

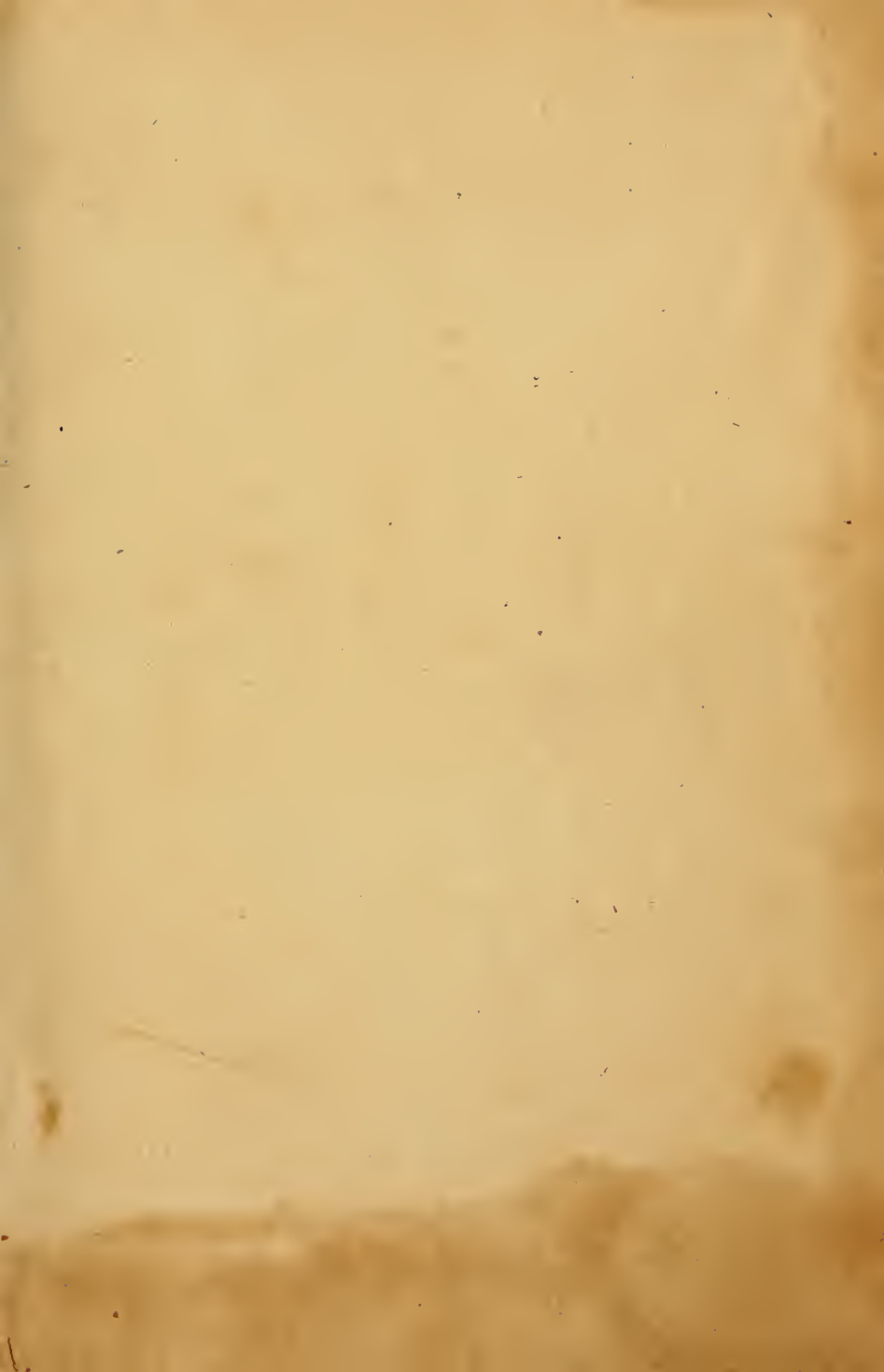



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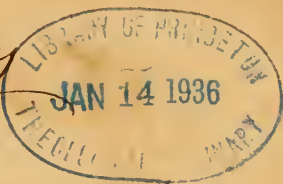






*Sam<sup>l</sup> Bradley*

*John Bradley*  
*AD*



*COLLECTION*  
*of Psalm Tunes*  
*IN IV PARTS;*

*Each Tune being intitled with a proper Psalm from the*

*Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr. Watts.*

*For the Use of Dissenting Meeting Houses*

*PRINTED*

*BY*

*Michael Broome*

*BIRMINGHAM.*





A N  
HISTORICAL ACCOUNT  
O F  
M U S I C K,

And of its DIVINE and CIVIL USES;

Collected from several A U T H O R S.

**T**HE late Ingenious Mr. Thomas Brown, in his Preface to the Compleat Musick Master, hath these Words; *What Eloquence has Power sufficient to describe the Charms of that heavenly Art, which persuades and captivates us more than the most prevailing Oratory? Or what Need is there to enlarge on the Merits of Harmony, which carries its own Commendation along with it? It gently breathes and vents the Mourner's Grief, and heightens the Joy of them that are Chearful; It abateth Spleen and Hatred: It inspires the Soldier with Valour and Contempt of Death, for which Reason it was always encouraged by those Nations that were most celebrated for military Discipline: It soothes the pleasing Disquietudes and Pains of Lovers: It relieves the haughty Monarch under his most pensive Intervals, and communicates its enlivening Influence to the Miserable of all Sorts: It is the Darling of Palaces, and the comforting Genius of the meanest Cottages: It not only softens, but triumphs over the Passions: It disarms Envy: It alleviates and extinguishes Grief: It bestows a new Vigour upon Joy, and makes our most exquisite Pleasures the more palatable: Neither is it excluded from the most awful and sacred Assemblies, but even in the Infancy of Christianity was admitted into the Church; and indeed, what Places are so proper for Harmony, as those Places which are consecrated to the infinite Author of Harmony? It gives a new Force and Edge to Devotion; it carries our Thoughts up to Heaven, makes us taste the Joys of it here upon Earth, and raiseth us to the Felicity of Angels.*

You that the King of Kings would jointly praise above,  
Learn first in Concert here t'express your ardent Love.

————— All that we know

Of what the Blessed do Above,

Is, that they Sing, and that they Love.

And that Above we may be sure to know

Our Parts, these Psalms we practise here below;

And while we Sing, we consecrate our Art.

And offer up with every Tongue a Heart.

*Having ascribed such noble Qualities to Musick, it may, perhaps seem Beneath its Commendation to observe, that nothing is so great an Ornament to a young Gentleman as it is: It gives a happy Bent and Elevation to his Thoughts: It refines and polishes his Manners, and is so far from hindring*



## An Historical Account of Musick.

him in his Application to Business, that it secures him from those Temptations to which Plenty and Idleness exposes those Persons who don't know how to employ their vacant Hours, otherwise than in unlawful Pleasures, &c.

M<sup>r</sup>. John Playford, in the Preface of his Introduction to the Skill of Musick, tells us, That antient Philosophers accounted it an Invention of the Gods, bestowing it on Men to make them better-conditioned than bare Nature afforded, and concludes a special Necessity thereof in the Education of Children; partly from its natural Delight, and partly from the Efficacy it has in moving the Affections to Virtue, comprehending chiefly these three Arts in the Education of Youth, viz Grammar, Musick, and Gymnastick; the last of which being for the Exercise of their Limbs, &c.

Musick is an Art unspeakable, divine and excellent, by which a true Concordance of Sounds or Harmony is produced, that rejoiceth and cheareth the Hearts of Men; and hath in all Ages, and in all Countries, been highly revered and esteemed: By the Jews, for Religion and divine Worship in the Service of God, as appears by Scripture By the Grecians and Romans, to induce Virtue and Gravity, and to incite to Courage and Valour.

Great Disputes were among Ethnick Authors about the first Inventor; some for Orpheus; some Linus; both famous Poets and Musicians.

Others for Amphion whose Musick drew Stones to the Building of the Walls of Thebes, as Orpheus had by the harmonious Touch of his Harp, moved the wild Beasts and Trees to Dance; But the true Meaning thereof is, That by Virtue of their Musick, and their wise and pleasing musical Poems, the one brought the Savage and Beast-like Thracians to Humanity and Gentleness; the other persuaded the rude and careless Thebans to the Fortifying of their City, and to a civil Conversation.

The Egyptians, to Apollo, attributing the first Invention of the Harp to him; and certainly they had an high Esteem of the Excellency of Musick, to make Apollo (who was the God of Wisdom) to be the God of Musick: But the People of God do truly acknowledge a far more antient Inventor of this divine Art, Jubal, the Sixth from Adam, who, as it is recorded, Gen. 4. 27. was the Father of all that handled the Harp or Organ.

St. Augustine goeth yet farther, shewing that it is the Gift of God himself, and a Representation, or Admonition of the sweet Consent and Harmony which his Wisdom hath made, in the Creation and Administration of the World; and well may it be term'd a Divine and Mysterious Art; for, among all those rare Arts and Sciences, with which God hath endow'd Men, Musick is the most Sublime and Excellent for its wonderful Effects and Inventions. It hath been the Study of Millions of Men for a great many Ages; yet none ever attained the full Scope and Perfection thereof, but still there appeared new Matter for their Inventions; and, which is still more wonderful, the whole Mystery of this Art is compris'd in the Compass of three Notes or Sounds, which is most ingeniously observ'd by Mr. Christopher Symphon, in his Division Violist, Pag. 18. in these Words: All Sounds that can possibly be joined at once together, in Musical Concordance, are still but the reiterated Harmony in Three: A significant Emblem.

## An Historical Account of Musick.

Emblem of that supream and incomprehensible Trinity, *Three in One*, governing and disposing the whole Machine of the World in a perfect Harmony of Sounds there is some great and hidden Mystery, above what hath been yet discovered; and Mrs. *Catherine Phillips*, in her *Entomium* on Mr. *Henry Laws's* Second Book of *Airs*, hath finely descanted on this Subject as follows:

*Nature*, which in the vast Creation's Soul,  
That steddily curious Agent in the whole,  
The Art of *Heaven*, the Order of this Frame,  
Is only *Musick* in another Name.  
And as some King, conquering what was his own,  
Hath Choice of several Titles to his Crown;  
So *Harmony* on this Score now, that then,  
Yet still, is all that takes and governs Men.  
*Beauty* is but *Composure*, and we find  
*Content* is but the *Concord* of the Mind;  
*Friendship* the Union of well-tun'd Hearts;  
*Honour's* the *Chorus* of the noblest Parts.  
And all the World, on which we can reflect,  
*Musick* to th' *Ear*, or to th' *Intellect*.

The first and chief Use of Musick is for the Service and Praise of God, whose Gift it is. The second Use is for the Solace of Men, which, as it is agreeable unto Nature, so it is allowed by God as a temporal Blessing, to recreate and cheer Men after long Study and weary Labour in their Vocations. Eccl. 40 22. Wine and Musick rejoice the Heart. Elianus, in his *Hist. Animal*, l. 10 c. 29. writeth, that Of all the Beasts, there is none that is not delighted with Harmony, but only the As.

Mr. William Turner, (a living Author) in his Treatise intituled Sound Anatomiz'd, Pag. 13. Where, after a very agreeable Comparison between Musick and the Zodiacal Constellations, he proceeds thus: Here is a very great Mystery, which confounds all our Philosophy, and which Time will hardly, I believe, ever account for. Besides, it expresseth all the different Passions of Mankind, and not only so; but, by the Force of its prevailing Charms, it wonderfully affects them too; and to such a Degree, that Musick may be justly called an enchanting Art; by sometimes giving a loose to, and at others by bridling our unruly Inclinations, according to the Subject which is composed, and the Interweaving of the different Parts moving together in Harmony; one while inclining the Minds of People to deliver themselves up to sensual Pleasures, by indulging the insatiable carnal Appetite, which knows no Limits; and at other Times, when rightly applied, it affords such internal Comfort to them, as disengages their Thoughts from all earthly Enjoyments, and disposes the Soul to look with earnest Attention, on the only Object of its true Felicity, the Beatifick Vision. This and a great deal more may be said to display its Excellencies; altho' there are some of so unhappy a Taste, that



## An Historical Account of MUSICK.

*that instead of being delighted with it, they utterly condemn it; notwithstanding its eternal Duration in the Realms of Bliss.*

*Mr. Thomas Ravenscroft, in his Preface tells us, That in the Psalms are described the Rewards of Good, and the Punishment of Evil Men; the Rudiments of Beginners, the Progress of Proficients, and Consummation of Perfect Men. The Singing of Psalms (as say the Doctors) comforteth the Sorrowful; pacifieth the Angry; strengtheneth the Weak; humbleth the Proud; gladdeth the Humble; stirs up the Slow; reconcileth Enemies; lifteth up the Heart to Heavenly Things, and uniteth the Creature to his Creator; for whatever is in the Psalms conduceth to the Edification, Benefit and Consolation of Mankind. He concludes very pathetically, advising all that desire to exercise themselves in the Divine Praises and Precepts of the Lord, to sing the 119th Psalm, wherein (saith he) altho' even to the End of thy Life thou shalt have sought, and search'd all-thou canst, yet shalt thou never perfectly understand the Virtues and Excellencies, or reach unto the Heights and Depths which are comprehended in it; for there is hardly a Verse throughout that whole Psalm, wherein Mention is not made of God's Laws, Commandments, Testimonies and Precepts: In a Word, He that would give these Heavenly Hymns their Due, had need to compose a Psalm in Praise of the Psalms; that so, the devout and joyful Soul might with looking up to God, reflect upon its own Work, and transport itself unto the Choir of Angels and Saints, whose perpetual Task it is to Sing their Concording Parts without Pause, redoubling and descanting, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. And if Vocal Musick be not full enough, let the Instrumental be added, Rev. 15. 2. They have in their Hands the Harp of God, and sing the Song of Moses, and the Song of the Lamb, saying, Great and Marvellous are thy Works, Lord God Almighty.*

*We may conclude with saying, That Musick is as antient as Publick Worship, and has ever had the good Fortune to be approved of by all Parties, of what Denomination soever; therefore the Psalmist directs his Precepts not to any peculiar Church of God, but to all Lands, to serve the Lord with Gladness, and come before his Presence with a Song: Worshiping of God in the Beauty of Holiness; where young Men and Maids, old Men and Children, may praise the Name of the Lord. Amen.*

Angels and we, assisted by this Art,  
May sing together, tho' we dwell apart.

*Waller.*

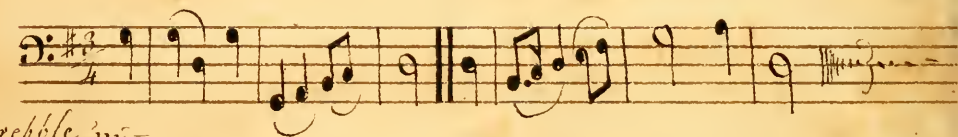
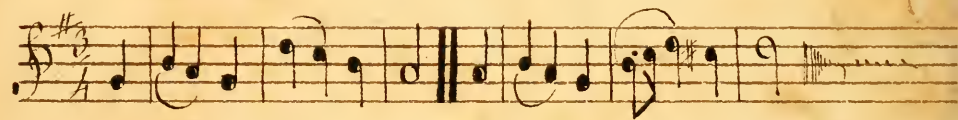
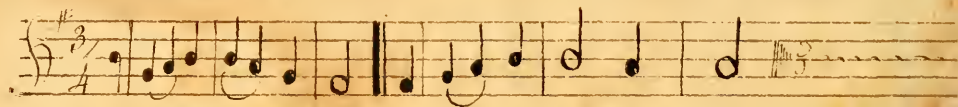
*27 Gainsborough. St. Georges & Parish. Between Page 750  
Pickring & Otham between 33 & 34*

# THE C O N T E N T S.

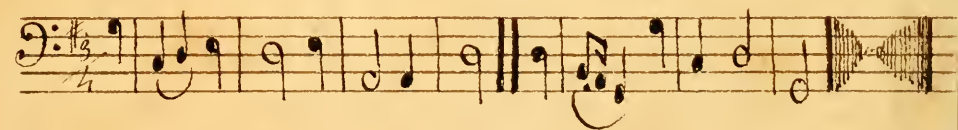
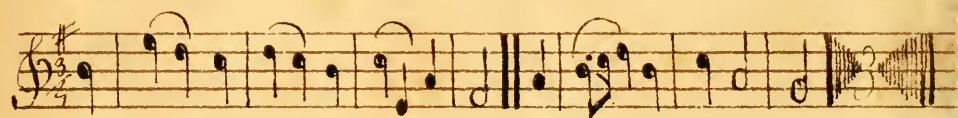
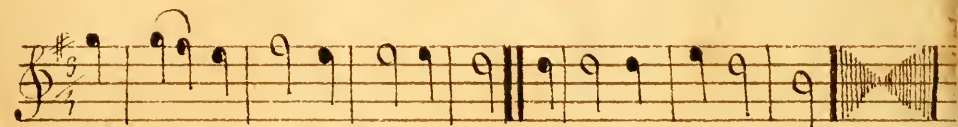
Tunes.	Psalms.	Parts.	Metres.	Pages.
Hayner T.	viii. <i>Newcastle</i>	1. P.	Short Metre.	1. <i>Newcastle</i>
St. Peter's T.	xix. <i>Wickworth</i>	1. P.	Short Metre.	2. <i>Wickworth</i>
Southwell T.	lv. <i>Redemmeret</i>		Short Metre.	3. <i>Redeet</i> =
St. Paul's T.	xcv. <i>Brom</i>		Short Metre.	4. <i>Brom</i> =
Cambridge T.	ciii.	1. P.	Short Metre.	5.
Guilford T.	cxviii.		Short Metre.	6.
<hr/>				
London New T.	xxiv. <i>Boveghray</i>	1. P.	Common Metre.	7. <i>Boveghray</i>
St. Matthew's T.	xxxiii.	1. P.	Common Metre.	8, 9.
Uxbridge T.	lxiii. <i>Michael</i>	1. P.	Common Metre.	10. <i>St Michael</i>
Leicester T.	lxvii. <i>Stroudwales</i>		Common Metre.	11. <i>Stroudwal</i>
Windfor T.	lxxiii. <i>Walsal</i>	2. P.	Common Metre.	12. <i>Walsal</i>
St. James's T.	lxxxix. <i>Thorley</i>	2. P.	Common Metre.	13. <i>Thorley</i>
Bedford T.	xcv. <i>Sydenham</i>		Common Metre.	14. <i>Sydenham</i>
St. Ann's T.	cx. <i>Ellenborough</i>	1. P.	Common Metre.	15. <i>Ellenboron</i>
Great Millton T.	cx. <i>Ellenborough</i>	2. P.	Common Metre.	16, 17.
St. Mary's T.	cxix.	11. P.	Common Metre.	18.
Crowle T.	cxxii.		Common Metre.	19.
St. David's New T.	cxxxv.		Common Metre.	20, 21.
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Hospital T.	xviii. <i>Berwick</i>	3. P.	Long Metre.	22. <i>Berwick</i>
Warwick T.	xix. <i>Darwent</i>		Long Metre.	23. <i>Darwent</i>
Coventry T.	xxxvi.	1. P.	Long Metre.	24.
Barkshire T.	lxiii.		Long Metre.	25.
Hicking T.	lxxxiv.	1. P.	Long Metre.	26.
Stafford T.	xcii.	1. P.	Long Metre.	27.
French T.	c.	2. P.	Long Metre.	28.
St. Luke's T.	cxlv.		Long Metre.	29, 30.
<hr/>				
Berwick T.	1.		Peculiar Metre.	31, 32.
Kent T.	lxxxiv. <i>Portsmouth</i>		Peculiar Metre.	33. <i>Portsmo</i>
Birmingham T.	xciii.	2. P.	Peculiar Metre.	34, 35.
Chichester T.	xciii.	3. P.	Peculiar Metre.	36.
Proper T.	xcvi.		Peculiar Metre.	37, 38.
London T.	cxlvi.		Peculiar Metre.	39, 40.
Proper T.	cxlviii.		Peculiar Metre.	41.
Hanover T.	An Hymn	for	The 5th of November.	42.
St Georges T.	An Hymn from	cxlix	Pf. Peculiar Metre.	43.

Newcastle Tune

Short Metre.



Treble 2nd





*Hayner* Tune. PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

O Lord, our heav'nly King, Thy Name is all Divine;

O Lord, our heav'nly King, Thy Name is all Divine;

Thy Glories round the Earth are spread, And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.

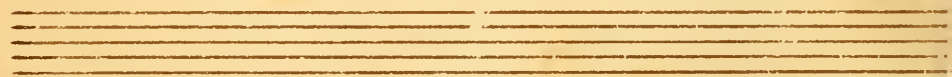
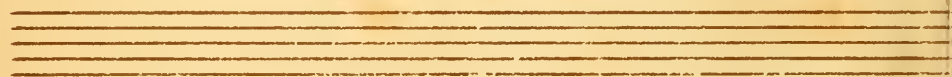
Thy Glories round the Earth are spread, And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.

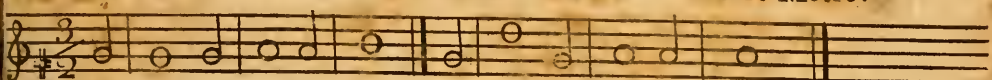
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|---|---|
| <p>2 When to thy Works on high<br/>I raise my wond'ring Eyes,<br/>And see the Moon complete in Light<br/>Adorn the darksome Skies :</p>     | <p>3 When I survey the Stars<br/>And all their shining Forms,<br/>Lord, what is Man, that worthless Thing<br/>A-kin to Dust and Worms ?</p>             |
| <p>4 Lord, what is worthless Man<br/>That thou should'st love him so?<br/>Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,<br/>And Lord of all below.</p> | <p>5 Thine Honours crown his Head,<br/>While Beasts, like Slaves obey,<br/>And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,<br/>And Fish that cleave the Sea.</p> |
| <p>6 How rich thy Bounties are !<br/>And wond'rous are thy Ways :<br/>Of Dust and Worms thy Pow'r can frame<br/>A Monument of Praise.</p>   | <p>7 (Out of the Mouths of Babes<br/>And Sucklings thou canst draw<br/>Surprizing Honours to thy Name,<br/>And strike the World with Awe.</p>           |

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,  
Thy Name is all Divine :  
Thy Glories round the Earth is spread,  
And o'er the Heav'ns they shine .)

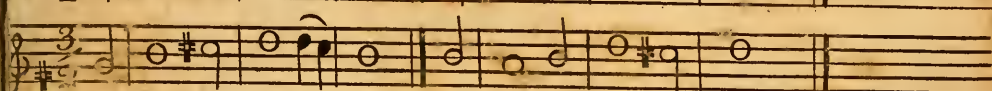
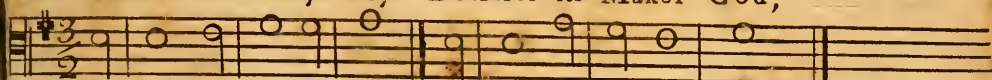


Treble

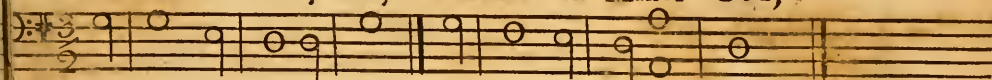




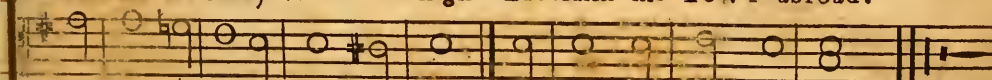
Behold the lofty Sky Declares its Maker God,



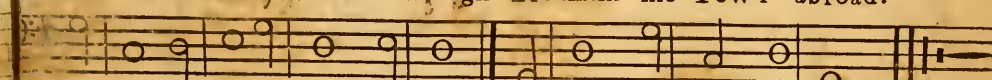
Behold the lofty Sky Declares its Maker God,



And all his starry Works on high Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.



And all his starry Works on high Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.



2 The Darkneſs and the Light  
Still keep their Courſe the ſame;  
While Night to Day, and Day to Night  
Divinely teach his Name.

4 Ye Britiſh Lands rejoice,  
Here he reveals his Word,  
We are not left to Nature's Voice  
To bid us know the Lord.

6 His Laws are juſt and pure,  
His Truth without Deceit,  
His promiſes for ever ſure,  
And his Rewards are great.

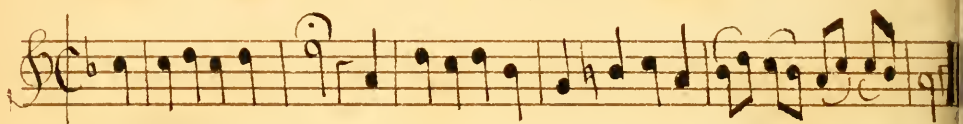
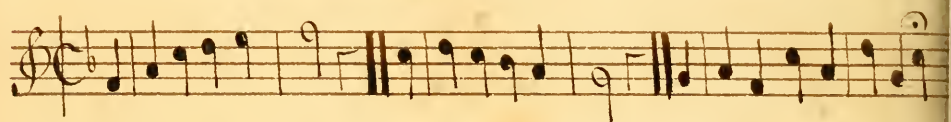
3 In every diff'rent Land  
Their general Voice is known;  
They ſhew the Wonders of his Hand,  
And Orders of his Throne.

5 His Statutes and Commands  
Are ſet before our Eyes,  
He puts his Goſpel in our Hands,  
Where our Salvation lies.

7 (Not Honey to the Taſte  
Affords ſo much Delight,  
Nor Gold that has the Furnace paſſ'd  
So much allures the Sight.

8 While of thy Works I ſing,  
Thy Glory to proclaim,  
Accept the Praise, my God, my King,  
In my Redeemer's Name.)







*Southwell* Tune. PSALM LV.

Short Metre.

3.

Let Sinners take their Course, And chuse the Road to Death;

Let Sinners take their Course, And chuse the Road to Death;

But in the Worship of my God I'll spend my daily Breath.

But in the Worship of my God I'll spend my daily Breath.

2 My Thoughts address his Throne  
When Morning brings the Light;  
I seek his Blessing every Noon,  
And pay my Vows at Night.

3 Thou wilt regard my Cries,  
O my eternal God,  
While Sinners perish in Surprise  
Beneath thine angry Rod.

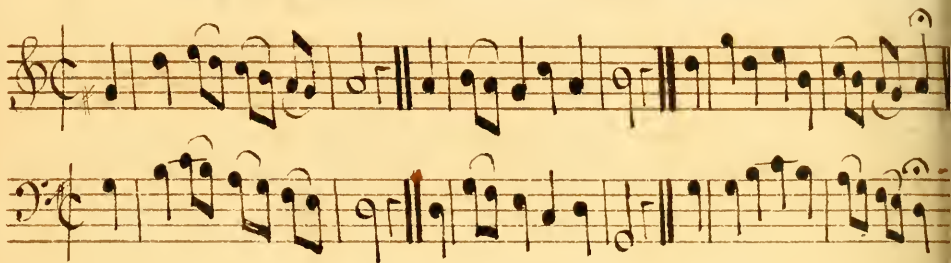
4 Because they dwell at Ease,  
And no sad Changes feel,  
They neither fear nor trust thy Name,  
Nor learn to do thy Will.

5 But I with all my Cares,  
Will lean upon the Lord,  
I'll cast my Burdens on his Arm,  
And rest upon his Word.

6 His Arm shall well sustain  
The Children of his Love;  
The Ground on which their Safety stands,  
No earthly Power can move.

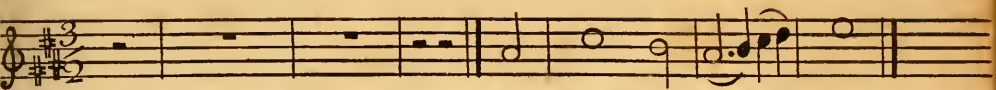
Bromsgrove

Chant

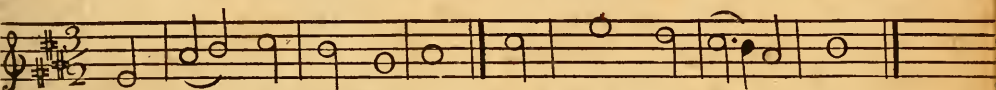


*St Paul's* Tune. PSALM XCV.

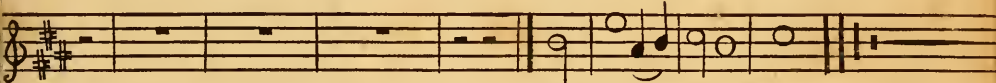
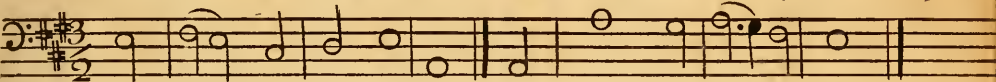
Short Metre.



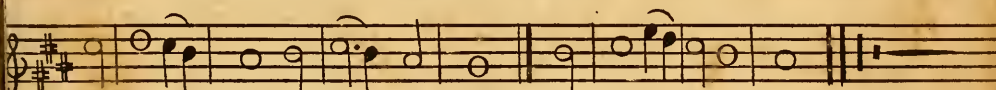
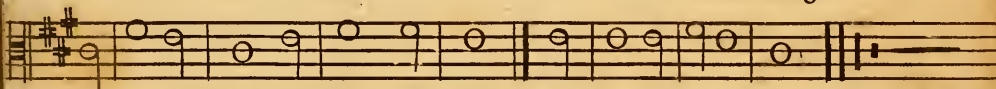
And Hymns of Glo-ry sing:



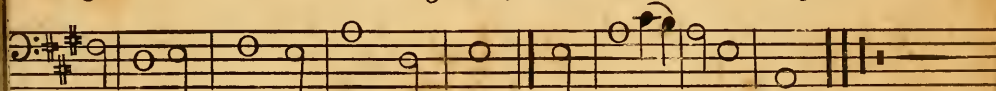
Come, sound his Praise abroad, And Hymns of Glory sing:



The universal King.



Jehovah is the sovereing God, The universal King.



2 He form'd the Deeps unknown;  
He gave the Seas their Bound;  
The watry Worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid Ground.

4 To day attend his Voice,  
Nor dare provoke his Rod;  
Come like the People of his Choice,  
And own your gracious God.

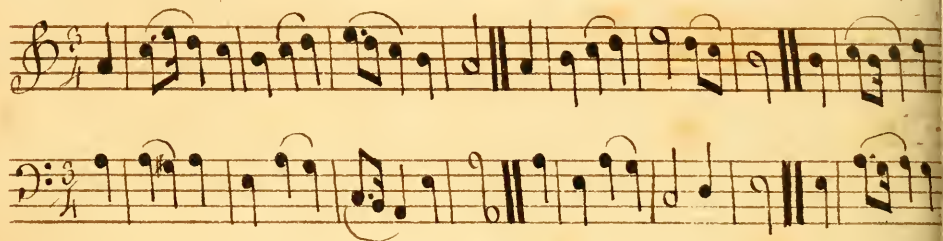
3 Come, worship at his Throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord,  
We are his Works, and not our own,  
He form'd us by his Word.

5 But if your Ears refuse,  
The Language of his Grace,  
And Hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews  
That unbelieving Rage;

6 The Lord in Vengeance drest  
Will lift his Hand and swear,  
„You that despise my promis'd Rest,  
„ Shall have no Portion there.

Pickering

Com



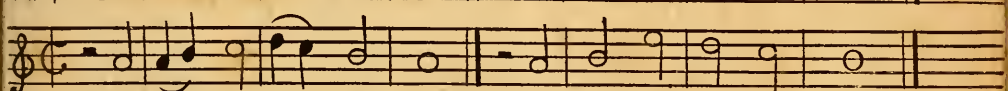
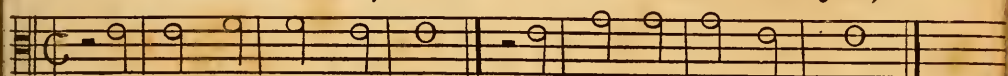


Cambridge Tune. PSALM CIII.

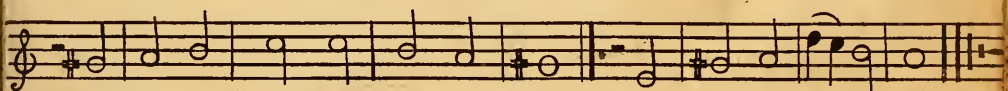
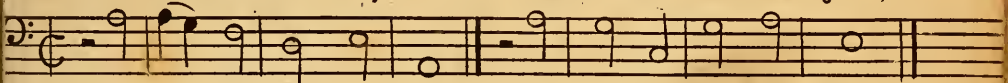
Short Metre.



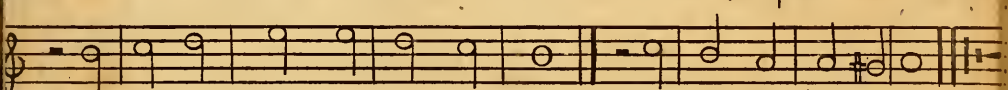
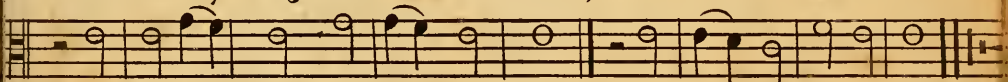
O Bless the Lord, my Soul! Let all within me join,



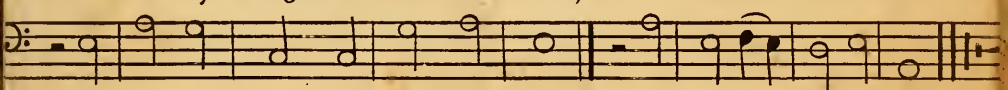
O Bless the Lord, my Soul! Let all within me join,



And aid my Tongue to bless his Name, Whose Favours are divine.



And aid my Tongue to bless his Name, Whose Favours are divine.



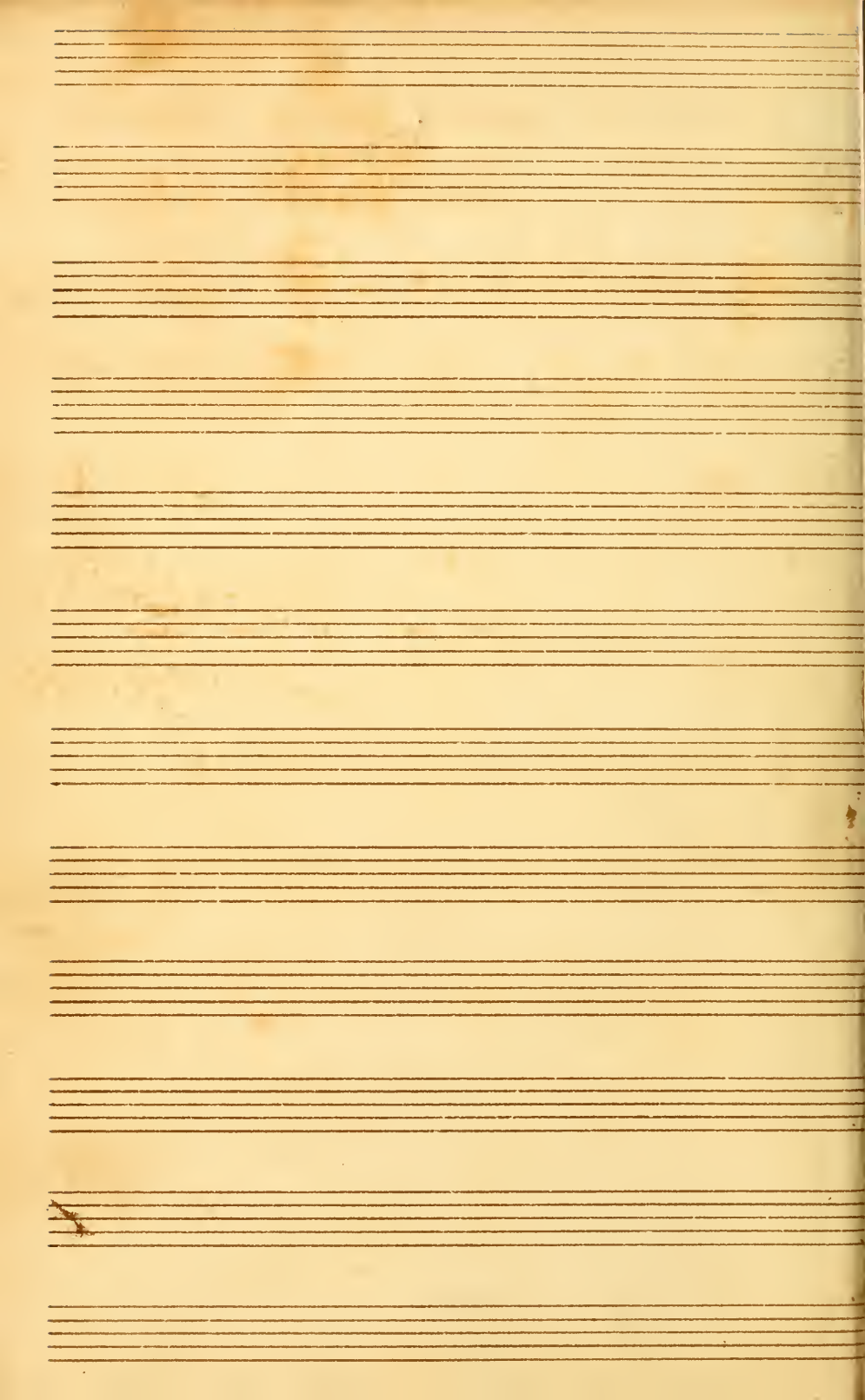
2 O bless the Lord, my Soul;  
Nor let his Mercies lie  
Forgotten in Unthankfulness;  
And without Praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy Sins,  
'Tis he relieves thy Pain,  
'Tis he that heals thy Sickneffes;  
And makes thee young again.

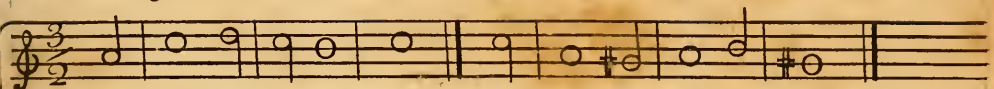
4 He crowns thy Life with Love  
When ransom'd from the Grave;  
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell,  
Hath sovereing Power to save.

5 He fills the Poor with Good;  
He gives the Sufferers Rest;  
The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,  
And Justice for th' Opprest.

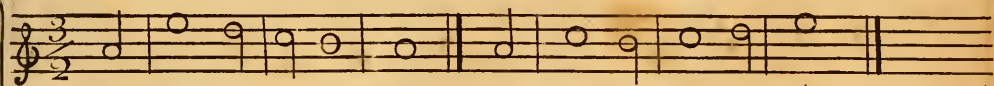
6 His wondrous Works and Ways  
He made by Moses known;  
But sent the World his Truth and Grace,  
By his beloved Son.



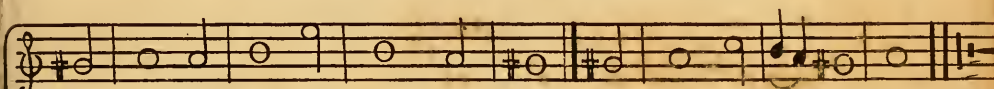
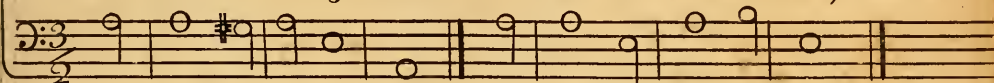
*Guilford* Tune. PSALM CXVIII. Short Metre.



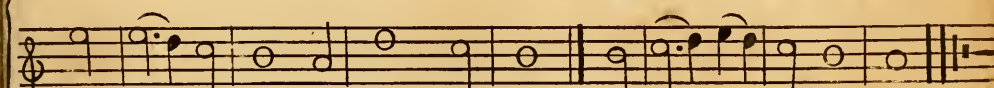
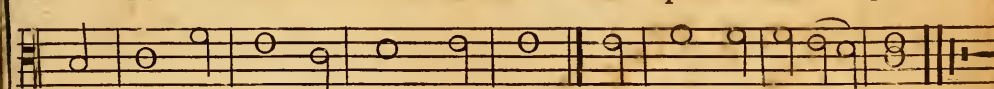
See what a living Stone The Builders did refuse;



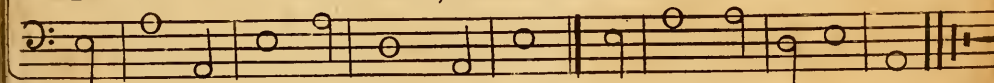
See what a living Stone The Builders did refuse;



Yet God hath built his Church thereon In Spite of envious Jews.



Yet God hath built his Church thereon In Spite of envious Jews.



2 The Scribe and angry Priest  
Reject thine only Son;  
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,  
As the chief Corner stone.

3 The Work, O Lord, is Thine,  
And wondrous in our Eyes;  
This Day declares it all Divine,  
This Day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious Day  
'That our Redeemer made;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,  
Let all the Church be glad.

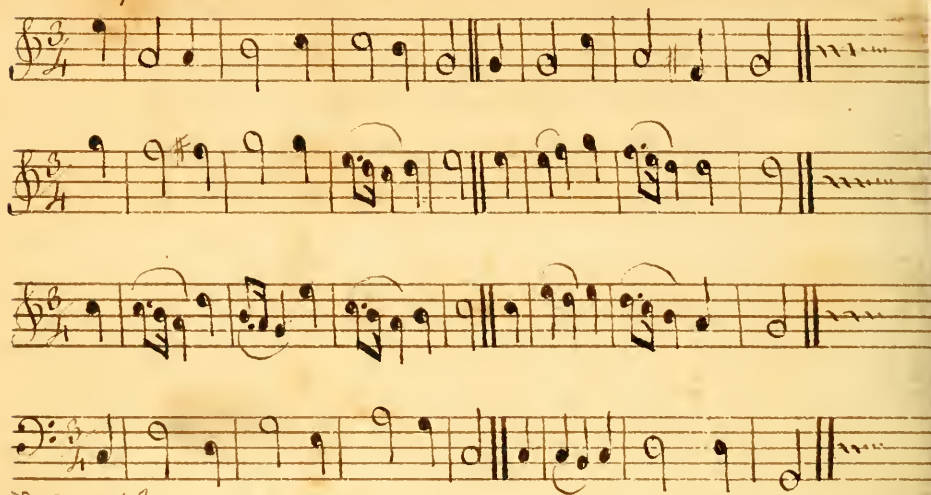
5 Hosanna to the King  
Of David's royal Blood;  
Bless Him, ye Saints: He comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy Word  
Which all this Grace displays;  
And offer on thine Altar, Lord,  
Our Sacrifice of Praise.

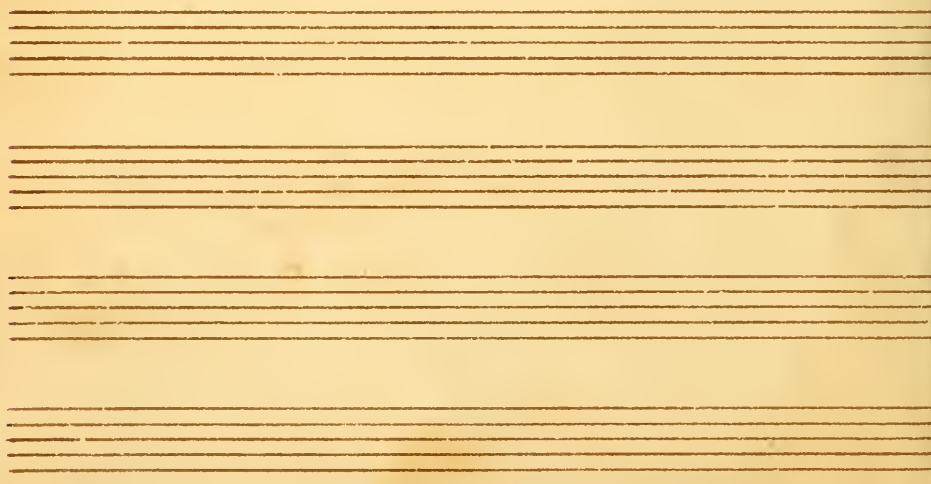
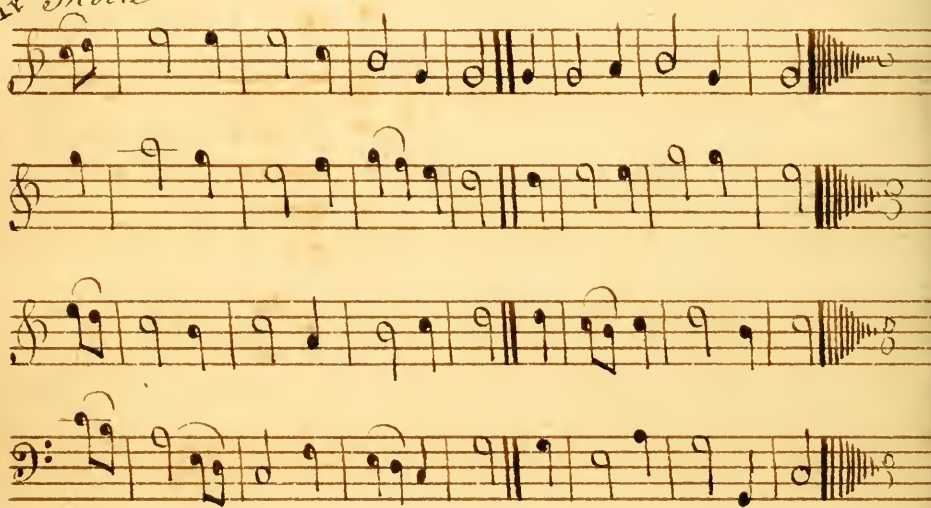


# Bobby Tracey

Common Metre

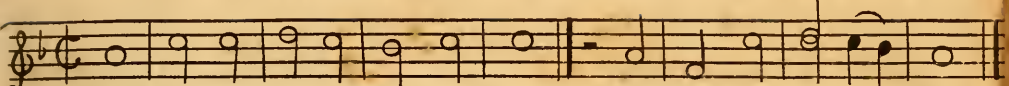


## Tre Trebble

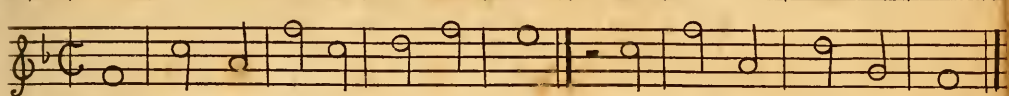
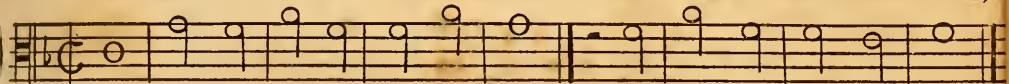


# London Tune. PSALM XXIV.

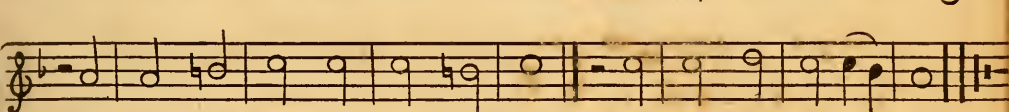
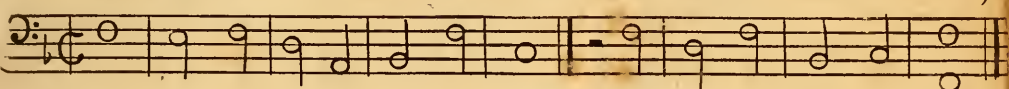
Common Metre.



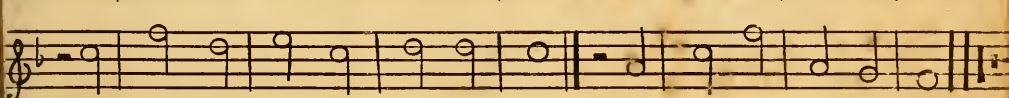
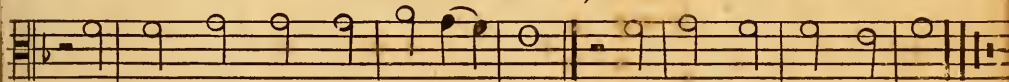
The Earth for ever is the Lord's With Adam's num'rous Race;



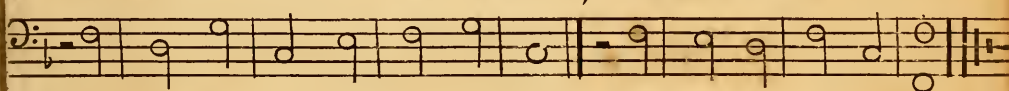
The Earth for ever is the Lord's With Adam's num'rous Race;



He rais'd its Arches o'er the Floods, And built it on the Seas.



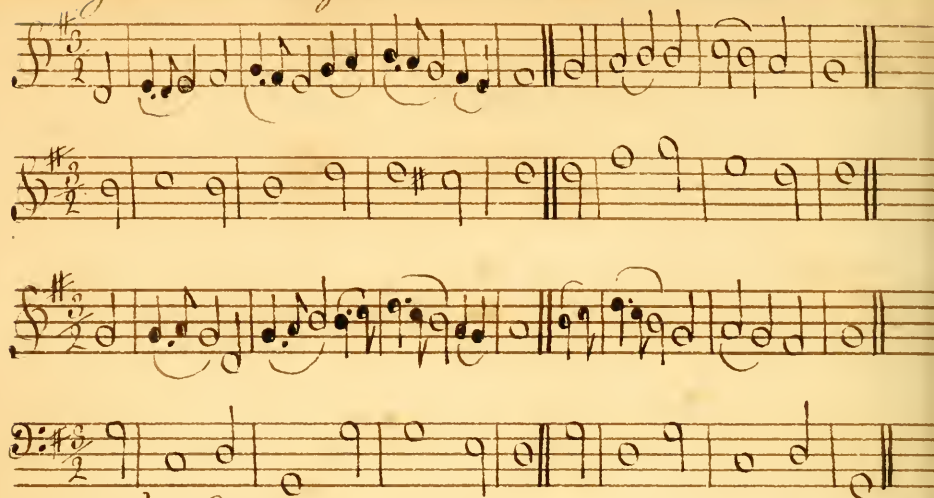
He rais'd its Arches o'er the Floods, And built it on the Seas.



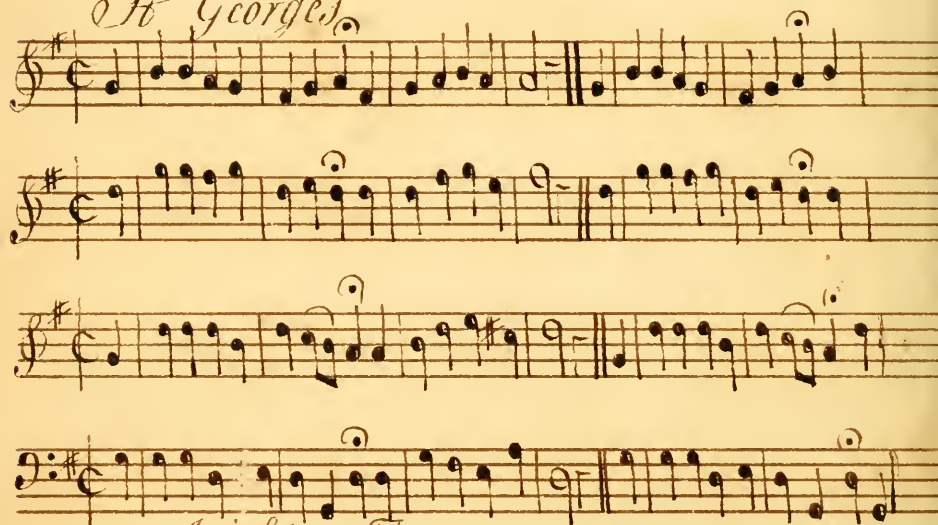
2 But who among the Sons of Men	3 This is the Man may rise and take
May visit thine Abode?	The Blessings of his Grace:
He that has Hands from Mischief clean,	This is the Lot of those that seek
Whose Heart is right with God.	The God of Jacob's Face.

4 Now let our Soul's immortal Powers,	5 The King of Glory! Who can tell
To meet the Lord prepare,	The Wonders of his Might?
Lift up their everlasting Doors,	He rules the Nations; but to dwell
The King of Glory's near.	With Saints is his Delight.

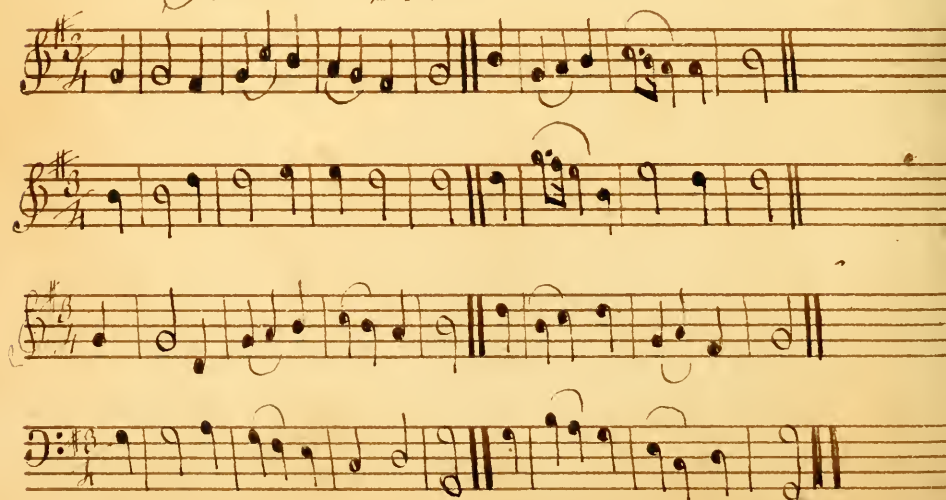
*Guinsborough or*



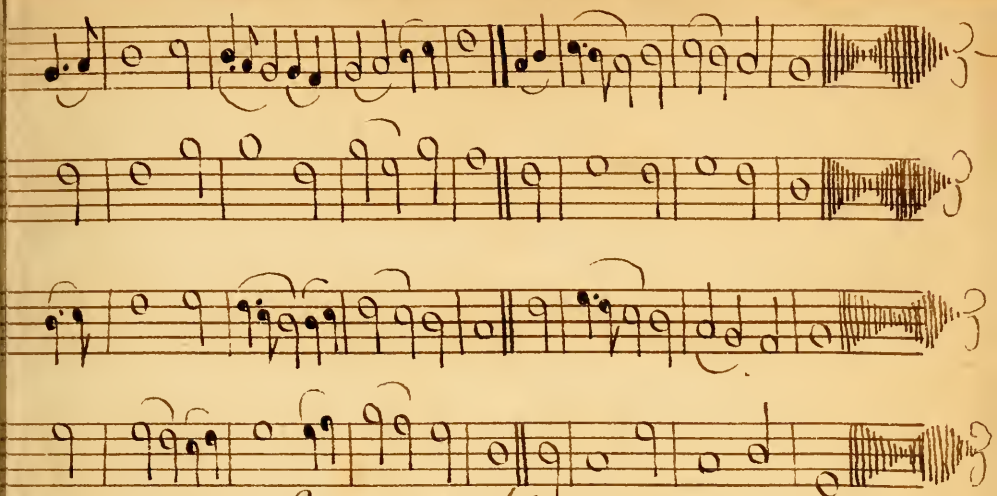
*St. Georges*



*Irish Tune*



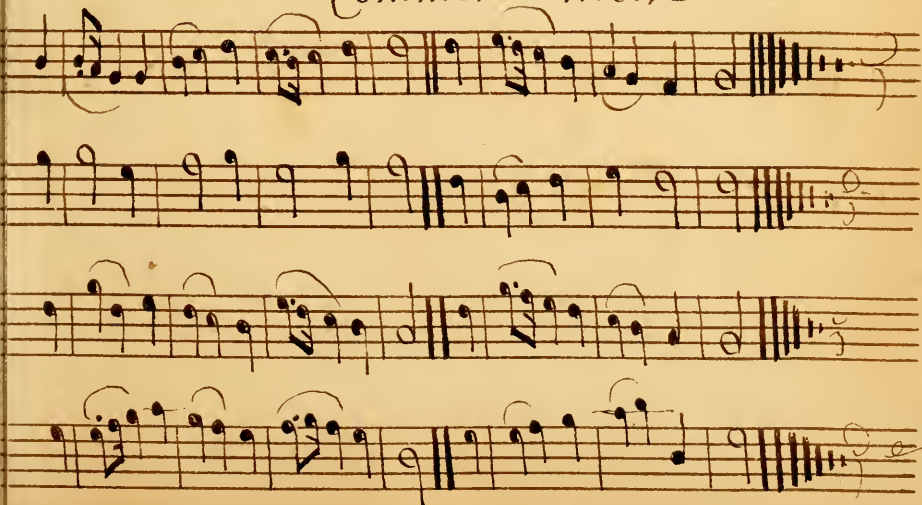




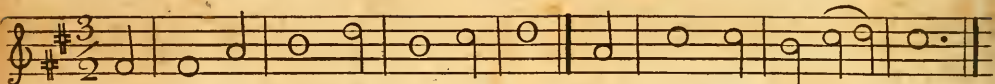
Common Metre



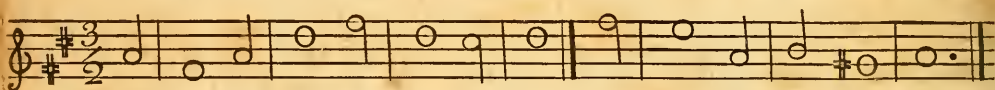
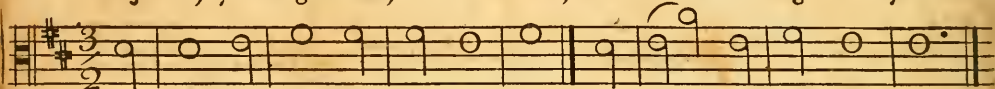
Common Metre



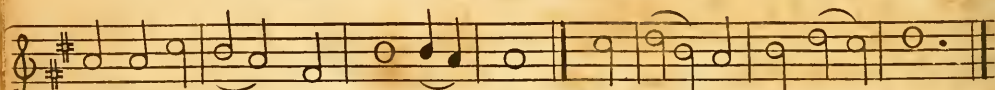
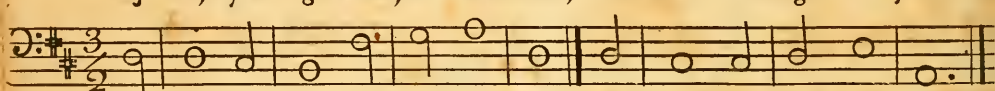
*St Matthew's* Tune. PSALM XXXIII. 1st P. Common Metre.



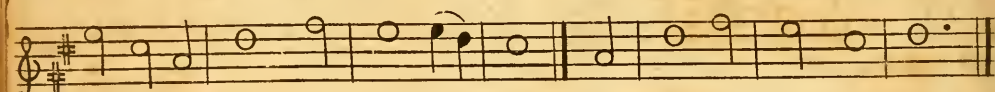
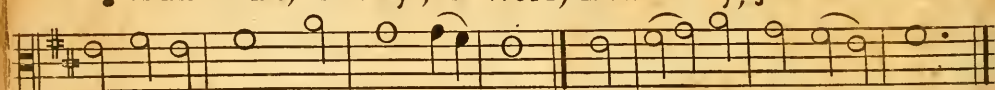
Rejoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord, This Work belongs to you:



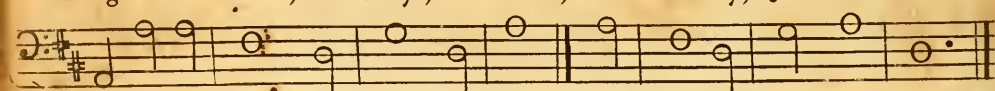
Rejoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord, This Work belongs to you:



Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word, How ho-ly, just and true!



Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word, How ho-ly, just and true!

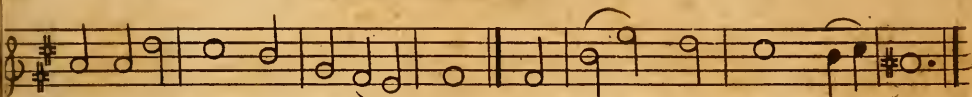


3.

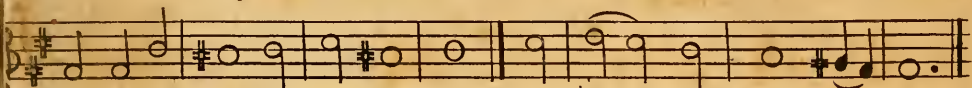
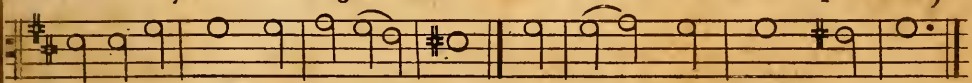
His Wisdom and Almighty Word  
The Heav'nly Arches spread;  
And by the Spirit of the Lord  
Their shining Hosts were made.

5.

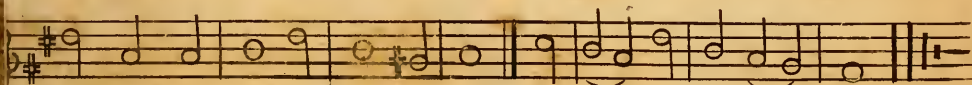
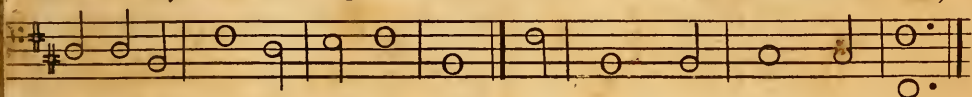
Ye Tenants of the spacious Earth,  
With Fear before him stand;  
He spake and Nature took its Birth,  
And rests on his Command.



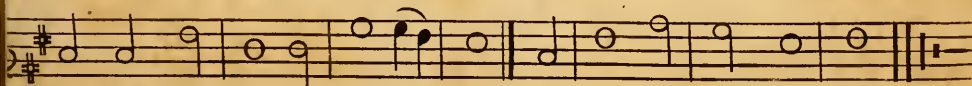
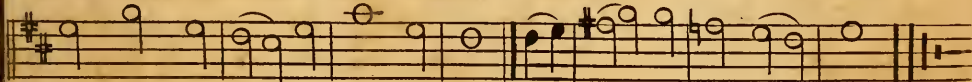
His Mercy and his Righteousness Let Heav'n and Earth proclaim;



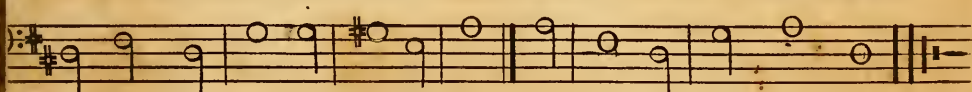
His Mercy and his Righteousness Let Heav'n and Earth proclaim;



His Works of Nature and of Grace Reveal his wond'rous Name.



His Works of Nature and of Grace Reveal his wond'rous Name.



## 4.

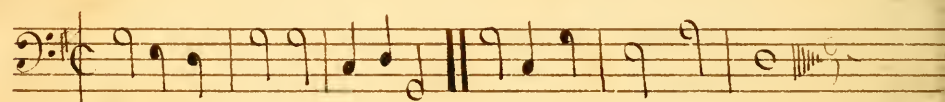
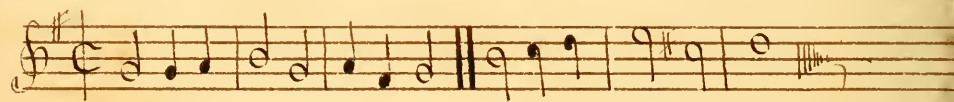
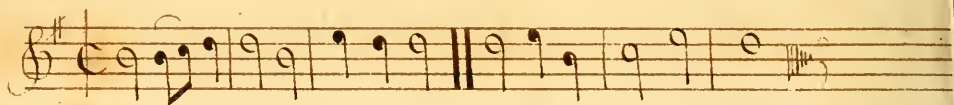
He bid the liquid Waters flow  
To their appointed Deep;  
The flowing Seas their Limits know,  
And their own Station keep.

## 6.

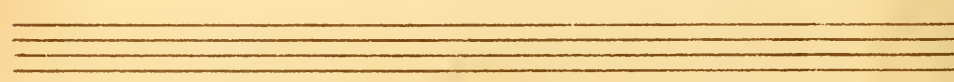
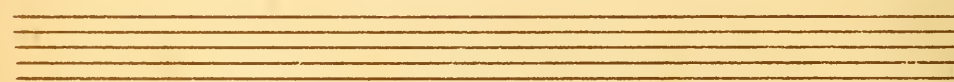
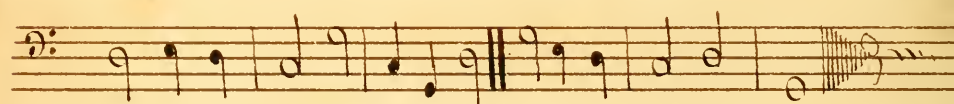
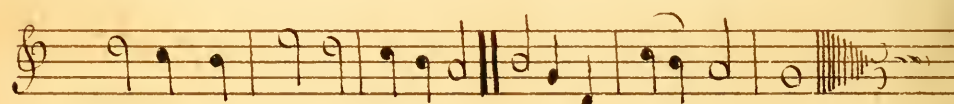
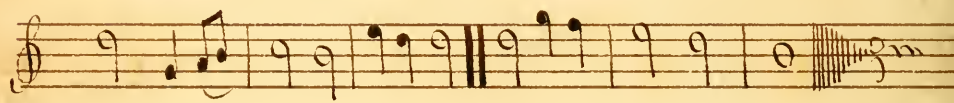
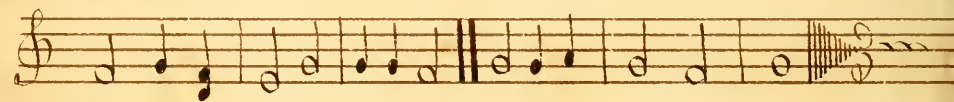
He scorns the angry Nation's Rage,  
And breaks their vain Designs;  
His Counsels stands thro' ev'ry Age,  
And in full Glory shines.



*St Michaels Tune Com<sup>n</sup> Motie*

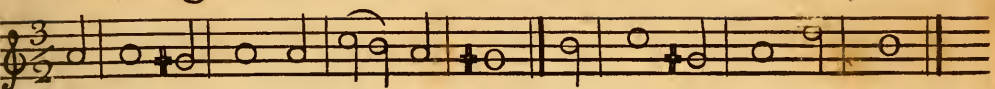


*Treble*

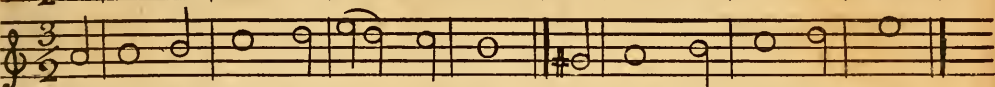
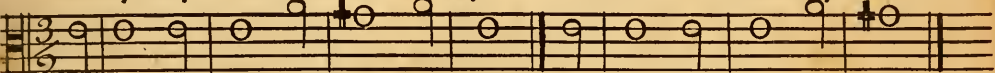




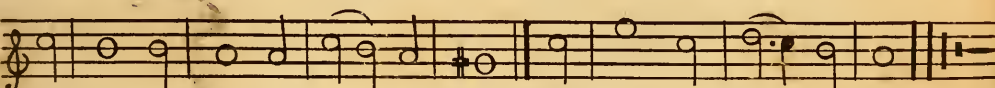
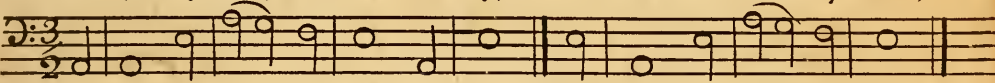
*Uxbridge* Tune. PSALM LXIII. P<sup>t</sup> 1. Common Metre.



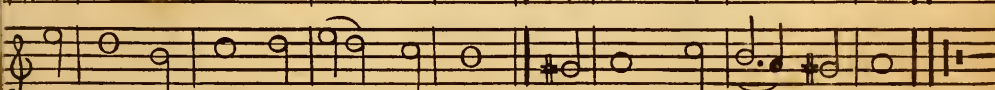
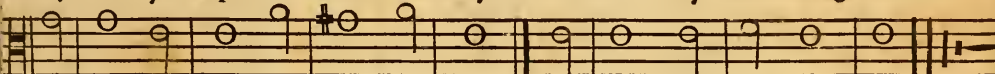
Early my God, without Delay, I haste to seek thy Face;



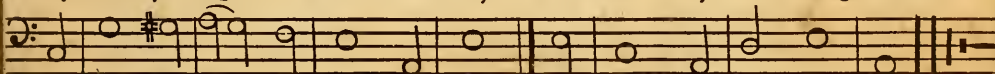
Early my God, without Delay, I haste to seek thy Face;



My thirsty Spirit faints a-way Without thy cheer-ing Grace.



My thirsty Spirit faints a-way Without thy cheer-ing Grace.

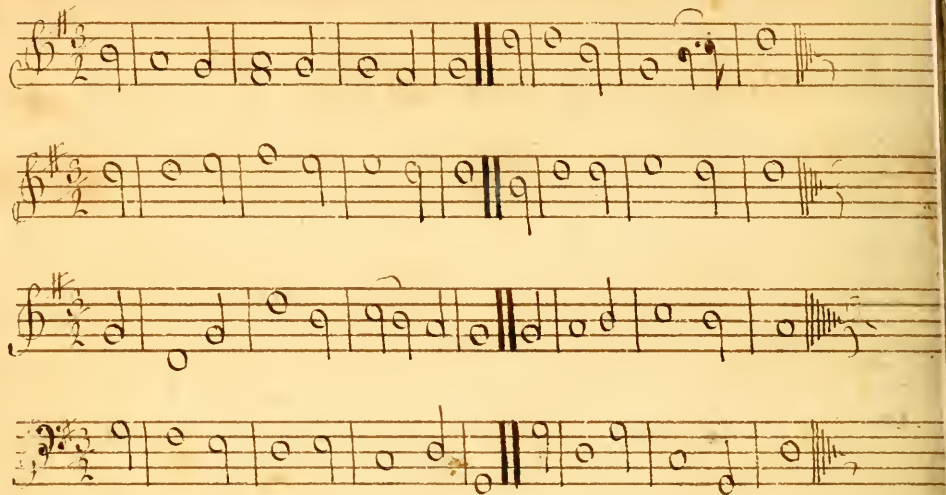


2 So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand 3 I've seen thy Glory and thy Pow'r  
Beneath a burning Sky, Thro' all thy Temple shine;  
Long for a cooling Stream at hand, My God, repeat that heav'nly Hour,  
And they must drink or die, That Vision so divine.

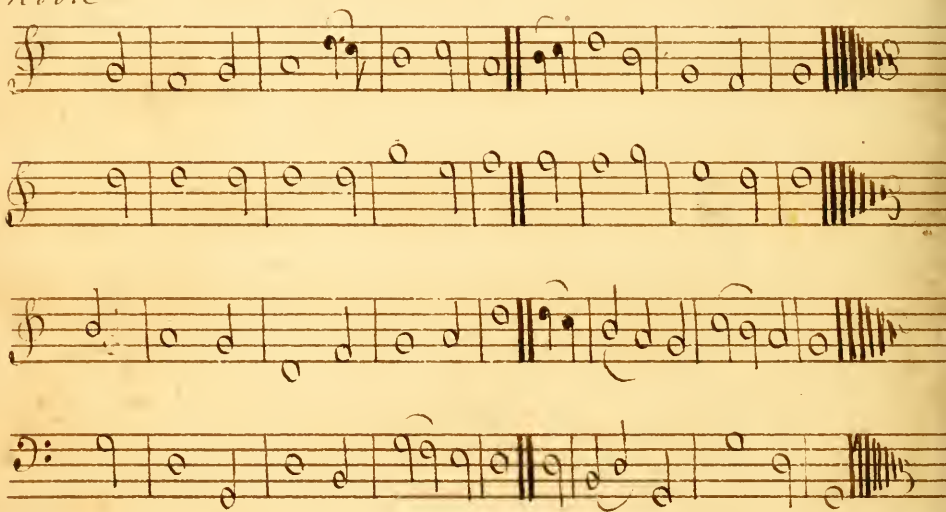
4 Not all the Blessings of a Feast 5 Not Life itself, with all her Joys,  
Can please my Soul so well, Can my best Passions move,  
As when thy richer Grace I taste, Or raise so high my cheerful Voice,  
And in thy Presence dwell. As thy forgiving Love.

6 Thus till my last expiring Day  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,  
And tune my Lips to sing.

Stroudwater New Com<sup>n</sup>

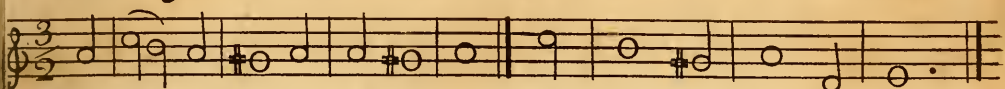


Treble

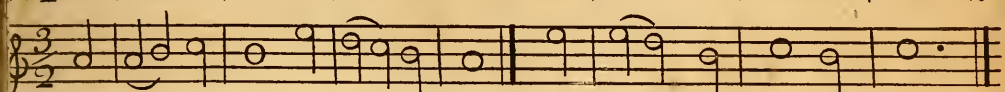


# Leicester Tune. PSALM LXVII.

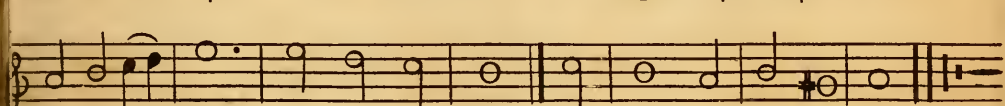
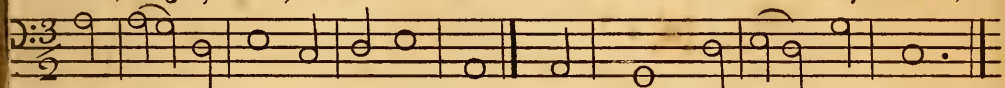
Common Metre.



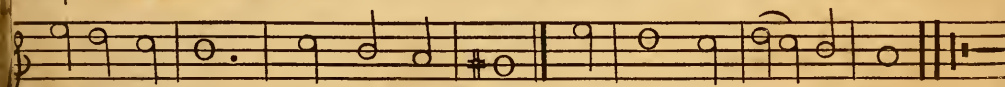
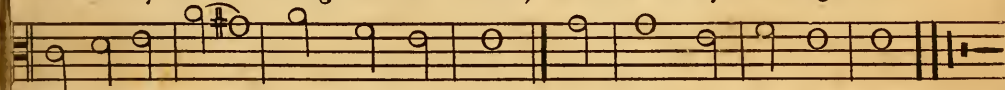
Shine, mighty God, on *Britain* shine With Beams of heavenly Grace;



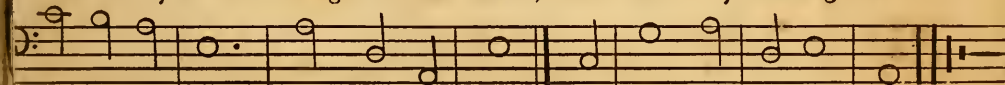
Shine, mighty God, on *Britain* shine With Beams of heavenly Grace;



Reveal thy Power through all our Coasts, And shew thy smiling Face.



Reveal thy Power through all our Coasts, And shew thy smiling Face.



2 (Amidst our Isle exalted high  
Do thou our Glory stand,  
And like a Wall of Guardian Fire  
Surround the Favourite Land)

3 When shall thy Name from Shore to Shore  
Sound all the Earth abroad,  
And distant Nations know and love  
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands,  
Sing loud with solemn Voice;  
While *British* Tongues exalt his Praise,  
And *British* Hearts rejoice.

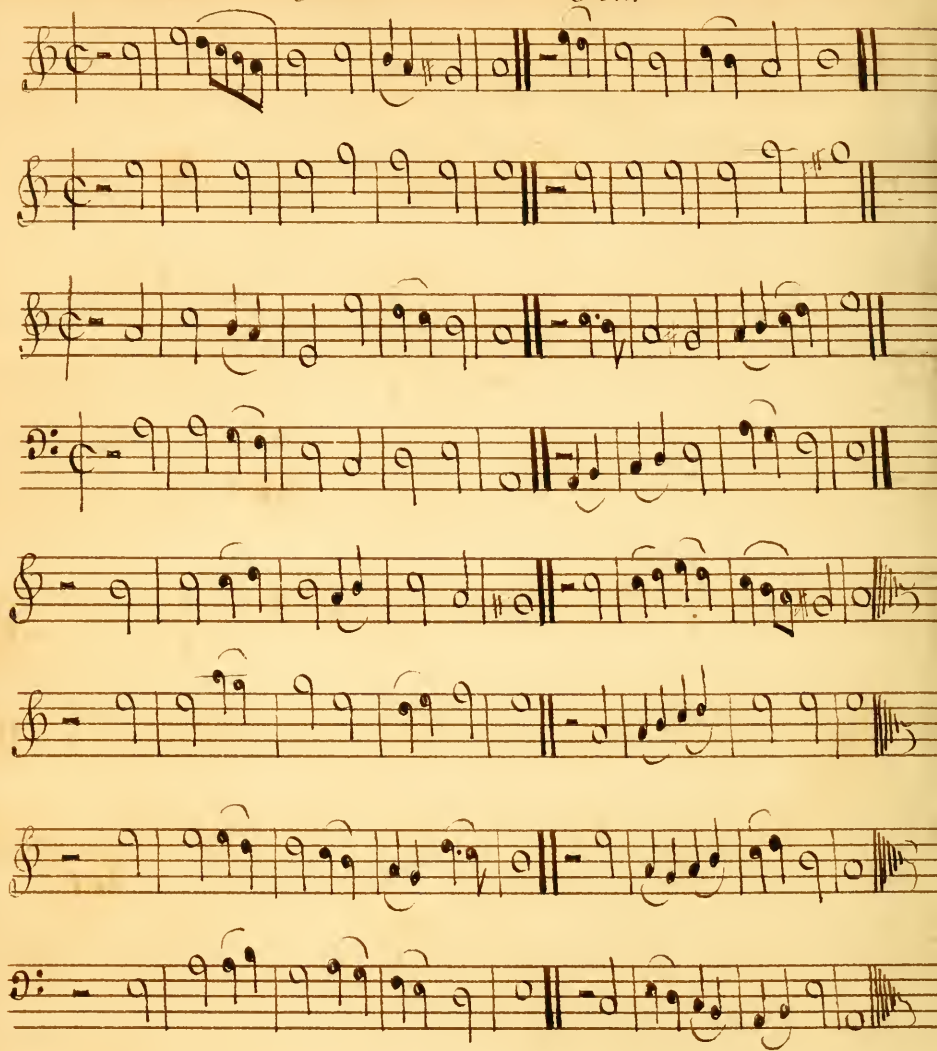
5 He the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,  
That sits enthron'd above,  
Wifely commands the Worlds he made,  
In Justice and in Love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,  
And yield a full Increase;  
Our will crown his chosen Isle  
With Fruitfulness and Peace.

7 God the Redeemer scatters round  
His choicest Favours here,  
While the Creation's utmost Bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.



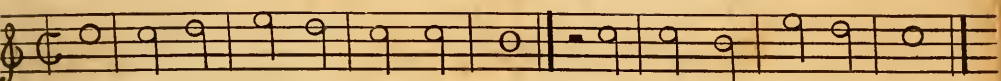
## Walsall Tune

Com<sup>d</sup>

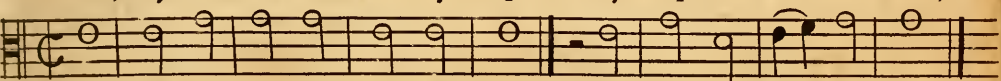


Windsor Tune. PSALM LXXIII. 2d P<sup>t</sup> Common Metre.

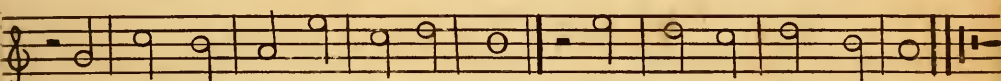
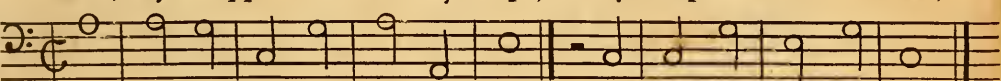
12.



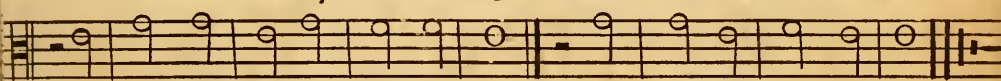
God, my Supporter\_ and my Hope, My help for e—ver near,



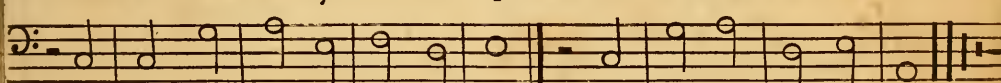
God, my Supporter and my Hope, My Help for e—ver near,



Thine Arm of Mercy held me up When sinking in Despair.



Thine Arm of Mercy held me up When sinking in Despair.



2 Thy Counsels, Lord, shall guide my Feet 3 Were I in Heaven without my God,  
Through this dark Wilderness; 'Twould be no Joy to me;  
Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat, And whilst this Earth is my Abode,  
To dwell before thy Face. I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the Springs of Life were broke, 5 Behold the Sinners that remove  
And Flesh and Heart should faint, Far from thy Presence die;  
God is my Soul's eternal Rock, Not all the Idol gods they love  
The Strength of ev'ry Saint. Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to Thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet Employ;  
My Tongue shall sound thy Works abroad,  
And tell the World my Joy.

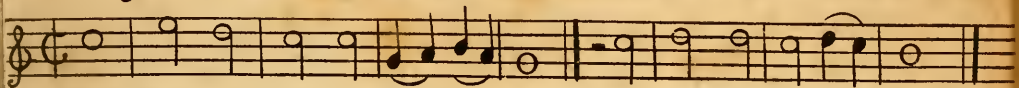
Thorley Common Metre

Antia

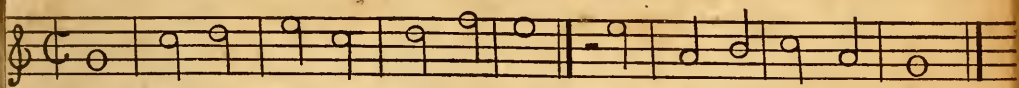
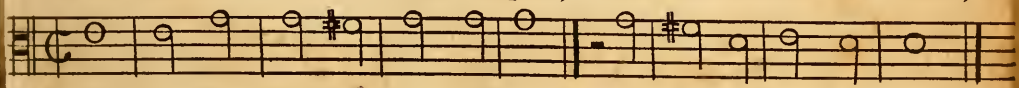
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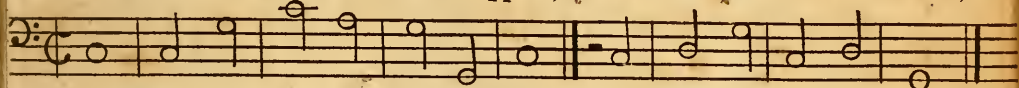
St. James's Tune. PSALM LXXXIX. 2<sup>d</sup> Pt Common Metre. 13



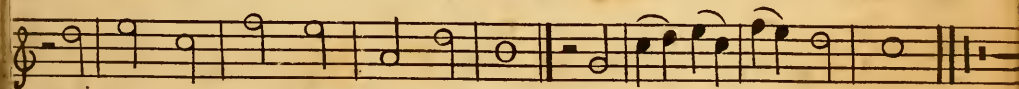
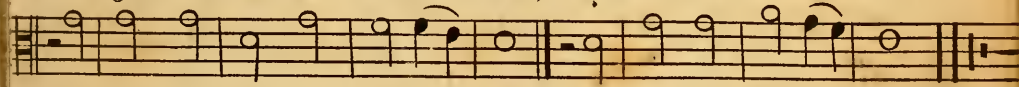
With Reverence let the Saints appear, And bow before the Lord,



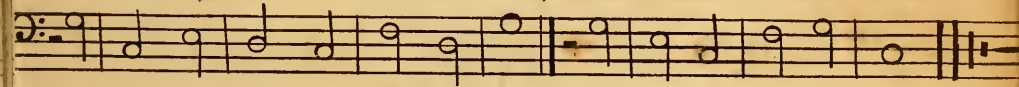
With Reverence let the Saints appear, And bow before the Lord,



His high Commands with Reverence hear, And tremble at his Word.



His high Commands with Reverence hear, And tremble at his Word.



2 How terrible thy Glories be!

How bright thine Armies shine!

Where is the Power that vies with Thee?

Or Truth compar'd with thine?

3 The Northern Pole and Southern rest

On thy supporting Hand;

Darkness and Day from East to West

Move round at thy Command.

4 Thy Words the raging Wind controul,

And rule the boisterous Deep;

Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,

The rolling Billows sleep.

5 Heaven, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,

And the dark World of Hell;

How did thine Arm in Vengeance shine

When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and Judgment are thy Throne,

Yet wondrous is thy Grace:

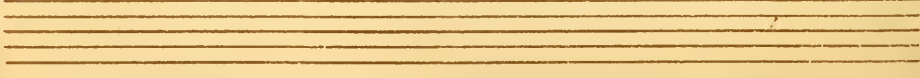
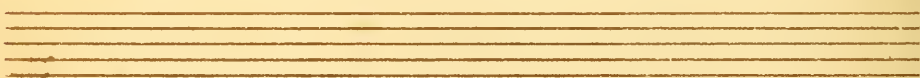
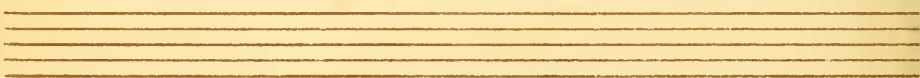
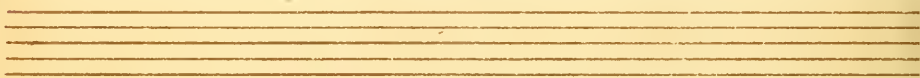
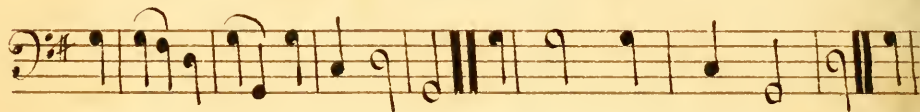
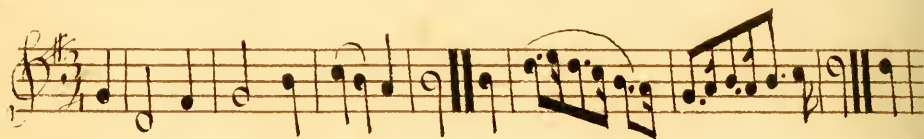
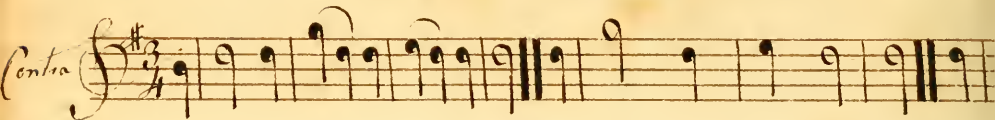
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one

Invite us near thy Face.



Tydenham

Com<sup>m</sup> Metre





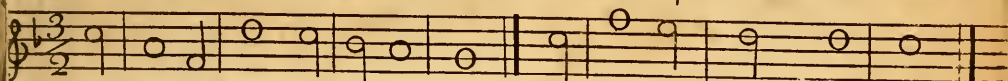
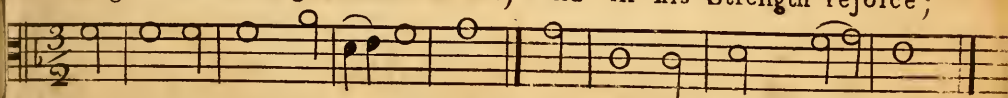
# Bedford Tune. PSALM XCV.

Common Metre.

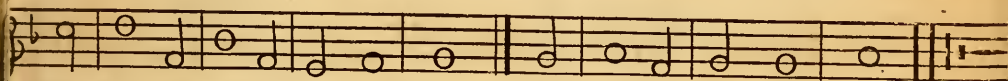
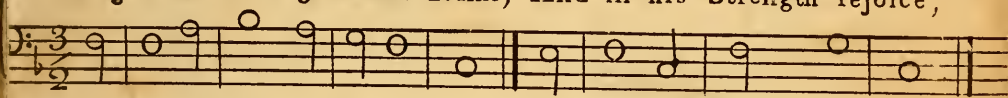
14



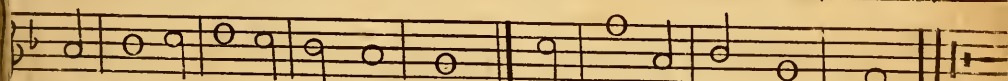
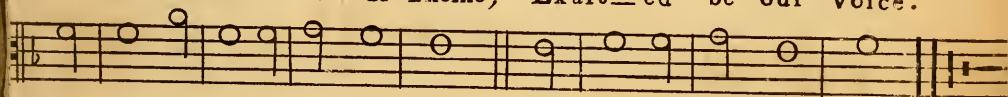
Sing to the Lord *Jehovah's* Name, And in his Strength rejoice;



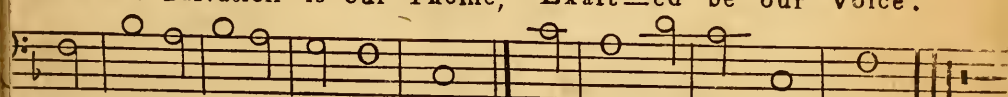
Sing to the Lord *Jehovah's* Name, And in his Strength rejoice;



When his Salvation is our Theme, Exalt—ed be our Voice.



When his Salvation is our Theme, Exalt—ed be our Voice.



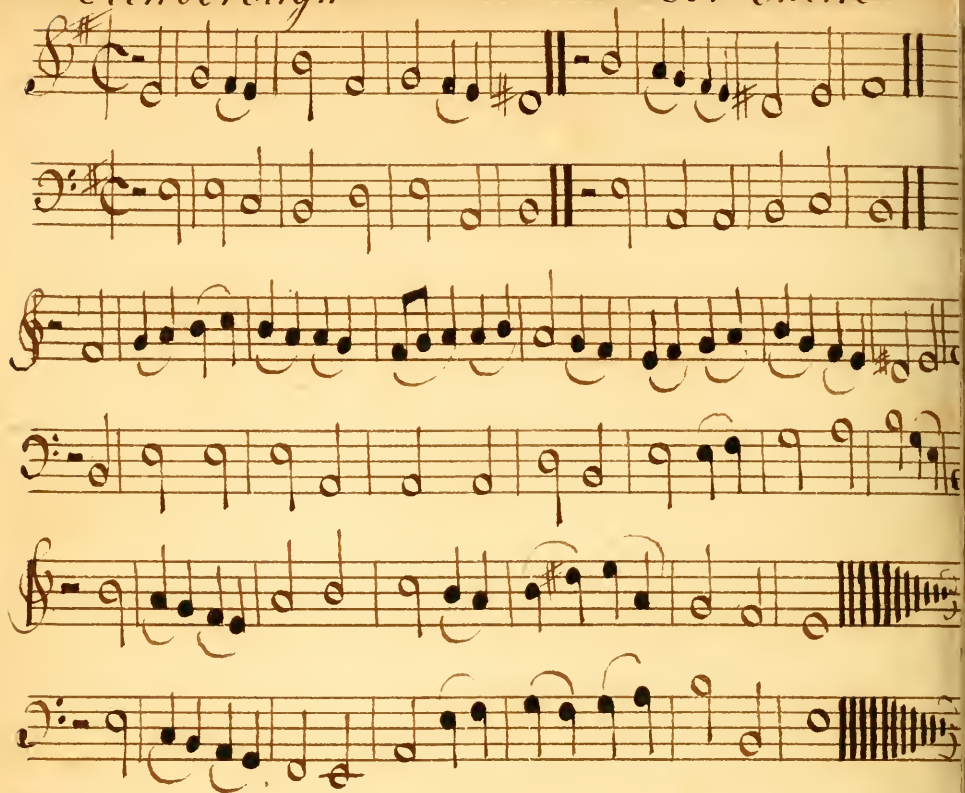
2 With Thanks approach his awful Sight, 3 Let Princes hear, let Angels know,  
And Psalms of Honour sing; How mean their Natures seem,  
The Lord's a God of boundless Might, Those Gods on high, and Gods below,  
The whole Creation's King. When once compar'd with Him.

4 Earth with its Caverns dark and deep, 5 Come, and with humble Souls adore,  
Lies in his spacious Hand; Come, kneel before his Face;  
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep, O may the Creatuers of his Power  
And where the Hills must stand. Be Children of his Grace!

6 Now is the Time, he bends his Ear,  
And waits for your Request;  
Come, lest he rouze his Wrath, and swear,  
"Ye shall not see my Rest."

*Stenborough*

*Com. Meke*



*St Ann's* Tune. PSALM CXI. 1<sup>st</sup> Part. Common Metre.

Songs of immortal Praise belong To my Almighty God;

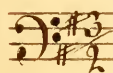
Songs of immortal Praise belong To my Almighty God;

He has my Heart, and He my Tongue, To spread his Name abroad.

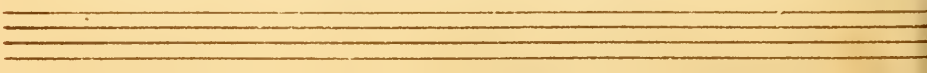
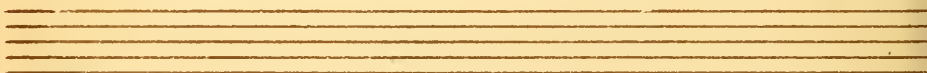
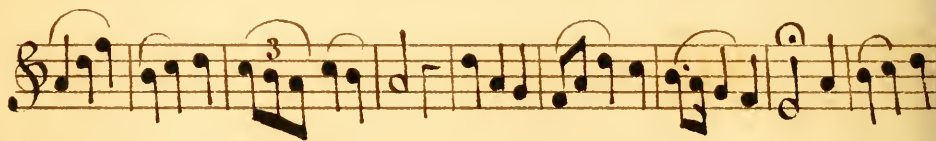
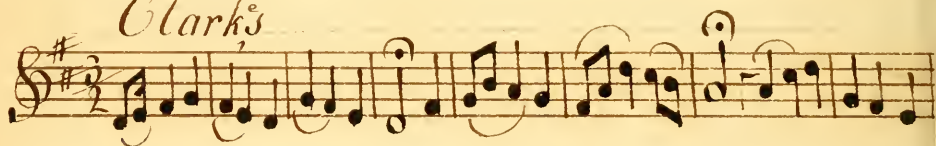
He has my Heart and He my Tongue To spread his Name abroad.

- 2 How great the Works his Hand has wrought! 3 How most exact is Nature's Frame!  
 How glorious in our Sight! How wise th' Eternal Mind!  
 And Men in every Age have fought His Counsels never change the Scheme  
 His Wonders with Delight. That his first Thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen Sons, 5 Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies  
 He fix'd his Cov'nant sure: Thy heavenly Skill proclaim:  
 The Orders that his Lips pronounce What shall we do to make us wise,  
 To endless Years endure. But learn to read thy Name?
- 6 To fear thy Power to trust thy Grace  
 Is our divinest Skill;  
 And he's the wisest of our Race  
 That best obeys thy Will.

*St. Martins*

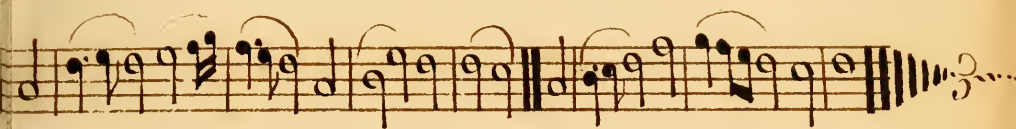


*Clark's*

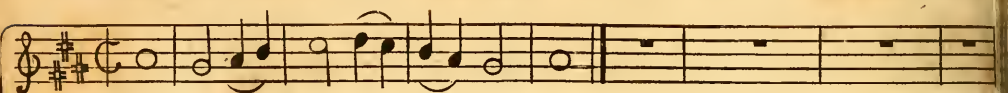




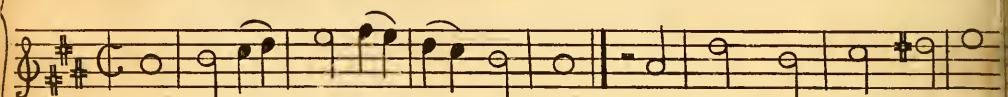
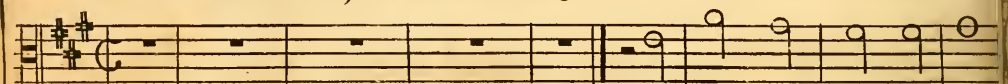
Com. Metre



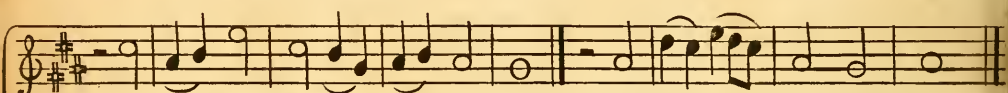
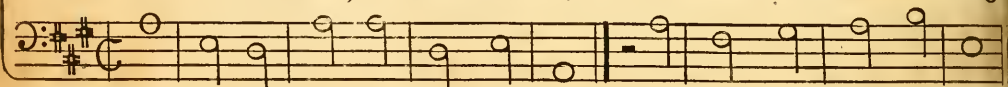
*Great Millton* Tune. PSALM CXI. 2. Part. Common Metre.



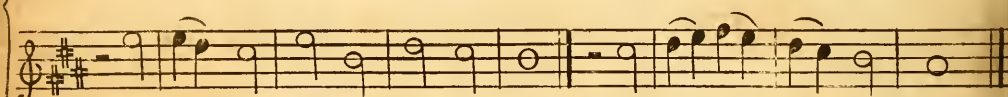
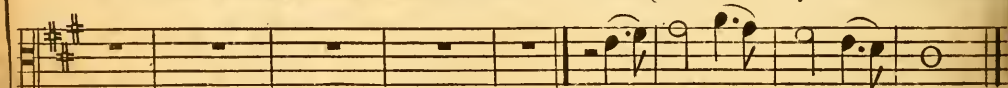
Great is the Lord; his Works of Might



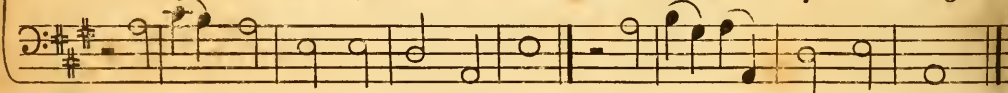
Great is the Lord; his Works of Might Demand our noblest Songs



Let his assembled Saints unite Their Harmony of Tongues.



Let his assembled Saints unite Their Harmony of Tongues.



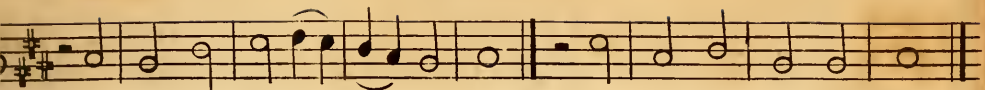
3.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came

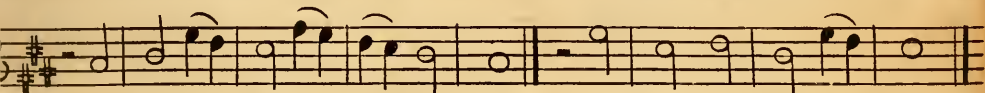
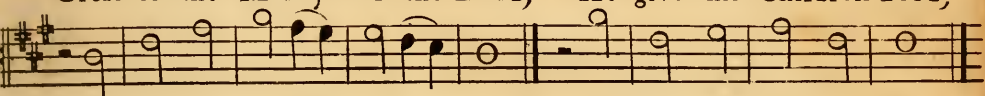
To seal his Covenant sure :

Holy and Reverend is his Name,

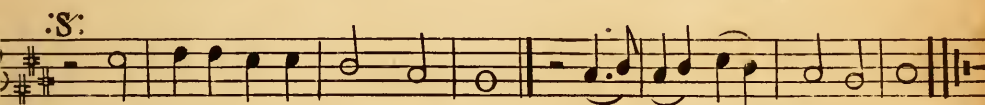
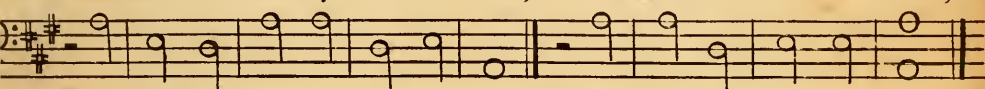
His Ways are just and pure .



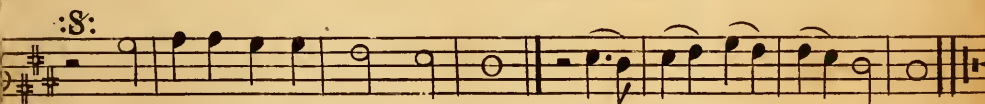
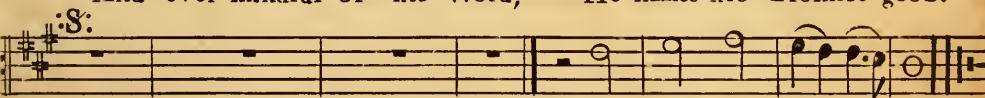
Great is the Mercy of the Lord, He gives his Children Food;



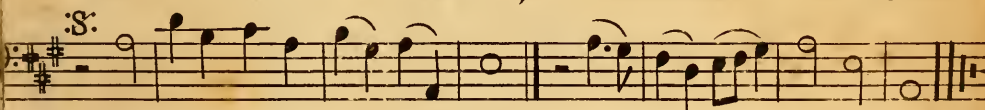
Great is the Mercy of the Lord, He gives his Children Food;



And ever mindful of his Word, He makes his Promise good.

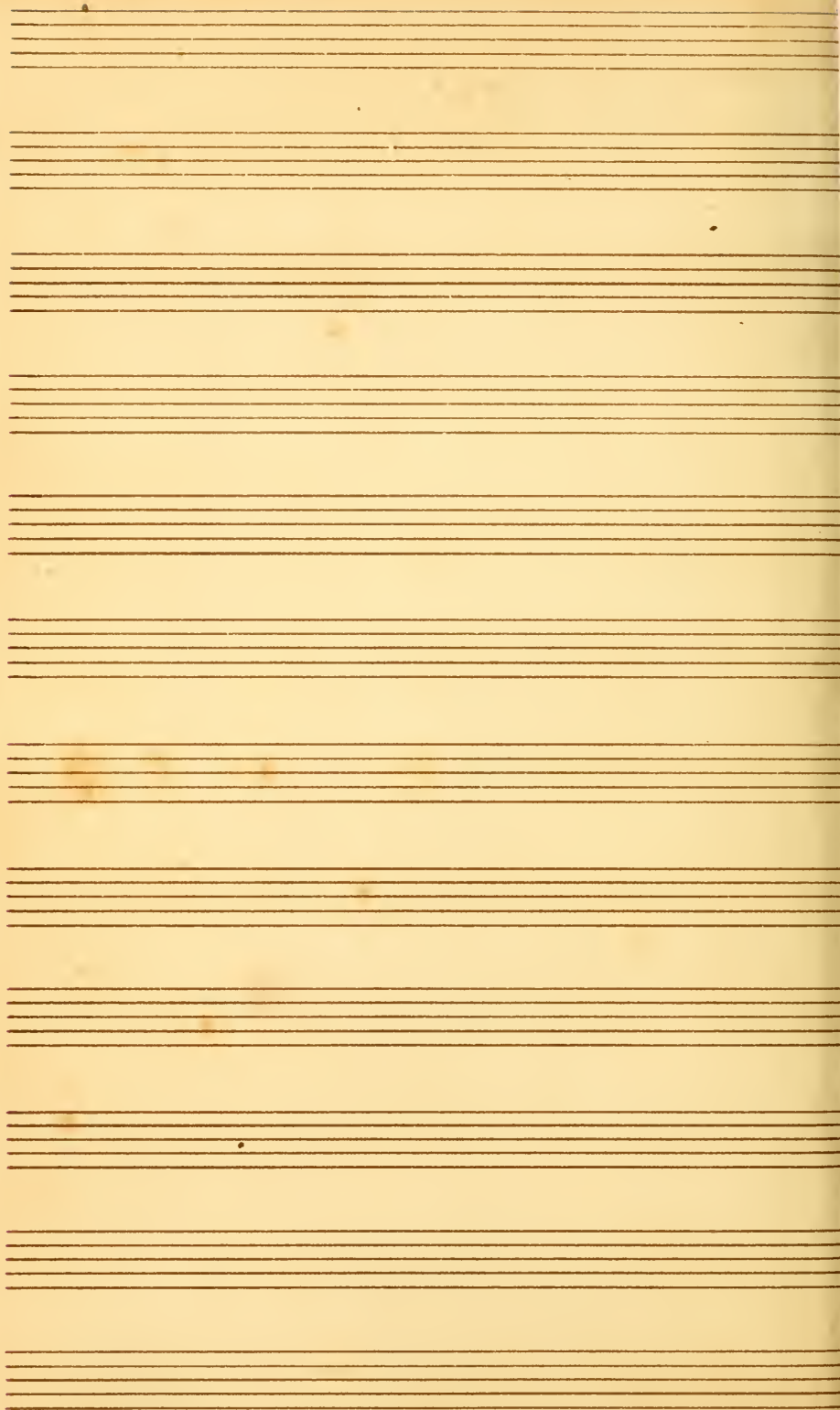


And ever mindful of his Word, He makes his Promise good.



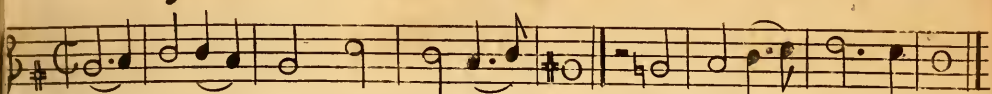
## 4.

They that would grow divinely wise  
Must with his Fear begin;  
Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies  
In hating every Sin.

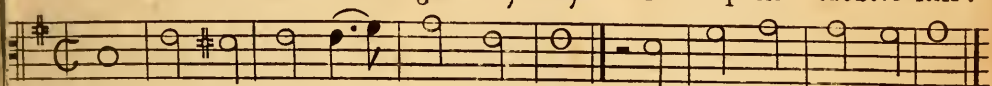




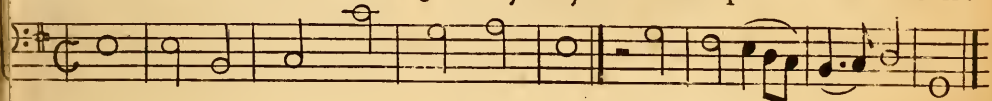
*S<sup>t</sup> Mary's* Tune. PSALM CXIX. 11. Part. Common Metre. 18.



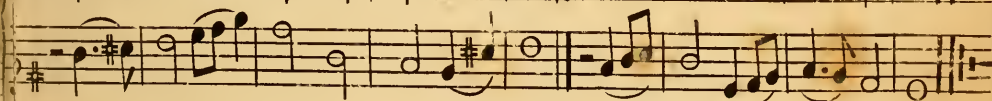
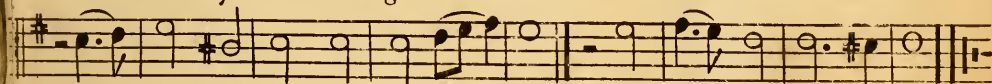
O that the Lord would guide my Ways To keep his Statutes still!



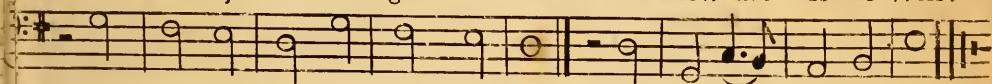
O that the Lord would guide my Ways To keep his Statutes still!



O that my God would grant me Grace To know and do his Will!



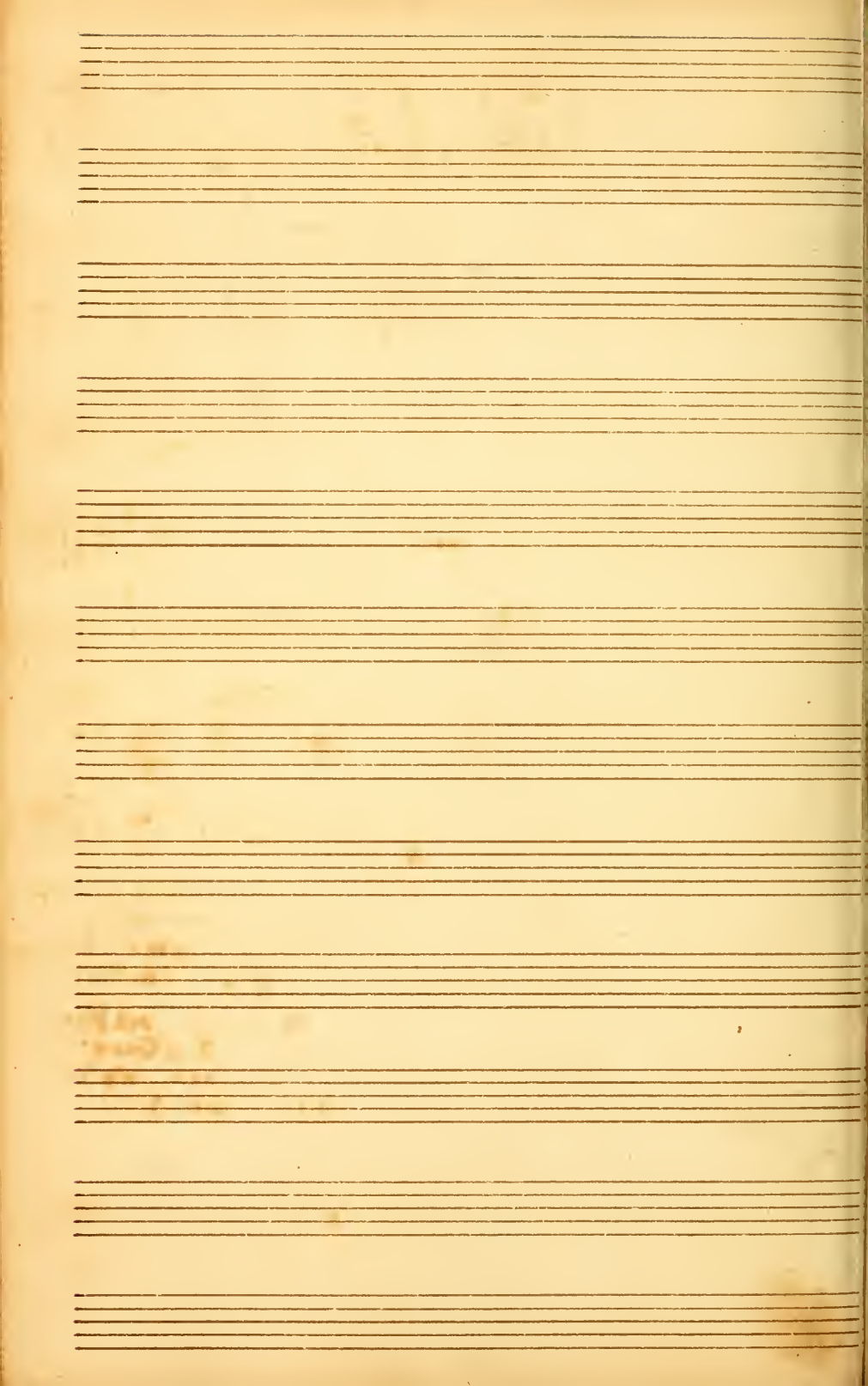
O that my God would grant me Grace To know and do his Will!

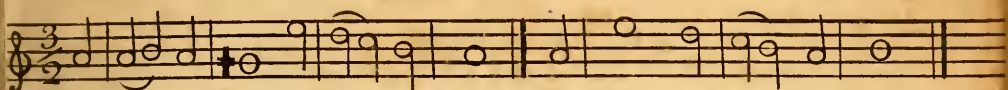


1 O send thy Spirit down to write Thy Law upon my Heart!  
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit, Nor covetous Desires arise  
Nor act the Liar's Part. Within this Soul of mine.

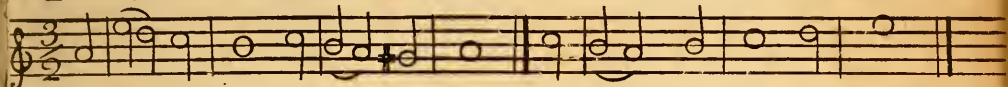
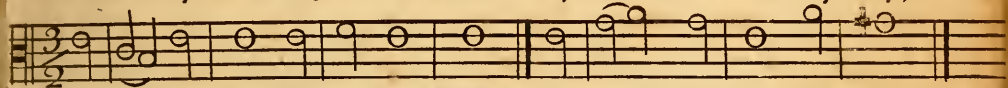
2 Order my Footsteps by thy Word, 3 My Soul hath gone too far astray,  
And make my Heart sincere; My Feet too often slip;  
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord, Yet since I've not forgot thy Way,  
But keep my Conscience clear. Restore thy wand ring Sheep.

4 Make me to walk in thy Commands;  
'Tis a delightful Road;  
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,  
Offend against my God.

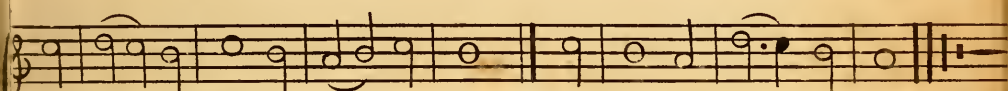
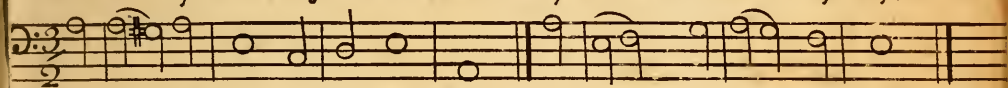




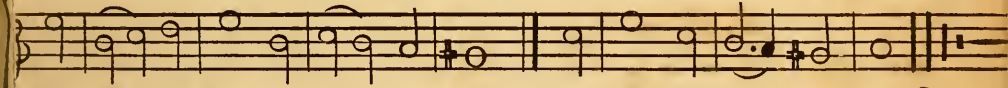
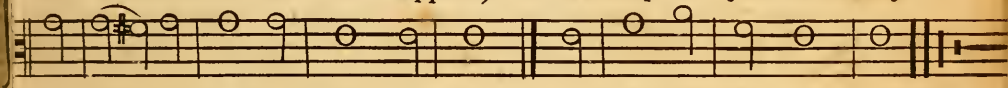
How did my Heart rejoice to hear My Friends devout-ly say,



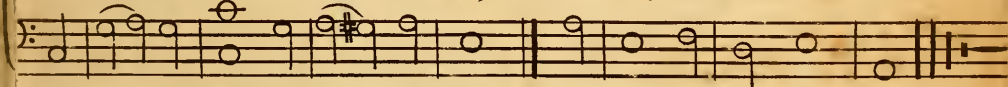
How did my Heart rejoice to hear My Friends devout-ly say,



In Zi-on let us all appear, And keep the sole-mn Day?



" In Zi-on let us all appear, " And keep the sol-lemn Day?



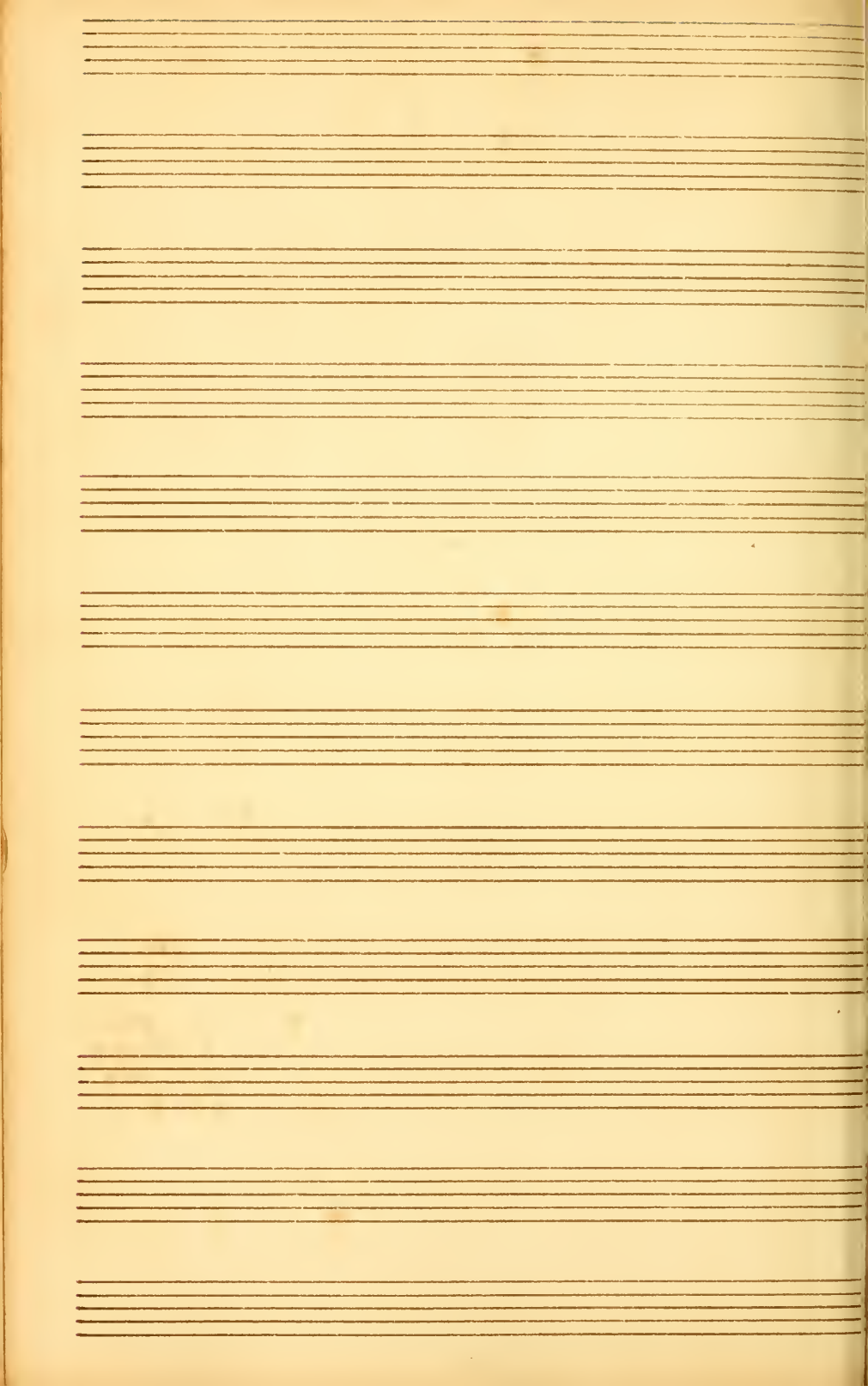
2 I love her Gates, I love the Road;  
The Church adorn'd with Grace  
Stands like a Palace built for God  
To shew his milder Face.

3 Up to her Courts with Joys unknown  
The holy Tribes repair;  
The Son of David holds his Throne,  
And sits in Judgment there.

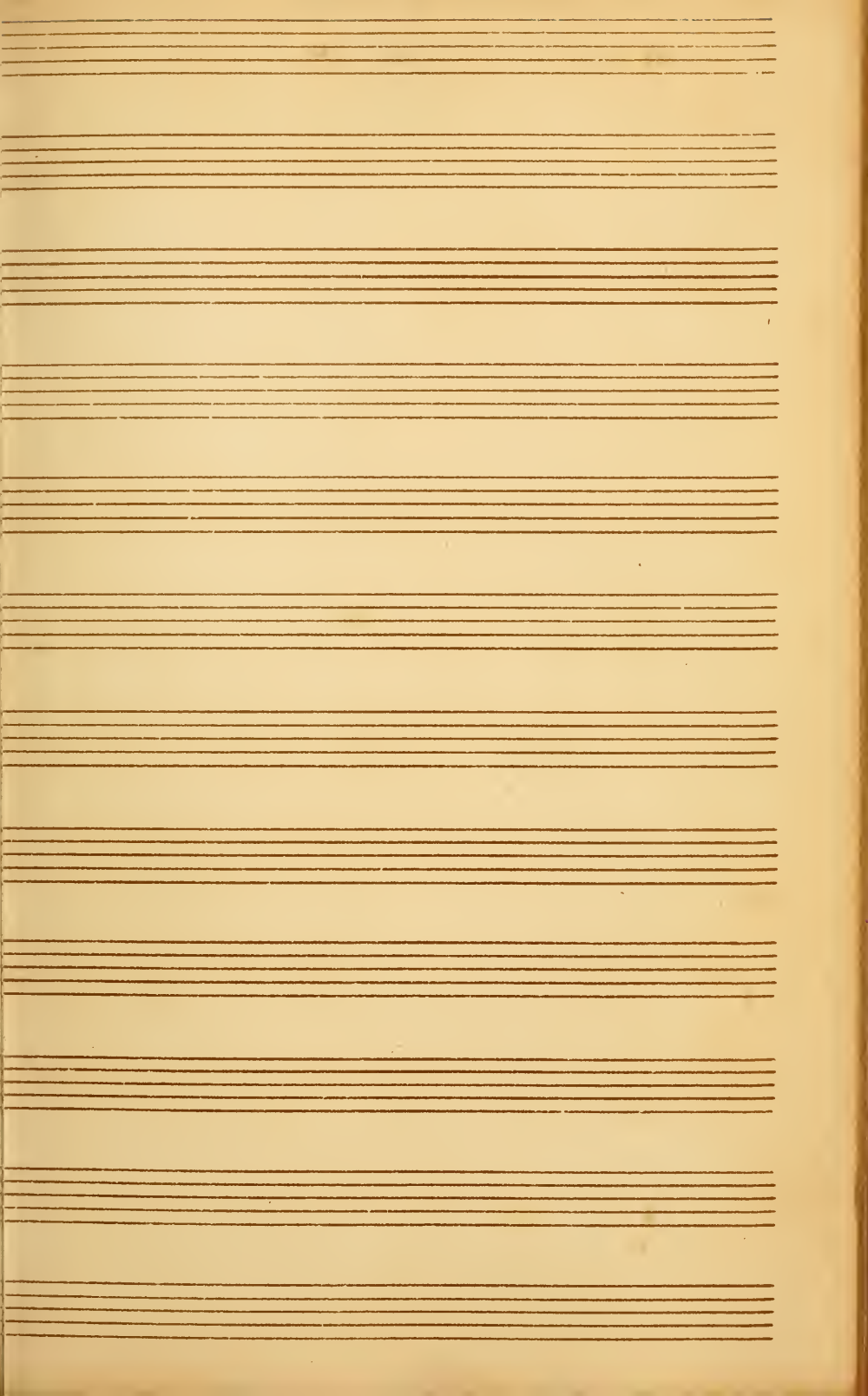
4 He hears our Praises and Complaints!  
And while his awful Voice  
Divides the Sinners from the Saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred Place,  
And Joy a constant Guest!  
With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace  
Be her Attendants blest!

6 My Soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While Life or Breath remains;  
There my best Friends, my Kindred dwell,  
There God my Saviour reigns.







*St David's* Tune. PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Your sweetest Passions raise,

Awake, ye Saints: To praise your King Your sweetest Passions raise,

Increasing with the Praise.

Your pious Pleasure, while you sing, Increasing with the Praise.

3.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea confess his Hand;  
 He bids the Vapours rise;  
 Lightning and Storm at his Command  
 Sweep thro' the sounding Skies.

5.

Which of the Stocks and Stones they trust  
 Can give them Show'rs of Rain?  
 In vain they worship glitt'ring Dust,  
 And pray to Gold in vain.

7.

Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,  
 Nor hear when Mortals pray;  
 Mortals that wait for their Relief,  
 Are blind and deaf as they.)

Are his di\_vine Employ:

Great is the Lord; and Works unknown Are his di\_vine Employ:

But still his Saints are near his Throne, His Treasure and his Joy.

But still his Saints are near his Throne, His Treasure and his Joy.

4.

All Power that Gods or Kings have claim'd  
Is found with him alone:  
But *Heathen* Gods should ne'er be nam'd  
Where our *Jehovah's* known.

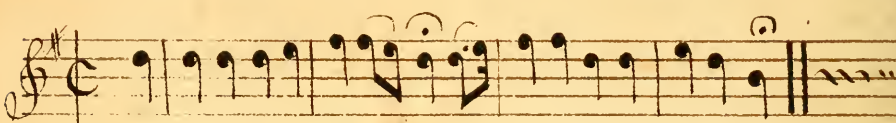
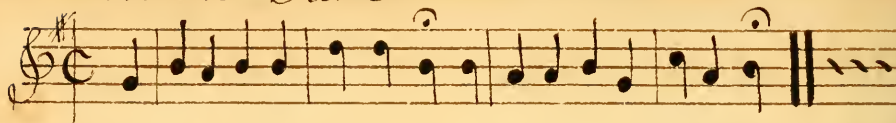
6.

(Their Gods have Tongues that cannot talk,  
Such as their Makers gave:  
Their Feet were ne'er design'd to walk,  
Nor Hands have Pow'r to save.

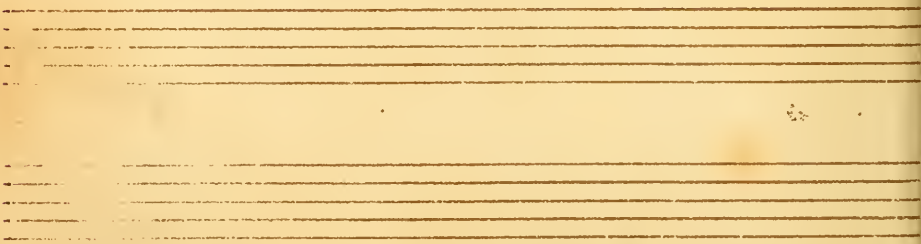
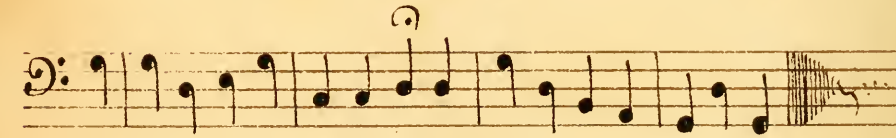
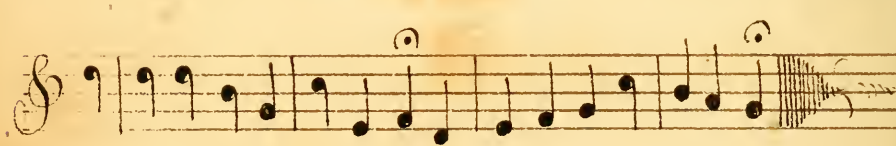
8.

O *Britain*, know thy living God,  
Serve him with Faith and Fear;  
He makes thy Churches his Abode,  
And claims thine Honours there.

*Derwick Tune*



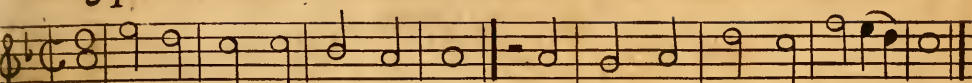
*Trebbles*



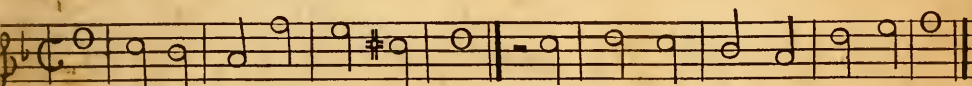
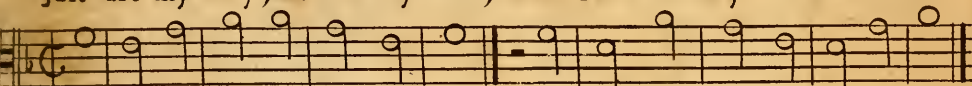


# Hospital

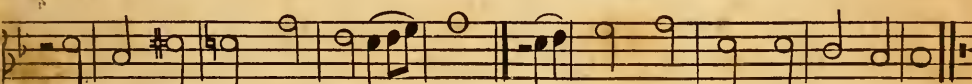
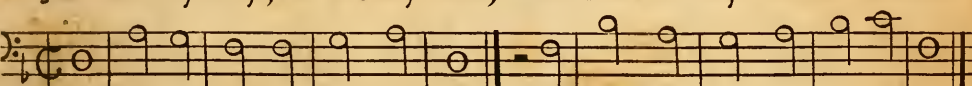
Tune. PSALM XVIII. 3<sup>d</sup> P<sup>t</sup> Long Metre.



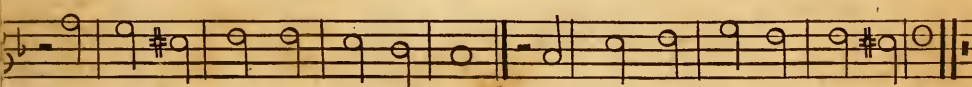
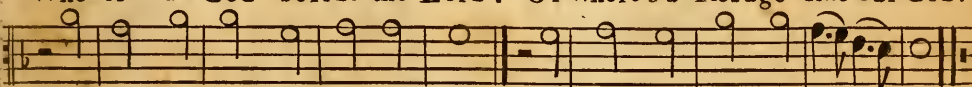
Just are thy Ways, and true thy Word, Great Rock of my secure Abode:



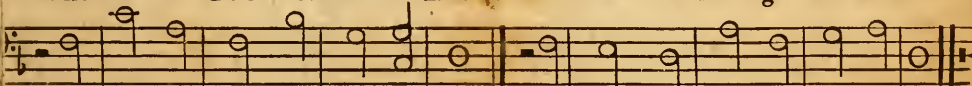
Just are thy Ways, and true thy Word, Great Rock of my secure Abode:



Who is a God beside the Lord? Or where's a Refuge like our God?



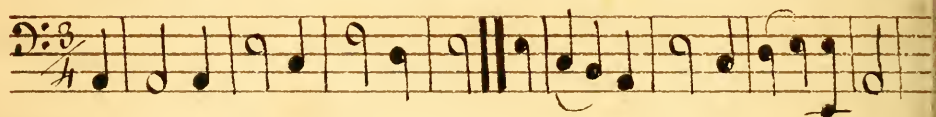
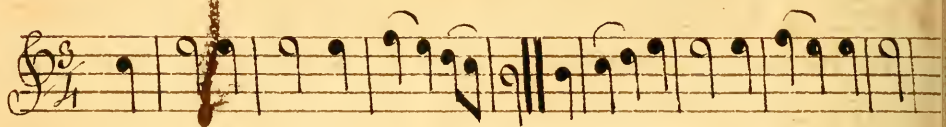
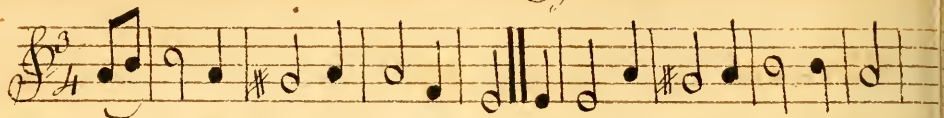
Who is a God beside the Lord? Or where's a Refuge like our God?



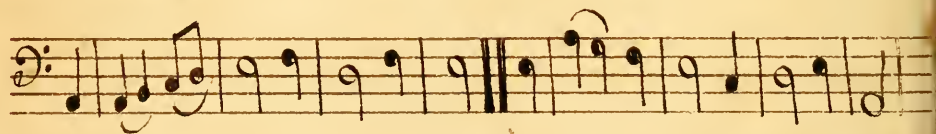
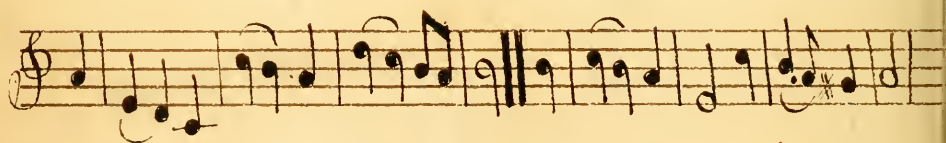
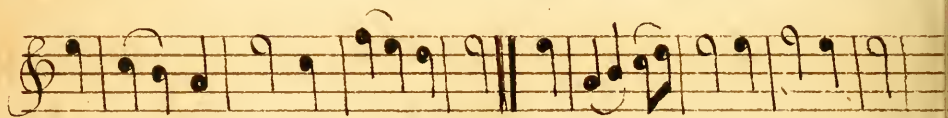
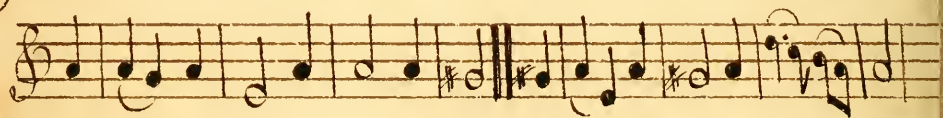
1 'Tis He that girds me with his Might, 3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock)  
Gives me his holy Sword to wield; The God of my Salvation lives,  
And while with Sin and Hell I fight, The dark Designs of Hell are broke;  
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield. Sweet is the Peace the Father gives.

4 Before the Scoffers of the Age 5 To David and his Royal Seed  
I will exalt my Father's Name, Thy Grace for ever shall extend;  
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage, Thy Love to Saints in Christ their Head  
But meet Reproach, and bear my Shame. Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

Darwent Dune Long Metre



Treble



The Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord, In ev'ry Star thy Wisdom shines:

The Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord, In ev'ry Star thy Wisdom shines:

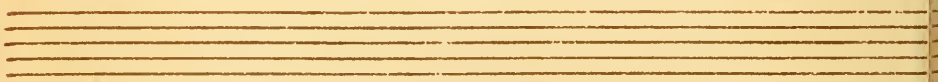
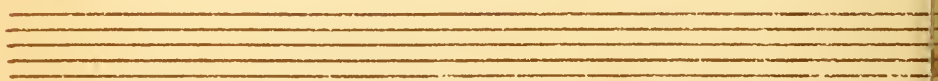
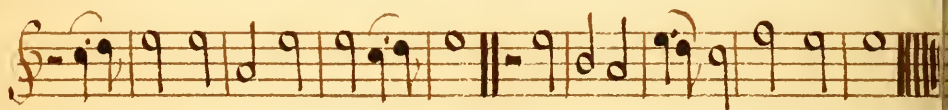
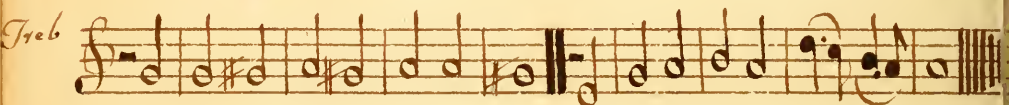
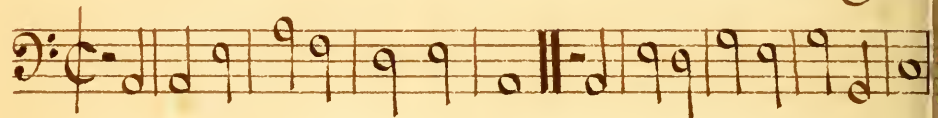
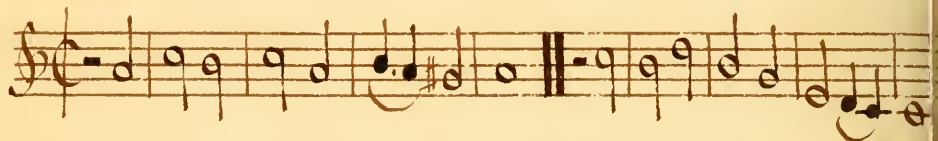
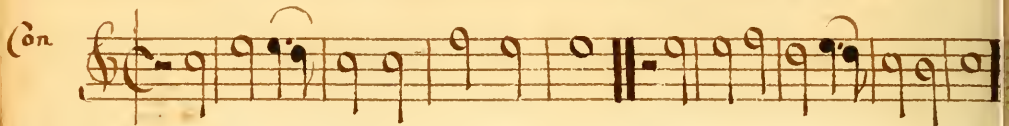
But when our Eyes behold thy Word, We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

But when our Eyes behold thy Word, We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

- 2 The rolling Sun, the changing Light,  
And Nights and Days thy Power confess;  
But the blest Volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.
- 3 Sun, Moon and Stars convey thy Praise  
Round the whole Earth, and never stand:  
So when thy Truth begun its Race,  
It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest  
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run;  
Till *Christ* has all the Nations blest  
That see the Light, or feel the Sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark World with heav'nly Light;  
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise,  
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest Wonders here we view  
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiv'n:  
Lord, cleanse my Sins, my Soul renew,  
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

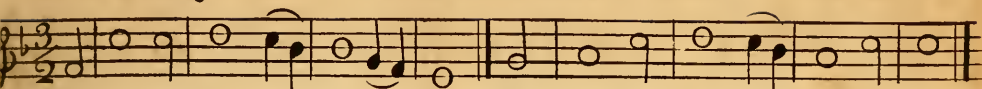


Winterbourn June

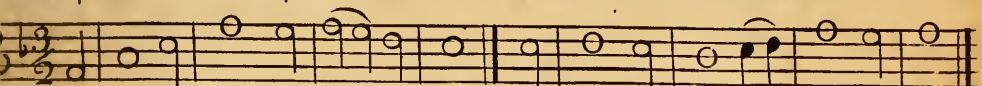




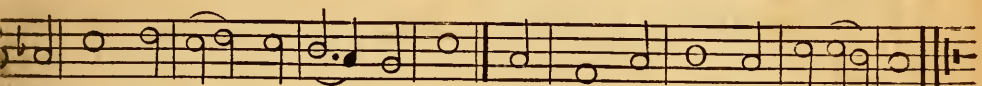
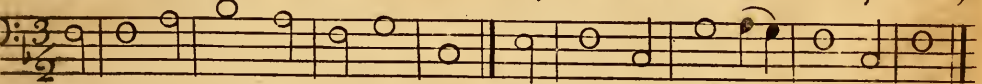
Coventry Tune. PSALM XXXVI. . 1<sup>st</sup> P<sup>t</sup> Long Metre.



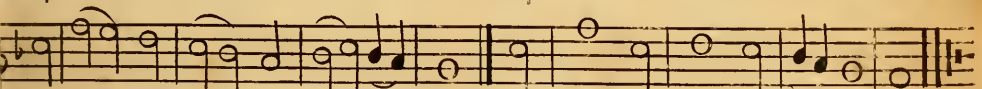
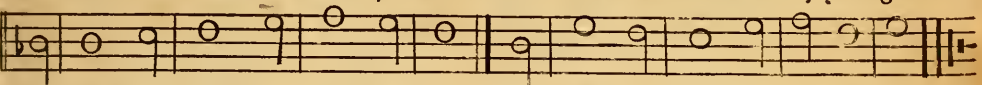
High in the Heav'n's, etern—al God, Thy Goodness in full Glory shines;



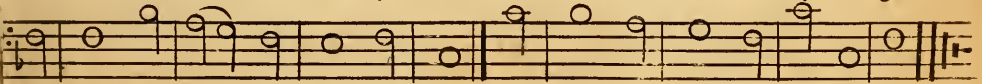
High in the Heav'n's, etern—al God, Thy Goodness in full Glory shines;



Thy Truth shall break thro' ev'ry Cloud That veils and darkens thy Designs.



Thy Truth shall break thro' ev'ry Cloud That veils and darkens thy Designs.



For ever firm thy Justice stands,  
As Mountains their Foundations keep;  
Wise are the Wonders of thy Hands;  
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

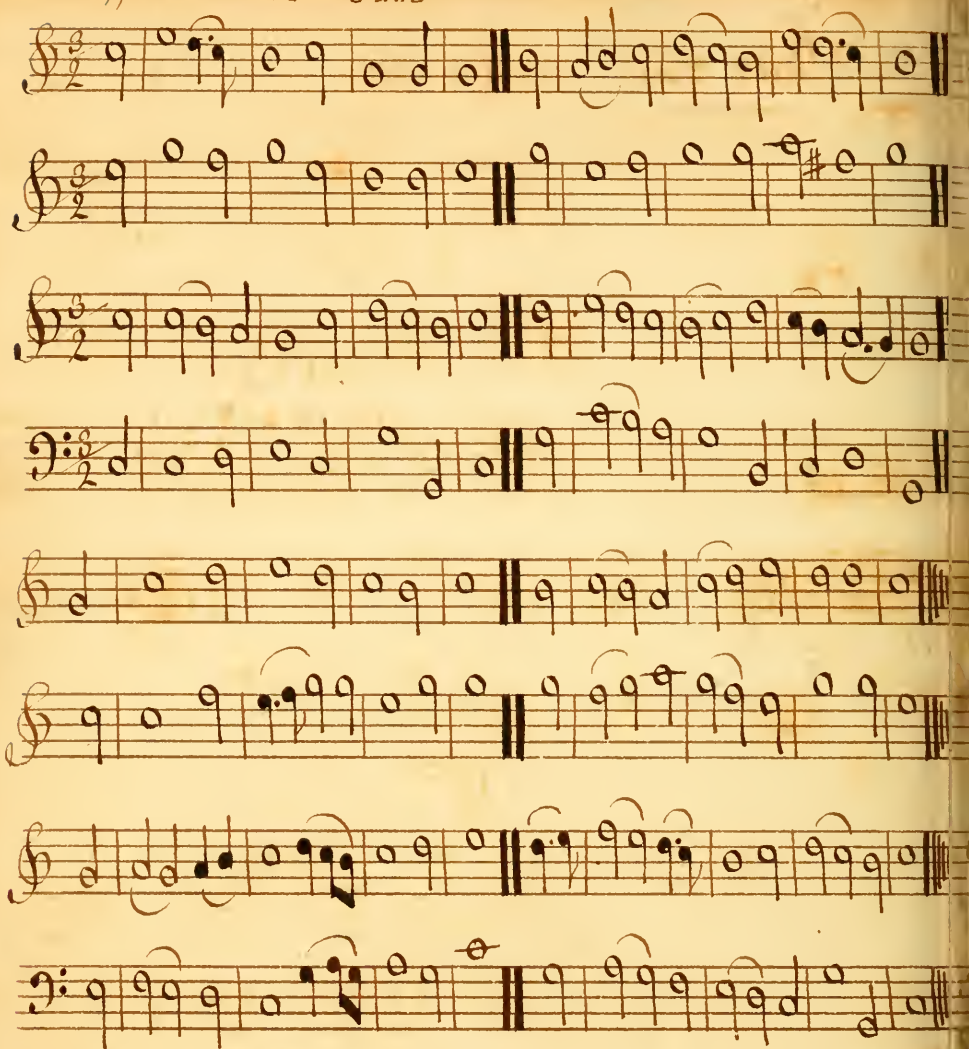
3 Thy Providence is kind and large,  
Both Man and Beast thy Bounty share;  
The whole Creation is thy Charge,  
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

My God; how excellent thy Grace!  
Whence all our Hope and Comfort springs;  
The Sons of Adam in Distress  
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

5 From the Provisions of thy House  
We shall be fed with sweet Repast;  
There Mercy like a River flows,  
And brings Salvation to our Taste.

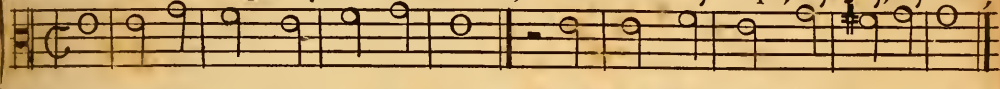
6 Life like a Fountain rich and free  
Spring from the Presence of my Lord;  
And in thy Light our Souls shall see  
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

*Marchant June*

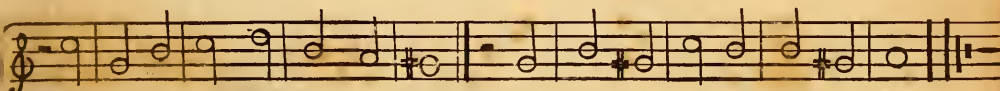
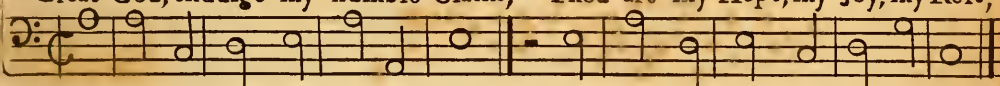




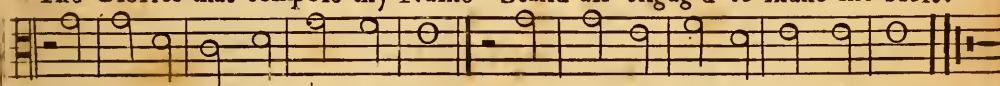
Great God, indulge my humble Claim, Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;



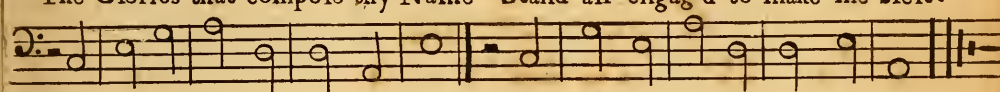
Great God, indulge my humble Claim, Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;



The Glories that compose thy Name Stand all engag'd to make me blest.



The Glories that compose thy Name Stand all engag'd to make me blest.



2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise, 3 With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands  
Thou art my Father and my God; For Thee I long, to Thee I look,  
And I am thine by sacred Ties; As Travelers in thirsty Lands  
Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood. Pant for the cooling Water-brook.

4 With early Feet I love t'appear 5 Not Fruits nor Wines that tempt our Taste,  
Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face, Nor all the Joys our Senses know,  
Oft have I seen thy Glory there, Could make me so divinely blest,  
And felt the Power of Sovereign Grace. Or raise my cheerful Passion so.

6 My Life itself without thy Love 7 Amidst the wakeful Hours of Night,  
No Taste of Pleasure could afford; When busy Cares afflict my Head,  
'Twould but a tiresome Burden prove, One Thought of Thee gives new Delight,  
If I were banish'd from the Lord. And adds Refreshment to my Bed.

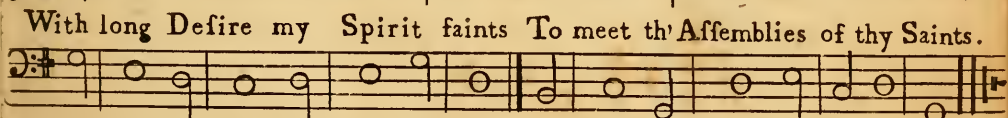
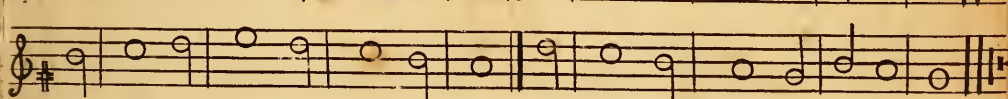
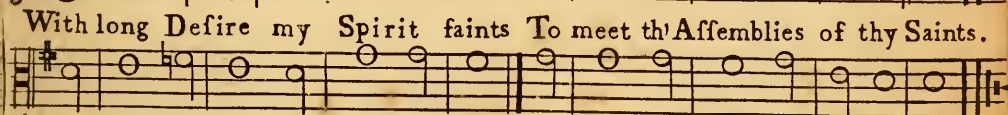
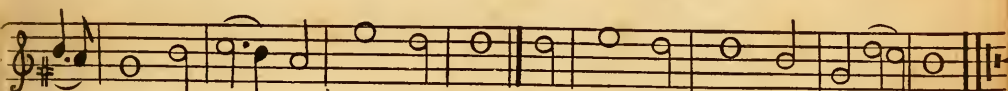
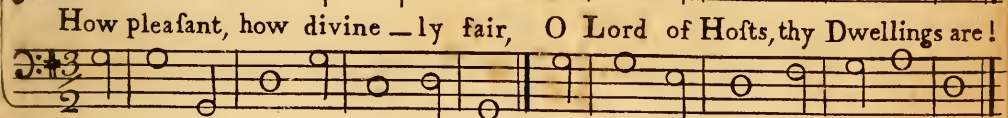
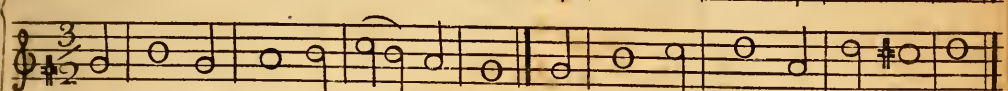
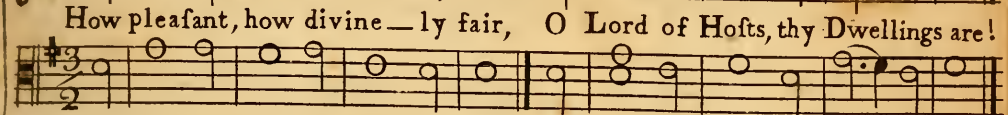
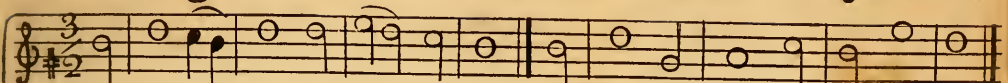
8 I'll lift my Hands I'll raise my Voice,  
While I have Breath to pray or praise;  
This Work shall make my Heart rejoice,  
And spend the Remnant of my Days.



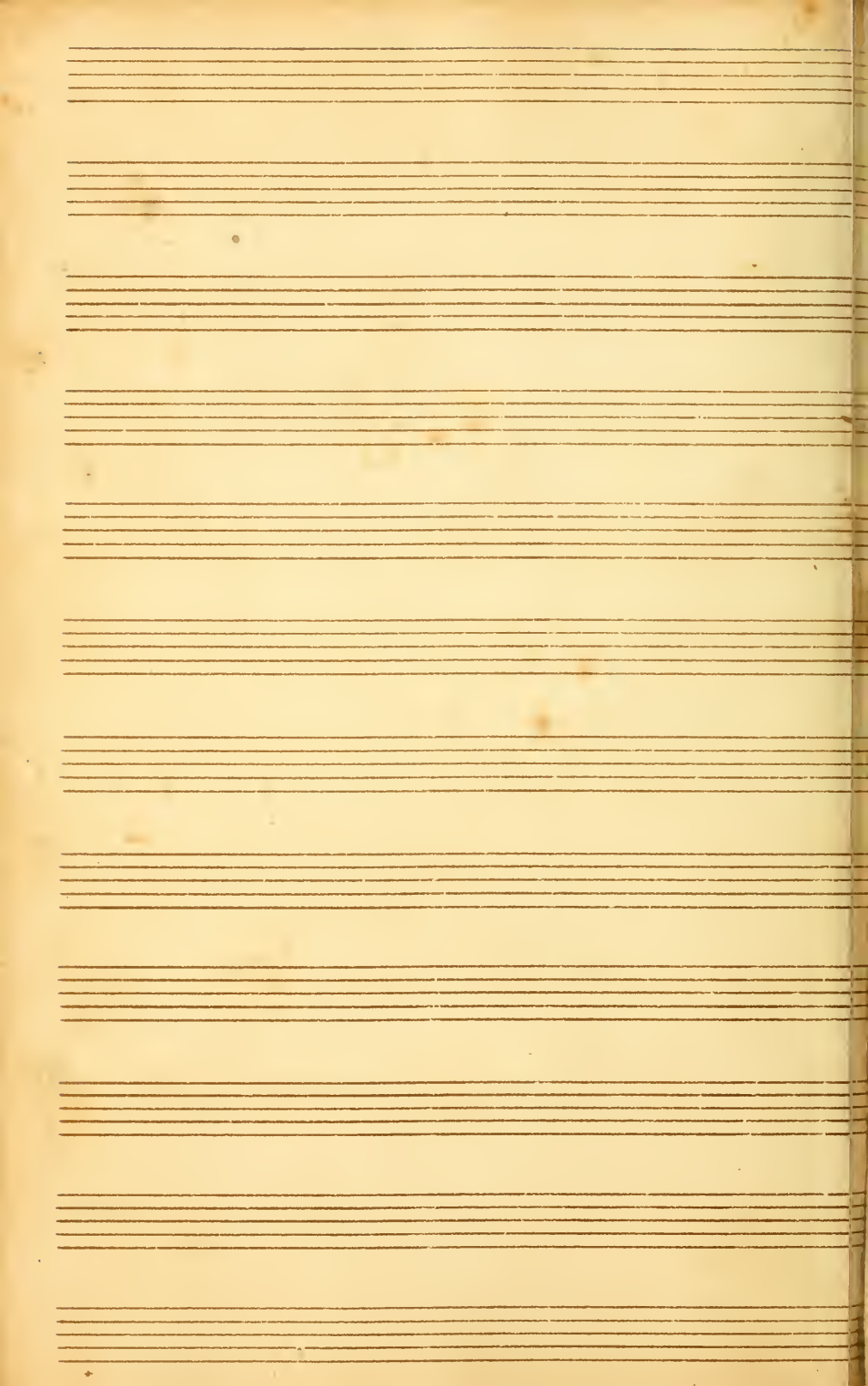




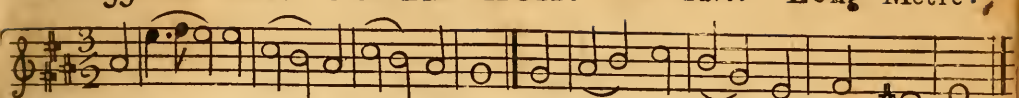
*Hiching* Tune. PSALM LXXXIV. 1<sup>st</sup> Pt Long Metre.



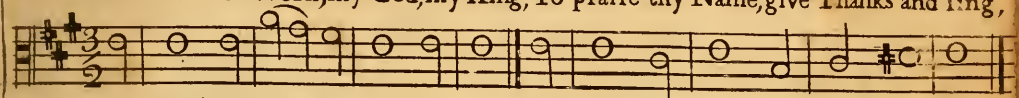
- 2 My Flesh would rest in thine Abode,  
My panting Heart cries out for God;  
My God! my King! why should I be  
So far from all my Joys and Thee?
- 3 The Sparrow chuses where to rest,  
And for her Young provides her Nest;  
But will my God to Sparrows grant  
That Pleasure which his Children want?
- 4 Blest are the Saints who sit on high  
Around thy Throne of Majesty;  
Thy brightest Glories shine above,  
And all their Work is Praise and Love.
- 5 Blest are the Souls that find a Place  
Within the Temple of thy Grace;  
There they behold thy gentler Rays,  
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.
- 6 Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set  
To find the Way to Zion's Gate;  
God is their Strength: and through y<sup>e</sup> Road  
They lean upon their Helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing Strength,  
'Till all shall meet in Heaven at length,  
'Till all before thy Face appear,  
And join in nobler Worship there.



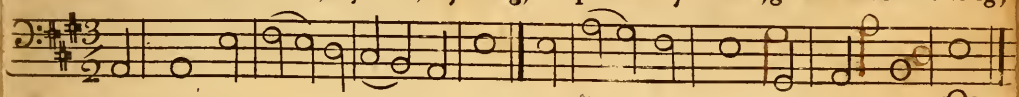
Stafford Tune. PSALM XCII. 1<sup>st</sup> Part. Long Metre. 27.



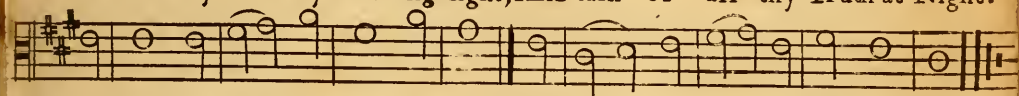
Sweet is the Work, my God, my King, To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing,



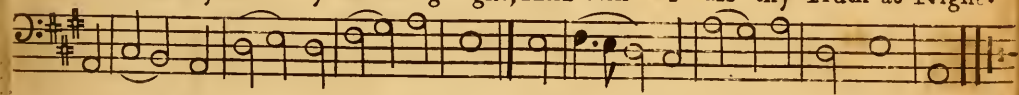
Sweet is the Work, my God, my King, To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing,



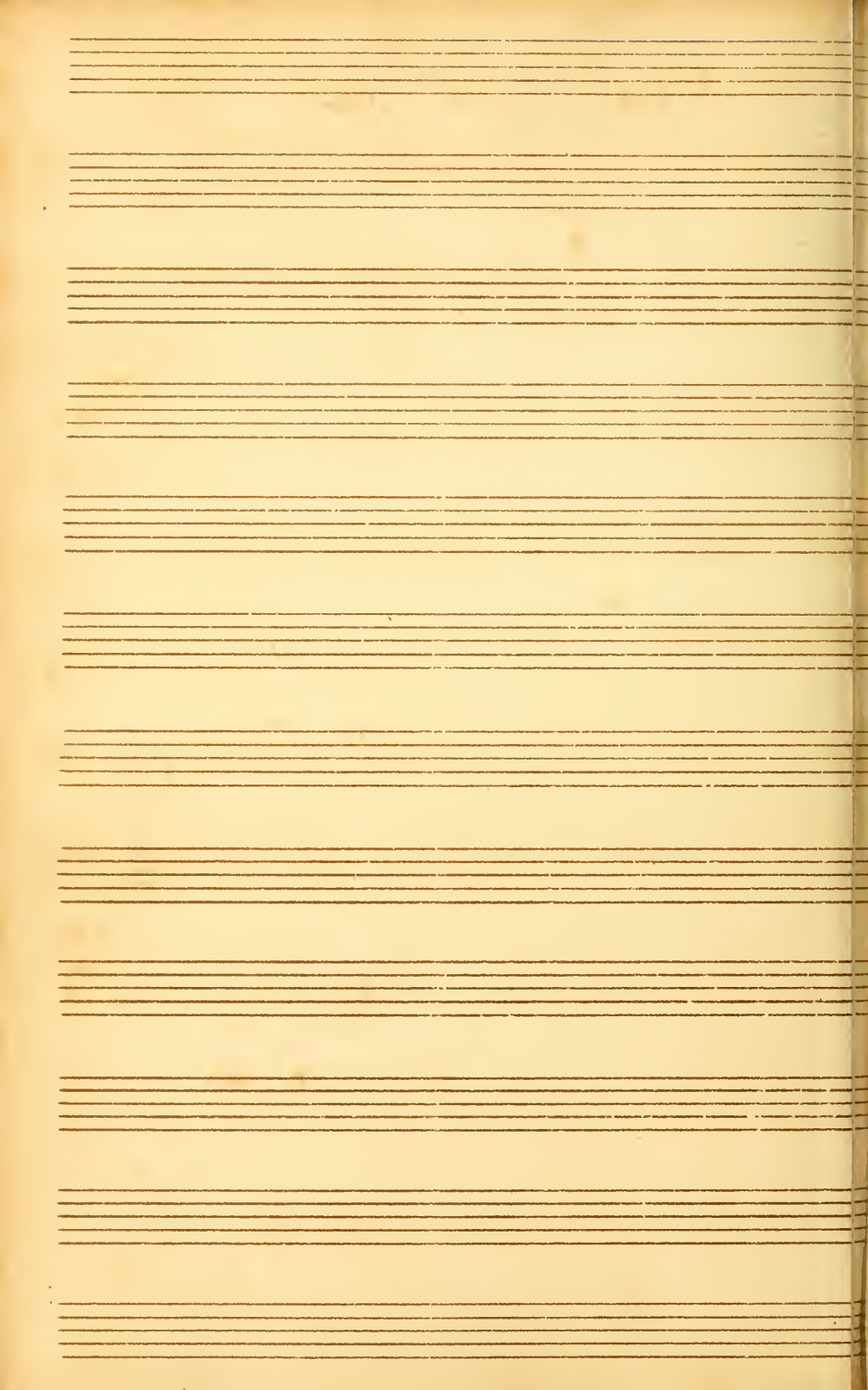
To shew thy Love by Morning-light, And talk of all thy Truth at Night.



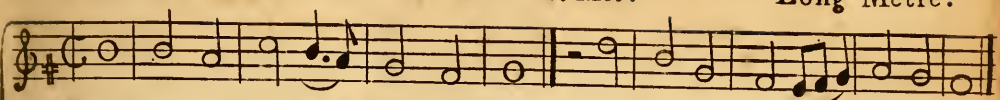
To shew thy Love by Morning-light, And talk of all thy Truth at Night.



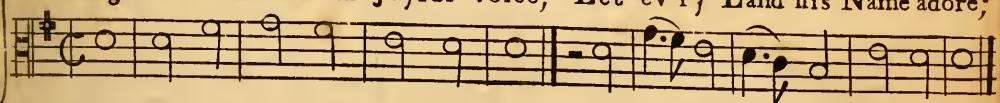
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,<br/>No mortal Cares shall seize my Breast,<br/>O may my Heart in Tune be found<br/>Like David's Harp of solemn Sound!</p>                        | <p>3 My Heart shall triumph in my Lord,<br/>And bless his Works, and bless his Word;<br/>Thy Works of Grace how bright they shine<br/>How deep thy Counsels! how divine!</p> |
| <p>4 Fools never raise their Thoughts so high;<br/>Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;<br/>Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath<br/>Blast them in everlasting Death.</p> | <p>5 But I shall share a glorious Part<br/>When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,<br/>And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed<br/>Like holy Oil to cheer my Head.</p>             |
| <p>6 Sin (my worst Enemy before)<br/>Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more:<br/>My inward Foes shall all be slain,<br/>Nor Satan break my Peace again.</p>                                | <p>7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,<br/>All I desir'd or with'd below;<br/>And every Power find sweet Employ<br/>In that eternal World of Joy.</p>                    |



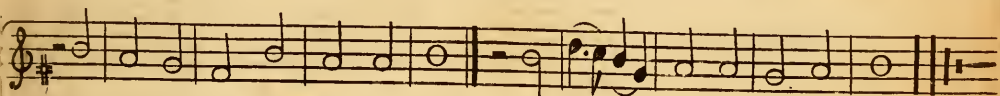
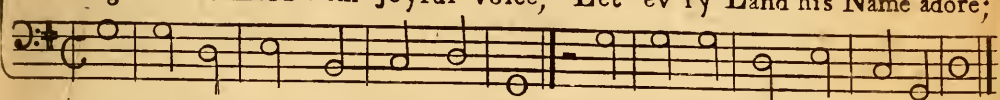




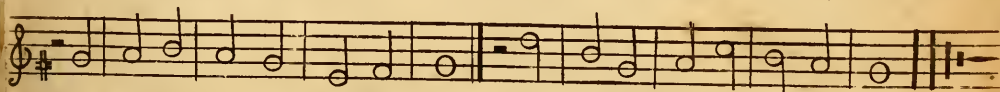
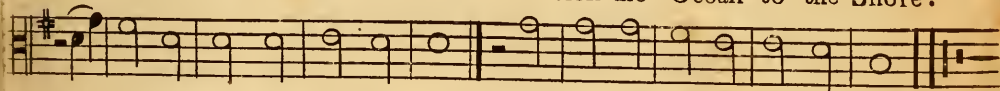
Sing to the Lord with joyful Voice; Let ev'ry Land his Name adore;



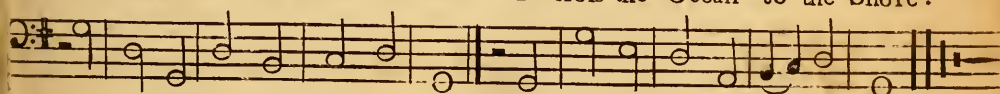
Sing to the Lord with joyful Voice; Let ev'ry Land his Name adore;



The British Isles shall send the Noise Across the Ocean to the Shore.



The British Isles shall send the Noise Across the Ocean to the Shore.



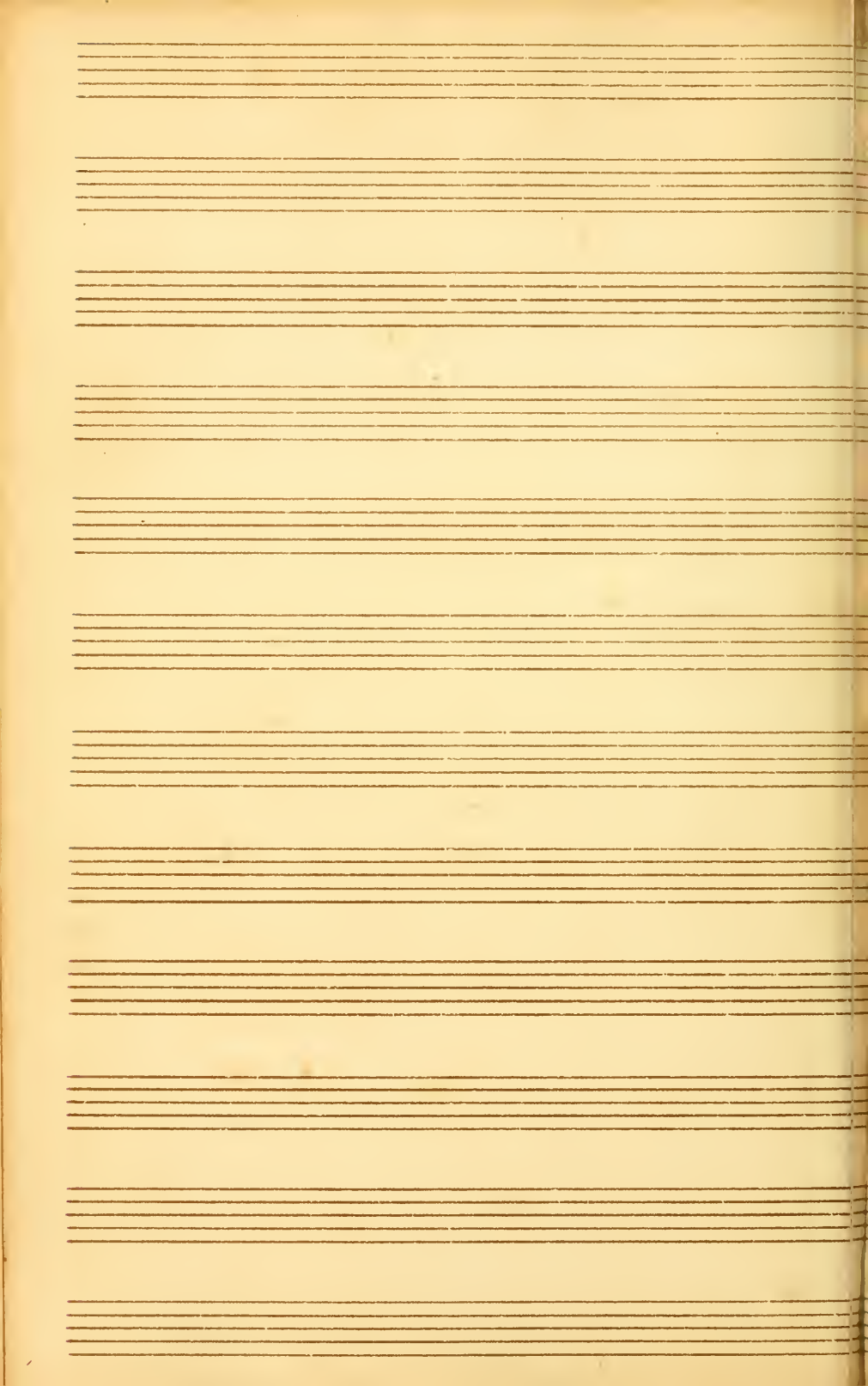
2 Nations attend before his Throne  
With solemn Fear, with sacred Joy:  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and He destroy.

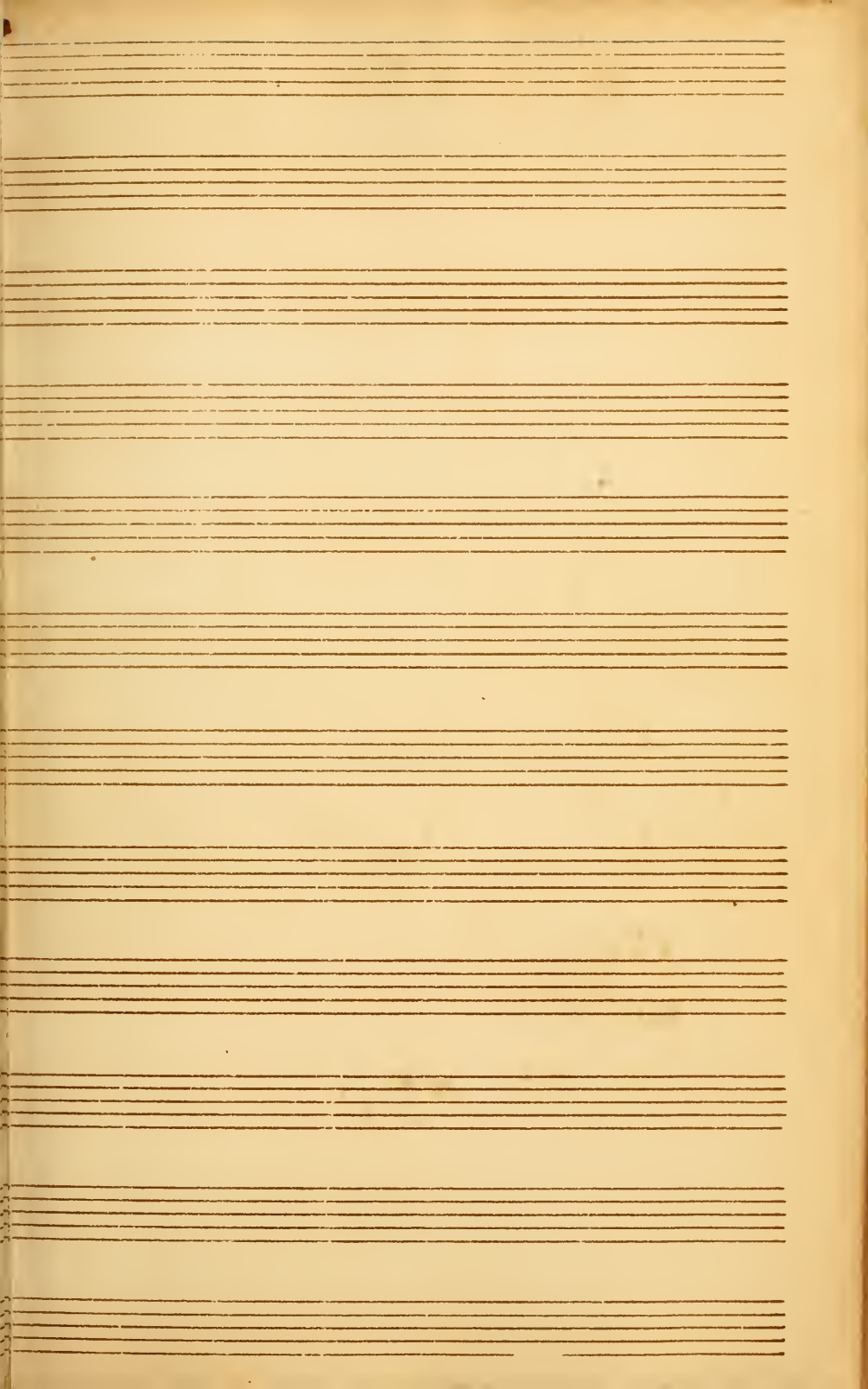
3 His sov'reign Power without our Aid  
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men:  
And when like wandering Sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his Fold again.

4 We are his people, we his Care,  
Our Souls, and all our mortal Frame:  
What lasting Honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

5 We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,  
High as the Heaven, our Voices raise;  
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues  
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

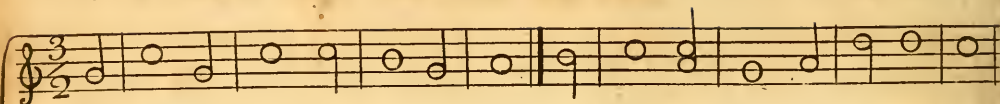
6 Wide as the World is thy Command,  
Vast as Eternity thy Love;  
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,  
When rolling Years shall cease to move.



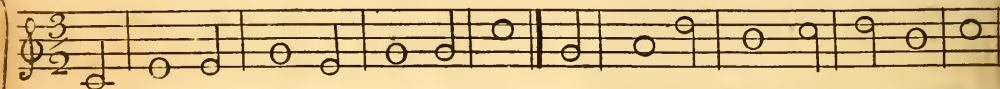
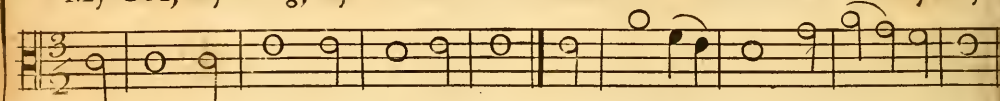


## St Luke's Tune. PSALM CXLV.

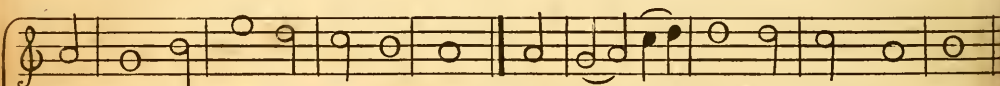
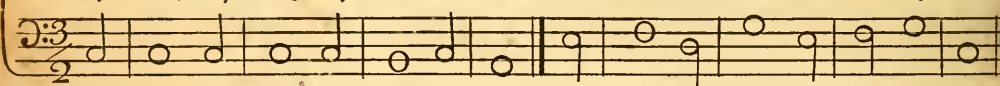
Long Metre.



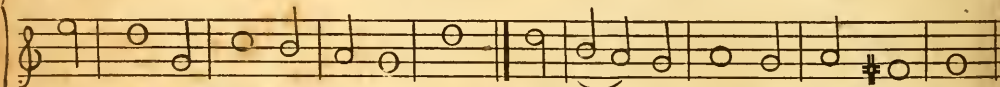
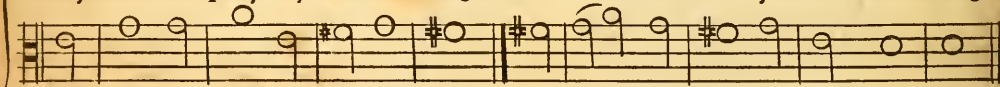
My God, my King, thy various Praise Shall fill the Remnant of my Days



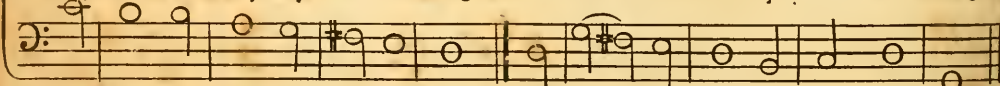
My God, my King, thy various Praise Shall fill the Remnant of my Days



Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue Till Death and Glory raise the Song.



Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue Till Death and Glory raise the Song.



Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim;  
 Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;  
 Thy Mercy swift; thine Anger flow,  
 But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

5.

Let distant Times and Nations raise  
 The long Succession of thy Praise:  
 And unborn Ages make my Song  
 The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.



The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;

The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;

And every setting Sun shall see New Works of Du-ty done for Thee.

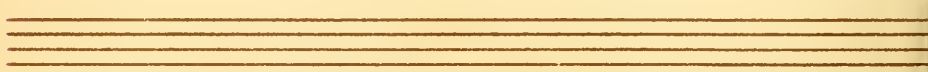
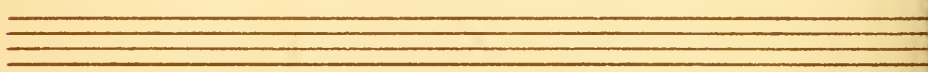
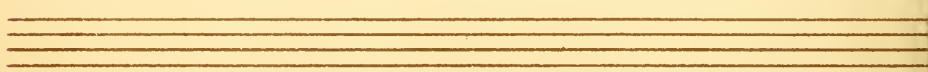
And every setting Sun shall see New Works of Du-ty done for Thee.

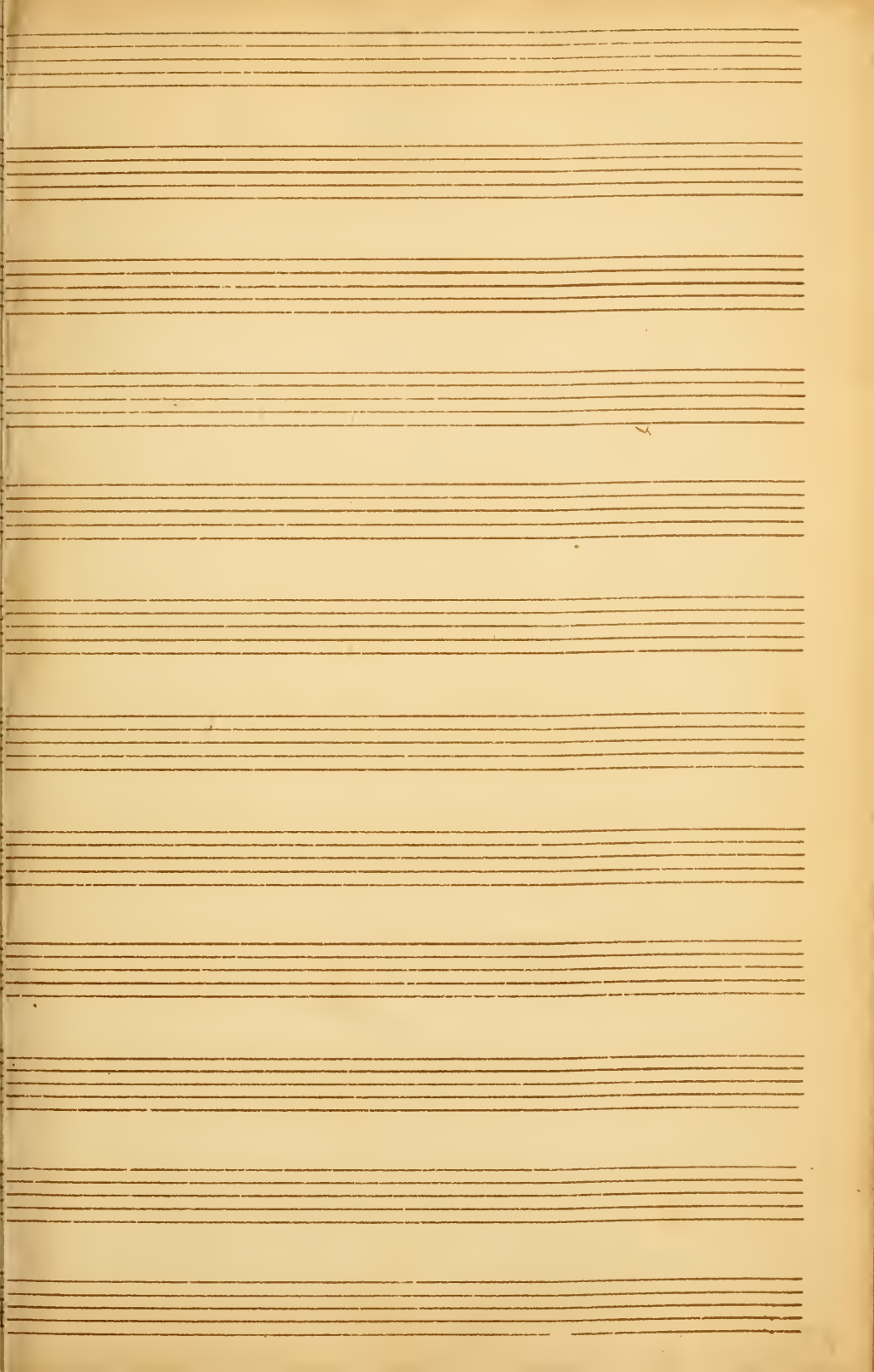
4.

Thy Works with sov'reign Glory shine;  
And speak thy Majesty divine;  
Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim  
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

6.

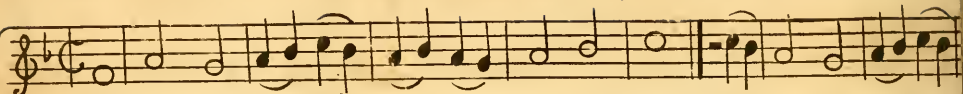
But who can speak thy wondrous Deeds?  
Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds;  
Vast and unsearchable thy Ways,  
Vast and immortal be thy Praise.



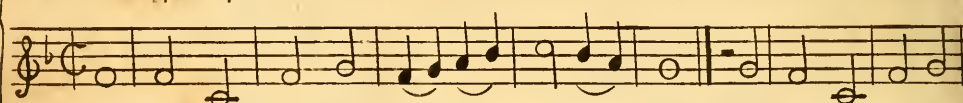


## Berwick Tune. PSALM L.

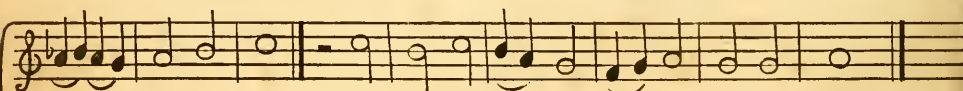
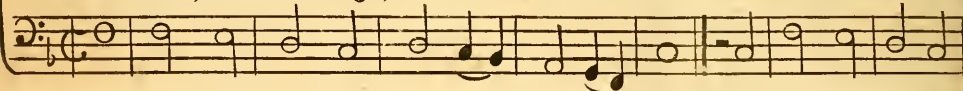
Peculiar Metre.



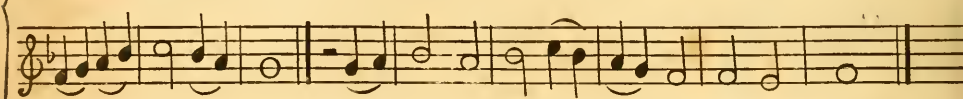
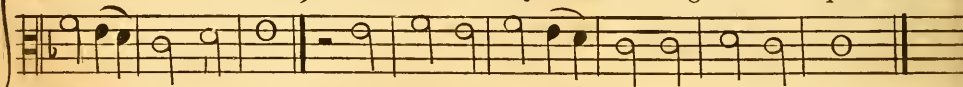
The Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his Summons forth Calls the South Nations,



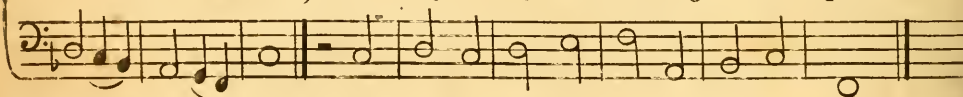
The Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his Summons forth Calls the South Nations



and a\_wakes the North; From East to West the founding Orders spread



and a\_wakes the North; From East to West the founding Orders spread



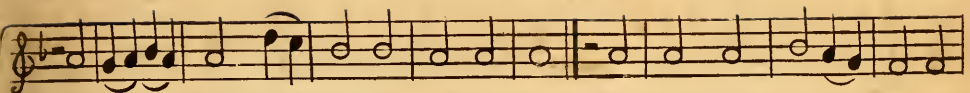
Behold the Judge descends;<sup>2.</sup> his Guards are nigh,  
Tempest and Fire attend him down the Sky:  
Heav'n, Earth and Hell draw near; let all Things come

Behold my Covenant stands for ever good,<sup>3.</sup>  
Seal'd by th' Eternal Sacrifice in Blood,  
And sign'd with all their Names; the Greek, the Jew,

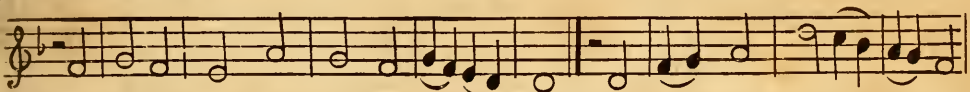
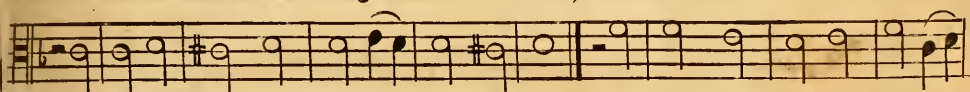
I their Almighty Saviour and their God,<sup>4.</sup>  
I am their Judge: Ye Heav'ns proclaim abroad  
My just eternal Sentence, and declare



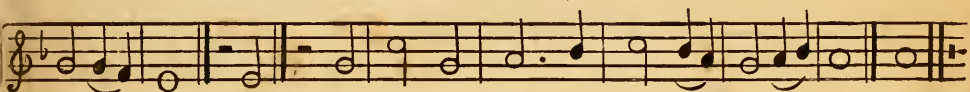
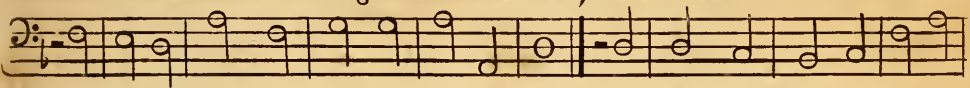
## 1 Continued.



Thro' distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead; No more shall Atheists mock his

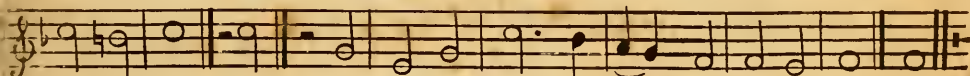


Thro' distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead; No more shall Atheists mock his



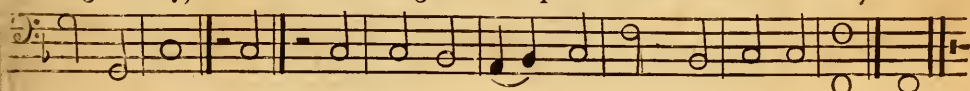
long Delay;

His Vengeance sleeps no more: Behold the Day.



long Delay;

His Vengeance sleeps no more: Behold the Day.



## 2 Conti.

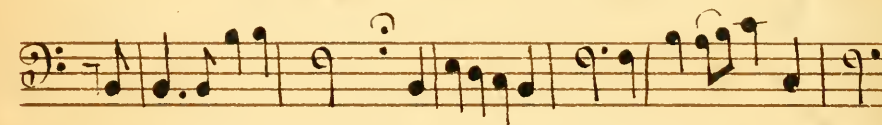
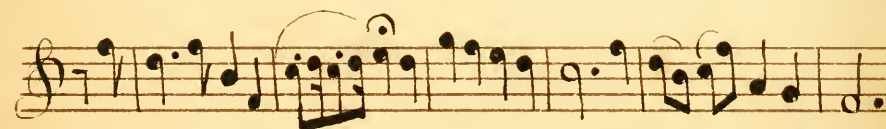
To hear his Justice and the Sinners Doom;  
But gather first my Saints (the Judge commands)  
Bring them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands.

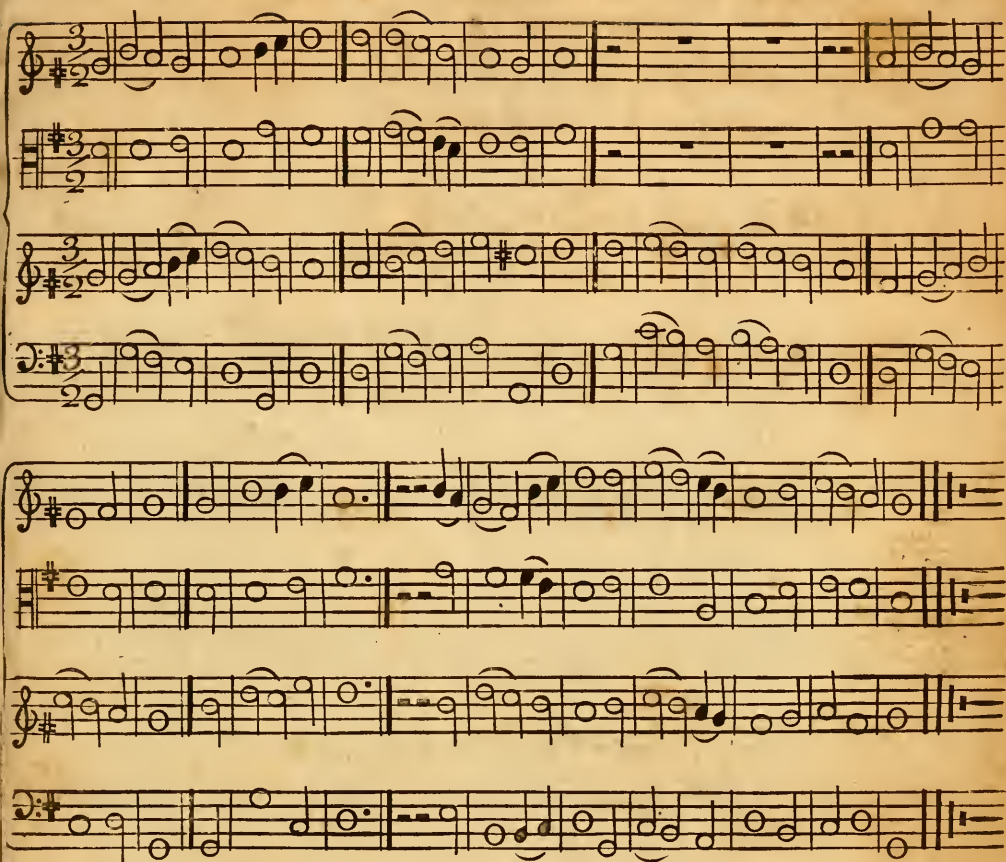
## 3 Conti.

That paid the antient Worship or the new,  
There's no Distinction here; Come spread their Thrones,  
And near me seat my Fav'rites and my Sons.

## 4 Conti.

Those awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear;  
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;  
I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.





1 Lord of the Worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The Dwellings of thy Love,  
Thy earthly Temples are!  
To thine Abode  
My Heart aspires,  
With warm Desires  
To see my God.

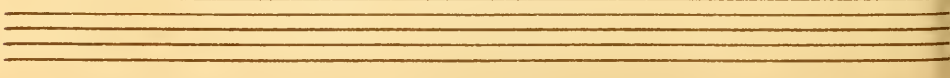
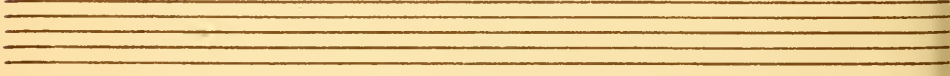
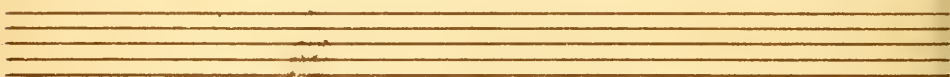
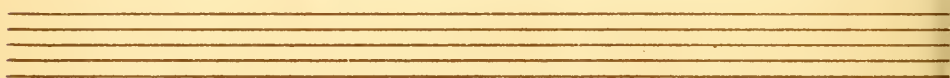
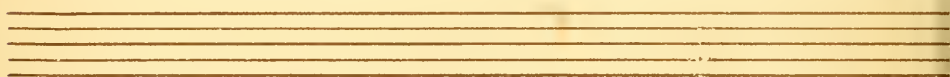
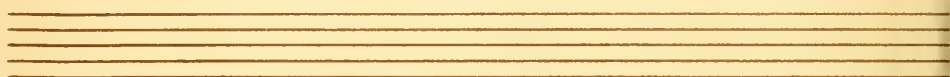
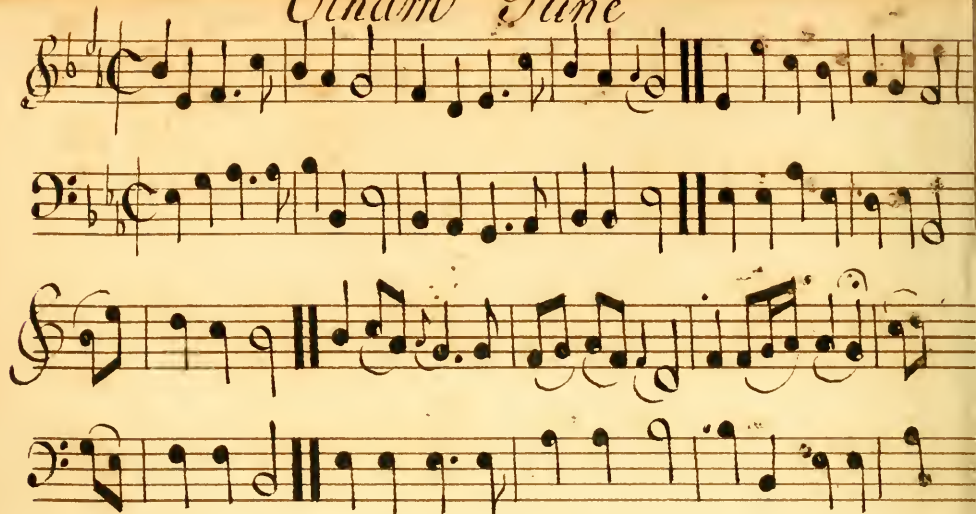
2 The Sparrow for her Young  
With Pleasure seeks a Nest,  
And wand'ring Swallows long  
To find their wonted Rest:  
My Spirit faints  
With equal Zeal  
To rise and dwell  
Among thy Saints.

3 O happy Souls that pray,  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy Men that pay  
Their constant Service there!  
They praise Thee still;  
And happy they  
That love the Way  
To Zion's Hill.

4 They go from Strength to Strength,  
Thro' this dark Vale of Terror  
'Till each arrives at length,  
'Till each in Heav'n appears:  
O glorious Seat,  
When God our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing Feet!

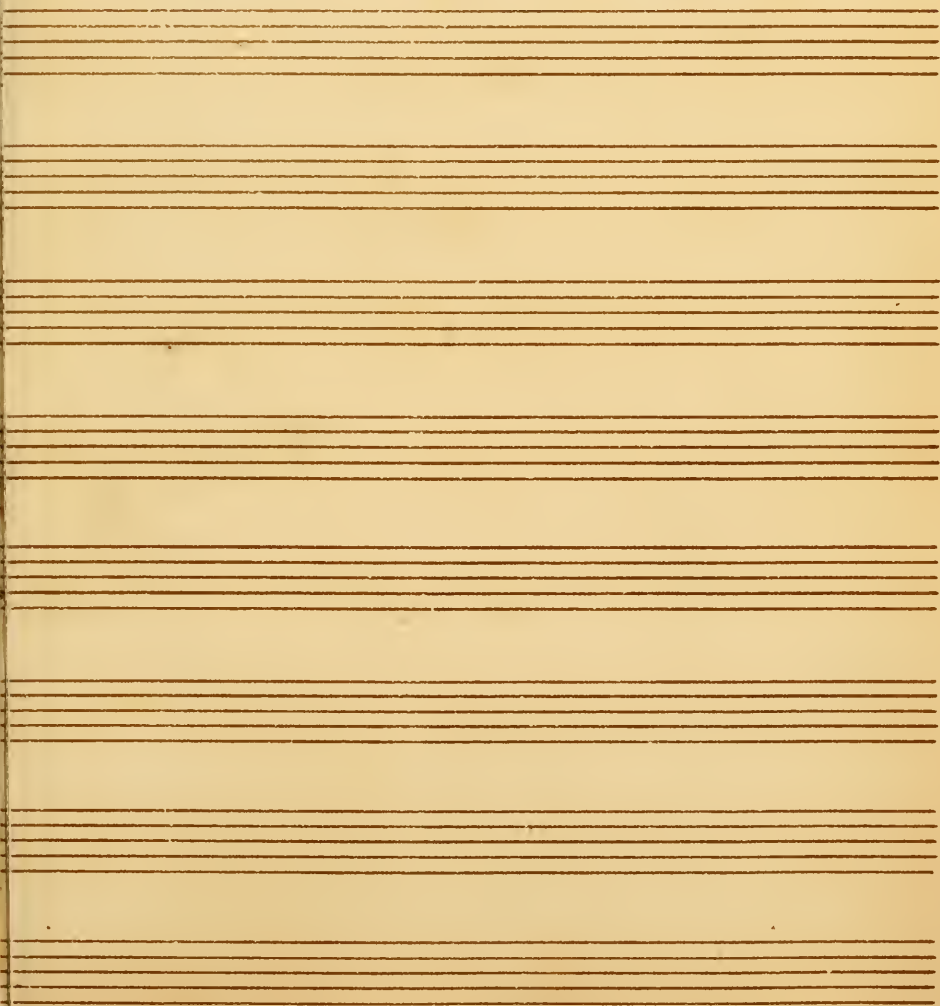


*Otham Tune*

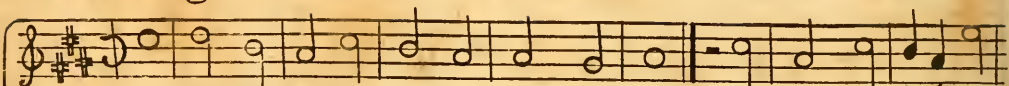




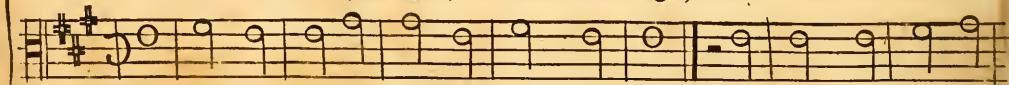
Continued



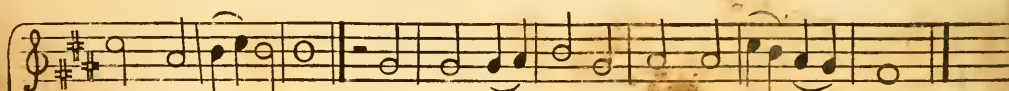
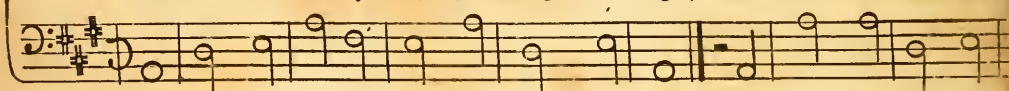
*Birmingham* Tune PSALM XCIII. 2<sup>d</sup> P<sup>t</sup> Peculiar Metre.



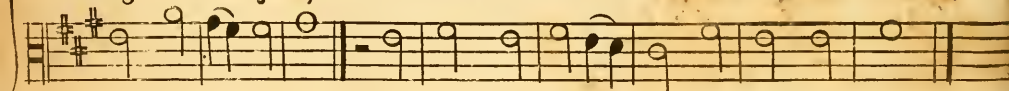
The Lord of Glory reigns, he reigns on high; His Robes of State are



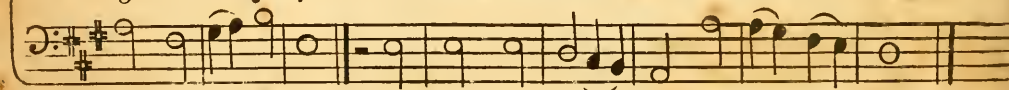
The Lord of Glory reigns, he reigns on high; His Robes of State are



Strength and Majesty: This wide Creation rose at his Command.



Strength and Majesty: This wide Creation rose at his Command.

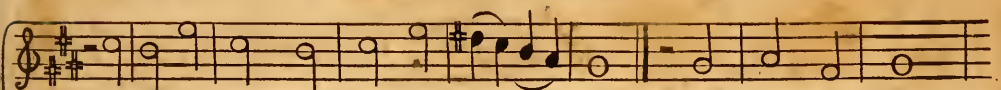


2. *Conti.*

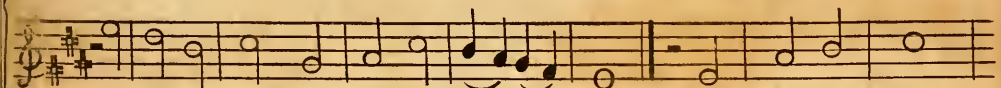
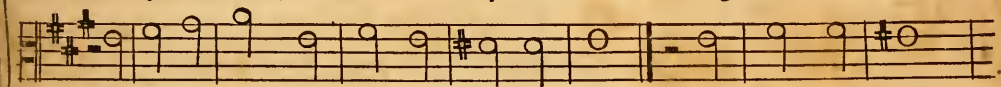
God is th' eternal King Thy Foes in vain  
Raife their Rebellions to confound thy Reign:  
In vain the Storms; in vain the Floods arise,

3. *Conti.*

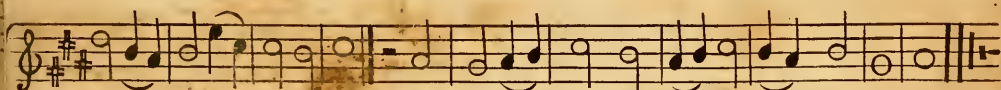
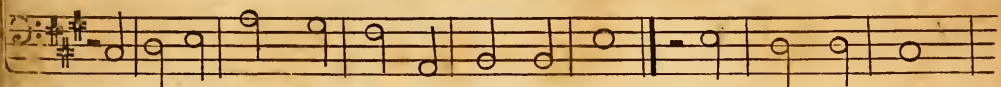
Ye Tempests rage no more; Ye Floods be still,  
And the mad World submissive to his Will;  
Built on his Truth his Church must ever stand;

xciii 2<sup>d</sup> P<sup>t</sup> Continued.

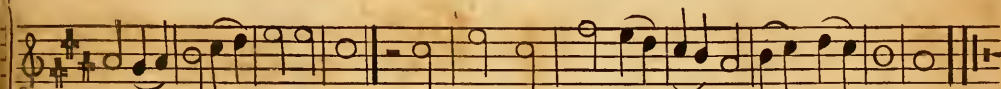
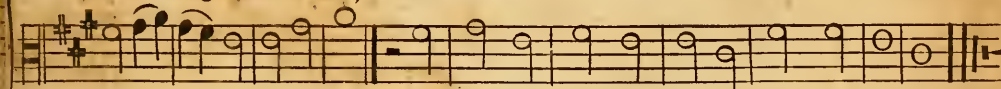
Built by his Word, and 'stablish'd by his Hand: Long stood his Throne



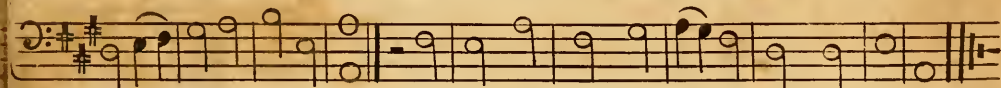
Built by his Word, and 'stablish'd by his Hand: Long stood his Throne



e'er he began Creation, And his own Godhead is the firm Foundation.



e'er he began Creation, And his own Godhead is the firm Foundation.



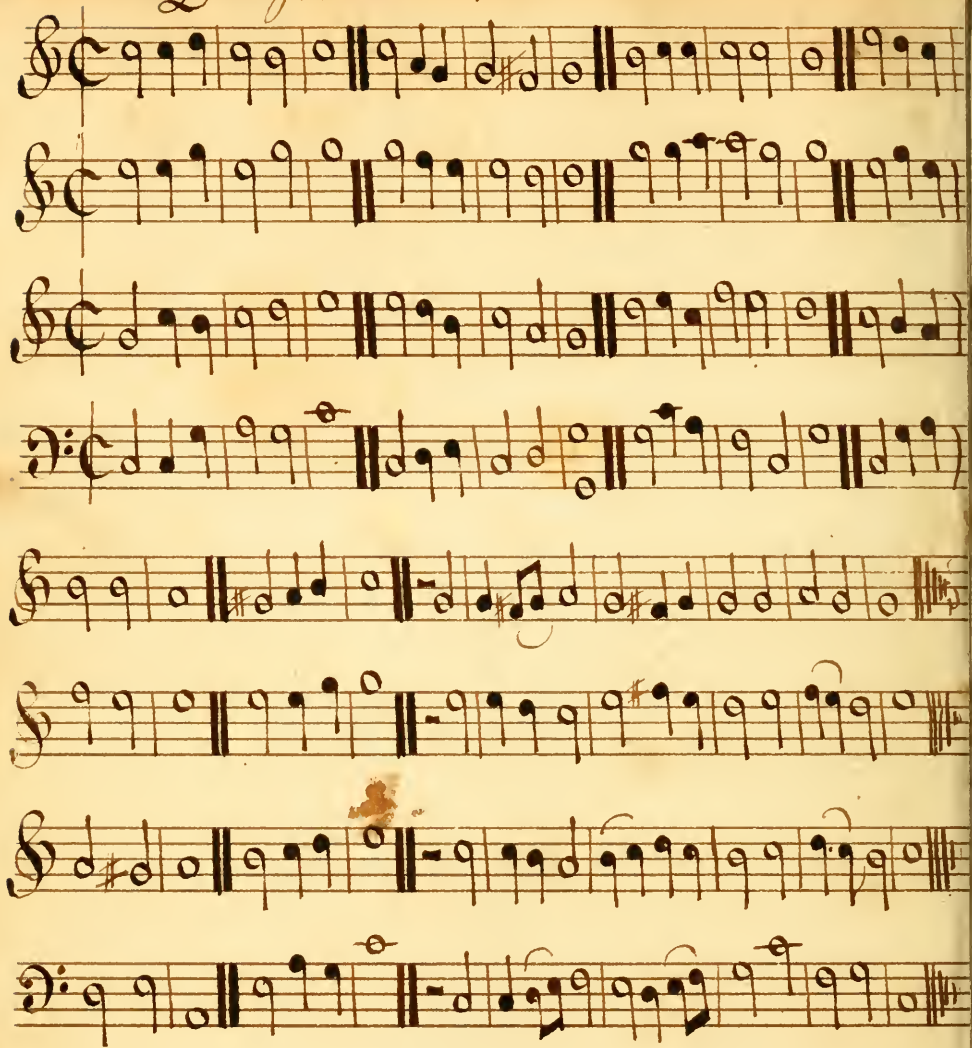
## 2. Conti.

And roar, and tofs their Waves against the Skies;  
Foaming at Heaven they rage with wild Commotion,  
But Heaven's high Arches scorn the swelling Ocean.

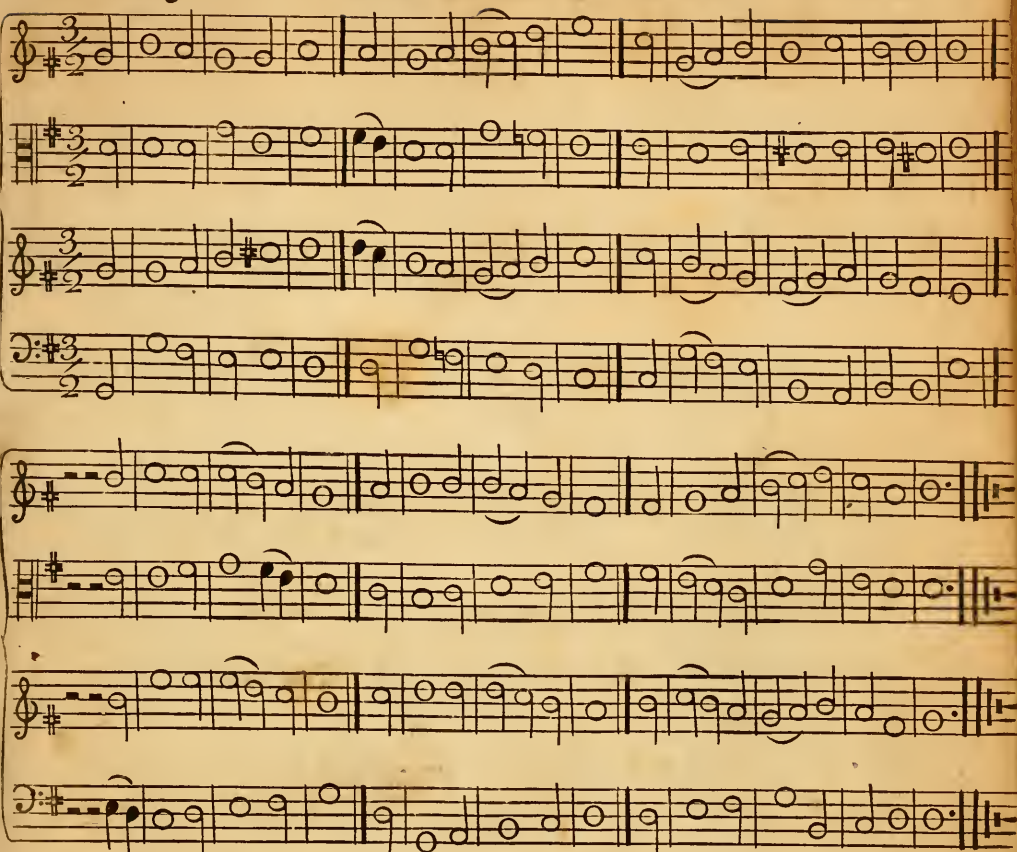
## 3. Conti.

Firm are his Promises, and strong his Hand:  
See his own Sons, when they appear before him,  
Bow at his Foot-stool, and with Fear adore him.









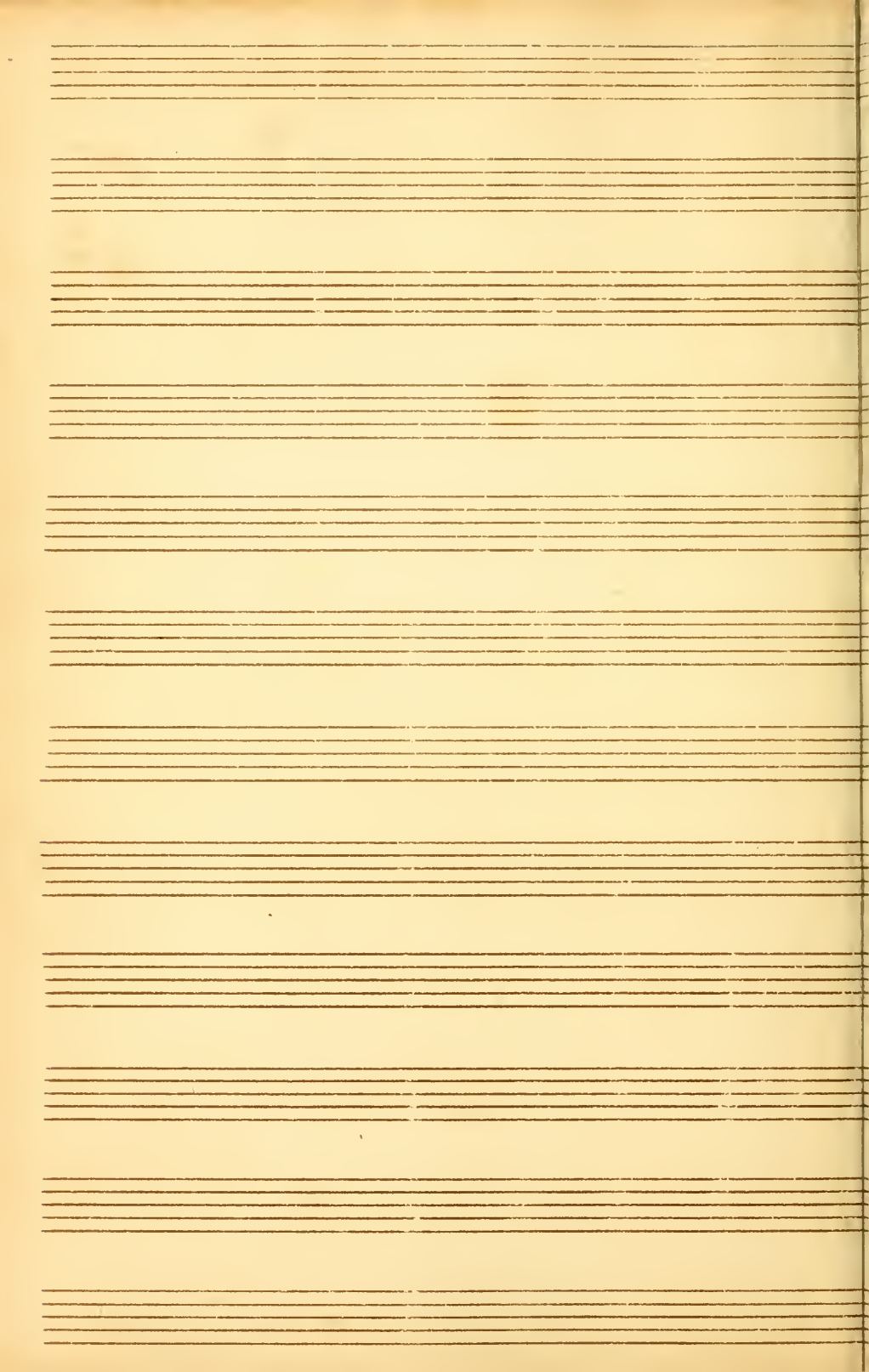
1 The Lord *Jehovah* reigns,  
And royal State maintains,  
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;  
Array'd in Robes of Light,  
Begirt with sovereign Might,  
And Rays of Majesty around.

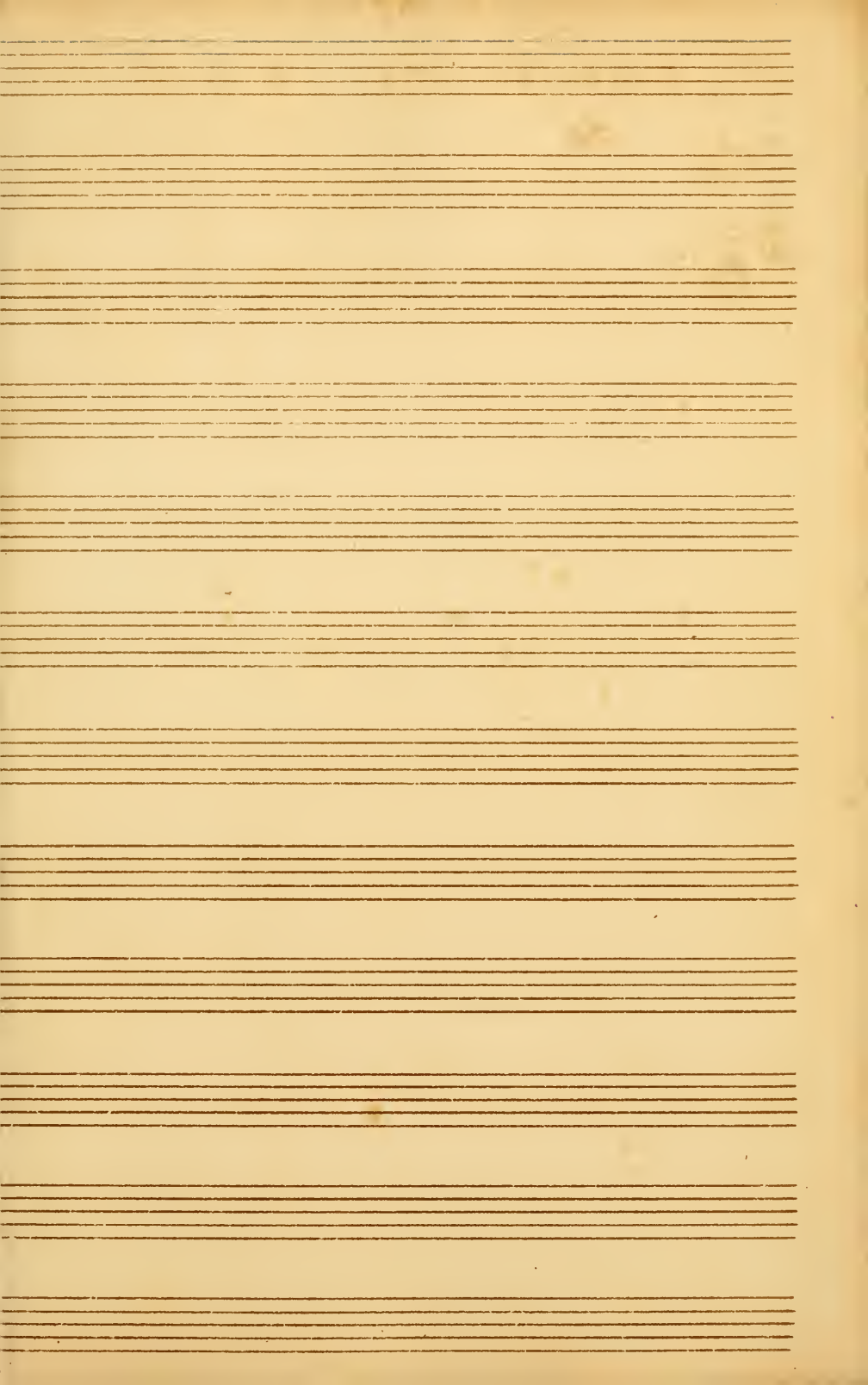
3 In vain the noisy Croud,  
Like Billows fierce and loud,  
Against thine Empire rage and roar;  
In vain with angry Spight  
The furlly Nations fight,  
And dash like Waves against the Shore.

2 Upheld by thy Commands  
The World securely stands;  
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:  
Thy Throne was fix'd on high  
Before the starry Sky;  
Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

4 Let Floods and Nations rage,  
And all their Powers engage,  
Let swelling Tides assault the Sky,  
The Terrors of thy Frown  
Shall beat their Madness down;  
Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy Promises are true  
Thy Grace is ever new:  
There fix'd thy Church shall ne'er remove;  
Thy Saints with holy Fear  
Shall in thy Courts appear,  
And sing thine everlasting Love.

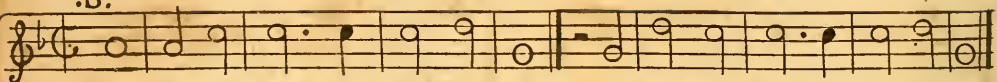




37. *Proper* TUNE. PSALM XCVI.

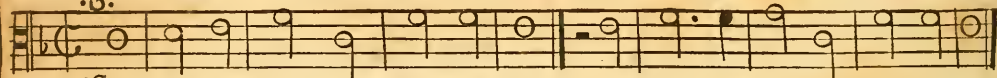
As the 113th Psalm.

:S:

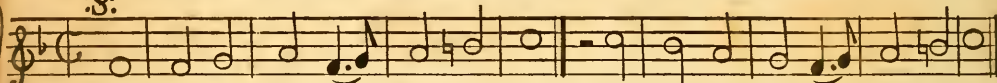


Let all the Earth their Voices raise To sing the choicest Psalm of Praise,  
His Glory let the Heathens know, His Wonders to the Nations show,

:S:

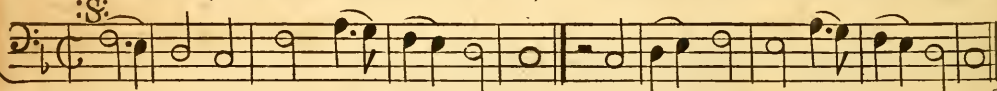


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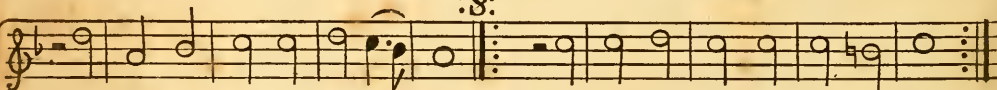


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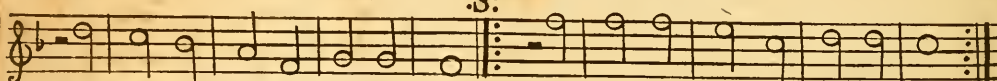


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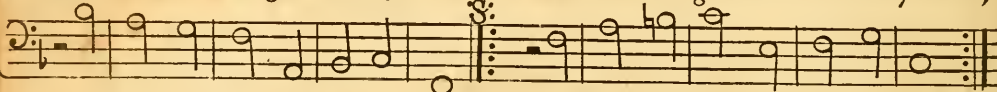
To sing and bless Jehovah's Name: 2 The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord;  
And all his saving Works proclaim. The wond'ring Nations read thy Word,

:S:



To sing and bless Jehovah's Name: 2 The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord;  
And all his saving Works proclaim. The wond'ring Nations read thy Word,

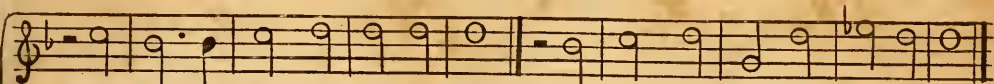
:S:



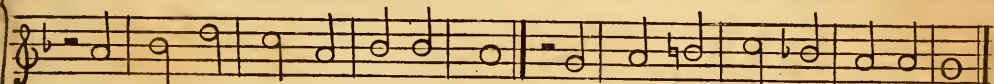
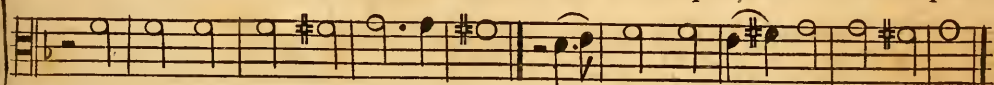
3 He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,  
He made the shining Worlds on high,  
And reigns compleat in Glory there:  
His Beams are Majesty and Light;  
His Beauties how divinely bright!  
His Temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,  
When Earth shall feel his saving Power,

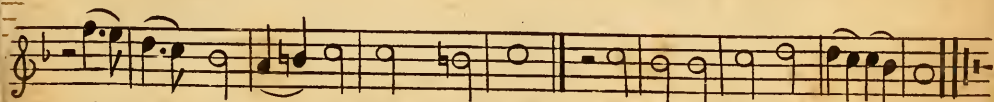
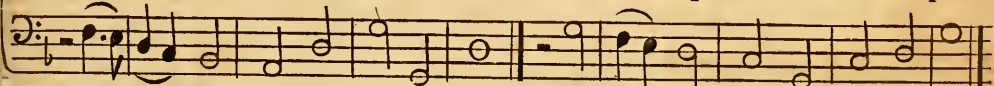




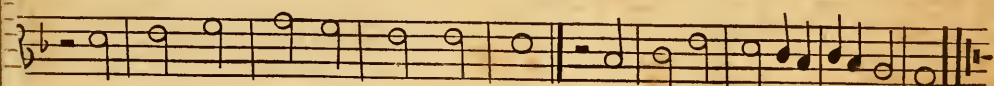
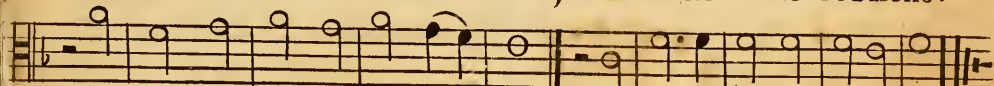
In Britain is Jehovah known: Our Worship shall no more be paid



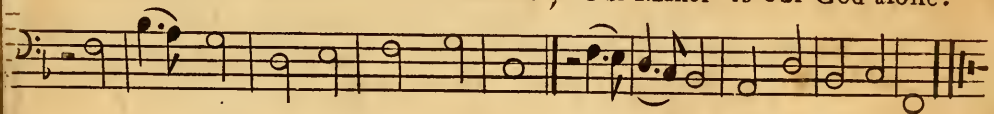
In Britain is Jehovah known: Our Worship shall no more be paid



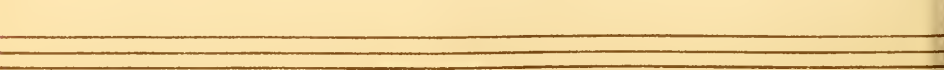
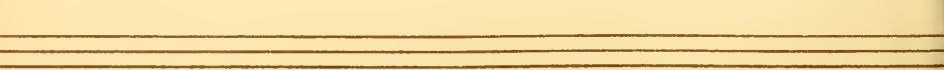
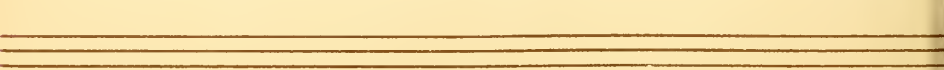
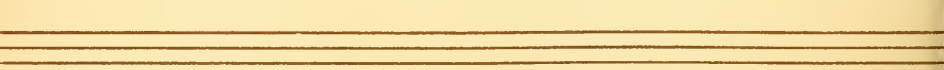
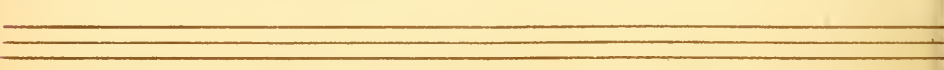
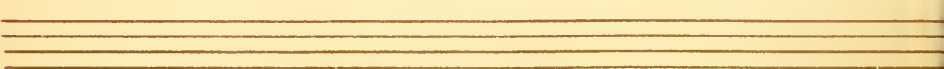
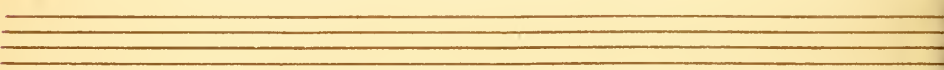
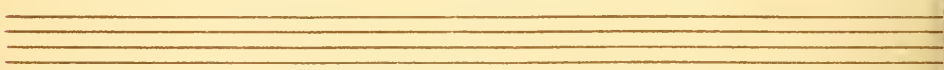
To Gods which Mortal Hands have made; Our Maker is our God alone.

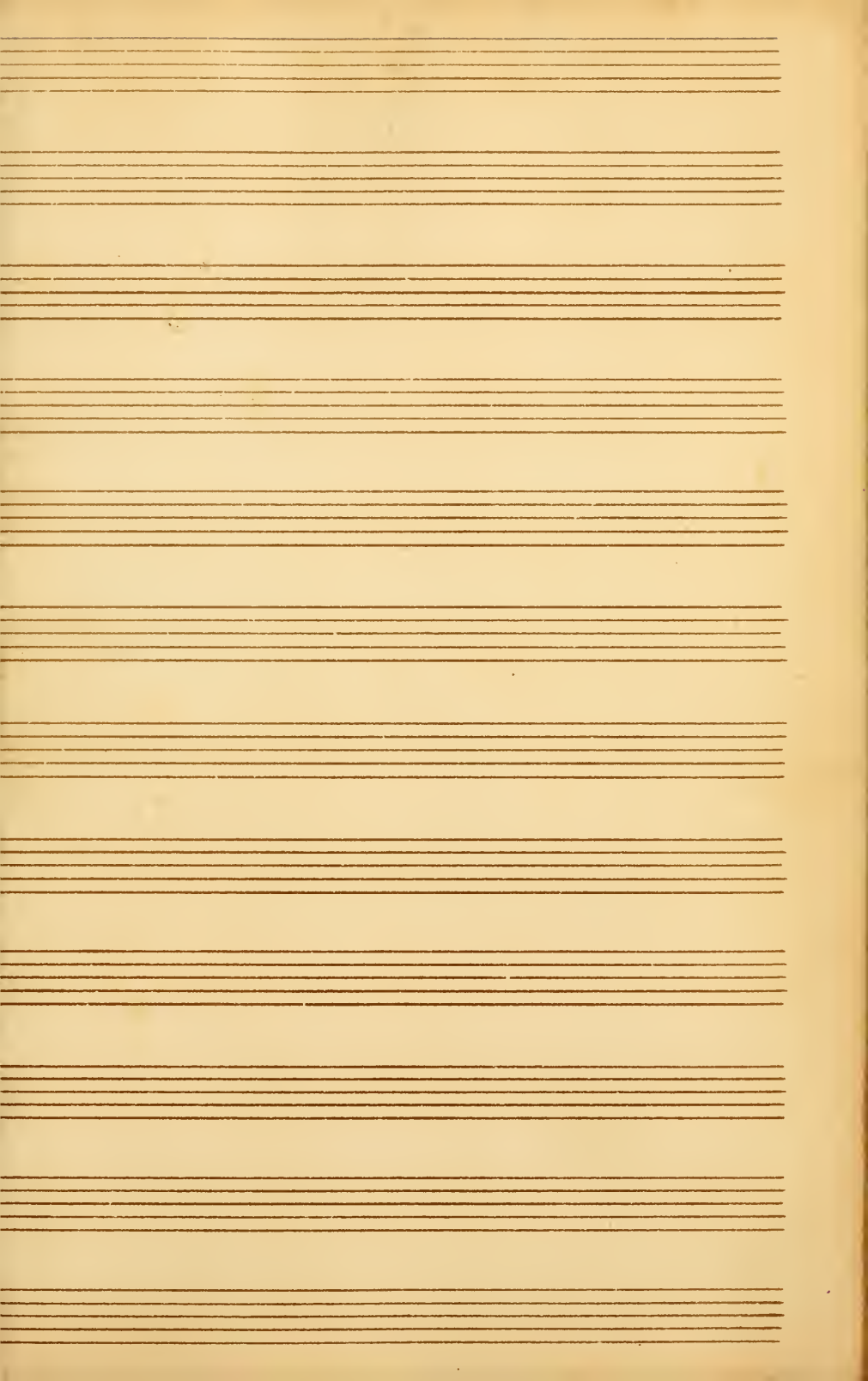


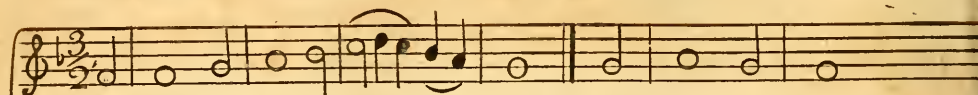
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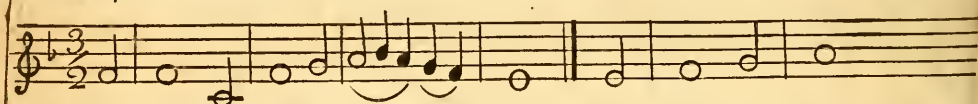
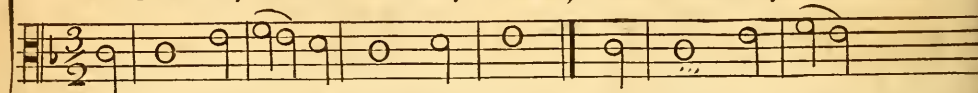
And barbarous Nations fear his Name!  
Then shall the Race of Men confess  
The Beauty of his Holiness,  
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.



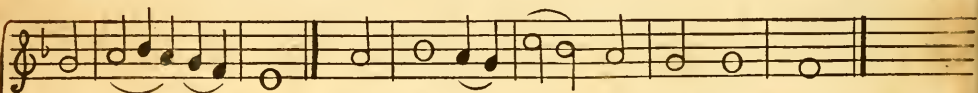
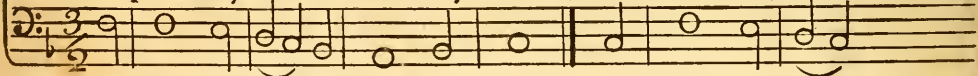




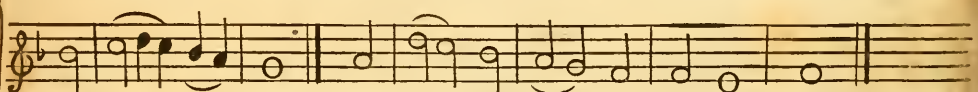
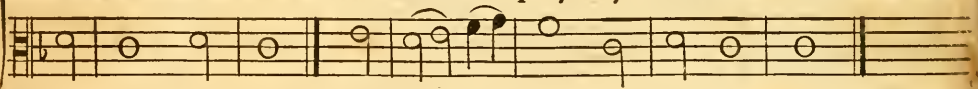
I'll praise my Maker with my Breath; And when my Voice



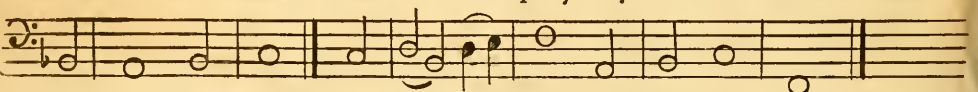
I'll praise my Maker with my Breath; And when my Voice



is lost in Death Praise shall em-ploy my nobler Powers:



is lost in Death Praise shall em-ploy my nobler Powers:



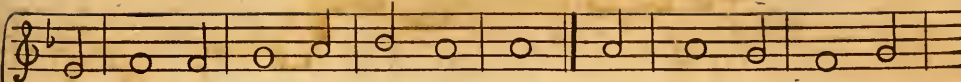
Why should I make <sup>2.</sup> a Man my Trust?  
Princes must die and turn to Dust;  
Vain is the Help of Flesh and Blood;

Happy the Man whose <sup>3.</sup> Hopes rely  
On *Israel's* God: He made the Sky,  
And Earth and Seas with all their Train;

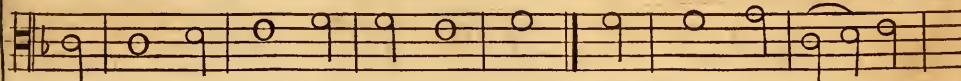
The Lord hath <sup>4.</sup> Eyes to give the Blind:  
The Lord supports the sinking Mind;  
He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace,

He loves his <sup>5.</sup> Saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to Hell;  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;

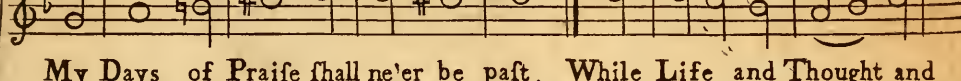




My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past, While Life and Thought and



My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past, While Life and Thought and




Being last, Or Im-mor-tal--i--ty en-dures.



Being last, Or Im-mor-tal--i--ty en-dures.



2 Con.

Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power  
And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour,  
Nor can they make their Promise good.

3 Con.

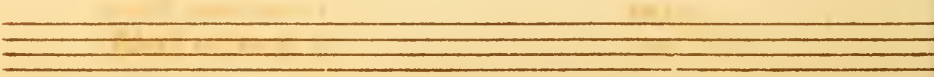
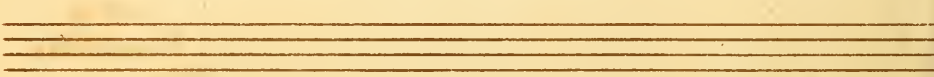
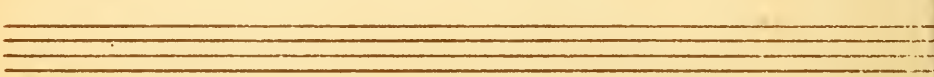
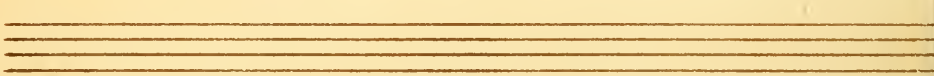
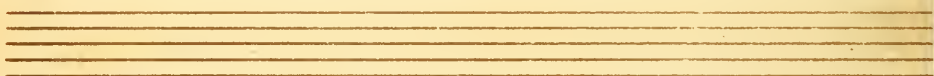
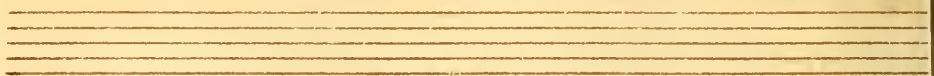
His Truth for ever stands secure :  
He saves th' Opprest, he feeds the Poor,  
And none shall find his Promise vain.

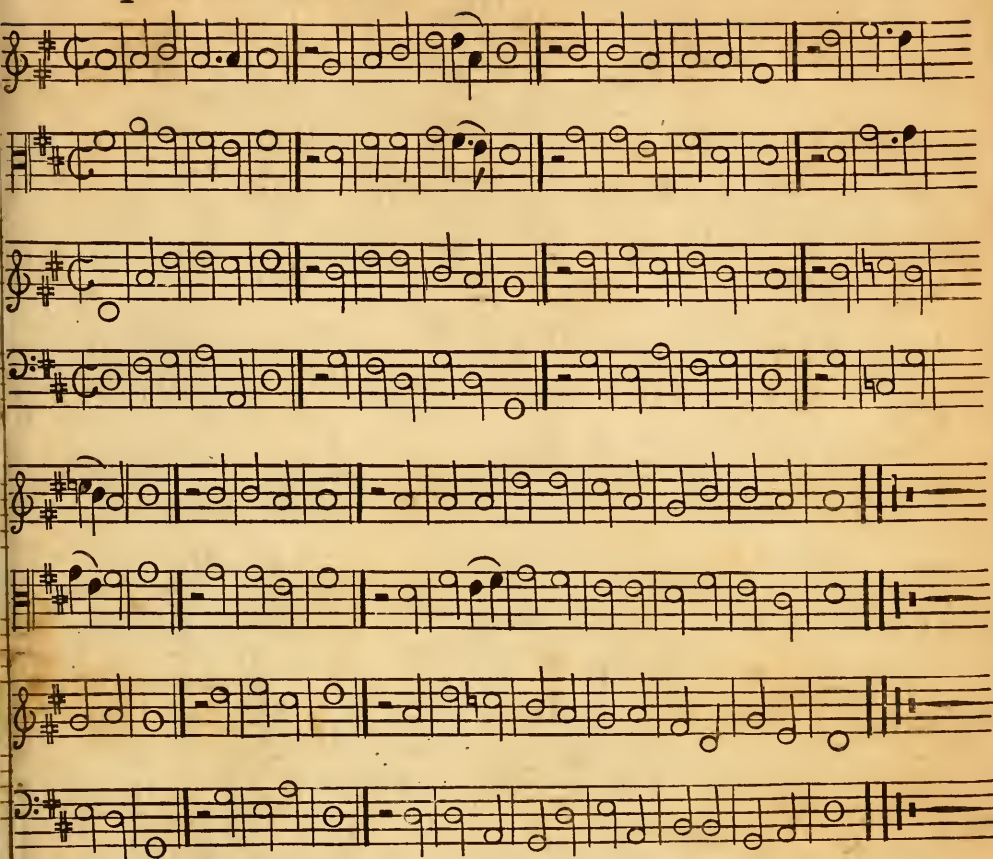
4 Con.

He helps the Stranger in Distress,  
The Widow and the Fatherless  
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.

5 Con.

Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,  
In this exalted Work engage ;  
Praise him in everlasting Strains.



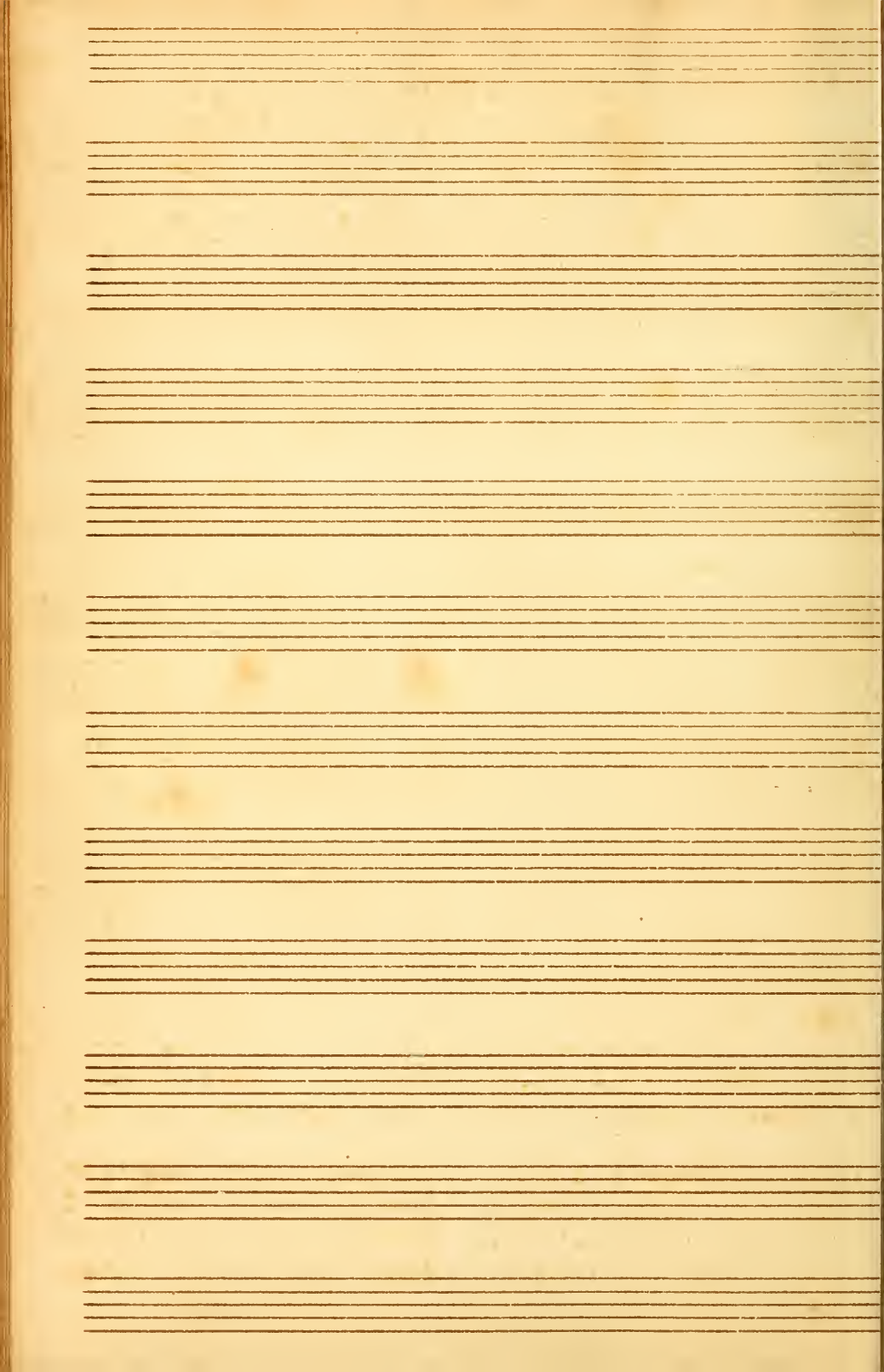


1 Ye Tribes of Adam, join  
With Heaven and Earth and Seas,  
And offer Notes divine  
To your Creator's Praise.  
Ye holy Throng  
Of Angels bright,  
In Worlds of Light  
Begin the Song.

3 The shining Worlds above  
In glorious Order stand,  
Or in swift Courses move  
By his supreme Command.  
He spake the Word,  
And all their Frame  
From Nothing came  
To Praise the Lord.

2 Thou Sun with dazling Rays,  
And Moon that rules the Night,  
Shine to your Maker's Praise,  
With Stars of twinkling Light.  
His Power declare,  
Ye Floods on high,  
And Clouds that fly  
In empty Air.

4 He mov'd their mighty Wheels  
In unknown Ages past,  
And each his Word fulfils.  
While Time and Nature last.  
In different Ways  
His Works proclaim.  
His wond'rous Name,  
And speak his Praise.

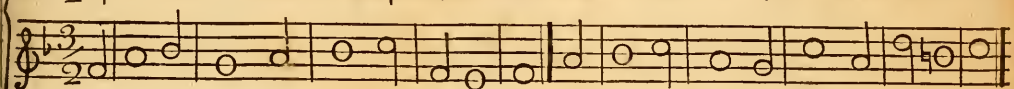
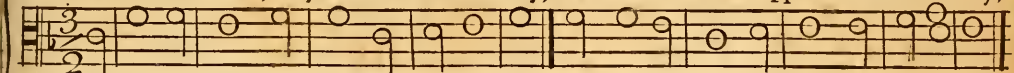




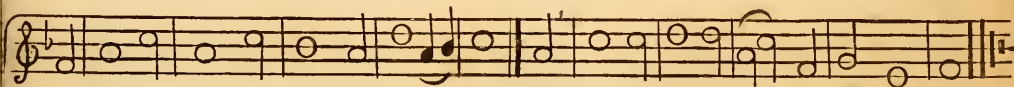
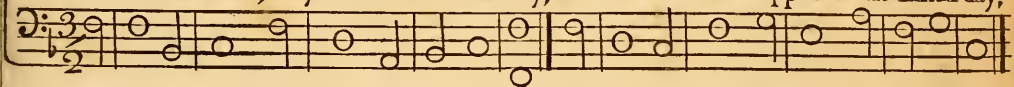
An Hymn. From PSALM CXXIV. For the 5th of November.



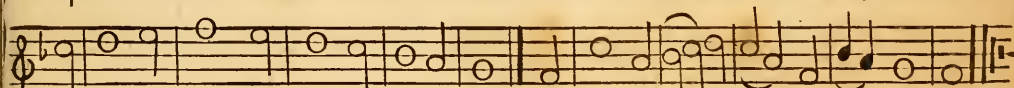
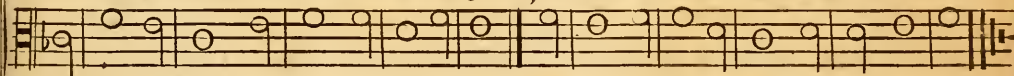
Had not the Lord, may thankful Britain say, Had not the Lord appear'd that dismal day,



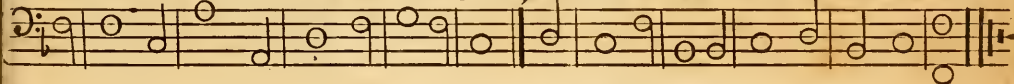
Had not the Lord, may thankful Britain say, Had not the Lord appear'd that dismal day,



When hell and Rome their arts and forces join'd, At once to ruin church and state combin'd:



When hell and Rome their arts and forces join'd, At once to ruin church and state combin'd:



Had not the Lord engag'd in our defence,  
Repel'd their rage and check'd their insolence,  
Or from their plots remov'd the thick disguise,  
And laid their schemes all open to our eyes:

Sure they had glutted their revenge and spite,  
Destroy'd our nation, and devour'd us quite:  
Their swelling rage had overwhelm'd our soul,  
For none but he could those proud waves controul.

Blest be the Lord who then maintain'd our cause  
And snatch'd the prey from their devouring jaws:  
He quell'd their fury and rebuk'd their pride,  
And made the swelling waves at once subside.

Just as th'entangled bird escapes the snare,  
Breaks thro' the net and chearful mounts the air:  
So we escap'd the murd'ring blast and stroke,  
Their hoists were scatter'd, and their snares were broke

For ever blest be God, the Almighty Lord,  
'Twas he alone our gasping hopes restor'd:  
Our laws and our religion were his care,  
He shew'd the danger, and he broke the snare.

With humble truth let's still on him depend,  
He's prompt to help, and able to defend:  
He built the world, and still supports the frame,  
Mighty to save: *Jehovah* is his Name.



An Hymn. FROM PSALM CXLIX. St Gorges Tune.

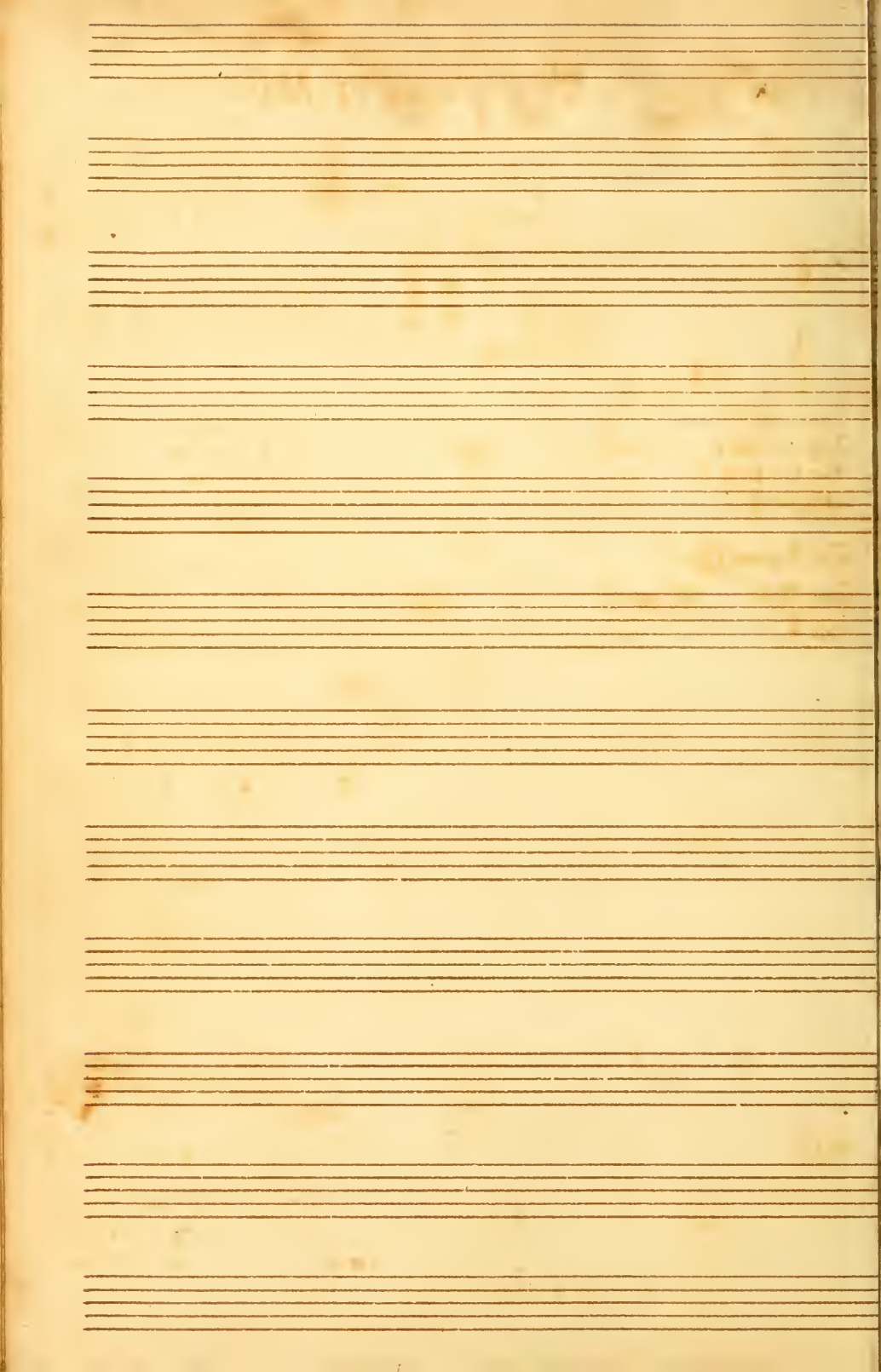


1.  
O Praise ye the Lord, prepare a new Song,  
And let all his Saints in full Confort join:  
Ye Tribes all assemble the Feast to prolong,  
In solemn Proceffion with Musick divine.

2.  
O *Israel*, in Him that made thee rejoice;  
Let all *Zion's* Sons exult in their King;  
While to martial Dances you join a glad Voice,  
Your lutes harps and timbrels in harmony bring.

3.  
The Lord in his Saints still finds his Delight;  
Salvation from Him the Meek shall adorn;  
They well may be joyful, sustain'd by his Might,  
And crown'd by his favour may lift up their horn.

4.  
Let Carpets be spread, and Banquets prepar'd  
Those Altars around, whence Incense ascends;  
Whilst Anthems of Glory thro' *Salem* are heard,  
And God, whom we worship, indulgent attends.





# The GAMUT, or Scale of MUSICK.

Treble.

Tenor.

Bass.

Gamut	Are	Bmi	Cfaut	Dsolre	Elami	Ffaut	Gsolreut	Alamire	Bfabmi	Csolfaut	Dlasolre	Elami	Ffaut	Gsolreut	Alamire	Bfabmi	Csolfa	Dlasol	Elat	Ffaut in alt	Gsolreut in alt
fol	la	mi	fa	fol	la	fa	fol	la	mi	fa	fol	la	fa	fol	la	mi	fa	fol	la	fa	fol

There will nothing more Conduce to the perfect attaining to Sing, than a serious Application to the Names of the Scale above by heart; As Gamut the first Line, Are the first Space, Bmi the second Line, Cfaut the second Space, &c. &c. &c. &c. Also, to the Names of all other Characters mark'd in this Page. &c.

The Bass or Ffaut Clef is mark'd thus  $\text{F}$ ; The Tenor or Csolfaut Clef mark'd thus  $\text{C}$ ; The Treble or Gsolreut Clef thus  $\text{G}$ , A Flat thus  $\flat$ , A Sharp thus  $\sharp$ , A Natural thus  $\natural$ , A Repeat thus  $\text{R}$ , A Slur thus  $\text{—}$ , A Hold thus  $\text{O}$ , A Direct thus  $\text{D}$ .

## NOTES, and Characters of TIME, Explained.

Common TIME.

Triple TIME.

Moods.  $\text{C}$   $\text{C}$   $\text{C}$

Moods.  $\frac{3}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{3}{8}$

One Semibreve, -----  $\text{O}$

Rest's.  $\text{—}$   $\text{O}$  . One Pointed Semibreve  $\text{O}^{\text{ve}}$

is 2. Minums, -----  $\text{d}$   $\text{9}$

$\text{—}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{9}$   $\text{d}$  is 3. Minums,

or 4. Crotchets, ---  $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$

$\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$  or 6. Crotchets.

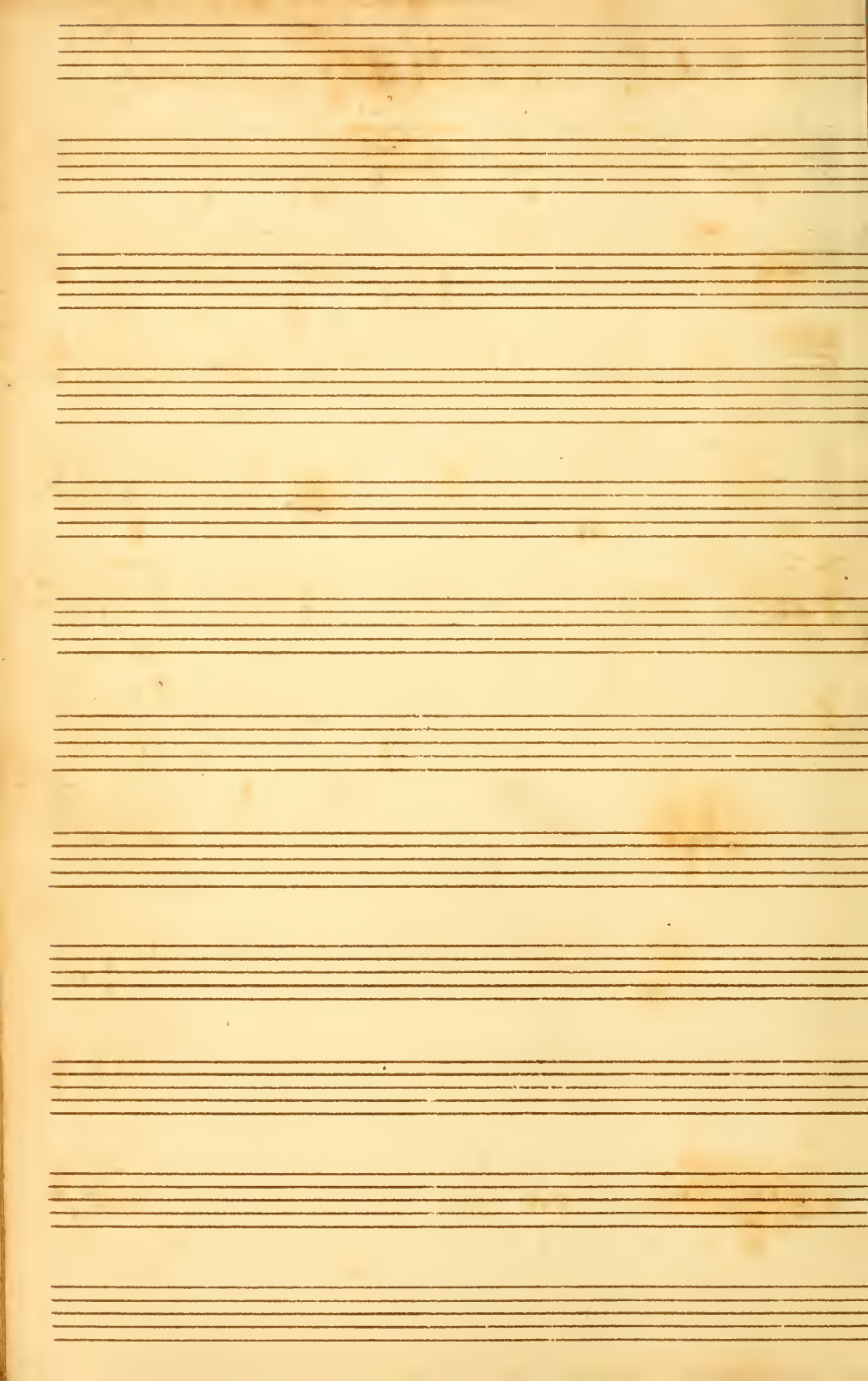
or 8. Quavers, ---  $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$

$\text{d}$  . One Pointed Quaver,

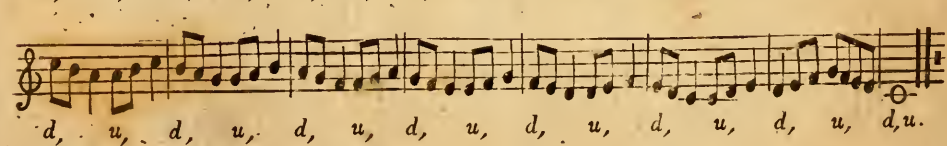
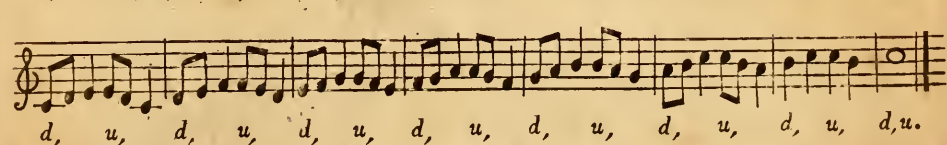
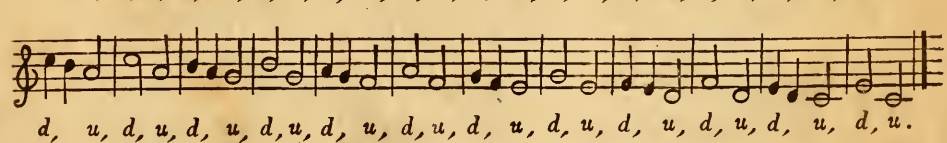
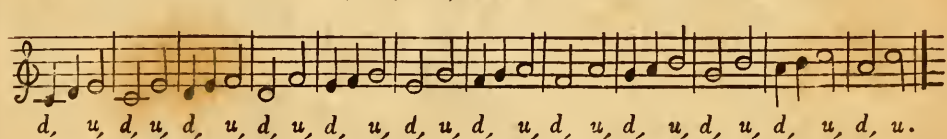
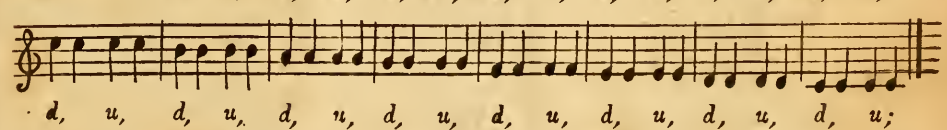
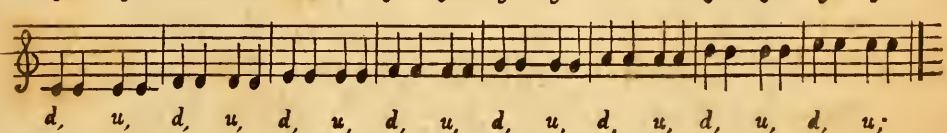
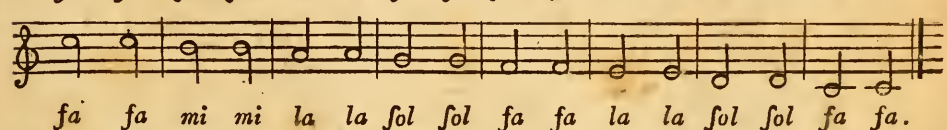
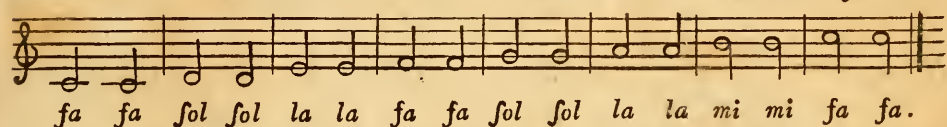
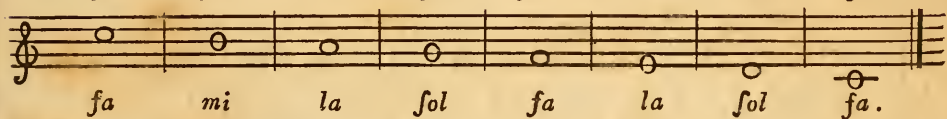
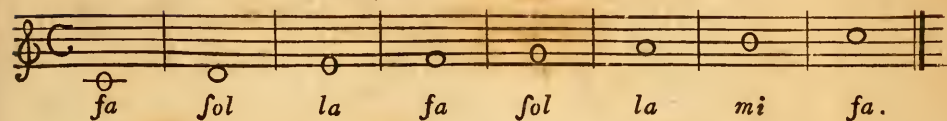
or 16. Semiquavers.  $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$   $\text{d}$   $\text{r}$

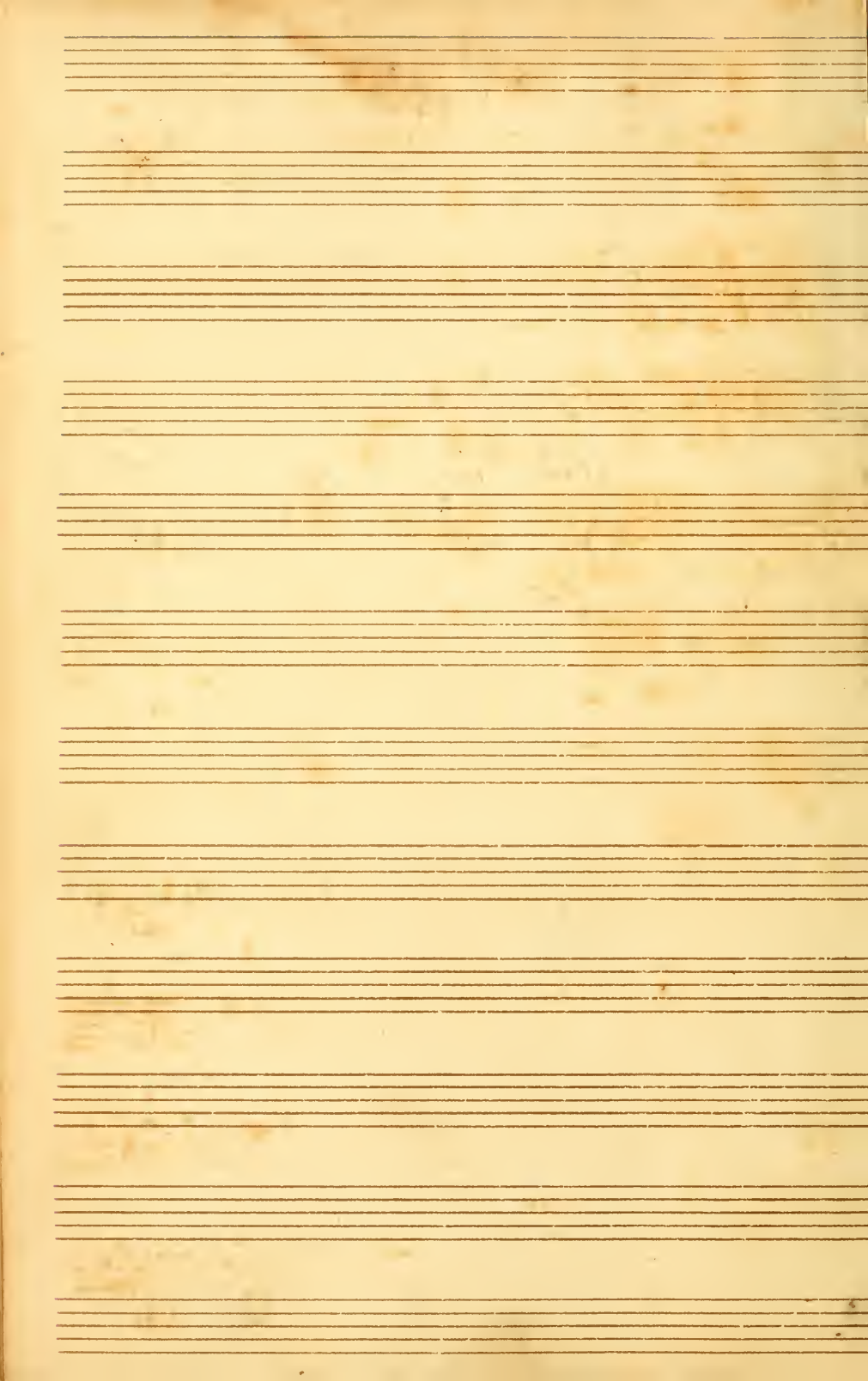
$\text{d}$   $\text{r}$  is 3. Semiquavers.

The Point of Addition, is allways plac'd on the right side of any Note; If you see a Semibreve Pointed, 'tis as long as 3 Minums; a Pointed Minum as long as 3 Crotchets; a Pointed Crotchet as long as 3 Quavers. (*viz*) You must observe that a Point Adds to any Note half as long again. —



# A Lesson of Eight NOTES, with Variations.



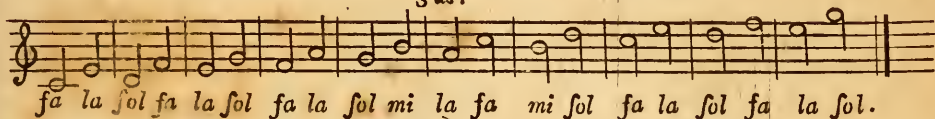




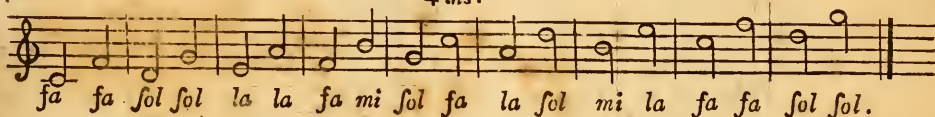
# A Lesson of Twelve NOTES, with Variations.



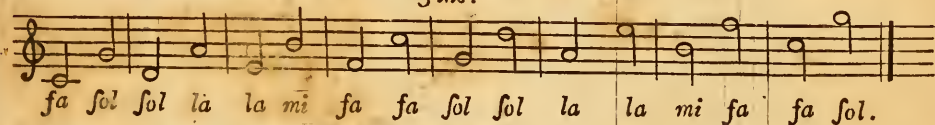
3 ds.



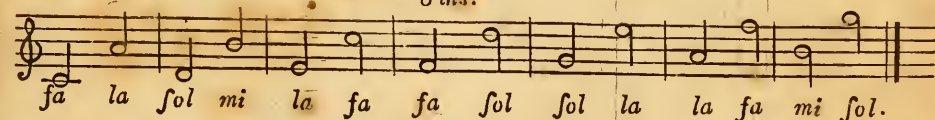
4ths.



5ths.

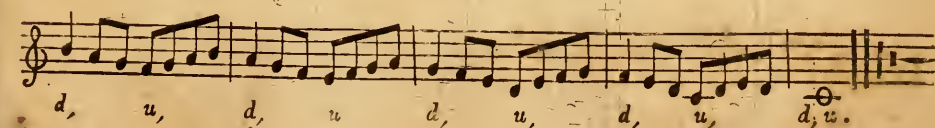
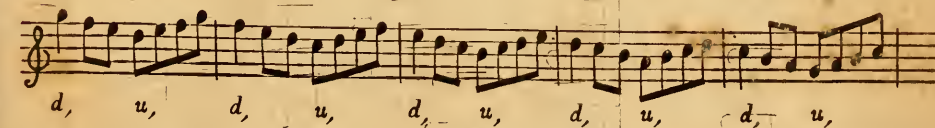
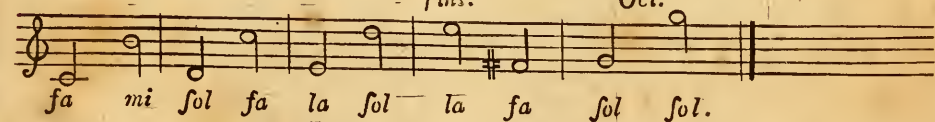


6ths.



7ths.

Oct.





*A Universal* TABLE, of the Signatures of CLEFS; Shewing how to Transpose from any KEY, to any other; And how to sol-fa Any Song.

	fa	C	D $\flat$	D	E $\flat$	E	F	G $\flat$	G	A $\flat$	A	B $\flat$	B	8. ve.	3 <sup>d</sup> l.
<i>Semitone</i>	mi	B	C	C $\sharp$	D	D $\sharp$	E	F	F $\sharp$	G	G $\sharp$	A	A $\sharp$	7 <sup>th</sup> . g.	2 <sup>d</sup>
<i>tone</i>	la	A	B $\flat$	B	C	C $\sharp$	D	E $\flat$	E	F	F $\sharp$	G	G $\sharp$	6 <sup>th</sup> . g.	Fund
<i>tone</i>	sol	G	A $\flat$	A	B $\flat$	B	C	D $\flat$	D	E $\flat$	E	F	F $\sharp$	5 <sup>th</sup> .	7 <sup>th</sup> l.
<i>tone</i>	fa	F	G $\flat$	G	A $\flat$	A	B $\flat$	C $\flat$	C	D $\flat$	D	E $\flat$	E	4 <sup>th</sup> .	6 <sup>th</sup> l.
<i>Semitone</i>	la	E	F	F $\sharp$	G	G $\sharp$	A	B $\flat$	B	C	C $\sharp$	D	D $\sharp$	3 <sup>d</sup> g.	5 <sup>th</sup> .
<i>tone</i>	sol	D	E $\flat$	E	F	F $\sharp$	G	A $\flat$	A	B $\flat$	B	C	C $\sharp$	2 <sup>d</sup> g.	4 <sup>th</sup>
<i>tone</i>	fa	C	D $\flat$	D	E $\flat$	E	F	G $\flat$	G	A $\flat$	A	B $\flat$	B	Fund	3 <sup>d</sup> l.

Treble

Cantus

Mean

Medius

Tenor

Bass

Sharp Key.

Flat Key

in b in c. in c in d. in d. in e. in f. in f. in g. in g. in a. in a.



Orlandina Psalm 115 2 Last Verses

Treble *1<sup>st</sup>*  
 We Heavens Earth amazed! tis hard to say Which his more stupid, or their Gods  
 Contra

Tenor  
 We Heavens Earth amazed! tis hard to say Which his more stupid, or their Gods  
 Bass

Treble  
 Sorrows, & Restore thy Peace: His Worship does a thousand Comforts  
 Contra

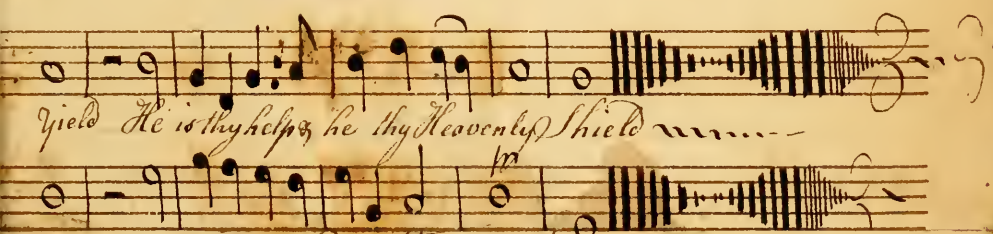
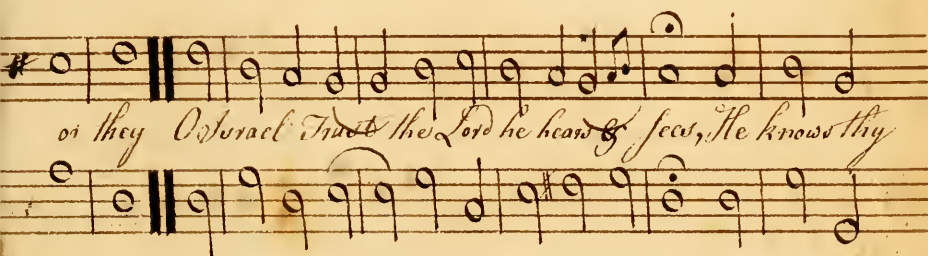
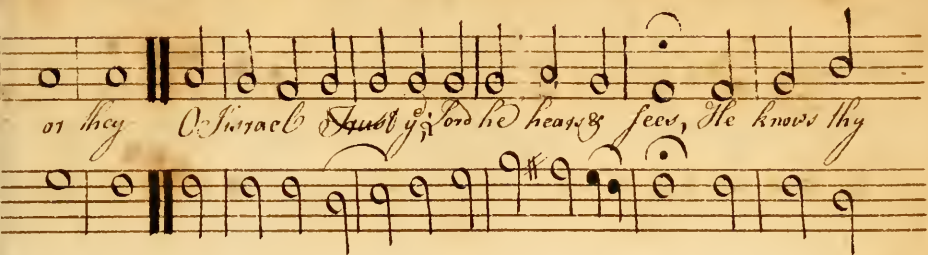
Tenor  
 Sorrows, & Restore thy Peace His Worship does a thousand Comforts  
 Bass

A Tune for the 5 of November

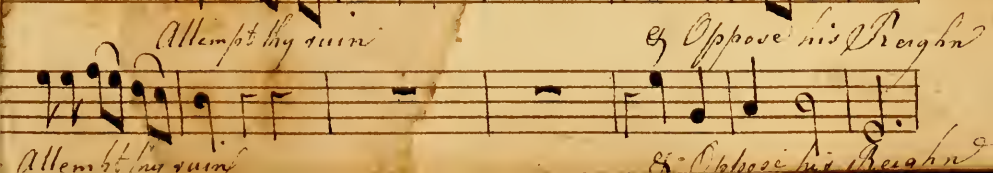
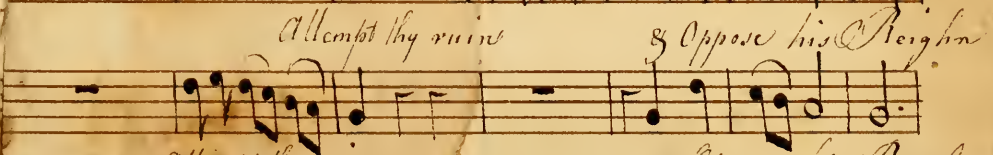
Treble  
 O Brittan trust y Lord y foes in vain  
 Contra  
 O Brittan trust y Lord

Tenor  
 O Brittan trust y Lord O Brittan trust y Lord thy foes in vain  
 Bass



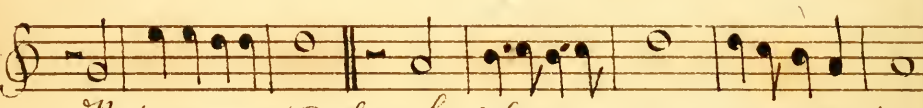
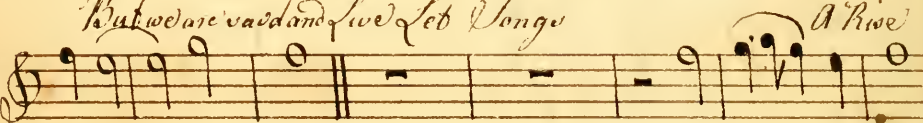



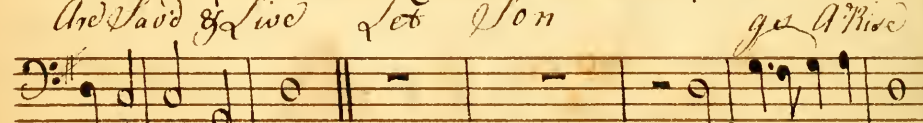
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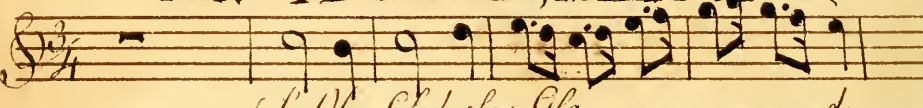
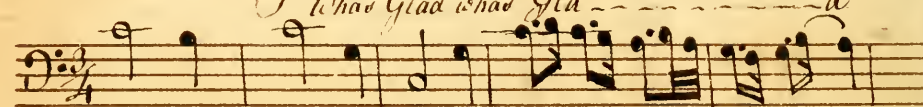
Treble   
Hue they prevail Darknes had flood our Days & Death Silence & Death Silence  
Contra 


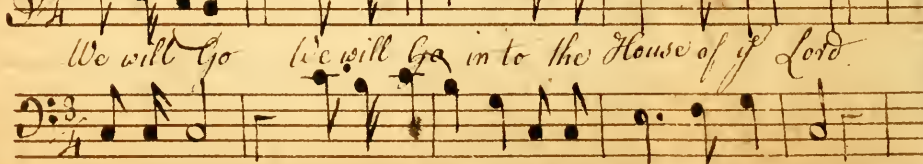
Tenor   
Had they prevail Darknes had flood our Days And death Silence  
Bass 

Treble   
But we are vaded and Live Let Songs A Rise  
Contra   
And Live & Live

Tenor   
And Live & Live Let Son go A Rise  
Bass 

AN ANTHEM, TAKN Let Songs Arise

Tenor   
I was Glad was Gla - - - d  
Bass 

Tenor   
We will go we will go in to the House of y Lord  
Bass 



Continued

had forbid his Praise

But we

had forbid his Praise

But we are Said we

and Britlans Britlans Bles y God that Bu- il- t the Skye

that Bu- il- t the Skye

And Britlan Britlans Bles y God that Bu- il- t the Skye

Out of the 122<sup>d</sup> Psalm... that Buil t y Skye

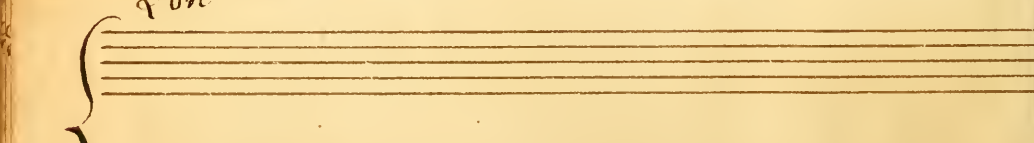
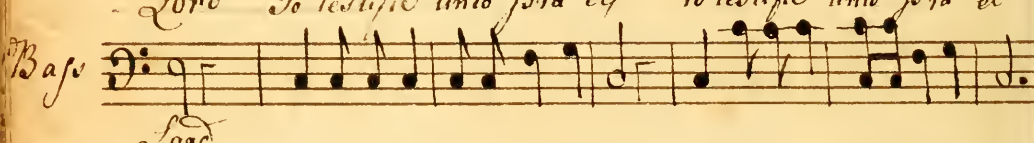
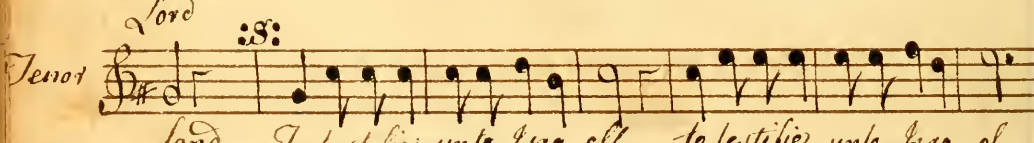
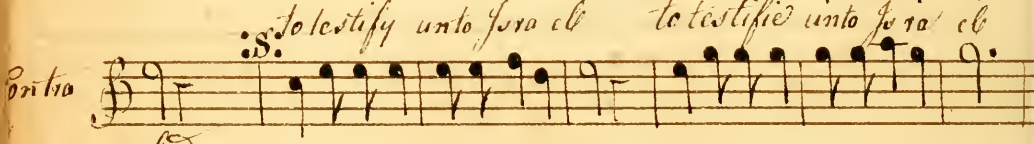
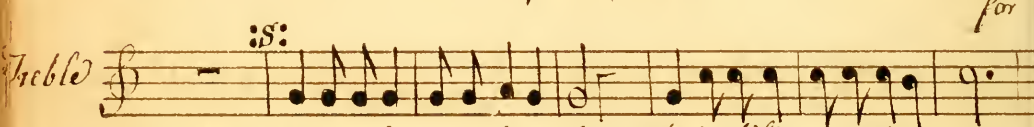
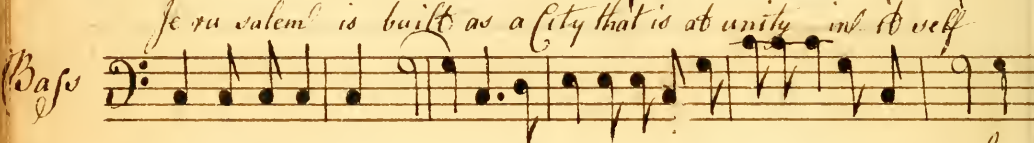
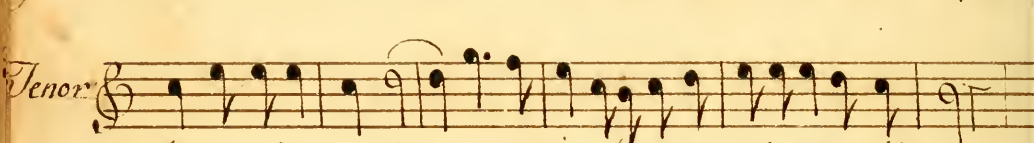
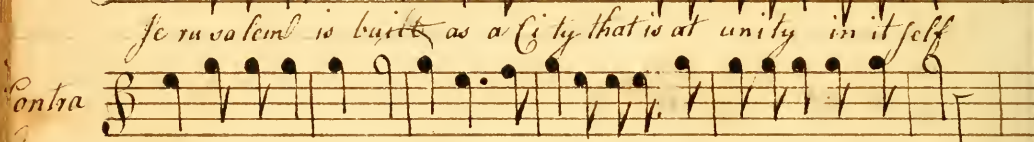
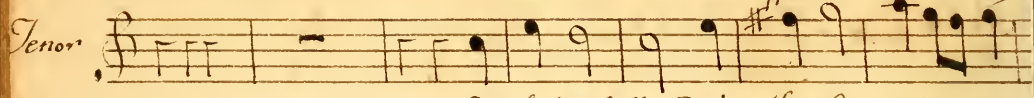
whos Glad when they Said Unto me

Who will Go

We will Go We will Go in to the House of y Lord

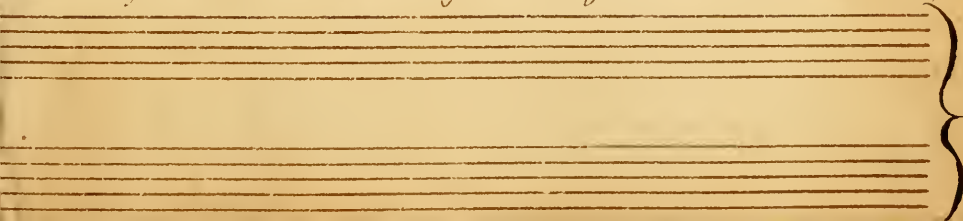
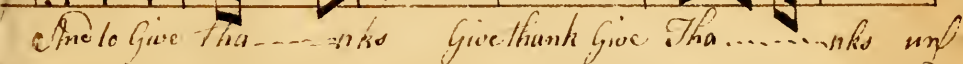
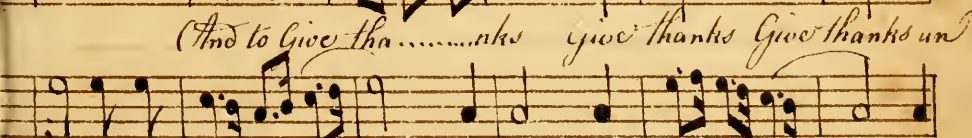
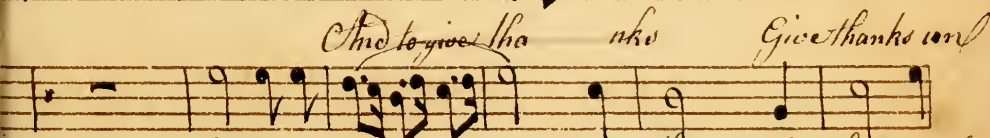
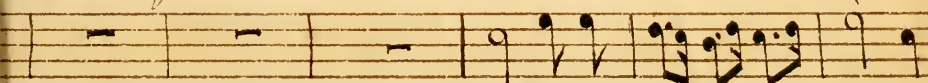
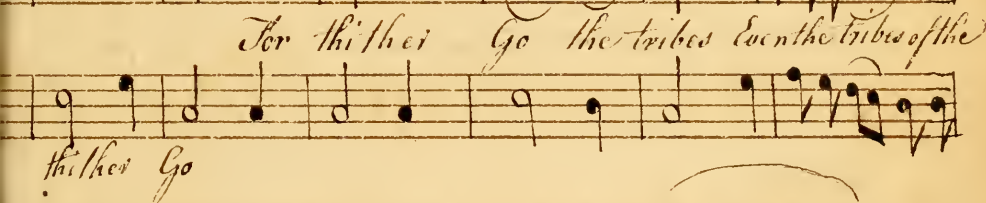
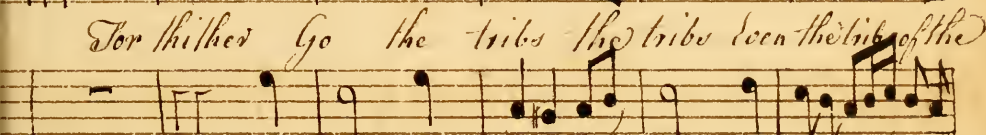
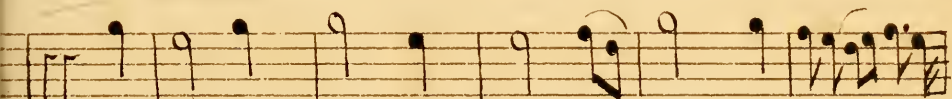
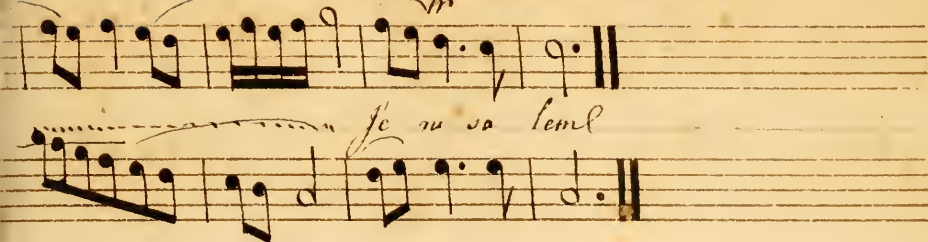
We will Go

Continued





Continued



Continued

Treble *to the name of the Lord . Lord* Counter & Alone  
 Contra *to* For there is great of judgment  
 Tenor *to the name of the Lord . Lord*  
 Bass

Chorus Slow - -  
 Treble *O pray for the Peace O pray for y<sup>e</sup> peace O pray for y<sup>e</sup> Peace of ye*  
 Contra *Slow*  
 Tenor *O pray for y<sup>e</sup> peace O pray for y<sup>e</sup> peace O pray for y<sup>e</sup> peace of ye*  
 Bass

Treble *Brisk*  
 Contra *Peace be within thy Walls Peace be within thy walls & plenty of ourneff*  
 Tenor *Brisk*  
 Bass *Peace be within thy Walls Peace be within thy walls & plenty of ourneff*

Continued Tenor & Bass

even y<sup>e</sup> Seat Eoen y<sup>e</sup> Seat Eoen y<sup>e</sup> Seat of the House of David

ru sa lem Peace be within thy walls Peace be within thy walls

ru sa lem Peace be within thy walls Peace be within thy walls

plenteuousness within thy pale-ces

plenteuousness within thy Pala-ces

for my prebition & Comp

I will wish thee pros




# Counter & Bass Continued

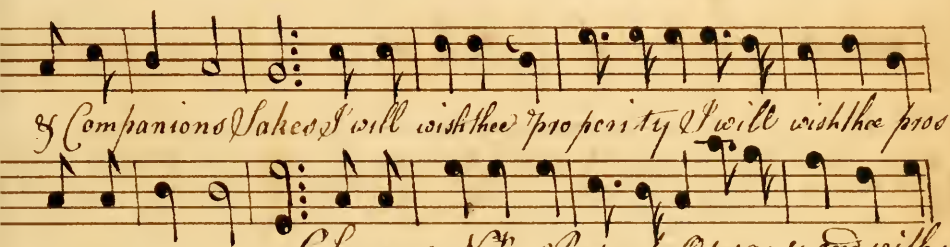
*For my Brethren's Companions sakes*  
*For my Brethren*  
*anions sakes*  
*I will wish thee pro-*  
*perity I will wish thee prosperity*  
*For my Brethren*  
*perity and I will see thee to Do thee Good*  
*Good*  
*perity and I will see thee to Do thee Good*  
*Good*  
*Chorus Moderate*  
*Halleluyah Amen Amen Amen Amen*  
*Halleluyah Amen Amen Amen Amen*



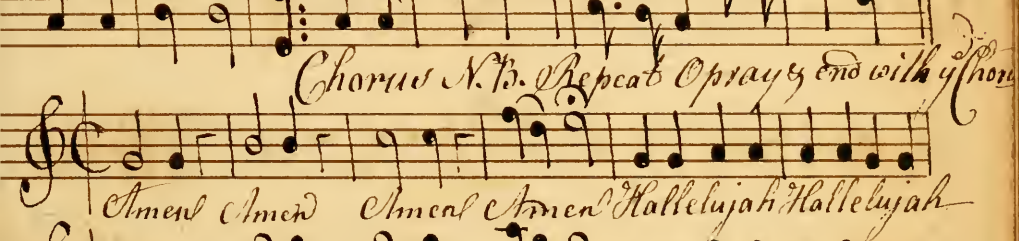
Continued



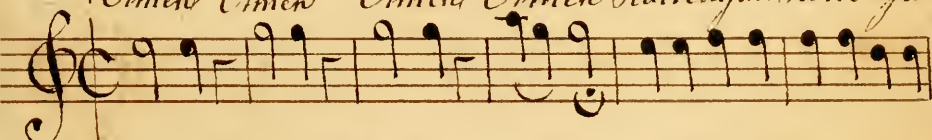
& Companions sake, I will wish thee prosperity I will wish thee pros



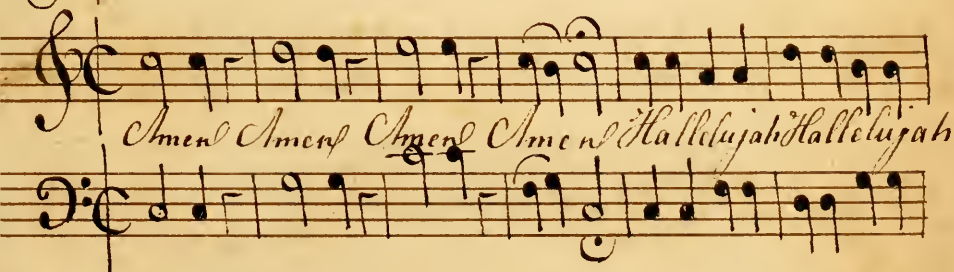
& Companions sake, I will wish thee prosperity I will wish thee pros



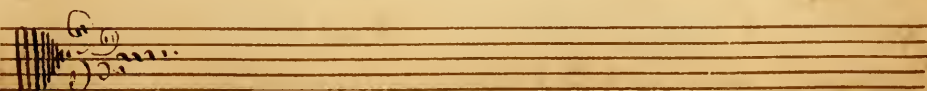
Chorus A.B. Repeat O pray & end with y<sup>e</sup> hon<sup>or</sup>

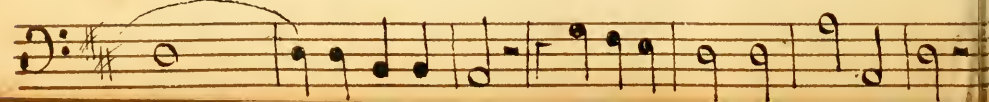
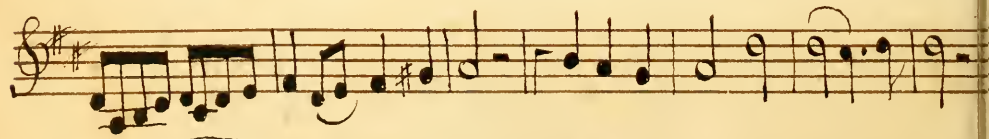
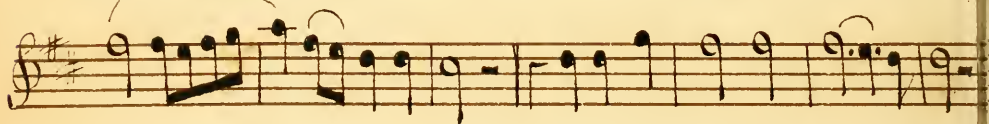
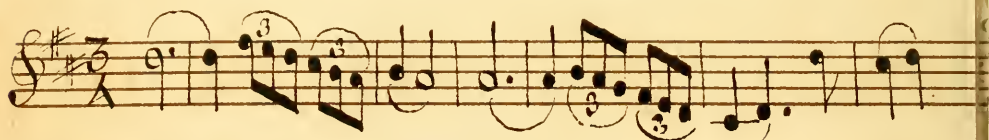
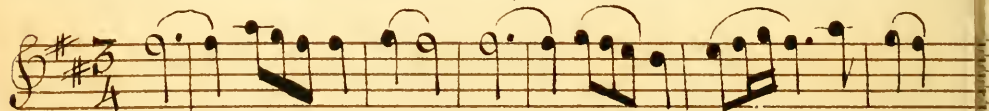
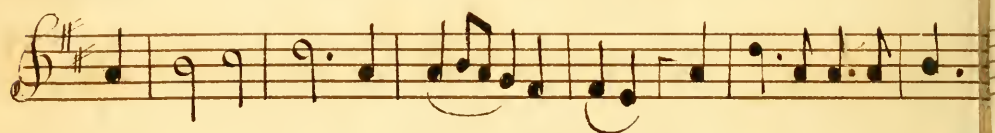
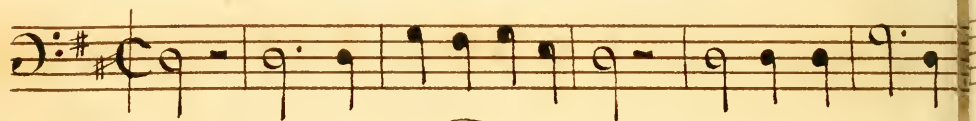
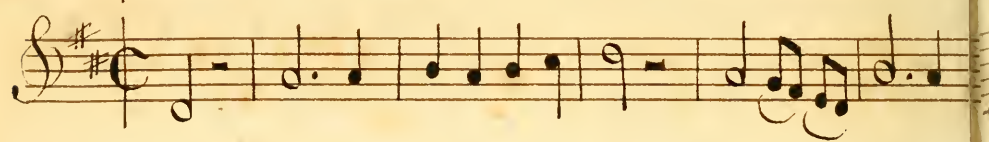
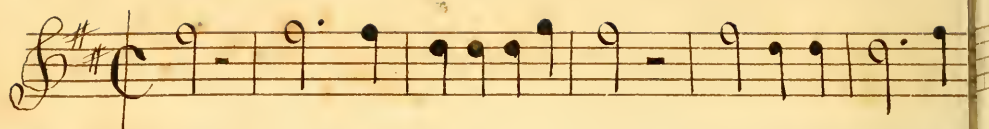


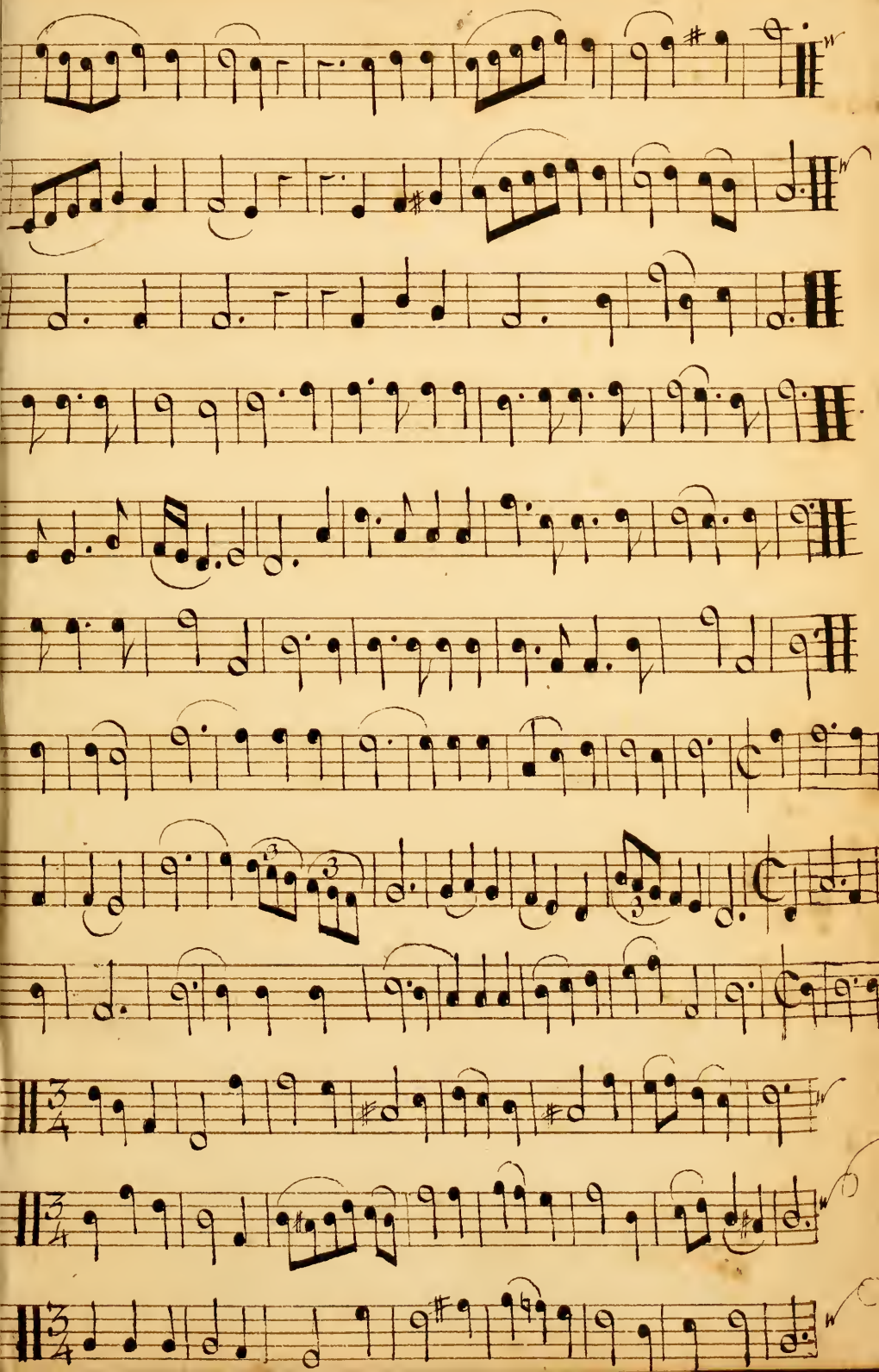
Amen Amen Amen Amen Hallelujah Hallelujah



Amen Amen Amen Amen Hallelujah Hallelujah









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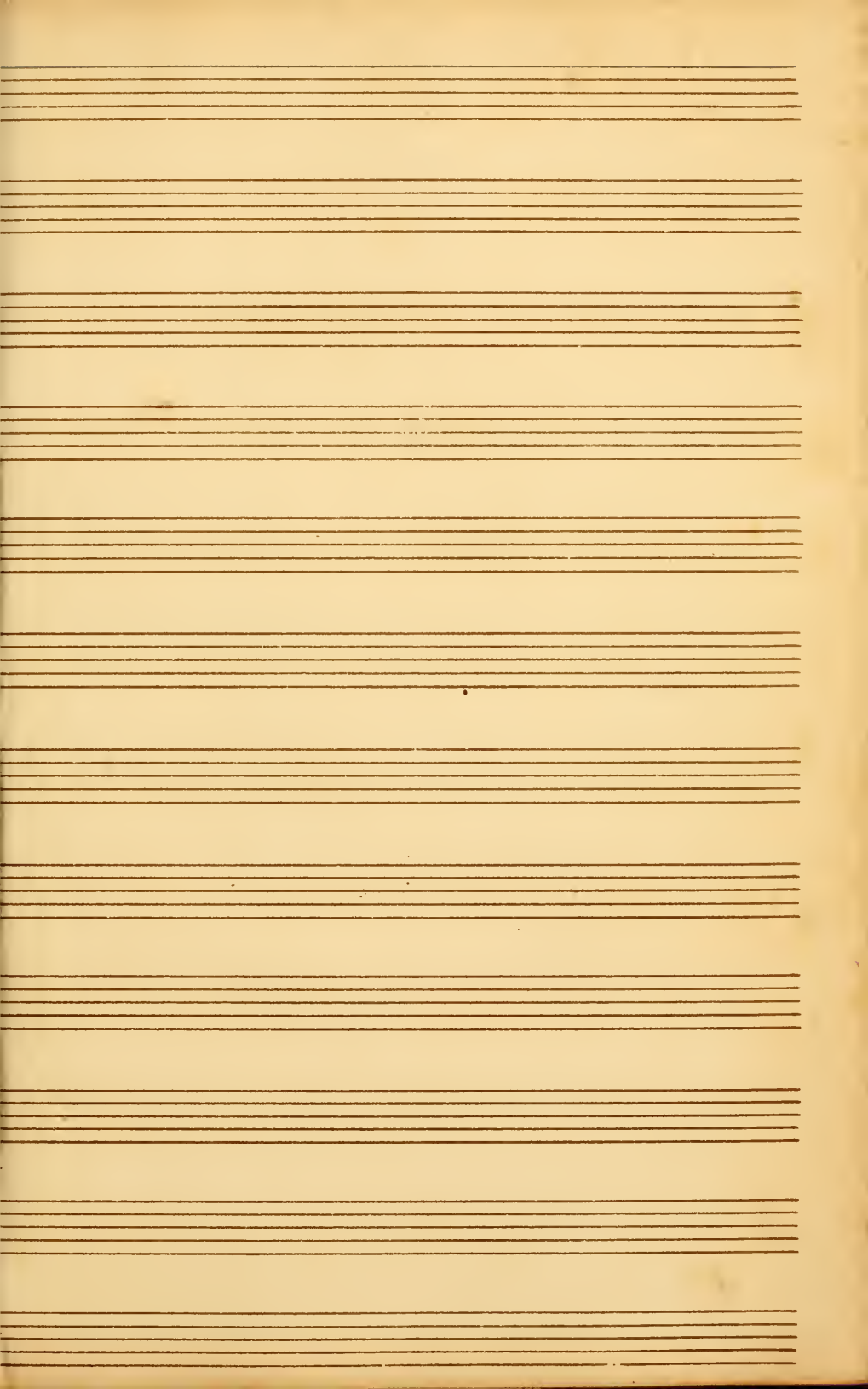
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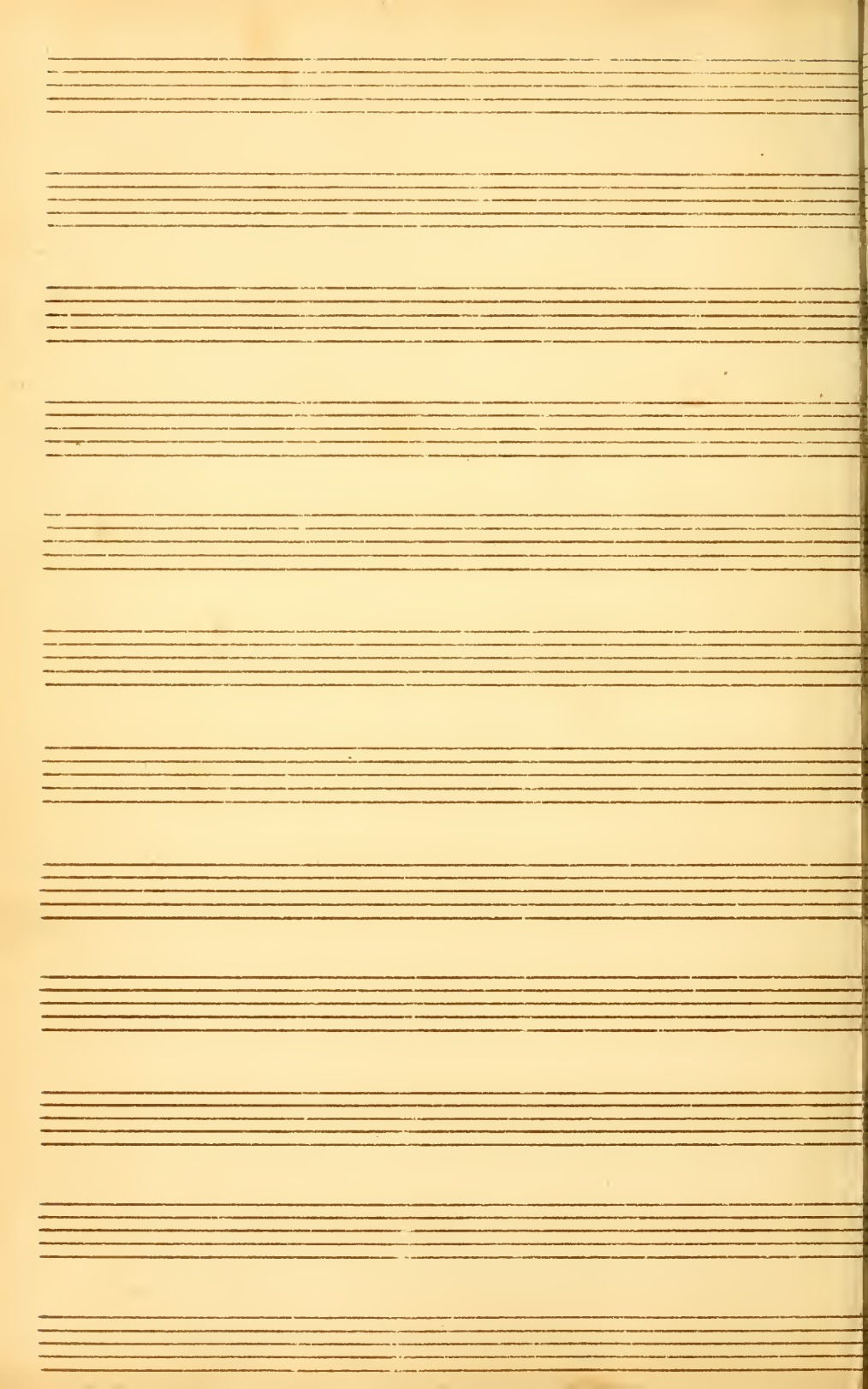
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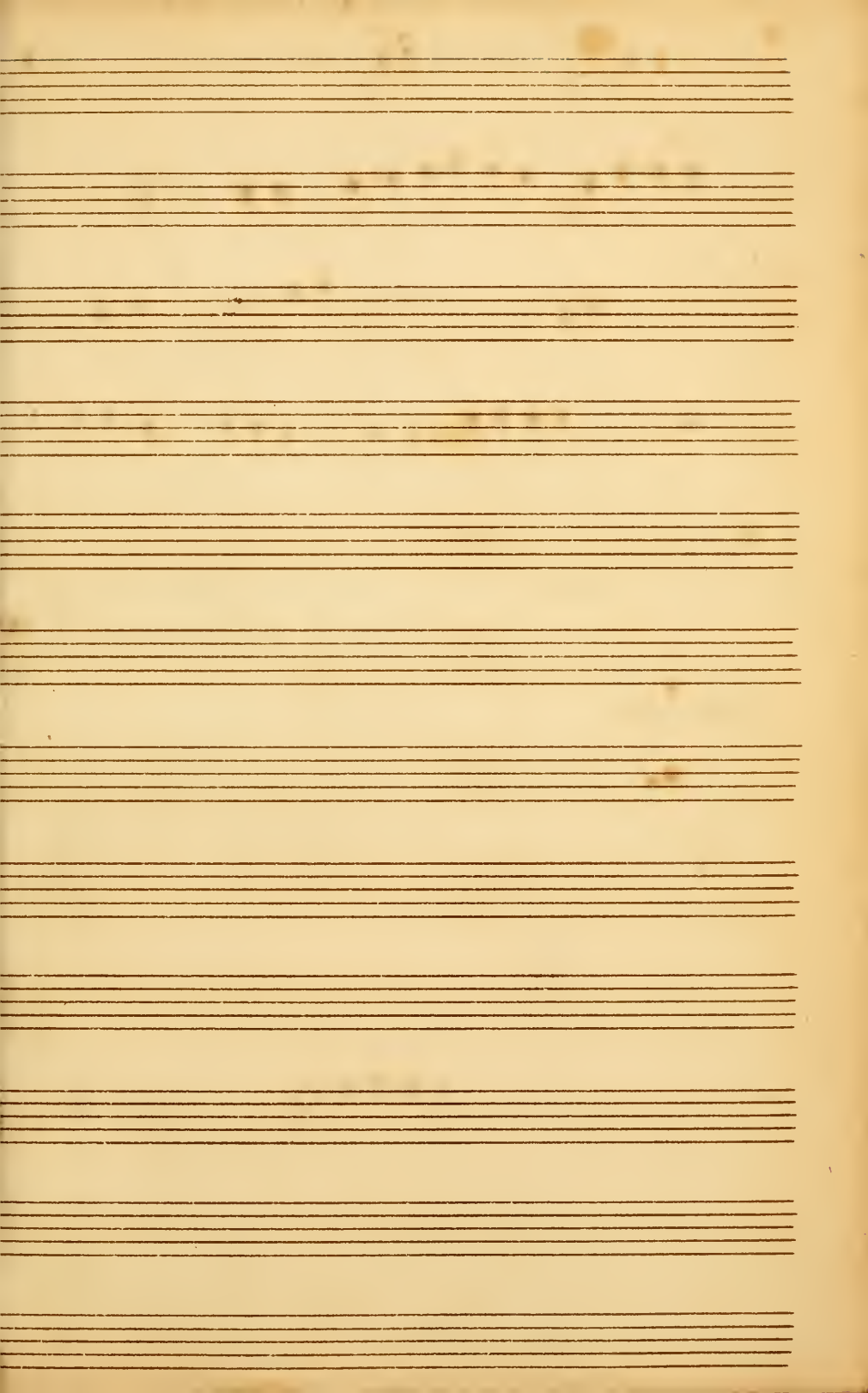
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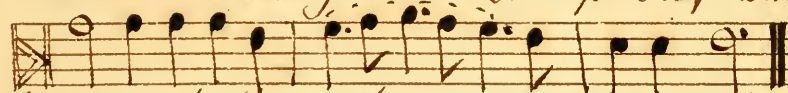


*Contralto solo*

*A Wedding Anthem*

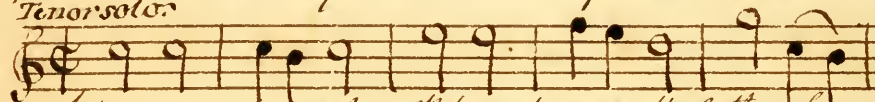


Blessed are all they Blessed are all y<sup>e</sup>. that fear the Lord &



for thou shalt eat y<sup>e</sup>. La- - - bour of thine hands.

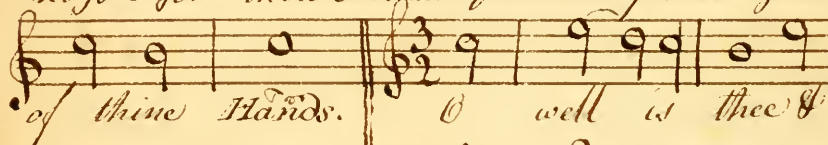
*Tenor solo.*



Blessed are all they. Blessed are all y<sup>e</sup>. that fear



Ways - for thou shalt eat y<sup>e</sup>. Labour. y<sup>e</sup>. Lab<sup>r</sup>. y<sup>e</sup>. Labour

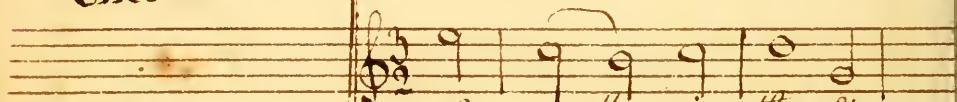


of thine Hands.

O well is thee &



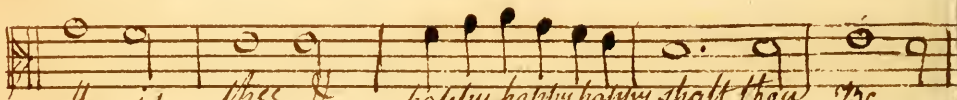
**Chorus**



O well is thee &



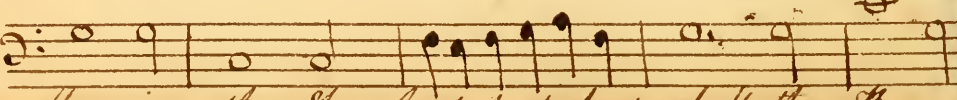
shalt thou be O wel- - - ll is thee &



It is thee & happy happy happy shalt thou be.

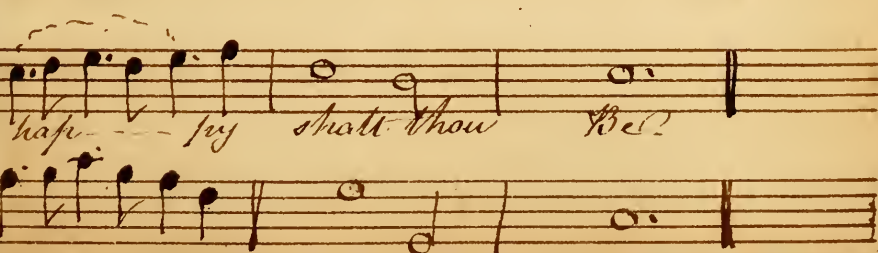
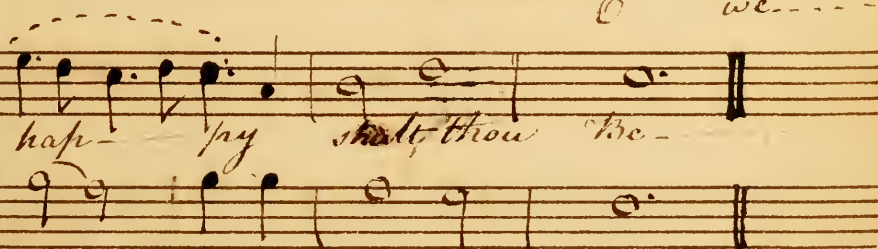
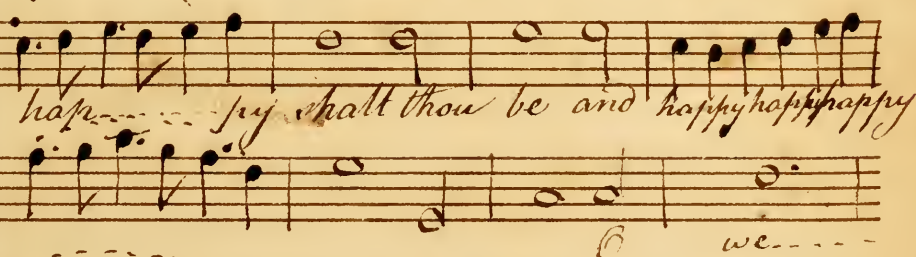
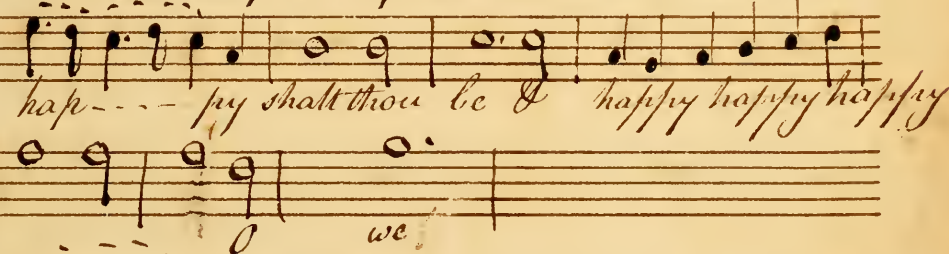
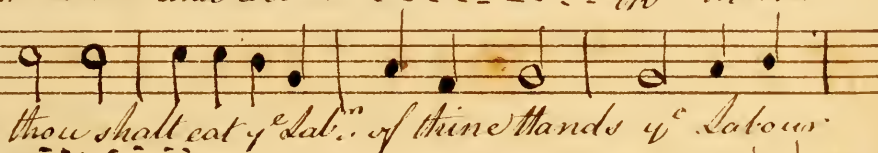
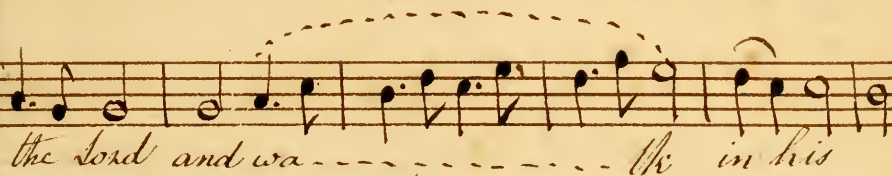
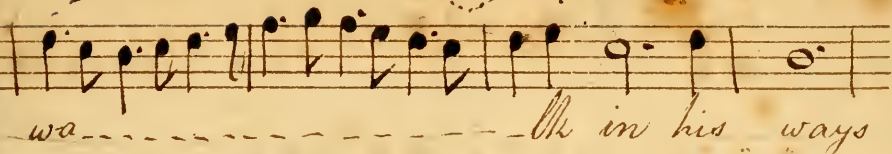


shalt thou Be O we- - - - - It is thee &



It is thee & happy happy happy shalt thou be





Treble solo ————— continued

Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine upon

the wall of the house and about thy

table like the olive branches

Lo! Lo! Thus shall ye manifest that

the Lord from

ye — Lord

ye — Lord from out of Zion shall

The Lord from out of Zion shall so bless thee

shall so bless thee That ye shall see Je — ru — sa —

shall so bless thee ye — Thou shalt see

shall so bless thee That thou

shall so bless thee

Continued

Bass Solo

ye walls of thine House Thy Children like the  
Table like the Olive Branch root and a  
No and about Thy Table - Begin Thomas Cowell

faith in the Lord

out of Zion

from out of Zion shall

so bless thee

The Lord

Jerusalem

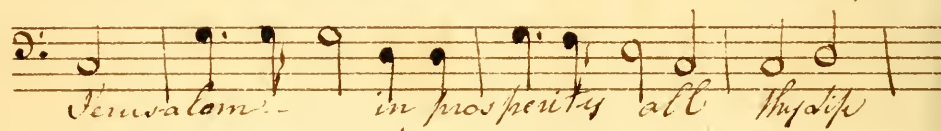
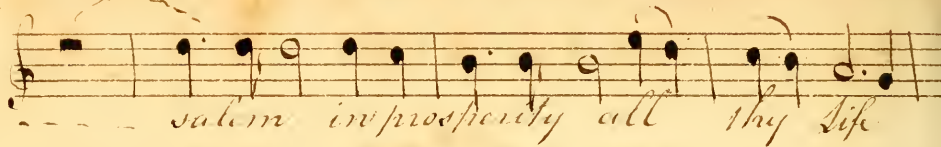
Jerusalem in prosperity

that see Jerusalem

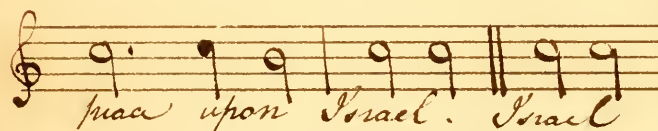
that Thou shalt see

*volte subito*





*Finis.*






Continued.

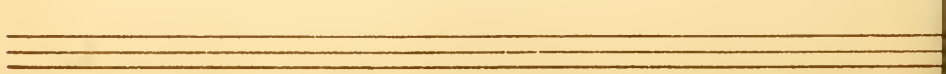
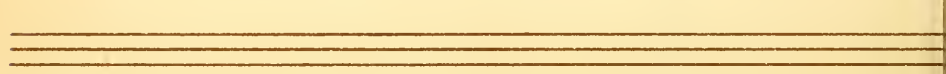
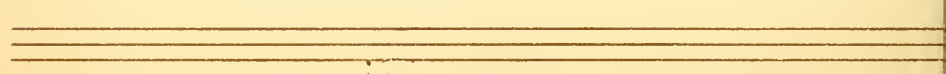
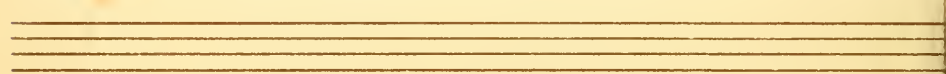
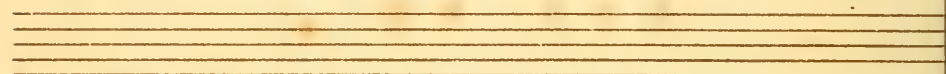
*Long*    *Yea that thou shalt see thy Children's Child: and*

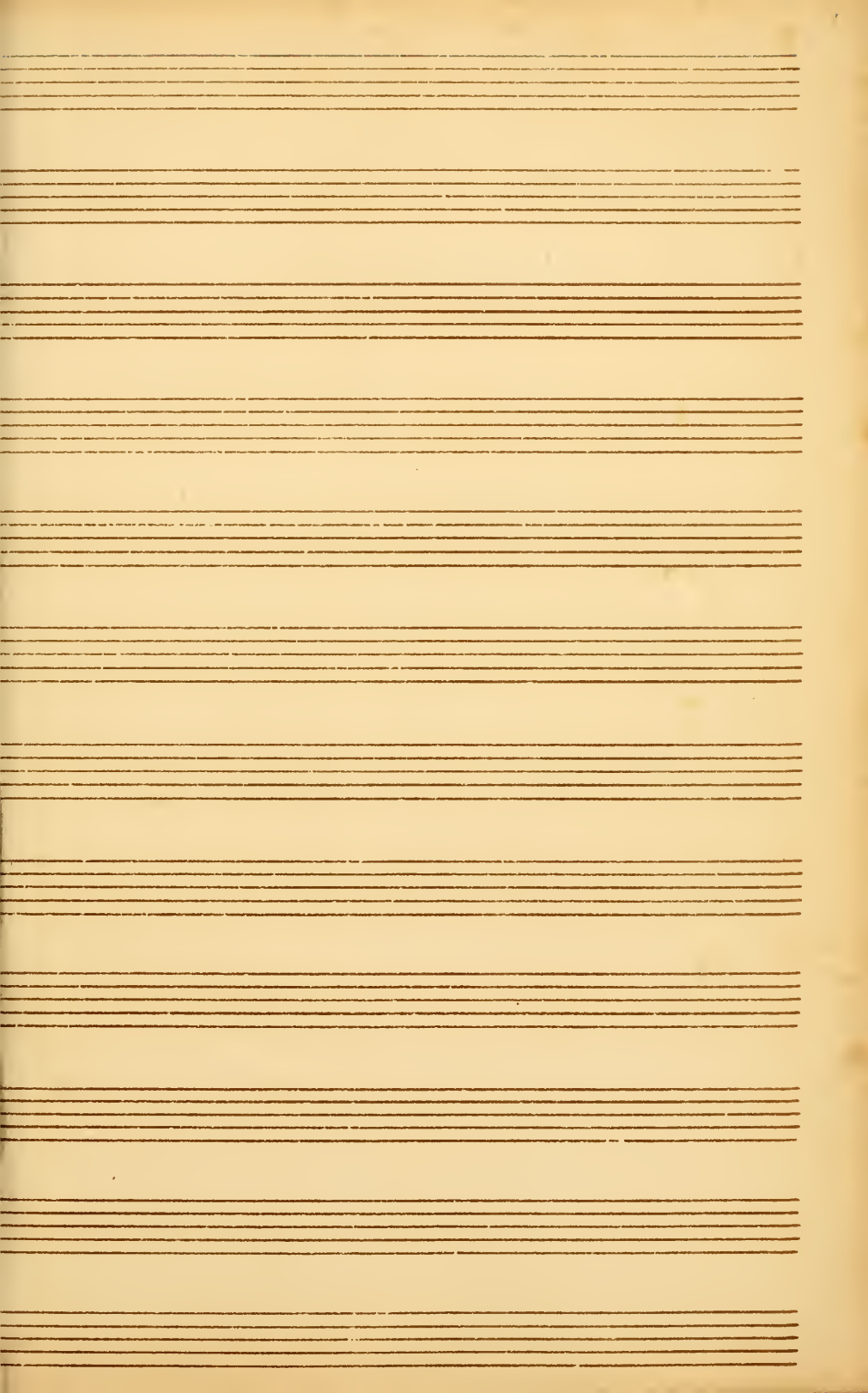
*long*    *Yea that thou shalt see thy Child: Child: &*

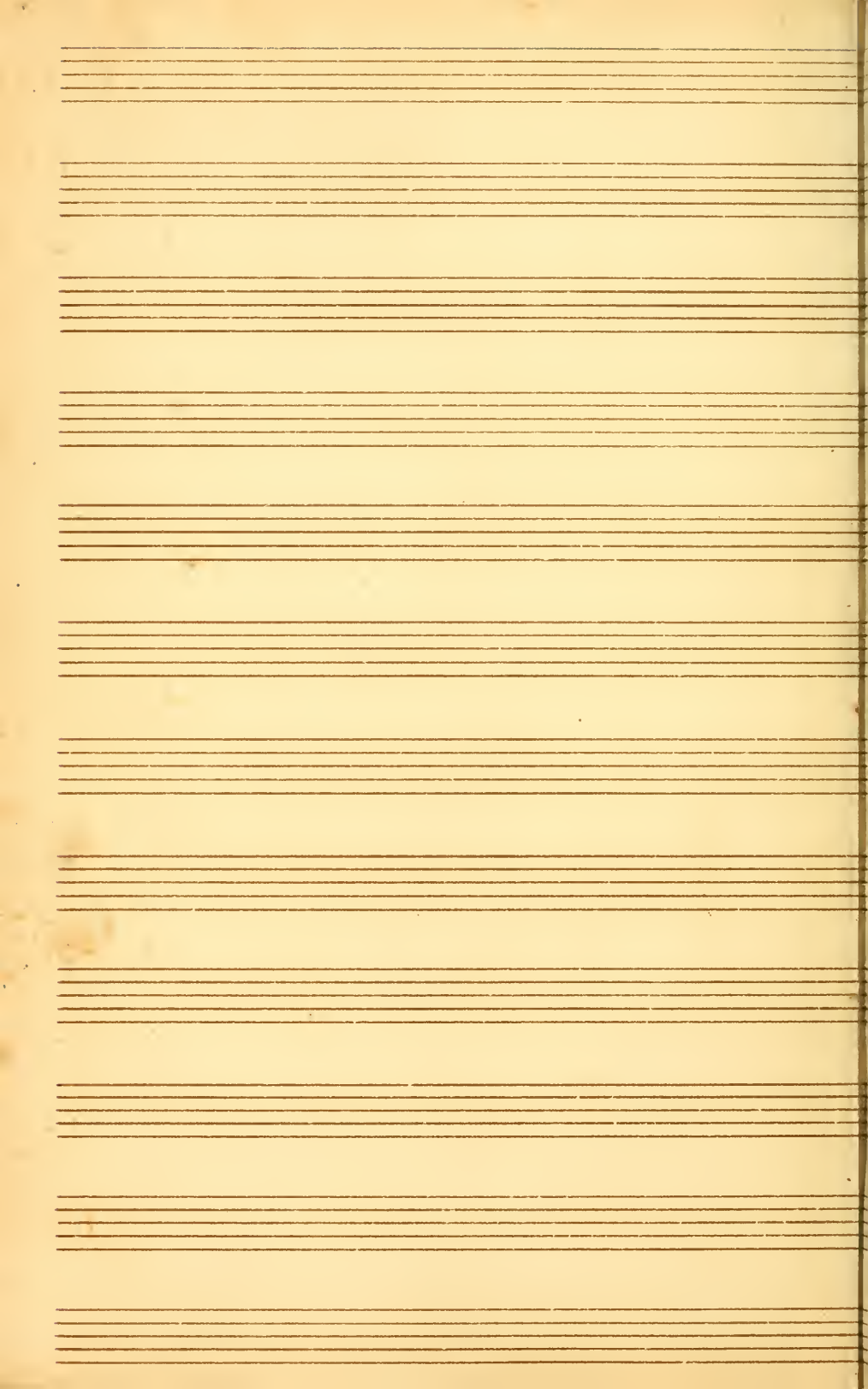
*long*    *Yea y<sup>e</sup> thou shalt see thy Child: Child: and*

*long*    *Yea that thou shalt see thy Child: Child: &*

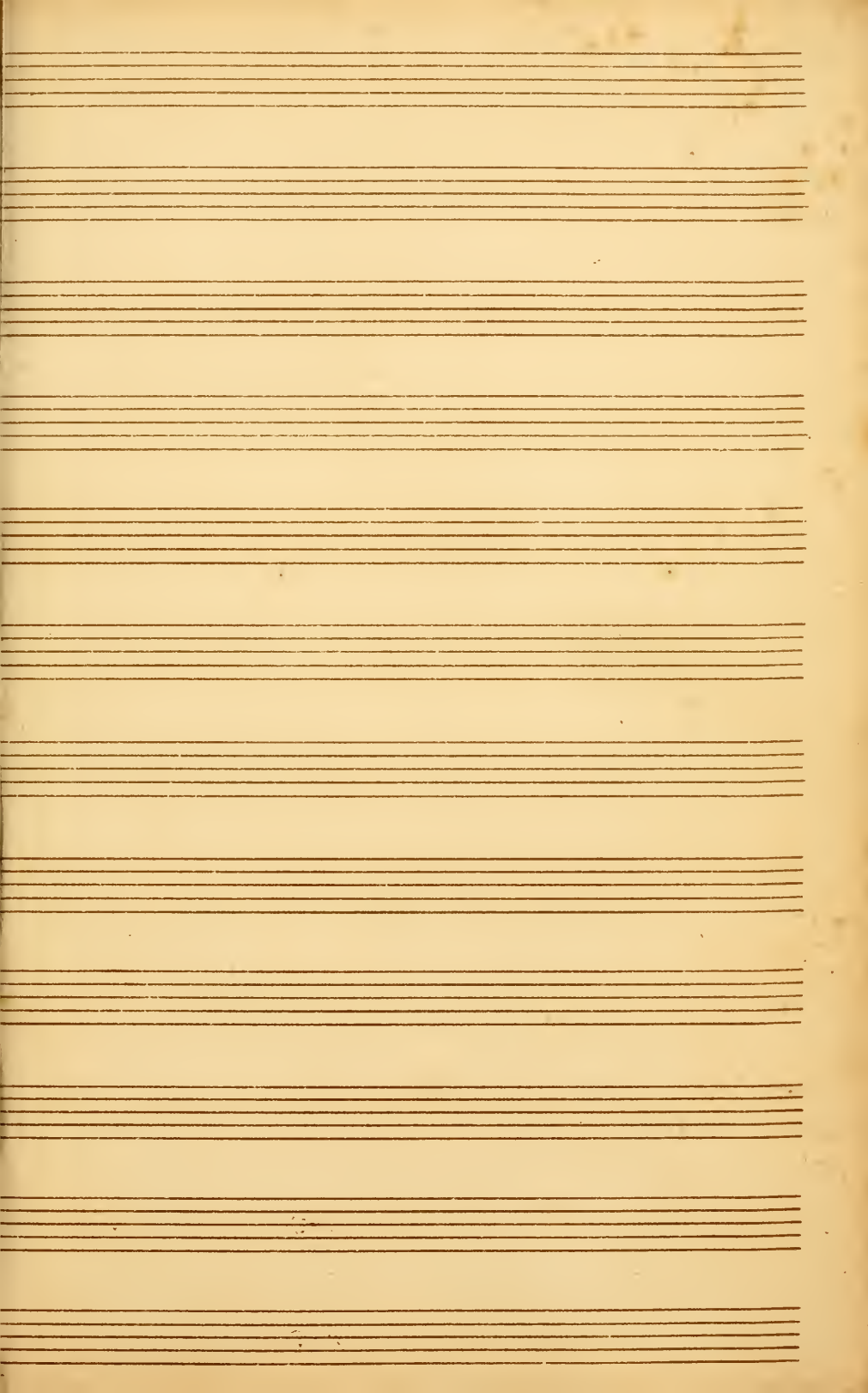




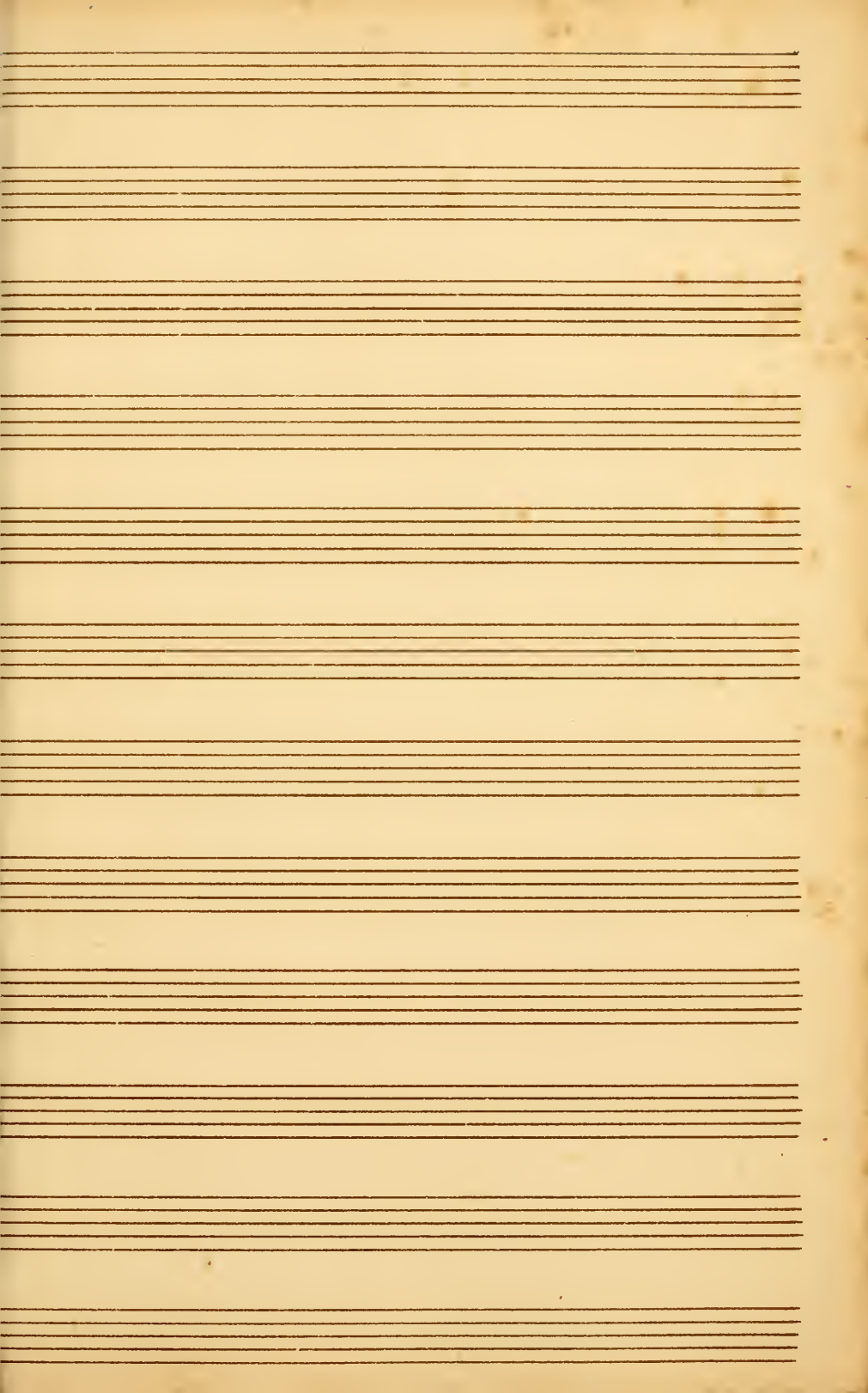






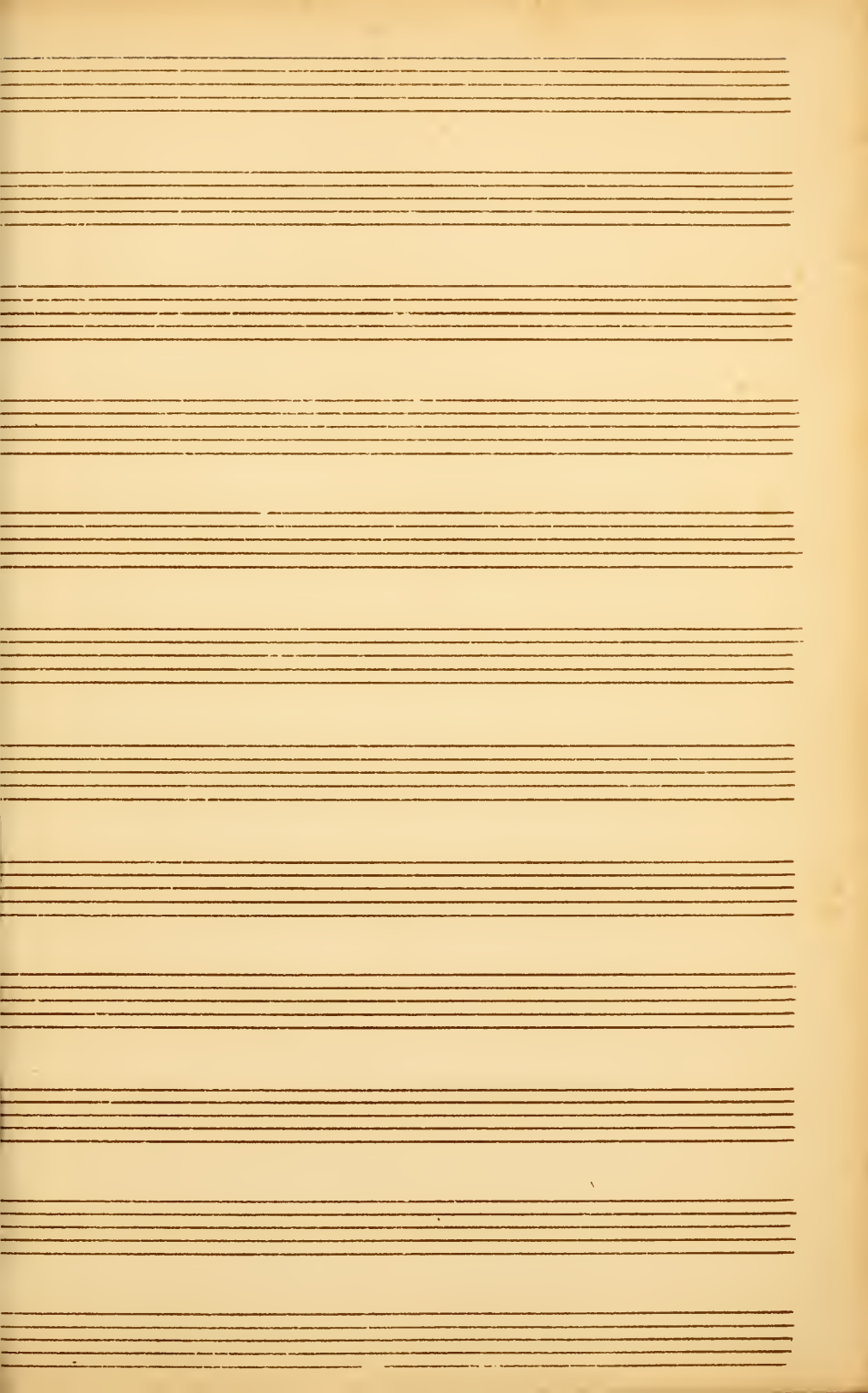


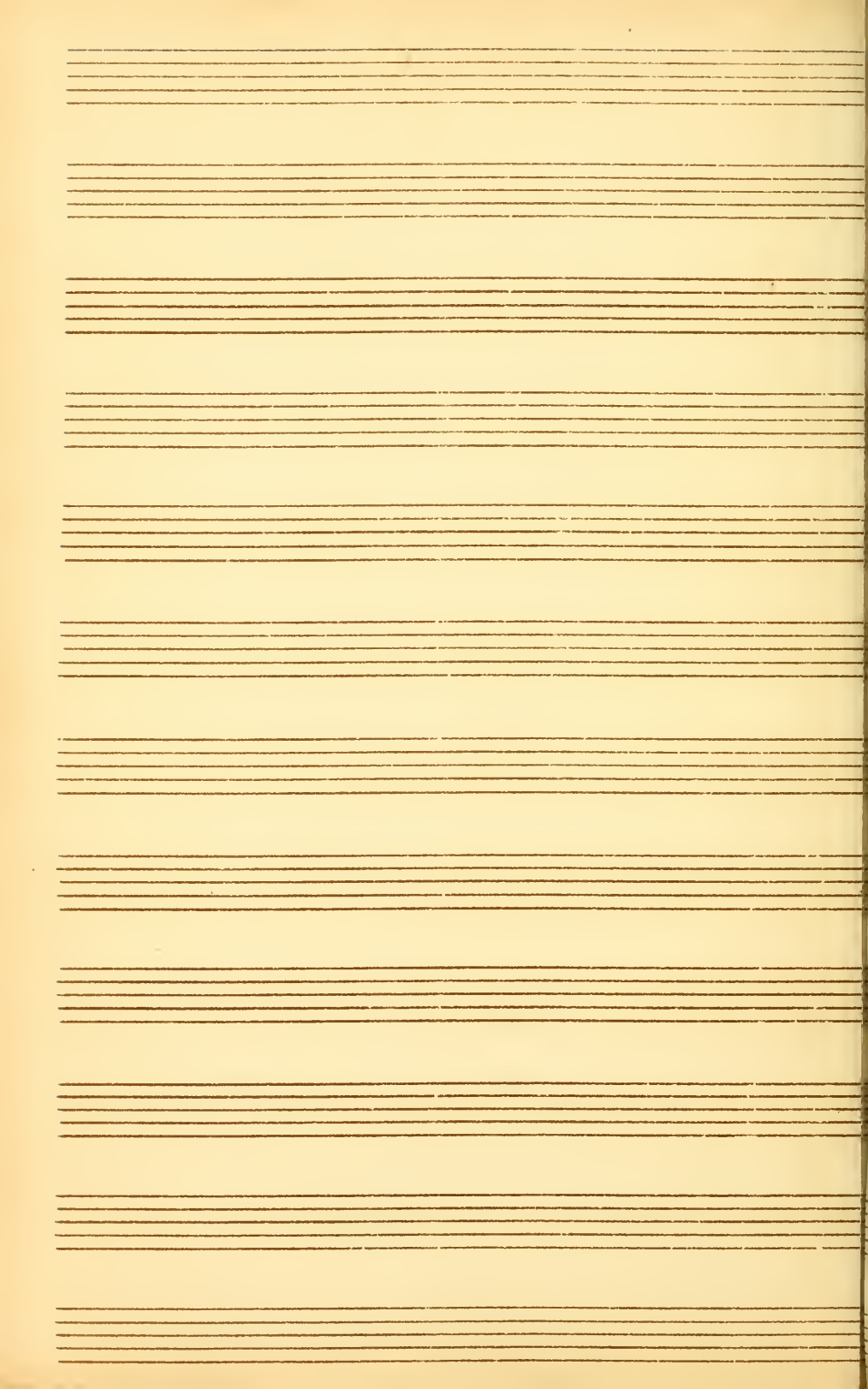


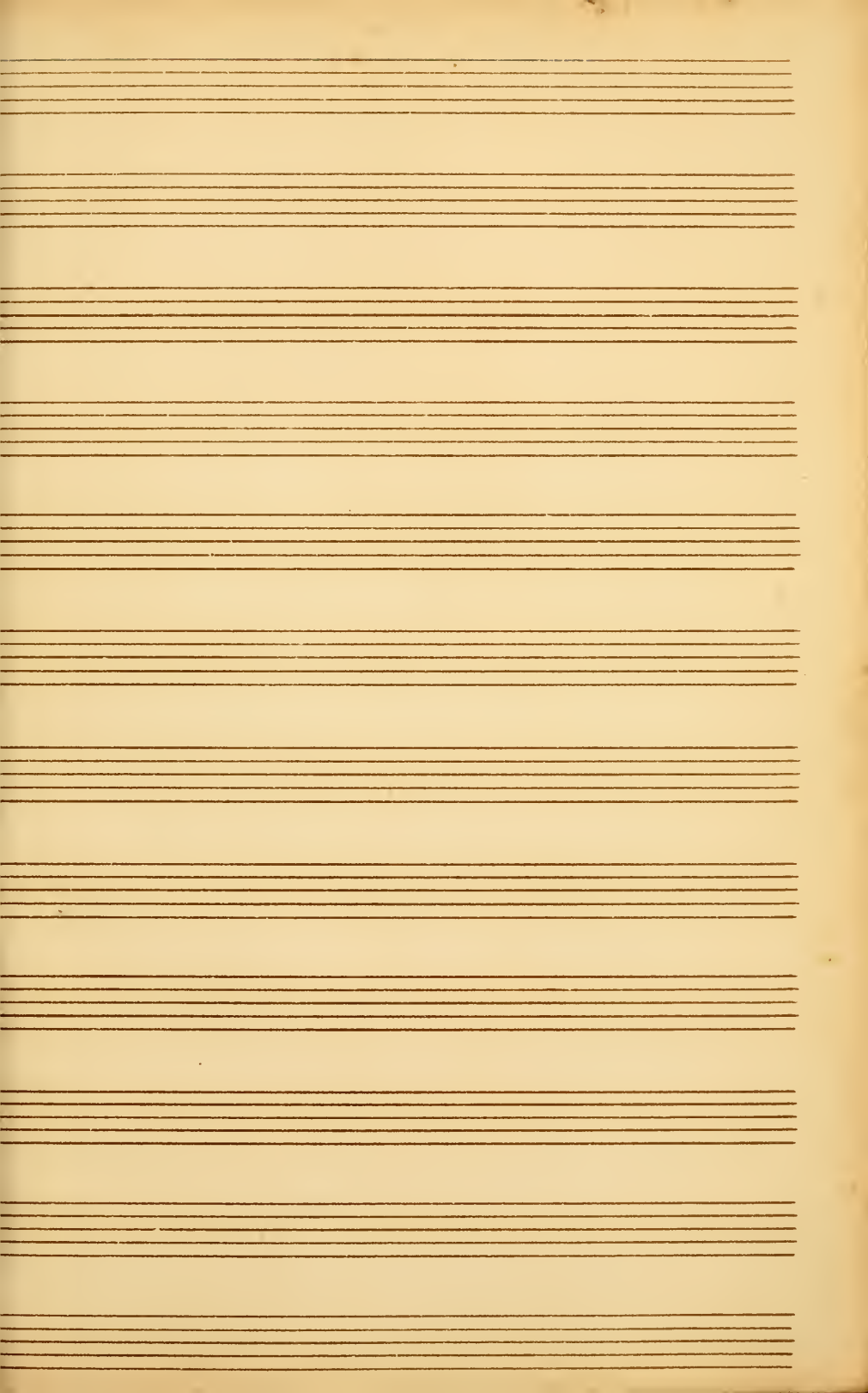


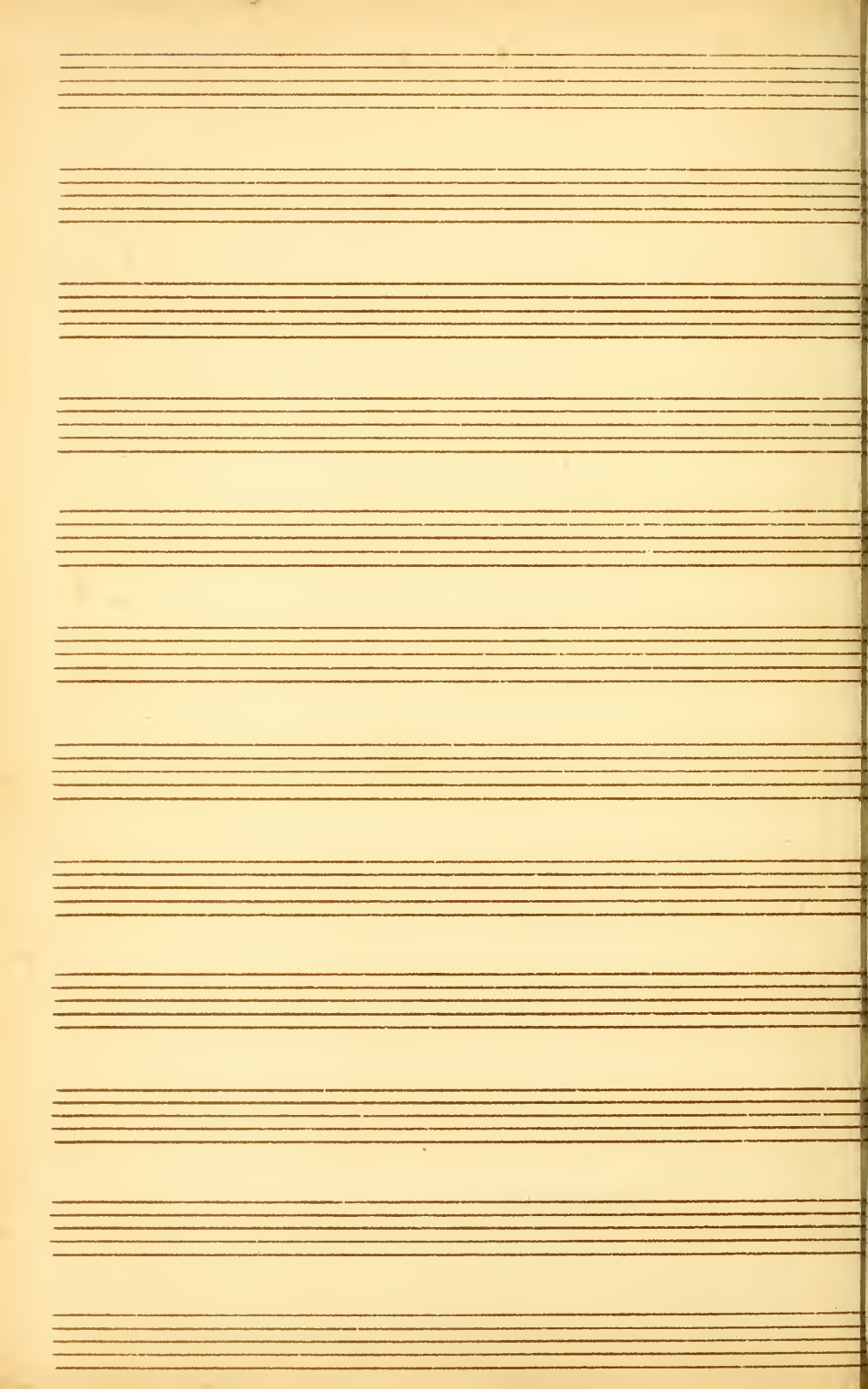




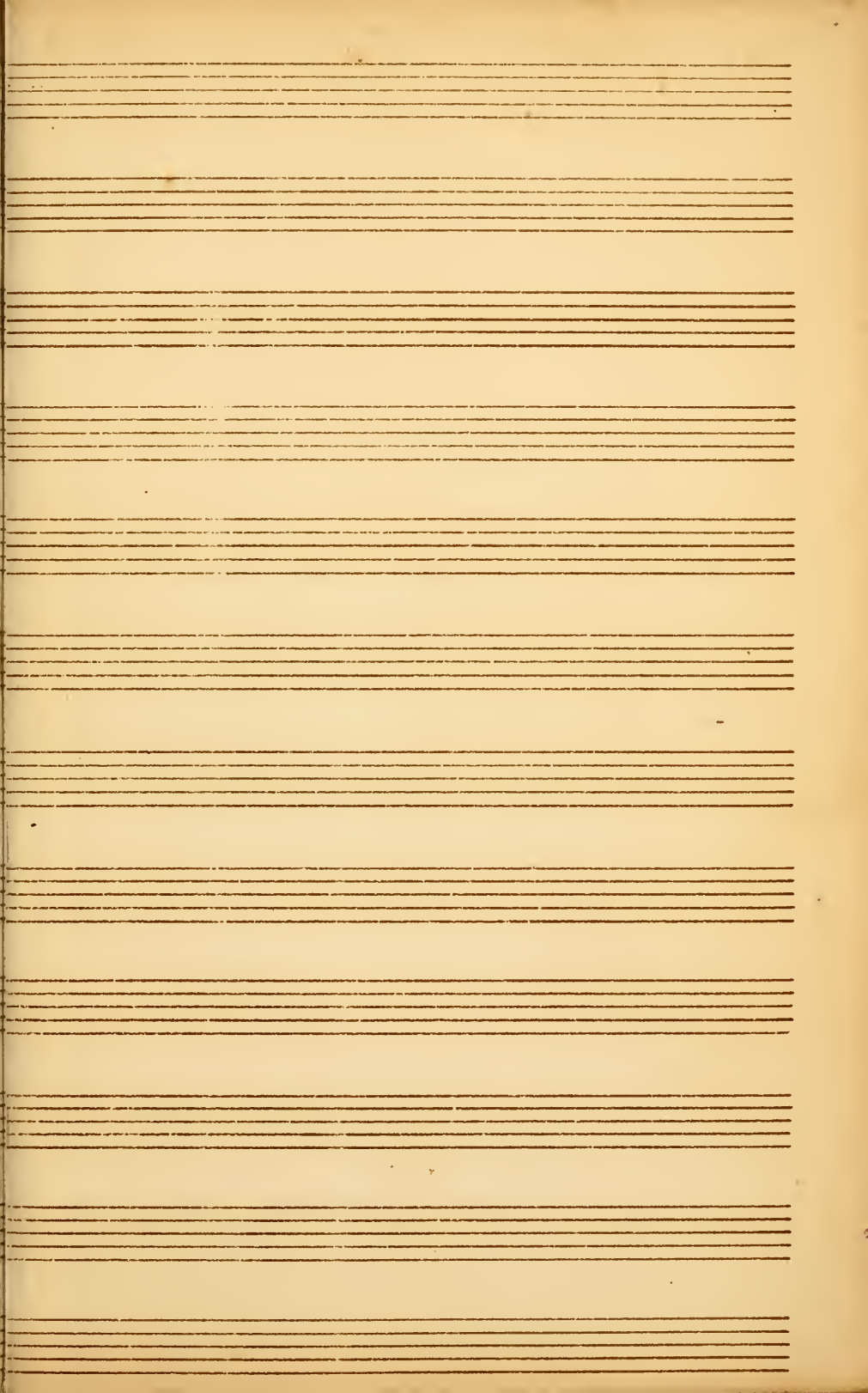


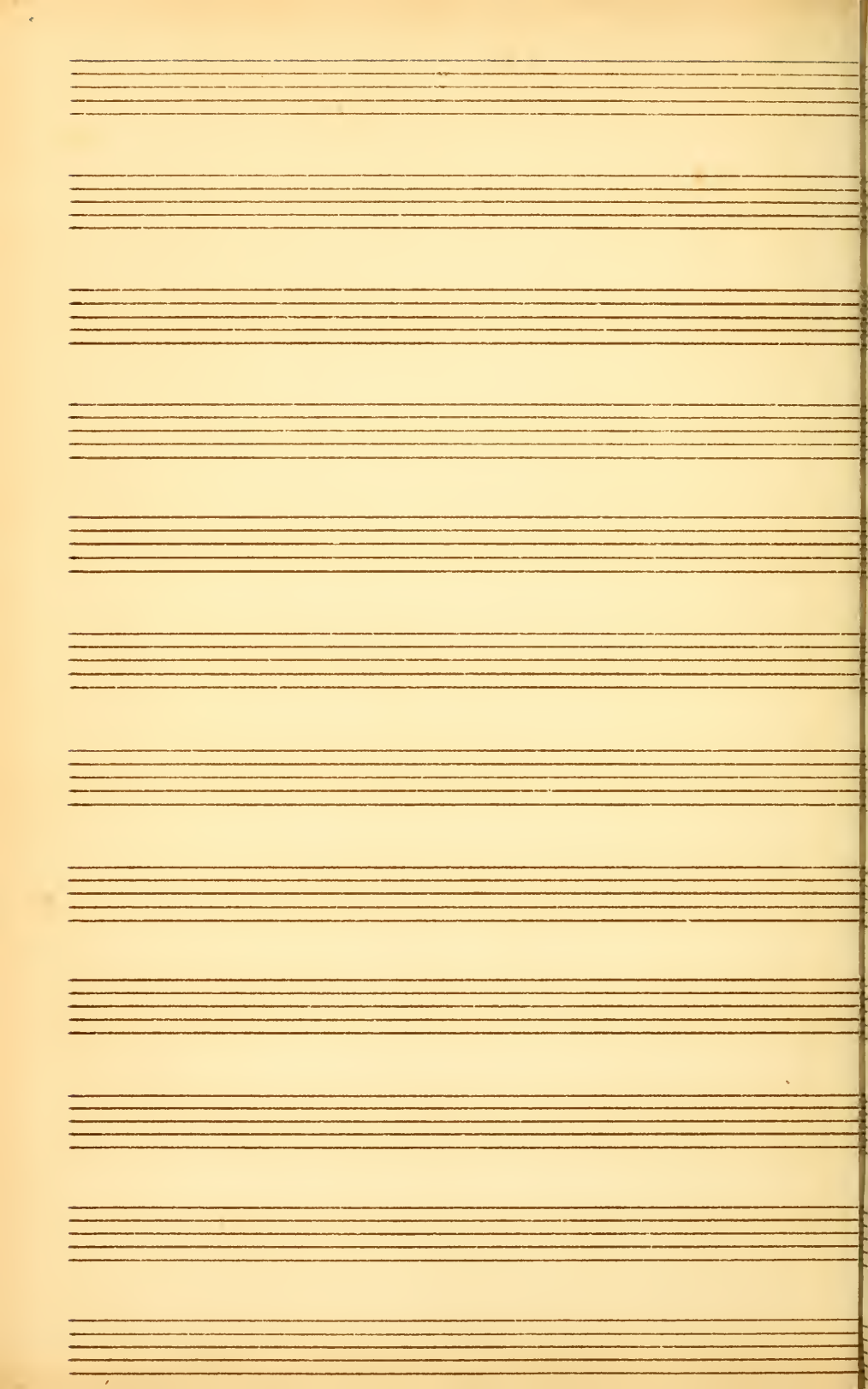


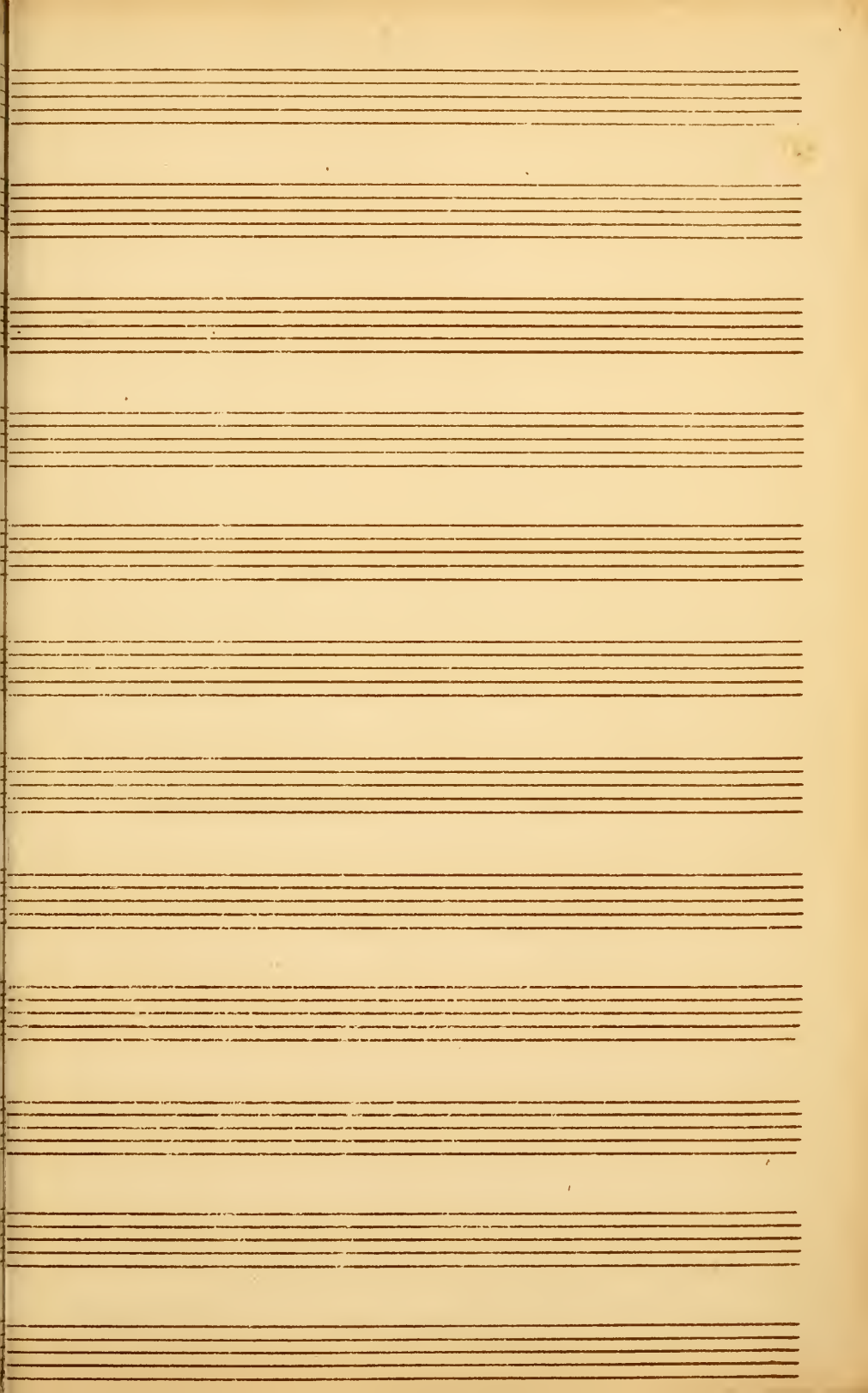


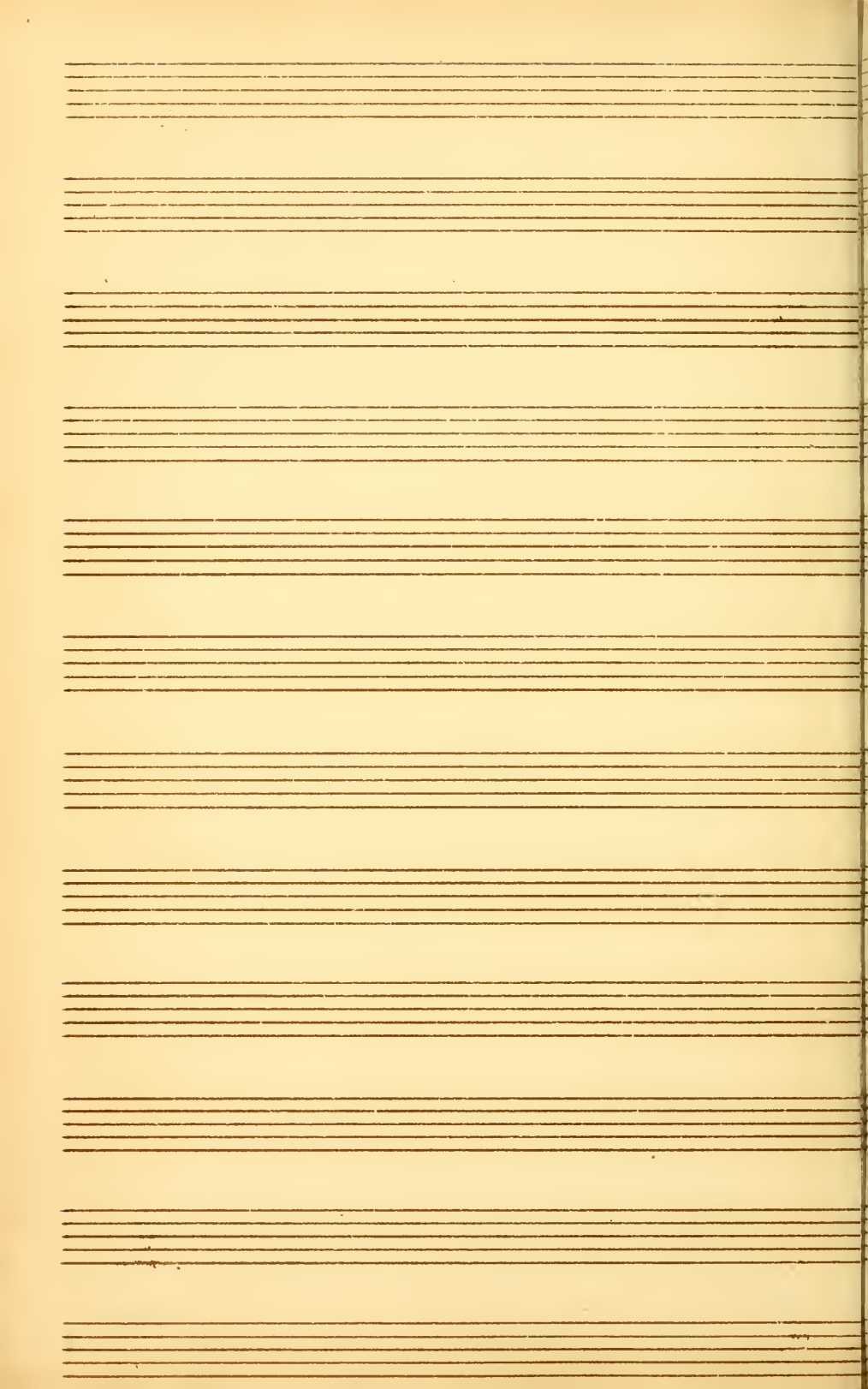






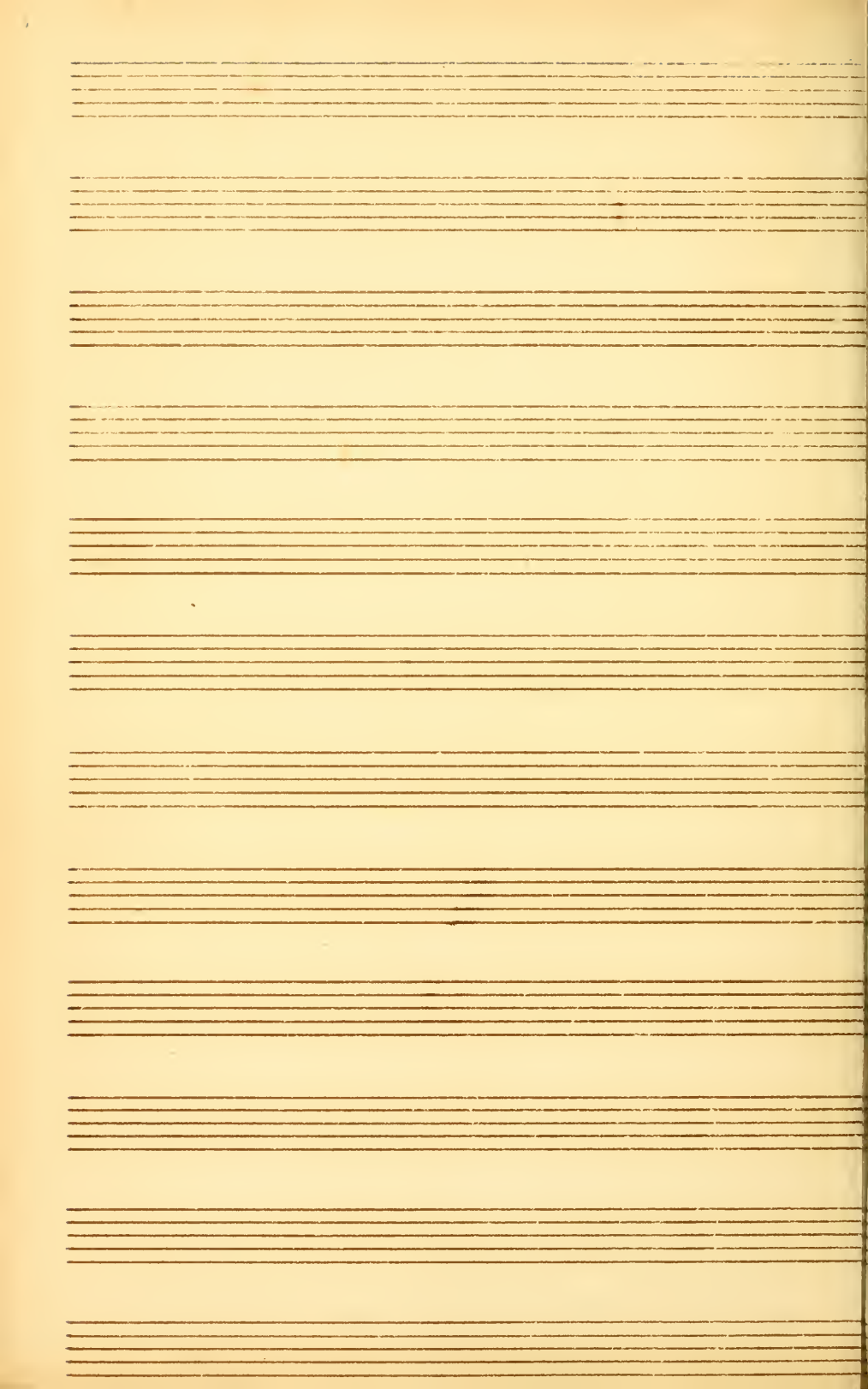


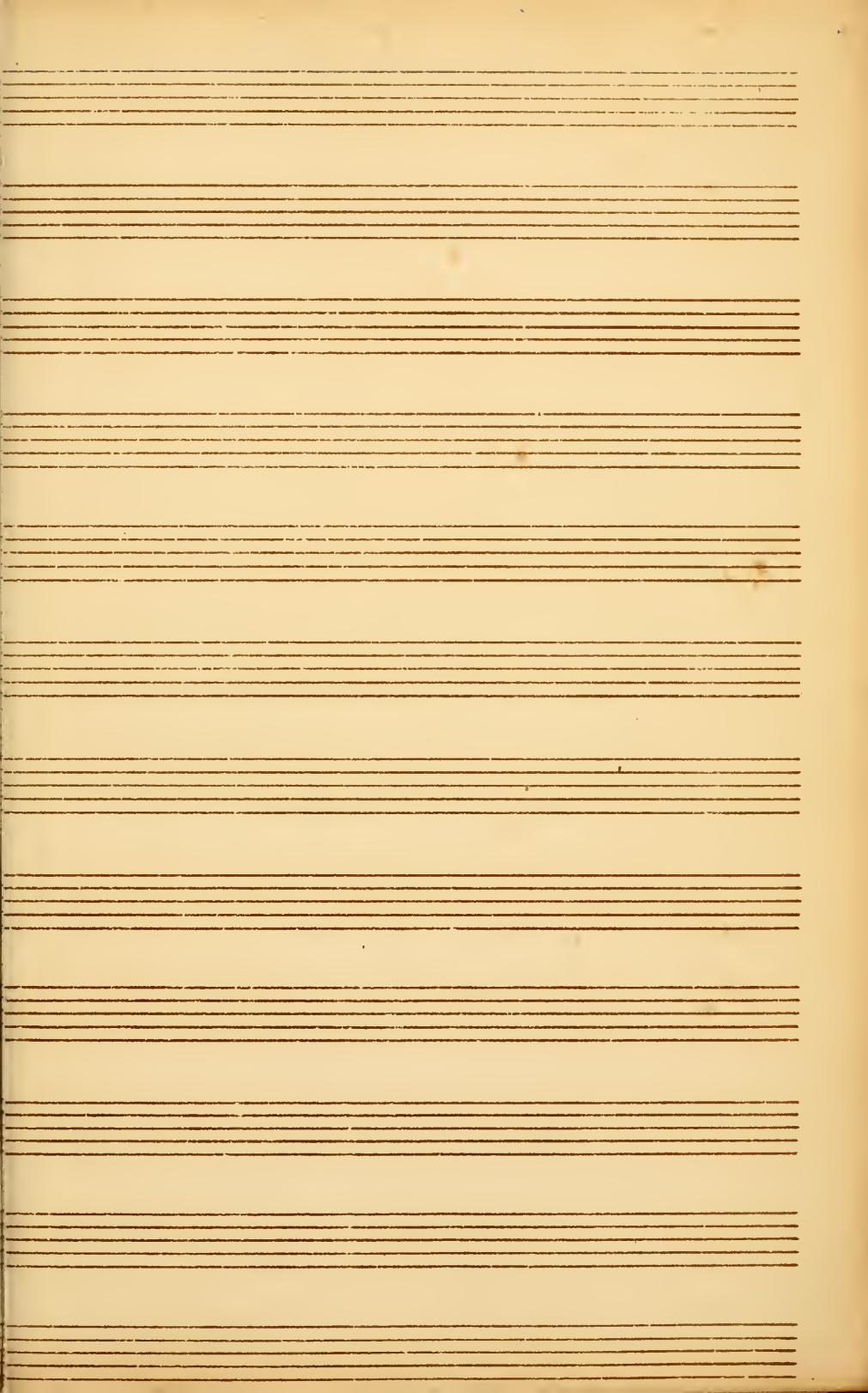


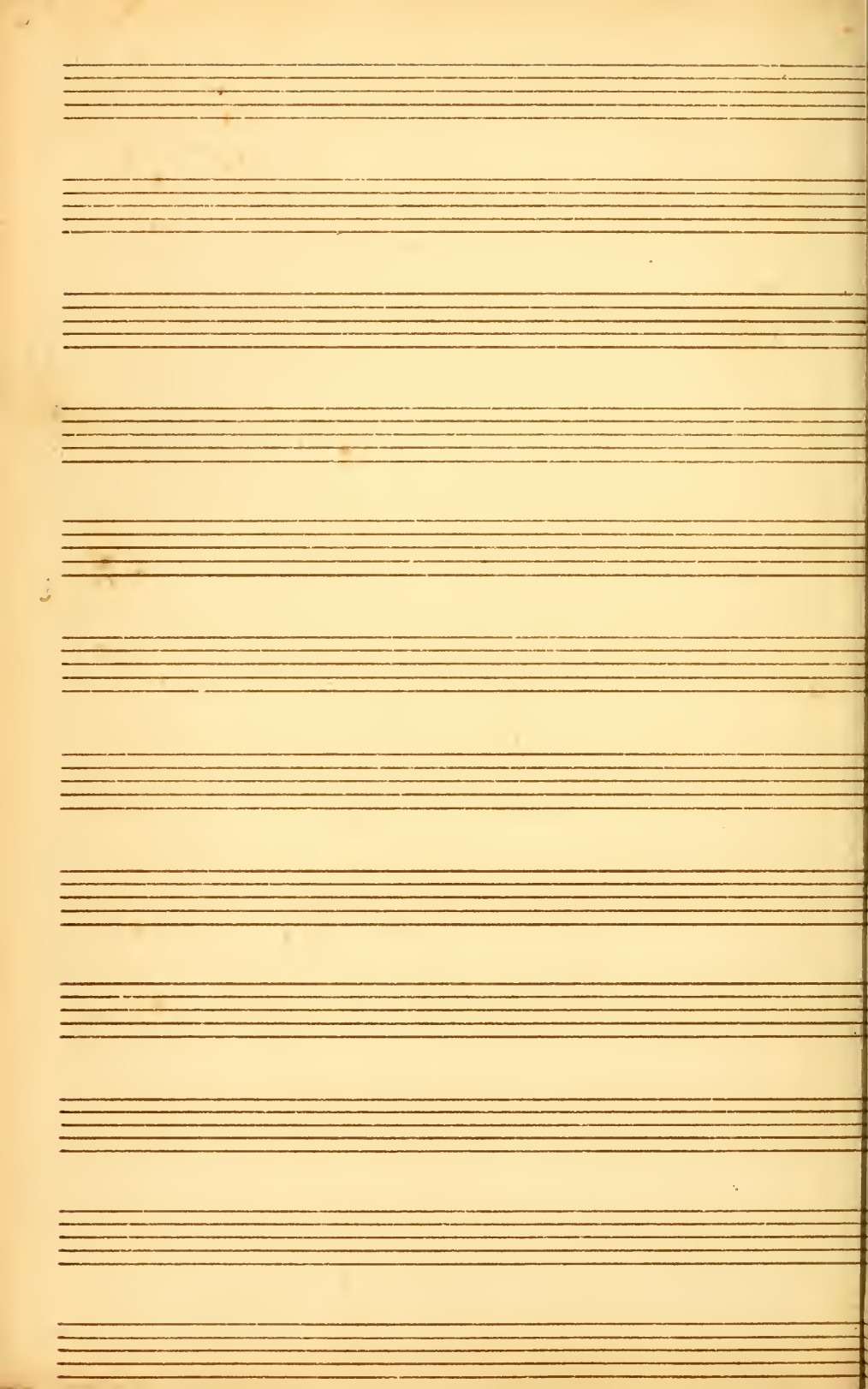




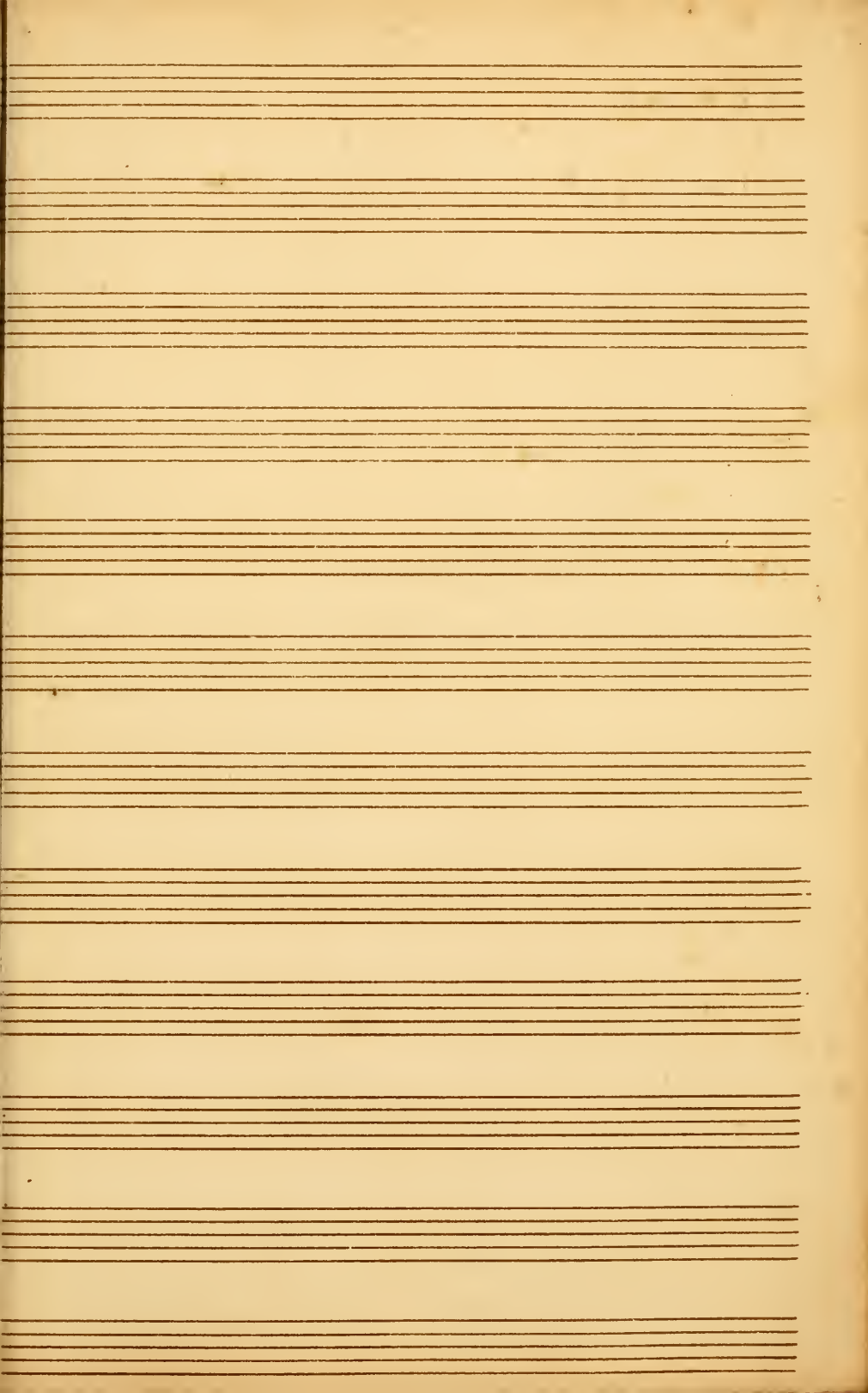


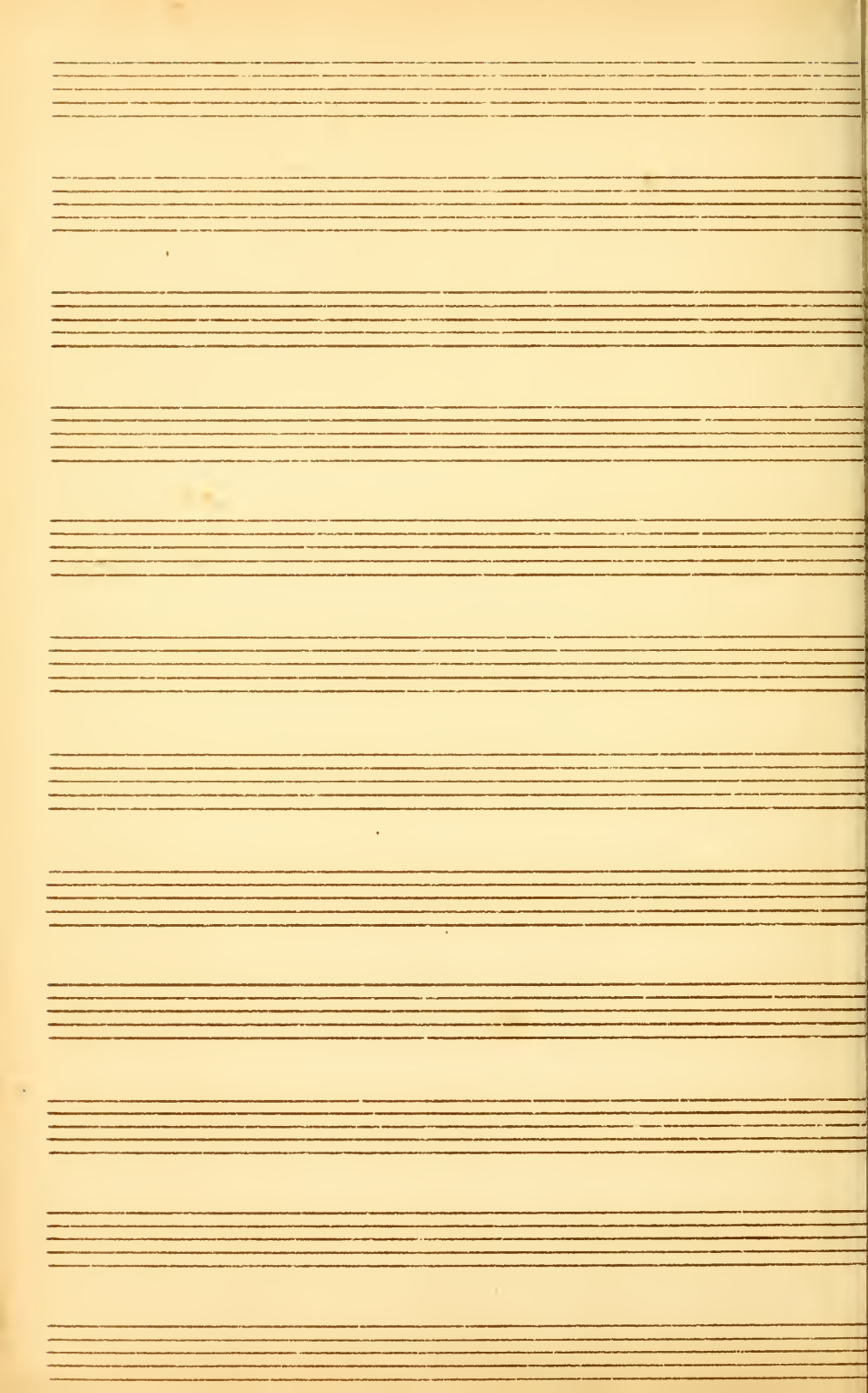


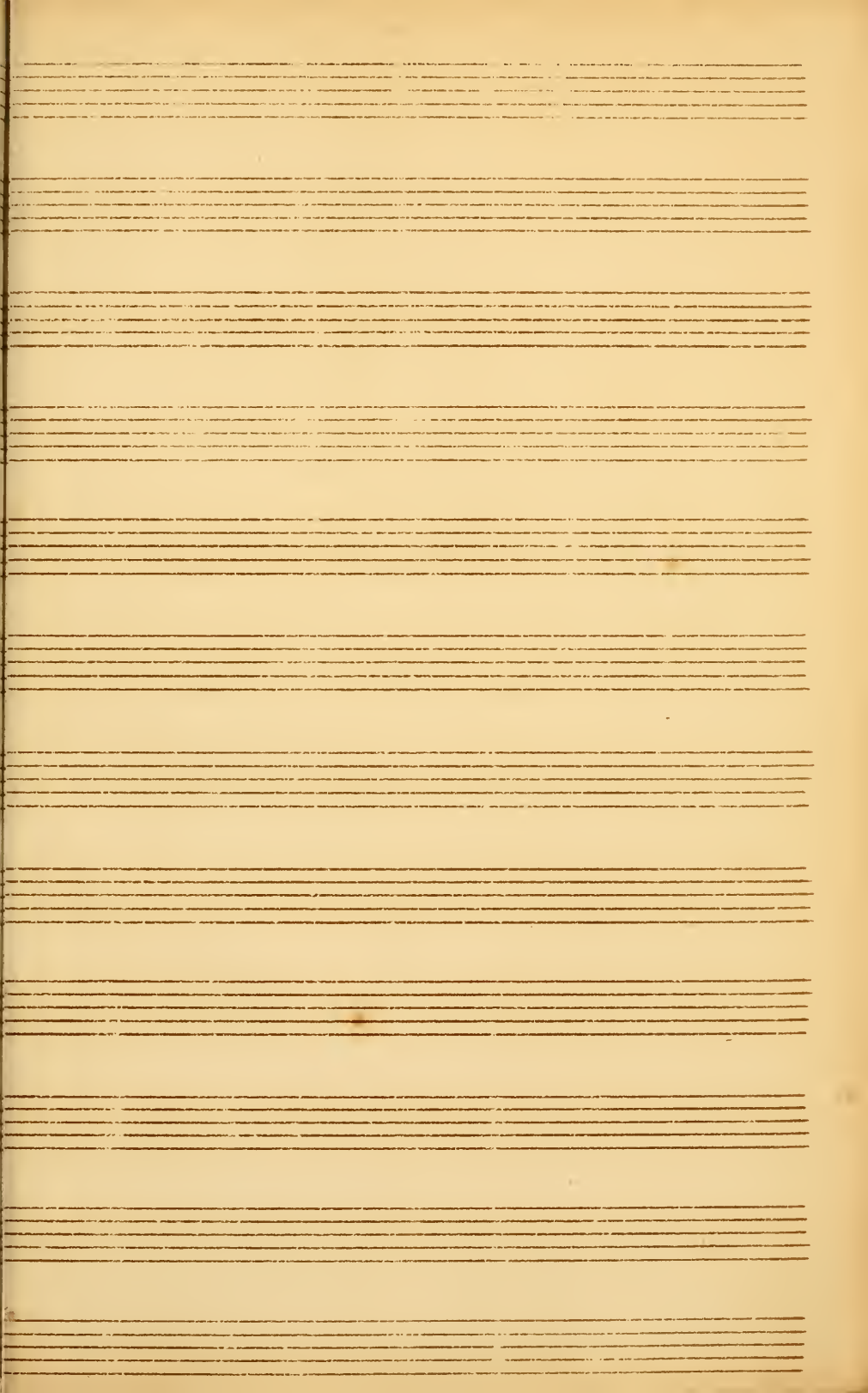






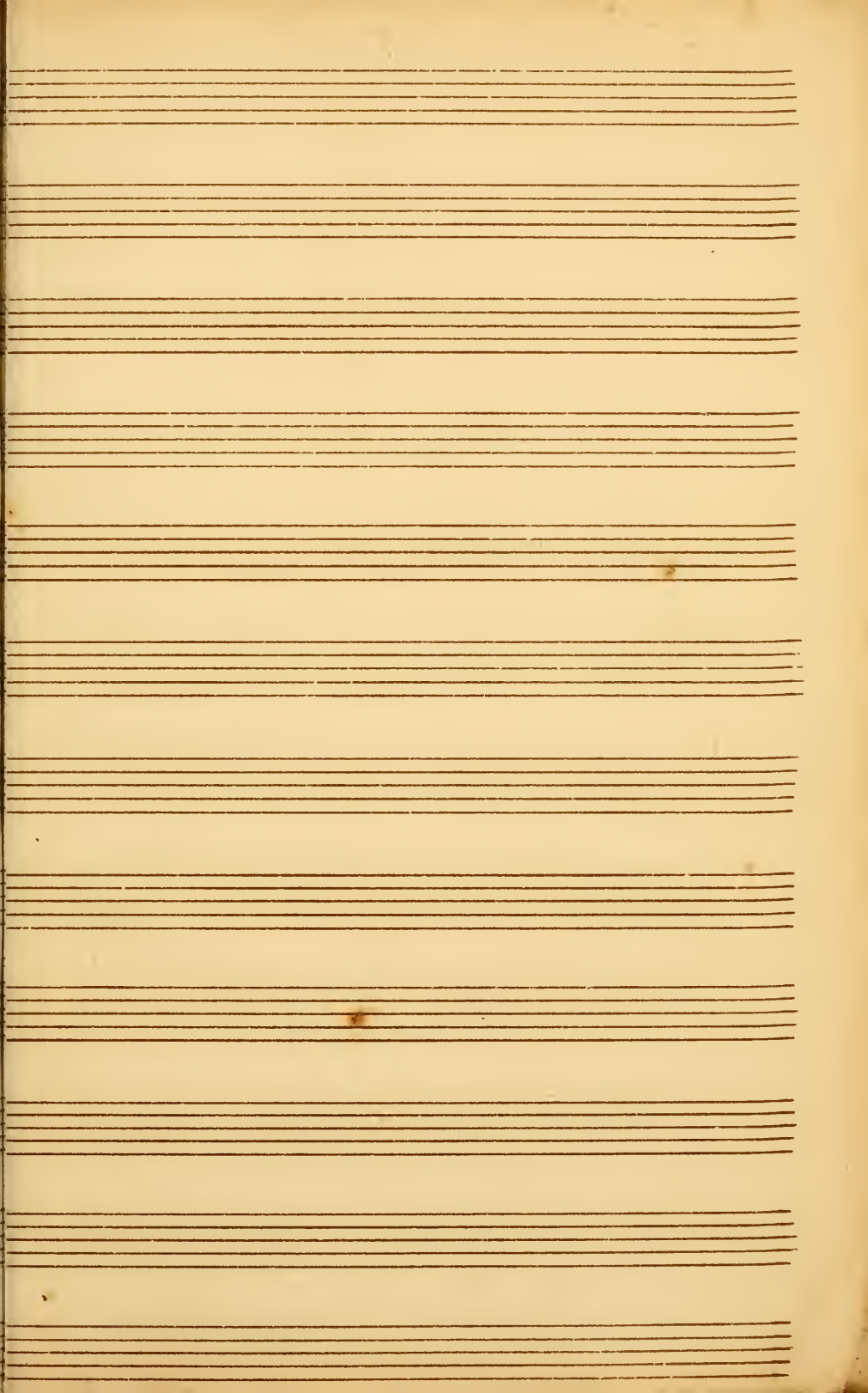




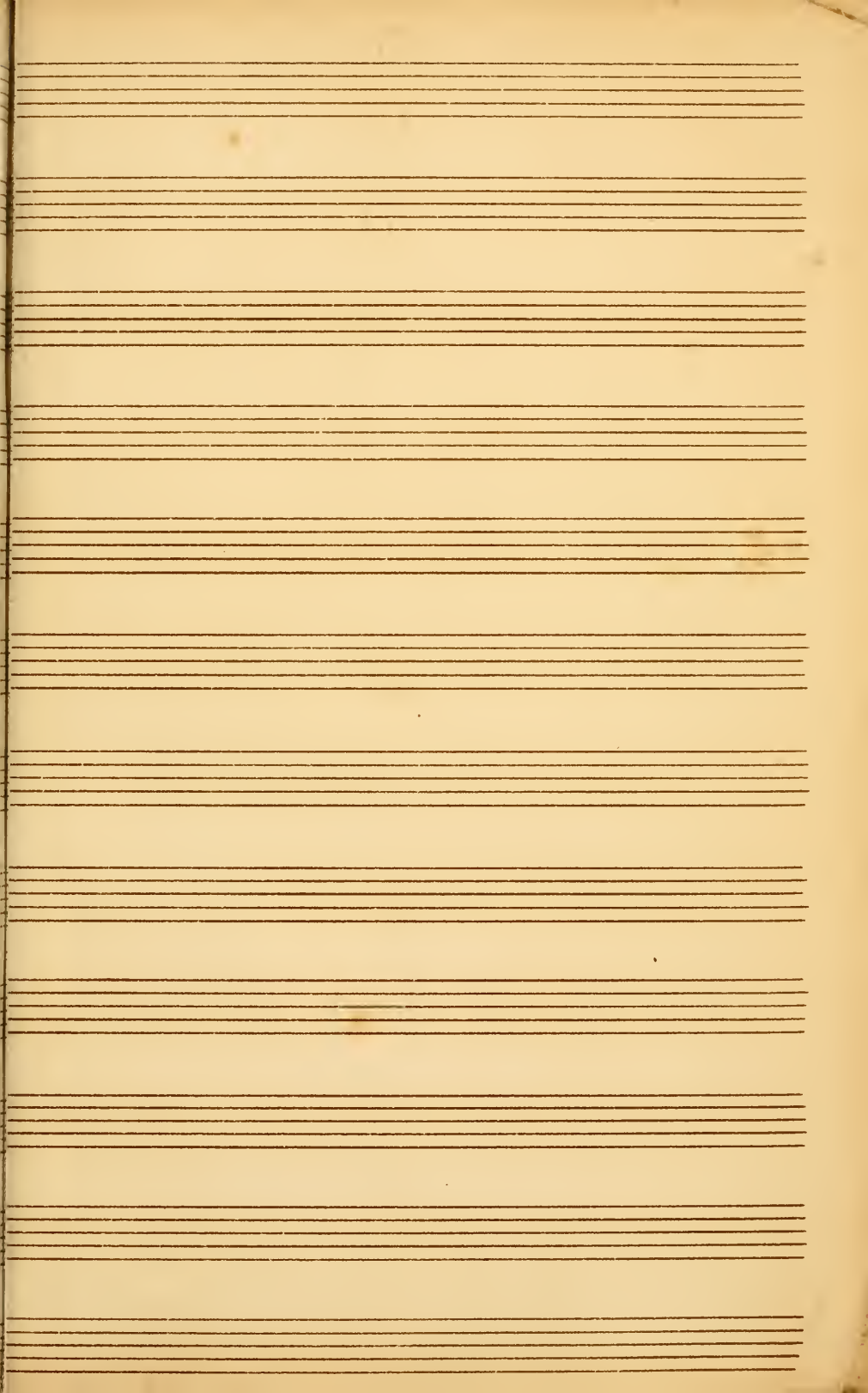






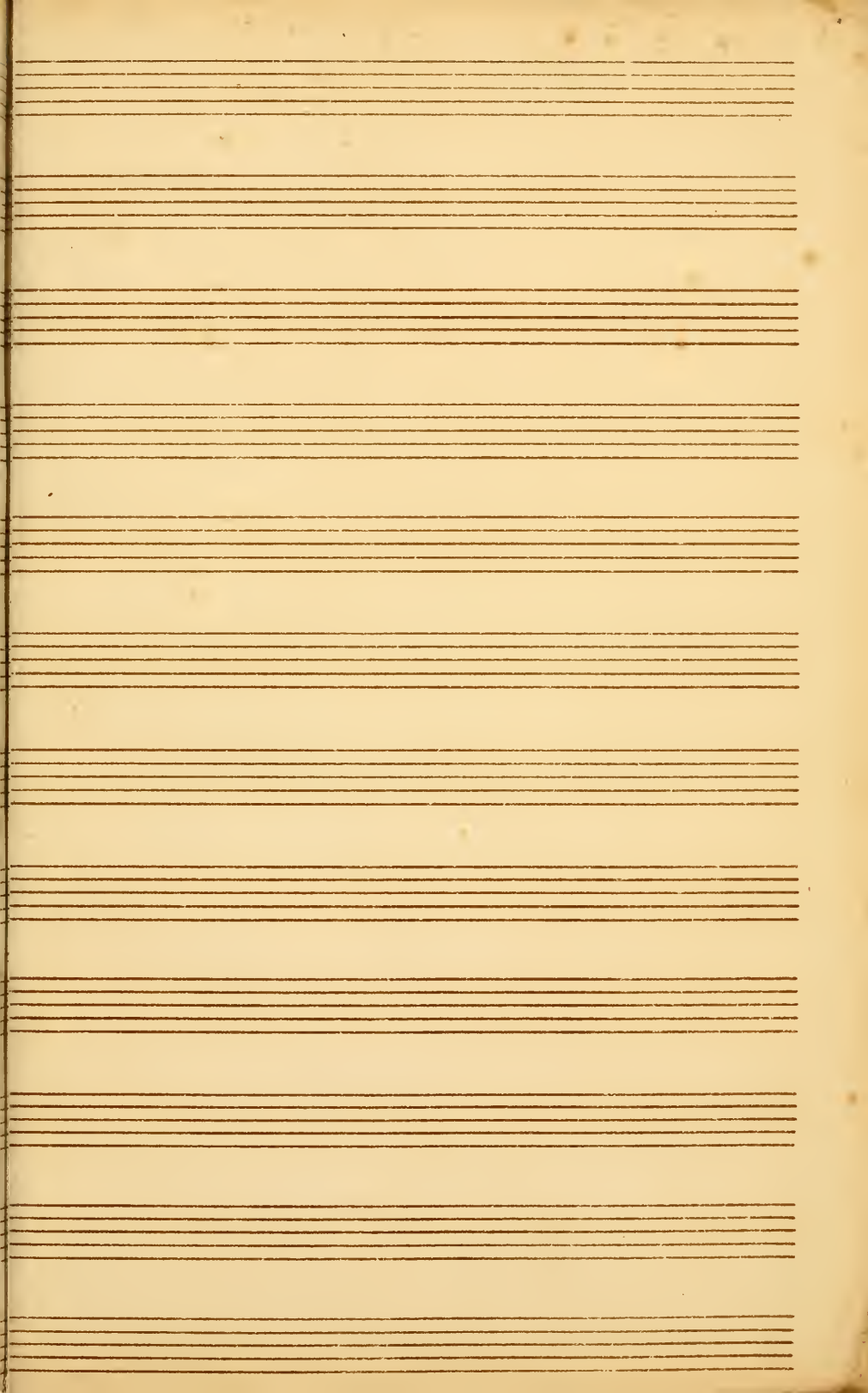


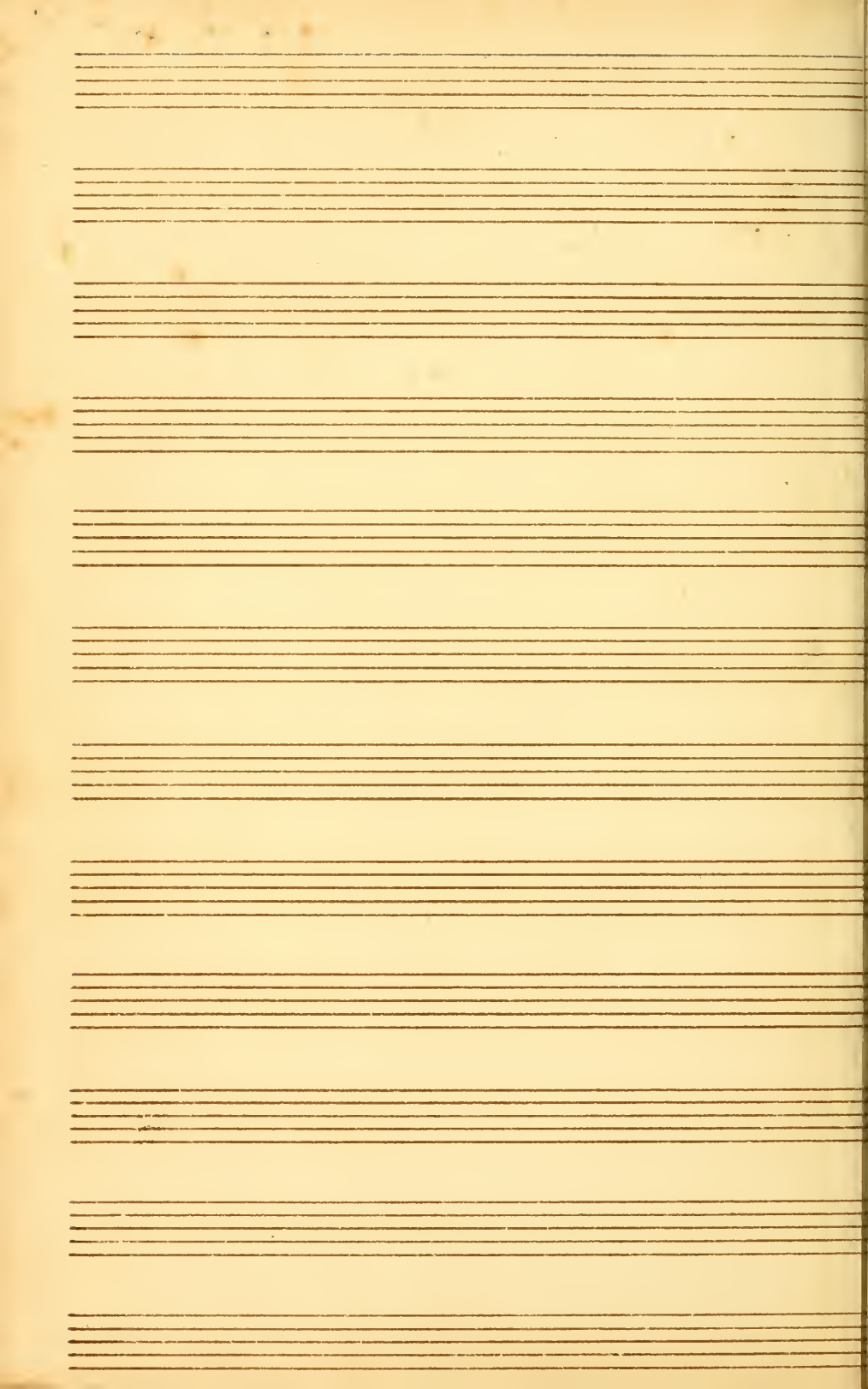


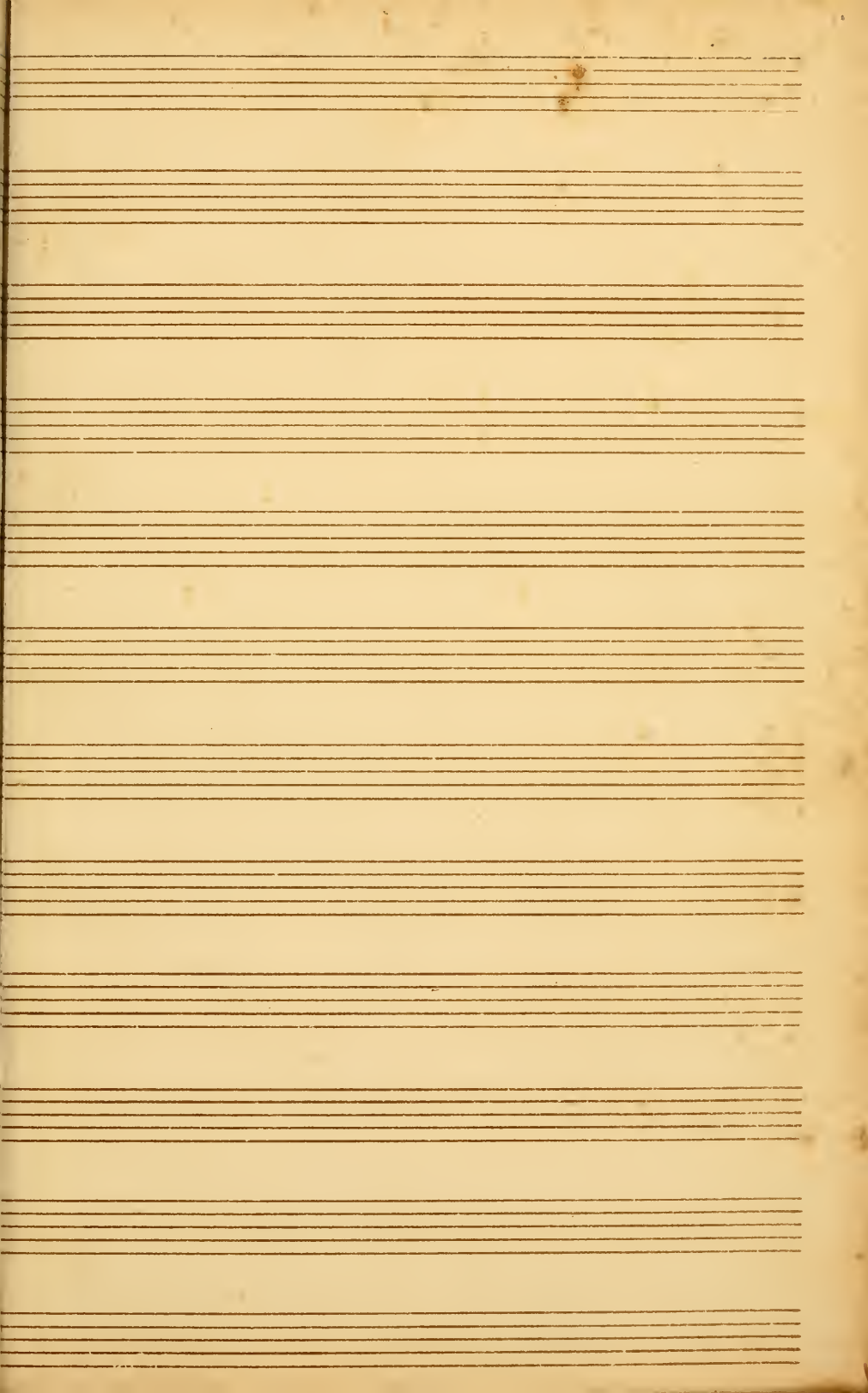


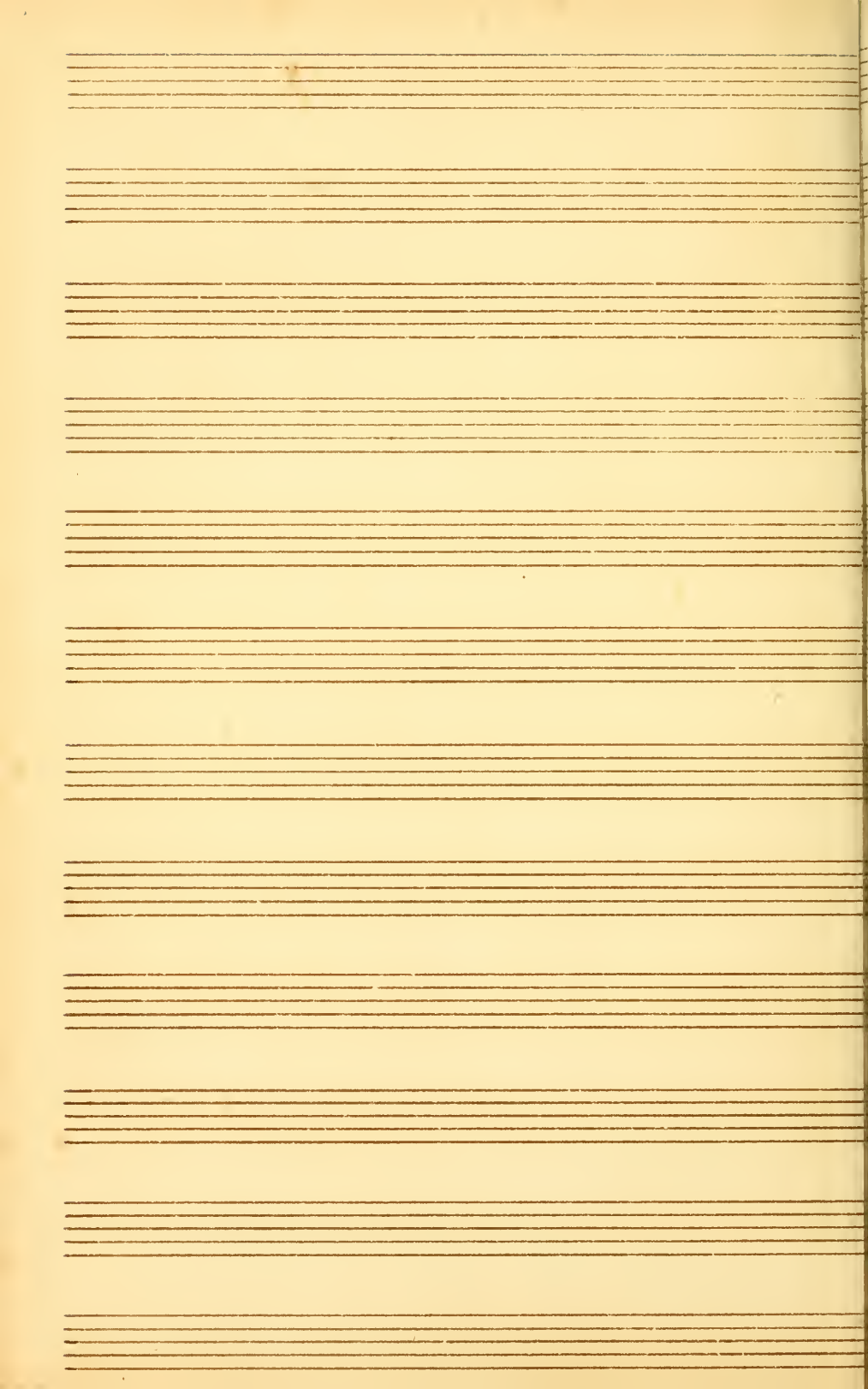




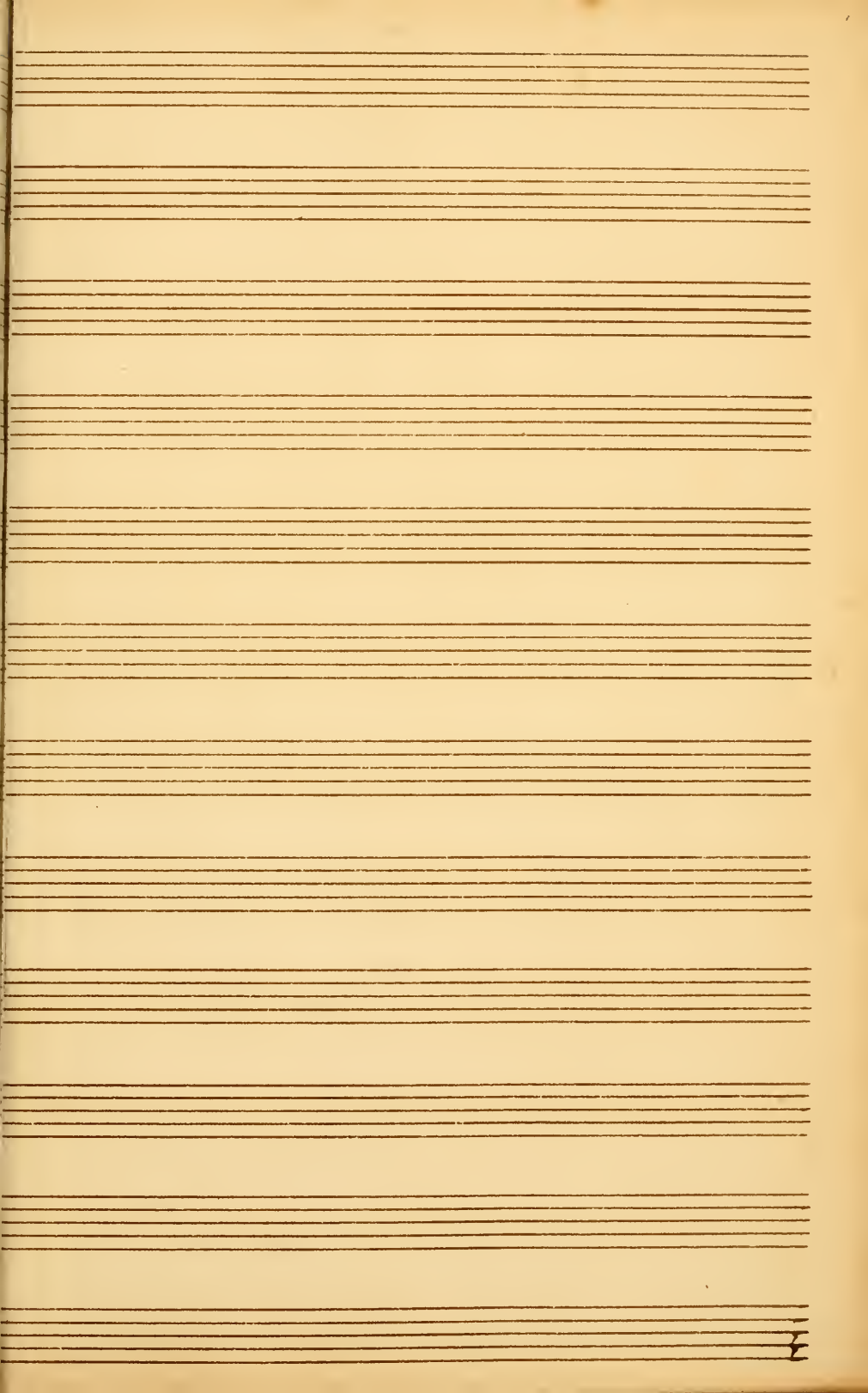


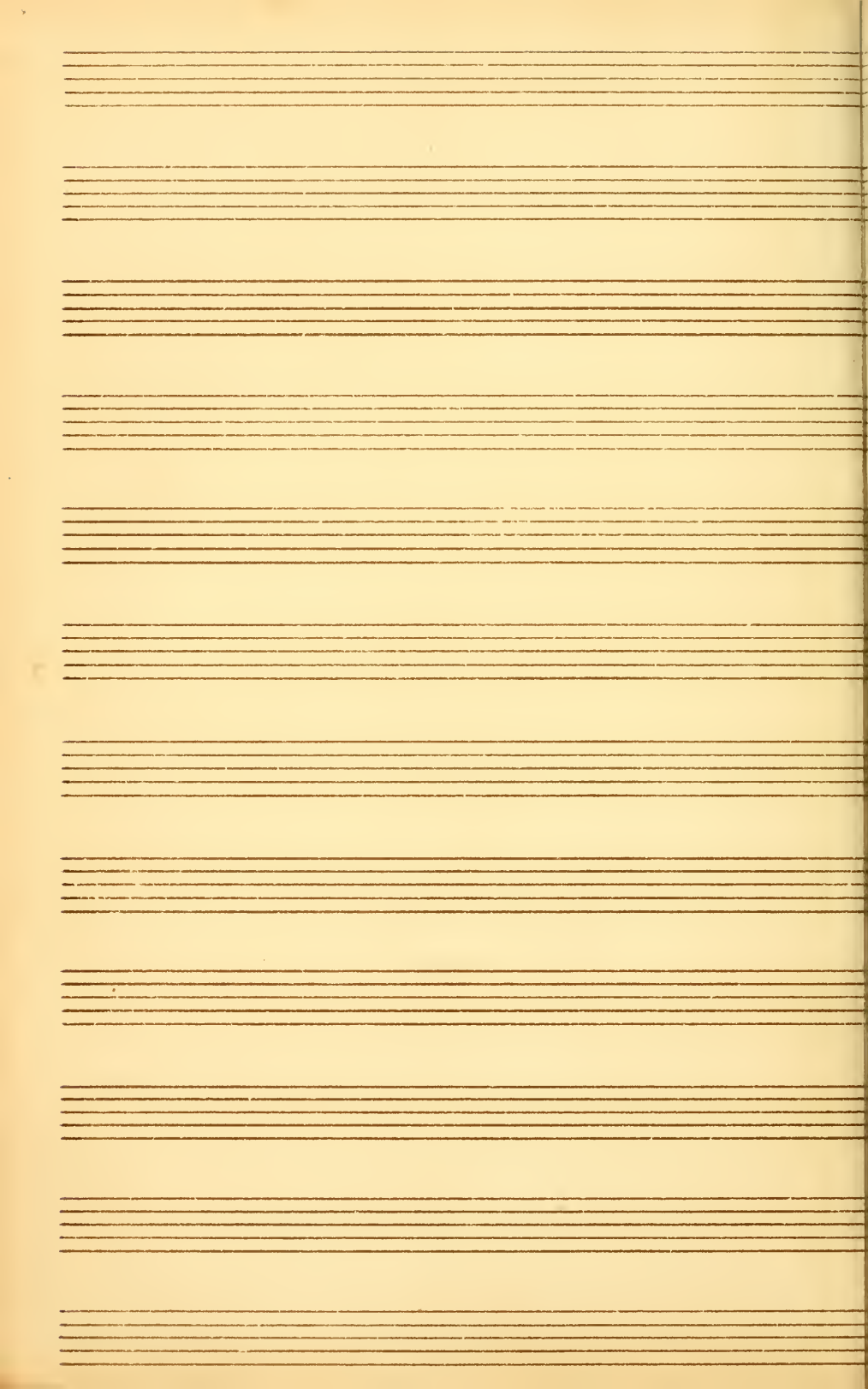


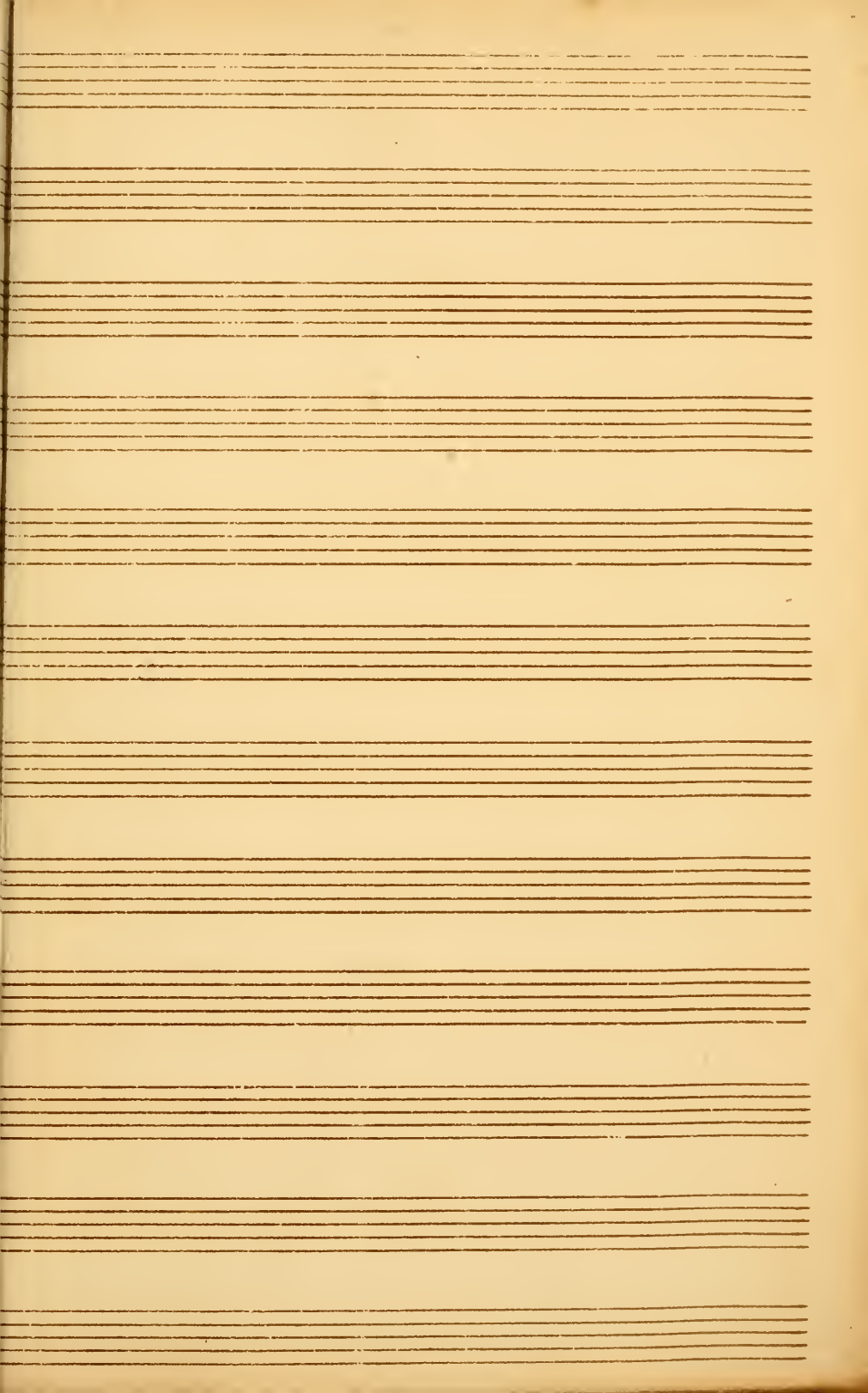


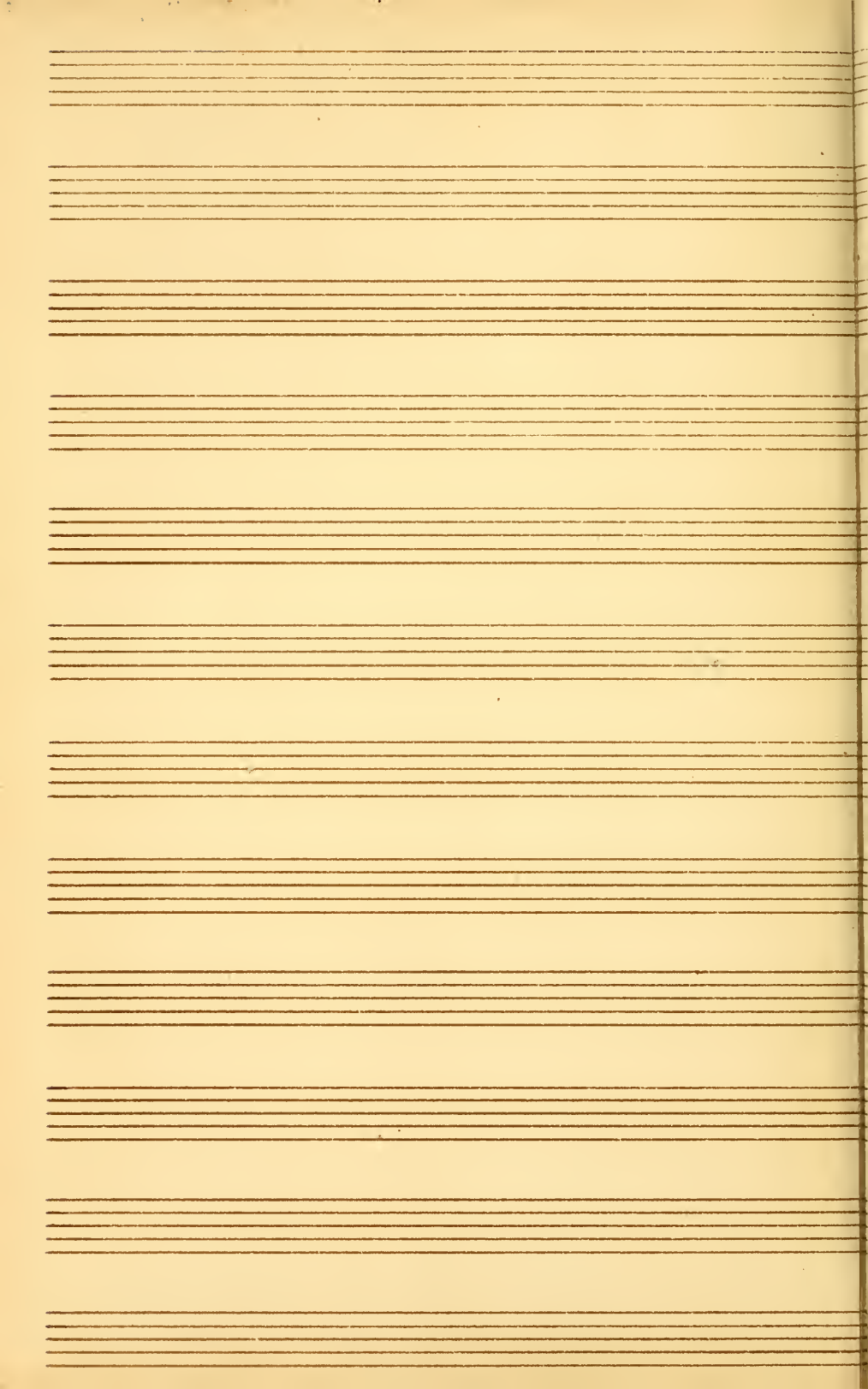




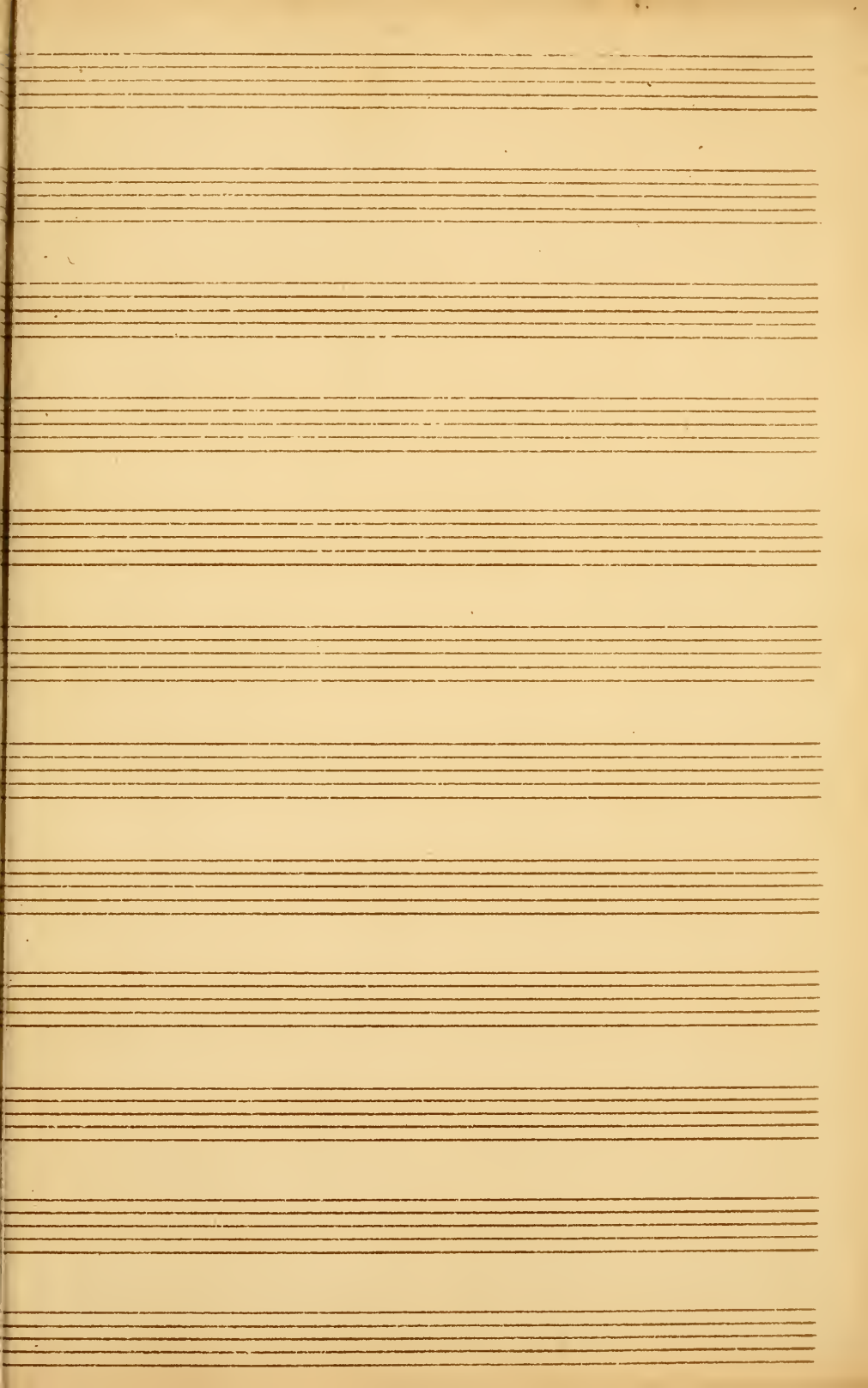




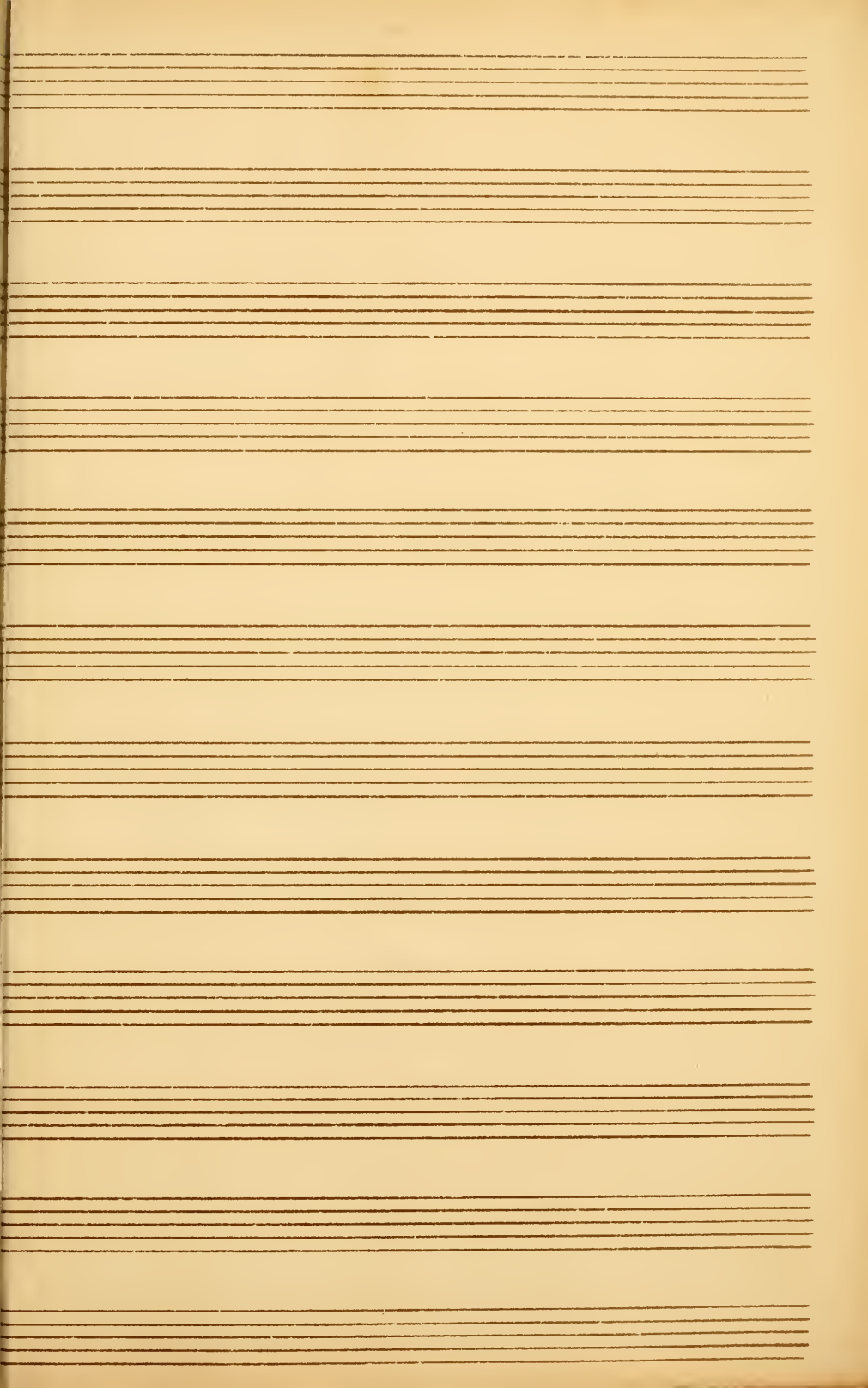


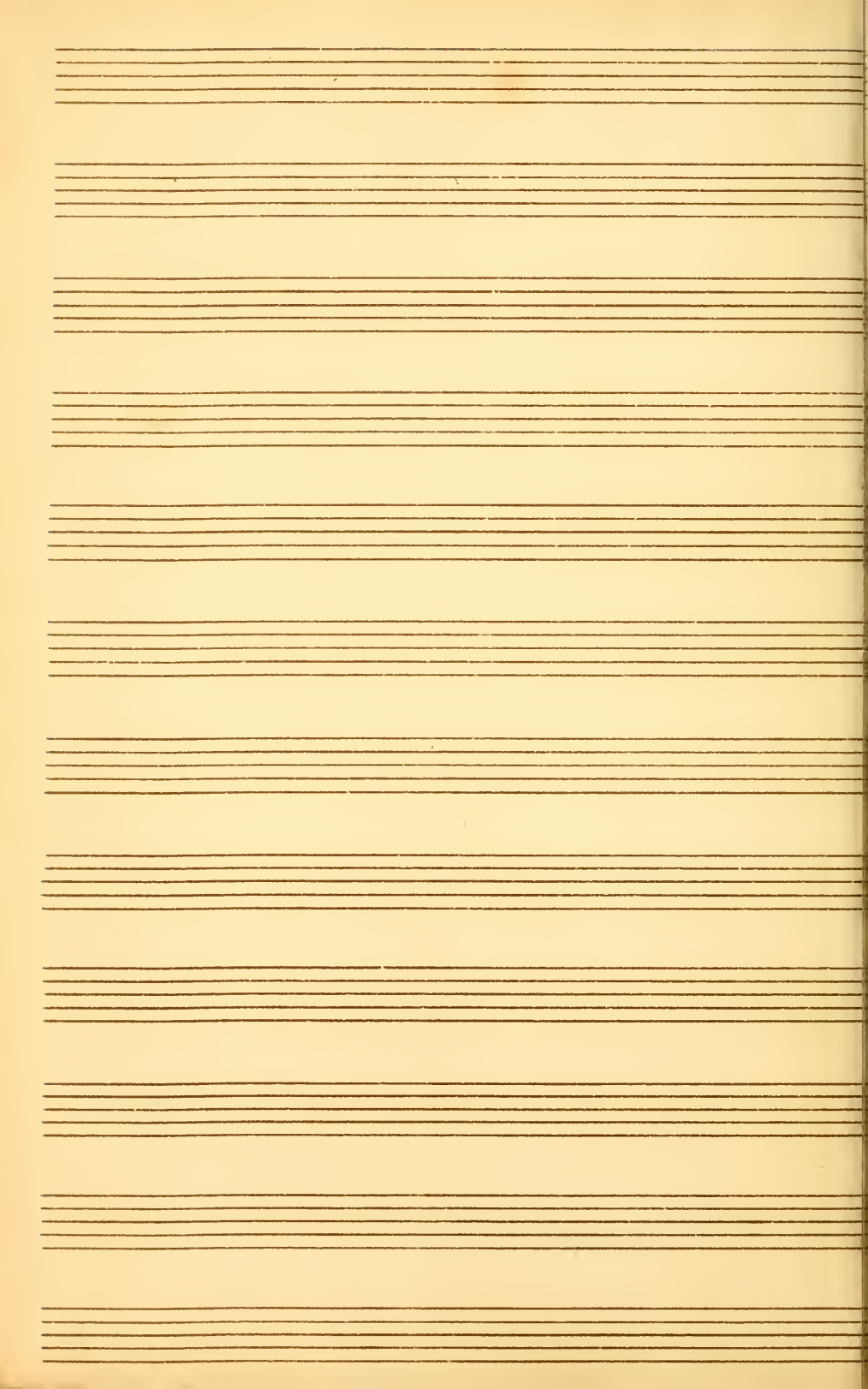




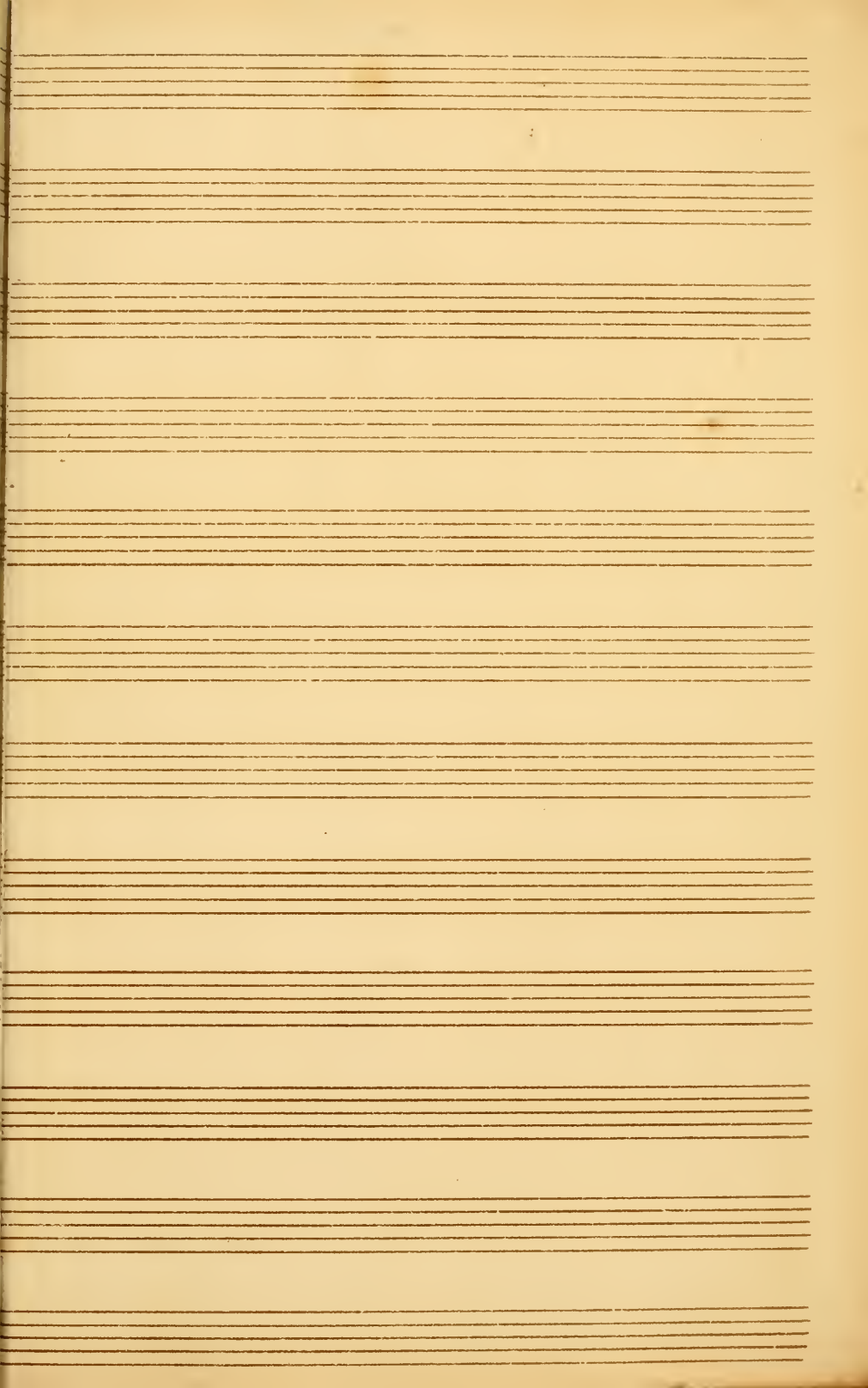




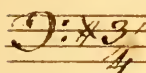
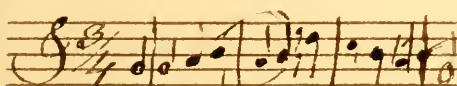
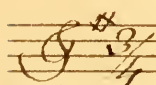
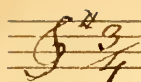


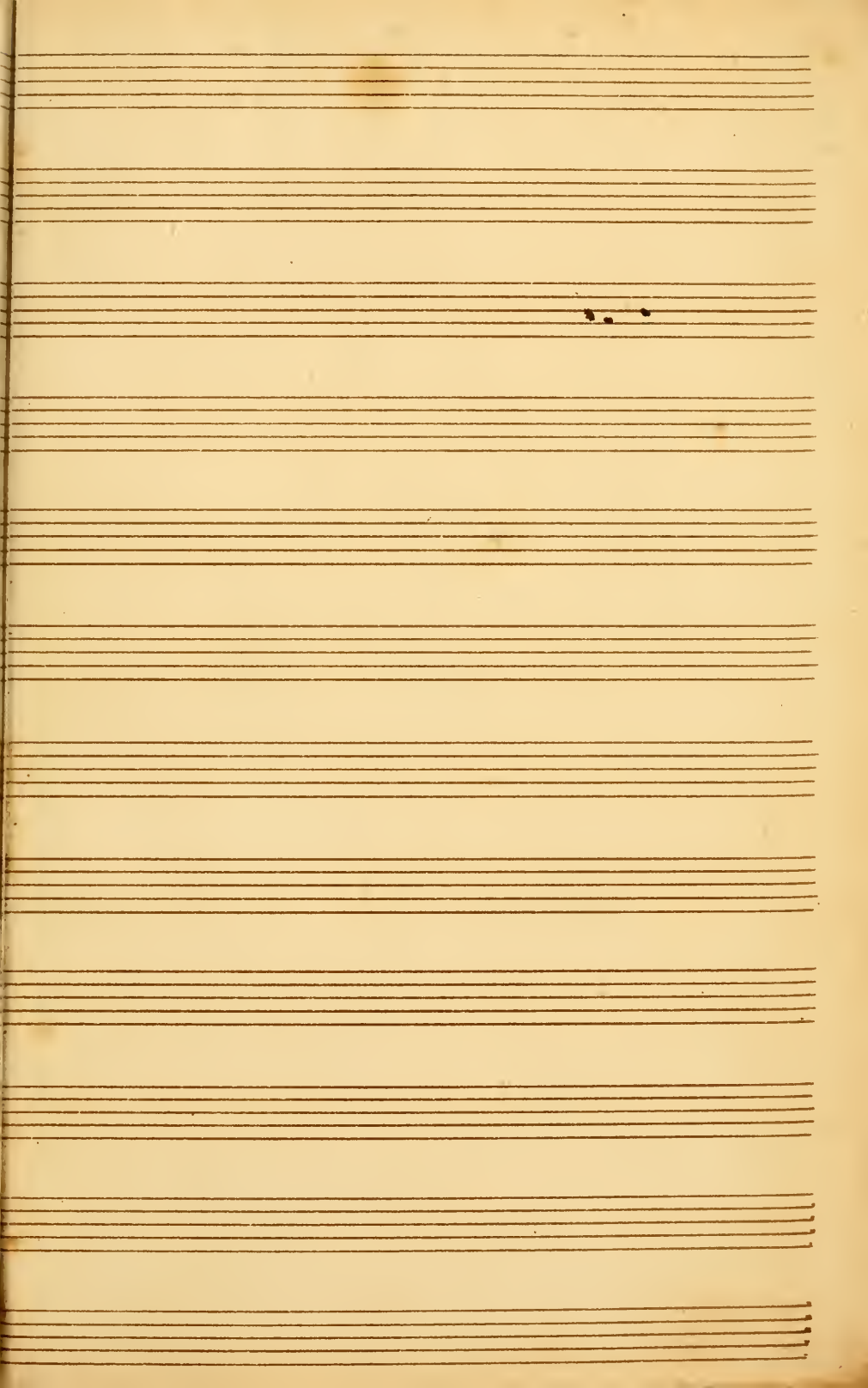




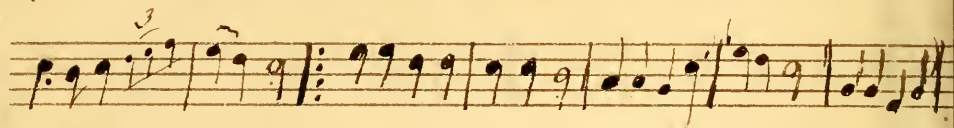
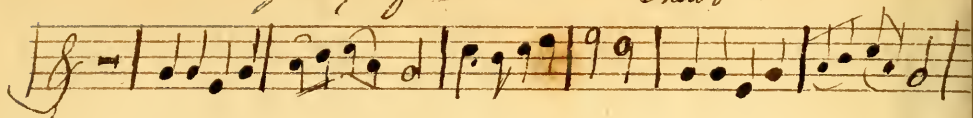


Monster Cm

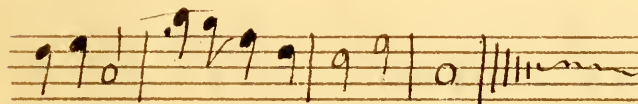
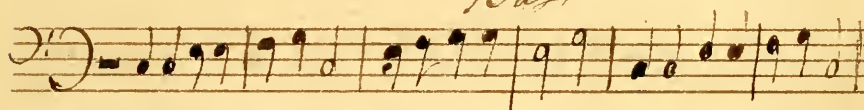




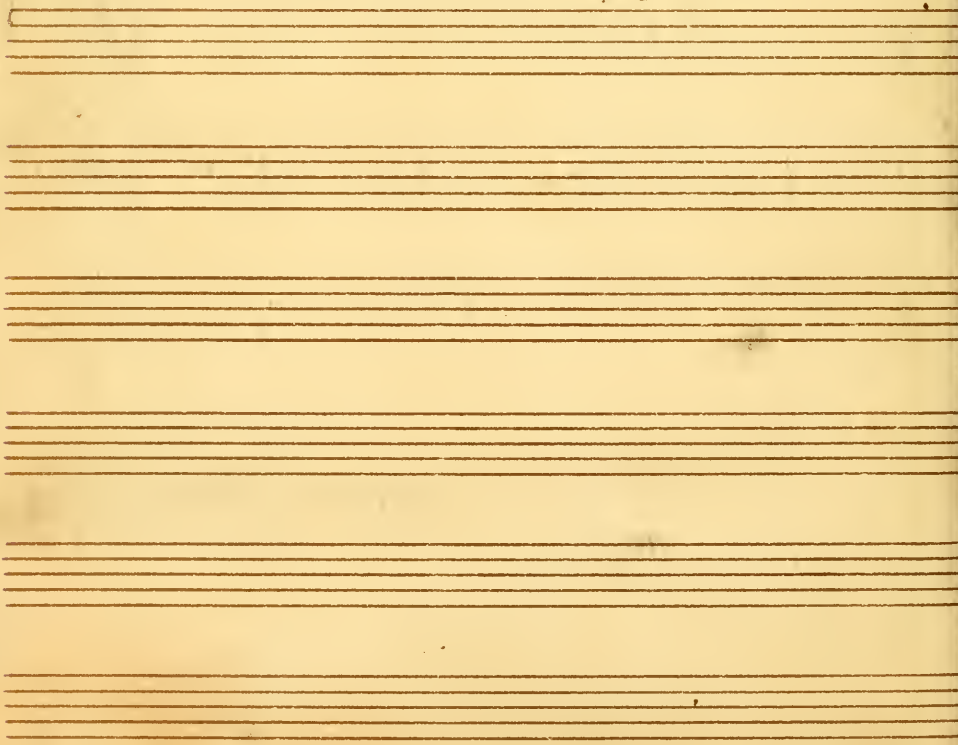
Glory of St. Trille



Bass



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