

HARMONIA SACRA VOL. I. 1714.

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HARGREAVES,  
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Harmonia Sacra:  
OR,  
DIVINE HYMNS  
AND  
DIALOGUES:

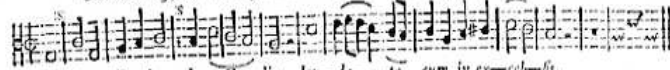
WITH  
A THROUGH-BASS for the Theorbo-Lute,  
Bass-Viol, Harpsichord, or Organ.

*Composed by the Best Masters of the last and Present Age.*

The WORDS by several Learned and Pious Persons.

The First BOOK. The 3<sup>d</sup>. Edition very much Enlarg'd and Corrected; also Four Excellent Anthems of the late Mr. H. Purcell's never before Printed.

*Cannon a 3, in the Fifth and Eighth below, rising a Note every time.*



Where Musick and Devotion joyn,  
The way to Canaan pleasant is;  
We travel on with Songs Divins,  
Ravish'd with Sacred Extasies.

No longer do we pass,  
Thro' a dry Barren Wildernesse;  
But thro' a land where Milk and Honey flow,  
The Paths to Heav'n above, leads thro' a Heav'n  
(below.)

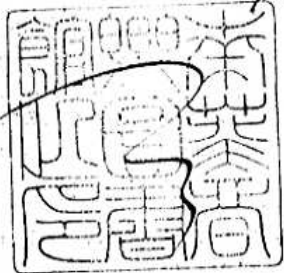
LONDON:

Printed by *William Pearson*, for S. H. and Sold by *John Young*, Musical Instrument-seller, at the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard. MDCCXIV.  
Where may be had Mr. *Henry Purcell's Orpheus Britannicus*, Compleat.



Alexander Chocke

3<sup>d</sup> November 1715



To the QUEEN'S  
MOST  
Excellent Majesty:

MADAM,

**T**HE Best of Authors have been always Presents for the Best of Princes, and it would have been a great breach of Duty in me, to lay these Excellent Performances any where but at Your Majesty's Sacred Feet. Your Majesty has a double Right to their Patronage, from Your Love to Musick, and affection to Devotion, and as You are an Encourager of Both, so both apply themselves with all Humility for Your Protection.

Your Majesty was pleased to give Mr. Purcell Your Royal Approbation when Living, and it is Humbly hop'd the Memory of him will not be displeasing to You now He is Dead; and though the Publisher has no Merit in himself to Recommend Him to Your Majesty's Presence, Your Majesty will Graciously receive what begs Your Acceptance, for the sake of those Ingenious Gentlemen that Oblig'd the World with these Compositions.

The Encouragement of Arts and Sciences is one of the Prerogatives of Royalty, and the most Glorious Reigns have allways had the Reputation of being the most Learned. What may we not then expect under Your Majesty's Auspicious Government? This makes me presume to hope, that the Piety of the Words, and Artfulness of the Musick, will not appear undeserving of Your Majesty's Favour. Which if they may be so Happy as to obtain I shall think it my Glory to continue my great cost and Pains in contributing to the Publick satisfaction, and ever make it my endeavour to approve my self, Madam,

Your Majesty's most Dutyful,

Most Devoted, and most

Faithful Subject

HENRY PLAYFORD.



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TO THE  
R E A D E R.

THE Youthful and Gay have already been entertain'd with variety of Rare Compositions, where the lighter Sportings of Wit have been Tun'd by the most Artful Hands, and made at once to gratify a Delicate Ear, and a wanton Curiosity.

I now therefore address to others, who are no less *Musical*, though they are more *Devout*. There are many Pious Persons, who are not only just Admirers, but excellent Judges too, both of *Musick* and *Wit*; to these a singular Regard is due, and their exquisite Relish of the former ought not to be pall'd by an unagreeable Composition of the later. Divine *Hymns* are therefore the most proper Entertainment for them, which, as they make the sweetest, and indeed the only, Melowdy to a *Religious Ear*, so are they in themselves the very Glory and Perfection of *Musick*.

For 'tis the meanest and most Mechanical Office of this *Noble Science* to play upon the Ear, and strike the Fancy with a superficial Delight; but when Holy and Spiritual Things are its Subject, it proves of a more subtle and refined Nature, whilst darting it self through the Organs of Sense, it warms and actuates all the Powers of the Soul, and fills the Mind with the brightest and most ravishing Contemplation. *Musick* and *Poetry* have in all Ages been accounted Divine, and therefore they cannot be more naturally employed, than when they are conversant about *Heaven*, that Region of *Harmony*, from whence they are derived.

Now as to this present Collection, I need said no more than that the *Words* were penn'd by such Persons, as are, and have been very Eminent both for Learning and Piety; and indeed, he that reads them as he ought, will soon find his Affections warm'd, as with a Coal from the Altar, and feel the Breathings of Devine Love from every Line. Here therefore the *Musical* and *Devout* cannot want Matter both to exercise there Skill, and heighten their Devotion; to which excellent Purposes that these two Books may be truly effectual is the hearty desire of

Your humble Servant,

Henry Playford

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ADVERTISEMENT.

**M**iscellanea Sacra, or Divine Poems, Collected by N. Tate Esq; The second Edition, containing  
most of the Words in this first and second Books of *Harmonia Sacra*. Price bound two Shillings  
Printed for *Hony Playford*, where is also to be had the most Excellent Tragedy of *King Saul*, Written  
by a Deceased Person of Honour. Price One Shilling Sixpence.

[ 1 ]

Harmonia Sacra, &c.

The First BOOK.

An EVENING HYMN.

On a Ground.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln. Mr. Henry Purcell.

**N**ew, that the Sun hath veil'd his Light, and bid the World good night; to the soft Bed, to the soft, the soft Bed my Body I dispose, but where, where shall my Soul repose? Dear, dear God, even in thy Arms, ev'n in thy Arms, and can there be a-ny so sweet, so sweet Se-cu-ri-ty! Can there be, a-ny so sweet, so sweet Se-cu-ri-ty!

Then to thy Re-- --ft, O my Soul! Then to thy rest, O my Soul!

and fin- . . . . .-ging, praise the Mercy that prolongs thy Days; and

fin- . . . . .-ging, praise the Mercy that prolongs thy Days.

Hallelujah, Hallelu- . . . . .-jah, Hal- . . . . .-le-lu-lu-jah, Hal-

le-lu-jah, Hallelujah, Hallelu- . . . . .-jah, Hal-

le-lu-jah, Hal- . . . . .-le-lu-lu-jah, Halle-lu-lu-jah, Hal-le-

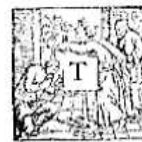
le-lu-jah, Hal- . . . . .-lulujah, Halle-lujah, Halle-lulujah, Halle-

le-lu-jah, Hal- . . . . .-le-lu-

le-lu-jah, Hal- . . . . .-le-lu-lu-jah.

## On our Saviour's Passion.

Mr Henry Purcell.



He Earth trembled, and Heav'n's clos'd Eye, was loth to

see the Lord of Glo-ry dye; The Sky was clad in Mourning, and the Spheres

for-got their Har-mo-ny, the Clouds drop'd Tears: Th'ambitious Dead a-



—rose to give him room, and ev'ry Grave did gape to be his Tomb. The lighted

Heav'n's rent down Ele—gious Thunder, the World's Foundation loos'd to late lies

Founder. Th'impatient Temple rent her Vail in two, to teach our Hearts what

our sad Hearts should do. Can senseless things do this, and shall not

I melt one poor drop, to see my Saviour dye: Drill forth my Tears, and

tric-kle one by one, 'till you have pierc'd this Heart of mine, this Stone.

## The PASSING-BELL. Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.

One, honest Sexton, take thy Spade, and let my Grave be quickly made;

Thou still art ready for the Dead, like a kind Host to make a Bed: I now am come to

be thy Guest, let me in some dark Lodging rest; for I am weary, full of pain, and

of my Pilgrimage complain: On Heav'n's Decree I waiting lye, and all my Wishes are to die.

## CHORUS.

Hark! hark! I hear my Passing Bell, I hear my Passing Bell, farewell, farewell, my loving Friends, farewell.

Hark! hark! I hear my Passing Bell, I hear my Passing Bell, farewell, farewell, my loving Friends, farewell.

Make my cold Bed (good Sexton!) deep,  
That my poor Bones liely sleep;  
Until that sad and joyful day,  
When from above a Voice shall say,  
Wake all ye Dead, rise up your Eyes,  
The Great Creator bids you rise!

Then do I hope, among the Just,  
To shake off this polluted Dust,  
And with new Robes of Glory dress'd,  
To have Access among the Blest.

Chorus. Hark! hark! &c.

A MORNING HYMN.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Hou wakefull Shepherd, that does *g*—*rad* keep, rais'd by thy

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn.

Musical notation for the second system of the hymn.

Musical notation for the third system of the hymn.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the hymn.

Musical notation for the fifth system of the hymn.

Musical notation for the sixth system of the hymn.

Musical notation for the first system on page 7.

Musical notation for the second system on page 7.

Musical notation for the third system on page 7.

Musical notation for the fourth system on page 7.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Musical notation for the first system of the second hymn.

Musical notation for the second system of the second hymn.

Doom, and certain horrid Judgment soon to come: Lord, here I lie, lost to all hope of

Li-ber-ty, hence never to remove, but by a Mi-ra-cle of Love; which I scarce dare

hope for, or expect, being guilty of so long, so grea- . . . . . t neglect.

Fool that I was, worthy a shar-per Rod, to flightly Courting, O — my God!

For thou did'st won-intreat, and grieve, did'st beg me to be hap-py, and to

live; but I would not; I chose to dwell with Death, far, far from thee, far, far from thee, too

did I not, when first my Mother's Womb discharg'd me thence, drop down in--to my

Tomb? Then had I been at quiet, and mine Eyes had slept, and seen no Sorrow;

there, there the Wise and Subtle Countellor, the Po-ten-tate, who for themselves built Pa-

la-ces of State, lye hush'd in Silence; there's no Midnight cry, caus'd by Oppression, and the Ty-

ran-ny of wicked Rulers. Here, here the Weary cease from Labour, here the

Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest un-di-



—sturb'd, and no distinction have, within the silent Chambers of the Grave.

## CHORUS.

Here, here the weary cease from Labour, here the Prisoner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the

Here, here the weary cease from Labour, here the Prisoner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the

Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest, un--de--sturb'd, and no di--stin--tion have, with--

Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest, un--de--sturb'd, and no di--stin--tion have, with--

— in the si--lent Chambers of the Grave.

— in the si--lent Chambers of the Grave.

near to Hell: But is there no Redemption, no relief! Je--su! is there no Re--

—demption, no Relief! Thou sav'd'st a Mag-da-len, a Thief! Is there no Redemption, no Re--

— lief! O Je--su! thy Mercy, Lord, once more advance; O give me, O give me such a

Glance! O give me such a Glance as Pe-ter had! thy sweet kind chi-ding Look will change my

Heart, as it did melt that Rock. Look on me, sweet Je-su! Look on me, sweet Je-su! as thou

didst on him, 'tis more than to cre--ate, thus, thus, to redeem.

## JOB's Curse, Translated by Dr. Taylor Bishop of Down in Ireland.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

ET the Night perish, cur—sed be the Morn', when in 'twas said, There

is a Manchild born! Let not the Lord regard that day, but throw it ta—tal

Glorie in some ful—len Cloud: May the dark Shades of an E—ter—nal Night, exclude

the least kind Beam of downing Light; let unborn Babes, as in the Womb they lye, if it be

mention'd, give a Groan and eye: No sounds of Joy therein shall charm the Ear; no

Sun, no Moon, no twilight Stars appear; but a thick Vale of gloo—my Darkness wear. Why

## The 34th. Chapter of Icaiah Paraphras'd by Mr. Cowley.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

—Wake! awake! and with at-ten-tion hear, thou drowlie World, for it con—

cerns thee near; awake I say: and listen well, to what from God I his lou—d Prophet

tell; bid both the Poles suppress their stor—my Noise, and bid the

roa—ring Sea con—tain its Voice: Be still, thou Sea, be still thou Air and Earth;

still as old Cha—er be—fore Mo—tion's Birch: A dreadful Host of

Judgments is gone out, in strength and number more, than e're was rais'd by God before, to

scourge the Re bel World, and march it rou- . . . . . and a-hout.

I see the Sword of God Iran— . . . . . above, and from it Itra— . . . . . ms a dit

mal Ray, I see the Scabbard cast away; how red a-nen with Slaughter will it

prove! How will it sweat and reek in Blood! How will the Scarlet Glutton be o're-

gor'd with his Food, and de-vour all the mighty Feast? Nothing, nothing soon but Bones will

rest; nothing, nothing soon but Bones will rest. God does a solemn

Sa-cri-fee prepare, God does a solemn Sa-cri-fee prepare, but not of

Oxen, nor of Rams, nor of Kids, nor of their Dams; nor of Heifers, nor of Lambs; the

Al-tar, all the Land, and all Men in't, the Victims are, since wicked Men's more

guilty Blood to spare: The Beasts so long have sacri-ficed been, since Men their Birthright for-

feit sell by Sin; 'tis fit at last Beasts their Revenge shou'd have, and sa-cri-fi-ced

Men their better Brethren save, and sa-cri-fi-ced Men their better Brethren save.



So, so will they fall, so will they see, such will the Creatures wild di-strac-tion

be; when at the final Doom, Nature and Time shall both be slain, shall struggle with

Death's Pangs in vain, and the whole World their Fun-eral Pile become. The wide-extended

scroul of Heav'n, which we, Immortal as the Deity, think, with all the beauteous

Characters that in it, (with such deep sense by God's own Hand were writ; whose

Eloquence, tho' we un-derstand not, we admire, shall crackle, and the Parts together shrink, like

Parchment in a Fire. Th'ex-hau-sted Sun to the Moon no more shall lend, but tru-ly then

headlong in—to the Sea descend; the glitt'ring Host now in such fair ar-

—ray, so proud, so well ap-pointed, and so gay, like fearful Troops in some strong Am-bush

ta'ne, shall some fly routed, and some fall slain: Thick as ripe Fruit, or

yellow Leaves in Autumn fall, with such a vi-o-lent Sto-rm, as

*Key alters.*  
blows down Tree and all. And thou, O cur-sed Land! which wilt not

see the precipice where thou dost stand; tho' thou stand just up on the brink, thou of this paynted

Bowl the bitter Drege shalt drink; thy Rivers and thy Lakes shall fo, with human Blood o're-

flow, that they shall fetch the slaughter'd Corps away, which in the Fields a-roun-

d un-buried lay, and rob the Beasts and Birds to give the Fish their Prey: The rotting

Corps shall so infect the Air, beget such Plagues and pu-trid Veroms there; that

by thine own Dead shall be slain, all thy few living that remain. As one who buys fur-

veys a Ground, so the Destroying An-gel measures it round; so careful and so strict he

is, left a-ny nook or corner he should miss; he walks about the pe-ri-ling Nation,

Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty De-so-la-tion; he walks about the pe-ri-ling Nation,

Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty De-so-la-tion; Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty

De-so-la-tion. Then shall the Market, and the Pleading-place, be chna-k'd with

Brambles, and o'regrown with Graß; the Serpents thro' thy Streets shall roul, and in thy

lower Rooms the Wolves shall howl, and thy gilt Chambers lodge the Ra—ven and the

Owl; and all the wing'd ill Omens of the Air, tho' no new Ills can be fore-boded there. The

Lyon then shall to the Leopard say, Brother Leopard, come away! Behold a Land which

God hath giv'n us in prey! Behold a Land, from whence we see, Man-kind expuls'd his, and our

com-mon E—ne-my! The Brother Leopard sha—kes him-self, and does not

stay. The glutton Vultures shall expect in vain, new Armies to be slain, shall sine at

last their Bus'ness done, leave their con—fin—med Quarters, and be gone: Th'un-bu-ry'd

Ghosts shall sad—ly moan, the Sa—tyrs lau—gh to hear them Groan.

The e—vil Spirits that delight to Dan—ce and Revel in the mask of

Night, the Moon and Stars their sole Spe—c-ta-tors shall affright; the e—vil

Spi—rits that delight to Dan—ce and Re—vel in the mask of Night, the Moon and

Stars their sole Spe—c-ta-tors shall affright; and if of lost Mankind, ought



hap-pen to be left behind, if a—ny Reliques but remain, they in the Dens shall

lurk, Beasts in the Palaces shall reign; if a—ny Reliques but remain, they in the Dens shall

lurk, Beasts in their Pa—la—ces shall reign.

Words by Mr. Herbert, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Ich sick and faint; My Eyes, with dou—bling Knees, and weary

Bones, to thee my Cries, to thee my Groans, to thee my Sighs, my Tears ascend, no

end; my Throat, my Soul is hoarse, my Heart is wither'd, like a Ground which

thou dost curse: My Thoughts tur—n round, and make me giddy, Lord! Lord! I fa—

—ll! yet call; Bowels of Pi—ty, hear! Lord of my Soul

Love of my Mind, bow down thine Ear; let not the Winds feat—ter my

Words, and in the fame, thy Name. Look on my Sorrows round, mark well my Furnace,

Oh what Flames! What Heats a—bound! What Griefs! What Shames! Con—si—der, Lord! Lord,

bow thine Ear and hear. Lord Je—su, thou didst how thy dy—ing

Head upon the Tree, Oh be not now more dead to me! Lord, hear! Lord, hear! Shall

he that made the Ear, not hear? Behold, thy Dust doth stir, it moves, it creeps to

thee, 'do not de-fer to fac-cour me, thy pile of Dust, wherein each Crumb, says,

Come, my Love, my Sweetness, hear, by these thy Feet, at which my Heart

lyes all the year; pluck out thy Dart, and heal my trou—bled Breast, which cries, which

dyes; heal my trou—bled Breast, which cries, which dyes.

Words by Mr. George Herbert, in his Church-Poems.

Set by Dr. John Blow.

And art thou griev'd, sweet and sacred Dove, when I am four, and cross thy

Love! Griev'd for me, the God of Strength and Pow'r; griev'd for a Worm, which when I

tread, I pass a-way, and leave it dead. Then weep, mine Eyes, the God of Love doth

grieve, weep, foolish Heart, and weep-ing live; for Death is dry as Dust; yet if ye

part, end as the Night, whose sable Hew your Sins exp'res, melt in to Dew: When fawcy

Mirth shall knock, or call at Door, cry out, Get hence, or cry no more; Al-mighty

God does grieve, he puts on Sense: I sin not to my Grief alone, but to my Gods

too he doth groan. Oh! Oh! take thy Lute, and tune it to a strain, which

may with thee all day complain; there can no Discord but in cea-sing be; Marbles can

weep, and sure-ly Strings more Bowels have, than such hard things. Lord, I adjudge my

self to Tears and Grief, ev'n needless Tears without Relief; if a clear Spring for me no

time forbears, but runs, although I be not dry; I am no Cryстал, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail, Natures denies, and Flesh would fail,

if my Deserts were Matters of mine Eyes. Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes

good my want of Tears, my want of Tears, with store of Blood.

## Lucifer's Fall. Set by Dr. John Blow.

OW art thou fall'n from Heav'n,

OW art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer!

art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou fall'n from Heav'n,

art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou fall'n from Heav'n



*Lu—ci—fer!*  
*Lu—ci—fer!* Son of the Morning, Son of the

How art thou cut down to the Ground! How art thou cut  
 Morning! How art thou cut down to the Ground,

down to the Ground, to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the Nations, that didst  
 art thou cut down, cut down to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the Nations,

weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou, art thou cut  
 Thou that didst weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou cut

down! I will ascend in-to the Heav'n, I will ascend  
 down: For thou said'st in thy Heart, for thou said'st in thy Heart,

—cend into the Heav'ns. I will exalt my Throne above the Stars of  
 I will ascend, ascend, into the Heav'ns. I will ex-

God, I will ex-alt my Throne above the Stars of God; I will sit al-fo upon the Mount  
 —alt my Throne a—bove, above the Stars of God; I will sit al-fo upon the Mount

of the Con—gre-ga-ti-on, in the Sides of the North.  
 of the Congrega—ti—on, in the sides of the North. I will ascend above the height of the

I will ascend above the height of the Clouds,

Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell; I will ascend above the

of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down into Hell, be brought

height of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell;

down in—to Hell; thou shalt be brought down in—to

yet thou shalt be brought down, thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell, be

Hell, be brought down in—to Hell.

brought down, be brought down in—to Hell.

Set by Dr. John Blow.

Nough, my Muse, of earthly Things, and In-spi-rations but of Winds,

Nough, my Muse, of earthly Things, and In-spi-rations but of Winds,

take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud and e-ver-la-ving Strings,

take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud and e-ver-la-ving Strings,

and on them play, and to them sing, the happy mournful Sto-ries, the la-

and on them play, and to them sing, the happy mournful Stories,

men-ta-ble Glories, of the grea-t cru-ci-ty'd King.

the la-men-ta-ble Glories, of the grea-t cru-ci-ty'd King.

Mountainous leaps of Wonders which doth rise, 'till Earth thou joynest wi—th the  
Mountainous leaps of Wonders which doth rise, 'till Earth thou joynest wi—th the

Skies; too large at bottom, and at top too high, to be half, to be half seen by Mortal  
Skies; too large at bottom, and at top too high, to be half seen by Mortal

Eye. How shall I grasp this boundless thing? What, shall I play? What, what shall I sing?  
Eye.

I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love, which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed  
I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love, which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed

Spirits above, with all their Com—ments can explain, how all the whole Worlds  
Spirits above, with all their Comments can explain, how all the whole Worlds

Life to dy—e, did not disdain.  
Life to dy—e, did not disdain.

*The Aspiration. The Words by Mr. Norris, of Wadham Colledge Oxon.*

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Ow long, how long, grea—t God, how long must I, im—

—mur'd in this dork Pri—son lye? Where at the Grates, and A—ve—nues of Sence, my Soul must

watch to have in—tel—li—gence; where but faint Gleams of thee fa—lute my Sight,



like doubtful Moon-shine in a cloudy Night. When shall I leave this Magick Sphere,

and be all Mind, all Eye, all Ear? How cold this Clime! and yet my Sense perceives

ev'n here thy In-flu-ence; ev'n here thy strong Magick Charms I feel, and pant, and

trem-ble, like the a-mu-ran Steel: To lower good, and Beauties not Divine, sometimes

my er-ro-neous Nec-dle does decline; but yet so strong the Sympathy, it cur-

ns, and points again to thee. I long, I long to see this Excellence, which at such

distance strikes my Sense: My impatient Soul long-—-gles to disengage her wings, from the con-

finement of her Cage. Would'st thou, great Love, would'st thou, great Love, this Pris'ner once set

free, how would she ha-—-sten to be link'd to thee? She'd for no Angels Conduct

stay, but fl-—-y, and love,

love, on all the way; fl-—-y, and

love, love, on all the way.

Sett by Dr. William Turner.

**I** Hus Mortals must submit to Fate, some more ear-ly, some more

late; Life to the World is on-ly lent, and is re-pay'd by Time and Ac-ci-dent,

and is re-pay'd by Time and Ac-ci-dent: Why then should wretched Souls repine,

for be-ing soonest made Divine; and go where they shall be se-cure of Joys, and

no more shock of Chance endure? There Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is

left to wish or fear; there Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is left to wish or fear.

CHORUS.

How hap-py, how hap-py's the Soul that has took his best flight, from Darkness to

How hap-py's the Soul, &c.

Light, from be-low to a-bove, from Envy and Hatred, to Praise and to Love, from Envy and

Hatred, from Envy and Hatred to Praise and to Love.

Words by Dr. Jeremiah Taylor. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphries.

**L** Oud! I have sin'd, I have sin'd, and the black Number swells

to such a dis-mal Sum, that should my sto-ny Heart, and Eyes, and this whole

sin-ful Trunk a Flood become, and ru- n to Tears, their

Drops could not suf—fice to count my Score, much less to pay; but thou, my

God, hast Blood in store, and art the Pa—tron of the Poor. Yet since the

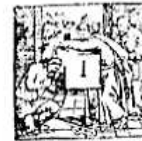
Balsom of thy Blood, although it can, will do no good, unless the Wounds be cleans'd with

Tears, before thou, in whose sweet, but penfive Face, Laugh—ter could ne—ver

heal a Place. Teach but my Heart and Eyes to mel—t a—way, and then one

drop, one drop of Bal—som will suf—fice.

Words by Sir Thomas Dercham. Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.



Know that my Redeemer lives, and I

I know that my Redeemer lives,

shall see him cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; and I shall see him

and I shall see him cloath'd with Immor—ta—li—ty; and I shall see him

cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; who in the latter day shall stand,

cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; who in the latter

shall stand, when all things are subdu'd to his Command: And tho' this

day shall stand, shall stand, when all things are subdu'd to his Command:



Body crawl—ing Worms devour, in their dark Empire; yet in that fime hour, when

Trumpet shall rouse me from slumbering Night, these, these ve-ry Eyes shall see his glorious

CHORUS.

Light. Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the  
Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the way, the

way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way, the way, to that fair dawn of  
way, to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of

Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal  
Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal

day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day.  
day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day.

*Upon a Quiet Conscience, by King Charles the I. of Blessed Memory.*

*Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.*

Close thine Eyes, and sleep, sleep se-cure, thy Soul is safe, is  
Close thine Eyes, and sleep,

safe, thy Bo-dy sure; close thine Eyes, and sleep se-cure, and sleep se-  
sleep se-cure, thy Soul is safe, is safe, close thine Eyes, and sleep, and sleep se-

—cure, thy Soul is safe, thy Body safe; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who ne—ver slum—  
—cure, thy Soul is safe, thy Body safe; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, he that

—bers, ne—ver sleeps; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who never slum—  
guards thee, he thee keeps, who never slum—bers, no—ver sleeps, who ne—ver slum—

—bers, never sleeps. A qui—et Conscience in a quiet Breath, has on—ly Peace, has on—ly  
—bers, never sleeps. A qui—et Conscience in a quiet Breath, has on—

Rest, has on—ly, on—ly Peace, has on—ly Rest. The Mu—  
—ly Peace, has on—ly Rest, has on—ly Rest. The Mu—

—sick, and the Mirth of Kings, are out of Tune, un—less the Sings; Then  
—sick, and the Mirth of Kings, are out of Tune, un—less the Sings; Then

Close thine Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest se—cure, no Sleep so  
Close thine Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest se—cure, no

Sweet—t, no Sleep so Sweet—t as thine, no Sleep so Sweet, no Sleep so  
Sleep so Sweet—t as thine, no Sleep so Sweet—

Sweet as thine, no Rest so sure.  
—t as thine, no Rest so sure.

## A Dialogue between two Penitents.

First Penitent. *Sa by Mr. Pelham Humphreys, and Dr. John Blow.*

Ark! how the wakeful cheerful Cock, the Villagers A—bro—lo—ger and

Second Penitent.

Cock, clapping his Wings, proclaims the Day, and chides thy Sleep and Night away! I hear, and

thank my kind Remembrancer, he wakes a Sin, that slept within, rouses a Crime that be—

Third Penitent.

—fore would not stir: Flow, flow my Tears! O when will you be—gin! Saint

Peter's Bird reproves Saint Peter's Sin: Complaining Man! Hast thou thy Christ deny'd!

Second Penitent.

Wo's me! Wo's me! I have, more than Saint Peter did, with less excuse, and many

ways beside, ev'n since my Christ way Glorify'd; and this, a—las! too oft, more, more than

thrice, as of-ten as I chole and wou'd a Vice, or Brutish Lust, to be abhorrd, re—

Fourth Penitent.

je—ting Je—su, my dear Lord. O my sad Heart! if that be to de—ny,

none ought to weep more Floods than I; when to re—ceive in—to my Heart a

Sin, I thrust my Je—su out, and took it in; But, Lord, how oft he knock'd and

being deny'd, how doleful-ly he cry'd, Why, why dost thou use me thus, who for thee dy'd!



*Second Part.*

Methinks I hear him call too from the Tree, Un-grate-ful Wretch! Was these Wounds

made for thee! False Re-ne-ga-do: These Wounds made for thee, who both de-

ny'd'lt me, and betray'd'lt me too; for ev'-ry waton Kus, a ve-ry Ju-das is,

*First Part.*

and each malicious Thought a spiteful Jew. If Sins do now, what the fierce Jews did

then, wound him afresh, and cru-ci-ty a-gain; then we, a-las! have his Tor-

men-tors been, and by each vile delib'rate Deed, we make our Master again bleed, his

*Second Part.*

Pain as various as our Sin. True, for my Doubts do bind his Hands, my

Pride does first dis-robe him, then deride; I spit upon him by my Blasphemy, and

George him by my Cru-ci-ty. My prophane Tears become the Thorns, that pierce his

*First Part.*

Head with Scorns, and my Hy-po-cri-sy. Stay! Un-to what prodigious height do

our Sins mount! Ev'ry Un-kind-ness is a Dart, the Spear that wounds his ve-ry

Heart, Christ could bear a-ny think, but this. CHORUS.

## CHORUS.

Since then the cause of both our Grievs the same, mix we our Tears, for Grief let's dye, but

Since then the cause of both our Grievs the same, mix we our Tears, for Grief let's

in our Dirge let's sing, or cry: O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-

dye, but first our Dirge let's sing, or cry: O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-su mi,

-su in-dul-gen-tif-fi-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-

Je-su in-dul-gen-tif-fi-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-su in-dul-gen-tif-fi-

-su in-dul-gen-tif-fi-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su, Je-su mi.

-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su, Je-su mi.

## A Dialogue betwixt Dives and Abraham.

Dives. Set by Dr. John Blow.

Hlp, help, Father A-bram! Help, for Mercy's sake! Be-

-hold my Torments, for Mercy's sake! Behold my Tor-ments in- this

Burning Lake! Send La-z-a-rus with Whirl-winds, that he may these

flakes of mel-ting Sul-phur fan a-way. What Son of

Hell and Darkness dare molest this blessed Saint, scarce warm yet on my Brea? 'Tis

I, 'tis I great Mammon's e-qual once, whose Lott is on-ly, on-ly Toples

*Abraham.* *Dives.*

now. I know thee not. Father, 'tis *Dives*, 'tis thy Son, 'tis I, who purpled

o're, far'd once de-fi-couf-ly; Linnen of *Egypt* then a-dot—nd my

*Abraham.*

Head, who now, now in Flame——ly thus ca-ve-lo-ped. And can't thou now tis

Cha—ri-ty implore, whom thou saw'st lately at thy sin-ty Door, beg-ging for Crums, those Crums

*Dives.*

that fell beside thy o're charg'd Table, and was them de-ny'd? vain Soul! Some

*Abraham.*

pi—ty take! Some pi—ty take! Remember, Son,

*Dives.*

thy Dogs had pi—ty on him, thou had'st none. Yet they were mine reliev'd him, they were

mine reliev'd him: Oh! in lieu, let him vouchsafe me but a little, little

*Abraham.*

Dew, to cool my Tongue. Not the least drop of Grace, can e-—ver enter, can ever enter, that for-

—sa—ken place; Beside, th'Penfation'd Gulph is fix-ed so, that none can pass 'twixt

*Dives.*

us and you be—low. Then send them to my Brethren, lest they come

*Abraham.*

to feel the weight of my E—ter—nal Doom. they've Me—te to fore—



*Allegro*

warm them. Oh! but they far sooner, far sooner, will a Dead Man's Voice obey. If

*Andante*

Sea-man's roar—ring Thunder from on high can—not be

heard, how, how should a Dead Man's Cry?

## CHORUS.

'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and

'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, 'twill be too

pray; 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O

late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O—

—pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that

—pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that dread—

dread—ful Day; for when Death's fa—tal

—full, dread—ful Day;

Hand once shuts the Door, 'twill be too

for when Death's fa—tal Hand once shuts the Door,

late; for when Death's fa—tal Hand once shuts the

'twill be too late, 'twill be too late,

P

Do not, 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of Mer-cy,

'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of

the Gates of Mer-cy ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver o-pen more, 'twill be too late,

Mer-cy ne-ver, ne-ver o-pen more, 'twill be too

'twill be too late.

late, 'twill be too late.

Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman. Set by Dr. John Blow.

Eaceful is he, and most se-cure, whose Heart and Actions

all are pure, how smooth and pleasant is his way, whilst Life's *Aleander* flies away!

If a fierce Thunderbolt does fly, this Man can un-concerned lye: Know 'tis not level'd at his

Head, so nei-ther Noise nor Flash can dread; though a swift Whirlwind tear is

sender, Heav'n above him, or Earth under; tho' the Rocks on heaps do ram-ble, or the

World to A-shes crumble; tho' the su-pen-dious Mountains from on high, drop

down, and in their hum-ble Val-leys lye; should the un-ru-ly Ocean rore, and

doth its foam against the Shore: He finds no Tempest in his Mind, fears no Billow, feels no

Wind, all is serene, all qui-et there, there's not one blast of troubled Air: Old Stars may fall, or

new ones blaze, yet none of these his Soul a-maze: Such is the Man can smile at irksome

Death, and with an ea-sie Sigh give up his Breath.

The Words by Dr. Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln.  
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

OW have I stray'd! My God, where have I been, since first I

wan—der'd in the Maze of Sin! Lord, I have been I know not

where, so in-tri-cate Youth's Fol-lies are; and Age hath its Lab'riths too, yet

neither, neither hath a wife re-turning Clue! Thy Look, thy Call, to me, shall my

far better, A-ri-oad ne be. O most sweet—t dear Je-su! O most sweet,

O most sweet, most sweet, dear Je-su! Hark, hark, I hear my Shepherd call away, and in a



doleful Accent say, Why, why does my Lamb thus stray! O: O

blef—fed Voice, that prompts me to new choice! And fain, dear Shepherd, fain would I

come, but I can find no Track, to lead me back, and if I still go no, I am undone; and

*CHORUS.*

if I still go on, I am undone. 'Tis thou, O Lord, 'tis thou, O  
'tis thou, O Lord, 'tis

Lord, must bring me home, or show the way; 'tis thou, O Lord, must bring me  
thou, O Lord, must bring me home, 'tis thou, O Lord, must bring me

home, or show the way; for poor Souls have thou—  
home, or show the way; for poor Souls, for

—fand ways to stray, for poor Souls have thousand ways to stray, yet  
poor Souls, have thou—fand ways to stray, yet

to re—turn, yet to re—turn, but on—ly one.  
to re—turn, yet to re—turn, but on—ly one.

## A Penitential HYMN. Set by Mr. Henry Parcell.

Great God, and Jull! How can'st thou see, dear God, our

Mi-<sup>1</sup>le-ry, and not in Mer-<sup>2</sup>cy for us free? Poor, mi-<sup>3</sup>se-ra-ble Man! How wea't thou born?

Weak as the dewy Jewels of the Morn! Wrapt up in ten-<sup>1</sup>-der Duß, guarded with

Sins and Lust; who, like Court-Flatterers, wait, to serve themselves in thy unhappy

Fate: Wealth is a Snare, and Po-<sup>1</sup>ver-ty brings in In-<sup>2</sup>lets for Theft, paving the way for

Sin; each per-<sup>1</sup>sum'd Va-<sup>2</sup>ni-ty doth gent-ly breath Sin in thy Soul, and whispers it to

Death: Our Faults, like ul-<sup>1</sup>-ce-ra-<sup>2</sup>ted Sores, do go o're the foun'd Flesh, and do cor-

rupt that too. Lord! we are sick, spot-<sup>1</sup>-ted with sin, thick as a cru-<sup>2</sup>-lly

Lepers Skin; like Naaman, bid us wash, yet let it be in streams of Blood, that

flow from thee.

## CHORUS. A. 3. Voc.


Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-<sup>1</sup>-le-lu-jahs, Pfalms, and

Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-<sup>1</sup>-le-lu-jahs, Pfalms, and

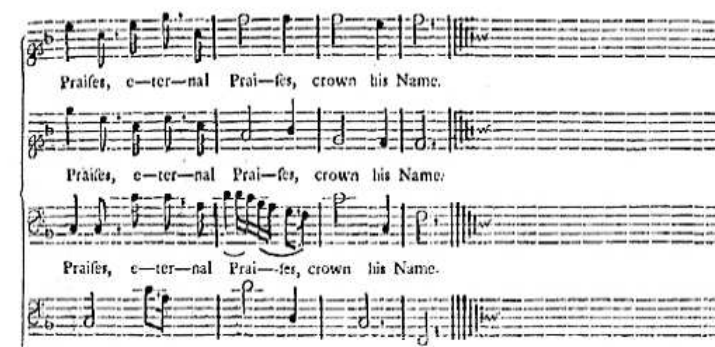
Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-<sup>1</sup>-le-lu-jahs, Pfalms, and



Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; ever good,  
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; and e—ver just,  
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; e—ver



who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praiser, e—ter—nal  
who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praiser, e—ter—nal  
high, who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praiser, e—ter—nal



Praiser, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.  
Praiser, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.  
Praiser, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.




E sing, to him, whose Wisdom form'd the Ear, our Songs, let him who



gave us Voices, hear; we joy in God, who is the Spring of Mirth, who loves the Harmo—



ny of Heav'n and Earth; our humble Sonnets shall That Praise rehearse, who is the Musick

## CHORUS.



of the Universe. And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art, and offer  
And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art, and offer



up with every Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art,  
up with every Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art,



and offer up, and offer up, with ev'ry Tongue a Heart.  
and offer, and offer up, offer up, with ev'ry Tongue a Heart.



Set by Dr. John Blow.



II: Oh that mine Eyes would mel—t in to a Flood,  
 that I might plun—ge in Tears for thee, for thee, as thou did'st swim in blood, to  
 ran—som me; as thou did'st swim in blood, to ran—som me! Oh! that this Hesh—ly  
 Lymbeck would be—gin to drop, drop a Tear, to drop, drop, drop a Tear for  
 ev—ry Sin! See how his Blood bedabbled Arms are spread, to enter—  
 —tain Dearth's wel-com Bands; be—hold, be—hold his bowing Head, his bleeding

Hands, his oft re—pea—ted Scribes! Behold his wounded Side! Hark, hark, hark, how he groans:  
 Remember how he cry'd! The very Heav'n's put Weed of Mour—ning  
 on; the fo—lid Rocks in fun—der rent, and yet this Heart, and yet this  
 Heart, this Stone, could not re—sent! Hard-hearted Man! Hard-bear—ted Man! And  
 on—ly Man deny'd to wee—p for him, to weep for  
 him, for whom he on—ly dy'd!

S

*On a Dying-Friend. The Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.*

*Set by Mr. Pelham Humphreys.*



H the sad Day! when Friends shall shake their heads, and say of mine—

—rable me, Hark how he groans! look how he pants for Breath! see, see, how he struggles with the

Pangs of Death: When they shall say of these dear Eyes, How hollow, and how dim they be!

Mark how his Breast does swell and rise, against his potent E—nemies. When some old Friend shall

step to my Bed-side, touch my chill Face, and thence shall gently slide; and when his next Com-

—panions say, How does he do? What hopes? Shall turn a-way, an-twe-ning on-ly with a

lift-up hand, Who, who can his Fate withstand? Then shall a Gasp or two do more, then

all my Rhetrick could be-fore; persuade the World to trouble me no, more, no

more; persuade the World to trouble me no more.

*The Words by Dr. Dunn. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphreys.*

**W**ILT thou forgive that Sin, where I began, which was my Sin tho'

it were done be-fore? Wilt thou for-give that Sin, through which I run, and do run

still, tho' still I do deplore? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for— I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that Sin, by which I've won o-thers to sin, and made my Sin their

dore? Wilt thou forgive that Sin, which I did shun a Year or two, yet wallow'd in a

score? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for I have more. I have a Sin of

Fear, that when I've spun my last Thread, I shall perish on the Shore; but swear by thy

self that art my Death, thy Sun shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore, and having done

that thou hast done, I fear no more.

## A Divine HYMN. Set by Mr. John Church.

God for ever blest in boundless peace & rest, whose habi-

tation is in light resign'd, look from thy bright and glo-

rious Throne with pi-ty, with pity and compallion look, look down behold and ca-

se my troubled mind, pain and distraction from my heart remove, thou God of Consolation, thou

*Key alters.*

God of Consolation and of Love: And thou who sittest at the right hand of Bliss, the

Spring of all true Jo- - - - -y and hapiness, who when thou had'st resign'd the



glo-rious Nation to redeem mankind, didst with a

word becam the ra-ving, ra-ving Sea; and

*div.*  
make the bo-istrous winds, thy gentler, gentler,

gentler breath O-bey.

Oh quickly, quickly Lord al-lay the storms and Tempests of my

Breast, with sin and guilt o'er-la-den, o'er-la-den and de-press, and

by thy pow'r controul and check the boil-ing wavvs, that row-

l and, tofs, and wrack and o-ver-whelm, and tofs, and wrack and

o-verwhelm my sick de-spair-ing, sick de-spair-ing, my sick de-spair-ing foul.

And thou most sweet, most sweet, and sa-cred Dove, thou God of

Peace and e-ver-last-ing Love, visit, O visit ev'ry part of my distressed mind, and

Heart, and that I may prepare for thy Reception and Communion, there all

sin and sin-ful thoughts, all sin and sinful thoughts from thence expel, by thy most sov'reign

influence hear, hear O most holy Tri-ni-ty, most ho-ly Tri-ni-ty, Center of all Di-

---vi-ni-ty; hear, hear and graciously vouchsafe to grant my pray's, O con-duc-

---send that mercy to extend, and save me from the gulph, and save me from the

gulph of black de-spair.

*The DISSOLUTION. Set by Mr. John Weldon.*

Ap-py, happy the Man to whom the Sa-cred Maie her night-

---ly vi-sits pays, and with her ma-gick Rod O-pens his

mortal Eyes, he, he Nature at one glance sur-veys, and past and future near and

di-stant views. I'm mounted on

Fancy, and long to be gone, I'm mounted on Fancy, and long to be

gone to some Age, or some World, to some Age or some World unknown.

Swifter than Time, swifter than Time, and impatient of Ray, to the West, to the ut-termost

limits of Day; To the end of the World I'll ha-sten a-way, I'll

hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten away; I'll ha-sten away,

I'll hasten a-way; Swifter than Time, swifter than Time, and im-patient of

Ray, to the West, to the ut-termost limits of Day; To the end of the

World I'll hasten away, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten away; I'll ha-

sten away, I'll hasten a-way; Where I may see it a-lex-

pire and melt a-way, in e-ver-la-sing Fire.

'Tis done! 'tis done I see a fla-ming Se-raph fly, and light his

Flamboy at the Sun; Then ha-sing down to the curst Globe, then ha-sing

down to the curst Glob, his bla-zing Torch ap-ply, See, see the green

Forrests crack-ling burn, see,



See, see the green Forests crack—ling burn; The

Oy—ly pa—stures sweat with in—to—le—rable heat. The

Mines to hor, Vul—cans turn their hor—rid jaws ex—tend—ed wide, the

Solphurous conta—gion spread. Why, why do the A—ged Moun—tains

Skip! Why, why do the A—ged Moun—tains Skip, and lit—tle hills, and lit—tle

hills like their own Sheep, like Lambs, which on their gri—zly head, once wanton

play'd, once Wan—

*Brist.*  
Expanded Vapours strug—ling to the  
—ton play'd.

Birth, roa—r in the Bowels of the Earth; and now the Earth's Foun—

—dations crack a sunder, Burst, Burst, Burst with subte—ra—nious

Thun—der, dusky Flames, and li—vid Flashes, rend, rend, rend the

trem—bling Globe to Ashes; Fiery

torrents row—ling down the Naked Valleys drow, and with their red dy

Waves supply the Channels, the Channels of th' exubsted Sea. Seas to thin Vapours

boil—d a—way, leave their crook—ed Channels dry; and not one drop

re—turns a—gain, to cool the thir—ly Earth with Rain, not one drop re—

—turns a—gain, to cool the thirly Earth with Rain, not one drop re—turns a—

—gain, to cool the thirly Earth with Rain, to cool the thirly Earth with Rain.

*Slaw.*

And must all, most all Earth the im—par—tial ru—in share, spair, spair ye re—

—vengeful An—gels spair, spair, spair ye re—vengeful An—gels, spair,

*Slom.*

spair, spair, spair ye re—vengeful An—gels spair; spair the Mu—fer, spair the

Mu—ses blis—ful Seat, let me for Wickam's, let me for Wickam's Peace—

—ful walls in—treat, spair the Mu—ses, spair the Mu—ses blis—ful Seat, let

me for Wickam's, let me for Wickam's peace—ful walls in—treat;

spair the Mu—ses, spair the Mu—ses bliss—ful Seat, let me for *Wicham's*, let

me for *Wicham's* peace— . . . ful walls in—treat. No, no,

'tis in vain, 'tis in vain, and *Boddy's* Spi—ry Nest, of learning to must perish, must

perish, must perish with the rest; the Oracles of God alone, an ha

— . . . ty Angel snatch'd, snatch'd away, and bore them high thro' past— ed

Flains to the E— . . . cer . . . . . nal Throne.

Behold, behold fond Soul, all, all, all thou didst once admire, be—hold behold fond Soul,

all, all, all thou didst once ad—mire; the Objects of thy hope, thy

hope and thy desire, Houses and Lands and large Estate, the

lit—tle things, the lit—tle things, that makes men Great, the emp—ty

trifles are no more; no more, no more, but vanish, vanish, vanish,

vanish a— . . . ll in (smoak, scarce lighter then be—forc. CHO.



## CHORUS.

Was it for this, the States-man Wra—  
Was it for this, for this, the States-man Wra—

—ck'd his thought; was it for this, for this, for this the  
—ck'd his thought; was it for this, for this, for this, for this the

Souldier fought? fought.  
Souldier fought? fought. While Drum—bling Drums like

While Drum—bling Drums like Thu—  
Thunder bear, while gru—bling Drums like

—der beat, and clang—ing  
Thun—der beat, and clang—ing Trumpets, and

Trumpets, and clang—ing Trumpets, rai—  
clang—ing Trumpets rai—

the martial Heat; while  
—'d the martial Heat, while gru—bling Drums like Thun—der

gru—bling Drums like Thun—  
beat, while gru—bling Drums like

—der beat, and clang—ing Trumphets, Trum—  
 Thun—der beat, and  
 —phets rai—s'd the mar—tial  
 clang—ing Trumphets rai—s'd the martial  
 Heat, and clan—ging Trumphets, Trum—phets rai—  
 Heat, and clan—ging Trumphets rai—  
 —s'd the martial Hear.  
 —s'd the martial Hear.

I burn,  
 burn, I burn,  
 burn,  
 burn, my Soul is all, is all, is all, is all, is all on flame ; my  
 soul is all, is all, is all, is all, is all, is all, is all on flame ; the  
 Raising Image fires my

brain; the Ra-

—ging Image fires, my brain;

*Adm.*  
Cool, Cool it ye Sa—cred Nine, cool, cool it ye sa—cred Nine, in A—gambes flow—

—ing stream; lest I peruse the no—ble

Theme too long, let frequent rest stop, stop, let frequent rest stop, stop, stop,

stop, stop, stop, stop, stop the bold Song. C H O.

CHORUS.

Now Na—ture is unstrung, the Sphers their Mu—sick lose; now

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their Musick lose;

Now Nature is un—strung,

Now Nature is unstrung, the

Nature is un—strung, the Sphers their Mu—

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their Mu—

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their

Sphers their Mu—sick lose;



—fick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of  
 —fick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,  
 Mufick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of  
 the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,



Ages now ends in a fo ——— lemn clofe,  
 now, now ends in a fo ——— lemn clofe,  
 Ages now ends in a fo ——— lemn clofe,  
 now, now end in a fo ——— lemn clofe,



—lemn clofe, in a folemn clofe, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of  
 in a folemn clofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,  
 —lemn clofe, in a folemn clofe, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of  
 the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,



Ages, the Song of Ages now ends,  
 the Song of Ages, now, now ends,  
 Ages, the Song of Ages now ends in a fo ——— lemn clofe, in a  
 the Song of Ages now, now ends in a fo ——— lemn clofe, in a fo ——— lemn clofe,



fo ——— lemn clofe, in a fo ——— lemn clofe, in a fo ——— lemn  
 ——— lemn clofe, in a fo ——— lemn clofe, in a fo ——— lemn

now ends in a fo ——— lemn clofe.  
 now ends, now ends, now ends in a fo ——— lemn clofe.  
 clofe; now ends, now ends, now ends, ends, ends in a folemn clofe.  
 clofe; in a fo ——— lemn clofe.

The following ANTHEMS, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.



Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-fi-dereth the Poor, the Poor—  
 Blessed is he, Blessed is he, is he that considereth the Poor, the  
 Blessed is he, Blessed is he, is he that considereth the Poor, the

and needy; Blessed is he, blessed is he that con-sidereth the poor ——— r and  
 Poor and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-fi-dereth the Poor ——— r and  
 Poor and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-sidereth the Poor ——— r and

needy; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time, in the  
 doody; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time of trouble, de-li-ver him in the  
 needy; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the

time of trou-ble; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the tim-  
 time of trouble; the Lord shall de-li-ver him, shall de-li-ver him in the  
 time of trouble; the Lord shall de-li-ver him, the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the

—e of trouble, the Lord shall de-liver him in the time of trouble.  
 —time of trouble, the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time of trouble.  
 time of trouble, the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time of trouble.

*Verse solus.*

The Lord pre-serve him, pre-serve him, and keep him a-li- - - - -ve, and

keep him a—live, the Lord pre-serve him, the Lord pre—serve him, pre-serve him and

keep him a—liv- e; that he may be

blesed, that he may be blef- - - - -sed up—on

Earth; and de-liver not thou him, and de-liver not thou him in-to the will of his enemies;

and deliver not thou him, and deliver not thou him into the will, into the will of his enemies.

The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he

The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he

The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he



lyeth sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his bed in  
lyeth sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed in  
lyeth sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his

his sickness, make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed, all  
his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed, all,  
Bed in his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his

all, all, all, all, all his Bed in his sickness.  
all, all, all, all, all his Bed in his sickness.  
Bed, all, all, all, make thou all his Bed in his sickness. Glo—ry be to the Father, Glo—

Glo—ry be to the  
ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;

Glo—ry be to the  
Father, Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;

Father, Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;  
Glo—ry be to the

Glo—ry be to the Ho—ly Ghost, Glo—ry be to the Father Son and  
 Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Father Son and  
 Father, Glory, Glory to the Father Son and

Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning,  
 Ho—ly Ghost; and  
 Ho—ly Ghost; it Now, now, now, now, now, now, now;

Glo—ry to the Father Son and Ho—ly Ghost;  
 —ver shall be, Glo—ry to the Father Son and Ho—ly Ghost;  
 Glory, Glory to the Father Son and Holy Ghost, world without

A—men, world without end,  
 A—men, world without end,  
 end, world without end, A—

A—men, A—  
 A—men, A—  
 —men, A—

—men, Amen.  
 —men, A—men, Amen.  
 —men, A—men, Amen.  
 C c

322 ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.

I was glad, I was glad, when they said un-to me,

we will go, we will go into the House of the Lord; we will go, will go into the

House of the Lord, our feet shall stand in thy Gates O! O! Je-ru-sa-

lem; our Feet shall stand, shall, stand in thy Gates O - - -

Je-ru-sa-lam, O! - - - Je-ru-sa-lem.

For there the Tribes go up,  
For there the  
Jerusalem is built as a City that is at unity in its self, for

for there the Tribes go up, for there the Tribes go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the  
Tribes go up, for there the Tribes go up, the Tribes go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the  
there the Tribes go up, the Tribes go up, go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the

Lord; to testify unto I-srael, and to give thanks un-to the  
Lord; to testify un-to I-srael, to testify unto I-srael, and to give thanks un-to the  
Lord; to testify un-to I-srael, to testify un-to I-srael, and to give thanks un-to the



name of the Lord, and to give thanks, to give thanks unto the name, give  
name of the Lord, and to give thanks, and to give thanks, to give thanks unto the name, give  
name of the Lord, and to give thanks, and to give thanks unto the name, give

thanks un--to the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord;  
thanks un-to the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord; for there is the  
thanks un-to the name of the Lord, give thanks unto the name of the Lord;

seat of Judgment, ev'n the seat of the House of David, for there is the seat of Judgment

ev'n the seat of the House of David, ev'n the seat of the House of David, ev'n the

O pray for the Peace of Jerusalem, O pray,  
seat of the House of David. O! pray,  
O! pray,

pray for the peace of Je-ru-salem; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall  
pray for the peace of Je-ru-salem; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall  
pray for the peace of Je-ru-salem; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall

prof— —per that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that  
 prof— —per that Love thee: they shall prosper, shall prosper that  
 prosper, shall prosper that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that

Love thee, shall prof— —per that Love thee, shall prof— —per that  
 Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that  
 Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that

Love thee. *Cdo.* Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy  
 Love thee. *Cdo.* Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy  
 Love thee. *Cdo.* Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy

Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—  
 Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—  
 Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—

—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.  
 —in with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.  
 —in with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.

*Vrs.* For my Brethren and Companions sake, I will wish thee prof—pe—ri—ty,  
 For my Brethren and Companions sake,  
 For my Brethren

For my Brethren and companion's sake, I will wish, will wish thee prof—  
I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity, will wish thee prof—  
and Companions sake, I will wish, will wish, will wish thee prof—

—perity, I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy  
—perity, I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy  
—perity, I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy

*Ch.* *Vers.*  
Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,  
*Ch.* *Vers.*  
Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,  
*Ch.* *Vers.*  
Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,

*Ch.*  
Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in  
Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in  
Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in

*Tutti.*  
thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and  
thy Pa—la—ces and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and  
thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and

plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.  
plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.  
plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.



An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.

Cto. Cto.

O give thanks, give thanks,

Vers. Cto. Vers. Cto. Vers.


Give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O!

Vers. Cto. Vers. Cto. Vers.

O give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O

Vers. Cto. Vers. Cto.

O give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O!

Cto.

O! O give thanks,

Cto. Vers.

O give thanks, O! O give thanks, give thanks unto the

Cto. Vers.

O give thanks, O! O! O! O give thanks, give thanks, unto the

Cto. Vers.

O! O give thanks, O! O! O! O give thanks, give thanks un-to the

Cto.

give thanks un-to the Lord; for he is gracious, is

Cto. Vers.

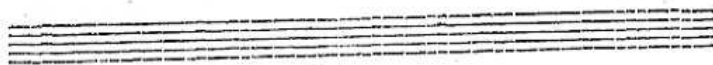
Lord, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious, for he is gra-

Cto. Vers.

Lord; give thanks unto the Lord; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious, is

Cto. Vers.

Lord; give thanks unto the Lord; for he is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious,



Cto. Cto. Cto.

gracious, is gracious, O give thanks, give thanks, O!

Cto. Vers. Cto. Vers.

-cious, is gracious, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O!

Vers. Cto. Vers. Cto. Vers.

gracious, is gracious, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O!

Vers. Cto. Vers. Cto. Cto.

is gracious, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O! O!

O! ——— O give thanks unto the Lord;

*Vers.*  
O! ——— O give thanks un-to the Lord, give thanks un-to the Lord;

O! O give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks un-to the Lord;

O! O! O give thanks un-to the Lord, give thanks un-to the Lord;



*Ch.* *Vers. slow.*

For he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious;

*Vers.* *Ch.*  
For he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious;

*Ch.*  
For he is gra—cious, is gracious, for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious;

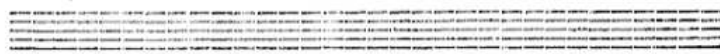
*Ch.*  
For he is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious, is gracious; And his

And his mercy endureth, his mercy endureth for e—

And his mercy en-du-reth for ever, his mercy endureth for e—ver, for

And his mercy endureth, endureth for e—ver, his mercy endureth for

mercy endureth, his mercy endureth for e—ver, his mercy endureth for



*Ch.*

—ver, his mercy endureth for ever, for ever, for ever,

*Vers.* *Vers.*  
e—ver, endureth for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever,

*Vers.* *Ch.* *Vers.*  
ever, his mercy endureth for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, his

*Vers.* *Ch.* *Vers.*  
ever, his mercy endureth for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, his mercy en—

*Ch.*

his mercy endureth, his mercy en-dureth for e—

*Ch.*

his mercy en-dureth for ever, his mercy en-dureth for e—ver, for

mercy endureth, en-dureth for e—ver, his mercy endureth for

—dureth for, mercy en-dureth for e—ver, his mercy en-dureth for



*Rit.*

—ver, his mercy endureth for ever.

*Rit.*

e—ver, endureth for ever.

*Rit.*

ever, his mercy endureth for e—ver.

*Rit.*

ever, his mercy endureth for e—ver.

Who, who can expreis the no—

Who, who can expreis the no—ble acts of the

—ble acts of the Lord? Who, who can expreis the

Lord? Who, who can expreis the no—ble

no—ble, no—ble acts of the

acts; the no—ble, no—ble acts of the

Lord? Or shew forth all, a—ll, his Praise?

Lord? Or shew forth all, a—ll his Praise, or shew forth



Or shew forth all, shew forth all, all,

all, or shew forth all, or shew forth all, all, all,

— or shew forth all his praise.

— his praise.

Ac-cording to the favour that thou

Remember, re-mem-ber, remem-ber

Remember, remember, remember me O Lord,

According to the favour that thou bear'st un—to thy

bear'd un-to thy people; remember, re-mem-ber, remem-ber me O Lord, a—

me O Lord, according to the favour, that thou bear'st un—to thy people; re—

according to the favour that thou bear'st un—to thy

people, remember, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord, according to the

—cording to the favour, that thou bear'd un—to thy people, remember me O

—member, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord, remember me O

peo-ple; ac-cording to the favour, that thou bear'st un—to thy

favour, that thou bear'st unto thy people; re—

Lord, remember, remember, remember me O Lord; O vi-sit me, O

Lord, according to the favour that thou bear'st unto thy people; O vi-fit me,

people; re-member, re-mem-ber me O Lord; O vi-fit me,

-member, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord; O vi-fit me, O

vi-fit me, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation, O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me, O

O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation, O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me,

O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation, O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me,

vi-fit me, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation, O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me, O

*Cdo.*  
vi-fit me with thy Salvation; O vi-fit, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation.

O vi-fit me with thy Salvation; O vi-fit, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation.

O vi-fit me with thy Salvation; O vi-fit me, vi-fit me with thy Salvation.

vi-fit me with thy Salvation; O vi-fit, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation.

*Ritor.*

That I may see, that I may see the fel-

-city of thy chosen; And re-joy-

—ce with the gladness, the glad—ness of thy people; that I may see,

that I may see the fe—li—city of thy chosen; and re—joy—

—ce with the gladness, the gladness of thy

people; and give thanks, and give thanks with thine

—be—ri—tance, and give thanks; and give thanks give thank

—s with thine in—be—ri—tance.

## Vers of 4 Verses.

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of Israel;

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of Israel, from ever la—

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of Israel, from ever la—

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of Israel;

Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from ever

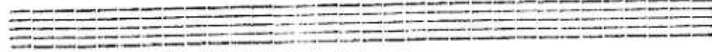
—sing, e—ver—lasting, Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of Israel,

—sing, e—ver—lasting, Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of Israel,

Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from ever—

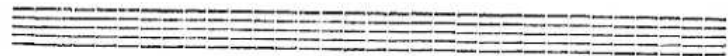


—sing, everlasting, from everla—  
 from ever—la—sing,  
 from ever—la—sing,  
 —la—sing, everlasting, from ever—la—



—sing, e—ver—lasting; and world without end, and  
 from ever—la—sing; and world without end, and world with—  
 from ever—la—sing; and world without  
 —sing, e—ver—lasting; and world without end, and world without

world without end, and world without end, and world without end, and world with—  
 —out end, and world without end, and world without end, world with  
 end, and world without end, and world without end, world  
 end, and world without end, and world without end, with—out—



—out end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—  
 —out end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—  
 without end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—  
 end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

*Vers.* *Ch.* *Vers.*

—men, Amen; let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

—men, Amen; let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

—men, Amen, let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

—man, Amen, let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

*Ch.* *Vers.* *Ch.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

*Ch.* *Vers.* *Ch.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

*Ch.* *Vers.* *Ch.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

*Ch.* *Vers.* *Ch.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.

*Org.*

Symphony.

Musical score for page 122, featuring three systems of staves with vocal and instrumental parts. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

Musical score for page 123, featuring three systems of staves with vocal and instrumental parts. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. A large, ornate initial 'M' is present at the beginning of the first system.

**M**Y Song shall be alway of the lo—ving kindness of the  
 Lord, my Song shall be alway of the lo—ving kindness of the Lord; with my  
 mouth will I ever be shewing forth thy truth, with my mouth will I ever be shewing forth thy  
 truth, from one ge-ne-ra—tion to  
 a—no—ther. O Lord, O Lord the very Heav'ns shall praise thy  
 won—drous works, O Lord the very Heav'ns shall praise thy won—



—drous works, and thy truth in the Congregation of the Saints; and thy

truth in the Congregation of the Saints; For who is

he among the Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? For who is he among the

Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? For who is he, for who is he among the

Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? And what is he, what, what is he, is he among the

Gods that shall be like unto the Lord? and what is he, what, what is he among the

Gods that shall be like unto the Lord? what, what, what is he among the Gods that shall be

like, that shall be like unto the Lord? what, what, what is he among the Gods that shall be

*Return upon the Chorus.*

like that shall be like unto the Lord?

*Slow.*

God is very great—ly to be fear'd in the Council of the Saints and to be

had in re—verence of all them that are roun—d a—bout him, God

is very greatly, is very great-ly to be fear'd; and to be had in Re-  
verence

of all them that are roun- - - - -d, are round a-  
-bout him.

*Ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah.*

*Ha-le-lu-jah, &c.*

*Ha-le-lu-jah, &c.*

*Ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah.*

O - - - Lord God of Host, who, who is like un--to thee? O - - - Lord God

of host, who, who, who is like un--to thee? thy truth most migh--  
-ty Lord is on

ev'ry side; thy truth most migh--ty Lord, most migh--  
-ty Lord is on ev'ry

side. Thou rulest the rage - - - - -ing of the Sea, thou fillest the rage - - - - -

- - - - -ing of the Sea

Thou fillest the Waves thereof when they a - - - - -

- - - rise, thou fillest the Waves thereof, thou fillest the Waves thereof when they a - - - - -

- - - rise, thou fillest the Waves thereof, thou fillest the waves thereof, the Waves

RITOR. upon the Clofe.

--- thereof, when they a-rise.

Thou haft a migh-ty

migh-ty, mighty, arm; thou haft a migh-ty, mighty, mighty arm;

--- Strong is thy hand, Strong is thy hand, and high, and high--- is thy

right hand; thou haft a migh-ty, migh-ty

hand, Strong is thy hand, Strong is thy hand, and high, and high

is thy right hand; righteousnes and E-qui-ty are the Ha-bi-ti-on of thy

feat, righteousnes and E-qui-ty are the Ha-bi-ta-

--- tion of thy feat; mercy and truth shall go before thy

face, mercy and truth, mercy and truth shall go be-fore thy face.



Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah,

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah,

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-

-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-

-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah, *Cho. as before*  
*So conclude.*

F I N I S.

