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1128 **MUSIC.** Jenks, Stephen. Delights of Harmony; or Norfolk compiler. Pp. 95(1). Oblong 12° boards. Dedham, 1805

Laid in: "Additional Music to Delights of Harmony," pp. 97-98. stitched, as issued.

1105 MUSIC. The Delights of Harmony; or, Norfolk Compiler. By Stephen Jenks; also No. 2, by same composer. 2 parts in one vol. pp. 112 and 48. Oblong 12° boards. Dedham: H. Mann, 1805–1806

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THE

DELIGHTS OF HARMONY; OR, NORFOLK COMPILER

BEING A NEW COLLECTION OF

PSALM TUNES, HYMNS AND ANTHEMS;

WITH A VARIETY OF SET PIECES,

From the most approved American and European Authors.

LIKEWISE, THE NECESSARY RULES OF PSALMODY MADE EASY.

The whole particularly designed for the use of SINGING SCHOOLS and MUSICAL SOCIETIES in the UNITED STATES.

BY STEPHEN JENKS.

The singers went before with joy,
On instruments they play'd:
The damsels with their timbrels then
In beauty were array'd. Psalm, 68, 25.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with Psalms. Psalm 95. 1, 2.

DEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS—*PRINTED BY H. MANN,* FOR THE *AUTHOR,* & Co.—1805.

MUSIC-PRINTING—*Executed with Fidelity and Dispatch.*—*A General Assortment constantly for Sale at his Book-Store.*

District of Connecticut, ss.

BE it remembered: That on the twenty-seventh day of September, in the thirtieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, STEPHEN JENKS of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following to wit, "The Delights of Harmony, or Norfolk Compiler; being a new collection of *Psalm-Tunes*, *Hymns* and *Anthems*, with a variety of set pieces; from the most approved American and European Authors, chiefly original. Likewise the necessary rules of Psalmody, made easy. The whole particularly designed for the use of Singing Schools and Musical Societies in the United States. By STEPHEN JENKS."—In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned"

SIMEON BALDWIN, *Clerk of the District of Connecticut.*

A true Copy of Record, examined and sealed by

SIMEON BALDWIN, *Clk. Dist. Con.*

PREFACE.

THAT a tribute of praise is due to the great Author of nature, every rational being will readily grant. And divine songs seem to have been given us to express those sentiments of devotion and reverence, which become every christian. The royal psalmist, King David, who we imitate (though but faintly, for want of a heart like his, he being a man after God's own heart) was seldom met without a psalm in his mouth, or an instrument in his hand. Hence all must allow music to be the gift of God, as a true representation of the sweet concert and harmony which his infinite wisdom hath made in his first creation, and is given to us as a temporal blessing, for his service and our recreation. Nothing so much elevates the mind and raises the devout affections, calms the swelling passions, calls home the wandering thoughts, and prepares the heart for the worship of God, as singing of psalms: It fills the mind with solemnity and raises us, as it were, above the things of this world. St. Paul says, exhort ye one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord. I will sing with my spirit, and with the understanding also. And St. James says, if any be afflicted, let him pray, if any be merry, let him sing psalms. It is therefore evident that singing is acceptable to God at all times, for the Lord heard Paul and Silas at midnight when they were in prison, and the doors were opened, and their bands were loosed. God also sent his great & heavenly choir of angels, to proclaim the birth of His Son Jesus Christ, with those words,—"Glory be to God on high, peace on earth and good will towards men." &c.—Hence it is an incumbent duty for all mankind to praise the Lord. And when our breath is reascending in songs of praise to him that gave it, let us unite in heart and voice, while here below, and strive to imitate the glorious choir of Saints and Angels, in singing praises and hallelujahs to the great Jehovah; which will be the glorious employment of all the blessed, throughout the endless ages of eternity. That this may be the happy lot of all, is the sincere wish of

STEPHEN JENKS.

NEW-CANAAN, (*Con.*) *October*, 1805.

To the TEACHERS of MUSIC and CHORISTERS in the United States.

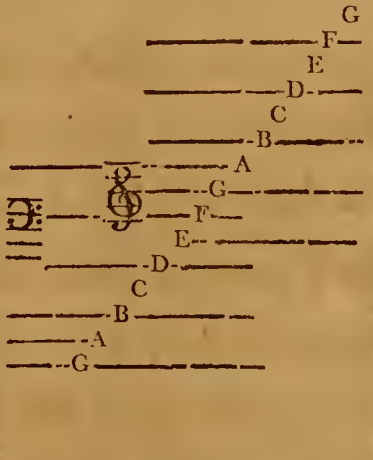
Gentlemen,

THIS volume is humbly offered for your perusal and patronage---if found worthy of your protection, the compiler's design will be fully answered. Of the original pieces nothing will be said, they must stand or fall without the aid of panegyric from the author : and with respect to the selections here given, it is conceived that their merits are so extensively known and esteemed, as to render encomium unnecessary. It is sufficient, therefore, to observe, that these Tunes are printed verbatim from the original copies of the American composers ; and that the English tunes are taken from the most approved copies.

THE GAMUT.

G	sol—22		
F	faw—21		
E	law—20		
D	sol—19	*Treble.*	
C	faw—18		
B	Mi—17		
A	law—16		
G	sol—15		
F	faw—14		
E	law—13		
D	sol—12	*Counter.*	
C	faw—11		
B	Mi—10	*Tenor.*	
A	law—9		
G	sol—8		
F	faw—7		
E	law—6		
D	sol—5		
C	faw—4	*Bass.*	
B	Mi—3		
A	law—2		
G	sol—1		

The following Scale unites the F & G Cliff, which is used in this Book.



To understand this scale, observe the first letter G, in the Bass, is made the ground work of all music. The general scale of music is three octaves; all above are called notes in alt; and all below, double, and should they be continued to ever so many, yet they are but a repetition of the first seven letters and their sounds.

Note, also, in the Gamut, not only how the parts are connected, but the Cliffs which are a fifth from each other, and show the different parts of Music.

RULES TO FIND THE MI.

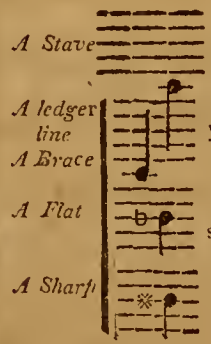
The natural place for Mi is in ——— B

But If B, be flat, Mi is in E	If F, be sharp, Mi is in F
— If B, & E, ——— A	If F, & C, ——— C
— If B, E, & A, ——— D	If F, C, & G, ——— G
— If B, E, A, & D, ——— G	If F, C, G, & D, ——— D
— If B, E, A, D, & G —— C	If F, C, G, D, & A, ——— A
— If B, E, A, D, G, & C, — F	If F, C, G, D, A, & E, —— E

N. B. The Mi removed by Sharps is half a tone higher than by Flats. Having found the Mi by the foregoing rule; above mi, is twice faw, sol, law, ascending; below mi, is twice law, sol, faw, descending, then comes mi again either way.

OF THE KEYS USED IN MUSIC.

The key note is the predominant tone which governs all the rest, and is the last note in the Bass; if above mi, it is a sharp or cheerful air or Key; if below mi, it is a flat or mournful Air or Key.



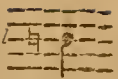
Is the five lines with their spaces whereon Music is written.

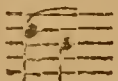
Is added when notes ascend or descend beyond the stave.

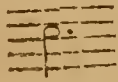
Shows how many parts are sung together.

Is a mark of depression and set before a note, sinks it half a tone.

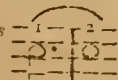
Is a mark of elevation, and set before a note, raises it half a tone.


A Natural — Is a mark of restoration; being set before any note made flat or sharp at the beginning of a Tune restores it to its natural sound.


A Slur — Shews what number of notes are sung to one syllable. And if two or more are tied at the bottom, it is the same.


A Point — Makes a note half as long again.

A Repeat — Shews that part of the tune is to be sung twice.


Figures 1 2. — Shews that the notes under figure 1 are sung before repeating and under figure 2 after repeating, if tied together, both after repeating.

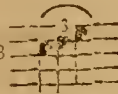
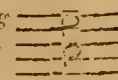
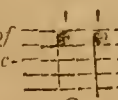
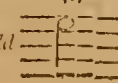
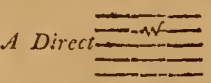


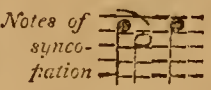
Figure 3 — Reduces 3 notes of any kind to 2. of the same.

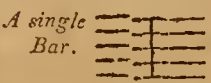

Chusing Notes. — Gives the performer liberty to sing which he pleases.

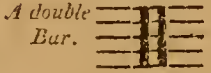

Marks of distinction. — Require the notes over which they are placed, to be sung distinct and emphatical.

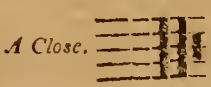

A Hold — Shews the note over which it is placed to be held beyond its proper time.


A Direct — Shews the place of the succeeding note.

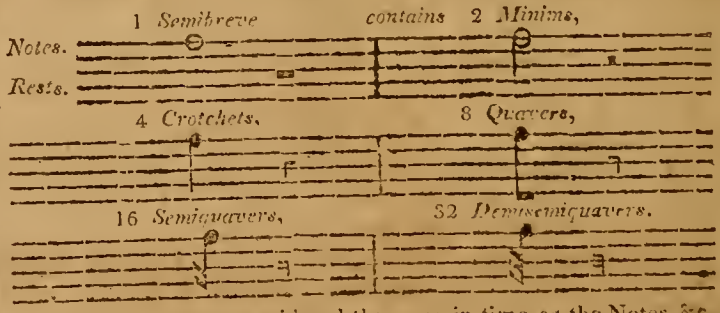

Notes of syncopation — Are those driven out of their proper order, or through the Bar.


A single Bar. — Divides the time according to the different Moods to which the tune is set.


A double Bar. — Shews the end of a strain.


A Close. — Shews the end of a tune.

NAMES OF THE NOTES, WITH THEIR RESTS.



N. B. The rests are considered the same in time as the Notes, &c.

OF TIME, AND ITS VARIOUS MARKS OR MOODS.

Common Time Moods contains;

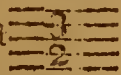
Adagio—1st. A Semibreve seconds of time. for a measure Note ; four beats in a bar ; four Note. Pendulum 39 1/5 inches in length.

Largo—2d. A Semibreve seconds of time. for a measure Note ; four beats in a bar, three Note.——————22 1-20 Do.

Allegro---3d. A Semibreve seconds of time. for a measure Note ; two beats in a bar ; two Note.——————39 1/5 Do.

2--4——4th. A Minim second & half of time. for a measure Note ! two beats in a bar ; one Note.——————12 4-10 Do.

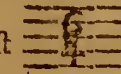
Treble Time Moods contains;

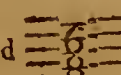
3—2——1st  A pointed Semibreve seconds of time. for a measure Note ; three beats in a bar, three Note,——————39 1/5 Do.

3—4——2d A pointed Minim seconds of time. for a measure Note ; three beats in a bar, two Note.——————22 1-20 Do.

3—8——3d A pointed Crotchet second & half of time. for a measure Note ; three beats in a bar, one Note.——————5 1/2 Do.

Compound Moods contains,

6—4——1st  Apointed Semibreve seconds of time. for a measure Note, two beats in a bar, two Note.——————39 1/5 Do.

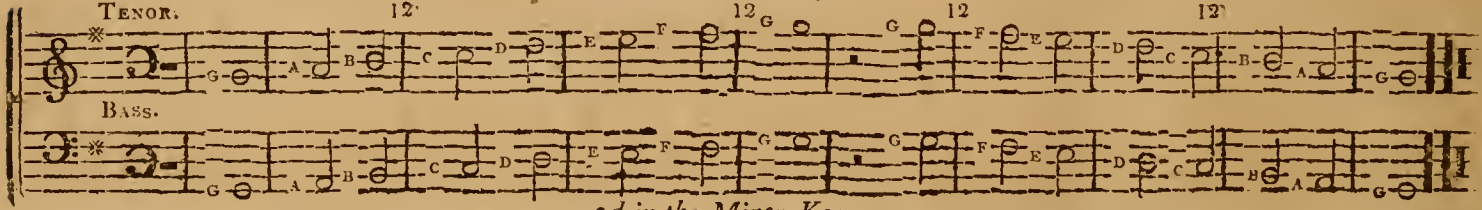
6—8——2d  A pointed Minim second & half of time. for a measure Note ; two beats in bar, one Note.——————22 1-20 Do.

There are several other Moods used in Music ; they not being in common use, I shall only set them down as follows : Viz. 3—16,——6—16,———9—4,———9—8,———9—16,———12—4,———12—8———12—16. Observe, that the lower figures 2, 4, 8, &c. in all the afore mentioned, denote the composition to be the measure of such like Moods, as will make one in common time.

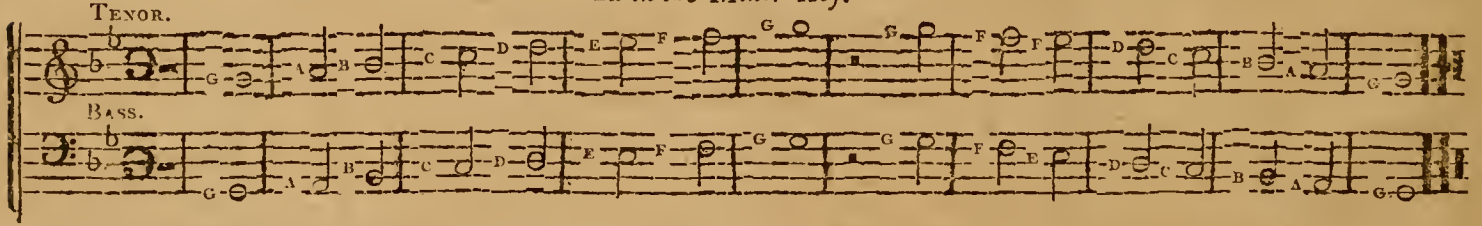
Having now gone through all that is necessary to be committed to memory, the learner is prepared to cultivate his voice, by raising and falling the Eight Notes, which ought to be carefully attended to ; that he may become a proficient in this desirable and useful art.

THE EIGHT NOTES, FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

1st in the Major Key.



2d in the Minor Key.



In order to produce melody, let the voice be round, smooth and clear, aiming at ease and freedom, and be careful to pronounce every note distinctly.

For example, let any one pronounce *fa* or *la*, and they will articulate near the end of the tongue, and the sounds will be flat and insipid ; but let them pronounce *faw* or *law*, and their articulation will have a longer passage through the sounding organs, coming forth more like the soft melody of the organ, or flute, which makes vocal music the more pleasing.

OF PRONUNCIATION.

A genteel pronunciation is one of the principal beauties of singing;—every word should be spoken as clear and distinct as possible;—it is that which gives vocal music the preference to instrumental, by affording at the same time the sweets of harmony with the sense of what is expressed in those harmonious strains.

OF ACCENT.

The accent is another very important part of music;—it is a certain stress or emphasis of the voice upon particular notes or parts of the bar. It is inseperably connected with a good pronunciation, and in a great measure distinguishes one mood of time from another. The first part of the bar is the accepted part in all moods of time. In common time, where the bar is divided into four parts, there may be a second accent on the third part.—In compound time, the second accent is on the fourth.—In any of the moods that are subdivided, the accent may with propriety be increased.

OF BEATING TIME.

In beating time, the greatest attention is necessray, that the motion of the hand does not influence the voice by misplacing the accent, which is almost an universal error. For the first and second moods of common time, observe 1st—strike the ends of your fingers; 2dly, the heal of your hand; thirdly, raise your hand a little, and fourthly, raise it still higher, which completes the bar. The triple time moods should be beat as the two first moods of common time, omitting the last beat. The third and fourth moods of common time, and the moods of compound time, have two equal motions of the hand.

OF A SWELL.

A swell is an essential beauty in singing; it should be applied by striking the notes soft and gradually; increasing the sound to the centre, then diminishing in the same proportion. All notes should have their swell gently as the air of the tune requires.

OF SOFT SINGING.

Soft music is always accompanied with graceful motions, just expression, proper accent, and captivating harmony. A particular attention ought to be paid, when singing in choirs, that the Bass be sung grave and majestic, the Tenor steady and engaging, the Counter shrill and melodious, and the Treble soft and delicate. The concluding note should be sounded smooth, swelling the last beat like an echo, and all conclude at the same instant; and any number of notes driven through bars should be sounded soft and smooth, when slurred, together, without jerking or jumping so as to prevent graceful singing. Vowels not sounded in speaking, must not be in singing, as *e*, in the words *chosen, people, tremble;* at the end of words of more than one syllable *y* is sounded like the short *i*, as *mighty, my*, &c. By some it is improperly sounded, like *me*, &c. But this belongs to grammarians.—Likewise the words *reason, hearken*, and *token*, &c. which have but one accent, are often sung *rea-son, hear-ken, to-ken*, which is very disagreeable and improper.

To conclude, the most important point in psalmody is a strict decorum, with a heart deeply impressed with the great truths we utter with our voices, aiming at the glory of God, and the edification of one another.

OF SEMITONES.

EVERY *Eighth*, or *Octave*, contains Twelve Semitones, the five whole tones being divided into semitones, and the two natural semitones make the twelve.

EXAMPLE.

In this scale of Semitones, the lower line G is made the foundation from which the others are reckoned, and is therefore called a *Unison*, because one and the same sound is a Unison. The right hand column of figures shews the number of semitones between G at the bottom and each of the other letters, both in their natural situation, and when made flat or sharp. Next above G you will find G sharp, or A flat, which is called a flat second, containing but one semitone; the next is A, which is a sharp second, containing two semitones; the next is B flat, or A sharp, which is a flat third, containing three semitones; the next is B, which is a sharp third containing four semitones, the next is C, which is a fourth containing five semitones, &c. &c. The flat second, third, sixth and seventh, are called lesser seconds, thirds, &c. and the sharp second, third, fourth, sixth and seventh, are called greater seconds, thirds, &c. which is the common distinction, and the greater always contains a semitone more than the lesser.

An Octave contains 12 Semitones.		
G	8*th*	12
f 𝄪 or g ♭ 𝄪	7*th*	11
F ——— ♭	7*th*	10
E	6*th*	9
e ♮ or d 𝄪	6*th*	8
——D———	5*th*	7
c 𝄪 or d ♭ 𝄪	4*th*	6
C	4*th*	5
—B——— 𝄪	3*d*	4
b ♭ or a 𝄪 ♭	3*d*	3
A 𝄪	2*d*	2
g 𝄪 or a ♭ ♭	2*d*	1
—G——— —*unison*.		0

OF CONCORDS AND DISCORDS.

BOTH PERFECT AND IMPERFECT.

THERE are but four *Concords* in music, viz. *Unison*, *Third*, *Fifth* and *Six*; (their *Eights* or *Octaves* are also meant.) The *Unison* is called a *perfect chord*, and commonly the *Fifth* is so called; but the *Fifth* may be made *imperfect*, if the composer pleases.—The *Third* and *Sixth* are called *imperfect*; their *chords* not being so full nor so sweet as the *perfect*: But in four parts, the *Sixth* is often used instead of the *Fifth*, in certain places, when the *Fifth* is left out; so in effect, there are but three *concords*, employed together.

N. B. The meaning of the word *Imperfect*, signifies, that it wants a *semitone* of its perfection, to what it does when it is perfect; for as the *lesser*, or *imperfect Third* includes but three *half tones*, the *greater*, or *major Third* includes four *half tones*, &c.

The *Discords* are a *Second*, a *Fourth* and a *Seventh*, and their *Octaves*, tho sometimes the *greater 4th* comes very near to the *sound* of an imperfect chord; it being the same ratio as the *minor Fifth*.

EXAMPLE.

Of the several *Concords* and *Discords*, with their *Octaves* under them

	Concords.				Discords.		
Single Chords—	1.	3.	5.	6.	2.	4.	7.
Their *Octaves* or *Eighths*.	8	10	12	13	9	11	14
	15	17	19	20	16	18	21
	22	24	26	27	23	25	28

&c.

N. B. If a *voice* or *instrument*, could reach ten thousand *Octaves*, they are all counted as one, in nature.

MUSICAL DICTIONARY.

AFFETUOSO, or *Affectuoso*, affectionately.
Air, leading part.
Allegro, a brisk movement.
Allegretto, not so quick as Allegro.
Andante, not too quick, also in a distinct manner.
Choro Grando, Grand Chorus.
Creseando, decreasing the sound.
Da Capo, or *D C*, close with the first strain.
Diminuendo, decreasing the sound.
Divoto, in a devout manner.
Expressivo, Expressively.
Forte, loud.
Fortissimo, very loud.
Fuge, the parts falling in after each other in the same notes.
Grave, heavy and slow.
Gratioso, graceful and agreeable.
Gravissonus, very grave and slow.
Languissiant, lamenting and grave.
Lamentatone, in a lamenting manner.
Musico Theorico, a person who studies music and explains dark passages, and teaches publicly.
Mæstoso, or *Mæestuso*, with majesty.
Mezze or *Mez*, a natural degree of voice between the piano and forte.
Moderato, slacken the time.
Presto, quick.
Piano, soft.
Pianissimo, very soft.
Recte, and *Rectro*, forward and backward.
Recitative, Musical speaking.
Spirituoso, or *Spirituso*, with spirit.
Symphony, or *Sym.* an interlude for instruments.
Tenderment, in a tender manner.
Unison, when two or more parts sound the same note of an octave.
Veloce, very quick.
Vigoroso, with energy.
Vivace, lively, quick.
Voluntary, an air played in the church without singing.

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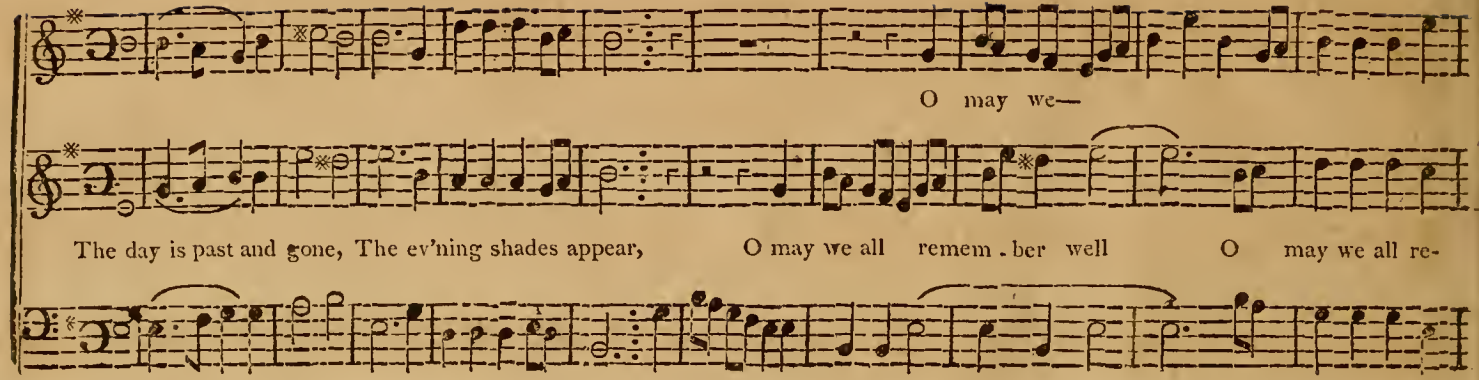
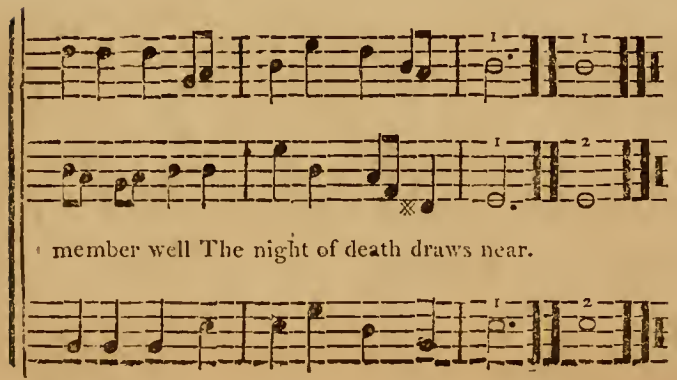
EVENING SHADE. S. M. S. Jenks.





2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here posess.

3 Lord keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

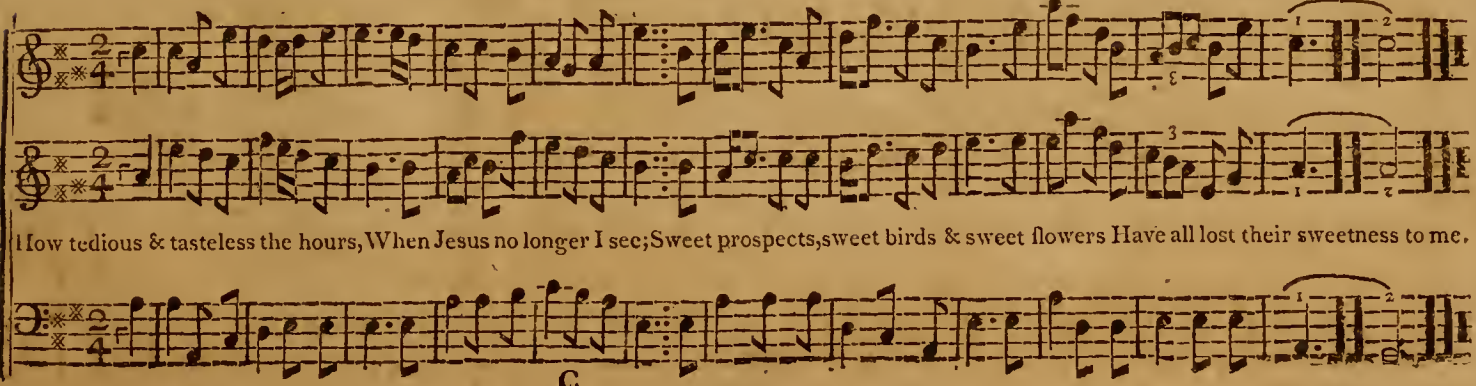
4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unweary'd sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove ;
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

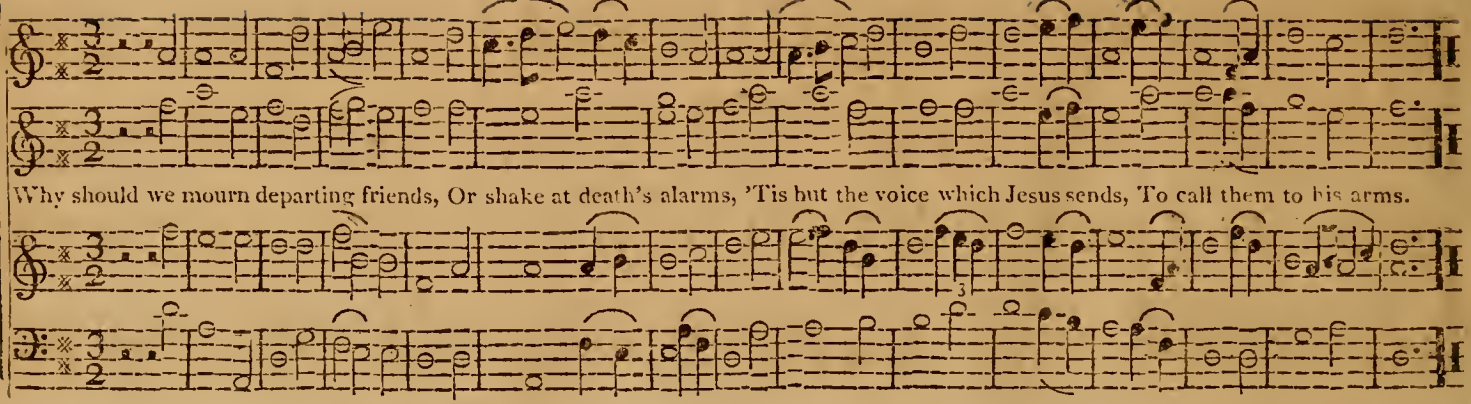
THE

DELIGHTS of HARMONY; or NORFOLK COMPILER.

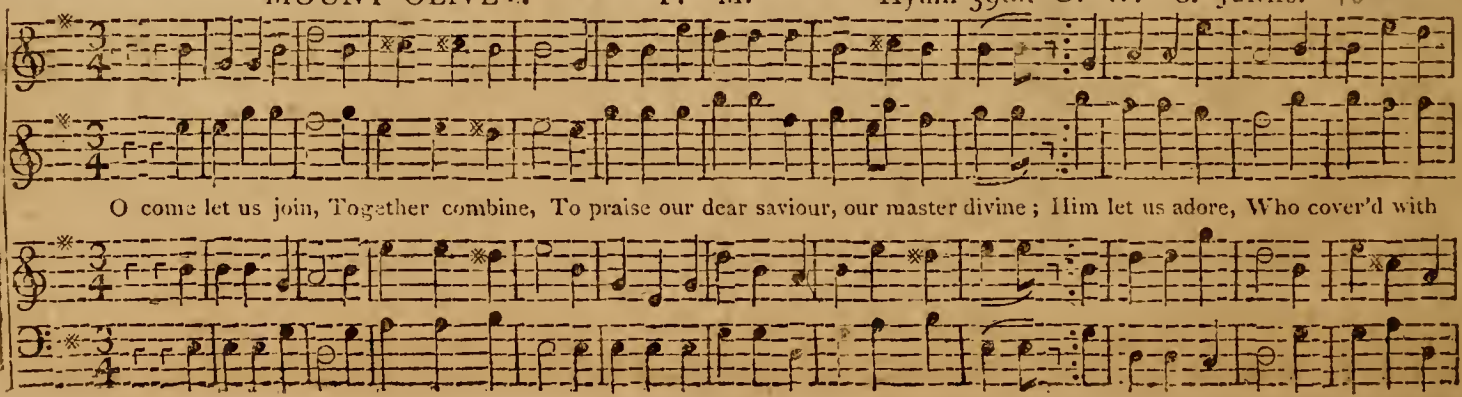
SWEET PROSPECT. H. M. 1805 S. JENKS.

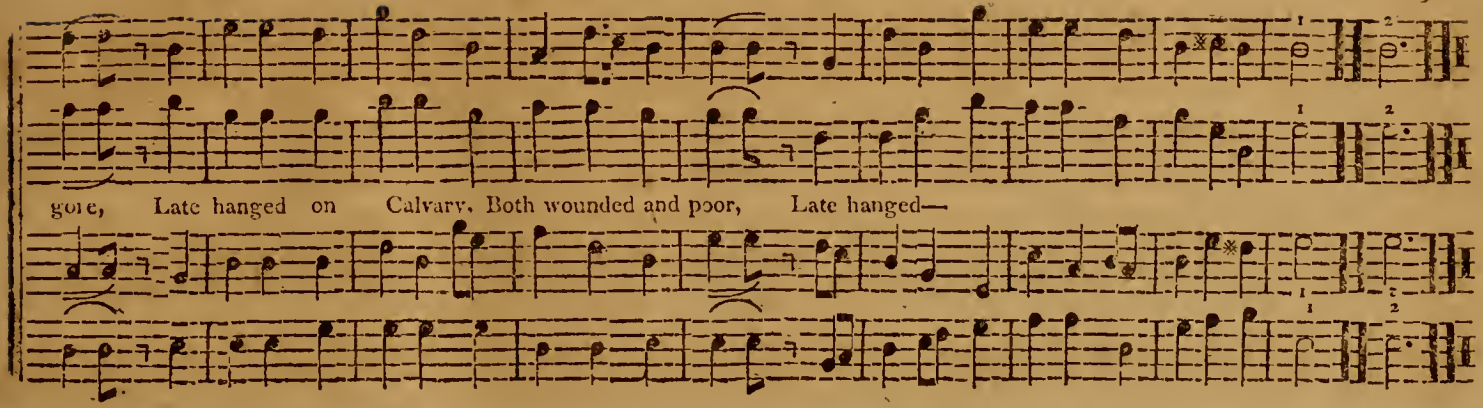


CHINA. C. M. T. Swan.



MOUNT OLIVET. P. M. Hymn 39th. G. W. S. Jenks. 1804





2. He worthy is bless'd.
By Spirits at rest,
Who once in this Desart, his Godhead confess'd,
The heavenly Spheres,
Who saw him in tears,
Yea every Arch Angel, his person reveres.

3. The Prophets who told
His Sufferings of old,
Sing new sweet Thanksgivings, on Psalt'ries of Gold.
The Fathers to whom
He shew'd he would come,
Now in his Pavilion take up their long Home.

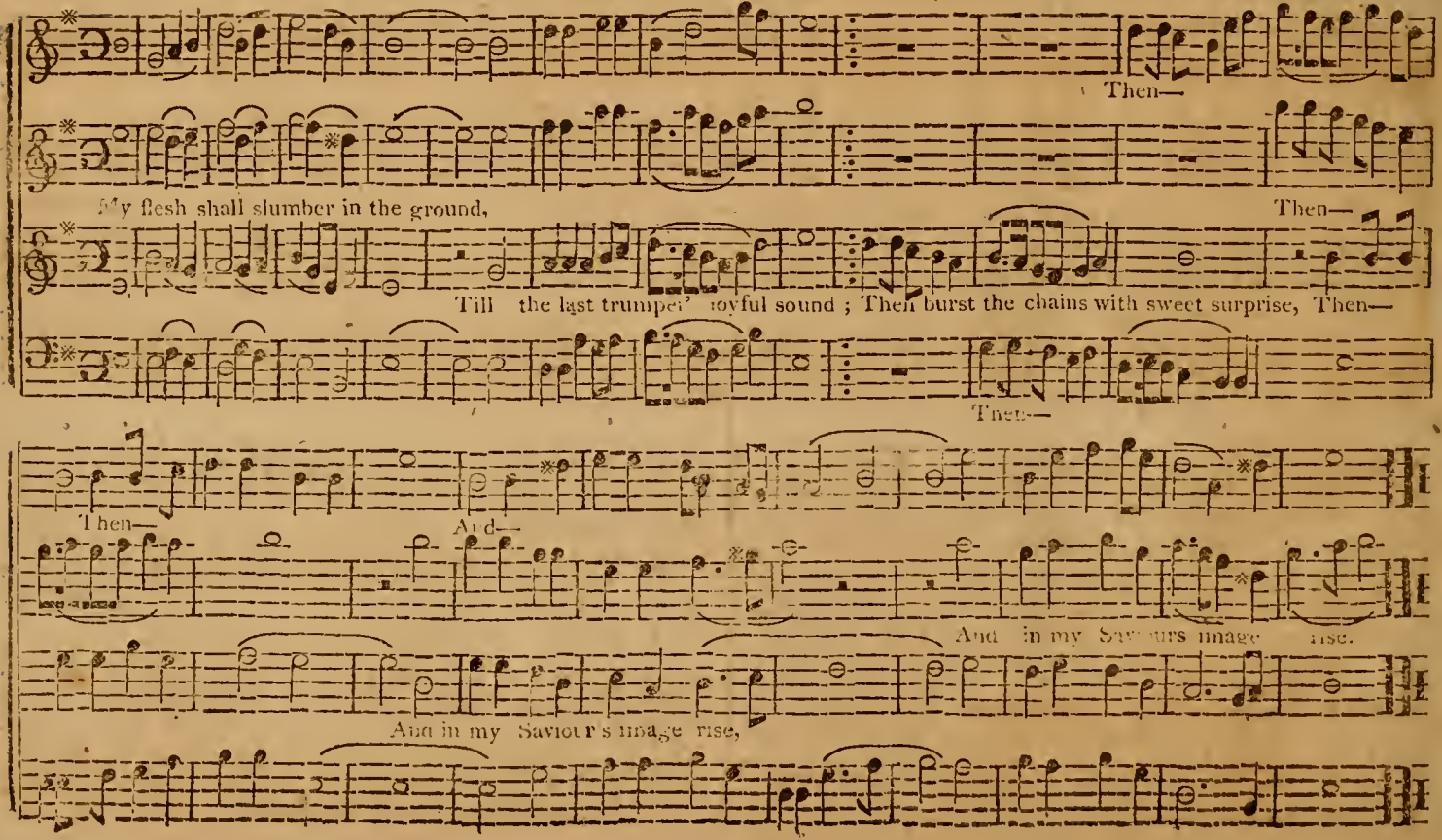
4. The Spirits of Men,
Whom for him were slain,
From Abel the Righteous, share now in his Reign.
The Apostles who stood,
Resisting to Blood,
For Jesus's Gospel, rejoice in their God.

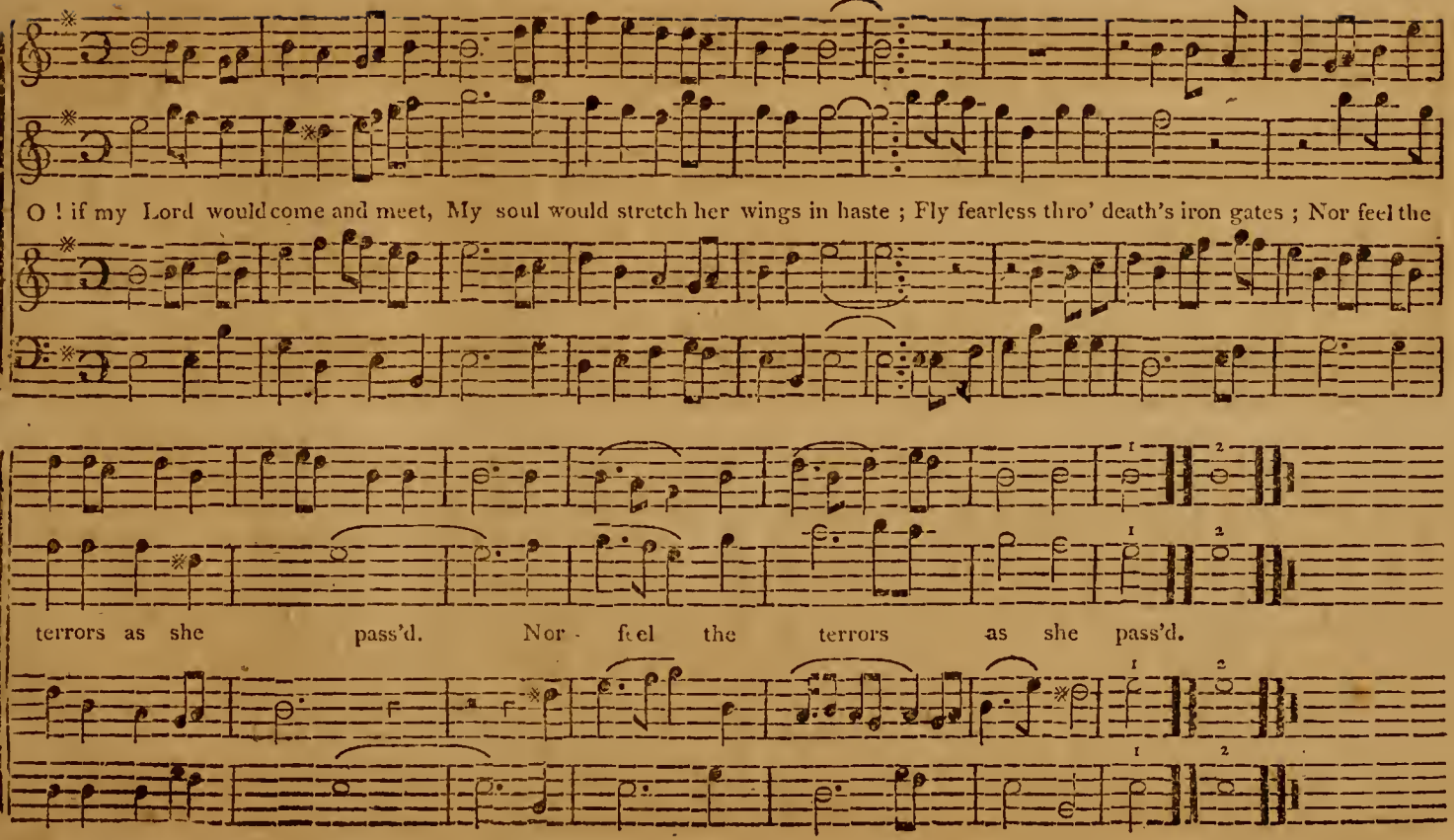
5. The Confessors too,
Them prostrating low,
Cast down their bright Mitres, and thankfully bow.
O Church of the Lamb,
Here met do the same,
With Saints and with Angels, bless Jesus's Name.

6. My Soul, bear a Part,
For ransom'd thou art,
By Jesus's Blood-shedding, his Burial and Smart.
To him that was slain,
The scorn'd Nazarene,
Be Glory and Honour, let all say, Amen.

FELICITY. L. M.

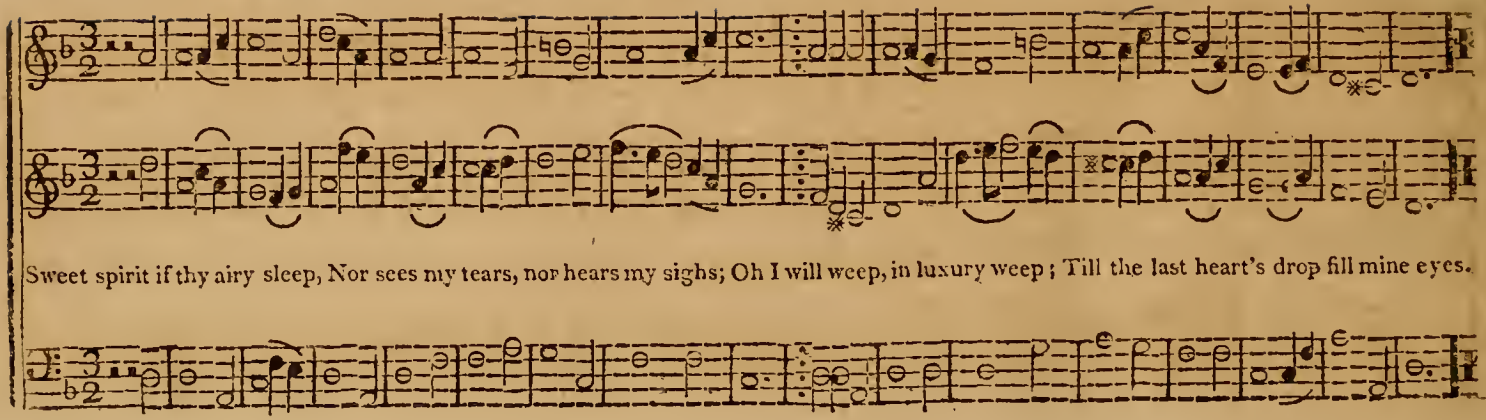
R. Wilcox.




O ! if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste ; Fly fearless thro' death's iron gates ; Nor feel the
terrors as she pass'd. Nor - feel the terrors as she pass'd.

SORROW'S TEAR. L. M.

Words by T. More, *Esq.* *Music by* S. Jenks. 1804



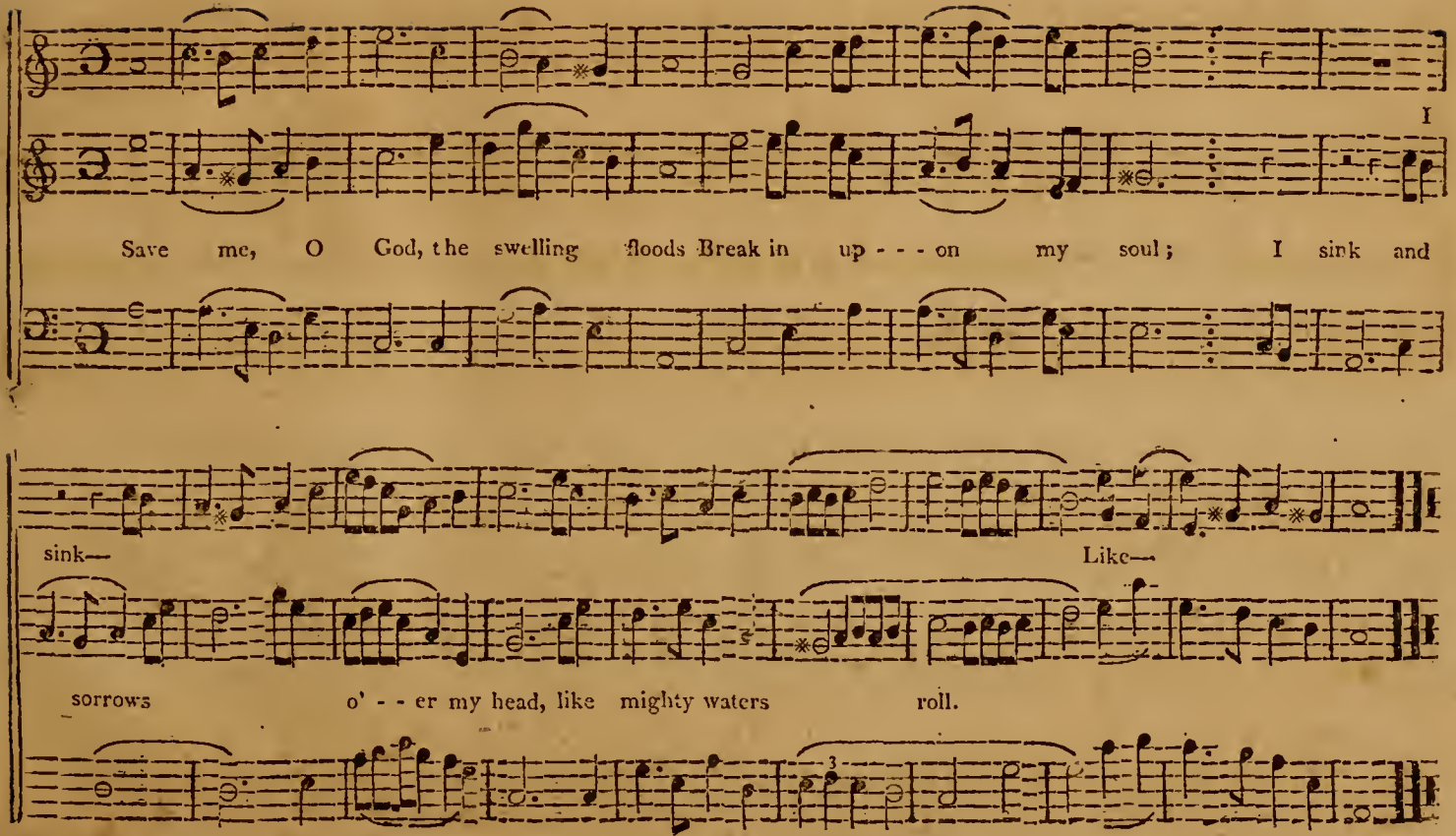
2 But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingle in our misery,
Then, then my breaking heart I'll seal,
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me.

3. The beam of morn was on thy stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform;
Thou wert indeed that morning beam,
And death, alas! that sullen storm.

4. Thou wert not formed for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die.

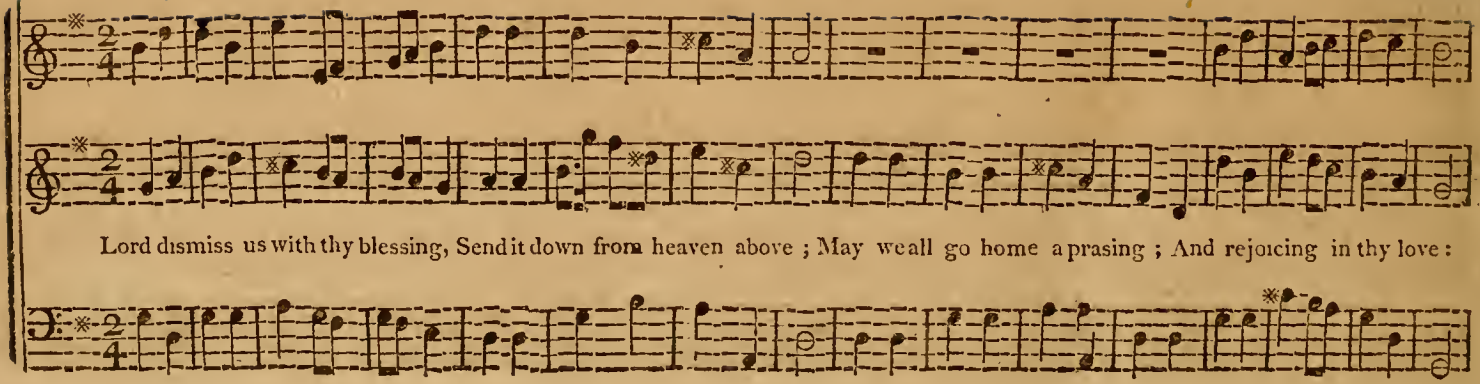
5. How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast;
Where sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest.

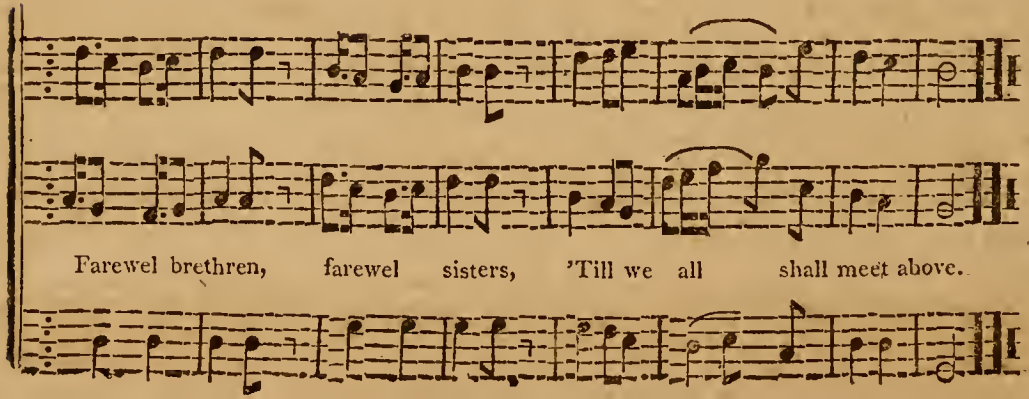
6. For, ah my heart! how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are past!
And long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.


I
Save me, O God, the swelling floods Break in up - - - on my soul; I sink and
sink—
Like—
sorrows o' - - er my head, like mighty waters roll.

SWEET FAREWELL. H. M.

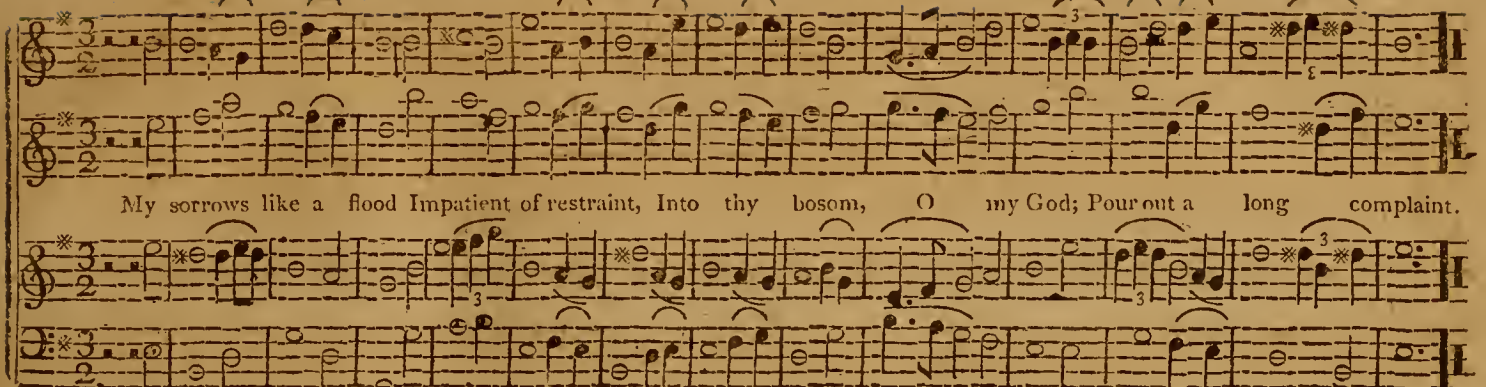
S. JENKS. 1800



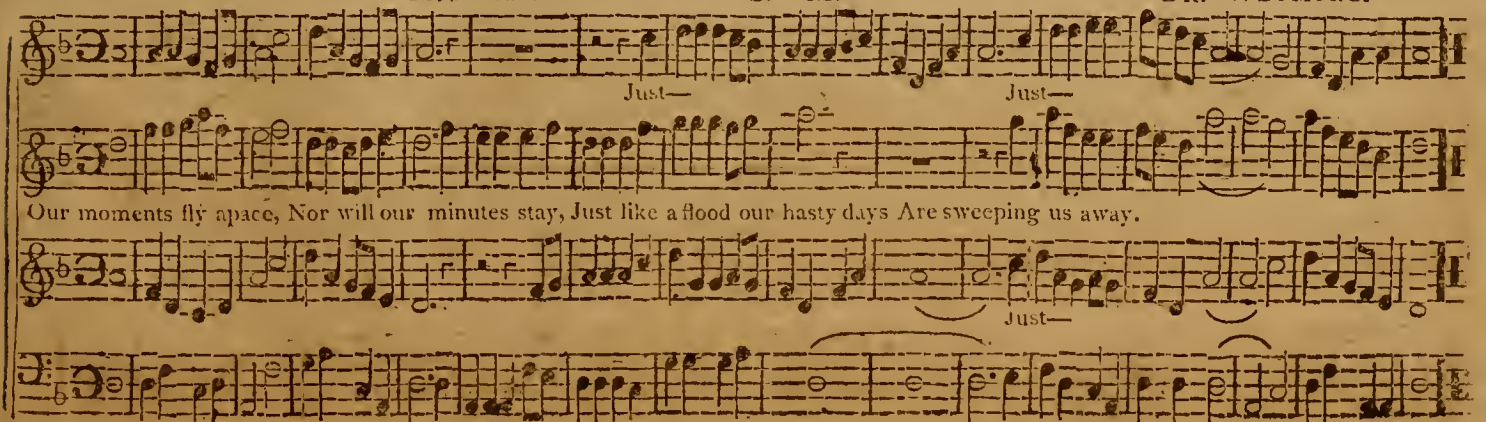


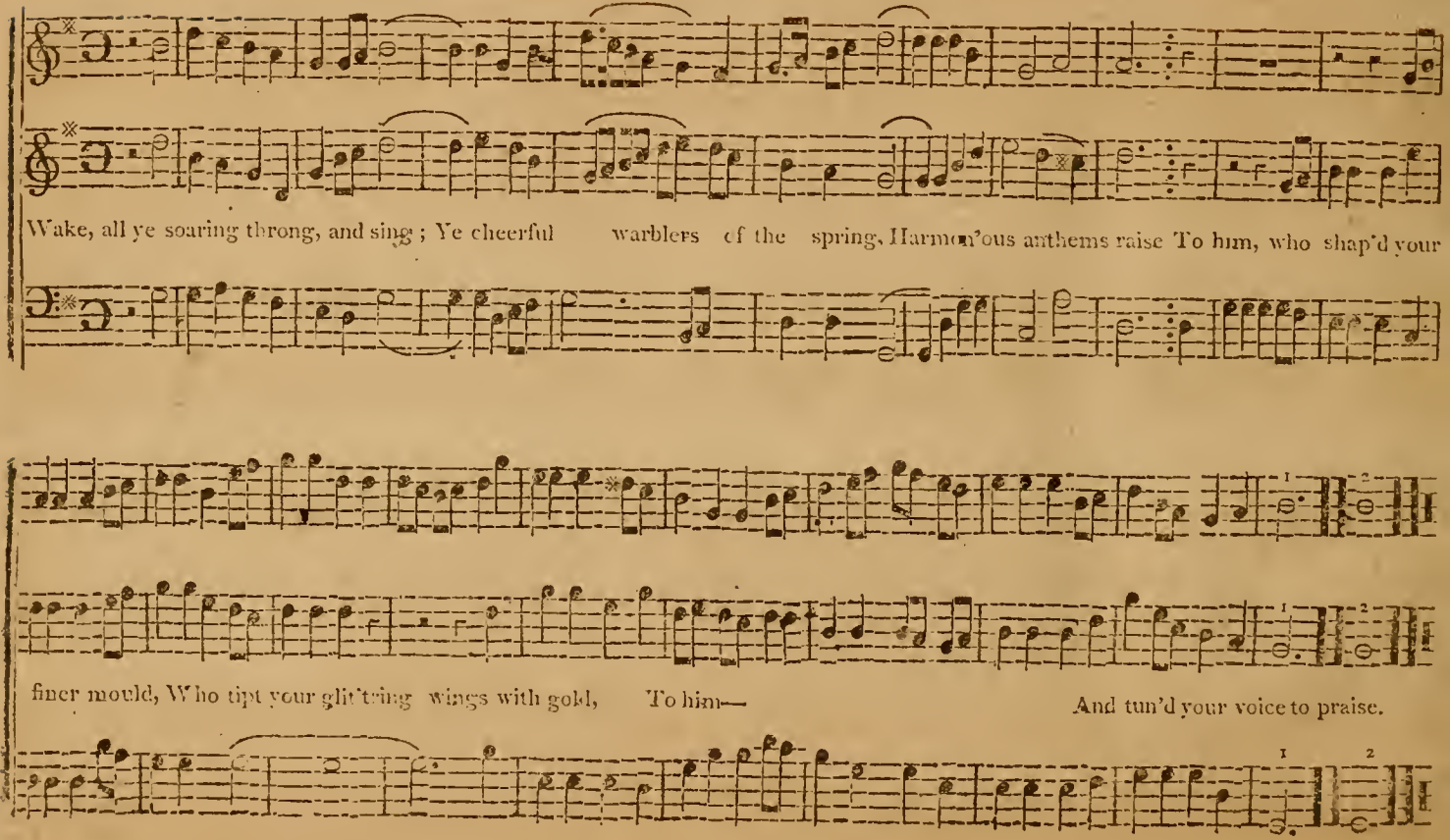
2. Pardon Lord now all our follies,
While together we have been ;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin,
Farewel brethren, farewel sisters,
'Till we all shall meet again.

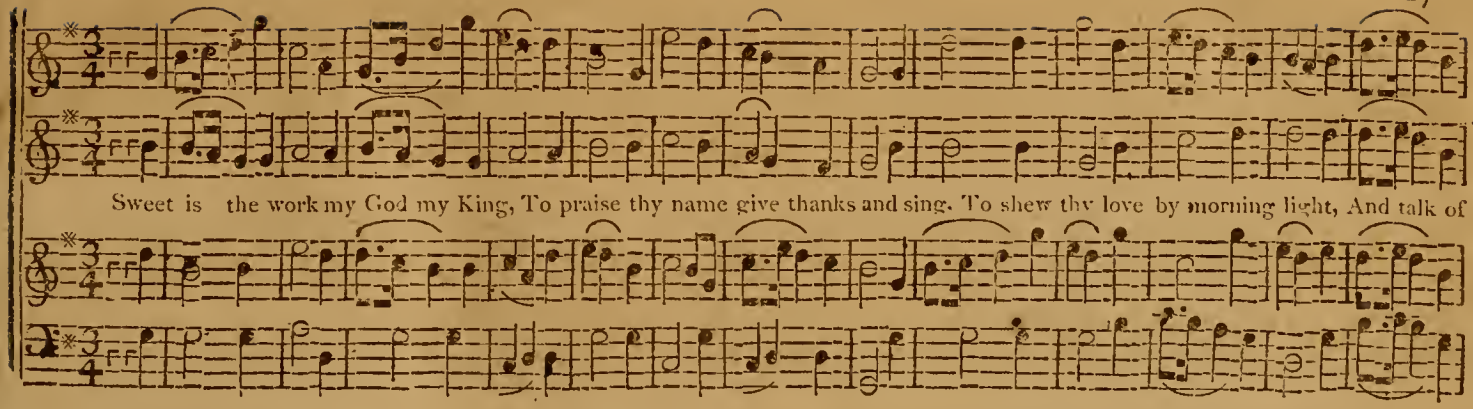
3. May thy presence, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home ;
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us ev'ry one ;
Farewel brethren, farewel sisters,
'Till we all shall meet at home.

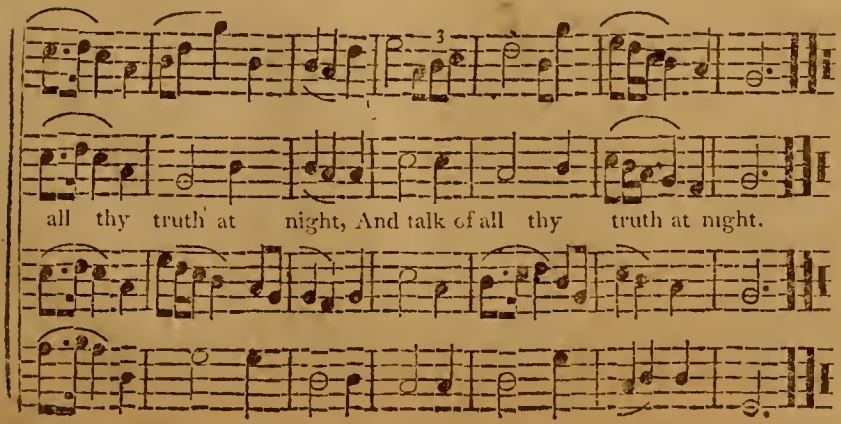


FLORIDA. S. M. DR. WETMORE.

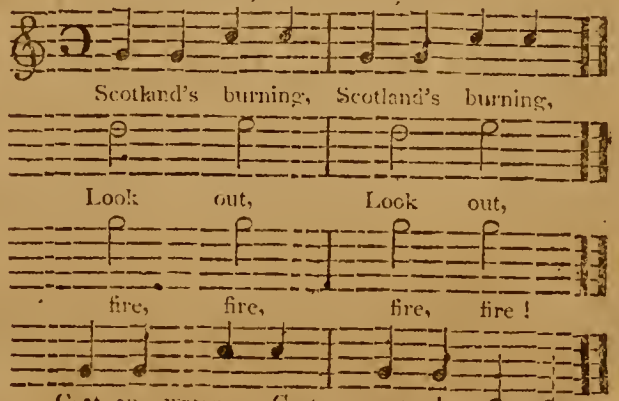


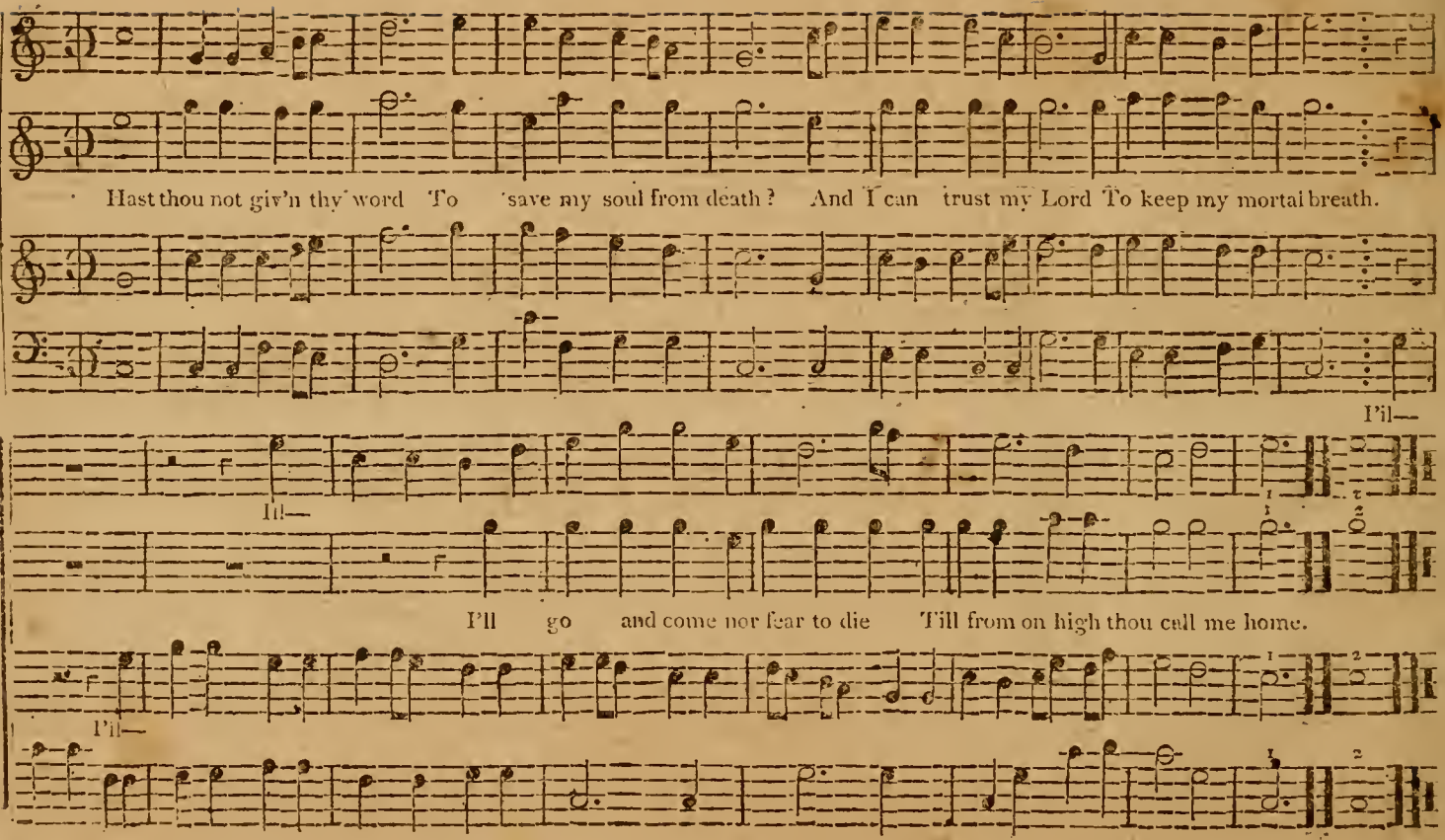

Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing; Ye cheerful warblers of the spring, Harmon'ous anthems raise To him, who shap'd your
finer mould, Who tipt your glit'ring wings with gold, To him—
And tun'd your voice to praise.



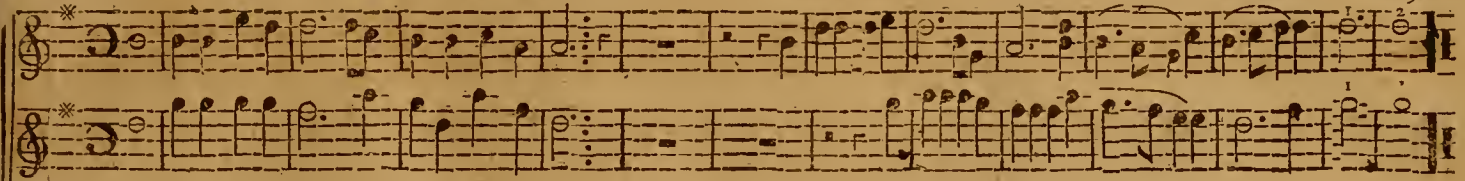


CANON, *Four in One.*

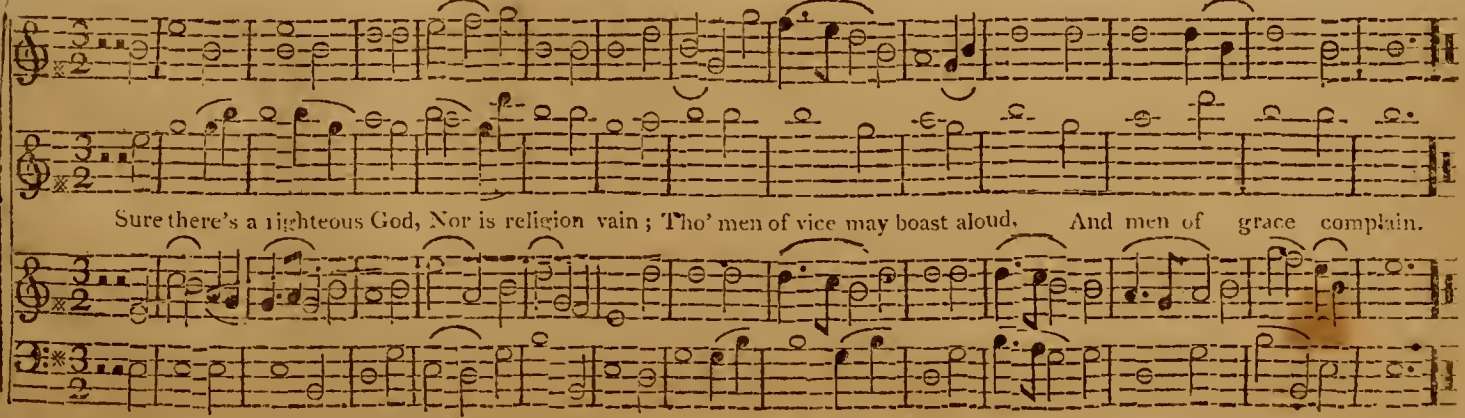


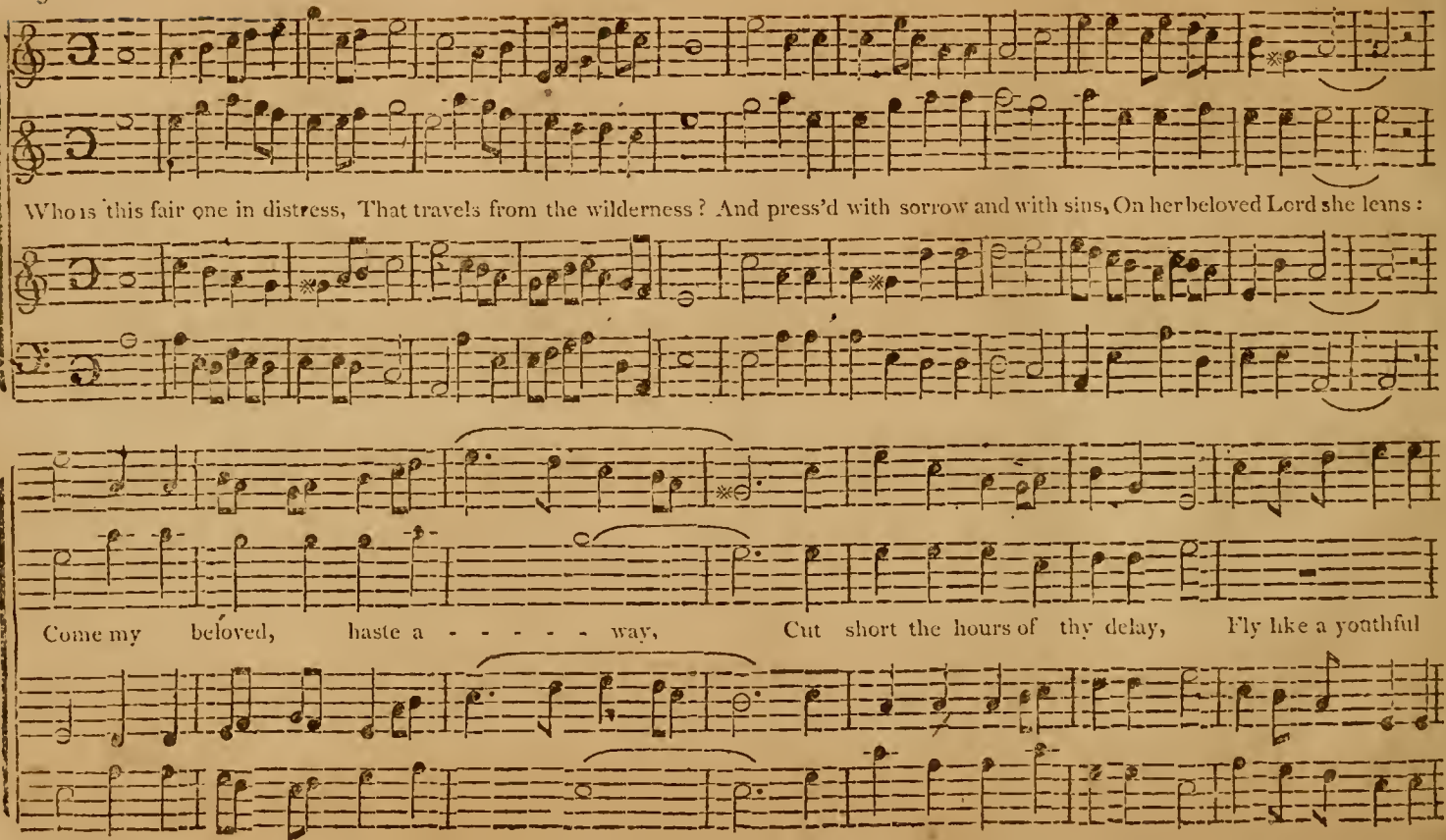

Hast thou not giv'n thy word To save my soul from death? And I can trust my Lord To keep my mortal breath.
I'll—
I'll—
I'll go and come nor fear to die Till from on high thou call me home.
I'll—

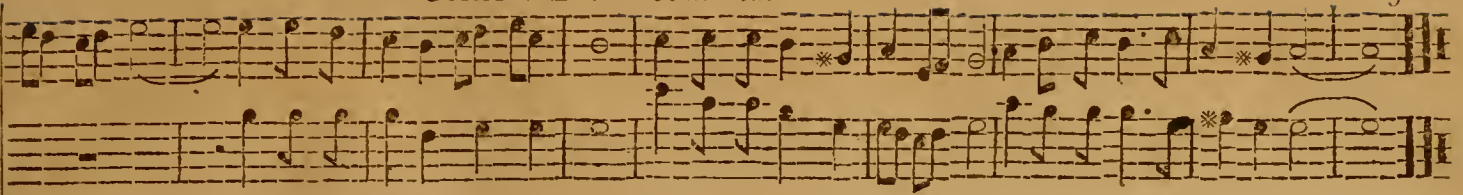
BETHLEHEM. S. M. S. HANFORD.



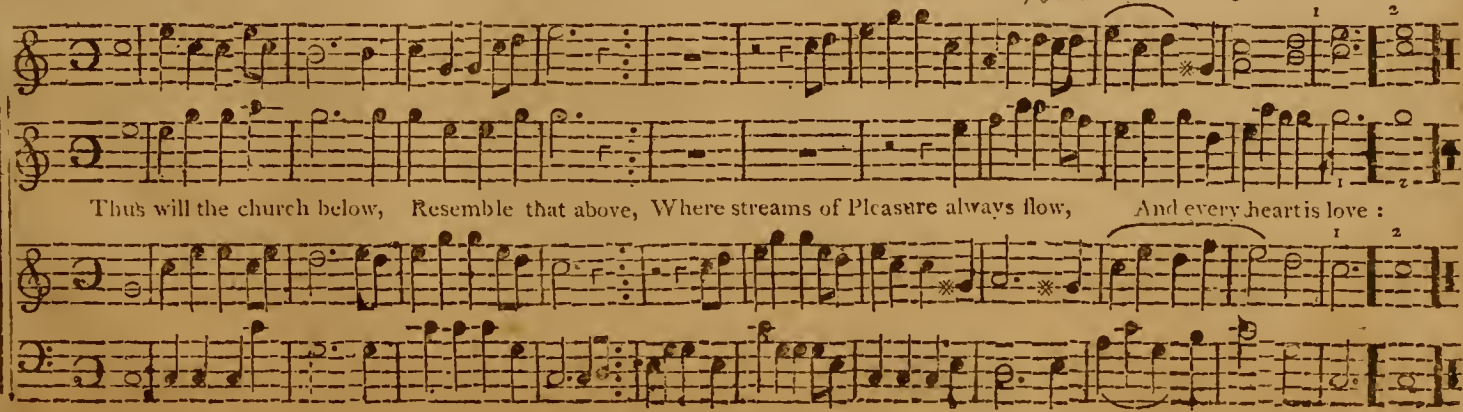
POWNAL. S. M. T. SWAN.



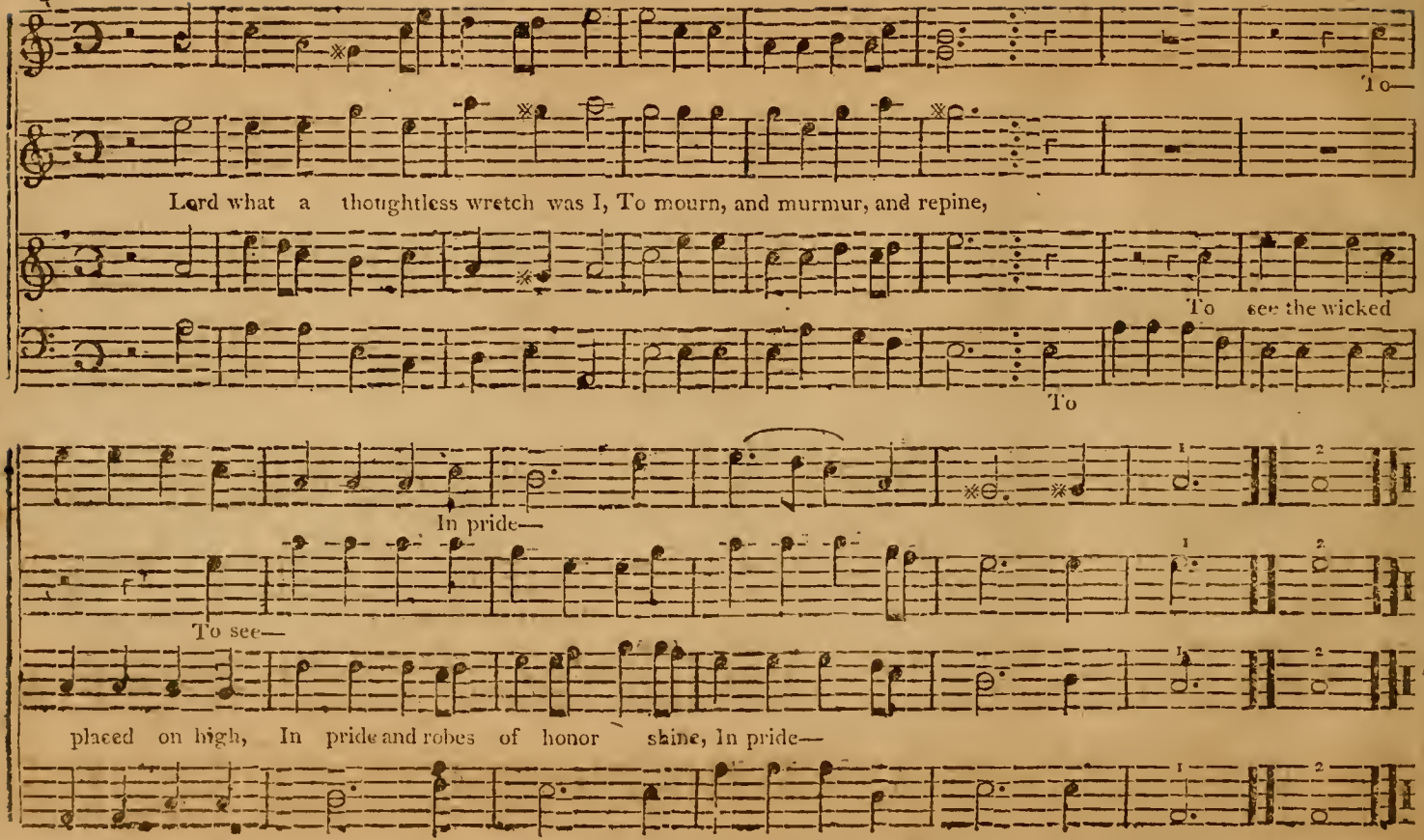

Who is this fair one in distress, That travels from the wilderness? And press'd with sorrow and with sins, On her beloved Lord she leans:
Come my beloved, haste a - - - - - way, Cut short the hours of thy delay, Fly like a youthful

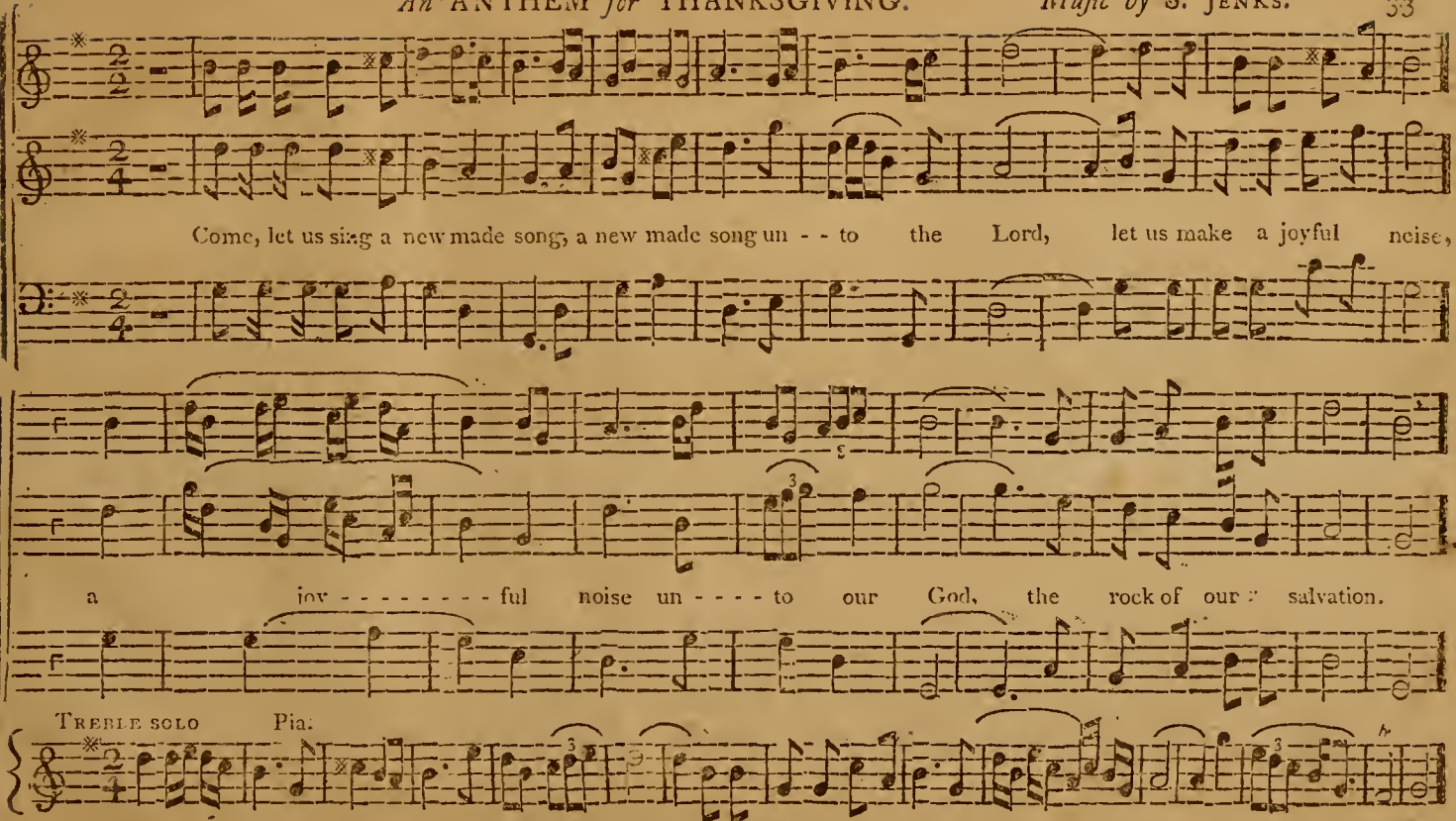


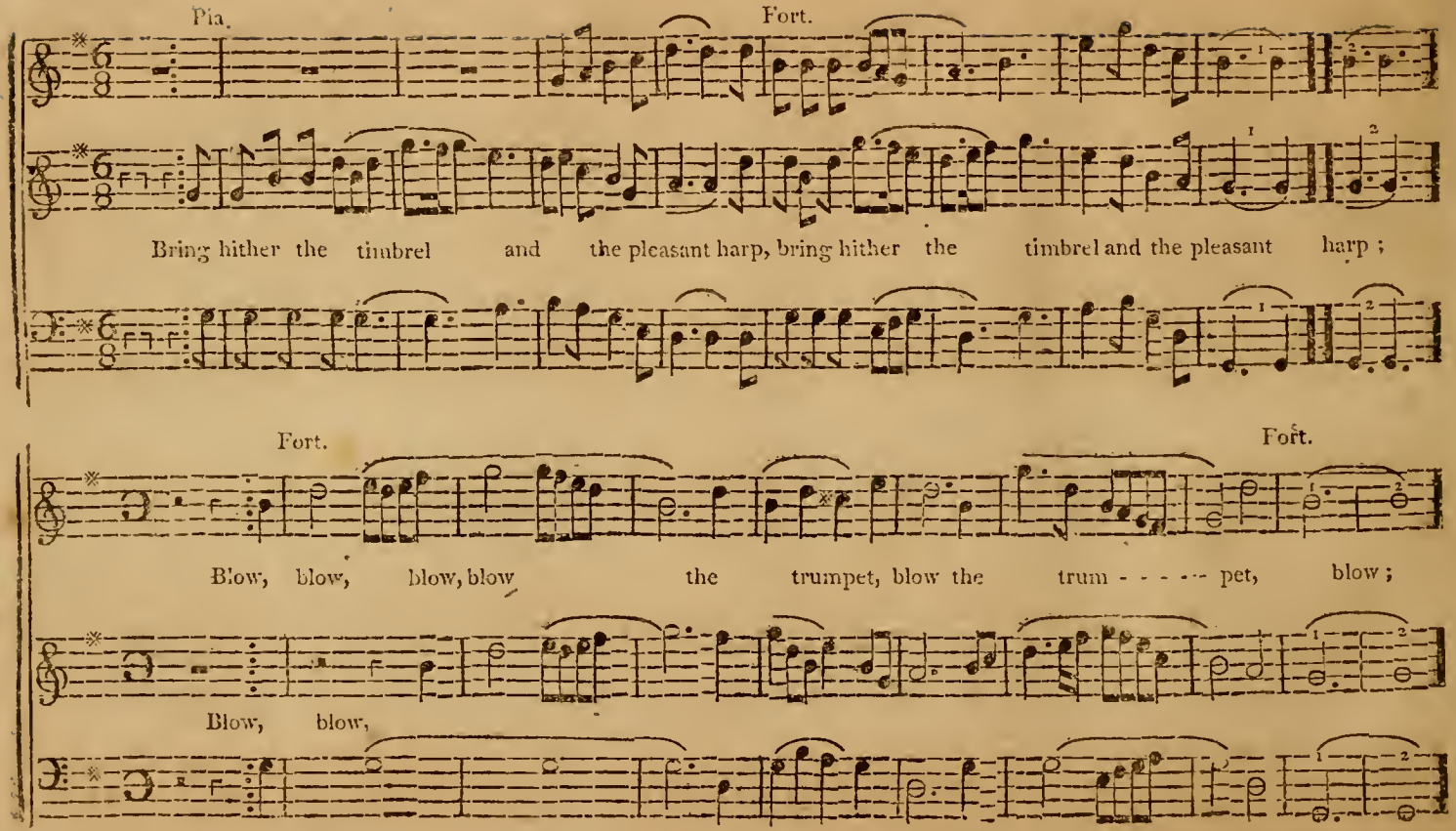
COLUMBUS. S. M. 1802 S. JENKS.

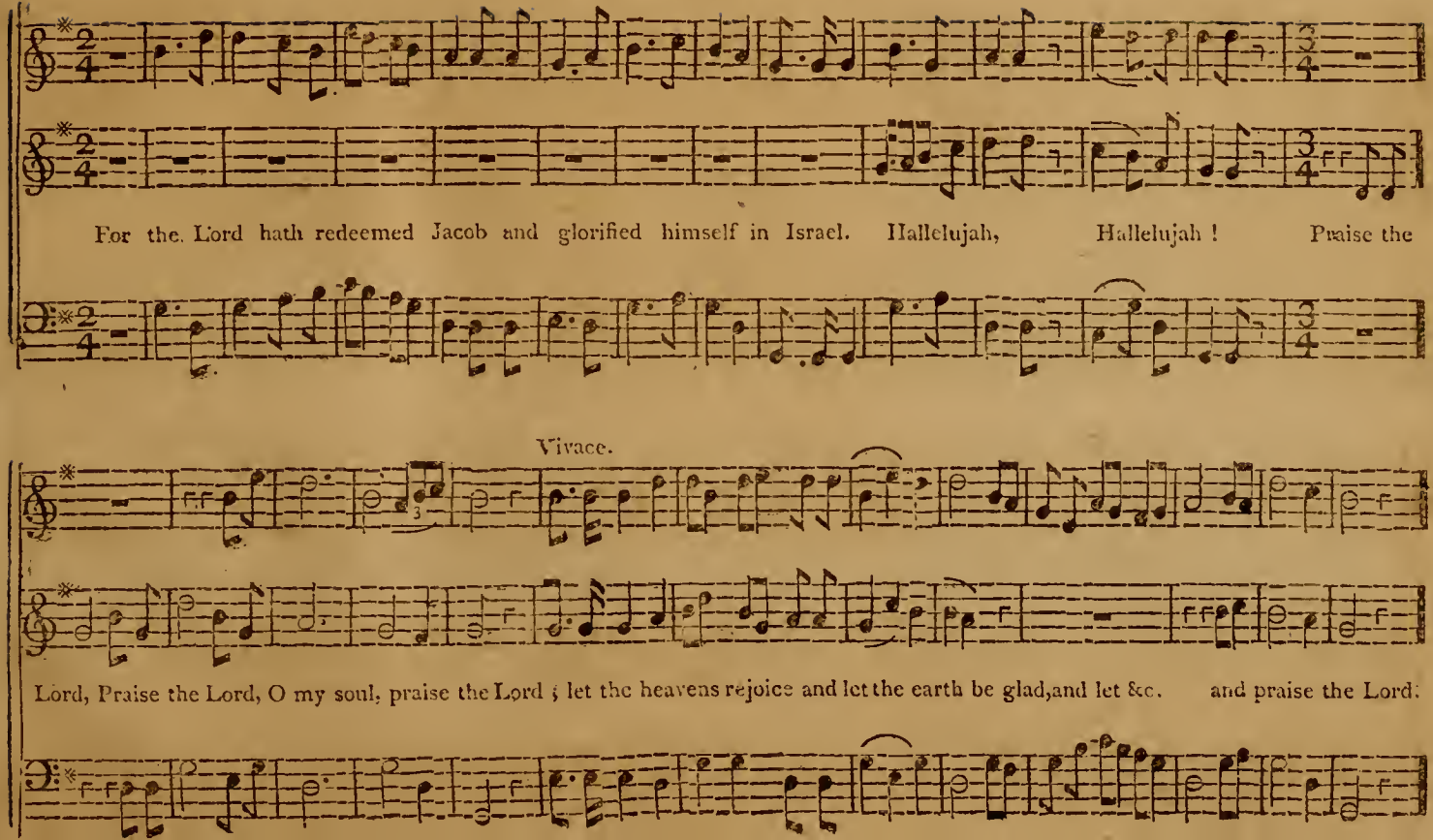


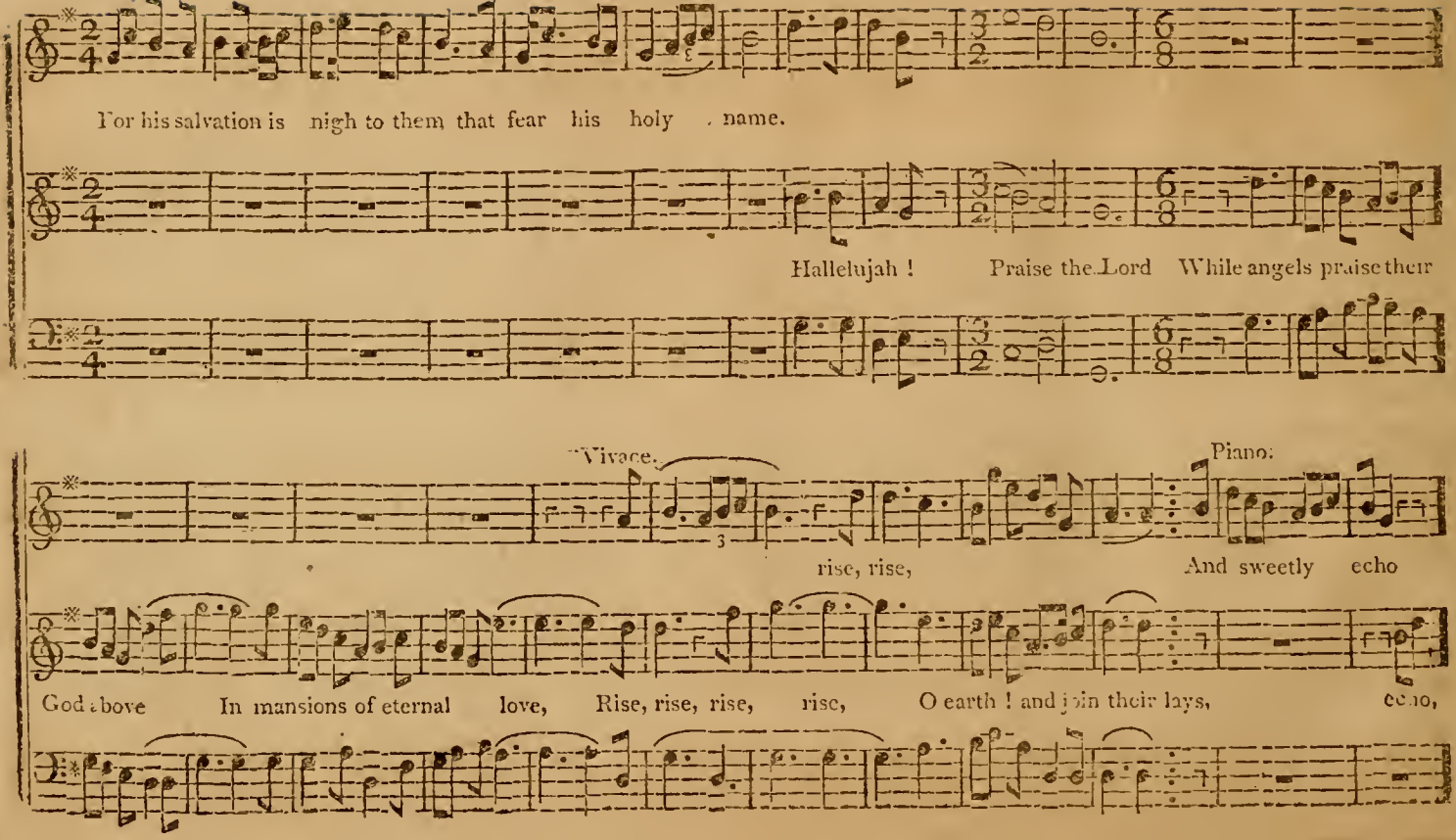
CONTEMPLATION. L. M. A. Ellis.

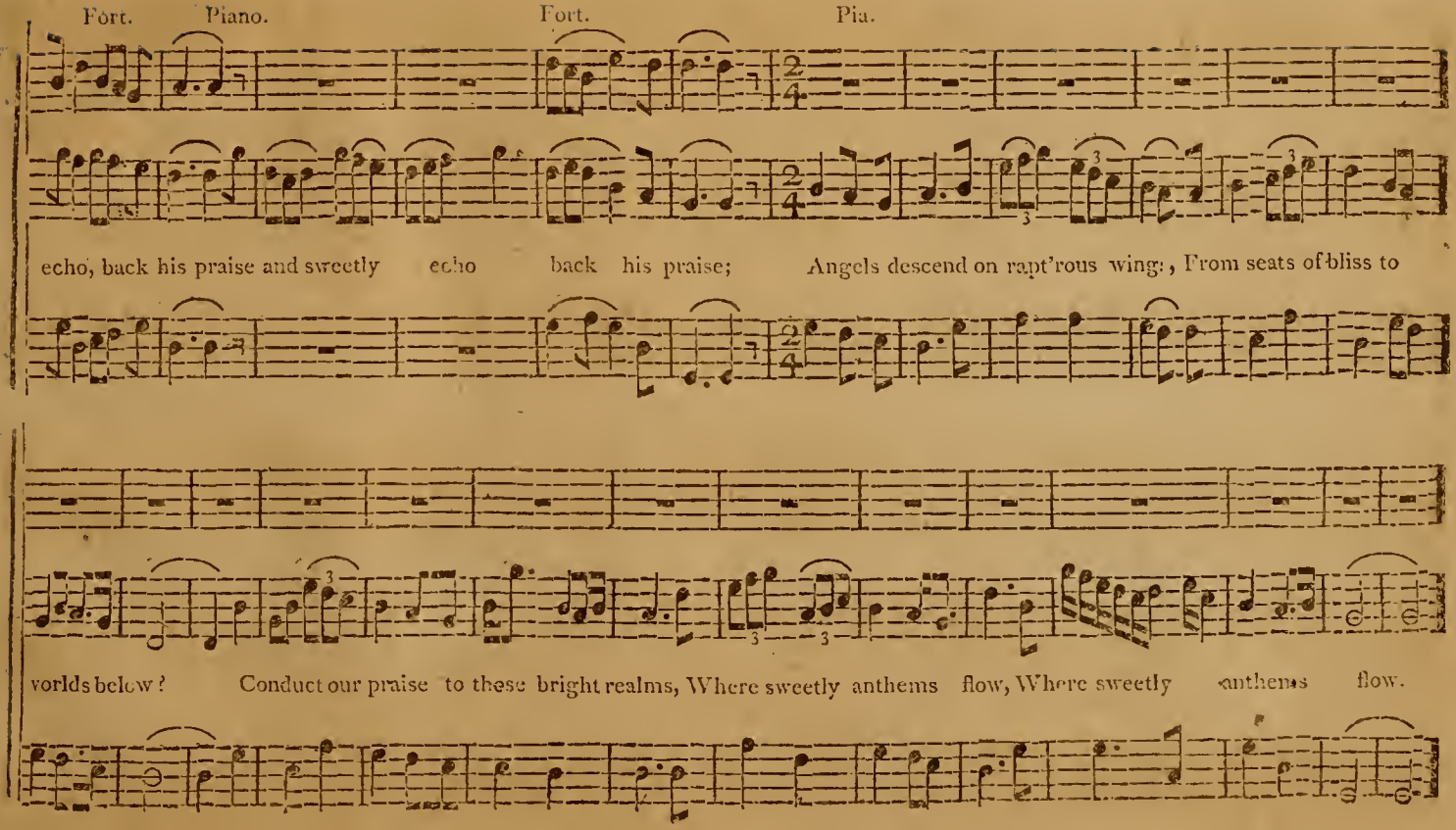



Come, let us sing a new made song, a new made song un - - to the Lord, let us make a joyful noise,
a joy - - - - - - - - ful noise un - - - - to our God, the rock of our salvation.
TREBLE SOLO Pia.
Come, let us sing a new made song, a new made song ; let us make a joyful noise, a joy - - - ful noise unto our God,

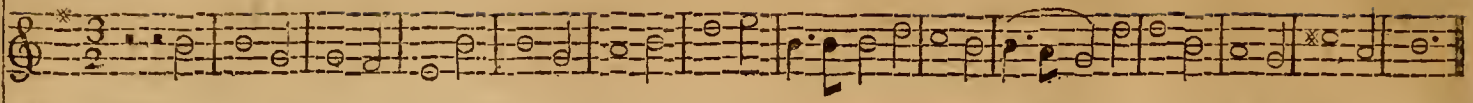

Pia.
Fort.
Bring hither the timbrel and the pleasant harp, bring hither the timbrel and the pleasant harp;
Fort.
Fort.
Blow, blow, blow, blow the trumpet, blow the trum - - - - - pet, blow;
Blow, blow,


For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob and glorified himself in Israel. Hallelujah, Hallelujah ! Praise the
Vivace.
Lord, Praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord ; let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad,and let &c. and praise the Lord.

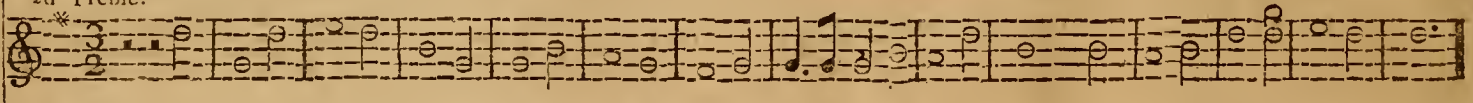

For his salvation is nigh to them that fear his holy . name.
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord While angels praise their
Vivace.
Piano.
rise, rise,
And sweetly echo
God above In mansions of eternal love, Rise, rise, rise, rise, O earth ! and join their lays, echo,


Fort.
Piano.
Fort.
Pia.
echo, back his praise and sweetly echo back his praise; Angels descend on rapt'rous wings, From seats of bliss to
worlds below? Conduct our praise to these bright realms, Where sweetly anthems flow, Where sweetly anthems flow.

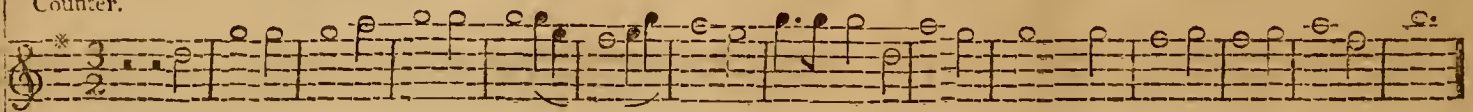
1st Treble. Grave. Fort. Fortissimo.



2d Treble.

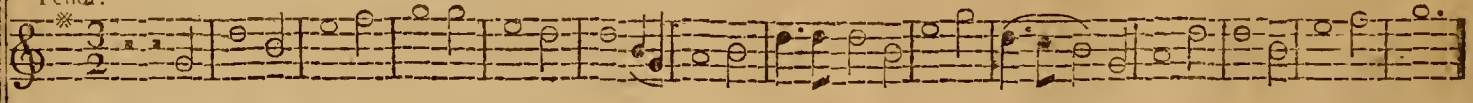


Counter.

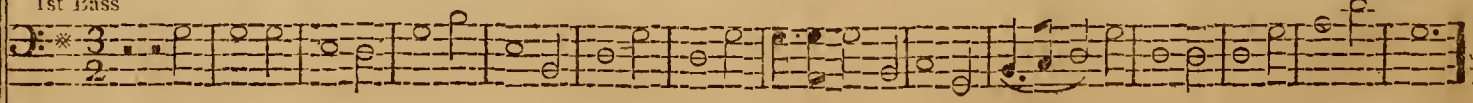


Let all creation join with angel hosts divine, Strike each harmonious loud resounding string, And thou great God aboye

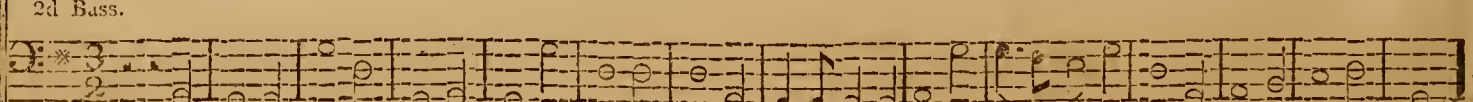
Tenor.

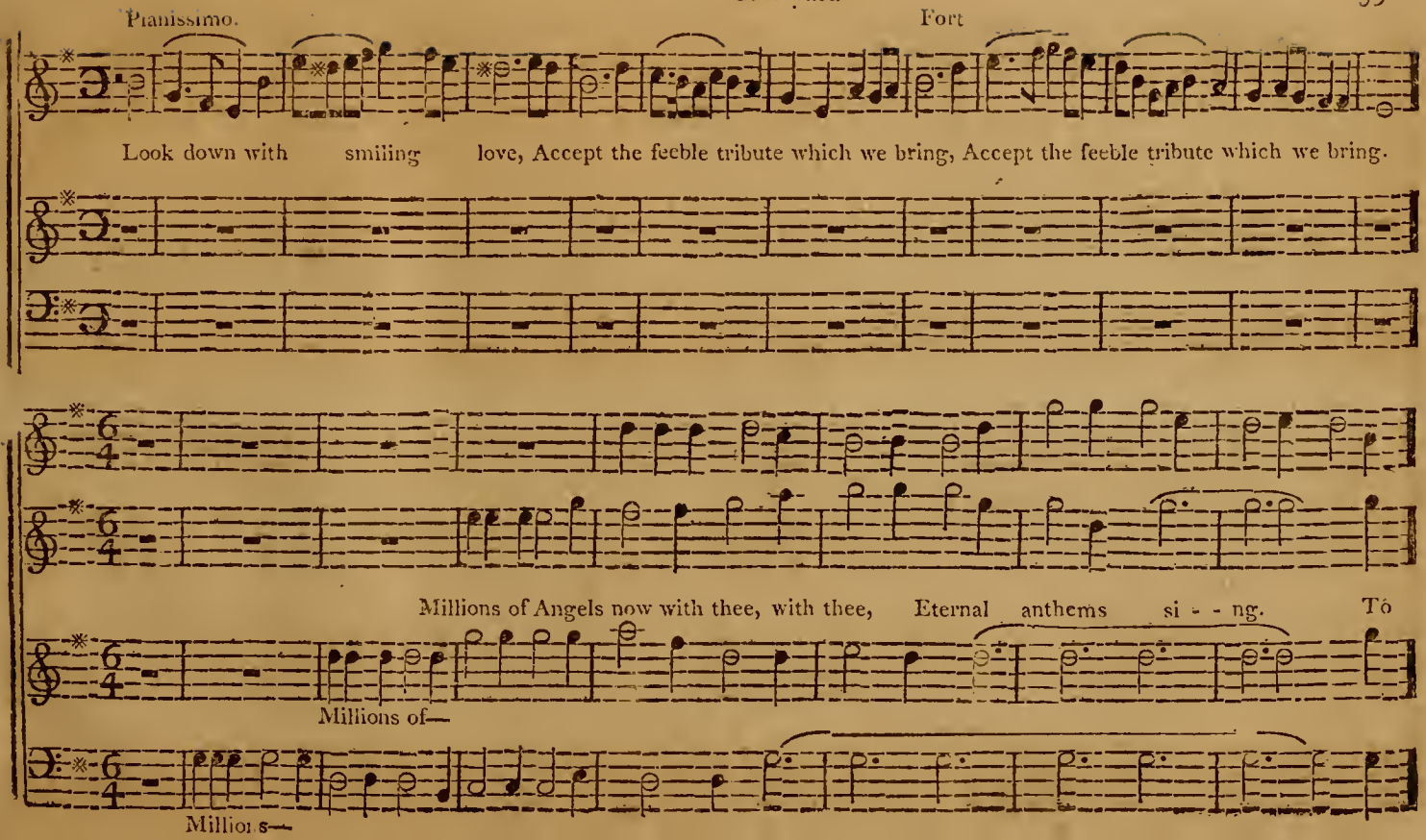


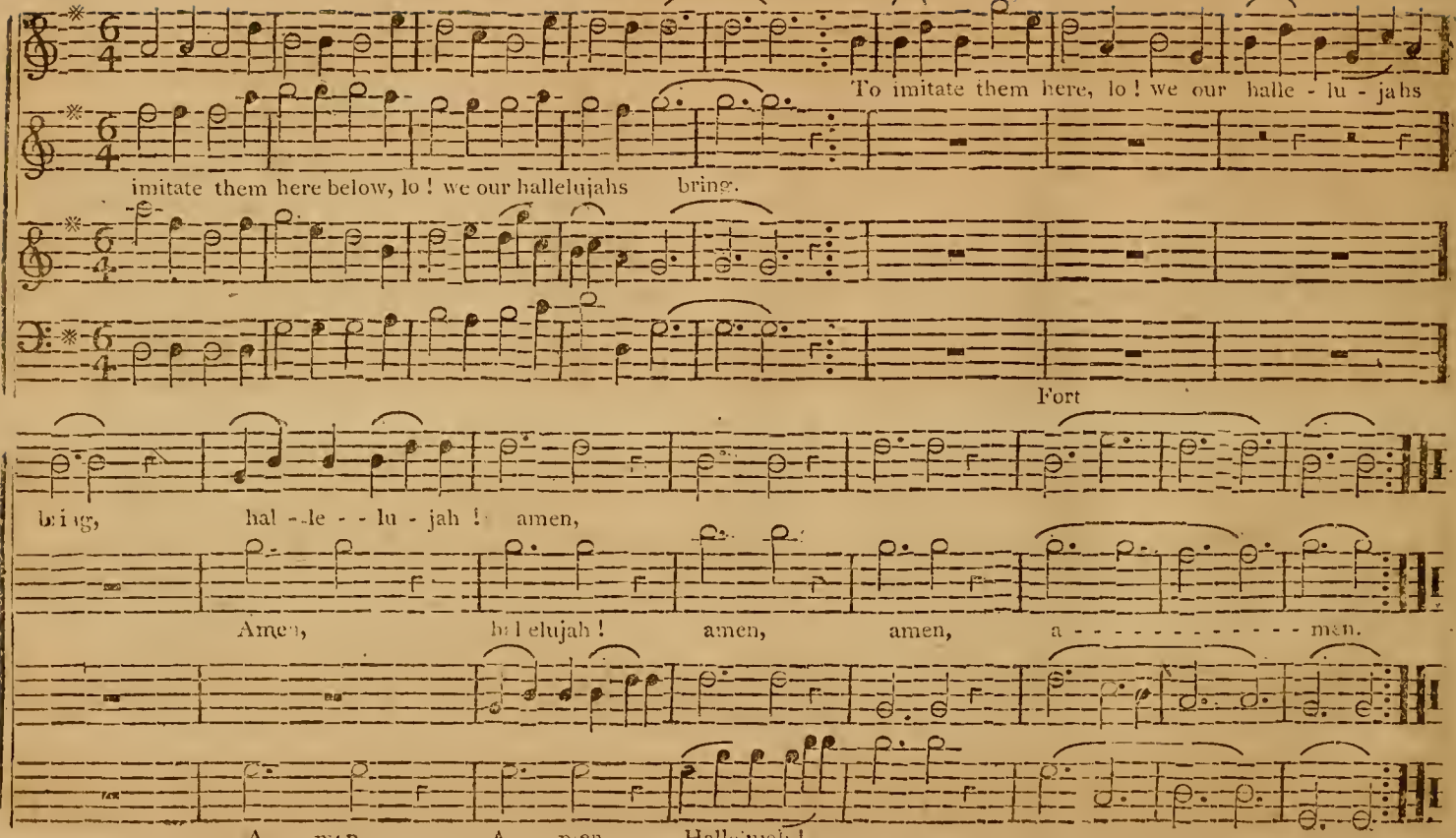
1st Bass

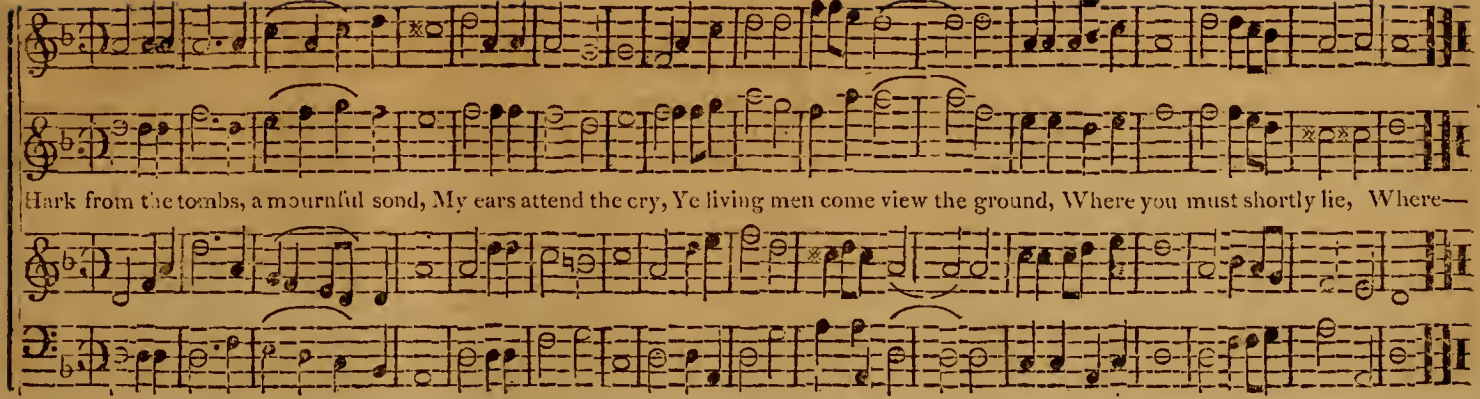


2d Bass.

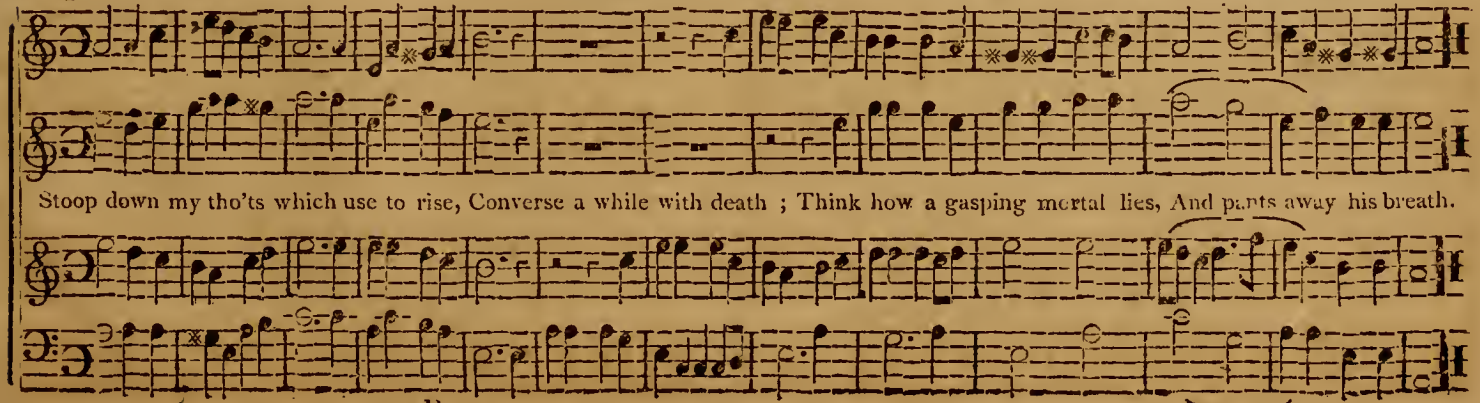



Pianissimo.
Fort
Look down with smiling love, Accept the feeble tribute which we bring, Accept the feeble tribute which we bring.
Millions of Angels now with thee, with thee, Eternal anthems si - - ng. To
Millions of—
Millions—

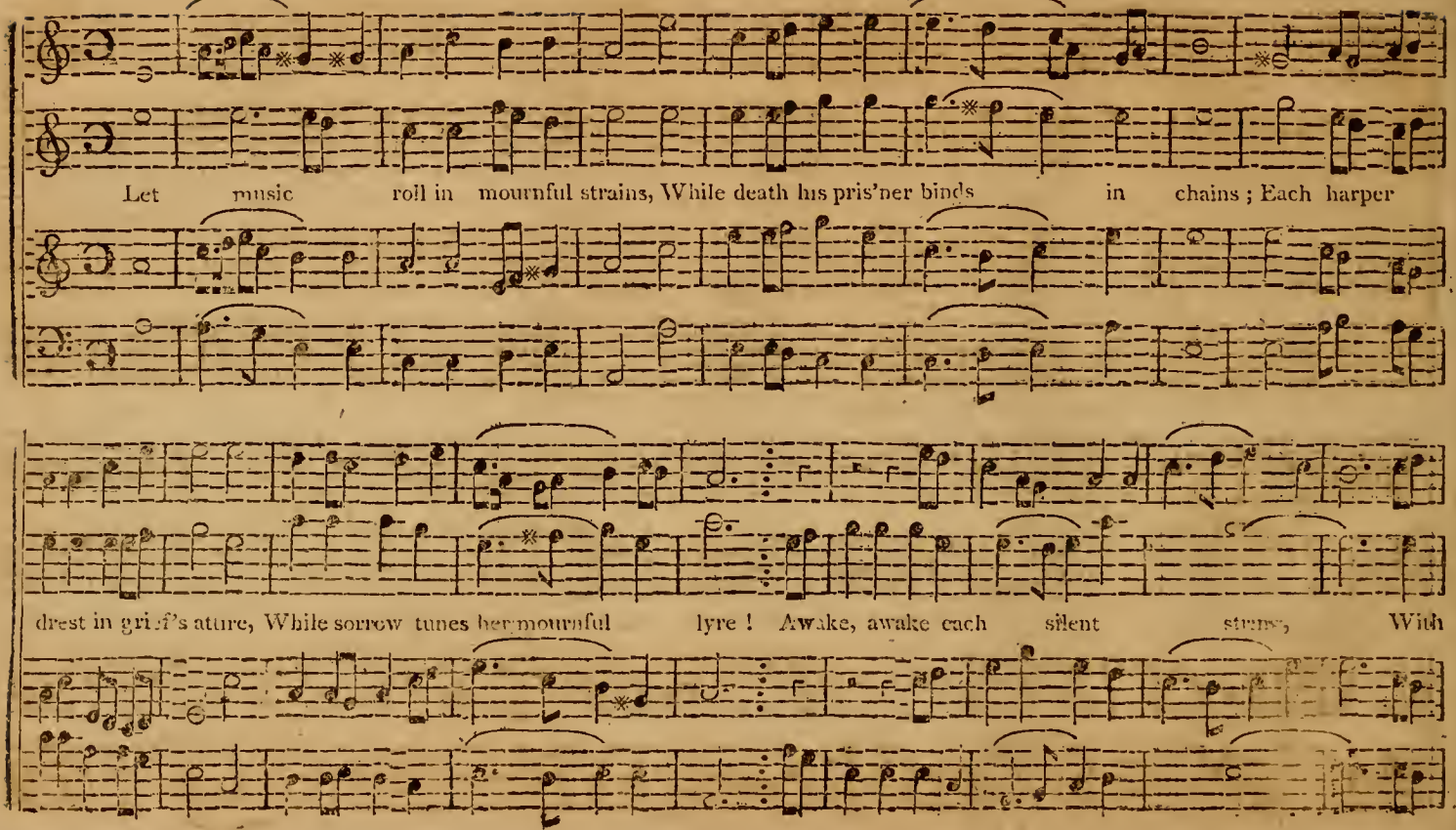

To imitate them here, lo! we our halle - lu - jahs
imitate them here below, lo! we our hallelujahs bring.
Fort
bring, hal - le - - lu - jah! amen,
Amen, hallelujah! amen, amen, a - - - - - - - - - - men.
A men, A men, Hallelujah!

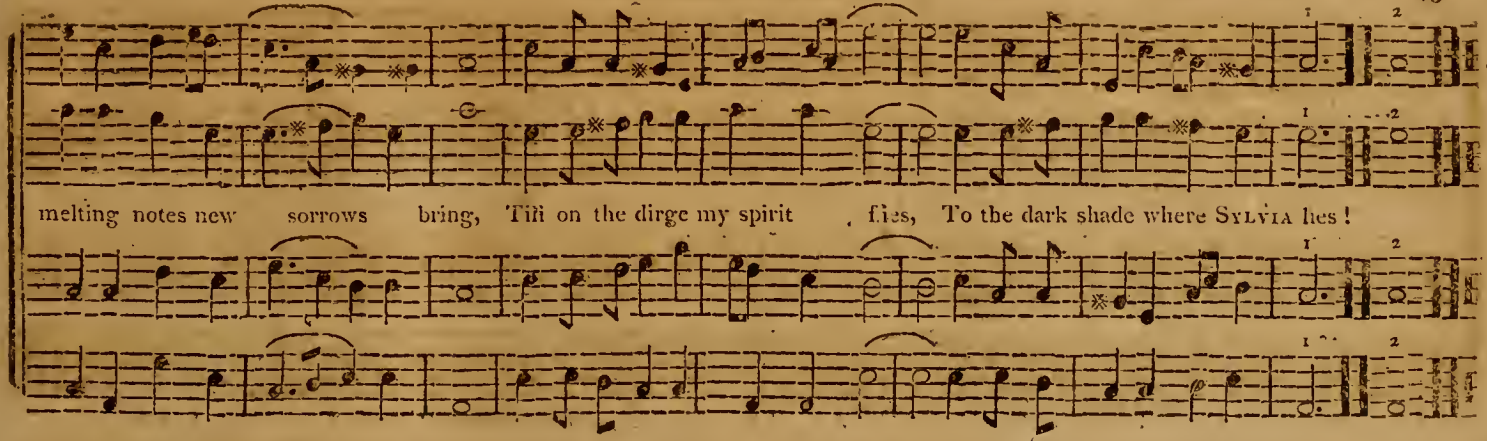


NEW CANAAN. C. M. A. Ellis.



SYLVIA. L. M. *Words and Music, by Dr.* WETMORE, *on the Death of his Wife.*





3. Huge troubles rise on ev'ry side,
Like the fierce ocean's rapid tide;
The raging billows ceaseless roar,
Proclaim my Sylvia is no more!

4. Her spirit's wing'd from earth away,
To realms of woe or endless day,
To join the joyful throng above,
In praising Christ's eternal love.

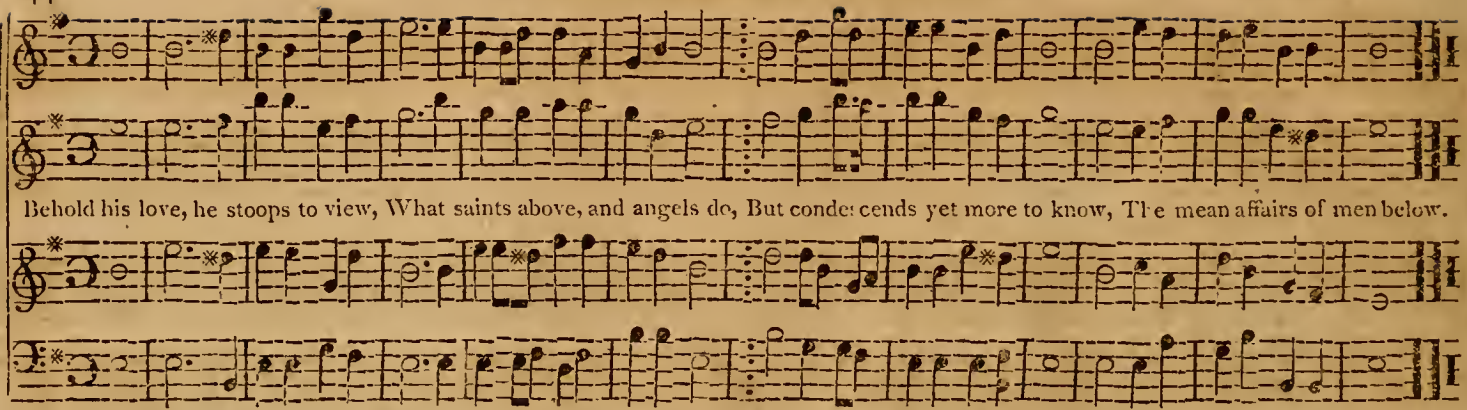
5. O! cruel tyrant! monster death!
To stop so soon my Sylvia's breath;
To deck in mourning garbs of woe,
The face of nature where I go,

6. What mighty sorrows veil the land,
The lofty hills in mourning stand,
The crystial streams in sorrow glide,
And roll to meet the swelling tide!

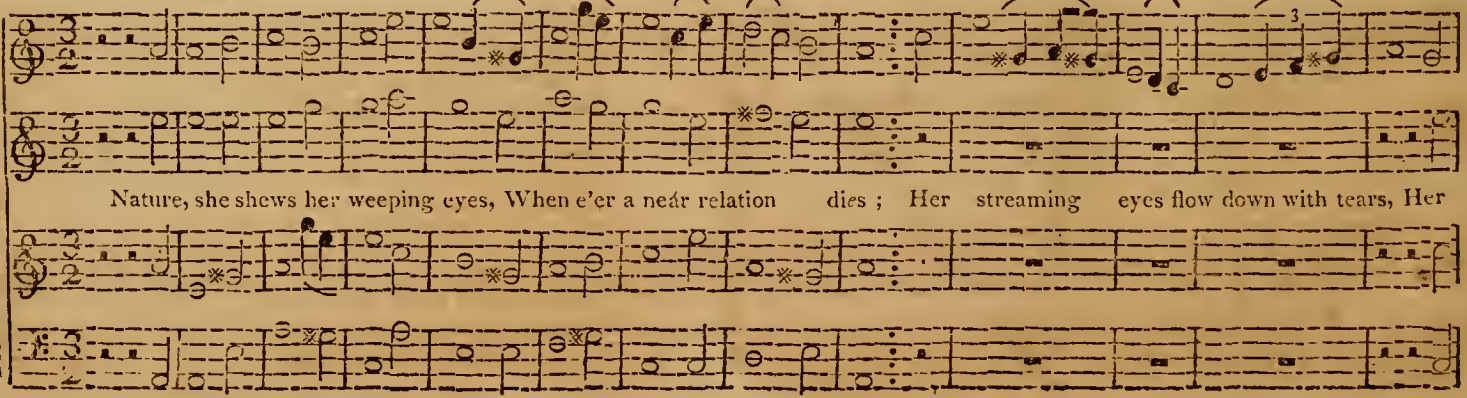
7. Ye silent groves and meadows wail,
While anguish moves in ev'ry gale;
On swifter wings let nature fly,
To bear my troubled soul on high.

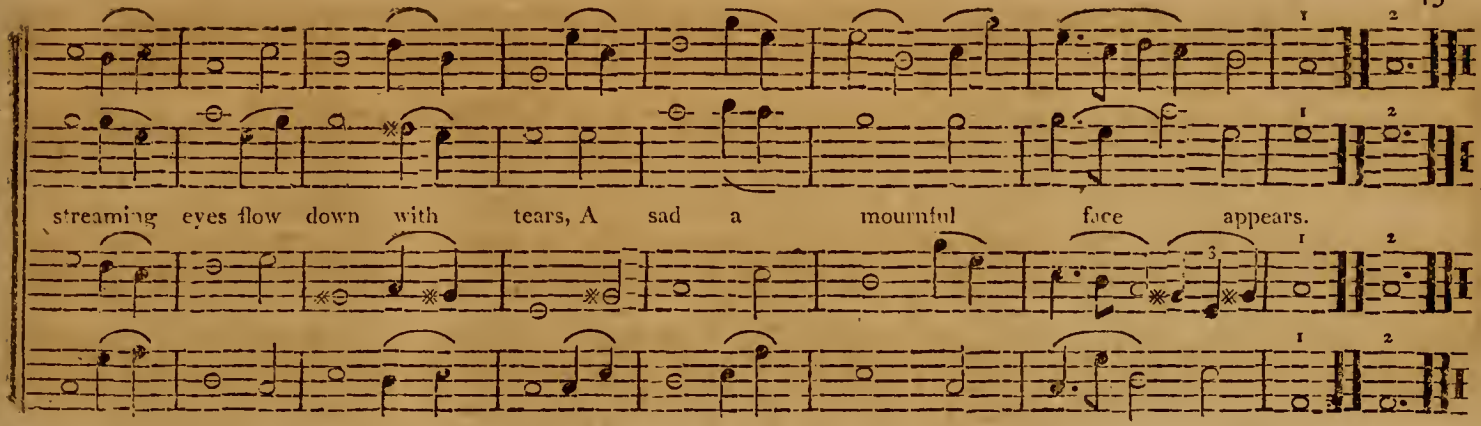
8. There let me find my Sylvia dear,
Where death and sorrow reign no more,
Our souls once more in friendship blend,
Where rolling ages never end.

CONDESCENSION. L. M. S. WAY.



WEEPING NATURE. L. M. *Words by* STENNET. S. JUNKS.





2. Nature laments the grievous loss,
Repines and mourns beneath the cross !
Because it cannot be resign'd
To God our heav'nly Father's mind.

3. Around the coffin Nuture stands,
With quiv'ring lips and tremb'ling hands ;
With restless eyes surveys the dead,
The great destruction death has made.

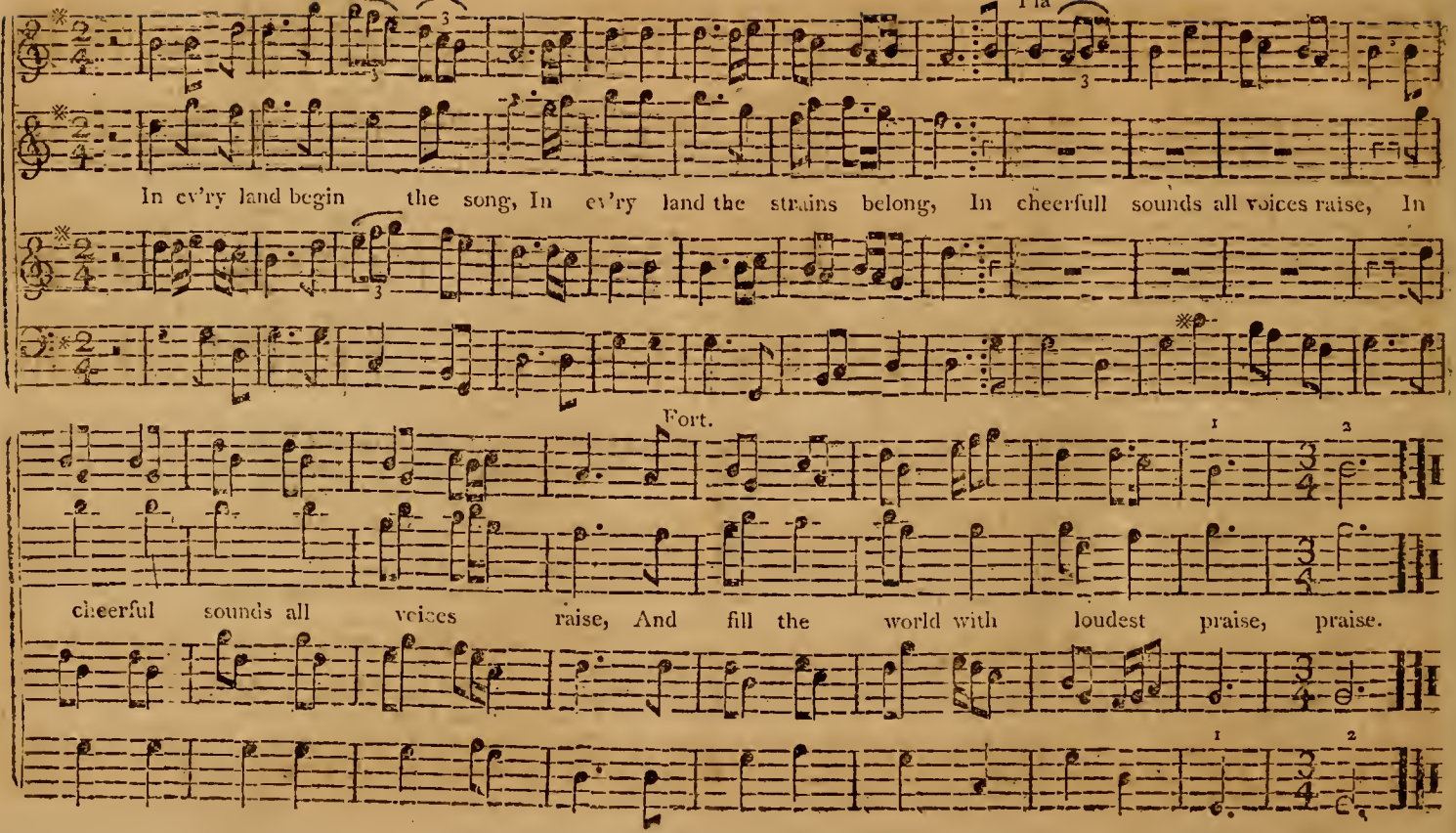
4. With murm'ring eyes she doth survey
Her fellow lump of mortal clay ;
Destroy'd by Death's consuming spear,
The King of Nature's dread and fear.

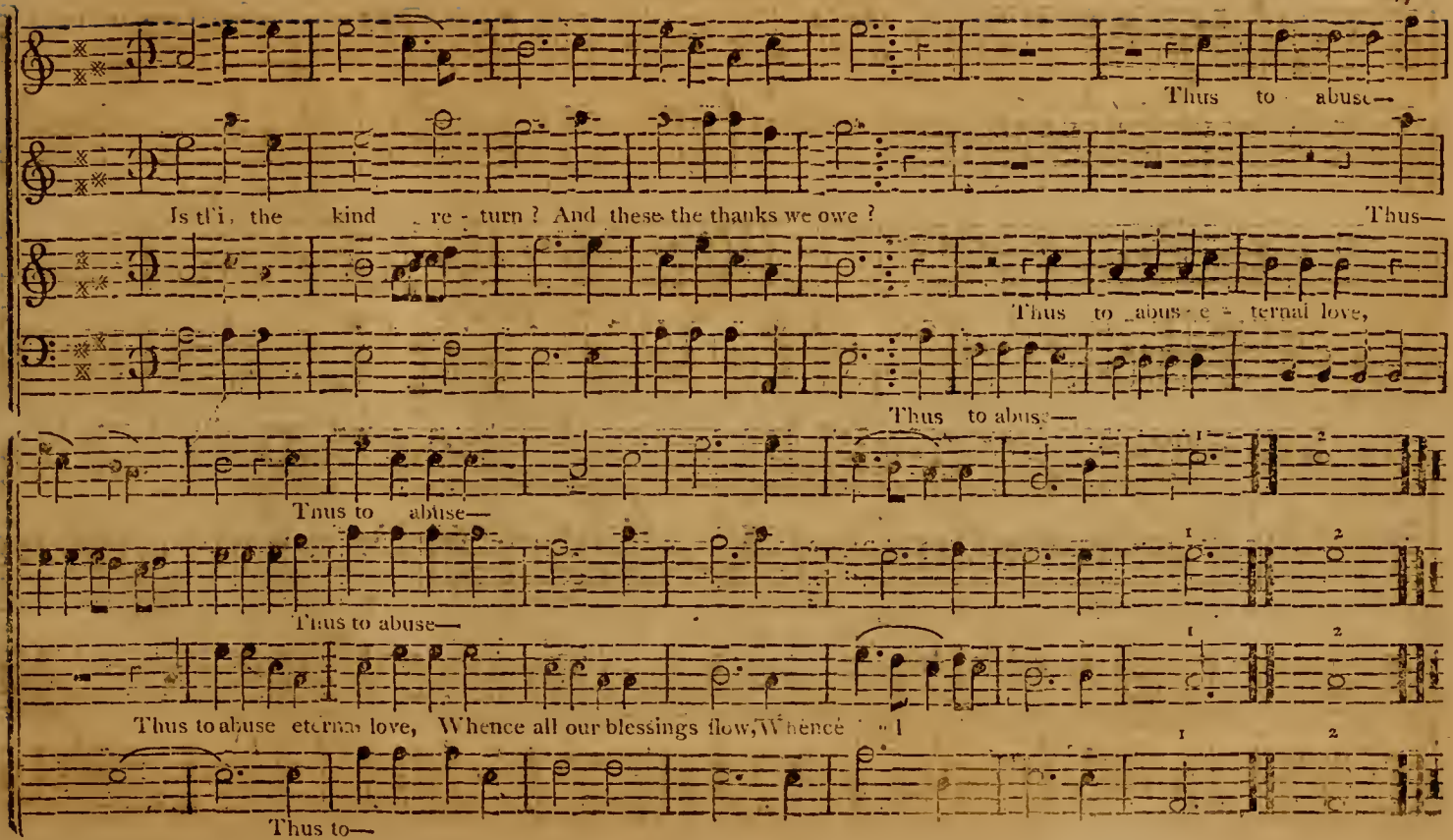
5. Nature is not subject we find
To the Almighty's sacred mind ;
She cannot say, Oh sov'reign Son
Thy ways are just, thy will be done.

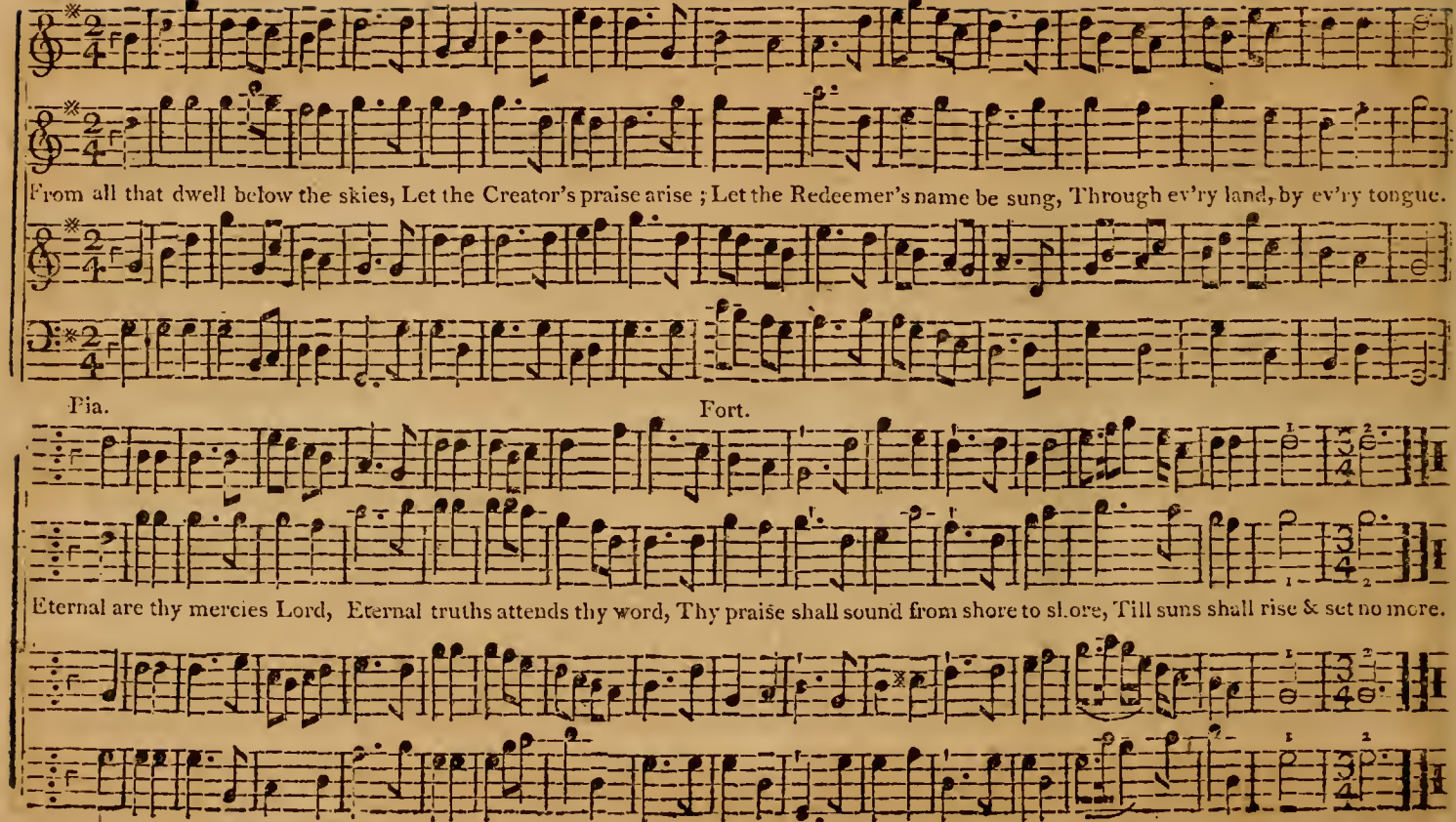
6. We in the spirit are resign'd
To God's all righteous will and mind ;
And thus the true believer says,
" The Lord is just in all his ways."

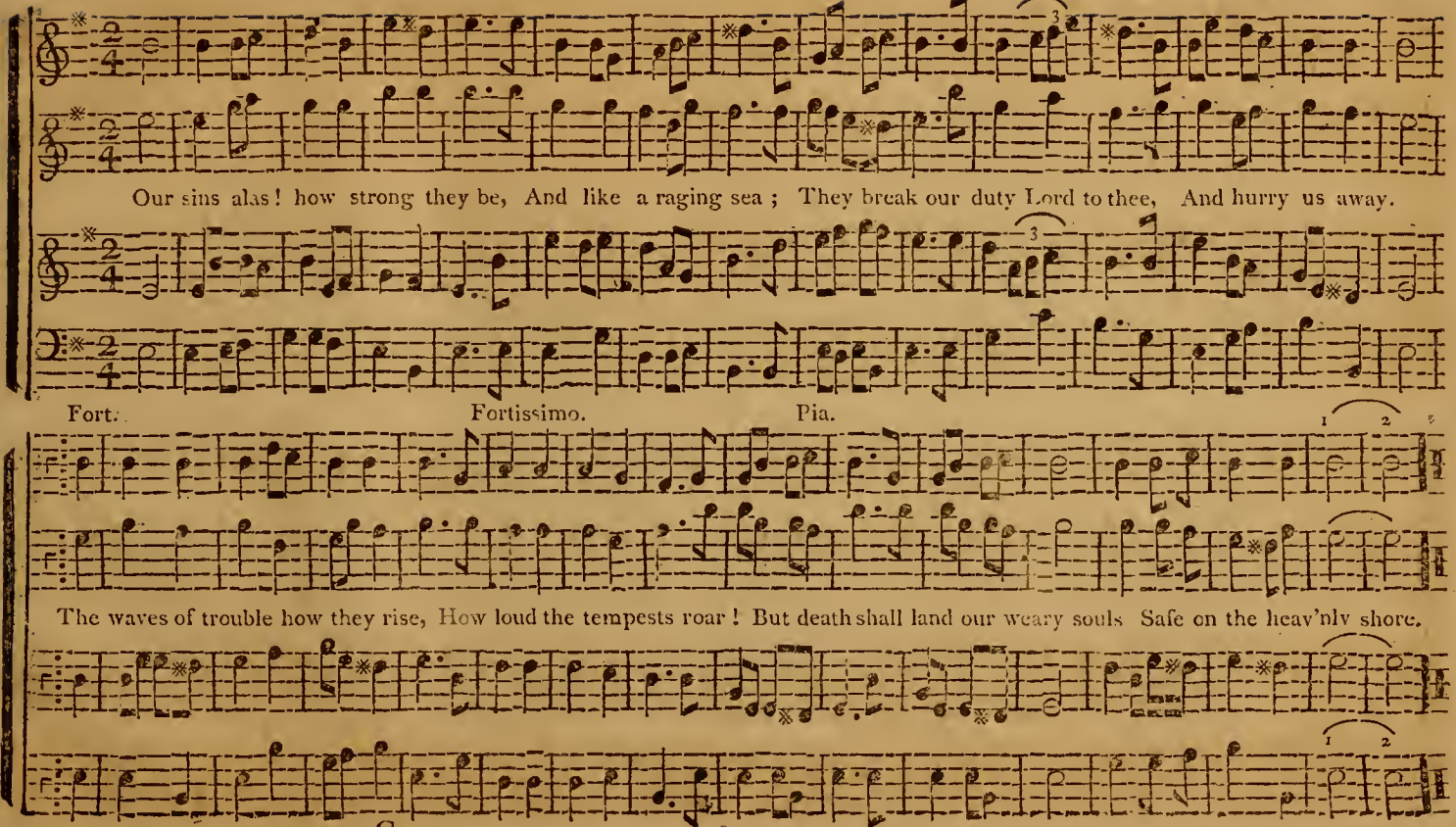
7. He says " Thy heav'nly will be done,
Thou righteous Lord, eternal Son ;
Thou everlasting God and King,
Thy will be done in every thing."

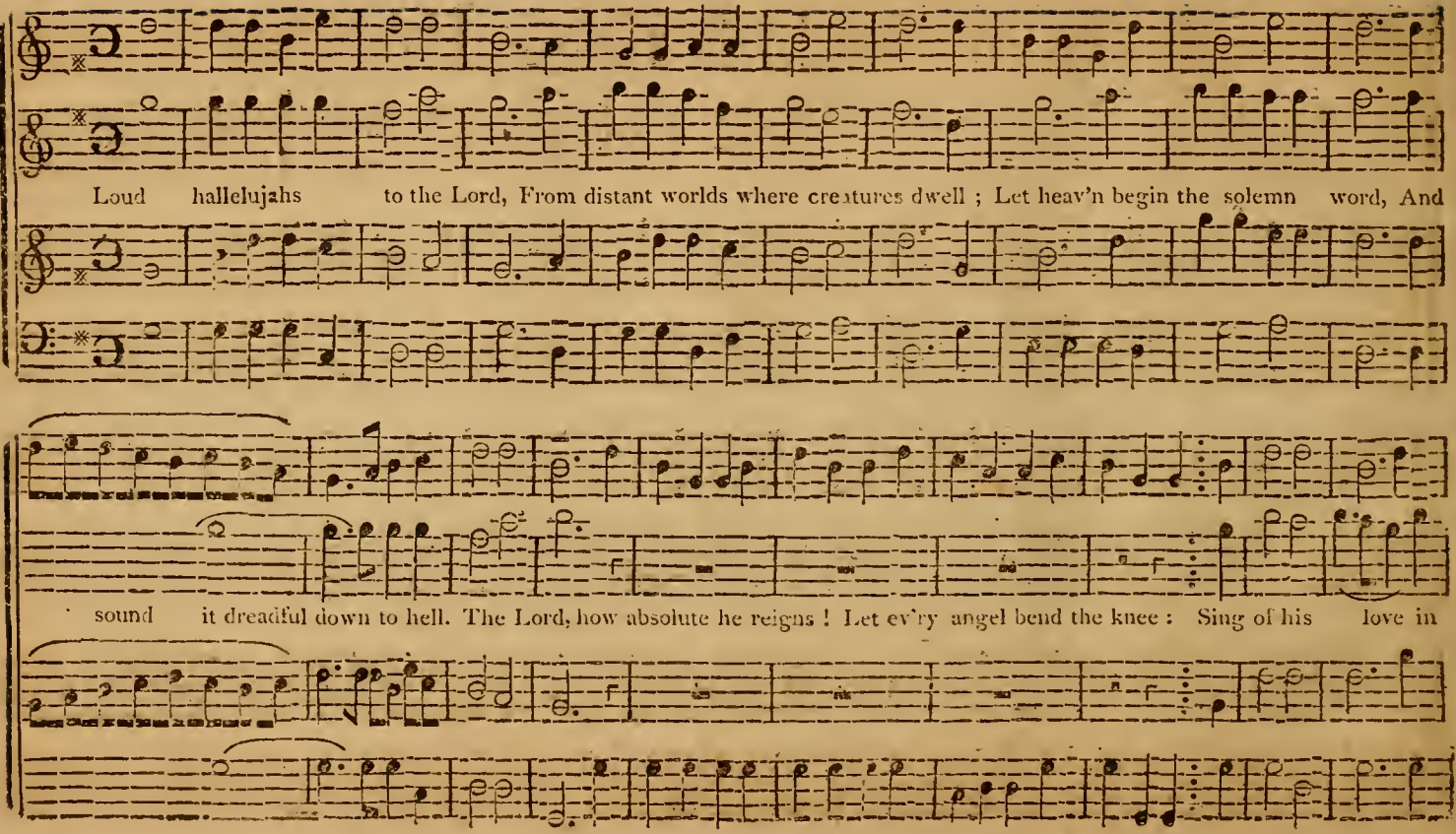
NEWBURYPORT. L. M. 1804 S. Jenks.

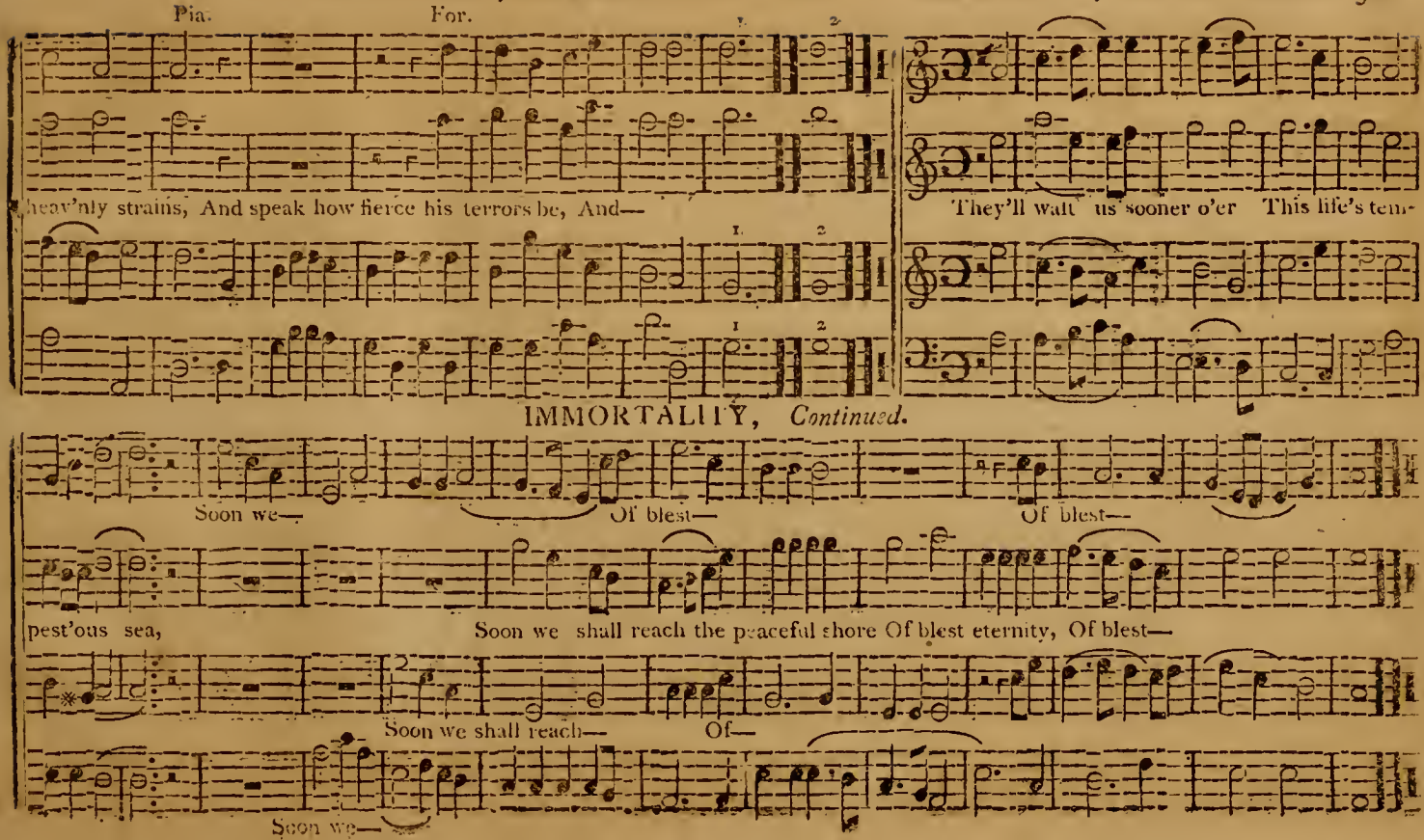



Thus to abuse—
Is th'i, the kind re - turn? And these the thanks we owe? Thus—
Thus to abus - e - ternal love,
Thus to abuse—
Thus to abuse—
Thus to abuse—
Thus to abuse eterna love, Whence all our blessings flow, Whence
Thus to—


From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise ; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Pia.
Fort.
Eternal are thy mercies Lord, Eternal truths attends thy word, Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise & set no more.


Our sins alas! how strong they be, And like a raging sea ; They break our duty Lord to thee, And hurry us away.
Fort.
Fortissimo.
Pia.
The waves of trouble how they rise, How loud the tempests roar ! But death shall land our weary souls Safe on the heav'nly shore.

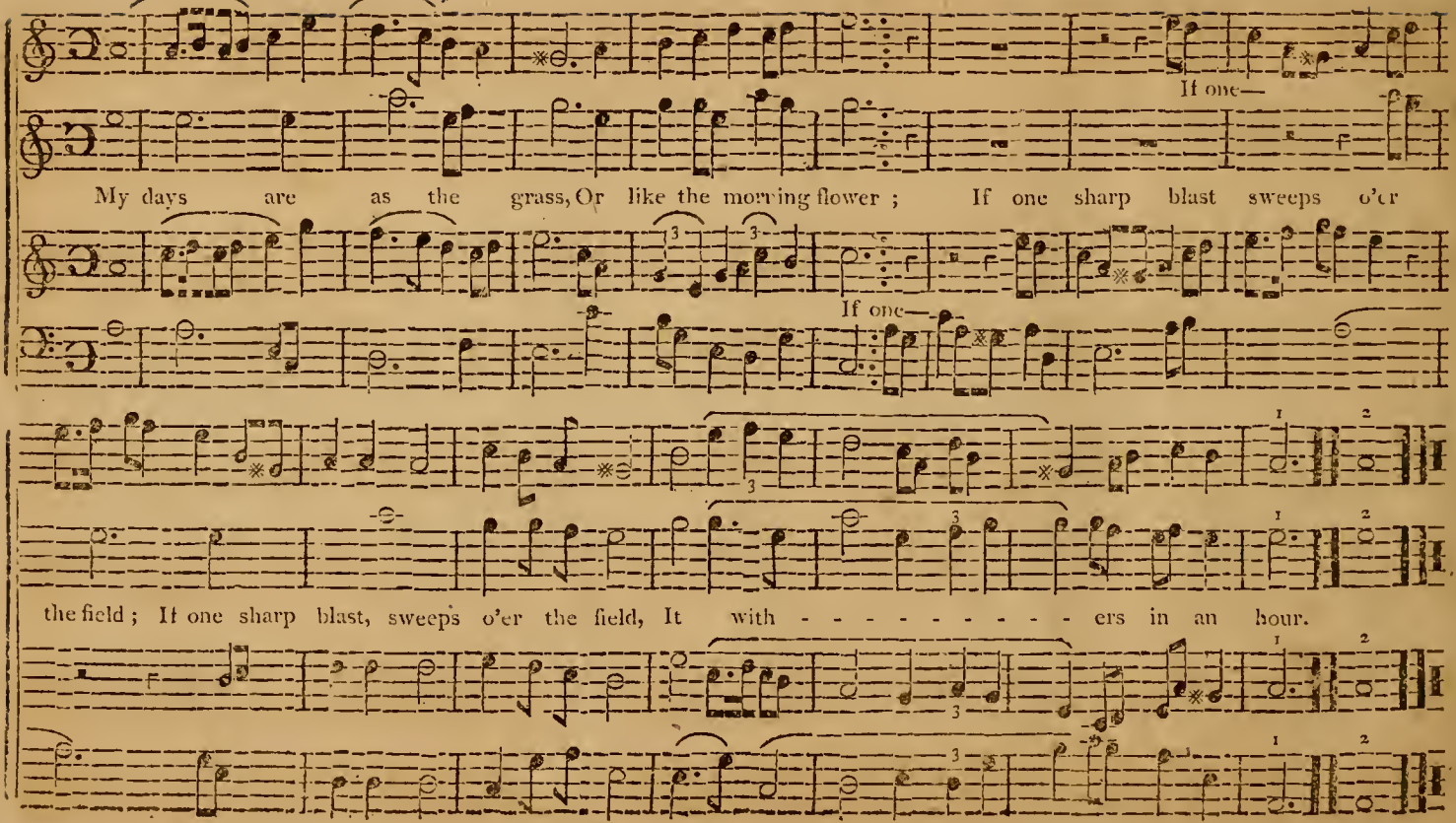

Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell ; Let heav'n begin the solemn word, And
sound it dreadful down to hell. The Lord, how absolute he reigns ! Let ev'ry angel bend the knee : Sing of his love in

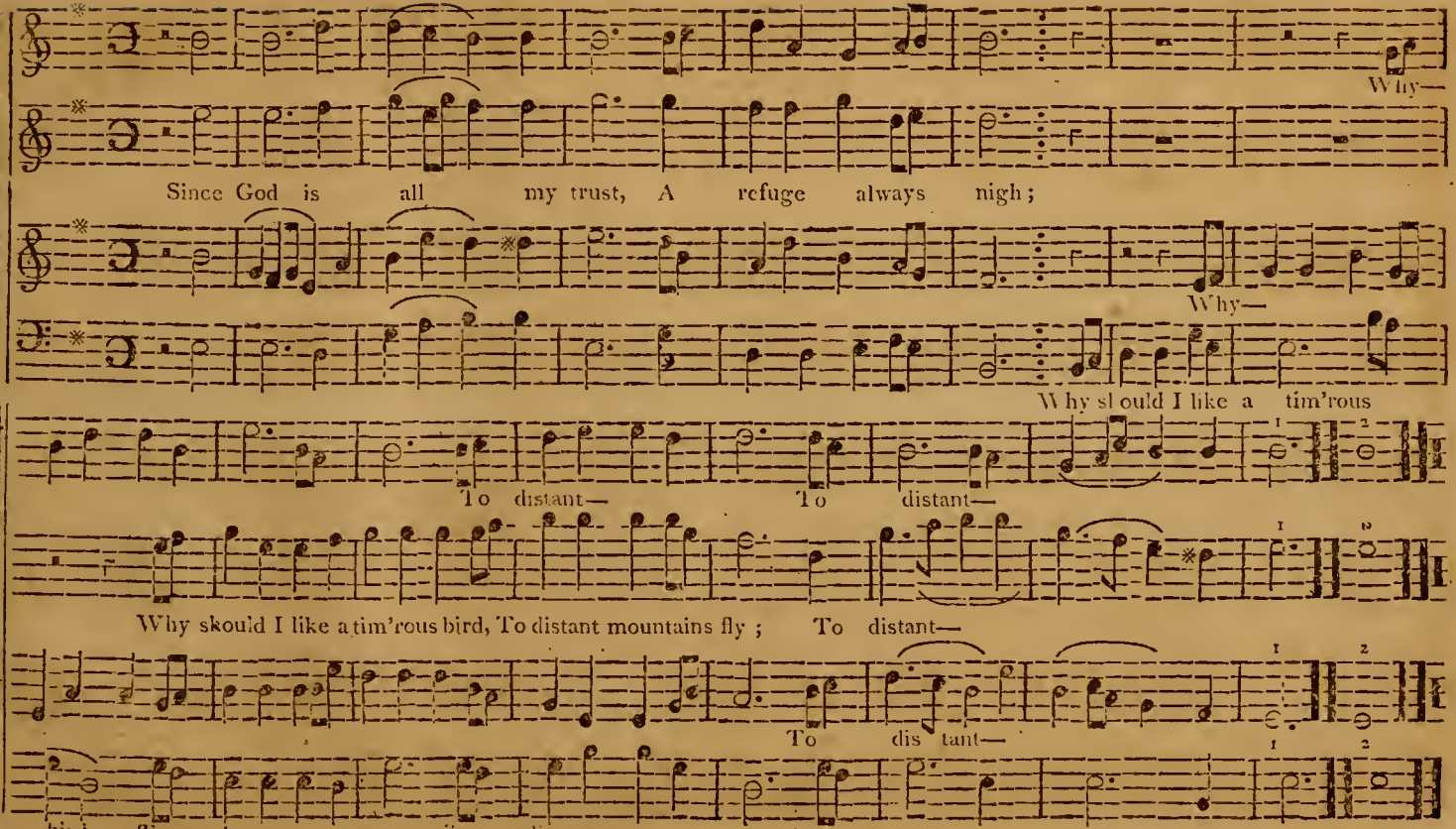

Pia.
For.
heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be, And—
They'll wait us sooner o'er This life's tem-
IMMORTALITY, *Continued.*
Soon we—
Of blest—
Of blest—
pest'ous sea,
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore Of blest eternity, Of blest—
Soon we shall reach—
Of—
Soon we—

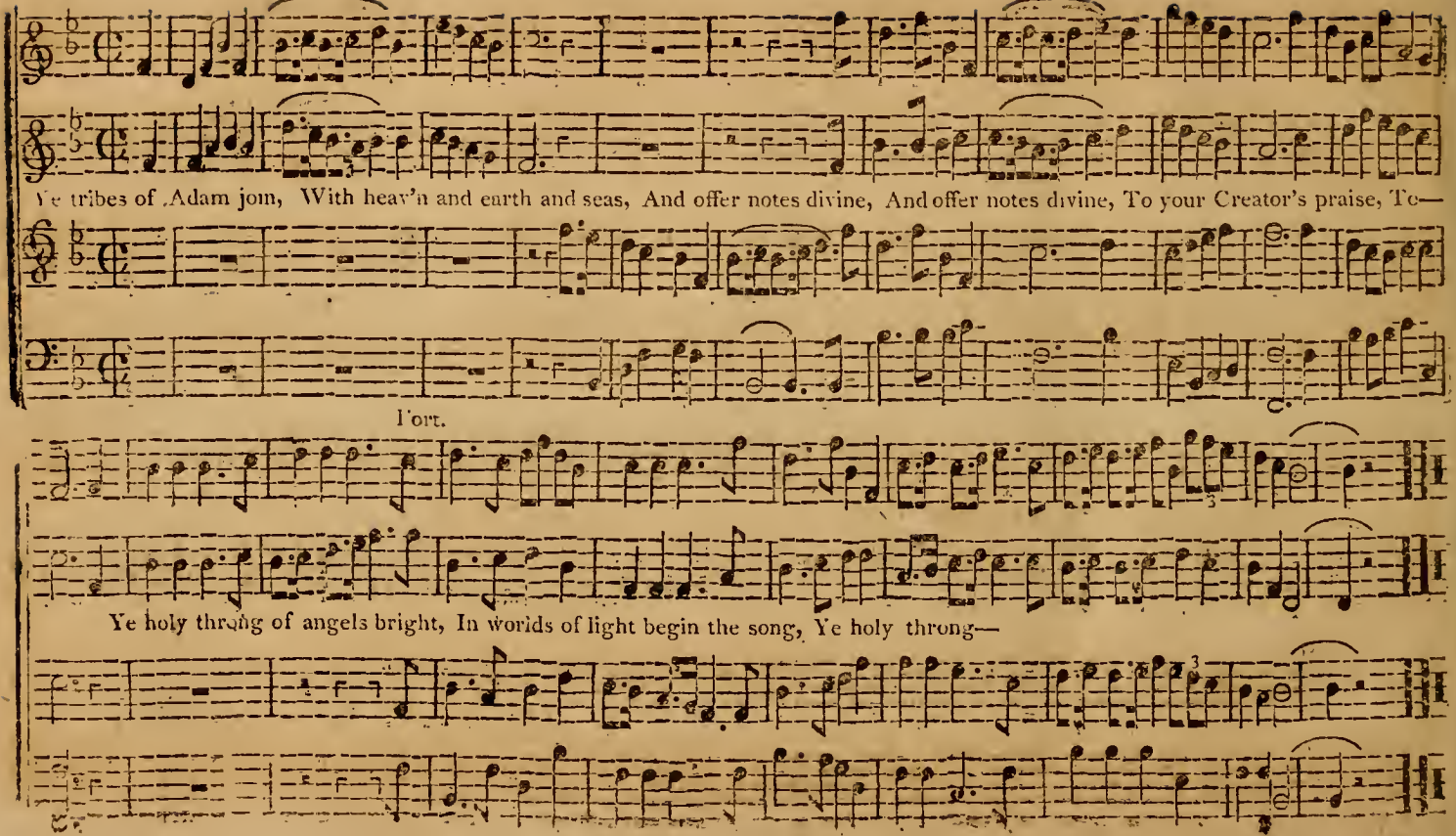
DECAY. S. M.

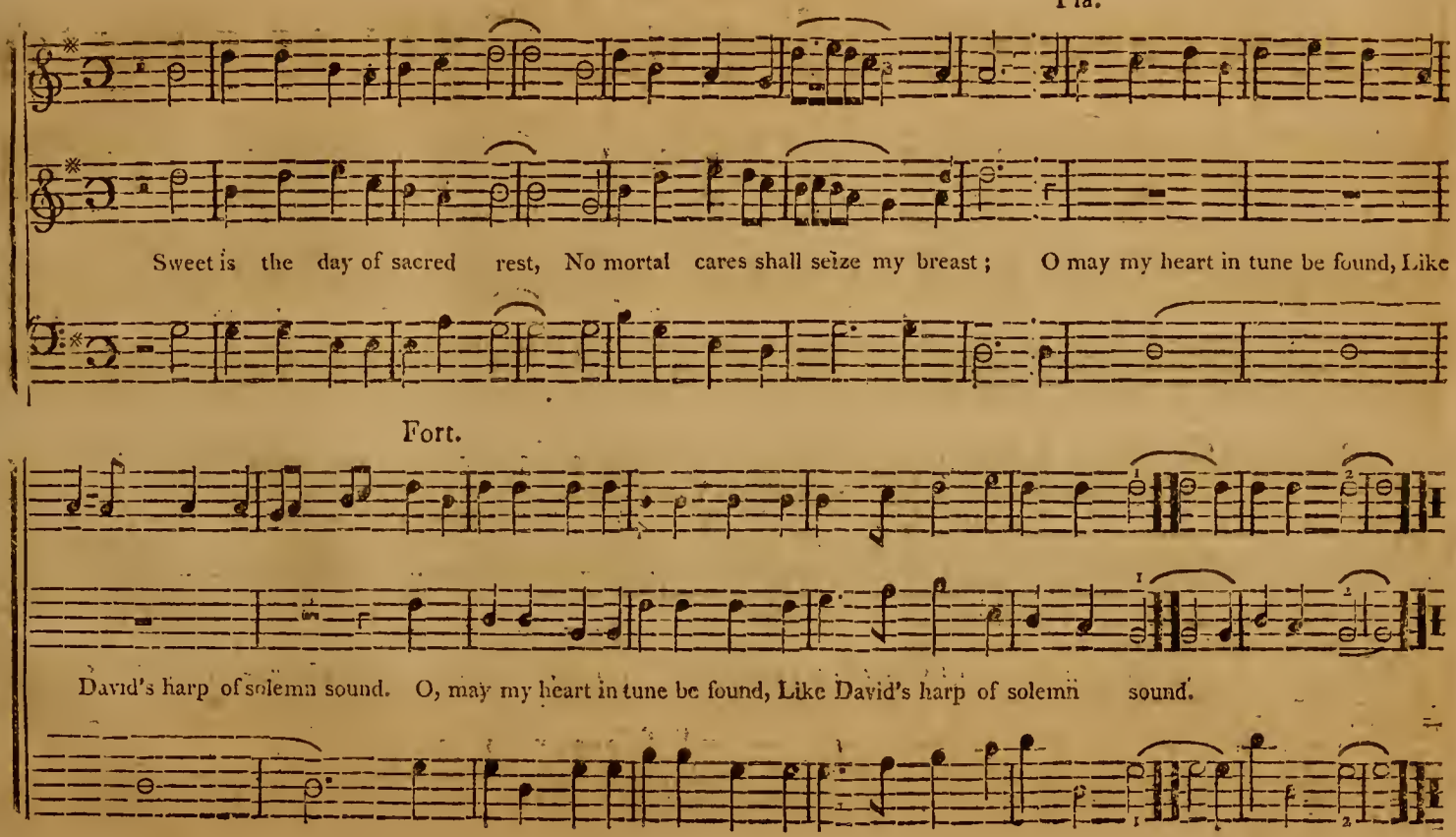
1805

S. Jenks.




Why—
Since God is all my trust, A refuge always nigh;
Why—
Why should I like a tim'rous
To distant— To distant—
Why should I like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly ; To distant—
To dis tant—
bird To distant— To distant—

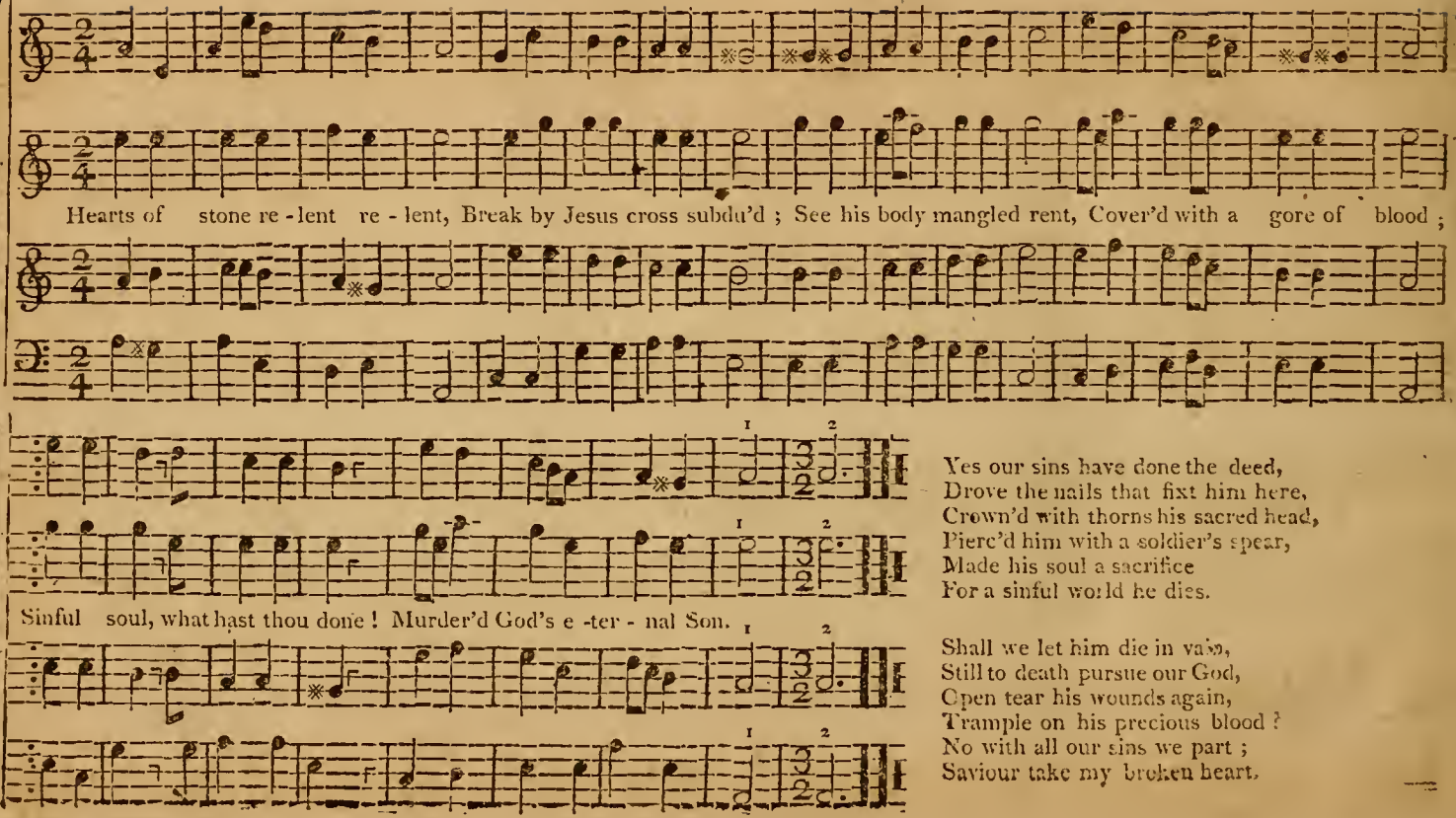

Ye tribes of Adam join, With heav'n and earth and seas, And offer notes divine, And offer notes divine, To your Creator's praise, To—
Fort.
Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song, Ye holy throng—


Pia.
Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like
Fort.
David's harp of solemn sound. O, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

1796

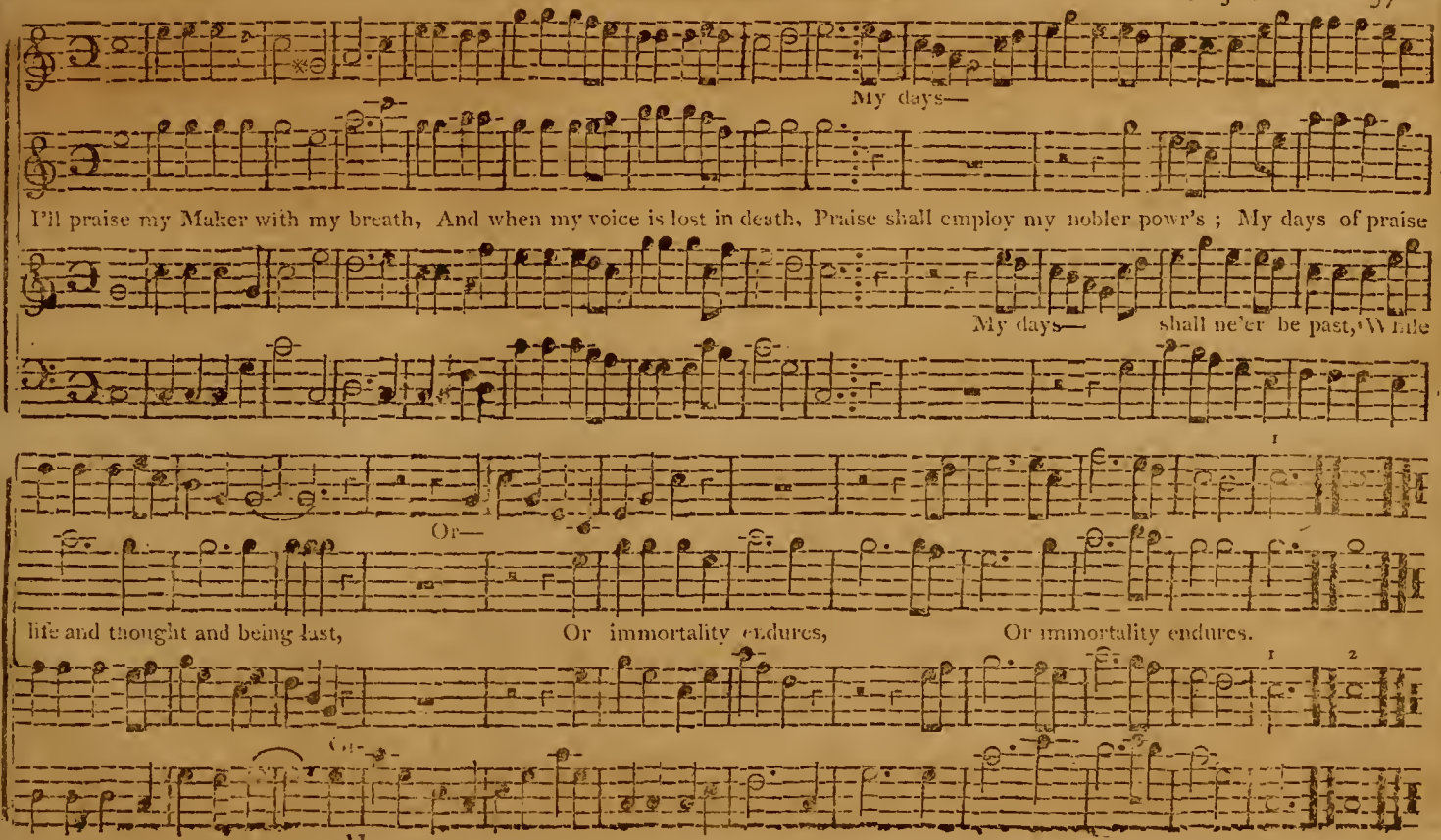
MOUNT CALVARY. H. M.

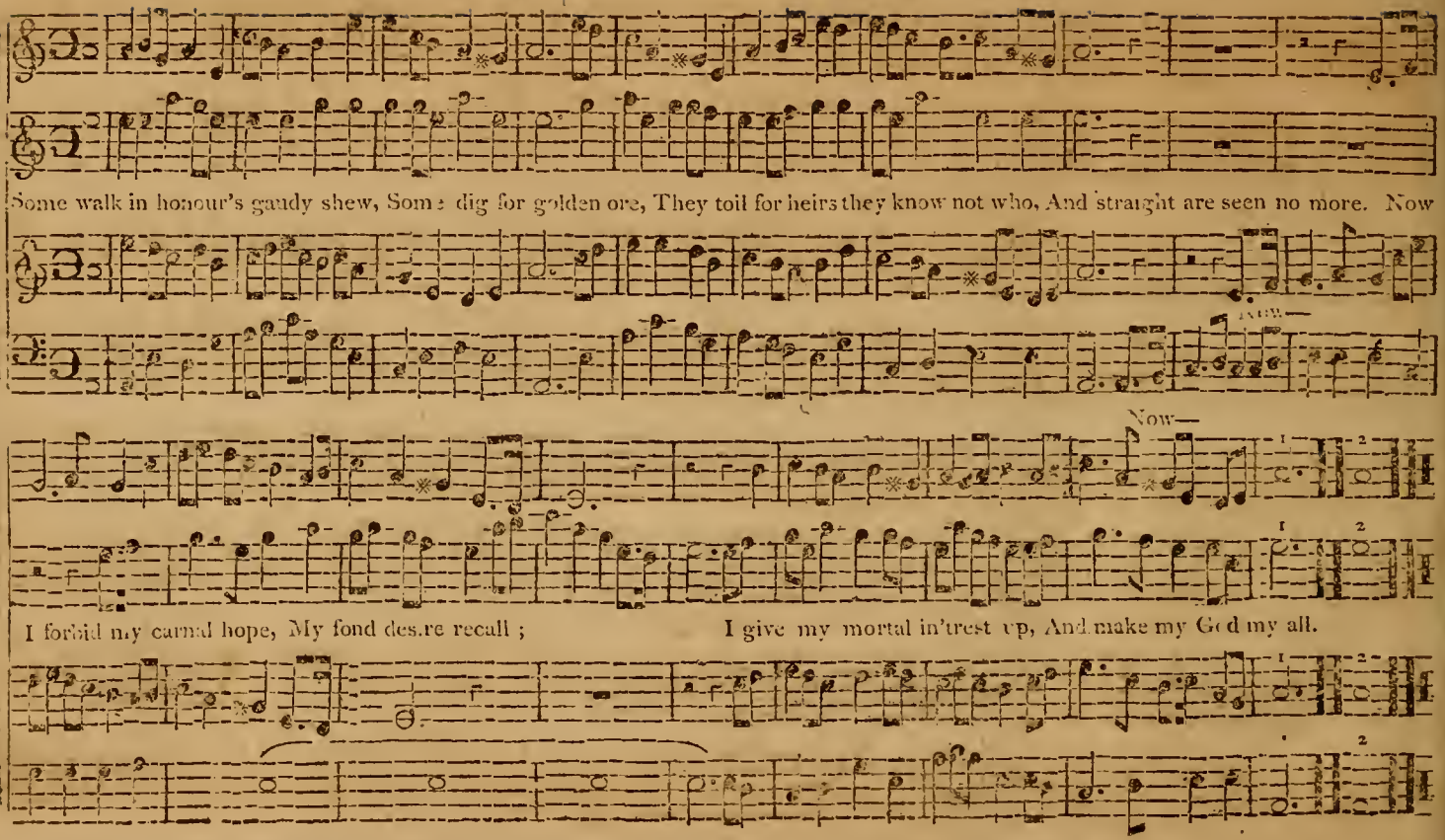
S. Jenks.

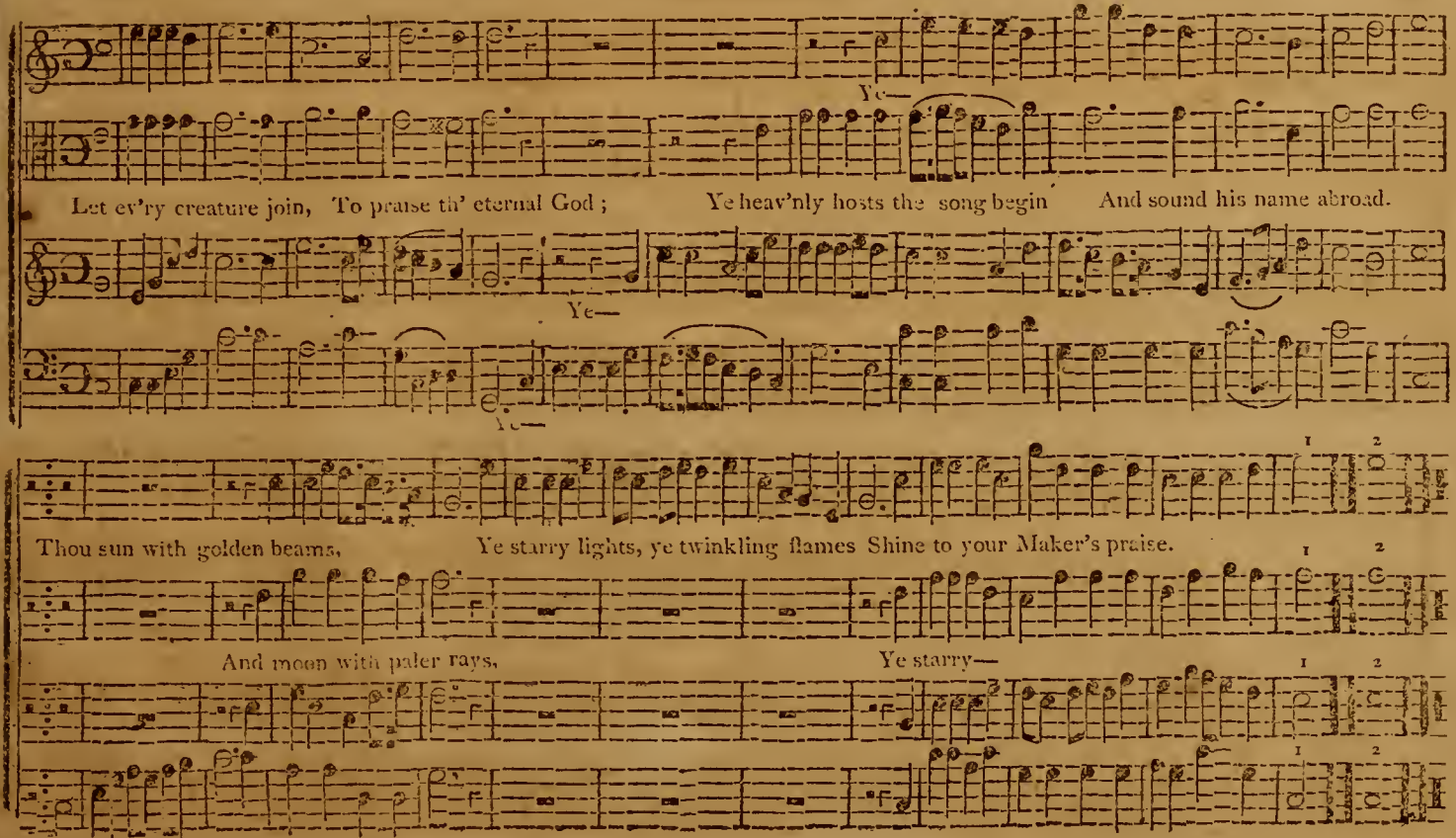


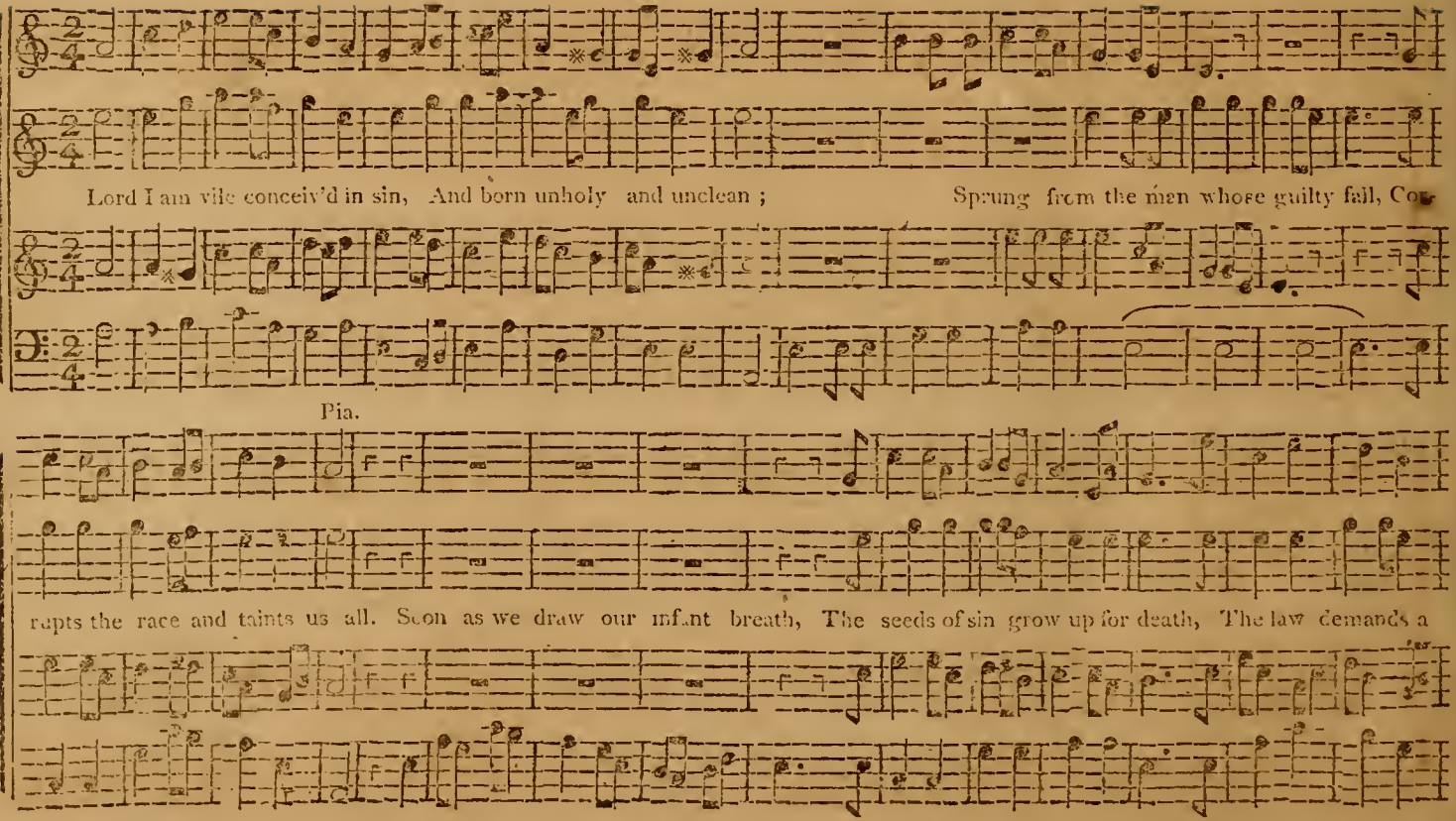
Yes our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fixt him here,
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice
For a sinful world he dies.

Shall we let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue our God,
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood ?
No with all our sins we part ;
Saviour take my broken heart.

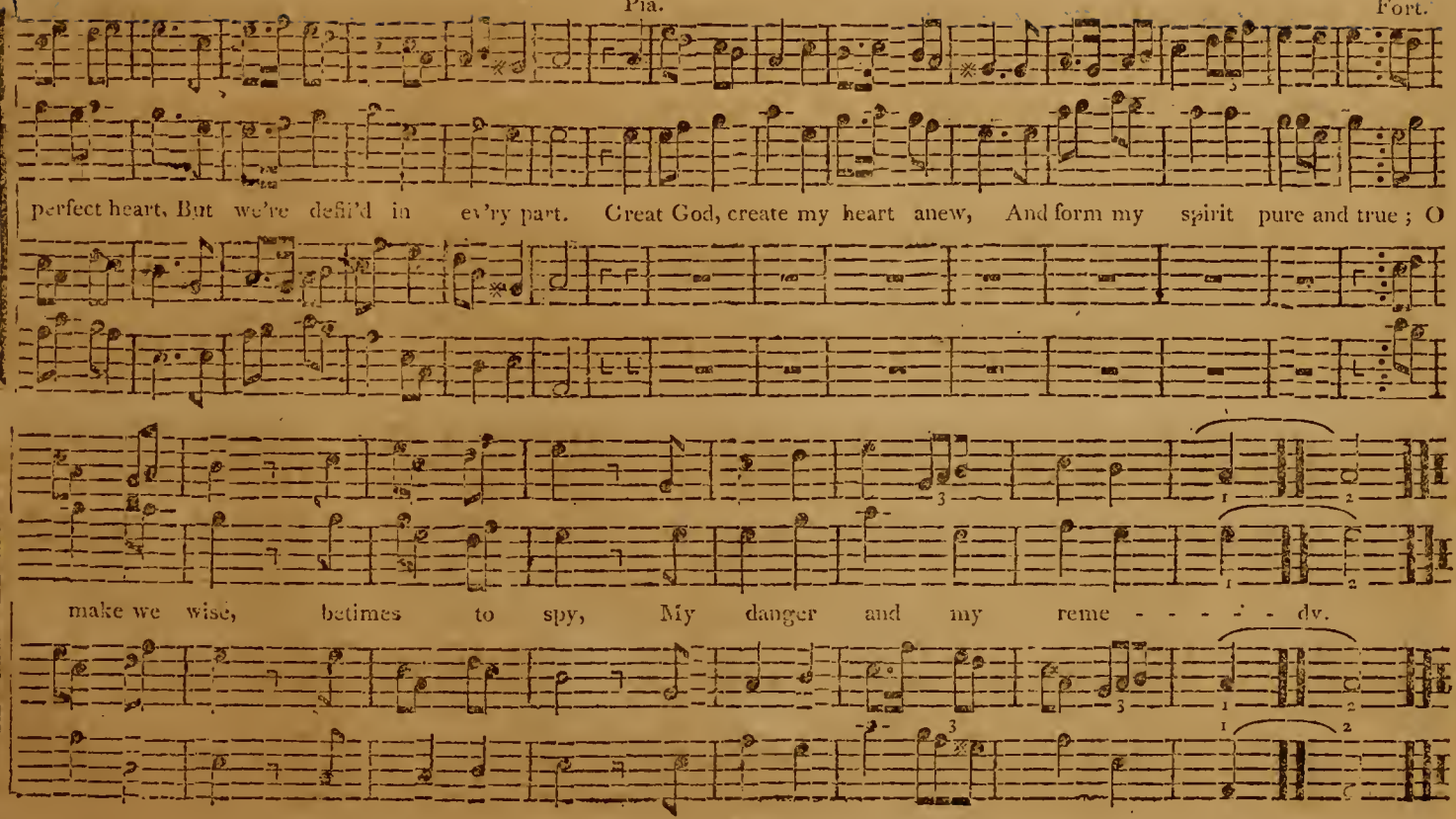

My days—
I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powr's ; My days of praise
My days— shall ne'er be past, While
Or—
life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures, Or immortality endures.
Or—
H.

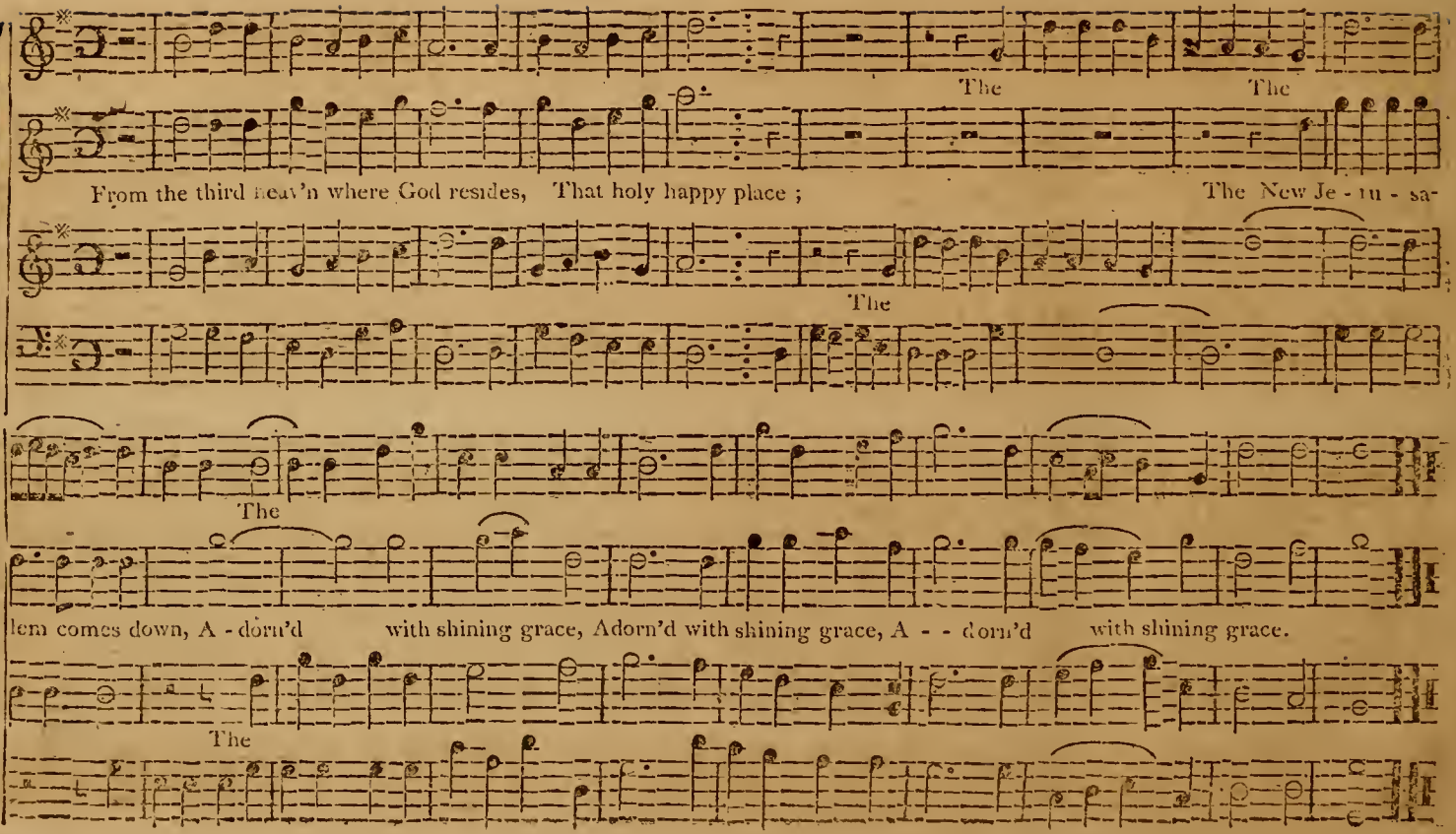

Some walk in honour's gaudy shew, Some dig for golden ore, They toil for heirs they know not who, And straight are seen no more. Now
Now—
I forbid my carnal hope, My fond desire recall ;
I give my mortal interest up, And make my God my all.

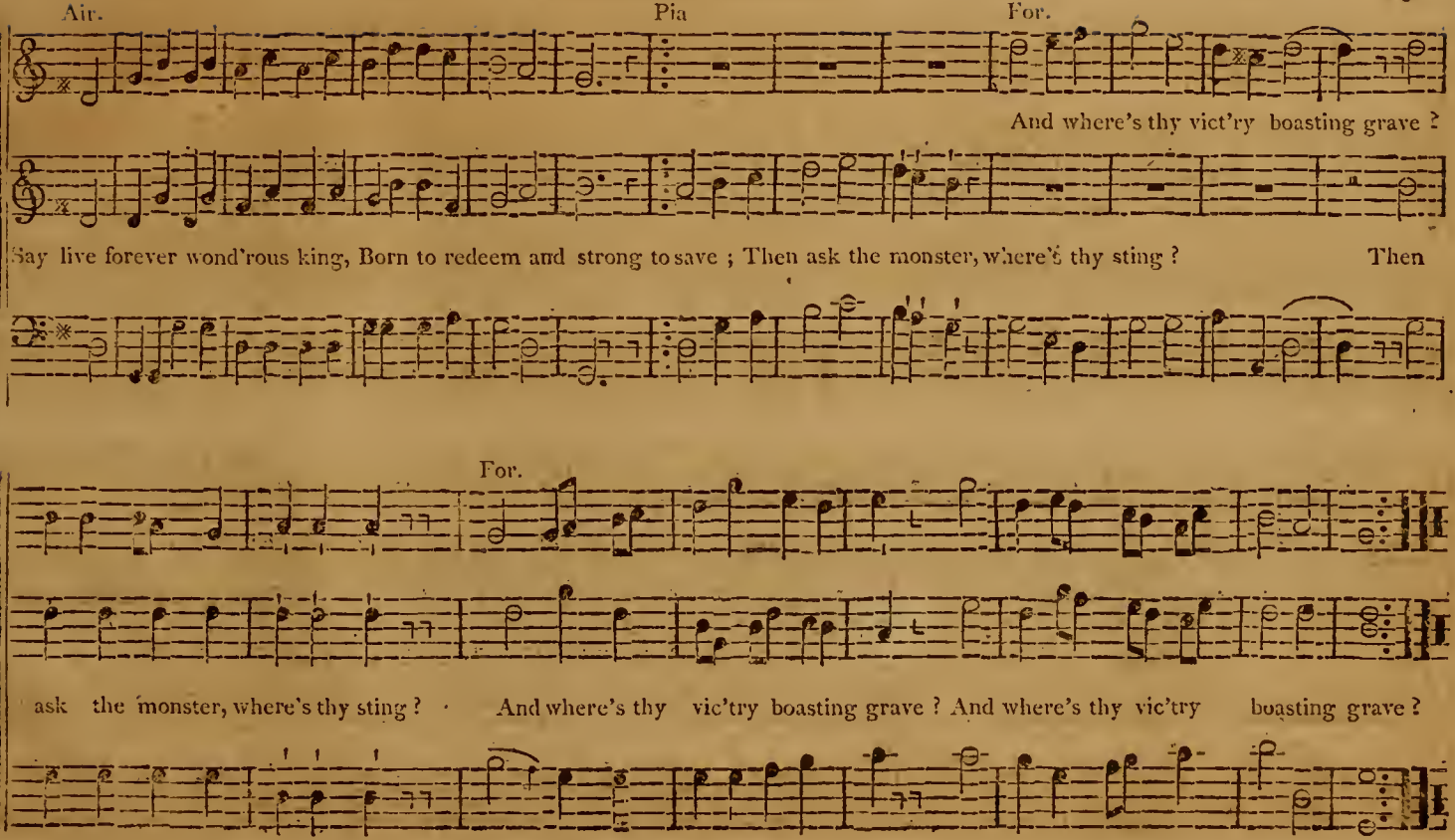

Ye—
Let ev'ry creature join, To praise th' eternal God ; Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin And sound his name abroad.
Ye—
Ye—
1 2
Thou sun with golden beams, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames Shine to your Maker's praise.
1 2
And moon with paler rays, Ye starry—
1 2
1 2

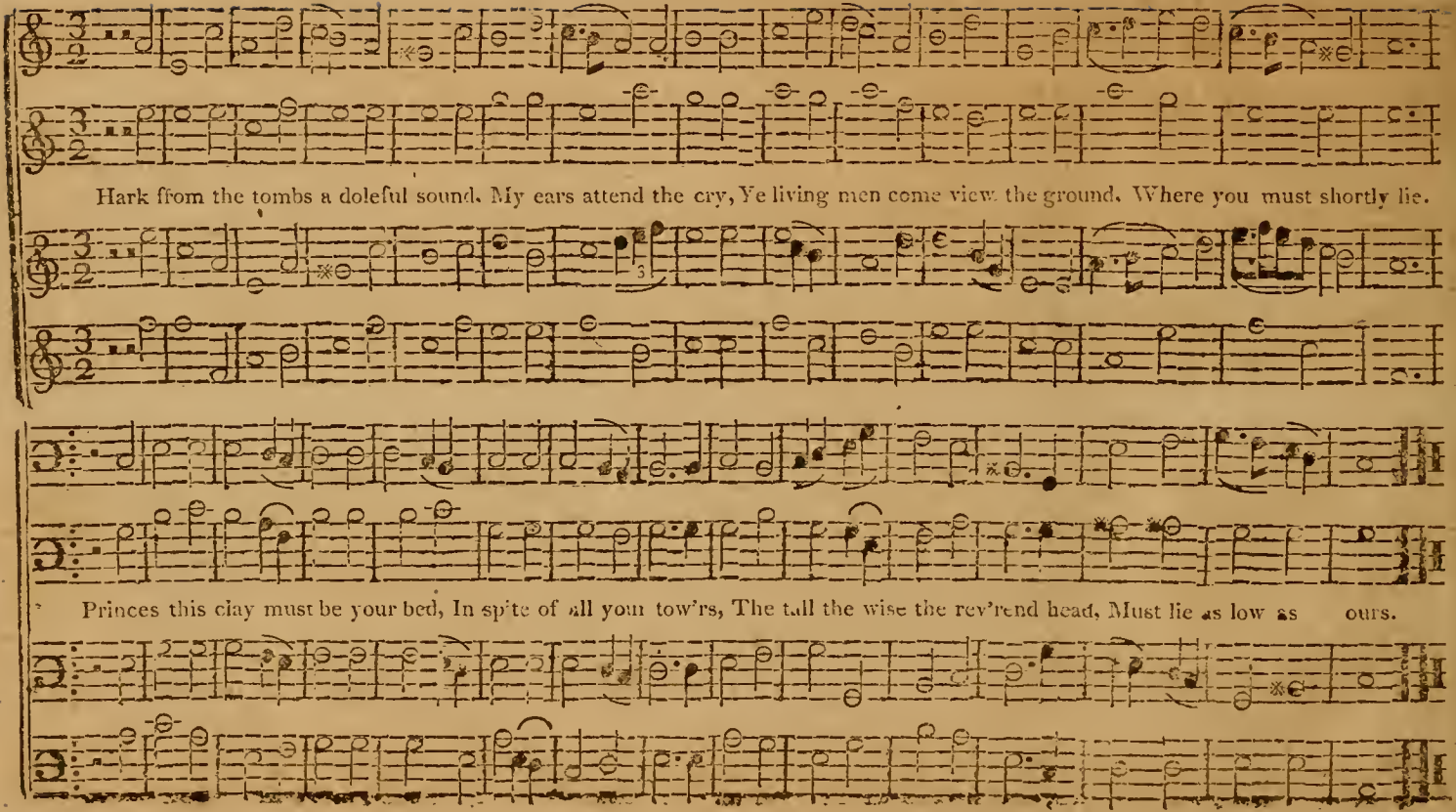

Lord I am vile conceiv'd in sin, And born unholy and unclean ; Sprung from the man whose guilty fall, Co-
Pia.
rupts the race and taints us all. Soon as we draw our infant breath, The seeds of sin grow up for death, The law demands a

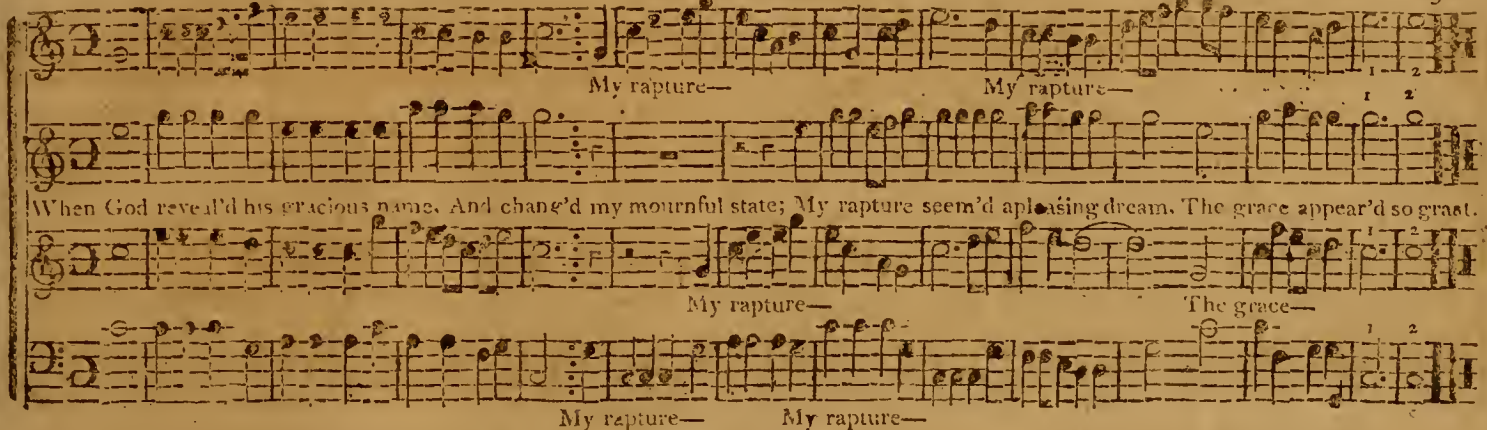
Pia. Fort.


perfect heart, But we're defil'd in ev'ry part. Great God, create my heart anew, And form my spirit pure and true; O
make we wise, betimes to spy, My danger and my reme - - - - - dy.

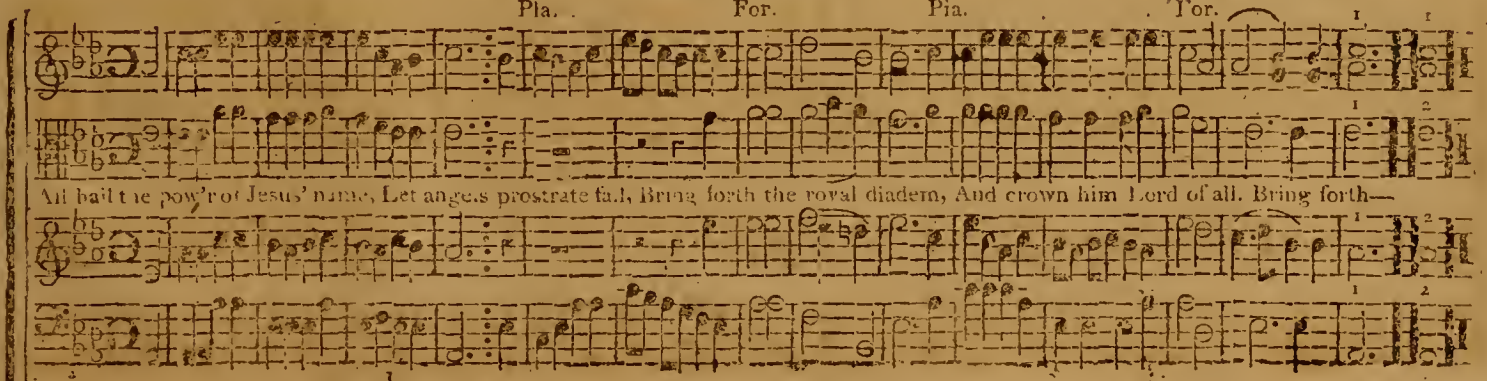

The
The
From the third heav'n where God resides, That holy happy place ;
The New Je - ru - sa-
The
The
lem comes down, A - dorn'd with shining grace, Adorn'd with shining grace, A - - dorn'd with shining grace.
The

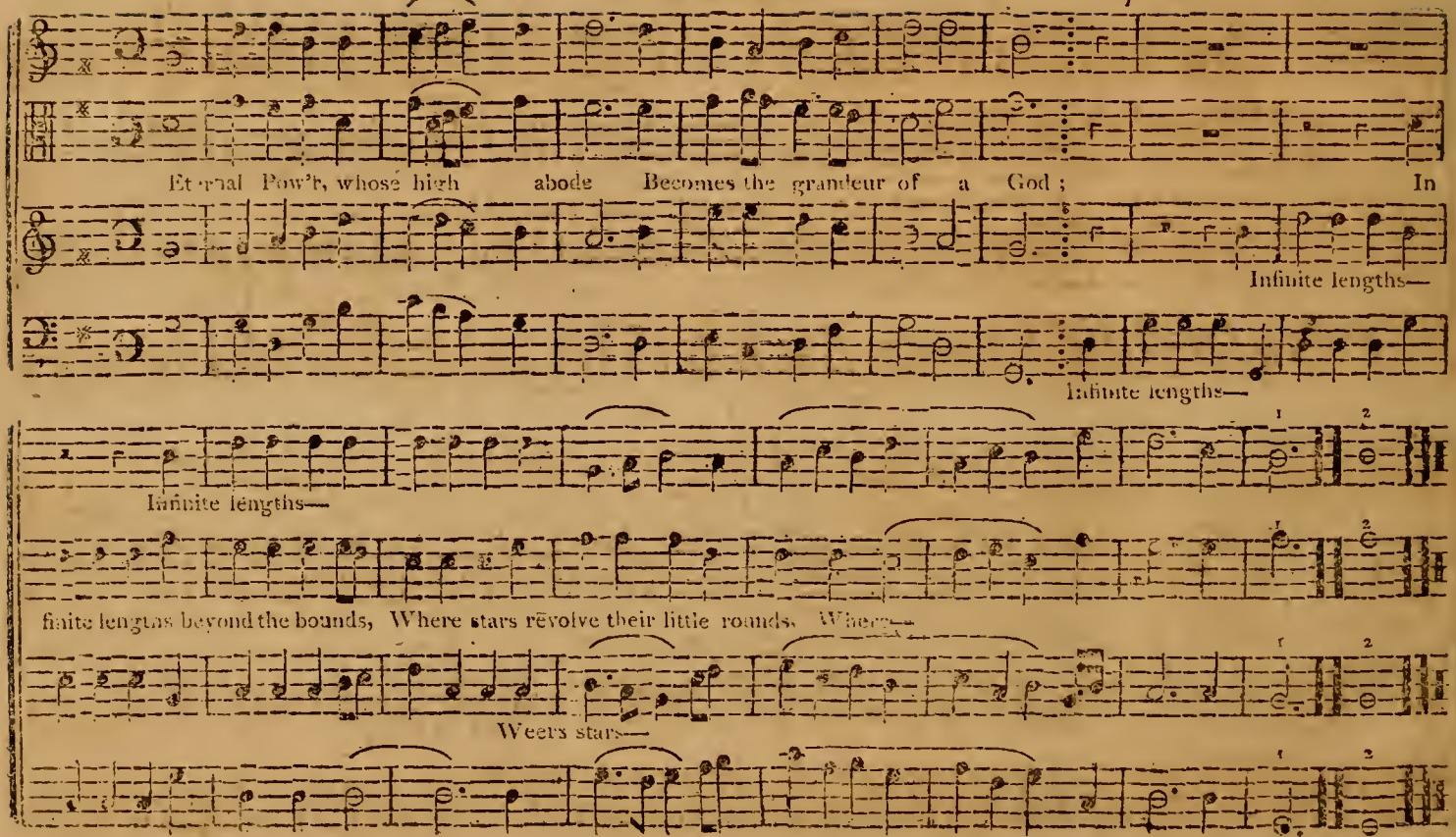

Air.
Pia
For.
And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave ?
Say live forever wond'rous king, Born to redeem and strong to save ; Then ask the monster, where's thy sting ?
Then
For.
ask the monster, where's thy sting ?
And where's thy vic'try boasting grave ? And where's thy vic'try boasting grave ?

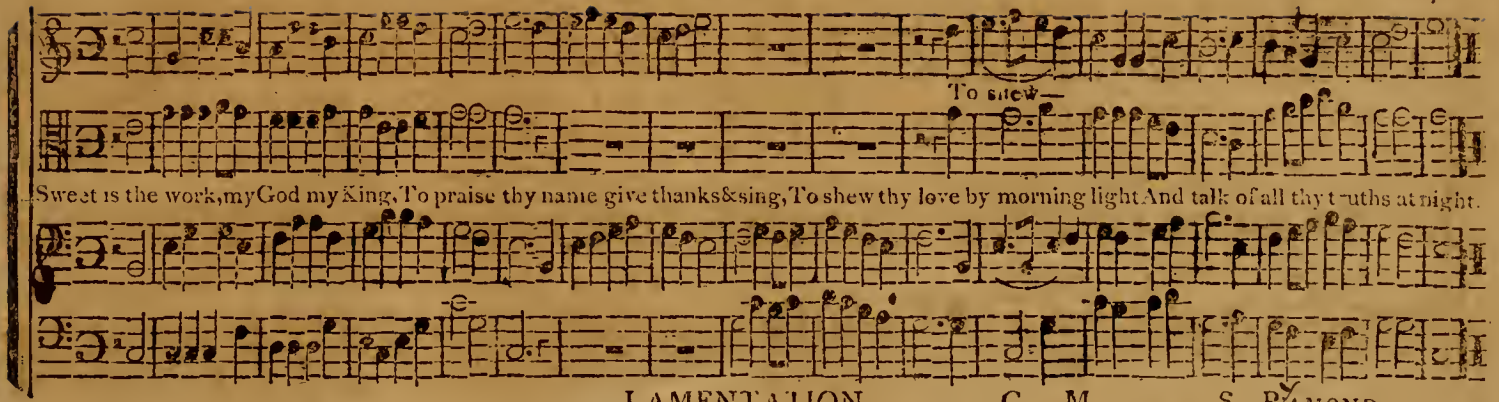

Hark from the tombs a doleful sound. My ears attend the cry, Ye living men come view the ground. Where you must shortly lie.
Princes this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs, The tall the wise the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours.



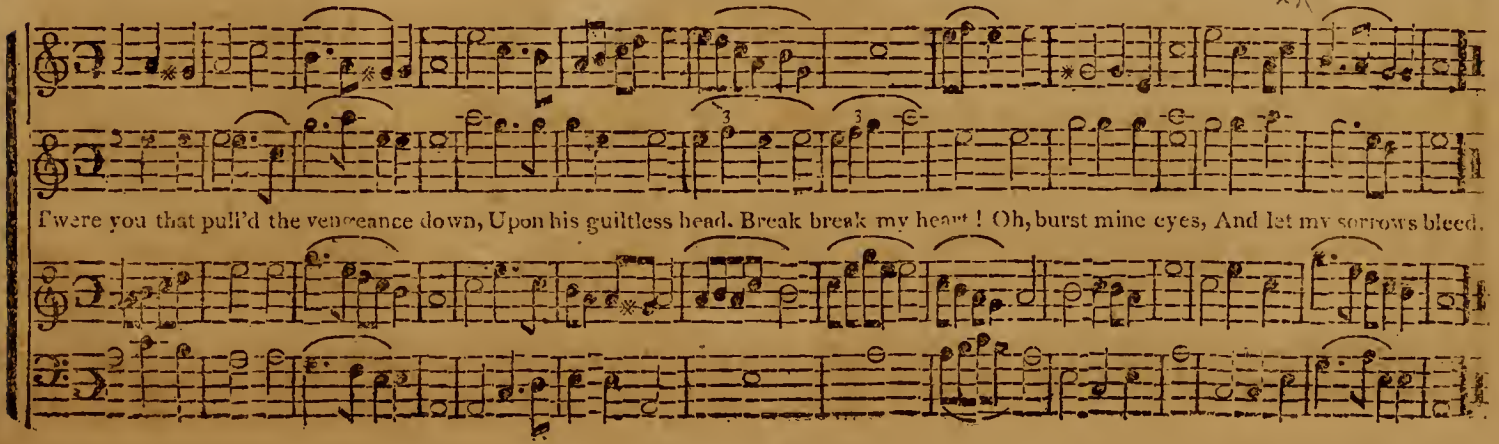
CORONATION. C. M. O. HOLDEN.




Et·rnal Pow'r, whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God; In
Infinite lengths—
Infinite lengths—
Infinite lengths—
finite lengths beyond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds. Where—
Weers stars—



LAMENTATION. C. M. S. RAMOND.



Pia.

I feel my Saviour's cheering voice ; And longs to join immortal lays.

Air.

Now can my soul in God rejoice, My heart awakes to sing his praise Hold me, O Jesus, in thine

Pia. For.

And cheer me with immortal charms,

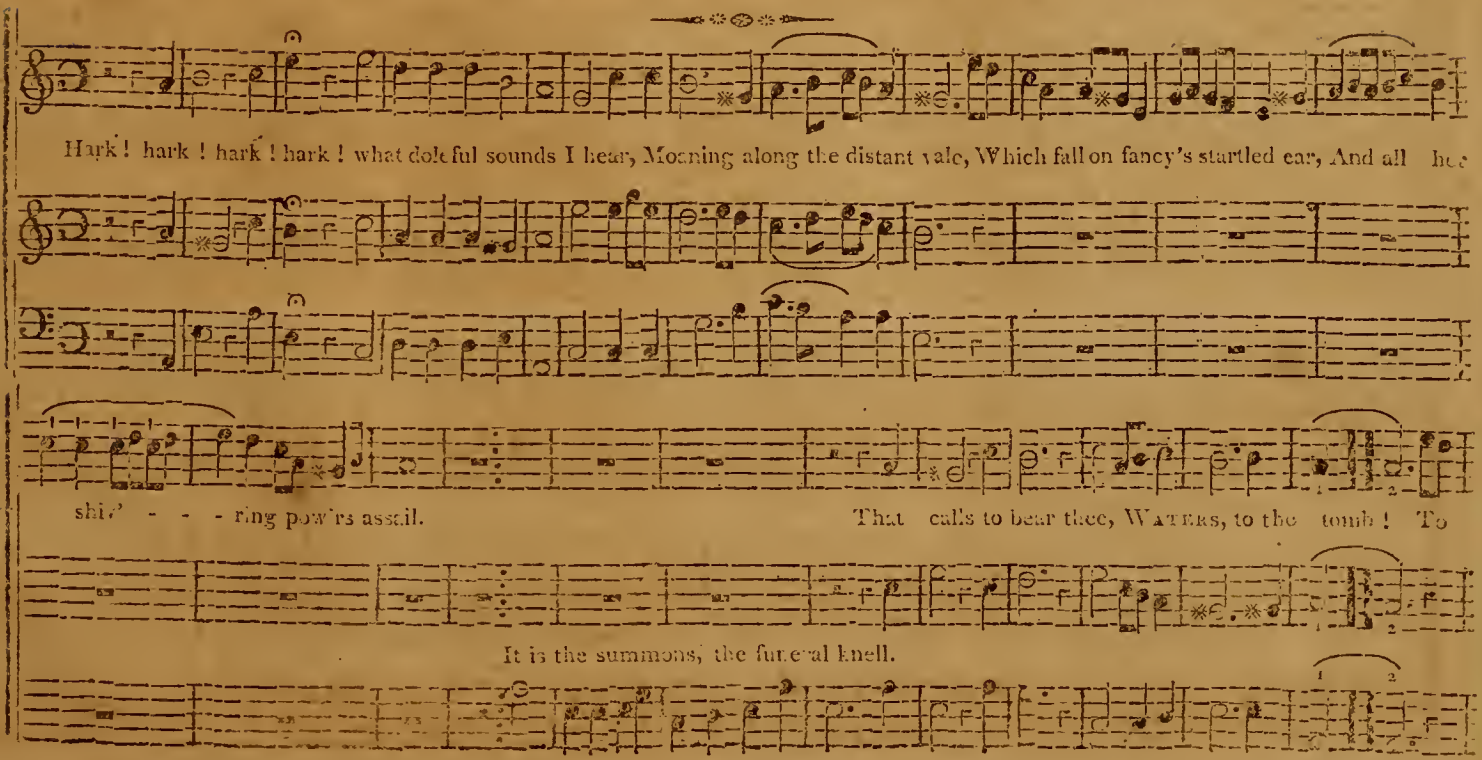
arms, Till I awake in realms above, Forever to enjoy thy love. Till I awake—

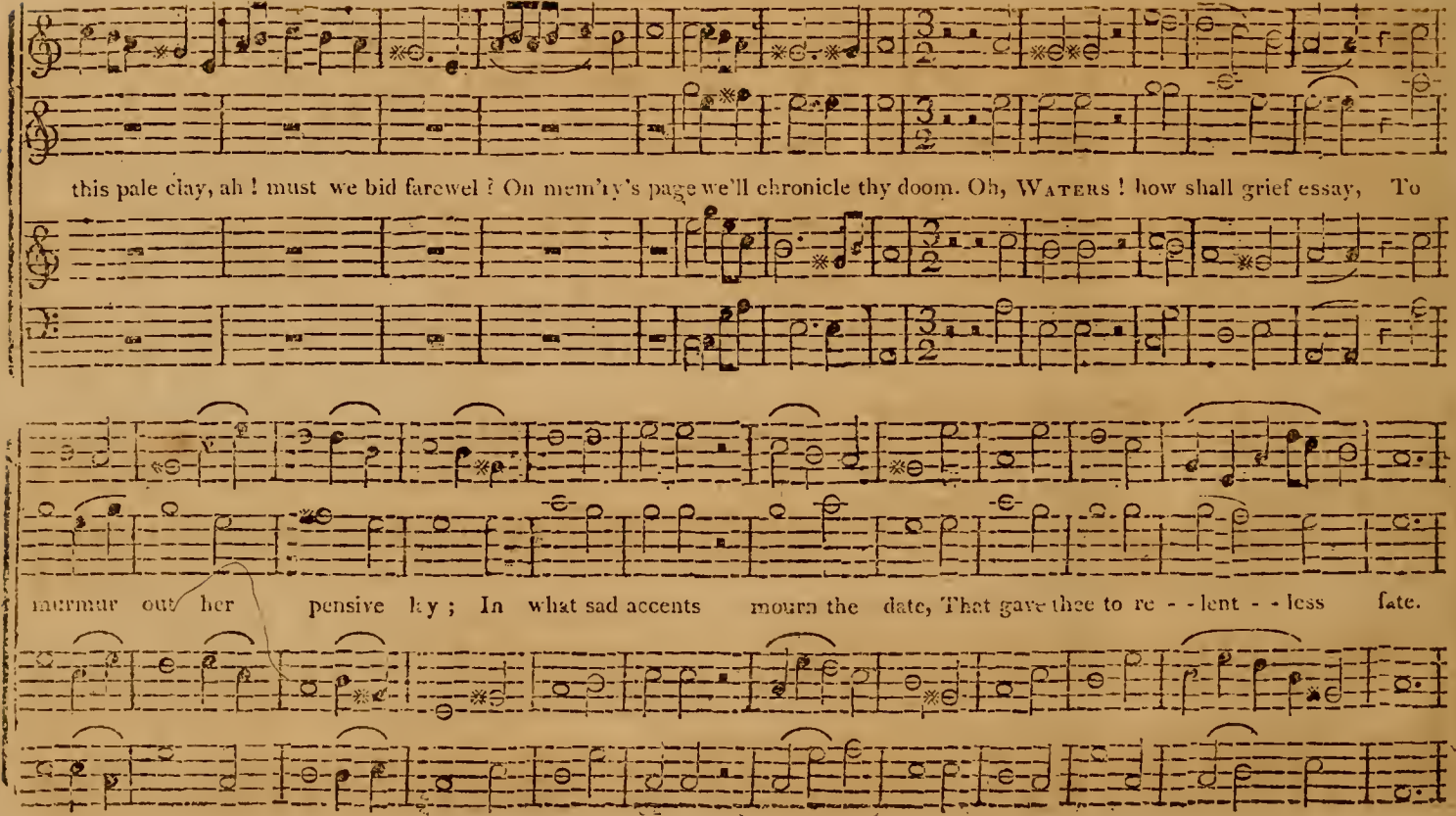
1804

A Funeral Elegy,

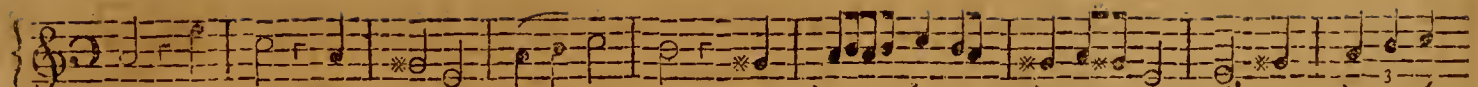
To the MEMORY of Mr. *WATERS RICHARDS*,

only Son of I. Richards, Esq. *New-Canaan* (Connecticut)——Words by W. Janes—Set to Music by S. Jenks.

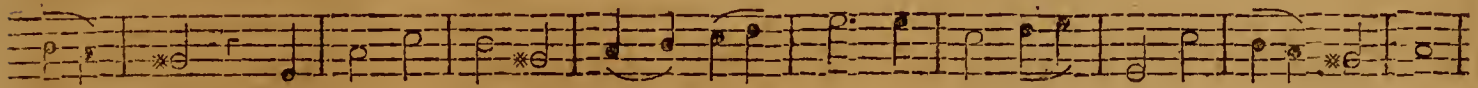



this pale clay, ah ! must we bid farewel ? On mem'ry's page we'll chronicle thy doom. Oh, Waters ! how shall grief essay, To
murmur out her pensive ky ; In what sad accents mourn the date, That gave thee to re - - lent - - less fate.

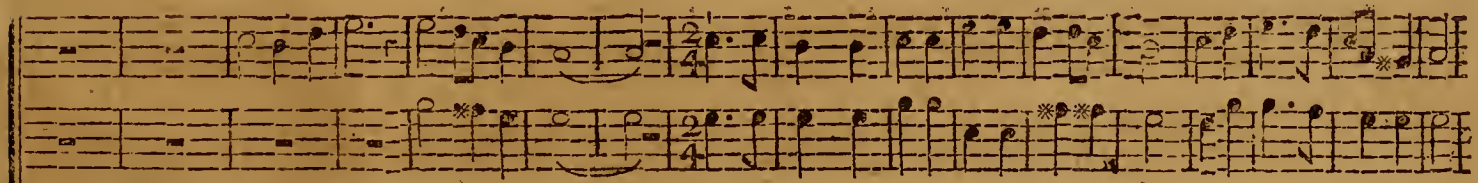
Treble Solo.



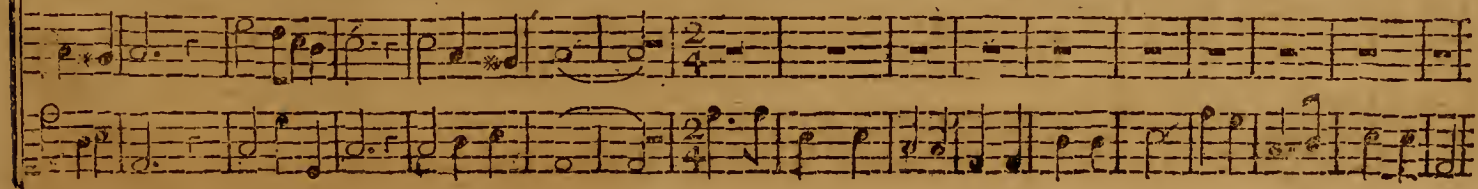
Hark ! hark ! hark ! the mourners sighs, and cries, And moans, and groans, sa - - - lute

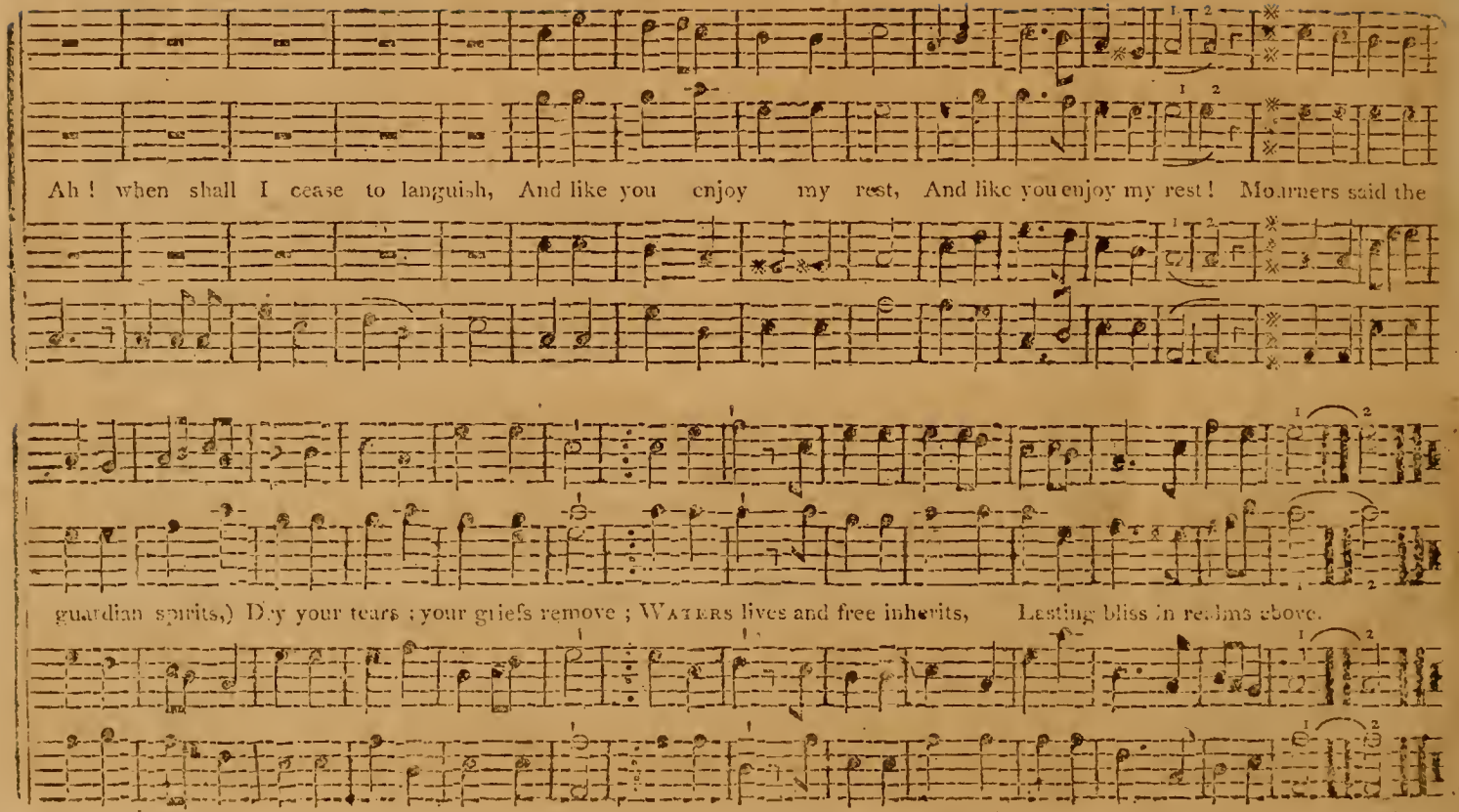


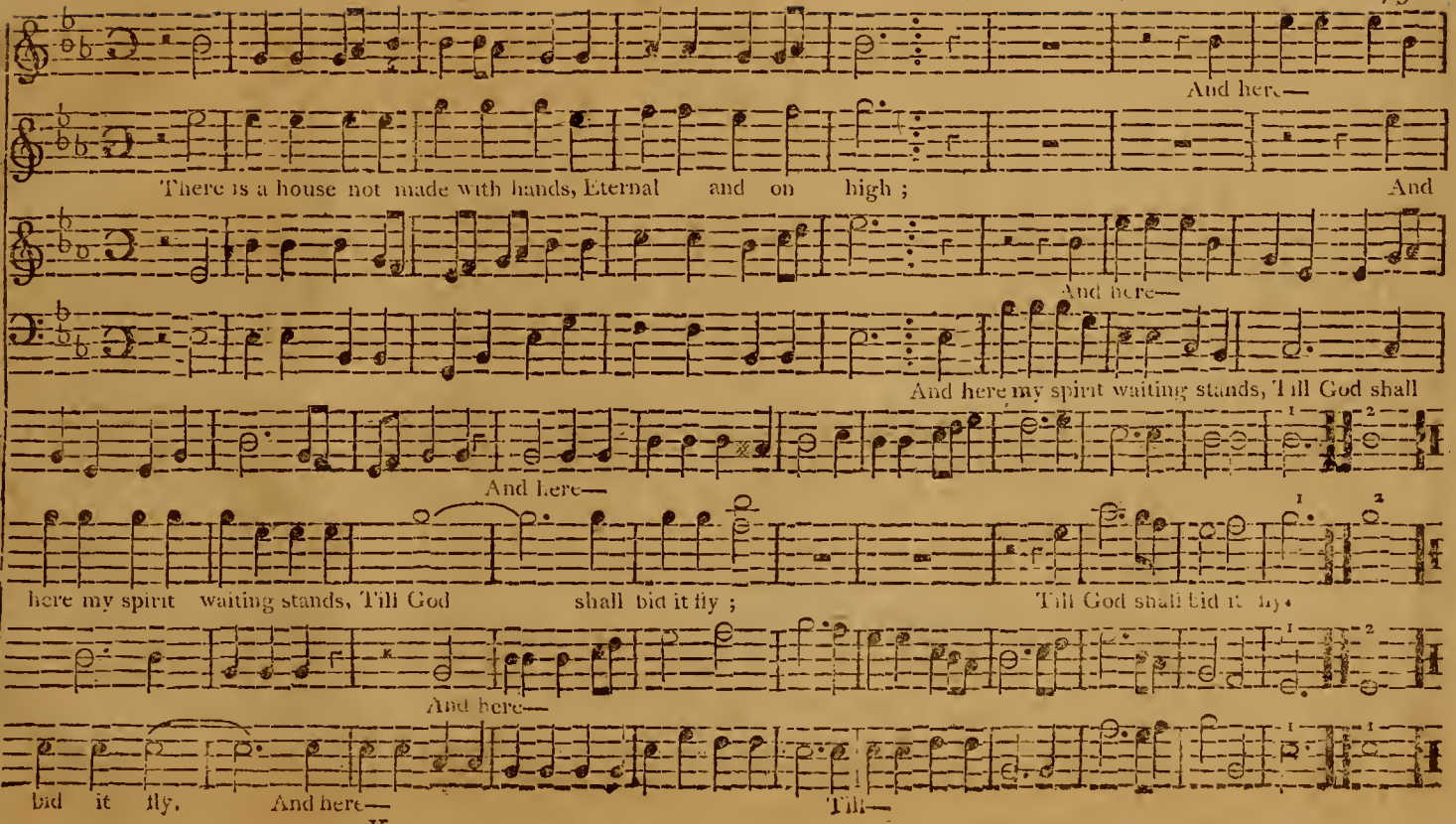
mine ears, while deep responses round them rise, As thus they vent their woes in tears,

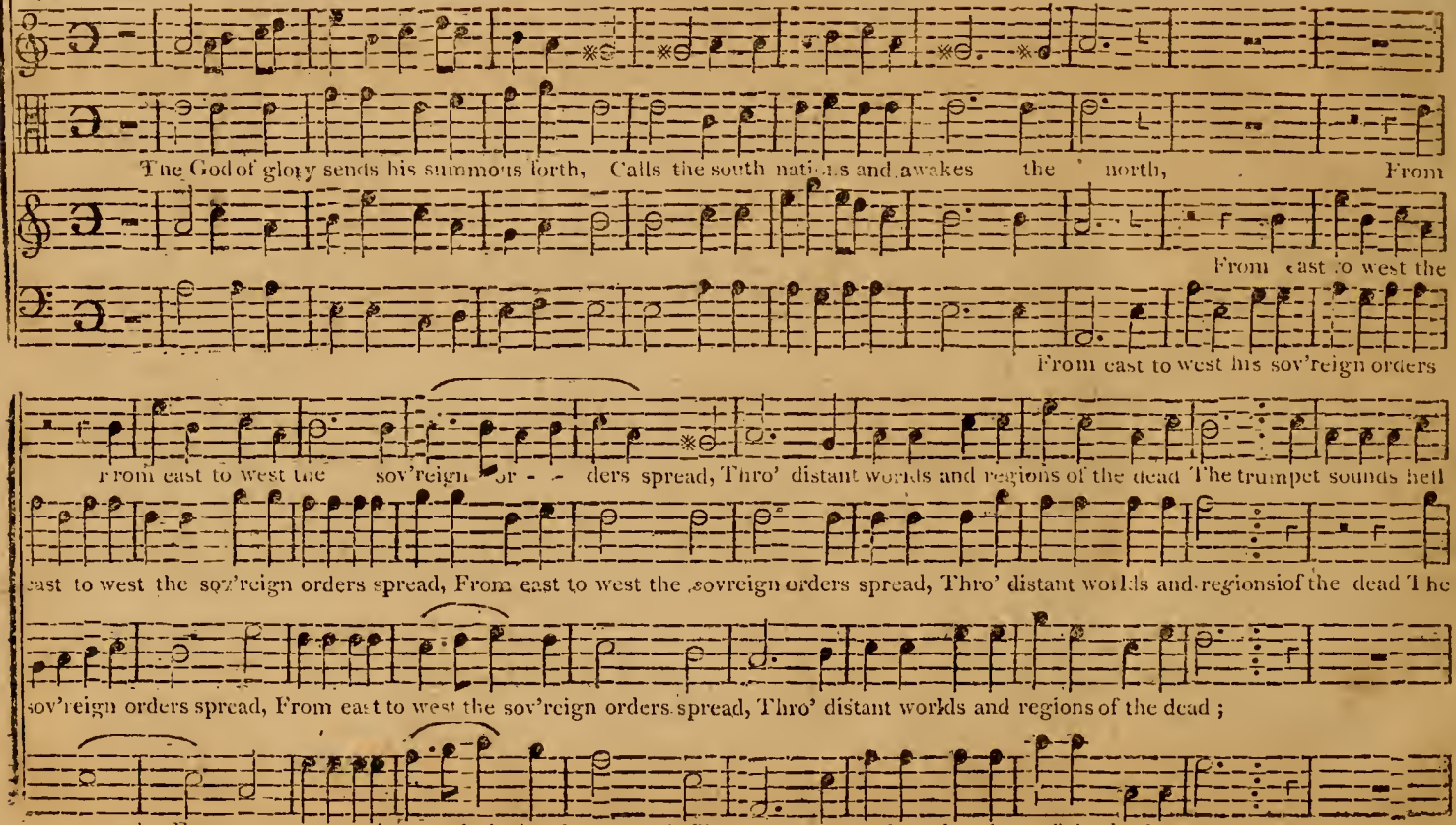


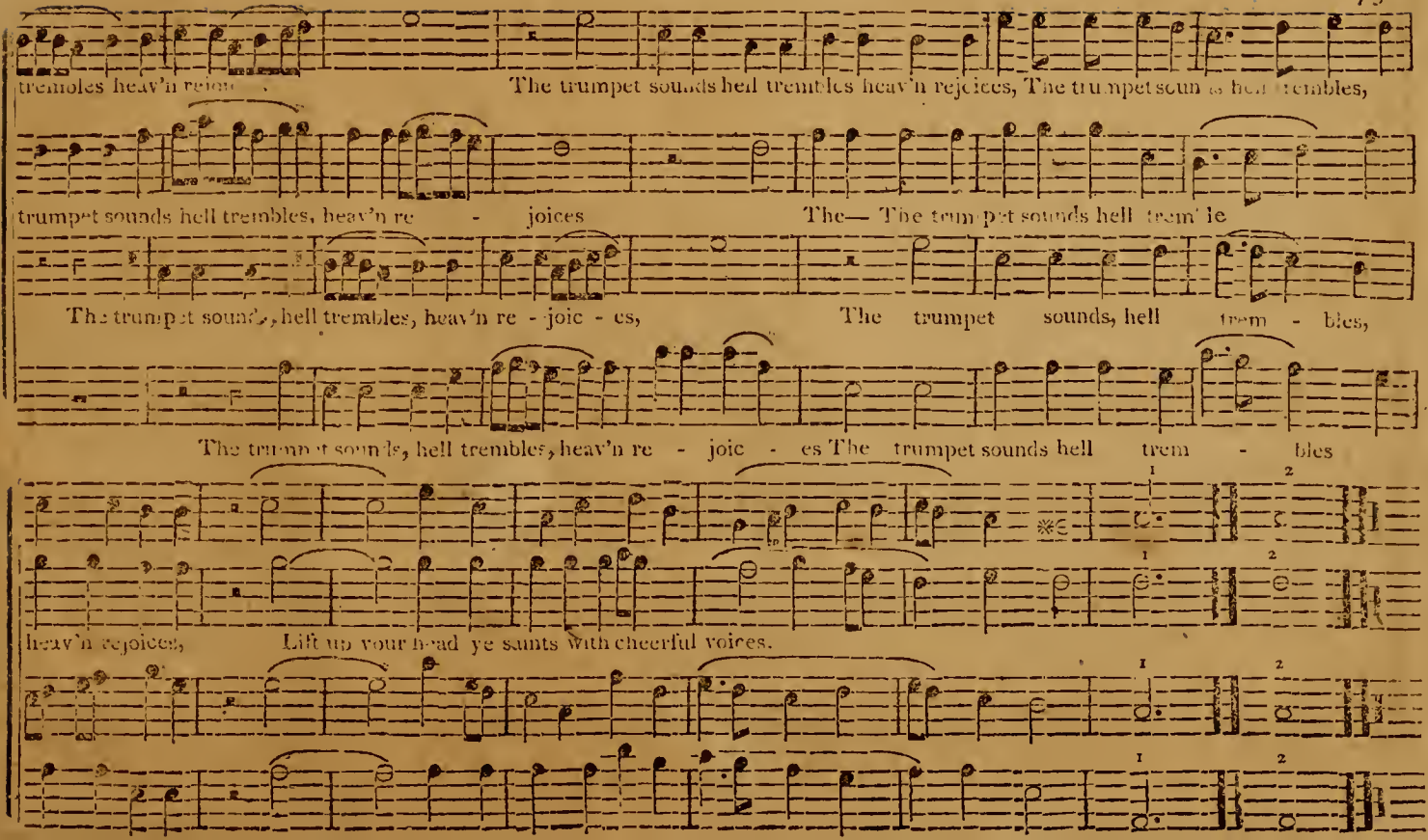
Waters farewell ! Waters farewell ! Waters farewell ! O, the anguish ! Thrilling thro' my bleeding breast, Thrilling—

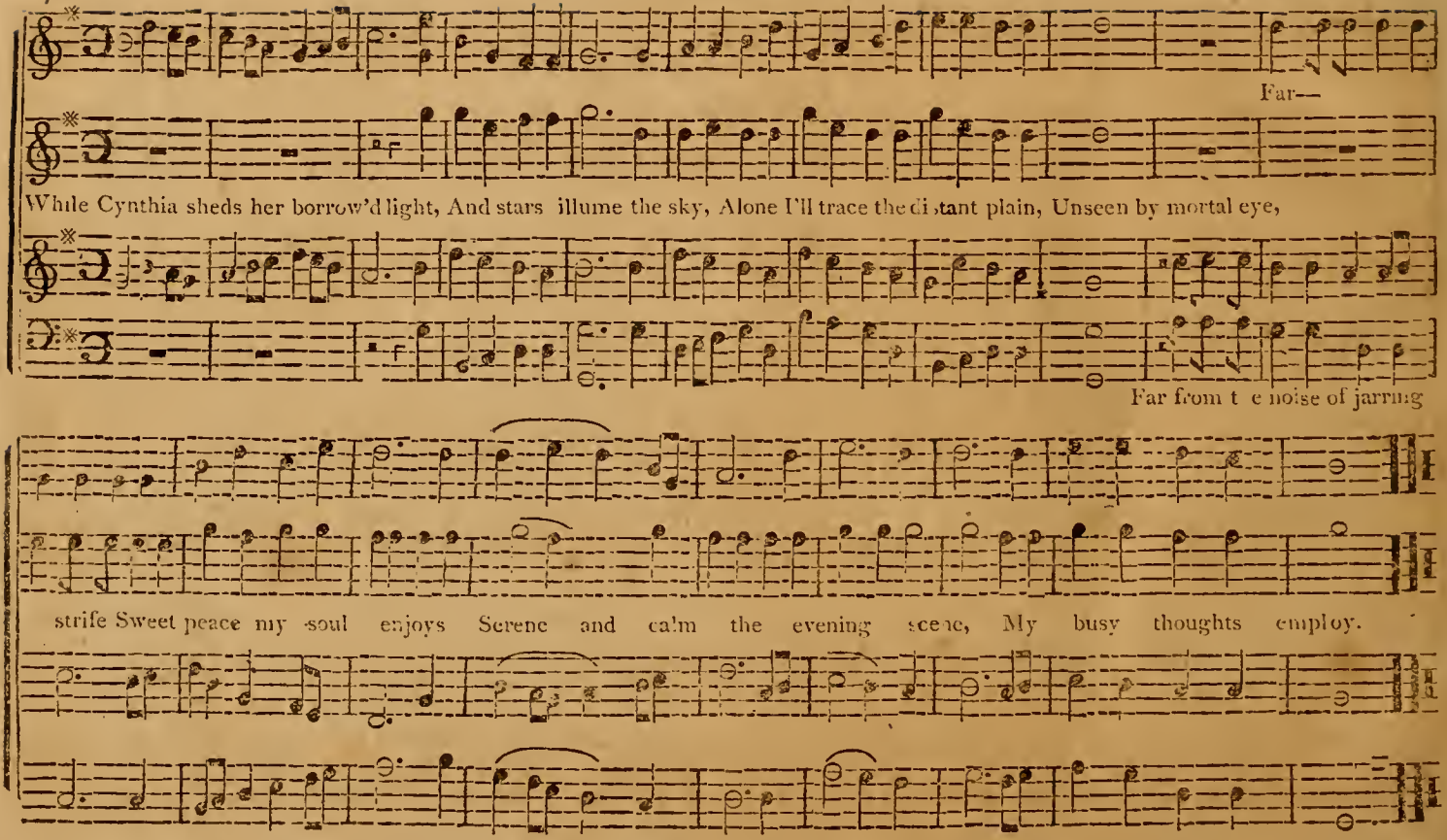


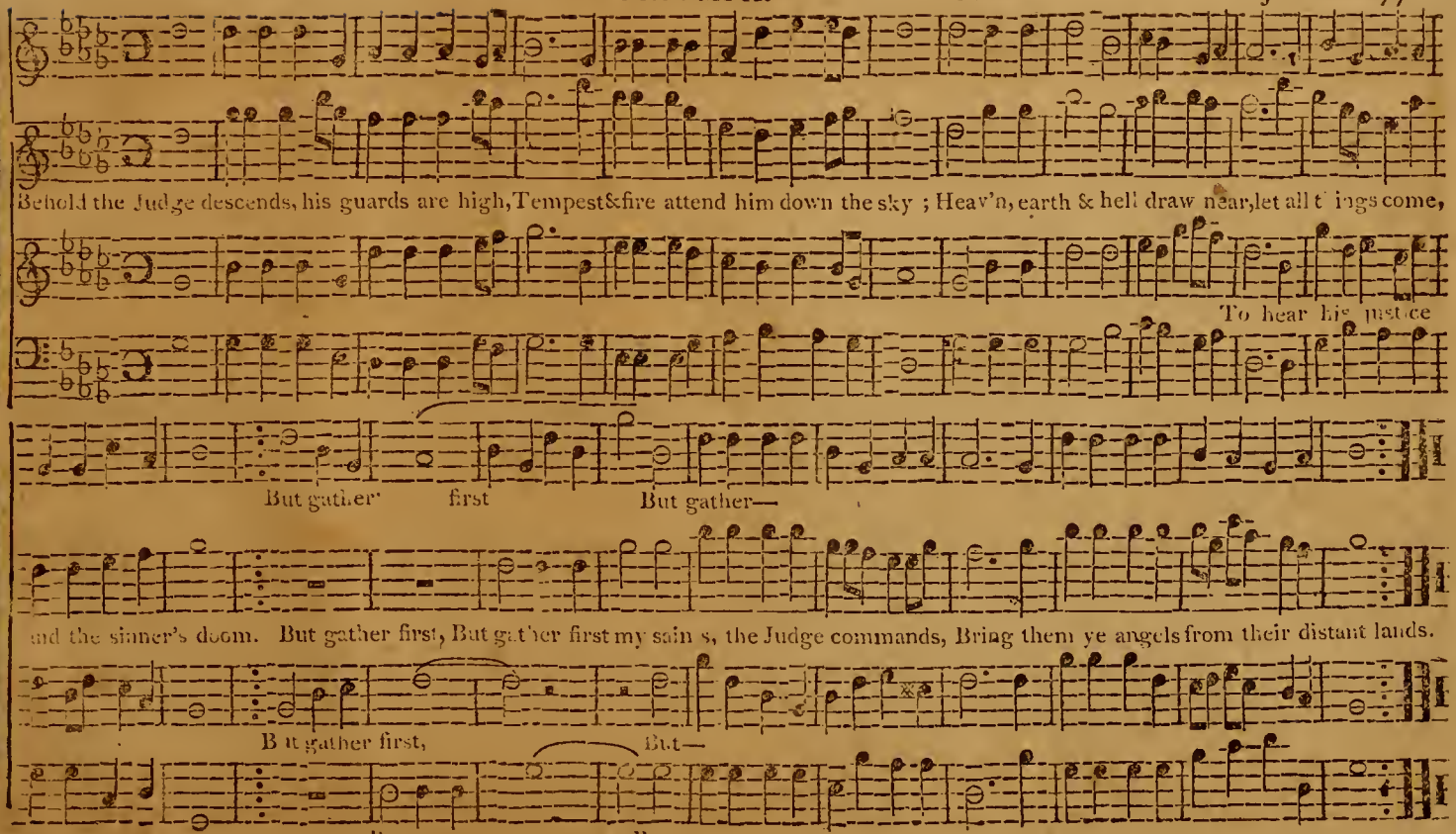

Ah! when shall I cease to languish, And like you enjoy my rest, And like you enjoy my rest! Mourners said the
guardian spirits,) Dry your tears; your griefs remove; WATERS lives and free inherits, Lasting bliss in realms above.


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

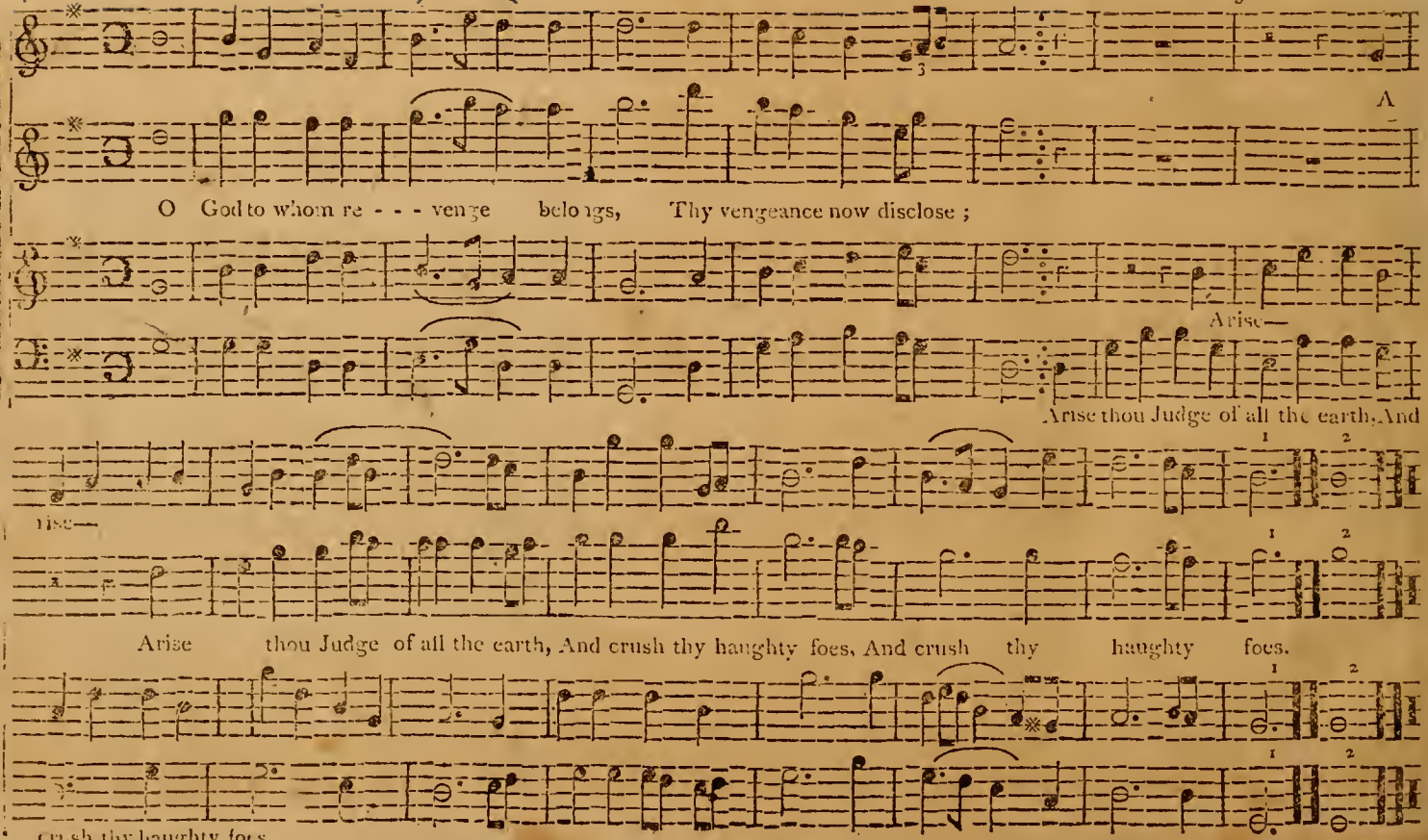

The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north, From
From east to west the
From east to west his sov'reign orders
From east to west the sov'reign or - - ders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead The trumpet sounds hell
east to west the sov'reign orders spread, From east to west the sovreign orders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regionsiof the dead The
sov'reign orders spread, From east to west the sov'reign orders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead ;
spread, From east to west the sov'reign orders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead ;

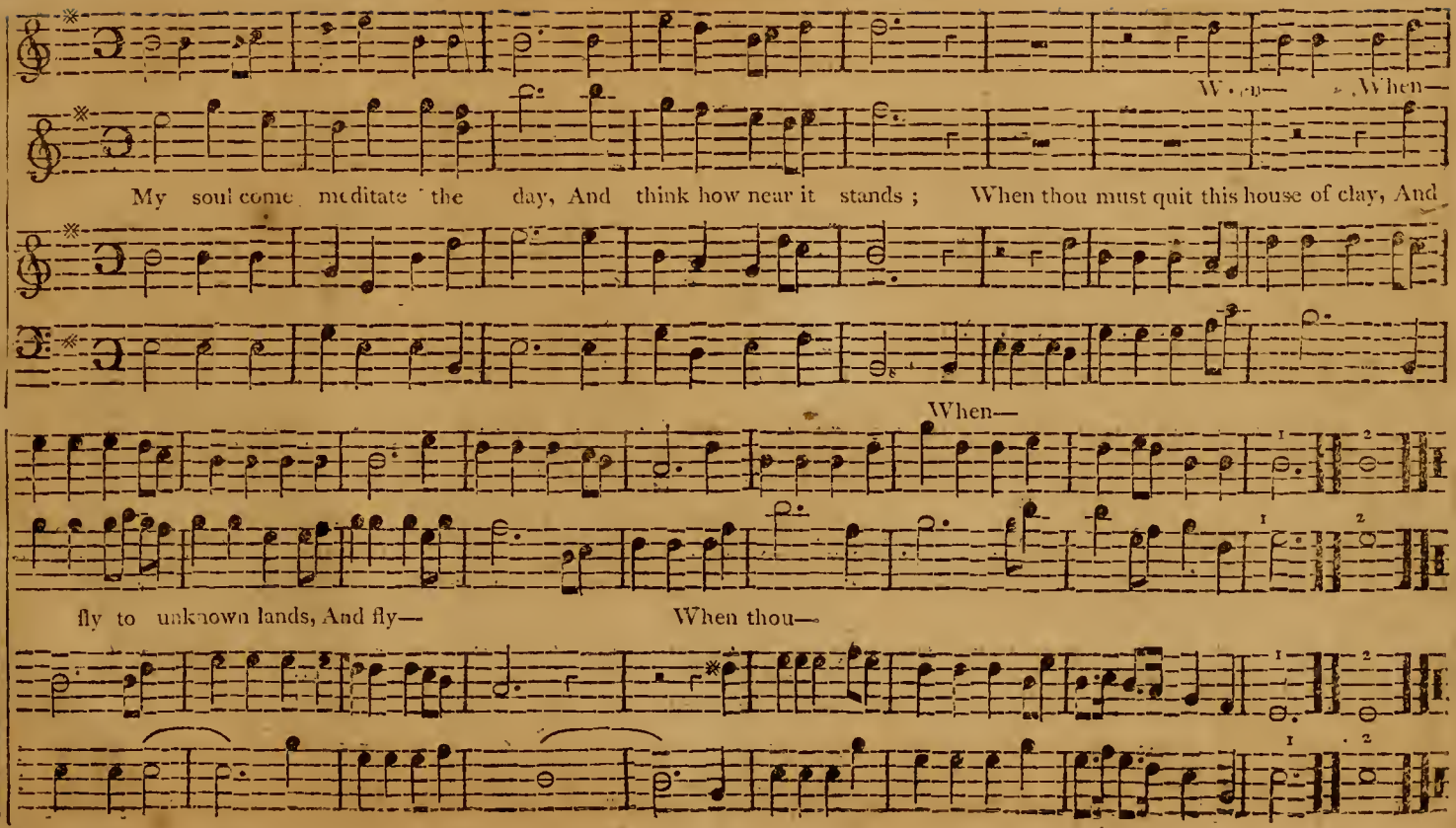

tremoles heav'n rejoices, The trumpet sounds hell trembles heav'n rejoices, The trumpet sounds hell trembles,
trumpet sounds hell trembles, heav'n re - joices The— The trumpet sounds hell trem' le
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n re - joic - es, The trumpet sounds, hell trem - bles,
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n re - joic - es The trumpet sounds hell trem - bles
heav'n rejoices, Lift up your head ye saints with cheerful voices.


Far—
While Cynthia sheds her borrow'd light, And stars illume the sky, Alone I'll trace the distant plain, Unseen by mortal eye,
Far from the noise of jarring
strife Sweet peace my soul enjoys Serene and calm the evening scene, My busy thoughts employ.

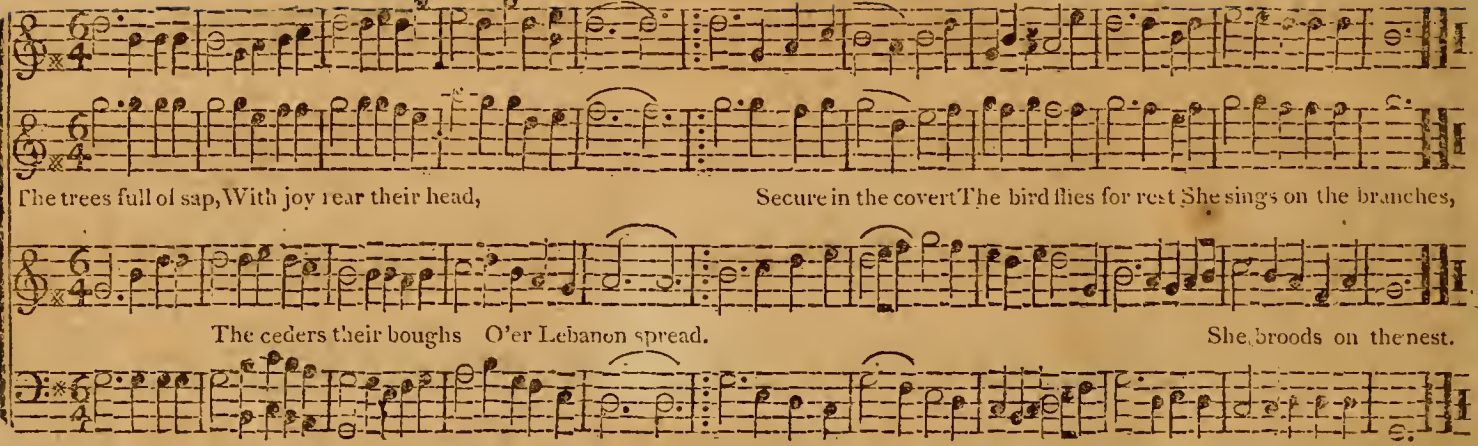

Behold the Judge descends, his guards are high, Tempest & fire attend him down the sky ; Heav'n, earth & hell draw near, let all t' ings come,
To hear his justice
But gather first But gather—
and the sinner's doom. But gather first, But gather first my sain s, the Judge commands, Bring them ye angels from their distant lands.
But gather first, But—
But— But—

NORWALK. C. M: 1803 S. Jenks.

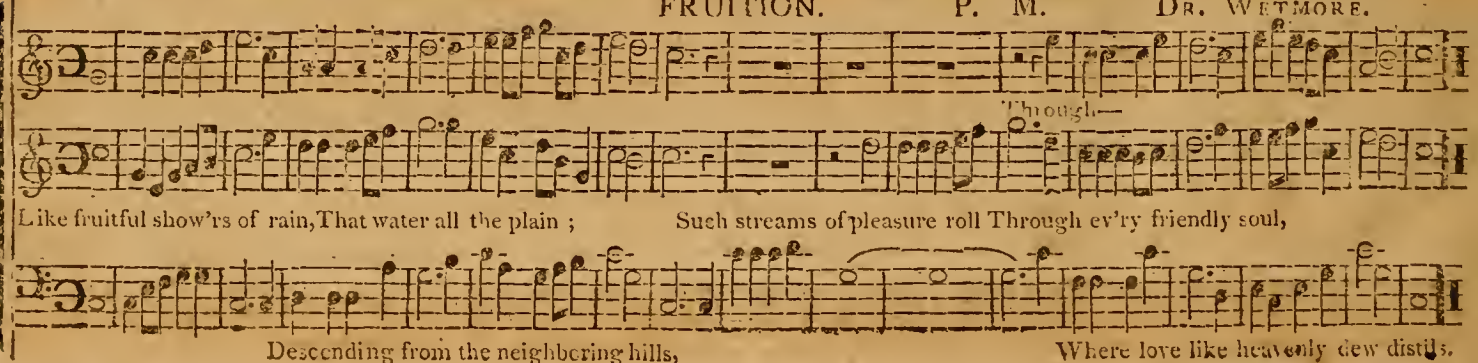



When— When—
My soul come meditate the day, And think how near it stands ; When thou must quit this house of clay, And
When—
fly to unknown lands, And fly— When thou—

FALMOUTH. P. M. *Belknap's Col.* S. Capen.

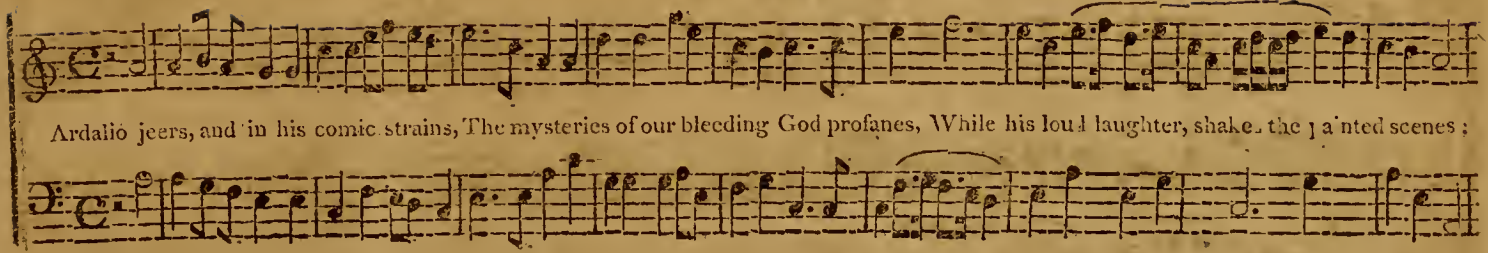


FRUITION. P. M. Dr. Wetmore.

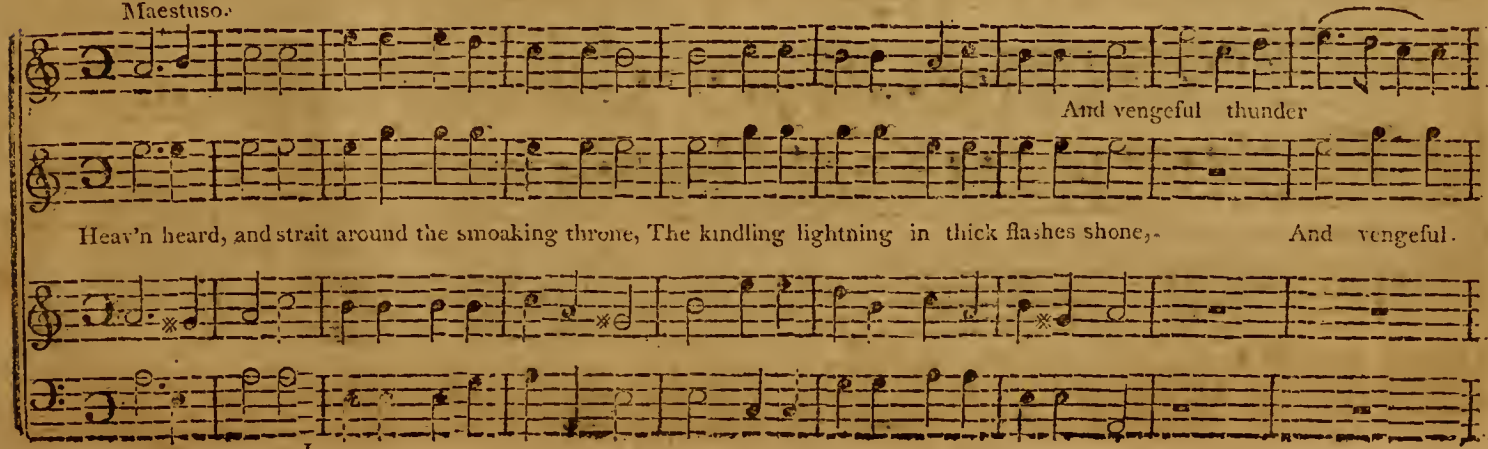


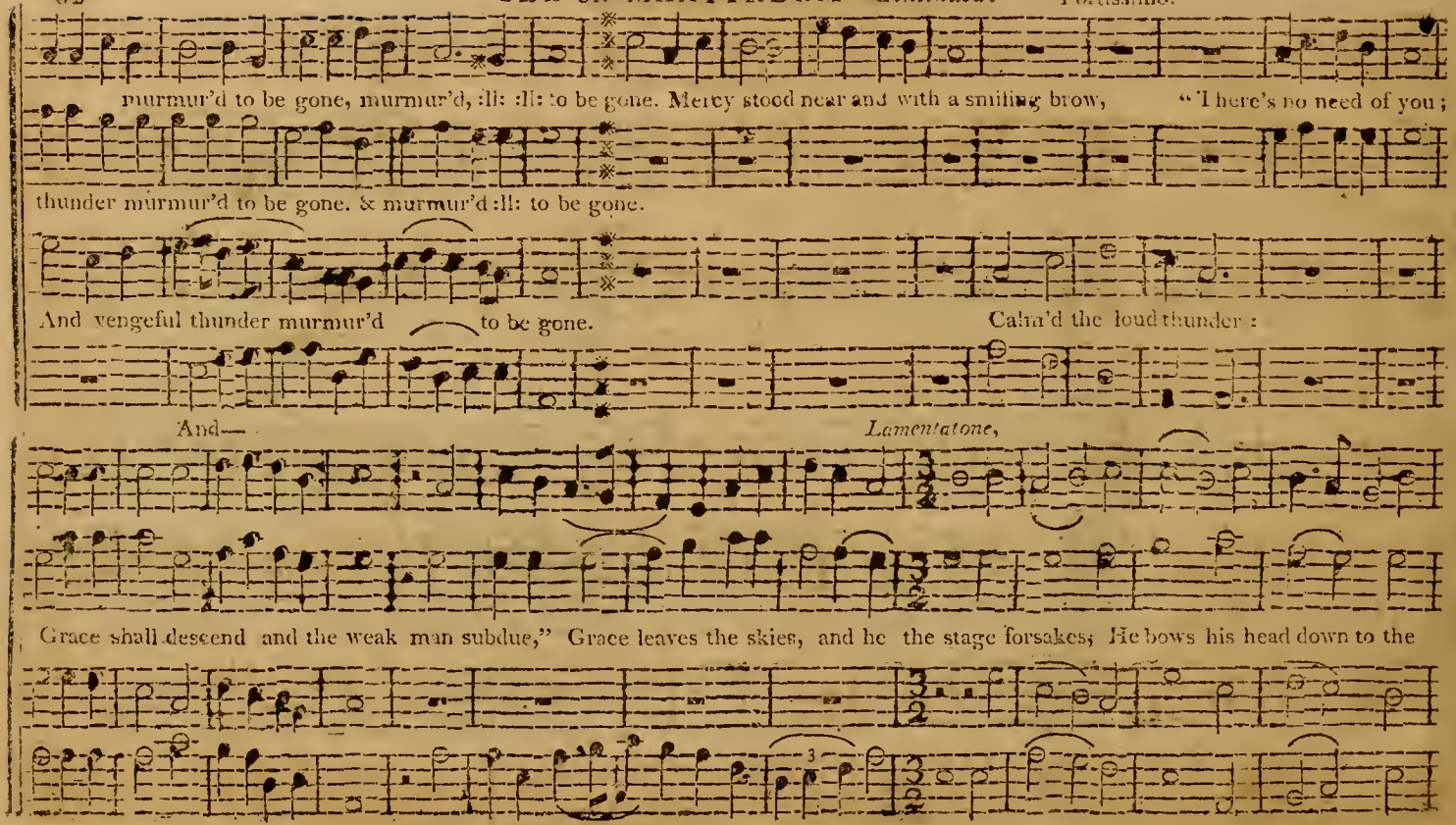
Words from Watts's Lyric Poems.——Music by O. King, Esq.

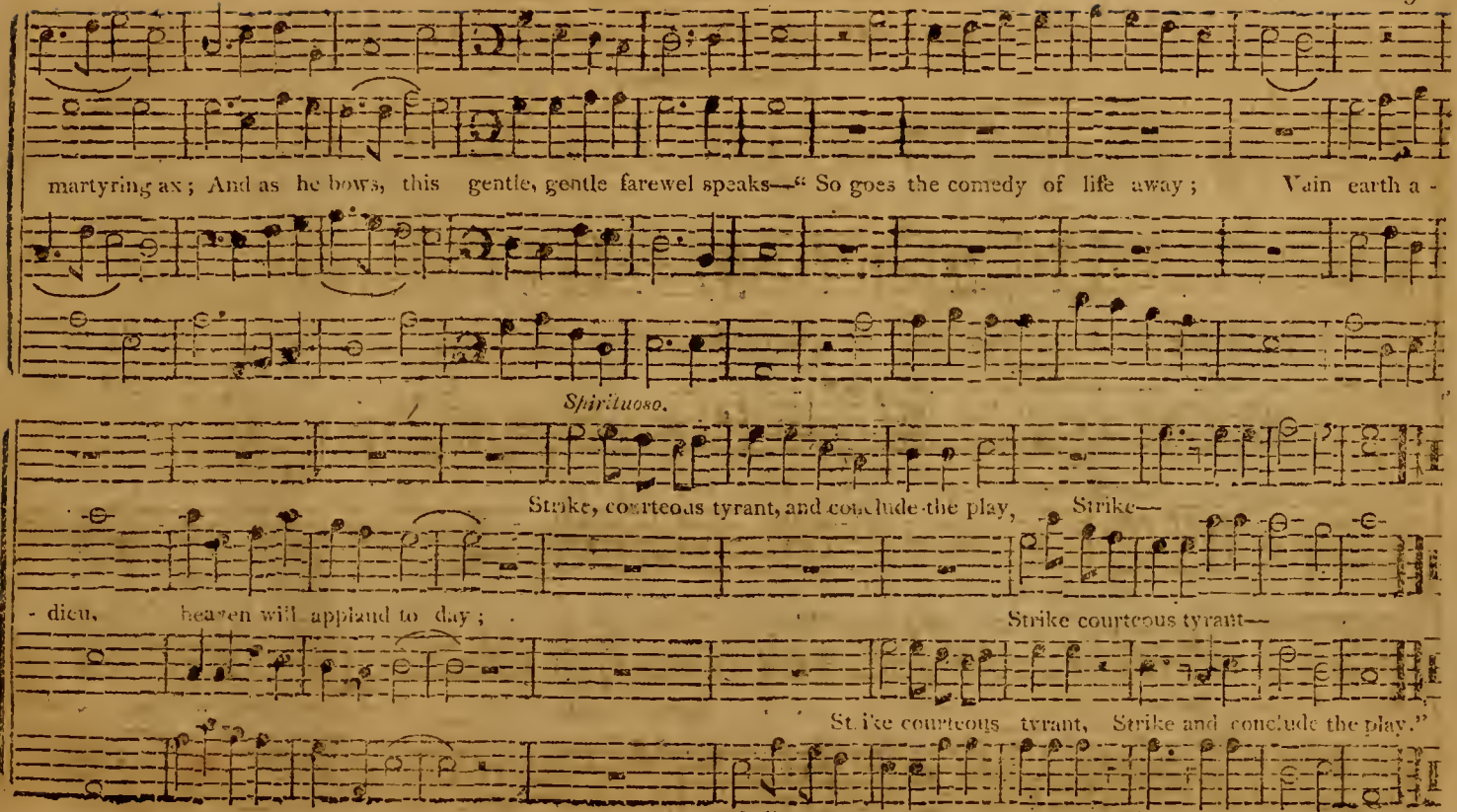
Andante.



Maestuoso.

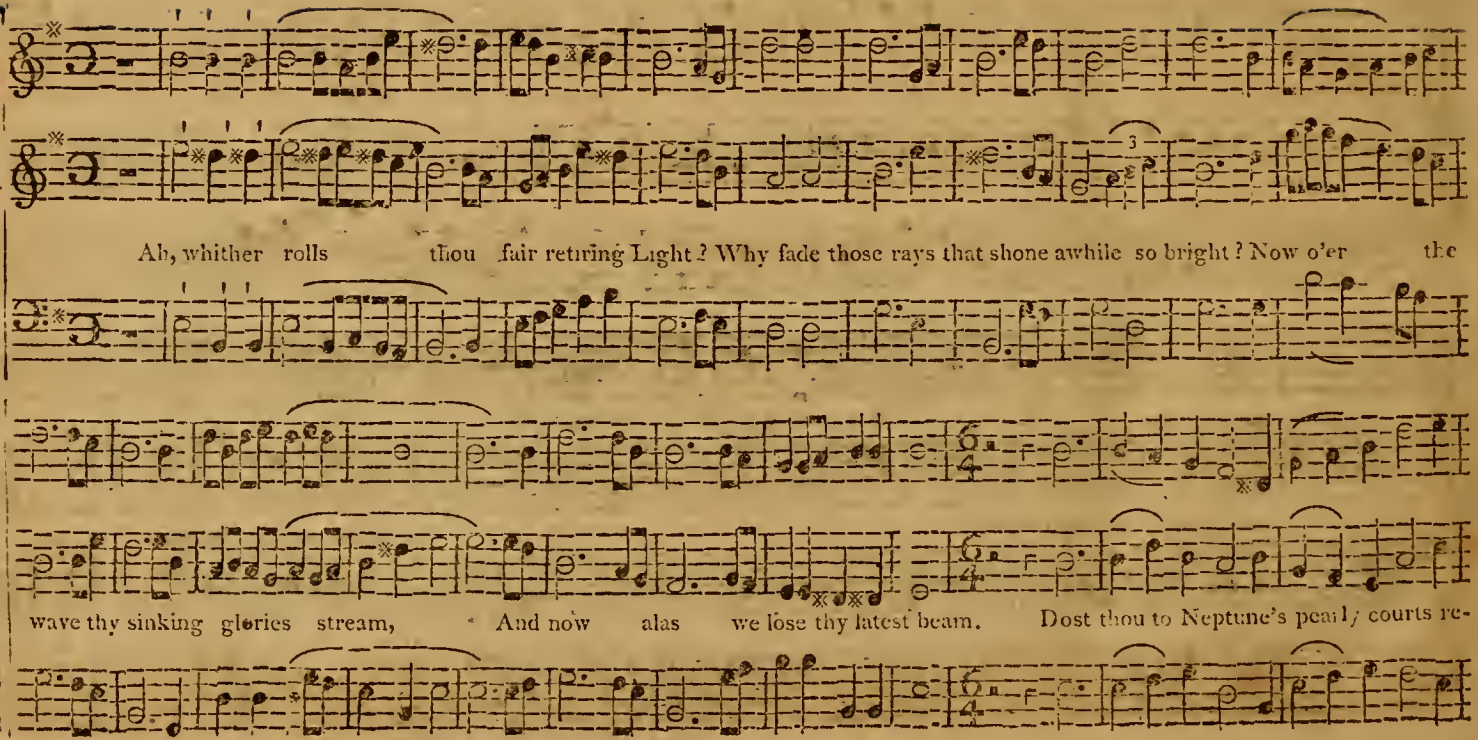



Fortissimo.
murmur'd to be gone, murmur'd, :ll: :ll: to be gone. Mercy stood near and with a smiling brow, "There's no need of you;
thunder murmur'd to be gone. & murmur'd :ll: to be gone.
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone. Calm'd the loud thunder:
And—
Lamentatone,
Grace shall descend and the weak man subdue," Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes; He bows his head down to the

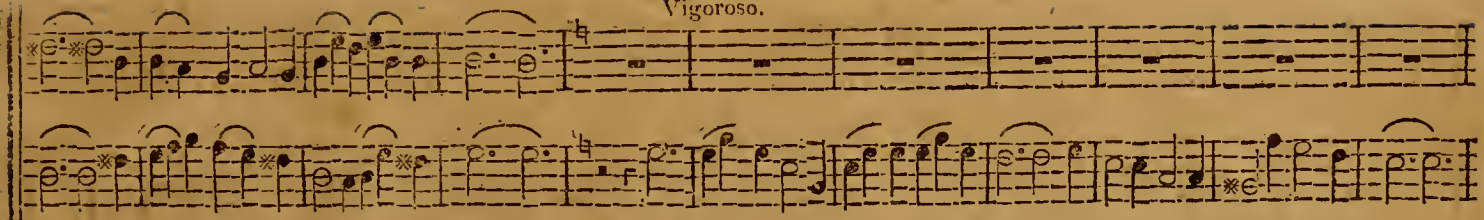

martyring ax; And as he bows, this gentle, gentle farewel speaks—" So goes the comedy of life away; Vain earth a -
Spirituoso.
Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play, Strike—
- dieu, heaven will applaud to day;
Strike courteous tyrant—
Strike courteous tyrant, Strike and conclude the play."
Strike courteous tyrant, and conclude the play. Strike—

Ode on the Setting Sun.

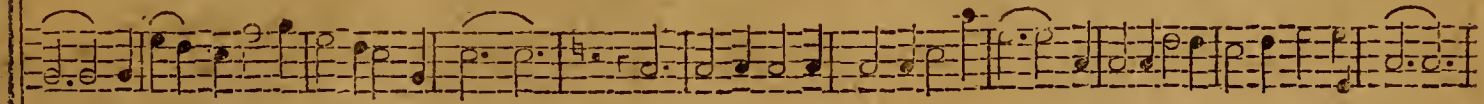
Words from a New-York Magazine.——Music by S. Jenks.



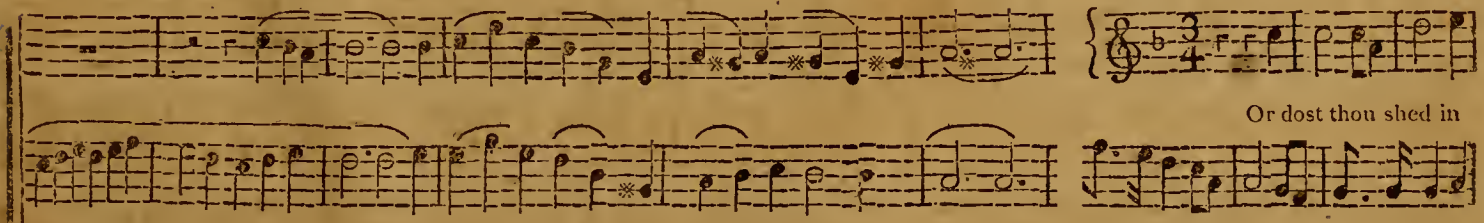
Vigoroso.



pair, And view the lovely Nerids sporting there ? With thy fair beams illume the coral groves, Where Tritons wander & where Thetis roves.

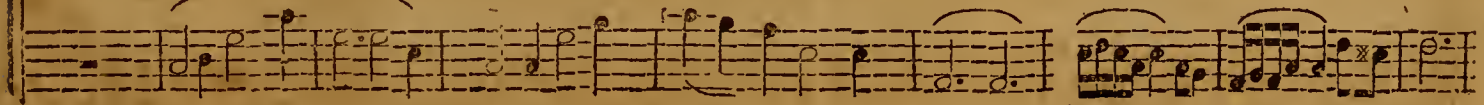


Treble Solo. Affectuoso.

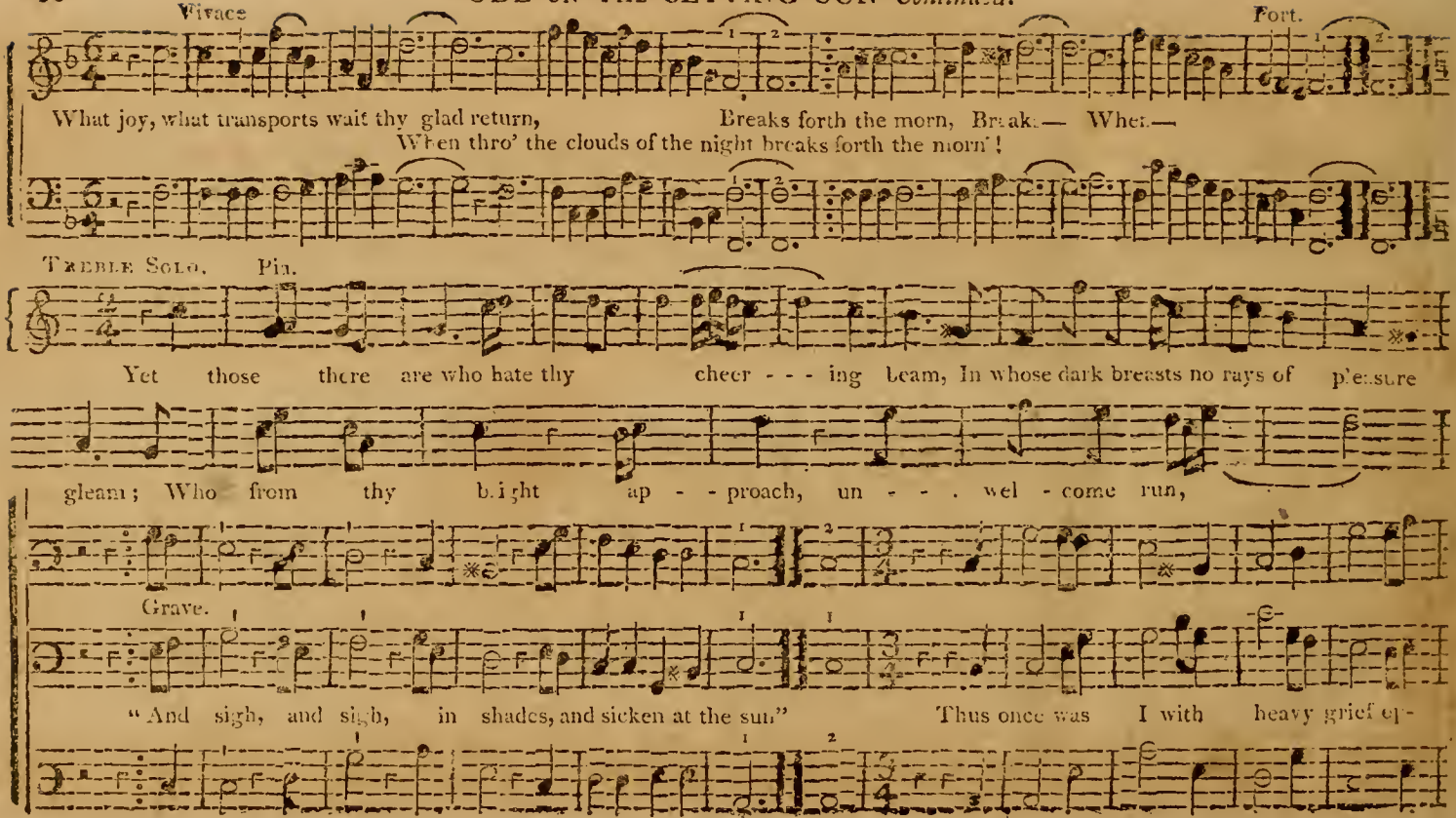


Or dost thou shed in

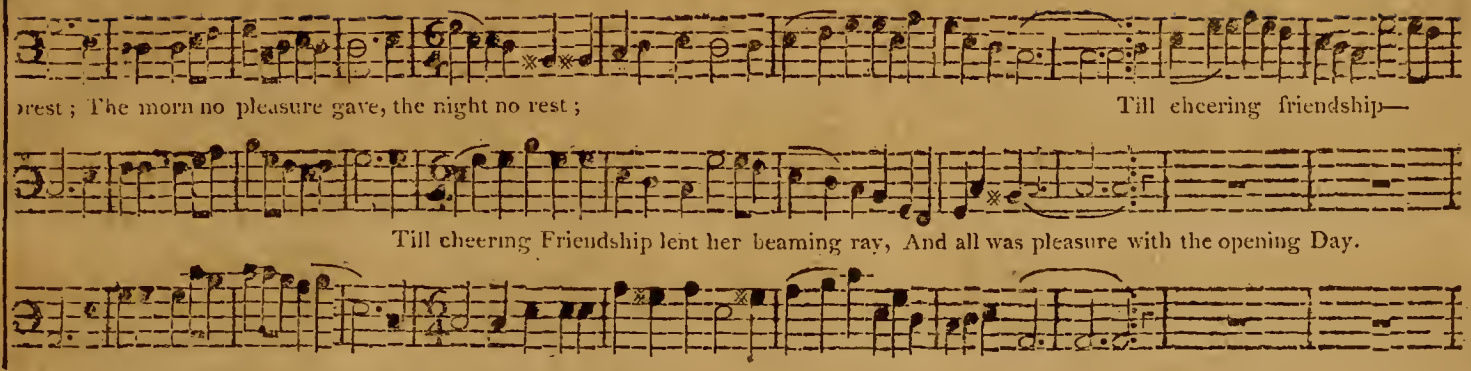
ro - - - - - - - ves, Where Tritons wander, and where Thetis roves. other worlds thy ray, And give to other



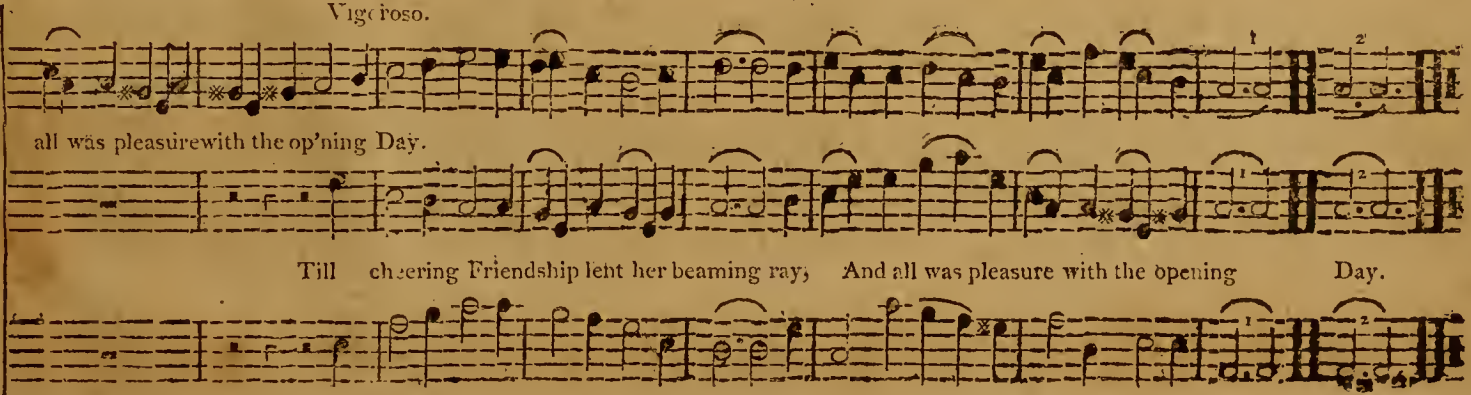
climes a new - born day ?

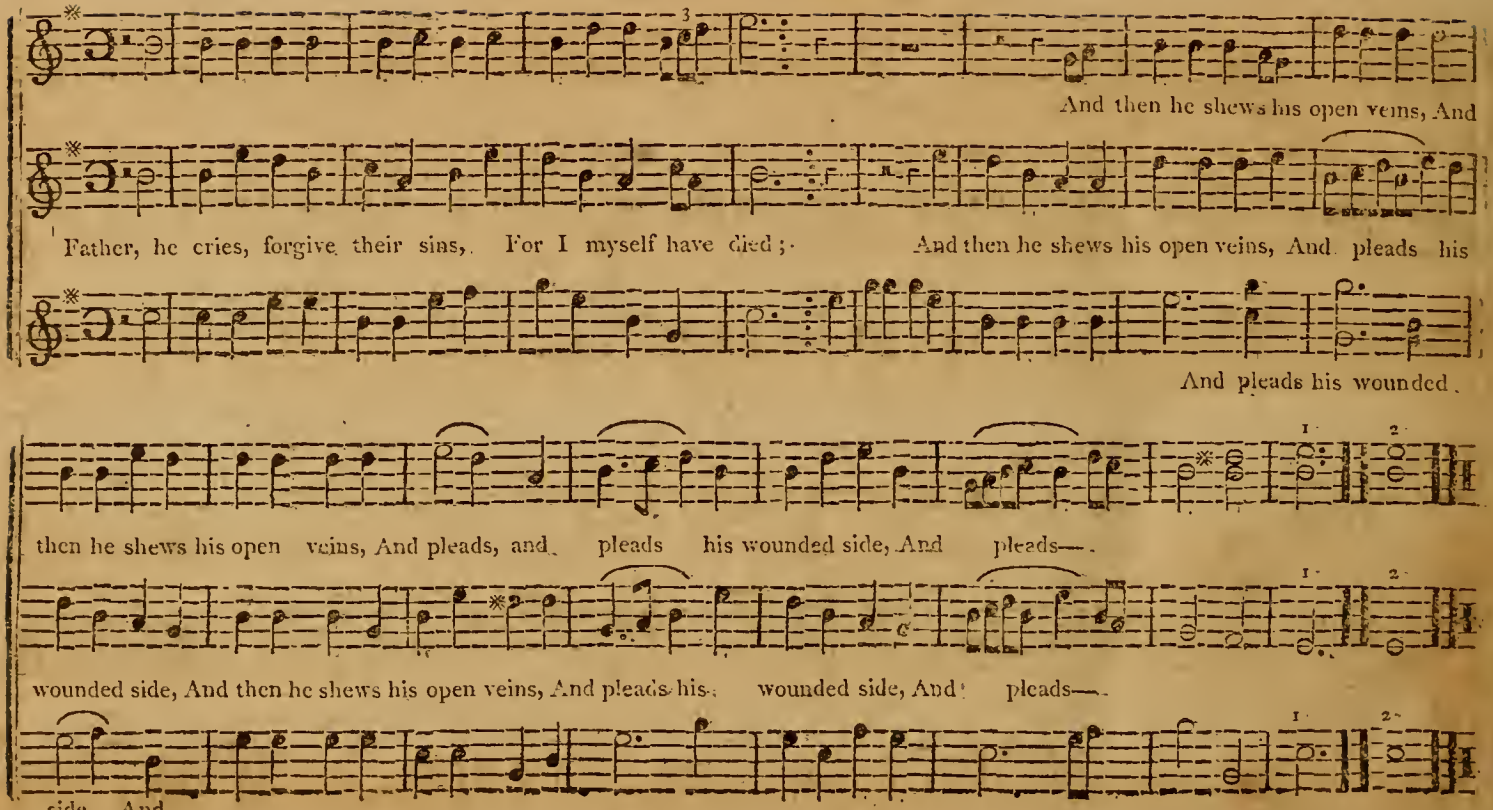

Vivace
Forte.
What joy, what transports wait thy glad return, Breaks forth the morn, Break.— When.—
When thro' the clouds of the night breaks forth the morn!
Treble Solo. Pia.
Yet those there are who hate thy cheer - - - ing beam, In whose dark breasts no rays of pleasure
gleam; Who from thy bright ap - - proach, un - - - wel - come run,
Grave.
"And sigh, and sigh, in shades, and sicken at the sun" Thus once was I with heavy grief op-

Vivace



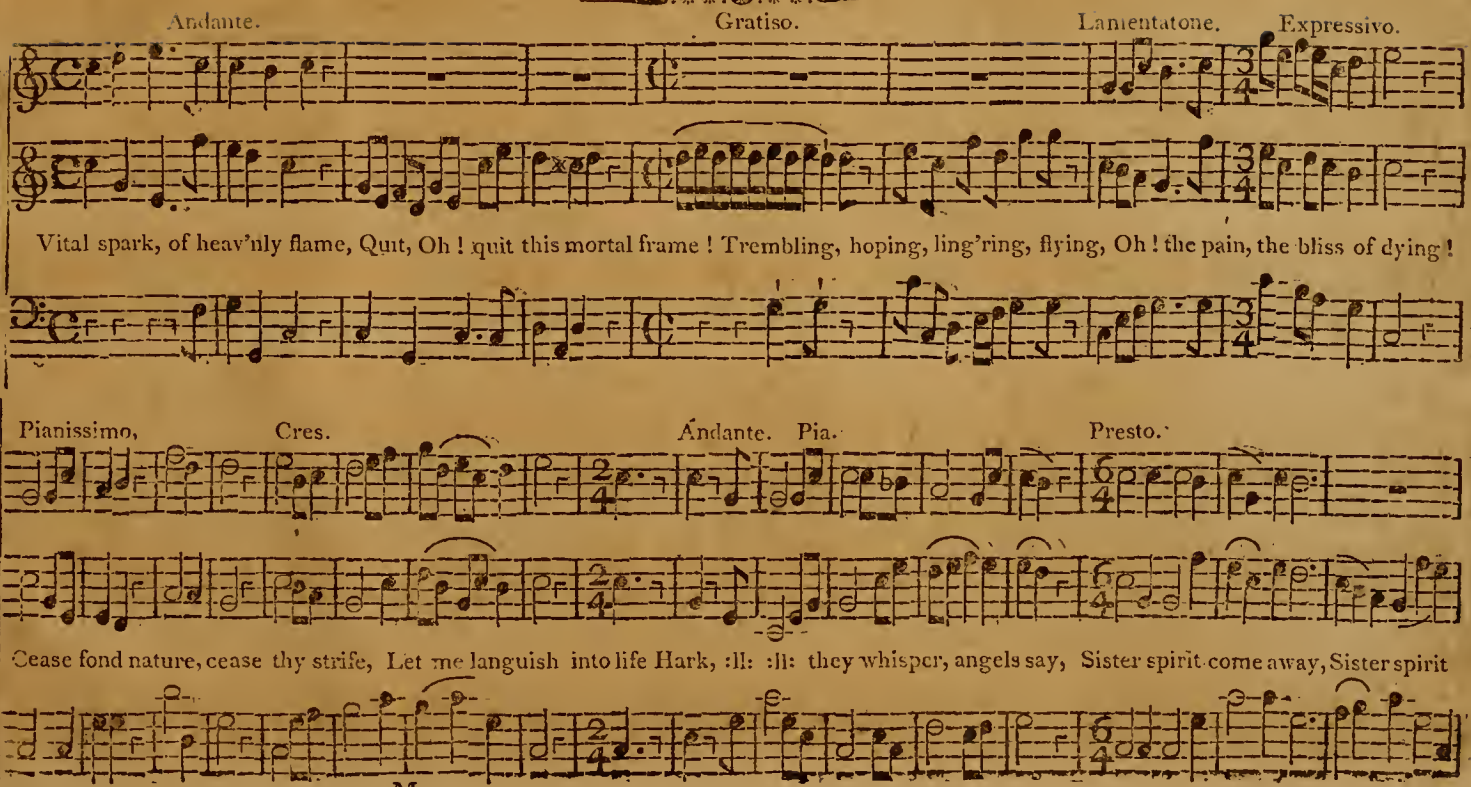
Vigoroso.



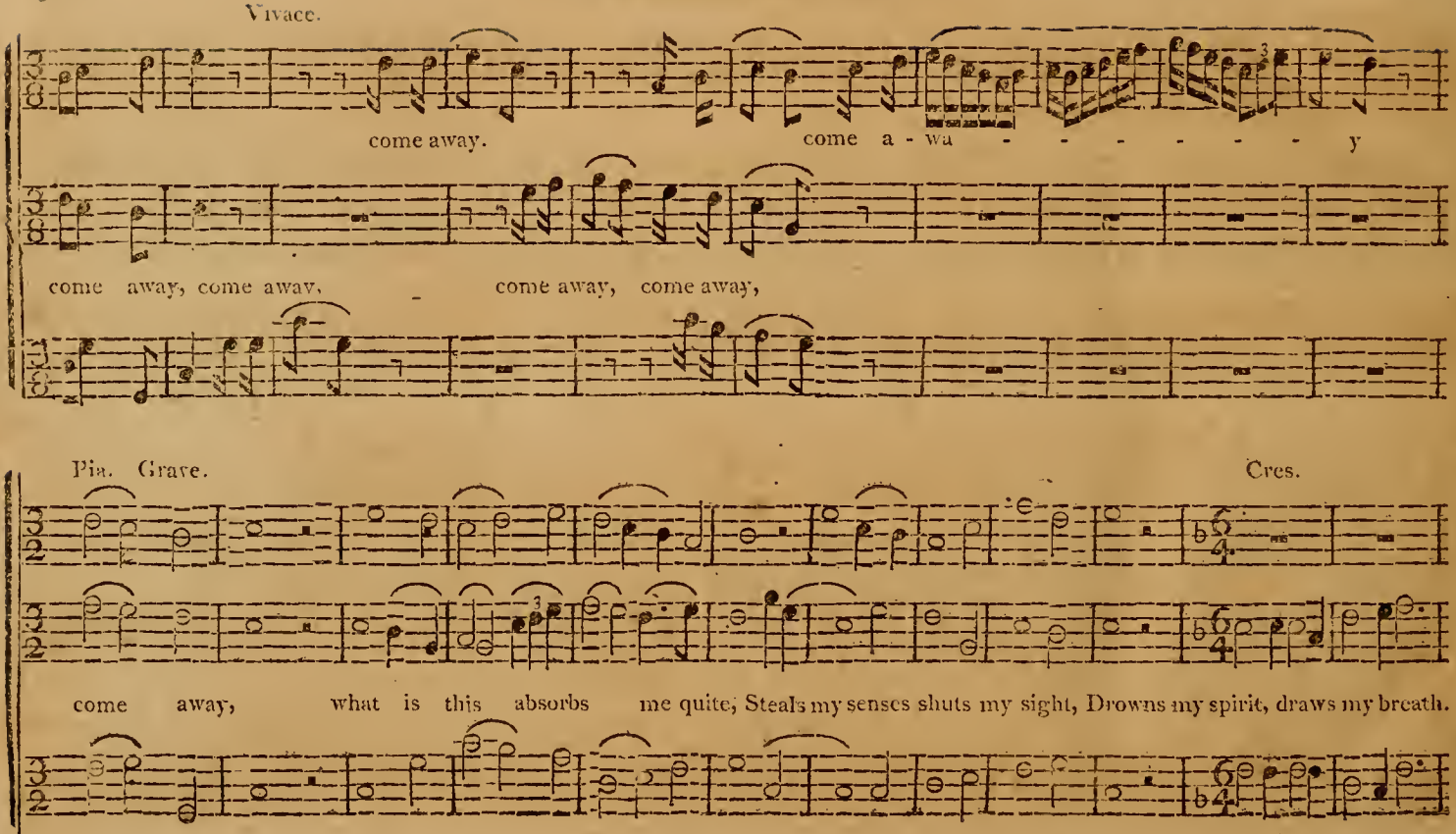

And then he shews his open veins, And
Father, he cries, forgive their sins, For I myself have died; And then he shews his open veins, And pleads his
And pleads his wounded
then he shews his open veins, And pleads, and pleads his wounded side, And pleads—
wounded side, And then he shews his open veins, And pleads his wounded side, And pleads—
side, And

The Saints Exit.

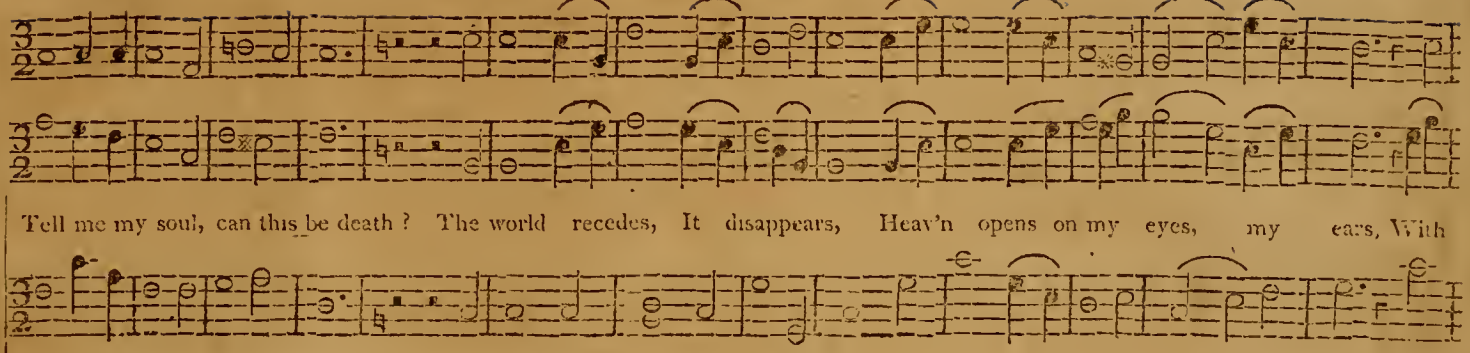
Words from Pope.——Music by S. Jenks.



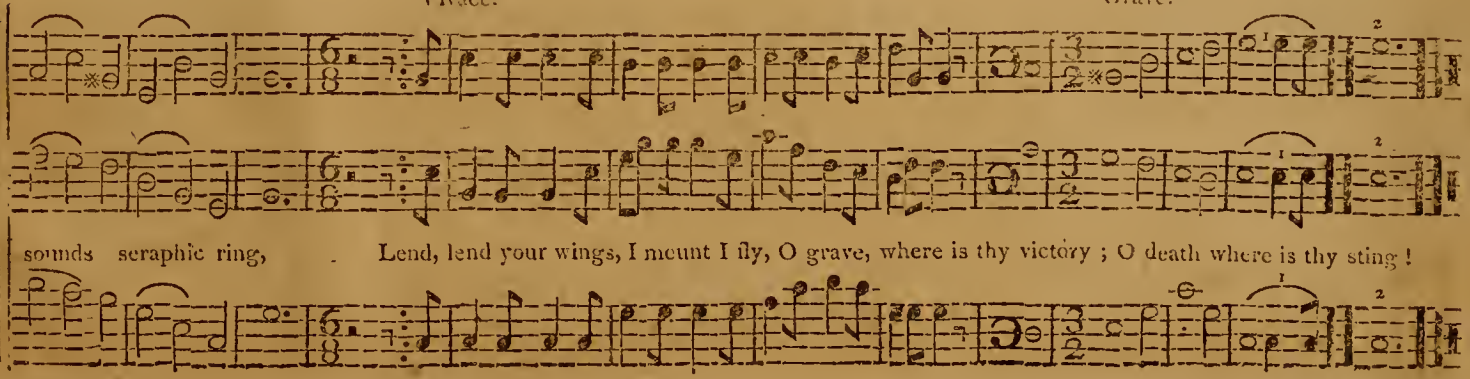
SAINTS EXIT *Continued.*



Affectuoso. Maestuso.

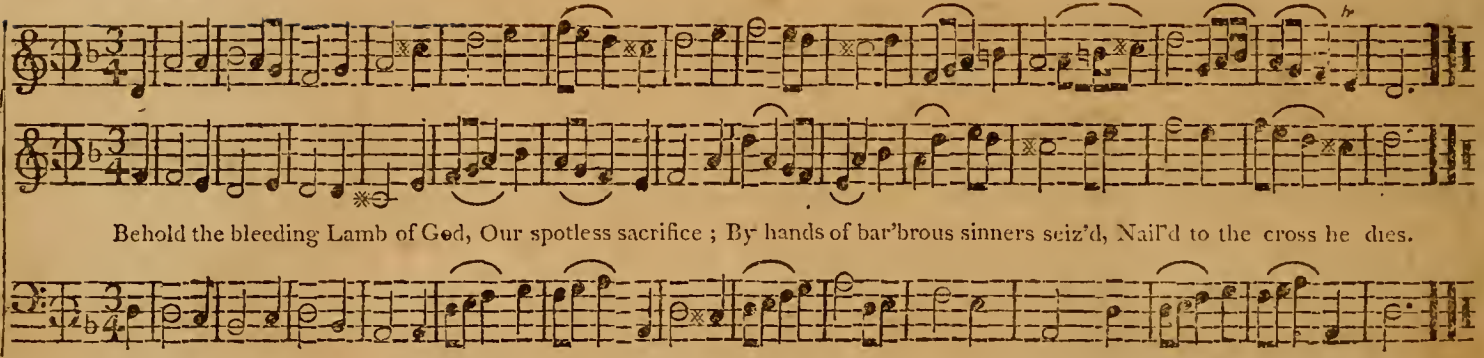


Vivace. Grave.

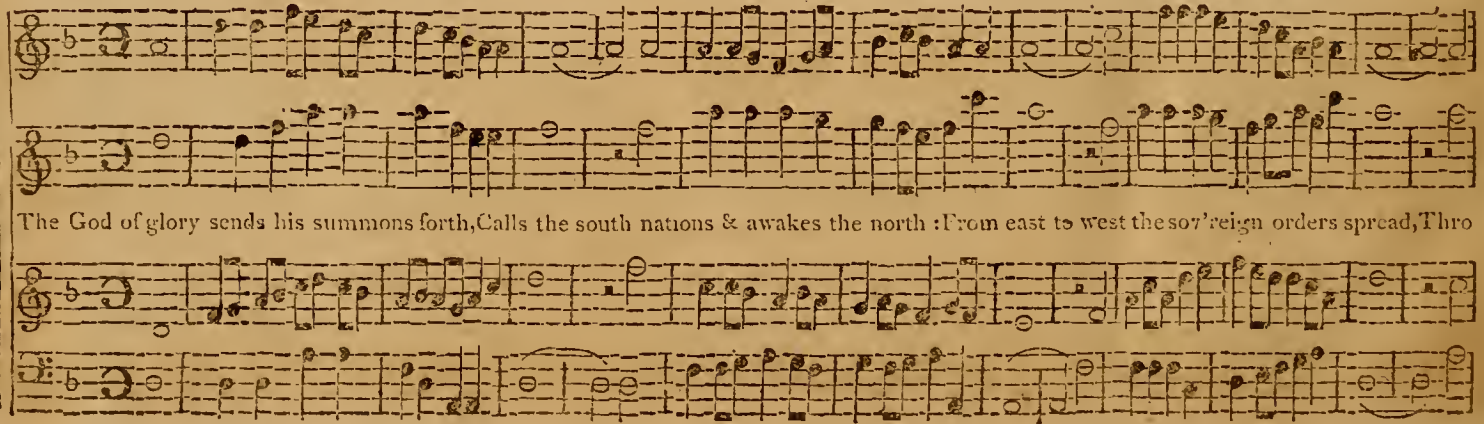


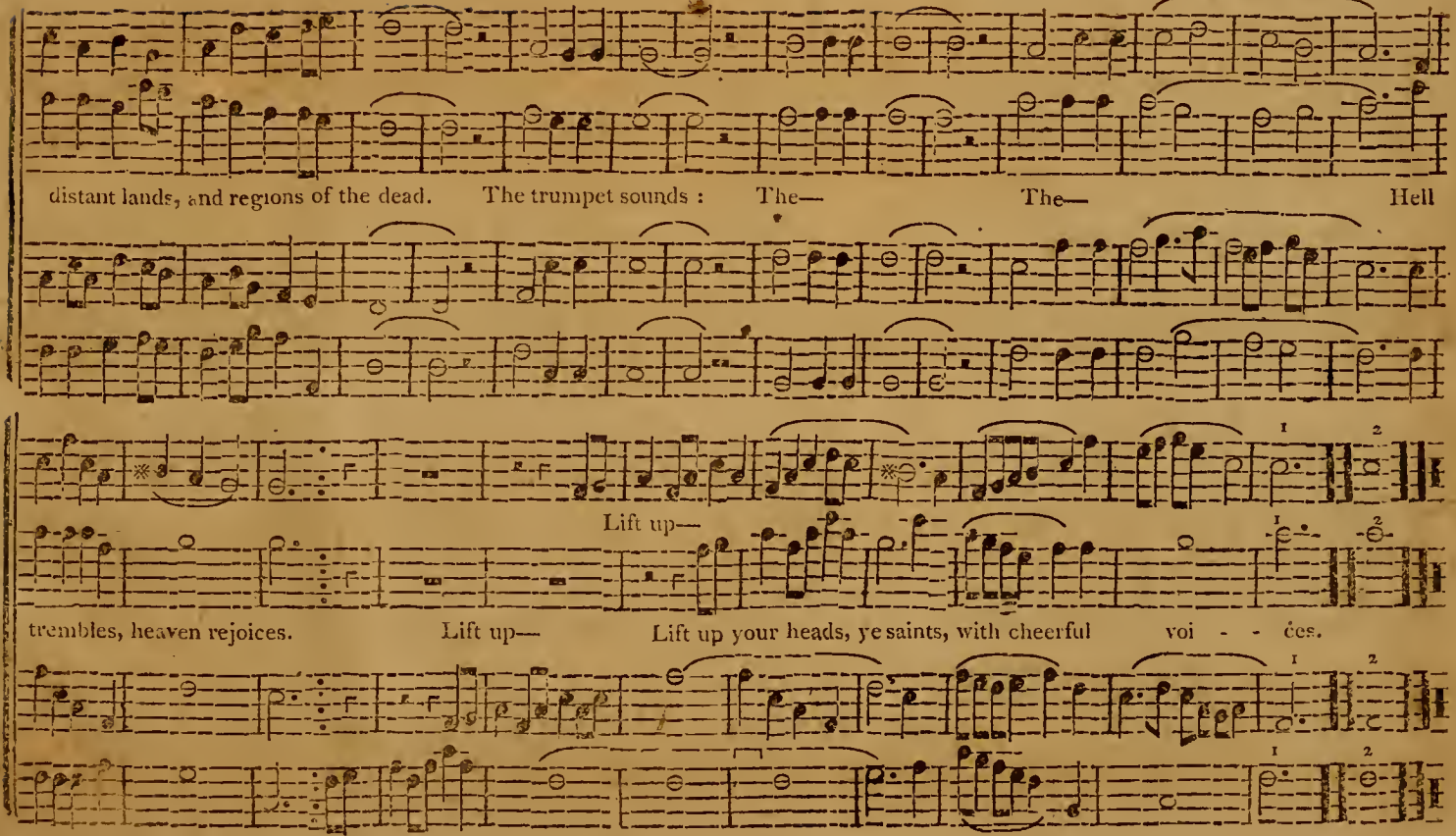
AIR. Affettuoso.

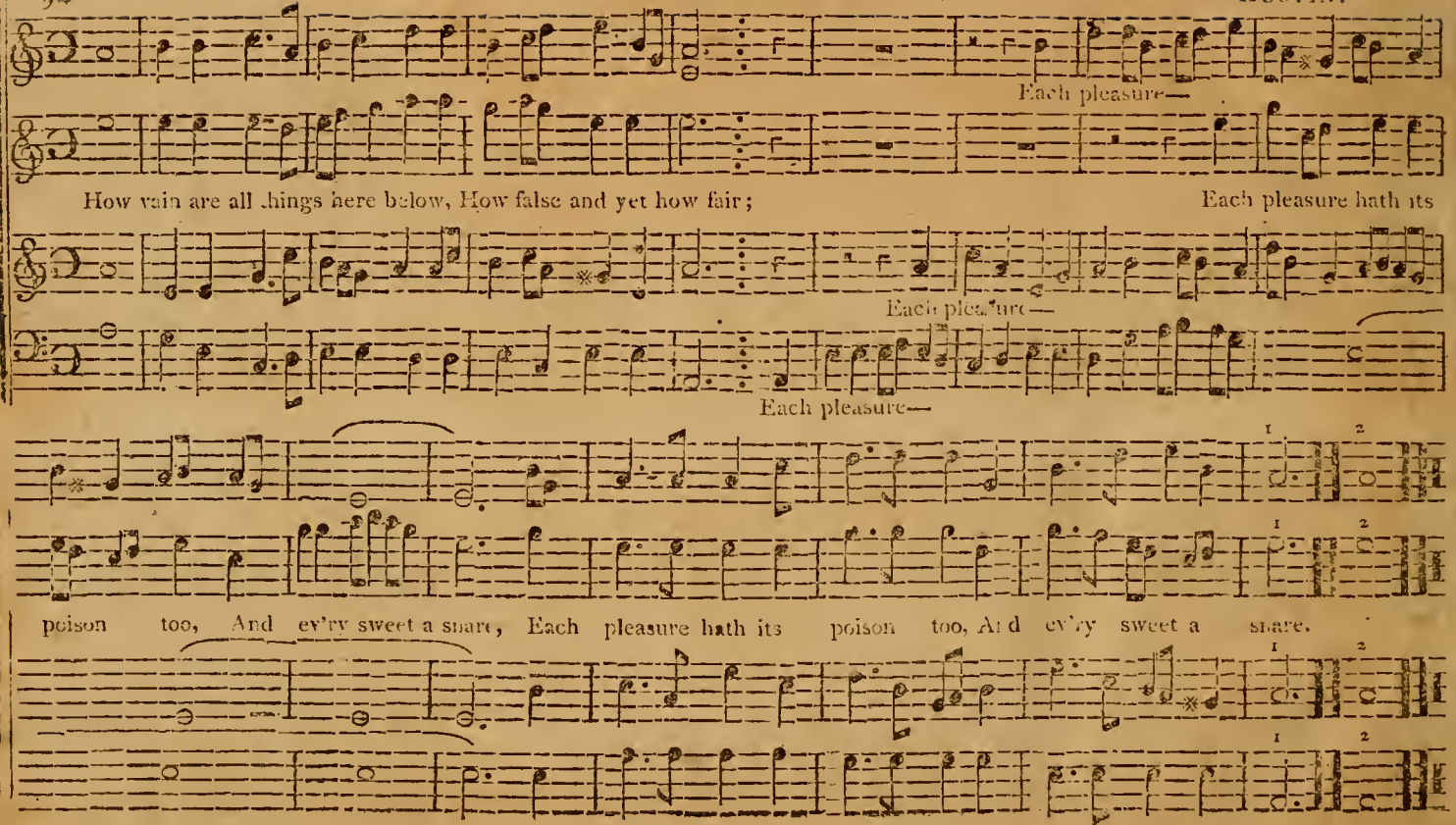
SICILY. C. M. S. HOLYOKE.

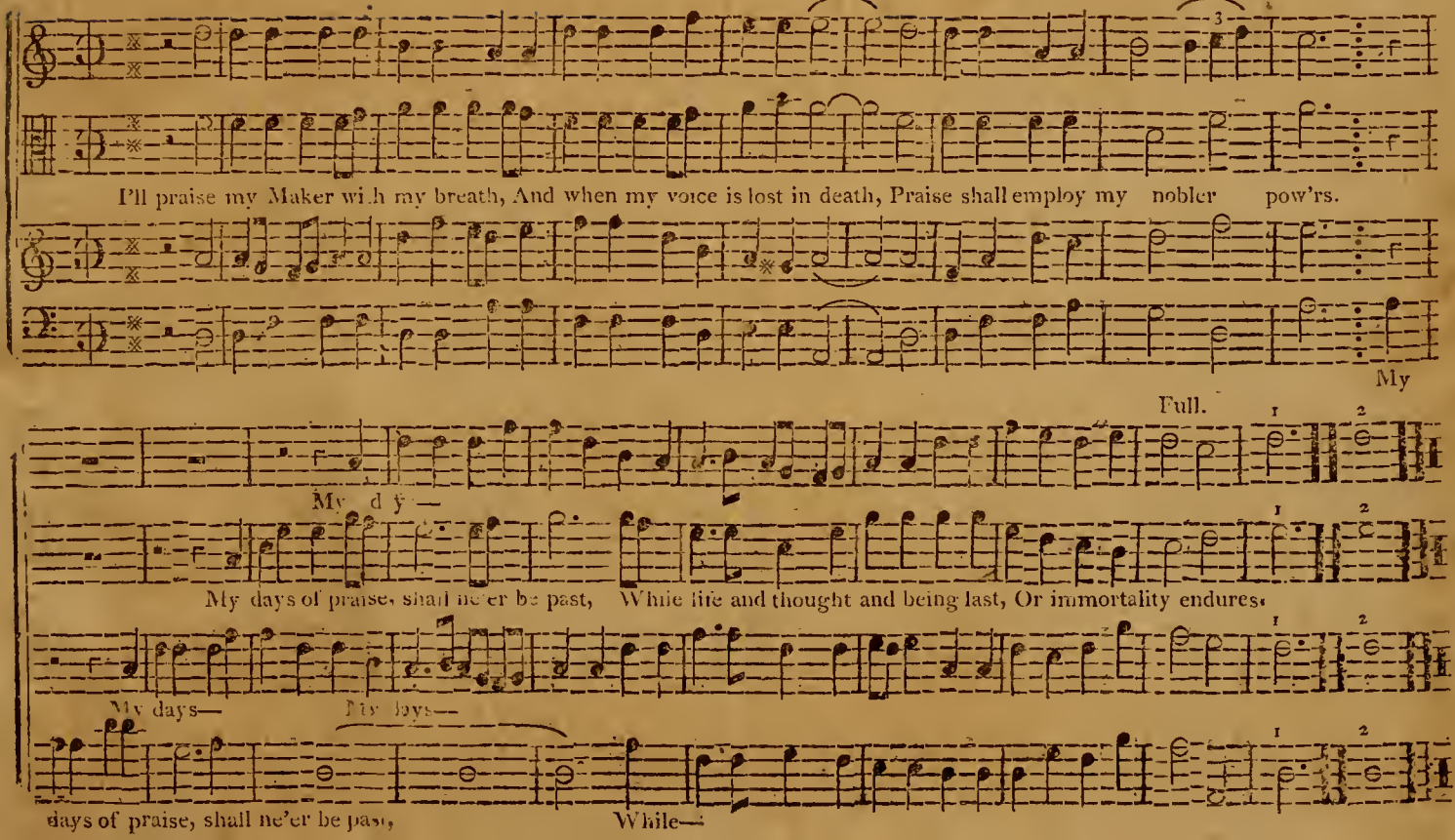


NEWINGTON, P. M. S. JENKS.




distant lands, and regions of the dead. The trumpet sounds : The— The— Hell
Lift up—
trembles, heaven rejoices. Lift up— Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voi - - ces.


Each pleasure—
How vain are all things here below, How false and yet how fair;
Each pleasure hath its
Each pleasure—
Each pleasure—
poison too, And ev'ry sweet a snare, Each pleasure hath its poison too, And ev'ry sweet a snare.


I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs.
My
Full.
My days—
My days of praise, shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures.
My days—
My days—
days of praise, shall ne'er be past,
While—

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ERRATA.

PAGE. 17. Bass, insert the last note on A.
56. Mount Calvary, close, instead of 3 2, insert 3 4.
60. Confession, 3d verse, for *we*, read *me*.

☞ The AUTHOR returns his respects to the SUBSCRIBERS for this Book, as their liberality so far exceeds his expectations, he is determined to put the book to Subscribers at 88 *Cents* a book, although the conditions were *one cent* a page.