THE

Harmoniſt's Companion.

CONTAINING

A Number of AIRS ſuitable for DIVINE WORSHIP:

TOGETHER WITH

An ANTHEM for EASTER, and a MASONIC ODE.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

COMPOSED BY DANIEL BELKNAP,

TEACHER OF MUSIC, IN *FRAMINGHAM.*

Praiſe ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new ſong, and his praiſe in the congregation of ſaints.——PSAL. cxiix. 1.

Publiſhed according to Act of Congreſs.

Antiquarian Society.

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PREFACE.

THE deſign of the following Publication, is to furniſh Schools and Muſical Societies with a number of original AIRS ſuited to Divine Worſhip; two pieces only, except thoſe which are eſpecially adapted to that important purpoſe, are therefore inſerted.

A VIEW of the TEMPLE, a Maſonic Ode, which appears in this Work, was ſet to muſick by particular deſire, and performed by the Author with ſeveral Brethren of the Fraternity, at the Inſtallation of MIDDLESEX LODGE of Free and Accepted Maſons, in Framingham, in 1795.

Books of this kind are commonly preſented to the Public with a very conciſe Introduction; which may apologize for the omiſſion here. Should the preſent Publication meet the approbation of a generous community, ſome further attempts of the kind, both to pleaſe and improve, may be expected from

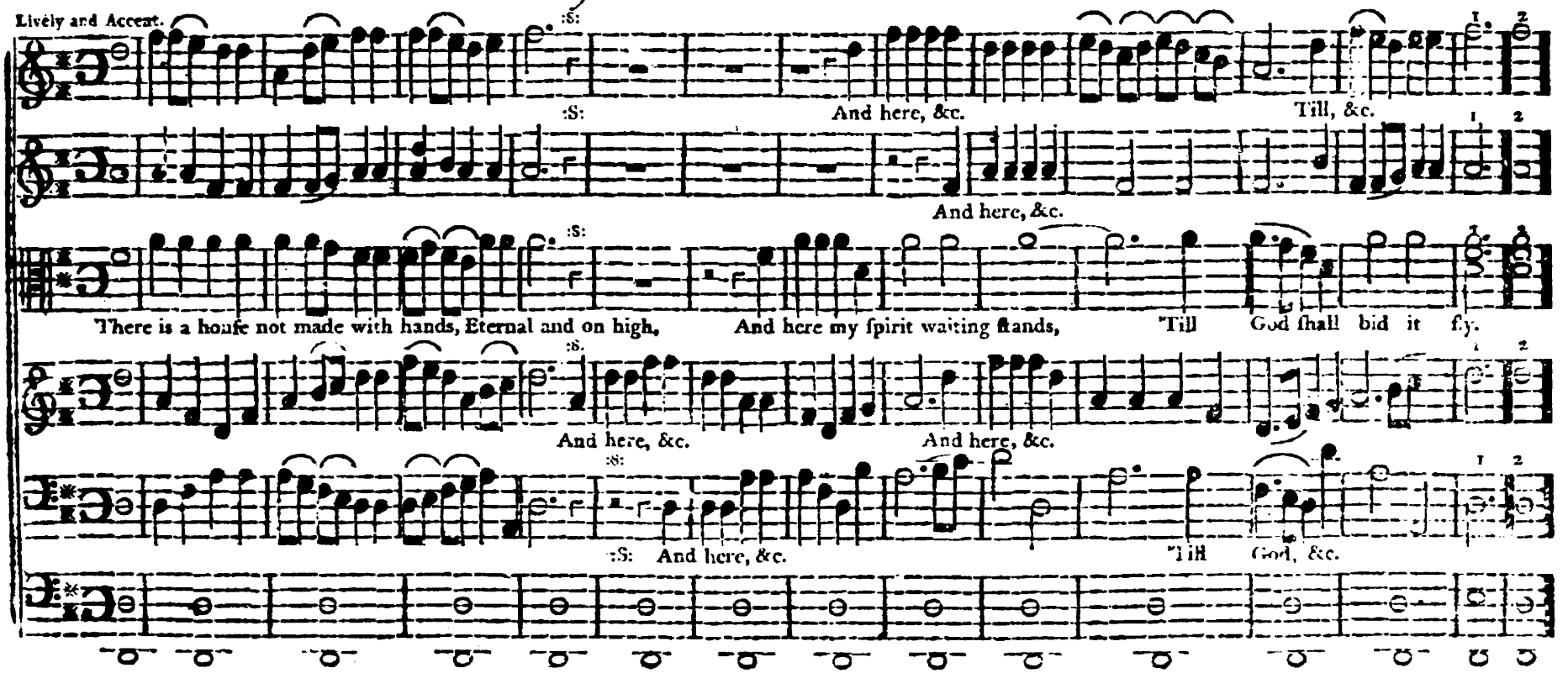
their moſt obedient
and very humble Servant,
THE AUTHOR.

FRAMINGHAM, *Sept.* 11, 1797.

THE

HARMONIST's COMPANION.

Saybrook. · C. M. For ſeven voices.



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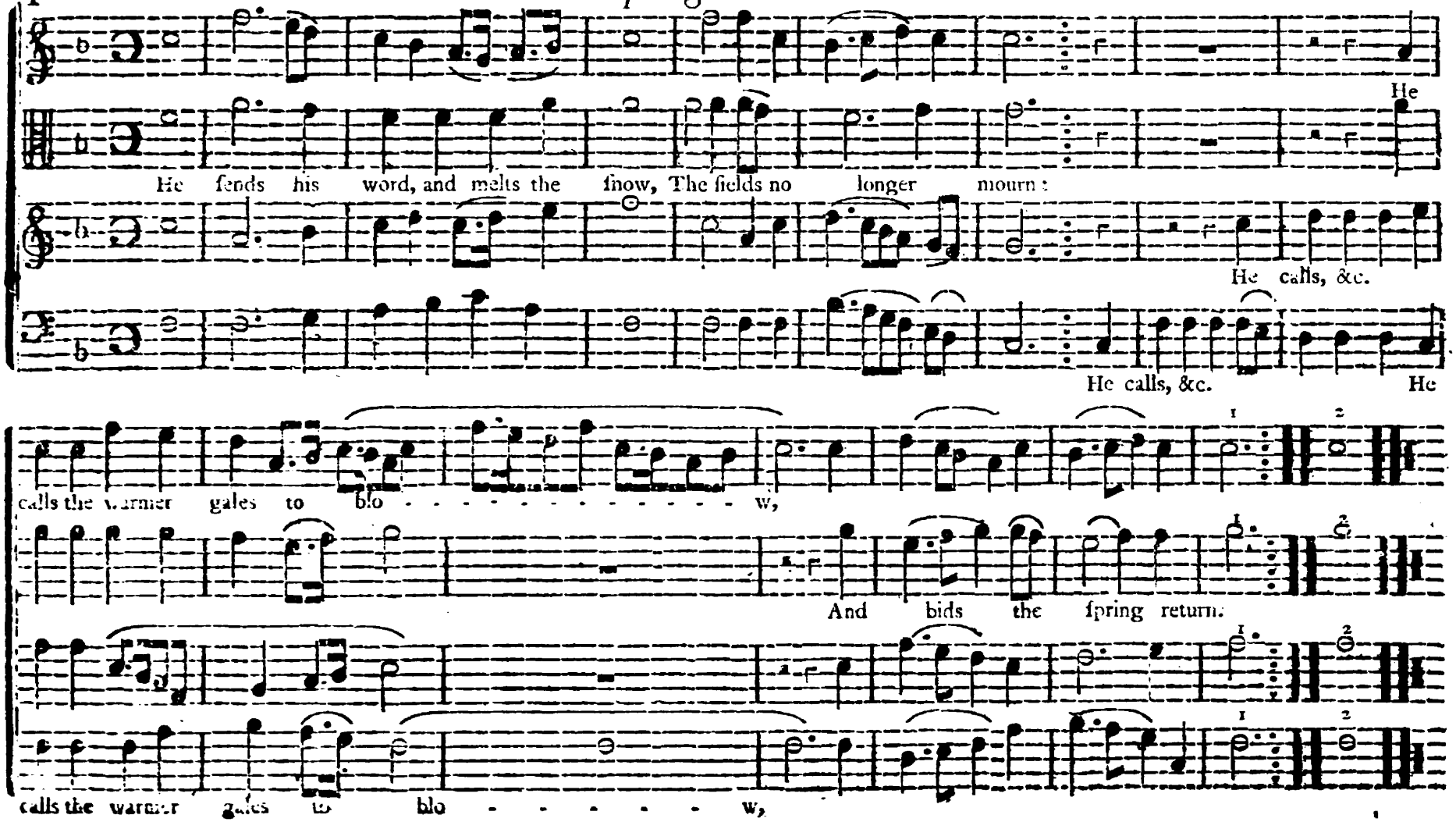
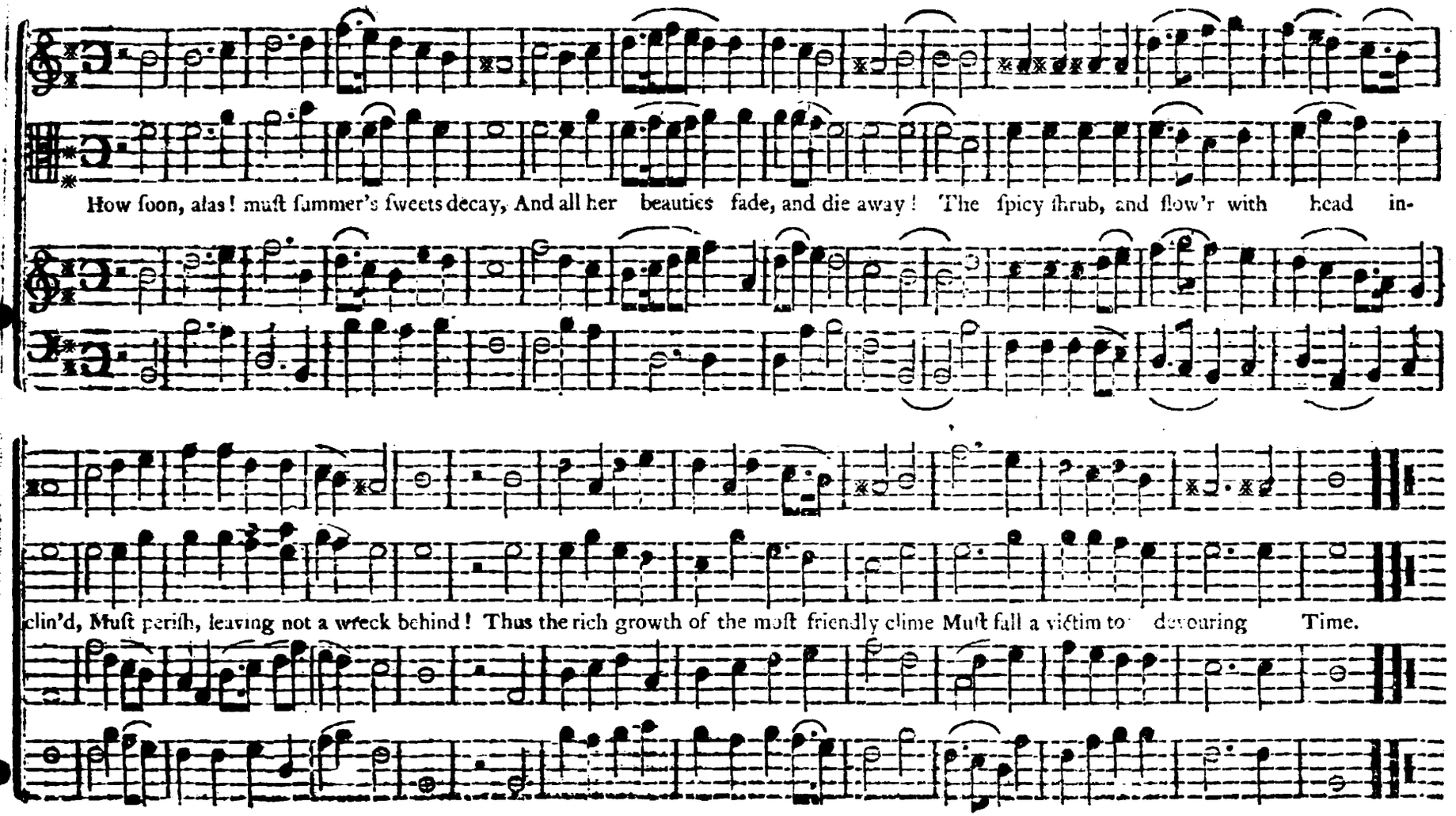
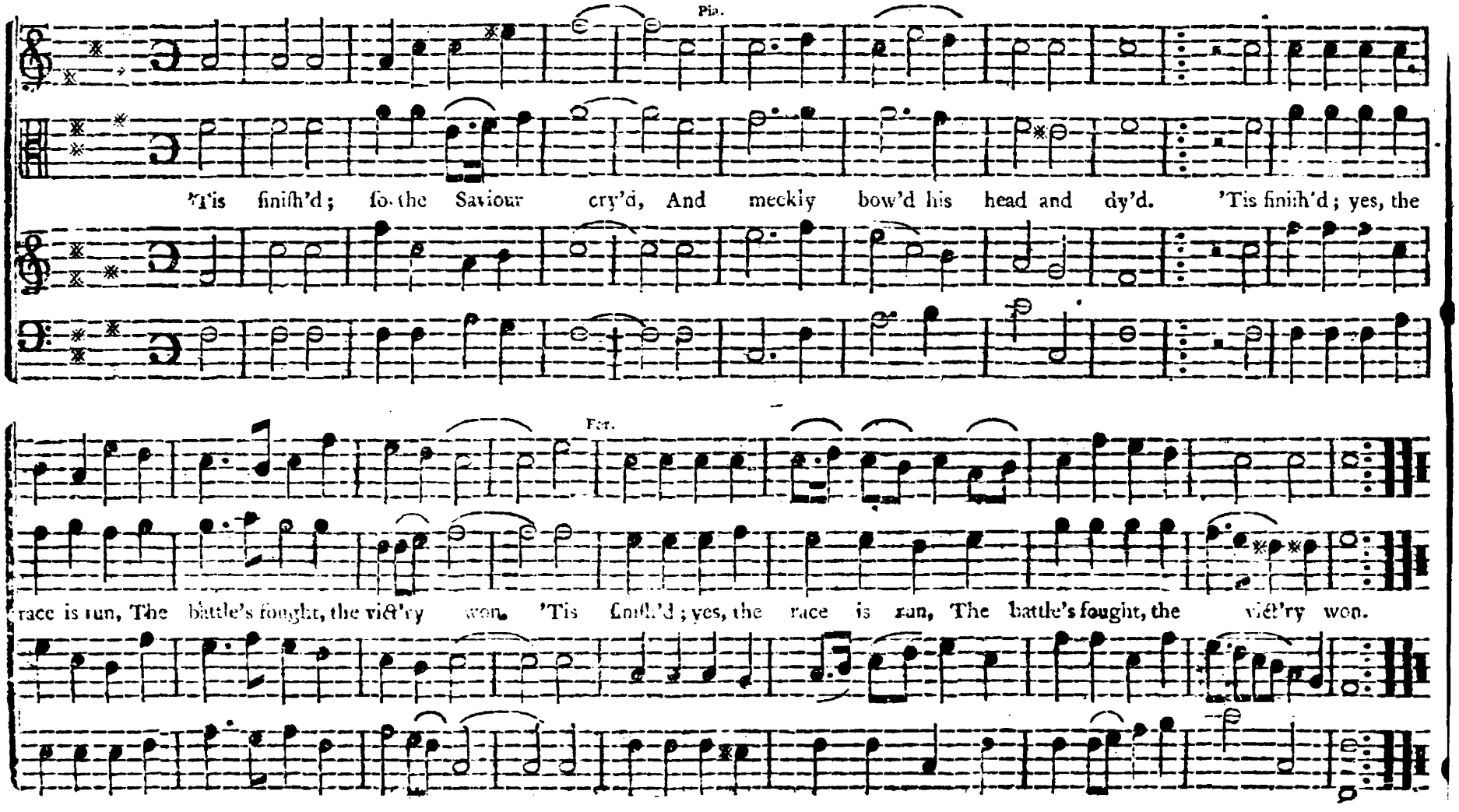
Spring. C. M.

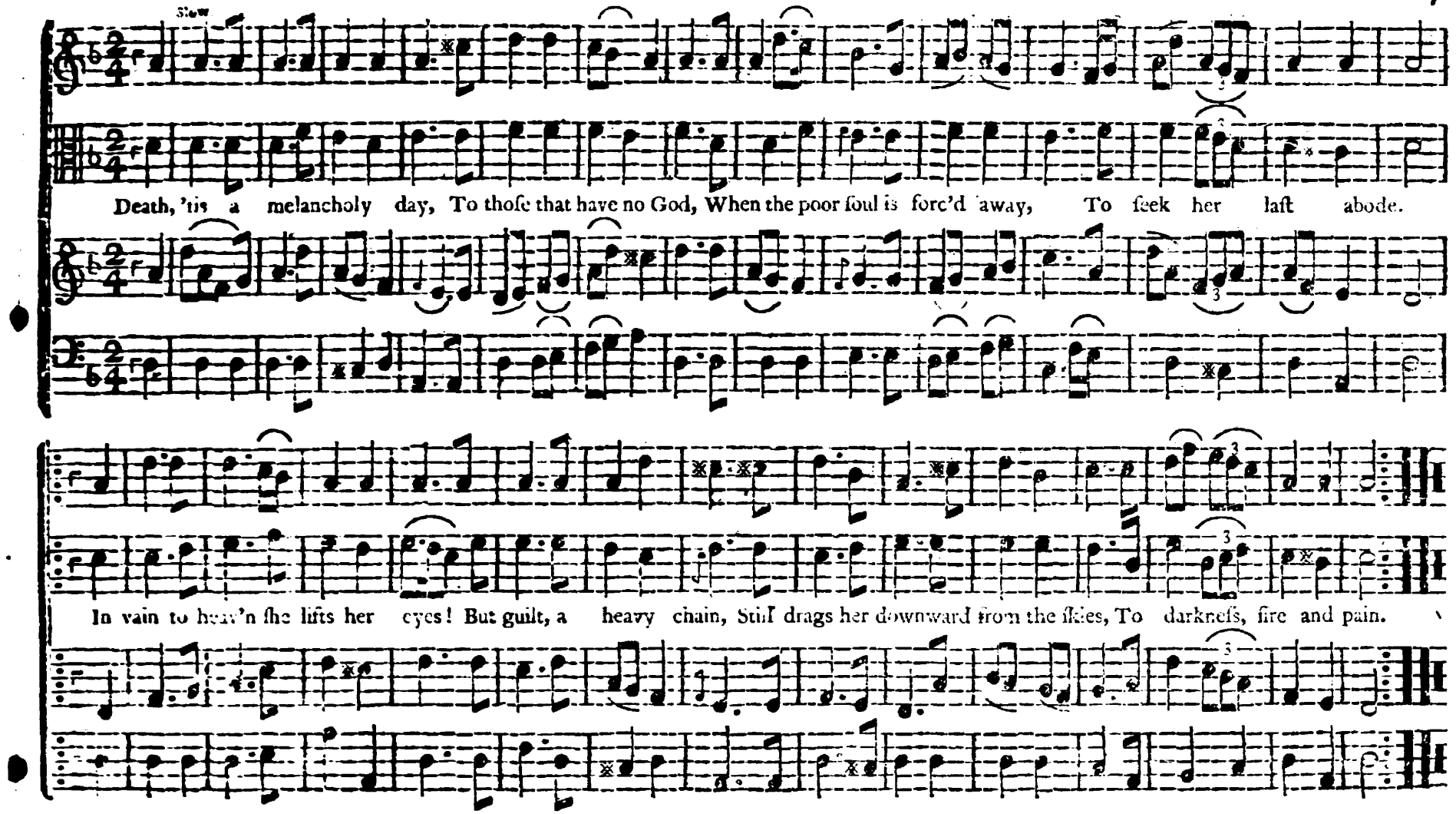

He
He ſends his word, and melts the ſnow, The fields no longer mourn:
He calls, &c.
He calls, &c.
He
calls the warmer gales to blo - - - - - - - - - - - - w,
And bids the ſpring return.
calls the warmer gales to blo - - - - - - - w,


How ſoon, alas! muſt ſummer's ſweets decay, And all her beauties fade, and die away! The ſpicy ſhrub, and flow'r with head in-
clin'd, Muſt periſh, leaving not a wreck behind! Thus the rich growth of the moſt friendly clime Muſt fall a victim to devouring Time.

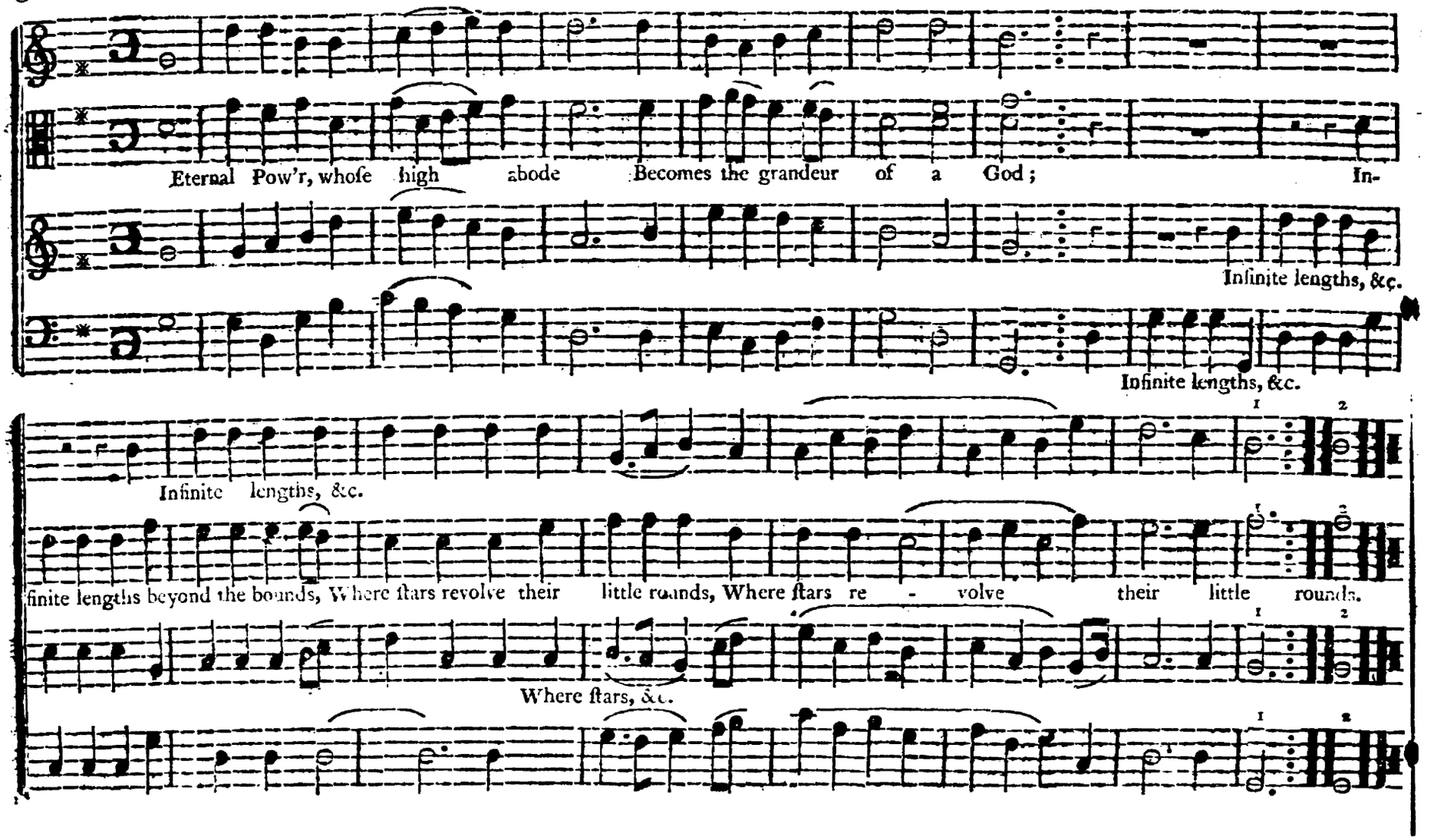
Cutham-Street. L. M.



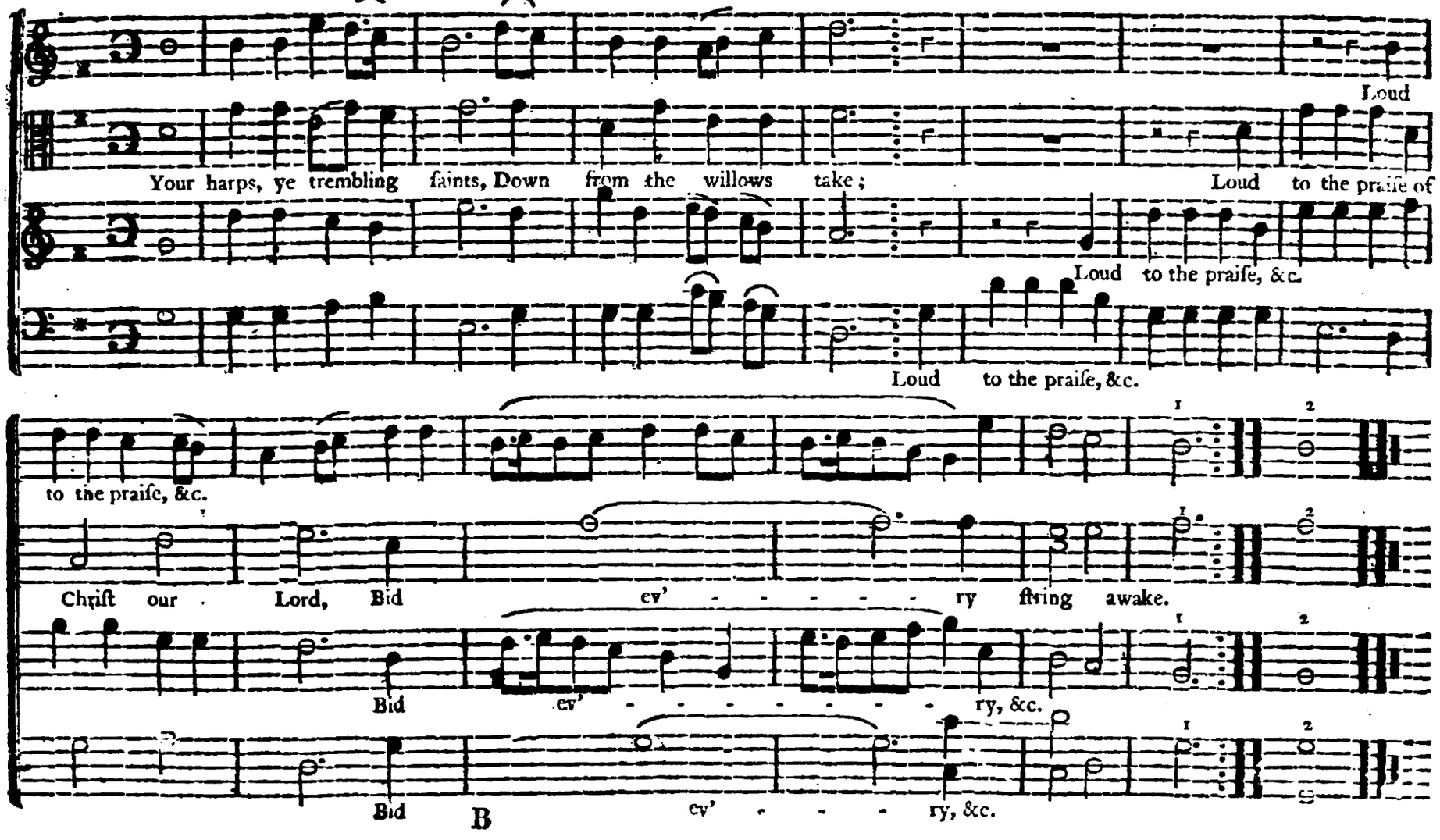
Whale Rock. C. M.



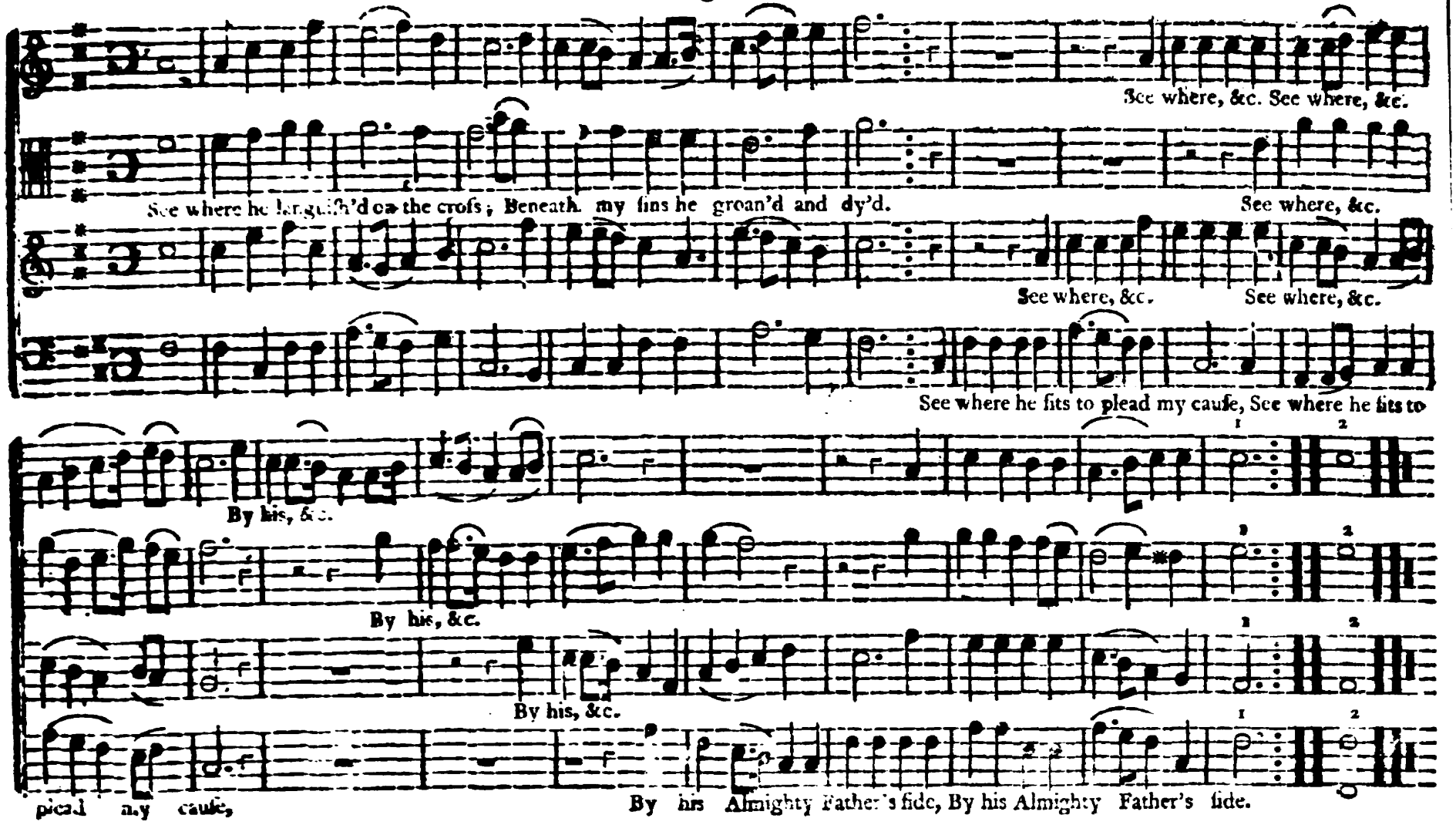
Blue Hill. L. M.

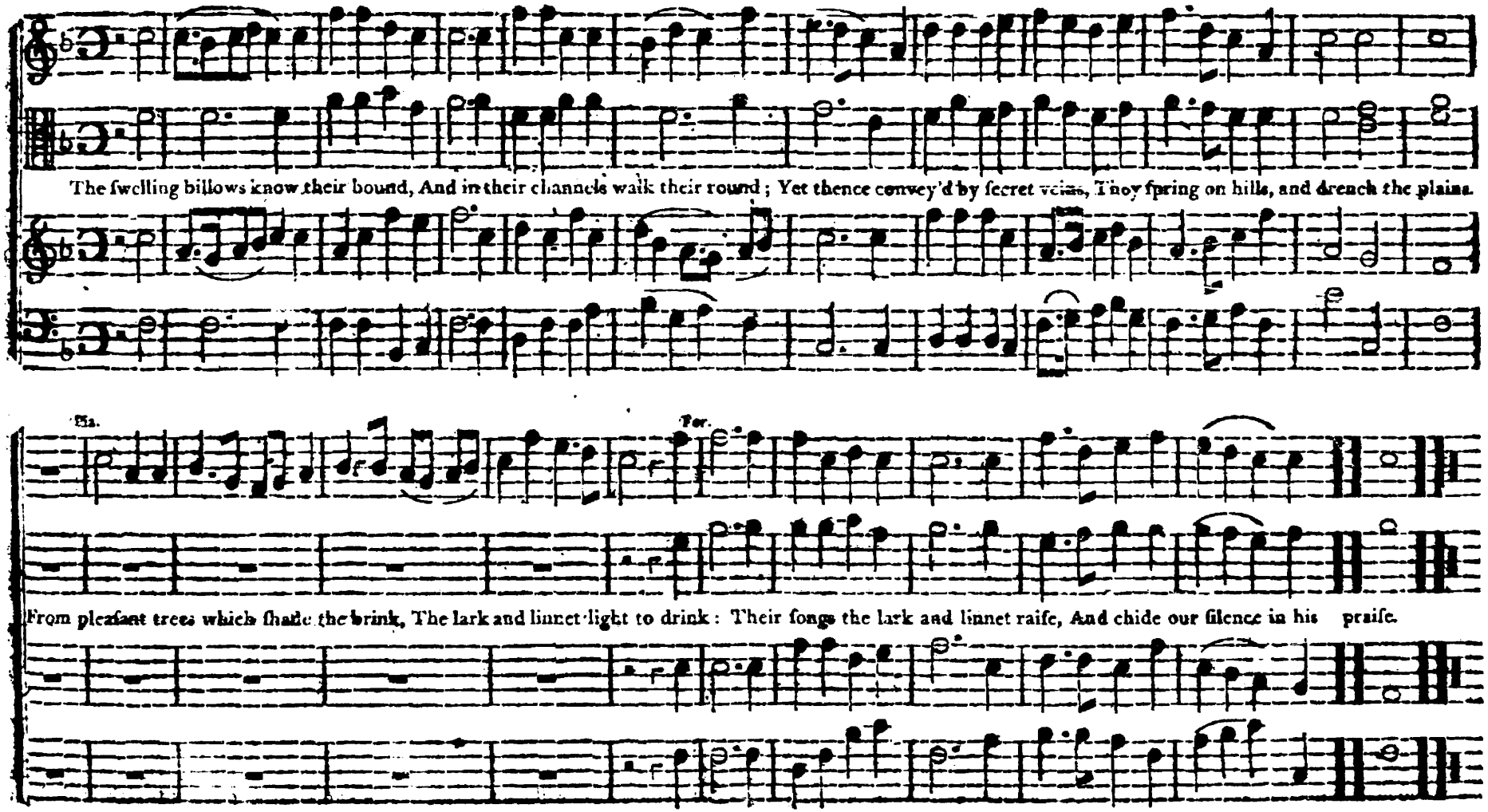

Eternal Pow'r, whoſe high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God; In-
Infinite lengths, &c.
Infinite lengths, &c.
Infinite lengths, &c.
finite lengths beyond the bounds, Where ſtars revolve their little rounds, Where ſtars re - volve their little rounds.
Where ſtars, &c.

Hollifton. S. M.

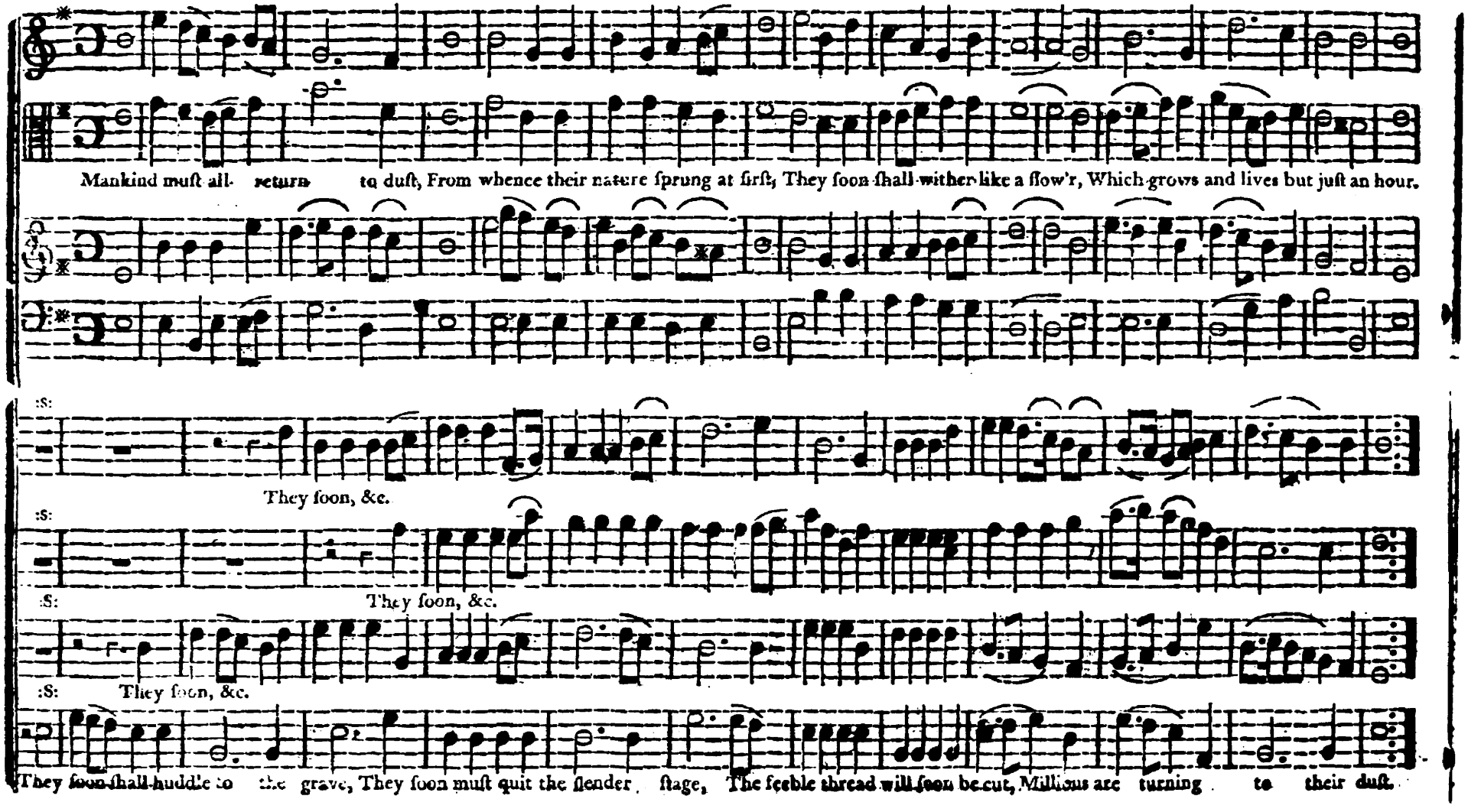


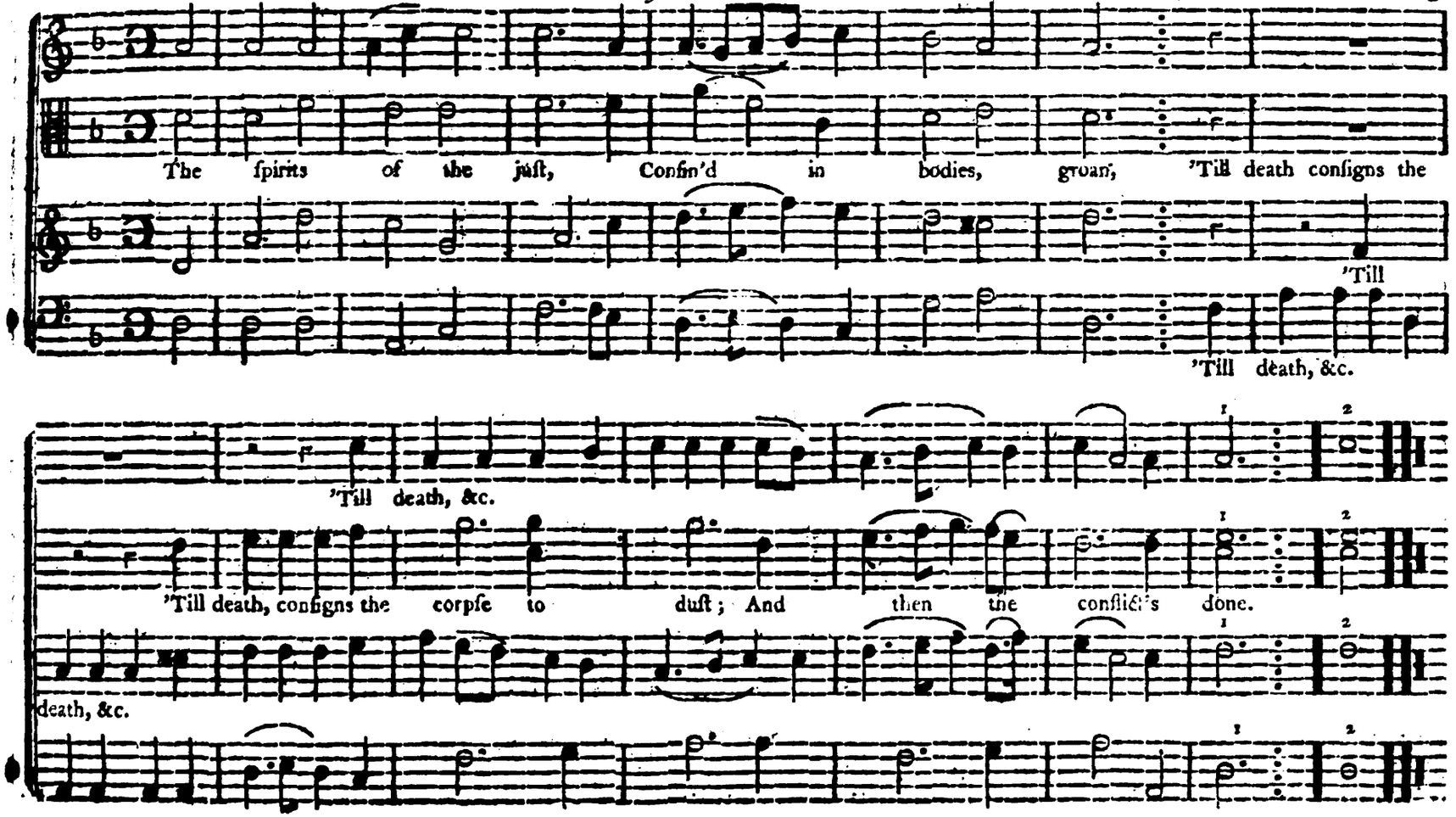
Southborough. L. M.



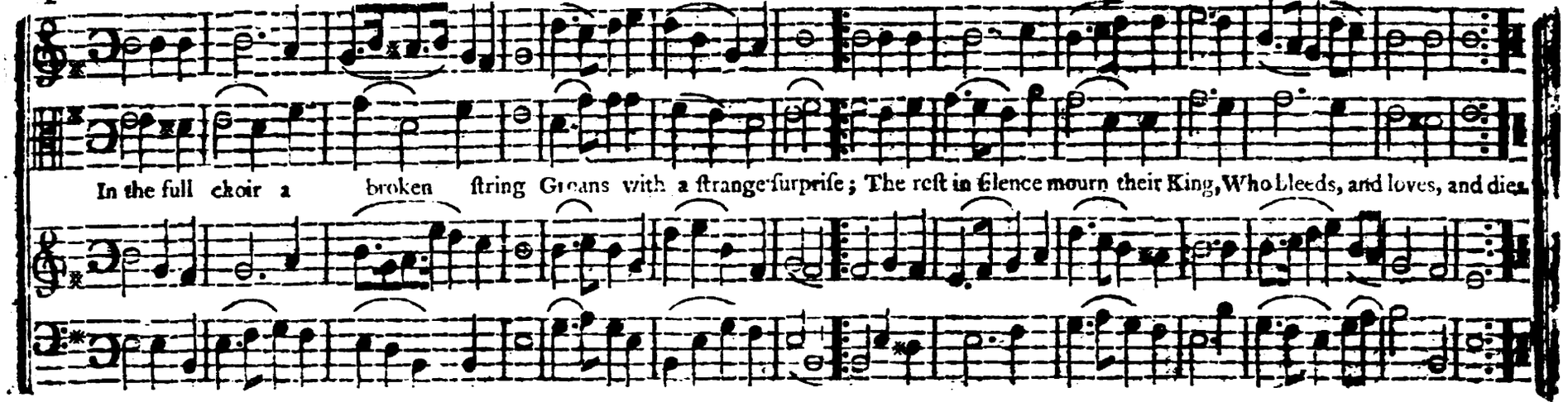

The ſwelling billows know their bound, And in their channels walk their round; Yet thence convey'd by ſecret veins, They ſpring on hills, and drench the plains.
From pleaſant trees which ſhade the brink, The lark and linnet light to drink: Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe, And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.

No. Four. L. M.

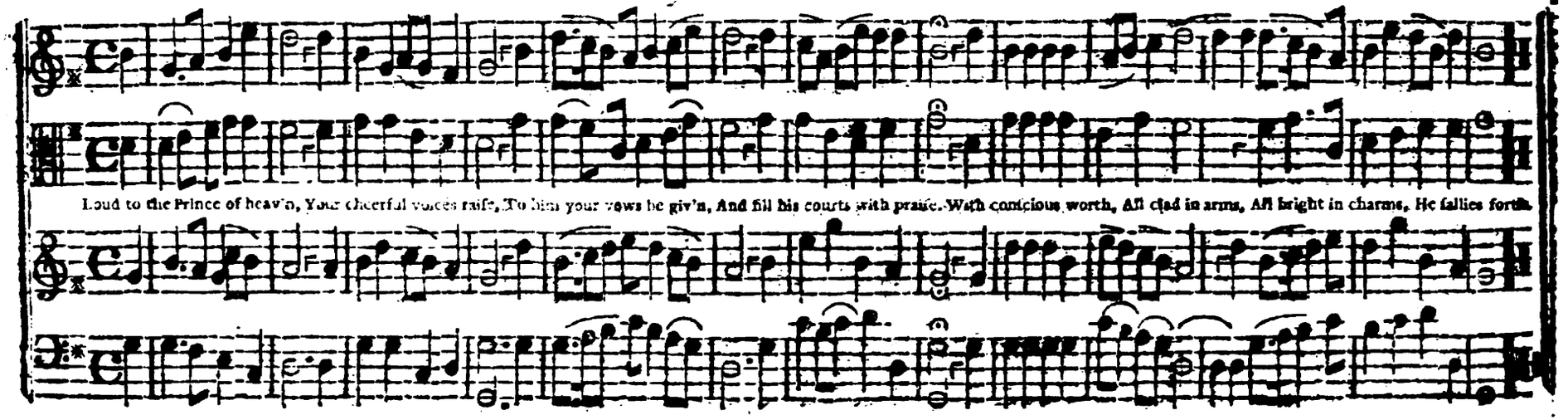

Mankind muſt all- return to duſt, From whence their nature ſprung at firſt, They ſoon ſhall wither like a flow'r, Which grows and lives but juſt an hour.
They ſoon, &c.
They ſoon, &c.
They ſoon, &c.
They ſoon ſhall huddle to the grave, They ſoon muſt quit the ſlender ſtage, The feeble thread will ſoon be cut, Millions are turning to their duſt.


The ſpirits of the juſt, Confin'd in bodies, groan, 'Till death conſigns the
'Till
'Till death, &c.
'Till death, &c.
'Till death, conſigns the corpſe to duſt; And then the conflict's done.
death, &c.

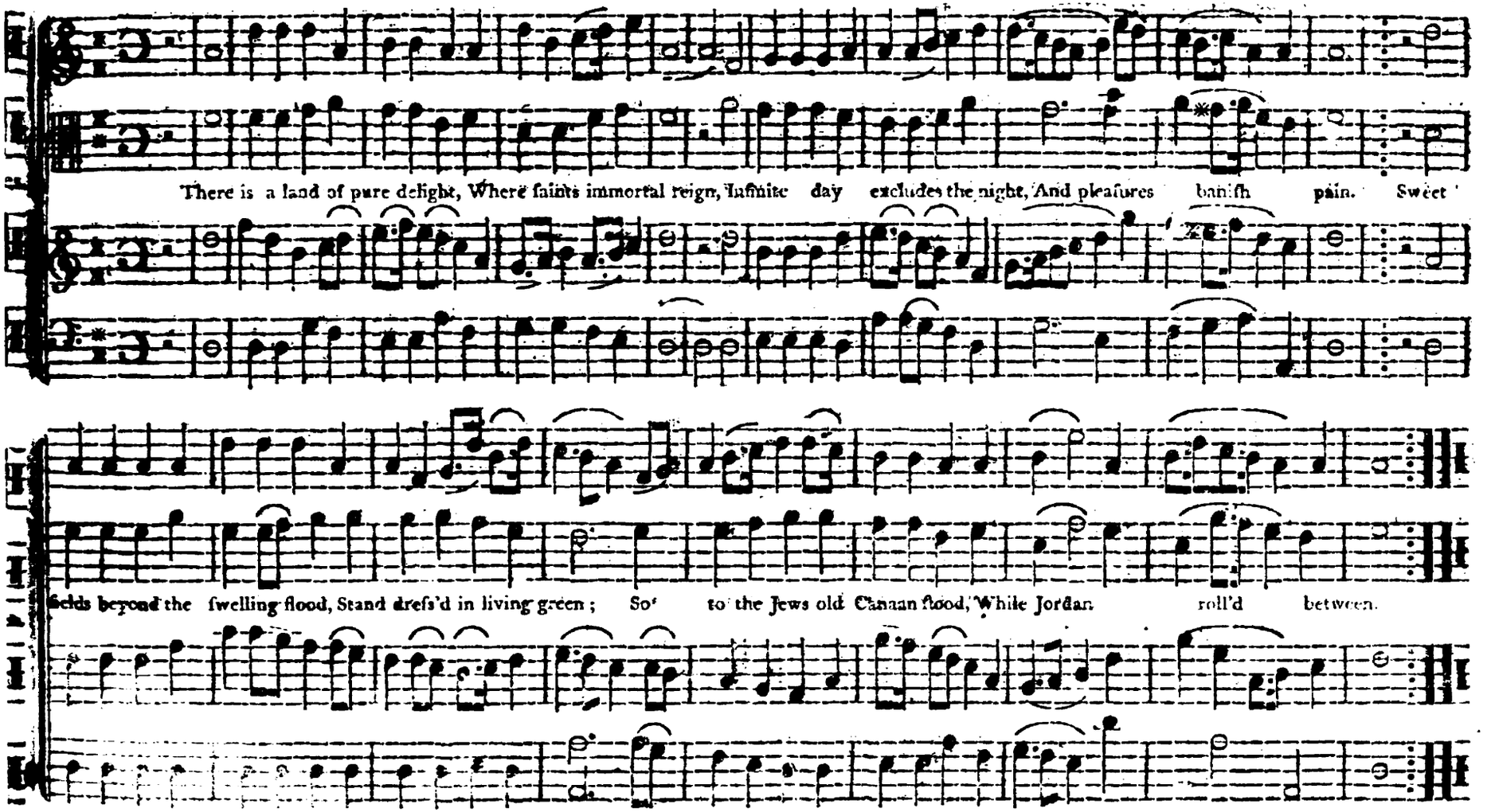
Pine-Hill. C. M.



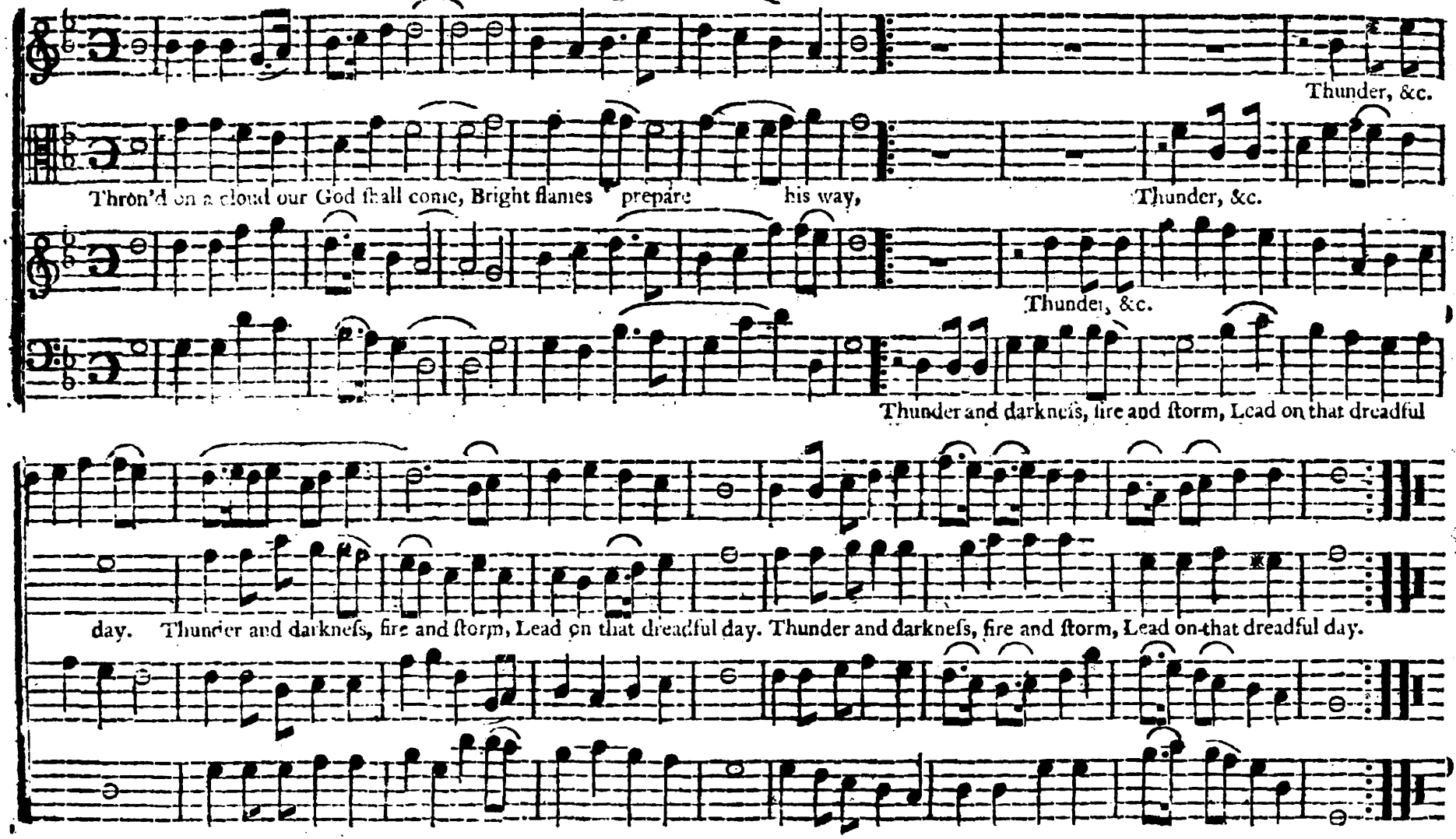
Lynn. P. M.



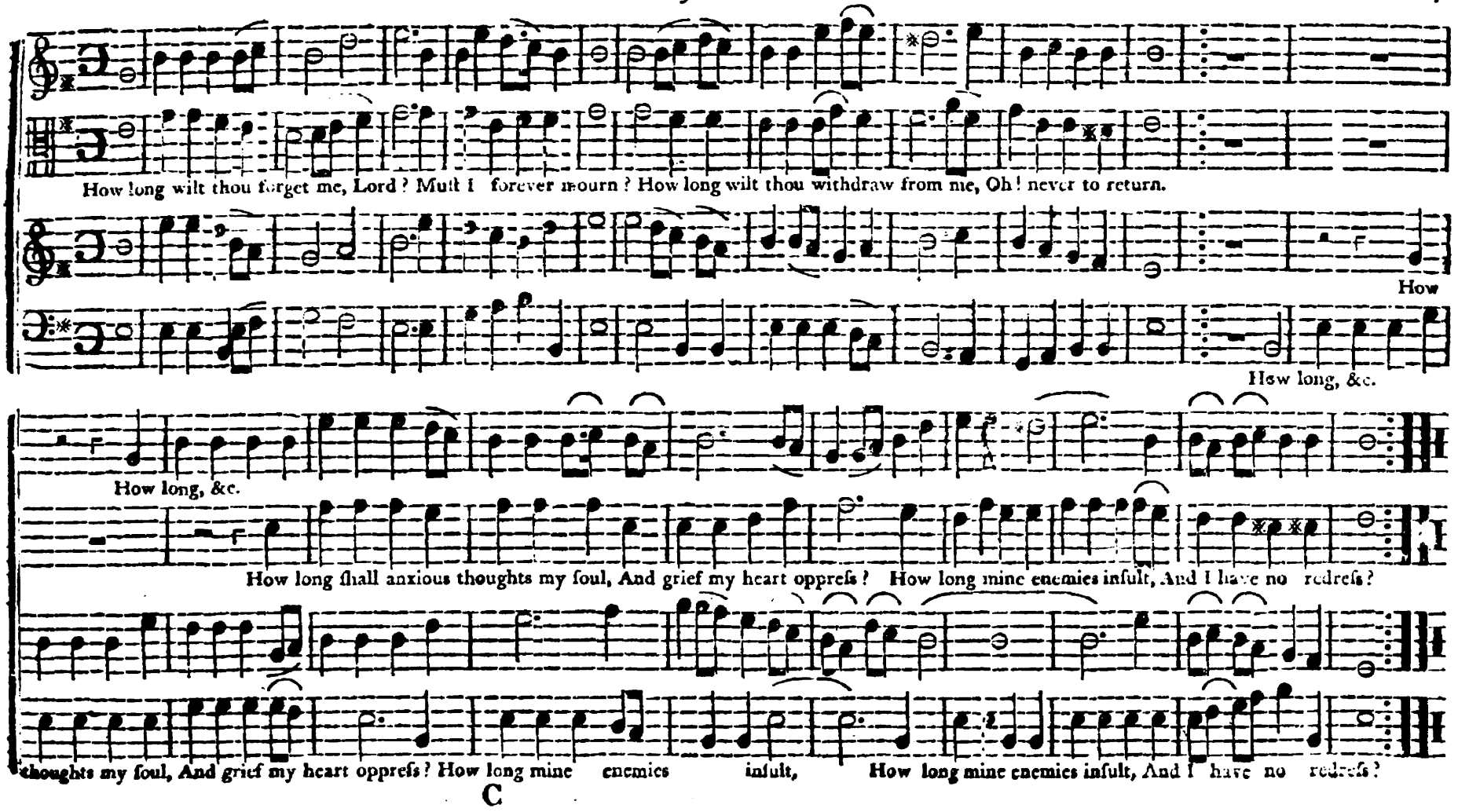
Shoreham. C. M.


There is a land of pure delight, Where ſaints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleaſures baniſh pain. Sweet
fields beyond the ſwelling flood, Stand dreſs'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood, While Jordan roll'd between.

Newmark. C. M.

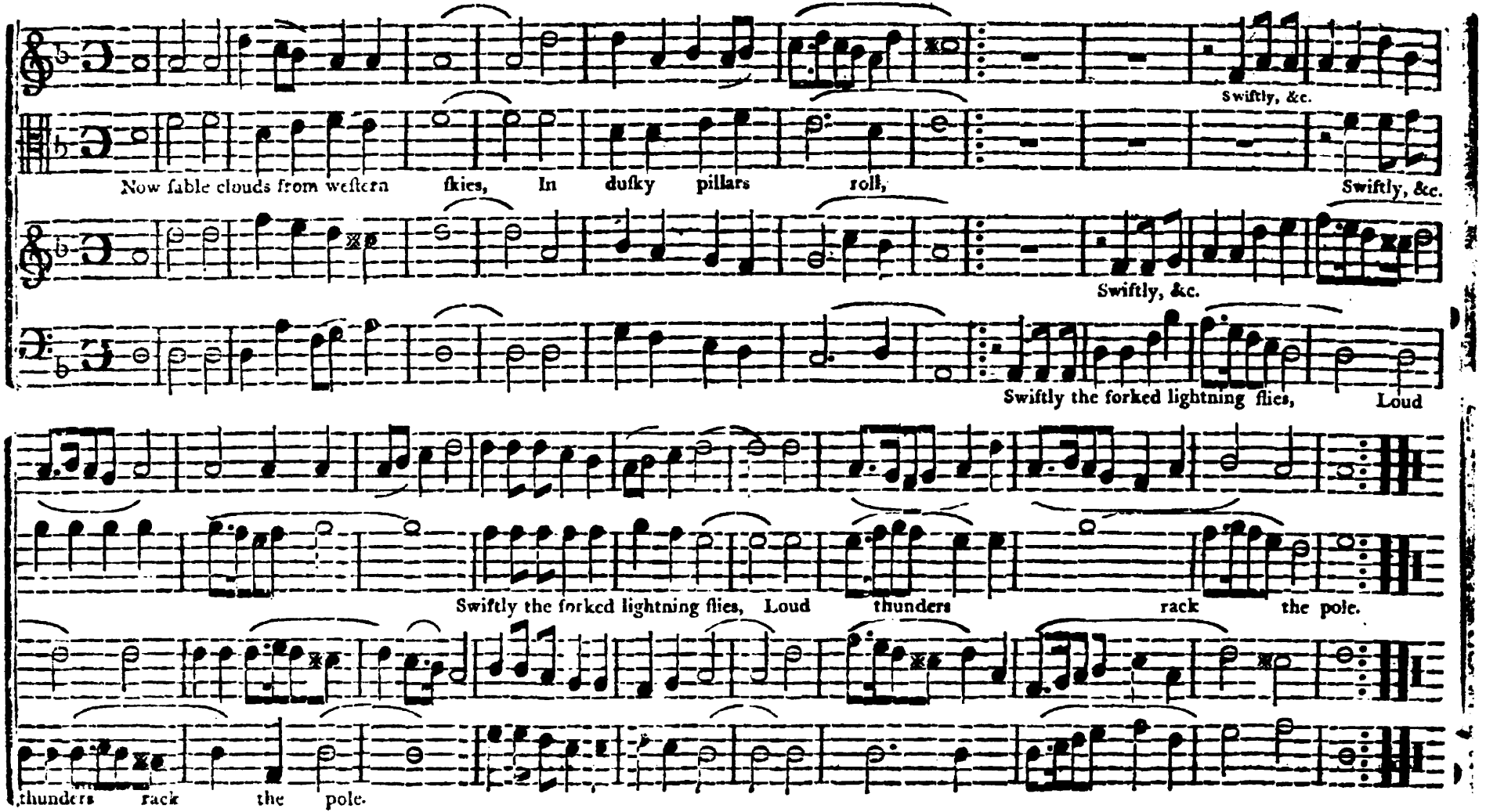

Thunder, &c.
Thron'd on a cloud our God ſhall come, Bright flames prepare his way, Thunder, &c.
Thunder, &c.
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm, Lead on that dreadful
day. Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm, Lead on that dreadful day. Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm, Lead on that dreadful day.

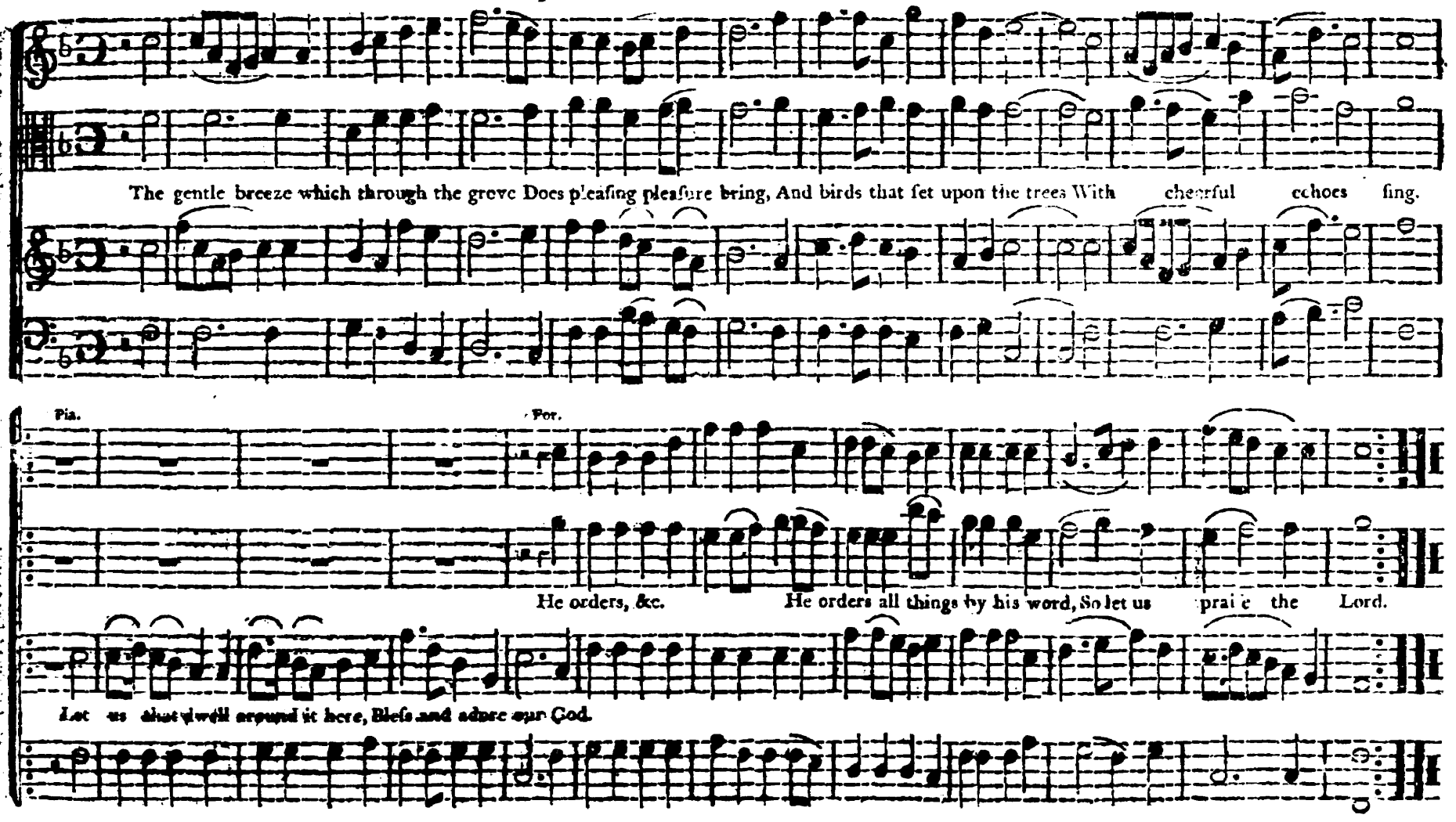
Rowley. C. M.

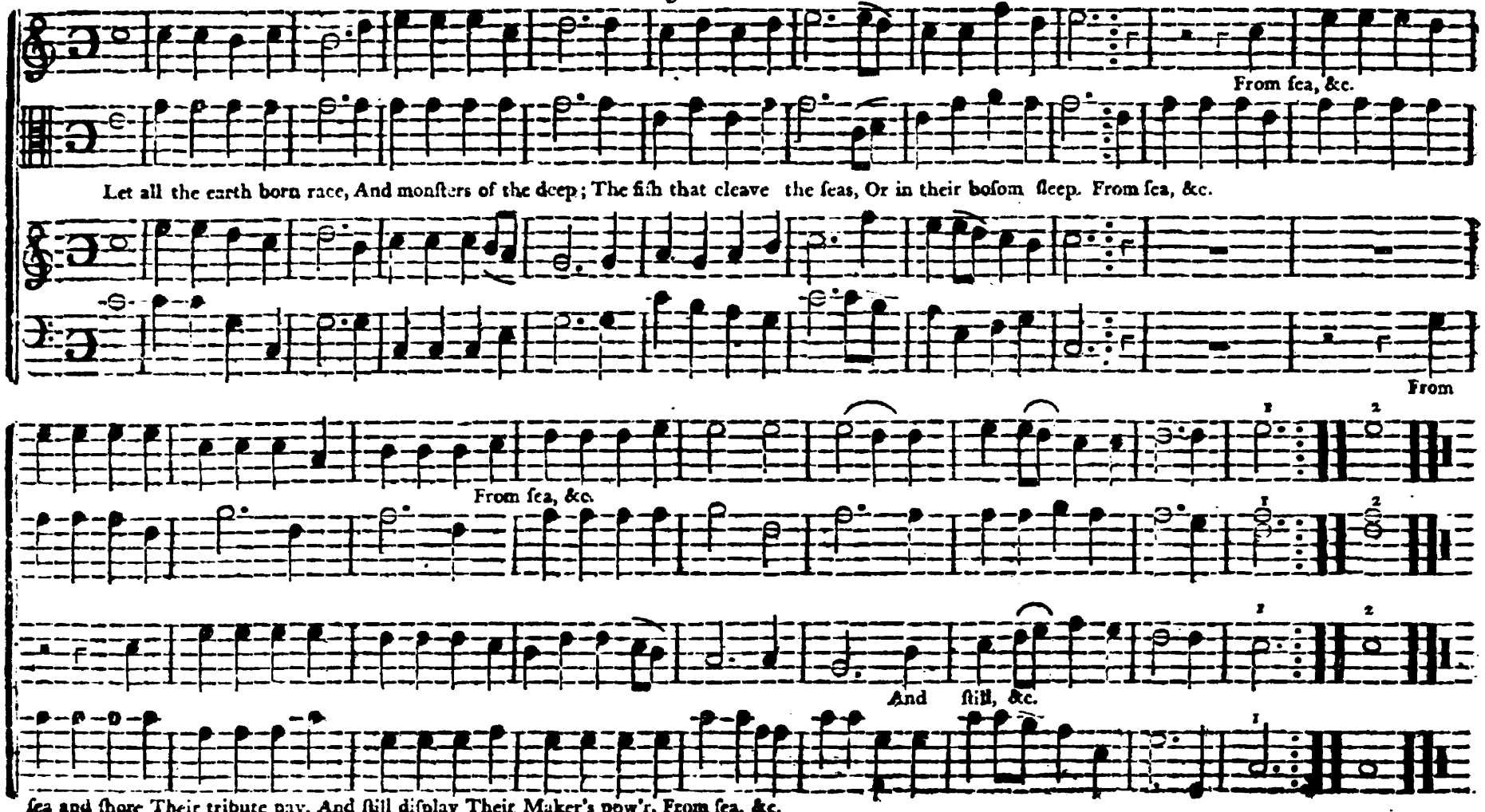

How long wilt thou forget me, Lord? Muſt I forever mourn? How long wilt thou withdraw from me, Oh! never to return.
How
How long, &c.
How long, &c.
How long ſhall anxious thoughts my ſoul, And grief my heart oppreſs? How long mine enemies inſult, And I have no redreſs?
thoughts my ſoul, And grief my heart oppreſs? How long mine enemies inſult, How long mine enemies inſult, And I have no redreſs?

C

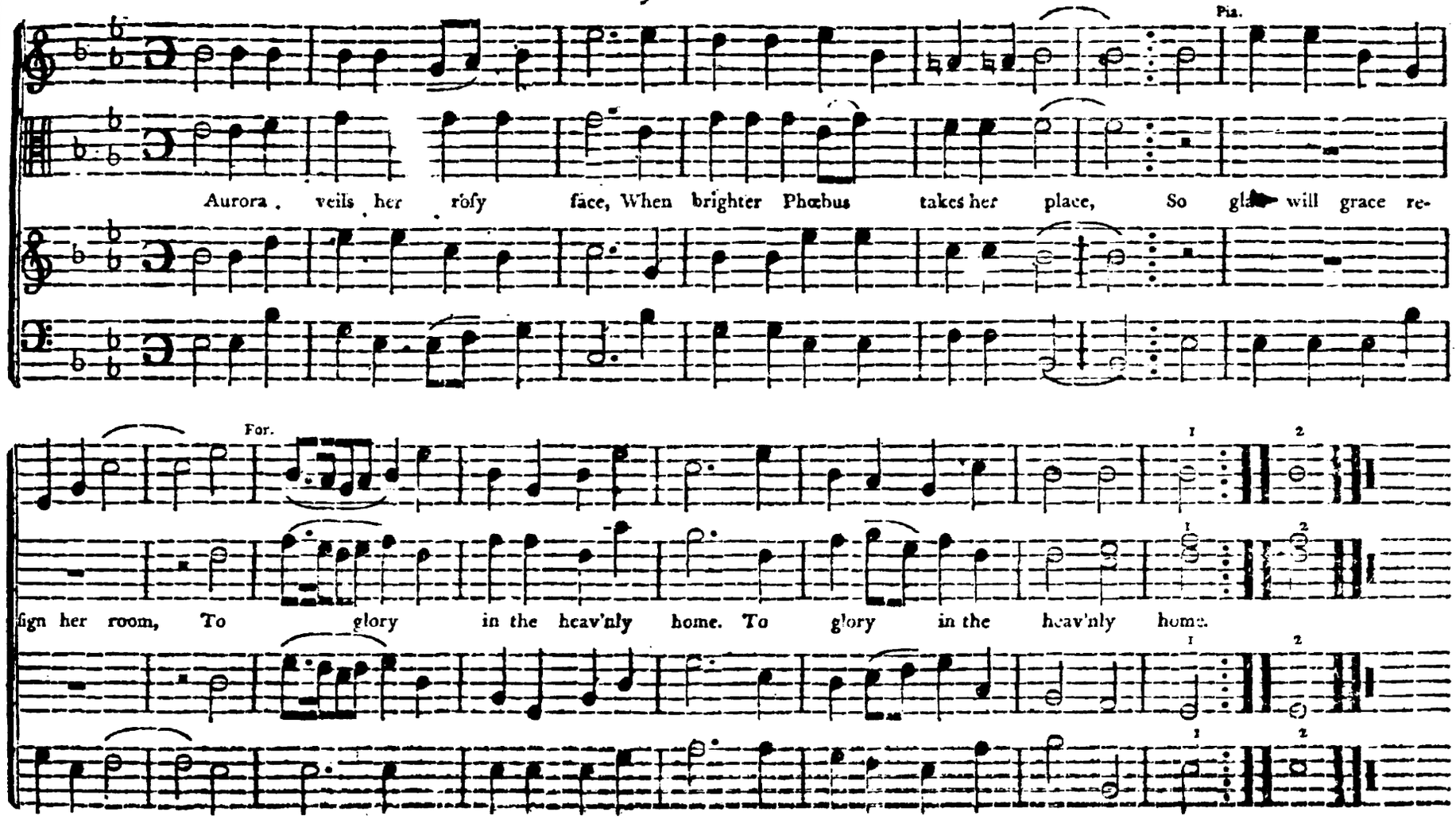
Malden. C. M.


Swiftly, &c.
Now fable clouds from weſtern ſkies, In duſky pillars roll,
Swiftly, &c.
Swiftly, &c.
Swiftly the forked lightning flies, Loud
Swiftly the forked lightning flies, Loud thunders rack the pole.
thunders rack the pole.

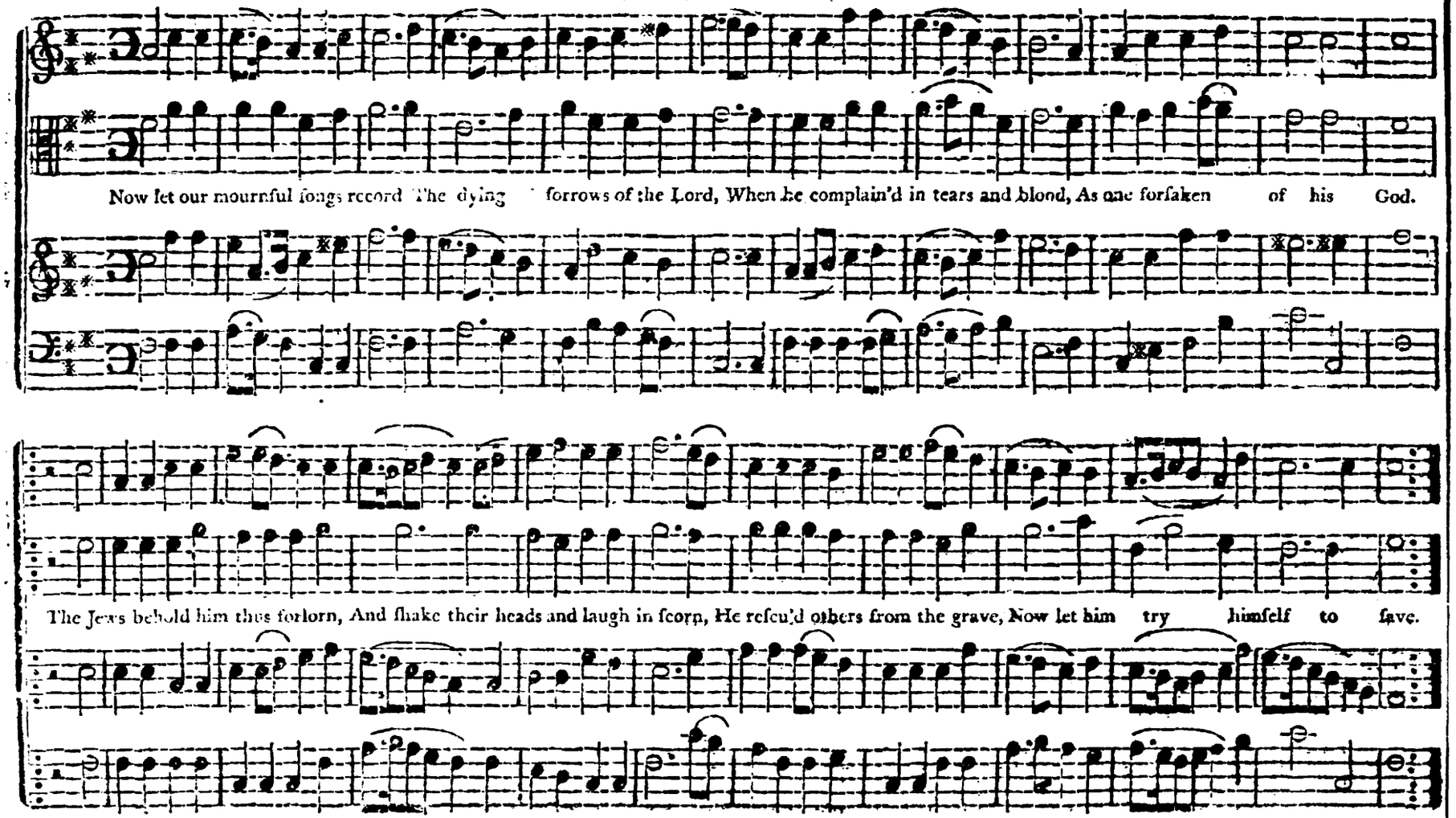

The gentle breeze which through the grove Does pleaſing pleaſure bring, And birds that ſet upon the trees With cheerful echoes ſing.
Pia.
For.
He orders, &c.
He orders all things by his word, So let us prai e the Lord.
Let us that dwell around it here, Bleſs and adore our God.


From ſea, &c.
Let all the earth born race, And monſters of the deep; The fiſh that cleave the ſeas, Or in their boſom ſleep. From ſea, &c.
From
From ſea, &c.
And ſtill, &c.
ſea and ſhore Their tribute pay, And ſtill diſplay Their Maker's pow'r. From ſea, &c.

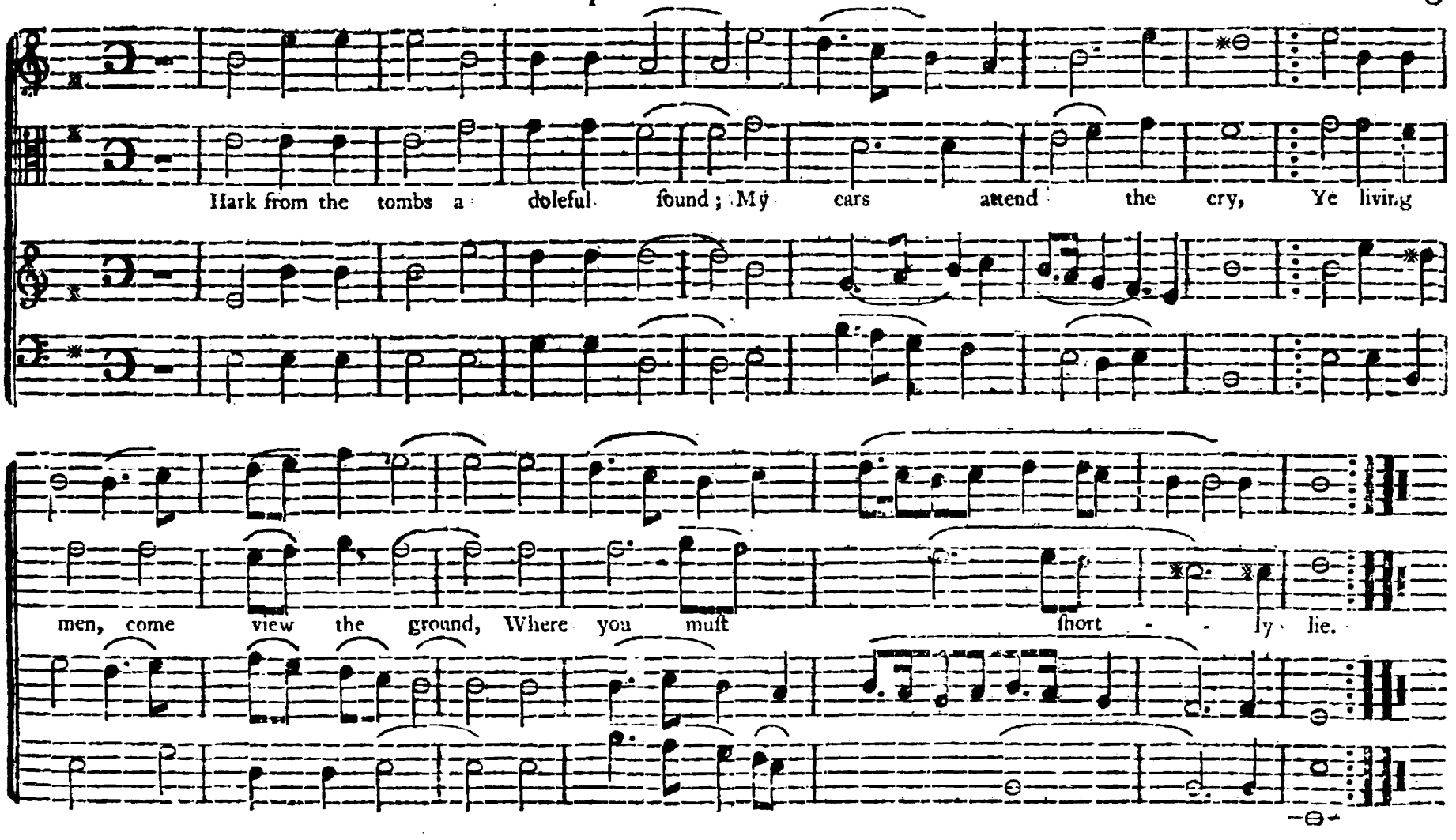
Tyot. L. M.


Pia.
Aurora veils her rosy face, When brighter Phœbus takes her place, So gla- will grace re-
For.
1
2
sign her room, To glory in the heav'nly home. To glory in the heav'nly home.

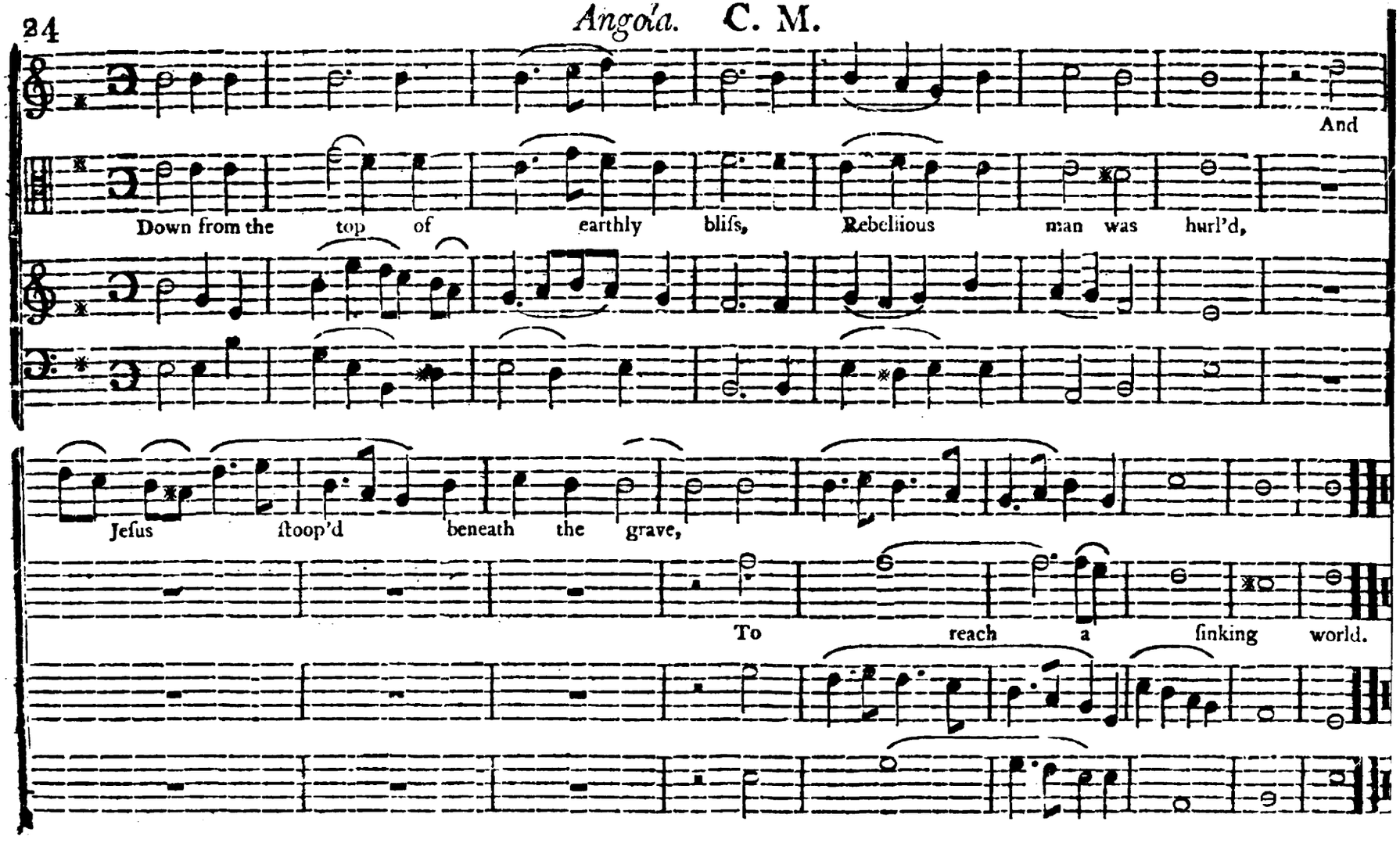
Lower Falls. L. M.



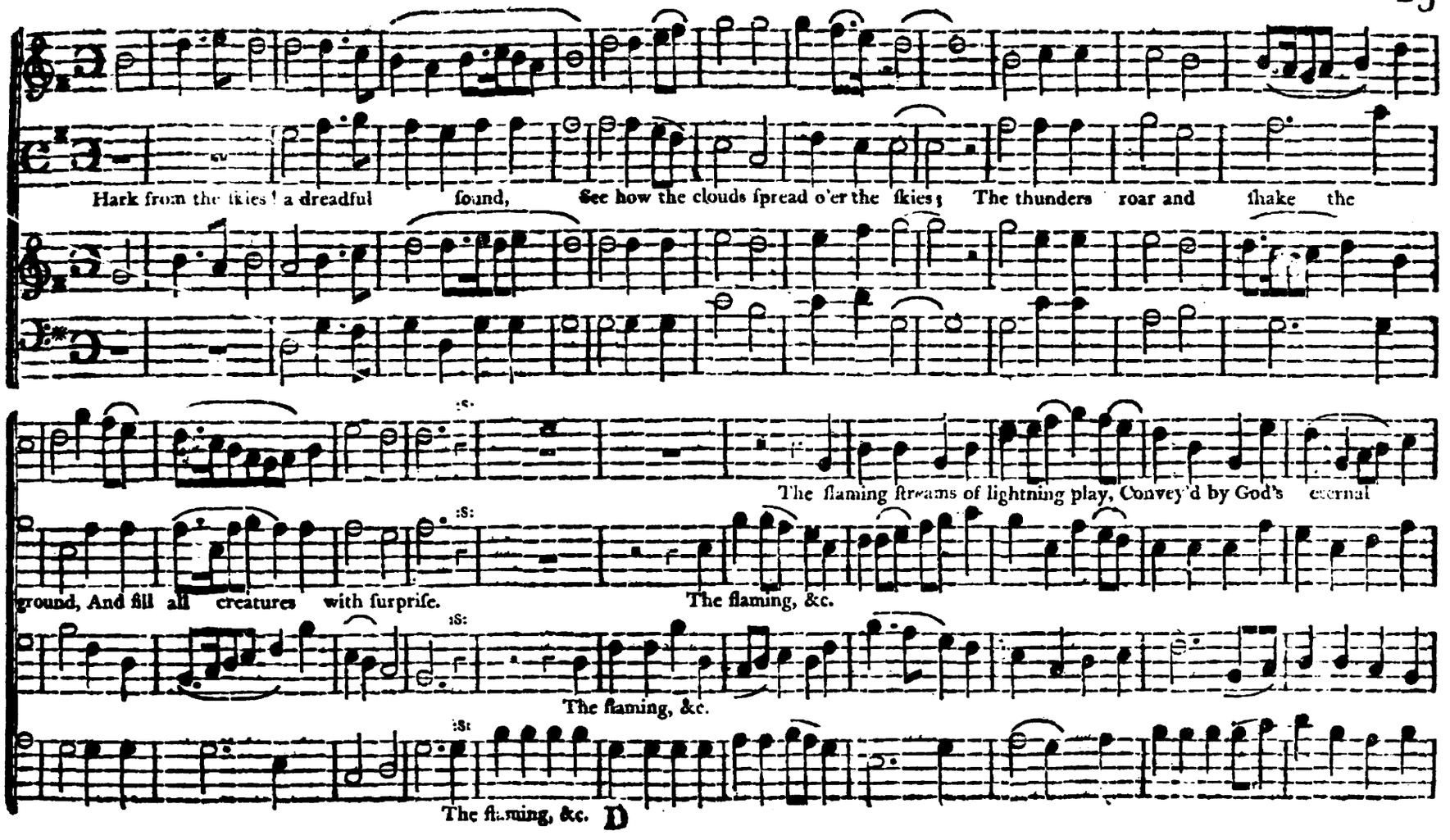
Hopkinton. C. M.

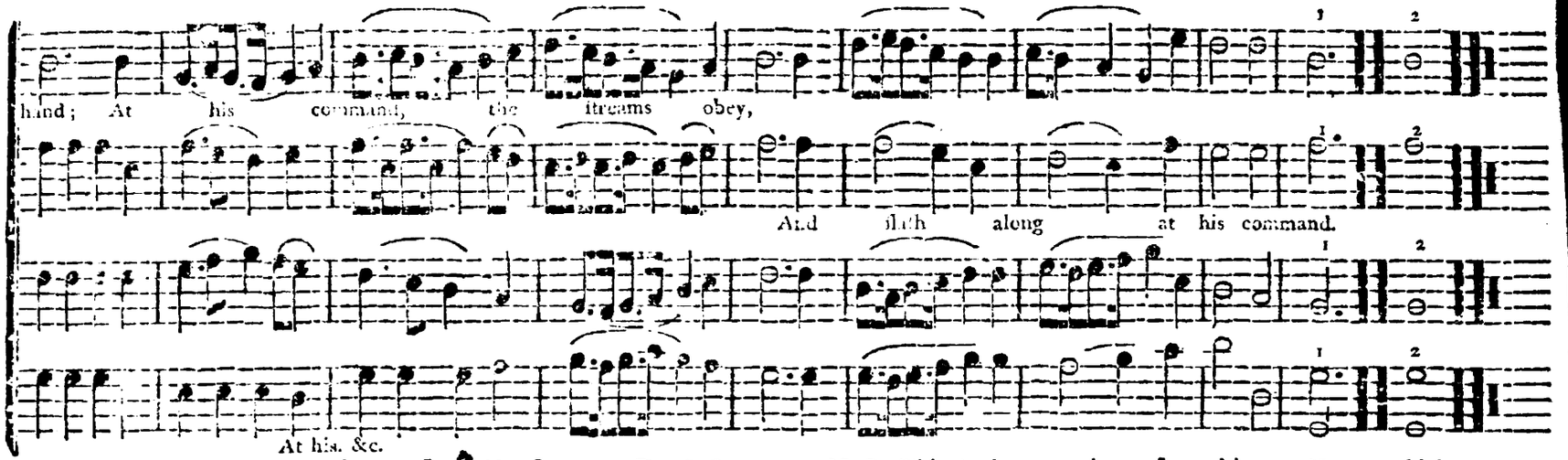


Angola. C. M.


And
Down from the top of earthly blifs, Rebellious man was hurl'd,
Jeſus ſtoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a ſinking world.

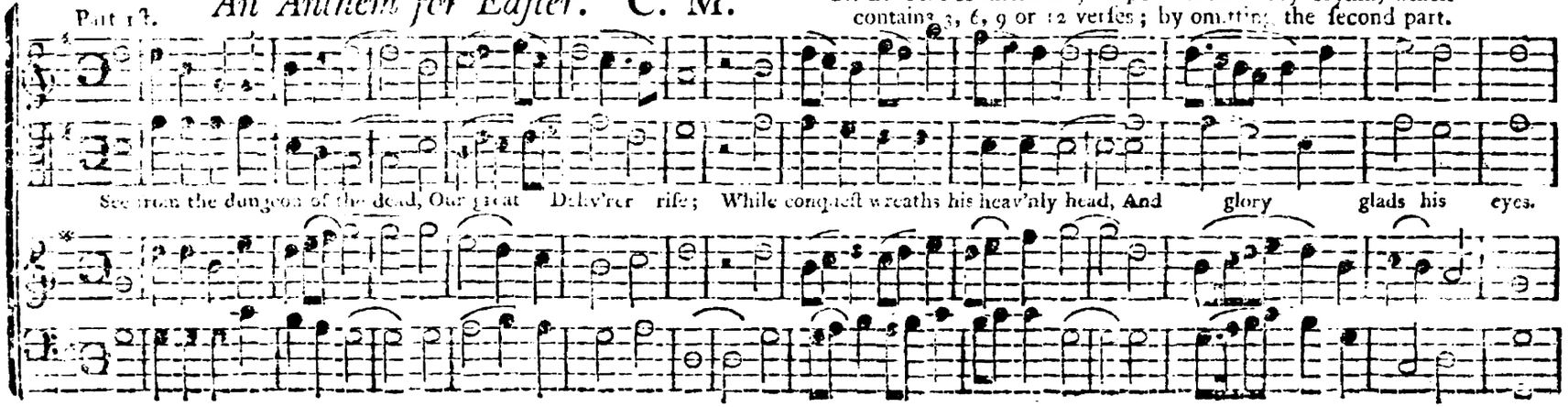
Hancock. L. M.


Hark from the ſkies! a dreadful ſound, See how the clouds ſpread o'er the ſkies; The thunders roar and ſhake the
:S:
The flaming ſtreams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal
ground, And fill all creatures with ſurpriſe.
The flaming, &c.
:S:
The flaming, &c.
:S:
The flaming, &c.



An Anthem for Eaſter. C. M.

N. B. This Anthem may be performed in any Hymn, which contains 3, 6, 9 or 12 verſes; by omitting the ſecond part.

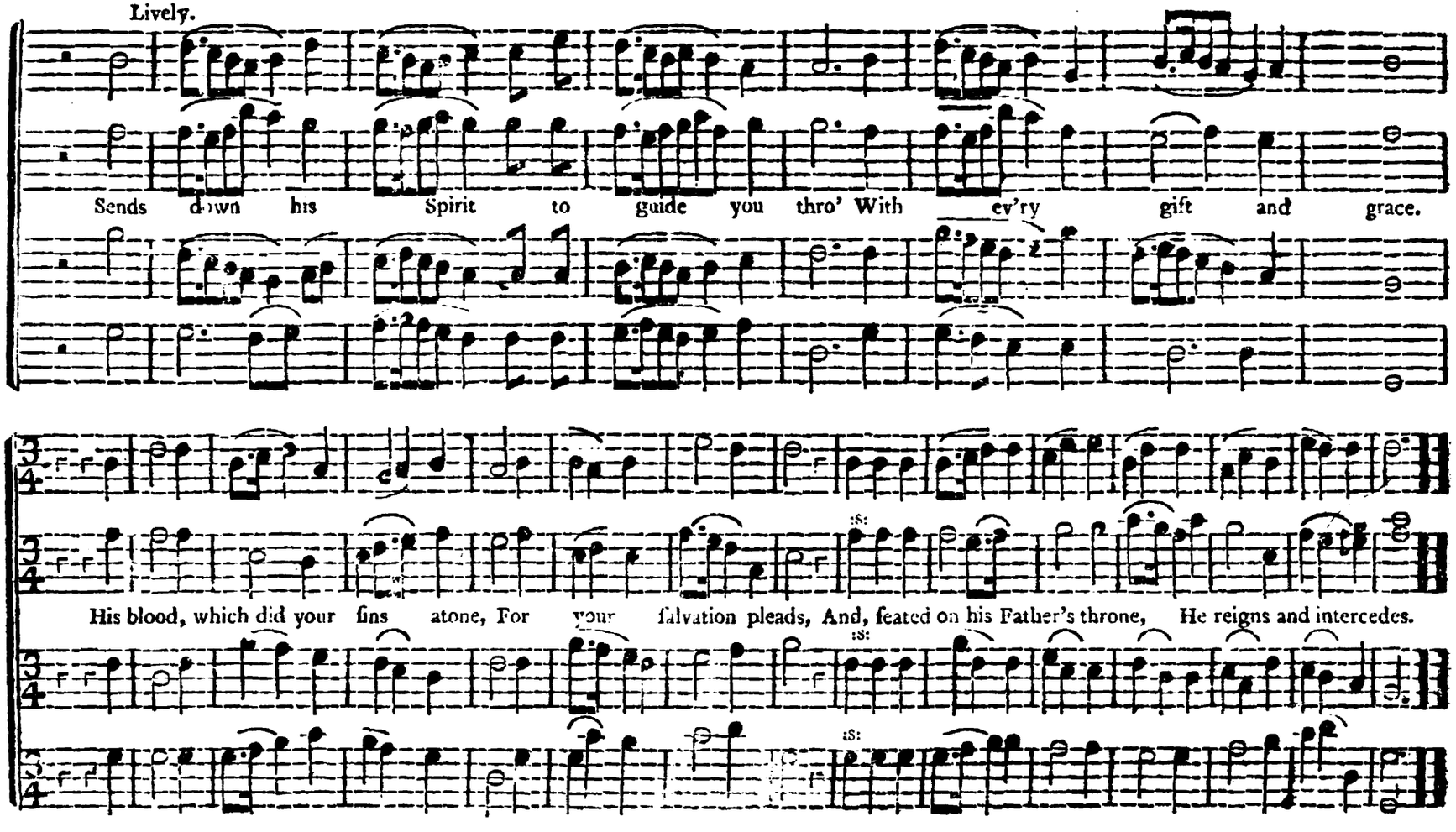


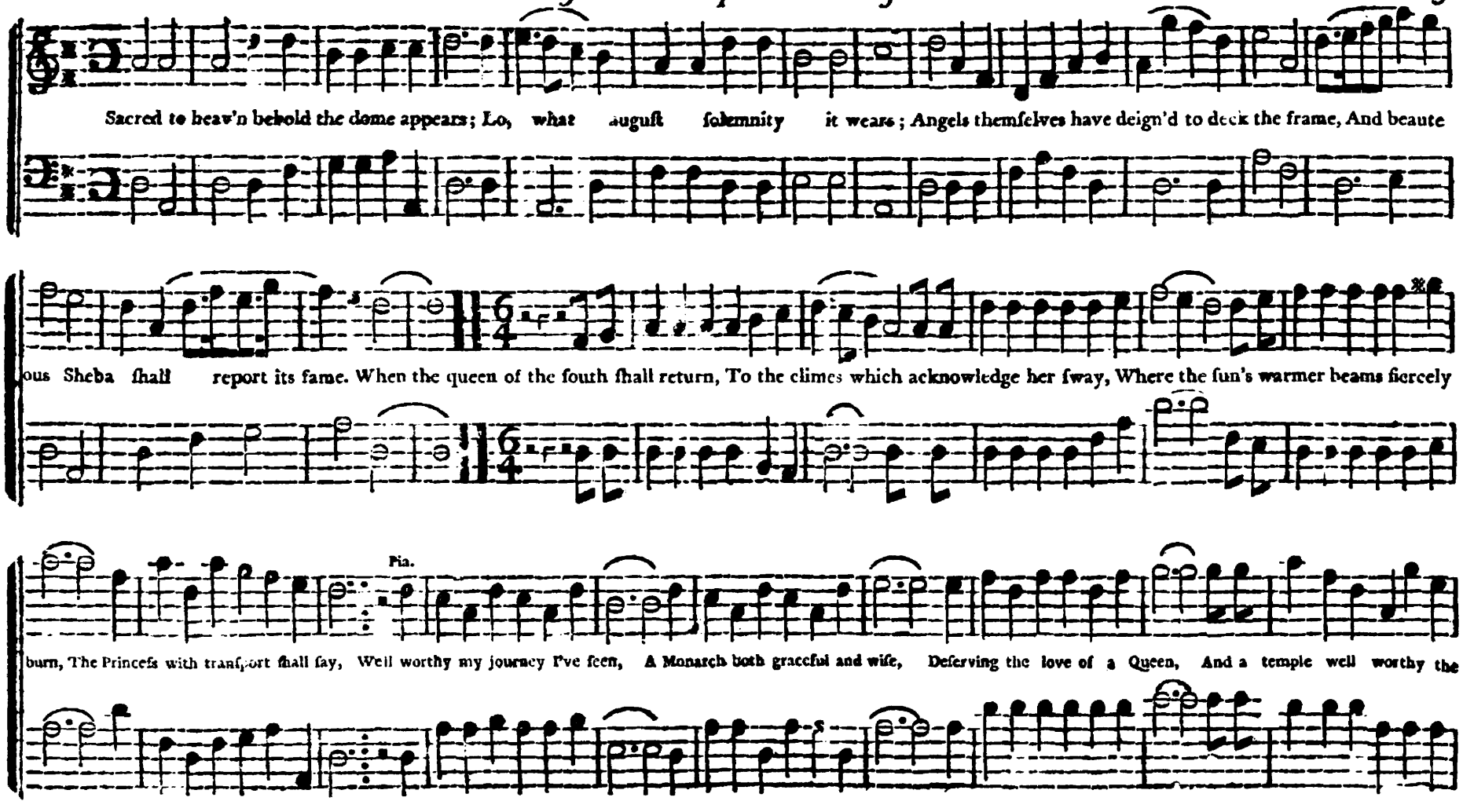
Part 2d.

See, how the well pleas'd angel rolls the ſtone and opes the priſ'n, Trumpets ſounding, earth reſounding, Jeſus riſes from the dead; Lo! he quits his

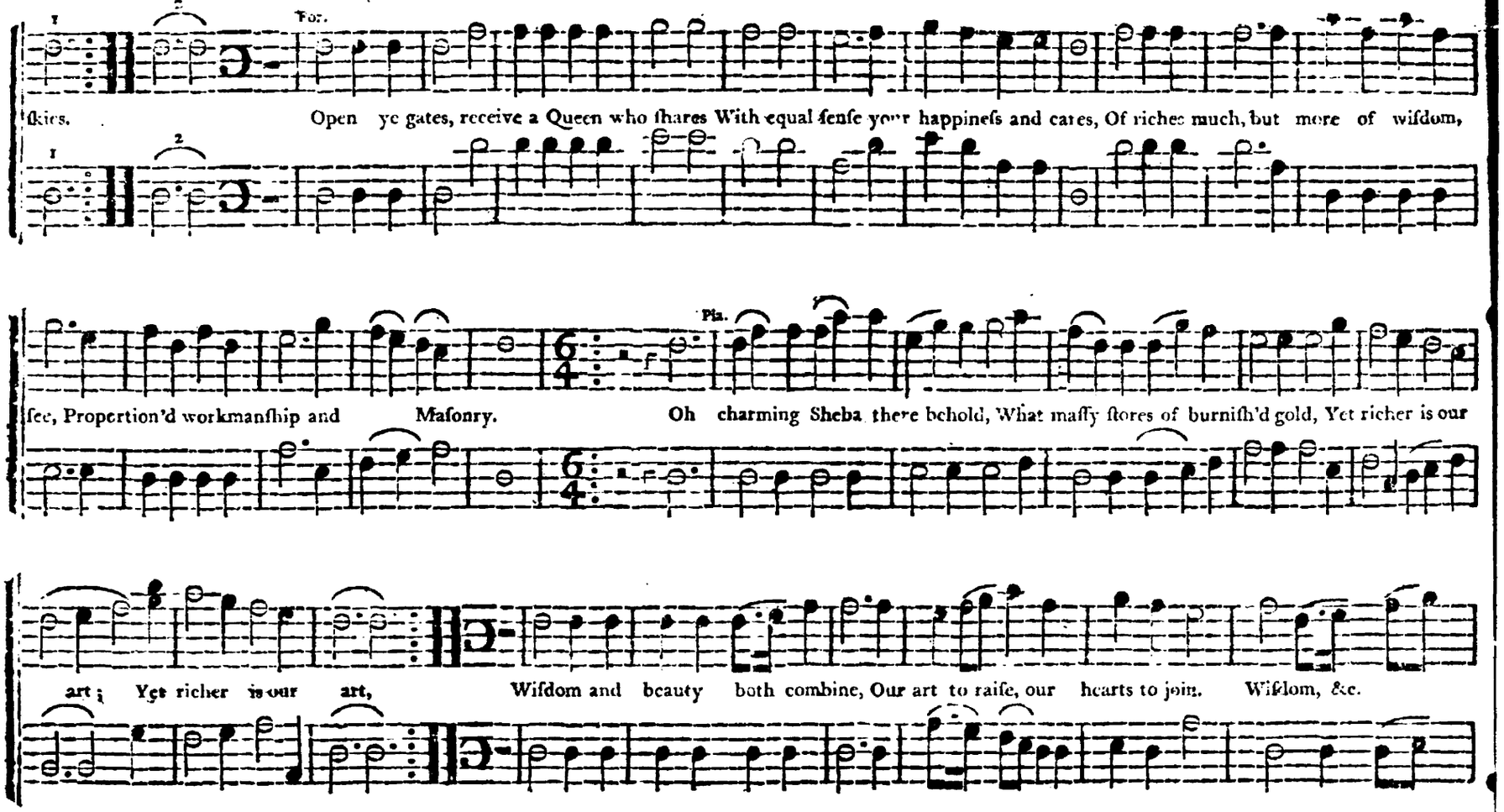
Part 3d. Slow.

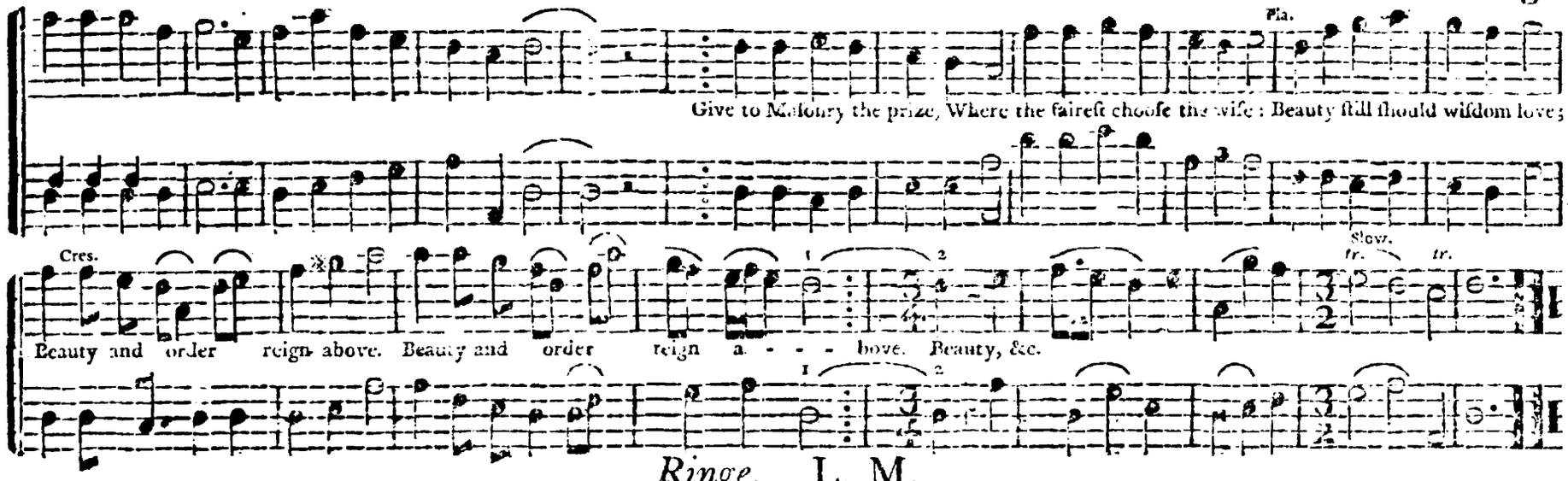
dark abode and flies to worlds of light. Sinners, rejoice; he dy'd for you; for you prepares a place;


Lively.
Sends down his Spirit to guide you thro' With ev'ry gift and grace.
His blood, which did your ſins atone, For your ſalvation pleads, And, ſeated on his Father's throne, He reigns and intercedes.

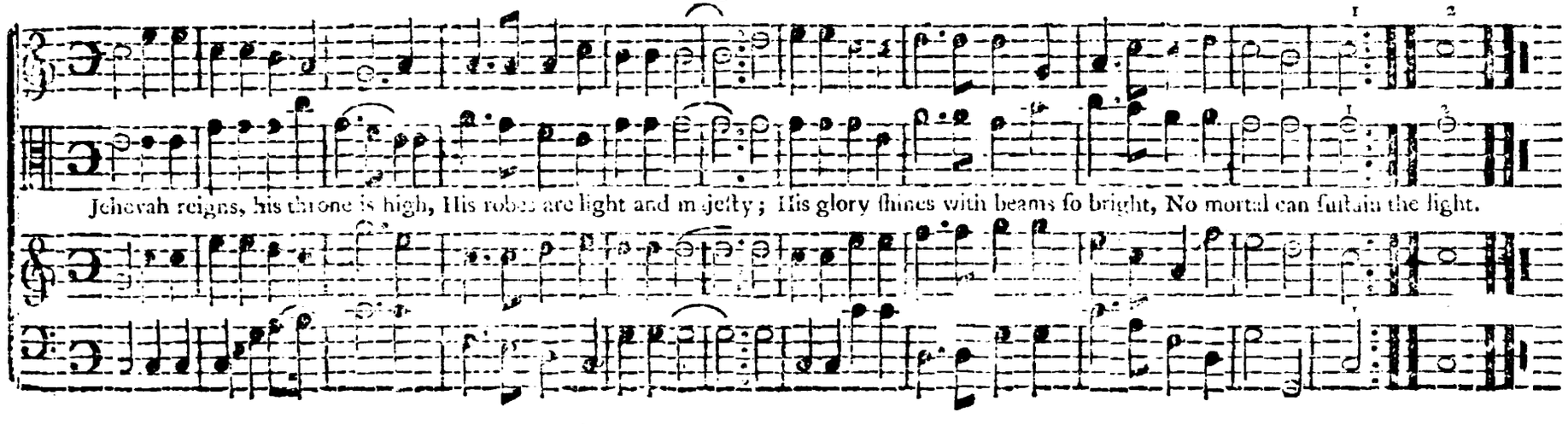

Sacred to heav'n behold the dome appears; Lo, what auguſt ſolemnity it wears; Angels themſelves have deign'd to deck the frame, And beaute
ous Sheba ſhall report its fame. When the queen of the ſouth ſhall return, To the climes which acknowledge her ſway, Where the ſun's warmer beams fiercely
Fin.
burn, The Princeſs with tranſport ſhall ſay, Well worthy my journey I've ſeen, A Monarch both graceful and wiſe, Deſerving the love of a Queen, And a temple well worthy the

Ode. Continued.




Fla.
Give to Maſonry the prize, Where the faireſt chooſe the wife: Beauty ſtill ſhould wiſdom love;
Cres.
Slow.
tr.
tr.
Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign a - - - bove. Beauty, &c.

Ringe. L. M.


Jehovah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and majeſty; His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright, No mortal can ſuſtain the light.

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