

CHURCH MUSIC,

TO ACCOMPANY

WATTS' AND NEW SELECT HYMNS.

SELECTED BY A. W. COREY.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef, common time signature, and a melody line with lyrics: "The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well".

sup - ply'd; Since he is mine and I am

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a bass clef, common time signature, and a melody line with lyrics: "sup - ply'd; Since he is mine and I am".

his, What can I want be - side.

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a bass clef, common time signature, and a melody line with lyrics: "his, What can I want be - side.".

He leads me to the place, Where

Pia.
heav'nly pas - tures grow; Where

liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly

For.
pass, And full sal - vation flows.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,

That saw the Lord a - - rise;

Wel - come to this re - vi - ving breast,

And these re - joi - cing eyes.

Come sound his praise a - broad,

And hymns of glo - ry sing:

Je - hovah is the sov' - reign Lord,

The u - ni - ver - sal king.

My soul with pa - tience waits, For

thee, the liv - ing God; My

hopes are on thy prom - ise built,

Thy nev - er fail - ing word.

Hark, it is wis - dom's voice,

That spreads it - self a - round,

Come hither all ye sons of death,

And lis - ten to the sound.

The day is pass'd and gone, The evening shades ap-

pear, O may we all remember well,

O may we, &c.

The night of death is near.

My soul repeat his praise, Whose

mercies are so great, Whose

anger is so slow to rise, So ready to

a - bate, So ready, &c.

Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to

death; But in the service of my God, I'll

spend my dai-ly breath, But in the worship of

my God, I'll spend my dai-ly breath.

10 LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

Lord, what a fee - ble

piece Is this our mor - tal frame; Our

life how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That

scarce de - serves a name.

There is a land of pure de - -

light, Where saints immor - tal reign; In - -

fi - nite day ex - cludes the night,

And pleasures ban - ish pain.

Come, children, learn to fear the

Lord, And that your days be long,

Let not a false nor spiteful

word, Be found up - on your tongue.

Why do we mourn de - parting friends,

Or shake at death's a - larms! 'Tis

but the voice that Je - sus sends,

To call them to his arms.

In God's own house pronounce his

praise, His grace he there re - veals; To

heav'n your joy and won - der raise, For

there his glo - ry dwells.

With cheer - ful notes let all

the earth, To heav'n their voi - ces raise,

Let all in - spir'd with Godly mirth,

Sing sol - emn hymns of praise.

Let not despair nor fell re - -

venge, Be to my bo - som known; O

give me tears for oth - ers' woes, And

pa - tience for my own.

Be - gin my soul the lof - ty

strain ; In solemn ac - cent sing,

A sacred hymn of grateful praise,

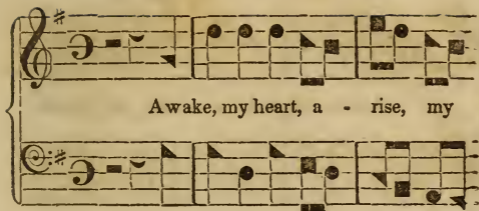
To heav'n's Al - migh - ty King.

Je - sus, with all thy saints a -

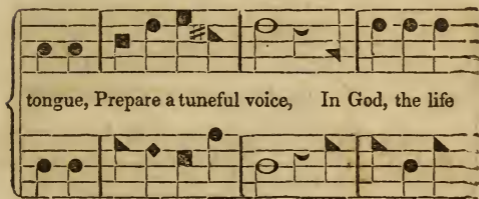
bove, My tongue would bear her part; Would

sound a - loud thy sa - ving love, And

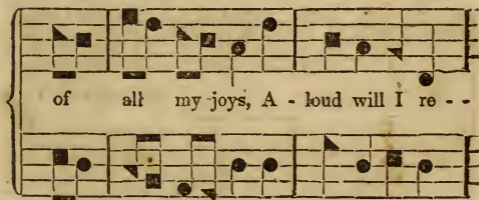
sing thy bleed - ing heart.



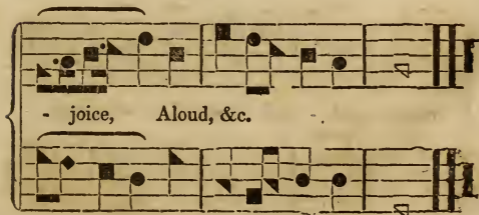
Awake, my heart, a - rise, my



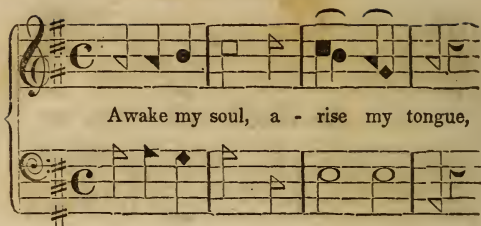
tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice, In God, the life



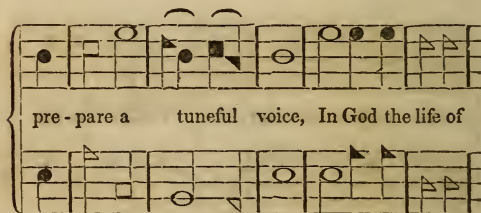
of all my joys, A - loud will I re - -



- jice, Aloud, &c.



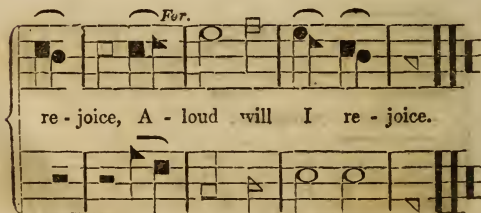
Awake my soul, a - rise my tongue,



pre - pare a tuneful voice, In God the life of



all my joys, - - - - A - loud will I



re - joice, A - loud will I re - joice.

Lord what is man poor feeble man,

Born of the earth at first

His life a sha-dow light and vain,

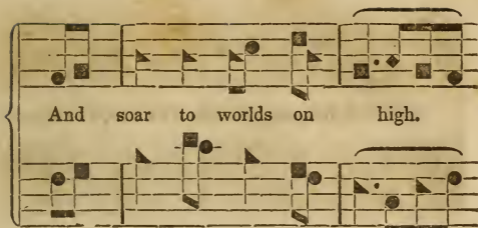
Still hast'ning to the dust.

And let this fee-ble body fail,

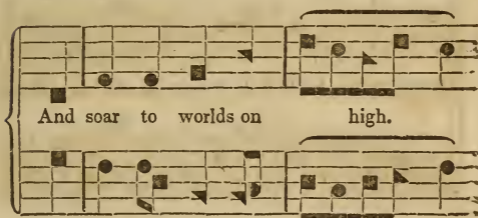
And let it faint or die,

My soul shall quit this mournful vale,

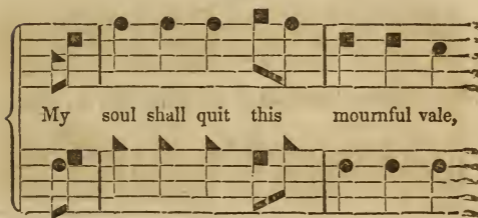
And soar to worlds on high.



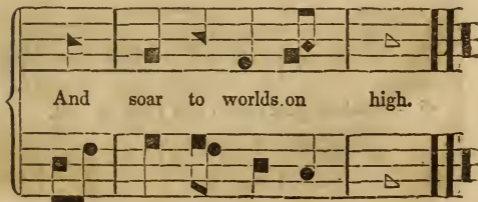
And soar to worlds on high.



And soar to worlds on high.



My soul shall quit this mournful vale,



And soar to worlds on high.

All hail the great Immanuel's name, Let angels

prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal

di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

There is a land of pure de-light,

Where saints im - mor - tal reign,

In - finite day ex - cludes the night,

And pleas - ures banish pain.

Sweet fields be - yond the swelling flood,

Stand dress'd in - living green,

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,

Whilst Jor - - dan roll'd be - tween.

Soon shall the glorious morning dawn, When

all the saints shall rise; And cloth'd in

their im - mor - tal bloom, At - tend thee

to the skies, Attend thee to the skies.

While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r,

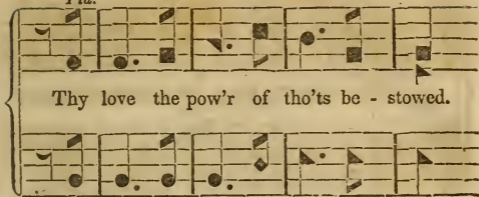
Be my vain wish - es still'd;

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour,

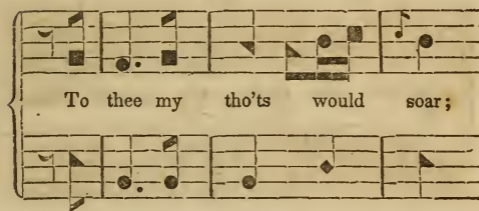
With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

BRATTLE STREET, Continued. 29

Pia.

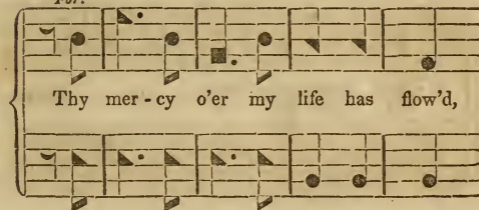


Thy love the pow'r of tho'ts be - stowed.

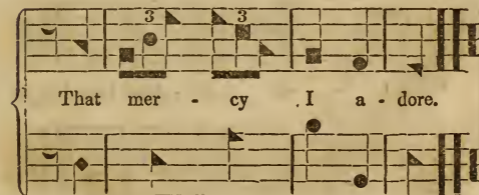


To thee my tho'ts would soar;

For.



Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd,



That mer - cy I a - dore.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,

Descend and clothe the ground; The

li - quid streams for - bear to flow,

In i - cy fet - ters bound.

Once more my soul the ri - sing

day, Salutes my waking eyes; Once

more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay, To

him who rules the skies.

Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit,

Heav'n - ly dove, With all

thy quick' - ning pow'rs,

With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,

Kin - dle a flame of sa-

cred love, Kin - dle a

flame of sa - cred love,

In these cold hearts of ours.

A - wake my soul - to

joy - ful lays, And sing the great

Re - deemer's praise; He

just - ly claims a song from me,

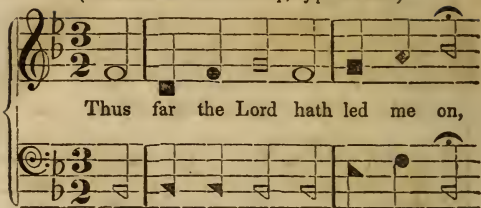
His lov - ing kind - ness, O

how free! His lov - ing kindness,

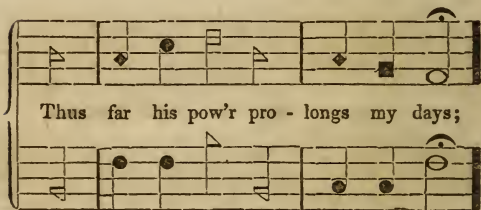
Lov - ing kind - ness, His lov -

ing kind - ness, O how free.

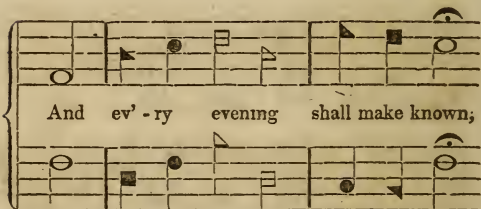
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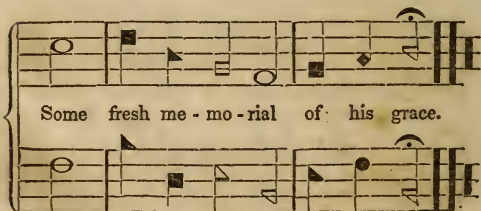
Thus far the Lord hath led me on,



Thus far his pow'r pro - longs my days;



And ev' - ry evening shall make known;



Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

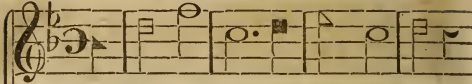
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Now to the shining realms a - bove,

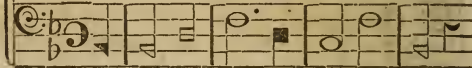
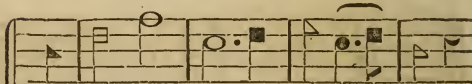
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes :

O for the pinions of a dove,

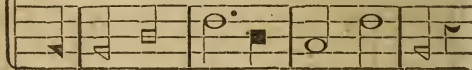
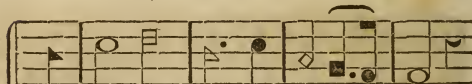
To bear me to the up - per skies!

Very Slow.


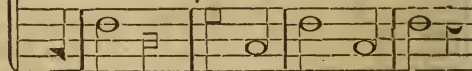
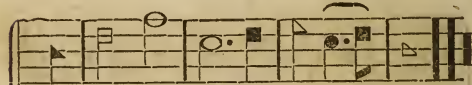
So fades the love-ly bloom-ing flow'r,

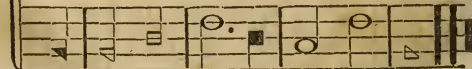
Frail smi-ling so-lace of an hour,

So soon our transient comforts fly,

And pleasure on-ly blooms to die.



From all who dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre-

a - tor's praise a - rise; Let
Let the Redeem - er's

the Re - deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land by
name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue, Thro'

ev'ry tongue, Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.
ev' - ry land by ev'ry tongue.

Praise to the Lord of boundless might,

With uncre - a - ted glories bright;

His presence fills the world a - bove,

Th' e - ternal source of light and love.

False are the men of high de - gree, The baser

sort are van-i - ty: Laid in a

Laid in a balance doth ap-

balance, doth appear, Light as a puff of empty air.

pear, Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

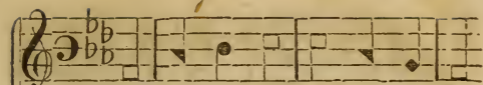
Light as a puff of empty air.

O that my load of sin were gone,

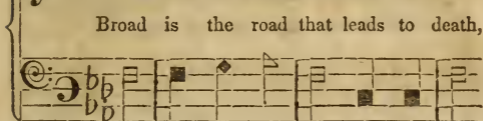
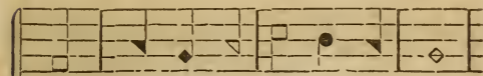
O that I could at last sub-mit,

At Je-sus' feet to lay me down!

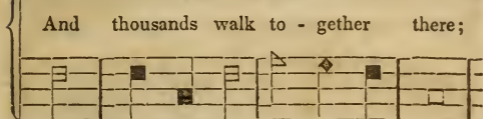
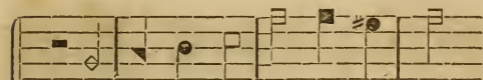
To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!



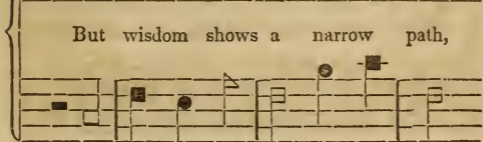
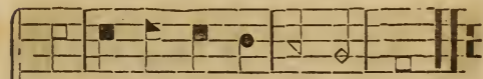
Broad is the road that leads to death,

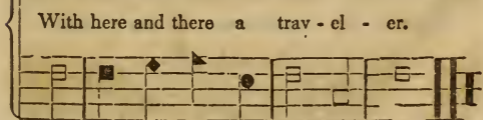
And thousands walk to - gether there;

But wisdom shows a narrow path,

With here and there a tray - el - er.



God of my life, to thee be - long

The grateful heart, the joyful song;

Touch'd by thy love, each tune - ful chord

Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

Ye nations round the earth re - joice,

Be - fore the Lord, your sovereign king;

Serve him with chærful heart and voice,

With all your tongues his glo - ry sing.

O come, loud anthems let us sing,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Old Hundred'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'O come, loud anthems let us sing,' are written between the two staves.

Loud thanks to our Almight - ty King.

The second system of musical notation. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The bottom staff provides the bass line. The lyrics 'Loud thanks to our Almight - ty King.' are written between the staves.

For we our voi - ces high should raise,

The third system of musical notation. The top staff continues the melody. The bottom staff provides the bass line. The lyrics 'For we our voi - ces high should raise,' are written between the staves.

When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

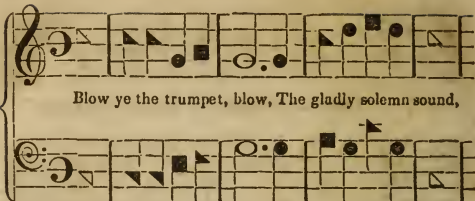
The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. The top staff continues the melody. The bottom staff provides the bass line. The lyrics 'When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.' are written between the staves. The system concludes with a double bar line.

“Mercy O thou son of David!”

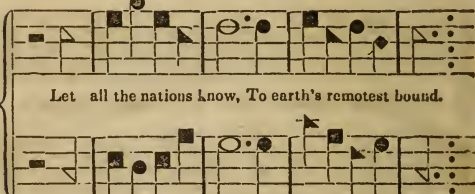
Thus the blind Bar - timeus pray'd;

“Others by thy word are saved,

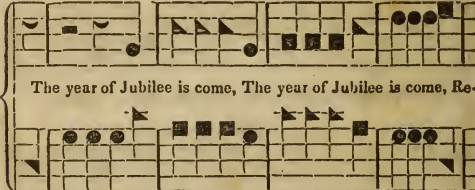
Now to me af - ford thine aid.



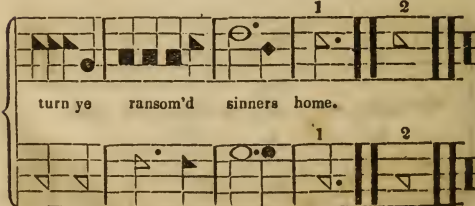
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound,



Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound.



The year of Jubilee is come, The year of Jubilee is come, Re-



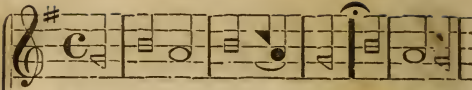
turn ye ransom'd sinners home.

Gra - cious spirit, love divine!

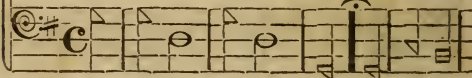
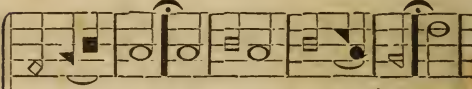
Let thy light with - in me shine

All my guilt - ty fears re - move,

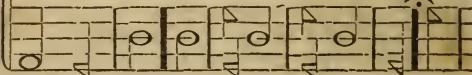

Fill me with thy heav'nly love.



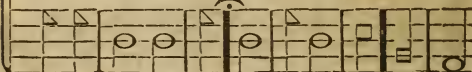
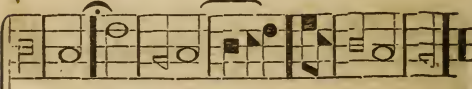
Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant

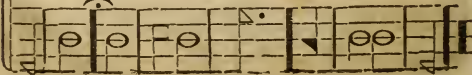
and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thy

earthly temples are: To thine abode My heart

aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.




Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing,

Fill our hearts with joy and peace.

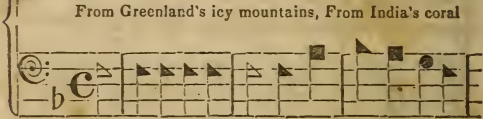

Let us all thy love pos - sessed,

Tri - umph in re - deeming grace.

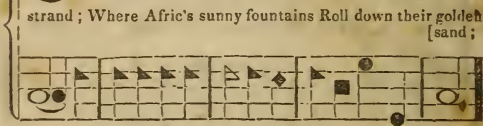
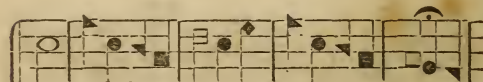
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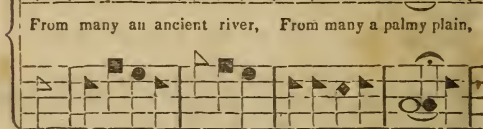

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral

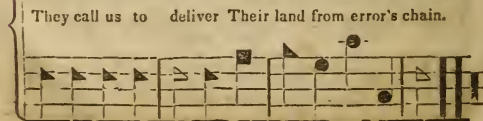
strand ; Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden
[sand ;

From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.



Guide me O thou great Je - ho - vah,
I am weak, but thou art migh - ty,

Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;

Largo. Pia.

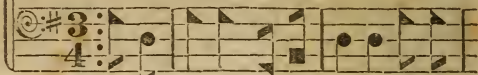
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - er,

Tempo. For.

Feed me till I want no more



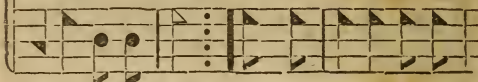
Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior, Come, and
Come, oh come! and reign for ev - er, God of



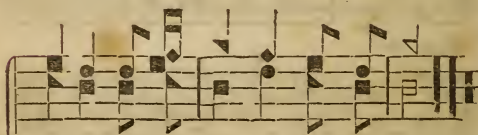
Day and night thy Lambs are crying, Come, good



bid our jarring cease; } Vi - sit now poor bleeding
love and Prince of peace; }



Shepherd feed thy sheep.



Zi - on, Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep; D. C.

