ANTHEMS

FOR

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

IN

FOUR PARTS.

With Variety of

HYMNS and CARROLS

For that JOYFUL FESTIVAL.

(Never before publiſhed.)

By *WILLIAM KNAPP*,

AUTHOR of a Set of new PSALM-TUNES and ANTHEMS, in FOUR PARTS, on various Occaſions.

O! how can Men forbear to ſing,
When Earth with Angels Notes do ring?

LONDON:

Printed by ROBERT BROWN, for the AUTHOR; and Sold by Mr. WILLIAM SANDBY, at the *Ship*, without *Temple-Bar*; Mr. COLLINS, in *Saliſbury*; Mr. NEWBURY, in *Reading*; Mr. NORRIS, in *Taunton*; Mr. JOSHUA COOK, in *Sherborne*, and moſt Bookſellers in the Country. MDCCXLIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

Sem C. Babcock's

To all LOVERS, not only of PSALMODY, but likewise of HYMNS and SPIRITUAL SONGS, and all harmonious Ways of celebrating the DIVINE PRAISES.

INSTEAD of a Preface, I here present you with a Start of passionate Zeal, and Rhapsody, in Praise of Psalmody, by N. TATE, *Esq; as I find it in his* Essay for Reviving and Promoting the Religious Exercise of Psalmody, *and is addressed and dedicated to that truly Royal Patroness of Endeavours for the Service of Church and State, Her late most Sacred Majesty Queen* ANNE, *of Glorious Memory.*

*Awake, Appear, O * Princess of Divine Praise! Does not the Season smile upon thee? Hark, is it not the Voice of thy Beloved that calls to thee from Above, and tells thee, The Winter is past, the Rain gone, and the Time of* SINGING *come? Awake, my Dove, come away, too long hast thou slept in the Clefts of the Rocks: Let thy Beloved see thy Countenance; let him hear thy Voice, for thy Voice it is sweet, and thy Countenance is comely.* (Song of Solomon.)

And don't we hear thy Responsal, saying, Blow thou North-Wind, and come thou South; blow upon my Garden, that the Spices may flow out, that my Beloved may come to his Garden, &c.

No, sacred Princess, 'tis not the Zephyrs that can inspire this Heavenly Flavour; 'tis thy Cœlestial Breath that fans the Spices into Fragrancy.

* Mr. *Tate*, in his *Preface* to the Essay from whence this Rhapsody is taken, makes no Apology for mentioning Psalmody as a Person, a Princess, and Beauty, as *Solomon* speaks of *Wisdom*, *Plato* of *Virtue*, Classic Poets of the *Graces*, &c.

O! Queen

O! Queen of Sacred Harmony, How powerful are thy Charms? Care shuns thy Walks, Fear kindles into Courage, and Joy sublimes into seraphic Extasy.

What! shall Stage-Syrens sing, and Psalmody sleep? Theatres be thronged, and thy Temples empty? Shall thy Votaries abroad find Heart and Voice to sing in the fiery Furnace of Persecution, upon the Waters of Affliction, and our Britons *sit sullenly silent under their Vines and Fig-Trees?*

When thy Music ceases, will not Nature be dumb, and the Universe be untun'd? Return cœlestial Charmer, resume thy Royal Psalmist's *Harp, and, to the Songs of* Sion, *join the* Song of the Lamb, The Carroling of Angels at the Nativity of an Infant God, His Conquests over Death and Hell, *and* The Great Captain of Salvation made perfect through Sufferings. *Then shall we soar on thy Wings above mortal State; for will not thy Scale of Music be another* Jacob's *Ladder, with the Angels of God ascending and descending upon it? For thus may we maintain a Commerce between Earth and Heaven, and commence our Heaven upon Earth. Since*

Angels and we, assisted by this Art,
May sing together, tho' we dwell apart.

Mr. WALLER.

ANTHEMS,

ANTHEMS, &c.

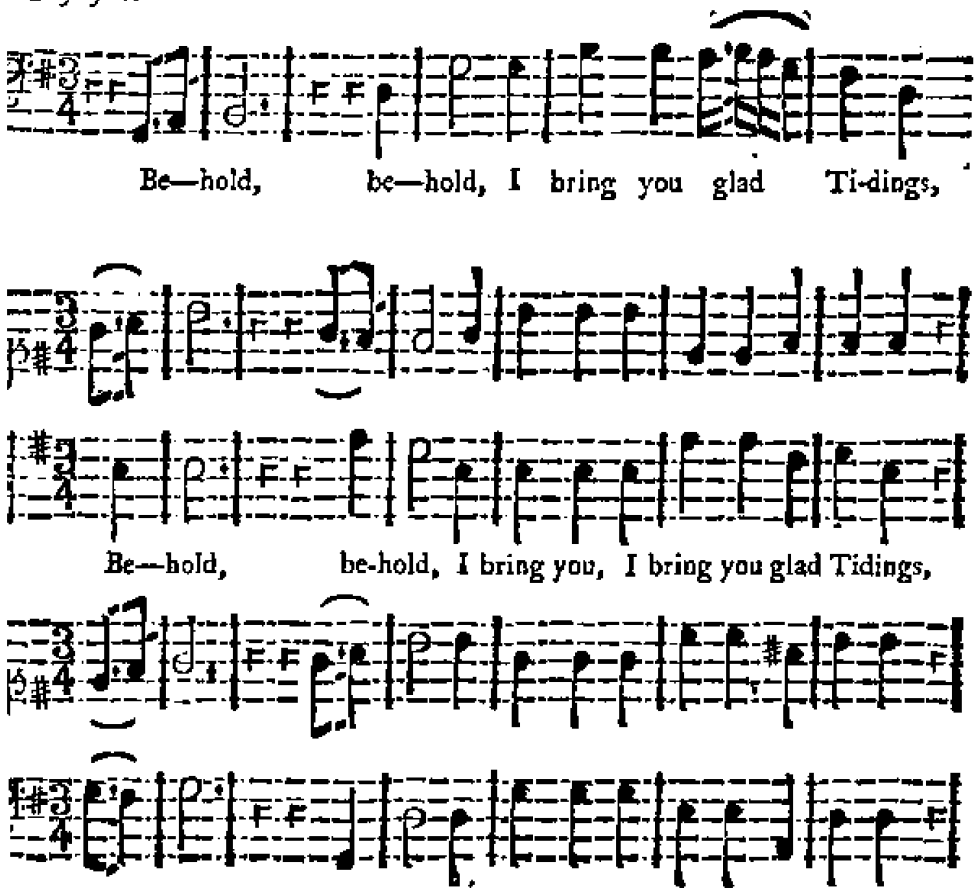
FOR

CHRISTMAS DAY.

An ANTHEM *for* CHRISTMAS DAY.

LUKE II.

Basi solo.



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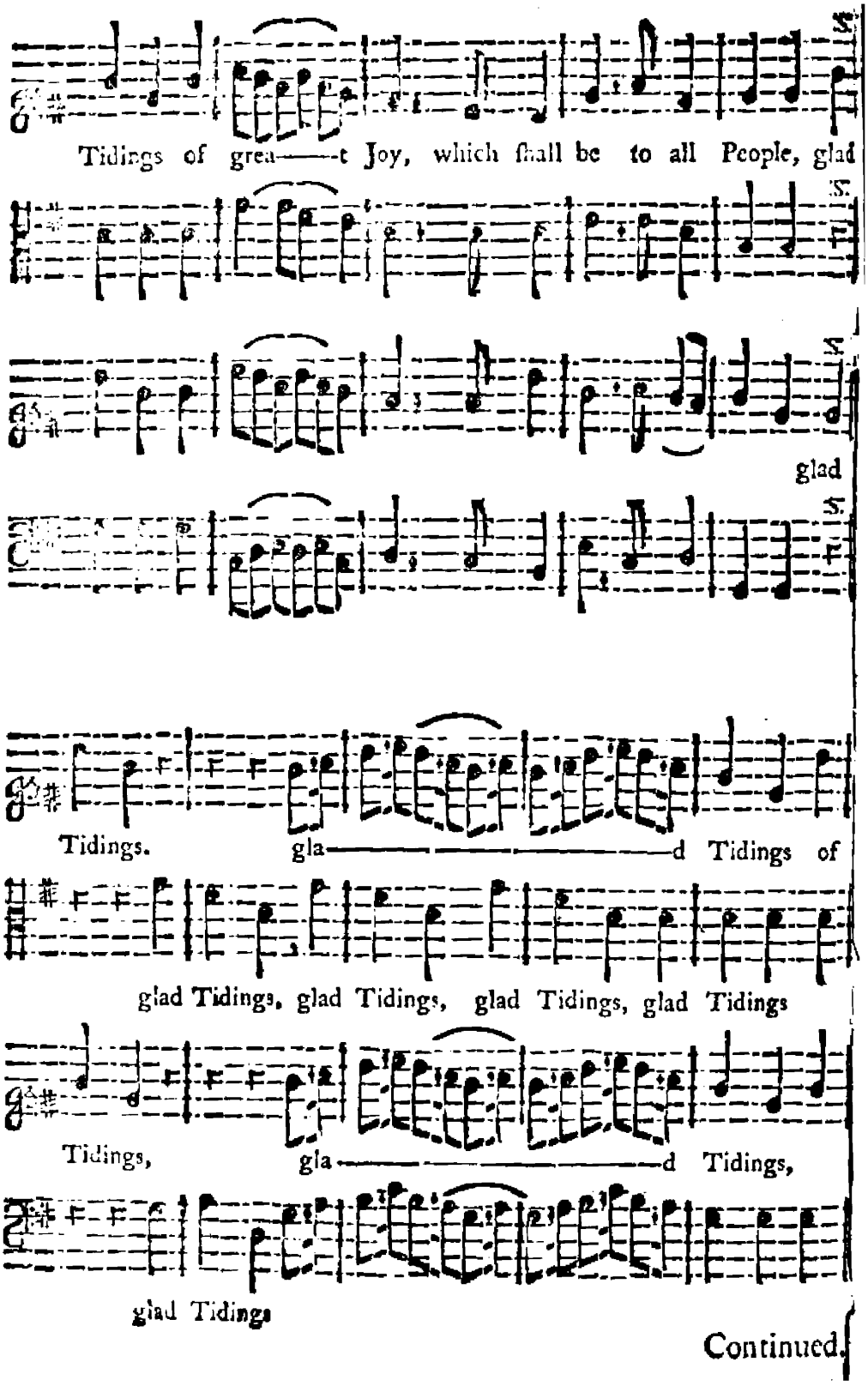

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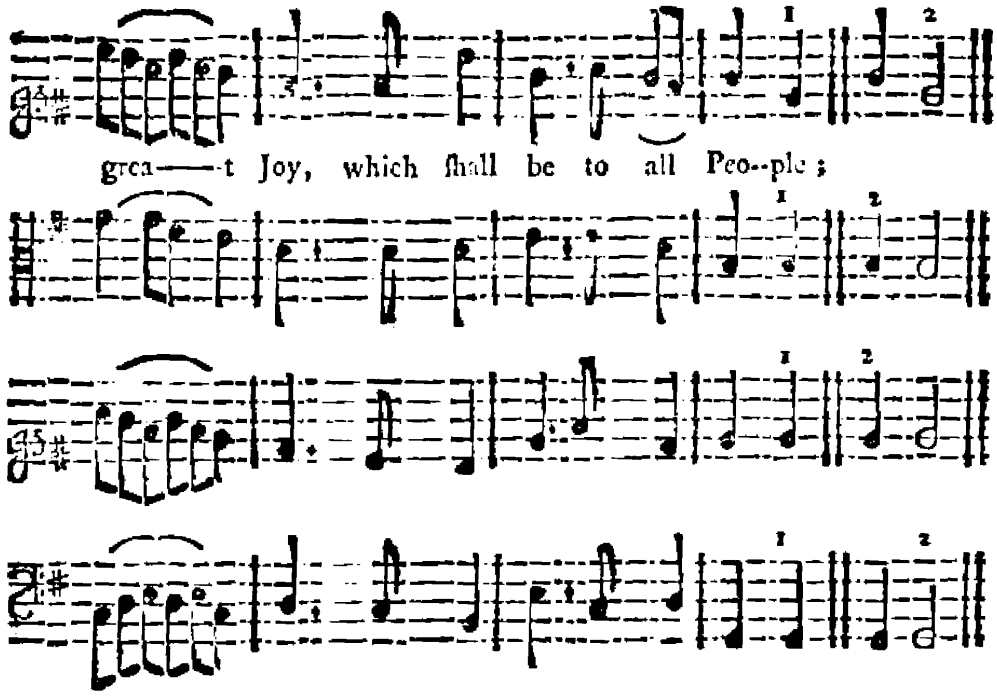

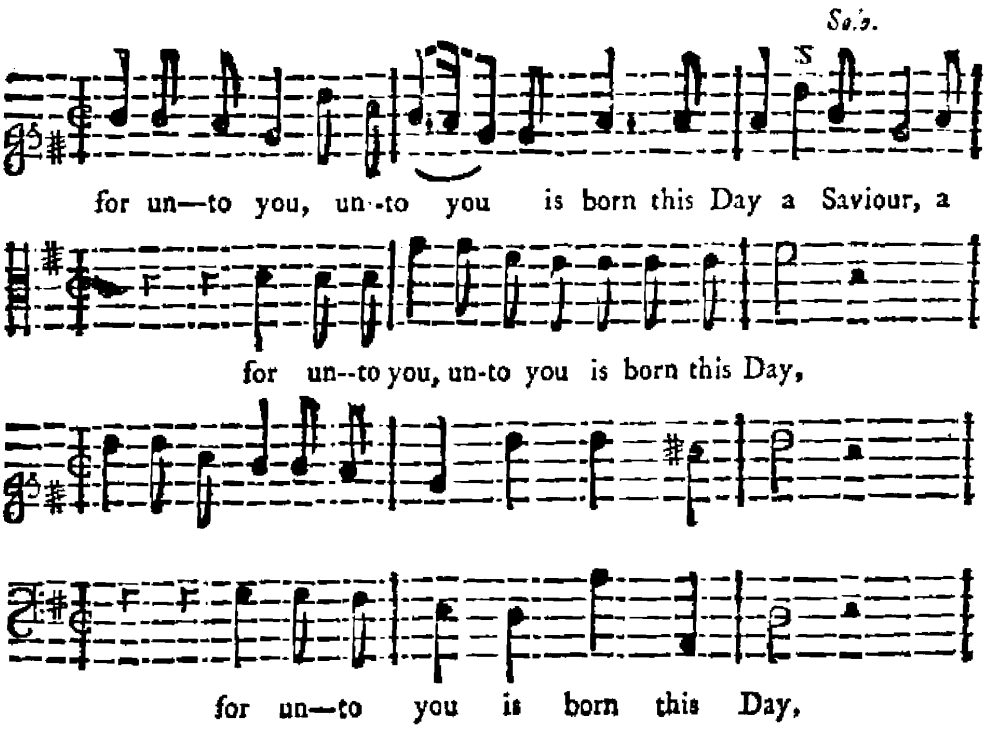

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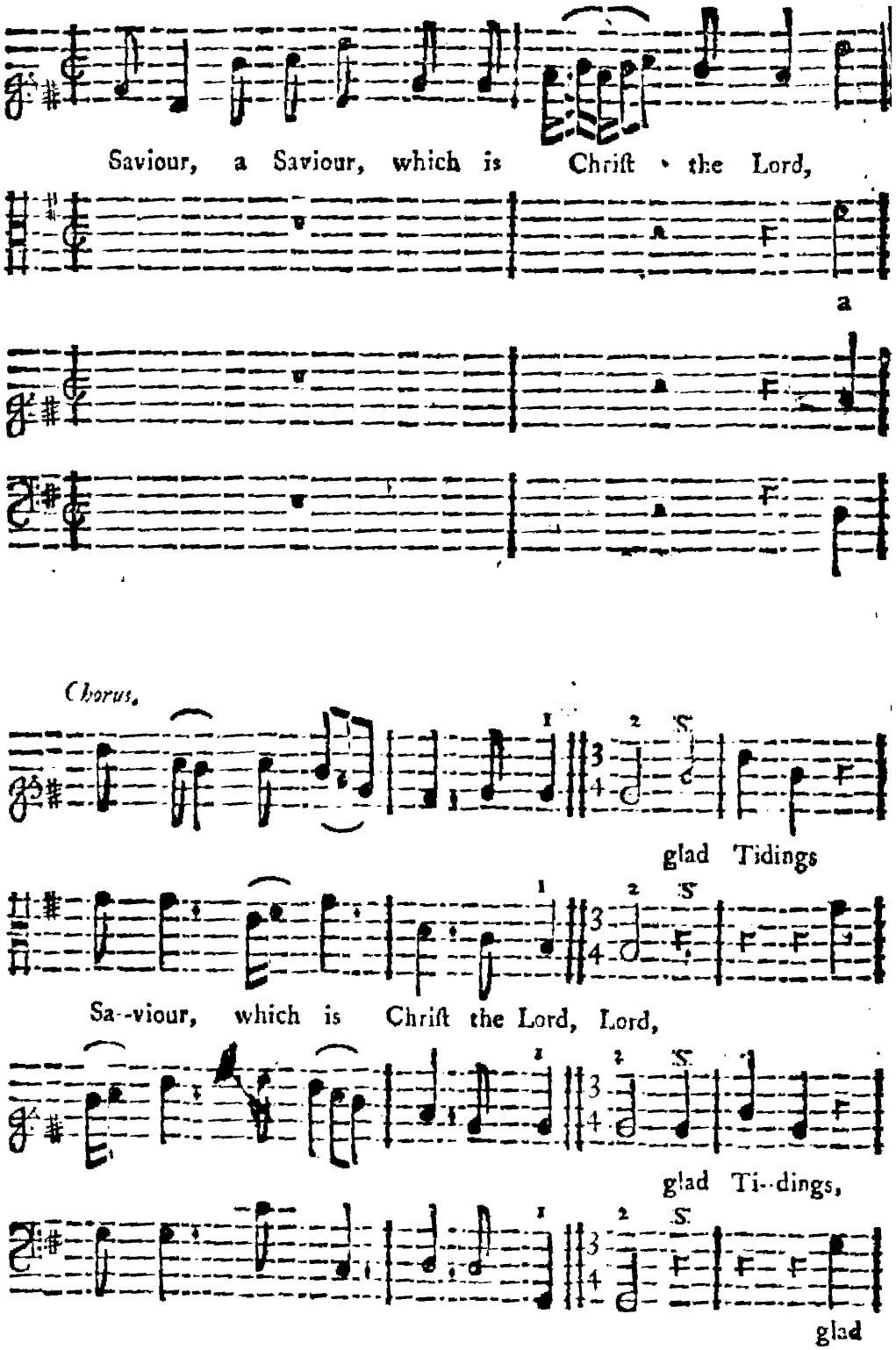

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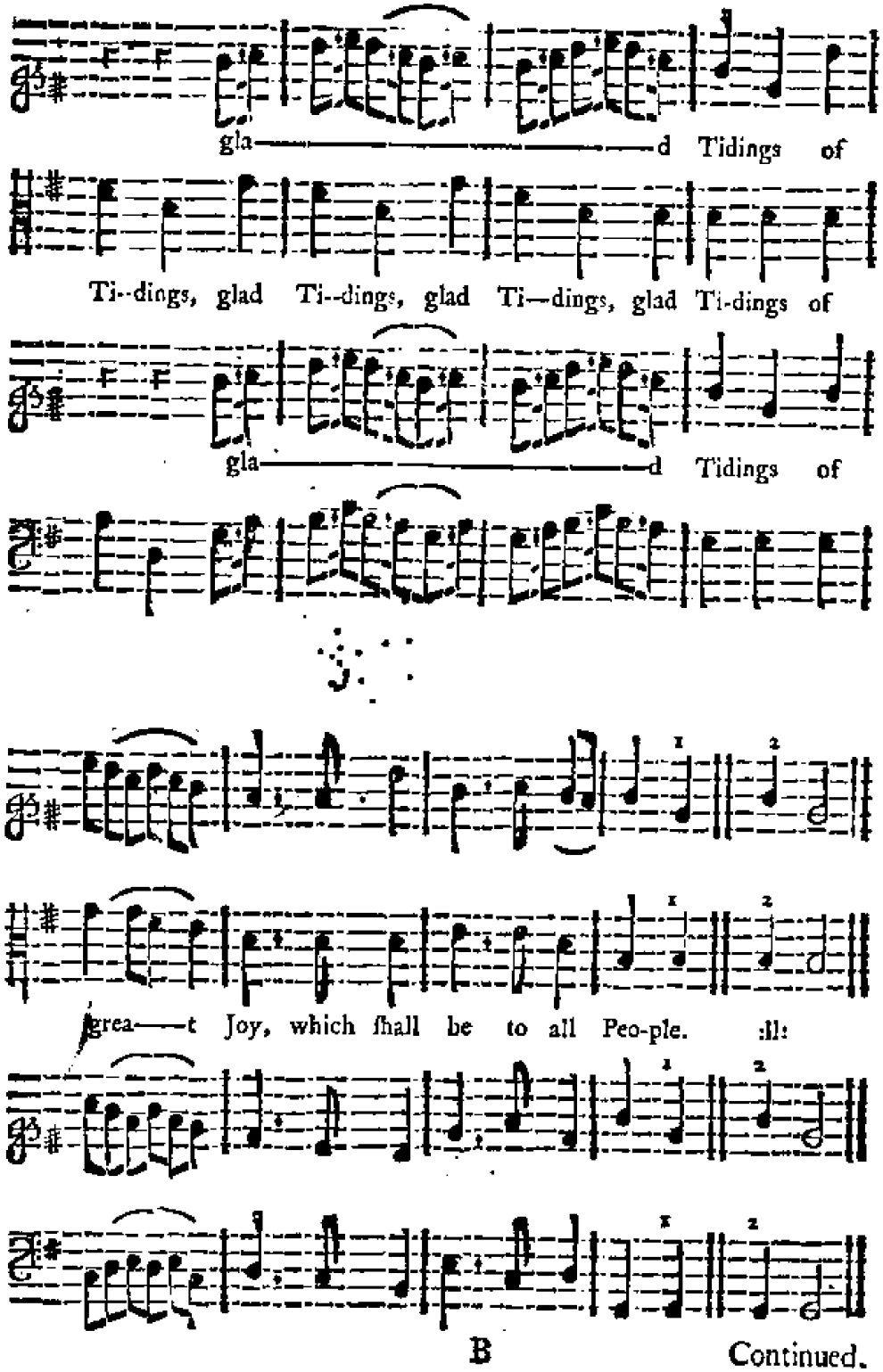

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Counter Solo.

And this ſhall be a Sign un——to you.

Ver. 3 Voc.

S.

Ye ſhall find the Babe wrapt in ſwad-ling Cloaths,

S.

S.

and in a Man—ger laid.

and ſud-den-ly appear'd the

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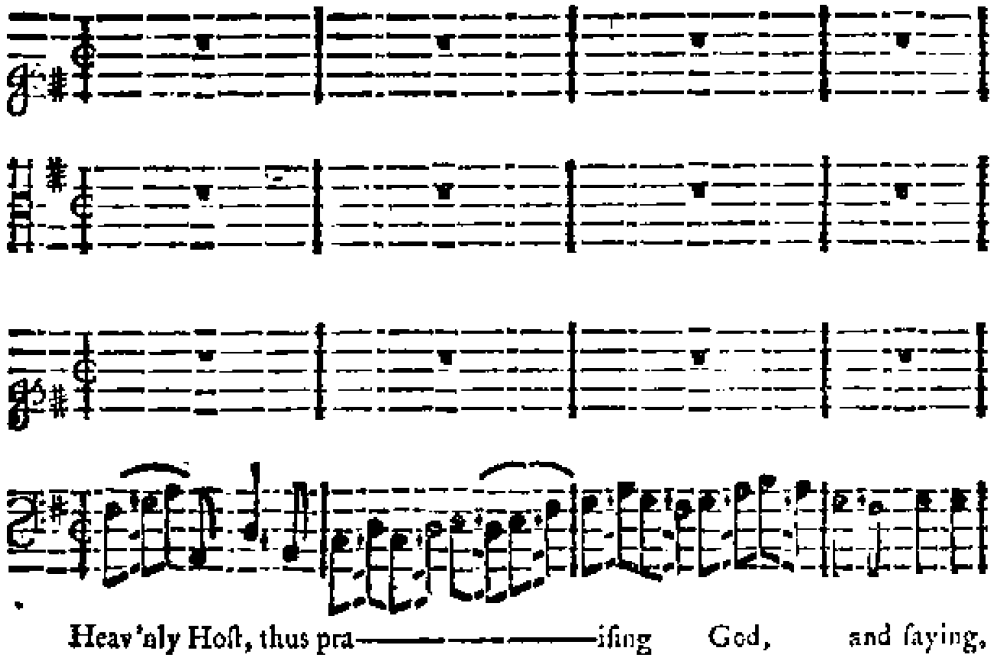

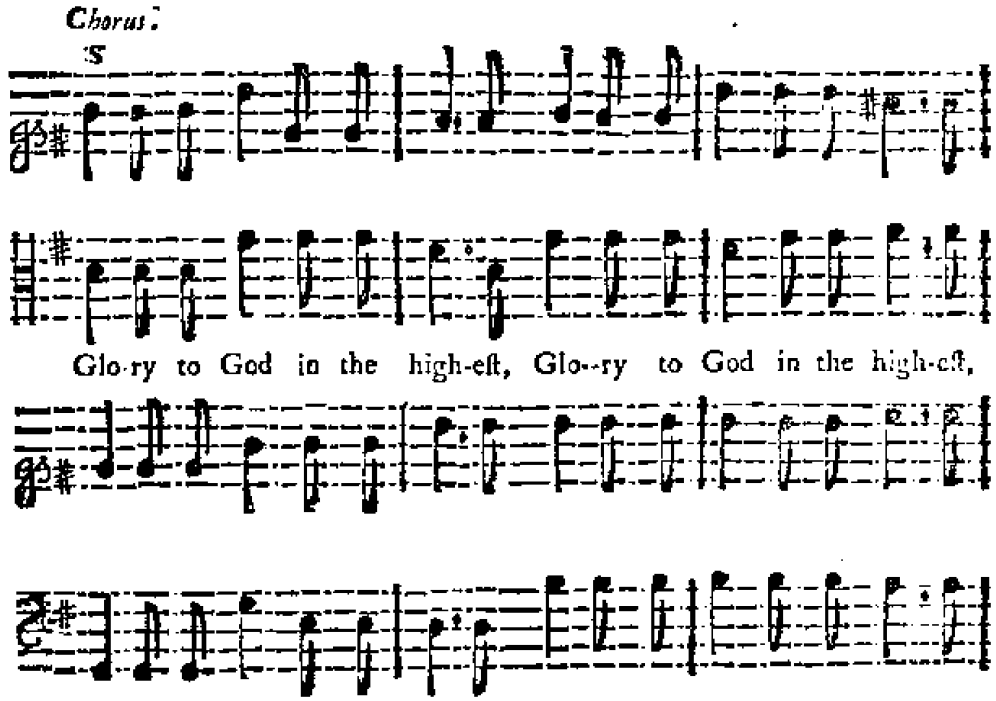

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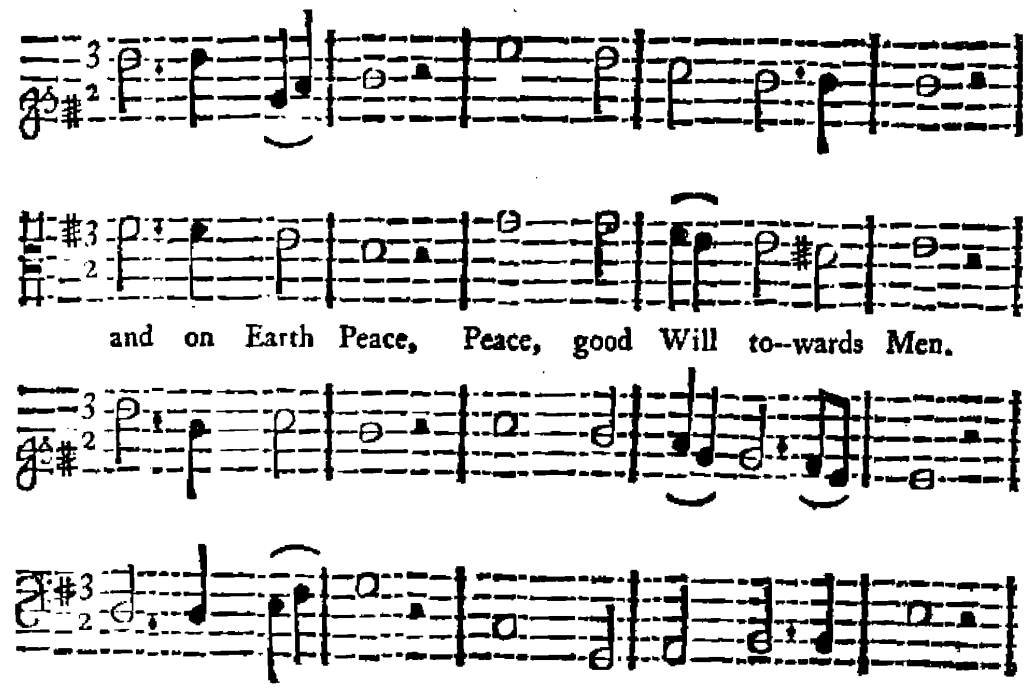

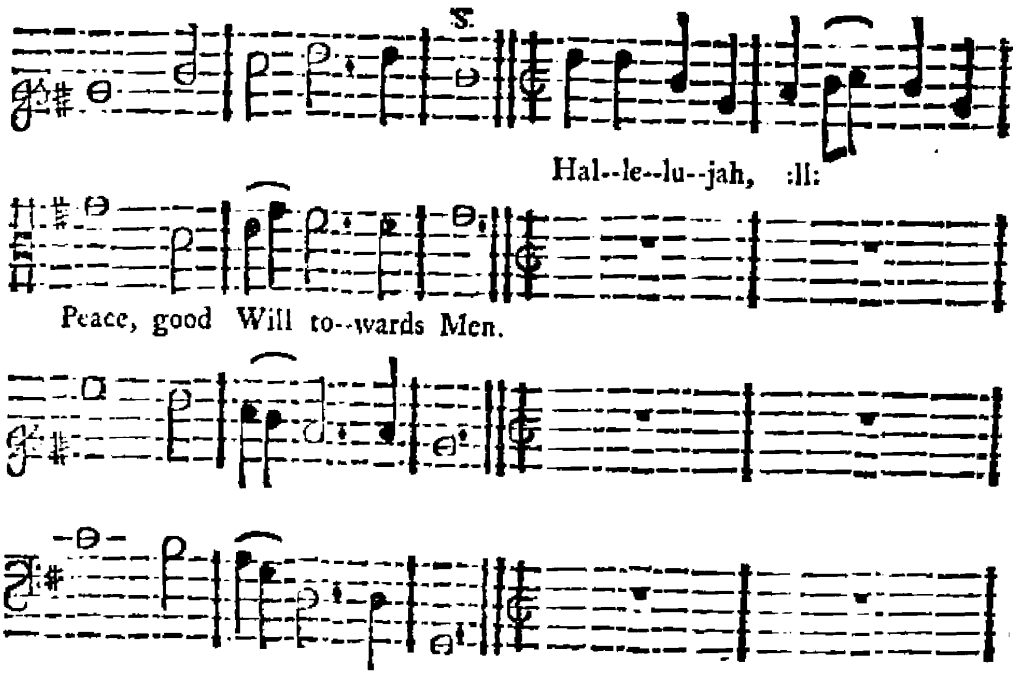

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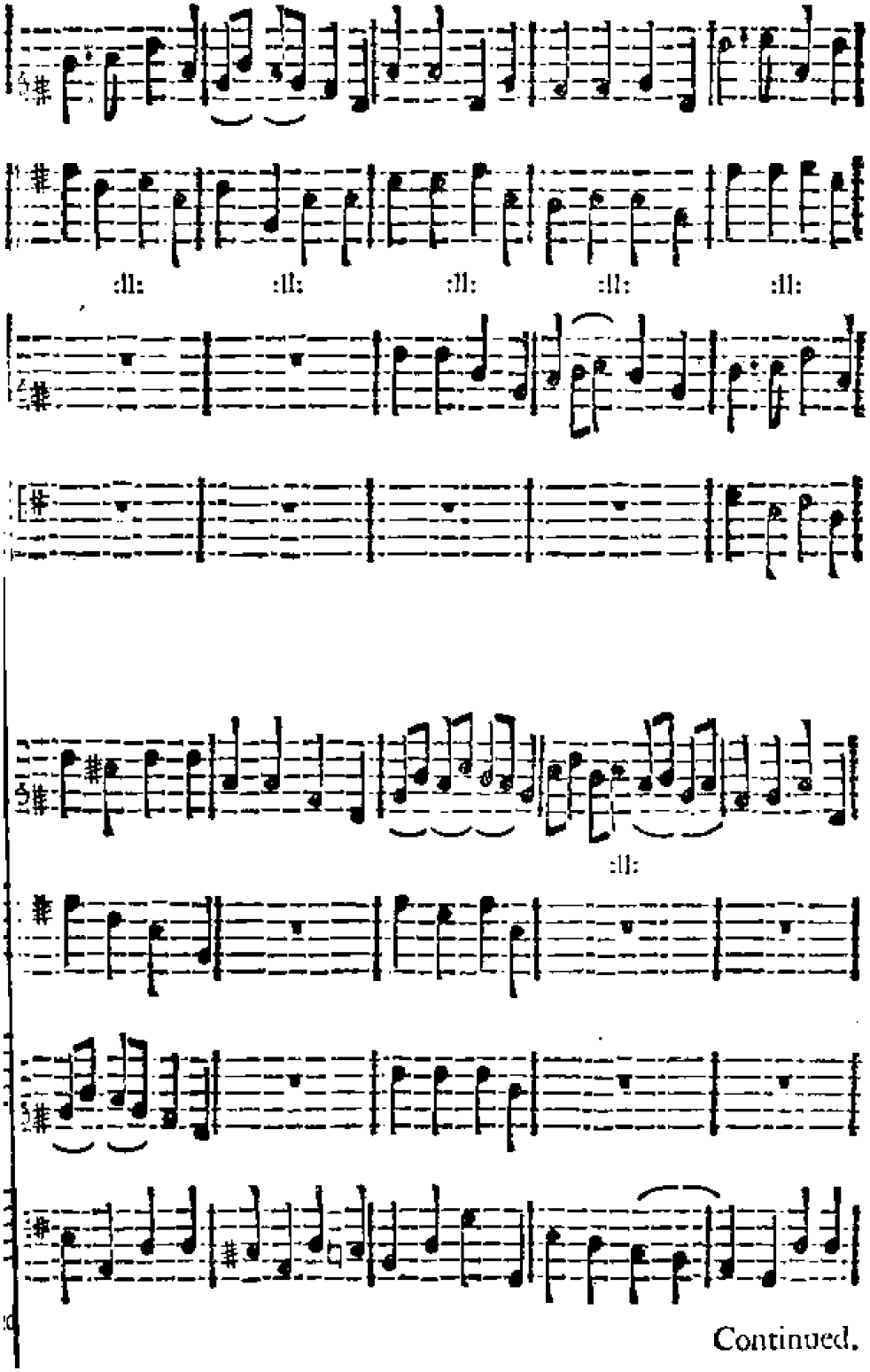

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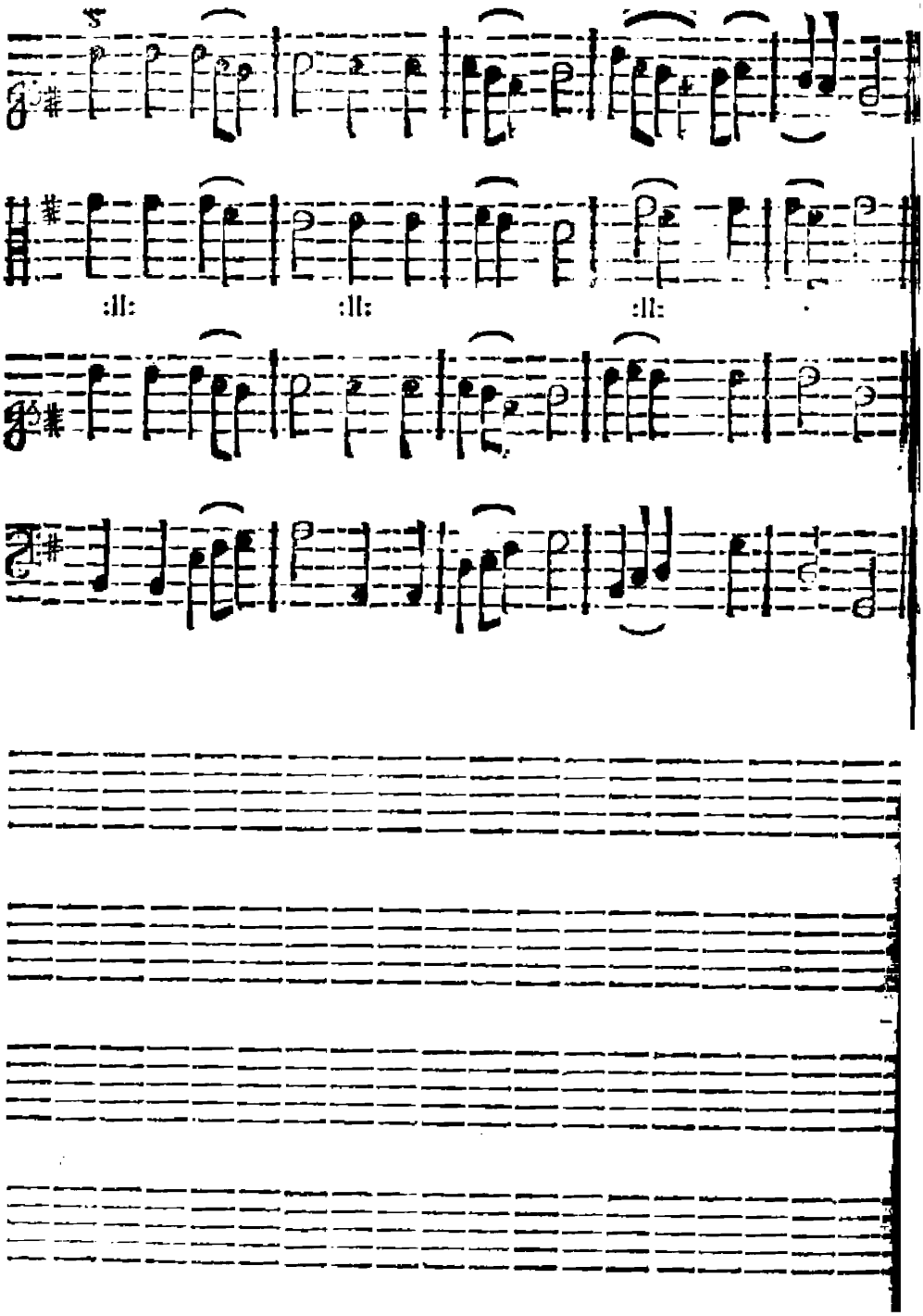

An Hymn *for* Christmas Day.

A. 4 Voc.

What Words! what Voi-ces can we bring? Which Way our

Ac—cents raiſe, to wel--come the miſ—te—rious King.

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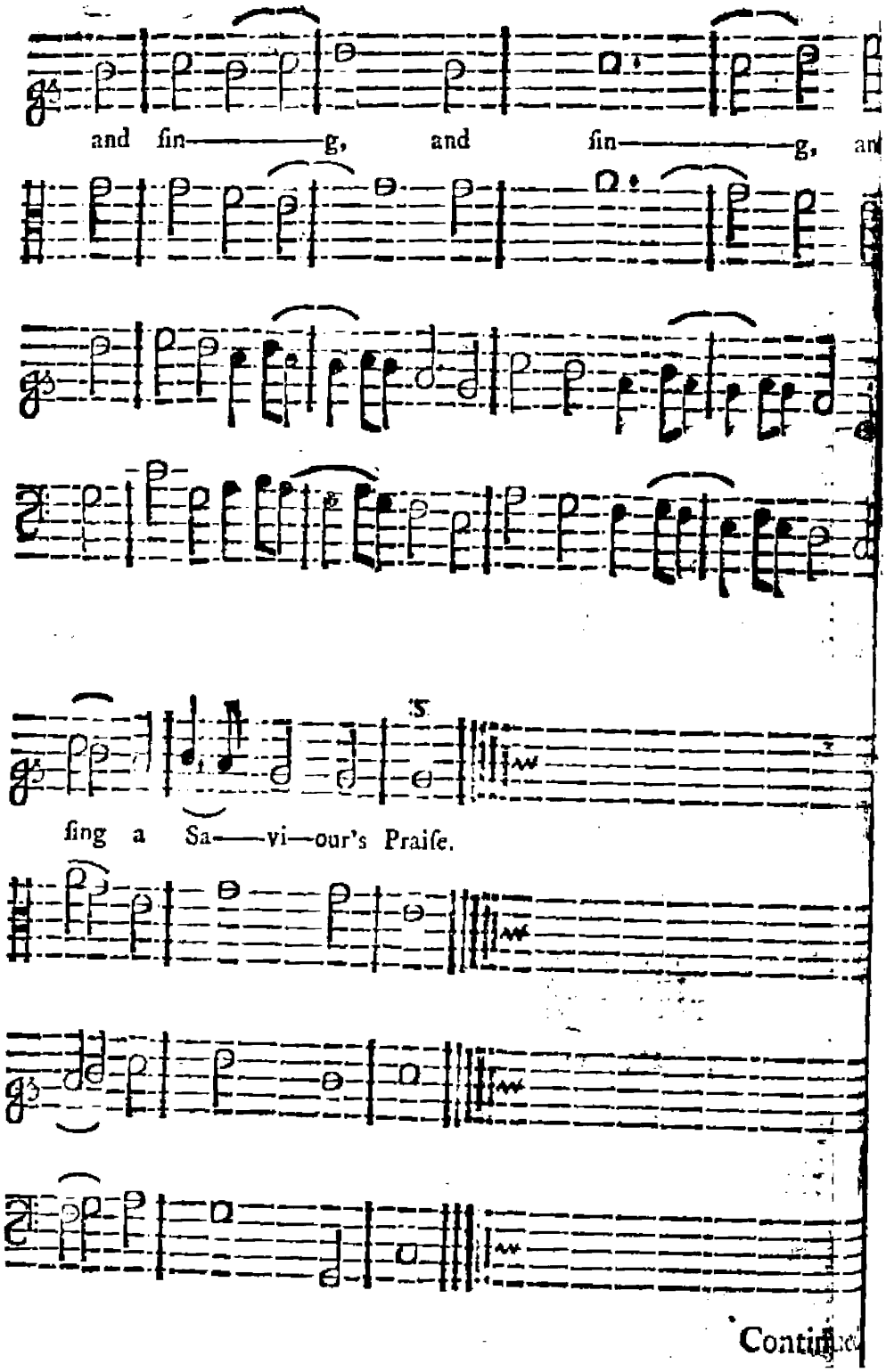

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II.

What earthly Harmony can reach
  Up to a Theme ſo high,
When Angels ne'er cou'd ſoar that Pitch,
  Who dwell above the Sky ?

III.

Lo! Heav'n this Day deſcends to Earth,
  Th' Immortal mortal grows,
Made Man by this ſtupendious Birth
  To quell our deadly Foes.

IV.

In Swadling-bands the Godhead lies
  To human Fleſh debas'd,
That we, his dearly-ranſom'd Prize,
  Might be to Glory rais'd.

V.

Long let the univerſal Frame
  The great Redeemer ſing,
And Men and Angels at the Name
  Bow to the myſtic King.

VI.

Redemption be the gen'ral Sound,
  This Day no Grief appear,
From Earth to Heav'n the Notes rebound,
  And Mercy ſmil'd to hear.

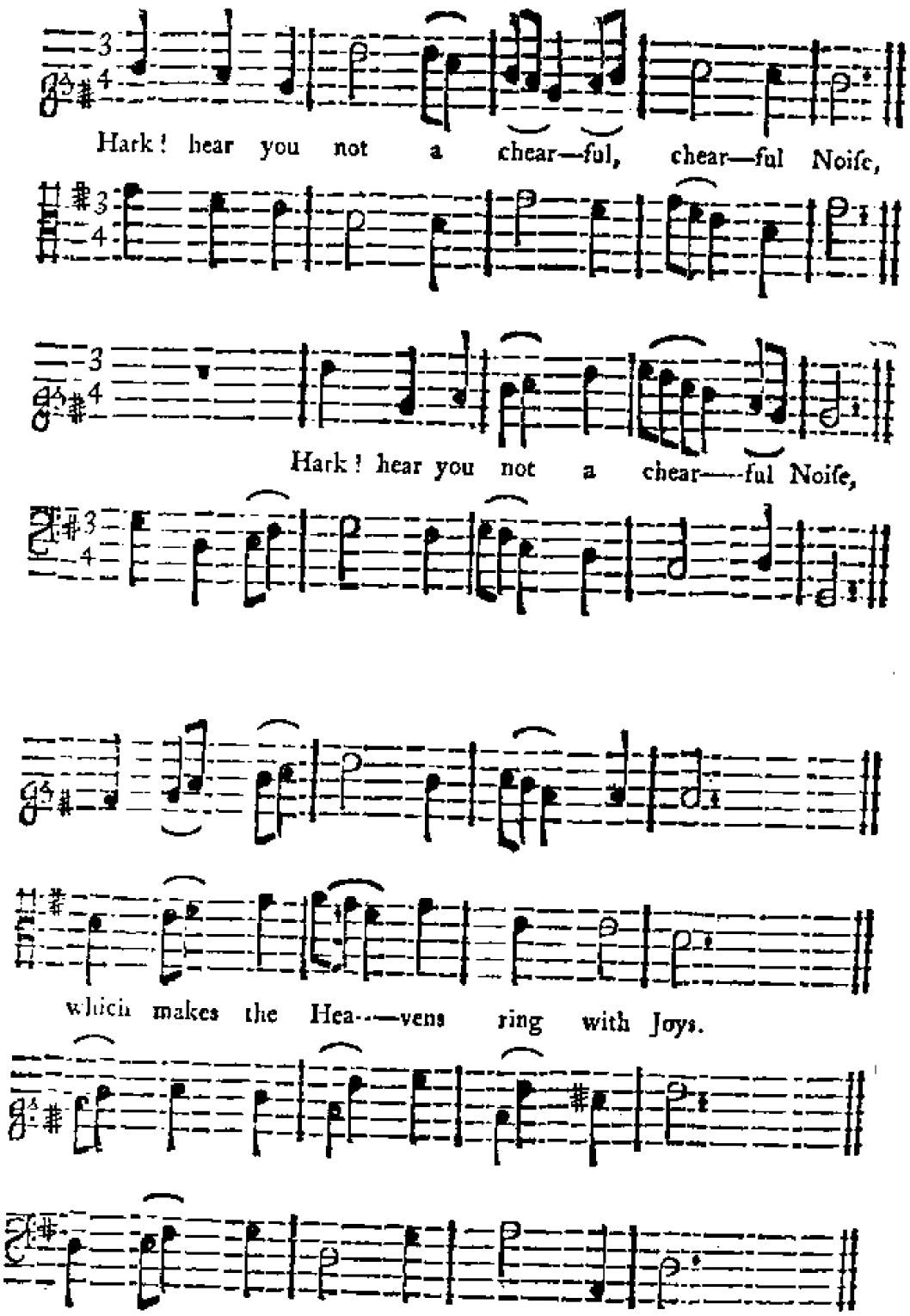
VII.

Oh! 'tis too little all we can
  For this unbounded Love,
All that was ever writ by Man,
  Or ſung in Hymns above.

VIII.

But tho' we can't fit Language find,
  We Praiſe, Believe, Adore!
With joyful Hearts, and Souls reſign'd,
  And wiſh we could do more!

An Hymn *for* Christmas Day.



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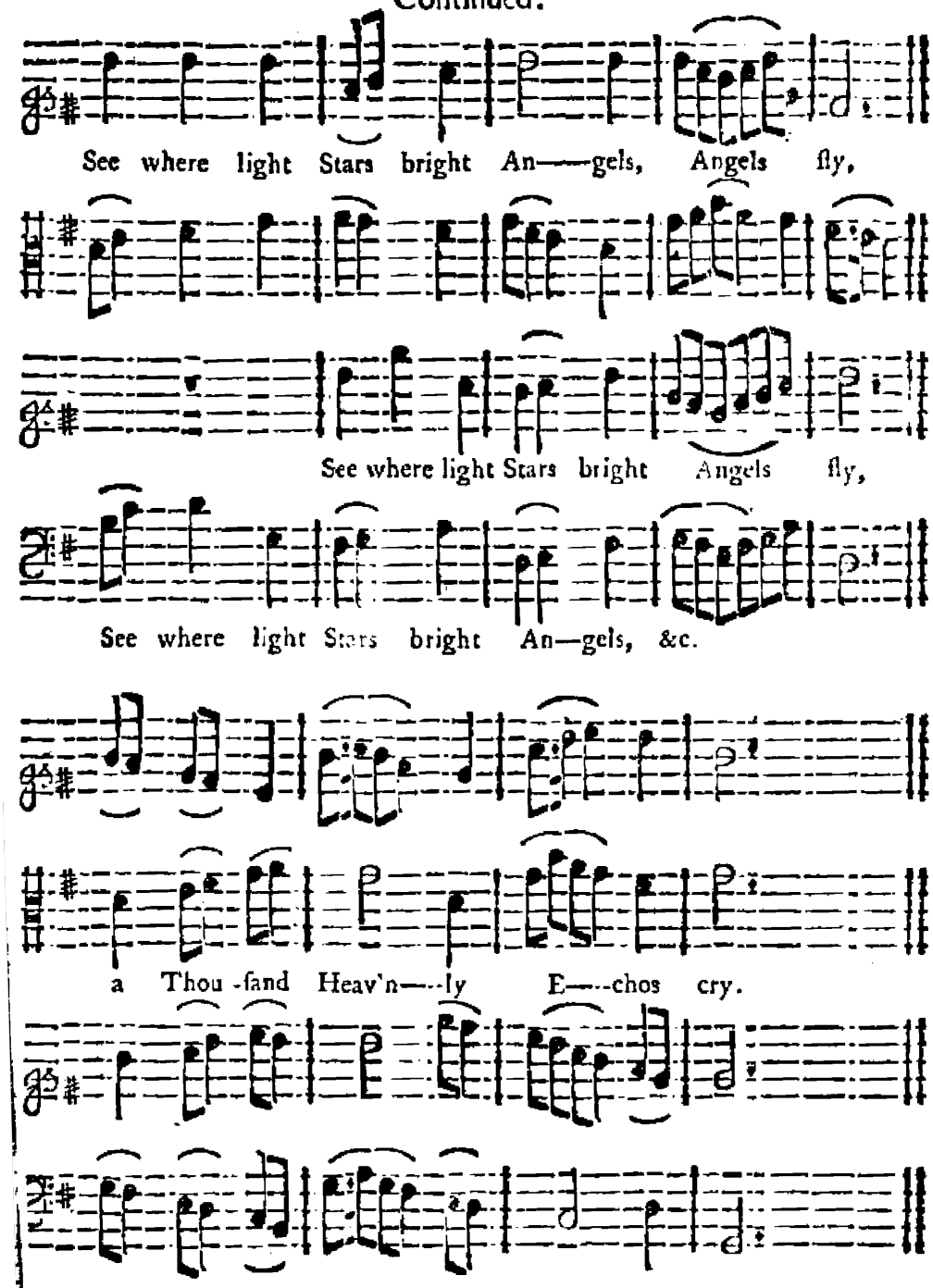

Verse 2.

o loud they sung, that down to Earth, innocent Children heard their Mirth ;
And sung with them what none could say, for Joy their Prince was born that Day.

Verse 3.

Their Prince, their God, like one of those, is made a Child, and wrapt in Cloaths ;
All this in Time was fully done, we have a Saviour, God, the Son.

A Christmas Carrol.

A. 3 Vcc.

A Vir··—gin most pure, the Pro—phet fore--told,

should bring forth a Sav'our which now we be·—hold,

To be our Re—deem—er from Death, Hell, and Sin,

Clo. Then let us be Mer—ry, cast Sor—··row a—way,

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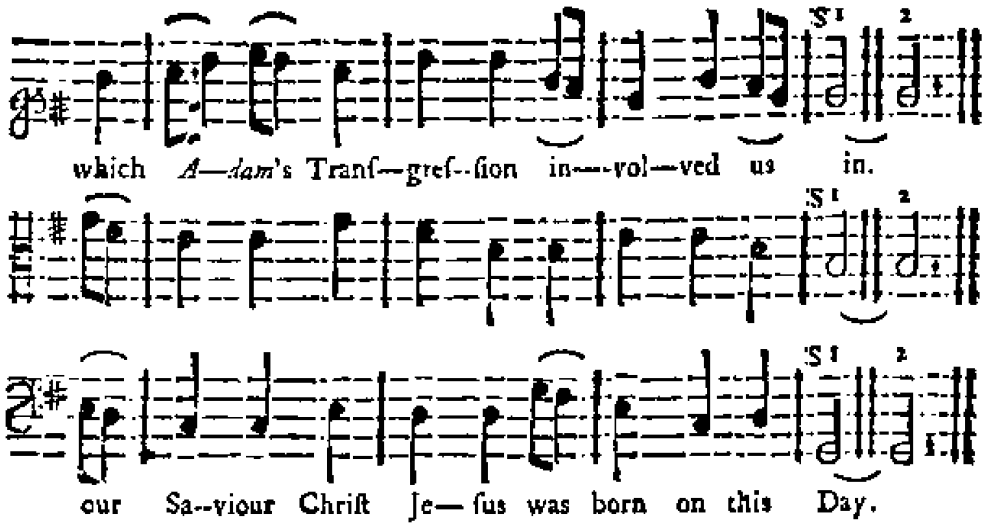

II.

Through *Bethlehem* City, in *Jury* it was,
That *Joſeph* and *Mary* together did paſs;
And for to be Taxed with *Mary* ſtraightways,
Old *Cæſar* commanded, he quickly obeys.
Chorus. Then let us be Merry, *&c.*

III.

But *Mary*'s full Time being come as we find,
She brought forth her First-born to ſave all Mankind;
The Inn being full; for this Heavenly Gueſt,
No place there was found where to lay him to reſt.
Chorus. Then let us be Merry, *&c.*

IV.

But *Mary*, bleſt *Mary*, ſo meek and ſo mild,
Soon wrapt up in Swadlings this Heavenly Child;
Contented, ſhe laid him where Oxen did feed,
The great God of Nature approv'd of the Deed.
Chorus. Then let us be Merry, *&c.*

V.

To teach us Humility, all this was done,
Then learn we from hence haughty Pride for to ſhun;
A Manger's his Cradle, who came from Above,
The great God of Mercy, of Peace, and of Love.
Chorus. Then let us be Merry, *&c.*

VI.

Then preſently after the Shepherds did ſpy,
Vaſt Numbers of Angels to ſtand in the Sky;
So merrily Talking, ſo ſweet they did Sing,
All Glory and Praiſe to our Heavenly King.
Chorus. Then let us be Merry, caſt Sorrow away,
Our Saviour *Chriſt Jeſus* was born on this Day.

A CARROL

A Carrol.

A. 3 Voc.

Ho—san—na to the high—est Jo——y be——tide,

th'Heav'nly Bridegroom, and his Ho—ly Bride. Let

Heav'n a-bove be fill'd with Songs, let Earth tri—umph be—low,

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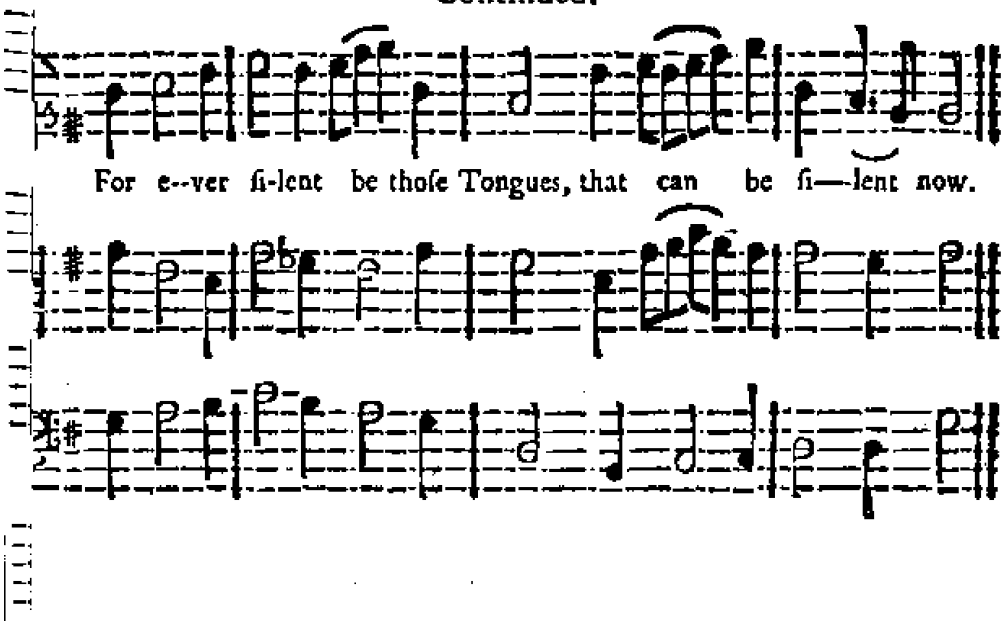


II.

Be raviſh'd Earth to ſee this Contract driv'n,
T'wixt ſinful Man and reconciled Heav'n;
Diſmount you Choirs of Angels come,
With Men your Joys divide;
Heav'n never ſhew'd ſo ſweet a Groom,
Nor Earth ſo fair a Bride.

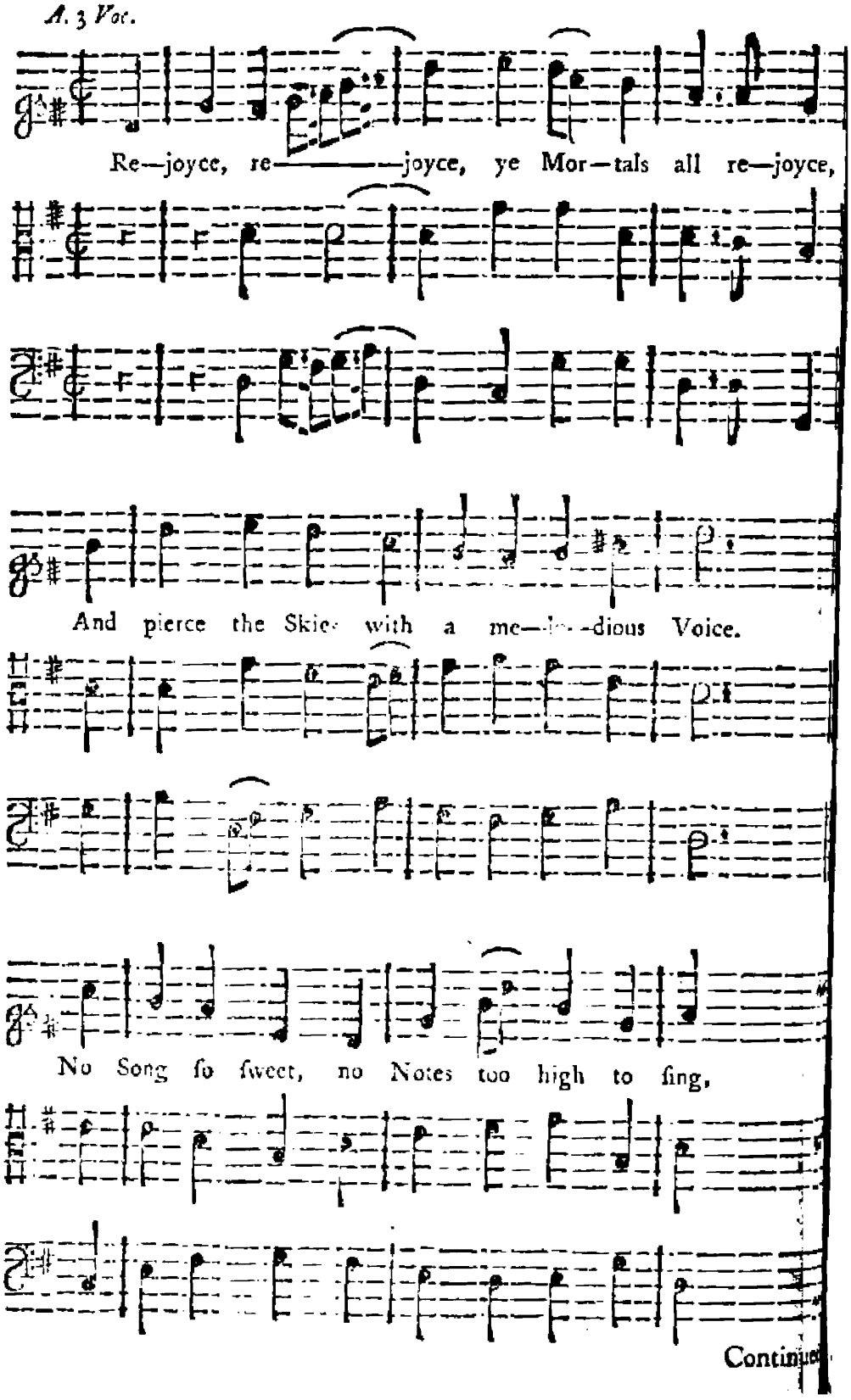
III.

All Glory be to God, to Man good Will,
God ſent his Son, his Promiſe to fulfill;
Let all Mankind be fill'd with Mirth,
Their joyfull Accents raiſe,
And join with Angels at his Birth,
To ſing a Saviour's Praiſe.

A CHRIST-

A Christmas Hymn.

A. 3 Voc.



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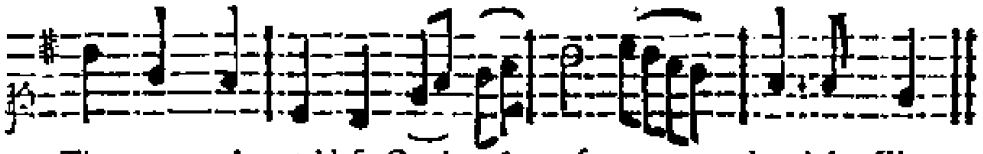
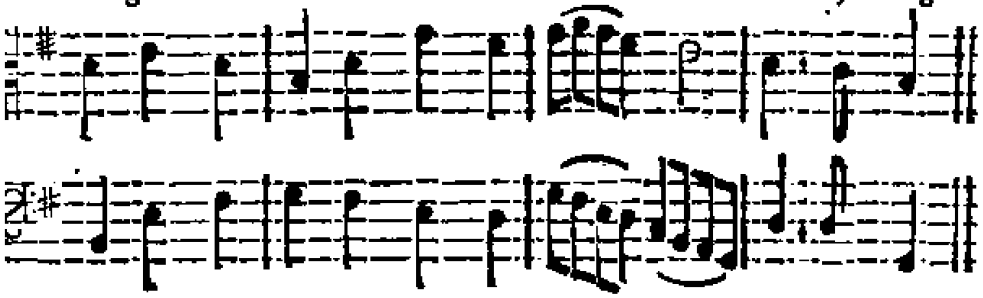
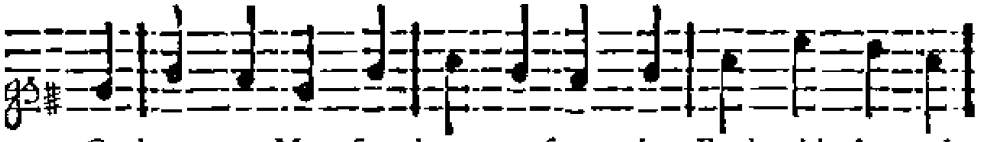


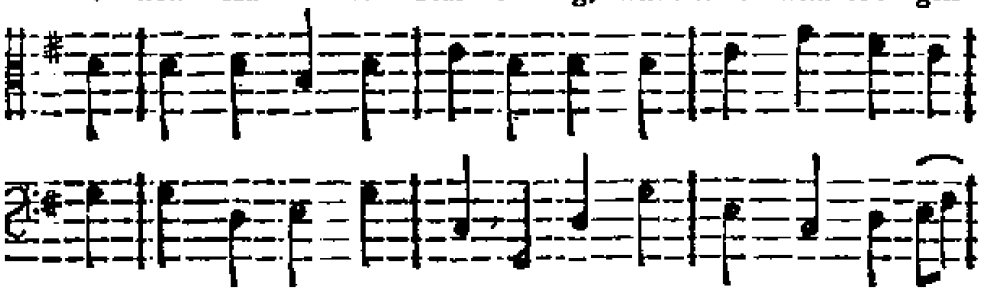
The great and matchlefs Good-nefs of our heav'nly King.

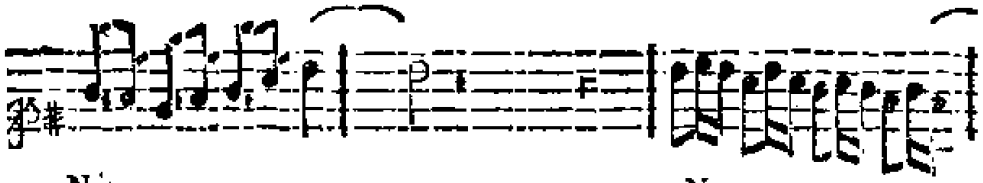


Sing this Chorus *at the End of every Verse.*



O how can Men for—bear to fing, when Earth with An—gels





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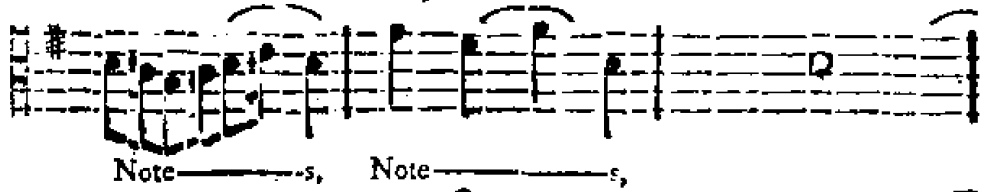

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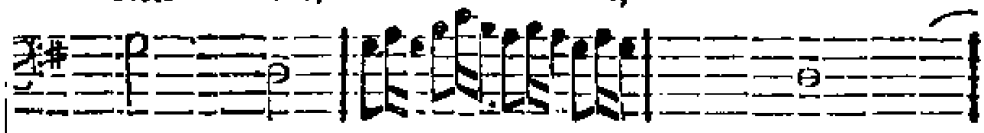

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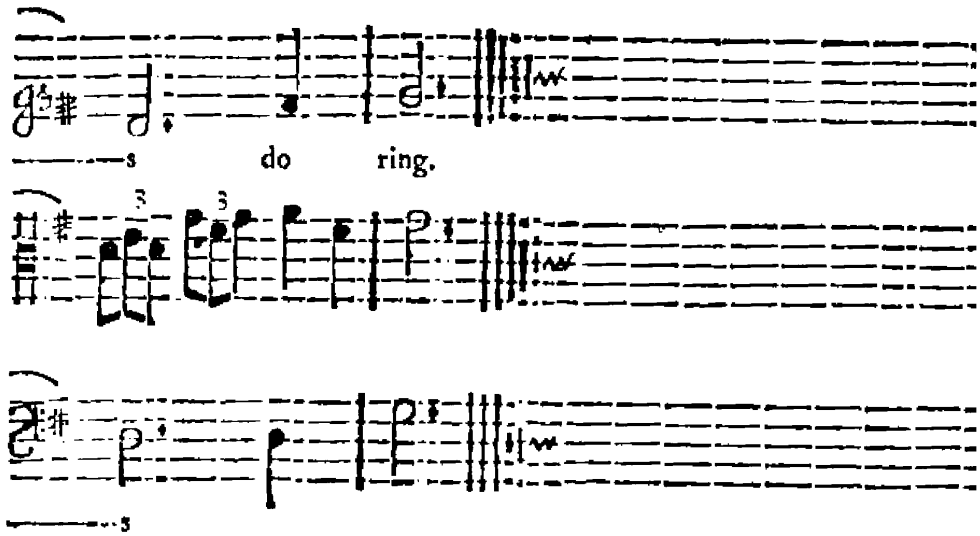

II.

Shall Angels ſing, and ſhall Men ſilent be;
Nor imitate their Heav'nly Harmony?
Rouſe up my Soul, declare that on this Morn,
Unto Mankind on Earth, is a *Meſſiah* born.
O how can Men, *&c.*

III.

Glory to God, and Joy to all above,
The Earth is crown'd with Plenty, Men with Love;
Thus ſung the heav'nly Hoſt, in bright Array,
Good Will to Men, the Prince of Peace is born this Day.

An HYMN *to be ſung between the* Epiſtle *and* Goſpel.

A. 4 Voc.

Ho—ly, ho—ly, ho--ly Lord God, All Things de--

—clare thy Ma—jeſ—ty. An—gels and Men ſtill cry a—loud,

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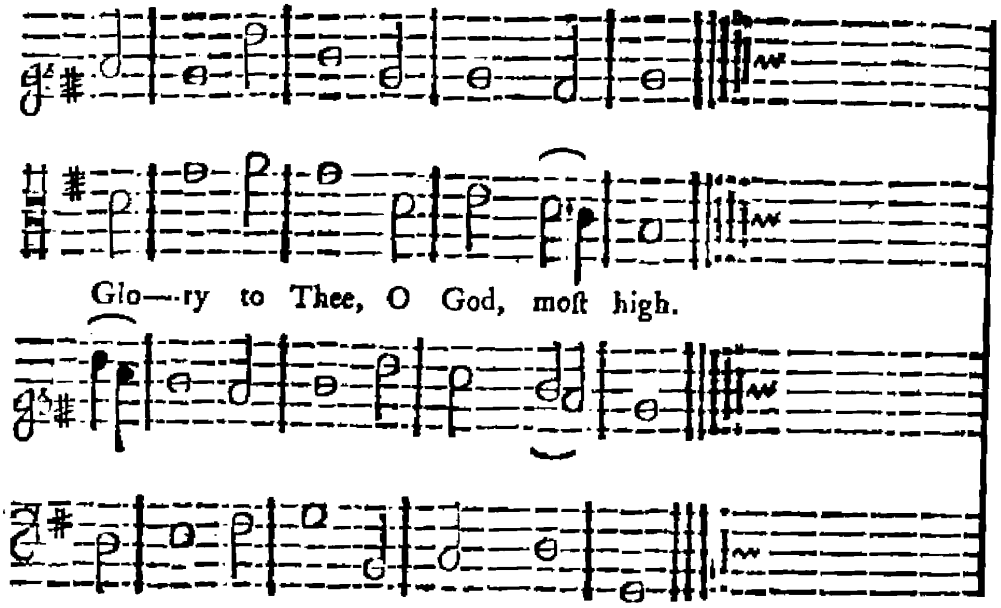
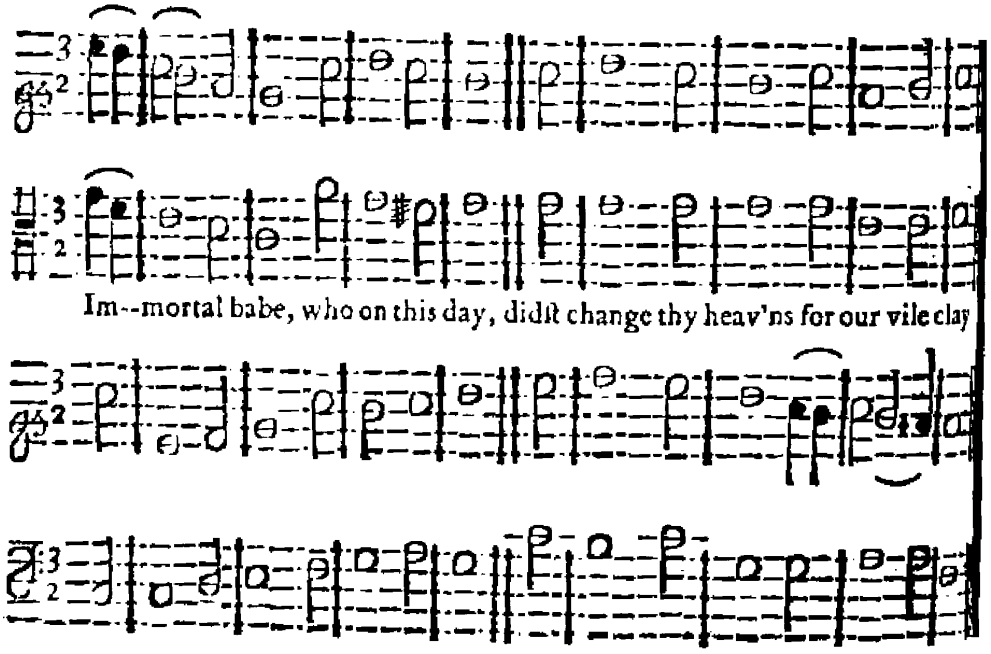


An Hymn *for* Christmas Day.



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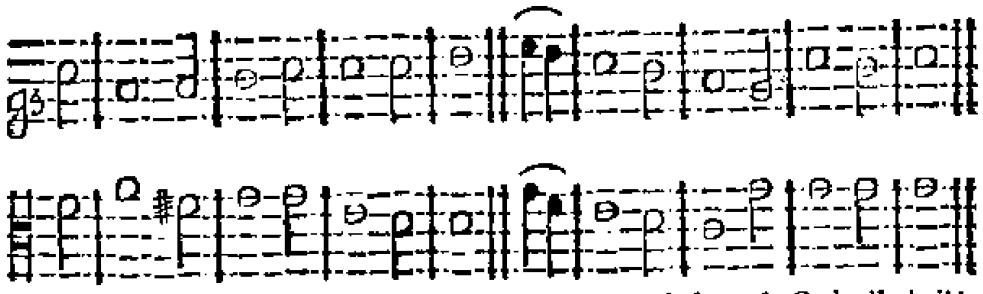
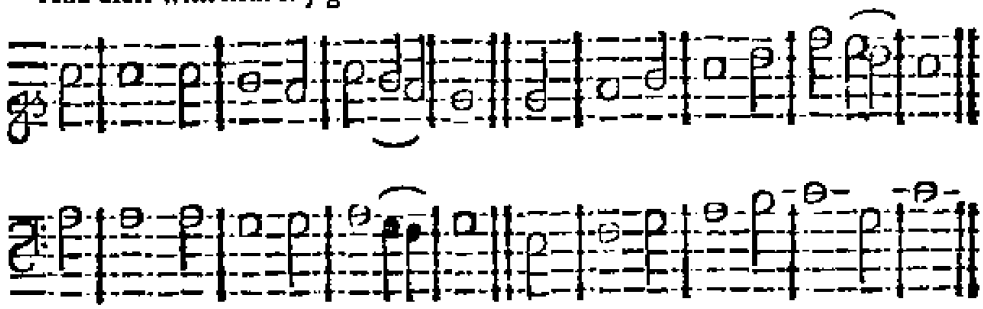
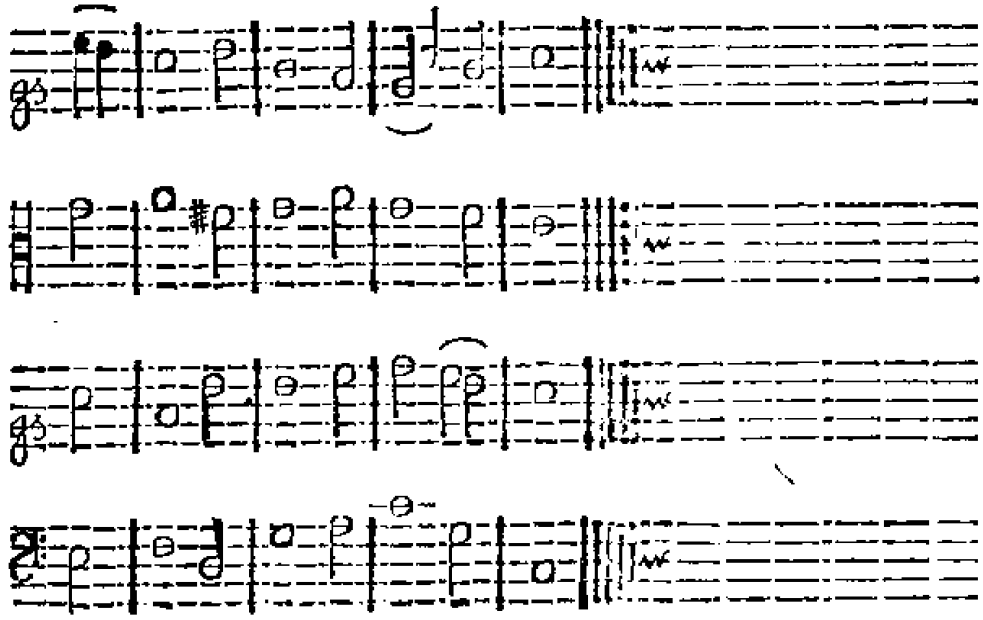


And didſt with fleſh thy god-head veil : e— ter--nal ſon of God all hail!





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II.

Bright Angels uſher'd in thy Birth,
With Acclamations and with Mirth;
And ſung aloud, that for our Sake,
Thou didſt our human Nature take.

III.

And ſhall not we, poor Creatures, whom
Thou didſt from Heav'n on Purpoſe come,
To ſave, when Slaves to Satan, we
Knew Nought but Sin and Miſery.

IV.

We all thro' Ignorance and Vice,
Had loſt our Way to PARADISE;
And had without God in the World,
Been into outer Darkneſs hurl'd.

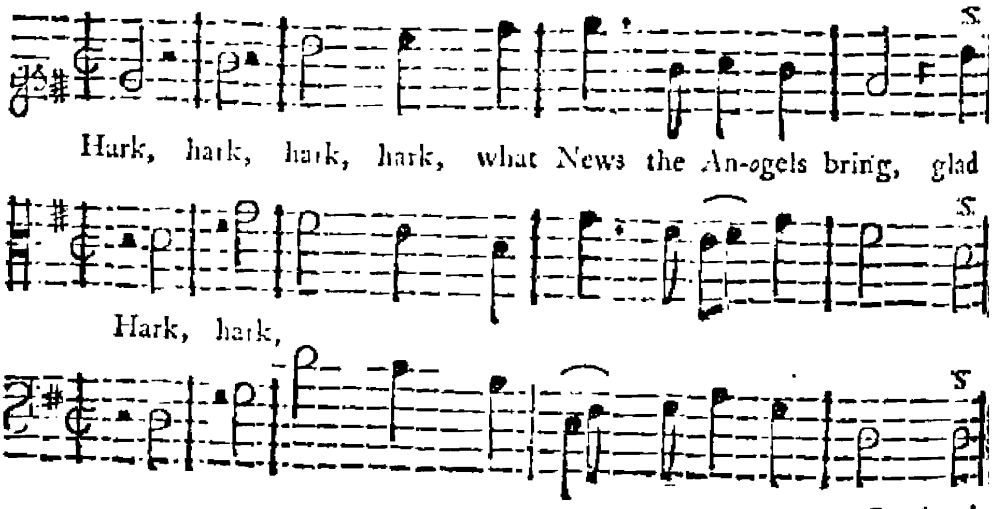
V.

Had not that Day-Spring from on high,
Viſited Mortals far and nigh;
And CHRIST, our true EMANUEL,
Stopp'd us in our Career to Hell.

VI.

Raviſh'd, Lord, with this Love of thine,
To ſing thy Praiſe our Souls incline;
And that we may perform our Parts,
We'll to our Voices tune our Hearts.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.



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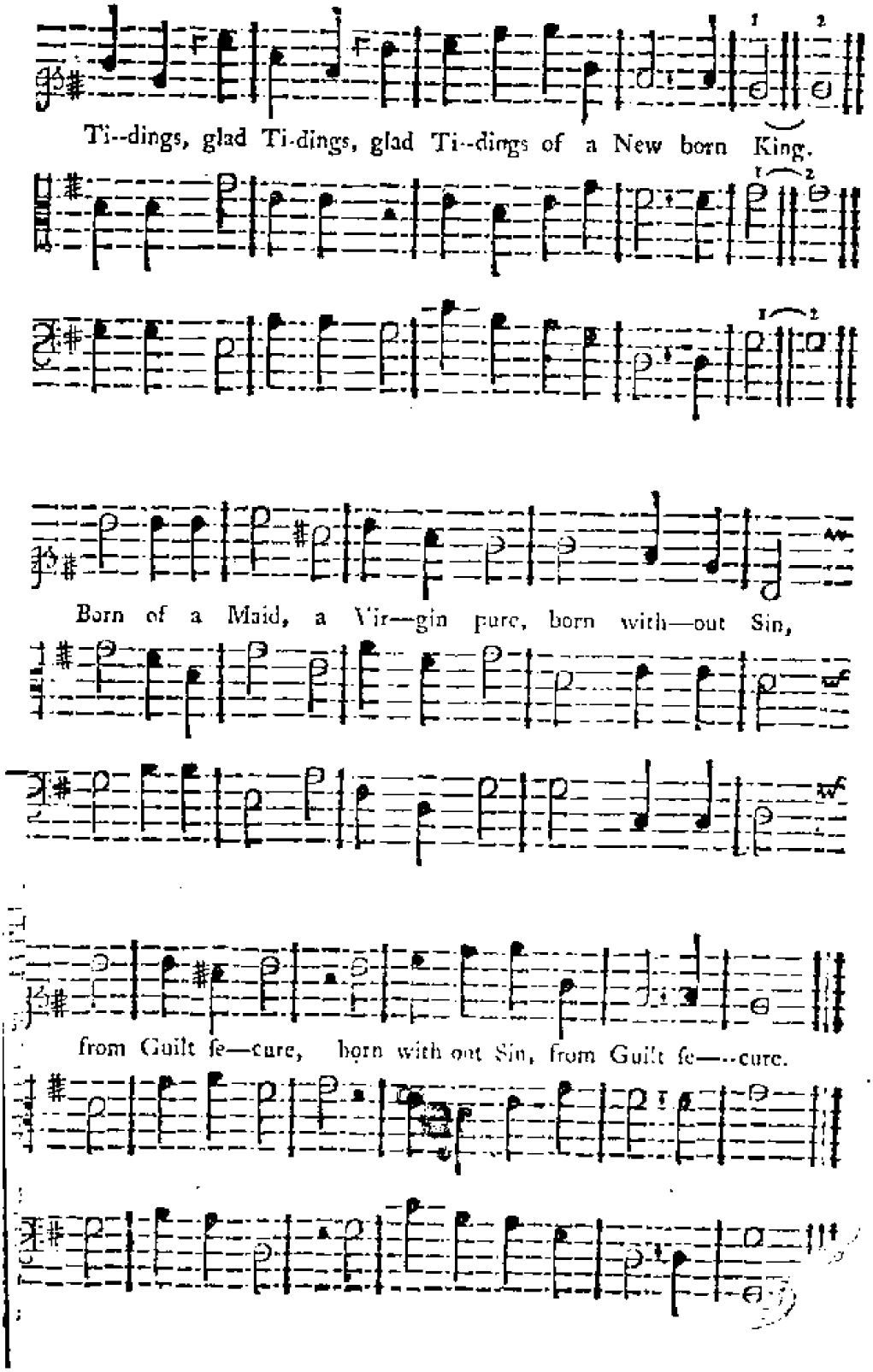
Ti--dings, glad Ti-dings, glad Ti--dings of a New born King.
Born of a Maid, a Vir—gin pure, born with—out Sin,
from Guilt fe—cure, born with out Sin, from Guilt fe—-cure.

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