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Sacred Dirges, Hymns, and Anthems.

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AAS copy.



Funereal Music, for 22d February.

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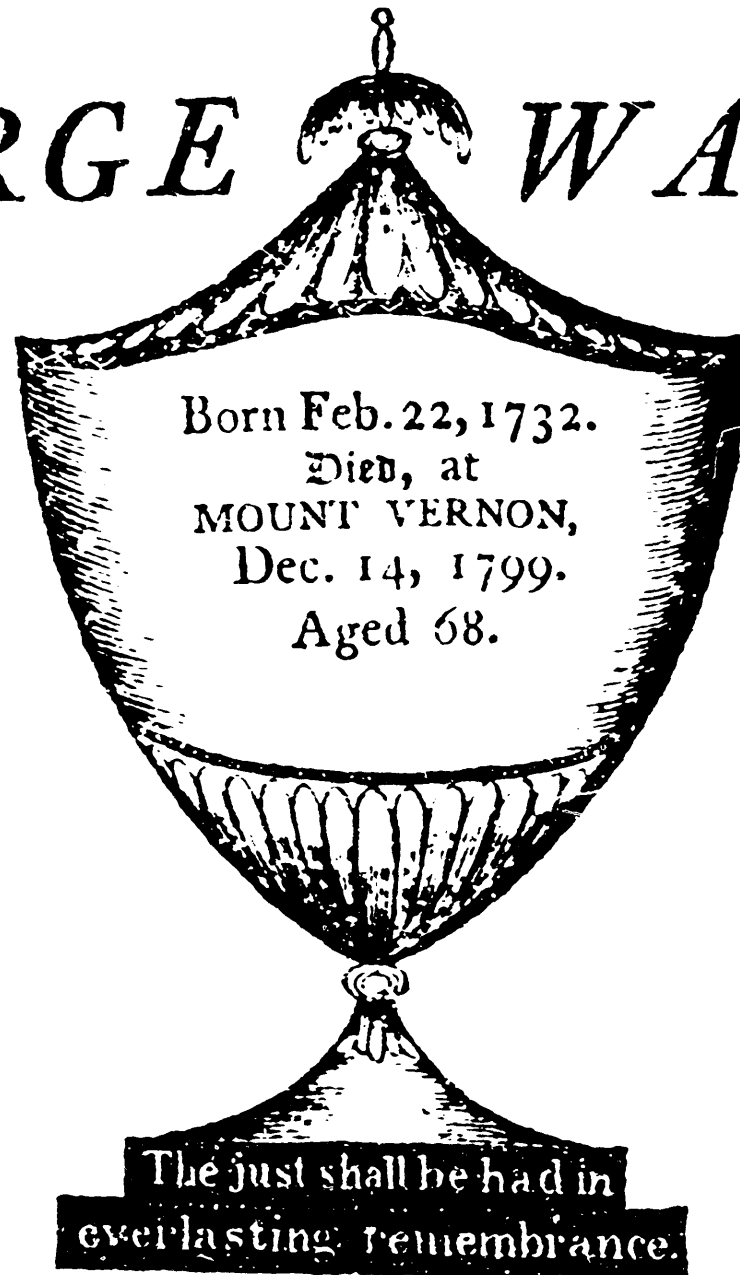
[PRICE, 50 Cents single—40 Cents by the Dozen.]

Sacred Dirges, Hymns, and Anthems,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE DEATH OF

GENERAL *GEORGE WASHINGTON*,

THE GUARDIAN OF



HIS COUNTRY, AND

THE FRIEND

OF M A N.

*What Eloquence repeats his praise,
And Poesy's mellifluous lays
Hymn the great HERO's name ;*

*Might her soothing power applies—
O might her lofty numbers raise
Sublime as is his fame !*

An Original Composition.

BY A CITIZEN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PRINTED AT BOSTON, BY I. THOMAS AND E. T. ANDREWS, N^o. 45, NEWBURY-STREET. [20]

AS a Token of deep Regret for the
AFFLICTING LOSS sustained by the DEATH of the late

General George Washington :

As a Testimony of profound Veneration for his
exalted Virtues and distinguished Talents ; and
as a Mark of genuine Sympathy and affectionate Condolence,
the following Pages are

CONSECRATED

AND MOST RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES,

BY THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT,

AND FELLOW-CITIZEN,

THE AUTHOR.

Preface.

AT a Time when deep-felt Sorrow pervades the Union, and every Individual is desirous to express his Veneration for the Character, and his Regret at the Loss of that Friend of Man, and brightest Ornament of his Species, the late illustrious *WASHINGTON*, and Congress having recommended and set apart (for that solemn Purpose) the Day* which gave him to America,---it appeared just and proper that every Assistance should be afforded to render the public Testimonials of our Grief as respectable as possible. An ardent Desire to facilitate that End, and to perpetuate every Mark of humble Veneration for the eminent Virtues of the Deceased, gave Rise to this Effort.

To the Glow of poetical Panegyric, Music adds a Charm; and to the mixed Emotions excited by the Eulogy, succeed the harmonizing Sensibilities of the Dirge---

“ Till all the VOCAL CURRENT blended roll,
“ Not to depress, but elevate the soul.”

MASSACHUSETTS, }
Jan. 27, 1800. }

* February 22.

Sacred Dirges, Hymns, and Anthems.

A Funeral Anthem.

Chiefly from the Book of ISAIAH.

AIR.

Moderato.

The found of the harp ceaseth: The voice of mirth is no more. Nought but sighs, Nought

but sighs, Nought but sighs and plaintive notes affail the ear.

O that my head were waters, And mine eyes a fountain of

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has three staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), a second treble clef staff, and a bass clef staff. The second system has two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The third system has two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The lyrics are placed below the corresponding staves.

Anthem Continued.

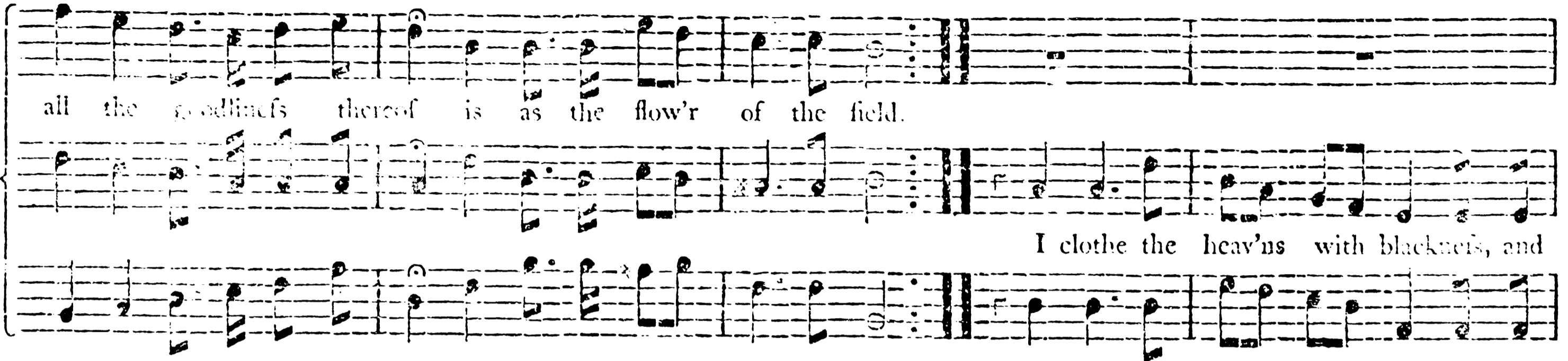
That I might weep, that I might weep day and night;
 tears, For death has come up into our windows, and has

Tenor SOLO.

enter'd into our palaces, To cut off the mighty man, the man of war, the honorable man and the

Counsellor. And he said what shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and
 The voice said cry;

Anthem Continued.



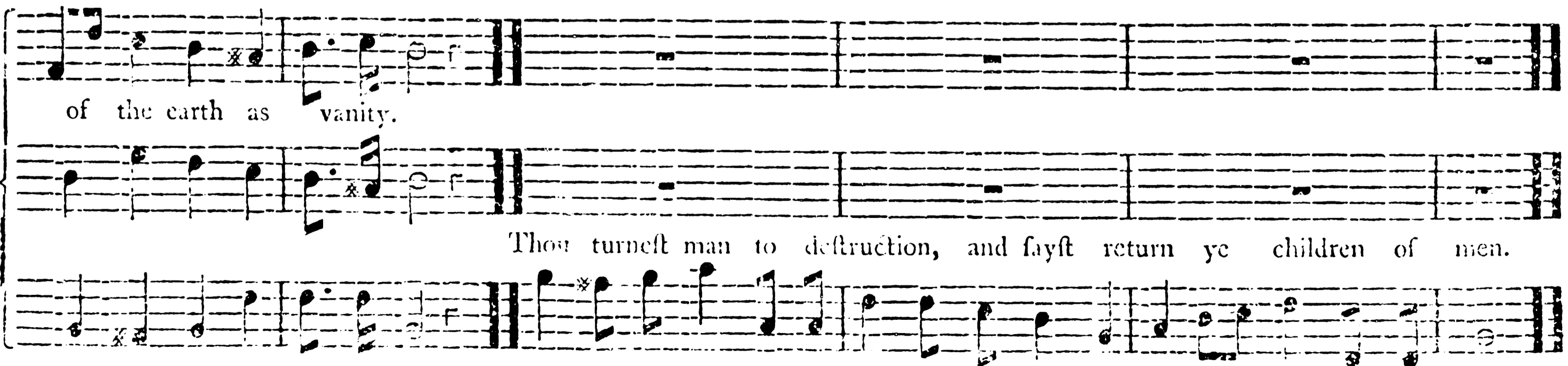
all the goodliness thereof is as the flow'r of the field.

I clothe the heav'ns with blackness, and



Behold he bringeth princes to nothing, he maketh the judges

make sackcloth their cov'ring.



of the earth as vanity.

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayst return ye children of men.

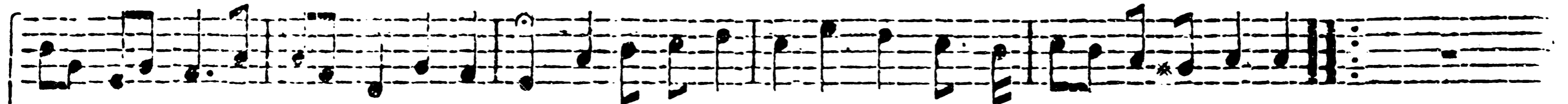
Anthem Continued.

Lift up your eyes to the heav'ns, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heav'ns shall vanish a-

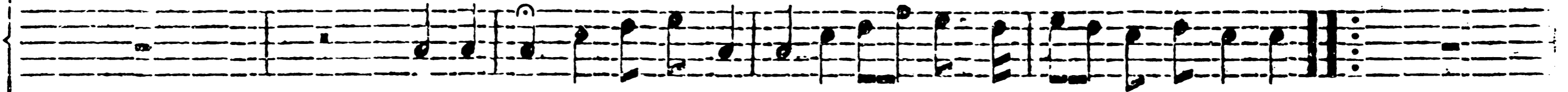
way; And the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die, shall die.

And the
I will mention the loving kindneses, The loving kindneses of the Lord,

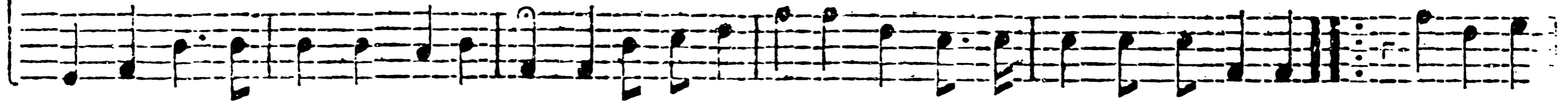
Anthem Continued.



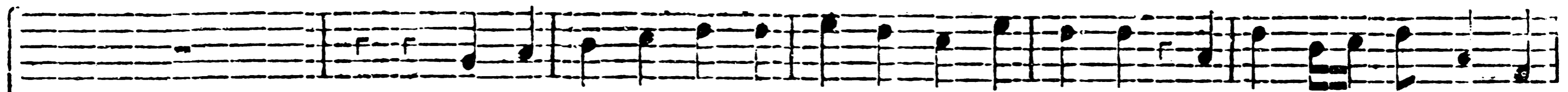
praises, And the praises of the Lord, according to all that he hath be - stow - ed upon us :



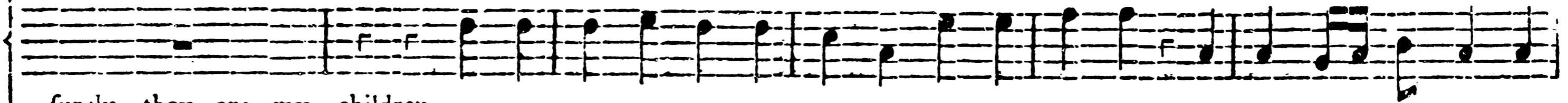
For he said



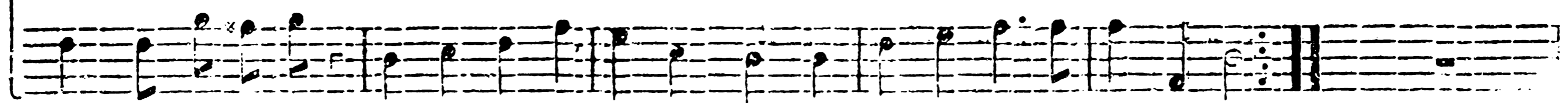
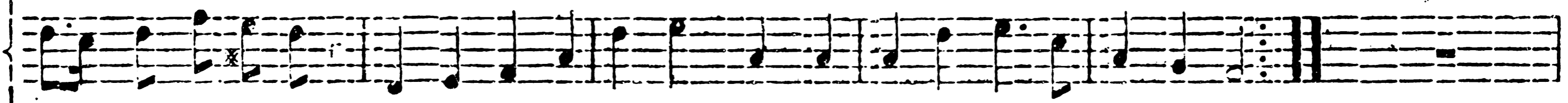
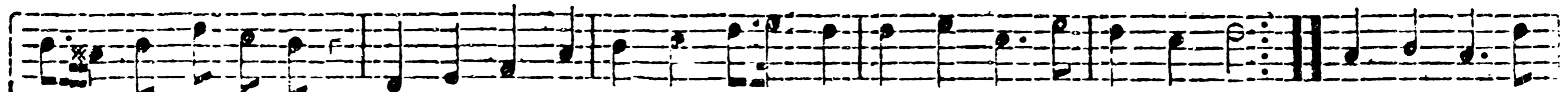
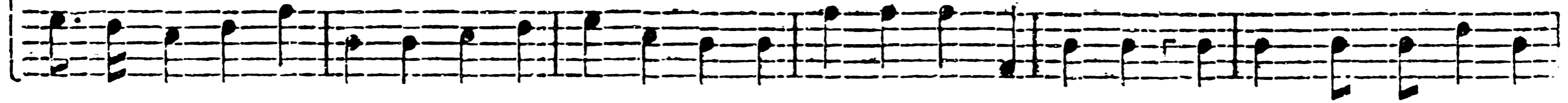
So he was their Saviour, So he was their Saviour. In all their affliction



surely they are my children ;



he was afflicted, And the Angel, And the Angel of his presence faved them. In his love and



Anthem Continued.

in his pity he redeemed them in the days of old, He redeemed them, He redeemed them in the days of old.

Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom; neither the mighty man glory in his might. Let

not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this,
That he under-

Anthem Continued.

standeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth.

CHORUS.

Then while we mingle dust to dust, To one supremely good and wise

Raise hal - le - lu - jahs, God is just, And man most happy when he dies.

Columbia's Guardian sleeps in Dust!

AIR. Slow.

What mournful strains invade our ears? Whence those sad plaints, those copious tears? This solemn silence

CHORUS.

woeful pause? All, all bespeak some deep - felt cause. A deep-felt cause! A

nation weeps, In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps, In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps.

II.

A nation's prayers, his life to save,
To heav'n in clouds of incense rose :
A nation's tears bedew his grave,
And angels guard his sweet repose.

The PATRIOT'S dead ! A nation weeps !
In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

III.

When Albion's proud insulting foe
Aim'd our best rights to overthrow,
His arm, outstretch'd in conquering might,
Their veteran armies put to flight.

The HERO'S dead ! A nation weeps !
In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

IV.

The *Peace* obtain'd, so long desir'd,
To Vernon's shades the CHIEF retir'd ;
But *faction's* hateful feuds arose,
And broke the FARMER'S hop'd repose.

Our FRIEND is dead ! A nation weeps !
In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

V.

His Country's voice once more he hears,
And in the COUNCIL he appears ;
The mighty CHARTER of our land
Is sanction'd by our MOSES' hand.

Our CHIEF is dead ! A nation weeps !
In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

VI.

With equal laws he rules the state,
Supports the weak, directs the great ;
Then yields the *helm*, retires to rest,
By all his Country lov'd and blest.

The SAGE is dead ! A nation weeps !
In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

VII.

Again his ready sword he draws ;
Unmov'd he stands in FREEDOM'S cause :
Nor shrinks to head the marshal'd band,
Should hostile foes invade the land.

Our GENERAL'S dead ! A nation weeps !
In dust COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN sleeps !

VIII.

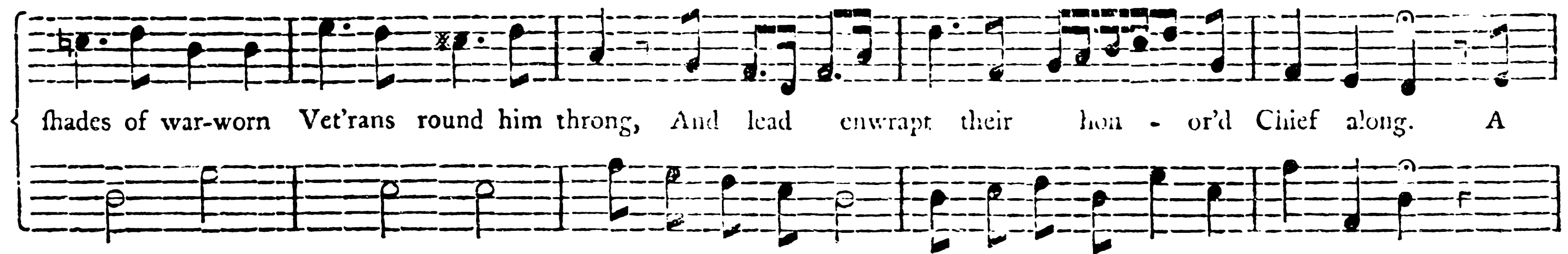
Thy ways, O KING OF KINGS, are just ;
Or when we live, or turn to dust :
Then cease from man, look up on high,
Our only hope's above the sky.

We *all* must die and turn to dust ;
Tho' MAN is mortal, GOD is just.

Mount Vernon. A SOLO.



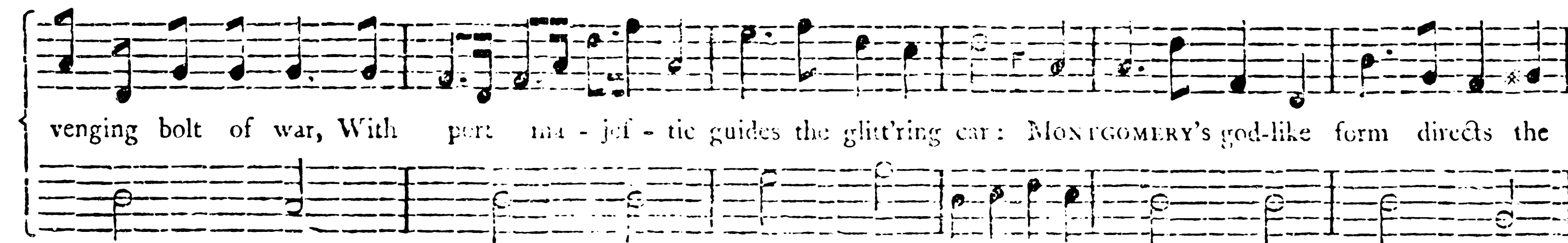
From Vernon's Mount, behold the HERO rise, Resplendent forms attend him through the skies; The



shades of war-worn Vet'rans round him throng, And lead enwrapt their hon - or'd Chief along. A



laurel wreath th'im - mortal WARREN bears; An arch triumphal MERCER's hand prepares; Young LAWRENCE 'erst th'a-



venging bolt of war, With port ma - jes - tic guides the glittering car: MONTGOMERY's god-like form directs the

Mount Vernon Continued.

way, And GREENE unfolds the gates of endless day. While angels trumpet-tongu'd proclaim through

air, Due honors, Due honors, Due honors for the FIRST OF MEN prepare.

A Dirge.

Words by Mrs. ROWSON, of Medford.

RECITATIVE.

Peace to his soul, the fatal hour is past! And silence o'er him has her mantle

INSTRUMENTAL
BASS.

cast. His deeds, his virtues are en - roll'd by fame; Nor shall oblivion ev - er shroud his name.

Dirge Continued.

Then let fra - ter - nal love at - tune the lyre ; And snatch a ray of genius' sacred

Affettuoso.

fire ; Whilst the sad strain, in soft and solemn lays, Dwells on his merit and records his praise ; Let the full

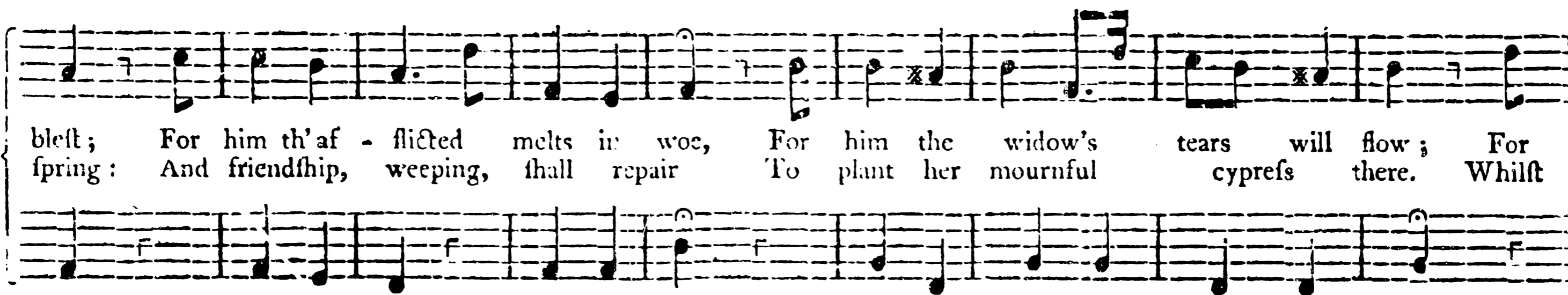
chord to yon blue arch arise ; Our WASHINGTON, Our WASHINGTON's translated, trans - lated to the skies.

AIR.

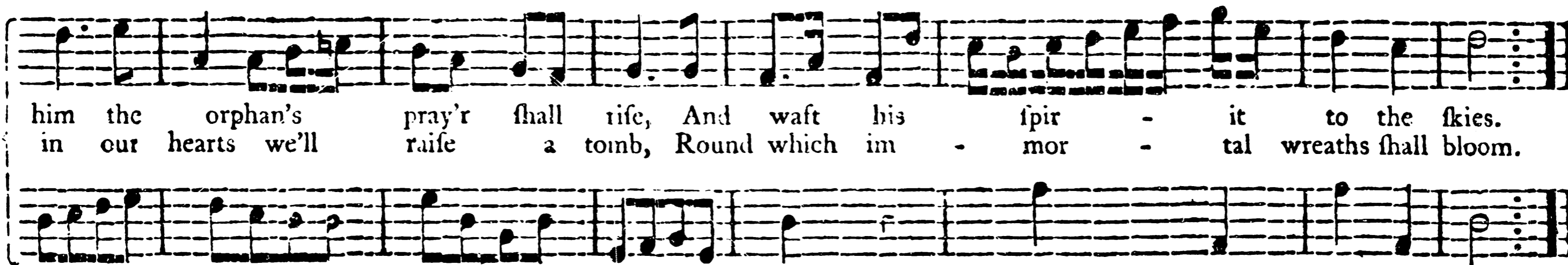
1. How happy he who sinks to rest, By all regretted, lov'd and
 2. To deck his grave, shall virtue bring The earliest tribute of the

INSTRUMENTAL
BASS.

Dirge Continued.



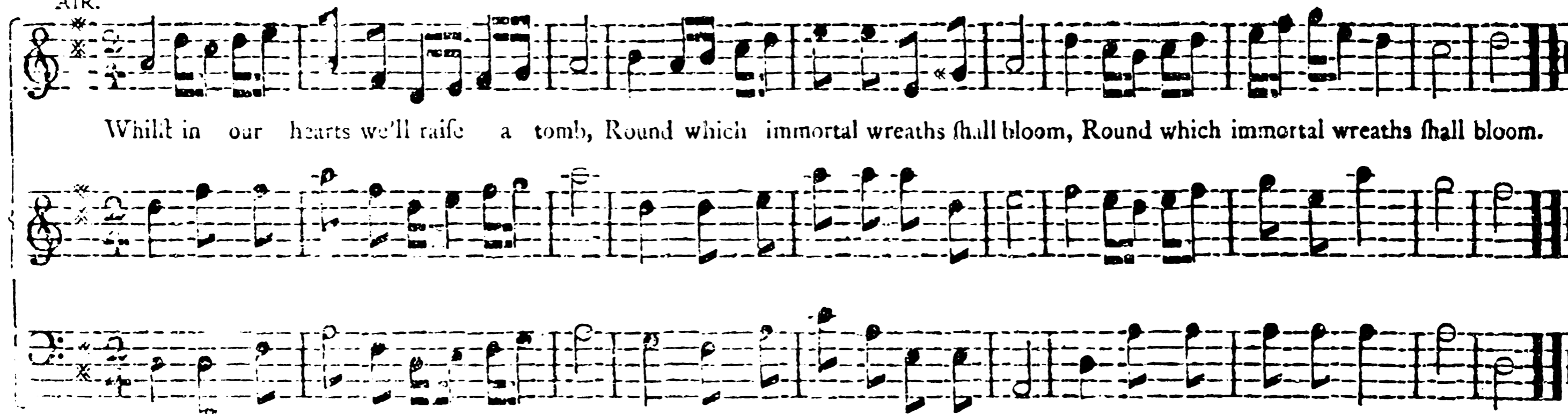
blest; For him th'af - flicted melts in woe, For him the widow's tears will flow; For
spring: And friendship, weeping, shall repair To plant her mournful cypress there. Whilst



him the orphan's pray'r shall rise, And waft his spir - it to the skies.
in our hearts we'll raise a tomb, Round which im - mor - tal wreaths shall bloom.

C H O R U S.

AIR.



Whilst in our hearts we'll raise a tomb, Round which immortal wreaths shall bloom, Round which immortal wreaths shall bloom.

A Hymn.

Written by the Rev. J. S. J. GARDNER, at the Request of the
COMMITTEE of ARRANGEMENTS, in *Boston*.

Moderato.

AIR.

And is th'ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEFTAIN dead! Awhile to favour'd mortals lent, not giv'n? And has his fainted

INSTRUMENTAL
BASS.

spirit fled, And fought in hallow'd hope his native heav'n?

CHORUS.

Largo.

Yes—our sad fate we must deplore, COLUMBIA'S SAVIOUR is no more! COLUMBIA'S SAVIOUR is no more! no more!

AIR.

O! for a muse of fire, to sing
The various virtues of his matchless mind,
Which, borne on time's immortal wing,
Remotest ages shall unrival'd find.

*Ye — our sad fate we must deplore,
COLUMBIA'S SAVIOUR is no more!*

When fell invasion took our coast,
And menac'd all to freeborn spirits dear,
Columbia's consecrated host
The HERO led, and broke the oppressor's spear.

*But now our fate we must deplore,
COLUMBIA'S SAVIOUR is no more!*

Still ardent in his Country's cause,
The *Federal Triumph* with his voice he seal'd,
And CHIEF, and GUARDIAN of the laws,
Adorn'd the *Council* as he grac'd the *Field*:

*But now our fate we must deplore,
COLUMBIA'S SAVIOUR is no more!*

Clear intellect, of passion pure,
Each act declar'd him wisdom's favourite child,
Columbia's safety to secure,
The bold he vanquish'd, and the insidious foil'd:

*But now our fate we must deplore,
COLUMBIA'S HERO is no more!*

But shall our selfish sorrows flow,
Whilst he, in heav'n, midst fainted souls is blest?
Shall we, with unavailing woe,
Lament the HERO's everlasting rest?

*No—dry each tear, each grief remove,
Great WASHINGTON is blest above.*

A Funeral Hymn.

[For Music, adapted—See page 23.]

UP to thy throne, ALMIGHTY KING,
We raise our streaming eyes;
In humble notes of *judgment* sing,
And breathe our plaintive sighs.

Into thy bosom, FATHER, FRIEND,
Our mighty griefs we pour;
Thine ear of pity to us lend—
Console this gloomy hour.

[In thy rich GIFT, O bounteous Heav'n,
Was bless'd our infant land:
Now when thou claim'st the FAVOUR giv'n,
We bend to thy command.]

Glory to GOD; his ways are just,
And every purpose wise:
What though our bodies sleep in dust,
Th' immortal *soul* shall rise.

Then to thy throne, ETERNAL KING,
We'll raise our *tearless* eyes;
In *joyful* notes thy MERCY sing,
While time and nature dies.

Anniversary Dirge.

Words by the Rev. T. M. HARRIS.

Moderato.

RECITATIVE.

Is this the anniversary so dear, The gayest festival in FREEDOM'S year,

INSTRUMENTAL
BASS.

When millions met, their gratitude to pay To their DELIVERER on his natal day; And glad applauses echoed through the

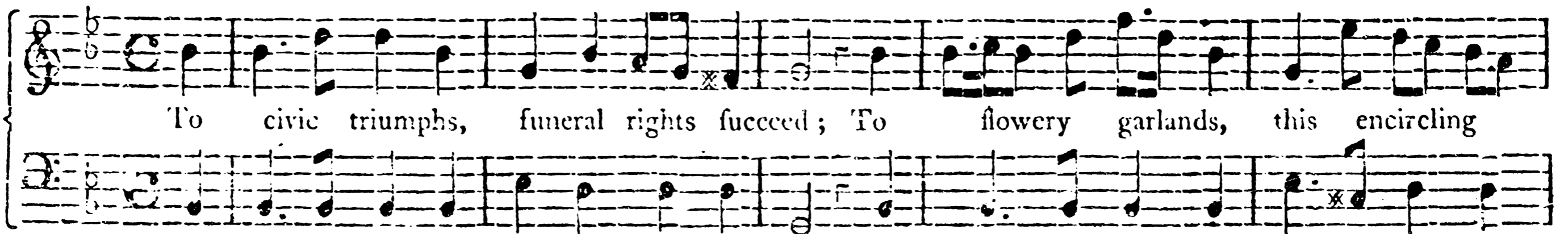
throng, And festive joy inspir'd the choral song? And festive joy inspir'd the choral song?

CHORUS.

AIR.
It is, but ah! how chang'd! Its joys are o'er; Its WASHINGTON, its birth-right is no more!

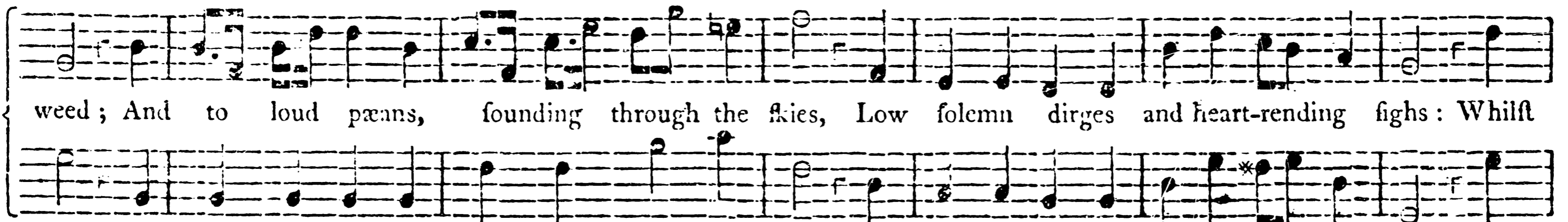
This Part of the Dirge may be sung as a SOLO, or as a DUET.

AIR.



VOCAL
BASS.

To civic triumphs, funeral rights succeed; To flowery garlands, this encircling



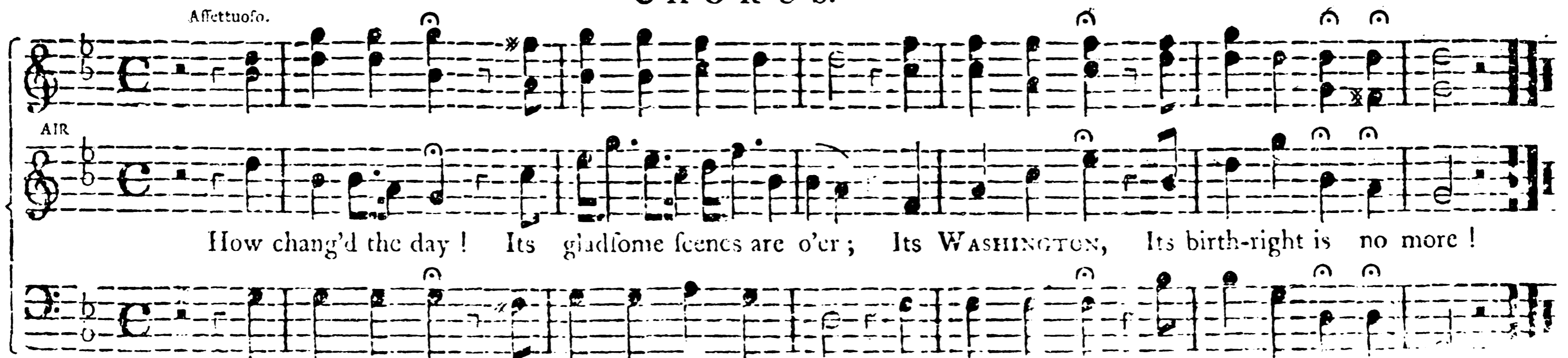
weed; And to loud pæans, sounding through the skies, Low solemn dirges and heart-rending sighs: Whilst



those who welcom'd once the morn's return, Assemble now around its PATRON'S urn!

CHORUS.

Affettuoso.



AIR

How chang'd the day! Its gladfome scenes are o'er; Its WASHINGTON, Its birth-right is no more!

Masonic Dirge.

Composed by the Rev. T. M. HARRIS, at the request
of the GRAND LODGE of *Massachusetts*.

AIR.

While ev'ry Orator and Bard displays The HERO's glory and the PATRIOT's fame; And

INSTRUMENTAL
BASS.

ALL the GUARDIAN of THEIR COUNTRY praise, Revere his greatness and his worth proclaim—

1st. CHORUS.

We mourn the MAN, made our's by tend'rest ties; THEIR honor'd CHIEFTAIN, our lov'd BROTHER dies!

Come then, the mystic rites no more delay; Deep silence reigns, the tapers dimly burn, WISDOM and FORTITUDE the requiem

Dirge Continued.

pay, And BEAUTY strews fresh garlands round the urn. A MASON, Brother, A GRAND-MASTER dies! The cacia sprig designates where he

lies. As LOVE FRATERNAL leads our footsteps there, Again to weep, Again to bid adieu, FAITH views the soul, releas'd from mortal care,

2d. CHORUS. To be twice repeated.

Thro' spheres empyreal its blest course pursue, Till it the Lodge of perfect light attain; There may we meet our WASHINGTON again.

A Funeral Hymn. C. M. [For the Words—See page 19.]

AIR.

Up to thy throne, Almighty King, we raise our streaming eyes; In humble notes of judgment sing, And breathe our plaintive sighs.

An Ode for the 22d of February.

AIR. Moderato.

Now let your plaintive numbers gently rise, In weeping strains and softly
 swelling sighs; COLUMBIA'S GLORY'S fled! COLUMBIA'S GLORY'S fled!

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs). The second system has three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs). The third system has three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the staves.

Virtue commands and piety approves
 The gen'ral grief; the MAN his country loves
 Is number'd with the dead!

His was the meed of glory's brightest fame.
 His be the wreath—to his immortal name
 Ascribe the honors just.

This joyless day, in shrouded, fallen gloom—
 This hapless eve, we come to re-entomb
 The HERO'S sacred dust.

Awful reverse! On this *once* joyous morn,
 Delightful era, was our PATRIOT born;
 But ah, he's seen no more!

How fills the eye with sorrow's copious tears!
 How swells the heart with sad foreboding fears!
 COLUMBIA'S joys are o'er!

Before thy throne, great GOD, we humbly bring
 Our infant realm: Be THOU our FRIEND and KING
 'Till time shall be no more.

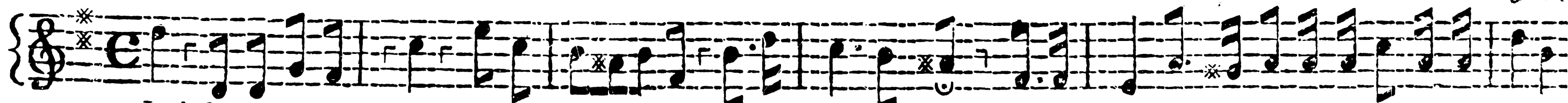
A Dirge, or Sepulchral Service,

Commemorating the sublime VIRTUES and distinguished TALENTS of

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Composed at the Request of the MECHANIC ASSOCIATION of BOSTON.—[Words by ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.]

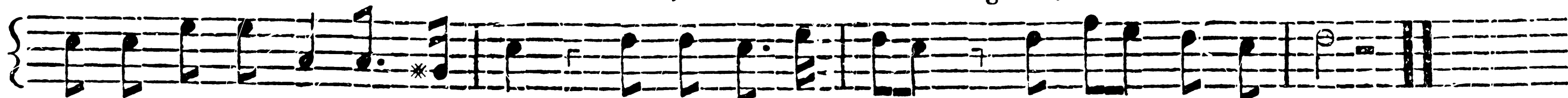
SOLEMN RECITATIVE. Ad libitum.



Lo! sorrow reigneth, Lo! sorrow reigneth, and the NATION mourns; for the LORD GOD of Israel hath taken away the



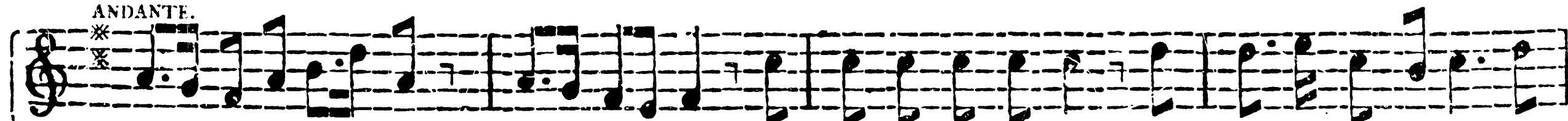
COUNSELLOR, the MIGHTY MAN, the man of war; but the LORD giveth, and the LORD taketh away;



blesed be the name of the LORD, blesed be the name, the name of the LORD.

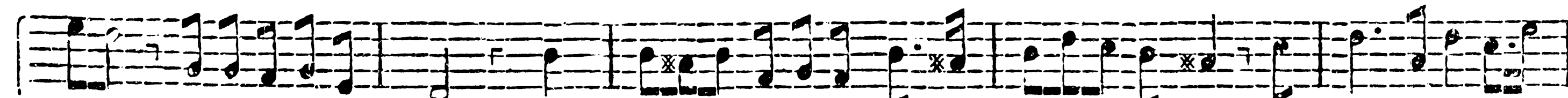
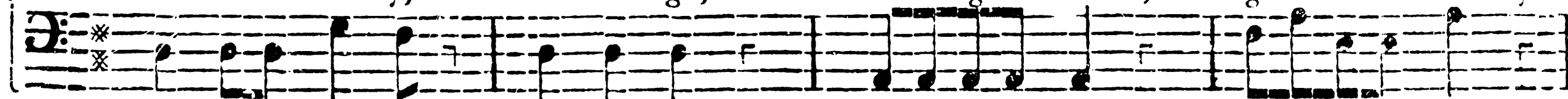
ANDANTE.

AIR.

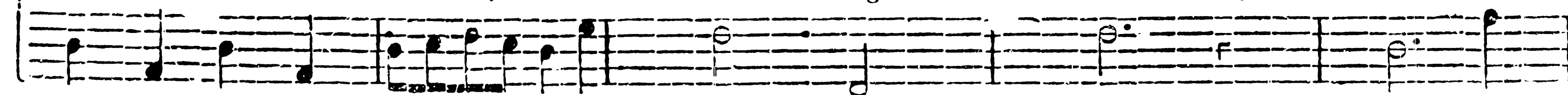


PARENT of mercy, LORD benign, who sits on high enthron'd; Who gives the beam of day to

INSTRUMENTAL
BASS.



shine; Who'e mandates nature own'd; Who fills the sick'ning rose with vivid dew; And fix'd the cause from



Affettuoso.

whence existence grew; Look down upon a NATION's woe, Forbid the streams of misery to flow.

RECITATIVE. *Ad lib.*

He temper'd the energies of Roman virtue with the forbearance of the CHRISTIAN SPIRIT, and will remain to posterity an illustrious example; the theme of praise and mortal admiration.

AIR.

CHORAL RESPONSE. *Vigorofo.*

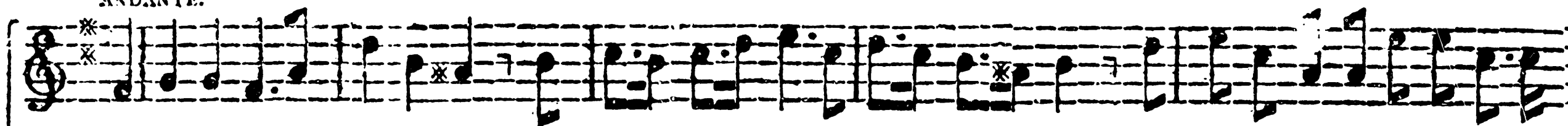
He burst the fetters of the land; He taught us to be FREE: He rais'd the dignity of man, He bade a NATION be!

RECITATIVE. *Ad lib.*

In a crisis of dark and unexampled peril, when anarchy had enfeebled reason, he had the power and the constancy to preserve the COMMONWEALTH from the imminent def - o - la - tion.

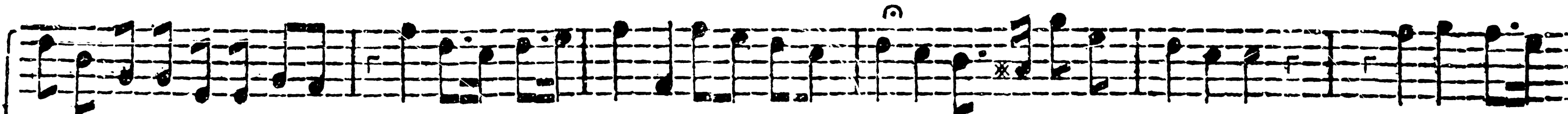
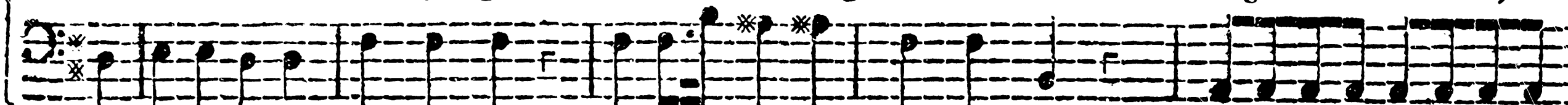
ANDANTE.

AIR.

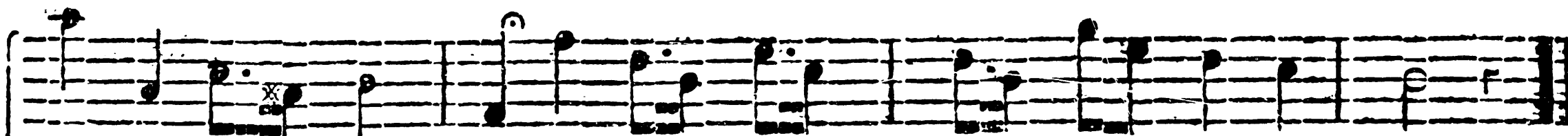
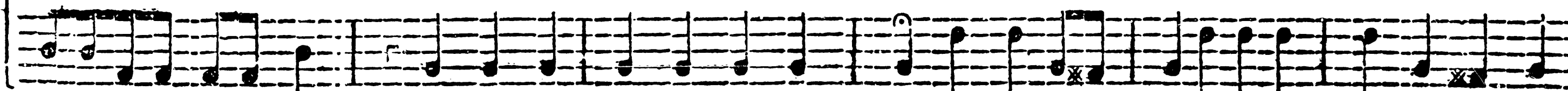


Sedition, who had madd'ning reign'd, Ere he the foaming fiend enchain'd, Now bursting from his iron cave, Will

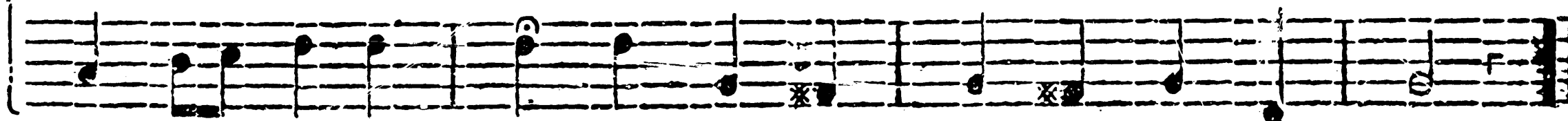
INSTRUMENTAL
BASS.



stalk again as Ruin's slave; Untwine the serpent from his hair, To wander as a social snare: Thus guilt will

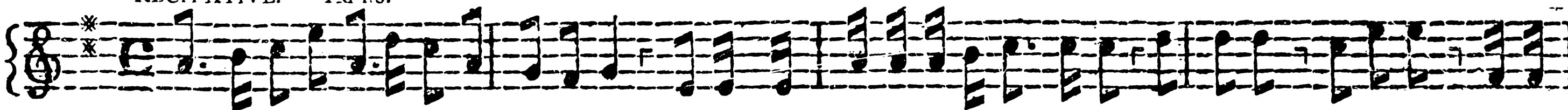


wound his own repose! Thus folly doubts the good he knows!

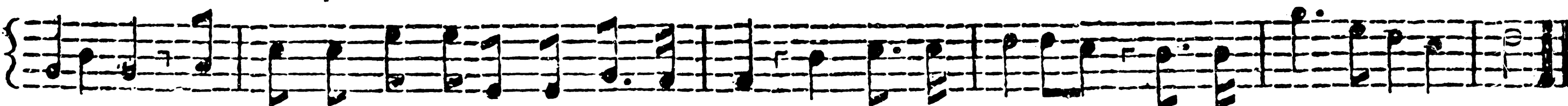


Repeat the Choral
Response.

RECITATIVE. Ad lib.



Elevated by the conquest of himself, he was superior to vanity. His feeling was honour, and his



thought wisdom. In blessing others, he was amply blest. He fear'd to do wrong, but he knew no other fear.

DUET.

ANDANTE.

Nor Syrian perfume, nor the regal gem, Nor BEAUTY'S potency, nor VALOUR'S might, Can abrogate the destiny of

man, Or stay the mantle of oblivious night. The NOBLE and the impotent of soul Adown the ebbles, ceaseless current

flow. 'Tis ours to brighten life's illusive guile, And make our VIRTUE mitigate our woe.

Repeat the Choral Response.

RECITATIVE. Ad lib.

His LAURELS as a CONQUEROR were spotless, and his code of legislation perfect. He consecrated the FEDERAL COMPACT upon

the altar of JUSTICE. His life evinced the glory of HUMANITY, His end display'd the BLISS of resignation: re-

End with the Choral Response.

nev'd from mortal care, he's now ascended to the HEAVEN OF HEAVENS.

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