

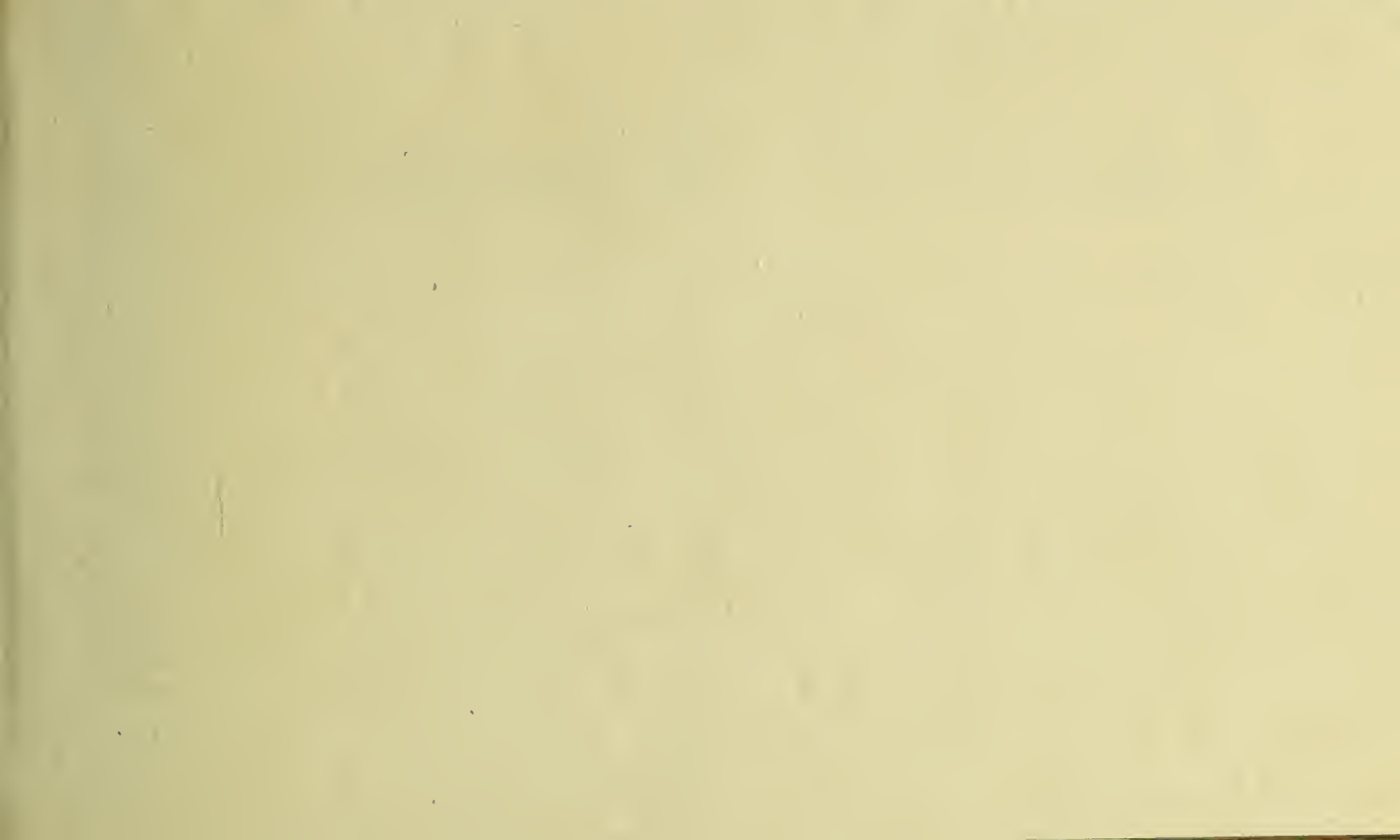


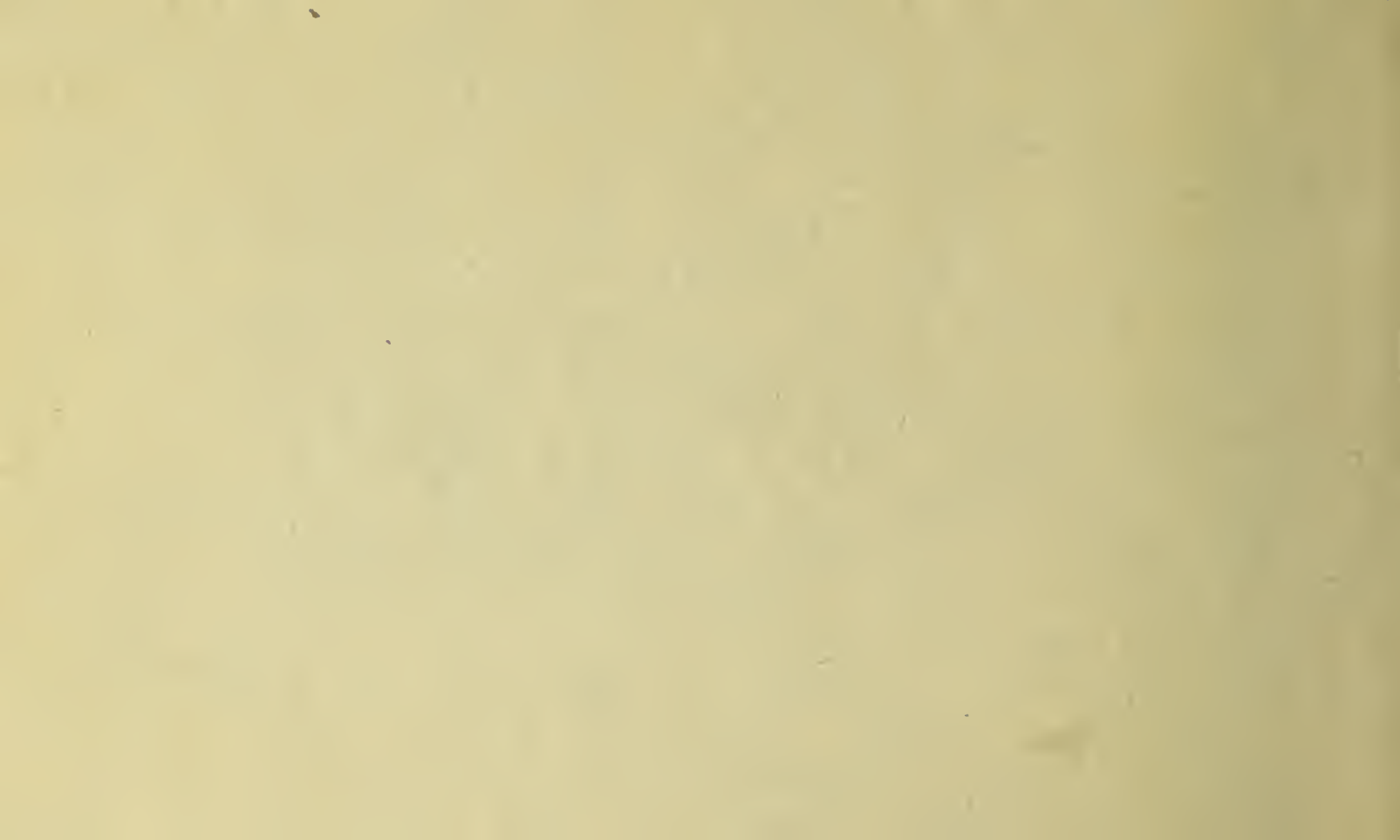


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**THE EASY INSTRUCTOR;**  
OR,  
*A NEW METHOD OF TEACHING*  
**Sacred Harmony.**

CONTAINING,

- I. The Rudiments of Music on an improved Plan, wherein the Naming and Timing of the Notes are familiarized to the weakest Capacity.
- II. A choice Collection of PSALM TUNES and ANTHEMS, from the most celebrated Authors, with a number composed in Europe and America, entirely new; suited to all the Metres sung in the different Churches in the United States.

Published for the Use of SINGING SOCIETIES in general, but more particularly for those who have not the advantage of an INSTRUCTOR.

By WILLIAM LITTLE AND WILLIAM SMITH.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

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AS the Authors are well aware, that whatever has the appearance of novelty is, from this very circumstance, in danger of meeting with an unfavorable reception; they request nothing more than a critical observation of the certificate annexed, and an impartial examination of the method proposed, being willing to submit the merit of the performance to the determination of the candid and judicious. As the introduction of the four singing syllables, by characters, shewing at sight the name of the notes, may perhaps be considered as subjecting those who are taught in this manner to difficulty in understanding other books, without this assistance—the authors would just observe, that if pupils are made acquainted with the principle here laid down, the objection will be found, by experience, more specious than solid. To this it might be added, that in the old way, there are not less than seven different ways of applying the four singing syllables to the lines and spaces, which is attended with great difficulty: But this difficulty is entirely removed upon the present plan; and we know of no objection to this plan, unless that it is not in use; which objection is no objection at all, or at least, cannot be decisive, as this would give currency to the entire rejection and exclusion of all improvements whatever. And as the novelty of a singing book rendered so easy, from its improvements, that any person of a tolerable voice might actually learn the art of psalmody without an instructor, if they could but obtain the sounds of the eight notes, which has led its advocates to request a publication of the same. We have, therefore, the pleasure to inform the public, that since subscriptions have been in circulation for this book, we have been honored with upwards of three thousand subscribers: In consequence of which, we flatter ourselves that this book will meet with a kind reception.

Philadelphia, August 15th, 1798.

WILLIAM LITTLE,  
WILLIAM SMITH.

The Committee appointed by the URANIAN SOCIETY of Philadelphia, to examine a SINGING BOOK, entitled  
“THE EASY INSTRUCTOR,” by WILLIAM LITTLE,

REPORT—That having carefully examined the same, they find it contains a well digested system of principles and rules, and a judicious collection of tunes: And from the improvement of having only four significant characters, indicating, at sight, the names of the notes, and a sliding rule for timing the same, this book is considered easier to be learned than any we have seen.

Were it possible to acquire the sound of the eight notes but by imitation, they verily believe they might be obtained by the help of this book, even without an instructor.

The committee are of opinion, the Author merits the patronage and encouragement of all friends to Church Music.

EDWARD STAMMERS,  
RICHARD T. LEECH



# P R E F A C E.

**T**HE song of praise is an act of devotion so becoming, delightful and excellent, that we find it coeval with the sense of Deity ; authorized by the example of all nations, and universally received into the solemnities of public worship. Under the *Jewish Dispensation*, the Holy Spirit of God directed this expression of homage, as peculiarly becoming the *place where his honor dwelleth*. The book of *Psalms*, as the name itself imports, was adapted to the voice of song ; and the author of those invaluable odes well knew the sweetness, dignity, and animation that were hereby added to the sacred service of the temple. With what rapture do they describe its effects—with what fervor do they call upon their fellow worshippers to join in this delightful duty—*It is a good thing to give thank unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O thou Most High. Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God ; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely. O sing unto the Lord a new song—sing unto the Lord all the earth—sing unto the Lord—bless his name—shew forth his salvation from day to day.* Nor hath Christianity dispensed with religious song as an unmeaning ceremony, or an unprofitable sacrifice. It commands us to address the Father *in spirit and in truth* ; but it nevertheless enjoins those outward acknowledgments that fitly express and cherish the pious temper. Our blessed Lord was pleased to consecrate this act of worship by his own example, under circumstances the most affecting. He concluded the celebration of that supper, which was the memorial of his dying love, by an hymn of praise. And his apostles frequently exhorted to the observation of this duty :—*Let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom ; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs ; singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord.*

DIVINE song is undoubtedly the language of nature : It originates from our frame and constitution : Do lofty contemplations, elevated joy and fervor of affection, give beauty and dignity to language, and associate with the charms of poetry, by a kindred law which the Creator hath established ? They pleasingly unite with strains of sweet and solemn harmony. And there are two principal views, in which music will appear to render eminent service to the sacrifice of praise :—In the first place, it suitably expresses the sentiments of devotion, and the sublime delight which religion is fitted to inspire. Joy is the natural effect of praise, and song the proper accompaniment of joy. *Is any merry or glad, let him sing psalms* ; and singing is not only a general indication of delight, but expressive, also, of the prevailing sentiments and passions of the mind—it can accommodate itself to the various modifications of love and joy, the essence of a devotional temper—it hath lofty strains for the sublimity of admiration—plaintive accents, which become the tear of penitence and sorrow—it can adopt the humble plea of supplication, or swell the bolder notes of thanksgiving and triumph : Yet it hath been properly remarked, that the influence of song reaches only to the amiable and pleasing affections, and that it hath no expression for malignant and tormenting passions ; the sorrow, therefore, to which it is attuned, should be mingled with hope—the penitence which it expresses, cheered with the sense of pardon, and the mournful scenes on which it sometimes dwells, irradiated with the glorious views and consolations of the gospel.

In the second place, music not only decently expresses, but powerfully **EXCITES** and **IMPROVES** the devout affections ; it is the prerogative of this noble art to cheer and invigorate the mind—to still the tumultuous passions—to calm the troubled thoughts, and to fix the wandering attention. And hereby it happily composes and prepares the heart for the exercise of public worship. But it further boasts a wondrous efficacy in leading to that peculiar temper which becomes the subject of praise, and is favorable to religious impression. It can strike the mind with solemnity and awe, or melt with tenderness and love—can animate with hope and gladness, or call forth the sensations of devout and affectionate



sorrows; even separate and unconnected, it can influence the various passions and movements of the soul; but it naturally seeks an alliance, and must be joined with becoming sentiments and language, in order to produce its full and proper effect; and never is its energy so conspicuous and delightful, as when consecrated to the service of religion, and employed in the courts of the living God—Here it displays its noblest use, and brightest glory; here alone it meets with themes that fill the capacity of an immortal mind, and claims its noblest powers and affections. What voice of song so honorable, so elevating and delightful? To whom shall the breath ascend in melodious accents, if not to him who first inspired it? Where shall admiration take its loftiest flight, but to the throne of the everlasting Jehovah? Or what shall *awake our glory*, and kindle our warmest gratitude, if not the remembrance of his daily mercies, and the praise of redeeming love? When the union of the heart and voice are thus happily arranged—when sublime subjects of praise are accompanied with expressive harmony, and the pleasure of genuine devotion heightened by the charms of singing, we participate of the most pure, rational, noble and exquisite enjoyments that human nature is capable of receiving:—The soul forgets the confinement with the body, is elevated beyond the cares and tumults of this mortal state, and seems for a while transported to the blissful regions of perfect love and joy: And it is worthy of remark, that the sacred writings delight to represent the heavenly felicity under this image: And though such language be allowed to be figurative—though *eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him*, yet our most natural—our most just conceptions of the happiness of the heavenly world, is that which we have been describing, viz. sublime devotion, accompanied with rapturous delight.

The human mind is not only capable of extensive knowledge, but is incapable of being entirely in a state of supineness: This thirst for happiness implanted in the human breast, must have some object for its pursuit; therefore the Almighty has made us capable of enjoying pure and intellectual pleasures; and we find if improvements are neglected among young people, their manners at once verge towards heathenism. And since it is impracticable for any entirely to separate their children from meeting among young people, those who wish to promote civilization, will see the importance of bending the young mind to something that will ornament and refine society, even if they have a separate design in it. The funds of knowledge in the minds of most young people, are not sufficient to carry on a discourse to any considerable length: therefore, we find that their evenings are often spent in a very simple manner; nothing more will be heard than insignificant jokes, and vulgarism seems to be the highest entertainment; but when they have tasted the more pure pleasures, such as flow from music, the young circle seems to look with contempt on the former manner in which they spent their time, which then seemed to hover them over the summit of bliss. But besides the more immediate propriety and use of divine song in the ordinances of religion, its indirect advantages have a claim to our regard. It is not only in itself delightful and profitable, but it gives animation to other parts of public worship—it revives the attention—recruits the exhausted spirits, and begets a happy composure and tranquility. It is peculiarly agreeable as a social act, and that in which every person may be employed. Nor is it the least of its benefits, that it associates pleasing ideas with divine worship, and makes us *glad when we go into the house of the Lord*. It is also a bond of union in religious societies, promotes the regular attendance of their members, and seldom fails of adding to their numbers: But there seems to be something more in music to unite with our own experience and the wisdom of past ages. The early Christians found their account in a remarkable attachment to psalmody, and almost every rising sect have availed themselves of its important delights and advantages. It must be confessed, that where pleasure is the sole attention, the motive is of an inferior nature. But is it not a commendable policy to promote regular attendance upon places of worship, by any means that are not reprehensible? Will not the most beneficial consequences probably ensue?

Is there not every reason to expect that persons who frequent the house of God with this view alone, will not be uninterested in the other services of religion?—That they who come to sing may learn to pray—that they whose only wish it was to be entertained, may find themselves instructed and improved? Such is the happy tendency of well regulated song in the house of God; but alas! how seldom is this part of the service accompanied with its proper effect. It was the remark of an eminent writer, too applicable to the present time, that “The worship in which we should most resemble the inhabitants of heaven, is the worst performed upon earth.” His pious labors have greatly enriched the matter of song, and hereby contributed to remove one cause of this complaint; but in the manner there still remains a miserable defect.—Too often does a disgraceful silence prevail to the utter neglect of this duty—too often are dissonance and discord substituted for the charms of melody and harmony, and the singing performed in a way so carelessly and indecently, that as the same writer observes, “instead of elevating our devotions to the most divine and delightful sensations, it awakens our regret, and touches all the strings of uneasiness within us.” But is this owing to causes which cannot be removed, or doth it not imply reproach and blame? Will not truth oblige us to confess, that the fault rests not in a want of natural taste and abilities, nor of sufficient leisure, but in a great carelessness and neglect? Moderate attention and application would surmount every difficulty, and lead to a suitable proficiency in this happy art. An exercise so pleasing and attractive, seems only to want regulation and method.

### Time.

**T**HE two first moods of Common Time have four beats in a bar, and may be performed in the following manner, viz. The first beat, strike the end of the fingers on what you beat upon; the second beat, bring down the heel of the hand; the third beat, raise the hand half way up; the fourth beat, raise the hand clear up. The third and fourth moods of Common, and the first and second of Compound Time, have but two beats in a bar, and the best method we know of measuring time in these four moods, is by beating with the hand, saying one with it up and two with it down.

To arrive at an exactness in this mode of calculating, the learner may beat by the motion of a pendulum vibrating in a second, without paying any regard to the notes. For by this method he will become habituated to regularity and exact proportion.

Beating of time should be attended to before any attempt to sounding the notes is made. Counting and beating frequently while learning the rules, will be of great service. A large motion of the hand is best at first, but as soon as the learner can beat with accuracy, a small motion is sufficient.

To attain to exactness, it will be necessary that the learner should name and beat the time of notes in each bar, both of the eight notes and a number of the plain tunes, in the different moods of time set to the eight notes in this performance, without sounding, until a perfect knowledge of their variety is obtained; after which, they may proceed to those that are more complex and difficult.

Having complied with these directions, the learner will acquire the time of the notes with much greater ease and exactness, than if his attention was directed to three things at once—the name, the time, and the sound of the notes.

As much depends on a proper knowledge of time, I would recommend to teachers to make use of a sliding rule, or something that will cover the notes, so as to admit to the view of the pupil only such note or notes, as shall determine the first half of a bar at a time; by which means they will acquire exactness in beating, and give to each its due proportion.

This may be considered by some as useless novelty, but we can assure them, from long experience, that the effect will convince them of its being worthy of attention, and much the quickest and easiest method to ascertain the exact time of the notes.

## Of Managing the Voice.

IF directions, given by ancient and modern critics, (for the modulating of the voice) to those who are desirous of excelling in public speaking, are necessary, directions are particularly requisite to enable the student in music to sing with grace and energy; therefore,

1st. Above all things affectation should be guarded against—for whilst it is contrary to that humility which ever ought to characterise the devout worshipper, it must be an enemy to the natural ease which always distinguishes the judicious performance.

2d. Care should be taken to begin with a proper pitch of the voice, otherwise it is impossible to preserve the melodious connexion of the notes, or the harmony of the parts; for if at the commencement of a tune the voice is too low, langor must prevail; if too high, an unnatural endeavor to maintain a proportioned elevation throughout the whole performance.

3d. The articulation must be as distinct as the sound will possibly admit; for in this, vocal music has the preference of instrumental—that while the ear is delighted, the mind is informed.

4th. Though it is the opinion of most writers, that the learners should take the parts best adapted to their respective voices; let them occasionally try the different parts; not only because it makes them better acquainted with the nature and degrees of sounds, but because it has a tendency to improve the voice, to file off what is too rough, and what is too effeminate to render more energetic; whereas monotony is otherwise apt to take place. By attending to this direction the evil will be greatly guarded against.

5th. Those who have but indifferent voices, will find great benefit, if after faithfully trying an easy tune themselves, they can get a good singer to sing with them; and by attending to his performance they will instantly perceive a difference—the ear will soon experience a pleasing superiority, and the learner, at every succeeding effort, will find that his mechanical sensibility, if we may be allowed the expression, is greatly improved.

## General Observations.

THE learner must endeavor to know the characters, with their time, in the eight notes. Learning twenty or thirty of the plain tunes well by note, before he attempts to sing by word, after which he may sing them over by word.

In keeping time on the rests, or silent beats, I would recommend not to count the whole, and thus commit them to memory; but to beat one bar at a time, and thus continue throughout the tune. This we find is the most easy and accurate method of keeping time on the rests, particularly fugal tunes.

Teachers commit an imperceptible error in singing too much with their pupils, and allowing them to unite in concert, before they can readily name and time the notes themselves, without assistance. If voices are ever so good, there can be no music, where ignorance in these particulars occasion frequent interruption. This mortifying circumstance has induced us to try this experiment of gaining fluency in naming the



notes, and an accuracy in keeping of time, before we suffered our pupils to attempt to unite in the parts; and the effect convinced us that it is the most effectual method to correct the error; which we flatter ourselves all who make a trial of will find it to exceed their most sanguine expectations.

The high notes in all parts should be sung soft and clear, but not faint: The low notes full and bold, but not harsh. The best general rule of singing in concert is, for each individual to sing so soft as to hear distinctly the other parts. The practice of singing soft will be greatly to the advantage of the learner, not only from the opportunity it will give him of hearing and imitating his teacher, but it is the best, and most ready way of cultivating his own, and making it melodious.

When music is repeated, the sound should increase together with the emphasis: In tunes that repeat, the strength of voice should increase in the parts engaged, while the others are falling in with spirit; in which case, the pronunciation should be as distinct and emphatical as possible.

When singing in concert, no one, except the teacher or leader, should attempt a solo which does not belong to the part which he is singing; it destroys the very intent of the composition, and intimates to the audience, that the person or persons to whom the solo particularly belongs, was inadequate to the performance.

All solos should be sung softer than the parts when moving together.

Notes tied with each other, should be sung softer than when one note answers to a syllable, and should be swelled in the throat, with the teeth and lips a little asunder, and sung if possible to one breath, which should be taken previously, at the beginning of each slur which is continued to any considerable length.

To obtain the true sounds of the intervals, the learner will find great advantage by repeating the sound over and over from the last notes he is attempting to sound, until he can obtain the sounds he would wish to retain: Proceeding in this manner, an indifferent voice may be greatly cultivated, when a hasty performance would not only be to no advantage, but discouraging indeed.

## The Modes of Time expressed by Figures.

THE under figure shews into how many parts the semibreve is divided, and the upper figure shews how many of the same parts fill a bar. In the first mode of treble time,  $\frac{3}{2}$  the upper figure shews that there are three notes contained in a bar; the lower figure determines that they are minims, because two of them make a semibreve. Also, in the second mode,  $\frac{3}{4}$ , the upper figure shews you there are three notes contained in a bar; the lower one that they are crotchets, because four of them will make one semibreve. And so all other modes, which are expressed by figures according to their marks.

Propriety in accenting is rather to be acquired by example than precept; therefore, teachers ought to be exceedingly attentive to this particular: For much of the beauty and energy of music depends upon proper emphasis. To accent such notes as fall on accented syllables, or emphatical words, let them fall on which part of the bar they may, is the best and most natural rule, and the highest perfection of accent. There are several other graces, which have a pleasing effect when executed in an accurate manner; but as they are entirely impracticable for learners, I pass their explanation.

# Treble & Tenor.

G sol This char-  
F faw acter, called  
E law the G cliff, is us-  
D sol ed in Treble and  
C faw Tenor, and usu-  
B Mi ally stands on the  
A law second line.  
G sol  
F faw  
E law

## Counter.

G sol This char-  
F faw acter, called  
E law the counter cliff,  
D sol is used in Coun-  
C faw ter, & stands on  
B Mi the middle line.  
A law  
G sol  
F faw

## Bass.

A law This char-  
G sol acter, called  
F faw the Bass cliff: is  
E law used in Bass, and  
D sol stands on the 4th  
C faw line.  
B Mi  
A law  
G sol

The first column shews the names of the lines and spaces—the second the names and order of the notes.

# Sol

# Law

# Mi

# Faw

Round Square Diamond Triangle

A half note represents the semitones between mi and faw and law and faw.

# Notes. Rests.

Semibreve  
Minim  
Crotchet  
Quaver  
Semiquaver  
Demisemiquaver

2 Bars. 4 Bars. 8 Bars.

Diagram showing rests for 2, 4, and 8 bars.

Accent is a certain force of sound which, when a bar consists of 1st 1st two or three equal parts, is on the first.

When of four, it is on the first and third.

When of six, it is on the first & fourth.

A semibreve rest fills a bar in all moods of time; the other rests are marks of silence, equal in time to the notes after which they are called.

The natural place for Mi is in B,


But if B be flat Mi is in . . . E ♯ If F be sharp Mi is in . . . F  
if B and E . . . . . A ♯ If F and C . . . . . C  
if B E and A . . . . . D ♯ If F C and G . . . . . G  
if B E A and D . . . . . G ♯ If F C G and D . . . . . D


1 Simibreve is equal to 2 Minims, 4 Crotchets, 8 Quavers,


16 Semiquavers,

32 Demisemiquavers.



Brace  Shows how many parts are sung together.


Staff  Five lines, with their spaces, where on music is written.

Ledger line  Is added when notes ascend or descend beyond the staff.

Flat  $\flat$  Set before a note sinks it half a tone.

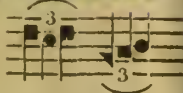
Sharp  $\sharp$  Set before a note raises it half a tone.


Natural  $\natural$  Placed on each letter before made flat or sharp, reduces the music to the natural scale.


Slur  Drawn over or under any number of notes, shows they are all sung to one syllable.


Dot or point  $\cdot$  At the right hand of a note, adds to it half its length.





Figure 3  Over or under any three notes, shows that they are sung in the time of two.


Single Bar  Divides the time according to the measure note.


Double Bar  Shews when to repeat.

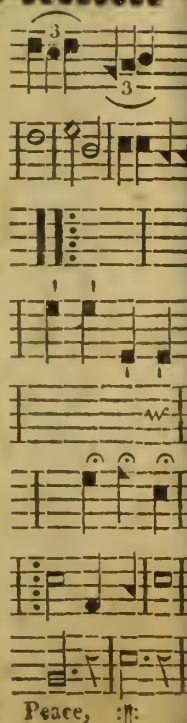

Staccato  Shews that a note thus marked must be sung in a very distinct manner.

Direct  At the end of a staff show the place of the first note on the following staff.

Hold  Notes thus marked are held beyond their usual time.

Repeat  Shews that the tune is repeated from it to the next double bar or close.

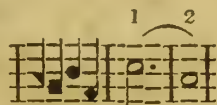
 Denotes a repetition of preceding words.

Peace, 



1 2

At the end of a strain that is repeated, the note or notes under 1 is sung before the repeat, and those under 2 after; but if tied with a slur, both are sung after the repeat.

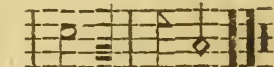


Close





Shows the end of a tune.


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


Common Time Moods.


First  Has a semibreve or its quantity in a measure, sung in the time of four seconds: four beats in a bar, two down and two up.


Second  Has the same measure note, and beat in the same manner, only half as quick again.


Third  Has the same measure note, and sung as quick again as the first: two beats in a bar, one down and one up.

Fourth  Has a minim in a measure, and beat as the third mood, only a third quicker.


Triple Time Moods.


First  Contains three minims, or their quantity, in a measure, sung in the time of three seconds: two beats down and one up.

Second  Contains three crotchets in a measure, and beat in the same manner, only half as quick again.

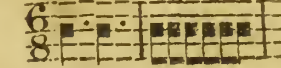
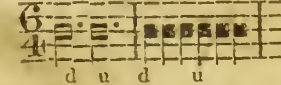
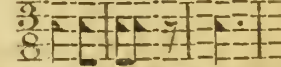
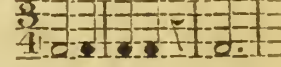
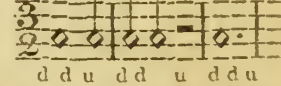
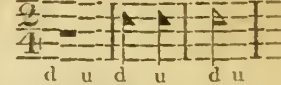
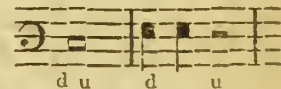
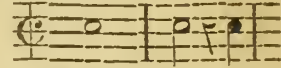
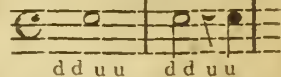
Third  Contains three quavers in a measure, and beat as the second mood, only a third quicker.

Compound Moods.

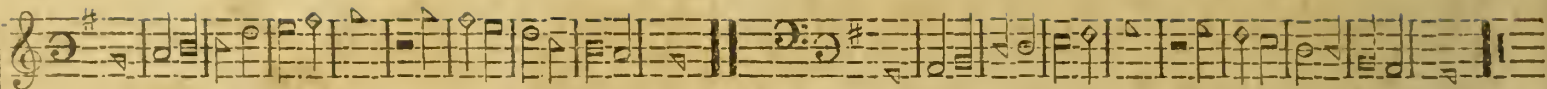
First  Contains six crotchets in a measure, sung in the time of two seconds: two beats, one down and one up.

Second  Contains six quavers in a measure, and beat as the first, only half as quick again.

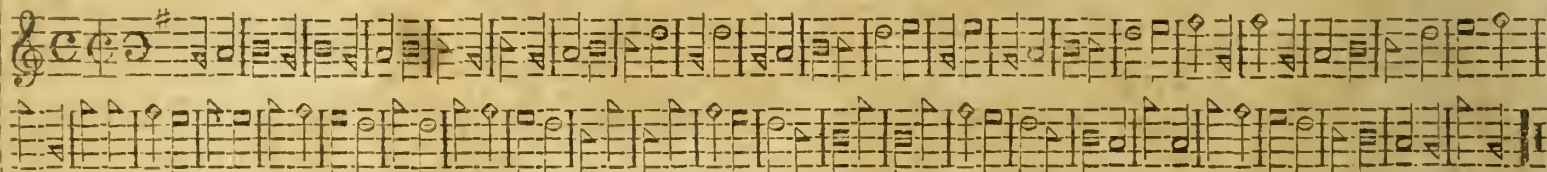
*N. B. The hand falls at the beginning of every bar in all moods of time.*



## The Eight Notes.



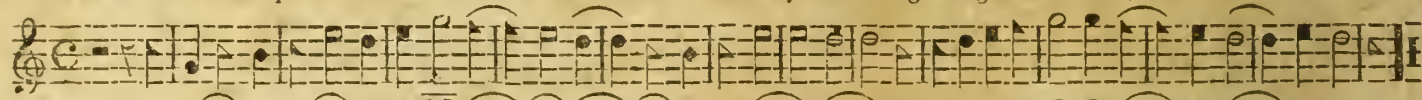
## Intervals Proved.



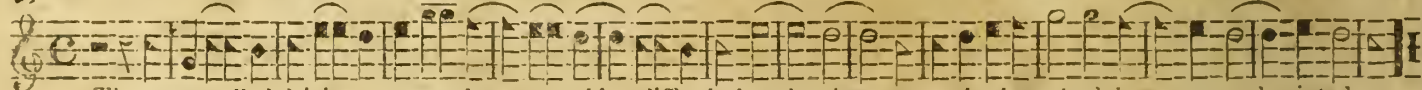
## Syncopation.

Syncopation is when notes are so placed that the hand must rise and fall not always at the beginning of each note, but often in the middle.

Printed.



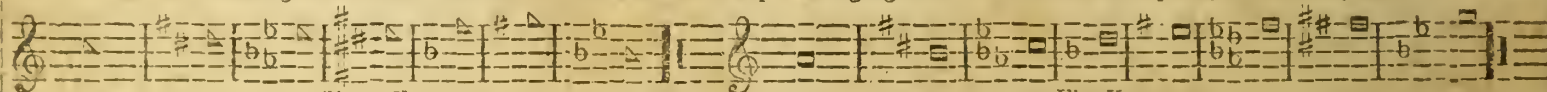
Sung.



These are called driving notes, and are something difficult, but the above example shews both how sung and printed.

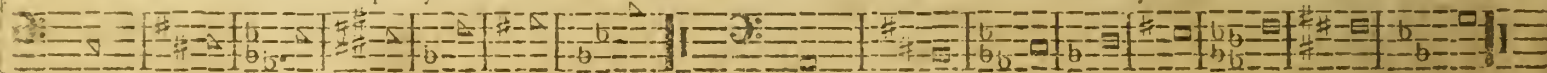
## Scale of Flats and Sharps.

The following Scale shows the number of Flats and Sharps belonging to all the Flat and Sharp Keys commonly used.



Sharp Key.

Flat Key.



Two systems of musical notation. The first system consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 3/2 time and sharp key (A major). The second system also consists of a treble and a bass staff in the same key and time. The lyrics are written below the second system.

Nature with open volume stands, To spread her Maker's praise abroad; And every labour of his hands, Shews something worthy of a God.

## T W E N T Y - F I F T H. S. M. Flat Key on A.

Two systems of musical notation. The first system consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 3/4 time and flat key (A minor). The second system also consists of a treble and a bass staff in the same key and time. The lyrics are written below the first system.

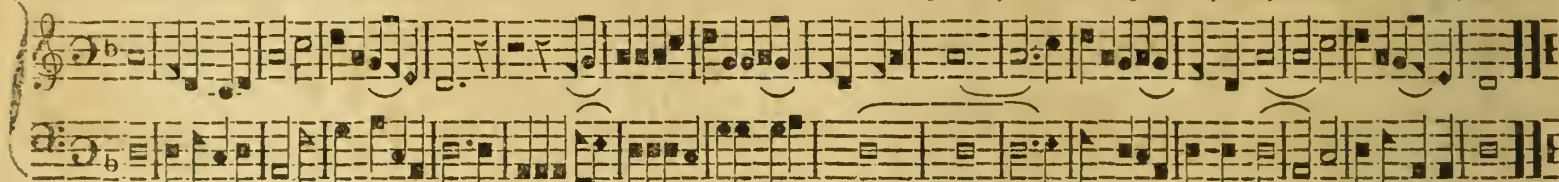
I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; Let not my foes that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.



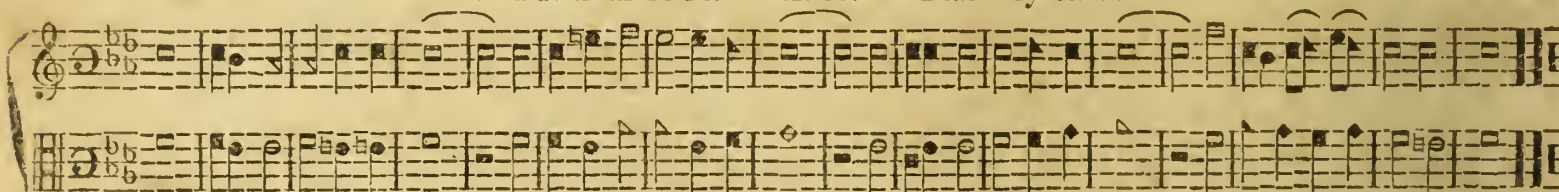
## FLORIDA. S. M. Flat Key on D.



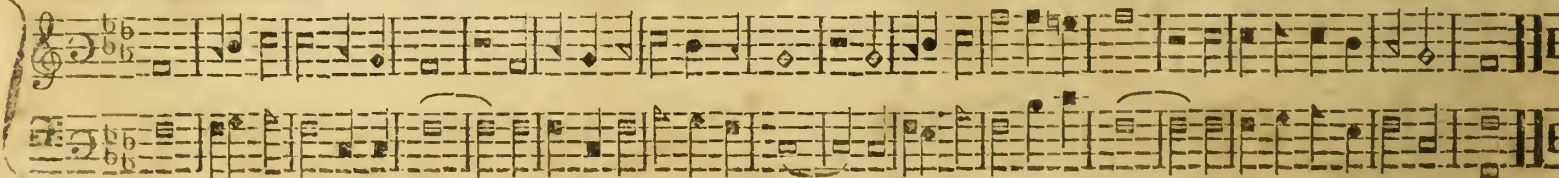
Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death ; But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my daily breath. But in, &c.



## WINDHAM. L. M. Flat Key on F.

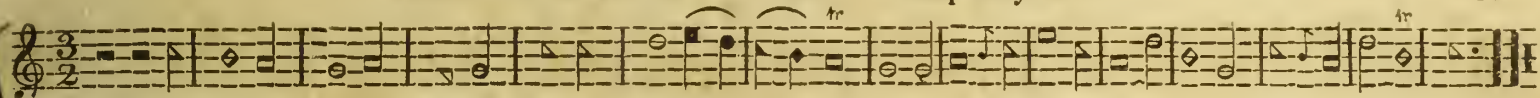


Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there ; But wisdom shews a narrow path, With here and there a traveller.

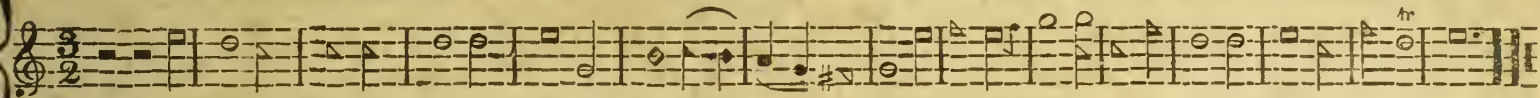


ARVINGTON. C. M. Sharp Key on C.

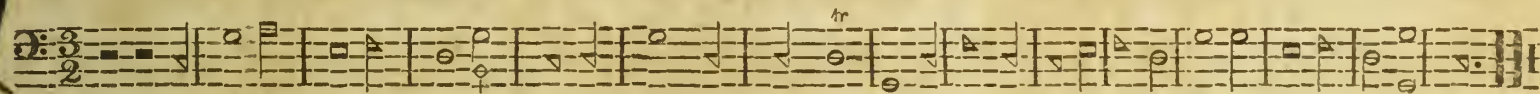
15



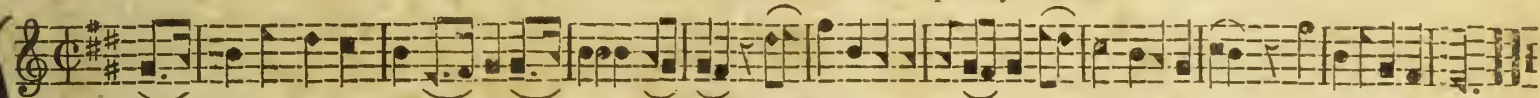
Why should we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice which Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.



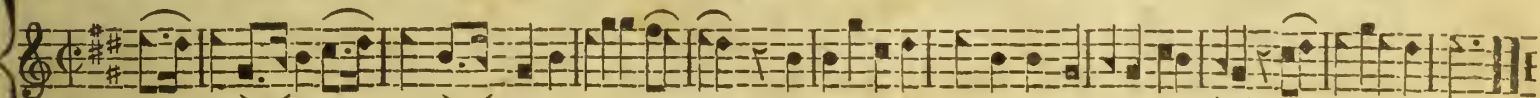
Why should we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms; 'Tis but the voice which Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.



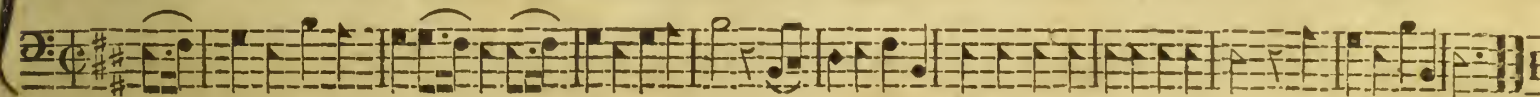
BURWAY. C. M. Sharp Key on E.



Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice, In God the life of all my joys, Aloud will I rejoice. Aloud, &c.



Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice, In God the life of all my joys, Aloud will I rejoice. Aloud, &c.



## DALSTON. P. M. Sharp Key on G.

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

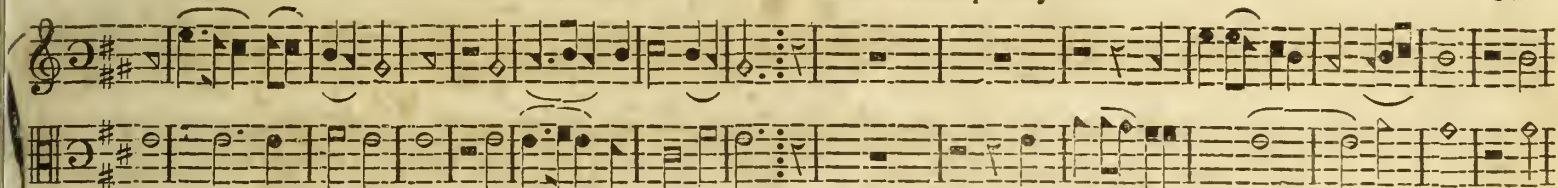
This musical score is for a hymn in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of four staves. The first two staves contain the melody and a simple harmonic accompaniment. The third and fourth staves continue the melody and accompaniment, ending with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

## MARTYRS. C. M. Flat Key on F.

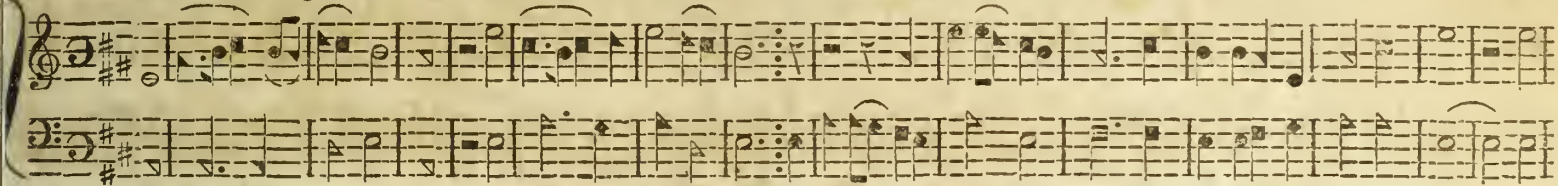
The year rolls round and steals away The breath that first it gave; Whate'er we do, whate'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.

This musical score is for a hymn in F major, 4/4 time. It consists of four staves. The first two staves contain the melody and a simple harmonic accompaniment. The third and fourth staves continue the melody and accompaniment, ending with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it in the third staff.



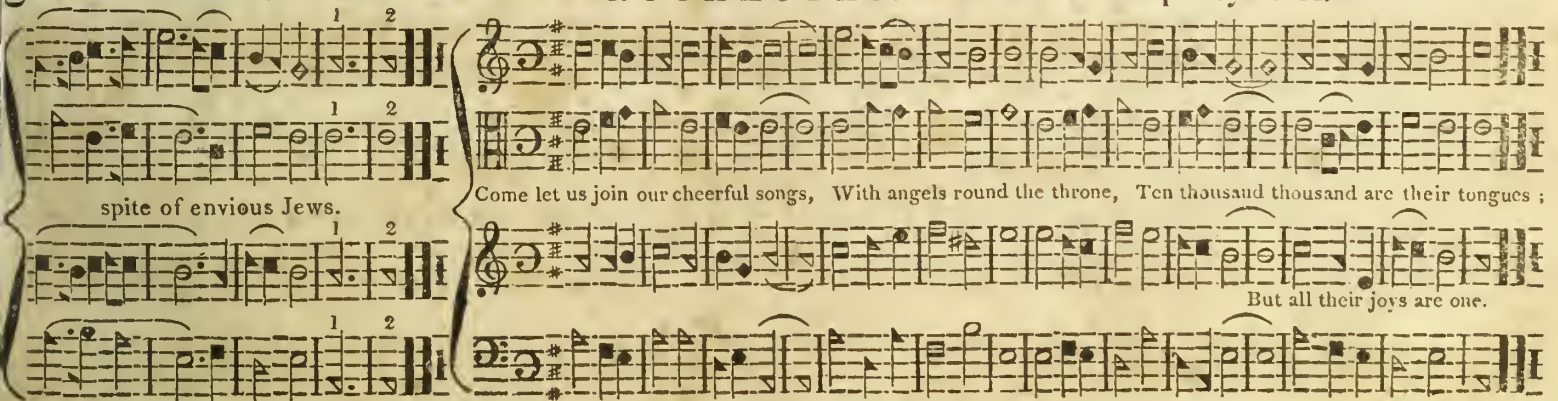


See what a living stone, The builders did refuse, Yet God hath built his church thereon, Yet God, &c. In



Continued

ROCHESTER. C. M. Sharp Key on A.



spite of envious Jews.

Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne, Ten thousand thousand are their tongues ;

But all their joys are one.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. Sharp Key on A.

Ye nations round the earth rejoice, Before the Lord your Sov'reign King Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

COLCHESTER. C. M. Sharp Key on D.

My never ceasing song shall show, The mercy of the Lord; And make succeeding ages know, How faithful is his word.

Sweet is the work my God my King, To praise thy name give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of

Continued.

ALESBURY. S. M. Flat Key on A.

all thy truths at night. And talk, &c. The God we worship now, Will guide us till we die ; Will be our God while here below, And ours above the sky.

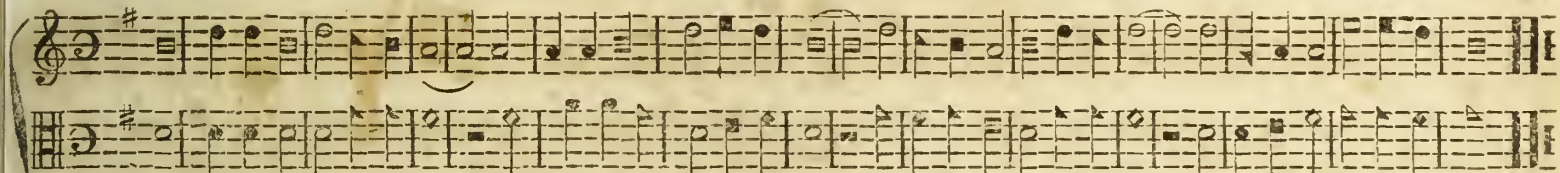


And must this body die, This mortal frame decay; And must these ac-

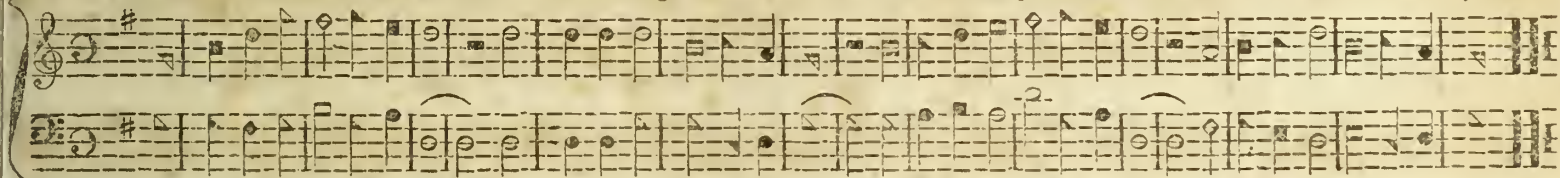
And must this body die, This mortal frame decay; And must these ac-

tive limbs of mine, Lie mould'ring in the clay? Lie mould'ring, &c.

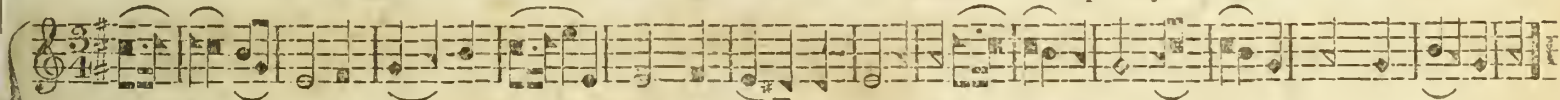
tive limbs of mine, Lie mould'ring in the clay? Lie mould'sing, &c.



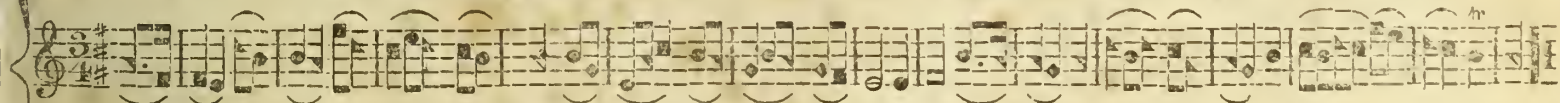
Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' ensure the great reward ; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.



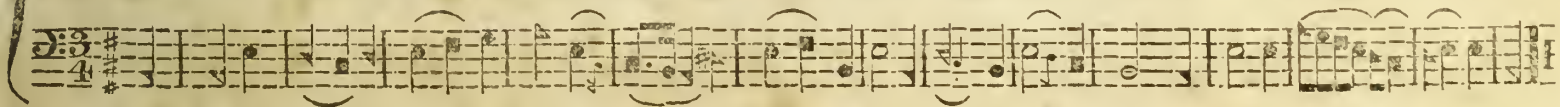
B R I G H T H E L M S T O N E. C. M. Sharp Key on A.



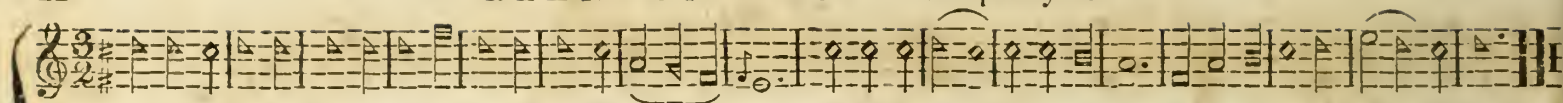
O that the sons of men would praise The goodness of the Lord ; And those that see thy wond'rous ways, Thy wond'rous love record.



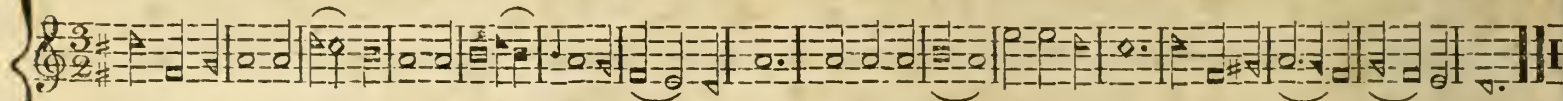
O that the sons of men would praise The goodness of the Lord ; And those that see thy wond'rous ways, Thy wond'rous love record.



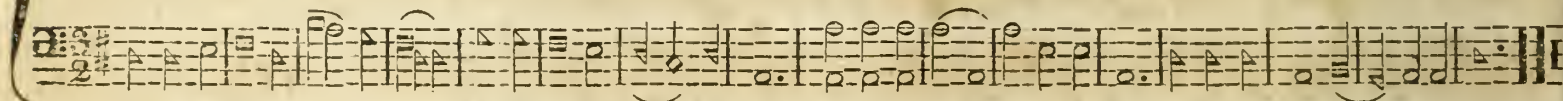
BLENDON. L. M. Sharp Key on D.



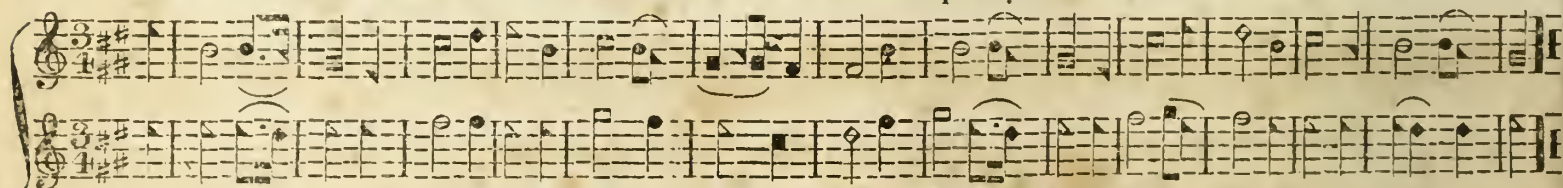
Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon : His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view.



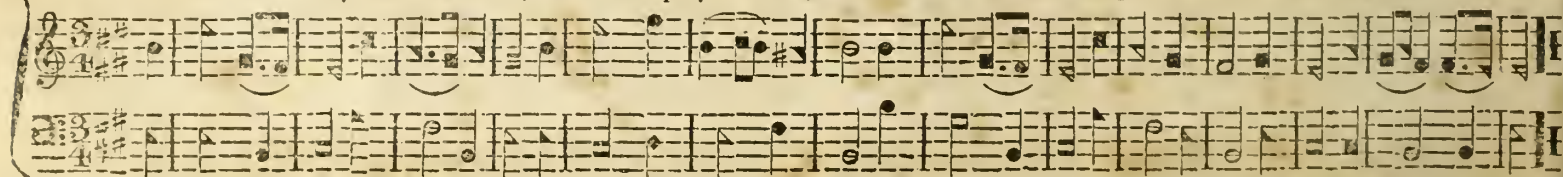
Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon : His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view.



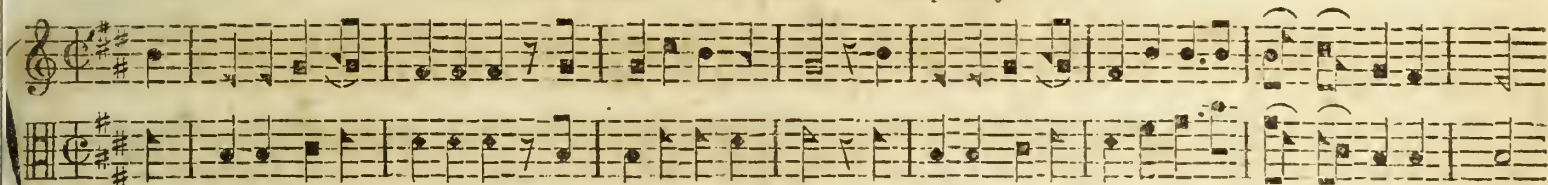
MESSIAH. C. M. Sharp Key on E.



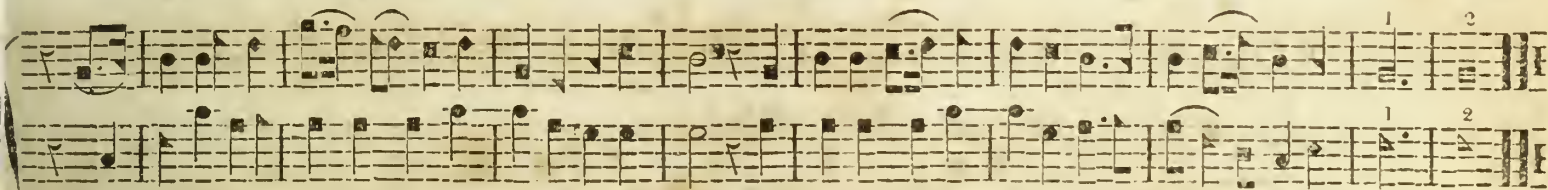
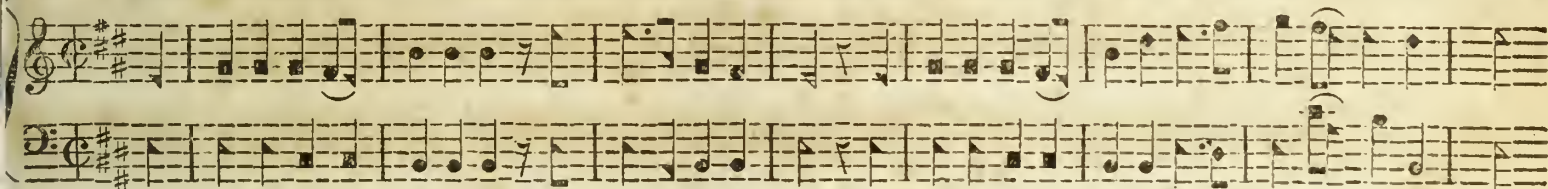
I know that my redeemer lives, And ever prays for me ; Salvation to his saints he gives, And life and liberty.



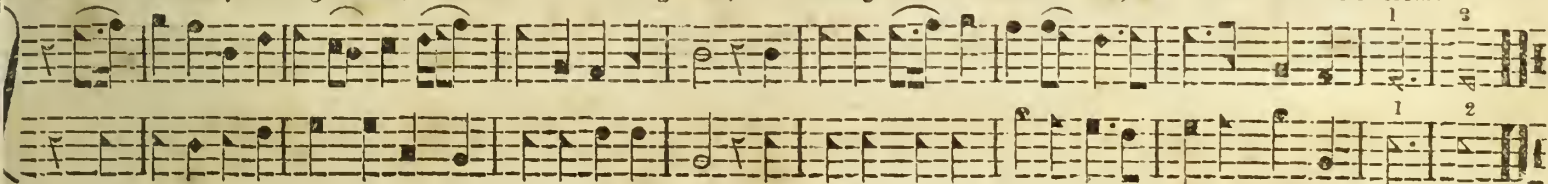


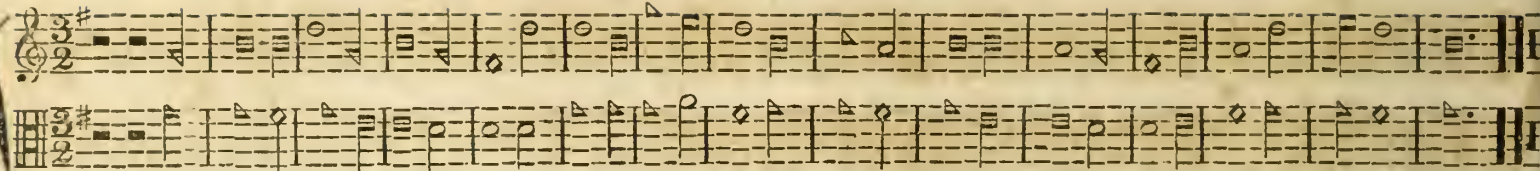


Before the rosy dawn of day, To thee my God I'll sing; Awake my soft and tuneful lyre, Awake each charming string.

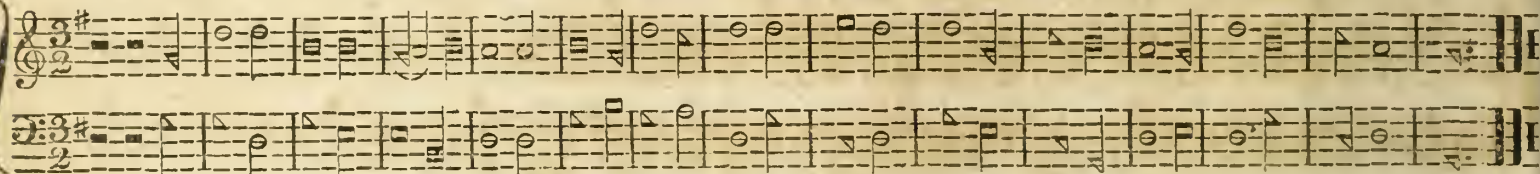


Awake and let thy flowing strains, Glide thro' the midnight air, While high amidst her silent orb, The silver moon rolls clear.





Will God forever cast us off, His wrath forever smite, Against the people of his love, His little chosen flock.



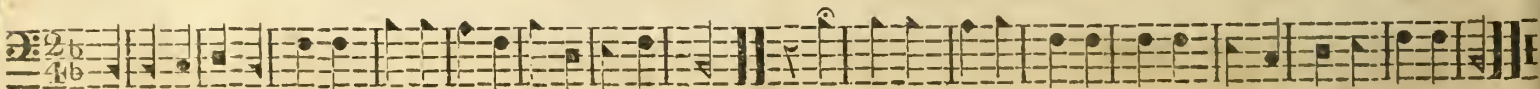
# EVENING HYMN. L. M. Sharp Key on B.

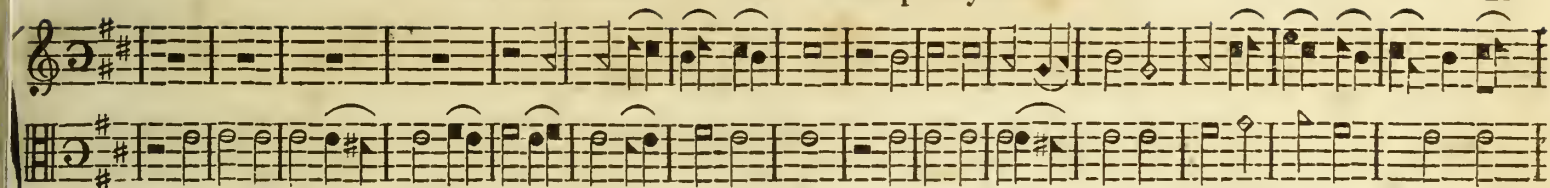


Glory to thee my God this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Under the shadow of thy wings.

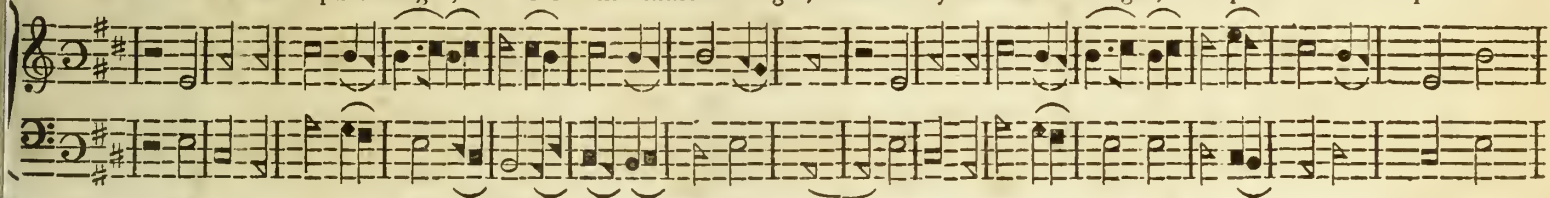


Glory to thee my God this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Under the shadow of thy wings.

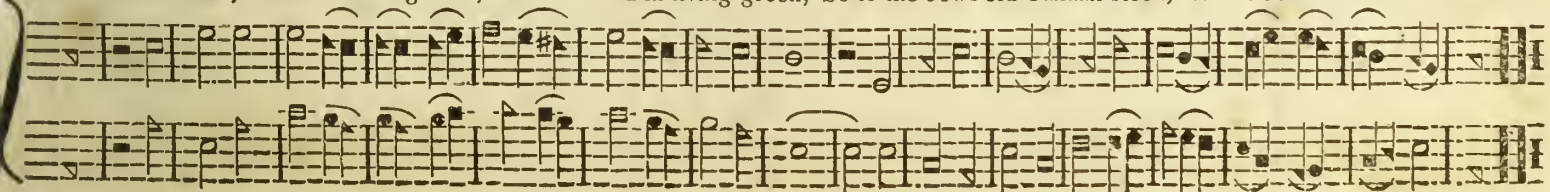




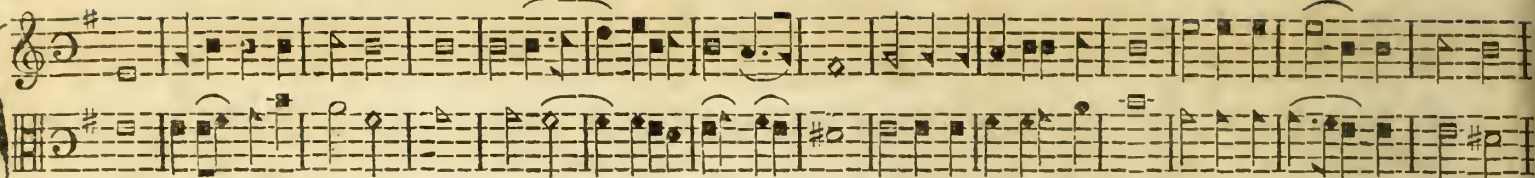
There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.



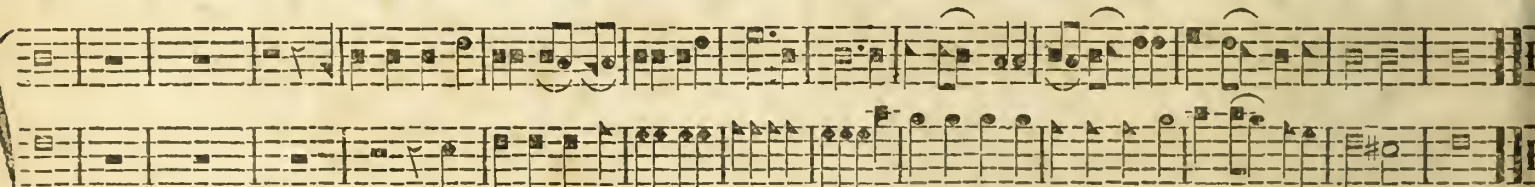
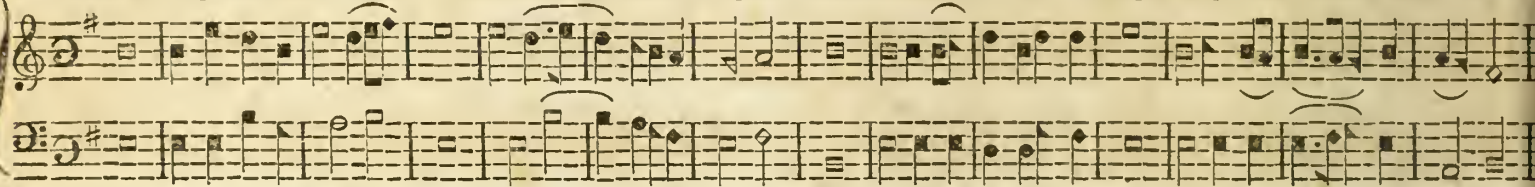
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in living green, So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.



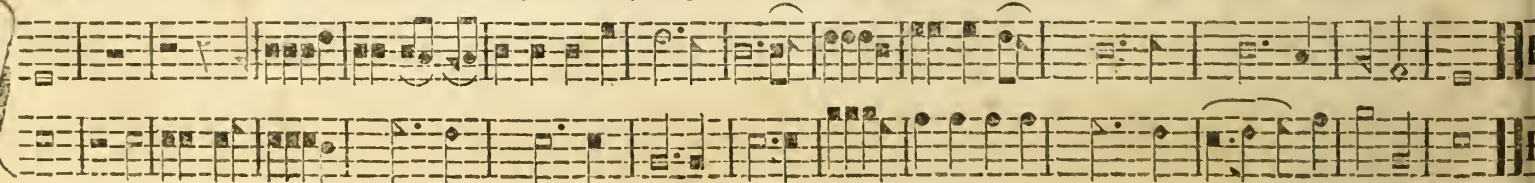


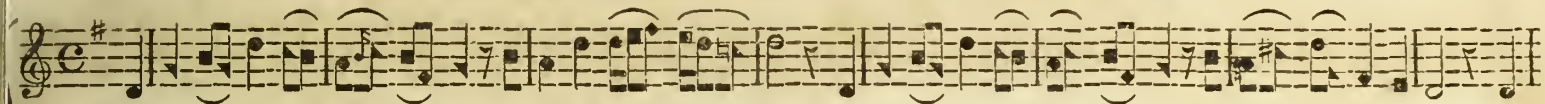


Lord what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn & murmur & repine, To see the wicked plac'd on high, In pride & robes of honor shine.

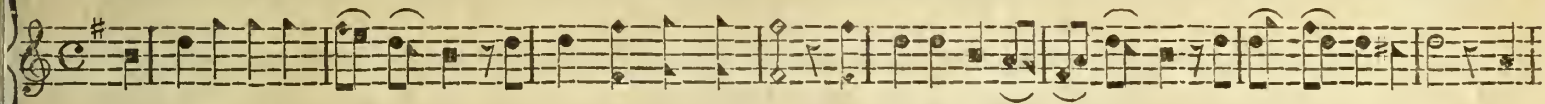


But, Oh their end their dreadful end! Thy sanctuary taught me so, On slip'ry rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll below.

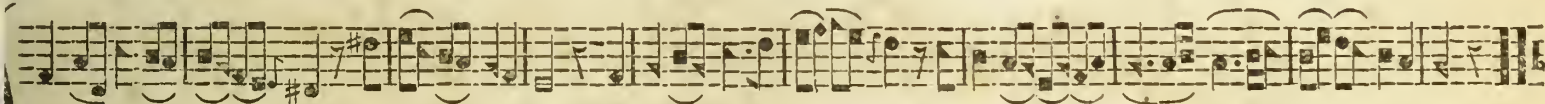
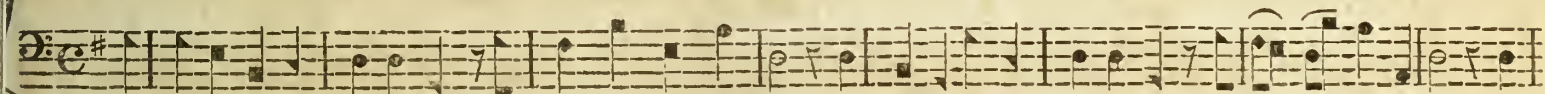




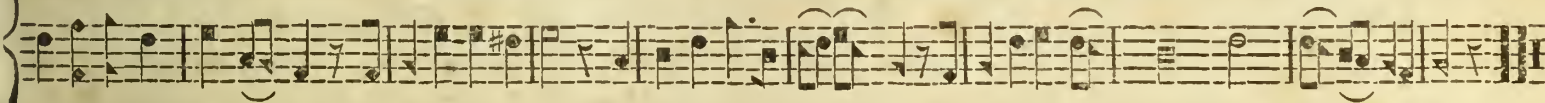
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name, And in his strength rejoice ; When his salvation is our theme, Exalted be our voice. With



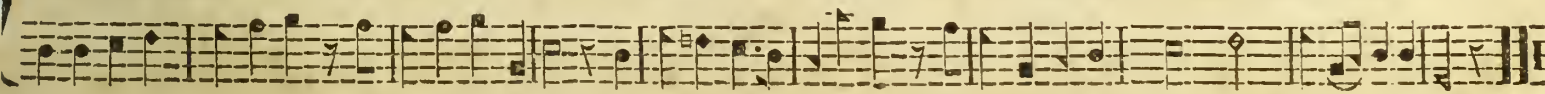
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name, And in his strength rejoice ; When his salvation is our theme, Exalted be our voice. With



thanks approach his awful sight, And psalms of honor sing, The Lord's a God of boundless might, The whole Creation's king. The, &c.



thanks approach his awful sight, And psalms of honor sing, The Lord's a God of boundless might, The whole Creation's king. The, &c.



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

This musical score is for the hymn 'GREENFIELD. P. M. Flat Key on A.' It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and features various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Continued.

BRIDGEPORT. S. M. Flat Key on A.

Torn piecemeal, &c. From lowest depths of woe, To God I send my cry; Lord, hear my supplications now, And graciously reply.

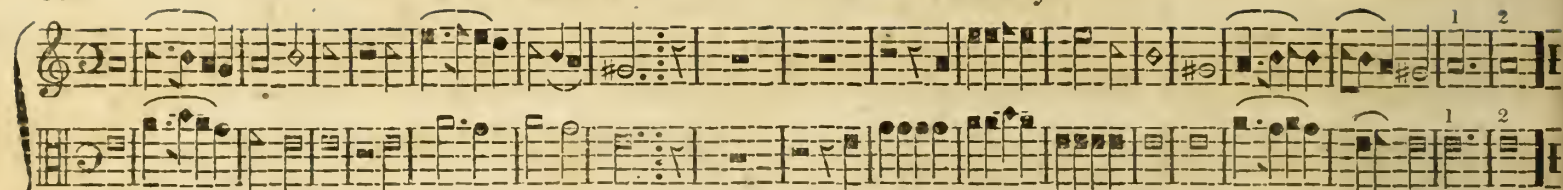
This musical score is for the hymn 'BRIDGEPORT. S. M. Flat Key on A.' It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and features various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the staves.



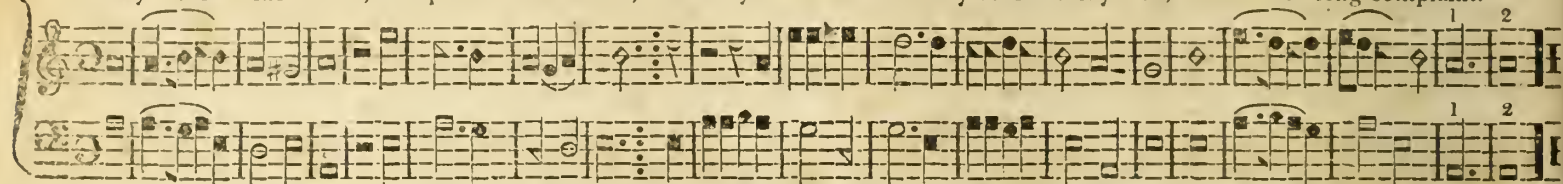
This musical score is for a hymn titled "PLYMOUTH. L. M. Sharp Key on G." It is a four-part setting, likely for voices or instruments, written in the key of G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The score consists of eight staves, with the first four staves grouped by a brace on the left and the last four staves grouped by a brace on the left. The lyrics are: "Eternal source of every joy! Well may thy praise our lips employ, While in thy temple we appear, To hail thee Sov'reign of the year." The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first two lines under the first four staves and the last two lines under the last four staves. The music features various note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and accidentals. The score is printed on aged paper with a slightly yellowed tone.

Eternal source of every joy! Well may thy praise our lips employ,

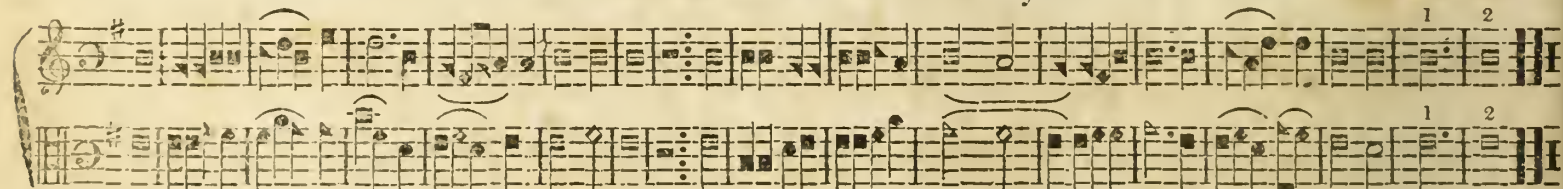
While in thy temple we appear, To hail thee Sov'reign of the year.



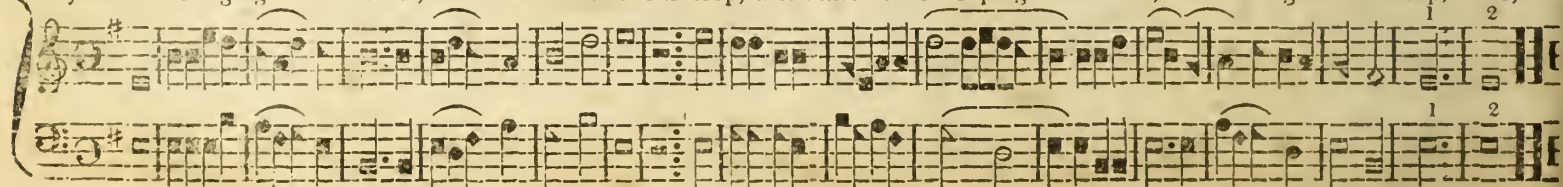
My sorrows like a flood, Impatient of restraint; Into thy bosom O—Into thy bosom O my God, Pour out a long complaint.

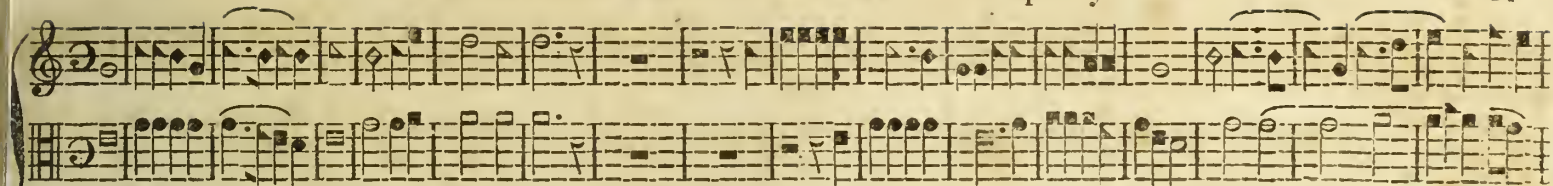


VIRGINIA. C. M. Flat Key on E.

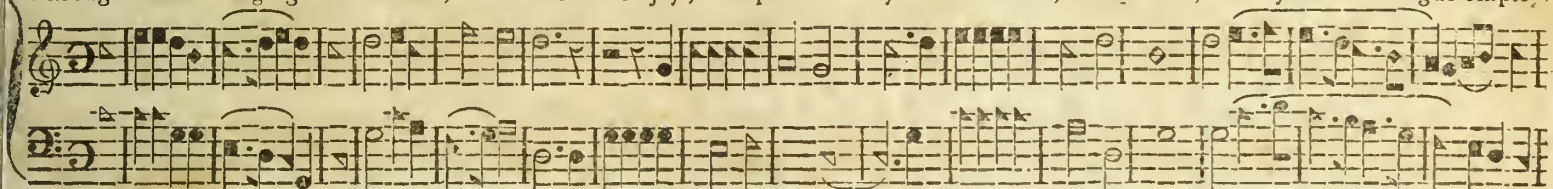


Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the boist'rous deep, Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep, The, &c.





Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still, The praises, &c. My heart & tongue employ.

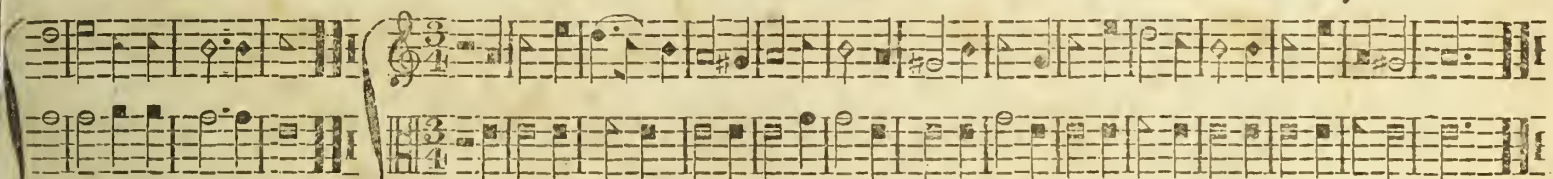


Continued.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH.

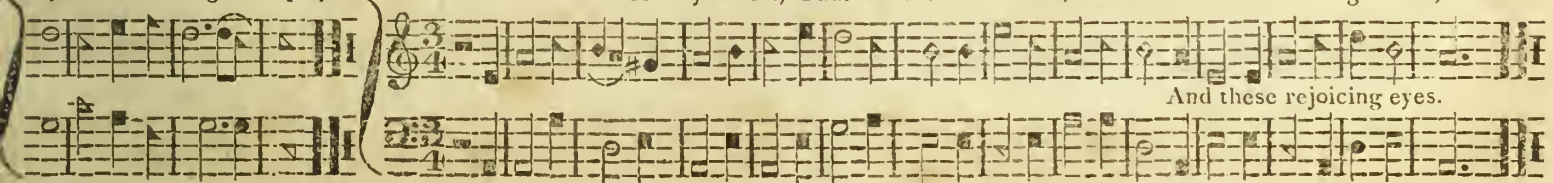
S. M.

Flat Key on A.



My heart and tongue employ.

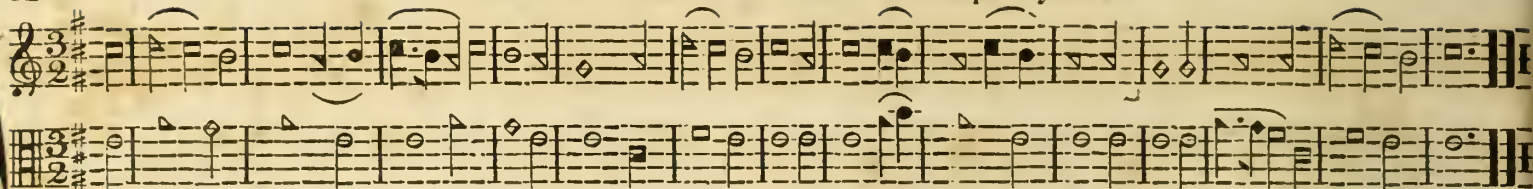
Welcome sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast,



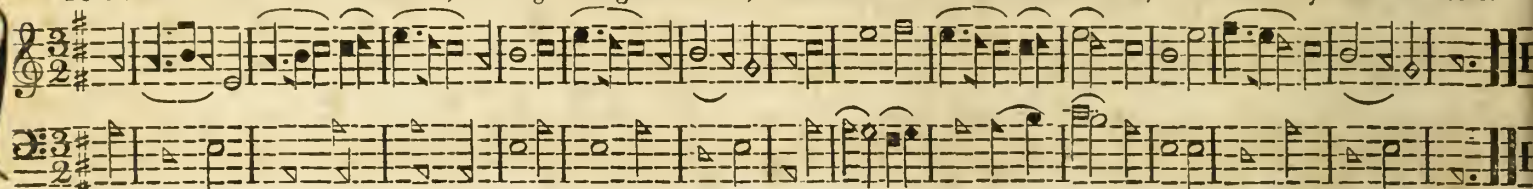
And these rejoicing eyes.



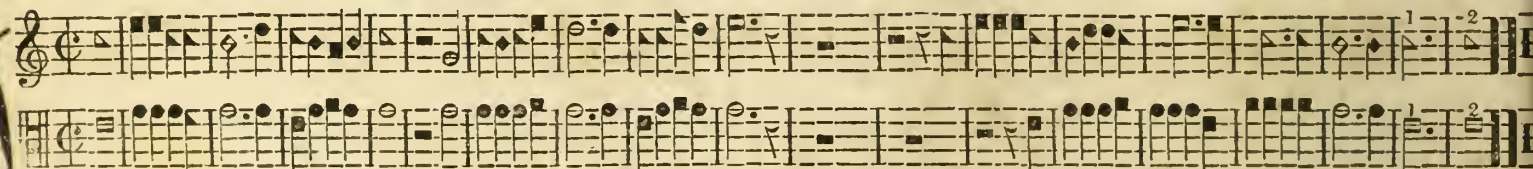
## ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. Sharp Key on A.



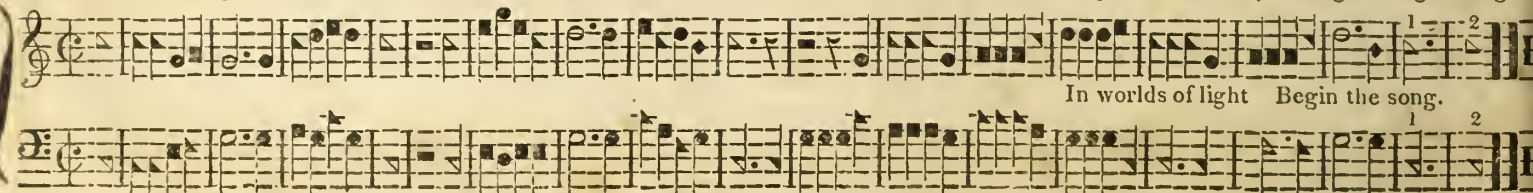
To God I cri'd with mournful voice, I sought his gracious ear, In the sad hour when trouble rose, And fill'd my heart with fear.



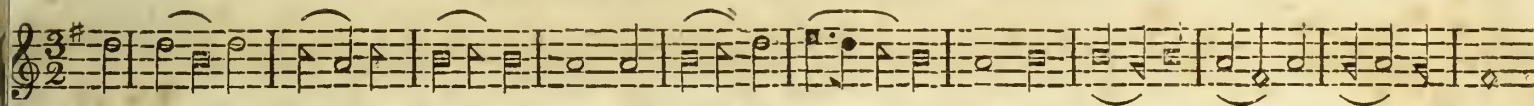
## LENOX. P. M. Sharp Key on C.



Ye tribes of Adam join With heaven and earth and seas, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise, Ye holy throng Of angles bright



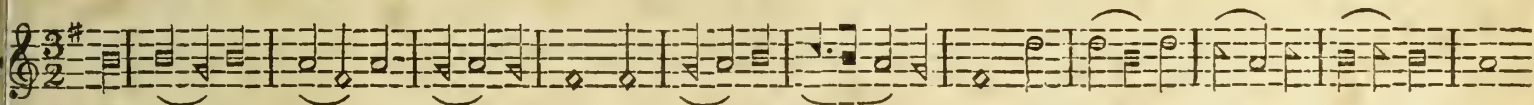
In worlds of light Begin the song.



How large the promise, how divine,

To Abr'ham and his seed;

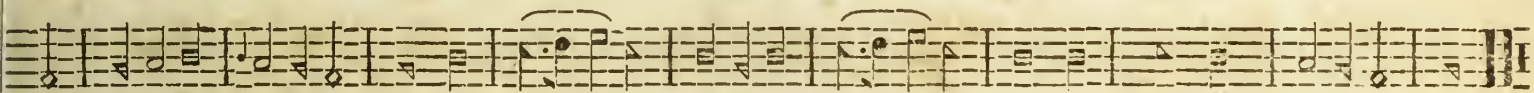
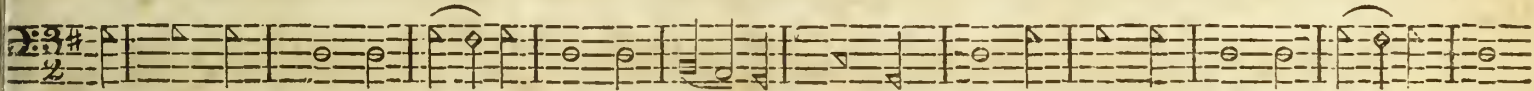
I'll be a God to thee and thine,



How large the promise, how divine,

To Abr'ham and his seed;

I'll be a God to thee and thine,



Supplying

all their need.

I'll

be

a

God

to

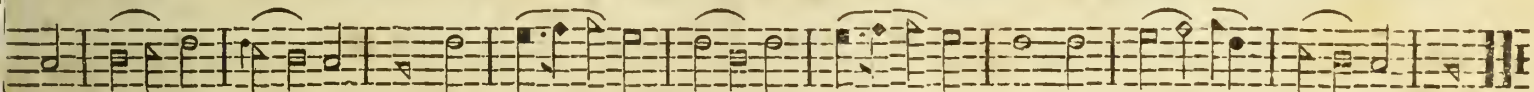
thee

and

thine,

Supplying,

all their need.



Supplying

all their need.

I'll

be

a

God

to

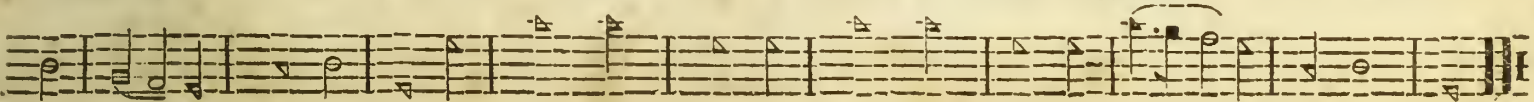
thee

and

thine,

Supplying,

all their need.



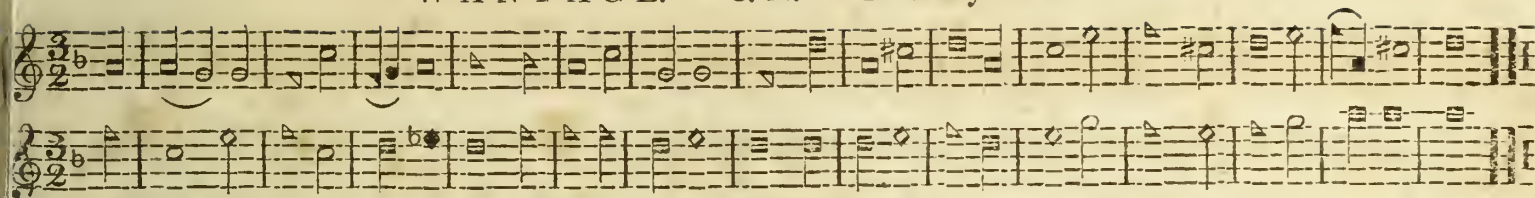
Our sins, alas how strong they be! And like a violent sea, They break on duty, Lord to thee, And hurry us away.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is an alto clef in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

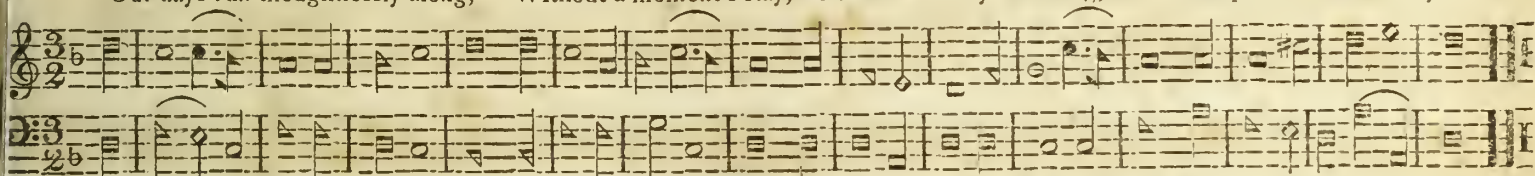
The waves of trouble, how they rise! How loud the tempests roar! But death shall land our weary souls, Safe on the heav'nly shore.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is an alto clef in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

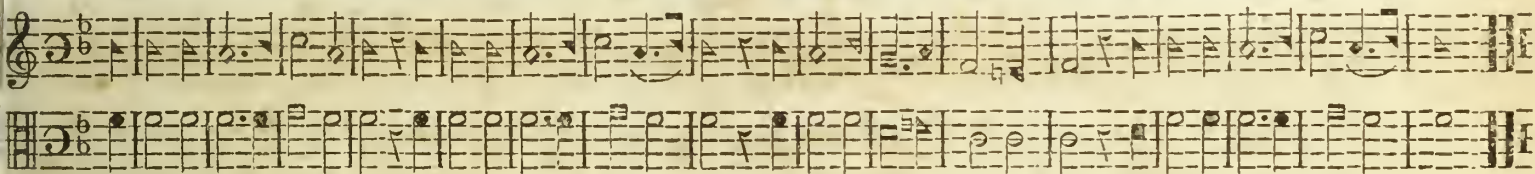




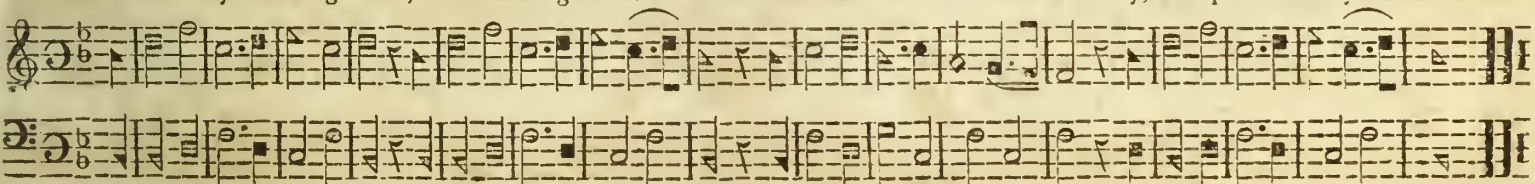
Our days run thoughtlessly along, Without a moment's stay, Just like a story or a song, We pass our lives away.

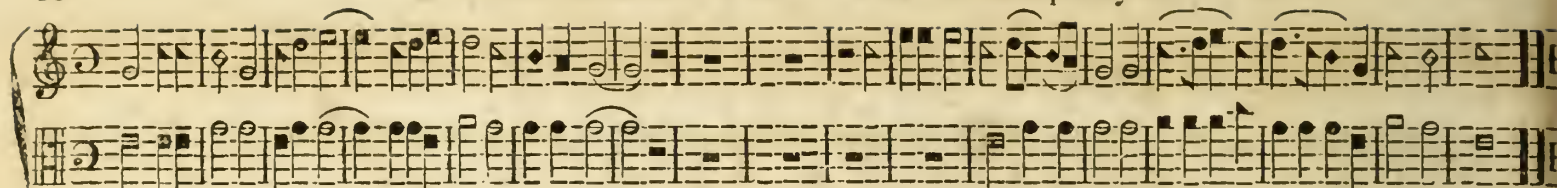


PLEYELS HYMN. C. M. Sharp Key on B.

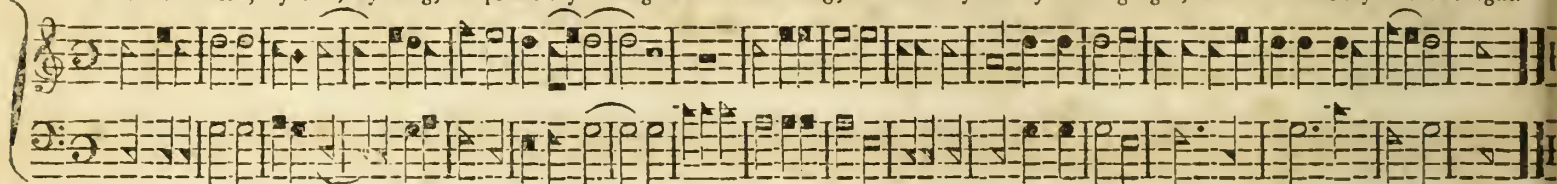


So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail smiling solace of an hour! So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

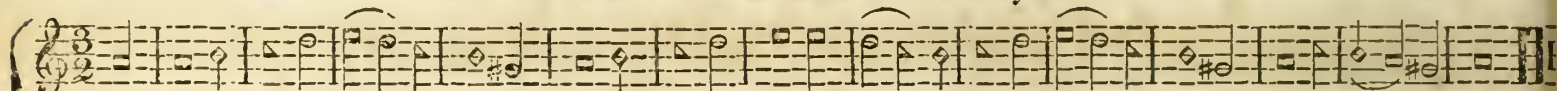




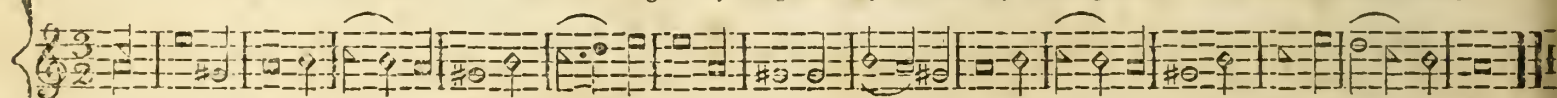
Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name give thanks and sing, To shew thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night.



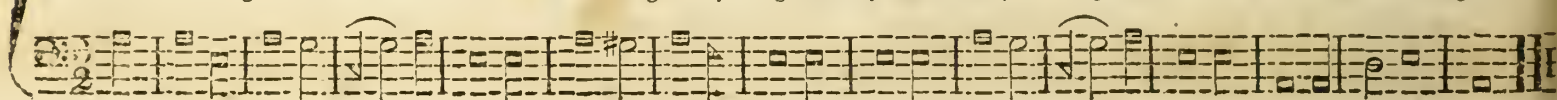
### BURFORD. C. M. Flat Key on A.

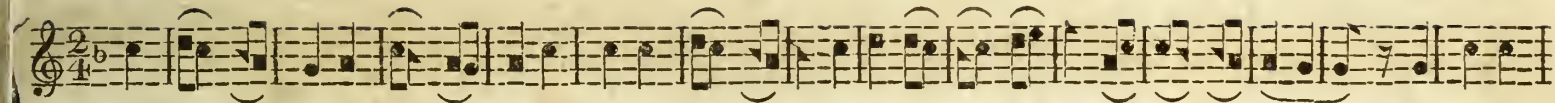


O sun of righteousness arise, With healing in thy wing, To my diseas'd my fainting soul, Life and salvation bring.

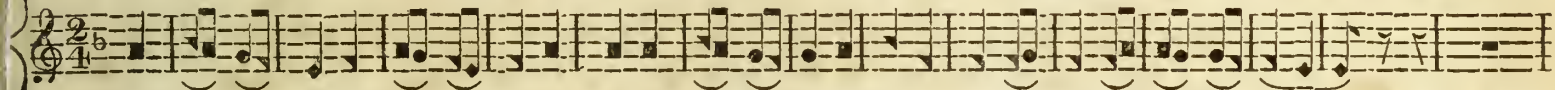


O sun of righteousness arise, With healing in thy wing, To my diseas'd my fainting soul, Life and salvation bring.





Ye holy souls in God rejoice; Your Maker's praise becomes your voice; Great is your theme, your songs be new; Sing of his



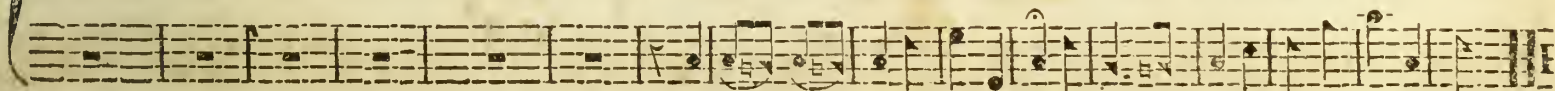
Ye holy souls in God rejoice; Your Maker's praise becomes your voice; Great is your theme, your songs be new; Sing of his



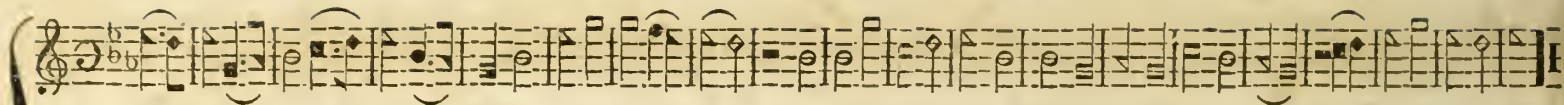
name, his word, his ways, His works of nature and of grace, How wise how holy, just and true, How wise, How wise how holy, just & true.



name, his word, his ways, His works of nature and of grace, How wise how holy, just and true, How wise, How wise how holy, just & true.



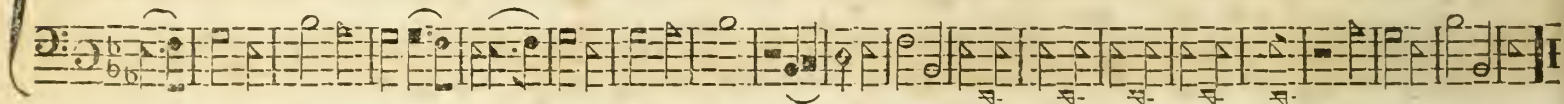




Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigour on; A heav'nly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown. And, &c.



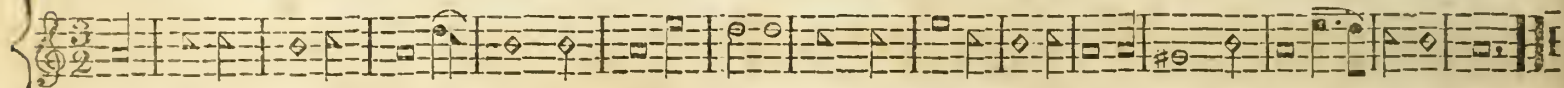
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigour on; A heav'nly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown. And, &c.



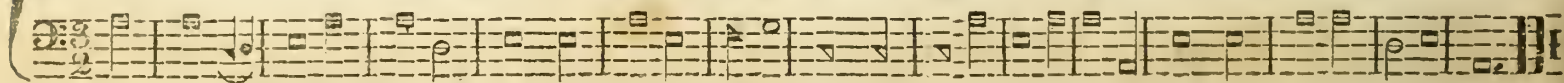
CHELMSFORD. C. M. Flat Key on A.

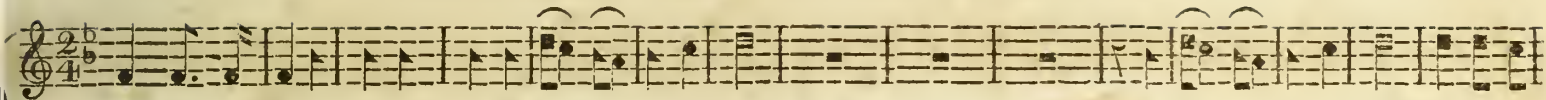


Long have I sat beneath the sound Of thy salvation, Lord; But still how weak my faith is found, . And knowledge of thy word.

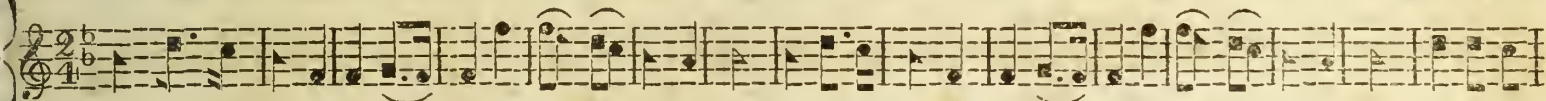


Long have I set beneath the sound Of thy salvation, Lord; But still how weak my faith is found, And knowledge of thy word.

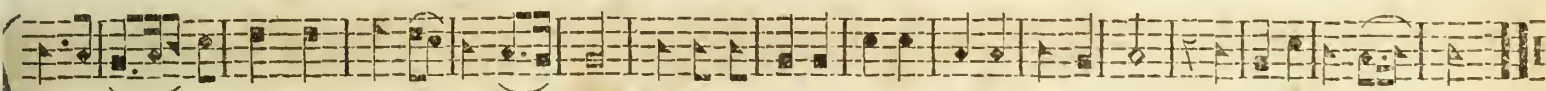
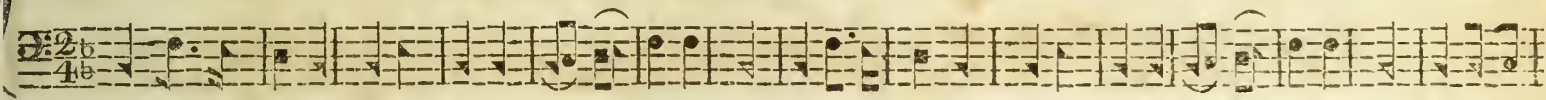




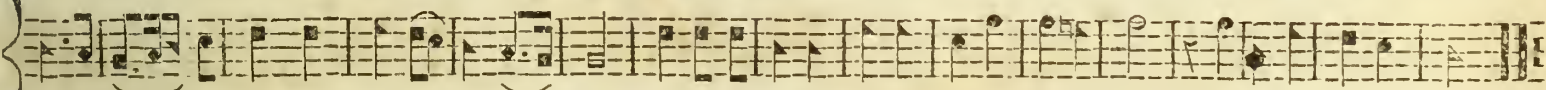
Jesus our Lord ascend thy throne, And near thy Father sit; In Zion shall thy power be known, And make thy foes submit. What wonders



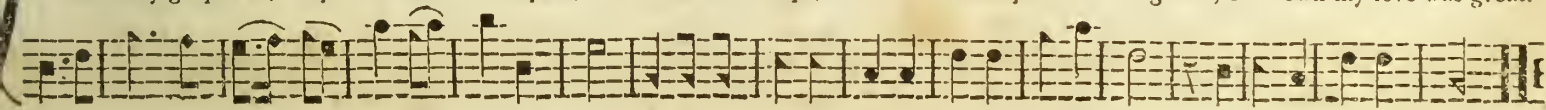
Jesus our Lord ascend thy throne, And near thy Father sit; In Zion shall thy power be known, And make thy foes submit. What wonders

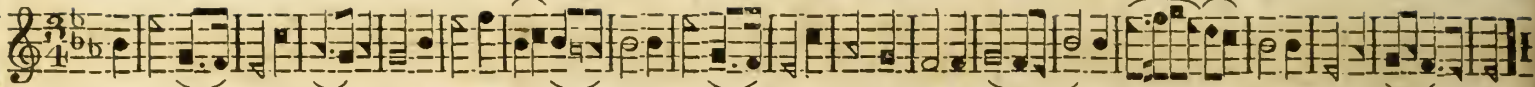


shall thy gospel do, Thy converts shall surpass, The num'rous drops, the num'rous drops of morning dew, And own thy love was great.

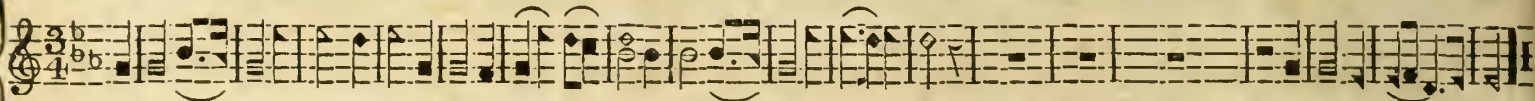


shall thy gospel do, Thy converts shall surpass, The num'rous drops, the num'rous drops of morning dew, And own thy love was great.

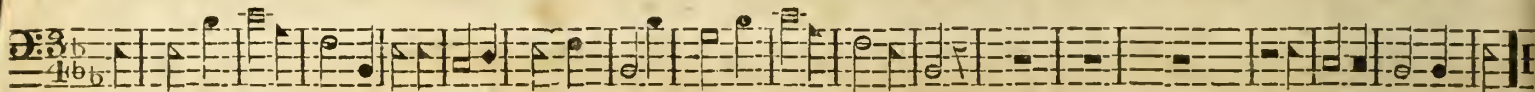




1. How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors; While everlasting love displays 'The choicest of her stores. The, &c.



2. While all our hearts & all our songs, Join to admire the feast, Each of us cry with thankful tongues, Lord why was I a guest. Lord, &c.

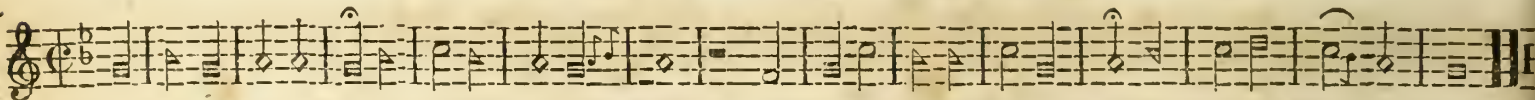


3. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast, That sweetly forc'd us in; Else we had still refus'd to taste, And perish'd in our sin. And, &c.

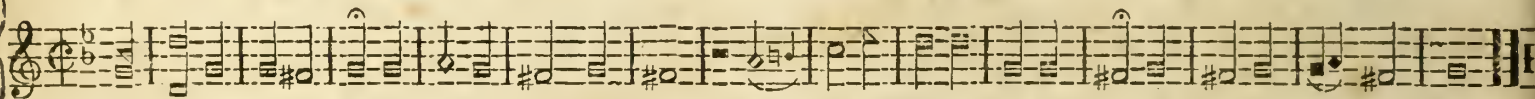
## SOUTHWELL.

## S. M.

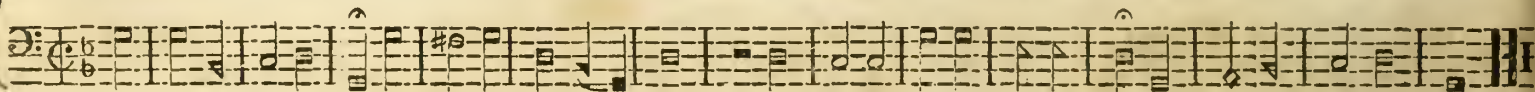
## Flat Key on G.



I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; Let not my foes that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.



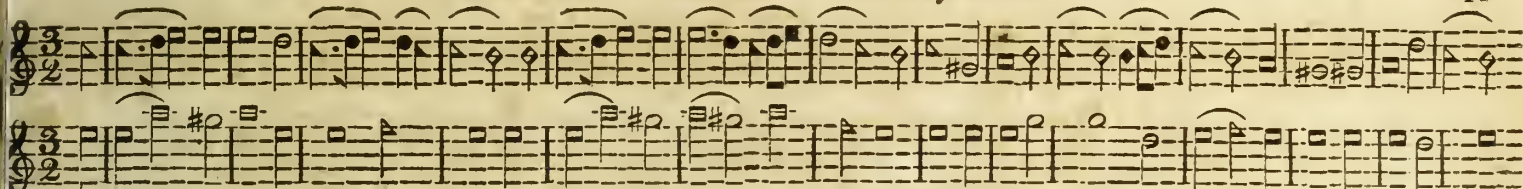
I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; Let not my foes that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.



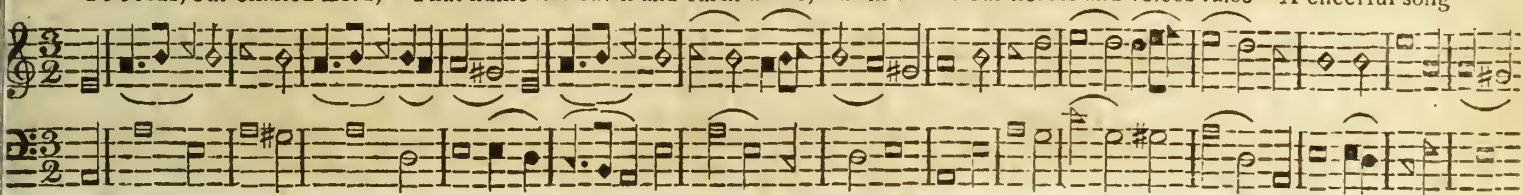


ARMLE Y. L. M. Flat Key on A.

41

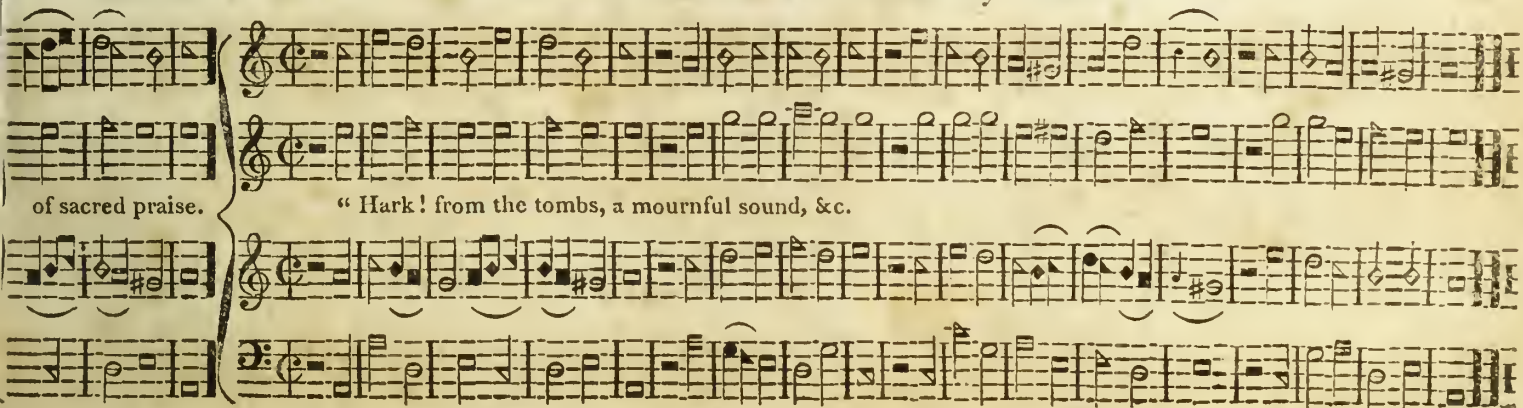


To Jesus, our exalted Lord, That name in heav'n and earth adore, Fain would our hearts and voices raise A cheerful song



Continued.

HULL. C. M. Flat Key on A.

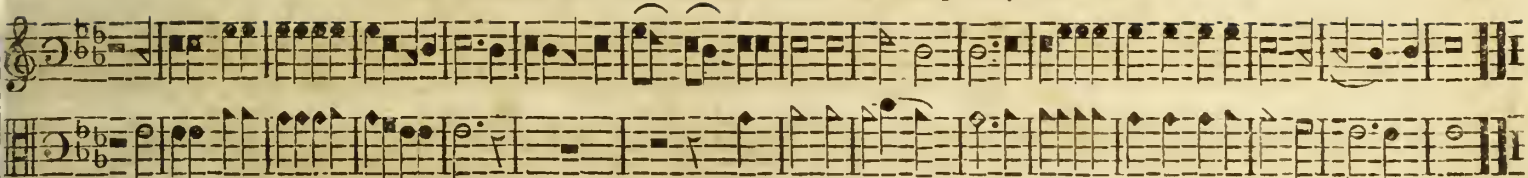


of sacred praise.

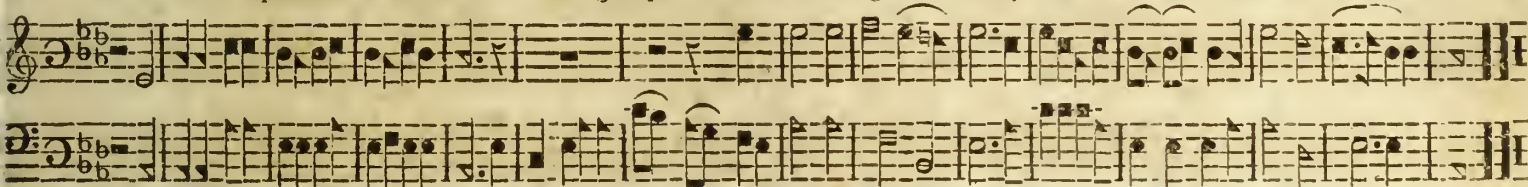
"Hark! from the tombs, a mournful sound, &c.

Lord of the worlds above,                      How pleasant and how fair,                      The dwellings of thy love                      Thy

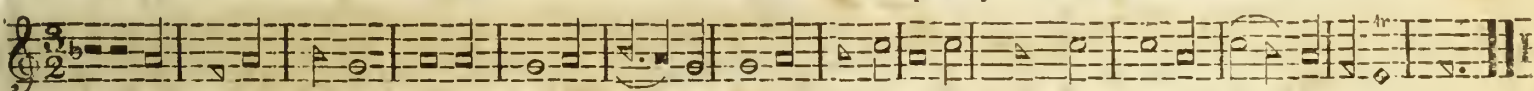
earthly temples are,                      To thine abode my heart aspires,                      With warm desires to see my God.



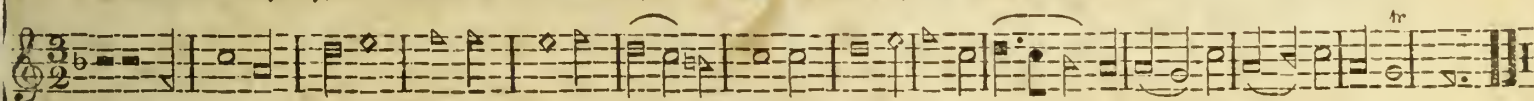
All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.



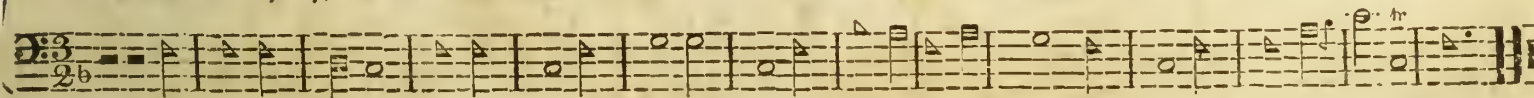
## SUTTON. S. M. Sharp Key on F.



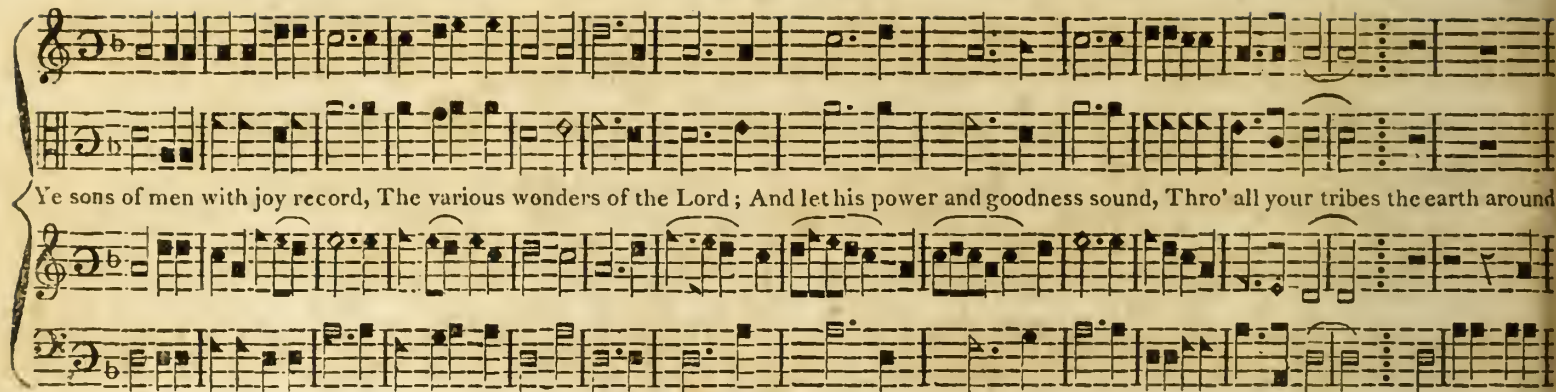
Behold the lofty sky, Declares its maker God, And all his starry works on high, Proclaim his power abroad.



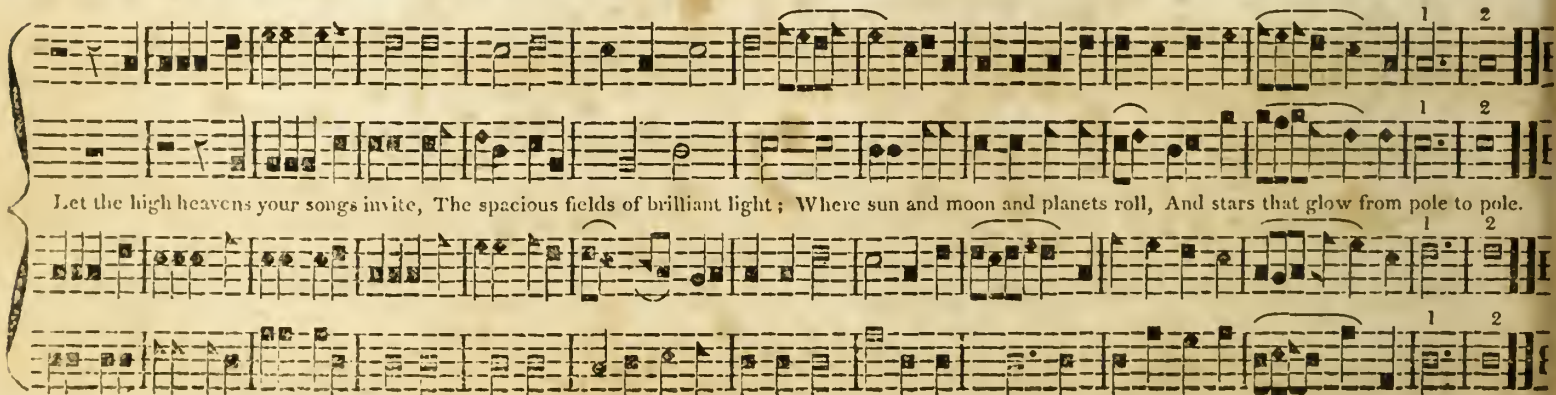
Behold the lofty sky, Declares its maker God, And all his starry works on high, Proclaim his power abroad.



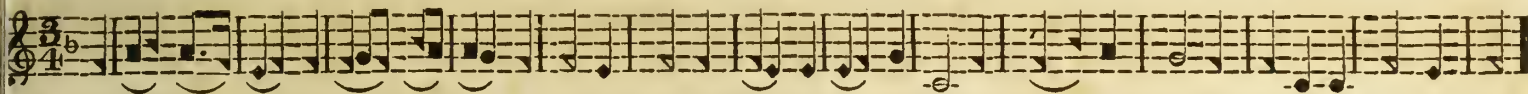




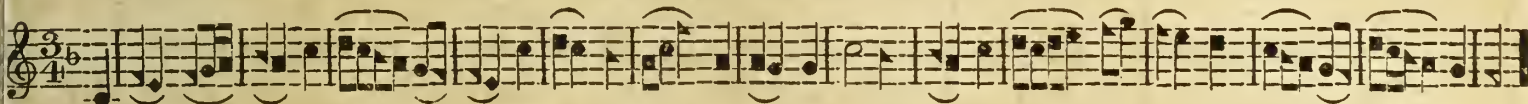
Ye sons of men with joy record, The various wonders of the Lord ; And let his power and goodness sound, Thro' all your tribes the earth around



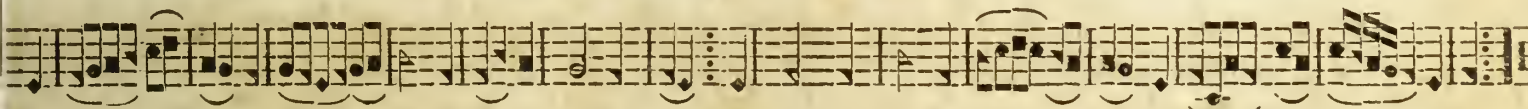
Let the high heavens your songs invite, The spacious fields of brilliant light ; Where sun and moon and planets roll, And stars that glow from pole to pole.



Hosanna to the Prince of light, Who cloth'd himself in clay : Enter'd the iron gates of death, And tore the bars away.



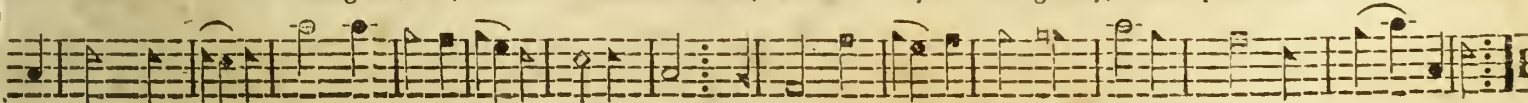
Hosanna to the Prince of light, Who cloth'd himself in clay : Enter'd the iron gates of death, And tore the bars away.



Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Immanuel rose ; He took the tyrant's sting away, And spoil'd our hellish foes.



Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Immanuel rose ; He took the tyrant's sting away, And spoil'd our hellish foes.



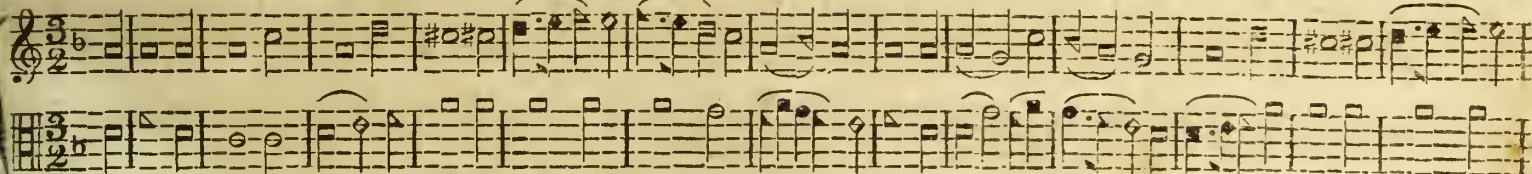
## L O R N. L. M. Sharp Key on G.

Musical score for the hymn "L O R N. L. M. Sharp Key on G." The score is written for four staves, with the first two staves grouped by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on the first staff, and the accompaniment is written on the second, third, and fourth staves. The lyrics are: "Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, Tho' loud our crimes for vengeance cry, Let mercy's louder voice prevail, Nor thy long suffering patience fail,"

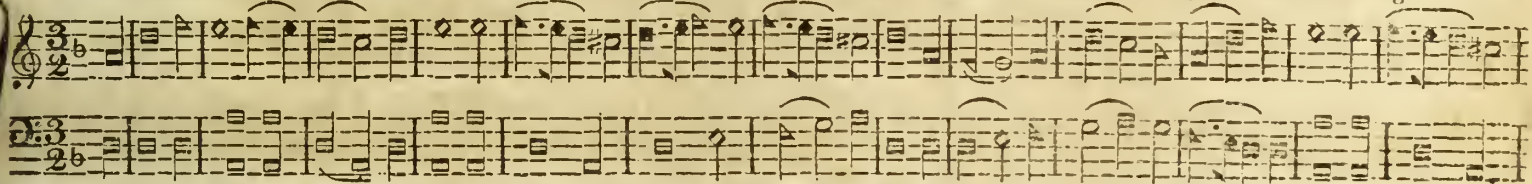
## W I N D S O R. C. M. Flat Key on A.

Musical score for the hymn "W I N D S O R. C. M. Flat Key on A." The score is written for four staves, with the first two staves grouped by a brace on the left. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on the first staff, and the accompaniment is written on the second, third, and fourth staves. The lyrics are: "My God, how many are my fears! How fast my foes increase! Their number, how it multiplies! How fatal to my peace!"



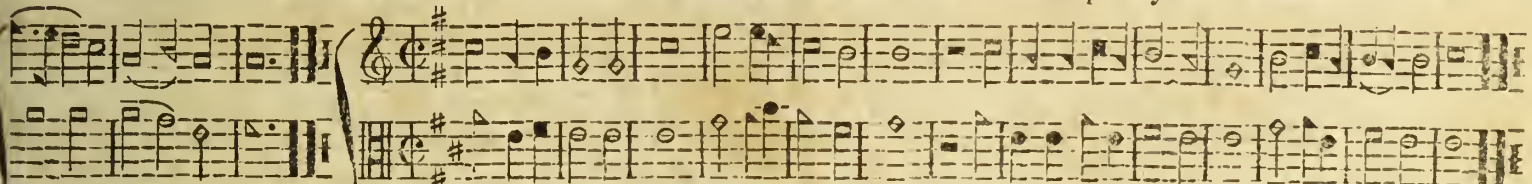


Look down in pity Lord, and see, the mighty woes that burden me; Down to the dust my life is brought, Like one long



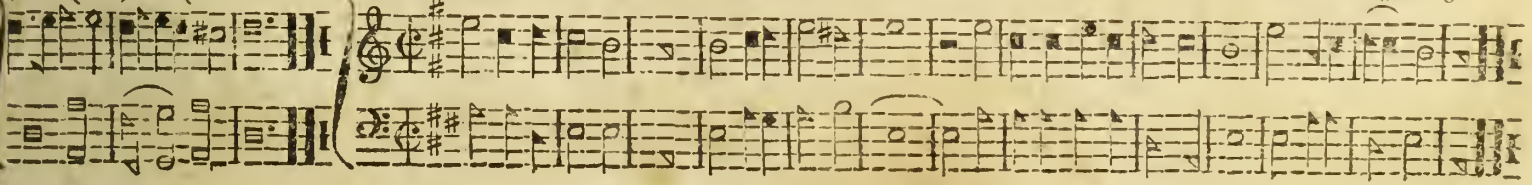
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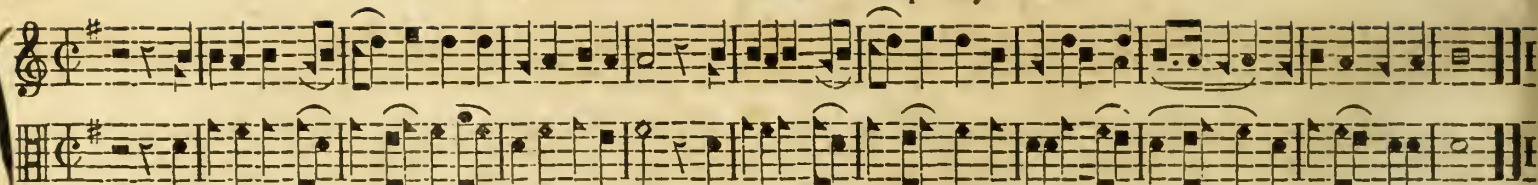
WARREN. S. M. Sharp Key on A.



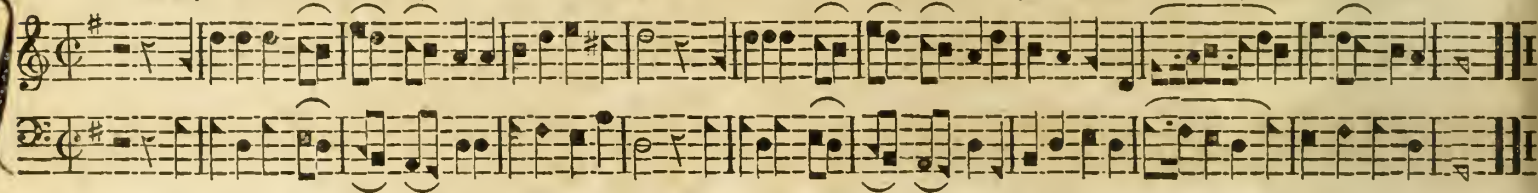
buried and forgot.

Let all our tongues be one, To praise our God on high, Who from his bosom sent his son, To fetch us strangers nigh.

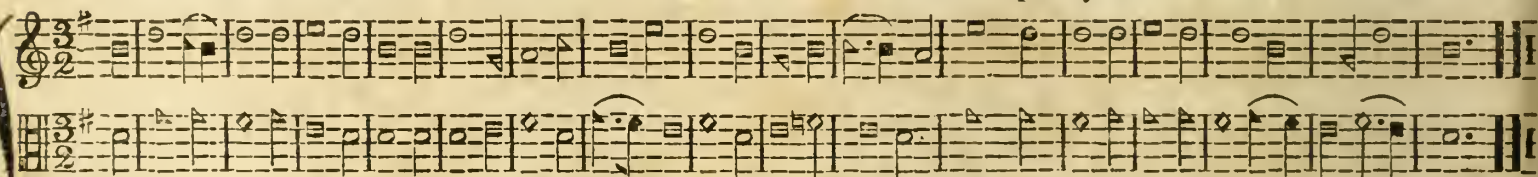




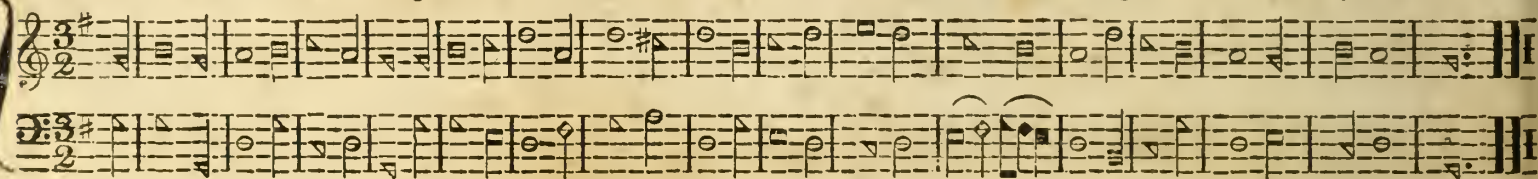
Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice, In God the life of all my joys, Aloud will I rejoice. Aloud, &c.

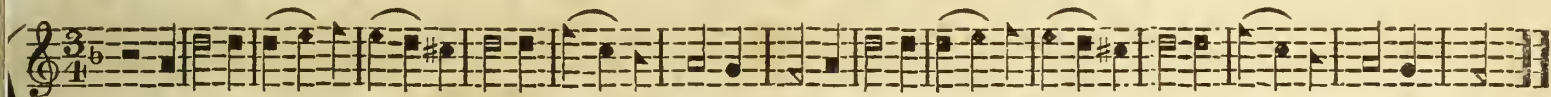


A N G E L S H Y M N. L. M. Sharp Key on G.

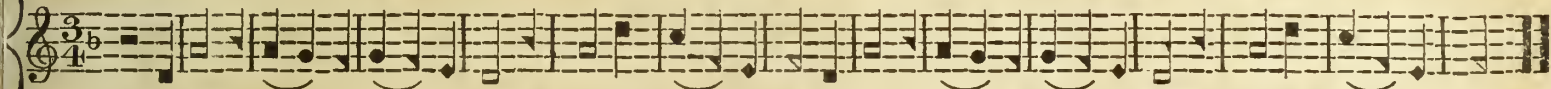


The God of our salvation hears, 'The groans of Zion mixt with tears, Yet when he comes with kind designs, 'Thro' all the way his terror shines,

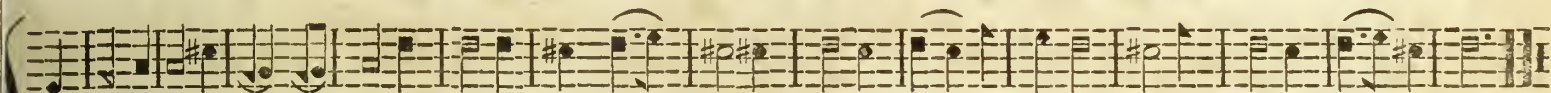
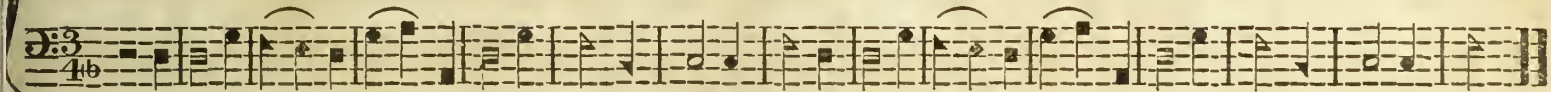




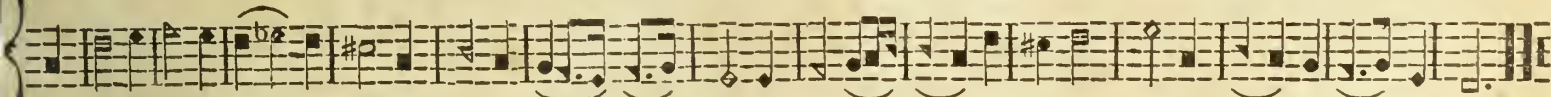
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan ; To thee I breathe my sighs ! When will the tedious night be gone ? And when the dawn arise ?



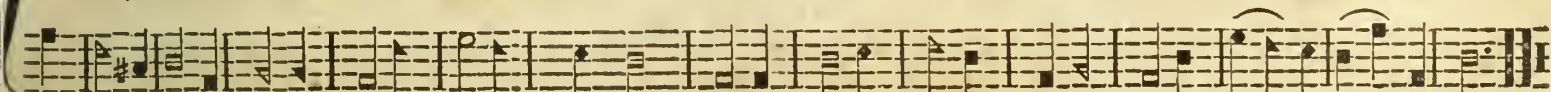
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan ; To thee I breathe my sighs ! When will the tedious night be gone ? And when the dawn arise ?



My God ! O could I make the claim, My Father and my friend ! And call thee mine, by ev'ry name On which thy saints depend.



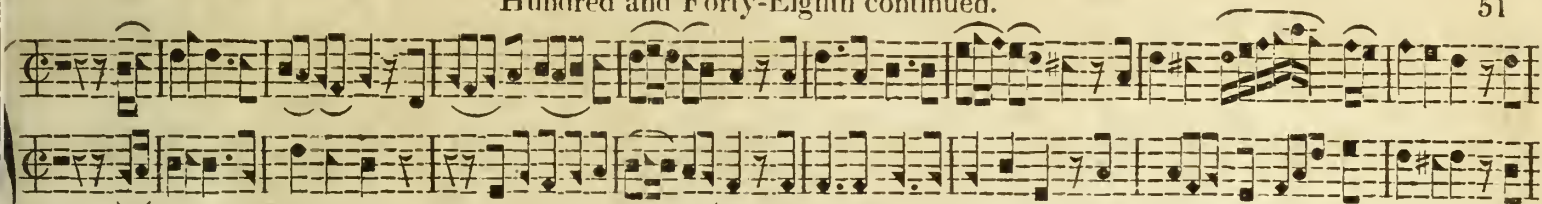
My God ! O could I make the claim, My Father and my friend ! And call thee mine, by ev'ry name On which thy saints depend.



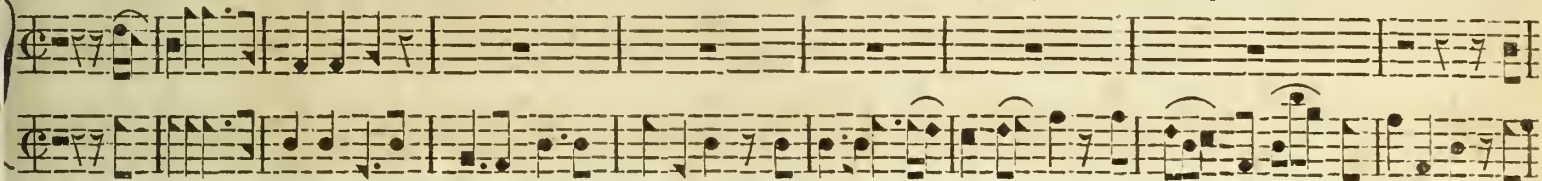


Loud hallelujah to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell; Let heaven begin the

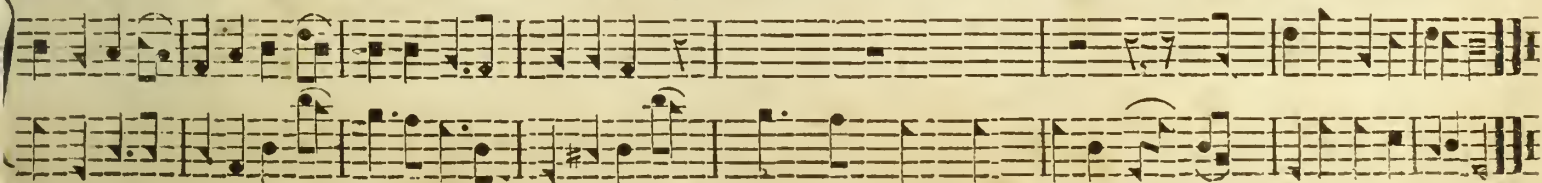
solemn word, And sound it dreadful down to hell; Let heaven, &c.

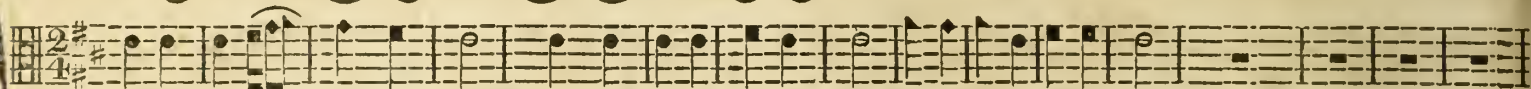


The Lord how absolute he reigns, Let every angel bend the knee ; Sing of his love in heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be.

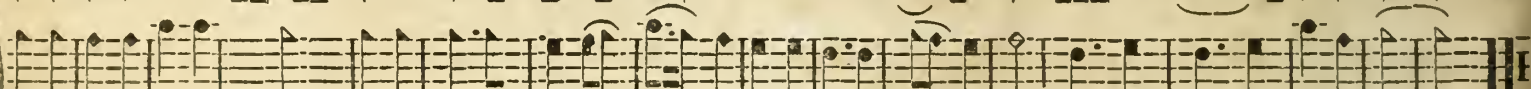
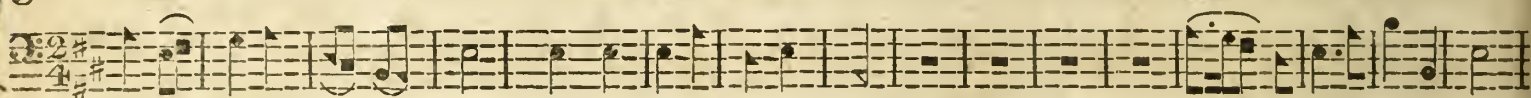
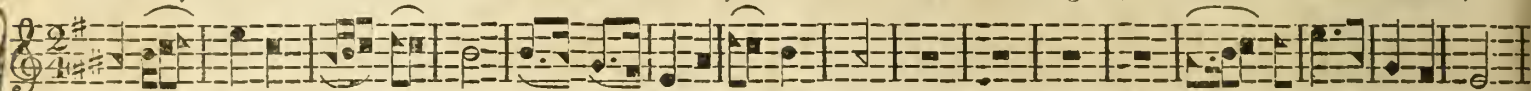


High on a throne his glories dwell, An awful throne of shining bliss ; Fly thro' the world, O sun, & tell, How dark thy beams compar'd to his,

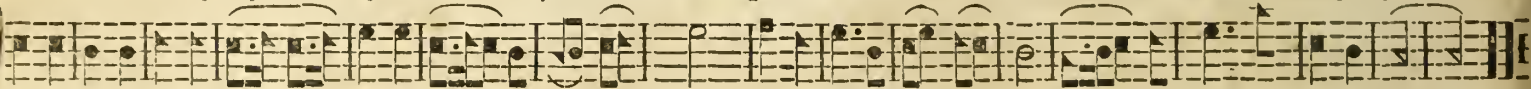




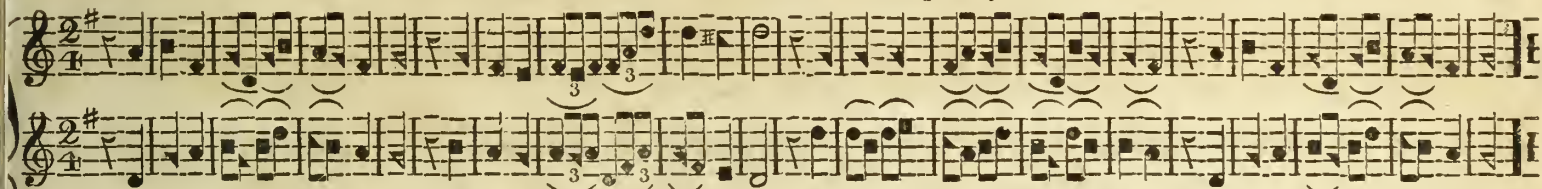
Hail the day that saw him rise; Ravish'd from our wishful eyes; Christ awhile to mortals giv'n, Re-ascends his native heav'n,



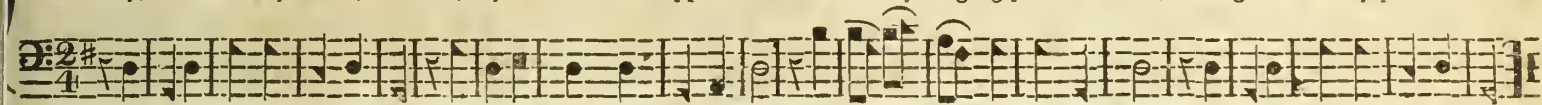
There the pompous triumph waits, Lift your heads eternal gates, Wide unfold the radiant scene, Take the king of glory in.



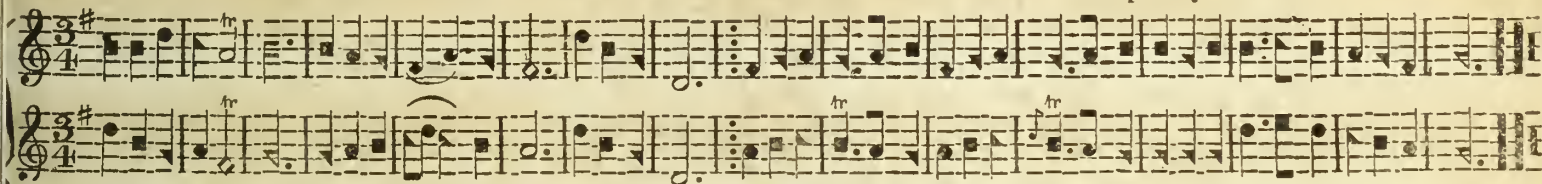




How lovely, how divinely sweet, O Lord, thy sacred courts appear! Fain would my longing passions meet, The glories of thy presents there.



HYMN TO THE TRINITY. P. M. Sharp Key on G.



Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.

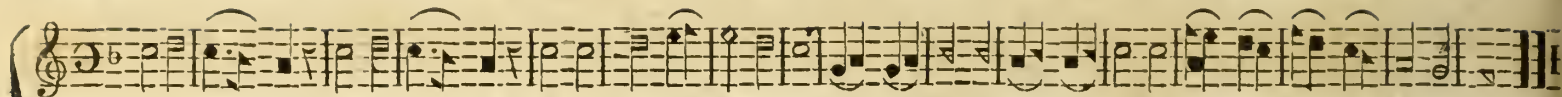


2 Jesus our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall!  
Let thy almighty aid!  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on thee be stay'd,  
Lord hear our call!

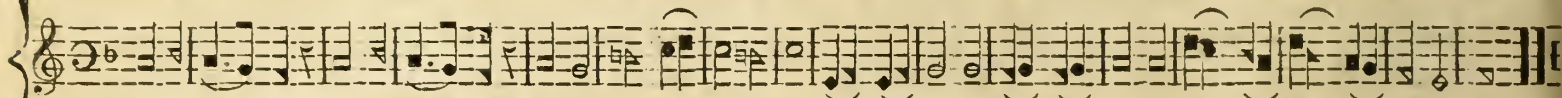
3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our pray'r attend!  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend!

4 Come, holy comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour!  
Thou, who Almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart  
Spirit of pow'r.

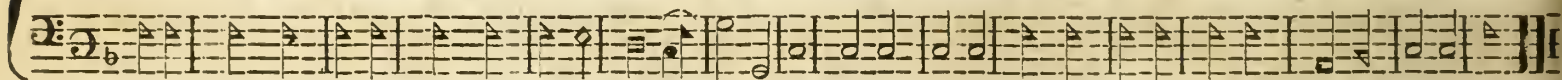
5 To thee great one in three,  
Eternal praises be,  
Hence ever more!  
His sov'reign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity,  
Love and adore.



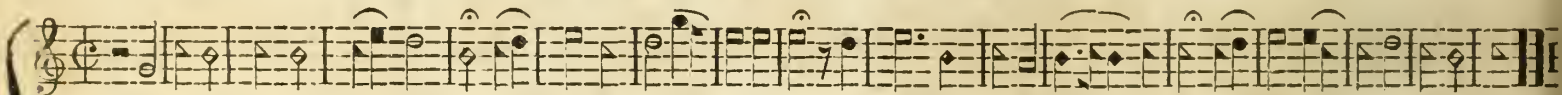
Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, Hope and Comfort from above; Let us each thy peace possessing Triumph in redeeming love.



Thanks we give, and adoration, For the gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of thy salvation, In our hearts and lives be found.

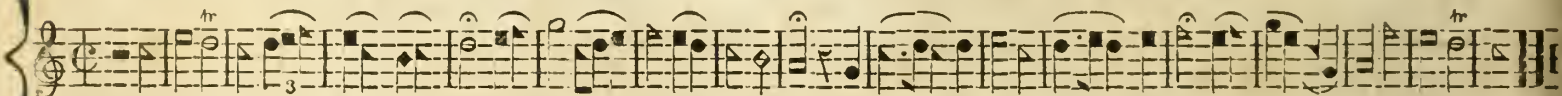


### FOUNTAIN. L. M. Sharp Key on C.



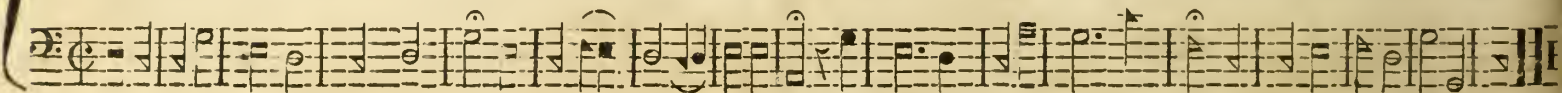
Shall I forsake that heav'nly Friend,

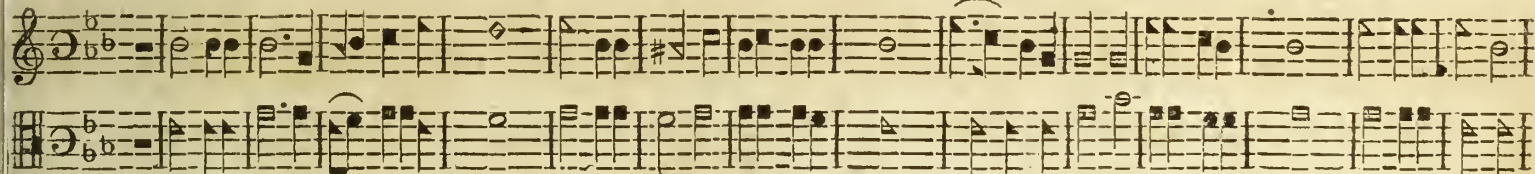
Forbid it, that my wandering heart,



On whom my noblest hopes depend!

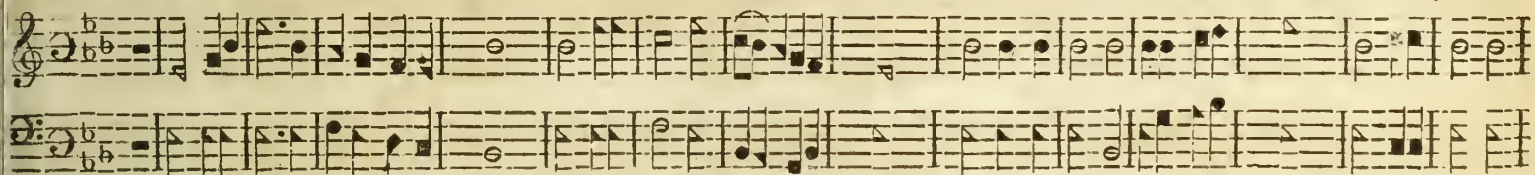
From thee my Saviour should depart.



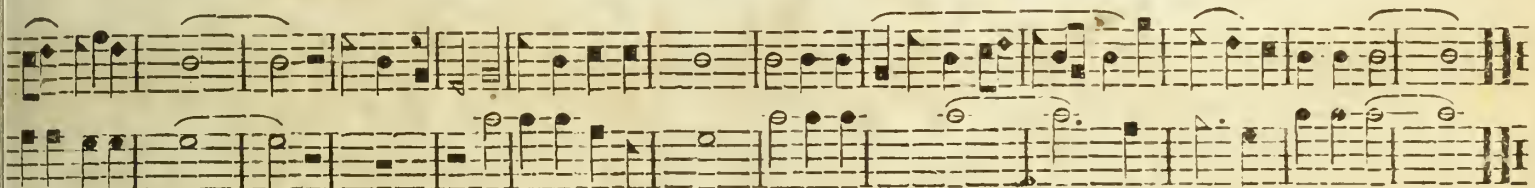


Behold the judge descends, his guards are nigh,

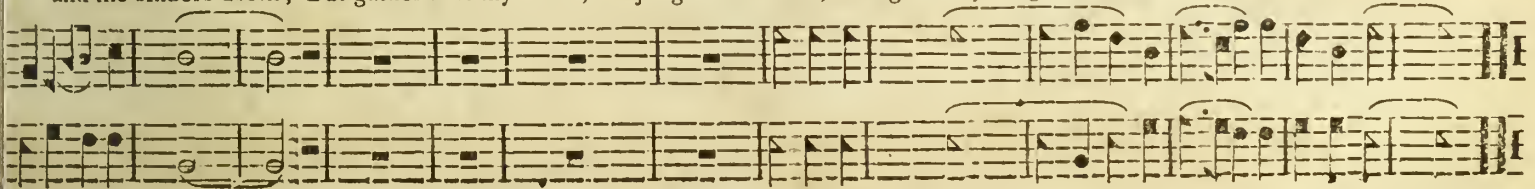
Heaven, earth and hell draw near, let all things come, To hear his justice



Tempests and fire attend him down the sky;

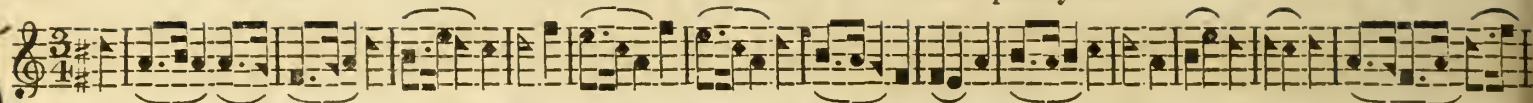


and the sinners doom; But gather first my saints, the judge commands, Bring them ye angels, from their distant lands.

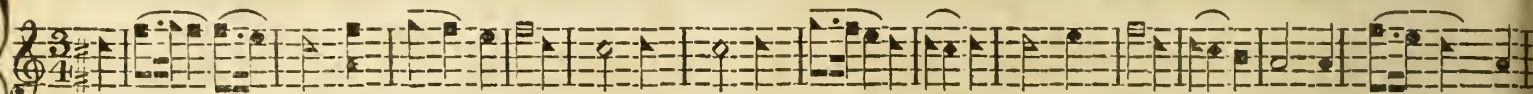




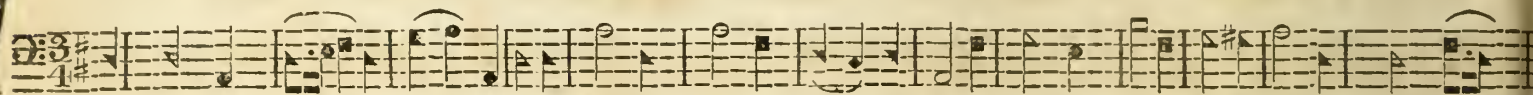
## MALMSBURY. L. M. Sharp Key on D.



Celestial worlds, your Maker's name, Resound thro' ev'ry shining coast; Our God a greater praise will claim, Where he un-

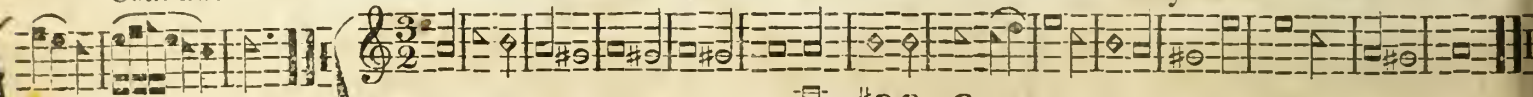


Celestial worlds, your maker's name, Resound thro' ev'ry shining coast; Our God a greater praise will claim, Where he un-

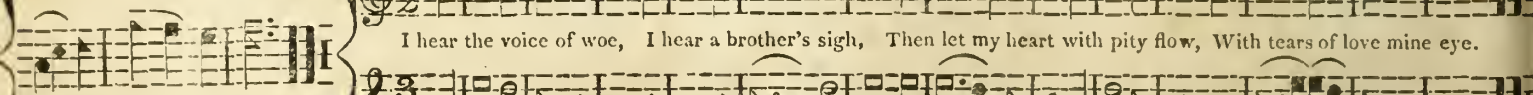


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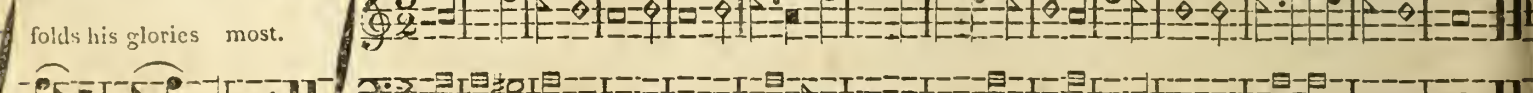
## GUILFORD. S. M. Flat Key on A.



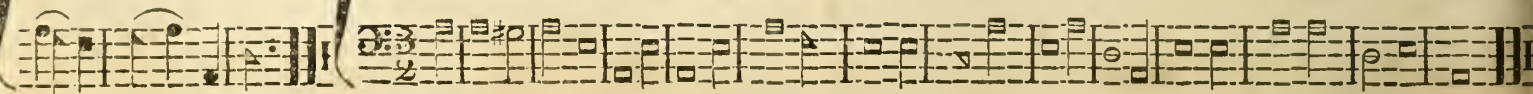
folds his glories most.

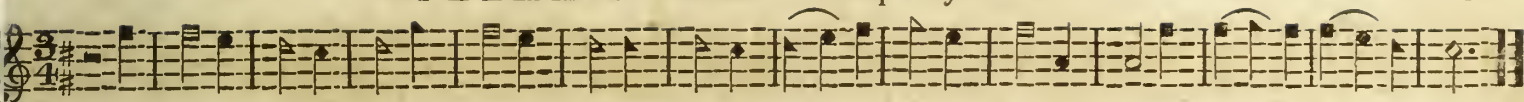


I hear the voice of woe, I hear a brother's sigh, Then let my heart with pity flow, With tears of love mine eye.

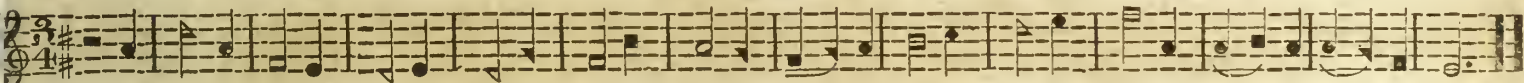


folds his glories most.

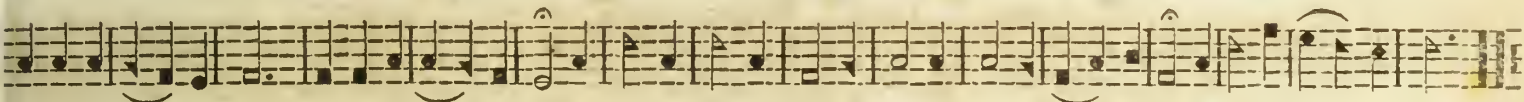
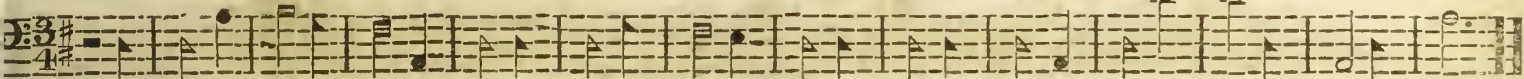




My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.



My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.



High as the heav'ns are rais'd Above the earth we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed. Our highest, &c.



High as the heav'ns are rais'd Above the earth we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed. Our highest, &c.



## PECKHAM. S. M. Sharp Key on D.

Behold the morning sun Begins his glorious way, His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

Behold the morning sun Begins his glorious way, His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

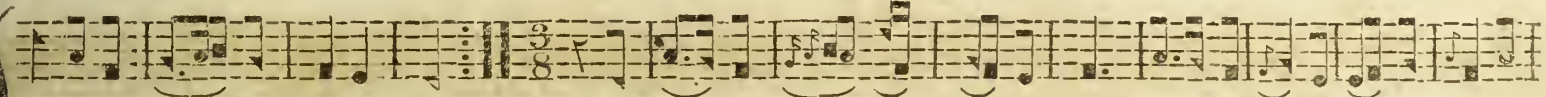
## DENMARK. L. M. Sharp Key on D.

*Air. Moderato.*

Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create, and he destroy.

Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create and he destroy.



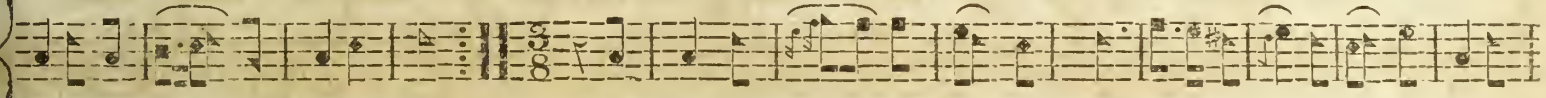


He can create, and he destroy,

His sov'reign power without our aid,

Made us of clay and form'd us men.

And




He can create, and he destroy,

His sov'reign power without our aid,


Made us of clay and form'd us men.

And



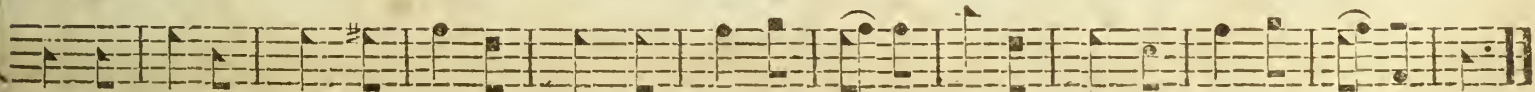
when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd. He brought us to his fold again,

He brought us to his fold again.



when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd. He brought us to his fold again,

He brought us to his fold again.



Trebble.

Andante Affettuoso.

We are his people, we his care, Our souls and all our mortal frame; What

lasting, lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to thy name.

What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to thy name.

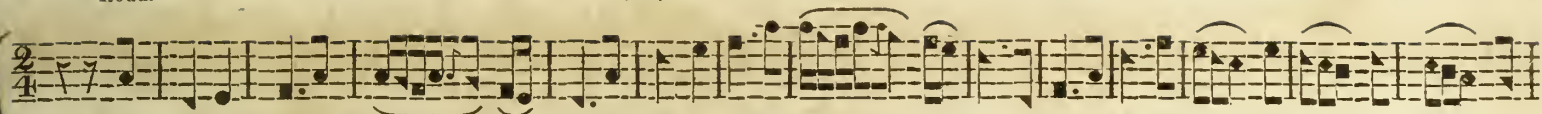
Loud.

## Denmark continued.

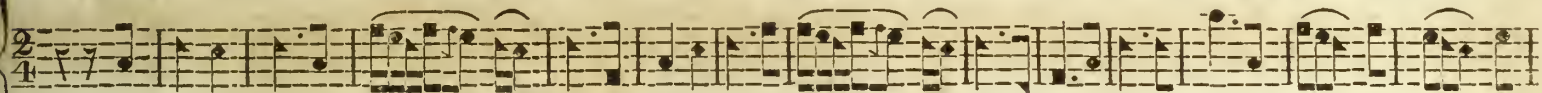
Soft.

Loud.

61



We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voices raise, And earth, and earth, with her ten thousand, thousand



We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voices raise, And earth, and earth, with her ten thousand, thousand



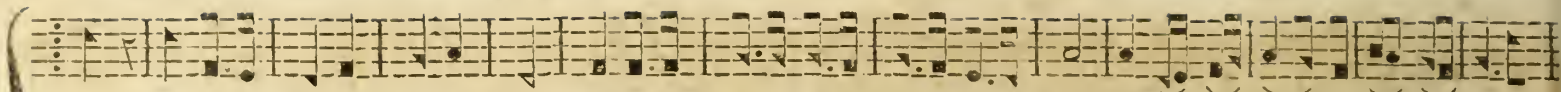
tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.



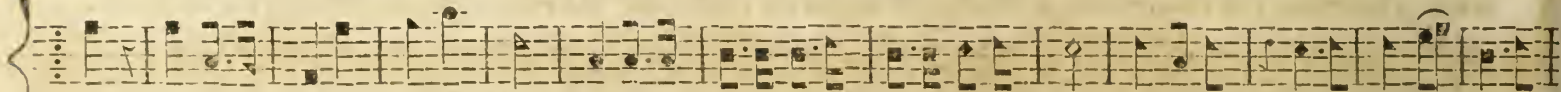
tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.



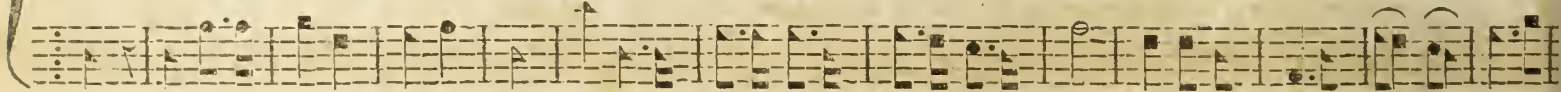




Wide, Wide as the world is thy command; Vast as eternity, eternity thy love, Firm as a rock thy truth must stand When



Wide, Wide as the world is thy command; Vast as eternity, eternity thy love, Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When



Soft.

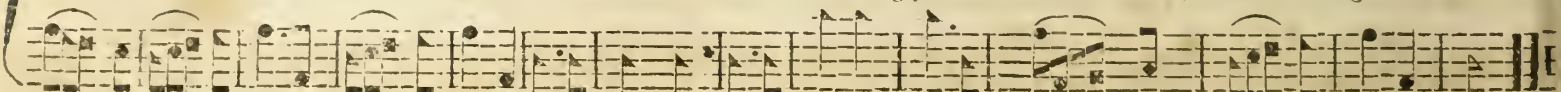
Loud.

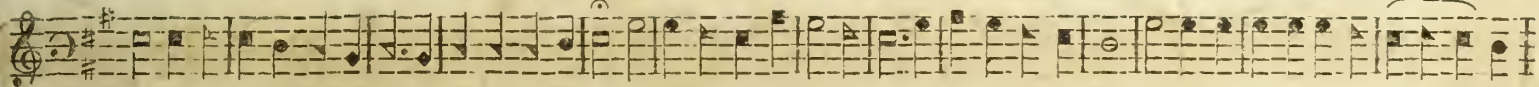


rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move. When rolling, &c.



rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When rolling, &c.

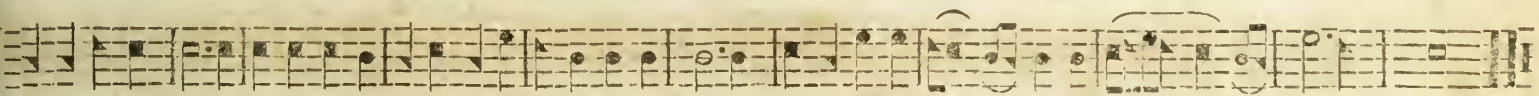




Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days? Great comforter descend and bring Some tokens of thy grace. Thou art



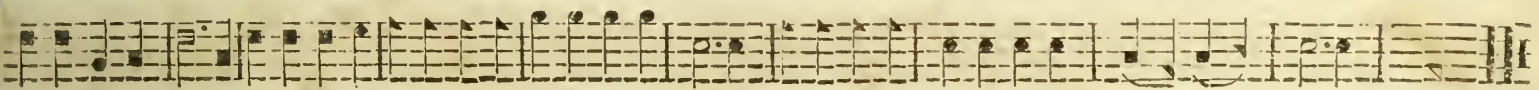
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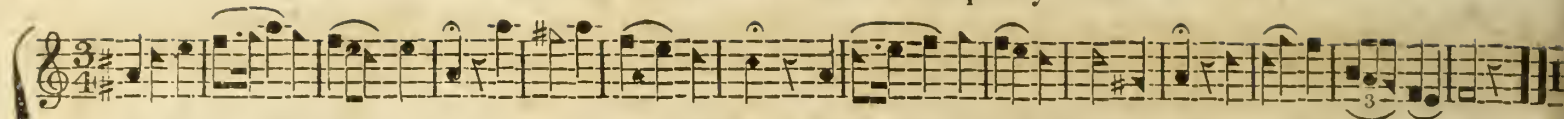
the earnest of his love, 'The pledge of joys to come, And thy soft wings, celestial dove, Will safe convey me home. And thy, &c.



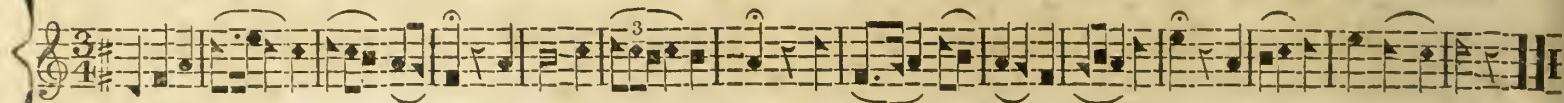
the earnest of his love, 'The pledge of joys to come, And thy soft wings, celestial dove, Will safe convey me home. And thy, &c.



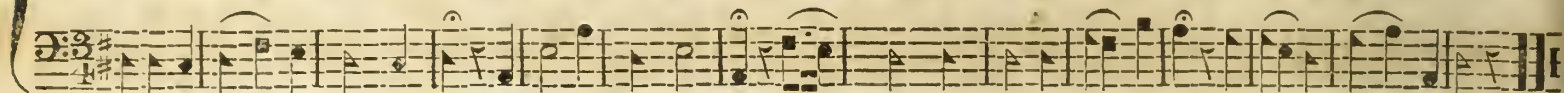
## SUNDAY. C. M. Sharp Key on D.



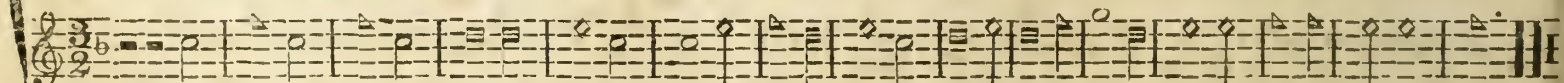
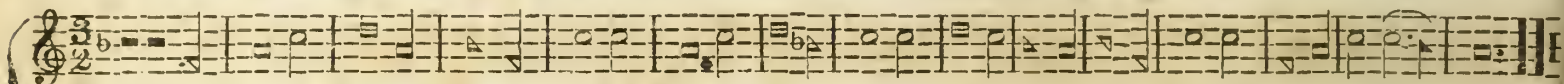
The Lord of Sabbath let us praise, In concert with the blest, Who joyful in harmonious lays, Employ an endless rest.



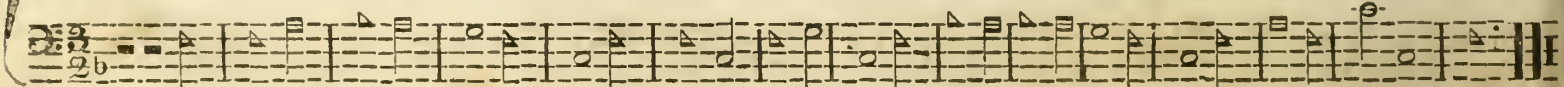
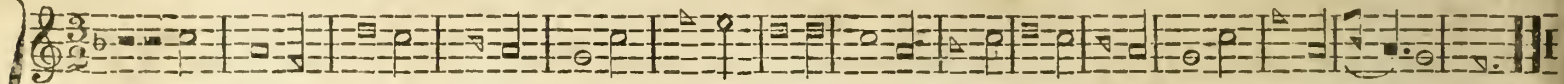
The Lord of Sabbath let us praise, In concert with the blest, Who joyful in harmonious lays, Employ an endless rest.



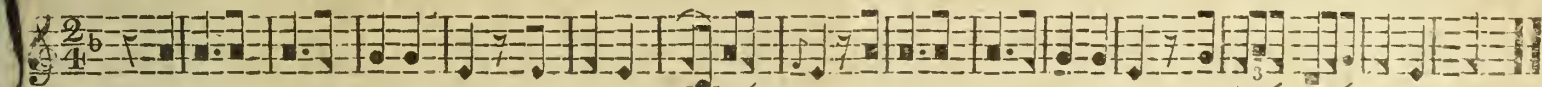
## BEDFORD. C. M. Sharp Key on F.



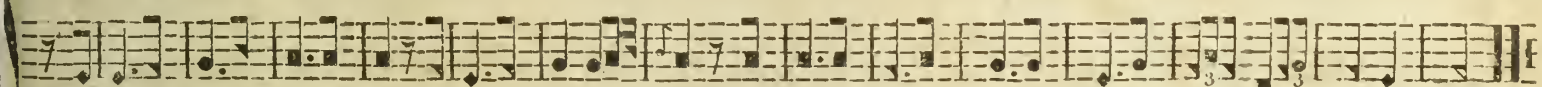
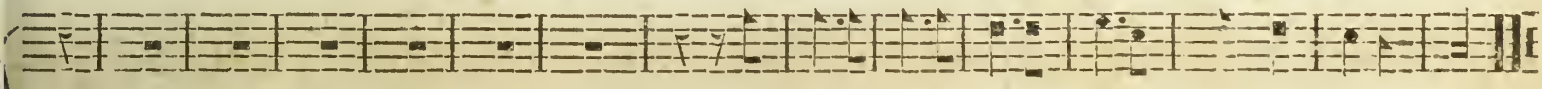
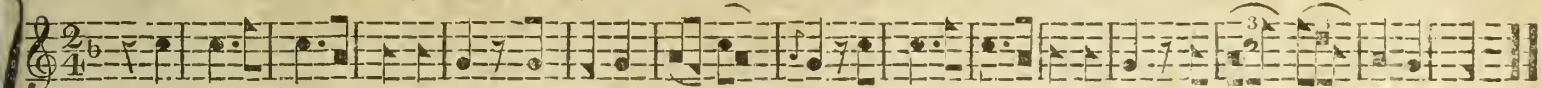
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name, And in his strength rejoice ; When his salvation is our theme, Exalted be our voice.





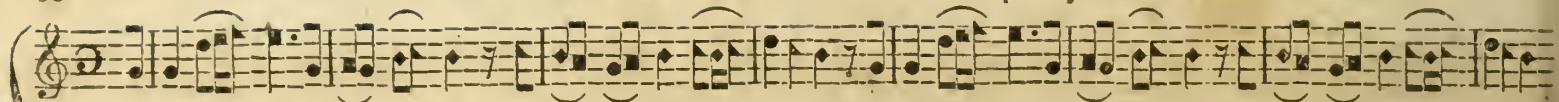


While thee I seek, protecting pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd, And may this consecrated hour, With better hopes be fill'd.



Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar, Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd That mercy I adore.

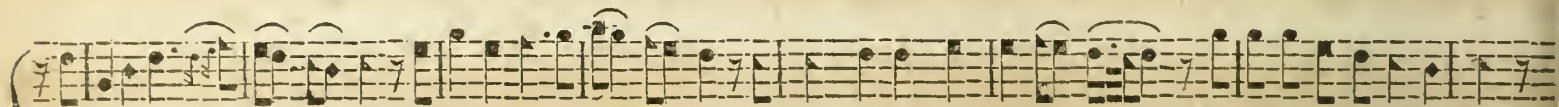
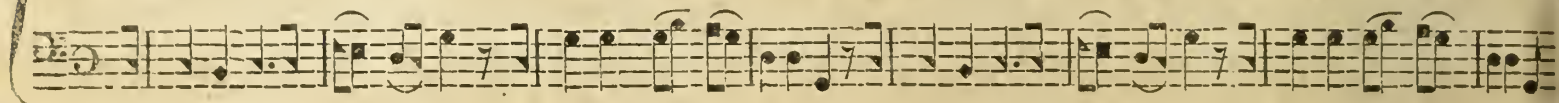




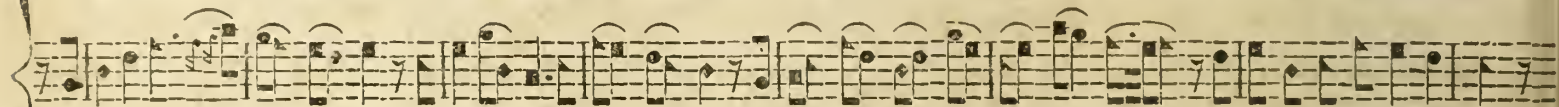
Away my unbelieving fear! Fear shall in me no more take place; My Saviour doth not yet appear, He hides the brightness of his face.



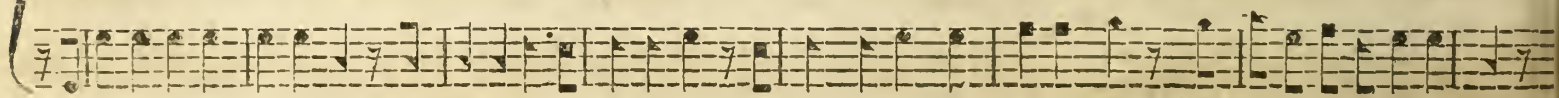
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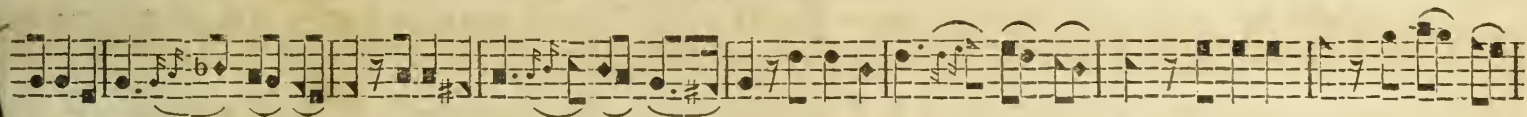


But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempter yield? No, in the strength of Jesus, no! I never will give up my shield.

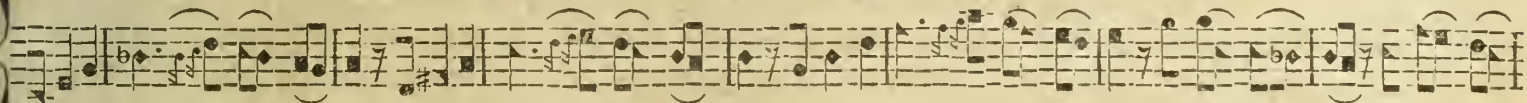


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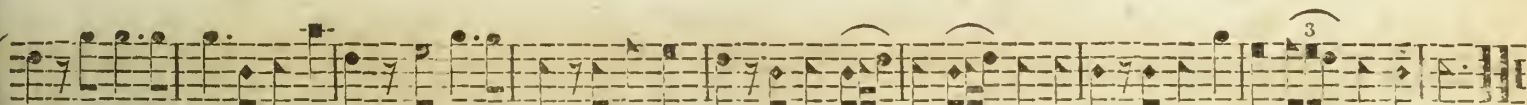
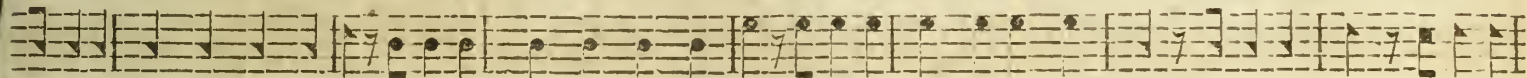




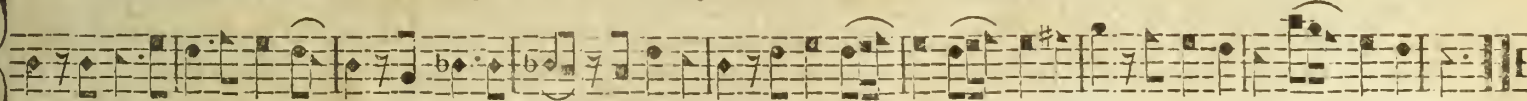
Altho' the vine its fruit deny, Altho' the olive yield no oil: The withering fig tree droop and die, 'The field illude the tiller's toil;



Altho' the vine its fruit deny Altho' the olive yield no oil: The withering fig tree droop and die, 'The field illude the tiller's toil;



The empty stall no herd afford, ' And perish all the bleating race, Yet will I triumph in the Lord, The God of my salvation praise.



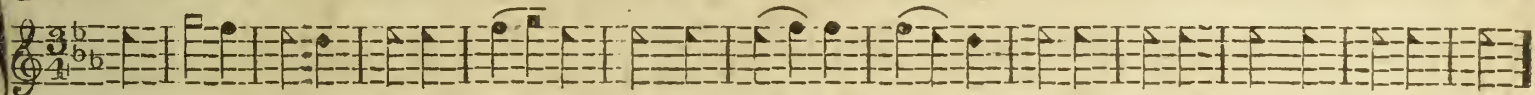
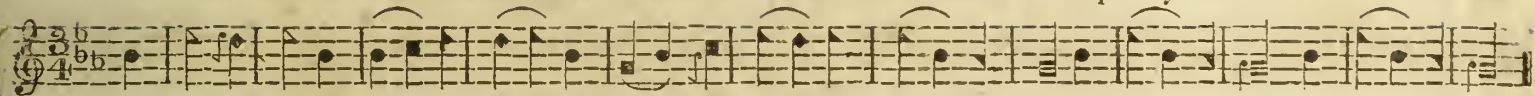
The empty stall no herd afford, And perish all the bleating race, Yet will I triumph in the Lord, The God of my salvation praise.



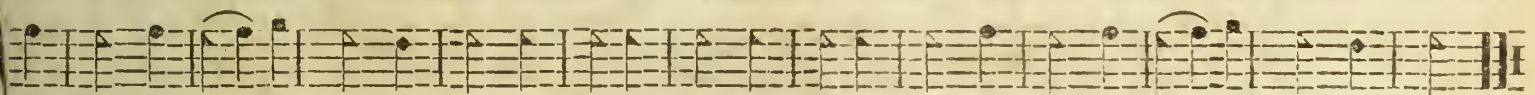
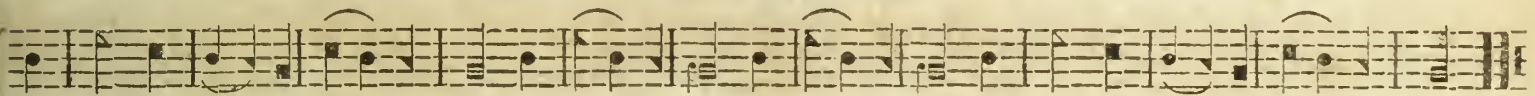
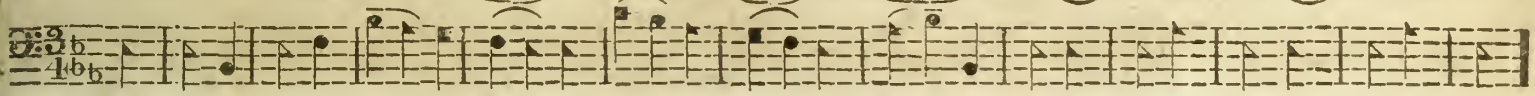
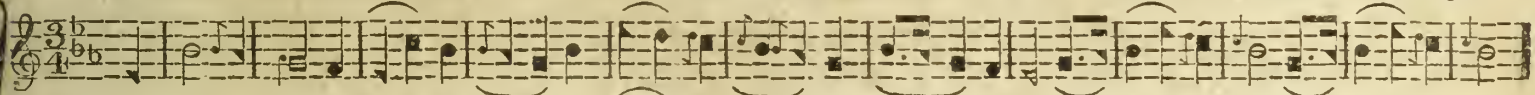


Father of all, omniscient Mind, Thy wisdom who can comprehend? Its highest point what eye can find, Or to its

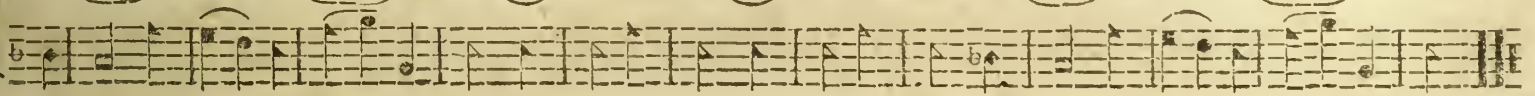
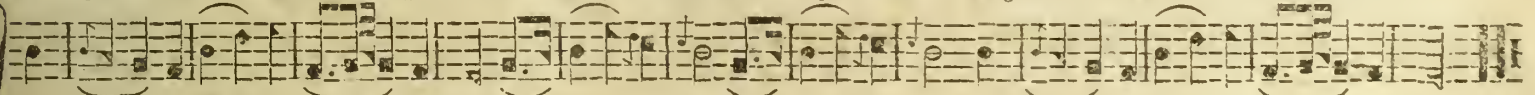
lowest depths descend! Its highest point what eye can find, Or to its lowest depths descend!



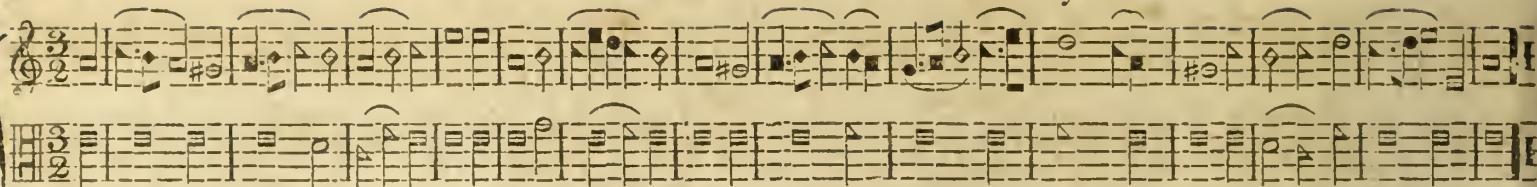
Soon as the morn salutes your eyes, And from sweet sleep, refresh'd you rise, Think on the Author of the light.



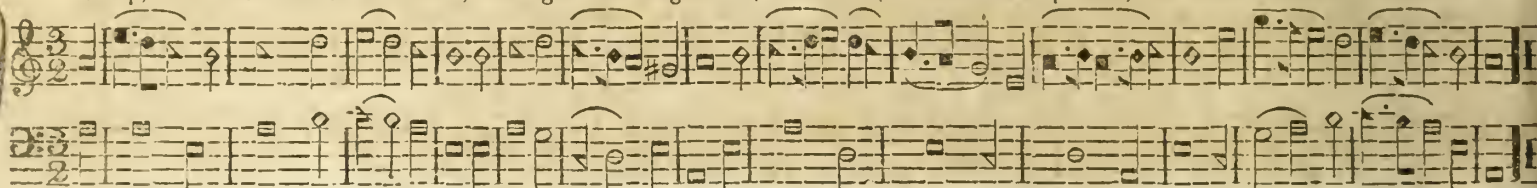
And praise him for that glor'ous sight; His mercy infinite implore, His goodness infinite adore.



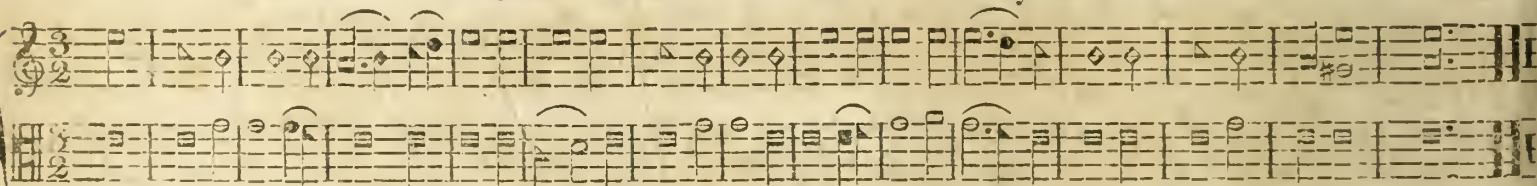
## BUCKINGHAM. C. M. Flat Key on A.



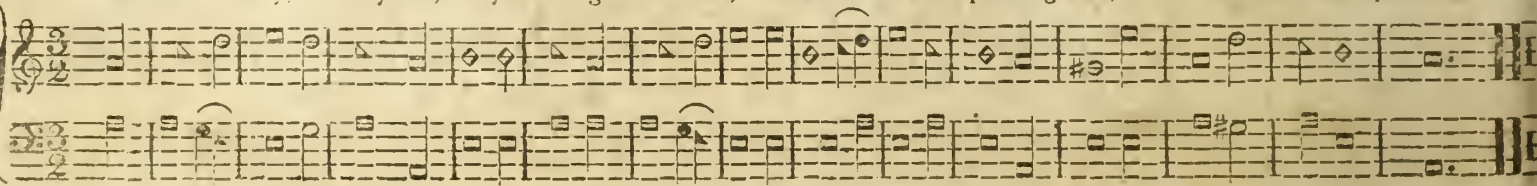
Help, Lord ! for men of virtue fail, Religion looses ground ; The sons of wickedness prevail, And treacheries abound.



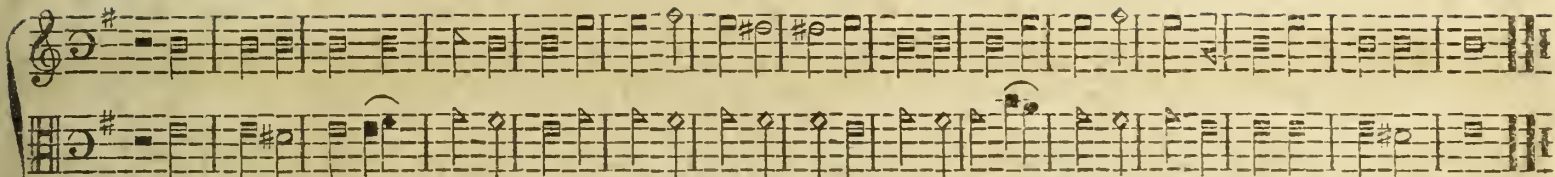
## PLYMOUTH. C. M. Flat Key on A.



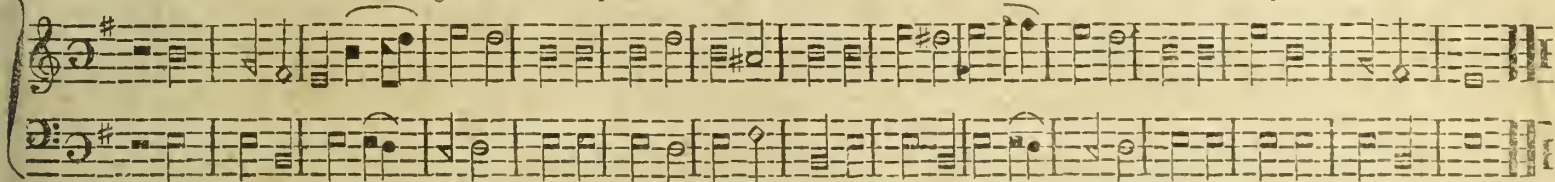
O God of mercy, hear my call, My load of guilt remove ; Break down this separating wall, That bars me from thy love.



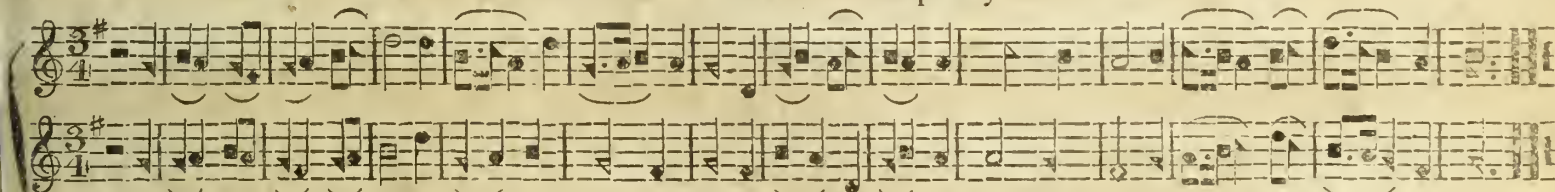




Let me to some wild desert go, And find a peaceful home; Where storms of malice never blow, Temptations never come.



## SALEM. S. M. Sharp Key on G.

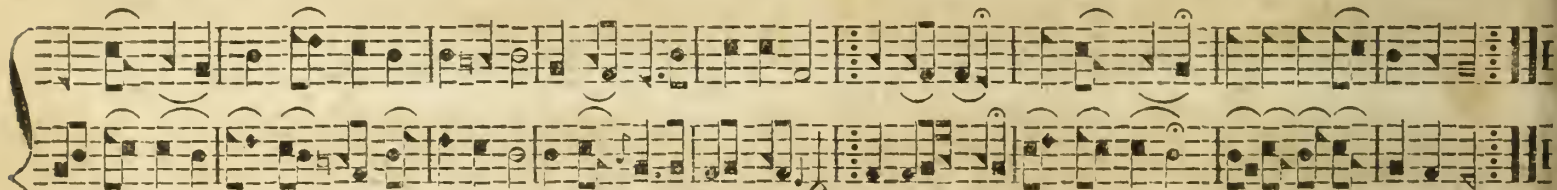


Far as thy name is known, The world declares thy praise; Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne, Their songs of honor raise.

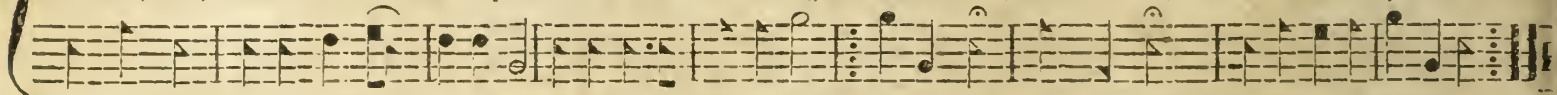




Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my



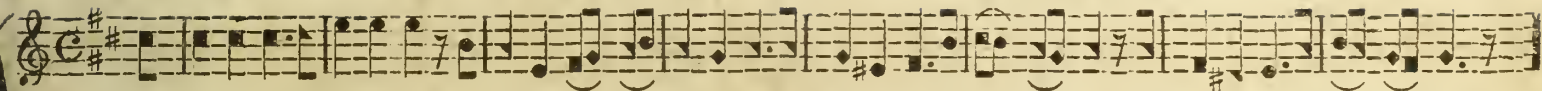
Saviour, hide, 'Till the storm of life is past! Safe into the haven guide, O receive, O receive, O receive my soul at last.



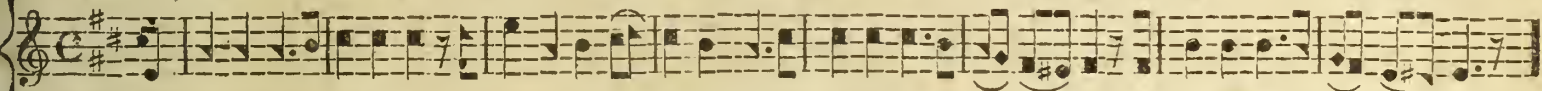
2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
All my help on thee I bring,  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find !  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :  
Just and holy is thy name ;  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

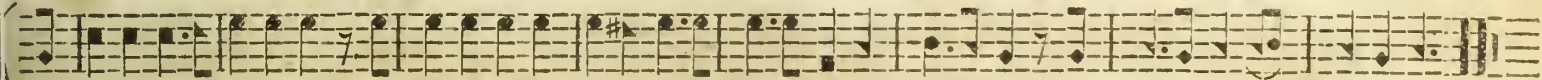
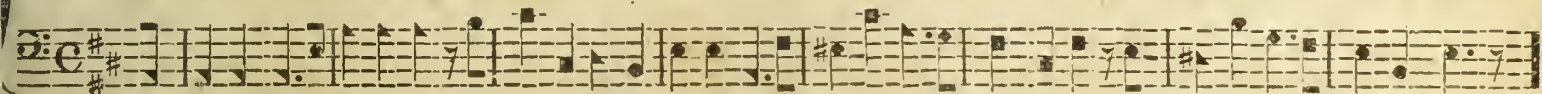
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sins ;  
Let the healing streams abound ;  
Make and keep me pure within,  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee,  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.



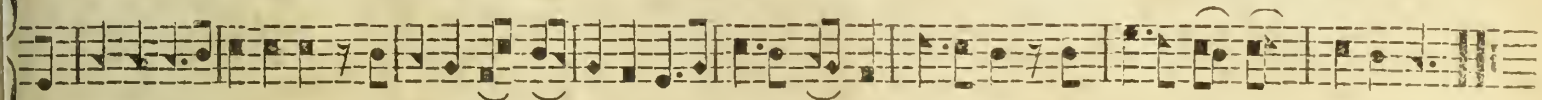
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn? 'Tis God, who justifies their souls: And mercy like a mighty stream, O'er all their sins divinely rolls.



Who shall the Lord's elect condemn? 'Tis God, who justifies their souls; And mercy like a mighty stream, O'er all their sins divinely rolls.



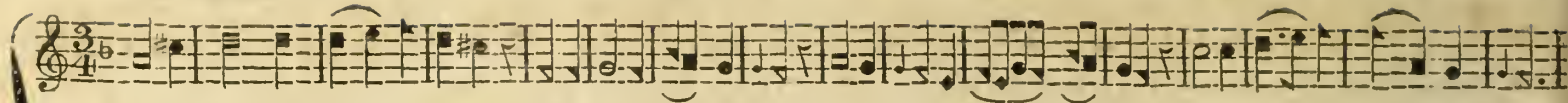
Who shall adjudge the saints to hell? 'Tis Christ, who suffer'd in their stead; And the salvation to fulfil, Behold him rising from the dead.



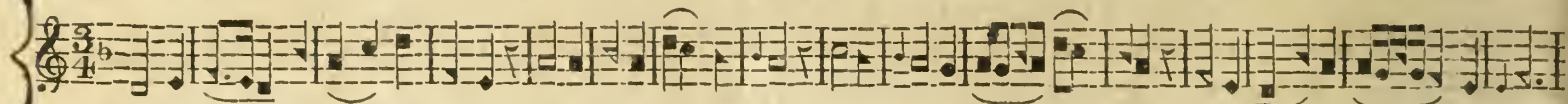
Who shall adjudge the saints to hell? 'Tis Christ, who suffer'd in their stead; And the salvation to fulfil, Behold him rising from the dead.



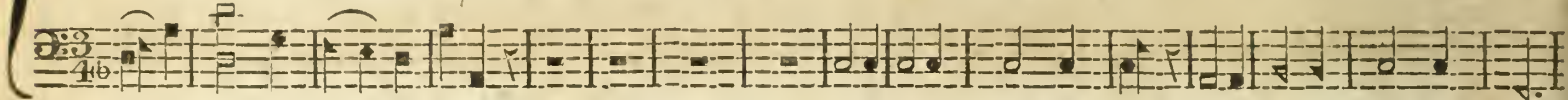
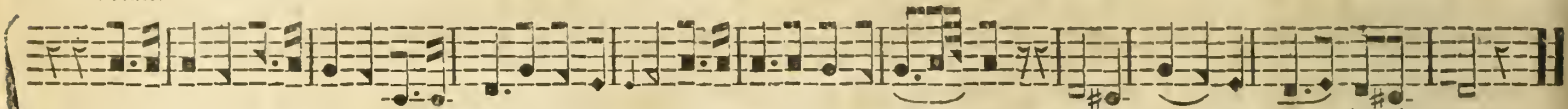


*Pia e Andante.*

In this world of sin and sorrow, Compass'd round with many a care, From eternity we borrow Hope, that can exclude despair.



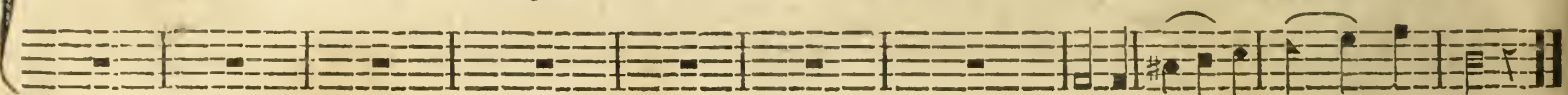
In this world of sin and sorrow, Compass'd round with many a care, From eternity we borrow Hope, that can exclude despair.

*Vivace.*

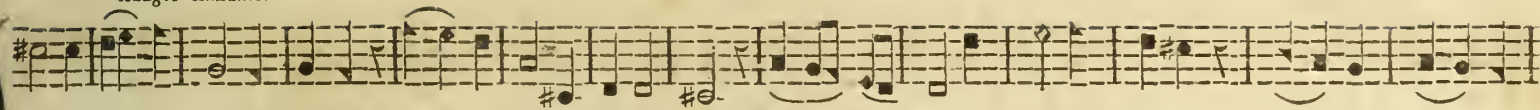
Thee, triumphant God and saviour, In the glass of faith I see; O assist each faint endeavor, Raise our earth born-souls to thee.



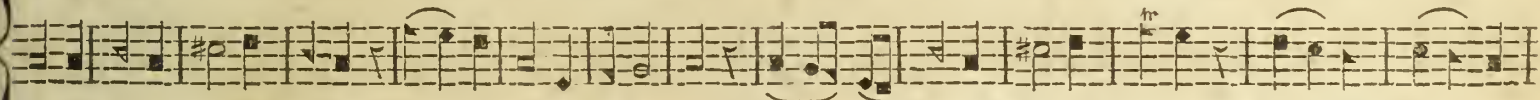
Thee, triumphant God and Saviour, In the glass of faith I see; O assist each faint endeavor. Raise our earth-born souls to thee.



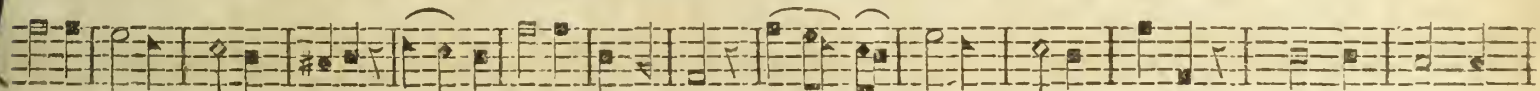
*Adagio Andante.*



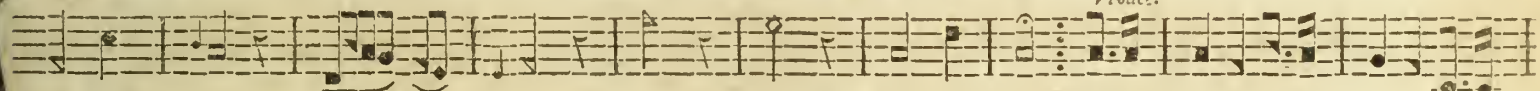
Place that awful scene before us Of the last tremendous day, When to life thou wilt restore us; Ling'ring ages



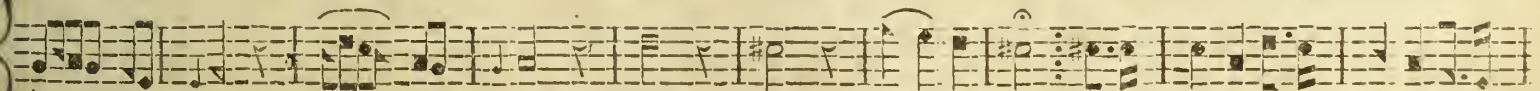
Place that awful scene before us Of the last tremendous day, When to life thou wilt restore us; Ling'ring ages



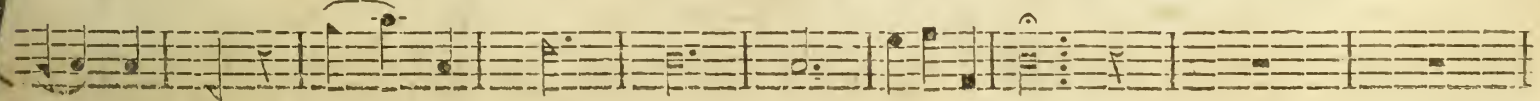
*Vivace.*

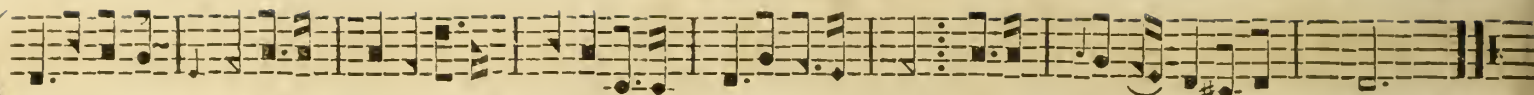


haste away, haste away haste haste haste away; Then this vile and sinful nature Incor-



haste away, haste away, haste haste haste away; Then this vile and sinful nature Incor-

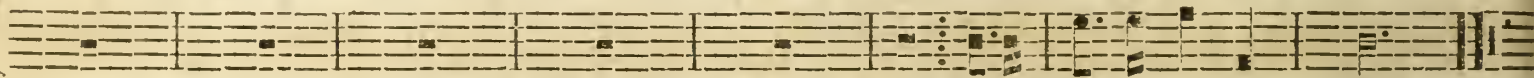




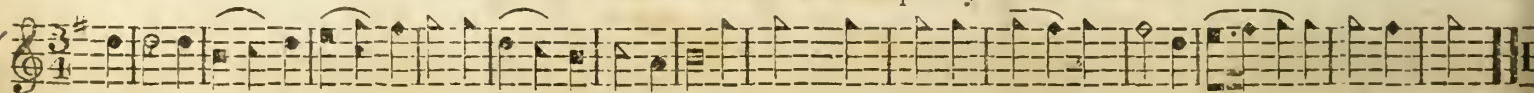
ruption shall put on; Life renewing, glorious Saviour, Let thy gracious will be done, Let thy gracious will be done.



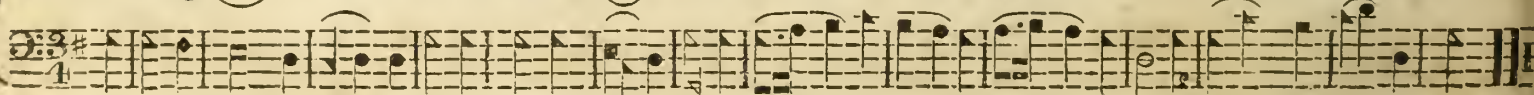
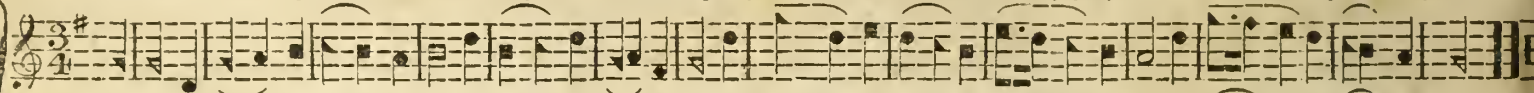
ruption shall put on; Life renewing, glorious Saviour, Let thy gracious will be done, Let thy gracious will be done.



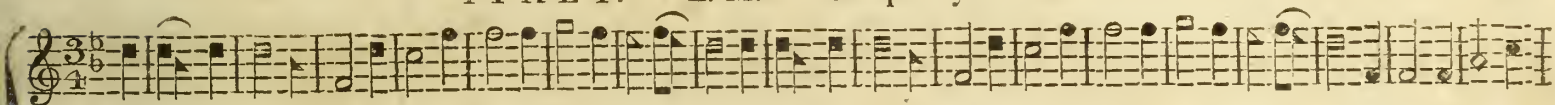
I R I S H. C. M. Sharp Key on G.



Lord in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high, To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.







Mine int'rest in his heav'nly love,

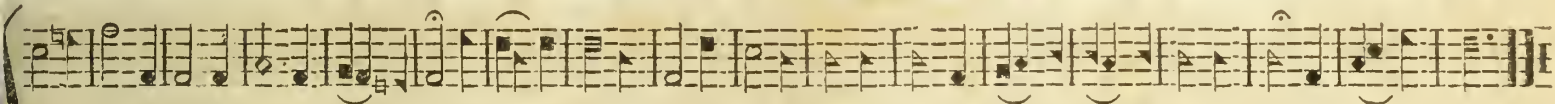
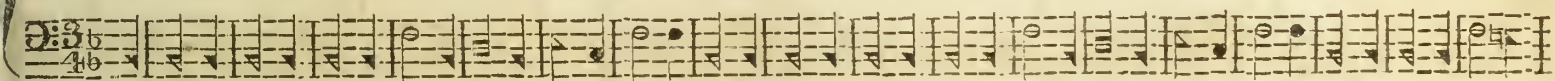
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.



Let him embrace my soul, and prove

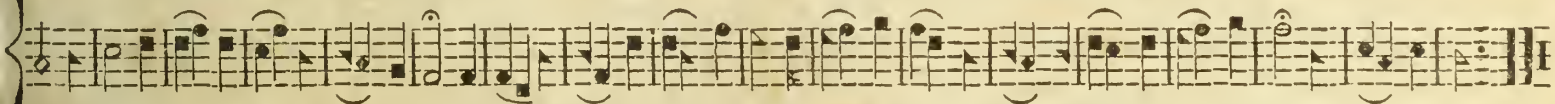
The voice that tells me thou art mine.

On thee th' anointing



And spread the savor of his name ;

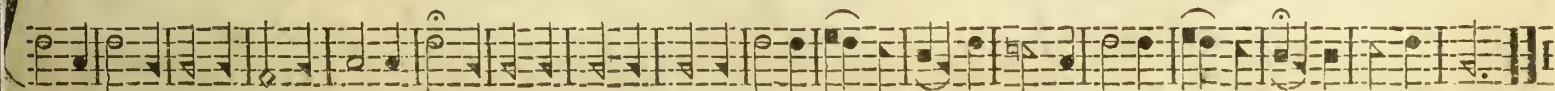
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face,

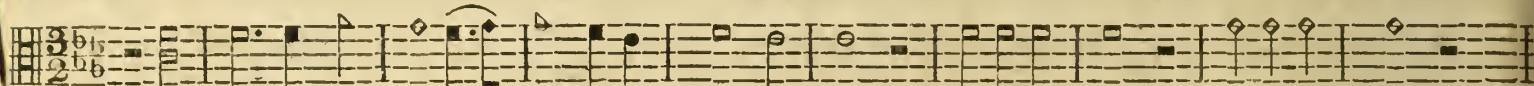
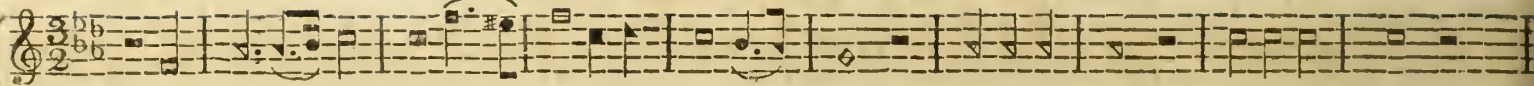


spirit came,

That oil of gladness and of grace,

Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

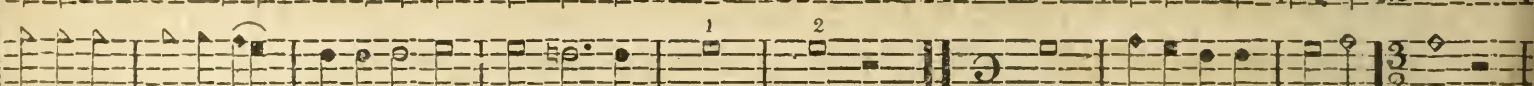
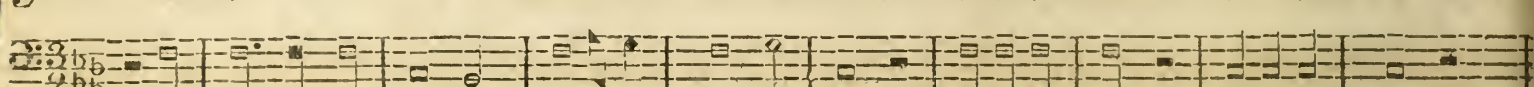
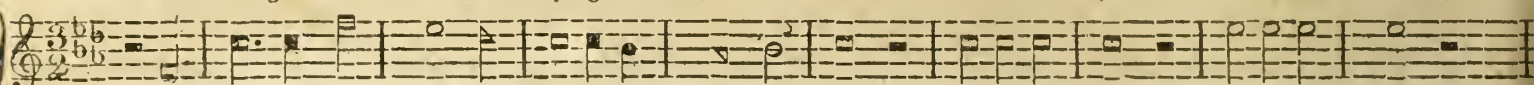




I heard a great voice from heav'n saying unto me,

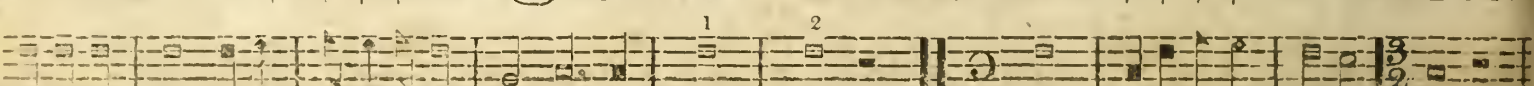
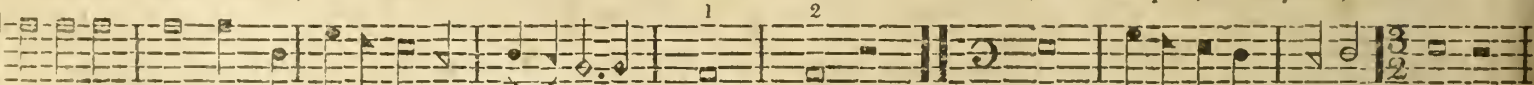
write from henceforth,

write from henceforth,



write from henceforth, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord:

Yea, saith the spirit, for they rest,

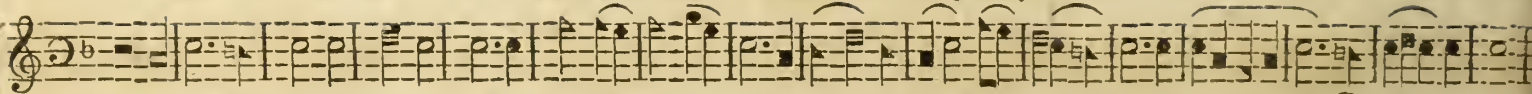


The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts, and the last two are piano accompaniment. The time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are: "for they rest, for they rest, for they rest, from their labors, from their labors,"

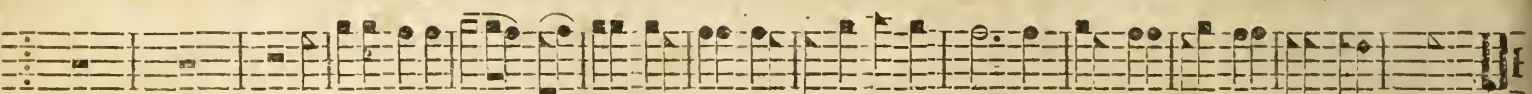
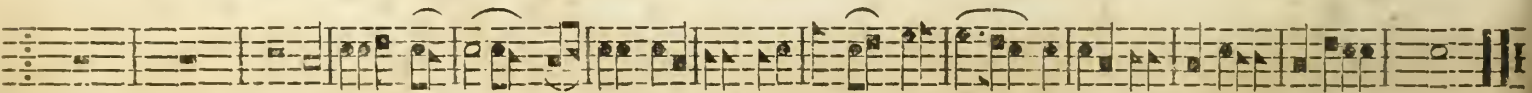
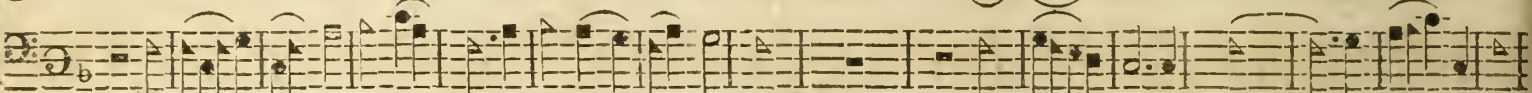
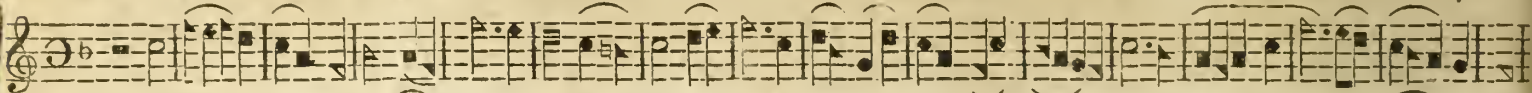
The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts, and the last two are piano accompaniment. The time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are: "from their labors, and their works which do follow, follow, follow, which do follow them, which do, &c."

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts, and the last two are piano accompaniment. The time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are: "from their labors, and their works which do follow, follow, follow, which do follow them, which do, &c."

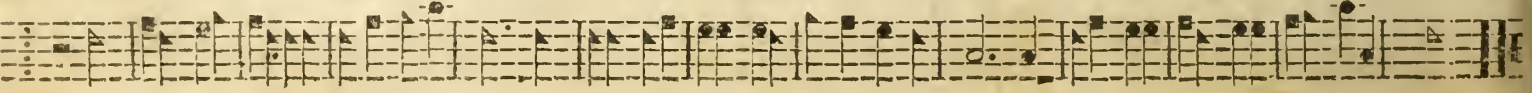
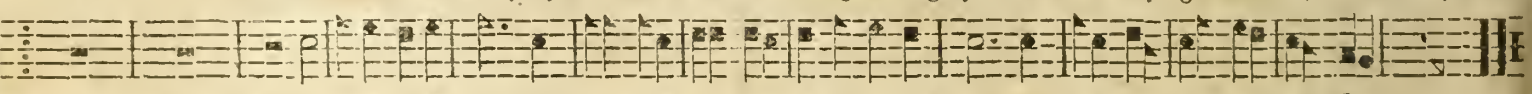


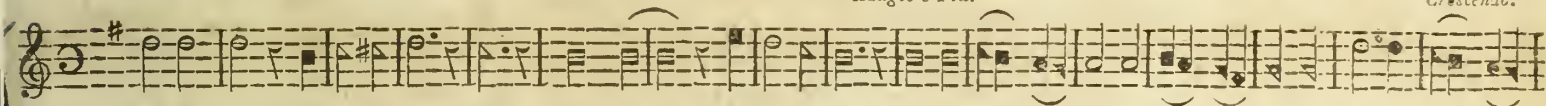


The Lord descended from above, And bowed the heavens most high, And underneath his feet he cast The darkness of the sky.

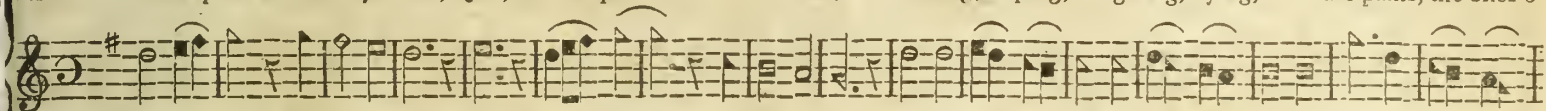


On cherubs and on cherubims, Full royally he rode; And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad, And on, &c.

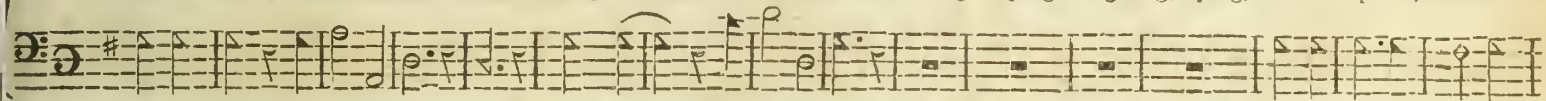


*Adagio e Pia.**Crescendo.*

AIR. Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, Oh! quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, Oh! the pains, the bliss of

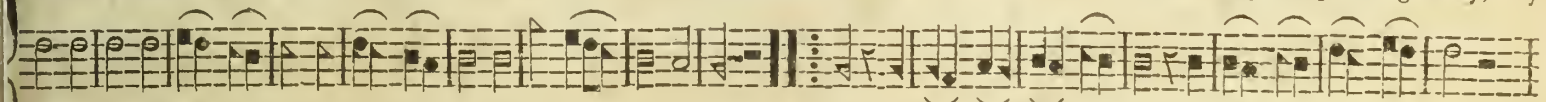


Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, Oh! quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, Oh! the pains, the bliss of

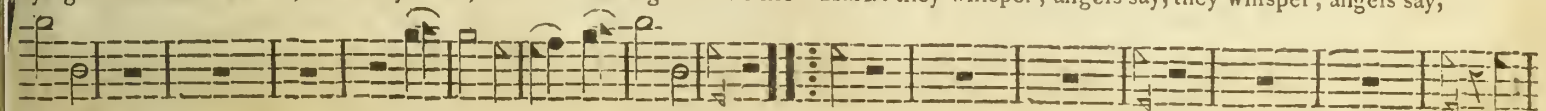
*Adagio e Pia.**Crescendo.**For.**Pia.**For.**Pia**For. Pia.*

dying! Cease fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life. Hark!

Hark! they whisper; angels say, they



dying! Cease fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life Hark! they whisper; angels say, they whisper; angels say,



Hark!

they

*For.**Pia.**For.*

whisper; angels say. Hark! they whisper, angels say, Sister spirit, come away, Sister spirit come away. What is this ab-

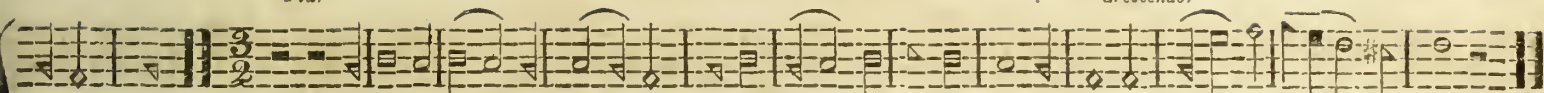
whisper; angels say. Hark! they whisper; angels say, Sister spirit, come away, Sister spirit come away. What is this ab-

*Pia.**For.**Pia.**Crescendo.**For.*

sorbs me quite? Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath, Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can

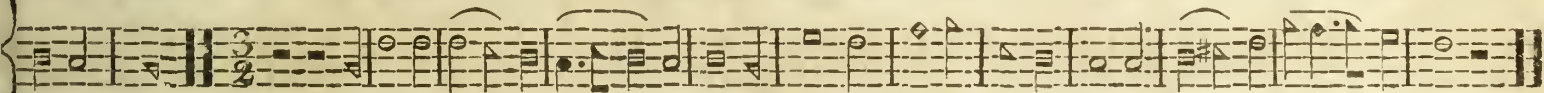
sorbs me quite? Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath, Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can



*Pia.**Crescendo.*

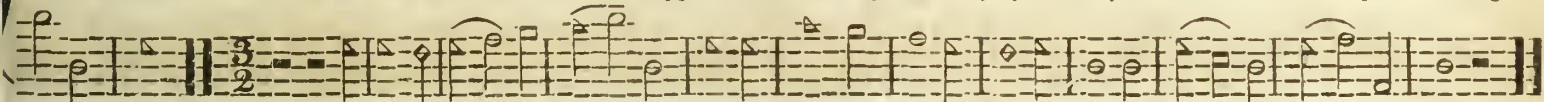
this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears! Heav'n opens on my eyes! My ears with sounds seraphic ring:

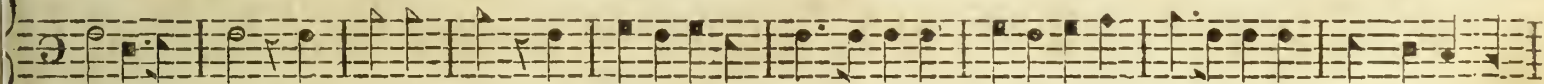


this be death?

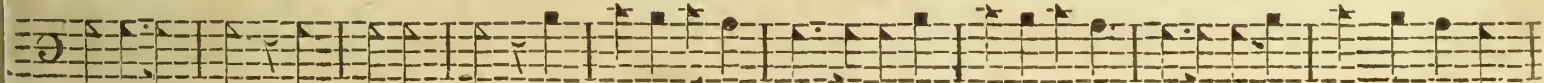
The world recedes; it disappears! Heav'n opens on my eyes! My ears with sounds seraphic ring:

*Vivace e Maestoso*

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave where is thy victory? O grave where is thy victory? O death! where is thy



Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave where is thy victory? O grave where is thy victory? O death! where is thy



sting? O grave where is thy victory? O death! where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave where is thy victory? thy

victory? O grave where is thy victory? thy victory? O death! where is thy sting? O death! where is thy sting! Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! I

victory? O grave where is thy victory? thy victory? O death? where is thy sting? O death? where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! I

*Adagio.*

mount! I fly! O grave where is thy victory? thy victory? O death! O death! where is thy sting?

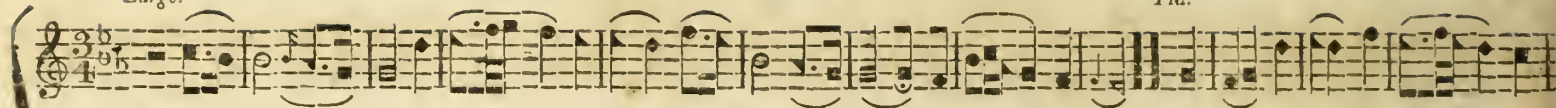
mount! I fly! O grave where is thy victory? thy victory? O death! O death! where is thy sting?

M U N I C H. L. M. Flat Key on B.

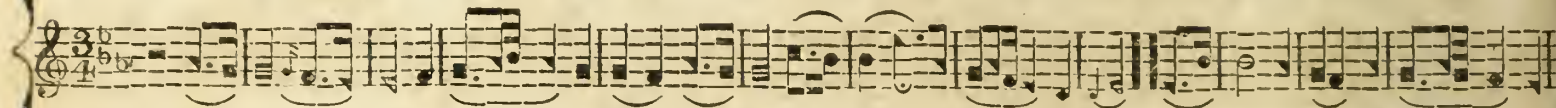
'Tis finished! 'tis finished, so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head and dy'd; 'Tis finished! yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.

'Tis finished! 'tis finished, so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head and dy'd; 'Tis finished! yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.

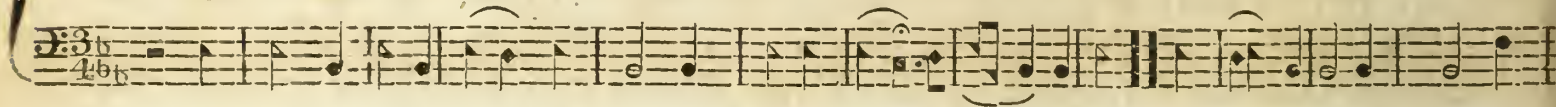
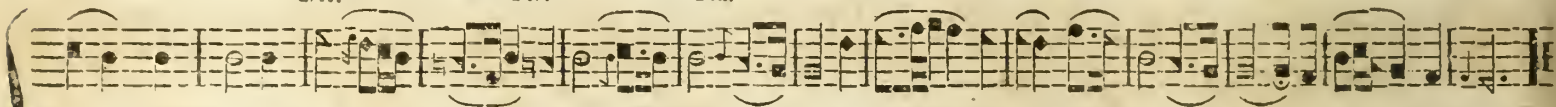


*Largo.**Pia.*

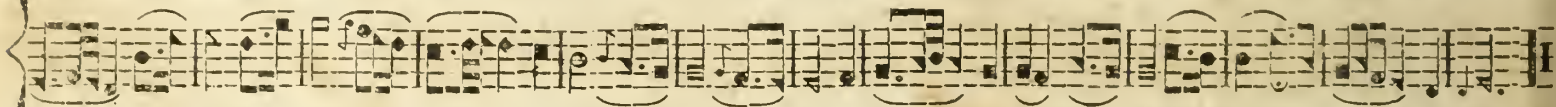
And didst thou, Lord, for sinners bleed? And could the sun behold the deed? No, he withdrew his sick'ning



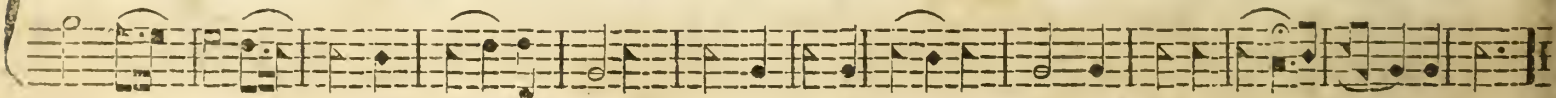
And didst thou, Lord, for sinners bleed? And could the sun behold the deed? No, he withdrew his sick'ning

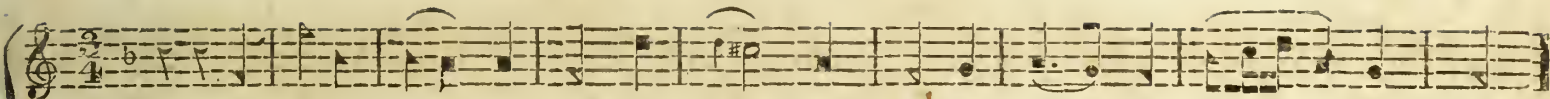
*Cres.**For.**Pia.*

ray, And darkness veil'd the morning day, No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray, And darkness veil'd the morning day.



ray, And darkness veil'd the morning day, No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray, And darkness veil'd the morning day.

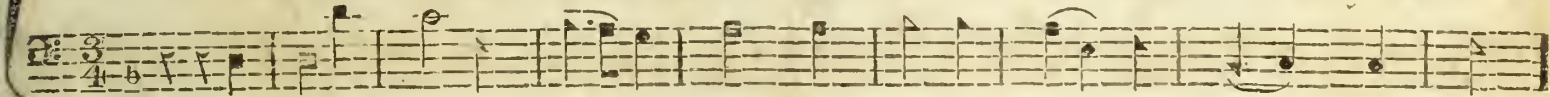




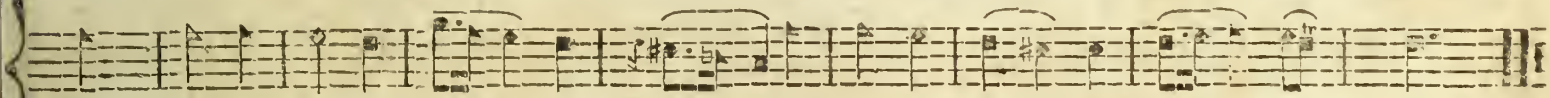
O come, thou wounded Lamb of God! Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood;



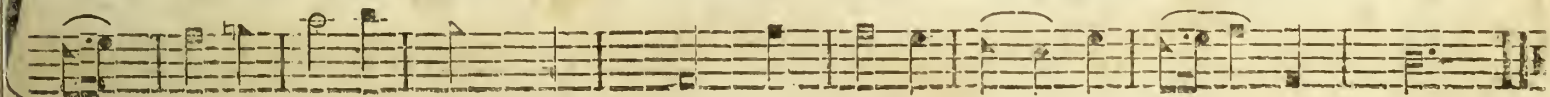
O come, thou wounded Lamb of God! Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood;

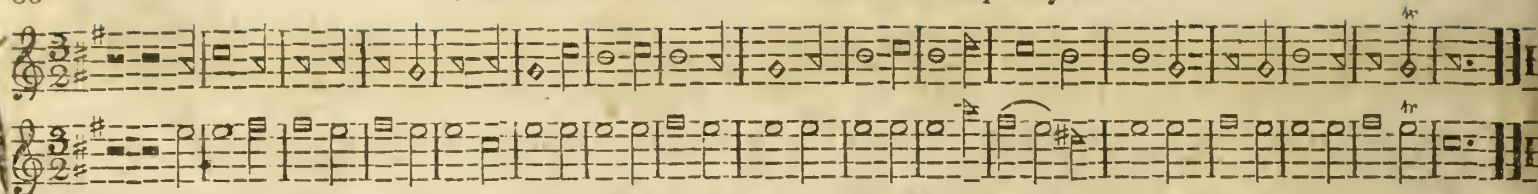


Give us to know thy love, then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

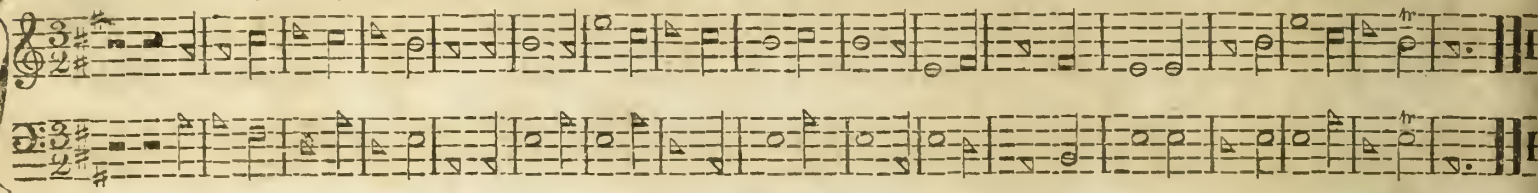


Give us to know thy love, then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.





Sweet is the work, my God my king, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To shew thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night.



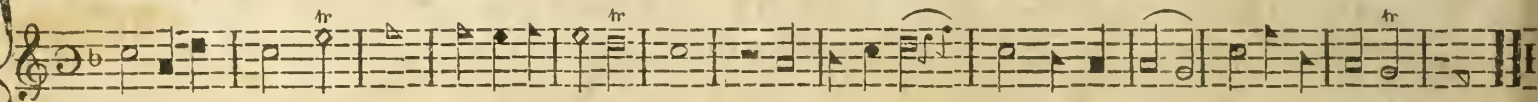
## DOVER.

## S. M.

## Sharp Key on F.



Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the church his blest abode, His most delightful seat.



Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the church his blest abode, His most delightful seat.





The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are written below the staves.

The Lord is risen indeed!      Hallelujah!      The Lord is risen indeed!      Hallelujah!

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Now is Christ risen from the dead,    And become the first fruits of them that slept.    Now is Christ, &c.

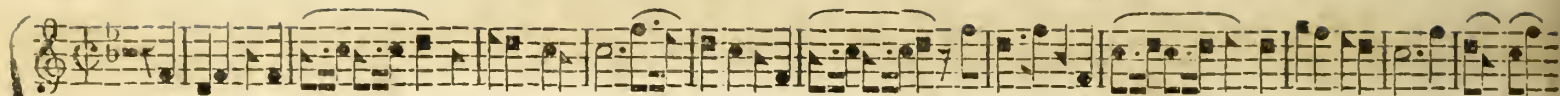
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, And did he rise? And did he rise? did he rise? Hear it ye

nations, hear it O ye dead! He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, He burst the bars of death! He, &c. He, &c. And triumph'd o'er the grave.

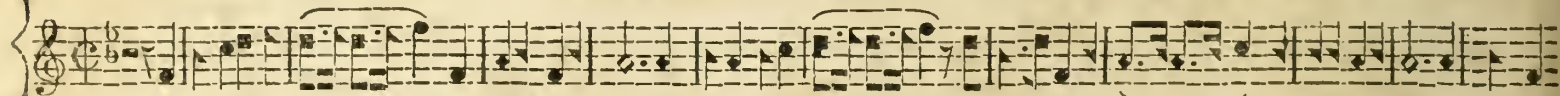
Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then first humanity triumphant pass'd the chrysal ports of light, And seiz'd eternal

youth. Man all immortal hail, hail, Heaven all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss. Thine all, &c





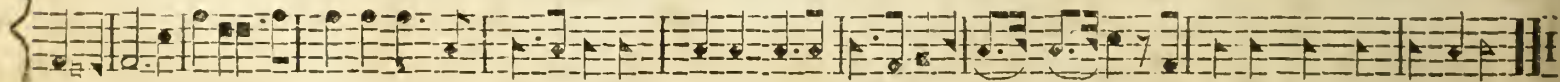
Ye tribes of Adam join With heaven & earth and seas, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise, To your Creator's praise.



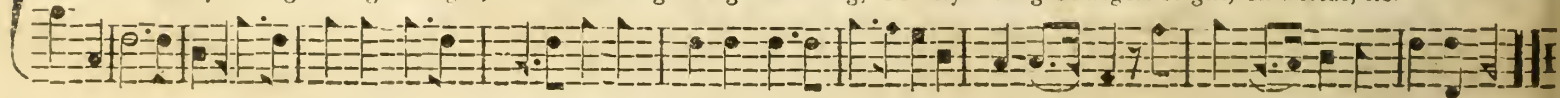
Ye tribes of Adam join With heaven & earth and seas, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise, To your Creator's praise.

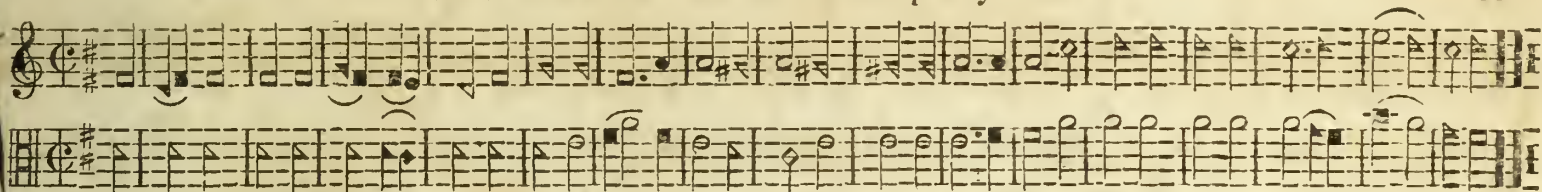


Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song, Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds, &c.

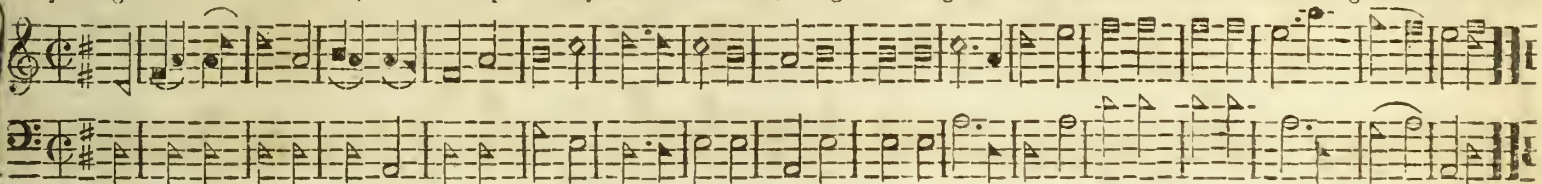


Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song, Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds, &c.

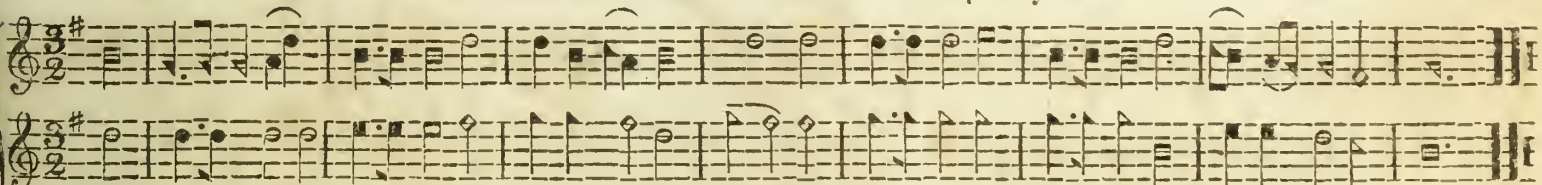




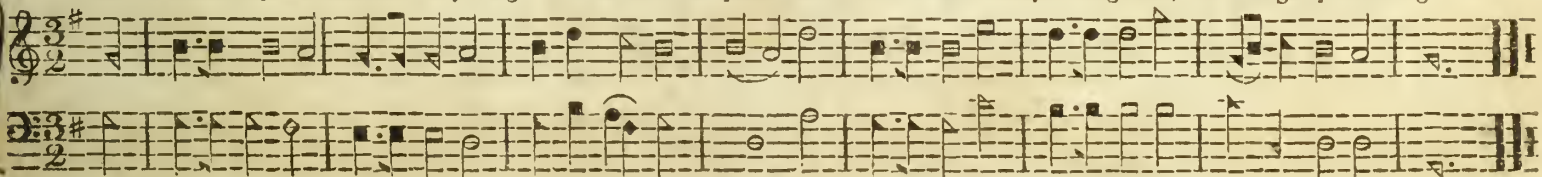
All ye bright armies of the skies, Go worship where your Saviour lies; Angels & kings before him bow, 'Those Gods on high & Gods below.



ARLINGTON. C. M. Sharp Key on G.



Jesus with all thy saints above, My tongue would bear her part; Would sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.



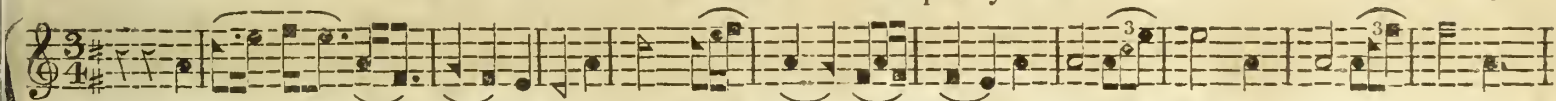
## H A L E. L. M. Sharp Key on C.

My God accept my early vows, Like morning incense in thy house, And let my nightly worship rise, Sweet as the morning sacrifice.

## C H A R M O U T H. C. M. Sharp Key on E.

Save me O Lord from every foe, In thee my trust I place, Tho' all the good that I can do, Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

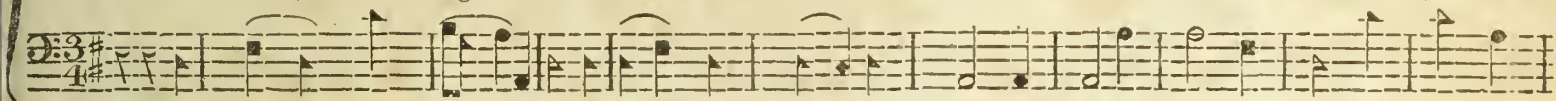




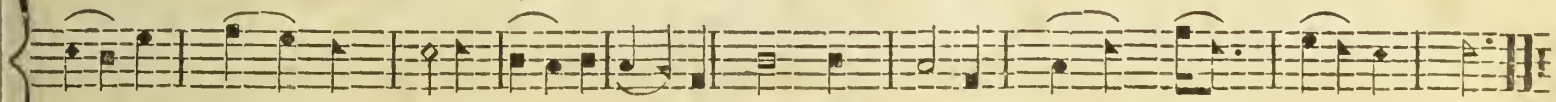
Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear, Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And



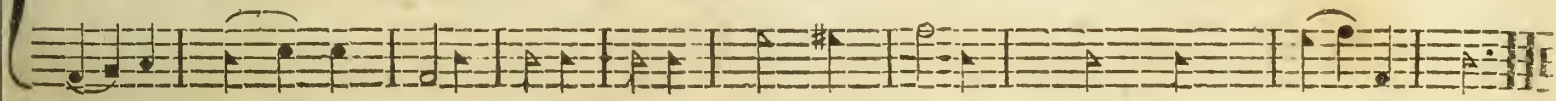
Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear, Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And



all the earth shall hear. Heav'n with, &c.

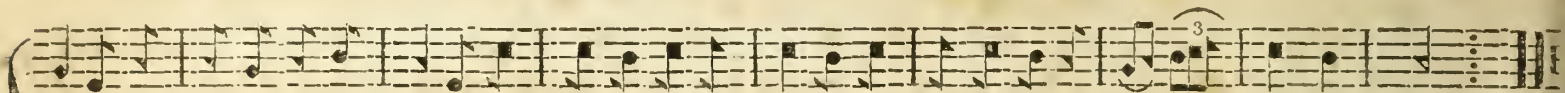


all the earth shall hear. Heav'n with, &c.





Hither ye faithful haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem haste the Lord of life to meet: To you this day is born a prince and

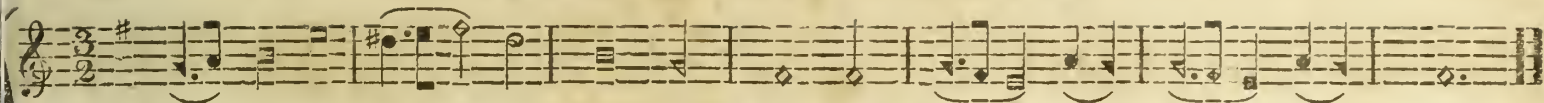


Saviour, O come and let us worship, O come and let us worship, O come and let us worship, at his feet.

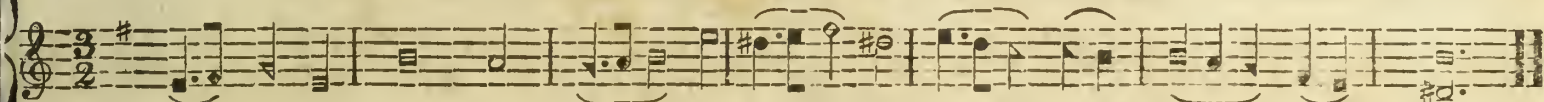


O Jesus, for such wond'rous condescension,  
Our praises and rev'rence are an offering meet;  
Now is the word made flesh and dwells among us;  
O come and let us worship at his feet.

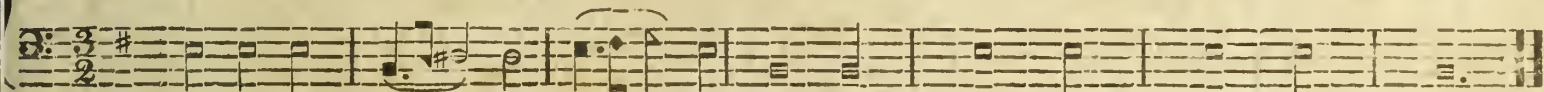
Shout his Almighty name, ye choirs of angels,  
And let his celestial courts his praise repeat;  
Unto our God be glory in the highest;  
O come and let us worship at his feet.



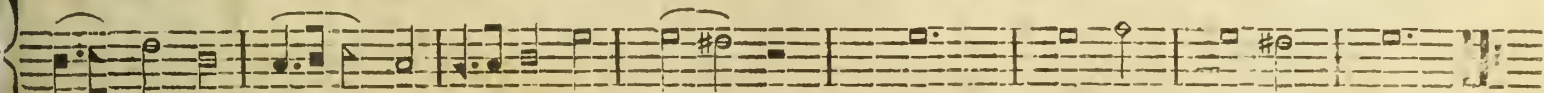
Now let our drooping hearts revive, And all our tears be dry;



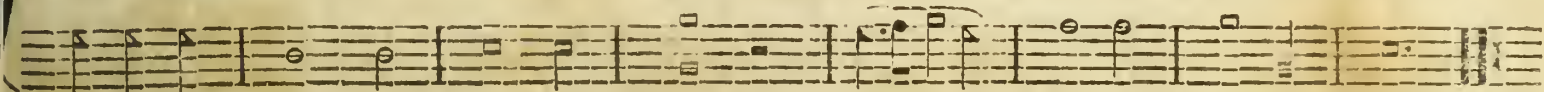
Now let our drooping hearts revive And all our tears be dry;



Why should these eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh?



Why should these eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh?



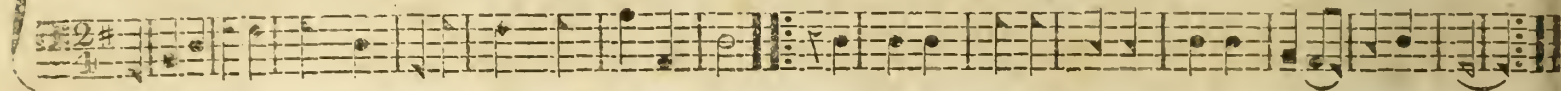




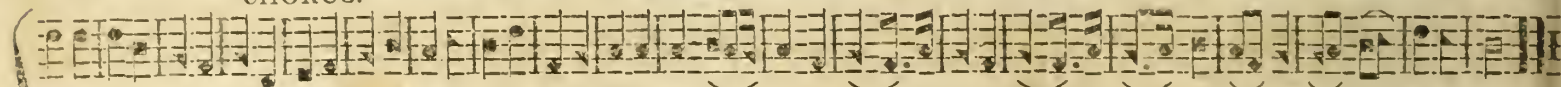
Sing to the Lord ye distant lands, Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue, His new discover'd grace demands, A new and nobler song.



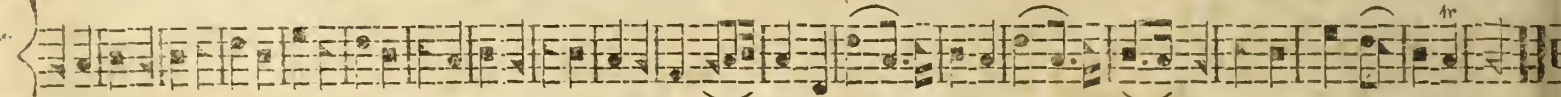
Sing to the Lord ye distant lands, Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue, His new discover'd grace demands, A new and nobler song.



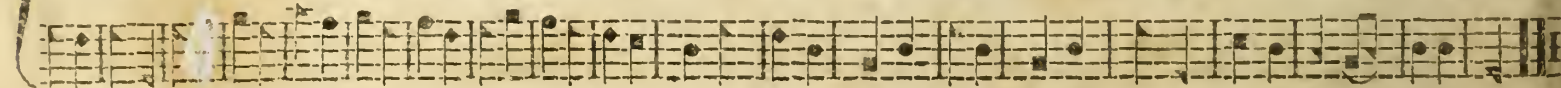
### CHORUS.

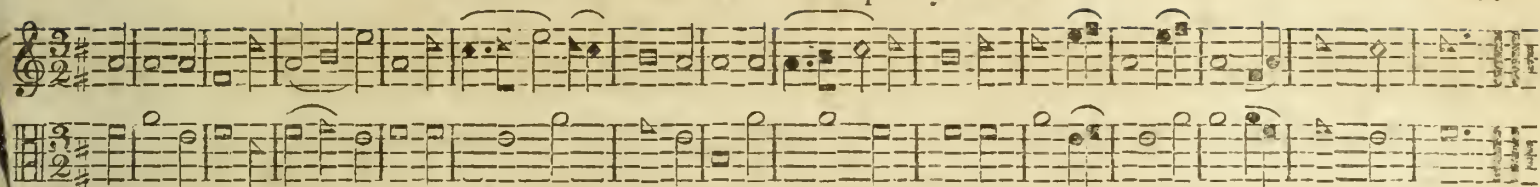


Glory, honor, praise and power, Be unto the Lamb forever; Jesus Christ is our redeemer, Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

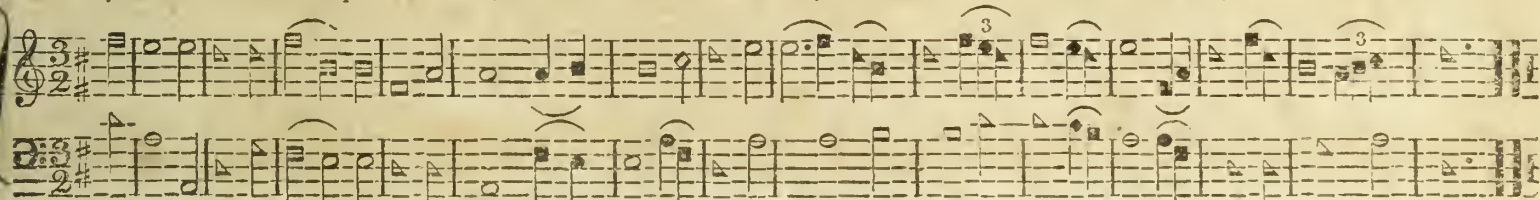


Glory, honor, praise and power, Be unto the Lamb forever; Jesus Christ is our redeemer, Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

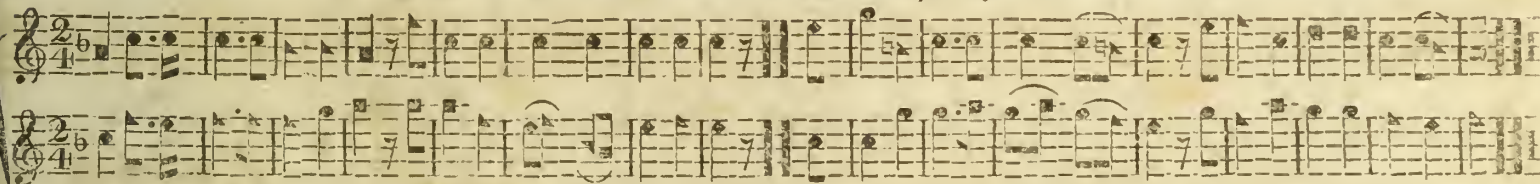




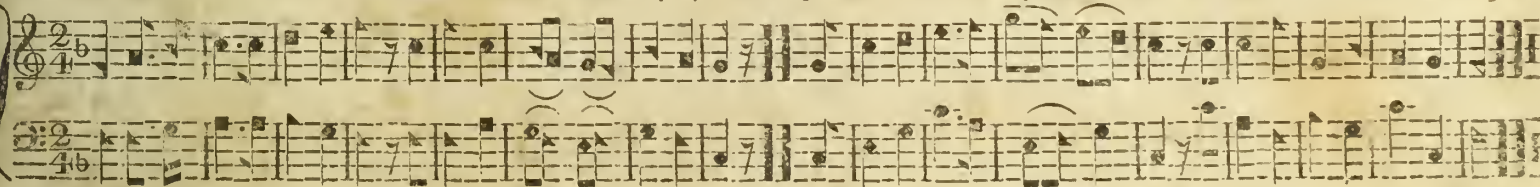
Why should we mourn departed friends, Or shake at death's alarms, 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call us to his arms.

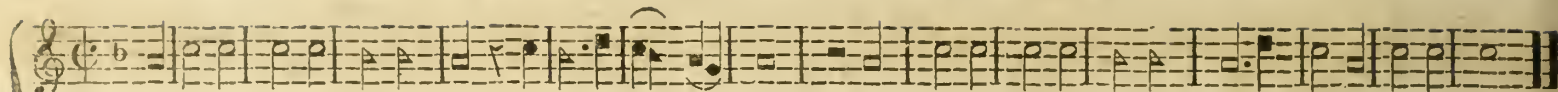


## TRURO. L. M. Sharp Key on F.

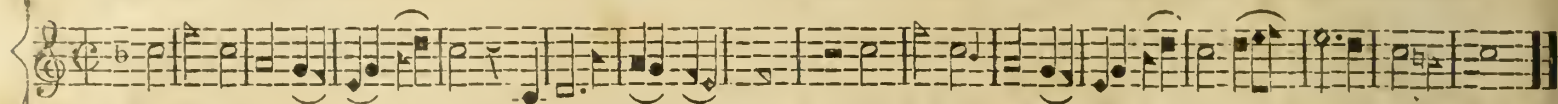


Father of mercies ! bow thine ear, Attentive to our earnest prayer ; We plead for those who plead for thee, Successful pleaders may they be.

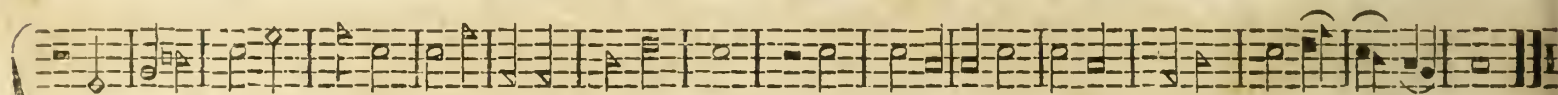
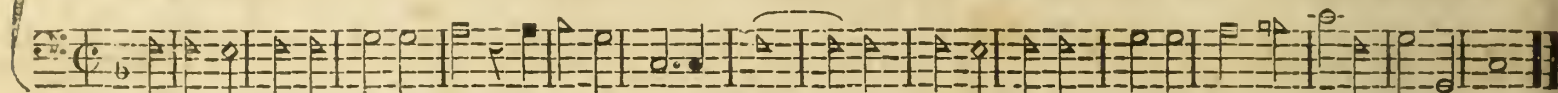




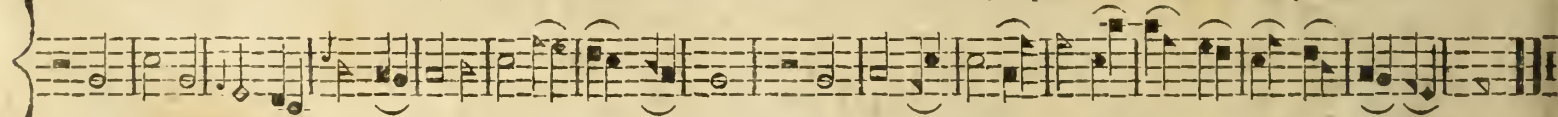
When fancy spreads her boldest wings, And wanders unconfin'd, Amid the various scenes of things, Which entertain the mind ;



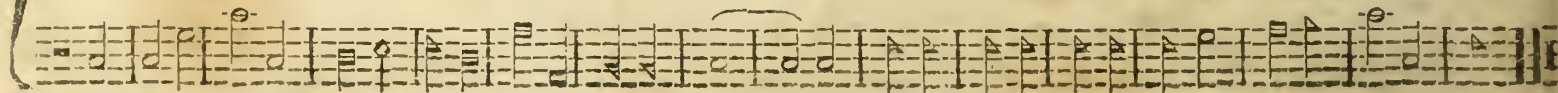
When fancy spreads her boldest wings, And wanders unconfin'd, Amid the various scenes of things, Which entertain the mind ;



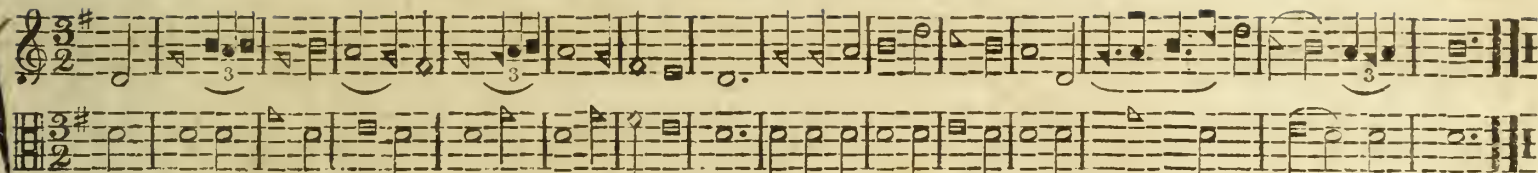
In vain we trace creation o'er, In search of sacred rest ; The whole creation is too poor, To make us wholly blest.



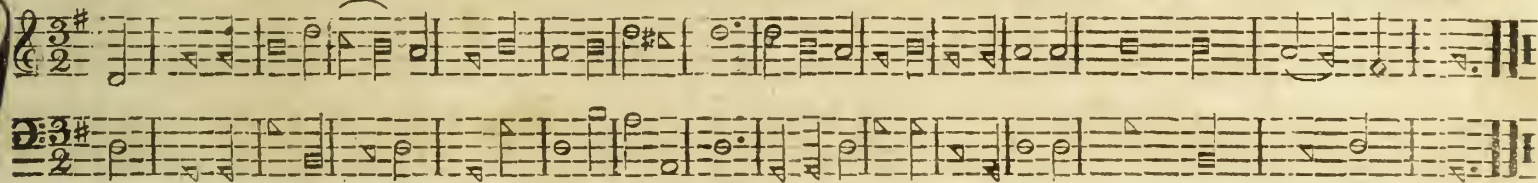
In vain we trace creation o'er, In search of sacred rest ; The whole creation is too poor, To make us wholly blest.



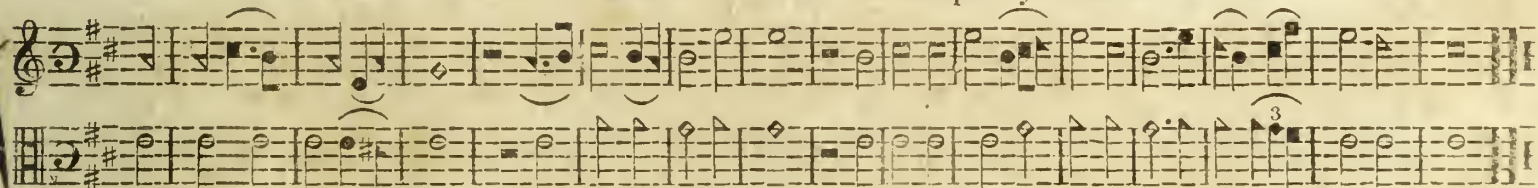




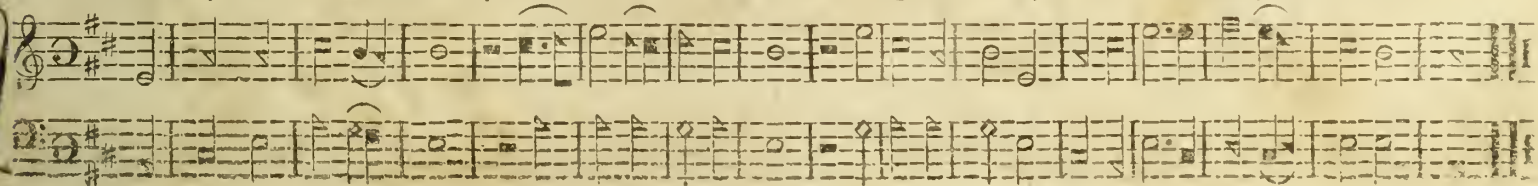
Come holy spirit, heavenly dove, With all they quick'ning powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love, In these cold hearts of ours.



ST. THOMAS. S. M. Sharp Key on A.



To bless thy chosen race, In mercy Lord, incline, And cause the brightness of thy face, on all thy saints to shine.



## A R U N D E L. C. M. Sharp Key on B.

Thou, God, all glory, honour, pow'r, Art worthy to receive ; Since all things by thy pow'r were made, And by thy bounty live.

## ST. A N N ' S. C. M. Sharp Key on D.

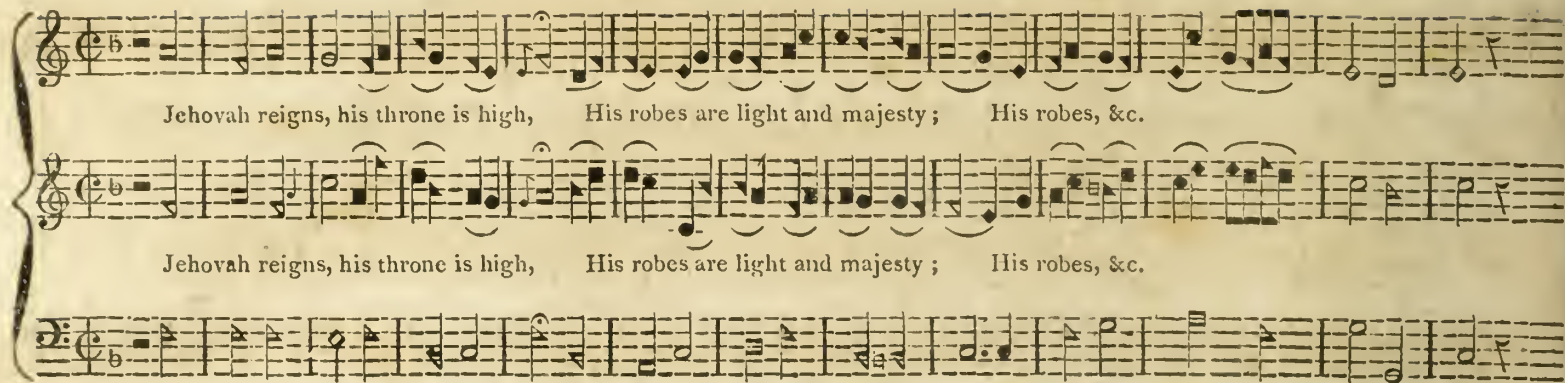
My God, my portion and my love, My everlasting all ; I've none but thee in heaven above, Or on this earthly ball.



Awake, my soul, to hymns of praise, To God the song of triumph raise: Adorn'd with majes-

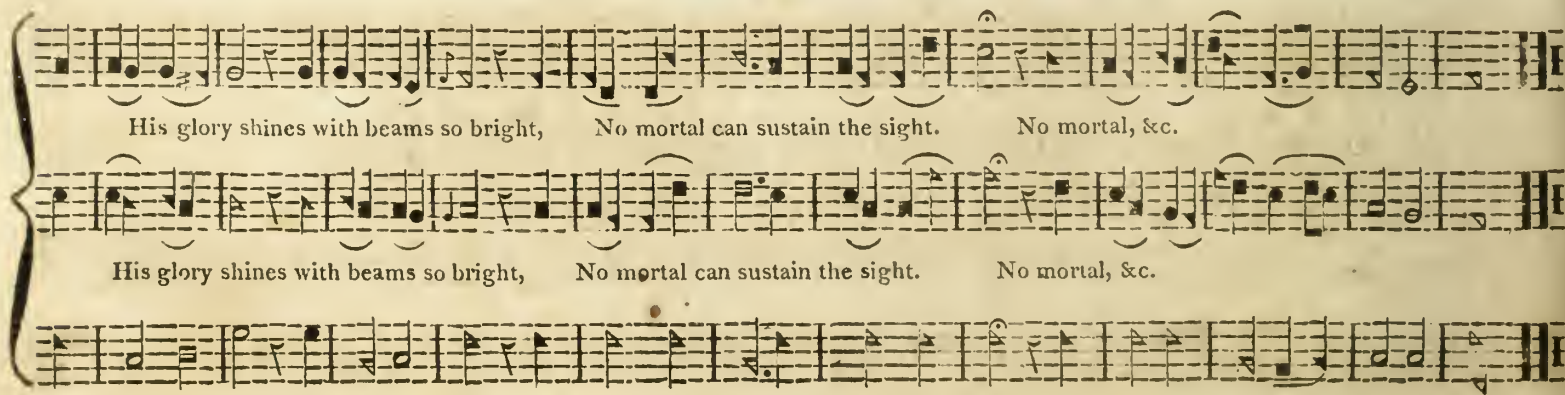
ty divine, What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine! What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine!





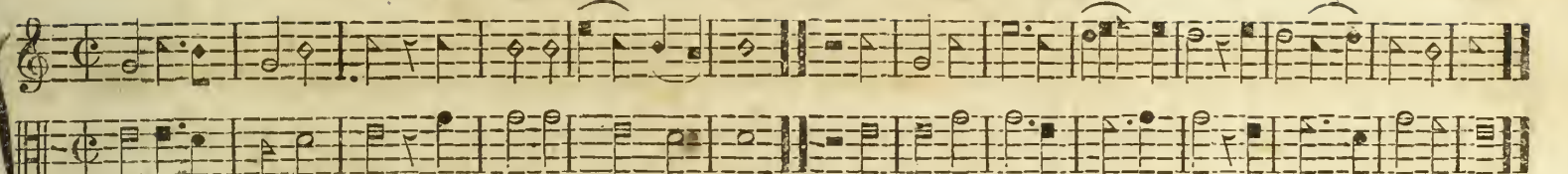
Jehovah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and majesty; His robes, &c.

Jehovah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and majesty; His robes, &c.




His glory shines with beams so bright, No mortal can sustain the sight. No mortal, &c.

His glory shines with beams so bright, No mortal can sustain the sight. No mortal, &c.

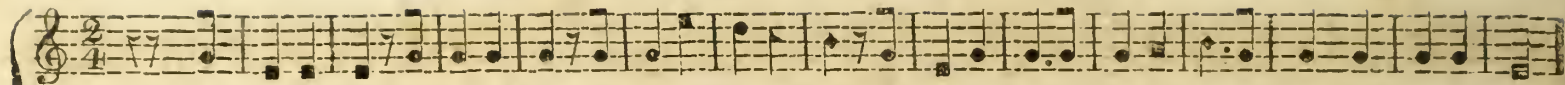


Come sound his praise abroad, and hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the sov'reign Lord, The universal King.

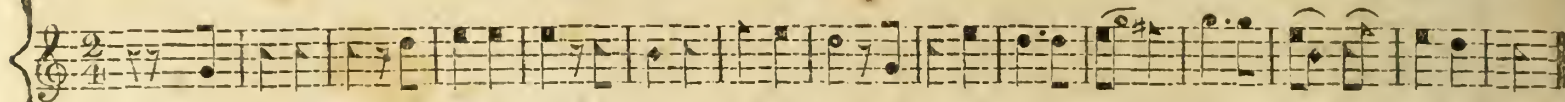


Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, :||: :||: :||: Praise ye the Lord.

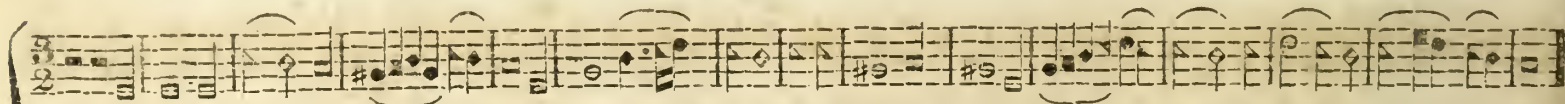




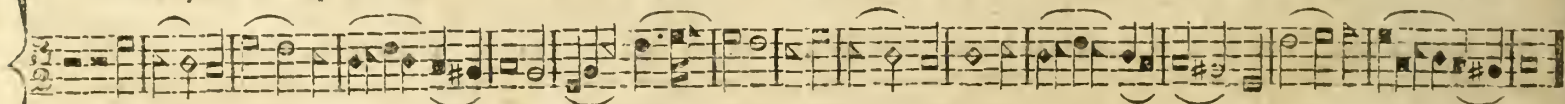
In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace he there reveals; To heav'n your joy & wonder raise, For there his glory dwells.



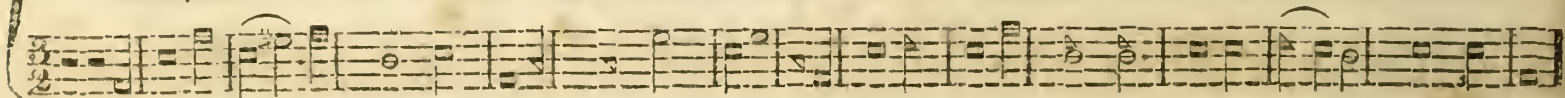
In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace he there reveals; To heav'n your joy & wonder raise, For there his glory dwells.



Let all your sacred passions move, While you rehearse his deeds, But the great work of saving love, Our highest praise exceeds.



Let all your sacred passions move, While you rehearse his deeds, But the great work of saving love. Our highest praise exceeds.





Hallelujah,

Hallelujah,

Praise ye the Lord,

Hallelujah,

Hallelujah,

Praise ye the Lord.

3. All that have motion, life and breath, Proclaim your Maker blest ; Yet when my voice expires in death, My soul shall praise him best.

*Sing the third verse in the first strain, and end with the Hallelujah.*

# EVENING HYMN. L. M. Flat Key on A.

1. Sleep, downy sleep, come close my eyes, Tir'd with beholding vanities : Welcome, sweet sleep, thou driv'st away The toils & follies of the day.

2. On thy soft bosom let me lie, Forget the world, & learn to die : O, Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread Thy guardian angels round my head.

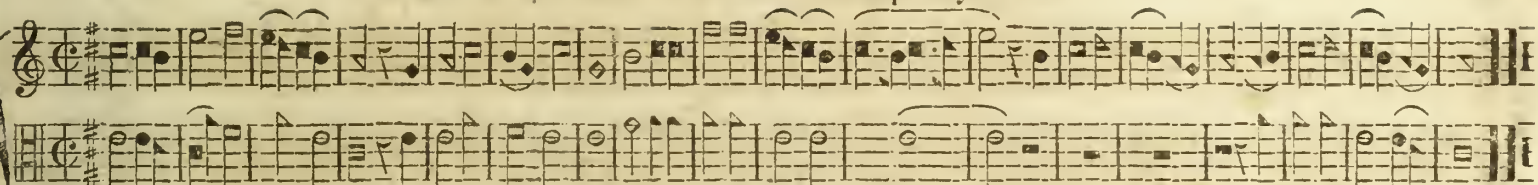
3. Let not the spirits of the air, While I repose, my soul ensnare ; But guard thy suppliant free from harms, Clasp'd in thy everlasting arms.

Ye that delight to serve the Lord, The honors of his name record, His sacred name forever bless;

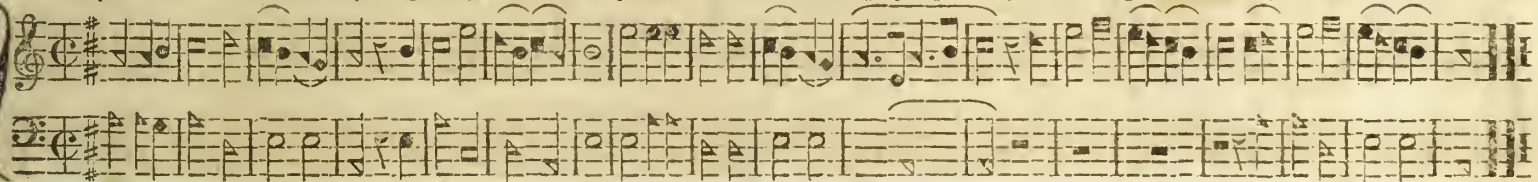
This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is in treble clef and the second in bass clef, both in 3/4 time. The music is written in sharp key (one sharp, F#). The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

Where'er the circling sun displays, His rising beams or setting rays, Let lands and seas his power confess.

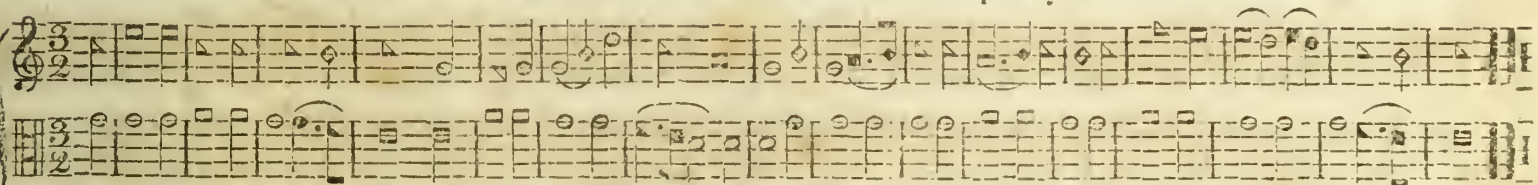
This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff is in treble clef and the second in bass clef, both in 3/4 time. The music continues in sharp key. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.



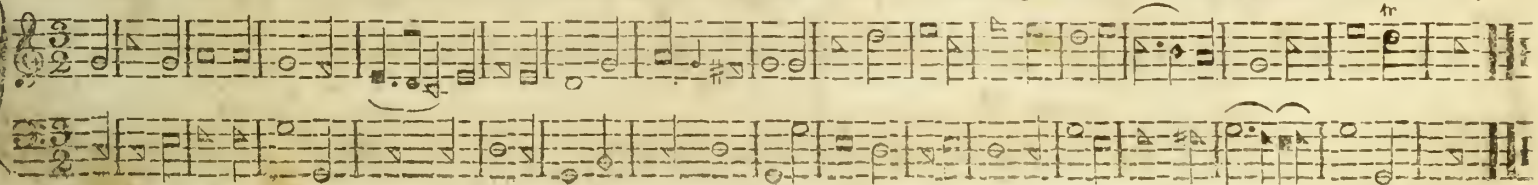
With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy wonders I'll proclaim, Thou sov'reign judge of right & wrong, Wilt put my foes to shame, Wilt, &c.



WINCHESTER. L. M. Sharp Key on C.



My refuge is the God of love, Why do my foes insult and cry, Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove, To distant woods and mountains fly.



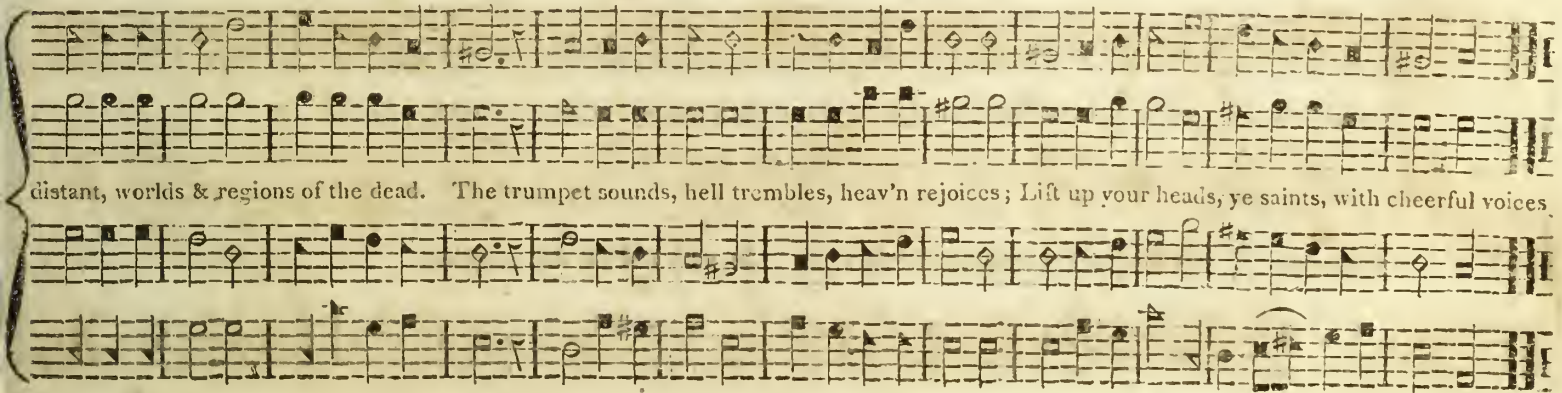
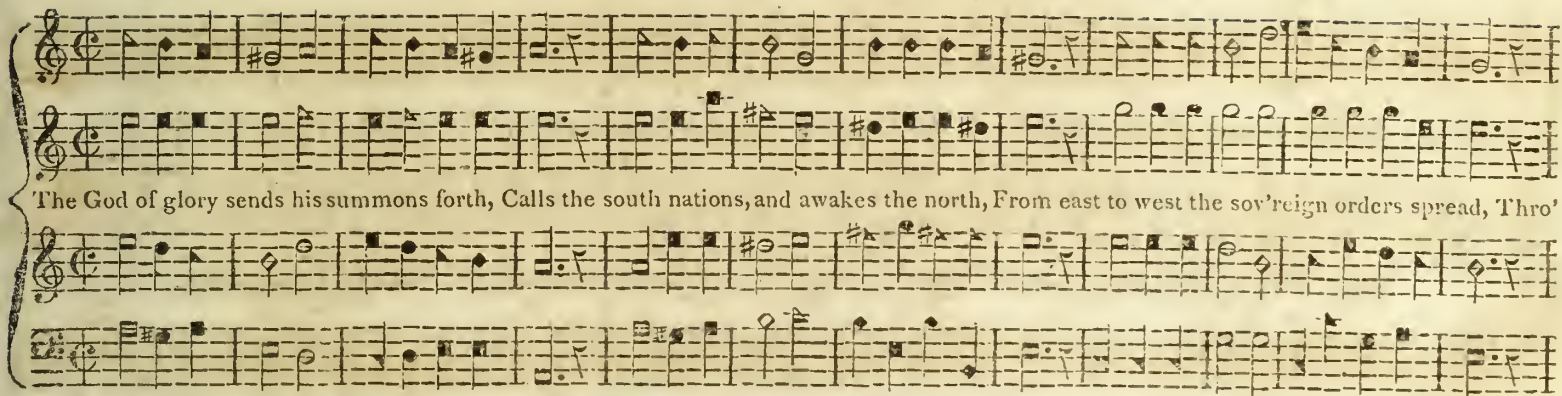


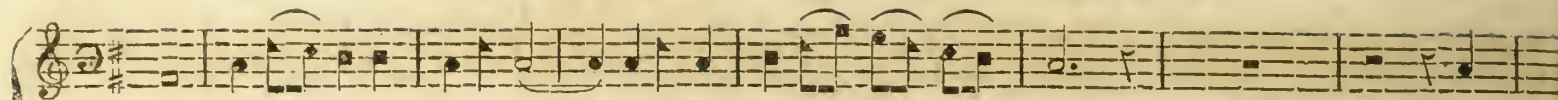
O praise ye the Lord Prepare your glad voice His praise in the great Assembly to sing;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the first part of the hymn. The second staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains the melody for the second part of the hymn. The third staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains the melody for the third part of the hymn. The fourth staff is a vocal line with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains the melody for the fourth part of the hymn. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

In our great Creator Let Isreal rejoice, And children of Zion Be glad in their King.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains the melody for the first part of the hymn. The second staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains the melody for the second part of the hymn. The third staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains the melody for the third part of the hymn. The fourth staff is a vocal line with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It contains the melody for the fourth part of the hymn. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

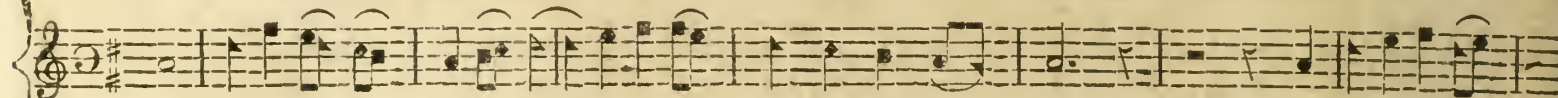




Bless, O my soul, the living God,

Call home my thoughts that rove abroad;

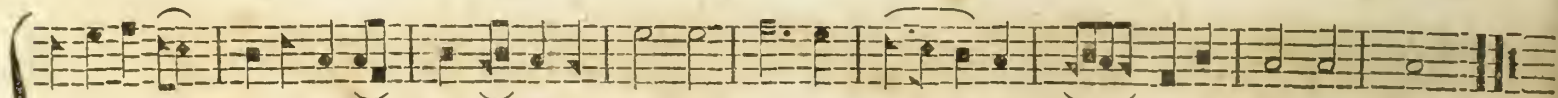
Let all the powers with-



Bless, O my soul, the living God,

Call home my thoughts that rove abroad;

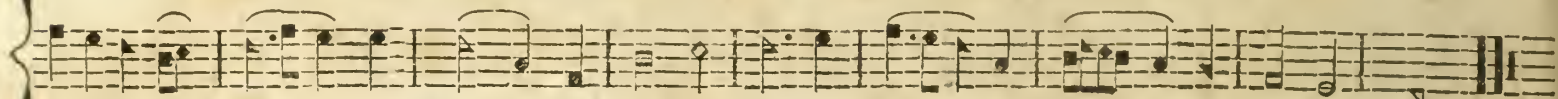
Let all the powers with-



in me join,

In work and worship so divine,

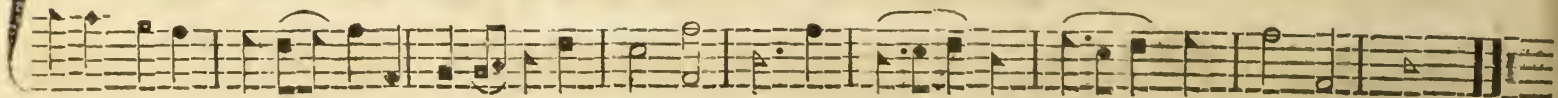
In work and worship so divine.



in me join.

In work and worship so divine,

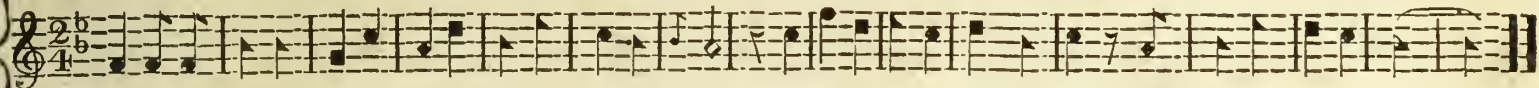
In work and worship so divine.



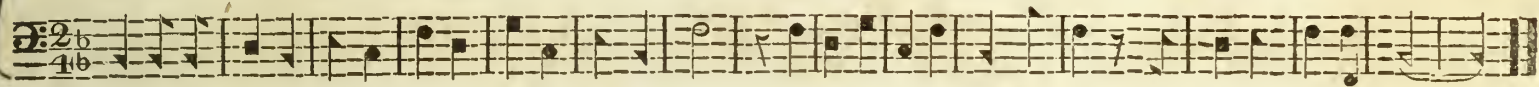




Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne, Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.



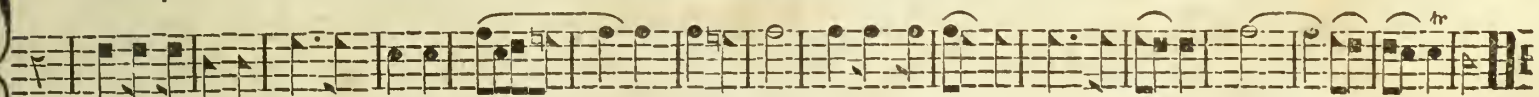
Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne, Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.



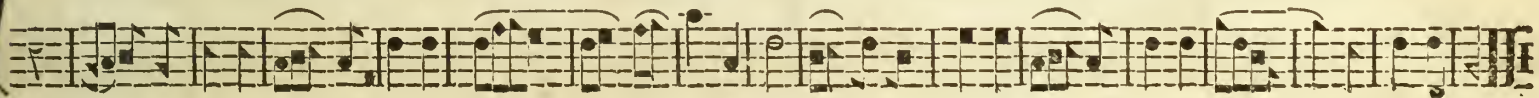
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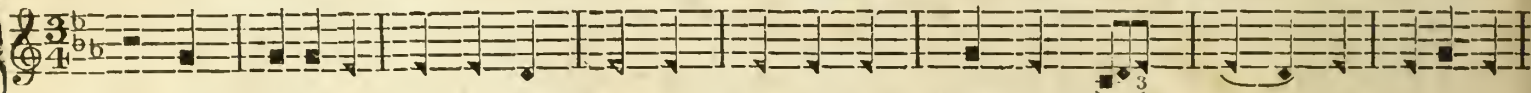
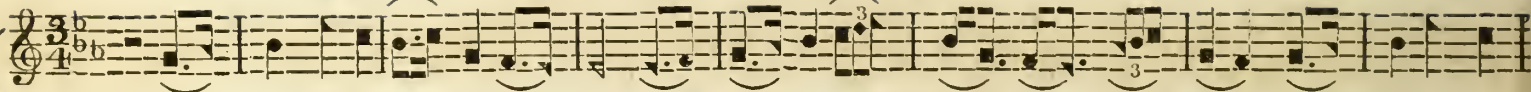


Worthy the Lamb that di'd, they cry, To be exalted thus; Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply, For he was slain for us.

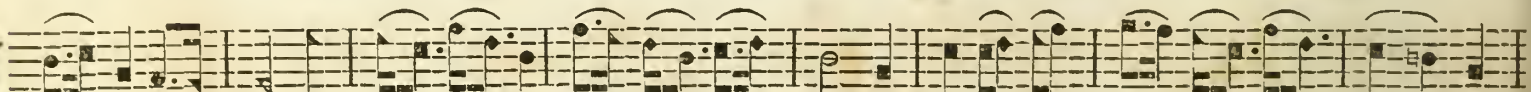


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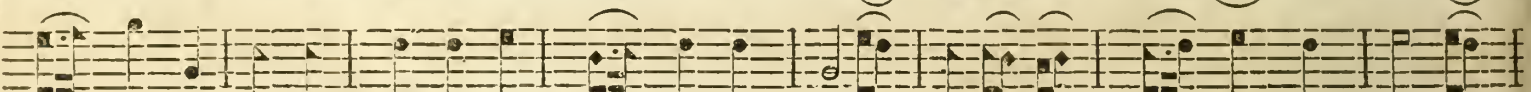
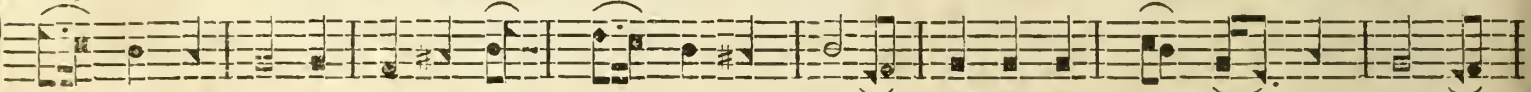




Encompass'd with clouds of distress, Just ready all hope to resign, I pant for the



light of thy face, And fear it will never be mine; Dishearten'd with waiting so long, I

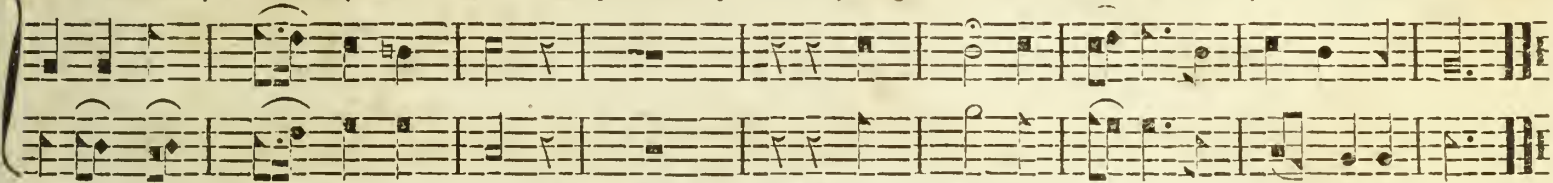




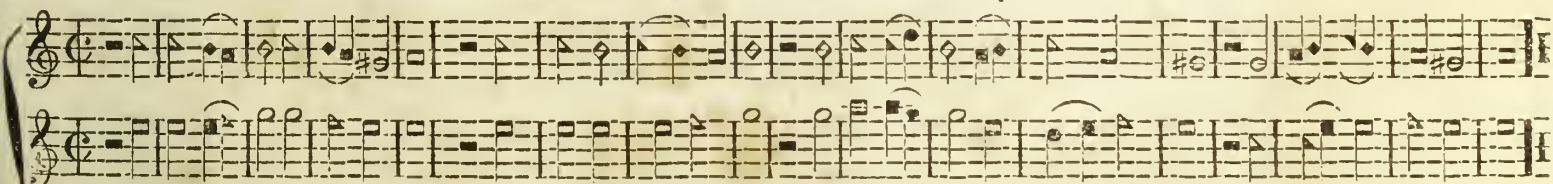
sink at thy feet with my load,

All plaintive I pour out my song,

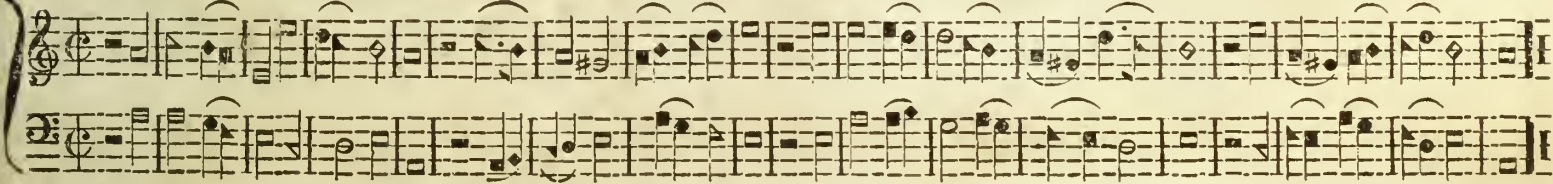
And stretch forth my hands unto God.



W A L S A L. C. M. Flat Key on A.



Lord in the morning thou shalt hear, My voice ascending high ; To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.



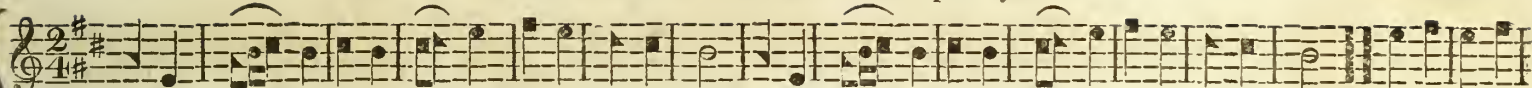


My shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is his name; In

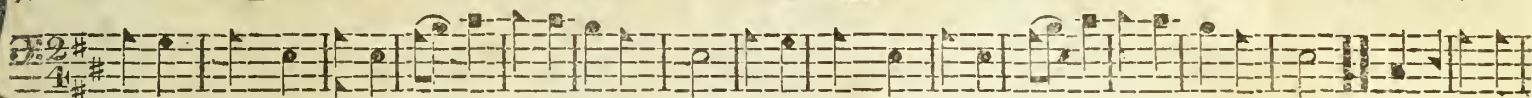
My shepherd will supply my need, Jehovah is his name; In

pastures fresh he makes me feed, Beside the liv - ing stream.

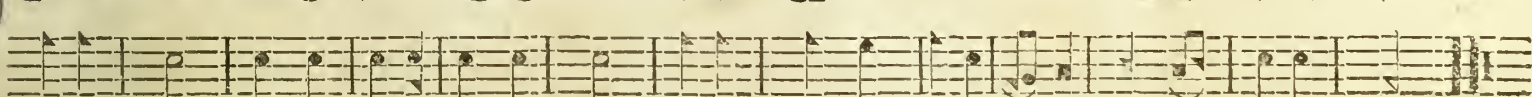
pastures fresh he makes me feed, Beside the liv - ing stream.



Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace ; Rise from transitory things, Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place. Sun and moon and



stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove ; Rise my soul and haste away, To seats prepar'd above.



2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their course ;  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upwards tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;  
Press onward to the prize :  
Soon our Saviour will return,  
Triumphant in the skies,  
Yet a season and you know,  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heav'n.

*Pomposo.**Pia.**For.*

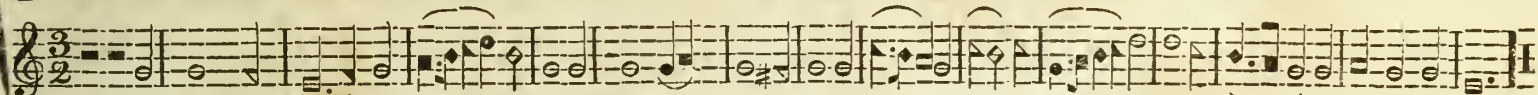
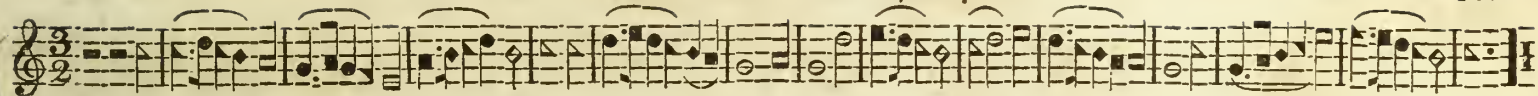
Guide me O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land ; I am weak but thou art

mighty, Hold me in thy pow'rful hand ; Bread of heav'n, Bread of heav'n, feed me till I want no more.

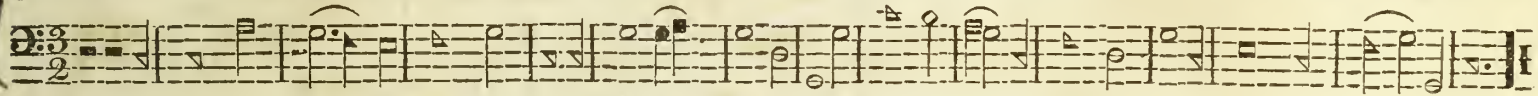
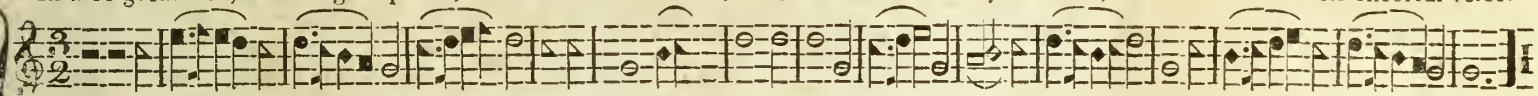
2 Open, Lord, thy chrystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through ;  
Strong deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

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





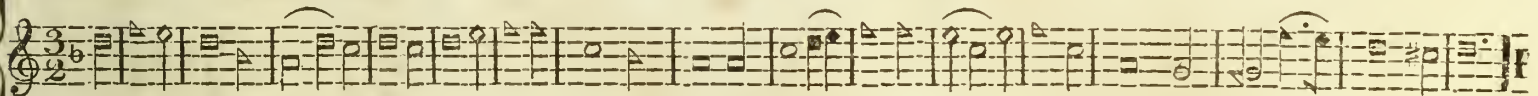
In thee great God, with songs of praise, Our favour'd realms rejoice ; And blest with thy salvation, raise To heav'n their cheerful voice.



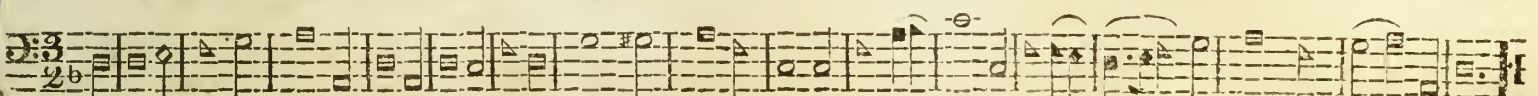
CIMBELINE. L. M. Flat Key on D.

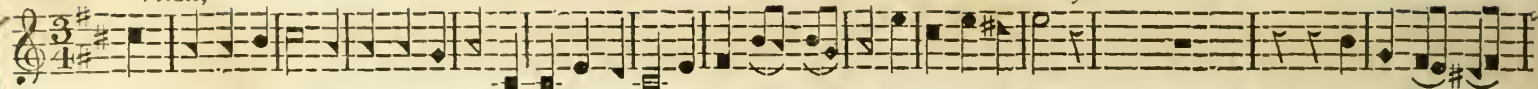


Now let our mournful songs record, The dying sorrows of the Lord, When he complain'd in tears and blood, As one forsaken of his God.

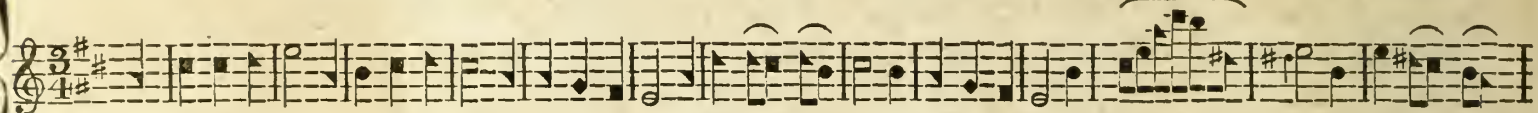


Now let our mournful songs record, The dying sorrows of the Lord, When he complain'd in tears and blood, As one forsaken of his God.

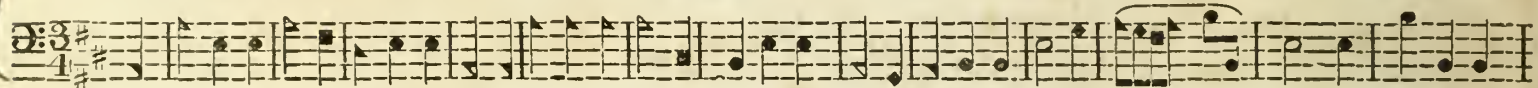


*Vivace,**Pia.**Forte.**Sym.*

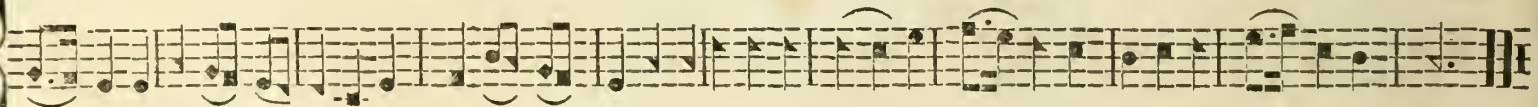
O what shall I do, My Saviour to praise! So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace, So plenteous in grace; So strong to de-



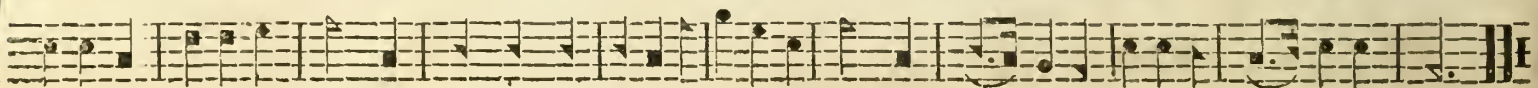
O what shall I do, My Saviour to praise! So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace, So plenteous in grace; So strong to de-



liver, So good to redeem The weakest believer that hangs upon him, The weakest believer that hangs upon him.



liver, So good to redeem The weakest believer that hangs upon him, The weakest believer that hangs upon him.



Air Moderate.

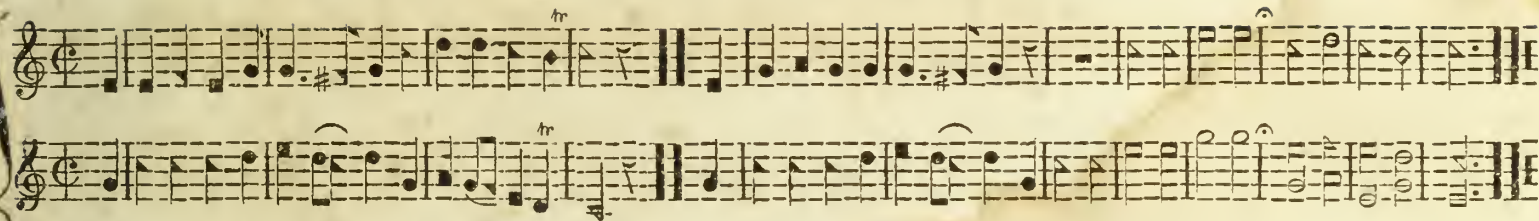
I wait - ed meek - ly for the Lord, 'Till he vouch - saf'd a kind re-

ply; Who did his gracious ear af - ford, And heard from heav'n my hum - ble



cry, He took me from the dismal pit, when foun - der'd deep, in mi - ry, clay;

On solid ground he plac'd my feet, And suffered not my steps to stray.



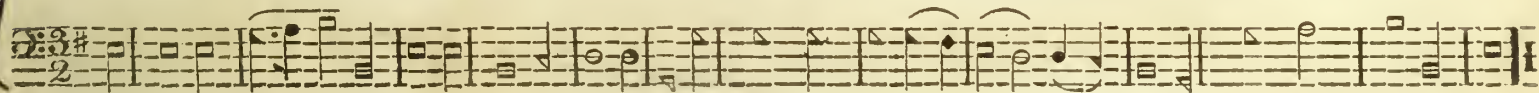
All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him, :||: :||: Crown him Lord of all.

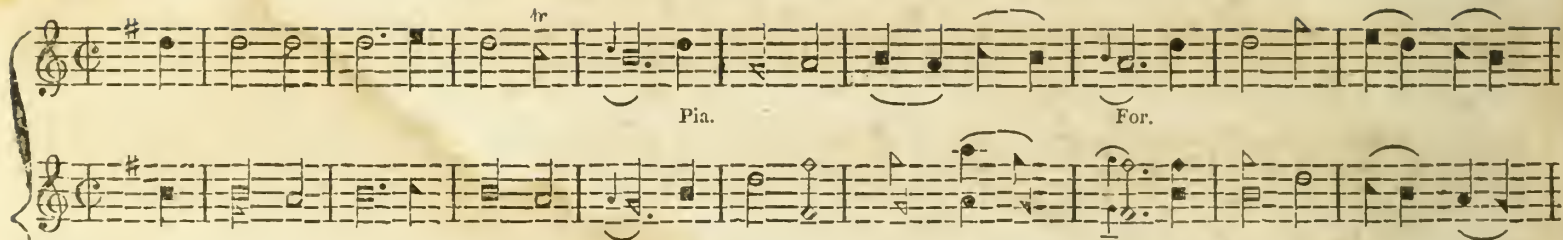


## OSSETT. S. M. Flat Key on E.



My God permit my tongue This joy, to call thee mine, And let my early cries prevail, To taste thy love divine.

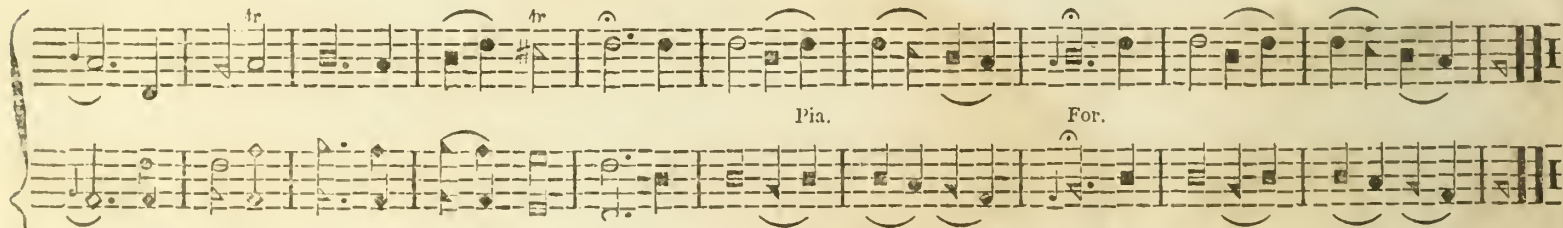
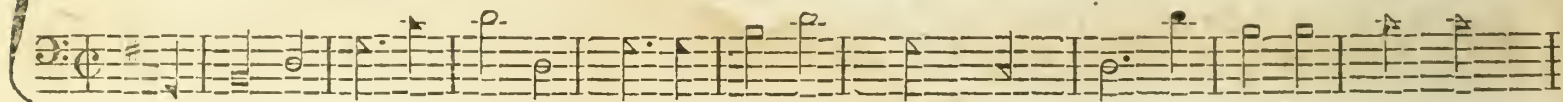




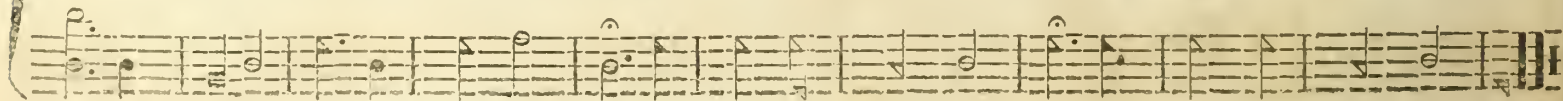
Joy to the world, the Lord is come,

Let earth receive her king ;

Let earth, &amp;c.



Let every heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing. And heav'n, &amp;c.





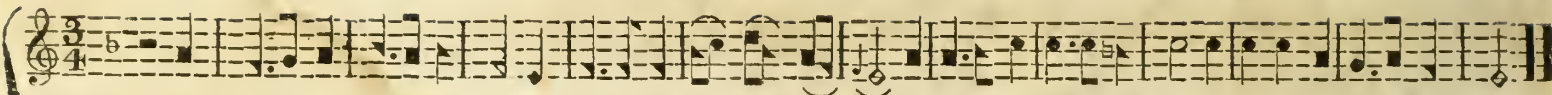
Once more, my soul, the rising sun, Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him that rules the skies.

F R O O M E.

S. M.

Sharp Key on B.

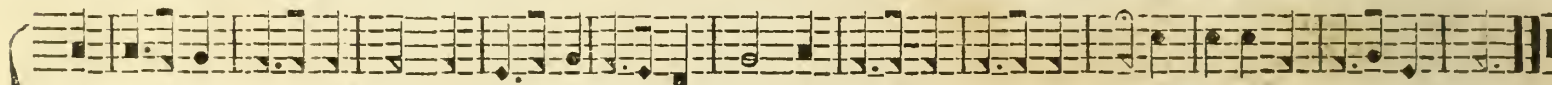
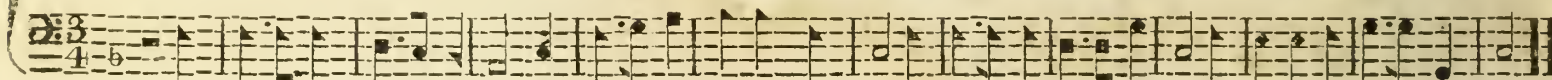
Shall wisdom cry aloud, And not her speech be heard? The voice of God's eternal word, Deserves it no regard? Deserves it no regard?



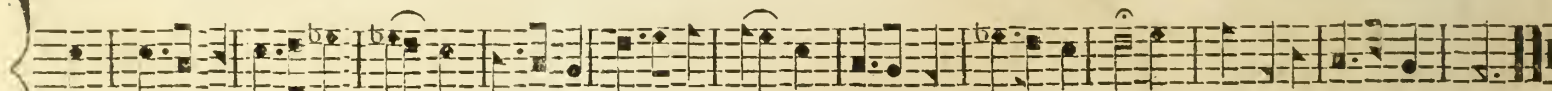
How sweetly along the gay mead, The daisies and cowslips are seen! The flocks as they carelessly feed, Rejoice in the beautiful green.



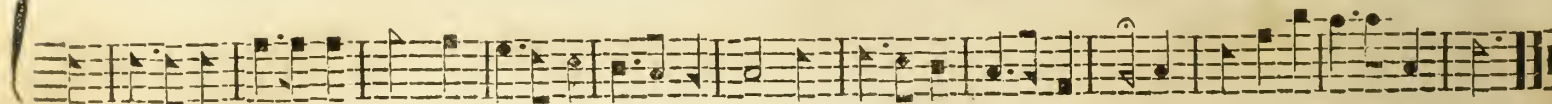
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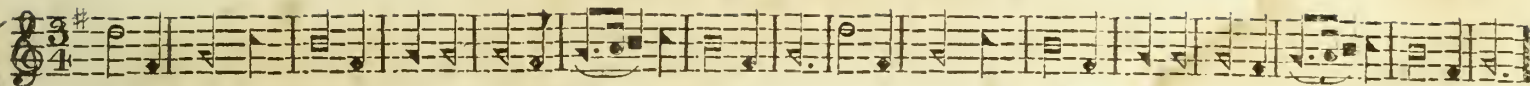


The vines that encircle the bowers, The herbage that springs from the sod, Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers, All rise to the praise of my God.



The vines that encircle the bowers, The herbage that springs from the sod, Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers, All rise to the praise of my God.

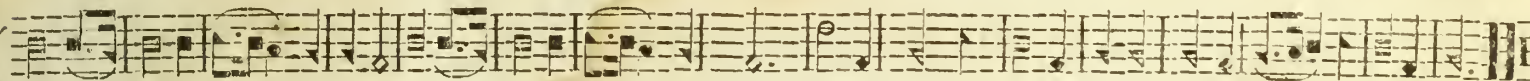
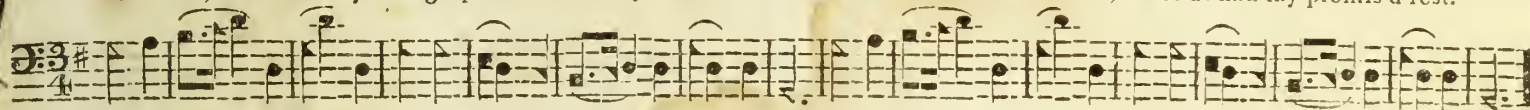




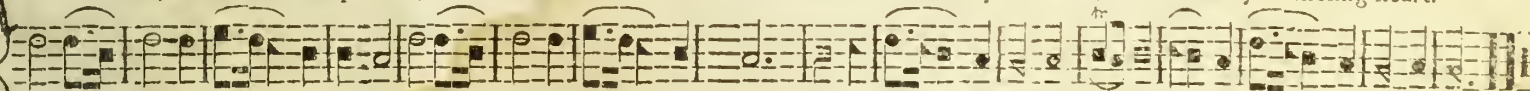
1. Love divine, all love excelling! Joy of heav'n to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown.



2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast! Let us all in thee inherit, Let us find thy promis'd rest.



Jesus, thou art all compassion, Pure unbounded love thou art! Visit us with thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.



Take away the pow'r of sinning, Alpha and Omega be, End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.



3. Come, Almighty to deliver  
Let us all thy life receive!  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave!

Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thine hosts above,  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy precious love.

4. Finish then thy new creation;  
Pure unspotted may we be!  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored by thee!

Chang'd from glory into glory,  
'Till in heav'n we take our place;  
'Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise,



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