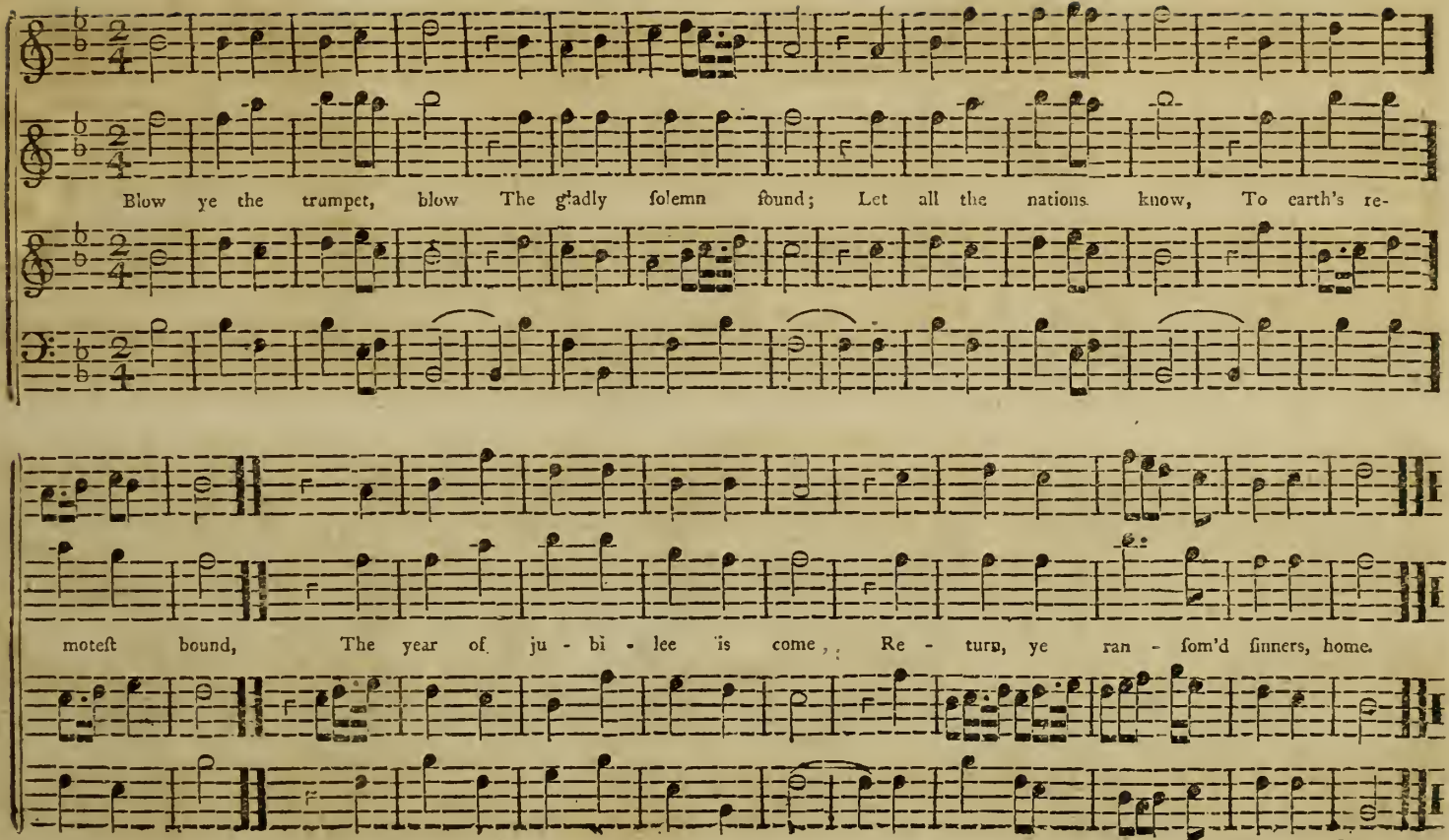

This life's a dream, an empty ſhow; But the bright world, to which I go, Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere; When ſhall I wake and find me there, When—
Loud.
1 2
Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound,
My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground, Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe, And in my Saviour's image riſe.

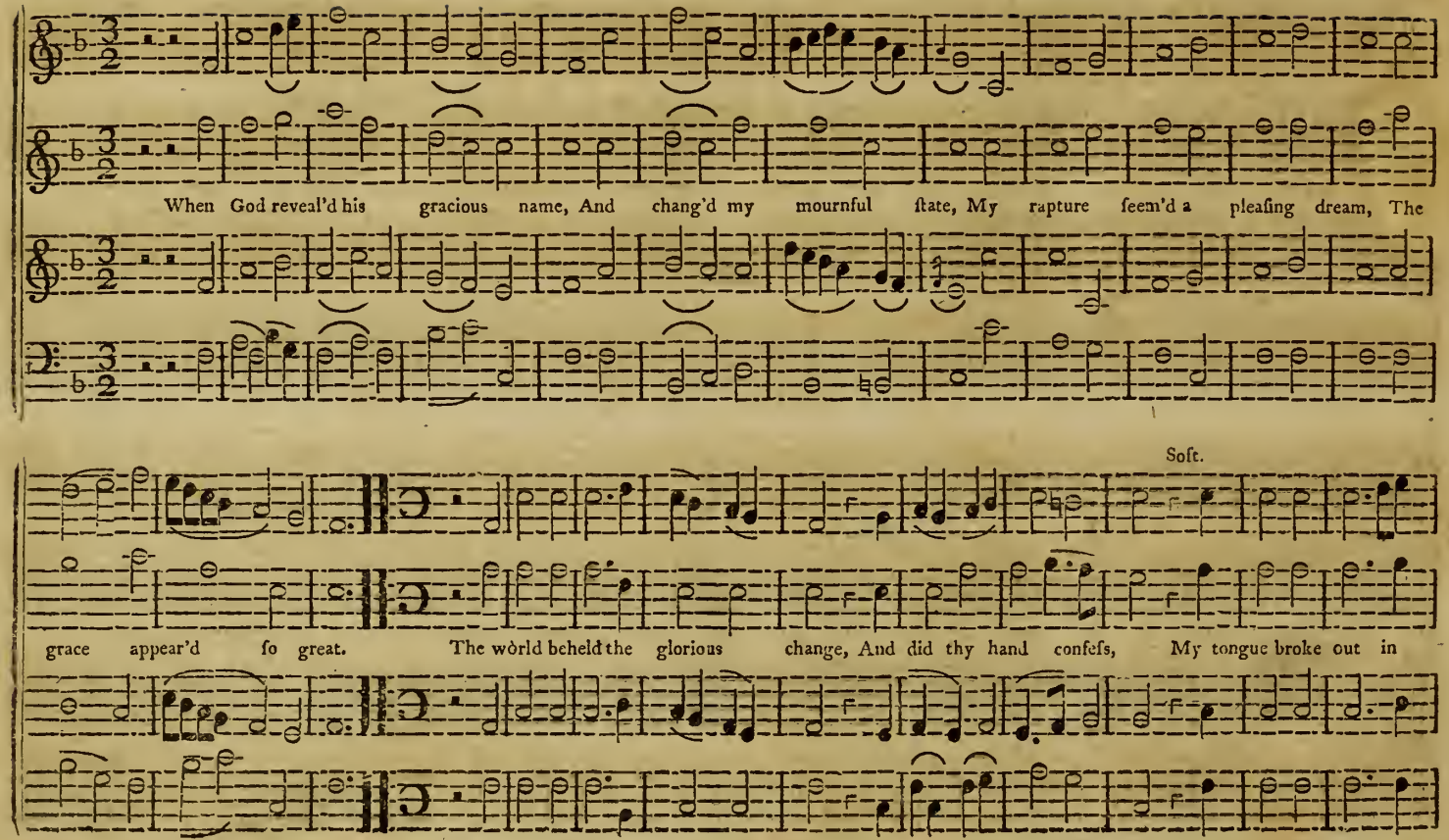
St. SEBASTIAN's. C. M.



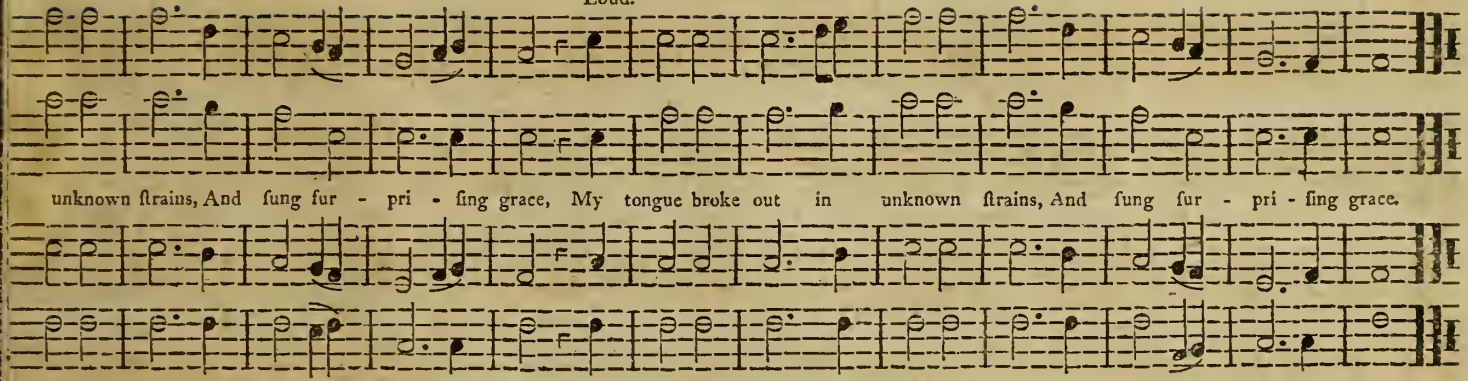
ARLINGTON. C. M.



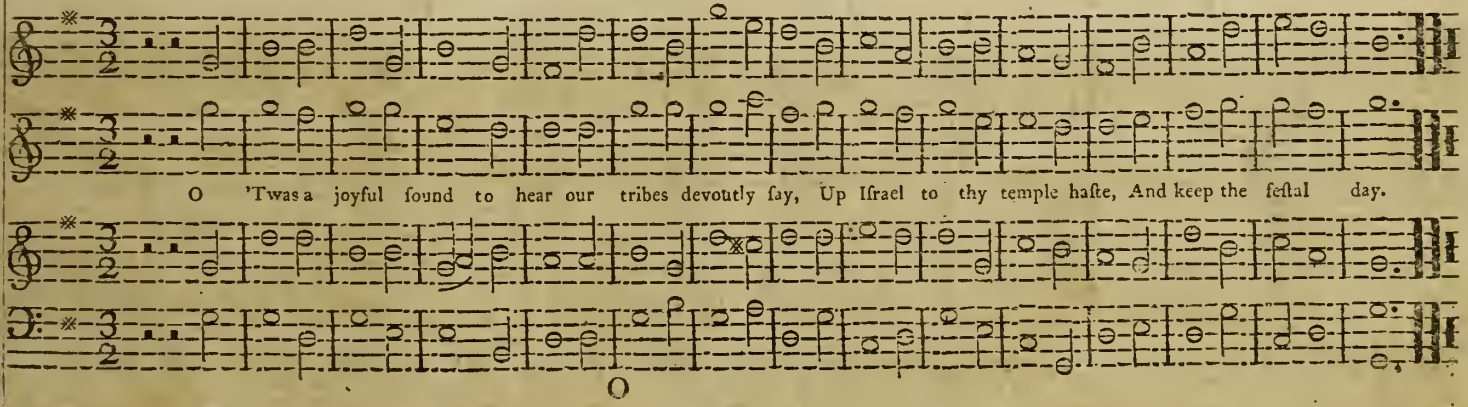

Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly ſolemn ſound; Let all the nations know, To earth's re-
moteſt bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - ſom'd ſinners, home.

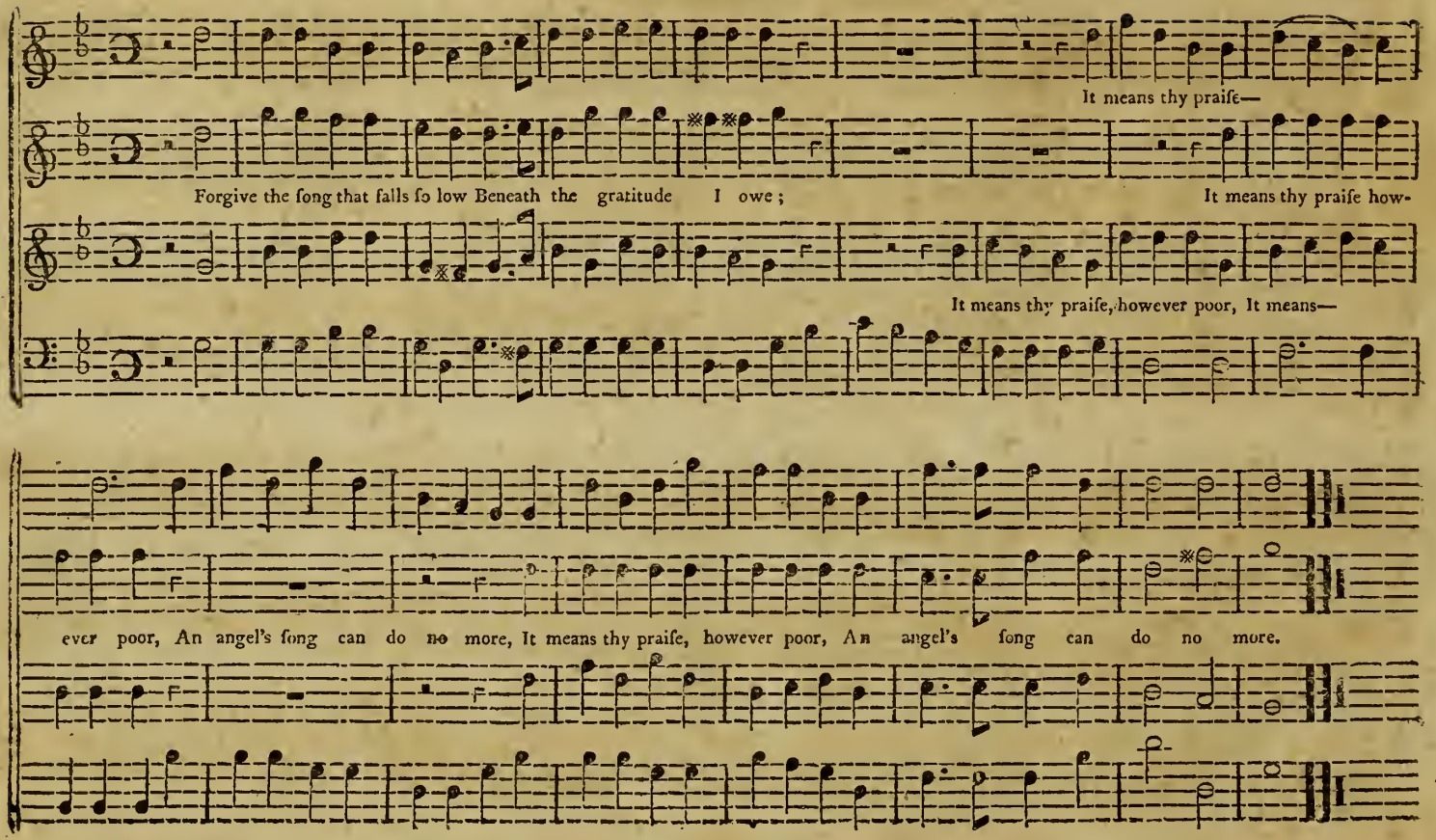

When God reveal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mournful ſtate, My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream, The
Soft.
grace appear'd ſo great. The world beheld the glorious change, And did thy hand confeſs, My tongue broke out in

Loud.

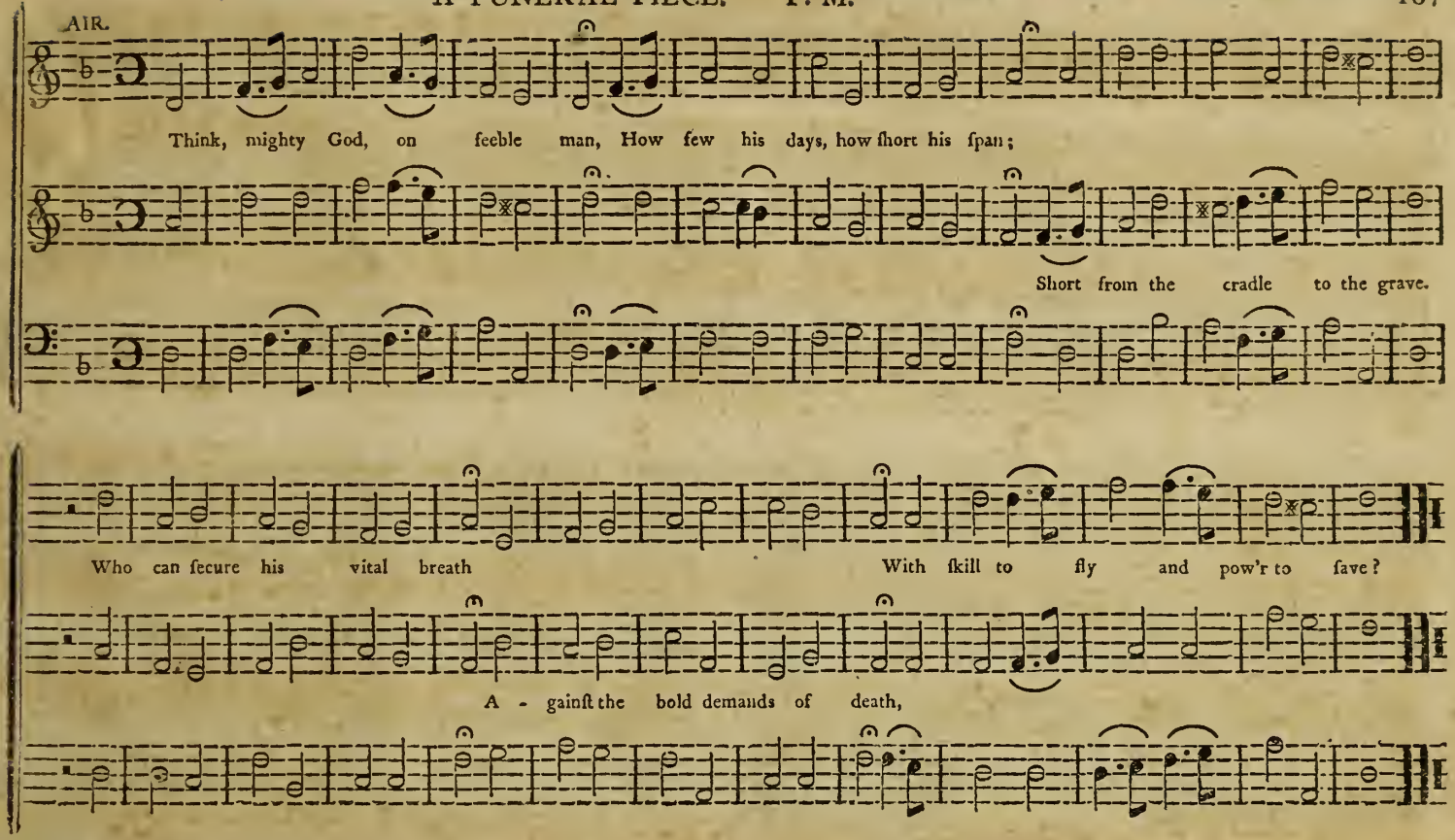

unknown ſtrains, And ſung ſur - pri - ſing grace, My tongue broke out in unknown ſtrains, And ſung ſur - pri - ſing grace.

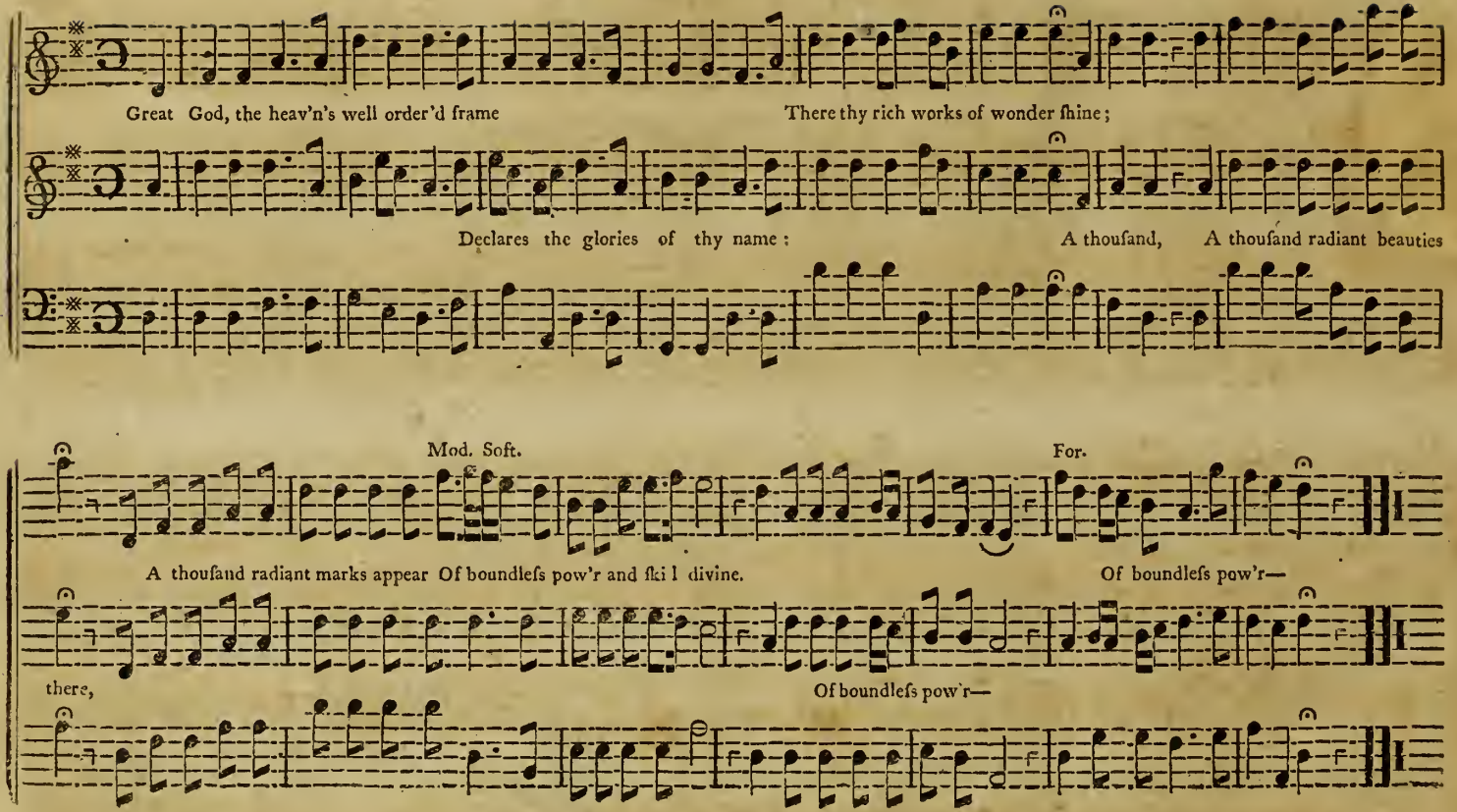
MEAR. C. M.

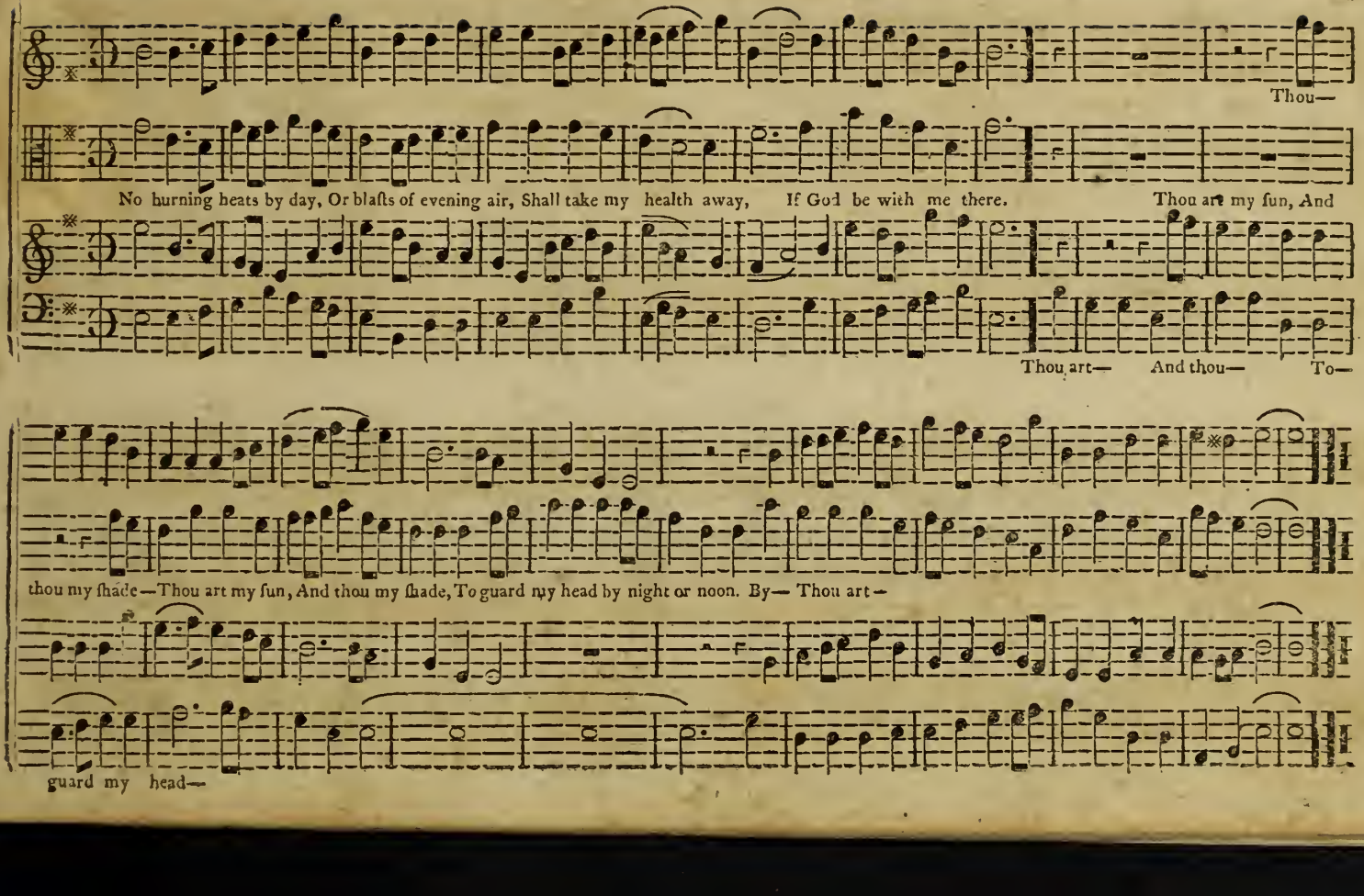

O 'Twas a joyful ſound to hear our tribes devoutly ſay, Up Iſrael to thy temple haſte, And keep the feſtal day.
O


It means thy praiſe—
Forgive the ſong that falls ſo low Beneath the gratitude I owe;
It means thy praiſe how-
It means thy praiſe, however poor, It means—
ever poor, An angel's ſong can do no more, It means thy praiſe, however poor, An angel's ſong can do no more.

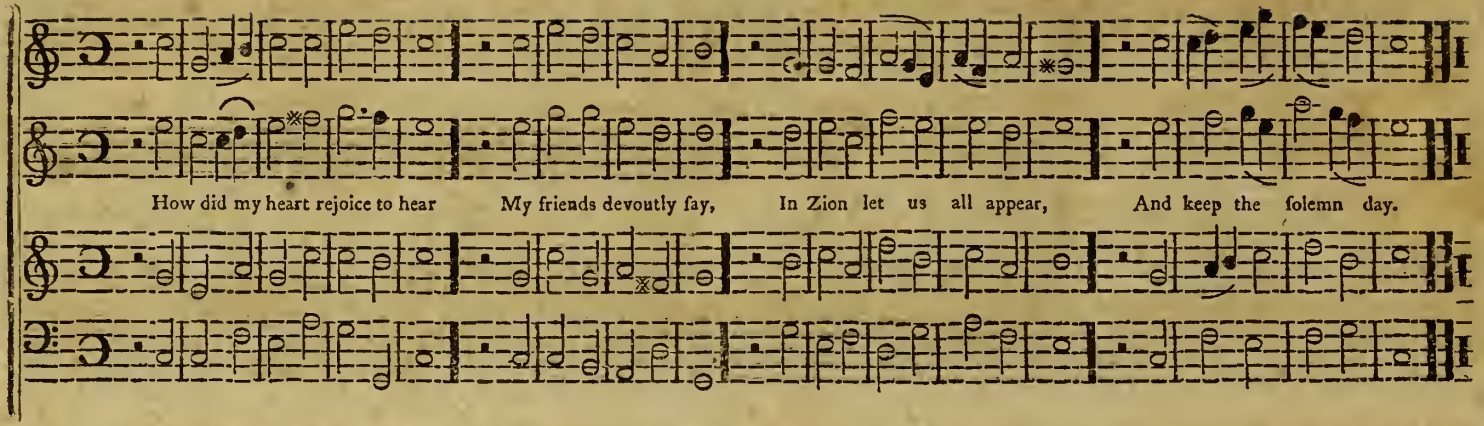
AIR.


Think, mighty God, on feeble man, How few his days, how ſhort his ſpan;
Short from the cradle to the grave.
Who can ſecure his vital breath With ſkill to fly and pow'r to ſave?
A - gainſt the bold demands of death,

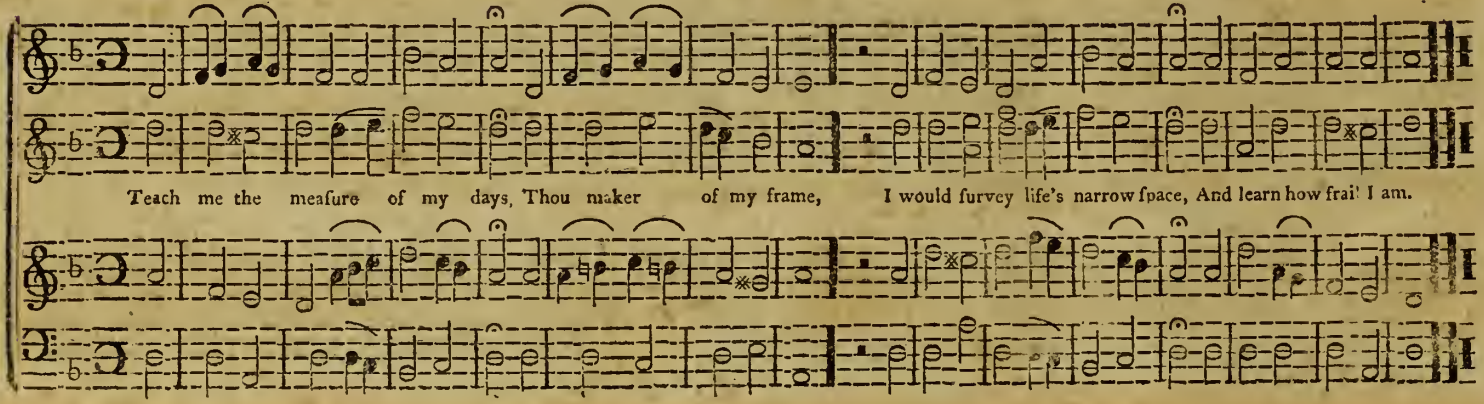

Great God, the heav'n's well order'd frame
There thy rich works of wonder ſhine;
Declares the glories of thy name:
A thouſand, A thouſand radiant beauties
Mod. Soft.
For.
A thouſand radiant marks appear Of boundleſs pow'r and ſki l divine.
Of boundleſs pow'r—
there,
Of boundleſs pow'r—

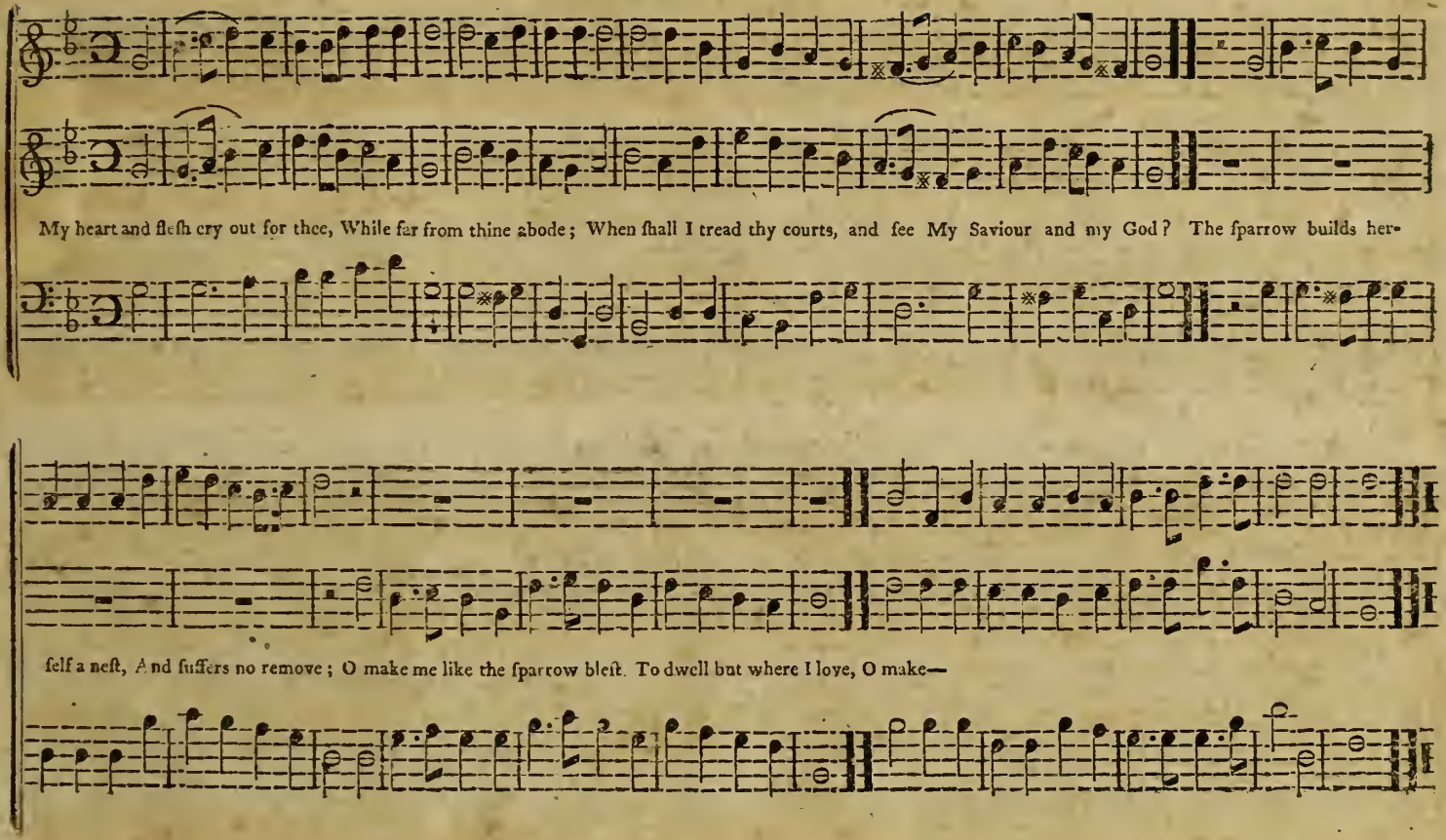

Thou—
No hurning heats by day, Or blaſts of evening air, Shall take my health away, If God be with me there. Thou art my ſun, And
Thou art— And thou— To—
thou my ſhade—Thou art my ſun, And thou my ſhade, To guard my head by night or noon. By— Thou art—
guard my head—

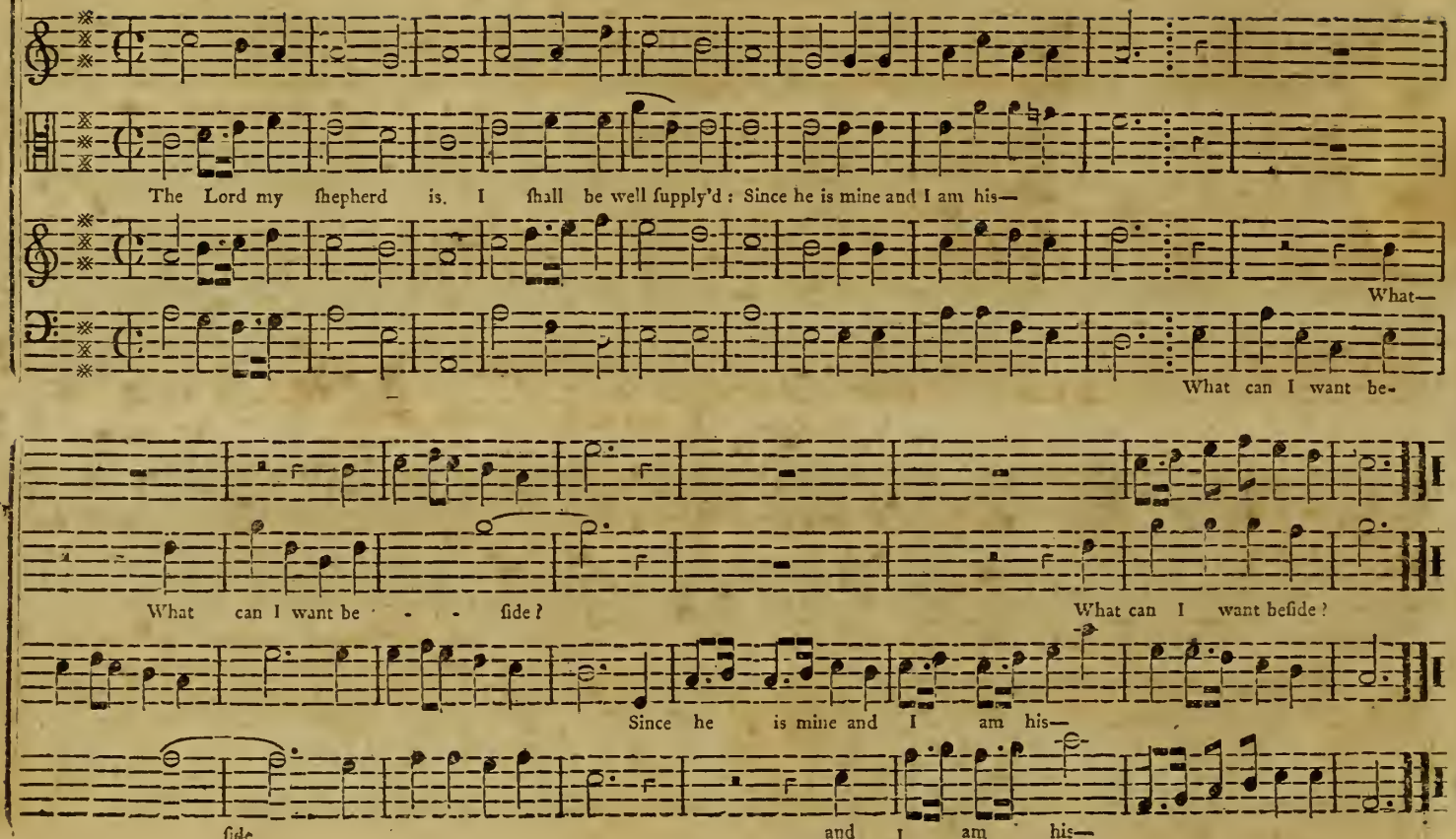
St. ANN's. C. M.

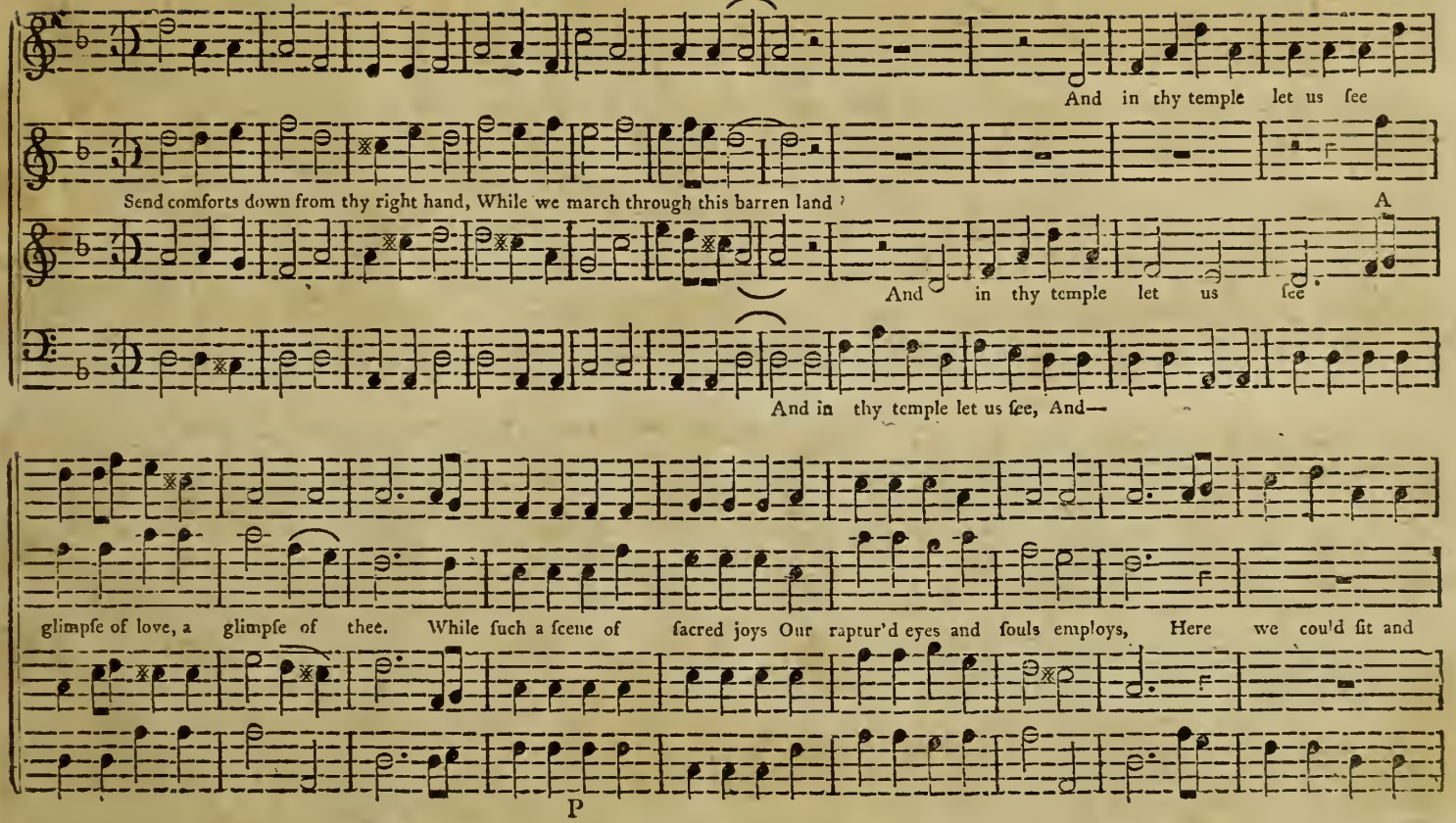


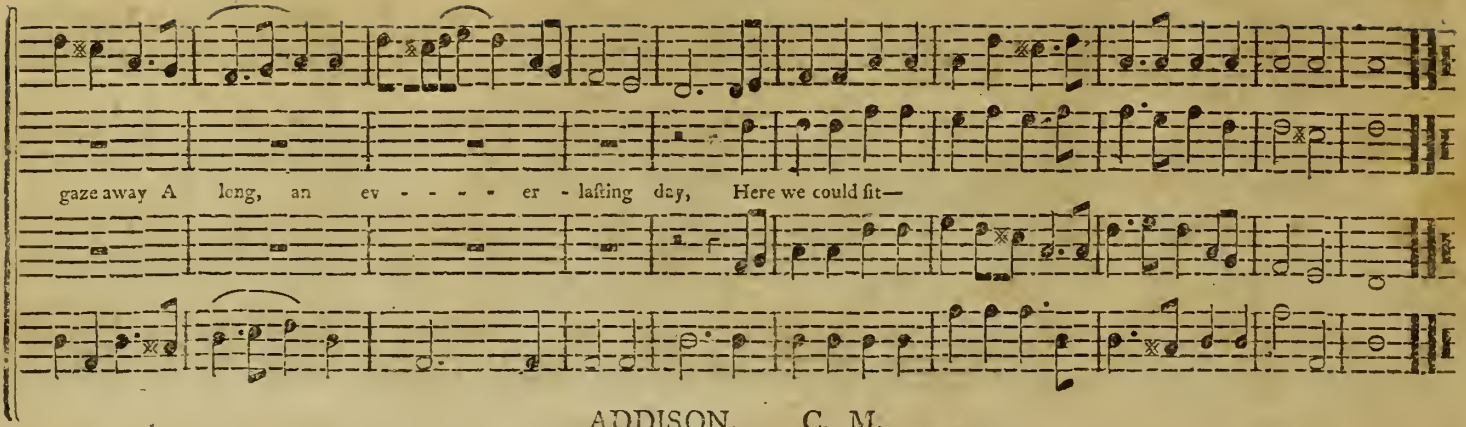
BANGOR. C. M.



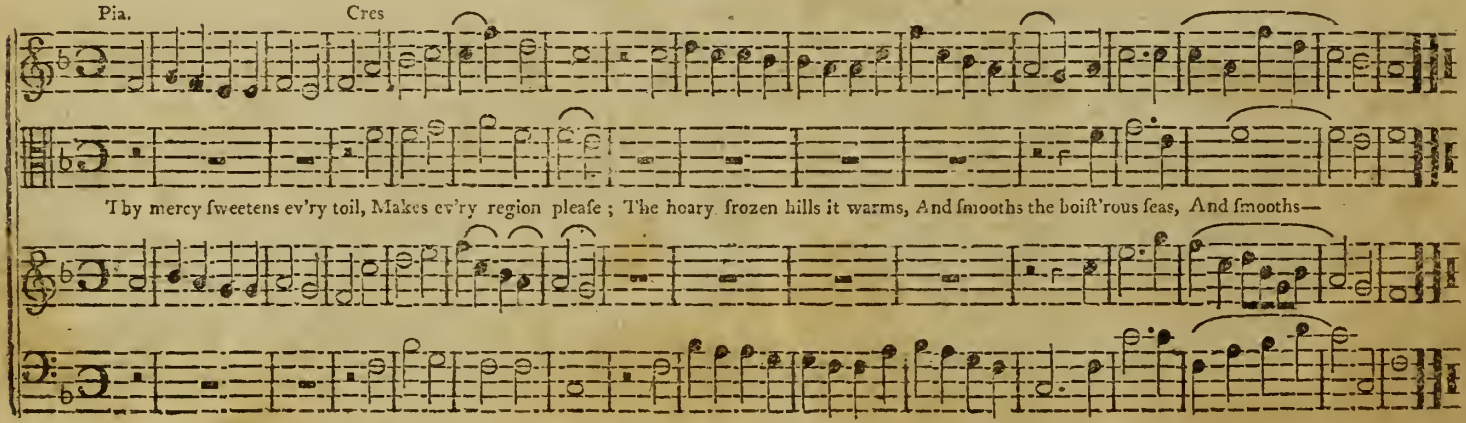

My heart and fleſh cry out for thee, While far from thine abode; When ſhall I tread thy courts, and ſee My Saviour and my God? The ſparrow builds her-
ſelf a neſt, And ſuffers no remove; O make me like the ſparrow bleſt. To dwell but where I love, O make—


The Lord my ſhepherd is. I ſhall be well ſupply'd: Since he is mine and I am his—
What—
What can I want be-
What can I want be - - - ſide?
What can I want beſide?
Since he is mine and I am his—
ſide
and I am his—

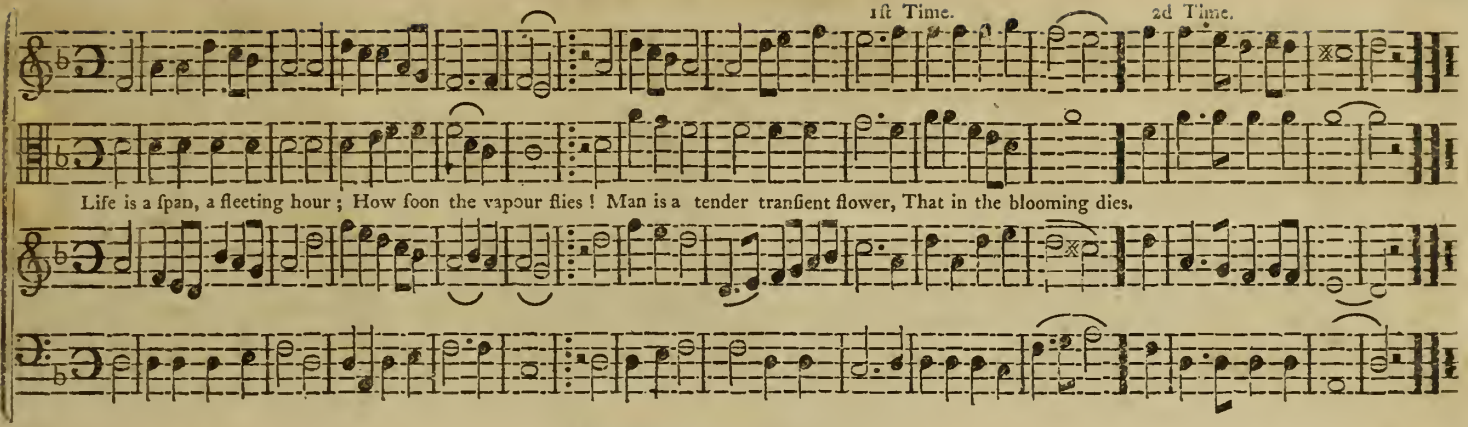

And in thy temple let us ſee
Send comforts down from thy right hand, While we march through this barren land
A
And in thy temple let us ſee
And in thy temple let us ſee, And—
glimpſe of love, a glimpſe of thee. While ſuch a ſcene of ſacred joys Our raptur'd eyes and ſouls employs, Here we could ſit and
P


gaze away A long, an ev - - - - er - lasting day, Here we could fit—

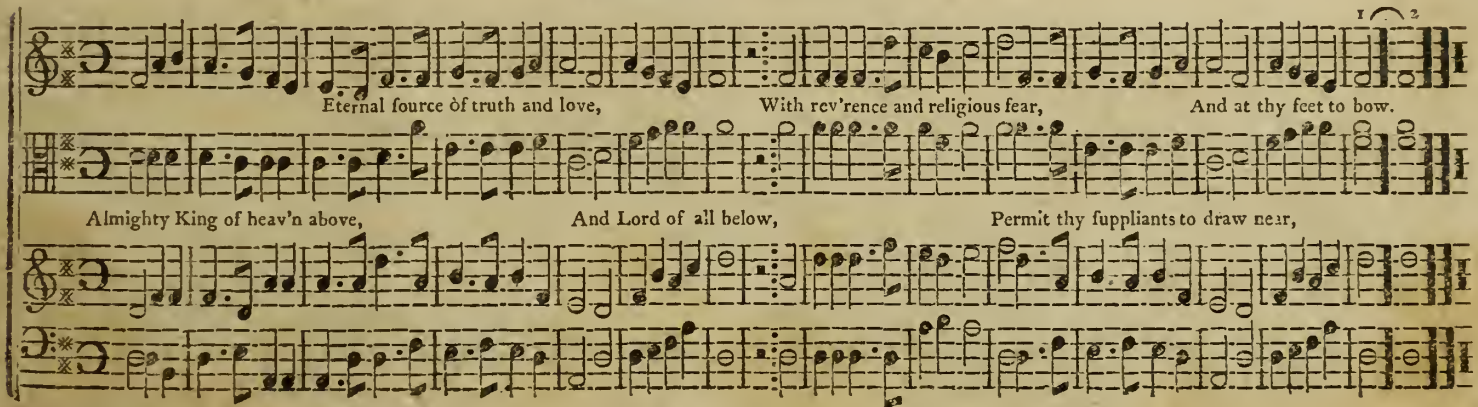
ADDISON. C. M.


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

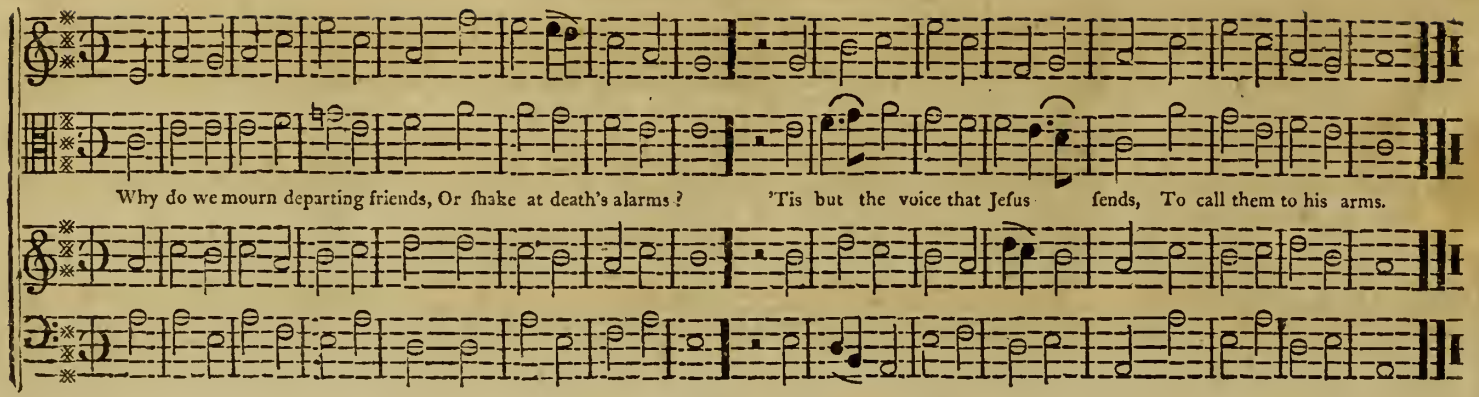
HELLESPONT. C. M.



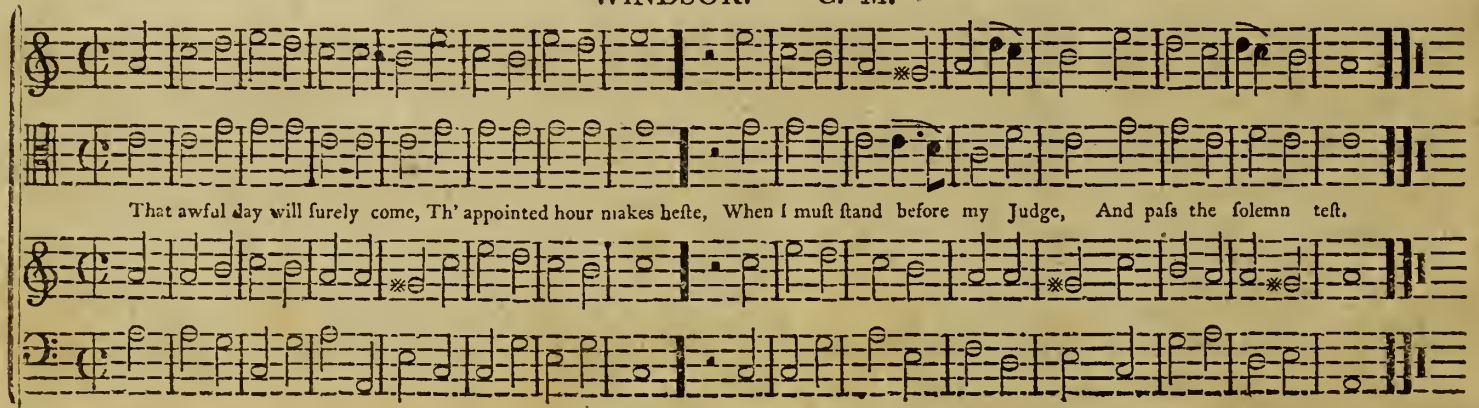
GANGES. C. P. M.

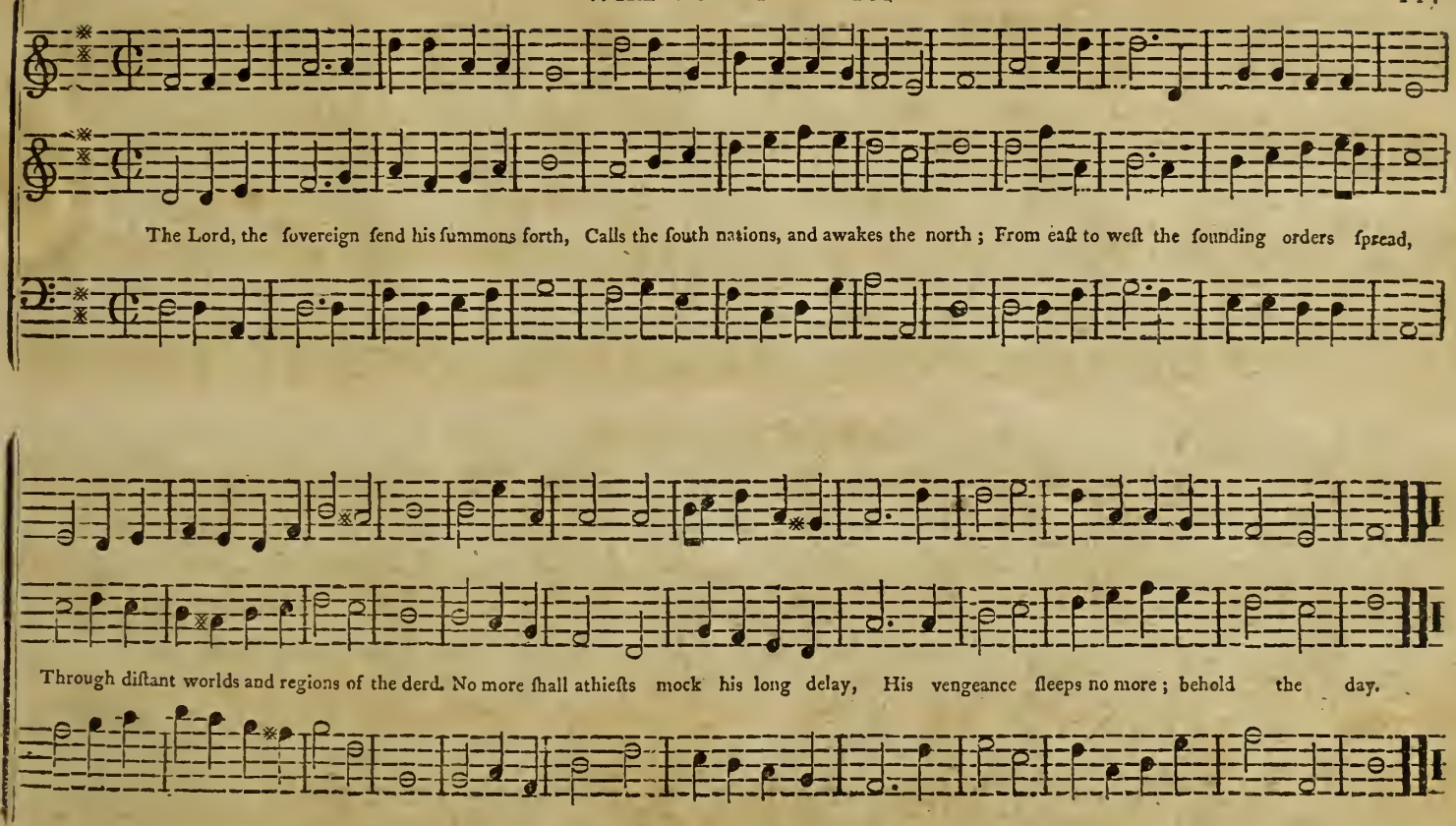


CANTERBURY. C. M.

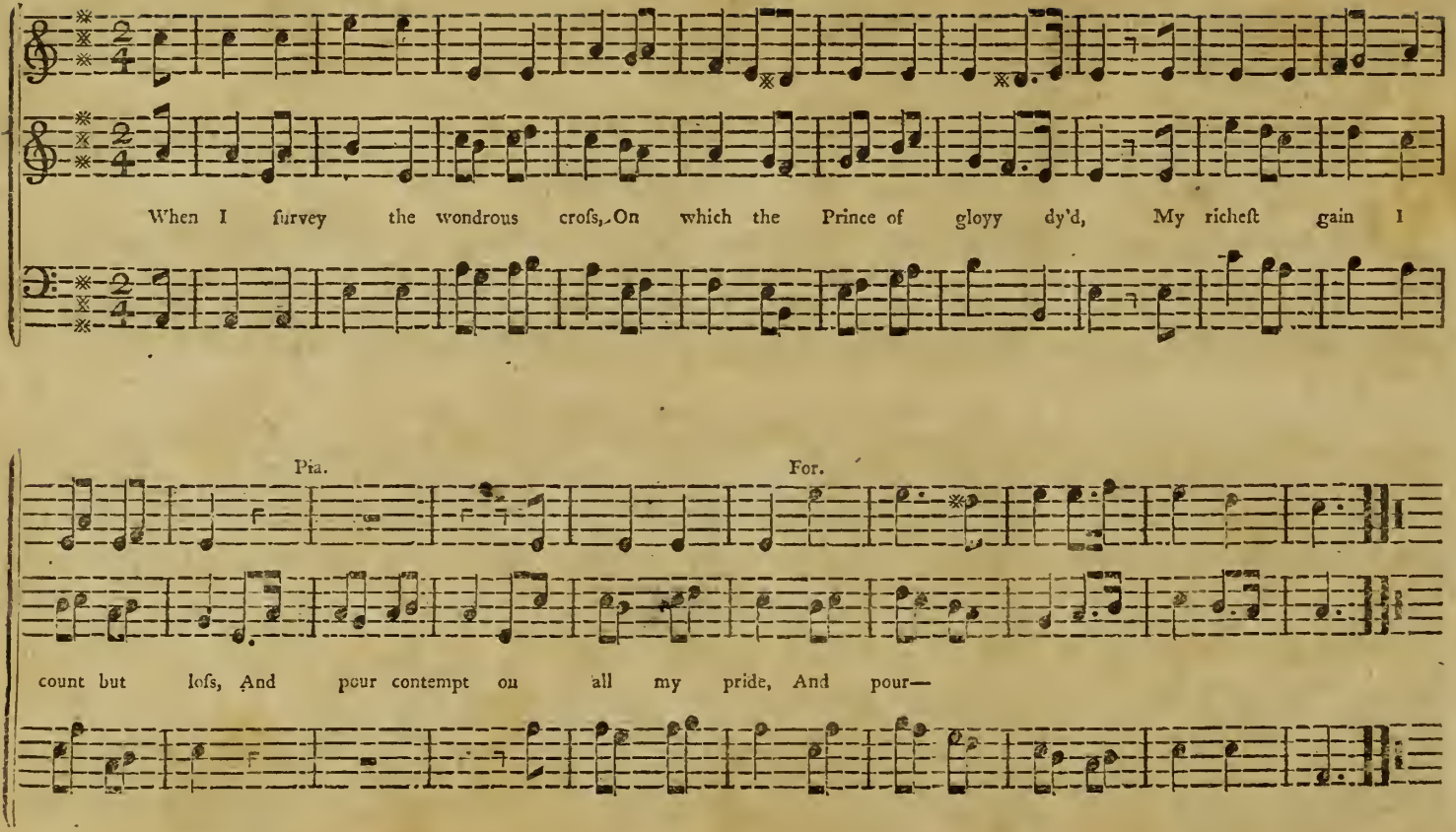


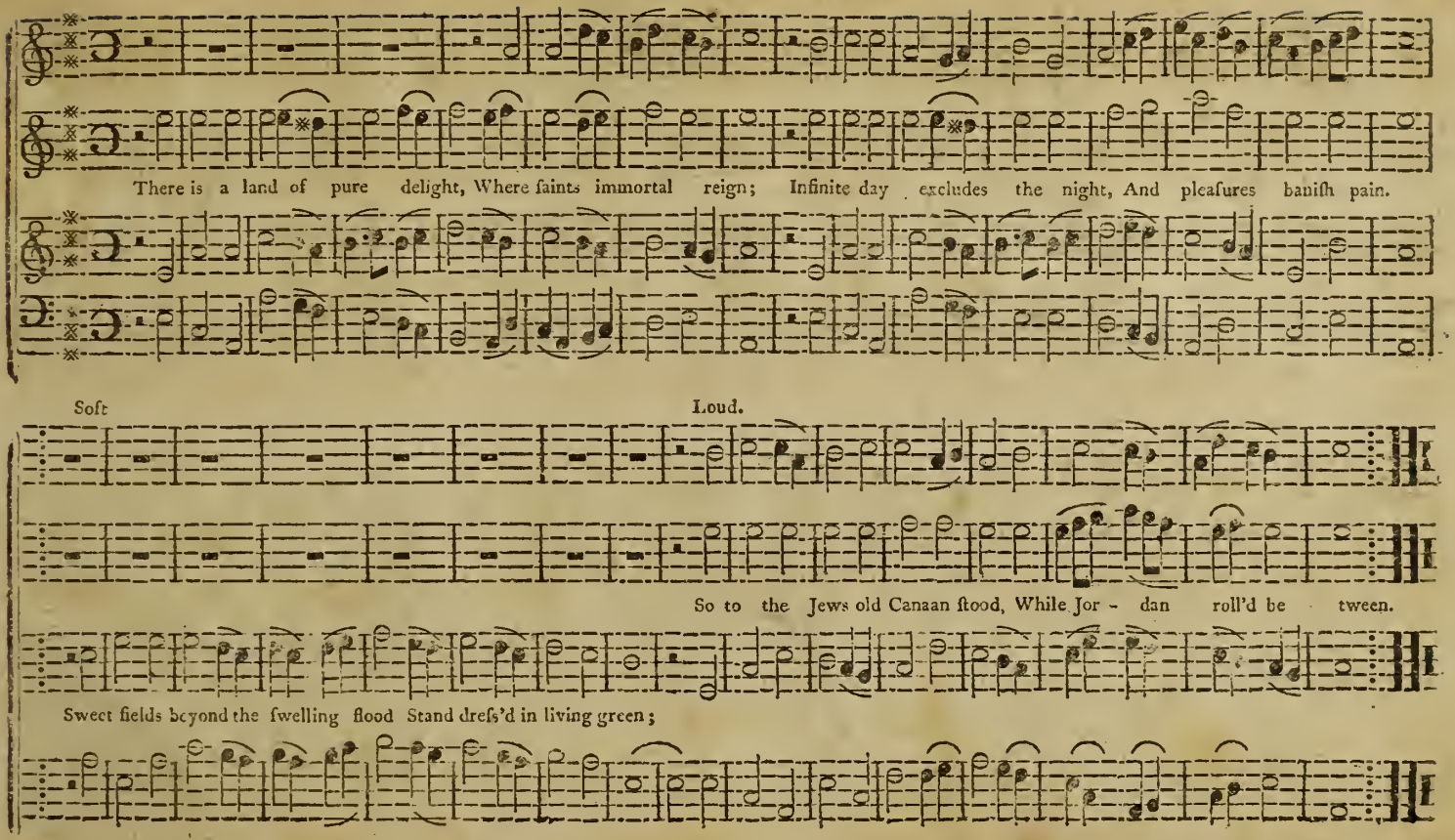
WINDSOR. C. M.



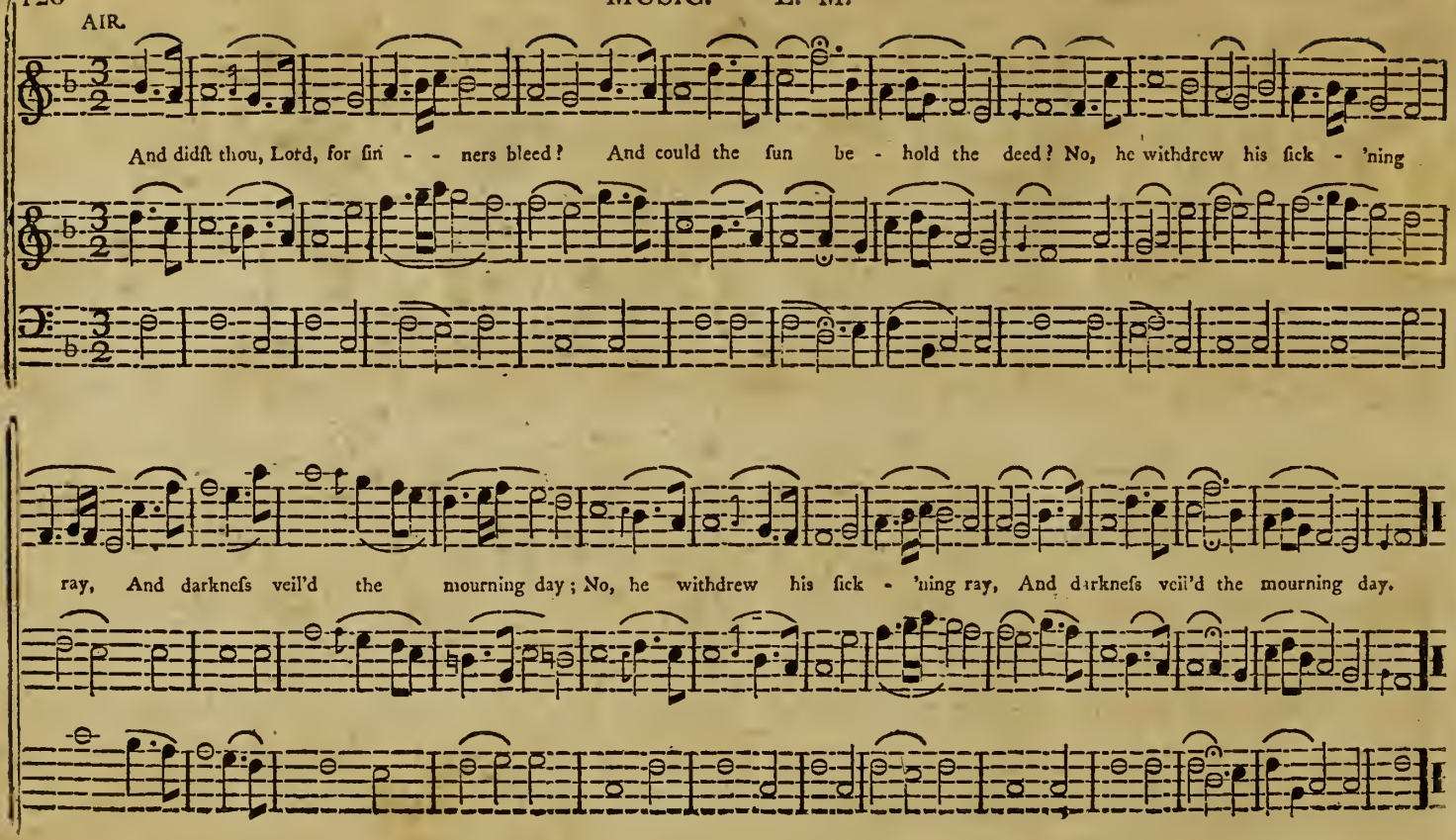

The Lord, the ſovereign ſend his ſummons forth, Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the north; From eaſt to weſt the ſounding orders ſpread,
Through diſtant worlds and regions of the derd. No more ſhall athieſts mock his long delay, His vengeance ſleeps no more; behold the day.

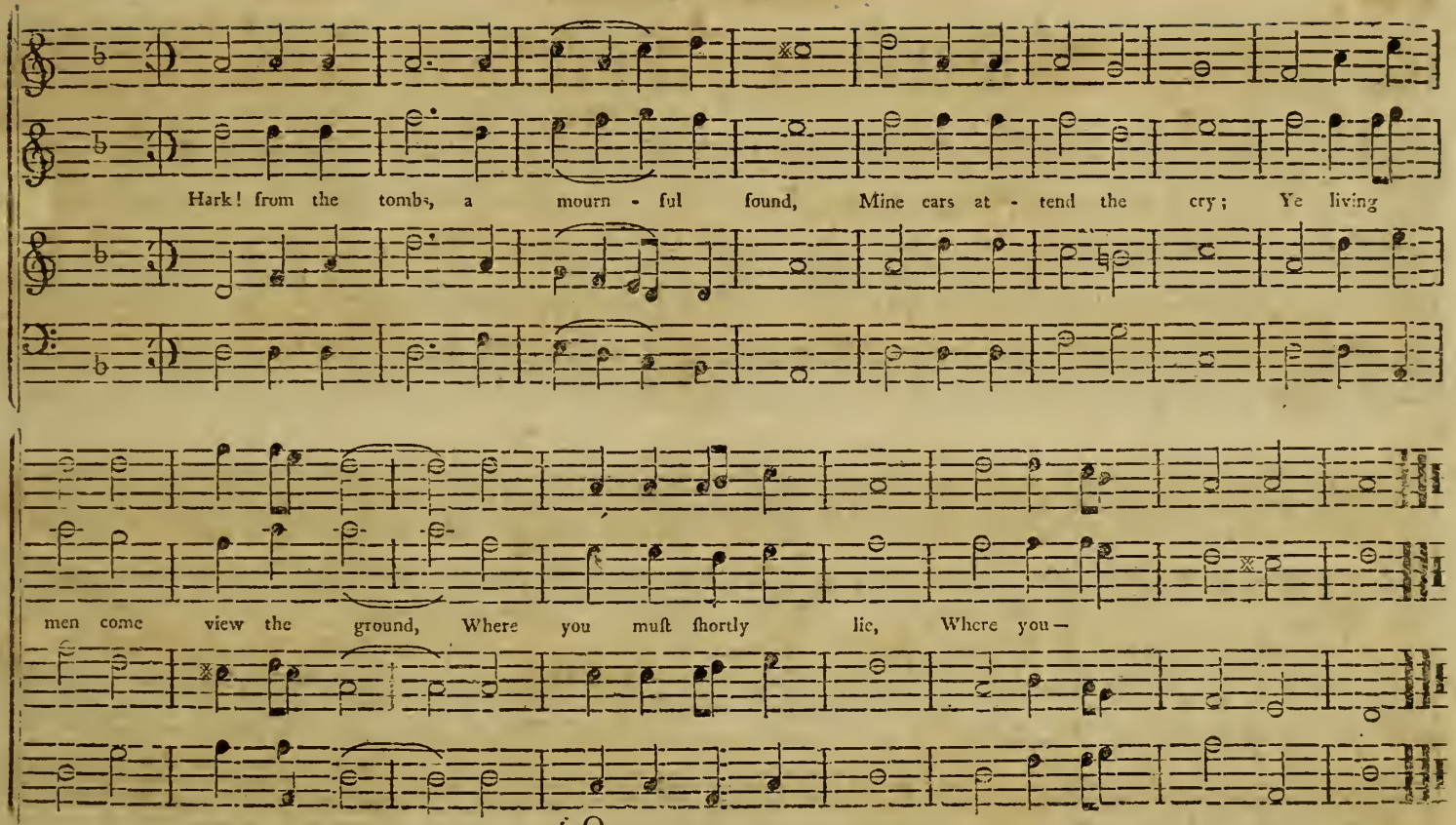
OPORTO. L. M.


When I ſurvey the wondrous croſs, On which the Prince of gloyy dy'd, My richeſt gain I
Pia.
For.
count but loſs, And pour contempt on all my pride, And pour—

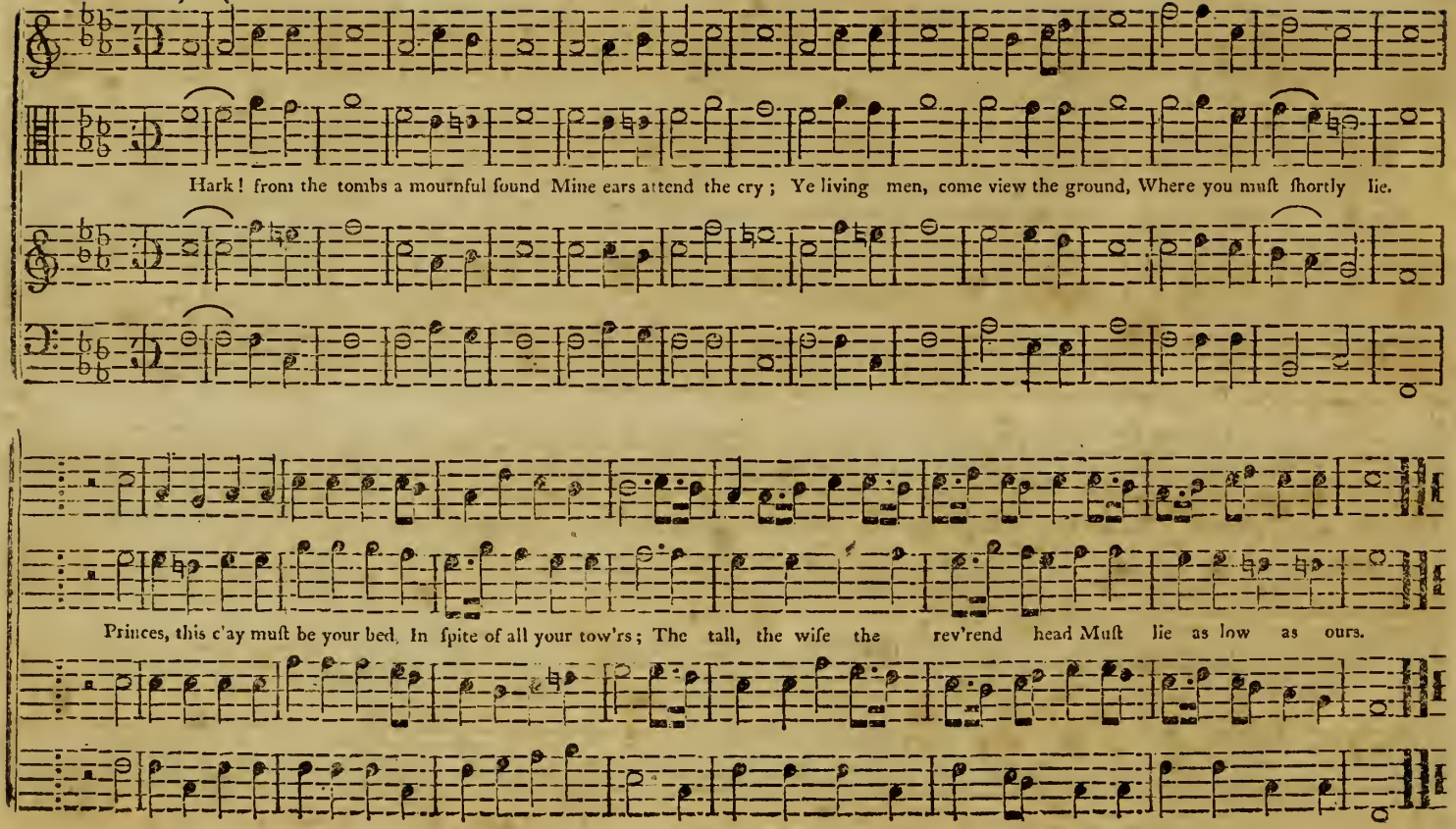

There is a land of pure delight, Where ſaints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleaſures baniſh pain.
Soft
Loud.
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood, While Jor - dan roll'd be tween.
Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood Stand dreſs'd in living green;

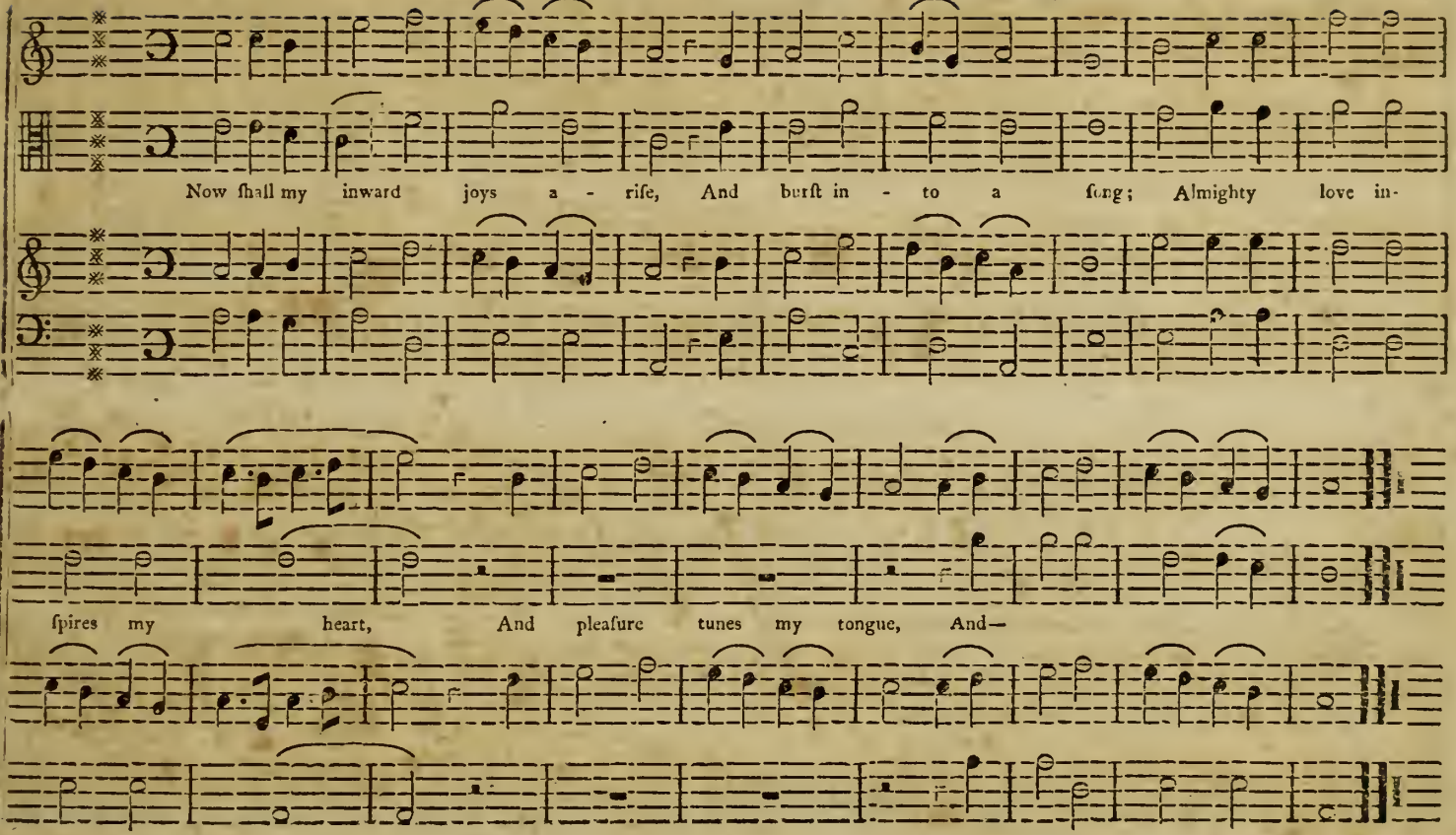
AIR.


And didſt thou, Lord, for ſin - - ners bleed? And could the ſun be - hold the deed? No, he withdrew his ſick - 'ning
ray, And darkneſs veil'd the mourning day; No, he withdrew his ſick - 'ning ray, And darkneſs veil'd the mourning day.

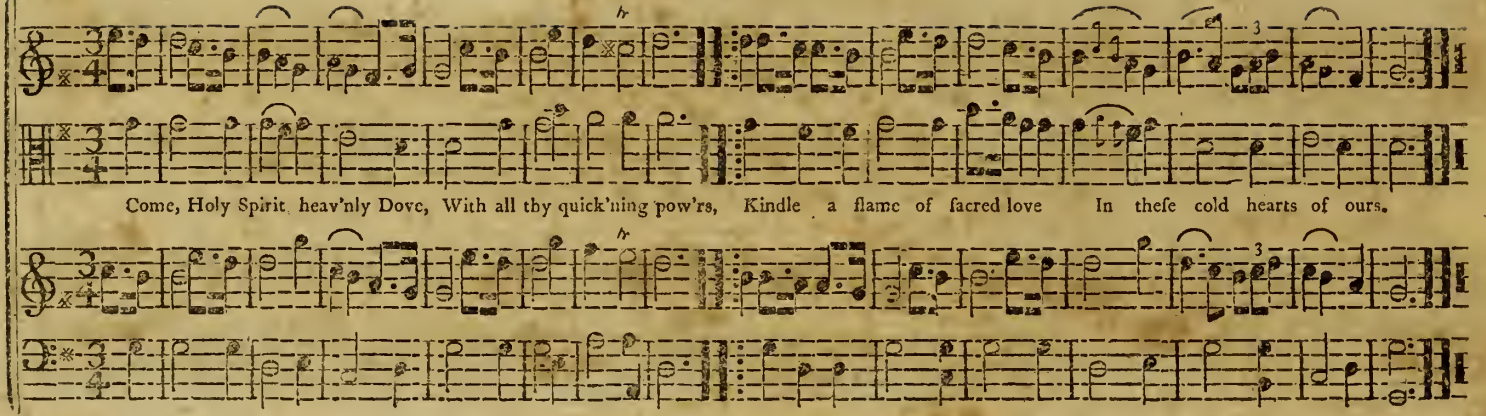

Hark! from the tombs, a mourn - ful found, Mine ears at - tend the cry; Ye living
men come view the ground, Where you muſt ſhortly lie, Where you—

GOLGOTHA. C. M.

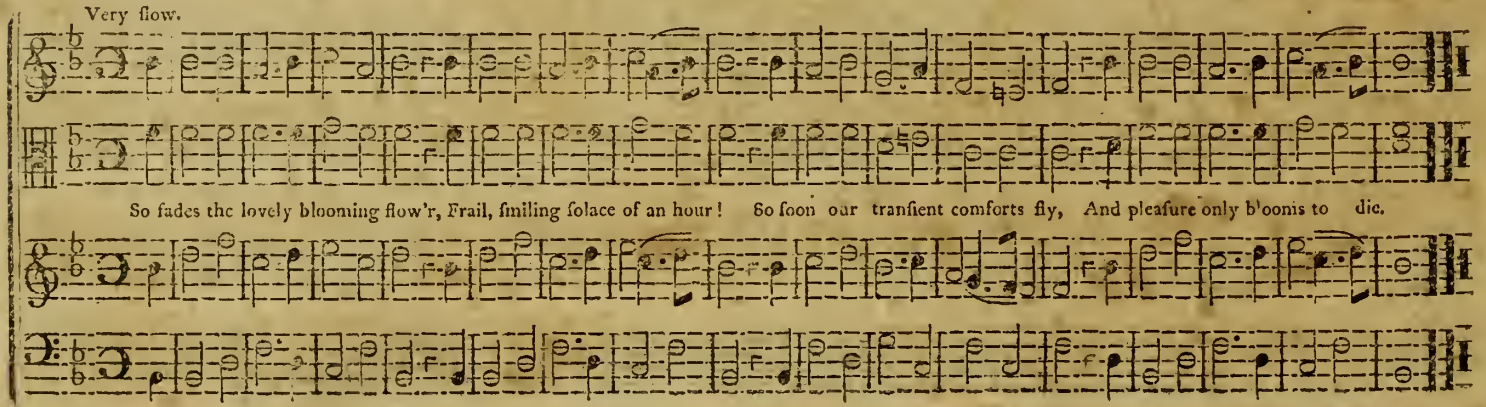

Hark! from the tombs a mournful ſound Mine ears attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground, Where you muſt ſhortly lie.
Princes, this clay muſt be your bed, In ſpite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wiſe the rev'rend head Muſt lie as low as ours.

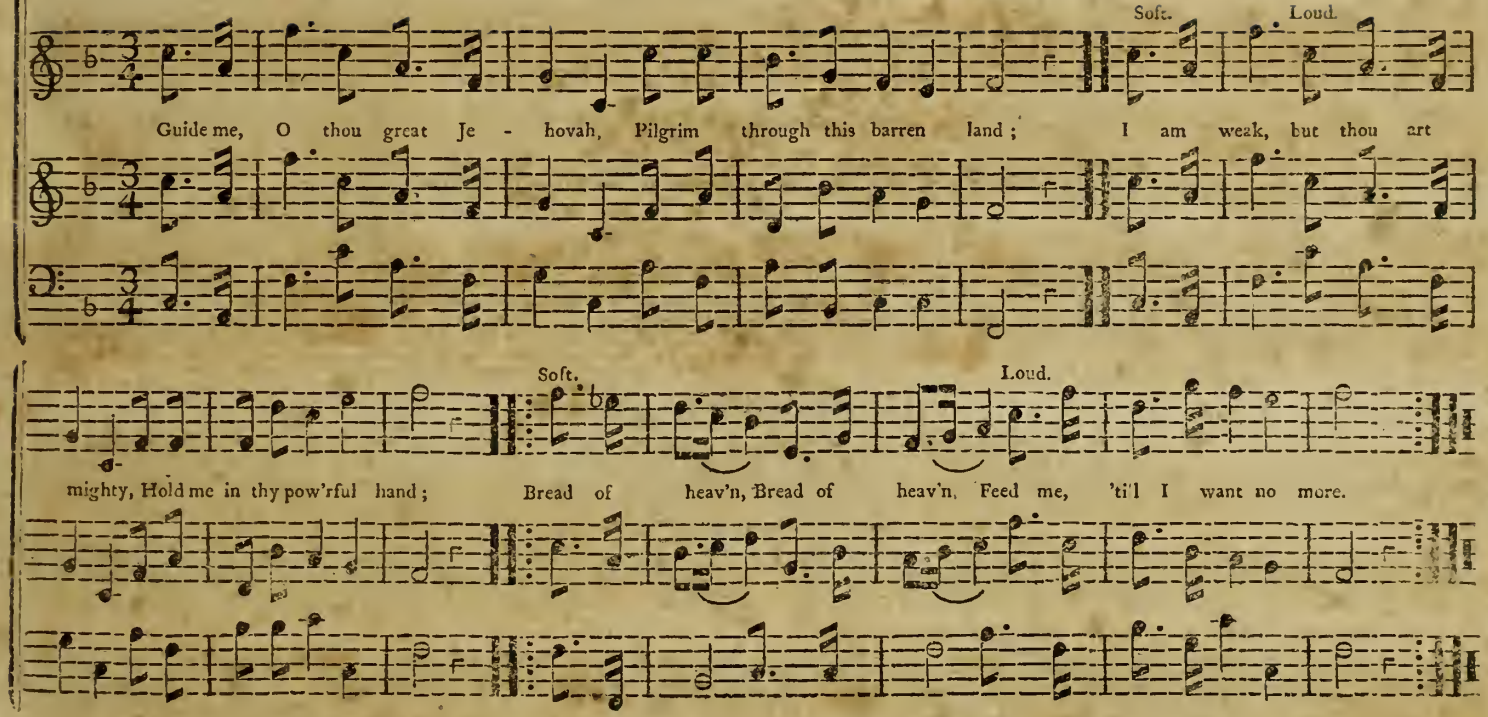

Now ſhall my inward joys a - riſe, And burſt in - to a ſong; Almighty love in-
ſpires my heart, And pleaſure tunes my tongue, And—

St. ALBAN's. C. M.



CONDOLENCE. C. M.





2 Open, Lord, the cryſtal fountain
Whence the healing ſtreams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou ſtill my ſtrength and ſhield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears ſubſide;
Death of death, and hell's deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's ſide:
Songs of praiſes
I will ever give to thee.

BELFORD. C. M.

Pia.

Life, like a vain amuſement, flies A fable or a ſong ; By ſwift degrees our nature dies Nor can our joys be long, Nor—

CONVERSION. C. M.

1 2

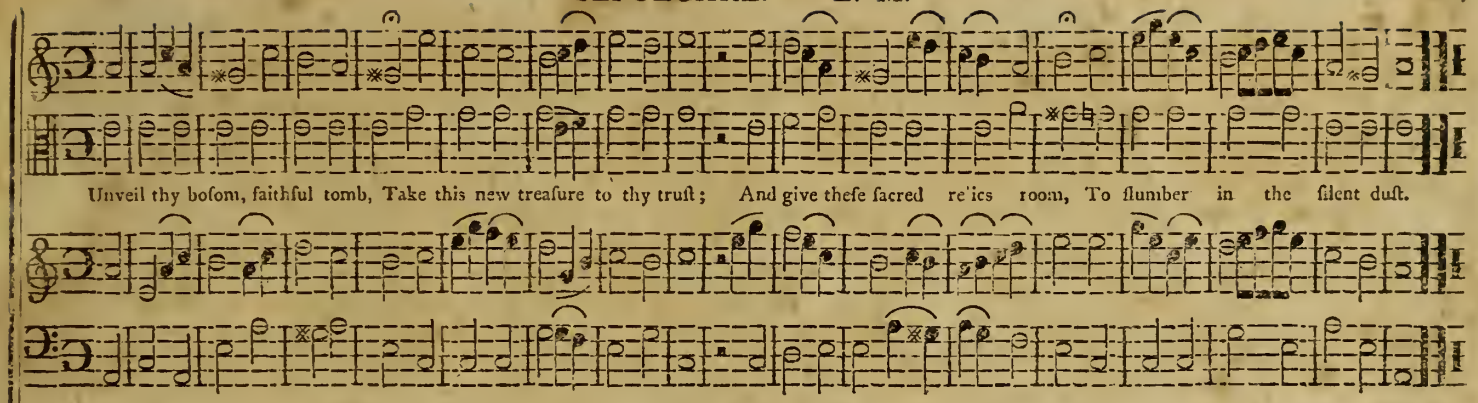
My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream, My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream, The grace appear'd ſo great, The—

When God reveal d his gracious name, 'nd chang'd my mournful ſtate, My—

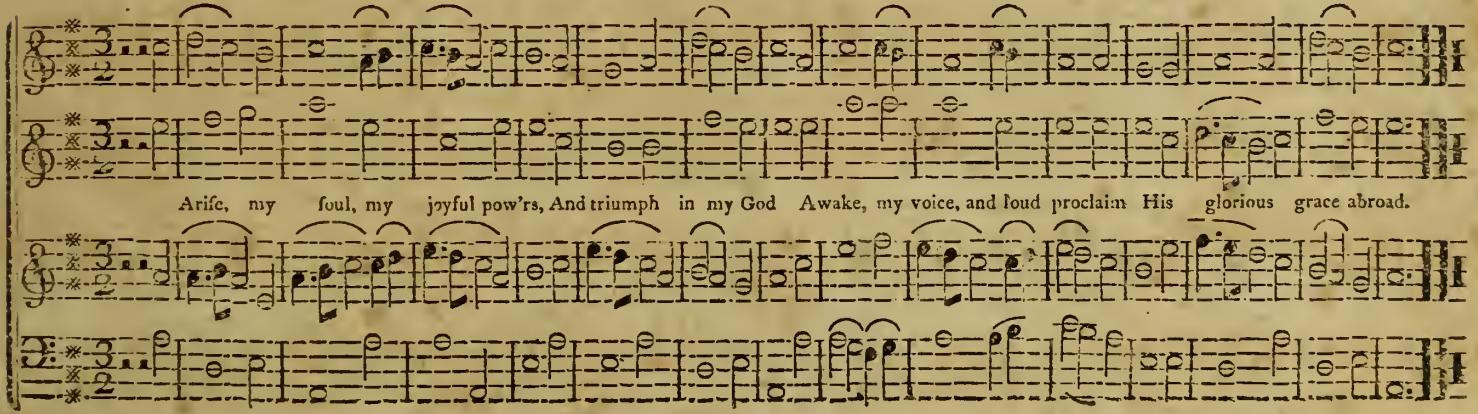
My— My—

My rapture—

SEPULCHRE. L. M.



St. MARTIN's. C. M.



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