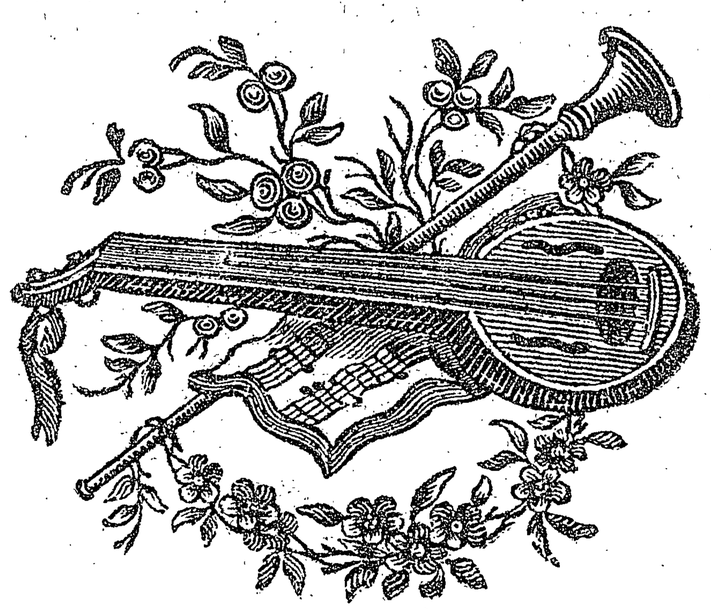

Funereal Music, for 22d February.

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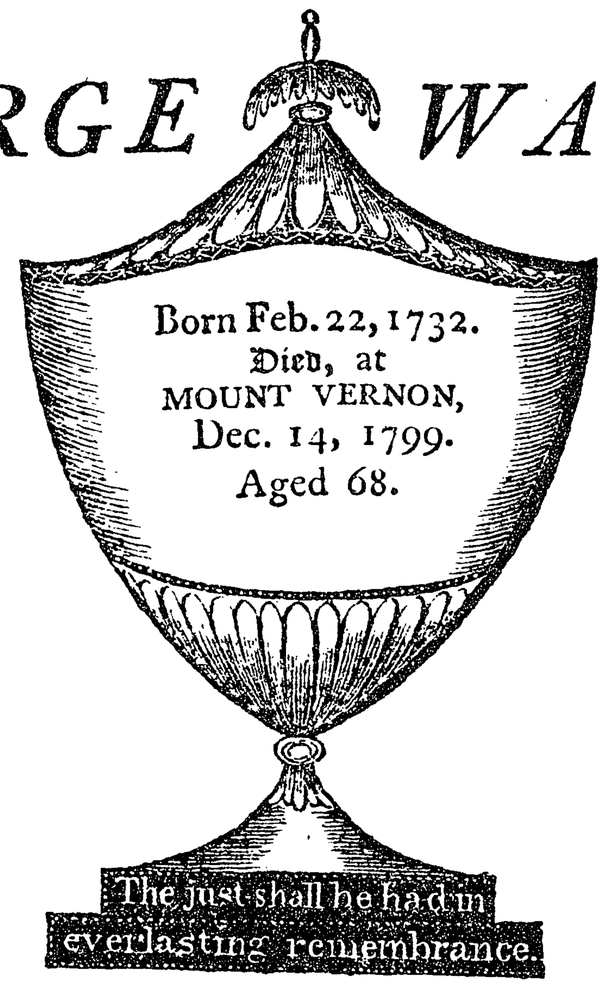
Sacred Dirges, Hymns, and Anthems,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE DEATH OF

GENERAL *GEORGE WASHINGTON*,



THE GUARDIAN OF HIS COUNTRY, AND

THE FRIEND OF MAN.

Whilst *Eloquence* repeats his praise,
And *Poesy*'s mellifluous lays
Hymn the great HERO's name ;

Music her soothing power applies—
O might her lofty numbers rise
Sublime as is his fame !

An Original Composition.

BY A CITIZEN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PRINTED AT BOSTON, BY *I. THOMAS* AND *E. T. ANDREWS*, N°. 45, NEWBURY-STREET.

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Case

As a Token of deep Regret for the
AFFLICTING LOSS ſuſtained by the DEATH of the late

General George Waſhington :

As a Teſtimony of profound Veneration for his
exalted Virtues and diſtinguiſhed Talents; and
as a Mark of genuine Sympathy and affectionate Condolence,
the following Pages are
CONSECRATED
AND MOST RESPECTFULLY
Dedicated
TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES,
BY THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT,
AND FELLOW-CITIZEN,
THE *AUTHOR.*

Preface.

AT a Time when deep-felt Sorrow pervades the Union, and every Individual is desirous to express his Veneration for the Character, and his Regret at the Loss of that Friend of Man, and brightest Ornament of his Species, the late illustrious *WASHINGTON*, and Congress having recommended and set apart (for that solemn Purpose) the Day* which gave him to America,---it appeared just and proper that every Assistance should be afforded to render the public Testimonials of our Grief as respectable as possible. An ardent Desire to facilitate that End, and to perpetuate every Mark of humble Veneration for the eminent Virtues of the Deceased, gave Rise to this Effort.

To the Glow of poetical Panegyric, Music adds a Charm; and to the mixed Emotions excited by the Eulogy, succeed the harmonizing Sensibilities of the Dirge---

" Till all the VOCAL CURRENT blended roll,
" Not to depress, but elevate the soul."

MASSACHUSETTS, }
Jan. 27, 1800. }

* February 22.

Sacred Dirges, Hymns, and Anthems.

A Funeral Anthem. Chiefly from the Book of ISAIAH.

AIR. Moderato.

The ſound of the harp ceaſeth: The voice of mirth is no more. Nought but ſighs, Nought

but ſighs, Nought but ſighs and plaintive notes aſſail the ear.

O that my head were waters, And mine eyes a fountain of

That I might weep, that I might weep day and night;

tears, For death has come up into our windows, and has

Tenor SOLO.

enter'd into our palaces, To cut off the mighty man, the man of war, the honorable man and the

Counſellor. And he ſaid what ſhall I cry? All fleſh is graſs, and

The voice ſaid cry;

all the goodlineſs thereof is as the flow'r of the field.

I clothe the heav'ns with blackneſs, and

Behold he bringeth princes to nothing, he maketh the judges

make ſackcloth their cov'ring.

of the earth as vanity.

Thou turneſt man to deſtruction, and ſayſt return ye children of men.

Lift up your eyes to the heav'ns, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heav'ns ſhall vaniſh a-

way; And the earth ſhall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein ſhall die, ſhall die.

And the

I will mention the loving kindneſſes, The loving kindneſſes of the Lord,

praiſes, And the praiſes of the Lord, according to all that he hath be - ſtow - ed upon us:

For he ſaid

So he was their Saviour, So he was their Saviour. In all their affliction

ſurely they are my children;

he was afflicted, And the Angel, And the Angel of his preſence ſaved them. In his love and

in his pity he redeemed them in the days of old, He redeemed them, He redeemed them in the days of old.

Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom; neither the mighty man glory in his might. Let

not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this,

That he under-

ſtandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exerciſe lovingkindneſs, judgment and righteouſneſs in the earth.

CHORUS.

Then while we mingle duſt to duſt, To one ſupremely good and wiſe

Raiſe hal - le - lu - jahs, God is juſt, And man moſt happy when he dies.

Columbia's Guardian sleeps in Dust!

AIR. Slow.

What mournful ſtrains invade our ears? Whence thoſe ſad plaints, thoſe copious tears? This ſolemn ſilence

CHORUS.

woeful pauſe? All, all beſpeak ſome deep - felt cauſe. A deep-felt cauſe! A

nation weeps, In duſt COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ſleeps, In duſt COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ſleeps.

II.

A nation's prayers, his life to ſave,
To heav'n in clouds of incenſe roſe:
A nation's tears bedew his grave,
And angels guard his ſweet repoſe.
The PATRIOT's dead! A nation weeps!
In duſt COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ſleeps!

III.

When Albion's proud inſulting foe
Aim'd our beſt rights to overthrow,
His arm, outſtretch'd in conquering might,
Their veteran armies put to flight.
The HERO's dead! A nation weeps!
In duſt COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ſleeps!

IV.

The *Peace* obtain'd, ſo long deſir'd,
To Vernon's ſhades the CHIEF retir'd;
But *faction's* hateful feuds aroſe,
And broke the FARMER's hop'd repoſe.
Our FRIEND is dead! A nation weeps!
In duſt COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ſleeps!

V.

His Country's voice once more he hears,
And in the COUNCIL he appears;
The mighty CHARTER of our land
Is ſanction'd by our MOSES' hand.
Our CHIEF is dead! A nation weeps!
In duſt COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ſleeps!

VI.

With equal laws he rules the ſtate,
Supports the weak, directs the great;
Then yields the *helm*, retires to reſt,
By all his Country lov'd and bleſt.
The SAGE is dead! A nation weeps!
In duſt COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ſleeps!

VII.

Again his ready ſword he draws;
Unmov'd he ſtands in FREEDOM'S cauſe:
Nor ſhrinks to head the marſhal'd band,
Should hoſtile foes invade the land.
Our GENERAL'S dead! A nation weeps!
In duſt COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ſleeps!

VIII.

Thy ways, O KING OF KINGS, are juſt;
Or when we live, or turn to duſt:
Then ceaſe from man, look up on high,
Our only hope's above the ſky.
We *all* muſt die and turn to duſt;
Tho' MAN is mortal, GOD is juſt.

Mount Vernon. A Solo.

From Vernon's Mount, behold the HERO rise, Resplendent forms attend him through the skies; The

shades of war-worn Vet'rans round him throng, And lead enwrapt their hon - or'd Chief along. A

laurel wreath th' im - mortal WARREN bears; An arch triumphal MERCER's hand prepares; Young LAWRENCE 'erst th' a-

venging bolt of war, With port ma - jes - tic guides the glitt'ring car: MONTGOMERY's god-like form directs the

way, And GREENE unfolds the gates of endlefs day. While angels trumpet-tongu'd proclaim through

air, Due honors, Due honors, Due honors for the FIRST OF MEN prepare.

A Dirge.

Words by Mrs. ROWSON, of *Medford*.

RECITATIVE.

INSTRUMENTAL BASS.

✓ Peace to his foul, the fatal hour is paft! And filence o'er him has her mantle

caft. His deeds, his virtues are en - roll'd by fame; Nor fhall oblivion ev - er fhroud his name.

Then let fra - ter - nal love at - tune the lyre; And ſnatch a ray of genius' ſacred

Affettuoſo.

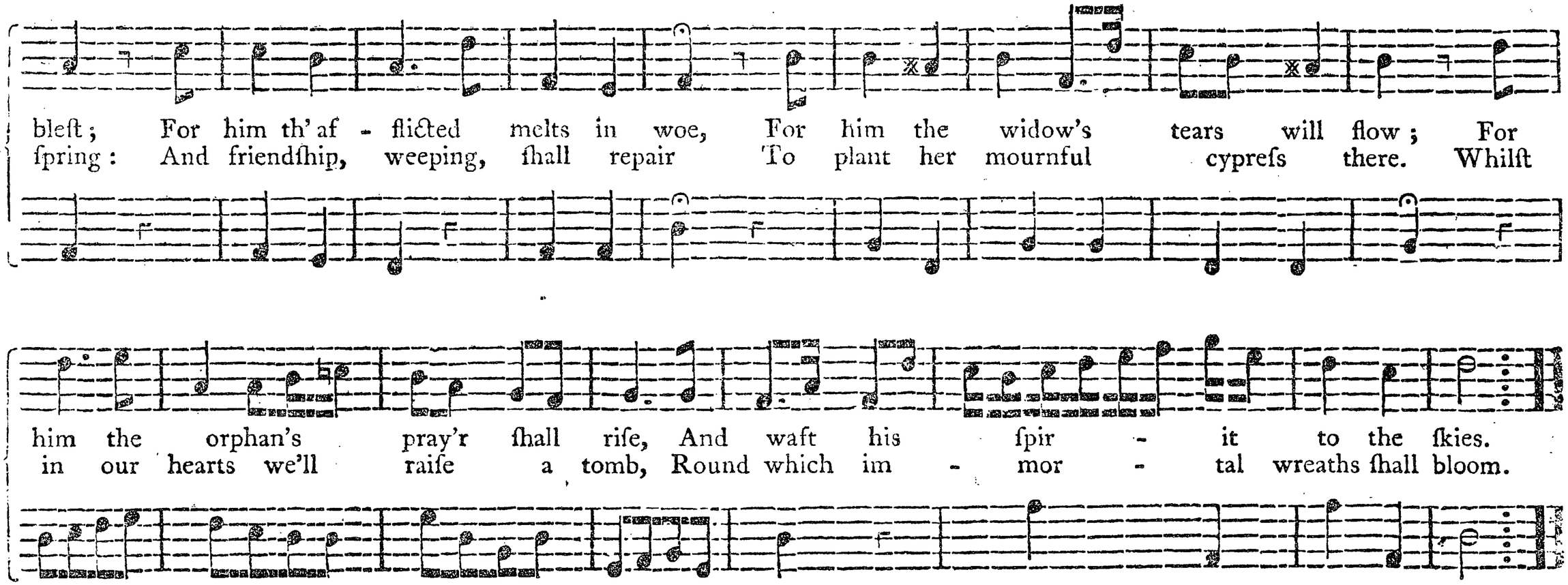
fire; Whilſt the ſad ſtrain, in ſoft and ſolemn lays, Dwells on his merit and records his praiſe; Let the full

chord to yon blue arch ariſe; Our WASHINGTON, Our WASHINGTON's tranſlated, tranſ - lated to the ſkies.

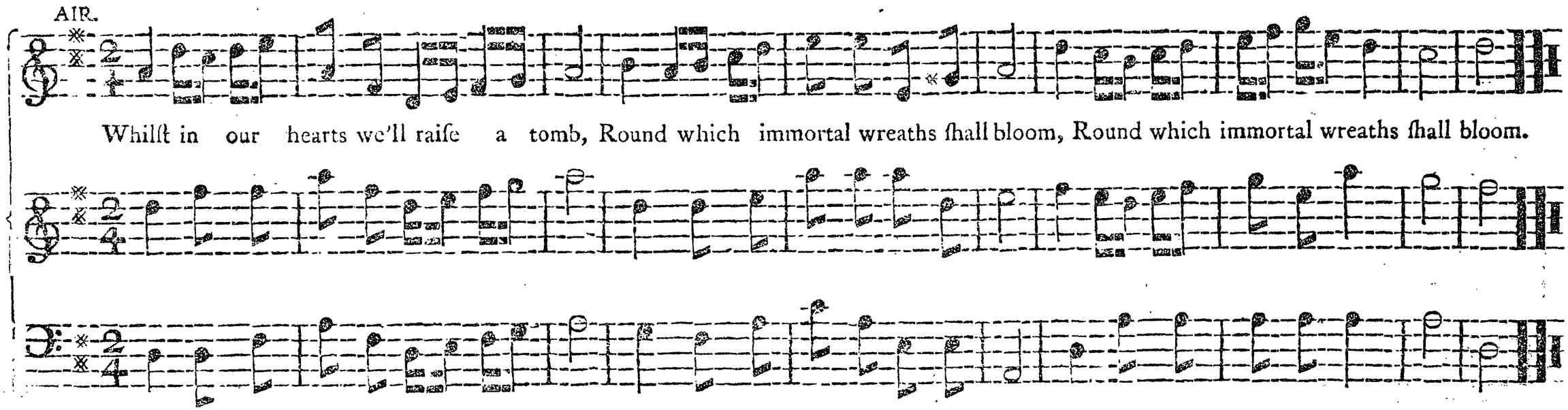
AIR.

1. How happy he who ſinks to reſt, By all regretted, lov'd and
2. To deck his grave, ſhall virtue bring The earlieſt tribute of the

INSTRUMENTAL BASS.


bleſt; For him th' af - flicted melts in woe, For him the widow's tears will flow; For
ſpring: And friendſhip, weeping, ſhall repair To plant her mournful cypreſs there. Whilſt
him the orphan's pray'r ſhall riſe, And waft his ſpir - it to the ſkies.
in our hearts we'll raiſe a tomb, Round which im - mor - tal wreaths ſhall bloom.

CHORUS.


AIR.
Whilſt in our hearts we'll raiſe a tomb, Round which immortal wreaths ſhall bloom, Round which immortal wreaths ſhall bloom.

A Hymn.

Written by the Rev. J. S. J. GARDNER, at the Requeſt of the COMMITTEE of ARRANGEMENTS, in *Boſton*.

Moderato.

AIR.

And is th' ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEFTAIN dead! Awhile to favour'd mortals lent, not giv'n? And has his fainted

INSTRUMENTAL BASS.

SYM.

ſpirit fled, And fought in hallow'd hope his native heav'n?

CHORUS.

Largo.

Yes—our ſad fate we muſt deplore, COLUMBIA'S SAVIOUR is no more! COLUMBIA'S SAVIOUR is no more! no more!

AIR.

O! for a muſe of fire, to ſing
The various virtues of his matchleſs mind,
Which, borne on time's immortal wing,
Remoteſt ages ſhall unrivall'd find.
Yes—our ſad fate we muſt deplore,
COLUMBIA'S SAVIOUR is no more!

When fell invaſion ſhook our coaſt,
And menac'd all to freeborn ſpirits dear,
Columbia's conſecrated hoſt
The HERO led, and broke the oppreſſor's ſpear.
But now our fate we muſt deplore,
COLUMBIA'S SAVIOUR is no more!

Still ardent in his Country's cauſe,
The *Federal Triumph* with his voice he ſeal'd,
And CHIEF, and GUARDIAN of the laws,
Adorn'd the *Council* as he grac'd the *Field*:
But now our fate we muſt deplore,
COLUMBIA'S SAVIOUR is no more!

Clear intellect, of paſſion pure,
Each act declar'd him wiſdom's favourite child,
Columbia's ſafety to ſecure,
The bold he vanquiſh'd, and the inſidious foil'd:
But now our fate we muſt deplore,
COLUMBIA'S HERO is no more!

But ſhall our ſelfiſh ſorrows flow,
Whilſt he, in heav'n, midſt ſainted ſouls is bleſt?
Shall we, with unavailing woe,
Lament the HERO's everlaſting reſt?
No—dry each tear, each grief remove,
Great WASHINGTON *is bleſt above.*

A Funeral Hymn.

[*For Muſic, adapted*—See page 23.]

UP to thy throne, ALMIGHTY KING,
We raiſe our ſtreaming eyes;
In humble notes of *judgment* ſing,
And breathe our plaintive ſighs.

Into thy boſom, FATHER, FRIEND,
Our mighty griefs we pour;
Thine ear of pity to us lend—
Conſole this gloomy hour.

[In thy rich GIFT, O bounteous Heav'n,
Was bleſs'd our infant land:
Now when thou claim'ſt the FAVOUR giv'n,
We bend to thy command.]

Glory to GOD; his ways are juſt,
And every purpoſe wiſe:
What though our bodies ſleep in duſt,
Th' immortal *ſoul* ſhall riſe.

Then to thy throne, ETERNAL KING,
We'll raiſe our *tearleſs* eyes;
In *joyful* notes thy MERCY ſing,
While time and nature dies.

Anniversary Dirge.

Words by the Rev. T. M. Harris.

Moderato.

RECITATIVE.

INSTRUMENTAL BASS.

Is this the anniversary so dear, The gayest festival in FREEDOM's year,

When millions met, their gratitude to pay To their DELIVERER on his natal day; And glad applauses echoed though the

throng, And festive joy inspir'd the choral song? And festive joy inspir'd the choral song?

CHORUS.

AIR.

It is, but ah! how chang'd! Its joys are o'er; Its WASHINGTON, its birth-right is no more!

AIR.

VOCAL BASS.

To civic triumphs, funeral rights ſucceed; To flowery garlands, this encircling

weed; And to loud pæans, ſounding through the ſkies, Low ſolemn dirges and heart-rending ſighs: Whilſt

thoſe who welcom'd once the morn's return, Aſſemble now around its PATRON's urn!

CHORUS.

Affettuoſo.

AIR.

How chang'd the day! Its gladſome ſcenes are o'er; Its WASHINGTON, Its birth-right is no more!

Masonic Dirge.

Composed by the Rev. T. M. HARRIS, at the request of the GRAND LODGE of *Massachusetts*.

AIR.

INSTRUMENTAL BASS.

While ev'ry Orator and Bard displays The HERO's glory and the PATRIOT's fame; And

ALL the GUARDIAN of THEIR COUNTRY praise, Revere his greatness and his worth proclaim—

1st. CHORUS.

AIR.

We mourn the MAN, made our's by tend'rest ties; THEIR honor'd CHIEFTAIN, our lov'd BROTHER dies!

Come then, the mistic rites no more delay; Deep silence reigns, the tapers dimly burn, WISDOM and FORTITUDE the requiem

pay, And BEAUTY ſtrews freſh garlands round the urn. A MASON, Brothers, A GRAND-MASTER dies! The cacia ſprig deſignates where he

lies. As LOVE FRATERNAL leads our footſteps there, Again to weep, Again to bid adieu, FAITH views the ſoul, releas'd from mortal care,

2d. CHORUS. To be twice repeated.

Thro' ſpheres empyreal its bleſt courſe purſue, 'Till it the Lodge of perfect light attain; There may we meet our WASHINGTON again.

A Funeral Hymn. C. M.

[*For the Words*—See page 19.]

AIR.

Up to thy throne, Almighty King, we raiſe our ſtreaming eyes; In humble notes of judgment ſing, And breathe our plaintive ſighs.

An Ode for the 22d of February.

AIR. Moderato.

Now let your plaintive numbers gently rise, In weeping ſtrains and ſoftly

ſwelling ſighs; COLUMBIA'S GLORY'S fled! COLUMBIA'S GLORY'S fled!

Virtue commands and piety approves
The gen'ral grief; the MAN his country loves
Is number'd with the dead!

His was the meed of glory's brighteſt fame.
His be the wreath—to his immortal name
Aſcribe the honors juſt.

This joyleſs day, in ſhrouded, ſullen gloom—
This hapleſs eve, we come to re-entomb
The HERO'S ſacred duſt.

Awful reverſe! On this *once* joyous morn,
Delightful era, was our PATRIOT born;
But ah, he's ſeen no more!

How fills the eye with ſorrow's copious tears!
How ſwells the heart with ſad foreboding fears!
COLUMBIA'S joys are o'er!

Before thy throne, great GOD, we humbly bring
Our infant realm: Be THOU our FRIEND and KING
'Till time ſhall be no more.

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