



COOMBS'S
Divine Amusement
for the use of

CHURCHES, CHAPELS, SCHOOLS,
and Private Families

Consisting of Hymns, Psalms, Anthems & other
Sacred Pieces,

Selected from the Works of

MARCELLO, HANDEL, HAYDN,

LUTHER, MASON, BOYCE &c.

forming a most complete Collection of
Devotional Music

Composed & arranged with peculiar care for the

VOICE, ORGAN OR PIANO FORTE,

by
J. M. Coombs,

Organist of Chippenham & formerly of the
Cathedral Salisbury.

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Contents

Title	Attribution	Page
Morning Hymn	Barthelemon	1
Evening Hymn	Tallis	2
Psalm 4 NV verses 1, 6, 7, 8	J. M. Coombs	3
Psalm 8 OV verses 1, 2, 4, 5	Dr Wainwright	4
Psalm 13 NV	Dr Callcott	5
Psalm 16 NV verses 5, 8, 9, 10, 11	Bond	6
Psalm 18 NV	Pleyel	8
Psalm 23 NV	J. M. Coombs	10
Psalm 32 NV verses 1, 7, 10, 11	C. Wesley	11
Psalm 34 NV	Grigg	12
Psalm 36 NV verses 5, 6, 7, 8	Pleyel	13
Psalm 37 NV verse 23	Paxton	14
Psalm 40 NV	Mozart	16
Psalm 41 NV	Dr Harrington	17
Psalm 42 NV	Broderip	18
Psalm 43 NV	Pasiello	20
Psalm 47 NV	Broderip	21
Psalm 57 NV verse 7	Coombs, of Bristol	22
Psalm 63 NV	J. M. Coombs	23
Psalm 66 NV	Dr Randal	24
Psalm 67 NV	Milgrove	25
Psalm 74 NV	Handel	26
Psalm 81 NV verse 13	Battishill	27
Psalm 84 NV		28
Psalm 89 OV verses 1, 2, 5, 6	Rev. Phocion Henley	29
Psalm 88 NV	Dr Boyce	30
Psalm 93 NV		32
Psalm 103 OV	Dr Wainwright	33
Psalm 95 NV	An Ancient Melody	34
Psalm 107 NV	Haydn	36
Psalm 106 NV	Sicilian Mariners Hymn	38
Psalm 108 NV verses 1, 2, 5, 6	Coombs, of Bristol	39
Psalm 111 NV	Portugueze Hymn	40
Psalm 117 NV with Gloria Patri		41
Psalm 112 OV	Carey	42
Psalm 121 NV		44
Psalm 130 NV	Dr Howard	45
Psalm 137 NV	I. M. Coombs/I. C. Pachs	46
Psalm 138 NV	J. M. Coombs	47
Psalm 139 NV	German Hymn/Pleyel	48
Psalm 100 OV	Martin Luther	49
Psalm 104 OV	Handel	50
Martin Luther's Hymn		51
Hymn for Easter Day		52
Hymn	Madan	53
Hymn, The Dying Christian to his Soul	Harwood	56
Anthem, Collect for the 7th Sunday after Trinity	Mason	60
Anthem for 2 Voices – Psalm 17	Marcello	62

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I N D E X.

A.			O God our Lord - -	D^r Wainwright	4
Awake my Soul - -	Morning Hymn	1	O Lord thy mercy - -	Pleyel	18
As pants the - - -	Broderip	18	O all ye people - -	Broderip	21
All people that - -	Martin Luther	49	O God my heart - -	Coombs of Bris.¹	22
B.			O God my gracious -	I. M. Coombs	23
Before Jehovah's - -	Mason	53	O that my people -	Battishill	27
F.			O God of hosts - -	84th Psalm	28
From lowest depths	D ^r Howard	45	O come loud - - -	Ancient Melody	34
G.			O render thanks - -	Sci. Mariners H.	38
Glory to thee my God	Evening Hymn	2	O God my heart - -	Coombs of Bris.¹	39
Great God what do -	Luther's Hymn	51	P.		
Give ear unto me - -	Marcello	62	Praise ye the Lord -	Portugu^e Hymn	40
H.			T.		
How long wilt thou -	D ^r Callcott	5	The Lord himself -	I. M. Coombs	10
He's blest whose - -	C. Wesley	11	Through all the - -	Grigg	12
Happy the man - - -	D ^r Harrington	17	The good man's way -	Paxton	14
I.			To bless thy chosen	Milgrove	25
I waited meekly	Mozart	16	To sing the mercies	Rev.^d P. Henley	29
Just judge of	Pasiello	20	To thee my God - -	D^r Boyce	30
Jesus Christ is risen -	Easter Hymn	52	To God your grateful	Haydn	36
L.			The man is blest - -	Carey	42
Let all the Lands - -	D ^r Randal	24	To Sion's Hill - -	121. Psalm	44
Lord of all power - -	Mason	60	Thou Lord by - - -	Pleyel	48
M.			V.		
My lot is fallen - - -	Bond	6	Vital Spark of - - -	Harwood	56
My soul give praise -	D ^r Wainwright	33	W.		
My soul praise - - -	Handel	50	Why hast thou - -	Handel	26
N.			With glory clad - -	93^d Psalm	32
No change of times -	Pleyel	8	With cheerful notes -	117th Psalm	41
O.			When we our - - -	I. M. Coombs	46
O Lord thou art - -	I. M. Coombs	3	With my whole - - -	I. M. Coombs	47

MORNING HYMN.

1

Barthelemon

A wake my soul and with the sun Thy
 dai_ly stage of du_ty run Shake off dull sloth, and
 ear_ly rise To pay thy morning sa_crifice.

2

Lord, I my vows to thee renew
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

3

Glory to thee who safe has kept,
 And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
 I may of endless life partake.

4

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design or do or say:
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

GLORIA PATRI.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him, above, Angelic Host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENING HYMN.

Tallis

Glo-ry to thee my God this night For all the blessings
of the light Keep me O keep me King of
Kings Un-der thy own Al- - mighty wings.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

Forgive me Lord for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eye lids close;
Sleep that may me more active make
To serve my God, when I awake.

GLORIA PATRI.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above Angelic Host.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM 4. N.V. Verses 1,6,7,8.

3

J.M. Coombs.

O Lord thou art my right - teous judge To
 my com - plaint give ear Thou still re - deem'st me
 from dis - tress Have mer - cy Lord and hear.

6

While worldly minds impatient grow,
 More prosp'rous times to see;
 Still let the glories of thy face
 Shine brightly, Lord on me.

7

So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
 More lasting and more true,
 Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
 Successively renew.

8

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
 And take my needful rest;
 No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
 Of thy defence possess.

PSALM 8. O. V. V. 1. 2. 4. 5. D^r Wainwright.

O God our Lord how won-der-ful Are thy works
 ev'ry where Thy fame sur-mounds in dig - - ni -
 - ty. The high - est Heav'n's that are.

2

Ev'n by the mouth of sucking babes
 Thou wilt confound thy foes;
 For in those babes thy might is seen,
 Thy graces they disclose

3

Lord what is man that thou of him
 Tak'st such abundant care!
 Or what the son of man, whom thou,
 To visit doth not spare;

4

For thou hast made him little less
 Than angels in degree;
 And thou hast also crowned him
 With glorious dignity.

PSALM 13. N.V.

5
D^r Callcott.

How long wilt thou for-get me Lord Must I must
I for e-ver mourn? How long wilt thou with-draw from
me O ne-ver ne-ver to re-turn.

2

How long shall anxious thoughts my soul
And grief my heart oppress?
How long my enemies insult
And I have no redress?

3

O hear! and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light!
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In e- - - ver-lasting night.

4

Restore me lest they proudly boast
'Twas their own strength o'er came;
Permit them not that vex my soul
To triumph in my shame.

PSALM 16. N.V. Verses 3.8.9.10.11.

Bond

My lot is fall'n in that blest land Where God is

tru - ly known: He fills my cup he fills my cup with lib' - ral

hand 'Tis he supports my throne 'Tis he 'tis he supports my throne.

8

I strive each action to approve
 To his all seeing eye,
 No danger shall my hopes remove
 Because he still is nigh.

9

Therefore my heart all grief defies
 My glory does rejoice;
 My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise
 Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

10

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
 My soul from hell shalt free;
 Nor let thy Holy One in death
 The least corruption see.

Verse. 11.

Thou shalt the paths of life display That

Fingerings: 6 4, 6 6, 6, 6

to thy presence lead Where pleasures dwell without al-

Fingerings: 6 6 6 6 4 5 4

- lay And joys that never fade And joys - - - that

Fingerings: 6 6 6 6

Cho^s

ne - ver fade Where pleasures dwell with out al-

Fingerings: 6 5

lay And joys and joys that ne - ver fade.

Fingerings: 6 4 2, 6, 6 4, 5 3

PSALM 18. N. V.

Pleyel.

No change of times shall e-ver shock My

firm af-fec-tion Lord to thee For thou hast

al-ways been my rock a for-tress and de-

-fence to me For thou hast always been my rock a

for tress and de-fence to me.

2

Thou my deliv'rer art, O God;
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r:
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

3

To thee I will address my pray'r
 (To whom all praise we justly owe;)
 So shall I, by thy watchful care,
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

4

By floods of wicked men distress'd,
 With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
 With dire infernal pangs oppress'd
 In death's unweildy fetters bound,

5

To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
 To God address'd my humble moan;
 Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
 And heard me from his lofty throne.

PSALM 23. N.V.

J. M. Coombs.

The Lord himself the mighty Lord Vouchsafesto be my
 guide The shep-herd by whose con-stant care My
 wants are all sup- - ply'd My wants are all supply'd.

2

In tender grass he makes me feed,
 And gently there repose;
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where
 Refreshing water flows.

3

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim
 And, to his endless praise
 Instructs with humble zeal to walk
 In his most righteous ways.

4

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
 From fear and danger free;
 For there his aiding rod and staff
 Defend and comfort me.

PSALM 32. N.V. Verses 1.7.10.11.

11

C. Wesley.

He's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd No more in judgement
to appear Whose guilt remission has obtain'd And whose repentance
is sincere And whose re-pentance is sincere.

Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
My tow'r of refuge I must own,
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress
And me with songs of triumph crown.

3

Sorrows on sorrows multiply'd
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4

His saints, that have perform'd his laws
Their life in triumph shall employ:
Let them (as they alone have cause
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

PSALM 34. N. V.

Grigg.

Through all the changing scenes of life In trou-ble
and in-joy The praises of my God shall still My heart and
tongue My heart and tongue My heart and tongue employ.

2

Of his deliv'rance I will boast
Till ail that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take
And charm their griefs to rest.

3

O magnify the Lord with me
With me exalt his name:
When in distress to him I call'd
He to my rescue came.

4

Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd,
Who look'd to him for aid;
Desir'd success in ev'ry face
A cheerful air display'd.

PSALM. 36. N. V. Verses 5, 6, 7, 8.

O Lord thy mer_cy my sure hope, The high_ est
orb of heav'n tran_scends Thy sa_cred truth's un_measur'd
scope; Be_yond the spreading sky ex_tends.

2

Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.

3

Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltring wings the refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust:

4

Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

PSALM 37. N.V. Verse 23.

Paxton

The good man's way is God's de-light He

or-ders all the steps a-right He or-ders

all the steps a - - right Of him that moves by

his com-mand Though he some-times may be dis-

- tress'd Yet shall he ne'er be - quite op - press'd For

God up - holds him with his hand

6
4
2

6

6 9

8
6

6
4

5
3

2

From my first youth till age prevail'd
 I never saw the righteous fail'd
 Or want o'ertake his num'rous race;
 Because compassion fill'd his heart,
 And he did cheerfully impart
 God made his offsprings wealth increase.

3

With caution shun each wicked deed
 In virtue's ways with zeal proceed
 And so prolong your happy days:
 For God, who judgment loves, does still
 Preserve his saints secure from ill;
 While soon the wicked race decays.

PSALM 40. N. V.

Mozart

I waited meek-ly for the Lord Till he vouchsaf'd a
kind re- - ply Who did his gracious ear af- - ford And heard from
heav'n my humble cry And heard from heav'n my humble cry.

²
He took me from the dismal pit,
When founder'd deep in miry clay;
On solid ground he plac'd my feet,
And suffer'd not my steps to stray.

³
The wonders he for me has wrought,
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others, to his worship brought,
In hopes of like deliv'rance raise.

⁴
For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th'almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

⁵
Who can the wondrous works recount
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount
The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

PSALM 41. N.V.

17

D^r Harrington

Hap - - py the man whose ten - - der care Re - -

- lieves the poor dis - - tress'd When trou - - bles com - - pass

him a - - round The Lord shall give him rest.

2

The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd
 In safety shall prolong;
 And disappoint the will of those
 That seek to do him wrong.

3

If he in languishing estate
 Oppress'd with sickness lie,
 The Lord will easy make his bed,
 And inward strength supply.

4

Secure of this, to thee, my God,
 I thus my pray'r address'd,
 "Lord, for thy mercy heal my soul,
 "Though I have much transgress'd."

PSALM 42. N.V.

Broderip

Sym:

As pants the

hart for cool-ing streams when heated in the chace, So long my

soul, O God, for thee And thy re-freshing grace and thy re-

Sym:
freshing grace For

thee my God, the liv - ing God my thirsty soul doth pine: O when shall

I be - hold thy face Thou Majes - ty di - vine thou Majes - ty di -

Solo Chorus
- vine O when shall I be - hold thy face thou Majes - ty di -

Sym:
- vine.

2
Tears are my constant food, while thus
Insulting foes upbraid:
"Deluded wretch! where's now thy God?
"And where his promis'd aid?"
I sigh when'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
Where I with troops of pious friends
Thy temple did frequent.

3
When I advanc'd, with songs of praise,
My solemn vows to pay;
And led the joyful sacred throng,
That kept the festal day.
Why restless, why cast down my soul?
Trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change there sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

PSALM 43. N. V.

Pasiello

Just Judge of heav'n, a - gainst my foes Do thou as -

sert my in - - jurd right O! set me free, my God, from

those That in de - - ceit and wrong de - - light.

2

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 blest;
 Be these my guides to lead the way,
 Till on thy holy hill I rest,
 And in thy sacred temple pray.

Then will I there fresh altars raise,
 To God, who is my only joy;
 And well tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
 Shall all my grateful hours employ!

Why then cast down, my soul, and why
 So much oppress'd with anxious care?
 On God, thy God, for aid rely;
 Who will thy ruin'd state, repair.

PSALM 47. N.V.

Broderip.

O all ye people clap your hands And with triumphant
 voices sing and with triumphant voices sing No for the mighty
 pow'r withstands of God the u - - - ni - versal king.
 of God the u - ni - versal king.

2

He shall opposing nations quell.
 And with success our battles fight,
 Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
 The pride of Jacob, his delight.

3

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
 With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound;
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the cheerful song go round.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heav'n and earth adore,
 Be glory as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

PSALM 57. N.V. Ver: 7

Coombs, of Bristol

O God, my heart is fix'd 'tis bent Its grate-ful

tri- bute to pre- sent And with my heart my voice I'll raise

To thee my God in songs of praise To thee my God in songs of praise.

2

Awake my glory, harp, and lute
 No longer let your strings be mute:
 And I, my tuneful part to take
 Will with the early dawn awake.

3

Thy praises Lord, I will resound,
 To all the list'ning nations round:
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd,
 Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM 63. N.V.

J. M. Coombs.

O God my gra-cious God to thee My morn-ing,

6 7 8 7 6 7 6 9 8 6 7 6 7
4 2 3 5 4 4 3 6

pray's shall of-fer'd be For thee my thirs-ty souldoes pant

9 8 6 9 8 6 5 5 4 6 6 7 6 7 5 6 7
4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4

My faint-ing flesh im-ploresthygrace Within this dry and

b7 7 6 5 6 7 6 6
3 4 3 6

bar-ren place Where I re-fresh-ing waters want.

7 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 5
4 3 4 5 4 5 4 5 3

2 ;:

O! to my longing eyes once more When I lie down sweet sleep to find,
 That view of glorious pow'r restore. Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
 Which thy majestic house displays: And when I wake in dead of night
 Because to me thy wond'rous love Because thou still dost succour bring.
 Than life itself doth dearer prove, Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 My lips shall always speak thy praise. I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM 66. N.V.

D.^r Randal

Let all the lands with shouts of joy To God their

voices raise Sing psalms in honor of his name

And spread his glorious

And spread his glorious praise and spread his glorious praise.

praise - - - - -

2

And let them say, how dreadful Lord,
 In all thy works art thou!
 To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
 Shall all be forc'd to bow.

3

Through all the earth the nations round
 Shall thee their God confess;
 And with glad hymns, their awful dread
 Of thy great name express.

4

O! come, behold the works of God,
 And then with me you'll own,
 That he to all the sons of men,
 Has wond'rous judgments shown.

PSALM 67. N.V.

Milgrove

To bless thy cho - - sen race In mer - - cy

Lord in - - cline And cause the bright - ness of thy

face On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wond'rous way
 May thro' the world be known;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.

3

Let diff'ring 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.

PSALM 74. N. V.

Handel.

Sy. slow. Why hast thou cast us off O God Wilt
 Organ
 thou no more re-turn O why against thy cho-sen
 Organ O why
 flock Does thy fierce an-ger burn O why a-against thy
 Organ
 cho-sen flock Doesthy fierce an-ger-burn.

2

Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord,
 The Land that is thy own,
 By thee redeem'd, and Sion's mount,
 Where once thy glory shone.

PSALM 81. N. V. Ver: 13.

Battishill.

O that my peo-ple wise-ly would My just com-
 mandments heed! And Israel in my righteous ways With
 pi-ous care pro-ceed with pious care proceed.

2

Then should my heavy judgments fall
 On all that them oppose,
 And my avenging hand be turn'd
 Against their num'rous foes.

3

Their enemies and mine should all
 Before my foot stool bend:
 But as for them their happy state
 Should never know an end.

4

All parts with plenty should abound
 With finest wheat their field,
 The barren rocks, to please their taste,
 Should richest honey yield.

PSALM 84. N.V.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord How
love-ly is the place Where thou in-thron'd in
glo-ry show'st The bright-ness of thy face.

2

My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode:
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee the living God.

3

The birds more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

4

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

PSALM 89. O.V. Ver: 1.2.5.6. Rev: Phocion Henley

To sing the mer-cies of the Lord My
tongue shall ne-ver spare My mouth from age to
age ac-cord Thy truth for to de-clare.

2
For I have said that mercy shall
For evermore endure;
Thy faithfulness in the heav'ns all
Is stablish'd firm and sure.

3
The heav'ns do shew with joy and mirth,
Thy wond'rous works O Lord,
Thy saints within thy church on earth
Thy faith and truth record:

4
Who with the Lord is equal then
In all the clouds abroad;
Among the sons of gods or men
What one is like our God?

PSALM 88. N.V.

D^r. Boyce.

♩. Slow

To thee my God and Sa - viour I By

day and night ad - - - dress my cry Vouch -

- - safe my mourn - ful voice to hear To

my distress to my distress in - cline thine ear Vouch -

- safe my mournful voice my mournful voice to hear

Vouchsafe my mourn - ful voice to hear

To my dis- - - tress in- cline thine ear.

2

For seas of trouble me invade
 My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade
 Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
 They number me among the dead.

3

Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
 From thee no more remembrance have,
 Cast off from thy sustaining care,
 Down to the confines of despair.

4

Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
 Afflicting me with restless pain:
 Me all thy mountain waves have prest,
 To weak, alas! to bear the least.

PSALM 93. N.V.

With glo - ry clad with strength array'd The

Lord that o'er all nature reigns The world's founda - tions

strong - ly laid And the vast fa - - bric still sustains.

2

How surely stablish'd is thy throne!
 Which shall no change or period see;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.

3

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high;
 But God above can still their voice,
 And make the angry sea comply.

4

Thy promise Lord, is ever sure;
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure
 Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM 103. O.V.

D^r Wainwright.

My soul give praise un - - to the Lord. My
 spi - - rit do the same And all the se - - crets
 of my heart Praise ye his ho - - ly Name.

2

Praise thou the Lord, my soul, who hath
 To thee been very kind,
 And suffer not his benefits,
 To slip out of thy mind.

3

That gave thee pardon for thy faults
 And thee restor'd again
 From all thy weak and frail disease,
 And heald thee of thy pain.

4

That did redeem thy life from death
 From which thou could'st not flee,
 His mercy and compassion both
 He did extend to thee.

PSALM 95. N.V.

An Ancient Melody.

O come loud anthems let us sing Loud

thanks to our al-migh-ty King For we our voi-ces

high should raise When our sal-va-tion's rock we

praise In to his presence let us haste To thank him

for his favours past To him ad-dress in joy-ful

songs The praise that to his Name be - longs.

6 5 6 4 5 3

2

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
 Is with unrival'd glory, great:
 A King superior far to all,
 Whom Gods the heathen falsely call.
 The depths of earth are in his hand,
 Her secret wealth at his command,
 The strength of hills that reach the skies
 Subjected to his empire lies.

3

The rolling ocean's vast abyss
 By the same sov'reign right is his:
 'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
 That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
 O let us to his courts repair
 And bow with adoration there;
 Down on our knees devoutly all
 Before the Lord, our maker, fall.

PSALM 107. N.V.

Haydn

To God your grate-ful voi-ces raise Who
 does your dai-ly pa-tron prove And let your
 ne-ver ceas-ing praise At-tend on his e-ter-nal
 love Let those give thanks who he from bands Of proud op-
 pressing foes re-leas'd And brought them out from dis-tant

lands From North and South, and West and East.

7 6 6 6 4 5

2

Through lonely desert ways they went,
 Nor could a peopled city find;
 Till quite with thirst and hunger spent,
 Their fainting souls within them pind.
 Then soon to God's indulgent ear,
 Did they their mournful cry address;
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear
 And freed them from their deep distress.

3

From crooked paths he led them forth
 And in the certain way did guide,
 To wealthy towns of great resort,
 Where all their wants were well supply'd.
 O then, that all the earth with me
 Would God for this his goodness praise!
 And for the mighty works which he
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays.

PSALM 106. N.V.

Sicilian Mariners Hymn.

O ren-der thanks to God a-bove The fountain
of e-ter-nal love Whose mer-cy firm through ages
past Has stood and shall for e-ver last.

2

Who can his mighty deeds express
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3

Happy are they, and only they
Who from thy judgments never stray:
Who know what's right, not only so,
But always practise what they know.

4

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

PSALM 108, N.V. Ver: 1.2.5.6. Coombs, of Bristol.

O God my heart is ful - ly bent To mag - ni -

- - fy my Name My tongue with cheer - ful songs of

praise Shall ce - - le - brate thy fame.

2

Awake my lute; nor thou, my harp,
 Thy warbling notes delay,
 Whilst I with early hymns of joy
 Prevent the dawning day.

3

Be thou, O God, exalted high
 Above the starry frame;
 And let the earth, with one consent,
 Confess thy glorious name.

4

That all thy chosen people thee
 Their saviour may declare;
 Let thy right hand protect me still,
 And answer thou my pray'r.

PSALM 111. N.V.

Portugueze Hymn

Praise ye the Lord, our God to praise My soul her

utmost pow'r shall raise With private friends & in the throng, of saints his

praises shall be my song, of saints his praise shall be my song

2

His works for greatness tho' renown'd,
 His wondrous works with ease are found,
 By those who seek for them aright
 And in the pious search delight.

3

His works are all of matchless fame,
 And universal glory claim;
 His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
 Shall to eternal ages last

4

By precepts he has us enjoind,
 To keep his wondrous works in mind,
 And to posterity record,
 That good and gracious is the Lord.

PSALM 117. N. V.

41
With Gloria Patri.

With cheer-ful notes let all the earth To
heav'n their voi-ces raise Let all, in-spir'd with
god-ly mirth Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall never decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The God whom we adore
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM 112. O.V.

Carey

The man is blest that God doth fear And

that his law doth love in-deed His seed on

earth God will up rear And bless such as from

him pro-ceed His house with rich-es he will

fill His righteous-ness en-dure shall still.

2

Unto the righteous doth arise
 In trouble joy, in darkness light;
 Compassion great is in his eyes,
 And mercy always in his sight,
 Yea, pity moveth him to lend
 He doth with judgement things expend.

3

And surely he shall never fail,
 For in remembrance had is he;
 Nor tidings ill his mind assail.
 Who in the Lord sure hope doth see,
 His heart is firm, his fear is past,
 For he shall see his foes down cast.

4

He did well for the poor provide,
 His righteousness doth still remain;
 And his estate with praise abide,
 Which wicked men behold with pain;
 Yea, gnash their teeth thereat they,
 And so consume and melt away.

Addison's beautiful Hymn (or Paraphrase of the 23^d Psalm)
 "The Lord my Pasture shall prepare." may be sung to this
 Tune.

PSALM 121. N.V.

To Sion's hill I lift my eyes, From thence ex-pecting aid,

From Sion's hill, and Sion's God Who heav'n and earth has made.

2

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
 Thy guardian will not sleep;
 His watchful care that Israel guards,
 Will Israel's monarch keep.

3

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings
 Thou shalt securely rest,
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
 By day or night molest.

4

From common accidents of life
 His care shall guard thee still;
 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
 That lie in wait to kill.

5

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
 Thy God shall the defend,
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
 Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM 130. N.V.

45

D^r Howard

From low-est depths of woe To God I
sent my cry Lord hear my sup-ple-ca-ting
voice And gra-cious-ly re-ply

Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

3

My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.

4

My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

PSALM 137. N.V.

I. M. Coombs.

Part of the Melody taken from
an Air of I. C. Pach's.

When we our wea-ry limbs to rest Sat down by

proud Eu-phrates stream We wept, with dole-ful thoughts op-

prest And Si- - on was our mourn-ful theme

2

Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

3

Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd.
"Come, sing us one of Sion's songs?"

4

How shall we tune our voice to sing?
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

PSALM 138. N.V.

J. M. Coombs.

With my whole heart my God and King Thy praise I

will proclaim Be-fore the gods with joy Ill sing and

bless and bless and bless thy ho - - ly Name.

2

I'll worship at thy sacred seat;
 And, with thy love inspir'd,
 The praises of thy truth repeat,
 O'er all thy works admir'd.

3

Thou graciously inclin'st thine ear
 When I to thee did cry;
 And when my soul was prest with fear
 Didst inward strength supply.

4

Therefore shall every earthly prince
 Thy Name with praise pursue
 Whom these admir'd events convince
 That all thy works are true.

PSALM 139. N.V.

German Hymn
Pleyel.

Thou, Lord, by strictest search has known My rising up and

ly. ing down; My secret thoughts are known to thee, Known long be-

- fore conceiv'd by one Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

3

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand.
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heav'n and Earth adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

PSALM 100. O.V.

Martin Luther.

All people that on earth do dwell Sing to the
 Lord with chearful voice; Him serve with fear, his praise forth
 tell Come ye be-fore him and re-joice.

2

The Lord ye know is God in deed,
 With our aid he did us make;
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,
 And for his sheep he doth us take.

3

O enter then his gates with praise,
 Approach with joy his courts unto;
 Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

4

For why? The Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood
 And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM 104. O.V.

Handel.

My soul praiseth the Lord Speak good of his Name A Lord our great

God how dost thou appear So passing in glory so

great is thy fame Honour and majesty In thee shine most clear.

2

With light as a robe
Thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see;
The heav'ns in such sort
Thou also hast spread
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.

3

His chamber-beams lie
In the clouds full sure
Which as his chariots
Are made him to bear:
And there with much swiftness
His course doth endure,
Upon the wings riding
Of winds in the air.

4

He maketh his spirits
As heralds to go,
And lightnings to serve
We see also prest,
His will to accomplish
They run to and fro
To save or consume things
As seemeth him best.

Martin Luther's Hymn.

Great God what do I see and hear, The end of
 things cre- a - - - ted, The judge of mankind does ap-
 - pear, On clouds, of glo - ry seat- - - ed The trumpet
 sounds, the graves re - store The dead which they con - taind be -
 - fore Pre - pare my soul to meet him.

HYMN For Easter Day.

2
3

<p>Hymns of praise then let us sing Unto Christ our heav'nly king Who endur'd the Cross and Grave, Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah.</p>	<p>For the pains which he endur'd, Our salvation have procur'd, Nor above the skies he's king Where the angels ever sing Hallelujah.</p>
--	--

H Y M N.

Madan.

Andante

Before Je-hovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy

Know that the Lord is God a - - lone He can cre - ate and he destroy,

Andantino

He can cre - ate and he destroy His sov' reign how'r without our aid

Made us of clay and form'd us Men, and when like wand'r' sheep we stray d He

brought us to his fold a - gain He brought us to his fold a - gain.

Allegretto

We'll crown thy gates with thank - - ful songs High as the

heav'n's our voi - - ces raise And earth and earth with

No Chords

her - - ten thou - sand thousand tongues Shall fill thy

No Chords

courts with sounding praise shall fill thy courts with sounding

praise shall fill shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise

Wide wide as the world is thy com-mand Vast as e-

No Chords

-ter-nity e-ter-nity thy love Firm as a rock thy

truth shall stand When roll-ing years shall cease to

move shall cease to move When roll-ing years shall

cease to move when roll-ing years shall cease to move.

HYMN The Dying Christian to his Soul.

SLOW

Harwood

Vital spark of heav'nly flame Quit, oh quit this mortal frame

6 6 6 5 6 6 8 7 6 5 4

Trembling, hoping, ling'ring flying On the pain, the bliss of dying

6 6 6 6

cease, fond, nature, ceasethy strife And let me languish in .to life

6 5 6 6 4 5

Affettuoso

Hark, they whis-per, an-gels say they whis-per,

an-gels say they whisper an-gels say Hark! they

6

whis - per an - - gels say *f* Sis - ter spi - rit come a - *p*

way Sister spi - rit come a - way What is this ab -

sorbs me quite Steals my sen - ses shuts my sight

Drowns my spi - rit draws my breath Tell me, my soul can

this be death Tell me my soul can this be death.

Andante

The world recedes it dis - appears, Heav'n opens on my

eyes, my ears With sounds se - ra - - phic ring

Vivace

Lend lend your wings, I mount I fly O Grave, where is thy

vic - tory O Gravewhere is thy victory O Death where is thy sting O

Gravewhere is thy vic - tory, O Death where is thy sting

Lend, lend your wings I mount I fly O Grave where is thy
 vic-tory thy vic-tory O Grave where is thy vic-to-ry thy
 vic-tory O Death where is thy sting O Death where is thy sting

Lend, lend your wings I mount I fly O Grave where is thy
 vic-to-ry thy vic-tory O Death O Death where is thy sting.

60 ANTHEM, Collect for the 7th Sunday after Trinity
 Taken from a Mass, and arranged by Precentor Mason.

The musical score is written for a 3/4 time signature in G major. It consists of a piano accompaniment and several vocal parts. The piano accompaniment uses a system of figured bass notation (e.g., 6 4, 6 7 5 3, 6 6 4 3) to indicate fingerings and harmonic structure. The lyrics are distributed across the different parts as follows:

- 1st Voice Verse:** pow'r and might Lord of all pow'r and might Thou that art the
- 2^d Voice:** author That thou art the giver Thou that art the author of all good
- Both:** things Graft in our hearts the love of thy name the love of thy
- Chor^s:** name increase in us true re - li - gion Lord of all pow'r and
- 1st Voice:** might Nourish us with all goodness Lord of all pow'r and
- Chor^s:** (The second part of the final line)

Figured bass notation examples from the score include: $6\ 4$, $6\ 7\ 5\ 3$, $6\ 6\ 4\ 3$, $6\ 4\ 3$, $6\ 6\ 4\ 3$, $6\ 7\ 5\ 3$, $6\ 4\ 3$, and $6\ 4\ 5\ 3$.

Verse

might and of thy great mercy and of thy great mercy Keep us

Cho:

keep us keep us in the same through Jesus Christ our Lord thro

Slow

Je - - sus Christ our Lord A - men A - - - men

KYRIE ELEISON.

Ver. Mason Cho.

Lord have mer - cy have mercy up - on us And in -

After the Last Commandment

cline our hearts to keep this law Lord have mer - cy have

Cho:

mercy up on us and write all these thy laws in our hearts we beseech thee.

ANTHEM for 2 Voices

Marcello — Ps. 17.

Lento

Sy

2^d Voice

Give ear un - to me

1st Voice

2^d V.

Lord I be - seech thee for I have walked in thy commandments

Give ear un - to me for I have walk - ed

Lord I be seech thee for I have walk - ed

in thy commandments thy commandments Let me be judged

in thy commandments thy commandments

with righteous judgment come from thy
 with righteous judgment with righteous judgment O let my sentence
 6 6 6 6 5 4 6

presence come from thy presence come from thy - - pre- sence
 O let my sentence come from thy - - pre- sence
 9 6 6 6 = 9 8 9 8 7 6 6 4 3

let me be judged with righteous judgment come from thy
 with righteous judgment let me be judged O let my sentence
 5 3 5 6 5 4

presence come from thy pres. come from thy presence.
 O let my sentence come from thy presence. Fine.
 9 6 6 6 4 6 9 8 7 - 6 6 5 7 6 5 - 6 4 3

Lento

O hold thou me up guide me in the path
 O hold thou - - me up
 guide me in - - the path of thy commandments I am thy
 guide me in - - the path of thy commandments I am thy
 servant teach me thy statutes hold up my
 servant teach me thy statutes hold up my goings my go - - -
 goings my go - - - ings in all thy paths so that my
 - - - ings my goings in all thy paths

Figured bass notation (Bass Staff):
 System 1: 6 7 7
 System 2: 6 5 7 6 4 5 6b 4 6 4
 System 3: 6 b 6
 System 4: 6 5 4 b 9 8 5b b 6

footsteps may not be moved O hold thou
may not be moved may not be moved

up my go - - - ings so that my
so that my footsteps may not be moved O hold thou up

footsteps may not be moved so that my footsteps may
my go - - - ings so that my footsteps may

not be mo - ved so that my footsteps may not be mo - ved
not be mo - ved so that my footsteps may not be mo - ved

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment includes various chordal textures and arpeggiated figures, with some chords labeled with numbers (e.g., 4, 6_h, b, 6/5, 7/5, 9/4, 6/4, 5_b, 6_b, 6_h) and accidentals (e.g., b, 5_b). The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines, with some words hyphenated across measures.

I call up on thee in time of trouble I call up
I call on thee in time of

on thee for thou shalt hear me thou art my refuge
trouble for thou shalt hear me thou art my refuge

lead me and guide me I call upon thee up on
lead me and guide me I call up on thee up on

on thee for thou shalt hear me give ear unto me
thee O Lord for thou shalt hear me

give ear un - to me haste thee to help me
 haste thee to help me give ear un - to me haste thee to help me

I call up - on thee O Lord
 give ear un - to me haste thee to help me I call up

give ear un - to me haste thee to help me O hearken hearken un -
 on thee O Lord O hearken hearken un -

to my words ^{sy.} O hearken hearken un - to my words
 to my words O hearken hearken un - to my words

Da Capo S