

THE  
CHORISTER'S COMPANION.

PART THIRD.

CONTAINING

A Collection of approved HYMNS and ANTHEMS.

IN THREE AND FOUR PARTS;

Some of which never before printed.



NEW-HAVEN; Printed by T. and S. GREEN, for SIMEON JOCELIN and AMOS DOOLITTLE.

N. B. In the hymn-tunes, where the words are not set at large, they are to be sung in their order, 'till directed to repeat, by words interspersed.

# SELECT HYMNS.

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## HYMN for FEVERSHAM.

1. **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesu's Name,  
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

2. Ye who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears,  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4. Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin,

Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop---and taste redeeming love.

5. Welcome all by sin oppress'd,  
Welcome to the sacred rest,  
Nothing brought Him from above;  
Nothing but redeeming love.

6. He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,  
His tremendous foes and ours,  
From their curst empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.

7. Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each chearful string,  
Mortals join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN

HYMN for OLDFORD.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest, above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame---  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood ;  
While satan's fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;  
And, in his measure, feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his pow'r ;

( 4 )

We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

HYMN for DARTFORD.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings  
Thy better portion trace ;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Tow'rds 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 source ;  
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,

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 giv'n;  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

HYMN for CHATHAM.

1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,  
 To Thee---in my distress to Thee,  
 A worm of earth I cry;  
 An half awaken'd child of man,  
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
 A sinner born to die.

2 O God my inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my anxious heart  
 Eternal things impress;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 To tremble at the brink of fate,  
 And 'wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place in dread array  
 The pomp of that tremendous Day,  
 When thou in clouds shalt come,  
 To judge the nations at thy Bar;  
 And tell me, LORD, shall I be there,  
 To meet a joyful doom?

4 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,  
 Secure insensible!  
 A point of life, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to an heav'nly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell!

5 Be this my one great business here,  
 With serious industry and care,  
 My future bliss to ensure;

Thy



Thy righteous orders to fulfil,  
To suffer all thy sov'reign will,  
And to the end endure.

HYMN for HELMSLEY.

- 1 **L**O! He comes in clouds descending,  
Once for helpless sinners slain!  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train.  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah:  
All the angels cry Amen.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing, &c.  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate him, must, confounded,

Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
Come to judgment, &c.  
Come to judgment, come away!

- 4 Now redemption long expected,  
See! in solemn pomp appear!  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air!  
Hallelujah! &c.  
See the day of God appear.
- 5 Answer thine own bride and spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom,  
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home:  
All creation, &c.  
Travails! Groans! and bids thee come.
- 6 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High on thine eternal throne!  
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

O come quickly, &c.  
Hallelujah! come Lord, come.

HYMN for HEXHAM.

1 COME to Jesus, come away,  
Heard I not the Spirit say?  
Come, and all the sweetness prove,  
Of the Holy Ghost and Love:  
Come, and dwell forevermore,  
All in raptures burn, adore.

2 Come to Jesus, come away,  
Come to Jesus, do not stay;  
Jesus shed his precious blood  
T' you might swim in pleasure's flood.  
Jesus div'd into a sea  
Of the deepest wrath for thee.

3 Come to Jesus, come away;  
Virgin Spirit, shun delay:  
Jesus laid aside his robes,  
T' you may lay aside your sobs.

Jesus cloath'd himself with shame  
T' you may cloath you with his Name;

- 4 Come to Jesus, come away,  
This is thy espousal day:  
Come away, come to thy home,  
Come away to thy Bridegroom;  
To the world then bid adieu,  
Heaven see within thy view.
- 5 Come to Jesus, come away,  
Welcome with thy Lord to stay;  
Welcome to thy heav'n at last,  
Now the indignation's past.  
Roll, ye billows, roll and roar,  
Now thy treasure's safe ashore.

HYMN for EATON.

- 1 HARK! ye mortals, hear the trumpet,  
Sounding loud the mighty roar;  
Hark! th' Arch-Angel's voice proclaiming  
Thou, old Time, shalt be no more.

Rolling ages, rolling ages, rolling ages,  
Now your solemn close appears.

- 2 This great rolling frame of nature,  
That huge mass of blazing day,  
Yonder arch'd expanse of heav'n,  
Ye must all dissolve away:  
Hark ! th' Arch-Angel, &c.  
Swells the solemn summons loud.
- 3 See the gloomy prisoners rising,  
Hell's dark caverns gaping wide ;  
Wild confusion seize the chasteless,  
Horrors fill the spacious void :  
Come ye mountains, &c.  
Hide us from this dire revenge.
- 4 See the purple banner flying,  
Hear the judgment-chariot roll ;  
Hear the Saviour's words of mercy :  
" Come, ye ransom'd heav'n-born souls.  
Judge these nations, &c.  
Now they all shall feel my pow'r."

5 Hurl'd in countless numbers downward,  
See in wild disorder driv'n ;  
Tortur'd with despair and anguish,  
Left (and that for ever) heav'n,  
How tremendous, &c.  
Sounds their last decisive doom.

6 See the souls that earth despised,  
In celestial glories move ;  
Hallelujahs big with wonder,  
Praising Christ's eternal love :  
Hallelujahs, &c.  
Echo thro' the realms of light.

7 Joys ecstatic, hymns harmonious,  
In soft symphony resound ;  
Angels, seraphs, harps and trumpets,  
Swell the sweet angelic sound :  
Hail ! Almighty ! &c.  
Great eternal Lord, Amen.



## HYMN for GEORGIA.

1 **W**HAT good news the angels bring !  
What glad tidings of our King !

Christ the Lord is born to-day,  
Christ who takes our sins away,  
He who rules in heav'n and earth,  
Hath in Bethlehem his birth ;  
Him shall all his people see,  
And rejoice eternally.

2 Lift your hearts and voices high,  
With hosannas fill the sky ;  
Glory be to God above !  
God is infinite in love !  
Peace on earth, good-will to men !  
Now with us our God is seen :  
Angels join with us in praise,  
Help us sing redeeming grace.

3 Now the wall is broken down,  
Now the gospel is made known :

Now the door is open wide,  
Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd,  
All who feel the weight of sin,  
All who languish to be clean,  
All who for redemption groan,  
May be sav'd by Faith alone.

4 Jesus is the lovely name,  
This the angel doth proclaim :  
He shall all his people save,  
They in him remission have ;  
When they see themselves undone,  
They take refuge in the Son :  
They shall all be born again,  
And with him in glory reign.

5 Shout ye nations of the earth,  
Sing the triumphs of his birth ;  
All the world by him is blest ;  
Sound his praise from east to west,  
Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,  
Christ our common Lord and King ;

Christ

Christ our life, our joy, our song  
To eternity prolong.

HYMN for EVERS HAM.

1 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,

ANTIENT OF DAYS.

2 JESUS our LORD, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall !

Let thine 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 —

( 16 )

Our pray'r attend !  
Come ! and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success,  
SPIRIT of holiness,  
On us descend !

4 Come, holy COMFORTOR,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour !  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
And ne'er from us depart.  
SPIRIT OF POW'R !

5 To the Great one in THREE  
Eternal praises be  
Hence—Evermore !  
His sov'reign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore !

HYMN

HYMN for EDENBOROUGH.

1 HAIL holy, holy, holy LORD!  
Be endless praise to thee;  
Supreme, essential One ador'd,  
In co-eternal Three!

2 Inthron'd in everlasting state,  
E'er time its round began,  
Who join'd in council to create  
The dignity of man.

3 All that the name of creature owns,  
To thee in hymns aspire;  
May we, as angels on our thrones,  
Forever join the choir!

4 Hail holy, holy, holy LORD!  
Be endless praise to thee;  
Supreme, essential One ador'd,  
In co-eternal Three!

HYMN for PORTSMOUTH.

REJOICE, the Lord is King!  
Your Lord and King adore,

( II )

Mortals give thanks and sing  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love,  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus giv'n:  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand  
'Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet,

Lift

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home :

We soon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound Rejoice !

Hymn for AURORA.

2 **A**LMIGHTY God commands,  
And Sol doth straight arise,  
With wond'rous force pursues his course  
And shoots along the skies :

3 With what amazing speed,  
He wings his rapid way ;  
From morn to noon, from noon to night,  
And thus concludes the day !

4 Awake my drowsy soul,  
Arise and come away ;

The pretty birds in nature's words,  
Proclaim the rising day :

5 In concert sweet they join,  
And sing in various ways ;  
Their little throats are swell'd with notes,  
And fill'd with songs of praise.

6 Arise my soul arise,  
Shake off this sluggish load ;  
In morning song, your accents strong,  
Adore your maker God.

Hymn for STRATFORD.

2 **O**H ! how his purple streams did flow,  
His blood on man he did bestow :  
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,  
And pierced side ran down with blood.

3 What wisdom can conceive or know,  
What tongue or pen can truly show,  
The vast dimensions of his love,  
Or shew his power in Heav'n above ?

4 To



4 To God be praise and worship due,  
For giving us his only Son :  
Let's tune our souls, and him adore,  
In Hallelujahs evermore.

CHRISTMAS HYMN for BOSTON.

3 " **N**O gold, nor purple swadling bands,  
" Nor royal shining things ;  
" A manger for his cradle stands,  
" And holds the **KING** of kings.

4 " Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,  
" And see his humble throne ;  
" With tears of joy in all your eyes.  
" Go, shephers, kiss the **SON**."

5 Thus *Gabriel* sang, and straight around  
The heav'nly armies throng ;  
They tune their Harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song :

6 " Glory to God that reigns above,  
" Let peace surround the earth ;

" Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
" At their Redeemer's birth."

7 **LORD** ! and shall Angels have their songs,  
And men no tunes to raise ?  
O may we lose these usefess tongues  
When we forget to praise !

8 Glory to God that reigns above,  
That pitied us forlorn,  
We join to sing our Maker's love,  
For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN for SALISBURY.

2 **N**OTHING have I Lord to pay,  
Nor can thy grace procure ;  
Empty send me not away,  
For I, thou know'st am poor ;  
Dust and ashes is my name,  
My all is sin and misery ;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me !

3 With;

3 Without money, without price,  
 I come thy love to buy;  
 From myself I turn my eyes,  
 The chief of sinners I:  
 Take, O take me as I am,  
 And let me lose myself in Thee!  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb!  
 Thy blood was shed for me!

The CHILD'S REQUEST.

1 **T**HOU giver of my life and joy,  
 Let songs to Thee my tongue employ;  
 Whilst immature this feeble frame,  
 Teach me to list thy sacred Name.

2 May my fond genius, as I rise,  
 Seek the fair fount where knowledge lies,  
 On wings sublime trace heav'n's abode,  
 And learn my duty to my God.

3 From low pursuits exalt my mind,  
 From ev'ry vice of ev'ry kind;

Nor let my conduct ever tend  
 To wound the feelings of a friend.

4 Though golden flow'rs my paths should grace,  
 And joys salute me as I pass;  
 Yet may my gen'rous bosom know,  
 And learn to feel another's woe.

5 If Providence should lend me wealth,  
 And joys increas'd by peace and health;  
 Yet ne'er may I despise the poor,  
 Nor send them begging from my door.

6 Tho' poverty, with stern command,  
 Should grasp me in his iron hand,  
 In my distress may I receive  
 That kind relief I'd wish to give.

7 An ardent love for sacred truth,  
 Employ my infancy and youth,  
 Live in my life thro' ev'ry stage,  
 And ripen with my rip'ning age.

8 When time it's hoary frost has shed,  
 And silver'd o'er my feeble head,

May my calm mind reflect intent  
On length of days in virtue spent.

9 When Death his curtain shall o'er-spread,  
And wrap me in his awful shade,  
May my blest soul to youth arise,  
And triumph in its native skies.

Hymn for SINAI.

3 **W**ELL, let the nations start and fly  
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,  
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,  
When flame and noise torment the air.

4 Let noise and flame confound the skies,  
And drown the spacious realms below,  
Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's praise,  
And send our loud *Hosannas* thro'.

5 Celestial King, thy blazing pow'r  
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,  
We shout to hear thy thunders roar:  
And echo to our Father's voice.

6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,  
And lightnings round his char'ot play,

( 15 )

Ye lightnings, fly to make him room,  
Ye glorious storms prepare his way.

Hymn for JUBILEE.

2 **T**HE gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heav'nly grace;  
Ye happy souls draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face:  
The Year of Jubilee is come;  
Return to your eternal home!

3 Jesus our great high priest  
Hath full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits rest,  
Ye mburning souls be glad!  
The Year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

4 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in his blood,  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
The Year of Jubilee is come;  
Return to your eternal home!

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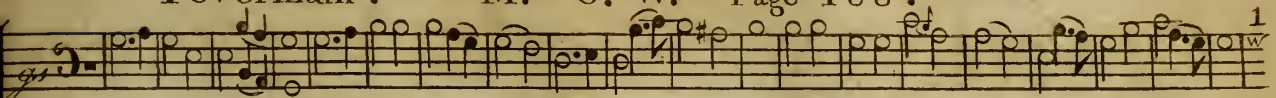
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††† The tunes with this mark (\*) have never before been printed.



Feverham . Mr G. W. Page 188 .



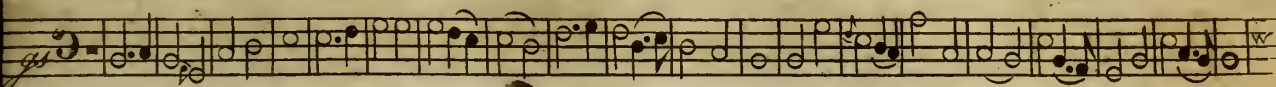
Loud

Soft

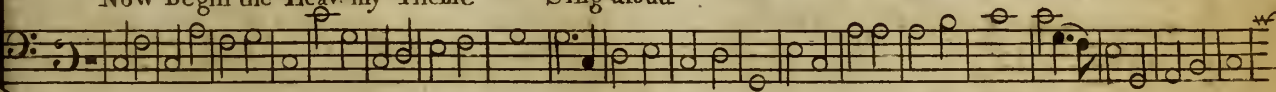
Loud

Soft

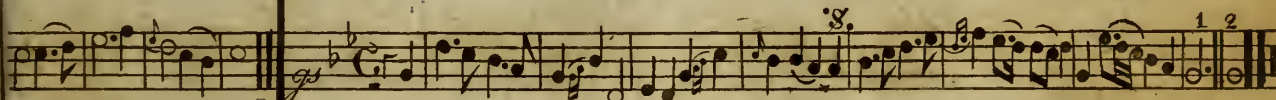
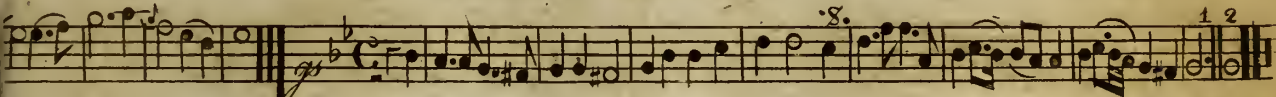
Loud



Now begin the Heavenly Theme Sing aloud

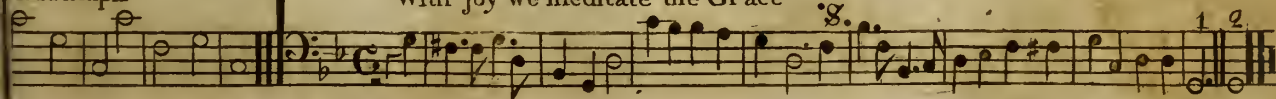


Oldford . Dr W.



Triumph

With joy we meditate the Grace



Soft Loud Soft

Rise my Soul thy better Rise from

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the treble clef, the middle is the alto clef, and the bottom is the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with dynamic markings 'Soft' and 'Loud' placed above the top staff.

Loud Soft Soft Loud Soft

Tow'ards Time Time Rise Rise Rise

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The dynamics 'Loud', 'Soft', 'Soft', 'Loud', and 'Soft' are written above the top staff. The lyrics 'Tow'ards', 'Time', 'Time', 'Rise', 'Rise', and 'Rise' are written below the staves.

Continued .

Chatham .

3

Slow

Rise

Thou God of glorious Majesty

A sinner, born to die.



# Helmfley .

4

8. *tr* *tr*

Loud. Soft, when repeated *tr* Soft Loud

8. *tr*

Lo he comes in Clouds descending. Hallelujah

8.

The musical score for 'Helmfley' is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It contains a melodic line with several trills marked 'tr'. The second staff continues the melody, with dynamic markings 'Loud', 'Soft, when repeated', 'Soft', and 'Loud' placed above the notes. The third staff features a lower melodic line, also in treble clef with one sharp, and includes the lyrics 'Lo he comes in Clouds descending.' and 'Hallelujah'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

# Hexham .

2/4

Slow

2/4

Come to Jesus, come away.

2/4

The musical score for 'Hexham' is written on three staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It is marked 'Slow'. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a lower melodic line, also in treble clef with one sharp and 2/4 time signature, with the lyrics 'Come to Jesus, come away.' written below it. The piece ends with a double bar line.



Very Slow

Hark! ye Mortals

This block contains the first system of a musical score, spanning measures 1 through 8. It consists of three staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second and third staves are in bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major). The tempo marking 'Very Slow' is placed between the first and second staves. The instruction 'Hark! ye Mortals' is placed between the second and third staves. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

This block contains the second system of the musical score, spanning measures 9 through 16. It continues the three-staff arrangement from the first system. The notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes marked with a 'tr' (trill) above them. The key signature remains consistent with the first system.

# Georgia.

M<sup>r</sup>. G. W. Hymn 32<sup>d</sup>.

Repeat the two last lines of the words,  
with the 1<sup>st</sup> strain, to close the Tune.

6

What good News the Angels bring!

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the hymn 'Georgia'. It consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed groups. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a trill (tr) in the final measure. The third staff is a bass line, primarily composed of quarter and half notes. The lyrics 'What good News the Angels bring!' are centered under the second staff.

# Everham.

M<sup>r</sup>. G. W. Page 181.

To the great One in 'Three

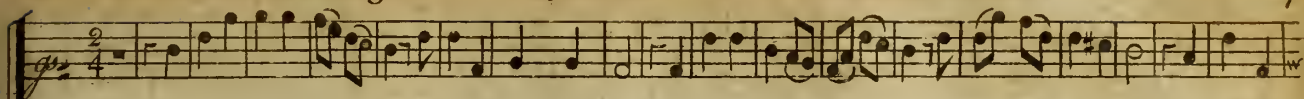
Love and adore.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the hymn 'Everham'. It consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed groups. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a trill (tr) in the final measure. The third staff is a bass line, primarily composed of quarter and half notes. The lyrics 'To the great One in 'Three' and 'Love and adore.' are centered under the second and third staves respectively.

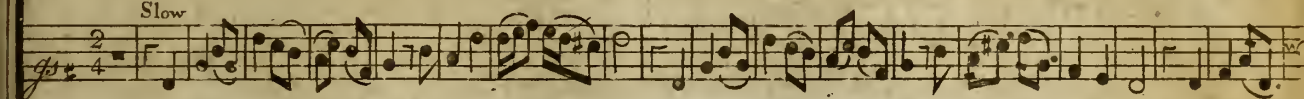
Edenborough .

Hymn 53<sup>d</sup> C. M. Double M<sup>r</sup> G.W.

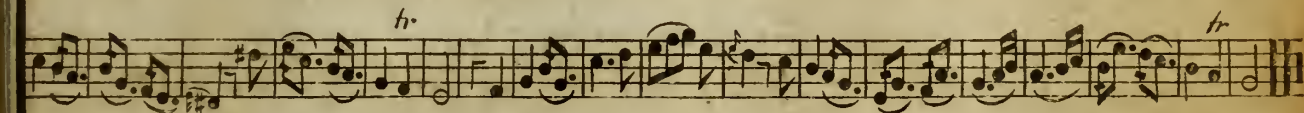
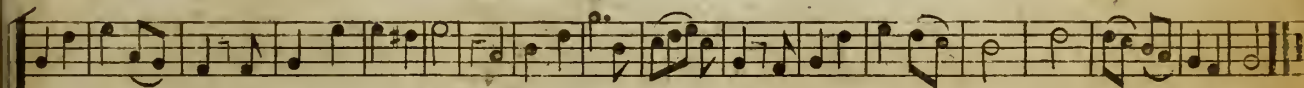
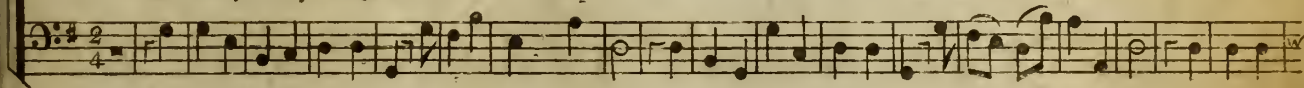
7



Slow



Hail Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!



The dig-ni-ty of Man.





## Portsmouth . Mr. G. W.

Slow Soft

Rejoice, the Lord is King! Mortals And

Loud Soft

Triumph Lift up your Hearts



The Dying Christian to his Soul: An ANTHEM. Words from Mr. Pope.

9

Vital spark of heav'nly flame! Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,

Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;

*Loud* *Soft*

Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying: Cease, fond Nature, cease the strife, Let me languish into Life.

Soft Continued.

Languishing

Hark! they whisper; Angels say, Sister Spirit, come away!

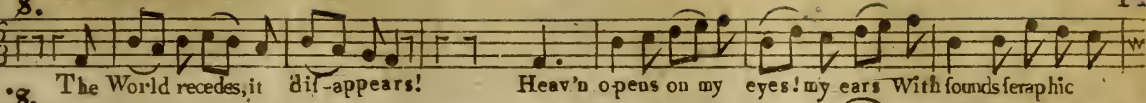
What is this, absorbs me quite,

shuts my sight,  
Steals my senses,  
Drowns my spirits,  
draws my breath?

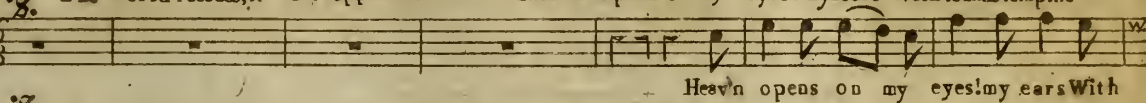
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

8. Continued.

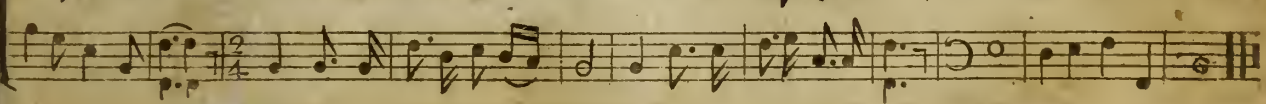
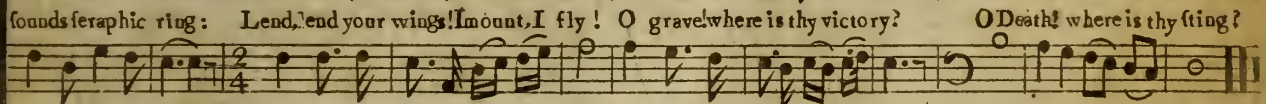
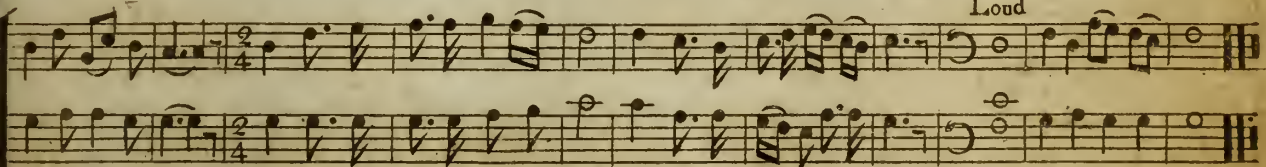
11



Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears With sounds seraphic



Loud





## Hartford.

Words from Relly.

First system of musical notation for 'Hartford'. It consists of four staves. The top staff is for the Soprano voice, the second for the Alto voice, the third for the Tenor voice, and the fourth for the Bass voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics 'Glorious Jesus, glorious Jesus; Thy dear name to praise: This shall please us, this shall please us, Greatly, all our days.' are written below the staves.

Glorious Jesus, glorious Jesus; Thy dear name to praise: This shall please us, this shall please us, Greatly, all our days.

Second system of musical notation for 'Hartford'. It consists of four staves. The lyrics 'Oh thy beauties, how divine! How they, in the gospel, shine. Holy Saviour, live for ever; All our songs be thine.' are written below the staves. There are repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) at the end of each staff in this system.

Oh thy beauties, how divine! How they, in the gospel, shine. Holy Saviour, live for ever; All our songs be thine.



## Mendom.

Words from Relly.

13

My Redeemer, let me be, Quite happy at thy feet; Still to know my self and thee; Be this my bitter, sweet.

Look upon my infant state, And with a father's yearning bless: Don't thy ransom'd child forget, Nor leave me in distress.

He dies! He dies! the heavenly Lov---er dies! The tidings strike a doleful sound On my poor heart-strings

The first system of the musical score for 'Berlin' consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

deep he lies In the cold ca-verus of the ground. Come saints, & drop a tear or two On the dear bosom of your God,

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of four staves with the same key and time signatures. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Continued.

15

He shed a thousand drops for you, A 1000 drops of richer blood, A 1000 drops, a. 1000 drops, a 1000 drops of richer blood.

A Funeral Thought. Hymn. 63<sup>d</sup> Book 2<sup>d</sup> D. W.

Hark! from y<sup>e</sup> tombs, a dolefull sound, My ears attend the cry, "Ye living men come view y<sup>e</sup> ground Where you must shortly lie."



Shall Wisdom cry aloud And not her voice be heard? The voice of God's eter-nal Son, De-serves it no re-

The voice of God's e-ter-nal Son, Deserves it no re-gard? the  
-gard? The voice of God's e-ternal Son, Deserves it no regard? de  
The voice of God's e-ter-nal Son De-serves it no re-gard? Shall Wis-dom  
The voice of God's eternal Son, Deserves it no regard? de-serves it no re-gard? The voice of God's e-



Continued.

voice of God's eternal Son, Deserves it no re-gard? The voice of God's eternal Son, deserves it no re-gard?

Deserves it no re-gard, de--serves it no re--ga-----rd? The voice of God's eternal Son, deserves it no re-gard?

cry aloud, and not her voice be heard, and not her voice be heard?

eternal Son. Deserves it no re-gard, de--serves it no re--gard?

1 2 17

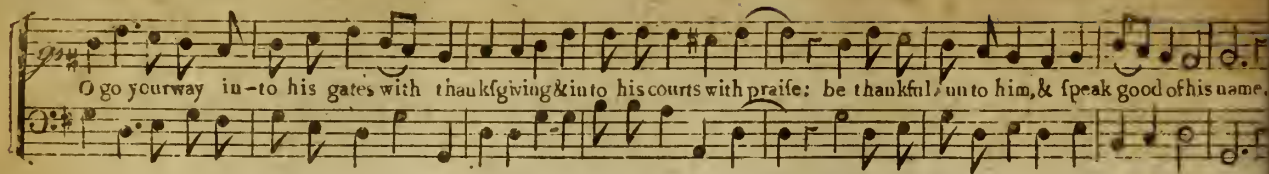
The Jubilate Deo A Morning Service. Pf. 100<sup>th</sup>

Tenor

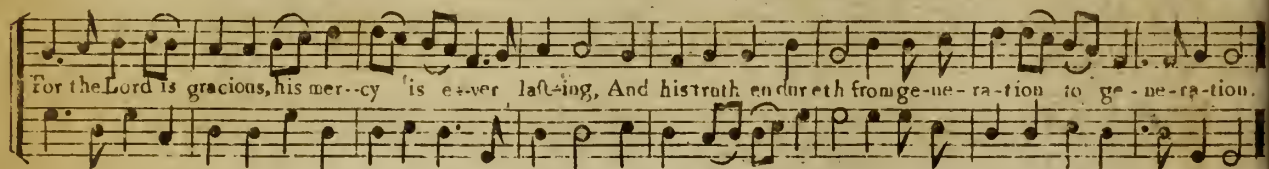
Bass

O be joy-ful, O be joy-ful in the Lord all ye lauds: serve y<sup>e</sup> Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song:

Be ye sure that y<sup>e</sup> Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us and not we our selves; we are his people and y<sup>e</sup> sheep of his pasture.

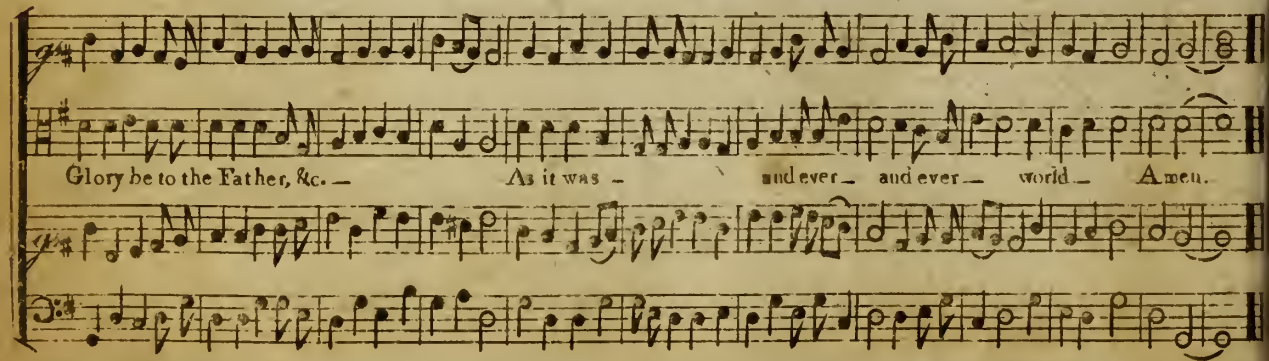


O go your way in-to his gates with thanksgiving & into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, & speak good of his name.



For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is ever last-ing, And his truth endureth from ge-ne-ra-tion to ge-ne-ra-tion.

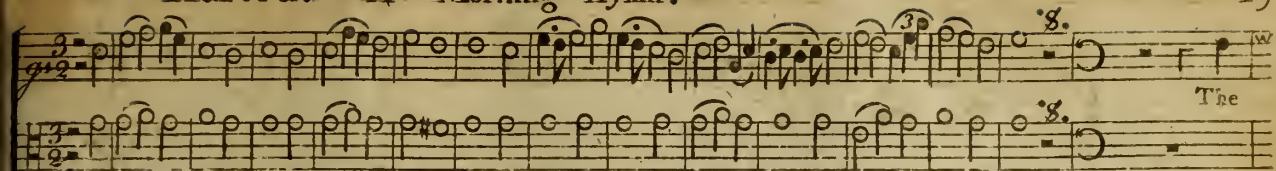
## D O X O L O G Y



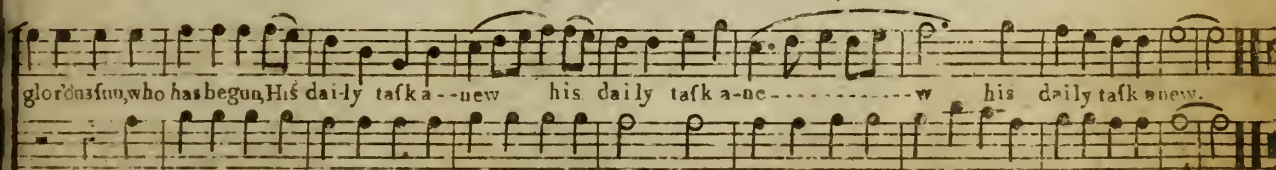
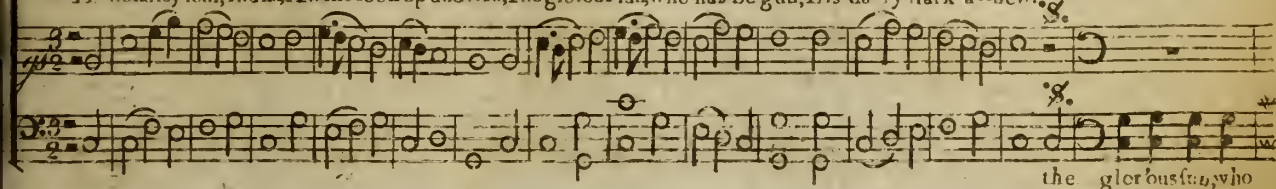
Glory be to the Father, &c. — As it was — and ever — and ever — world — Amen.

# Aurora. A Morning Hymn.

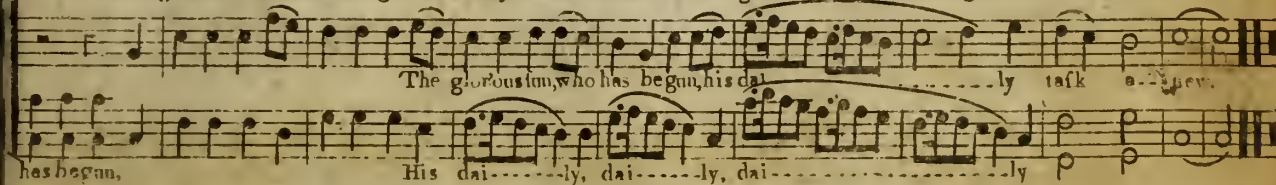
19



A wake my soul, awake, Awake look up and view, The glorious sun, who has begun, His daily task a--new.



The glorious sun, who has begun, his daily task a--new The glorious sun who has begun,





## Stratford. An Hymn for Good Friday.

Mour, mournye saints, who once did see,

Mour, mournye saints, who once did see, Our Saviour dear nail'd to the

Mour, mournye saints, who once did see,

Mour, mournye saints, mour, mournye saints, who oncedid see,

Saviour dear nail'd to the tree: A bitter death he did en--dure,

tree: nail'd to the tree: A bitter death he did en--dure, A bitter death he

Saviour, dear nail'd to the tree: A bitter death he did en--dure, A bitter death,

Saviour dear nail'd to the tree: A bitter death he did en--dure, A bitter death he did, A bitter &c.



Continued.

1 2 21

To save the souls of men,

did en--dure,

To save the souls, to save the souls of men se--cure.

To save the souls of men se---cure,

To save the souls of men se---cure,

Warren. M<sup>r</sup>. G. W. Hymn 35<sup>th</sup>

Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works & ways!

“Shep, herds, rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away; News from y<sup>e</sup> region of the skies, Sal vation's born to-day.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and the fourth staff is the basso continuo. The music is in G major (one sharp) and common time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Je - - sus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell w<sup>th</sup> you; To-day he makes his en trance here, But not as Monarchs - do”

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same vocal and basso continuo arrangement as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The music continues in G major and common time.

God of my sal-va-tion hear, And help me to be-lieve; Simply do I now draw near, Thy blessing to re-ceive.

Full of guilt and alas, I am, But to thy wounds for refuge flee: Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.



## \* The Child's Request. 8. A Modern Hymn

Thou Giver of my life & joy,

This musical score is for a hymn in G major, 8/8 time. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Thou Giver of my life & joy,' are written under the second staff. The music features a simple, child-friendly melody with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 8/8. There are repeat signs with first and second endings indicated by '1.' and '2.'.

## \* Sinai. Watts's Lyric Poems.

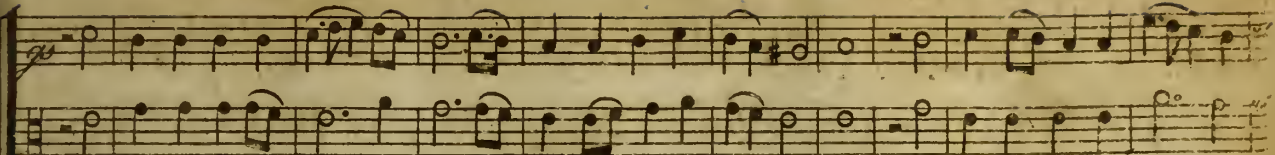
Teach me &c. O the immense! th' amazing height! The boundless Grandeur of a God!

This musical score is for a hymn in G major, 8/8 time. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Teach me &c.' and 'O the immense! th' amazing height! The boundless Grandeur of a God!' are written under the second and third staves respectively. The music features a simple, child-friendly melody with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 8/8. There are repeat signs with first and second endings indicated by '1.' and '2.'.

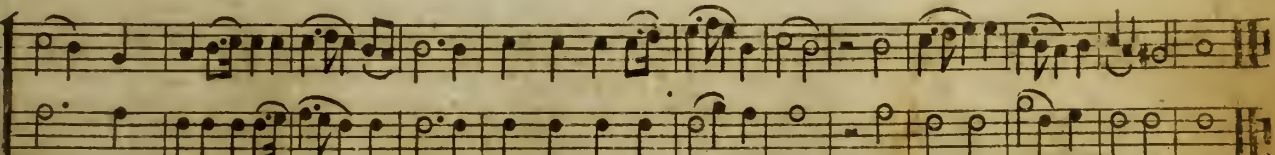


## Continued.

25



Who treads  $\frac{5}{4}$  world be-neath his feet! And sways the na-tions with his nod! He speaks & io all na--ture



shakes, Heav'n's everlasting pil---lars bow: He reads  $\frac{5}{4}$  clouds with hideous cracks, And shoots his fie-ry 'arrows thro'

And must this body die: This mortal frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay

And must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay, Lie mould'ring in the clay, And must these active limbs of mine lie mould'ring in the clay, Lie, And must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay? And must these active limbs of

Continued.

Jubilee. M: G. W.

27

in the clay, Lie &c -

clay, Lie mould'ring in the clay.

mould'ring in the clay.

mine Lie &c -

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, blow ye trumpet, blow

Blow ye the trumpet, blow the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, blow ye trumpet, blow

Blow ye the trumpet, blow the trumpet, blow

found, Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound: The year of jubilee is come, Retu . . . n ye ransom'd sinners home.





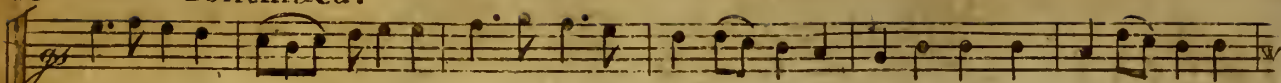


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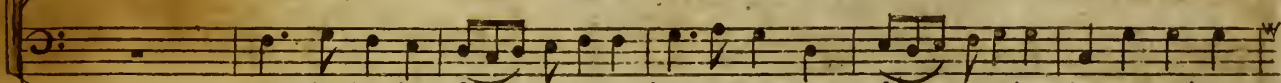
29

great-ly to be prai...f...ed, in the ci--ty o----f God, in the ci--ty of  
and great-ly to be prais-----ed, in the ci--ty of God, in the ci-ty of  
praised to be prai...f...ed, in the ci--ty of God, in the ci---ty of  
great-ly to be prai...f...ed, in the ci-ty of God, in the ci-ty of

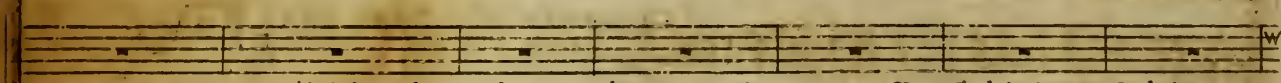
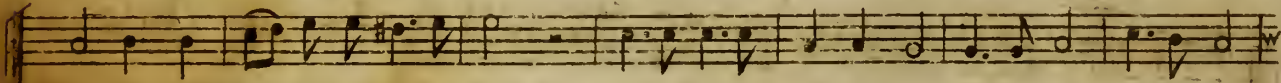
God, in the mon.....tain, in the monn-tain, in the mountain of his ho---li---nefs.  
God, in the mon.....tain, mon.....n-tain, in the mountain of his ho.....li.....nefs.  
God, in the mon.....tain, in the mountain of his ho-ly ho---li.....nefs.  
God, in the mon.....tain, in the mcn.....n-tain, in the mountain of his ho-ly holi---nefs.



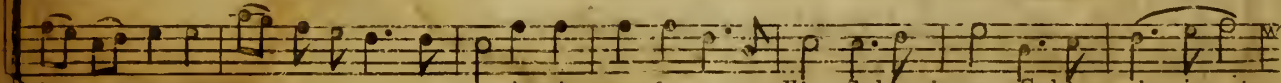
Beautiful for fi---tu--a--tion, beauti--ful for fi---tu--a--tion, is mount Zion, is mount Zion,



Beau-ti--ful for fi-----tu-a-tion, beau-ti-ful for fi-----tu a tion, is mount Zion,



on this side, on this side of the north, the ci--ty of our great King; God is known, God is known,



is mount Zion,

the ci--ty of our great King; God is known, God is known,

Continued.

31

a re-fuge; this is our God, this is our God for-e-ver.

in her pa-laces for our God for-e-ver.

a refuge; this is our God, this is our God, this is

a re---fuge; this is our God, this is our God, this is

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

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



Let ev'ry mortal ear at-tend, And ev'ry heart re-joice, The trumpet of the Gos-pel sounds With

an in-viting voice: The trumpet of the Gospel sounds With an in-viting voice, With an in-viting voice

The musical score is written on ten staves, organized into two systems of five staves each. The first system contains the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system contains the next two lines. The notation includes various musical symbols such as clefs, key signatures (one flat), time signatures, and note values. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple staves. The paper is aged and shows some staining.



