



Fragment of an old manuscript page with handwritten text in a cursive script. The paper is heavily stained and torn, particularly along the left edge. The text is written in dark ink on aged, yellowish-brown paper. The script is highly decorative and difficult to decipher due to the damage and fading. The text is arranged in several lines across the page, with some words appearing to be "The name of the Lord" and "The name of the Lord". The page is bound on the right side, with visible stitching and a strip of fabric or leather binding material.

Lessons for Tuning the Voice.

HRH3-203

95 N

Lesson First

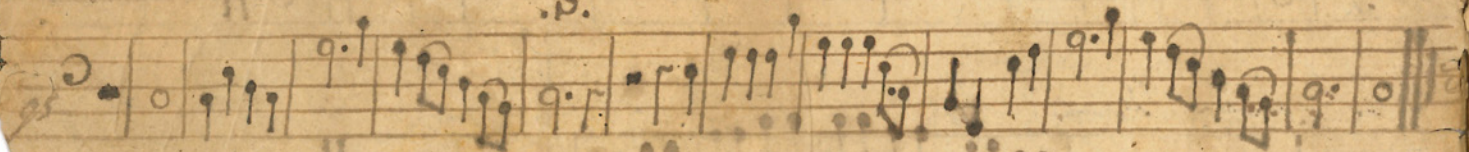
95 N

Lesson the second

95 N

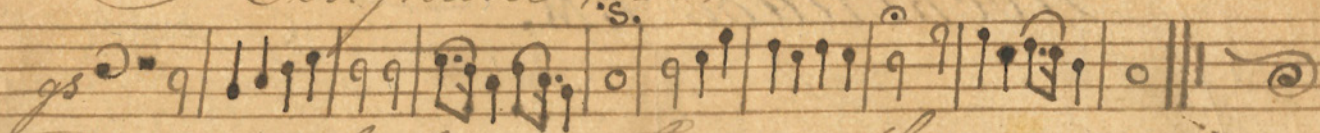
America L.M.

:S:



Thou art surrounding far, then set my table spread,
and cup with blessing, and joy calls my heart.

Singhans S.M.



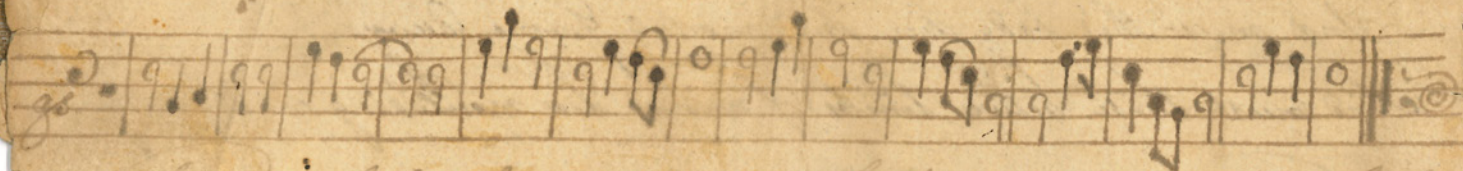
And must this body die, the mortal frame decay
And must these active limbs of mine, lie mould'ring in the clay.

Augusta S.M.



My sorrows like a flood, I pour into thy breast,
Into thy bosom Oh! my God, pour out a loud complaint.

Rockbridge E.M.



The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand

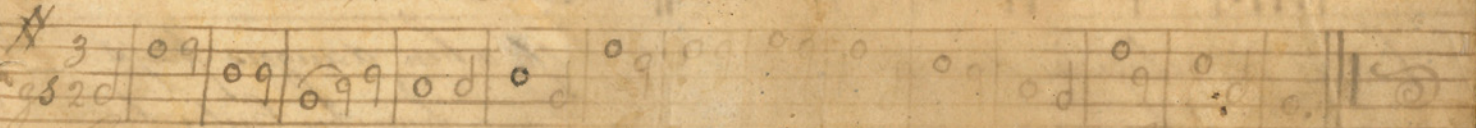
They flourish round thy throne
And give life to thy people

Wells T.M.



Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to treasure the great rewards,
And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return,

Dear M.



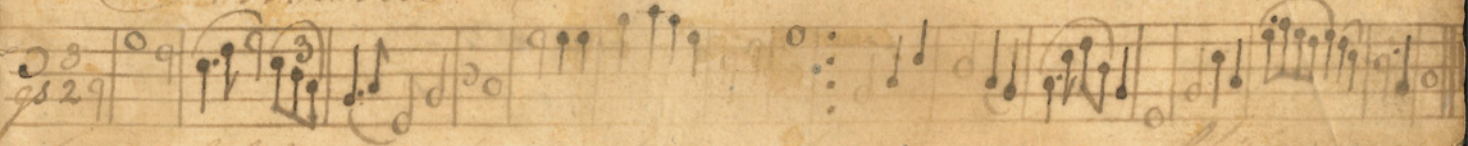
Sweet fields beyond the swelling sea, Where the dear Saviour died,
To the dear Saviour's love, We give our hearts and lives.

Lenox. L.M. :5:



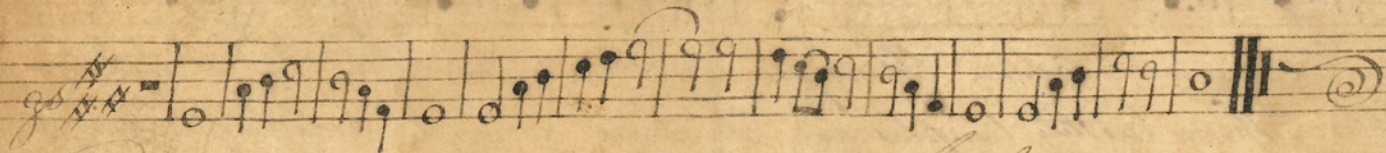
Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair, The dwellings of
thy love, Thine earthly temples are, To thine abode my heart aspires with
warm desires to see my god.

Amara L.M.



Death like an overflowing flood, Sweeps us away one life's narrow
An Empty state, a mourning crowd, The grave will wither down and
Lies

24th Psalm.



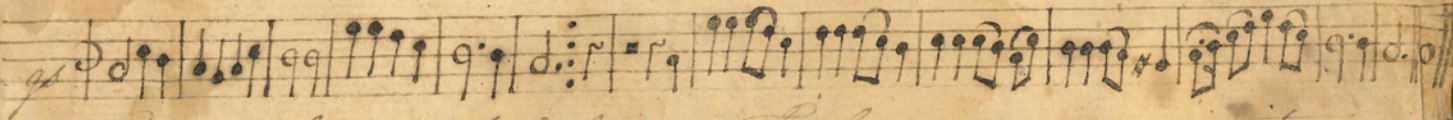
Write my roving thoughts unite, In harmony so sweet,
And show my soul ere gently down, At thy great Sovereigns feet

Suffield. M.M.



Teach me the measure of my days, How make of my frame,
I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

Russia.



False are the men of high degree The base sort are vanity,
Said in a balance both appear Light as a puff of Empty air.

Morning L.M.

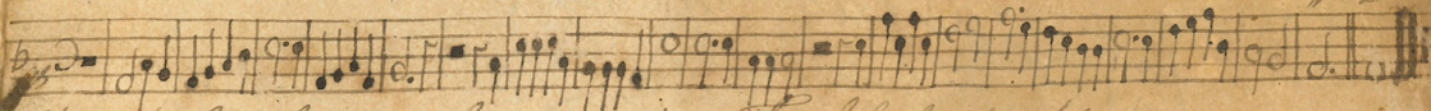
12



He dies the friend of sinners dies: Lo! Salems daughters weep around,
A solemn psalmists voice the while, a sudden trembling shakes the
{ ground,

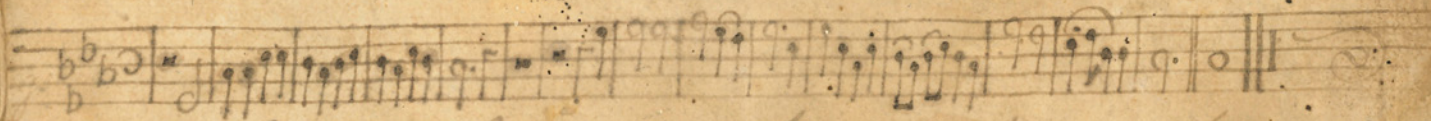
From the Third

New Jerusalem. CM



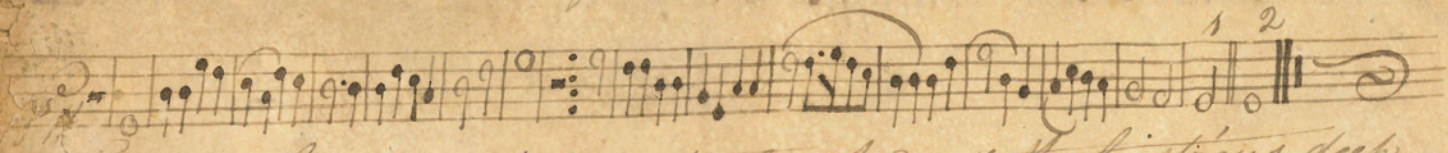
From the third heaven where god resides, That holy happy place,
The New Jerusalem came down, Adorn'd with shining grace,

Coronation CM



All hail the power of Jesus name, Let Angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal Diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

Virginia. *cm*



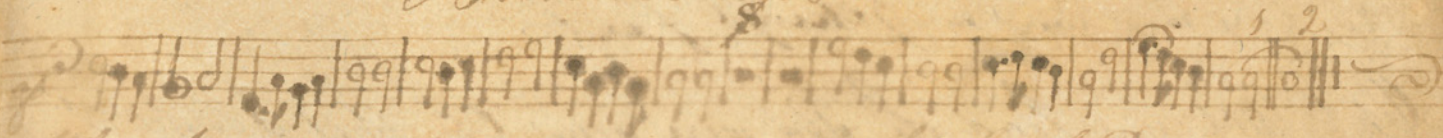
Thy words the raging winds controut, And rule the boisterous deep
How much the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep.

Williamstown. L. M.



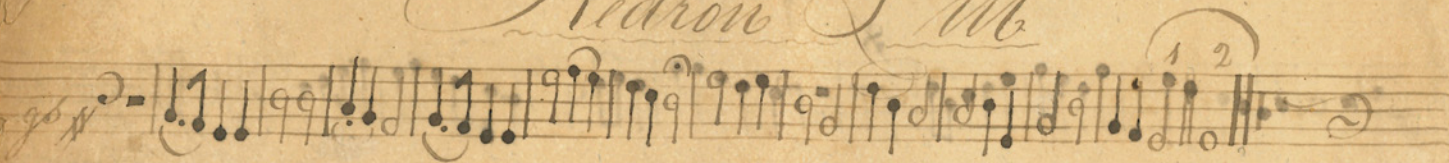
Sweet is the work my god my king, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night,

Bunker hill



Why should vain mortals tumble in the thoughts of Death and destruction,
in the fields of battle, where carnage covers the ground
Quinn's, standing with the

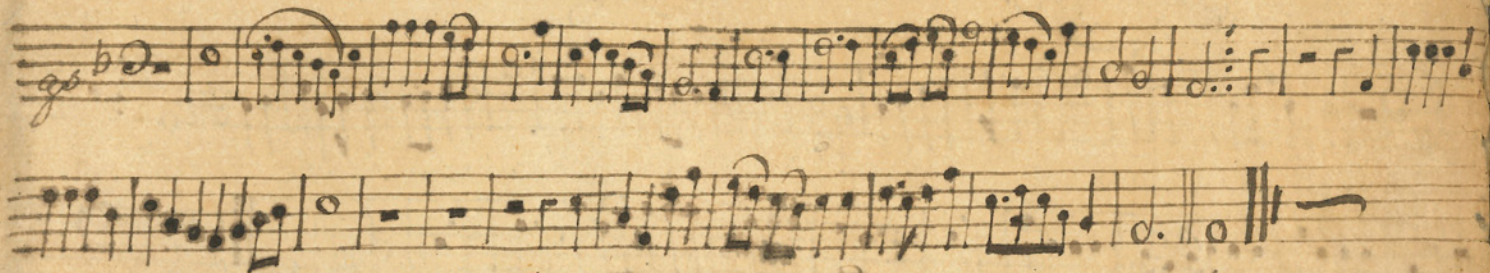
Redon I M.



Oh that my load of sin were gone Oh that I could
at last submit At Jesus feet to lay it down
to lay my soul at Jesus feet

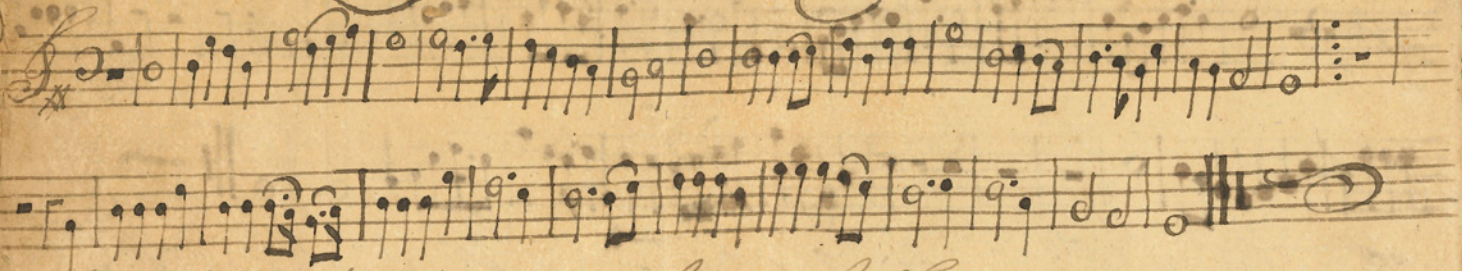
Oh! that my load of sin were gone, Oh! that I could at
last submit, At Jesus feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at
Jesus feet. —

Ocean M. -



Thy works of glory mighty Lord, That rule the boistrous sea
The sons of courage shall record, Who tempt that dangerous
way, At thy command the winds arise and swell the
towering waves, The men of valour mount the skies,
And dwell in gaping clouds.

Greenwich. I M



Lord what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur
and repine, To see the Wicked placed on high

In pride and robes of honor shine, But oh! their
end their dreadful end thy sanctuary taught me so
By slippery rocks I see the same & fiery ballast roll below.

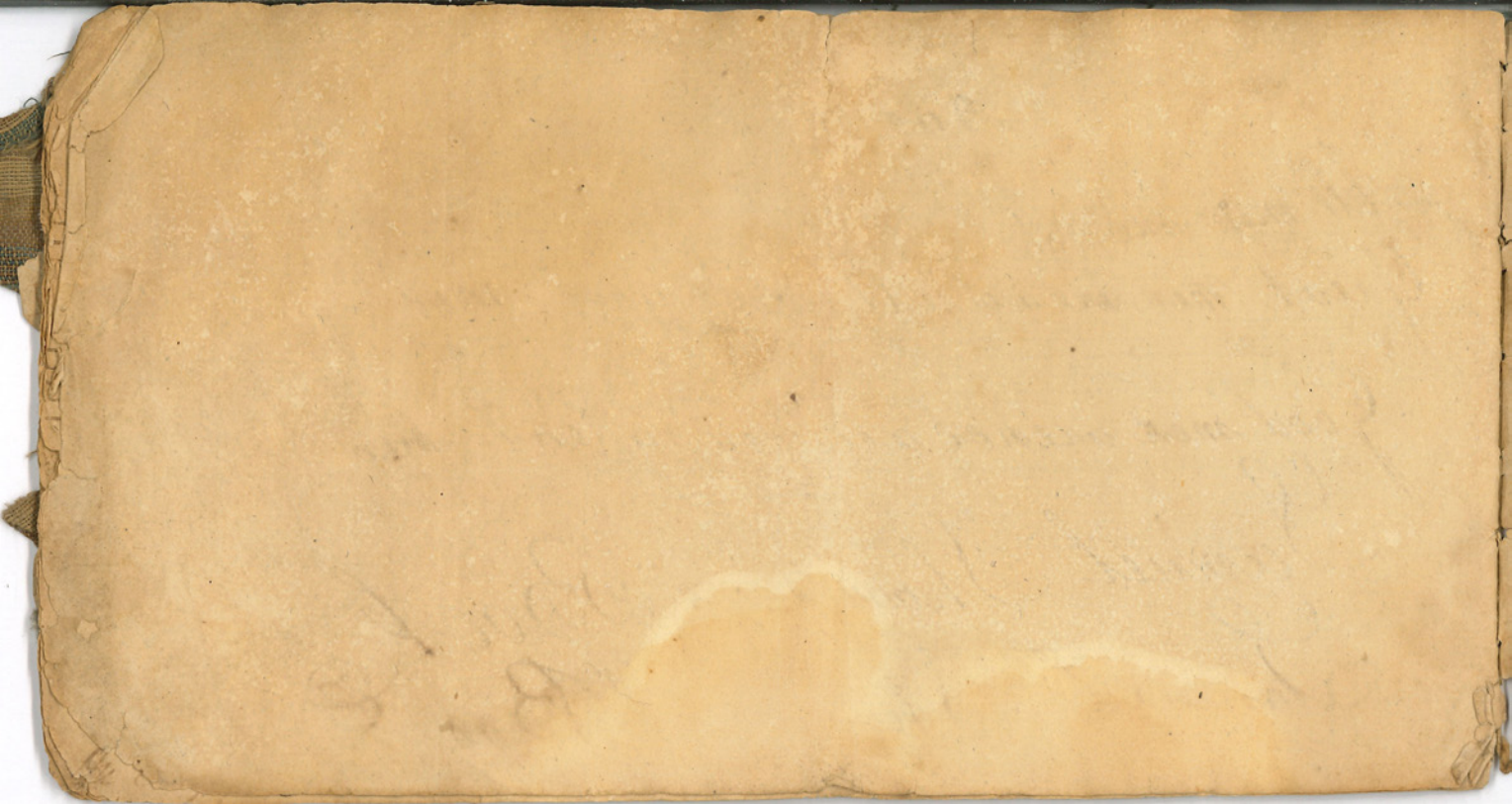
Thought

All men are not

Great men are not all ways good men

Good men are not all ways great men

Samuel Thompsons Book
Samuel Thompsons Boo



1771. The first of the month of the year.

On the first of the month of the year, the first of the month of the year.

The first of the month of the year, the first of the month of the year.

The first of the month of the year, the first of the month of the year.

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The first of the month of the year, the first of the month of the year.

THE first mood of triple time is marked *T* and contains three minims to a bar and three beats two down and one up,

B. A flat sinks a note half a tone, *B*

N a. Sharp raises a note half a tone, *N*

H a natural restores a note to its primitive sound

q a dot at the right hand of a note adds to it half its sound,

¶¶ a Nur shews the notes sung to one syllable.

IT takes two minims to make one femi-

breve. four Crotchets, eight quavers five

fema quavers and thirty two dema fema quav

Notes

Reas.

○ One femi breve is equal

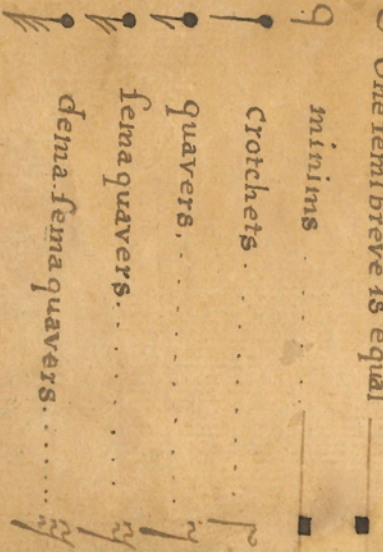
to 2 *q* minims

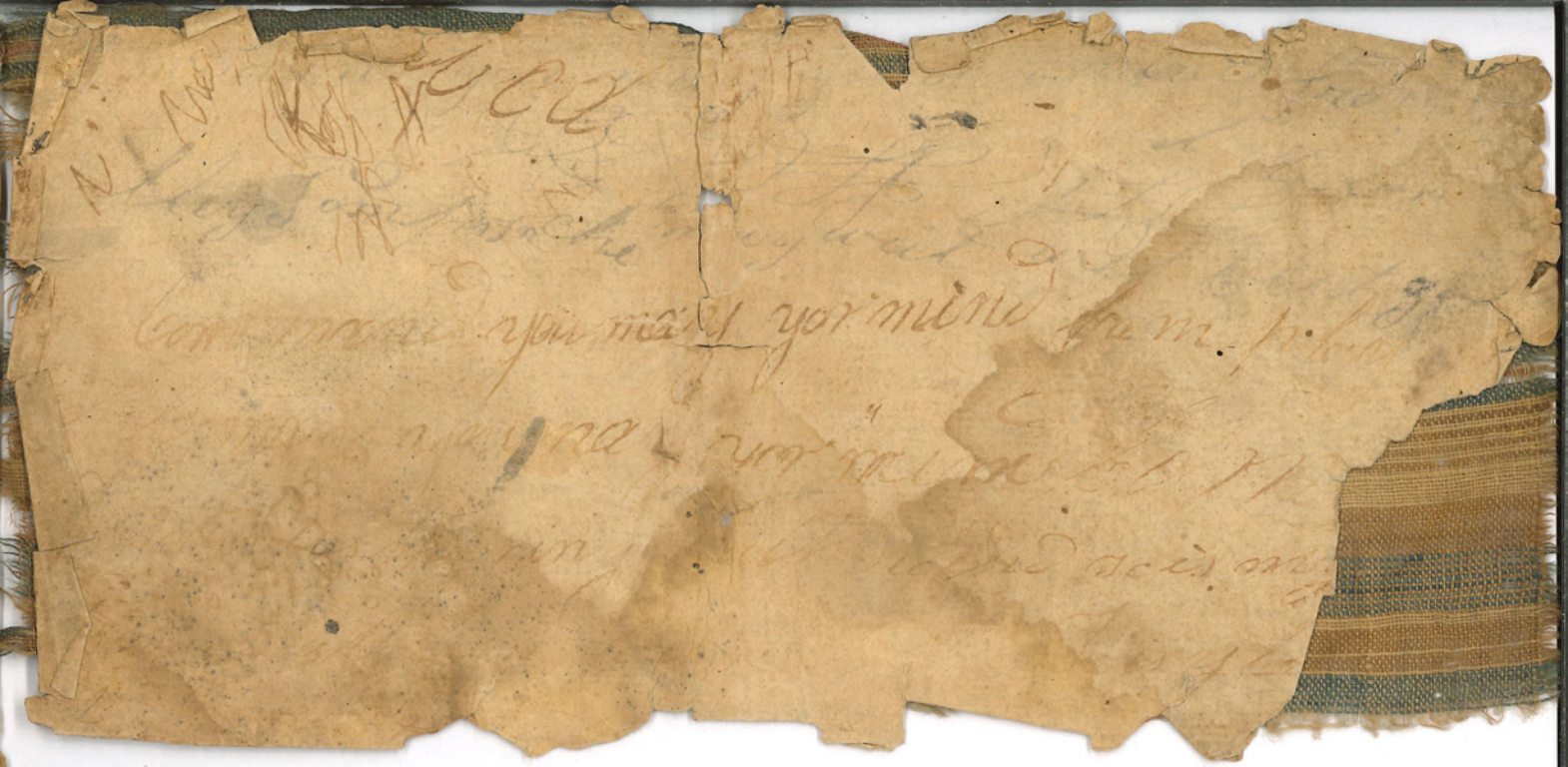
to 4 *l* Crotchets

to 8 *l* quavers.

to 16 *l* fema quavers.

to 32 *l* dema fema quavers.





Some hope his
I wish
I shall not
I shall not
I shall not
I shall not
I shall not

