William Smith. *Easy Instructor...Part II.*

This copy is possibly incomplete (64 pp.) and definitely incorporates at least two intrusive fragments from other songbooks. The engraved title page is printed on the same laid paper as pp.[1]-64. Between the t.p. and page 1 are two leaves of wove paper bearing an obliterated name inscribed on 1r with engraved "Lessons in the Eight Notes" on 1v. 2r bears a typeset index of tunes that does correspond to the actual contents of the book and indicates no page number higher than 64. 2v bears an advertisement to the reader, dated at Hopewell near Trenton, 1803. Page 1-3 are an engraved explanatory preface. Pp. 4-64 are engraved music.

The first intrusive fragment is numbered pp. 65-72 and bears engraved shape note music in a smaller format than the forgoing. It contains one piece, Judgment Anthem, which is not mentioned in the index. Nor does it appear in the single engraved Little & Smith *Easy Instructor* in the Sibley collection.

The second intrusive fragment is numbered pp.67-70, but with the conjugate leaf folded in reverse so as to read 69/70, 67/68. This fragment is in round notation but with some notes altered in manuscript to shape notes. The songs indicated are: Contemplation, Extollation, Amanda, and Christian Soldier.
Pennsylvania
THE

Easy Instructor

OR

A New method of acquiring Poetic Harmony.

PART II.

Containing the Rudiments of Music on an improved plan. With a choice collection of Psalm Tunes, a number of which are entirely new.

By William Smith & Co.

M 2116

S66481
THIS is to certify, that I have granted to Mr. Will. Little and to Mr. William Smith, the sole and exclusive right to publish the following characters to designate Sol ♄, Lu ☿, Mi ♀, Fa ♀. Upon condition that, the books by them made, should be sold upon the most easy terms for the benefit of the public.

Given under my hand at Philadelphia this tenth day of March, A.D. 1798. John Connelly.

Attest, N. Jones.

[Copyright secured.]
LESSONS in the EIGHT NOTES.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Publisher of this work meeting with great encouragement in the first edition of the "Easy Instructor," is induced to publish a second edition, and having added the flats and sharps, so that the Singer may take his choice, either to sing by characters, or by line and space, he hopes to meet the approbation and patronage of the friends to Vocal Music. Vocal Music is, without doubt, a pleasing and useful Science; when rightly understood and well performed—being peculiarly adapted to the solemn worship of the great Parent of the Universe. In a Christian Land, little need be said in recommendation of Sacred Music. Its importance will be readily acknowledged and duly felt by almost every denomination of professing Christians.

Hopewell, near Trenton, 1803.
EXPLANATION.

The G cliff is placed on the second line in treble, counter, and tenor, which gives it the name of G.

The C cliff, when used, is placed on the third line in counter, and gives it the name of C.

The F cliff is placed on the fourth line in bass, and gives it the name of F.

The seven first letters of the alphabet are called the musical letters. They represent the lines and spaces whereon music is written, and indicate to many distinct sounds, one above another, and are used in finding the matter note by beginning at the first line, naming both lines and spaces, by the letters upward.

The scale shows how the four parts of music are connected. G, the fourth space in bass, second line in tenor, and first space in counter, unite in G at the right hand; consequently they are one sound, and an eighth above G the first line in bass, G the second line in treble, and the fifth in counter, are a unison, and are a fifteenth above G, the first line in tenor. When the G cliff is used in counter, its connection with the other parts is the same as the tenor.

TRANSPOSITION.

When neither flat nor sharp is set at the beginning of a tune, mi is in B, which is called its natural place. But,

If one flat be set, mi is in E. If one sharp be set, mi is in F.
If two, mi is in A. If two, mi is in G.
If three, mi is in D. If three, mi is in F.
If four, mi is in C. If four, mi is in G.
If five, mi is in F. If five, mi is in D.
If six, mi is in E. If six, mi is in C.

Order of the singing syllables. Above mi is law, fol, law, fa, sol, law, and below, mi, law, sol, law, fa, fol, law, and then come in again, either way.

But in this book, the names of the notes may be known at sight, by their different forms:—thus,

Sol; Law; Mi; Faw; Bait.

Semibreves; ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Minims; ☐ ☐ ☐
Crochets; ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Quavers; ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Semitones; ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Notes are marks of sound. One semibreve is equal to the time of two minims; four crochets, eight quavers, sixteen semiquavers.
Reps are marks of silence, equal in time to the notes after which they are called, except the semibreve rest, which fills a bar in all moods of time.

Flat  b  set before a note, links it half a tone.

Sharp  $  set before a note, raises it half a tone.

Natural  n  restores a note, before made flat, or sharp, to its natural sound.

Dot, or point  . at the sight of a note, makes it half as long again.

Figure 3  set over or under any three notes, reduces them to the time of two.

Choosing notes  - either may be sung, but not both, by the same voice.

Mark of function 　 notes thus marked should be sung very distinctly and emphatically.

Stave 　 five lines with their spaces whereon music is written.

Ledger is added when notes are set more than a tone out of the line.

Slur 　 ties such notes as are sung to one syllable.

Brace shows how many parts are sung together.

Single bar divides the time into equal parts.

Double bar shows the end of a strain.

Repeat :S shows that the music between it and the following double bar, or close, is to be sung over again.

Figures 1, 2, show that the note or notes under 1 are to be sung before, and those under 2, when repeating; if flurred together, all are sung when repeating.

Close shows the end of a tune.

COMMON TIME MOODS.

First, C contains one semibreve, or its quantity, between each single bar, and four beats, two down and two up; four seconds of time.

Second, C contains one semibreve, and four beats, three seconds.

Third, C contains one semibreve, and two beats.
one down and one up, two seconds.

Fourth, 2/4 contains one minim and two beats, one second and a half.

TRIPLE TIME MOODS.

First, 3/2 contains one pointed femibeve, or its
time, between each fimele bar; and
three beats, two down and one up,
three seconds of time.

Second, 4/4 contains one pointed minim, and
three beats, two seconds.

Third, 3/3 contains one pointed crotchet, and
three beats, one second and a half.

COMPOUND MOODS.

First, 5/4 contains six crotchets in each bar, and
two beats, one down and one up,
two seconds.

Second, 6/3 contains six quavers, and two beats,
one second and a half.

A B. T. hand falls at the beginning of every bar in all
moods of time.

Note sycopation are those that are driven out of their
proper order in the bars, and require
the hand to be put down or up
while sounding.

KEYS.

There are two natural keys in
music, C, the sharpe, or major key,
and A, the flat, or minor key. The
last note in the bar is the key
note, which is the first above or
below mi: if above, it is a sharpe
key, if below, it is a flat key. Or
if the last note of the bar is faw,
it is a sharp key, if low, it is a
flat key.

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<td>3 – law</td>
<td>3 – faw</td>
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EIGHT NOTES.

The intervals between mi and faw, and law and faw, are half
notes, or semi tones; all the others are whole tones.
Think, mighty God, on feeble man, How few his hours, how short his span! Short from cradle to grave: Short &c.

Who can secure his vital breath Against the bold demands of death With skill to fly or power to save?
The garden

The grove

God, from his cloudy cistern, pours On parched earth, enriching bow'ls:

The grove, garden, field, Aceo

The grove

LISBON

And hymns of glory sing:

Jehovah

joy till blessings yield.

Come found his praise abroad,

Jehovah is Sovereign God, The universal King.

Jehovah

The_
When marching to thy blest abode, The wand'ring multitude surr'v'd, The pompous state of thee, our God, In roy

majesty array'd. Sweet singing Levites led the van, Loud instrumens brought up the rear; Between both troops a virgin train With voice
heavenly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state.

Not

Not Sinai’s mountain could appear, More

Not

More

While glorious when the Lord was there, While he pronounced his dreadful law, And struck ye’ chosen tribes with awe, & struck, &c.

While...

And...
WHITE'S TOWN.

Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,

He bids th'oppress'd & poor repair,

Or men as fierce & wild as they,

And build them towns & cities there.

They now

They sow.

Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,

fields, & trees they plant, Whole yearly fruit supplies their want;

Their wealth increases with their flocks.
Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create & he destroy.

His sovereign pow'rs, without our aid, Made us of clay & formed us men, And when like wandering sheep we
stray'd, He brought us to his fold again. He brought &c.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'n's our

voices raise, And earth, & earth, with her ten thousand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill &c.
Wide, as the world is thy command, vast as eternity, eternity thy love, firm as a rock thy truth must stand, when rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease &c. When rolling &c.
Let ev'ry creature join, To praise the eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin And found his name abroad.

Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your maker's praise.
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, &c.
Jesus shall reign where’er the sun, Does his dispensation run:

His kingdom never shall wax and wane no more. His kingdom, &c.

Till, &c.
Oh! the sharp pangs of smarting pain My dear Redeemer bore,

When knotty whips & ragged thorns His sacred body tore.
SAINT'S REPOSE.

Then

Death is to us a sweet repose, The bud was spread to flow're's rote, The care was broke to let us fly & build our happy nest on high.

Then

Then said I, to mount away,

And leave this clag of heavy clay. Let That I may join the songs on high. That I &c.

Let wings of time more swiftly fly,

Let wings of time more swiftly fly,
Westminster.

Thou great & sovereign Lord of all, Whom heavenly hosts obey;
Around whose throne dreads thunders roll,

And livid lightnings play. Around
dread

And livid lightnings play. Around &c.
Grafton.

C. M.

Jesu! the vision of thy face, Hath overpow’ring charms!

Scarcely shall I feel death’s cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms.

Then, while ye hear my heartstrings break, How sweet my minutes

If

How
AMANDA.

Death, like an overflowing stream, sweeps us away, our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'ry, Cut down & wither'd in an hour.

MORTALITY.

Our moments fly space, Nor will our minutes stay, Swift as a flood our hasty days, Are sweeping us away, Are &c.
HUNTINGDON.

Lord what a thoughtless wretch was I,

To see the wicked placed on high,

To mourn & mumble & repine

In pride & robes of honor they. But

But oh, their end

But oh

Thy sanctuary taught me so:

On slippery rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll below.

But their dreadful end,
Oh, if my soul was forlorn for woe, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like rivers flow From both my streaming eyes.

'Twas for my sins my

Hung on a cursed tree, Hung &c.

And For thee, my soul, for thee, For &c.

And ground away a dying life,
Ye tribes of Adam, join With heav'n, & earth, & seas, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song. In worlds
With songs & honors sounding loud, Address thy Lord on high.

Over the heavens he spreads his cloud, and waters veil the sky. He sends his showers of blessings down to cheer the plains below. He makes the garments mountains crown, and corn in valleys grow. He makes...
MENDHAM.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest. No mortal care shall, no mortal care shall freeze my breast. No mortal &c.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn found.
O may &c.  
Like...

Like...
Like...
Like...
Like...

Like...
Like...

Like...
Like...

DAUPHIN.
S.

S. M.

No joy—  
To—

No joy can be compared with this, To serve & please the Lord.

For life without thy love, No relish can afford;
EXHORTATION.

C. M.

Ye Islands of the northern sea, Rejoice the Savior reigns; His word like fire prepares his way, And mountains melt to plains; And &c. And

His
FRIENDSHIP.

Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul, And waves of sorrow o'er me roll, While dust & silence spread the gloom;

My friends belov'd in happier days,

The dear companions of my ways,

My friends, &c.

Descend round me to the tomb.
How pleas'd & blest was I, To hear the people cry, Come let us seek our God to day!

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows & honors pay.

We
Through ev'ry age, eternal God, Thou art our rest, our safe abode.

Heav'n was made, o'er heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid, Or earth &c.
Awake our souls, away our fears, Let every trembling thought be gone, Awake & run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

True 'tis a strait & thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint, But they forget the mighty God, Who feeds the strength of ev'ry faint.
The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r, Is ever new, & ever young, And firm endures while endless years, Their everlasting circles run, Their

For.

From thee, the overflowing stream, Our souls shall drink a fresh supply, While such as trust their native strength, Shall melt

S.
away, and droop & die. Shall melt &c.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air, We'll mount aloft to things above, On wings of

MORTALITY.

Converse awhile with death,

love our souls shall fly. Nor tire amidst the heavenly vase.

Stoop down my thoughts that use to rise,

Think
Think how a gasping mortal lies, and pants away his breath and pants. And pants, and pants and pants. And pants and pants.

FAIRFIELD.

The glorious armies of the sky, to thee (O) mighty king, triumphant anthems consecrate, and hail, le - ju - sans - ling.
The lofty pillars of the sky, And spacious concave raised on high, Spangled with stars a shining frame, Their great origin.

Thun weir'd his knowledge on his golden ray, And publishes to every land, The work of an almighty hand.

Thun weir'd fun from day to day, And —
Lord what a thief I was, To mourn and murmur and repine, To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of honor shine.

But O their end, their dreadful end, I by sanctuary taught me to; On flipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll below.
The Lord descended from above, And bowed the heavens most high, And underneath his feet he cast, The skies, and skies.
WINDHAM

Broad is the road that leads to death, &c.

NAPLES

Shall mortal worms presume to be

Shall – More holy, wise, or just than he?

Shall –
CHARLEMONT.

C. M.

With earnest longings of the mind, My God, to thee I look. So pants the hunted hart to find And taste the cooling brook.

When

shall I see thy courts of grace, And meet my God again. So long an absence from thy face, So long &c.

My heart endures with pain.
Give to our God immortal praise; Mercy and truth are all his ways: Wonders of grace to God belong. Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown, The King of kings with glory crown. His mercies ever shall endure. When lords & kings shall be no more.
I'll praise my maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my noblest pow'r, My days of praise shall ne'er be past. While life & thought & being last, Or immortality endures. My days of praise, &c.
OAK'S CREEK.

BLEST, O my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad.

Let all the powers within me join, In work and worship to divine.

In work
Behold the Judge descend, his guards are nigh, 

Tempest & fire attend him down the sky, 

Heaven, earth & hell draw near, let all things come, 

To hear his justice & the sinner's doom; But gather first my saints the Judge commands, Bring them ye angels from their distant lands.
SHEFFIELD.

C. M.

Let ev'ry—

Joy to the world, y'Lord is come, Let earth receive her king;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room, And— And heath & nature sing.

Let ev'ry—

While fields & floods, rocks, hills & plains,

Joy to y'earth, y'Savior reigns, Let men their longs employ;
While—

Repeat—

Repeat y'founding joy—

While—

Repeat—

Repeat y'founding joy.
F U N E R A L  H Y M N.

Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,

M O R P H E U S.

but... 'Tis but... To call them to his arms. Death, with his warrant in his hand, Comes rushing on again.
CONTRITION

Lord I'm afeard to say That I refus'd thy dove,
To his own realms of love,
And sent thy spirit grieved away
And sent
SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

Save me O God, the swelling floods Break in upon my soul, Ilink, & arrows o'er my head, Like mighty waters roll.

I cry till all my voice be gone, In tears I wait the day, My God behold my longing eyes, And shorten
When God reveal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mournful state, My
rapture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace appear'd too great. The world beheld the glorious change, And did thy hand confess, My
tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung surprizing grace, My tongue, &c.

God of my life, look gently down, Behold my pains I feel, But I am dumb before thy throne, But I &c. Nor dare dispute thy will.
My soul lies cleaving to the dust: Lord give me life divine;
From vain desires and ev'ry luft, Turn

From these eyes of mine, Turn off

From vain desires &c.
The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north, From east to west the sovereign order spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead. The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices. Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voice.
VICTORY.

Hosannah to the Prince of light, Who clothed himself in clay, Entered thy iron gates of death, And tore thy bars away, And tore &c.

MACEDONIA.

Not from the dust afflictions grow, Nor trouble rise by chance, But we are born to care & woe, A sad inheritance, A sad &c.
I waited patient for the Lord, He bow'd to hear my cry, He saw me resting on his word, And brought salvation nigh.

Save me, O God, of swelling floods, Break in upon my soul; I sink, & sorrow over my head, Like mighty waters roll.
From low pursuits e'en my mind, From ev'ry vice of ev'ry kind, Nor let my conduct ever tend, To wound the feelings of a friend.

Tho' golden flow'rs my path shoul'd grace, And joys salute me as I pass, Yet may my gen'rous bosom know, And learn to feel another's woe.
On the cold ground, methinks I see, My Jesus kneel & pray for me; For this I him adore: Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout, Blood

drops did force their passage out, Through ev'ry op'ned pore. I'll praise my maker with my breath, Prai'fe shall employ

And when my voice is lost in death,
My days of praise shall never be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

My days...

GOLPHINTON.

Alas, the brittle clay That built our bodies first!
And every month, and every day 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

And...

And...
LUBENTIA.

HAFT thou not givh thy word,
And I can trust my Lord To keep my mortal breath.
To save my soul from death,
Nor fear to die Till from on high.

I'll go & come,
I'll go & come,
I'll go & come,
Thou call me home.

I'll go & come,
I'll go & come,
I'll go & come,
Thou call me home.
With songs & honors sounding loud, Address the Lord on high; Over the heavens he spreads his cloud, And waters veil the sky.

He sends his show'rs of blessings down, To cheer the plains below; He makes the graces of mountains crown, And adorns them with flow'rs of grace.
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, My ears attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view ye ground, Where ye must shortly lie.
Ye living men, Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your toil's; The tall, Must lie as low as ours, Must lie as low as ours.

Where The tall, the Wife the reverend head, Must lie as

Where The tall,
WILBERHAM.

We must expect our portion there. Where bodies sinners dwell.

But if our flabby fear, will crush the road to hell.

ULSTER.

Lord, what is man, poor feeble man, Born of the earth at first?

His life a shadow, light & rain, Still hastening to the dust.
JUDGMENT ANTHEM.

By Morgan.

Hark! ye mortals, hear your trumpet,
Hark! your mighty roar, Hark! your archangel's voice proclaming,
Thou old time shall be no more.

II

See your purple banners flying,
His loud trumpet, his loud trumpet;
Hear your judgment chariot roll,
Bends your tombs,
the dead awake.
roll, Hear ye sound of Christ victorious, Lo he breaks thro' yonder cloud,

Slow.

Is that he who died on calvary, That was pierced by y spear,

Midst ten thousand, & saints & angels, See ye crucified shines.
Tell us seraphs, you that wonder, See he rises thro' y'air, Hail him, O...h!

Hail him, O! hallelujah, hallelujah,

Hail him, O-h! yes'tis Jesus, hallelujah,

O...h!

Very lively.

yes'tis Jesus, O

O come quickly, O come quickly, hallelujah, come Lord come, Happy mourning, happy mourners,

O come quickly, O.
happy mourners, Lo, in clouds he comes, he comes. All you nations now shall sing him Songs of everlasting joy.

now determin'd, Ev'ry evil to destroy.

View him smiling.

Now redemption long expected, See in solemn pomp appear; All his people once rejected, Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah, welcome, bleeding Lamb. Now his merit by your harpers thro’ th’eternal deep resound, Now resplendent shine his

They who pierced him shall at his appearance wail.

nail prints, Every eye shall see his wound. They who pierced him shall at his appearance wail.

They who pierced him shall at his appearance wail.

They who pierced him shall at his appearance wail.
All who hate him must ashamed
Hear your trump proclaim your day,
Come to judgment, come to etc.

Ev'ry isle, sea & mountain,
Heaven & earth shall flee away.

come to judgment, stand before your son of man.
Hark! swells the solemn summons loud.
Tears your strong pillars of your vault of

Hark! the archangel
Hark your shrill outcry!

Hark! Tears...
heaven, breaks up all marble'y reposes of princes, see the graves open and ye bones arising flames all around them. see ye judges wretches, lively bright horror & amazing anguish, stare thro' their eyelids, while ye living worm lies having within them. 

Brisk. Very loud. 

down to hell. 

hand arising filled with vengeance on his foes, down to hell, depart, if ye cursed into ever. 

down to hell, there's no redemption, every Christless soul must go.
Very slow and soft. 

Hear your Savior's words of mercy, 
Come ye ransom'd sinners home, 
swift & joyful in your journey to your God's lasting flames.

S. Lively and loud. 

See your souls that earth despised, 
In celestial joys celestial, 
hymns harmonious, 
In soft symphonies move, 
Hallelujahs ring with wonder, 
Praising Christ's eternal love, 
Hallelujah! 

Echo thro' realms of light, 

resound, 
Angels, seraphs, harps & trumpets, 
Swell your sweet angelic sound, 
Hail Almighty, 
Great eternal Lord, Amen.
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine,

placed on high, In pride and robes of honor shine. In pride—
Loud hallujahs 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
Extollation Continued.

Pi.

For.

Amanda. L. M. Pf. 90. 69

Death like an overflowing

Heav'ly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be, And-

Death like an overflowing

Sweeps us away; our life's a dream; An empty tale; a morning flower: Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
Soldiers of Christ arise, And put your armour on, Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' his eternal son:

And in the Lord of hosts,

mighty pow'r, Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, Is more than conqueror. Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, Is more than conquer.