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A

Collection of Chants & Tunes

for the USE of the

EPISCOPAL CHURCHES

in the City of

PHILADELPHIA.

Edited by B. Carr, Organist of St. Peters Church and published with the approbation of The Right Reverend Bishop White

Philadelphia Printed for the Editor and Sold at the Music Stores also by J. Carr Baltimore. [illegible]

It was intended by the Publisher to introduce this little work to the notice of the Episcopal Churches in this City, by a short preface, pointing out the advantages that result from a limited selection of standard tunes in preference to those extensive collections, in which there is almost necefsarily a great deal that does not deserve the name of music, and by which the Churches are constantly exposed to the evil of injudicious choice, or to the perhaps greater evil of novelty in the tunes that are chosen. By an accident, the preface which was prepared has been mislaid, and circumstances do not enable the publisher at present to obtain another.

The work must speak for itself; but it is proper to state that it has pafsed under the notice, and has the approbation of the venerable Bishop of this diocese.

Philad^{a}. November 23^{d}. 1816.

Index to the Chants

Venite exultemus _____ Page 6

Gloria in excelfis _____ 9

Te Deum laudamus _____ 10

Jubilate Deo _____ 12

Verficle before the Holy Gofpel _____ 13

Trifagion _____ 14

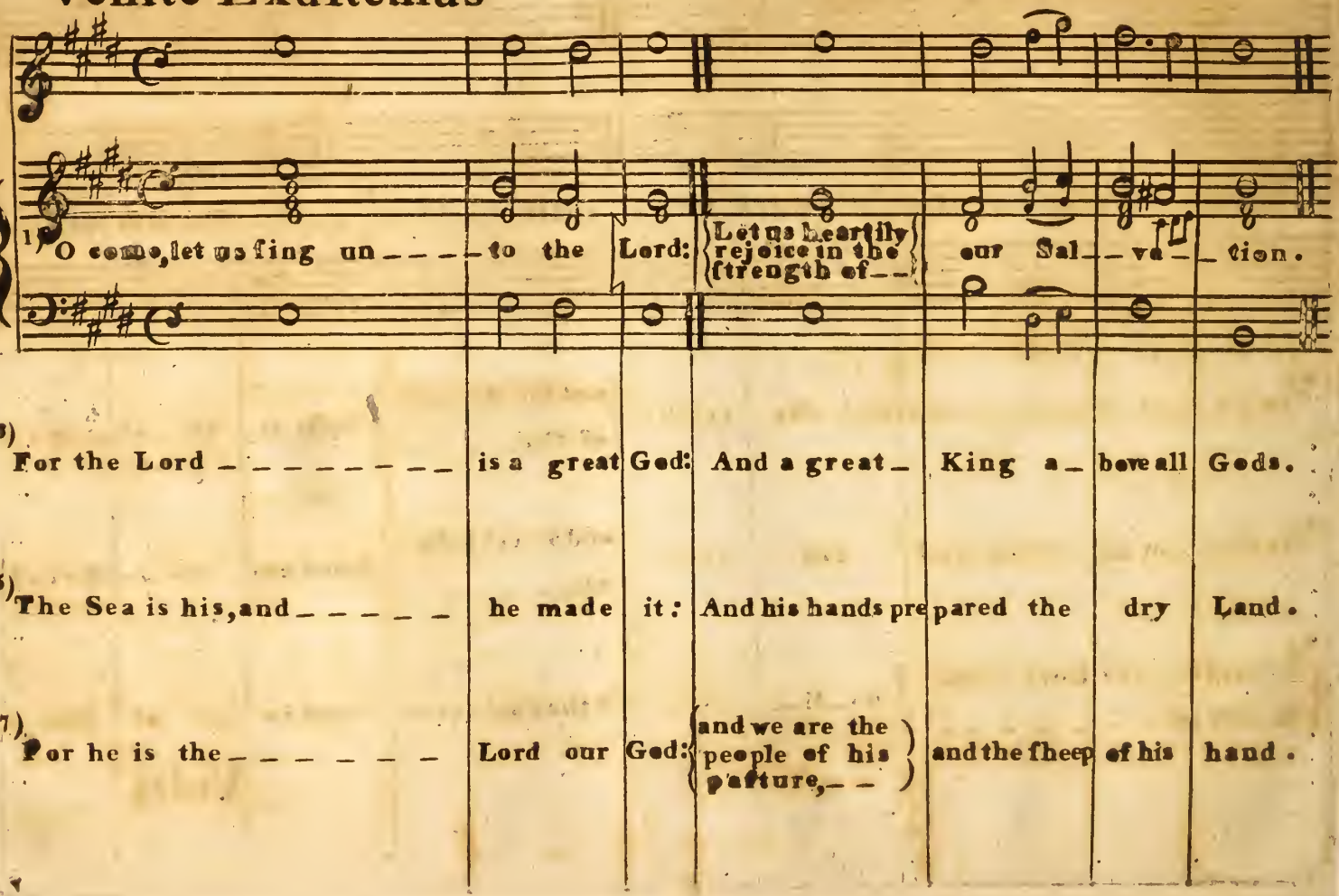
Doxology _____ 17

Bonum eft confiteri _____ 18

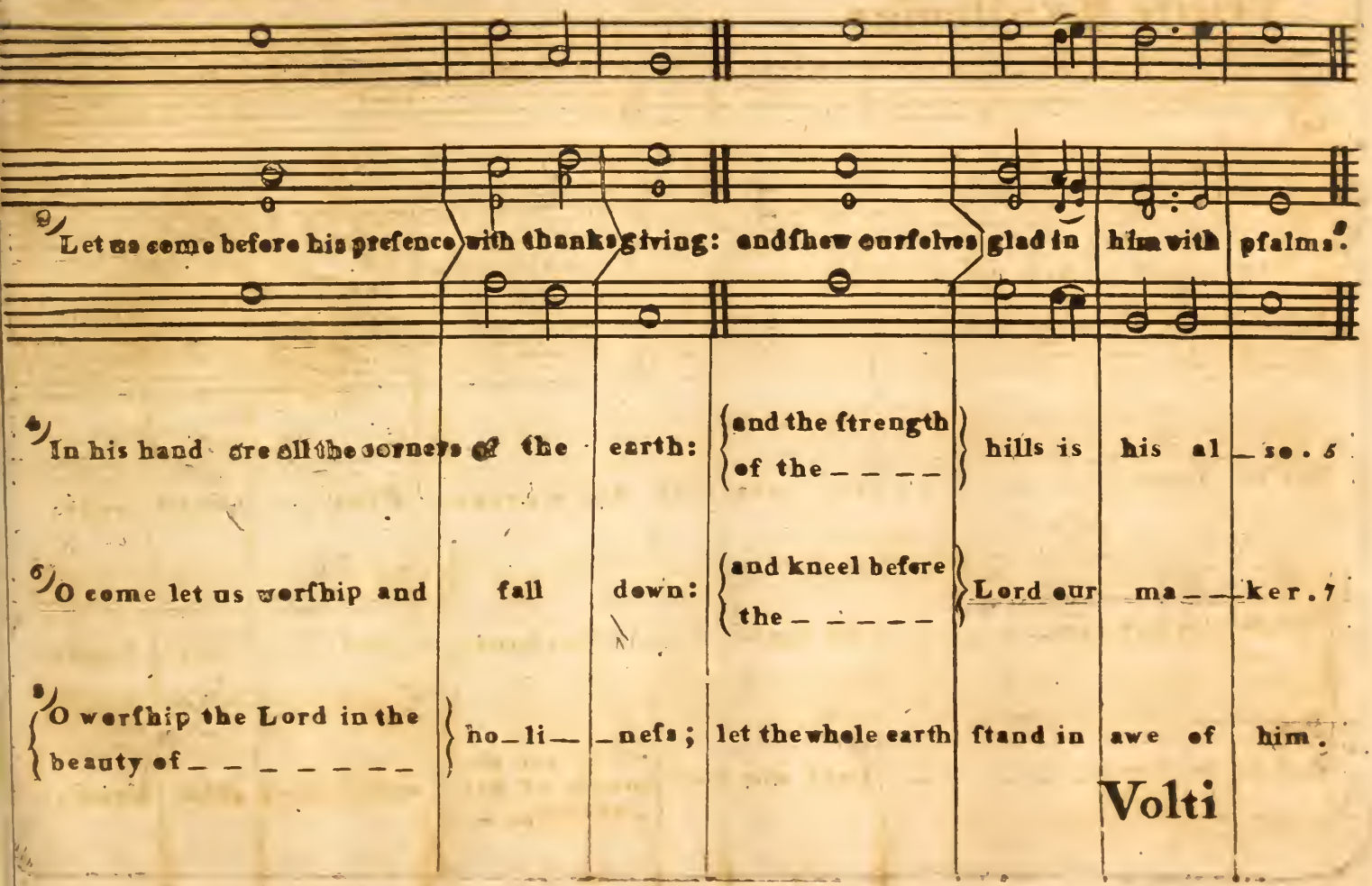
Benedic anima mea _____ 19

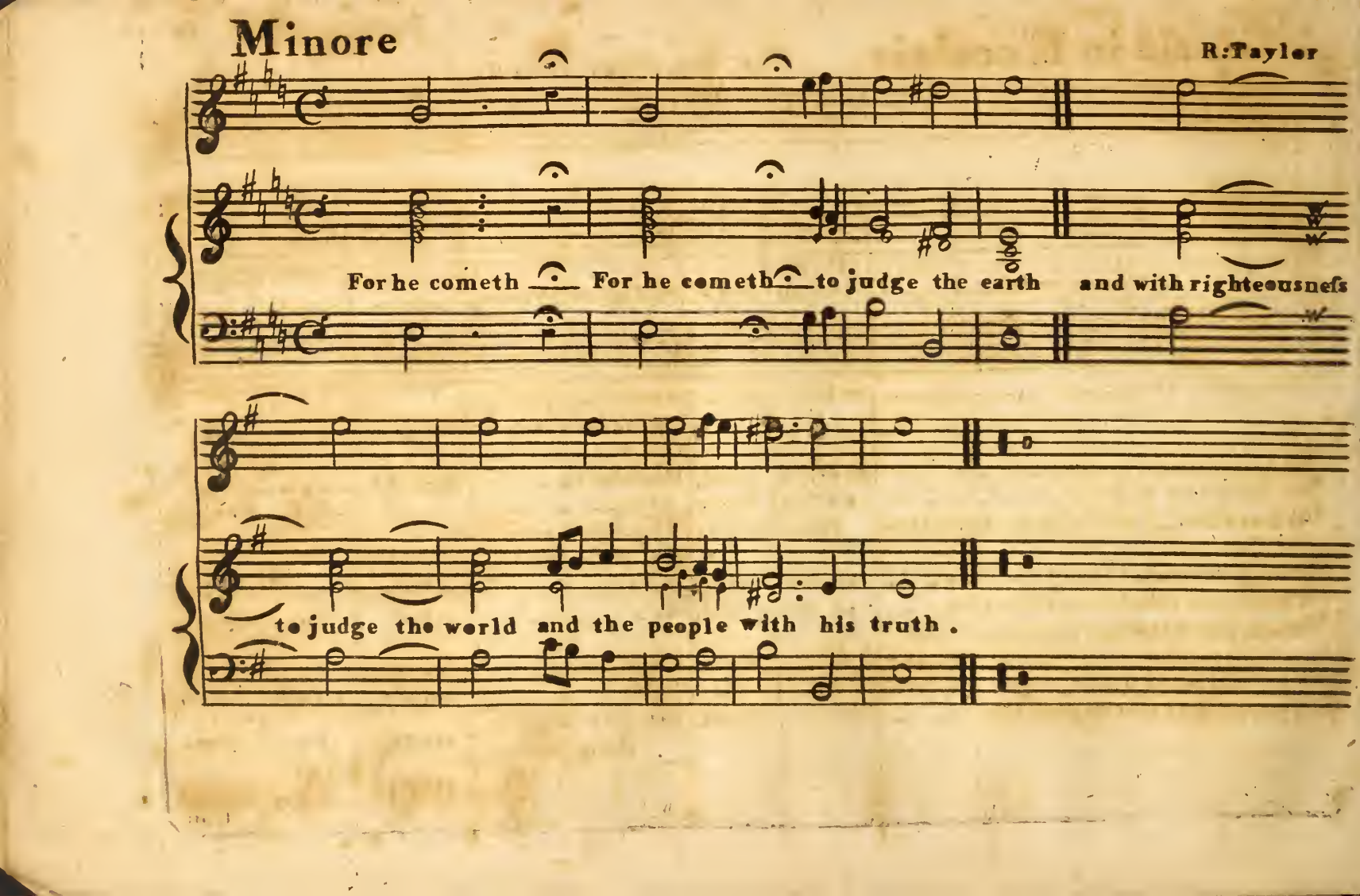
NB For an Index to the Pfalm Tunes fee the laft Page

Venite Exultemus



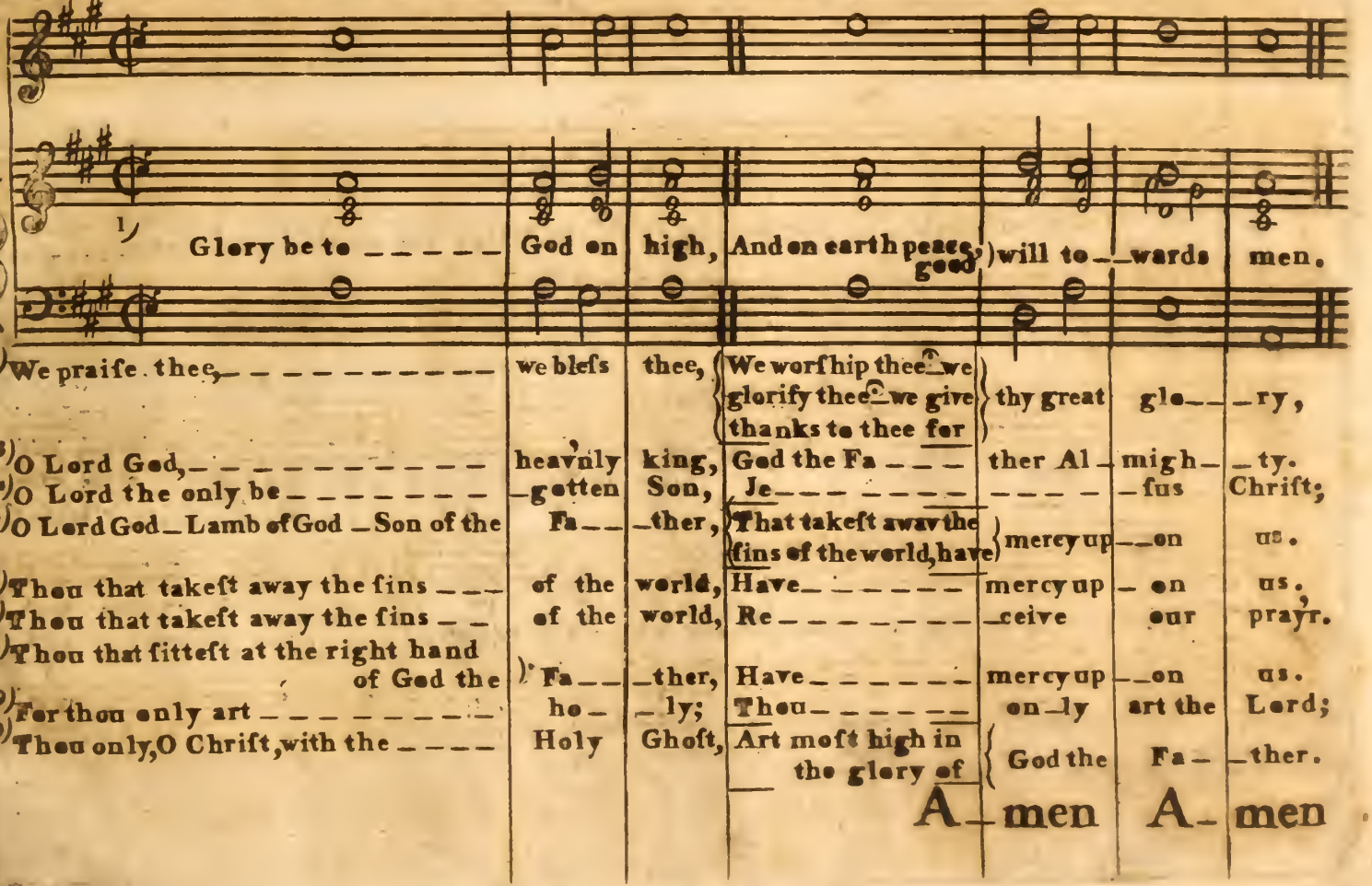
Double Chant




Minore
R:Taylor
For he cometh For he cometh to judge the earth and with righteousness
to judge the world and the people with his truth.

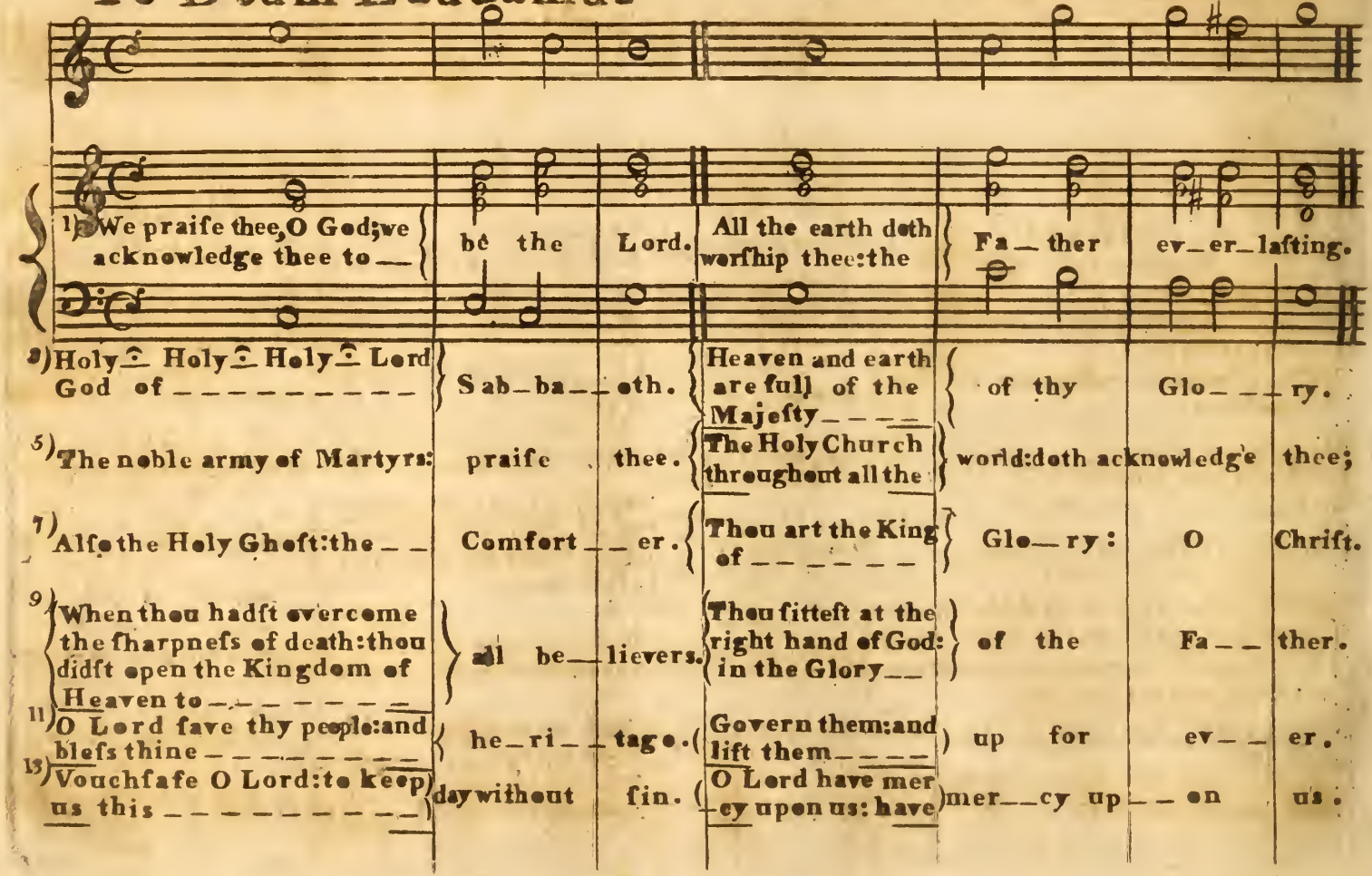
Gloria in Excelsis

or Doxology Page 17.



Te Deum Laudamus

R Taylor



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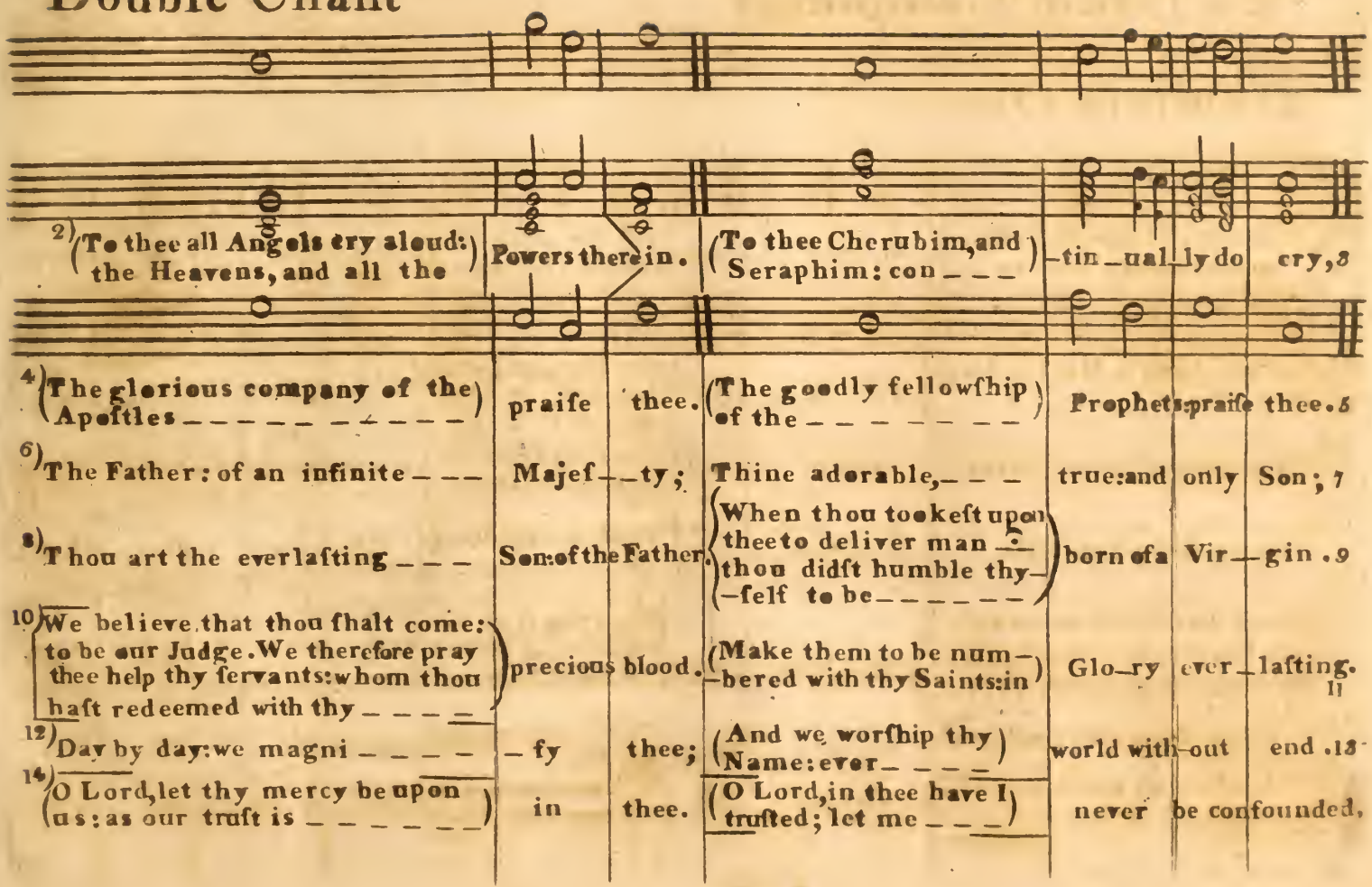
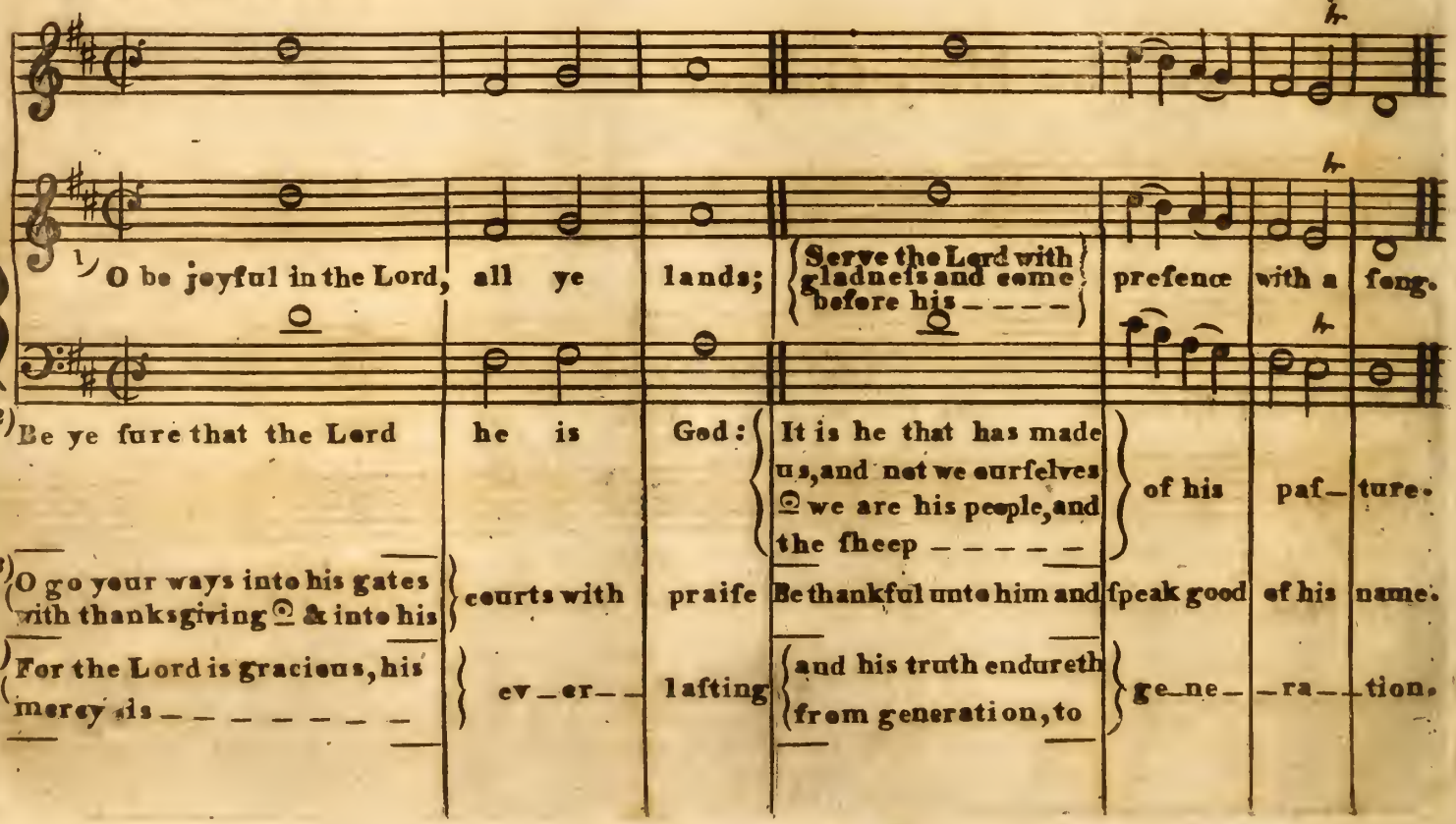
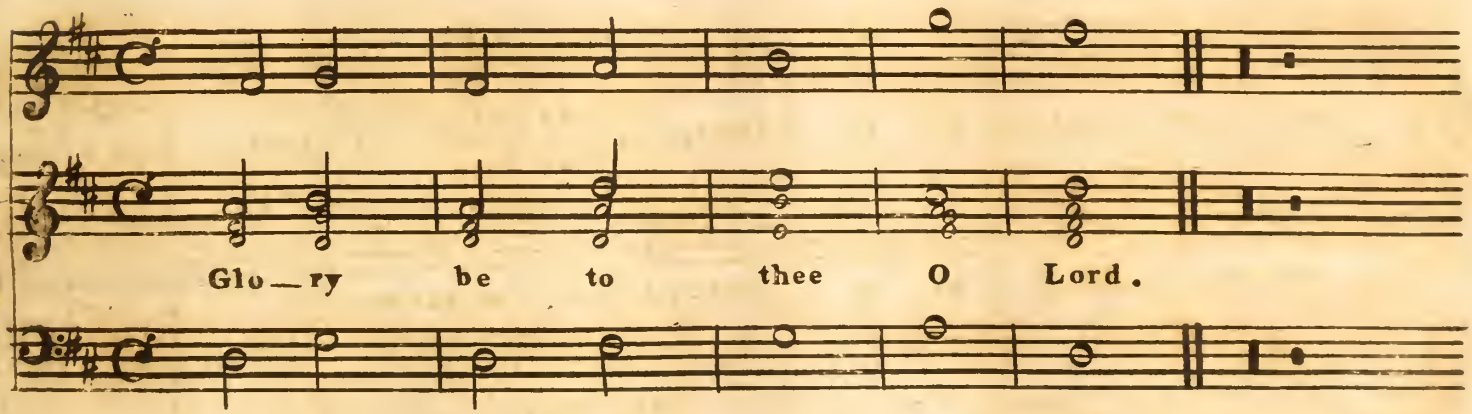


Jubilate Deo

R Taylor

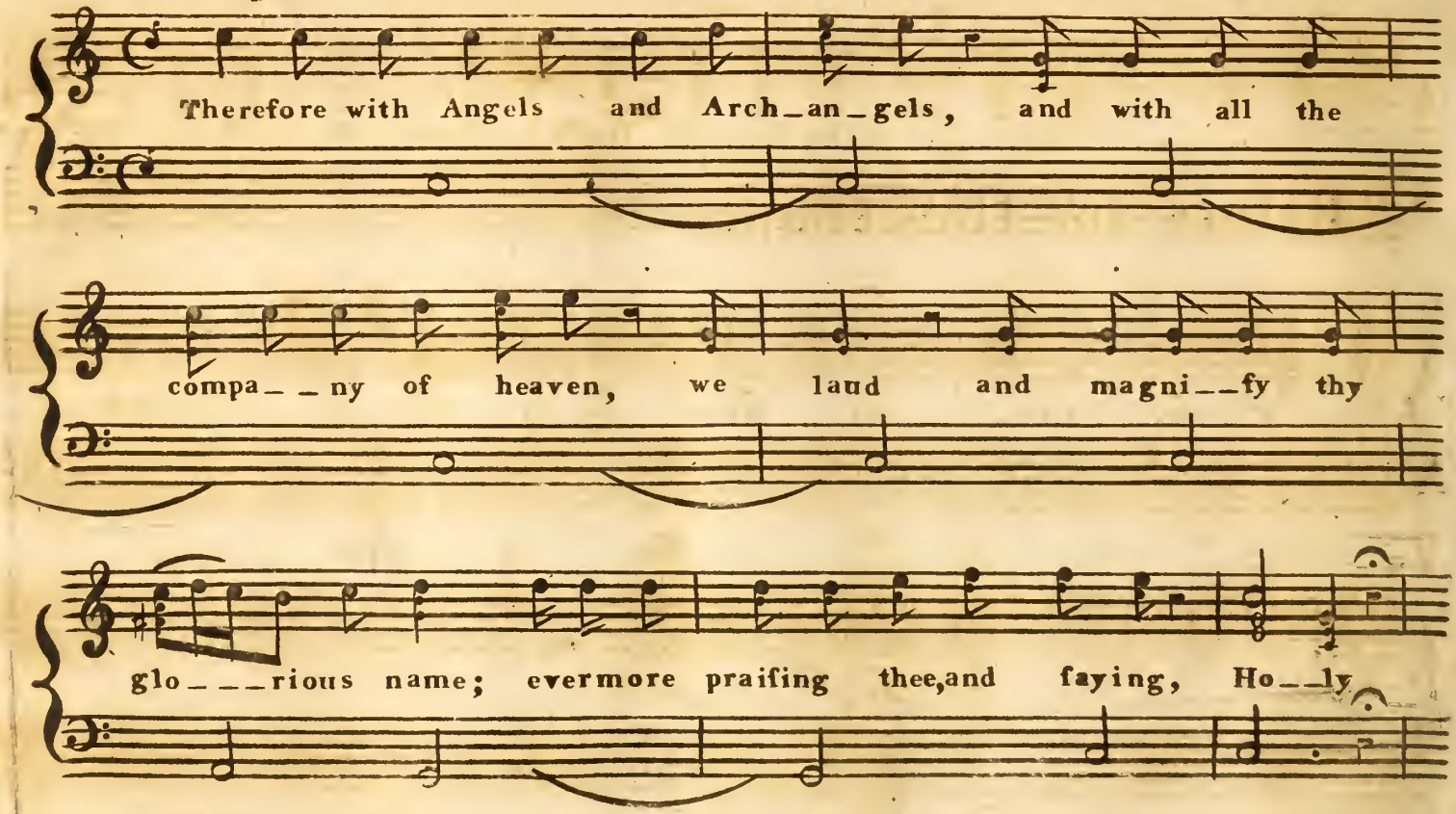


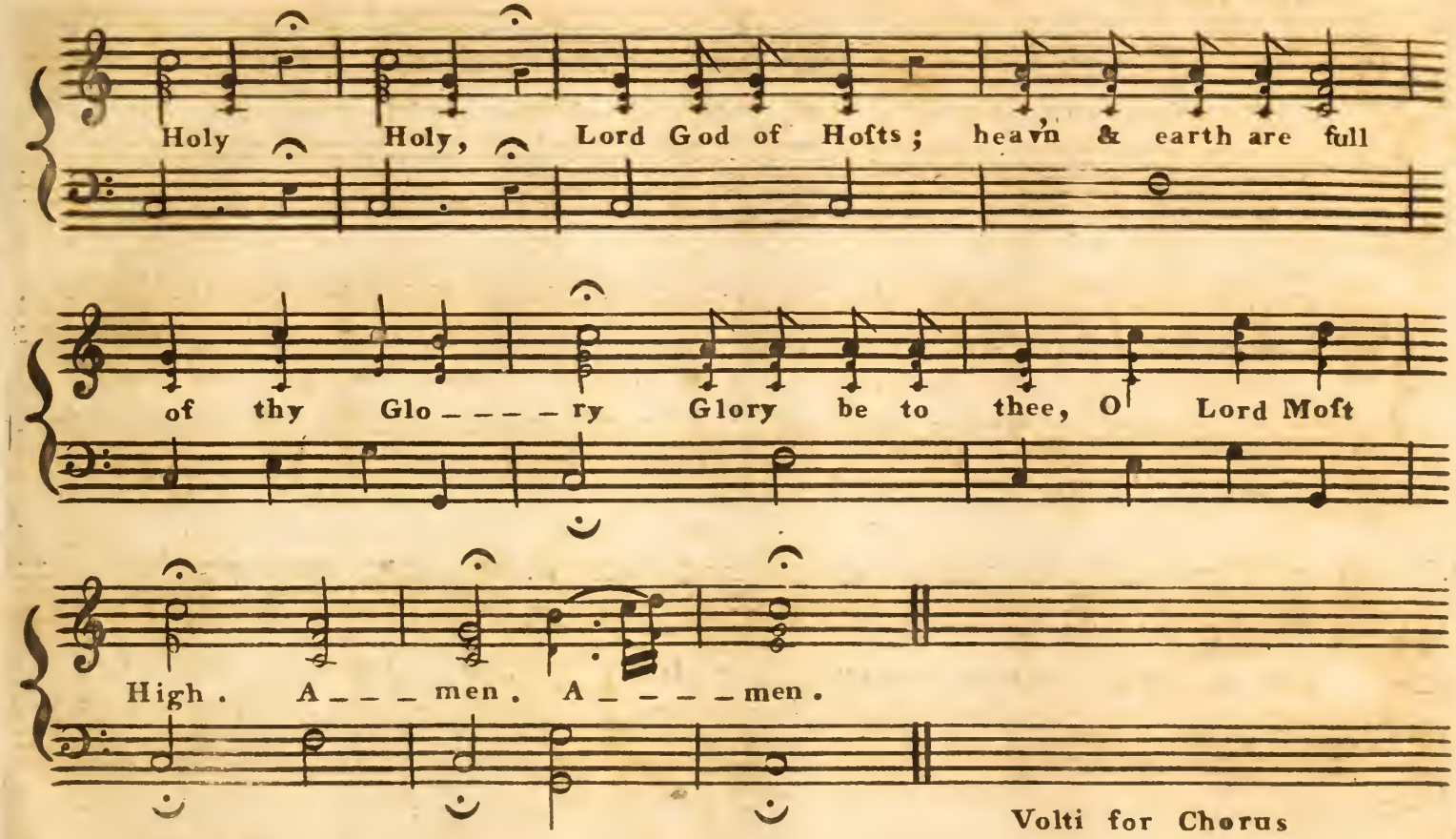
Before the Holy Gospel



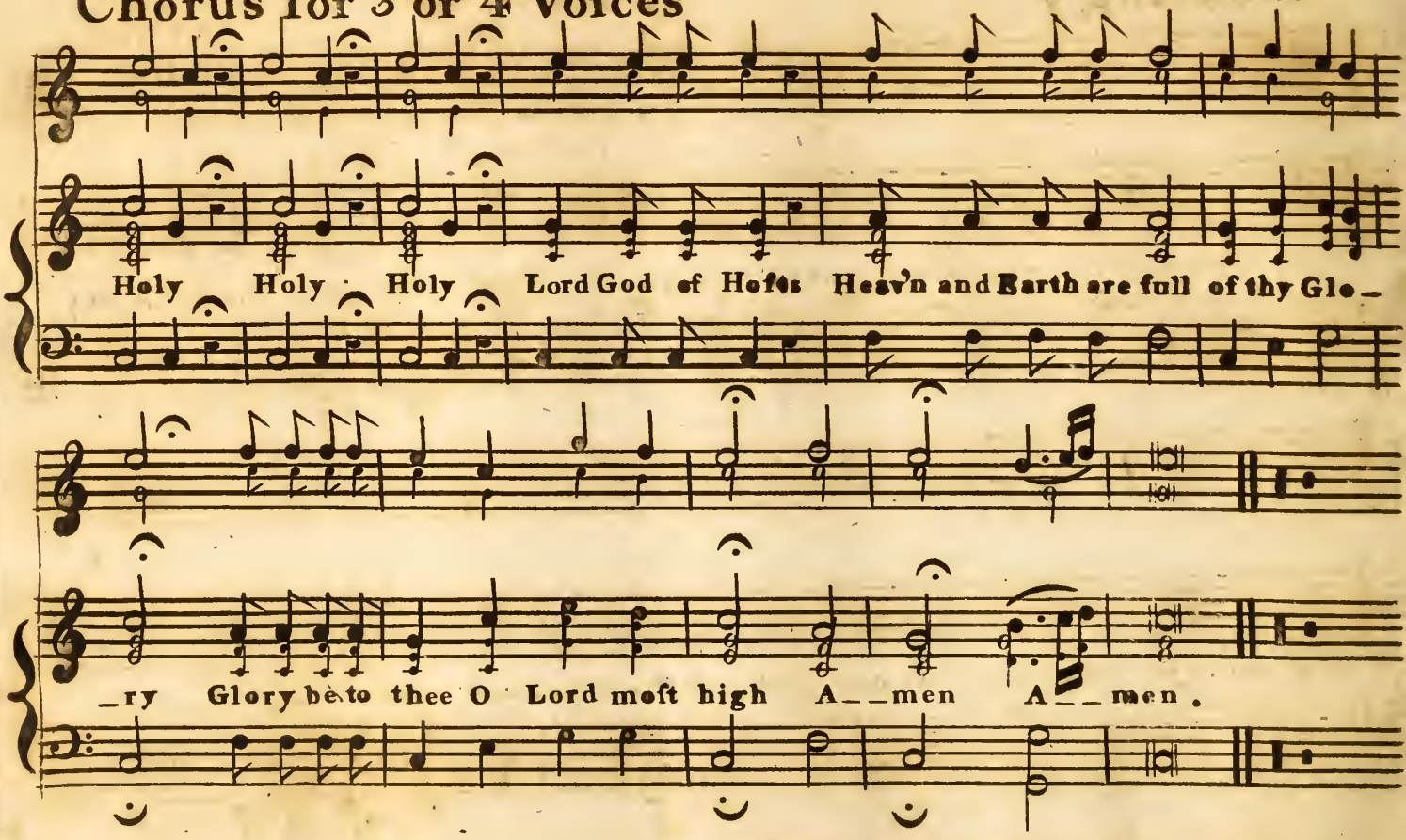
Trifagion

R. Taylor




Holy Holy, Lord God of Hofts; heavn & earth are full
of thy Glo _ _ _ _ ry Glory be to thee, O Lord Moft
High. A _ _ _ men. A _ _ _ _ _ men.
Volti for Chorus

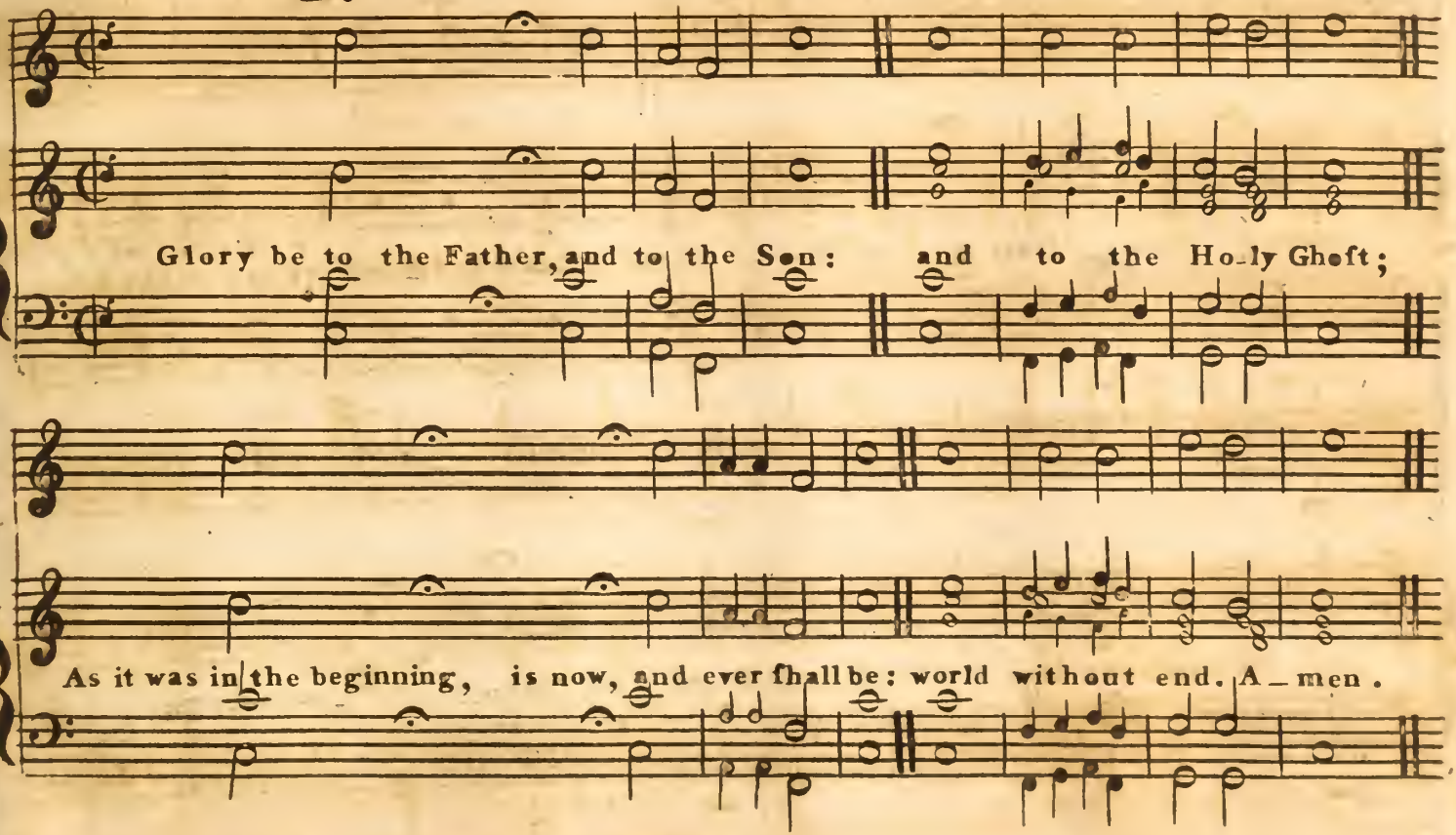
Chorus for 3 or 4 Voices



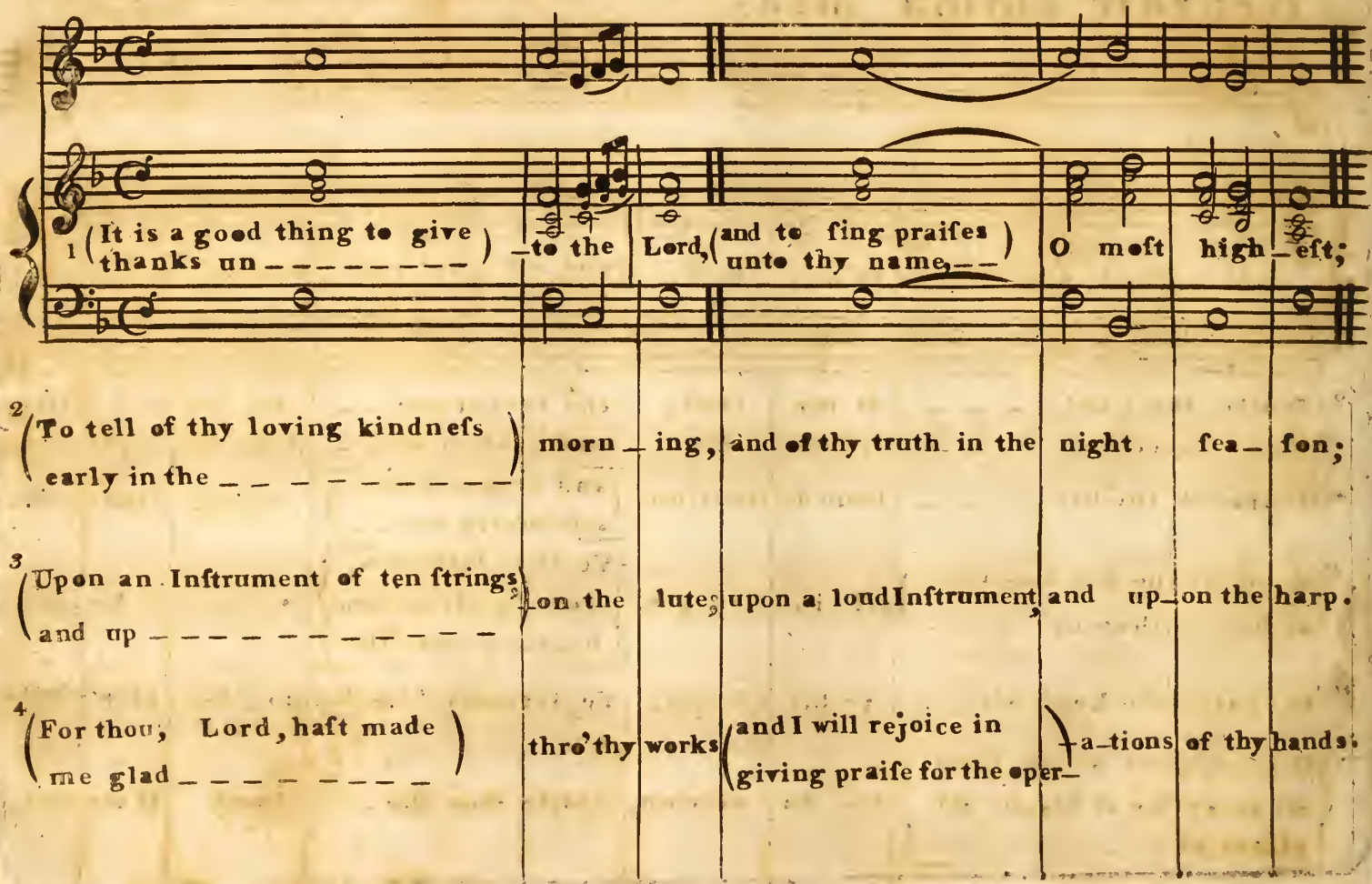
For "Gloria in excelfis" turn to Page 9

Doxology

R Taylor

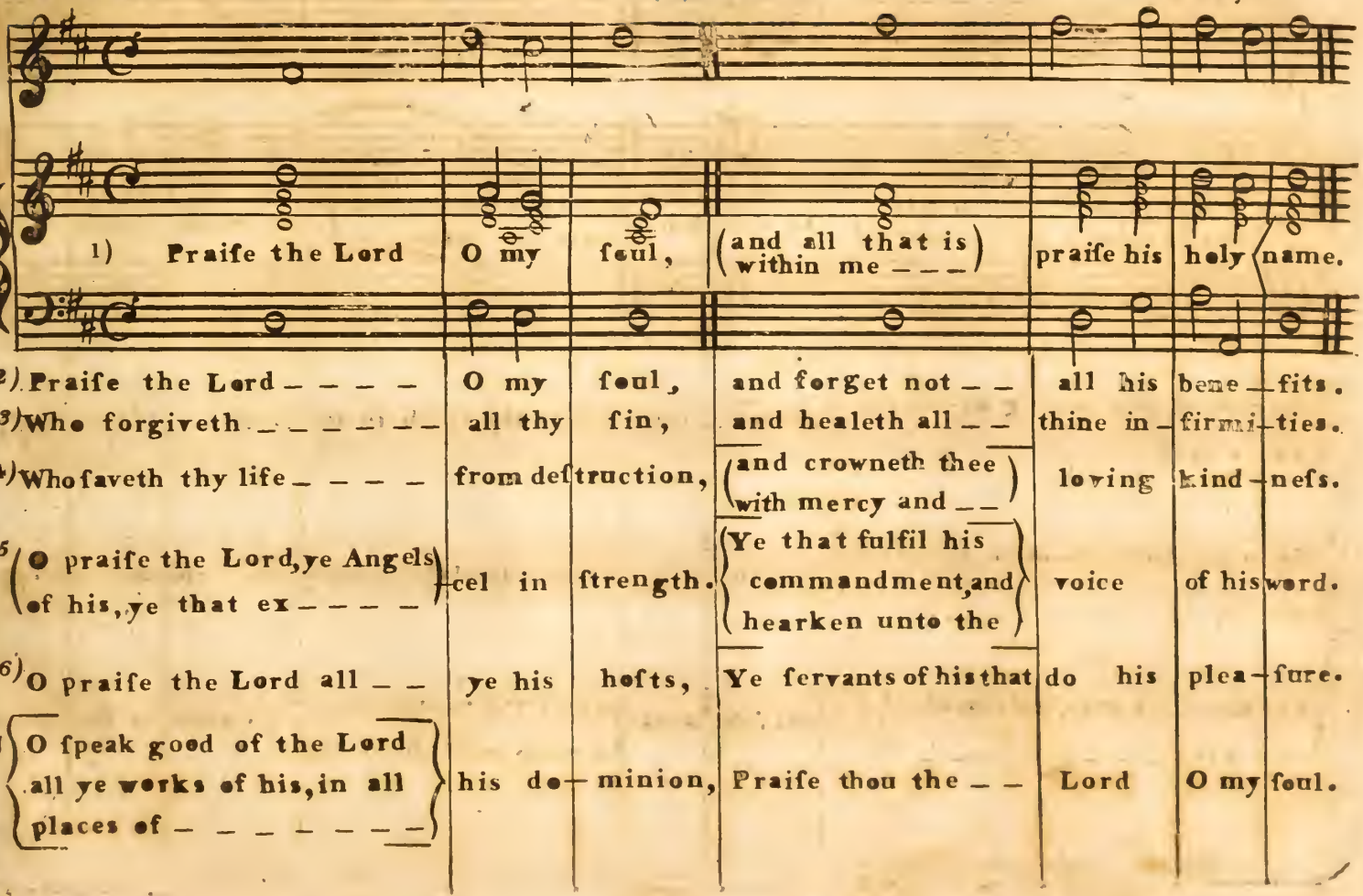


Bonum eſt confiteri

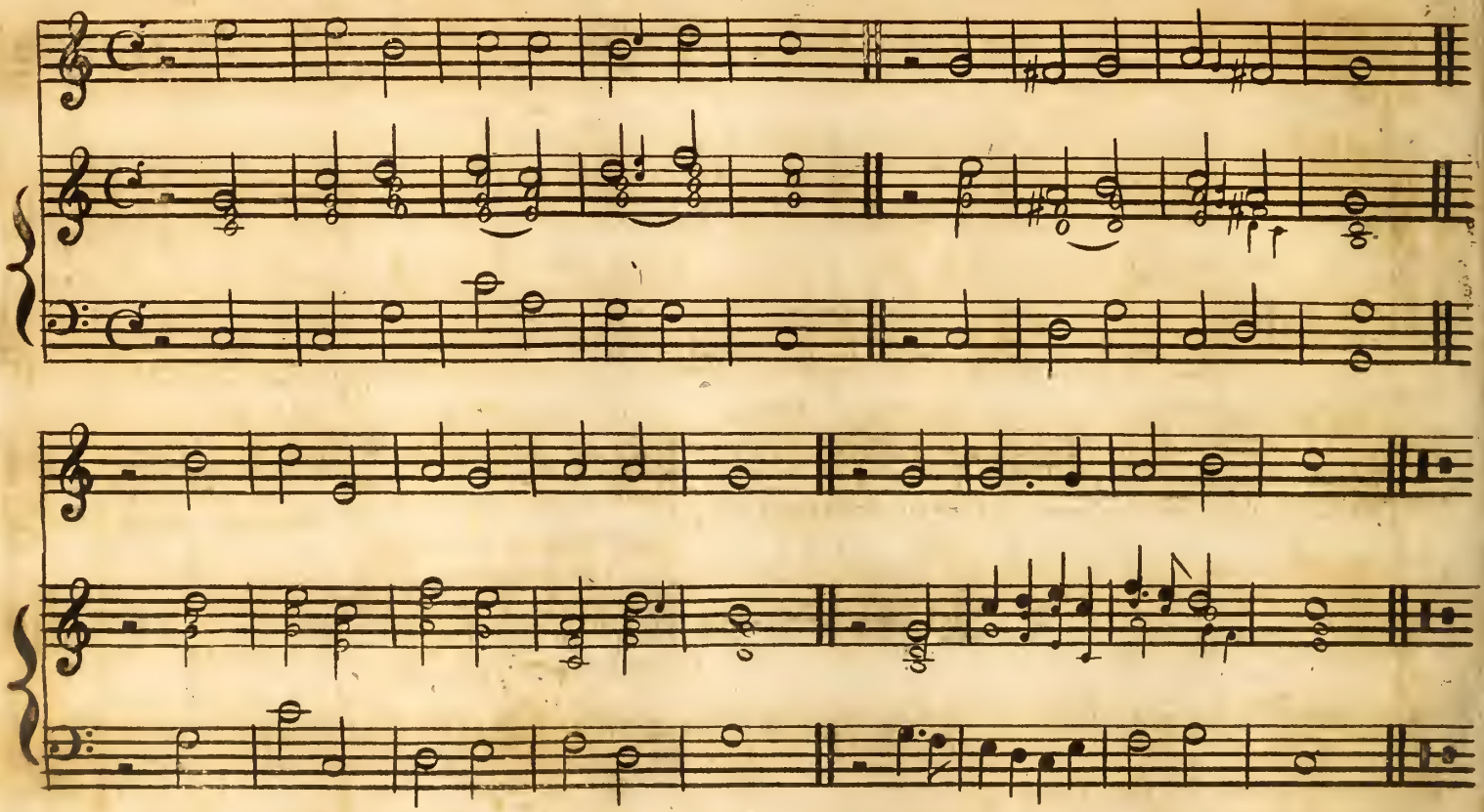


Benedic anima mea

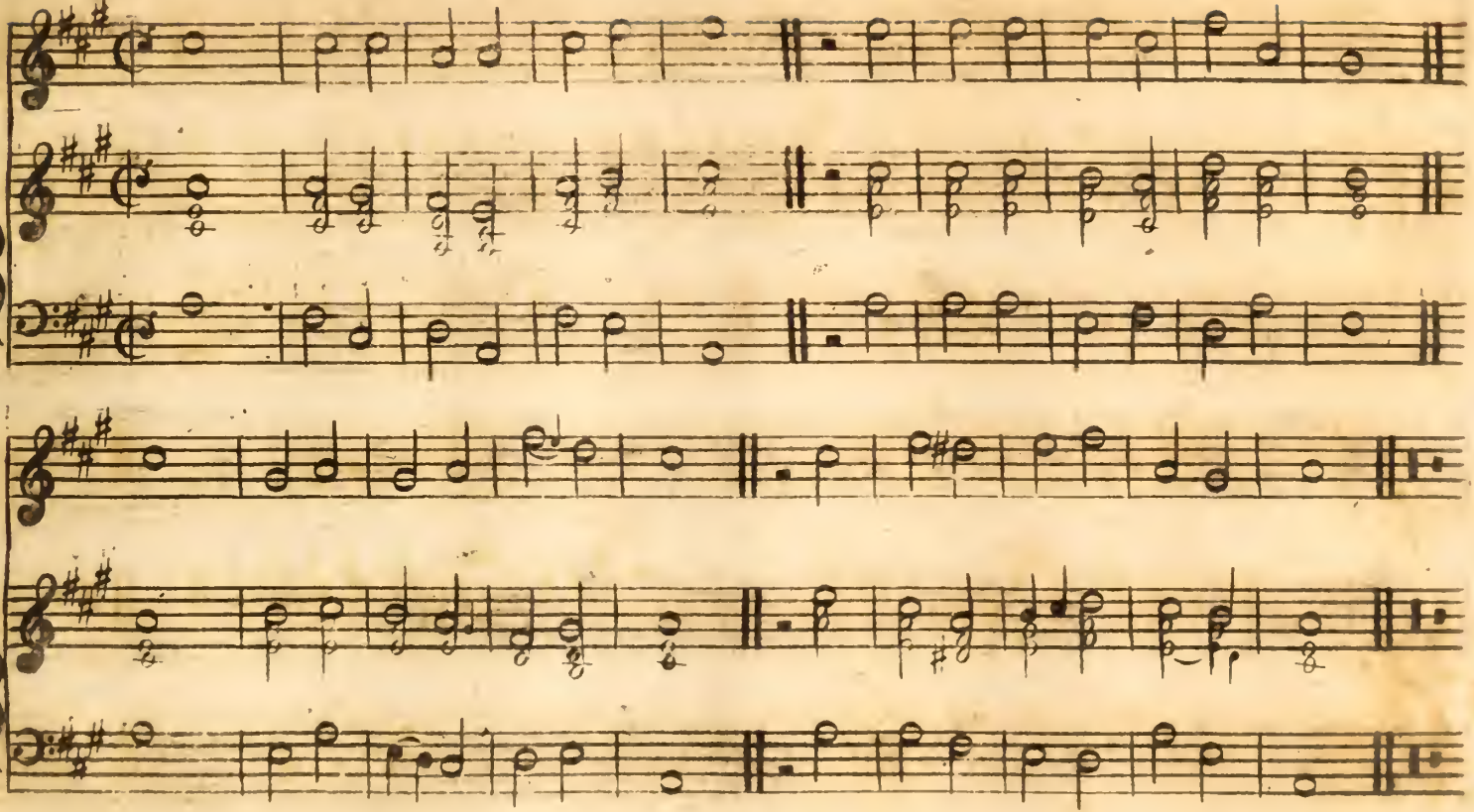
R Taylor



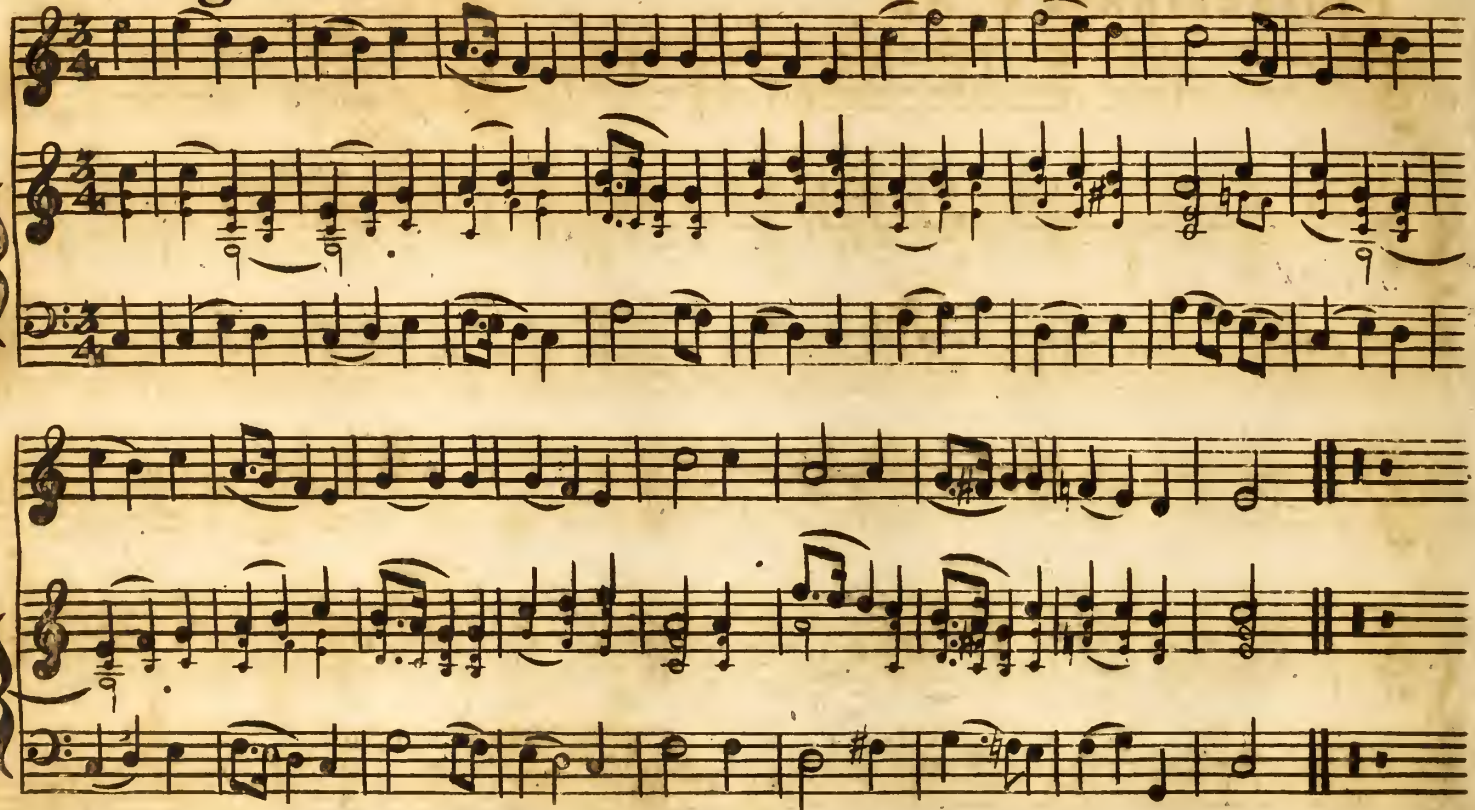
St James C. M.



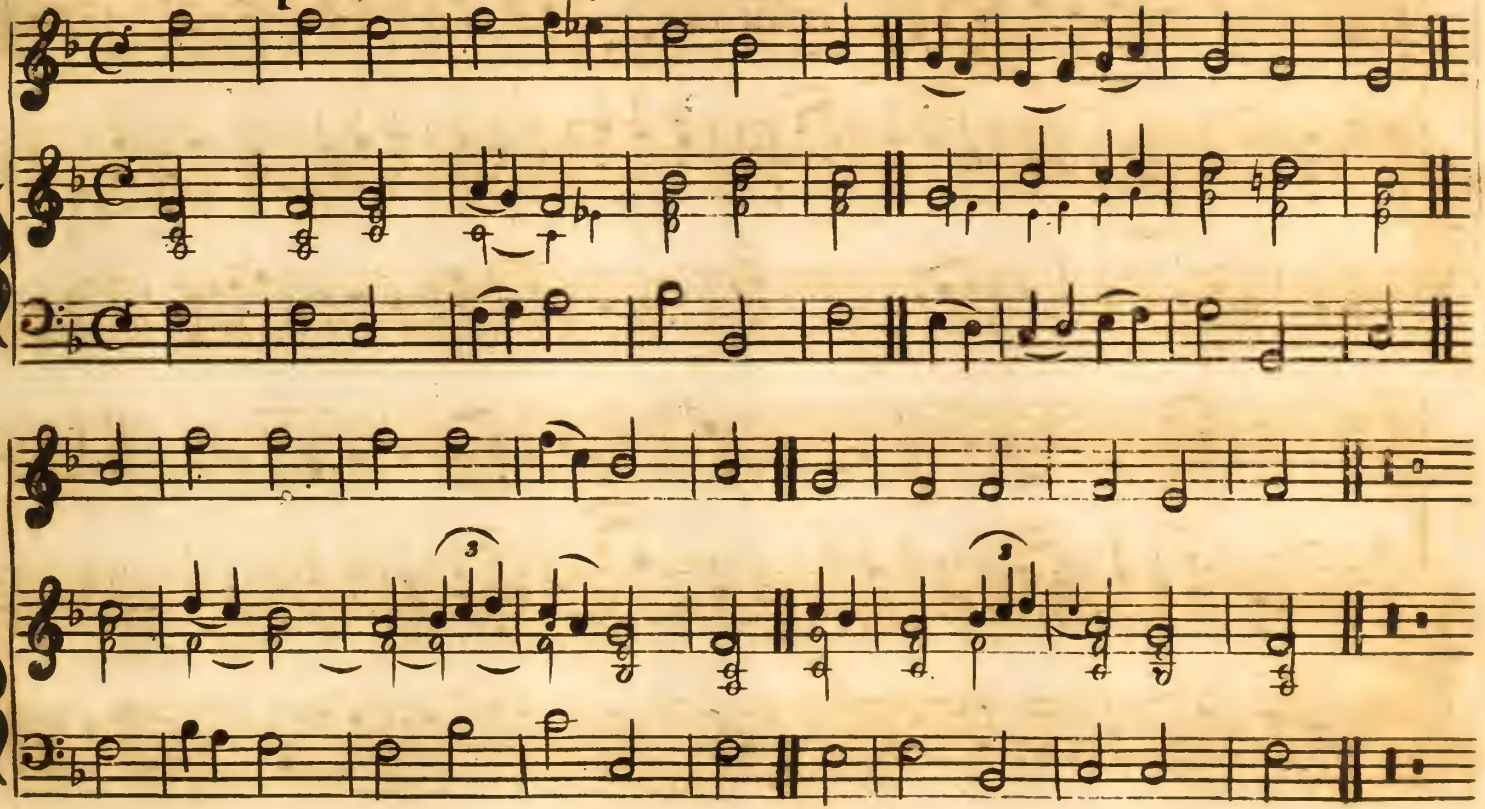
Old 100th L. M.



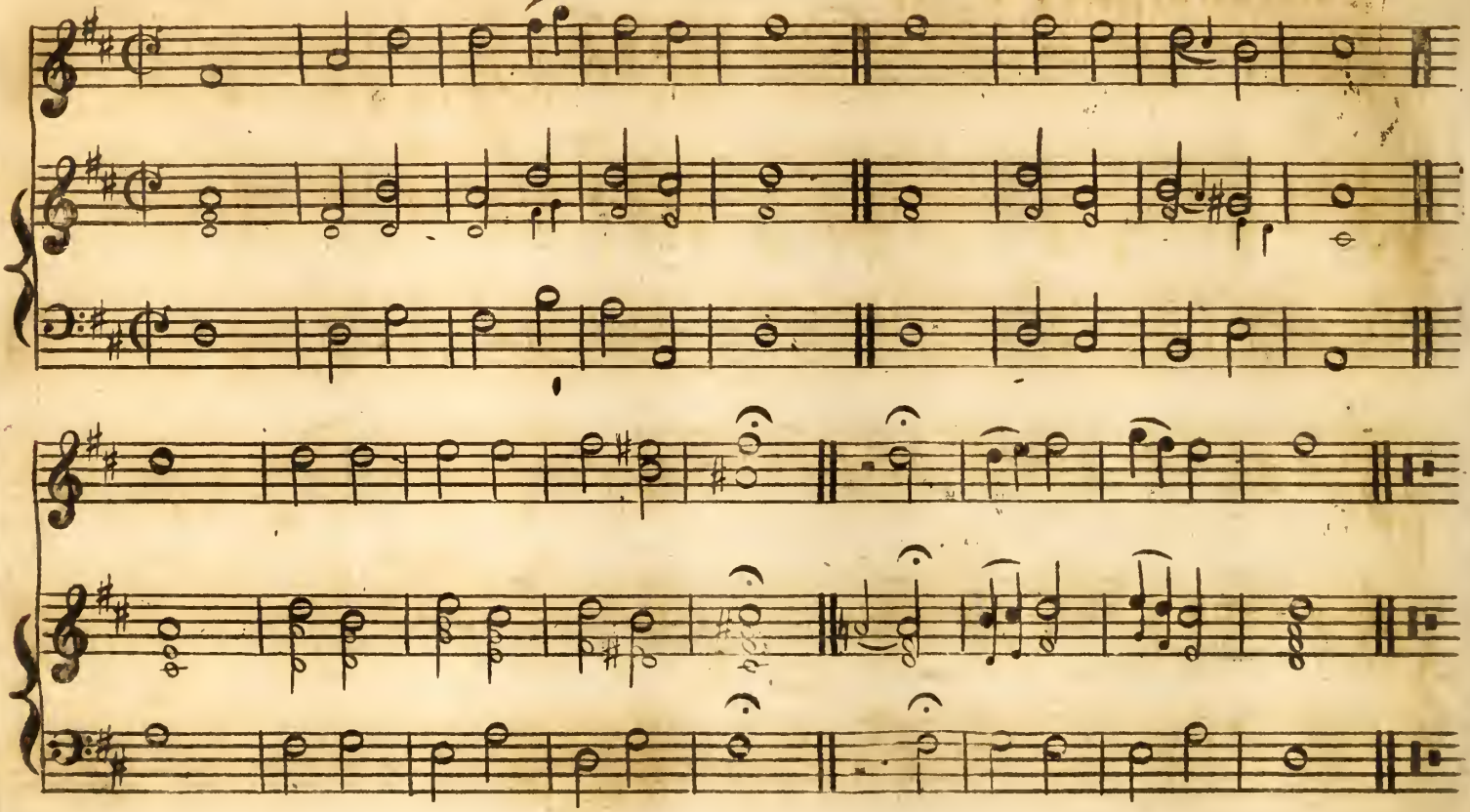
Islington L.M.



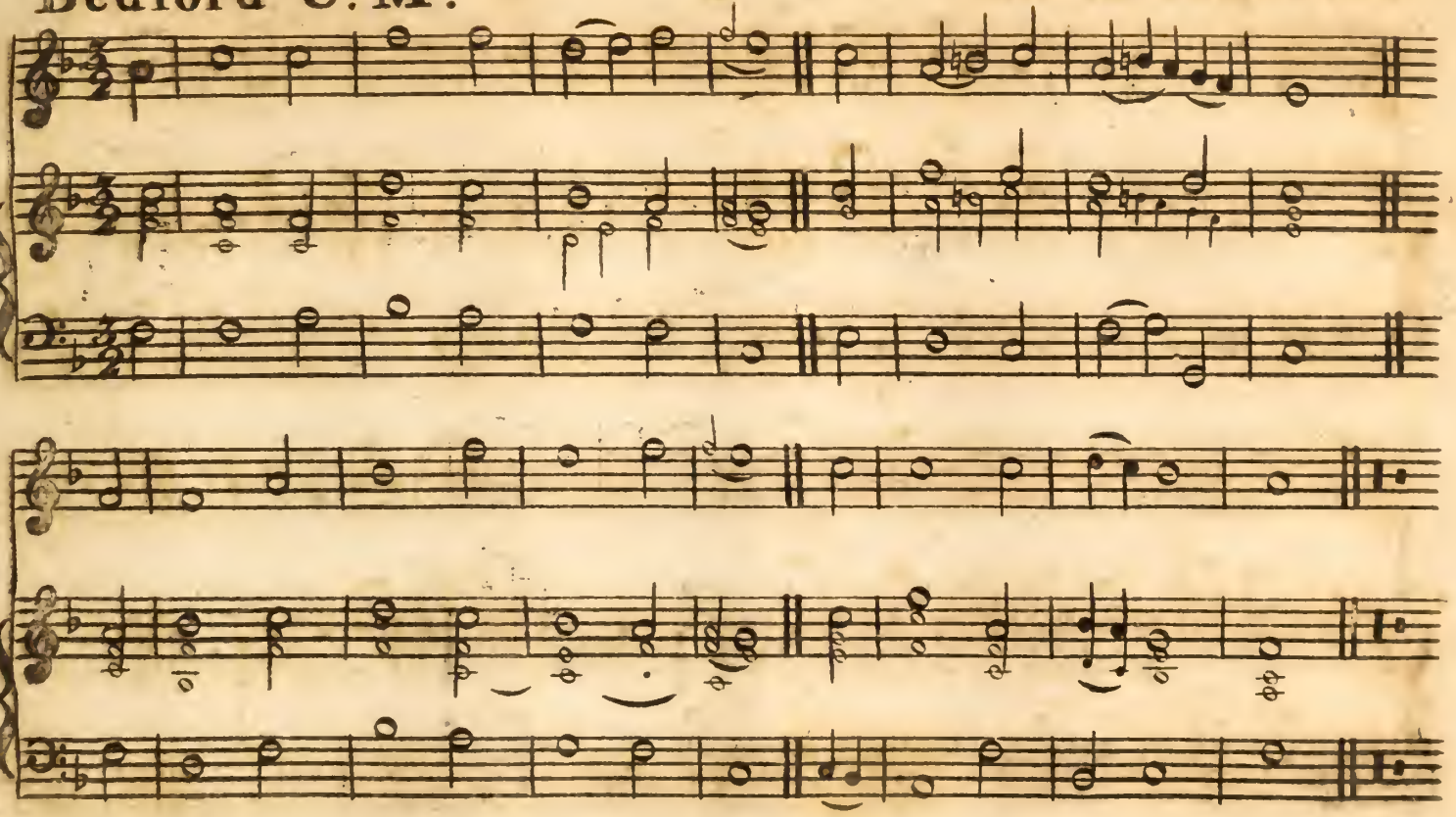
Philadelphia C.M.



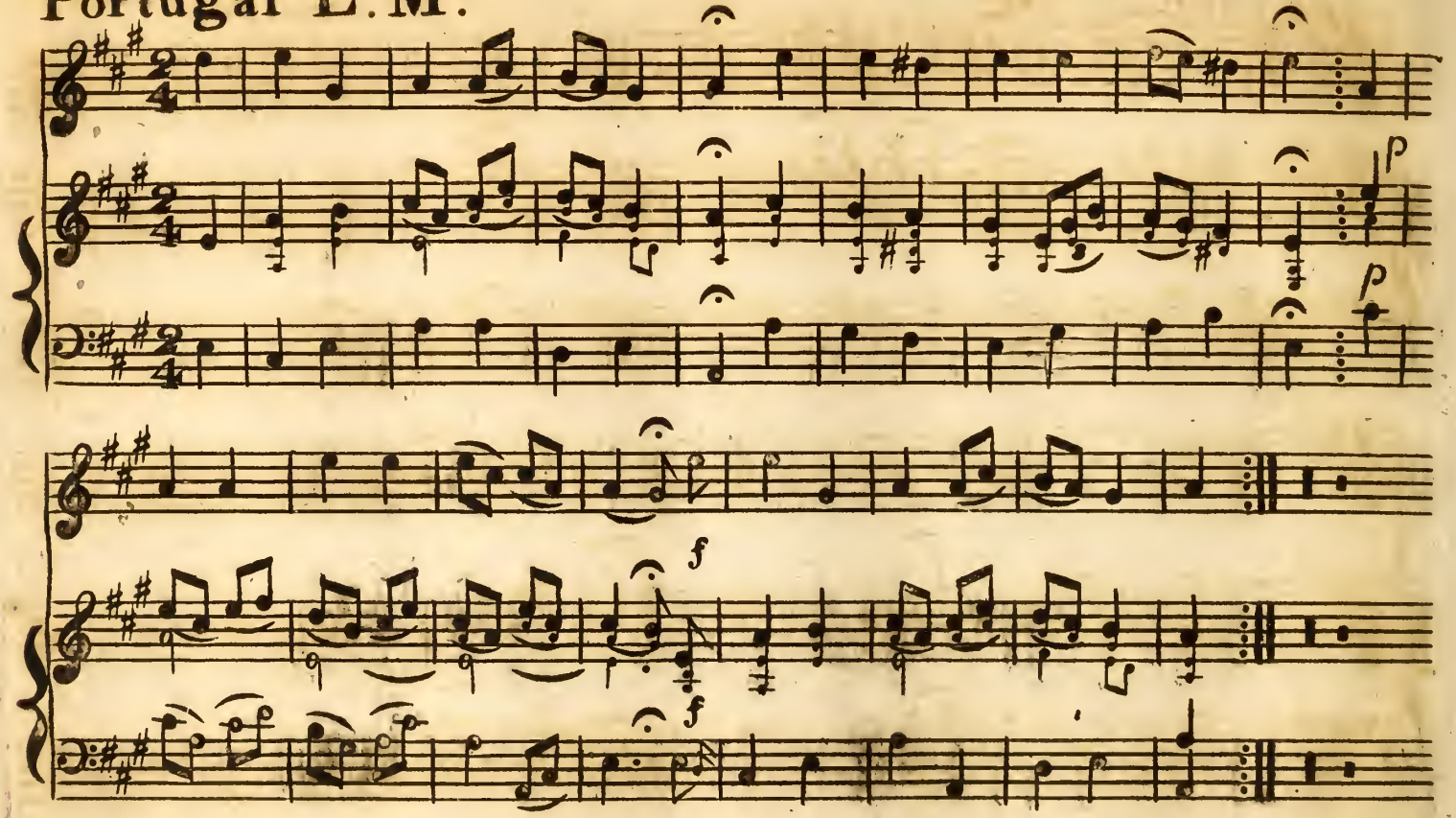
St Ann's C.M.



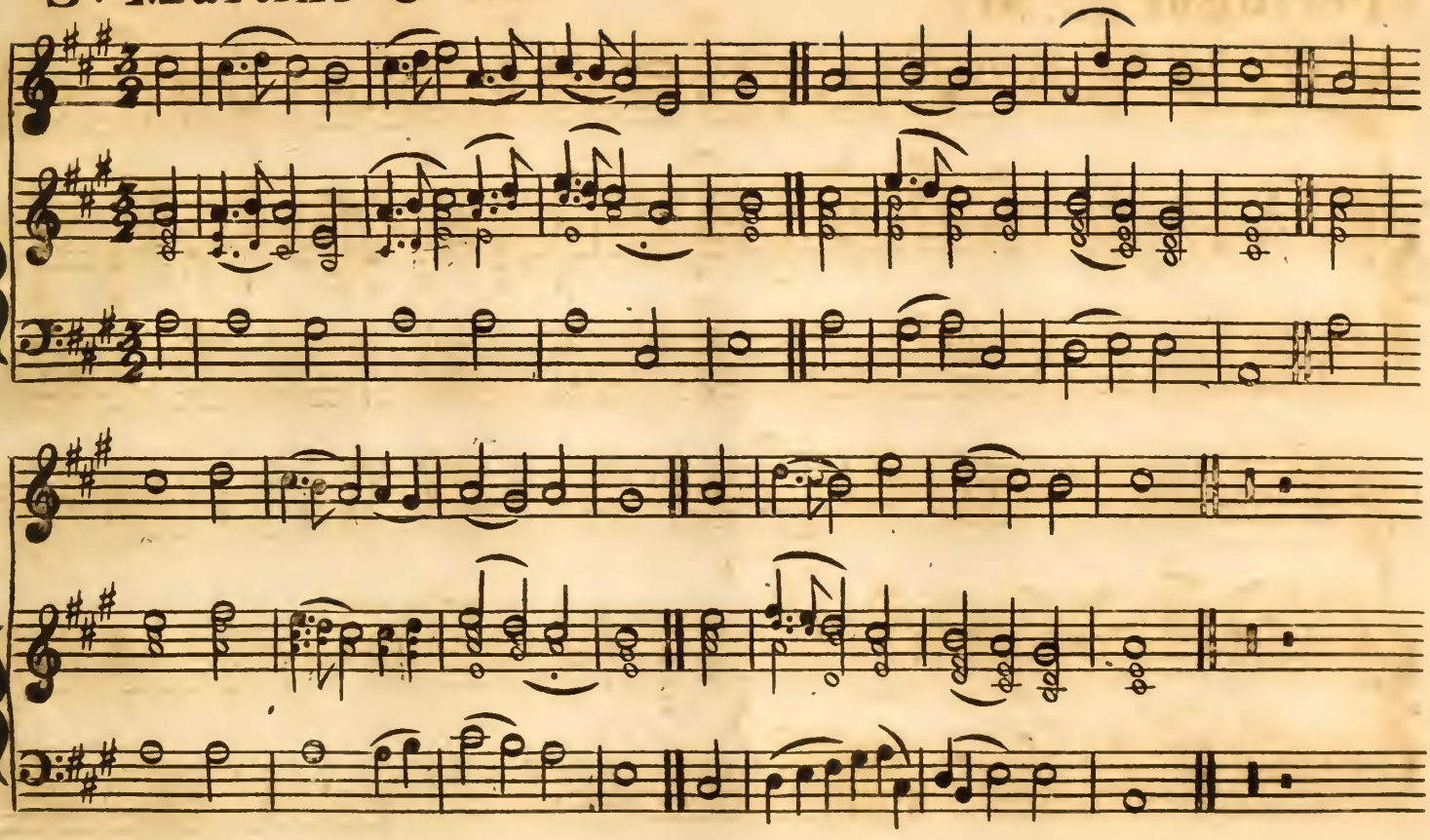
Bedford C.M.



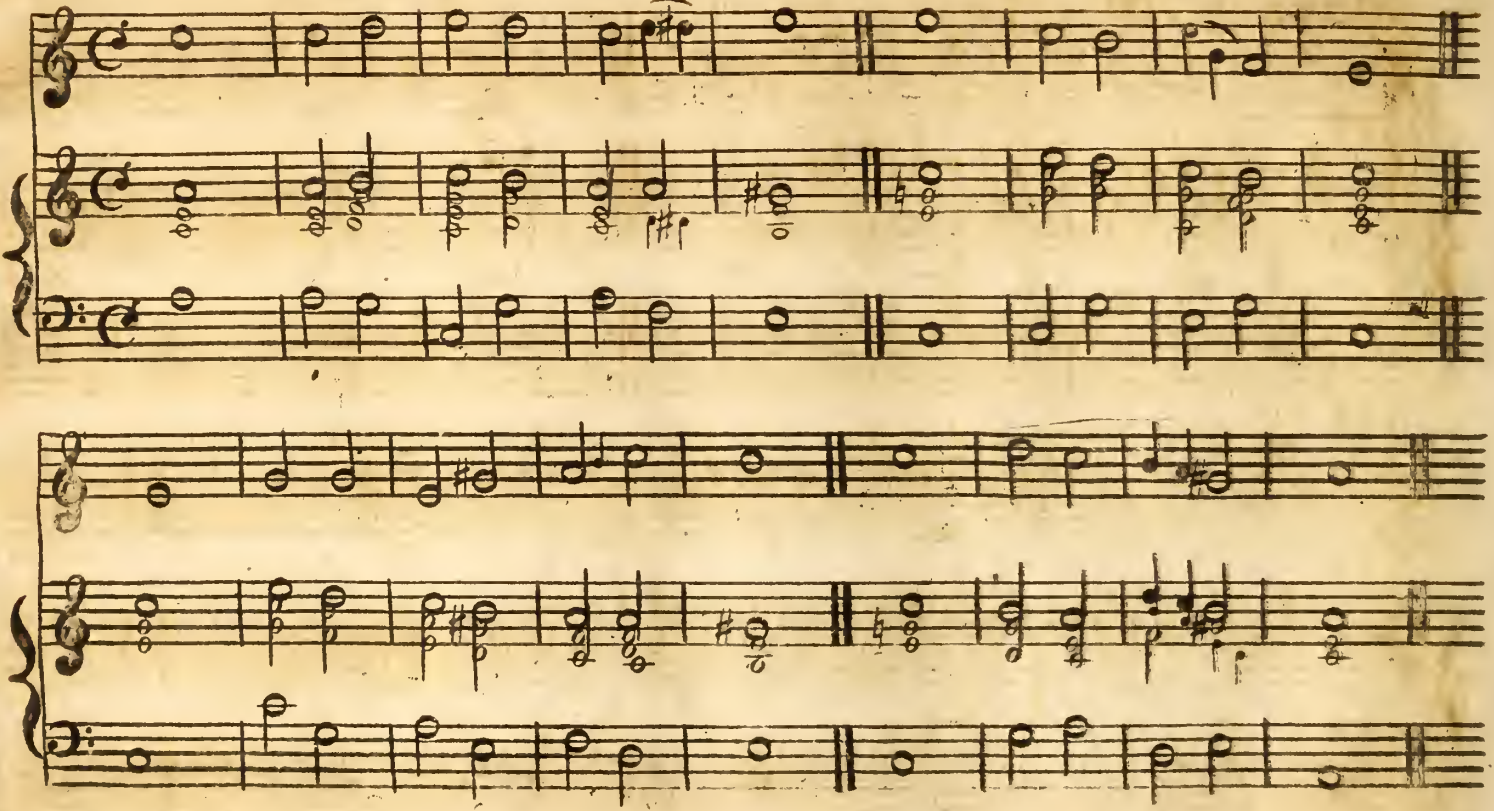
Portugal L.M.



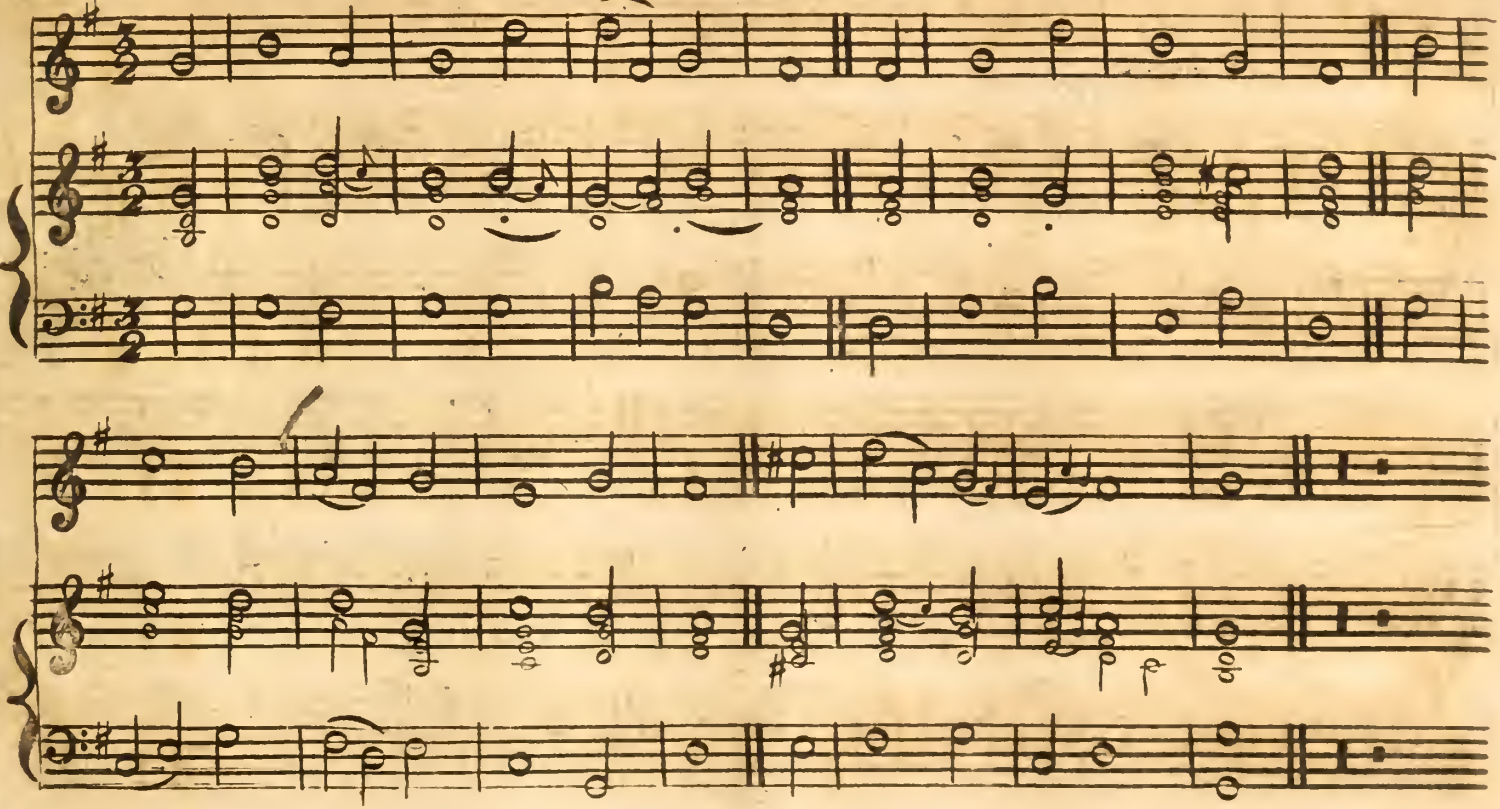
S^t. Martin's C. M.



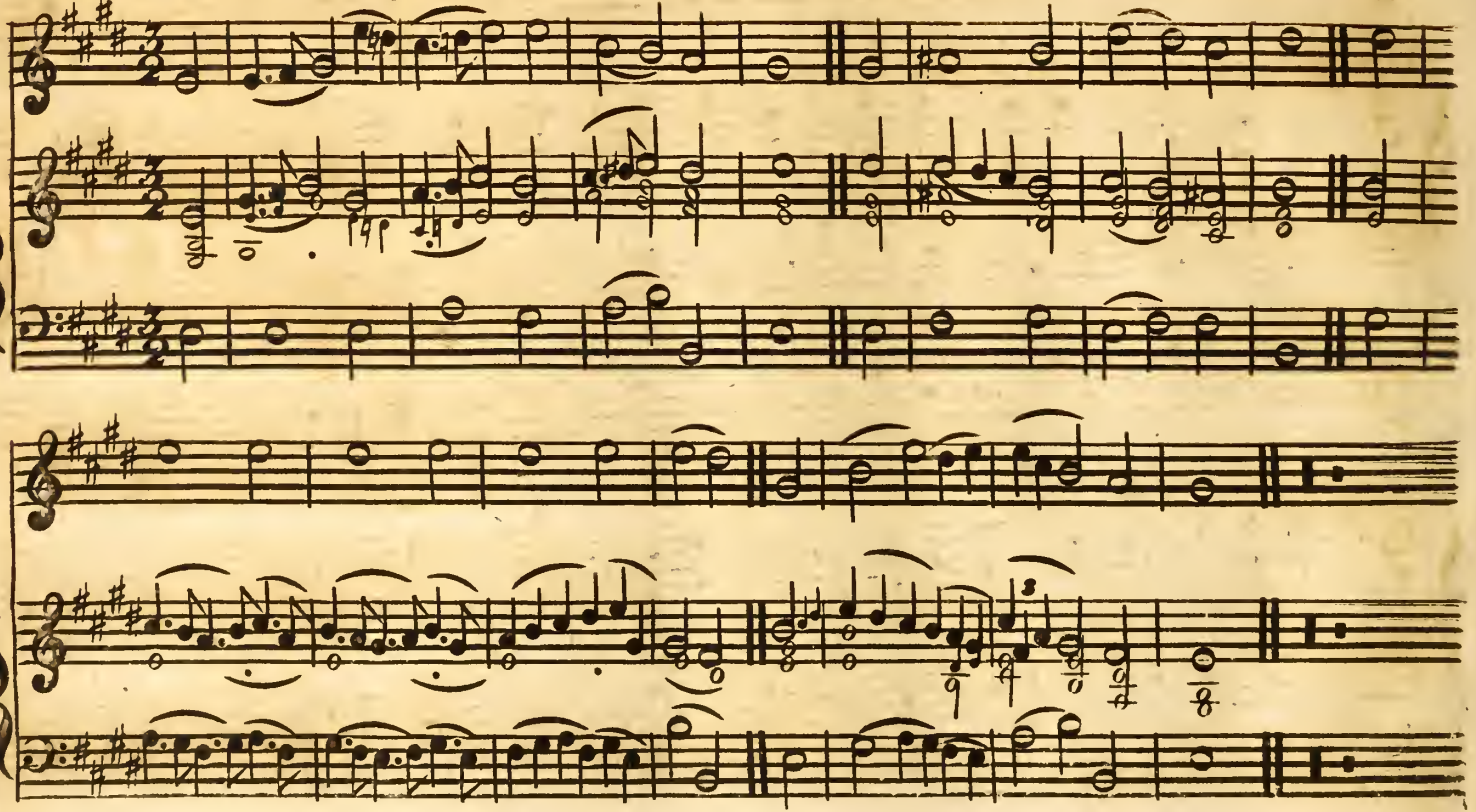
Windsor C. M.

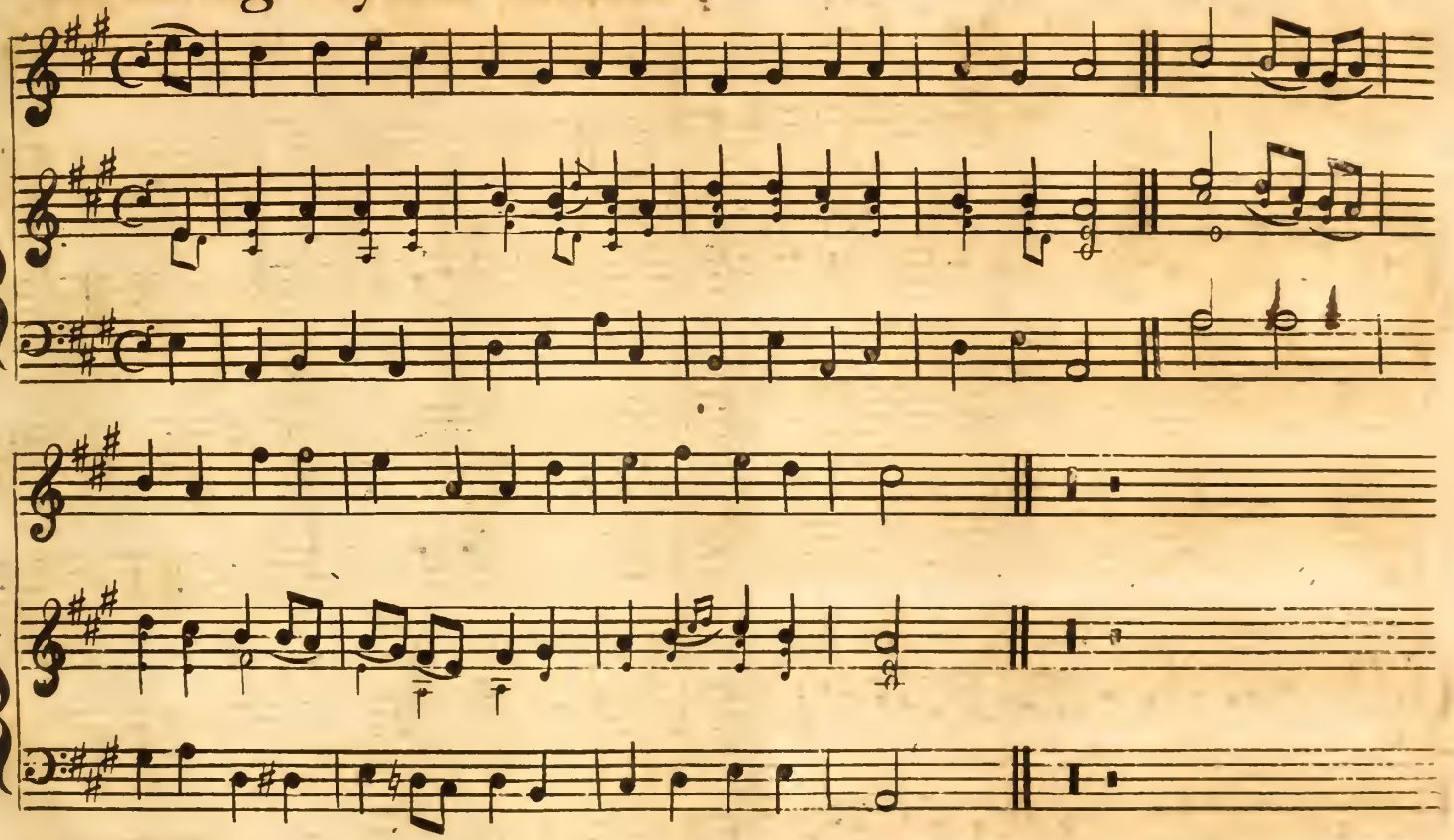


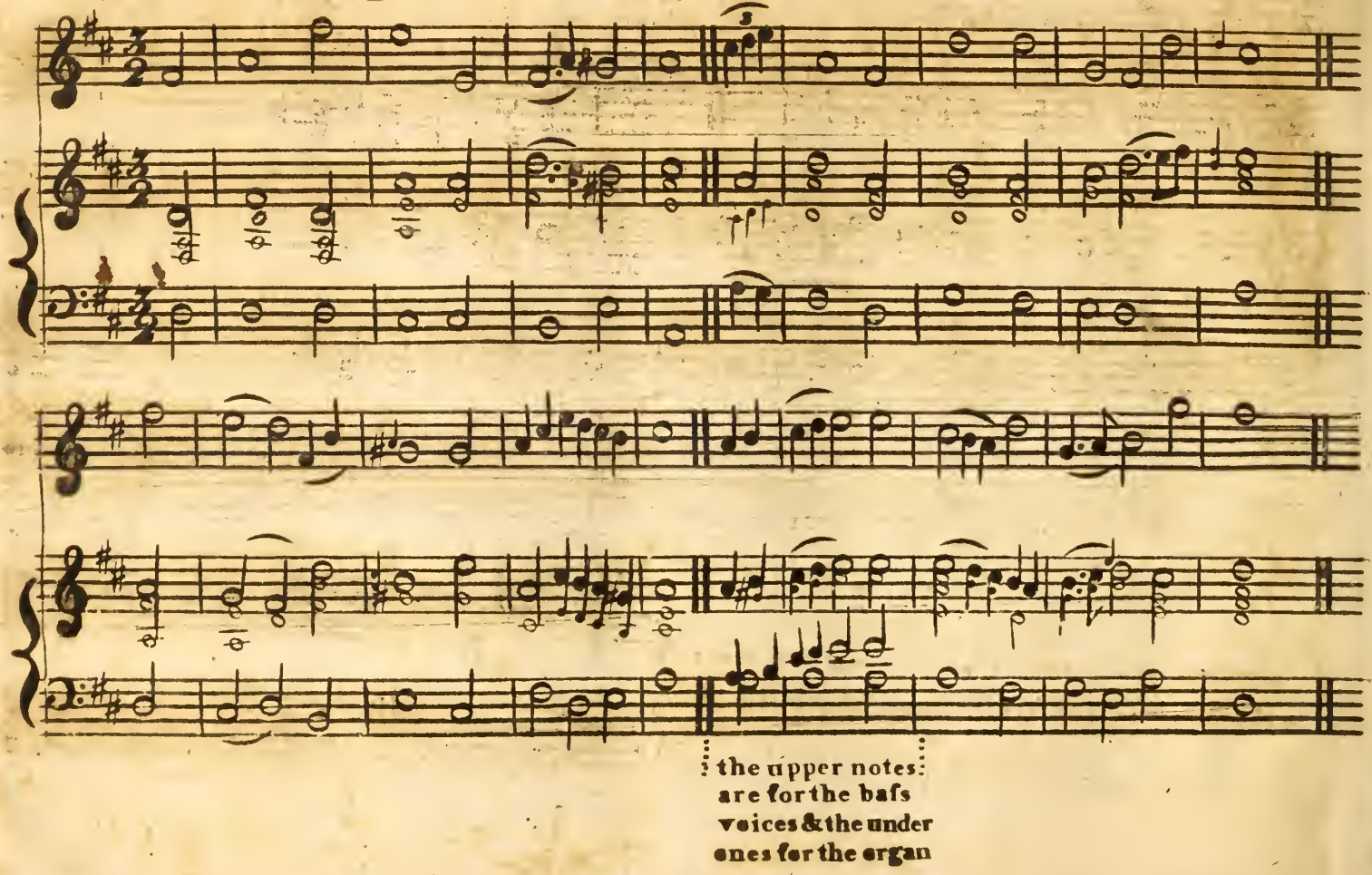
Mear C.M.

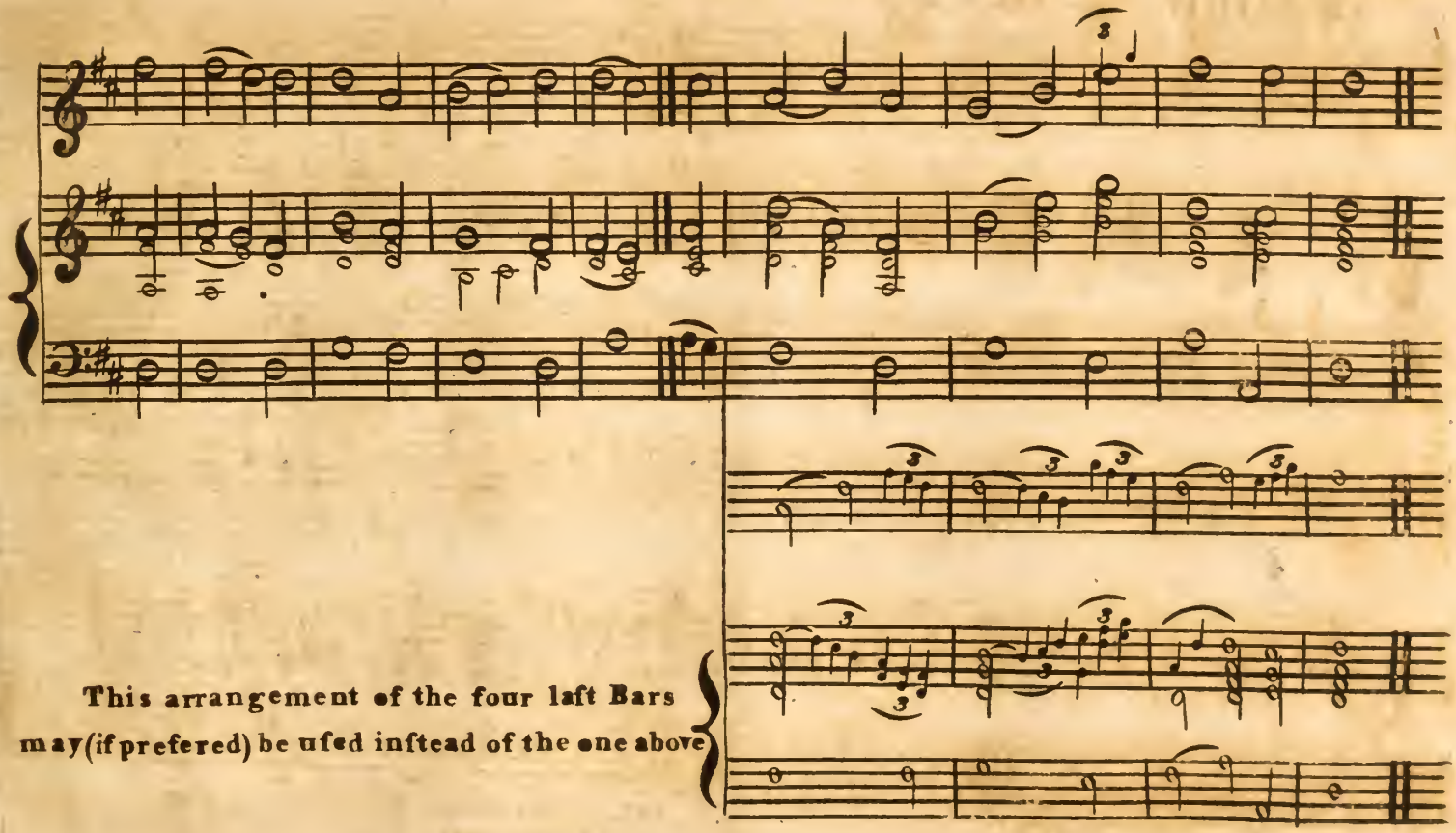


New York C. M.

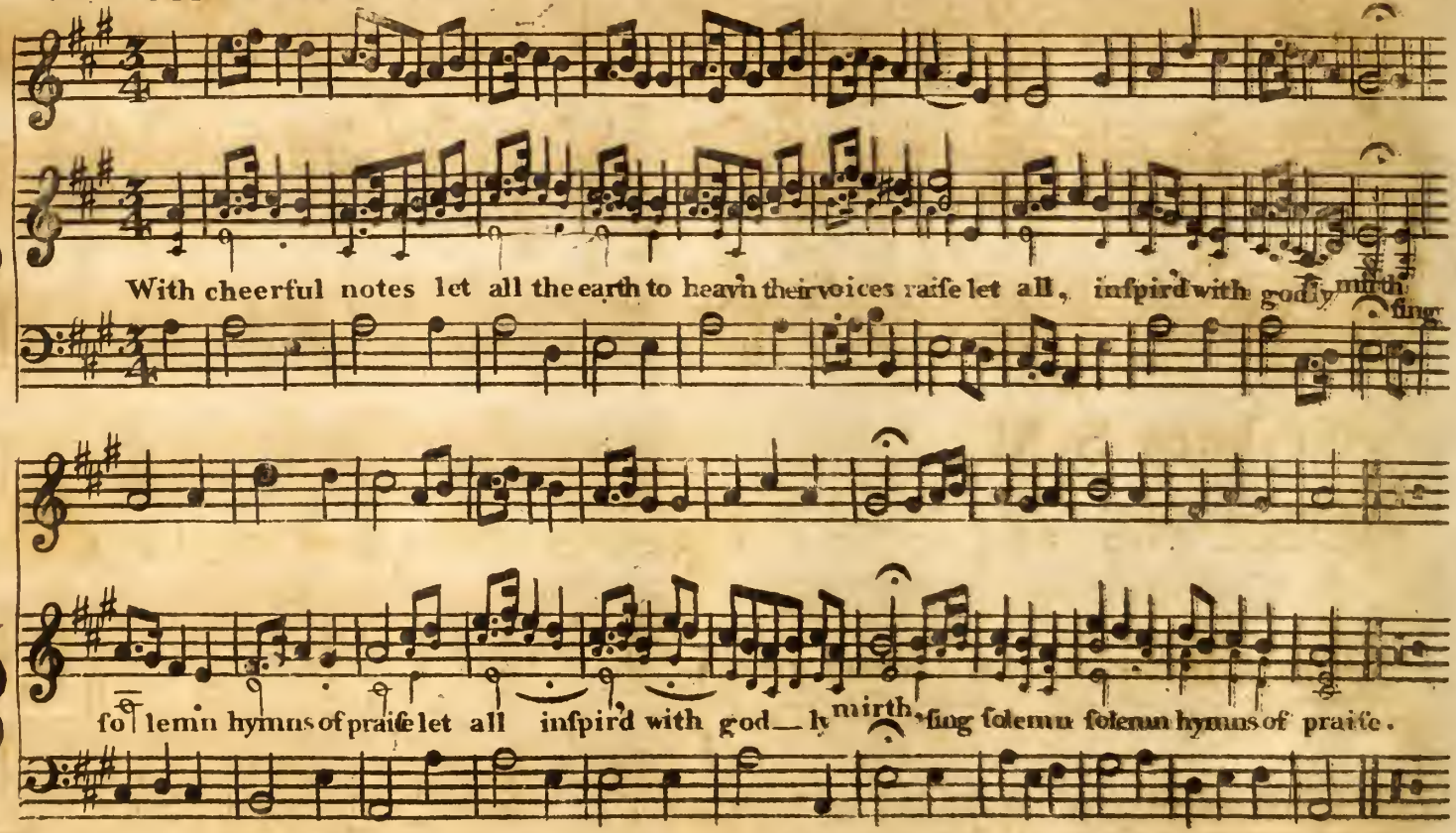





the upper notes
are for the bafs
voices & the under
ones for the organ


This arrangement of the four laft Bars
may(if prefered) be ufed inftead of the one above

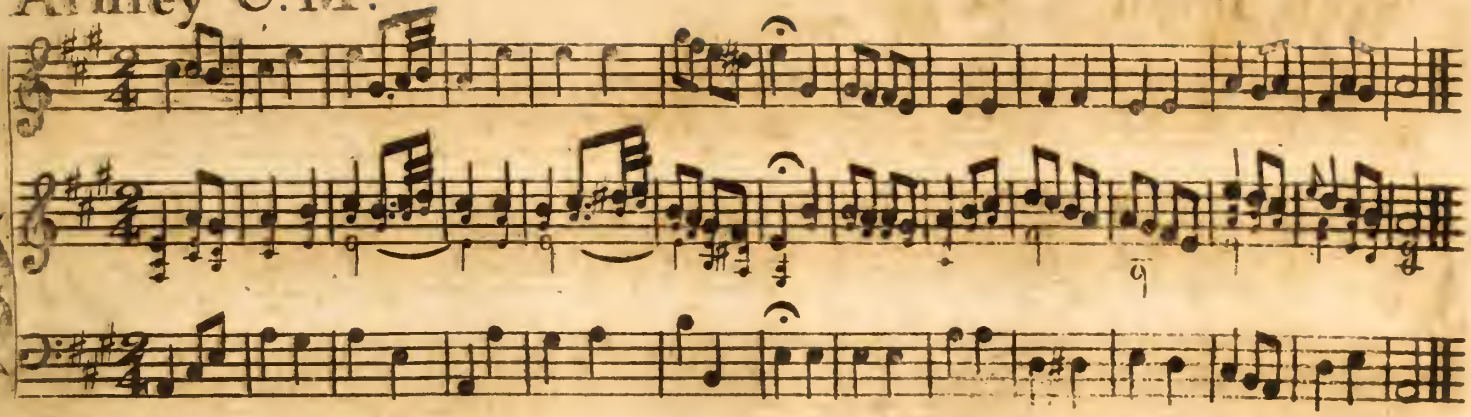
Weſton Favel C.M. Pſalm. 117.



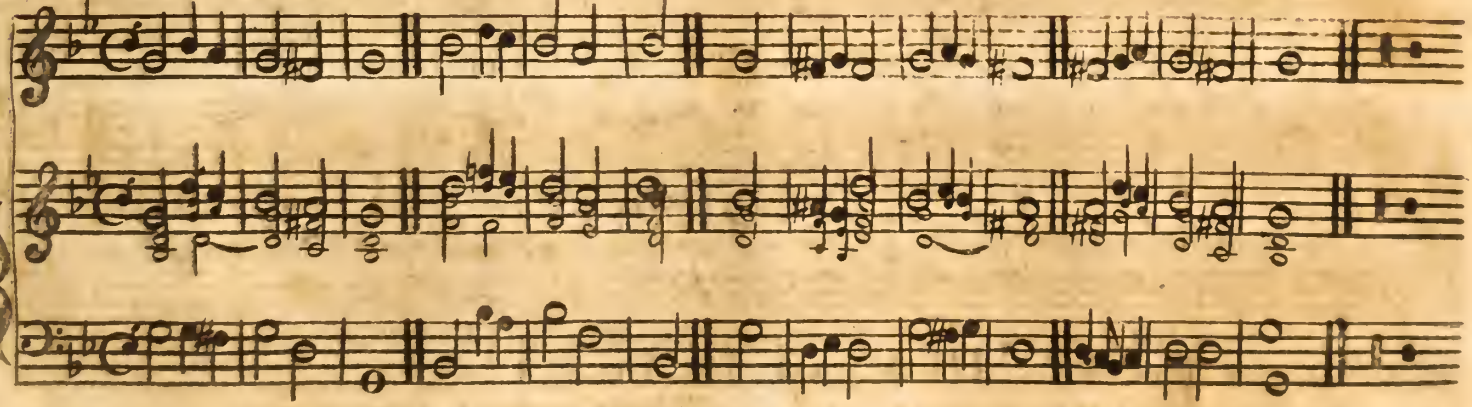
Gods tender mercy knows no bound,
his truth ſhall ne'er decay:

Then let the willing nations round
their grateful tribute pay.

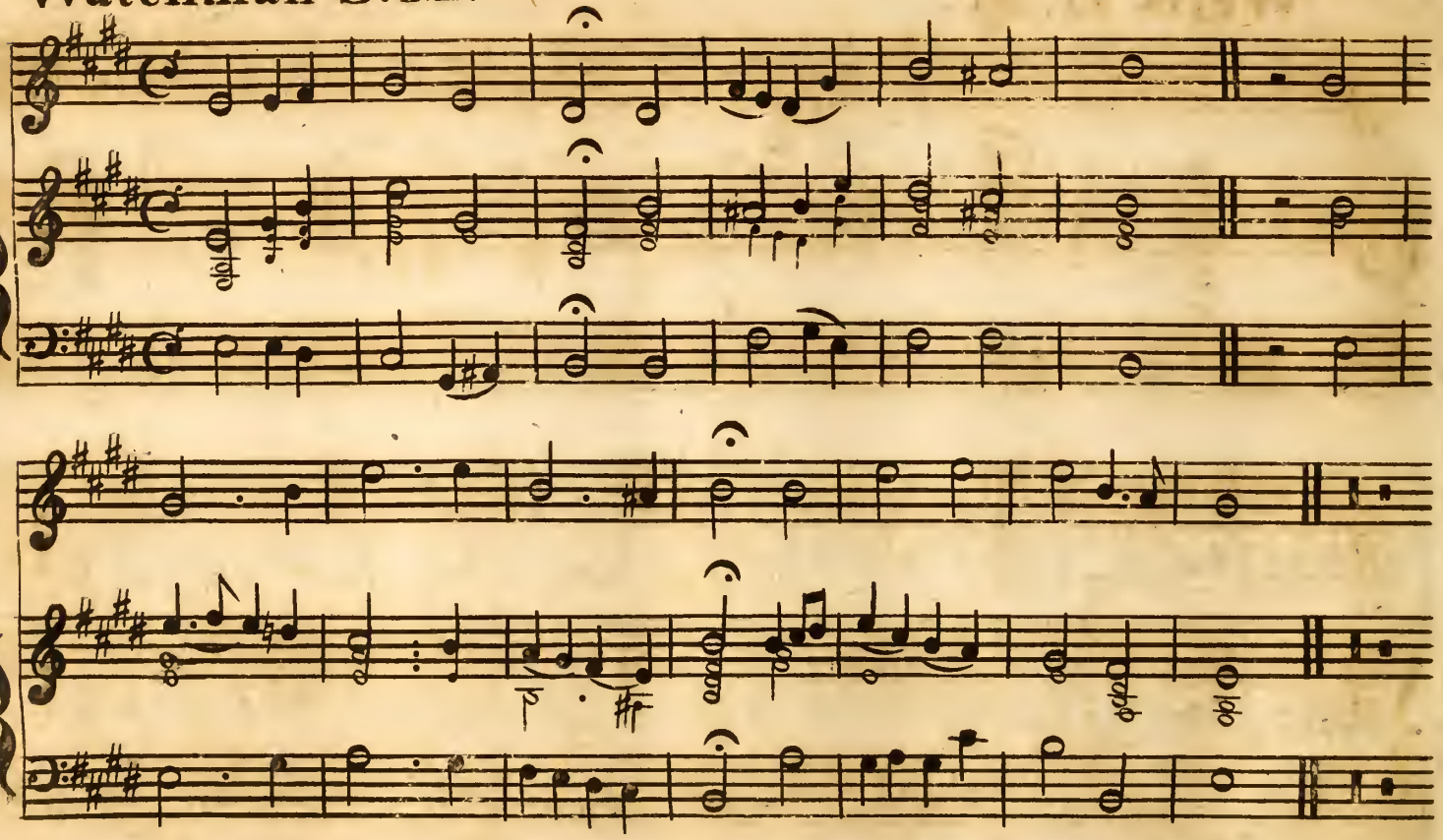
Ashley C.M.



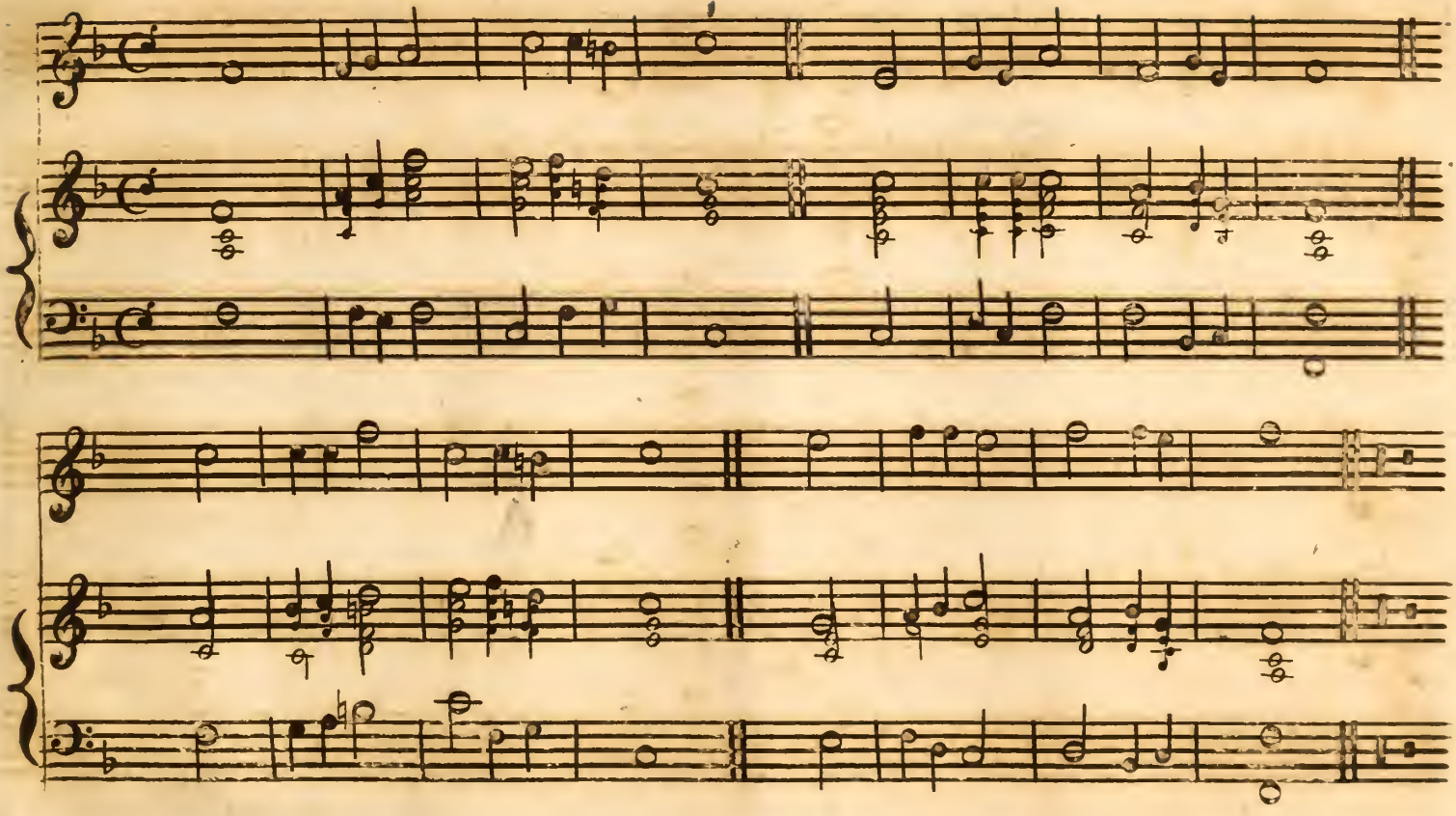
Alesbury S.M.

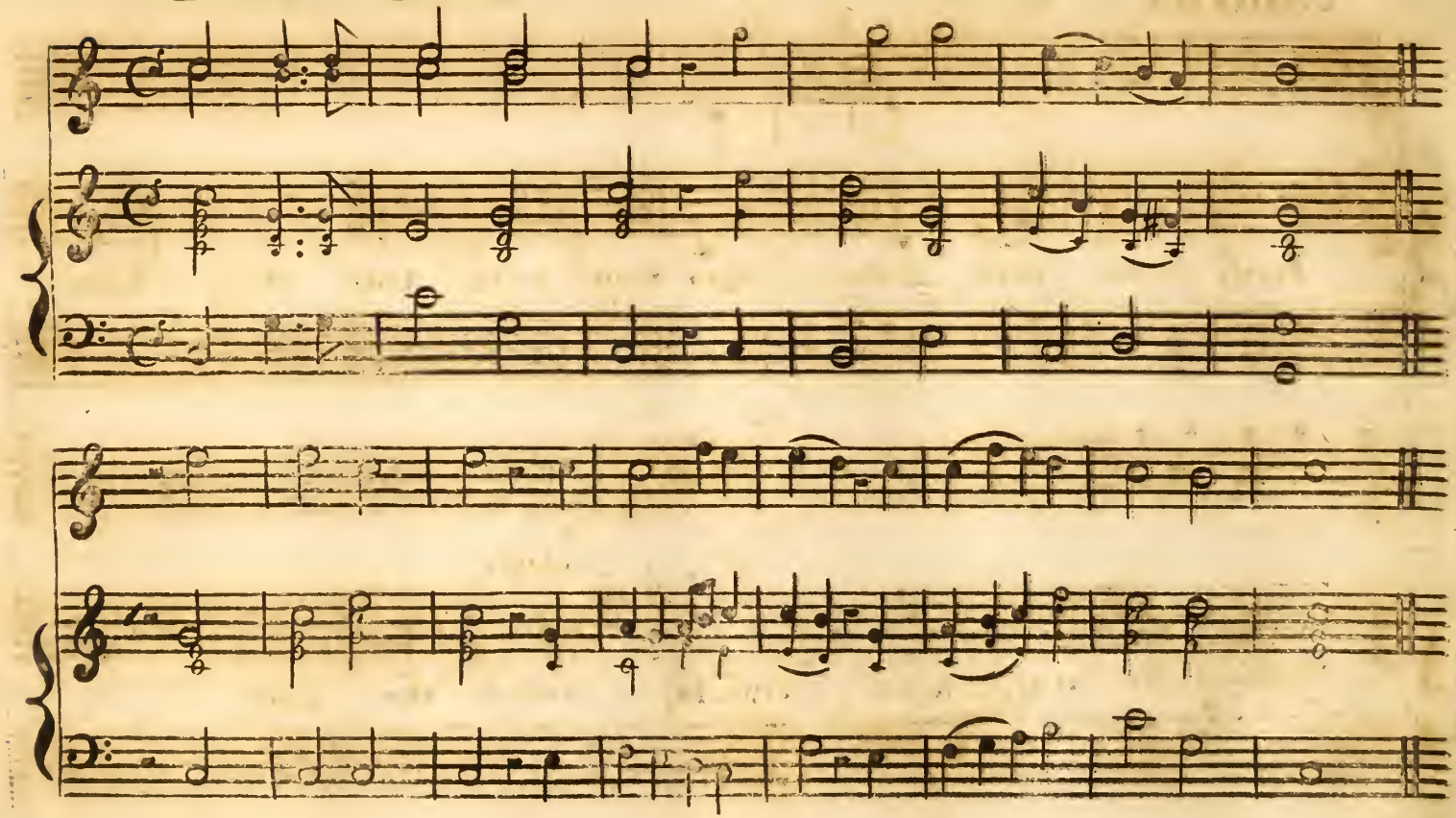


Watchman S.M.

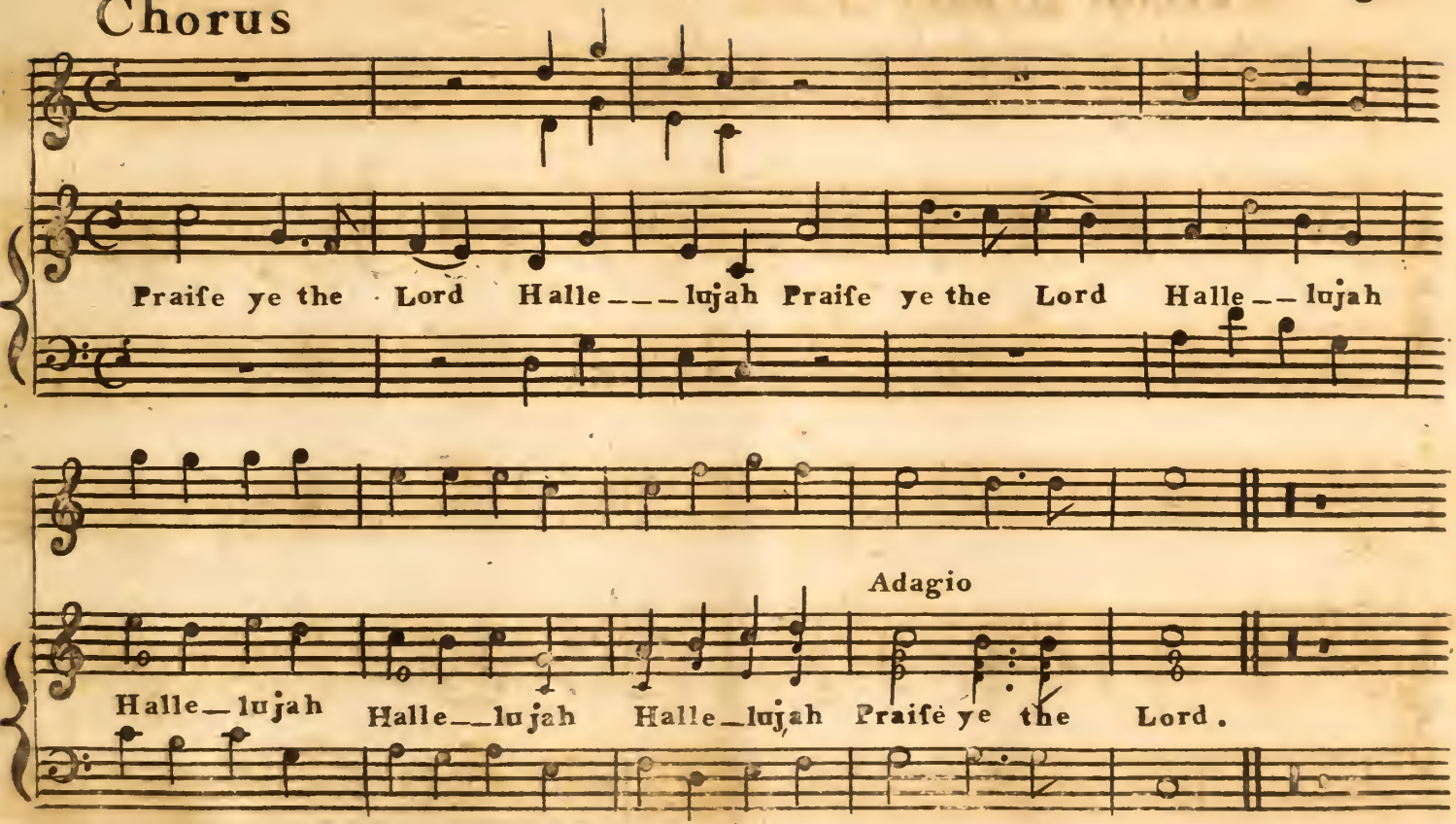


Wells L. M.

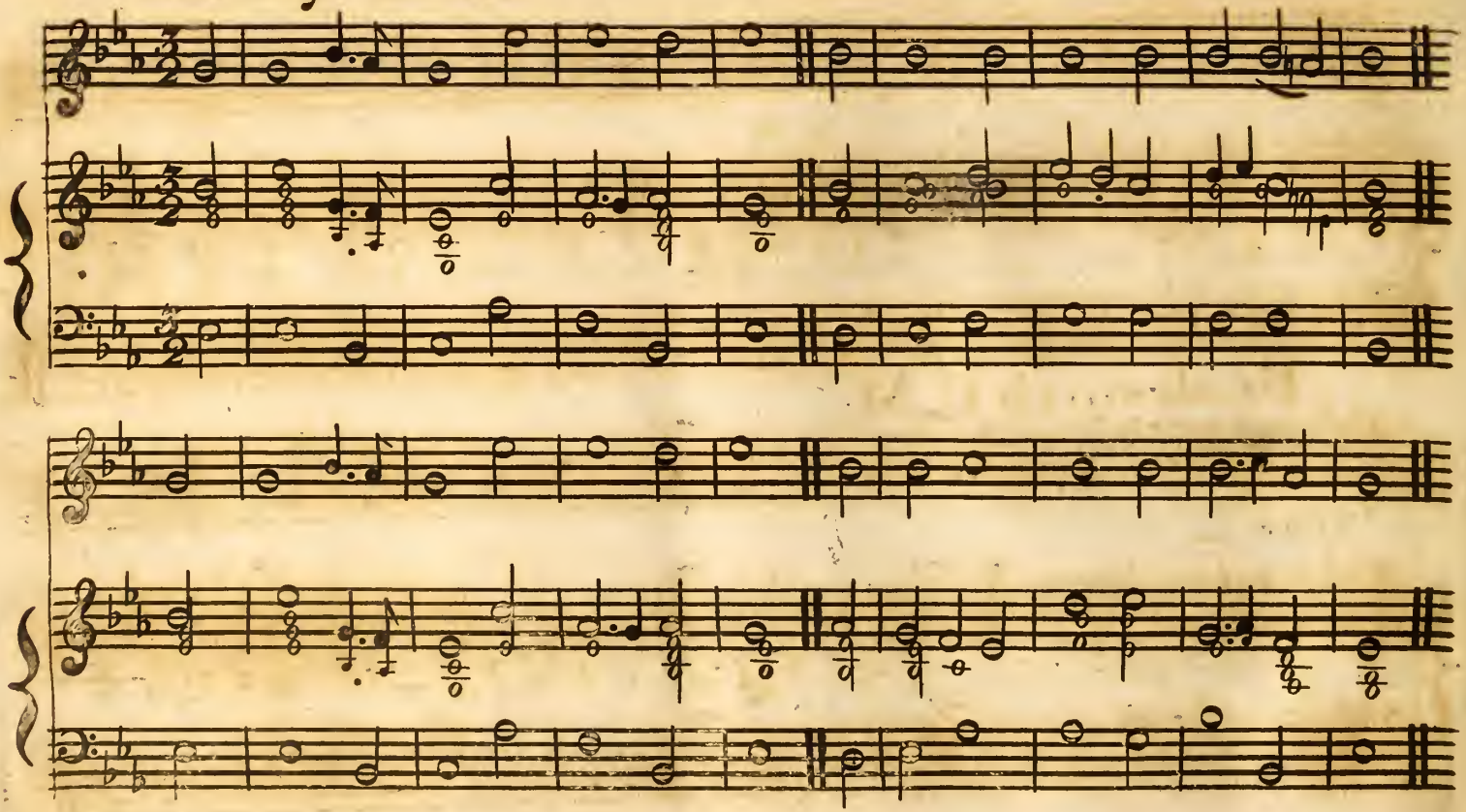




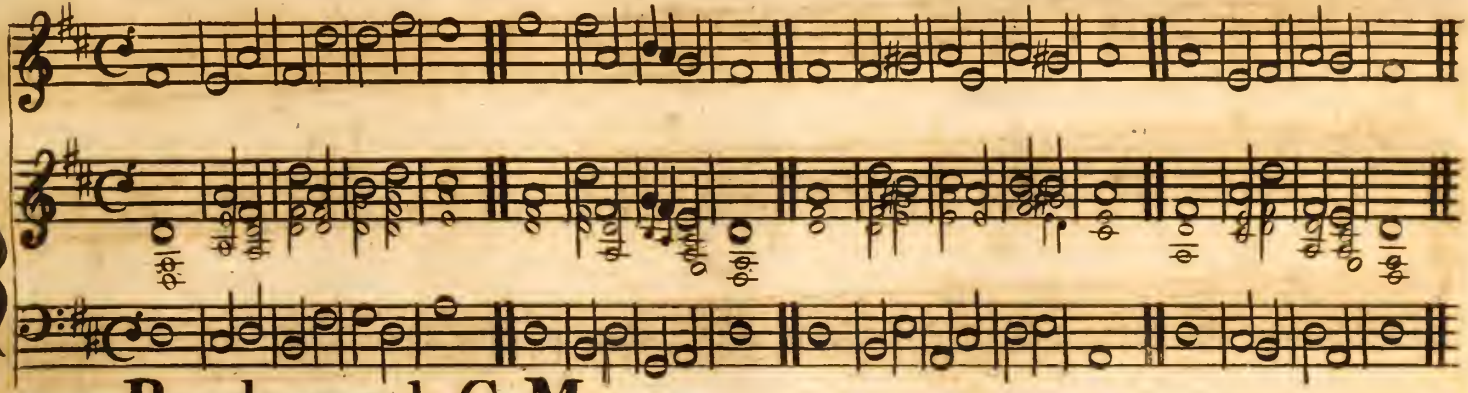
Chorus


Praiſe ye the Lord Halle___lujah Praiſe ye the Lord Halle__lujah
Adagio
Halle_lujah Halle__lujah Halle_lujah Praiſe ye the Lord.

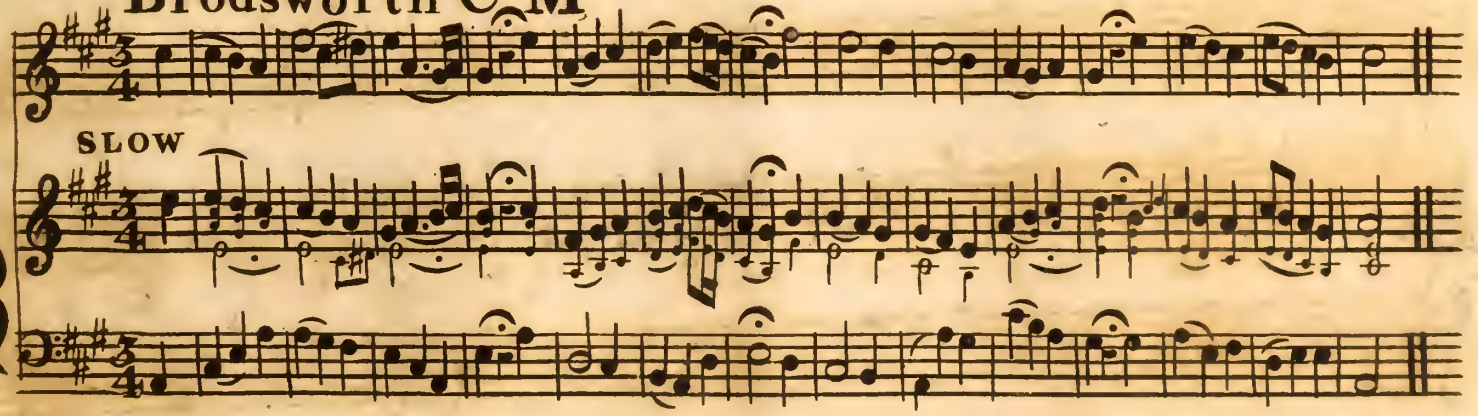
Saxony L.M.



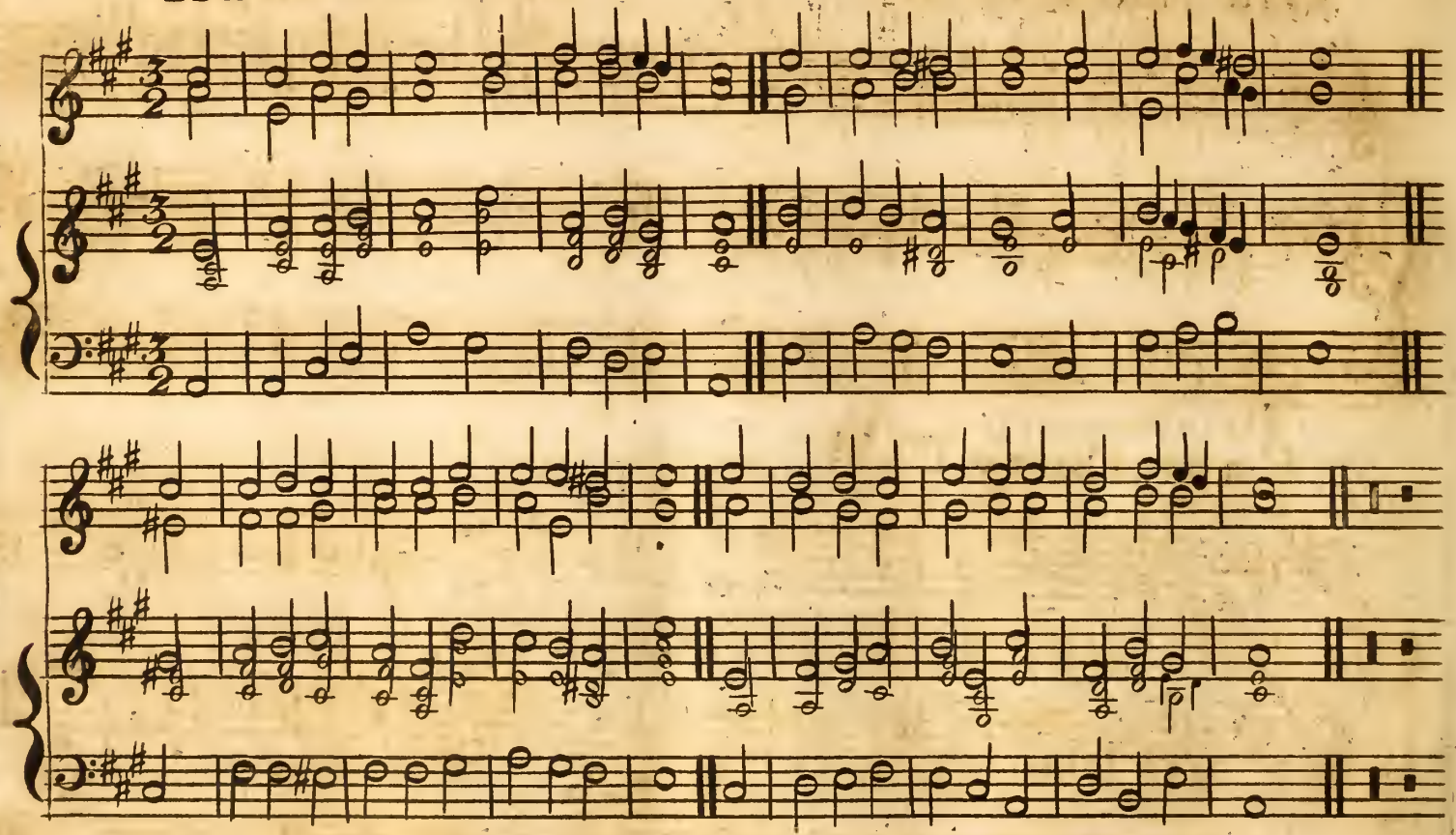
London New C. M.



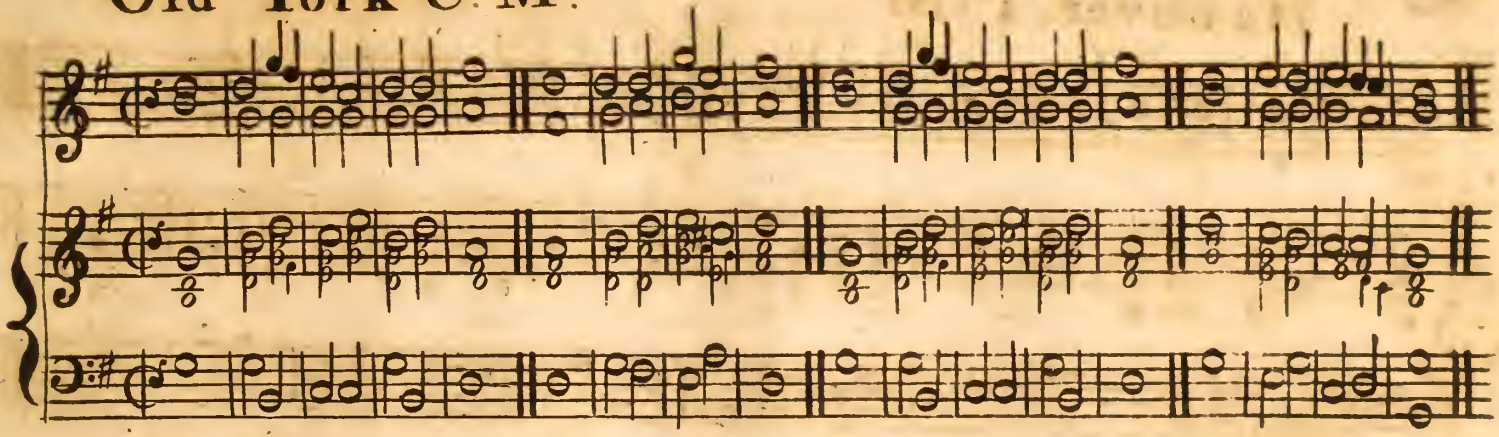
Brodsworth C. M



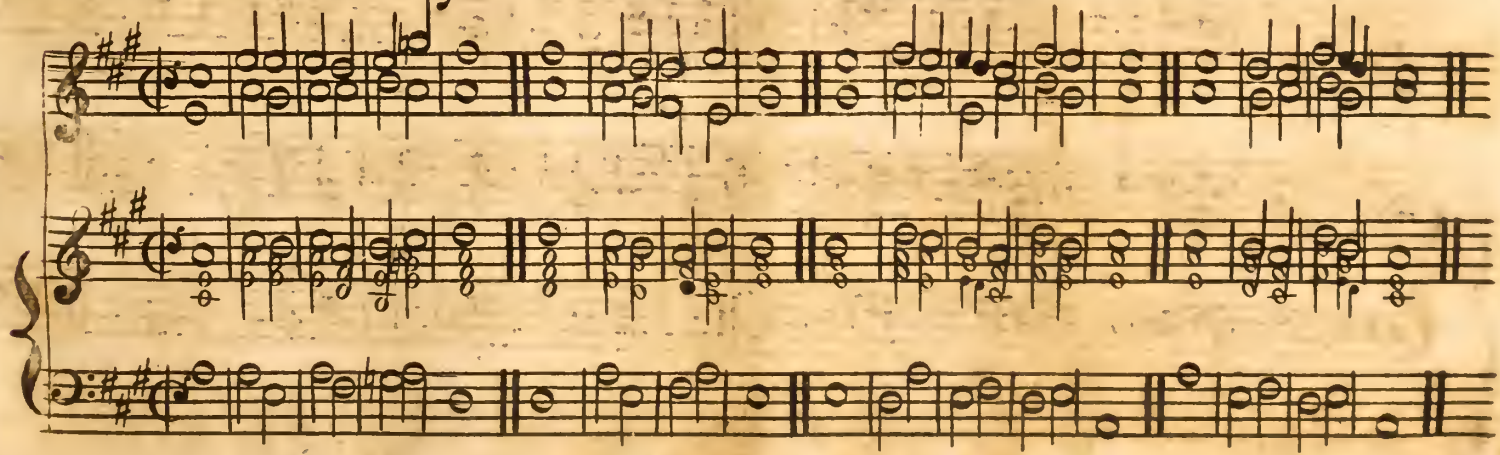
Hanover. P. M.



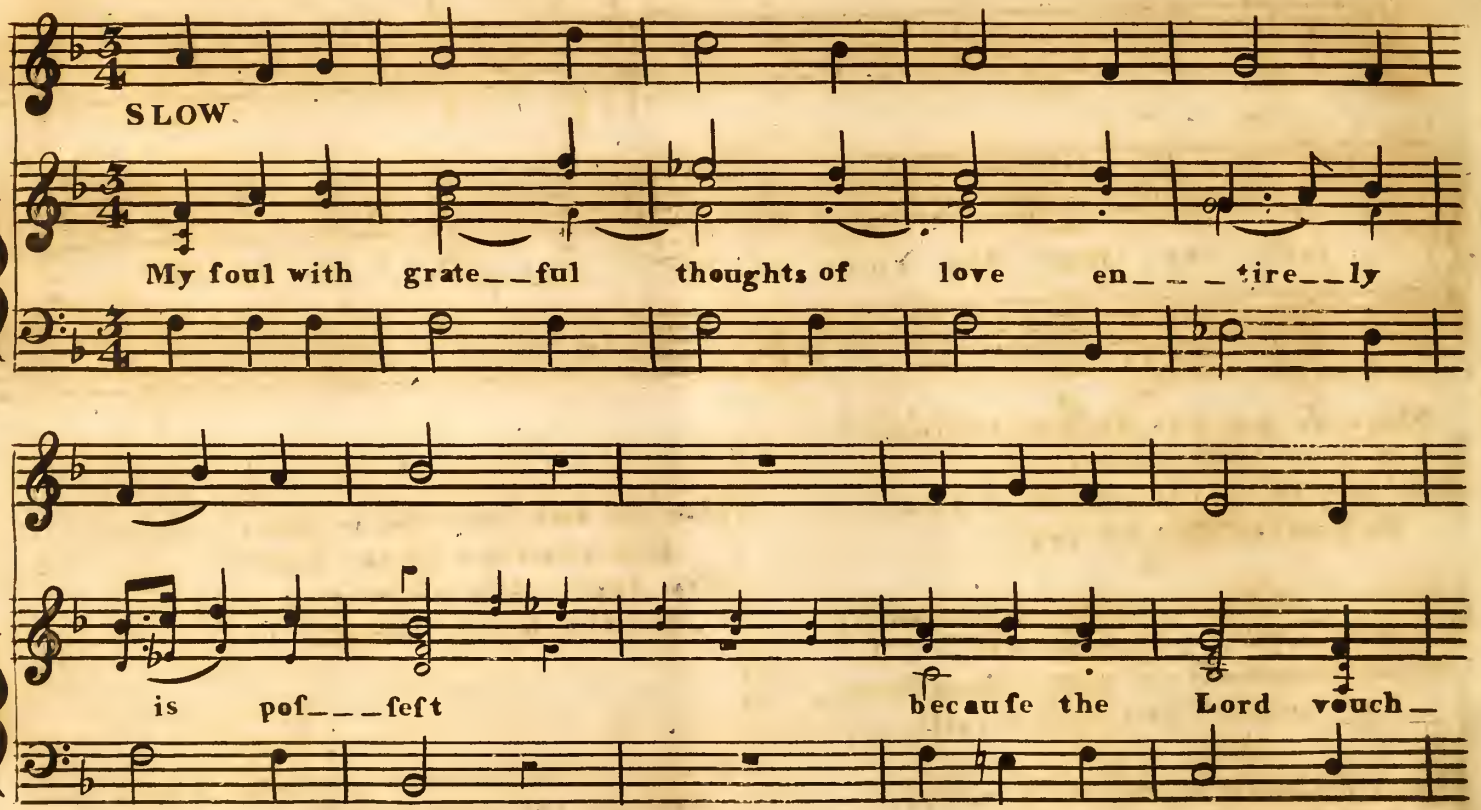
Old York C. M.

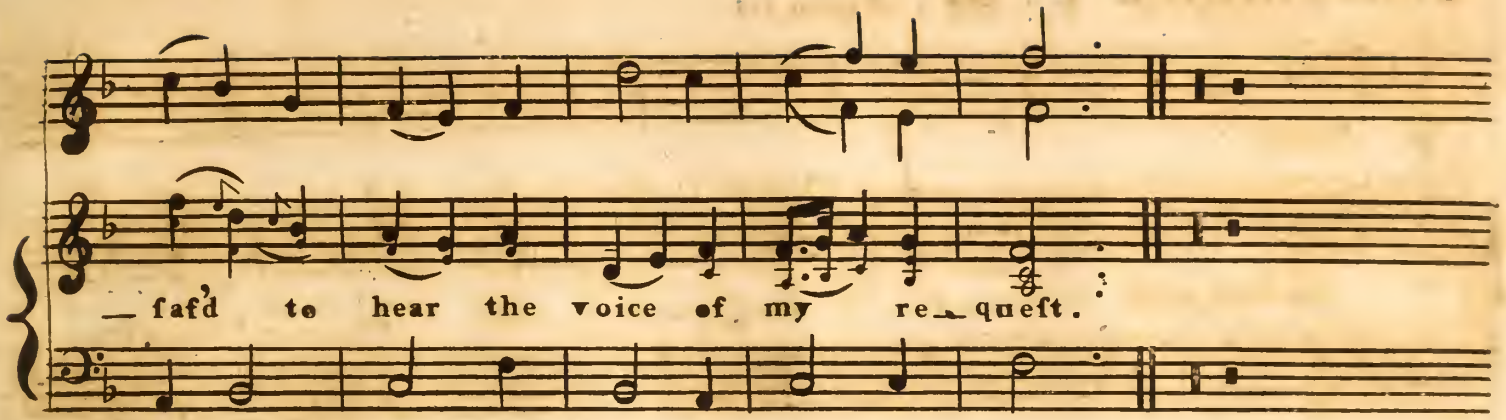


Canterbury C. M.



Brunſwick C. M. Pſalm 116.





2

Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the ſtraits of life
To him addreſs my pray'r.

3

With deadly ſorrows compaſs'd round,
With pains of hell oppreſt,
When troubles feiz'd my aching heart,
And anguiſh rack'd my breaſt;

4

On Gods Almighty name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd;
Lord I beſeech thee ſave my ſoul,
With ſorrow quite diſmay'd.

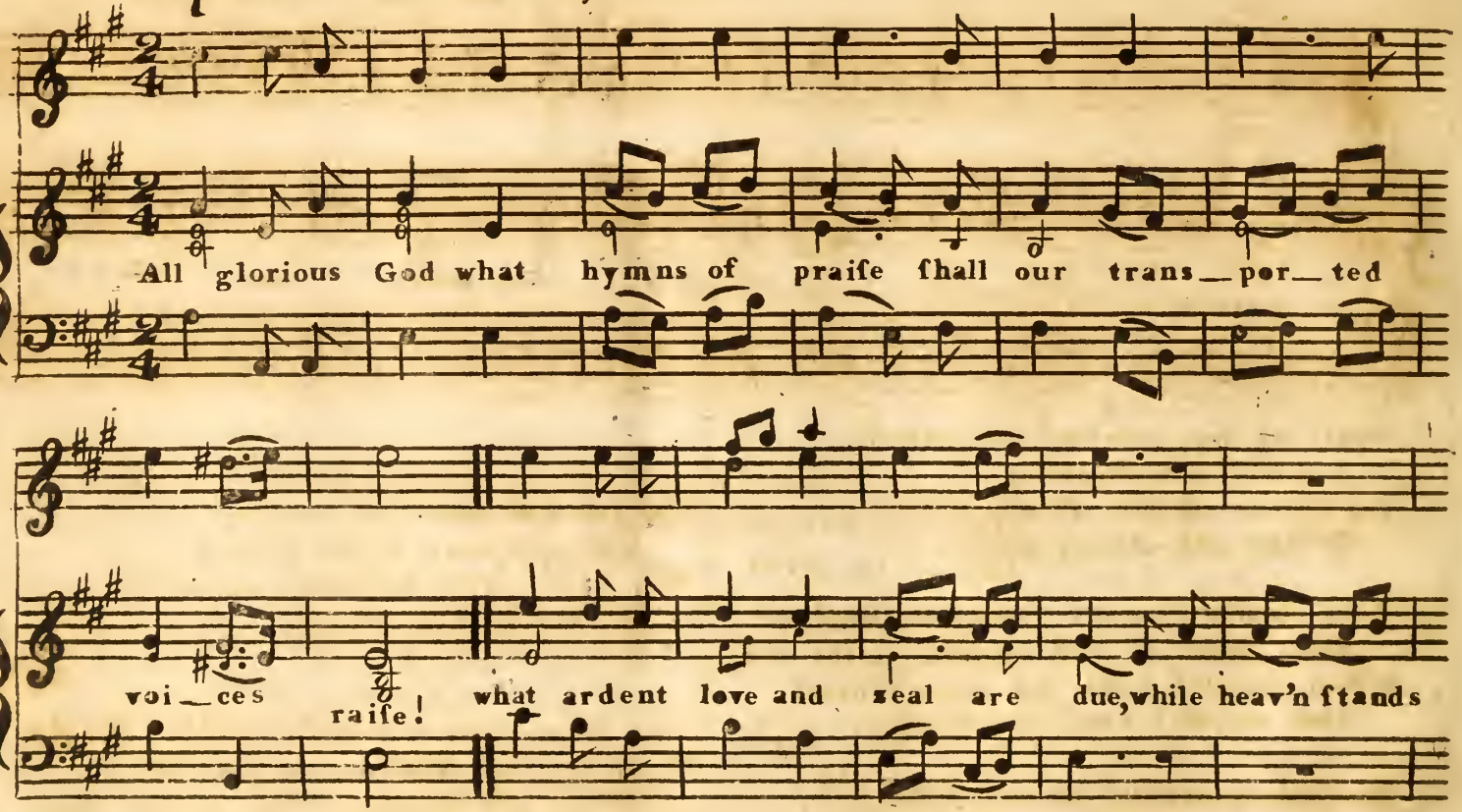
5

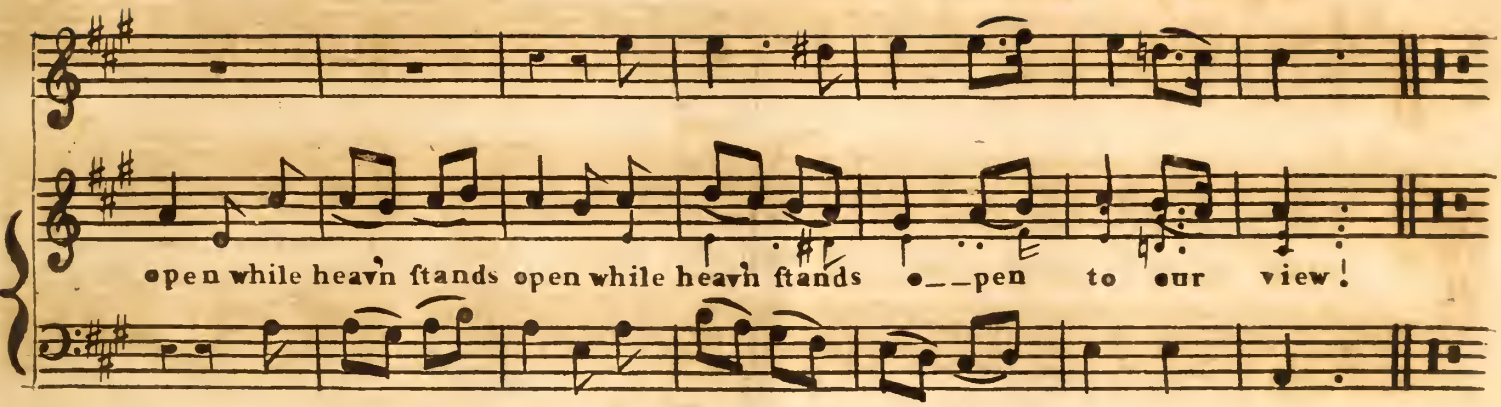
How juſt and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the harmleſs, and to me
Does timely help afford.

6

Then, free from penſive cares, my ſoul,
Reſume thy wonted reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
His bounteous love expreſt.

Oporto L.M. Hymn.17.





2

Once we were fall'n and O how low!
Juſt on the brink of endleſs woe;
When Jeſus from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundleſs love,

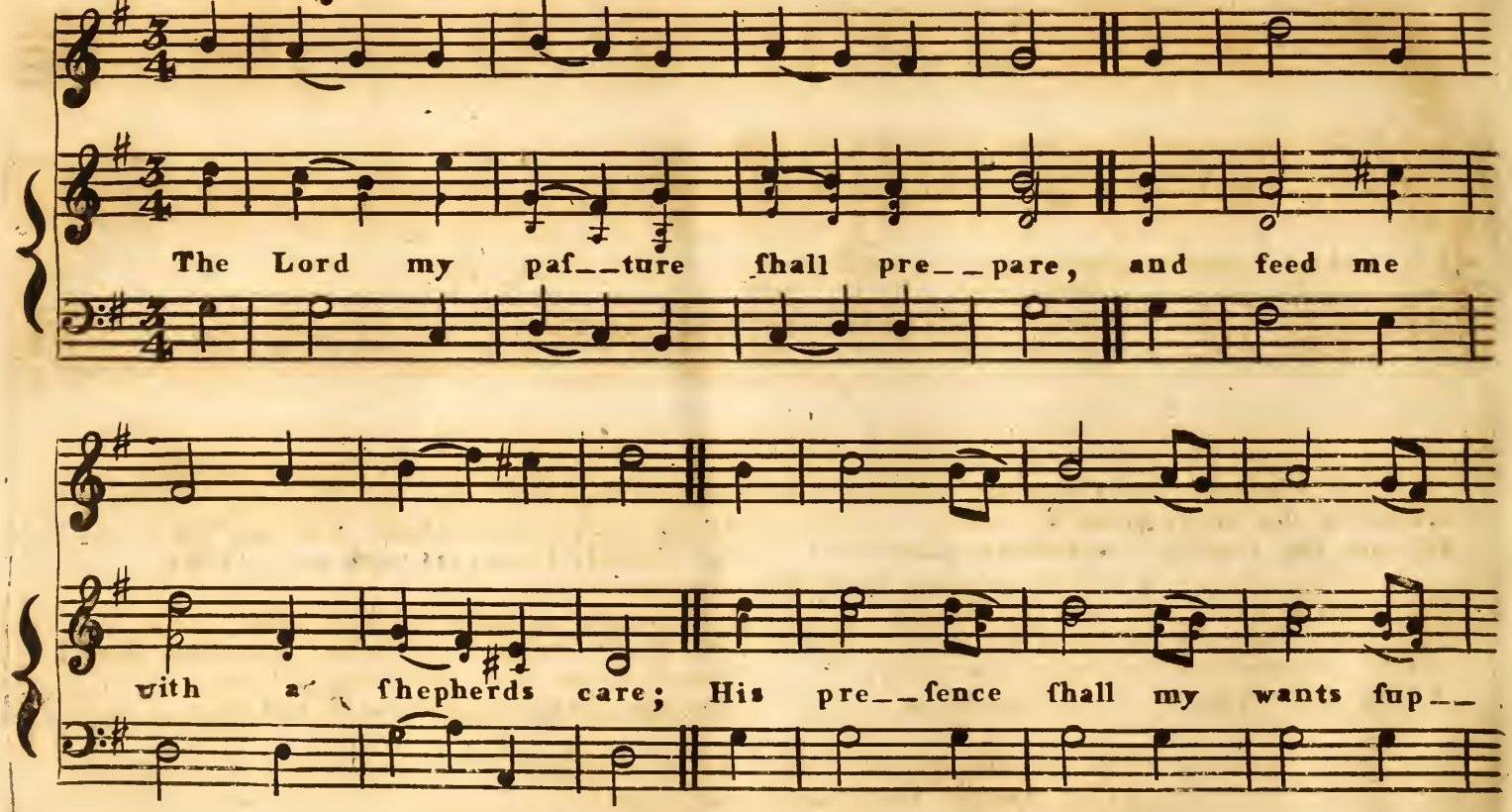
3

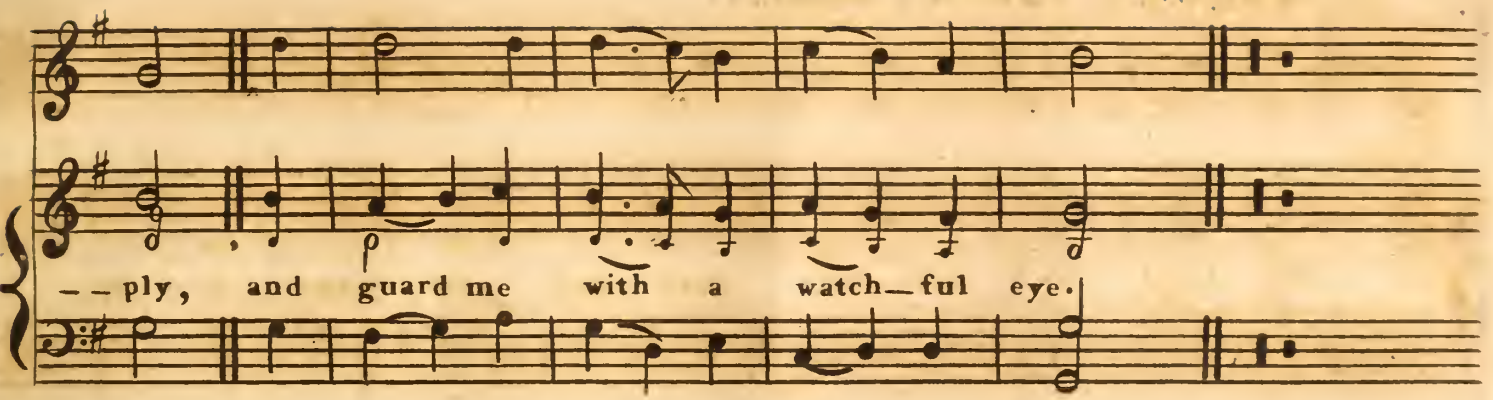
Scatter'd the ſhades of death and night,
And ſpread around his heavnly light!
By him what wond'rous grace is ſhown
To ſouls impoveriſh'd and undone!

4

He ſhows, beyond theſe mortal ſhores,
A bright inheritance is ours;
Where Saints in light our coming wait,
To ſhare their holy, happy ſtate!

Surry L.M. Hymn.16.





2

My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant.

3

To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

4

Though in the paths of death I tread
With gloomy horrors overſpread;
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;

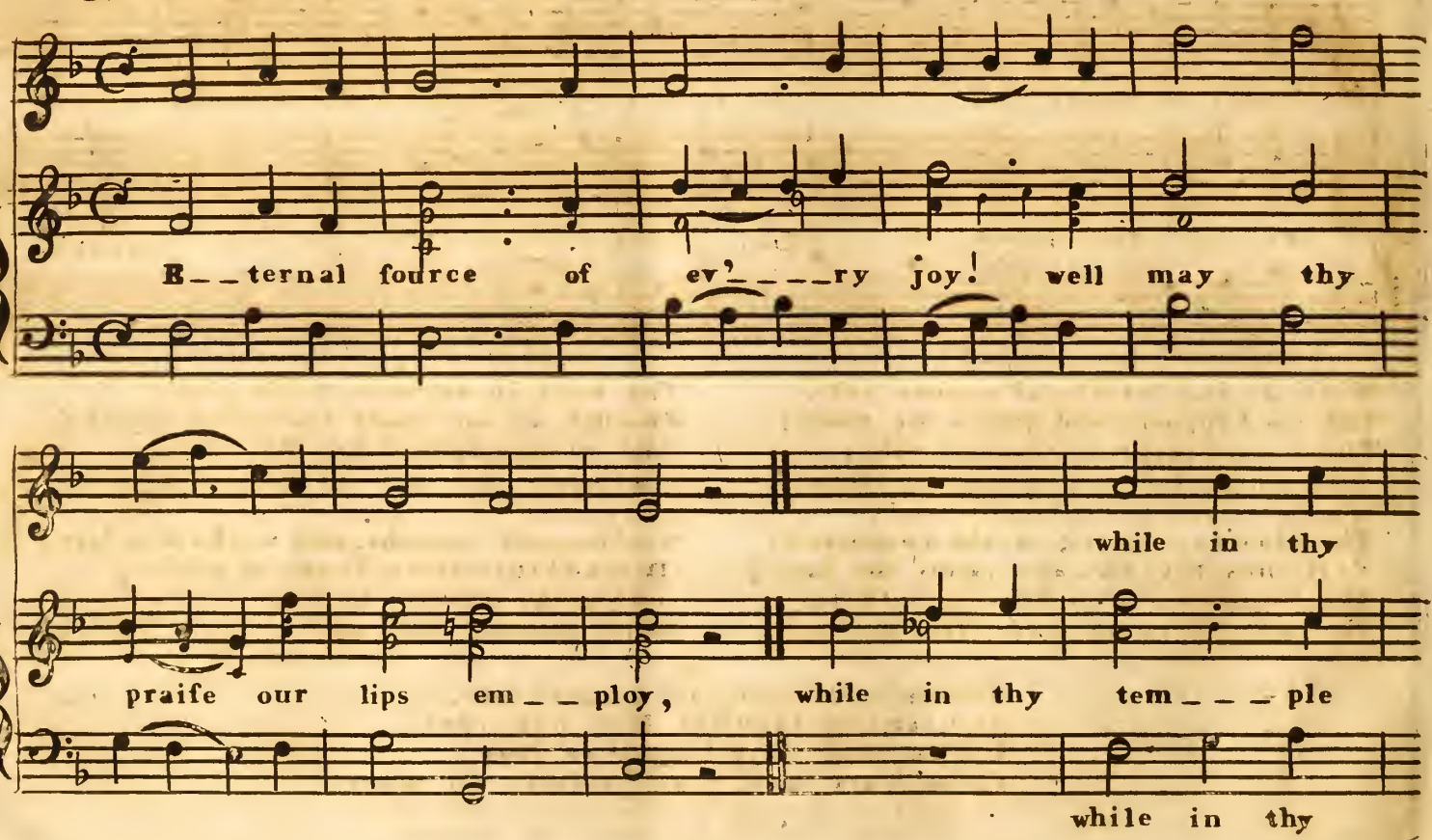
5

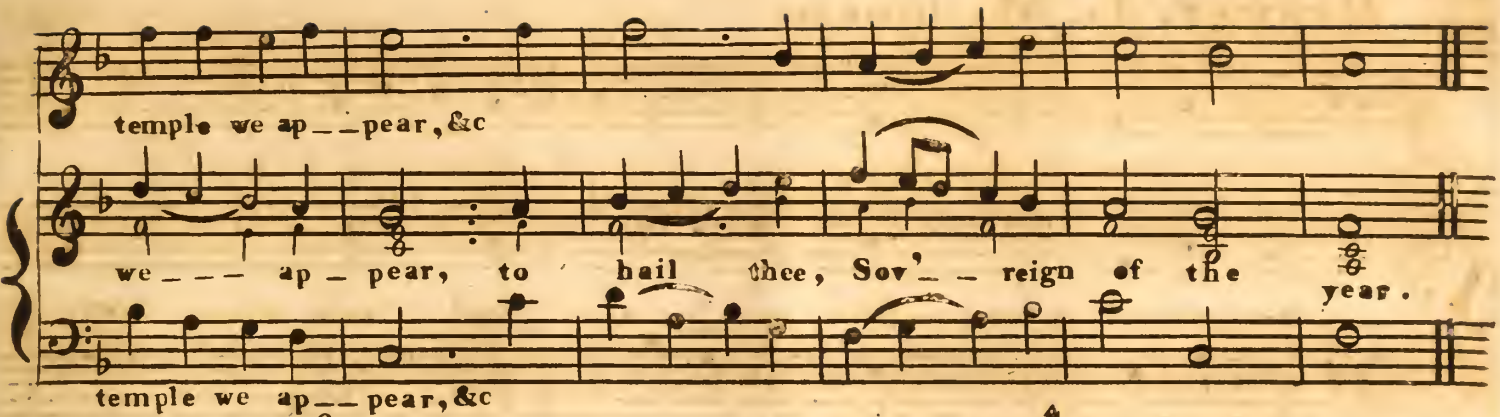
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,

6

Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

Brewer L. M. Hymn. 63.





2

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports and guides the whole;
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

3

The flow'ry ſpring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The ſummer rays with vigour ſhine
To raiſe the corn, and cheer the vine.

4

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coaſt redundant ſtores;
And winters, ſoften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

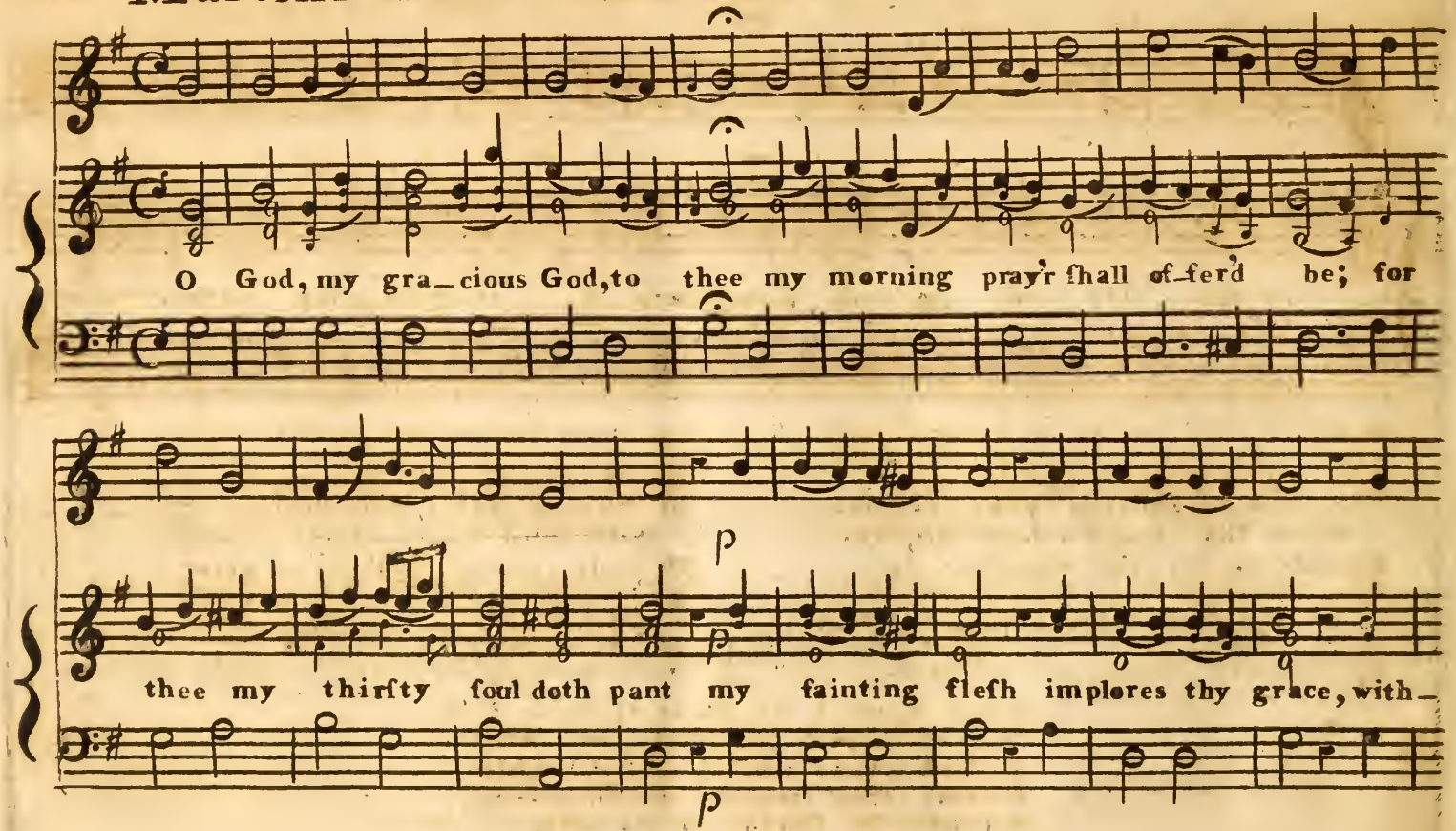
5

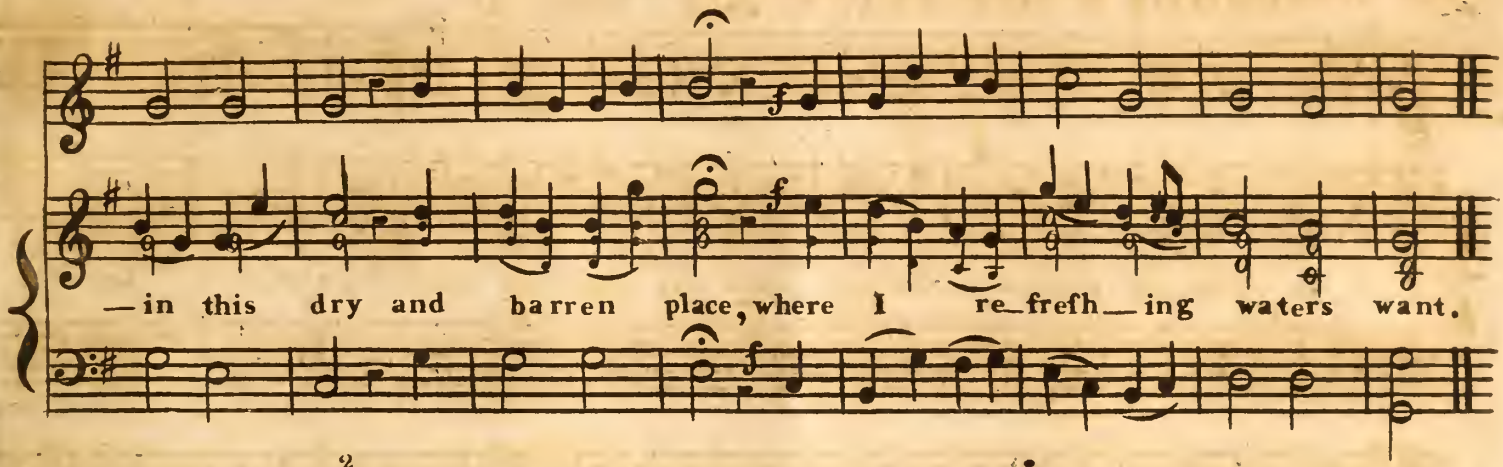
Seaſons, and months, and weeks and days,
Demand ſucceſsive ſongs of praiſe;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening ſhade.

6

Here in thy houſe let incenſe riſe,
And circling ſabbaths bleſs our eyes,
Till to thoſe lofty heights we ſoar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Martins Lane P. M. Pfalm 63





2

O! to my longing eyes, once more,
That view of glorious pow'r reſtore,
Which thy majeſtic houſe diſplays;
Becauſe to me thy wondrous love
Than life itſelf does dearer prove,
My lips ſhall always ſpeak thy praiſe.

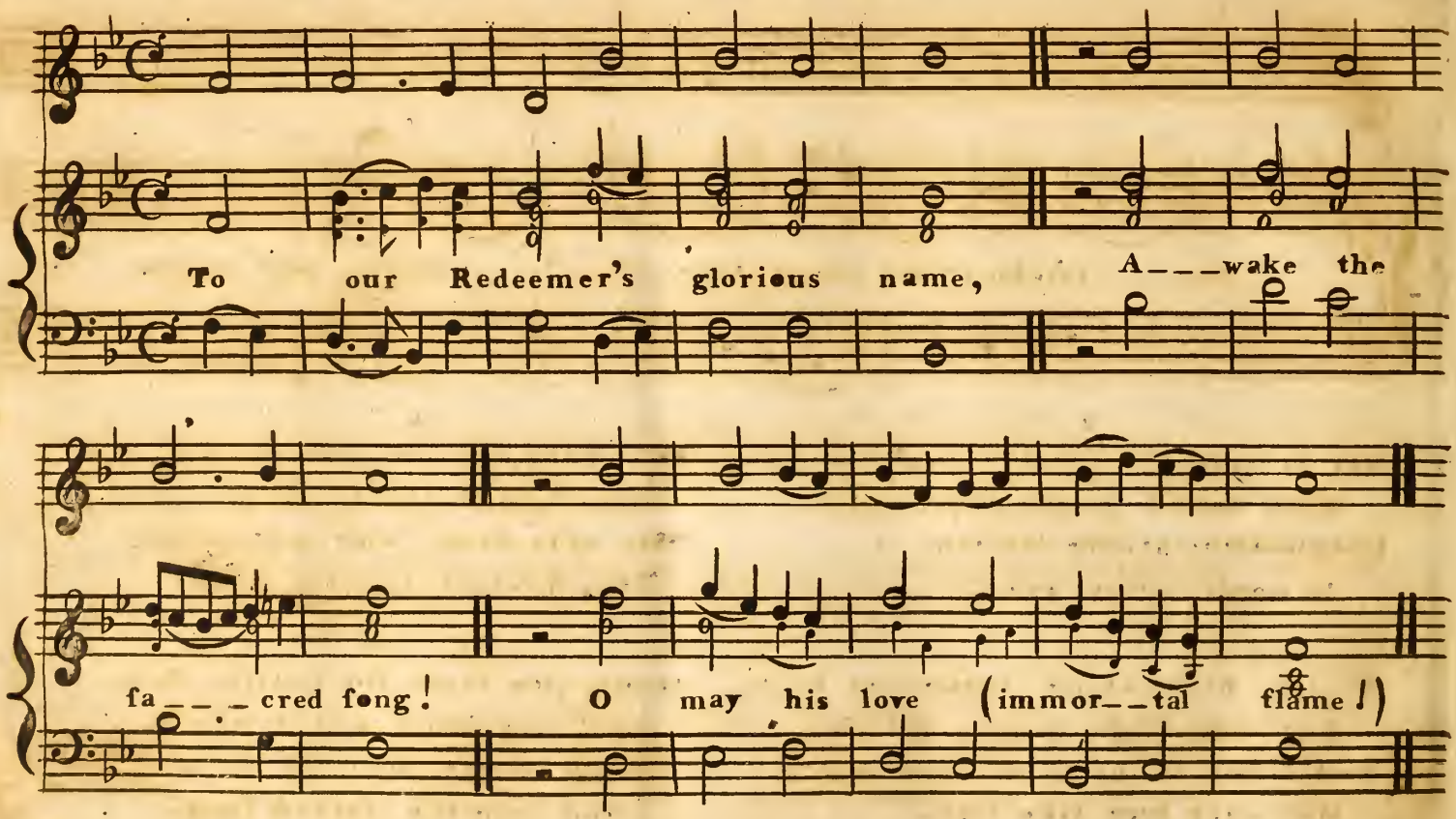
3

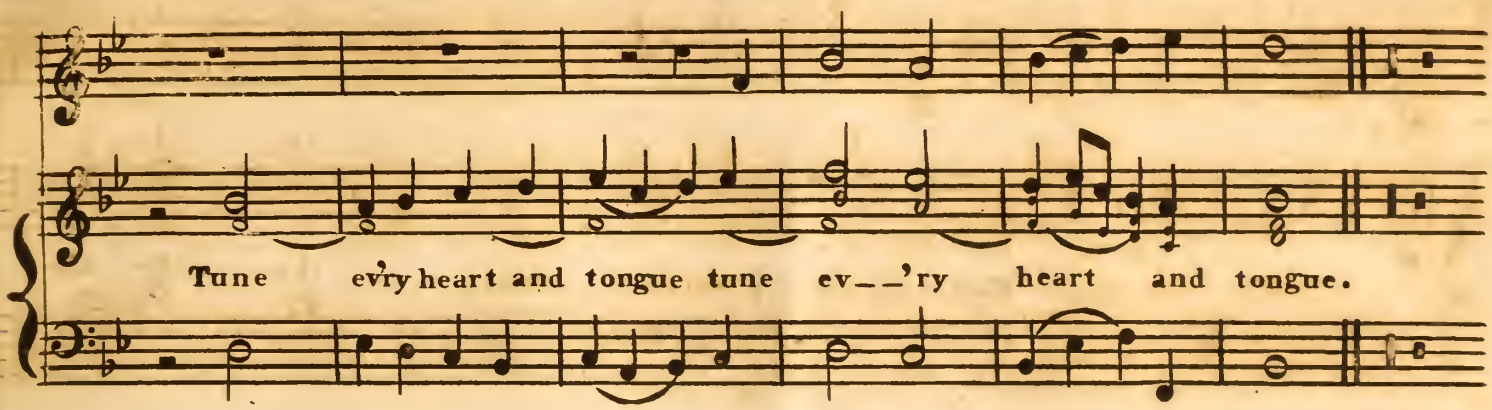
My life, while I that life enjoy,
In bleſsing God I will employ;
With lifted hands adore his name:
My ſouls content ſhall be as great
As theirs who choiceſt dainties eat,
While I with joy his praiſe proclaim,

4

When down I lie, ſweet ſleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art preſent to my mind;
And when I wake in dead of night:
Becauſe thou ſtill doſt ſuccour bring,
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wing
I reſt with ſafety and delight.

Mount Pleaſant C.M. Hymn. 47.





2

His love, what mortal thought can reach
What mortal tongue diſplay
Imaginations utmoſt ſtretch
In wonder dies away.

3

He left his radiant throne on high
Left the bright realms of bliſs,
And came to earth to bleed and die
Was ever love like this.

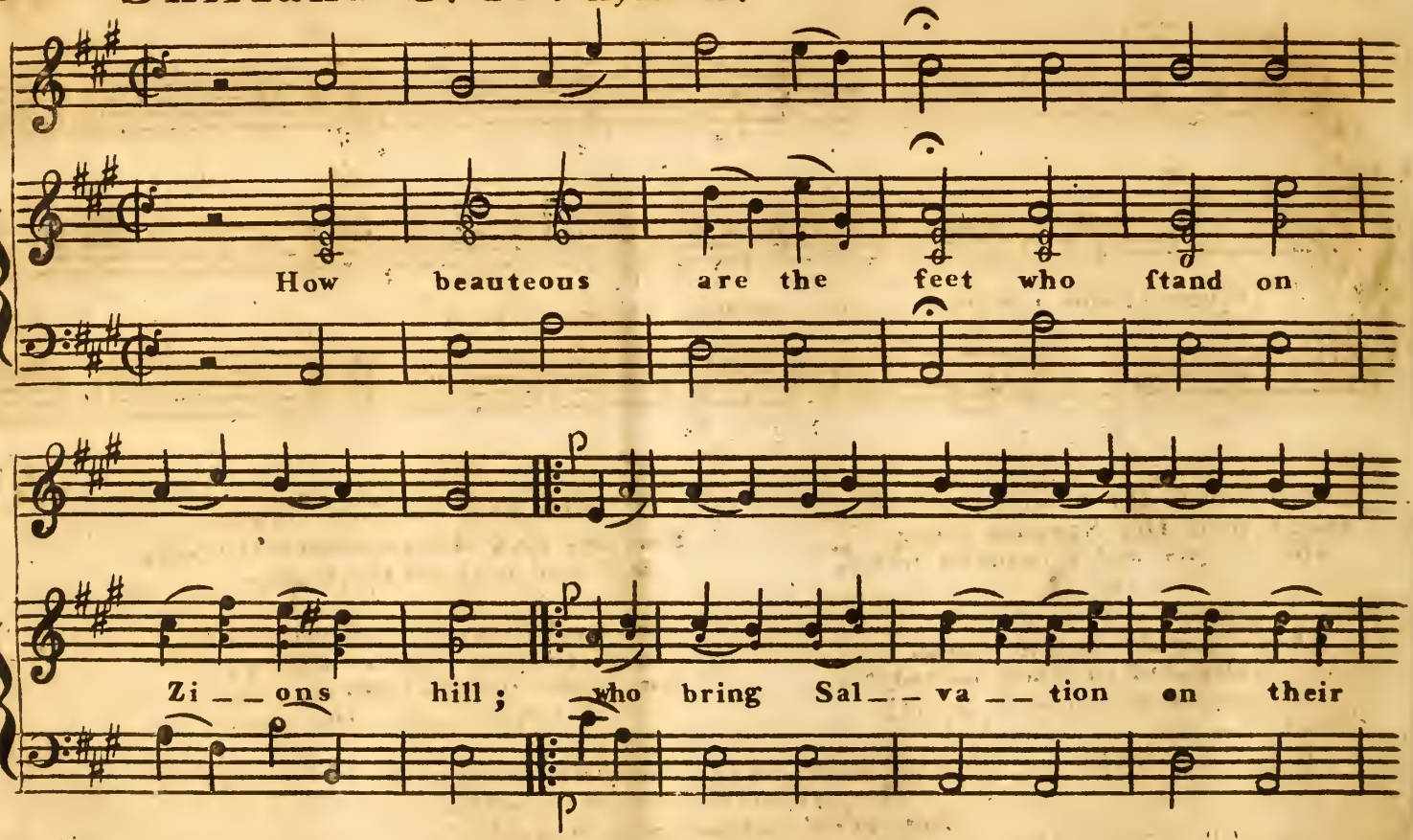
4

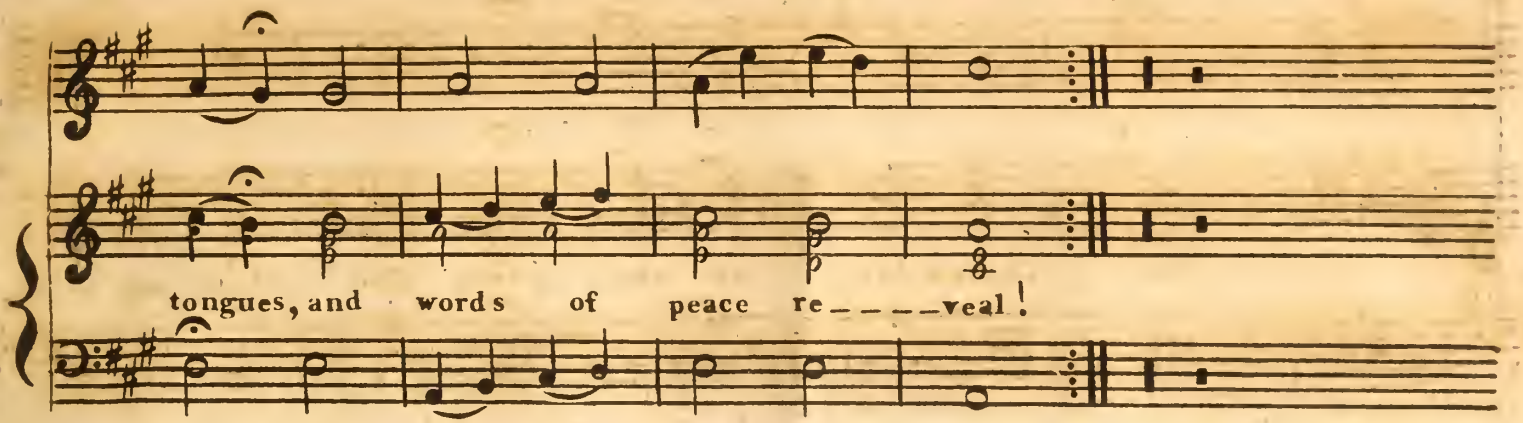
Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May ev'ry heart with rapture ſay,
"The Saviour died for me."

5

O may the ſweet, the bliſsful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
Till ſtrangers love thy charming name,
And join the ſacred ſong.

Shirland S. M. Hymn 29.





2

How charming is their voice!
How ſweet their tidings are!
"Zion behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3

How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And fought but never found!

4

How bleſsed are our eyes
That ſee this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings deſird it long,
But died without the ſight.

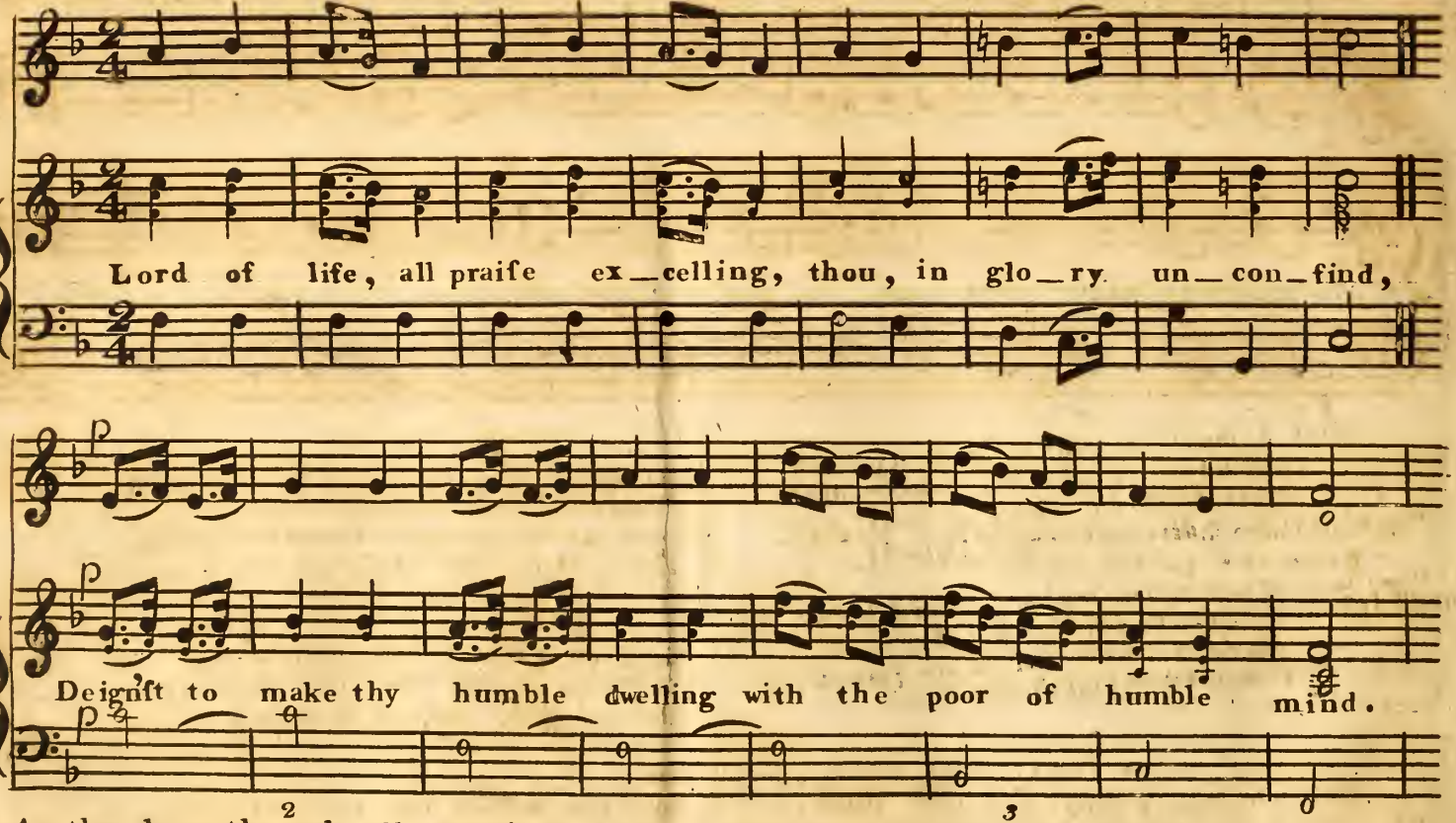
5

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſerts learn the joy.

6

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Sicily P. M. Hymn 55.



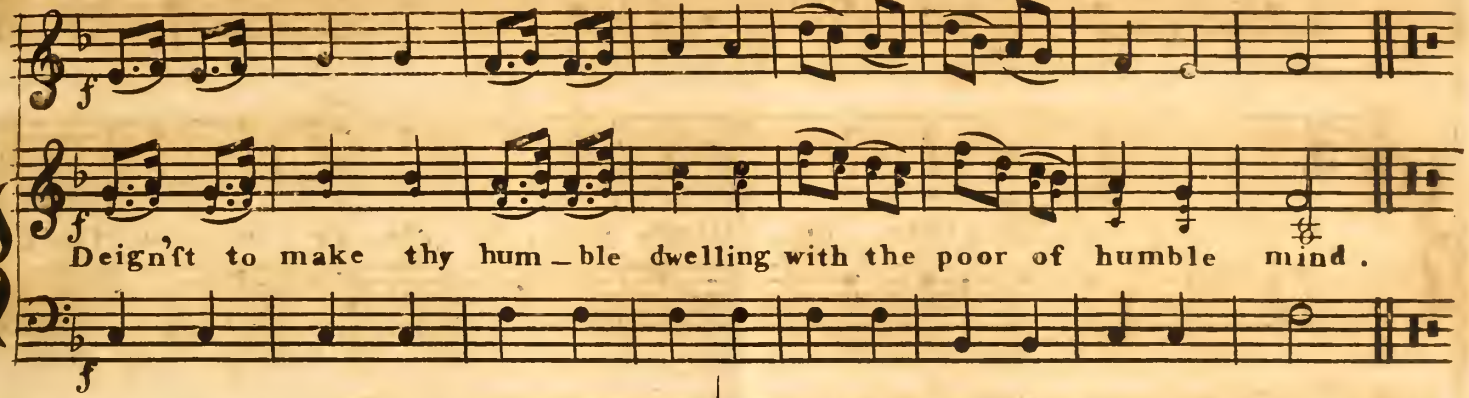
2

As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffuſive light;
So the ſcorn'd and humble ſtation
Shrinks before thine equal ſight.

3

Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophets tongue;
Who the lot of all deciding,
To thy choſen Iſrael ſung:

NB The 2d Strain is given twice over that the tune may anfwer to the 4th. 5th. 6th. and laſt verſe: otherwiſe the firſt 8 bars of the 2d part can be omitted.



4

"When thine harveſt yields thee pleaſure,
"Thou the golden ſheaſh ſhalt bind;
"To the poor belongs the treaſure
"Of the ſcatterd ears behind.
"Theſe thy God ordains to bleſs
"The widow and the fatherleſs."

5

"When thine olive plants increaſing,
"Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
"Grateful thou ſhalt take the bleſsing,
"But not ſearch the bough again.
"Theſe thy God &c"

6

"When thy favourd vintage flowing,
"Gladdens thy autumnal ſcene,
"Own the bounteous hand beſtowing,
"But thy vines the poor ſhall glean."
"Theſe thy God &c"

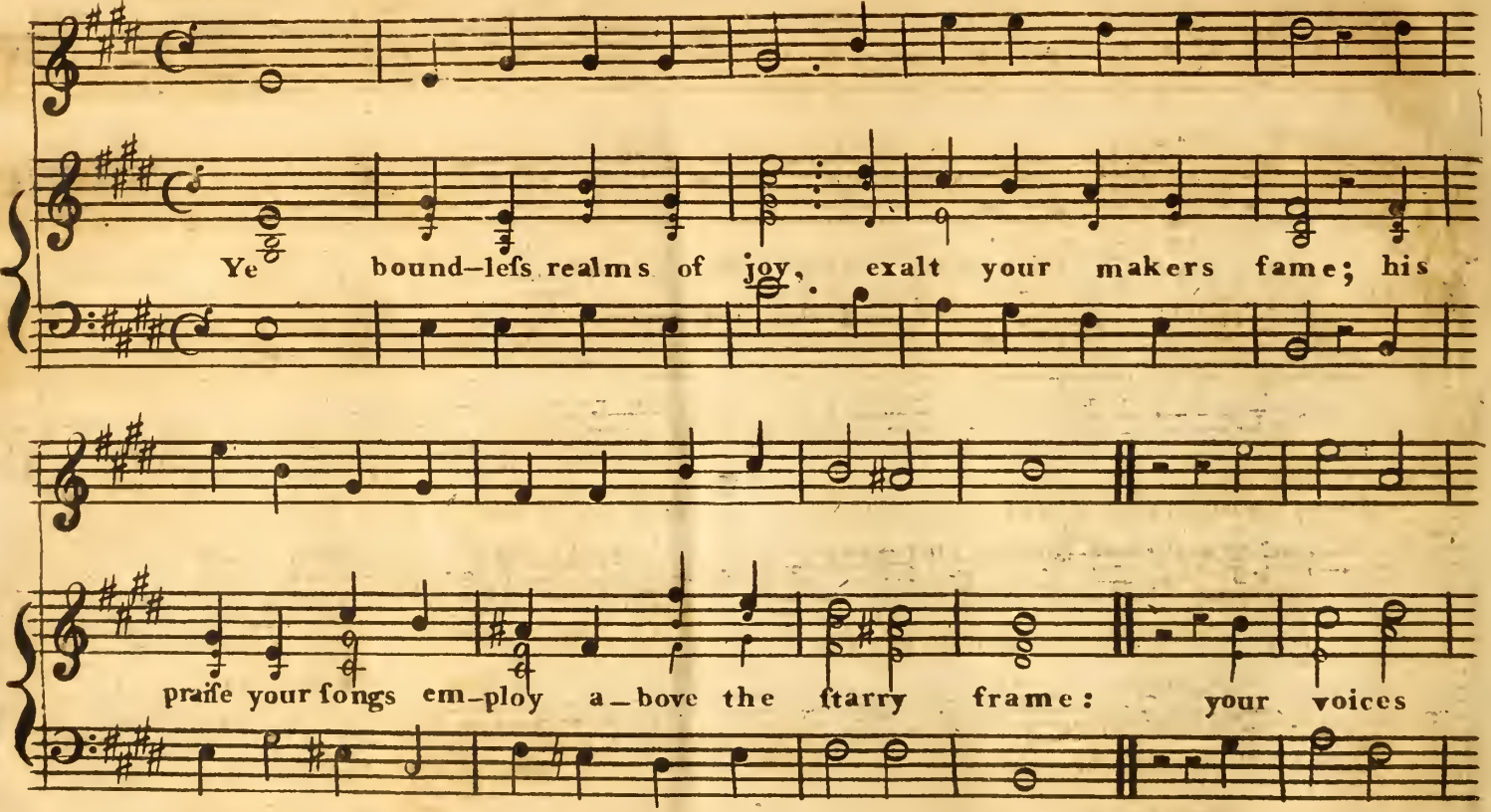
7

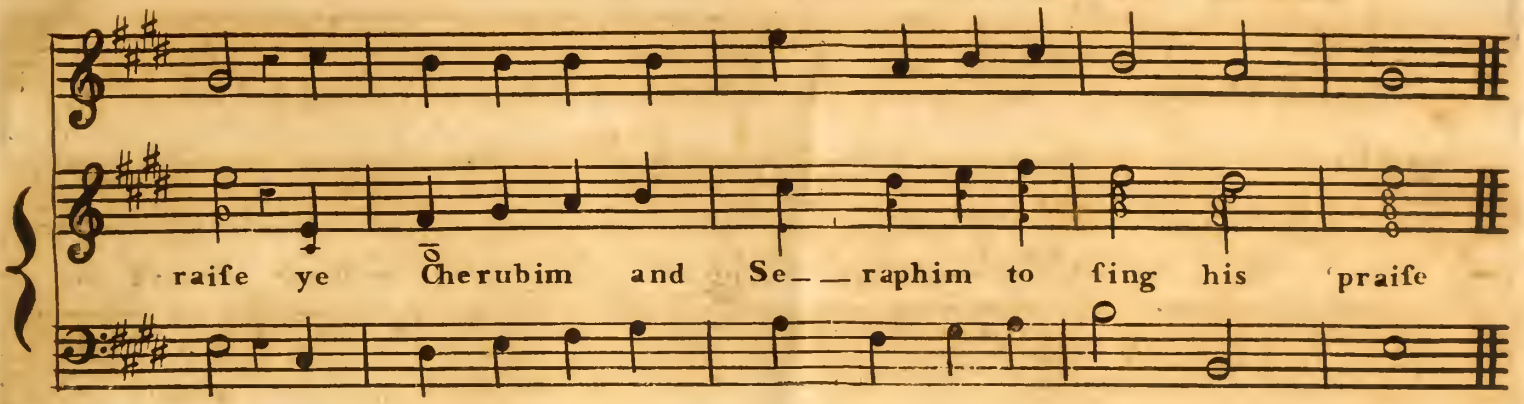
Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord thy own decree;
Mercy, evry ſorrow ſharing,
Warms the heart reſembling thee.

8

Still the orphan and the ſtranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screend by thee in evry danger,
Heard by thee in evry prayr.
Hallelujah Hallelujah
Hallelujah. Amen.

Zion P. M. Pfalm 148.





2

Thou moon that rulſt the night,
And ſun that guidſt the day,
Ye glittring ſtars of light,
To him your homage pay,
His praiſe declare,
Ye heavns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3

Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy name,
By whoſe Almighty word,
They all from nothing came:
And all ſhall laſt,
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever faſt.

Index to the Tunes

Long Metre

Brewer..... Page 50
Evening Hymn _ _ 31
Iflington _ _ _ _ _ 22
Old 100th _ _ _ _ _ 21
Oporto _ _ _ _ _ _ 46
Portugal _ _ _ _ _ 26
Saxony _ _ _ _ _ _ 40
Surry _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 48
Wells _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 37

Common Me.

Aſhley . . . . . Page 35
Bedford _ _ _ _ _ _ 25
Brodſworth _ _ _ _ 41
Brunſwick _ _ _ _ _ 44
Canterbury _ _ _ _ _ 43
London New _ _ _ 41
Mount Pleaſant _ _ 54
Mear _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 29
New York _ _ _ _ _ 30
Old York _ _ _ _ _ 43
Philadelphia _ _ _ _ 23
St. James' _ _ _ _ _ 20
St. Ann's _ _ _ _ _ 24
St. Martin's _ _ _ _ 27
Windſor _ _ _ _ _ 28
Weſton Favel _ _ _ 34

Short Metre

Aleſbury . . . . Page 35
Falcon Street _ _ _ 38
Shirland _ _ _ _ _ _ 56
Watchmen _ _ _ _ _ 36

Particular Me.

Hanover . . . . . Page 42
Martins Lane _ _ _ 52
Sicily _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 58
Valton _ _ _ _ _ _ 32
Zion _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 60