

PSALMODY. - LAWES, CAMIDGE. - 1789.

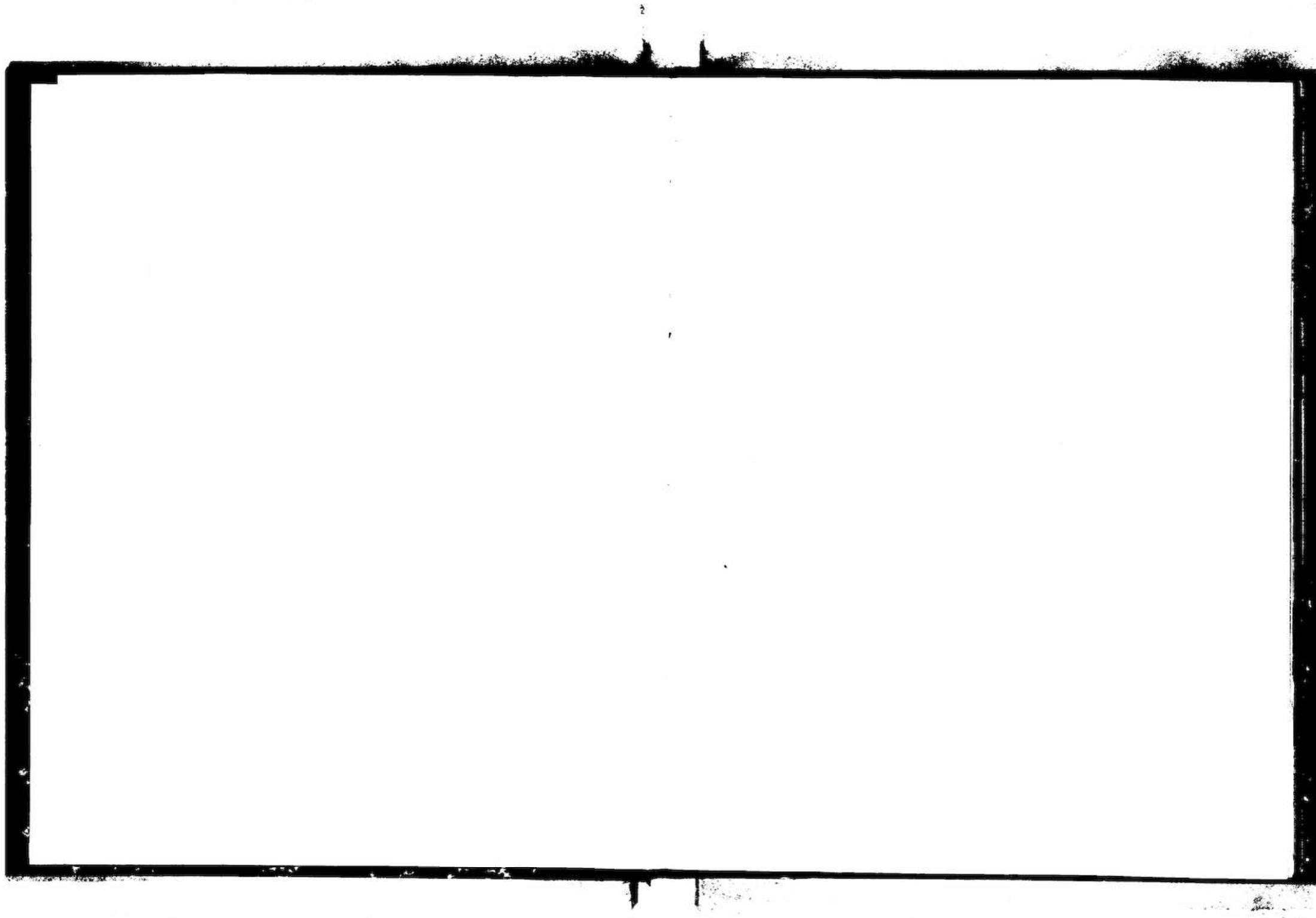
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332.

p. 14

10





P. Bean

L A W E S ' S  
P S A L M O D Y  
FOR A  
S I N G L E V O I C E,  
*Being TWENTY-FOUR MELODIES for PRIVATE DEVOTION,*  
With a BASE for VOICE or INSTRUMENT.

# PSALMODY

*For a SINGLE VOICE,*

Being TWENTY-FOUR MELODIES for PRIVATE DEVOTION,

*With a BASE for VOICE or INSTRUMENT;*

First published with Mr. GEORGE SANDYS's

"Paraphrase of the Psalms of David" in the year 1638.

By HENRY LAWES,

*Gentleman of his Majesty's Chapel Royal.*

With a VARIATION of each PSALM TUNE on the same Page,

By MATTHEW CAMIDGE,

*Lately one of the Children of the same Chapel Royal.*

To which are prefixed,

Some INTRODUCTORY REASONS for this PUBLICATION,

By W. MASON, M. A.

*PRECENTOR of YORK.*

---

PRINTED BY W. BLANCHARD.

MDCC LXXXIX



TO THE  
Q U E E N,

THE FOLLOWING MELODIES

ARE

(BY HER MAJESTY'S PERMISSION)

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 The Very Rev. the Dean of York.

## S O N N E T

To Mr. H. LAWES on his *Airs*.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song  
First taught our English music how to span  
Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
With Midas ears, committing short and long;  
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
With praise enough for envy to look wan;  
To after-age thou shalt be writ the man,  
That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.  
Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing  
To honour thee, the Priest of Phœbus' quire,  
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.  
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing  
Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

JOHN MILTON.

## P R E F A C E.

A FEW years ago I accidentally found, in the Library of a Friend, the first folio edition of Mr. George Sandys's *Paraphrase upon the Divine Poems*, in which the Melodies here reprinted were affixed to certain Psalms in his version of that part of the Poetical Scriptures. I had never before chanced to meet with any of Henry Lawes's music; but the Sonnet of his Friend Milton, which praises him for, what I have ever thought the chief though much disregarded merit of vocal compositions, a strict observance of rhythmus and syllabic accent, had given me a predilection for it. I took the Book therefore to an instrument, and found upon trial, that not only these two points were carefully attended to, but, that the composer had also very judiciously varied his airs, in order to express the joyous, plaintive, or supplicatory sentiments which the Stanza they accompanied conveyed. I perceived, also, that when that very simple mode of notation in which they were printed, was enlivened and embellished by such additional *appoggiaturas* and natural graces as a modern Singer of taste usually throws into any air which he executes, especially in slow movements, they appeared to possess a kind of merit almost peculiar to themselves, that of keeping an exact medium between the dull drawling mode of the German and French Psalm Tunes, and the light trivial cast of the common vernacular Song. Such



a medium, though very difficult to preserve, I have long thought was the thing wanted, in order to the improvement of Parochial Psalmody, and therefore I was led to believe that if the old Melodies before me were somewhat modernized, (and why should not old music as well as old poetry be so treated?) they would become an excellent specimen of that particular species of Church composition.

The ingenious Editor, who, at my request, undertook so to modernize them, has executed the task much to my own satisfaction; how far the public may give them its approbation can only be known by the trial. In order, however, that it may have every thing requisite towards forming an impartial judgment, the original Melodies are placed before every variation,\* and printed without any alteration whatever. From these some of the variations are transposed into lower keys, in order to adapt them the better to the usual pitch of *Soprano* Voices, the strain frequently running too high, which is somewhat singular, considering the time in which they were composed, when, it may be conjectured, the trick of the *Falsetto* was little known and less practised; yet, as at that time the art of singing by note and at sight was much more universal than it is at present, and accompanying instruments less in use, the key note might be varied at the performer's pleasure, and that taken which best suited the compass of his own voice.

It

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\* I use the word *variation*, as the Editor has also done on the musical page, in a more confined if not different sense from that technical one employed by composers when they break into divisions vulgar and secular tunes by multiplying notes, &c. and this for want of a single term better appropriated to the slight deviations which these modernized Melodies will be found to have from their respective originals.

It is said in the old title-page, that the Melodies were intended for private devotion, with a thorough-bass for voice or instrument. They are therefore properly *Solo* Tunes, though a bass voice might, in performance, accompany the treble; however to shew how easily more parts might be added, two of the variations are also set for two, and another for four voices. Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, tells us, that Henry Lawes, in conjunction with his Brother William, published a set of Psalm Tunes in four parts. These I have never seen, but I much suspect that what they may have gained in harmony they have lost in air and expression.

Having now said all that may be necessary with respect to the Musical liberties which have been taken with the original Composer, it behoves me to say somewhat of those taken with the Poet.

Mr. George Sandys was by no means a bad versifier. He appears (especially when out of the fetters of translation) to have an ear much superior to Cowley, and many other contemporary Poets, who, if they had not more celebrity at the time, have retained what they then had to a later period. But no Poet, either then or even to the present hour, has, when writing professedly for music, attended sufficiently to the choice of such words as are replete with open vowels and liquid consonants; words of a contrary description, such as *neglect*, *reject*, *just*, *thrust*, &c. &c. especially in the rhyming part of the verses, be they either in couplet or alternate, have in singing the most disagreeable effect imaginable: whereas, if such obvious rules were observed as any musical and poetical ear might lay down for itself, when about to write verse for this peculiar purpose, I am convinced that the English Language would appear

appear to have, what I will venture to call a vocality of intonation, inferior to no modern language, except the Italian. But this, as I have said, has as yet been never attended to: neither, indeed, would it be worth any Poet's while to attend to it, because, so long as, even in vocal music, harmony (and frequently a multifarious one) takes the lead of melody, not only in chorus, but in air also, the words must of necessity be rendered either inaudible or unintelligible, and therefore why should the writer study to render them fluent and flexible.

With some portions of the Poetry, for which these Melodies were composed, I have however taken this freedom. The many harshly-sounding rhymes, which I found the Verses incumbered with, induced me to do so. But it was that defect only, and not the vanity of improving upon my Author in any other way than that which I have mentioned, which prompted the undertaking. I am so far from thinking the version improved as a version, that I suspect my sedulity to soften the diction has sometimes weakened the sense. Be this as it may, as all the metres (jingling as many of them are) are left as I found them, the original lines may be restored at pleasure.

Thus on the one hand, as the musical editor has taken occasion sometimes to deviate from the modulation of Lawes, yet, without departing from his air, I have altered the versification of Sandys without changing his metre. Whether either of us have acted justifiably the musical and poetical critic (could they be united in the same person) would be the most competent and perhaps the most favourable judge.

I will not conclude this preface, though already, perhaps, too long for the purpose, without adding some little account of Henry Lawes, as many persons, not in possession of Sir John Hawkins's voluminous History of Music, may wish for some degree of biographical information concerning him.

He was the second son of the Rev. William Lawes, a Vicar Choral in the church of Salisbury. He and his elder brother, William, were educated as musicians, and became gentlemen of the King's Chapel. At the time of the civil war, William followed the Royal Standard, and was slain by a casual shot at the siege of Chester, 1645, where his Royal Master, from a feeling of humanity which does his memory honour, wore mourning for him. Henry, who, if not less loyal, was certainly less military, supported himself during the *interregnum* by pursuing his musical profession, and gaining what scanty emolument he could from it, in such inharmonious times, and by the ease and facility of his manners acquired the esteem of all parties. He lived to see Monarchy restored, and died October 1, 1662, two years after he had composed the Coronation Anthem of Charles II.

The Historian, from whose life of him I have made this abridgment,\* gives us the following paragraph concerning him. "If we were to judge of the merit of Henry Lawes, as a musician, from the numerous testimony of authors in his favour, we should rank him amongst the first that this country has produced; but, setting these aside, his title to fame will appear but ill grounded; notwithstanding

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\* See History of Music, vol. 4, p. 56 and 57.

"notwithstanding he was a servant of the church he contributed nothing to its stores. His talent lay chiefly in the composition of songs for a single voice, and in these the great and almost only excellency is, *the exact correspondence between the accent of the music and the quantities of the verse*; and if the Poems of Milton and of Waller be attended to, it will be found that his care in this particular, is *his chief praise*."

This, with submission to the elaborate Critic, is (as I have said already) in my opinion, one of the principal merits of a vocal composer. I should not, however, have hesitated to think that Lawes might have had more of the science of his profession than this author chuses to allow him, had not Dr. Burney (whose opinion must for various reasons have greater weight than that of a mere antiquary) informed me, that after a thorough and studious examination of his works, he could not give him a higher eulogy in the last volume of his History now in the press. I suppose, therefore, the truth to be this, that though no scientific or theoretical harmonist, he had that inborn taste and feeling which enabled him to give to verse an original, delicate, and expressive melody, which, perhaps, he had also the talent to set off to the best advantage, by his own vocal powers, in a way novel at the time, when *solo* air was in its infancy, and by this means to convey poetical sentiment through that musical medium in the most intelligible and pathetic manner.† If this was the case, the Poets of the time, would, from something

† We may infer this from his not having only composed the original music for *Comus*, but also from his acting the Attendant Spirit, and singing the concluding air in that exquisite Masque.

something more than a self-interested motive, from the dictates of reason and good sense, applaud a composer who made his art subservient to their own; and therefore, as Milton says, since *he honour'd verse, verse* was in all gratitude bound to honour him:

With like gratitude, though with feeblér powers of expressing it, Waller also wrote his encomium, and in so doing, like Milton, reprobated the other composers of his day, whose music, as he quaintly expresses it, let in *the light of the Poet's sense*  
*dim and faint*  
*Like a church window thick with paint.*

Whereas his favorite Lawes,  
*could truly boast*  
*That not a syllable is lost.\**

From all which we may justly infer, as we have done, that, however his music might then, or may now, be disesteemed by the professed harmonists, who frequently judge more by the eye than the ear, and try every thing by the old severe laws of counterpoint, it yet possess a simplicity, a pathos, and propriety, which rendered it that true adjunct of poetry, *which, with smooth air, could humour best our Tongue.*†

How far these little Melodies may tend to support this inference, the public will decide. No melody or tune, however, can be expected

\* See Waller's Poem to Henry Lawes, who had set one of his songs, 1635.

† See Milton's Sonnet prefix, ver. 8.

pected to unite its several notes to subsequent stanzas so perfectly as it does to the first. The very nature of stanzas forbids it, which never are, or can be, written with that exactitude of rhythm and accent, which any given air can adapt itself to, without varying its tones with every variation of the concomitant verses.

I have only further to observe, that the best of these movements (for they certainly are not all of them equally good)\* will require more taste and practical skill to do them justice than common vocal performers may be aware of: to lead, therefore, to their proper execution, certain Italian terms, adopted by musical writers, in order to mark what species of expression should be given by the voice, are prefixed to each of the variations. Terms on this occasion which do not so much affect the time and movement as the taste and manner of performance. All these, however, would be quite unnecessary were the singer previously to make himself acquainted with the general sentiment of each psalm, and during his performance devoutly keep in mind that Divine Being, unto whom the sentiment was originally addressed by the inspired Psalmist.

ASTON,  
November, 1788.

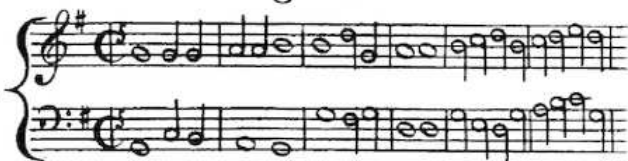
W. MASON.

\* I have ventured to mark with an asterisk (\*) at the end of each Psalm, those tunes which appear to me to have superior merit.

1

## Original

Pfalm. 1.



## Variation



## P S A L M I.

**T**HAT man is truly blest who scorns to stray  
By false advice, or walks the sinner's way ;  
Or deigns to mingle with the sons of pride,  
Who God condemn and piety deride.

- 2 In heav'n's eternal law is his delight,  
That sacred page he studies day and night:  
Hence, like a tree beside the living stream  
His laden boughs with fruit maturely teem.
- 3 His leaf shall ne'er decay ; the Lord shall bless  
His ev'ry action with desired success :  
Not so the wicked, they thro' folly blind,  
Shall fly like chaff before the furious wind.
- 4 Hope not ye sinners then to stand secure,  
When call'd to God's tribunal with the pure :  
For he who smooths the path the righteous tread,  
Denounces vengeance on the guilty head.

A



## P S A L M II.

**W**HY are the Gentiles furious grown;  
 Why do earth's Potentates and Kings  
 Prefume to say contemptuous things  
 'Gainst God and his anointed Son:  
 Break we, they cry, these servile bands,  
 And cast their cords from our free hands.

- 2 But God, from his celestial sphere,  
 Shall all their vain attempts deride,  
 And, high incens'd, thus check their pride:  
 "My fixt decree, ye nations, hear,  
 "I give to my begotten Son  
 "This day possession of his throne.
- 3 "On Sion's hill behold him crown'd,  
 "He hears me say, my Son, I deign  
 "To give to thy extended reign  
 "All that earth's amplest circles bound;  
 "Thou shalt an iron sceptre sway,  
 "To crush the slaves who disobey."
- 4 Be wise then, ye terrestrial Kings,  
 Revere, and tremble at his word;  
 Salute him your anointed Lord:  
 Contempt your sure destruction brings,  
 His slightest wrath will seal your fate,  
 His blessings on the Just await.

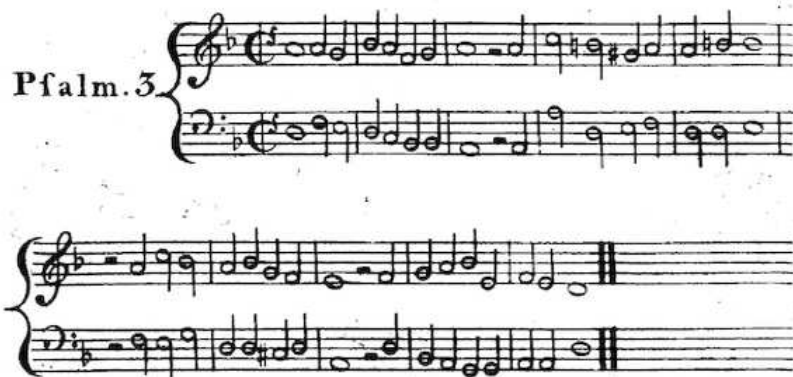
Pfalm. 2. Original 4

A Tempo Comodo Variation

Why are the Gentiles fu-rious grown, Why do Earths Poten-  
 -tates and Kings Prefume to say contemptuous things 'Gainst  
 God and his a- nointed Son? Break we they cry these  
 servile bands, And cast their cords from our free hands.

## Original

Pfalm. 3.



## Variation

My God how do my Foes in - - - crease, What

*Cantabile*

mul - ti - tudes a - gainst me rise, Who cry his Soul shall

have no peace, Whom God forsakes and Men de - spise.

## P S A L M III.

**M**Y God, how do my foes increase,  
 What multitudes against me rise;  
 Who cry his soul shall have no peace,  
 Whom God forsakes and men despise.

- 2 But thou art my defence and tower,  
 Thy smiles my soul with rapture fill;  
 When to thy throne my prayer I pour,  
 Thou hear'st me from thy holy hill.
- 3 Nor myriads of assailing foes,  
 Nor treasons dark my soul dismay;  
 For thou prolong'st my calm repose,  
 My watch by night, my guard by day.
- 4 Still shalt thou smite the savage jaws  
 That aim the righteous to devour,  
 And alway vindicate the cause  
 Of those who supplicate thy power.

P S A L M IV.

THOU guardian of my truth and me  
Who from these toils hath set me free,  
O hear my Prayer,  
Make me thy care,  
For mercy dwells with thee.

- 2 How long, ye sons of men, will you  
To God alike and man untrue  
My name disgrace,  
My worth debase,  
And vanity pursue.
- 3 Know that Heav'n's promise standeth sure  
To aid the virtuous and the pure :  
God's holy ear  
Their vows will hear,  
And bid them sleep secure.
- 4 O sin not, but devoutly try,  
As on your nightly couch you lie,  
Your souls to raise  
By prayer and praise,  
And place your hopes on high. —

## Original

Pfalm. 4.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a simple, melodic style with quarter and eighth notes, and rests. The system ends with a double bar line.

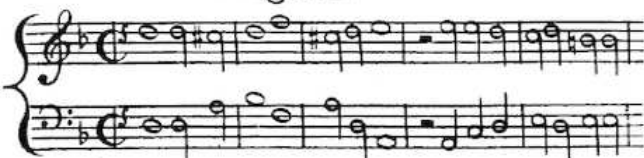
## Variation

Thou Guardian of my truth and me, Who

from these toils hast set me free, O hear my Prayer, make

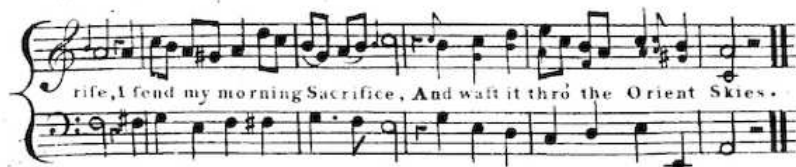
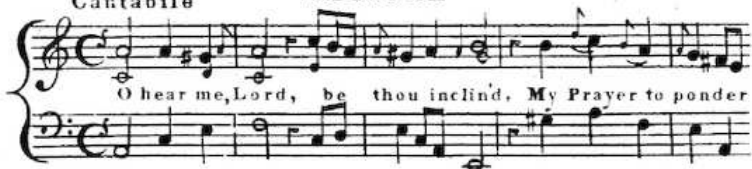


Pfalm. 5.



Cantabile

Variation



## P S A L M V.

**O** HEAR me, Lord, be thou inclin'd  
 My prayer to ponder in thy mind,  
 And let my cry acceptance find;  
 To thee before the day star rise,  
 I send my morning sacrifice,  
 And waite it to the orient skies.

2 Fountain of spotless purity,  
 No vice, no folly dwells with thee;  
 No son of shame thy face shall see:  
 Deceit and falsehood share thy hate;  
 All cruelty, all fell debate,  
 Thy vengeance gives to sudden fate.

3 But I will to thy courts repair,  
 Since infinite thy mercies are,  
 And on my knees adore thee there;  
 Implore thee to direct my way,  
 And guard me in this dang'rous day,  
 When foes arise my soul to slay, —

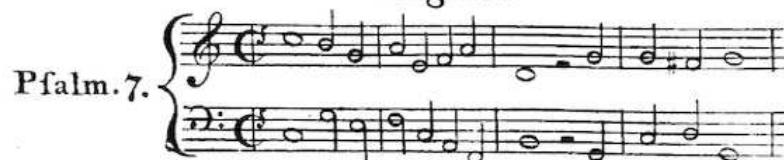
## P S A L M VII.

THOU God on whom my hopes repose,  
 From all my foes,  
 Who wrath and violence intend  
 My life defend;  
 Left lion-like, if none controul,  
 They tear my persecuted soul.

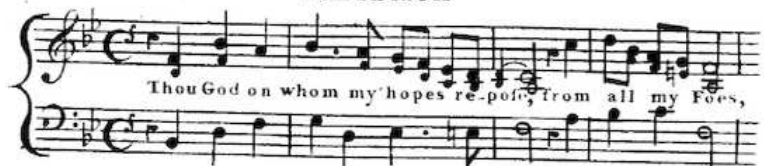
- 2 If fraud, deceit, or calumny  
 Be found in me;  
 If evil I did e'er intend  
 To foe or friend,  
 Or kindly did not succour those  
 Whom reason bad me deem my foes,
- 3 Then let those foes my soul pursue  
 And swift subdue;  
 Let their proud feet upon my head  
 In triumph tread;  
 My life with indignation slay,  
 And in the dust my honour lay.
- 4 But I am guiltless: Rise then Lord,  
 And aid afford;  
 Dread Judge, thy sleeping wrath awake,  
 And vengeance take.  
 O King of Kings, ascend thy throne,  
 That all thy equity may own. —

## Original

12



## Variation



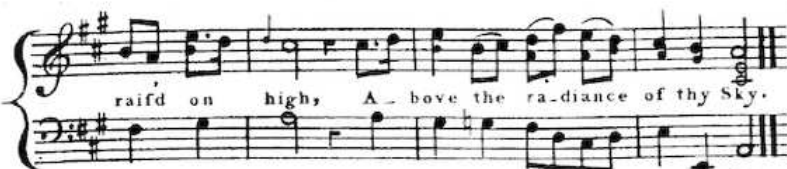
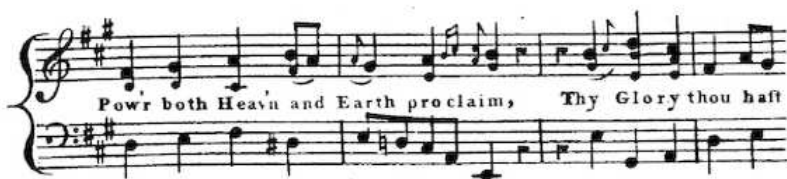
## Original

Pfalm. 8.



## Variation

Vivace



## P S A L M VIII.

**L**ORD how illustrious is thy name,  
Thy power both heav'n and earth proclaim;  
Thy glory thou has rais'd on high,  
Above the radiance of the sky.

- 2 Thou, Lord, inspir'it the infant tongue,  
With power to swell the holy song,  
That so the impious and profane  
May hear and tremble at the strain.
- 3 When I the heav'n's pure fabric see,  
The moon, the stars, disposed by thee,  
I cry, are all these acts of grace  
Ordain'd for man and his frail race.
- 4 Near to thy angels he is plac'd,  
With Majesty and glory grac'd,  
The King of all thy creatures made  
That graze the plains, or haunt the shade.
- 5 O'er all that wing the azure sky,  
O'er all in ocean's bed that lie,  
He holds an undisputed claim:  
"Lord how illustrious is thy name!" \*

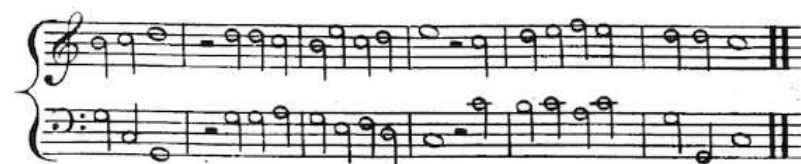
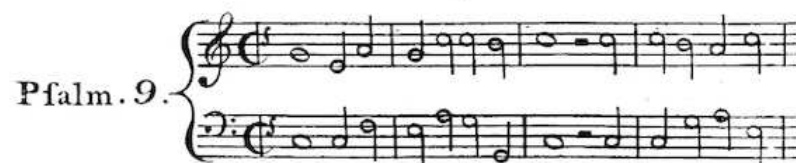
## P S A L M IX.

THEE will I praise with heart and voice,  
 Thy wond'rous works aloud proclaim;  
 In thee, my God, will I rejoice,  
 And crown with praise thy glorious name.

- 2 Thy terror to inglorious flight,  
 O God of Hosts, has put my foes;  
 Thy vengeance vindicates my right,  
 Thy truth, thy justice aids my cause.
- 3 The proud are fall'n, the heathen die,  
 Oblivion shall their names entomb:  
 Destruction! O thou enemy,  
 Thou now receiv'st thy final doom.
- 4 Cities and towns by thee destroy'd,  
 Their memory with their walls decays;  
 But God for ever shall abide,  
 And high his throne of justice raise. —

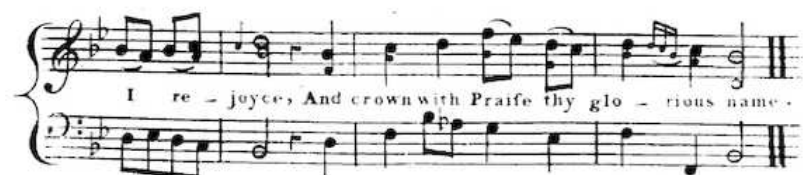
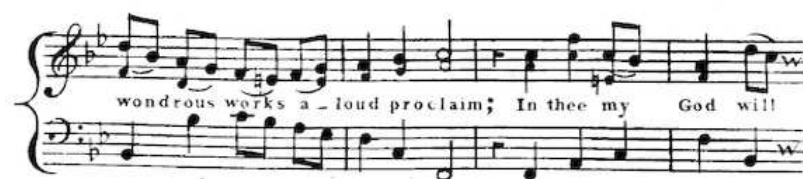
## Original

16

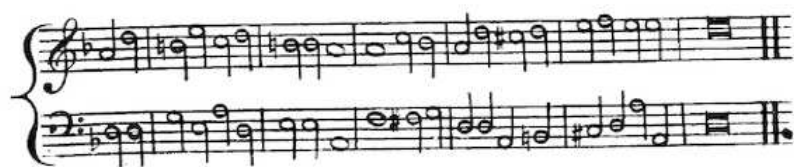
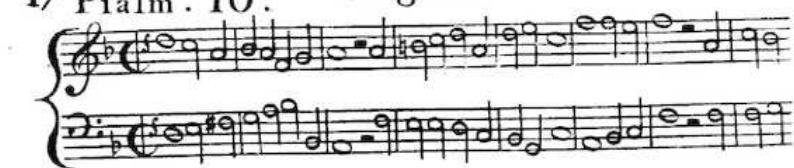


## Variation

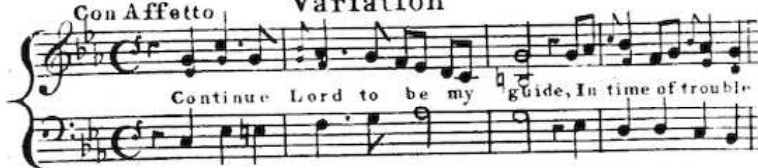
Vivace



17 Pfalm . 10 . Original



Con Affetto Variation



Continue Lord to be my guide, In time of trouble



cease to hide Thy chearing face, Display thy Grace de-



- fend me from the Sons of Pride, Or bid them



by their own de - signs Be over - thrown.

[ 18 ]

P S A L M X.

**C**ONTINUE, Lord, to be my guide,  
In time of trouble cease to hide  
Thy chearing face;  
Display thy grace;  
Defend me from the sons of pride,  
And let them by their own  
Designs be overthrown.

- 2 The wicked make their boast profane,  
And praise the covetous and vain,  
By thee, O Lord,  
So much abhorr'd.  
Yes, they despise thy righteous reign,  
All trust in thee deride,  
And glory in their pride. —
- 9 But thou wilt hear the orphan's prayer,  
And when thy servants, worn with care,  
To thee complain  
In humble strain,  
Wilt still incline thy pitying ear;  
Give them the balm of Peace,  
And bid th' oppressor cease.

B



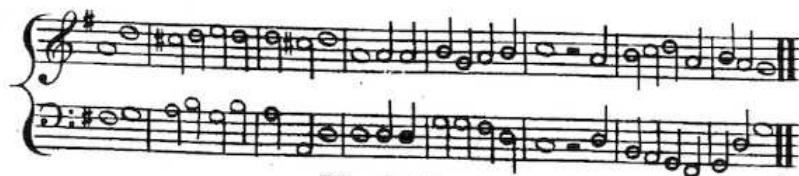
## P S A L M XII.

**H**ELP, Lord! for godly men decay;  
 All faith from mortals bosoms flies,  
 Partners in vice from truth they stray,  
 And deal in frauds and vanities;  
 Their converse is replete with lies,  
 They only flatter to betray.

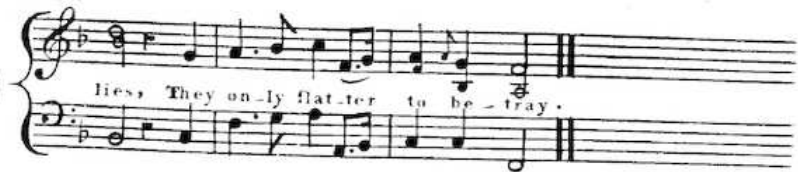
- 2 God shall the haughty lips destroy  
 Of those that swell with proud disdain,  
 Who, arrogantly boasting, cry,  
 "Our tongues the conquest shall obtain,  
 "They are our own, who shall restrain,  
 "Or claim o'er us the sov'reignty?"
- 3 But lo, to vindicate the poor,  
 Whose supplications pierce the skies,  
 And pity from their God implore,  
 That God hath said "I will arise,  
 "And from the foes who them despise,  
 "Deliver all that Me adore."
- 4 God's holy word is pure as gold  
 In melting furnace seven times try'd;  
 His arms of mercy shall unfold  
 All those who in his truth abide;  
 The wicked range on every side  
 When impious hands the sceptre hold.

## Psalm. 12. Original

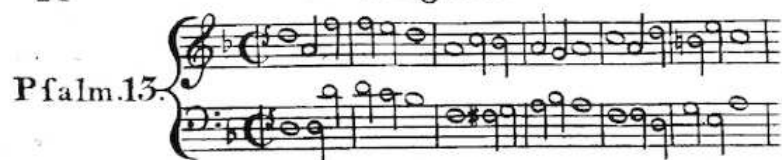
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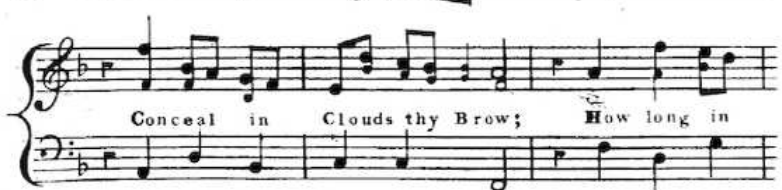
## Variation



Pfalm.13.



## Variation



## P S A L M XIII.

**H**OW long, my God, shall I  
In thine oblivion lie?

For ever, Lord, wilt thou  
Conceal in clouds thy brow?  
How long in sorrow laid  
Must I implore thine aid?

2 For ever must my foes  
Prevent my soul's repose?  
Hear, gracious God, my cries,  
Illuminate my Eyes,  
Left in the sleep of death  
I yield my final breath;

3 Left those who with me slain  
Should triumph in my pain.  
But in thy saving grace,  
O Lord, my hopes I place:  
Prolong thou then my days  
That I may sing thy praise.

## P S A L M XIV.

THE fool hath said, with heart profane,  
 " God rules not in these realms below ;"  
 Hence all their deeds from malice flow,  
 And universal evils reign.

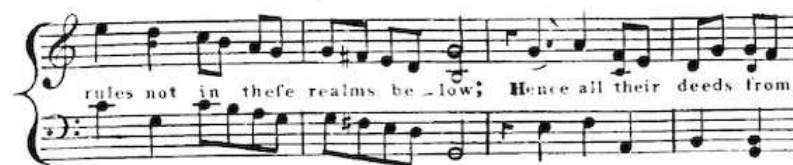
- 2 This, from his high celestial throne,  
 Jehovah saw, and furious said  
 All goodness from the earth is fled,  
 And none are righteous, no not one.
- 3 Say why beneath the iron rod  
 Of rapine do the people bow ;  
 Why do their tyrants disavow  
 Mercy to man and fear of God.
- 4 Soon will I crush this impious race,  
 Salvation soon to Sion send ;  
 Israel shall find her God her friend ;  
 And Jacob feel redeeming grace.

## Original

24



## Variation



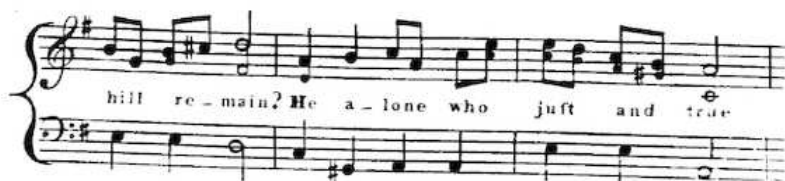


## Original

Pfalm.15.



## Variation



## P S A L M XV.

WHO, my God, shall in thy fane,  
Or thy holy hill remain?

Who but he that just and true  
Speaks the truth and acts it too.

2 He whose guileless heart and tongue  
Scorn to do his neighbour wrong;  
He who with averted eye  
Flies from fraud and infamy.

3 He who to self-merit blind,  
Loves a brother's worth to find,  
Keeps the oath he dar'd to swear,  
Tho' his interest bids forbear.

4 He whose hand disdains to take  
Base rewards for lucre's sake.  
He who thus his actions guides,  
Firm of footstep never slides.

## P S A L M XXII.

**M**Y God, my guardian, and my friend,  
O why dost thou withdraw thy aid,  
Nor to my plaintive voice attend?  
Have I not dayly to thee pray'd,  
And nightly thro' the curtain'd shade;  
Yet would'st not thou thy pity lend.

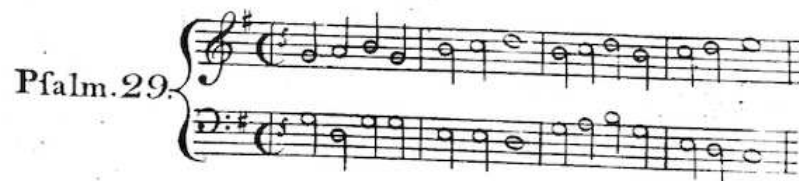
- 2 Still thou art holy; thron'd on high;  
Still Israel's sons thy praise rebound:  
On thee, our fathers did rely,  
Their faith thy wreaths of conquest crown'd;  
They fought, and thy deliverance found;  
They trusted, and thy aid was nigh.
- 3 But I, a helpless worm, am made  
The scorn of men, despised by all;  
My woe with insults they upbraid,  
Will God, say they, redeem from thrall  
The suppliant wretch, or hear his call?  
Then let him this his fav'rite aid.
- 4 Yet from the womb was I by thee  
Releas'd; while at my mother's breast  
I hung, thy mercy nurtur'd me,  
Thro' life, my guide, my God profess'd;  
O aid me then while now distress'd,  
Thou only canst thy servant free.

## Psal. 22. Original

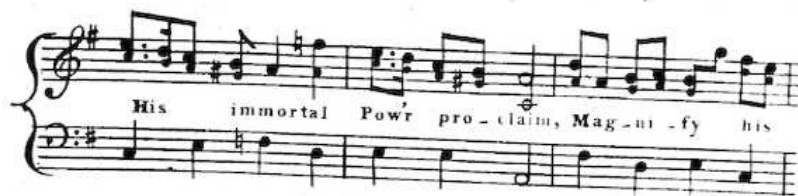
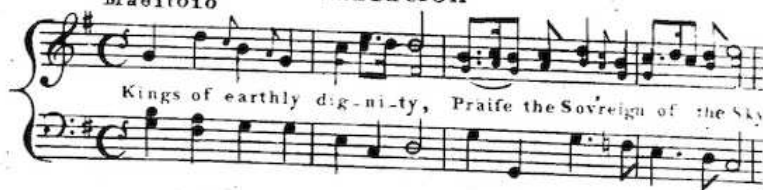
28

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Cantabile'. The score is divided into two main sections: 'Original' and 'Variation'. The 'Original' section consists of two staves of music. The 'Variation' section consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The lyrics are: 'My God my Guardian and my Friend, O why dost thou withdraw thy aid, Nor to my plaintive voice attend? Have I not dayly to thee pray'd, And nightly thro' the curtain'd shade, yet would'st not thou thy Pi - ty lend.'

## Original



## Maestoso Variation



## P S A L M XXIX.

**K**INGS of earthly dignity !  
 Praise the Sov'reign of the sky ;  
 His immortal power proclaim,  
 Magnify his awful name.

- 2 Him in all the beauty blest  
 Of sublimest holiness ;  
 Hark, his voice with terror breaks,  
 God, our God, in thunder speaks
- 3 From a dark and show'ry cloud ;  
 O'er the floods that roar aloud,  
 Powerful is that voice on high,  
 Full of might and majesty. —
- 7 He the raging flood restrains ;  
 He a king eternal reigns ;  
 He his people shall increase,  
 Arm with power, and blest with peace.

## P S A L M XXXII.

**B**LEST, O thrice blest is he,  
 Who by repentance free,  
 Beholds his pardon seal'd,  
 His sins by mercy veil'd.

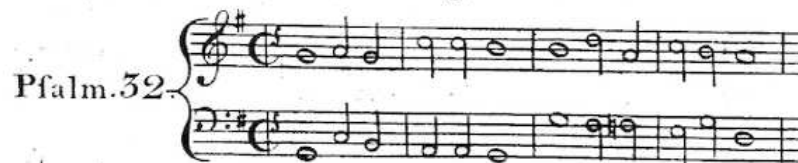
2 This truth myself I prov'd,  
 When, far from hope remov'd,  
 I felt affliction spread  
 Its horrors o'er my head.

3 Parch'd as by summer's ray  
 My moisture dry'd away,  
 Beneath the angry rod  
 Of an offended God.

4 At length with holy fear,  
 With penitence and prayer  
 My ev'ry sin I own'd,  
 And peace and pardon found.

## Original

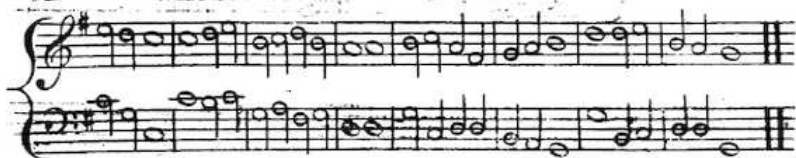
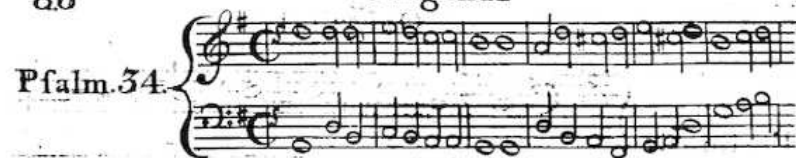
32



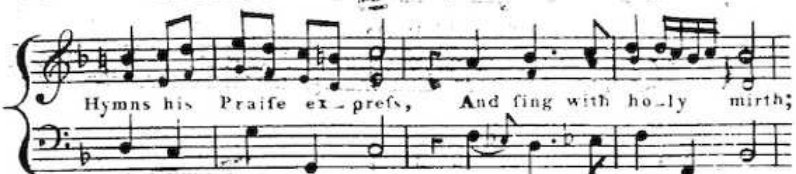
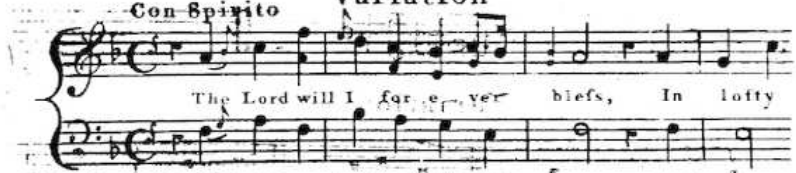
## Variation



Pfalm. 34.



## Con Spirito Variation



## P S A L M XXXIV. \*

THE Lord will I for ever blefs,  
 In lofty hymns his praise exprefs,  
 And fing with holy mirth;  
 All humble minds fhall fhare my joy,  
 And join with me to magnify  
 The King of heav'n and earth.

- 2 My prayer afcended to his ear,  
 He fav'd me from the ftorms of fear;  
 And fo fhall all the meek  
 Who fly to him, his aid receive,  
 His mercy is as free to give,  
 As we his aid to feek.
- 3 O tafte and fee with one accord,  
 How good, how gracious, is the Lord:  
 They who their maker own  
 Shall feel no want; the lions roar  
 For food, but them, who God implore,  
 His peace and plenty crown,



## P S A L M XXXIX.

**I** SAID, I will regard my way,  
 Left I should stray;  
 With caution, as with bridle-rein,  
 My tongue restrain:  
 And, when the sons of pride are nigh,  
 Forbear to argue or reply.

2 From words of truth, from just complaint,  
 With close restraint,  
 My voice I held, till grief severe  
 Too great to bear,  
 Boil'd in my breast, and fir'd my tongue  
 With fervor to proclaim its wrong.

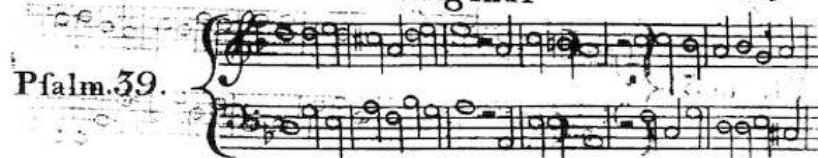
3 Lord, let me know my end, I cry'd,  
 Nor longer hide  
 The number of my days; declare  
 My latest year:  
 Short at the best, a very span,  
 As nothing is the age of man.

4 His state though swell'd by fortune high,  
 To vanity;  
 His life a shadow light and vain!  
 With toil and pain,  
 He heaps up riches year on year,  
 Yet knows not who shall be his heir.

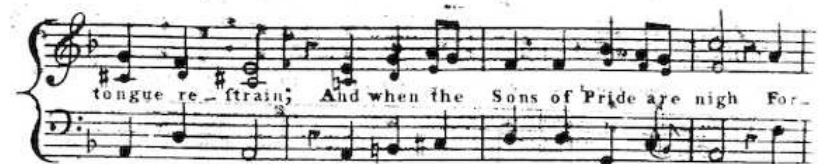
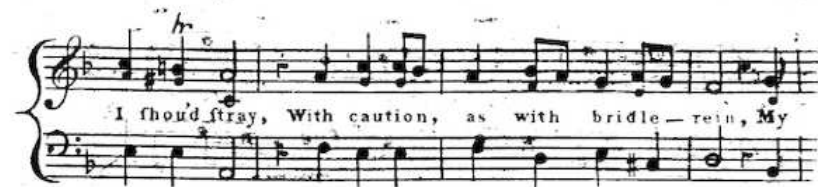
## Original

36

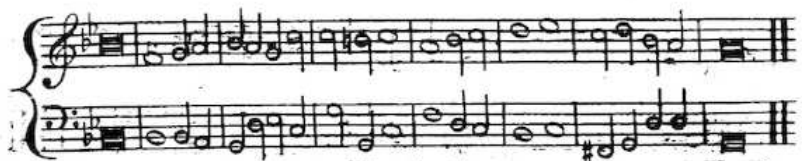
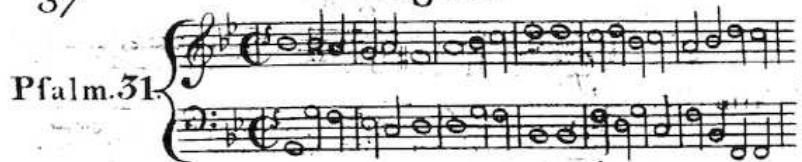
Psalms 39.



## Variation

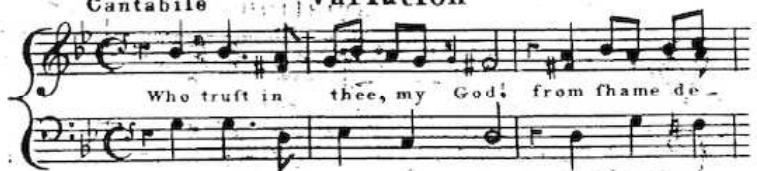


Pfalm. 31.



Cantabile

Variation



P S A L M XXXI. \*

WHO trusts in thee, my God, from shame defend ;

O ever just, at this distressful hour,

Lend me thy willing aid, be thou my friend,

My rock, my fortress, my salvation's tower.

- 2 Still to thy servant lend thy heav'nly aid ;  
Still from the snares of sin my footsteps guide ;  
Still from the tangling net in secret laid,  
Release my soul, whose hopes in thee confide.

- 3 To thy safe hands my spirit I commend :  
O my redeemer ! O thou God of truth !  
The base, the false, and who to idols bend,  
I ever scorn'd ; but lov'd thee from my youth.

- 4 Still let me then thy dear protection boast,  
Which sav'd my soul when sorrow brought it low ;  
Reliev'd me when all other hope was lost,  
Nor left me to the triumph of the foe.

C 2

N O T E.

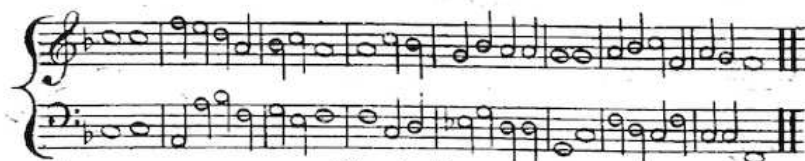
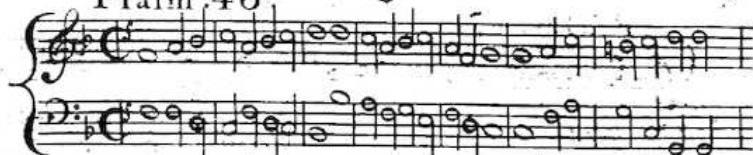
This Psalm being written, in what Dryden calls the Heroic Stanza, now chiefly used in Elegiac compositions, and the 1st and 7th in the Epic measure, the three several Melodies may be adapted to some of the best pieces of serious Poetry in our language.

## P S A L M XLVI.

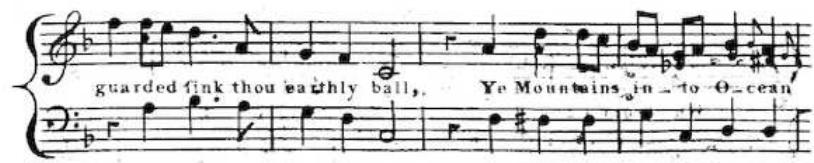
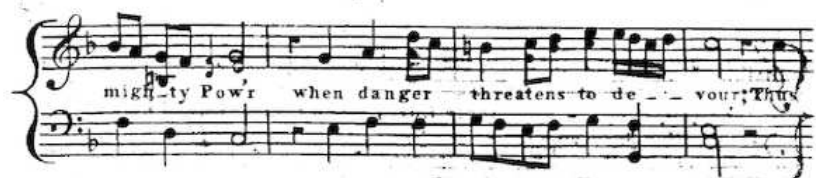
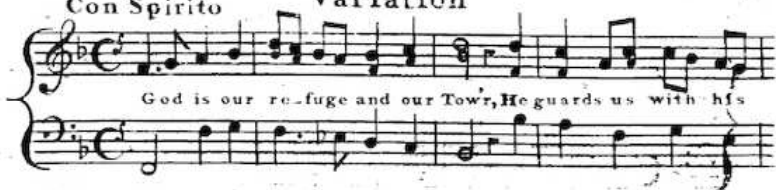
**G**OD is our refuge and our tower;  
 He guards us by his mighty power,  
 When danger threatens to devour;  
 Thus guarded, sink this earthly ball,  
 Ye mountains into ocean fall,  
 Yet still the just shall triumph all.

- 2 God has a city rais'd on high,  
 Which heav'nly streams of grace supply,  
 There shall the just for shelter fly;  
 He in its centre takes his place:  
 What foe can those fair towers deface,  
 Which his eternal glories grace.

## Psalms 46 Original

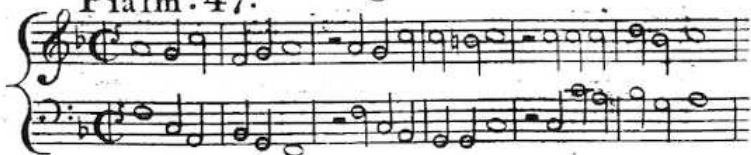


## Con Spirito Variation

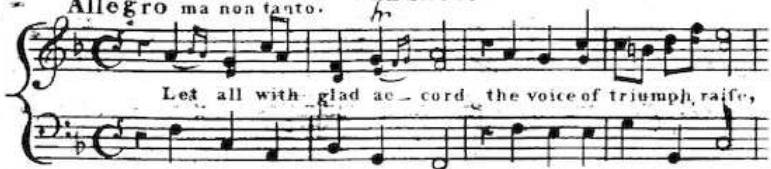




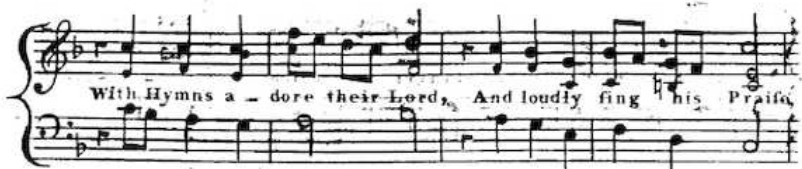
Pfalm. 47. Original



Allegro ma non tanto. Variation



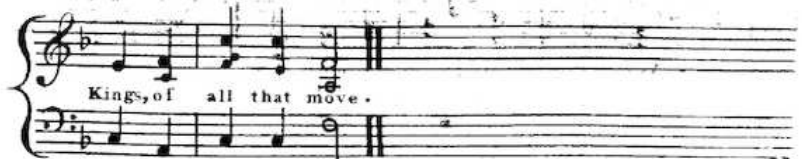
Let all with glad ac - cord the voice of triumph raise,



With Hymns a - dore their Lord, And loudly sing his Praise,



Who from a - bove his Lightning flings, The King of



Kings, of all that move.

P S A L M XLVII. \*

**L**ET all with glad accord,  
The voice of triumph raise;  
With hymns adore their Lord,  
And loudly sing his praise:  
Who from above  
His lightning flings;  
The King of Kings,  
Of all that move.

- 2 In glory he ascends,  
Loud let the trumpet blow;  
To earth's remotest ends,  
Loud let our praises flow:  
For God is King  
Of all the earth;  
With holy mirth  
His praises sing.
- 3 He o'er the heathen reigns,  
Plac'd on his heav'nly throne,  
All whom the earth sustains  
Shall worship him alone:  
His Shield extends  
In their defence;  
His excellence  
All height transcends.

## P S A L M LXXII.\*

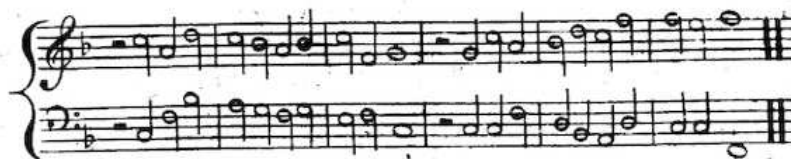
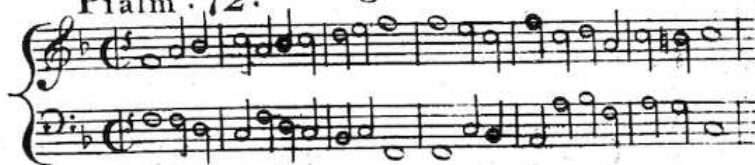
MAY heav'n's own wisdom God's Anointed crown;  
 May truth exalt his Son to fair renown;  
 May He with equity the people sway,  
 And justice in the scale of mercy weigh.

- 2 Then shall each hill with plenteousness increase,  
 Each mountain flourish with the fruits of peace;  
 While he the father of his realm shall reign,  
 Exalt the humble and debase the vain.
- 3 So while the radiant sun directs the day,  
 Or moon the night, his children shall obey:  
 He shall descend like soft and vernal showers,  
 That clothe the earth and fill her lap with flowers.
- 4 The just shall flourish in his golden days,  
 And peace abound while stars diffuse their rays;  
 He shall from sea to sea extend his reign,  
 From swift Euphrates to the farthest main.

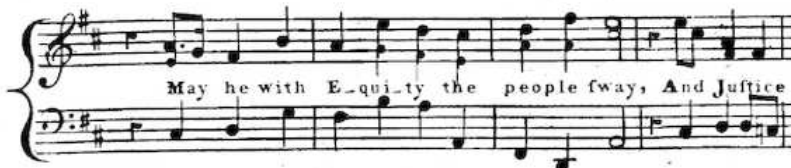
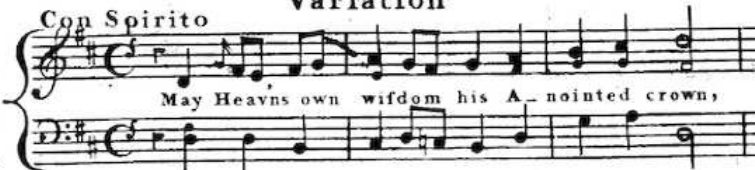
## N O T E.

The tune (as Sir John Hawkins tells us) "is now, and, beyond the memory of any now living, has been played by the chimes of St. Lawrence Jewry, London." It was probably a favorite with the people after the Restoration, as well on account of the words, as its pleasing air.

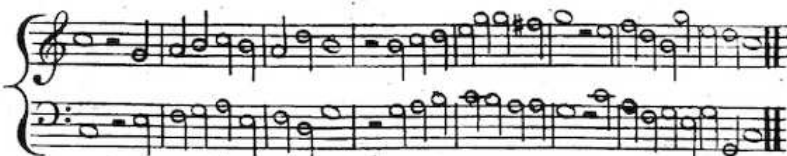
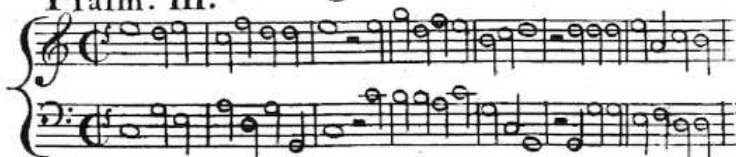
## Psalm . 72. Original



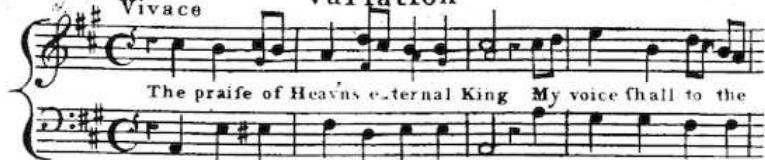
## Variation



## Psalm. III. Original



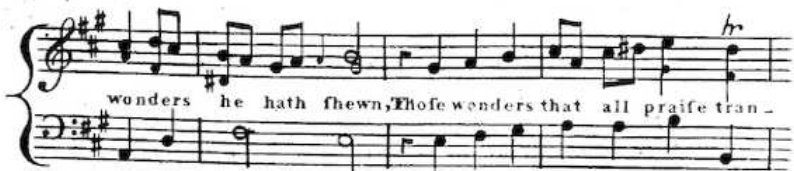
## Vivace Variation



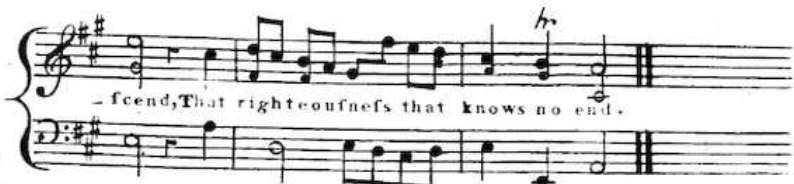
The praise of Heav'n's eternal King My voice shall to the



people sing; The World shall hear, The Good shall own the mighty



wonders he hath shewn, Those wonders that all praise tran-



-scend, That righteousness that knows no end.

## P S A L M CXI. \*

THE praise of heav'n's eternal king,  
My voice shall to the people sing;  
The world shall hear, the good shall own,  
The mighty wonders he hath shewn;  
Those wonders that all praise transcend,  
That righteousness that knows no end.

- 2 Jehovah's fame shall mem'ry bear  
Thro' endless time's revolving year,  
For mercy as for might renown'd,  
Who, faithful to his promise, crown'd  
His people with a powerful hand,  
And planted in this pleasant land.
- 3 Justice and truth perpetual shine  
In all his works, those works divine;  
Corroding time shall ne'er decay,  
Or rob them of that living ray  
That bids them shine in blooming youth,  
Proofs of that justice, and that truth.
- 4 Holy is heav'n's eternal king,  
His fear is wisdom's sacred spring,  
Which flows by piety refin'd,  
To dignify the human mind:  
Hence then let praise eternal rise  
To God, the great, the good, the wise.

## P S A L M CXXXVI. \*

THE bounty of Jehovah praise,  
Who heav'n's eternal sceptre sways;  
Thanks to the Lord of Lords be paid,  
Who all the tribes of being made.

For from the King of Kings,  
Eternal mercy springs.

- 2 O praise the God of Gods on high,  
Whose wisdom form'd the vaulted sky;  
And from the ocean's deep domain,  
Bad earth exalt her ample plain.  
For from, &c.

- 3 He gave the sun and moon their light,  
To guide the day and rule the night;  
He rang'd the stars from pole to pole,  
And taught the planets where to roll.  
For from, &c.

- 4 He guards the faithful from their foes,  
On all that breathe he food bestows;  
Thanks then to him, from earth to heav'n,  
In one united strain be given.

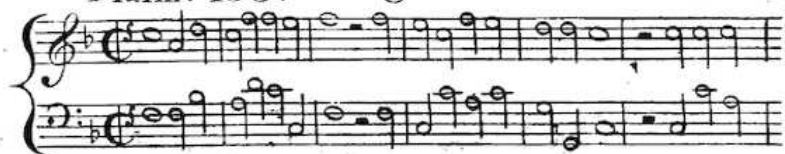
For from the King of Kings,  
Eternal mercy springs.

## N O T E.

It is supposed that if this Psalm was performed in *duo* by two fine trebles, and the two last lines of each Stanza repeated by a strong *unison* chorus, it would have a striking effect.

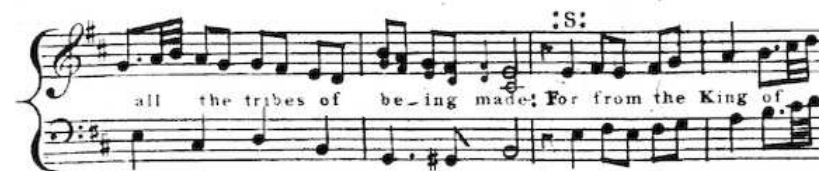
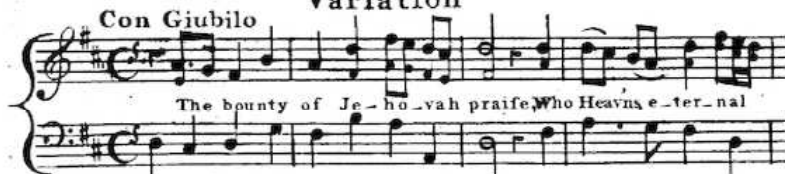
## Psalm. 136. Original

48



## Variation

## Con Giubilo



Pfalm  
136

DUO.

The bounty of Je-ho-vah praise, Who Heavns e-

ter-nal Scepter sways, Thanks to the Lord of Lords be paid,

Who all the tribes of be-ing made: For from the

King of Kings E-ter-nal mercy springs.

Pfalm. III.

DUO

The Praise of Heavns e-ternal King My

Voice shall to the People Sing; The world shall hear, the good shall

own The mighty wonders he hath shewn, Those wonders that all

Praise transcend, That righteousness that knows no end.



## Pfalm. 47. In four Parts

Vivace

Let all with glad accord The voice of Triumph raise,  
Let all with glad accord The voice of Triumph raise,  
Let all with glad accord The voice of Triumph raise,  
Let all with glad accord The voice of Triumph raise,

With Hymns a-dore the Lord, And loudly sing his Praise Who from a-  
With Hymns a-dore the Lord, And loudly sing his Praise Who from a-  
With Hymns a-dore the Lord, And loudly sing his Praise Who from a-  
With Hymns a-dore the Lord, And loudly sing his Praise Who from a-

-bove his lightning flings, The King of Kings, of all that move.  
-bove his lightning flings, The King of Kings, of all that move.  
-bove his lightning flings, The King of Kings, of all that move.  
-bove his lightning flings, The King of Kings, of all that move.

