

THE
MUSICAL MAGAZINE:

CONTAINING A NUMBER OF
FAVOURITE PIECES,
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN.

BY ANDREW LAW.

NUMBER SIXTH.

PUBLISHED AS THE ACT DIRECTS.

November. 1801.

L I S B O N.

Slow. :S:*Air.*

The musical score is arranged in two systems. The first system consists of four staves: two vocal staves (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clef). The time signature is 6/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The second system consists of four staves: two vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

S. Come let us anew our journey pursue, roll round with the year, roll round with the year, And

nev - er stand still till our mas - ter ap - pear, And nev - er stand still till our mas - ter ap - pear.

His a-dorable will let us gladly fulfill, and our talents improve, our talents improve, By the patience of hope, and the

labour of love, By the patience of hope, and the labour of love, the patience of hope, and the labour of love. Our life is a

dream, our time as a stream, glides swift-ly a - - way, glides swiftly a - way, and the fugitive moment re-fuses to stay: The

arrow is flown, the moment is gone, the mil - lenial year, Rushes on to our view, and e - ternity's here, e - ter - nity's

here, the mil - lenial year rushes on to our view, and e - ternity's here, e - ternity's here, e - ternity's here, e - ternity's here.

Moderate. S:

S: O that each in the day of his coming may say, I have fought my way thro', have fought my way thro'.

I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do, have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.

Slow.

O that each from the Lord may receive the glad word, Well and faithfully done, faithfully done, Enter into my joy, and sit



down on my throne. Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne. Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne, and sit down on my throne.

Moderate. *Air.* **A M H E R S T.** *Mr. Coleman.*

Upward I lift mine eyes, The God that built the skies, God is the tower His grace is high

From God is all my aid; And earth and nature made: To which I fly; In every hour.

J E R S E Y.

*Moderate.**Air.**Soft.*

Ye that delight to serve the Lord, The honours of his name record, His sacred name for ever bless, Where e'er the circling

Where e'er the circling

Loud.

sun displays, His ris'-ing beams or set-ting rays, Let lands and seas his pow'r confess, Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

sun displays,

*Moderate.**And.*

M A L T A.

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1. Come, Lord, from above, The mountains remove; O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy love: My bosom inspire, In-

2. I languish and pine For comfort di-vine, O when shall I say, "my be-lov-ed is mine? I chuse the good part? My

3. The gift I embrace, The giv-er I praise, And ascribe my salvation to Je-sus's grace; I came from a-bove, The

*Soft.**Loud.**Soft.**Loud.*

kindle the fire, And wrap, and wrap, and wrap my whole soul in the flames of de-sire. And wrap my whole soul in the flames of de-sire.

portion-thou art? O love, O love, O love I have found thee, O God, in my heart? O love I have found thee, O God, in my heart?"

foretaste I prove, I soon, I soon, I soon shall receive all thy fulness of love. I soon shall receive all thy ful-ness of love.

SHEFFIELD.

Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown, Why in such dreadful haste to die, Daring to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless against thy God to fly?

Wilt thou despise eternal fate, Urg'd on by sin's fan - taf - tic dreams, Madly attempt th' infernal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames?

Stay, stay, stay sinner stay, stay sinner on the gospel plains, Behold behold the God of love unfold, The glories of his dying pains, For

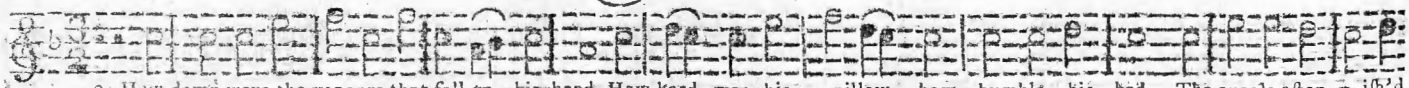
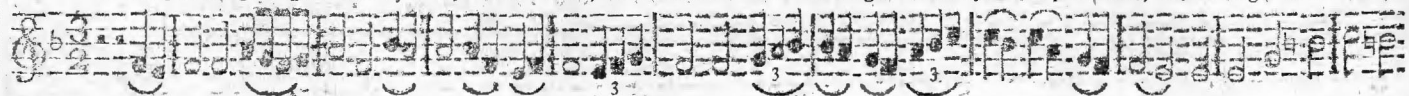
Slow-

ever telling yet untold, for ever, for ever, for ever telling, ever telling yet untold, for ever telling, ever telling, yet un - told.

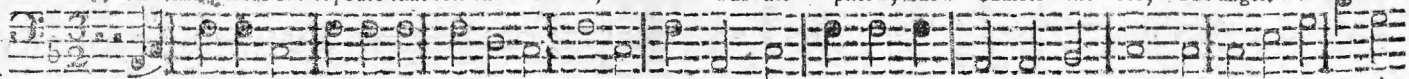
KEDRON.



1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron by, thy silver stream, Our Saviour at midnight when Cynthia's pale beam, Shone bright on the waters

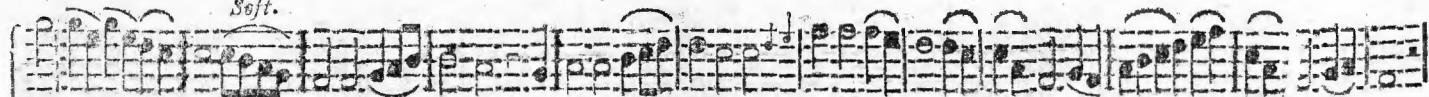


2. How damp were the vapours that fell on his head, How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed, The angels astonish'd

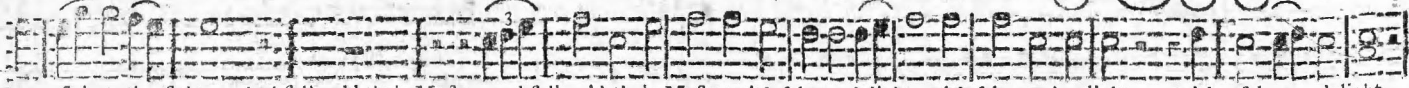
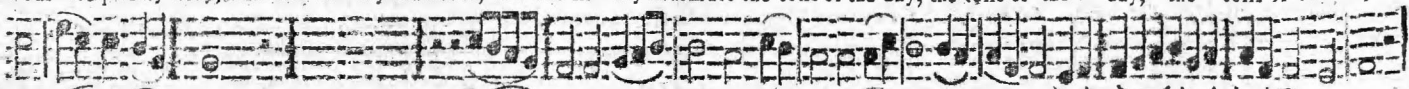


3. O garden of Olivet, dear honour'd spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot, The theme most transporting

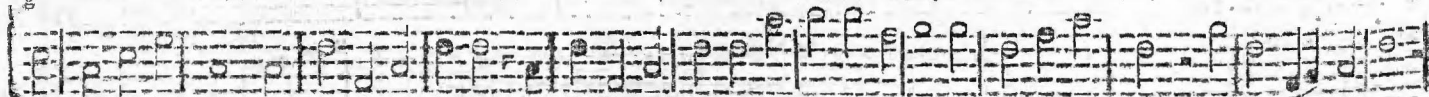
Soft.



would frequently stray, And lose in thy murmurs, and lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day, the toils of the day, the toils of the day.



grew sad at the sight, And follow'd their Master, and follow'd their Master with solemn delight, with solemn delight, with solemn delight.



to seraphs above, The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love, the triumph of love, the triumph of love.

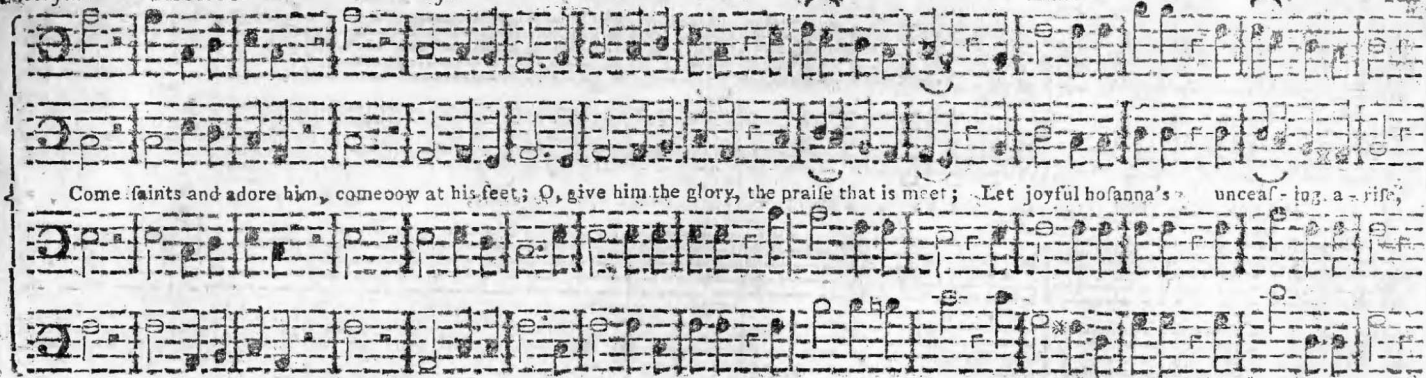
Cheerful.

CHORUS:

Soft.

Loud.

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222 *Moderato.**Air.**Soft.*

AVON.

Loud.

At an-chor laid re-mote from home, Toiling I cry sweet Spir-it come, Toiling I cry sweet Spir-it come,



Soft. *Loud.* *Very soft.*
Ce-lestial breeze no longer stay: But swell my sails, and speed my way, But swell my sails, and speed my way. Pains would I mount,

*Loud.**Soft.*

223

fain would I glow; Fain would I mount, fain would I glow; And loose my ca-ble, and loose my ca-ble from be-low:

But I can on-ly spread my sail; Thou must breathe th' auf- pi- cious gale. But, I can on-ly spread my sail:

Thou, thou must breathe th' auf-pi-cious gale, Thou, thou must breathe, Thou, thou must breathe th' auf-pi-cious gale.

*Cheerful.**Air.*

MILL-VILLE.

1. Come, let us a-new, Our journey pur-sue; With vigour a--rise, And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2. Of heavenly birth, Tho' wand'ring on earth, This is not our place, But straglers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3. At Je-sus's call, We give up our all, And still we forego, For Je-sus's sake, our en-joyments below.

* No. longing we find For the country behind; But onward we move, And still we are seeking a country a-bove.