

1. Well met my lov-ing friends of art, In con-cert let us sing; Each bear with me his vo-cal part, And tune-ful voi-ces ring.
 2. Let all who on the ten-or sound In strains me-lo-dious-ly, While grav-er notes the bass do ground, To make sweet har-mo-ny.

3. With-in the tem-ple, Sol-o-mon, Where mu-sic rose so high; And voi-ces had to join as one Two hun-dred eight-y eight.
 4. Re-mem-ber ho-ly Dav-id well In mu-sic's art was versed, His voice and harp could spir-its quell, For Saul he dis-pos-sessed.

Each join with me his well-tuned harp, In con-cert sweet-ly so; We'll set our key on flat or sharp, And sing sole, law, see, doe.
 While sweet-er notes the tre-ble swells In chords that sweet-ly play; And al-to too our parts com-plete, We'll sing sole, law, sole, doe.

Then may we al-so take de-light In mu-sic's art al-way; And we'll u-nite both day and night, To sing sole, doe, rae, me.
 Each join with me his well-tuned harp, In con-cert sweet-ly so; We'll set our key on flat or sharp, And sing sole, me, rae, doe.