THE

AMERICAN HARMONY:

Containing, in a concise Manner,

THE RULES OF SINGING;

TOGETHER WITH

A COLLECTION OF PSALM TUNES, HYMNS, AND ANTHEMS.

From the most approved Authors, ancient and modern.

BY *NEHEMIAH SHUMWAY*, A. B.

PHILADELPHIA,

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☞ Those marked thus (*), were never before published.

PREFACE.

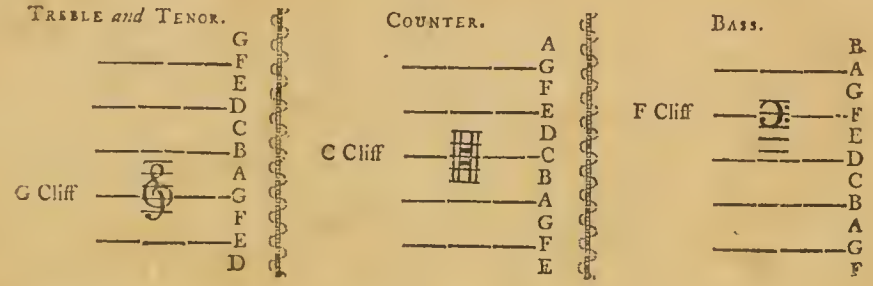
THAT a tribute of praise is due to the great AUTHOR of nature, every rational intelligent will grant:—and divine song seems to have been given us, as peculiarly suited to express those sentiments of devotion and reverence, which becomes every true Christian.

Nothing so much elevates the mind, raises devout affections, calms the swelling passions, calls home the wandering thoughts, and prepares the heart for the worship of the supreme Being, as the singing of psalms. It fills the mind with solemnity and awe, and, as it were, raises us above the things of this world, and gives us a taste of the angelic employment above. And it is but reasonable, that our breath should re-ascend in songs of praise, to him that gave it; and that we unite in heart and voice, while here below, to imitate the angelic choirs above, in singing praises and hallelujahs to the great JEHOVAH, which will be the employment of the blessed throughout the endless ages of eternity.

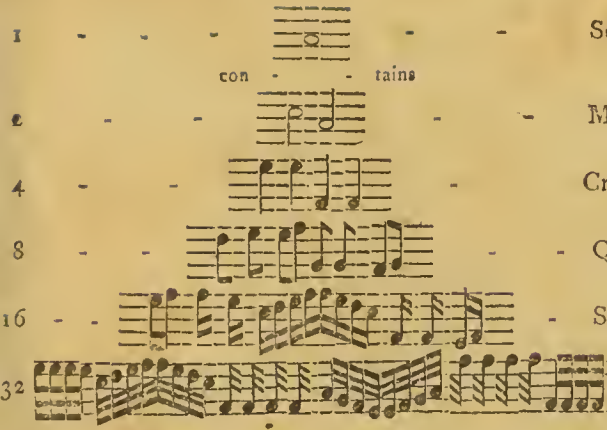
The editor of this Collection, had, at first, no design but for private amusement; but at length, having increased it to what it now appears, it is presented to the public.

Only such pieces of music as have been most approved, and those adapted to the different metres sung in churches, are inserted; and the whole is designed to accommodate the several musical and religious societies in the United States.

THE RULES OF PSALMODY.



Names.	Notes.	Rests.	Names.	Notes.	Rests.
Semibreve			Quaver		
Minim			Semiquaver		
Crotchet			Demisemiquaver		



The natural place for Mi is in - - B.

But, If B, - -
If B and E, -
If B, E, and A,
If B, E, and D
} be flat, Mi is in { E. A. D. G.

If F - -
If F and C, -
If F, C, and G,
If F, C, G, and D
} be ſharp, Mi is in { F. C. G. D.

N. B. The Mi removed by ſharps, is half a tone higher than by flats.

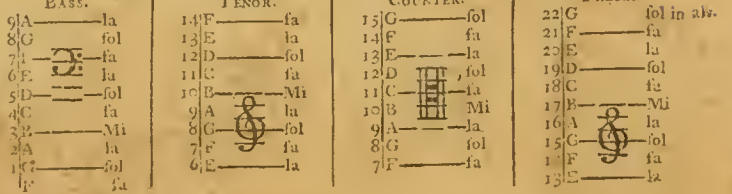
The order of the notes from Mi, aſcending, is, Fa, ſol, la, fa, ſol, la, and then Mi again: Deſcending, La, ſol, fa, la, ſol, fa, and then Mi.

By FLATS.								*By* SHARPS.							
B	E	A	D	G	C	F	B	B	F	C	G	D	A	E	B
F fa	F fa	F fol	F fol	F la	F la	F mi		F fa	F×mi	F×la	F×la	F×sol	F×fol	F×fa	F×fa
E la	E mi						F♭fa	E la	E la	E fol	E fol	E fa	E fa	E×mi	E×la
		E♭fa	E♭fa	E♭fol	E♭fol	E♭la	E♭la					D×mi	D×fa	D×la	D×fol
D fol	D la	D la	D mi					D fol	D fol	D fa	D fa				
				D♭fa	D♭fa	D♭fol	D♭fol			C×mi	C×la	C×la	C×fol	C×fol	C×fa
C fa	C fol	C fol	C fa	C la	C mi			C fa	C fa						B×mi
B mi						C♭fa	C♭fa	B mi	B la	B la	B fol	B fol	B fa	B fa	
	E♭fa	B♭fa	B♭fa	B♭fol	B♭fol	B♭la	B♭la						A×mi	A×la	A×la
A la	A la	A m					B♭mi	A la	A fol	A fol	A fa	A fa			
			A♭fa	A♭fa	A♭fol	A♭fol	A♭la				G×mi	G×la	G×la	G×fol	G×fol
G fol	G fol	G la	G la	G mi				G fol	G fa	G fa					
					G♭fa	G♭fa	G♭fol								

A Scale shewing the Tones and Semi-tones in an Octave.

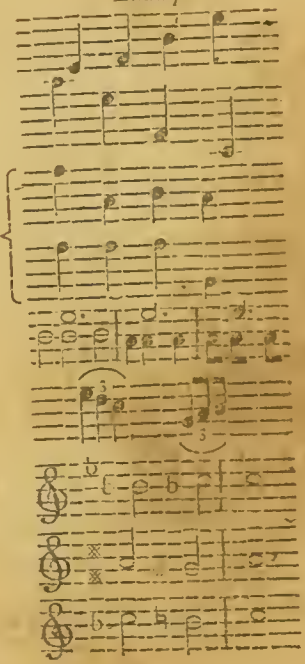
				♭ *Key.*	♯ *Key.*
Octave, or 8th		G		12	mi
Sharp, - 7th	G♭	or	F♯	11	fol
Flat, - 7th		F		10	la
Sharp, - 6th		E		9	
Flat, - 6th	D♭	or	D♯	8	fa la
5th		D		7	
Sharp, - 4th	D♭	or	C♯	6	fa fol
4th		C		5	la
Sharp, - 3d		B		4	fa
Flat, - 3d	B♭	or	A♯	3	fol mi
Sharp, - 2d		A		2	
Flat, - 2d	A♭	or	G♯	1	fa la
Unison		G			

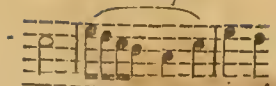
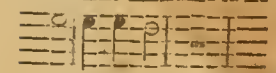
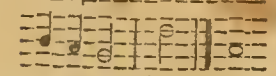
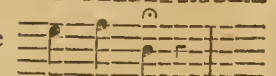
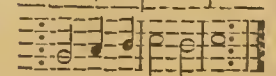
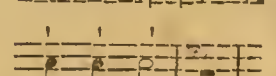
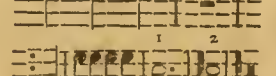
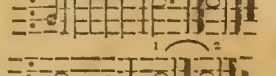
A Scale *Exhibiting the Connection of the* Four Parts.

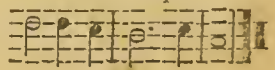


Characters.		*Explanations.*
Stave		Five lines, with their ſpaces, on which muſic is written
Ledger Line	——	Is added when notes aſcend or deſcend beyond the ſtave
Brace		Shews how many parts are ſung together
A Point	.	Makes a note half as long again
Figure	3	Reduces three notes of any kind to the time of two of the ſame kind
Flat	♭	Sinks a note half a tone
Sharp	♯	Raiſes a note half a tone
		Note, Flats or Sharps ſet at the beginning of a tune influences the whole.
Natural	♮	Reſtores a note, made ſharp or flat, to its primitive ſound

Examples.

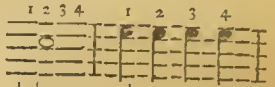
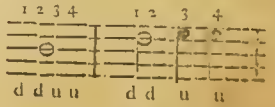
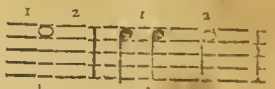
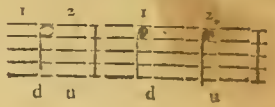


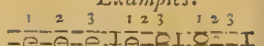
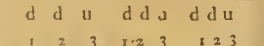
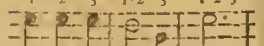
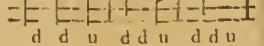
Characters.		*Explanations.*	*Examples.*
Slur	⌒	Ties the notes together which are ſung to a ſyllable - - -	
Direct		At the end of the ſtave ſhews the place of the ſucceeding note -	
Bar		Divides the time into equal parts - - - -	
Double Bar		Shews the end of a ſtrain - - - - -	
Hold		Shews the note, over which it is placed, to be held beyond its proper time	
Repeat		Shews the repetition of muſic from it to a double bar, or cloſe.—It is alſo ſet at the end, when there is not a double ending.—Two dotted ſtrokes, thus, :‖: ſignify a repetition of the preceding words -	
Mark of Diſtinction	1	Shews a note to be ſung diſtinct and emphatical - - -	
Double ending 1, 2		The notes under figure 1, are ſung before, and thoſe under figure 2, after repeating.—If tied together, both are ſung after repeating -	 

Characters.		*Explanations.*	*Examples.*
Cloſe		Shews the end of the tune - - - -	

MOODS or TIME.

Common Time Moods.

Adagio		Has four beats in a bar: One ſemibreve fills a bar; each crotchet equal to a ſecond - - - - - -	
Largo		Has four beats in a bar: One ſemibreve fills a bar; ſung half as quick again as Adagio - - - - - -	
Allegro		Has two beats in a bar: One ſemibreve fills a bar; minims ſung in ſeconds - - - - - - -	
2—4		Has two beats in a bar: One minim fills a bar; beat as quick again as Allegro; by ſome only a third quicker - - -	

	Characters.		*Explanations.*	*Examples.*
Triple Time Moods.	3—2		Has three beats in a bar: Three minims fill a bar; minims ſung in ſeconds - - - - - - - -	
	3—4		Has three beats in a bar: Three crotchets fill a bar; crotchets ſung in the ſame time as in Largo - - - - -	
	3—8		Has three beats in a bar: Three quavers fill a bar; beat as quick again as 3—4 - - - - - -	
Compound Moods.	6—4		Has two beats in a bar: Six crotchets fill a bar; each beat equal to a ſecond - - - - - - - -	
	6—8		Has two beats in a bar: Six quavers fill a bar; beat half as quick again as 6—4 - - - - - - - - -	

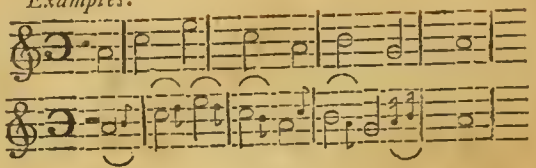
N. B. The hand falls at the beginning of every bar, in all moods; and a bar reſt = fills a bar in all moods.

Explanations.

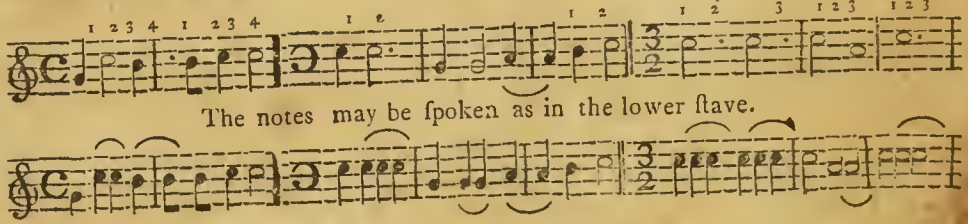
TRANSITION is a graceful ſliding from one note to another, in which the little ſlurred notes add nothing to time, but only ſerve to lead the voice from one ſound to another; and muſt be ſung as much ſofter as they are ſmaller than the reſt

N. B. It is better omitted than badly performed.

Examples.



NOTES of SYNCOPATION, are thoſe driven out of their proper order in the bar, or thro' the bar, and require the hand to be taken up or put down when ſounding.



The notes may be ſpoken as in the lower ſtave.

CHOOSING NOTES ſtand one over the other, and one only is ſung by the ſame voice -

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FOREGOING RULES.

THE firſt ſeven letters in the alphabet, beginning with the laſt letter G, are made the ground of all muſic; all above being only the ſame repeated; thus, G, A, B, C, D, E, F and then comes G again, which forms an octave; the higheſt and loweſt notes of which, viz. G and G, are in effect the ſame, from their exactneſs in agreement. Theſe letters give names to the lines and ſpaces on which they ſtand. The general ſcale of muſic is three octaves, (the common compaſs of the human voice) all above are notes in alt; and all below doubles, as double F, &c.

Pſalmody is commonly compoſed in four parts, viz. Treble, Counter, Tenor, Baſs.

There are three Cliffs uſed on the four parts; the G Cliff in the tenor and treble, on the ſecond line from the bottom, to which it gives the name G. The C Cliff in the counter, on the middle line. And the F Cliff in the Baſs, on the fourth line from the bottom.

There are but four ſyllables in uſe, as names of notes, in ſinging *, viz. Mi, fa, ſol, la, and the three laſt repeated, make ſeven, anſwering to the ſeven letters before mentioned. But theſe names are not always confined to particular letters, but are removed by flats and ſharps at pleaſure.

B, E, and A, are naturally ſharp ſounds; and F, C, and G, flat; therefore they are firſt flatted and ſharped. Flats are added a fourth above and fifth below, and ſharps a fifth above and fourth below:—Flats, where mi was, before added; ſharps, where mi is when added; by which rule mi may be carried into any of the ſeven letters; thus:

If B be flat, Mi is in	E	If F be ſharp, Mi is in	F
B and E be flat, Mi is in	A	F and C be ſharp, Mi is in	C
B, E, and A be flat, Mi is in	D	F, C, and G be ſharp, Mi is in	G
B, E, A, and D be flat, Mi is in	G	F, C, G, and D be ſharp, Mi is in	D
B, E, A, D, and G be flat, Mi is in	C	F, C, G, D, and A be ſharp, Mi is in	A
B, E, A, D, G, and C be flat, Mi is in	F	F, C, G, D, A, and E be ſharp, Mi is in	E
B, E, A, D, G, C, and F be flat, Mi is in	B	F, C, G, D, A, E, and B be ſharp, Mi is in	B

* There has lately been a publication, making ſeven ſyllables, viz. Mi, fa, ſo, la, ba, do, na. I have not ſeen the publication; nor ſhall I pretend to judge of its merits: thoſe who approve of it, can teach accordingly, with but little violation to theſe rules.

Thus when all the letters are made flat or ſharp, Mi returns to its natural place again. By three flats and three ſharps, Mi may be carried into any of the ſeven letters; and if more added, it is either to raiſe or lower a tune half a tone. For inſtance; ſuppoſe you have a ſharp key in A, Mi muſt then be in G; and may be brought there by making F, C, and G ſharp, and the ſound of the key note will be A, natural: but if the compoſer thinks it half a tone too high, by making B, E, A, and D flat, he ſinks it half a tone; becauſe A being flat, muſt be flat on the pipe.

Of the MOODS of TIME.

There are nine moods of time in common uſe: Four called Common, viz. Adagio, Largo, Allegro, and 2—4; becauſe meaſured by even numbers, as 2, 4, &c. Three Triple, viz. 3—2, 3—4, and 3—8; becauſe meaſured by threes. Two Compound, viz. 6—4 and 6—8; becauſe compounded of common and triple.

The Adagio and Largo moods, have 4 beats in a bar, and are beat thus: firſt ſtrike the end of the fingers; ſecondly, the heel of the hand; thirdly, raiſe and ſhut it; and fourthly, throw it open, which completes the bar.

Triple time moods are beat thus: Firſt, ſtrike the end of the fingers; ſecondly, the heel of the hand; and thirdly, raiſe it, which completes the bar.

Allegro, 2—4, 6—4, and 6—8, have each two beats in a bar; one down and one up.

In Adagio, Allegro, 3—2, and 6—4, each beat is a ſecond of time.

In Largo, 3—4, and 6—8, each beat is a quarter quicker, viz. four beats in three ſeconds.

The beſt authors differ as to the time of 2—4. Some ſay it ſhould be beat as quick again as Allegro; others, only a third quicker: I have given the length of a pendulum for each, and think it duty to ſing any piece of muſic according to the rules of the compoſer.

In 3—8 a beat is half the time of 3—4.

Obſerve, that in thoſe moods not marked with figures, a ſemibreve fills a bar; but in thoſe marked with figures, the upper figure ſhews how many notes fill a bar, and the lower one, how many are equal to a ſemibreve: thus, in 2—4, 2 crotchets fill a bar, and 4 are equal to a ſemibreve.

A ſtrict attention to performing the ſeveral moods in their proper time, is of great importance, yet ſome ſing all moods nearly alike; which, in pieces that change their moods of time, at once fruſtrates the author's deſign, and deſtroys the muſic. Slowneſs is alſo a very prevalent error, eſpecially where muſic is on the decline; where muſic is dragged thro', rather as mourning than ſinging, which renders it lifeleſs and diſagreeable, both to hearers and performers. Some alſo err by ſinging too faſt: To remedy which errors, ſuſpend a leaden ball by a ſmall thread, ſo as to ſwing clear; the length of thread, from the centre of the ball, being as follows, viz.

For Adagio, Allegro, 3—2, and 6—4 moods, - - $39\frac{1}{7}$
For Largo, 3—4, and 6—8 moods, - - - $22\frac{1}{10}$
For 2—4, - - - - - - $12\frac{1}{7}$ or $9\frac{1}{7}$ } Inches.
For 3—8. - - - - - - $5\frac{1}{7}$

Then, for every vibration of the ball, count one beat. This is an unerring rule, and ſo eaſy, that any one who wiſhes to be a good ſinger, will not think it too much trouble to make the experiment.

Where the words *quick* and *ſlow* occur, vary about one ſixth from the true time.

Of the KEYS.

The Key Note is the predominant tone, which governs all the reſt, which is always the laſt note in the baſs; and if above Mi, it is a ſharp or cheerful key, if below, a flat or mournful key.

The natural keys are C and A: C the ſharp, and A the flat key; but theſe are changed at pleaſure, by flats and ſharps.

The reaſon why one key is ſharp and another flat, is becauſe that in a ſharp key, every third, ſixth, and ſeventh is half a tone higher than in the flat key: See the example. When the key note is ſharp or flat, it ſhould be made ſharp or flat on the pitch pipe.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON SINGING.

IN tuning the voice, let it be ſmooth as poſſible; neither forcing it through the noſe, nor blowing it through the teeth, with the mouth ſhut.——Eaſe and freedom ſhould be particularly obſerved.

A genteel pronunciation is one of the greateſt ornaments in muſic: Every word ſhould be ſpoken clear and diſtinct as poſſible. It is this that, in a great meaſure, gives vocal muſic the preference to inſtrumental, by enjoying, at the ſame time, the ſweets of harmony, together with the ſenſe of what is expreſſed in thoſe harmonious ſtrains.

Another ornament, no leſs than the former, is *accent;* which is a certain force, or ſwell of the voice, on particular parts of the bar. In common time, the bar is divided into four parts; in triple, into three; and in compound, into ſix. In common time, the accent falls on the firſt and third parts of the bar; in triple, on the firſt; and in compound, on the firſt and fourth, the firſt part of the bar being always accented more forcibly than the laſt. It is this that gives life and ſpirit to every movement, and enables all the parts to move on together without confuſion.

Several graces, ſuch as the trill, turn, &c. are omitted, as being of little uſe, eſpecially to learners.

The proper proportion of the parts is generally ſaid to be, three to the baſs, one on the tenor, one on the counter, and two on the treble.

Let the baſs be ſung bold and majeſtic, the tenor firm and manly, the counter clear and lofty, and the treble ſoft and delicate.

High notes ſhould be ſung ſoft, but not faint; low notes full, but not harſh.

Notes ſhould not be ſtruck abruptly, like the report of a ſmith's hammer; but ſhould be begun and ended ſoft, ſwelling gently as the air of the tune requires: Notes of two beats admit a double ſwell; the firſt fulleſt, the ſecond ſoft like an echo.

A chain of ſlurred notes ſhould be ſung with the lips open, warbling them ſoftly in the throat, and at one breath.

In ſinging muſic, the pronunciation ſhould be diſtinct and emphatic as poſſible, and each part fall in with life and ſpirit.

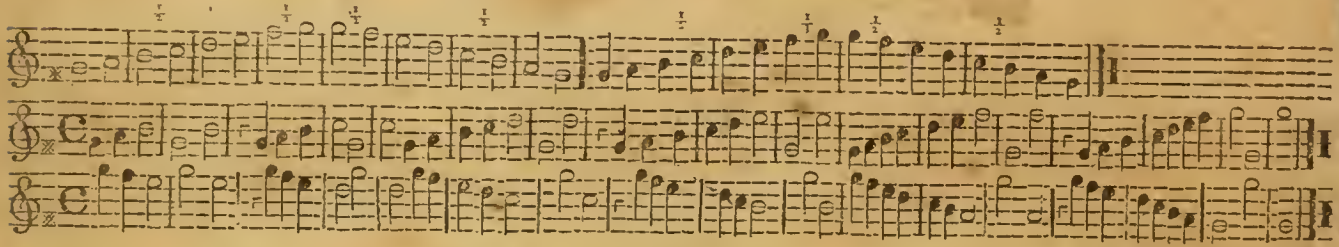
Tunes on a ſharp key are expreſſive of cheerfulneſs, and ſuitable for pſalms of thankſgiving and praiſe: Tunes on a flat key are expreſſive of humility and ſorrow, and are ſuitable to ſubjects of prayer and penitence. This rule ſeems to be almoſt unnoticed by choriſters in general; altho' it is as inconſiſtent in nature, to ſing a cheerful ſubject to a flat key, and the contrary, as to mourn at thankſgiving, or rejoice at funerals. We give thanks in ſound, and

mourn in ſenſe; the tune and ſentiment being at variance; and either the muſic muſt be without impreſſion, or oppoſe its deſigned end. But when muſic and ſubject agree, they mutually aſſiſt each other, and fill us with ardour, ſolemnity, and delight, while engaged in the ſacred worſhip of the Deity.

The concluding note ſhould not be broken off abruptly, nor die away faintly, but be ſounded ſmoothly, gently ſwelling the laſt beat like an echo, and all conclude at the ſame inſtant.

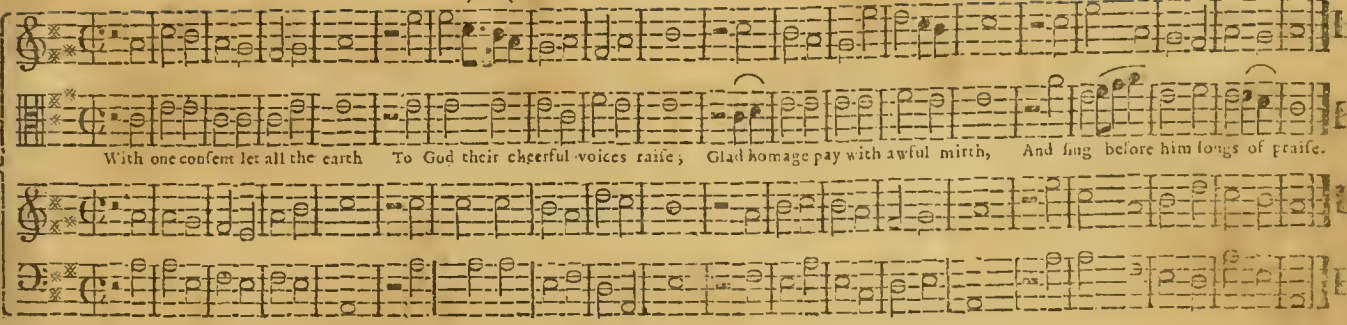
Decency in the poſition of the body, and in beating time, are ſtrictly to be adhered to. Likewiſe, a becoming ſeriouſneſs, while ſinging ſacred words, adds dignity to the performance, and renders it at once reſpectable and ſolemn.

THE EIGHT NOTES.

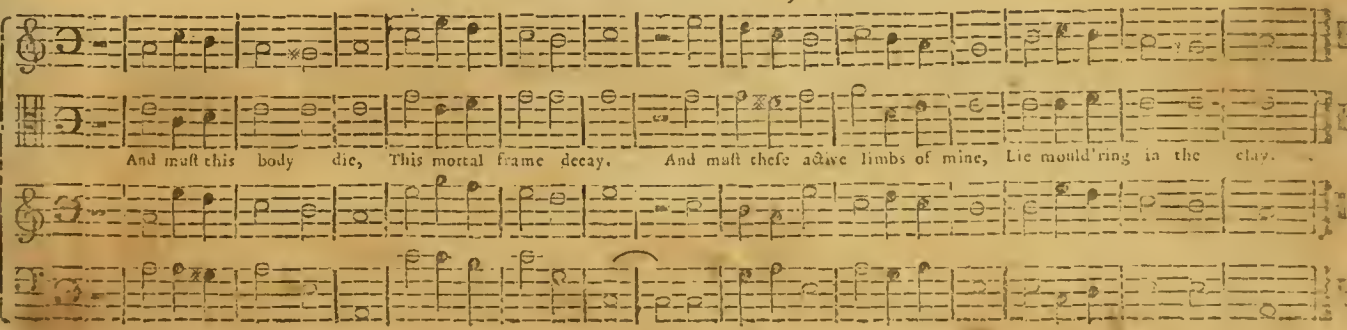


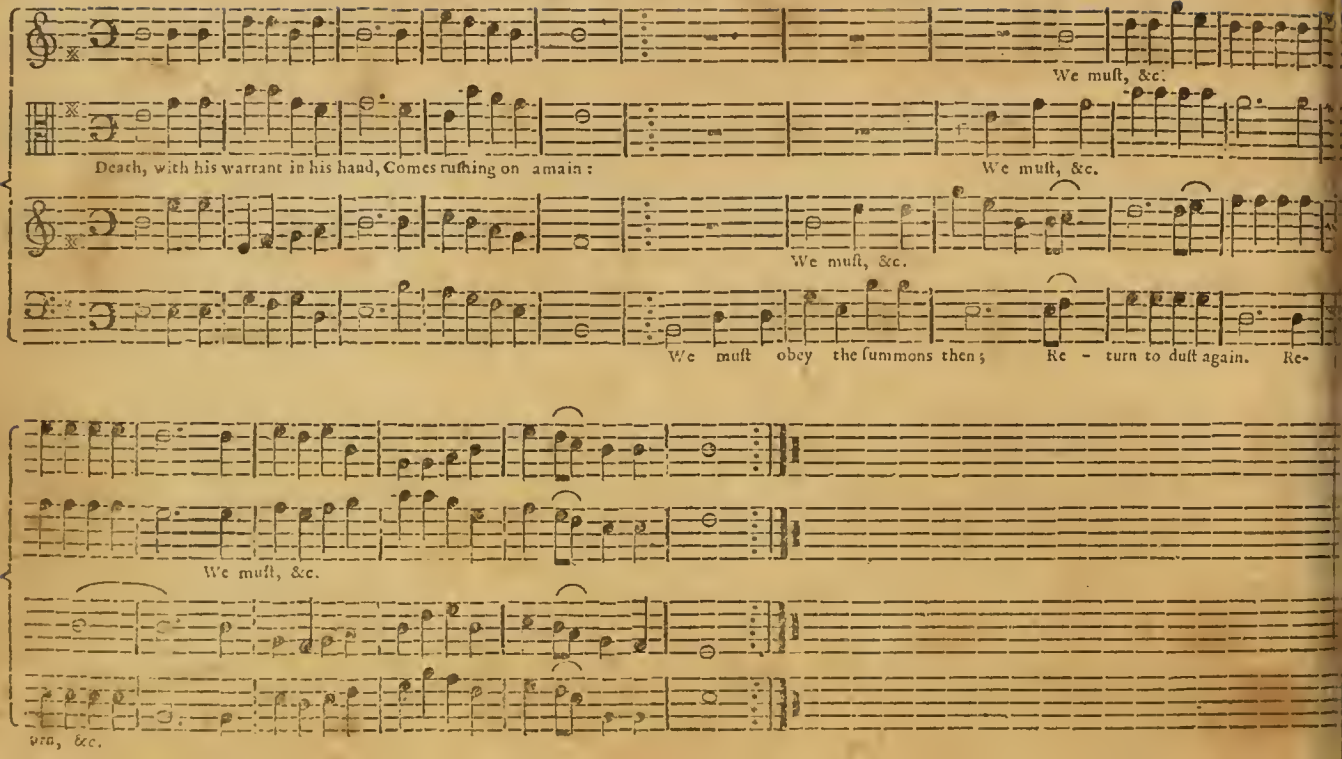
I have made F ſharp, in this example of the the Eight Notes, that they may both begin and end on a proper key, and not go beyond the compaſs of the ſtave, which alſo renders it much more natural for learners.

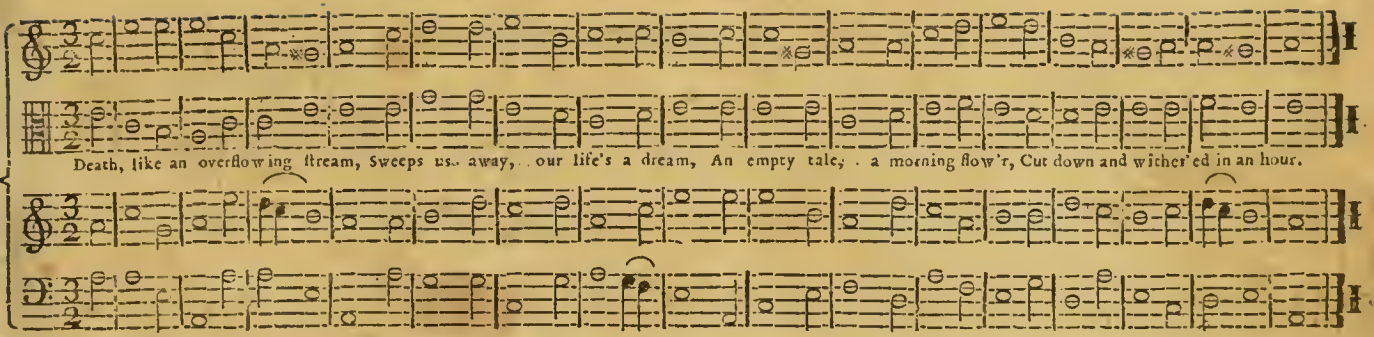
OLD HUNDRED, *L. M.*



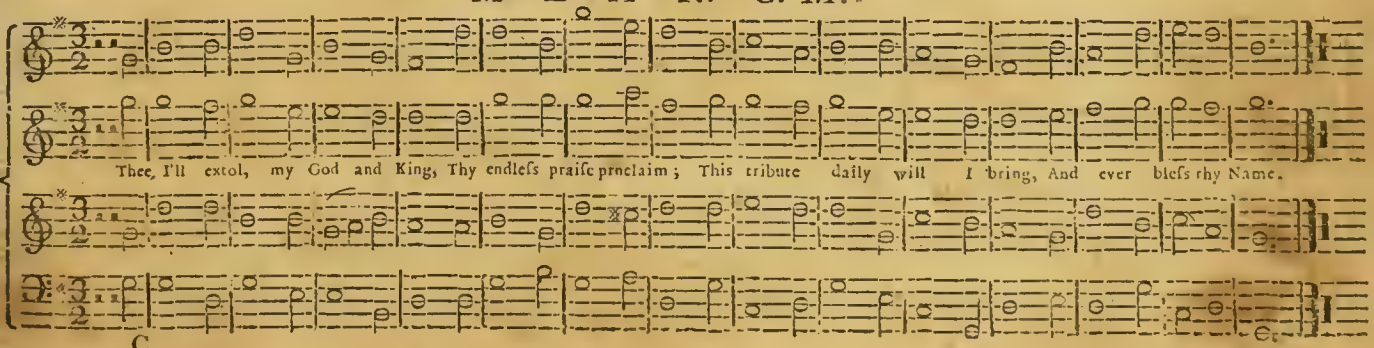
AYLESBURY, *S. M.*



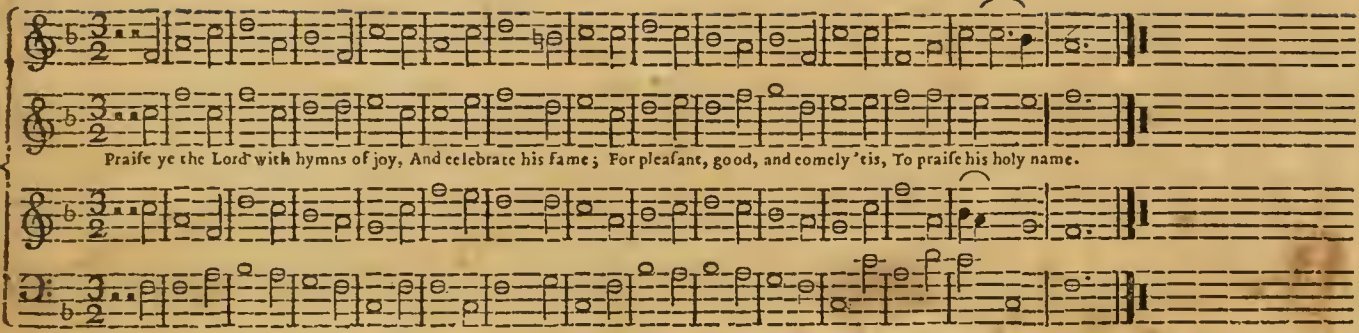

We muſt, &c.
Death, with his warrant in his hand, Comes ruſhing on amain :
We muſt, &c.
We muſt, &c.
We muſt obey the ſummons then ; Re - turn to duſt again. Re-
We muſt, &c.
urn, &c.


Death, like an overflowing ſtream, Sweeps us away, our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'ed in an hour.

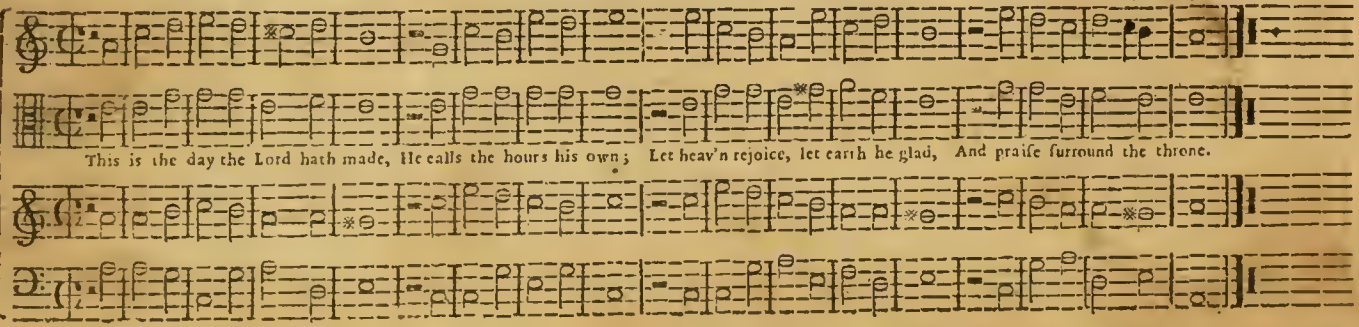
MEAR. *C. M.*

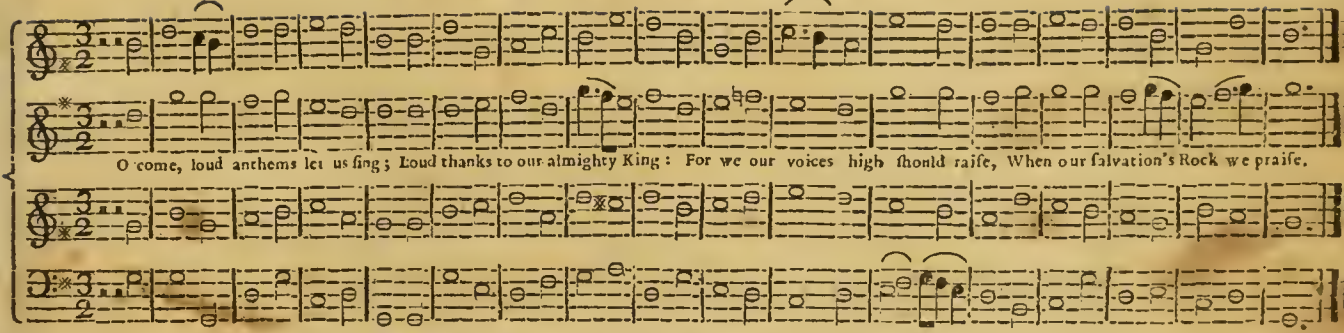

Thee, I'll extol, my God and King, Thy endleſs praiſe proclaim; This tribute daily will I bring, And ever bleſs thy Name.
C

BEDFORD. *C. M.*

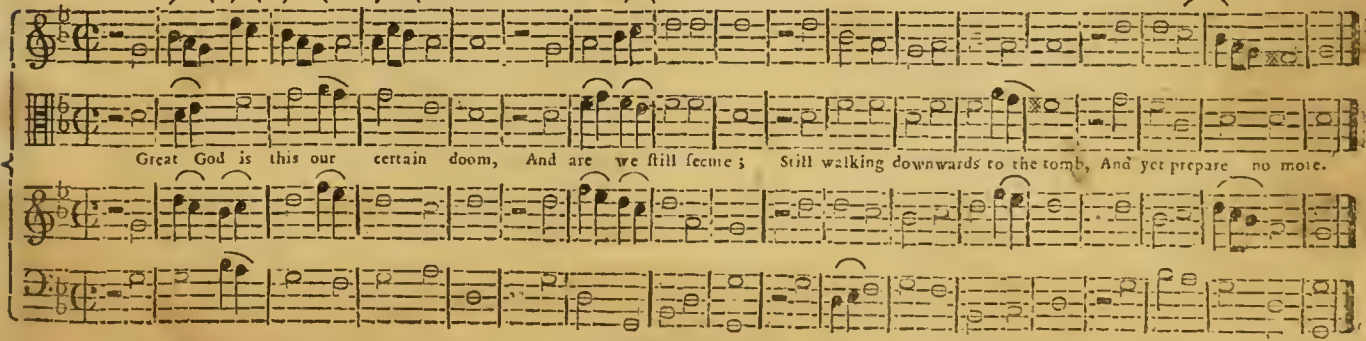


WINDSOR. *C. M.*

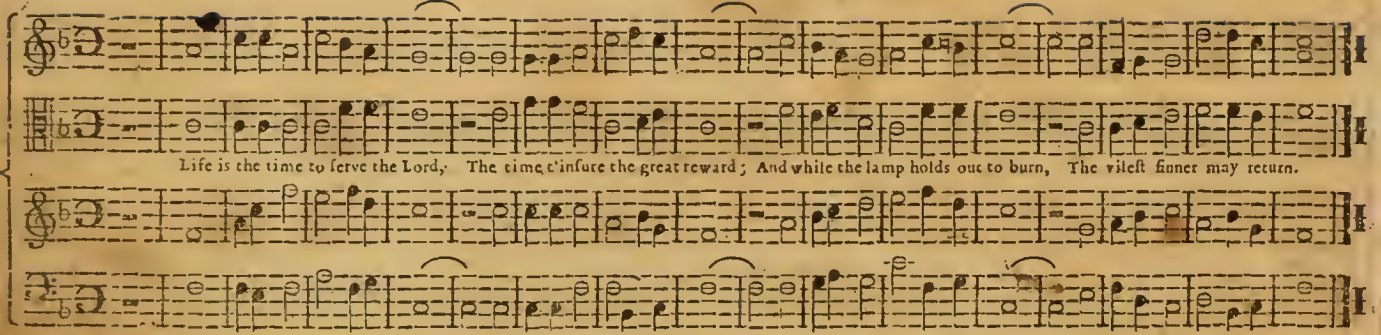




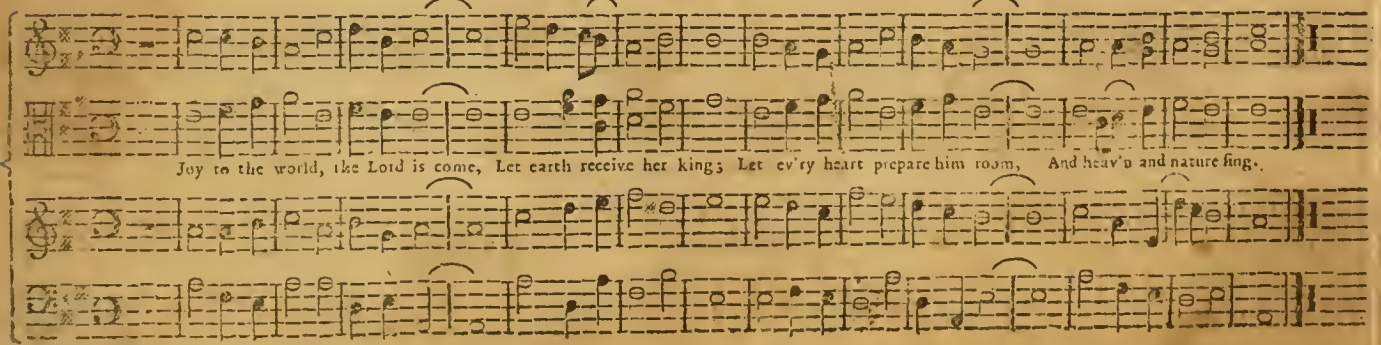
ISLE OF WIGHT. *C. M.*



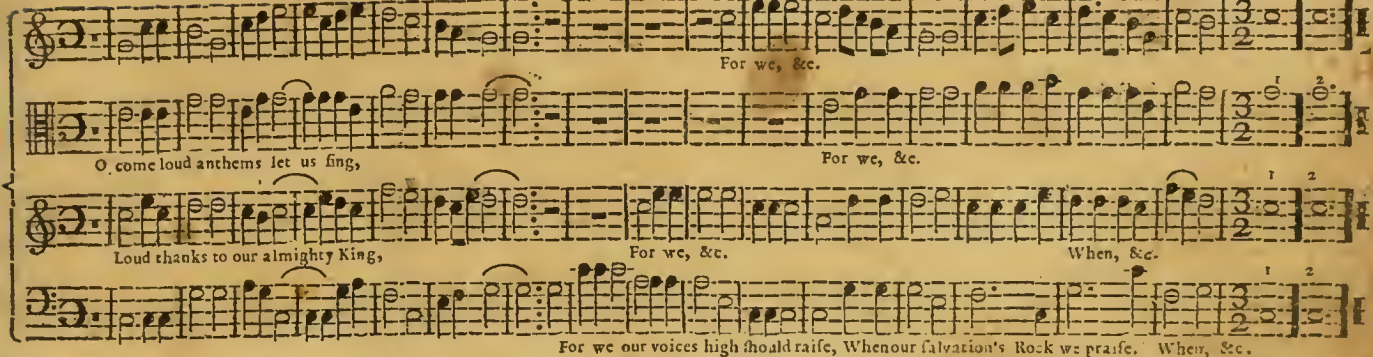
WELLS. *L. M.*



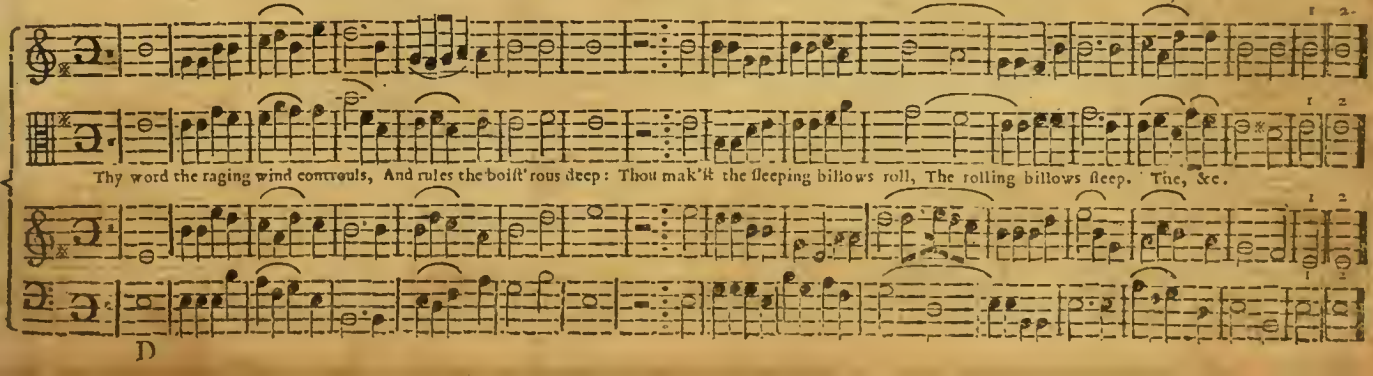
ROCHESTER. *C. M.*



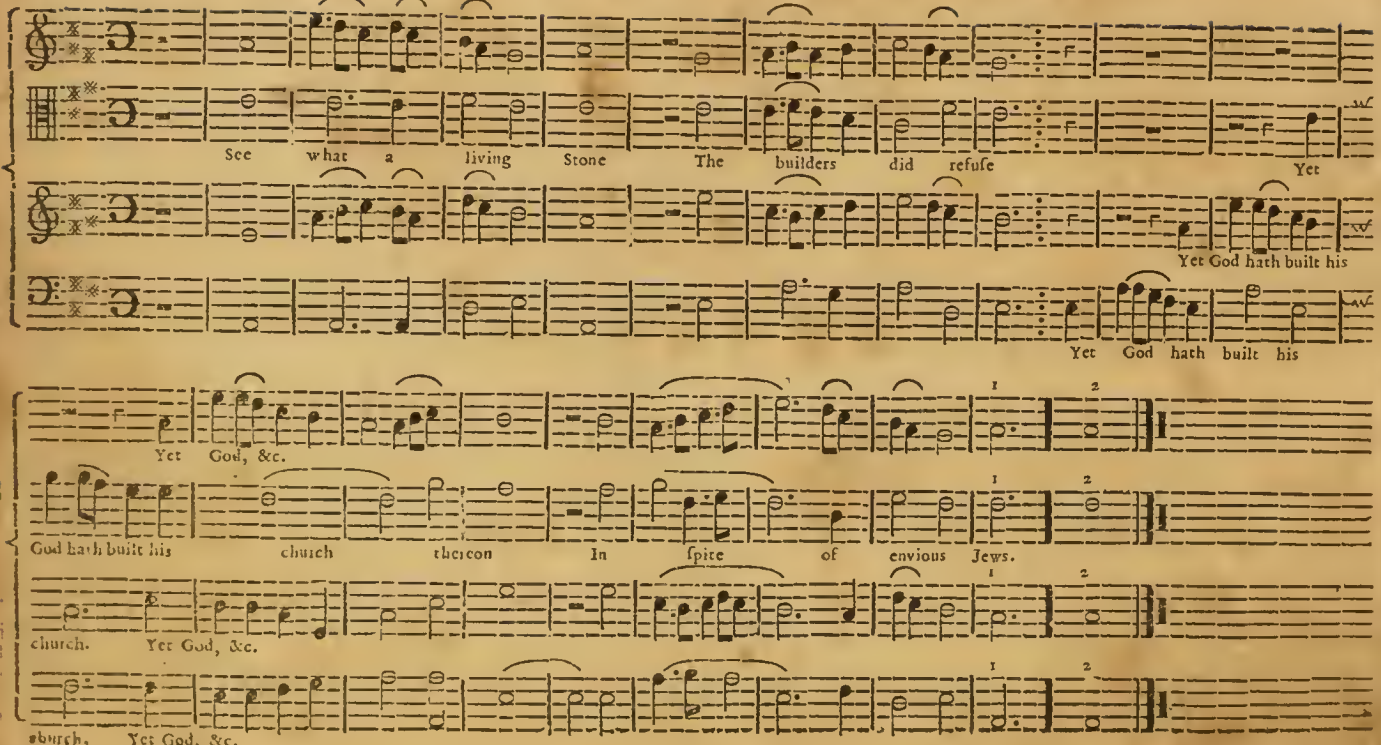
BRIDGEWATER. 95*th*, B. & T. *L. M.*

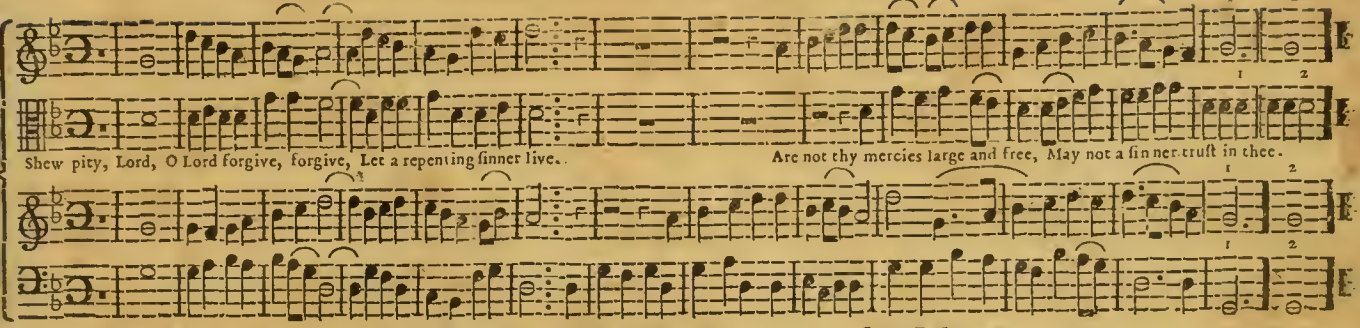


VIRGINIA. 89*th*, 4*th Ver.* D. W. *C. M.*

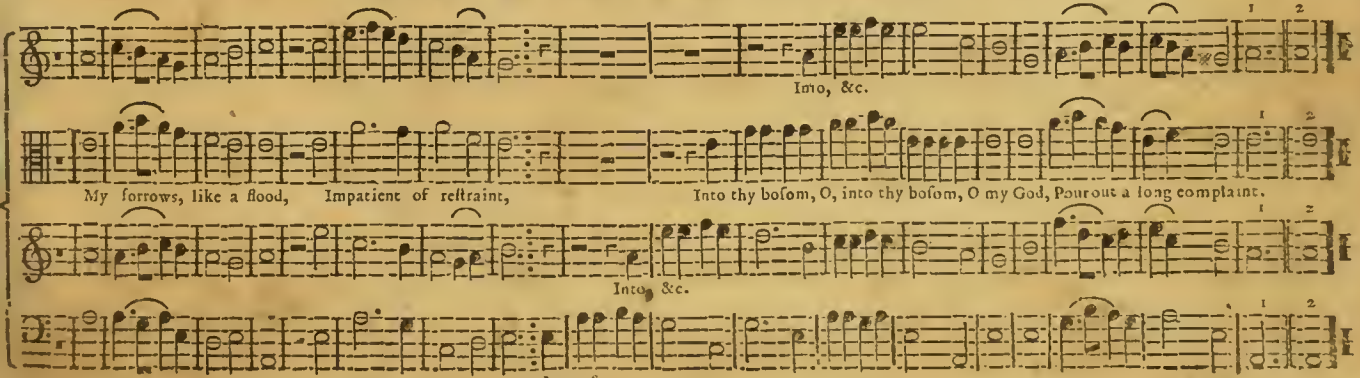


STAFFORD. 118th, D. W. C. M.

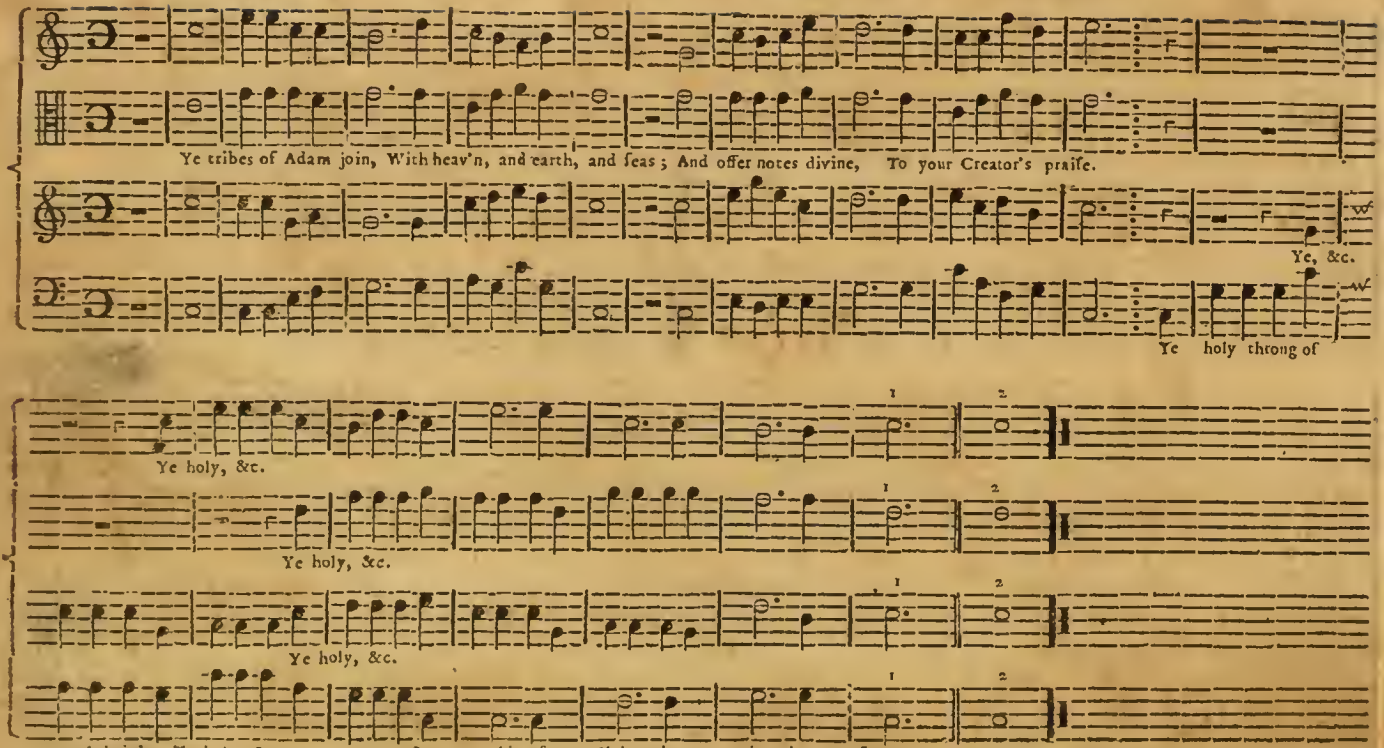


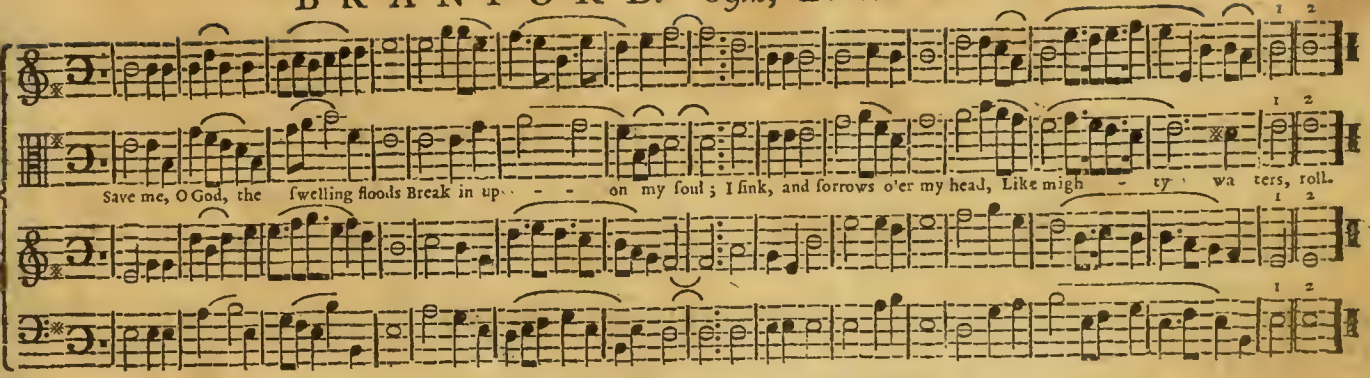

Shew pity, Lord, O Lord forgive, forgive, Let a repenting sinner live.
Are not thy mercies large and free, May not a sinner trust in thee.

NORWICH. *S. M.*

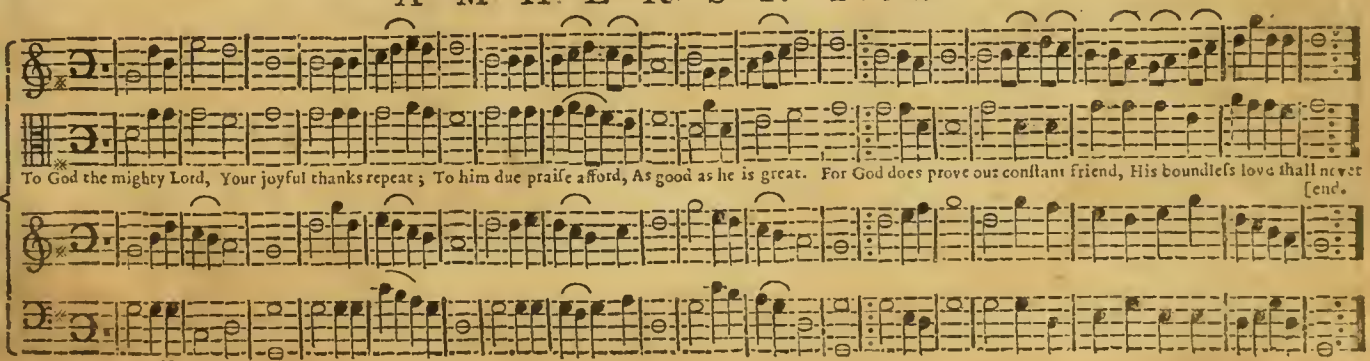

Into, &c.
My sorrows, like a flood, Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O, into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.
Into, &c.
Into, &c.

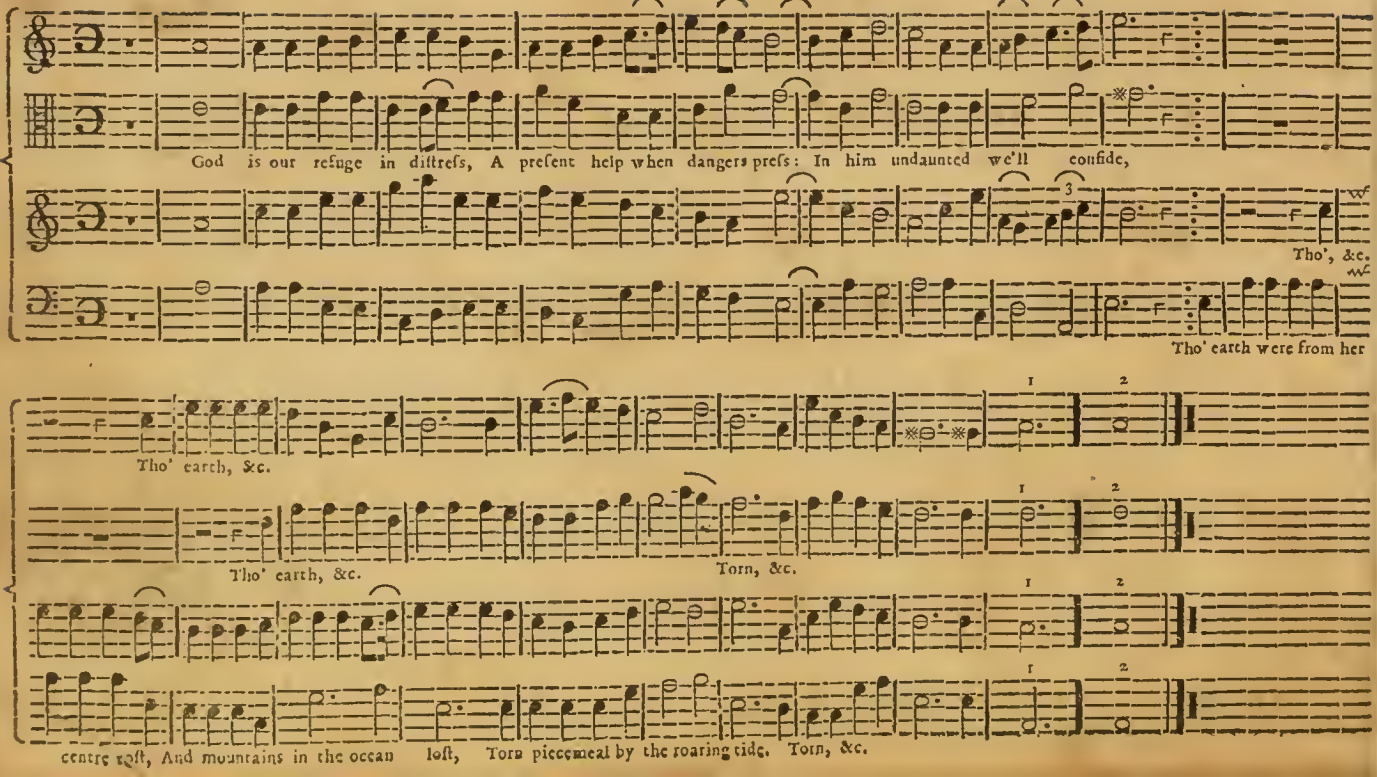
LENNOX. 148*th*, D. W. *P. M.*

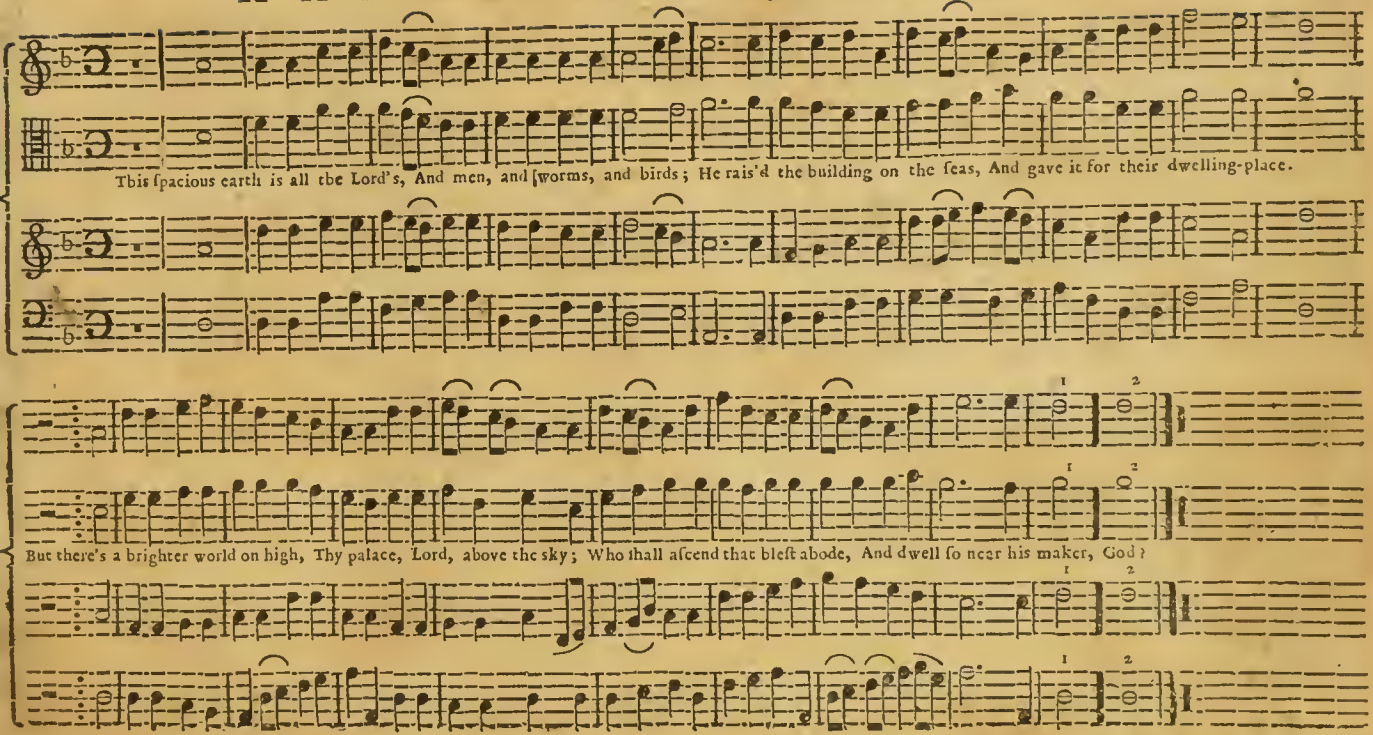



Save me, O God, the swelling floods Break in up - - - on my soul; I sink, and sorrows o'er my head, Like migh - ty wa ters, roll.

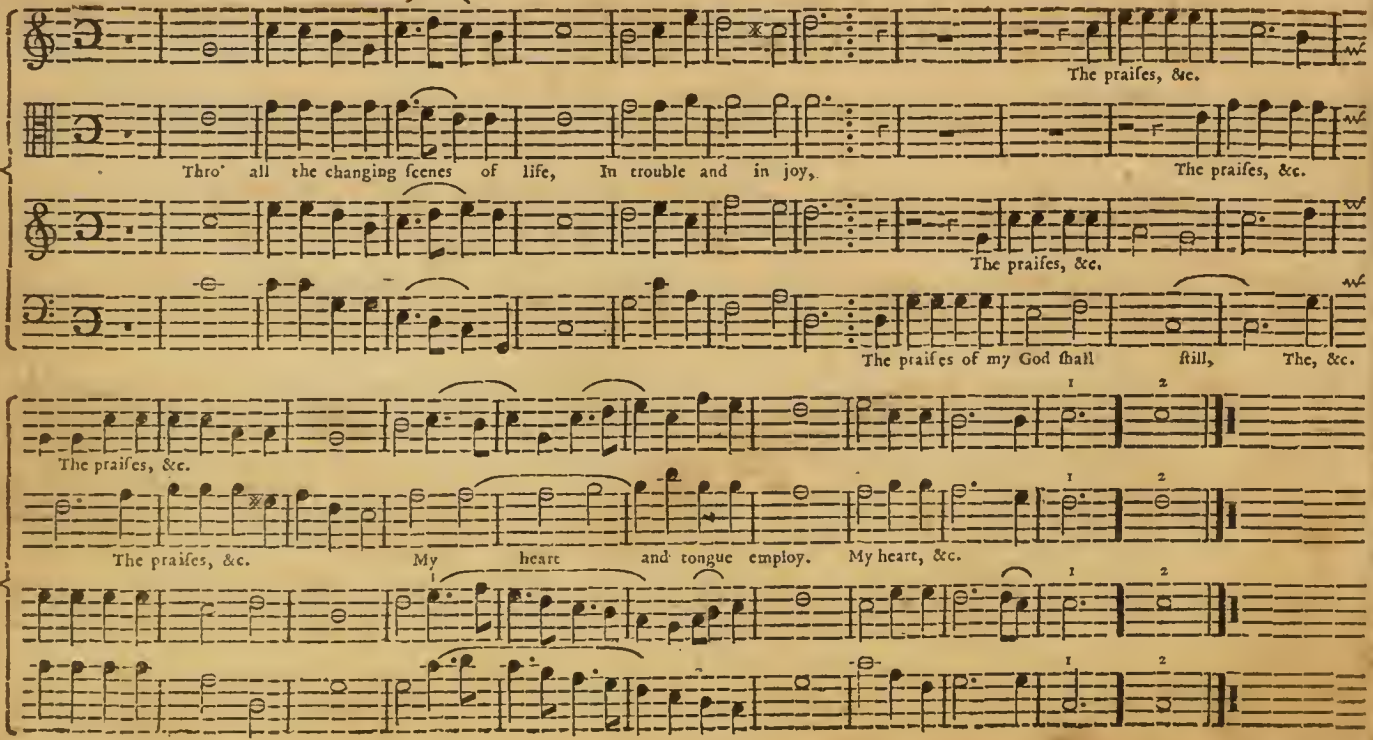
AMHERST. P. M.

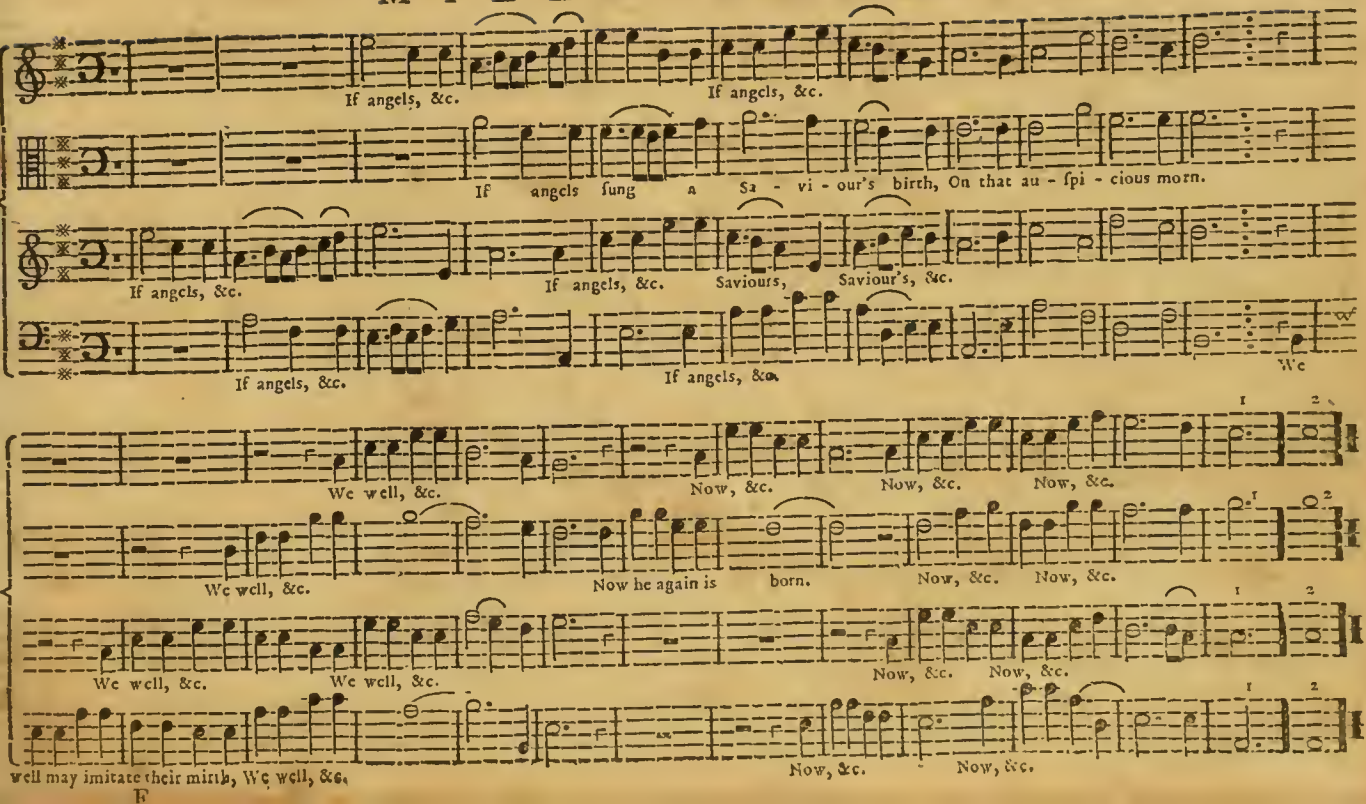

To God the mighty Lord, Your joyful thanks repeat; To him due praise afford, As good as he is great. For God does prove our constant friend, His boundless love shall never end.


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

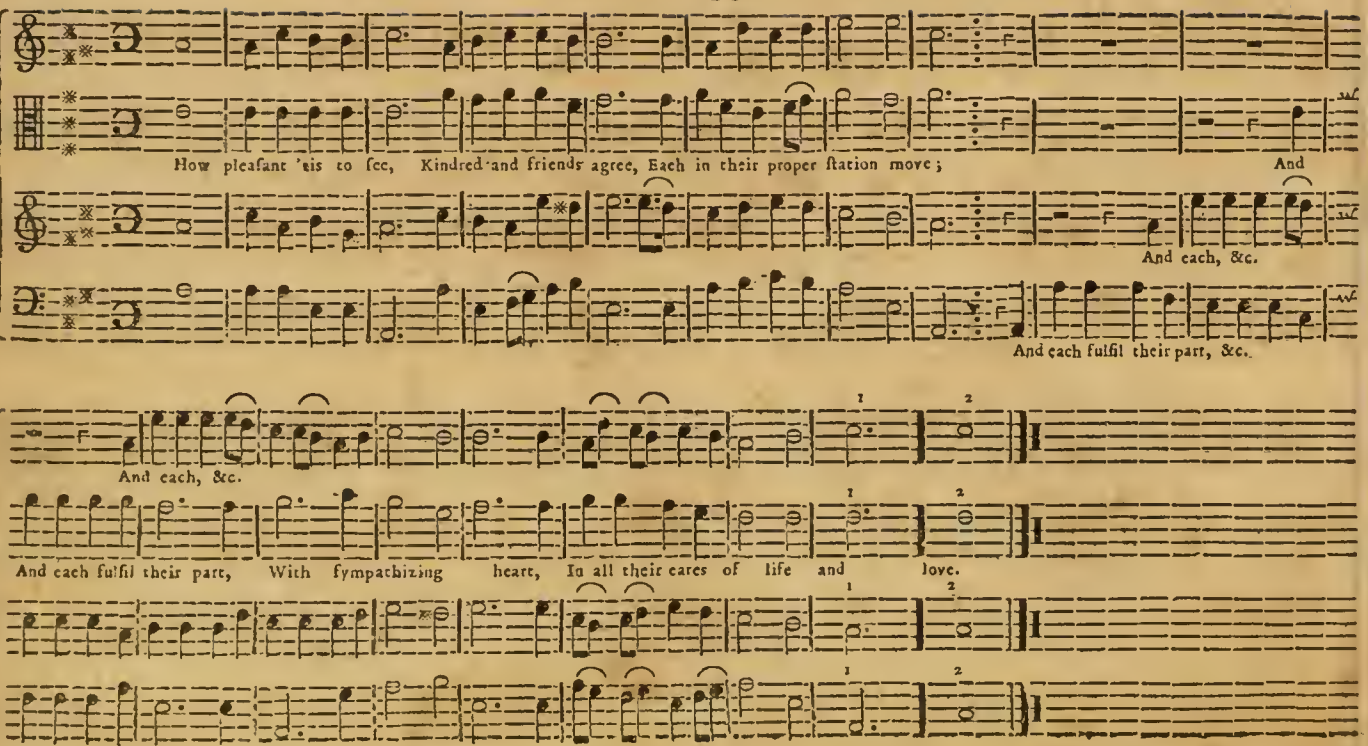

This spacious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and [worms, and birds; He rais'd the building on the seas, And gave it for their dwelling-place.
But there's a brighter world on high, Thy palace, Lord, above the sky; Who shall ascend that blest abode, And dwell so near his maker, God?

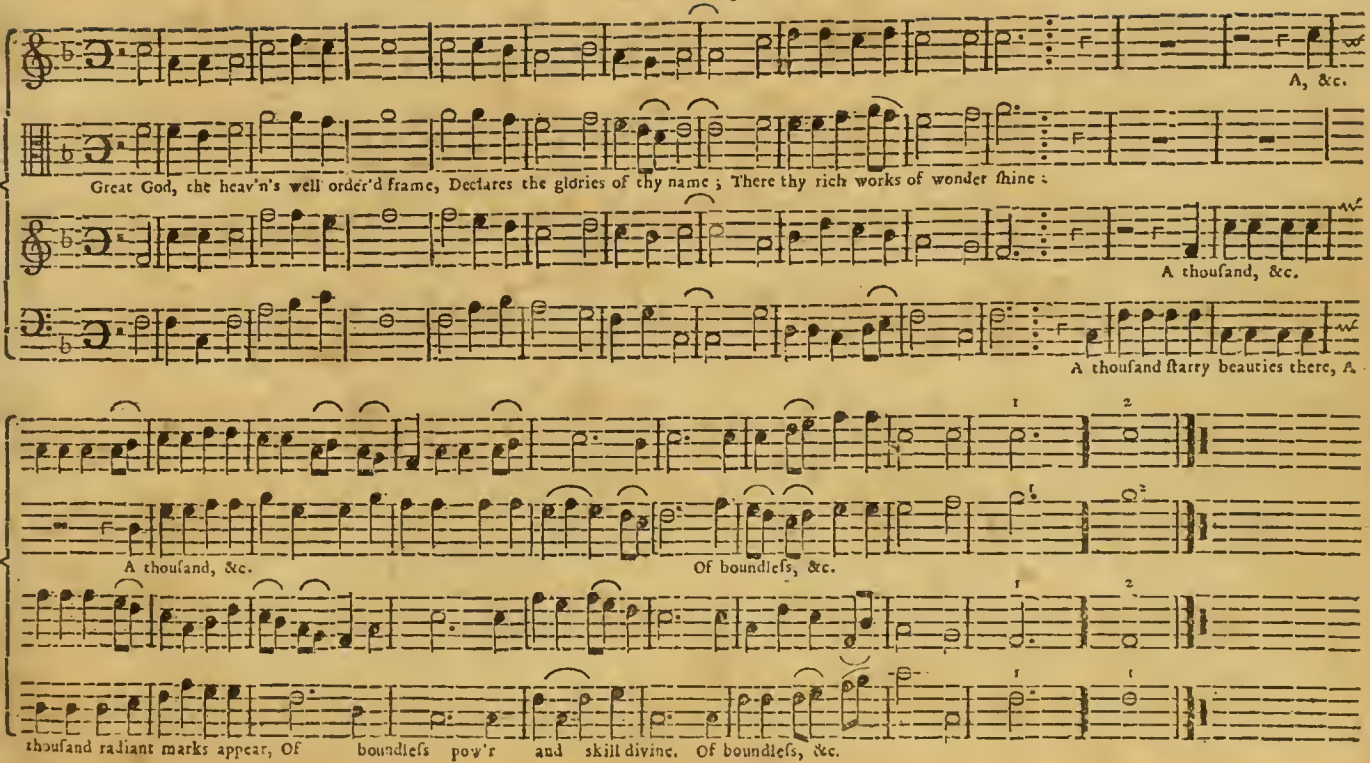
XXXIV. B. & T. *C. M.*


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

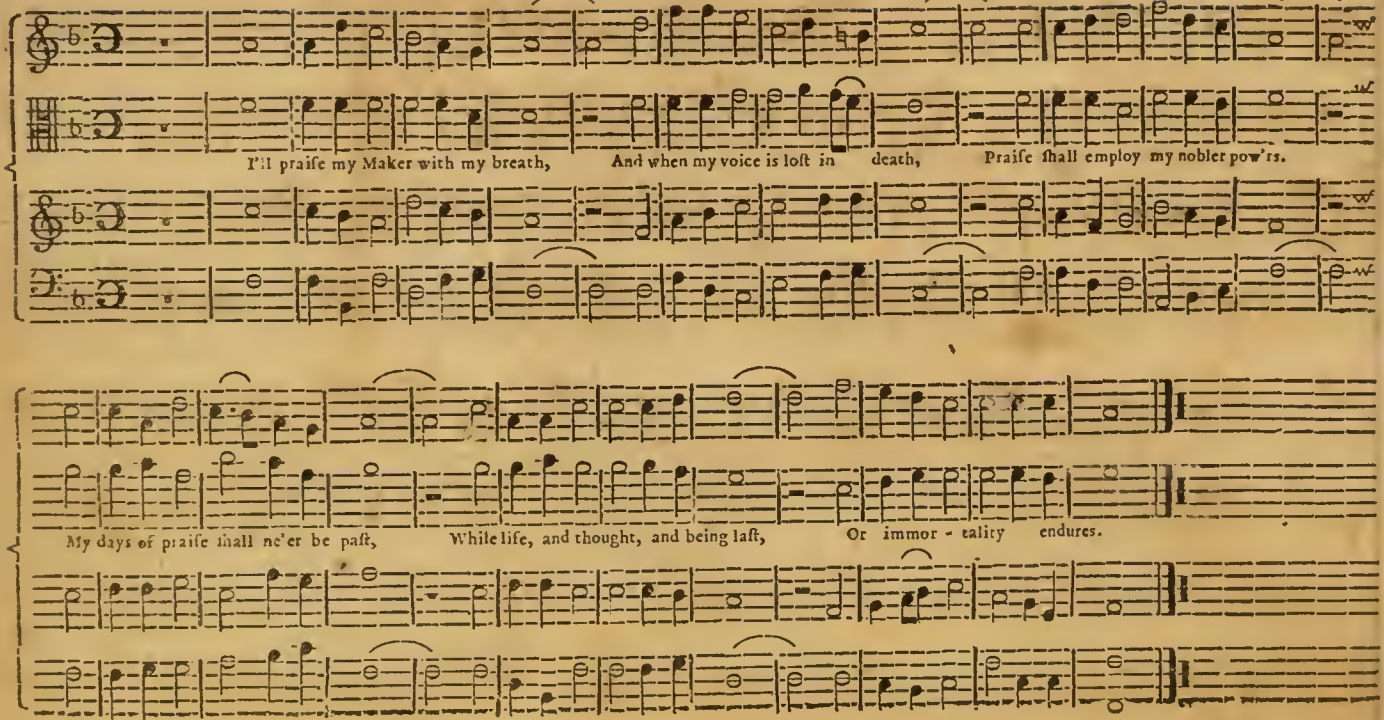

If angels, &c.
If angels, &c.
If angels sung a Sa - vi - our's birth, On that au - spi - cious morn.
If angels, &c.
If angels, &c.
Saviours,
Saviour's, &c.
If angels, &c.
If angels, &c.
We
We well, &c.
Now, &c.
Now, &c.
Now, &c.
We well, &c.
Now he again is born.
Now, &c.
Now, &c.
We well, &c.
We well, &c.
Now, &c.
Now, &c.
well may imitate their mirth, We well, &c.
Now, &c.
Now, &c.

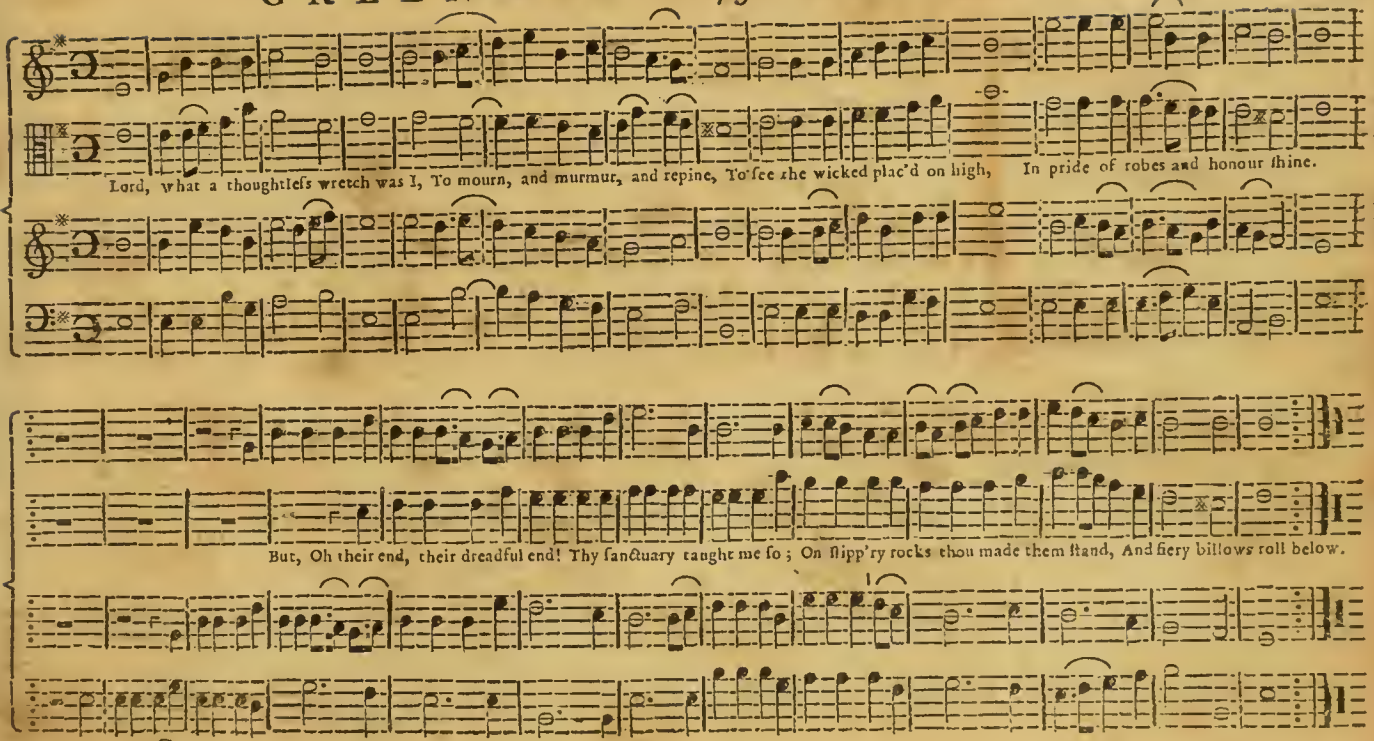
AMITY. 133d, D. W. P. M.



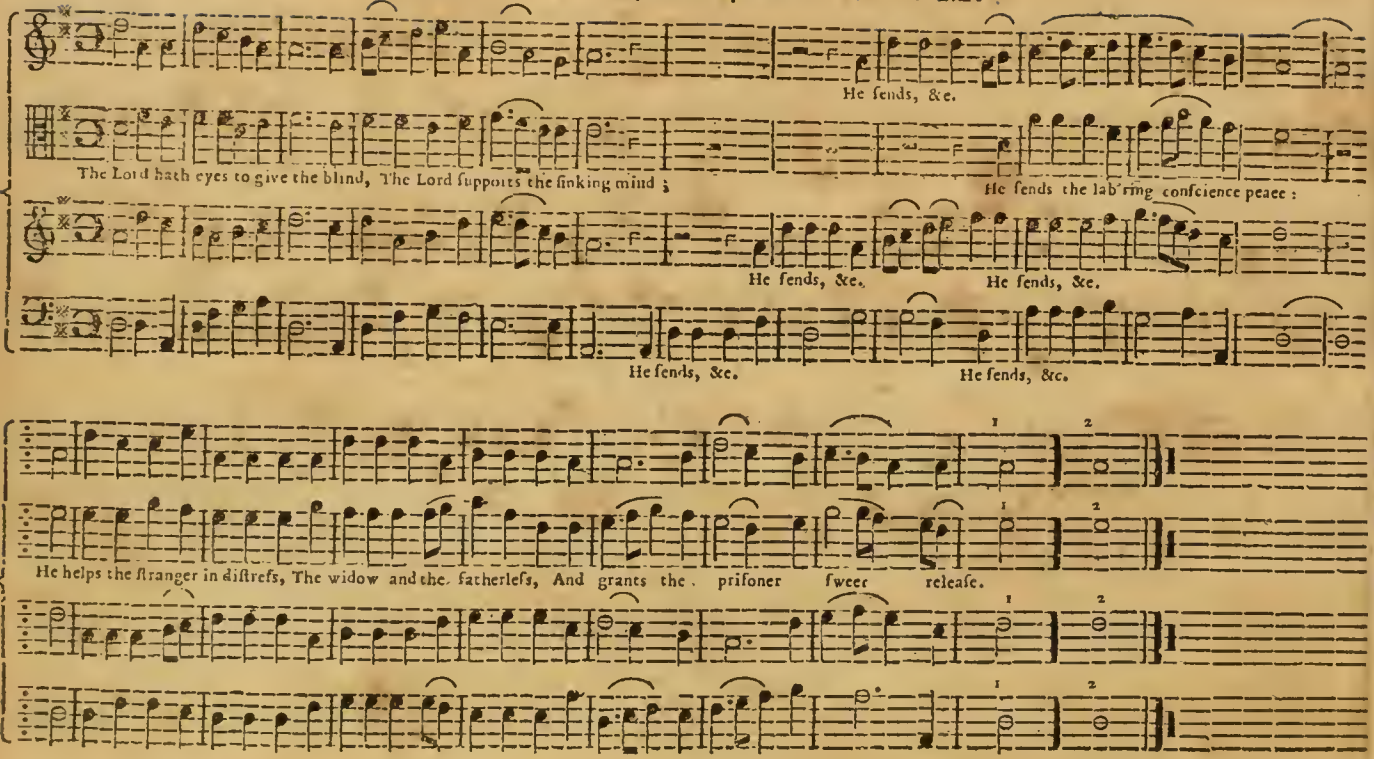

A, &c.
Great God, the heav'n's well order'd frame, Declares the glories of thy name; There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand, &c.
A thousand starry beauties there, A
A thousand, &c.
Of boundless, &c.
thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless pow'r and skill divine. Of boundless, &c.

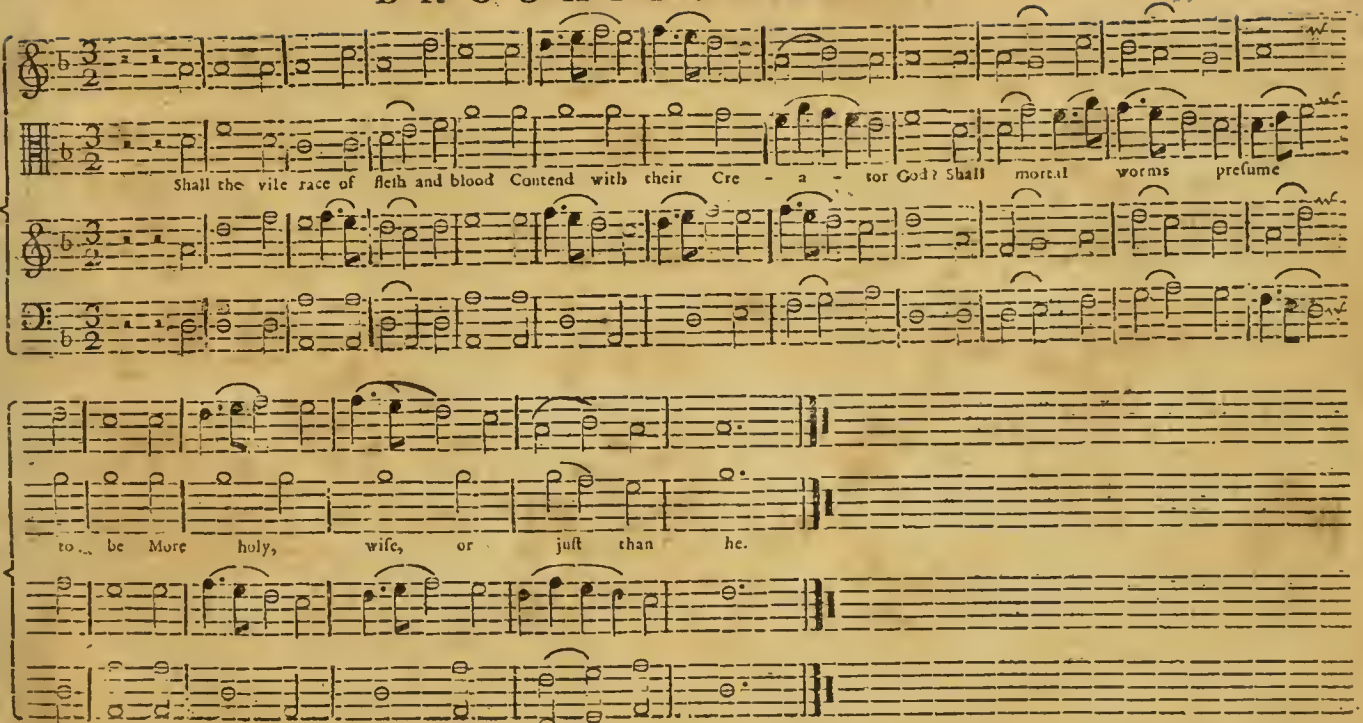
XLVI. 147th, D. W. P. M.



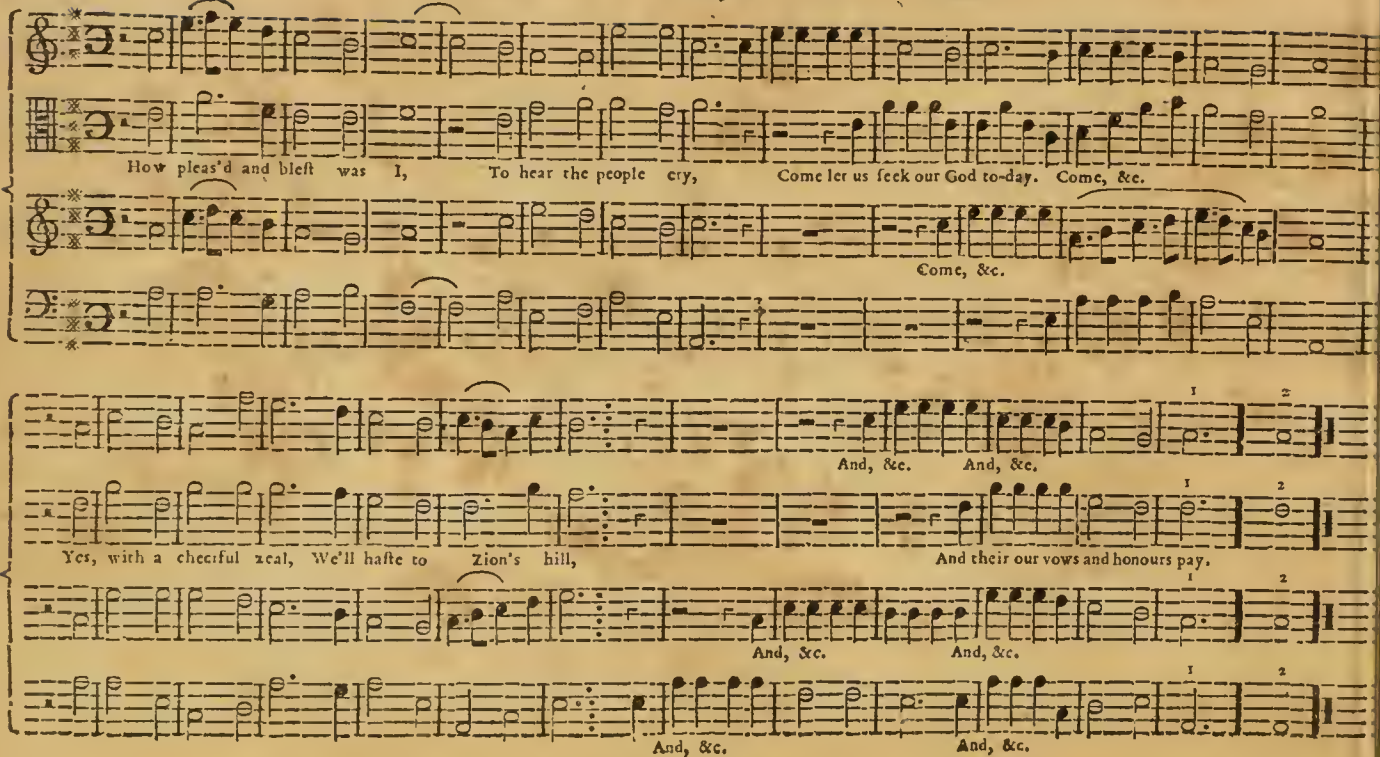

Lord, what a thoughtleſs wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine, To ſee the wicked plac'd on high, In pride of robes and honour ſhine.
But, Oh their end, their dreadful end! Thy ſanctuary taught me ſo; On ſlipp'ry rocks thou made them ſtand, And fiery billows roll below.
G

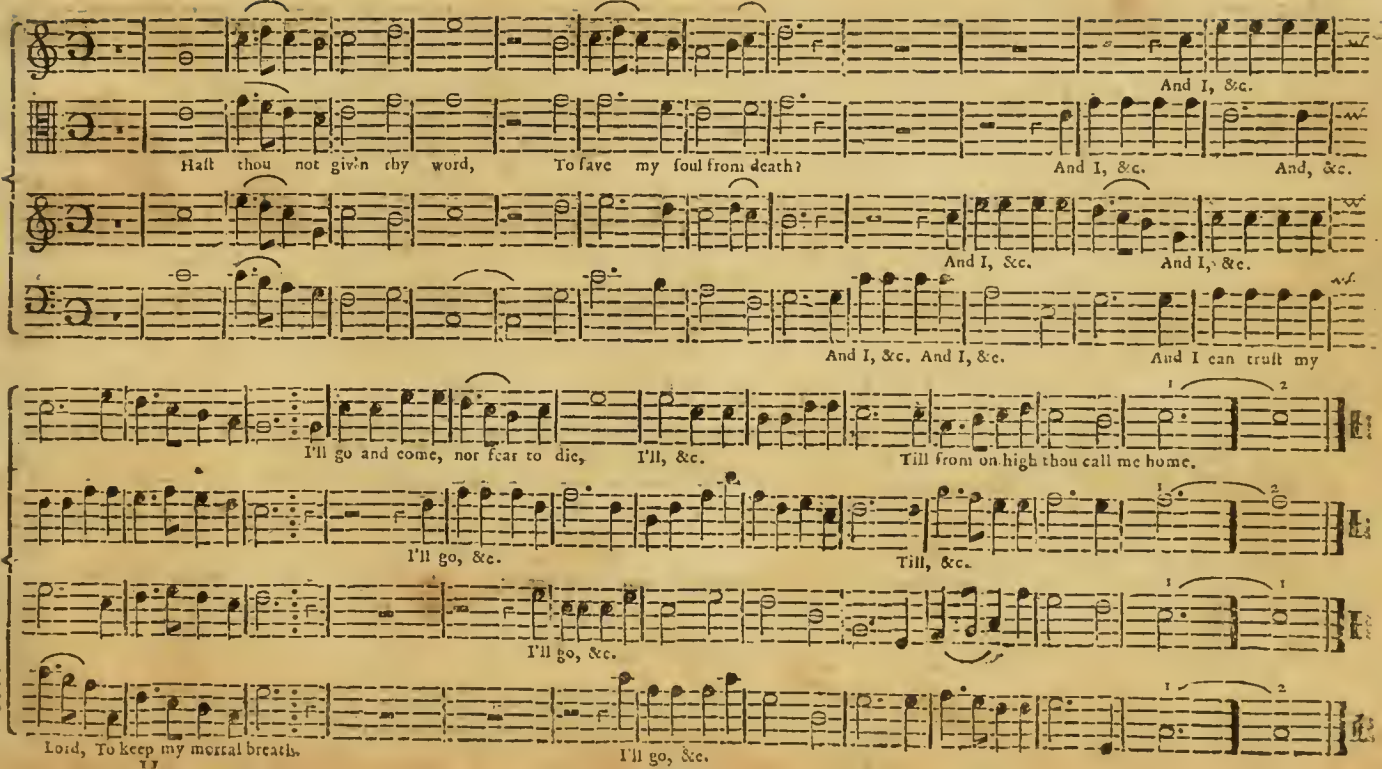
XLV.B 146th, 4th Ver. P. M.



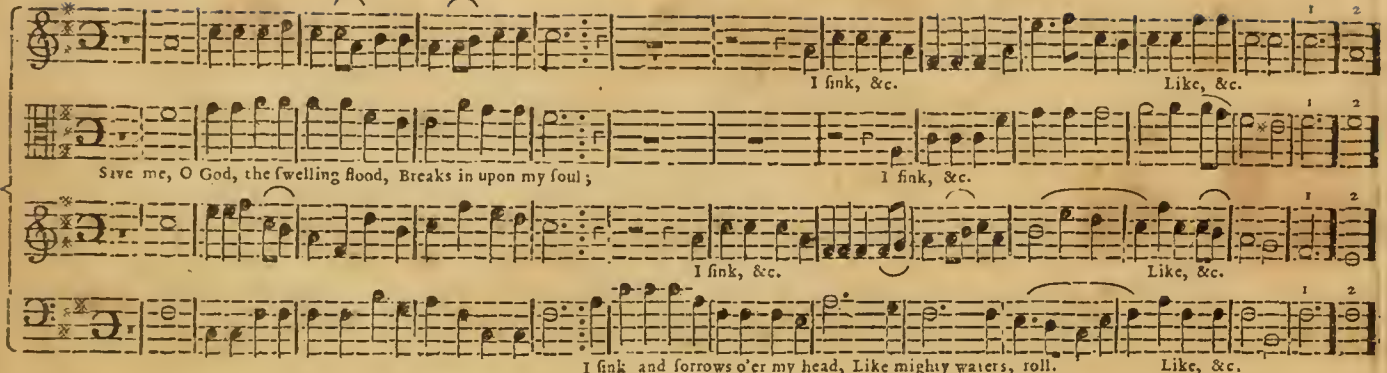

Shall the vile race of fleth and blood Contend with their Cre - a - tor God? Shall mortal worms presume
to be More holy, wise, or just than he.

CXXII. 122*d*, D. W. *P. M.*

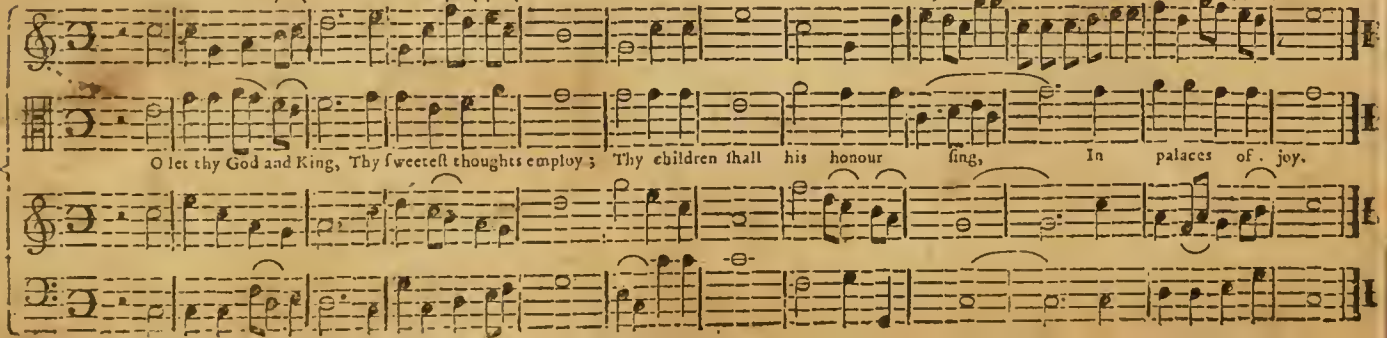


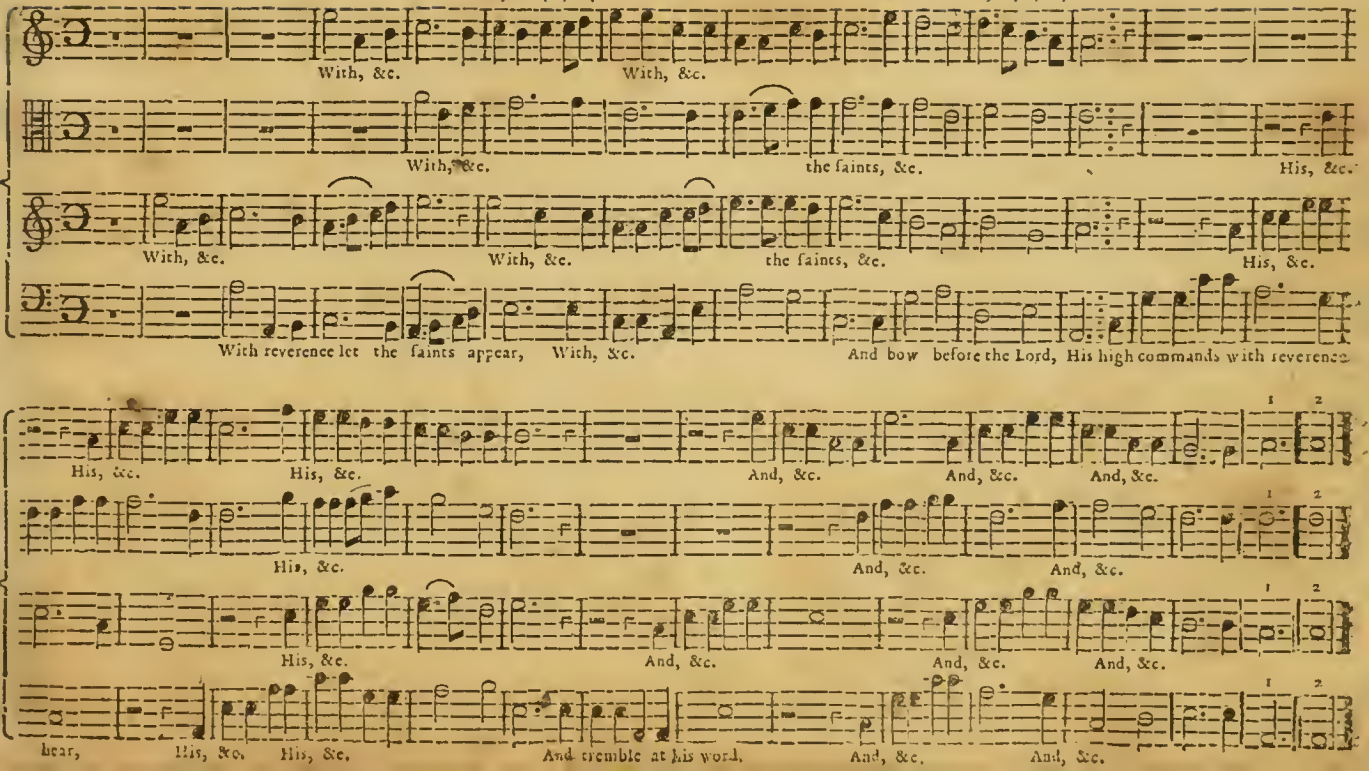

And I, &c.
Hast thou not given thy word, To save my soul from death? And I, &c. And, &c.
And I, &c. And I, &c.
And I, &c. And I, &c. And I can trust my
I'll go and come, nor fear to die, I'll, &c. Till from on high thou call me home.
I'll go, &c. Till, &c.
I'll go, &c.
Lord, To keep my mortal breath. I'll go, &c.

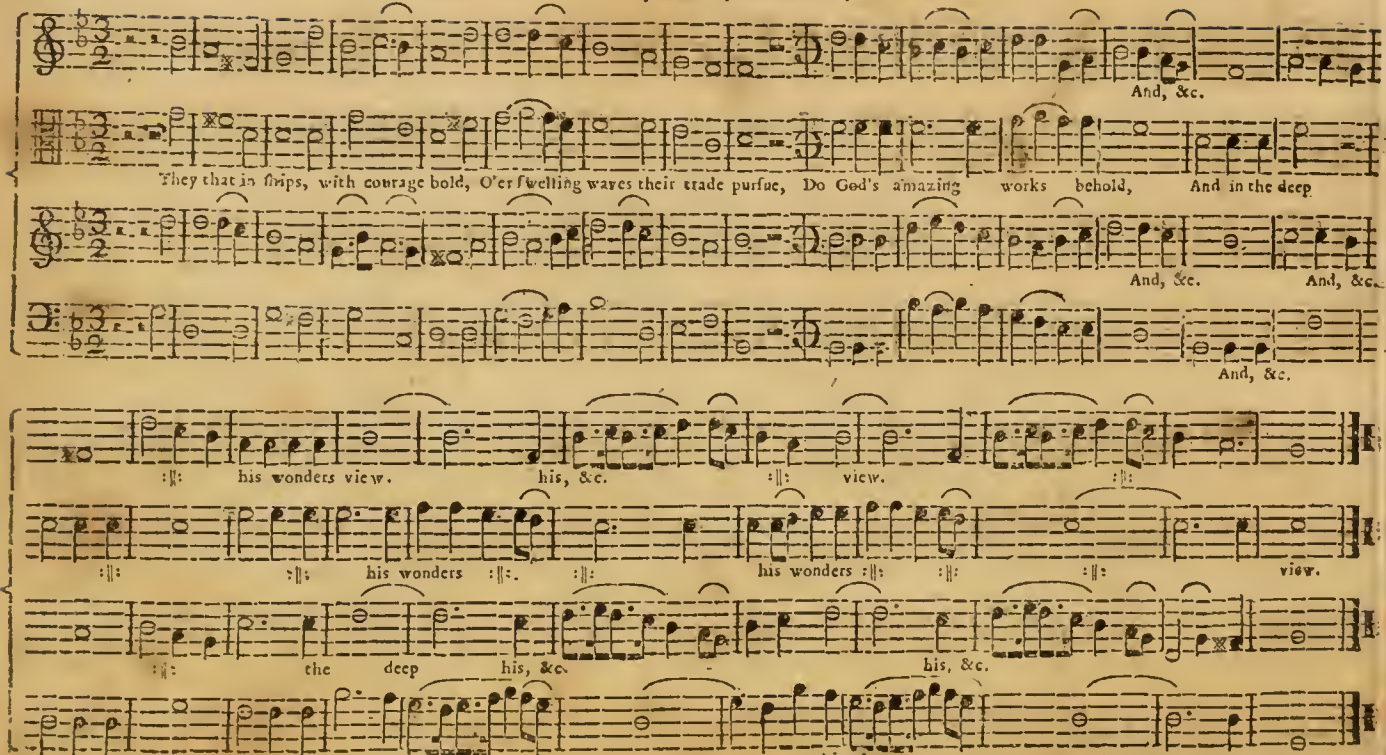
SUTTON. 69th, D. W. C. M.

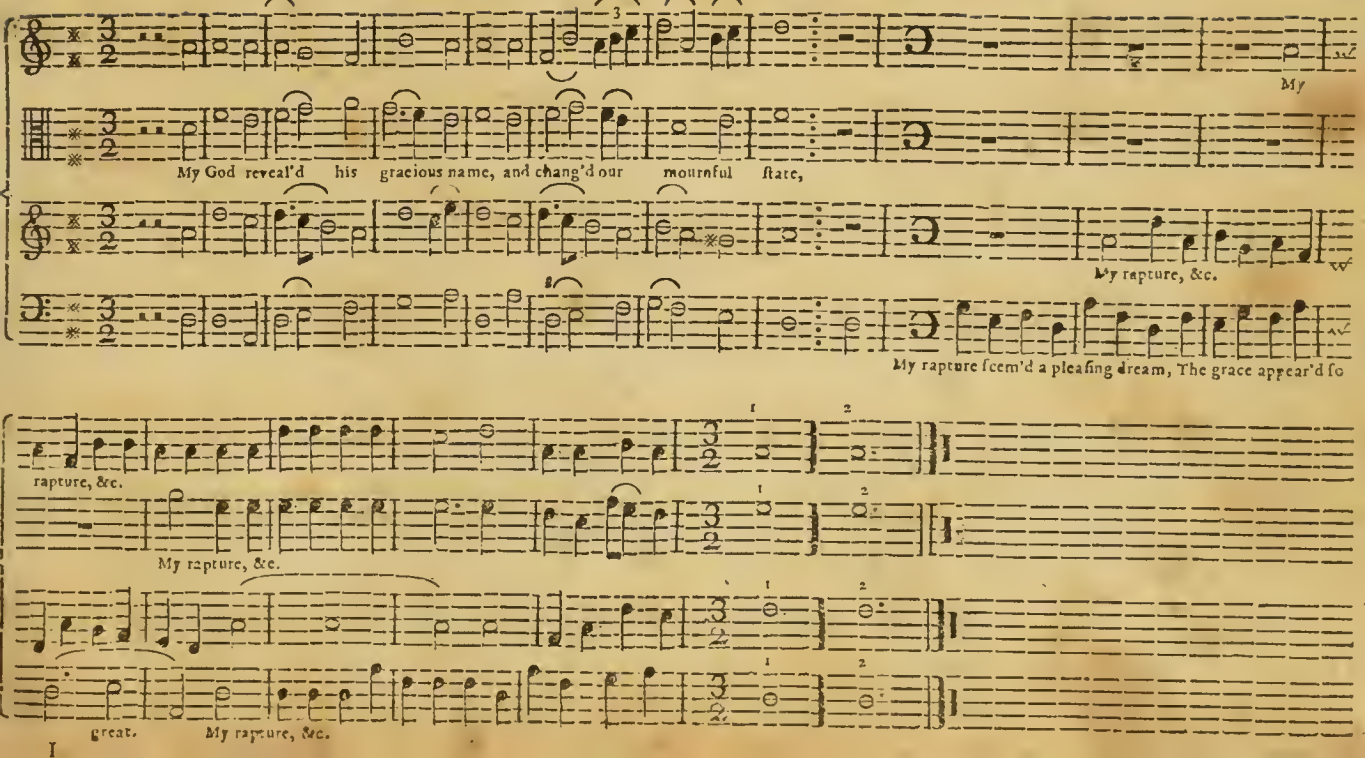


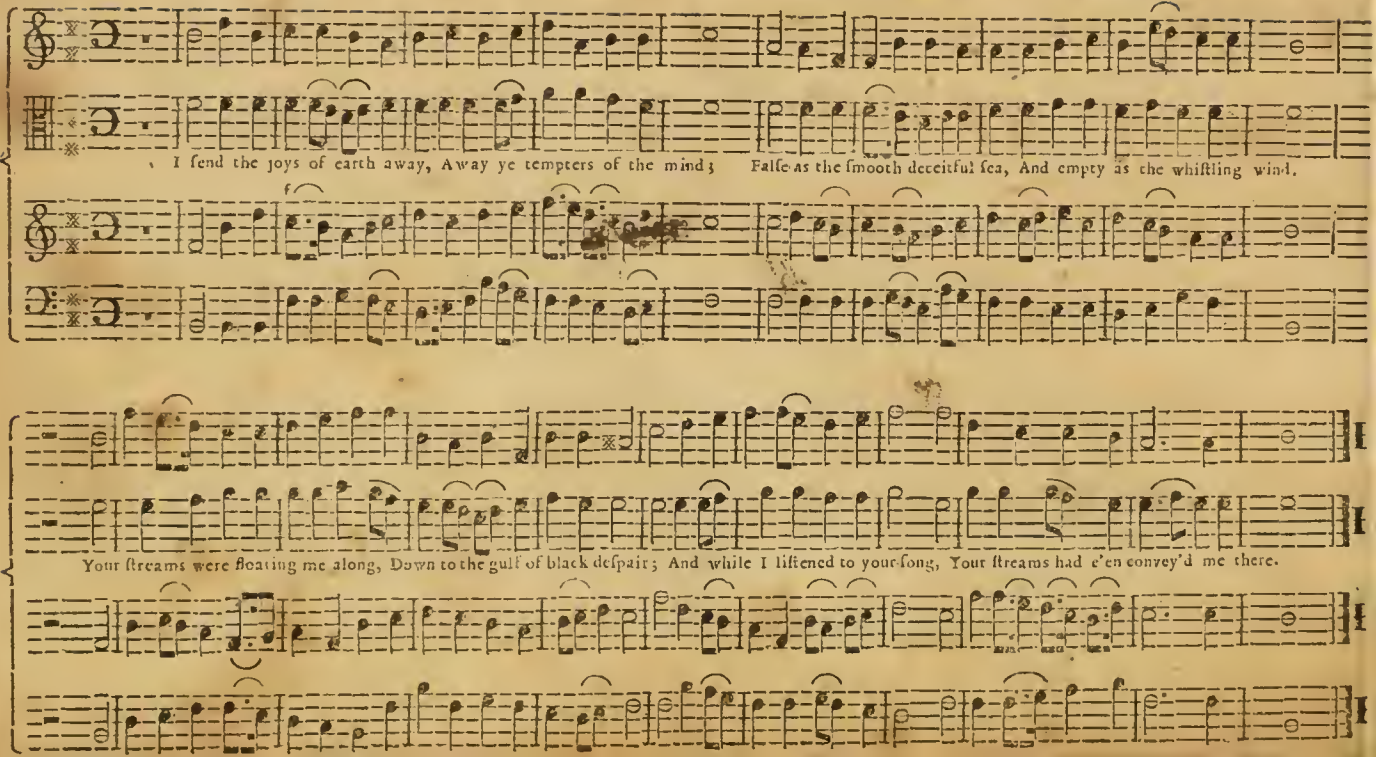
LISBON. S. M.



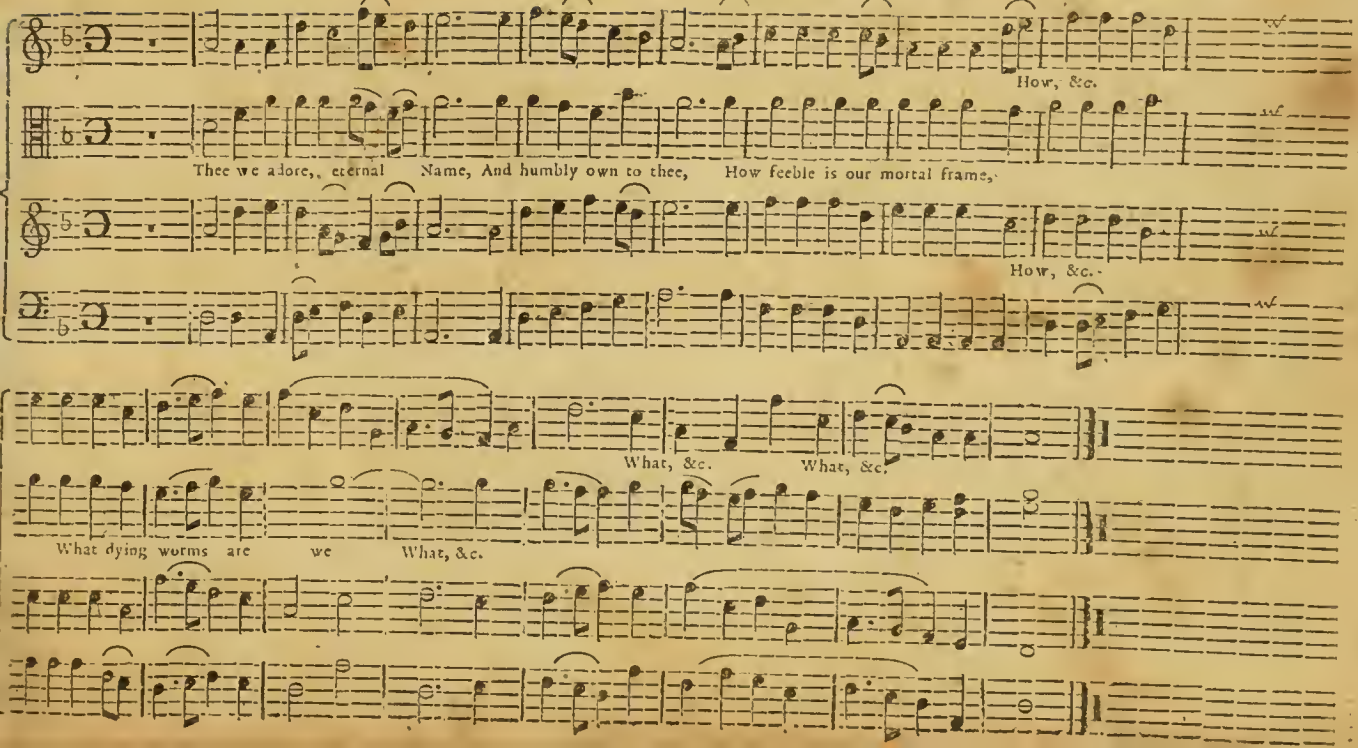

With, &c.
With, &c.
With, &c.
the saints, &c.
His, &c.
With, &c.
With, &c.
the saints, &c.
His, &c.
With reverence let the saints appear, With, &c.
And bow before the Lord, His high commands with reverence
His, &c.
His, &c.
And, &c.
And, &c.
And, &c.
His, &c.
And, &c.
And, &c.
His, &c.
And, &c.
And, &c.
And, &c.
hear, His, &c. His, &c.
And tremble at his word.
And, &c.
And, &c.


And, &c.
They that in ships, with courage bold, O'er swelling waves their trade pursue, Do God's amazing works behold, And in the deep
And, &c.
And, &c.
And, &c.
:‖: his wonders view. his, &c. :‖: view. :‖:
:‖: :‖: his wonders :‖:. :‖: his wonders :‖: :‖: :‖: view.
:‖: the deep his, &c. his, &c.
:‖: :‖: his, &c. his, &c.

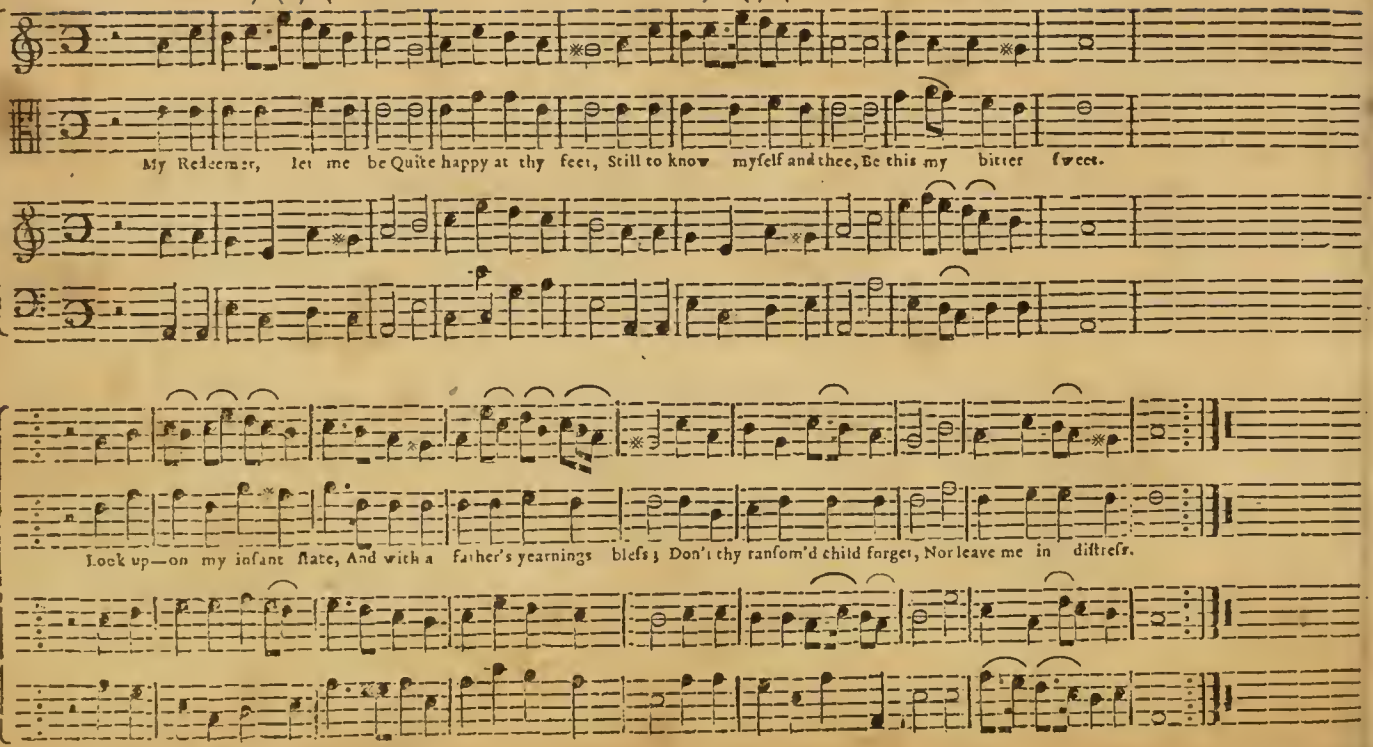

My
My God reveal'd his gracious name, and chang'd our mournful ſtate,
My rapture, &c.
My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream, The grace appear'd ſo
rapture, &c.
My rapture, &c.
great. My rapture, &c.

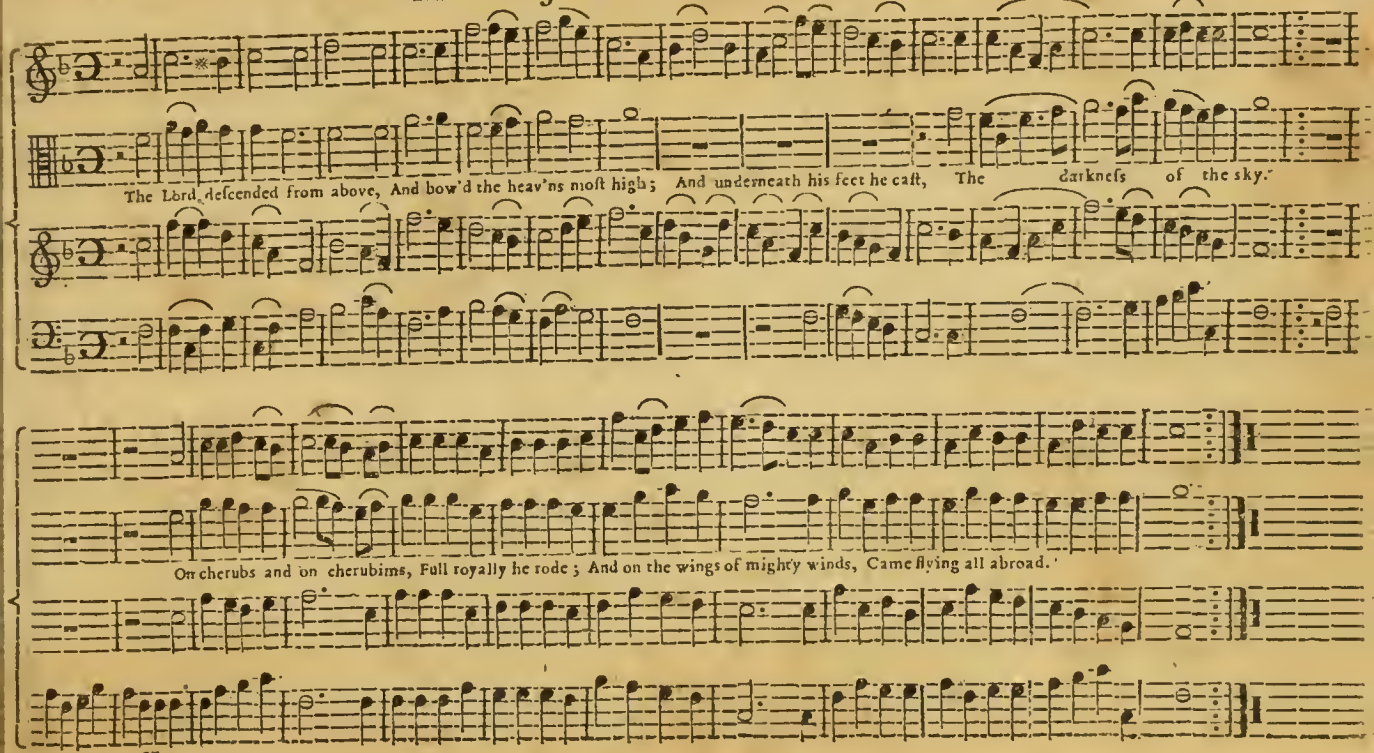

I send the joys of earth away, Away ye tempters of the mind; False as the smooth deceitful sea, And empty as the whistling wind.
Your streams were floating me along, Down to the gulf of black despair; And while I listened to your song, Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

WORTHINGTON. *Hymn 55th, Book 2d.* *C. M.*

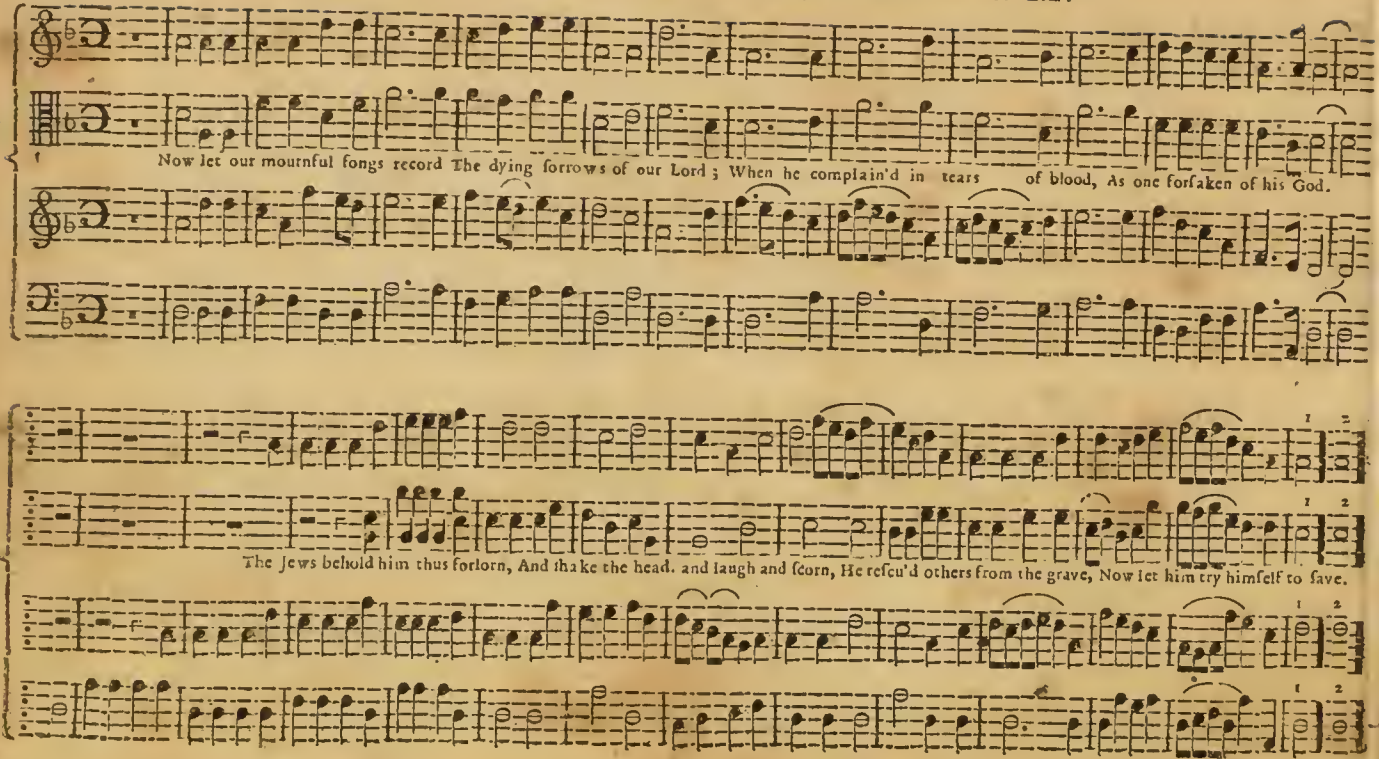


MENDON. *Words from* Relly.

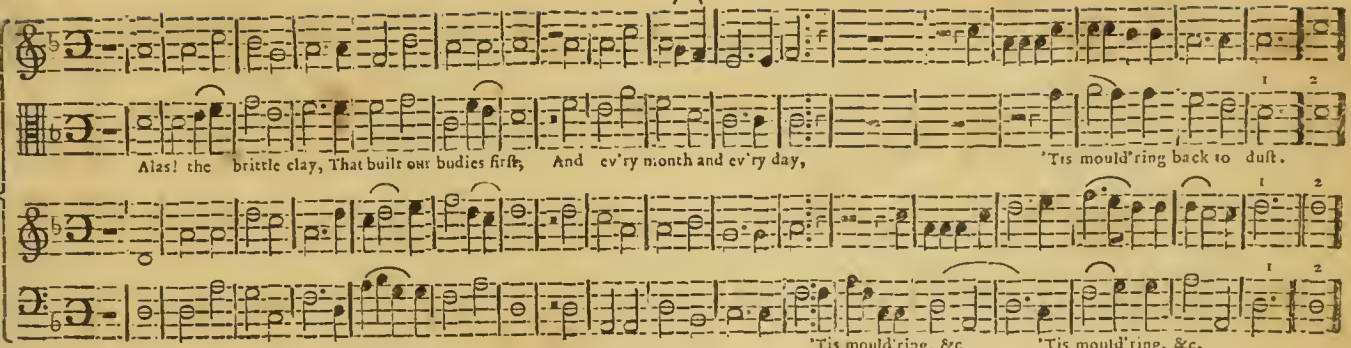



The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And underneath his feet he cast, The darkness of the sky.
On cherubs and on cherubims, Full royally he rode; And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad.

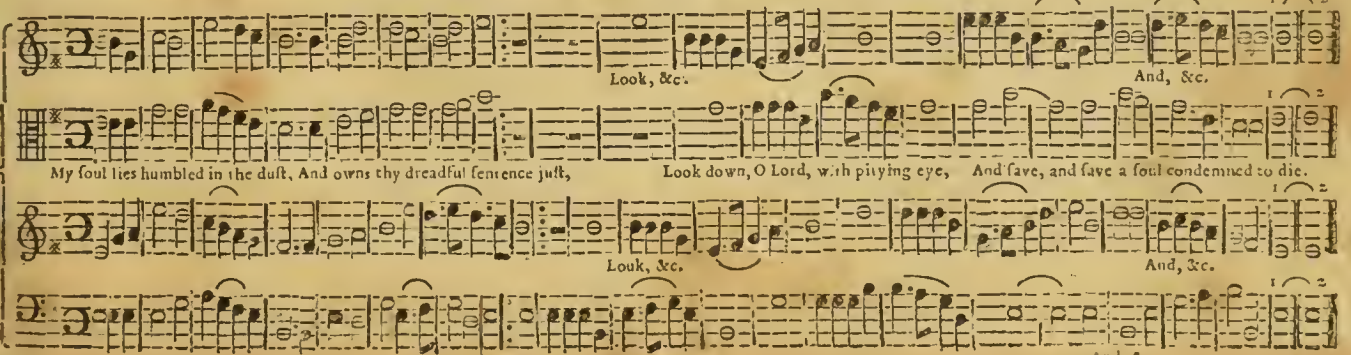
MONTAGUE. 22*d*, D. W. *L. M.*

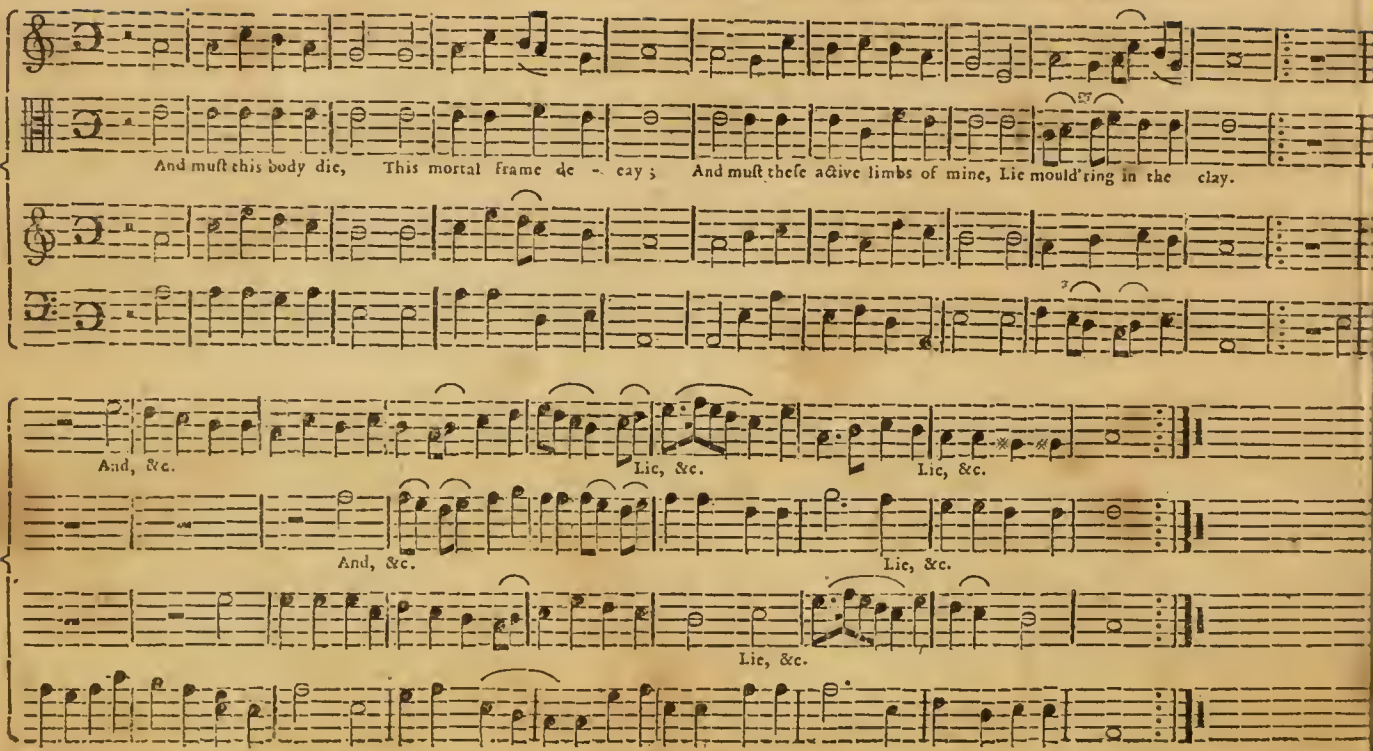


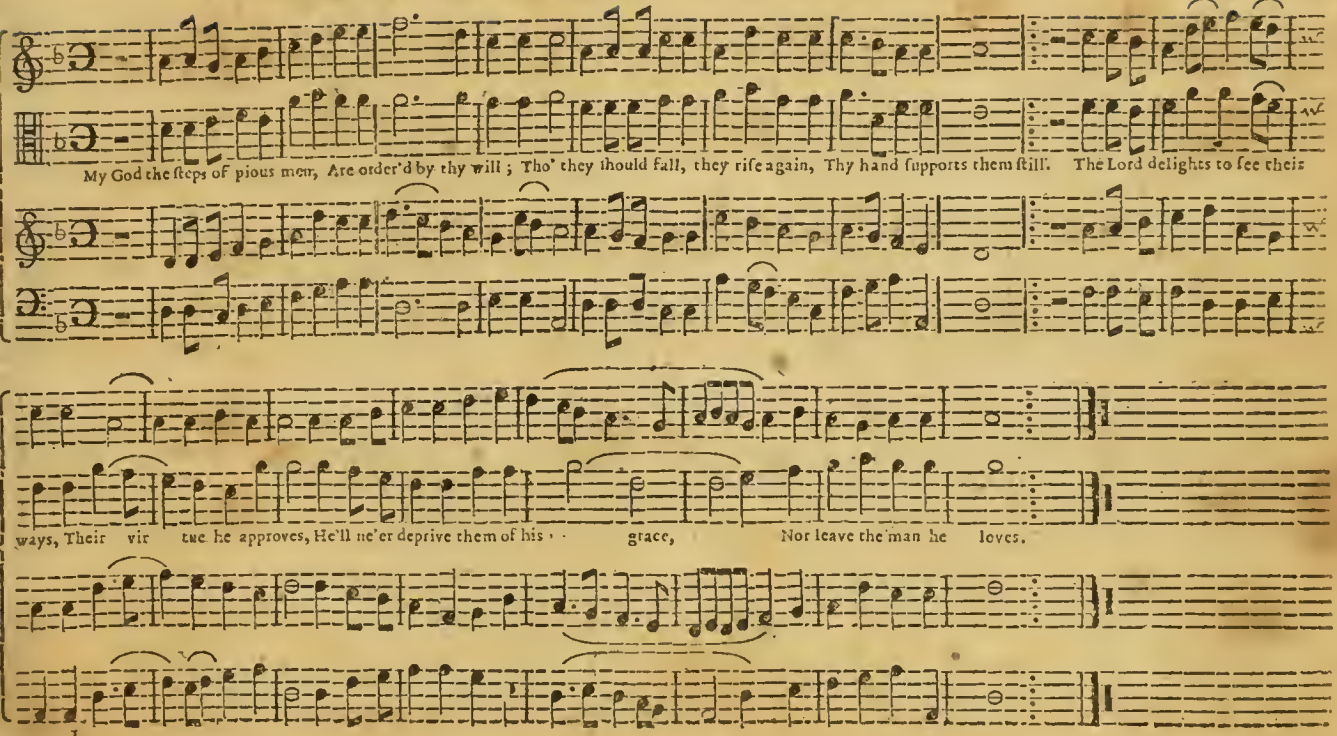
NORFOLK. 90th. 2d Ver. S. M.



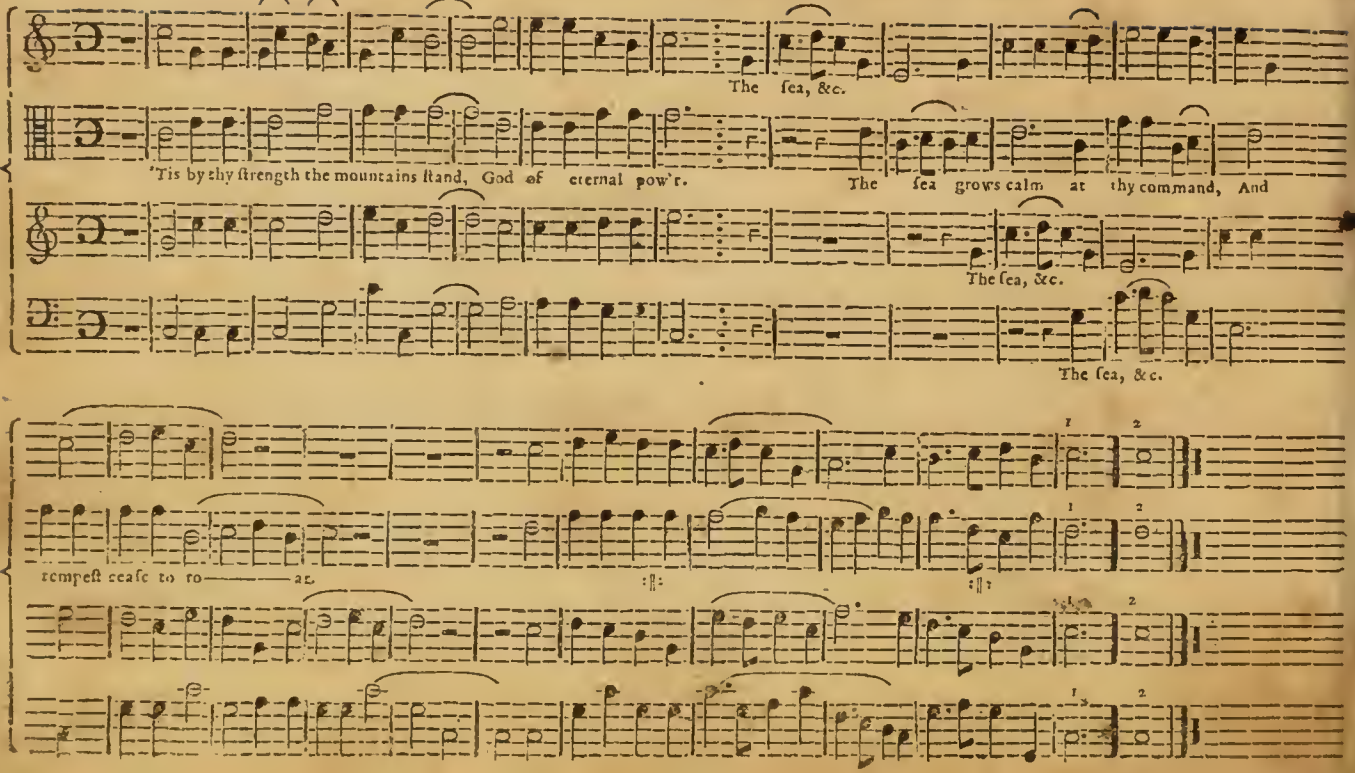
PITSFIELD. L. M.

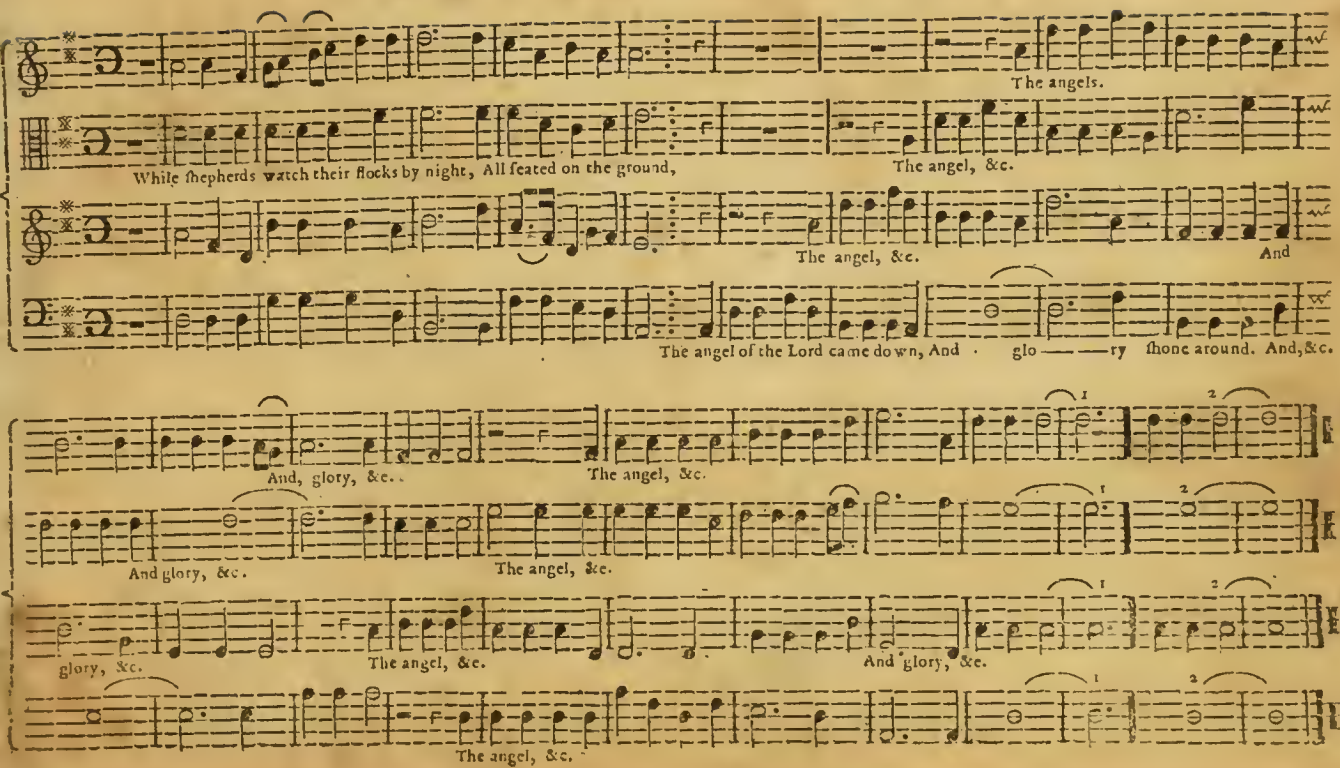


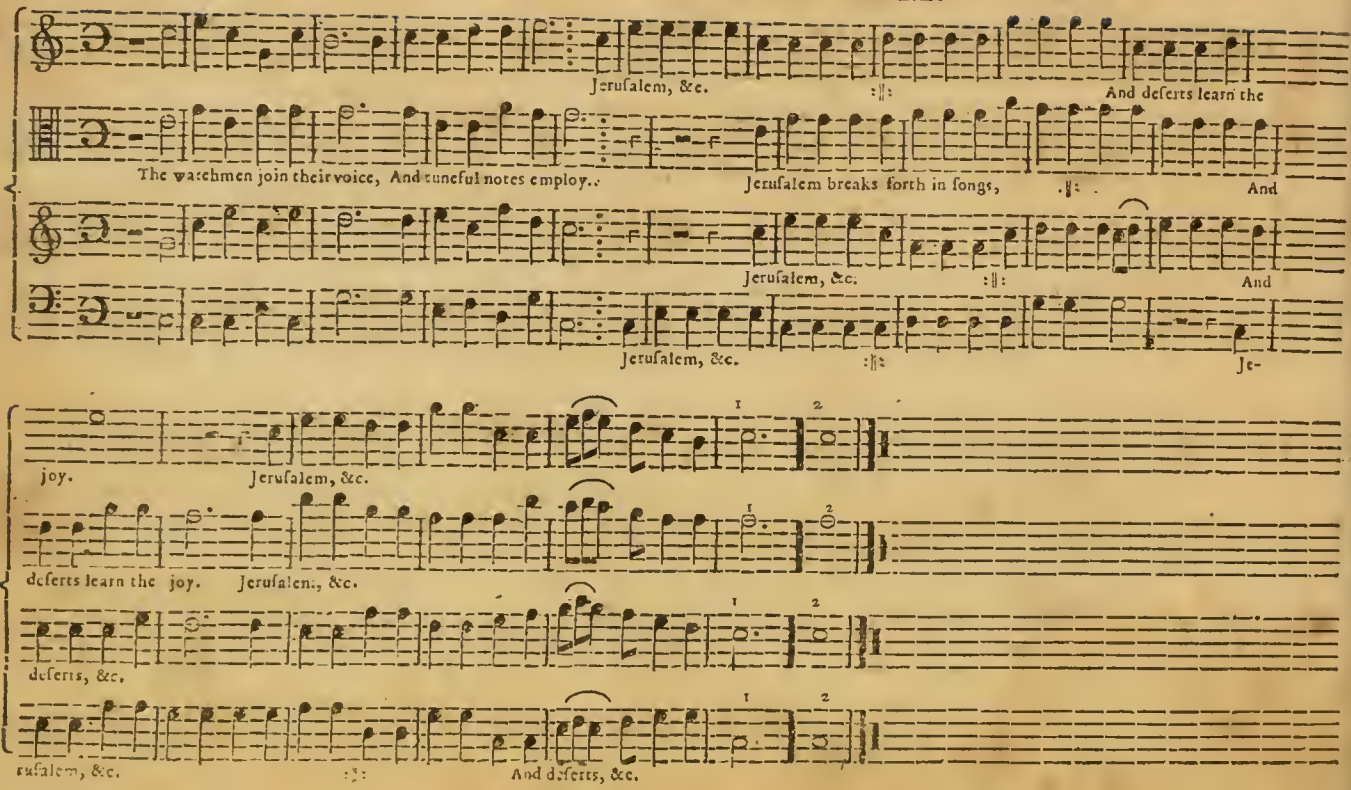

And must this body die, This mortal frame de - cay; And must these active limbs of mine, Lie mould'ring in the clay.
And, &c.
Lie, &c.
Lie, &c.
And, &c.
Lie, &c.
Lie, &c.

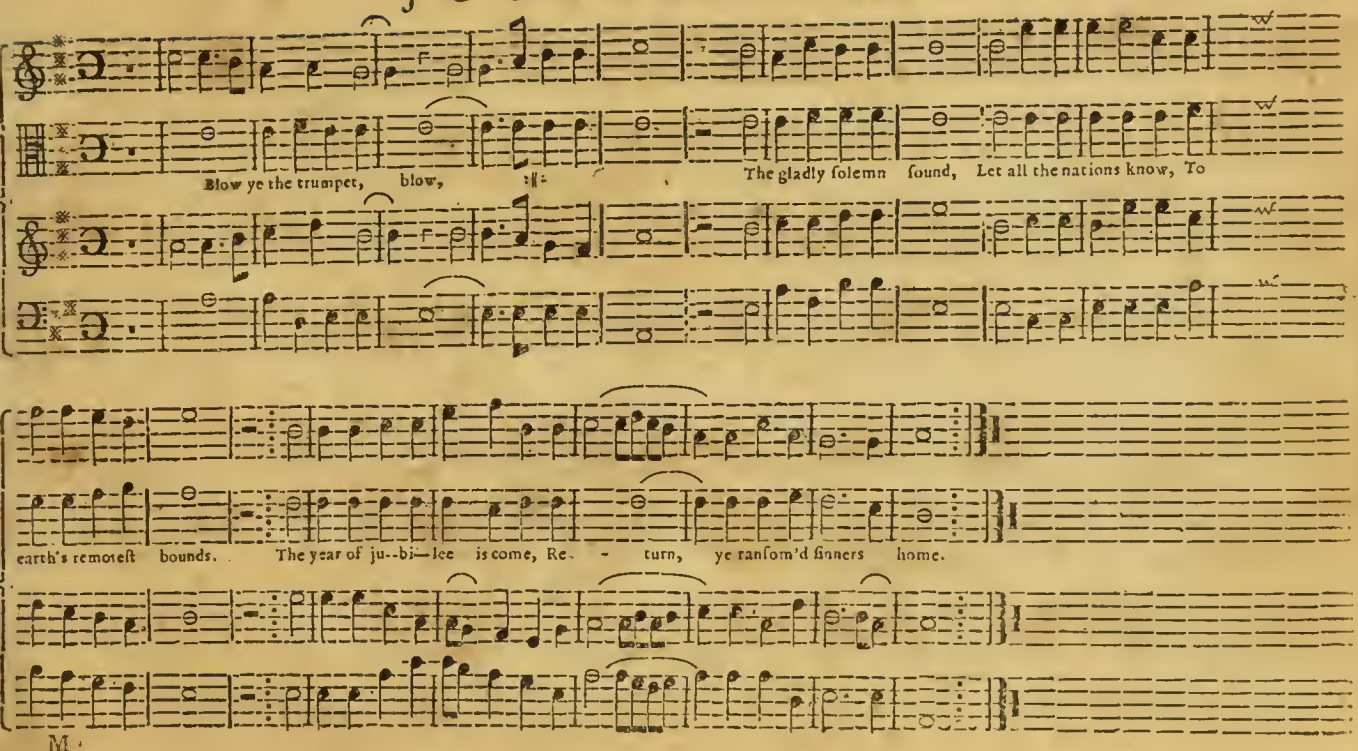

My God the steps of pious men, Are order'd by thy will; Tho' they should fall, they rise again, Thy hand supports them still. The Lord delights to see their
ways, Their vir tue he approves, He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace, Nor leave the man he loves.

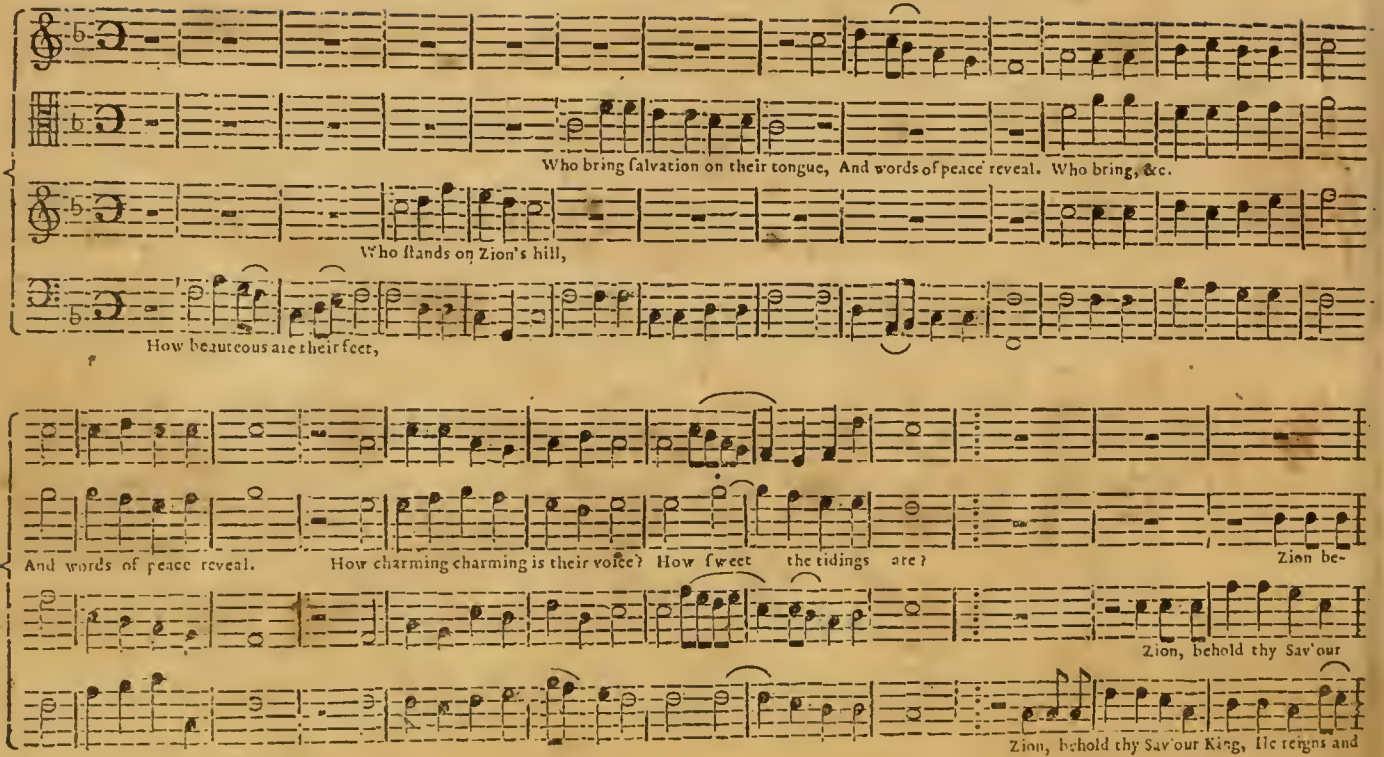
RAINBOW. 65th, D. W. C. M.

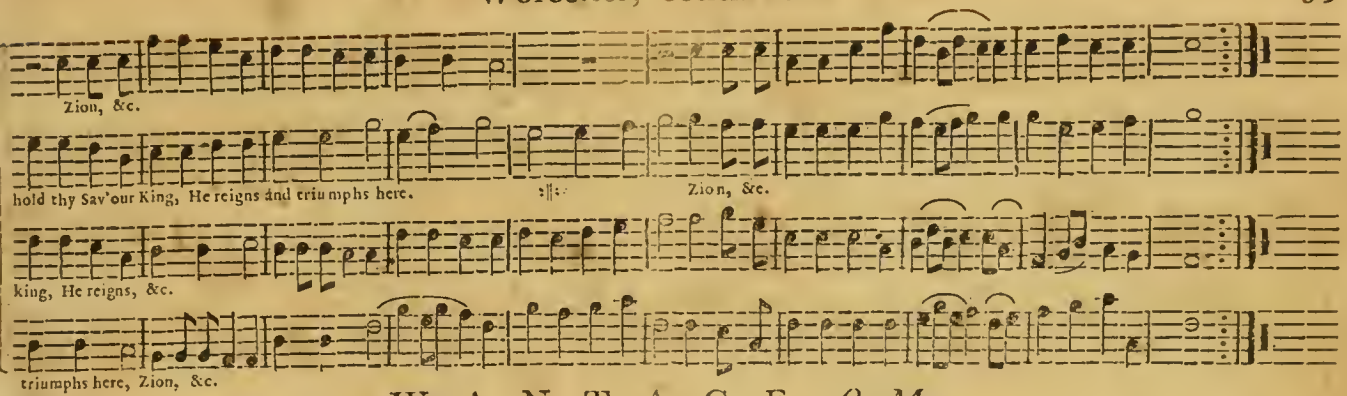



The angels.
While shepherds watch their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,
The angel, &c.
The angel, &c.
And
The angel of the Lord came down, And glo——ry shone around. And, &c.
And, glory, &c.
The angel, &c.
1
2
And glory, &c.
The angel, &c.
glory, &c.
The angel, &c.
And glory, &c.
The angel, &c.

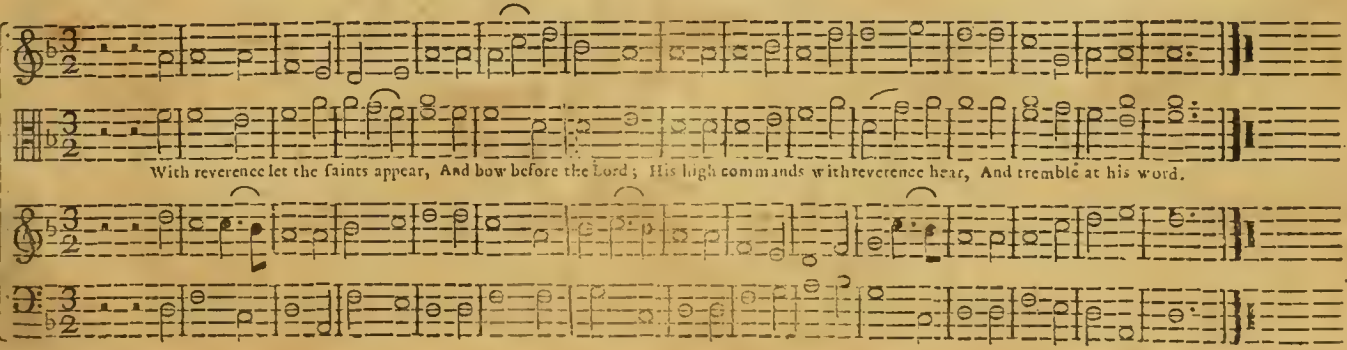

Jerusalem, &c.
And deserts learn the
The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ.
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And
Jerusalem, &c.
And
Jerusalem, &c.
Je-
joy.
Jerusalem, &c.
deserts learn the joy.
Jerusalem, &c.
deserts, &c.
rusalem, &c.
And deserts, &c.


Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound, Let all the nations know, To
earth's remoteſt bounds. The year of ju--bi—lee is come, Re- - turn, ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

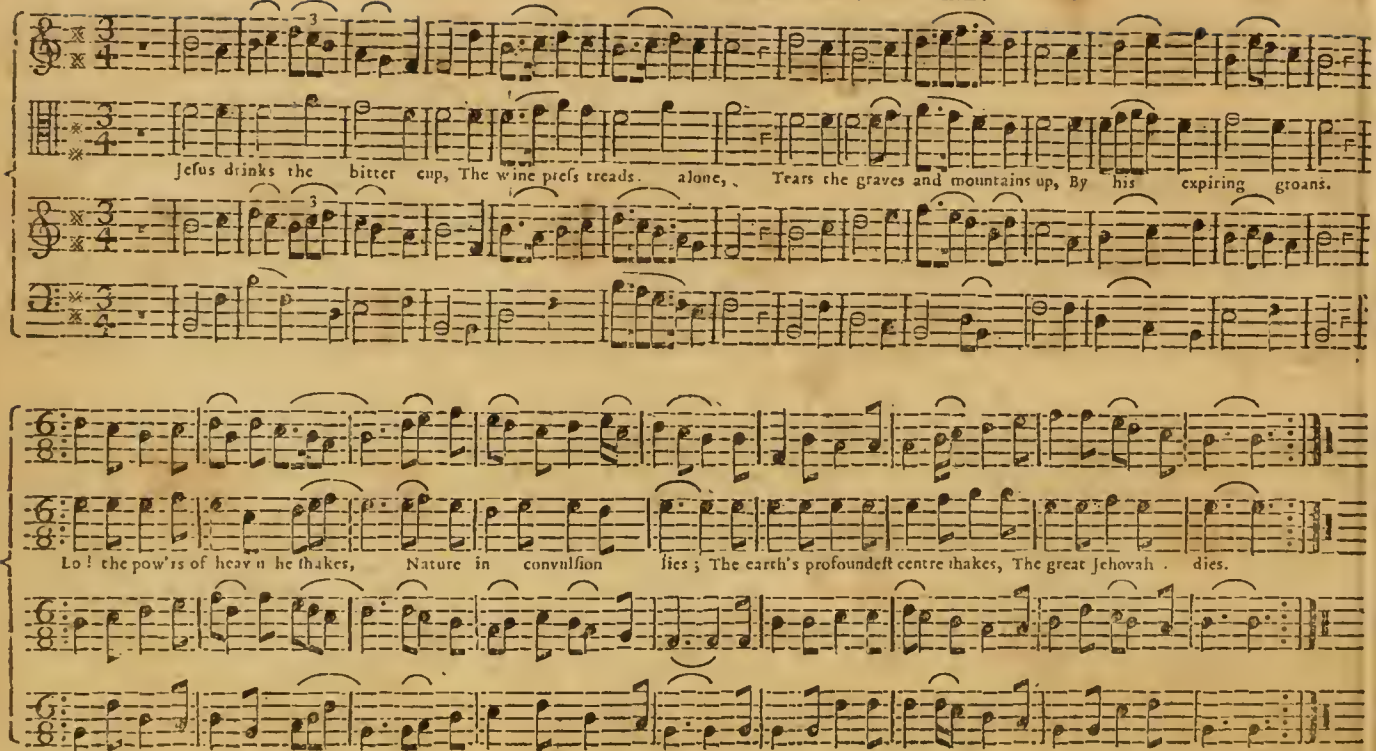

Who bring salvation on their tongue, And words of peace reveal. Who bring, &c.
Who stands on Zion's hill,
How beauteous are their feet,
And words of peace reveal.
How charming charming is their voice? How sweet the tidings are?
Zion be-
Zion, behold thy Sav'our
Zion, behold thy Sav'our King, He reigns and

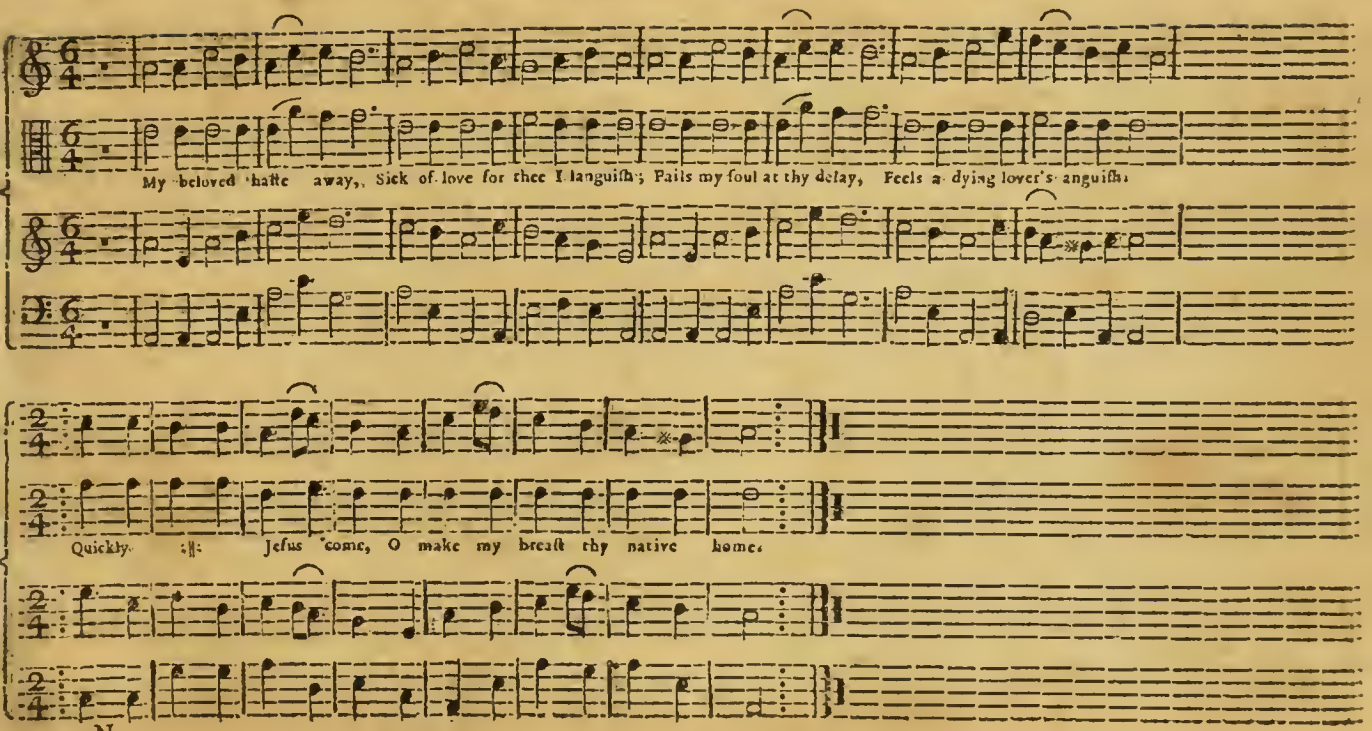

Zion, &c.
hold thy Sav'our King, He reigns and triumphs here.
Zion, &c.
king, He reigns, &c.
triumphs here, Zion, &c.

WANTAGE. *C. M.*

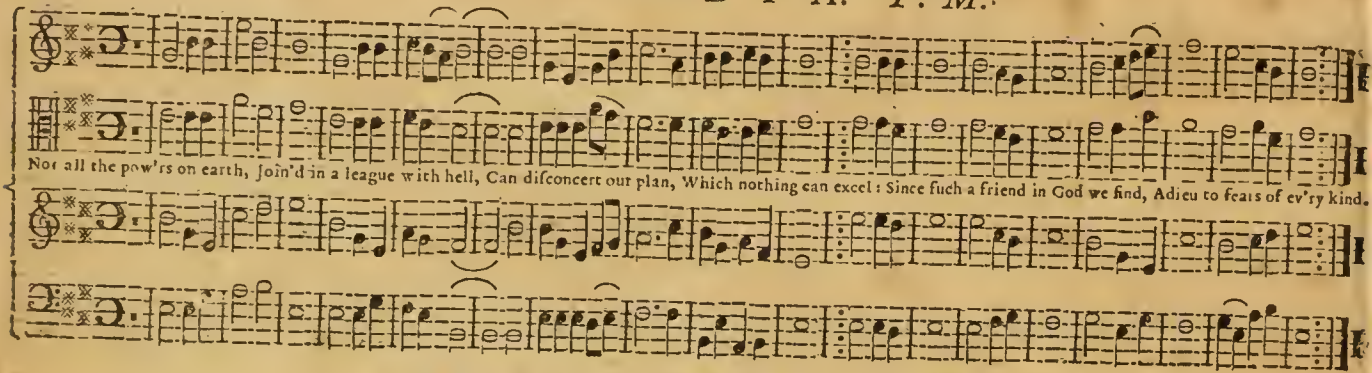

With reverence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands with reverence hear, And tremble at his word.

SRINGFIELD. *P. M.*

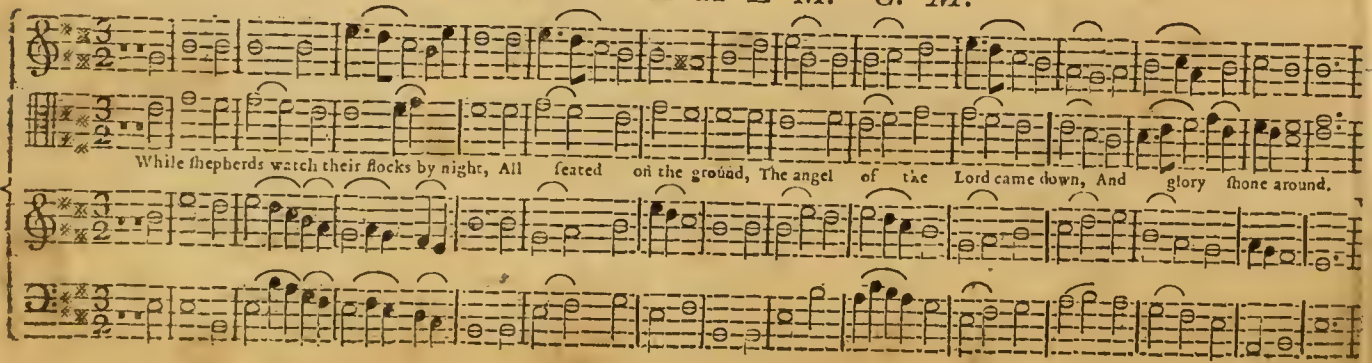


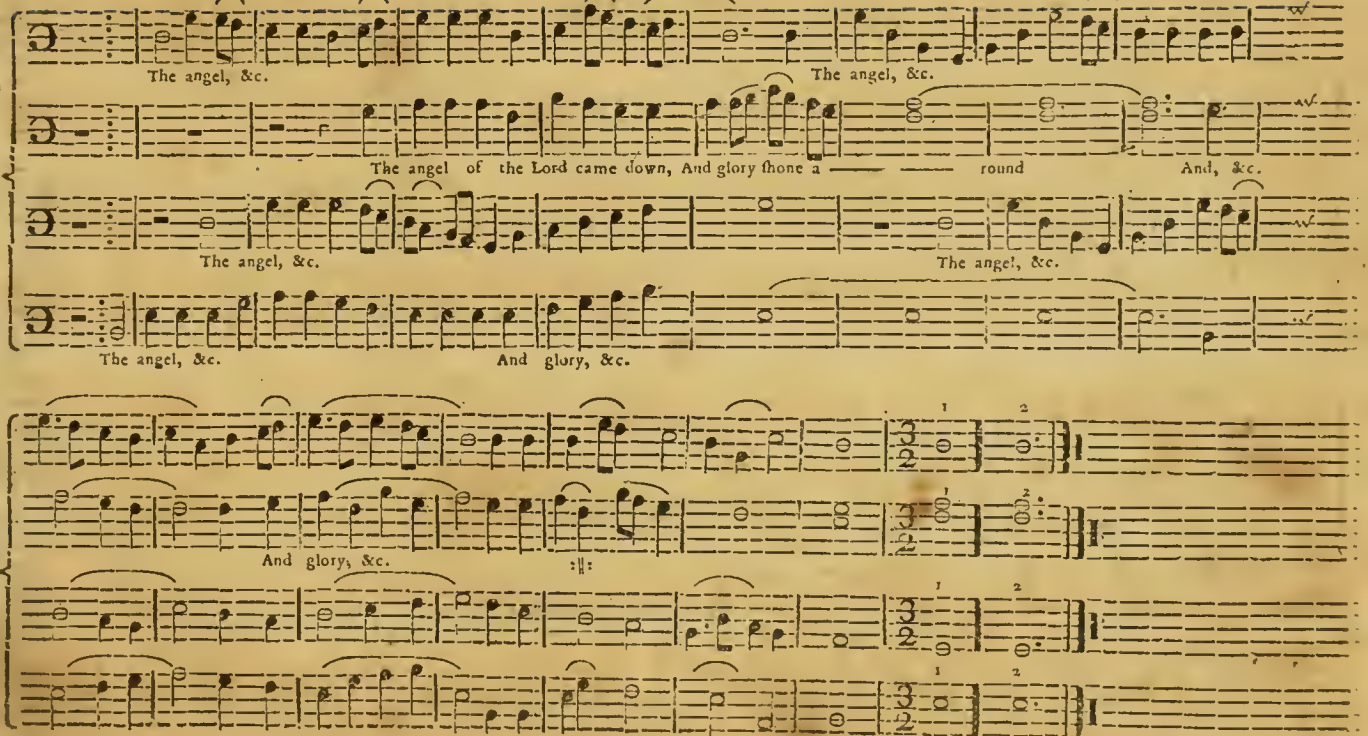

My beloved haste away, Sick of love for thee I languish; Pails my soul at thy delay, Feels a dying lover's anguish.
Quickly Jesus come, O make my breast thy native home.
N.

COLUMBIA. *P. M.*

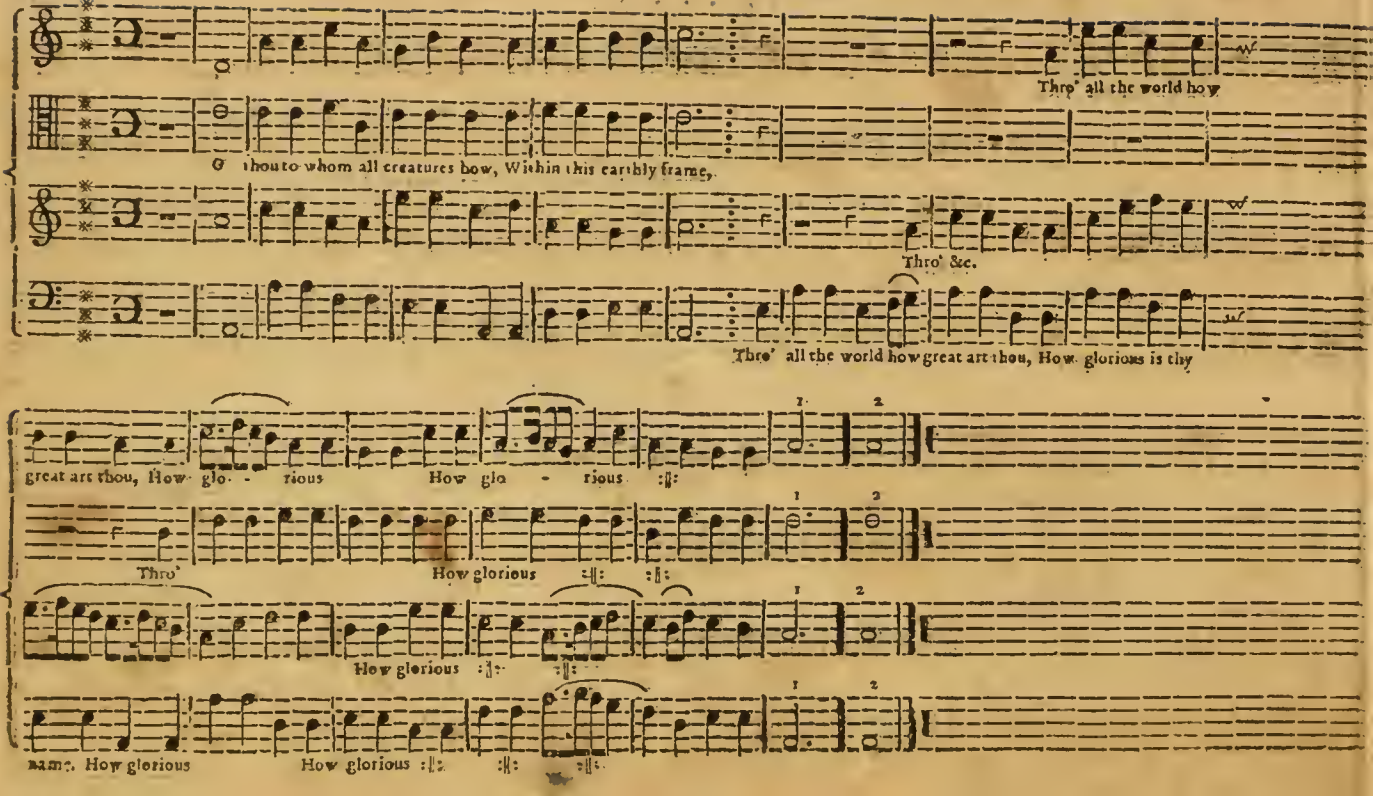


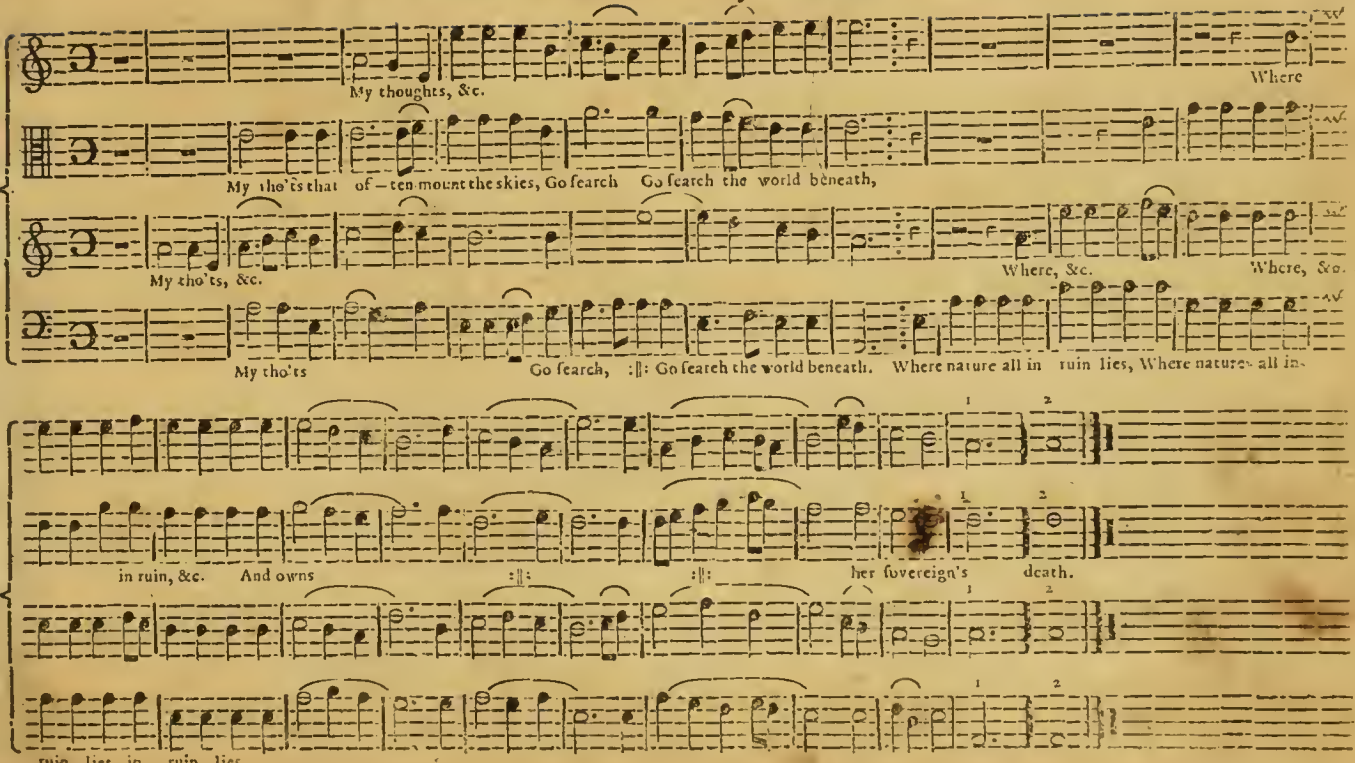
BETHLEHEM. *C. M.*



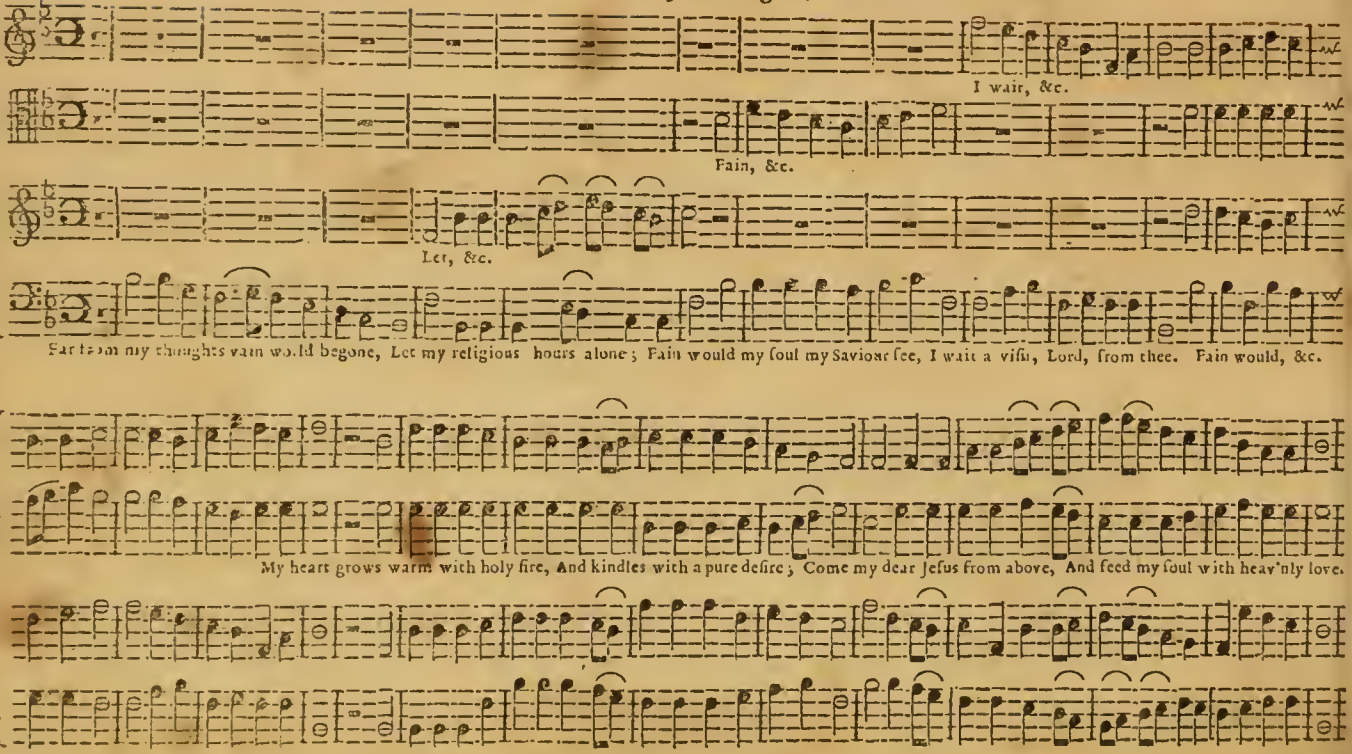

The angel, &c.
The angel, &c.
The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a —— —— round
And, &c.
The angel, &c.
The angel, &c.
The angel, &c.
And glory, &c.
And glory, &c.

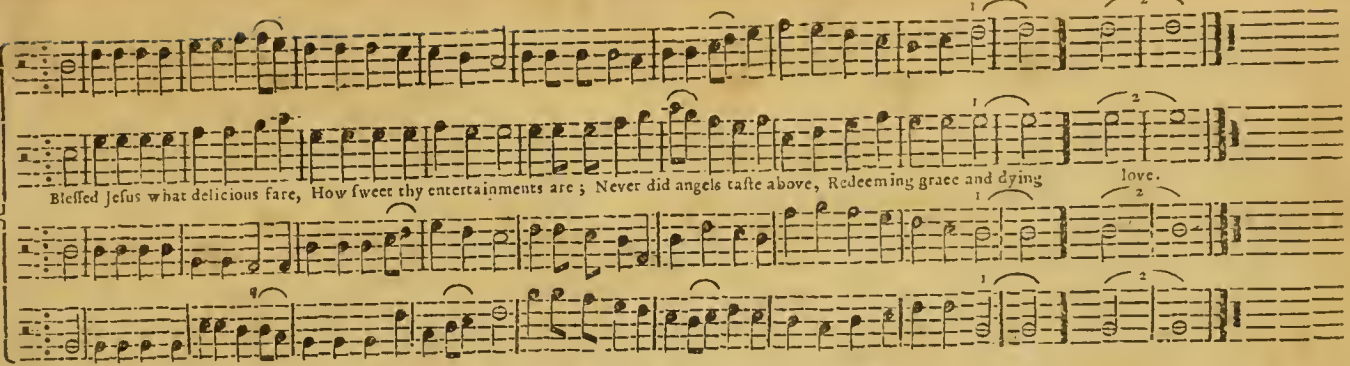
VIII. C. M.


Thro' all the world how
O thou to whom all creatures bow, Within this earthly frame,
Thro' &c.
Thro' all the world how great art thou, How glorious is thy
great art thou, How glo - rious How glo - rious
Thro'
How glorious
How glorious
name, How glorious How glorious

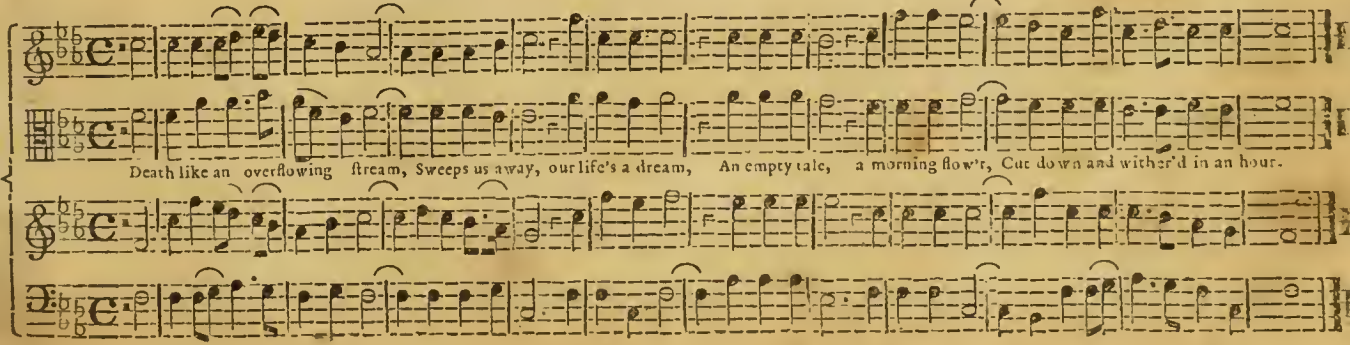

My thoughts, &c.
Where
My tho'ts that of—ten mount the skies, Go search Go search the world beneath,
My tho'ts, &c.
Where, &c.
Where, &c.
My tho'ts
Go search, :‖: Go search the world beneath. Where nature all in ruin lies, Where nature all in
in ruin, &c. And owns
her sovereign's death.
ruin lies, in ruin lies.

WESTFORD. *Hymn 15th, Book 2d.* *L. M.*

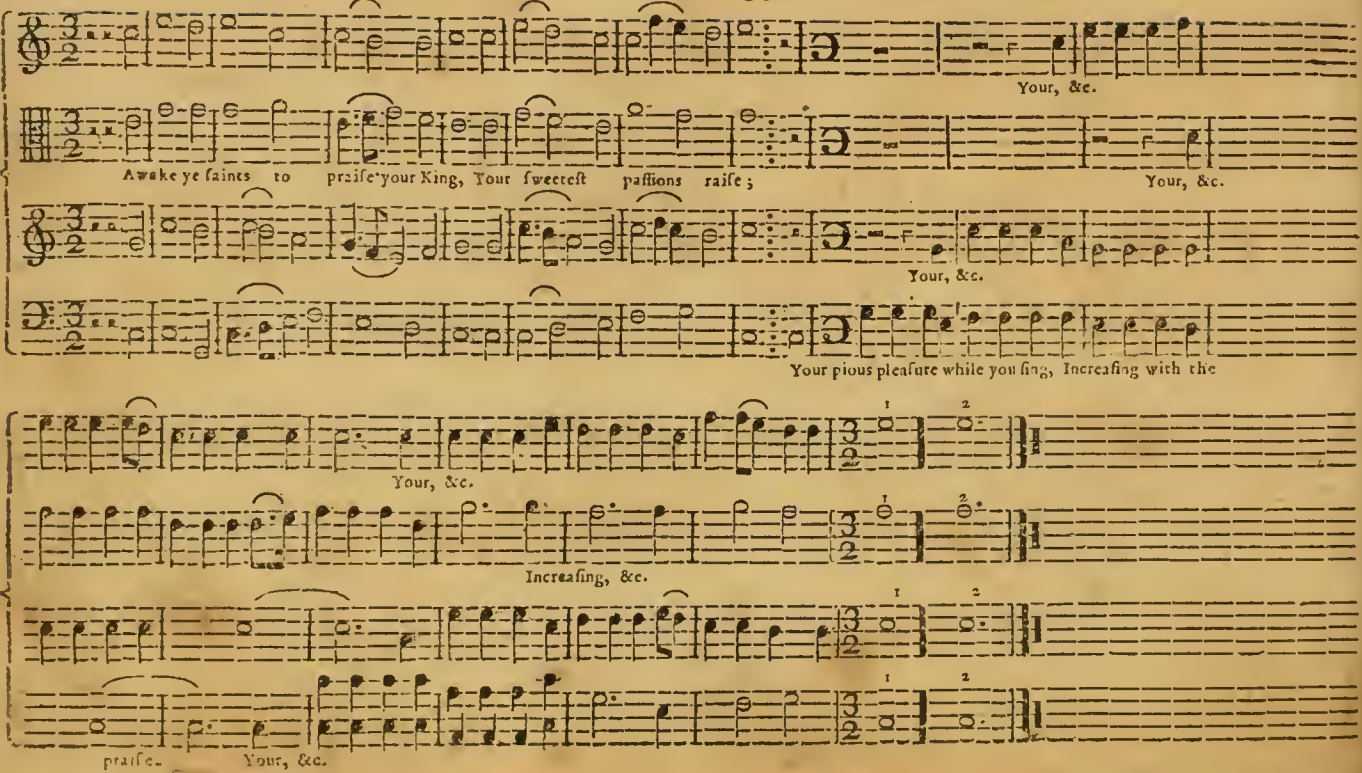


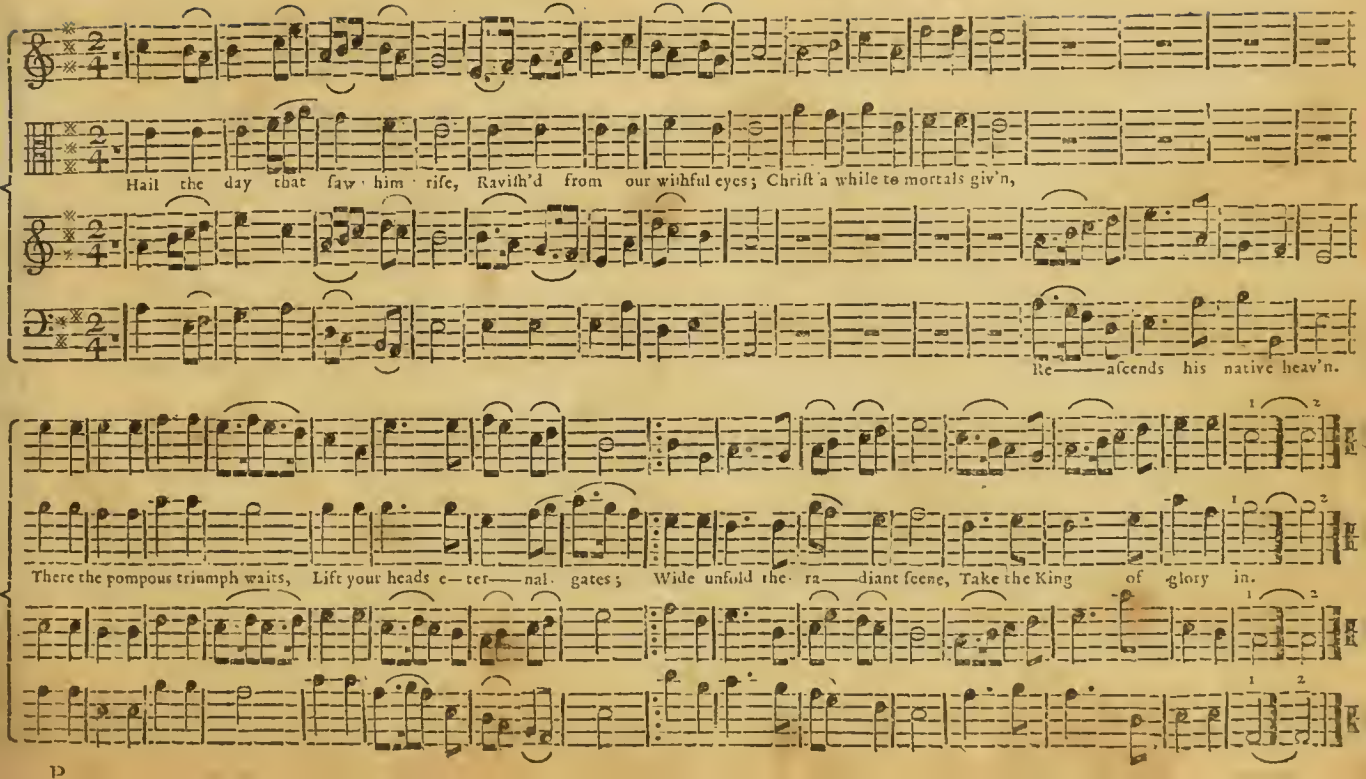


MORTALITY. *L. M.*

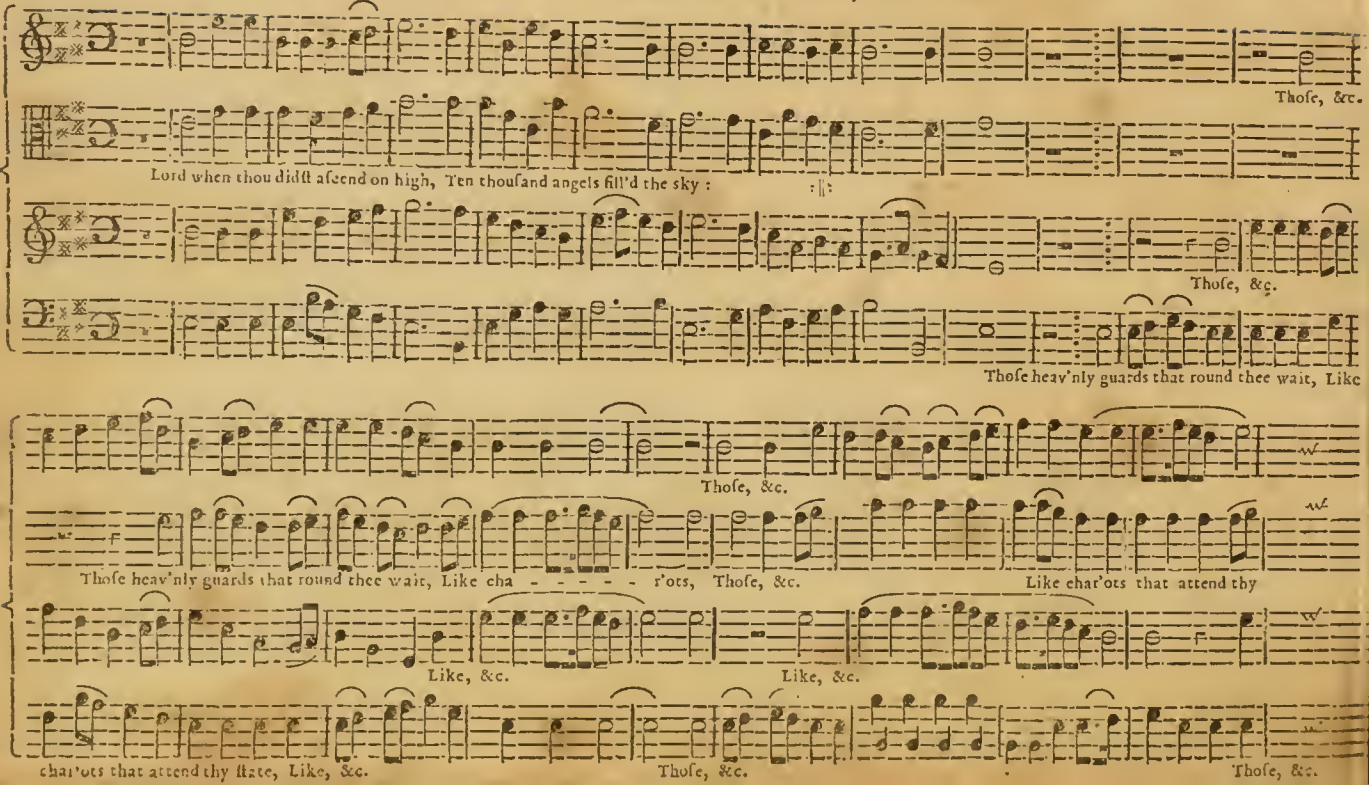


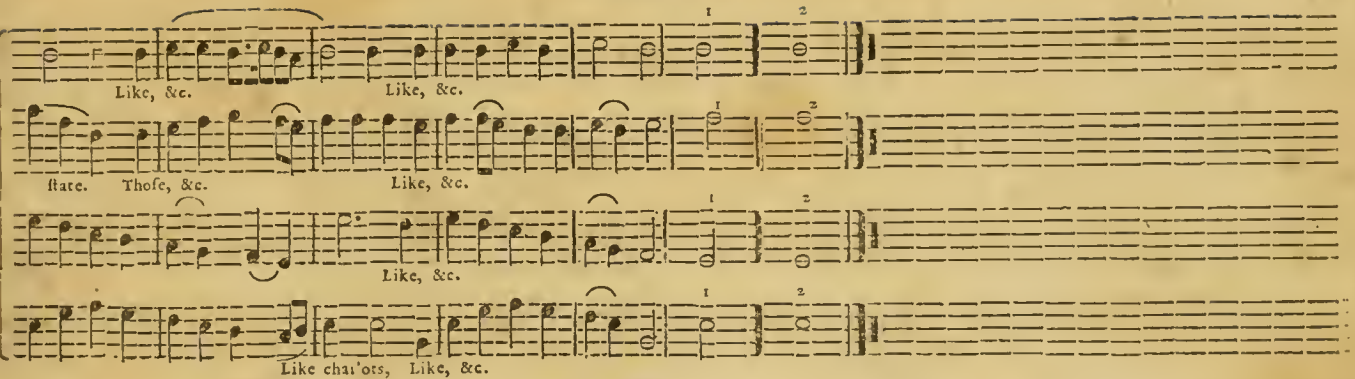
ANNAPOLIS. 135*th*, D. W. *C. M.*



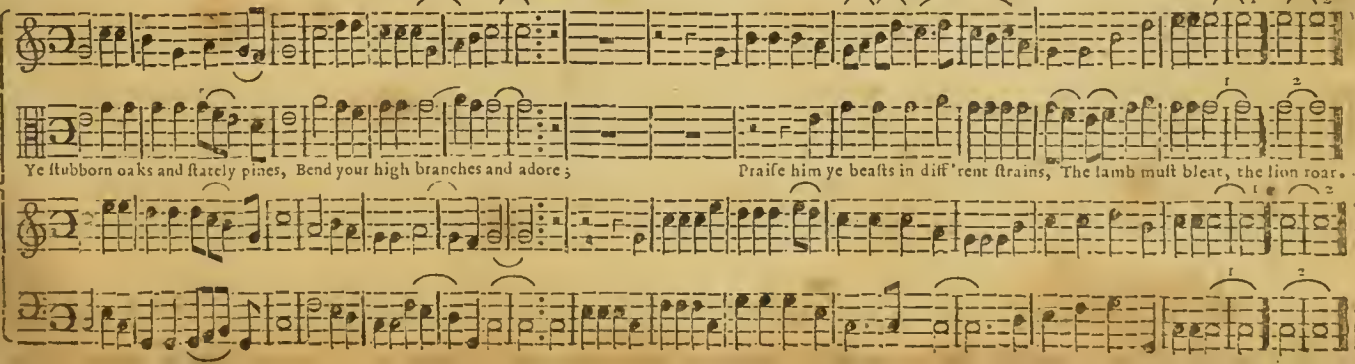

Hail the day that saw him rise, Ravith'd from our wishful eyes; Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
Re——ascends his native heav'n.
There the pompous triumph waits, Lift your heads e—ter——nal gates; Wide unfold the ra——diant scene, Take the King of glory in.
P

WASHINGTON. 68*th*, D. W. *L. M.*

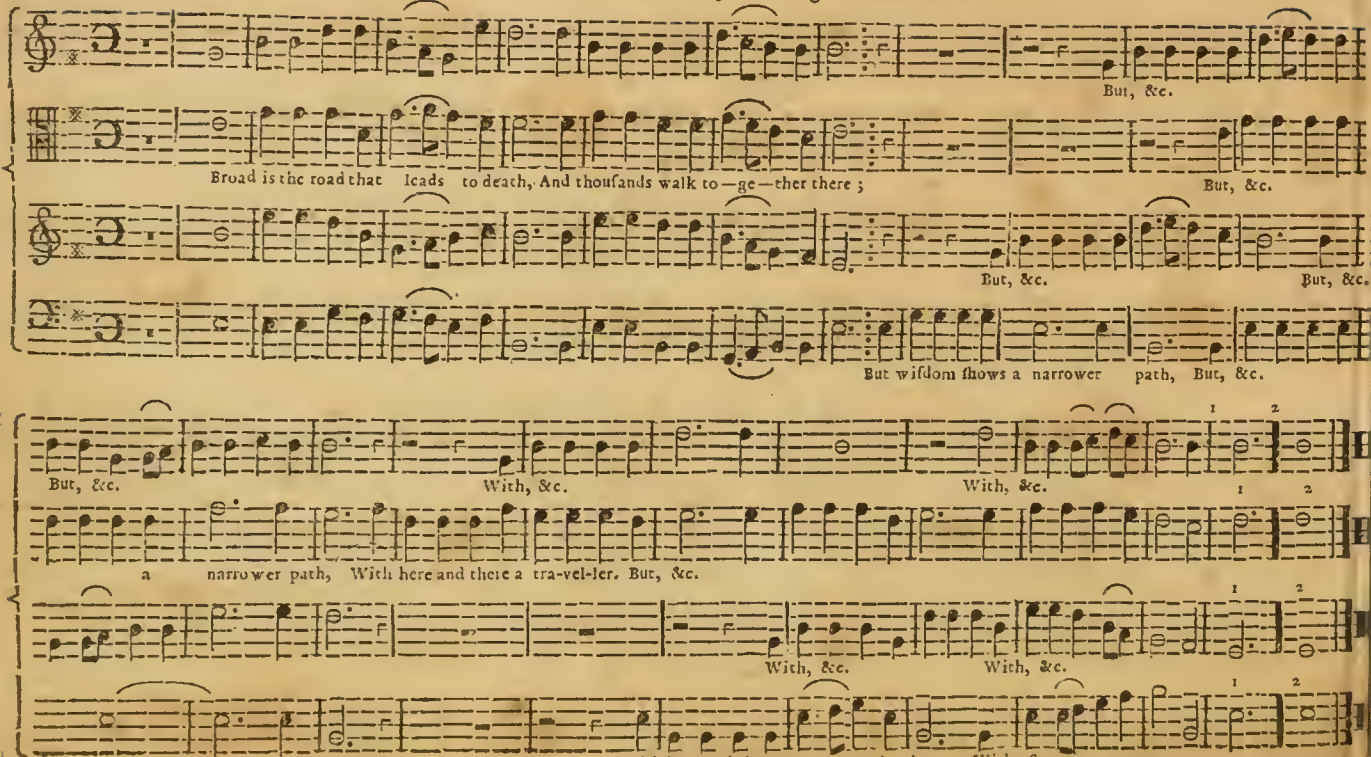


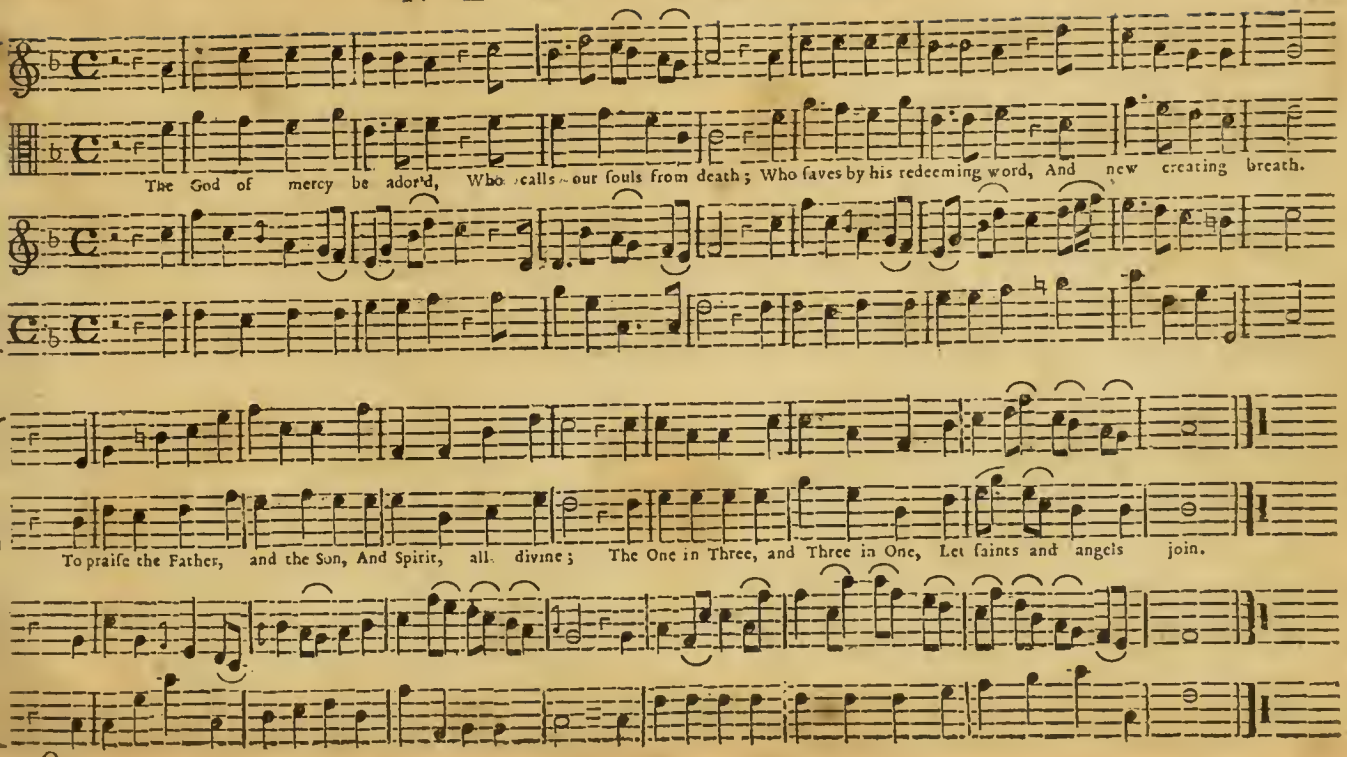

Like, &c.
Like, &c.
ſtate. Thoſe, &c.
Like, &c.
Like, &c.
Like chariots, Like, &c.

C A R M E L. *L. M.*

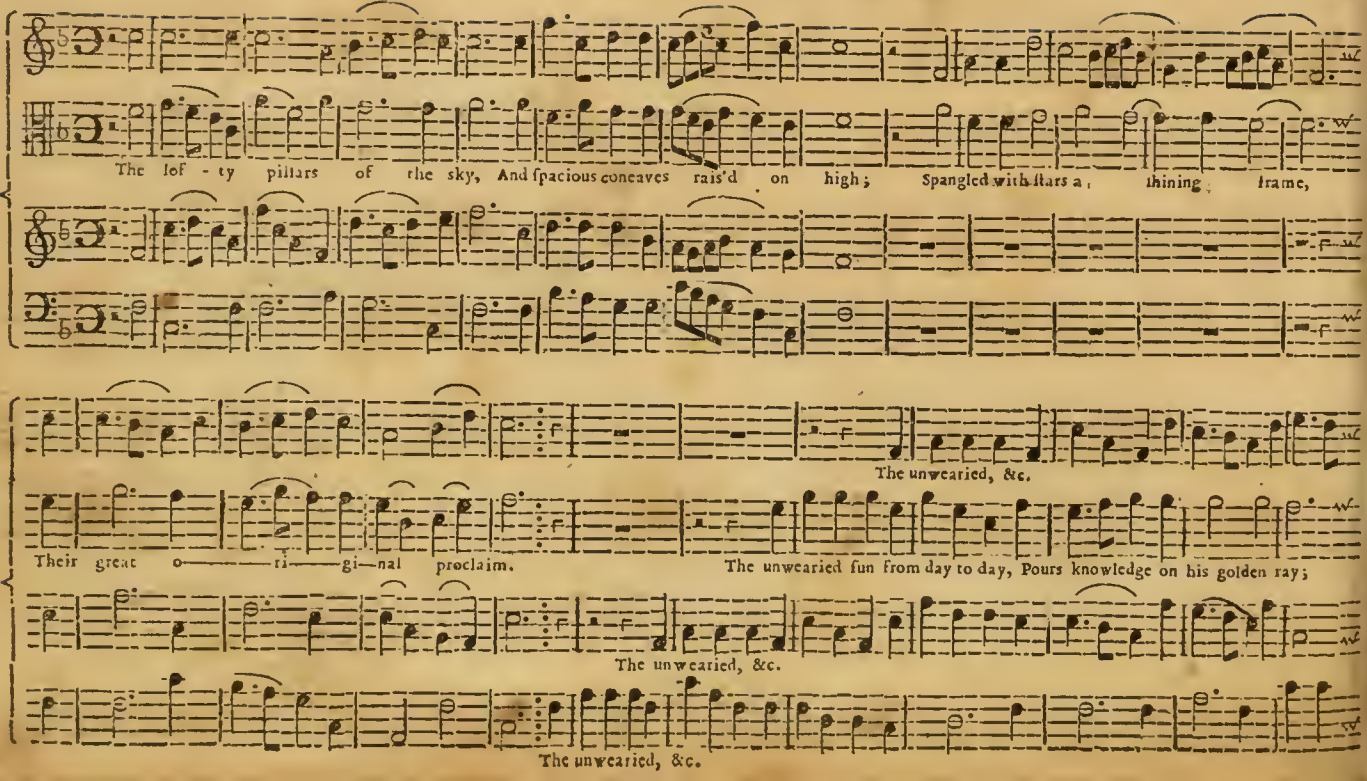

Ye ſtubborn oaks and ſtately pines, Bend your high branches and adore;
Praiſe him ye beaſts in diff'rent ſtrains, The lamb muſt bleat, the lion roar.

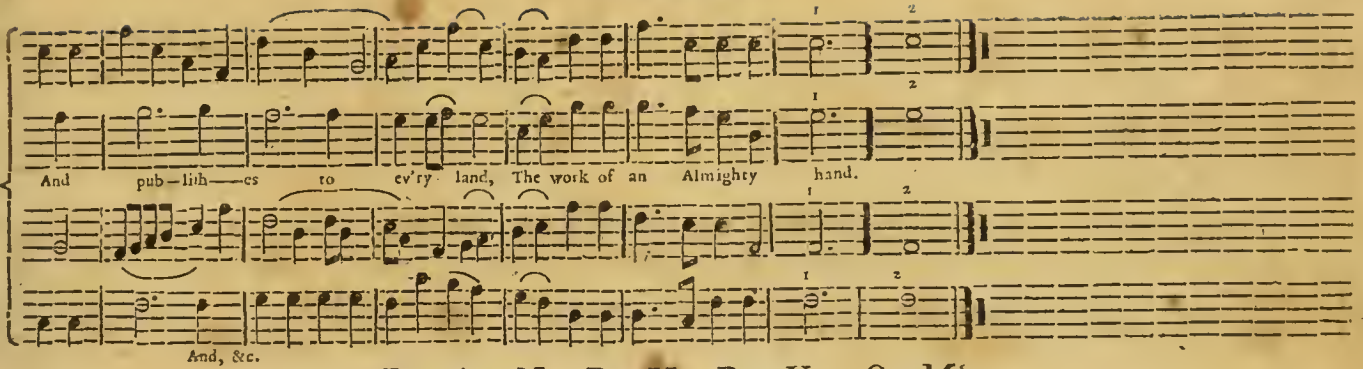
STRATFIELD. *Hymn 158th, Book 2d.* L. M.



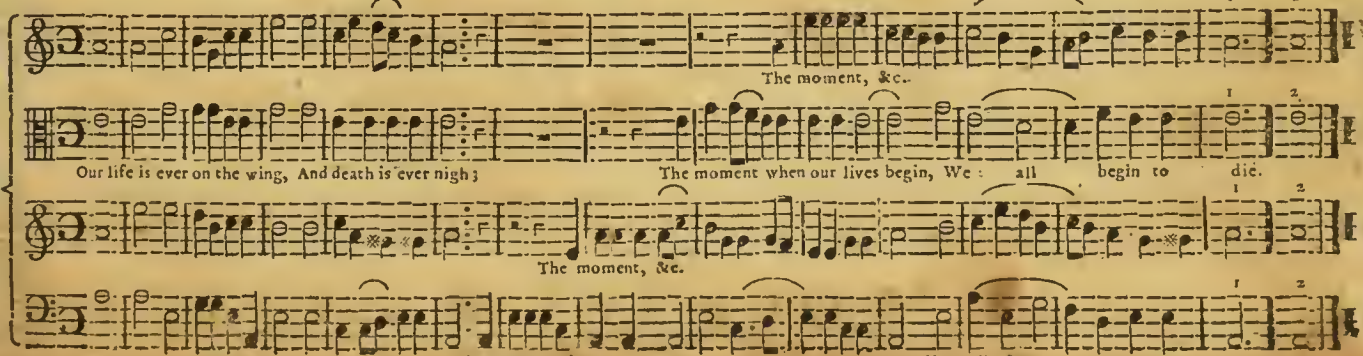

The God of mercy be ador'd, Who calls our souls from death; Who saves by his redeeming word, And new creating breath.
To praise the Father, and the Son, And Spirit, all divine; The One in Three, and Three in One, Let saints and angels join.

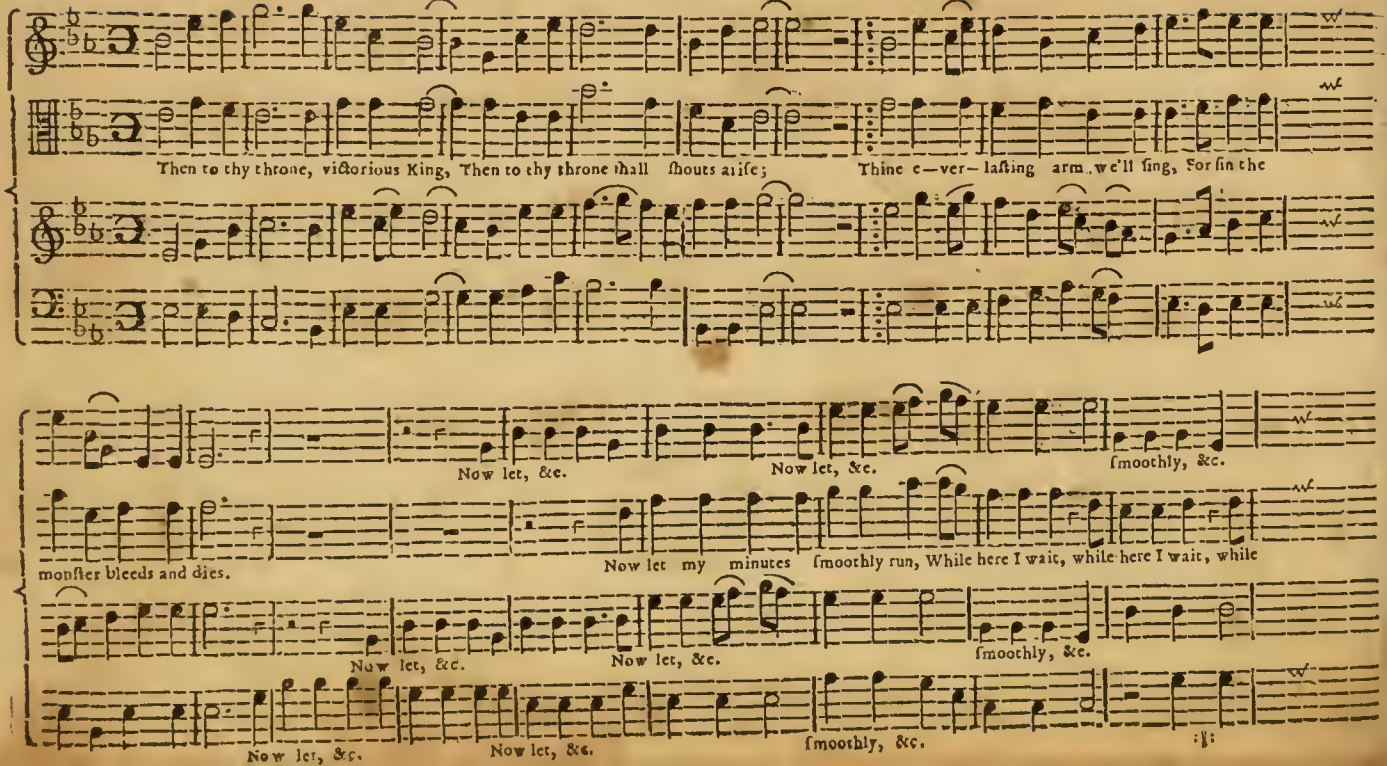
BRISTOL. *L. M.*

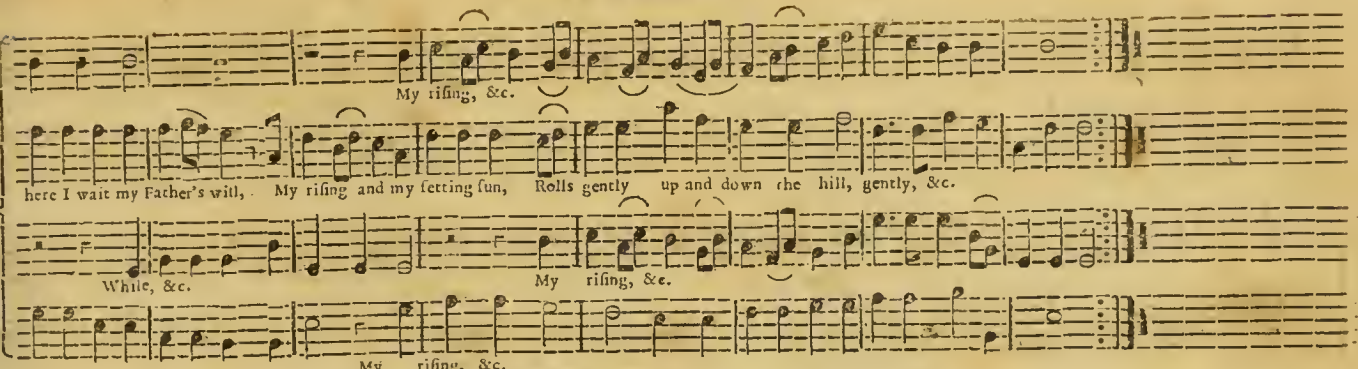

The lof - ty pillars of the sky, And spacious coneaves rais'd on high; Spangled with stars a - thining frame,
The unwearied, &c.
Their great o——ri——gi—nal proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day, Pours knowledge on his golden ray;
The unwearied, &c.
The unwearied, &c.


And pub—lith——es to ev'ry land, The work of an Almighty hand.
And, &c.

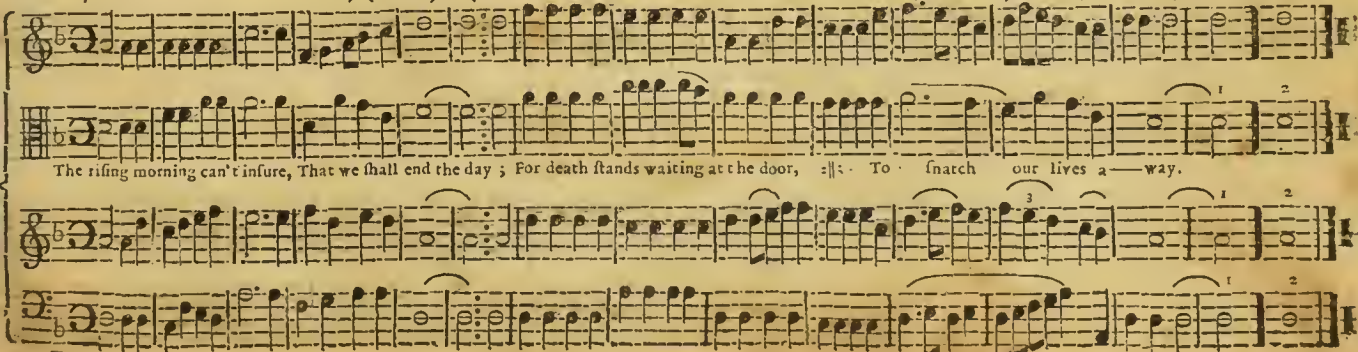
D A N B U R Y. *C. M.*

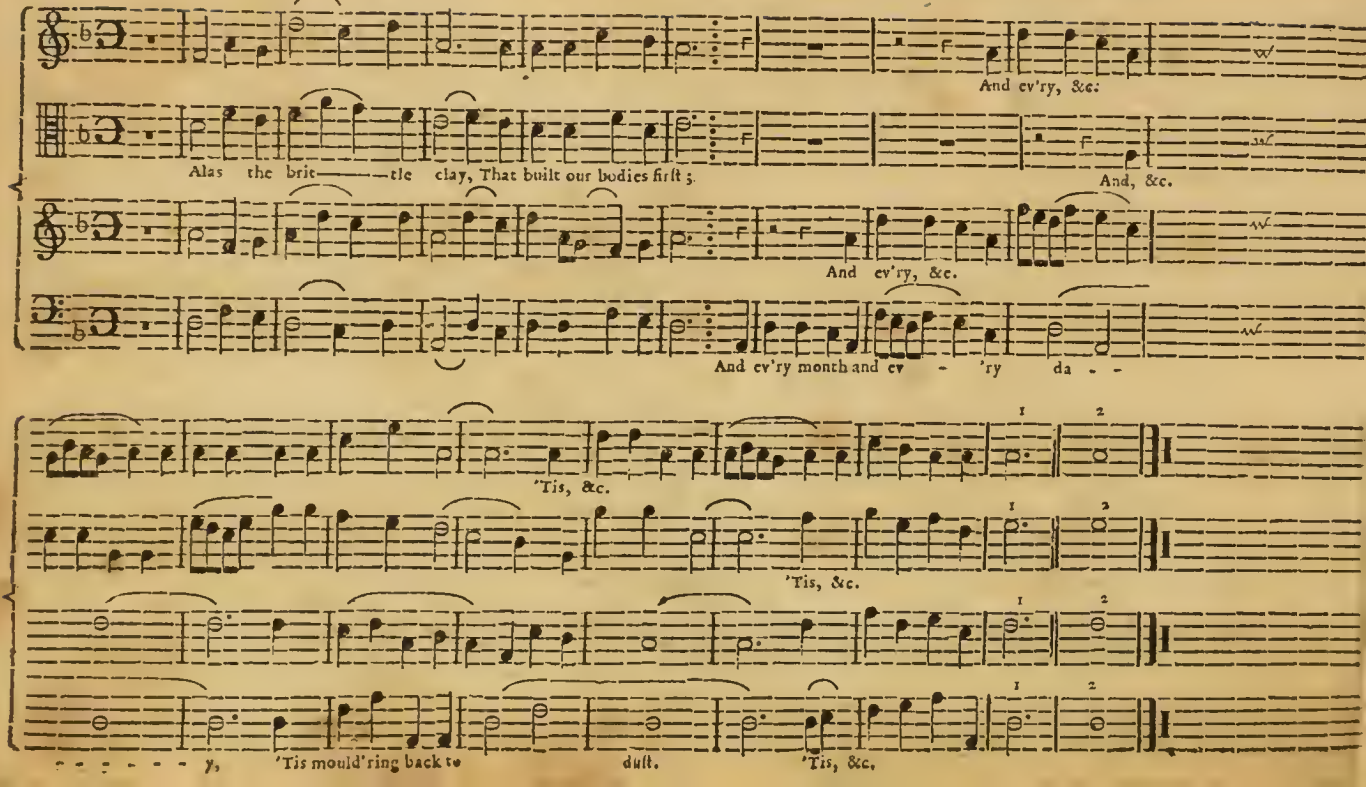

The moment, &c.
Our life is ever on the wing, And death is ever nigh; The moment when our lives begin, We all begin to die.
The moment, &c.
The moment, &c.
We all, &c.

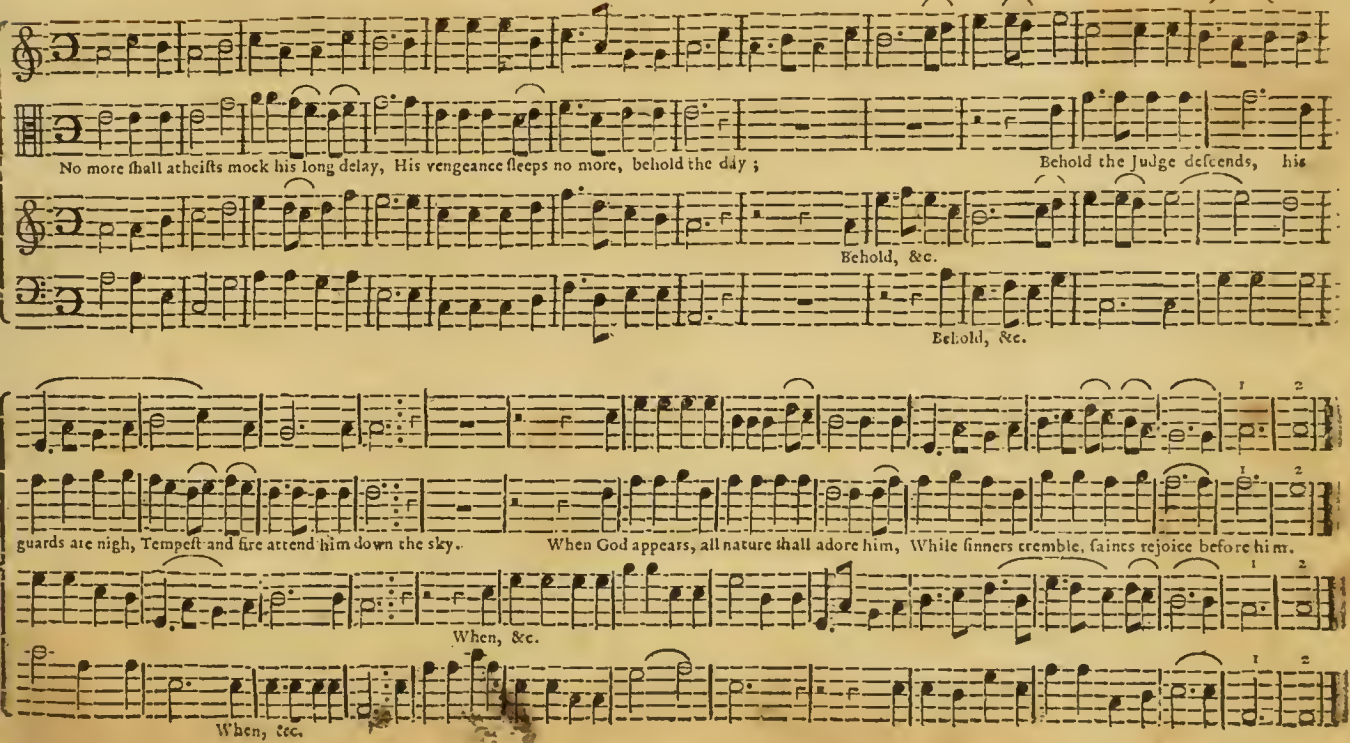

Then to thy throne, victorious King, Then to thy throne shall shouts arise;
Thine e—ver—lasting arm we'll sing, For sin the
Now let, &c.
Now let, &c.
smoothly, &c.
monster bleeds and dies.
Now let my minutes smoothly run, While here I wait, while here I wait, while
Now let, &c.
Now let, &c.
smoothly, &c.
Now let, &c.
Now let, &c.
smoothly, &c.



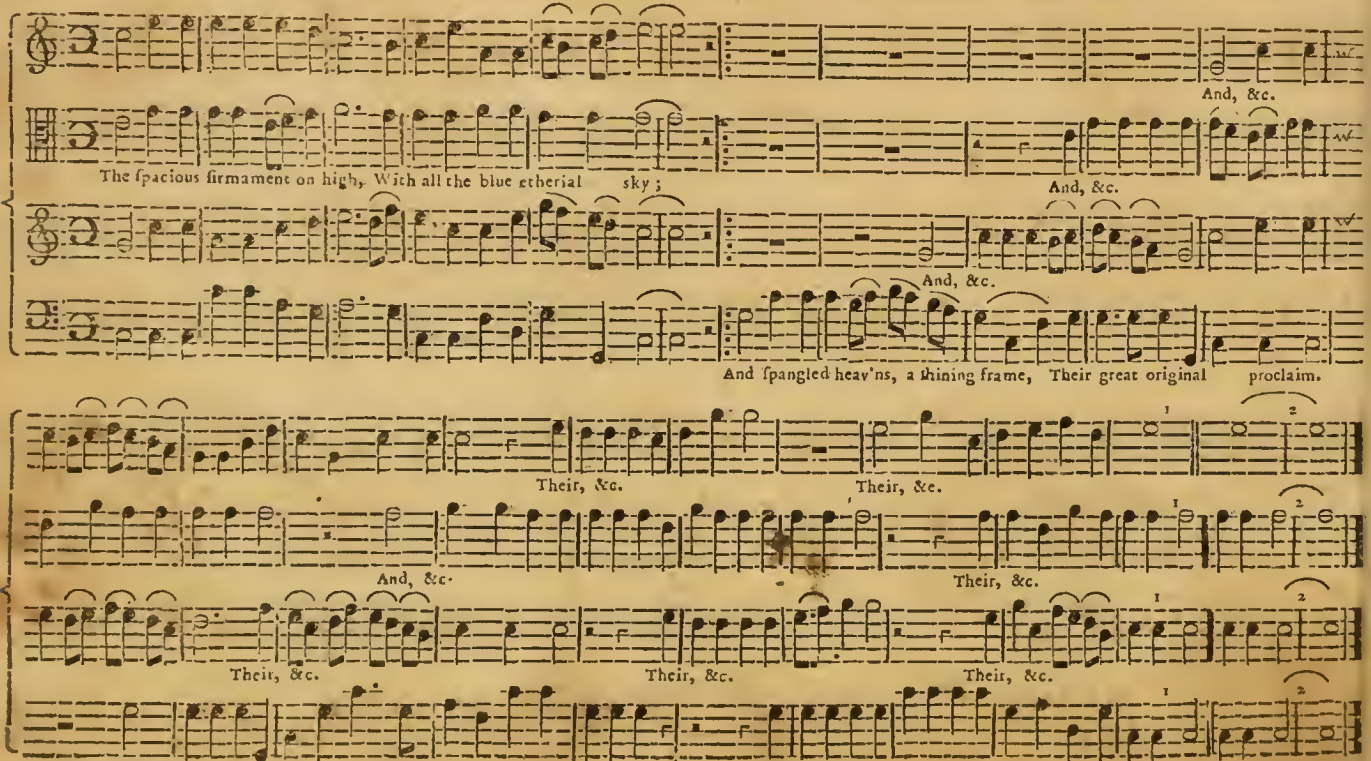
DEATH's ALARM. *C. M.*

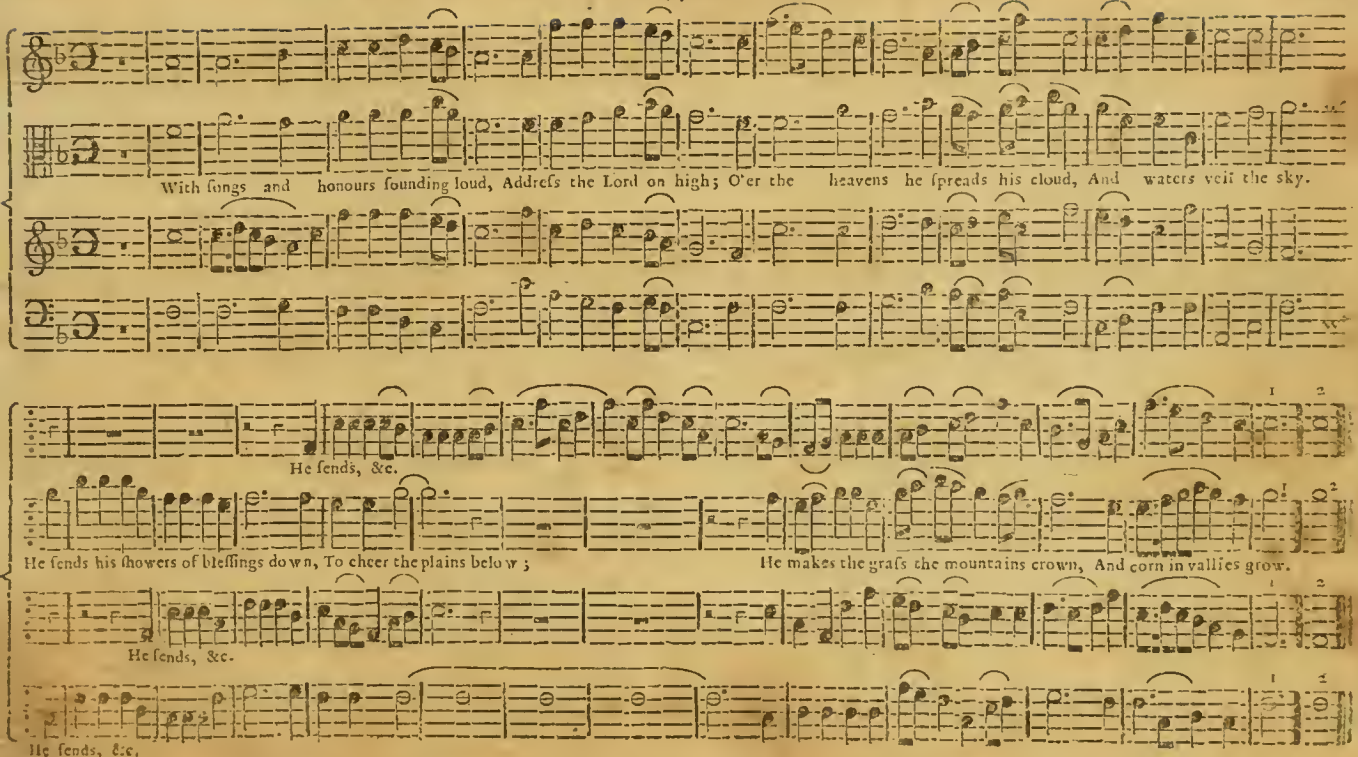


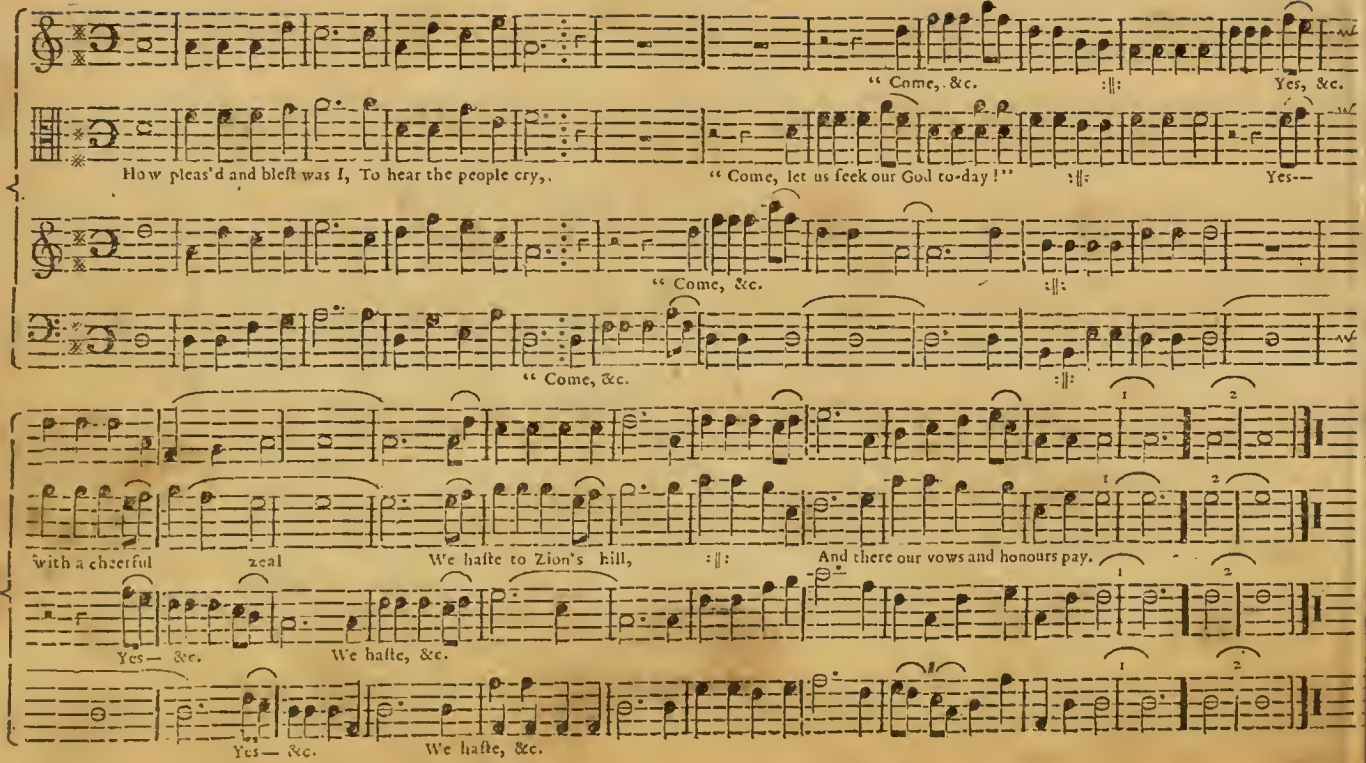

And ev'ry, &c.
Alas the brit——tle clay, That built our bodies first;
And, &c.
And ev'ry, &c.
And ev'ry month and ev - 'ry da - -
'Tis, &c.
'Tis, &c.
- - - - - y, 'Tis mould'ring back to dust. 'Tis, &c.

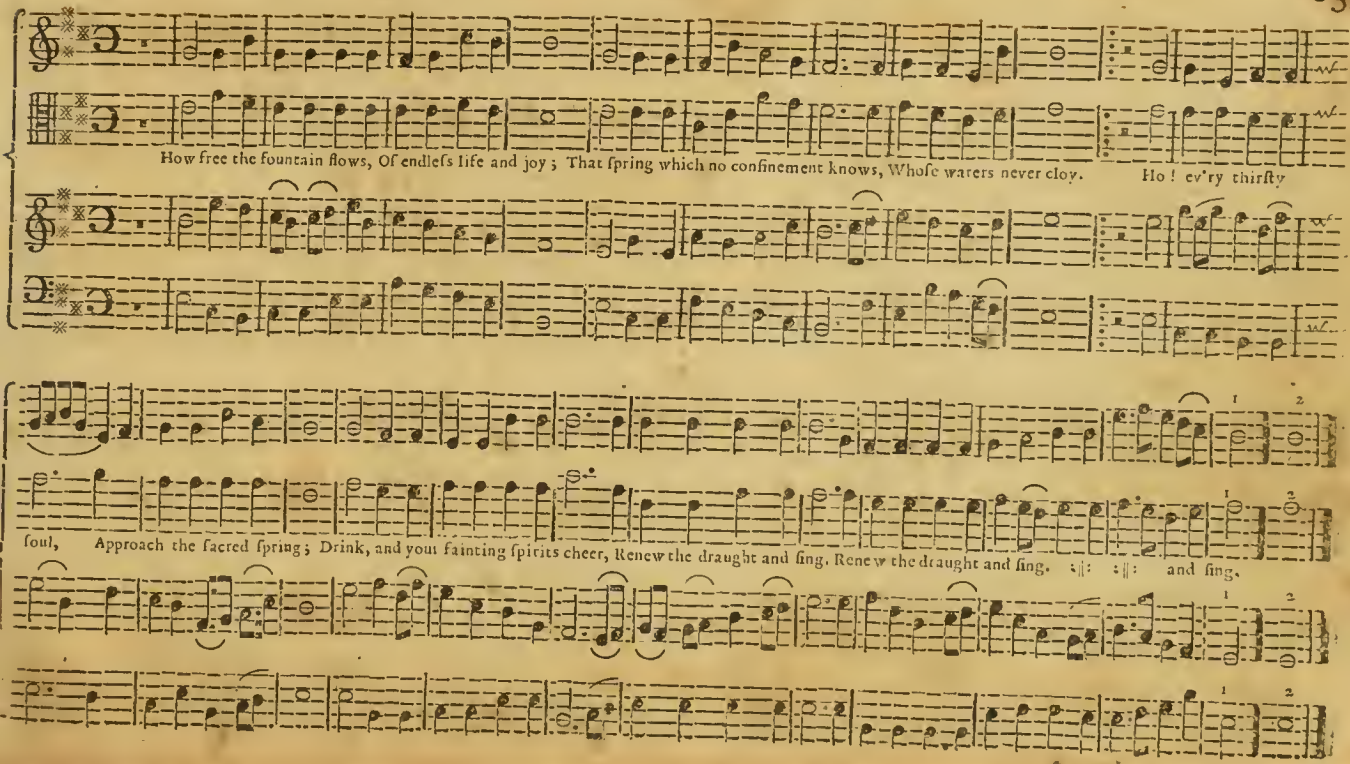

No more shall atheists mock his long delay, His vengeance sleeps no more, behold the day;
Behold the Judge descends, his
Behold, &c.
Behold, &c.
guards are nigh, Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him, While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.
When, &c.
When, &c.

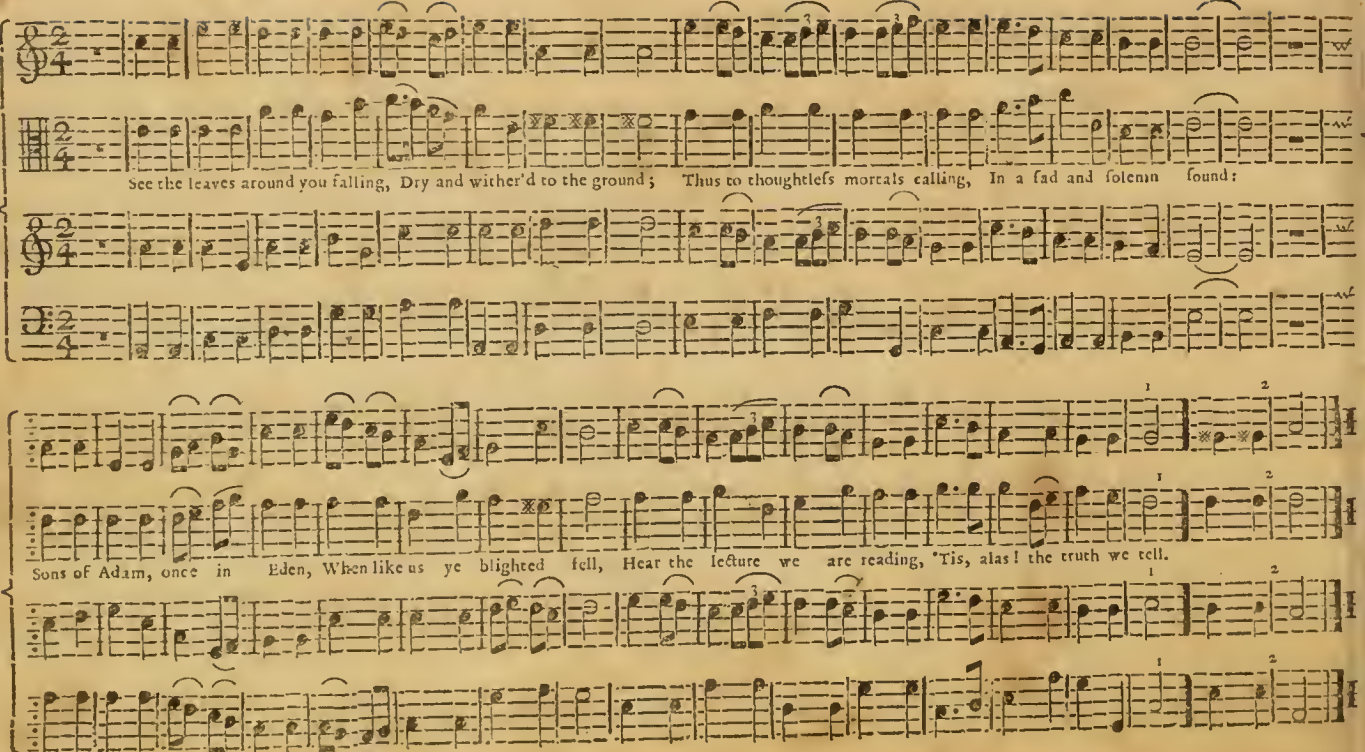
THE VOICE OF NATURE. *L. M.*

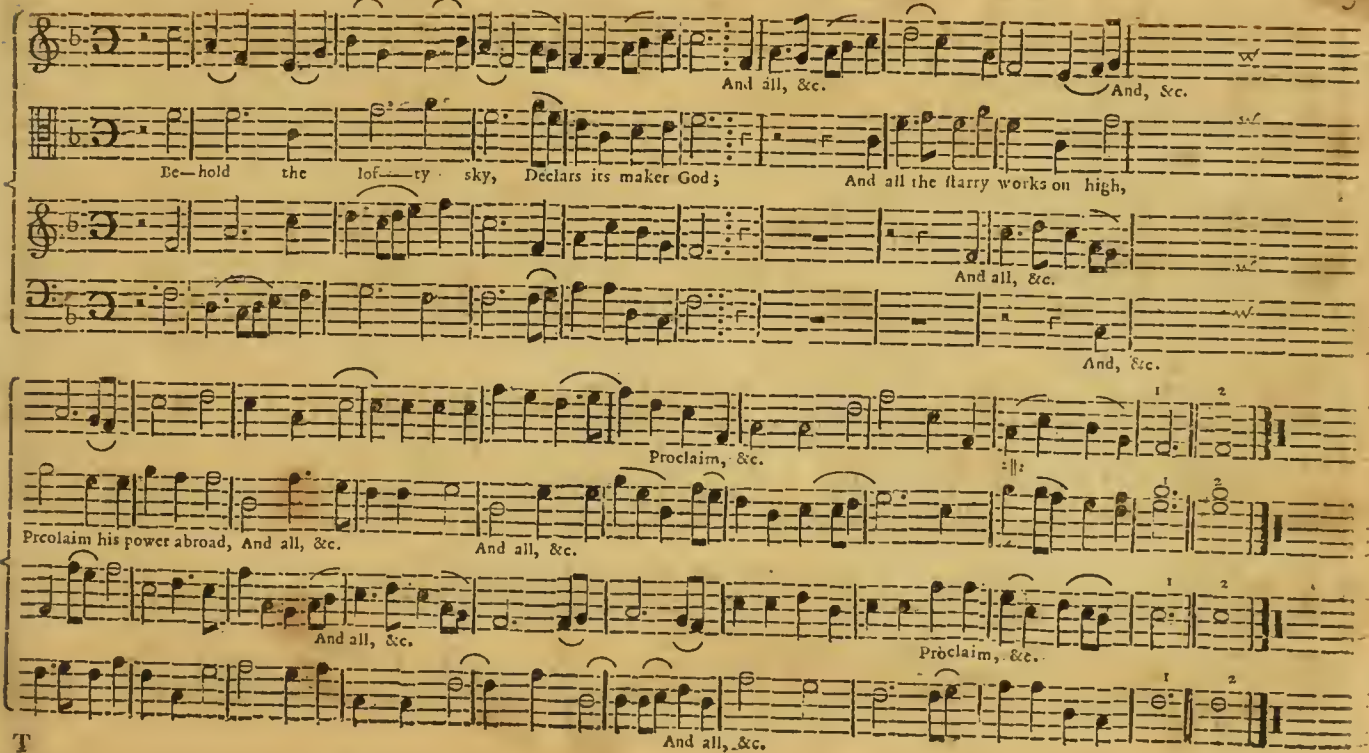



With songs and honours sounding loud, Addreſs the Lord on high; O'er the heavens he ſpreads his cloud, And waters veil the sky.
He ſends, &c.
He ſends his ſhowers of bleſſings down, To cheer the plains below;
He makes the graſs the mountains crown, And corn in vallies grow.
He ſends, &c.
He ſends, &c.

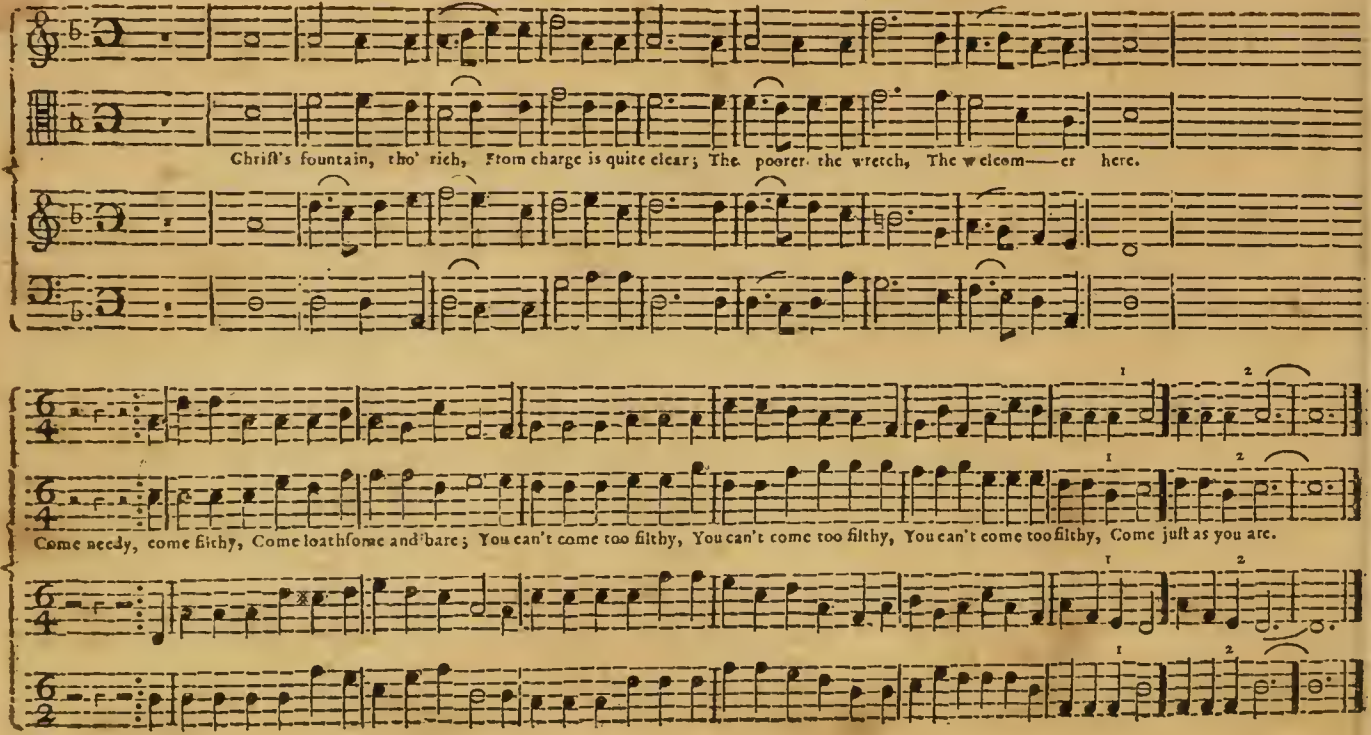

" Come, &c.
Yes, &c.
How pleas'd and bleſt was I, To hear the people cry,
" Come, let us ſeek our God to-day!"
Yes—
" Come, &c.
" Come, &c.
with a cheerful zeal
We haſte to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.
Yes— &c.
We haſte, &c.
Yes— &c.
We haſte, &c.

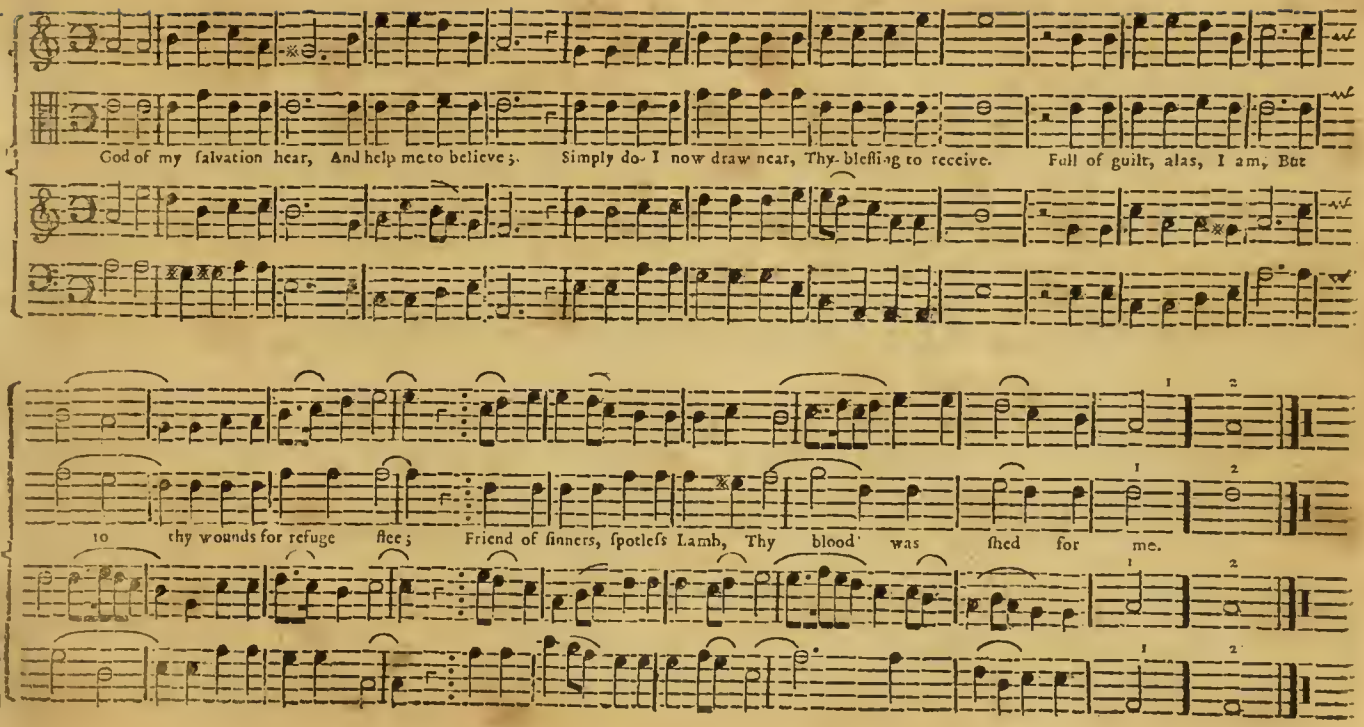

How free the fountain flows, Of endless life and joy; That spring which no confinement knows, Whose waters never cloy. Ho! ev'ry thirsty
soul, Approach the sacred spring; Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer, Renew the draught and sing. Renew the draught and sing. and sing.


See the leaves around you falling, Dry and wither'd to the ground; Thus to thoughtleſs mortals calling, In a ſad and ſolemn ſound:
Sons of Adam, once in Eden, When like us ye blighted fell, Hear the lecture we are reading, 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

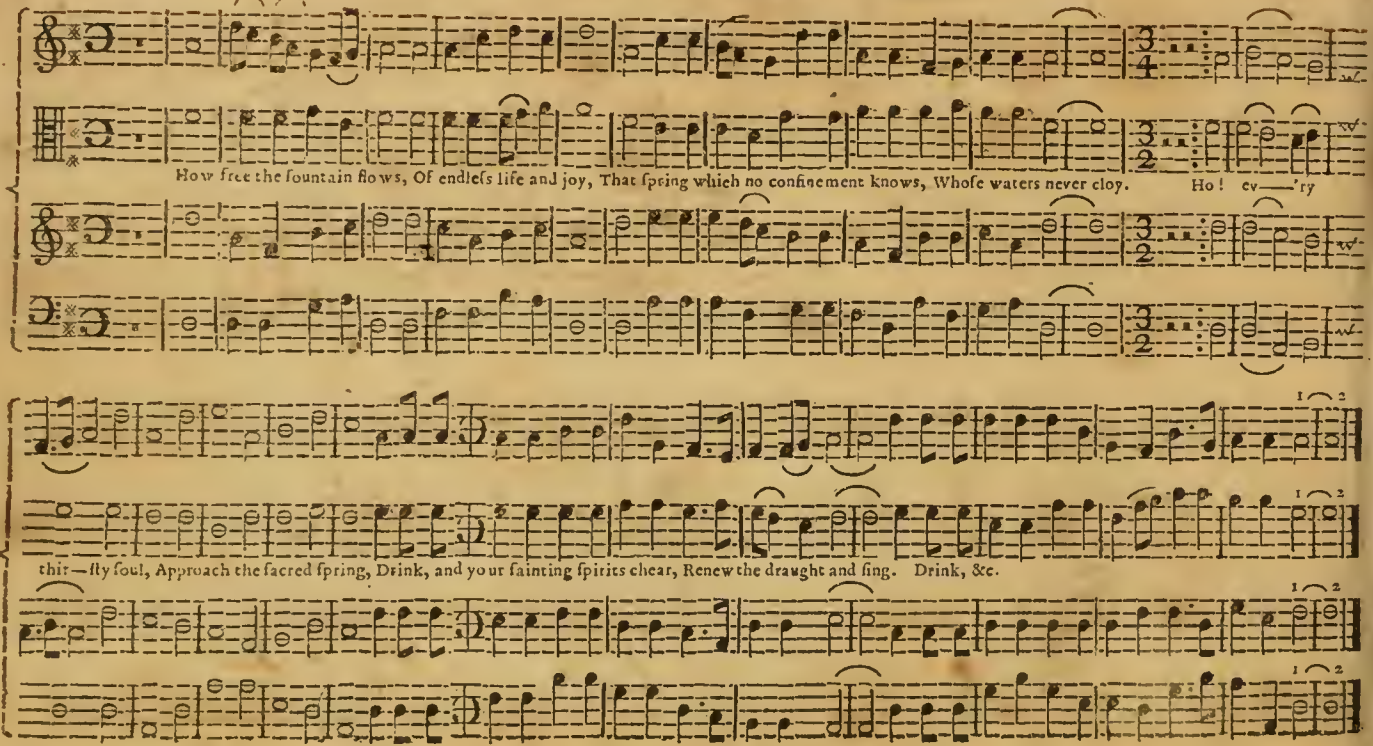

And all, &c.
And, &c.
Be—hold the lof——ty sky, Declars its maker God;
And all the ſtarry works on high,
And all, &c.
And, &c.
Proclaim, &c.
Prcolaim his power abroad, And all, &c.
And all, &c.
And all, &c.
Proclaim, &c.
And all, &c.

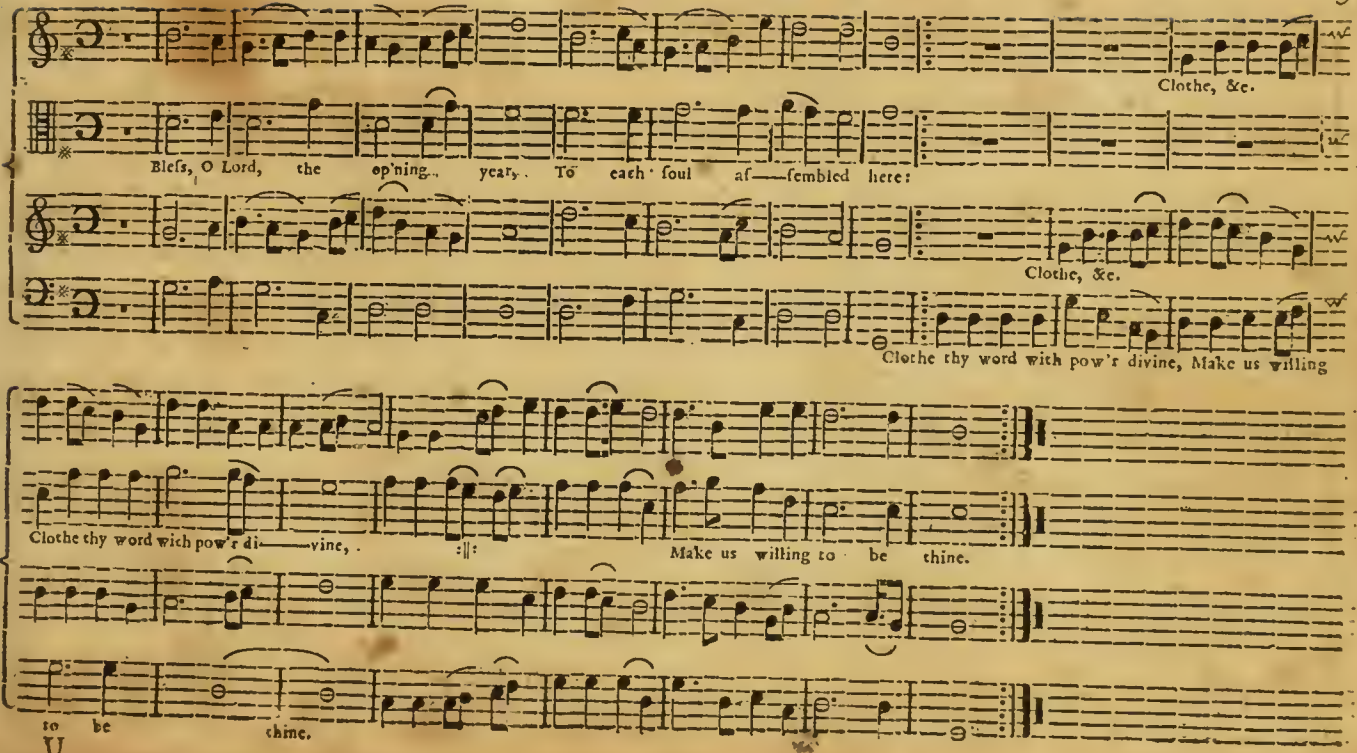
T

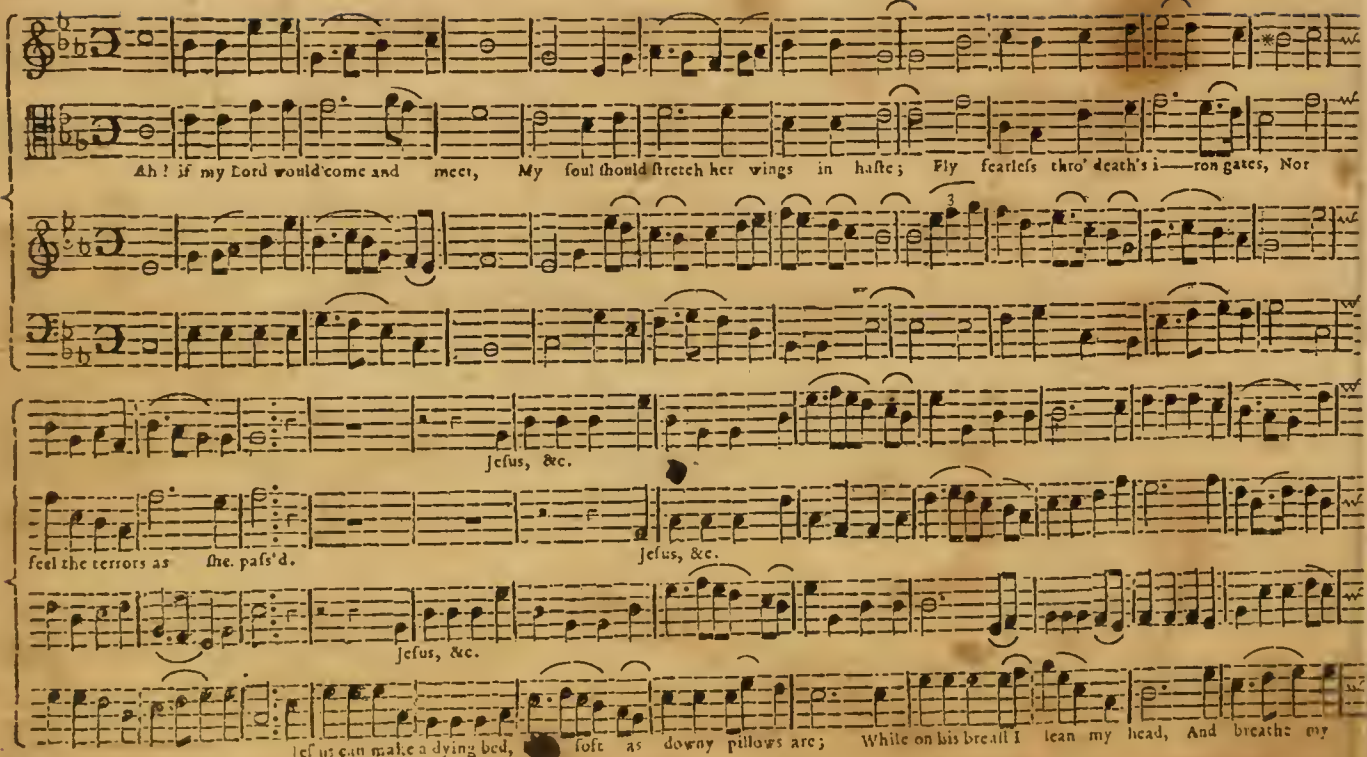

Christ's fountain, tho' rich, From charge is quite clear; The poorer the wretch, The welcom——er here.
Come needy, come filthy, Come loathsome and bare; You can't come too filthy, You can't come too filthy, You can't come too filthy, Come just as you are.

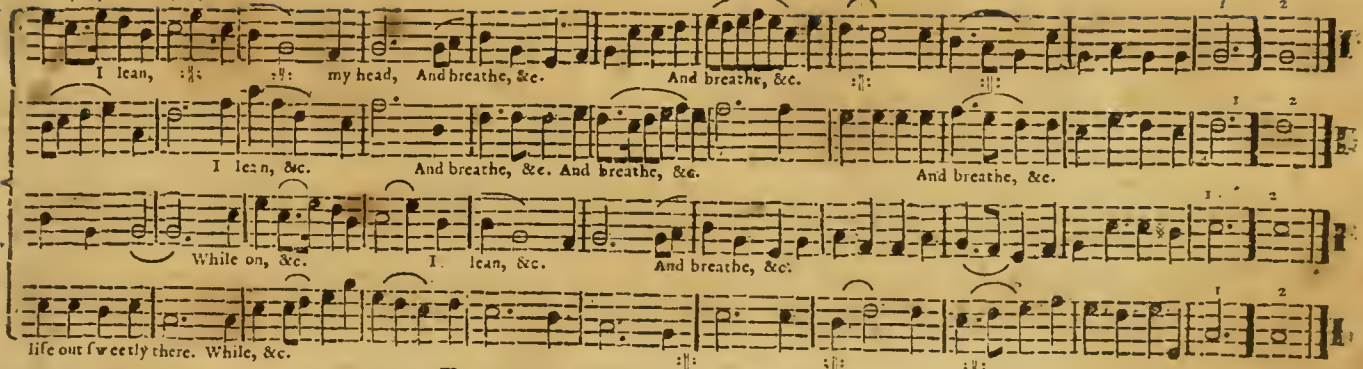

God of my salvation hear, And help me to believe; Simply do I now draw near, Thy blessing to receive. Full of guilt, alas, I am, But
to thy wounds for refuge flee; Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

ORANGE. S. M.

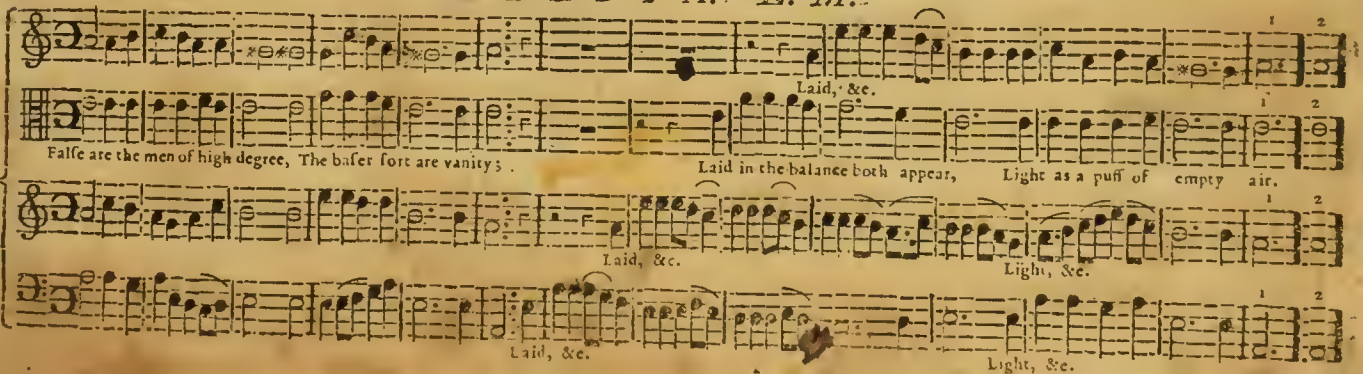

How free the fountain flows, Of endleſs life and joy, That ſpring which no confinement knows, Whoſe waters never cloy. Ho! ev—'ry
thir—ſty ſoul, Approach the ſacred ſpring, Drink, and your fainting ſpirits chear, Renew the draught and ſing. Drink, &c.

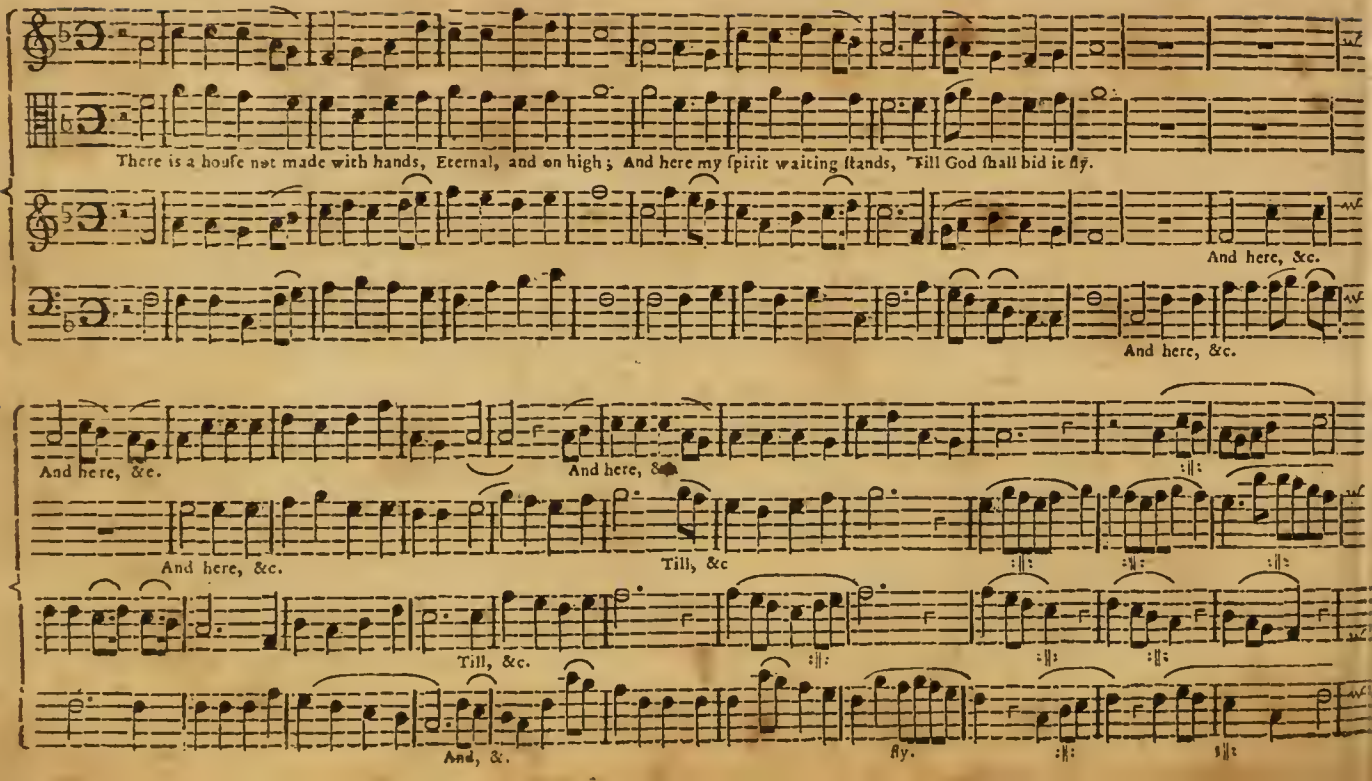

Clothe, &c.
Bleſs, O Lord, the op'ning year, To each ſoul aſ——ſembled here:
Clothe, &c.
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine, Make us willing
Clothe thy word with pow'r di——vine,
Make us willing to be thine.
to be thine.

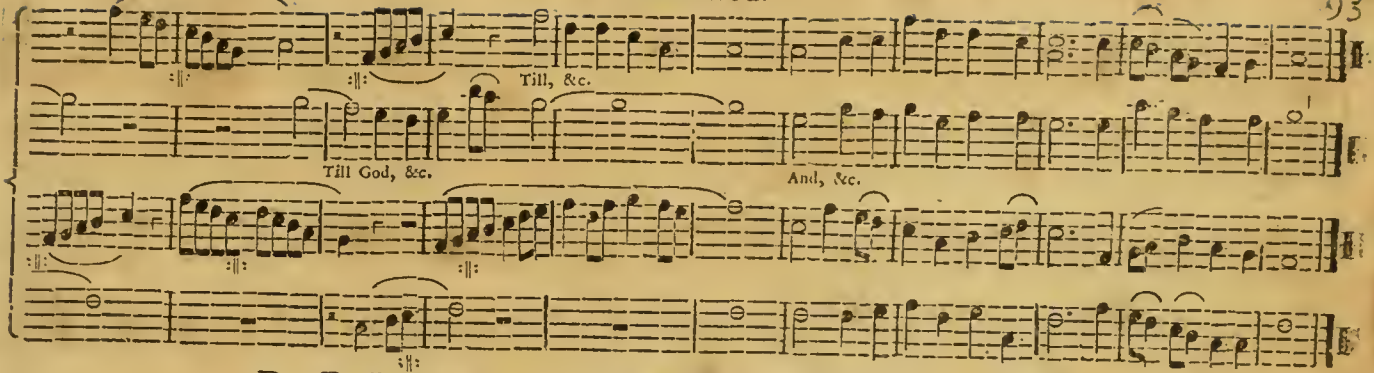

Ah! if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste; Fly fearless thro' death's i——ron gates, Nor
Jesus, &c.
feel the terrors as she pass'd.
Jesus, &c.
Jesus, &c.
Jesus can make a dying bed, Soft as downy pillows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my


I lean, my head, And breathe, &c.
And breathe, &c.
I lean, &c.
And breathe, &c. And breathe, &c.
And breathe, &c.
While on, &c.
I lean, &c.
And breathe, &c.
life out sweetly there. While, &c.

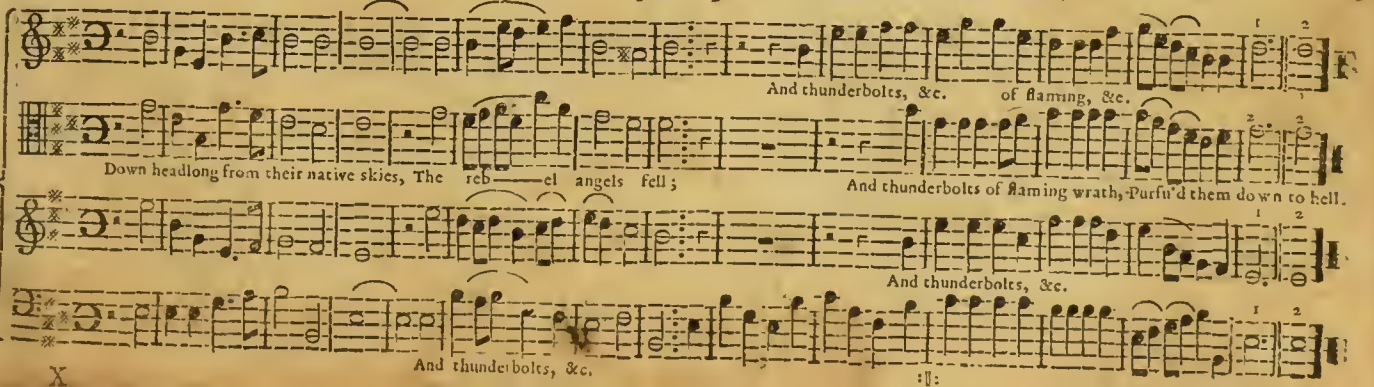
RUSSIA. *L. M.*

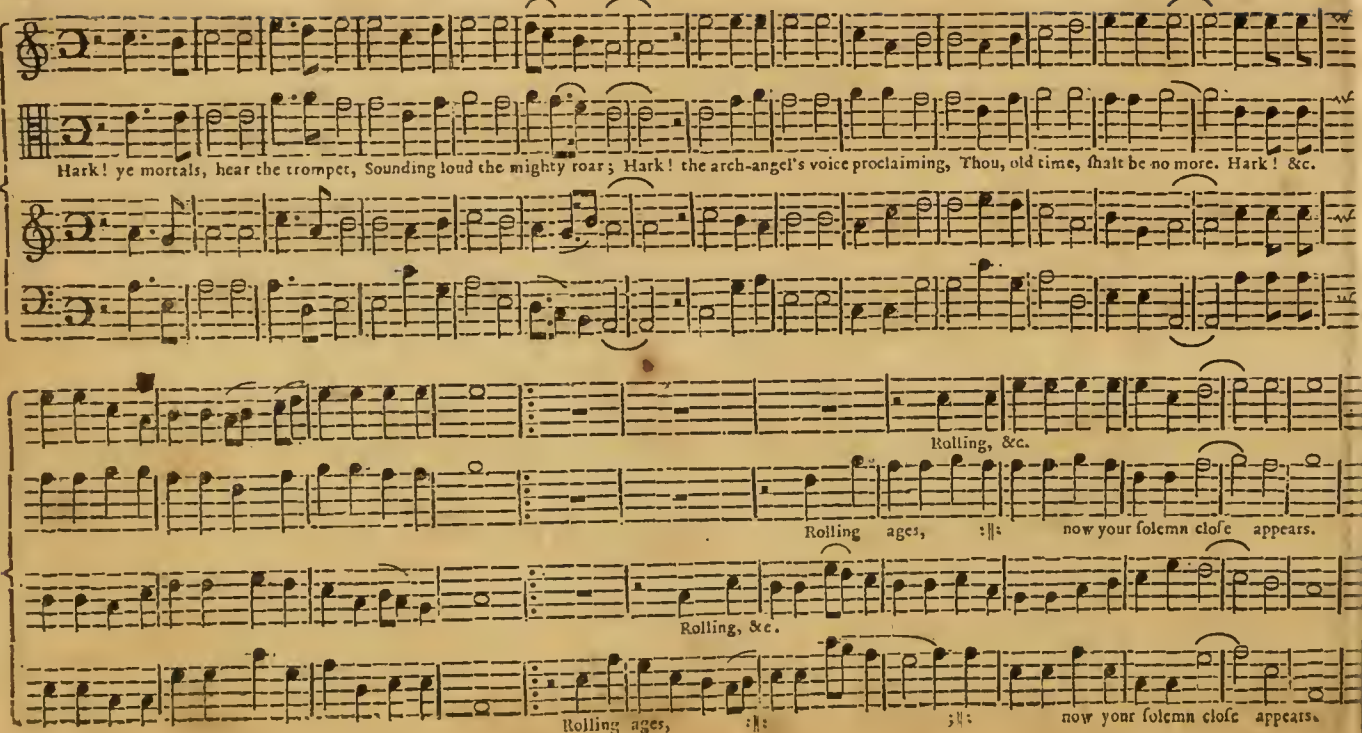

Laid, &c.
False are the men of high degree, The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear, Light as a puff of empty air.
Laid, &c.
Light, &c.
Laid, &c.
Light, &c.

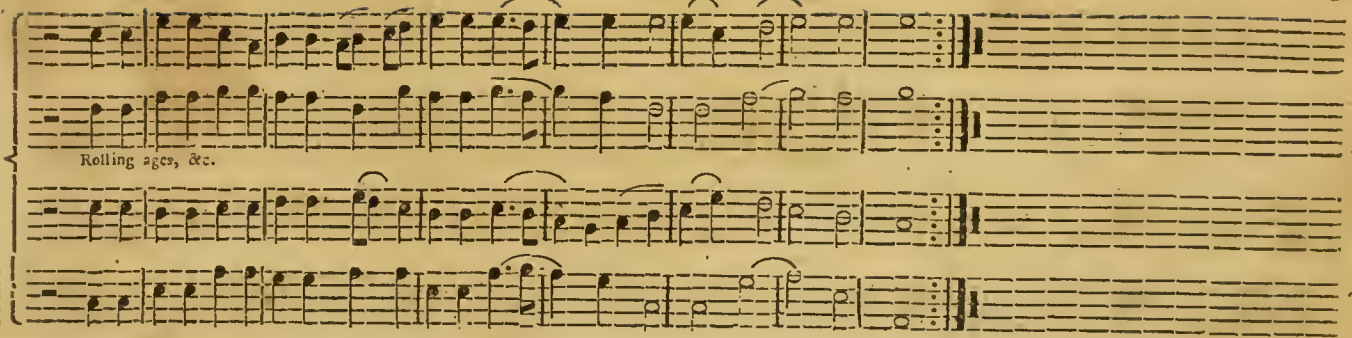

There is a houſe not made with hands, Eternal, and on high; And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands, 'Till God ſhall bid it fly.
And here, &c.
And here, &c.
And here, &c.
And here, &c.
And here, &c.
Till, &c
Till, &c.
And, &.
fly.



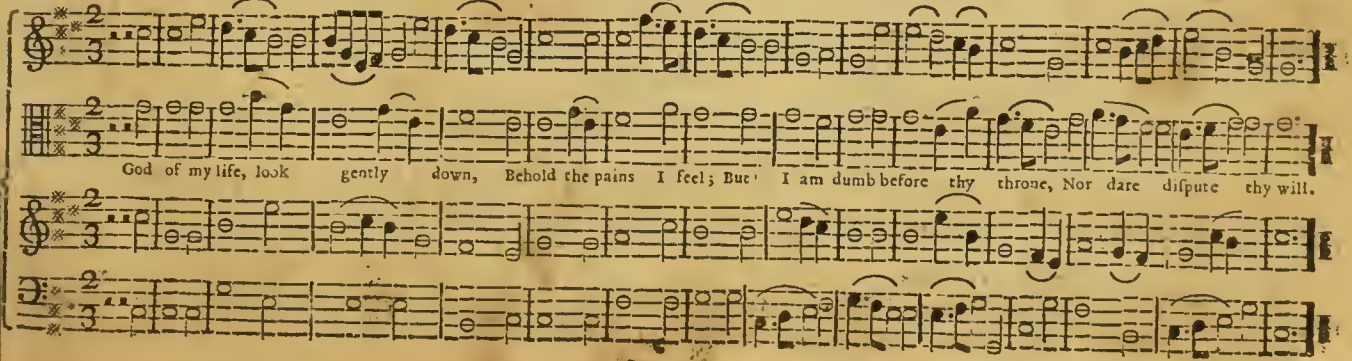
D E L L E Y. *Hymn 96th, Book 2d. C. M.*

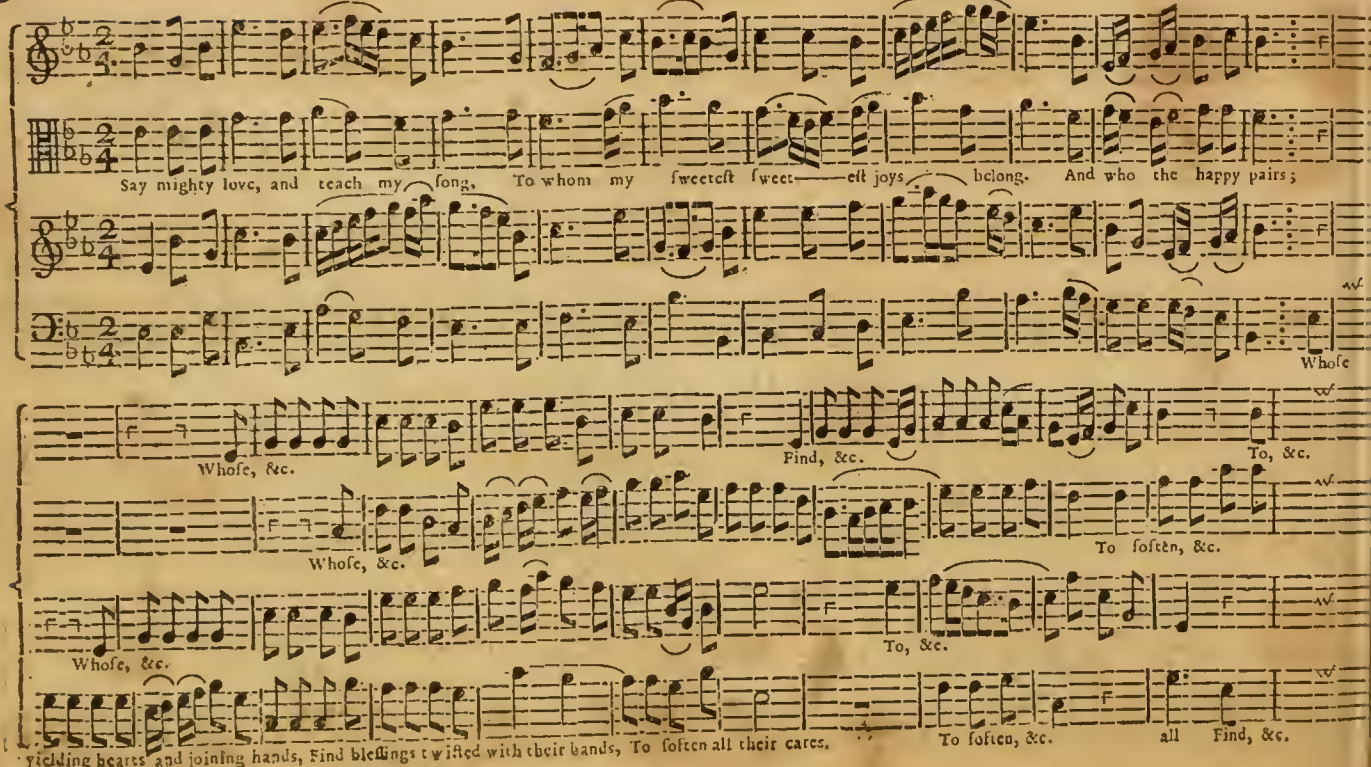


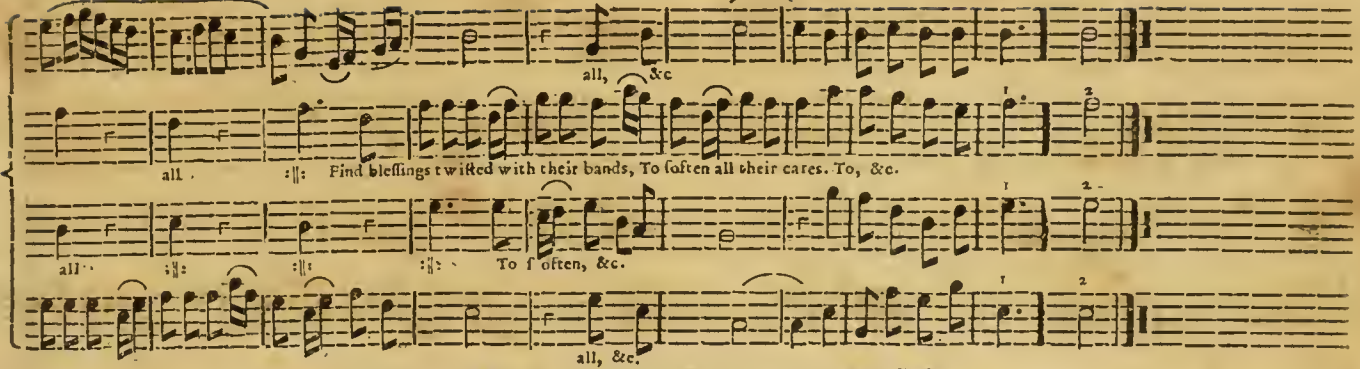

Hark! ye mortals, hear the trompet, Sounding loud the mighty roar; Hark! the arch-angel's voice proclaiming, Thou, old time, shalt be no more. Hark! &c.
Rolling, &c.
Rolling ages, :‖: now your solemn close appears.
Rolling, &c.
Rolling ages, :‖: ;‖: now your solemn close appears.



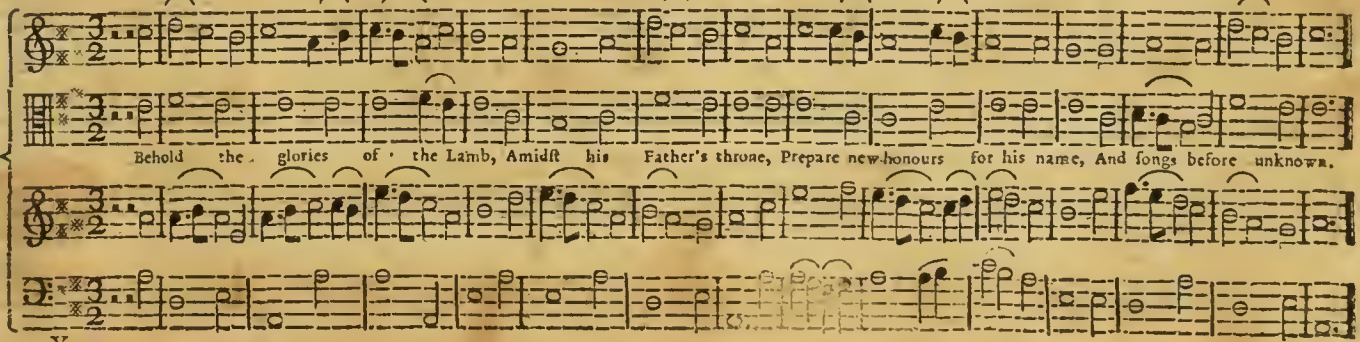
POLAND. 39*th*, D. W. *C. M.*

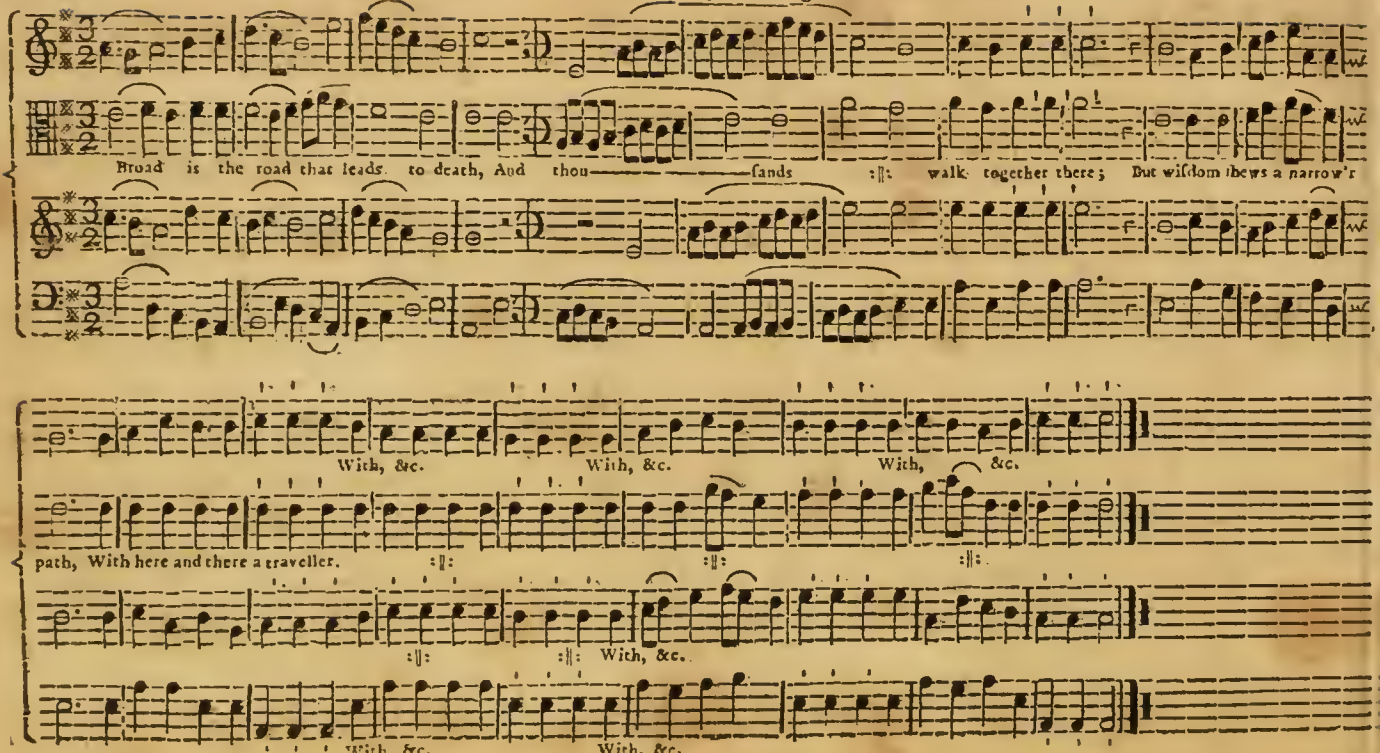


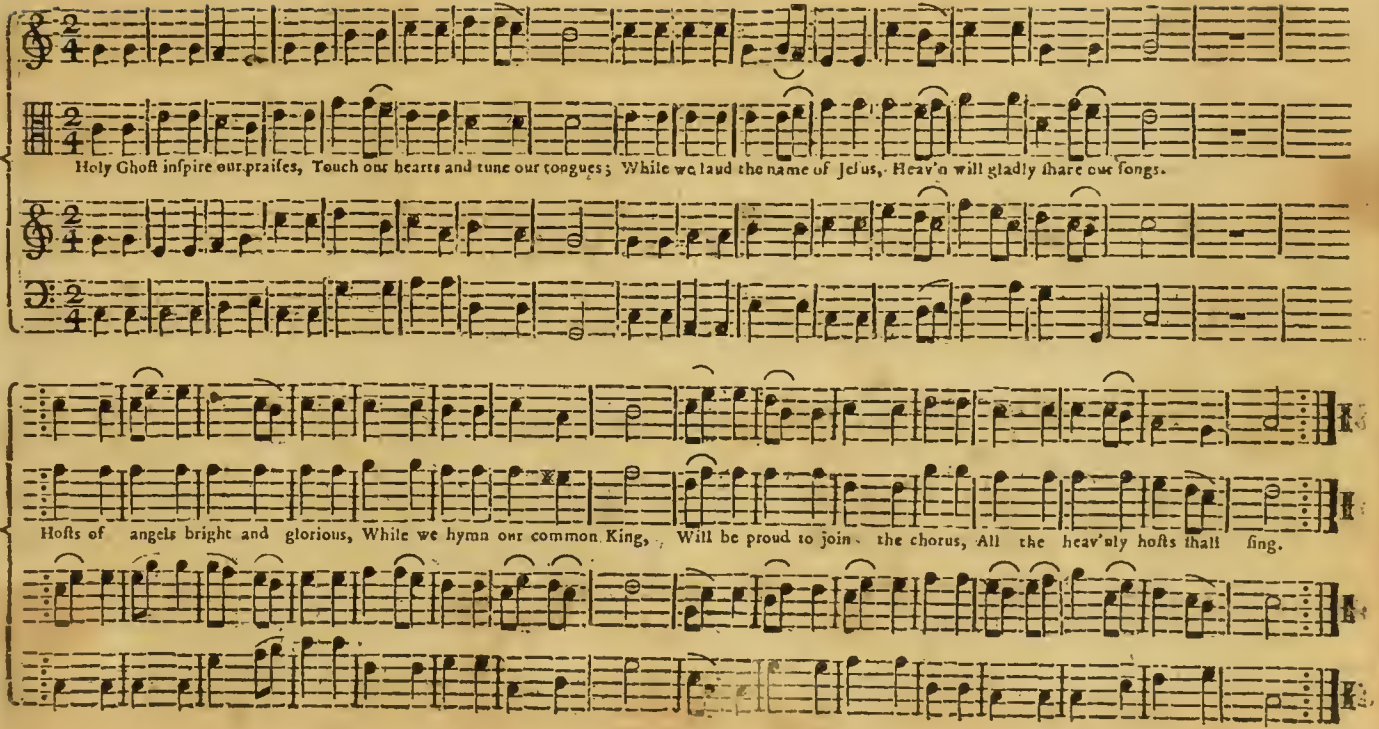

Say mighty love, and teach my song, To whom my sweeteſt sweet——eſt joys belong. And who the happy pairs;
Whoſe
Whoſe, &c.
Find, &c.
To, &c.
Whoſe, &c.
To ſoften, &c.
Whoſe, &c.
To, &c.
yielding hearts and joining hands, Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands, To ſoften all their cares.
To ſoften, &c.
all Find, &c.

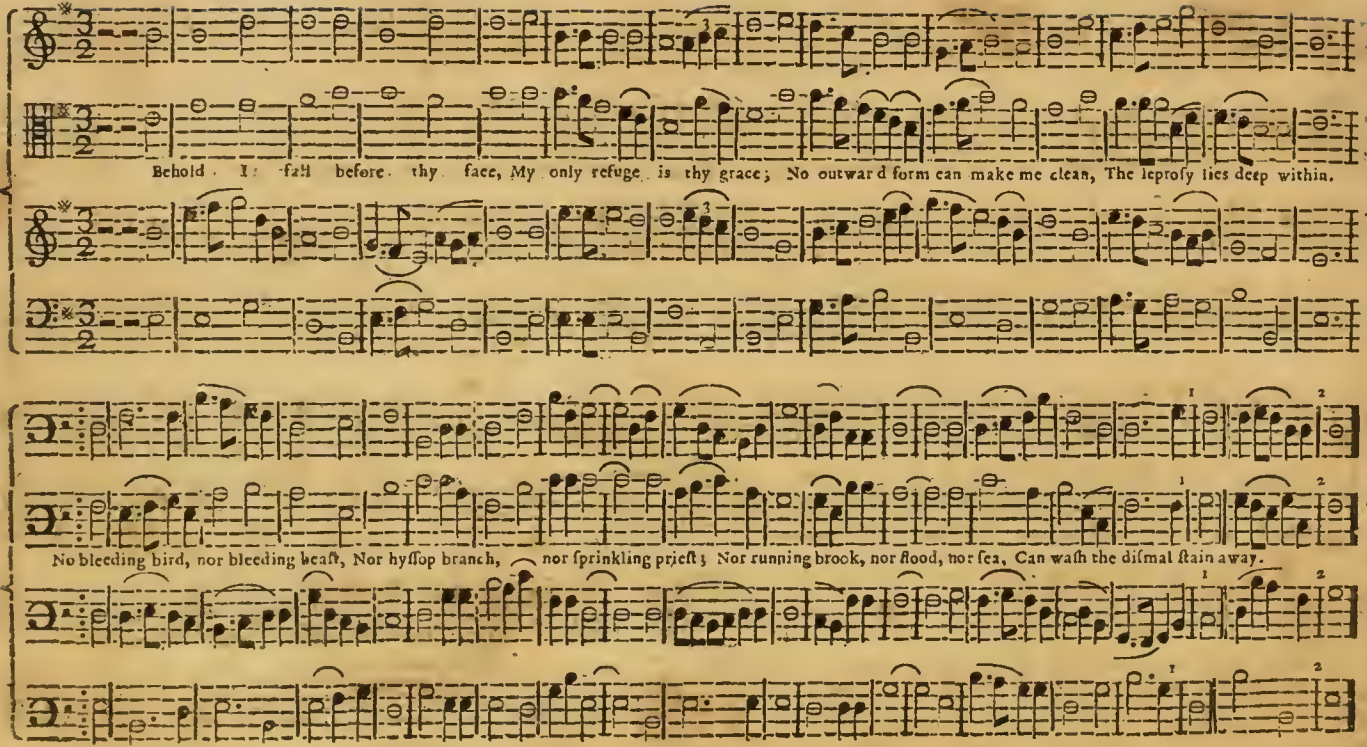

all, &c
all
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands, To ſoften all their cares. To, &c.
all
To ſoften, &c.
all, &c.

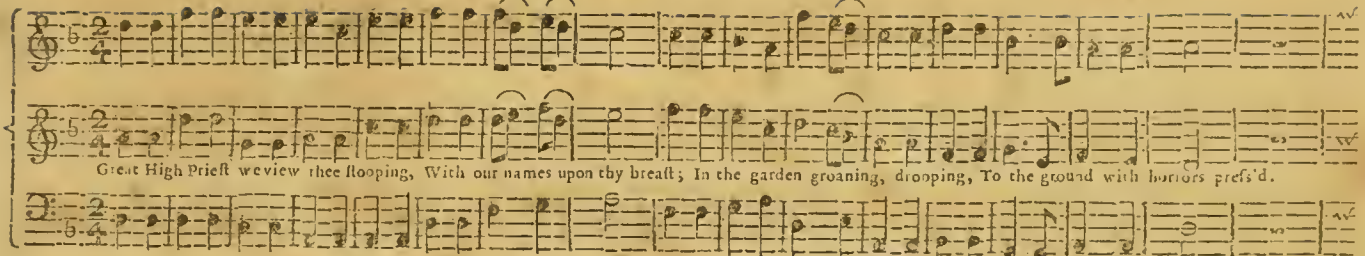
St. MARTIN. *C. M.*

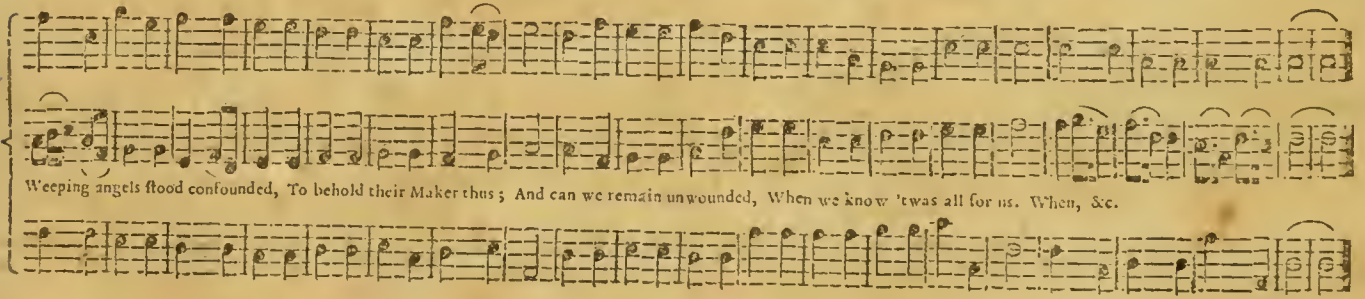

Behold the glories of the Lamb, Amidſt his Father's throne, Prepare new honours for his name, And ſongs before unknown.


Broad is the road that leads to death, And thou——sands :‖: walk together there; But wisdom shews a narrow'r
With, &c. With, &c. With, &c.
path, With here and there a traveller. :‖: :‖: :‖:
:‖: :‖: With, &c.
With, &c. With, &c.


Holy Ghoft inſpire our praiſes, Touch our hearts and tune our tongues; While we laud the name of Jeſus, Heav'n will gladly ſhare our ſongs.
Hoſts of angels bright and glorious, While we hymn our common King, Will be proud to join the chorus, All the heav'nly hoſts ſhall ſing.


Behold I fall before thy face, My only refuge is thy grace; No outward form can make me clean, The leprosy lies deep within.
No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest; Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea, Can wash the dismal stain away.

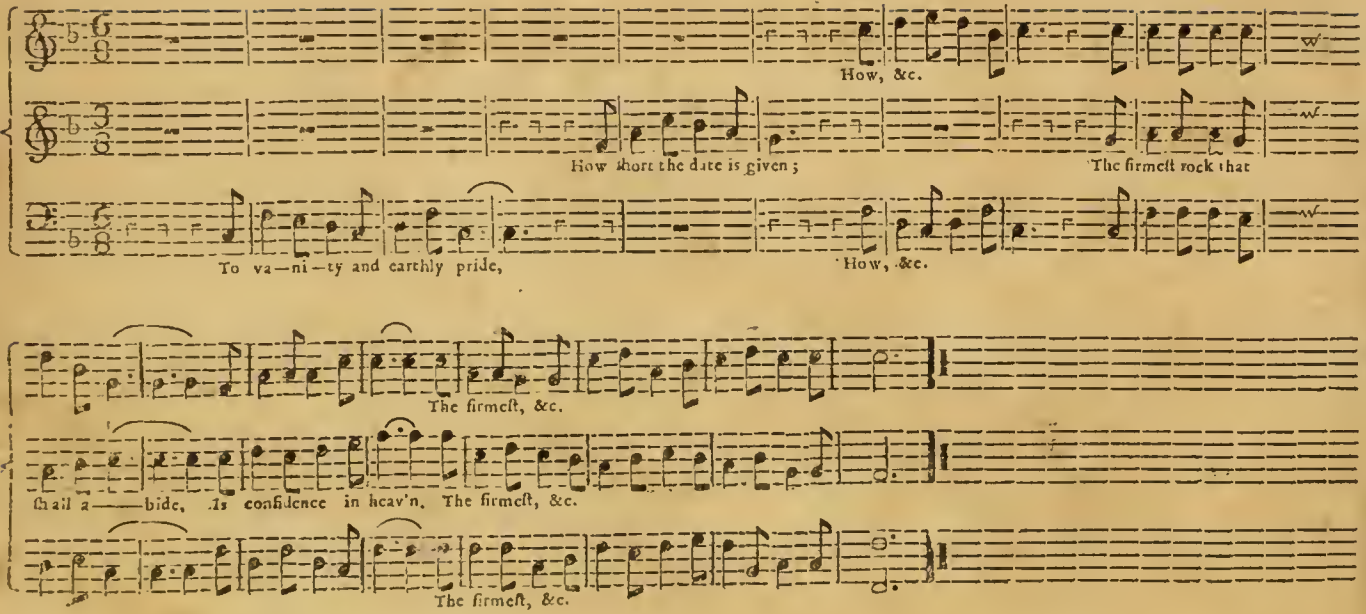




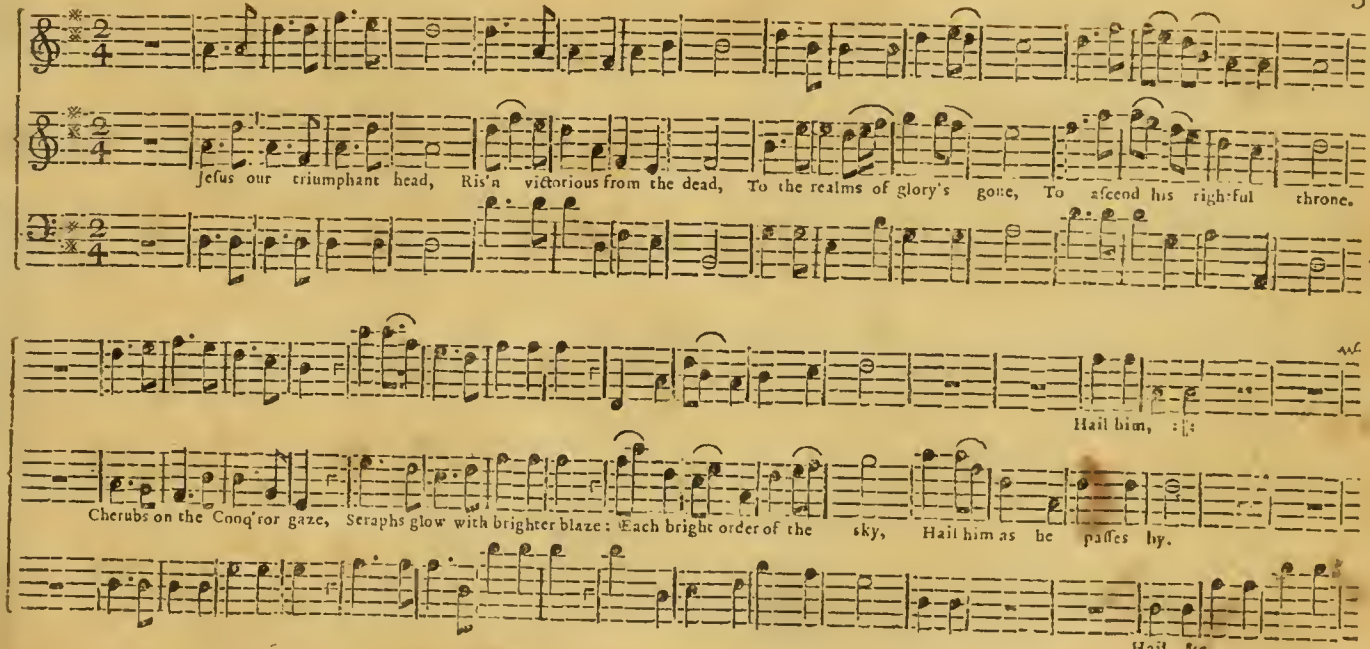
Lord we fain would truſt thee ſolely;
'Twas for us thy blood was ſpilt;
Praiſed Bridegroom, take us wholly,
Take and make us what thou wilt.

Thou haſt born the bitter ſentence,
Paſs'd on man's devoted race;
True belief and true repentance
Are thy gifts, O God of grace.

LEOMINSTER. *C. M.*



ASCENSION. *P. M.*



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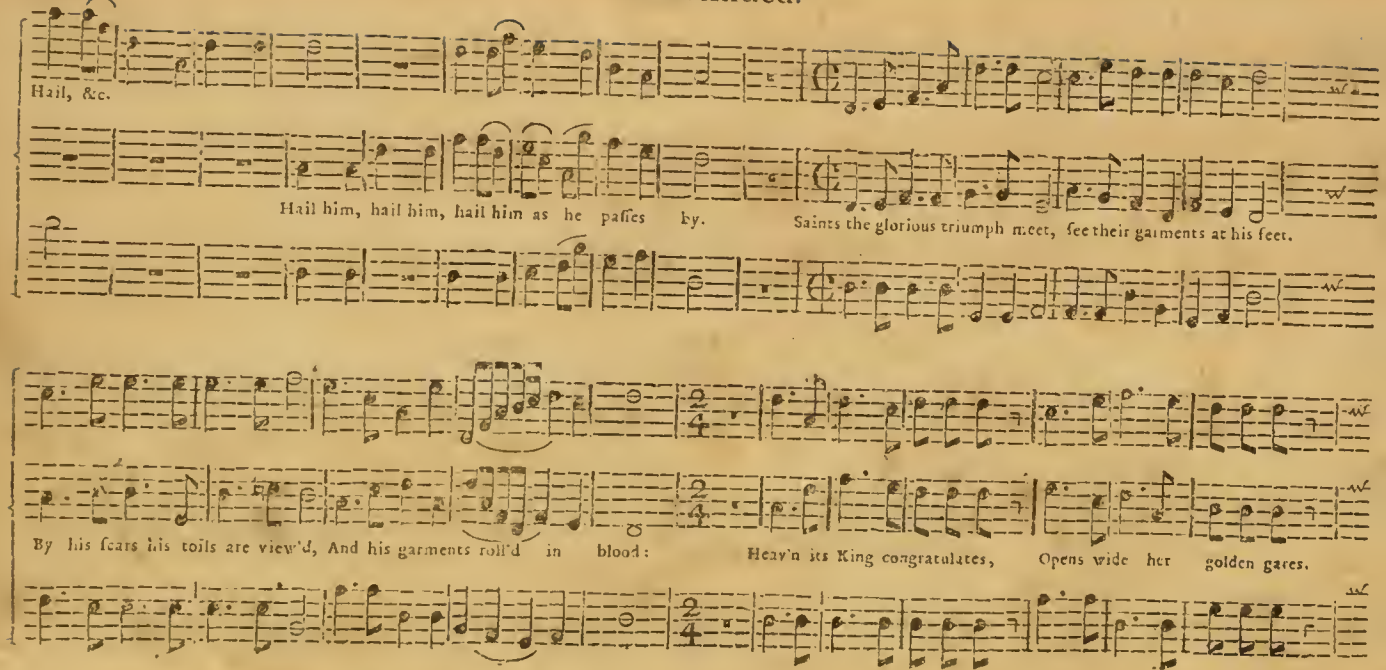
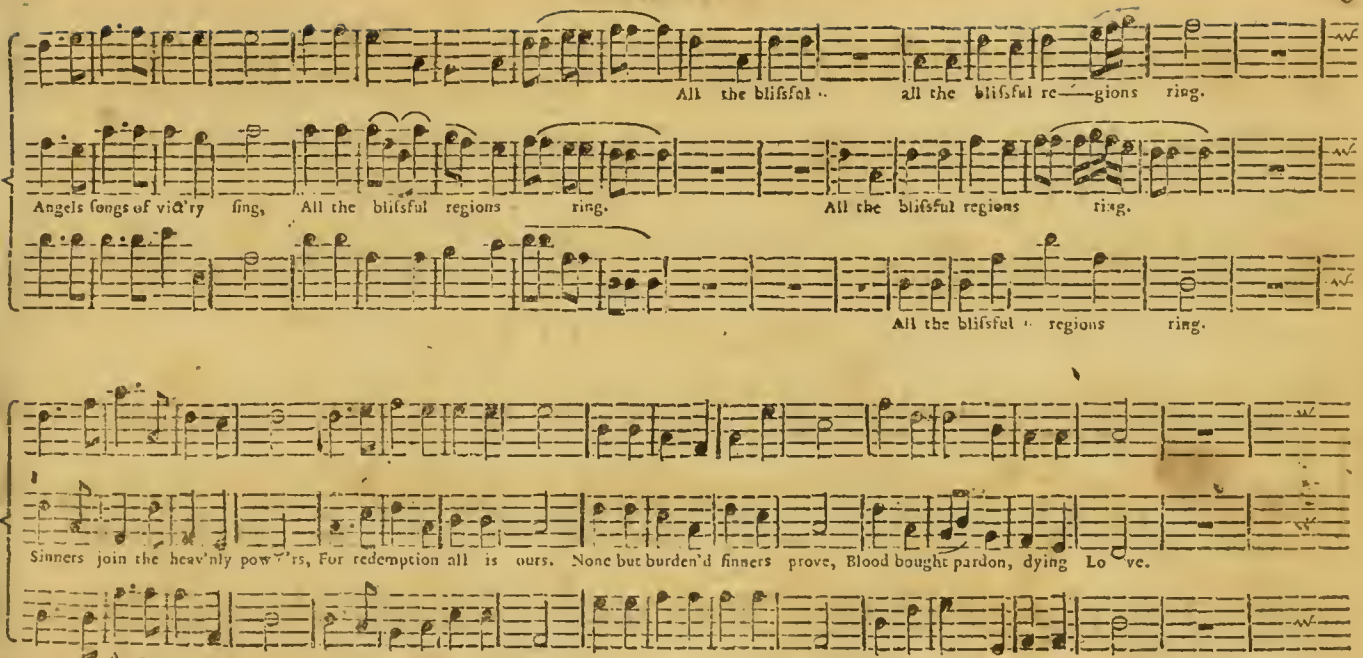
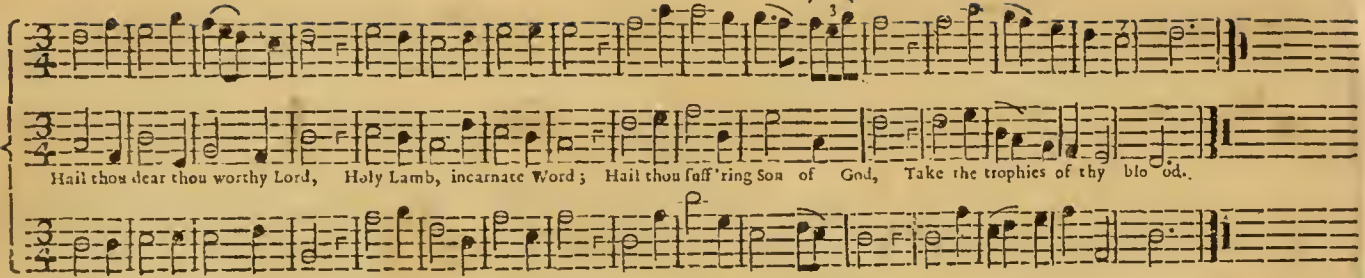
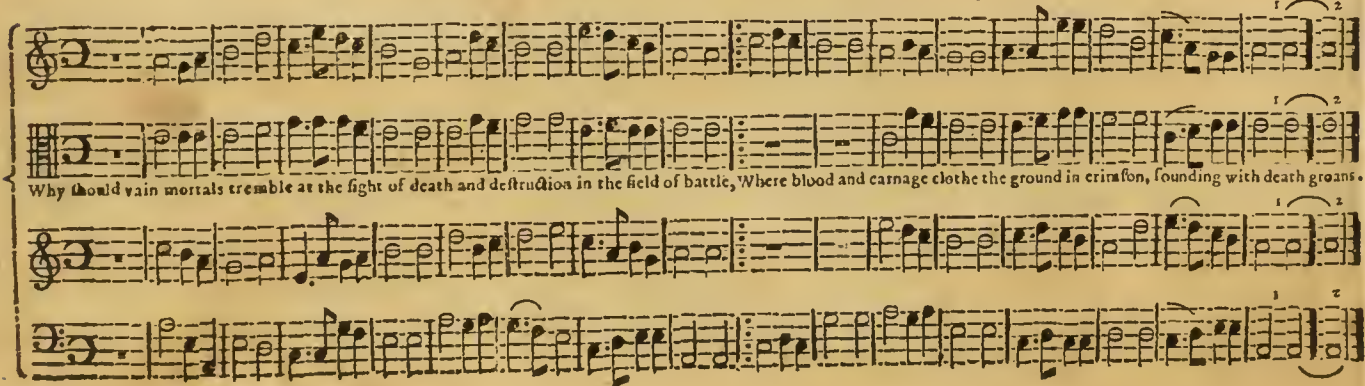
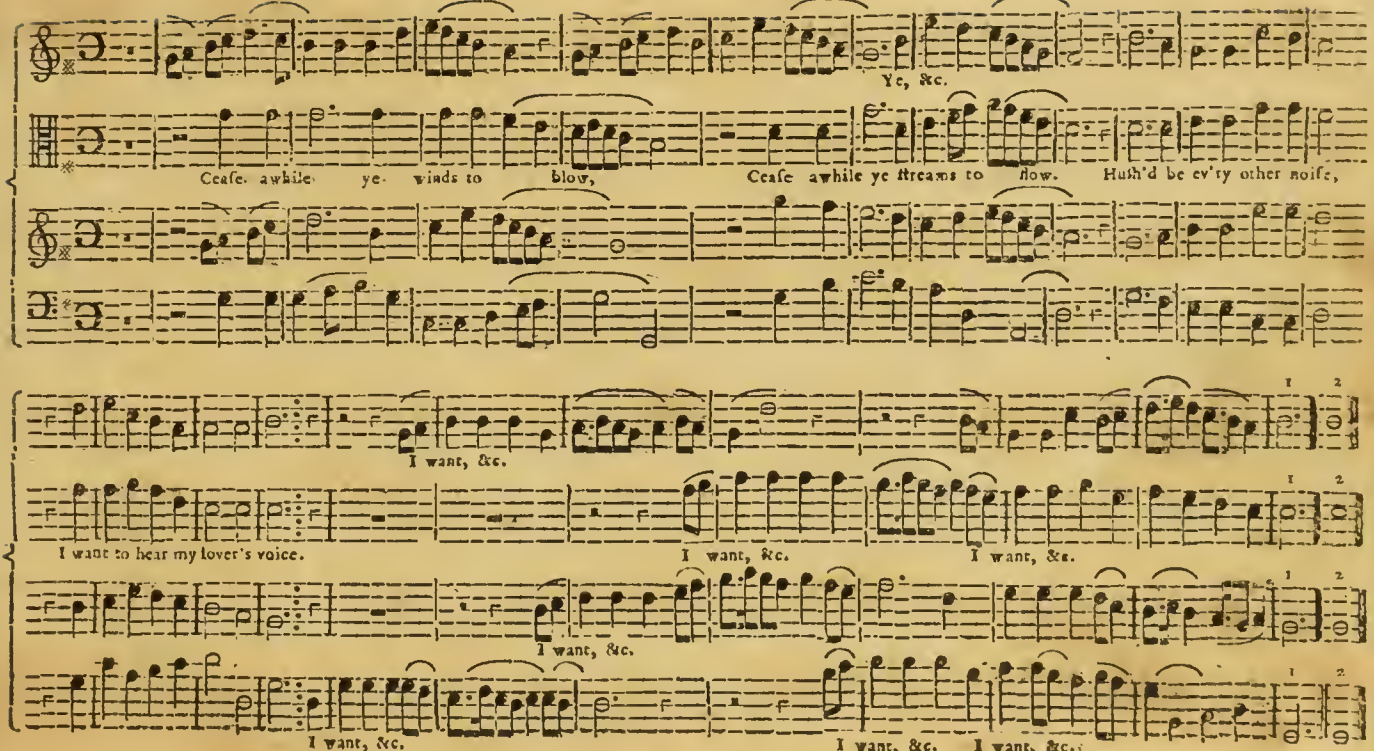

Hail, &c.
Hail him, hail him, hail him as he paſſes by.
Saints the glorious triumph meet, ſee their garments at his feet.
By his ſcars his toils are view'd, And his garments roll'd in blood:
Heav'n its King congratulates, Opens wide her golden gates.


All the bliſsful ·· all the bliſsful re——gions ring.
Angels ſongs of vict'ry ſing, All the bliſsful regions ring. All the bliſsful regions ring.
All the bliſsful ·· regions ring.
Sinners join the heav'nly pow'rs, For redemption all is ours. None but burden'd ſinners prove, Blood bought pardon, dying Love.

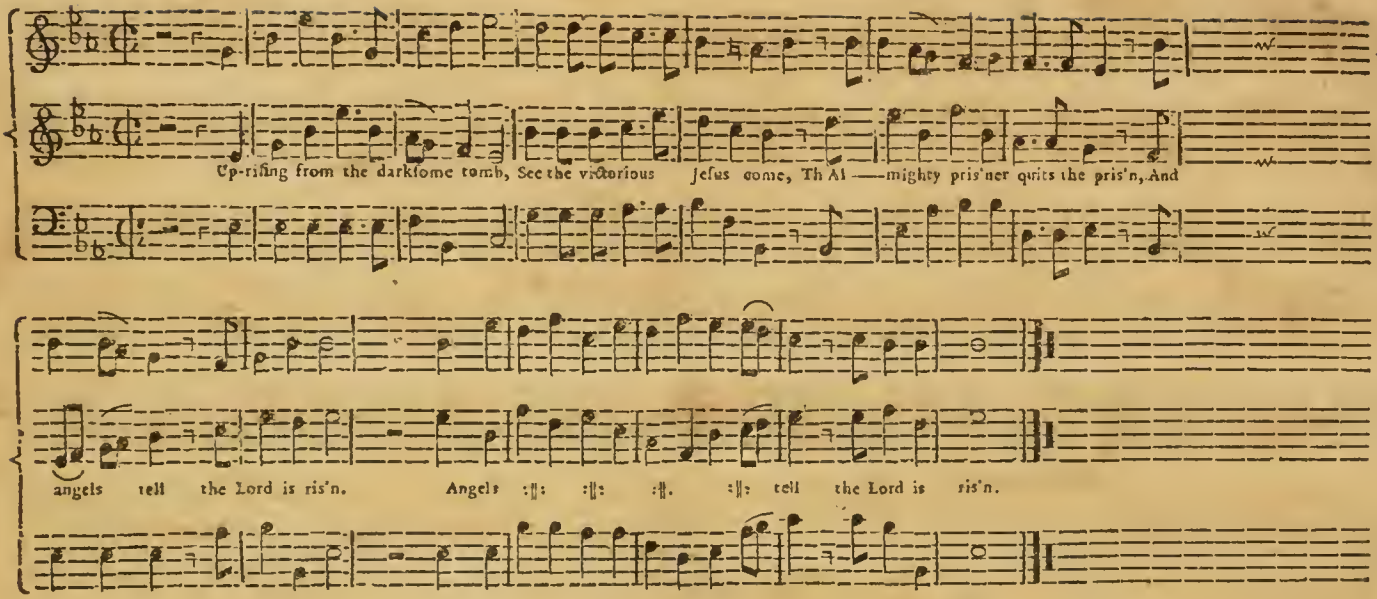

Hail thou dear thou worthy Lord, Holy Lamb, incarnate Word; Hail thou suff'ring Son of God, Take the trophies of thy blood.

BUNKER-HILL.


Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of death and destruction in the field of battle, Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson, sounding with death groans.


Ye, &c.
Ceafe awhile ye winds to blow,
Ceafe awhile ye ftreams to flow. Hufh'd be ev'ry other noife,
I want, &c.
I want to hear my lover's voice.
I want, &c.
I want, &c.
I want, &c.
I want, &c.
I want, &c.
I want, &c.

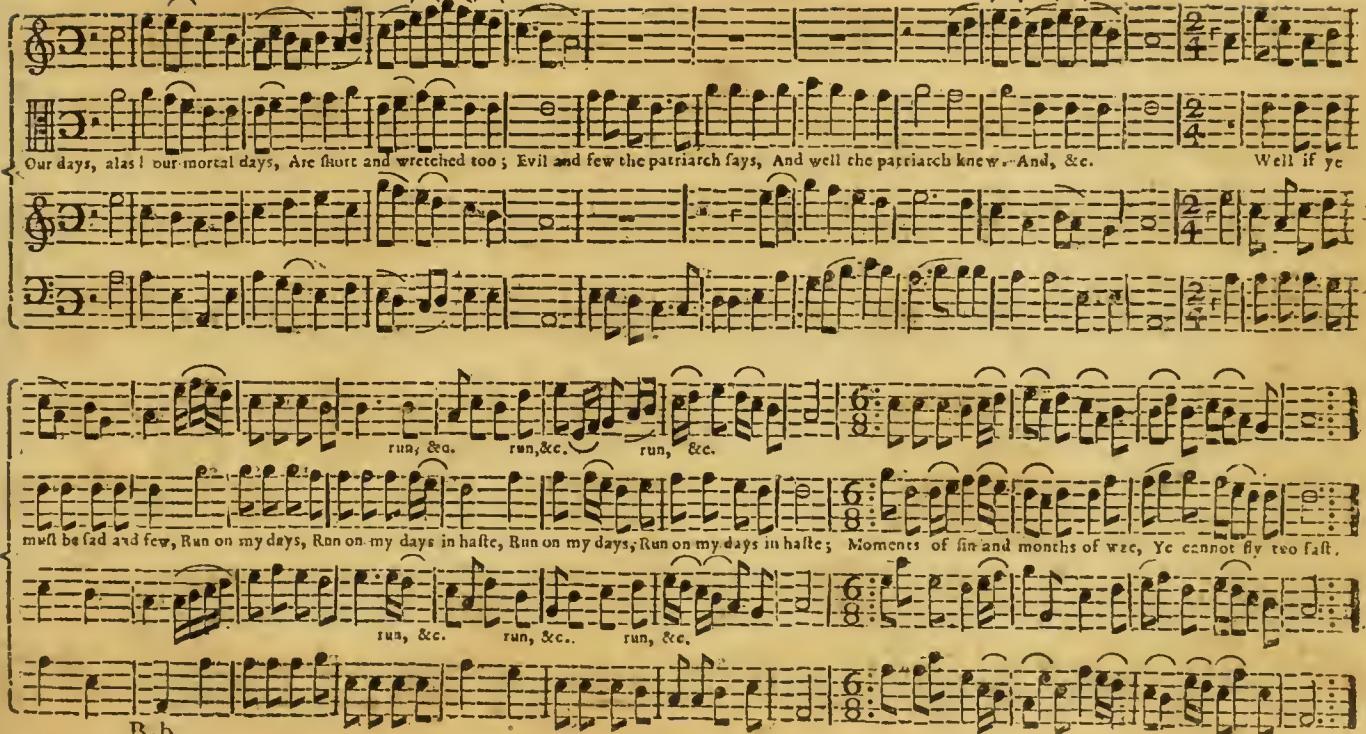
BRADFORD. *L. M.*



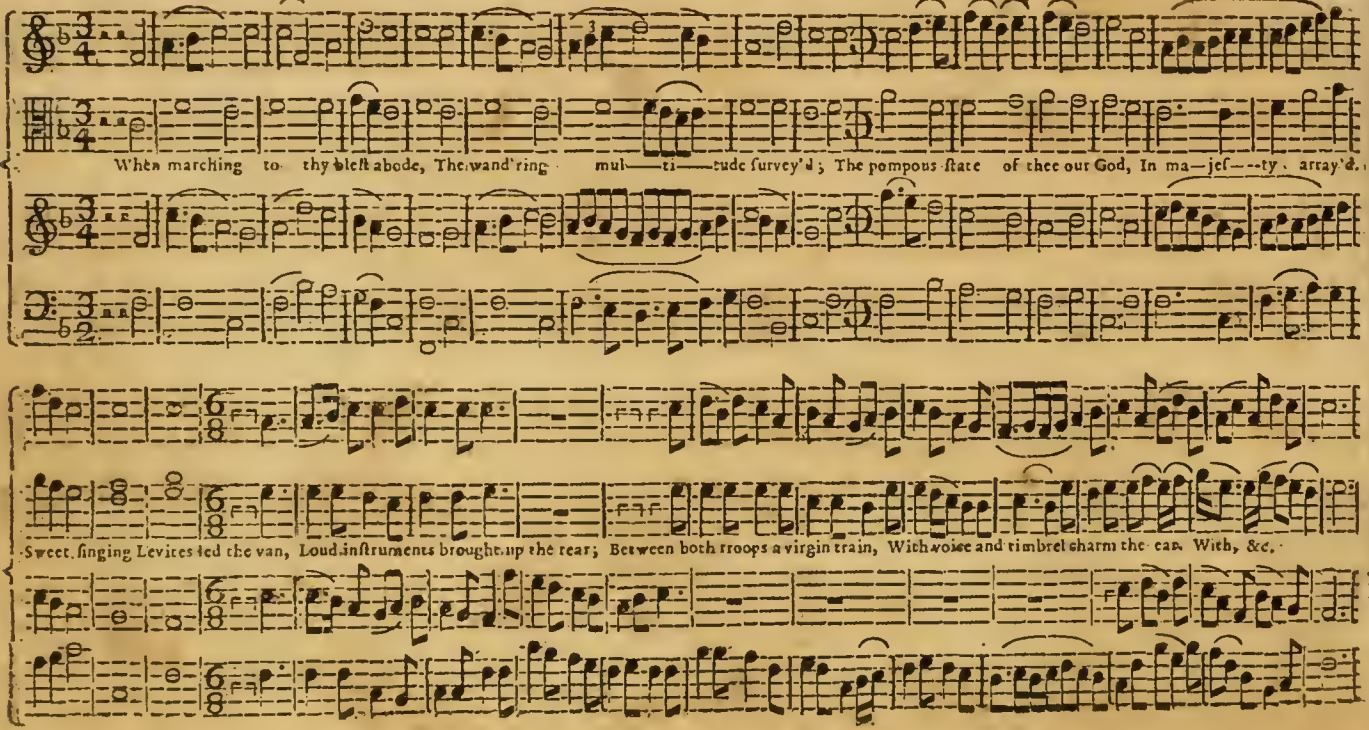
2. Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings; hear and live.
God's righteous law is satisfied,
And justice now is on you side.
Justice :‖: :‖: :‖: :‖: &c.

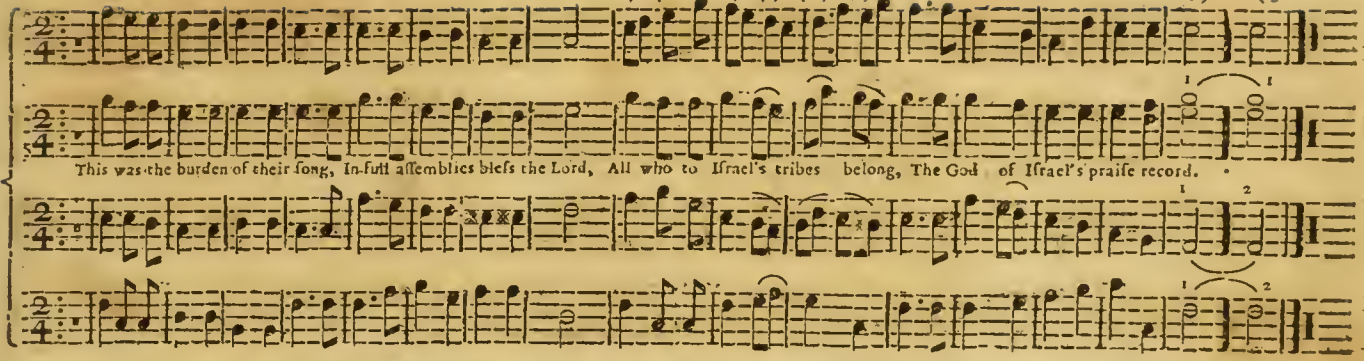
3. Your safety thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood.
No new demands, no bar remains;
But mercy now in triumph reigns.
Mercy :‖: :‖: :‖: :‖: &c.

4. Believers hail your rising Head,
The first begotten from the dead;
Your resurrection's sure, thro' his,
To endless life and endless bliss.
Endless, &c.

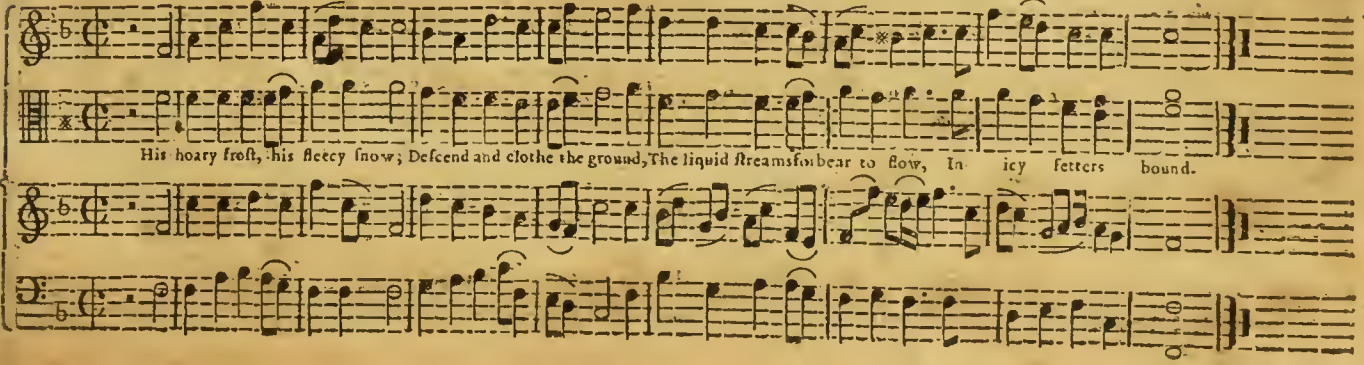

Our days, alas! our mortal days, Are ſhort and wretched too; Evil and few the patriarch ſays, And well the patriarch knew. And, &c.
Well if ye
run, &c.
run, &c.
run, &c.
muſt be ſad and few, Run on my days, Run on my days in haſte, Run on my days, Run on my days in haſte; Moments of ſin and months of woe, Ye cannot fly too faſt.
run, &c.
run, &c.
run, &c.
B.b

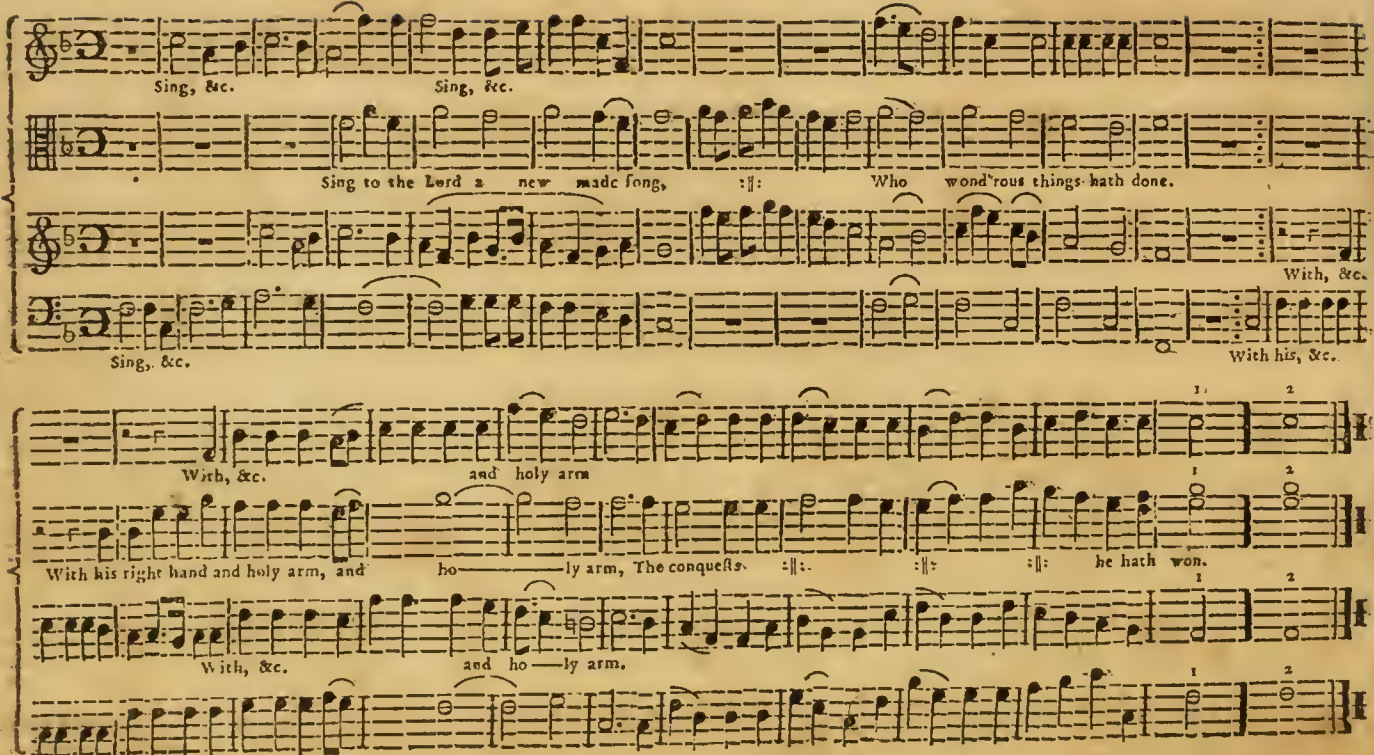
EASTFORD. L. M.

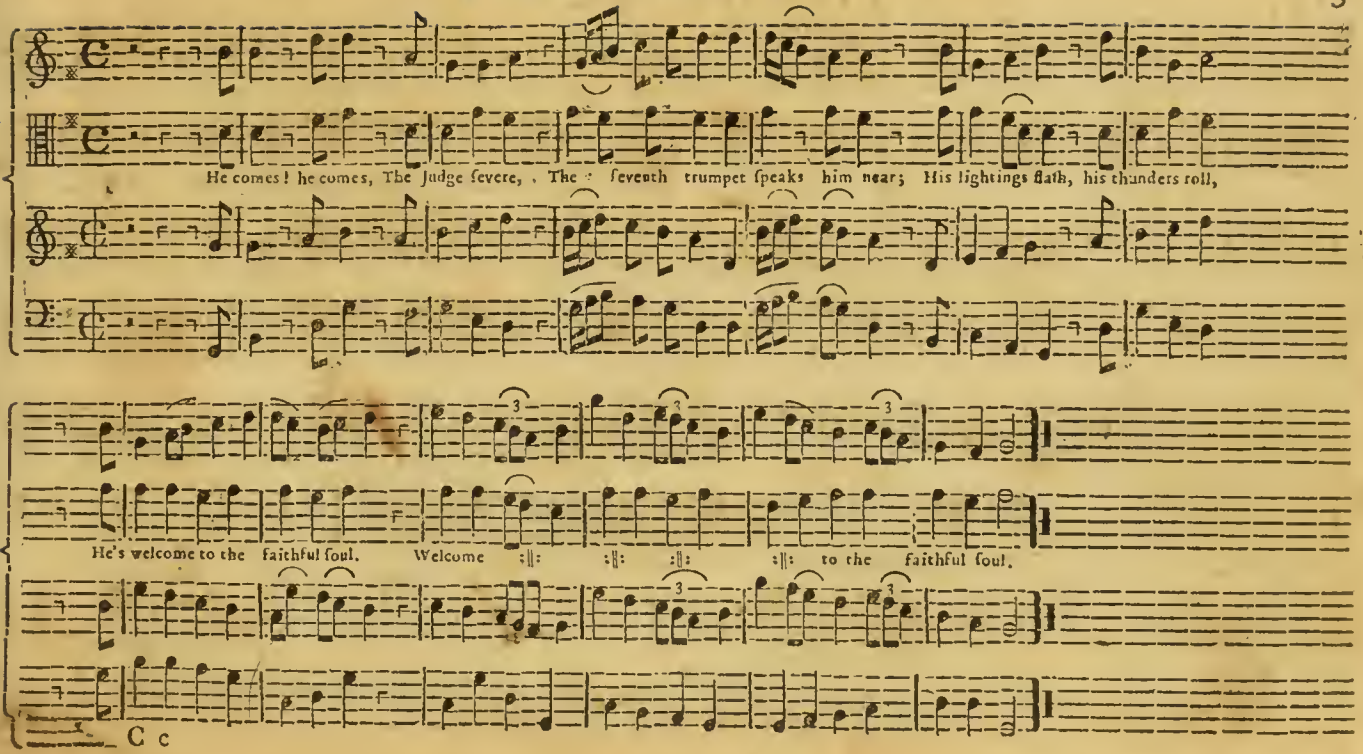

When marching to thy bleſt abode, The wand'ring mul——ti——tude ſurvey'd; The pompous ſtate of thee our God, In ma—jeſ——ty array'd.
Sweet ſinging Levites led the van, Loud inſtruments brought up the rear; Between both troops a virgin train, With voice and timbrel charm the ear. With, &c.

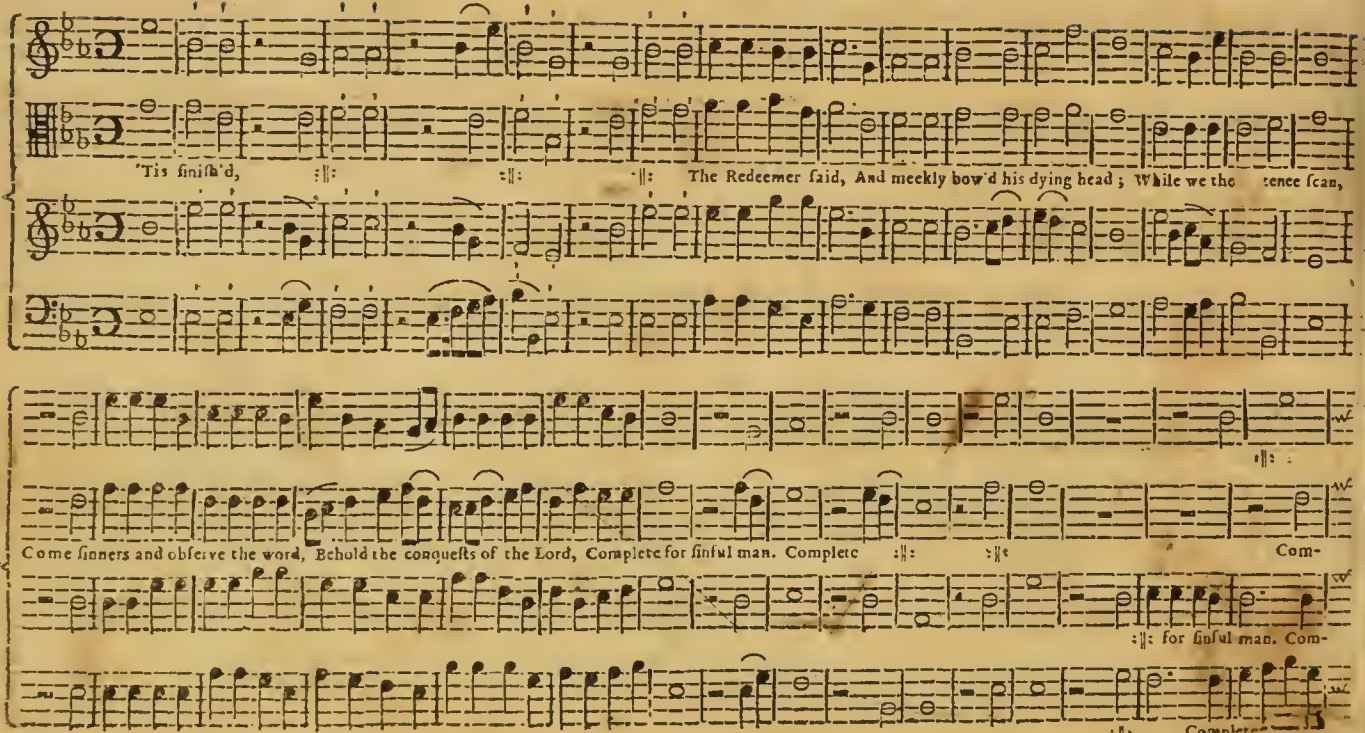


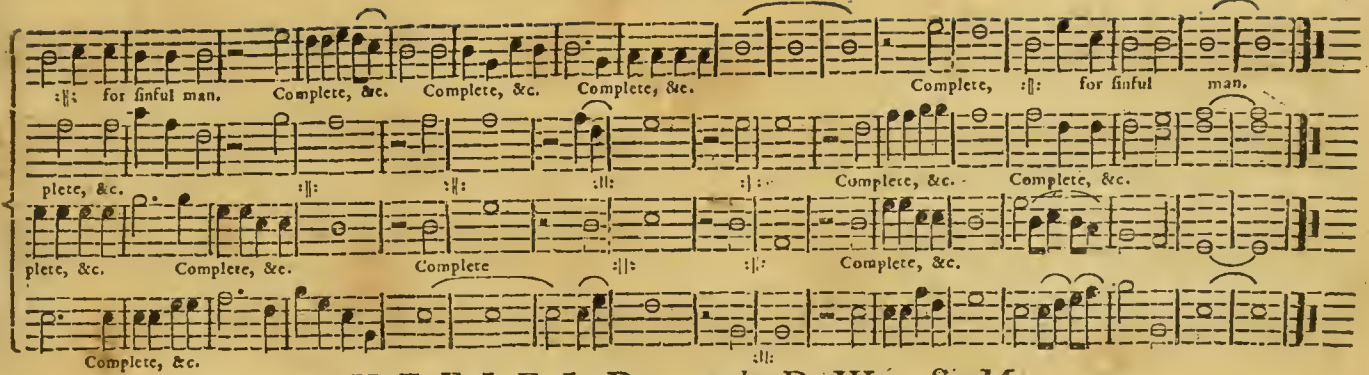
WINTER. 147*th*, 5*th*, *Ver.* C. M.



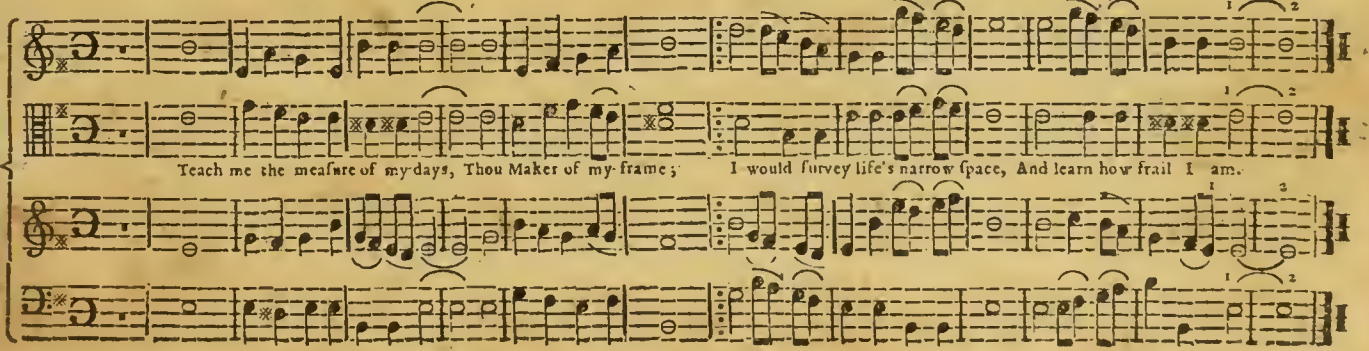

Sing, &c.
Sing, &c.
Sing to the Lord a new made song, :‖: Who wond'rous things hath done.
With, &c.
Sing, &c.
With his, &c.
With, &c.
and holy arm
With his right hand and holy arm, and ho——ly arm, The conquests :‖: :‖: :‖: he hath won.
With, &c.
and ho——ly arm.

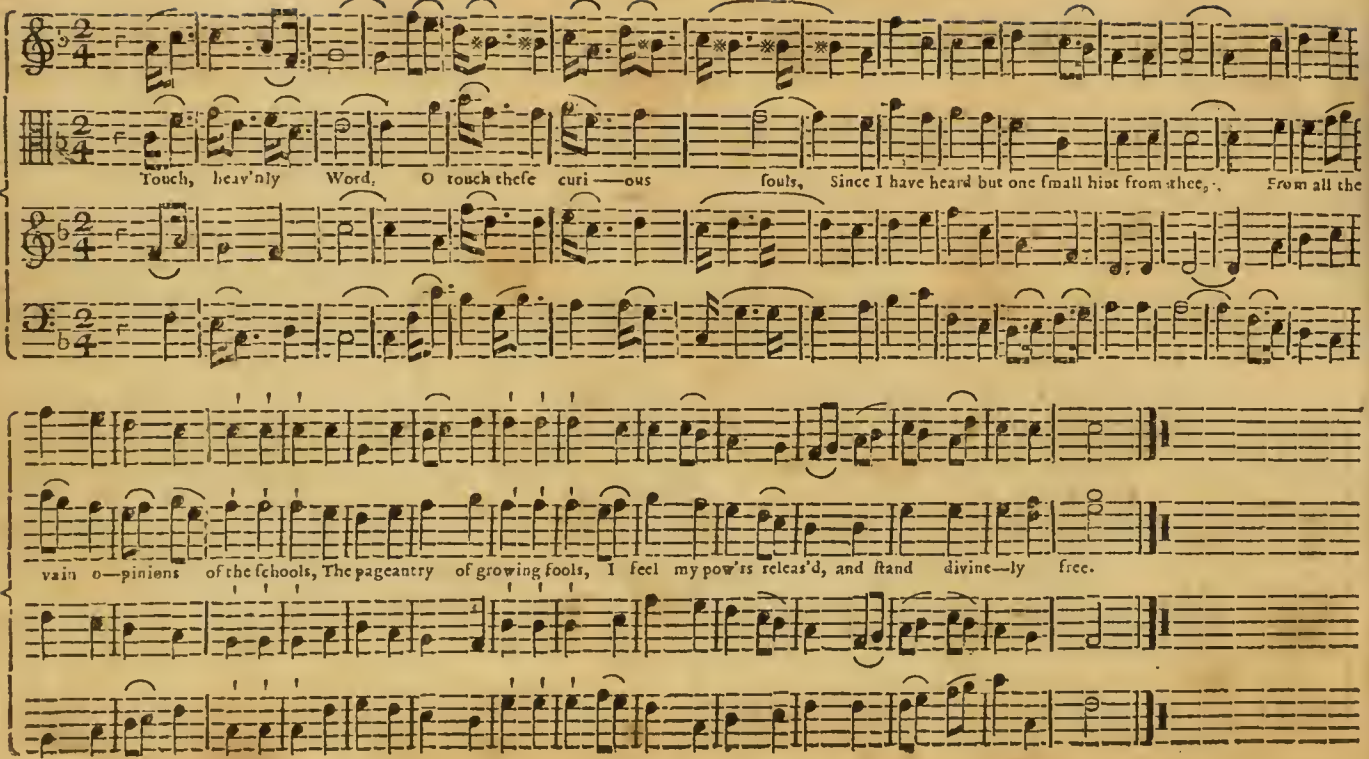

He comes! he comes, The Judge ſevere, The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near; His lightings flath, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul. Welcome to the faithful ſoul.
Cc

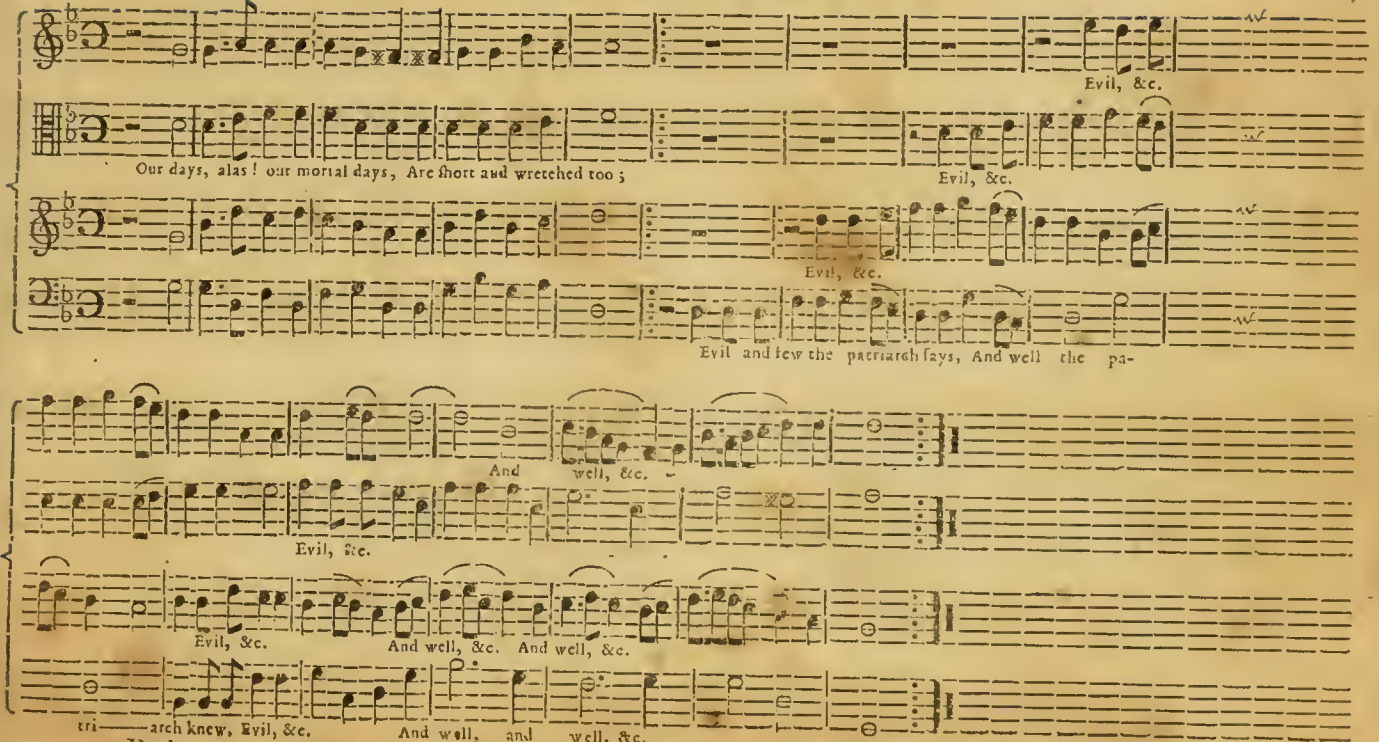

'Tis finish'd, :‖: :‖: :‖: The Redeemer said, And meekly bow'd his dying head; While we the tence scan,
:‖:
Come sinners and observe the word, Behold the conquests of the Lord, Complete for sinful man. Complete :‖: :‖: Com-
:‖: for sinful man. Com-
:‖: Complete

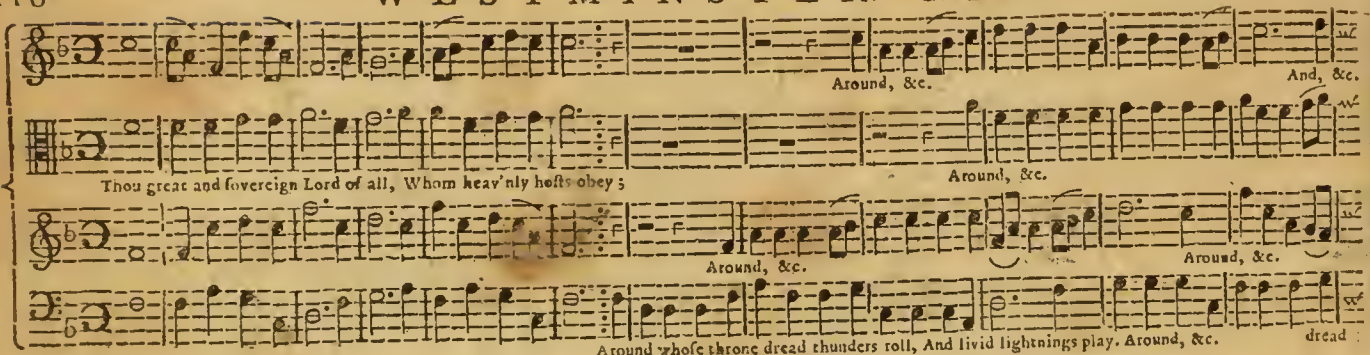


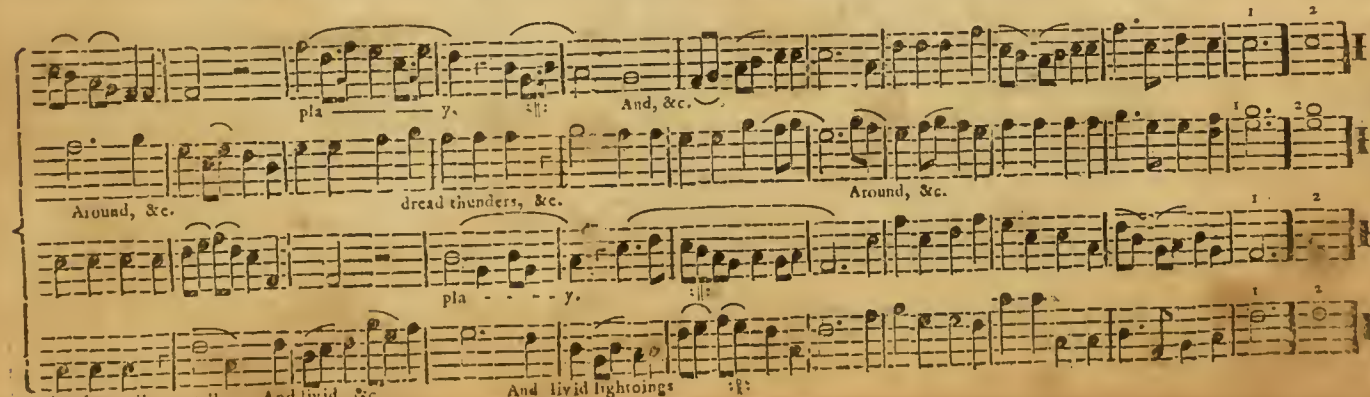
SUFFIELD. 39*th*, D. W. *S. M.*

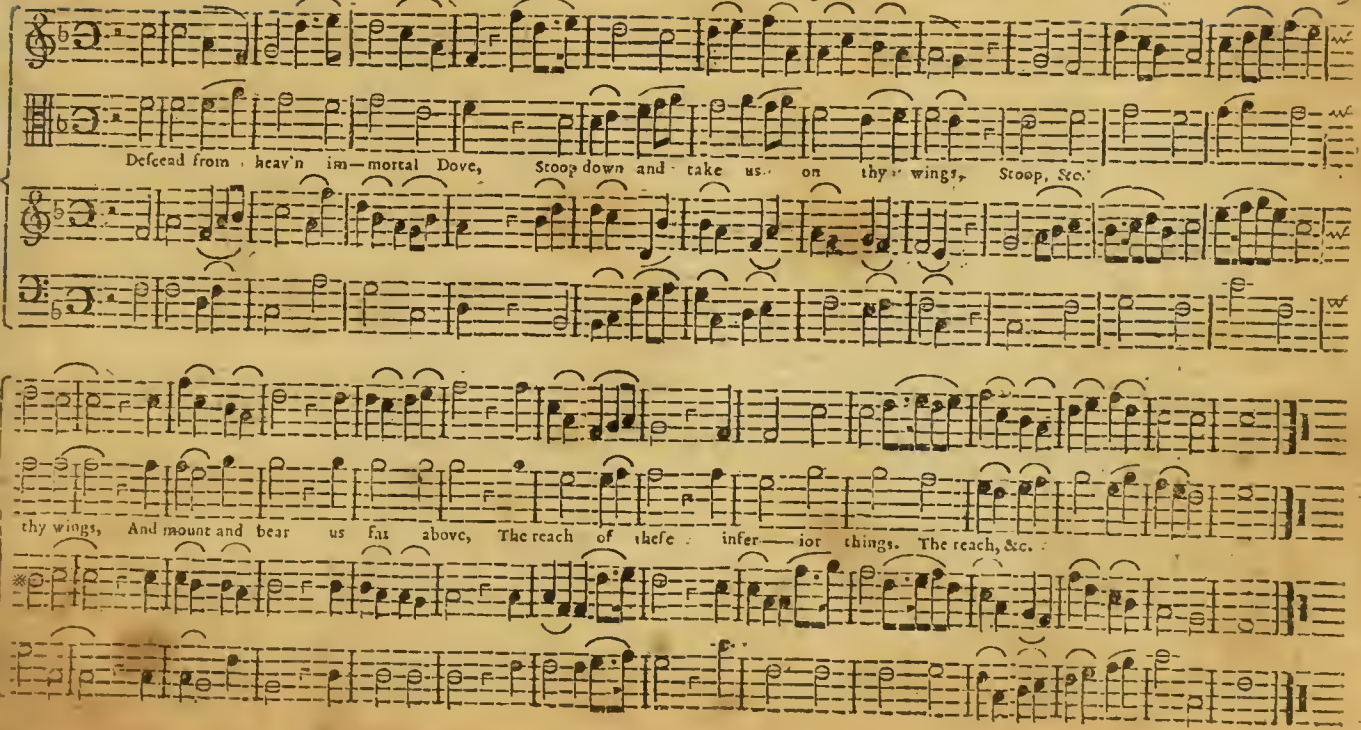



Touch, heav'nly Word, O touch theſe curi——ous ſouls, Since I have heard but one ſmall hint from thee, From all the
vain o—piniens of the ſchools, The pageantry of growing fools, I feel my pow'rs releas'd, and ſtand divine—ly free.

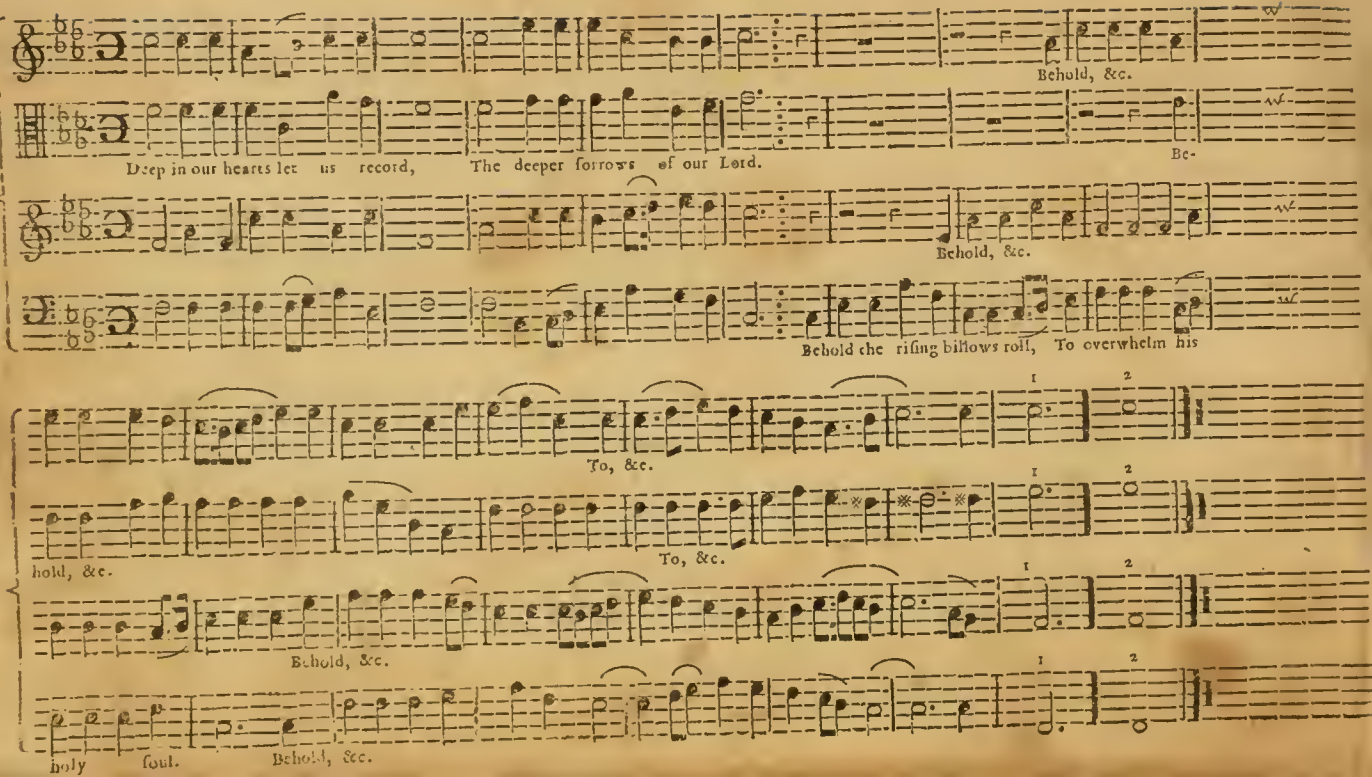

Evil, &c.
Our days, alas! our mortal days, Are short and wretched too;
Evil, &c.
Evil, &c.
Evil and few the patriarch says, And well the pa-
And well, &c.
Evil, &c.
Evil, &c.
And well, &c. And well, &c.
tri——arch knew, Evil, &c.
And well, and well, &c.

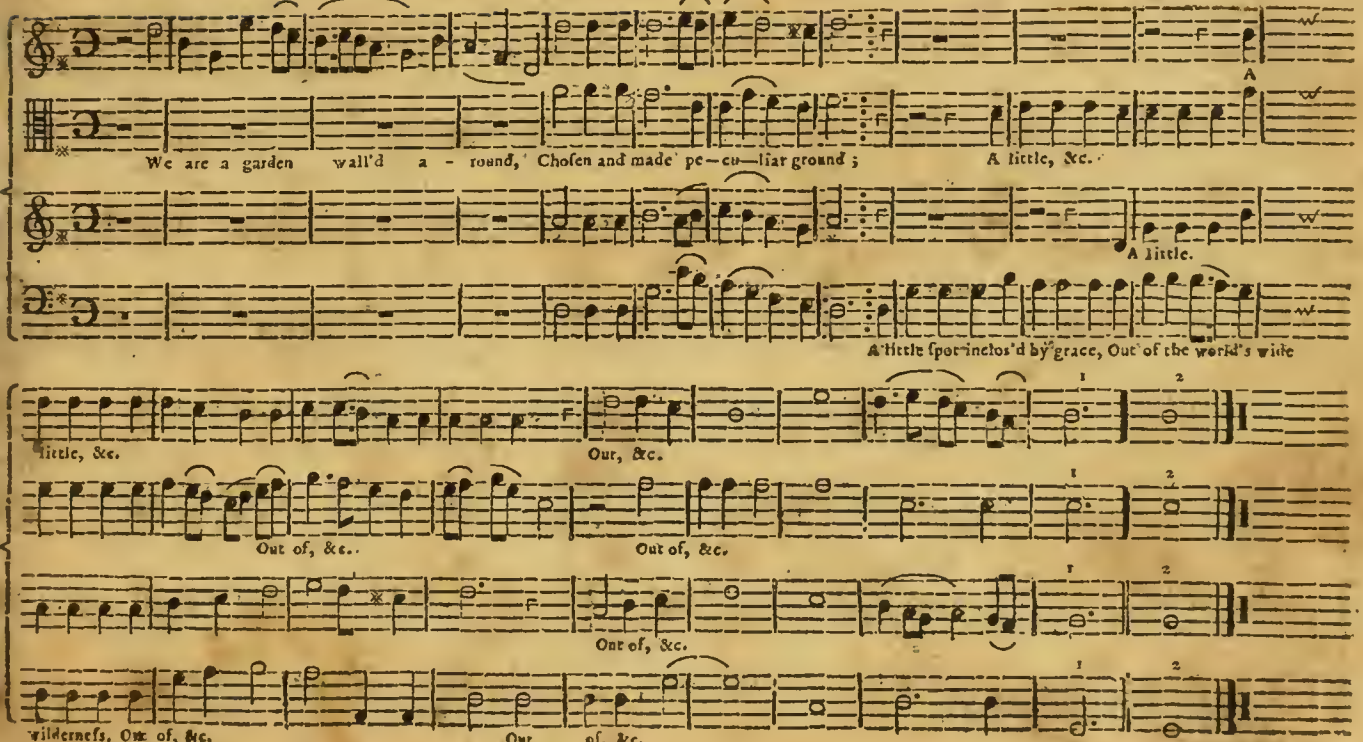

Around, &c.
And, &c.
Thou great and fovereign Lord of all, Whom heav'nly hofts obey;
Around, &c.
Around, &c.
Around, &c.
Around whofe throne dread thunders roll, And livid lightnings play. Around, &c.
dread

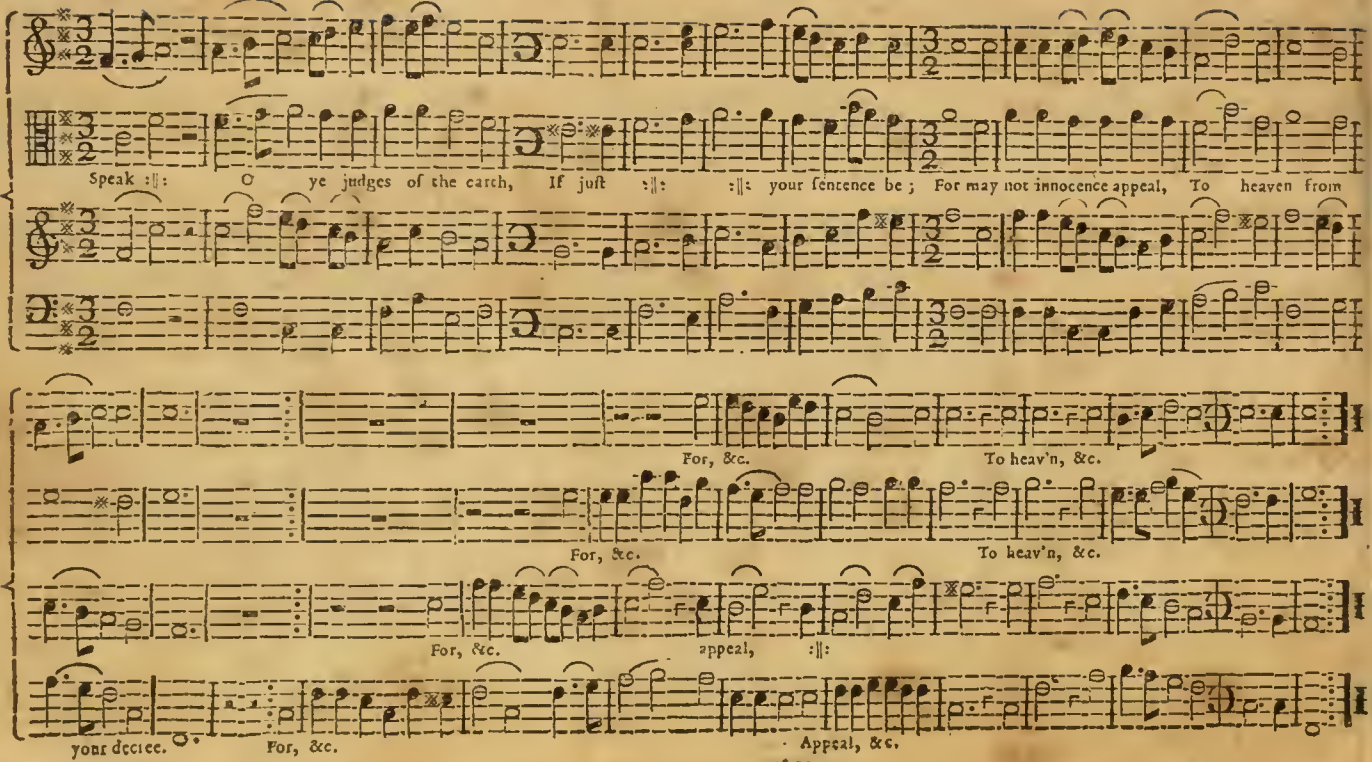

pla — — y.
And, &c.
Around, &c.
dread thunders, &c.
Around, &c.
pla - - - - y.
thunders roll.
roll.
And livid, &c
And livid lightnings

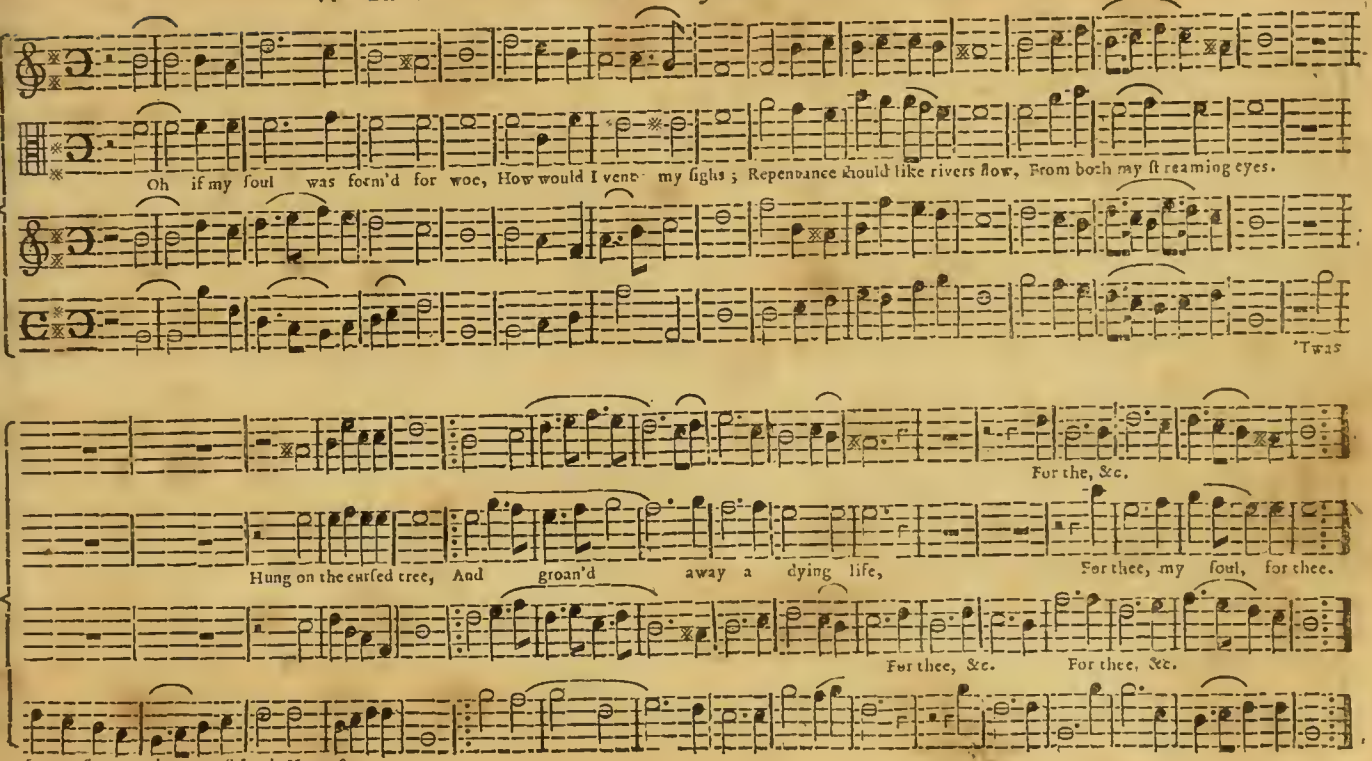

Descend from heav'n im—mortal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, Stoop, &c.
thy wings, And mount and bear us far above, The reach of these infer—ior things. The reach, &c.

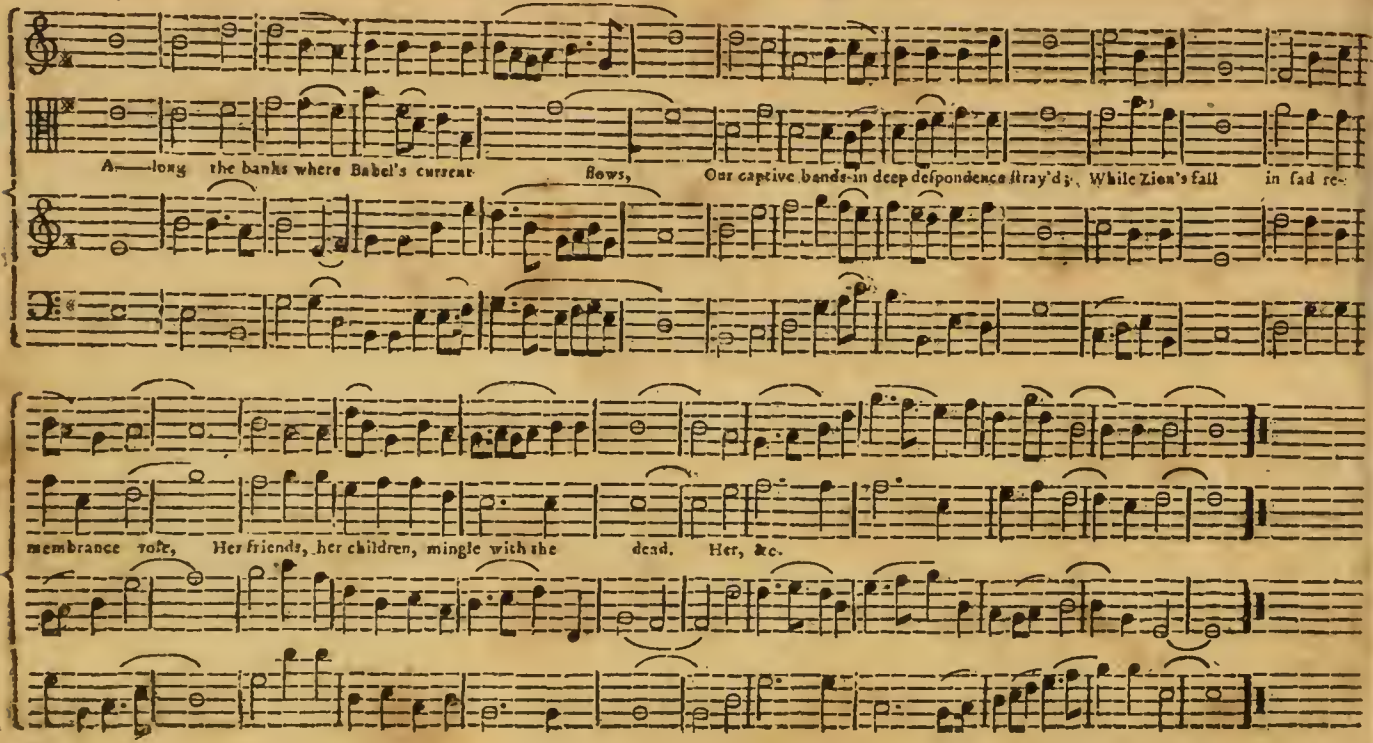
CONTEMPLATION. 69th, D. W. L. M.

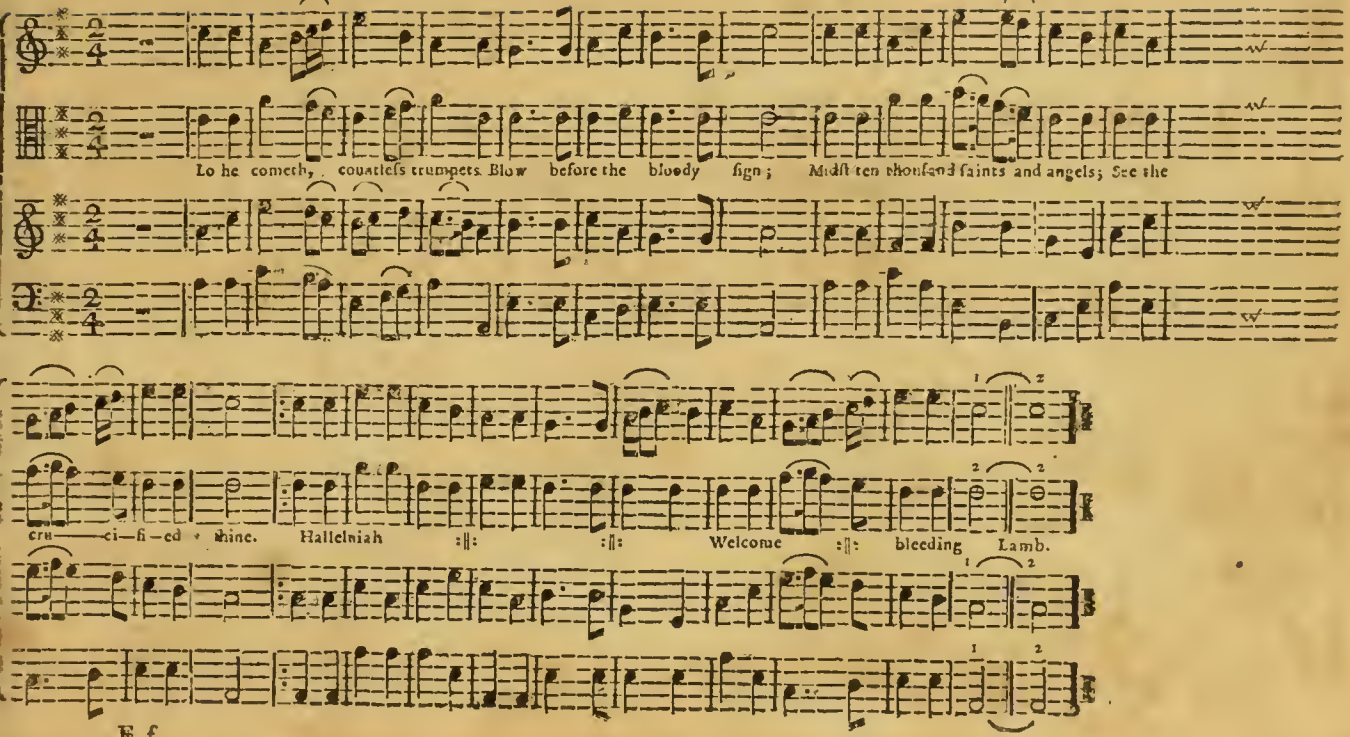


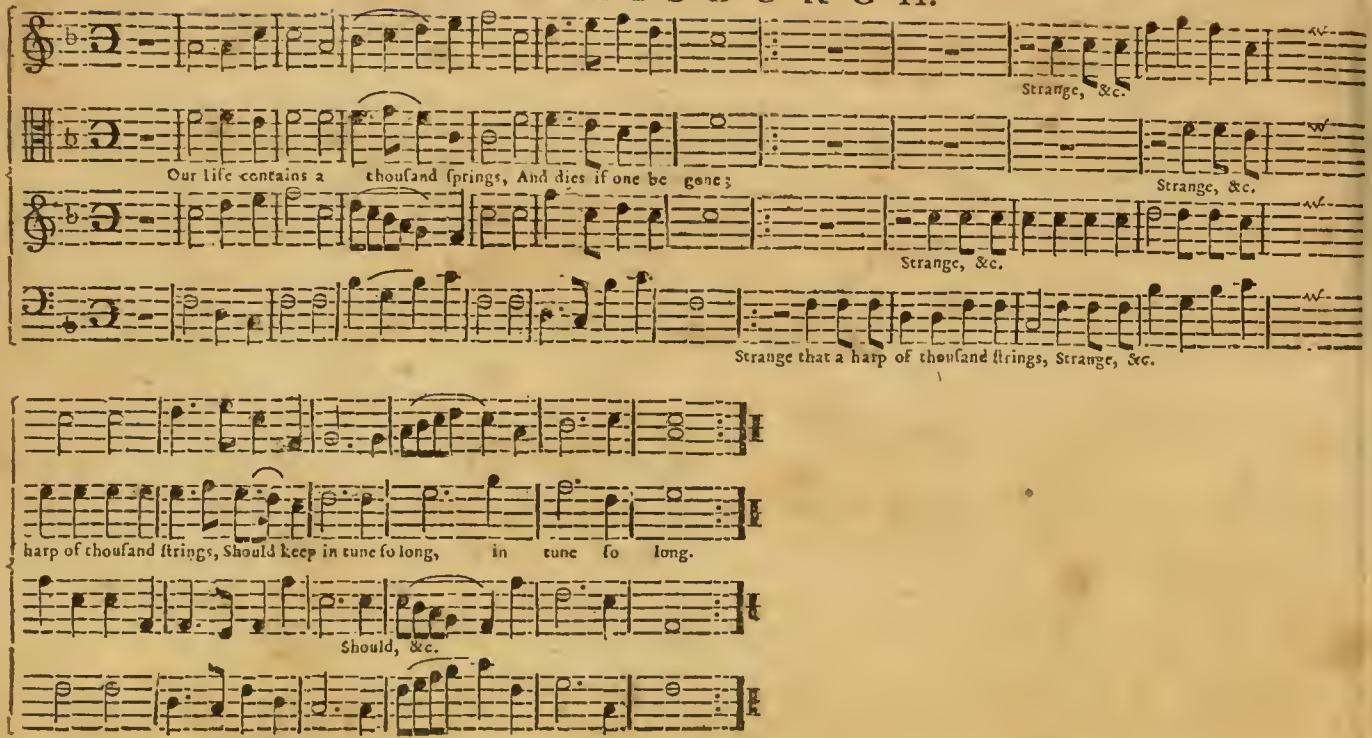

We are a garden wall'd a - round, Chosen and made pe—cu—liar ground;
A little, &c.
A little.
A little spot inclos'd by grace, Out of the world's wide
little, &c.
Our, &c.
Out of, &c.
Out of, &c.
Out of, &c.
wilderness. Out of, &c.
Out of, &c.

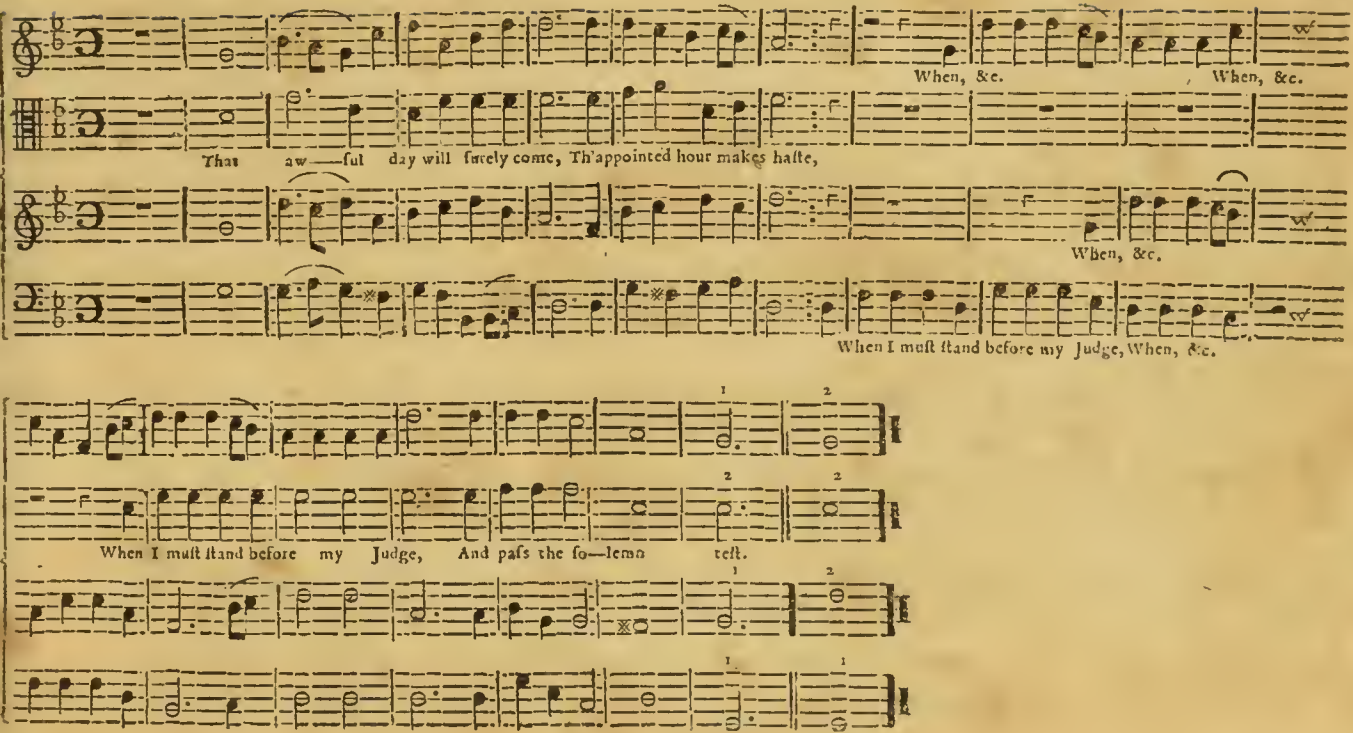

Speak :‖: O ye judges of the earth, If juſt :‖: :‖: your ſentence be; For may not innocence appeal, To heaven from
For, &c. To heav'n, &c.
For, &c. To heav'n, &c.
For, &c. appeal, :‖:
your decree. For, &c. Appeal, &c.


Oh if my soul was form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs; Repentance should like rivers flow, From both my streaming eyes.
'Twas
For the, &c.
Hung on the curs'd tree, And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.
For thee, &c.
For thee, &c.
for my sins my dear — est Lord, Hung, &c.

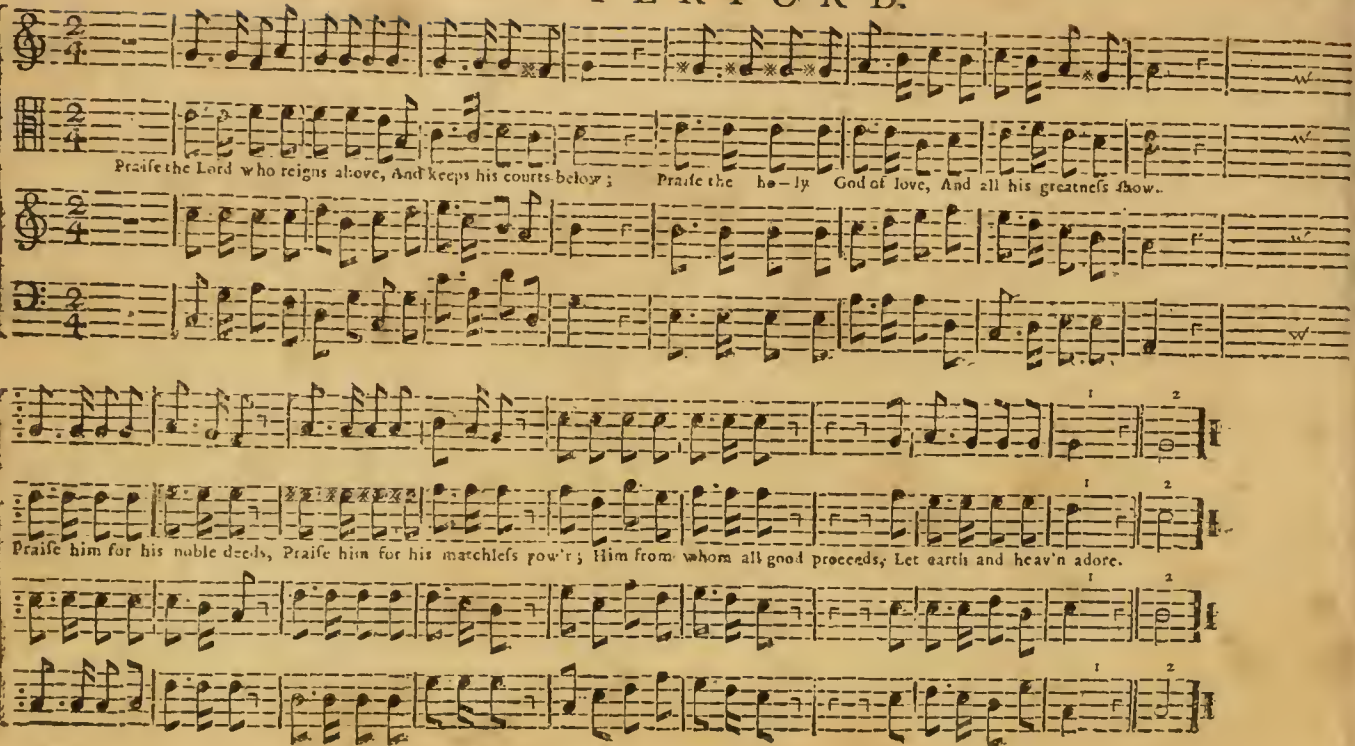

A—long the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd;
While Zion's fall in sad re-
membrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingle with the dead. Her, &c.

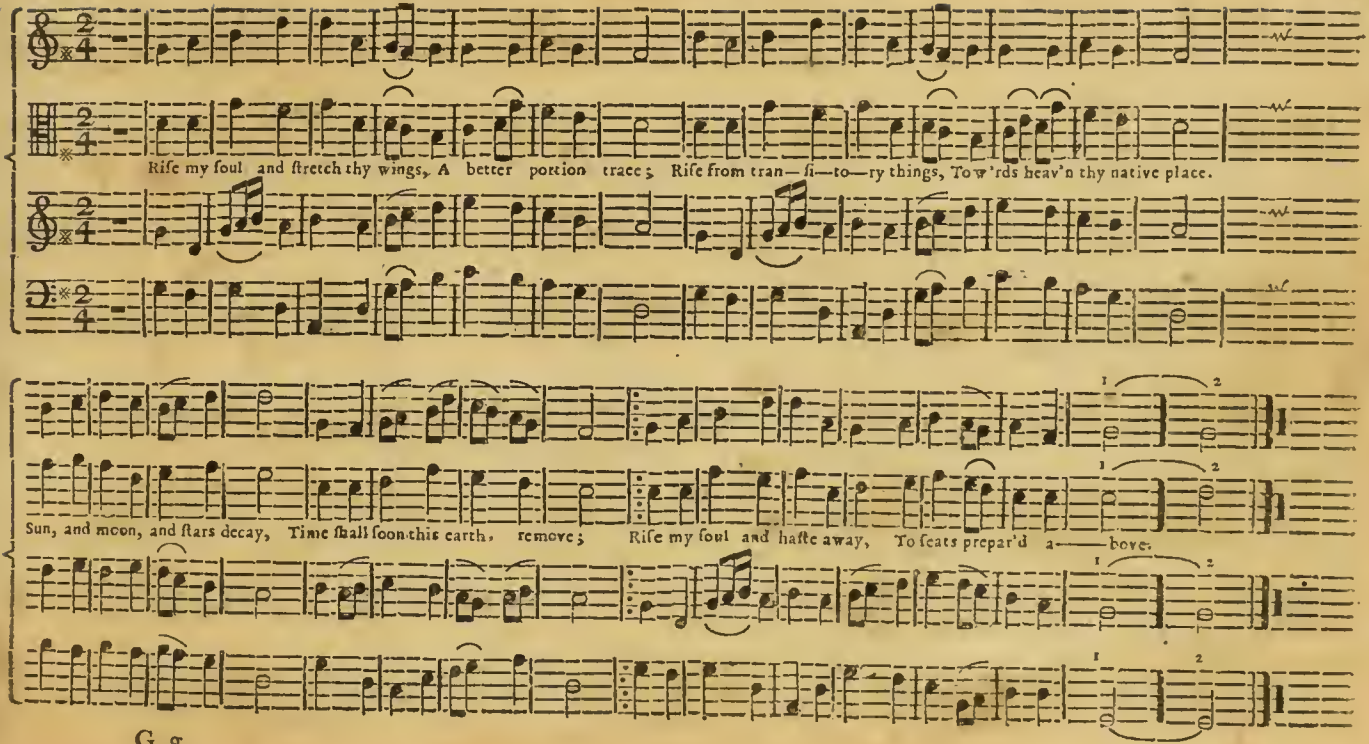

Lo he cometh, countless trumpets Blow before the bloody sign; Midst ten thousand saints and angels; See the
cru——ci—fi—ed shine. Hallelujah :‖: :‖: Welcome :‖: bleeding Lamb.

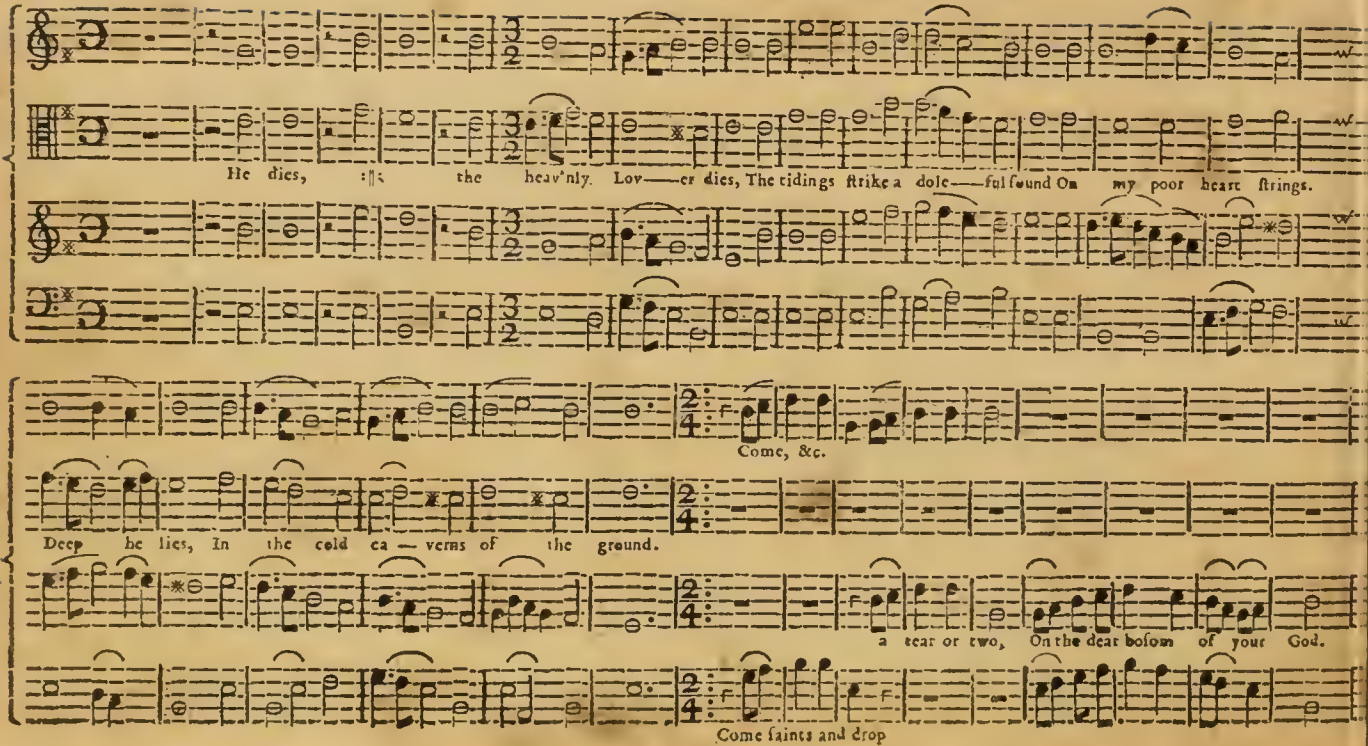

Strange, &c.
Our life contains a thousand springs, And dies if one be gone;
Strange, &c.
Strange, &c.
Strange that a harp of thousand strings, Strange, &c.
harp of thousand strings, Should keep in tune so long, in tune so long.
Should, &c.

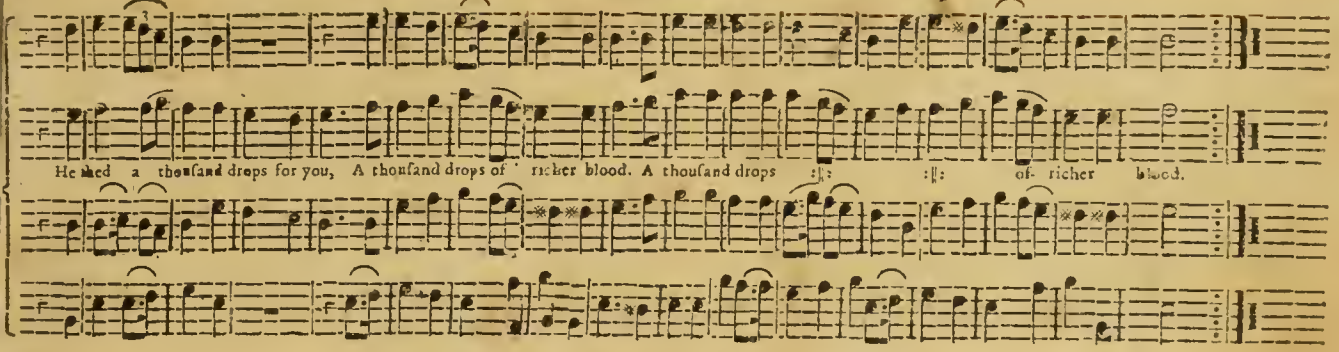

When, &c.
When, &c.
That aw—ful day will surely come, Th'appointed hour makes haste,
When, &c.
When I must stand before my Judge, When, &c.
When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the so—lemn test.

WATERFORD.

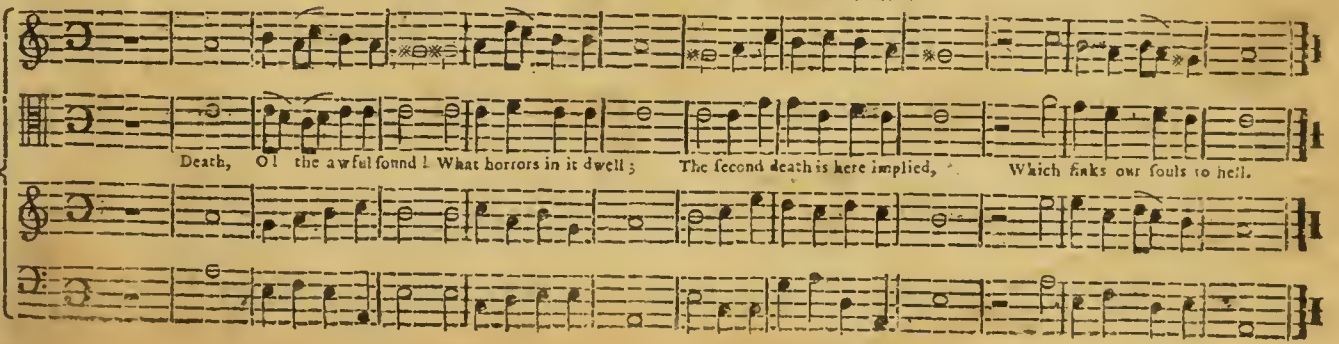

Praise the Lord who reigns above, And keeps his courts below; Praise the ho—ly God of love, And all his greatness show.
Praise him for his noble deeds, Praise him for his matchless pow'r; Him from whom all good proceeds, Let earth and heav'n adore.

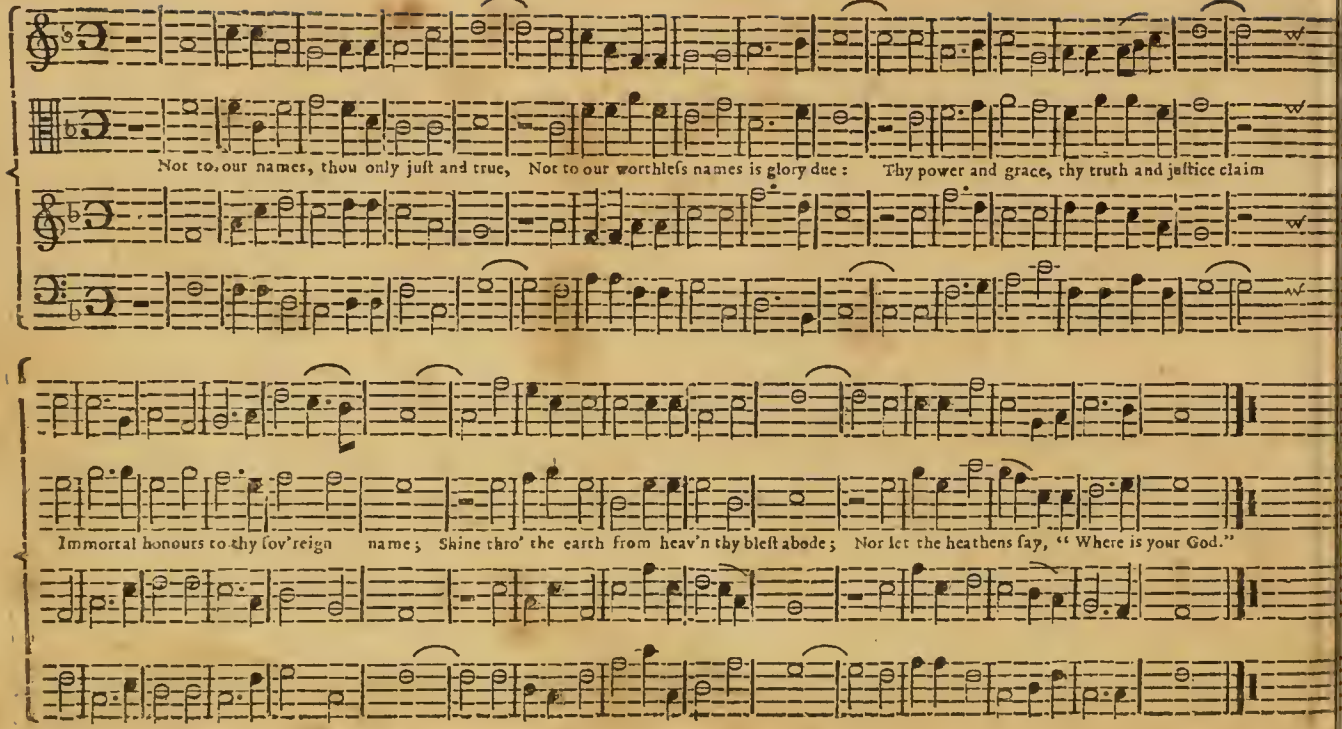

Rise my soul and stretch thy wings, A better portion trace; Rise from tran—si—to—ry things, To w'rds heav'n thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise my soul and haste away, To seats prepar'd a——bove.

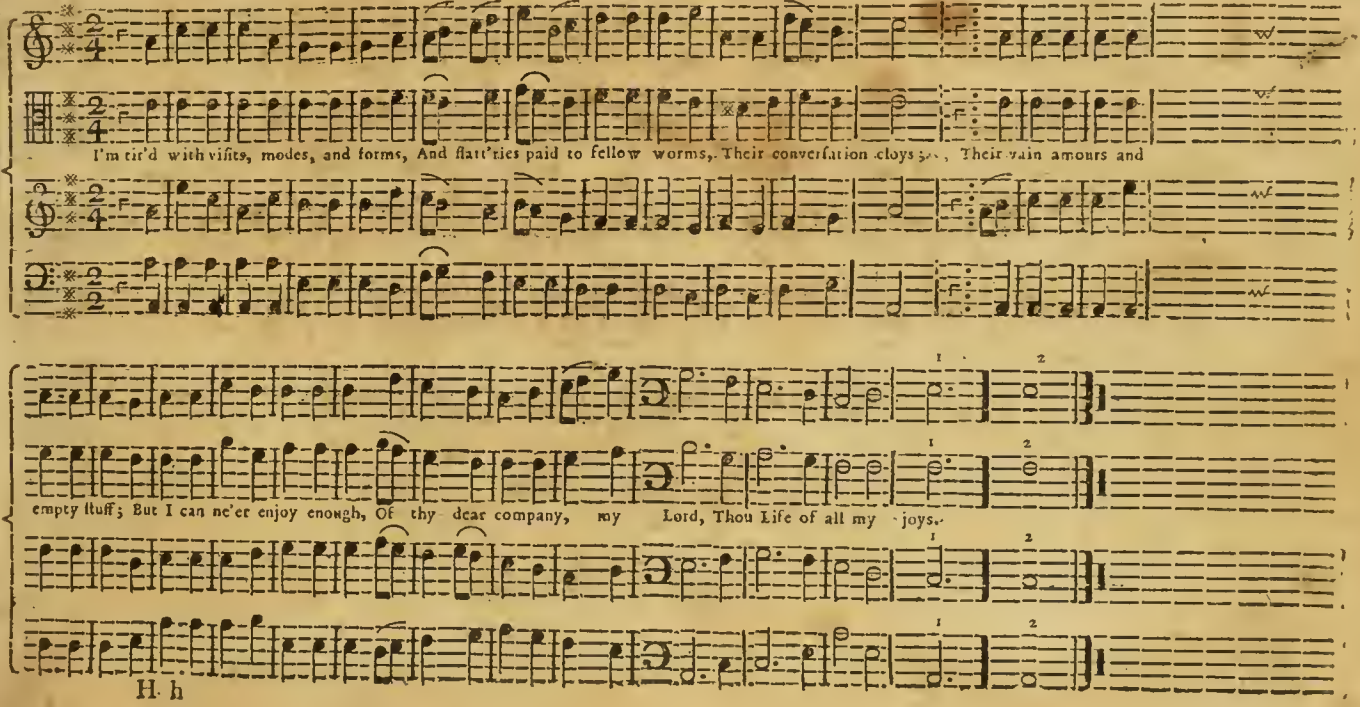

He dies, :‖: the heav'nly. Lov——er dies, The tidings ſtrike a dole——ful ſound On my poor heart ſtrings.
Come, &c.
Deep he lies, In the cold ca — verns of the ground.
a tear or two, On the dear boſom of your God.
Come ſaints and drop


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

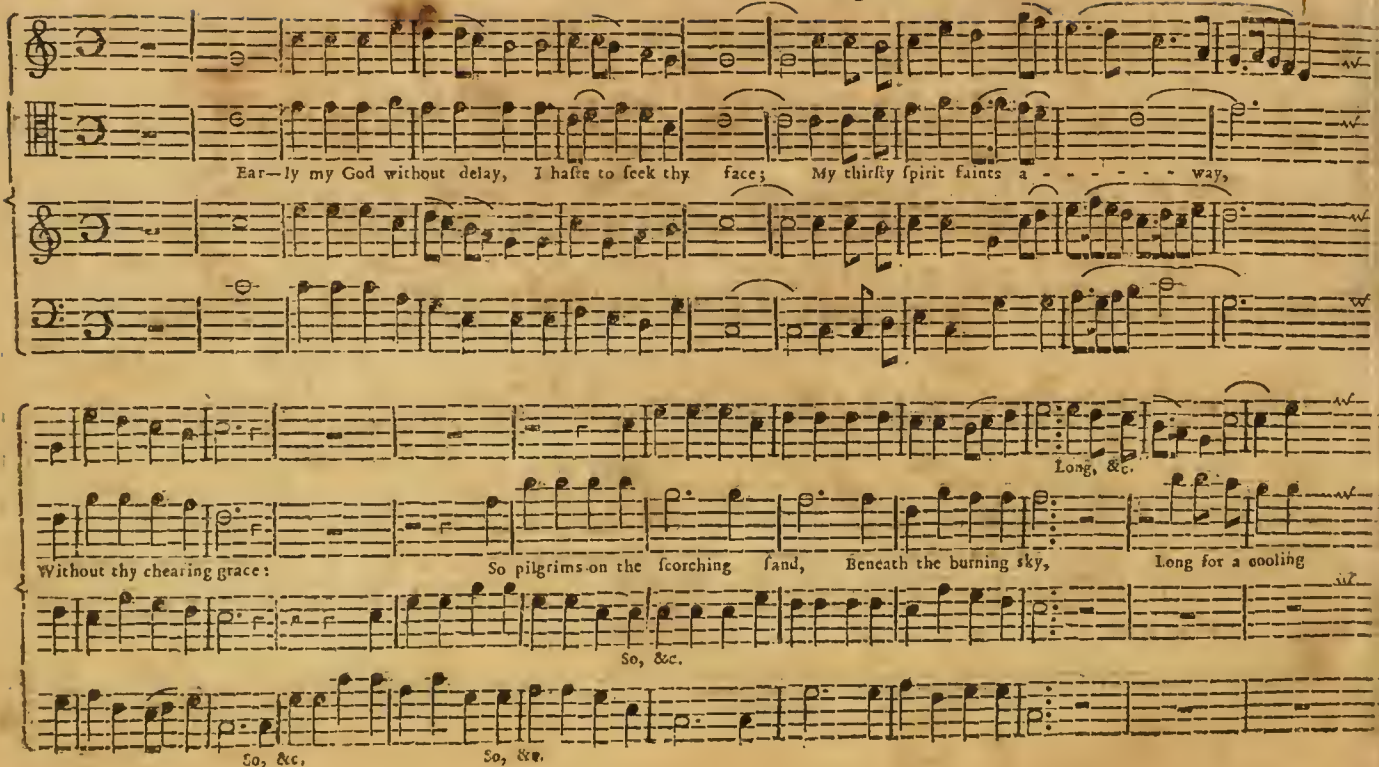
NEW HINGHAM.

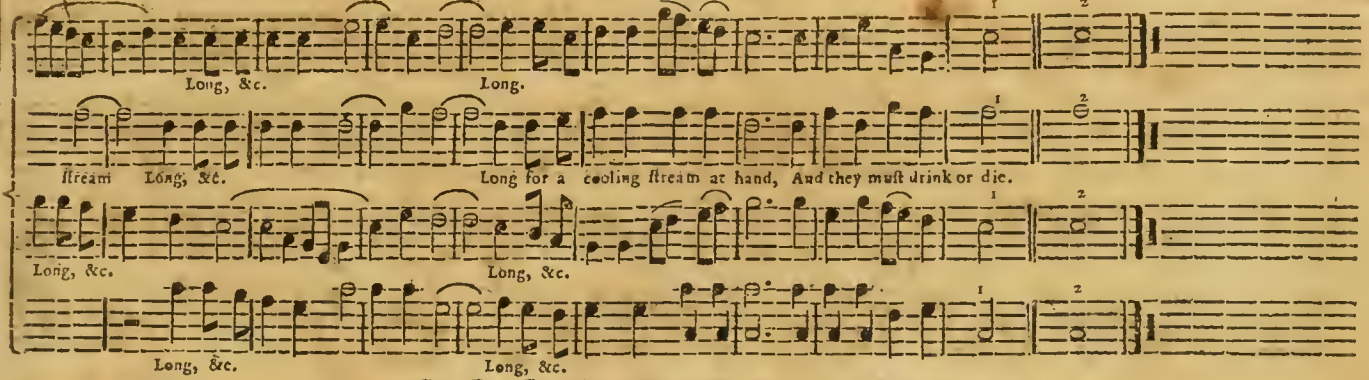

Death, O! the awful sound! What horrors in it dwell; The second death is here implied, Which sinks our souls to hell.


Not to our names, thou only juſt and true, Not to our worthleſs names is glory due: Thy power and grace, thy truth and juſtice claim
Immortal honours to thy ſov'reign name; Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy bleſt abode; Nor let the heathens ſay, "Where is your God."

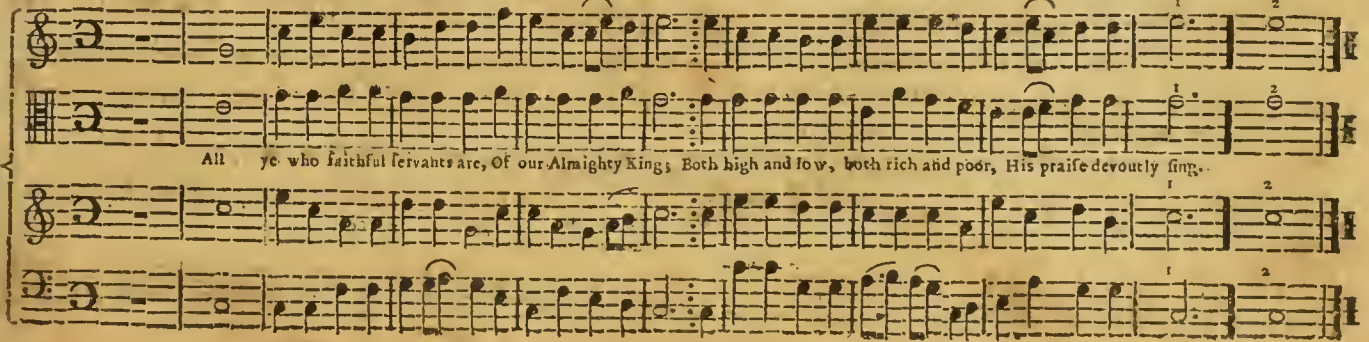

I'm tir'd with visits, modes, and forms, And flatt'ries paid to fellow worms, Their conversation cloys, Their vain amours and
empty stuff; But I can ne'er enjoy enough, Of thy dear company, my Lord, Thou Life of all my joys.

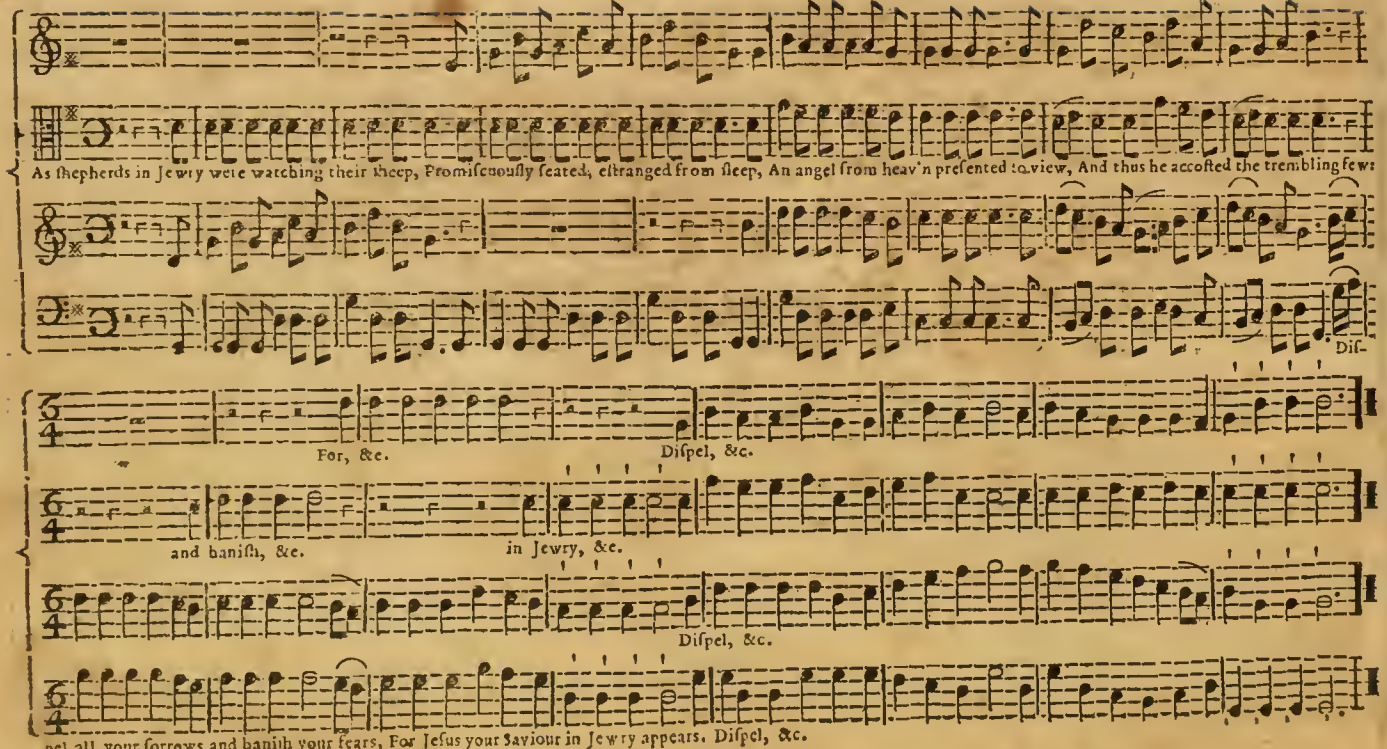
MONTGOMERY. 63d, D. W.

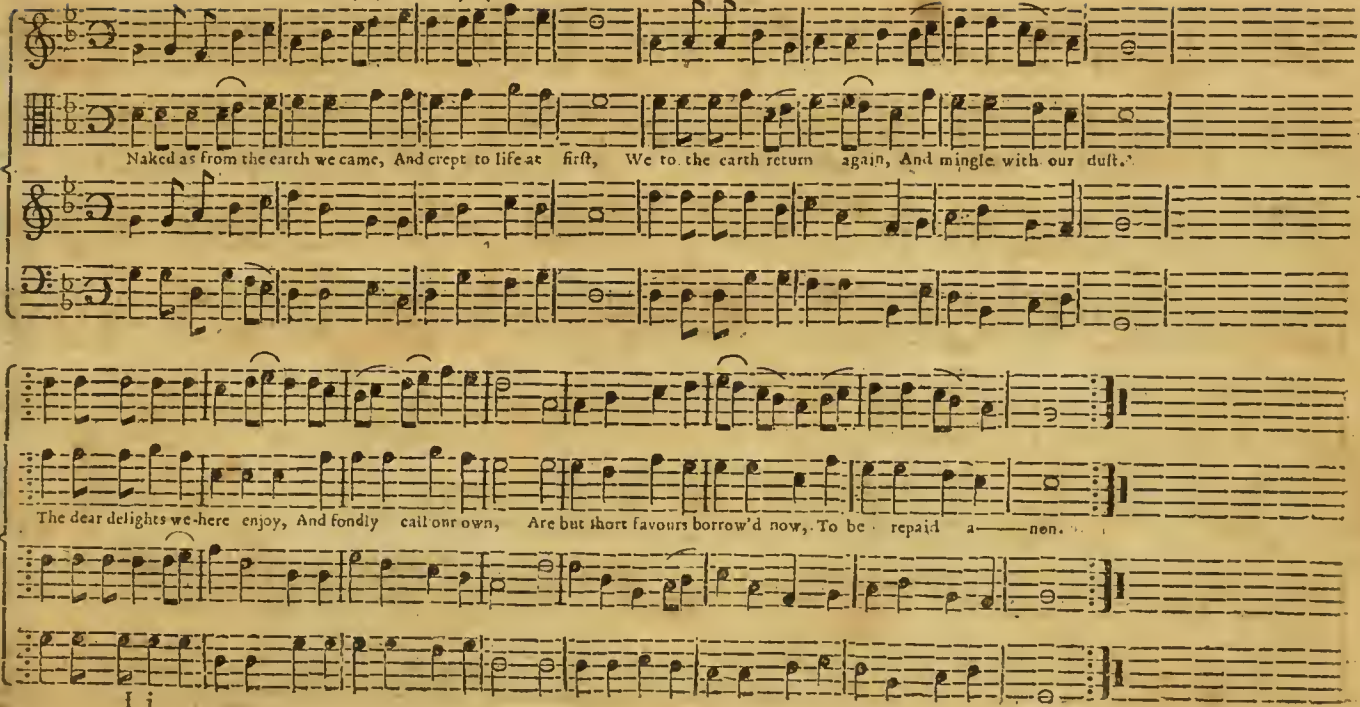


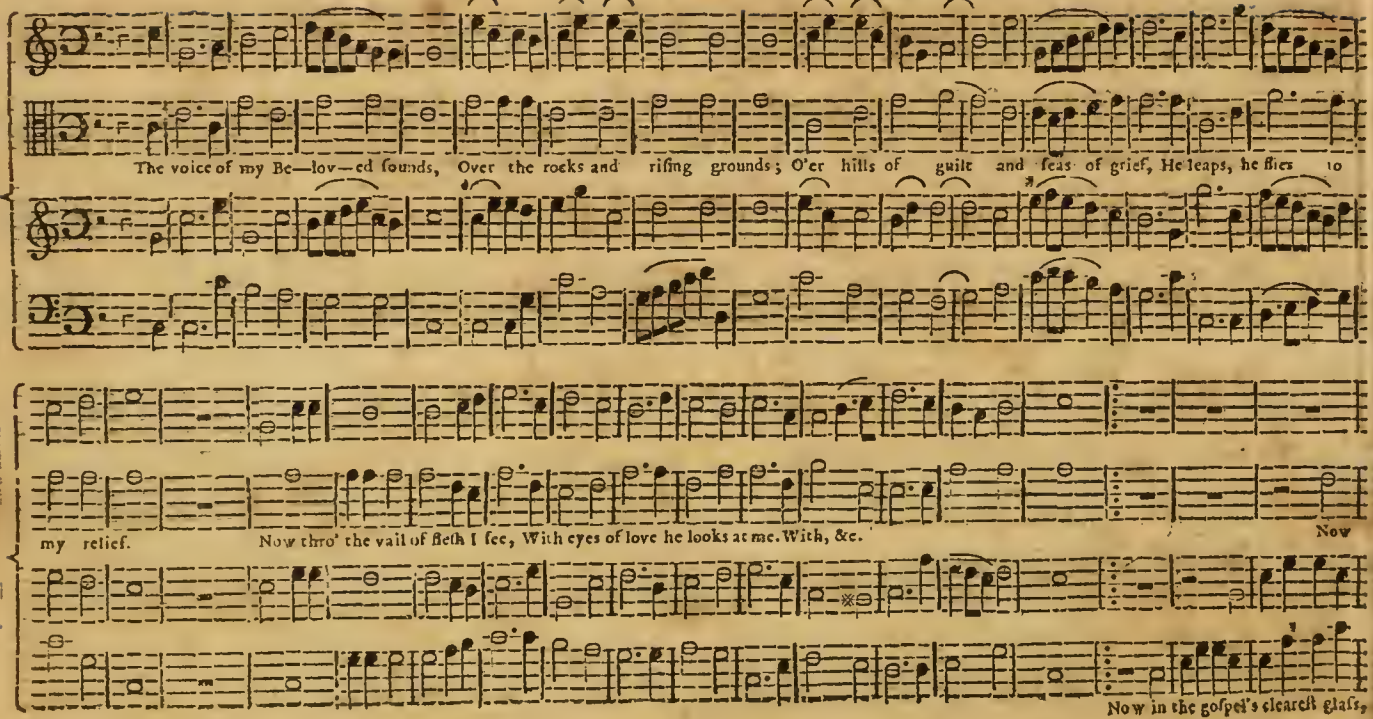

Long, &c.
Long.
ſtream Long, &c.
Long for a cooling ſtream at hand, And they muſt drink or die.
Long, &c.
Long, &c.
Long, &c.
Long, &c.

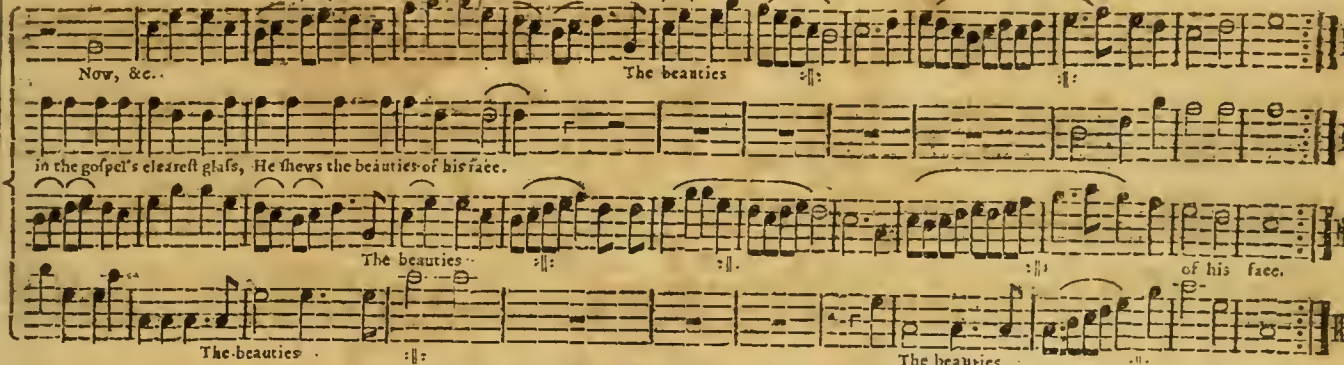
S C I A T U A T E.


All ye who faithful ſervants are, Of our Almighty King; Both high and low, both rich and poor, His praiſe devoutly ſing.

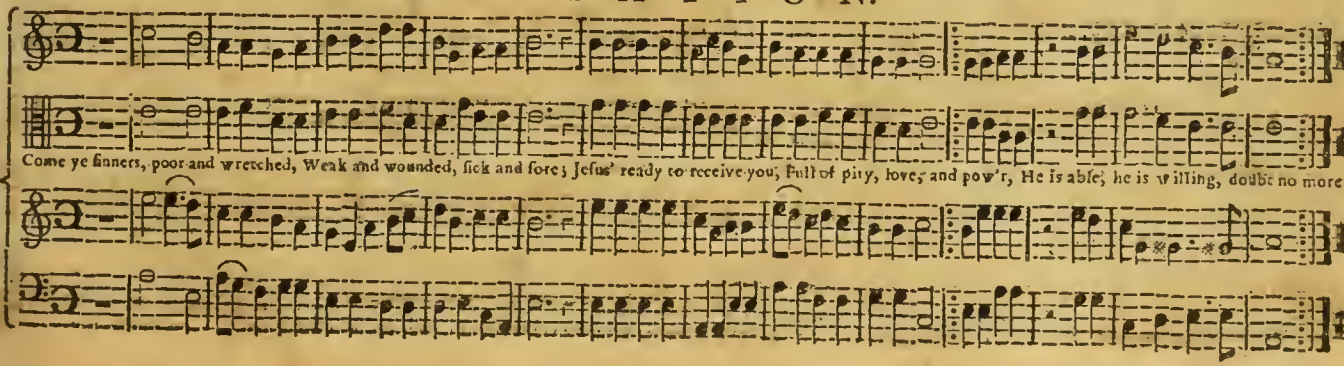

As shepherds in Jewry were watching their sheep, Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep, An angel from heav'n presented to view, And thus he accosted the trembling few
Dis-
For, &c.
Dispel, &c.
and banish, &c.
in Jewry, &c.
Dispel, &c.
pel all your sorrows and banish your fears, For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears. Dispel, &c.

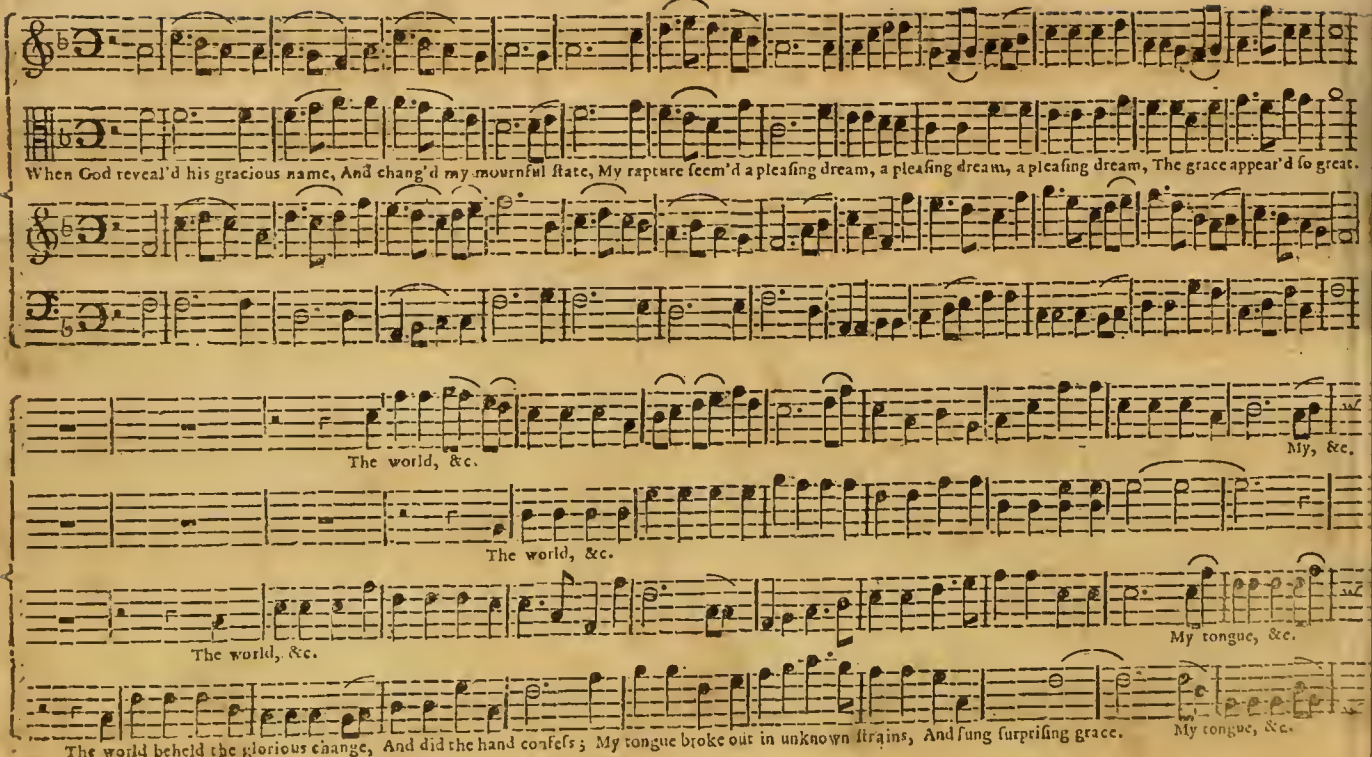

Naked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first, We to the earth return again, And mingle with our duft.
The dear delights we here enjoy, And fondly call our own, Are but short favours borrow'd now, To be repaid a——non.

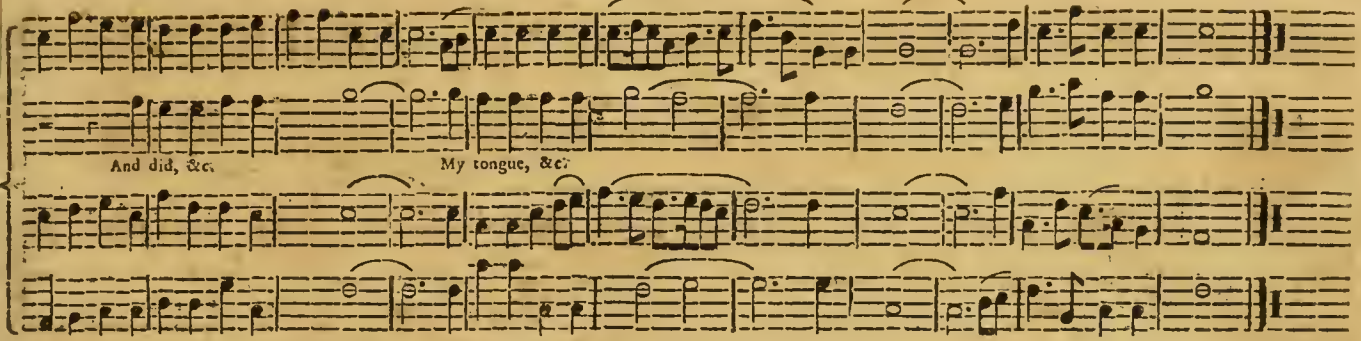

The voice of my Be—lov—ed ſounds, Over the rocks and riſing grounds; O'er hills of guilt and ſeas of grief, He leaps, he flies to
my relief.
Now thro' the vail of fleſh I ſee, With eyes of love he looks at me. With, &c.
Now
Now in the goſpel's cleareſt glaſs,


Now, &c.
The beauties
in the gospel's clearest glass, He shews the beauties of his face.
The beauties
of his face.
The beauties
The beauties

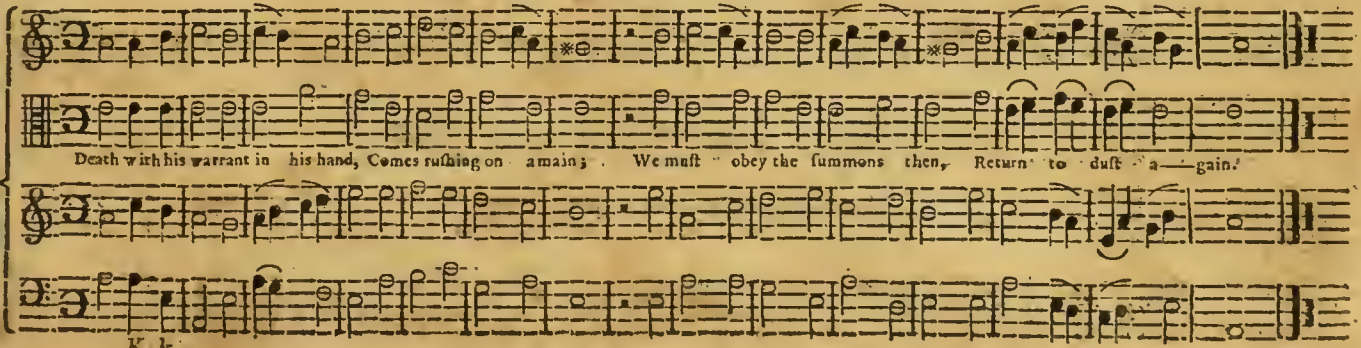
INVITATION.

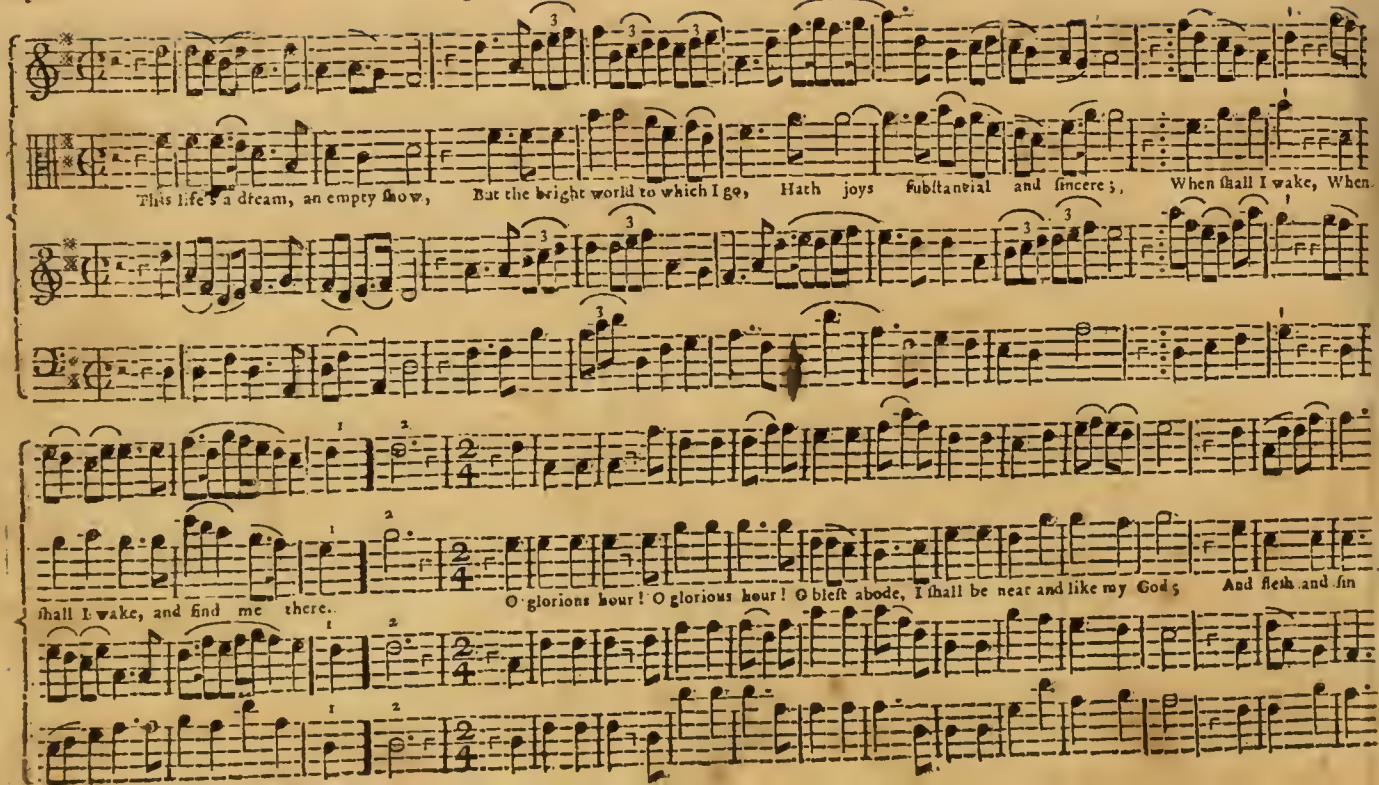

Come ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus' ready to receive you, Full of pity, love, and pow'r, He is able, he is willing, doubt no more.

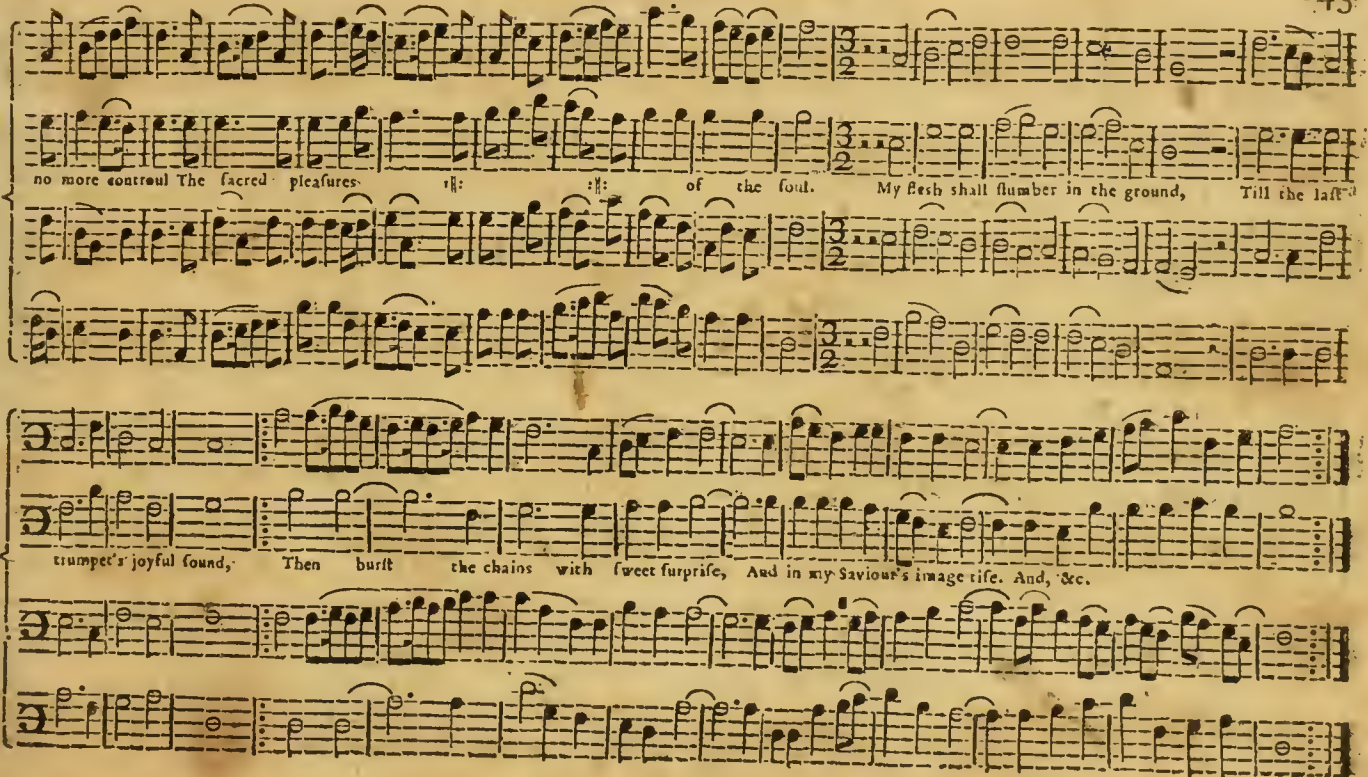

When God reveal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mournful ſtate, My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream, a pleaſing dream, a pleaſing dream, The grace appear'd ſo great.
The world, &c.
My, &c.
The world, &c.
The world, &c.
My tongue, &c.
The world beheld the glorious change, And did the hand confeſs; My tongue broke out in unknown ſtrains, And ſung ſurpriſing grace.
My tongue, &c.

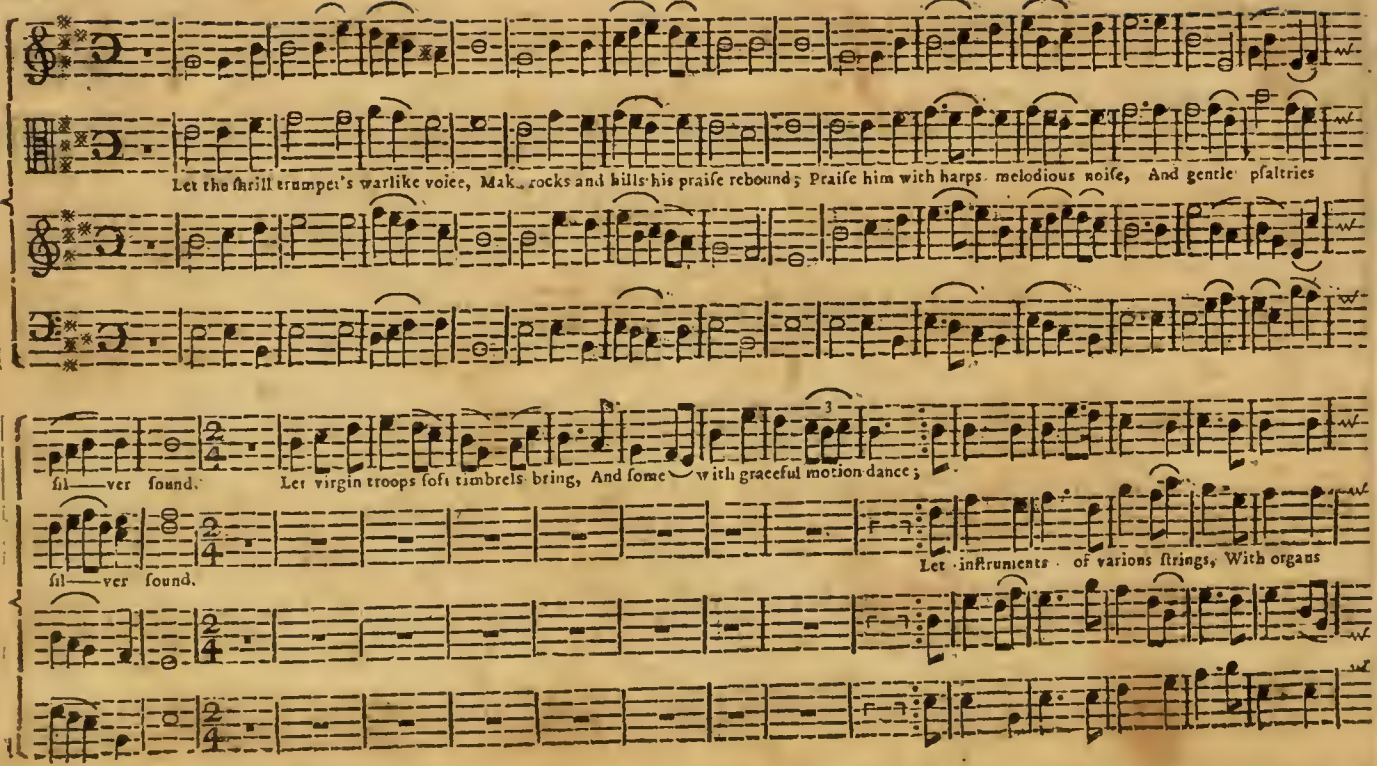

And did, &c.
My tongue, &c.

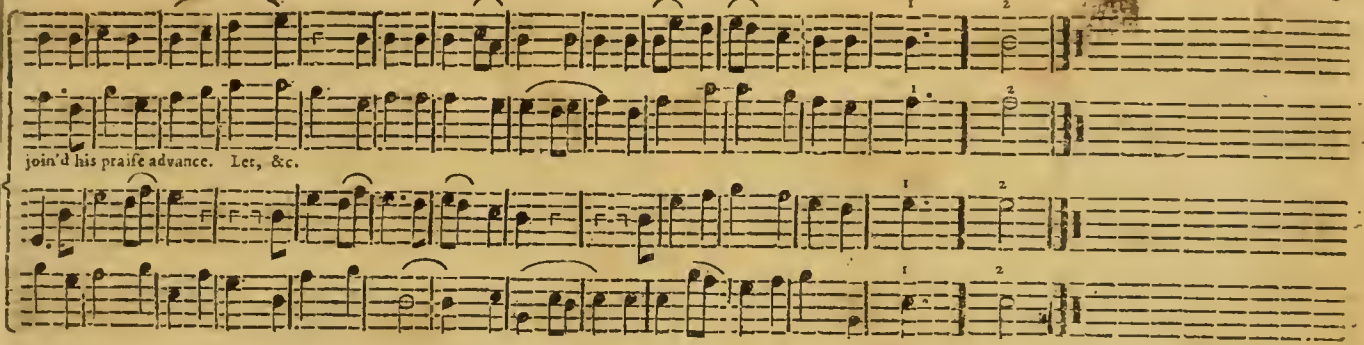
L E B A N O N.


Death with his warrant in his hand, Comes rushing on amain; We must obey the summons then, Return to dust a——gain.

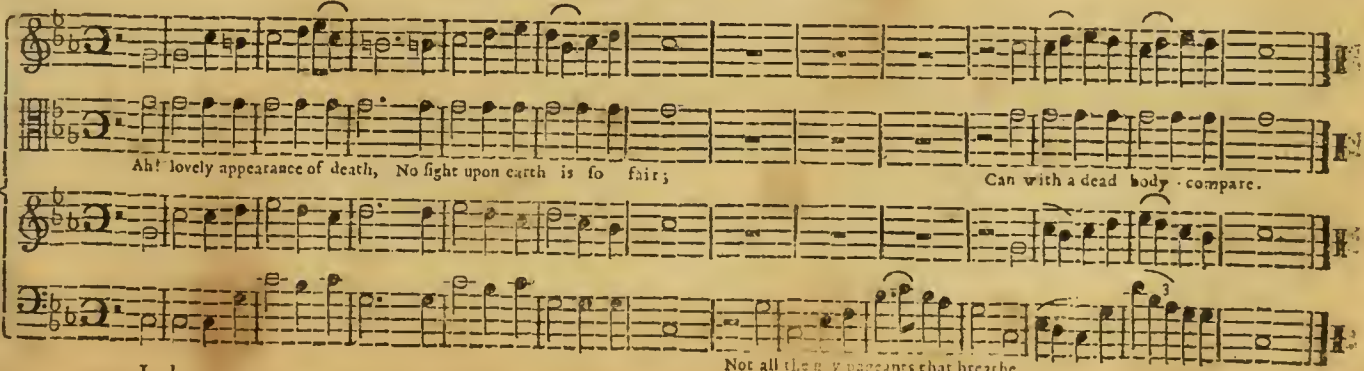

This life's a dream, an empty show, But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake, When
shall I wake, and find me there. O glorious hour! O glorious hour! O blest abode, I shall be near and like my God; And flesh and sin

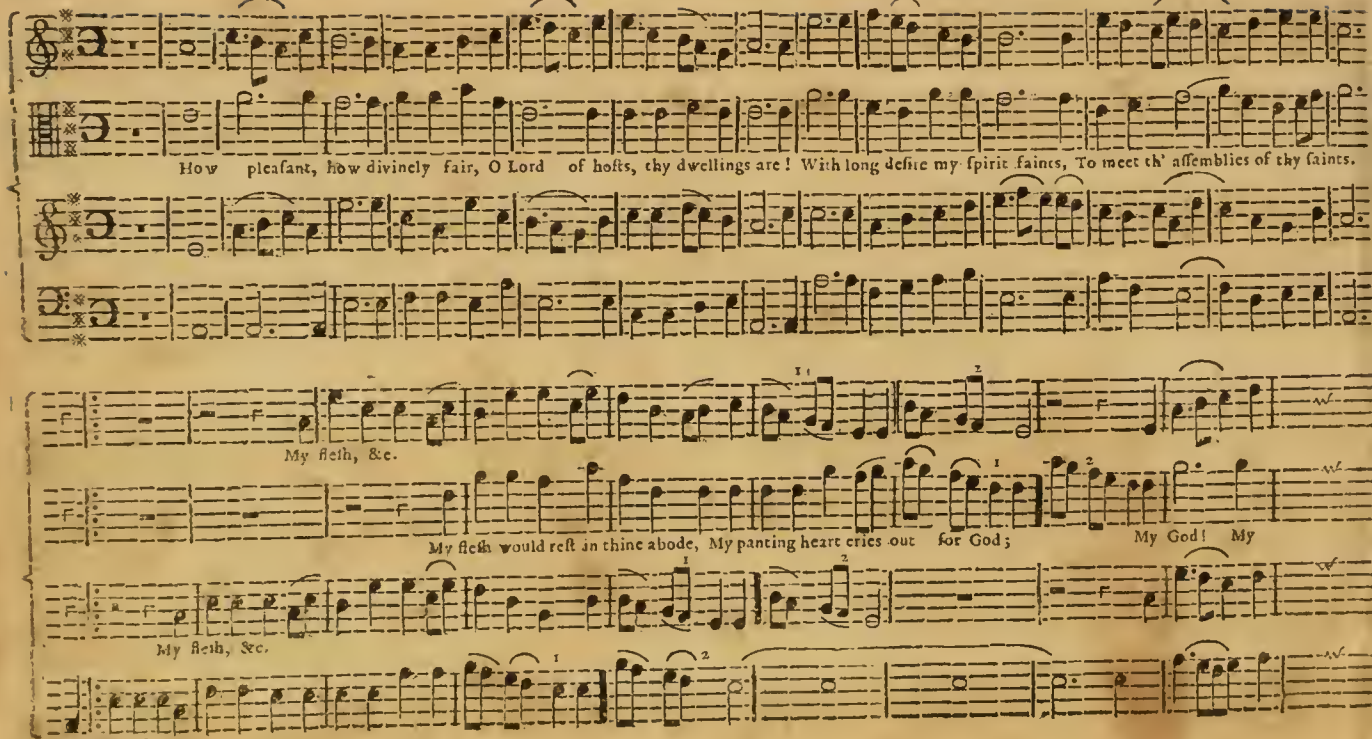

no more controul The sacred pleasures of the soul. My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last
trumpet's joyful sound, Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise. And, &c.

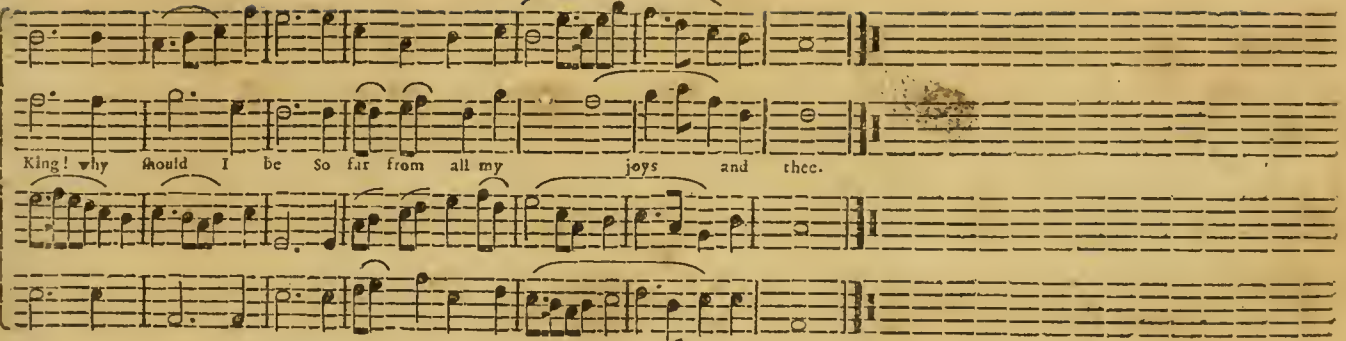

Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice, Make rocks and hills his praiſe rebound; Praiſe him with harps melodious noiſe, And gentle pſaltries
ſil——ver ſound. Let virgin troops ſoft timbrels bring, And ſome with graceful motion dance;
ſil——ver ſound. Let inſtruments of various ſtrings, With organs


join'd his praise advance. Let, &c.

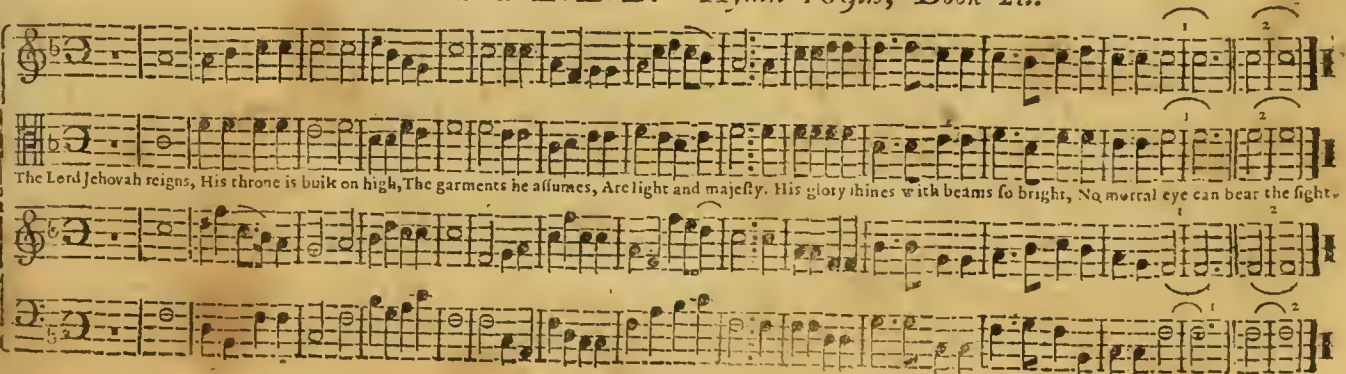
SAVANNAH.

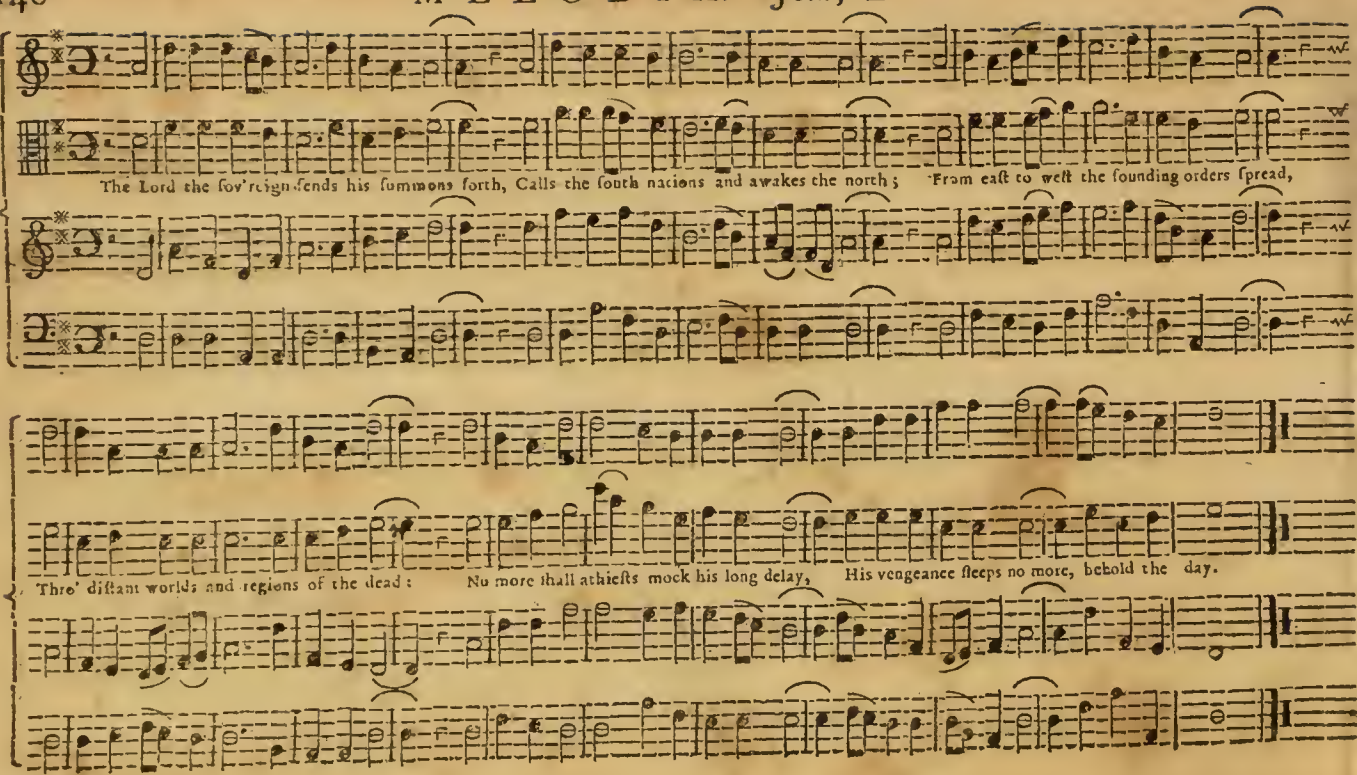

Ah! lovely appearance of death, No sight upon earth is so fair;
Can with a dead body compare.
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,

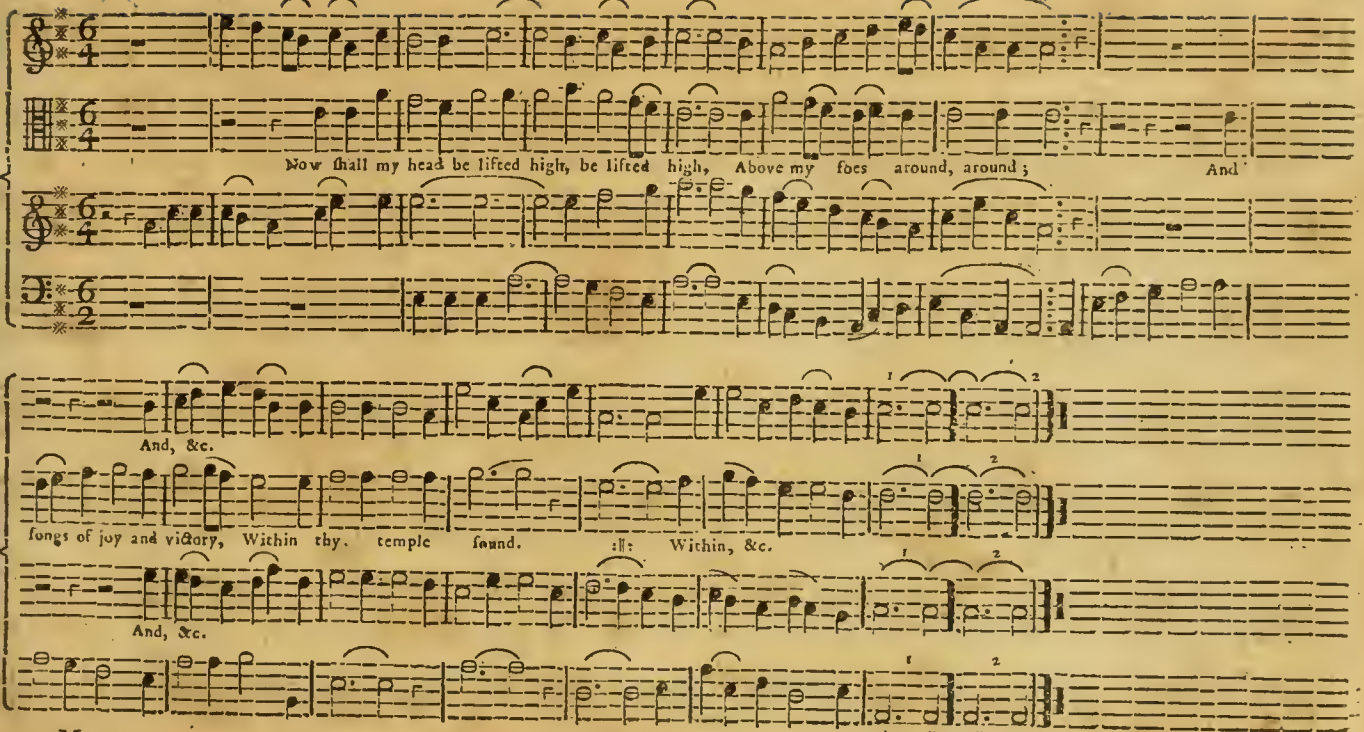

How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints, To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
My flesh, &c.
My flesh would rest in thine abode, My panting heart cries out for God; My God! My
My flesh, &c.
My flesh, &c.

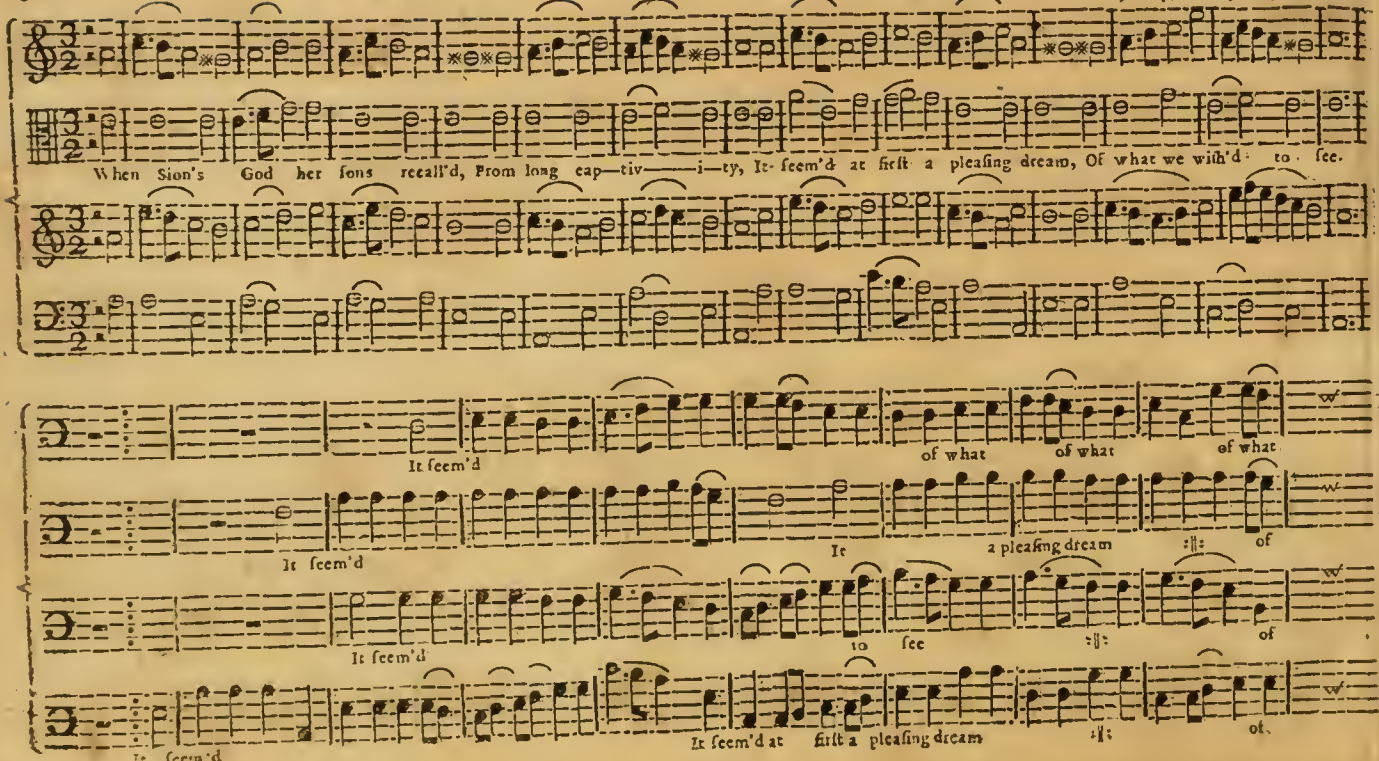


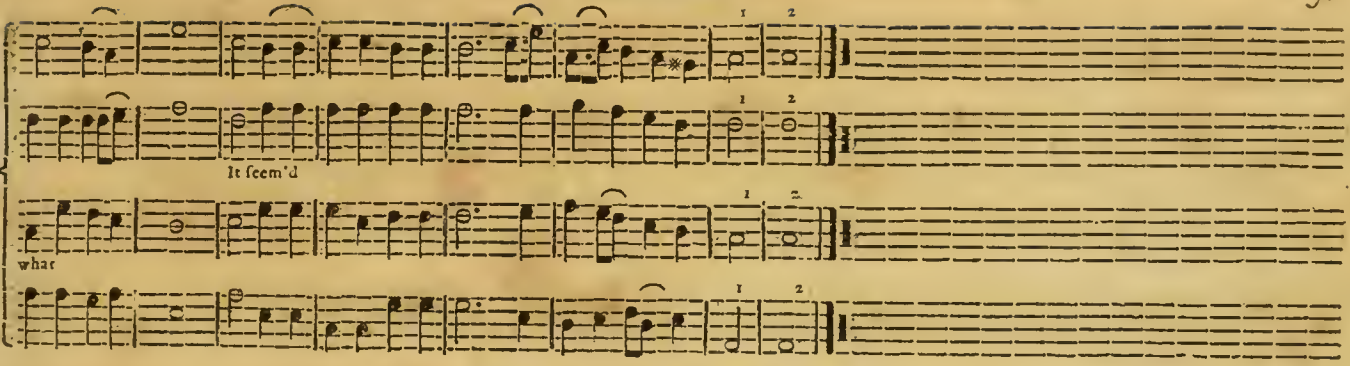
WESTFIELD. *Hymn 169th, Book 2d.*



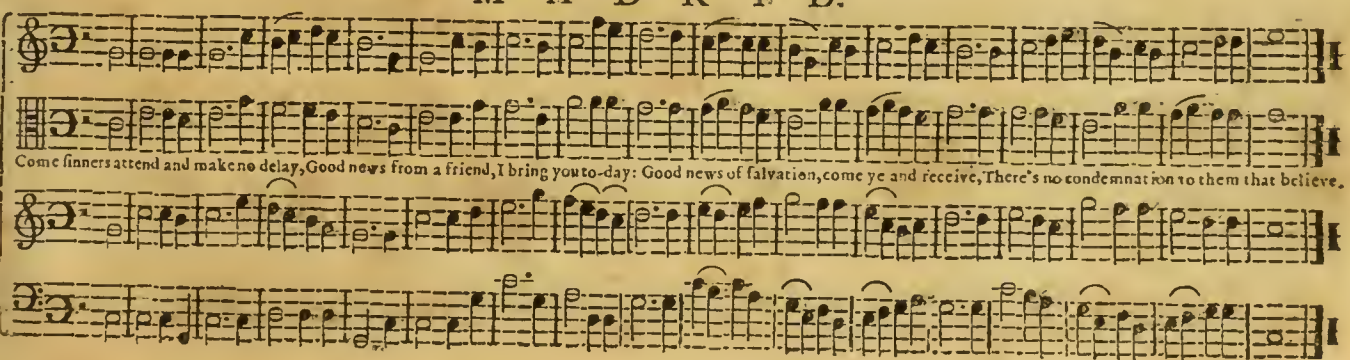

The Lord the sov'reign sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north; From east to west the sounding orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead: No more shall athiests mock his long delay, His vengeance sleeps no more, behold the day.

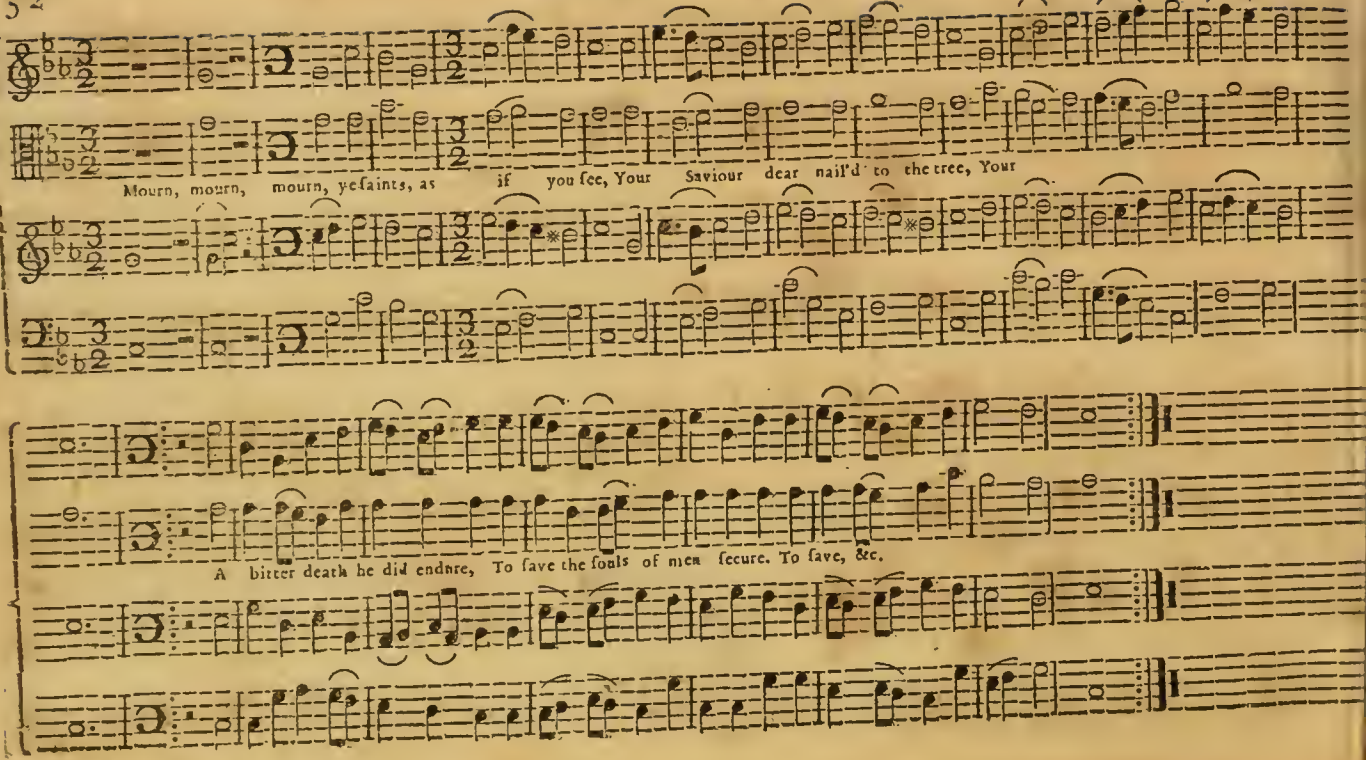

Now shall my head be lifted high, be lifted high, Above my foes around, around; And
And, &c.
songs of joy and victory, Within thy temple found. Within, &c.
And, &c.

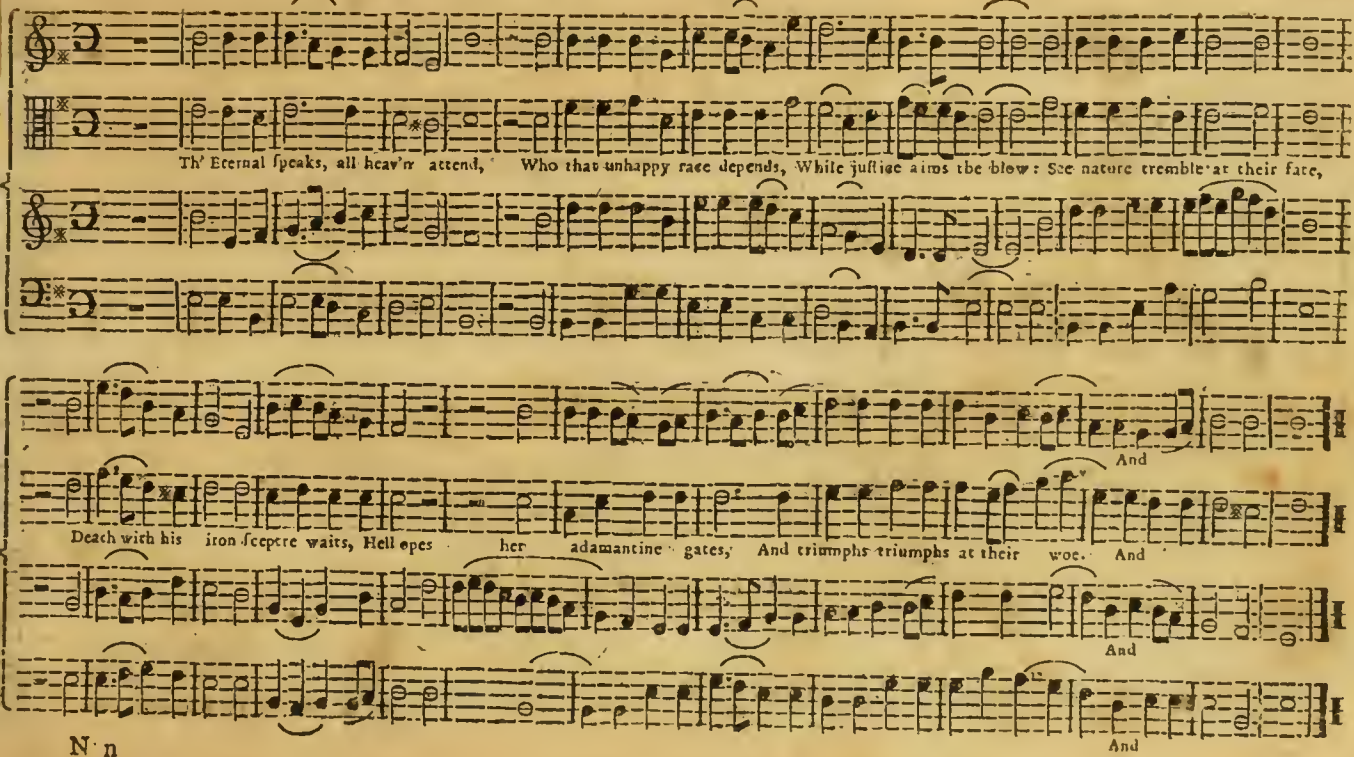

When Sion's God her sons recall'd, From long cap—tiv——i—ty, It seem'd at first a pleasing dream, Of what we with'd to see.
It seem'd
of what
of what
of what
It seem'd
It
a pleasing dream
of
It seem'd
to
see
of
It seem'd
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream
of

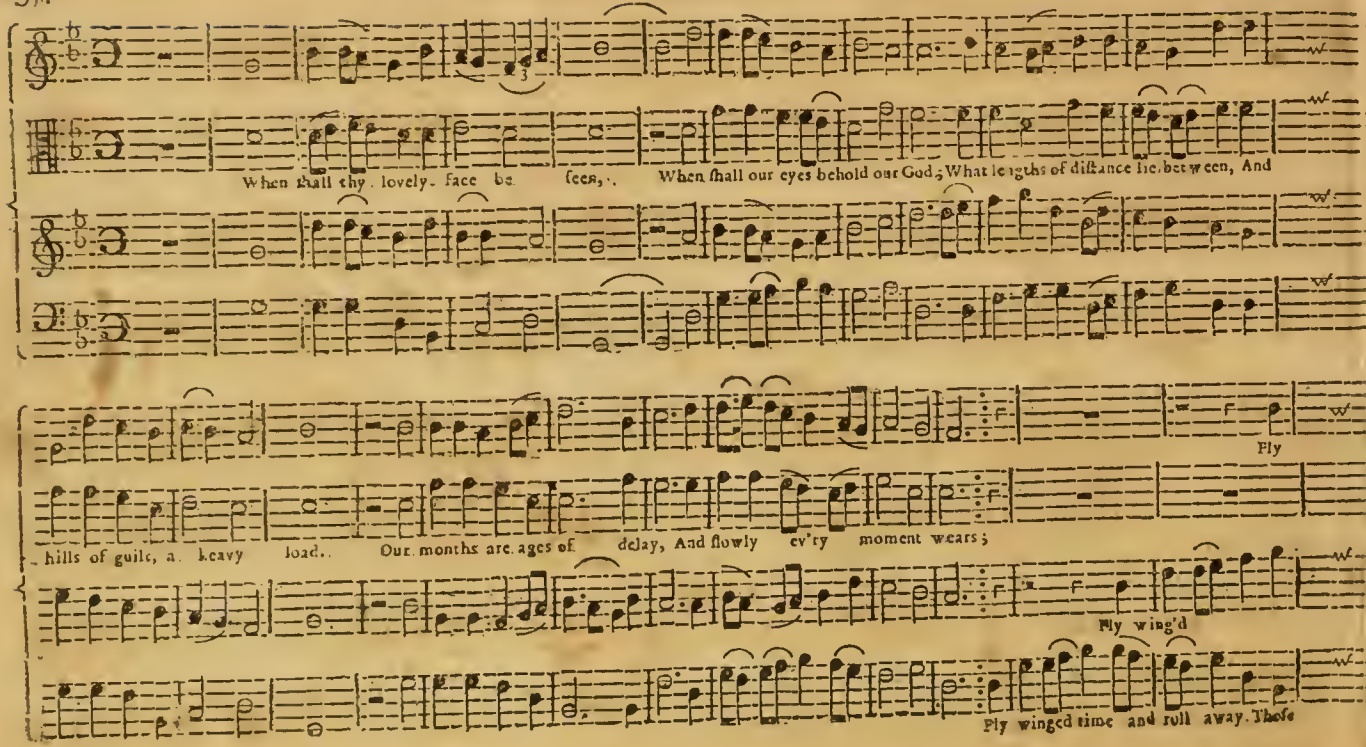

1 2
1 2
It seem'd
1 2
what
1 2

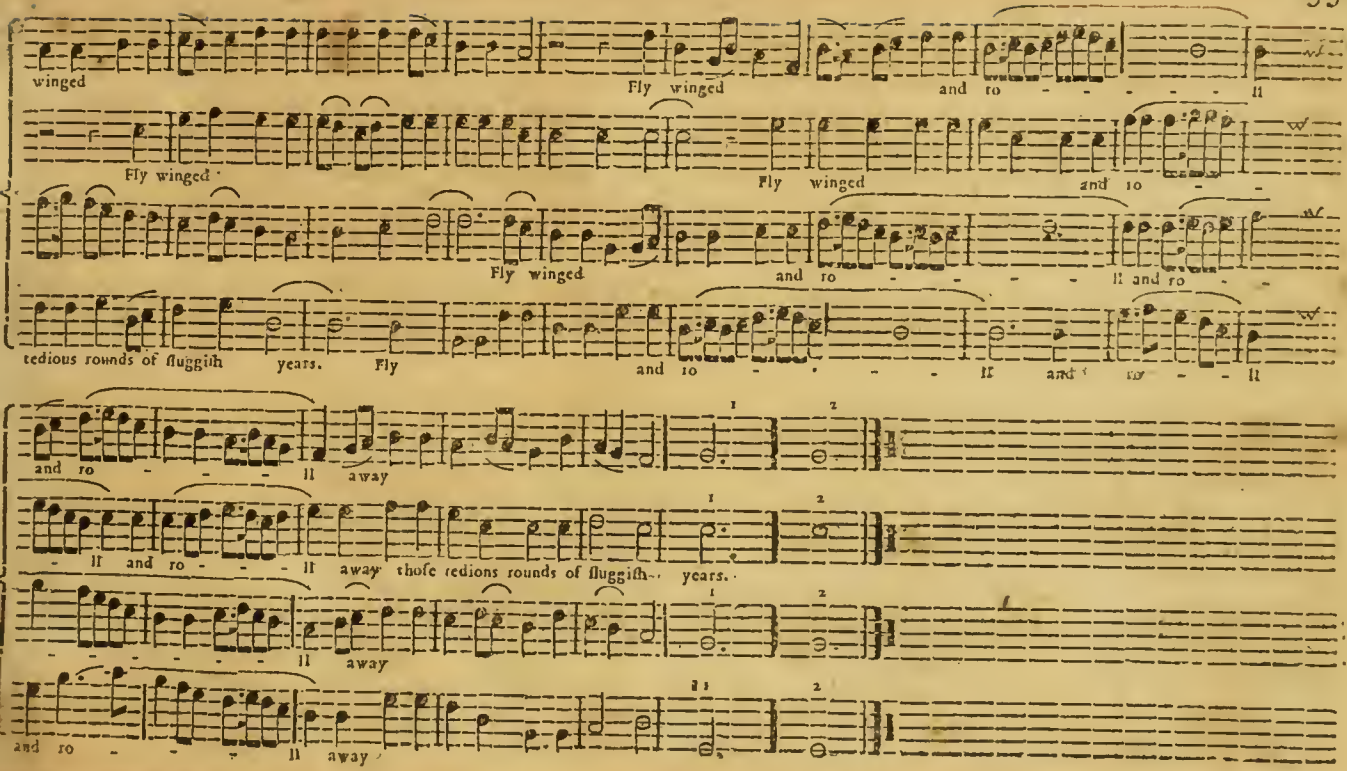
M A D R I D.

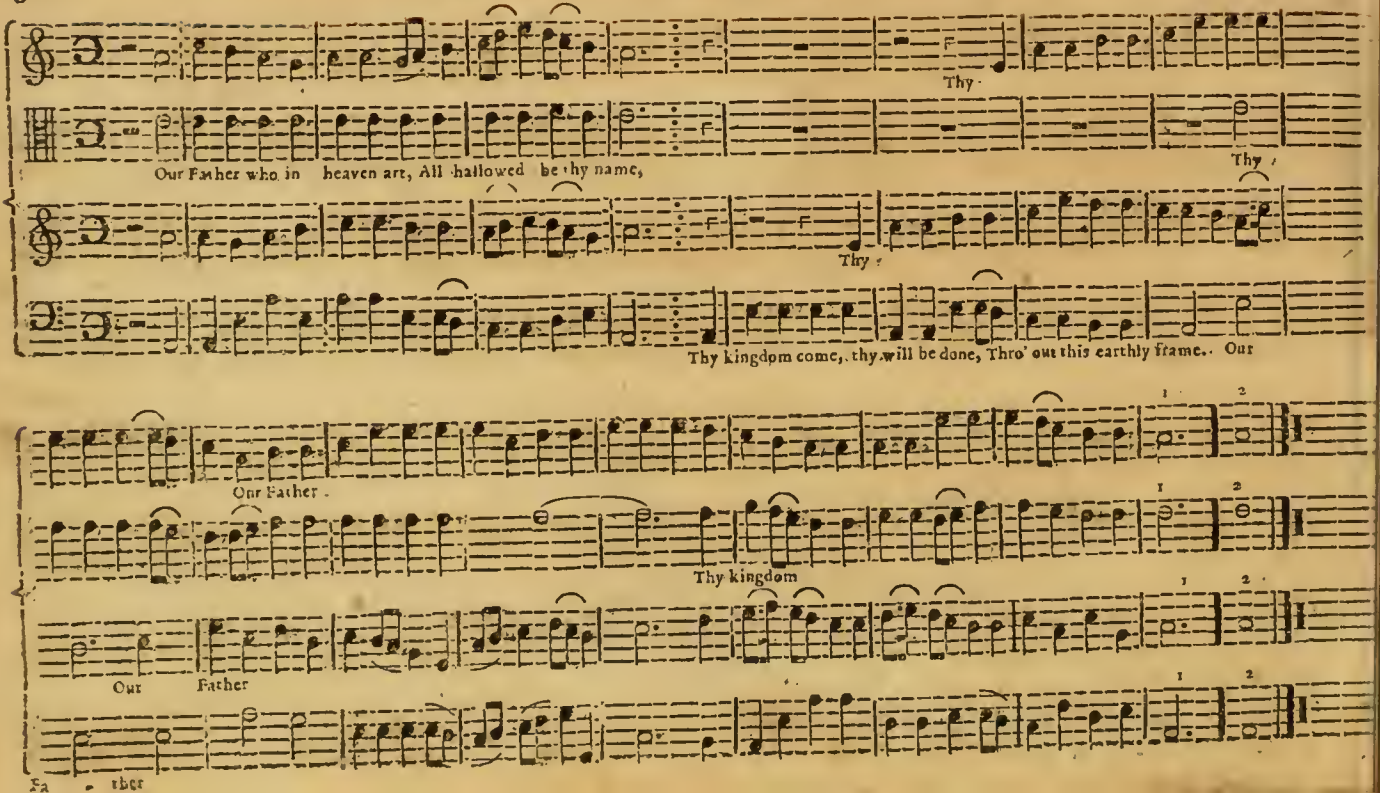

Come sinners attend and make no delay, Good news from a friend, I bring you to-day: Good news of salvation, come ye and receive, There's no condemnation to them that believe.

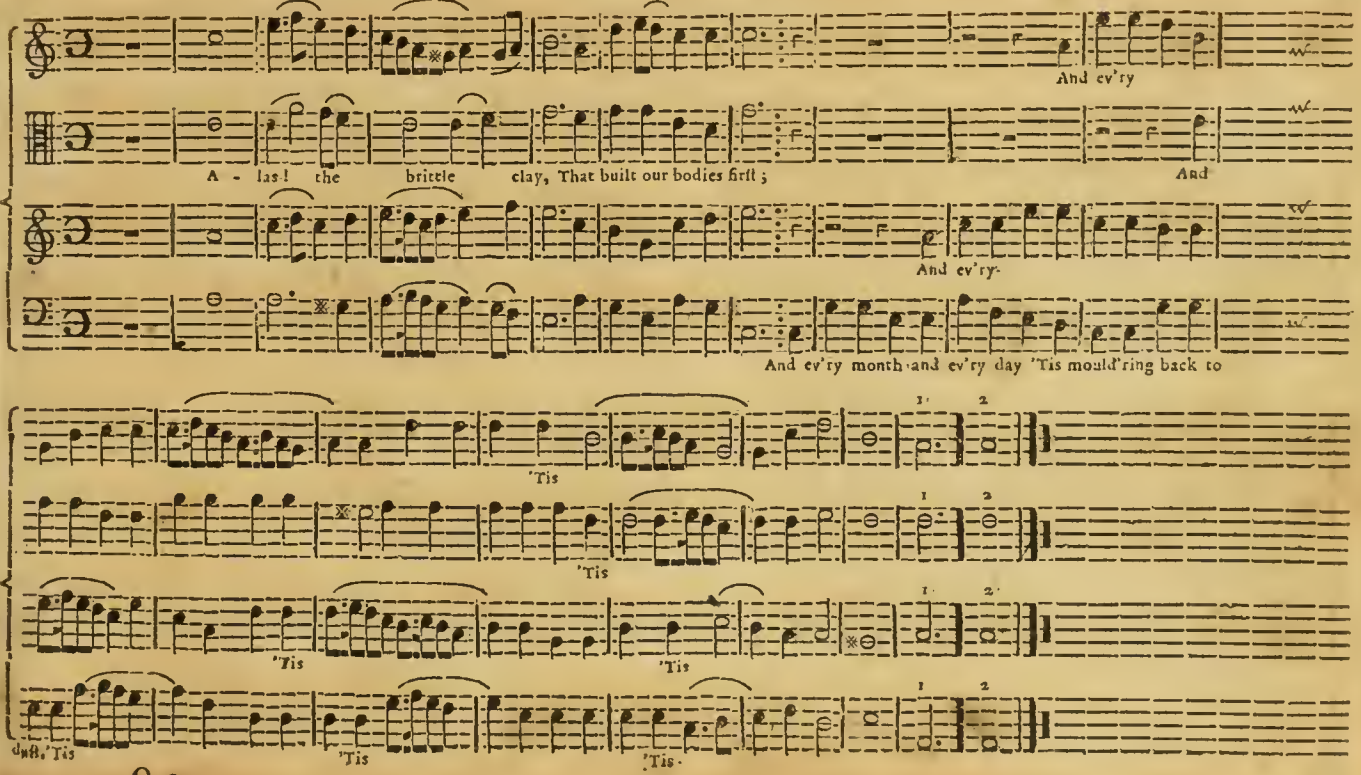

Mourn, mourn, mourn, ye saints, as if you see, Your Saviour dear nail'd to the tree, Your
A bitter death he did endure, To save the souls of men secure. To save, &c.

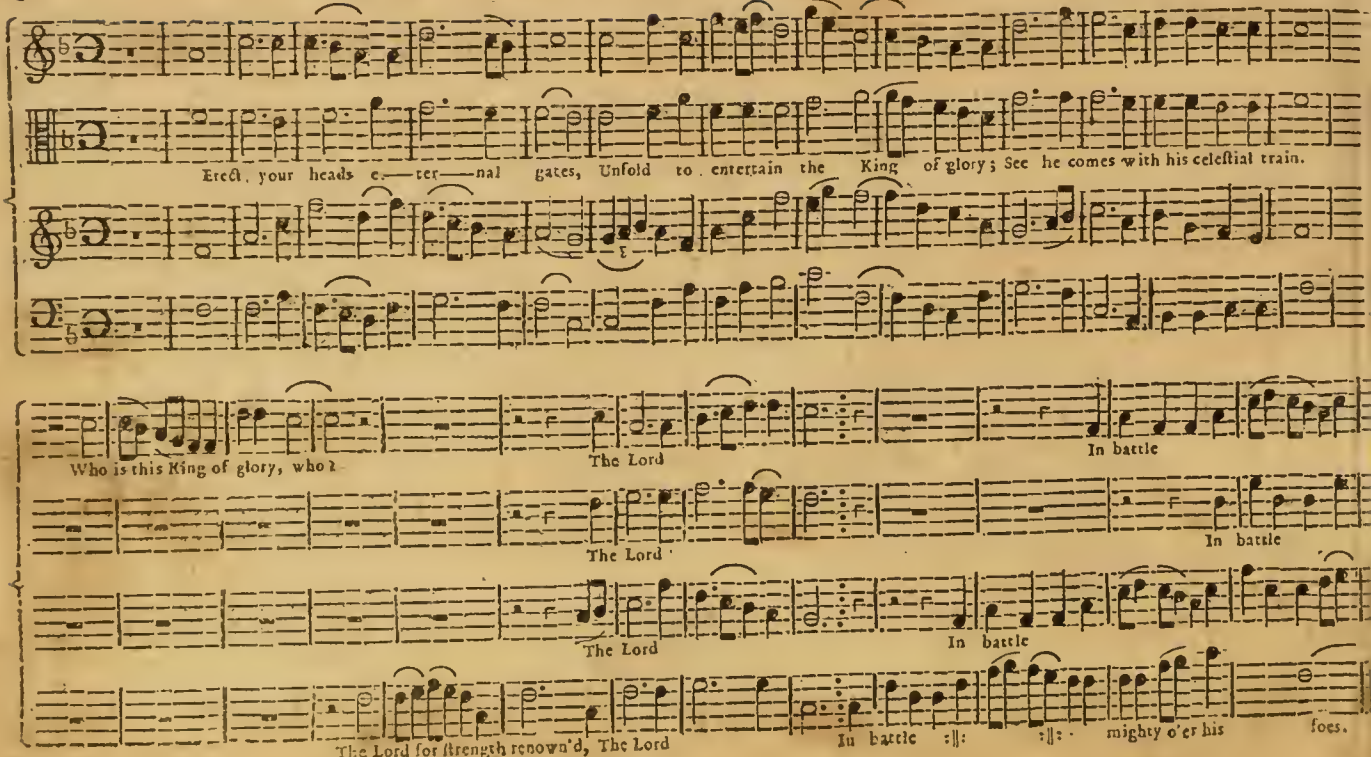

Th' Eternal ſpeaks, all heav'n attend, Who that unhappy race depends, While juſtice aims the blow: See nature tremble at their fate,
And
Death with his iron ſceptre waits, Hell opes her adamantine gates, And triumphs triumphs at their woe. And
And
And

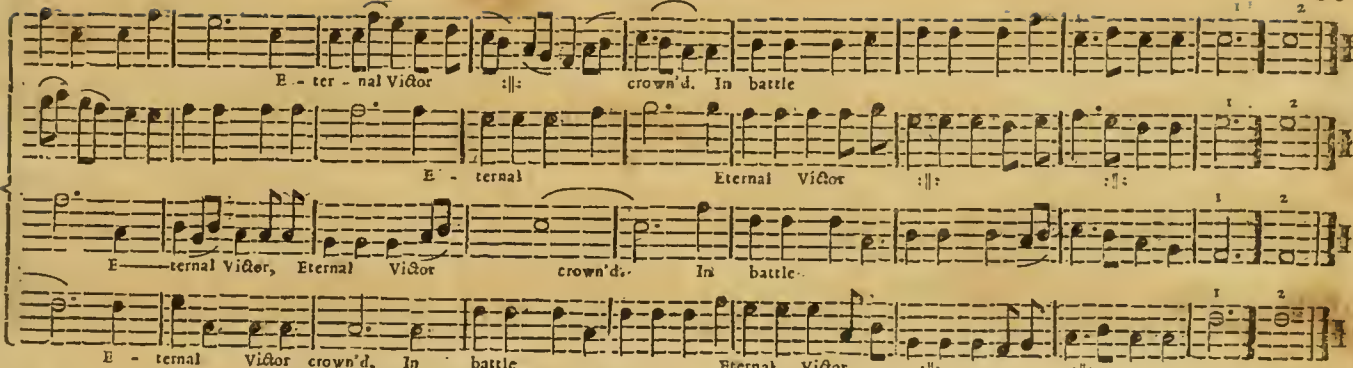

When shall thy lovely face be seen, When shall our eyes behold our God; What lengths of distance lie between, And
Fly
hills of guilt, a heavy load. Our months are ages of delay, And slowly ev'ry moment wears;
Fly wing'd
Fly winged time and roll away. Those


winged
Fly winged
and ro - - - - - - ll
Fly winged
Fly winged
and ro
Fly winged
and ro - - - - - ll and ro - -
tedious rounds of fluggish years. Fly
and ro - - - - - ll and ro - - ll
and ro - - - - ll away
1 2
- ll and ro - - - ll away those tedious rounds of fluggish years.
1 2
- - - - - - ll away
1 2
and ro - - - - ll away

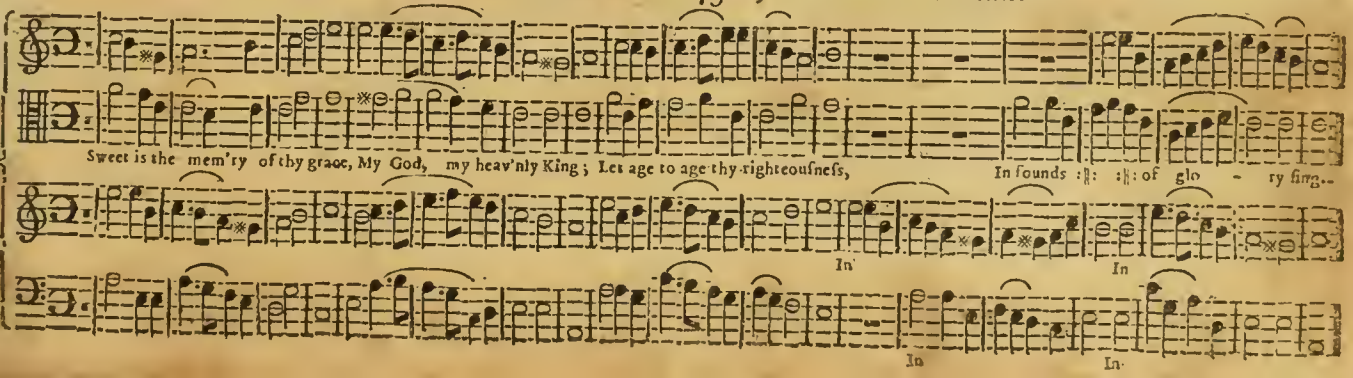

Thy
Our Father who in heaven art, All hallowed be thy name,
Thy
Thy
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, Thro' out this earthly frame. Our
Our Father
Thy kingdom
Our Father
Fa - ther

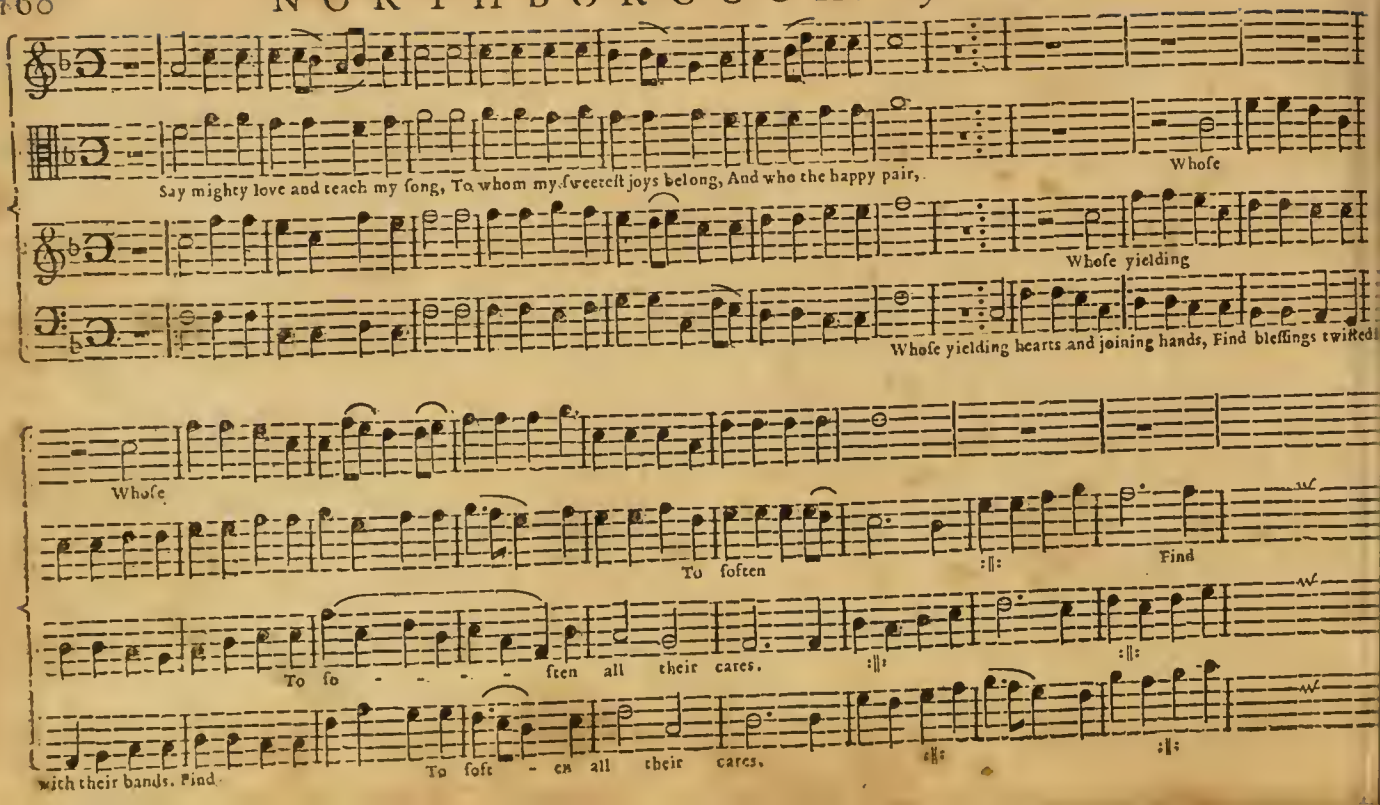

And ev'ry
A - las! the brittle clay, That built our bodies firſt;
And
And ev'ry
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day 'Tis mould'ring back to
'Tis
'Tis
'Tis
'Tis
'Tis
'Tis
'Tis
'Tis
1
2

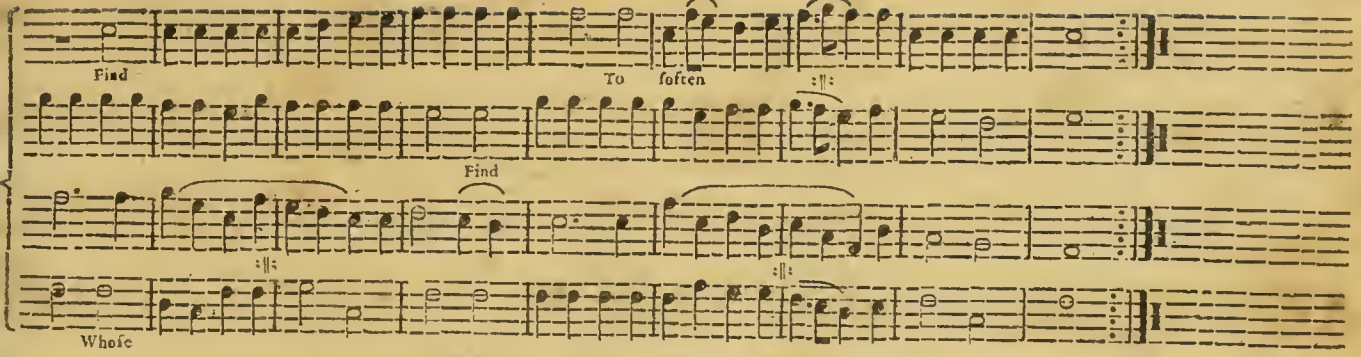

Erect your heads e—ter—nal gates, Unfold to entertain the King of glory; See he comes with his celestial train.
Who is this King of glory, who?
The Lord
In battle
The Lord
In battle
The Lord
In battle
The Lord for strength renown'd, The Lord
In battle :‖: :‖: mighty o'er his foes.



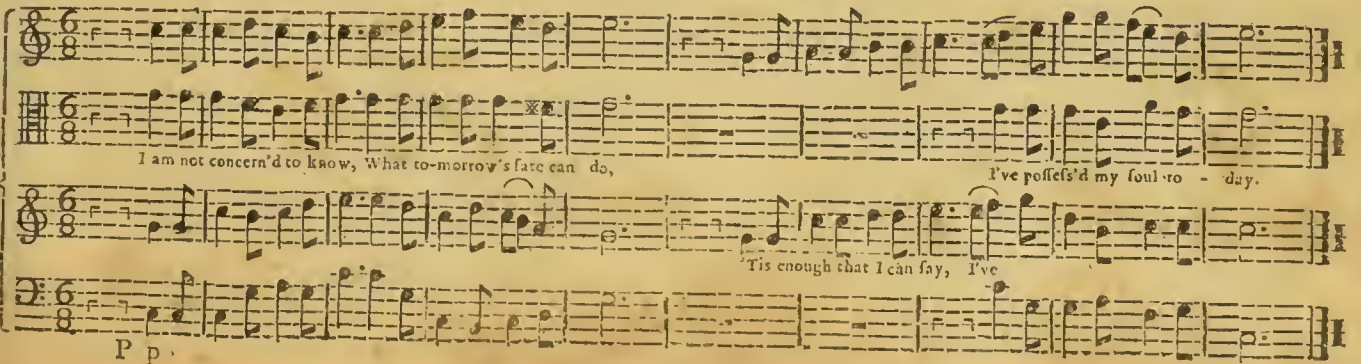
NEWBURY. 145*th*, D. W. *C. M.*

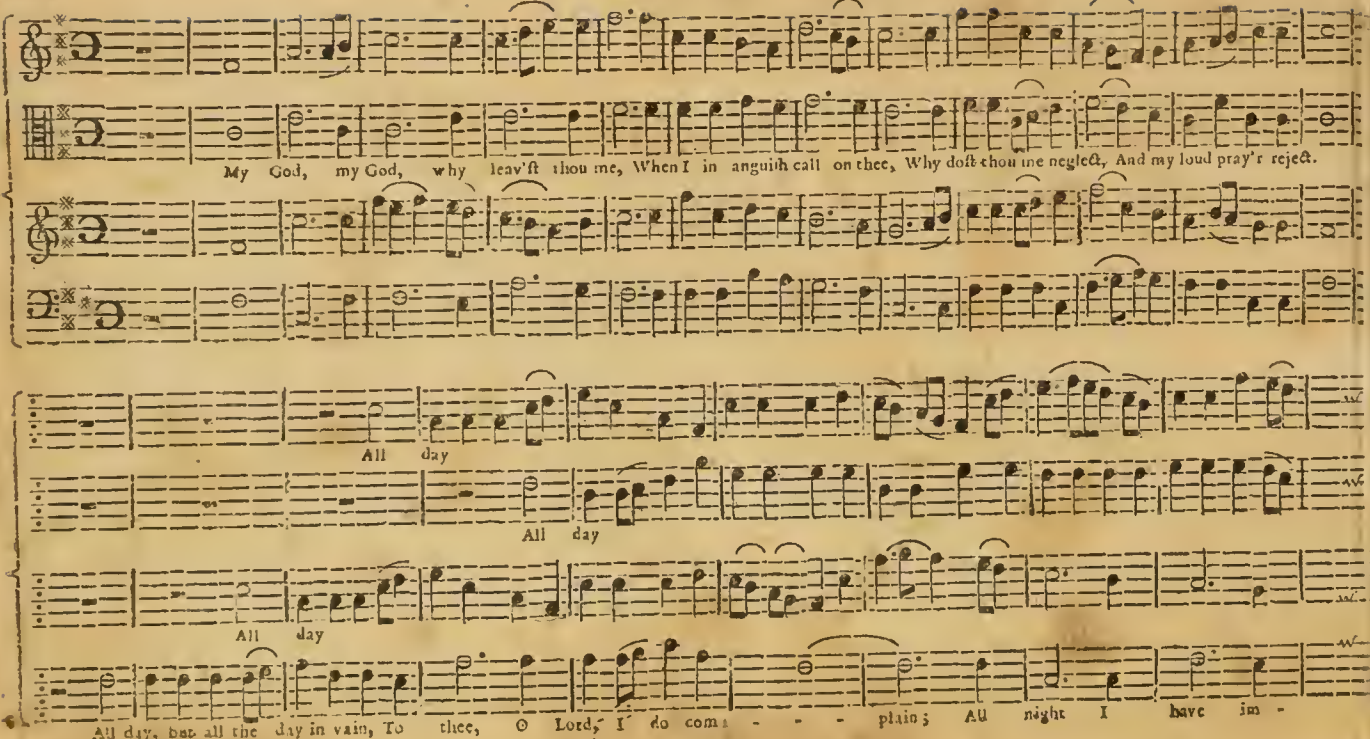



Say mighty love and teach my song, To whom my sweetest joys belong, And who the happy pair,
Whose
Whose yielding
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands, Find blessings twisted
Whose
To soften
Find
To so - - - - - ften all their cares.
To soft - en all their cares.
with their hands. Find



A M B O Y. *Lyric Poems.*



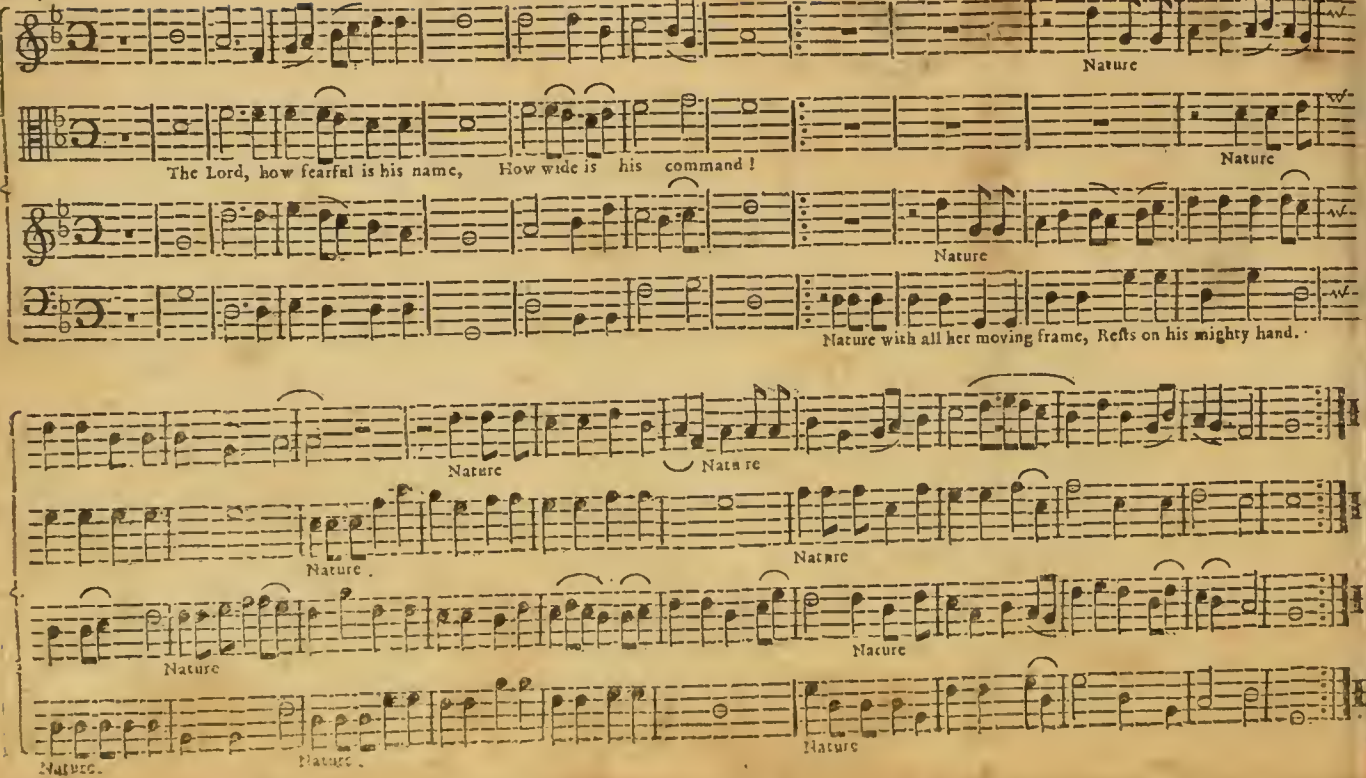

My God, my God, why leav'st thou me, When I in anguish call on thee, Why dost thou me neglect, And my loud pray'r reject.
All day
All day
All day
All day, but all the day in vain, To thee, O Lord, I do com - - - plain; All night I have im -

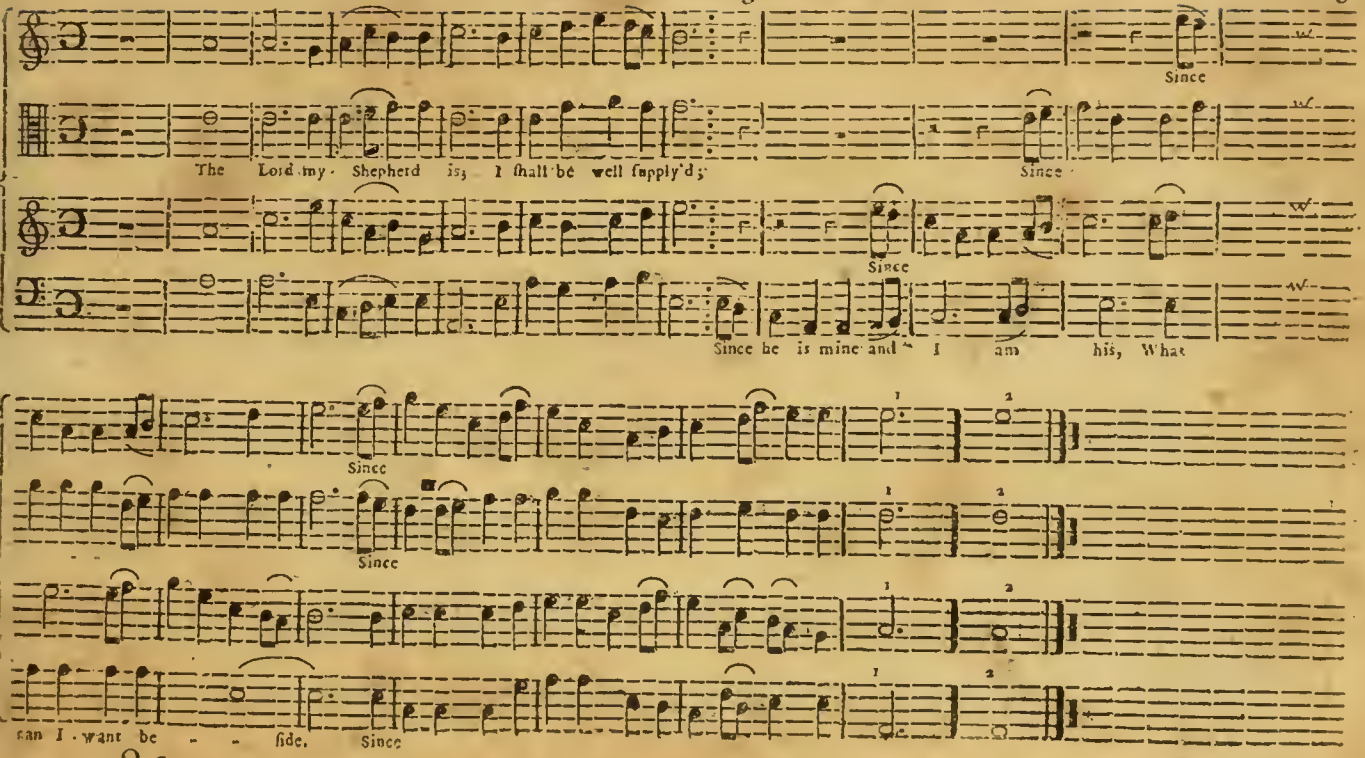
All night

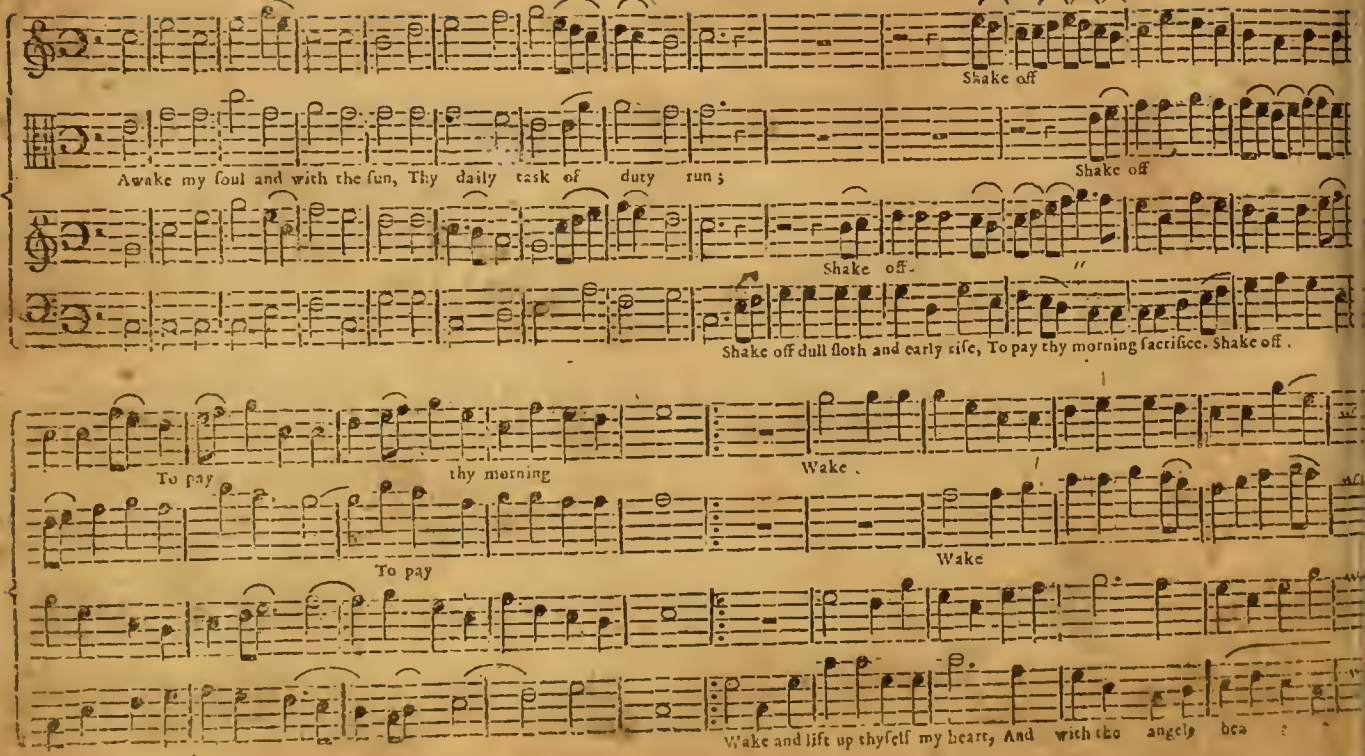
plor'd, Thy help to be reflor'd. All night

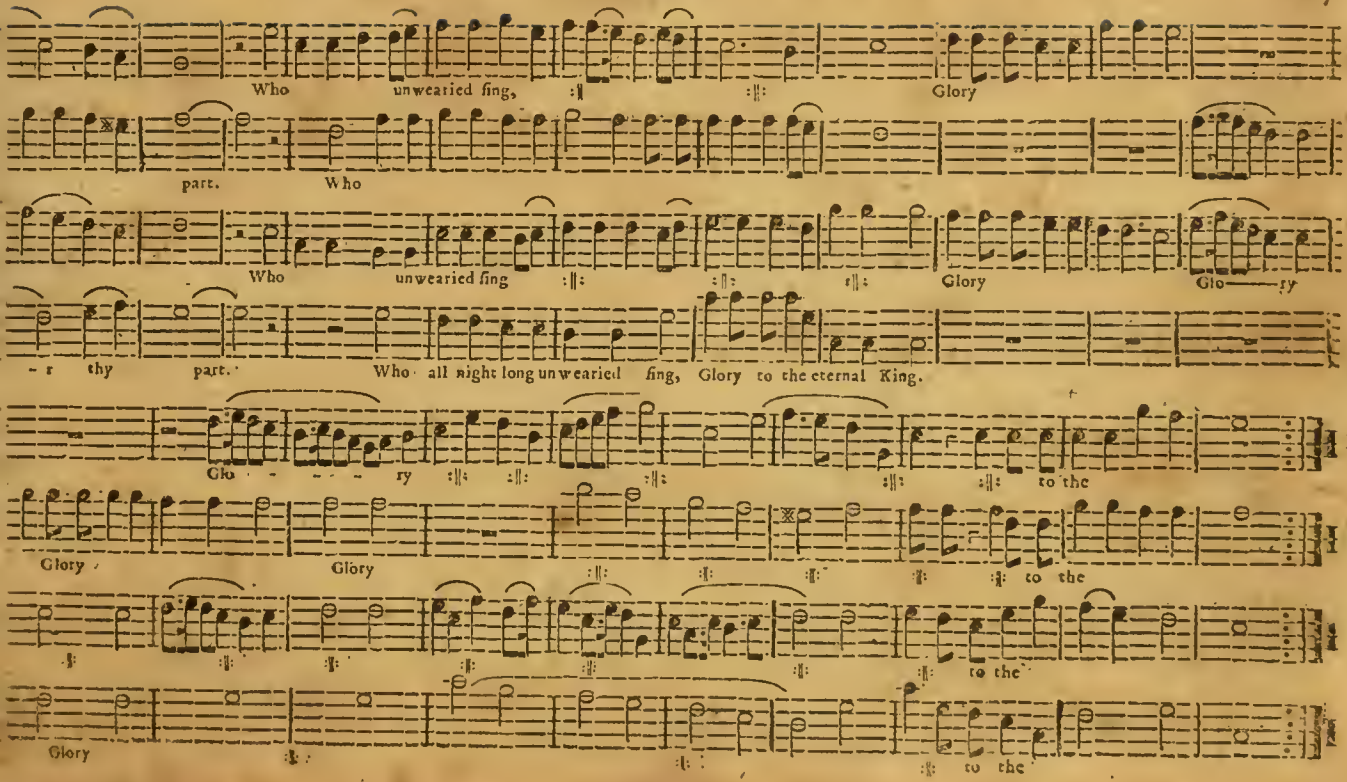
DANVILLE. 5th, D. W.

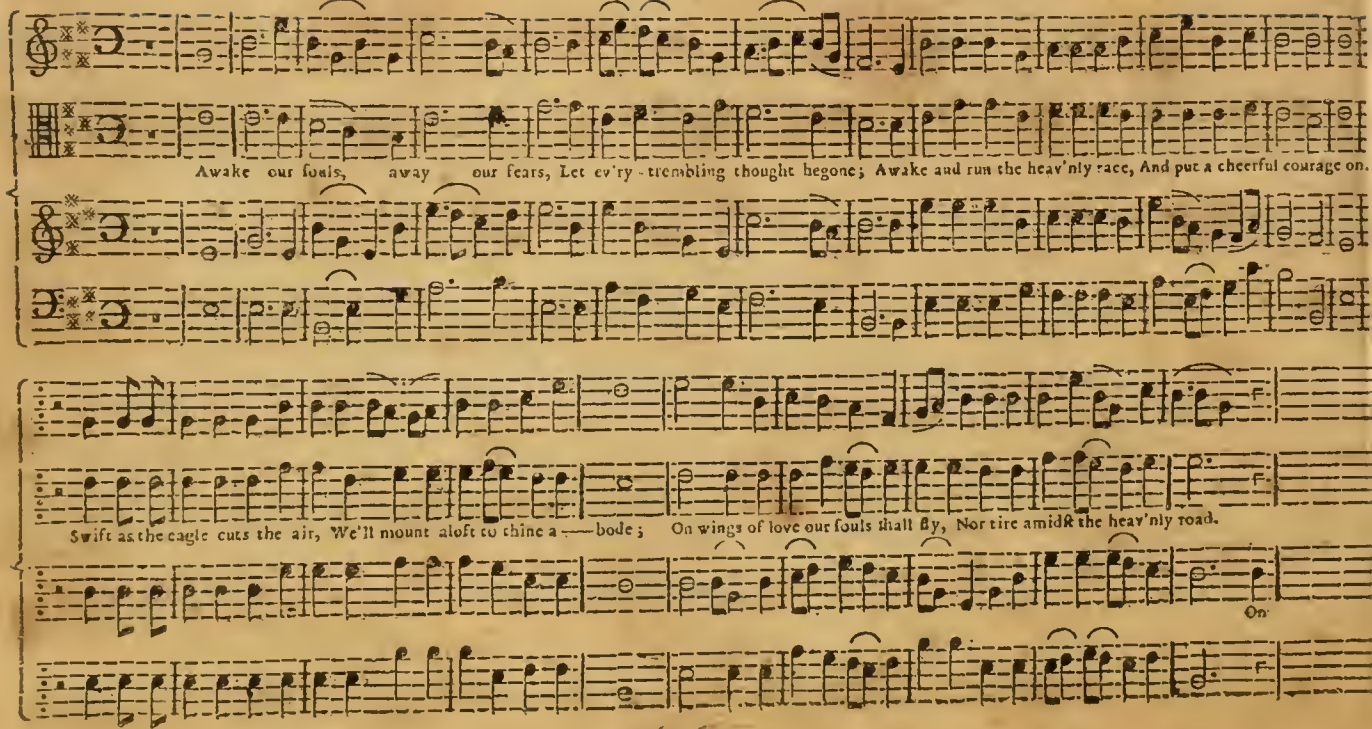
Lord in the morning thou shalt hear, My voice ascending high; To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. To thee

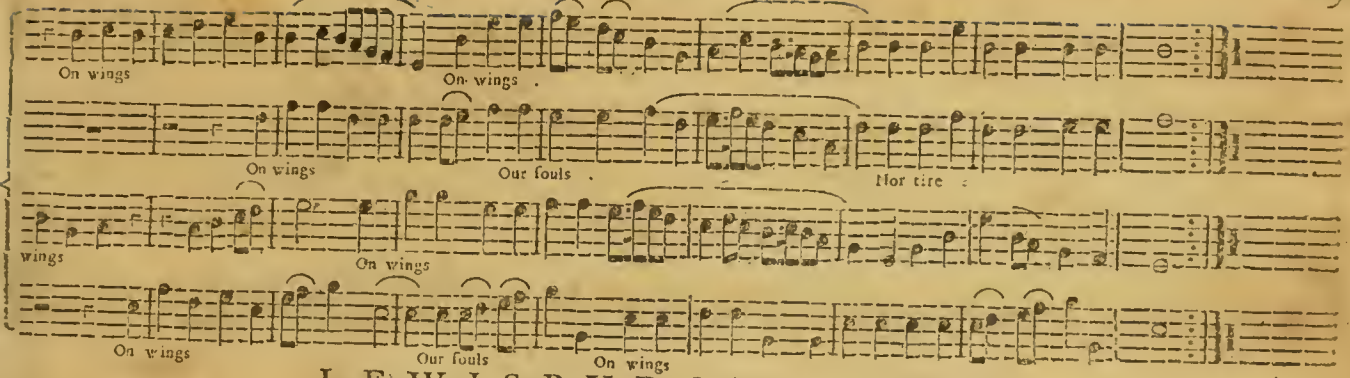

Nature
The Lord, how fearful is his name, How wide is his command!
Nature
Nature
Nature with all her moving frame, Rests on his mighty hand.
Nature
Nature
Nature
Nature
Nature
Nature
Nature.
Nature.
Nature


Since
The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supply'd;
Since
Since
Since he is mine and I am his, What
Since
Since
can I want be - - side.
Since

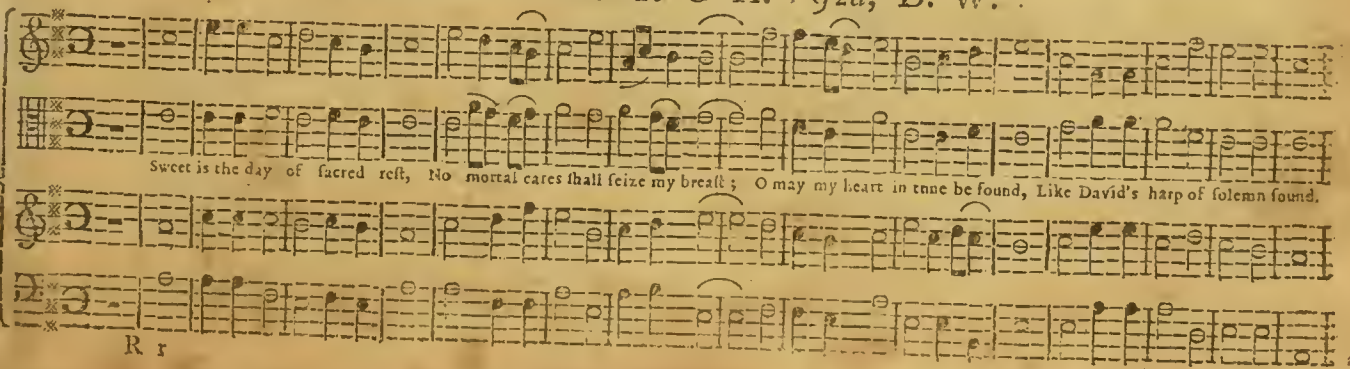

Shake off
Awake my ſoul and with the ſun, Thy daily taſk of duty run;
Shake off
Shake off
Shake off dull ſloth and early riſe, To pay thy morning ſacrifice. Shake off.
To pay
thy morning
Wake.
To pay
Wake
Wake and lift up thyſelf my heart, And with the angels bea


Who unwearied sing, Glory
part. Who
Who unwearied sing Glory Glo——ry
-r thy part. Who all night long unwearied sing, Glory to the eternal King.
Glo - - - - ry to the
Glory Glory to the
to the
Glory to the


Awake our souls, away our fears, Let ev'ry trembling thought begone; Awake and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on.
Swift as the eagle cuts the air, We'll mount aloft to thine a——bode; On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.



LEWISBURGH. 92*d*, D. W.



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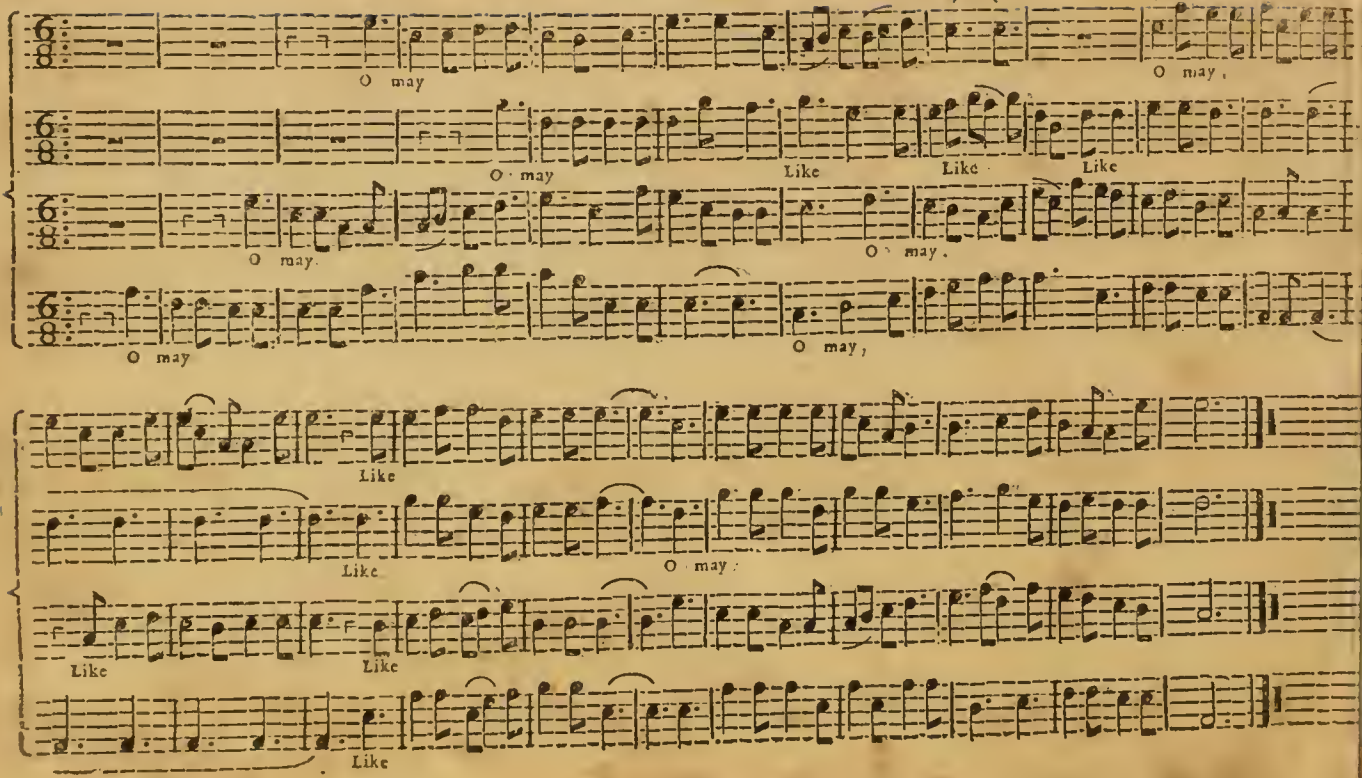
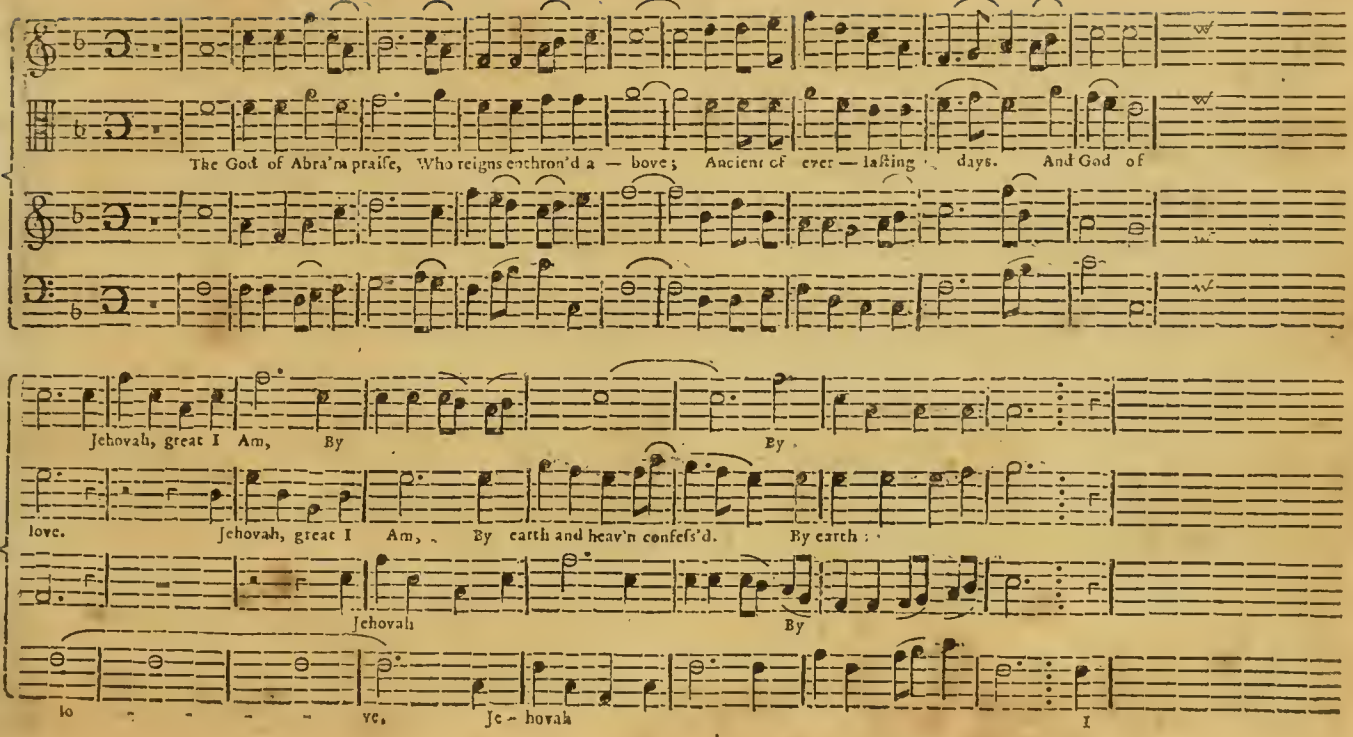
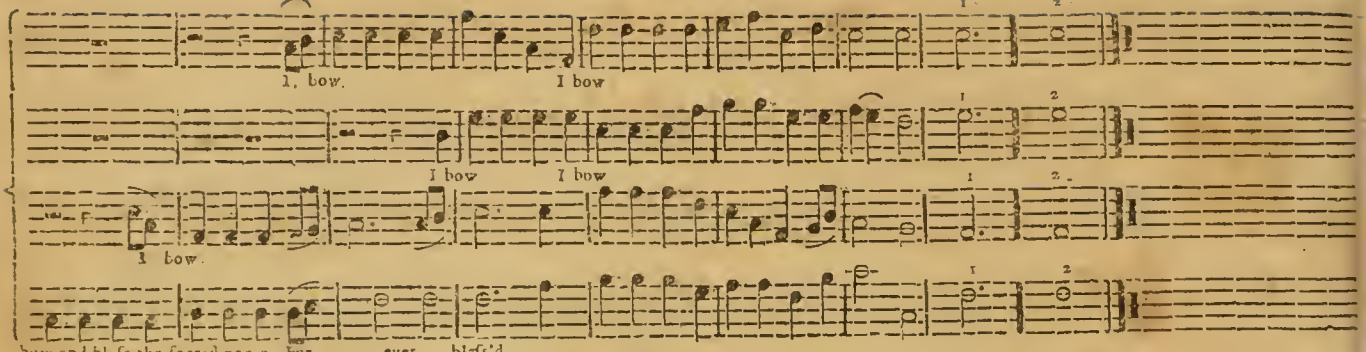
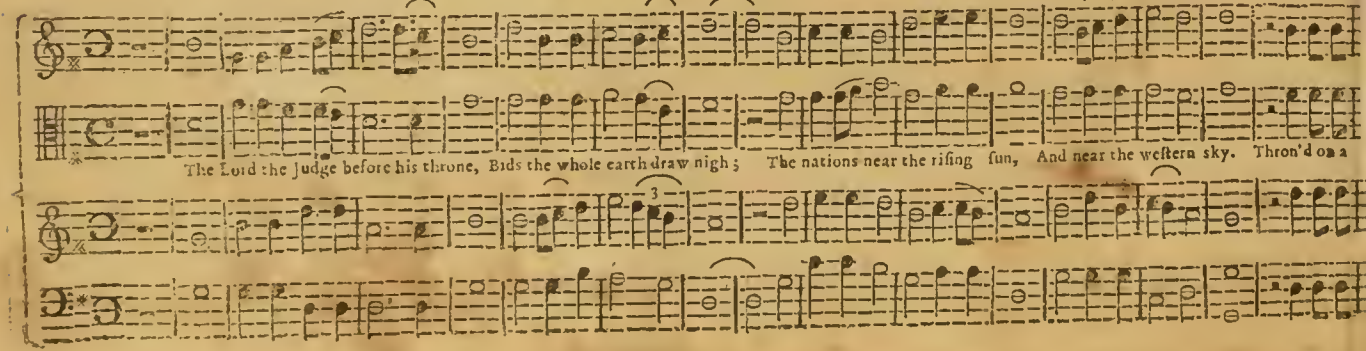
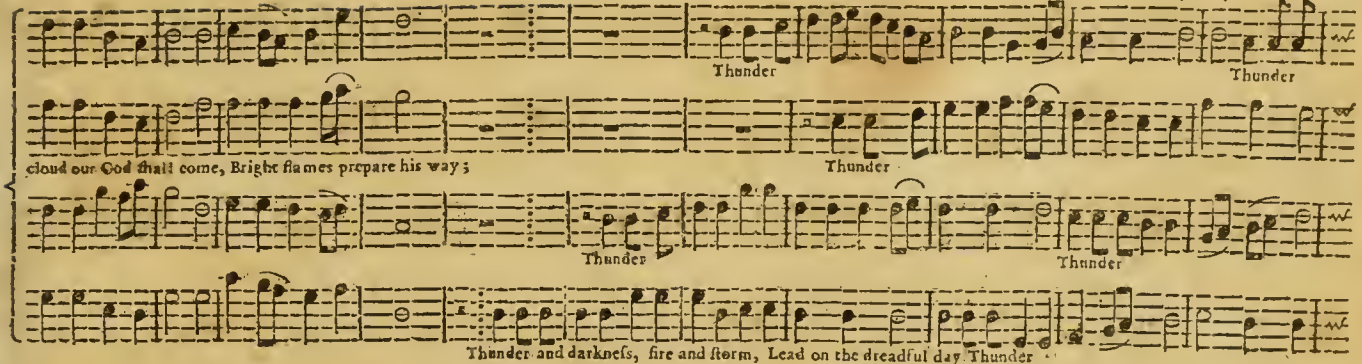

O may
O may,
O may
Like
Like
Like
O may.
O may.
O may
O may,
Like
Like
O may.
Like
Like
Like

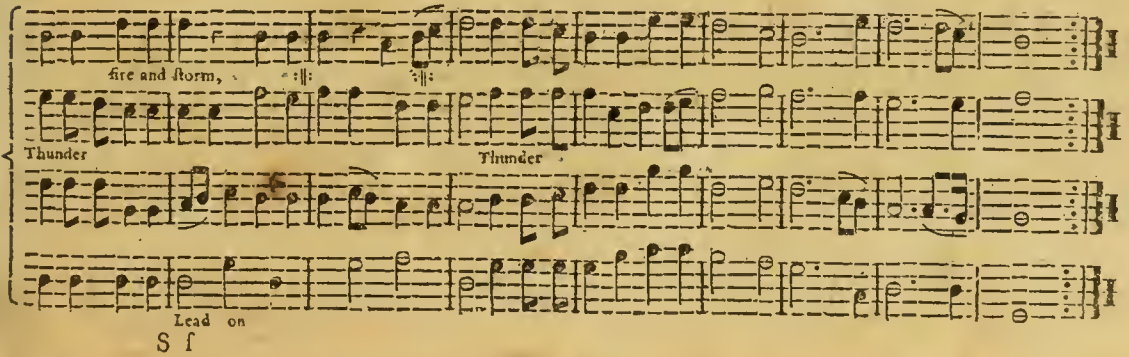

The God of Abra'm praise, Who reigns enthron'd a — bove; Ancient of ever — lasting days. And God of
Jehovah, great I Am, By By
love. Jehovah, great I Am, By earth and heav'n confess'd. By earth
Jehovah By
lo — — — — — ve, Je — hovah I

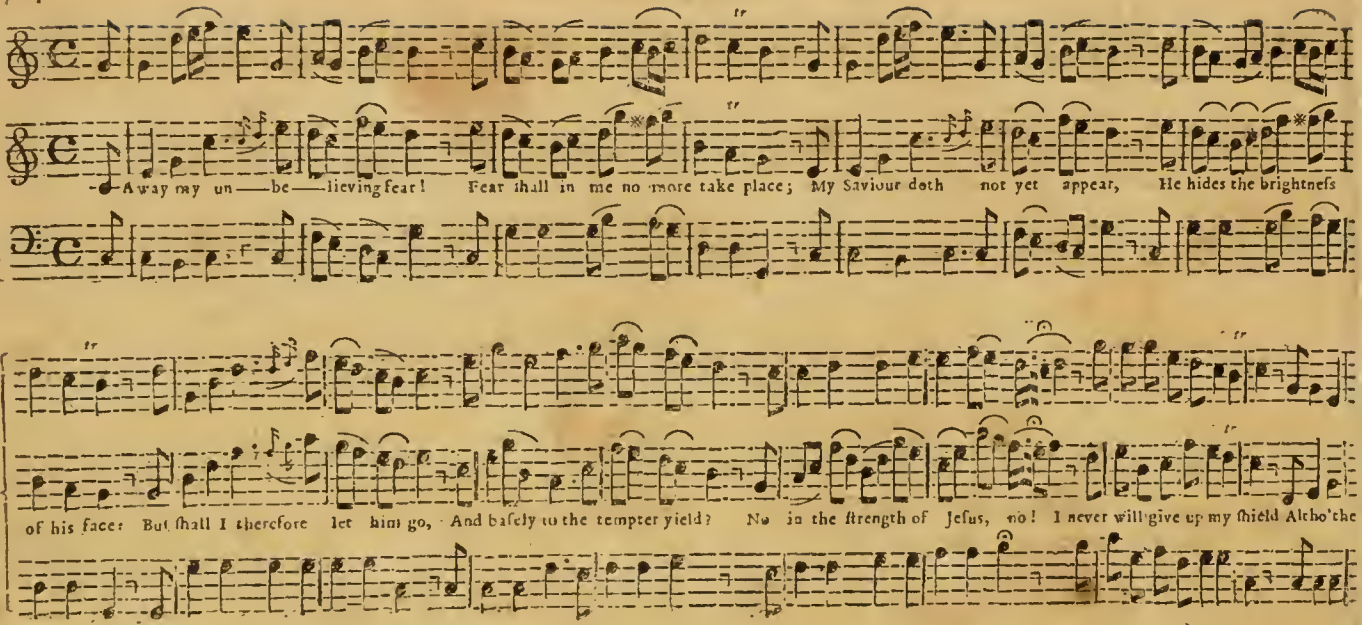


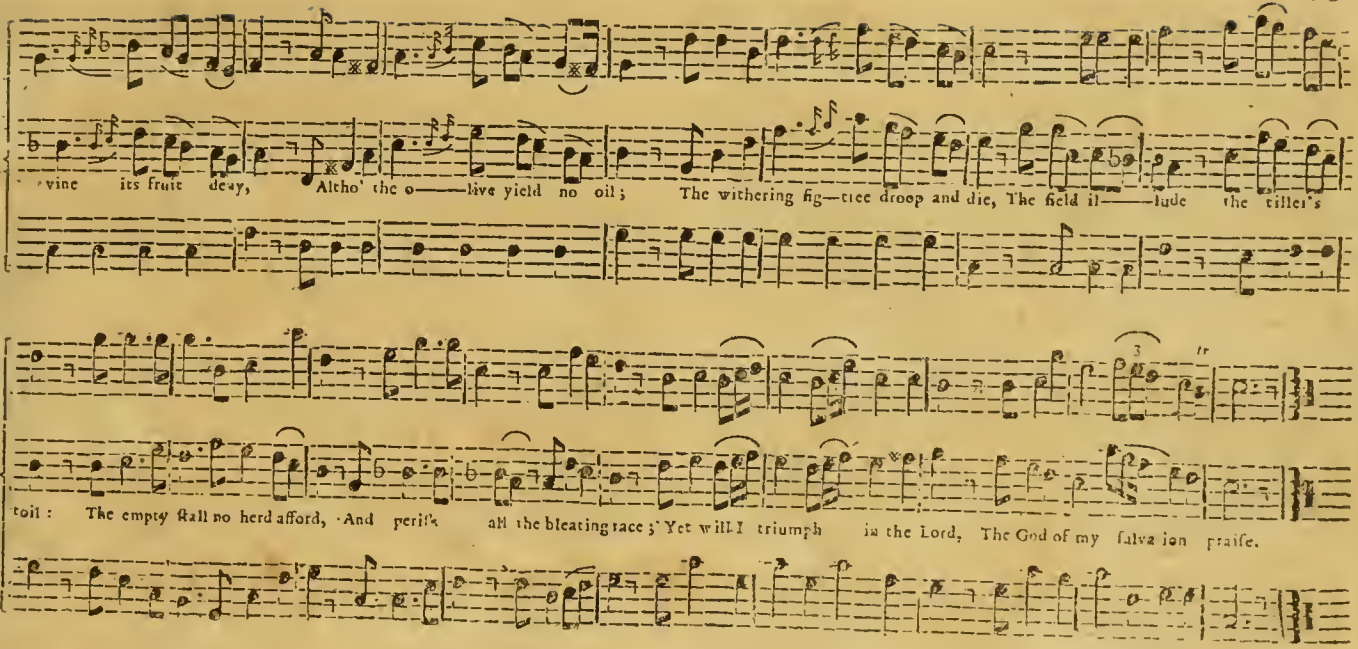
JUDGMENT. 50th, D. W. C. M.

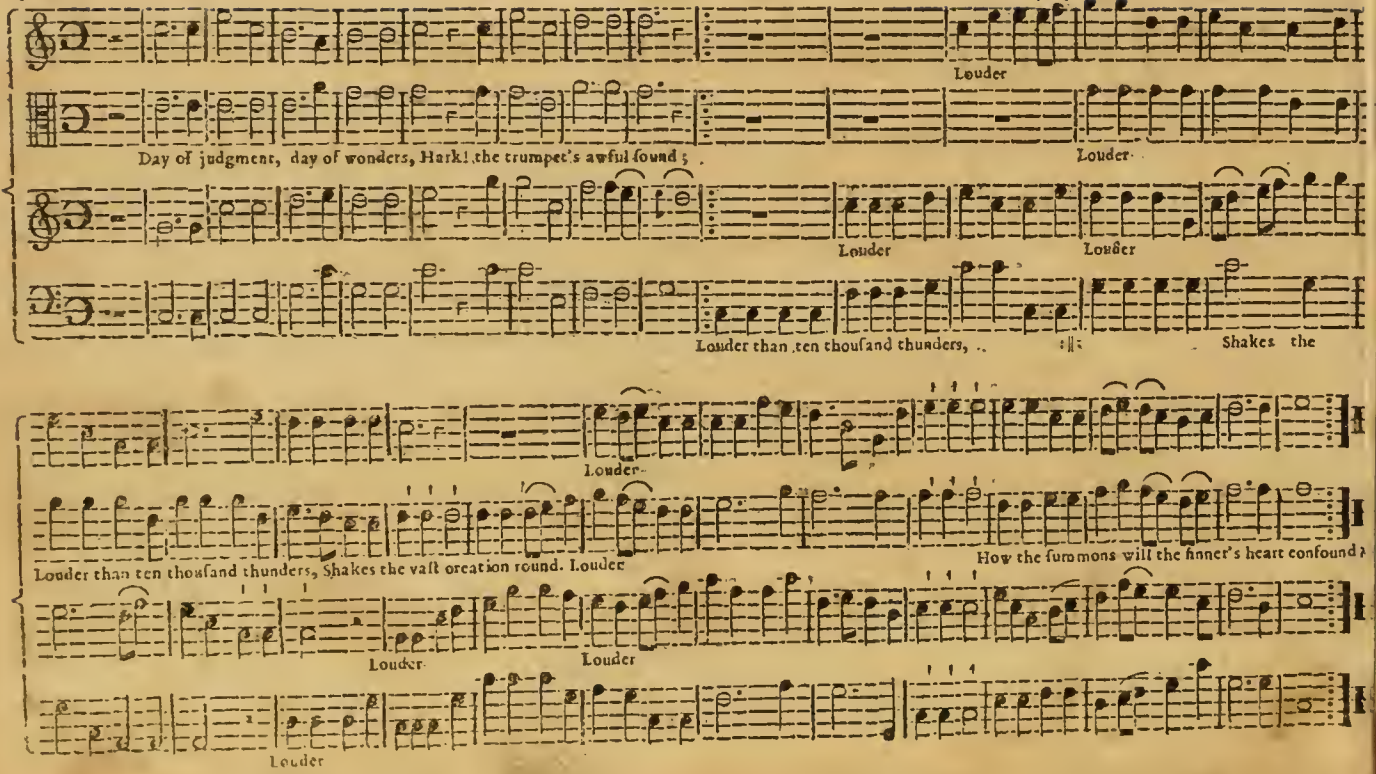


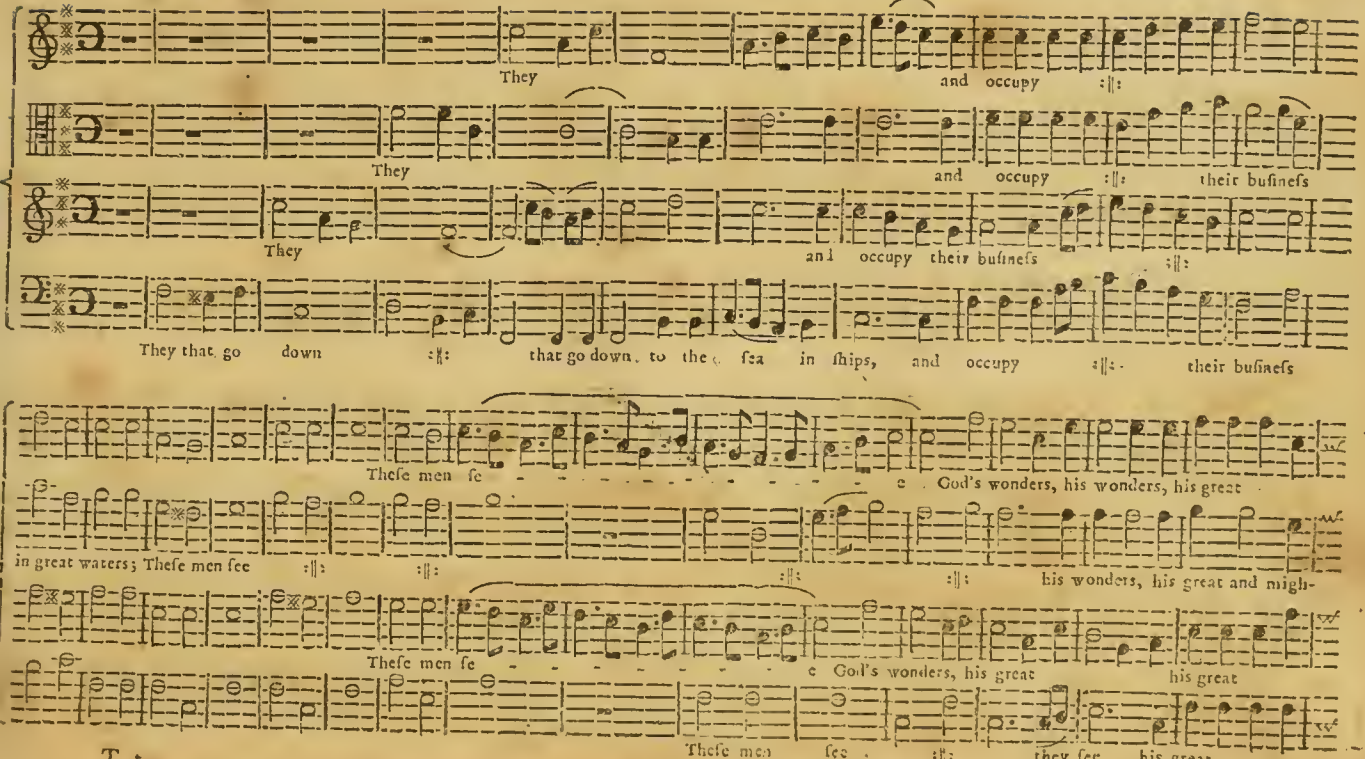

Thunder
Thunder
cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder
Thunder
Thunder
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm, Lead on the dreadful day Thunder

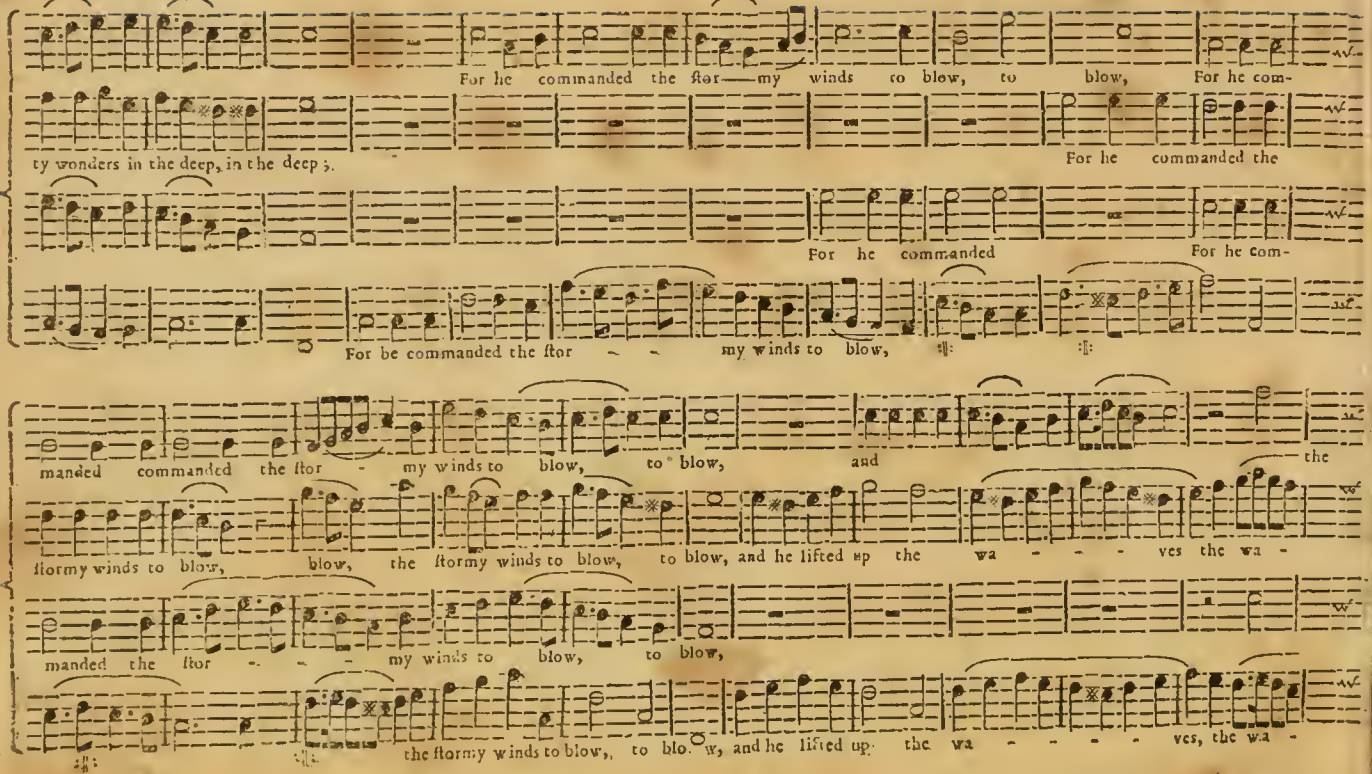

fire and storm,
Thunder
Thunder
Lead on
S f

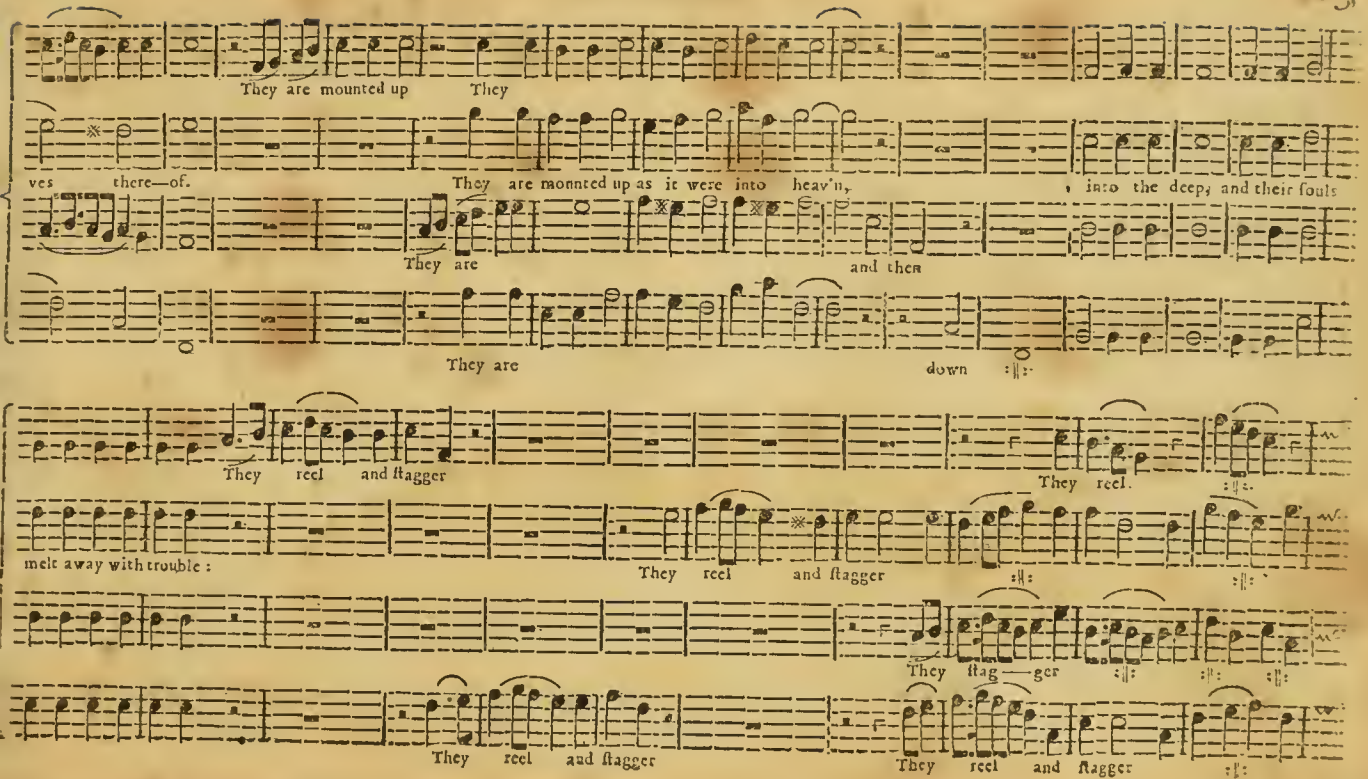

Away my un——be——lieving fear! Fear shall in me no more take place; My Saviour doth not yet appear, He hides the brightness
of his face: But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempter yield? No in the strength of Jesus, no! I never will give up my shield Altho' the


vine its fruit decay, Altho' the o——live yield no oil; The withering fig—tree droop and die, The field il——lude 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 ſalva ion praiſe.

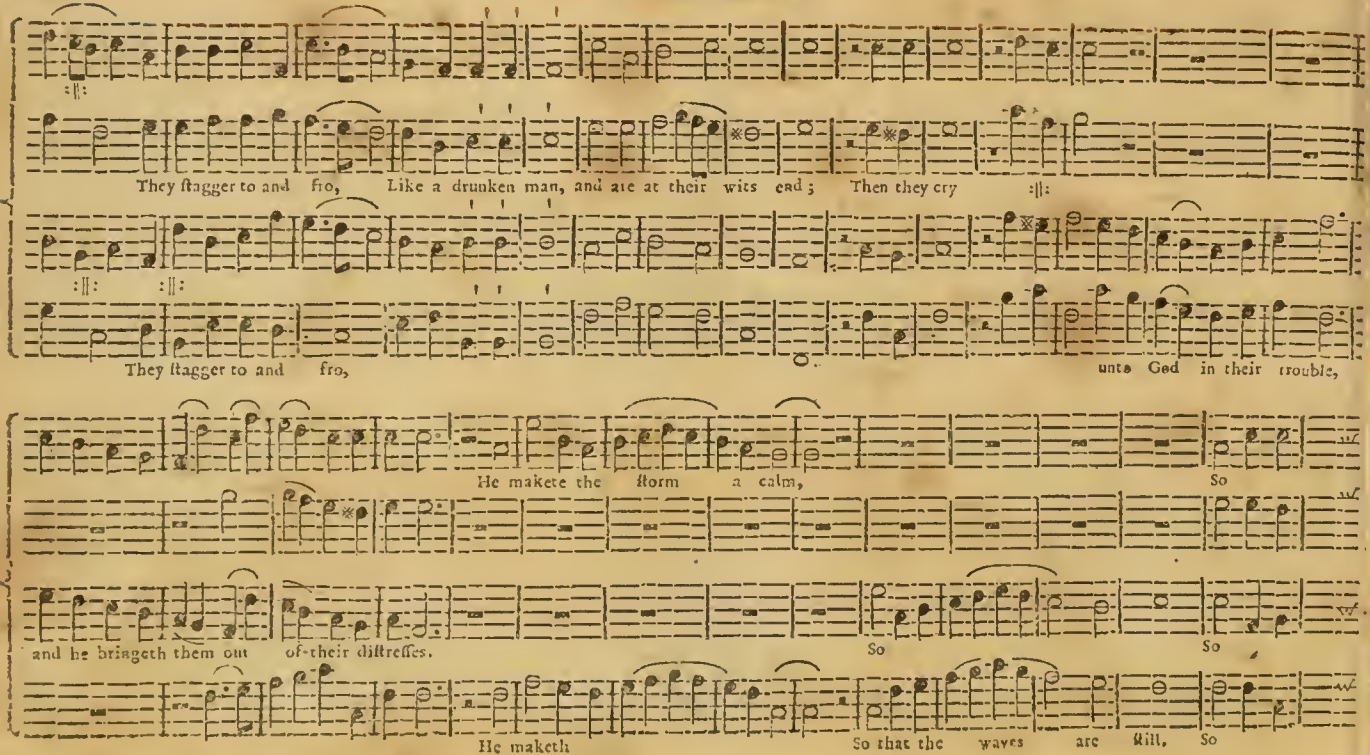

Louder
Day of judgment, day of wonders, Hark! the trumpet's awful sound;
Louder
Louder
Louder
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the
Louder
Louder than ten thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round. Louder
How the summons will the sinner's heart confound!
Louder
Louder
Louder

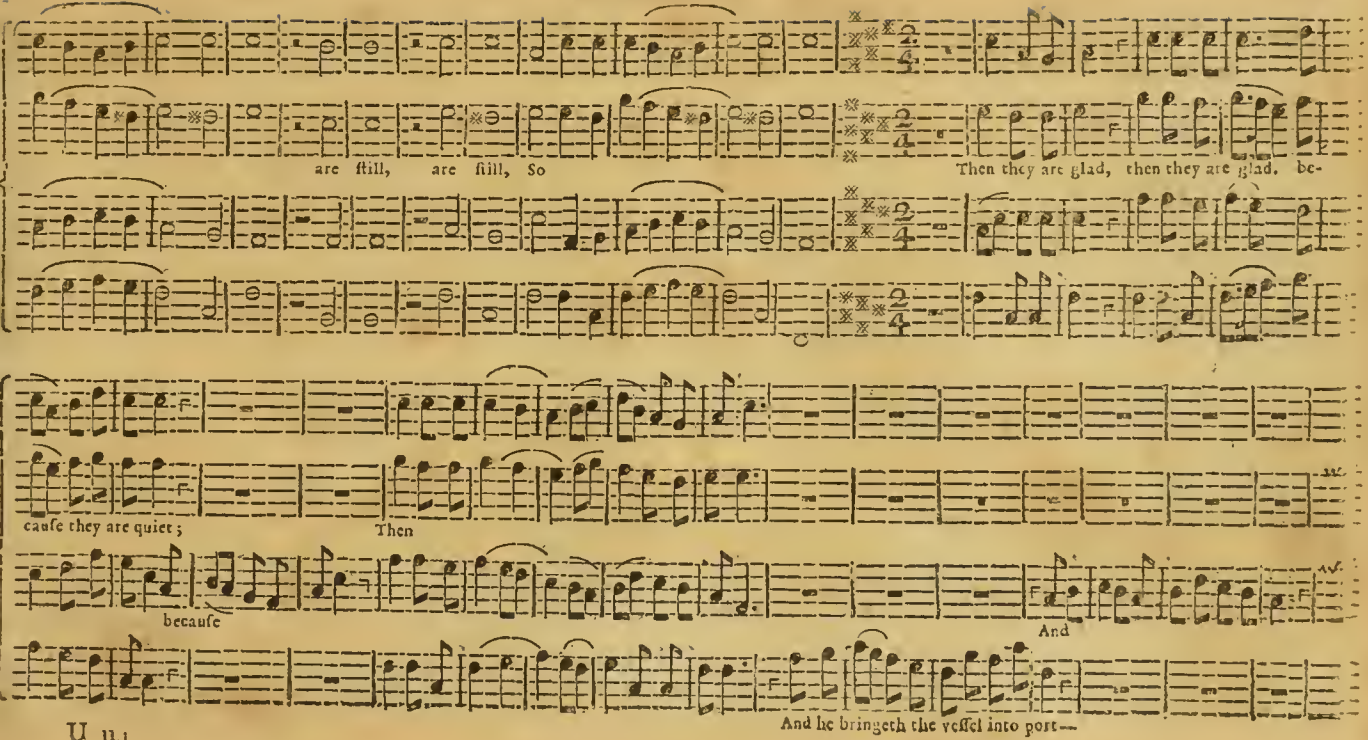

They
and occupy
They
and occupy
their buſineſs
They
and occupy their buſineſs
They that go down
that go down to the ſea in ſhips, and occupy
their buſineſs
Theſe men ſe
e God's wonders, his wonders, his great
in great waters; Theſe men ſee
his wonders, his great and migh-
Theſe men ſe
e God's wonders, his great
his great
Theſe men ſee
they ſee his great


For he commanded the ſtor—my winds to blow, to blow, For he com-
ty wonders in the deep, in the deep;
For he commanded the
For he commanded For he com-
For be commanded the ſtor my winds to blow,
manded commanded the ſtor my winds to blow, to blow, and the
ſtormy winds to blow, blow, the ſtormy winds to blow, to blow, and he lifted up the wa ves the wa -
manded the ſtor my winds to blow, to blow,
the ſtormy winds to blow, to blow, and he lifted up the wa ves, the wa -

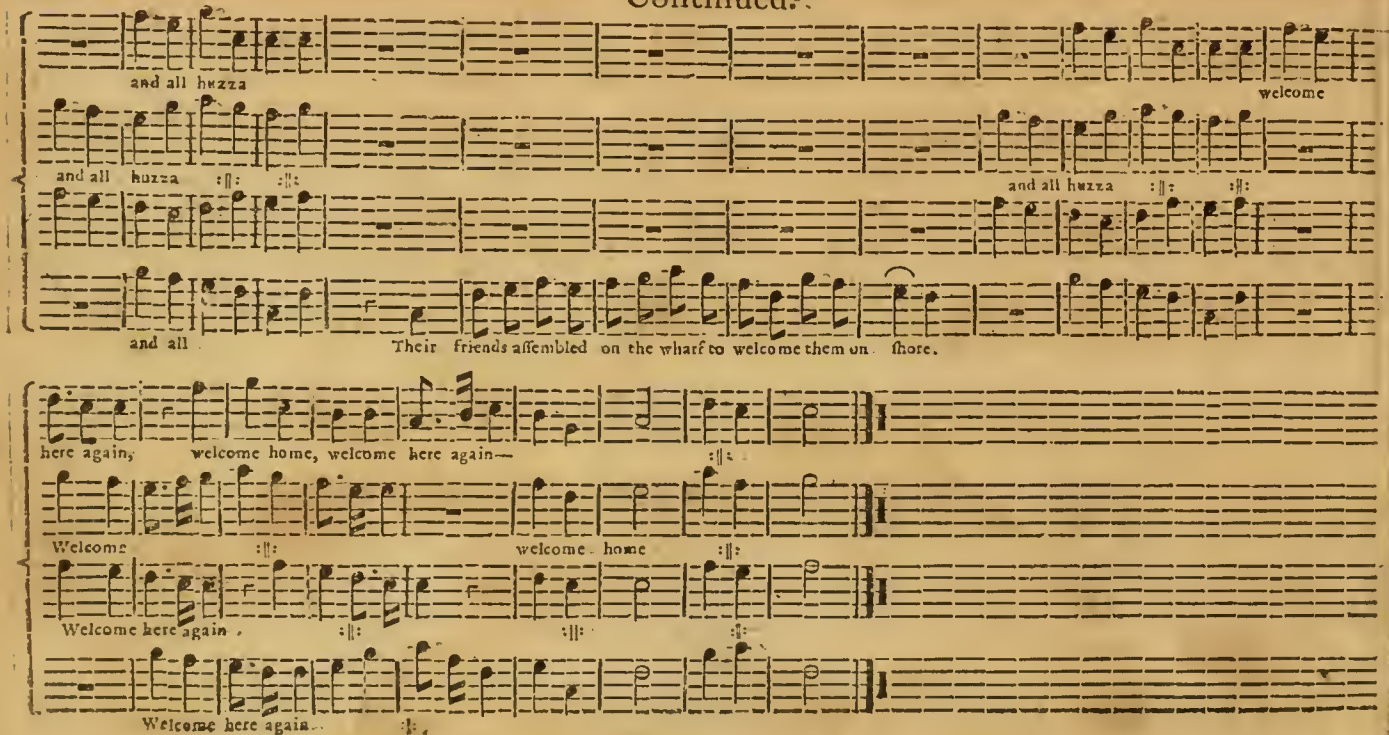

They are mounted up They
ves there—of. They are moonted up as it were into heav'n, into the deep, and their fouls
They are and then
They are down
They reel and flagger
They reel.
melt away with trouble :
They reel and flagger
They flag — ger
They reel and flagger
They reel and flagger

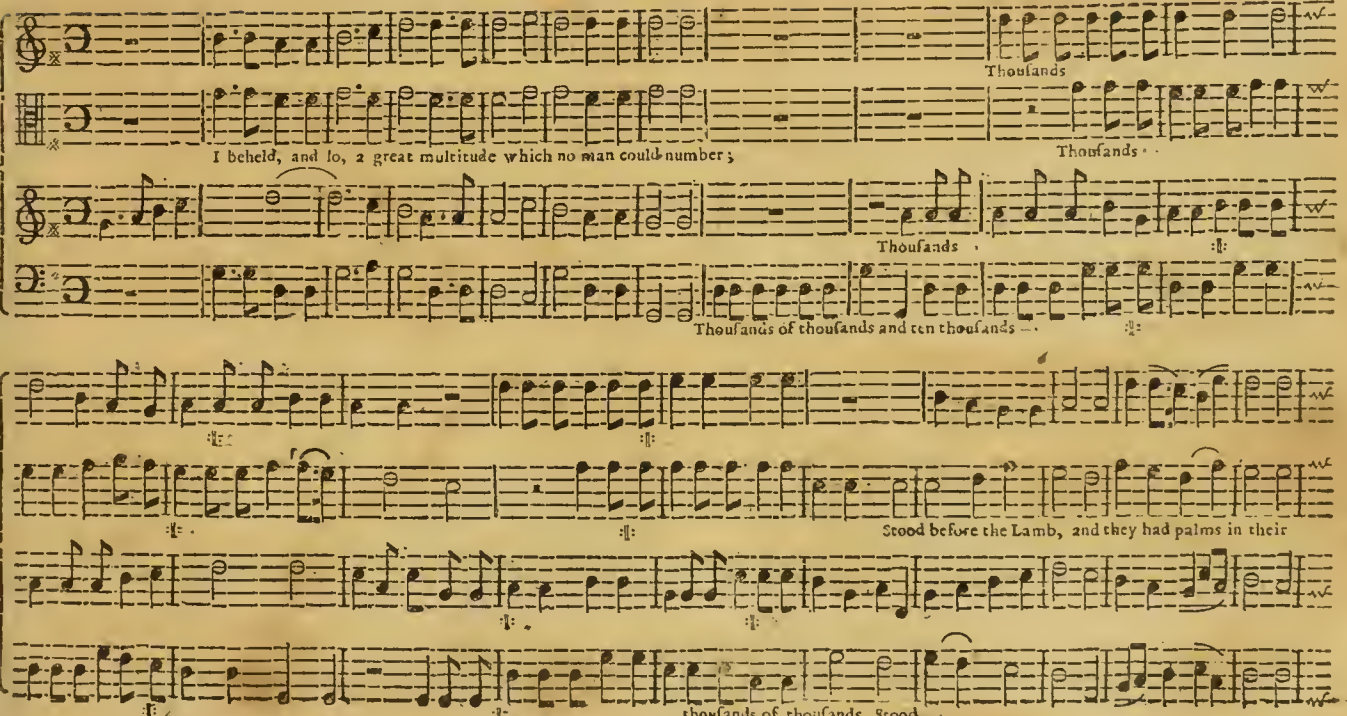
Continued.


They ſtagger to and fro, Like a drunken man, and are at their wits end; Then they cry
They ſtagger to and fro,
unto God in their trouble,
He maketh the ſtorm a calm, So
and he bringeth them out of their diſtreſſes. So So
He maketh So that the waves are ſtill, So

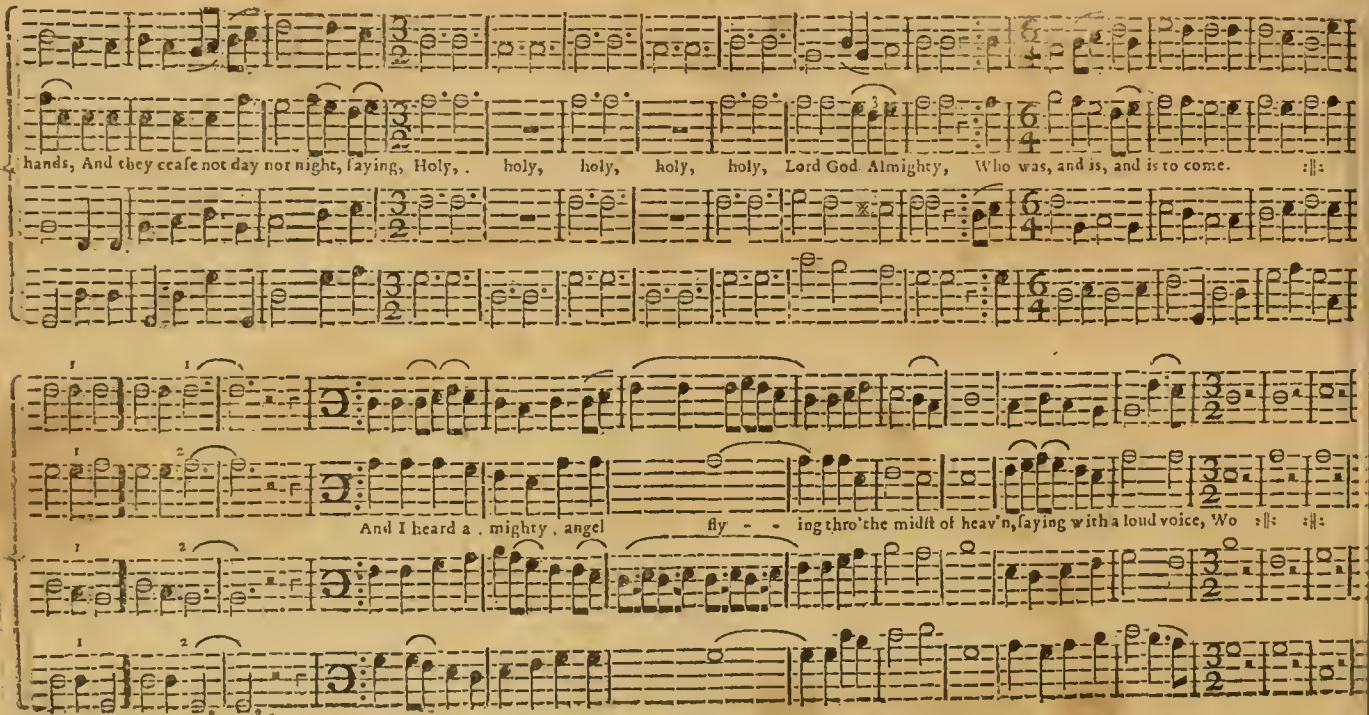

are ſtill, are ſtill, So
Then they are glad, then they are glad, be-
cauſe they are quiet;
Then
becauſe
And
And he bringeth the veſſel into port—

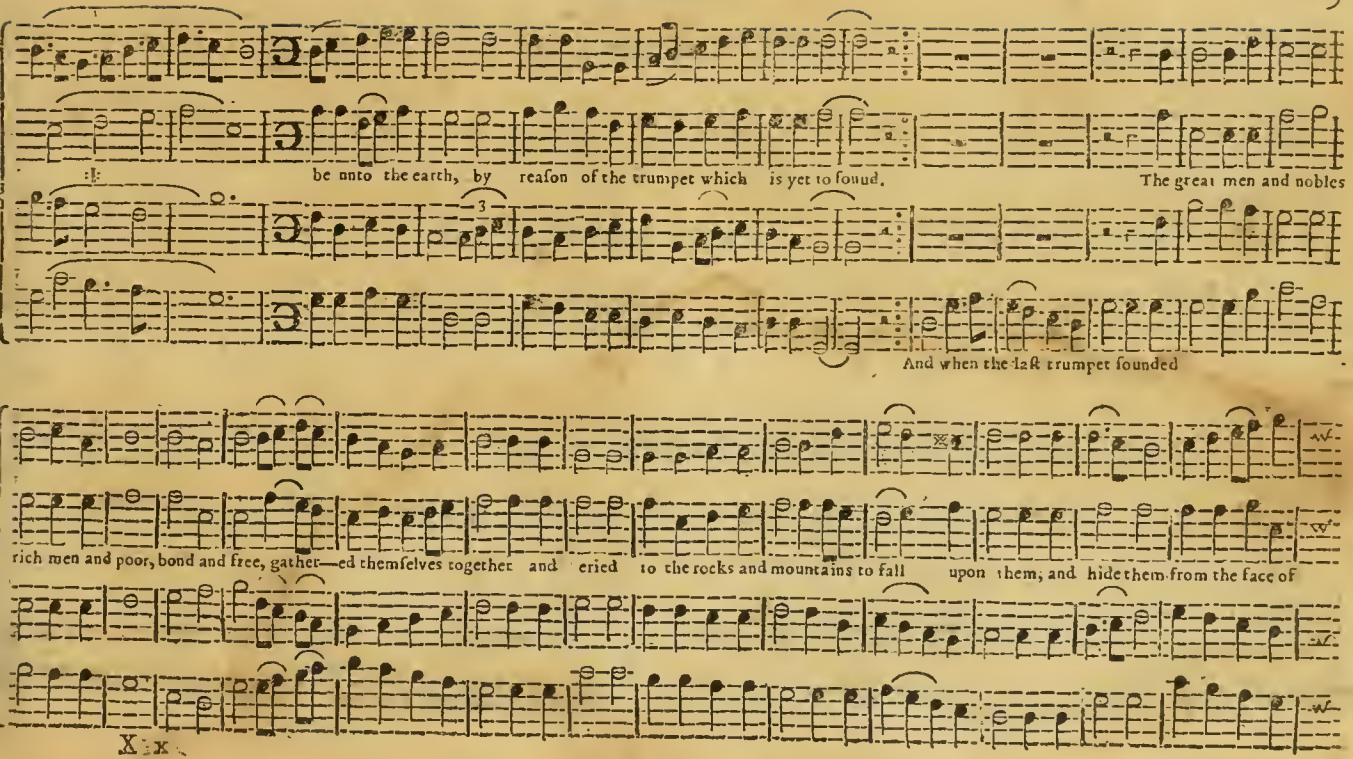
Continued.

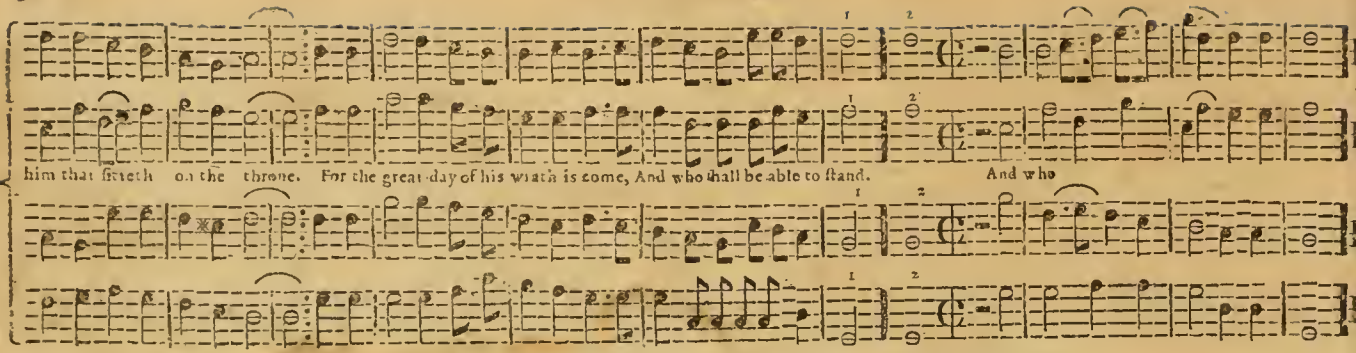

and all huzza
welcome
and all huzza :‖: :‖:
and all huzza :‖: :‖:
and all
Their friends assembled on the wharf to welcome them on shore.
here again, welcome home, welcome here again— :‖:
Welcome :‖: welcome home :‖:
Welcome here again :‖: :‖: :‖:
Welcome here again :‖:


Thousands
I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number;
Thousands
Thousands
Thousands of thousands and ten thousands —
Stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their
thousands of thousands Stood

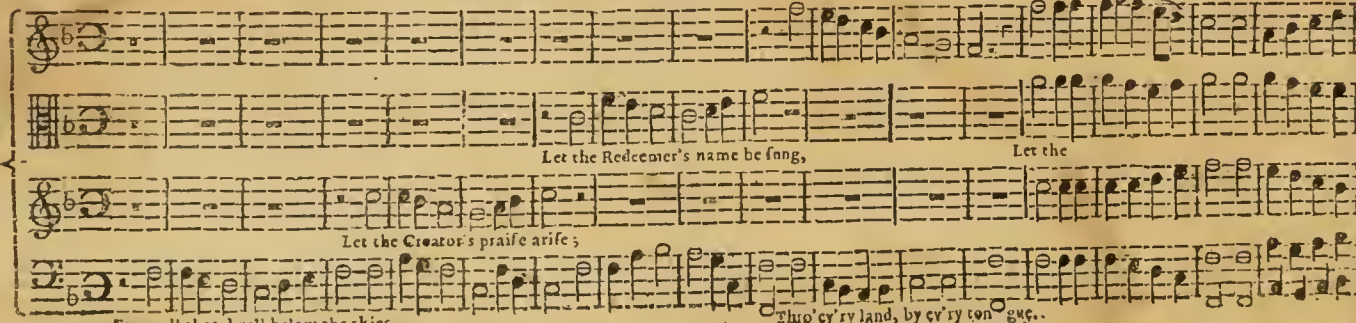
Continued.

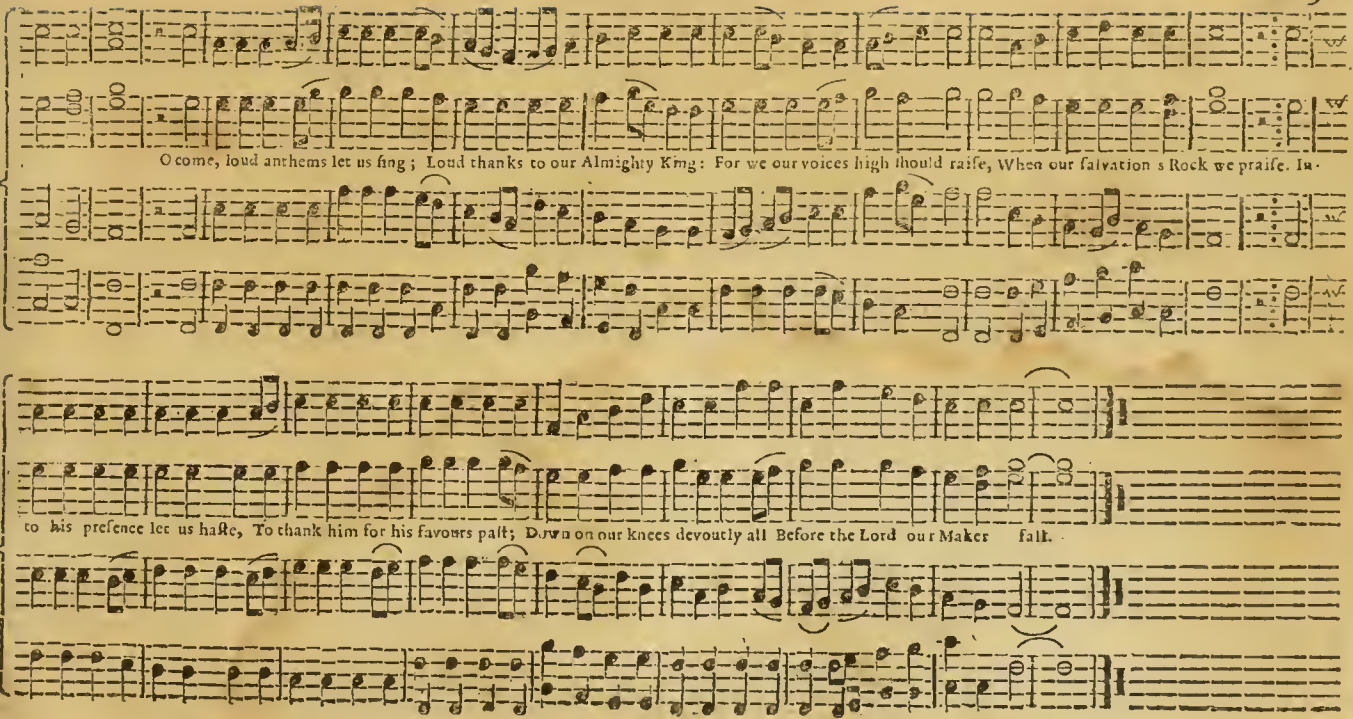

hands, And they ceafe not day nor night, faying, Holy, . holy, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, Who was, and is, and is to come.
And I heard a . mighty . angel
fly - - ing thro'the midft of heav'n, faying with a loud voice, Wo

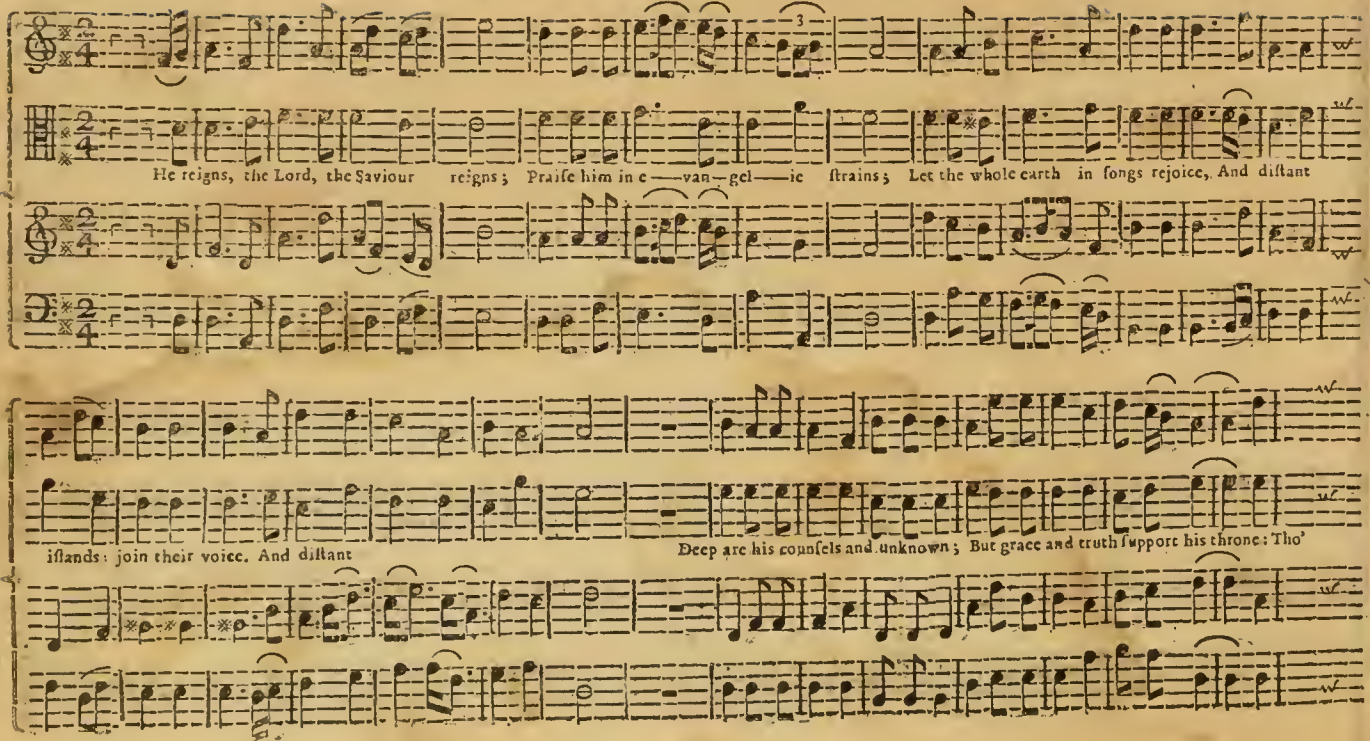

be unto the earth, by reason of the trumpet which is yet to sound.
The great men and nobles
And when the last trumpet sounded
rich men and poor, bond and free, gather—ed themselves together and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall upon them; and hide them from the face of

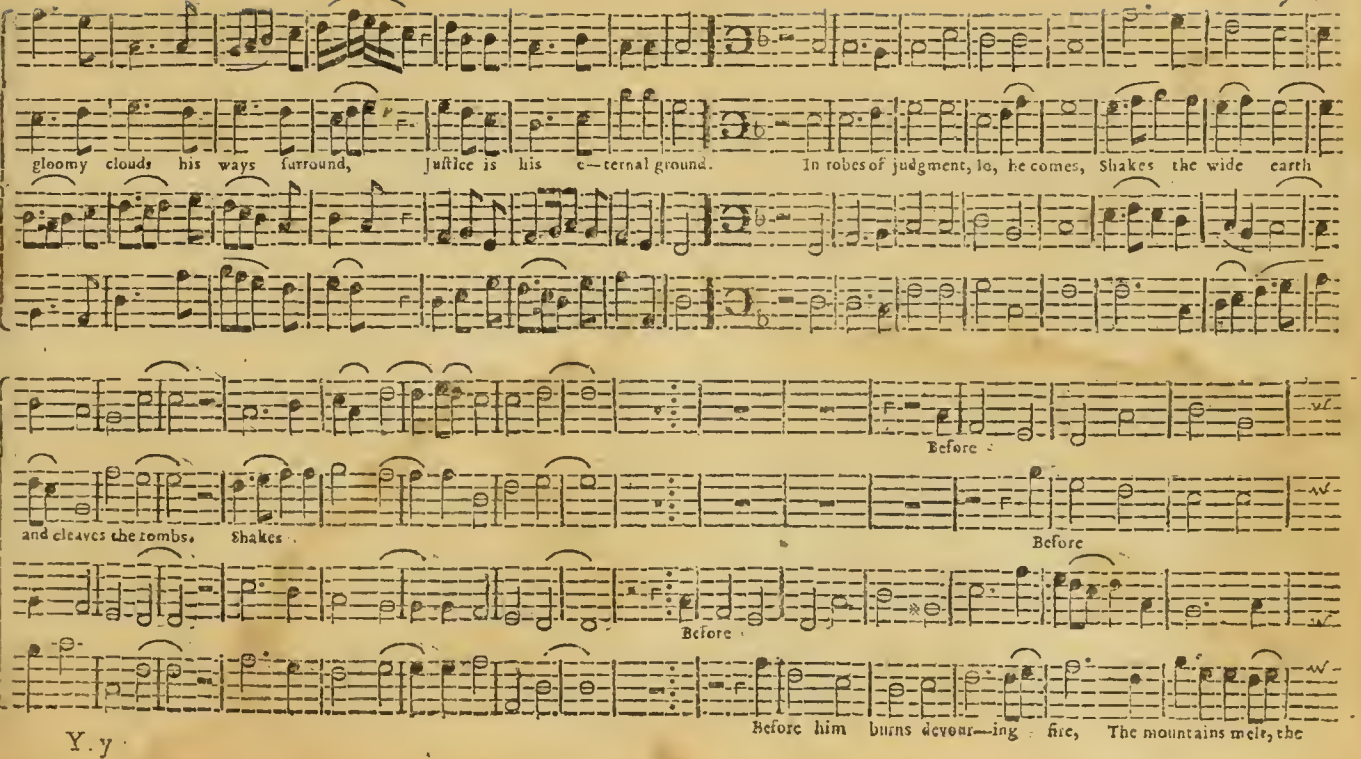


STOCKBRIDGE. 117th, D. W.

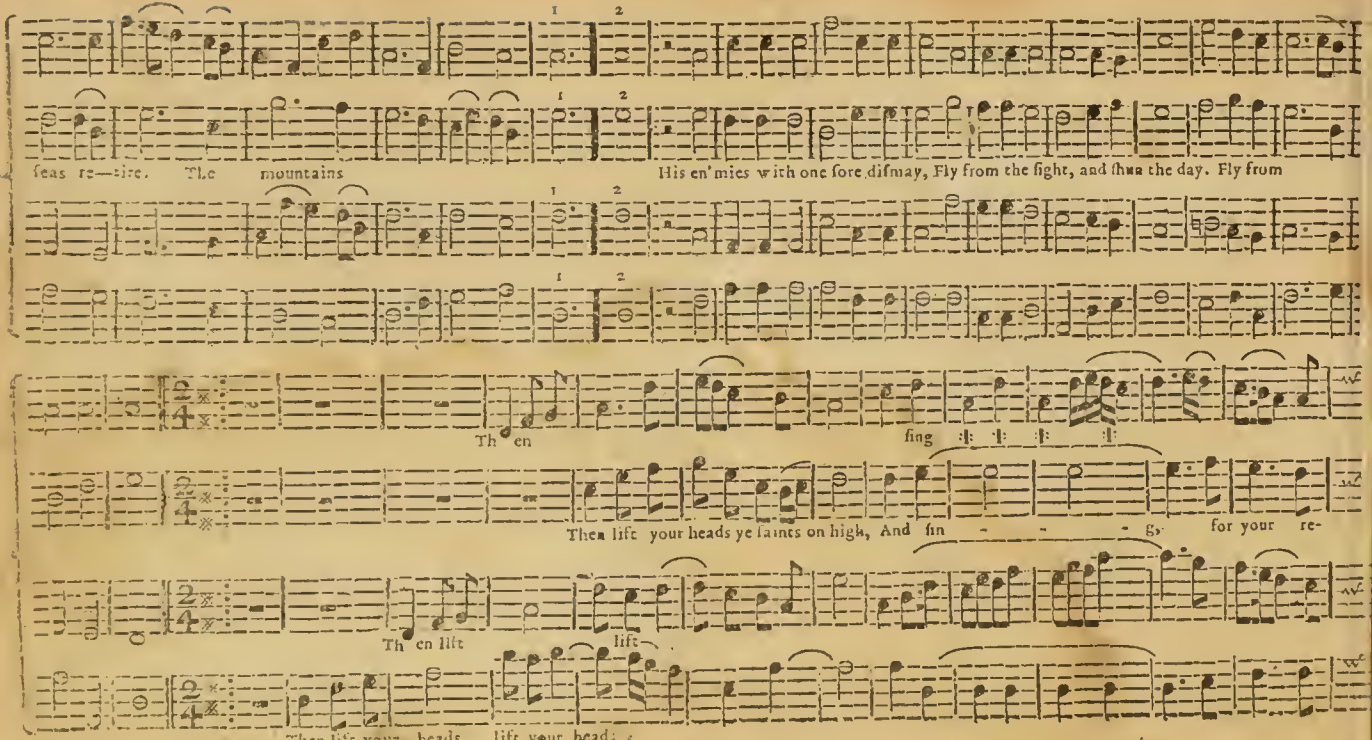



O come, loud anthems let us ſing; Loud thanks to our Almighty King: For we our voices high ſhould raiſe, When our ſalvation's Rock we praiſe. In
to his preſence let us haſte, To thank him for his favours paſt; Down on our knees devoutly all Before the Lord our Maker fall.


He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns; Praise him in e—van—gel—ic ſtrains; Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice, And diſtant
iſlands join their voice. And diſtant
Deep are his counſels and unknown; But grace and truth ſupport his throne: Tho'


gloomy clouds his ways surround, Justice is his e—ternal ground. In robes of judgment, lo, he comes, Shakes the wide earth
Before
and cleaves the tombs. Shakes
Before
Before
Before him burns devour—ing fire, The mountains melt, the

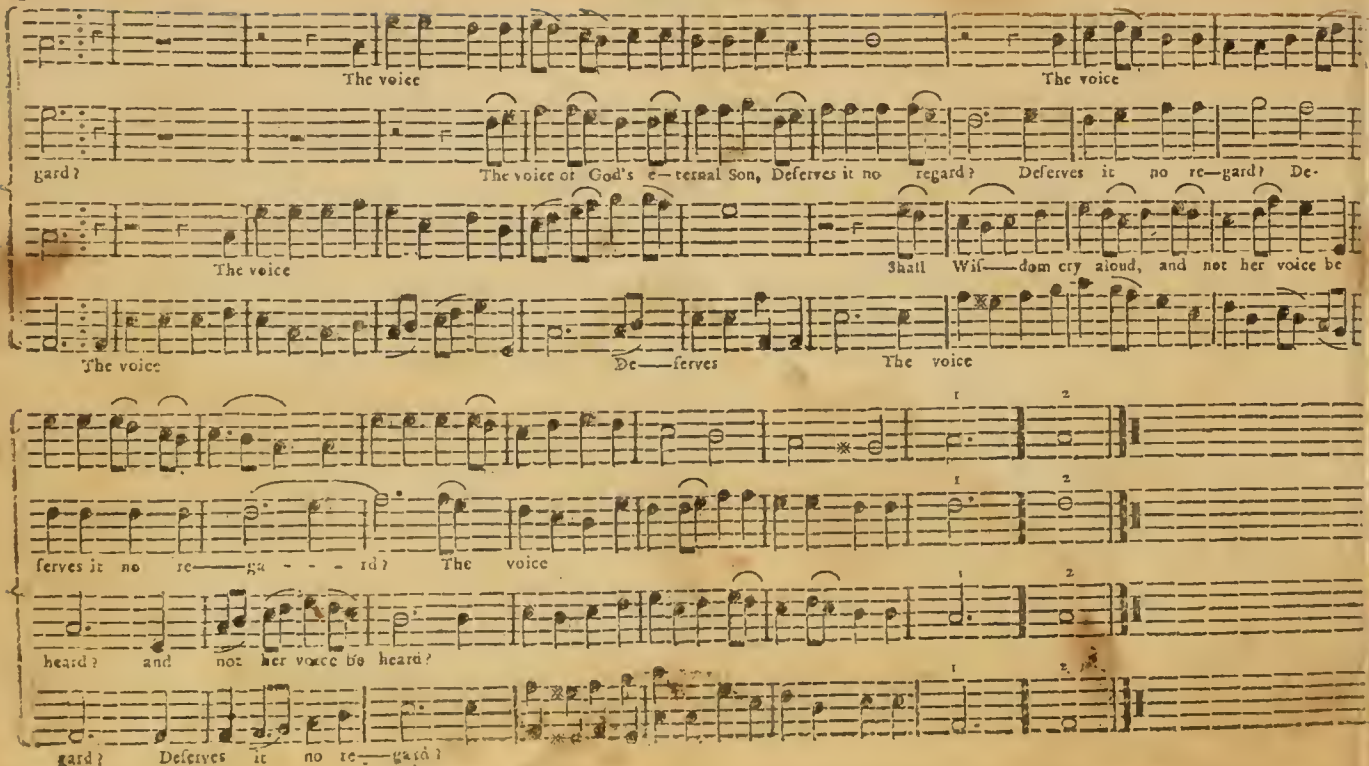
Continued.

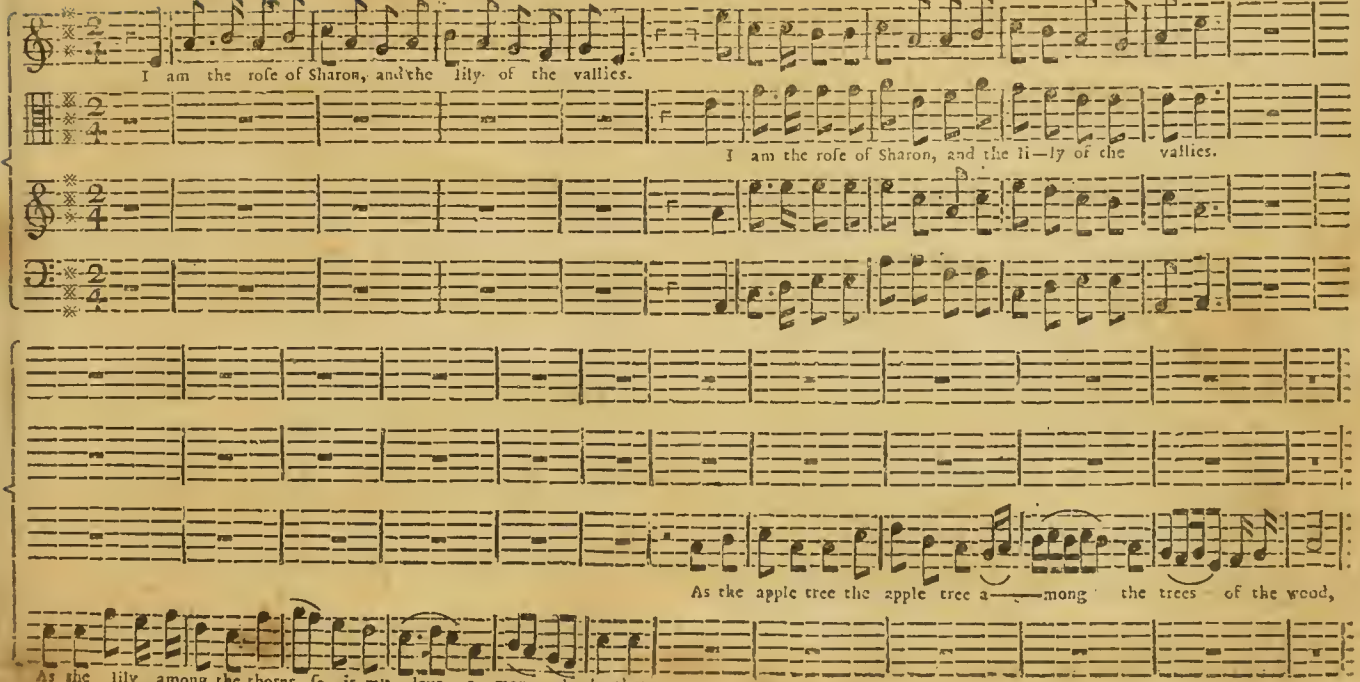

1 2
seas re—tire. The mountains
His en'mies with one fore difmay, Fly from the fight, and fhun the day. Fly from
Th en
fing
Then lift your heads ye faints on high, And fin - - - - g, for your re-
Th en lift
lift
Then lift your heads, lift your heads

demption's nigh. Then lift

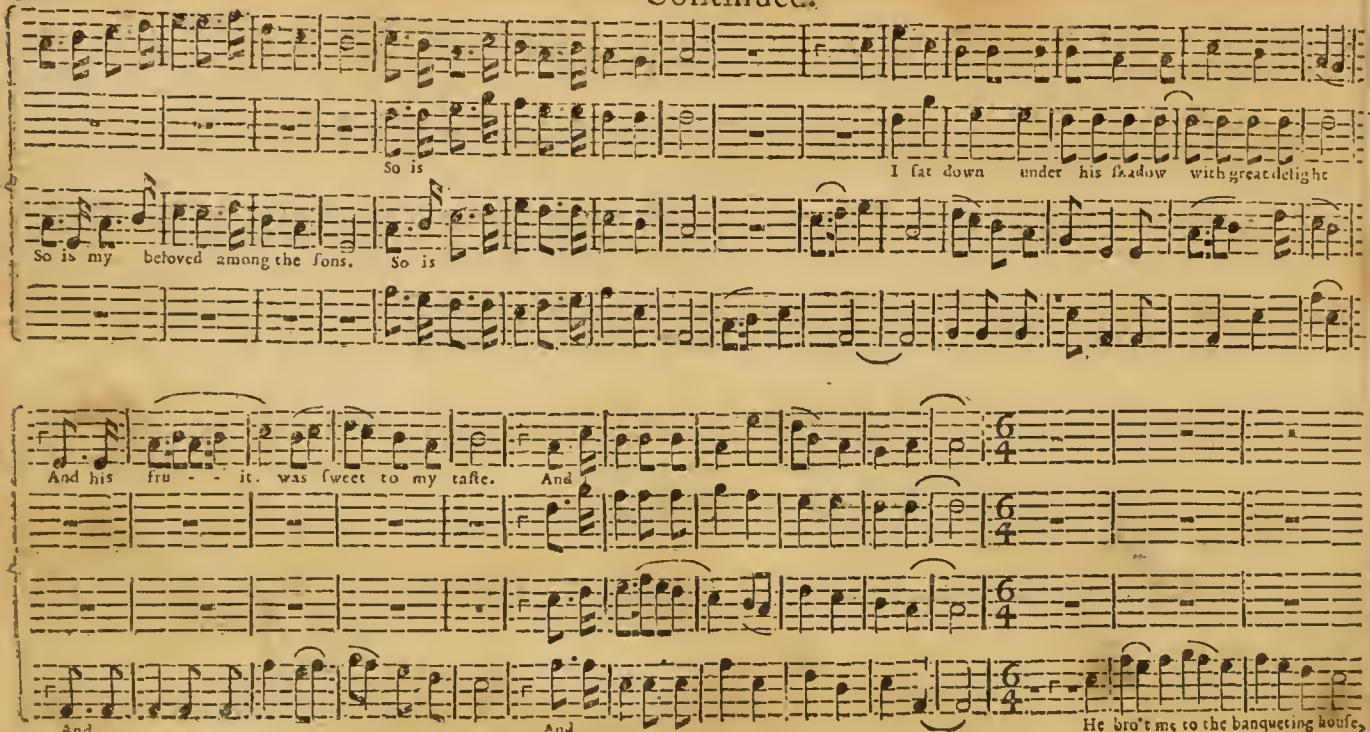
FRAMINGHAM.

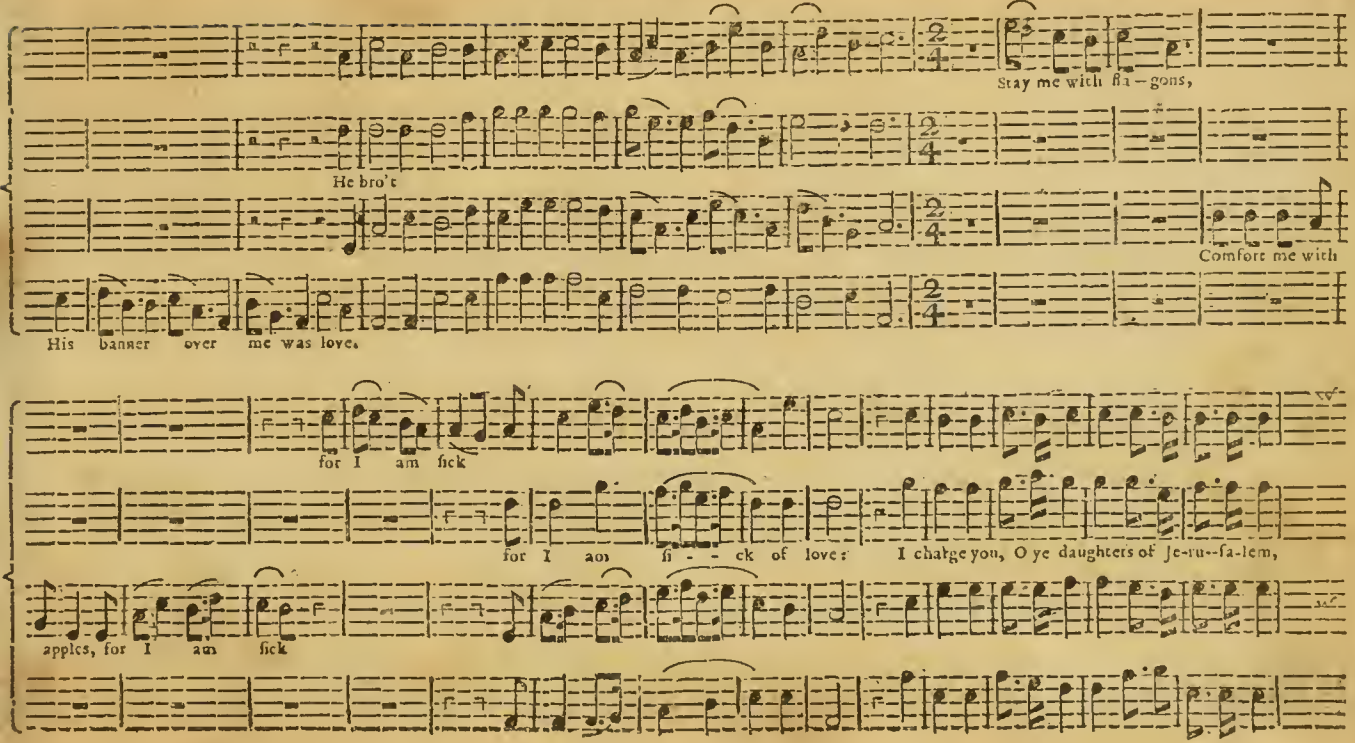
Shall Wisdom cry aloud And not her voice be heard? The voice of God's e—ter—nal Son, Deserves it no re-


The voice
The voice
gard? The voice of God's e—ternal Son, Deserves it no regard? Deserves it no re—gard? De-
The voice
Shall Wis—dom cry aloud, and not her voice be
The voice
De—serves
The voice
serves it no re——ga - - - rd? The voice
heard? and not her voice be heard?
gard? Deserves it no re—gard?

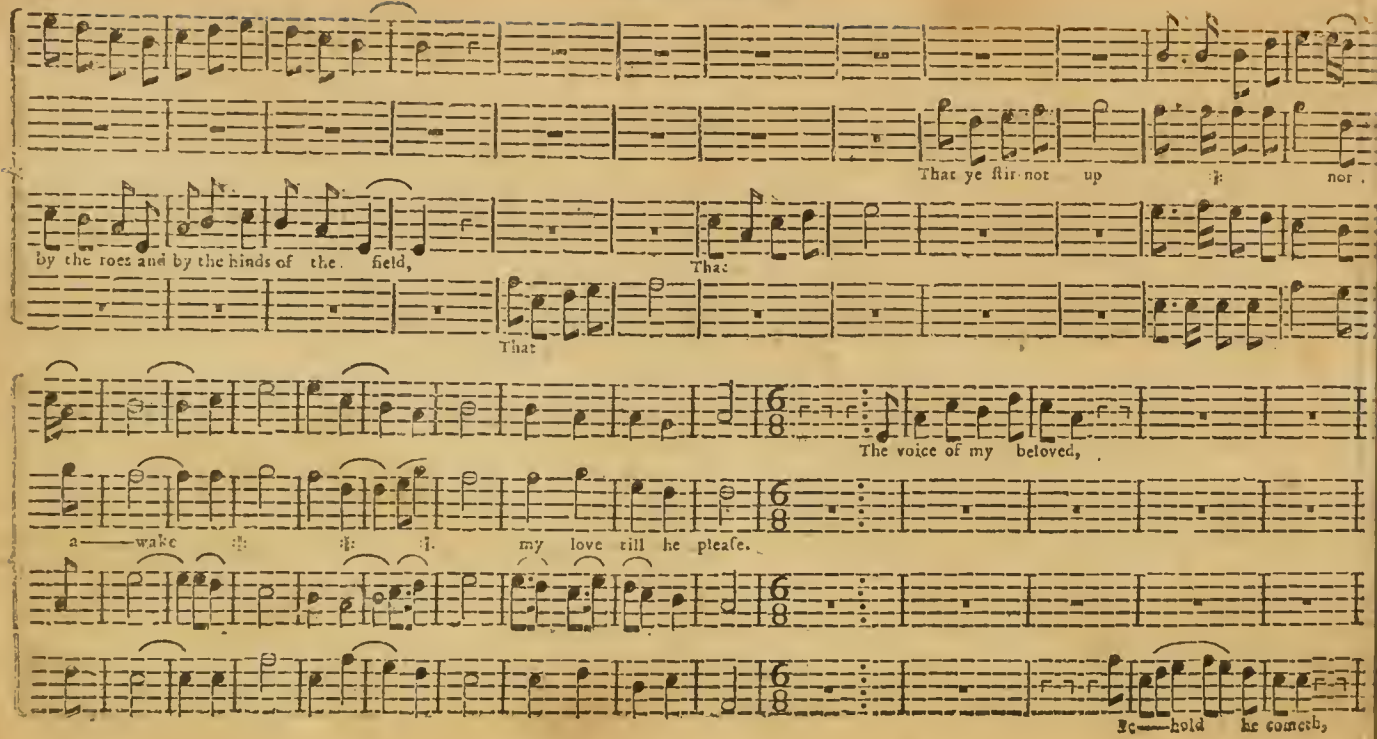

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the vallies.
I am the rose of Sharon, and the li—ly of the vallies.
As the apple tree the apple tree a——mong the trees of the wood,
As the lily among the thorns, so is my love a—mong the daughters.

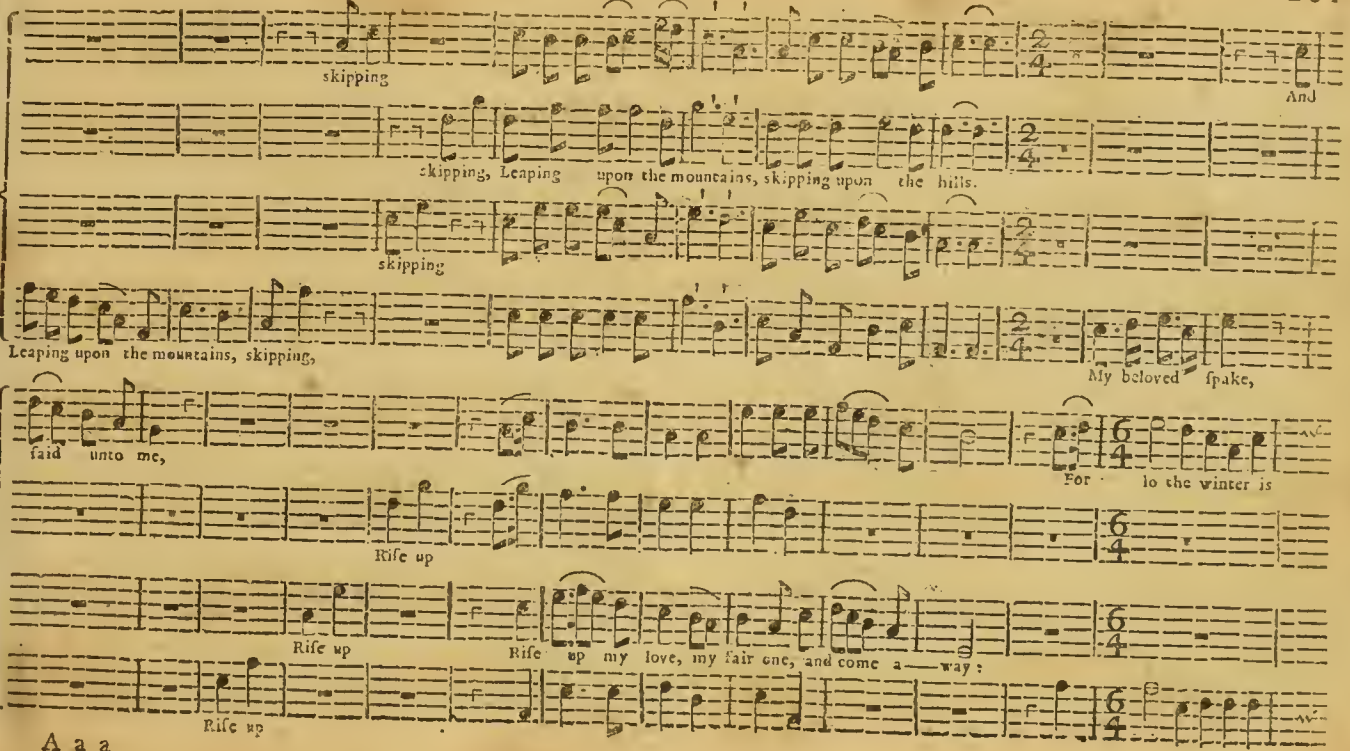
Continued.

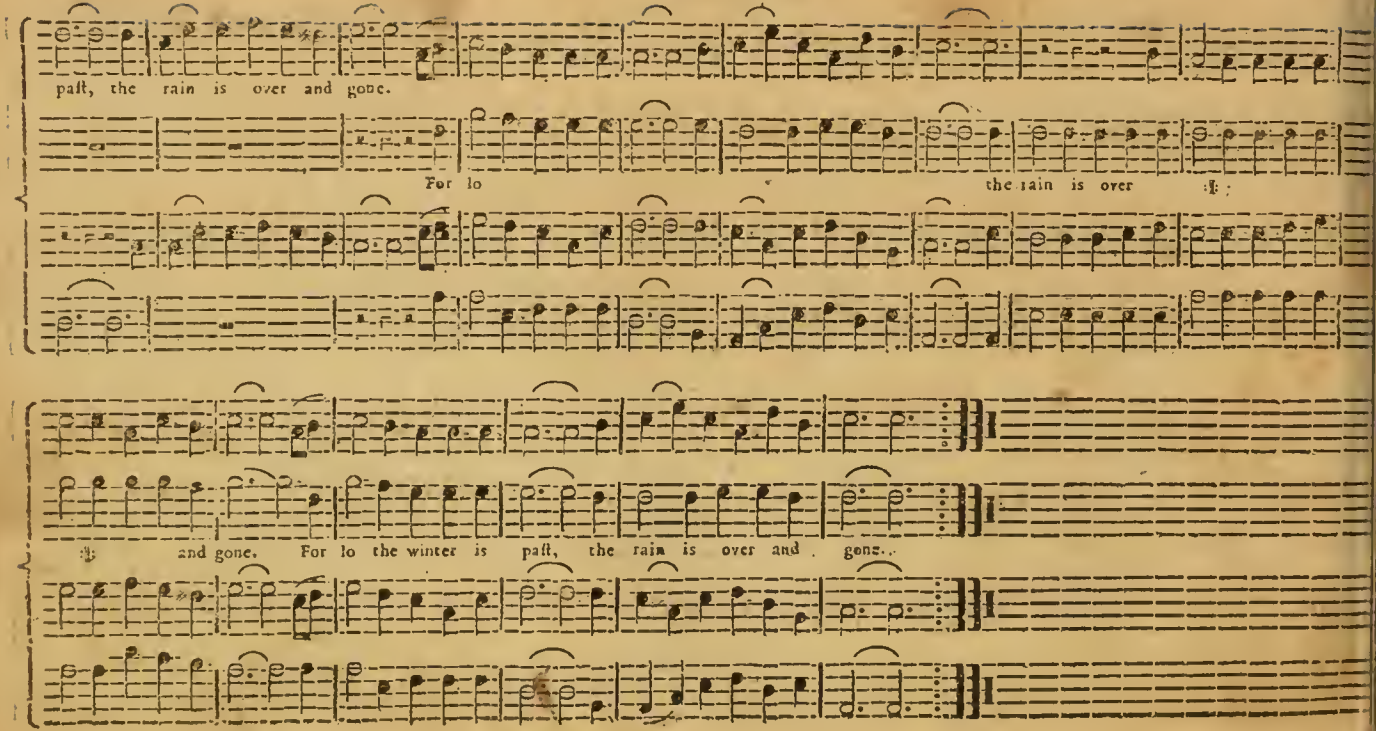

So is
I sat down under his shadow with great delight
So is my beloved among the sons.
So is
And his fru - - it. was sweet to my taste.
And
And
And
He bro't me to the banqueting house,

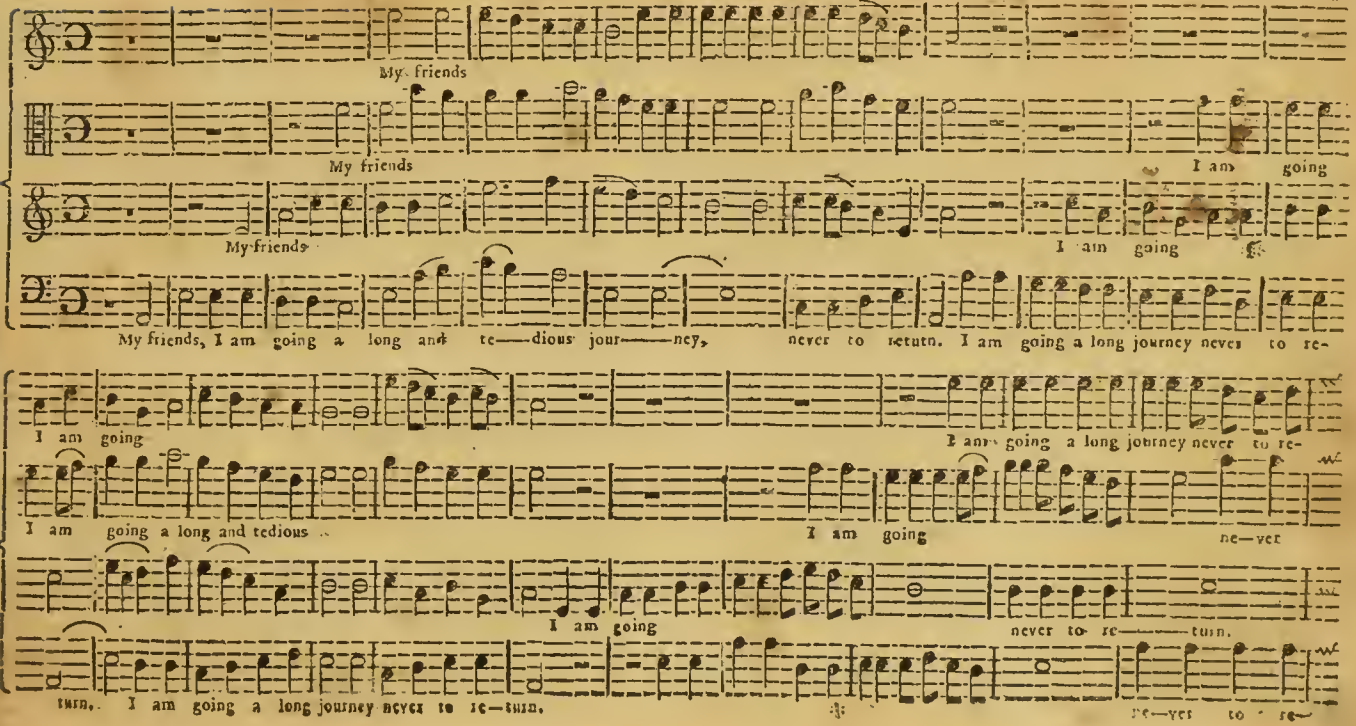

Stay me with fla-gons,
He bro't
Comfort me with
His banner over me was love.
for I am sick
for I am si - - ck of love: I charge you, O ye daughters of Je-ru--sa-lem,
apples, for I am sick

Continued.

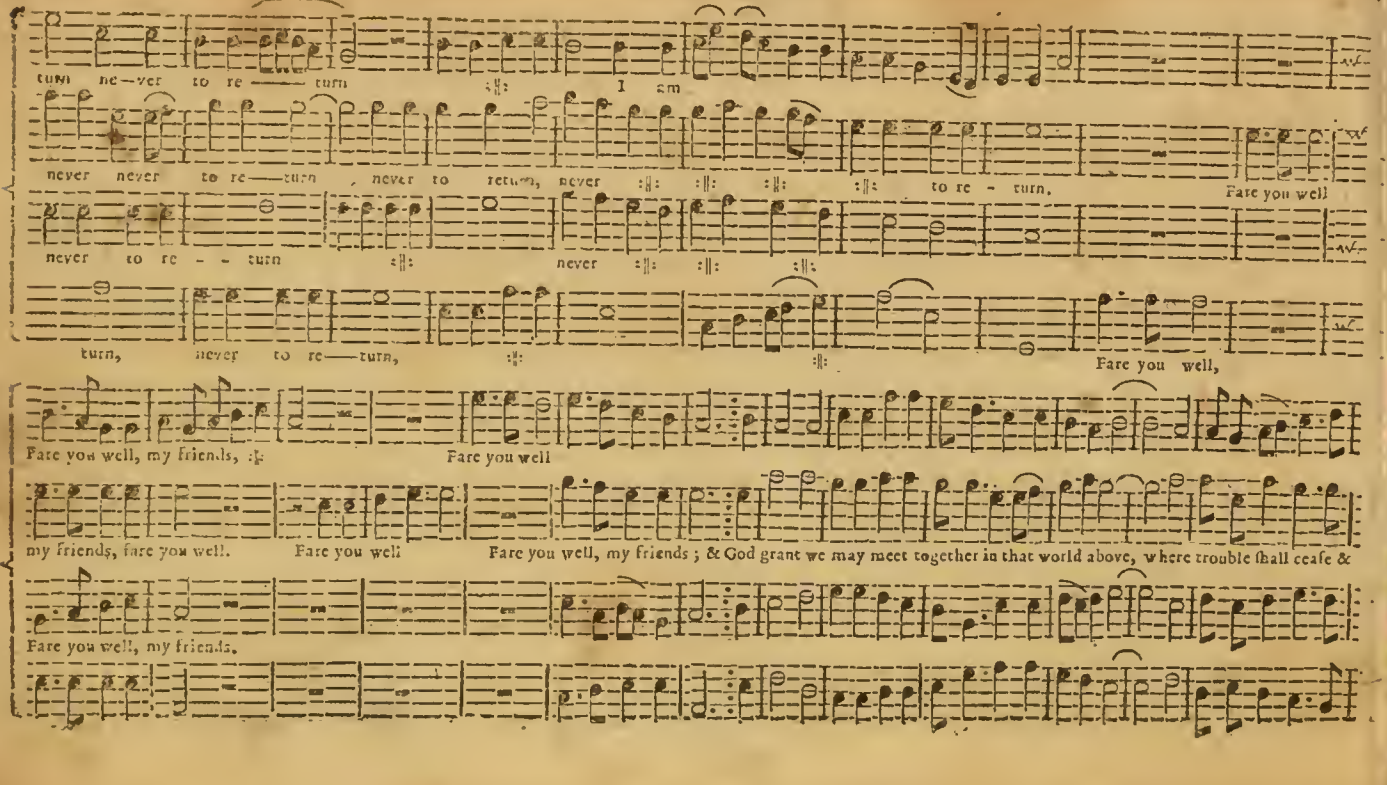

That ye stir not up nor
by the roes and by the hinds of the field,
That
That
The voice of my beloved,
a—wake my love till he pleaſe.
Be—hold he cometh,

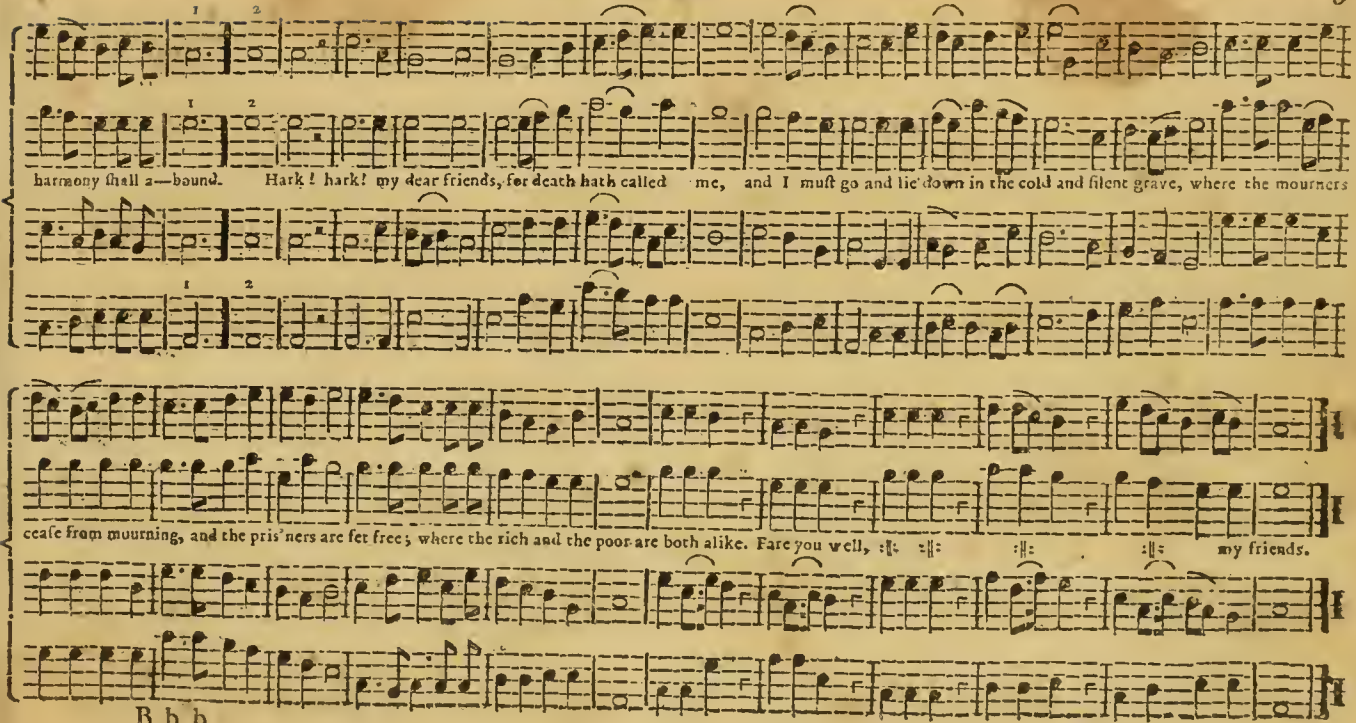

skipping
And
skipping, Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
skipping
Leaping upon the mountains, skipping,
My beloved spake,
said unto me,
For lo the winter is
Rise up
Rise up
Rise up my love, my fair one, and come a——way:
Rise up

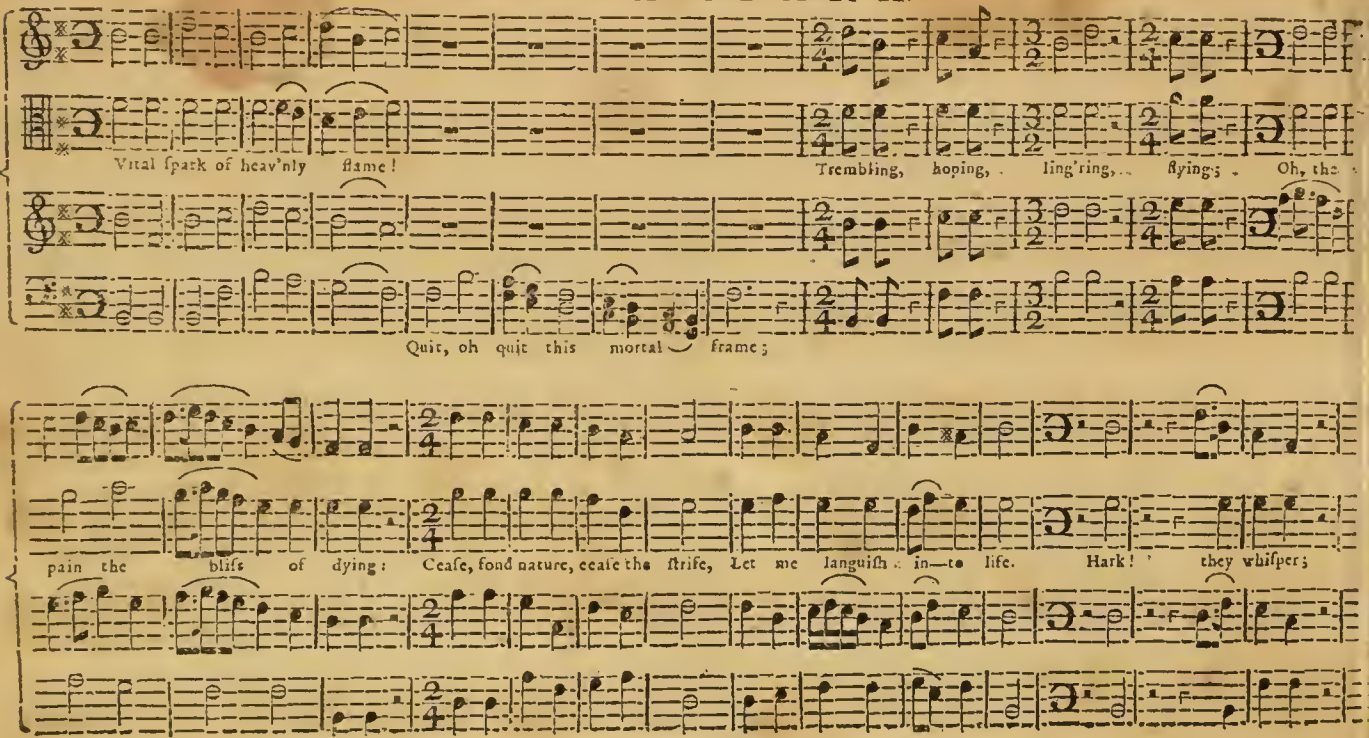

past, the rain is over and gone.
For lo the rain is over
and gone. For lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

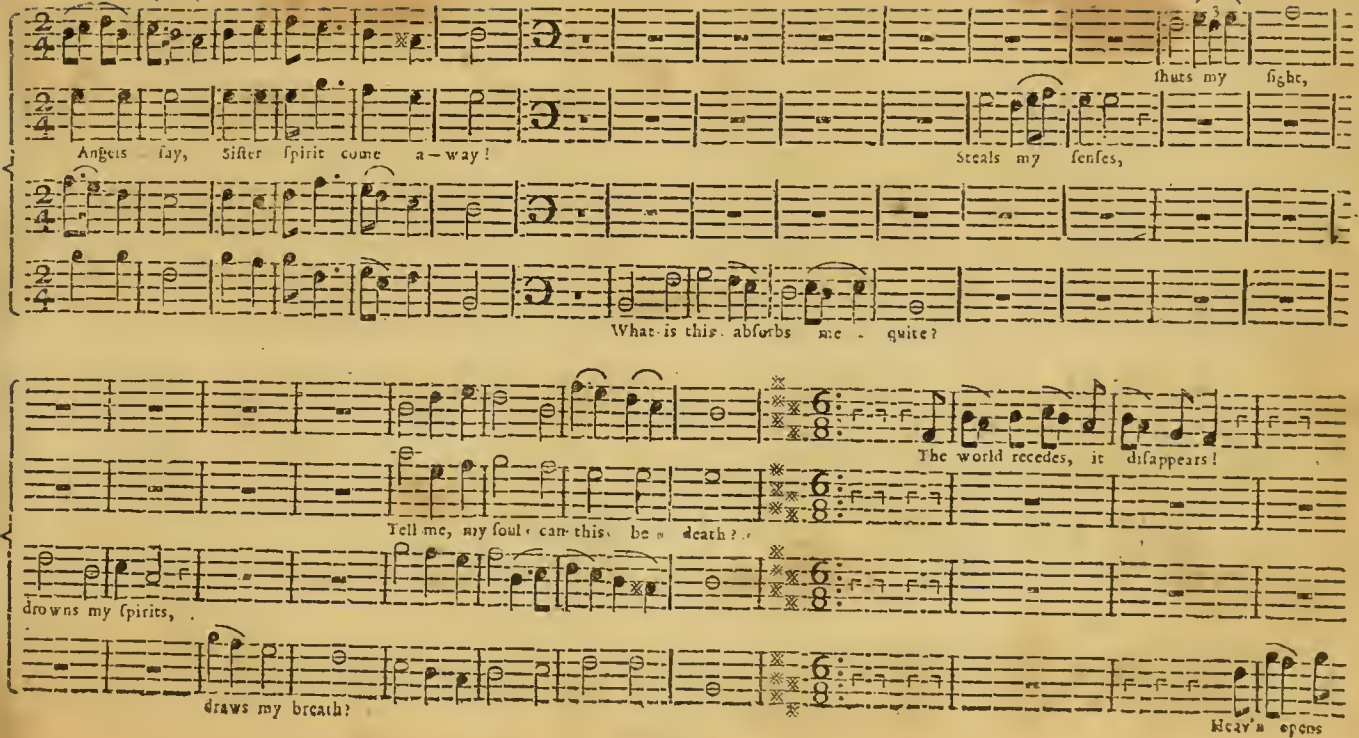

My friends
My friends
I am going
My friends
I am going
My friends, I am going a long and te——dious jour——ney, never to return. I am going a long journey never to re-
I am going
I am going a long journey never to re-
I am going a long and tedious
I am going
ne—ver
I am going
never to re———turn.
turn. I am going a long journey never to re—turn.
ne—ver to re-

Continued.

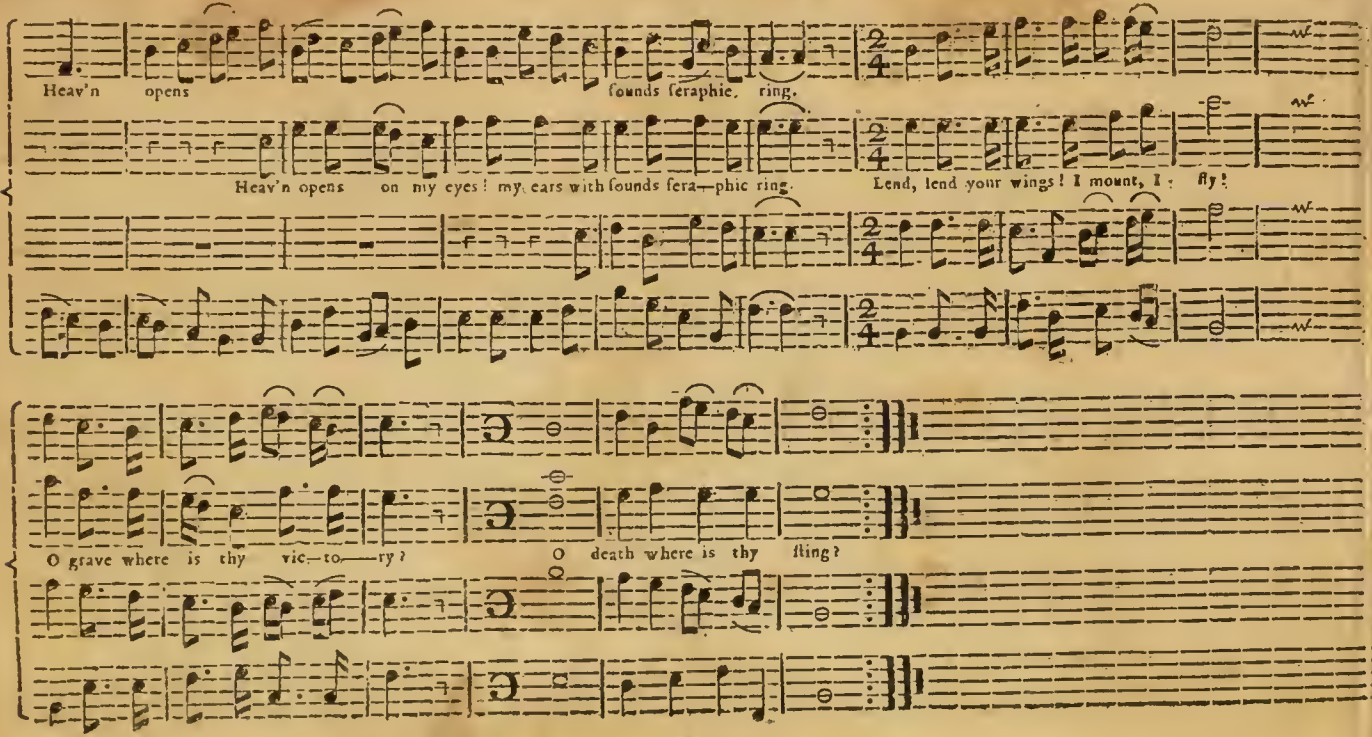

turn ne—ver to re—— turn
I am
never never to re—turn, never to return, never
to re - turn,
Fare you well
never to re - - turn
never
turn, never to re—turn,
Fare you well,
Fare you well, my friends,
Fare you well
my friends, fare you well.
Fare you well
Fare you well, my friends; & God grant we may meet together in that world above, where trouble shall ceafe &
Fare you well, my friends.

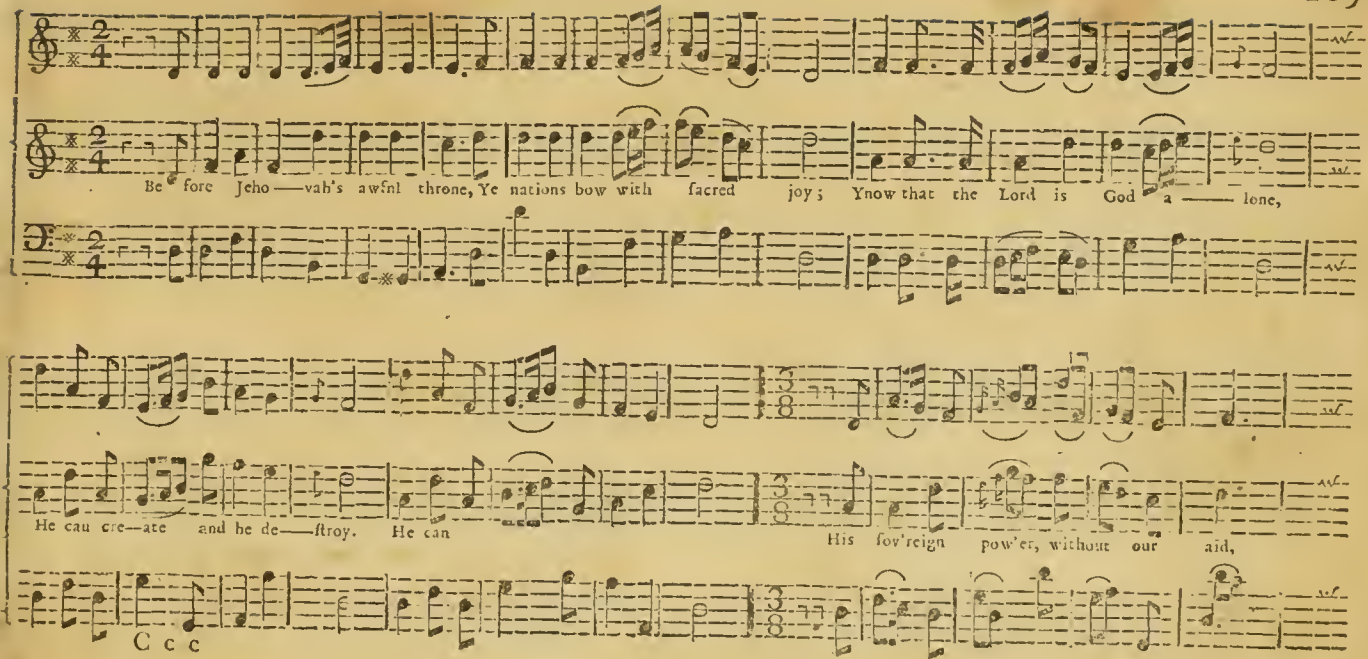

harmony shall a—bound. Hark! hark! my dear friends, for death hath called me, and I must go and lie down in the cold and silent grave, where the mourners
cease from mourning, and the pris'ners are set free; where the rich and the poor are both alike. Fare you well, my friends.


Vital ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying; Oh, the
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
pain the bliſs of dying: Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe the ſtrife, Let me languiſh in—to life. Hark! they whiſper;

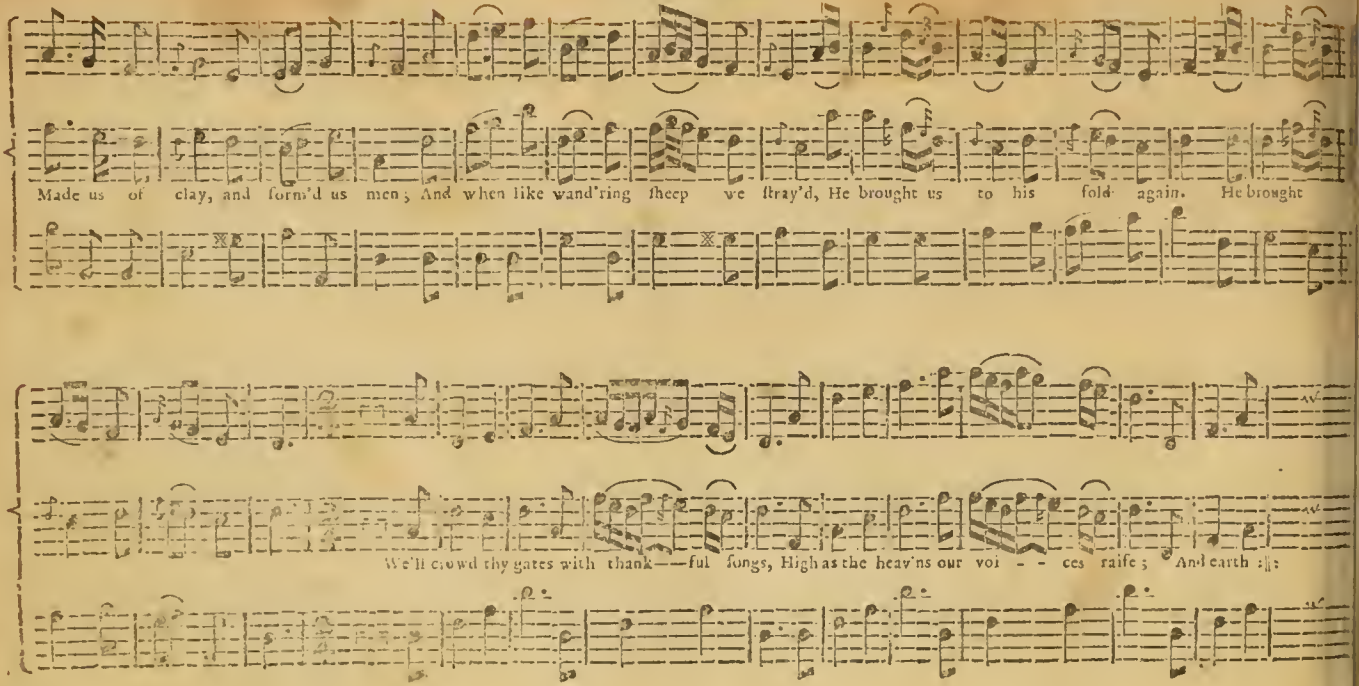

shuts my sight,
Angels say, Sister spirit come a-way!
Steals my senses,
What is this absorbs me quite?
The world recedes, it disappears!
Tell me, my soul can this be death?
drowns my spirits,
draws my breath?
Heav'n opens

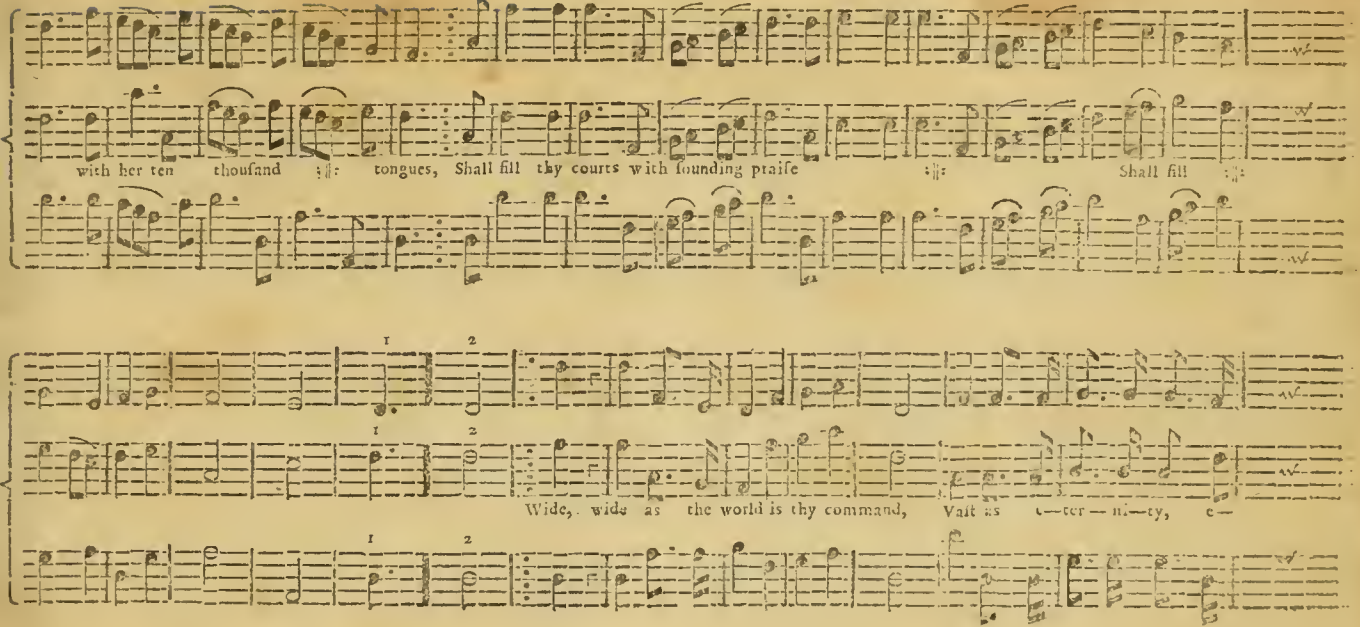
Continued.


Heav'n opens
founds seraphic ring.
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears with founds sera—phic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave where is thy vic—to—ry?
O death where is thy sting?

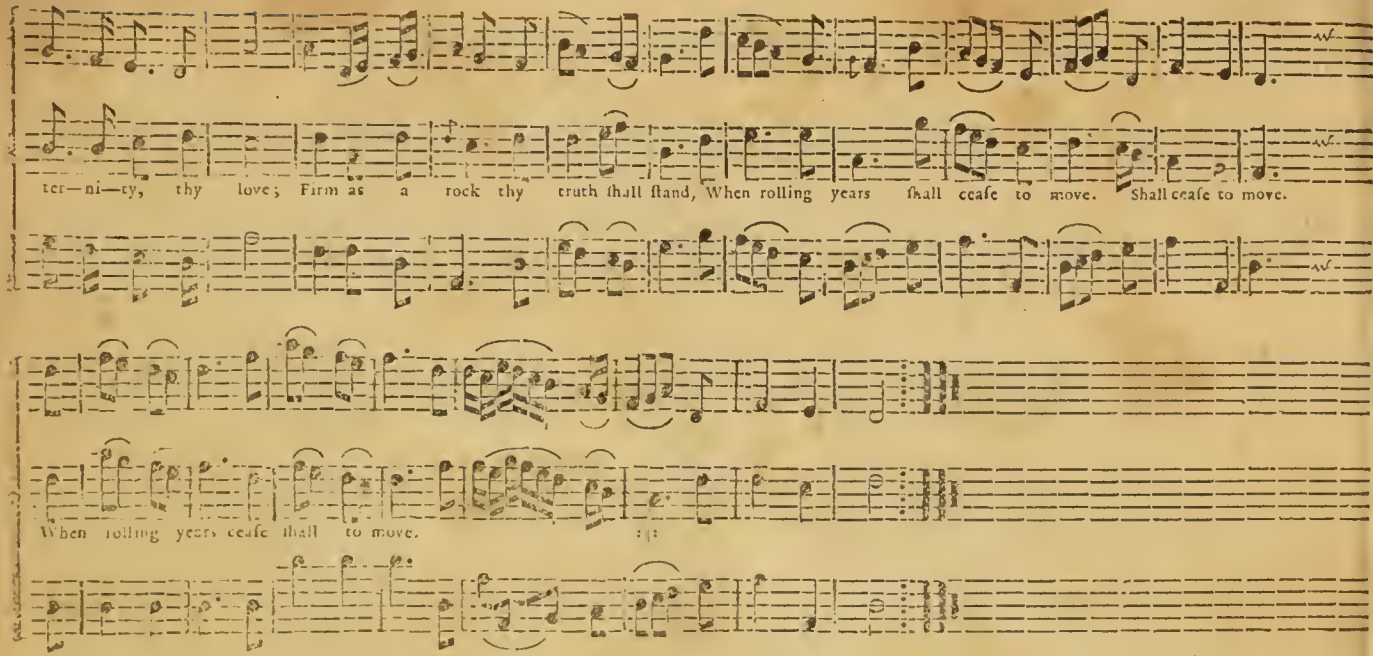

Be fore Jeho—vah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with facred joy; Know that the Lord is God a—lone,
He can cre—ate and he de—ſtroy. He can His ſov'reign pow'er, without our aid,
C c c

Continued.


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
We'll crowd thy gates with thank——ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - - ces raise; And earth :‖:


with her ten thoufand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with founding praiſe Shall fill
1 2
1 2
Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vaſt as e—ter—ni—ty, e—
1 2

Continued.



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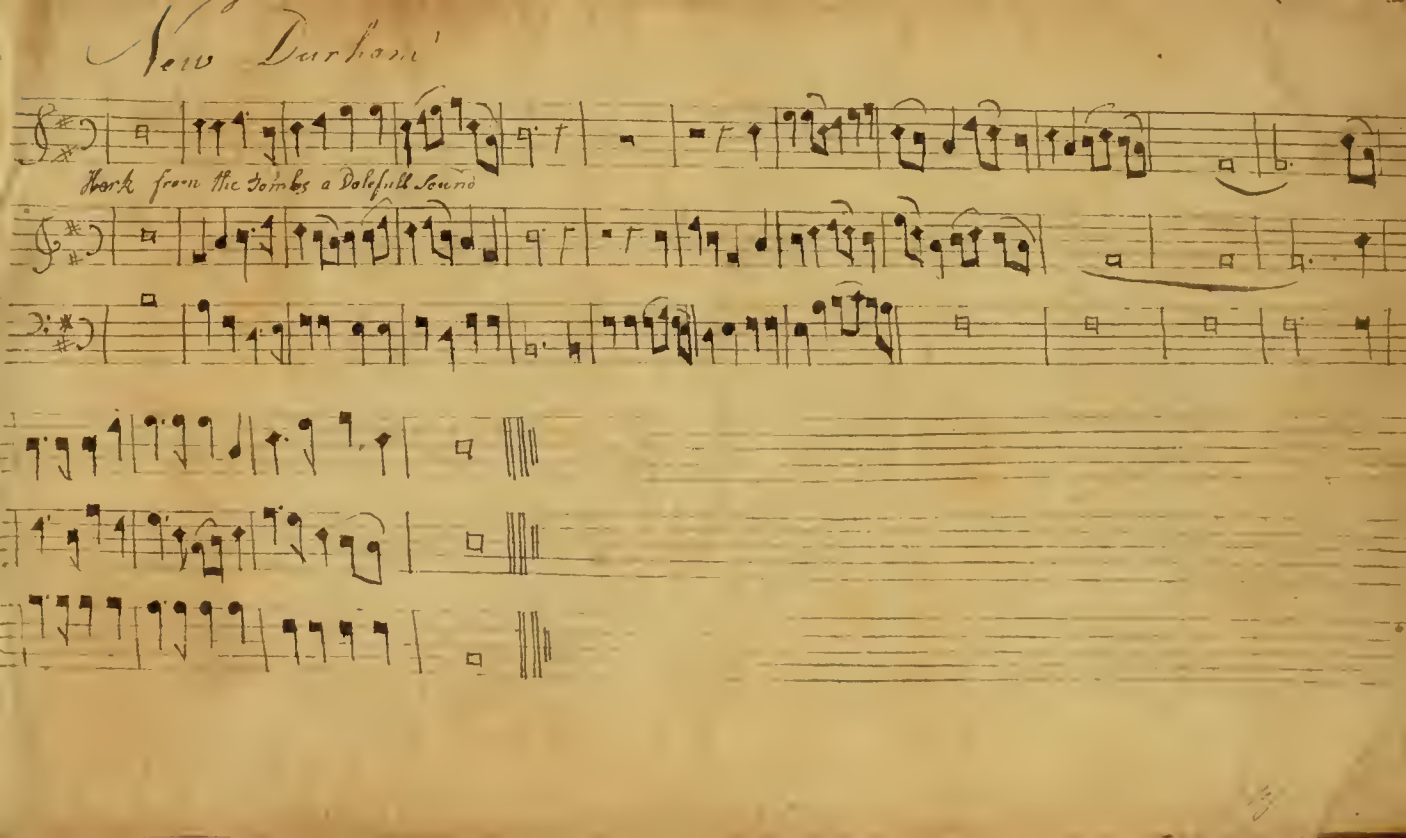
New Durham
Hark from the Tombs a Dolefull Sound